

SECOND SERIES OF  
AUNT MAJOR'S PICTURE BOOKS  
FOR  
LITTLE READERS.

THE THREE BEARS.



London:  
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND CO., FARRINGDON STREET;  
NEW YORK: 18, BEEKMAN STREET.

PRICE SIXPENCE.



## THE THREE BEARS.



A pret-ty lit-tle girl once liv-ed in a Coun-try place and the Vill-age peo-ple call-ed her Sil-ver-Locks, be-cause her curl-y hair was Shi-ning. She was a great romp and so full of play that no one could keep her qui-et at home. One day she ran off in-to the wood, to string neck-laces of the Cow-slip blos-soms, to chase the red Bees, and to pull down the branch-es of the Wild-Rose trees; and she ran here, and she ran there, and she ran every where, till at last she came to a lone-ly place, and there she saw a pret-ty house which some Bears had made, and the door was a lit-tle way o-pen, and so was the par-lour win-dow, and in-to the win-dow she peep'd and could see no-body, and sly-ly she laugh-ed to think what mis-chief she might do, and she made up her mind to go bold-ly in-to the house:— that naugh-ty lit-tle Puss! had such a way of her own.





I told you this was a Bear's house:—Three Bears liv-ed in it;—the first was the great Pa-pa Bear! as rough as a hol-ly bush, but ve-ry good na-tur-ed for all that. The se-cond was the mid-dling sized Mam-ma Bear, as smooth as a muff:—the third was a lit-tle fun-ny Brown Bear, their wee-wee Dar-ling. The house was emp-ty then, be-cause the Pa-pa Bear told Mam-ma to wash the ti-ny Bear's face and put his fine things on, that all three might have a heal-thy walk by the brook side, while the rich rab-bit soup Mam-ma Bear had made for din-ner cool-ed up-on the ta-ble in the par-lour;—so they went out a walk, and left both door and win-dow a lit-tle o-pen. The Big Bear said, "I am as hun-gry as hun-ger can be, I shall *soon* be at home a-gain!"













In the Bears' house there were on-ly two rooms, and when Sil-ver-locks went in-to the house, there was a smell of some-thing good, and she saw three Crocks of soup up-on the ta-ble—the din-ner for the three Bears:—there was a big black crock of scup for the Big Bear,—a chi-na crock of Soup for the Mam-ma Bear, and a ti-ny white crock for the least Bear of all, and to every crock there was a deep wood-en Spoon. The lit-tle girl was hun-gry, and ve-ry full of mis-chief, she threw all her flow-ers in-side the fen-der, and stood look-ing at the crocks till she made up her mind to have a meal and care for no-body, then she could run home a-gain and have such a tale to tell old Mike the Gar-den-er, as would make him laugh till Christ-mas, for he liked mis-chief, and taught her tricks I should be a-shamed of, and laugh-ed at all her naugh-ty ways, which you may be sure was not the plan to make a good child of her.





First she fell to work in a great hur-ry with the Big Bear's Soup, but it was so hot it burn-ed her mouth and throat: then she tried Mam-ma Bear's crock, but the Soup had gone cold and there was no bread in it, she did not like it at all: then she tried the ti-ny Bear's soup, and it was just hot e-nough, and had lots of white bread in it, and such rings of sliced onion, and such warm, spi-cy pep-per corns! she sat down with the Crock up-on her knees and dip-ped and dip-ped, and dip-ped and dip-ped, and eat and eat, till she had eaten all—not leav-ing one bit or drop, bread, meat, or soup for the poor lit-tle Bear, who at that very mi-nute was pull-ing his Pa-pa a-long by the Skirt of his rough Coat, and hur-ry-ing him and Mam-ma home to their din-ners.

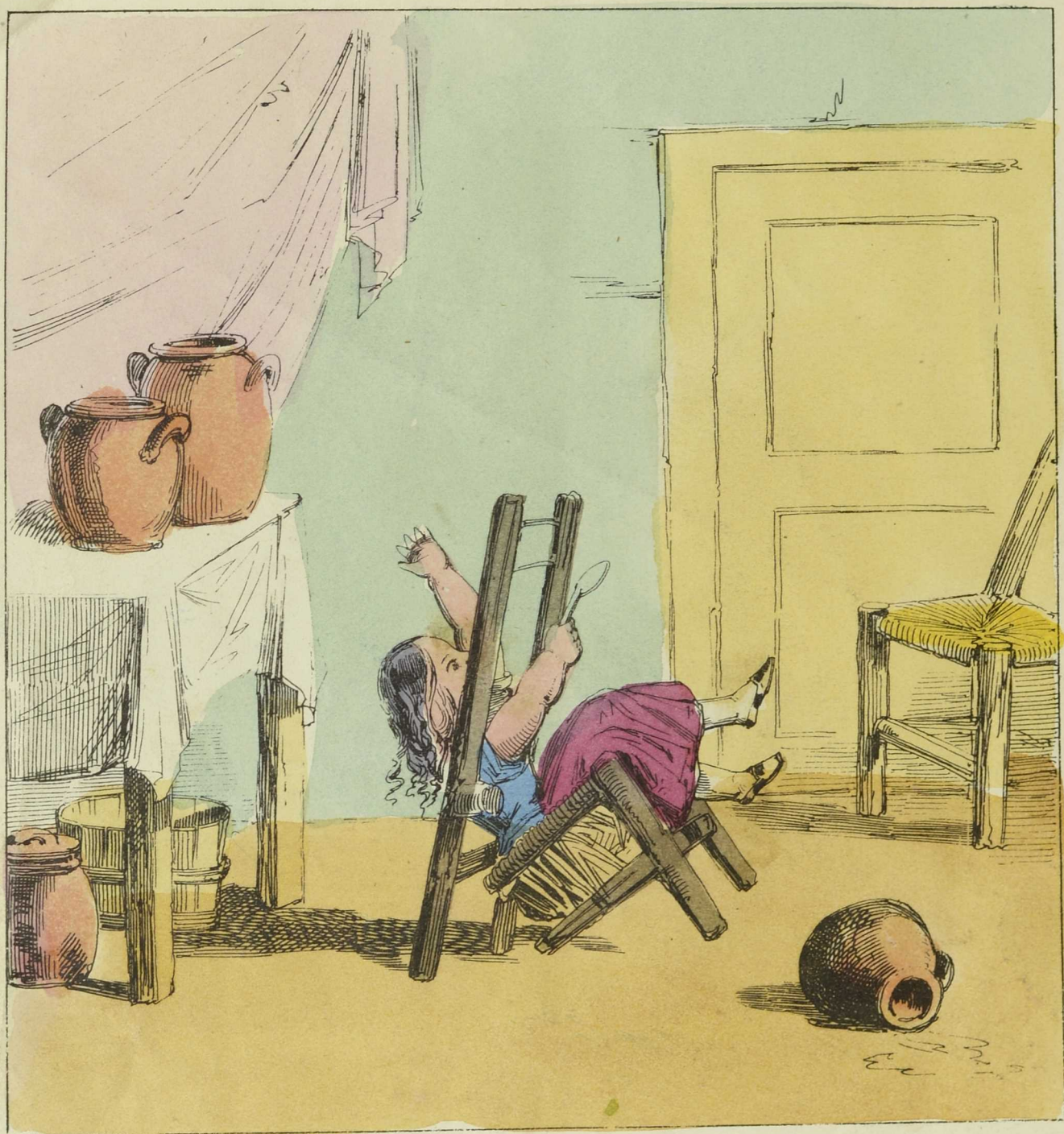












Now be-fore the lit-tle med-dle-some child sat her down, to eat up the wee-wee Bear's Soup, she saw three chairs in the room, a large oak chair for the Great Bear, a wide one with a vel-vet cush-i-on for the Mam-ma Bear, and a lit-tle chair with a rush bot-tom for the Lit-tle Bear, and she tried them all. She could not sit in the large chair, it was so hard and un-com-fort-a-ble, she could not sit in the mid-dling sized chair, it was so wide and soft, but the lit-tle rush bot-tom'd chair, was just the thing, and she sat down in it, and was quite at her ease, but just as she had ta-ken the last spoon-ful of Soup, such a thing hap-pen-ed! the Bot-tom came out, and the whole chair fell to pie-ces, she had an ug-ly way of rock-ing her-self on chairs, so the Soup crock and the lit-tle girl tum-bled on the floor at the same time: the chair was hurt, but the crock and the lit-tle girl were not hurt, so she dan-ced round the bro-ken chair, and was quite a-mus-ed.





Now the lit-tle bu-sy-bo-dy be-gan to won-der where the Stairs could lead to, and up stairs she went in-to the Bed-room, where the Bears used to sleep, and there were three beds side by side.—There was a large bed for the Big Bear, a mid-dling sized bed for the mid-dling sized Bear, and a ti-ny bed for the wee-wee dar-ling:—So she thought she would rest her-self and lie down in a bed:—She took off her shoes, and jump-ed on to the lar-gest bed, but it was made so high at the top that she could not sleep, and she tried the next bed, but that was too high at the feet, but the lit-tle Bear's bed suit-ed her ex-act-ly, so she put her cheek deep in-to the soft pil-low, and watch'd the wood bine nod-ding in at the bro-ken win-dow pane, and the blue-fly buz-zing and blun-der-ing in the cur-tain, and she lis-ten-ed to the old brass-faced clock tick-ing a-gainst the Sun-ny wall of the Cham-ber, till she went fast a-sleep, and dream-ed a dream se-ver-al times o-ver, but she laugh-ed in her sleep be-cause the dream was all a-bout the bro-ken Chair !













The Bears came home ve-ry tired and went to their Soup, "Oh! Oh!" cried the Big Bear, "who has been to *my* Soup?" "Mer-cy me!" cried the Mam-ma Bear, "who has med-dled with *my* Soup, and spil-led it all about?" But when the lit-tle Bear saw his emp-ty crock up-on the ground, he bit his ve-ry paws for grief, and said with his ti-ny voice, "who has been to *my* Soup, and eat-en it all up?" Then the Big Bear with a voice like thun-der, said, "who has been in *my* chair and put it out of its place?" and the mid-dling siz-ed Bear cried, "Look! who has been sit-ting in *my* chair and left the cush-ion all a-wry?" but the Little Bear was very an-gry in-deed, and he sob-bed and cried, "who has been sit-ting in *my* lit-tle chair, and bro-ken it down to the ground?" "There's some-one in our house Pa-pa; some one up stairs, Mam-ma, and I'll go see." And up stairs they all went snuf-fing and grun-ting pret-ty loud-ly. "Oh! Oh!" said the Great Bear, "some one has been on *my* bed and turn-ed *my* pil-low a-way!" and "Dear me!" said the Mam-ma Bear, "some one has been in *my* bed, and tur-ned the co-ver-let all the way down!"





The Lit-tle Bear mount-ed a stool and jump-ed on to the foot of his own small bed. "Some one has been to *my* bed," he cried, "and here she is! and here she is." And he open-ed his mouth and look-e-d as fierce and as wick-ed as could be: now if you went to Mam-ma's look-ing Glass in the morn-ing and in-stead of see-ing your-self, you saw an old Bogie! grin-ning at you with a mouth full of fire, you would feel as the lit-tle Girl did when she woke from her dream and found her-self nose to nose with the an-gry lit-tle Bear; and was she not a-fraid when she saw two more Bears in the room? She thought, " Shall I lie still and be eaten up to my very Stays; Oh dear no:—I should *think* not!" The Great Bear had o-pen-ed the win-dow, so she slid-ed off the bed, took one jump at the win-dow, and drop-ped up-on the turf be-low; she rol-led o-ver and o-ver a good while, but up she got for she saw the three Bears at the win-dow, and they made a great noise. In a quar-ter of an hour she was safe at home, but she had such a Scold-ing for her pains. You see this lit-tle Girl was near-ly eaten by Bears be-cause she would touch things which did not be-long to her.



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