

## 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

grandmother's? I should like to send her a cake for her Sunday dinner."

5. The little girl said, "Yes, mother, I think I know the way. I have been there with you very often; and don't you think that I am now old enough to go alone?"

6. "Well, then," said her mother, "put on your hood, and take this basket on your arm, and go. Ask your grandmother how she is, and tell her that you have brought a nice cake for her Sunday dinner."



Little Red Riding Hood.

7. "And may I stay a little while?"  
"You may stay long enough to rest, and then you must come home before it is night."

8. "Thank you, mother! Good-bye!"  
"Good-bye, dear child! Be sure and do not stop to talk with any one on the road."

ii.

9. Little Red Riding Hood was as happy as a lark. She walked along the road, and thought what a great thing it was to go to her grandmother's all alone.

10. She heard the birds singing in the trees, and she saw the daisies nodding to her as she went along. She thought they were all saying, "What a big girl our Little Red Riding Hood is! She can go to her grandmother's all alone now."

11. By and by, she came to some thick, shady woods where the trees were very high. But she was not afraid; for she did not know there was anything in the world that would harm a gentle little girl. She knew the road quite well. She would not get lost among the great trees.

iii.

12. Now, a Wolf who lived in the woods, saw Little Red Riding Hood. He saw that she was gentle and good, and he thought that he would carry her off to his den. So he ran and met her, and said, "Good morning, Little Red Riding Hood!"

13. The little girl looked at him kindly, and said, "Good morning, sir! But I am sure I do not know your name."

14. "Oh, my name is Sir Wolf," said the beast, "and I am an old friend of your mother's. She knows me very well."

15. "I am glad to see you, Sir Wolf," said the child. "But I must not stop to talk."



"I am glad to see you, Sir Wolf."

16. The Wolf would have carried her off then, but he heard some woodcutters near by, and he was afraid they might see him. So he smiled, and said, "Where are you going with your basket, little lamb?"

17. "Oh, I am going to my grandmother's, to take her a nice cake for her Sunday dinner," said the gentle child.

18. "Where does your grandmother live?" said the Wolf.

19. "She lives in the little red house by the river," said Little Red Riding Hood. "You can see it as soon as you are through the woods."

20. "Oh, I know," said the Wolf. "Some time I will go there with you, and see your dear grandmother. But I can not go now. So good-bye!"

21. The woodcutters had seen him, and were coming down the road; and so he ran among the trees on the other side. "I will have her yet," he said to himself.



The Woodcutters.

IV.

22. As soon as the woodcutters had gone, the Wolf ran by a shorter way through the woods to the river. In a little while he came to the red house. "I wonder if the grandmother is at home," he said.

23. The door was shut. He knocked. All was still in the house. He knocked again and again. Still nobody came to the door.

24. Then he lifted the latch and peeped in. The grandmother was not at home. She had gone away early in the morning. The bed where she had slept was not made up. Her nightcap was on a chair.



He lay very still.

25. "Now I will have them both," said the Wolf. He went in, and shut the door behind him. Then he put the grandmother's nightcap on his head, and got into the bed. He pulled the blanket up over his face. He lay very still.

## v.

26. Soon the Wolf heard some one walking. He knew who it was. Then there was a tap at the door. "Who is there?" he said; and he tried to talk like the grandmother.

"It is I, grandmother! It is Little Red Riding Hood."

27. "Oh, I am so glad you have come!" said the Wolf. "Lift the latch, little lamb, and the door will open."

28. Little Red Riding Hood opened the door and came in. She saw the Wolf in the bed, but she thought that it was her grandmother.

29. "Oh, grandmother, what is the matter?" she said. "See, I have brought you a nice cake for your Sunday dinner."

30. "You are very kind," said the Wolf. "Come to the bed, and let me look at your sweet face." Little Red Riding Hood went toward the bed. She was afraid now, but she did not know why.

## vi.

31. The Wolf lay very still. "Give me your hand, little lamb," he said.

"Oh, grandmother, what makes you so hoarse?" said Little Red Riding Hood.

"Only a cold, my dear; only a cold!"

32. "But, grandmother, what makes your eyes so bright?"

"The better to see you, my dear; the better to see you!"

"What makes your arms so long?"

"The better to love you, my lamb!"

33. By this time Little Red Riding Hood was very close to the bed. "Oh, grandmother, your ears look like Sir Wolf's! What makes them so long?"

"The better to hear you, my lamb!"

34. "But what makes your teeth so big?"

"THE BETTER TO EAT YOU UP!" cried the Wolf, and he jumped from the bed, with his mouth wide open, and tried to bite her.



The Grandmother.

35. But the magic hood was on the child's head, and he could not touch her. He could only show his great teeth, and growl. "Take off that hood!" he cried. "Take off that hood!" The child was in a great

fright, and did not know what to do.

36. Just then the grandmother came home, and the woodcutters were with her. The Wolf tried to run out, but they were too quick for him. "Take that! and that! and that!" they said. And that was the last of Sir Wolf.

37. Little Red Riding Hood ran, crying to her grandmother. "Oh, grandmother," she said, "I am so glad you have come! See the nice cake that I have brought you for your Sunday dinner!"

38. "And I am glad, too!" said the grandmother. "But if you had not had on your red hood, I should have been too late."

39. Then she gave the child a cup of milk to drink; and when she had rested a little while, she took her by the hand and led her home to her mother. What do you think her mother said to her?

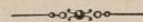


tea        toyed        golden        pressed  
knee      Alice        flitting      grandfather

## LITTLE GOLDEN HAIR.

1. Golden Hair sat on her grandfather's knee —  
Dear little Golden Hair, tired was she,  
For she'd been as busy as busy could be.
2. Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light,  
Out with the birds and the butterflies  
bright,  
Flitting about till the coming of night.
3. Grandfather toyed with the curls on her  
head ;  
"What has my baby been doing," he said,  
"Since she arose with the sun from her  
bed?"
4. "Oh, ever so much!" said the sweet little  
one.  
"I can not tell all the things I have done :  
I played with my doll, and I worked in  
the sun.

5. "I read a long time in my picture book ;  
And then I took Alice, and went to look  
For some smooth stones by the side of the  
brook.
6. "At last I came home just in time for tea,  
And I climbed upon my grandpapa's knee,  
And I am as tired as tired can be."
7. Nearer and nearer the little head pressed,  
Until it lay upon grandfather's breast —  
Dear little Golden Hair, sweet be thy rest!



wheat        quails        dozen        feathers  
brave        hidden        market      watchful

## BOB WHITE.

## I.

1. Bob White is a shy little bird that lives  
in the meadows and wheat fields. In the  
summer time, when the wheat is growing  
ripe, you can sometimes hear him calling  
"Bob White! Bob White!"



Bob White.

2. He likes to stay in the meadows where the grass is green and tall, and where he is safe from the guns of the hunters.

3. Some times in the morning you can see him on a fence, or on the low branch of a tree, calling to his mate, "Bob White! Bob White!" But he is very wild. If you stir, he is off and gone.

4. Then, in a little while you will hear him again, but far away, "Bob White! Bob White!" He is telling his mate that he is still safe, and that by and by he will come back.

5. And where is his mate? Where the grass grows tallest in the meadow, she has made a nest on the ground. You will have to look sharp if you find it. It is hidden well away.

6. In the nest, she has laid more than a dozen little white eggs. Day after day, she sits on them, while Bob White goes out for food, and calls back to her and tells her not to be afraid.

## II.

7. By and by, the eggs will hatch, and little birds will peep out. They will not have to lie in their nest, like young robins, and wait for their feathers to grow.

8. As soon as they are out of the eggs, they can run about. Before they are three days old, they can leave the nest and go out with their mother, to pick up food in the wheat field and among the grass.

9. And, all this time, the father bird is first here and then there, watching to see



The hunter hears him.

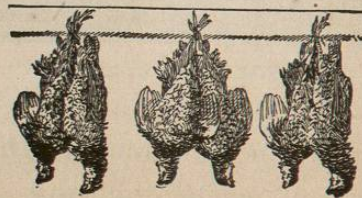
that no harm comes to them. Does a hunter come that way with dog and gun? The

watchful bird flies to the other side of the field, and calls, "Bob White! Bob White!"

10. The hunter hears him, and does not stop to look for the little ones and their mother. He leaves them, and follows brave Bob White. But now Bob is in another field still farther away, and still calling so that the hunter can hear him.

11. In a few days the little ones will be strong enough to fly. Then all will find a new home in some leafy thicket where hunters do not often come.

12. Children in the city never see Bob White as he is in the fields and meadows. Sometimes, if they go into the market, they may find quails to sell. These quails when alive were merry, happy Bob Whites; but the hunters have found them at last.



Quails in the Market.

Rollo	task	rusty	beans
James	pick	loose	poured
teach	sort	lesson	brushed
taught	nails	cousin	horseshoe

### HOW ROLLO LEARNED TO WORK.

#### I.

1. "Horses have to be taught to work just as boys have to be taught," said Rollo's father, one morning.

"I know how to work," said Rollo.

His father smiled and said, "I will give you some work to do, and then we shall see."



Rollo.

2. He took a small basket in his hands and led Rollo to the barn. Rollo sat down on some straw. He wondered what kind of work he was going to do.

3. Soon his father brought a box full of old nails and put it on the barn floor. "What can I do with those old nails?" said Rollo.

4. His father said, "You must sort them. There are many kinds of nails in the box, and I want each kind put by itself."



## II.

5. Rollo put his hand into the box. He began to pick up some of the nails and look at them. But his father told him to put them back into the box. He said, "Wait and I will show you how to sort them."

6. He then brushed away a clean place on the barn floor, and poured the nails upon it. "Oh, how many nails!" said Rollo.

7. His father showed him that there were many kinds. He put some of them on the floor, each kind by itself. Some were long, some were short, some were straight, and some were crooked.

8. "Now, Rollo," he said, "I want you to keep on doing this until you have sorted them all. If you find anything that you don't know what to do with, lay it down, and keep at work sorting the nails."

9. Rollo sat down on the floor and began his work, and his father went away.

## III.

10. "I think this is easy work," Rollo said. It was easy to see which nails were short and

which were long. But, by and by, he began to think it very hard to sit in the barn all alone, and keep on doing this dull work.



His father said, "You must sort them."

11. There was no one to talk to and no one to help him; and there was nothing to look at but rusty nails on the floor.

12. Rollo's father knew that he would soon get tired, and so he did. He thought he would go and ask if he might get his cousin James to help him.

"What is the matter now?" said his father.

13. Rollo said, "I think it will be nice to

have James come and help me. It will not take so long then."

But his father said, "No. What I want to teach you is to work, and not to play."

## IV.

14. So Rollo went back to his task. He picked out a few more nails. He was very sorry that his father had set him to work. The pile of nails looked very large now. Rollo was sure that he could never sort them all.

15. By and by he found two horseshoe nails. "What shall I do with these?" he said to himself. He played with them a little while, and then went to ask his father. His father said, "You must not leave your work. I told you just what to do."

16. Rollo went back to his nails. But he did not work very fast. At last his father came up to see what he had done. "I see, Rollo," he said, "that you do not know how to work. It is time for you to begin to learn."

17. Rollo did not know what to say. His father told him that he might go and play,

and that he would give him a new lesson the next day.

## V.

18. Rollo's next work was to pick beans in the garden. He did very well for an hour, and was glad when his father told him that he was learning to work. He felt now as if he was almost a man.

19. But the next day he did not do so well. He was to pick up the loose stones in the road, and put them in a heap. It was hard work, and the little boy did not like it at all.

20. "Rollo," said his father, "you have not learned to work well. A good workman would do better than this." But it was not long before he learned to do many things. And he found that his work helped him in his play.

21. When he had picked up all the stones, he rolled his hoop in the road, and thought how much better it looked than before. He liked it much better than if some one else had picked up the stones.



He rolled his hoop.

slave	cave	bound	holiday
beat	weak	roared	shouted
free	thorn	licked	brothers
tore	arena	prison	Rome
coat	master	chariot	Androclus

## ANDROCLUS AND THE LION.

## I.

1. Once there lived in the city of Rome a man whose name was Androclus. He was tall and fair and strong, but he was a slave. He had to work day and night for his master. He had nothing that he could call his own.



A Roman Slave grinding  
Corn.

2. One day his master beat him. "Why should I live in this way?" said Androclus. "It would be better to die." That night he ran away. He hid himself in the woods, and lived on berries and roots for many days.

3. But at last he could not find anything to eat. He went into a little cave and lay down on the ground. He had not had food for three days. He thought he should die.

## II.

4. As Androclus was lying in the cave, he heard a noise at the door. He looked up and saw a lion coming in. "The beast will kill me," he thought; and he lay very still.

5. But the lion was in trouble. It held up one of its paws and roared. Then it looked at Androclus as if to say, "I want help." Androclus got up. He was so weak that it was hard for him to walk. He went to the lion and looked at its paw. The big beast did not try to hurt him.

6. Androclus saw that there was a long, sharp thorn in its paw; it must have stepped on the thorn when coming through the woods. The lion seemed to know that it had found a friend. It held up its paw, and sat quite still while the man looked at it.

7. Then with great care Androclus pulled the thorn out. He washed the wounded paw in cold water, and bound it up with a piece of cloth which he tore from his coat.

8. The lion licked his hand, and seemed to be very glad. It ran about him like a