

BUTTONS.

"Button, button, who has the button," asked a glove that had been dropped on the toilet-table.

"I've got it," answered Jimmy's jacket. "I've several buttons in fact."

"No," put in the closet door, "I have it myself; the carpenter gave it to me."

"I had a dozen or so," said a boot, looking rather down at the heel.

"And I have a hundred or more," yawned the easy-chair, "but they don't button anything; they don't belong to the working class."

"Here's a bachelor's button," remarked a vase of flowers on the bureau.

"There's a button-wood tree in the garden," said the button-hook. "I suppose you all grew there."

"I know better than that," pouted the closet-door. "Mine grew in the veins of the earth, where all the precious metals are found. It's a poor relation of theirs."

"And we," added a pair of ivory sleeve-buttons, "we grew in the land of the white elephant. We were carved from the tusks of the leader, who threaded the jungles and swam the rivers at the head of his troops."

"My buttons," said the glove, "were nearly related to the gem which Cleopatra dissolved for Antony. They were mother-of-pearl, grown in the shell of the pearl oyster, for which divers risk their lives."

"That's something of a fish story," thought Jimmy's jacket. "My buttons are only glass; but glass is sometimes made of sand, and who knows but their atoms may have been swept down to the sea-shore from 'farthest India?'"

"And I," whispered the bachelor's button, "I sprang from a tiny seed, with all my splendor of blue and purple wings, like the Afrite from the jar which the fisherman found on the beach. It is a miracle how I was packed away there!"—*St. Nicholas.*

"DIDN'T I, DAN?"

"Jimmy, have you watered my horse this morning?"

"Yes, uncle, I watered him; didn't I, Dan?" he added, turning to his younger brother.

"Of course you did," responded Dan.

The gentleman looked at the boys a moment, wondering a little at Jimmy's words; then he rode away.

This was Mr. Harley's first visit with his nephews, and thus far he had been pleased with their bright, intelligent faces and kind behavior. Still there was something in Jimmy's appeal to his brother that impressed him unfavorably, he could hardly tell why; but the cloud of disfavor

had vanished from his mind when, two hours later, he turned his horse's head homeward. Just in the bend of the road he met his nephews, Jimmy bearing a gun over his shoulder.

"Did your father give you permission to carry that gun?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," replied Jimmy; "didn't he, Dan?"

"Of course he did," said Dan.

"And of course I believe you, Jimmy, without your brother's word for it," said Mr. Harley.

Jimmy's face flushed and his bright eye fell below his uncle's gaze. Mr. Harley noticed his

he looked as if he would like to vanish from his uncle's sight.

"Not always," he murmured, looking down at his boots.

"My dear boy, I was afraid of this," said Mr. Harley kindly. "The boy who always speaks the truth has no need to seek confirmation from another. Do you mean to go through life always having to say: 'Didn't I, Dan?'"

"No, uncle; I'm going to try to speak the truth so that people will believe me as well as Dan," said Jimmy, impulsively.

Mr. Harley spent the season with his nephews, and before he left he had the pleasure of hear-

necessary to send off a swarm, the bees go to work to make a queen. A worker maggot, or if there happens to be none in the hive, a worker egg, is selected near the edge of the comb. Two cells next door to the one in which this maggot is are cleared out, and the dividing walls are cut down, so that three ordinary cells are turned into one. The food which the worker worm has been feeding on is removed, and the little creature is supplied with a new kind of food,—a royal jelly. Change of food, a larger room, and a different position,—the queen's cell hangs down instead of being horizontal,—these three changes of treatment turn the bee that is developing from a worker into a queen. She is different in her outer shape, different in almost all her organs, and different in every single instinct. There is nothing else in all nature that seems to me more wonderful than this.

For fear that one queen may not come out all right the provident little creatures usually start two or three queen-cells at once. It is curious to watch the first queen as she comes out. She moves up and down the combs looking for other queen-cells, and if she finds one, she falls upon it in the greatest excitement and stings her rival to death. Sometimes, by accident, two new queens come out at the same time; then it is wonderful to see the bees. They clear a space and bring the two rival queens together, and stand back to watch the fight. And it is a royal fight indeed; a fight to the death, for they never give up till one or the other is fatally stung. The victor is then accepted as sovereign.—*St. Nicholas.*

A CHARACTERISTIC OF SELF-MADE MEN.

What they do, they do thoroughly. Many people know everything, and yet know nothing; they read on all subjects, but master no subject.

Robert Hall was once asked whether he thought Dr. Rippis a clever man? He replied that "probably he was, naturally, but he had laid so many books on his brains that they could not move."

Self-made men have read but few books, but how thoroughly they have mastered those few! Better one rood of land you can hold for your own for ever than acres held in uncertain occupation. One thing at a time, and do it well—yea, as well as you can.

"Billy Gray, what do you presume to scold me for? You are a rich man, it is true, but didn't I know you when you were nothing but a drummer?"

"Well," said Mr. Gray, "didn't I drum well, eh? didn't I drum well?"

The men who have risen from the ranks have all done their drumming well.—*Smiles.*



nephew's confusion and rode on without further comment.

"This map of North America is finely executed; did you draw it, Jimmy?" asked Mr. Harley that afternoon, while looking over a book of drawings.

"Yes, sir," replied Jimmy, with a look of conscious pride; then turning to his brother he added, "didn't I, Dan?"

Mr. Harley closed the book and laid it on the table.

"Jimmy," he began, "what does this mean? To every question that I have asked you to-day you have appealed to Dan to confirm your reply. Cannot your own word be trusted?"

Jimmy's face turned scarlet, and

ing the people say, "What's come over Jimmy Page? He never says lately, 'didn't I, Dan?'"

Mr. Harley thought it was because Jimmy was gaining confidence in himself. Do you, children?—*Little Sower.*

MAKING A QUEEN.

Bees do not usually want more than one queen. In fact, they will not have more than one unless the swarm has grown so large as to crowd the hive and they are going to found a colony, or "swarm," as it is called; in which case each family will need a sovereign. As soon as it is clear to the wisecracks that it will be