

HONEY BLOSSOMS FOR LITTLE BEES

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Honey Blossoms for Little Bees by E. O. Jenkins

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E. O. JENKINS

**HONEY BLOSSOMS
FOR LITTLE BEES**

HONEY BLOSSOMS

FOR

LITTLE BEES.

New York:

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506 Broadway.

1888.

EWB



FRANK'S TUMBLE.

INTRODUCTION.

NEW YEAR'S EVE AT HOME.

“**W**HOSE home, mother?” some little boy or girl may ask. I will tell you. The pleasant home of Mr. Lawton. “Who *is* Mr. Lawton, mother? and *where* does he live?” the same little one may ask. Mr. Lawton is a dear, kind father, and he lives, most of his time, just perhaps as your father does, in a great, dusty, gloomy-

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looking warehouse, somewhere *down town*, as we New York people say; but his *home*, where his *heart's treasures* are hoarded, and where he goes at the close of each day, for rest, and loving words, and welcoming kisses, lies in quite another part of this beautiful great city; and if you want to get a peep at it, you shall see whether it is any thing like your own beautiful home.

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CHAPTER I.

“**W**HETHER, may we get up just as early as we have a mind to-morrow morning, and come to your door, and wish you a happy new-year?”

“Yes, Charlie, you may get up before the sun if you like, Fanny

and Walter, and Eddie and you, and for half an hour I will allow you to shout, and laugh, and make just as much noise as you please through the house until we are all fairly awake."

"Oh that's a dear mother; thank you, mother. Come, Fanny, let's see who will get to the top of the stairs first."

Charlie Lawton's mother went every night with her children to their little beds, for she knew (as

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all mothers know, who love to get acquainted with their little boys and girls) that when the day is ended, and the hour comes for them to rest their tired feet, and their laugh is hushed, and the pillow feels *so* soft, and the covering *so* warm, that they often think of something they wish to tell her, which all day long they had saved *just* for her, or perhaps they would like to ask her a question they could not ask any one