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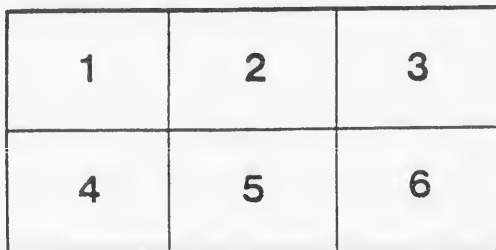
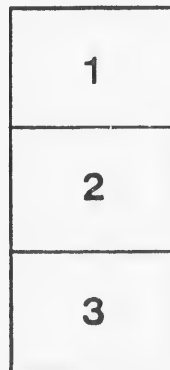
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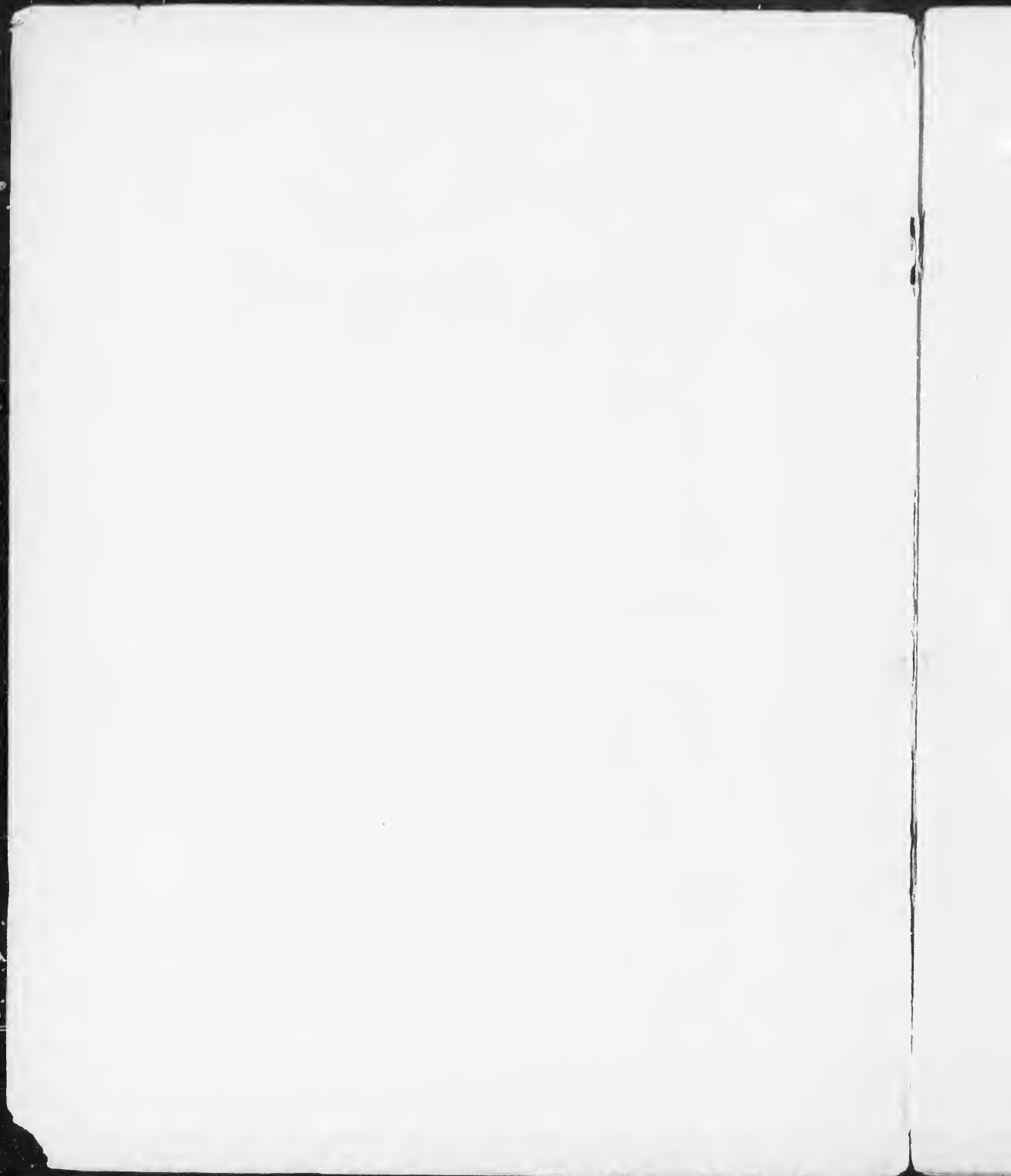


**THE  
HONEY  
LOVING  
CUBS**



By  
**Palmer Cox**  
AUTHOR  
OF  
**THE BROWNIES**





THE  
**Honey = Loving Cubs**

ALSO MANY

Fantastic Antics of the Merriest

OF

**QUEER PEOPLE**

---

EACH STORY VOUCHED FOR AS

Seen and Sketched

**BY PALMER COX**

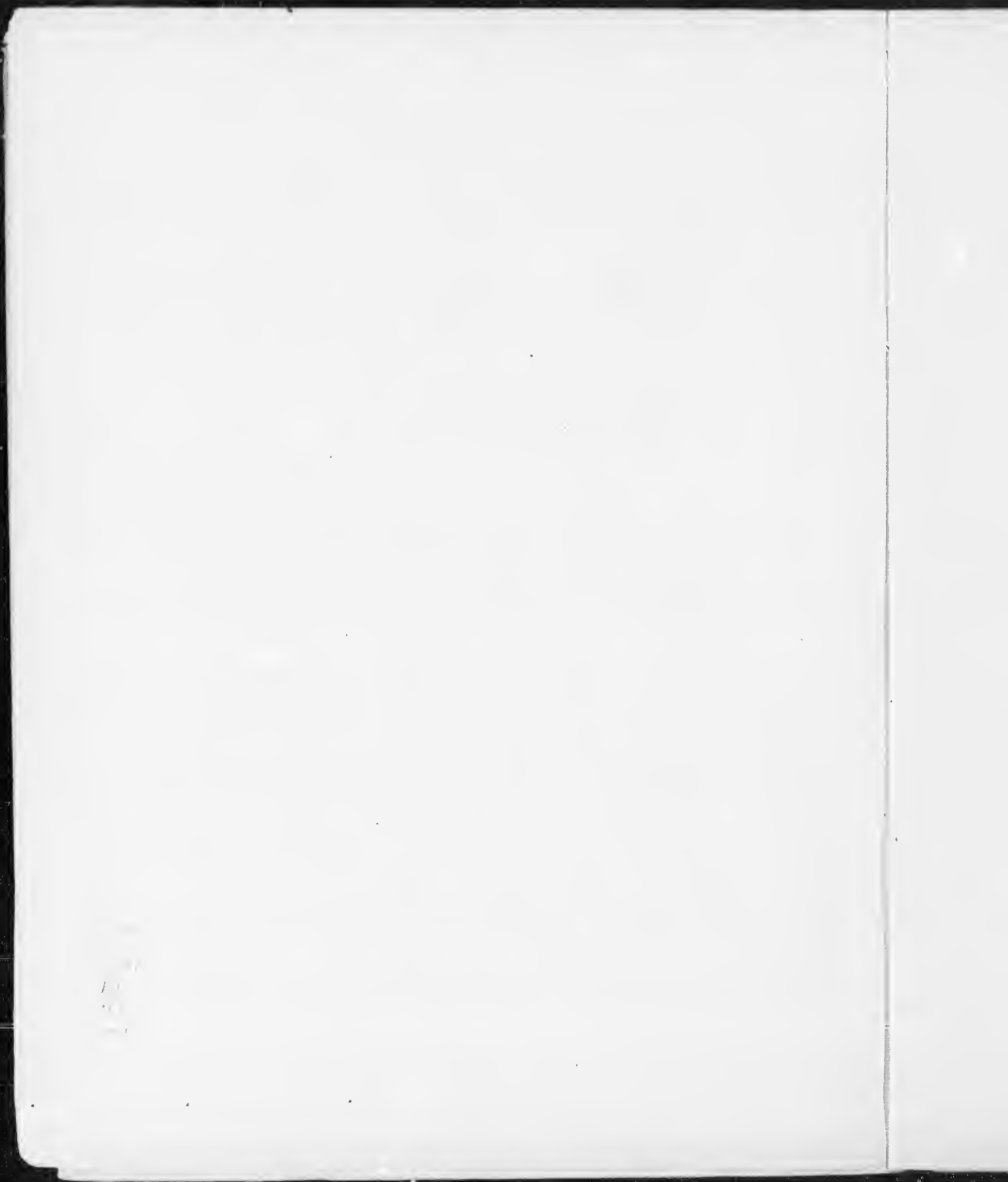
Author of *The Brownies*

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THE WOLF AND THE DOG.



CUNNING wolf, while roaming round,  
A shepherd's cloak and bonnet found,  
And soon the garment, long and warm,  
Was wrapped around his shaggy form



"Ha! ha!" laughed  
he, "in this 'tis plain,  
A closer look  
at sheep I'll gain;

And well this branch, so nicely bent,  
The shepherd's crook will represent;  
They'll take me for the guardian old,  
Who pens them nightly in the fold;  
And at my leisure, I, no doubt,  
The fattest lamb can single out."  
So feigning well the shepherd's tread,  
His hacking cough and stooping head



He moved with careful steps around,  
Until a grazing flock he found.



The sheep, with unsuspecting mind,  
Mistook him for their shepherd kind;  
And soon would all have victims fell,  
The rascal played his part so well,  
Had not a dog's enquiring eye  
Observed the stranger drawing nigh



Between the flock and wolf he ran,  
To thwart him in his cunning plan.  
"On sheep," cried he, "you might impose;  
They trust to eyes, but I to nose.  
A shepherd's dress, indeed, you wear,  
But still the scent of wolf is there."  
Then at the trembling rogue he flew,  
And from his paw the symbol drew

"My ruse has failed!" the schemer cried,  
And flung the shepherd's dress aside:  
Then, turning round, was glad to beat  
To forest shade a fast retreat.



#### THE BEAR IN WINTER.



WHEN from the North the winds are keen,  
And ice on every stream is seen,  
When mounta'n peaks and valleys low  
Are covered with the drifting snow;  
And Bruin, from his winter home,  
Is not inclined abroad to roam,  
But sleeps away the gloomy hour,  
And sighs to hear the April shower,  
That, pattering through the leafless tree,  
Will send the snow to find the sea;

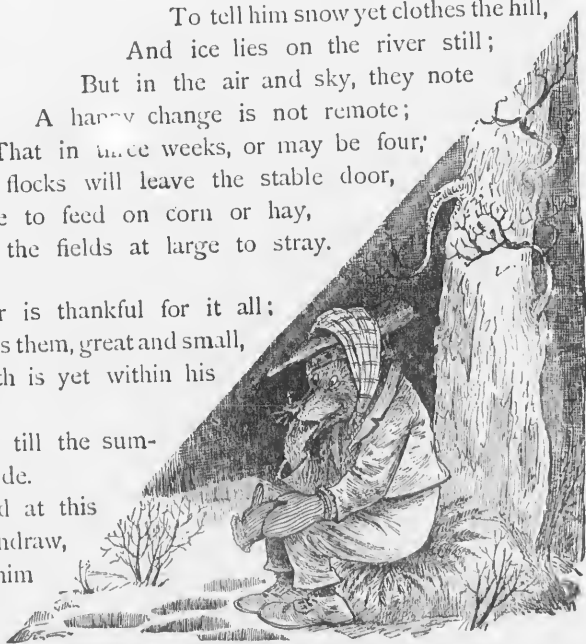
Then, friends that are not so confined,  
But still possess a roving mind,  
That neither wind, nor frost, nor snow,  
Can hinder rambling to and fro;  
That hunger still throughout the year,



In summer mild, or winter drear;  
Whose stomachs must be well supplied,  
Though snow should land and water hide;  
These creatures come from near and far,  
By light of moon or twinkling star.

With words of comfort to attend,  
Upon their hibernating friend;  
To lift his heart from fear and doubt,  
And learn how fat is holding out;  
To find if grease enough is there  
To last him till the fields are bare;  
Or, if his bones will cut the skin  
Before the thawing rains begin;  
To brace him up with courage strong,  
In case the winter should be long;  
To tell him snow yet clothes the hill,  
And ice lies on the river still;  
But in the air and sky, they note  
A happy change is not remote;  
That in three weeks, or may be four,  
The flocks will leave the stable door,  
No more to feed on corn or hay,  
But through the fields at large to stray.

The bear is thankful for it all;  
And reassures them, great and small,  
That strength is yet within his  
hide  
To last him till the sum-  
mer tide.  
Well pleased at this  
they all withdraw,  
And leave him  
there to  
suck his paw.



THE HONEY-LOVING CUBS.

“MY darlings,” said the mother bear,  
“You should have passed the hive with care,  
And not have tried to bring it home,  
However sweet may be the comb.”



I thought you knew, as well as me,  
What dangers lurk behind the bee.  
For not a thing that flies or crawls,  
With greater venom on us falls;

And when you think they're in the air,  
They're holding revels in your hair  
The sweeping paw is all in vain,  
The leap in air, or cry of pain;



For, quicker than the smartest fling,  
Will come the penetrating sting.  
I know temptations try us hard,  
And oft' we fail, when off our guard.  
And I will now inform your mind  
On matters of this special kind."

"Oh, mother, dear, in mercy pause,"  
    Replied the cub, through swollen jaws;  
        "Your kind advice, an hour ago,  
            Had saved us much distress and woe.  
My nose would not be such a sight,  
    My eyes could better reach the light;  
        My mouth would not be traveling round  
            To find the ear now dull to sound.  
But now your words seem out of place,  
    Because we understand the case;  
        And could sit here till morning's sun,  
            Explaining how the work was done.  
How, fast, we lost the charm and grace,  
    And symmetry of form and face;  
        How, fast, the day was turned to night,  
            The laugh to groan, the fun to fright.  
Oh! doubly dull, indeed, is he  
        Who meddles with the spiteful bee."



THE UNHAPPY LION.

A LION thus mused on his station in life:  
"A monarch am I of renown—  
The tiger, and others, who met me in strife,  
No longer lay claim to the crown

When roaring around in search of my prey  
I jar the tall trees to the root;  
The hills seem to nod, the rocks to give way,  
And the stars from their orbits to shoot;

The elephant, surly and large as a house,  
Will shake to his toes at the sound;  
The woodchuck, the weasel, the coney and mouse,  
Make haste to their holes in the ground.

I sit on the hill and look over the vale,  
And all give attention to me  
At flash of my eye or switch of my tail—  
The country is mine to the sea

But this is the  
to the  
And ever will  
In spite of my  
and my  
I'm only a beast



sorrow that gnaws  
core,  
sadden my breast  
title, my crown  
roar,  
at the best."

"And one," cried  
"who ever  
Despised like a

a monkey,  
is found,  
thief by the rest,





Who hasn't a friend, all the continent round,  
From the purpling east to the West"



The monarch then uttered a sorrowful groan,  
And crawling away to his den,  
He buried his crown, and never was known  
To wear it in public again.

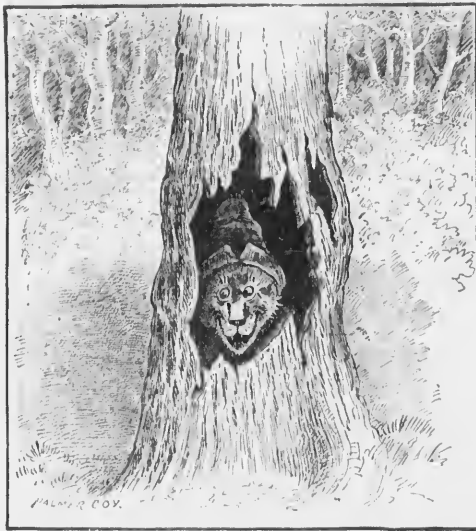
A SPOILED GAME.

ONE day, by chance, while roaming round,  
A hollow tree old Bruin found,



That stood beside the grassy mead,  
Where flocks of sheep were wont to feed,

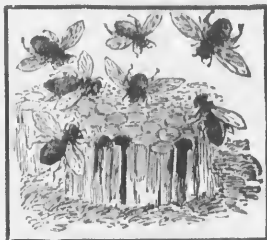
"Well, this is luck, indeed," said he,  
As, pausing there, he viewed the tree.  
"Concealed within this trunk, I'll find  
A splendid chance to suit the mind,  
And, from my hiding-place, behold  
The fattest sheep that leave the fold



No lengthy race round stumps or trees  
Will be required, for here, at ease,  
I'll bide my time and keep my place  
Until they graze around the base,  
Then, paralyze the flock with fear,  
And live on mutton half the year."  
So, in the tree to try the game,  
He promptly squeezed his burly frame.

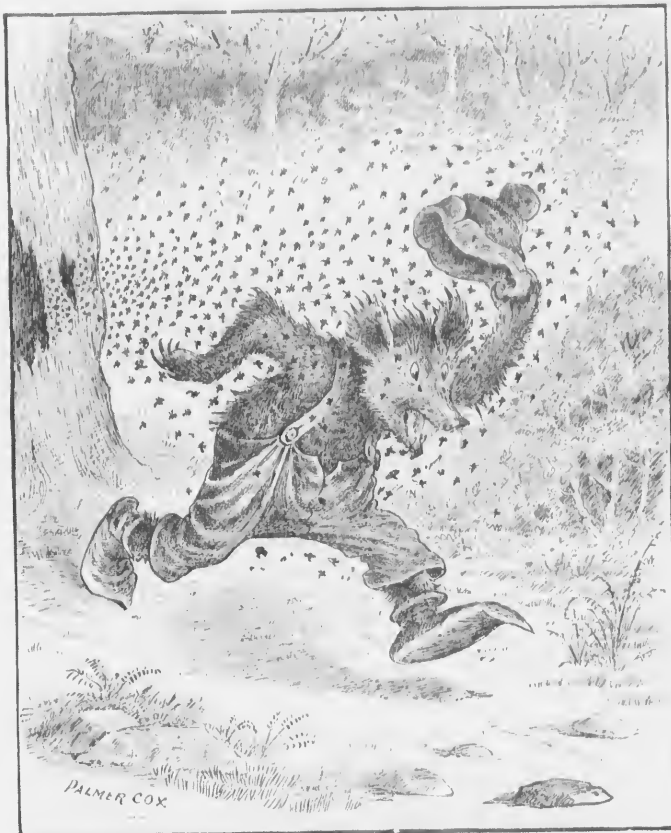
And smiled a smile from ear to ear,  
At thought of rarest pleasure near.  
But plans, in spite of care and skill,  
Are often non-productive still;  
And thus it happened with the bear,  
Whose prospects seemed so bright and fair;  
For, in that hollow, large and round,  
A swarm of bees a home had found.

And, through the summer months,  
had been  
Both loyal to their cause  
and queen;  
And, tier on tier,  
the sweets had stowed  
Around their improvised abode.



So now, when Bruin's  
shaggy hide,  
At once the air and light  
denied,  
The murmuring tribes were  
nothing slow  
To issue from the depths  
below,  
The strange eclipse  
to now behold  
That almanacs had not  
foretold.

It didn't take old Bruin long  
To learn that something must be wrong.



Thermometers he needed not  
To soon convince him, that the spot

Was ninety-nine degrees too hot.

Far quicker than this line is penned,

He tried the temperature to mend;

And, filled with wonder, pain and fright,

He tumbled up as best he might.

Just how he dragged, or how he threw

His body out, he hardly knew;

But in some sure and sudden way

He reached the grass without delay,

Then through the brush and briars flew,

Escorted by the spiteful crew.

While mating birds their nests soon lined

With tufts of hair he left behind.

The flocks, from neighboring hillocks green,

In great delight surveyed the scene.

The playful lambs stood in a crowd,

And hopped, and skipped, and laughed aloud;

And sober sheep of solemn style,

That ne'er before were known to smile,

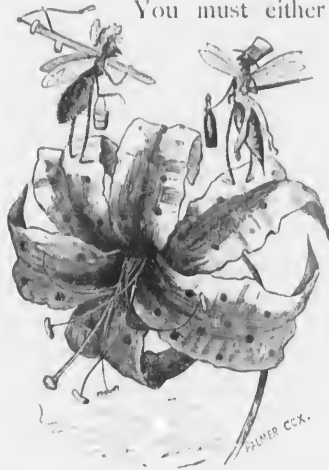
Now held their sides, and wagged the head,

And laughed until each face was red.



## THE WASP AND THE BEE.

In a garden sweet and fair,  
Once a bright and busy pair,  
Held a brief conversation on a lily  
"Mr. Wasp," remarked the Bee,  
"Your manœuvres puzzle me,  
You must either be a lazy rogue, or silly."



"In the school where  
you were taught,  
Was the fact  
before you brought,  
That our time is  
equivalent to money?  
Now for days and days we've met,  
'Mid the pinks and mignonette,  
But you never seem  
to carry any honey."

Said the Wasp: "You make me smile,  
With your blunt, outspoken style,

You have many things to learn, I must declare;  
For a thousand sunny hours  
You've been pumping at the flowers,  
And you never dreamed of poison being there.

"From the phlox and columbine,  
Bleeding-heart and eglantine,  
Soon your treasury of honey-comb you fill;



While I, coming in your wake,  
From the self-same blossoms take  
All the rankest sort of poison by the gill.

"Let me whisper in your ear:  
I have found while roaming here  
Over garden, over orchard, over field,  
That the fairest growth of flowers,  
Which adorn these haunts of ours,  
The most deadly kind of poison often yields."



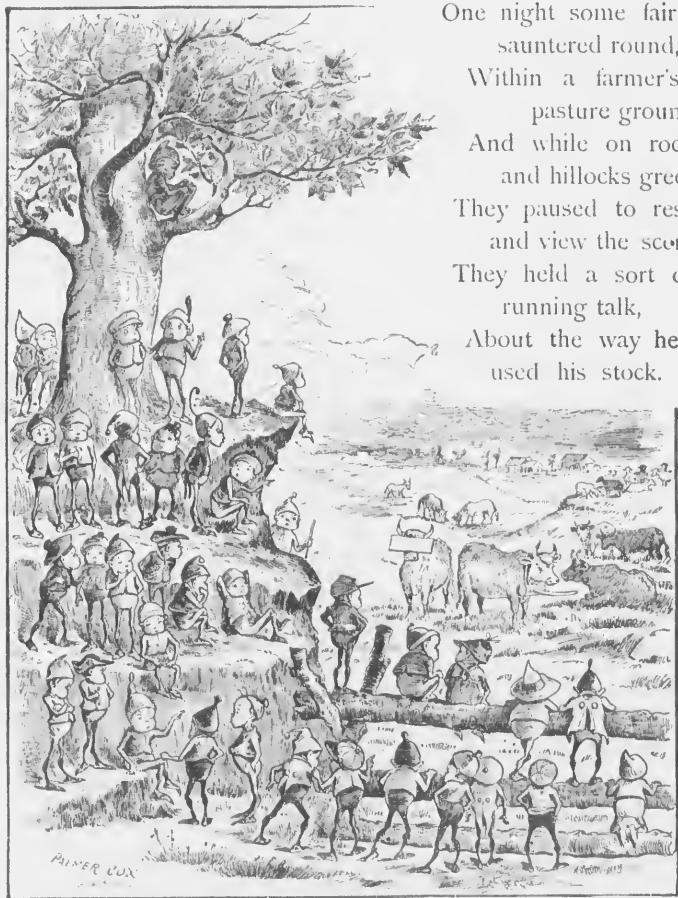
"Bless my sting!" exclaimed the Bee,  
"Every day we live to see  
Will some wonder carry with it, I suppose.  
Who would think a nauseous drug  
Could be stored away so snug,  
In the heart of such a blossom as a rose?"

And, with that it flew away,  
To a field of blooming hay,  
On the buttercup and clover to alight;  
While the Wasp set out to find  
Something suited to his mind.  
And was soon in a camelia out of sight.



## THE BROWNIES AND THE CRUEL FARMER.

One night some fairies  
sauntered round,  
Within a farmer's  
pasture ground;  
And while on rocks  
and hillocks green,  
They paused to rest  
and view the scene,  
They held a sort of  
running talk,  
About the way he  
used his stock.



Said one, "I've known this farmer long,  
A man of will and passion strong,  
Whose heavy hand is quick to fall  
On patient brutes, in sty or stall.  
The sounding blows, when to his cart  
He yokes the steers, would pain your heart.  
He plucks his geese to sell the down,  
And they must wander through the town  
With but a feather, here and there,  
To shield them from the winter air."



Another said, "But harder still  
He treats the sheep on yonder hill;  
To know his own, if they should stray  
To other flocks or fields away,  
With cruel hand he takes a shears  
And haggles notches in their ears.  
He pokes his pigs, and clips their tails,  
And in the nose sticks rusty nails,  
To make them squeal, whene'er they start  
To practice at their special art.

To-night we'll tell these creatures dumb,  
How they can tyrants overcome;  
We'll speak about the wrongs they bear,  
The galling yokes and scars they wear;  
Remind them of the power they hold,  
And stir them up to action bold.  
The coward heart still beats behind  
The hand that strikes the helpless kind;  
And should these creatures make a show  
Of bold resistance to his blow,





Through fear, he may  
be glad to sell  
To neighbors that  
will use them well;

So each one do the best he can,  
To save them from  
this cruel man;  
Let one go whisper to the mare,  
Another to the pig repair;



It listens with attentive ear,  
The counsel of a friend to hear;  
To sheep and cows let  
some proceed,

**A hint is all the goat will need;**

While more the donkey's mind enrich,

With cunning ways to shun the switch.\*





Now here and there, with one intent,  
 Around the grounds the Fairies went.  
 Some stirred the geese from their repose,  
 To talk about their painful woes,  
 And spoke of down in pillows pressed,  
 That still upon their backs should rest.



And some enraged the chafing boar,  
 Against the ornaments he wore.



"That nose," said they, "was surely made  
 To turn the sod, like plow or spade;  
 But nasal rings, designed to stay,  
 Now bar your pleasure, day by day."

And others whispered round till morn,  
 About the use of heel and horn;  
 "If courage could  
 supplant your fear,"

They reasoned with the patient steer,

"You have the tools, and have the might,  
 To toss him higher than a kite."

To goats and gentle sheep they said,

"You have the force, and have the head,



To bruise the flesh or break the bone;

Then why submit to stick or stone?"

Then when regard to all was paid,

The Fairies sought the forest shade



When next the surly farmer strode

Among his stock, with whip and goad,

He noticed mischief lurking nigh,

In tossing horn and rolling eye.

In heads that turned where heels should rest,

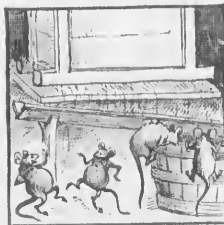
And heels that turned where heads were best.

The ready goat, with courage large,  
Was gauging distance for a charge;  
The donkey's heels flew round like flails;  
The heifer danced upon the pails.

The ox and horse, in front, combined;  
The geese, the sheep, and pigs, behind;  
In vain his whip he flourished round,  
For still unmov'd they held their ground,  
Till forming fast a circle wide,  
They hemmed him in on every side.

"Some scoundrel in the night," cried he,  
"Gave liquor to my stock, I see;  
Or else, the cider-mill they've drained

Of every drop the  
What else could make  
And greet me with  
He called for aid  
For serving men,  
To help him beat  
He proved him-  
But one, ere long,



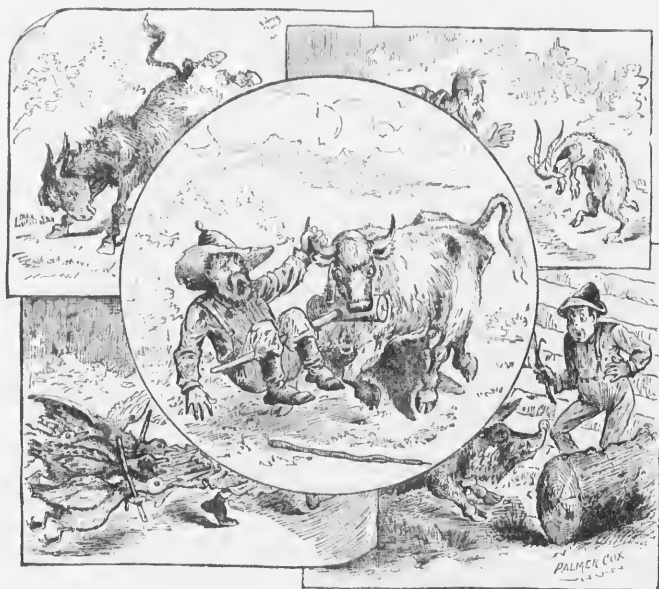
tank contained.  
these creatures rise,  
this wild surprise?"  
with lusty yell,  
and wife as well.  
the stock, until  
self a master still.  
found all his art

At jumping high, or dodging smart,  
Was scarce enough when billy's mind  
To active measures was inclined.

Another found some cause for fear  
In shining tusk, that flourished near;  
While round the yard, with injured pride,  
The boss himself was forced to ride;  
And all were soon compelled to beat  
To calmer fields, a swift retreat.

Where safer quarters they could find,  
And time to plaster, stitch and bind.

The farmer wiped his dripping brow,  
And thus, addressed his partner now:  
"Good wife, I long have thought to sell,  
And in some thriving city dwell,



Where we no more may have the care  
Of hooking cow, or kicking mare;  
Where sheep and pigs are only found  
In markets, selling by the pound;  
And fowls but seldom meet the eye  
Until upon your plate they lie.

While you have ever used your voice  
 Against my judgment, or my choice;  
 But now no counsel will avail;  
 At once I'll advertise a sale,  
 And make a sweep of everything  
 That lifts a hoof or flaps a wing;  
 The kind with horn, the kind without,  
 The kind with bill, the kind with snout;  
 The big and little, high or low,  
 Shall, unreserved, by auction go."



The sale was called upon the ground,  
 The people came for miles around;  
 And some bought single, some by lot,  
 While some bid hard, but nothing got.  
 The sheep went here, the donkey there,  
 In other walks the goat and mare;  
 Until the whole concern was sold,  
 And other hands the stock controlled.

So all were glad enough to find,  
 A pleasant home, with masters kind.

Where cows received the kindest care,  
 And lived upon the best of fare;  
 Where pigs could stand to eat a fill,  
 Or root the grassy sod at will;  
 So geese, in pride, their feathers wore,  
 Until they needed them no more;  
 While such as labored on the land,  
 Were guided by a gentle hand.





## THE SQUIRREL AND THE WOODPECKER.



SQUIRREL:

ALLOO, below! Who's knocking so,  
Upon this house of mine?  
I fixed it up at great expense,  
The bric-a-brac is fine.

"Tis nice and warm, through all the storm,  
I need no furnace here;  
But sit and eat the gathered nuts  
In comfort all the year.

"With busy teeth I scooped it out  
Of maple hard and dry;  
I asked no counsel of my friends,  
Nor did for aid apply."

WOODPECKER:

"You needn't be so fierce and hard,  
Or make so much to-do;  
I'm simply looking round the yard  
To find a grub or two

"Put up your gun, I like it not,  
Thus pointing at my eye:



You shouldn't be so quick to draw  
On every passer-by.

"You may, sometime, when starting up  
So sudden from repose,  
Do, just as frightened people do,  
Shoot friends instead of foes.

"I have a cosy house myself,  
That's handsome, neat and new;  
I fashioned it without the aid  
Of friends, as well as you.

"While other creatures sought the shade,  
I stuck to business still;  
Until the whole concern was made,  
I hammered with a will.

"The doorway faces to the south,  
So we can have the sun;  
I had the plan all in my head  
Before a thing was done.

"I chose with care a leaning tree,  
And though the rain may fall,  
A drop can seldom find its way  
Beyond the outer hall.

"We live as happy as you please—  
It suits my wife and me;  
And soon we'll have to add a room  
For babies two or three."

SQUIRREL.

"Then point your bill for home, at once,  
And travel through the air;  
Go hunt for grubs and creeping things  
Around your own affair.

"This house of mine is clean and fine,  
So labor you can spare;  
Go dab your nose into the pine,  
And you will better fare.

"This is my sleepy afternoon,  
I'll not be troubled so;  
Make feathers scarce around here soon,  
Or else I'll let her go!"



## THE SULTAN OF THE EAST.



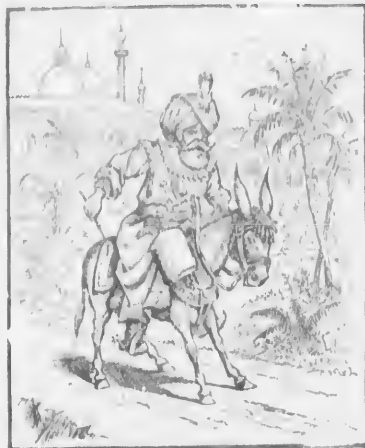
THERE was a Sultan of the East  
Who used to ride a stubborn beast;  
A marvel, of the donkey-kind,  
That much perplexed his owner's mind.  
By turns he moved a rod ahead,  
Then backed a rod or so instead;  
And thus the day would pass around,  
The Sultan gaining little ground.

The servants on before would stray  
And pitch their tents beside the way,  
And pass the time as best they might,  
Until their master hove in sight.

The Sultan many methods tried:  
He clicked, and coaxed, and spurs applied,  
And stripped a dozen trees, at least,  
Of branches, to persuade the beast.  
But all his efforts went for naught;  
No reformation could be wrought.  
At length, before the palace gate  
He called the wise men of the state,  
And bade them now their skill display  
By finding where the trouble lay.

With solemn looks and thoughts profound,  
The men of learning gathered round.

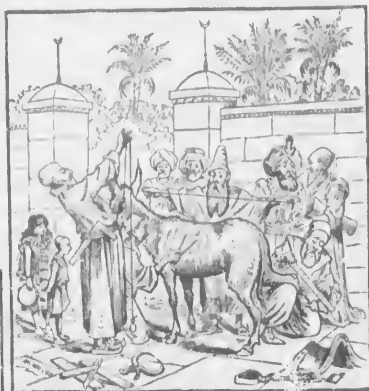




Said they: "Your Highness!  
It appears  
The beast is sound  
from hoof to ears;  
No outward blemishes we see



The beast was measured  
o'er with care;  
They proved him by  
the plumb and square,  
The compass to his ribs applied,  
And every joint by rule  
was tried;  
But nothing could  
the doctors find  
To prove him different  
from his kind



To limit action fair and free.  
Each bone is in its proper place,  
Each rib has its allotted space;  
His wind is good,  
his sinews strong,  
Throughout the frame  
there's nothing wrong.

In view of this, the fact is plain  
The mischief lies within the brain.  
Now, we suggest, to stop his tricks,  
A sail upon his back you fix,  
Of goodly size, to catch the breeze  
And urge him forward where you please."

The Sultan well their wisdom praised ;  
Two masts upon the beast were raised,  
And, schooner-rigged from head to tail,  
With halliards, spanker-boom, and sail,  
In proper shape equipped was he,  
As though designed to sail the sea!

And when the Sultan next bestrode  
That beast upon a lengthy road,  
With favoring winds, that whistled strong  
And swiftly urged the craft along,  
The people cleared the track with speed ;  
And old and young alike agreed  
A stranger sight could not be found,  
From side to side the province round.

