

when all turned black before her eyes and she fell.

A few moments later Jack Hanley found his wife lying unconscious at the door of their home, and raising her in his arms carried her in and laid her upon her bed.

Something shone in her little hand, and he saw, as he gently unclasped the fingers, that it was a bright, silver dollar.

Jane opened her eyes, as he took the money, and smiled languidly.

'That makes one more, Jack, but I thought it wouldn't come amiss, we need so many things, and we must begin to save, Jack, or we will have to go to the poorhouse; but, oh, Jack, dear Jack, I'm afraid I couldn't do it again, for I'm all tired out.

She closed her eyes as if to sleep, while Jack stood by her, wondering and fearing he knew not what.

Just then Mrs. Dennison, the nearest neighbor, who had seen Jack carrying his wife into the house, came hastening without ceremony into the room, and began loosening Jane's dress and chafing her hands.

'It's turned out precisely as I knew it would, Jack Hanley, and I wonder at your meanness, I do!' she said.

Jacked turned helplessly from his unconscious wife to his evidently indignant neighbor.

'Do something for Jenny, Mrs. Dennison, for I don't know what to do, and I don't know what you mean,' he said with white, trembling lips.

Mrs. Dennison pitied the man, though she supposed he knew that his wife had been drugging for the wife of the saloon keeper, while, as every one else knew, he wasted, periodically, many dollars there at the bar which should have gone toward making his wife and home comfortable. She said not another word, but busied herself with trying remedies for poor Jane, and failing to bring her to herself, except for a brief space, sent Jack for the doctor.

Then followed a long, fierce fight against fever that threatened often to end the young life which fluttered so feebly in Jane Hanley's overworked and poorly nourished body.

Over and over till Jack was nearly frantic she told the story of the past month, and those who were forced to listen with him to his wife's delirious ravings felt nothing but pity for him, seeing his sincere sorrow, and believing in his repentance and permanent cure.

For before witnessing neighbors, one day when the death angel seemed hovering near, Jack Hanley dropped upon his knees, promising God that if his wife might be spared him he would never touch another drop of alcoholic drink.

When he arose to his feet there was a hush in the room, tears were upon the faces of all those who listened, and looking down upon the thin little face of his wife he saw that there was a change; she was sleeping as sweetly as a child.

That hour was the date of the beginning of her recovery, and also of the beginning of a new life for her husband that made the keeping of his pledge far easier.

Jane, in her month of hard servitude, had done far more than recover the wasted dollars; she had worked out the salvation of her husband's priceless soul.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Bob Burdette to His Son.

So you are not going to church this morning, my son?

Ah, yes; I see. The music is not good. That's a pity. That's what you go to church for, to hear the music; we demand good music on Sunday in church, no matter what we are willing to listen to elsewhere.

And the pews are not comfortable. That's too bad; the Sabbath is the day of rest, and we go to church for repose. The less we do through the week the more rest we clamor for on the Sabbath.

The church is too far away. This is indeed distressing. Sometimes when I think how much further away heaven is than the church, and that there are no conveyances on the road of any description, I wonder how some of us are going to get there.

And the sermon is so long always. All these things are, indeed, to be regretted. I would regret them more sincerely, my boy, did I not know that you will often squeeze into a stuffed street car, with a hundred other men breathing an incense of whiskey, beer and tobacco, hang to a strap by your eyelids for two miles, and then pay fifty cents for the privilege of sitting on a rough plank in the hot sun for two hours longer, while in the intervals of the game a scratch band will blow discordant thunder out of a dozen misfit horns right into your ears and come home to talk the rest of the family into a state of aural paralysis about the 'dandiest game you ever saw played on that ground.'

Ah, my boy, you see what staying away from church does. It develops a habit of lying. There isn't one man in a hundred who could go on the witness stand and give, under oath, the same reason for not going to church that he gives to his family every Sunday morning.

My son, if you don't think you ought to go, you wouldn't make any excuses for not going. No man apologizes for doing right.—Texas 'Christian Advocate.'

The Carpenter Bee.

(Charles McIlvaine, in the 'S.S. Times'.)

There is more hum in one bumblebee than in all the tops of the country. Its wings move several hundred times in a second, and they go from sunrise to sunset. The true bumblebee is the handsome insect with yellow bands running around its body, which one so often sees on the roses, honeysuckles, red clover and other flowers. It makes its nest in the ground or in the hollow of a post, often in the deserted nest of a mouse. It stores its delicious honey in wax cups, as many boys know,—after hard fight for it, and bunged eyes for their trouble.

There is one bee which almost every one calls a bumblebee, that is not a bumblebee at all. This is the carpenter bee, so called because it bores holes in boards, posts, dead chestnut and cedar trees. It is the carpenter bee that one hears in the warm sunny days of spring droning outside the weather-boarding of the house, or by the slats of grape arbors, or around stable sheds. The male has a white patch on his forehead, and is familiarly known as a 'whitehead.' He does most of the humming either when staying in one spot in the air, watching his wife bore a hole with her sharp mandibles, or when blustering about in a terrible way when one makes a strike at him, or another male bee comes nearer than he willingly permits. The whitehead has no sting. The female has a sting, and knows how to use it as a defence of herself, but she will

not sting unless she is caught. At least, I have never known one to do so, and I have given many a chance. The female has no white on her head, and everybody knows her as a 'blackhead.'

The black-headed female has spent the winter in some protected place; so has the white-headed male. Oftentimes they make winter homes of their old nests. Frequently, so long as it does not let in wind or rain, a pair of bees use the old boring. Before doing so, the female carefully cleans it out, and recuts the surface.

These borings are about half an inch in diameter, and from three to twelve inches long. They run straight into and across the grain of the wood for about an inch, then turn short to the right or left (up or down if in a standing post or tree.) All the work is done by sharp, hook-like mandibles, one on each side of the mouth. The inside of the hole is perfectly smooth. As it usually lies close to the surface, it aids very much in the decay of the wood. I have seen farm sheds ruined by the carpenter bee. When I was a boy on the home farm, my good father paid me one cent a dozen for blackheads. I made my first money in the carpenter-bee business.

When the hole is finished,—the 'whitehead' humming all the while outside,—the 'blackhead' collects from flowers the yellow pollen such as is plainly seen on the centres of full-blooming roses. She collects, too, honey. The pollen she carries on the brushes of hair you will find on her hind legs; the honey she swallows, and takes home in a sack as big as a pea. When she gets home she works the pollen into a waxy substance, and mixes with it the honey she gathered by emptying it out of her mouth, just as bees put honey into a comb. She has her own recipe. After she has made a mass about the size of half a hazel nut, she lays an egg alongside of it. She then walls it in by putting a partition across the hole. This is made of the bitings she has saved when boring the hole, and wax. The egg-room is about three-fourths of an inch long. Next, along the boring, she places another ball of food and another egg. She lays and walls in until from four to six egg-rooms are completed. when the death angel seemed hovering near, pupae, eat the food left for them, and grow very fast. They change their skins, and soon are full grown carpenter bees. When the lower bee is full grown it tears down the walls between itself and the next in order, and has to wait to get out until all of its younger brothers and sisters are grown up, and ready to fly with it.

In the meantime the 'whitehead' has probably died. When the wistaria is in bloom, watch it. You will find dozens of 'whiteheads' upon it, drinking from its purple cups. And, sad to say, you will find them in all stages of intoxication. They drink until they fall and die upon the ground.

Nature provides the nectar of the wistaria as one of the means to kill the old male carpenter bees. Men provide the drink to kill themselves.

And Yet a Boy.

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ he can't lead a prayer-meeting, or be a church officer, or a preacher, but he can be a godly boy, in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb and yell like a real boy. But in all he ought to show the spirit of Christ; he ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He