

7. The country folk have made this rhyme about the cuckoo:—

In April, come he will.  
 In May, he sings all day.  
 In June, he alters his tune.  
 In July, he prepares to fly.  
 In August, go he must.

8. This is another, which says much the same thing:—

In April cuckoo sings her lay;  
 In May she sings both night and day;  
 In June she loses her sweet strain;  
 In July she is off again.



XXXVII. THE CUCKOO. — Part II.

fe'male | clev'er | mot'tled | finch'es

1. The female cuckoo does not make a nest of her own to lay her eggs in. When she has laid an egg, she takes it in her mouth, and, watching the chance of finding some other bird away from home, drops it into the nest among the other bird's eggs. She knows that her egg will be very well cared for there.

2. Now, does it not seem strange that those other birds are not wise enough to know that the cuckoo's egg is not their own?

The cuckoo is a clever bird, and little hedge-warblers and wagtails and blackbirds and finches are not nearly so bright.

3. The cuckoo's egg is very small for the size of the bird; it is about the same size as the eggs of those little birds, though the cuckoo is three or four times as large. The color is mottled reddish gray. The cuckoo is sharp enough to place her eggs in the nests of little birds whose eggs are most like her own.

4. By and by the egg that the cuckoo dropped into the nest is hatched, and out comes a young cuckoo. And a terrible fellow a young cuckoo is, when he finds himself in a hedge-sparrow's nest. I will tell you what he does.

5. The young cuckoo grows very fast, and in a few days there is not room enough in the little nest for anybody but himself. He soon finds that the eggs and the other young birds are in his way. So he at once makes up his mind to turn them all out; and, as soon as he is able, he goes to work.

tum'bles  
 shoul'ders  
 fort'night  
 glut'ton  
 hap'pens  
 complain'ing

6. He puts his tail under an egg or a young bird, and pushes it against the side of the nest till he gets it upon his back. He then raises himself up the side of the nest as far as he can, and tumbles the egg or young bird over the edge. In this way he goes on till he gets rid of all his fellows in the nest.

7. The young cuckoo is greatly helped in these doings by a hollow in the middle of his back, and by his broad shoulders. By this means the egg or young bird is kept steady on his back, till he be ready to throw it over the edge of the nest. The hollow fills up in about a fortnight.

8. Now, if there should be two young cuckoos hatched in the same nest, what happens? Well, there is a fight. The stronger bird pushes the weaker on to his back, hoists him up, and tumbles him over the edge of the nest. There is not room for more than one young cuckoo in a little bird's nest.

9. The young cuckoo is a great glutton, and one pair of hedge-sparrows could not bring him enough to eat. How, then, shall he be fed?

He cries, and his cry brings to his help such birds as feed on soft meat, like the little birds that he has been hatched with.

10. It is a good thing for him that he has a strange, complaining cry, like the cry of those soft-billed birds. These feed him, and attend to his wants till he is able to take care of himself; and even after that, as he is flying through the air, the little birds will bring him food, and wait upon him as if he were a prince.

**SPELLING.**

hoist	glut'ton	hatched	clev'er	tum'bles
joist	mut'ton	matched	nev'er	rum'bles

**DICTATION, or MEMORY WRITING.**



Try to be cheerful,  
 Never be fearful,  
 Or think that the  
 sky will fall.  
 Let the sky tumble,  
 Fear not the rumble,  
 It never can hurt  
 you at all.

## XXXVIII. WISE LITTLE SPARROWS.

foun'tain	drēar'iest	no'ticed	fig'ure	stud'ied
sau'cy	shōul'ders	ven'tured	frol'ic	ea'ger

1. In one of the very busiest and dreariest parts of a great city there is a small square.

2. It is planted with trees and grass, which do their best to look green and bright in spite of the smoke and dust which fall upon them nearly all day.

3. A few years ago a number of saucy little sparrows came there to live. They built themselves nests high up in the dusty trees, where the naughty boys could not easily get at them.

4. The keeper of the square was a rough, red-faced man, but he grew to be very fond of these little birds. He took such good care of them that no bad boy dared to throw stones at them while he was near.

5. The sparrows knew this so well, that they hopped about the paths, looking for worms, or took their baths in the fountain without fear, while he was cutting grass or cleaning up leaves. When he was away, they kept up in the trees, only flying down once in a while, when nobody was in sight.

6. One morning, very early, a tall, straight old gentleman

walked

through the

square. He

was a very

odd-looking

man. The

little birds

noticed it,

and talked

a good deal

about him,

up in their

tree.



7. He was

so large that the red-faced

man looked like a little boy

beside him. His gray hair

was long and curly; his eyes

were bright and black; and

he had a heavy cane in his right hand, which made him look quite fierce.

8. He saw the little birds, and whistled to them; but they had lived too long to trust anybody but their red-faced friend.

Every day after that, at five o'clock, when the keeper opened the iron gate, the tall man walked through the square. As he did so, he took some bread from his pocket and scattered crumbs along the broad walk.

9. At first the little birds paid no attention to him; then they began to come down after he had gone; next they ventured after a crumb before he was well out of the square.

10. As they found he never hurt them, a few of the boldest began to eat their breakfast at his very feet. The saucy sparrows had grown so bold that they would perch on his head, his shoulders, and his hands, and even tangle their claws in his long gray hair.

11. The sparrows learned to know his figure as he came down the street. They would wait for him by the gate, eager for their breakfast and morning frolic.

12. He was a very wise old man, for he had studied all his life. He had many friends, but none of the greetings he had all day pleased him so much as that of the wise little birds who knew him as a friend.

Kindness to dumb animals is a sign of a noble heart.

GIRLS' NAMES.

"Here is a new kind of lesson for you," said Miss Hill. "We will begin with the girls and write names. Alice, your name comes first. To-

<i>Alice</i>	<i>Bertha</i>	<i>Carrie</i>
<i>Dora</i>	<i>Edith</i>	<i>Fanny</i>
<i>Grace</i>	<i>Helen</i>	<i>Ida</i>
<i>Julia</i>	<i>Kate</i>	<i>Lucy</i>
<i>Mabel</i>	<i>Nellie</i>	<i>Olive</i>
<i>Rosa</i>	<i>Susie</i>	<i>Tina</i>
<i>Una</i>	<i>Violet</i>	<i>Winifred</i>

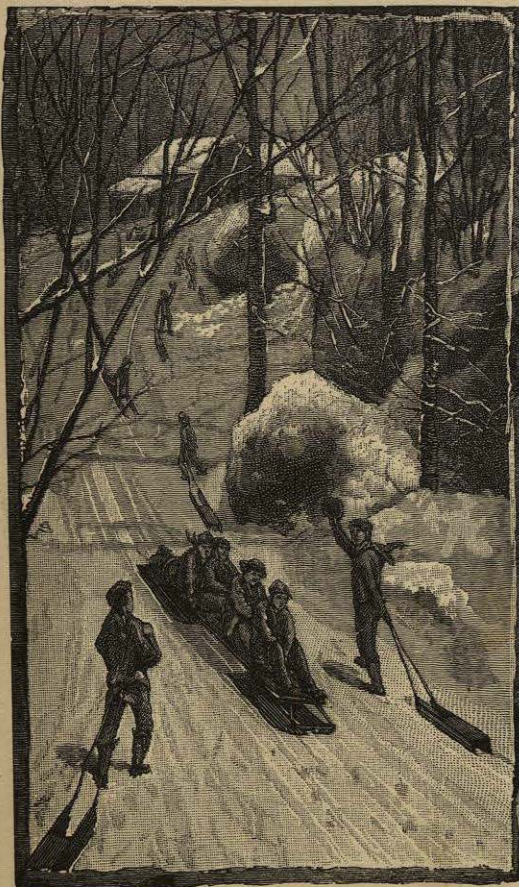
day we will write all the names we can think of that begin with A. If you will tell me names, I will write them on the board for you. You need practice in writing the capital letters."

Here are the names they wrote: Alice, Amy, Anna, Abby, Ada, Agnes.

XXXIX. THE FIRST SNOW-STORM.

munch	hith'er	own'ers	cov'ered
rough	thith'er	coast'ers	paint'ed

The sheep hurry home, the cows gladly stay  
Shut up in their stable to munch the dry hay.



How fast the flakes fall on the left and the right!

The trees are soon covered, the fences are white.

But Herbert and John and Charley and Joe

Run hither and thither, and laugh at the snow.

They are so happy that winter's begun;

They like the rough weather, the sports, and the fun.

Their sleds are in order, new-painted and bright;  
No wonder the owners are wild with delight.

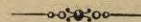
To-morrow the slopes all over the town  
Will be lively with coasters that race up and down.

Oh, how fast the flakes fall from morning till night!

The ground is deep-covered, the whole earth's in white.

LANGUAGE.

Learn to count the syllables in the lines. Make the pauses long at the commas and semicolons.



A million little jewels

Twinkled on the trees,

And all the little maidens said:

“A jewel if you please.”

But while they held their hands outstretched

To catch the diamonds gay,

A million little sunbeams came

And stole them all away.

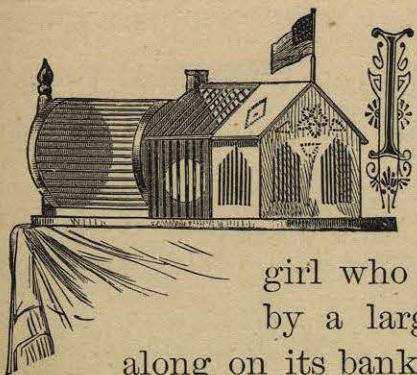
XL. THE EMPTY CAGE.

de light'ed  
pack'age

gim'let  
tugged

rus'tle  
un eas'y

vel'vet  
Brid'get



HAVE an empty cage.  
It is a very pretty one.  
It is a squirrel-cage. I  
will tell you the story.

May is a bright little  
girl who lives in a pretty home  
by a large river. If you walk  
along on its bank in the spring, you will  
sometimes hear a little rustle, and see two  
bright eyes,—round and black, and shiny as  
little beads.

2. May has a large gray cat. He sees these  
round black eyes quicker than a child would.  
His name is Spring Velvet.

One day Spring Velvet was stealing softly  
along the bank. He heard a noise and made a  
sudden dash, and in a moment he was trotting  
home to Bridget with a striped chipmunk in  
his mouth!

3. Bridget knew Spring Velvet. She knew he  
did not care for mice or birds or squirrels. O,  
no! He liked beefsteak better, and he liked milk

better. So Bridget took the little brown striped  
fellow out of his mouth.

4. May came running to see what her cat had  
found. She was delighted; but she saw some  
little narrow white teeth, and she said, "Oh! he  
will bite! but I do want him! What shall I do?"

5. May's mother got a nice starch-box, with a  
picture on one end. She took a gimlet and bored  
a row of holes along its sides. Then she put in  
some wires, and, as one end had a slide, the cage  
was ready.

6. Bridget put Bunny in the box, and May  
clapped her hands for joy. He soon had some  
milk in a saucer from May's tea-set, a little pile  
of corn, and some cotton for a bed.

He shook the cotton with his teeth, and pushed  
it about until she laughed aloud. Then he curled  
down to sleep.

7. May's father smiled when he saw the cage,  
and tried the wires with his finger, but he did  
not say anything.

One day he kissed May good by, and went to  
the city. May could not see his thoughts when  
he kissed her, or she would not have done what  
she did after he was gone.

She was watching Bunny a long time that

morning. She was sure he looked out with sad eyes between the wires. He pushed and tugged at them so hard that May grew very uneasy herself.

8. Her mother was watching her from behind the blinds. Pretty soon May came in and stood by her mother. She looked down, and she was pulling her fingers. Her mother knew what this meant. She was "making up her mind" about something.

9. "Mother, I wish you would let Bunny go. He doesn't eat much corn, and he doesn't lap his milk. He wants to be out. Say, mother, come, and let us take him to the bank and open the slide!"

May's mother kissed her and said, "I am afraid you are not quite sure you want Bunny to go back."

"Yes, I am sure," said May.

10. So her mother took the cage, and they went to an old beech-tree on the bank, and she drew back the door. May laughed as Bunny sprang out, and darted under some bushes, out of sight.

She was very brave the rest of the day. She tried to believe her dolls were better than squirrels; she swung, and read in a new story-book—

and at last she heard a whistle, and ran to the end of the front walk to watch.

11. Pretty soon she saw somebody coming up the lane that made a short walk from the depot, with a valise in one hand and a big parcel in the other.

"Oh, what have you brought for me?" she called, as her papa came up.

12. "Where's Bunny?" he asked in reply, as he opened the package, and held out to May a new and handsome cage. It was all bright and fresh, with parlor and bedroom, and a flag at the top!

be lieve'	puz'zled
de'pot (dĕ po' or dĕ'pō)	
va lise' (vā lĕse')	
par'cel	hand'some

Then for the first time some tears came to May's eyes.

"O papa! if I'd only known! Wouldn't Bunny be sorry if he knew?"

13. Papa looked puzzled.

"Bunny's gone! We did it! He's down the bank! Oh, what a lovely house! But these wires would trouble him too. After all, I believe he's happier!"

Then May's papa understood. And he said he would keep the cage, that he might never forget

he had a dear little daughter who would rather have an empty cage than a pet in prison.

**LANGUAGE.**

Find in the lesson what words describe Bunny's eyes. Next, those that tell what kind of teeth he had, and four words that describe the new cage.



**XLI. THE MICE IN A ROBIN'S NEST.**

scram'bling	quin'ces	news'papers	imag'ine
inclined'	ad'vertise	deci'ded	mat'tress

1. Did Mr. Robin, when he took his family south for the winter, advertise a "House to let" in the newspapers? Grandpa Baldwin wondered about it when he found who had moved into the robin's nest on the top of the quince-bush.

2. Grandpa was picking quinces when he noticed the nest. He was surprised to see something move in it.

At first he thought it was a dry leaf, blown by the wind. He kept glancing up at it, and pretty soon something moved again.

He did not think for a moment that it could be a little robin; for when quinces are ripe, all the little robins have grown up and have gone south.

3. Grandpa was very curious by this time. He climbed up in the tree and peeped into the nest. He saw nothing there but a bunch of wool.

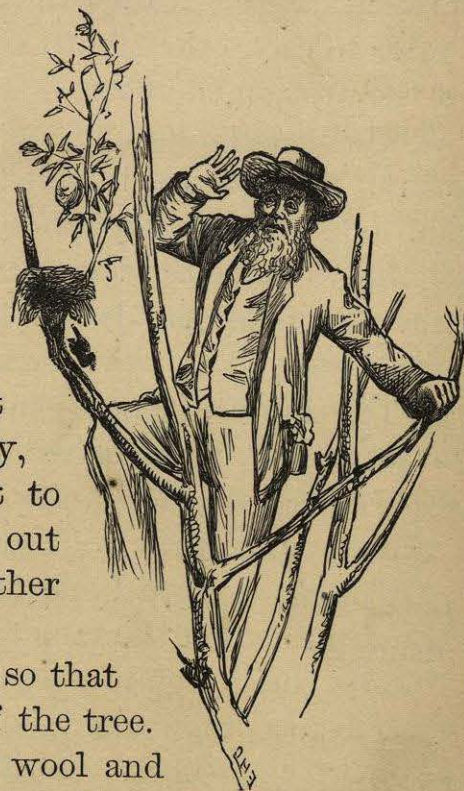
"How did cotton-wool get into that nest?" said grandpa.

4. Then it moved again. Grandpa put his hand up carefully, and was just about to lift the wool, when out jumped an old mother mouse and ran away.

5. Grandpa started so that he nearly fell out of the tree.

Then he lifted the wool and peeped into the nest. There he found six little baby mice, all sleeping in the softest little bed you can imagine, with a nice wool mattress and coverlid.

6. As the old mother mouse had run away and left her babies, grandpa decided to carry the nest home and show it to mamma and the boys.





7. Such a shouting as there was then! The little "mites," as baby called them, cuddled closer and closer to each other, until one fell over the edge of the nest on the floor.

8. Then such a scrambling as there was to catch him! Mamma was inclined to get up in a chair and look on. Grandpa and the boys chased the nimble little fellow. At last grandpa caught him, and mamma advised him to take them all out doors.

9. The mother mouse had a beautiful white breast and a fawn-colored back. Grandpa said she was a dear little mouse.

Hal thought they were all "dear little mice."

10. There are a great many of them in the fields. Sometimes when the men are mowing, the mice run up their trousers legs. Grandpa says he never before knew one to climb a tree and make a home for herself in a bird's nest.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

The quince is a fruit somewhat like an apple. It grows upon large bushes, and is yellow like the orange. But it is hard, and not fit to eat until stewed with sugar.

#### LANGUAGE.

Can you make some little notices for a newspaper?

#### XLII. THE LITTLE HARVEST MOUSE.

stalks	weight	flex'i ble	es pe'cial ly
wo'ven	sixth	bur'row	pur suit'

1. Do you know about the nests the little field mice hang for their children, high up in the stalks of standing grain? They do not often trust their little ones to the open nest of a bird.

2. Their own are very carefully woven of narrow grasses. They are hollow globes not larger than the balls you use in your games, with always a baby mouse peeping out.

3. They do not need much room, for when fully grown they weigh less than the sixth part of an ounce. This whole family in its nest would only weigh as much as a letter which one postage stamp would carry.

4. They are the tiniest of all animals, at least of all that have bones.

What will they do when the grain is cut?

"We shall be grown-up mice then," they answer.

But what do they do?

5. Some of them burrow a deep hole in the ground and line it with grass. Some stay in the summer nest, after the stocks have been cut and

are carried to the barn or piled in stacks out of doors.



6. They are nimble little fellows, well able to care for themselves. By the help of the long

tail, and slender, flexible toes, they are among the best climbers in the world; and they are brave, too. Mice of one of the tribes are said to be like little bears.

7. They must be nimble, as their food consists of insects, especially flies, which they are very fond of. When they go in pursuit of them their aim is as sure as that of the swallow.

8. If you can get some one to catch a field-mouse for you, it will be a pretty pet,—a little Thumbling, with which you may amuse yourself. It will burrow and build in a cage, as well as anywhere, if you give it something to work with.

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What is it creeps amidst the corn?  
 A mousie gray this summer morn!  
 See how she moves her tiny ear  
 And slender tail, as if in fear!

Oh, children dear, don't do her ill!  
 She'll let you pick the daffodil,  
 The poppy red, the blue larkspur.  
 There is no need to frighten her.  
 She has to feed her mouslings three,  
 Warm in the nest beneath the tree.