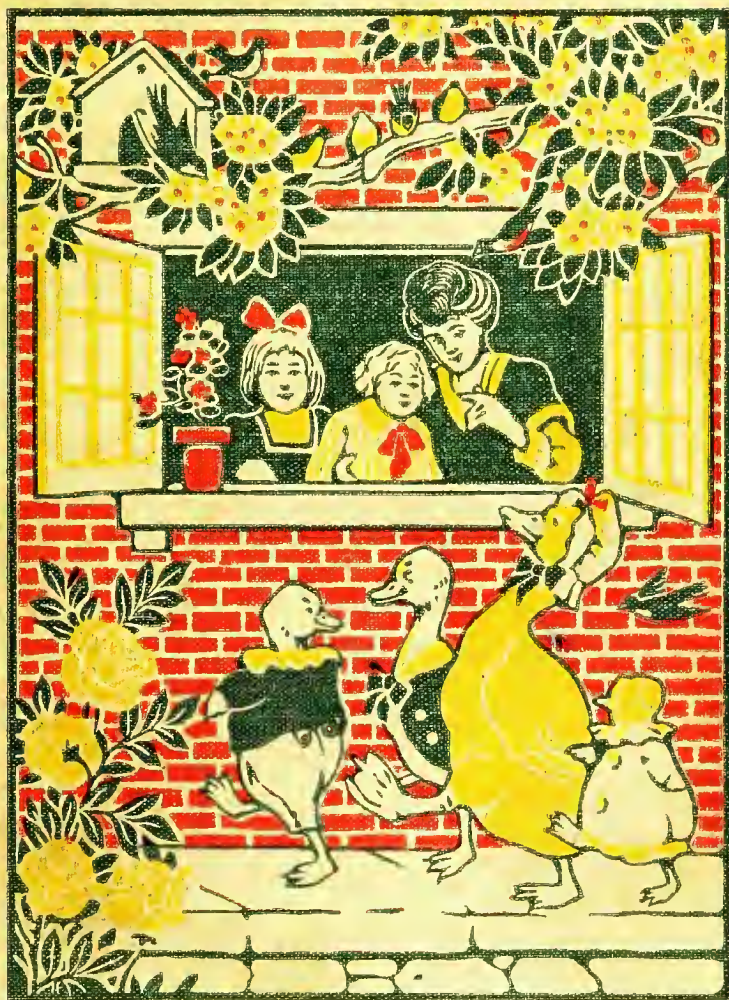
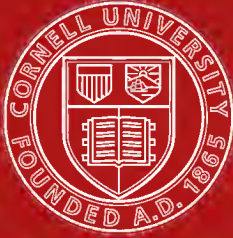


MOTHER BIRD STORIES



A BOOK OF THE BEST BIRD
STORIES THAT MOTHERS CAN
TELL THEIR CHILDREN



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M O T H E R B I R D S T O R I E S

A Book of the Best Bird Stories
That Mothers Can Tell
Their Children

With One Hundred and Thirty-
four Illustrations

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H E N R Y A L T E M U S C O M P A N Y

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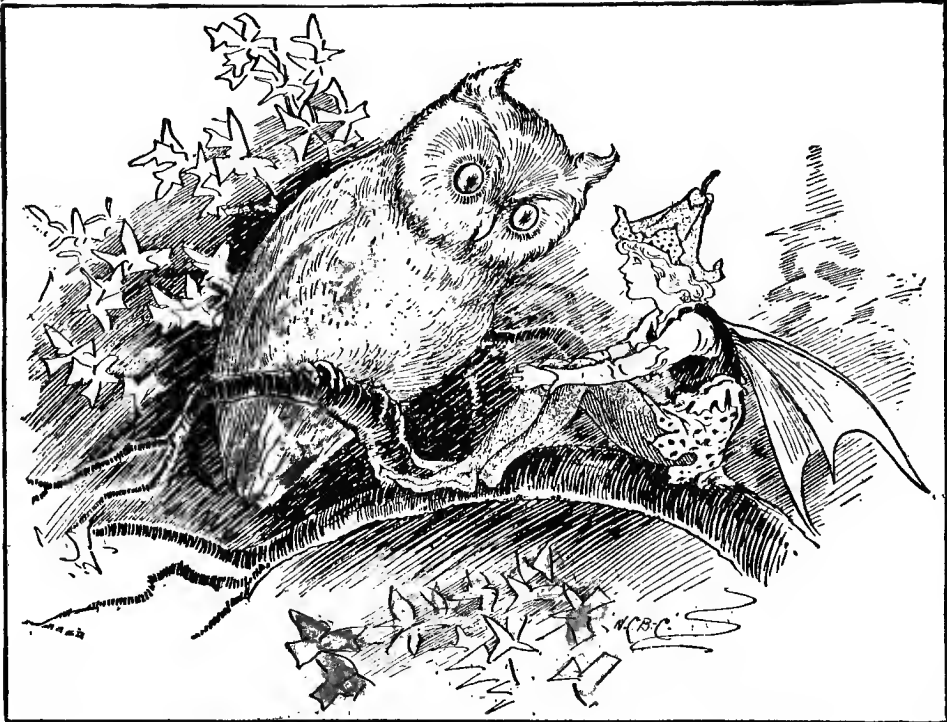
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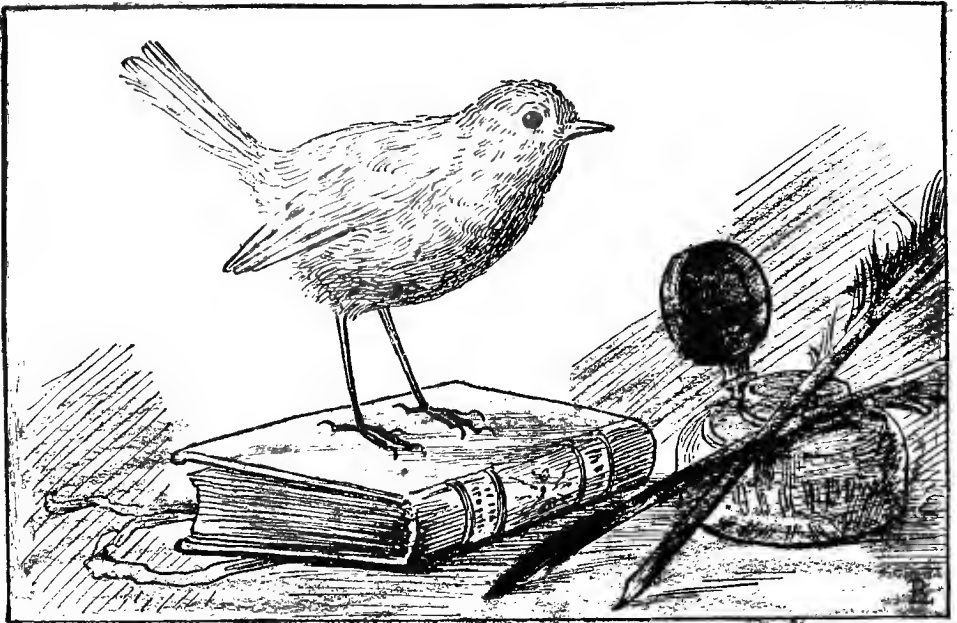
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MOTHER BIRD STORIES



MOTHER BIRD STORIES

MISS GOOSEY AND REYNARD MAKE LOVE.



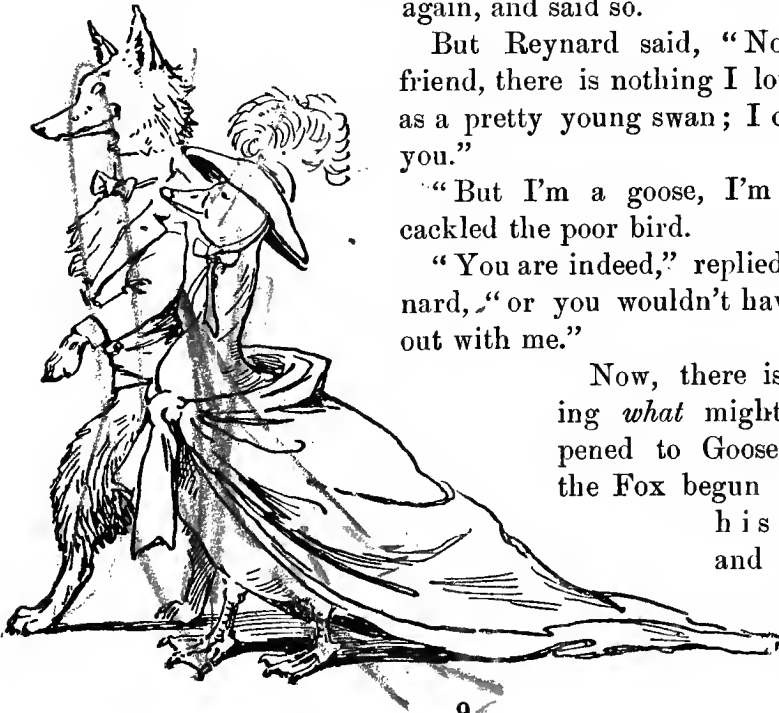
ONCE Reynard, the Fox, made love to Miss Goosey and coaxed her to go with him to his own city in the woods. She consented. But scarcely had they left the poultry-yard before Goosey began to feel nervous. Reynard had such a wicked twinkle in his eye, and licked his lips so often, that she began to wish herself safe back again, and said so.

But Reynard said, "No, no, dear friend, there is nothing I love so much as a pretty young swan; I cannot spare you."

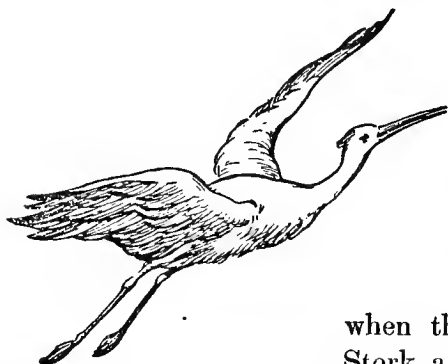
"But I'm a goose, I'm a goose!" cackled the poor bird.

"You are indeed," replied Beau Reynard, "or you wouldn't have ventured out with me."

Now, there is no knowing *what* might have happened to Goosey had not the Fox begun to laugh at his own joke, and she took the opportunity to waddle off.



She reached the pen just as the Fox had begun to wipe his eye, and prepare for his meal. "Let me in, let me in!" she cried to her mamma. "I'm your own little Goosey come back again, and I'll never, never, never leave home again." So it all ended happily—at least, for the Goose.



KRINKA AND THE STORK



KRINKA was a little Dutch girl, and lived in a queer brown house by the side of a canal, where the Stork built her nest

when the Spring came. Krinka loved the Stork and was sorry when the cold winds drove it away when the Summer was over.

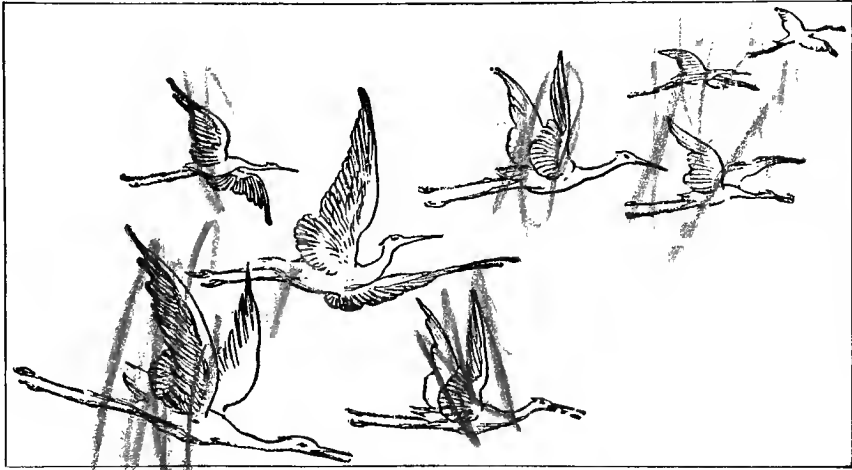
"I wish you would come back, dear Stork," she would say when she woke each day, and then she would run to the window and peep out to see if the Stork was there.

One night she dreamed that she was a little bird with soft gray wings, and that she flew right up to the big blue clouds that looked like banks of snow. And Mother Stork popped her head out of the tallest one, and asked Krinka if she would like to stay with her and play with the fairies. But Krinka shook her head. "Mother would want me," she said, and the Stork laughed, and told her to fly away home. And Krinka woke up in her own little bed, and when she looked out of the window to see if the Stork were there she found the snow instead. Her mother smiled when she told her about her funny dream.

"I can't turn you into a bird, little one," she said as she kissed her, "but when you can skate you will fly nearly as fast." And she

showed Krinka some bright new skates that were just small enough for her tiny feet.

And the next day Krinka's big sister and her brother Jan took her on the ice with them, and held her hands so safely that she could not fall. Krinka thought it was lovely, and was glad to be a little girl instead of a bird. And when the ice melted the Stork came back.



PROFESSOR TU-WHIT FINDS AN OPERA STAR.



TU-WHIT, the Owl, was manager of the Birds' Opera House, where performances were given all summer.

And Tu-whit thought Madame Cuckoo, who was the leading singer in his company, was by far the greatest singer in the world. What is more, he was silly enough to say so, and this gave Madame Cuckoo such a great opinion of herself that she got to asking very high prices—as much as twenty worms at a time.

Well, one day Mrs. Linnet called on the professor and asked him why he paid such high prices to Madame Cuckoo, when her daughter, Mary Linnet, had a voice every bit as good and was willing to sing for

five worms a day. The professor laughed. "Oh, excuse me, Mrs. Linnet, but that is such a good joke!" And Mrs. Linnet said nothing, only looked very determined; and soon afterwards the bird folks noticed that Mary Linnet had gone on a visit.

Then, one day, months after Mary had gone away, the news spread through Birdville that a strange singer—no one knew her name—had come to town. Madame Cuckoo looked uneasy, but declared she was not afraid—that the stranger certainly could not sing as well as she.

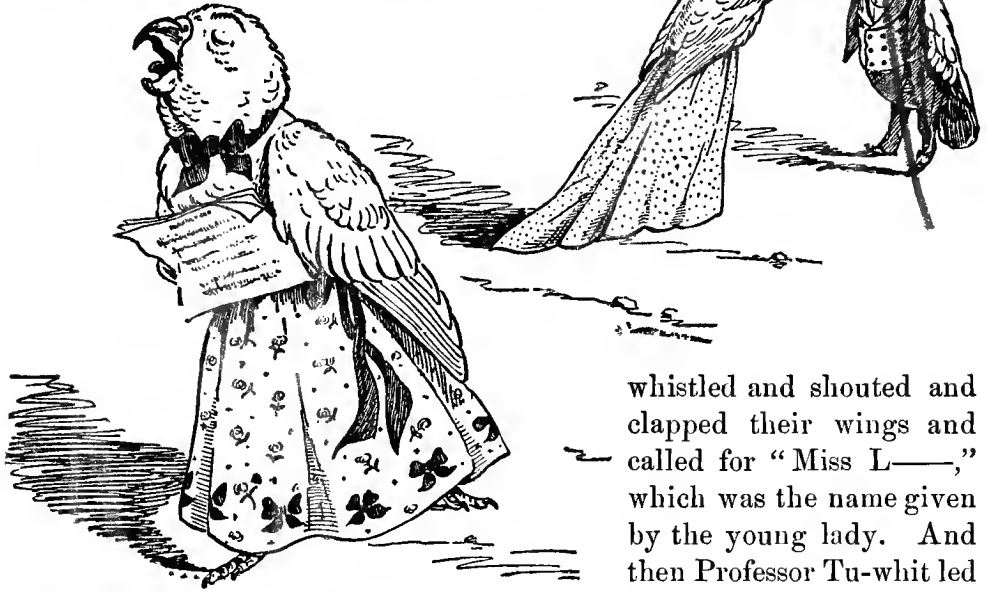
Professor Tu-whit, who always liked to be nice to visitors from a distance, kindly offered the use of his opera house to the young lady; and she said, very well, she would like to try the part of Jenny Wren in the opera called *Sing a Song of Sixpence*.

There was a big audience at the Opera House that day.

The opera went along fairly well, but everyone was waiting for the new singer. Finally, when Jenny Wren had "popped on again" the nose which the maid had lost in the garden while hanging up clothes, then it was that Jenny burst into the *Song of Sixpence* which closes the



opera; and she did it so well that the audience went wild. As the last note died away, they all rose to their feet and



whistled and shouted and clapped their wings and called for "Miss L——," which was the name given by the young lady. And then Professor Tu-whit led her forward and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I have the honor to present to you Miss Mary Linnet, who has just returned to our fair city after having had her voice cultivated. I have decided to hire her as my leading star."

THE DISCONTENTED PENGUIN.



HIS Penguin I am going to tell you about was born just like all other little Penguins; he came out of a pale green shell. When he was very little his father and mother used to go to the sea and fetch fish for him to eat, but one fine morning his mother told him he was old enough to catch his own food.

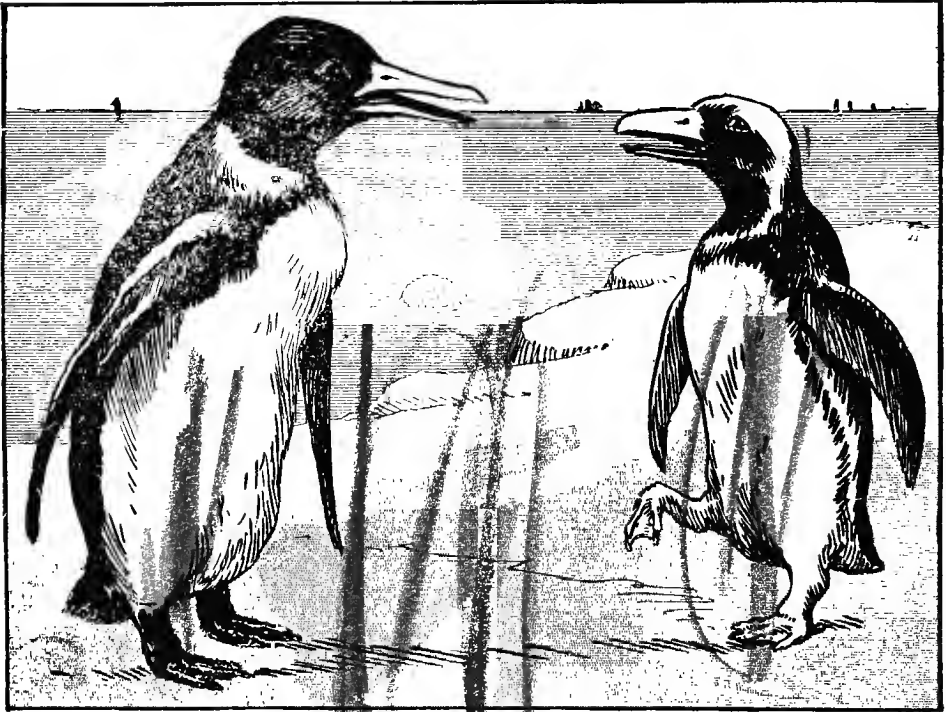
"How can I ever get down to the water?" he asked.

THE DISCONTENTED PENGUIN.

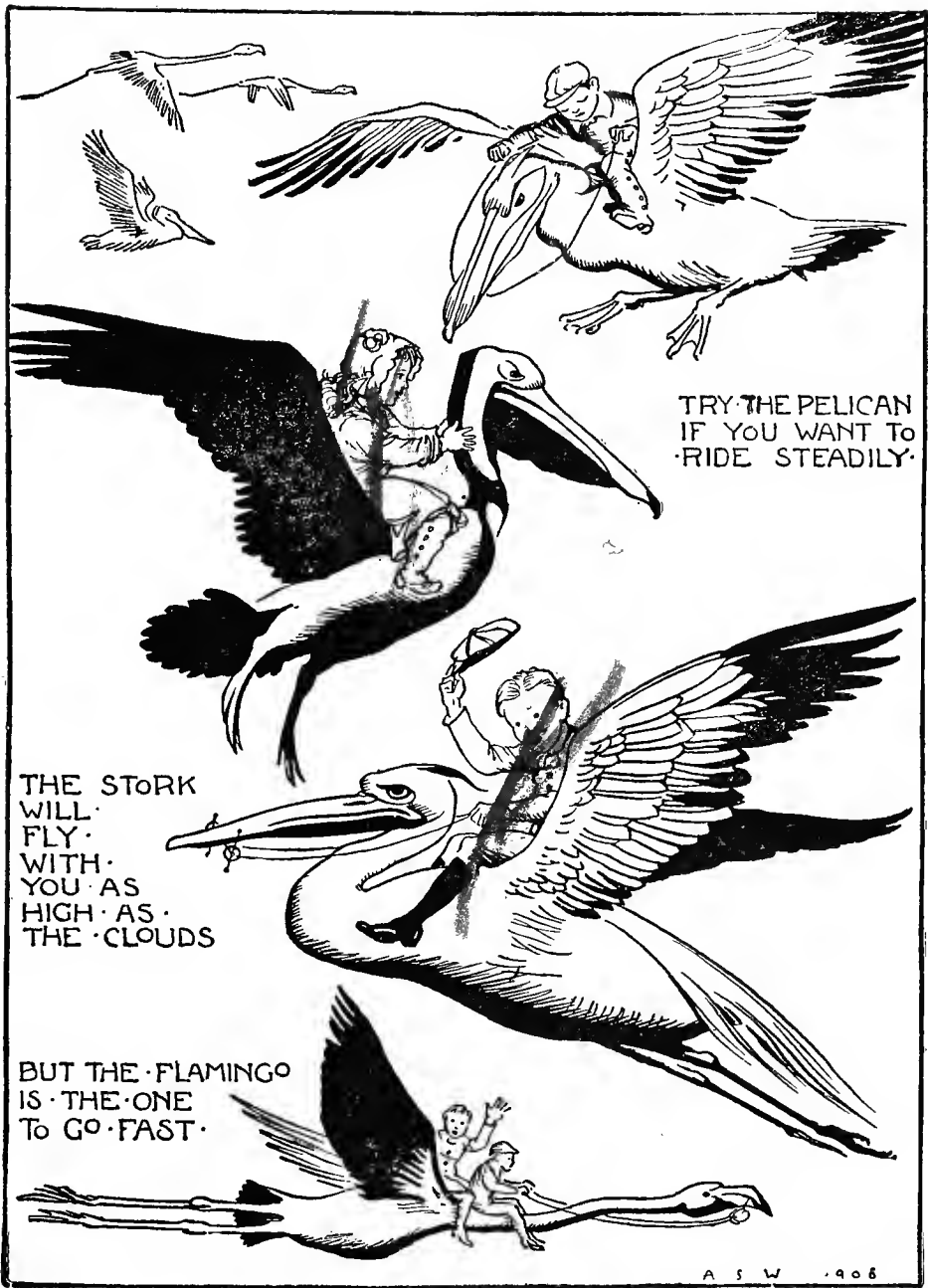
“Just walk down over the rocks like I do,” said his mother, and she went down to show him how.

“Oh, no, that’s a foolish, old-fashioned way,” said the little Penguin. “I’m going to fly down like that birdie over there.”

“No, no! A Penguin doesn’t fly,” protested the mamma bird, but before she could think what was happening her son had jumped in the



air and spread his little flappers, just as he had seen the beautiful Albatross do. Next minute poor baby Penguin was lying on the rocks below. He was not smiling. No, indeed! For he had fallen heavily, just as you would fall if you tried to fly unless you had a flying machine, and he had hurt one of his little feet badly. He had to stay in bed many days, and then, like a sensible bird, instead of trying to fly, he learned to walk down over the rocks as other good Penguins do.



TRY THE PELICAN
IF YOU WANT TO
RIDE STEADILY

THE STORK
WILL FLY
WITH YOU
AS HIGH AS
THE CLOUDS

BUT THE FLAMINGO
IS THE ONE
TO GO FAST

A S W 1908

THE JUGGLER.



HERE was a squirrel once—
An idle rogue was he,
He had no store of winter nuts
Beneath his greenwood tree.

So when the leaves began to fall
And food was getting dear—
“I must do something soon,” said he,
“Or I shall starve, ’tis clear.”

And so he hung this notice out—
“The Juggler is at home
Most afternoons, at half-past
four,
Bring lots of nuts and
come.”

They came, his friends both great
and small,
And brought the nuts beside,
And Whiskers promptly juggled
them .
Into his own inside.

And so the whole long winter
time
In comfort he did feed,
But you had best not copy
him
In case you don't succeed.



WHY THE SPARROW LIVES IN TOWN.



R. ROOK and his wife were out walking. "Who-oo-op!" came a voice from a tree over their heads. "Here's a pair of glum ones! Hooray!" Now, Dr. Rook and Mrs. Rook were very solemn-looking Birds, but that was no excuse for the Sparrow being so impertinent—for it was a Sparrow that spoke. His full name was Jack Sparrow.

Dr. Rook stopped quite still, put down his hat and umbrella, raised his claw, and said very hoarsely, "Mark my words, wife, that young fellow will come to a bad end." And so he did.



All this took place when the Sparrow was as yet one of the wood people. Now, as

you know, he does not live in the deep woods, but stays close to the cities and towns where he can pick up food easily. And to live that way is regarded as a disgrace in Birddom. So this is how the disgrace came about.



Jack Sparrow and Tom Tit were talking one morning, as birds will, about their adventures, and Jack was saying how he wasn't afraid of anyone, and all the rest of it, when Tom Tit said:

"Ah, but what about the Eagle, Spadger?"

Jack Sparrow stopped a moment; even he was rather abashed at the idea; then he said:

"Well, what about his High and Mightiness?"

“Well,” replied Tom Tit, “you wouldn’t dare to go and talk to *him*, I’ll be bound.”

“Wouldn’t I, though? Now you just watch. I’ll go and have dinner at the Palace this very day.”

Tom Tit laughed scornfully. The idea was too ridiculous: Jack Sparrow dining at the Palace! But Jack stuck to it, and grew more and more determined.

When dinner-time came he said to Tom Tit: “Coming to see me have a bit of dinner with the Eagles? Can if you like!”

As luck would have it, His Majesty the Eagle was dining by himself in the Palace gardens, so that Jack Sparrow’s task was made all the easier for him, as he didn’t have to get admission to the royal rooms.

Summoning up all his courage, he hopped up close to the King and said, “Fine day, your Majesty!”

The Eagle looked astonished; but, as he was in a good humor just then (having nearly finished a very excellent dinner), he merely bowed his head.

Young Sparrow felt very much encouraged, and proceeded gayly:

You seem to have been nejoying a good meal, sir! Got a good appetite? Ha! Excellent thing—liver all right? Glad to hear it—now, I suffer terribly in that way—nothing I take seems to suit me.”

He might have seen that the Eagle was beginning to look displeased, but he didn’t look—he was too delighted with his success so far. He went on:

“Missis and the little ones all right?” (The King’s feathers began to be ruffled.) “What’s that you’ve been having for dinner? You don’t mean to tell me it’s bones? Now, if there’s one thing that I do fancy above all other things it is bones. I think you might offer me a bit.” (Here he saucily cocked his head on one side and looked up at the Eagle; he saw how angry His Majesty was looking, but he went on.) “Oh, well, no offense, I hope, but I’d like to try it.” And the foolish little bird hopped forward and gave a peck at the dish.

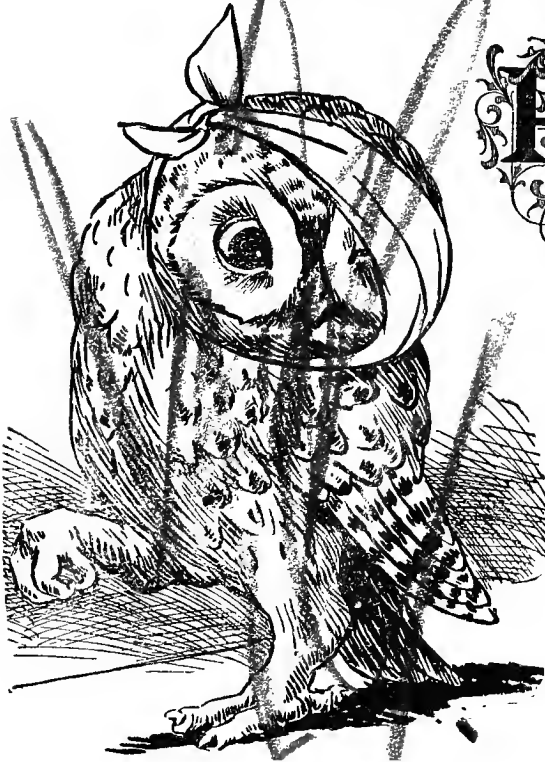
The Eagle gave a shrill whistle. In an instant the Palace grounds

PING-PONG TAKES A PILL.

were filled with guards—Hawks, Falcons, Vultures and other Birds of prey—and the unhappy Sparrow was a prisoner.

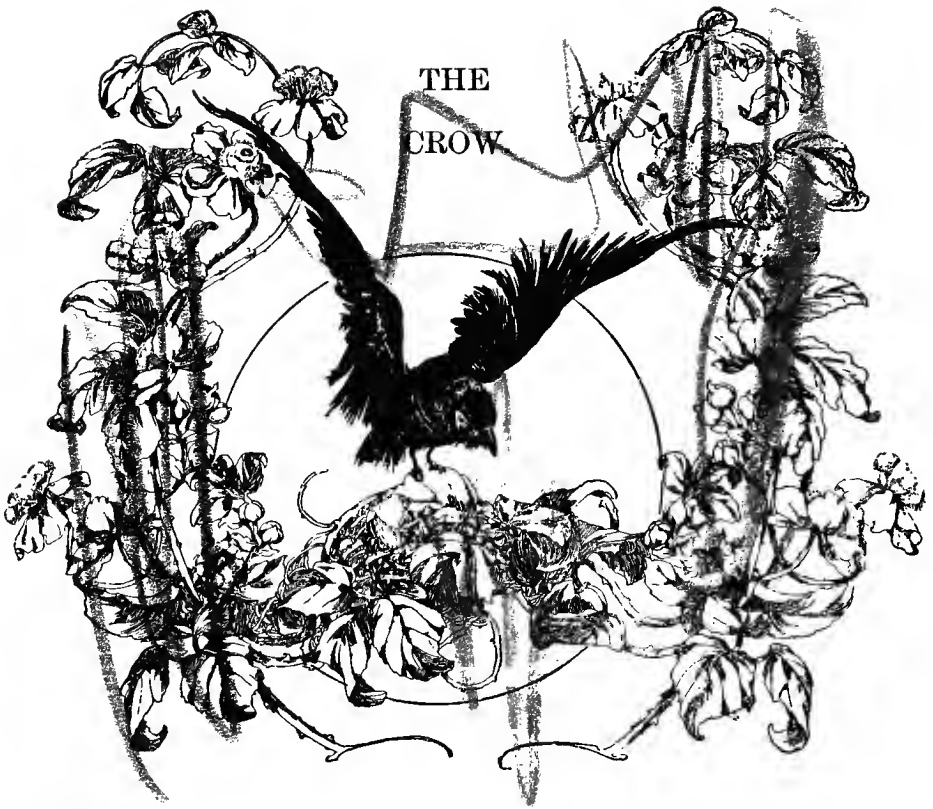
He was put in jail, and next morning the King declared that Jack Sparrow was to be banished forever from the Kingdom of Free Birds because of his impertinence.

PING-PONG TAKES A PILL



ING Pong,
The wind blows,
Ping Pong,
It rains.
Ping Pong,
The doctor's called,
Ping Pong
In pains.

Ping Pong
Stops at home,
Ping Pong
Is ill,
Ping Pong
Goes to bed,
Ping Pong
Takes a pill.



FEEL a disgrace (said the Crow) to my race,
Always to be wearing this dirty old face :
I'll wash off the black from my wings and my back :
I'll scrub me, and rub me, and cold-water-tub me :
And then we will see what Birdie dare snub me.

So he did, but (alack !)
Found he still was coal black.

'Twas foolish, one knows, of the Crow to suppose
Though washed day and night he could ever be white
From tip of his beak to the end of his toes.
Black is black, and it's right ; just as white should be white.

A CROW TEACHES TODDLES A LESSON.

And whatever our lot, black, white, or whatnot,
So long as we're clean what color we're seen
I'm sure does not matter one tittle or jot—
Not one tiny tittle, or one little jot.

A CROW TEACHES TODDLES A LESSON.



TODDLES was a greedy boy. He never shared his cakes or oranges with others, but went into a corner and ate them by himself. Even when a hungry crow asked him one day for only a few crumbs of the piece of bread and butter he was eating, he would not give it. You would think it would be worth a few bread crumbs to make friends with a real talking crow, now, wouldn't you?

"I'll get even with you," said the crow angrily, and then it pecked at Toddles' legs until he cried with pain. It chased him down the garden path. Now this was a fairy crow, although Toddles did not know it, and after it thought it had teased him enough it said, "Be little!" and in an instant the boy became as small as a sparrow. Then the crow picked him up in its bill and carried him to the top of a tree, where it put him in a cage, saying, "Stay there till you learn to be good."

Toddles cried and cried. It was uncomfortable in the cage, and besides he became hungry after awhile. Then the crow left a piece of bread for him and went away. Being shut up in a cage made the boy's heart softer, and he gave part of his bread to a hungry wren. Next day he was given a smaller piece, but gave half of it to a doggie that barked beneath the tree. The crow then turned Toddles into a boy again and took him home.

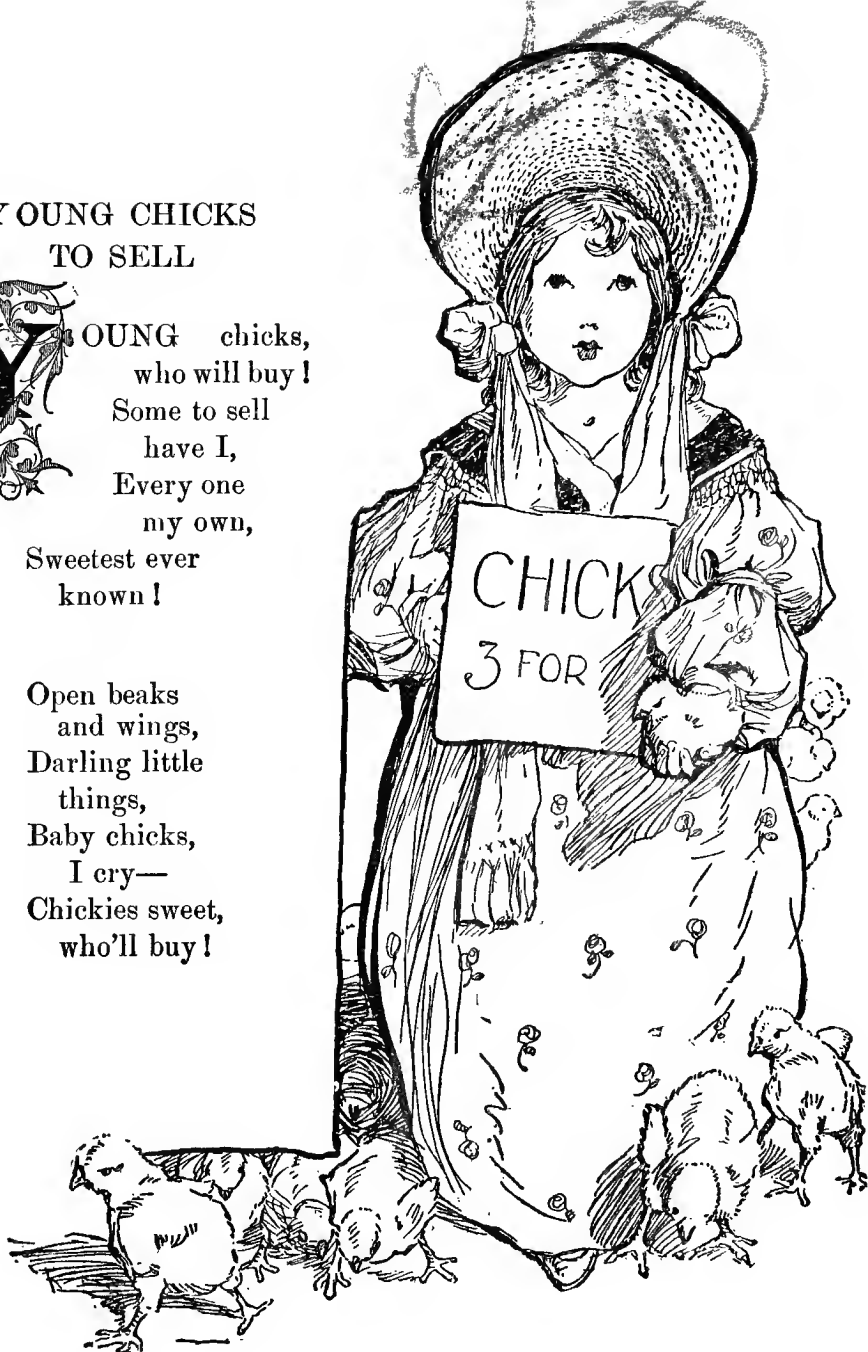


YOUNG CHICKS
TO SELL



YOUNG chicks,
who will buy!
Some to sell
have I,
Every one
my own,
Sweetest ever
known!

Open beaks
and wings,
Darling little
things,
Baby chicks,
I cry—
Chickies sweet,
who'll buy!



SUPPOSE · THE · DOG · CROWED · COCK · O ·
· BOODLE ·
· DOO ·



SUPPOSE ·
THE COCK · CRIED ·
BOW · WOW · WOW ···

SUPPOSE · PUSSY AND PRETTY · POLLY · GOT · ♡ ♡
♡ ♡ · · · · · MIXED · LIKE · THIS ·

WHY THE BIRDS LAUGHED AT COCK ROBIN.



COCK Robin, Jenny Wren and little Miss Longtailed Tit started out one day in search of adventures, and as they flew from place to place they talked a good deal about bravery. Robin laughed because Jenny Wren shivered when a boy aimed at her with a sling-shot, and again when Miss Longtailed Tit cried because she came near being caught in a trap. "I am afraid of nothing," he boasted.

"Not even of a cat?" said Jenny Wren.

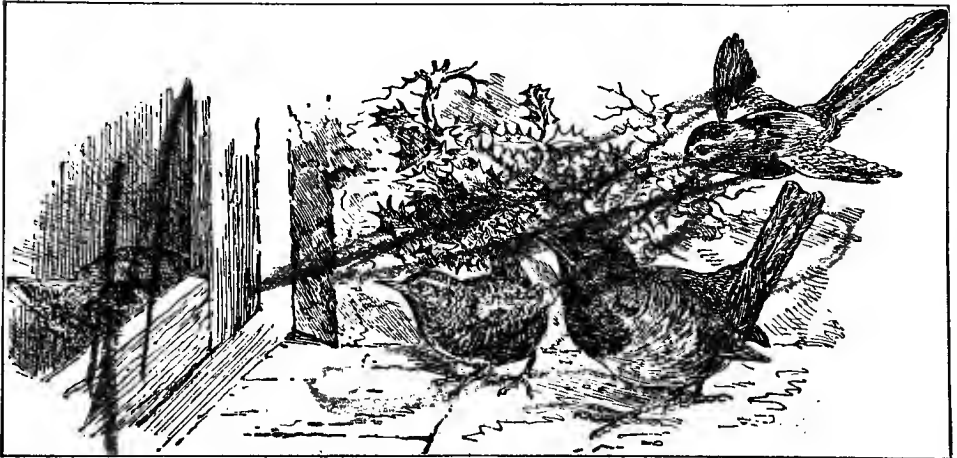
"Cat!—no," answered Robin, "not even of a cat. To prove it to you, let's go to call on Tom Tabby; he lives close by."

Tom saw them coming and, peeping out from where he was lying, said, "Good morning, my little dears; I've got my eye on you!"

Somehow or other, the sight of that one big, bold eye terrified the birds so much that they flew for their lives. As soon as they were at a safe distance, Jenny Wren said, with a twinkle in her eye, "I thought, Mr. Robin, you weren't afraid of anything?"

"No, and I'm not, either," boasted Robin (for now that he was at a safe distance he could be brave again), "only I thought from the look in Tom's eye that he might want to fight with me, and then he might get hurt, and just think of how badly his mother would feel!"

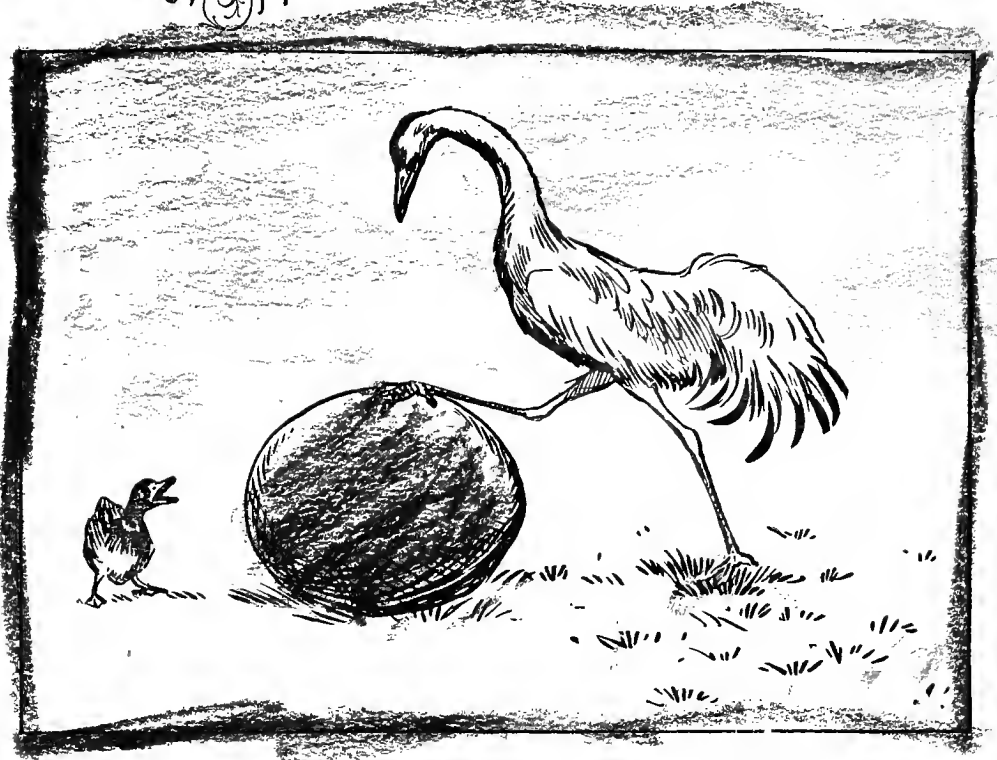
But the other birds only laughed.



THE OSTRICH CHICK FOOLS THE BIRDS.



N Ostrich on the sandy plain
Had laid an egg one day,
But when she saw some hunters near,
The Ostrich ran away.



And so the egg remained alone,
But did not seem to mind ;
The sun above, the sand beneath,
Were soft and warm and kind.

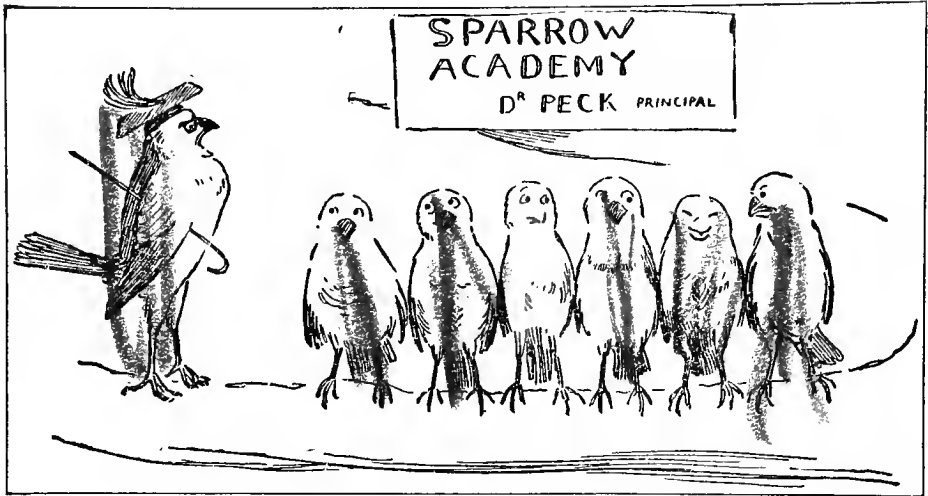
But afterwards a Duck came by,
“ Why ! here’s my egg,” said she ;
“ I wondered in the nest to-day
Wherever it could be.”

THE OSTRICH CHICK FOOLS THE BIRDS.

Just then a Stork walked up, who said,
“ Why! there’s my egg! how queer
That it should roll from out my nest
And roll right out to here!”

Then cried a voice, “ This egg is mine!
What’s all this talk about?”
Crack went the egg, and with a smile,
An Ostrich chick stepped out.





AT THE SPARROWS' SCHOOL.

NOW, Jones, recite," said Doctor Peck,
"The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck."
"The boy stood on——" Jones made reply,
And then he stopped; I don't know why!

"Go on, sir," cried old Doctor Peck,
"The next words are 'The burning deck.'"
"The burning deck——" said Jones, and then,
I grieve to say, he stopped again.

"Whence all but him had fled.'—Now think!
What next?" Jones answered with a wink:
"Like the old woman 'neath the hill,
If he's not gone he stands there still."

THE BIRDIES DID NOT WISH TO BE EATEN.



OW, Fuz, dear, you really must not climb trees. You will hurt yourself, and perhaps you will not be able to get down, and what a *dreadful* thing that would be!" said Clarice, the Kitten, to her sister.

Fuz did not seem to think so, for as soon as she was put down away she ran to the highest tree in the garden. Up, up she went, until, pushing her head through a thick network of leaves, she spied a nest with three little birds in it.



"Oh, you pretty dears!" she cried. "What a treat!"

The nestlings did not agree with her. They made themselves as big as they could, and called for father and mother with all their might.

Little cared Fuz for that. She was just going to seize the nearest bird when she felt a sharp tug at her fur. She turned round, snarling, and was at once attacked on the other side. With a great outcry and fluttering of wings, father and mother, now on this side, now on that,

FUNNY ACROBATS.

fought her so cleverly that, half blind, she quickly made her way down the tree. When she reached the bottom she was glad to creep away among the bushes, and as she sadly tried to put her untidy fur to rights she was forced to confess that Clarice was right.

FUNNY

ACROBATS.

Now all little
children,
Oh, come along
and see
The funny tum-
bling acrobats,
As clever as can
be.



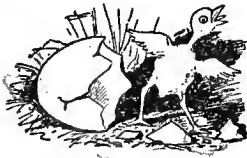
First they stand
upon the ground,
Then they jump
on high,
Then they fall
upon the floor,
Rub their heads
and cry.

MRS. DORKING AND THE UNLUCKY NUMBER



WONDER what they're for, and why there are thirteen of them," said Mrs. Dorking.

As she said this she looked down at a lot of nice eggs which some one had placed in her nest. Mrs. Dorking, you must know, was a hen, and a young one too (indeed it seemed only a day or so since folks had been calling her a chicken), and so she could not be expected to know all the things that married folks know.



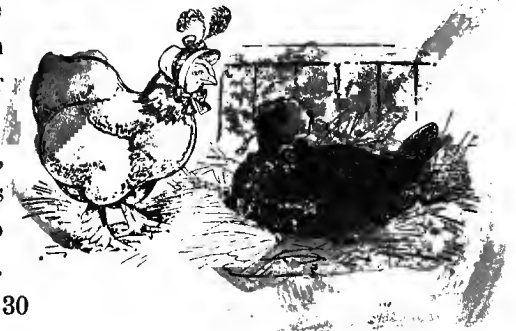
"Thirteen!" she said again. "The very idea of anyone putting thirteen eggs in my nest. We all know that is an unlucky number, and——"

But just then Mrs. Cochin came in and heard what Mrs. Dorking was saying. Now Mrs. Cochin was an older hen and had been married a year or two, so she knew all about housekeeping.

"The eggs are for you," she said. "You sit on them and keep them as warm as you can, and by-and-by a cute little chicken will come out of every egg. And as for the number thirteen, you must know that with eggs for hatching it's different from other things, and thirteen is the luckiest number of all. Take my word for it, Mrs. Dorking, and never sit on an even number of eggs, such as ten or twelve, but make it either eleven or thirteen and you will surely have pretty, healthy children."

So Mrs. Dorking sat down on the eggs and made them as warm as ever she could. But after a few days she became tired and fretful. "It is no fun," she said, "to be shut up by yourself for weeks in a gloomy room. I'd much rather be out scraping worms."

"Yes," said Mrs. Cochin, "but in this world everyone has to do things one doesn't like to do. There are Mr. and Mrs.



Robin, for instance, who work so hard building their nest that they simply fall asleep over their supper every night, but they do it all the same, or they'd have no home for their children when they come. You hatch out those eggs like a sensible hen, and in a few weeks' time you'll be glad you've done it."

So Mrs. Dorking settled down once more, feeling very rebellious, if the truth must be told.

But one day a curious thing occurred. Suddenly there was a funny little tapping that seemed to come from down below, and, looking down, she saw that one of the eggs had a crack right across it. "Good



gracious!" she exclaimed, "I've actually broken one of them in spite of all my care." Then suddenly an idea occurred to her.

"Oh, oh!" she exclaimed excitedly, "I wonder if perhaps they're hatching?" And in response there came another tap-tapping, and after that the tapping went on at intervals, and then "Peep, peep" went a tiny little voice, and then "Peep, peep" went another. She looked down. "Yes; it is—it really is a chicken," she exclaimed, trembling with excitement, and, though she wanted to go at once and tell Mrs. Cochin, she snuggled down all the closer so as to keep the eggs just as warm as ever she could.

And soon there were six little fluffy heads poking out from

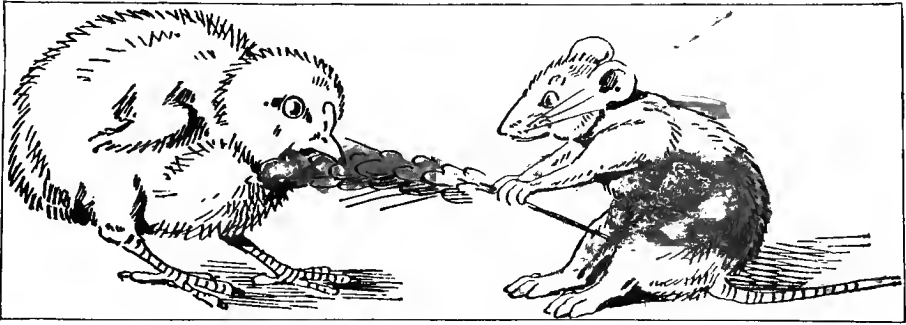
WHY THE NIGHTINGALE SINGS AT NIGHT.

underneath her wings. "Peep, peep! Please let us go out," they cried.

But she stayed on her nest till the thirteen chicks were hatched.

The first day she appeared with her family in the Farmyard, you should have heard the nice things which the other Farmyard Folk said about them. It made Mrs. Dorking proud and repaid her for all her waiting.

"Well, I declare!" she said joyfully to Mrs. Cochin. "That number thirteen is lucky, after all."



WHY THE NIGHTINGALE SINGS AT NIGHT.



T was Mrs. Macaw who was giving the party. And Mrs. Macaw was sure her daughter Polly had a beautiful voice. It *was* a loud voice, to be sure, but beautiful? Well, that would depend upon the point of view. If you can leave the Parrot-house at the Zoo without a headache, then perhaps you could learn to like a voice such as Polly Macaw's.

Now, Mrs. Macaw made up her mind that at this big party which she proposed to give she would have her daughter Polly sing! Only, she didn't put that on the invitation. What she said was: "Music, P. W. S." All the birds wondered what that meant, but said nothing.

Little Miss Parrakeet was quite at her wits' end. Orders for new dresses simply poured in upon her; she had to engage four new assistants (the Woodpeckers) because she had so much to do. As for the Tailor-bird—why, the Peacock's new tail-coat alone would have taken him all his time, let alone Mr. Thrush's spotted waistcoat and Captain Cockatoo's new crest.

One poor bird was not invited. This was little Mary Linnet. *She* didn't mind in the least, but her papa and mamma were quite indignant. Mrs. Macaw said it was because she was so young, but of course the real reason was that she was such a good singer that Mrs. Macaw was afraid she might outshine Polly.

What should Mrs. Linnet do to get even? Ah! She had it. Although her daughter was not in-



vited, *she* was, so she sent a polite note asking whether she might bring her friend, Madame Nightingale, who was visiting her. "Of course!" replied Mrs. Macaw.

But the night before the party Mrs. Macaw happened to be going past the Linnet house, and heard Madame Nightingale practicing, and the singing was so grand that she knew her daughter would surely be put in the shade by this new singer. What to do? "I have it!" she said at length, and went at once to little Miss Parrakeet.

She was Miss Parrakeet's best customer. Miss Parrakeet would not dare to displease her. And what do you suppose she said to the little dressmaker? She said: "You must not send her new party dress to Madame Nightingale.

I will pay you for it. When Madame sends, tell her you forgot about it, or something—anything—only don't let her have the dress."

So Madame Nightingale waited and waited, and her dress did not arrive. At the last minute she was told that the dress had not even been begun. Mrs. Linnet, who went on ahead to Mrs. Macaw's house, was nervous. She told Mrs. Macaw what she was worrying about, but that bad bird replied, "Never mind about Madame Nightingale; Polly will sing."

"What?" said Mrs. Linnet. "Nonsense! You must be mistaken! Why, Polly can't sing a bit!"

"But it says so on the . . . Linnet, it does indeed! You look when you get home. . . S.—Polly Will Sing!"



“Oh-h-h!” said Mrs. Linnet, and away she flew. Her mind was made up. She had thought of a way of punishing Mrs. Macaw.

The afternoon of the party came. At “The Perch” all was ready. Mrs. Macaw, gorgeous in red and blue and green, Polly simpering, all in white, Captain Cockatoo with his fine new crest, all were there.

But the funny thing was, there were no guests.

For Mrs. Linnet had told Tom Tit to stand at the gate and whisper to each guest as he or she came—“*P. W. S.* means, Polly Will Sing!” And as Tom whispered that, each guest turned tail and fled. They all knew what Polly’s singing would be like.

For hours and hours the poor Macaws sat alone. Then suddenly they heard cheering, and, looking out, saw all their expected guests gathered outside Mrs. Linnet’s house, where Madame Nightingale was singing to them.

The Macaws and the Linnets aren’t friends now.

But Madame Nightingale’s dress hasn’t come yet, and, as she doesn’t like to be seen without it, she does all her singing at night high up in the sky.





MIRANDA AND THE BLACKBIRD.



HEAR the song of Yellow Beaky!
(That's the Blackbird's other name.)
See his sparkling eyes so cheeky!
(Mister Impudence is tame.)

He is singing to Miranda
(Who is getting well from mumps :)
"Come and play on the veranda,
And forget about those lumps!

"Sing a song of Blackbirds,
All have fled but two;
And Yellow Beak and Bright-eyes
Have stayed to sing to you."

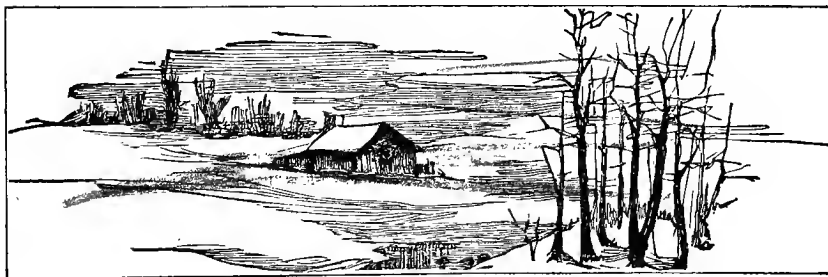


A LATE SPRING.

A-LACK-A-DAY, good neighbor,
The winter stretches long!

How can you have the courage
To raise so sweet a song?
My voice is fairly ruined
By this cold that's in my head,
And food's so scarce— why, really,
I can't find a crumb of bread.

Oh! come now, brother sparrow,
What's the use of feeling blue,
When winter's sturdy backbone
Is almost broke in two?
Our coldest snap is over —
The spring will soon be here,
With gentle showers, and dainty flowers,
With plenty and good cheer!



FRIGHTENED BY A FEATHER!



QUICK Mother Goose as she and her children were out for a walk one day, "Come, we must all go home; I hear there is a Fox about here!" But her youngest child, Goosie, coaxed her to let them stay out a little longer. "Who's afraid of a Fox, anyhow?" he asked.

Suddenly they heard a strange noise, and before they could move a big thing with what looked like a Fox's tail came down right amongst them. "The Fox!" quacked Goosie, and away they scampered as fast as ever back to the barn.

It was not really the Fox at all, Bessie's hat with a big feather in it, blown off as with her the startled Geese did not stop running safely back you may be next time



but only little with a big which had she ran past hoop. But Geese did not till they were home, and sure that the their mother

tells them that the Fox is about, they will not go out of the barn until they are quite sure that it is quite safe to do so.

HOW THE BIRDS FORMED A BAND.



THIS TIMES were very hard in Birdland. There was scarcely a bird who could get enough to eat. The Stork's case was the worst. You see, his long legs were very thin, to begin with; and when he got so little to eat, they became thinner and thinner, until at last they were so thin and feeble that they wobbled when he walked, and he was afraid they would break under him.

HOW THE BIRDS FORMED A BAND.

But at last a grand idea occurred to him. "I'll form a band!" he said. "We'll go round the country and charm the animals with our music, and no doubt we shall manage to get a little fund together to help us over these hard times."

So he went to one friend who had a long, flat, broad bill, and to another who had a long, round, narrow bill, and asked them if they would join him. They were only too pleased to do so.

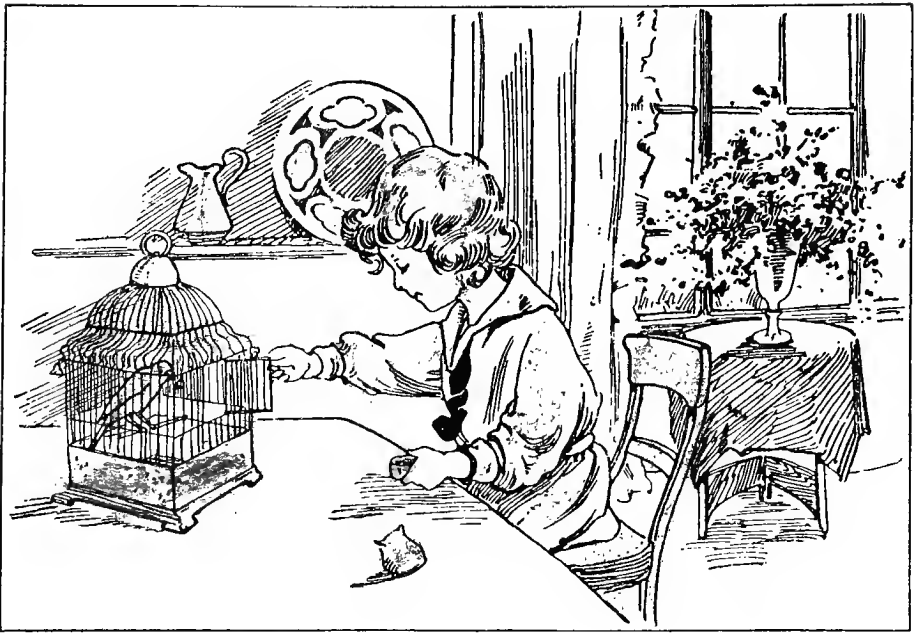
The long, flat, broad-billed bird played the fiddle, and the long, round, narrow-billed bird played the clarinet. The Stork said he could not play, but he would conduct the band, and collect the money.

The band had to practice a good deal, of course, and they made an awful noise; but at last the Stork said he all right, and they

thought they were started on their travels.

they performed, the animals to listen didn't the music at all! And began to pass round the hat they all ran away! Wasn't it strange?





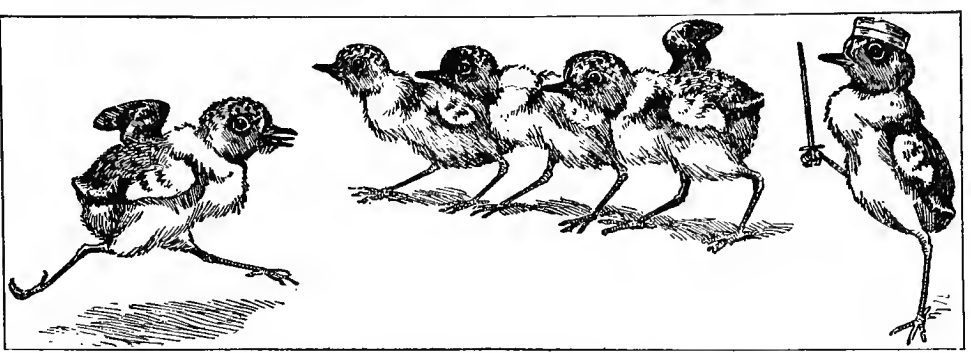
“PRETTY DICK.”



HAVE a pretty yellow pet,
The sweetest that you ever met,
With shining eyes as black as jet—
It's my canary.

For me such happy songs he'll sing,
And when each day fresh seed I bring,
He chirps his thanks, the pretty thing,
Does my canary.

He comes when “Pretty Dick” I call—
Though I have pets both great and small,
The one I love the best of all
Is my canary.



THE PLOVERS LEARN TO DRILL.



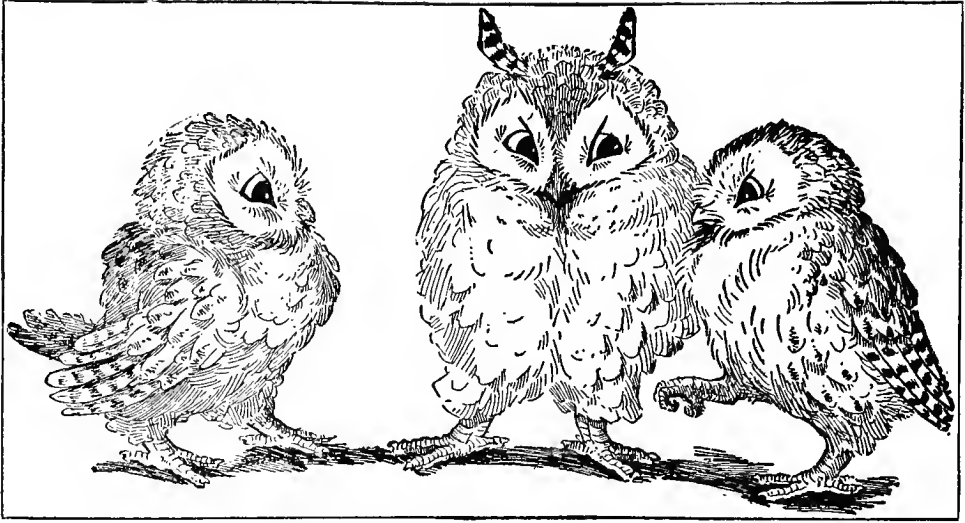
YES front! Shoulder wings! Quick march!" said General Baby Plover to his brothers. "Hurry now, run your hardest, and hide where you can quickly."

The Baby Plovers did run their hardest, and hid themselves behind stones in such a way that no one could tell which was a Baby Plover or which was a stone, because the Baby Plovers were so much like stones to look at.

General Baby Plover taught them this so that nasty little boys should not find their nests and carry them away.

Thus they spent many happy days running down to the water and catching small fish to carry home for their mamma's supper, and as soon as they saw a naughty boy in the distance, they became like soldiers again, and hid among the stones.





THREE WISE OWLS.

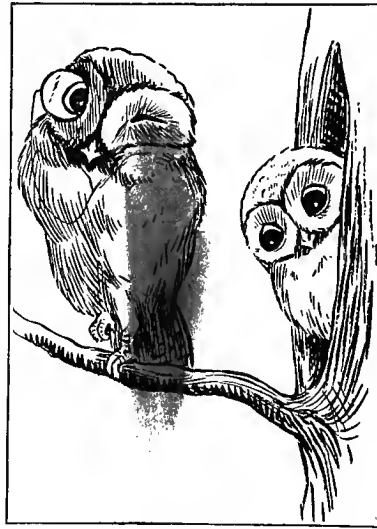


AID Owl one to Owl two: "I think I'm quite as wise as you."

Said Owl three: "That well may be, and yet you neither equal me,

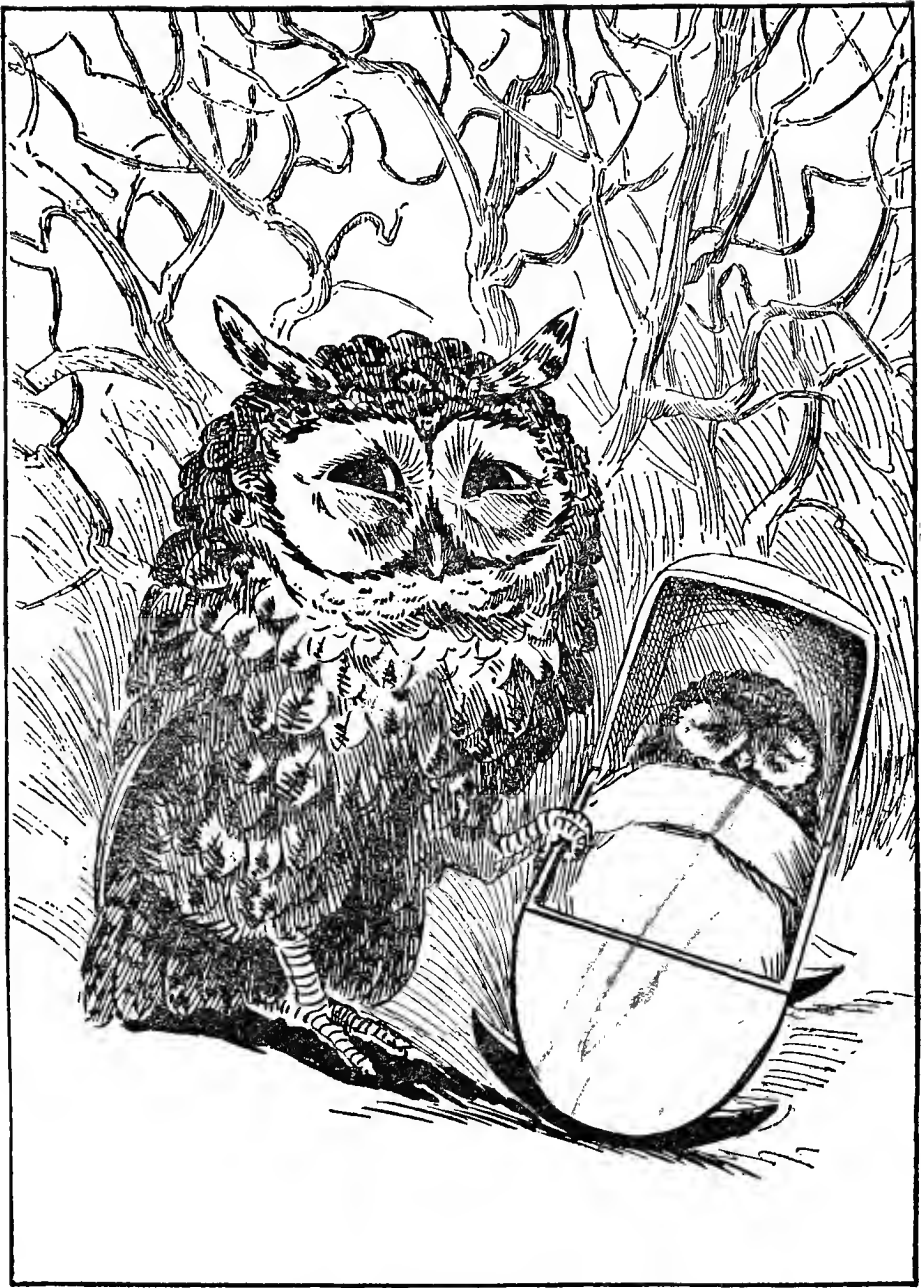
For when I woke
and saw the sun,
I knew that day
had just begun;

And when the moon
was shining
bright, I told you
both that it was
night;

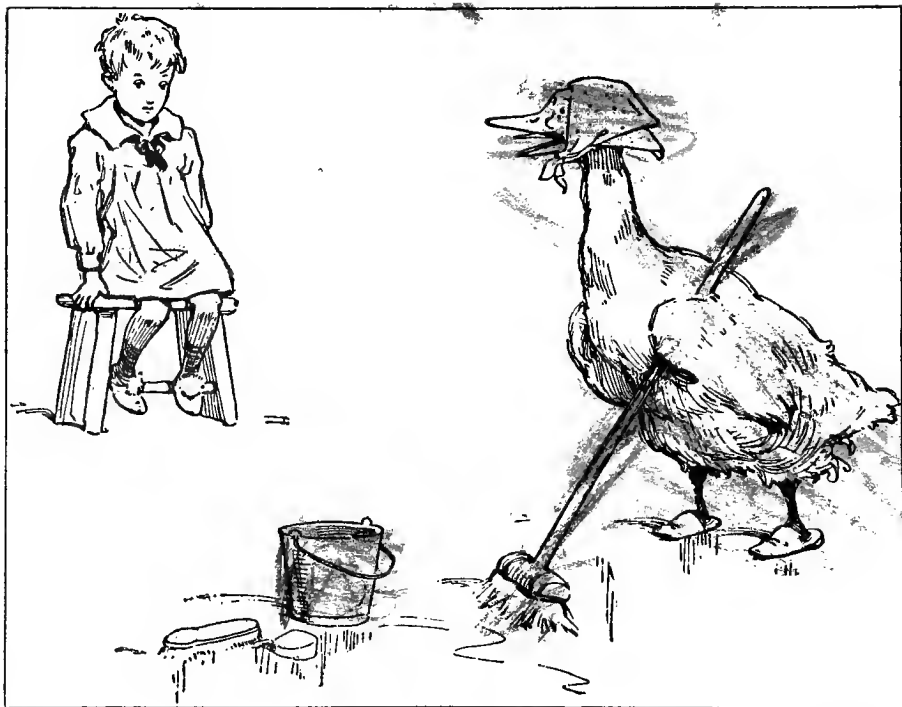


And when the rain
was falling free,
I sheltered in the
ivy tree."

But here he paused
with anger deep,
for both his
friends were fast
asleep.



MAMMA OWL PUTS BABY TO SLEEP.



WHEN DICK MET MRS. GOOSEY.



ONCE Dick journeyed off to rhymeland on the back of Fort
Winks,
Who is always there to seize you if your eyelid onl
blinks.

There he saw the House that Jack built, where the Thre
Bears lived in state,

They asked him would he join them, but he said he dare not wait.
And he found My Lady's Chamber, where the lovely Queen of Heart
Spent her time in eating honey when she wasn't making tarts.
As he left her, Mrs. Goosey nearly swept him off the stairs,
For he hadn't seen her coming, and she took him unawares.

CAUGHT IN AN APRIL SHOWER.



H, no; no need to take umbrellas this morning!" Dame Owl had said, forgetting all about April showers. But two miles from home the sky grew dark, and Dame Owl felt rather concerned, especially as the children were all wearing their second-Sunday-best frocks and suits.

Then all at once the rain came pelting down. "Rain, rain, go to Spain!" the pupils said, all together, but it didn't go. "Dear, dear! it's no use in a storm like this telling the children to walk between the drops!" thought poor Dame Owl.



All this time I haven't said a word about the farmhouse in the background, because I wanted the picture to take you by surprise. You can easily guess *now* what happened. The kind lady of the farmhouse invited them in, and gave them each a scrumptious lunch, and

such a jolly afternoon that at Dame Owl's School they think April showers the best fun in the world.



DAME OWL'S PICNIC.



ALL the Birds were happy that day they learned that Dame Owl was to give a picnic. Of course all were invited—all but Jack Sparrow, who lives in town and doesn't join in any of the fun and sport of the wood folks.

And, as though it were not good enough of Dame Owl to buy the nice things to eat and put up swings and merry-go-rounds and other play contraptions, she showed her kindness in still another way. She hired an automobile to take her friends to the picnic grounds. Now, most of the birds had never been in an automobile, and you may imagine their joy at thought of the gay ride they were to have.

They started. Every wee heart went pit-a-pat. It seemed so funny to sit there and hear the chug of the things make the wheels go being carried along as and without ever having wings. In fact, they a minute, which is as fast as the very fast trains go. But and this is how it came



Dame Owl was skimming past and looking at the trees did not see what Tom Tit was doing. Tom reached down and pushed the lever which makes the wheels go at the fastest speed, and before anyone could say "Jack Robinson" they were going so fast they could only hold on to the seats and catch their breaths and try to pray. It was ever so long before Dame Owl could get the automobile stopped, and when she did, there stood a policeman who was saying: "I arrest you for fast driving."

But Dame Owl told him how it happened, and he let them go because they all looked so scared that he knew they hadn't meant any harm.

DAME OWL'S PICNIC.



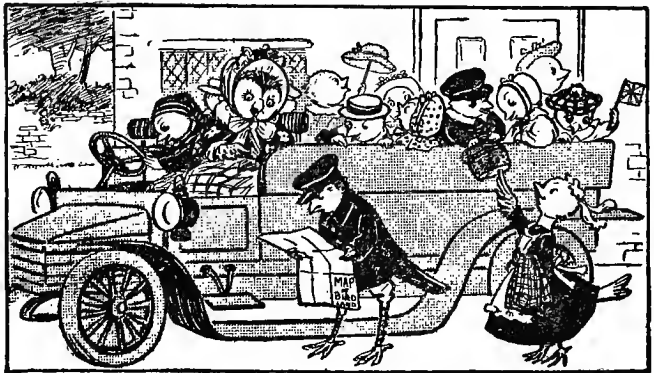
As for the picnic, that was just such a jolly one as you have often been to, and soon the Birds were having such a good time that they forgot all about their wild ride.

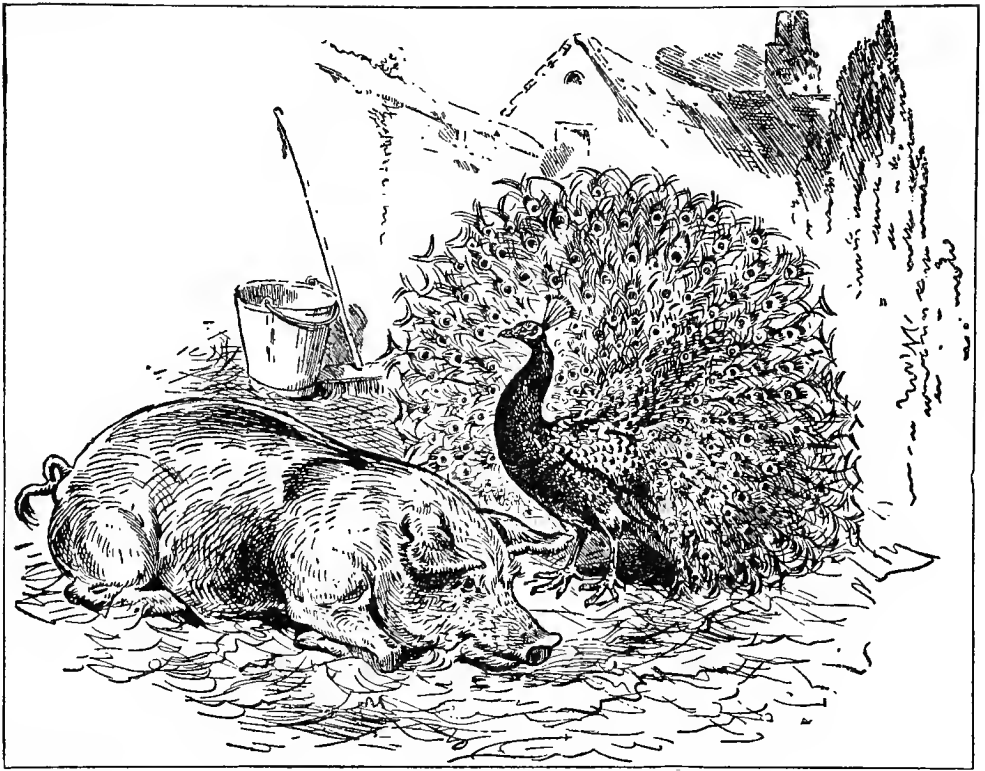
Late in the afternoon they climbed into the automobile again and were whisked home in no time; only Dame Owl put Tom Tit in a back seat where he could not touch any of the machinery. And when the Birds, full and happy, were starting for their own homes, they all thanked the good Owl and said: "When you get ready to give another picnic, be sure to count us in!"

"Of course I will, you little dears," said the good Bird, "for you have all been as good as gold." She had forgotten already about Tom Tit's naughtiness.

So the Birds went to their homes and to bed, and you may be sure they slept well after such a day's sport.

But if you had been watching you could have seen the leaves over their nests fluttering now and then during the night. That was when the Birdies were dreaming of being in automobiles and were trying to catch hold of the seats to keep from being thrown out.





ALL LOST ON PIGGY.



HE peacock was proud of his plumage so gay ;
“To the farmyard,” said he, “I will travel to-day,
To dazzle the birds and the animals there
With the sight of my feathers, so handsome and rare.”

Old Piggy was lazily stretched in his sty,
And never-looked up as the stranger went by.
“Dear me!” cried the bird, with astonishment wild,
“What a dull thing you are!” But the Pig only smiled.

THE KING OF THE RIVER



ONCE upon a time a young Frog sat on a large stone near the bank of a river. He felt very pleased with himself, and when he saw a bird perched on a tree above his head, he at once began

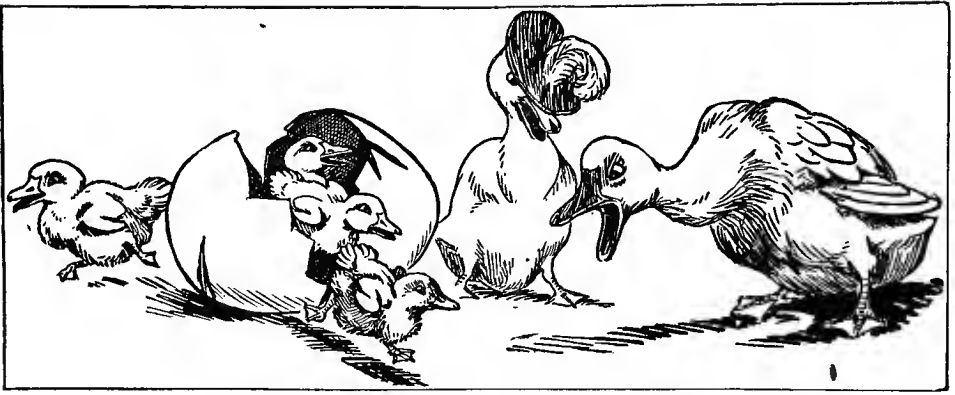
to talk to him.

“Welcome, stranger,” said the Frog, “I am the King of the River.” At that moment there was a noise on the bank. The Frog jumped down from his stone, and swam away. There was a splashing and a loud quack, quacking. “His river, indeed!” said an angry voice, “it is my river. I am the King of the River.”

But there was a fluttering of wings as the bird flew across the river, skimming the water. As he flew he shouted: “I am no stranger! It is my river! I am King of the River. As far as you can see, all is mine!”

Who was right—the frog, the duck, or the beautiful king-fisher?



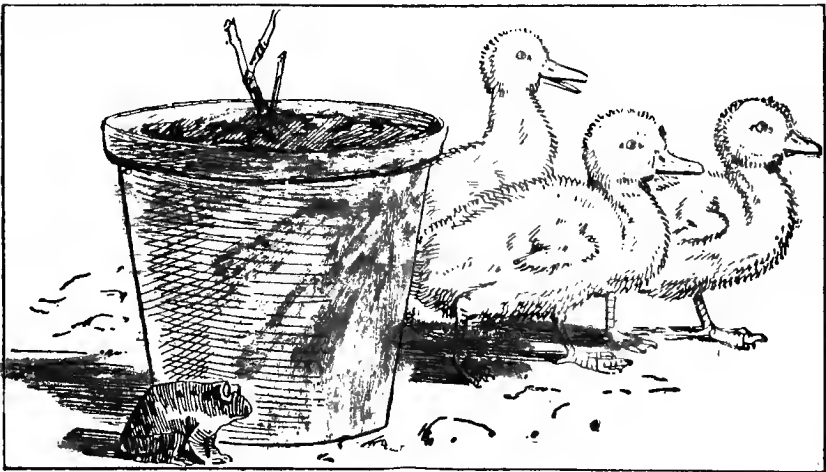


A BIG HATCHING OF DUCKLINGS.



Y gracious, what a funny noise!
I believe there is more than one!"
Then crackle, crackle, goes the shell,
Ah, now we shall see some fun!

Then out there popped a duckling's head,
And then came number two;
They counted till they could not count.
We leave the rest to you.



“PUSS! PUSS! SCRATCH POLLY’S POLL.”



DID you ever hear of a cat and a parrot making friends with each other? Well, such a strange friendship has been known at least once. The cat and bird I am telling you about were called “Puss” and “Polly,” and had been brought up together in the same family. They did many funny things, but the funniest sight of all was to see the parrot bow her head in front of the cat and screech: “Puss! Puss! Scratch Polly’s poll!”

Whenever she did this, Puss would gravely do as she was told, and would scratch and scratch with her sharp claws until Polly’s head felt quite comfortable again. Then the bird would brighten up and say, “Thank you, Puss! Thank you!”

This trick was so well known in the village that the children on their way to school often stopped to see it. At times Polly did not seem to mind, but at other times she would shout: “Be off with you, bad children—be off to school!” And away they would scamper, for if they didn’t, Polly would come and peck at them.

This friendship lasted for years, and when Puss died the Parrot felt so lonely that for days she would not eat and would say over and over, “Poor Puss! Poor Puss!”



WHEN MRS. DUCK TOOK IN WASHING.



TERRIBLE thing had happened in the Farmyard. Mr. Drake had run away, leaving his wife with a family of seven small Ducklings to support. How was Mrs. Duck to get along? The Swan's advice that she start a school to teach chickens to swim did not appeal to her. She scorned Mr. Pig's offer to pay her for serving food to him. Mr. Peacock said: "Now, if you had a tail like mine, you might go on the stage, but with *that* tail of yours!" And he laughed in that mean, proud way of his.

Mrs. Goose was the last of the neighbors to go. "I am sorry to leave you, dear," she said to Mrs. Duck, "but you know I have my own work to be about, and, besides, I fear it is going to rain and I may get my gown wet."

That set Mrs. Duck to thinking. "Just so," she said; "they are all afraid of the rain. They don't like to get their things soiled." And when they do get them soiled they just throw them away and buy new ones. Now that was never my way; I have always taken a pride in keeping my things cleaned up and making them last as long as possible."

She thought a few more minutes, and then said to herself joyfully: "I know what I shall do; I shall take in washing for my living."

So she hung out a sign which read like this:

MRS. DUCK

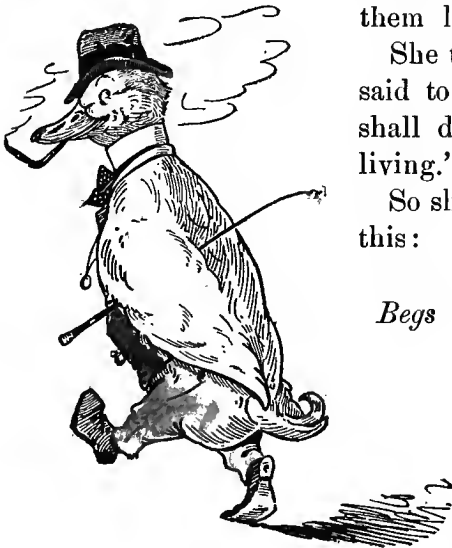
*Begs to Inform the Farmyard Folks
that she will*

TAKE IN WASHING

ON REASONABLE TERMS.

Work Done Promptly.

Only *Best* Mud Used.



"I think it's most sensible," said Mrs. Dorking. "I shall give her all my things to wash! It will save me a mint of barley!"

"And I shall go to her, too," said Mrs. Goose.

"And so shall I," said Major Turkey-cock.

"I must say she always keeps her own dresses beautifully white," said Mrs. Guinea-fowl. "I wonder if she'd succeed with my spotted muslins."

"She shall wash my collars," grunted Mr. Pig, who was really a very kind-hearted old chap, though he was rather too fond of his meals.



And so they went on. Everyone seemed to approve except Peacock, and it didn't matter much about him, because he always was most dreadfully proud, and nobody minded much what he said.

So Mrs. Duck got plenty of work to do and the children all helped; and you can't think what an improvement it all made in the looks of things about the Farmyard.

And Mrs. Duck and the children were well-fed and happy, so that

THE CONCEITED HERON.

they very soon forgot all about old Mr. Drake, who was a good-for-nothing fellow anyhow.

But one day Mr. Drake came back, looking very draggled-tailed and ashamed. Of course the Farmyard Folks all had their own opinions as to what Mrs. Duck should do, and almost everyone thought she should send him packing. But she knew better. "He will come in handy," she said.

And she set him to work at the washtub. This turned out to be just the kind of treatment he needed, and he became a dutiful husband.

THE CONCEITED HERON.



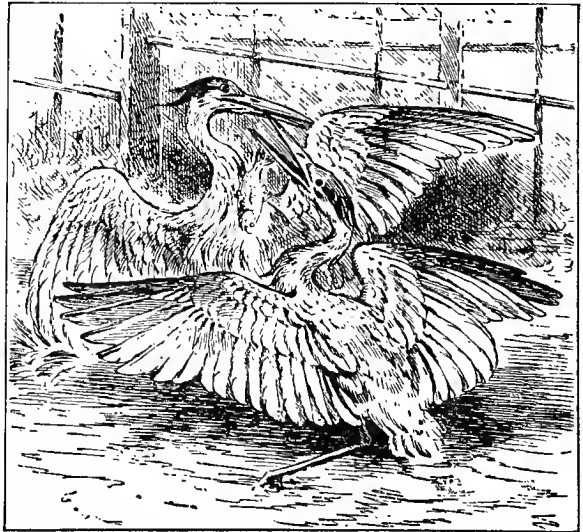
TWO Herons were talking at the Zoo. "It is strange," said one, "that I should be so much better looking than you. To begin with, I'm taller; then, my eyes are larger—"

"Mine do very well to see with," said the other humbly.

"And my wings," went on the first. "How white they are and how pretty they look when I spread them in the sunshine."

"Looks aren't everything," remarked the other.

"Oh, no, of course; but it isn't only looks; I am cleverer than you in every way. Now watch. The Keeper is going to throw me a fish. Watch me throw it in the air and catch it as it falls, and then hear the children cheer me."



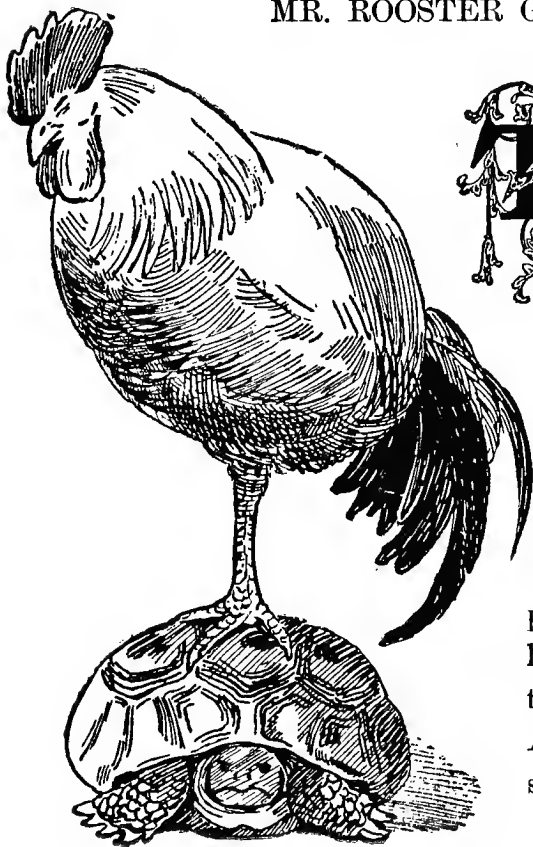
MR. ROOSTER GETS A SURPRISE.

The Heron caught the fish and tossed it in the air; but he was so anxious to see what the children would think of him that he was too late to catch it again and his brother seized it as it fell.

“Hurrah, hurrah!” cried the children. “The smaller Heron is the cleverer; he caught the fish the other threw to him. Hurrah, hurrah!”

But this Heron only said to the conceited one: “I don’t care so much what the children think, but I certainly did enjoy that fish.”

MR. ROOSTER GETS A SURPRISE.



HIS is a good place to take a nap,” said Mr. Rooster, as he stepped onto a nice hard object in the Farmyard. So he perched there on one leg and shut his eyes. But after a while the Turtle woke up and walked away, and the Rooster was upset. “Well,” said he, as he picked himself up and looked around, “who would ever think a stone could come to life! A queer world this is, to be sure!”

THE PEA-HEN.

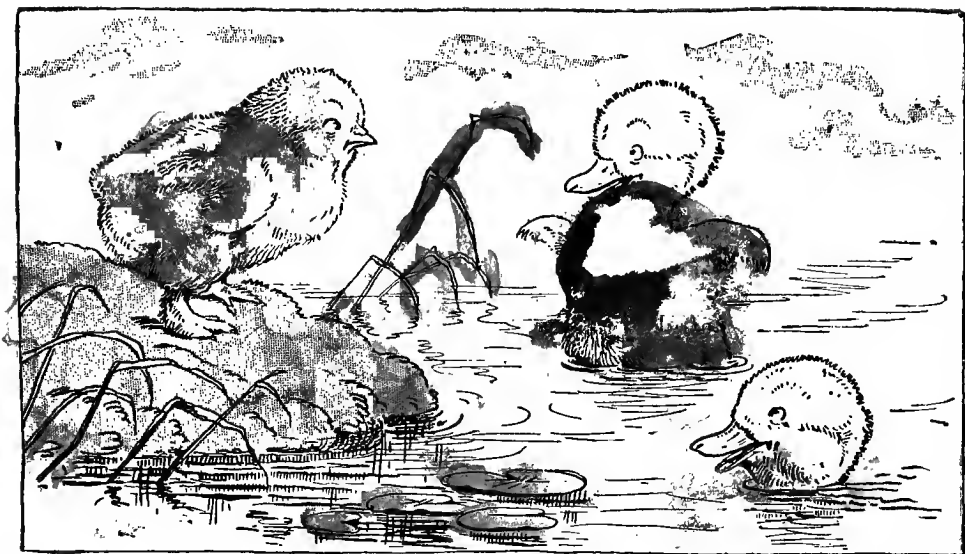
YOUNG pea-chicks are very hard to bring up. They are delicate, and their mother, being of a roving disposition, leads them long tramps over hill and dale, and wears them out.

One day we took the pea-hen's eggs away, and a common hen upon which we gave her some of the pea-hen's eggs. She seemed contented, and so day after day, till the chickens began to break the shell. But no sooner had they got upon their little legs than she must



have found that something was wrong, and that they were not pea-chicks. She straightway turned her back upon them, as much as to say, "You can't deceive me; barn-yard chickens are not pea-chicks;" and she walked off, and refused to feed or care for them.





TEACHING THE DUCKLINGS TO SWIM.



COME along, children, I'll take you to the pond in the orchard, and you shall have your first lesson in swimming," said Madame Duck one fine morning to her youngsters.

So the whole family waddled off to the orchard, and were soon swimming about in the cold water.

"Isn't it lovely!" exclaimed one of the little ducklings, excitedly.

"*Much* nicer than *I* expected," said another.

"Aren't you glad we're little ducks, and not silly little chickens?" said a third. "Mother says they are actually *afraid* of the water!"

"*I* think it is delicious," added a fourth, shaking his wings and sending the water splashing over the others, "and I'm going to stay here for hours and hours."

"Shall we have a race to the other side?" suggested one of the babies, after a while.

WHAT JIMMIE PARROT SAW IN THE MIRROR.

All the others agreed that a race would be great fun, and away they started, and were just half way across when Madame Duck called them to her, and said it was quite time to leave the pond and come home.

So away they went across the field to the farmyard, where dinner was ready and waiting for them.

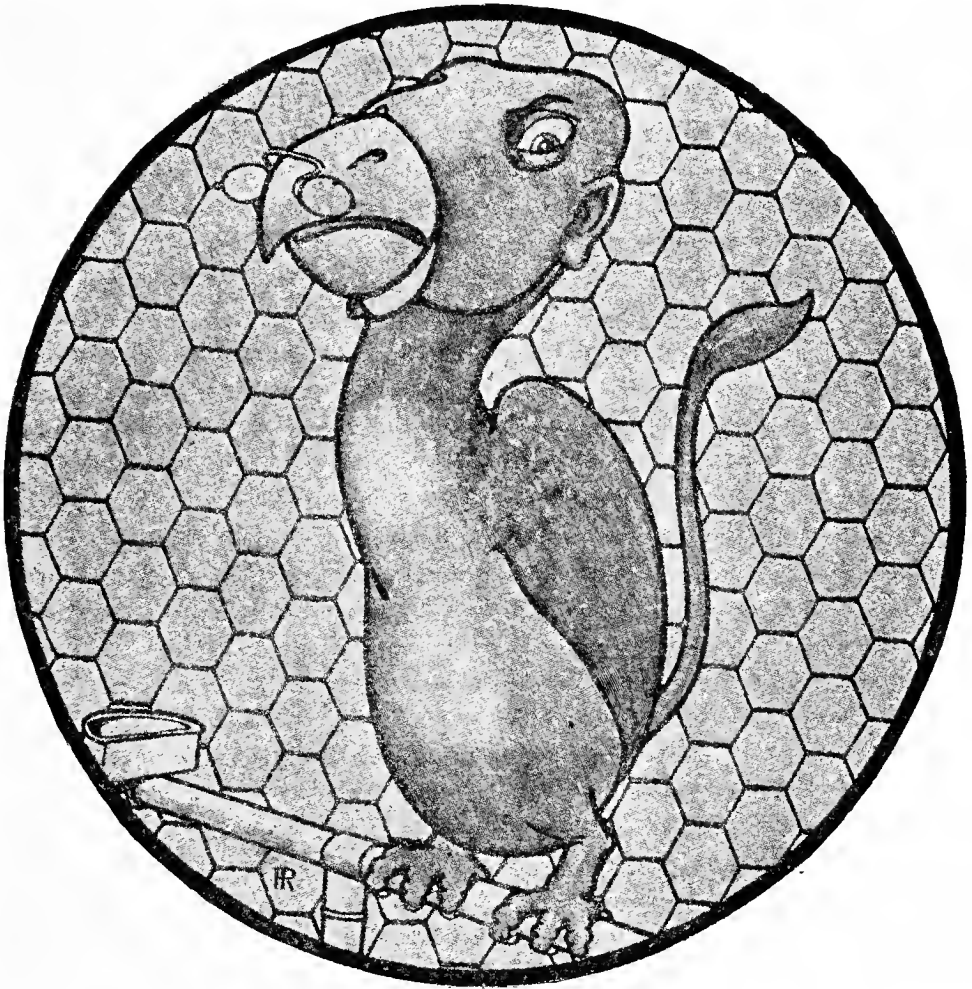
"I am sure you will all be ready for something to eat after your two lessons," said Madame Duck, with a smile.

WHAT JIMMIE PARROT SAW IN THE MIRROR.



JIMMIE Parrot was a cross, cranky Bird. He had what folks call "a temper." The least thing made him angry. He would snarl and bite, and never seemed to care what folks thought. One day when he was in a tantrum his mother said, "Jimmie, look in the mirror!" He did and saw himself just as you see him in the picture. That cured him; he never lost his temper again.

THE SCRAWK WITH THE WONDERFUL WALK.



H, I am the Scrawk with the wonderful walk,
And the voice like the rasping of files :
When I open my beak, just to laugh or to speak,
All the people can hear me for miles.

A RIDE ON A SWAN'S BACK.

If you've ne'er heard my voice from compulsion or choice—
It's a baritone leaning to bass—
You've a treat yet in store, but you mustn't encore,
For too much of it injures my face.

I once laid an egg! You'll believe me, I beg,
When I say that it couldn't be matched
Both for beauty and strength. It exploded at length
On the day that it should have been hatched.

A RIDE ON A SWAN'S BACK.

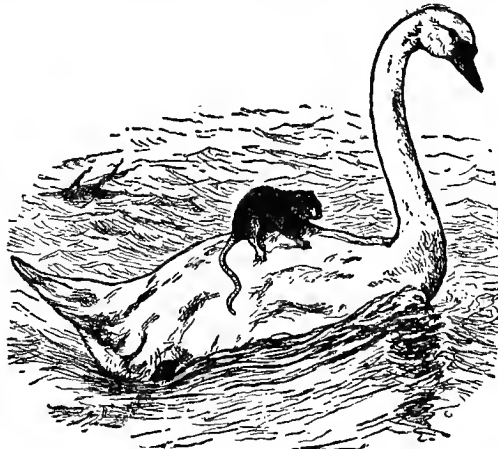


ONCE the river Tyne was so much swollen that it overflowed its banks and did much damage in the valley through which it flows to the North Sea. Buildings were washed down, and all kinds of articles were carried away by the flood. Stacks of hay and corn, pieces of furniture, and even animals out of the fields, were borne along by the current.

A Swan was seen sailing along for a considerable distance, and the people on the bank noticed that a black spot appeared on its snow-white feathers.

As nearer, every-
ished to see
object was a
had taken ref-
back of the

The spec-
the wise quad-
the friendly
both reached
safety, and
off to find a



the bird came
one was aston-
that the black
live rat, which
uge on the
Swan.

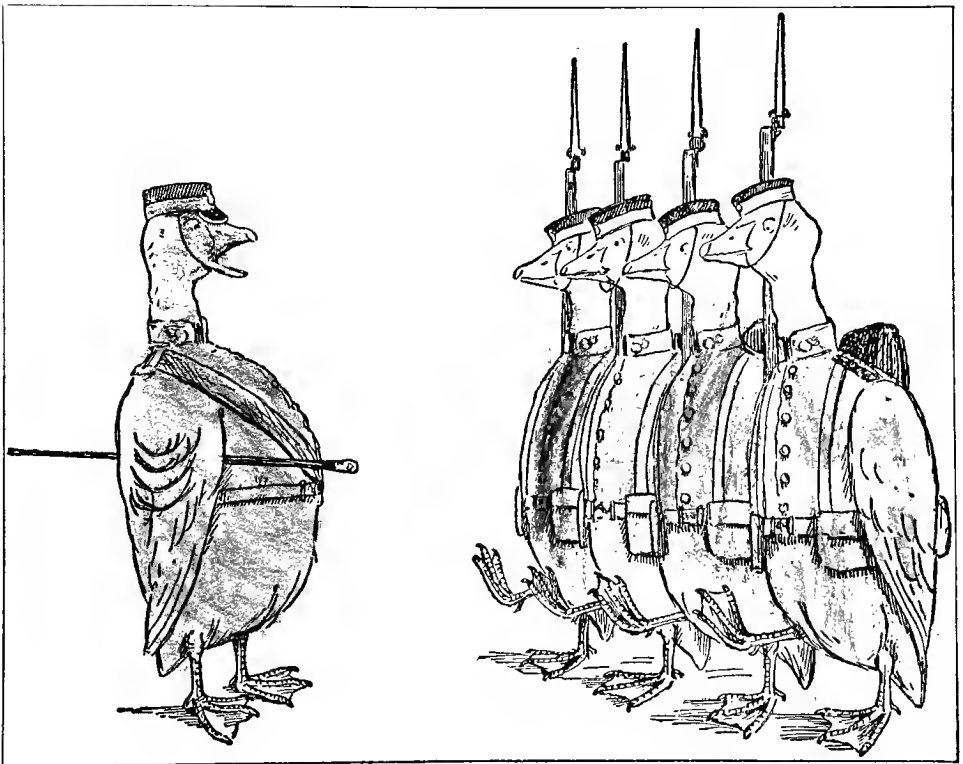
tators cheered
rured and also
biped as they
the land in
the rat ran
new home.

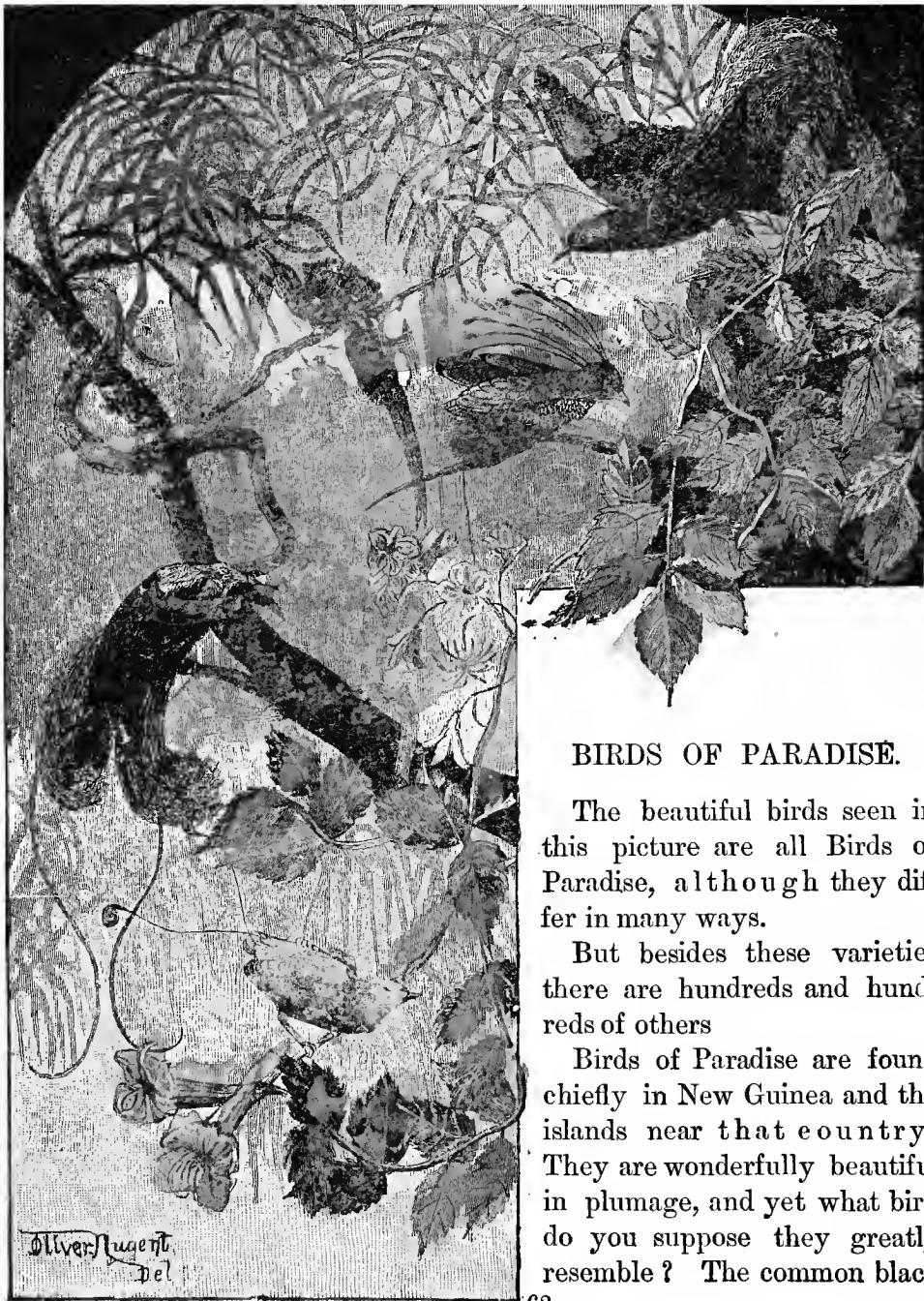
THE GOOSE-STEP.



'M Private Goosey Gander
Of the Farmyard Poultry Corps.
I never would have 'listed
If I'd only known before
How hard it is to learn the drill
And do the goose-step slow,
And that the Sergeant-Major bold
Would storm and bully so.

"Tum! Tum!" says the rattling drum
"Come for a soldier, come, come, come."
"Fi! Fi!" says the whistling fife,
"Who doesn't envy a soldier-boy's life!"





BIRDS OF PARADISE.

The beautiful birds seen in this picture are all Birds of Paradise, although they differ in many ways.

But besides these varieties there are hundreds and hundreds of others

Birds of Paradise are found chiefly in New Guinea and the islands near that country. They are wonderfully beautiful in plumage, and yet what bird do you suppose they greatly resemble? The common black

crow. We should not see this resemblance unless we studied birds and compared one kind with another. The Bird of Paradise is like the crow in the shape of its body, its bill and feet. Then its habits, and strange to say its cries are like those of the crow.

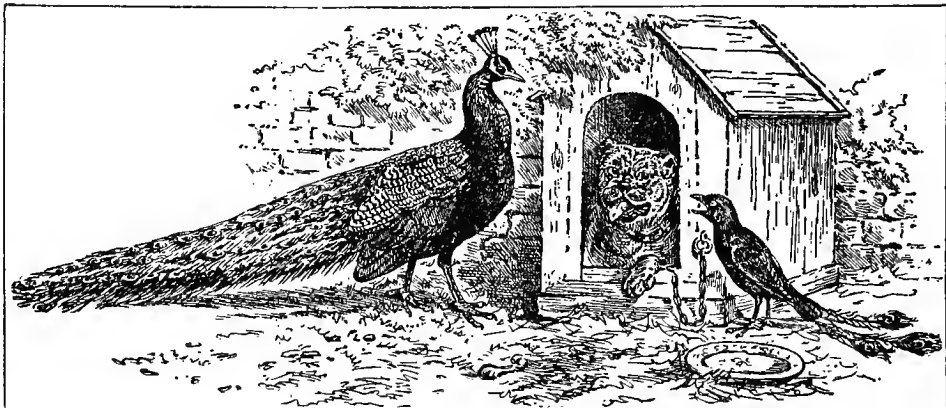
The skins of the Birds of Paradise used sometimes to be worn by eastern soldiers when they went into battle. The soldiers thought the skins served as a charm to protect the wearer from harm.

When the skins of these birds with the feathers on were sent to foreign countries all signs of legs or feet were removed. From this fact the idea arose that the creatures had no feet. It was thought they floated in the air always, or hung from the trees by the long fine feathers of their tails. This foolish idea was believed for many, many years by intelligent people.

In its natural home the Bird of Paradise is very active and lively in its habits. If caught and kept in a cage it is pert and bold.

In different languages different names are given these gorgeous, beautiful creatures. In one language they are called Birds of Paradise, in another Birds of the Air, in a third Birds of the Sun, and most beautiful of all — God's Birds.





NOTHING BUT A DAW!



OUR peacock was a lovely bird with plumage all of blue—
The silly jackdaw thought he'd like to be a peacock too—
But wise old Fido murmured, when the foolish bird he
saw—

“In spite of all your borrowed plumes you're nothing but
a daw!—

Nothing but a daw! Haw! Haw! Haw!

In spite of all your borrowed plumes you're nothing but a daw!”

THE STUFFED BIRDS HAVE A FEAST.

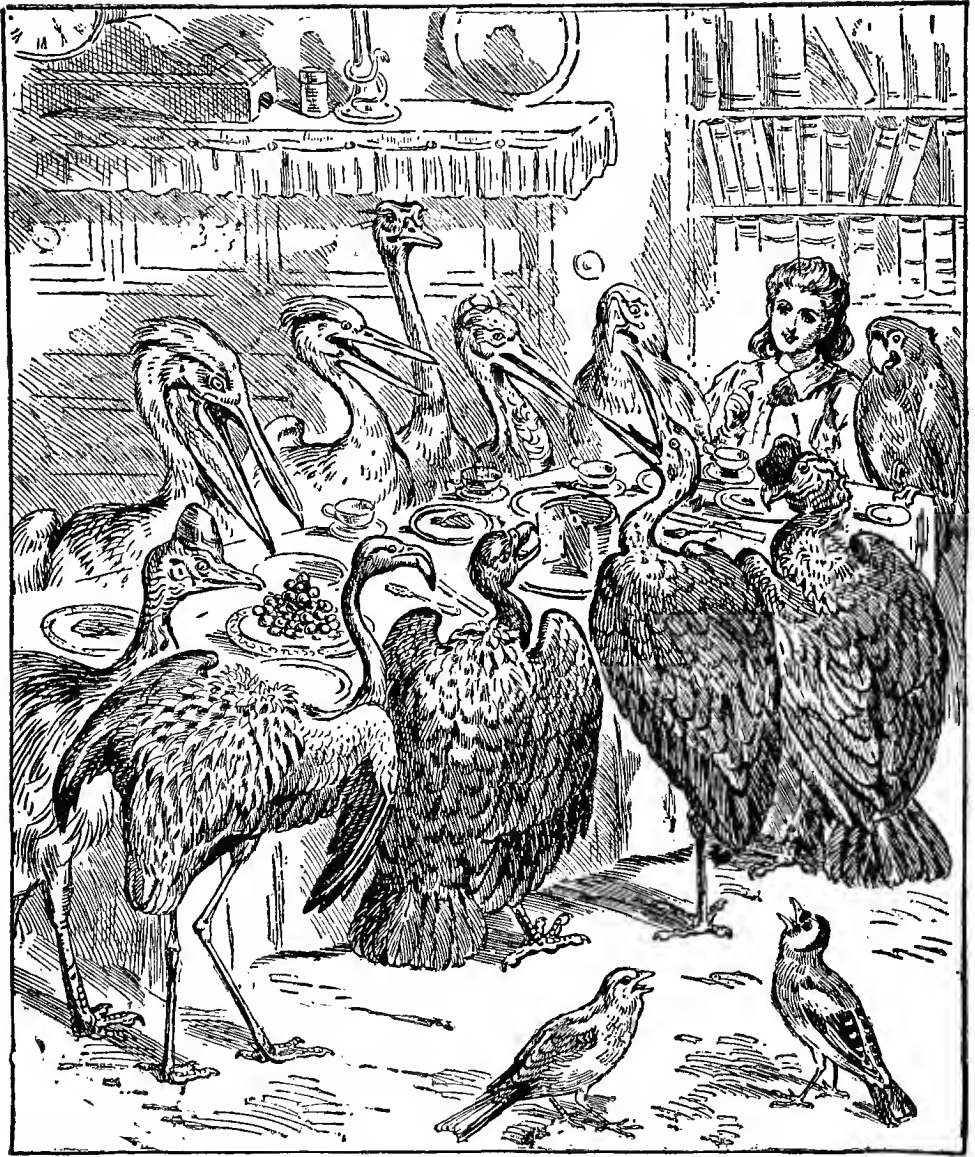


DURING asleep at the dinner table one day, Rose had
such a funny dream.

The reason she had become so tired that she fell
asleep was that she had spent the whole afternoon wan-
dering through Uncle Peter's bird museum, where stuffed
birds of many kinds are ranged about in glass cases.

And now Rose dreamed that all those birds had come out of their
cases and sat around the table in a ring.

There was the Stork at the head of the table doing the honors,



THE STUFFED BIRDS AND ROSE HAVE A FEAST.

"JUST LIKE HIS MA."

and a Parrot was joking at one side while an Eagle was frowning opposite him. The Flamingo and Crane and Buzzard and Ostrich and many more birds were there, all in the best of humor and cracking many a joke across the table.

Each specimen showed a most hearty appetite and seemed to enjoy the cherries, cake, bread and jelly. The Pelican smiled a broad, well-satisfied smile, for his bill was the largest of all and so he could eat more than the others. "But," said the Ostrich when this was mentioned, "if I can't take as big bites as you, I can at least keep the taste of the good things in my throat longer."

This started an argument, and it looked as though there was going to be a fight between the birds, but Rose sought to stop trouble by saying: "Now, if you keep on stuffing—"

And at that word "stuffing"—what do you suppose? Every one of the birds grew ashamed and just faded away. Rose was sitting there alone.



"JUST LIKE HIS MA."

THE very picture of his ma!
Said Owl when he the
baby saw.

"Oh, no!" said Mrs.
Owl, "the dear
Is just like you from
claw to ear."

“FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS.”



MAY I take you for a walk, miss?"

Said the Penguin one fine day
To a proud and haughty Ostrich,
Whom he met upon his way ;
But she tossed her head—said

“Walking—no, she didn't
care for that.”

She was prouder than a Peacock
With that feather in her hat !





WHERE THE BIRDS GO IN FALL.



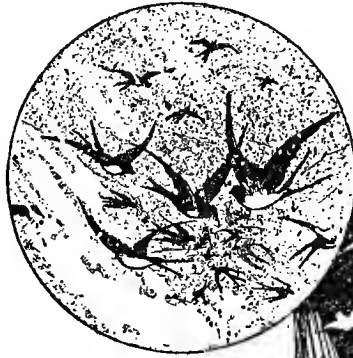
WHAT becomes of the Swallows in the fall? The American Swallows go south, but their English cousins all fly away to Northern Africa to escape the frost and the snow. And the Swifts, and the Martins, and the Nightingales, and the Flycatchers, and ever so many other birds go with them.

But how do they find their way?

Ah! That is not an easy question to answer. Most likely the old birds teach the young ones; and then, next year, the young ones remember. And when *they* have little ones of their own, they teach them in their turn just as they were taught themselves.

But the odd never seem to fly country which Wouldn't it be ever so much shorter for them if they were to go straight? Of course it would. But then they would have to travel for very long distances over the sea, with nowhere to rest, and no chance of getting any food. So they always hunt the narrowest places, at which to cross the sea and do not at all mind

thing is, that they straight to the they want to reach.



SOME QUEER BIRD FRIENDS.

flying a few hundred miles farther over the land in order to reach them.

But sometimes, even at these narrow crossings, they get dreadfully tired, and have to sit and rest for a while on the rigging of ships.

Often birds are attracted by the powerful lights on lighthouses and lightships; many of them in stormy weather fly against the glass and are killed instantly. Many, too, are found dead on the seashore the morning after a storm; it is only the strongest that survive.



SOME QUEER BIRD FRIENDS.

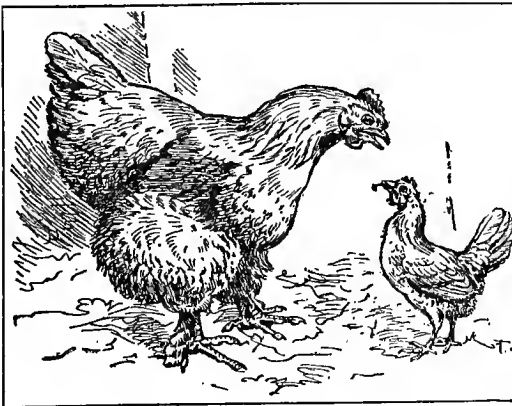


HERE were two Bantam hens who were great friends. But, alas, one of them died, so the other little hen was very lonely, and she looked so miserable that the farmer's daughter, Peggy, said: "Poor little Banty, I will take her into the kitchen at nights, where she will be warm."

Banty was brought in and put in a box in an unused brick oven, where she slept comfortably all night. After this she came every evening at dusk to the kitchen door to be let in, and would jump into her box of nice fresh hay. At other times she would sit down by the fire, beside the fat curly dog, who was a great friend of hers;

indeed, they were such friends that he often let her sleep on his back, and she would stay there when he jumped up to welcome a visitor at the door.

Now, at this time there were lots of little baby chickens in the farmyard, and one day Peggy found one little one with a broken leg; so she carried it into the house and

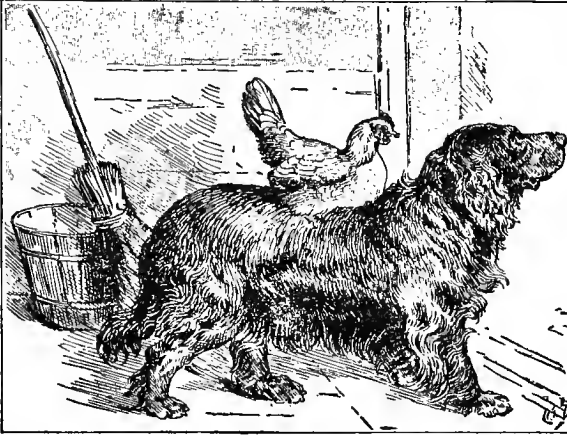


SOME QUEER BIRD FRIENDS.

bandaged up the leg, and then put the chicken into Banty's box in the oven. In the evening Banty came to bed as usual, and found the little baby chicken in her box.

You may think she was jealous, but no! she was delighted, and began to take care of the baby.

Now I must tell you that this little chicken was a different kind



of hen from Banty. It was one of a kind called Cochin China hens, which are very big, while Bantams are very small hens indeed; and I must also tell you that Peggy called the Cochin China chicken "Chappie."

Chappie soon began to grow into quite a big hen, but still faithful

little Banty fed it and tended it with every care. The broken leg got strong, so Banty and Chappie went out for walks together every day and became great friends.

There was a Hen once who made a nest in the shade of a dandelion and filled it with eggs.

But when the eggs were nearly hatched she became tired of sitting on them and wandered away.

An Owl who was strolling past saw the eggs there and sat on them, and I am told that she kept them so warm that in a short time a dear little chicken hopped out of each.

Now, what would you expect this strange Owl mother to do? Make friends with the chicks and raise them, of course.

But I regret to say she did nothing of the kind. She ate them!

But you must not think too hard of her, because, you know, Owls were made to like chicken meat and perhaps can't help it.

ODD TRICK OF A TAME MAGPIE.

It may seem strange to you that a dog and a hen should become friends, but what would you think of a dog becoming foster mother to a family of Goslings? Well, I have known of one such case. This dog's name was Fanny, and when the Mamma Duck died Fanny was sorry for her little ones and became their protector. The picture shows how watchful she was of her funny little charges and how contented they were under her care.



ODD TRICK OF A TAME MAGPIE.



THE following incident will illustrate how animals and birds sometimes play tricks on each other. Old Towler was a large mastiff, and was kept chained up in a farmyard as a watchdog. A tame magpie used to hop about the kennel, and seemed on very good terms with the mastiff, except that he would tease him whenever he could get a chance. Sometimes the magpie would steal bits of the dog's dinner, screaming, "Towler! Towler! Towler!" all the time. Another trick he was fond of was to hop onto the farmer's walking-stick when it was given to the dog to carry. The dog would hold the stick in his mouth as long as he could, then suddenly allow it to fall, seeming to enjoy the scream of the magpie and the flutter of its wings as the bird fell to the ground. Though the bird was such a tease the mastiff always kept his temper, and never made an attempt to harm his bird-companion in any way.

THE SNEEZE THAT SAVED THE PIGEONS.

Magpies are all busybodies. There was one, I remember, who teased a Canary the worst way. The Magpie was allowed to go where he pleased in the house. He would fly near the cage of the Canary and show off and do everything he could to make the little Bird feel uneasy. The folks thought Goldie, the Canary, was ill until they watched and saw it was all the Magpie's fault.

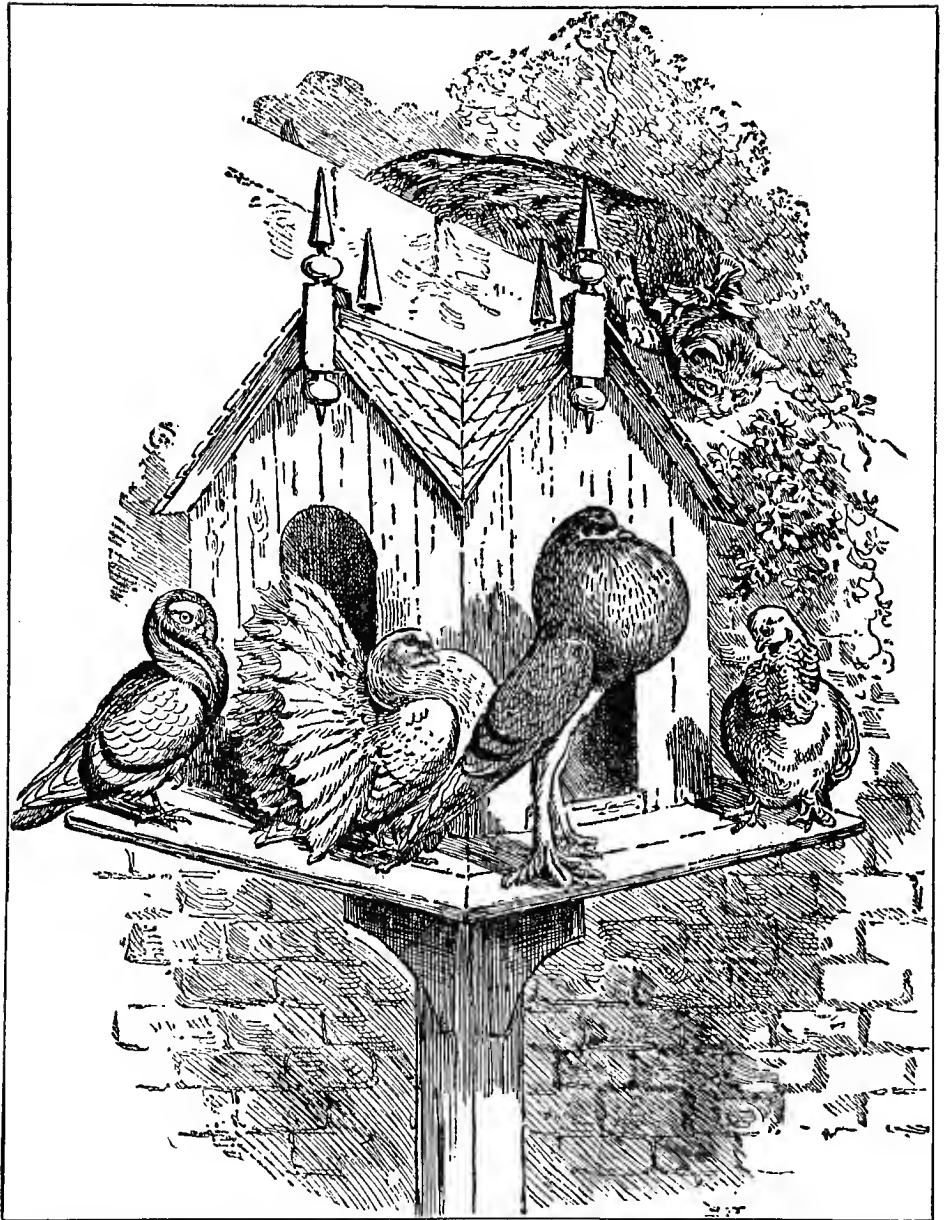


THE SNEEZE THAT SAVED THE PIGEONS.



ONE day a cat went out to hunt some food. She was very hungry and was not very particular as to what should compose her meal. Yet she said merrily to herself as she pattered away on velvety feet: "Oh, I know I'm going to find some fine sport; something inside of me seems to tell me I am."

And so she was. For she had not gone very far before she chanced to come across some plump, sweet looking pigeons. "Say, don't



WHAT A FINE MEAL FOR KITTY—IF SHE ONLY HADN'T SNEEZED.

WHAT WILL THE GEESE DO TO MR. FOX?

they look just good enough to eat!" said Kitty. She crept up onto the barn and in another moment would surely have in her mouth one of the pigeons. She was smiling at the thought, when—

"Tshoo! a-kach-ah! ker-choo!"

Yes, she gave a great big sneeze, the pigeons flew away, and an angry, howling, *miaoul*-ing cat went home to eat some ordinary food.

WHAT WILL THE GEESE DO TO MR. FOX?

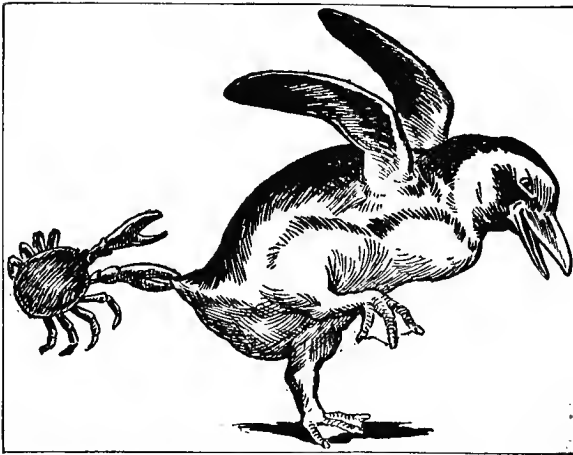


HE Fox in this picture has stolen many Geese and eaten them. Now the Policeman Dog has caught Mr. Fox and is asking the Geese what shall be done to him. What do you think they will say? Will they have him put in jail, or make him promise to be good and let him go? What would *you* decide if *you* were a Goose?





“PLEASE, GOOD CALVES, DON’T EAT MY DEAR LITTLE BIRDIES!”



PENGUIN

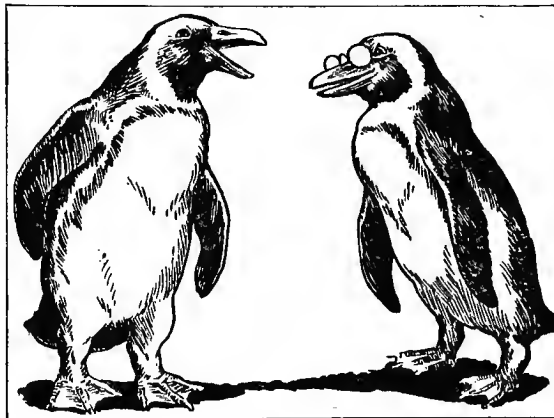
CATCHES

A CRAB.



YOUNG Penguin was fishing one day by the sea,
“Dear me! how I’d like a good bite!” grumbled he.
Just then a Crab nipped the young bird by the tail,
Which caused the poor Penguin to jump and to wail.

“Oh, no!” he cried out, “not that kind of a bite!”
But the Crab made no answer—he just hung on tight.
To the doctor Young Penguin ran off very sore,
And said: “Take it off, and I’ll grumble no more.”



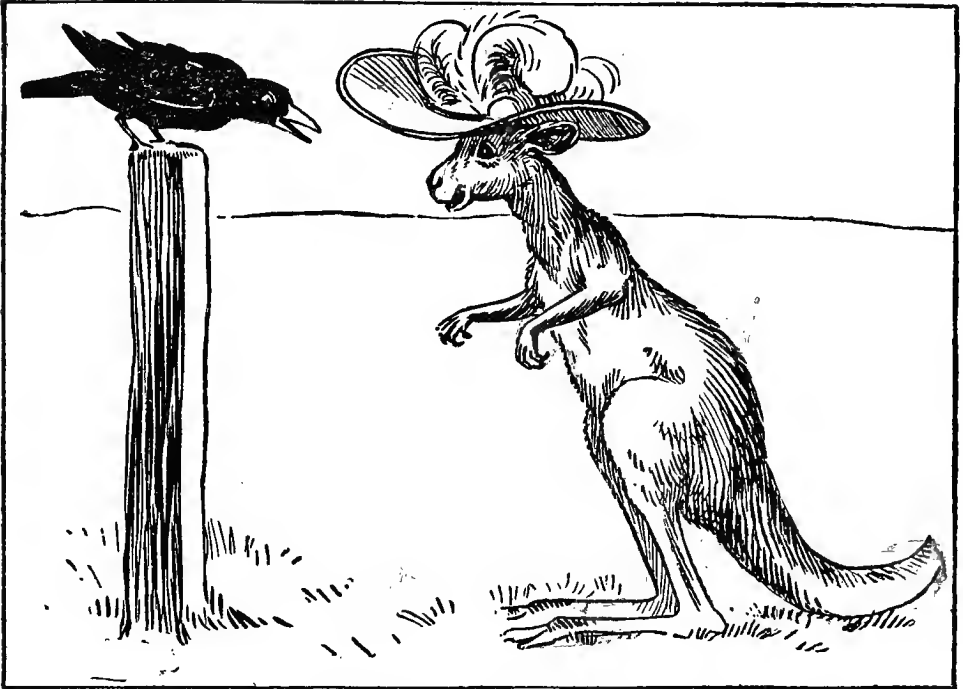
BORROWED FEATHERS.



“DOESN'T the hat suit me?” inquired Miss Kangaroo anxiously.

“Not at all,” said the Crow. “Ugh! where did you get those feathers from?”

“I picked them up when the Ostriches were moulting,” said the Kangaroo. “*Won't* you help me, Mr. Crow?”



“I lost two of my tail feathers this morning,” pursued the Crow “Would you like to pick *them* up?”

“Certainly,” answered Miss Kangaroo. So she stooped and gathered a handful and took off her hat.

“What shall I do for a pin?” said she.

Mr. Crow pecked at his wooden post, and held out a long splinter of wood like a skewer.

CAPTAIN JINKS OF THE HEN MARINES.

“That’s much better,” he said, when Miss Kangaroo replaced the hat on her head.

Half-an-hour later Mr. Crow himself alighted on the Palace wall, and at that moment Miss Kangaroo was shaking hands with my lord Marquis of Kangaroo.

“A handsome couple!” said Mr. Crow to himself; “she may thank me for that. My! What a show some folks can make with borrowed feathers!”

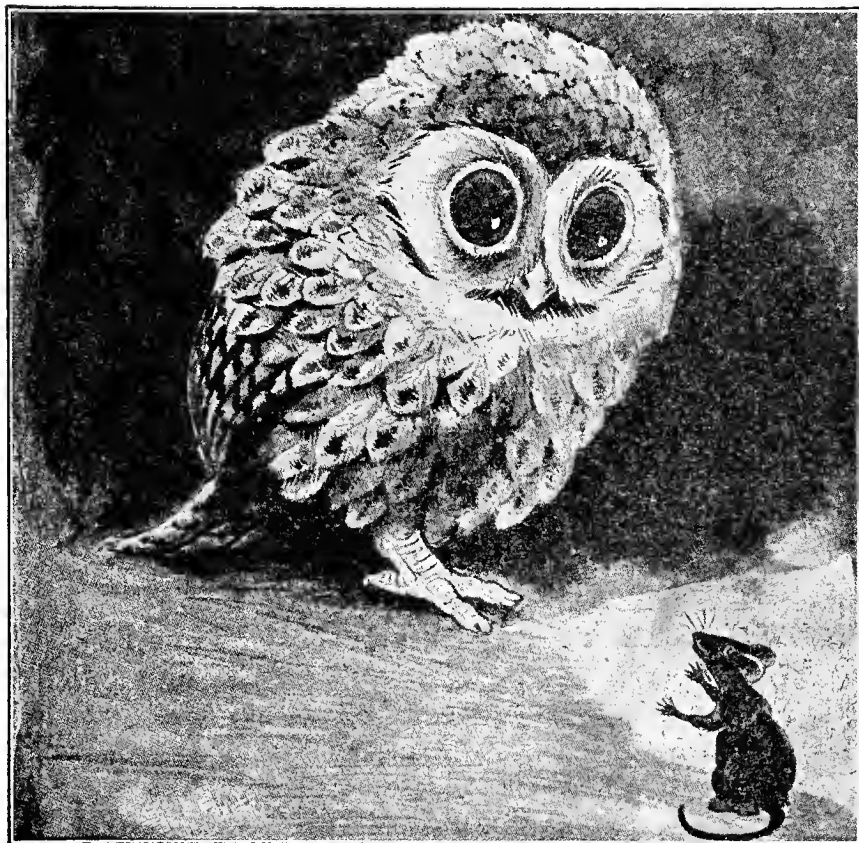
CAPTAIN JINKS OF THE HEN MARINES.



HE'S Captain Jinks of the
Hen Marines,
He feeds his troops on
worms and beans ;
But for himself he buys sardines.
For he's captain in the army.

The Hens all look as he
passes by,
Each one would like to catch
his eye ;

But he gazes straight ahead, for, my !
He's captain in the army.



THE OWL AND THE MOUSE.



OO whit, too whoo, hi tiddlededo.

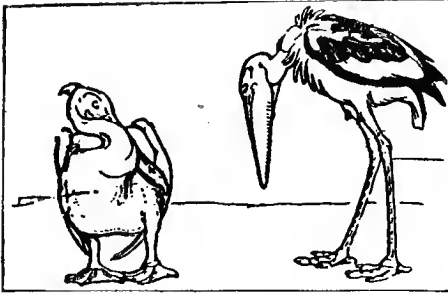
Is that your language, old owl?

It may be wisdom, it may be nice,

It may be merry, it may be choice;

You may be a singer, have a lovely voice,

But I don't understand it, old owl.

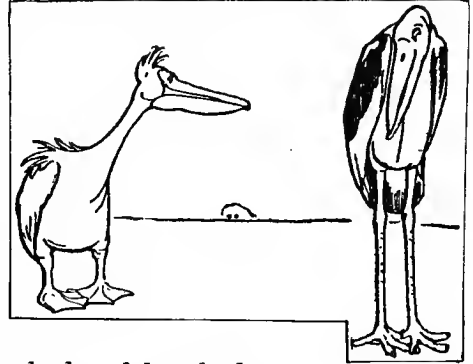


THE PELICAN LAUGHED TOO SOON.

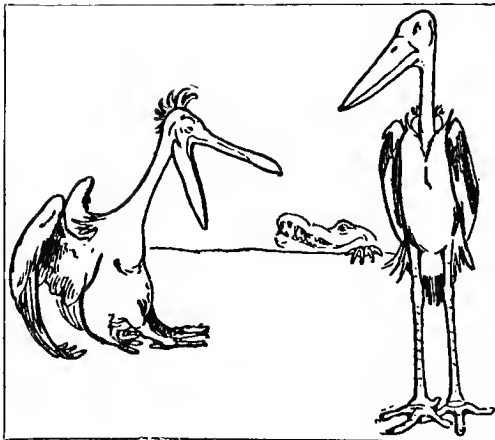


UCH LEGS!" said the Pelican, laughing. "What is the matter with them?" asked the Stork. "The matter!" said the Pelican.

"Why, matter enough. They are the most ungainly looking things that ever grew on a bird. You could sell part of them for telegraph poles, and still have plenty left. Or you might have them made into hat pins. They're thin enough, dear knows. And they're so long that you could get dozens of hat pins out of them. In fact, they would do for any number of purposes; but as for legs—ho! ho! ho!" And the impolite Pelican laughed and laughed.

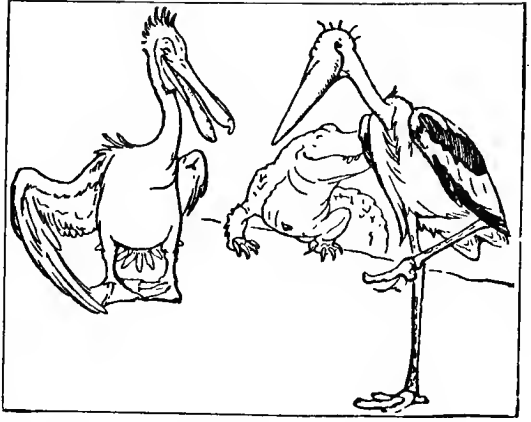


And the more the Pelican laughed, the sadder the Stork seemed to get. Maybe he wasn't really sad, but he has such a long face that you would think he felt badly about a thing even if he did not. It is strange, too, isn't it? For you would suppose that a Bird whose business it is to bring babies from Fairyland would be always smiling, wouldn't you? But, then, perhaps the Stork does all his smiling *inside*, so that it would not show on his bill or in his eyes.



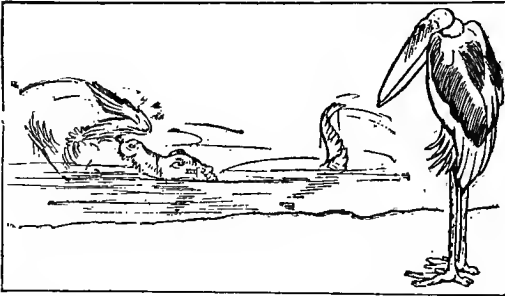
THE PELICAN LAUGHED TOO SOON.

Now, neither of the Birds saw the Crocodile coming from the water until he had come quite close to them, and then the Stork easily stepped out of his way, but the Pelican, with his short legs, could not. In a moment the Crocodile had grabbed the Pelican and pulled him into the water. There they fought and fought, while Mr. Stork stood and watched them.



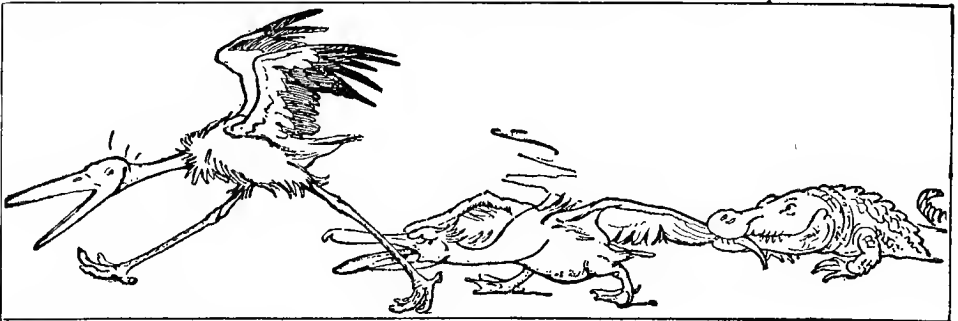
But after a while the Crocodile opened his jaws to get a better hold. and then the Pelican escaped.

He would have gotten away all right, only his legs were so short that the Crocodile caught him by a wing and drew him back. "Sorry!" said the Stork as he went away, "but you notice my legs do very well to *walk* with!"



So the Pelican had laughed too soon. And, anyway, I am

of the opinion that either birds or folks who wish to have fun at the expense of others should do their laughing, as the Stork does, *inside!*





BECAUSE SHE WAS ONLY A HEN.



WAS a sweet little fluffy chicken
Came out of her eggshell wee.
Said she, "What a big world this is!
There are lots more chicks like me!"

Then when she grew a bit bigger,
She saw, with her eyes open wide,
There were plenty of things besides chickens
In the farmyard world outside.

And the end of this little story
Was this—she grew up, and then
She tried to crow, but she couldn't,
Because she was only a hen!

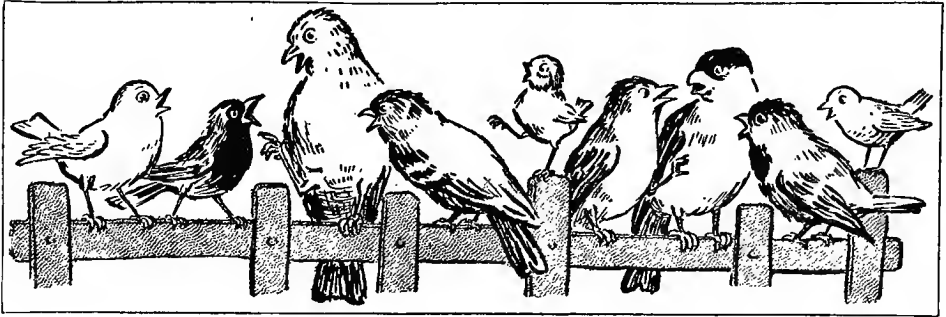
WHY THE WREN SINGS AT DAWN.



WISH you would not wake me up at dawn with your stupid song," said the Sparrow to the Wren. "If you were a great musician it would be different, but no one would miss your silly twittering if you were dumb."

"Ah, well," said the Wren. "He who taught me to sing would miss it perhaps, even amongst the angels' songs in heaven, and I think the dawn is the fittest time to thank God for the new day."

"I never thought of that," said the Sparrow, "perhaps I shall love your song now that I have learnt its meaning. I think it is easy to forgive when one understands."



HOW THE FLAMINGOES GOT LONG LEGS— AND A PRIZE.



HAVE you never wondered how the Flamingo came to have such long legs? Well, this is how it might have come about, although you needn't believe the story unless you want to. If you don't think you ought to believe it, then you may think of it as you do of the fairy tales—that it is good enough to be true, anyhow.

There was a time, then, when the Flamingoes had ordinary sized legs, and this was all very well until they thought they should learn



to dance. But Professor Toucan, who tried to teach them, playing the violin for them at the same time, said there was no use expecting to make dancers of them unless they could get longer legs.

How should they ever manage it? A grand ball had been planned by the Herons, and Madam Stork was to be the judge as to what birds should get the prizes for the best dancing. Of course she, being long-legged herself, would give the prize to a long-legged bird.

Fanny Flamingo was wondering how her family could get that prize one day as she walked through a field. Suddenly she came upon Mr. Rattlesnake, gulping and wriggling, with a big frog stuck in his throat. Now Fanny was kind-hearted, and in order to save Mr. Rattlesnake from choking to death, she grabbed the frog by a leg that was sticking out and swallowed him herself.

Well, Mr. Rattlesnake was so thankful that he said he would show the Flamingoes how to make their legs grow.

“I have a friend who will help me,” said he. “He will take hold



FANNY FLAMINGO DOES A FRIENDLY TURN FOR THE SNAKE.

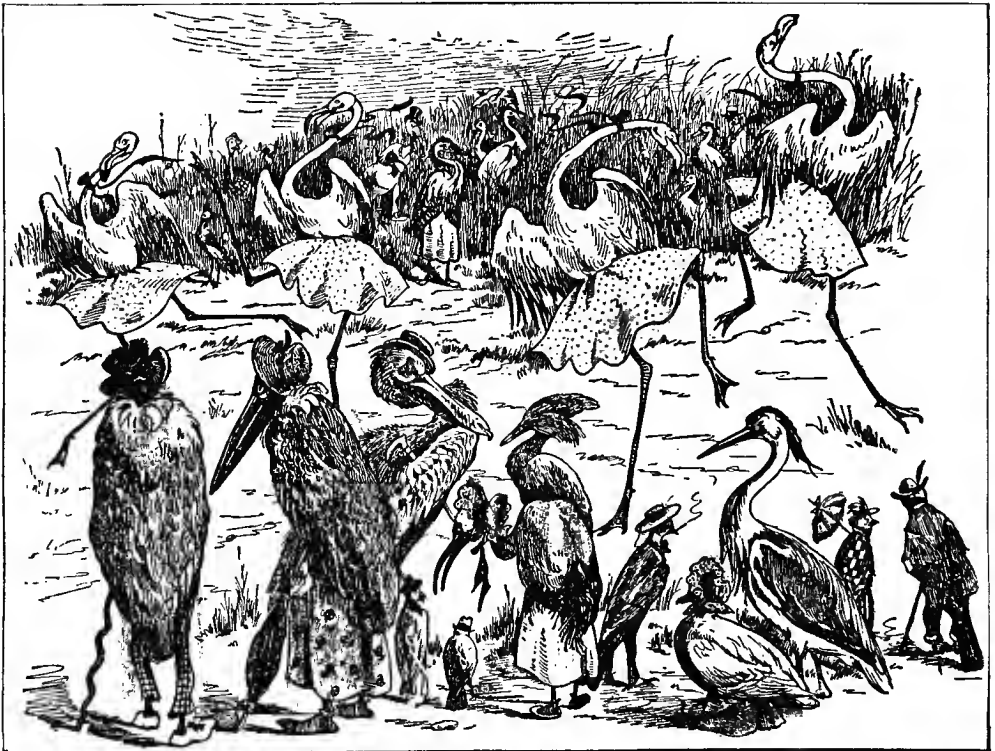
HOW THE FLAMINGOES GOT LONG LEGS—AND A PRIZE.

of your head while I will take hold of your feet; then we will wind ourselves around trees and he will pull one way while I pull the other. We will do this for an hour every day. See?"

This stretched their necks as well as their legs, but Mr. Rattlesnake said that would only balance matters, so they didn't mind.

How surprised the other birds were when the night of the great ball came and the Flamingo family strutted into the middle of the floor. For they spread their legs so elegantly, and pointed their toes so gracefully, and curled their legs over their heads so easily that everyone was charmed. Professor Toucan was almost wild with gladness, and so was Mr. Rattlesnake.

Of course they won the prize, and you couldn't find four happier birds that night than Fannie, Florence, Flossie and Flo Flamingo.





THE CROW THIEF.

CHARLEY MARTIN had a pet crow, which he called Jet, because he was so black.

Jet was very fond of Charley, and would follow him every chance he had.

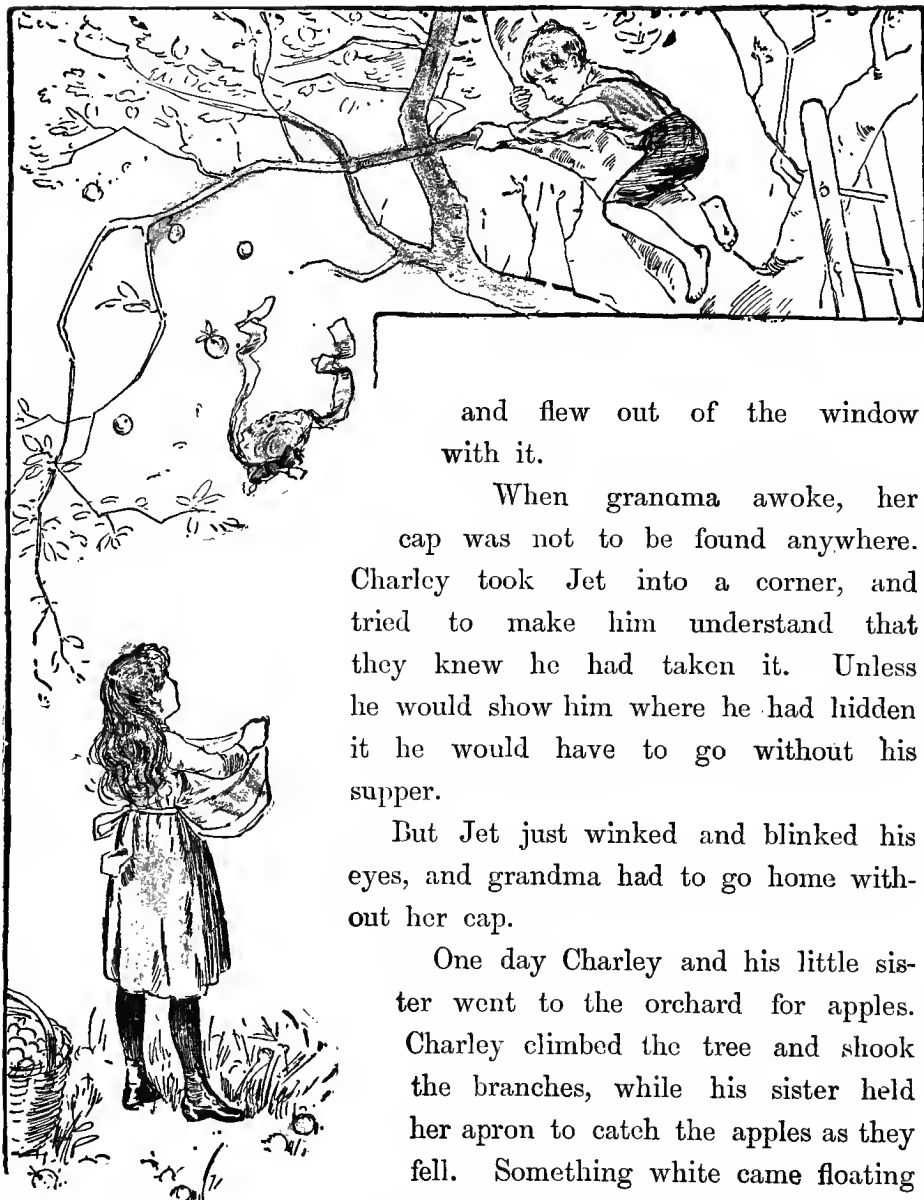
Often he would light on Charley's shoulder and go to school with him.

Sometimes, when Charley did not want Jet to go with him, he shut him up. Jet didn't like to be shut up and would make an awful cry.

The crow had one very bad trick,—he would steal, and hide the things in the strangest places. This gave Charley, his mother, and sister, a great deal of trouble hunting for them.

One day Charley's grandma came to visit his mother. After dinner she thought she would have a nap, so she took off her cap and laid it upon the table.

Jet had perched himself in an open window, and was watching grandma's cap very closely. He had never seen one before, and new things had a great attraction for him. Jet watched till he was alone, and then he flew to the table, caught the cap by one of the strings,



and flew out of the window with it.

When granama awoke, her cap was not to be found anywhere. Charley took Jet into a corner, and tried to make him understand that they knew he had taken it. Unless he would show him where he had hidden it he would have to go without his supper.

But Jet just winked and blinked his eyes, and grandma had to go home without her cap.

One day Charley and his little sister went to the orchard for apples. Charley climbed the tree and shook the branches, while his sister held her apron to catch the apples as they fell. Something white came floating down into her lap.

What do you think it was? Grandma's cap! Jet had hung it on the apple-tree.

ODD PLACES CHOSEN FOR NESTS.

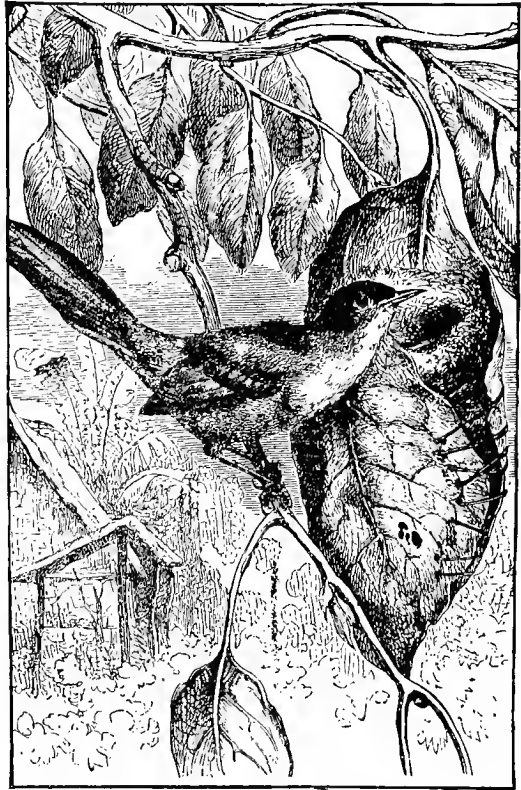


ONE of the strangest places ever chosen for a nest was the iron network of the famous Eiffel Tower in Paris. Here a pair of swallows made their home at a height of nearly one thousand feet from the ground.

Another pair built a nest inside a schoolroom. One of the windows was left open for several days, and the swallows took a fancy to the place for a dwelling. There they remained all the season, and safely reared their young ones. What a lesson of kindness it was to those pupils to be trusted by the birds!

Perhaps you have heard of the old *Victory*, the famous warship of Lord Nelson. The great admiral was on this ship during the fierce battle of Trafalgar, and was struck down by a shot in the very moment of victory. As you may guess, the ship was terribly knocked about by the firing of the enemy's cannon; her sails were torn, her rigging was cut away in places, and much of the woodwork was left all in splinters, and a great cannon-shot had gone clean through one of the masts.

A remnant of one of these masts was afterwards set up in a little stone arbor. A pair of robins built their nest in the snug hole made by the cannon-shot. And here they brought up their family, and fed them till they could fly.



THE STORKS' GRAND BALL.



IN a far-away country where little fair-haired children live, and where birds talk and act much as people do, the Storks once decided to have a fine grand ball. So they got all the babies delivered early and said they would have a day of rest and fun. They met in a nice grassy place between two mountains and it was a fine sunshiny day, just the kind for a dance.

Many of the Storks' friends were invited—the Owl, the Buzzard, the Toucan, the Condor and many others—but only as lookers-on, for the Storks said they could do the dancing very well without any help.

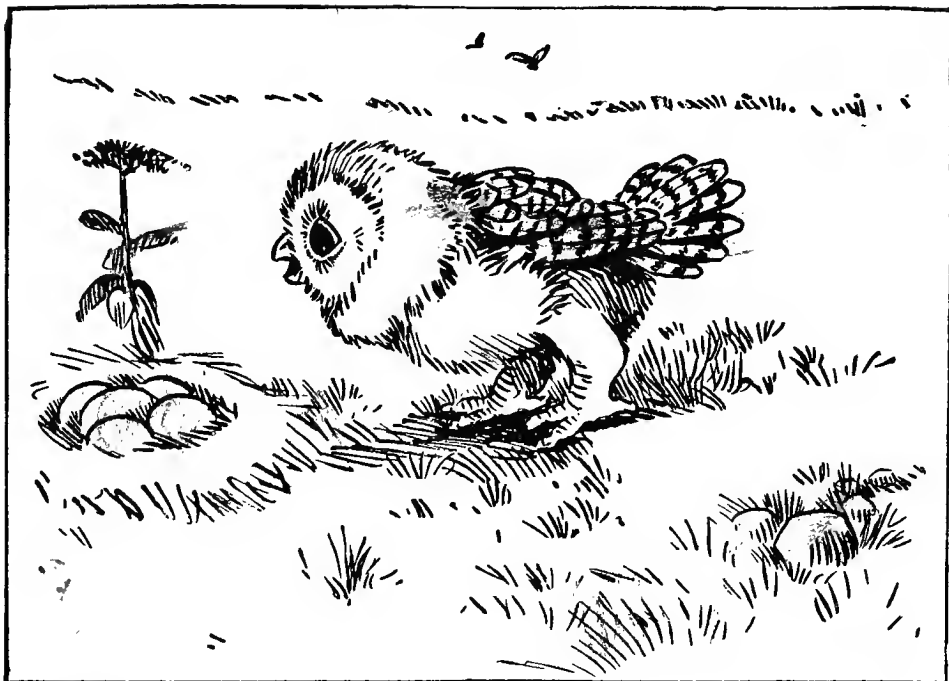
Grandfather Stork played the violin while the others danced and sang. As men Storks gracefully with the other wing, as you please. sleepy Night sit up and pretty sight, trees and around the sang their to show how the dance. little boy and to wander sic stopped became still, ceased to trip dance was



the gentle-saluted their touched wings and held their tips of the just as polite Even the Owl had to stare at the and from the bushes all little birds sweetest songs they enjoyed But when a girl chanced near, the mu-suddenly, all the long legs about and the over.



GRANDFATHER STORK MAKES MUSIC WHILE THE OTHERS DANCE.



WHY THE OWLS LOVE KITTY.



OO-WHIT, too-hoo."

"Why do you call so loud?"

"Too-whit, too-woo, too-whit. Because I want to frighten Pussy away."

"But why? She does not hurt us, she wants to make friends."

"Oh, yes! I know all that, but if she stops here so long each time she comes it frightens all the mice away."

"But there is plenty of other food besides mice, and I do love Pussy so; she is so soft and pretty, and she can see so well in the daylight. Yesterday, she said, 'Give me a kiss, you dear little baby Owl; those naughty boys took all my dear little Kittens away, and now I am going to watch over you two dear little babes in the wood.'"

So Master Owlett only too-whits now in a sweet low tone, and Kitty may now come to her friends the Owls, and always stop as long as she likes.

THE CAT AND CROWS.



PAIR of crows once made their nest in a tree, of which there were several planted round the garden of a gentleman, who in his morning walks, was often amused by witnessing furious combats between the crows and a cat.

One raged usual, till at last and took shelter if to wait a more tunity of retreating crows continued make a threatening ing that on the do nothing more of them lifted a middle of the perched with it on the hedge, where the motions of the young. As the cat the hedge, the crow flying from branch tree to tree; and ventured to quit the crow, leaving hovering over her stone drop from on high on her back.



morning the battle more fiercely than the cat gave way, under a hedge, as favorable oppor- into the house. The for a short time to noise; but perceiv- ground they could than threaten, one stone from the garden, and a tree planted in she sat, watching enemy of her crept along under accompanied her, to branch, and from when at last puss her hiding-place, the trees and in the air, let the

A CHARITABLE CANARY.

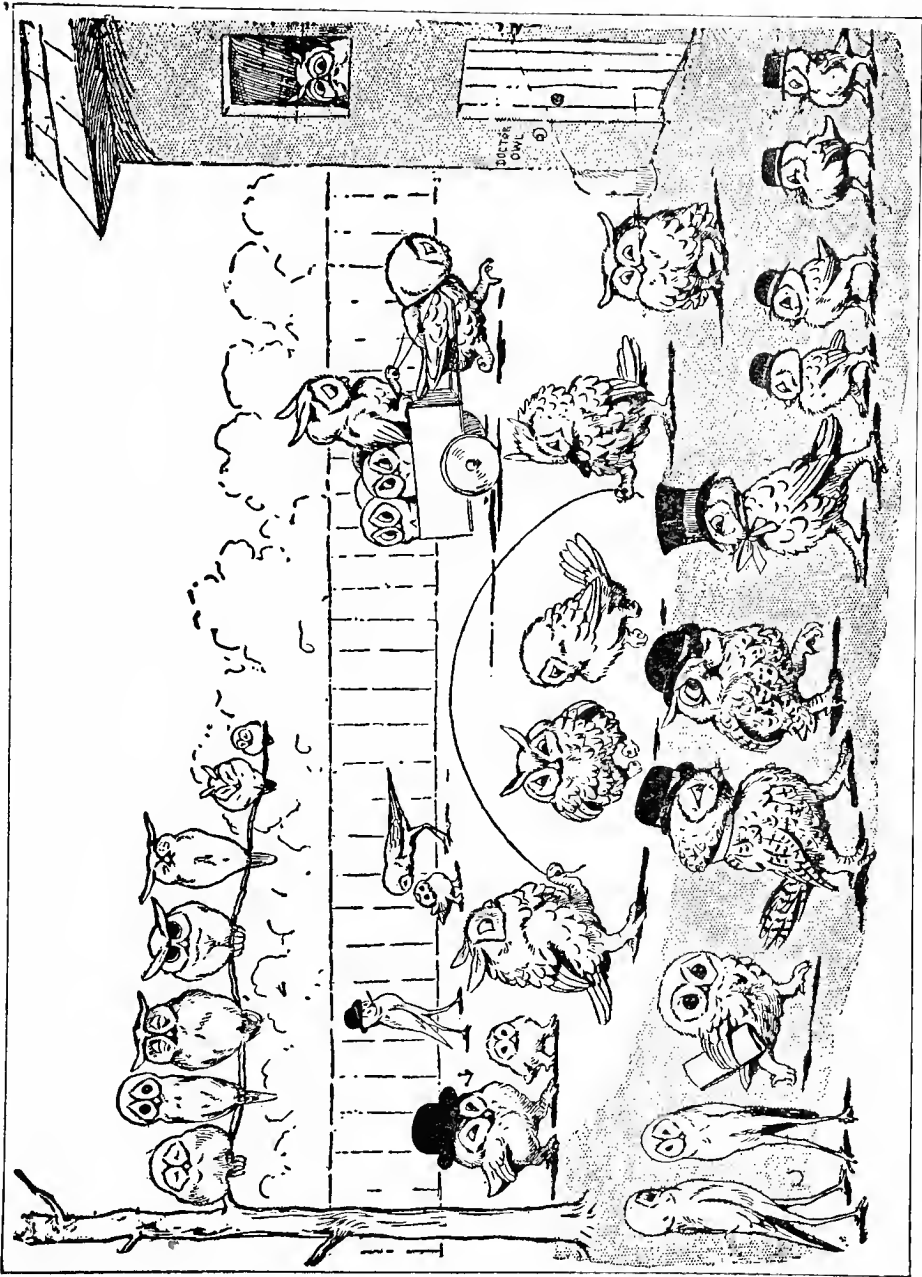


PAIR of goldfinches who had the misfortune to be captured, together with their nest and six young ones, were placed in a double cage, with a pair of canaries, which had a brood of young; there was a

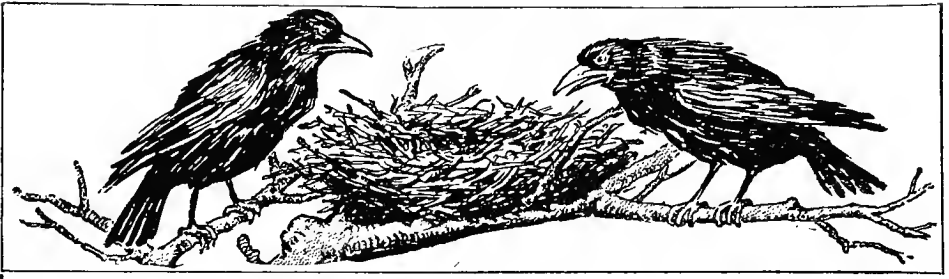
division of wirework between the cages.

At first the goldfinches seemed careless about their young ones; but the cock canary, attracted by their cries, forced itself through a flaw in the wires, and began to feed them; an operation which it continued regularly, until the goldfinches undertook the office themselves, and rendered the humanity of the canary no longer necessary. So the family of goldfinches grew up and became happy, and all of them loved the canary that had saved their lives.





A JOLLY DAY IN THE MAIN STREET OF OWLTOWN.



THE BIRD THAT WOULD NOT FLY.



CAN'T fly—I won't fly," said Mrs. Crow's youngest baby; "it's very nice here in the nest or hopping along the pretty branches. I don't care if I never learn."

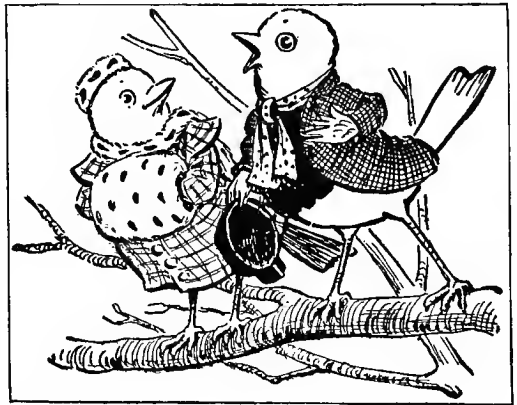
Pussy was listening, and she crept up the plum tree quietly—quietly. She hardly made any noise, she went so softly and cautiously on her cushioned feet. She crawled along the branch at the end of which the Crow family were sitting.

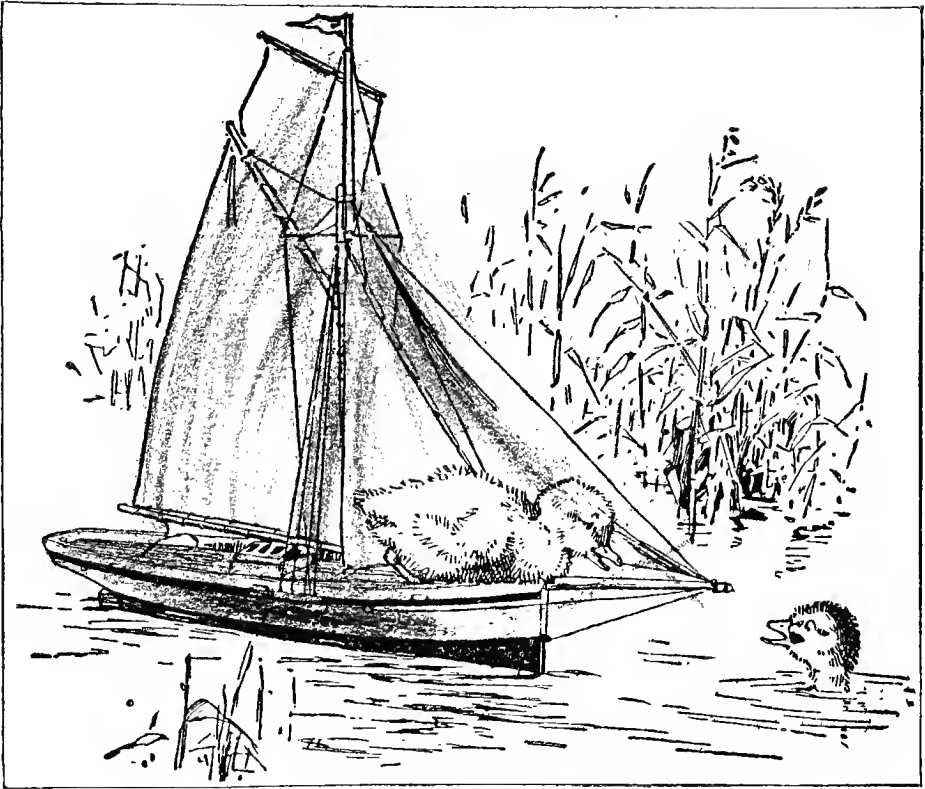
"A Cat!" cried Mrs. Crow suddenly; "fly, children, fly!"

The youngest baby flew with the rest. "I thought," said Mr. Robin, who was sitting near the garden wall, "that you *couldn't* fly."

"Well," said baby—beginning to preen its pretty wings and blushing through its black feathers—"you see, I *had* to."

"Ah," said Mrs. Robin, who was perched near her husband, as she made a mental note of a fat green caterpillar who was asleep on a cabbage down in the garden, "you never know what you can do till you try."





MAN OVERBOARD!



“MAN overboard!” cried Captain Drake,
“Bo’sun, a reef in the bowsprit take,
Cast the anchor, and let it swim,
We’ll see if we can’t rescue him!”

“Man overboard!” the Bo’sun said,
Nor-nor-west was the vessel’s head;
“Boats to the rescue, ship ahoy,
And throw the drowning man a buoy!”

CECILY AMONG THE BIRDS.



LAYING one day near her home Cecily Marsh was surprised to find that she was becoming smaller and a Robin near her was growing larger. Then suddenly, the Robin took her on his back and flew away. He took her home to his nest.

There Cecily met Mr. Jackdaw and Mr. Rook and many other birds which visited the Robins, and Mrs. Robin gave her nice crumbs and sang to her and made her feel quite at home.



Almost every day Cecily would ride out in her pretty airship (for the Robin's back made the finest kind of an airship for her), and learned interesting things about the Birds. Once she went into the Woodpecker's home and was surprised to see what a roomy place it was, all hollowed out of the trunk of a tree.

After a while the little girl went home to her own Mamma and told of her wonderful trip. The Robin made her big again when he took her home. She often goes out to the garden and looks for her old friends, but, although she sees many Robins and other Birds, she is never sure that they are the ones she met in Birdland.

"PAPER, SIR? LATEST NEWS! ONE CENT."



PRAY you, don't all speak at once,
And don't all come too near.
I buy my papers from one boy
And I don't see him here."

WHY THE MAGPIE WAS SILENT.



MAGPIE, belonging to a barber at Rome, could imitate to a nicety almost every word it heard.

Some trumpets happened one day to be sounded before the shop. For a day or two afterwards the Magpie was quite mute, and seemed pensive and melancholy.

All who knew it were greatly surprised at its silence; and it was supposed that the sound of the trumpets had so stunned it as to deprive it at once of both voice and hearing.



It soon appeared, however, that this was far from being the case.

The bird had been all the time occupied in profound meditation, studying how to imitate the sound of the trumpets; and when at last master of it, the Magpie, to the astonishment of all its friends, suddenly broke its long silence, by a perfect imitation of the flourish of trumpets it had heard; observing with the greatest exactness all the repetitions, stops and changes.

The acquisition of this lesson had, however, exhausted the whole of the Magpie's stock of intellect; for it made it forget everything it had learned before.

THE LATE MAGPIE.



OW all the little Magpies
And Mrs. Magpie too,
Awoke at dawn and rose and ate
As always Magpies do.

But Mr. Magpie lay abed
And slept the morn away,
So when the others went to rest
He just began his day.

And this bad habit brought
at last
A penalty of pain,
For as 'twas dark, to have a
light,
The Magpie then was
fain.

And being sleepy once, he
set
His feathers all alight.
He lost his tail; but he was
cured
Of sitting up at night!



A PARROT THAT WAS ALMOST HUMAN.



DURING the government of Prince Maurice in Brazil, he had heard of an old Parrot that was much celebrated for answering like a rational creature many of the common questions put to it. It was at a great distance; but so much had been said about it that the prince's curiosity was roused, and he directed it to be sent for.

When it was introduced into the room where the prince was sitting, in company with several Dutchmen, it immediately exclaimed in the Brazilian language, "What a company of white men are here!" They



asked it, "Who is that man?" (pointing to the prince). The Parrot answered, "Some general or other." When the attendants carried it up to him, he asked it, through the medium of an interpreter (for he was ignorant of its language), "Whence do you come?" The Parrot answered, "From Marignan." The prince asked, "To whom do you belong?" It answered, "To a Portuguese." He asked again, "What do you there?" It answered, "I look after chickens." The prince laughing, exclaimed, "You look after chickens!" The Parrot in answer said, "Yes, I; and I know well enough how to do it;" clucking at the same time in imitation of the noise made by the hen to call together her young.

The prince afterwards observed that although the Parrot spoke in a language he did not understand, yet he could not be deceived, for he had in the room both a Dutchman who spoke Brazilian, and a Brazilian who spoke Dutch; that he asked them separately and privately, and both agreed exactly in their account of the Parrot's discourse.

THE SWANS AND THE FAWN



WILL you join us in a swim,
sir?" said a Swan.

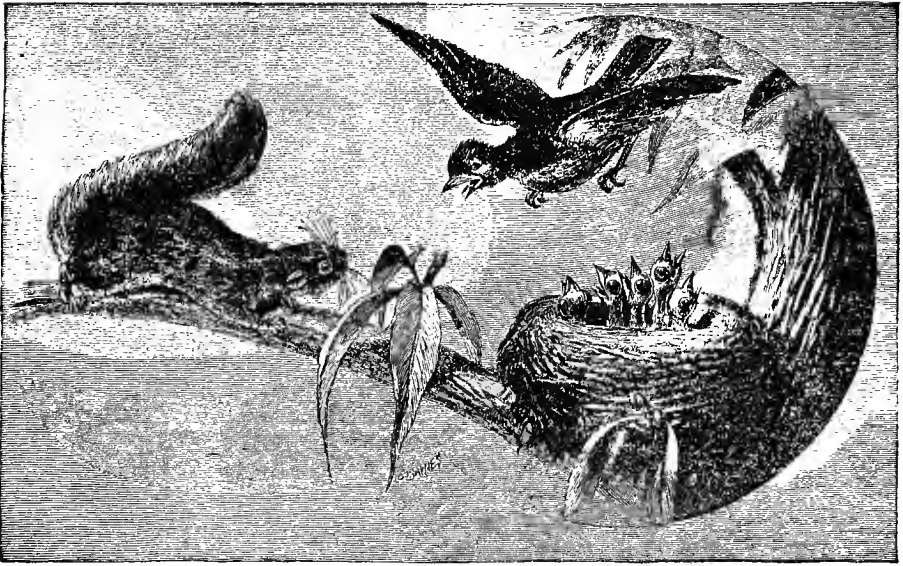
"No, I like dry land much
better," said the Fawn;

"But a gentleman am I,

And this fact I can't deny,

That two finer birds I never looked
upon."





THAT WICKED SQUIRREL.

FARMER HAZEN is a very kind man. Children all love him, and so do the birds and animals. Thrushes, robins, and other birds build nests about the house, and sing merrily to him.

When squirrels and crows come to molest these gentle birds, Farmer Hazen always protects them. No wonder they love the man who is so kind to them.

Once a robin built her nest in a peach-tree near the house. There were no other trees near by.

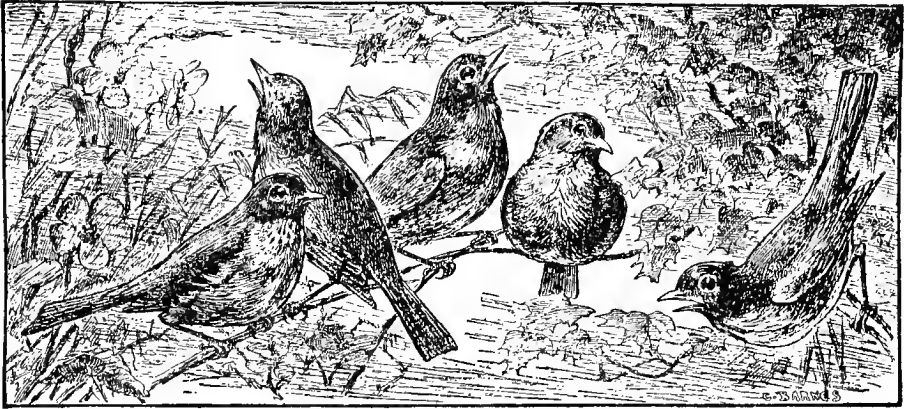
One day, after the little robins were born, the good farmer heard the mother bird screaming. She was flying about her nest in great distress.

He went to the tree and found that she was trying to drive away a wicked red squirrel. The rogue had already killed one baby robin, and had pounced upon another.

Farmer Hazen shook the squirrel from the tree, and the thief ran into the grass. He tried to make his way to some large trees on the

other side of the grass. He would have escaped, only for Mother Robin.

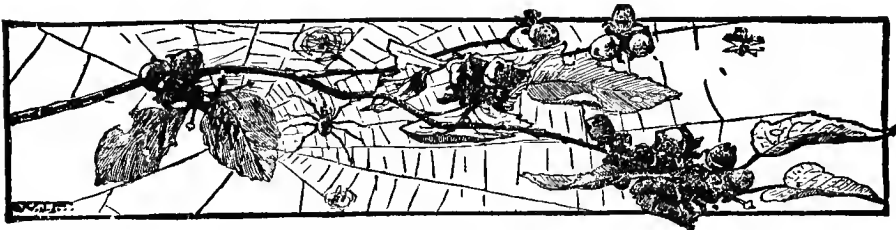
He darted here and there in the grass, twisting and turning about so that the farmer could not see him. But Mother Robin's sharp eye



spied him out. She kept fluttering right above him, and screaming to Farmer Hazen, as if to say, "Here, my friend, here is the rogue!"

So the farmer ran to where the robin was, and after a little chase he caught the squirrel with his foot. When the rogue was gone you should have heard Mother Robin sing for joy. Her babies were now safe, and she was very thankful to her kind friend.

It would be a good thing if all children were as kind to innocent birds as Farmer Hazen.



HOW CHIRPIE BINKS LEARNED TO CROW.



HERE was a young bird at Sunflower Farm that Peepie Winks took great interest in—in fact, he was quite on quacking terms with him—his name was Chirpie Binks.

Chirpie was the finest chick his mother ever had. He had such long legs, such fine eyes, and being so much taller than his brothers and sisters, he could spy out all sorts of nice new places to scratch in, and generally led the way when his mamma took them out for a walk.

One Friday afternoon Chirpie looked very sad, so sad indeed that Peepie asked him what was the matter.



“Oh, nothing,” said Chirpie absently.

“Nonsense, there is,” said Peepie Winks—“out with it, Chirp. We’ve always been friends, you know. I tell you all my trouble, and you tell me yours. Is it Pip?”

“No, it’s music.”

“Music?”

“Yes, do

you know anything about music?"

"Nothing but quack."

"Oh! then you're no good. You can't help me—I want to crow.

"Very well then, do it."

"Oh! yes, do it! It's very easy for you to quack 'do it,' but it's none so easy to learn. You have to practice such a great deal."

Then there was a long pause; at last Chirpie said "Peepie, if you won't tell any one, I'd like to practice in your old barrel."

"Come along," said Peepie, waddling up to his first retreat. "Now just step inside, and I'll stand at the door to prevent anyone annoying you."

So Chirpie hopped in, shook his feathers well, wagged his little tail, lifted up one leg, flourished it in the air, then stamped it down with great solemnity. He blinked with one eye, winked with the other, next up went his neck like a rocket.

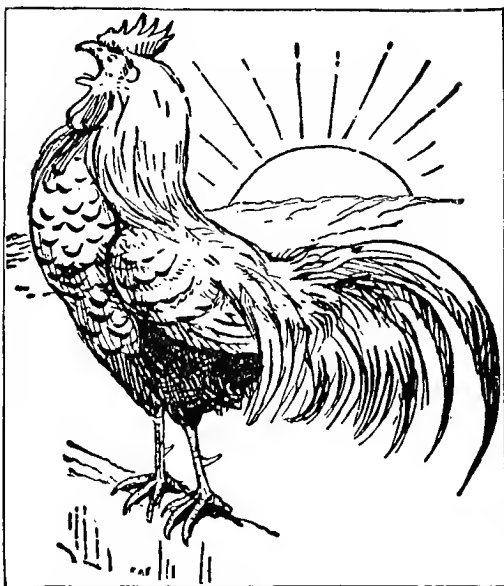
After closing his eyes, he opened his beak, and bang—shut it up again!

The action was perfect, but the crow would not come.

"It's no good," he said to Peepie, quite crestfallen, the very lobes of his ears blushing with confusion. "It's no good, Peepie—I—"

Chirp coaxed the tickle back into his throat again, opened his beak, and gave the most terrible shriek! Poor Peepie jumped up into the air as if he were shot! and all the respectable cocks and hens in Great Sunflower Farm began to scream and flutter.

Chirpie is quite a large bird now, and can crow most beautifully.



A HEN THAT CATCHES MICE.



WID you ever hear of a Hen which answered the purpose of a cat in destroying mice? Well, that is what our old White Hen does. She is constantly seen watching close to a corn rick, and the moment a mouse appears, she seizes it in her beak, and carries it to a meadow adjoining, where she plays with it like a young cat for some time, and then kills it. She has been known to catch four or five mice a day in this manner.

Once she tried to catch a rat in the same manner, but found it was too much for her.

She seized the rat by the neck as he was passing her and tried to slam him against the ground. He was a strong fellow, though, and quickly jumped around and fastened his teeth in the Hen's comb.

For a long time they fought. The Hen clawed and pecked at the rat but could not shake him off. After awhile she ran over to the barn and butted her head against it, and the rat, which was between her head and the barn, let go and ran away.

But our White Hen never tried to catch a rat again.





MR. FOX came stealing along with his brush down and his ears up, for he smelt duck—and not such a very long way off either.

Goose he preferred, certainly; but still duck was better than nothing, and he had missed catching a fat pullet only an hour ago. Then, to make matters more unpleasant, just as he was contenting himself with the thought of a bow-legged guinea-fowl, John, the farmer's man, entered the yard, and Reynard had to take to his heels and run.

"But I am a wide-awake fellow," said Reynard, "and I don't mean to go hungry long. Ducks are such foolish quacking things. You can hear them a mile off. One, two, three, four," he counted.

"Well, they will have to suffice. Six ducks would have been better than four, but—"

"Quack! quack! quack!" cried the ducks, as, with a swift motion, they rose out of the water and were soon out of danger.

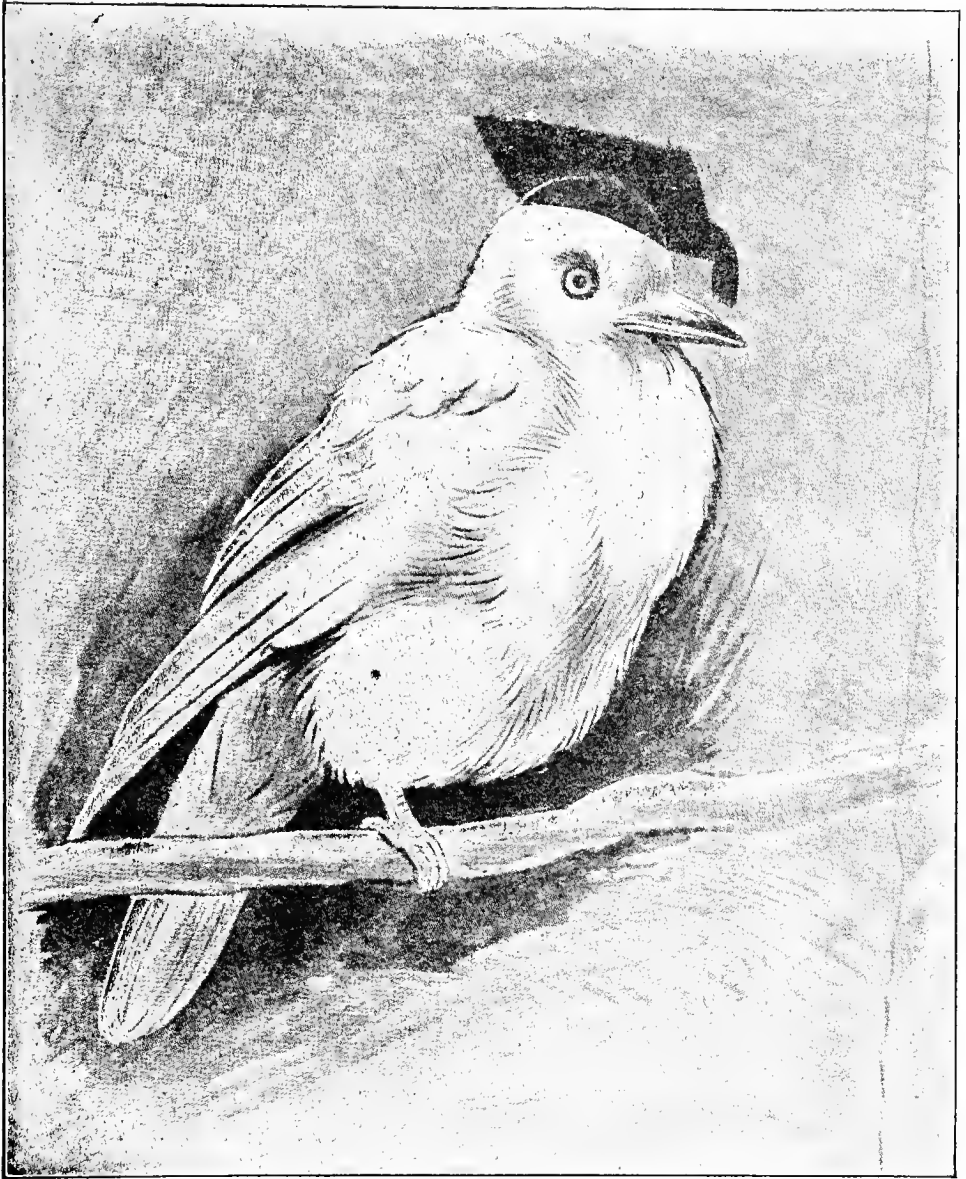


MR. FOX WAS TOO SURE.

“Well, I never!” barked the Fox, in anger. “Whoever would have thought it? This is the third time I have been balked this morning.”

“And it won’t be the last, Sir Reynard,” quacked a duck at him. “You shouldn’t count your ducks before they’re caught. If you are cute, others may be cute also. Even foolish ducks have eyes to see you coming. Now my friends, one, two, three, four, and away!”





SCHOOLMASTER JACKDAW TAKES A HOLIDAY AT HOME.

THE MAGPIE'S CHATTER.



THE Magpie is a black-and-white bird of the crow species. It is noted for its cunning, and for a habit of hiding any article it can find. It is easily tamed, and may be taught to speak a few words. From the constant chatter of this bird comes the saying, "to chatter like a magpie."

A Magpie once led to the discovery of a sum of lost money. A woman died. Her friends always thought that she possessed a large amount of money, but when they came to search for it, they only found a few cents.

A poor girl who had lived with the woman was suspected of having taken the money, and she was closely questioned about it. But she declared that she had not touched it.

A Magpie that was in the room when the woman's friends were questioning the girl called out repeatedly—

"I'll hide more yet! I'll hide more yet!"

The bird at the same time put its bill on a certain spot on the floor. This caused the searchers to think that the bird knew where the money was. They sent for a joiner, and he took up a plank. What was their surprise when they found forty-five hundred dollars which had been hidden by the Magpie!



A DUCKLING THAT WOULD A SOLDIER BE.



WANT to go and be a soldier," said Billy Waddle.

"Be a soldier, indeed!" laughed his Father. "You'd soon be quacking for your Mother again."

"I shouldn't," replied Billy, rudely.

"If you speak to me like that," replied Mr. Drake, "I'll peck you!"

"Don't be too severe, dear," said Billy's Mamma; "remember he's very young." And she fondled the naughty duckling very gently with her bill. But if you'll believe me, this made Billy more angry than ever. He didn't like to be told he was very young, and he made up his mind to run away the next day.

It was rather a difficult thing to manage, for his Mother hardly ever let him out of her sight; but at last came a moment when her back was turned. Then off waddled Billy into the garden. A big empty flower-pot was standing near. Billy looked at it. "I wonder





what's inside!" he thought.

He hopped onto a little heap of weeds, then upon a small flower-pot, and finally onto the edge of the big one.

"Quack, quack!" came his Father's voice from the other side of the garden gate, and the sound so startled Billy that over he went,

head first, into the big flower-pot. What was he to do? It was much too deep for him to be able to hop out, and his Mother was on the wrong side of the gate and couldn't help him. Fortunately the gardener came to fetch the pot, and found him.

"Oh! my darling Billy," said his Mother, "what a fright you gave me! Promise me that you'll never, never run away again."

Billy promised, but after supper he was as perky as ever, and before he went to bed his Father very nearly *did* peck him, which so scared Billy, that he behaved better in future, and soon became an obedient and polite little duckling.

WHEN THE KITTIES TRIED TO STEAL A BIRD.



R. Policeman, please let us go!

Why do you wish to treat us so?"

"Because, young scamps I just have
heard

You tried to steal a little bird."

WHAT ADMIRAL DRAKE SAW.



"WHAT is that under your arm, Admiral?" asked a Duckling of Admiral Drake.

"Oh, this is my field-glass."

"And what is it for?" asked the Duckling. "To drink out of?"

"No, silly—to see through! It makes things far off look as if they were close. And let me tell you something. Just now when I looked through this field-glass over toward the coast, what do you think I saw? A great lot of big white wild-looking birds. I shouldn't wonder if some of them would take a notion to come over this way at any time, and they look as though they could eat Ducklings

up in no time."

So the Ducklings didn't wait to learn any more about the wonderful field-glass, but waddled off home as fast as they could.

Admiral Drake watched them till they were out of sight, then had a good laugh.





THE PARROT CRIED "STOP IT!"



THE BLACKBIRDS' HOME.



JIM was a care-
less boy. He
hung the
Gardener's
basket on a
nail on the
wall, and forgot all about it
for several days. Then, the
Gardener missed it, and Jim
was sent to look for it.
When he came back without
it, the Gardener was angry.

"Please, sir," said Jim,
"the basket's on the wall
right enough, but there's a
nest in it, and a blackbird
sitting on it, and I hadn't
the heart to hurt her."

"That's right, Jim," said the Gardener, laughing. "We'll let the little mother have a house rent-free for a bit, I think."

After a time, the little ones were hatched—four of them. At last, their feathers appeared, and it was time for their first flying lesson.

"To-morrow we will begin," said the Mother Bird, and the babies cheeped for delight. They made such a fuss, indeed, that the smallest one got pushed close to the edge of the nest, and, before the parents had noticed it, the poor mite tumbled out onto the ground!

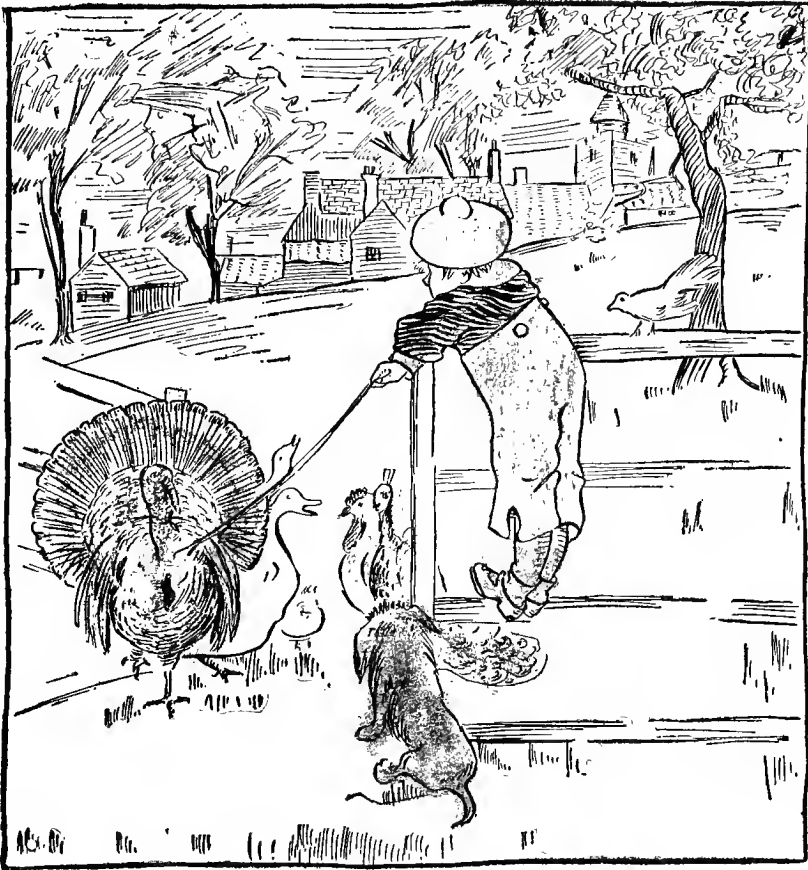
In a moment, the big gray Persian Cat basking in the sun on the lawn, sprang up and ran towards the poor chirping birdie. The parent Blackbirds shrieked so loudly in their grief that the Gardener and Jim both stopped digging. Jim picked up the frightened little creature, and put it gently back in the nest.

THE BLACKBIRDS' HOME.

And Mistress Pussy was chased away in disgrace, and kept out of the garden till all the little Blackbirds had flown away for good.

“After all,” said Father Blackbird that evening to his wife, “it was a lucky thing we took this house. We never had such a nice big one, and the Gardener and Jim have been very pleasant neighbors.”

And all the Birds about the farm, even to the cross old Turkey-cock, agreed that Jim was the very nicest kind of a boy.



A GRATEFUL STORK.



ONCE a pair of storks took up their abode on the roof of a schoolhouse in Germany. One day the teacher found one of the birds lying exhausted on the ground before his door.

Now in that country it is considered a piece of good luck to have a stork's nest on the house, and therefore the teacher picked up the bird, took it into his dwelling, and nursed it carefully. When it was getting well, he took it out of doors and carried it to the field near his house, where it was fed by its mate.

At length the stork was cured and able to return to its nest, but every evening while it remained, it flew down from the roof, and gravely walked by the side of its friend from the schoolhouse to the meadows.

This attracted attention, and often the two friends were accompanied by a group of wondering village children.

HUMMING-BIRDS

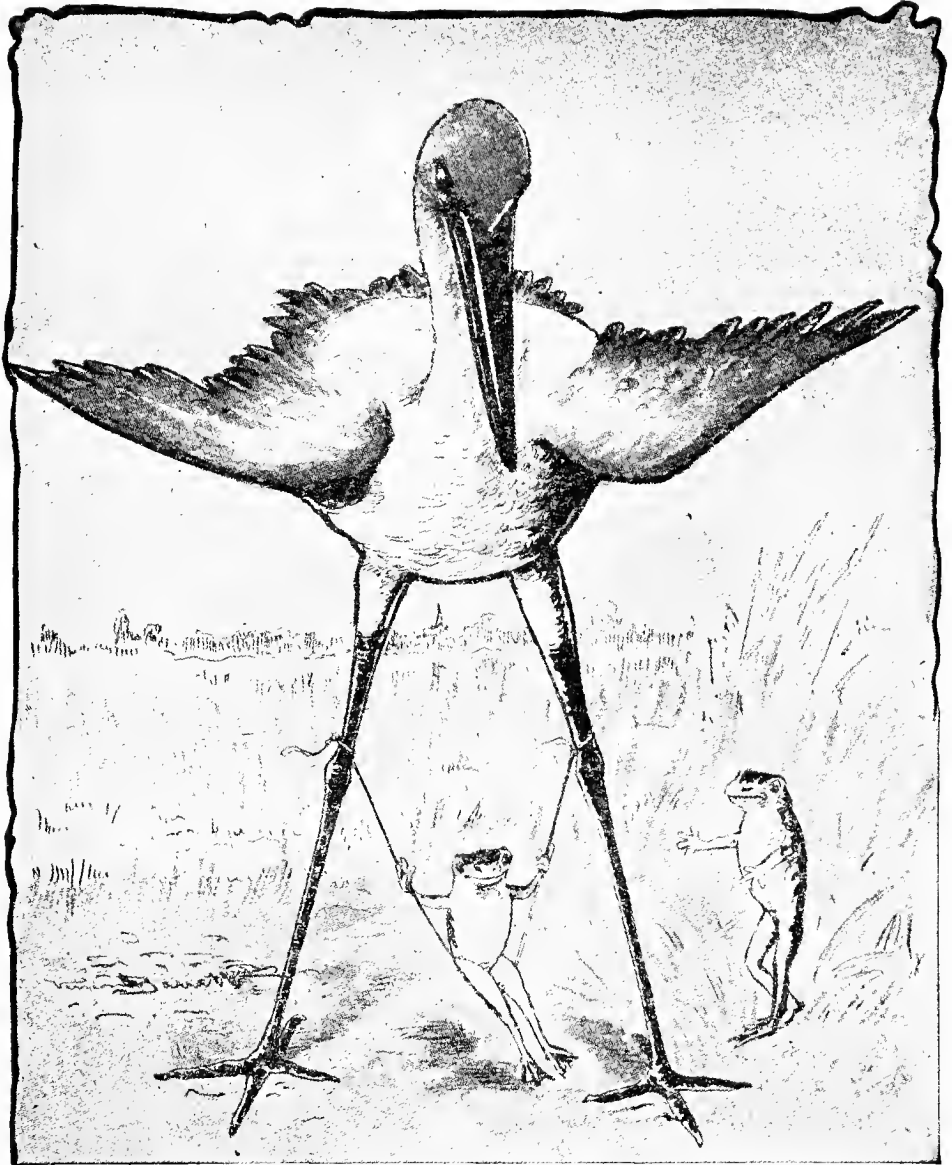


HUMMING-BIRDS

are the smallest, and the most beautiful birds in creation.

As they fly about wild in America

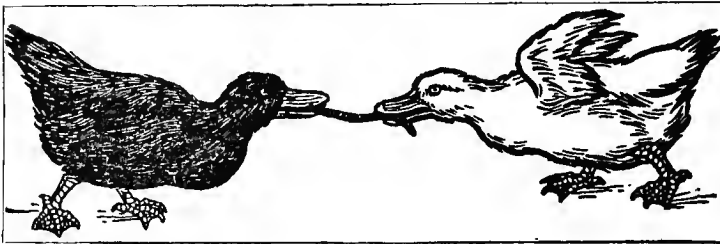
and the West India Islands, one moment they look one color and the next another ; and as the hot sun shines upon them, you see bright spots of crimson, blue, violet, and emerald green, flitting through the air. Their heads and tails are often dark, but the fibres of their breast and some of their



THE STORK GIVES THE FROGGIES A SWING.

HUMMING BIRDS.

back feathers are of different colors, which shows up at various times. Their beaks are very long, and the tails of some Humming-Birds are also long and forked. They are called Humming-Birds, because—as they fly through the air from shrub to shrub, to gather the sweet nectar from the flowers—they do not settle upon the flowers, but hover over them, and create a strange, humming, buzzing sound with their little wings.



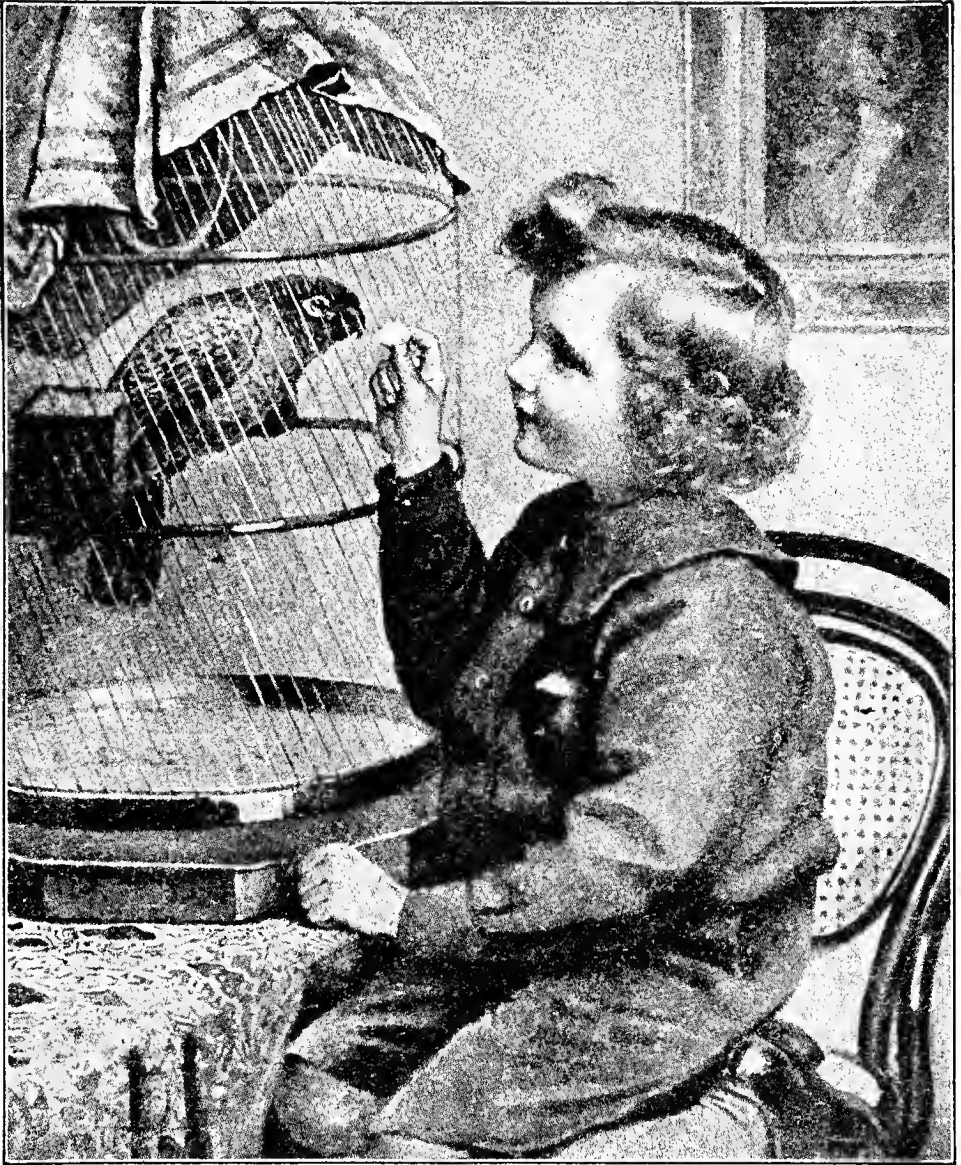
THE PARROT AND THE SPARROW.



PARROTS may be taught many tricks, to imitate a variety of sounds, and even to talk. They live chiefly on seeds and fruits. The parrots that are kept as pets are the green parrot from South America, and the gray parrot with a scarlet tail from West Africa.

Once a parrot named Jack was presented to one of the public gardens in Paris. After Jack had been there for some time, he showed a great liking for a little wild sparrow which used to pick up crumbs or grains of corn that fell from the parrot's food-tin. As soon as the parrot's perch was fixed in the morning, up flew the sparrow. When Jack saw him, he lifted up his unchained foot that the sparrow might perch upon it.

The two birds would remain thus for some time; the parrot, with his head on one side, gazing fondly on his tiny friend, and the sparrow



“WILL POLLY HAVE A BITE?”

THE PARROT AND THE SPARROW.

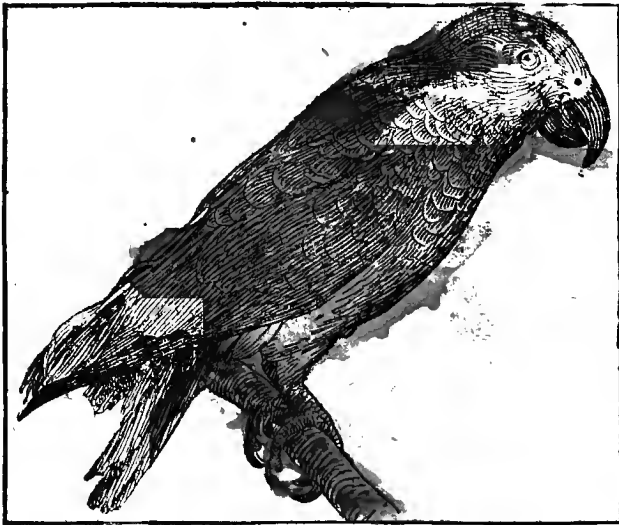
flapping his wings. Then the parrot would go carefully down to his food-tin, where he seemed to expect the little bird to share his breakfast.

The meal being over, the parrot opened one of his wings, and the sparrow went under and pecked and rummaged about, much to the satisfaction of Jack. When one wing was cleaned, he held out the other, and the same process was gone through again.

The sparrow seemed to know that all this was expected of him, and he appeared to take a delight in it. When he had finished, the birds both tucked their heads under their wings, and sitting side by side, fell asleep.

At length the parrot was very ill, and his little friend became both doctor and nurse. He flew about the garden and seemed to be searching for something. When he came back, he had in his beak a long blade of grass. He gave this to the parrot, who managed to eat it. This was repeated for three or four days until Jack was cured.

One day the sparrow was pecking on the grass close to the parrot's perch when a large cat rushed at him. On seeing this, the parrot gave a most terrible shriek, and the terrified cat fled for its life.



THE CAT AND THE PIGEON.



PIGEON once made her nest in a hayloft which was infested with rats. Several times these troublesome creatures destroyed the pigeon's eggs, or carried off her young ones and devoured them.

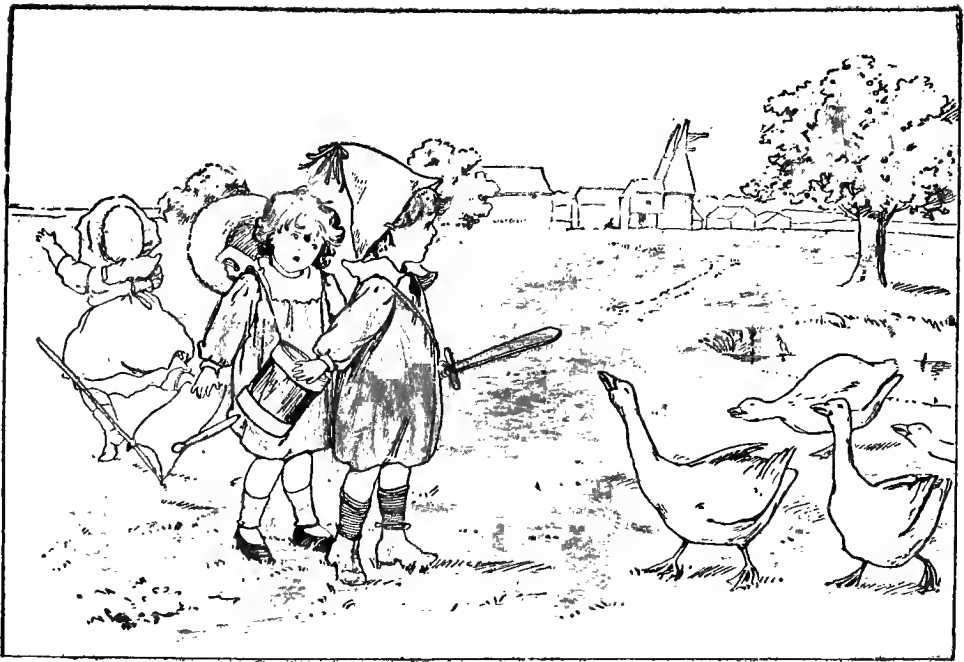
One day a cat took up her abode in the hayloft for a time to rear her kittens. The cat and the pigeon soon became great friends, though, as a rule cats kill and eat birds.

They were often seen feeding from the same dish, and when the cat went out for for a short run, the pigeon fluttered near her, and seemed to enjoy the company of her four-footed friend.

The rats tried once or twice to get at the pigeon's eggs after the cat had arrived in the loft, but they soon found that she was too wide-awake for them. When two of them lost their lives in the attempt, the rest took care to seek food in other quarters.

The pigeon showed her gratitude by watching over the kittens.





LITTLE SOLDIERS.

MLH



ARCHING, marching, in a line,
Paper-cap and sword so fine ;
See the little soldiers go
Bravely forth to fight the foe.

Geese and ganders come to see,
Who these warriors may be ;
And though Tommy's not afraid
Rank and file are much dismayed.

One small soldier has, I find,
Turned and fled, but never mind :
"Those who fight and run away,
Live to fight another day."



BUSY LITTLE JOE.

A VERY, very busy boy
Is my dear little Joe;
And what he does from morn till night
I'm sure you'd like to know.

Of course his breakfast first he eats,
Then to the barn he goes,
And seats himself within the door—
Just as the picture shows.



W. & P.

GOOD-NIGHT!

Now, children dear, the book is done;
We've tried our very best
To make good pictures, tales and rhymes,
And think we've earned a rest.

Be good to Birds, and say your prayers,
And do not frown or fight—
And with this bit of good advice,
We bid you a Good-Night!

