

THE
BUTTERFLY'S
"AT HOME"

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“AT HOME”



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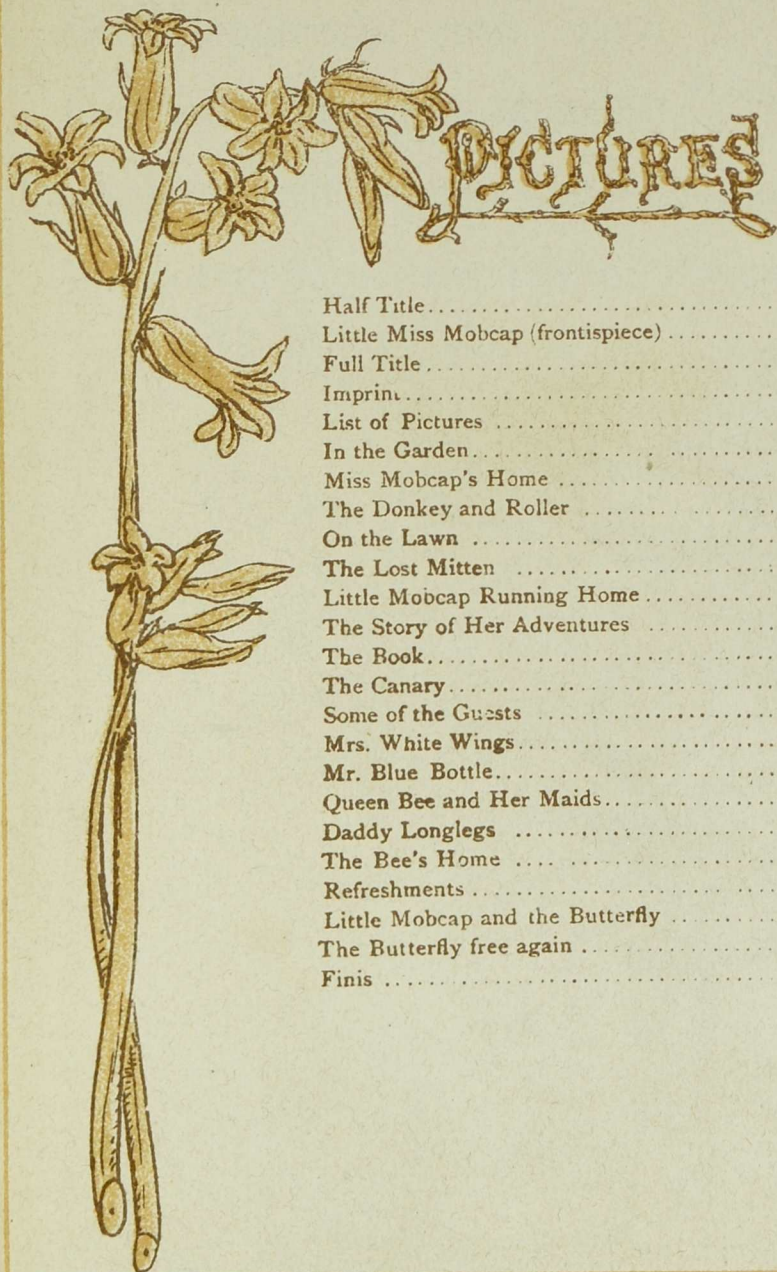
BY
MABEL.
ILLUSTRATED
WITH 24 PICTURES IN COLOURS
BY
GEORGE LAMBERT.

Little Miss Mobcap caught 'n her hand
A beautiful Duchess from Butterfly Land,
But thanks to the pleading of little Miss May
She lifted the glass and Her Grace flew away.

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Frank & Singer
Chromatidographers
15, Holborn Viaduct
E.C. 1



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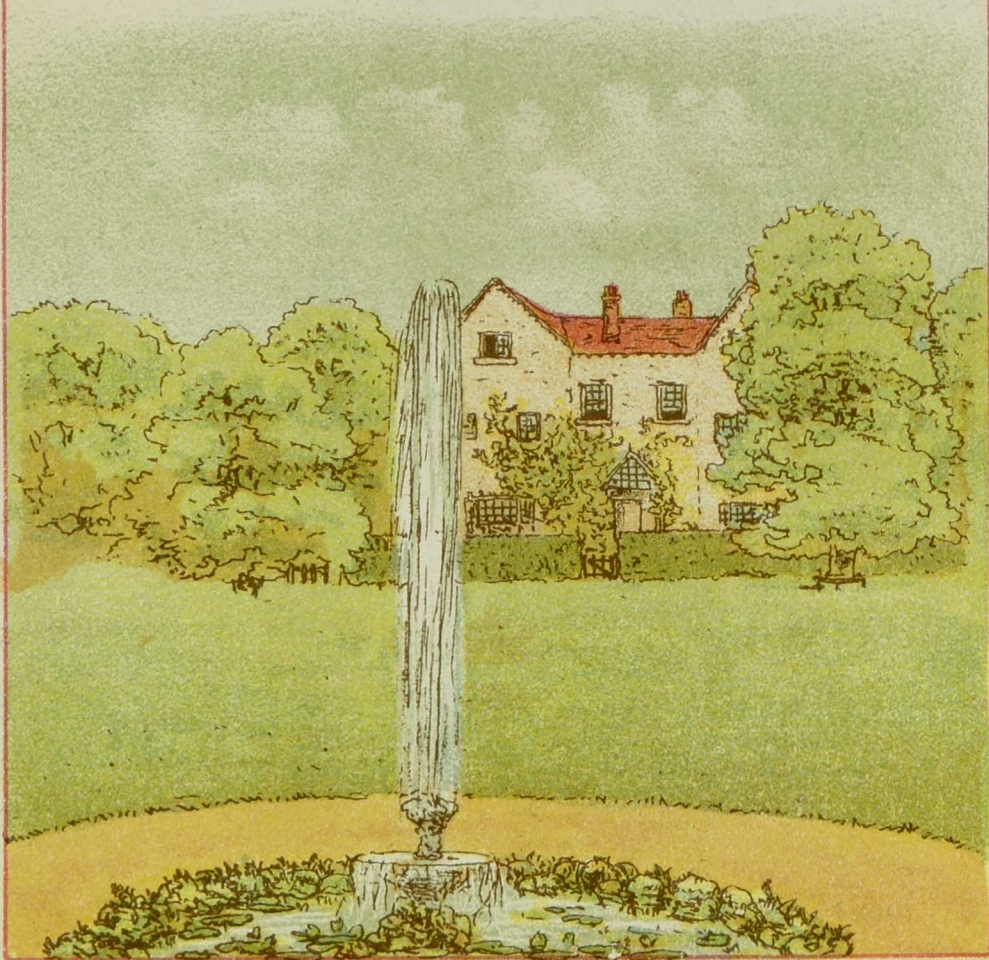
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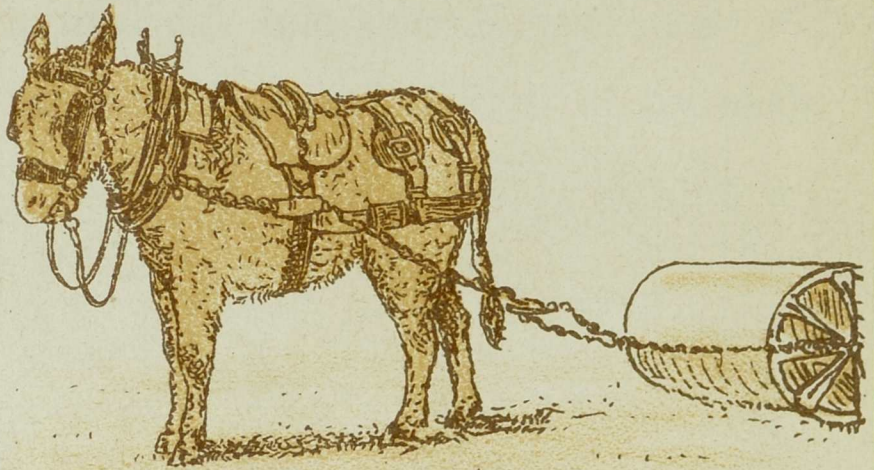
very fine afternoon, little
Miss Mobcap took her book
and sunshade out on the lawn and
seated herself in the garden chair to read.





was a very interesting book, the last present she had received from her Aunt Marian, and she became so absorbed in it that John and the donkey





passing to and fro with the roller did not disturb her, and she did not notice her sunshade fall and roll away, nor feel herself slipping out of her chair on to the lawn.



BUT that was nothing new, and she had a very funny notion that she could understand what she read better in that position than in any other.

How long she stayed there she did not know, but when she went in to tea she was in a great state of excitement, and presented a very untidy appearance as she came into the room. Her little cap was hanging down her back, her apron was torn, she had lost one of her mittens, and her little shoes



were covered with dust, as if she had been walking for many miles.



WHEN she had recovered her
breath she gave her
elder sister and little brother a
full account of her afternoon's adventures,

as follows:—



I WAS lying on the lawn just now reading the book Aunt Marian gave me, when a lovely butterfly came floating just over me and seemed as if it wanted to attract my attention. I tried to catch it, but when I stretched out my hand it flew away and then came back again as if it were playing, catch-me-if-you-can. Presently, it flew away in the direction of the summer-house and I left my book, ran



after it, and found it hovering over the flowers in a very dignified manner, peeping into this blossom, then into that, until it had satisfied itself that all was right, then it came close to me and I put out my hand to coax it into it, as we do the canary, and to my surprise it settled on my finger and arranged its beautiful velvet-like wings, seem-

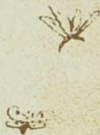


ing very proud of its stately appearance. I really think it must have been a Duchess in Butterfly Society, and, do you know, it actually spoke to me and told me it was its afternoon 'At Home,' and as it was such a lovely day it hoped to entertain a large party.





as soon as it had finished its toilet on my finger, it flew to the flowers again.



a very little while another butterfly arrived and was announced as Miss Whitewings. She looked like a little fairy in her beautiful white dress.



WHEN came Mr. Blue Bottle in his usual coat of many colours, and immediately after him Miss Fly, whose pretty transparent wings and winning manner secured the admiration of the guests.



HER SUPREME MAJESTY QUEEN BEE

with her Maids of Honour came next.

The Venerable Father Longlegs arrived rather late, but still he was able to display





his noted dancing abilities to those guests who had not already taken their departure. Mr. Blue Bottle gave a song which was highly applauded by the clapping of wings; after that the Maids of Honour

all sang and danced together, while
the Queen explained the wonders of her
dominions to the company and begged
they would pay her a
visit at

‘The Hive.’



THE hostess had been very thoughtful in the selection and arrangement of refreshments in different parts of the garden. A nice plateful of strawberries and some cream afforded great pleasure to Mr. Blue Bottle and Miss Fly. There were plenty of flowers for Queen Bee and her attendants, some cabbages for Miss Whitewings, besides numerous other dainties to suit different tastes.



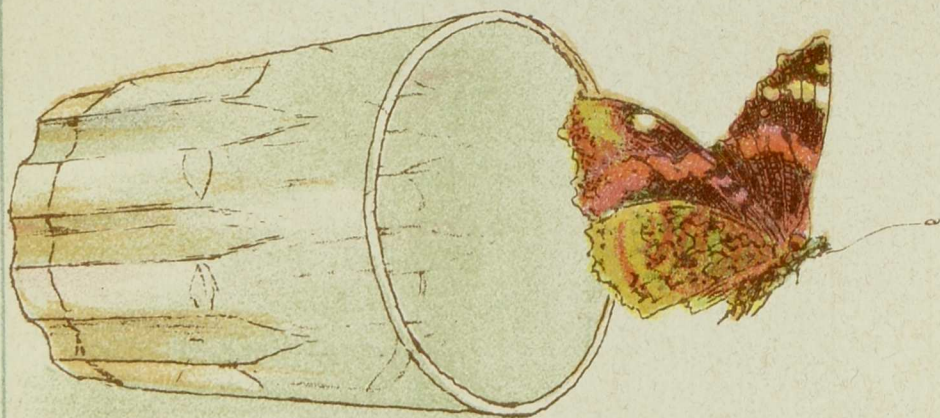


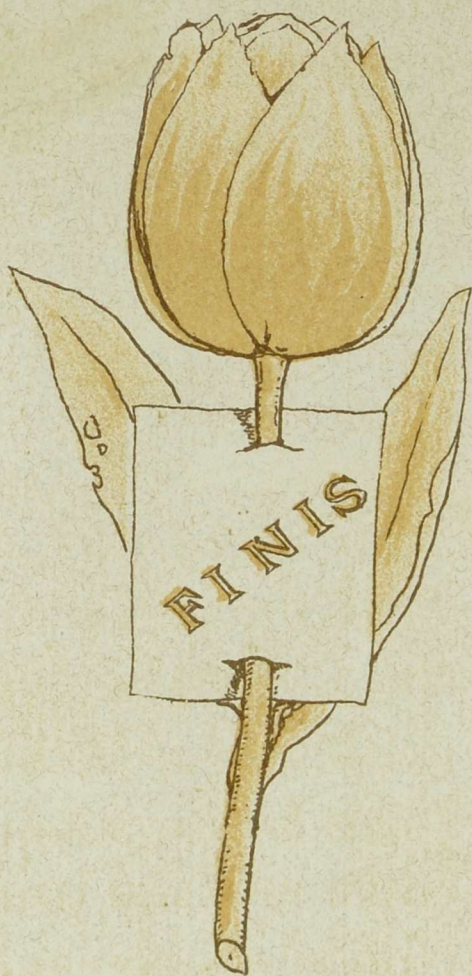
WHEN

they had all bidden their
adieux the Duchess flew
away, but I was determined to catch
her and put her under a glass and keep
her. After running a long, long, way I
managed to secure her, and if you will
come with me you shall see her. She is
such a beauty!"



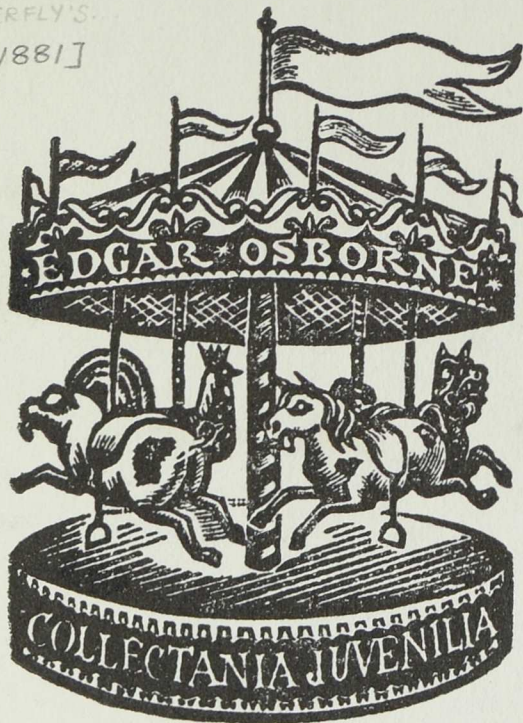
away went little Miss Mobcap
dragging her sister and brother
with her to see the wonderful Butterfly
Duchess, but she was greatly disappointed
when May told her how cruel it was to
shut the poor creature up, and at last she
lifted up the glass and the pretty prisoner
flew off into the garden again.





SA (104)
MABEL
BUTTERFLY'S
[ca. 1881]

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A vintage illustration of a young girl with long blonde hair, wearing a white dress with a red sash and a large red bow in her hair. She is sitting on a green lawn, reaching out towards a large butterfly with brown, red, and yellow wings. To her left is a yellow basket filled with red and white roses. In the sky, there are three other butterflies: a white one with black spots, a small red and black one, and a large white one. The background is a light blue sky. The title 'THE BUTTERFLY'S AT HOME' is written in large, stylized letters across the bottom right of the scene.

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