

won	rate	dinner	farther
wins	goal	moving	funny
race	judge	started	afternoon

## THE RACE.

## I.

1. One day a rabbit was hopping along a road. He overtook a turtle that was going the same way. "Good morning, friend Turtle," he said. "Where are you going this morning?" The turtle said, "I am going to the river where the water lilies grow."

2. "Well," said the rabbit, "I am afraid you will never get there. The river is two miles away, and at your rate of walking, you will grow old and die before you go so far."

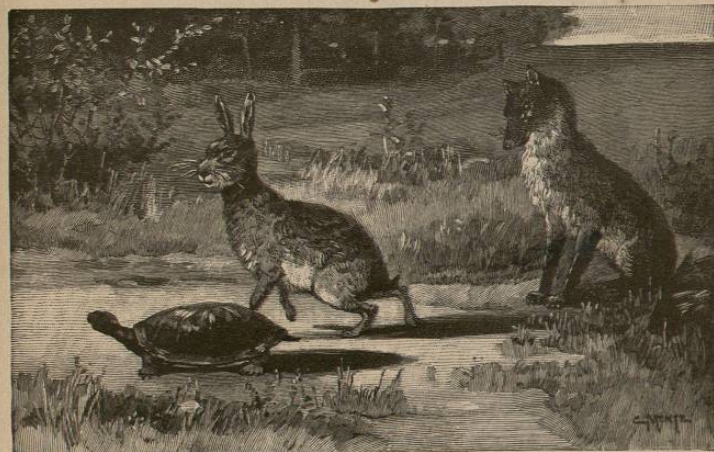
3. The turtle did not stop to talk. She said, "I know that the river is a long way off. But I will keep moving all the time."

## II.

4. The next morning, the rabbit saw the turtle again. She was only a little farther, but she kept moving all the time. "You

slow-moving creature!" said the rabbit. "I can go as far in a minute as you go in a day."

5. "I will run a race with you," said the turtle. The rabbit laughed. "That



"One, two, three!"

would be a funny race!" he said. "Why, I could be at the goal before you were well started."

6. "But I am not afraid to run with you," said the turtle. "To what place?" said the rabbit. The turtle said, "To the river where the water lilies grow. And our friend the fox shall be the judge."

7. "Very well!" said the rabbit. And they called the fox to be the judge of the race.

## III.

8. "One, two, three!" said the fox. "Now go!" Both started at the word. The rabbit ran quite fast for a little while. Then he looked back and saw that he had left the turtle out of sight.

9. "What is the use of running?" he said. "I think I shall rest here in the shade, for the sun is very hot." So he lay down by the side of the road and was soon fast asleep. But the turtle kept moving all the time.

10. By and by the rabbit awoke. He did not know that the turtle had passed him while he slept. "I must have my dinner," he said. So he went into a field of sweet clover, and staid there all the afternoon. But the turtle kept moving all the time.

11. The rabbit said, "I will wait here in the clover till the sun goes down, and then I can run to the river in a few minutes. Friend Turtle will not get there before morning."

## IV.

12. After the sun had gone down, the rabbit came out of the field, and went hopping along the road to the river. He said, "There is no hurry." And so he stopped many times to look at the pretty things by the roadside.

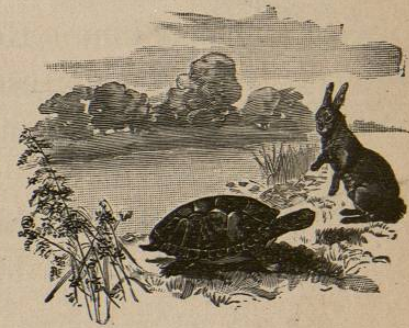
13. At last he saw the river with the water lilies growing by the shore. He said, "Now I will run fast and bring this funny race to an end!"

14. In another minute he had reached the goal. Who was it that was sitting there and waiting for him? It was the turtle.

She had kept moving all the time, and she had won the race.

15. "How is this, friend Fox?" said the rabbit. The fox said, "It is not always the fast runner that wins the race."

16. The turtle could not run as fast as the rabbit; but she kept moving all the time. What may some people learn from this story?



miller	owe	grinds	smiled
need	wife	envy	servants
wrong	content	rather	sadly

## THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.



The King.

1. A very long time ago, there was a king whose name was Henry.
2. He lived in a fine house, and had a great many servants to wait upon him. He had fine clothes, and beautiful horses, and strong boxes full of gold, and many ships that sailed upon the sea.
3. He had everything that any one could wish for. And yet he was not happy.

## II.

4. In the same country there was a poor miller who had a little mill close by the river Dee.

5. This miller was busy every hour of the day; and he was as happy as he was busy. People who lived near the mill heard him singing all the time from morning till night.

6. When any one asked why he was so happy, he said, "I have all that I need, and I do not wish for more."

## III.

7. One day the king was in great trouble. "Tell me," he said, "if there is one happy man in all this land."

8. His friends said, "We have heard that there is one such man. He is a miller, and he lives by the river Dee."

9. "I must see this miller of the Dee," said the king. "I will learn from him how to be happy."



The Miller.

## IV.

10. The very next day King Henry rode down to the river Dee. He stopped his horse at the door of the little mill. He could hear the miller singing at his work:—

"I envy nobody; no, not I,  
And nobody envies me."

11. The king went into the mill. He said to the miller, "You are wrong, my friend;

for I envy you. I would give all that I have if I could only be as happy as you."

12. The miller said, "I will help you to be happy if I can."



"I will help you if I can."

little mill: I work, and earn my food; I love my wife and children, and I love my friends; I owe no man; and the good river Dee turns the mill that grinds the corn to feed my babies and me."

15. The king turned sadly away. "Good-

bye, my friend," he said. "Be happy while you may. I would rather be the miller of the Dee than king of all this land." "So would I," said the happy miller.

16. Why was the miller happy? It was because he had good friends, he owed no man, and he did not wish for things which he could not have.

17. Why was the king not happy? He knew that men did not love him, and he was never content with what he had. Do you think he would have been happy if the miller had given him his mill?

13. "Then tell me," said the king, "why it is that you can sing this song in your little mill on the Dee, while I, who am king of all the land, am sad every day of my life?"

14. The miller smiled and said, "This is why I am happy in my

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bye, my friend," he said. "Be happy while you may. I would rather be the miller of the Dee than king of all this land." "So would I," said the happy miller.

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mast	ankle	foam	bold
o'er	break	wondrous	breeze

#### THE WAVES AND THE BOAT.

1. Little waves, I've brought the boat  
Father made for me,  
For I want to see it float  
On your silver sea.  
Take it in your little hands,  
Bear it o'er the golden sands.

2. What a pretty boat it is,  
Sail and mast and all!  
Father made it just like his,  
Only very small.  
And I'm going to call it *Sun* —  
That's the name of father's one.



Where the water's ankle-deep,

3. Little waves, come up and creep  
Round my little boat.  
Where the water's ankle-deep,  
I shall see it float;  
And you'll sing your sweetest song,  
As it sails and sails along.

4. Tell me what you sing about,  
Tell me what you say,  
Coming in and going out  
All the summer day.  
Whisper to my boat and me  
Of the ships far out at sea.
5. While my boatie mounts and dips  
Where you break in foam,  
Tell me how the big, big ships  
Sail so far from home;  
What they bring, and where they go,  
And the wondrous things you know;
6. How they sail so brave and bold  
With the gentle breeze,  
Seeing islands laid with gold  
Set in silver seas.
7. Now, my little boat you'll bring  
Safely back to land.  
I have heard the songs you sing  
Creeping o'er the sand.  
When I'm older I'll find out  
The lovely lands you sing about.

fresh	cool	linen	tightly
dawn	ugly	lilacs	prayer
lawn	forget	slumber	to-morrow

## A GOOD BOY.

1. I woke before the morning,  
I was happy all the day,  
I never said an ugly word,  
But smiled and kept at play.
2. And now at last the sun  
Is going down behind the wood,  
And I am very happy,  
For I know that I've been good.
3. My bed is waiting cool and fresh,  
With linen smooth and fair,  
And I must off to slumber land,  
And not forget my prayer.
4. Then sleep will hold me tightly  
Till I waken at the dawn,  
And hear the robins singing  
In the lilacs round the lawn.

path	cakes	weeks	brought
line	hives	follow	odd-looking
thick	barn	already	wondering

## HENRY AND THE BEE.

I.

1. Henry went out into the woods one day to look for birds' nests. He did not want to harm the nests, but only to know where they were.

2. He already knew of one nest. It was a very pretty one, and there were four blue eggs in it when he first found it. He had not touched it, but he had peeped into it almost every day for three weeks; and now, in place of the eggs, there were four tiny birds.

3. These birds were odd-looking little creatures. They had big mouths, and kept them open for the worms which the old birds brought to them. They seemed to be always hungry. Henry thought it would be pleasant to watch them till their wings were strong enough for them to fly away.



## II.

4. On the day of which I am telling you, Henry went farther into the woods than he had ever been before. He saw a great many birds, but he could not find any nests.

5. At last he stopped. He was very tired, and thought he would go back home. He looked around to find a path that would take him out of the woods. But there was no path of any kind. He did not know which way to go.

6. He sat down on a log and thought about it. How could he find his way home? Must he stay all night in the woods, without any light but that of the stars? Must he sleep on a bed of leaves?

7. He called as loud as he could. But no one heard him. He saw a bird fly down to the brook to drink. The birds could find their way through the thick woods. But what was a little boy to do?

8. Would he have to stay there without any dinner? He was hungry now. If he had only brought some cakes with him!

## III.

9. While Henry was looking around and wondering what he should do, he heard a sound that he knew quite well. It was a low, buzzing song that he had often heard at home.



He heard a sound that he knew quite well.

10. It came from among some wild flowers that grew by the side of the log where he was sitting. Did any one ever hear of flowers singing? Henry knew that the buzzing sound was made by a bee. But where did the bee come from?

11. Nobody but Henry's father kept bees. This bee had come from the hives in the

garden at home. It knew the way back. Henry watched the busy little worker until at last it rose and flew away.

12. But it flew very close to Henry's face when it started. Henry thought that it said, "It is time to go home. Follow me!" He had heard his father say, "Bees always fly in a straight line." So he followed after this bee as fast as he could run.

## iv.

13. Soon he was out of the woods. His father's farm was before him. He could see the house and the barn. He could see the row of beehives in the garden.

14. Just as he passed the garden he saw a bee fly into one of the hives. It may have been the same bee that he saw in the woods; but he could not tell.

15. His mother was at the door. She said, "Where have you been, Henry? I was afraid that you were lost in the woods." Henry said, "I was lost in the woods. But I met one of our bees, and he showed me the way home."

stung	cell	lazy	pollen
hurt	straw	grubs	hatched
dust	gains	drones	starve
glass	comb	gardener	wound

## THE HONEY MAKERS.

## I.

1. One day when I was in the garden a bee stung my hand.

2. I ran to the gardener. My hand hurt me so much that I could not help but cry.

3. The gardener pulled the sting out of my hand, and washed the wound in cold water. Then he told me some

pretty stories about bees and their ways, and I soon forgot that I had been stung.



I could not help but cry.



4. The next day my father and I walked out into the country, to the home of a farmer who kept many hives of bees.

5. The farmer was very glad to see us, and took us out to show us his little pets. He first led us to a hive that was made of glass, so that we could look into it and see what the bees were doing.

II.

6. He told us that, in every hive, there were three kinds of bees. They were the queen bee, the worker bees, and the drones.

7. There was only one queen bee. She was longer than the worker bees. The farmer told me that she had a sting, but that he had never heard of a queen bee stinging anything.

8. There were hundreds of worker bees in the hive. They were smaller than the queen, and each one had a sting like that which had hurt me so much the day before.

9. There were not many drones. They were short and thick. They were larger than the worker bees, and had no stings at all.

10. "What does the queen do?" I asked. "Does she show the workers how to make honey? Does she tell them what to do?"

11. "She is the mother bee," said the farmer. "She does nothing but lay eggs. Some queen bees lay as many as a thousand eggs in a day. Each egg is put in a little room, or cell, by itself. The cells are made of wax.



A Queen.



A Worker.

12. "The worker bees do all the work of the hive. The young workers, as a rule, feed the baby grubs and build the comb or cells. The older ones go out into the fields to gather honey and pollen from the flowers. Either old or young may watch the hive to keep out other bees that might come to steal their honey.



A Drone.

13. "The drones are lazy fellows and never do any work. We call them the papa bees. When honey stops coming in from the fields, the worker bees push them out of doors and let them starve to death."

## III.

14. The farmer next showed us a very odd-looking hive. He said, "What do you think this hive is like?" I said. "It looks like a part of a tree, or log."

15. He told me that I was right, and said that wild bees live in hollow trees far out in the woods. He then showed me all his other hives. Some were only rough boxes, some were made of straw, and some looked like little houses with doors and windows.

16. My father asked, "What kind of young bees are hatched from the eggs which the queen bee lays?"

17. The farmer said, "At first they are all alike. We call them grubs. They look more like worms than bees. If the workers want one to be a queen, they feed it better food and take better care of it than of the others.

18. "The queen bee reaches her full size and hatches out when she is sixteen days old. A worker does not hatch out until twenty-one days, nor a drone until twenty-four days from the laying of the egg."

hood	lift	gentle	nodding
wear	latch	matter	Sunday
nice	growl	hoarse	toward
chair	slept	alone	nightcap
teeth	magic	because	grandmother

## LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

## I.

1. In a country on the other side of the sea, there once lived a little girl that was very good and kind.

2. Because she was so good and kind her mother made her a pretty hood, to wear when she went out. The hood was as red as the sun when it sets behind the clouds on a summer day.

3. It was so pretty and looked so well on the little girl, that all her friends called her Little Red Riding Hood, as if that was her name. Some said that it was a magic hood and would keep her from all harm; but how they knew this to be so, I can not tell.

4. One day her mother said to her, "Do you think you could find the way to your