

flower to flower and sip the honey. They can sting, and it may have been one of them that stung you this morning.

"The honey is put away for winter. They make lots of honey for us to eat." When Edith was told how good the little bees are, she felt that she could like them after all.

"What do the bees do in winter?" said Edith. "Then there are no flowers from which to get honey."

"They sleep in the long cold winter, and do not wake up until the flowers come to see us in the warm days of spring."

"Now," said Edith's father, "we shall have to go home, or it will be too late for you to see Frank."

On the way home Edith said, "I am glad we went to see the man who keeps the honey-bees. Now I will have something to tell dear Frank. He will be glad to hear about the bees. I will tell him how honey is made. Some day he shall go with me to see the bees."

AT THE OLD WELL.

Mark and May are coming up the lane. They will meet their teacher at the gate.

May is pleading for a drink of water. She is a pretty girl with flaxen hair. She has a string of beads about her neck.

Near the swing is an old well. In the well hangs an old oaken bucket.

From this bucket grandfather, when a boy, had many a drink of clear, cold water.

The boys and girls stop here every day when on their way to school. They like to drink from the old oaken bucket.

Mark is saying to his teacher that he cannot reach the bucket. As Mark is a mere lad, the teacher will bring the bucket from the deep well.

See the old bucket go down, down! Now it comes up! There is the old bucket dripping with water.

It must be a very old bucket, as it is leaking. Now for a good drink of water. I like to drink out of the old oaken bucket.

DAN'S BIG BITE.

Dan has weeded the garden this morning. For this good deed his mother will let him go fishing.

Ned wants to go, too. He will ask his mother to let him go along. Dan does not like to take any one with him. He does not want any one to talk when he is fishing. He says that talking will drive the fish away.

As Dan is not a mean boy, he will take Ned with him. He has told Ned that he must not speak when the fish are biting. Ned is a good boy and will heed what Dan has said to him.

Dan has on a tweed coat, a brown vest, and a white hat. Ned is a keen boy and will soon know how to fish.

They will go to the big creek back of the house. Dan will take his long reed pole. He will take his fishing rod, too. That has a good steel reel on it.

They will take the blue boat. This does not leak. It is at the landing by the float.

You can see the boats in the creek below the steep bank.

Soon the boys will go speeding over the water. They will seek a good fishing place.

Don, the big dog, wants to go with the boys. He is sneaking in the tall grass near the lane. You can see his head peeping out of the grass. Don thinks that the boys do not see him.

Hark! that is Don barking. He sees that the boys do not mean to take him. When he barks like that he is appealing to the boys to go along. Dan is now speaking to Don. He is telling him to go to the field and tend the sheep. Soon old Don will be sleeping under a tree.

Now the boys are on the deep water. Little Ned is steering the boat. What a big swell in the water the boat makes! Dan is telling Ned to steer to the place where he sees the geese on the water.

"We will stop at this place," said Dan, peering into the water. "Hold the boat,



Ned, and I will soon have a nice mess of fish.”

Dan must have a bite. He is reeling in a fish. See how he leans out of the boat. It must be a very big fish.

What do you think Dan had on his hook? No, it was not a fish. It was a big eel. What a time Dan had to get the eel from his hook! He had to lay the eel down in the

boat and stand on it with his feet. It was a task to get the hook out of the eel's mouth.

In getting it out, he ran the hook into his hand. It made his hand bleed. But he need not fear any harm. The hand will soon heal.

Dan did not like Ned to jeer him about his big fish. Would you?

WHEN NIGHT COMES.

The sun is now asleep in the west. The sun will not wake up till morning.

Then it will be day. Who can tell what time it is when the sun is not up?

Little boys and girls should go to bed when the sun does. Then it is bedtime for them. Little girls and boys need sleep.

When bedtime comes the little birds are asleep. They are asleep in their little nests. The little chickens are asleep, too. They sleep under their mother's wings. The squirrels are asleep in their home in the tree.

The little tadpoles are asleep in the mill-pond. The little cats are asleep in a large box in the hall.

The sun is asleep. He has set in the west. When he went to bed he said, "Good night, girls and boys! Shall I see you in the morning when I get up?"

TO BE MEMORIZED.

Work while you work, boys,
Play while you play;
That is the way, boys,
To be happy and gay.

All that you do, girls,
Do with your might;
Things done but half, girls,
Are never done right.

Rise with the sun, boys,
Robin is singing;
March gayly along, girls,
School-bell is ringing.

THIRTY-SIXTH AND THIRTY-SEVENTH WEEKS' DRILL.

NEW VOWEL SOUND.

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ITS FAMILY.

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ife	ive	ipe
ile	ize	igh
ime	ise	ight
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(Use the first sound in i-ee.)

NEW BLEND WORDS.

side, sides, siding, aside, tide, tides, ride, rides, riding, hide, hides, hiding, wide, slide, slides, sliding, glide, glides, gliding, glided, stride, strides, striding.

fife, fifes, fifing.

mile, miles, pile, piles, piling.

prime, time, times, dime, dimes.

fine, fines, finest, vine, vines, line, lines, pine, pines, dine, dines, dining, shine, shines, shining, brine, swine, twine, twines, twining.

fire, fires, firing, mire, mires, miring, tire,
tires, hire, hires, wire, wires.

hive, hives, hiving, dive, dives, diving.

prize, prizing, size.

rise, rising, arise, wise.

bite, bites, biting, kite, kites.

pike, pikes, dike, dikes, strike, strikes,
striking.

ripe, snipe, snipes, wipe.

high, sigh.

sight, sights, sighting, sighted, tight, right,
night, nights, light, lights, blight, blights,
blighting, flight, flights, fright, bright, might.

mind, minds, minding, bind, binds, binding,
binded, kind, kinds, blind.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

I know a child, and who she is
I'll tell you by and by;
When mother says, "Do this or that,"
She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
She'd be a better child by far
If she would say, "I'll try."

THIRTY-SIXTH AND THIRTY-SEVENTH WEEKS' READING.

frost

AUTUMN.

One night in autumn Jack Frost came. We did not hear him come. He came when we were asleep. In the morning we saw that he had been around the house and in the garden.

The grass was white with frost. The flowers in the garden were dead. The vines on the side of the house were dead, too. It was a pretty sight to see everything frosted. It was all the work of Jack Frost.

Soon the sun came up in the east. Jack Frost does not like the sunshine. The sun drives Jack Frost away.

Then the bees came out of their hives. The grass was not as green as it was before Jack came. The leaves did not look as pretty and green. Some were a bright red. Some were as yellow as gold.

When frost comes, the song birds take

their flight to another clime. Then the black birds come to see us. They like to get into the cornfields.

A good frost will make the nuts fall. That is the time to go nutting. The squirrels know when to go nutting. They take only the finest and best acorns. They take them to their nest to eat when winter comes.

The boys do not want the acorns. They will let the squirrels have them. But they want to get the nice, ripe chestnuts.

In autumn the men pick the ripe apples. The finest apples are sent to the market. In summer time the small apples are fed to the swine.

The nights are cold in the late autumn. Then I like to sit by the wide open fireplace. I like to see the bright sparks fly up. The big fire makes a fine light. I can read my book by the light of the fire.

Then we have nice apples and nuts to eat. Who would not like to be a boy in the country?

AT THE SEASHORE.

Mack, let us go down to the beach and play in the sand. That will be fun for us. If the water is warm, we may take a swim. We must not go out into the deep water. That is what mother said when we came away. It will not be right then. We must mind mother at all times. She knows what is best for us.

Let us have a race. The beach is only one mile away. Then we will take a rest on a pile of sand. It is not right to go in swimming when one is very warm.

Look at the tide. It is low tide now, but it is on the turn. The tide will soon be coming in, and then it will rise very high.

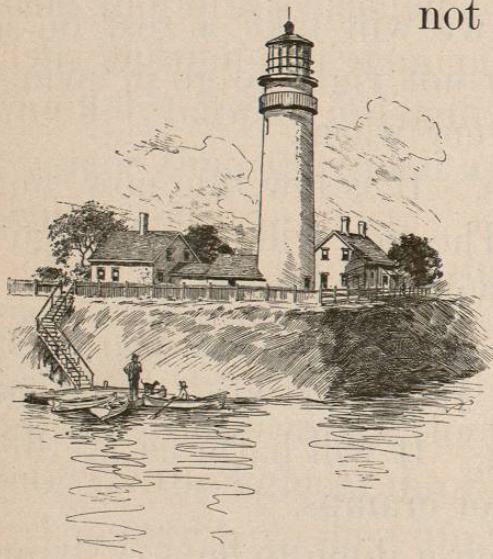
When you go in swimming, Jack, you must hold on the line. It is not wise to go in so soon after dining. It will harm us at this time. We might get cramps.

It will cost us each a dime to have a swim. Come, Jack, let us go now. Let us ride on that big wave.

See, it has landed us high on the beach. I have some brine in my eyes, Mack. I am blind from the brine. It bites my eyes, and makes me weep.

Wipe the brine from your eyes, Jack. What fun it is to dive under the big waves. Jack, when you swim you must take long strokes. Look at me, and see how I do it. There! now you are doing right.

It is time for us to go out now. We must not stay in too long. It



is not very good to be in the water a long time. Let us dress and go and see the lighthouse. The man who keeps the lighthouse is a very kind man. The lighthouse stands near the dike by the creek. It is the same creek that flows near our house.

We will take a boat at the lighthouse and row up the creek. It will be nice to glide over the water. See! there is our house now.

Mother is standing near the house. She is looking for us. Let us give our dear mother a big cheer.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

Do you know the names of the four seasons? I do, and I can tell you what each season brings. I will tell you what I know about the seasons.

The first season is spring. Spring brings the warm winds and gentle rains. Then the birds come from the warm south. They come to build their nests in the north.

Every spring I look for two little birds. They build their nest in the vine near the well.

In the spring the trees are in bud. They put on a green dress. I make my flower

beds and plant my seeds. Soon the plants are up. Then the flowers open their eyes.

In the spring the men are at work in the garden. I like to smell the sweet scent of the blossoms. It is a pretty sight to see the trees in blossom.

Every spring I go into the fields and fly my kite. I need a high wind for that.

Summer brings the fruits. I do not have to go to school in summer. Then I can play all day.

Sometimes I sit under the pine trees and read good books. Sometimes I take my lines and go fishing in the creek. Sometimes I go fishing for pike. I then use a spear. It takes skill to spear pike.

Sometimes I go hunting with my father for game birds. I like to hunt for snipes.



On warm days we go to the creek to swim. It is fine fun diving from the dock.

I think I like summer best. Then we have so many kinds of fruit to eat.

The men make the hay and cut the grain in summer. Some grain they cut in the fall.

The hay is put into the barn. Sometimes the men stack it in the fields. They bind the haystacks with twine or wire. Sometimes they use bands made of hay.

Then comes autumn with its blighting frost. I like to hear the wind sigh. It means that soon we shall have some rain. When it rains we go to the barn to play. It is fun to play hide-and-peek in the hay.

In autumn the birds fly to the south. Then the trees put on pretty tints. The men pick the apples and cut the corn. The boys pick the nuts for the winter.



Winter comes and covers the ground with snow. It covers the lakes and ponds with ice. The men cut the ice and put it in ice houses for the summer.



When school is out we go skating on the pond. It is fine fun to go gliding over the clear ice. The little girls who cannot skate slide on the ice. When I skate I take long strides. I like to feel the biting wind in my face.

I like the winter time, but I like summer best. Which season do you like best?

THE SEASONS.

[To be read to the children.]

Four babies lay in their cradles new,
Beginning to think of "What shall I do
The world to brighten and beautify?"
The Spring baby first said, "Let me try."

So she put on a dress of freshest green,
With trimmings the loveliest ever seen —
Trimmings of tulips and hyacinths rare
And trailing arbutus looped everywhere.

"How perfectly beautiful," Summer said;
"But wait till you see my dress of red
And darker green with golden spots,
Trimmed with roses and pinks and forget-me-nots."

"Pooh," said Autumn, "my dress will be
A more substantial one, you'll see;
With skirt of finest and yellowest wheat,
A girdle of grapes and squash turban neat."

Then Winter came silently tripping along,
Chanting softly a Christmas song,
In a pure white dress with jewels spread,
Holding a basket of books on his head.

Poems and stories and pictures were there
Of the Christ child, the Yule log of folk-lore rare.
"I am not in bright colors," he said with a smile,
"But the long winter evenings my gifts here beguile."

—HELEN ADELAIDE RICKER.