

LITTLE FOLKS

Bessie from Boston, and Hollandaise Jan.

(By Warwick James Price.)

Janet of Dykeland, plump of mien,
Was fresh from across the water.
'Your dress is the shortest I've
ever seen!'
She gasped to Dame Boston's
daughter.

Boston Elizabeth dipped and bowed,



As they do in the old-time
tableaux;
Said she: 'If, please, I may be
allowed,
Why do you wear those sabots?
Courtesy and question and fleeting
smiles
Came crowding on one another;
While each, in the matter of present
styles,
Stood wondering at the other.
—'The Pilgrim.'

Tumble Bugs.

(By Martha C. Rankin, in
'Congregationalist.')

'O, Tom, come here and see
these funny bugs! They're trying
to roll a little ball and they're
doing it the queerest way you ever
saw. Do come and look,' called
George White, who was spending
his first summer in the country
with his cousin Tom. 'Just see!
One of them climbs up on the top
of the ball and pulls it along with
his hind feet and the other stands
on his head and kicks it. What
do you suppose they are trying to
do?'

'O, I don't know,' replied Tom.
'They're tumblebugs. I've often
seen them. It's lots of fun to
knock the ball away and see them

run for it. Look now!' and Tom
hit the round ball and sent it spin-
ning several feet away, the poor
bug on top hanging on for dear life.
The other bug hurried quickly after
his mate, evidently in great dis-
dress.

'My! how mad they are!' said
George. 'They don't sting or any-
thing, do they?'

'O, no, Goosie! They won't



hurt you,' replied Tom, who put on
a great many airs because he knew
more about country life than George
did.

After a good deal of difficulty,
the queer bugs got things straight-
ened out to their satisfaction and
started once more on their difficult
journey. Again Tom sent the ball
flying, making the poor, shining
black beetles more distracted than
ever.

'Do you know what is in that
little brown ball, boys?' said a voice
close beside them, and the boys
looked up to see a wise looking
man who had evidently been watch-
ing them.

'I was just wondering,' said
George, 'and wishing I knew why
they care so much about it. It
looks to me like nothing but
manure.'

'Yes, it is manure,' he answered,
'but it contains something very
precious to them. If you had be-
gun watching them sooner, you
might have seen an egg deposited
in the manure and watched them
roll it up into this hard ball.'

'But why do they make such
hard work of rolling it?' asked
George. It would be lots easier
if they would both get behind and
push it with their feet.'

'I've often wondered myself,'

replied the gentleman, 'why these
curious beetles make themselves so
much unnecessary work, and wished
that I could give them a few points.
But no doubt they have some
reason for their ways if we could
only find it out.'

'But why do they roll the ball
anyway?' persisted George. 'What
are they going to do with it?'

'If you watch them long enough,
you will see them bury it in the
ground, but why they roll it so far,
I'm sure I don't know. I've some-
times seen them roll it for two
hours before they buried it. So
you see they have to work hard
enough without your making them
any extra trouble,' and he looked
at Tom.

'I never supposed 'twas any-
thing,' said he, 'or that it made
any difference where it went.'

'You'll find, my boy,' was the
reply, that there's usually a reason
for every thing in nature, and you
can learn a great deal by watching
the bugs and birds and other crea-
tures that you see every day about
you.'

'Does it take long for the egg to
hatch?' asked George.

'Not very, and the manure with
which it is surrounded furnishes
food for the baby beetle which soon
finds itself strong enough to dig its
way out and before long is as big a
tumblebug as his father;' and the
stranger passed on while the boys
continued to watch the beetles.

After they had pushed and tug-
ged their burden over many hard
places, one of them got right under
it and began to burrow and dig,
and pulled the ball after him till
both beetle and ball were out of
sight. It was some time before he
came up again, so the boys judged
that he had made the hole still
deeper.

'I can't see why animals are so
queer!' said Tom. 'I could most
always pick out better places than
the birds do for their nests, and
now these old tumblebugs have
taken the worst place they could
find to bury their egg.'

'Tis funny,' returned George,
'but I suppose we think so because
we don't know their reasons. But