

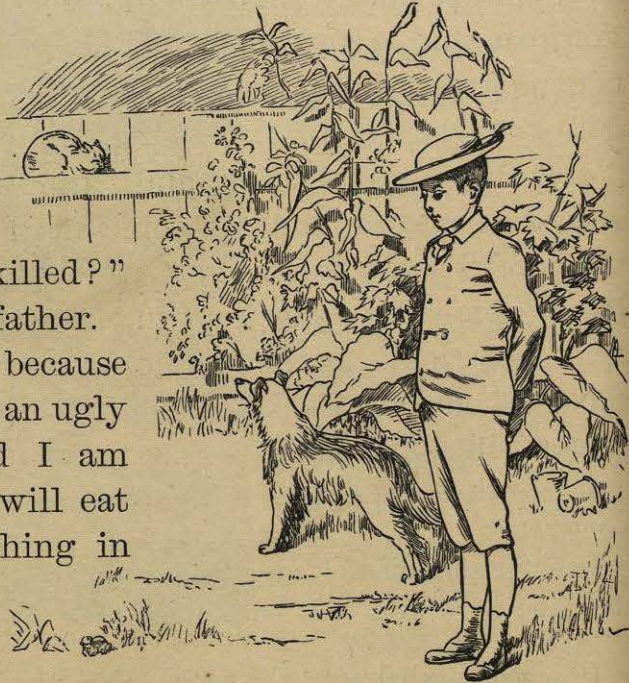
LI. TOMMY LEARNS ABOUT TOADS.

de stroy' ing	doubt	for' ward	in' stant ly
veg' e ta bles	re sult'	clum' sy	tongue

1. "Oh, papa, see what a great ugly toad! Do get a stick and kill him before he gets away," said little Tommy Gray, as he was walking in the garden with his father.

"Why do you wish him killed?" asked his father.

2. "Oh, because he is such an ugly thing, and I am afraid he will eat up everything in the garden. You know we killed all the bugs and worms that we found here last evening. I am sure this toad is much worse than they."



3. "We killed the bugs and worms because they were destroying our flowers and vegetables. This poor toad never destroys a plant of any kind about the place. Besides, he is one of our best friends. These insects that are doing so much harm in our garden are just what he uses for his food. I have no doubt that he kills more of them every day than we did last evening. If you can find a live bug now, place it near him and see what he will do."



4. Tommy looked about, and soon found three bugs, which he placed near the toad, and then stood back a short distance to see the result. The bugs soon began to move away. The toad saw them, and made a quick forward motion of his head. He darted out his tongue, and instantly drew them, one by one, into his mouth. Tommy clapped his hands with delight.

5. "How can such a clumsy-looking fellow use his head and tongue so nimbly?" said Tommy; and he ran off to find more food for him.

6. The next evening Tommy went again into

the garden, and soon found the object of his search ready for his supper.

7. At first the toad was shy, but he soon learned to sit still while Tommy placed the food near him. Then he would dart out his tongue and eat the bugs while Tommy was close by.

8. Finding that the boy did not hurt him, he lost all fear and soon became a great pet. Tommy named him Humpy. He says he would not have him killed now for anything.

LANGUAGE.

Review the story of Grandmother Toad and Brighteyes. Compare what is said of toads in both.



LII. THE REAL THIEF.

[A Dog's Story.]

wick'ed		doubt		scold'ed		an'swered
lard'er		shelf		climbed		some'how

I did not take it. Indeed, not I.

I'll tell you the story; I'll tell you why:

I passed by the larder, all by myself;

I saw a fowl on the larder shelf.

I peeped through the door, and I said to Myself,
Don't you think that's a fowl on the larder
shelf?

There's not the least doubt of it, answered Myself;
It's a very fat fowl on the larder shelf.

Well there, never mind it, said I to Myself;
Come away and don't look at the larder shelf.
So I ran off at once, Miss; but somehow Myself,
When I wasn't looking, climbed up to the
shelf;

But I caught him, and scolded the wicked My-
self:

Come down, sir, I told him, come down from
the shelf.

But he wouldn't obey me, that wicked Myself,
For he ate all the fowl on the larder shelf.

LANGUAGE.

The *larder* is the place for keeping meat and other food before it is cooked; the pantry.

Make words by adding *-self* or *-selves* to the words below.

our, him, her, it, your, them, and thy.

Make sentences, using each word. Thus,—

We did it ourselves. He ate it himself. The Bible says,
"Deny thyself." Mary will make herself sick.

LIII. THE DOLL'S MISSION.

Cláire yon/der	mis'sion eye/balls	reg'u lar hos'pi tal	An'na bel swal'lowed
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Yes, Fido ate Annabel's head off;
I really suppose she is dead;



And Dora has swallowed her eyeballs;
And Claire has a crack in her head.

But Eva has gone on a mission,
A regular *mission*, not fun:
She lives at the hospital yonder,
And wears a gray dress, like a nun.

As soon as I heard of the children,
The poor little sick ones, you know,
With nothing at all to amuse them,
I knew 'twas her duty to go.

I loved her the best of my dollies;
Her eyes were the loveliest blue;
But doing your duty, 'most always,
Means something you'd rather not do.

And when I remember the children,
So tired, and so lonesome and sad;
If I had a house full of dollies,
I'd give them the best that I had.

CONVERSATIONAL LESSONS.—POINTS.*

1. A HOSPITAL: a place where the sick are cared for. It is generally the gift of generous persons, or of a city or state. In many cases sick people are received without expense.
2. SICKNESSES, and some of the ways to prevent them. Rules or laws of health.
3. KINDNESSES that are grateful to the sick,—like that of this little girl,—and that are possible to most boys and girls.
4. SELF-DENIAL as the basis of giving.

* It is intended that the teacher shall make these points and the words used to express them plain to the children.

LIV. THE WASP.

med'dled
med'dler
paste'board

erect'ed
nur'se ry
cei'l'ing

bur'glar
gau'zy
lar'væ

real'ity
quar'ters
ten'e ment

1. I dare say you think that the wasp is an ugly, bad-tempered insect, who does nothing in the world but sting little children. It is true



that she is apt to do this when she is meddled with. Of all things she dislikes a meddler.

2. Yet, when she seems to be buzzing about, seeking whom she may sting, she is really busy making a home for her young.

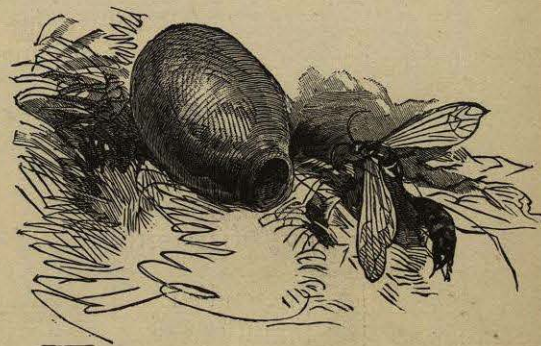
3. I watched her at work the other day. She had chosen the ceiling of my room, where the open window allowed her to pass in and out. She had already erected a little clay hut with an opening at one end. And I let her finish her cradle and nursery.

4. Daily it grew bigger, till it was perhaps as large as a large plum. Then one day she closed and locked the door, so to speak, and flew away.

When her back was turned I broke into her mud cabin, like a burglar.

5. I found there two tiny rolls of something that looked like cotton-wool. Each was wrapped in a brown

gauzy blanket, and they were, in reality, the wasp's babies, — their larvæ.



6. The wasp is a worm before she gets

her wings and sting. All around were lying the bodies of dead flies and spiders which the wise mother-wasp had stunned with her sting and sealed up with her babies in their snug quarters. She meant that when they woke up hungry they should find plenty of food in the cupboard.

7. This little worker was one of the wasps that live alone; but there are others who live together in little tenement houses of their own. They

not only build their houses themselves, but they make the pasteboard for the walls and chambers from shreds of wood, as we make rags into paper.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Study the pictures of the wasp, to describe it in words. Like all insects it has *head, thōrāx,* and *āb-dō-mēn.* How would you describe those of the wasp? Insects also have three pairs of legs. The wings are joined to the thorax.



LV. THE SNOW FAMILY.

sev'er al	pre tend'ed	a fraid'	an oth'er
strange	fam'ily	no'tice	re cess'

1. It was a very small family,—only three: Mr. Snow, Mrs. Snow, and the baby. And they were a strange family, too. Mr. Snow did not look like other men. Mamma Snow did not look like your mamma. And their baby was such a funny one.

2. Where do you think I saw this strange family? It was in our school-yard, last winter. There had been a long snow-storm. Great piles of soft white snow were in the yard. It was cold, but boys like

to play in the snow. They are not afraid of the cold.

3. Well, the boys made a great snow-man. All of them worked at it for several days before and after school, and at recess. I pretended not to notice what they had done.



4. They called the man Mr. Snow. Then they made a lady of the snow. They called her Mrs. Snow. They said she was Mr. Snow's wife. At last they made a snow baby. The baby stood beside Papa and Mamma Snow.

5. Then they called me out to see this family. I told them Mr. Snow was very pale for such a large, stout man. One boy said, "Yes; we think they are not very well." Another boy said he was sure they would not live long.

6. "We are going to build a hut next, like the people of the north," said one of the boys.

"You need great skill to do that," I said; "they know how to choose snow that will not soon crumble or melt, and they cut it into shapes that will fit together to make the kind of hut they wish—either a cone or a dome with a low arched porch."

7. "What do they use for windows?"

"Since they have no glass, they must use ice."

"Have they chairs or tables?"

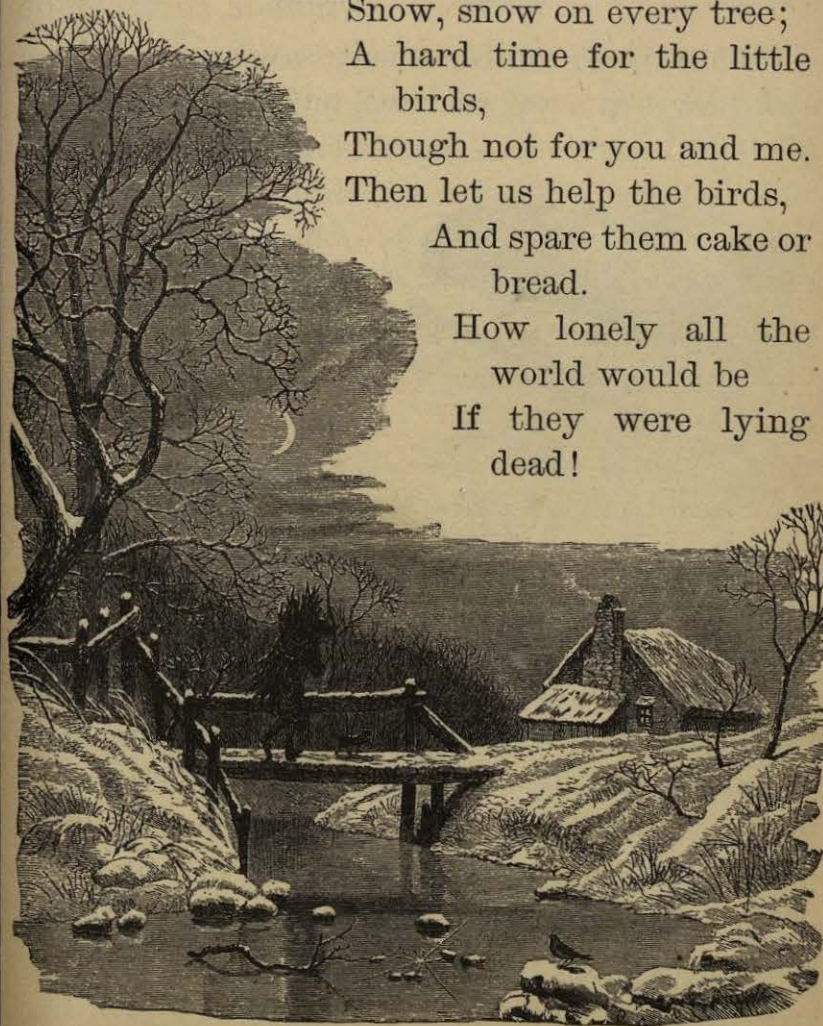
"No. There is a snow seat all around the hut, covered with warm skins."

"They must be very cold."

8. "They are oftener too warm. There is always a lamp, — a kind of saucer full of oil. A great many wicks float in the oil, and they are all lighted. A cooking pot hangs over the lamp; but the most of the meat is eaten raw. In spring the walls begin to drip, and the people are glad to leave their snow huts and live in tents."

LVI. WINTER SNOW.

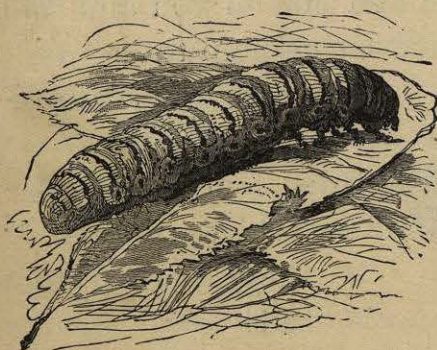
Snow, snow lies on the ground,
Snow, snow on every tree;
A hard time for the little
birds,
Though not for you and me.
Then let us help the birds,
And spare them cake or
bread.
How lonely all the
world would be
If they were lying
dead!



LVII. HOW A BUTTERFLY CAME.

Sep tem'ber	guest	sewed	ham'mock
Novem'ber	seams	clothes	feath'ery

1. Late in September a lady saw a worm upon a willow-leaf. It was two inches long, and as large as her little finger. Stripes of black, green, and yellow went around its little body.



2. The lady carried both the leaf and the sleeper to her home. She took willow-

leaves for it to eat, put them all in a glass dish, and tied lace over it.

3. In just one week her guest was gone. All the leaves were gone; only a lovely green bag was left. It was one inch long, and was made very neatly. It looked like a little bed or cradle. No stitches could be seen, and the seams had an edge like gold cord. There were gold and black dots like



tiny buttons on it.

4. And the caterpillar had not gone. He had

sewed himself into the green bag. His old clothes were near by. It looked as if he had pushed them off in a hurry. The new home was made fast to a bit of cloth.

5. Almost six weeks the little sleeper lay in his silken cradle. Early in November he burst the pretty green hammock, and then the old home had turned white.

6. A lovely butterfly came out. It had brown and golden wings, with stripes of black, like cords, on them, and a fringe of white for each stripe.



7. On the edges of the wings were white and yellow dots. The head was black, and had also white and yellow dots on it. The inside of the wings was darker; it was like orange-tinted velvet. And all these changes took place in less than two months.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The caterpillar is the *larva* that is to turn into the butterfly. When it has formed the cradle it is in its *pupa* state, and when that bursts it is an *imago*, or perfect insect.

LVIII. "GO HALVES!"

ex hi bi'tion	plāgu'ing	snatched	an'i mals
el'e phants	sol'emn	halves	o'pened

1. Little Fred Mason's father took him to an exhibition of wild animals. After they had looked at the elephants, lions, tigers, and bears, they went to see the monkeys. On the way, Mr. Mason bought two large oranges and gave them to Fred.

2. There were six cages of small animals. One of them was for the "Happy family." Fred thought the creatures in it must be called the "happy family" because the dogs, cats, and monkeys were all the time teasing and plaguing one another. One monkey had a rat in his lap. He tended it as a mother does her baby. The monkey was happy, but Mr. Mason did not think the rat liked it very well.

3. Fred put one orange into his side pocket. He could not wait until he got home to eat the other. As he walked along among the cages he seemed to care more for the fruit than for the animals. He sucked the orange with all his might, till he came to a cage with three monkeys in it.

4. One of them looked very sober and solemn. One opened his mouth and seemed to be laughing. All of them looked at Fred and held out their hands. They could not talk; if they could, they would have said, "Go halves!"

5. The orange was nice and sweet; Fred did not wish to "go halves." He turned away, for he did not like to be asked for what he



was not willing to give. The monkeys put their hands out for some of the orange, but Fred looked the other way.

6. Fred should have looked at the monkeys, for the one nearest to him put out his long arm and snatched the orange from his hand. Fred tried to get it again. While he was doing so, the solemn monkey reached down and took the other orange from his pocket. Fred did not think how near he was to the cage.

7. Then poor Fred began to cry. The laughing

monkey had no orange. He was afraid of the solemn monkey, but he chased the other—the one that had stolen the orange Fred was eating—all round the cage. At last he got it.

8. Fred's father bought two more oranges for him, and he did not go so near the cages again.

NATURAL HISTORY AND LANGUAGE.

Tell what it is about the monkey family that makes them interest you. Speak of their *faces*, their long *arms* and *fingers*, their ways and tricks.



LIX. THE BEES' POCKETS.

hon'ey	ma te'ri als	thi'ghs	in tru'ders
pol'len	pro'po lis	se'cret	in dus'tri ous

1. Bees are very curious little creatures. I suppose they are the most useful of all the insects that fly. They are only about an inch long, and yet what wonderful work they do, all summer long making so much honey and wax for us.

2. They know, too, about every flower in our gardens, and all the signs of the weather; and then they are so kind to their children. When they make their honey, I wonder if you know how they get their materials. Let me tell you.

3. Bees have slender pointed hairs upon their heads. The yellow hairs upon their legs, which we can see with the naked eye, turn out to be a hard, horny sort of combs which they use in the gathering and storing of the pollen of flowers.



4. Besides this, the bees have two little baskets upon their thighs which are the very nicest of side pockets, just such as we should want for holding things.



5. But what do you think they do with these pockets? They first tuck their little heads into the heart of the rose or lily, or other sweet flower, for honey. In doing so they cover them all over with the yellow dust, which is the pollen.

6. Then they take their fore feet and brush it very carefully from the hair, and pass it on to