

the glue spins out in many fine streams, which unite into one, and turn to silk-like thread. If he does not find a good place to make his web fast, he can climb back!

How can he climb back? He runs up his line as fast as he came down. If you scare him, he drops down on his line like a flash. It will not break. If you break it, he winds up the end quickly. Then he runs off to find a new place to which to make it fast. The long lines in the web are called rays. The spider spins the rays first. The rays are spread out like the spokes of a wheel. Webs are of many shapes. You often see the round web. The spider guides the lines with his feet as he spins. He pulls each one to see if it is firm. Then he spins a thread, round and round, from ray to ray, until the web is done.

Mrs. Spider begins her lines at the outer edge. They are laid nearer to each other as she gets to the centre of the web. When all is done, she is in the centre, and does not need to walk on her new web. She has a nest near her web. From the nest runs a line. Mrs. Spider can sit in the door of her nest, and hold the line in her claw. When a bug or fly goes on the web, the web shakes. She feels her line move. Then she runs down the line and gets the fly or bug, and takes it to her nest to eat. But before she takes the prey to her nest, she kills or stuns it. Then she winds some fine web about it. She makes a neat bundle of it, and then carries it off.



You can make Mrs. Spider run down her line if you shake the web a very little with a bit of grass or stick. She will run out to see if she has caught a bee or a fly. The nest of the spider is made of close, fine silk. It is like soft, nice cloth. In shape it is like a ball, or a horn, or a basket. Each kind of spider makes its web in the shape it likes best. In the nest the spider lays her eggs in a silk ball. The eggs at first are very soft. After a time they grow harder.

More than two spiders never live in a nest. Often a spider lives all alone. Spiders are often apt to bite off each other's legs. A spider can live and run when half its legs are gone. But it can get a fine new leg as a crab can. When the baby spiders come out of the egg, they must be fed. The mother takes good care of them. They grow fast. When they are grown, they go off and make their own webs. Webs are very pretty, if spiders are not.

Spiders eat flies and all kinds of small bugs. When a fly is fast in a web, he hums loud from fear. The spider will eat dead birds. One kind of spider kills small birds to eat. There is a spider that lives on water. He knows how to build a raft. He takes grass and bits of stick and ties them up with his silk. On this raft he sails out to catch flies and bugs that skim over the water. There is a spider that lives in the water. She can dive. Her nest is like a ball. It shines like silver. Her web is so thick that it does not get wet.

When spiders eat, they do not chew their food; they suck out the juice. Spiders are very neat. They hate dust and soot. They will not have a dirty web. If you put a bit of dirt or leaf on the web, Mrs. Spider will go and clean it off. She shakes her web with her

foot until all the lines are clean. If the dirt will not shake from the web, the spider will cut the piece out, and mend the web with new lines.

There is a spider that runs on water. This spider wears shoes. They are shoes made for walking on the water. They are like bags of air. She cannot sink. There is one spider called a trap-door spider. She lives in the ground. She digs a tube down, and makes her nest deep in the earth. Then she makes a door. It is a nice door at the top of the hole. It has a hinge. It will open and shut. It is like the lid of a box. How does she make this? She spins a thick, round web. She fills it with earth. Then she folds the web over, to hold the dirt in. She makes a hinge of web. This trap-door will open and shut. It is firm and strong. Once a man put a lady-bird at a spider's trap-door. She took it in to eat. She found it had too hard a shell to bite. Then she took it back and laid it out by her door. Then the man put a soft grub by the door, and the spider took that to eat. She did not bring that back. She ate it.

Small spiders will stay by their mother and sit on her back. They act like the small chicks with the hen. Most spiders live only one year. Some live two. Some live over four. Some spiders are so small you can hardly see them. The big ones are black, with spots and stripes, and have thick coats like fur. If you could find a spider, and sit down to watch it build or catch its food, I think you would be happy for a whole day, or for many days.

The tower spider builds over her hole a neat tower two or three inches high; she sits on her tower. She has as many as fifty baby spiders at once. They sit on her back for four or five weeks, until they molt two or three times. They do not fight with each other. When Mrs. Spider gets a fly or bug for the little ones to eat, she crushes it, and the baby spiders come and suck the juice, as she holds the food for them.

#### A CARPET OF CATS' SKINS.

Spain chastised the Moors five or six years ago, about a disputed piece of property opposite Gibraltar, and captured the city of Tetouan. She compromised on an augmentation of her territory; twenty million dollars indemnity in money; and peace. And then she gave up the city. But she never gave it up until the Spanish soldiers had eaten up all the cats. They would not compromise as long as the cats held out. Spaniards are very fond of cats. On the contrary, the Moors reverence cats as something sacred. So the Spaniards touched them on a tender point that time. Their unfeline conduct in eating up all the Tetouan cats aroused a hatred toward them in the breasts of the Moors, to which even the driving them out of Spain was tame and passionless. Moors and Spaniards are foes for ever now. France had a Minister here once who embittered the nation against him in the most innocent way. He killed a couple of battalions of cats and made a parlour carpet out of their hides. He made his carpet in circles—first a circle of old gray tom-cats, with their tails all pointing towards the centre; then a circle of yellow cats; next a circle of black cats and a circle of white ones; then a circle of all sorts of cats; and, finally, a centre-piece of assorted kittens. It was very beautiful; but the Moors curse his memory to this day.

"Boots soled and heeled while you wait." Quite right. We have waited three weeks, and they are not home yet.