

But at 4 they began to gather again. They were plainly surprised at finding no preserves—the table was not set—but in increasing numbers they kept up the search until about 5 o'clock, when they gradually took themselves off. This kept on for several days after the table ceased to be set. The bees came looking for it between 7 and 10 in the forenoon and 4 and 5 in the afternoon. In fact, however, they recognised the time, they observed it with clock-like regularity until in the course of a week or two they ceased their visits altogether, finding them unprofitable.

THE OX AND THE MULE.

A farmer had an ox and a mule that he hitched together to a plough. One night, after several days of continuous ploughing and after the ox and mule had been stabled and provendered for the night, the ox said to the mule: 'We've been workin' pretty hard, let's play off sick to-morrow and lie here in the stalls all day.'

'You can if you want to,' returned the mule, 'but I believe I'll go to work.'

So the next morning when the farmer came out the ox played off sick. The farmer bedded him down with clean straw, gave him a bucket of oats and bran mixed, left him for the day and went forth alone with the mule to plough. All that day the ox lay in his stall, chewed his cud and nodded, slowly blinked his eyes and gently swished his tail. That night, when the mule came in, the ox asked him how they got along ploughing alone all day. 'Well,' said the mule, 'it was hard and we didn't get much done, and—' 'Did the old man have anything to say about me?' interrupted the ox. 'No,' replied the mule.

'Well, then,' went on the ox, 'I believe I'll play off again to-morrow; it was certainly fine lying here all day and resting.' 'That's up to you,' said the mule, 'but I'll go out and plough.'

So the next day the ox played off again, was bedded down with clean straw, provendered with hay, bran, and oats, and lay all day nodding, blinking, chewing his cud and gently swishing his tail.

When the mule came in at night the ox asked again how they got along without him. 'About the same as yesterday,' replied the mule coldly. 'Did the old man have anything to say about me?' again inquired the ox. 'No,' replied the mule, 'not to me, but he did have a long talk with the butcher on the way home.'

WRITING TO MOTHER.

When a daughter leaves home, one thing she should never neglect. One thing there is with which no duty or pleasure should interfere. It is the letter to Mother.

It is not enough that she send a postal card: 'Very busy. Will write soon.' Mother's letter should be a budget of daily happenings. It should be as far as possible a reflection of every thought and action in the new surroundings.

Mother's box of letters! What a treasure-house of love! How she guards it! How she dreams over it and cries over it!

It is hard for a mother to let her daughter leave the home nest, so critical a moment it is in the latter's life. The daughter should strive to make the wrench less cruel. There are hours at home after she has gone that are happy or dismal according to whether she is faithful or careless in mother-thought.

Never delay writing the letter home. It is the call supreme. Do all that you can to please your beloved and devoted mother. None will ever be so appreciative, so sympathetic, so forgiving, so understanding. No heart will ever beat more true.

WHAT HE WANTED.

The following story is true; the incident occurred at a village upon the Aisne.

A section of British infantry entered a French village in the evening and were going to billet for the night, so many thought it a good chance to cook a hot supper. A private had foraged round and found everything to make a good Irish stew except the potatoes. Being unable to speak French, he asked his section commander what was the French for potatoes. The section commander, being a bit of a wit and scenting some fun, replied, 'Bon soir' ('Good evening').

The private, in perfect good faith, went up to a house door and was answered by a Frenchwoman, who did not understand one word of English, and the following conversation occurred:—

Private: 'Bon soir.'

Frenchwoman: 'Bon soir, monsieur.'

Private: 'Yes, bon soir.'

Frenchwoman: 'Bon soir, monsieur.'

Private: 'Yes, yes! Some bon soirs, please.'

Thomas Atkins, seeing the look of amazement on the good Frenchwoman's face, and seeing a potato lying in the roadway, thought he had better adopt different tactics, so, picking up the potato and showing it to the woman, said: 'Here, missus, give us some of these blooming spuds!'

THE CHAIRMAN'S PUN.

The chairman at a dinner of a cyclists' club recently closed his reply to a vote of thanks with the following outrageous pun:—

'Now, gentlemen, I will detain you no longer, since all of you will, I know, agree with me when I say that the longer the spoke the greater the tire.'

SHE WAS ANNOYED.

He had attended his partner's wedding, and at the reception he stepped gallantly forward to pay his respects.

'I hardly feel like a stranger,' he said in his sweetest tones, addressing the bride. 'In fact, I feel as though I ought to be well acquainted with my partner's wife, since he has so often done me the honor to read me extracts from his dear Susie's letters.'

The faces of husband and the speaker were studies as the bride drew herself up and said, emphatically and distinctly, 'I beg your pardon, sir. My name is Helen.'

THE DOG AND THE LAW.

The justice of the land as it is meted out to Iowa dogs leaves something to be desired—by the dogs. In a suit for damages resulting from the bite of a dog, the judge's decision, as quoted in the *Green Bag*, was as follows:

'That the injured girl threw sticks at the dog several months before she was bitten admits no excuse. A dog has no right to brood over his wrongs and remember in malice. The only defence available to the dog's master is the doing of the unlawful act at the time of the attack by the person injured.'

Of course, the dog who 'broods over his wrongs and remembers in malice' does not reach the standard of human perfection, but the difference between the dog as he is and the dog as the Iowa judge thinks he should be is nearly as great as that between the actual and the ideal man. Poke almost any dog with sticks, and he knows where to place a bite when the right time comes.

A Norwegian, whose knowledge of dogs was not obscured by ex cathedra notions, was sued for shooting one which he had tormented. On the trial the plaintiff's attorney suggested that it would have been better and more humane when the big bulldog came at him with mouth open and teeth set to have used the butt end of the gun and thus scared him away.

'I would have done dat,' replied the Norwegian, 'but de bulldog he not come at me dat way, and so I tenk I better use de safe end of my gun on him.'

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