

THE MOON.

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;

She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbor quays,
And birds asleep in the forks of trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,

The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon.

All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day

Cuddle to sleep to be out of the way;
And flowers and children close their eyes,
Till up in the morning the sun shall rise.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 20, 1904.

HOW SYLVIA SAVED THE BEES.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

The bees were lounging round their front doors or out in their front yards, after a hard day's work. The air was full of their peaceful, contented humming.

"Home, home,—sweet, sweet home," sang grandfather softly, under his breath. He and Sylvia and Honey Sweet were sitting under the trees, watching the bees.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." See how the little furry rascals seem to love their home! You'd never suppose they ever thought of hollow trees and green woods, would you? But just as likely as not some of those big, buzzing chaps loitering round the middle house, there, in Bee Row, picked out a nice likely tenement in some hollow tree this very day,

while they were away doing their day's work. You can't trust 'em!"

"No," laughed Sylvia, shaking her yellow head, "seems just as if I see that biggest, buzziest bee winking one eye at me now! He's the one that picked out the hollow tree to run away to, grandfather!"

"Rascal!" echoed grandfather, pretending to be angry. And Honey Sweet kicked both pink-socked little feet in delight. Honey Sweet was only seven months old, but she understood grandfather's "pretends." She liked to have him scowl up his forehead like that and shake his forefinger sternly at the little bee folks.

"Still, I don't know as we ought to blame them altogether," grandfather continued, "for other folks like to get away for a change occasionally, you know—where there are trees and bees and—"

"Grandfathers an' grandmothers," supplied Sylvia gaily. "That's me an' Honey Sweet an' mother! We like to every summer, and we've got a 'Home, sweet home,' too, same as the bee folks have. Maybe—you don't s'pose there's a grandfather an' grandmother bee, in that hollow tree, do you, grandfather? If there is, of course they'll run away! Grandfather,"—growing suddenly grave and practical,—"supposing, just supposing they should 'swarm' this very live minute, while we're sitting here looking! Would they fly straight to the woods?"

"No, pass, probably they'd cluster first—"

"Cluster?"

"Yes, on a twig or branch near the hive, in a great black, humming, whirling cluster. They usually do before they fly off, and lucky it is, too, for us bee-keepers, for it gives us time to hive them again and save them, or off they'd be, never to return."

"Well, I wish I could see 'em doing it," Sylvia said. But she didn't mean without grandfather there, too. Just she and Honey Sweet alone—oh, no, she didn't mean that way! But that was just what happened. The very next day it happened!

Grandfather and grandmother wanted the children's mother to go with them to call on one of the neighbors. It was a mile and more away, and mother hesitated.

"The baby is asleep, and I don't want to wake her up to take her with me, and she's very young to leave," she said.

"Not with Nurse Sylvia," cried grandfather. "You can trust the little midget with her. I'm willing to trust all my babies, and there are hundreds of them!"

"Bee-babies," laughed Nurse Sylvia. "I'll take care of 'em, grandfather. And I'll take bea-ootiful care o' Honey Sweet, mother! I guess you've forgotten I'm 'leven years old, going on twelve!"

So they went, and before they were much more than out of hearing the bees swarmed! Sylvia heard the loud, warning whir and roar, and saw them come out

in a black, whirling cloud. They were going straight to the woods—no, they were going to muster—cluster—what was it grandfather had called it? They were settling down on the lowest limb of the chestnut tree. Sylvia watched them in a tumult of fascination and fear. Supposing, just supposing, they didn't wait there till the folks got their call made! Supposing the "scouter-bees" came back first! Supposing they flew away to the woods—grandfather's beloved bees!

"Oh, I must save them! I have to save them!" cried Sylvia in great excitement. But how? Whatever should she do? She had seen pictures in grandfather's bee-books of long bags on the end of long poles that folks slid up under the black, roaring, whirling cluster. But where could she find a bag?

The baby slept on calmly. The run-away bees buzzed and whirled and finally settled down to wait. But Sylvia could not rest. She hunted everywhere for a "bee-bag." She thought of grain bags and rag bags and pillowcases, and then she thought of Honey Sweet's little long white slip! There it hung, right on the clothesline, waving its tiny sleeves at her, as if to say: "Here, here; why don't you take me? I'll save the bees."

"Why!" cried Sylvia softly, "I'll take the baby's dress! It's all dry and ready. It's long and baggy, anyway. I can tie up the sleeves and make it baggy."

She caught it from the line, tied the little frilled sleeves together in a tight knot and hurried away to the workshop. There she found a barrel-hoop that she hurriedly tacked inside the wide hem at the bottom and there was her bee-bag! Only it needed a long handle.

"A broom-handle will do," Sylvia decided. "There, now I'll go an' save grandfather's bees, if I can," she added a little dubiously. It was rather terrifying work, even when you were eleven and going on twelve. You couldn't help being afraid of the buzz, whizzy black mass, and the barrel you stood on would wiggle dreadfully, and there was a roaring in your ears.

But when the folks came home, there was Sylvia waiting at the end of the lane with a scared, white little face, and one of Honey Sweet's long white slips full of little, scared black bees! She had twisted the "bag" over at the mouth, and so shut it up safely,—not a single little bee-person could escape.

"I—I've saved 'em," gasped she, holding out the funny little bee-bag to astonished grandfather. "It was pretty 'citing, but I did." Then a sudden little laugh twinkled out all over her little brown face as she saw how funny the baby's dress looked in grandfather's hand, full of whirling bees.

"Honey Sweet helped!" she laughed.—*Morning Star.*

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