

ins go out. The latter divide their men as the outs did, and one of them bowls until the new eleven are put out in their turn. A match is commonly four innings. When the fourth is ended the scorers count up the runs that have been made, and the side which made most is adjudged to have won.

There are other rules besides these; but they vary according to custom, and you will learn them best on the field. The best rule of all, however, is to keep your temper. Bats and balls are harder than boys' heads; and, with the best intentions, they will sometimes hit you in a very unpleasant manner. A long time ago, it used to be the fashion for the boy hit, to fly into a rage and fall foul of the batsman, or the player who threw the ball; but this plan was given up by all sensible people some years before you were born. The best fashion, now, is to laugh and say some pleasant thing about the uncommon hardness of that bat or that ball.

BEEES.

We know of nothing more interesting than the ways of these truly wonderful little creatures. At first sight there seems to be nothing but a confused insect mob, buzzing about in a continual hubbub or running over each other pell-mell, like a crowd of children playing at rough-and-tumble. But a little careful looking shows that they are going to and from the hive in the most orderly manner, and that the idlers hanging on the outside of the hive all know their places as well as you know your seat in the school-room.

By closely examining a colony of these insects, you might find that each hive contains three sorts of bees. First in numbers and importance are the *workers*. These are smallest in size, and most active in their habits. It is their business to build the comb, fill it with honey, remove all offensive substances from the hive, take care of the young, defend the stores, and, in short, do all of the work. There are usually several thousands of them in a swarm.

Next to the workers are the *drones*. They are of larger size and have no stings. You can handle them as safely as you would a fly, but don't think of catching one of them when you see bees buzzing about flowers. You would find only workers there, each armed with his poisoned dagger, ready to fight in self-defence with any foe, however great in size. The *drones* stay at home in the hive, feeding upon the honey stored by the workers, or in fine weather they fly out on pleasure excursions. They are the male part of the swarm. The workers are without sex, and are therefore called *neuters*. The *drones*, however, have to pay dearly for their life of ease. Late in the summer, when the swarming season is over and the hive is well filled, the workers attack the *drones* with their

stings, and either quickly kill them, or drive them from the hive, to die of hunger or be caught by birds, or destroyed by inclement weather. Thus there is every year a sort of French Revolution on a small scale in the bee-hive, when the working classes overwhelm the aristocracy.

The *queen* bee is the only female in the hive. She is larger than either workers or drones. Her form is also more elegant, being longer and more tapering. Several queens are usually produced in a hive every year, but only one is allowed to remain alive. One or two usually lead off part of the swarm to set up new colonies in another location, and the others are stung to death by the queen who remains. She is cared for with great pains by the workers, who almost seem to reverence her. They surround her wherever she goes, and show her the most respectful attention. If in any way her royal person is soiled, her faithful attendants lick her carefully to remove the offending substance. They always stand with their heads toward her as she moves among them, seeming to understand good manners as well as human courtiers. If she leaves the hive, which rarely occurs, the whole swarm is in great commotion. They set up a loud buzz, and run hither and thither in the utmost confusion. If she returns, they manifest the liveliest joy, by a peculiar buzz, and all is soon quiet again.

We can hardly believe that bees really have sentiments of veneration, or that they can feel loyalty for their queen; yet it is certain that they take the utmost care to preserve her from injury, and to supply all her wants. Though they may not reason about the matter, they are certainly wise in this care of their queen, for she is the only female in the hive, and but for her, a colony must soon dwindle away and die out. She lays many thousand eggs during a single season, which are carefully deposited in the bottom of the cells of the honey-comb, one egg being placed in each. If you should carefully examine the comb from a hive, you would find cells in it of three different sizes. These are made so by the bees to fit the bodies of the workers, drones, and queens that are to be reared in them. If a drone egg were left in a worker cell, the baby bee would grow deformed for want of room for his body to expand: but it is a wonderful fact that the queen makes no mistakes. She places each egg in a cell that will accommodate the bee until he is full grown.

When first hatched, the bee is only a small, white maggot, curled up in the bottom of the cell. The workers feed these little worms very carefully, and they grow so fast that in a few days they are full grown as worms. Then they stop eating, and undergo a change from worms to winged insects, and are soon buzzing about with their companions.

In healthy colonies the hive becomes

so crowded with young bees during May and June, that they are in each other's way, and preparations are made for part of them to change their quarters. We cannot tell how they talk over the matter, and decide which of them shall emigrate and which remain at the old homestead, but in some way everything appears to be fully understood. It is said by some observers, that a few days previous to the issuing of a swarm, scouts or pioneers are sent out to look for a convenient place for the new colony to occupy; this seems somewhat doubtful, however, as we know that the bees usually cluster on some tree near their old hive, where they will remain hanging for hours unless removed to a new hive.

The time of bee-swarming is quite exciting at the farm-house as well as in the hive. The bees come rushing forth with a very loud and peculiar hum, like a regiment shouting for a charge, or a school of children let out to play. They circle round their queen, and carefully follow her motions. The bee-keeper, who is usually on the lookout for them, watches to see where they will settle. Sometimes they fly away in a "bee-line," swift as an arrow, to the woods, and take possession of a hollow tree: but they always instantly alight wherever their queen may stop. It has sometimes occurred that the queen has alighted on the head of a man, and the whole swarm have at once clustered about him. It is the custom at some farm-houses when the bees swarm, to make a great din by beating tin pans, &c. supposing that this will make them settle; but many experienced bee-keepers say that this is of no use. A more certain method of causing them to alight is to throw sand among them, or, if possible, sprinkle them with water. If, when they first issue from the hive, the queen bee can be secured, the swarm will be sure to remain with her.

A SINGULAR SPECTACLE IN BATTLE.—

At the battle of Stone River, while the men were lying behind a crest waiting, a brace of frantic wild turkeys, so paralyzed with fright that they were incapable of flying, ran between the lines and endeavoured to hide among the men. But the frenzy among the turkeys was not so touching as the exquisite fright of the birds and rabbits. When the roar of battle rushed through the cedar thickets, flocks of little birds fluttered and circled above the field in a state of utter bewilderment, and scores of rabbits fled for protection to our men, lying down in line on the left, nestling under their coats and creeping under their legs in a state of utter distraction. They hopped over the field like toads, and as perfectly tamed by fright as household pets. Many officers witnessed it, remarking it as one of the most curious spectacles ever seen upon a battle-field.