



THE YOUNG ARTIST.

BEARS.

People often like to read bear stories—big people as well as the little ones. Well, I have nothing to tell you about *hunting* for bears. I never did that myself, for I am not much of a sportsman or hunter in the woods. It is not always the safest kind of sport to hunt wild animals, for they are sometimes on the hunt themselves for something to eat; and if they cannot find anything else to eat, and get very hungry, they often attack people and kill and eat them. But if one has a good rifle, and knows how to use it well, he need not be much afraid to meet a bear.

When I was a young man I boarded with a family who kept a bear chained to a post in the back yard. The father had

bought it from a hunter, who had partly tamed it. The children of that family used to dance around and play with the bear, and think it was great fun to do so. One day the bear growled at and struck the father with his heavy paw, but it was because he teased the bear too long and in too much of an annoying way. It made the man angry, and he resolved to kill the bear and sell its meat for eating. He did so in a day or two afterwards, and that was the first and last time I tasted bear's meat.

There is a story in the Bible about two bears and some children. I think when it speaks of "children" it refers to scoffing young men and women. You can read about it in 2 Kings 2.—*Sunday-school Messenger.*

LULIE'S TEMPTATION.

BY ANNA BURNHAM BRYANT.

"So now you're all done but a bow-knot!"

Ma'am Sally stood off and took a look at her child. It was a very white child, and a very black mammy. Poor little Lulie hadn't any own mother to kiss her pretty pink cheeks and curl her yellow hair and make a doll of her with dainty dresses. Her mother had gone away to heaven a year ago.

But Ma'am Sally did her loving best to make it up to her. She hugged and kissed her, petted and praised her; above all, she "dressed her up" in the stiffest and starchiest snowy dresses, till the poor child looked as if she were made out of paper, and dared not sit down for fear of crumpling her finery.

"Yo' mother always kept yo' fine as a fiddle," said Ma'am Sally, "and I'm go'n to. Whatever yo' dear mothe' would 'a' liked, we's go'n to do—we two."

It was a beautiful thought, and little Lulie took it into her heart, and tried to live by it.

"Can I go out on the playazza, mammy?" she asked, after that last bow-knot.

"Yes, you may go out; but don' yo' go off."

"No, 'less my dollies wuns away, and I have to go after zem."

"All right," said mammy, chuckling. "I guess they can't go far."

But she did not know how those dollies would behave, or the temptation that would come to Lulie.

"I might dust push 'em off!" she said to herself. "Nen I'd have to go and get 'em! I'm tired of this old playazza!"

Just think what a naughty plan! She gave them two or three teenty little shoves. They almost went off. All at once she spoke out, loudly and angrily, as if somebody had spoken at her elbow:

"Go 'way, you bad old Satan! You s'pose my mother 'd like a lie girl?"

ABOUT OLIVES.

When you eat olives do you ever wonder where they grow, and how? Those that we eat come, probably, from Italy or Spain, where there are large groves of trees. These olive groves are very old, for the trees grow slowly and do not bear fruit for many years after they are planted.

Before the olives are ripe they look like little green plums, but as they ripen they grow paler and then dark again until, when ripe, they are almost black.

In Palestine, where so many of the stories told in the Bible happened, the people care more for their olive trees than for any others.