

MANAGING A QUEEN.

The ant queen's subjection to her subjects is not reached without resistance on the part of her emmet majesty. But resistance is useless, and she becomes in the end subject to the powerful house which she has reared around her. She is confined closely to the interior of the formicary, and wherever she goes, through chambers and halls, is attended by a circle of workers known as "courtiers," a name that has a large and dignified sound.

But the courtiers are simply a bodyguard; and their chief office is to restrain the liberty of their sovereign within the bounds prescribed by the communal needs and to look after the eggs after they are dropped.

Almost necessarily this phase of ant life must be observed in artificial formicaries. Therein one may watch the courtiers, surrounding the queen in a circle, attending her during all her movements. The circle never ceases to close around her as she passes from place to place.

Sometimes the queen, falling into a fit of stubbornness will attempt a course different from that which the court prescribes. Then one attendant gently nips a leg and gives it a little push; another closes the mandibles upon the body and gives a slight pinch;

a third tenderly seizes a quivering antenna and draws it to this side and that. The whole bodyguard meanwhile close around the queen, and by pushing her and obstructing her path, diverts her course, or quite turns her around, her huge body, several times the size of the workers, moving sometimes readily, sometimes with sullen resistance. Thus at last the courtiers carry their point.

Once a queen escaped from a surface gate of one of my formicaries. Not a courtier was in sight. She was free! Off she ran, as though intending to have a good romp and enjoy her freedom. But she had reckoned without her host, for she had gone but a little way when her bodyguard pursued and seized her somewhat roughly, and immediately began to pull her backward toward the gate. She resisted sturdily, but at last gave way and was drawn down the opening into the royal domicile. Poor queen! Certes, there are some drawbacks to the dignities that hedge around an emmet throne.

The courtiers maintain their circular sentry while the queen is laying eggs. When they are layed a worker catches up the tiny white pellets and pulls them to one side. Then they are borne away into the nurseries, wherein all eggs are set aside and watched and cared for by the workers who have special charge of that department.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

A PRAYER IN A PILLOW.

One night the mother of two little girls was away at bedtime and they were left to do as they would.

"I am not going to pray tonight," said Lillian, when she was ready for bed.

"Why, Lillian!" exclaimed Amy, with round eyes of astonishment.

"I don't care; I am not going to. There isn't any use."

So she tumbled into bed, while Amy knelt and prayed. The little prayer finished, and the light extinguished, Amy crept into bed. There was a long silence; then Lillian began to turn restlessly, giving her pillow a vigorous thump and saying crossly: "I wonder what is the matter with the pillow?" Then came a sweet little voice from Amy's side of the bed: "I guess it's 'cause there isn't any prayer in it."

A few minutes more of restlessness, and Lillian slipped out of bed and knelt in prayer. Then all was quiet and peaceful, and the two girls slept.

Is there a prayer in your pillow when you go to sleep at night?

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THE SPIDER'S LIFE LINE.

I took a wash basin and fastened in it a stick upright like a mast, and then poured in water enough to turn the stick into an island for my spider, which I named Crusoe.

I put him on the mast. As soon as he was fairly cast away, he anxiously commenced running round to find the mainland. He would scamper down the mast to the water, stick out a foot, get it wet, shake it, run round the stick and try the other side, and then run back to the top again.

Pretty soon it became a serious matter to Mr. Crusoe and he sat down to think it over. As I was afraid he might be hungry, I put molasses on the mast. A fly came, but Crusoe wasn't hungry for flies just then. He was homesick for his web in the corner of the woodshed. He went slowly down the pole to the water, and touched it all around, shaking his feet as pussy does when she wets her stockings in the damp grass.

Suddenly a thought appeared to strike him. Up he went, like a rocket, to the top, and began to play circus. He held one foot in the air, then another, and turned round two or three times.

He got excited, and nearly stood on his head before I found out what he had discovered, and that was that the craft of air made by the fire would carry a line ashore on which he could escape from his desert island.

He pushed out a thread that went floating in the air, and lengthened and lengthened until at last it caught on the table. Then he hauled on the rope until it was tight, struck it several times to see if it was strong enough to hold him, and walked ashore. I decided that he had earned his liberty.—*Hearth.*

THE DOG AND THE BELL.

A young man who lived in a cottage in Yorkshire, England, had a splendid mastiff dog, called Ponto, who was allowed to roam about just as he pleased all over the house. His favorite place, however, was in the study under his master's writing-table.

When Mr. Davis was away from home, as was often the case, Ponto, much to his disgust, was chained up in the yard. From this treatment he did all he could to keep away.

On one occasion his master went for a few days' visit to a neighbor, leaving the usual orders about the dog. In vain, however, did the servants search high and low for Ponto; nowhere was he to be found, and they gave up the search in despair.

In the evening, when the two maid servants were sitting quietly at work in the kitchen, they suddenly heard the small handbell in the study ring violently.

They started up in alarm, and each wanted the other to go and see what was the matter; but neither of them dared, and they sat still.

Presently the bell pealed again, and curiosity proving greater than their fears, they went to the study door. There they paused again, but hearing the bell once more, they turned the handle and peeped in.

What was their surprise to find Ponto sitting on his haunches, with the bell in his mouth. He had evidently seen his master use the bell to summon attendance, and finding himself shut in, he thought he would try if a little bell-ringing on his own account would not get him out of his prison.—*Weekly Welcome.*

WHY CROUP IS FATAL.

When croup attacks your child you must be ready for it. It comes as an accompaniment to an ordinary cough, or it may attack without warning. All ills of children develop quickly, and when any kind of cough appears, there should be something at hand to stop it with promptness. Many a child has choked to death with croup because the right remedy was not convenient. Every one should know that the right safeguard for a child's cough, or any cough, is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. With this soothing compound in the house, croup is always easily checked and relieved.

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