

The Nursery, Volume 17, No. 101, May, 1875 eBook

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

We think that the present number, both in its pictorial and its literary contents, will please our host of readers, young and old. The charming little story of "The Little Culprit," in its mixture of humor and pathos, has been rarely excelled.

The drawing lessons, consisting of outlines made by Weir from Landseer's pictures, seem to be fully appreciated by our young readers, and we have received from them several copies which are very creditable.

Remember that for teaching children to read there are no more attractive volumes than "The Easy Book" and "The Beautiful Book," published at this office.

The pleasant days of spring ought to remind canvassers that now is a good time for getting subscribers, and that "The Nursery" needs but to be shown to intelligent parents to be appreciated. See terms.

The use of "The Nursery" in schools has been attended with the best results. We have much interesting testimony on this point, which we may soon communicate. It will be worthy the attention of teachers and school committees.

Subscribers who do not receive "*The Nursery*" promptly, (making due allowance for the ordinary delay of the mail), are requested to notify us *immediately*. Don't wait two or three months and then write informing us that we have "not sent" the magazine, (which in most cases is not the fact): but state simply that you have not *received* it; and be sure, in the first place, that the fault is not at your own Post-office. Always mention the *date* of your remittance and subscription as nearly as possible. Remember that we are not responsible for the short-comings of the Post-office, and that our delivery of the magazine is complete when we drop it into the Boston office properly directed.

"Every house that has children in it, needs 'The Nursery' for their profit and delight: and every childless house needs it for the sweet portraiture it gives of childhood."—
Northampton Journal.

[Illustration: *The dog who lost his master.*

THE DOG WHO LOST HIS MASTER

Spot was a little dog who had come all the way from Chicago to Boston, in the cars with his master. But, as they were about to take the cars back to their home, they entered a shop near the railroad-station; and there, before Spot could get out to follow his master, a bad boy shut the door, and kept the poor dog a prisoner.



The cars were just going to start. In vain did the master call “Spot, Spot!” In vain did poor Spot bark and whine, and scratch at the door, and plead to be let out of the shop. The bad boy kept him there till just as the bell rang; and then he opened the door, and poor Spot ran—oh, so fast!—but the cars moved faster than he.

Mile after mile poor Spot followed the cars, till they were far out of sight. Then, panting and tired, he stopped by the roadside, and wondered what he should do, without a home, without a master.



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He had not rested many minutes, when he saw two little girls coming along the road that crossed the iron track. They were Nelly and Julia, two sisters. Spot thought he would try and make friends with them.

But they were afraid of strange dogs. Julia began to cry; and Nelly said, "Go away, sir; go home, sir: we don't want any thing to do with you, sir."

Spot was sorry to be thus driven off. He stopped, and began to whine in a pleading sort of way, as if saying, "I am a good dog, though a stranger to you. I have lost my master, and I am very hungry. Please let me follow you. I'll be very good. I know tricks that will please you."

The children were not so much afraid when they saw him stop as if to get permission to follow. "He is a good dog, after all," said Nelly: "he would not force his company on us; he wants his dinner. Come on, sir!"

Thus encouraged, Spot ran up, wagging his tail, and showing that he was very glad to find a friend. He barked at other dogs who came too near, and showed that he meant to defend the little girls at all risks.

When they arrived home, they gave him some milk and bread, and then took him into the sitting-room, and played with him. "Beg, sir!" said Nelly; and at once Spot stood upright on his hind-legs, and put out his fore-paws.

Then Julia rolled a ball along the floor; and Spot caught it almost before it left her hand. "Now, die, sir, die!" cried Nelly; and, much to her surprise, Spot lay down on the floor, and acted as if he were dead.

When papa came home, and saw what a good, wise dog Spot was, he told the children they might keep him till they could find the owner.

A week afterwards, they saw at the railroad-station a printed bill offering a reward of thirty dollars for Spot.

He was restored at once to his master, who proved to be a Mr. Walldorf, a German. But the little girls refused the offered reward; for they said they did not deserve it, and Spot had been no trouble to them.

Three weeks passed by, and then there came a box from New York, directed to Nelly and Julia. They opened it: and there were two beautiful French dolls, and two nice large dolls' trunks filled with dolls' dresses and bonnets,—dresses for morning and evening, for opera and ball-room, for the street and the parlor, for riding and walking.



The present was from Mr. Walldorf; and with it came a letter from him thanking the little girls for their kindness to his good dog, Spot, and promising to bring Spot to see them the next time he visited Boston.

Uncle Charles.

[Illustration: On A High Horse]

On A high horse.

On a velocipede
Harry would ride:
Quickly the splendid steed
Set him astride.

Now for a jolly time!
Now for some sport!
Hold on!—the little chap's
Legs are too short.



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Harry can't touch the peg,
All he can do;
Though he may stretch his leg
Out of his shoe!

What can we do for him?
This much, of course:
Let down the rider—or
Let down the horse.

Many a hobby-horse
Small boys must ride,
Ere such a steed as this
They can bestride

So, little Harry dear,
Don't look so cross
When you are taken down
From a high horse.

Josephine Pollard.

CELEBRATING GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

There were three little sisters and one little brother; and their names were Emma, Ruth, Linda, and John. And these children had a grandmother, whose seventieth birthday was near at hand.

"What shall we do to celebrate our dear grandmother's birthday?" asked Emma, the eldest.

"Get some crackers and torpedoes, and fire them off," said Johnny.

"Oh, that will never do!" cried Linda. "Let us give her a serenade."

"But we none of us sing well enough," said Ruth; "and grandmother, you know, is a very good musician. Let us do this: Let us come to her as the 'Four Seasons,' and each one salute her with a verse."

"Yes: that's a very pretty idea," cried Linda. "And I'll be Spring; for they say my eyes are blue as violets."

"Then I'll be Summer," cried Emma. "I like summer best."



“I’ll be Autumn,” said Johnny; “for, if there’s any thing I like, it is grapes. Peaches, too, are not bad; and what fun it is to go a-nutting!”

“There’s but one season left for me,” said Ruth. “I must be Winter. No matter! Winter has its joys as well as the rest.”

“But who’ll write the verses for us?” asked Emma. “There must be a verse for every season.”

“Oh, the teacher will write them for us!” cried Ruth. “No one could do it better.”

And so, on the morning of grandmother’s birthday, as she sat in her large armchair, with her own pussy on a stool at her side, the “Four Seasons” entered the room, one after another, and formed a semicircle in front of her. Grandmother was not a bit frightened. She smiled kindly; and then the “Seasons” spoke as follows:—

[Illustration: Celebrating Grandmother’s Birthday]

SPRING.

I am the Spring: with sunshine see me coming;
Birds begin to twitter; hark! the bees are humming:
Green to field and hillside, blossoms to the tree,
Joy to every human heart are what I bring with me.

SUMMER.

See my wealth of flowers! I’m the golden Summer:
Is there for the young or old a more welcome comer?
Come and scent the new-mown grass; by the hillside stray;
And confess that only June brings the perfect day.



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AUTUMN.

Mark the wreath about my head,—wreath of richest flowers;
I am Autumn, and I bring mildest, happiest hours;
In my hand a goblet see, which the grape-juice holds;
Corn and grain and precious fruits, Autumn's arm enfolds.

WINTER.

Round my head the holly-leaf; in my hand the pine:
I am Winter cold and stern; these last flowers are mine.
But while I am left to rule, all's not dark or sad;
Christmas comes with winter-time to make the children glad.

ALL THE SEASONS.

Here our offerings glad we bring,
And long life to Grandma sing.

Emily Carter.

[Illustration: Hummingbirds and Fruit]

THE LITTLE CULPRIT.

School had begun. The boys and girls were in their places, and the master was hearing them spell; when all at once there was a soft, low knock at the door.

"Come in!" said the master; and a little cleanly-dressed girl, about six years old, stood upon the threshold, with downcast eyes.

She held out before her, as if trying to hide behind it, a satchel, so large that it seemed hard to decide whether the child had brought it, or it had brought the child; and the drops on her cheeks showed how she had been running.

"Why, Katie!" cried the schoolmaster, "why do you come so late? Come here to me, little culprit. It is the first time you have been late. What does it mean?"

Little Katie slowly approached him, while her chubby face grew scarlet. "I—I had to pick berries," she faltered, biting her berry-stained lips.

"O Katie!" said the master, raising his forefinger, "that is very strange. You *had* to? Who, then, told you to?"



Katie still looked down; and her face grew redder still.

“Look me in the face, my child,” said the master gravely. “Are you telling the truth?”

Katie tried to raise her brown roguish eyes to his face: but, ah! the consciousness of guilt weighed down her eyelids like lead. She could not look at her teacher: she only shook her curly head.

“Katie,” said the master kindly, “you were not sent to pick berries: you ran into the woods to pick them for yourself. Perhaps this is your first falsehood, as it is the first time you have been late at school. Pray God that it may be your last.”

“Oh, oh!” broke forth the little culprit, “the neighbor’s boy, Fritz, took me with him; and the berries tasted so good that I staid too long.”

[Illustration: At Teacher’s Desk]

The other children laughed; but a motion of the master’s hand restored silence, and, turning to Katie, he said, “Now, my child, for your tardiness you will have a black mark, and go down one in your class; but, Katie, for the falsehood you will lose your place in my heart, and I cannot love you so much. But I will forgive you, if you will go stand in the corner of your own accord. Which will you do,—lose your place in my heart, or go stand in the corner for a quarter of an hour?”



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The child burst into a flood of tears, and sobbing out, "I'd rather go stand in the corner," went there instantly, and turned her dear little face to the wall.

In a few minutes the master called her, and, as she came running to him, he said: "Will you promise me, Katie, never again to say what is not true?"

"Oh, yes, I will try—I will try never, never to do it again," was the contrite answer.

Then the master took up the rosy little thing, and set her on his knee, and said: "Now, my dear child, I will love you dearly. And, if you are ever tempted to say what is not true, think how it would grieve your old teacher if he knew it, and speak the truth for his sake."

"Yes, yes!" cried the child, her little heart overflowing with repentance; and, throwing her arms around the master's neck, she hugged him, and said again, "Yes, yes!"

From the German.

THE DOLL-BABY SHOW.

Our doll-baby show, it was something quite grand;
You saw there the loveliest dolls in the land.
Each girl brought her own, in its prettiest dress:
Three pins bought a ticket, and not a pin less.

For the doll that was choicest we offered a prize:
There were wee mites of dollies, and some of great size.
Some came in rich purple, some lilac, some white,
With ribbons and laces,—a wonderful sight!

Now, there was one dolly, so tall and so proud,
She put all the others quite under a cloud;
But one of us hinted, in so many words,
That sometimes fine feathers do not make fine birds.

[Illustration: The Doll-Baby Show]

We sat in a row, with our dolls in our laps:
The dolls behaved sweetly, and met no mishaps.
No boys were admitted; for boys will make fun:
Now which do you think was the dolly that won?

Soon all was commotion to hear who would get
The prize; for the dollies' committee had met:



We were the committee; and which do you think
Was the doll we decided on, all in a wink?

Why, each of us said that our own was the best,
The finest, the sweetest, the prettiest drest:
So we *all* got the prize—we'll invite you to go
The next time we girls have our doll-baby show.

George Cooper.

THE CHICKENS THAT WERE WISER THAN LOTTIE.

Lottie is always asking, "Why?"

When mamma calls from the window, "Lottie, Lottie!" she answers, very pleasantly, "What, ma'am?" for she hopes mamma will say, "Here's a nice turnover for you;" or, "Cousin Alice has come to see you." But when the answer is "It is time to come in," the wrinkles appear on Lottie's forehead, and her voice is a very different one, as she says, "Oh, dear, I don't want to! *Why* need I come in now?"



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When papa says, "Little daughter, I want you to do an errand for me," Lottie whines, and asks, "Why can't Benny do it?"

Out in the field Old Bidly Brown has four wee chickens, little soft downy balls, scarcely bigger than the eggs they came from just one week ago.

They are very spry, and run all about. When the mother Bidly finds any nice bit, she clucks; and every little chick comes running to see what is wanting.

When it grows chilly, and she fears they will take cold, she says, "Cluck, cluck, cluck!" and they all run under her warm feathers as fast as they can.

Just now Mother Bidly gave a very loud call, and every chicken was under her wings in a minute; and up in the sky I saw a hawk, who had been planning to make a good dinner of these same chickens. I could not help thinking, how well for them, that they did not stop, like Lottie, to ask, "Why?"

Down came the hawk with a fierce swoop, as if he meant to take the old hen and the chickens too; but Mother Bidly sprang up and faced him so boldly, that he did not know what to make of it.

[Illustration: The Chickens That Were Wiser Than Lottie]

She seemed to say, "Come on my fine fellow, if you dare. You have got to eat me before you eat my chicks; and you'll find me rather tough."

So the hawk changed his mind at the last moment. He thought he would wait till he could catch the chickens alone. The chickens were saved, though one of them was nearly dead with fright.

Ruth Kenyon.

A HUNT FOR BOY BLUE.

We have a little three-year-old boy at our house, who likes to hear stories, and his mother tells him a great many. But there is one which pleases him more than all the rest, and perhaps the little readers of "The Nursery" will like it too.

You have all heard of little Boy Blue, and how he was called upon to blow his horn; but I don't think any of you know what a search his father had to find him. This is the story.

Boy Blue lived on a large farm, and took care of the sheep and cows. One day the cows got into the corn, and the sheep into the meadow; and Boy Blue was nowhere to



be seen. His father called and called, "Boy Blue, Boy Blue, where are you? Why do you not look after the sheep and cows? Where are you?" But no one answered.

[Illustration: Father & Horse]

Then Boy Blue's father went to the pasture, and said, "Horse, horse, have you seen Boy Blue?" The old horse pricked up his ears, and looked very thoughtful, but neighed, and said, "No, no: I have not seen Boy Blue."

[Illustration: Father & Oxen]

Next he went to the field where the oxen were ploughing, and said, "Oxen, oxen, have you seen Boy Blue?" They rolled their great eyes, and looked at him; but shook their heads, and said, "No, no: we have not seen Boy Blue."



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[Illustration: Father & Duck]

Next, he went to the pond; and a great fat duck came out to meet him; and he said, "Duck, duck, have you seen Boy Blue?" And she said, "Quack, quack, quack! I have not seen Boy Blue." And all the other ducks said, "Quack, quack!"

[Illustration: Father & Turkey]

Then Boy Blue's father visited the turkeys, and asked the old gobbler if he had seen Boy Blue. The old gobbler strutted up and down, saying, "Gobble, gobble, gobble! I have not seen Boy Blue."

[Illustration: Cockerel]

He then asked the cockerel if he had seen Boy Blue. And the cockerel answered, "Cock-coo-doodle-doo! I haven't seen Boy Blue: cock-coo-doodle-doo!"

[Illustration: Hen]

Then an old hen was asked if she had seen Boy Blue. She said, "Cluck, cluck, cluck! I haven't seen Boy Blue; but I will call my chicks, and you can ask them. Cluck, cluck, cluck!" And all the chicks came running, but only said, "Peep, peep, peep! We haven't seen Boy Blue. Peep, peep, peep!"

[Illustration: Hen & Chicks]

Boy Blue's father then went to the men who were making hay, and said, "Men, men, have you seen my Boy Blue?" But the men answered, "No, no: we have not seen Boy Blue." But just then they happened to look under a haystack; and there, all curled up, lay Boy Blue, and his dog Tray, fast asleep.

[Illustration: Father & Boy Blue]

His father shook him by the arm, saying, "Boy Blue, wake up, wake up! The sheep are in the meadow, and the cows are in the corn." Boy Blue sprang to his feet, seized his tin horn, and ran as fast as he could to the cornfield, with his little dog running by his side.

[Illustration: Boy Blue & Horn]

He blew on his horn, "*Toot, toot, toot!*" and all the cows came running up, saying, "Moo, moo!" He drove them to the barn to be milked. Then he ran to the meadows, and blew once more, "*Toot, toot, toot!*" and all the sheep came running up, saying, "Baa, baa!" and he drove them to their pasture.



Then Boy Blue said to his dog, "Little dog, little dog, it's time for supper," and his little dog said "Bow, wow! Bow, wow!" So they went home to supper.

After Boy Blue had eaten a nice bowl of bread and milk, his father said: "Now Boy Blue, you had better go to bed, and have a good night's rest, so that you may be able to keep awake all day to-morrow; for I don't want to have such a hunt for you again." Then Boy Blue said, "Good night," and went to bed, and slept sweetly all night long.

A.L.T.

[Illustration: From *sir Edwin Landseer's* painting. In outline by *Mr. Harrison Weir*, as a drawing lesson.]

DAY AND NIGHT.

Blue-eyed Charley Day had a cousin near his own age, whose name was Harry Knight. When they were about eight years old, and began to go to the public school, the boys called them, "Day and Night."



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Charley did not object to the puns the schoolboys made; but Harry was quite vexed by them. Having quite a dark skin, and very dark eyes and hair, he thought the boys meant to insult him by calling him, "Night."

One large boy, about twelve years old, seemed to delight in teasing Harry. He would say to him, "Come here, 'Night,' and shade my eyes, the day is so bright." Then, seeing that Harry was annoyed, he would say, "Oh, what a dark night!"

Poor Harry would get angry, and that made matters worse; for then Tom Smith would call him a "stormy night," or a "cloudy night," or the "blackest night" he ever saw.

Harry talked with his mother about it; and she told him the best way would be to join with the boys in their jokes, or else not notice them at all. She said if he never got out of temper, the boys would not call him any thing worse than a "bright starry night." And if he went through the world with as good a name as that she should be perfectly satisfied.

"Don't take offence at trifles, Harry," said Mrs. Knight. "Don't be teased by a little nonsense. All the fun that the boys can make out of your name will not hurt you a bit."

Harry was wise enough to do as his mother advised, and he found that she was right. The boys soon became tired of their jokes, when they found that no one was disturbed by them. But the little cousins were always good-naturedly called "Day and Night."

Aunt Winnie.

[Illustration: View from Cooper's Hill]

View from Cooper's Hill.

When grandma was a little girl, she lived in England, where she was born. She lived in the town of Windsor, twenty-three miles south-west of London, the greatest city in the world.

Grandma showed us, the other day, this picture of a view from Cooper's Hill, near Windsor, and said, "Many a time and oft, dear children, have I stood there by the old fence, and looked down on the beautiful prospect,—the winding Thames, the gardens, the fields, and Windsor Castle in the distance.

"This noble structure was originally built by William the Conqueror, as far back as the eleventh century. It has been embellished by most of the succeeding kings and queens. It is the principal residence of Queen Victoria in our day. The great park, not far distant, has a circuit of eighteen miles; and west from the park is Windsor Forest, having a circuit of fifty-six miles.



“It is many a year since I saw these places. I cannot expect to visit them again; but this picture brings them vividly before me.

“And so, dear children, should you ever go to England, don’t forget to go to Cooper’s Hill, and, for grandma’s sake, to look round upon the charming prospect which she loved so much when a child.”

E.W.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Bring on the boots and shoes, Tommy; for this is Saturday night, and I must make things clean for Sunday.

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Here is my old jacket, to begin with. Whack, whack, whack! As I beat it with my stick, how the dust flies!

The jacket looks a little the worse for wear; and that patch in the elbow is more for show than use. But it is a good warm jacket still, and mother says that next Christmas I shall have a new one.

Whack, whack, whack! I wish Christmas was not so far off. If somebody would make me a present now of a handsome new jacket, without a patch in it, I should take it as an especial kindness. I do hate to wear patched clothes.

Stop there, Master Frank! You deserve to be beaten, instead of your jacket. Look in the glass at your fat figure and rosy checks. Are you not well fed and well taken care of? Is not good health better than fine clothes? Are you the one to complain?

Ah, Frank! Just look at poor Tim Morris, as he goes by in his carriage. See his fine rich clothes, and his new glossy hat. But see, too, how pale and thin he looks. How gladly would he put on your patched jacket, and give you his new one, if he could have your health!

[Illustration: Saturday Night]

Whack, whack, whack! I'm an ungrateful boy. I'll not complain again. Christmas may be as long as it pleases in coming. I'll tell mother she mustn't pinch herself to buy me a new jacket. I'll tell her this one will serve me a long time yet; that I have got used to it, and like it. It will look almost as good as new when I get the dust out of it. Whack, whack, whack!

Uncle Charles.

THE CUCKOO.

"Tell me what bird this is a picture of," said Arthur.

"That," said Uncle Oscar, "is the cuckoo, a bird which arrives in England, generally, about the middle of April, and departs late in June, or early in July."

"Why does it go so early?" asked Arthur.

"Well, I think it is because it likes a warm climate; and, as soon as autumn draws near, it wants to go back to the woods of Northern Africa."

"Why is it called the cuckoo?"



“Because the male bird utters a call-note which sounds just like the word *kuk-oo*. In almost every language, this sound has suggested the name of the bird. In Greek, it is *kokkux*; in Latin, *coccyx*; in French, *coucou*; in German, *kukuk*.”

“What does the bird feed on?” asked Arthur.

“It feeds on soft insects, hairy caterpillars, and tender fruits.”

“Where does it build its nest?”

“The cuckoo, I am sorry to say, is not a very honest bird. Instead of taking the trouble to build a nest for herself, the female bird lays her eggs in the nest of other birds, and to them commits the care of hatching and rearing her offspring.”

“I should not call that acting like a good parent,” said Arthur. “Do the other birds take care of these young ones that are not their own?”



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“Oh, yes! they not only take care of them and feed them for weeks, but sometimes they even let the greedy young cuckoos push their own children out of the nest.”

“That’s a hard case,” said Arthur. “Is there any American bird that acts like the cuckoo?”

[Illustration: The Cuckoo]

“Oh, yes!” said Uncle Oscar. “There is a little bird called the ‘cow-bunting,’ about as large as a canary-bird: she, too, makes other birds hatch her young and take care of them.”

“I don’t like such lazy behavior. Did you ever hear the note of the cuckoo?” said Arthur.

“Oh, yes!” replied Uncle Oscar. “I have heard it in England; and there, too, I have heard the skylark and the nightingale, neither of which birds we have in America. But we have the mocking-bird, one of the most wonderful of song-birds.”

“I wonder if the cuckoo would not live in America,” said Arthur. “I should like to get one and try it. I would take good care of it.”

“It would not thrive in this climate, Arthur.”

UNCLE OSCAR.

[Illustration: Work and Sing!]

WORK AND SING!

You must work, and I must sing,
That’s the way the birdies do:
See the workers on the wing;
See the idle singers too.

Yet not wholly idle these,
They the toilers do not wrong;
For the weary heart they ease
With the rapture of their song.

If our work of life to cheer
We no music had, no flowers,
Life would hardly seem so dear,
Longer then would drag the hours.

Like the birdies let us be;
Let us not the singers chide;



There's a use in all we see:
Work and sing! the world is wide.

EMILY CARTER.

[Illustration: One Year Old]

ONE YEAR OLD.

Hold her up, mamma, and let us all have a look at her. Is she not a dear little thing?

She is not a bit afraid, but only puzzled at being stared at by so many people. She does not know what to make of it.

She clutches at her mother's chin, as much as to say, "Tell me what this means."

It means, baby, that you are one year old. This is your birthday, and we have come to call on you.

[Illustration: Nurse, Baby, & Cat]

But here is Jane, the nurse. Has she come to take you away from us? We are not ready to part with you.

You want to go with her? Well, that is too bad! You like her better than you do me. I must see what she does that makes you so fond of her.

She takes you to the barn, and shows you the horse and the cow. Then she lets you look out of the barn-window. There you spy the kitten.

The kitten sees you, and jumps up on the basket, and looks in your face. You put out your little hand, and try to reach her.

Jane has the pig and the chickens to show you yet. But I cannot stay any longer. I must leave you playing with the kitten.



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A. B. C.

[Illustration: My Dog]

MY DOG.

I have a dog, and his name is Don. He is nine years old. His master is in Boston, and I call Don my dog, because I like to have him here. He is a black-and-white dog, and measures six feet in length, and about two feet in height.

When I go on errands, Don takes the basket or pail, and trots away to the store; and sometimes I have to pull him, or he will go the wrong way.

He is a lazy old fellow, and he likes to sleep almost all the time, except when he is asked if he wants to go anywhere; and then he frisks around, and seems as if he had never been asleep.

When he wants a drink, he goes around to the store-room door, and asks for it by looking up in our faces; and I dare say he would say, if he could speak, "Please give me a drink?"

I have a little brother, and he sits on my dog a good deal. And I have a cousin of whom the dog is very fond and when she is at the table, he will put his paw on her lap, and want her to take it.

My little baby-brother tumbles over the dog, and sits on him; and sometimes when I am tired, I lie down and take a nap with my head on Don's back. He likes to have me do it, and he always keeps watch while I am asleep.

LYNN, MASS. WILLIE B. MARSHALL.

MAY.

Pretty little violets, waking from your sleep,
Fragrant little blossoms, just about to peep,
Would you know the reason all the world is gay?
Listen to the bobolinks, telling you 'tis May!

Little ferns and grasses, all so green and bright,
Purple clover nodding, daisies fresh and white,
Would you know the reason all the world is gay?
Listen to the bobolinks, telling you 'tis May!



Darling little warblers, coming in the spring,
Would you know the reason that you love to sing?
Hear the merry children, shouting as they play,
“Listen to the bobolinks, telling us ’tis May!”

[Illustration: Dot and The Lemons]

DOT AND THE LEMONS.

Dot’s father is a funny man. One night, he brought home some lemons for mamma,—twelve long, fat, yellow lemons, in a bag. Dot was sitting at the piano with mamma when his father came in, and did not run, as usual, to greet him with a kiss. So Dot’s father opened the bag, and let the lemons drop one by one, and roll all over the floor.

Then Dot looked around, and cried, “Lemons, lemons! Get down; Dot get down!” And he ran and picked up the lemons one by one, and put them all together in the great black arm-chair. As he picked them up, he counted them: “One, two, three, five, six, seven, nine, ten!”

When Dot got tired of seeing them on the chair, he began to put them on the floor again, one at a time, and all in one spot. While he was doing this, his father stooped down, and when the little boy’s back was turned, took the lemons, silyly from the spot where Dot was placing them, and put them behind his own back,—some behind his right foot, and some behind his left.



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He took only a few of them at first, so that Dot should not miss them. But, when Dot came to put the last lemon on the floor, he could not see any thing of the others, and was very much surprised. Then mamma, grandmamma, and grandpapa all burst out laughing. His father stepped aside, and there Dot saw the lemons in two rows.

Then father said, "That was only a joke. Now, Dot, put them back again on the chair—quick!" And Dot ran and began to take away the lemons from the first row, and lay them on the black cushion of grandpapa's great arm-chair, one by one. One—two—three—four—five: he had only one more lemon to pick up from the first row; but when he came for it—my! there were two.

Well, to tell the truth, Dot didn't notice this at first. He picked up one of the two, and thought to himself, "Only one left, Dot." But, I declare! there were *two* left when he came back. "This is a long row," thought Dot. And every time he left *one*, he found *two*, till papa had quite used up the second row, from which he had been filling up the first.

At last Dot *did* see the last lemon, and then again he didn't see it, for when he looked for it, it wasn't *two*, as before, it wasn't there at all!

"O papa! you have it behind you; and Dot will pull at your hand till you give up the lemon; and then you can't play any more tricks with your bright little boy."

But Dot will go up to bed with Alice, and in the middle of the night mamma will hear him saying in his sleep, "Five, six, nine, 'lemon!" For Dot always says '*lemon*, when he means *eleven*.

G.

DADDY DANDELION.

Words by T. Hood. Music by T. Crampton

[Music]

Allegretto. mf

1.

Daddy Dandelion
Was a splendid fellow,
With a coat of green,
And a crest of yellow.
He had lots of gold,
He was very lazy;



So he chose to scold
Modest little Daisy.

2.

Ah! you silly flower,
You're to me beholden,
To your best of power,
Aping me the golden.
Just then some one passed,
Who his stick was swinging,
Chopped off Dandelion,
Stopped his accents stinging.

4.

Daisy at the sight
Dropped a tear for sorrow,
Closed her leaves that night,
Opened on the morrow.
Gazing with delight
People, all of them,
Asked her where she found
Such a sparkling gem.

* * * * *

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