

the middle feet, and on again to the hind feet, when it is safely packed in these little pockets on the thighs. As soon as they are loaded, they fly away home and put it in some secret place.

7. Some of the pollen is given to their babies, and some of it is worked up into wax. This, you know, is used to make the cells. Some of it, called *propolis*, they use to punish intruders, giving them a sort of "tar and feathering."

8. The bees are so industrious, that in five days, by the use of these pockets, they can half fill the hive with honeycomb. The honeycomb makes wax, and the wax is used in a great many ways. When you look at your most beautiful dolls, don't forget that they are really made by the bees, or at least that the material for their faces is.

9. Much more might be told you about these industrious little creatures. But you can find out a great deal for yourselves, if in the summer you hunt up a hive and watch carefully the doings of the bees.

**NATURAL HISTORY AND LANGUAGE.**

Name some of the sweet flowers that the bees visit. If you have forgotten, turn back to Lesson XII.

The two materials found in the flowers are *nectar* and *pollen*. The nectar makes honey, and the pollen honeycomb.

LX. THE SONG OF THE BEE.

this'tle		drear'y		daf fo dil'lies		tréas'ure
dai'sy		hon'ey		col'um bine		měad'ow

Buzz! buzz! buzz!

This is the song of the bee.

His legs are of yellow;

A jolly, good fellow,

And yet a great worker is he.

In days that are sunny

He's getting his honey;

In days that are cloudy

He's making his wax:

On pinks and on lilies,

And gay daffodillies,

And columbine blossoms,

He levies a tax!

Buzz! buzz! buzz!

The sweet-smelling clover,

He, humming, hangs over;

The scent of the roses

Makes fragrant his wings:

He never gets lazy;

From thistle and daisy,

And weeds of the meadow,  
Some treasure he brings.

Buzz! buzz! buzz!  
From morning's first light  
Till the coming of night,  
He's singing and toiling  
The summer day through.  
Oh! we may get weary,  
And think work is dreary;  
'Tis harder by far  
To have nothing to do.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

DICTION. — WRITE:

lily, lilies; daisy, daisies; fairy, fairies; dolly, dollies.

NATURAL HISTORY.



1. Find in the pictures of the bee the *head*, with its pair of *antennæ* or feelers. Notice where the *wings* are attached, and where each of the three pairs of *legs*. Find also the *joints* in the legs.

2. Tell the colors in a daisy, a thistle, a daffodil, or a columbine.

LXL THE NEW SUIT.

thou'sand	suit	os'trich	feath'ers
Broad'way	A'sia	Af'ri ca	shop'ping

1. Little Polly Patterson was dressed in her new winter suit ready to go out shopping with her mamma.

2. Her hat was trimmed with pretty feathers; her cloak had a border of white fur, and she carried a small white fur muff.

3. She knew that she looked well, and she wanted her grandpapa to see how pretty she was in her new suit. Grandpapa was reading his daily paper. She went close up to him and said, "See, grandpapa; don't I look nice?"

4. Grandpapa lifted his hands and said, "Dear me! who is this dressed all in feathers and fur? is this Polly?"

5. "Yes, sir," said Polly, with a smile.

"And where did these fine things come from?" asked grandpapa.

"Oh, they came from Mr. Brown's store down on Broadway," said Polly.

6. "They had to come a good many thousand miles to get there," said grandpapa.

"Did they?" asked Polly.

7. "Yes. In the first place somebody away off in Asia or Africa had to catch an ostrich and pull out some of his feathers. The feathers were sent across the wide ocean before Polly could have them on her hat. And somebody up at the far north had to catch a white fox or two, and send his fur over the rivers and mountains before Polly could have a muff and a border around her coat.

8. "Is this a true story that you are telling, grandpapa?" asked Polly.

"Yes, 'tis a true story. What do you think about it, Polly?" said grandpapa. "I'm too little to think about such big things," said Polly.

9. "Well, what can little girls think about?" asked grandpapa.

"Oh, they can think how nice it is to go shopping and buy candy," said Polly. "I'll buy you some to-day if you'll give me the money."

10. Grandpapa made a funny face at Polly; but he gave her a ten-cent piece.

Then Polly went shopping; but she did think also about the ostrich and the white fox.

She asked her grandpapa to tell her more about the animals, and the next lesson tells what she learned about them.

LXII. THE OSTRICH AND THE WHITE FOX.

horse'back	Ar'ab	des'ert	dòz'en
crea'ture	curve	cir'cle	Ice'land

The ostrich is the bird of the desert. With its long legs it can travel very quickly over the hot, dry sands.

Its wings cannot raise it into the air, but they can help it along like the sails of a boat. It is not an easy thing to overtake it.



The Arab hunts on horseback. His horses are the swiftest in the world. If he is called a rich man, it is because he has plenty of camels and horses.

And the horses are strong as well as swift. The

hunt often lasts two or three days, and even then the birds would not be caught but for one little thing.

When the ostrich gets tired, it runs from side to side, or in a curve, and not straight on; so that in time the Arab and his horse gain upon it, and at last come up with it.

The easiest way of hunting is for a great many to go out together to the place where a flock are feeding.

The hunters surround the flock, and form a circle, then come closer and closer till the frightened birds dash madly about. Then the Arabs can either hit them with sticks or shoot them.

The Arab wants the beautiful feathers of the ostrich to sell; he wants the flesh of the young ones to eat; and he can sell the great eggs for as much apiece as we pay for a dozen of the eggs that we use. They are so large that one egg is the same for food as two dozen of our eggs.

But he must be very careful not to put his hand into the nest to get the eggs. If he does, the mother bird will find out that he has been there, and will not lay any more eggs in the nest. So if he finds a nest he pushes out the eggs with a stick. The mother sits upon her

eggs at night, but leaves them for the sun to keep warm in the day time.

The ostrich lives in the hottest countries, and the fox in the coldest.

The white fox is found in Iceland and on the shores of Hudson's Bay. It is taken in a trap.



The fur is pure white, but only in the winter. In summer it is brownish or bluish. It is a pretty little creature, with its big, bright eyes, its pointed nose, and its thick, bushy tail.

The fur is soft and woolly. It covers every part of the body, even to the soles of the feet.

There are foxes in mild and even hot countries, but their fur is red, gray, or silvery.

BOYS' NAMES.

“You said we might write boys' names when we had gone through the alphabet with the girls'. May we begin to-day?” asked Arthur Sanford, one of a group of Miss Hill's boys. “I am the only one for A, but there are a great many

<i>Arthur</i>	<i>Berwick</i>	<i>Charles</i>
<i>Davy</i>	<i>Eugene</i>	<i>Frank</i>
<i>George</i>	<i>Herbert</i>	<i>Isaac</i>
<i>John</i>	<i>Kent</i>	<i>Louis</i>
<i>Martin</i>	<i>Nat</i>	<i>Oswald</i>
<i>Patrick</i>	<i>Robert</i>	<i>Samuel</i>
<i>Thomas</i>	<i>Vincent</i>	<i>Wilfred</i>

nice names that begin with A. We have thought of some under all the letters except Q, V, and X. Do you know any for those letters?”

“Yes,” said Miss Hill; “I know a few. I will tell them when we come to them, if you do not find them out first.”

LXIII. NINE LITTLE GAD-ABOUTS.

waist'coat	be thought'	scent'ing	gauz'y	bur'nished
bot'tle green	a lack'	paus'ing	gob'ble	re past'

Little Dame Gad-about, once upon a time,  
 Started to the seashore with her children nine.  
 Nine little Gad-about, dressed in their best,—  
 Bottle-green waistcoat, brownish striped vest;  
 Keeping step together, left foot, then the right,  
 Like a band of soldiers,—what a pretty sight!



Mistress Quack went bathing on the self-same  
 day,  
 With her three young ladies in their suits of  
 gray,—  
 Three charming Misses Quack, coming from  
 their bath,  
 Met the little Gad-about, marching down the  
 path.

Mistress Quack bethought her, "'Tis our time  
to dine;  
Make yourselves at home, dears, — gobble up  
the nine!"



Little Dame Gad-about, scenting the fray,  
Lifted her gauzy wings and soared far away.  
Nine little Gad-about, pausing, alack!  
Furnished a nice repast for the Misses Quack.

**LANGUAGE.**

Use in sentences: —

Self-same; suits of gray; furnished; gauzy.

“Bethought her” means thought to herself.

“Scenting the fray” means finding out about it.

“Repast” is a word for dinner or supper.

“Alack” is the same as alas.

What other name have you for the “Gad-about?”

**LXIV. WHAT THE MOON SAW. — Part I.**

famil'iar		ex act'ly		scēnes		fre'quent ly
friend'ly		prom'ised		fash'ion		faith'fully

**A Lonely Boy.**

1. I am a poor lad. I live round the corner in one of the narrowest lanes of the city. I have plenty of light, though; for my room is in the top of the house, and I can look out over all the roofs.

2. The first days after I came to live in town, I felt very lonely. Instead of the forest and the green hills, I now had nothing but the dingy chimneys all around as far as I could see. Not a single friend had I here, not one familiar face to greet me.

3. One evening I was standing, with a very sad heart, at my window. I opened it, and looked out. Oh, what gladness came over me! I beheld a face I knew, a round, friendly face, my best friend over there from home.

4. It was the moon, the dear old moon, just the same without a bit of change, looking exactly as she used to do when she peeped in upon me through the willows on the moor.

5. I kissed my hand to her over and over again,

and she shone right into my room, and promised that, every evening when she was out, she would look in upon me for a short time.

6. And this promise she has faithfully kept ever since. It is a pity that she cannot make a longer stay. Every time she comes, she tells me of something or other that she has seen the night before or the same evening.

7. "Just paint you the scenes that I tell of," said she, on her first visit, "and you will possess a very pretty picture-book."

This I have done for many an evening now. I could, in my fashion, give a new "Thousand and One Nights,"\* in pictures. It was not every evening, however, that the moon came; frequently a cloud stood between her and me.

#### LANGUAGE.

Use other words in the place of *plenty, familiar, beheld, possess, fashion, frequently.*

The "painting" that the story speaks of is what we call *word-painting*; that is, making pictures in our minds. One of the names that the author gave to the stories was "A Picture Book without Pictures." The same author wrote "The Ugly Duckling," "The Tinder-Box," and many other stories.

\* "Thousand and One Nights" is the name of a book of stories.

#### LXV. WHAT THE MOON SAW.—Part II.

e lev'en	pres'ent ly	se vere'ly	fore'head
ter'ror	flut'ter ing	yes'ter day	glid'ed

#### The Little Girl and the Chickens.

1. "Yesterday," said the moon to me, "I was peeping down upon a little court-yard, with houses on every side. There lay a hen with eleven chickens, and a beautiful little girl was jumping round among them.

2. "The hen clucked, and spread her wings in great terror over her little young ones. Then the girl's father came out and scolded her; and I glided away, and thought no more of the matter.

3. "But this evening, only a few minutes ago, I looked down again into the same court-yard. There was perfect stillness. But presently the little girl came out.

4. "She stepped softly over to the hen-house, raised the latch, and slipped in among the hens and chickens. They cried out loudly, and flew fluttering round about, while the little one ran after them. I saw it all plainly, for I was peeping in through a hole in the wall.

5. "I was quite angry with the naughty child,

and felt glad when her father came out and caught her fast by the arm, and scolded her still more severely than he did yesterday. She hung down her head and turned it away; there were big tears in her blue eyes.

6. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

"She wept. 'I wanted,' she said, 'to kiss the hen, and to beg her pardon for yesterday, but I did not like to tell you.'

"And the father kissed the sweet child on the forehead; I kissed her myself on the eyes and the mouth."



LXVI. UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

[MEMORY GEM.]

Under the greenwood tree,  
 Who loves to lie with me,  
 And tune his merry note  
 Unto the sweet bird's throat?  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;  
     Here shall we see  
     No enemy  
 But winter and rough weather.

\* Let this be recited without comment unless children ask the meaning of such words as *enemy*, *ambition*, and *shun*. When it is entirely familiar as it is, tell them what it means in simple words; that is, paraphrase it for them.

Who doth ambition shun,  
 And loves to live in the sun,  
 Seeking the food he eats,  
 And pleased with what he gets?  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;  
     Here shall we see  
     No enemy  
 But winter and rough weather.

W. SHAKESPEARE.



LXVII. WHAT THE MOON SAW.— Part III.

del'i cate	fan'cied	re mem'bered	sug'ar-loaf
mis'er a ble	hob'bles	stout-heart'ed	gob'lin-shapes

The Doll up a Tree.

1. "I saw a little girl weeping," said the moon; "she was weeping because of the badness there was in the world.

"She had had as a present the most beautiful of dolls. Oh! was it not a doll!—so nice and delicate, and not at all made for rough handling.

2. "But the little girl's brothers, those big fellows, had taken the doll and set it up in a high tree in the garden and then run away. The little girl could not reach the doll, she could do



nothing to help it down; and that was why she was crying.

3. "The doll wept, too; it stretched out its arms among the green branches, and looked quite miserable. Yes, here were some of the things which mamma spoke about—the hard things of life.

4. "Poor doll! The evening was already beginning to grow dark, and night would come on while it was still up in the tree. Was it to be left sitting there alone the whole night through?

5. "No, no; the little girl's heart could not bear that. 'I will stay with you,' said she, though she was not very stout-hearted.

6. "She fancied she already saw quite plainly little ugly fairy men, with their tall sugar-loaf caps peeping from among the bushes, and that down in the dark walk long goblin-shapes were dancing.

7. "These, she fancied, came nearer and nearer, stretched out their hands towards the tree where the doll was sitting, and laughed and pointed their fingers at her. Ah! how frightened the little lass was!

8. "'But if one has not done anything wrong,' thought she, 'nobody can do one any harm. I wonder whether I have done anything wrong.'

9. "And she remembered: 'Ah, yes!' said she, 'I laughed at the poor duck with the red rag about its leg, which hobbles along in such a funny way; that is why I laughed at it; but it is wrong to laugh at the animals.'

10. "Then she looked up at the doll. 'Did you laugh at the animals?' she asked; and it seemed as if the doll shook its head."



LXVIII. WHAT THE MOON SAW — Part IV.

trav'el ling		prop'er ly		com'rāde		bru'in
fright'ened		thun'dered		touched		shag'gy

The Bear that Played at Soldiers.

1. "It was in a little country town," said the moon; "I saw it last year. Down in the inn parlor sat a man who was travelling about with a bear.

2. "He was eating his supper. Bruin, poor fellow, who never did any harm to anybody, grim enough though he looked,—poor bruin stood outside, tied up behind the stack of firewood.

3. "Up in the garret, in the light of my clear rays, three little children were playing: the eldest might be six years old, the youngest not

more than two. 'Stump! stump!' was a step coming up stairs. Who could it be? The door flew open; it was bruin,—great shaggy bruin.

4. "He had got tired of standing down there in the yard, and had now found his way up stairs. I saw it all," said the moon.



5. "The children were frightened at the great shaggy beast. They crept each of them into a corner; but he found them all out, and touched them all over with his nose, but he did them no harm whatever.

6. "'This is surely a big dog,' they thought,

and so they began to stroke him. Then he laid himself down on the floor, and the youngest boy threw himself above him, and hid his head, with its golden curls, in the beast's thick black fur, playing at hide-and-seek.

7. "The eldest boy took his drum, and beat upon it till it thundered again. Then the bear rose up on his hind legs and began to dance. It was very charming, indeed.

8. "Next, each boy took his gun, and the bear must have one also, and he held it quite properly; this was a splendid comrade that they had got. Then they marched,—'one, two; one, two.'"

9. "Presently some one came to the door, and it opened. This was the mother of the children. You should have seen her,—seen her dumb terror, her face as white as chalk, her mouth half open, her eyes fixed and staring.

10. "But the youngest boy nodded ever so joyfully, and shouted at the top of his voice and said, 'We are just playing at soldiers!' And at this moment the bear's keeper came in."

HANS C. ANDERSEN.

LANGUAGE.

Tell what made the mother so afraid. How had the bear learned so much?