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LITTLE FOLKS' READER.

FOR USE IN

Primary Schools, Home ^{and} Kindergarten.

Lillie Maybelle' Waller.



D. LOTHROP & CO., PUBLISHERS,

BOSTON, MASS.

—
1880.

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1880.

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LITTLE FOLKS READER.

Edited by the Editors of WIDE AWAKE and BABYLAND.

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D. LOTHROP & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.
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75 cts. a year.
7 cts. a number.

TWO PAIRS OF EYES.

I KNOW two little boys. Their names are Bob and Willy.

They live on the same street. They go to the same school.



THE BOY WHO SAW THINGS.

Both have bright eyes; but Willy sees twice as much as Bob.

This morning they walked side by side to school.

On the way Bob saw a hand-organ man. He also saw three boys flying a kite.

He said he was sure that this was all he saw.

Willy saw the kite. He saw the hand-organ. But he saw other things, too.

He saw a row of doves.

They were sitting up under the eaves of a stone church.

There were white doves, and gray doves, and purple doves; and they were sitting in a long row.

It made him glad to see them.

He saw the ivy on the church. He wished there were vines on his papa's house.

He saw red geraniums growing in the windows of three houses.

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He saw soft white clouds moving across the sky. The sky was very blue.

He saw that the boys with the kite had not much string. He gave them his ball of twine.

He saw the hand-organ man looked hungry. He gave him a penny.

He saw by the clock that he and Bob must walk faster or they would be late.

He saw that one of his overcoat buttons was almost off, and he must show it to his mamma.

Which pair of eyes would you rather have?

PEDRO.

HE can sit, he can stand,
 He can climb up a tree;
 He can hold in his hand
 A cup full of tea;
 He can eat a hot cake
 Without burning his thumb;
 He can hoe, he can rake,
 He can beat on a drum.

He can run, he can hop,
 For Pedro is spry;
 He can dance like a top,
 He can laugh, he can cry;
 But there's one little thing
 This monkey can't do,
 And that is to sing
 And chatter like you!

REMEMBER'S THANKSGIVING.

LITTLE Remember—yes, that was her *real* name — was tired.

The rolling of the ship made her sick. The ocean was very wide. Every morning little Remember came on deck and looked for land, but she never could see any.

Sometimes she was afraid they

never, never should see land again.

It was three months since they left England.

It was summer, then. The hedge-rows were full of blossoms. The fields nodded with grain. The birds sang in the woods.

How long ago it seemed!

Every day Remember would ask her mother if they were not "most home."

"Yes, dear, I hope so," the mother would say.

"Will our new home be as pleasant as the old one used to be?"

"We will try to make it so."

Then the mother would kiss her; but sometimes Remember would feel a tear fall with the kiss.

Perhaps Remember's mamma was homesick, too.

One night the little girl could not sleep.

Early in the morning she crept out of her berth.

A berth is a little bed on a shelf.

The storm was over. The water was very still.

She went up on deck.

While she stood by the railing, where she could see the water, she heard a faint "peep, peep." It sounded as if it were right over her head.

She looked up and saw a tiny bird on the top of the mast.

She felt sure it was a little land bird.

"O, I hope we are near the shore!" said little Remember.

She ran and told the captain. He looked through his glass.

Yes! there was a faint line in the distance.

It was land. It was Cape Cod.

Soon the good ship May Flower sailed into harbor in the bay, and stopped, and the little Pilgrim, Remember Allerton, saw land once more.

It was the twenty-first of Novem-



LITTLE REMEMBER.

ber, 1620. "Let us thank the dear God!" said this little Remember, who lived more than two hundred years ago.

Although there was no roast turkey, nor mince pie, nor plum pudding, I don't think any child ever saw a happier Thanksgiving Day.

A LITTLE COUNTRY GIRL.



What will Lolly do in spring-time?
 She'll go out to play,
 She will bring home pussy willows
 And May-flowers gay.
 She will feed the little chickens,
 Watch the lambs at play,
 And hunt for nests of new-laid
 eggs,
 Up in the mows of hay.



What will Lolly do in summer?
 She'll pick berries red,
 Trim her hair with dandelions,
 Weed her flower-bed,
 Tie her curls with yellow corn-silk,
 Make long daisy chains,
 And play "keep house" with all
 her dolls,
 Every time it rains.

What will Lolly do in autumn?
 See the yellow grain,
 And pick golden-rod and asters,
 Up and down the lane.
 Saturdays she'll go a-nutting,
 Wade among the leaves,
 And ride upon the loaded cart
 High up among the sheaves.



What will Lolly do in winter?
 She will skate and slide,
 Play at games and look at pictures
 By the fireside.
 She will sew upon her presents
 For the Christmas tree,
 And through snowy winter nights
 Sleep snug as snug can be.

—K. L.



John C. Staples

THE TRUE STORY OF DICK'S DOLLAR.

DICK was a boot-black.

The only home he had was in an old cellar.

Here he slept every night with Tim, the news-boy.



DICK.

Dick's stand was close by a large depot.

"Have a shine, mister? Only five cents a shine!"

That was what Dick called out as the crowds went by.

Sometimes nobody seemed to hear him.

But one day there came a shower of rain, and Dick had just as much work as he could do.

One after another the five-cent pieces dropped into his pocket.

At last it was so heavy he had to turn it inside out.

When he counted the five-cent pieces he found he had twenty.

"Why," said Dick, "twenty half-dimes make the same as one hundred cents. And a hundred cents make just one dollar!"

Dick felt rich.

He and Tim had paid the rent of their room that morning. He had a whole loaf of bread at home. He thought he had plenty to wear, although he was barefoot and out at elbows and knees.

Yes, he could do what he chose with that dollar.

I will tell you what he did—for this is not a "make believe" story. It is true. Dick is a Boston boot-black.

Dick took his pile of five-cent

pieces to the kind gentlemen who were getting up the "Poor Children's Excursions."

"I want you to take this dollar,"

said he, "and give some little boy a real jolly day in the country — just as you did me last year!"

—B. E. E.

WHAT IS THIS?



Boys, what is this?

"A head," says John.

"A rabbit's head," says Will.

"The head of a hare," cries Dick.

Yes, it is a head. It is much like a rabbit's head.

But Dick has answered right. It

is the head of a hare. The hare is the big cousin of the rabbit.

He is usually lighter in color. He is often white. But the wild rabbit is brown.

Like the rabbit, the hare has very long ears; they are often longer than the head itself.

Like a cat, hares hear the least sound.

The hare is timid. If he hears any strange noise he runs away very swiftly.

Both rabbits and hares have long whiskers like a cat's.

Both live in the woods.

Rabbits have homes underground.

Their big cousins have only nests in the bushes.

Some kinds of rabbits are kept as pets. These tame rabbits vary in color from white to black. It is harder to tame and keep a hare.

—X.

WALTER'S FRIEND.



His name was Gray.

He was small. He was spry. He liked to climb. He was sitting on the roof the first time Walter saw him.

Walter was up in the attic. He

liked to stand at the big window and look into the walnut tree and count the nuts.

When he saw Gray he called to him: "Look out! you will slide off!"

But Gray hopped up into the tree. He ran about among the yellow leaves. He picked off a nut.

Then he sat down on a limb to peel his nut.

While he nibbled he looked at the boy in the window, with two bright eyes.

"You will fall!" called Walter.

Gray laughed. His laugh sounded like this:

Chir-r! chir-r-r!

Then he leaped down and came across the roof toward the window.

Walter thought he was coming in — but no; he was gone!

The next day they saw each other again.

This time he showed Walter how fast he could peel nuts. Every

time a nut was peeled Walter thought he was coming to the window with it. But when he was almost there he would disappear.

Walter could never see where he went.

He often wondered about it.

One night there was a storm. All the leaves fell. The trees were left bare. There were no more nuts. Little Gray, too, was gone.

Walter watched, but little Gray never came back.

But, one day, when Walter was up in the attic, he heard a noise.

It was like a low, roguish laugh.

Walter knew that "chir-r! chir-r-r!" There stood Gray.

His bright eyes were full of fun, and he turned and ran round behind a big chest of drawers.

Walter came after him so quick he could not hide.

So he made the best of it. He showed Walter his nest in an old basket, and his store of nuts, and the hole under the window where he went in and out.

After that they saw each other every day, and had good times.

Walter's friend was a gray squirrel.

—E. F. P.



THE WINTER HOME OF WALTER'S FRIEND.

PUDDING AND MILK.



Two little bowls
Round and white ;
Two little spoons
Silver bright ;

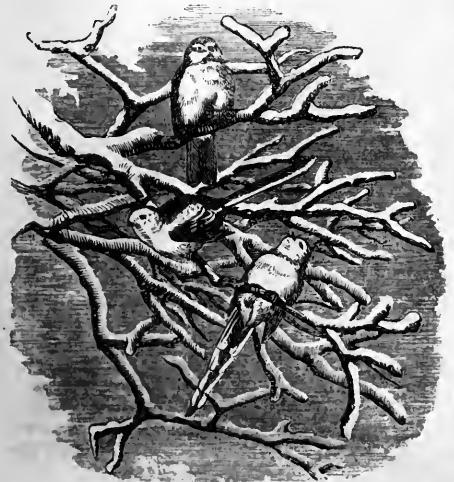
Two little stools
Side by side ;
Two little girls,
Mother's pride,

Jolly as kits,
Plump as mice ;
Pudding and milk —
Isn't it nice ?

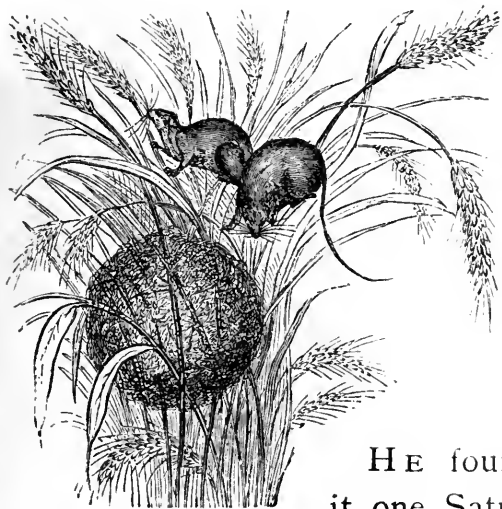
Pudding and milk,
Mothers know,
Is just what makes
Little girls grow !

A REQUEST FROM THE BIRDS.

Dear little girls, throw us a crumb ;
Dear little boys, please bring us
some!
O, don't you know, when falls the
snow,
That dinnerless the birdies go ?
Yet, dears, we earn, with summer
song,
Our daily food the winter long.
A little bird with hunger wild
Is wretched as a starving child.



WHAT PERCY FOUND.



HE found it, one Saturday, out in the wheat-field. It had been there all summer long.

The tall wild flowers had peeped at it. The winds had swung it to and fro. But Percy was the first one who held it in his hand.

It was as round as an apple.

It was as soft as silk inside.

Can you guess now what it was that Percy found?

No.

Then you cannot guess what was in it.

Well, it was something that held ten pairs of eyes, and ten sets of little feet.

It was a house.

It was a home.

A mother and her nine children lived in it.

Yet it was so small that Percy carried it away with him, on the palm of his hand.

Can you guess now?

No.

Well, I shall have to tell you what it was.

It was the nest of a field mouse.

A field mouse is the smallest animal that has four feet.

There were nine baby mice, and their mamma, in the nest that Percy found.

He kept them all. He put them in a cage. They were pretty pets.

The mother mouse eats grain. She laps water like a dog.

Percy has taught her how to turn a wheel.

Sometimes, she will hang from the top of the cage by her long tail. She will swing there for many minutes. She will keep time with the ticking of the clock.

Percy never forgets to feed his tiny pets.

TICK TOCK.

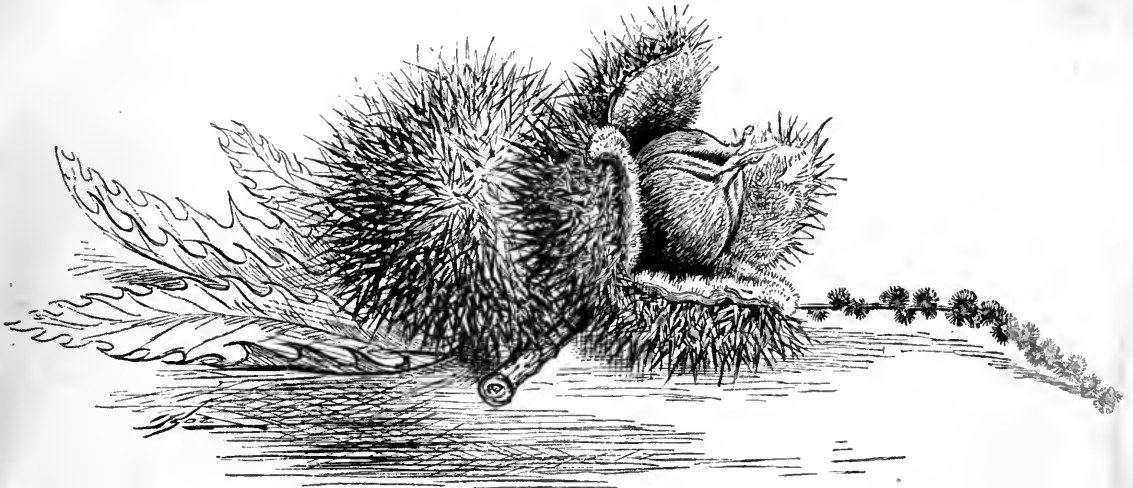
Tick tock, tick tock —
 I'll count the seconds by grand-
 mother's clock.
 When sixty have ticked, the min-
 ute-hand shows
 That one minute comes as another
 one goes.
 Sixty seconds a minute, and then
 it will take
 Sixty minutes, I know, an hour to
 make.
 The length of a day I can easily
 mark —
 Just twenty-four hours of day-light
 and dark.
 Seven days make a week ; and then
 fifty-two
 Of these weeks make a year, if my
 counting is true.
 A hundred long years, and then
 there will be
 A century here, for some one to see.



A NAUGHTY SHEEP.



What very soft steps 'you take, naughty sheep!
 You wish me to think you're good, naughty sheep!
 You've come through a hole in the fence, naughty sheep!
 And now you must go straight back, naughty sheep!



CHESTNUT LEAVES.

CHESTNUT BURR.

OPEN BURR WITH NUTS.

DRY CHESTNUT BLOSSOMS.

ABOUT CHESTNUTS.

ALFIE'S eyes are blue. Alfie's eyes are very bright. He sees everything.

He knows the birds' names.

He can tell you about the trees.

He can tell you how chestnuts grow. He has watched the chestnut trees since spring to find out.

The chestnut trees did not bloom early.

Alfie wondered why. He was afraid they might not bloom at all.

"And what would the squirrels do then?" asked he.

"Eat acorns, perhaps," said I.

Alfie laughed.

One day, long after the pink apple-

blossoms had come and gone, Alfie came running in from the lawn.

"Papa, papa," cried he, "the chestnut trees are all covered with fringes."

"Fringes?" said I.

"Yes, long, green fringes; and some are nearly white. Come, papa, come and see!"

So I followed Alfie out to the chestnut trees; and, sure enough, he was right.

At the ends of the twigs, all over the trees, like tufts of fringe, were the chestnut-blossoms Alfie had been watching for.

I broke off a branch.

I showed Alfie that each thread

of the fringe was a blossom-stem.

We picked off the bits of blossoms that grew along the stem. Alfie said they were like beads on a string.

Alfie did not like to smell the odor of the blossoms.

Alfie went to see the chestnut trees every few days.

One day he came back with a sober face. He had something in his hand.

"See, papa," said he, "the fringes have turned brown; and they are all blowing away."

"We will go down and see about this," said I.

We found the fringes had not all blown away. One thread was left at the end of almost every twig.

The tiny dry blossoms still clung to the stems.

But soon Alfie's quick eyes saw that the one or two nearest the branch were gone. In their place were queer, green balls.

These balls were about as big as peas. They had sharp prickles all over them.

Alfie's eyes twinkled like stars when I told him these were young chestnut burrs.

Alfie cut one of them open with his jack-knife. He found little chestnuts growing inside.

Then his eyes twinkled again.

After that, all summer, Alfie watched the burrs. They grew fast — "to make up for blossoming so late," Alfie said.

Soon they were as large as marbles. Then as big as walnuts. By autumn the prickly green burrs were as big as Alfie's own brown fist.

At last, one October day, after a sharp frost, Alfie knew that nutting-time had come.

Here and there, over the trees, the burrs were half open. Alfie could see the plump, brown nuts inside.

Some of the nuts, and some of the burrs, too, had fallen to the ground.

Alfie tried to pound the burrs open with a stone. He pricked his fingers. Then he stamped them open with his little boot-heel.

He picked up his pocket full of nuts.

Then he climbed up and broke off a twig with two chestnut burrs on it. He brought it in to me.

The burrs were beginning to turn brown. One was shut tight. One was wide open; and in it were three

nuts. The inside of the prickly burr was as downy and soft as velvet, and as yellow as gold.

"And, O, papa," said Alfie, "the little blossoms that didn't grow to burrs

have stayed on all summer. They look like little burrs themselves, don't they, papa?"

And papa thought they did.

— C. S. P.

WHERE DID IT GO?

It was a beautiful ball of soap. It was a lovely golden-brown color.

It was so clear that you could see through it.

They bought it to wash the baby with.

When the baby saw it, he cried for it.

Any smart baby would have cried for it, because it was so pretty.

He took it in his small, fat, dimpled hands.

What fun it was to see it skip away, and roll across the floor and into the corners!

Once baby grabbed it very tight, and bit it with his one tooth. But it could not have tasted good, for he made a dreadful face.

Then they gave him a bath in his little bath-tub.

They used this lovely ball of golden-brown soap.

Baby splashed it in the water.

He laughed, because it always slipped through his hands.

But they forgot to take the beautiful ball of soap out when they took baby out.

They did not think of it until after baby had played "This little pig went to market" with his toes, and had been kissed all over, and dressed, and sung to sleep.

Then they went to look for it.

But it was gone.

There was nothing in the bath-tub but some soap-suds, with the sunshine making little rainbows in the bubbles.

Where did it go?

— M. E.

FANNY.

"WHERE is my blanket?" said Fanny.

Fanny stood in her stable, munching a wisp of hay, after her supper of warm meal.

It was growing dark, and she felt drowsy.

She turned her head this side and that.

She looked down on the floor.

She looked in the manger.

"What can Tom have done with my blanket?" said she.

"I hope he does not mean to leave me tonight without it!

"Wonder if he would like to have his mother forget to put the blanket on his bed.

"Well, I must find that blanket myself.

"I hope it is in the stable somewhere!

"Ah! there it is!"

The stall was boarded up on one side as high as Fanny's shoulder.

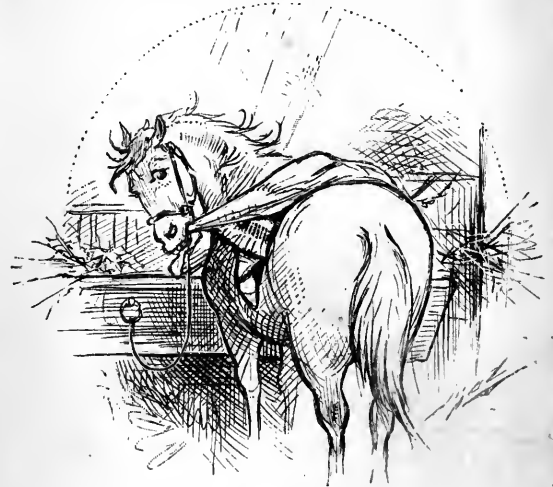
The blanket lay across the top board.

Fanny had found it.

But how should she put it on?

She turned her head as far as she could.

She took the blanket in her mouth.



FANNY DOES THE BEST SHE CAN.

She pulled it down on her back just as it was.

She could not spread it out.

It did not make her much warmer to have it in a roll on her back.

But she had done her best.

Next morning her master found the blanket rolled upon her back when he came to feed her.

He thought she was a smart little horse.

Don't you think so, too?

Every night now Fanny is carefully blanketed.

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BUNNY'S BREAKFAST.

THIS is a true story.
It is about a hungry rabbit.
Once he belonged to two little
oys.

These little boys were very fond of
lady who lived next door. So they
ave her their handsome white rabbit.

This lady's little baby was afraid
f the rabbit.

She was afraid of his long ears.

When she saw him she crept away
s fast as she could.

The rabbit was afraid of the baby.

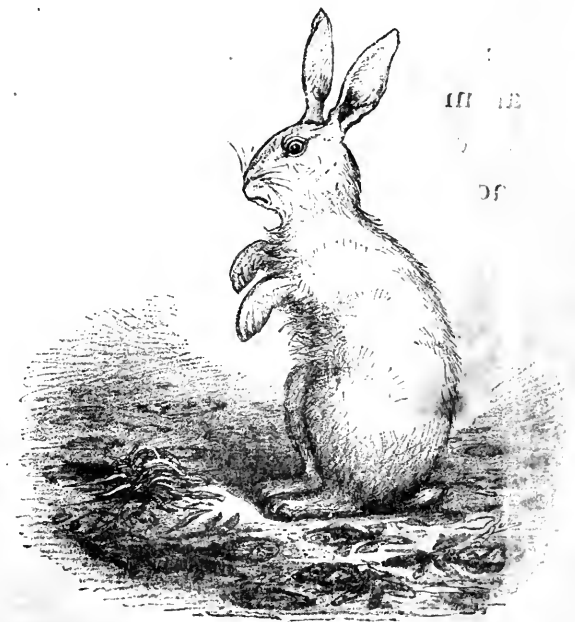
He was afraid of her voice.

He had never heard a baby cry
efore.

When she cried he hopped away
to a corner and sat down and
embled.

He would not come out of the cor-

ner until the baby was carried up-
stairs. Then he came out.



BUNNY AT BREAKFAST.

One day the lady and her baby
went away for a visit.

They were to stay away all night.

They were so glad they were going they never thought about the rabbit.

They forgot that he would want his supper and his breakfast.

The rabbit hopped about in the kitchen all the forenoon. He was so glad the baby was gone!

In the afternoon he was hungry.

He hopped out into the shed. His pan was empty.

He was very sorry his mistress had forgotten him.

He was lonesome and hungry when he went to sleep that night.

He was lonesome and hungry when he woke next morning.

He hopped again into all the corners. He hopped out into the shed.

He could find no breakfast.

Then he hopped through into the sitting-room.

But there was no breakfast there.

He saw another door open. It

was not wide open, but he pushed through. He was now in the parlor.

He saw something in this room that made him glad.

He saw breakfast. He saw plenty of breakfast.

His mistress had *not* forgotten him.

The floor was covered with green leaves and flowers. They looked fresh and tender.

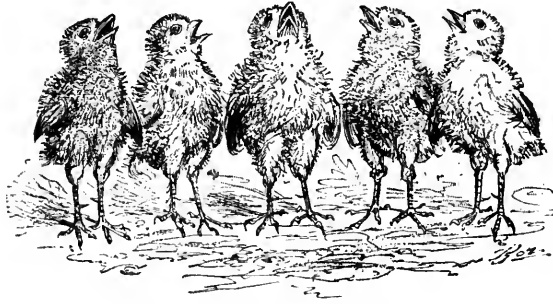
The rabbit thought he was in a garden.

He must have thought so, for when his mistress came home at night she found the rabbit had gnawed the leaves and flowers of the parlor carpet.

She gave the rabbit away and bought a new carpet.

Please remember to leave something for your pets to eat when you go away from home. They need their regular meals as much as you do.

Something is growing down under the snow,
 Down under the deep, cold, freezing snow;
 Something for Willy and Lilly, I know.
 Something is growing down under the snow.
 BREAD! BREAD is growing down under the snow.
 "Ha, ha!" laughs Willy. "Yes, surely, 'tis so!"



FIVE LITTLE CHICKENS.

Said the first little chicken,
 With a queer little squirm,
 "O, I wish I could find
 A fat little worm!"

Said the next little chicken,
 With an odd little shrug,
 "O, I wish I could find
 A fat little bug!"

Said the third little chicken,
 With a sharp little squeal,
 "O, I wish I could find
 Some nice yellow meal!"

Said the fourth little chicken,
 With a small sigh of grief,
 "O, wish I could find
 A green little leaf!"

Said the fifth little chicken,
 With a faint little moan,
 "O, I wish I could find
 A wee gravel stone!"

"Now see here," said the mother,
 From the green garden patch,
 "If you want any breakfast,
 You just come and scratch!"

—E. F. P.

THE LITTLE HOUSE ON THE CORNER.

It was a very old house. It was a
 very little house.

It stood on a corner of land that
 looked like the point of a flat-iron.

This corner was where two streets
 met.

An old lady and her two little
 grandchildren lived in this house.

The little boy's name was Carl. The little girl's name was Gretna. Their father and mother were dead. They were Germans. The little house stood almost on the border-line between France and Germany.

France and Germany are countries across the Atlantic Ocean.

You can sail for these countries from Boston harbor.

At the time I am telling you about, the French and German people were at war with each other.

One day Carl heard the men in the streets talking to one another.

"The French soldiers will be here to-day," they said.

"They will turn the town upside down!

"We must hurry away with our families."

Carl ran home and told his grandmother and Gretna.

"Oh, dear!" said the little girl; "what shall we do?"

"We have nobody to take care of us!

"We cannot get away, because dear grandmother cannot walk."

"No, we never will go and leave grandmother here," said Carl.

"The good God will protect us," said the old grandmother.

When it grew dark they shut the blinds of the little house.

They sat down together by the fire.

They did not dare to go to bed.

About midnight they heard the blast of the French trumpets.

Then, soon, they heard a heavy tramp of feet outside.

Every minute they expected to hear a loud thump at the door.

But no! the sounds grew fainter and fainter.

By and by all was still.

When morning came, Carl peeped out.

Quietly, quietly, all night, the snow had been falling.

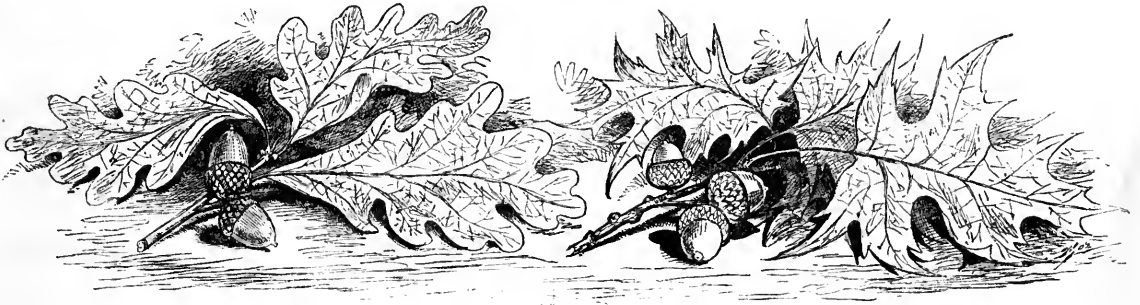
High drifts of snow were piled above the windows.

The little house on the corner was hidden from the street.

The French soldiers had not seen it.

It was the only house in the town that they had not harmed.

"Praise the good God!" said Grandmother. "I said he would take care of us."



WHICH IS THIS?

WHICH IS THIS?

OAK TREES.

ONE day Percy brought a handful of acorns into the house.

He had picked them up under the two great trees by the gate.

One tree was a red oak. The other was a white oak.

Some of the acorns had fallen out of their cups.

These were long and slender; and they were of a brown color.

Percy cracked one of them between his teeth.

It was quite sweet, like a chestnut.

Then he tried another.

This one was short and thick; and it was tightly fastened into its cup.

He found this acorn was very bitter.

He was surprised.

He had thought that all acorns were alike.

He did not know that the white oak bears sweet acorns.

He did not know that the red oak bears bitter acorns.

He did not know, before, that there was more than one kind of oak tree.

His mother told him to run out and pick off a leaf from each of the trees by the gate.

He thought, at first, the leaves were just alike.

But when he put them side by side he saw they were different.

The leaves of the red oak were very glossy.

They were also cut into deep points.

The leaves of the white oak were more blunt.

They looked as if their points had been rounded off with a pair of scissors.

The bark of the red oak is very dark.

The bark of the white oak is of a lighter color.

The bark of both kinds is used in tanning leather.

There are more than twenty kinds of oak trees.

The live oak keeps green all through the winter.

It grows in the South.

The scrub oak never grows to be more than four feet high. It has tiny acorns striped with black.

Bears and deer are very fond of scrub oak acorns.

The pin oak grows in swamps. The trunk of the pin oak looks as if great nails had been thrust half way into it and left there.

The wood of the oak is very strong. Builders use it for the floors and rafters of buildings.

Coopers use it for the staves of barrels.

Tables, chairs, and all kinds of furniture are made of it.

Parts of carriages and plows are also made of oak.

The crooked branches of the iron oak are used for the *knees* of a ship.

They are bent up just like a knee and hold the beams of the ship together.

The corks that we use in bottles and jugs are made from the bark of a kind of oak.

It is called the *suber* oak, and grows in Spain and Portugal.

Spain and Portugal are countries across the ocean.

They are south-east from us.

Next morning, as Percy walked along to school, he looked up at the trees.

His little sister laughed because he kept saying :

“White oak, red oak! Red oak, white oak! White oak, white oak, red oak!”

— B. E. E.

SEEING THE WORLD.

"Do see those beans run up the poles!" said little Miss Pumpkin Vine.

She was speaking to Mr. Bumble Bee. He had come to make a call.

"Oh, that is nothing new!" said Bumble Bee.

"Well," said Miss Pumpkin Vine, "I have always thought the ground was good enough for my pretty, yellow blossoms. Certainly, then, it is good enough for those mean little bean flowers."

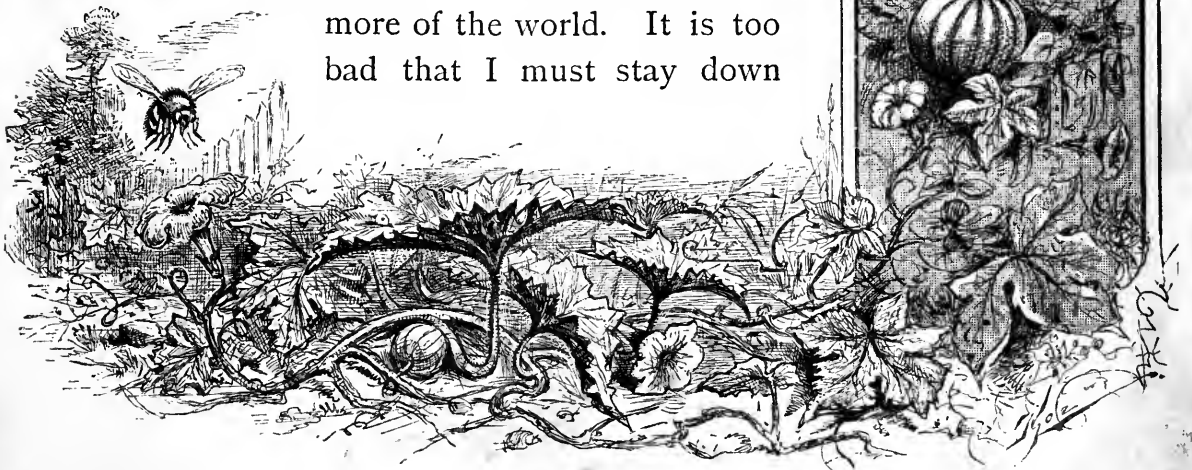
"There wouldn't be room enough for everybody if everybody had to live in the same place," said Mr. Bumble Bee.

Then, with a cheerful buzz, he flew over the fence.

Miss Pumpkin Vine looked after him with wishful eyes.

She thought it would be pleasant to have wings.

"Oh dear!" said she, "I would like to see more of the world. It is too bad that I must stay down



here on the ground. I'm tired of it!"

She threw out her arms.

The tips of her green fingers touched one of the poles.

How surprised little Miss Pumpkin Vine was!

She at once began to climb like the beans.

She climbed for many days.

At last she reached the tip top of the pole.

"It is grand to see so far," she said to herself.

"I should be very happy and glad if my head did not feel so heavy and bad."

Her yellow blossoms had been growing all this time into pumpkins.

It was hard for her to hold these pumpkins up there in the air.

"I wish I could lie down and take a nap," said she. "I am really very, very tired.

But she could find no place on the tall pole to lie down comfortably.

There she staid three or four days.

Her head ached.

Her back ached.

Her arms ached.

For the pumpkins grew heavier every day.

She did not like to own that she had made a mistake.

But she did say to herself, one day, that possibly it was not the best place for pumpkins on the tip top of a pole.

At last, Jack Frost took pity upon her.

One cold night he helped her down to the ground.

Next day, as Sir Bumble Bee flew by he heard Miss Pumpkin Vine talking.

"The best place for pumpkins is down on the ground," said she.

"I am sure of that.

"The beans may climb as many poles as they like.

"I have seen enough of the world."

— E.

A chubby little sister

Was rubbing at her tub;

A chubby little brother

Came up to help her rub;

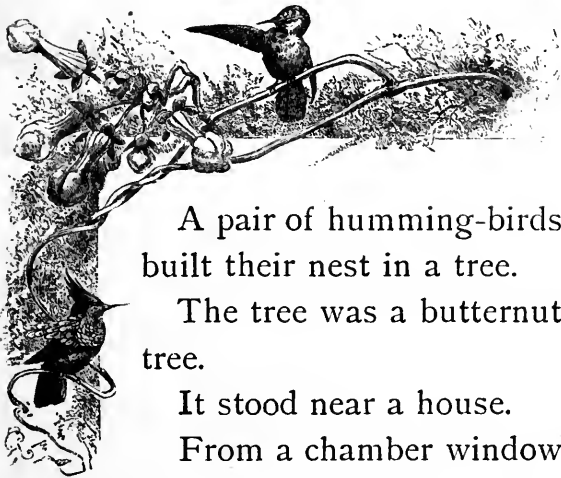
The chubby little brother,

Fell down in with a cry;

The chubby little sister

Then hung him up to dry.

A TRUE STORY ABOUT A BIRD.



A pair of humming-birds built their nest in a tree.

The tree was a butternut tree.

It stood near a house.

From a chamber window the family could look into the nest.

The nest was not much larger than a large thimble.

In this nest they could see the beautiful little mother sitting on her eggs.

There were only two eggs.

They were about as large as peas.

The people in the house were careful to never disturb their small neighbors. But they often went to the window to look at them.

When the sun shone on the birds, through the leaves, they looked like two small bits of a rainbow.

The father bird used to come to the window to sip honey dew out of the honey-suckles.

As he drank the dew he made a noise like the loud buzzing of a bee. He made it by moving his wings swiftly.

By and by the eggs were hatched. It was a pretty sight to watch the parent birds.

They would fly back and forth a hundred times a day to feed their two tiny babies.

These two bird babies were not as large as two bees.

One afternoon there were signs of a heavy shower.

"What *will* become of the poor humming-birds?" said their friends in the house.

"If we move the nest, the parent birds will be frightened.

"Perhaps they would never go into it again.

"What shall we do for them?"

"The baby birds will die if they are exposed to the storm.

"Will the old birds know enough to protect them in any way?"

The little mother bird soon showed that she knew what she was about.

Some of the family, at the window,
 saw her grasp a large leaf with her bill.
 She spread this out over her nest.
 There was a hole in the leaf.
 She slipped this hole over a small
 stick in the side of the nest.
 This stick held the leaf in place.
 The baby birds were safely covered.

Then she flew away.
 When the rain was over the mother
 came back.
 She unfastened the leaf.
 She found her baby birds dry and
 warm, and ready for their supper.
 Was she not a nice little mother?
 — M. O. J.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

WHEN I grow to twenty-one,
 I will plant a field of corn.



LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE.

When the corn begins to sprout,
 Two wee leaves come peeping out.

When the leaves are fresh and green,
 A slender stalk shoots up between.

While the stalk keeps on to grow,
 The tiny ears begin to show.

When the ears are long and thin,
 The pretty silk begins to spin.

When the pretty silk is spun,
 It turns the color of the sun.

When the summer sun is gone,
 It's time to gather in the corn.

When this corn is gathered in,
 What a fortune I shall win!

— M. S. W.

THREE TRAVELLERS.

ONE day, Freddy, Minnie and little Tot came into the house together.

They went up to nurse and told her that they were three great travellers.

"Indeed!" said nurse; "are you?"

"Yes, we are," said Tot; "and we want an ocean."

"Please make an ocean for us," said Minnie.

"We have boats," said Freddy. "We would like so much to sail them about on an ocean."

They held up their boats.

When nurse saw them she said they certainly ought to have an ocean.

So she made an ocean.

She made it in a large wash-tub.

There were six pailfuls of water in this ocean.

"But," said Minnie, "we want a blue ocean."

So nurse made the water blue. She made it blue with indigo.

Then Tot said she wanted a salt ocean.

So nurse put some salt in the tub.

When the ocean was finished, Fred

said the ocean water down at Rowe's Wharf was not blue. He said it was green.

Nurse was sorry the ocean was not the right color, but she thought the boats would sail on it just as well.

When she had gone in, the three great travellers laughed and clapped their hands.

"Look at our deep blue sea!" they shouted.

Minnie sat on the east side of the tub. She said she lived in England.

Fred sat on the west side. He said he lived in America.

Minnie said there had been so much wet weather in England that the wheat crop was spoiled.

Fred said he would send her some flour.

He said there was always plenty of wheat in America. Flour is made of wheat.

So he loaded his boat with barrels of flour.

Then he sailed it over the ocean to Minnie.

The barrels were empty spoils.

It was great fun to play that the

spools were barrels, and to fill the holes with flour.

Tot loaded her boat with red and white clover. She called it hay.

Minnie sent a very funny load back to the United States.

Her boat was loaded with little china dolls. Some were white and some were black.

She said they were emigrants.

Then the bell rang, and the three great travellers went in to dinner.

What do you think little pussy did while they were gone?

She saw the little boats move and she wanted to play with them.

She put her paw on one. Over in she went. Splash!

The travellers heard her and ran out.

"Man overboard!" cried Fred.

Tot's hay was tipped over. She said it was a shipwreck.

Tot pulled pussy out. She tied up one of her paws with a handkerchief. Then pussy ran away to tell her mother.

—K. T. W.

THE LITTLE CHIEF.



I AM my mother's little man ;
I am the chief of all the clan ;

I know there's Ned and Fred and Ted,
But if you please, sir, *I'm* the Head.

They like their play, and so, you see,
Who's left to be the man but me ?
My mother knows I am the one
To do that thing which must be done.

I sweep the walks ; I tend the door ;
I go on errands to the store ;
And any day I'd run a mile
To see my pretty mother smile !

You needn't laugh because I'm small !
Just being big, sir, isn't all —
I'm much a man as any man
If I do everything I can !

A QUEER POLICEMAN.

ALL city boys and girls have seen policemen.

The boy with bright eyes who lives in Boston tells me they are big men.

They wear navy-blue clothes, with large brass buttons.

They also wear a leather belt.

A heavy stick hangs like a sword from this belt.

The wise little girl who lives in Boston tells me that policemen "keep the peace."

The boy with bright eyes says that means keeping men from fighting, or quarreling, or doing wrong in any way.

My queer policeman does not look at all like the Boston policemen.

My policeman is small.

My policeman usually wears a pretty uniform of slate-colored feathers, with white spots.

My policeman "keeps the peace" between timid chickens and wild hen-hawks.

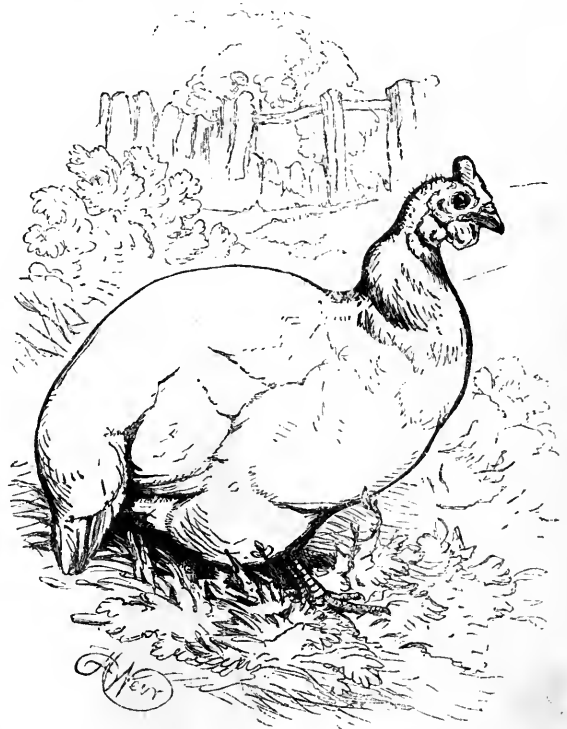
My policeman is a fowl.

His name is Guinea-fowl, or Pintado.

He belongs to the turkey family. He is about as large as a common hen.

His legs are short.

His tail is short; and droops almost to the ground.



THE GUINEA-FOWL.

His head is naked, or only has a few hair-like feathers.

He is bold and very noisy.

His voice sounds like the creaking of a rusty hinge.

Some farmers always keep a few

Guinea-fowls with their flocks of hens. They think their harsh cries frighten away hen-hawks.

Guinea-fowls come from Africa.

They live in the woods, on the

banks of rivers in large flocks.

They stay together in flocks of two or three hundred.

They eat grass and insects.

— C. S. P.



Here is a picture of my little friend.

I don't know his name, but I like him. And I know where he lives.

Every day he goes by my window. He smiles up at me. I smile down at him.

His cheeks are so red and round! I should like to pinch them, just once.

I notice that he never goes by late.

He never goes by crying.

He never kicks at a dog.

He never "scats" at a cat.

He never crowds up against other boys.

He never looks cross; and I think I know why.

Sometimes when I pass his mother's house after dark the curtains are up. I see my little friend at supper.

His supper is always a big cup of new milk, with nice brown bread.

No cake. No pie.

So I know why he smiles so much. He smiles because he never feels sick and ach-y.

Sometimes little boys are naughty because they are ach-y.

MORE ABOUT CHESTNUTS.

"ALL aboard!" shouted the conductor.

Ding, dong! went the engine bell.

The whistle screamed.

Then the long train began to roll out of the great depot.

Soon we left Boston behind us.

Alfie was curled up on the seat beside me.

“Now, papa,” said he, “tell me more about chestnuts.”

The day before, at home, he had brought in the last of the nuts.

He and the squirrels had found them all at last, every one.

This morning he had wanted to go into the city with me.

He wished to see what became of the big bags of chestnuts the men gathered in the woods.

So I had taken him to market.

In that market nuts are sold by the bushel to the storekeepers.

Then we went to one of the stores where we saw nuts sold by the quart and the pint to the boys and girls.

Once, at a street corner, we saw a whole wagon-load of chestnuts.

The driver was trying to sell them to the people that went by.

Once a moment he would call out so loud that Alfie put his hands up to his ears.

“Chestnuts! Chestnuts! Sweet chestnuts! Only *ten* cents a quart!”

Alfie counted seven men and four boys who stopped to buy.

But Alfie liked most to see the chestnut roasters.

Some of them were little girls.

Some of them were little boys not much larger than Alfie himself.

They each had a queer little stove.

These stoves had long legs and little ovens.

The shell of each nut was cut with a sharp knife before it was roasted.

If this were not done the nut would burst into pieces as soon as it was hot.

The nuts were roasted until the shells curled apart at these cuts.

Then the yellow meat was tender.

Sometimes the chestnuts were not sold as fast as they were roasted.

Then they were put in the oven to keep hot.

On one stove Alfie had seen some very large chestnuts.

They were as big as four common nuts.

Now, when he asked me to tell him more about chestnuts, I told him about those large nuts.

They do not grow in America.

They grow in the southern countries of Europe.

They are plenty in those countries.

In the chestnut season, poor people almost live upon them.

They eat them raw.

They roast them.

They boil them.

Sometimes they grind them into sweet yellow meal.



K.P

ONE OF THE CHESTNUT ROASTERS.

They make puddings of the chestnut meal.

They make bread of the chestnut meal.

They make cake of the chestnut meal.

Sometimes they stick chestnut meats together like pop-corn balls.

Alfie was pleased when I said that American chestnuts were sweeter than European chestnuts.

There is a famous chestnut tree on Mount Etna, in Italy.

Mount Etna is a volcano.

A volcano is a mountain that smokes at the top like a chimney. Sometimes it sends up fire also, and long streams of melted stone run down the mountain sides.

The chestnut tree on Mount Etna is one hundred and sixty feet around.

The trunk is hollow.

When it rains people often go into this hollow tree for shelter.

This tree is sometimes called "The Hundred Horse Chestnut," because a great lady with many friends on horseback once found shelter there in a storm.

Alfie said all the boys in town could go nutting under that tree.

I told him of a big chestnut tree in France. That chestnut tree is one thousand years old.

It still bears nuts.

I should have told Alfie more, but the train stopped, and we were at home.

— C. S. P.

LITTLE FOLKS READER.

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PUSSY'S CHOICE.

Pussy slept in the barn with her three kittens.

They had a nice hay nest. This hay nest was warm and soft.



MARY'S PET.

The kittens were comfortable.

But mother Pussy was not satisfied.

She knew about a place which she

thought the kittens would like better.

This place was a little girl's trundle-bed.

Do you know what a trundle-bed is?

Perhaps you never have seen one.

Trundle-beds are not much used now. Long ago they were common.

Then the bedsteads for grown people were higher than they are now.

A trundle-bedstead was like a low square box, with four feet.

It had casters fitted into its four feet, so that it could be rolled, or trundled, under the large bed.

It staid under the large bed in the daytime.

It was pulled out at night.

The little children slept in this trundle-bed.

Mary's trundle-bed was soft. It had a white pillow.

It had a silk bed-quilt, made from one of mamma's dresses.

This silk bed-quilt was quilted in little squares, like a checker-board. In every square there was a blue flower.

Little Mary liked this silk bed-quilt very much.

It was so soft and so pretty.

Pussy liked it too. She was allowed to lie on it sometimes.

One day Pussy ran into the house.

She came from the barn. She had something in her mouth.

She went through the kitchen so fast that the cook did not see what she had in her mouth.

The cook thought pussy had caught a mouse.

Pussy ran right through the kitchen, into the hall, and up-stairs.

She crept under the big bed.

She jumped up into the trundle-bed.

She put something down on the soft, silk quilt.

Then she jumped out and ran down-stairs.

After she had gone, something said, "Mi-ew, mi-ew!"

That was what Mary heard. O, such a little mi-ew!

Mice don't mew.

So it was not a mouse.

The mi-ew came from under the big bed.

Mary pulled out the trundle-bed.

She saw a tiny kitty on her pretty silk quilt.

It was a lovely white kitty, with black spots.

Mary ran back to the window.

She saw pussy going straight back to the barn to get her other little kitties.

But mamma said that this couldn't be allowed.

This is what mamma sang to her little girl:

"Puss and her kittens

Must sleep in the hay;

And the bed be kept tidy

For my little May!"

But the first little kitty staid in the house. Mary tied a blue ribbon around its neck, and it always was Mary's pet.

WINNIE'S TROUBLES.



“I NEVER shall be big,”
Said little Winnie Winch ;
“I have tried for a month
And I haven't grown an inch —
I know, for I measured
By a mark on the wall.
Little cups, little books, little desks,
little clothes —
For seven long years I've had only
those.

Then the poor small Winnie
Made a great wise plan
How to grow very fast ;
And away she ran.
When she came in again
She was — oh, so tall !
Her gown swept the floor
From the door to the wall ;

She walked up and down, till she tripped in her train,
And then she was glad to be a small girl again.

—E. F. P.

HOW GIP WENT ON A JOURNEY.

(A TRUE STORY.)

GIP was a dog.
He was small, shaggy, and pretty,
with bright eyes.
I knew Gip. He lived in Salem.

His master was a carpenter.
One day his master went away in
the cars.
He went to build a house for a man

who lived in Baytown, by the sea.

Before he left home he shut Gip up in a large room.

He did not wish Gip to follow him.

Gip cried hard to be let out.

He grew tired of walking up and down and barking.

At last he jumped up on a table



WAITING FOR THE BAYTOWN TRAIN.

and looked out of the window.

But it was no fun to look out and watch the cats in the yard when his master was gone.

He thought about it for two hours.

By and by his mistress heard something go *crash, crash — rattle, bang!*

She looked out, and there was Gip running out of the yard.

She called, but he ran on.

“I must watch him,” she said; “he cost too much money to lose.”

She put on her hat and cloak and followed him.

Gip ran to the depot with his little sharp nose close to the ground.

His mistress followed.

Three trains of cars stood in the station.

Gip smelled them all. He turned away.

He was not pleased.

Five or six trains came in and went out.

Gip did not like one of them.

At last his mistress said she must go home. She had left her little baby fast asleep on the bed.

Gip would not go with her.

The man who looked after all the trains said he would watch Gip for her.

She thanked him. She said, “My husband went to Baytown this morning on the first train.

“He will not come back for a week. Gip wants him.”

“I understand,” said the man. “I will send you word about Gip.”

That night he told her what happened after she went home.

The little dog walked back and forth like a man.

He smelled of every train which came in and went out.

When the Baytown train came at last, he barked, and jumped about.

The conductor said, "Who's dog is that?"

When he heard the story he said,



"WHICH WAY DID MY MASTER GO?"

"A dog that knows where he wants to go need not buy a ticket."

Then Gip sprang up the car steps and went in.

He took a seat close to the window and looked out.

One of the men on the train tried to tease him.

He tried to make him get off at every place where the cars stopped.

Gip did not like it. He sat still and growled.

When the cars rolled into Baytown, Gip sprang out. Then he looked all around.

The conductor said, "He knows as much as a child; let him alone."

Gip decided at last which road he would take.

Then he ran on more than a mile.

At last he found his master at work.

One of the men went after Gip, and told his master he would give him one hundred dollars for him.

His master would not part with his wise, loving dog.

He had never worked in Baytown before, and Gip had never been in the cars before.

How could Gip tell which cars went to the sea-shore, and which went to the city?

How did Gip know when he got to Baytown?



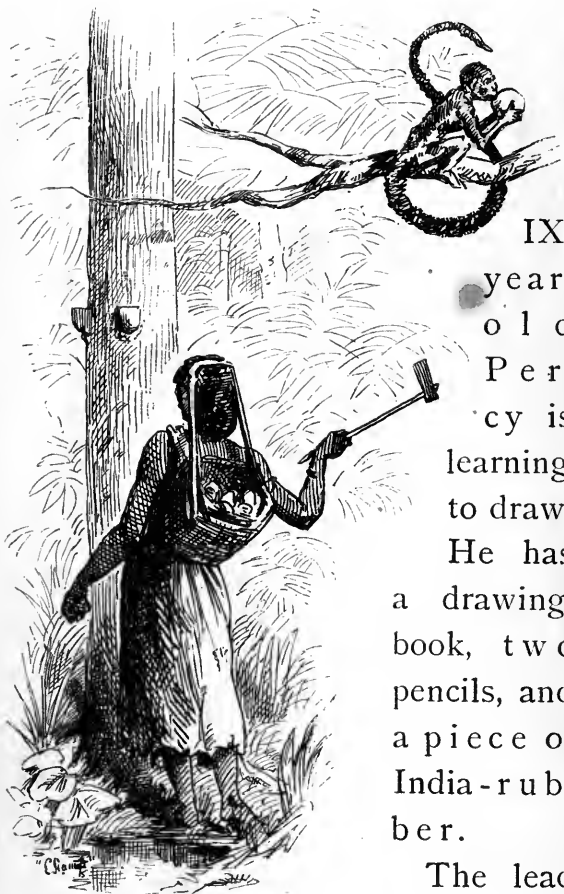
"O, I KNOW!"

How could Gip tell it from the other places?

But Gip did many strange things in his short life.

—K. T. W.

A PIECE OF RUBBER.



GATHERING THE SAP.

IX-year-old Percy is learning to draw. He has a drawing-book, two pencils, and a piece of India-rubber.

The lead in one of

the pencils is very hard.

This pencil makes fine light marks on the paper.

The other pencil is filled with soft lead.

This pencil makes broad dark marks. Percy says these dark marks are hard to rub out.

One day Percy's little brother, Robin, asked what his piece of rubber was made of.

Percy could not tell:

He asked his mamma.

She told him that India-rubber was a kind of gum that drops from trees.

Then she told Percy and Robin to bring the big atlas.

She turned to the maps of South America and Asia.

On these two maps she pointed out the countries where the rubber trees grow.

"The rubber trees are very tall trees," said mamma.

"The branches are all at the top.

"Early in the morning the rubber gatherers go out and cut many holes in the trunks of these tall trees.

"Under each hole they fasten a little cup.

"By and by these cups are full of a yellow-white sap, or juice, which drops from the holes in the trees.

"This juice looks like good, rich milk.

"The rubber gatherers often mould, out of clay, odd little bottles, and

sometimes the shapes of animals.

"Over these shapes they pour the thick, gummy, milky rubber juice.

"Then they hold these shapes over hot fires.

"The heat hardens the juice.

"It also makes the color darker.

"When the first coating of gum is dry, they wet it again, dry it, wet it again, dry it, and so on until the coating of dried gum is very thick.

"When the last layer of gum is dry, they break out the clay inside and throw it away.

"Then the curious rubber shapes are ready to take to market.

"They are carried to the city on the tops of long poles."

"Why don't they take them in baskets?" asked Robin.

"Because they are often quite sticky. It takes the gum a long time to dry."

"Is my piece of rubber," asked

Percy, "made of the pure gum?"

"I think so," said mamma.

"The purer it is, the better it will rub out pencil marks.

"When they wish to make the best kind of pencil rubber they tear or grind the gum into fine bits.

"These bits are carefully washed.

"Then they are pressed together under heavy rollers into sheets.

"The sheets of rubber that are made in this way are very firm and fine.

"These sheets are then cut into little blocks by great shears that work under water.

"Then the blocks are put in long iron trays and dried in the sun.

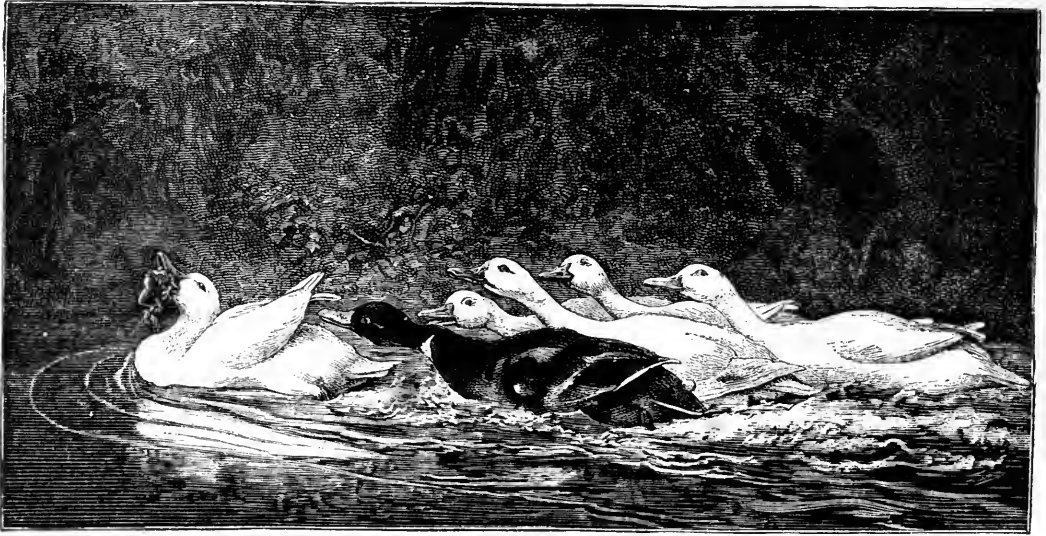
"After this they are sent to the stores."

"And little boys like me, who are learning to draw," said Percy, "go into the stores and buy them."

—E. E. B.



YES, little cat, you may come and look out;
I'll hold you tight, and you needn't pout—
It's the naughtiest thing I ever heard,
That you should wish to dine on a bird—
On a dear little bird!



WHICH WILL GET IT ?

A LONG CHASE.

MR. BROWN'S six ducks are out for their first spring swim.

There are five white ducks, and one black one.

They quacked and quacked as they came down from the barn-yard to the bank of the stream.

They made as much noise as six boys and girls.

"Yes, the ice is gone," said the first duck, as he swam away.

"We'll have a good long swim," said the second duck, as he, too, swam away.

"The air is like summer," said the

third duck, as he, too, swam away.

"See the pussy willows," said the fourth duck, as he, too, swam away.

"O, isn't this water delicious?" said the fifth duck, as he, too, swam away.

The sixth duck came last.

The sixth duck said nothing.

The sixth duck swam on as fast as he could.

Soon the sixth duck was at the head of the procession.

"Ah, the sixth duck has seen a little frog sitting on a log!

The sixth duck means to have

that tender frog for his lunch.

The five other ducks dip and splash and enjoy their bath.

The sixth duck swims close by the log. She turns up one eye. She stretches up her neck. She opens her long flat bill — snap!

“O, see! she’s got the first frog of the season!” cry the five other ducks. “Divide! divide!”

But the sixth duck makes believe that she doesn’t hear.

And now there is a chase!

How the six pairs of webbed feet paddle! How they dash and splash the water! How the long necks stretch forward!

How mad the sixth duck is! She is growing tired. The frog is getting heavy. She can’t get a chance to take even one bite.

I think the black duck will get the frog, don’t you?

—E. F. P.

WHAT WAS IT?

It was brown.

It was hard.

It grew inside a rough husk.

It was brought across the sea.

It was brought from a hot country.

In that hot country it grew on a tall tree.

It held food and drink.

A little brown animal climbed the tree.

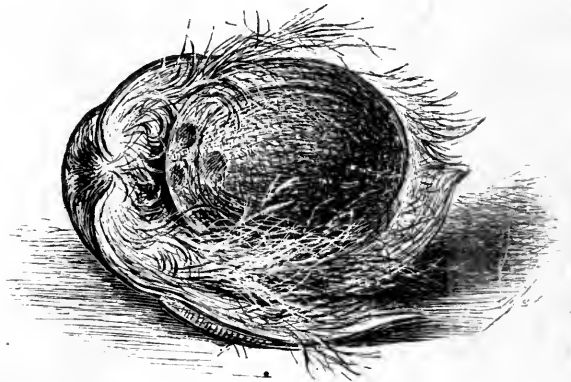
He had bright eyes and sharp claws, and a long tail.

He pulled off this strange thing in the rough husk and threw it down. He threw down many others.

A man picked them up.

He put them in a basket.

He carried them on board a ship.



THE STRANGE THING IN ITS HUSK.

They were brought to New York. At the wharf they were put into a wagon.

Then they were carried to a grocery.

A gentleman bought one.

He took it out of the husk.

He carried it home to his children.

They had never seen one.

They wanted to play with it.

The kitten patted it with her paw, smelt it, then ran away.

They rolled it towards her.

She was afraid of it. She arched her back, and spit at it. She ran off into a corner.

“Papa, how can we open it?” the children asked. “Is it good to eat?”

Papa took a gimlet, and bored two or three holes in it.

He held it over a cup.

Out came something like milk.

The children liked this queer milk.

Then he cut through the hard shell with Tommy's hatchet.

There was a white meat inside.

The children liked this, too; but it was hard.

The mother grated this white meat into a dish. She put in milk, and eggs, and sugar, and lemon.

She baked it in the oven. When it came out, it was a delicious pudding.

Sometimes you eat candy, and little cakes, made from the same kind of hard white meat.

Who knows what it is?

What country does it come from?

What little animal climbed the tree, and threw it down?

— M. O. J.



O, a wonderful scholar
Is our little Kate!

She reads in a primer;

She writes on a slate;

Her lines are not even;

Her O's are not round;

And her words in the reader

Could not be found.

Her sewing — what puckers!

What stitches! what knots!

And along the whole hem,
 There are tiny red spots;
 Her weekly reports
 Tell how oft she has spoken;
 And there's not a rule
 That she never has broken.

Yet she comes to mamma
 For a smile and a kiss,

As if a "bad mark,"
 Should be paid for by this.
 And she cries in delight,
 While she swings round her hat:
 "I'm a wonderful scholar,
 For I can spell 'cat!'

C-A-T, *Cat!*"

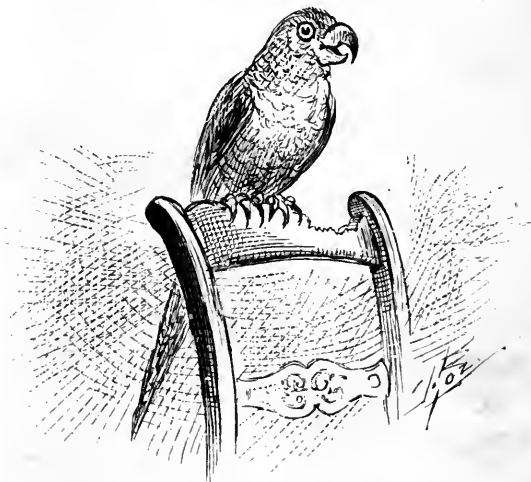
— K. L.

POLLY'S CHAIR.

MARY and Nellie had a parrot.
 She was not a green parrot.
 She was silver-grey.
 She came from Africa.
 She came in a ship. The captain
 gave her to their mother.
 She did not talk much.
 The little girls did not know how
 to teach her to talk.
 She could only speak her own
 name, "Polly."
 The little girls wished she could
 speak their names.
 But they liked her very much.
 She was gentle and good.
 Some parrots are cross. They
 scold and bite.

This parrot would not bite or
 scratch.

She was kept in the nursery.
 She had a large, round cage.
 It was made of tin.



SEE WHAT POLLY DID!

It looked like silver. It was very
 bright and pretty.
 There was a ring in the cage.

Polly used to sit in the ring sometimes and swing.

She did not stay much in her cage.

The door of the cage was always open.

She went in and out, and hopped around as she pleased.

One chair in the nursery was always called "Polly's chair."

It was just like the others.

But Polly always perched on the back of this chair.

She never perched on the other chairs.

A cup of bread and milk was set in this chair for her every day.

She went to it and ate when she pleased.

She nibbled the back of this chair with her sharp beak, until it looked as you see it in the picture.

Mary and Nelly show this chair to visitors.

—M. J.

MISS PUSSY'S SICKNESS.



DR. GREY'S PATIENT.

Miss Pussy is ill ;
She lies very still

In her snug little bed,
With a pain in her head.

"O doctor!" cries she,
"Pray what can it be
That gives me such pain
On the top of my brain?"

Says old Doctor Grey;
"Excuse me, I pray,
For seeming so rude,
But it is for your good;

"I really do think —"
(This he says with a wink!)
"You have eaten a slice
Too much of young mice!"

—E. E. B.

JIMMY'S FRIEND.

JIMMY had a friend.
His friend was a little red calf.
No little boys lived near Jimmy.
So he was glad he had the little red calf for company.

They had many good times together.

Every morning Jimmy took Bossy out of the barn.

He tied her with a long rope to a tree in the field.

There she could eat grass all day and lie down in the shade.

He led her back to the barn every night.

But Bossy was not always willing to be led.

When she was left to go as she pleased she would as soon go one way as another.

But when Jimmy tried to lead her she would pull back to go in the way Jimmy did not want her to go.

The moment she felt Jimmy pull on the rope she would act naughty.

She looked very funny when she shook her little red head at him.

Did Jimmy get angry and tug

hard at the other end of the rope?

O, no!

Jimmy knew what do. He turned Bossy around.

Then he made believe to pull her the other way.

Of course Bossy would back the other way then. But this time it would be just as Jimmy wanted her to go at first.

Jimmy always enjoyed this fun.

Bossy had her way, and he had his, at the same time.

But this was the only fault Bossy had.

She was very happy and frisky. Sometimes she would start up and run across the field as fast as she go.

Then Jimmy had to let go the rope.

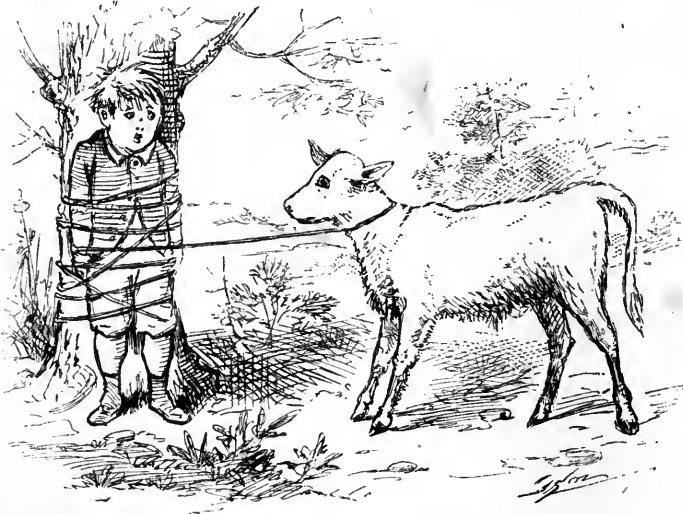
If he did not, Bossy would drag him along, and the rope would cut his hands.

Sometimes he would fall down on the grass.

Once Jimmy tried to stop Bossy by a trick.

He let her go past a tree on one side while he went on the other.

Instead she ran around and around the tree so very fast that the rope was wound round and round and round Jimmy himself.



THE WRONG ONE IS STOPPED.

He thought the rope would come against the tree, and stop her.

But Bossy was not stopped.

Before he could think he was bound hand and foot to the tree.

Then Bossy stopped and looked at him.

Then she came up closer.

Then she began chewing the leg of his trousers. She gnawed a great hole before Jimmy's cries brought some one to help him.

He thought the rope would come against the tree, and stop her.

Jimmy did not try another trick on his little friend, Bossy.

This is a true story.

BUMBLE BEE IN PRISON.

ONE day Bumble Bee staid out among the flowers the whole afternoon.

He flew as fast as he could from one blossom to another, to see which was the sweetest.

He knew he liked white clover best.

The blossom of the clover is a bundle of cups.

At the bottom of each cup there is a very small drop of honey.

But the bees can find it, and the bees can get it out.

The drops of honey in white clover are sweeter than the drops of honey in red clover.

He knew he liked clover best; but all this afternoon he had been flying

in a garden where there was no clover.

About four o'clock he paid a visit to Holly Hock.

Holly Hock had a very tall stalk. Her pink flowers were at the top of this stalk.

Bumble Bee went into one of these pink flowers.

He sat down to rest, and to eat the sweet food he found there.

The wind rocked the stalk backwards and forwards.

He felt as if he was in a pretty pink cradle.

By and by he grew sleepy.

He felt so sleepy that he forgot all about going home. It was very nice to lie in the pink cradle.

By and by something made a noise and woke Bumble Bee.

He stretched his legs.

Then he stretched his wings.

Then he thought he would go home.

But when he tried to get out he could not find the door.

He went around and around, but he could not find any door.

Holly Hock had shut up her leaves and twisted them together closely, just as we shut up our houses at

night and fasten the doors.

Bumble Bee felt vexed for a moment.

But he soon went to sleep again, and did not wake until morning.

Then he heard a loud voice close to him.

The voice belonged to Hatty.

Hatty was a little girl who loved to get up early and run into the garden and sing and shout.

When Bumble Bee heard her he began to buzz and hum and try to get out.

But Holly Hock had not yet opened the doors.

By and by Bumble Bee heard Hatty speak:

"Oh! what do I hear? I believe there is a bee shut up in this flower! I mean to pick it off and carry it into the house to show to Aunt Sarah."

Then she broke off the top of the tall stalk.

Bumble Bee was whirled around and tossed from one side to the other. He felt very much frightened.

Hatty heard his loud buzzing. She thought she would just take one peep at him.

So she began to pull open the

pink leaves of the shut-up flower.

By this time Bumble Bee was quite angry with little Miss Hattie.

Hatty dropped the stalk, and began to cry. She ran into the house.

Her finger ached badly.

It swelled up, and became hard and red.

Aunt Sarah got some salt and put on it, and did everything she could to cure it.

Bumble Bee flew in after Hattie. He wished to see if she was hurt very bad.

After a while Hatty's finger felt better.

This taught Hatty to be more careful how she handled creatures that could sting.

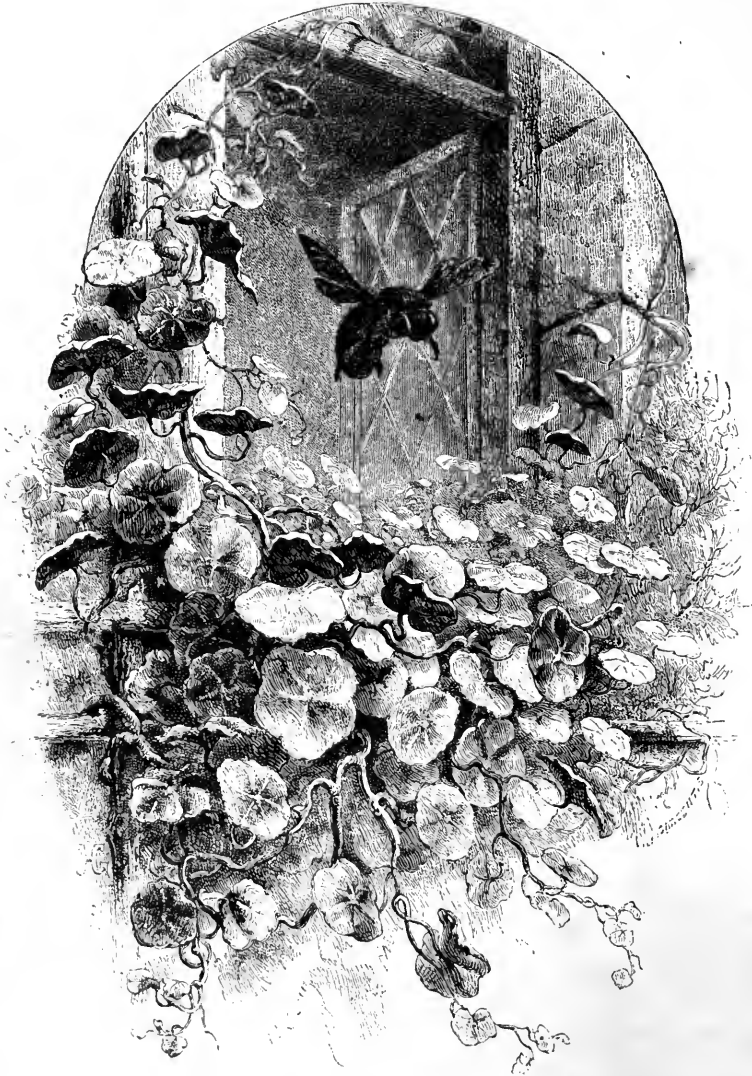
Bumble Bee laughed as he flew out of the window to go home.

"Holly Hock played a fine joke on me," he said, "but I played as good a one on that naughty little Miss Hatty. I do not think she

He pushed through the opening and took hold of Hatty's finger and stung it just as hard as he could.

will wish to wake up a sleeping bee again, very soon."

—M. E. N. H.



BUMBLE BEE LAUGHS AND STARTS FOR HOME.

LITTLE FOLKS READER.

Edited by the Editors of WIDE AWAKE and BABYLAND.

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HOW SALLY STUDIED GEOGRAPHY.

SALLY was a little Primary school-girl.

She was a very small young per-



SALLY STARTS.

son, and she lived in a very small village.

But this very small Sally had very big thoughts.

She always heard all that her teacher said.

She always remembered all she heard.

She had long known there was a

large world outside of the small village, and she wished she could see it.

Every day at school she heard about hills, and mountains, and rivers.

Her teacher drew pictures of them on the black-board.

Sally copied these pictures on her slate, and wished she could see a real river, a real mountain, a real hill.

One night, after school, she tied on



SALLY RESTS.

her pink sun-bonnet, and started off to see what she could find.

It was almost sunset, but Sally thought she could walk a mile, and get back before dark.

Sally knew that roads were measured into miles, just as cloth is measured into yards.

She walked fast until she was out of the village.

Then she stopped and looked around.

How much land there was everywhere!

On one side of the road there was an open field.

Sally went into this field; for she thought she saw some hills there.

The field was full of hillocks. A hillock is a very small hill.

Sally ran down one and up another until she was tired.

Then she came back. She sat down on the road-side and looked about.

The hills over in the field seemed very large to her. Perhaps they were a range of mountains.

At one end of the field many trees stood together. Sally felt sure this was a forest.

She thought she could see water near the trees. Perhaps that was a river.

What a nice field! It was full of geography.

Sally thought she would ask her teacher to bring all the scholars to see it the next Saturday.

"Then I can go to the river," she said. "I must not go to-night, for after I rest some more I must go home."

You can see Sally meant to be a good girl. She did not mean to make her mamma worry.

But before she was quite rested it grew dark and she fell asleep.

Mamma did not know where she was. Mamma could not have found her.

But the doctor came along in his carriage. The moon shone and he



SALLY FALLS ASLEEP.

saw the wee white apron on the grass. He stopped his horse, and got out of his carriage.

"Bless me!" said he. "Here is little Sally Day fast asleep on the road-side!"

In ten minutes the small geography scholar was in her own little bed. Mamma's tears dropped on her face, but she did not wake.

When she woke next morning her

throat was sore, and her shoulder ached, and mamma looked very sober.

Then Sally knew she had done wrong. But she had not meant to.

—E. F. P.

JOCKO'S NEEDLE-BOOK.

ONE morning after the children had gone to school, Mrs. Lee took out her work-basket and sat down to sew.

She put on her pretty silver thimble. She opened her needle-book.

There was not a needle in it!

She was surprised.

"Where *can* my needles be?" said she. "I am sure there were plenty here last night, when I sewed the buttons on Anna's apron.

"It must be that Jocko has had my basket. But I don't see how he could get it. And where *did* he put my needles?"

Jocko was a little monkey.

He was full of play and fun.

He amused the family very much.

They petted him and liked him, though they did not always like his

mischief. But they were patient with him.

Mrs. Lee looked in many places, but she couldn't find her needles.

She wanted a needle very much, for she was in a hurry about some work.

This was long ago, before there were any sewing-machines.

At last she had to put on her bonnet and shawl, and go out to buy some more needles.

She felt sure Jocko was the rogue.

Months afterwards, when house-cleaning time came, the needles were found.

Where do you guess they were?

They were sticking in the edge of the carpet, close to the wall. That was Jocko's needle-book!

—M. O. J.

NEDDY'S PETS.



"HERE'S A KITTY FOR YOU!"

NEDDY has a pony,
 Her name is "Jenny Stone;"
 He strokes her and he pats her,
 And rides her all alone.

He *had* a little kitten,
 Her name was "Nellie Gray;"
 He gave her to a lady,
 Who lives a mile away.

He has a little chicken,
 Her name is Miss "Bright Eyes;"
 And when she sees her master
 She lifts her wings and flies.

He has a big Newfoundland dog,
 His name is "Faithful Tray;"
 Both Nedly and his doggie
 Were five years old in May.

He has a baby-sister,
 His best and dearest pet—
 What do you think *her* name is?
 She hasn't any yet.

—K. L.

A GOOD DOG.

He was a shaggy shepherd-dog
 with large, bright eyes.
 His name was Fritz.
 He lived in Switzerland.

His master had a cottage on a
 mountain.

The family lived there in summer,
 because they wished their flocks to

feed on the sweet mountain grass.

In winter they moved down into another house in the valley.

Earlier than usual, one year, there came a great snow-storm.

The family were in the cottage on the mountain.

They had meant to move next day to their winter house in the valley.

The snow fell until it covered the house on the mountain.

There was a great wall of snow against the doors and windows.

They could not get out.

There was little to eat in the house.

There was little wood to burn.

The family felt very anxious.

At last the shepherd said, "There is



FRITZ STARTS OFF FOR HELP.

but one thing to do. I will push Fritz up the chimney. I think he can get out on the roof. If he gets out he will go down to the valley. Some one will see him. Then they will come and help us."

Then he told Fritz he must go down

to the valley and bring help.

The dog seemed to understand. He looked up into his master's face and wagged his tail and ran to the door.

The shepherd put him up the chimney as far as he could.

The dog held on with his paws and scrambled up.

At last he came out on the roof.

Then he leaped off, and plunged away through the snow.

It was very dark in the cottage all day. Not a ray of light could come in through the snow.

They listened all night for Fritz to come back! It was very lonesome, and the children cried.

Sometime the next day they heard a faint bark.

"That is Fritz!" the children shouted. "He is coming!"

Soon they heard voices. Then they heard men's feet stamping about on the roof.

At last the men found the door. The children heard them shovelling

away the snow as fast as they could.

By and by the door was opened.

Fritz sprang in with glad barks.

He licked the children's faces. The children kissed him.

The men had brought food.

After they ate the food, they went down to their home in the valley.

Their neighbors had built good fires, and the house was warm and comfortable. A nice dinner was ready for them.

The children never forgot that night on the mountain.

They used to put their arms around the dog, and say, "Good, good Fritz! If you had not helped us we should have died under the snow."

This is a true story.

—M. O. J.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE EARTH.

My two little brothers, Jimmy and Johnny, think it is slow work to learn to read.

What would they think if they were little Chinese boys, and had to learn to read the Chinese language?

Jimmy and Johnny have only twenty-six letters to learn.

The Chinese children have more letters to learn than ten little boys could count in an hour, if they counted all the time.

There are many thousands of letters for Chinese pupils to learn.

When a little Chinese boy repeats his lesson he does not stand facing the teacher.

He stands with his back to the teacher.

If the little Chinese pupil makes a mistake in his recitation, what do you suppose the teacher does?

The teacher gives him a sharp tap

on the head with the metal smoking-pipe which he always carries about with him.

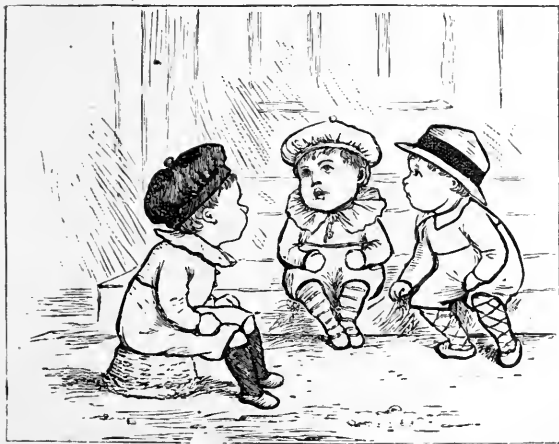
This tap hurts; for the Chinese children have their heads shaved close.

The taps fall on their bare heads.

You may be sure the little Chinese pupils pay good attention to their recitations.

—E.

WHAT IF?



THE THREE LITTLE BOYS WHO WORRIED.

THREE little boys on the door-step sat.

All three were rosy, and fair, and fat.

But out on the grass lay white snow-flakes;
The April clouds were making mistakes.

“Now you don’t suppose,” says Dicky
Dear,
“That perhaps there won’t be flowers
this year?”

“Oh, nobody knows,” says Tommy
Jinks,
“Nobody knows what the weather
thinks!”

“If no one knows,” cries Hop-o’-my-
Thumb,

“If no one knows what’s going to
come,

“The rose may be brown instead of red,
But, sir, if she is, off goes her head!”

And then the three, as quick as a
whiff,
Began to sob, “What if! What if!”

Tommy Jinks said “Oh!” and Dick
said “oh!”

And Hop-o'-my-Thumb, he, too, said
so.

They meant to weep; but the sun
came out,

And off they ran with a happy
shout.

WHAT HAPPENED IN A GARDEN.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

I. — THE WEED.

It was many hundred years ago.

It was in a king’s garden.

The queen and her little princes
used to walk in this garden every
pleasant day.

The sons of queens are called
princes.

All sorts of beautiful flowers grew
in this garden.

There was a high wall all around
this garden, and in one corner, close
to this wall, there sprang up a plain
little plant.

This plant looked like a common
weed.

For a long time no one in the
palace knew that the weed was in
the garden.

The flowers were not kind to it.

The bright red roses would not
look at it.

The tall white lilies felt that it had
no right to be in a king’s garden.

But the little weed staid there, and
grew and grew.

II. — THE WORM.

One day, when the plant had grown
to be quite large, a small ugly worm
crept up its stem.

“The rose and the lily both shook

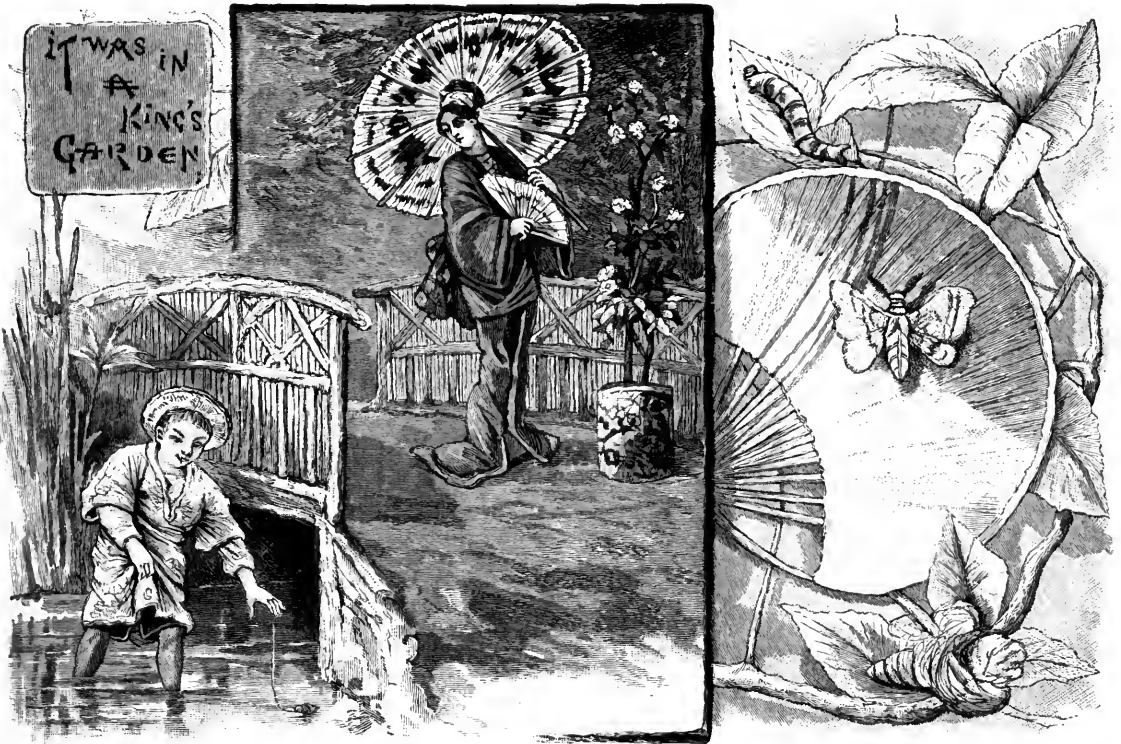
me off," said the worm, "so I have come to you."

"What do you want of me?" said the weed, in a kind voice.

"A place to rest, and something to

eat," said the worm. "I feel as though I *must* have something to eat."

"Poor thing," said the weed, "I am sorry for you. See, I have plenty



IN THE KING'S GARDEN.

of leaves. Take just as many as you want."

So the hungry worm began to nibble the fresh green leaves. How good they tasted! It ate and ate.

By and by the worm grew sleepy. The kind weed did not try to

shake the tired creature off.

The worm stayed many days, for the kind weed did not like to send it away. It grew very plump and round, as it ate all the time. It was also a prettier color; one could almost see through it.

III.—WHAT THE WORM DID.

At last the worm began to spin a web around itself and from leaf to leaf.

The weed wondered what this strange visitor would do next.

The worm spun round and round itself without stopping.

The threads came out of its mouth.

They grew finer and whiter, and the web thicker and thicker.

In shape this web began to look like a bird's egg.

"I do believe it is building itself a little house," said the weed, "and means to stay here always."

By-and-by the worm was shut up in the soft little house it had spun for itself.

There was no door, no window.

The worm came out no more.

IV.—WHAT THE LITTLE PRINCE FOUND.

A few days after this the queen was walking up and down the garden in the shade of the high wall.

One of the little princes was with her.

To-day he saw the weed in the corner. He ran to pull it up.

There must be no tall weed like

that in his father's beautiful garden.

As he put out his hand to pull it up, he saw a curious white ball among the leaves.

What could it be?

He picked it off carefully.

He carried it to the queen.

She had never seen anything like it before.

She shook it up and down in her hands.

Something seemed to rattle inside the ball.

She was standing on one of the pretty bridges in the garden.

As she turned to go back to the palace, the soft little ball rolled out of her hand.

It dropped into the stream of water below.

The little prince ran down the bank to find his pretty plaything.

He waded out into the water.

He caught the tiny ball before it floated out of sight.

But something had happened to it.

Had the water opened it?

There was now a hole at one end.

There was a long fine thread hanging out at the other end.

This thread began to unwind just like his kite string.

Then a pretty little butterfly came out.

It brushed against his hand.

It must have been fast asleep inside the ball.

The little prince ran up the bank and told his mother.

V.—THE GREAT DISCOVERY.

The wonderful ball was taken to the palace.

Wise men from far and near came to see it.

It was the first silk worm's cocoon that had ever been unrolled.

This worm was a silk worm.

The thread it spun into the web was a silk thread.

Such a web is called a cocoon.

You can see cocoons in the Natural History Rooms in Boston.

There are about thirteen thousand yards of silk thread in a cocoon.

In a few years the whole garden was planted full of weeds, like the one that had fed the hungry silk worm.

This weed was a young mulberry bush.

It had no beauty like the rose and the lily.

Its fruit was not worth much.

But its leaves were the right kind of food for the precious silk spinners.

So the proud roses and lilies had to move out and make room for the useful weed.

—B. E. E.

A. STORY ABOUT JOHNNY.



ANY years ago, when Johnny was a little boy, he had a pretty glass.

Johnny's father taught him to say these words before he drank his

milk out of this dainty glass:

“I wish you health, papa!”

It sounded very funny; for this is the way Johnny said it:

“Wis' 'ou hea'th, papa!”

One day he had been at play very hard.

Rolling hoop is hot, dusty work.

He was glad when he heard the dinner-bell.

He came to the table very hungry, very thirsty.

He caught up his glass in both hands.

He forgot all about the sweet little sentence for papa.

He was just going to drink, when papa said in a pleasant tone :



JOHNNY TRIES TO REMEMBER.

“Wait, my little man, what are you going to say to me?”

Johnny stopped. A bright red blush came on his cheek.

He put down his glass. He tried to remember.

But he was in a great hurry, and could n't think as well as he could sometimes.

So he said something he had often heard at table :

“Help 'self, papa !”

Then up came the glass again. Johnny's milk was out of sight the next minute.

Papa laughed.

“That will do for this time, little boy,” said he.

“It is good advice, anyway. If papa gets into hard places, he will try to do as Johnny says—‘help himself.’”

—M. J.

ROB'S QUEER FRIEND.

It lived in the sand-bank.

One morning it came up the path to the kitchen door.

It hopped across the stone steps. With one tremendous hop it landed on the door-sill.

With funny little jerks it crossed the kitchen-floor.

Then it sat down near the stove.

It looked like a big, brown dump-ling.

It had queer little legs doubled up

under its fat body. It was spotted with spots of darker brown.

No, it was *not* an ugly toad. It was a very pretty toad, Rob said.

Rob was down on the floor looking at it.

He thought it was asleep.

Soon a fly came buzzing along.

The big, wide mouth flew open. Out leaped a long, red tongue; the fly was snapped in and swallowed.

Then Mrs. Toad went to sleep again, until another fly came along.

She came into the kitchen for her breakfast of flies several mornings.

Rob was very polite to his new friend. He returned all her calls. He spent many hours at the sand bank.

Sometimes, when he went early in the morning, he found her scraping sand into her house.

He found she always did this when she was to be gone a little while.

She scraped the sand down from above the hole with her little fore-feet.

Rob thought he would like to see what it was she covered up.

So one day, after she had gone, he took away the sand with a small stick.

What do you think he found?

Nine little toadies. They were about as big as hickory nuts.

Rob put back all the sand.

He smoothed it over the little toads just as he found it.

I do not think the mother toad ever knew that her house had been broken into, or that Rob had seen her babies.

—S. P. B.

WHO PLAYED THE PIANO?

"Go up stairs, Perry dear, and see who is in the parlor," said mamma.

Perry's mamma was making cake down in the kitchen.

She heard some one playing "*do, re, mi, fa, sol,*" on the piano up-stairs.

Who could it be?

The boys were in school. Mary had gone down town. No one of the family was up-stairs.

"*Do, re, mi, fa, sol,*" said the piano very distinctly.

“Run, Perry dear, and see who is in the parlor,” said she again. “Mamma will come up soon.”

Perry was only five years old. He was very fat, very slow, and he did not like to go up-stairs alone. He was afraid of strangers.

But when his mamma spoke so kindly he went up.



THE ROGUE.

He put down his feet very hard on every stair to frighten away anybody who was up there.

He looked in the parlor. He did not see any one.

He went back into the hall and called, “No, mamma, it is nobody!”

“Nobody could not play the piano,” said his mother.

As soon as Perry was back in the kitchen, they all heard the piano again.

“*Do, re, mi, fa, sol,*” it said; and then a “*do*” sounded up very high.

“Some one is trying to play a joke on us,” said Perry’s mamma.

Then Bridget went up to see who was there.

All was still.

She looked behind the doors.

She looked under the sofa.

No one was there.

“The child is right,” she said.

“Nobody is in the room.”

But all the time two bright eyes were peeping out from behind a long lace curtain.

This curtain hung at the window near the piano.

As soon as Bridget was down-stairs again, “*do, re, mi, fa, sol, si,*” went the piano.

“I will go up myself this time,” said Perry’s mamma.

She went very fast and still.

She heard a noise like some one running softly.

But she could not find any one.

“I will stay outside and watch,” she said.

She went out softly and stood behind the door.

Very soon she heard the piano

again, "*do, re, mi, mi, mi.*"

She peeped in.

There was Perry's own pet kitty standing on the keys of the piano.

She was looking at her face in the shining wood, and stepping about.

"Oh, you little rogue!" said she.

Then Pussy sprang down and ran behind the curtains. Her eyes shone.

She knew that she was a rogue.

Pussy was fond of music. Mary often had played for her. So when she saw the piano open she thought she would make music for herself.

After that, Perry often put her up on the piano keys.

He called her "The Musical Cat."

—K. T. W.

THE LOST CHICKENS.

"CLUCK, cluck! cluck, cluck!" called the mother-hen,

"Some harm has come to my chickens, I fear;

I counted this morning, and then there were ten;

Now four are gone, and but six are here."

"Peep, peep! peep, peep!" four chickens replied,

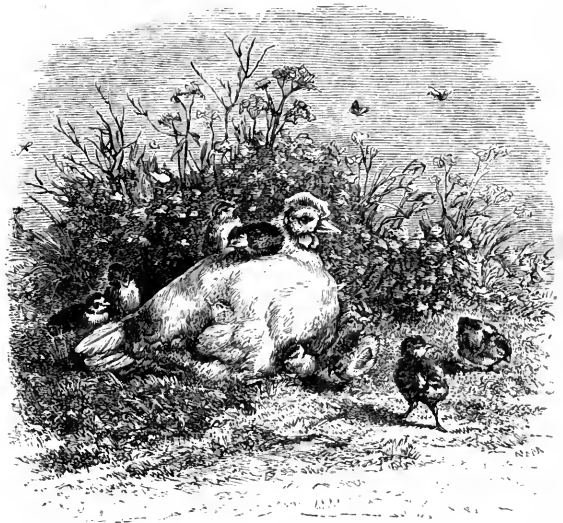
As they sipped the dew from a burdock leaf;

"We must hurry back to our mother's side,

She is calling us now with a voice of grief."

Then away to her side they ran again,

Leaving the dainty drink they had found;



"ALL SAFE AND SOUND."

"Cluck, cluck! cluck, cluck!" said the mother-hen,

"Here are my ten, all safe and sound."

—M. E. N. H.

AN EASTER FLOWER.

AT Easter time a lady gave Lily a lily.

The little girl, Lily, had pink cheeks and dark hair.

her two frosted cocoanut cakes instead of one.

She still looked very cross when her mamma's friend put the Easter flower in her hand.

But no one can sit and look at a white lily and feel cross.

As the little girl looked down at this great white flower in her hand, she began to feel gentle and kind.

A sweet thought came into heart. She placed the great white lily in a vase.

She carried it down into the kitchen. She set it on the window sill.

"This is for you, cook," she said.

Cook was so surprised she could not speak, but she kissed Lily's cheek.

The beautiful Easter flower has faded.

But its sweet spirit has not faded, for cook and Lily have been polite and pleasant to each other ever since.



THE FLOWER THAT MADE LILY GOOD.

The flower, lily, had white leaves and a golden heart.

Lily had just been naughty. She had kicked with her little foot at cook, because cook would not give

LITTLE FOLKS READER.

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THE WAY TO SCHOOL.

THIS is the way George and Jenny go to school.

First they go and stand up before their mother and open their lips wide.

She looks at their teeth, and if they are clean and white she says, "All right, children."

Then they hold up their hands so that their mother can see them.

She looks at the palms, the backs, the nails, the wrists.

If they are nicely washed and cleaned, she says again, "All right."

Then each child kisses her cheek, and she kisses their foreheads and says, "Good-bye, little ones."

They say, "Good-bye, we will be good scholars to-day."

Then they start off on a run. They run until they come to Mr. Baker's garden.

Then they stop and peep through the palings at the lovely flowers.



GEORGE AND JENNY.

They cannot run by the lovely flowers without one look at them.

"I like the tulips, they are so gay," says George.

"Let's count the colors," says Jenny.

"There are crimson, and scarlet, and deep yellow, and light yellow ones, and brownish ones, and striped red and white ones," says Jenny.

"Six," says George, who has counted.

Then on they go.

They run by Miss Perkins' house because there is a big dog there who sometimes runs out and barks at them.

His name is Spot. Spot never



THE DOG THAT BARKS.

bites; but the children do not like his barking. Jenny thinks he would bite, if he could catch them.

They walk quite slowly by the little shop on the corner.

They like to look at the toys in

the windows of this gay little shop.

George looks at the tin soldiers and the boxes of marbles. The marbles have as many colors as the tulips.

Jenny looks at the little dolls. She likes best the little doll that sits in a swing and looks as if it were going very fast.

Next they come to the bridge over the creek.

They stop a minute or two to look over the railing.

They see the water below run over the stones.

They see the tiny minnows swim about.

They open their lunch box, and take a little piece off one of the slices of bread.

They break the bread into crumbs.

They throw the crumbs of bread down to the minnows.

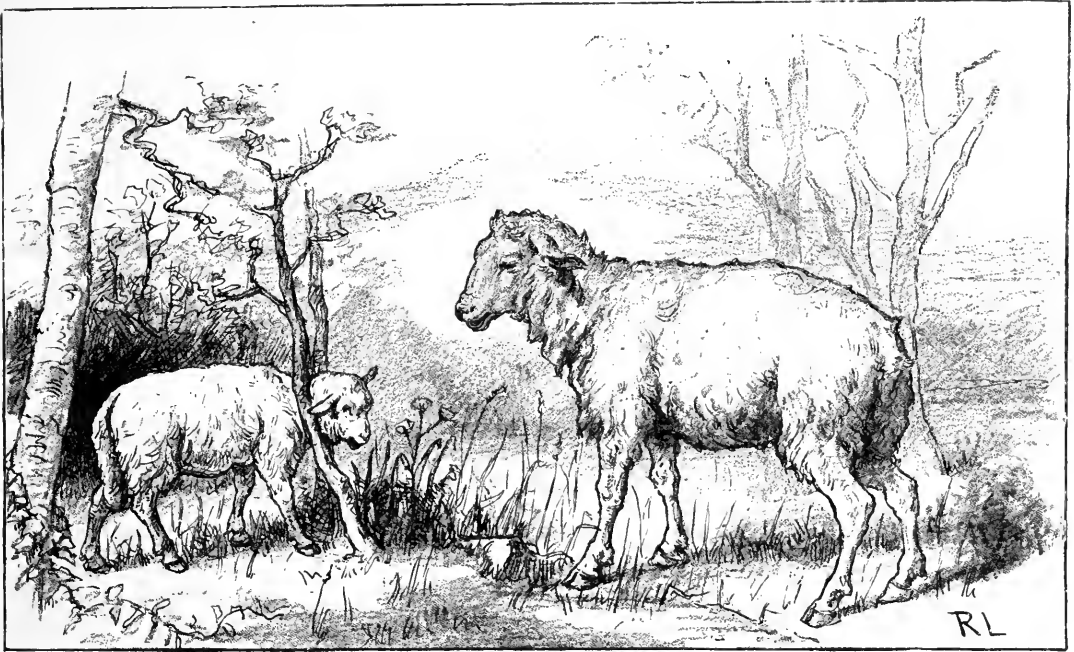
The minnows dart up to the surface and eat the crumbs.

Then they hear the nine o'clock bell ringing.

Then they run very fast.

Almost always they reach school in time.

—S. E. S.



"I THINK I WILL GO AND TELL MASTER JOE."

A GOOD MOTHER

"PATTER, patter," came four small feet up the hard path.

"Clatter, clatter," came the same small feet across the porch.

They stopped before the open door.

In came a pink nose. A long wooly face followed.

Two big eyes looked all about. These eyes were pale gold color. They had white lashes. Instead of eye-brows they had something like a cap-border of thick, soft wool. Growing out through the thick, soft

wooly cap were two small ears.

"There's your sheep," said Alice.

Yes, there was a sheep standing right in the doorway.

"Why, Nanny," said Joe, "how did you come here?"

"Ba-a," answered Nanny.

Her voice trembled. The tears almost stood in her golden eyes.

Joe was sure there was some trouble. He spoke to Nanny kindly: "We'll go and see about it."

"Ba-a," answered Nanny.

Off Joe and Nanny went together down the green lane to the sheep pasture.

The gate stood open. Nanny trotted through. Joe followed.

Nanny went straight across the open field to the edge of the woods.

There, in a thicket, stood a lamb, Nannie's own little white lamb.

Its poor little head had been caught in the bushes.

It was held fast between two stubborn little oaks. It couldn't stir.

Joe pulled away one of the little trees.

He lifted the lamb carefully out. He gently placed it beside its mother.

"Ba-a-a" said Nanny to Joe in a very loud tone.

There were ten thanks in that "Ba-a-a."

"Ba-a-a," said Nanny's lamb in a very small tone.

There were ten thanks in that "Ba-a-a" too.

Was not Nanny a wise sheep to go to the house and tell her master that she was in trouble?

—S. P. B.

THE TWO HOUSEKEEPERS.

My two little girls, Mayette and May,
Keep house like mamma every day.

Each little girl has all to herself
The whole of a great wide closet
shelf.

They move about the furniture
small,
In parlor, kitchen, bedroom and hall.

They sweep and wash, they boil and
bake,

And pretty suits for their dolls they
make.

Each small playhouse is neat and as
bright
As a brand-new pin, from morn
till night.

And Grandma says, "'tis pleasant to
see

What tidy dears they're learning
to be.

—M. E. N. H.

ANOTHER QUEER POLICEMAN.



A GOOD POLICEMAN.

DID you read the story called, "A Queer Policeman," in the *March Little Folks' Reader*?

I did.

It made me think of another queer policeman.

This other policeman is a tortoise-shell cat.

Tortoise-shell cats are black, with yellow spots.

This policeman keeps the peace between my baby brother and a big red rooster.

My mother puts Baby in his little carriage.

She gives him a piece of bread. She draws him out into the green yard under the trees.

The tortoise-shell cat always follows them out into the green yard.

"Now, Puss," my mother says, "you must take care of Baby!"

Then she goes into the house.

The tortoise-shell cat sits down beside the carriage.

She looks as stern as any policeman you ever saw.

By and by the big red rooster comes up to the carriage.

He stretches out his long neck.

He tries to take away Baby's bread.

Then the tortoise-shell cat springs up at him, and drives him away.

The hens stand at a distance and look on. They dare not come near the carriage.

The red rooster walks round and round, but he does not dare come back.

It is always safe to leave Baby with the tortoise-shell cat. She

never scratches, nor bites him. She never takes away his bread.

Is not the tortoise-shell cat a good policeman?

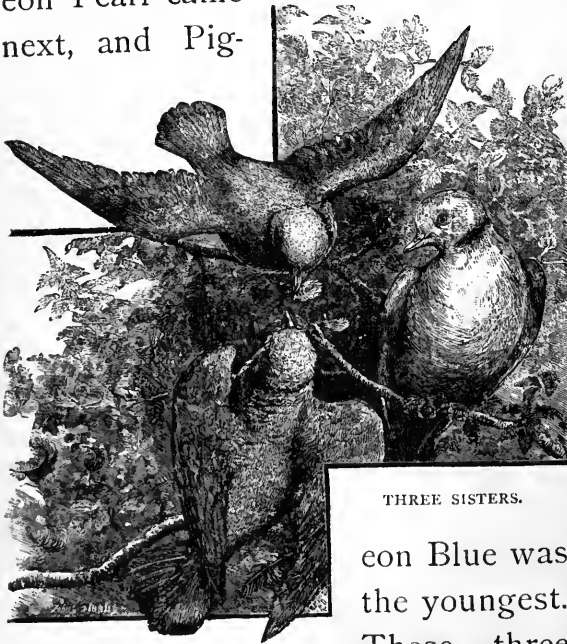
I think she ought to have a shiny collar to wear on her neck. Don't you think she deserves it ?

— K. L.

THE TROUBLES OF PIGEON BLUE.

THE three doves, Pigeon Snow, Pigeon Pearl, and Pigeon Blue, were sisters.

Pigeon Snow was the eldest, Pigeon Pearl came next, and Pigeon



THREE SISTERS.

on Blue was the youngest. These three

doves lived in a pretty dove-cote.

Pigeon Snow and Pigeon Pearl were happy doves; but Pigeon Blue was full of trouble.

Her two sisters spoiled all her comfort.

Pigeon Snow was always saying "Don't, don't, Blue!" and then Pigeon Pearl would say it after her, "Don't, Blue! Don't!"

It was so in winter, it was so in summer.

In winter Pigeon Blue could never sit out on the roof of the dove-cote with any comfort.

"Don't go out, Blue!" Pigeon Snow would say. "It is just the day for the hawks to see you."

"Don't go, dear Blue," Pearl would say, "for the hawks will get you."

Pigeon Blue might have paid some attention to what her sisters said, if the hawks ever had got her.

But the hawks never had got her.

So Pigeon Blue felt her sisters did not know what they were talking

about; and she went out and sat on the roof of the dove-cote as much as she liked.

Now it was summer; and the hawks could not see them as they sat up in the apple trees.

The leaves were thick, and hid them from the hawks.

They could see the hawks sailing overhead, but the hawks could not see them.

But Pigeon Blue took no comfort.

Snow and Pearl did not like it because she flew down into Mrs. Bly's hen-yard after corn.

"I would not go there, dear sister Blue," said Snow. "Bessy Bly's big gray cat is often in the yard. She will catch you some day."

"Yes, dear Blue," said Pearl, "the big gray cat will catch you if you go there."

Now, if the gray cat ever had caught her, Pigeon Blue might have paid some attention to the advice.

But the gray cat had never caught her.

So Pigeon Blue flew down and ate corn with the hens as often as she liked.

But one day the gray cat did catch

Pigeon Blue. He carried her in his mouth into the kitchen.

"Come here, sir!" said cook in a sharp voice.

The gray cat was always well-fed, so he was not hungry.

He let the cook take the trembling dove out of his mouth.

Pigeon Blue was not much hurt, and Bessy Bly carried her home to the dove-cote.

After that, Pigeon Blue believed the cat would catch her, and she staid at home.

She never flew down after corn again.

But she did not believe that a hawk would catch her.

When it came winter again she went up as usual, and sat on the roof in the sunshine.

Pigeon Snow and Pigeon Pearl begged her to come down.

But she would not.

"Pshaw!" said she. "The hawks won't touch me.

"Besides, I am so nearly the color of the roof, they won't see me.

"If they catch anybody it will be that white hen in the doorway of the barn. She is white. She can

be seen at a very great distance."

But one day a hawk came down—
pounce!

Off he sailed with something in
his claws.

It was not the white hen.

It was Pigeon Blue.

Then Pigeon Blue believed that
the hawks would catch her.

But it was too late. There was
no kind cook to save her from being
eaten.

This time no one brought her back.

— E. F. P.



POPPING CORN.

WHEN the long winter evenings
come, Frank and Lizzie and mamma
like to pop corn.

They have a wire corn-popper with
a very long handle.

One night Frank wondered what
made the yellow corn turn white
when it popped.

He thought about it for a long
time.

But he could not find out.

At last he asked his mamma.

His mamma told him that the
yellow corn was white inside.

She told him that in each kernel
there is a little hole.

You would think there was noth-
ing in that little hole.

But there is.

This little hole is full of air.

When the air gets hot, it swells and grows too big to stay in the little hole.

When it gets very hot it bursts the kernel open, and the kernel turns

inside out, and we see the pretty white part of the corn.

Frankie said he understood it.

Do you?

—K. L.

WHAT A LITTLE PRINCE DID.

THIS is a story about an English boy.

His name is George; and the English people call him Prince George.

He lives across the ocean, in England.

The Prince of Wales is his papa.

The beautiful Princess Alexandra is his mamma.

Queen Victoria, the Queen of England, is his grandmamma.

His papa is rich, and Prince George lives in a large handsome house.

When Prince George was a very little boy, he had many servants to wait upon him. He had many teachers to teach him.

But Prince George was a merry little fellow, after all.

He liked fun just as other little boys do.

When little Prince George was about three years old, a new carpet was brought home for one of the parlors.

It was a velvet carpet.

It was covered with pretty flowers.

It was put down on the floor.

Then the Prince of Wales went into the parlor to look at it.

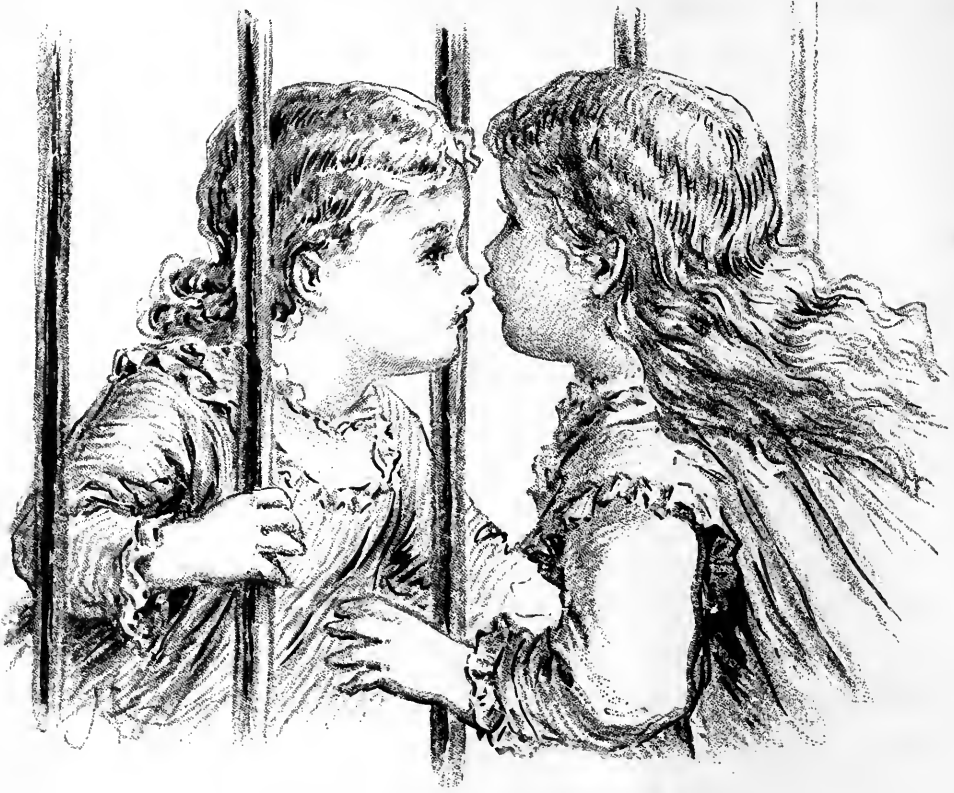
What do you think he saw?

He saw his little son, Prince George, in there. He had his little watering-pot in his hand.

Prince George was watering the pretty flowers on the new velvet carpet.

What do you suppose his papa said to him?

—K. L.



“GOOD-BY ! TIME TO GET READY FOR SCHOOL.”

POLLY-KATE.

ALL the little boys and girls whom I know, say they like to read stories about parrots.

This story is about a handsome green parrot, and it is true.

I knew this handsome green parrot when I was a little girl,

It belonged to my little school-mate, Kate.

Its name was Polly.

But this naughty parrot told everybody that its name was Polly-Kate!

Kate and I always went to school together. Our houses stood side by side, with a garden between them.

We played together in this garden, in the morning before school time.

When we were playing, we some-

times heard some one calling us:

"Girls! girls! come in! come in! Time to get ready for school!"

How we would run!

We would stop to kiss each other through the gate, then Kate would run into her house, and I would run into my house.

"Why are you in such a hurry?" the maid often asked.

"Is it not time for school?" I would answer,

"No," she would say. "I think Polly has cheated you again."

Then we would run back into the garden.

One day Kate's mamma said to me, "Jenny, you must take dinner with Kate to-day. I shall have roast duck."

"Quack! quack! quack!" called Polly-Kate from her cage.

So I went home to dinner with Kate.

Kate's papa was late that day, and Polly grew hungry.

At last Kate's papa came, and we sat down to dinner.

Polly-Kate stood in her cage and looked down at us. She bowed her head just as we did, when grace was

said, and looked like a good parrot.

Every day, as soon as grace was said, Kate's papa put a potato on a fork, and the servant gave it to Polly.

Then Polly-Kate would say, "O, my! thanks! thanks!"

But Kate's papa said a very long grace this time.

Polly-Kate did not like it.

She was very, very hungry.

She shook her head again and again.

At last, she could not be patient any longer.

"Say amen!" she screamed. "Polly-Kate wants potato!"

Because we laughed, Polly-Kate thought she had done right. She grew very fond of saying "amen."

At last she always was carried down into the kitchen at dinner time.

But I think the mischief Polly-Kate liked best, was to call us in from our play in the garden.

Sometimes she would speak like Kate's mamma.

Sometimes she would speak like my mamma.

She could make her voice sound like the voice of anybody in either

family. She liked to do that.

“Quick! quick, girls!” she would call. “You will be late!”

Then when we came into the house, out of breath lest we should be late, the naughty rogue would stand in her

cage and laugh as hard as she could.

“Such fun! such fun!” she would say.

Polly-Kate liked to see us vexed.

Was she not a rogue?

—K. T. W.

DOLLY'S MISTAKE.

Dolly was a black horse. She was handsome. She was spirited. She was also gentle.

Dolly sometimes drew a chaise. But she oftener carried a lady on her back.

This lady petted her.

She sometimes gave Dolly apples.

She sometimes gave Dolly sugar.

She sometimes gave Dolly cake.

Dolly was let out every day to eat the green grass, and run about.

Dolly could be trusted. She would not go away.

The lady often sat by one of her parlor windows. It was a sunny south window. At this window the lady could see the clover meadows, the green woods and the hazy hills. She liked to sit by this window

and sew, or read, or write letters.

Black, handsome Dolly often came to this open window. She would often put her handsome, slender, black head into the room and look about, and put her nose in the lady's hand.

Then the lady would feed Dolly. She would talk to her and pat her glossy neck.

Then Dolly would take the apple, or the piece of cake, from the lady's hand. She would nod as if to say “thank you.”

Then she would trot off.

One day when Dolly came to the sunny south window, it was shut.

There was no one in the parlor.

But Dolly did not know anything about glass. She did not suppose there was anything in her way.

She put her handsome black head right through the window.



DOLLY IS SURPRISED.

Smash! smash!

The glass flew all about. It

scratched Dolly's handsome face.

What an astonished Dolly she was!

What a frightened Dolly she was!

She drew back.

She ran away down the hill.

She shook her head.

She waved her long tail. Her foretop blew up and down over her eyes.

In the shade of the old apple-tree she stopped at last.

There she stood and wondered what made that window act so bad.

It was a long time before she went up to that window again.

Her mistress could not coax her to come, with cake, nor apples, nor sugar.

BESSIE'S BASKET.

I.—THE SURPRISE.

ON the morning of Bessie's sixth birthday she found some pretty presents beside her plate at breakfast.

One was a china doll.

It had blue eyes and flaxen hair.

It was dressed in a pink gingham gown like one of Bessie's own gowns.

Another present was a pretty book with gay covers. It had pictures on almost every leaf.

"How lovely!" cried Bessie.

But the prettiest and dearest present was a tiny basket.

This basket had a cover and a handle.

It was woven of splints.

Some of these splints were colored red, some green, and some white.

Bessie cried out with joy when she saw the dainty little thing.

"Oh! oh! who could have given me such a nice basket? Was it you, mamma?"

"No, my dear, guess again."

"Papa, then, surely."

"Guess once more."

"Brother Frank, I think."

"See if there is anything in it," said mamma.

Bessie took it up from the table.

She found it was heavy.

Then she peeped in.

What do you think she saw?

A tiny note with "Bessie Clarke, Fayette, N. Y.," written upon it.

She opened this note. She found this written inside:

"A little basket, full of love
From cousin Mary Ladd;
A gift to little Bessie Clarke
To make her birthday glad."

"Cousin Mary sent it, mamma," said Bessie. "I think she is very kind indeed."

II. — THE CANDIES.

Under the note were some barley candies.

Mamma let Bessie eat two of the candies after breakfast.

Bessie would have liked to eat all that were in the basket. But she did not ask if she might.

She knew that too much candy would make her feel unwell.

After a few days Bessie's basket was empty.

She had given many of the candies to her schoolmates and to brother Frank, and had herself eaten one after dinner each day until they were gone.

Then she wished to use the precious basket.

But she could not find any way to do so.

It was too small to carry her sewing in to school.

It was too large to carry her little slate pencil in.

It was too square to carry her rubber ball in.

It was not deep enough to get her doll in and let the cover close.

So, for some time, she had to content herself with letting it stand on

her own little dressing bureau.

There she could often look at it and admire its colors, its shape, its pretty cover, and its slender handle.

III.—THE GOOSEBERRIES.

In the garden was a clump of gooseberry bushes.

By and by the berries grew ripe.

They had been green and hard.

Now they were purple and soft, and very sweet.

“Bessie,” said mamma, “you may fill your basket with gooseberries.”

Bessie ran to the garden and quickly filled it.

She counted as she dropped the berries in.

She found her basket held fifty berries.

In her class at school were six children besides herself.

She carried the basket and berries to school.

She gave seven berries to each of the three boys and three girls.

She kept seven for herself.

That took forty-nine.

There was one berry left in the basket.

“What shall we do with that

one?” said Bessie to her mates.

“Put it out on the gate-post for a bird to eat,” said one of the boys.

So she put the berry there, and after school it was gone.

For two or three weeks Bessie carried her basket of berries every day.

Every day she gave seven to each of her class-mates, and put one on the post for a bird.

Every day after school she looked on the post and the berry was gone.

But she never knew whether it was a bird, or a child, that took the berry, or whether it rolled off and was lost.

But she thought it was a bird.

She hoped it was a very handsome golden oriole that had a nest in a tree near the school-house.

When the gooseberries were gone the basket was placed once more on the bureau.

IV.—THE NUTS.

There it stood until autumn.

Then, when the nuts in the forest began to ripen, papa took Bessie and Frank out of the village to the wood to gather some.

Three-cornered glossy beechnuts rattled down from the trees.

The dear little basket was filled with these beechnuts. It held as

out from their green houses high up on the trees.



BESSIE PICKS FIFTY GOOSEBERRIES.

many as two hundred beechnuts.

Another day the basket held hard, white hickory-nuts that had tumbled

it came to little Bessie, now grown to be Aunt Bessie.

The prickly burrs of the chestnuts were opened by Jack Frost, and the shining nuts were found among the pretty brown leaves.

Bessie thought these chestnuts the prettiest nuts which the basket had held.

At Christmas time Bessie saw her dear basket hanging on the tree.

She said to her mamma, "I think it looks very pretty there. It is pretty everywhere. I mean to keep it always."

And she did keep it many years.

At last she gave it to her little niece on her sixth birthday.

It was filled with barley candies, just as it was so many years ago when

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Edited by the Editors of WIDE AWAKE and BABYLAND.

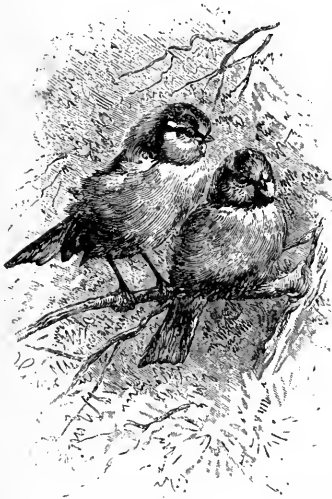
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75 cts. a year.
7 cts. a number.

MR. AND MRS. BROWN.

The Browns are my neighbors.
They came from the South some
weeks ago.



MR. AND MRS. BROWN.

There is a street of houses in one
of my garden trees. The Browns
took one of these houses.

After a few days I saw three pret-
ty eggs in the house.

These eggs were blue and white
with specks of brown at one end.

One day Mrs. Brown found another
egg in her house.

It was not a little blue and white
egg, like her own.

It was a great, brown, speckled
egg.

It was as large as the three blue
and white eggs put together.

Mrs. Brown looked at it.

Then she chirped to Mr. Brown to
come.

He came and looked at it too.

Then they flew up on the telegraph
wire and talked about it.

Mrs. Brown said, "I am afraid,

my dear, that this big egg may be something dreadful when it is hatched.

“Perhaps it will be one of those horrid creatures with such long tail feathers, and such loud voices, that scream so in the morning before the sun comes up!”

“My dear,” said Mr. Brown, “we will move at once!”

They left their pretty home and the four eggs.

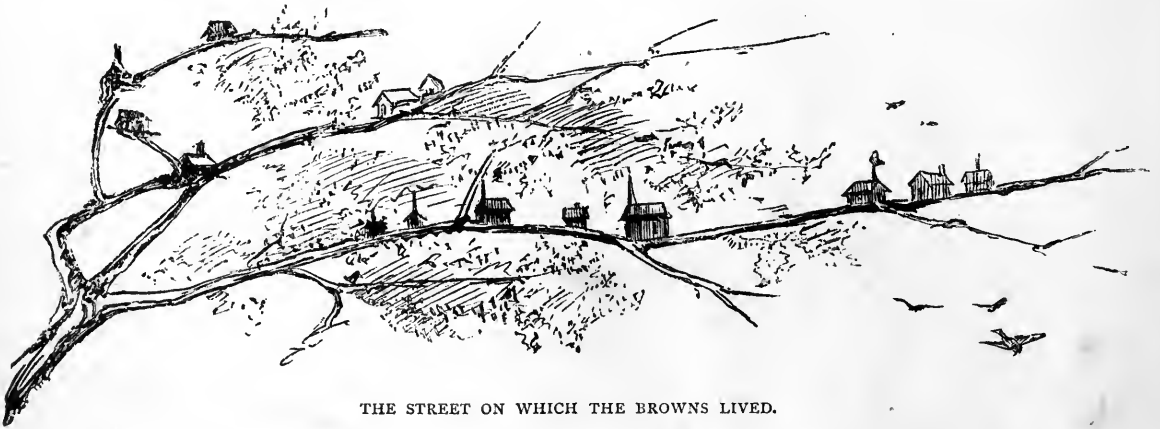
They moved into the next house.

Soon there were three small blue and white eggs in the new home.

The next week there was also one large brown one.

This time poor little Mrs. Brown spread her soft wings over them all.

She said nothing to Mr. Brown.



THE STREET ON WHICH THE BROWNS LIVED.

After a time there were in the house four baby birds.

Three baby birds were small, one was large.

In a few days the large bird filled half the house.

One of the baby Browns was crowded out, and fell to the ground and died.

In a week more the large bird

could not stay in the house. It sat in the door.

This large bird ate nearly everything the mother brought home.

The little Brown babies would push their heads from under his feathers and cry, “peep, peep,” for a share!

None of us know what kind of a bird the stranger will prove to be.

My little daughter, who watches

the Browns every day, does not like him very well.

She says, "He has no right to adopt himself into a home where he does not belong!"

Mr. and Mrs. Brown feel quite proud of him.

I hope he will turn out well, but I have my doubts about that bird!

—L. M. B.

SOME NAUGHTY 'T'S.

"I, I, I,"
Some little people cry:
"I won't, I can't,
I shall, I shan't —"
Oh, what a naughty I!

"I, I, I,"
Now hear them passing by:
"I han't, I be,
I are, I see —"
Oh, what a naughty I!

THE STORY OF PUSSY GARDNER.

CHAPTER I.—PUSSY'S HOME.

Pussy Gardner is a large black and white cat.

She is Grandma Gardner's cat.

She has lived with Grandma Gardner all her life, except one day and one night.

Grandma Gardner says she is a nice comfortable cat to live with.

Pussy knows every room in the Gardner house.

She can unlatch the doors; and she goes in and out as she pleases.

There is only one place where she cannot go.

That place is the cake closet. A big button has been put on the cake closet door.

Pussy knows the button was put on to keep her out of the closet, and she never tries to open that door.

If she was a naughty cat, she would try, every day, to jump up and

turn the button and get in.

Then Pussy Gardner would not be a nice comfortable cat to live in the house with, would she?



PUSSY GARDNER AMONG GRANDMA'S FLOWERS.

Pussy Gardner knows as much about the barn as she knows about the house.

She has caught many rats and

mice at the barn in the course of her long life.

But now she leaves this work for the two young cats to do.

Yet if a mouse comes into the house and frightens grandma, she is always ready to hunt it out and kill it.

In winter she lies on the rug before the fire.

In summer she likes to sit out doors among grandma's flowers.

CHAPTER III. — PUSSY'S GREAT TROUBLE.

Last summer Robby Gardner came to visit his grandmamma.

Robby Gardner is the same age as Pussy Gardner.

Both Robby and Pussy are nine years old.

Robby at once called

Pussy *his* cat.

He did not tease her, or hurt her, but Pussy did not want to be Robby's cat.

Robby did not let her have time enough to sleep.

When Robby talked about his cat, Pussy said, "No, I am Mrs. Gardner's cat."

When Robby went home he asked his grandmamma to let him carry Pussy with him.

Grandmamma said he might take her.

Pussy was astonished when grandmamma said that.

Grandpa put Pussy in a basket, and tied the cover on.

Then he put the basket in the wagon. Robby got in. They drove away to Robby's home.

Pussy did not enjoy the ride.

She said just what she thought about it. She said it in very loud tones.

By and by they came to Robby's house.

Robby shut all the doors. Then he took Pussy out of the basket.

He gave her a good dinner of bread and milk.

But Pussy would not eat a mouthful.

He made her a soft bed.

But Pussy would not lie down.

She went and sat by one of the doors. There she staid.

Pussy did not like the looks of things in Robby's house.

The doors had knobs instead of latches.

Pussy was sure she could not learn how to turn knobs.

They put her dinner in a handsome bowl.

There was a bright blue picture on this bowl.

But Pussy wanted her old tin basin.

CHAPTER III. — PUSSY'S ESCAPE.

Robby said everybody must be careful to keep the doors shut. They must not let his cat out.

But Robby's papa sat up late to read that night.

He forgot what Robby said.

He opened the back door too wide, and Pussy stepped through.

The next morning Robby could not find his cat, and he felt very sorry.

But Grandpa Gardner found her, and he felt very glad.

When he opened the door, there

was Pussy on the door-stone ready to come in.

Grandma took her up in her arms. "I don't see how we ever let her go away!" she said.

"I don't either," said Pussy. "For this is my home just as much as it is yours."

They never gave Pussy away again. But Pussy does not seem at all glad when Robby comes for a visit.

She is never seen on the morning when he goes home until after he is gone.

— *M. E. N. H.*

FACTS ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

Dick is the boy who wants to know things.

He has been to the Natural History Rooms in Boston.

In the large hall he saw the skeleton of a great animal.

Dick's big brother Tom said it was the skeleton of a mastodon.

This animal lived thousands of years ago. He lived before there were any men on the earth.

Then the animals, and the trees, and the flowers even, were unlike those now on the earth.

"How do you know?" asked Dick.

"By digging," answered Tom.

"Men often find parts of strange

trees and animals when they dig for the coal we burn.

"This big skeleton of the mastodon was dug out of the earth."

"Are there no mastodons now?" asked Dick.

"No," answered Tom; "the elephant is nearest like the mastodon of any animal now living."

"Tell me about the elephant, then," said Dick.

"Well," said Tom, "elephants live in the southern forests of Asia, and in Africa.

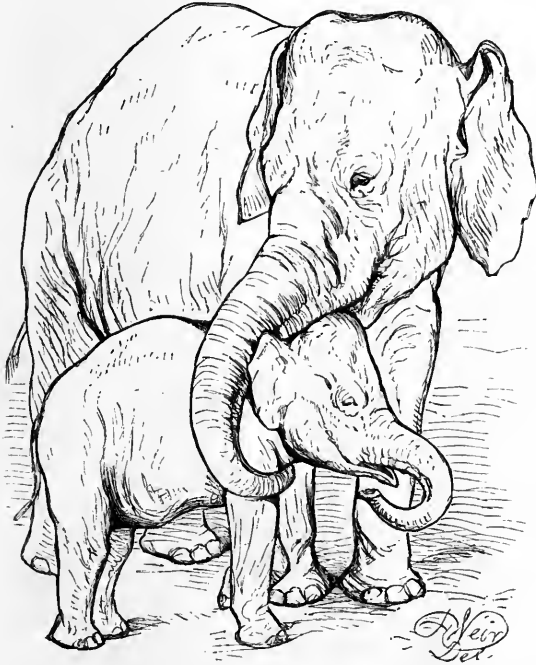
"They go in troops just as chickens go in flocks.

"They are usually as quiet and harmless as cows.

“They are the largest and heaviest animals on the earth.

“They have a thick, hairy skin; and their color is like that of the smallest of animals — the mouse.

“The African elephant is larger



THE ELEPHANT.

than the elephant that lives in Asia. He is also wilder.

“The Asiatic elephant is from seven to ten feet high. He weighs from three to four tons. A ton is 2240 pounds.

“The African elephant is often twelve feet high.

“His ears are three times as large as his cousin's in Asia. They are often five feet long and four feet wide.

“The people in Southern Africa use these huge ears for sledges.

“One of the strangest things about an elephant is his tusks.

“These tusks are really the eye teeth.

“They keep on growing as long as the elephant lives.

“They are often from six to ten feet long.

“They sometimes weigh two hundred pounds.

“These teeth are pure ivory. Paper folders, knife handles, and many beautiful articles, are made from this ivory.

“Sometimes a single elephant's tooth, or tusk, is worth one hundred dollars.

“And the elephant's nose is as strange as his eye teeth. It is called his trunk.

“It is four or five feet long, and tapers almost to a point.

“The trunk takes the place of an arm and hand.

“It can be stretched out and drawn

in. It can be moved in every direction.

“It is very strong; with it the elephant can pull up small trees.

“At the end is a sort of thumb; with this he can pick up a fine needle.

“He also gathers leaves and grass and puts them in his mouth with his trunk.

“So you see the elephant really feeds himself with his nose!

“The elephant can be easily trained and taught.

“In Asia and Africa the people keep elephants as we keep horses.

“They ride on them. They plow and work with them.

“Elephants will travel fifty miles a day.

“Wild elephants often go twenty miles at night after a drink of water.

“Their food is vegetable. One once kept in London ate two hundred pounds of vegetables a day, besides quantities of hay; and he often drank from sixty to eighty gallons of water.

“Elephants live to be one hundred and fifty and perhaps two hundred years old.”

“O-oo!” said Dick, as Tom finished the elephant talk, “take me to see an elephant!”

And Tom promised to do so.

— *C. S. P.*

WHAT A LITTLE COUNTRY GIRL DID.

This rose was picked in a country door-yard.

A red-cheeked country girl sent it to a pale-faced city girl.

The little city girl put it in a glass of water to keep it fresh.

The rose grew on a tall green bush.

There were more than fifty roses on this tall green bush.

The tall green bush, with its pink roses, grew under the little country girl's bed-room window.

This little girl was fond of her roses, but she had heard of the poor city children who have no flowers.

Her papa worked in the city.

He went into the city on the cars every Monday morning.

He came back every Saturday

Her mamma told her, too, that most of the city people bought their flowers.

The little country-girl, who had fifty roses on one bush, thought *that* was very funny!

But she thought most about the little children who had no money to pay for flowers.

“Can they not get buttercups?” she asked.

“I think not,” said mamma.

“Nor daisies?”

“No,” said mamma.

“Not even dandelions?”

“I think not,” said mamma.

“I think some of them cannot get even a blade of grass.”

The little country girl thought about those children every day.

One Sunday night she said to her papa, “Will you carry some of my flowers to the city children?”

Papa and mamma talked together a little while, then papa

said he would carry them.

So the little country girl sent a large basket of roses to the city children.

She picked them before sunrise.



THE COUNTRY ROSE.

night to his cool country home.

He told her how the ragged little boys and girls near the depots ran out bare-headed to ask the passengers for flowers.

There were twenty full-blown roses, and ten sweet buds, in the basket.



THE LITTLE GIRL WHO SENT THE ROSES.

Papa himself did not give the roses to the children.

He had no time to do that.

He carried the basket to a lady whom he knew.

This lady was a city missionary.

This lady knew where the poorest and sickest children lived.

Before night she gave a rose, or a bud, to thirty children.

Not one of the thirty children had had a flower before that summer.

O, how glad they were!

They carried the roses in their hands all day.

They held them to their cheeks. They sang little songs.

They sat in little groups to watch the buds unfold.

Those who were sick kept the roses on their pillows.

Yes, one little country-girl made thirty little city children very, very glad.

When her papa came home she heard all about it.

He brought her a letter from the lady. This letter told her how glad the city children were.

After she read the letter she went out and kissed the rose bush.



A LITTLE GIRL WHO RECEIVED A ROSE.

"You ought to be a very happy rose bush," she said.

—E. F. P.

JOHNNY'S HORSE.

A fine young horse has Master John,
 With saddle and bridle always on;
 His stable's on the parlor floor;
 And grandpa bought him at the store.

He has a coat of soft brown hair;
 His mane and tail are long and fair;
 One ear is black and one is white;
 And both his eyes are very bright.

He will not kick or run away;
 He stands untied for half a day;
 But oh! he is a pretty show
 As Johnny mounts to make him go.

And Johnny rides for many a mile,
 And grandpa sees him with a smile;
 He wishes he could be a boy,
 Just such a gallop to enjoy.

— M. E. N. H.

IN A TRAP.

"I think I'll take a walk," said the brown puppy to himself.

He had been asleep, by the side of his three brothers.

They lay on the barn floor in the sunshine.

He rolled over and stretched his four little paws.

Then he gaped until he showed his two rows of tiny white teeth, and his pink tongue.

It took him a long time to get upon his short legs, for he was

as plump as an apple dumpling.

He waddled along out of the barn.

At the door he stopped.

He gave a little bark of joy.

There was a tin teapot on the step.

There was some yellow corn meal dough in the teapot.

Peter had been feeding the chickens, and some of the meal was left.

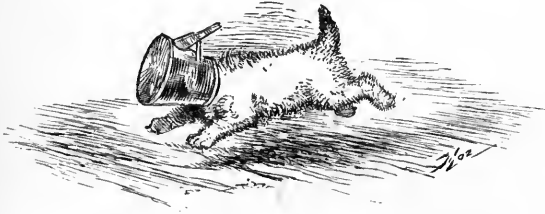
The brown puppy liked corn-meal.

He put his round brown head, eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, into the tin teapot.

What do you think happened then?

He couldn't get his head out.

He gave a big bark of trouble.



IN TROUBLE.

He knocked the tea-pot up and down on the floor as hard as he could.

He ran here and there.

He could see nothing.

His mother woke up.

She ran to him.

She patted the tea-pot with her paw.

She pulled it with her teeth.

But she could not get it off.

The poor little puppy whirled round and round, with the tea-pot on his head, and thought he should be crazy.

At that moment, Peter, who was pumping water, thought he heard a noise.

Yes, he did hear a noise.

He heard the brown puppy's mother bark.

He heard the tin tea-pot thump on the barn floor.

He ran out to the barn to see what these sounds meant.

He laughed when he saw the queer animal with four dumpy legs and a tin head, dancing around the barn.

He soon set the poor little fellow free.

The brown puppy ran off down the lane as fast as he could go.

He barked little short barks.

He never looked back once.



A SCARED PUPPY.

He did not come back to the barn until noon.

He never puts his nose into strange dishes now.

PUSSY AND THE MARTINS.

One day Pussy said, as she came
from the barn,
“I am very tired of living on mice ;
I’ll take a walk through the trees, I
think ;
A tender young bird would taste very
nice.”

Then she climbed, and climbed, with
a careful step,
From branch to branch of a tall green
fir,
Where Mrs. Martin lived with her
mate
In a snug little house that was built
for her.

But the martins saw her as on she
came,
And they hastened out to drive her
away ;

They pecked at her ears, her eyes, her
nose,
And frightened her so she’d no wish
to stay ;

And down to the ground they fol-
lowed her close ;
They flew about her from side to
side,
Till Pussy was sick with a dizzy
head,
And glad to go in a corner and hide.

She will not climb the fir tree again ;
She found the martins too bold and
strong ;
She keeps to her diet of rats and
mice,
And stays in the barn where the
cats belong.

— M. E. N. H.

BRAVE LITTLE DIMPLE.

Dimple was a little girl who lived
in New York city.
She had a pretty home.

She had a very kind papa and
mamma.

She was a good little girl ; but she

was not always a sensible little girl.

Though she was six years old, she was afraid to go into a dark room.

One night, Dimple went down stairs with the maid for some fresh water.

The maid tried to turn the gas light up, but instead she turned it down, and it went out.

How Dimple screamed!

She made such a great noise that all the people in the house ran to see what was the matter, and her mamma was ashamed of her.

Papa often talked to Dimple about light and darkness, day and night, and Dimple often promised not to be afraid any more.

But one night she cried for an hour.

What do you think it was for?

Because her mamma asked her to bring a spool of thread from the next room.

"She must be cured of this foolish fault," said mamma.

"Yes, she must," said papa, "or she will grow up to be a coward."

Dimple thought about what they had said.

"I will cure myself," she said to herself. "I will not be a coward."

One day it rained hard and Dimple did not go to school.

It was very dark all day.

What do you suppose Dimple did that dark day?

She went all alone up to the dark attic.

She had been there with her mamma several times, but this time she did not have a lamp as mamma did.

At first she could not see where to step.

The light from the small window did not reach the corners.

Dimple moved about softly until she found an old cradle.

Her papa was rocked in this cradle when he was a baby.

Dimple got into this cradle and sat down.

There was a soft quilt in it.

By and by Dimple could see better.

She saw a great many boxes, and trunks, some old coats hanging up, and some baskets and bundles.

But she saw nothing that could hurt her.

She sang very softly a little song she sang at school.

Dimple was afraid there might be

something hidden behind the chimney, but she said, "I will not be afraid. I will try to be sensible.

"This is my papa's house. He would have nothing in it that could hurt his little girl."

The rain pattered on the roof.

Dimple did not like to hear it at first.

Then, as the drops fell, she began to count the loud drops and the low drops.

At last she fell fast asleep in the cradle as she counted the drops.

When papa came home to dinner, no Dimple could be found.

They looked all over the house, except in the attic and the cellar.

"She is such a little coward, she would not go where it is dark," said papa.

"Her little cloak and hood are here!" said mamma; "she has not left the house."

It was Dimple's dog that found her.

The attic door was open a little



DIMPLE TRIES TO BE BRAVE.

way, and he pushed it wide open with his nose, and went up.

Dimple's papa followed with a lamp.

They found Dimple in the old wooden cradle fast asleep.

"Dimple, my little daughter," said papa, "why did you hide up here?"

"I came to try to like the dark," said Dimple; "I do not mean to be a coward."

Three long hours had little Dim-

ple been in the great dark attic.

She never was afraid again to be alone in the dark.

Dimple was only five years old then. Now she is a tall lady.

Her own little boys and girls like to hear her tell the story of the dark, rainy day in the attic.

—K. T. W.

A LITTLE BIRDS' PLAY-HOUSE.

I saw a birds' play-house last week.

It was built by some little birds that live in Australia.

It was brought to America in a ship.

Learned men have looked at the little building, and they think it was built only to play in.

First, the birds make a platform of twigs. These twigs are woven in and out as you braid paper mats.

The play-house is built on this mat.

It is woven of fine twigs. These twigs meet at the top, like the sides of the roof of a house.

When the play-house is done, the birds bring playthings into it.

They bring shells. They bring colored pebbles. They bring colored rags. They bring bright feathers.

They strew some of the shells and stones in front of the door.

They lay some of the shells and stones in rows along the walks.

They stick the feathers and rags in among the twigs.

Then the birds play.

I don't know whether they call the play "tag," or "hide-and-seek," but they chase each other in and out of the playhouse, and chatter and call.

These birds are cousins to the starling. They are called the "Satin Bower Bird of Australia."

LITTLE FOLKS' READER.

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HAPPY LITTLE LAURA.

Little Laura Dates sat down to rest.

She was out in the meadow at grandpapa's.

She had been walking along by the fences to pick the blackberries.

She sat still just one moment.

Then she jumped up. She looked *so* happy.

Why?

Because "long vacation" always came in summer time!

Laura was a little Primary school-girl, and lived in the city.

She was *so* glad, each year, when school closed and she could go to grandpa's farm.

Little Laura sat down again on the grass, and thought about it,

The hot sun shown right down on her bare head, but Laura liked that.



HAPPY LITTLE LAURA.

"What if long vacation came in winter!" said Laura. "I shouldn't

like it at all, I know I shouldn't!"

"But *now* it is very nice," said she.

"It comes when there are roses and peppermint by the brook, and cherries and early apples, and blackberries and blueberries, and pond-lilies.

"I do think the best of everything comes in long vacation!

"It is just the right kind of weather to swing in a hammock.

"It is just the right kind of weather for boat-rides.

"It is just the right kind of weather for picnics.

"Isn't it funny," said Laura, "that when it is such weather that a little girl can not possibly study it is the very kind of weather to have all sorts of good times?"

—E. F. P.

HARRY'S BIRTHDAY.

"Harry is seven years old to-day —
What shall we do to please our
boy?"

Said dear papa in his kindly
way;

"Take him to town and buy him
a toy?"

"Cried Tom, "O, father, buy him
a gun,

And a box of caps—then there'll
be fun!"

"A rocking-horse," said Sister
Sue;

Said Sam, "A flag, red, white
and blue!"

"Father, some candy!" said sweet-
tooth Charley,

"Chocolate, almond, and sticks
of barley,

In a pretty box with a picture
cover —

Harry is *such* a candy lover!

Mother said, "Let us sail down
the harbor,

And see the bright water dance
in the sun,

Come home at six and have tea in
the arbor!"

Cried all: "That's the very
thing to be done!"



THE LITTLE GERMAN CHILDREN.

WHAT I SAW IN BOSTON.

What do you think I saw one morning last winter, as I walked down Washington Street?

I saw three children and their father.

Oh, they were having such a good time!

I stopped and looked at them.

They were fat, rosy-cheeked little children.

Their father was fat and rosy-cheeked too.

They looked like Germans.

I think they were emigrants.

Emigrants are people who leave their own country and go to another country to live.

German emigrants come from a country called Germany.

There were two little girls and a little boy.

The little girls wore brown dresses, long-sleeved aprons and faded saccues. They both had red hoods.

The little boy wore trousers, but he had a big-sleeved apron like the girls. He had a very shabby fur cap.

Do you want to know about the good time they were having?

Perhaps you would think it was very poor fun.

But the German children did not.

They laughed and chattered until their cheeks fairly shone.

They were at the drinking fountain in front of Franklin Square.

Here is a high stone trough for the horses to drink out of in summer.

In winter it is covered with a stone plank.

The emigrant children were standing on this plank.

Their father must have put them up there, for it was too high for them to climb.

He would spread out his arms, and the children would jump into

them just as fast as he could catch them, and set them down on the pavement.

Then he would lift them up, and the fun would begin again.

I think the man enjoyed it as much as the children did.

It looked very funny to see a whole family amusing themselves in that way in the streets of Boston.

But they did not seem to know that anyone was watching them.

Yet nearly everybody who passed stopped to smile at the pretty sight.

I never saw any of them again.

But I would like to know more about them.

I am sure there are no happier children in Boston than those little Germans.

—K. L.

BEAUTIES.

Fritz always opens his eyes wide when he goes out-doors.

He likes his picture-books.

He likes to hear mamma read stories.

But he likes "real things" better.

Yesterday he saw some birds that had just arrived from the South.

Fritz said he should like to know their names so that he could speak to them when they met.

Then mamma said, "Mrs. Robin,

Red Breast, this is my son Fritz."

"Mr. Oriole, Master Fritz."

"My son Fritz, Mr. Blackbird."

Fritz said he liked to be introduced to birds and flowers.

Then he saw some pretty creatures with great spotted wings.

Fritz knew them. He said they were "beauties." Fritz is too little to speak such a long word as "butterflies."

He asks mamma to-day where "beauties" come from.

Then mamma shows him something on the twig of a tree, that makes him step back,

It is a great green worm.

This worm is as long as Fritz' chubby little hand.

It is bigger around than three of his fingers.

Fritz sees that this fat green worm is spinning a fine white thread all about itself.

The little head goes back and forth so swift, spinning and winding the fine white thread.

By-and-by the worm is covered all over with the fine white thread.

Then mamma cuts off the twig.



A "BEAUTY."

She carries it in the house.

She lays it, worm and all, in a little box.

Next summer, Fritz will open the box.

Instead of a worm he will find a handsome "beauty" with great spotted wings.

Then he will know where butterflies come from.

— S. E. F.

HOW MOOLY COW TALKED.

One morning Artie's mamma sat by the open window with Artie in her lap.

It was a bright summer day. Baby Artie watched the bees come and go around the flowers under the window.

Pretty vines hung about the window. Beautiful blossoms made the air sweet.

Artie and his mamma were all alone in the house.

The servants had gone out, and it was very still.

Suddenly they heard a loud "Moo! moo! moo!"

The sound came from the barn at the back of the house.

"Mooly cow is talking to her baby," said mamma.

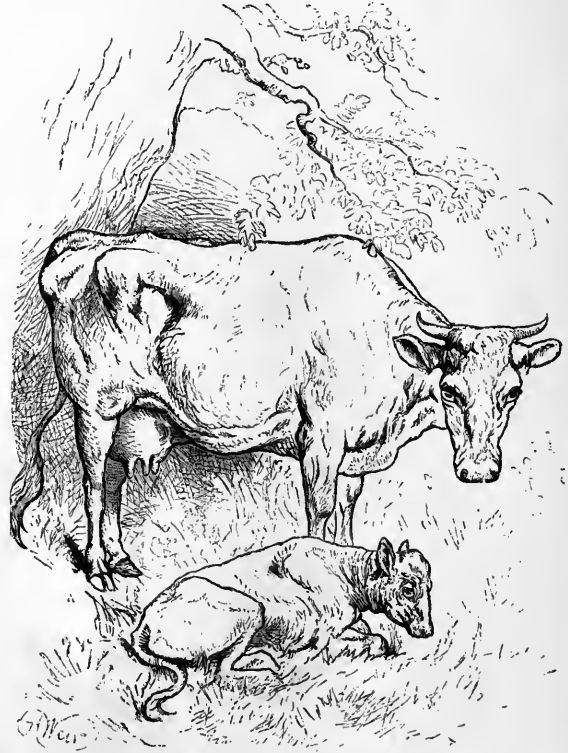
"Moo! moo! moo!" said the cow again.

This time it sounded as though she were frightened.

Patrick always took care of Mooly but he had gone to market.

Mamma thought she ought to go out and see what was the matter.

Just as she had made up her mind to go, a great head and pair of horns



MOOLY AND BOSS BELL.

came right in at the open window.

Artie was frightened.

He began to cry.

The more he cried the faster the cow "mooed."

Her eyes were very large. She put her big nose close to the lady's face. "Moo, moo, moo, moo!" she

said as fast and loud as she could.

“Yes, I will come,” said the lady.

She was not afraid of poor Mooly.

She took the crying boy in her arms and followed Mooly.

The barn was at the end of the large garden.

When Patrick went away he had shut the door. It was open now.

Mooly had burst it open with her horns and head.

When the lady went inside she saw that Boss Bell, Mooly’s pretty calf, had got her head between two boards.

She was nearly strangled.

She had tried to get out of her pen and got caught.

Then Artie’s mamma put Artie

on some hay and found a hammer.

She knocked off the board and set the little calf free.

Poor little Boss Bell was so weak she could scarcely stand.

Mooly stopped mooing.

She kissed Boss Bell.

She was very happy.

She coaxed Boss Bell to go out in the garden.

The lady let them go. They staid in the shade of an apple-tree until Patrick came back.

When Patrick came little Artie tried to tell him the story, by saying “*Moo! moo! moo!*” like the cow.

Do you wonder that Patrick said that Mooly knew as much as folks?

—K. T. W.



am Little Summer,

And I am on my way

To a distant country,

To seek a pleasant day;

But if I do not find it

Be sure I will not stay.



MAMMA READS TO GRACE ABOUT THE COTTON PLANT.

LITTLE BOLSTER.

What a funny name for a little girl!

Her real name was Grace; but auntie called her "Little Bolster," because she sometimes wore such a queer long-sleeved apron.

This long-sleeved apron was made of striped stuff that looked like bed-ticking. It was long, and covered her all over.

Auntie said she looked like a little pillow, or bolster, when she wore it.

She wore it when she helped her mother wash dishes.

At other times she wore a pretty lace-trimmed apron.

Little Bolster lived in the city; but every summer she went to stay with grandpa who lived in the country,

When she was five years old, she began to go to school.

She did not like school. But she liked to know about things, and she

asked a great many questions.

She often asked her mamma to read aloud to her.

When vacation came, she went to grandpa's.

She took her books with her, and auntie heard her read every day.

She had a small Arithmetic too, and auntie gave her short lessons in it.

"I don't like Arithmetic," she said one day.

"Why not?" said auntie.

"Because almost every question ends with why. I hate those whys!"

One question in Little Bolster's arithmetic was this:

"If you have two apples, and your brother gives you two more, how many have you? Four. Why?"

"Didn't the man that made the book know why?" Little Bolster asked.

"Perhaps," she added, "*his* brother never gave him two apples more, so he never was quite sure it would be four."

"What a funny Grace!" said Uncle Charles.

When Grace grew older, her mamma tried to teach her to sew.

She cut calico into tiny square blocks, and basted them together.

Grace tried to sew them over and over.

Such funny little stitches as she made!

They were as uneven as dog's teeth, and not half as white.



THE BURSTING OF THE COTTON POD.

"I don't like patch-work," she said one day.

"When I'm a *big* woman, I'll have my quilt all one big piece.

"I'll have it all pink with a blue border."

"What a funny Grace!" said Uncle Charles again.

"Where did you get this calico, mamma?" asked Grace.

"Up-stairs, in the great trunk."

"No, I mean, where does it come from first? It don't grow like the grass, does it?"

"It don't grow just like the grass, but it is made of something that does grow out of the ground."

"Can I see it grow?"

"I'm afraid not. It is too cold here for the plants that calico is made from."

"Tell me all about it, please," said Little Bolster.

Then her mamma opened a book and read to her little daughter:

"Calico is made from cotton.

"Cotton is a plant that grows in the southern part of the United States, and in other warm lands.

"The seed is sown early in the spring.

"When the plants are fully grown, they put out pretty white blossoms.

"By-and-by, these blossoms fall off.

"Then there is a little pod left where the flower was.

"The pod grows larger and larger till it is as large as a small egg.

"When the pod is ripe, it bursts.

"It is full of white cotton like soft wool.

"In this wool are some seeds.

"Then the soft down is picked out of the pods.

"The seeds are taken out of the down.

"Then the cotton is done up in large bales, and sent to the mills.

"There the spinners spin it into yarn, and the weavers weave into cloth.

"A part of this cloth is left white, and is used in making many of our underclothes.

"A part is stamped with pretty figures, and we call it print, or calico."

"Oh, what a long time it takes to make a piece of calico!" said Little Bolster.

"And then it takes *so long* to make the quilt afterwards," she added with a long sigh.

— L. L. P.

THE DOUGH-DOG.

One day when grandma was making
some pies,
She wished to give Tommy a pleasant
surprise;



BRUNO.

So she made a puppy-dog out of
some dough,
And baked it, and marked it, and
named it Bruno.

This wonderful dog could stand on
its feet,
Its body was chubby, and cunning,
and neat,
Its little dough-head was spotted
with black,
And its little dough-tail curled over
its back.

And when Tommy saw it he shouted
with glee,
“How good grandma was to make
that for me!”
And he played with the puppy-dog
day after day,
Till its head and its tail were both
worn away.

—M. E. N. H.

THE RAISIN CURE.

Little Laura was going to school
for the first time.

She was a timid little girl.

She felt afraid to go alone.

So mamma said she would go
with her to the school-house.

She dressed Laura in a pretty pink
gown, and a cunning little white
apron with two pockets.

But the little apron with two
pockets did not keep Laura from
being afraid.

When mamma was buttoning the little coat, Laura laid her curly head



LITTLE LAURA.

down on mamma's shoulder.

"S'pose I cry, mamma?" she said.

"My little Laura must be brave," said mamma. "There will be many other little girls at school, and the teacher is kind."

Laura shook her head. "I am afraid I will cry, mamma," she said.

Mamma stopped to think. Her little girl was very fond of raisins. She went into the pantry and got some for her.

Laura felt braver with so many raisins in her apron pocket.

Mamma introduced her little daughter to the teacher. The teacher had a pleasant face, and Laura thought she should not feel afraid.

But when all the boys and girls came into the room, Laura felt afraid.

She was sure she should cry.

Then she thought of the raisins.

She took a plump one out of her pocket.

It tasted so sweet she forgot to cry.

By-and-by the teacher came and spoke to her.

"Little girls should not eat raisins in school," she said pleasantly. "Why did you bring them?"

Laura could not speak. She could not look up.

The teacher spoke again, "Why did you bring them, dear?"

"I brought them 'gainst I cried," said a faint little voice.

The teacher smiled. Then she kissed Laura. Every time she looked at Laura, after that, she smiled.

The smile was as good as a raisin every time, and Laura did not cry at all.

She ate her raisins at recess.

The next day Laura was not afraid to go to school alone.

This is a true story.

HOW THE DICKSON CHICKENS WERE SAVED.

CHAPTER I. THE CHILDREN TRY.

It was no use to expect to keep the chickens.

One after another, they would all go.

The Dickson children were almost discouraged.

They had tried so hard to save the pretty, downy, little creatures.

Charlie and Kate kept good watch. Every time they saw a bird fly over, they would run and cry, "A hawk! a hawk!"

Fanny and Bertha ran about and swung their sunbonnets, whether they saw any signs of danger or not.

They frightened the hens, and that is all they did do.

White Wings lost a chick in the morning.

Brownie mourned over the loss of a darling at noon.

At night a piercing shriek from Speckle told that the last of her brood was gone.

Then Sammy brought out the old shot gun.

Mr. Hawk seemed to know what the gun meant.

For a few days he staid away.

But one day, when the family were at dinner, down he came, right before the open door.

That time he carried off the nicest



A HAWK! A HAWK!

chicken in the whole flock. After that Sammy ate his meals on the woodpile with the gun by his side.

It was not very comfortable. The hot sun shone down on his head, and blistered his face.

Sue came out with an umbrella. But Sammy would not have it.

He said he couldn't see the hawk if he should come. Besides, he wouldn't come with a great umbrella in sight.

"Then why not put up the um-



SAMMY MEANS TO SHOOT THE HAWK.

brella and leave it?" Sue asked.

Sammy said he meant to shoot the hawk.

But by-and-by he had to go to the well for a drink of cold water.

As soon as he was gone — whiz! swoop! kut-kut-ka-daw-cut! Away flew Mr. Hawk with a fat young pullet.

CHAPTER II. GRANDPA TRIES.

Then grandpa set up a scarecrow.

Scarecrows are used in cornfields to frighten away the crows that come to pull up the corn.

So grandpa thought a scarecrow might keep Mr. Hawk out of the chicken-yard.

This is the way grandpa made the scarecrow.

He cut a big limb from a tree.

It was six feet long, about as tall as a man.

He trimmed off all the branches except two near one end. These two branches were the arms.

Then he fixed it to stand in the ground.

Next he wound it with straw.

Then he dressed it in a old blue soldier's overcoat. The two branches went in the sleeves.

He fastened an old hat on the straw head.

Next he tacked some strips of bright tin on a long narrow board, and made the scarecrow hold it up.

So at last the scarecrow was a terrible-looking man, with a very big gun.

But it was of no use.

Mr. Hawk soon found out that the wooden gun could not fire a shot, and the straw man could not run or even say, "Shoo!"

So Mr. Hawk's family still had

spring chicken for breakfast, dinner, and supper.

CHAPTER III. THE KINGBIRDS TRY.

"Get up, children! Good news!" called grandma early one morning.

"What is it?" they asked.

"Kingbirds," said grandma.

"Ah," said Sammy, "Mr. Hawk will have to look out now!" Sammy had heard of king-birds before.

Mr. Hawk did have to look out.

Bertha ran in after breakfast, quite out of breath.

"Do come, mamma!" she cried.

"Two big bumble-bees are chasing that hawk!"

Sure enough! Mr. Hawk was flying as fast as he could.

But he could not escape from the two "bumble-bees" as little Bertha called the two kingbirds.

How the tiny creatures did dart!

Sometimes they were over him.

Sometimes they were under him.

They pecked at his eyes.

They plucked out his feathers.

They followed him out of sight.

They gave him just such a chase every time he came.

The fourth time they chased him was the last.

Mr. Hawk never came near the hen-yard again.

Then the kingbirds built a nest up in the spruce tree.



THE KING BIRDS SAVE THE CHICKENS.

There they raised four little birds, then four more.

Now there are ten kingbirds on the Dickson farm.

I think the Dickson chickens will be safe after this.

—S. P. B.

WHO HAD THE CHERRIES.

How red the cherry trees shone as Ben and Bobby drove in at the big gate with papa!

when they saw the cherry trees, and swung their hats.

The ripe cherries glittered among the green leaves all over the trees, as the sunset light struck them.

"I'll be up in those trees long before sunrise!" said Bobby.

"I too," said Ben.

A half-dozen little fellows did have a breakfast of ripe juicy cherries next morning before sunrise.

But Ben and Bobby were not among them.

Ben and Bobby were fast asleep.

Six bright-eyed blackbirds had the early juicy breakfast.

Nobody ever heard of a blackbird that lay abed



AN EARLY BREAKFAST.

Papa had just been down to the depot for his little boys. They had come home for the long vacation.

They both stood up in the buggy

late in the morning!

But they left plenty of cherries for the little boys.

LITTLE FOLKS READER.

Edited by the Editors of WIDE AWAKE and BABYLAND.

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75 cts. a year.
7 cts. a number.

DOT, THE DENTIST.

Dot is a monkey.

He has lived in our country two years.

He was brought here from India, by his master.

Dot is a happy, good natured little fellow.

He is full of tricks and pranks.

But last week Dot was not a happy, pleasant monkey.

Dot was cross.

Dot had the toothache!

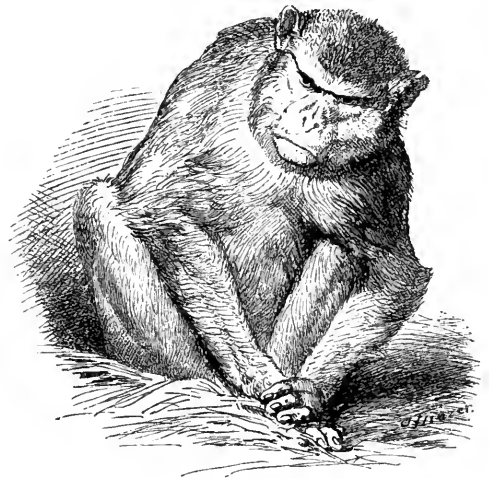
All the family were sorry for him.

He would sit down on the floor and put his paw up to his mouth, and look *so* pitiful!

Sometimes he would cry and sob.

Then he would run around the room as fast as he could go.

At last Dot grew tired of the pain. He made up his mind to have the



DOT HAS THE TOOTHACHE.

toothache no longer — no, not one minute longer!

What do you suppose Dot did?
He found a long stout string.

He wound this string around the aching tooth.

Then he took the string between his two front paws.

He pulled it tight. He held it fast.

Then he drew up one of his hind legs, and kicked on the string hard and swift.

Out flew a scream from Dot's mouth!

Out flew a tooth half way across the room.

The big tears stood in the little dentist's eyes.

He looked up at his master. Then he gave a sharp little howl.

Then he ran away, and had a nap.

When he woke up, he was as pleasant and happy as before.

This is a true story.

— E. F. P.

FLORA AND THE MUTTON.

Flora is a spaniel.

Tib is a grey cat.

They were great pets, and good friends with each other.

They were allowed to come into the dining-room.

Many nice bits were given them at meal-times.

One day their master was dining alone.

Some one called to see him in haste.

He left his dinner, and went out into the hall.

When he came back, Flora was lying on the dinner-table.

There was a leg of roast mutton on the big platter.

She was lying beside that platter.

But Flora had not touched the roast mutton.

She did not move when her master came in.

She did not seem afraid, or ashamed.

Her master thought, "This is a very strange thing for Flora to do.

"I have always been proud of her good manners.

"I never knew her to get on the table before.

"But the mutton has not been

touched. I do not understand it.”
 He looked around the room.
 Then he saw Tib hiding in a corner.

Tib looked very much ashamed.
 She looked as if she had been in mischief.

“Ah! I see,” said her master.

“Miss Tib tried to help herself to

roast mutton while I was out.

“Flora drove her away.

“Flora is on the table to take care of my dinner for me.”

You may believe that Flora had a very nice dinner that day.

She very kindly allowed naughty Tib to share with her.

—M. O. J.

DODE'S SCHOOL-DAYS.

Washington is the capital of the United States.

The President lives in Washington.

Dode lives in Washington, too.

I have often seen Dode in Washington.

Her real name is Theodora, but everyone calls her Dode.

Dode is a little black girl. Her mother is very poor.

One day a kind lady said to Dode's mother, “Dode may come and live with me. I will give her some clothes. I will send her to school. She can wait upon me when she is not in school.”

Dode was eight years old. But she had never been in a school-room.

She was glad to live in a fine house.

She was very glad to have neat clothes like other little girls.

The lady gave her three pretty gowns.

She gave her a pair of stout shoes.

She gave her a pair of striped stockings.

Dode danced for joy when she saw the striped stockings.

“Now I is like white folks.”

Dode did not know that she should

say "am" instead of "is."

Every morning, before breakfast, Dode swept the brick sidewalk in front of the house.



HAPPY DODE.

It was very funny to see her; the broom was so tall, and Dode was so short.

She would sweep a little.

Then she would stop and look at her gown.

Then she would sweep a little more.

Then she would stop and look at her striped stockings.

So it sometimes took Dode a long time to sweep the sidewalk.

When she was very happy, she sang songs while she swept.

Dode made these songs herself.

One song had this verse:

"Dode, you is a happy girl,
Yes, you is!

Just like pretty white girl now,
Yes, you is!"

Dode did not know that she should say "are," instead of "is."

One morning Dode's mistress called to her from the window:

"You must sweep faster, little girl. School begins this morning."

Dode stopped singing. She swept as fast as she could.

When she started for school, with a white ruffle in the neck of her gown, she felt very proud. She held her head very high.

"How old are you, Theodora?" asked the teacher.

"Next to Sam," said Theodora.

"How old is Sam?" said the teacher.

"Next to me," said Theodora.

Then the children laughed.

The teacher pointed to a large A.

“Can you tell me what this letter is called?” she asked.

“Looks like mammy’s toasting-fork,” said Dode.

“Do you know any of the letters?” asked the teacher.

“No, miss,” said Dode, “only the dancing one, and the one like pappy’s saw-horse.”

The teacher found that S was the “dancing letter,” and that X was like the saw-horse.

“Well, little girl,” said the teacher, “if you will come every day I will teach you to read.”

When recess-time came Dode went

out with the rest of the girls. But she did not go back into the school-house with them.

Dode’s mistress tried to learn why Dode disliked to go to school.

What do you suppose Dode said? “I can’t get any learning where they say *one letter at a time!*”

So ended Dode’s school-days.

She still sweeps the brick walk every morning, and she still sings like a bird:

“Dode, you is a happy girl,
Yes, you is!”

I am afraid Dode will never learn to say “are” instead of “is.”

— K. T. W.

ON THE BEACH.

Lotty and George went to the sea-shore. They staid a week.

They were out on the beach every day.

How happy they were! They climbed among the rocks.

They dug in the sand.

They had big iron spoons to dig in the sand with.

They liked to make wells in the sand.

They liked to see the wells fill with water.

Sometimes they would forget the tide was coming in.

Then the waves would come fast and chase them up the shore.

Sometimes their feet would be

wet before they could run away.

They could always see ships away in the distance, with big white sails; and little boats would often pass by.

Then Lotty would wave her apron



ON THE BEACH.

or her handkerchief. George would swing his hat.

The people in the boats would wave their hats in reply.

George and Lotty often gathered pretty shells and pebbles.

They picked up star-fishes and laid them on the rocks to dry.

There were some birds that staid around the beach all the time.

They were large and queer.

These birds had long legs and long bills.

These birds hunted in the sand for worms and little shell-fish to eat.

They often waded off into the water after food.

But they did not have web-feet to swim with, like geese and ducks.

Sometimes they would stand so still that Lotty and George would think they could catch them.

But when they tried to come near them the birds would run away very fast on their long legs.

George and Lottie wished to know the names of the long-legged birds.

They told their papa about them. He said they were sand-pipers.

The week seemed very short to Lotty and George.

They were sorry to go home and leave the sea-shore.

They carried some shells and pebbles with them.

But they could not take the bright blue water, the rocks, and the sand-pipers.

They remembered this happy visit to the beach all winter.

But they remembered the sand-pipers longer than anything else they saw.

They often drew pictures of the

sand-pipers on their slates at school.

Sometimes they drew very long legs for the sand-pipers.

Then they laughed at the very

funny birds on their slates.

They often wished they knew where the sand-pipers staid in winter-time.

—M. E. N. H.

MY KITTY.



THE PET KITTY.

Come here, kitty, and sit on my shoulder,

Give me your paw, and purr in my ear,

And you shall have cake and cream for dinner,
And a little nap on my bed, my dear.

But first give your face a good washing,
And with each little paw wipe it well;
And I'll tie on your neck a blue ribbon,
To fasten your collar and bell.

For you caught that sly mouse in the pantry,
Where he had nibbled my crackers away;
What should I have done without kitty?

That same nibbling mouse would be here to-day.

—M. M. H.

CHARLIE'S RABBITS.

Charlie had four baby rabbits.
Two of them were pure white.



"MAMMA, WHAT SHALL WE DO?"

One was black, with a white collar
and one white ear.

The other was white, with black
spots.

They staid with their papa and
mamma in a box in the wood-house
chamber.

Their papa's name was Dick.

He was a bad, disagreeable rabbit.

Their mamma's name was Minnie.

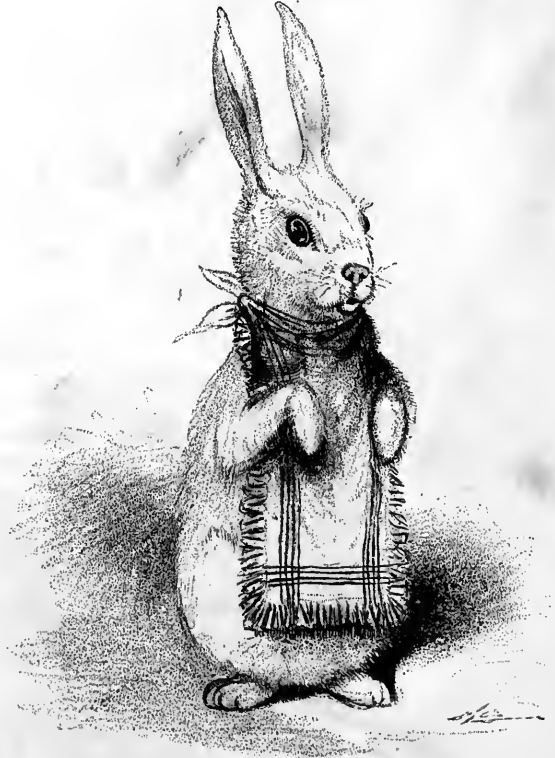
She was a cross, selfish rabbit.

For a while Minnie took good care
of her four baby rabbits. Then she
got tired of staying with them.

She and Dick would go off and
stay for hours.

The four baby rabbits sometimes
got very hungry.

Charlie did not know what to do.
He could not get Minnie or Dick to
go to them. Minnie bit him when
he tried to carry her to her babies,
and he let her go.



READY FOR DINNER.

Charlie felt very sad.

At dinner, at breakfast, at supper, he
thought of his poor hungry rabbits.

"Oh what *shall* we do with them, mamma," he would say.

Charlie's mamma told him to bring the little hungry rabbits to the kitchen.

Charlie brought them.

"We will see what can be done," she said.

Then she got some warm milk, a spoon, a towel and a napkin.

She sat down and spread the towel in her lap. Then she took a little rabbit in her lap, and folded a napkin

under its chin for a bib.

She opened its mouth and poured the nice warm milk down its hungry throat.

At first some was spilled. But when the baby rabbits found how good it was, they drank it easily.

Every day Charlie's mother fed them, until they could take care of themselves.

So Charlie's rabbits were saved. They are large handsome rabbits now.

—C. H. B.

MRS. ORIOLE.

Did you ever see an oriole's nest?

It is fastened to a tree. It hangs down. It looks like a little long bag, or purse.

It is made of bits of flax, and wool, and horsehair, and any kind of string the birds can get.

There are always two or three long hairs which go in and out all through an oriole's nest.

These hairs look like the darning threads in a stocking.

Some of the strongest strings are wound around the bough of the tree,

and fasten the nest in place.

The nest is fastened like this in three places.

When the nest is finished, Mrs. Oriole puts a pad of soft wool, or cows' hair, in the bottom.

On this soft cushion she lays three eggs.

These eggs have pale purple spots on the large ends.

Fine pale purple streaks run criss-cross around the small ends.

I once saw two orioles building a nest. It was in an apple tree.

This apple tree did not seem to me a good place for a nest.

It grew by the roadside.

Noisy wagons passed under it all day.



THE BATHING ORIOLE.
AN ORIOLE'S NEST.

There was a noisy tin-shop right across the road.

But orioles are not afraid of noise.

They like to be near where people live.

Mrs. Oriole liked that tin-smith's shop.

She often looked over to the shop

as if she saw something that pleased her.

Mrs. Oriole staid in the tree and built the nest.

Mr. Oriole brought the hair and wool and string to build it with.

If Mrs. Oriole liked what he brought she took it and wove it in.

If she did not like it she scolded and sent him off for more.

Once he brought her a skein of sewing-silk which a dressmaker had left on her window-sill.

Mrs. Oriole liked that very much.

She gave two or three gay little chirps.

The little chirps meant, "Thank you! Very nice!"

But when she needed the long strips to fasten the nest to the tree, he could not please her.

He brought two horsehairs. One of them was a foot long.

But Mrs. Oriole scolded him. She shook her head at the horsehairs.

Then he brought her a long piece of red yarn.

But Mrs. Oriole did not want red yarn.

She sat down and looked over at the tin-shop.

At last she flew down.

She alighted at the door of the tin-shop.

She got what she wanted at once.

It was a long piece of bright fine wire.

The tin-smith had swept this wire

out of the shop, several days ago.

This wire was just right to fasten a bird's nest to a tree.

I thought Mrs. Oriole showed good sense when she took it.

I often saw that wire shining out among the leaves of the apple tree.

—K. L.

BRAVE ALICE.

A fire broke out in a stable.

It was not a livery stable.

It belonged to a private house.

Three handsome, spirited horses stood in the stalls.

The coachman had gone home to dinner.

The stable door was locked.

The key was in his pocket.

The master of the house was not at home.

All the servants but one were frightened, and did not know what to do.

This one was Alice, the cook.

She told the waiter to break open the stable door.

Then in she went.

She knew horses were always afraid of fire.

She knew it was hard to control them.

She went quickly into the first stall.

She untied the halter.

She wrapped her apron around the horse's head, over his eyes.

She led him to the door.

She turned him out.

She took the second horse out the same way, blindfolded with her apron.

Then she let out the third horse, blindfolded with her apron. She saved them all.

The stable was burned down.

The gentleman who owned the horses was very grateful to Alice.

He gave her many beautiful presents.

—M. J.

THE SHEEP IN THE THORNS.



CAUGHT!

A sheep was caught in the bushes
 one day,
 And she worked so hard to get out
 and away

That her nice woolly coat was tan-
 gled and torn,
 And some of its pieces were left on
 a thorn.

But she said to herself, when at last
 she was free,

“I’m sure that some bird will be
 thankful to me

When she finds this wool to put into
 her nest,

To make a soft bed where her babies
 may rest.”

So this sheep went her way, well
 pleased to believe

That the birds would be glad such a
 gift to receive.

How much better was this than to
 fret and complain,

Because the rough thorns had given
 her pain!

— M. E. N. H.

A PERSEVERING DOG.

I will tell you a true story of a dog. | on horse-back with a friend. The
 One day his master was travelling | dog ran along beside them.

The dog's master told his friend that he would hide something along the road, and the dog would find it.

So he got off his horse.

He showed the dog a piece of money.

He then put a mark on the money so he would know it again.

He put the money on the ground by the roadside. Then he put a large stone over the money.

They rode on a few miles.

Then he told the dog to go back and get the money.

The dog went back, but he could not move the stone.

While he was trying, two gentlemen came along.

They went to see what the dog was doing.

They lifted up the stone, and one of them put the money in his pocket.

What do you think the dog did then?

He followed the gentlemen twenty miles.

Then they stopped at a hotel.

He watched them all the time.

He followed them to their room.

They did not know it.

Then he hid under the bed.

When they were asleep the dog took the pantaloons in his mouth.

He knew his master's money was in one of the pockets.

He jumped out of the window with the pantaloons.

He carried them to his master.

It was a long way.

He did not reach him until morning.

His master had wondered why he did not come.



THE PERSEVERING DOG.

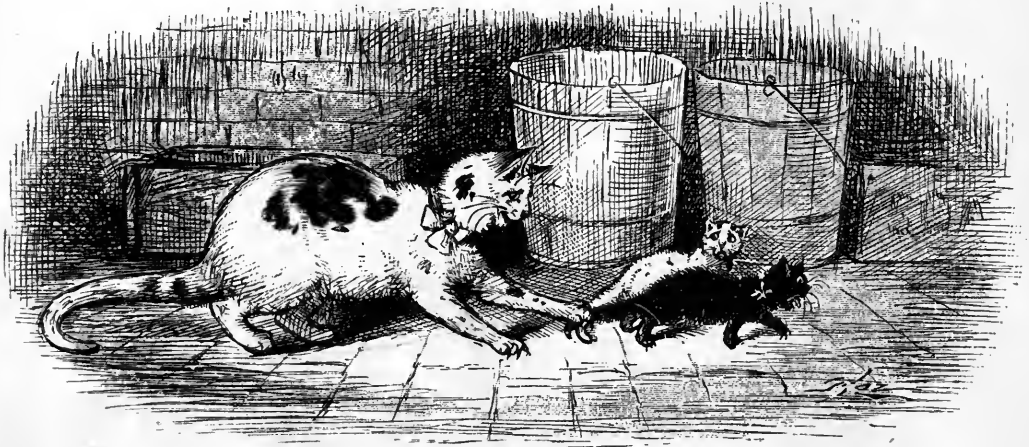
He was surprised to see him bringing the pantaloons in his mouth.

In the pocket of the pantaloons he found the money which he had sent the dog to look for.

He also found a watch, and a purse.
 The dog's master advertised for
 their owner in a newspaper.
 In this way he found out to whom

the watch and purse belonged.
 He sent them to their owner.
 Was not that a persevering dog?
 —S. D.

A CATASTROPHE.



One little black cat, one little gray —
 Two little funny cats having such a play!
 Over goes the gray cat sticking out her toes;
 Down tumbles Blackie, right upon her nose!

Here comes the mamma-cat, straight across the floor;
 There go the kitten-cats scrambling for the door;
 Up pops a brown mouse, coming through a crack!
 Jump goes the mamma-cat before it can get back!

Funny little black cat, funny little gray —
 How they let the brown mouse try to run away!
 Off goes the brown mouse, in among the pails!
 Then how the mamma-cat pulls their little tails!

—S. W. D.

A FOUR-FOOTED MILK-MAN.

A donkey's master usually takes care of him. But I know of a donkey that once took care of his master. It was across the ocean in Spain. The donkey's master was a milk-man.

He petted his donkey a great deal. He trimmed his harness with pretty gay-colored tassels.

The donkey loved his kind master.

The man did not take his milk in a wagon, as milk-men do here.

He hung the cans, pails, and jugs over the donkey's back. He led the donkey to his customers.

One morning the milk-man was sick. There was no one to send with the donkey. At last he decided to send the donkey alone.

So he tied on the cans. He also tied on a letter. It asked the customers to take their milk, and

then to send back the empty cans. Then the donkey started off alone.



RINGING THE DOOR-BELL.

After a while he came back, all right, with the empty cans.

The next day he went alone again, and the next, till his master got well.

His master learned afterwards that when the customers did not

come out, the wise animal would take the handle of the bell in his mouth and ring till they came.

So you see this donkey really did take care of his master.

THE MEETING OF THE BIRDS.



Four little merry, talkative birds

Met in a thicket together one day ;
And, "Oh, how pleasant it is," said one,
"To build pretty nests in the month of May.

"I like the world best in June," said one,
"When the flowers are blossoming bright and
sweet,
And the cherries are hanging thick on the trees,
Ripe and crimson, all ready to eat.

The other two said, "O, we like to sing
To call the people to rise with the sun ;
And we like to sing at the evening hour
To tell the people the day-time is done."

And so these four little frolicsome birds
Talked as they met in the thicket one day,
Till they thought of their young ones waiting at
home,
When they spread their small wings and flut-
tered away.

LITTLE FOLKS READER.

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AFTER VACATION.



GATHERING APPLES.

Little Rob has come home.

He is ready for school again.

He has had two months of fun and good times.

He was pale when he went from the city to uncle Jack's.

Now his hands are brown. His

cheeks are red and plump.

He can jump twice as far as he could before vacation.

He has lived out doors, climbed fences, and rolled on the grass in the sunshine.

But Rob says he has not played all the time.

Rob says he worked a great deal at uncle Jack's.

He says he helped everybody at the farm do their work.

He says he went every morning with aunt Mollie to feed the poultry.

Every evening he helped her shell the corn for their breakfast.

He says he went every week with uncle Jack to salt the sheep.

Uncle Jack keeps a hundred sheep.

Rob says it is enough to deafen you to hear all those sheep and lambs cry, "Ma-a! ma-a!" when they come in a flock to meet you and get the salt.

Rob says the stories about sheep are wrong.

He says that sheep don't say, "*Ba-a!*"

He says that sheep



ROB HELPS FEED THE POULTRY.

say "*Ma-a!*" Rob says he heard Uncle Jack's sheep say it more than a thousand times.

Rob says he helped milk the cows.

He often let down the barn-yard bars for the cows to come through.

He lashed away the flies and gnats so that the cows would stand still to be milked.

He gave them bunches of sweet, red clover to eat so that they would

be sure to stand still.

Rob says he worked a great deal in the apple orchard.

He says he went up the ladder many times with a basket to get apples for aunt Molly.

The sweet "harvest-boughs," and the early pippins, and the sops-of-wine, and the snow-apples, all were ripe before he came away.

He says aunt Molly would often have had no apples for dumplings, or to bake, if he had not brought them from the orchard.

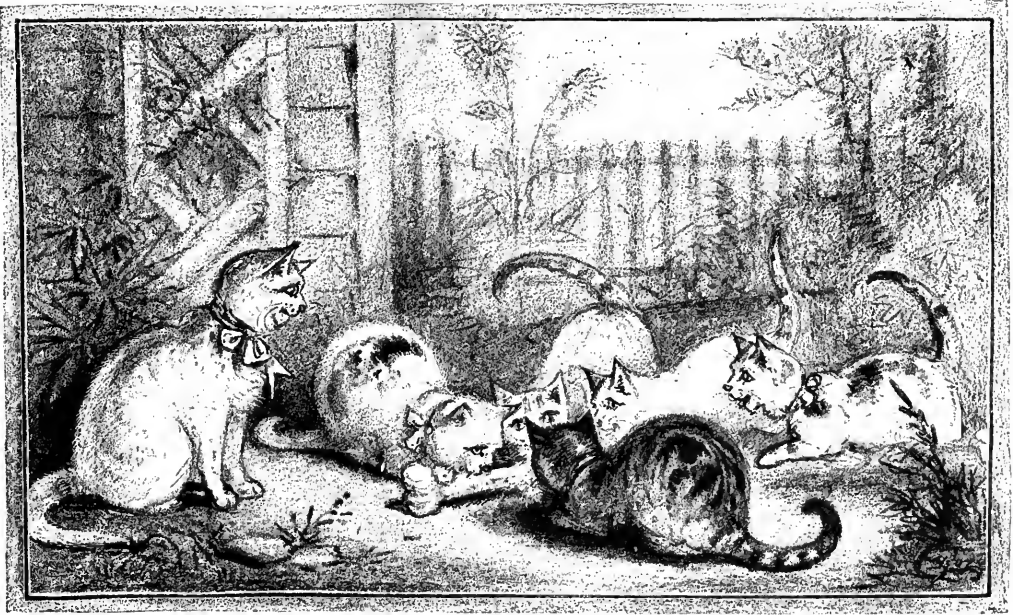
Rob is right.

He did not play all the time.



ROB HELPS MILK THE COWS.

But the work was as much fun as the play, Rob says.



THE DINNER PARTY IS A SUCCESS.

PRET'S DINNER PARTY.

Pret was a large, handsome, grey cat.

He was a great favorite in the house. He was not often scolded.

Pret liked to have company. He was always glad when other cats came to see him.

Pret was sorry for cats who were not so well-fed as he was.

One day Pret made up his mind to give a dinner party.

He invited his poorest cat-friends.

I will tell you how Pret did his

marketing for this dinner party.

When Hannah, the cook, went into the pantry, he went too.

He crept along close to Hannah's feet. He was hidden by her dress. Hannah did not see him.

The cupboard door was open.

There was a large mutton bone on the cupboard shelf.

Hannah wished to make a soup of this mutton bone.

But Pret wanted it for his dinner party.

He seized it in his mouth. He pulled it off the shelf. He drew it along to the stairs.

Hannah had gone out of the room.

He pulled it up one step, then up another, then up another.

Thump, thump! bump, bump! the mutton bone went up the stairs.

Pret's master heard the noise.

He opened the door to see what was the matter.

But Pret was a great pet, and his master did not take the mutton bone away from him.

He wished to see what Pret would do with such a big bone.

So he let him go on with it. It was so heavy Pret had to stop and rest very often.

But at last he got it up stairs, and out into the yard.

Five cats sat waiting there.

Pret laid the bone down before them.

How those five cats sprang to get the first mouthful!

Then Pret sat down.

He washed his paws and watched the five cats eat their dinner. He did not touch one mouthful himself.

Pret thought it was a very pleasant dinner party.

Pret's master thought so, too.

The five cats thought so, too.

Those five cats did not often get mutton bones with meat on them.

This is a true story.

— *M. O. J.*

IN THE DOUBLE HOUSE.

High up in the elm

A double house rests,

For two families built,

With room for nests.

Mrs. Wren lives east;

Mrs. Sparrow lives west;

But they quarrel all day

As to which is best.

Mrs. Sparrow walks in

When Mrs. Wren's away;

What she does I don't know,

But it's not fair play.

Mrs. Wren, oft declares
 Mrs. Sparrow steals hay,
 So these naughty neighbors
 Have a tiff each day.

If we had bird-police,
 Perhaps they would see
 What the law could do
 With neighbors in a tree.

— K. T. W.

GREEDY TOPSY.

Topsy is a horse.

She is small and slim and glossy.
 She likes to go very fast, but she
 is so kind that children can drive
 her.

Topsy has one fault. She is al-
 ways hungry.

Her master thinks he gives her
 enough to eat.

Topsy does not think so at all.
 Topsy knows she is always hungry.

Topsy has hay, oats, corn and fresh
 water three times a day.

Sometimes she is let out for a
 run in the clover pasture.

But Topsy never runs when she is
 let into the clover pasture.

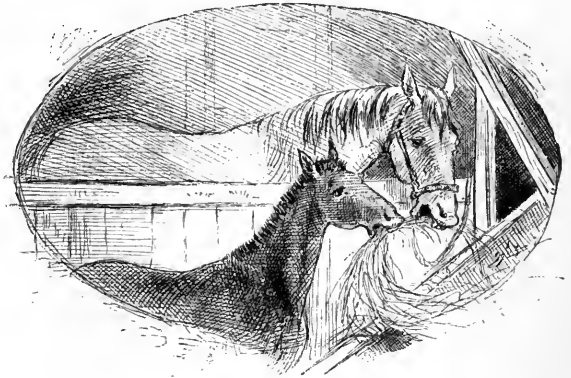
No, indeed!

Topsy buries her nose among the
 green grasses and the red clover
 blossoms.

She never lifts her head and looks

about as the other horses do.

She does not even look up when
 the cars go by.



TOPSY AND PRINCE.

Topsy just eats and eats.

When she goes back into the sta-
 ble, she goes straight to her man-
 ger.

She eats all the grain in the food-
 box, every kernel.

Then she eats all the hay in the
 rack.

Next she scrapes up all her straw

bed with her hind feet. She draws it forward with her fore feet. She eats all the straw she can reach.

Then she whinnies to Prince.

Prince is Topsy's colt.

There is only a low partition between their stalls.

Prince knows what Topsy wants him to do when she whinnies.

Prince pulls out a wisp of hay

from his own rack.

He reaches it up to Topsy.—

Topsy takes it from his mouth.

Then Prince pulls out another mouthful.

Topsy takes that too. She eats it. She eats the next, and the next, until Prince's hay is all gone.

Even then Topsy seems to think she would like a little more.

ABOUT SWALLOWS.

Swallows have long wings. They can fly fast.

But they do not sing so sweetly as some birds do.

In summer we see large flocks of swallows.

They go away before winter comes.

All swallows build their nests in queer places.

Some build them in barns. These are called barn-swallows.

Barn-swallows are very friendly with each other.

Several families live in the same barn.

They make their nests up in the top of the roof, so high up that cats cannot climb to them and catch the young birds.

They fasten the nests to the side of a beam.

They stick them on with mud. The mud grows hard and keeps them from dropping off.

Some swallows build their nests in banks. These are called bank-swallows.

I should think the dirt would fall in and spoil their nests, but it does not.

When you go past a bank where

they live, you can see the small round holes where they go in.

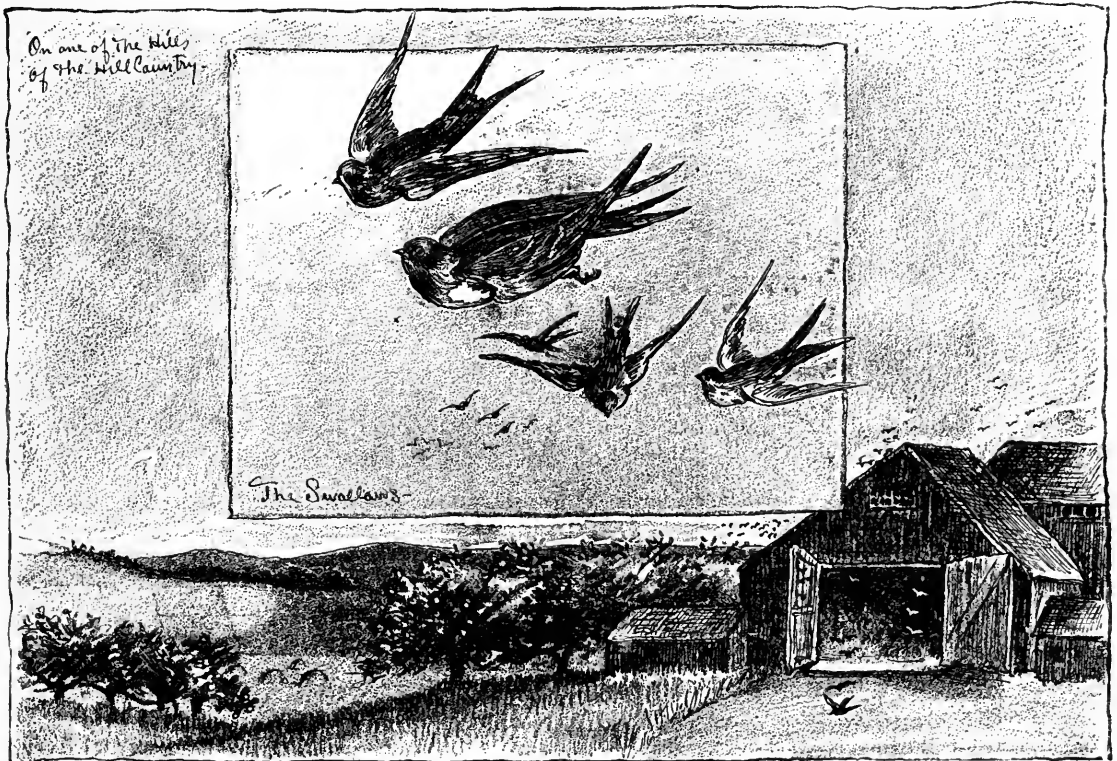
But you cannot see the nests.

Some times the nests are many feet from the outside of the bank.

people do not often have fires.

You may often see them flying about old houses and going in at the tops of the chimneys.

If you should go into the houses,



BARN-SWALLOWS.

They are very nice warm nests.

They are made of fine hay, and lined with a few large soft feathers.

Some swallows build their nests in chimneys. These are called chimney-swallows.

They choose those chimneys where

you might hear them too.

The young swallows make a loud noise when the old birds come to feed them. They chirp and flutter.

In the night the noise of their wings sounds like distant thunder.

The chimney-swallows have a poor, rough nest.

It is made of small sticks. It has no soft lining.

It is fastened against the side of the chimney half-way up.

Did you ever see a swallow?

—M. E. N. H.

DACIE.

Dacie was a trim little sailor.

He was just two inches long.

His coat was made of many little shining scales.

Round his neck he wore a ruffle with a lilac-colored edge.



DACIE'S GLASS HOUSE.

His small fins were also edged with lilac.

When you read that Dacie had scales and fins, you know that he was a fish.

Yes, Dacie was a fish. Once he lived in a brook.

A lady put her hand in the water and caught him.

She carried him home and put him in a large glass globe half full of water.

There were colored stones, small shells, bits of coral, mosses and seaweeds in the bottom of the globe.

Dacie often staid down in the bottom of his glass home and played among these pretty things. He was a gay little creature. He liked to dart about, here and there, and hide under the stones.

One day the lady whistled as she dropped in some crumbs for his breakfast.

Dacie was playing among the corals. In a second his small head was above water. His keen eyes peeped everywhere.

The lady whistled again.

Dacie heard it. He swam round

and round in a very merry way. Then he stopped.

The lady whistled again. This time she reached down her hand. There were crumbs on one finger.

Dacie swam to her hand. He took the crumbs from her finger.

Three times the lady whistled.

Each time Dacie swam up and took the crumbs from her finger.

After that, she always fed him in this way.

When she whistled, he would dart out from some nook and swim up to her hand.

Then, with droll little jerks, he would snatch the crumbs from her finger.

He always seemed charmed while she was whistling.

He made known his joy by very

funny little antics and gambols.

But one day, when she whistled, Dacie did not come.

The lady searched for him. She found her pretty pet wedged in between some stones.

She took him out carefully. She laid him gently in her hand.

But Dacie did not open his eyes. He did not move. Dacie was dead.

She laid the little pet in a moss-lined clam-shell.

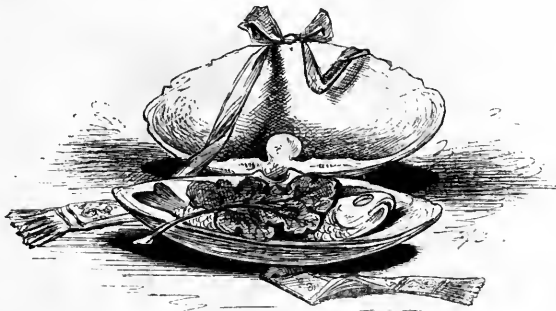
She spread a fragrant geranium leaf over him.

She tied the two shells together with a blue ribbon.

She buried him by the brook-side. Some people think fishes cannot hear.

This lady is sure fishes can hear.

— F. P. C.



DACIE.



JAMIE RUNS TO THE RESCUE OF TRIPP.

A LITTLE HERO.

Jamie was a Scotch lad.
His home was across the ocean,
in Scotland.

He lived in a cabin on a hill.
Near this hill was a pond.

Jamie had good times in winter
when he played on the ice with his
dog Tripp.

One bright day Jamie and Tripp
went down to the pond to play.

Jamie soon saw that the sun had
melted the ice a little.

So he did not go out on the pond.
But Tripp had no fear.

Tripp ran out upon the ice.

He wished to play. So Jamie
rolled his ball along the ice.

Tripp chased it. But all at once,
the ball rolled into the water where
the ice was broken.

Little Tripp was running very
fast, and he could not stop himself on
the slippery ice.

He slid into the cold water.

He tried to scramble out. But
his paws slipped off the edge of the
ice each time.

Then Tripp barked to his little
master.

Jamie looked around for help.

There was no one in sight.

He ran around to the other side of the pond where the ice was a little thicker.

There was a pile of boards on the hillside.

He ran up to the pile and took a board.

It was so heavy he could scarcely drag it along. But at last he got it down to the pond.

Then he pushed it along on the ice.

He could hear the ice crack under his feet. But on he went.

Soon he reached the place where Tripp was.

He laid the board down.

He crept along on it.

He soon reached his shivering little pet. He caught him by the collar.

With Jamie's help Tripp crawled upon the board.

Jamie was so glad to take the wet little fellow up in his warm coat.

They got back to the land safely.

And soon they were in the warm cabin.

Tripp was wrapped in a warm blanket, and put behind the stove.

Before night he was frisking about as well as ever.

But Jamie's arms were lame for many days.

Jamie was a true little hero, although he never called himself by such a grand name.

— F. E. S.

HOW TOOTS HELPED MAMMA.

There was an iron box to drop letters in not far from the house where Toots lived.

Toots lived in the city. This little box was fastened to an iron fence.

Toots had often been there with his big brother to drop letters in.

When Toots' mamma had any letters for the mail-box she laid them on the corner of the hall table.

One day when she was getting ready for a drive, she laid a large bundle there.

The bundle had some goods in it.

These goods were to be returned to a large store.

While Toots' mamma was putting on her bonnet, her little boy went away.

No one saw him go.

But when the family were getting



TOOTS HELPS MAMMA.

into the carriage, Toots could not be found.

They looked in the stable. Toots was not there.

They searched the house. No Toots could be seen.

Then a lady in the next house

opened her window. She said, "I saw your little boy going down the street."

Mamma, brother, grandma, and servants, ran to the gate.

There was Toots coming up the street. He looked smiling and happy.

"Toots put big letter in; now say thank you," he said to his mamma.

What is it Toots has done?

"What did you put in, Toots?" asked mamma.

Everyone asked questions. Toots said, "Big letter! Say thank you to Toots."

Toots' big brother went to the letter-box to see.

"Toots help mamma. Toots put in big letter!" said the little fellow merrily. The big brother came back with the bundle of goods.

A lady had seen Toots try to put the big package in the iron box.

He stood on tip-toe.

He stretched up as high as he could.

But every time the big bundle would slide back. Poor little Toots tried to put it in again and again.

At last his little face grew bright.

He took the bundle and pushed it

between the slats of the fence to which the box was fastened.

He worked very hard to do this.

When it was done he seemed very happy.

The lady who saw him said he looked so pleased and so proud she wanted to go out and kiss him.

This lady knew where Toots lived. When he had gone she went out and got the bundle to take home.

She met Toots' big brother and gave it to him. Little Toots felt very sorry when he found he had not helped mamma after all.

— K. T. W.

JOHN'S WAGON.

When John was a boy, he had a little wagon. His papa had it made for him.

It was a very strong little wagon.

It was made of oak wood. It had four iron wheels.

This strong little wagon was painted green, with red stripes.

John had good times with his wagon.

He lived on a farm.

There is a great deal of work on a farm to be done with wagons.

Every day John found some use for his wagon.

In summer, when his father made hay, John went into the meadow and made hay too.

He cut grass and clover with his little sharp sickle.

He let the grass and the clover lie in the sun and dry.

When it was dry it was hay.

Then little farmer John raked it up with his pretty wooden hay-rake.

Then he loaded it into his wagon with a little pitchfork.

Then he drove the load into the hay barn, and pitched it over into the haymow.

Every year little farmer John planted a garden of his own.

In the fall, when his melons and his pop-corn were ripe he drew them into the barn with his wagon.

When the nuts were ripe, John

and his sisters went every pleasant day to the woods with the little wagon.

On the way to the woods they often saw little piles of nuts by the side of the stone walls and fences.

They knew the squirrels had put these nuts there to carry away to

He had big wagons, and horses too.

After he had gone, little boys sometimes came to the old farm. And these little boys always wanted to play with John's wagon.

John's mother always told them to be very careful, for the wagon



JOHN MAKES A LOAD OF HAY.

their nests to eat in the winter.

They thought the squirrels must find this slow work.

They thought the squirrels would find a little wagon very handy.

Such loads of nuts as John and his sisters used to draw home!

By and by John grew to be a tall man.

Then he went far away from home, to live on a big farm of his own.

was made for her little boy, and must not be broken.

So it was kept in good order.

After many years big farmer John came back to visit his old home.

He wanted to see all the old things that he used to play with.

He was the most pleased to see his little green wagon with the red stripes.

He said that none of his big wagons were half so pleasing.

He drew it up and down the yard.

He said it made him want to be a little boy again, and go after nuts

and melons in the woods and fields.

When he went home to his own farm he carried the little wagon with him.

—M. M. H.

KITTY'S ACCIDENT.

Nelly and Kitty were very good little friends.

They went to the same school. They sat side by side at the same desk.

They learned their lessons from the same books.

Nelly lived quite near the school-house, but Kitty lived a mile away. So Kitty always carried her dinner in a little tin pail.

Sometimes Nelly went home to dinner. Kitty often went home with Nelly, and ate dinner with her.

One night Nelly went home with Kitty from school.

Kitty's papa was a farmer.

After they had eaten their supper, they went into the barn to play on the hay.

It was a large barn.

There were cows and horses.

There were wagons.

There was a mowing machine, and a horse rake.

They had a nice time on the fragrant new hay.

They jumped from one mow down to the other.

By and by Kitty made a miss-step.

Down she slid on the hay. Down, down she came to the floor.

She tried to get up and walk.

But she could not.

It hurt her so badly that she cried.

Poor Kitty! she was frightened.

She thought her leg was broken.

She thought how dreadful that would be.

Her brother Sam was milking the cows.

Nelly ran to the yard and told

Kitty's big brother about it.

He came as fast as he could.

He put his poor little sister into the wheelbarrow.



KITTY'S FALL.

Then he wheeled her to the house.

Kitty's mother took off her stockings very gently.

She found that the little white ankle was sprained.

She bathed it with some arnica,

and then wrapped it up in flannel.

Poor Kitty could not play any more that day.

Nelly went home feeling very sorry for her little playmate.

Kitty did not go to school for two weeks. She lay on the lounge, with her foot wrapped up.

She was so patient and quiet that everyone in the house tried to do something for her.

Grandma read stories to her.

Her mother made a new suit for her doll.

Little brother Tom brought her handfuls of gay wild-flowers.

Nelly came to see her every Saturday.

Her teacher sent her a book, full of pretty stories and pictures.

Kitty read the stories aloud to mamma.

She painted the pictures with her water colors.

So the days went by quite fast.

And by and by Kitty was in school again.

Kitty often says, "It was not so bad after all to have a sprained ankle, for everybody was so good to me."

— M. M. H.

LITTLE FOLKS READER.

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75 cts. a year.
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LADY BUG AND HER TWO COUSINS.

Lady Bug lived in a rose bush.

The rose bush was a nice place for a lady's home.



LADY BUG STARTS TO VISIT MISS BLUE WINGS.

In the day-time she walked up and down the green stems to take the air.

At night she slept on a soft bed of pink rose leaves.

Lady Bug did not often walk on the ground.

She did not like to get dirt on her dress.

Lady Bug's dress was a bright orange, spotted with black.

One pleasant day, Lady Bug thought she would go to the other side of the flower-garden and visit one of her cousins.

Her cousin's name was Miss Blue Wings.

Miss Blue Wings lived in a snow-ball bush.

Lady Bug looked at all the flowers as she passed along.

But she did not see any so pretty

as her own fragrant roses at home.

Miss Blue Wings was very glad to see her cousin Lady Bug.



LADY BUG AND HER COUSIN FIRE FLY.

They rocked on the branches of the snow-ball bush, and talked.

Blue Wings told Lady Bug about her troubles with the grasshoppers.

Miss Blue Wings did not like the grasshoppers because they came every day to gnaw the leaves of her snowball bush.

Toward night the cousins had a nice supper.

They had snowball pudding. It was sweetened with honey.

They sat at the table so late that

it was dark when Lady Bug started to go home.

“Oh, dear!” said she. “What shall I do? I cannot see which way to go!”

Just then another cousin came to call.

His name was Fire Fly.

“Cousin Lady Bug,” said he, “wait a moment, and I will light my lanterns, and go home with you.”

How glad Lady Bug was!

Mr. Fire Fly lighted his lanterns.

Mr. Fire Fly carries his lanterns under his wings.



COUSIN FIRE FLY COMES TO TEA.

It was a long wet walk across the garden.

Lady Bug got her bright orange

dress badly drabbed in the heavy dew.

She was very glad to reach her own rose bush again.

She thanked Fire Fly many times for his kindness.

She invited him to come and take tea with her the next day.

Mr. Fire Fly said he should be happy to come. Then he went back into the garden with his lanterns.

Lady Bug said to herself, as she

went up the leaf to bed, "How good it is to find friends when you need them!

"When cousin Fire Fly comes, I will give him the best supper I can get!"

She did give him a good supper.

She had gold and silver cake.

The silver cake was made of white roses. The gold cake was made of yellow roses.

—*M. E. N. H.*

CONTRARY BILLY.

Billy was a peddler's horse.

Every day he drew a large wagon along the country roads.

This large wagon was loaded with tin and brooms. It was a heavy load to draw.

He stopped at all the houses so that his master could sell the brooms and tins.

One day, after he had trotted along several miles, Billy stopped where there was no house in sight.

"Go along!" said his master.

"I won't," said Billy.

This is the way Billy said "I won't."

He set his fore feet out. He laid back his ears. He shook his head.

His master got out of the wagon and patted him.

Billy would not stir.

He moved the harness a little, here and there.

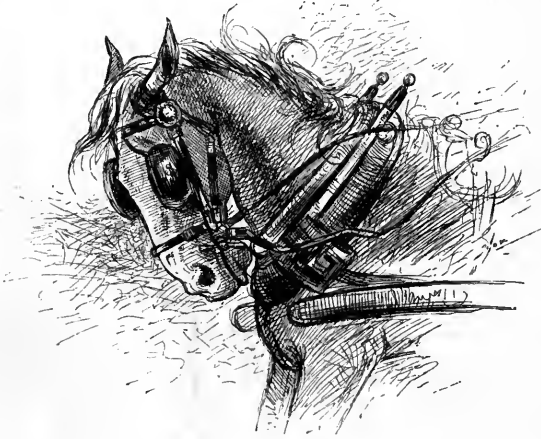
Billy would not stir.

He talked to him in a very pleasant tone.

But Billy would not stir. He said "I won't."

What was to be done?

The peddler wished to sell his brooms and tins and go home to supper.



BILLY SAYS, "I WON'T!"

But he could not do this if Billy refused to do his part.

He went to the back of the wagon. A gentleman who passed by thought he was going to get

some heavy thing and whip the horse.

Instead, the peddler took a pail from the wagon.

There was some meal in this pail. He showed this to Billy.

Then he walked on and set the pail down.

Billy could see the pail.

Pretty soon Billy lifted his ears. He looked very good-natured. He went forward to the pail.

His master let him eat the meal.

Then he put the pail back in the wagon.

Then he took the reins and jumped in, and Billy trotted off briskly with his load.

The meal was better for Billy than a whip.

—M. O. J.

ABOUT SWANS.

Swans are the most beautiful of all the birds that swim in the water.

They have smooth round bodies. They have long slender necks.

They can swim faster than a man can walk.

Those swans that are found in North America are white all over.

Some that live in South America

have white bodies and black necks.

In far-off countries there are swans that are entirely black.

Swans are not fond of the land, so they stay on the water the most of the time.

They eat roots and plants that grow along the shore.

They build their nests in the rushes and coarse grass by the edge of the water.

Sometimes they build their nests on little islands.

They lay seven or eight eggs. They set on them six weeks before the baby swans are hatched.

It is not safe to go near the old swans when they have families, for they will fight very hard.

Sometimes they will take their young ones on their backs and carry them away from a place where they have been disturbed.

Under the outside feathers of swans there is a thick, soft down.

People use this down to trim garments with. Muffs and tippets and many other things are made out of swan's down.

A long time ago, in England, all the swans in the country were under

the care of the king.

The king would not allow any one to keep swans except the princes, or the richest people.

If any persons stole swans' eggs they were shut up in prison.

Swans live to be very old. Sometimes they have been known to live



Black-Necked Swans

almost a hundred years.

Boston children can see swans on the pond in the Public Garden.

There are boats on this pond built in the shape of swans.

The live swans sometimes swim along by the side of these boats as though they believed they were real swans. It is a funny sight.

SISSY'S STORE.

Twenty years ago, Sissy was a little girl.

Sissy's papa was dead.

Sissy's mamma could not buy her any nice playthings.

Sissy's mamma had only a little money. She worked hard.

Sissy tried hard to help her mamma. At night, when she came home from school, she took off her shoes so they would not wear out so soon.

Sissy could not have new shoes often.

There were two little brothers to buy shoes for, beside herself.

But Sissy was always a happy, smiling little girl.

One day Sissy said she was going to "keep a store."

Her mamma thought she meant to play "keep store."

But Sissy meant to keep a store that would bring her some money to use.

She was certain she could earn some money as well as mamma.

Sissy's store was in a woodshed.

The little merchant made all the things that she sold.

Sissy was a wise little merchant.

She knew that her customers would be little girls and boys. So she made playthings to sell.

She made little paper boats.

She made paper traveling bags.

She made paper air-castles.

She made dolls' trunks with pretty straps and buckles.

She made Jacob's ladders and many other pretty playthings out of paper.

Her paper was of many different colors.

Sissy and her brother pinned some of the playthings on the woodshed wall.

She placed some of them on an old table.

Then she sent word to the children that the store was open.

Sissy sold these paper playthings to her customers for pins and nails.

A paper travelling bag cost one nail.

A paper boat cost two nails.

A paper air-castle cost five pins.

When they had sold all the play-things Sissy made more.

Then she changed the nails and pins into money.

She sold the nails to a man for two cents a pound.

She sold the pins to a dress-maker.

What do you suppose Sissy did with the money?

Bought candy?

No.

Cakes?

No.

Sissy saved every penny and bought her baby brother a pair of new shoes.

Sissy knew that would help mamma.

Mamma was very proud of her little merchant.

And how glad Sissy was when she placed the money in mamma's hand!

Sometimes Sissy made such pretty paper dolls that ladies would buy them for their little girls, and pay her money for them.

Sissy is a woman now.

She has a home of her own.

The other day I saw her making a pretty paper boat for her little boy.

She told me this story of the store



SISSY'S STORE.

she kept when she was a little girl.

Was she not a good little girl?

— K. T. W.

IN THE TOP DRAWER.

The top drawer of the bureau was open, "just a crack."

Linny stood in front of the bureau.

His little flaxen head came up even with the bottom of the drawer.

Pretty soon he reached up. He put the tip of a rosy forefinger in at the crack.

The tip of the rosy forefinger touched something soft and fluffy.

Then there was a soft little flutter in the drawer.

Then something said, "*Cheep, cheep, chippety-cheep!*"

The rosy finger-tip began to be afraid.

"Something might bite it," thought Linny.

But it is sometimes easier to get into bureau drawers than to get out.

It was a very small crack; and now, when the rosy forefinger wished get away, the small crack held on to it very tight.

Linnie could not pull the rosy forefinger out.

Linny's mamma thought she

heard somebody crying.

She came to the door and looked in.

"Why, Hamlin!" she said. "What are you in mamma's top drawer for?"

"I am not in it," sobbed Linny. "It is only the tippest end of my finger that is in."

"O," said mamma, "it is the finger that is naughty, is it?"

"I think we will cut off the finger quick, before it makes the rest of Linny naughty.

"Fingers must not go a-peeping."

Linny laughed as he caught hold of mamma's scissors.

"Please, mamma, it won't do so any more," he said.

Then mamma took the poor finger out, and kissed it.

"Now, please to look in the drawer," said Linny. "There's something soft in there."

"Yes," said mamma, "sheets and pillow-cases."

"Something that says, '*cheep! cheep!*'" said Linny.

“That is a funny kind of pillow-case,” said mamma.

Mamma opened the drawer.

Out flew a pretty little robin.

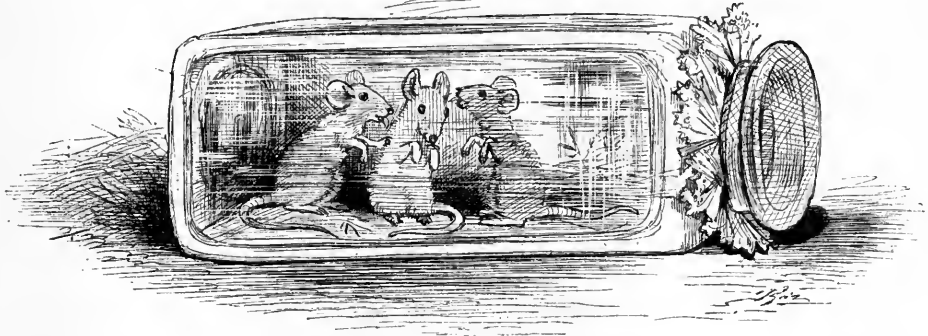
“He must have flown in through the window, and into the drawer,”

said mamma. “Then somebody must have shut the drawer before he got out.

How scared he must have been!”

“Birds must not go a-peeping,” said Linny, with a roguish smile.

—A. F. B.



TAKING A BATH.

THE RAT-BABIES.

One day Mamma Rat went away from home.

She left her rat-babies asleep in the nest.

While she was gone a boy found her nest.

He carried away her rat-babies. There were three of them.

The rat-babies were almost two inches long.

They had very bright eyes, sharp teeth and long tails. They had very wise old-looking faces. They did not seem at all afraid of the boy.

The boy put them in a new home. Their new home was in a long, square glass bottle.

A piece of lace was tied over the mouth of this bottle so that the rat-babies could have fresh air to

breathe all the time.

Then the bottle was laid, lengthwise, on the window-sill.

The rat-babies were full of life and fun. They tried to bite holes in the lace door.

They were fed with bread crumbs. They had plenty of water.

As soon as they ate anything they took a bath.

It was a funny sight to see those rat-babies take a bath in the bottle.

They sat up just as a cat does when she washes herself.

The three sat in a row.

Each one washed his own face and paws, and as far as he could reach round his trim little body, just as a cat does.

Then the rat in the middle sat quite still while the two other rats finished his bath for him.

Each rat in turn sat in the middle, while the outside rats washed for him where he could not reach.

Their tongues and fore paws were their wash-cloths.

Their tiny mouths were their wash-basins.

They took several such baths every day.

I saw it all myself.

While we were at supper pussy put up her paw and opened the lace door.

We never saw our three cunning rat-babies again.

—F. P. C.

WHAT NELL FOUND.

Nell had the measles.

She caught them at school.

She was very sick. Her face was swollen. Her eyes were weak. They had to be bandaged with a cool linen cloth. Her room had to be kept dark.

O, how glad Nell was when she

could look about again.

She sat by the window all the time.

Her window looked out on the orchard.

The apple-trees were in blossom. They looked like great pink and white clouds.

The orchard was full of birds and bees.

She had nothing to do but watch these birds and bees.

She learned a great deal about the ways of different birds.

She liked very much to watch the night-hawks.

Night-hawks are large birds.
They fly about after sunset.



POOR NELL!

They feed upon insects.

They come out to catch the insects just at twilight.

Often they darted about among the trees that shaded Nell's window.

Nell never saw them in the day-time.

But one morning she saw something strange in a tree.

It looked like a big bunch of feathers.

At first Nell thought it must be the feather duster.

While she was looking at it, the bunch of rough feathers straightened out.

Out popped a head. It was a bird's head.

The bunch of feathers was a dark gray bird.

It opened its bill and called, "Char-lotte!"

"What?" answered a voice from the ground.

The voice was very hoarse.

Nell thought "Char-lotte" might have taken cold from sitting down on the damp ground.

The gray bird up in the tree called out "Char-lotte!" many times that day.

As soon as it got an answer it would ruffle up its feathers, put its head behind its wing, and go to sleep again.

How Nell did wish she could go

out and climb that tree!

Once the bird almost tumbled out of the tree. It spread its wings to keep from falling. Nell saw white spots on the under side of its wings.



THE NIGHT HAWK.

Then she was sure it was a night-hawk.

She was sure there must be a night-hawk's nest near by.

She felt sure "*Char-lotte*" was sitting on some eggs down in the grass.

She asked Rob to search for the nest. Rob searched. He could not find it.

But Nell knew she could find it if she could go out-doors.

When Nell was strong enough to go out, the first thing she did was to

search for the night-hawk's nest.

She climbed over the fence under the tree where the gray bird sat.

As she jumped down on the other side, a big bird flew up.

She looked in the grass.

There were two eggs close by her feet. Nell was glad she had not stepped on them.

There was no nest. The leaves and grass had been scratched away.

The eggs lay on the bare ground. These eggs were larger than any eggs Nell had ever seen. They were pale green, with dark brown spots.

Every day Nell went to look at the pale green eggs.

One day she found one egg and one funny little bird.

Next day she found two funny little birds, and no egg. That day she saw the mother-bird.

The mother-bird was lighter colored than the bird in the tree.

She was spotted. She was the same color as the ground and the old dead leaves.

Perhaps that was the reason Rob could not find her.

The baby birds were not bare like other little birds.

They were covered thick with heavy down.

Rob told his teachers at the High School what his little sister had found.

The High School teachers came to see the funny little birds.

They wanted to take the baby birds away. They wanted to keep them at

the museum for people to look at.

But Nell would not let them rob poor mamma "*Char-lotte*" of her children.

Perhaps the big night-hawk knew that Nell was a friend to birds, for the next summer he came back to the same tree.

—S. P. B.

BILLY NEWTON'S LUNCHEON.

Billy Newton is not a boy.

Billy Newton is Dr. Newton's horse.

Each week Billy travels many miles. He carries the doctor to the houses where the people are sick.

At all hours of the night Billy is waked up, led out of his stall, harnessed to the doctor's carriage, and driven off, he knows not where.

Billy does not like this very well.

He enjoys going to visit sick people on bright sunny days.

Billy cannot understand why people will be sick on rainy, or stormy days.

Sometimes the doctor is in such

a hurry that he cannot wait for Billy to finish his breakfast.

Billy can't understand this either.

Billy is a very bright horse, but he does not understand disagreeable things.

At last Billy made up his mind that he would have a luncheon.

Billy did have a luncheon.

Billy did not carry his luncheon in a pail, or basket, or package, as you do.

O, no, Billy buys it on the street.

I will tell you how he does it.

Billy's master stops at a banking-house every morning.

Across the street from the bank an old woman keeps a fruit stand.

She sells apples, candy and nuts.

Billy buys his luncheon of the old fruit woman.

After the doctor jumps out and goes into the banking-house, Billy

She gives him a stick of candy.

Billy stands there and eats it.

He stands there until the doctor comes for him.

Then the doctor pays the fruit



BILLY BUYS HIS OWN LUNCHEON.

looks up and down to see if the road is clear.

If no carriages are passing, Billy walks across the street to the fruit stand.

He asks the old fruit woman for a stick of candy.

He does not speak, but she understands him.

woman a cent for the candy.

Billy buys his luncheon of the fruit woman every day.

One day, when his mistress was driving him, Billy fell down.

She was afraid he would spring up and break the harness.

She wished to keep him quiet until some men came to help her.

She remembered she had some candy in her pocket.

She fed the candy to Billy. In this way she kept him lying still un-

til some men came to help her.

She was very glad that day that Billy had a sweet tooth.

— L. M. P.

ABOUT JACK.

Jack was a baby elephant.

He was eight months old.

He lived in India.

Jack was not a wild elephant. He belonged to a gentleman who kept him as a pet.

Jack was very fond of his master.

He followed him like a dog.

Sometimes Jack went where he was not wanted.

One day he followed his master into church.

Sometimes he went with him to make calls.

Then Jack followed his master into the parlors.

He liked to stand by his master and fan him.

Jack understood all that was said to him.

He liked to do errands.

He liked to bring things from

the kitchen to his master.

He liked to bring fruit from the store-room.

He liked to help so well that the servants were very fond of him.



JACK WAKES HIS MASTER.

Jack was always up early in the morning.

As soon as he was awake he

always went to call his master.

He went up on the veranda. Then he walked along to the open windows of his master's room.

He stood there and gave a trumpet call.

If that great noise did not awake him, then Jack put his trunk in at

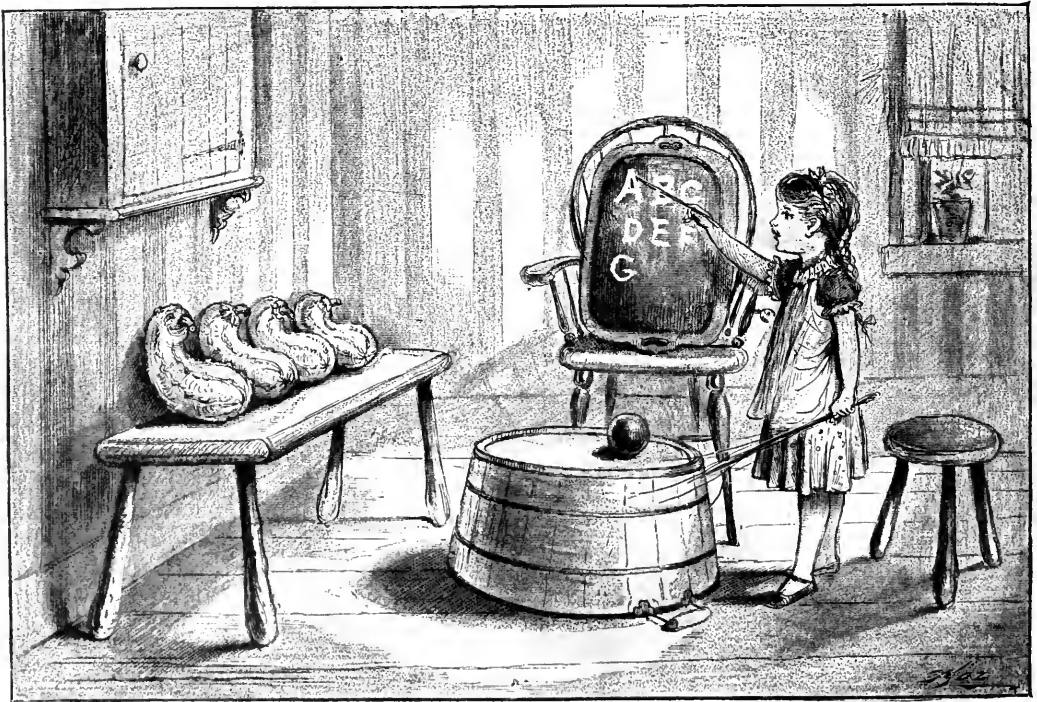
the window, and touched his master on the forehead, very gently.

That always woke him.

Jack would wait until he saw his master dressing.

Then he would trot away contented.

—F. E. S.



TEACHING SCHOOL.

(A Picture for a Blackboard or Slate Story.)

LITTLE FOLKS READER.

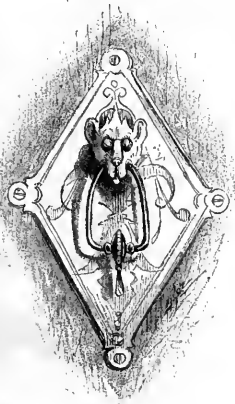
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HOMESICK SUE.



Splash! came the big raindrops on the window pane.

Splash! came the big tears down on Sue's white apron.

Sue was homesick.

Sue was a long way from home.

Sue was a little American girl. Her home was in Boston. Now she was in London. The big gray ocean lay between London and Boston.

She wished she had never come to England to visit uncle John.

It rained almost every day in England.

Hark! *Rap rap! rap! tap tap tap!* There was uncle John at the door. Sue did not like the big brass door-knockers.

She liked door-bells, such as they had in America.

She ran down to let uncle John in.

There he stood, dripping wet.



OUT OF UNCLE JOHN'S HAT!

What was the matter with uncle John's hat? What made it stir and jerk so?

"Mew, mew, mew!"

Where did the little "mew" come from?

Sue looked about the hall. She peeped out into the street.

Just then uncle John's hat almost tumbled over. Uncle John put up both hands and lifted it off.

He set it down on the floor.

Out leaped a kitten.

"I've brought you a tabby cat," said uncle John.

This kitten was not at all like Sue's handsome Tabby at home.

It was not like any Tabby she had seen.

It was gray, an odd reddish gray, marked with broad dark stripes.

Uncle John said "tabby" was not short for "Tabitha."

He said "tabby" meant "brindled."

He said "tabby" was a name given to all cats of that kind of gray.

The little London tabby sat and purred in Sue's arms.

But now the "mews" came again as loud as before.

Uncle John laughed.

He put his hands down in his big overcoat pockets.

He brought out two more cats. Sue jumped away from the first one.

It looked so strange.

It had no tail!

It was a Manx cat.

Uncle John told her that Manx cats never had tails.



A MANX CAT.

But Sue would not have a cat without a tail.

So back Mrs Manx went into uncle John's overcoat pocket.

The other cat was odd, too.

But Sue liked it.

It was an Angora cat.

This Angora cat had a tail long enough and big enough for herself and for the Manx cat too.

She had beautiful hair.

It was creamy white, and so long, and so silky.

And, O, how pretty her shagg tail was!

Sue liked her better than any cat she had ever seen.

But this lovely Angora cat had one fault.

She would not be petted.

Sue gave her two cats some milk and some meat.

After this dinner, Miss Angora curled herself up on the sofa pillow, and went to sleep.

Uncle John carried the Manx cat off in his overcoat pocket.

The little London tabby came

up to her mistress. She jumped up in her lap and wanted to play.



THE ANGORA CAT.

They had a long frolic together! Sue forgot she was homesick.

—S. P. B.

THE FIRST SEAM.

Who sewed the first seam?

I think it was a little bird.

This little bird that sews is called the tailor bird.

The tailor bird is never seen in our country.

The tailor bird's home is in India.

The tailor bird sews its nest. I will tell you exactly how he does it.

First, the bird selects a very large green leaf, not too high up on the tree.

Then he punches a row of holes down each side of the leaf.

He punches these holes with his sharp bill.

Then he goes away to find some thread.

He goes to some plant with a long coarse stem.

From this long stem he strips long threads, or fibres.

He does this with his bill.

He then takes this thread, or fibre, in his bill.

He flies back with it to the leaf.
Then he puts the thread through



THE TAILOR BIRD.

and through the holes he has
punched along the sides of the leaf.

He does this just as you lace
your boots.

He sews back and forth, back and
forth, until he has made the leaf into
a cunning green bag.

This bag has an opening at the
top.

If one leaf is too small, he selects
two leaves, and punches holes in
the sides of both.

Then the green bag has two seams
instead of one.

He lines this bag with soft bits of
down.

Then it is a nest, all ready for the
eggs.

The mamma bird sits in it.

She swings to and fro and has a
good time.

— L. M. B.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

The autumn leaves are ripe.

The little Lee girls go out under
the trees, and into the woods, every
day to get them.

They select hundreds of the bright-
est leaves to bring home.

They lay them in large books to

press, with heavy weights on them.

In this way they learn to know the
different kinds of trees by their
leaves.

They know the scarlet maple
leaves.

They know the yellow elm leaves.

They know the brown oak leaves,
and the dark crimson oak leaves.



BEAUTIFUL AUTUMN LEAVES.

They know the brown beech
leaves.

They know the pale golden hickory
leaves.

They know the rich maroon su-
mach leaves.

They give the leaves which they
think the most beautiful to mamma
for an autumn leaf-album.

They decorate their own chambers
with the leaves.

They pin branches on the walls.

They pin sprays on the window
curtains.

They arrange garlands of dark red
blackberry vines around the picture
frames.

They place great clusters in the
vases.

So their chambers look bright and
cheerful all winter.

—K. L.

NAN'S COMPOSITION.

Nan loved flowers.
She had a garden of her own.
She took care of this garden her-
self.

One day she carried a boquet to
school and gave it to her teacher.

Nan's class had learned to write.

They used to write little stories on
their slates.

The teacher put Nan's flowers on
her table.

When Nan's class was called, the
teacher spoke to them pleasantly:

"Now children, I have something

new for you to-day. I will give each of you a flower out of Nan's bouquet. I want you to write some-



NAN.

thing on your slate about the flower."

She gave Nan a morning glory, because it was just the color of Nan's blue eyes.

This was what Nan wrote on her slate:

A MORNING GLORY.

A morning glory is a beautiful flower. It looks as if it might be a

fairy's cup or flower vase.

This one is blue, but some are pure white.

Some are purple. Some are pink with white edges.

The pink ones with white edges are very pretty, I think.

Morning glories last only a few hours if the sun shines.

One time last summer, there was a pure pink one on mamma's trellis. It was hidden in among the leaves. That morning glory lasted a week before it died.

A blue and white one came out near the pink one. The blue and white one was the prettier, I think.

When I was up to grandma's last summer, cousin Bess and I used to get up earlier than the others.

We went into the garden and picked bouquets of flowers to put by the plates on the breakfast table.

We almost always picked morning glories.

My cousin and I often used to pick them at night when they were wilted, and blow them. We can blow them to look like little bags.

If you blow them long enough they will burst.

They will not blow up if there is the least little slit in them.

Mamma says the bumble-bees make the slits in them, to get the honey out.

The bumble-bees' tongues are too short to reach down the whole length of the flower

So they make a little hole in the

sides of the morning glories.

Then they lick the honey out.

I watched one once when I was swinging under the apple tree.

It was very funny to see him make the little hole in the flower.

This is all I know now about morning glories.

I mean to have them in my garden, and watch them next summer.

—L. L. P.

BUNNY-COAT'S BED.



Little gay Bun-ny-coat
Slipped into bed—

Nothing was seen of him,
But his gray head:

Where was his bed, think you?
Where did he dream?

You will laugh when I tell you,
So droll does it seem!

In little Jean's pocket
In her apron so white,
The little grey "Bunny-coat"
Slept all the night.

—F. P. C.

THE KITE THAT WOULD NOT FLY.

Fred and Harry wanted a kite.

Their playmate, Berty Day, had a handsome one.

Berty's kite went high up, over the tops of the trees in Mr. Day's garden.

It was red and white.

It had a very long tail.

Berty's big brother made it for him.

When Fred and Harry saw it, they said, "We will make a kite too."

They ran home and told their mamma they were going to make a kite out in the wood-shed.

Their mamma offered to come out and show them how.

But both the boys said no, they knew how.

They found some sticks. They fastened them together for a kite-frame.

Their mamma gave them some pretty paper to cover the kite-frame.

The boys thought it was great fun to work in the wood-shed.

They laid the kite-frame on a long

bench. They fastened the pretty paper on the frame with some flour paste.

Next they wanted a kite-string.



THE KITE THAT WOULD NOT FLY.

Mamma brought them a whole ball of twine.

It was coarse and strong.

She smiled as she looked at the frame.

She told them not to make the tail too heavy.

"O, we know all about kites," said Harry.

"Mamma, you can't tell us anything about kites," said Fred.

So mamma went back into the house.

She smiled as went along.

At last the kite was finished. It looked very gay.

It had a beautiful long tail.

They ran in and showed it to their mamma.

"You see we *did* know how to make a kite, mamma," they said.

Then they took it out to fly it.

Fred gave it a toss.

They both were ready to run with the string and let the kite go as high as it liked.

But the kite did not rise. It tumbled flat to the ground.

"Let me hold her," said Harry.

But the kite would not rise.

"Let us shorten the tail," said Fred.

So they shortened the tail. But the kite would not rise.

"The wind must be wrong," said Fred.

"No," said Harry. "Look at Berty's kite! It is high up among the clouds."

But nothing could make the kite rise.

Harry grew cross, and said Fred

had made the tail wrong.

Fred grew cross, and said Harry had made the frame wrong.

They were very disagreeable to each other.

Just than papa came out. He looked at his two little sons. He looked at the kite.

"It is because you did not begin right," he said. "Your frame is too heavy. Some of the sticks are too long. Neither boys nor kites will rise in the world, if they begin wrong."

Then he made a new kite-frame, His sticks were not too heavy, nor too short, nor too long.

He got new paper to cover it.

The tail was handsome, but not too long.

Fred and Harry both clapped their hands when the new kite sailed up and up, as high as Berty's kite.

Fred and Harry have made many toys since then.

They have made kites and tops, and balloons, and ball-clubs.

But they think it is a good plan every time to ask papa or mamma to show them how.

WILLIE'S PET.

Willy is a little American boy.
He is eight years old.

He used to live in Boston.

Now he lives in France.

France is a country across the
Atlantic ocean.

Not one of the children could
speak a word of English.

Willy could say "if you please,"
in French.

He could say "yes" and "no," in
French.



WILLIE'S PET.

But those five words
did not help him get ac-
quainted.

Willy thought it was
funny that such small chil-
dren could speak French.

He thought French was
a very hard language to
speak.

The French children
thought it was very funny
that such a small boy as

Willy sailed across the ocean in a
steamer.

He went with his sick mamma.

When Willy first went to France
he was very lonely.

He lived in a large hotel.

There were many children in the
hotel.

But Willy could not get acquaint-
ed with any of the children, because
they all spoke French.

Willy could speak English.

The French children thought Eng-
lish was a very hard language to
speak.

The only person that Willy could
talk with was his sick mamma.

One day a lady came to call on his
mamma.

Her little son came with her.

His name was Louis.

The two mammas talked together

in the French language.

The two little boys could not speak to each other.

But they could look at pictures together.

They could smile at each other.

They could offer each other nuts and candies.

While they were looking at the picture-books, Willy jumped up.

"Mamma," said he in English, "I hear a canary bird!"

At the same moment Louis jumped up.

"Mamma," said he in French, "I hear a canary bird!"

Then the two little boys looked at each other. They smiled.

They both ran out on the balcony. They both expected to see a canary bird.

But they could not find any bird!

They looked up, and down, and all around. But there was no bird in sight.

They ran back into the parlor.

"Louis," said the French boy's mamma, "I think I have found the singer.

Yes, she had.

What do you think it was?

It was a tiny mouse. It sat under the fender and sang.

This singing mouse was smaller than a common mouse.

It had long ears.

When it sang it moved these long ears up and down.

This little singing mouse staid in the hotel all winter.

It staid under the fender almost all the time.

A great many people came to see it, for singing mice are not often found.

Its song was like the song of a canary bird, only it was lower and softer.

Sometimes it sounded as if two mice were singing.

But Willy never found but one.

The singing mouse grew so tame that it would eat out of Willy's hand.

It would sing when Willy was sitting beside it.

Was it not a pretty pet?

Willie says the singing mouse does not sing in French.

He is very glad of that.

MISS LUNT'S SCHOOL.

Miss Lunt was a school-teacher.

She taught school in her own house.

The school was in her pretty parlor where she played on the piano.

The pupils sat on the bright chintz sofas, and in the pretty chairs.

There were pictures on the walls.

There were flowers on the tables.

Two bird-cages hung in the large bay window.

Ten large girls came to Miss Lunt's school.

Four small girls came to Miss Lunt's school.

Miss Lunt was very fond of her four small pupils.

She did many pleasant things for this little class.

There was a small room next the parlor.

In this small room there was a low bed with soft pillows.

When the four small girls grew tired or sleepy, she sent them into this room.

They could run about and play in this room, or they could lie down on

the low bed and take a nap.

There were blocks, and games, and toys in this room.

There was also a low table with bright blue plates and cups.

The small girls could sit at this table and eat their lunch.

The small girls could bring their dolls, if they chose, and play with them in this room.

They could not take the dolls into the school room.

Sometimes Miss Lunt wished the four small girls to sit near her in a row on a low sofa.

Then she let each one take a picture-book while she heard the ten large girls recite.

Any one of the four small girls who did not whisper while she sat in the row, nor touch the next girl, nor move her feet, had a good mark.

That good girl could wear a lovely blue ribbon bow on her shoulder for a whole day.

If that good girl wished to bring a flower, Miss Lunt would wear it in her hair all the morning.

One day there were three good girls.

The next day Miss Lunt had to wear a sunflower, a pink and a rose.

It was a very pretty class when the four small girls stood up in a row.

Once two of the ten large girls did not study their lessons.

Miss Lunt put those two tall idle girls into the small girls' class.

But the small girls did not want any tall idle girls in their class.

Then Miss Lunt put the two tall idle girls in a class by themselves.

Then they were ashamed and studied their lessons.

Once in two weeks Miss Lunt had a "story morning."

On "story morning" Miss Lunt

told her girls stories about animals, and her girls told her about their pets at home.

The four small girls and the ten



THE SMALL CLASS IS SPOILED.

large girls always enjoyed "story morning."

Not one of Miss Lunt's fourteen girls was ever unkind to any animal.

JET AND DOT.

Susie Dale and her aunt Jane were going home.

They had been to grandpa's to spend Thanksgiving.

Grandpa had made Susie a present.

He had given her two fur-babies with long ears.

One of the fur-babies wore a coat of black.

The other fur-baby wore a coat of grey, with white dots around the neck.

Both coats were as soft as silk.

The fur-babies lay in an open work-basket. They could peep out, and breath fresh air.

Susie and Aunt Jane stopped in Boston for two days on their way

who wore the black coat.

Dot was the fur-baby who wore the grey coat with white dots.

There was no floor in the house.

The fur-babies would not have liked a board floor.

The fur-babies finished the house themselves.

They used their paws for shovels. With these spry shovels they dug a path under ground.

At the end of the path they dug a little chamber to sleep in.

They carried leaves, and cotton, and wool to this dark chamber.

The leaves, and cotton, and wool made a soft bed and soft pillows.

Every morning after breakfast Susie invited Jet and Dot into her house.

They stayed with Susie an hour. She gave them bits of pie and cake.

They jumped upon her shoulders, and sat there to nibble the nice bits.

In summer time Susie often took Jet and Dot to a clover field.



SUSIE AND HER FUR-BABIES.

home to the farm-house.

They went to Boylston market every morning to buy apples and cabbage for the fur-babies to eat.

At last Susie and Aunt Jane reached home.

Then Susie's papa built a snug house for Jet and Dot.

Jet was the name of the fur-baby

They liked to scamper about and bite the tender clover.

It always took four boys, two girls, Aunt Jane and papa, to get the

lively rogues home again.

Susie kept her pretty fur-babies four years.

—*F. P. C.*

OUR HERO.

This is a true story.

It is a sad story.

It is about Cass and Hero.

Cass was our horse.

Hero was our dog.

Cass and Hero were great friends.

When Cass was out with the carriage, Hero always trotted along by his side.

Cass was pastured on an island in the river.

Hero swam across the river every day to get to Cass.

They had great frolics together.

They ran all over the island together.

Hero always came back at night to watch the house.

Then he swam across to the island again early in the morning.

Now comes the sad part of the story.

One night in the middle of the

winter we heard Hero barking very loud.

We all jumped up to see what the matter was.

The stables were on fire

Hero was barking to waken us.

Cass was tied up in the stable.

The men tried to get him out.

But the stable was full of fire and smoke. They could not get to him.

Hero tried with all his might to save Cass.

He tried to drag him out by his bridle.

He ran from the stable door to his master.

He ran from his master to the stable door.

He barked. He cried and howled.

At last he jumped into the burning stable and lay down beside poor Cass.

We called Hero. We went as near as we could.

But we could not coax him to come out.

We could not get to him through



HERO.

the smoke and the fire and the falling timbers.

The firemen were there hard at work.

They had come with their fire-engines from the village.

But they could not get into the stable to save Hero and Cass.

When morning came, our house was burned down.

Our stable was burned down.

Our carriages were burned.

We were very sorrowful.

But we felt worse about Hero and Cass than about anything else that we had lost.

There were only some whitened bones left.

These bones showed that Hero and Cass lay side by side through the fire.

I told you it was a sad story.

But don't you think it is a *sweet* sad story?

—K. L.



PICTURE TO COPY ON SLATES.

LITTLE FOLKS READER.

Edited by the Editors of WIDE AWAKE and BABYLAND.

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THE BEAR THAT CAME TO SCHOOL.

Many years ago there was a little red school-house.



THE BIG BLACK BEAR.

It was up among the New Hampshire hills.

This little red school-house stood very near the woods.

It was half a mile from any house.

It had only one door.

It had six small windows.

It had no easy chairs and pretty desks, such as you enjoy.

It had wooden benches instead of chairs.

There were long wide counters in front of these benches, instead of desks.

There was a shelf under each counter for the books and slates.

A great rusty stove stood at one end of the little red school-house.

The school-boys brought in big armfuls of wood to burn in this stove.

One winter day, when there was snow on the ground, one of the little school-boys went out and left the door open.

The scholars heard a noise at the door.

It was a big, soft footstep.

They looked up.

They saw a big, black bear.

He was standing in the doorway.

How frightened the little children were!

The teacher was frightened, too.

The children ran behind a counter in the farthest corner.

The teacher came and stood with them.

The little ones cried.

Some of the larger ones screamed.

The teacher trembled.

But the bear did not offer to eat any of them.

He walked in.

He sat down by the fire.

He looked good natured, but no one dared go past him.

He turned round and round. He warmed himself all over.

Then he stood up on his hind legs and shut the door.

The children screamed louder than

ever when they saw him shut the door.

But the bear did not come toward them.

He began to take down the hats and bonnets and shawls and cloaks which hung on the pegs behind the door.

He took them all down, and laid them in a heap on the floor.

Then he took down the satchels and dinner baskets.

He opened them. He took out the dinners.

He stood there and ate bread, and cheese, and pie, and doughnuts, and pickles, and cold meat, and apples.

Do you not suppose that bear's stomach ached?

But he was not satisfied.

He wished to see what the teacher had for dinner.

He went and smelt at her desk.

It was locked. He could not open it.

He gave himself a big shake.

He looked as if he wanted to say, "Too bad! too bad! I know they sent the teacher something extra nice for her dinner! I wish I could get it!"

Then the bear walked to the door.
He opened it and went out!
O, how glad the children were!
They looked out of the windows.
They saw him go off into the
snowy woods.

At noon they went and looked at
his big tracks in the snow.



THE BIG BLACK BEAR EATS A LUNCH.

But they did not go very near the
woods.

Now I will tell you why the bear
came to this school-house.

Many years before a boy in the
neighborhood caught this same bear.

The bear was a little playful cub

at that time — a baby bear.

The boy tamed and trained him.

All the children in the neighbor-
hood petted him and played with
him.

He often went to school with
them. At noon they always gave
him part of their dinner.

One day he went off and never
came back.

The boys he had played with grew
up to be men. They forgot the little
pet bear.

The bear grew up too. But he
did not forget.

When he came down from the
northern woods, he remembered the
red school-house.

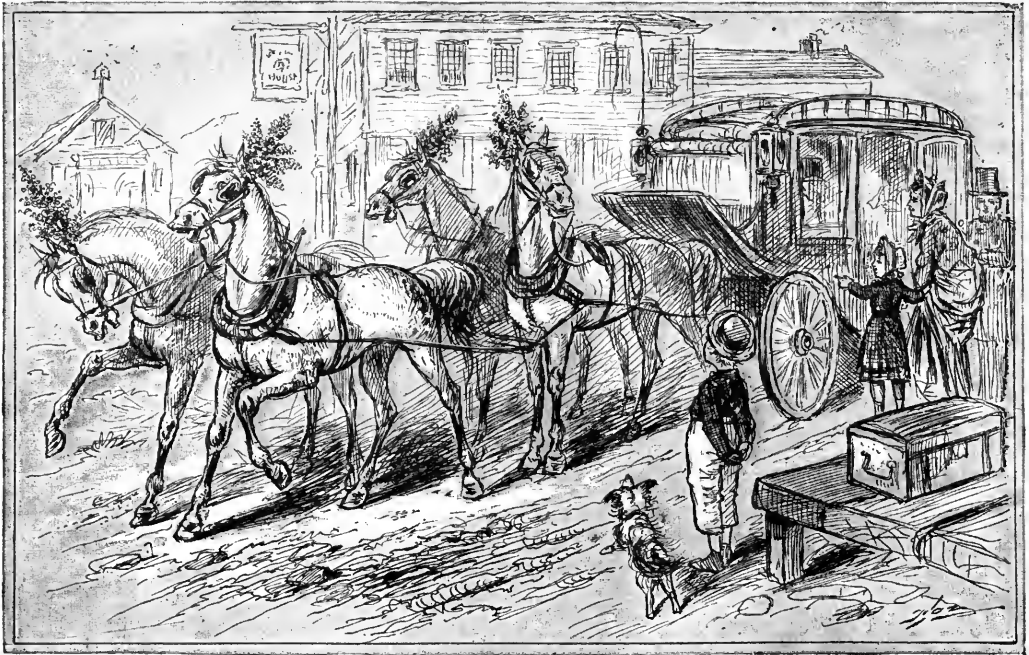
He may not have remembered the
boys. But he remembered the din-
ner baskets.

So he opened the door and went
in.

He did not go in to eat the plump,
rosy, little boys and girls.

He went in after the plump dough-
nuts and the rosy apples.

He must have gone back up to the
great, northern woods, for nobody
has ever seen him since.



MARY STARTS IN THE COACH-AND-FOUR.

MARY'S JOURNEY.

CHAPTER I.—MARY GETS ARABELLA READY.

When Mary Green was six years old her mother took her to visit an aunt.

This aunt lived sixty miles away.

Mary thought this was a very long journey.

She was busy one whole afternoon in getting ready. She packed her little travelling bag with all sorts of things for Arabella's comfort.

Arabella was going with her. Ara-

bella was her large and petted doll.

Mary packed a thick sash for Arabella to put on if it was cold.

She packed a blue and white afghan to spread over Arabella when she took a nap.

She packed a small book which Arabella could hold in her tiny hand if she should wish to read.

She packed a lunch for Arabella. This lunch was ten small pieces of bread an inch square, and a peppermint lozenge. This lunch was

neatly tied up in thick white paper.

CHAPTER II. — MAMMA GETS MARY
READY.

Mary's mother also was busy one whole afternoon in getting ready.

She packed a little trunk for Mary. With what, do you guess?

"Nice white dresses trimmed with lace?"

"Ever so many sashes of all colors?"

"Kid shoes and slippers of black and white, blue and pink?"

"Mary's best hat with a plume, and her play hat of brown straw?"

No, all your guesses are wrong.

Little Mary went on her journey thirty years ago. Little girls dressed very plainly then.

Mary's mother put into the little trunk one white dress of plain muslin with a tiny ruffle around the neck.

This was Mary's best dress. It was only worn to church, or when Mary made grand visits.

No sash was put in. There were narrow strings of white muslin to tie the dress around the waist.

Six long-sleeved gingham tiers

were laid in the little trunk.

Two gingham sunbonnets were also laid in.

These tiers and sunbonnets were for Mary to play in.

Then, wrapped in paper, her thick shoes were laid in, some handkerchiefs, some under clothing, her comb and brush, and her needle case and thimble.

A plain blue wool dress, her best morocco shoes, and a straw bonnet with a blue ribbon on it, were laid on the bed. These were for Mary to wear on the journey.

CHAPTER III. — THE STAGE COACH.

After breakfast, next morning, the bag, the lunch, the trunk, and Arabella were brought out on the piazza.

Mary sat there too, to watch for the stage.

By and by she heard the merry stage horn. The stage driver was blowing it.

Then she heard the wheels rattle.

Then they saw the great high stage with its four horses coming down the street.

The driver, away up on top, made

a big flourish with his whip, and drove up to the door in fine style.

The four horses looked very gay and held their heads very high.

The driver had put a bunch of lilacs on the head of each horse.

Mary thought this looked very pretty. She wondered if the horses



MARY IN HER GINGHAM SUIT.

liked the smell of the flowers.

Mary and her mamma entered the coach. They said good-bye. They threw kisses to papa and George.

The driver gave his whip another flourish, and away the four horses went.

The big coach tipped up and

down, forward and backward. Mary thought the motion was perfectly delightful.

“O, mamma,” she said, “I wish we were going a hundred miles instead of sixty.”

CHAPTER IV.—THE NEW PASSENGERS.

By and by they stopped at a country tavern and had dinner.

When they got in the stage again they found some new passengers.

There was a lady with two children.

The two children were about Mary's own size and age.

They were a boy and girl. They were twins and looked exactly alike.

They had bright black eyes that sparkled with fun.

Their heads were round as apples. Their black hair was cut very close.

Their cheeks were like 'roses. Their mouths looked ready to laugh all the time.

They both were as fat and round as babies.

Their mother called them Dick and Dolly.

Every time Dick looked at Dolly

she laughed in great glee.

If Dolly spoke a word to Dick he laughed.

If their mother spoke they both laughed.

They made friends with Mary in about five minutes.

They all were so jolly that the driver wished they were up there with him.

So he stopped the horses. He asked them if they would like to ride on the outside for a while.

Their mothers said they might.

CHAPTER V.—ON TOP OF THE STAGE COACH.

The three children were jollier than ever when they all were perched up on top of the coach.

"See the bossy calf in that field!" cried Dick.

"See the little colt over there!" said Dolly.

"Hurrah! there are some lambs!" shouted Dick.

"O, those lovely white geese!" said Mary.

"See that bantam cock! isn't it a beauty?" called Dick.

Then there was a cry of delight from all three. Arabella would have



WHAT THEY SAW FROM THE STAGE COACH.

shouted too, if she could.

There, on the stone wall, stood

something very beautiful indeed.

Mary had never seen one before, but she knew from pictures that it must be a peacock.

His long tail came down to the ground.

It was all golden-green and blue, and how it shone in the sun!

The peacock seemed to know they were looking at him.

He spread his tail as wide as he could and walked along on the wall.

"I never saw anything so pretty in the world!" said Mary, and Dick and Dolly clapped their hands.

All at once Mary cried out again. She saw houses and church spires. "Are we there, mamma?" she asked.

Yes, Mary was at her journey's end.

She said good-bye to the jolly little twins. They went on with the stage.

She thanked the driver for her nice ride outside.

And then she was very glad to take Arabella and go up the long walk to her auntie's house, for she was a very tired, sleepy little girl.

—S. E. S.

RALPH AND ROVER.

Rover is a Newfoundland dog.

Ralph is a raven.

Ralph and Rover are great friends.

Ralph often perches on Rover's back.

Sometimes he rides on Rover's back all around the yard.

Rover lets Ralph pick the same bones with him.

One day Rover got run over.

His leg was broken.

He had to stay in the stable.

Then Ralph brought bones to Rover every day.

Ralph would not sleep on his perch.

He slept in the stable with Rover.

But one night the hostler forgot that Ralph had not come.

He locked the door before Ralph got in.

What do you think Ralph did?

Ralph has a strong, sharp beak.

He pecked the stable door with this strong, sharp beak.

In the morning there was a hole
through the stable door.

The hole was not *quite* big enough
for Ralph to get into the stable.

If he had worked one hour longer,
he would have got in.

This is a true story.

—K. L.



THE OLD SNOW MAN.

Charley, and Arthur, and John,
Three merry young rogues that I
know,
Have been at work in the drifts
And made an old man out of
snow.

His body is clumsy and rough;
His face has queer features to
show;
And nothing but stumps for his
arms
Has this poor old man made of
snow.

But how the boys frolic and shout!
And how their chubby cheeks
glow!

For oh! 'tis such wonderful fun
To make an old man out of snow.

They pat him, they smooth him
around
To harden him well; for they
know

That the sun will do all he can
To melt down their old man of
snow.

—M. E. N. H.

WHY THE CLOCK TOLD STORIES.



Mintie was a kitten.

Her hair was white.

Mattie was a little girl.

Her hair was yellow.

Grandpa gave the kitten to Mattie before her

eyes were open.

As soon as she could eat milk for herself, Mattie took her home.

Mattie thought her the cunningest kitten in the world.

She named her Snowflake at first because she was so white.

But after she *meddled with the*

minutes Mattie changed her name from Snowflake to Mintie.

Mintie is short for minute.

Do you wonder how Mintie could meddle with the minutes?

I will tell you.

Mattie lived in the country.

Her papa went to Boston every day.

He always got home at six o'clock.

So they had six o'clock dinners.

There was a large carved Swiss clock in the sitting-room.

Every day, toward night, Mattie watched the long minute-hand very closely.

And always, just as the clock said it was six, Mattie met papa at the door with a kiss.

But one day she did not meet him.

The long hand said it was twenty minutes of six. Mattie was romping with her white kitten.

All at once the door opened, and there stood papa.

Mattie jumped up. She ran to

papa for her six o'clock kiss.

Then she looked at the clock.

Papa looked at the clock too.

He said it must be slow.

But no one had touched the clock.

It was very strange.

The dinner was late.

The next day Mattie was at the door when the Swiss clock struck six silver chimes.

But no papa!

Mattie waited five minutes.

Still no papa!

Mattie waited ten, fifteen minutes.

Still no papa!

Dinner was on the table. Dinner was growing cold.

Mattie waited twenty-five minutes.

Mamma was waiting too.

Just then papa came!

He said the clock must be fast.

So they all went and looked at the clock.

It seemed all right.

No one had touched it.

But it told stories every day for a week.

Mamma said she didn't know when to have dinner.

Papa said he should have to get a new clock.

But one day Mattie found out the trouble. The clock was not to blame.

Mattie had gone to the sitting-room very quietly.

The door was open.

In the middle of the floor sat Snowflake. She was very still, except her tail. That was moving slowly. Her eyes were very bright.

Mattie thought she was watching a mouse, perhaps. So she kept still herself and waited.

All at once the kitten gave a spring toward the long weight of the Swiss clock.

Up she went, up to the very top of the clock!

She looked about very proudly for a minute.

Then she reached down quickly with her fore-paws.

She rested the left paw on the pivot.

With the right paw she pulled the long minute-hand up, up from figure eight to figure eleven.

Snowflake had set the clock fifteen minutes ahead.

"Mamma! mamma!" Mattie fairly shouted. "I've found it out!"

Mamma came. Then Mattie told her how the white-haired kitten had meddled with the minutes.

They thought it the funniest thing a kitten ever did.

That night dinner was just ready, and Mattie and mamma both were

at the door, when papa came.

How papa did laugh when they told him!

And they tied a tiny toy watch around Snowflake's neck, and named her Mintie.

— C. S. P.

TID-ER-E-I.

What a long, funny name "Tid-er-e-i" is for a pet!

But the little boy who owned this pet often called him "Tid."

The little boy did not keep Tid in the house.

O, no, Tid had a house of his own.



TID-ER-E-I.

But Tid did not like to stay in his house.

Tid always wished he could run around in the flower garden.

He wished he could go out through the gate with the little boy and girl who came to see him so often.

Sometimes when Tid thought about the garden he would stand right up on his hind legs and squeal.

Was Tid a little bear? No.

Was he a young fawn? No.

Was he a colt, a calf, or a rabbit?

No, no, no!

Tid was a pig. But he was a pretty pig, a small, plump, white, round pig.

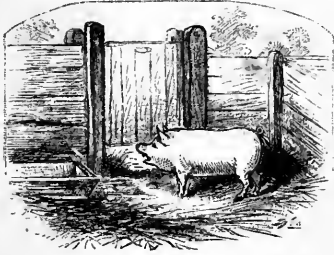
He was so very white and pretty that the children sometimes dressed him up with ribbons.

But Tid was a little rogue.

He would get out of his house whenever he could.

He would poke his funny, pink nose under the door, and lift it up and squeeze out under it.

Then he would scamper into the



TID'S NAUGHTY HABIT.

garden to find the children!

He ran about after them like a little dog.

Sometimes, when they were at play, he rolled over and over on the grass, and made a noise like this: "Hoo-o! hoo-o!"

The children called that Tid's laugh.

This funny pet got out of his house so often, and ran after the children so much, that Charlie, the hired man, was very cross about him.

Charlie was the one who had to mend the little house.

Charlie was the one who had to run after Tid-er-e-i and catch him, and put him back in his house.

One pleasant moonlight evening

the children were invited to a party.

The party was at a house near their own house.

It was in summer time.

Many city children were staying in the neighborhood.

The party was to be a large one.

"Now, children," said mamma, "you must keep very still when you pass Tid's house. You know Tid hears everything."

The children went on tip-toe past Tid's house.

They talked in whispers.

But Tid's quick little ears heard the light steps and the whispers.

"Ah," said he to himself, "they are going somewhere. I will go too."

Then Tid scratched with all his might. He soon had a hole under



"I WILL GO TOO!"

the boards. In a few minutes he was out.

Then he came to the gate.

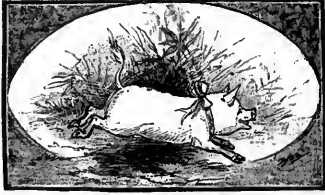
Naughty Tid! He raised that

gate up and squeezed through!

Then how he ran!

He seemed to smell the children's footsteps, just as a dog would.

The children were laughing and



OFF FOR THE PARTY.

talking about him at the party.

"We are safe now," said Harry, his little master. "Tid did not hear us this time."

"Poor fellow," said the little sister. "How he would enjoy the party."

"I wish he *had* come!" said one of the city girls. "He is so cunning."

"*Ugh, ugh!*" said something at the window.

All the children ran to the window.

There was Tid on the verandah, looking in.

"What shall we do!" said his two little owners. They were much ashamed.

"Let him be," said the little girl

who gave the party. "He knows where you are. If you put him back he will get out and come again. Besides he will make such fun for us all."

"Do let him stay!" cried all the children.

So little white Tid staid at the party.

He behaved very well.

When he squealed, the children called it singing.

When he made funny little noises, they called it laughing.

When he ran up and down the verandah, they called it dancing.

They all thought it was very funny to have a pig at a party.

Tid had some cake and some fruit when the children did.

His little owners took him home early.

They stopped at his house.

He went in like a good pig, when they opened the door.

All this happened many years ago, but his little owners have never forgotten their naughty, pretty little Tid-er-e-i.

— K. T. W.

"WHAT SHALL WE DO?"

"What *shall* we do?"

This was what the little children in a hospital said.

A hospital is a large building where sick people can go who cannot be cured or taken care of at home.

There were only children in this hospital.

There were thirty children.

Some of them lay in little white beds!

Some of them sat up in little easy chairs.

Some of them sat in wonderful little chairs which could be wheeled around the room.

Some of them could walk about if they walked very slow.

They had some books and some toys.

But they had heard all the stories many times.

They had seen all the pictures many times.

They had played with all the toys many times.

They had grown very, very tired of them all.

They wanted something new.

"What *shall* we do?" they said.

One day a lady from a country village came in to see the hospital children.

She heard them say, "What *shall* we do?"

She saw how tired they were of their playthings.

She knew they could not take rides, nor see any new places.

She thought of her own children at home.

She had often heard them say, "What *shall* we do?"

"Now," said she to herself, "my children and these hospital children shall answer each other's questions.

"They shall give each other something to do."

She went home.

She asked her friends to gather up all the old story-books, and old dolls, and old toys, which their children had thrown aside.

She asked her own children to bring her all their old books and toys.

Then she invited all the children in the village to come to her house on Saturday.

She formed them into a band.



SOMETHING TO DO.

She called them "The Little Brothers and Sisters of the Sick."

They re-painted the old games.

They pasted and re-bound the torn picture books.

They made new suits for the dolls.

The horses that had broken loose from the old tin wagons were harnessed in again.

Cars were formed into trains again, and made to run.

Bright pictures were pasted into blank books.

Some of the boys made picture-puzzles.

They went into the woods and gathered bags of nuts and boxes of autumn leaves.

There were enough pretty things to fill a large box.

Then one pleasant winter day this lady took all the "The Little Brothers and Sisters of the Sick" into the city with her.

She took them to the hospital.

She let them give the dolls and toys and picture-books, the nuts and the bright autumn leaves, to the sick children.

How glad the sick children were!

How glad the well children were!

When the "Little Brothers and Sisters of the Sick" went home, they said, "Next year we will do this same thing again!"

— M. O. J.

To Teachers, Superintendents, and School Boards.

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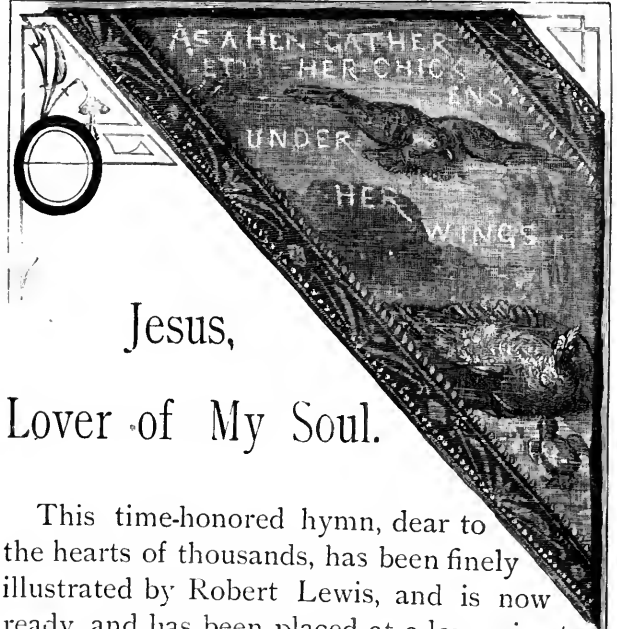
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