

REPRODUCTION STORIES.

1. Let the pupils read the story silently.
2. Let them tell the story orally.
3. Use any part of it as a dictation lesson.
4. Use the story as supplementary work in oral reading.
5. Let the pupils reproduce the story in their own words.

The Bird on the Bonnet.

One day a lady was walking along an avenue shaded by trees, when she felt something snatch at her bonnet. Looking up, she saw a king bird flying away with the bird she had been wearing on her bonnet. The king bird, perhaps, thought that was not the right place for a bird. Anyway, he seemed to think it should not be there.

What Kindness and an Apple Did.

A large, heavy cart full of wood had to be pushed backward into a place where a house was being built. But the load was too heavy for the two horses to push back, though they tried with all their might. They were becoming tired and restless. At last a happy thought came into the head of the driver. He got down from his seat, and went up first to one horse, and then to the other. He stroked their necks and patted them kindly. Next he went to his own dinner bag and took out a nice red apple. This he cut in two, and gave half to each horse. He waited till they had eaten it, and then mounted the cart again. One horse put his head over to the other, as if to say, "Let us try again and see if we can do it." And when the driver shook the reins without slashing the whip, they both gave one hearty push and sent the wagon back into the proper place where the wood had to be put.—*Selected.*

Two Boys.

One boy is named Jack, and the other one Rob. They live next door to each other, and each one does the chores night and morning. Jack puts his work off as long as he can, and then grumbles all the time he is getting the coal and feeding the chickens. Bob whistles about his work, does it neatly and then has time to play before school. I wonder how many boys are like Jack, and how many like Bob?

That Horrid Worm.

"O, there is a nasty worm!" said Kate to her mother. "I don't see why they are made anyway." "Some worms are good for something," said mother quietly. "You are very proud of your blue silk dress, are you not?" "Yes, but I can't see what my blue silk dress has to do with a homely worm." "Perhaps you can't, but the thread it is made of was spun by a worm." And then Kate's mother told her about the silk worm.

The Reasoning of Dandy.

Dandy was a little dog, who lived with his mistress in a New York apartment flat up two flights of stairs. They often had an open wood fire, and Dandy was the errand boy who brought wood from the cellar when necessary.

One day Mrs. Scott, his mistress, discovered she had no wood, so she said, "Dandy, go down cellar and bring me a stick of wood." (He usually brought one stick at a time, and travelled up and down stairs until the wood-box was replenished.)

Away went Dandy as gay as a lark, but only to appear in a few minutes with a very doleful air and without any wood.

"Why, Dandy," said Mrs. Scott, "did you hear me? I said bring up some wood."

Downstairs went the little dog a second time, and soon Mrs. Scott heard a noise as of something being pulled or dragged across the cellar floor. Going herself to investigate, she found the little dog at the foot of the stairs with the axe, the handle of which was in his mouth, and he was trying his best to carry it up the stairs to her, to show her there was no wood cut.—*Selected.*

The Protecting Colours of Insects.

Consider the matter of colour alone. Here is a brilliant green tiger-beetle of inland woods, bright as its native herbage; and here is an umber-coloured relative of the shore whose darker, duller colour fittingly protects this small forager while hunting among brown seaweeds cast up along the water-line. Another beetle of the same family shows a body so nearly pure white that only a tracery of black lines on the ivory-white wings distinguishes it from the surrounding sand.

Or, contrast the dun-coloured grasshopper of dusty inland roads with the white shore species of beautiful frosted whiteness; or compare the yellow-brown running spider of the woods and the Quaker-gray species here, well represented by that unobtrusively tinted arachnid which was seen earlier in the day. The male is even lighter, with a covering of hoary hairs, which render it far less conspicuous; and, as this sex alone wanders abroad over the sand (only the female inhabiting the burrow), the instance of colour adaptive to the specific creature's habits is most striking and significant. Another species is nearly pure white, for only a faint speckling of gray colours the body, and this, indeed, still further incorporates the body outlines with the sand against which it rests. These individuals seem to wander more widely abroad, and more openly expose themselves than do their slightly