

mindfully pressed it between her fingers when all at once she bethought herself that she had never availed herself of the wish the fairy had promised her.

Quickly tossing the grain of wheat on the ground, she cried:

"I wish that this little seed may grow into a great crop of grain!"

No sooner had she said this than the hard soil of gold put forth fields of waving grain. What is more, the spell of the wand was utterly broken; everything became as it is was; the people were fed and all were happy.

The King sent for Wilma and thanked her publicly, telling her that the whole nation owed its life to her. And when the prince met her he found that he loved her as much as he had disliked her sister. Wilma loved the prince, too, so that they were married and had a splendid wedding, to which thousands were invited.

As for Hilda, no one could tell what had become of her. After she had broken her wand, and at the same time broken her engagement to the prince, she disappeared. Wilma was very sorry for her sister, and she tried to find her, but the missing girl was never heard of again.

Mrs. Hen's Queer Family

A hen one day took it into her head to try to guess the kind of chickens that were going to hatch out of a nest of eggs. She eyed all the eggs proudly as her master placed them in the nest, and then she began to guess.

"There will be a nice snow-white chick to come out of this shell," she said. "And out of this shell will come a pretty dominick. Out of this will come a black chicken, and out of this will come a little brown fellow. Then, out of that egg in the middle will hatch a fine game chicken, whose feathers when he grows up will be red and green and golden and brown and yellow. My! my! what a fine set of chickens I shall have!"

Of course she was very proud, and she just sat around there until the day came when the eggs hatched.

Well, what do you think?

The first thing that sprang out of an egg was a funny little duck. He looked up at the hen and said "Quack, quack!" and waddled off.

The old hen was very much surprised and disappointed, but her eyes opened wider when out of the next egg hopped a long legged turkey. The turkey said "Gobble, gobble!" and strutted away.

Then another shell opened, and out stepped a guinea chicken, who said "B-r-r-r-r!" and skipped out into the barn-yard.

The next egg was a large one, and when the shell split open a sad faced gosling stuck his head out.

By this time the old hen was completely bewildered, and when she saw the gosling's head she turned on her heels and ran fast as she could away from the place. She had never seen so many funny creatures hatched out before, and she said afterward that she never wanted to see them again.

She will know better next time than to count her chickens before they are hatched.

The Australian Bee Eater

The beautiful bird known as the bee-eater is of gorgeous plumage, the pre-

dominating color of its feathers being a brilliant green, though a rich red-brown, buff, and black also enter into its coloring, making an artistic combination most attractive to the eye.

The female bee-eater makes for her nest a hole in a bank, or digs a narrow tunnel into level earth to the astonishing depth of 8 or 10 feet. This tunnel-nest shows much ingenuity in construction. The number of the season's lay ranges from four to six eggs, and these are deposited in the bottom of the hole or tunnel which is used for a nest. There is no straw, bark, leaves or feathers to soften the nest, the eggs being laid on the hard earth.

The territory occupied by the bee-eaters ranges from the British Islands to Australia, the African region especially being plentifully supplied with them. The feet of the bee-eater are peculiarly formed, the middle and outer toes being webbed together to almost their entire length.

The name "bee-eater" is most appropriate, inasmuch as the bird feasts upon bees whenever its gets a chance to do so, and in Spain is a real pest to the bee-raisers, for it hovers about the honey-bees' hives, catching the luckless insects in great numbers.

Hidden Proverbs

A well-known proverb is hidden in the following six sentences, there being one word of the proverb contained in each sentence, the words appearing in their rightful order.

A fool sayeth in his heart there is no God.

Let the guilty beware of the wrath to come.

In all matters it is not wise to be led by the conscience.

The needs of the soul are far greater than are those of the body.

No man can evade the hand of time.

The accused is sometimes less guilty than the accuser.

Curtailings

1. Curtail to be foolish and giddy and leave part of a window.
2. Doubly curtail to wrangle and make a loud noise and leave a shellfish.



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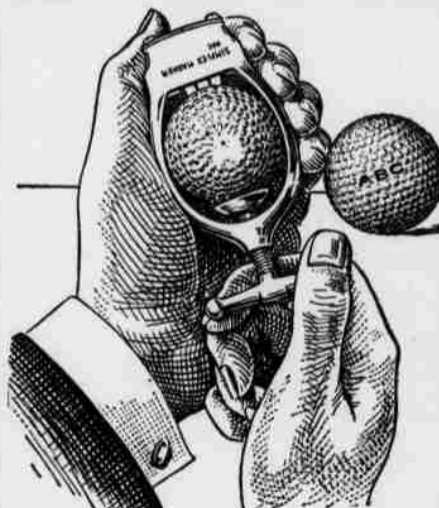
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