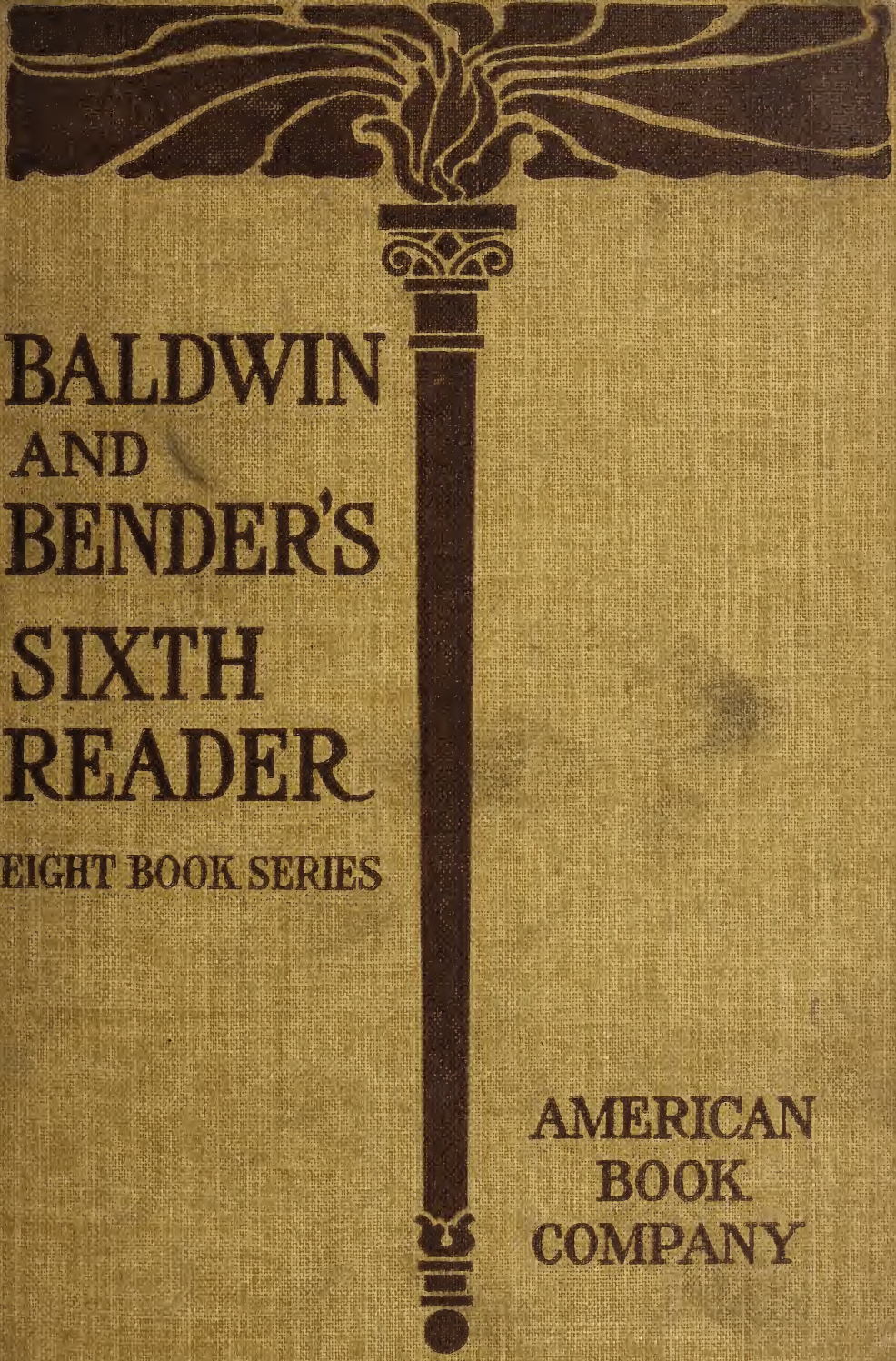

BALDWIN AND BENDER'S SIXTH READER

EIGHT BOOK SERIES

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

Cynthia and Lord Cornwallis

(See page 89)

SIXTH READER

BY

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B. & B. SIXTH READER.

W. P. 1

TO THE TEACHER

THE design of this series of School Readers is to help children to acquire the art and the habit of reading well — that is, of interpreting the printed page in such manner as to give pleasure and instruction to themselves and to those who listen to them. The selections throughout have been chosen with reference both to their literary and educative value and to their fitness for practice in expressive oral reading. All the lessons in this volume are easily within the comprehension of pupils in the lower grammar grades of the public schools.

The features which characterize and distinguish the preceding numbers of the series are continued in this book, and need not be again enumerated. In addition to their chief design, already mentioned, these features are intended to aid in the accomplishment of several desired ends; to cultivate a taste for the best style of literature as regards both thought and expression; to point the way to an acquaintance with good books; to appeal to the pupil's sense of duty, and strengthen his desire to do right; to arouse patriotic feelings and a just pride in the achievements of our countrymen; and incidentally to add somewhat to the learner's knowledge of history and science and art.

The pupils are now prepared to study with some

degree of care the peculiarities of style which distinguish the different selections in the present volume. Hence, while due attention must be given to the study of words and the systematic practice of expressive reading, considerable time should be occupied in observing and discussing the literary contents, the author's manner of narrating a story, of describing an action or an appearance, of portraying emotion, of producing an impression upon the mind of the reader or the hearer. The pupils should be encouraged to seek for and point out the particular passages or expressions in each selection which are distinguished for their beauty, their truth, or their peculiar adaptability to the purpose in view. The habit should be cultivated of looking for and enjoying the admirable qualities of any literary production, and particularly of such productions as are by common consent recognized as classical.

The notes under the head of "Expression," which follow many of the lessons, are intended to assist in securing correctness of pronunciation and enunciation, a clear understanding of what is being read, and the intelligible and pleasing oral rendering of the printed page. These notes should be carefully studied by both teacher and pupils.

The selections to be memorized are such as have been recommended and required by the departments of education in New York state and elsewhere. They should not be disregarded until the end, but should be studied and spoken at appropriate times throughout the year.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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SIXTH READER

GOLDEN CLOUD [1]

I. The Two Friends

Daniel Taylor was a poor boy, and he was lame. By a sad accident both of his legs were badly broken when he was but a little fellow. Had he lived to be as old as Methuselah, his legs would have been as useless to him all through his long life as if they had been blades of the tenderest grass. So, as Daniel had to depend upon artificial supports, he began to use crutches almost before he had learned to toddle.

Because of his lameness he was not able to run about as other boys did, and therefore he turned his attention to a pair of canaries which were a part of the Taylor household.

In course of time the birds grew to be very fond of Daniel, and he taught them such pretty tricks that good-natured neighbors made him presents of other birds, such as a linnet, or a lark, or a pair of bullfinches, until he had gathered about him a small collection of feathered younglings. He was himself so

[1] By B. L. Farjeon, an English novelist (1833–1903).

gentle and amiable that with these companions his life was as happy as life could be.

Daniel did not mope or fret because his legs were useless, and because he was compelled to use crutches, but, on the contrary, he loved his wooden props.

There are few boys in the world who are without their boy friends. Daniel's friend was named Joshua, but Daniel called him "Jo." It was not quite right for Joshua, he said, but Jo sounded better. And so it did from Daniel's lips.

As they grew in years, the tie that united the two boys was strengthened until a very perfect and unselfish love was established between them. Each boy had his particular fancy: Joshua's was music, and Daniel's was birds.

"I wish your legs were like mine, Dan," said Joshua.

"It's no use wishing," replied Dan. "You know what mother says, 'It takes all sorts of people to make a world.'"

"Sound legs and broken legs? Eh, Dan?"

"Yes," answered Dan, merrily, "and long ones and short ones, and thick ones and thin ones. Besides, if I had the strongest and biggest legs in the world, I don't think I should be happier than I am."

"But wouldn't you like to be a hero, as I am going to be?" asked Joshua.

"We can't all be heroes. You go and fight with lions; I will stop and play with birds. I could not tame lions, but I can tame birds."

Dan was fond of speaking about lions, because his name was Daniel; and many and many a time had he

and Joshua read the wonderful story of Daniel in the lions' den.

"There was a hero for you!" exclaimed Joshua. "I wonder what made him so brave."

"Because he was doing what he knew to be right," replied Dan; "and because he was not afraid to speak the truth. I am not a bit brave," continued Dan; "that is because I am lame, perhaps. If I were thrown into a lion's den, I should die of fear, I am sure I should; but if I were thrown into a bird's cage, full of strange birds, I should make friends with every one of them, and they would come and eat out of my hand in no time."

II. Training the Birds

Dan, indeed, was wonderfully learned about birds and their habits, and he possessed a strange power over them. He could train them to do almost anything. And bear this in mind, he used no cruel means in his training of them. What he taught them he taught through kindness, and they obeyed him from love and not from fear. The nature of his own suffering, which made his life a quiet one, sharpened his mind, and brought him a surprising patience. If it had been otherwise, he never could have trained the birds so thoroughly. Whatever they were, — blackbirds,

linnets, larks, bullfinches, canaries, — they were one and all his willing slaves, and performed the tasks he set them with their best ability.

Give Dan any one of these birds, and in a few weeks it would hop upon his fingers, dance at his whistle, come at his call, fall dead upon the table, and jump up again at a given signal as lively as a cricket.

He made little carts for them to draw, little swords for them to carry, little ladders for them to climb up, little guns for them to fire off, little houses for them to go into and come out of.

It was a sight worth seeing, to watch them go through their performances. The dead bird would lie on its back on the table, and watch cunningly out of a corner of the left eye for the signal to come to life again. The family birds would go into the house, and presently their heads would pop out of the chimneys as if to see what sort of weather it was. One of the company would hop upon the cart, in which a gun was fixed, and touch a slip of wood, which, in some mysterious way, would cause the gun to go off. Then the bird would jump briskly down and place its head in a ring in the shafts and hop away to another battlefield to fire off the gun again.

Two military birds would march up and down in front of the house, holding little wooden swords in their beaks,

as if to say, "Approach if you dare!" The climbing bird would hop up the steps of the ladder, and then hop down again triumphantly, as if it had performed a feat of which any bird might be proud.

It was pleasant to see and know that the birds enjoyed the fun and delighted in it. Of course there were hitches in the performances. Occasionally the birds were dull or obstinate, but as a rule they were tractable and obedient. Even if they did sometimes bungle their tricks, they might very well be excused, for they were feeble creatures after all.

So Dan passed his time innocently, and loved his pets and his pets loved him. Joshua grew to love them, too. He learned all their pretty little vocal tricks, and could imitate the different languages of the birds in such a wonderful manner that they would stop and listen to his warbling, and could answer him with joyful notes of their own.

When the boys were in a merry mood, they and the birds would join in a concert which was almost as good as the scraping of fiddles and the playing of flutes.

Sometimes, in the evening, Joshua would play soft music on an old accordion. As soon as he sounded the first note, the birds would hop upon the table and stand in line, with their heads inclined on one side,

listening to Joshua's simple melodies. They would not flutter a feather of their little wings for fear they should disturb the harmony of sound.

There was one canary which the boys had named Golden Cloud. It was one of the two canaries that Dan had first trained, and for this reason was a special favorite with the lads.

Dan used to declare that Golden Cloud understood every word he spoke to it. Certainly it was a fact that Golden Cloud was a bird of superior intelligence. The other birds were of that opinion also, or they would not have accepted its leadership.

When they marched, Golden Cloud was at the head of them, and very proud it appeared to be of its position. When the performances took place, Golden Cloud was the first to commence. If anything very particular was to be done, Golden Cloud was intrusted with it; and if any new bird was disobedient, it was the duty of Golden Cloud to assist Dan in bringing that bird to its senses.

The birds did not envy Golden Cloud because it had reached a position higher than their own. This fact was as clear as it was astonishing to any one who enjoyed the happy privilege of being present now and then at the performances of Dan's clever troupe.

Even when old age crept upon it, the same respect

was shown to the leader of the company. Its sight grew dim, its legs grew scaly, its feathers grew ragged. What matter? Had it not been kind and gentle to them when in its prime? Should they not be kind and gentle to it now that Time was striking it down? And was it not, even in its decrepitude, the wise bird of them all?

Although it grew more and more shaky every hour, the old sense of duty was strong in the heart of Golden Cloud, and it strove to take part in the performances to the last. Golden Cloud had learned the lesson that to try always to do one's duty is the sweetest thing in life. In that respect, it was wiser than many human beings who should have been wiser than it.

It was a melancholy sight, yet a comical one, to see Golden Cloud lift a sword with its beak, and try to hold it there, and hop with it at the head of the company. It staggered here and there, and, being almost blind, sometimes hit an inoffensive bird across the beak. This would cause some confusion for a moment, but everything was set right as quickly as could be. The other birds bore with patience Golden Cloud's weakness, and made its labor light for it.

The saucy tomtit, with its crown of blue, was the

most refractory pupil in Dan's company. It would turn heels over head in the midst of a serious lesson, it would hop and twist about, and disturb its more steady companions with its restless tricks. Yet even this reckless bird was subdued and tamed by Golden Cloud's firmness, and assisted the veteran in its old age.

III. A Day of Sadness

One evening Joshua came round to Dan's room later than usual. He found Dan in tears.

"What is the matter, Dan?" asked Joshua.

Dan made no reply.

"Do your legs hurt you, Dan?" asked Joshua, tenderly.

Dan shook his head, but uttered no sound.

Joshua thought it best not to tease his friend with any more questions. He knew that Dan would tell his grief soon, so he took his accordion on his knee and began to play very softly. As he played, a canary in a mourning cloak came out of the loghouse; another canary in a mourning cloak followed; then a bullfinch, and then another bullfinch; then the tomtits and the linnets; and last, the blackbirds, — all in mourning cloaks.

The nimble fingers of Dan's sister Ellen had made

these little black cloaks for the birds that day out of a piece of the lining of an old frock.

At the sight of the first canary, with its black cloak on, Joshua was filled with astonishment; but when bird after bird followed and ranged themselves solemnly in line before him, he solved the riddle of their strange appearance. He missed the presence of one familiar friend; the birds were in mourning for the death of Golden Cloud.

They seemed to know that they had lost a friend, and that they were about to pay the last tribute of respect to one who had been their guide and master.

The bullfinches, with their crimson breasts hidden by the cloaks, looked like blackbirds in mourning, and the amiable linnets, shy as they generally were, were more quiet and sad than usual. Even the daring blackbirds were subdued, with the exception of one, who struck up a shrill whistle, but seeing the eyes of the tomtit fixed upon it, with an air of reproach, stopped in sudden remorse.

Ellen had made a white shroud for Golden Cloud. It was both quaint and mournful to see the dead canary as it lay in its little coffin, surrounded by the mourners in their black cloaks. They stood quite still, as if they were waiting for orders from their dead leader.

Joshua, with a glance of sorrow at the coffin, said, "Your money box, Dan!"

"I wish I could have buried it in a flowerpot, Jo," replied Dan, suppressing a sob.

"Why didn't you?"

"I didn't have one, so I used my money box."

"But you would rather have a flowerpot, Dan?"

"I should have liked a flowerpot above all things. It seems more natural for a bird. Something might grow out of it; something that Golden Cloud would like, even if it was only a blade of grass."

Joshua ran out of Dan's room, and soon returned with a flowerpot, in which a little plant was growing. He was almost breathless with excitement.

"It is mine, Dan," he said. "I bought it with my own money; and it shall be Golden Cloud's coffin."

Joshua then carefully lifted the flower roots from the pot, and placed Golden Cloud in the soft mold beneath. A few tears fell from Dan's eyes into the flowerpot as he looked for the last time upon the form of his pet canary. And Joshua replaced the flower roots, and Golden Cloud was ready for burial.

"Play something, Jo," said Dan. Joshua took his accordion in his hands, and played a slow, solemn march. The birds, directed by Dan, hopped gravely around the flowerpot.

"I don't know where to bury it," said Dan, when this ceremony was completed. "Our yard is covered with flagstones, and if it were buried there, the flowers could not grow."

"There is a little bit of garden in our yard, Dan," said Joshua. "I can bury it there, if you do not mind. It is only five yards away, and the flowers will grow there."

Dan consented, and Joshua took the flowerpot, and in the center of what he called his garden they buried Golden Cloud.

EXPRESSION: Read the entire story silently. Re-read it aloud, paragraph by paragraph. Discuss the title of the whole story; of each part. Repeat the first part, paragraph by paragraph. In each paragraph find a sentence that tells clearly what the paragraph treats of. Read the conversation on page 12. Observe with special care the use of the paragraph in this conversation.

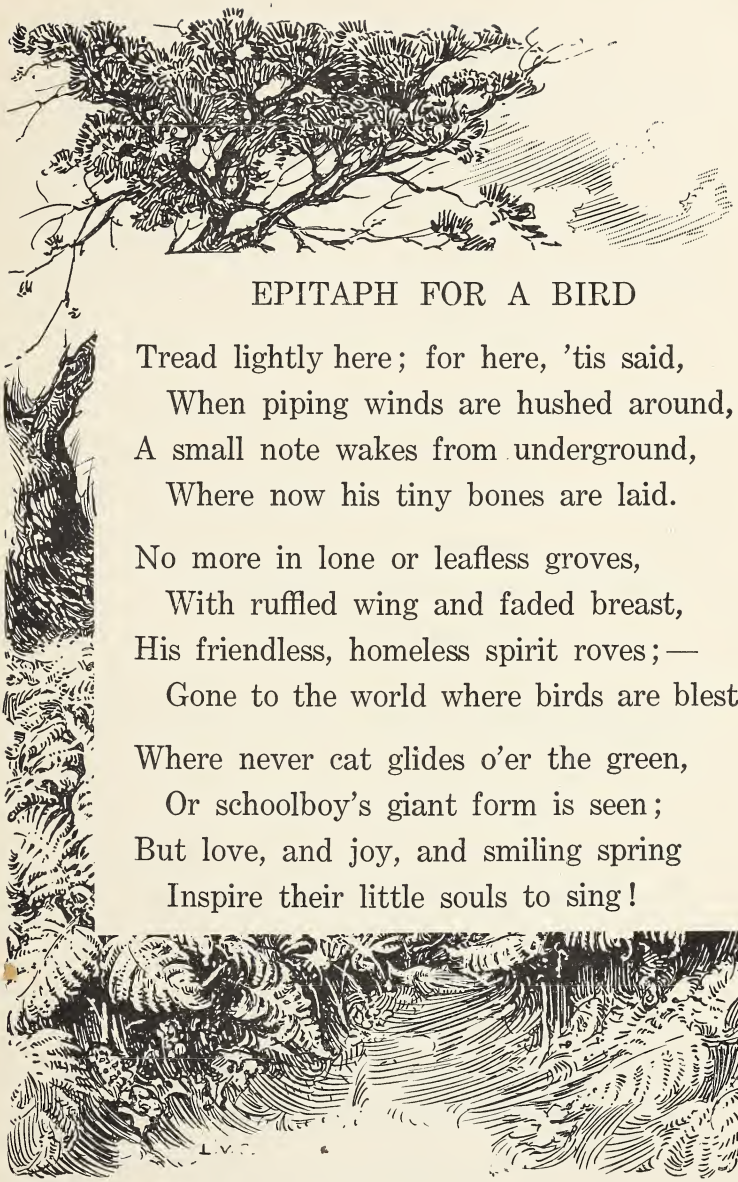
On page 18, find a statement worthy of remembrance.

Select from the quotations on page 21 a statement, a question, and an exclamation. Show the most expressive way of reading these quotations.

WORD STUDY: Look in the dictionary for *ob'stĭ nate, trac'ta ble, priv'i lege, de crep'ĭ tude, cer'e mo ny.*

Me thu'se lah, an ancient patriarch, said to have lived to the age of nine hundred and sixty-nine years.

troupe (pronounced *troop*), a company of players.



EPITAPH FOR A BIRD

Tread lightly here; for here, 'tis said,
When piping winds are hushed around,
A small note wakes from underground,
Where now his tiny bones are laid.

No more in lone or leafless groves,
With ruffled wing and faded breast,
His friendless, homeless spirit roves;—
Gone to the world where birds are blest!

Where never cat glides o'er the green,
Or schoolboy's giant form is seen;
But love, and joy, and smiling spring
Inspire their little souls to sing!

LITTLE BELL[1]

Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray,
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he —
"What's your name? It surely must be told,
Pretty maid with clustering curls of gold." —
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
And tossed aside her gleaming, golden locks.
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before you go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped: you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird —
Full of quips and wiles;
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour
His full heart out, freely o'er and o'er
'Neath the morning skies,

[1] By Thomas Westwood, an English poet (1814–1888).

In the little childish heart below,
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the blue, bright eyes.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern, —
"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return;
Bring me nuts," quoth she.
Up, away, the frisky squirrel hies, —
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes, —
And adown the tree,
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap drop, one by one —
Hark! how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell!" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade:
"Squirrel, squirrel, from the nut-tree shade,
Bonny blackbird, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!"
Down came the squirrel eager for his fare,
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare;
Little Bell gave each his honest share —
Ah, the merry three!

And the while these frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again
'Neath the morning skies,

In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray.
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That with happy heart, beside her bed,
Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft.
"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care.
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm; love, deep and kind,
Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee!"

THE BROKEN KITE[1]

A Play

[Oscar and Carroll are two brothers who live in the country. Timboo is a young East Indian, who has come to America to attend school and is living at the house of Oscar and Carroll. Being good-natured and intelligent, he is much liked by the boys, and has a great deal of influence over them. The scene of the story is the garden at the home of Oscar and Carroll. Timboo is at work spading the ground and whistling merrily.]

Timboo [*looking up from his work*]. There they come again with some dispute to be settled. I wonder which one is to blame this time.

[*Enter* Oscar *and* Carroll.

Oscar. Just see, Timboo! See how Carroll has tangled up my twine.

Carroll. See, Timboo! Just see how Oscar has broken my kite.

[Timboo *raises his finger, and the boys suddenly stop.*

Timboo. Wait a moment. You didn't start exactly together. Get all ready, both of you, and when I say, "One, two, three," *begin.* You must both begin at once and talk as loud and as fast as you can.

[1] From a story by Jacob Abbott, an American writer (1803–1879).

Carroll [*vexed*]. Oh, pshaw, Timboo! You're only making fun of us, and you're always making fun of us.

Oscar. This is something serious, and we want you to settle it.

Timboo. I can't settle it till I find out about it; and I don't see how I'm ever going to find out very much.

Carroll. Why, I'll tell you.

Oscar. No, I'll tell you.

Timboo. Do you hear that? How do I know which one to listen to?

Carroll. To me!

Oscar. To me!

Timboo. Well, I don't believe that either of you is capable of telling the story.

Carroll. Why not?

Timboo. Because the one who undertakes to tell it, will tell only what is in his own favor. He will keep back everything that is in the other boy's favor. That's the way you always do.

Carroll. No, Timboo, I'll tell the whole story, and I'll tell it fair.

Oscar. So will I! So will I!

Timboo. Very well. I'll hear Carroll; but he must agree to my conditions.

Carroll. Conditions! What are they, Timboo?

Timboo. Why, if you keep back anything that is in Oscar's favor, or against yourself, you must allow me to punish you for each offense.

Carroll. How will you punish me?

Timboo. In whatever way I think best. I shall make you smart, you may depend. So you had better be honest.

Carroll. Well, I agree. I'll tell the story just as it really was, and I won't keep back anything. You see [*talking very slowly and earnestly*] — you see, Oscar wanted to go and fly my kite — no, we both wanted to go, and — so — and so — I lent Oscar the kite, and we went. Well, we went up the hill, and Oscar took the string to run with the kite, and — and — when he was running I saw that the kite was going into a tree — and I told him to stop and he wouldn't — and so the kite went into the tree, and he pulled on the string, and the kite was all torn to pieces, as you see.

Timboo. Is that all?

Carroll. Yes — I think so.

Timboo. Well, Oscar, you've heard Carroll's story. Do you think it is a full and fair statement of the case?

Oscar. No; I don't think it is.

Timboo. Very well. Tell me what he has kept back that would be in your favor. But first, let me get my black elastic punisher ready.

[*He takes out of his pocket a strong rubber band, and snaps it once or twice in the air.*

Carroll. What are you going to do with that?

Timboo. I'm going to punish you for everything in Oscar's favor that you have kept back.

Carroll. O Timboo! How are you going to punish me with that rubber?

Timboo. I'm going to snap you with it.

Carroll. Oh, but that will hurt!

Timboo. Of course it will hurt. I mean it to hurt. You agreed to be punished, didn't you? What sort of punishment would it be if it didn't hurt?

Carroll. I don't know, I'm sure.

Timboo. Now, Oscar, what have you to say? What did Carroll keep back that was in your favor?

Oscar. Well, I'll tell you. He said that he lent me the kite; but I don't think that was exactly right. He agreed to furnish the kite, if I would furnish the string; and we were to fly the kite together.

Timboo. Is that how it was, Carroll?

Carroll. Yes; but that's the same thing.

Timboo. Not at all. You told me that you lent Oscar the kite, which means that you simply let him have it as a favor. You kept back the fact that he lent you his twine at the same time. So, turn your back this way. You must have a smart snap for that.

Carroll. O Timboo! Please don't snap hard. It will hurt.

[TIMBOO *snaps him between the shoulders.* CARROLL *jumps as though hurt, and cries out.*

Carroll. Oh — oh — oh! That was too hard!

Timboo. Not a bit. It takes some pretty hard snaps to knock unfairness out of a boy when he is telling of a difficulty with others. Now, Oscar, what else did he keep back?

Oscar. He didn't say that it was his plan to fly the kite where the trees are. I wanted to stay in the field. I told him that the kite would get lodged in some tree; but he wouldn't listen to me.

Timboo. Is that true, Carroll?

Carroll. Ye-yes!

Timboo. Then, turn round here again.

Carroll. Oh, no, Timboo!

Timboo. Yes. Turn round.

Carroll. No; you've snapped me enough.

Timboo. Then you break your word. You agreed to do a thing, and now you go back on your agreement, just for fear of a little smart. [*Snaps his own knee with the rubber.*] See! Do you care a snap for your word, Carroll?

Carroll [*turning his back*]. All right, then. But please be gentle, Timboo.

[TIMBOO *snaps him again.* CARROLL *jumps and cries out as before.*

Timboo. Now, Oscar, what else did he keep back?

Oscar. Well, when the kite began to go into the tree, he called out to me, first, to run as hard as I could. Then, when the kite was tangled in the branches, he told me to stop; and I did stop as soon as I could.

Timboo. O Carroll! Worse and worse! I wish I had a bigger rubber so as to give you what you deserve.

Oscar. No, Timboo. Please don't snap him again.

Timboo. Well, if you forgive him, I'll let him off; and I may as well put my elastic punisher away.

Oscar. And what about the kite and the twine?

Timboo. Oh, it isn't worth while to trouble about them. When you agreed to fly the kite, you agreed as to the risks in regard to both the twine and the kite. So neither one of you should complain of the other. As soon as I have finished weeding this bed of radishes, we will go to the shop together, and untangle the twine, and make a new kite.

Oscar. Thank you, Timboo.

Carroll. Thank you, Timboo. You are very kind.

[*The boys go out, and* TIMBOO *resumes his work.*

EXPRESSION: Choose parts and read what each boy says, exactly as you think he spoke it.

A LAWYER'S OPINION

One day a farmer whose name was Bertrand went to his county town with a load of corn to sell in the market. He was very fortunate, for he soon found a buyer who paid him a much higher price for his grain than he had expected to get. So, while his horses were resting and feeding, he set out for a little stroll through the town.

As he walked down the main street, he felt very

happy and at peace with all the world. He stopped to look at the pretty things in the store windows, and at one place he bought some little presents to take home to his children. Just as he was thinking of turning back toward the market place, his eyes were attracted by a small sign in a doorway. There was nothing remarkable in the sign itself, for it was very plain and contained but three words:

SOLON WISEMAN
LAWYER

Bertrand stopped and gazed at it thoughtfully for fully two minutes. "And this is the office of the great Solon Wiseman," he said to himself. "Well, I've heard folks talk about the opinions he gives. They say that he's the greatest lawyer in the country, and that whatever he says is sure to be right. I think I'll go in and ask him for an opinion — it won't do any harm."

He climbed the narrow stairs to the offices above, and found there quite a number of people who were waiting to ask the advice of the lawyer. He had to wait for a long time, but this only made him appreciate still more the value of the lawyer's services. By and by his turn came, and he was shown into the room. Mr. Wiseman asked him to sit down, and then settling his eyeglasses on his nose so as

to get a good look at him, begged him to state his business.

The farmer twisted his hat uneasily in his hand, and stammered: "I can't say that I have any particular business, Mr. Lawyer. But I happened to be in town this morning, and I thought I couldn't do better than to come in and get an opinion from you."

"I am obliged to you for your confidence in me," said the lawyer. "I suppose you've had some trouble and are thinking about a lawsuit."

"A lawsuit!" cried Bertrand. "I should rather think not. I never had any quarrel with anybody in my life."

"Well, then, I suppose that you wish to have some family property fairly and properly divided."

"I beg your pardon, sir. My family lives with me in peace, and we have no need to think of dividing any of the property."

"Perhaps, then, you want some agreement drawn up about the sale or purchase of something."

"Not at all, sir! I am not rich enough to buy any more than I have, and I am not poor enough to be obliged to sell any."

"Then tell me, what can I do for you, my friend?"

"I should like to get an opinion from you, as I think I have already told you."

"An opinion! Please explain yourself!"

"Well, Mr. Wiseman, it's just this way. I've heard people talk so much about the value of your opinions that I think I should like to get one for my own use. I have the money to pay you for it, and I should be sorry to have to go home without it."

The lawyer looked at him and smiled. Then taking up his pen, he asked the farmer what his name was.

"Peter Bertrand," said he, quite pleased that the lawyer at last understood what he wanted.

"Your age?"

"Forty years, or somewhere about that."

"Your profession?"

"My profession! Ah, yes! You mean what do I do? I am a farmer."

The lawyer, still smiling, wrote two lines on a piece of paper, folded it up, and gave it to the farmer.

"Is that all?" asked Bertrand.

"Yes. That is an opinion."

"Well! well! It's short, but so much the better. Of course you are too busy to write much. Now, how much does that cost, Mr. Lawyer?"

"One dollar."

Bertrand paid the money, well contented, bowed to Mr. Wiseman, and went away delighted that he had got a lawyer's opinion.

When he reached home, it was four in the afternoon; he was tired with his journey, and resolved to have a good rest. It happened, however, that his hay had been cut for some days and was now quite dry; and one of his men came to ask if it should be carried into the barn that night.

"This night!" cried the farmer's wife. "Who ever heard of such a thing? Mr. Bertrand is tired, and the hay can just as well be brought in to-morrow."

The man said it was no business of his — but the weather might change, and the horses and carts were ready, and the men were wishing to know.

"Well," answered the wife, "the wind is from the west, and that doesn't mean rain. And it's so late now that you would have to work till night. No, I guess you'd better leave it till to-morrow."

Bertrand, sitting half asleep in his big chair, had heard all that was said. He was wondering what to do when he suddenly remembered the paper which the lawyer had given him.

"Stop a minute!" he cried. "I have got an opinion — an opinion that cost me a dollar. That's the thing to put us straight. Here, wife, you're a grand scholar — read it, and tell us what it says."

The wife took the paper, and with some little difficulty read these two lines: —

"Peter Bertrand, never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

"There's the very thing!" cried the farmer. "Quick! Hurry with the men and the horses and the carts, and we'll have the hay in at once."

"But, Peter, it will make supper so late," said his wife.

"What's supper when I have an opinion from a lawyer? I'm not going to pay a dollar for nothing. I'm going to follow that opinion, no matter what happens."

He hurried out to the hayfield and was the foremost in the work of loading the wagons and sending them to the barn; and not until all the hay was safely housed did he return to his home.

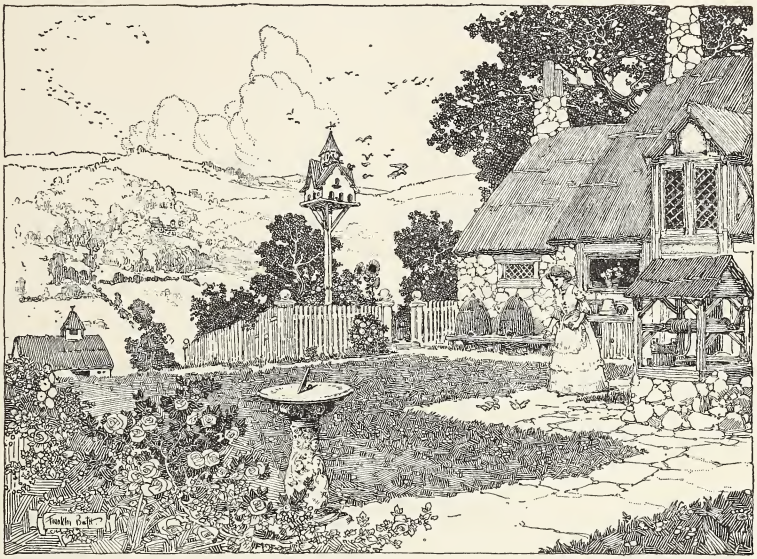
That night the weather suddenly changed. An unexpected storm arose. The rain fell in torrents, and the meadows were flooded with water. The wet weather continued, and all the farmers in the neighborhood, except Bertrand alone, lost their hay.

EXPRESSION: Talk about two chief characters in this story. Choose parts and read the conversation between the farmer and the lawyer. Read the talk between Bertrand and his wife.

What truth may be learned from this story?

Pronounce correctly: *So'lon, Ber'trand; ap pre'ci ate, con'fi dence, dif'fi cul ty, law'suit.*

MY LITTLE FARM [1]



When a little farm I keep,
I shall tend my cows and sheep,
And my pretty lambs shall fold
In deep pastures starred with gold.

On green carpets they shall tread,
Gold and purple be their bed,
Honeyed clover make their food
In a watered solitude.

And my garden places shall
Grow me fruits on tree and wall,

[1] By Katharine Tynan, a popular Irish writer.

Give me blossoms in the spring
And an autumn gathering.

Hives of honey I shall own,
Bees with drowsy monotone
Toil all day to bring me home
Heather honey at the gloam.

'Twixt the mountains and the sea
There my little farm will be, —
I shall tend my sheep and kine,
And a thankful heart be mine.

COUNTRY JOYS[1]

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But Winter and rough weather.

WORD STUDY: *heather honey,* honey from the flowers of the meadowlands, or heaths; *gloam,* twilight; *kine,* cattle.

[1] From "As You Like It," by William Shakespeare.

CATCHING CHARLIE [1]

This morning while the dew was yet on the grass, word came that Charlie was loose. Now Charlie is a most important member of the family, and as shrewd a horse as ever need be.

Lately he had found out the difference between being harnessed by a boy and a man. So it has happened several times, that as soon as the halter dropped from his head, before the bridle could take its place, Charlie has backed boldly out of the stable, in spite of the stout boy pulling with all his might at his mane and ears.

On this particular morning we were to put a passenger friend on board the cars at ten minutes past eight o'clock; it was now thirty minutes past seven.

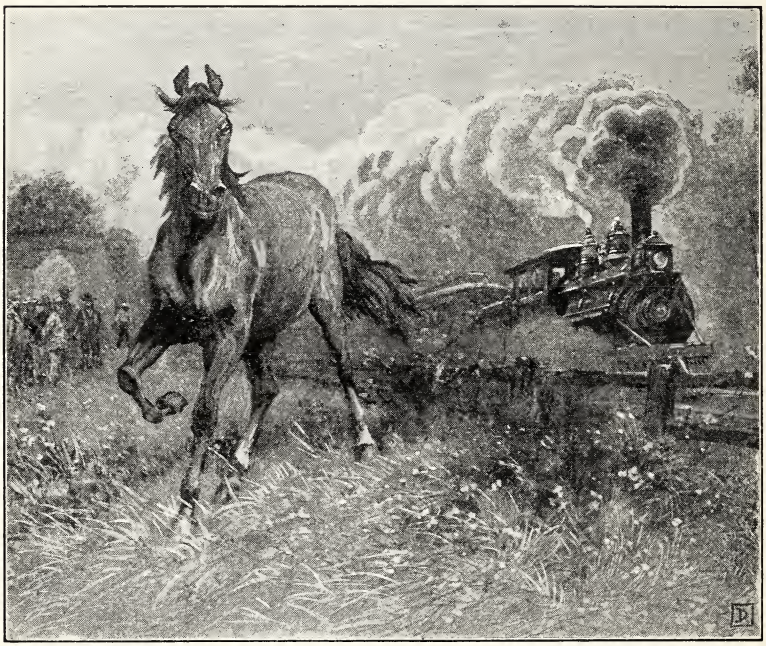
Out popped Charlie from his stall, like a cork from a bottle, and lo! some twenty acres there were in which to try his legs and ours, to say nothing of tempers.

First, the lady with a measure of oats attempted to do the thing by bribing him. Not he! He had no objection to the oats, and none to the hand until it came near his head; then off he sprang. After one or two trials we dropped the oats, and went at it in good earnest, — called all the boys, headed him off

[1] From "Star Papers," by Henry W. Beecher, an American author (1813–1887).

this way, drove him into the upper lot, and out of it again.

With great pains we got him into a corner, and he got himself out of it without the least trouble. He



would dash through a line of six or eight whooping boys with as little effort as if they had been so many mosquitoes. Down he ran to the lower side of the lot, and down we all walked after him. Up he ran to the upper end of the lot, and up we all walked after him — too tired to run.

Oh, it was glorious fun — to him! The sun was

hot, the train was coming, and we had two miles to drive to the station. He *did* enjoy it, and we did *not.*

We tried a new plan. We opened wide the great gate of the barnyard, and attempted to drive him in; and we did it, too — almost. For he ran close up to it — and then sailed past it, with a laugh as plain on his face as ever horse had.

A man is away ahead of a horse in many respects; but running on a summer day, in a twenty-acre lot, is not one of them. We got him to the brook, and while he drank — oh, how slowly! — we started up and succeeded in just missing our grab at his mane.

Now comes another splendid run. His head is up, his eyes flashing, his tail streaming out like a banner, Glancing his head this way and that, right and left, he allows us to come into the brush corner, from whence in a few moments he allows us to come out, and again follow him down to the barn.

But luck will not hold forever, even with horses. He dashed down a lane, and we had him. As soon as he saw the gate closed, and understood the state of the case, how charmingly he behaved! He permitted us to come up and bridle him without any resistance. He also showed by his conduct that it was the merest sport in the world, this seeming wrongdoing; and to him we have no doubt it was.

GENERAL LEE AND TRAVELER[1]

My father was generally accompanied by one of my sisters in his rides, whenever the weather and the condition of the roads admitted of their going. It took very severe weather to keep him in, though often he could not spare time, for during the winter months the days were very short. Whenever I was in Lexington I rode with him, and when he was prevented by any cause he would ask me to take Traveler out and give him a gallop, which I was delighted to do.

My father's affection for his horses was very deep and strong. In a letter written from the Springs one summer, to his clerk in Lexington, he says: —

"How is Traveler? Tell him I miss him dreadfully, and have repented of our separation but once — and that is the whole time since we parted."

I think that Traveler appreciated his love and sympathy and returned it as much as was in a horse's nature to do. As illustrative of this bond between them, a very pretty story was told me by Mrs. S. P. Lee.

"One afternoon in July, the General rode down to the canal-boat landing to put on board a young lady who had been visiting his daughters and was returning

[1] By Robert E. Lee, Junior, in "Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee." Traveler was the name of the general's war horse that carried him through many stirring scenes of the Civil War.

General Lee and Traveler.

home. He dismounted, tied Traveler to a post, and was standing on the boat making his adieux, when some one called out that Traveler was loose. Sure enough, the gallant gray was making his way up the road, increasing his speed as a number of boys and men tried to stop him.

"The General immediately stepped ashore, called to the crowd to stand still, and advancing a few steps gave a peculiar low whistle. At the first sound Traveler stopped and pricked up his ears. The General whistled a second time, and the horse with a glad whinny turned and trotted quietly back to his master who patted and coaxed him before tying him up again.

"To a bystander expressing surprise at the creature's docility the General observed that he did not see how any man could ride a horse for any length of time without a perfect understanding being established between them."

My sister, Mildred, who rode with him constantly, tells me of his enjoyment of their long rides out into the beautiful, restful country. Nothing seemed to delight him so much. I have often known him to give rein to Traveler and ride at full speed to the top of some long hill, then turn and wait for me, jogging along on the mare Lucy, while he called out in a merry voice, "Come along, Miss Lucy, Miss Lucy, Lucy Long!"

He would question the country people about the roads, where they came from, where they led to, and soon knew every farmer's name and every homestead in the country. He often said: —

"I wish I had a little farm of my own, where we could live in peace to the end of our days. You girls could attend to the dairy and the cows and the sheep and wait on your mother and me; for it is time now for us old people to rest and for the young people to work."

All the children in the country around were devoted to him, after they once knew him. He used to meet his favorites among the little ones on the street, and would sometimes lift them up in front of him to give them a ride on Traveler. That was the greatest treat he could provide.

Expression: Talk with your teacher about General Robert E. Lee. Learn about his family connections; his boyhood and youth; his education; his manhood; some of the important events in his life; the time and place of his death. Describe his appearance and manners.

What traits in his character are illustrated in this selection? Read with expression the passages which seem to refer to these traits.

Find and read other selections telling of the life and character of this brave man.

Refer to the dictionary for these words: *illustrative, appreciated, affection, separation, adieux, peculiar, docility, homestead, devoted.*

FARMYARD SONG[1]

Over the hill the farm boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling; —
Into the stone heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm boy goes,
Cheerily calling, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day;
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon shed stand yoke and plow;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
The cooling dews are falling; —
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,

[1] By J. T. Trowbridge, an American writer for young people.

The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cowboy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes;
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farmyard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling.
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye;
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling, —
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So! so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes;
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.

Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose;
But still in sleep the farm boy goes
Singing, calling, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

Expression: Read the poem silently, being careful to understand every sentence.

Now read aloud the lines which tell what time of day it was. Read the lines which tell what the farm boy saw.

How did the boy call the cattle? How did his call sound when he was near? How did it sound when he was "farther over the hill"?

Read the lines which describe the appearance of the farmyard. Compare the farmer's call with that of the cowboy, far away.

Read the lines describing the cattle as they come into the barnyard. Imitate the milkmaid's soothing call.

Describe the farm boy's dream; the milkmaid's dream.

Now read the entire poem aloud.

Study these words: *katydid, whinnying, milch, yearling, heifer.* Give the meaning of each.

A BIT OF GREEN[1]

Children who live always with grass and flowers at their feet, and a clear sky overhead, can have no real idea of the charm that country sights and sounds have for those whose home is in a dirty, busy town—just such a town, in fact, as I lived in when I was a boy.

My father was a doctor, and we lived in a comfortable house in a broad street. We had very little light except gaslight and daylight. The sunshine seldom found its way to us. But when it did, my sister and I always welcomed it into our nursery with the blinds rolled up to the very top.

But sunshine outside will not always make sunshine within. I remember one day when our nursery was unusually cheerful, and the windows were reflected in square patches of sunlight on the floor, I stood in the very midst of the brightness, grumbling and kicking at my sister's chair, with a face as black as a thundercloud.

Ever since I could remember, my father had taken us once a year into the country. But this year, on this very sunshiny morning, he announced at breakfast that he could not let us go to what we called our

[1] From "Melchior's Dream and Other Tales," by Juliana Horatia Ewing, an English writer for young people (1841–1885).

summer home. I was too indignant to speak, and rushed upstairs into the nursery, where my sister had also taken refuge. She was always very gentle and obedient, and now she sat rocking her doll on her knee, while I stood kicking her chair and complaining.

At last I said, "I can't think why he won't take us!"

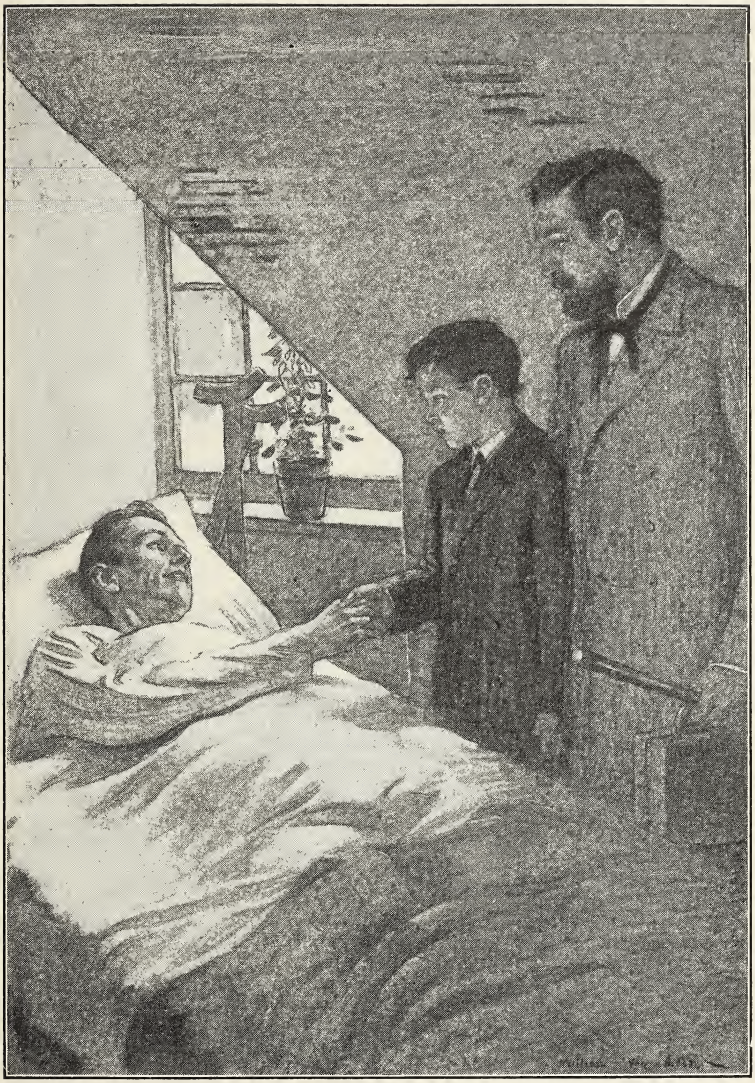
"I don't know," said my sister, timidly, "but he said something about not affording it, and about trade being bad, and he was afraid there would be great distress in the town."

"What has that to do with us?" I shouted. "Father's a doctor; trade won't hurt him."

Just then my father came into the room. The door was open, and he must have heard my last speech, but he only said, "Would any young man here like to go with me to see a patient?"

I went willingly, and we were soon in the street. Before long we left it for a narrower one, and then turned off into a dirty, dark lane, where surely the sun never shone. I had never seen anything like it before. The pathway was broken up. Children cried at the doors, and quarreled in the street, which was strewn with rags and bones and bits of old iron and shoes.

My father hurried me on as fast as he could, and we turned at last into one of the houses. We clambered up staircase after staircase, till we reached the top of



" Do you like flowers ? "

the house, and stumbled through a latched door into the garret.

I thought at first that the room was empty, but a faint "Good morning," from the corner near the window, drew my eyes that way. There, stretched on a sort of bed, lay the patient we had come to see.

He was a young man about twenty-six years old, and two crutches in the corner told that he was a cripple. His gaunt face lighted up with a glow of pleasure when my father came in. I looked around the room. There was nothing in it except the bed upon which the sick man lay, and a small table.

The window was patched with newspaper, but through the glass panes that were left, in full glory, streamed the sun, and in the midst of the blaze stood a pot of musk, in full bloom. The soft yellow flowers looked so sweet that I was lost in admiration, till I found the sick man's eyes fixed on mine.

"You are looking at my bit of green?" he said in a pleased tone.

"Do you like flowers?" I asked, coming shyly up to the bed.

"Do I like them?" he exclaimed in a low voice. "Yes, I love them well enough — well enough," and he looked fondly at the plant, "though it is long since I saw any but these."

"You have not been in the country for a long time?" I asked. I felt sad to think that he had perhaps lain there for months, without a taste of fresh air or a run in the fields.

"I never was in the country, young gentleman."

I looked at my father.

"Yes," he said, in answer to my glance. "William was born here. He got hurt when a boy, and has been lame ever since. He was never out of town, and never saw a green field."

The tears rushed to my eyes. "It is such a shame," I said. "I am very sorry for you."

The sick man's eyes turned kindly upon me, and he said: "Thank you heartily. You mean very kindly. I used to say the same thing when I was younger, and knew no better. I used to think it was very hard, but I know now how many things I have to be thankful for."

I looked around the room, and began to count the furniture — one, two, three. The many things were certainly not chairs and tables.

But he went on: "While I could work, I got good wages, and laid by a bit. So I have what will keep me while I live. And then I knew your father; and the neighbors have been very kind. I have many mercies. Who would have thought I could keep a bit of green like

that plant of mine alive in a place like this? But the sun could not come into a king's room better than it comes into mine. Indeed, indeed, I have much to be thankful for."

I ventured to ask him, "Where did you get your plant?"

He smiled. "That's a long story, but it was this way. My father died quite young, and my mother soon after, so that my brother Ben and I were left alone. But we were very fond of each other, and got on very well.

"I had plenty of work to do, weaving mats and baskets, and Ben worked at the factory.

"One Saturday night, he came home, and said there was to be a cheap trip on Monday into the country. Neither he nor I had ever been out of the town, and he had made up his mind that we must go. Well, you see, the landlord had been there that day, and had said he must have the rent by Tuesday, or he would turn us out. I had some of it laid by, and was looking to Ben's wages to make it up. But I couldn't bear to see his face pining for a bit of fresh air, and so I thought I could stay at home and work on Monday, and he need never know. So I pretended I didn't want to go, and sent him off on Monday without me.

"It was late at night when he came back. He had

flowers in his hat, and flowers in all his buttonholes. He had his handkerchief filled with hay and was carrying something under his coat.

"He began laughing, and crying, 'Eh, Bill, you have missed something. But I've brought you a bit of green, lad,' and then he lifted up his coat, and there was the plant. We did not sleep much that night. He spread the hay over the bed, for me to lay my face on, and see how the fields smelt, and then he told me all about it.

"After that, when I was tired with work, or on a Sunday afternoon, I used to say, 'Now, Ben, tell me about the country.' And he liked nothing better. He used to say that I should go, if he carried me on his back, but he took cold at work, and died three months later. I have kept the bit of green for his sake."

William was so weary with his story, that my father forbade his talking any more.

"I have another patient to see," he said, "and I will leave my son here. He shall read you a chapter or two, till I come back. He is a good reader for his age."

And so my father went. I felt very nervous when the sick man put a Bible in my hands. I wondered what I should read, but it was soon settled by his asking for certain Psalms, which I read as clearly and distinctly as I could. In a short time, I was more at ease

and read my best, with a happy sense of being useful, while the sick man lay in the sunshine, with his eyes fixed on the beloved bit of green.

By the time my father returned, the sick man and I were fast friends. As we went home, my good, kind father told me that I was nearly old enough now to take an interest in his concerns. He talked of his patients, and of the poverty and misery in some parts of the town. Finally he added that when so many were starving, he had thought it right that we should deny ourselves our yearly trip to the country, and so save the money to help the distressed.

"Don't you think so, my boy?" he concluded, as we reached the door of our comfortable — how comfortable! — home.

As I answered "Yes," my heart was too full to thank him. But when, after some months, my sister's health made a change of air to the country necessary, great was my pride and thankfulness that I was well enough to remain at the post of duty by my father's side.

EXPRESSION: While reading this story aloud, try to have the same feelings as the boy who is telling it. Select the paragraph which you think contains the most striking passage in the story. Read that passage, giving to each word and sentence its appropriate meaning.

THE STORY OF JARRO[1]

I

Takern is a pretty large lake, and in olden times it must have been still larger. The people thought that it covered entirely too much of the fertile plain, and so they set to work to drain it, hoping to sow and reap on the lake bottom. But they did not succeed in laying waste the entire lake, — which, no doubt, they intended to do, — and therefore it still hides a large extent of land. The water, however, is shallow. The shores have become marshy and muddy, and, every here and there, little mud islets stick up above the water's surface.

There once lived at Takern a wild duck named Jarro. He was a young bird, for he had lived only one summer, one fall, and one winter; and now this was his first spring. He had just returned from a visit to Africa, and had reached Takern in such good season that the ice was still on the lake.

One evening when he and other young wild ducks were racing back and forth over the lake, a hunter fired some shots at them, and Jarro was wounded in the breast. He thought that he would die; but he kept up in the air and continued flying as long as he could.

He did not care which way he flew; his only wish

[1] From "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," by Selma Lagerlöf.

was to get as far away as possible. At length his strength failed him, and he could fly no farther. He had left the lake behind him, and when he could no longer use his wings, he fluttered down to the ground. He was near the entrance to one of the big farms which border the shores of Lake Takern.

It happened that a young farm hand was just then passing that way. He saw Jarro and came and lifted him up. Jarro, who wished for nothing but to die in peace, gathered all his strength and snapped fiercely at the farm hand, to make him let go. But he did not succeed in freeing himself.

The farm hand carried him very gently into a cottage near by, and showed him to the mistress, a young woman with a pleasant face. She took Jarro in her hands, she stroked him on the back, and wiped away the blood which trickled down through the neck feathers. She looked him over very carefully; and when she saw how pretty he was, with his dark green, shining head, his white neckband, his brownish red back, and his blue wings, she must have thought that it was a pity for him to die. She promptly put a basket in order, and tucked the bird into it.

All this while, Jarro struggled and fought to get loose; but when he understood that the people didn't intend to kill him, he settled down in the basket with a sense

of pleasure. It was now evident how exhausted he was from pain and loss of blood. The mistress carried the basket across the room to place it in the corner by the chimney; but before she put it down, Jarro was already fast asleep.

In a little while the bird was awakened by some one who nudged him gently. He opened his eyes and was so dreadfully frightened that he almost lost his senses; for there stood *the* one who was more dangerous than either human beings or birds of prey. It was the long-haired dog — Caesar himself — who was nosing him in a most uncertain fashion.

Jarro had not forgotten how scared he had been last summer when he was only a little yellow duckling, at the sight of this same Caesar. When he had seen the brown-and-white spotted dog wading among the reeds in the lake, he had believed that death itself was before him. That moment had been so dreadful that he had ever since trembled at the thought of meeting Caesar face to face.

And now the fierce beast was standing right over him. "Who are you?" growled the dog. "How did you get into the house? Don't you belong among the reeds down by the lake shore?"

Jarro could scarcely muster the courage to answer. "Please, Caesar, don't be angry with me because I

came into the house," he said. "It isn't my fault. I have been wounded by a gunshot. It was your mistress herself who laid me in this basket."

"Oho! so it's the folks themselves that are taking care of you, eh!" said Caesar. "Then I suppose that they intend to cure you. For my part, I think they had better eat you up, now they have you. Still, you needn't look so scared. You are tabooed while you are in the house. This is different from Lake Takern, you know."

Then Caesar laid himself down in front of the fire. And Jarro, as soon as he had learned that there was nothing to fear, sank back into his basket and fell asleep anew.

The next time Jarro awoke, he saw that a dish with grain and water had been set before him. He was still in great pain, but he felt hungry, and began to eat. When the mistress saw that he ate, she came up and petted him. After that, Jarro fell asleep again. For several days he did nothing but eat and sleep.

One morning Jarro felt so well that he stepped from the basket and wandered along the floor. He had not gone far, however, before he began to feel faint; then he keeled over and lay quite still. Caesar saw him. He came with a bound, opened his big jaws, and grabbed the helpless bird.

Jarro and his Friends

Jarro believed, of course, that the dog was going to bite him to death; but Caesar carried him back to the basket without harming him. The poor bird knew now that he had a friend whom he could trust; and the next time that he ventured to walk on the floor, he went over to the dog and sat down beside him. Thereafter Caesar and Jarro were true comrades; and every day the duck slept for some time between the dog's paws.

But Jarro felt even greater affection for his mistress. He had not the least fear of her, but rubbed his head against her hand when she came and fed him. Whenever she went out of the cottage, he sighed with regret; and when she came back, he cried welcome to her in his own language.

Jarro wondered now that he had ever been so much afraid of dogs and human beings. He thought that they were gentle and kind, and he loved them. He wished that he were well, so that he could fly down to the lake and tell all the wild ducks that their enemies would not hurt them.

The only one in the cottage whom Jarro did not care to meet was Clawina, the house cat. She had never harmed him, but he couldn't place any confidence in her. Then, too, she was always sneering at him because he loved human beings.

"You think they are fond of you," said Clawina.

"Just wait till you're fat enough. Then they'll wring your neck. I know them, I do."

Jarro was terribly distressed when he heard this. He couldn't imagine that his mistress would wish to wring his neck; nor could he believe any such thing of her son, the little boy who sat for hours beside his basket and babbled and chattered. He seemed to think that both of them had the same love for him that he had for them.

II

In a few weeks Jarro was so well that he could fly all about the house. Then he was petted a good deal by the mistress, and the little boy ran out in the yard and plucked the first grass blades for him that had sprung up. When the mistress caressed him, Jarro thought that he should like to live with human beings all the rest of his life.

Early one morning the mistress placed a halter upon Jarro, so that he could not use his wings, and then turned him over to the same farm hand who had found him in the yard. The farm hand put him under his arm and carried him down to the lake.

The ice had all melted away; the water growths had begun to take root down in the deep water; and the green stems had already reached the surface. The wild ducks, the grebes, the curlews, and many

other water birds had returned to their favorite haunts.

The farm hand got into a scow, laid Jarro on the bottom of the boat beside Caesar, and began to pole himself out into the lake. Jarro felt pleased, and he said to Caesar that he was very grateful to the farm hand for bringing him out to this pleasant spot. But there was no need to keep him tied with the halter; he didn't intend to fly away.

To this, Caesar made no answer. He was close-mouthed that morning.

The only thing that struck Jarro as at all strange was that the farm hand had taken his gun with him. Certainly none of the good people in the cottage would wish to shoot birds. And, besides, Caesar had told him that this was the closed season and people didn't hunt at this time of the year. "But of course this is nothing to me," added the dog.

The farm hand went over to a little mud islet where there was a thick growth of reeds. There he stepped from the boat and lay down behind a pile of leaves, while Jarro was left free to walk and swim around, with the halter over his wings, and tethered to the boat with a long string.

Suddenly Jarro caught sight of some of his old friends with whom he had formerly raced back and forth over

the lake. They were a long way off, but he called to them as loudly as he could. They heard and came toward him. As they drew nearer, he began to tell them of his rescue and of the kindness of human beings. Then, to his great surprise, two shots sounded behind him. Three birds sank down in the reeds, lifeless, and Caesar bounded out and captured them.

Jarro understood it all now. The human beings had been kind to him only that they might use him as a decoy duck. Three ducks had died on his account, and he was overwhelmed with shame. He thought that even Caesar looked at him with contempt; and when they came home to the cottage, he didn't care to lie down and sleep beside the dog.

The next morning he was again taken to the lake. Several ducks saw him; but when they flew toward him, he called to them, "Away! away! Don't come near! There's a hunter hiding in the reeds. I'm only a decoy bird." And to his great joy they did not come within shooting distance.

That day the farm hand had to go home without firing off a single shot. Caesar looked less displeased than on the previous day; and when evening came, he took Jarro in his mouth, carried him to the chimney corner, and let him sleep between his forepaws.

For several days Jarro was made to perform his

distressful service, and he became known all over Takern. He was grievously unhappy. His heart suffered at the thought that human beings had never loved him.

One morning as he was wading in shallow water at the end of his halter, he suddenly saw something swimming towards him. Thinking it was a duck or some other water bird, he shouted: "Have a care! Don't come this way. I'm only a decoy duck."

Then he saw that it was no bird, but only an old grebe nest from the year before. There was nothing strange about this; for grebe nests are built in such a way that they float upon the water, and sometimes it happens that the wind drives them out into the lake. Still Jarro gazed at the nest; for it came straight towards him and looked as though some one was steering it over the water.

Then, as it drew nearer, Jarro saw that a little brown somebody was sitting in the nest and guiding it. It might be a human being, but if so, it was the tiniest man he had ever seen. The little fellow called to him gently, and said, "Don't be afraid, Jarro. Be ready to fly. You shall soon be free."

The grebe nest drifted into the shallow water. Jarro stood immovable, afraid lest his rescuer should be discovered.

The next moment a flock of wild geese came along, and Jarro shouted to them to keep away. In spite of his warning, however, they came so close that the farm hand was tempted to fire a couple of shots at them.

Hardly were these shots fired before the little fellow in the grebe nest leaped forward and slipped Jarro's halter from his neck. "Now *fly!*" he cried. "Fly before the man has time to load again."

The hunter had had his gaze fixed upon the geese, and he did not see Jarro's rescuer. But Caesar saw. "Fly, Jarro!" he said. "You are certainly too good to be a decoy duck. But it will be very lonely in the cottage without you."

Jarro obeyed instantly. He spread his wings and, before the farm hand saw what had happened, was high in the air and out of danger.

Expression: Read carefully the description of Lake Takern. Notice that the general appearance (large) is first spoken of, and then the details, as "water" and "shores." That is the usual order in good descriptions.

Try to find other good descriptions, and read them in class.

Talk with your teacher about the author of this story. Read the note regarding her at the end of this book.

Word Study: Notice whether long or short words predominate in this selection. Try to find a reason for this. Make a list of the proper names and learn to pronounce each one correctly. Study: *grebe, decoy, tabooed, comrade.*

A LITTLE HISTORY

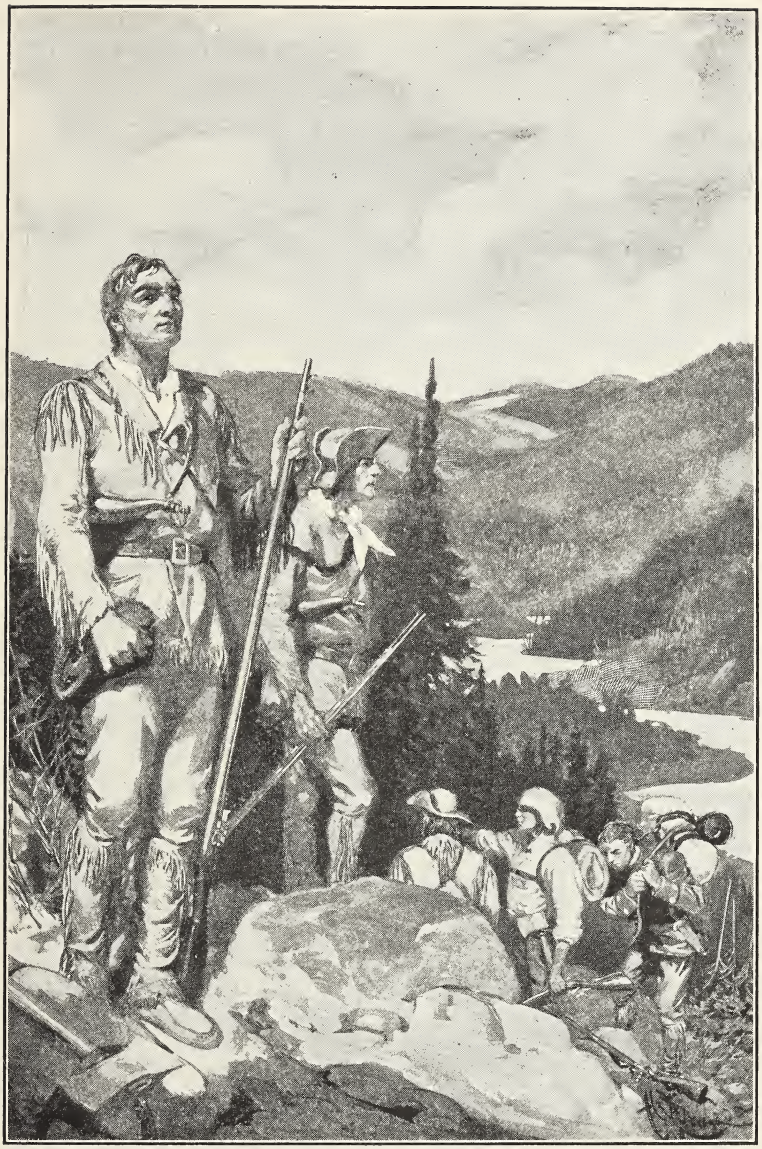
I. How Daniel Boone went to Kentucky

When George Washington was only three years old, a little lad was born in Pennsylvania who was destined to become the most famous of American pioneers. The name of this child was Daniel Boone. His parents were poor, and he grew up without much knowledge of schools or books.

When the lad was about thirteen years of age, his father and mother took him to a new home in North Carolina — a lonely but lovely spot on the bank of the Yadkin River. There he grew up with but few companions save the birds and the beasts, the flowing river, and the trees of the great forest.

He grew to be tall and strong and handsome, very gentle, and very brave. He was a true child of the woods. He knew the habits and haunts of every timid creature; he could call the deer from its hiding place; his whistle was answered by the thrush and the squirrel; and he could even imitate the cry of the owls and coax them from their hiding places.

In the great woods his eyes were always open and his ears alert to learn the secrets which Nature reveals only to those who love her; and if he knew little about the busy world of men, he knew a



First View of Kentucky.

great many things which scholars never learn in schools.

From his home on the Yadkin River he could look westward and see the long line of the Alleghany Mountains standing like a great wall between him and the setting sun; and he wondered what sort of country lay beyond them. His wonder grew from day to day; and at last he resolved to go thither himself, and find out all that he could about those wild regions so little known to the white people of the time.

So, in company with six other brave woodsmen, Daniel Boone started into the wilderness. For a whole month they made their way westward, across mountains and streams and through the tangled wildwoods. Then, at length, looking down from the summit of a high hill, they saw before them the lovely region since known as Kentucky. It was then the great hunting ground of the Indians, inhabited only by fierce beasts and the timid creatures of the woods.

Here the woodsmen resolved to stay awhile. They built a rude shelter of logs and brush, and spent the entire summer in hunting and in rambling through the unexplored wilderness. One day in autumn, however, as Boone and one of his friends were following a buffalo track, they were surprised and captured by a band of Indians.

The Indians kept close watch upon their prisoners, and a rapid march was made northward, toward the Ohio River. On the seventh night there was a great feast, and then the tired red men lay down to rest. Boone and his companion, although feigning sleep, kept awake and listened. Soon even the sentinels were slumbering. Then the two prisoners rose stealthily and crept out of the camp. With the skill of experienced woodsmen they made their way through the dark and silent forest, and at daybreak were safe from pursuit.

They hastened back to their old camp; but when, after many days, they reached it, they found it silent and deserted. The five friends whom they had left there had disappeared, and were never again heard from. They had probably been captured or killed by Indians.

Boone and his companion were not discouraged, however. They were so delighted with their life in the wilderness that they built another camp at some distance from the first, and there they remained all winter. In the spring, much to their joy and surprise, they were joined by Boone's brother and another friend, who had come all the way from North Carolina in search of them. They brought a supply of powder and shot and other needful things; and the hunters resolved to stay still another summer in Kentucky.

II. In Captivity

To tell of all the adventures of Daniel Boone would fill a large volume. In this book there is space for only a very few. He had brought his family to Kentucky and had founded the little settlement of Boonesborough on the Kentucky River. Here he had helped to build a log fort, for protection against the Indians, and, with his wife and children around him, he was prepared to spend a pleasant life in the wild new country which he loved so well.

But the Indians were determined not to allow the white men to gain a foothold in their hunting grounds. The fort at Boonesborough, however, was so strong that they felt it useless to make an attack upon it. They knew Daniel Boone and believed that if they only had him in their power, they could easily overcome the other white people in the country.

Now, there was no salt in Boonesborough, and the nearest place to get it was at the salt springs, a hundred miles away. Salt was needed for cooking; it was needed for preserving fresh meat, it was needed also by the cattle and horses in the settlement; and Daniel Boone, with several of his men, set out for the salt springs to get it. A band of Indians, who were lurking in the woods, saw them and followed.

Very silently and quite unseen by the white men the savages moved among the trees. Suddenly, while Boone was off his guard, he found himself surrounded by fierce warriors with guns and tomahawks in their hands. What could he do but give himself up as their prisoner? The men who were with him were also captured.

The savages admired Daniel Boone very much; he was so strong and brave, and he knew so much about the woods and about hunting. They wished that he would live with them and be their brother. So they took him to their home, beyond the Ohio River, and while they guarded him as a prisoner, they treated him with all the kindness that they knew.

A famous Shawnee chief, called Blackfish, adopted him as his son. The ceremony of adoption must have been very disagreeable to Boone, but he endured it without a murmur. First, his hair was pulled out — one hair at a time — until only a long scalp lock was left on the crown of his head. Then he was taken to the river and washed and scrubbed all over, in order to rid him of his white blood.

At length he was taken into the chief's wigwam. His face was painted in gaudy colors, his scalp lock was adorned with feathers, and a rich robe was thrown over his shoulders. In the evening he was led to the

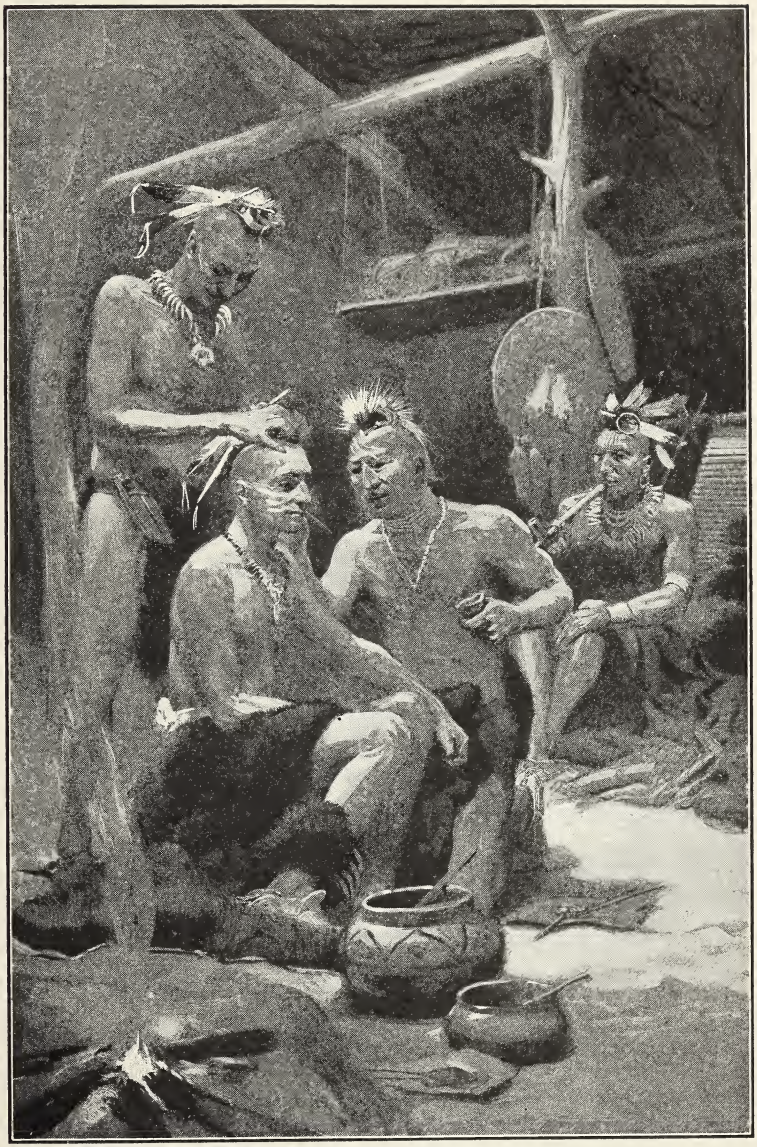
council chamber, where the great warriors of the tribe welcomed him to their brotherhood.

Boone pretended to be much pleased with all this, and thus gained the confidence of the Indians. They were delighted to have won so brave a friend and brother, and they looked forward to the time when he would become one of their leading chiefs.

But Daniel Boone knew what he was doing. The Indians were cunning, but they were by no means as cunning as he. While they thought him asleep in the chief's wigwam, he was really wide awake, listening to all that was going on around him. He seemed contented and happy, but every day he was planning how to escape from his captivity.

One evening as he was lying by the fire and feigning sleep, he heard Blackfish and the other chiefs planning a new raid into Kentucky. He listened attentively. They were going to attack a fort — yes, his own fort at Boonesborough where were his wife and children, and everything that was dear to him. The warriors were to be collected at once; they were to start to Kentucky in a few days.

Boone knew that no time was to be lost if he would save his friends and his home. The next morning he arose, seeming even more contented than before. He told his adopted father, Blackfish, that he had a mind



The Ceremony of Adoption.

to go hunting for deer that day; he was determined to bring home a fine, fat buck. He took down his gun, bade the chief good-by till evening, and strode away.

It was life or death for him now, and he knew it. He must travel a hundred and fifty miles through the wilderness. He had only three or four bullets in his pouch, and a small quantity of powder. A few scraps of dried meat which he had slipped into his pocket must suffice him for food. Only a brave man would have undertaken such a journey.

But Daniel Boone knew the woods quite as well as any Indian. He reached Boonesborough in safety, where he was welcomed with great surprise and joy. Weary and hungry as he was, his first care was to tell his people of the great danger which threatened them. Every man was set to work, strengthening the fort and preparing to defend the place against the savages.

III. The Siege of the Fort

At last the Indians appeared in great force. They were led by a white man who was in the service of the British, — for all this happened in the time of the Revolutionary War. Before attacking the place, the white leader made known the terms upon which the men and women would be spared. He said that if Boone and his people would acknowledge King George

of England to be the ruler of the country, their lives would be spared, and they would be allowed to go back in safety to their old homes in North Carolina.

Boone accepted the terms, for there were ten Indians to one white man. But he refused to open the gates of the fort until the savages had gone entirely away. Then Blackfish, his adopted father, came forward and made a speech. He told how he admired the wisdom and courage of Boone, and how delighted he felt at the happy ending of the trouble between them. Would not his white brothers come out and signify their friendship by shaking hands with his Indian braves?

Daniel Boone understood the cunning old chief. He warned his men to be ready for any sort of treachery; and then all marched out for the handshaking. The Indians came forward, expecting to seize and overcome the white men; but the sturdy woodsmen were ready for them, and a fierce struggle took place.

The Indians, being taken by surprise, were worsted in the fight; and Boone and his men returned safely into the fort. Then there was a tremendous yelling from the throats of a thousand savages. They rushed towards the fort, brandishing their tomahawks and shooting their guns. But every white man stood bravely at his post, and the red men were soon driven back.

Every day after this, for nine fearful days, the attack

was repeated with the same result. The Indians finally became discouraged, and many of them skulked away, singly, through the woods. On the tenth day they abandoned the siege, and all returned to their homes beyond the Ohio. Boonesborough was saved.

Soon many people from the eastern states began to come to Kentucky. They cut down the trees; they opened fine farms in all the rich valleys; they built houses and towns. All this made Daniel Boone very unhappy. He was now an old man; but he shouldered his gun, and, with his family and his household goods in a mover's wagon, went out in search of woods and prairies where no settlers had yet intruded.

He at length found a place sufficiently wild and secluded in what is now the state of Missouri. There he built another log cabin, and there he spent the rest of his long life. Again he was neighbor to the deer in the wildwood; the squirrels frisked around his door; the wood thrush and the robin sang to him from the tree tops; and the music of nature soothed his quiet moments. Then, at length, when eighty-six years of age, he fell asleep, never to waken again.

Word Study: Pronounce correctly: *Yad'kin, Car o lī'na, Al le ghā'ny, Ken tuck'y, Boones'bor ough, Shaw nee', Black'fish, Rev o lu'tion a ry, Mis sọu'rĭ.*

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS[1]

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame:

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear:
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang;
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

[1] By Felicia D Hemans, an English poet (1793–1835).

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared, —
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay! call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod:
They have left unstained what there they found —
Freedom to worship God.

Word Study: *exiles* (*ĕg'zīlz*), *aisles* (*īlz*), *an'them*, *fī'er y*, *se rene'ly*, *shrine*. Tell the meaning of each word.

THE ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING DAY

Our American Thanksgiving Day is not a thing peculiar to our own country. It no doubt had its origin in that feast which is known in England as "Harvest Home," and has been celebrated there since the earliest times. A similar feast in Scotland, called the "Mell Supper," is also of unknown antiquity. In fact, the giving of thanks to some god at the close of the autumn season for the fruits of the earth is a custom which can be traced back as far as civilization goes.

In the Book of Exodus, the Israelites are commanded to keep an autumnal feast, and in the Book of Leviticus explicit directions are given for the observance of the feast. It was to last seven days, and on the first day the people were to gather boughs of cedars and twigs of the willows which grew along the brooks. This custom is still preserved in the decoration of churches with flowers and evergreens.

Herodotus tells us that this custom of thanksgiving in autumn was observed among the Greeks. Homer writes that "cakes and lumps of dough thrown at the head of the sacrificial victim formed a part of the offerings to Apollo at the feast of the ingathering."

In ancient times it was Apollo who received the honors at the harvest festival. The country people also sac-

rificed to the goddess Vacuna. Images of Vacuna were made of straw, wheat, barley, and rye, and were carried about with singing and cheering. Even now, in England, images made of straw and crowned with flowers are sometimes carried about at the Harvest Festival.

In early times Apollo was worshiped in Britain, and the Maypole is a pretty relic of the customs of those days. These poles were decorated with garlands to welcome the northward coming of the sun, when the flowers and fruits began to grow. Various customs, all illustrating the same idea, have prevailed in different countries. In Scotland, when the reapers have finished their work, a small package of corn, called the "Corn Lady," is hung up in the house.

What is known as "the shouting of the churn" comes down from the time when Apollo was worshiped in England. The churn, or kern, means a ring or circle formed by several persons holding hands. The word "churn" also signifies a chaplet worn around the head or carried suspended on a pole in a procession. So the "shouting of the churn" means the merriment that always accompanied the wearing of a chaplet or the act of dancing in a circle.

The old thanksgiving festival in Scotland was called "a mell." At such time each reaper left a handful of the harvest uncut, and the bonniest lass was allowed to

gather these handfuls and to make out of them a "corn baby." This was brought home in triumph, set up in the feast, and preserved for the remainder of the year. The lass was called the harvest queen. Sometimes instead of being made into a doll the products of the field would be formed into the image of a horse, and the reapers would amuse the guests by trying to cut down the horse with their sickles. The man who succeeded would declare what should be done with the horse.

The ancient Egyptians offered sacrifices and made offerings of corn and wine to Leith, the mother of the sun. Wheat, according to both sacred and secular history, was the most important grain grown in Egypt, and the mode of harvesting it is interesting. Instead of the usual method, the reapers cut the straw just below the ear of wheat. It was carried in bags to the threshing floor, where it was trodden out by oxen. Sometimes the wheat was reaped in the usual way and bound up in sheaves, but oxen were always employed to separate the wheat from the straw. After the threshing was finished, a day of thanksgiving was held.

WORD STUDY: *Ex'o dus, Le vĭt'i cus, He rŏd'o tus, A pol'lo, Va cū'na, Brĭt'ain, Ē'ġypt, E ġyp'tian, Lēith; ex plĭç'it, sac ri fĭ'cial, săc'ri fīç es.* Find the meaning of each word.

HENRY HUDSON'S QUEST [1]

(1609)

Out from the harbor of Amsterdam
The *Half Moon* turned her prow to sea;
The coast of Norway dropped behind
Yet northward still kept she

[1] By Burton Egbert Stevenson, an American writer.

Through the drifting fog and the driving snow,
Where never before man dared to go:
"O Pilot, shall we find the strait that leads to the Eastern sea?"
"A waste of ice before us lies — we must turn back," said he.

Westward they steered their tiny bark,
Westward through weary weeks they sped,
Till the cold gray strand of a stranger land
Loomed through the mist ahead.
League after league they hugged the coast,
And their Captain never left his post:
"O Pilot, see you yet the strait that leads to the Eastern sea?"
"I see but the rocks and the barren shore; no strait is there," quoth he.

They sailed to the North, — they sailed to the South, —
And at last they rounded an arm of sand
Which held the sea from a harbor's mouth —
The loveliest in the land;
They kept their course across the bay,
And the shore before them fell away:

"O Pilot, see you not the strait that leads to the Eastern sea?"
"Hold the rudder true! Praise Christ Jesu! the strait is here," said he.

Onward they glide with wind and tide,
Past marshes gray and crags sun-kissed;
They skirt the sills of green-clad hills,
And meadows white with mist —
But alas! the hope and the brave, brave dream!
For rock and shallow bar the stream:
"O Pilot, can this be the strait that leads to the Eastern sea?"
"Nay, Captain, nay; 'tis not this way; turn back we must," said he.

Full sad was Hudson's heart as he turned
The *Half Moon's* prow to the South once more;
He saw no beauty in crag or hill,
No beauty in curving shore;
For they shut him away from that fabled main
He sought his whole life long, in vain;
"O Pilot, say, can there be a strait that leads to the Eastern sea?"
"God's crypt is sealed! 'Twill stand revealed in His own good time," quoth he.

CYNTHIA'S COW[1]

At the time of this story, 1780, Cynthia Smith was a little girl living at her father's home in South Carolina. She was twelve years old, four feet and two inches high, and, for so young and so small a person, she was as stanch a patriot as you could have found in all America; for the War of Independence had been raging in the United States ever since Cynthia could remember.

When she was only five years old, her little heart had beaten hard at the story of the famous "Boston Tea Party," at which a whole shipload of tea had been emptied into the harbor, because King George of England insisted on "a three-penny tax."

The following year, when England shut up the harbor of Boston, not a mouthful of rice did Cynthia get to eat, for her father had sent his whole harvest to the North, as did many another Southern planter. Soon after that, John went to Massachusetts to visit Uncle Hezekiah, and the next June they heard that he had been shot dead at the battle of Bunker Hill.

Cynthia wept hot tears on her coarse homespun apron; but she dried them in a sort of strange delight when Tom insisted on taking John's place and following a certain George Washington to the war.

[1] By Mary Selden McCobb.

"It's 'Liberty or Death' we have marked on our shirts, and it's 'Liberty or Death' we have burned into our hearts," Tom afterwards wrote home; and his mother wrung her hands, and his father grimly smiled.

"Just wait, you two other boys," said the latter. "We'll have the war at our own doors before it is all over."

He said this because Will and Ebenezer wished to follow in Tom's footsteps. Cynthia longed to be a boy, so that she might have a skirmish with the "Britishers" on her own account. But she had little time for patriotic dreamings and yearnings. There was a deal of work to be done in those days; and Cynthia helped to weave cloth for the family gowns and trousers, and to spin and knit yarn for the family stockings. This kept her very busy.

In 1776, when Cynthia was eight years old, two important events had happened — important, at least, to her. One was the signing of the Declaration of Independence, which she could not quite understand; the other was the birth of a red-and-white calf in Mr. Smith's barn. Her heart beat fast with feelings of patriotism when she heard her father read from a sheet of paper which some one had given him, "All men are born free and equal;" and she went almost wild with

joy when her father gave her the little calf to be all her own.

Cynthia, giving free scope to her feelings, named the calf "Free-'n'-equal"; and if ever an animal deserved such a name, it was this one. It scorned all authority, kicked up its hind legs, and went careering round the plantation at its own sweet will, only coming to the barn when Cynthia's call was heard.

Free-'n'-equal was Cynthia's only playmate, for there were no other children within six miles of the Smiths. As the calf grew and became a cow, the more intimate and loving did the two become. Cynthia confided all her secrets to Free-'n'-equal, and asked her advice about many an important undertaking. She even consulted her as to the number of stitches to be put on a pair of wristlets for Tom, who had, in the winter of 1777–1778, gone with General Washington to Pennsylvania.

Alas! Tom never wore those wristlets. He was one of the many who died of hunger and cold in that awful Valley Forge. Cynthia believed that Free-'n'-equal understood all the sorrow of her heart when she told her the pitiful news. Quite as much did she share her joy, when, a few months later, Cynthia came flying to the barn with the tidings that Lafayette had come from France to aid the American cause.

But again the joy vanished, and Cynthia sobbed her woe into Free-'n'-equal's sympathizing ear when Sir Henry Clinton captured Charleston, only twenty miles away. And a few months later her grief was beyond control. "For General Gates has come down to South Carolina, and father and Will and Ebenezer have gone to fight in his army."

Free-'n'-equal shook her head, and uttered a long, low "Moo-o," which seemed plainly enough to say, "What's to become of the rest of us, my little mistress?"

Cynthia brushed away her tears in a twinkling.

"We'll take care of ourselves, that's what we'll do. Mother and I will attend to the rice; and you must do your part, and give us more milk than ever, so as to keep us strong and well."

Those were days of alarm along the Santee River, for the British soldiers were roaming all around and laying waste the country. But Cynthia was not afraid — no, not even when Lord Cornwallis came within three miles of the plantation. She said her prayers every day, and believed firmly in the guardian angels and a certain rusty gun behind the kitchen door. She was not afraid even when a redcoat did sometimes rise above the horizon like a morning cloud. She had no more fear of him than of the scarlet-breasted bird

which sang above her head when she went into the woods near by to gather sticks.

It is no wonder, then, that she was taken all aback when, one afternoon as she came home with her bundle of sticks, her mother met her and said, "Cynthia, they have been here and driven off Free-'n'-equal."

"They!" gasped Cynthia. "Who?"

"The British soldiers. They tied a rope round her horns and dragged her along to their camp. Cynthia, Cynthia, what shall we do?"

Cynthia uttered a sound which was like a groan and a war whoop, and darted out of the door. Along the dusty road she ran, on and on. Her yellow sunbonnet fell back on her shoulders, and her brown curls were covered with dust. One mile, two miles, three miles — on and on. At last she reached a small house which was Lord Cornwallis's headquarters. Never a moment did Cynthia pause. The sentinels challenged her, but, without answering a word, she marched straight past them. Into the house — into the parlor — she walked. There sat Lord Cornwallis and some six officers, eating and drinking at a big table.

Cynthia stopped at the threshold and dropped a curtsy. Lord Cornwallis glanced up and saw her. Then Miss Cynthia dropped another curtsy, opened her lips, and began to speak.

"I am Cynthia Smith," said she, gravely, "and your men have taken my cow, Free-'n'-equal Smith, and I've come to fetch her home, if you please."

"Your cow?" questioned Lord Cornwallis, with a wineglass in his hand.

"They carried her off by a rope," said Cynthia.

"Where do you live?" asked the general.

"Three miles away, with my mother."

"Have you no father?"

"One, and four brothers."

"Where is your father?"

"He is in General Gates's army, Mr. Lord Cornwallis."

"Oh, he is a rebel, is he?"

"Yes, sir," said Miss Cynthia, proudly.

"And where are your brothers?"

Cynthia paused. "John went to heaven, along with General Warren, from the top of Bunker Hill," said she, with a trembling lip.

One of the younger officers smiled, but he stopped when he saw Lord Cornwallis's eye flashing at him.

"And Tom went to heaven out of Valley Forge, where he was helping General Washington," added Cynthia, softly.

"Where are the other two?"

"In the army, Mr. Lord Cornwallis." Cynthia's head was erect again.

"Rank rebels," said Cornwallis.

"Yes, they are."

"Hum! And you're a bit of a rebel, too, I am thinking, if the truth were told."

Miss Cynthia nodded with emphasis.

"And yet you come here for your cow," said Cornwallis. "I have no doubt but that she is rebel beef herself."

Cynthia paused a moment, and then said, "I think she would be if she had two less legs, and not quite so much horn. That is, she'd be a rebel; but maybe you wouldn't call her beef then."

Lord Cornwallis laughed a good-natured, hearty laugh that made the room ring. All his officers laughed, too, including the miserable redcoat who had smiled over John's fate. Miss Cynthia wondered what the fun might be; but, in no wise abashed, she stood firm on her two little feet, and waited until the merriment should be over. At last, however, her face began to flush a little. What if these fine gentlemen were making fun of her, after all?

Lord Cornwallis saw the red blood mount in her cheeks, and he stopped laughing at once.

"Come here, my little maid," said he. "I myself

will see to it that your cow is safe in your barn to-morrow morning. And perhaps," he added, unfastening a pair of silver knee buckles which he wore, "perhaps you will accept these as a gift from one who wishes no harm to these rebels."

Then he rose and held his wineglass above his head; so did every officer in the room. "Here's to the health of as fair a little rebel as we shall meet!" said he.

She dropped her final curtsy, clasped the shining buckles, and out of the room she vanished, sure in her mind that Free-'n'-equal was all her own once more, and she was right. As for those buckles, they are this very day in the hands of one of Cynthia's descendants. For there was a real cow, and a real Cynthia, as well as a real Lord Cornwallis.

EXPRESSION: Read the paragraph which tells of the time and place of this story. Read the passages which describe Cynthia's appearance and manner. Who was Lord Cornwallis?

Find and read passages which make us better acquainted with the time when the story occurred. Talk about the historical persons and places that are mentioned.

Choose parts and read the dialogue between Cynthia and the general.

Read the whole story with feeling and expression.

WORD STUDY: *Cy̆n'thi a, Hez e kī'ah, Eb en ē'zer, San tee', La fa yette', Côrn wal'lis, Charles'ton, Brĭt'ish.*

THE BOSTON BOYS

A Play

At the beginning of the Revolutionary War, a British army, under General Howe, occupied the city of Boston. The people were obliged to endure many insults from the rude and overbearing soldiers. Their houses were pillaged, their shops and stores were plundered, and their churches were profaned. Even the boys in their sports were sometimes cruelly annoyed by the British soldiers.

A famous story is told of some boys who appealed to General Howe himself for protection against some soldiers who had trampled down their snow hills and broken up the ice where they were accustomed to skate. The general listened to their story and was so struck with their courage and sturdy patriotism that he gave orders to prevent all future annoyances of the kind.

SCENE I. — *The skating pond in Boston Common. Enter several boys with their skates. They discover that the ice has been broken up.*

George. Here it is again, boys. The ice has been broken by those redcoats just as it was last week and the week before.

William. Well, our fun is all spoiled for to-day. We may as well go home.

James. I wish I was a man. If I were big enough, I'd shoulder our old musket and go and join General Washington.

William. So would I; and I would never give up till every redcoat was driven out of the land.

George. Well, I've made up my mind. If I am only a boy, I'm not going to bear this treatment any longer.

All. Hurrah! hurrah!

James. How are you going to help yourself, George? The redcoats are a good deal stronger than we are.

George. I'll tell you what we can do. Let us all form in line of march and go right up to the general's headquarters, and tell him about it. I'll march in front, and carry the flag, and James may beat the drum.

William. Yes, and I'll play the fife.

George. And I'll tell General Howe that we won't be annoyed by British soldiers, or any other soldiers.

All. Hurrah! hurrah! That's right, George; and we'll stand by you. [*Then they toss up their hats and make the air ring with hurrahs.*] Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

George. Well, fall in line, boys. Here we go to beard the British lion in his den.

[*They march away to the sound of the drum.*

SCENE II. — GENERAL HOWE'S *headquarters. A sentinel pacing before the door, with a gun over his shoulder. Noise of drum and fife in the distance.*

Sentinel. Now, what in the world does that mean? That's no music of ours, I'm sure. Well! well! well! Sure as I live, it's a hundred boys coming right this way, and keeping step, too! And what kind of flag is that? It isn't the British flag, sure. There's a pine tree painted on it — and the word "LIBERTY." Well! well! The whole country is full of rebellion. Even the children are rank rebels.

[*The boys halt in front of the door, and* GEORGE *approaches the* SENTINEL.

George. Is General Howe at home?

Sentinel. Who are you?

George. We are Boston boys, sir.

Sentinel. I see. What do you want here with your drum and your rebel flag?

George. We want our just rights, sir. We wish to speak to the British general.

Sentinel. Ah, indeed! The British general has better business than listening to a lot of dirty little rebels. You had better move on. I'll not bother him with any of your nonsense.

George. Very well, sir. But we'll wait right here

till we see General Howe. We *will* see him; and he *shall* do us justice.

All the Boys. That's so! Hurrah! hurrah!

Sentinel. The kind of justice you need, you little rascals, is to be whipped and sent home to your mothers. What are you making all this fuss about, anyhow?

James. Well, you know the pond down there in the Common?

Sentinel. The mudhole, you mean! Yes; I've seen it. I hear that the ice is not very good to-day.

George. Yes. Some of your brave redcoats have broken it up just to annoy us boys.

Sentinel. Served you right, served you right, you little cowards! Now move along!

All the Boys. Don't call us cowards! We won't move a step till we see the general.

[*The door opens and* GENERAL HOWE *steps out.*

General. What, what, what! What is all this about? Where did these boys come from?

George. We are Boston boys, General Howe, and we have come to you to ask for justice.

General. You shall have it, my boys; you shall have it! Tell me what is the matter.

George. It's all on account of your soldiers, General Howe. They trample down our snow houses, they break our sleds, they steal our balls, they do everything

"General Howe steps out"

they can to annoy us. This morning they have broken the ice on our skating pond.

General. And what are you going to do about it?

George. Do about it! Why, sir, we have come to protest against such unjust treatment. We appeal to you for justice; and we declare that we cannot and will not endure such things any longer.

General [*aside*]. Do you hear that? The boys are like their fathers, determined to have liberty. Liberty is in the very air of this country, and it is useless to try to fight against it.

George. We appeal to you, General Howe.

General. You shall have justice, my brave boys. The soldier who again interferes with your sports in any way, or who annoys you, shall be severely punished. You have my word for it, and I will see that this rule is enforced. Does that satisfy you?

George. Oh, yes, General Howe! And we all thank you very much.

General. Never mind about the thanks. You are brave boys, all of you — real English boys.

All the Boys. No, sir! American boys. Hurrah for liberty! Thank you, General Howe. Good-by!

[*The drum strikes up, and the boys march off with flying colors.*

UNDER THE SNOW [1]

A Christmas Ballad

It was Christmas Eve in the year fourteen,
  And, as ancient dalesmen used to tell,
The wildest winter they ever had seen,
  With the snow lying deep on moor and fell,

When Wagoner John got out his team,
  Smiler and Whitefoot, Duke and Gray,
With the light in his eyes of a young man's dream,
  As he thought of his wedding on New Year's Day

To Ruth, the maid with the bonnie brown hair,
  And eyes of the deepest, sunniest blue,
Modest and winsome, and wondrous fair,
  And true to her troth, for her heart was true.

"Thou'rt surely not going!" shouted mine host.
  "Thou'll be lost in the drift as sure as thou'rt born;
Thy lass wi' not want to wed wi' a ghost,
  And that's what thou'll be on Christmas morn.

"It's eleven long miles from Skipton town
  To Blueberg houses in Washburn dale;
Thou'd better turn back and sit thee down,
  And comfort thy heart with a drop of good ale."

[1] By Robert Collyer, an American clergyman (1823—).

Turn the swallows flying south,
Turn the vines against the sun,
Herds from rivers in a drouth? —
Men must dare or nothing's done.

So what cares the lover for storm or drift,
Or peril of death on the haggard way?
He sings to himself like a lark in the lift,
And the joy in his heart turns December to May.

But the bitter north wind brings a deadly chill
Creeping up through his heart, and the drifts are deep,
Where the thick of the storm strikes Blueberg hill.
He is weary and falls on a pleasant sleep

And dreams he is walking by Washburn side,
Walking with Ruth on a summer's day,
Singing that song to his bonnie bride,
His own wife now forever and aye.

Now read me this riddle, how Ruth should hear
That song of a heart in the clutch of doom
Fall on her ear, distinct and clear
As if her lover was in the room.

And read me this riddle, how Ruth should know,
As she bounds to throw open the heavy door,
That her lover was lost in the drifting snow,
Dying or dead, on the great wild moor.

"Help! help!" "Lost! lost!"
Rings through the night as she rushes away,
Stumbling, blinded, and tempest-tossed,
Straight to the drift where her lover lay.

And swift they leap after her into the night,
Into the drifts by Blueberg hill,
Ridsdale and Robinson, each with a light,
To find her there holding him white and still.

"He was lost in the drift, then?"
I hear them say,
As I listen in wonder,
Forgetting to play,
Fifty years syne, come Christmas Day.

"Nay, nay, they were wed!" the dalesman cried,
"By Parson Carmalt on New Year's Day;
Why! Ruth was my great, great grandsire's bride,
And Master Frankland gave her away."

"But how did she find him under the snow?"
They cried, through their laughter touched with tears.
"Nay, lads," he said softly, "we never can know —
No, not if we live a hundred years.

"There's many things gan
To the making o' man."
Then I rushed to my play
With a whoop and away,
Fifty years syne, come Christmas Day.

CHRISTMAS AT THE CRATCHITS'[1]

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corner of his monstrous shirt collar into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks.

And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day, by half an hour!"

[1] From "A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens, a famous English novelist and story-writer (1812–1870).

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tiny Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha did not like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the washhouse that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, that one who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire. Then Bob, turning up his cuffs, — as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby, — began to compound some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, stirring it round and round and putting it on the hob to simmer; and Master Peter and the two young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course — and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped.

At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit,

looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the goose's breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't eaten it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone — too nervous to bear witness — to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the backyard and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose — a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid. All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Halloo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered — flushed, but smiling proudly — with the pudding like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, smoking hot, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob

Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass, — two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed: "A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family reëchoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

Expression: In this selection we have one of the best pictures of true Christmas enjoyment ever composed. Read it silently again and again, and make a friend of every member of the Cratchit family. Some of the sentences are long; so study each one carefully to get its full meaning and connection. Now read the lesson aloud, paragraph by paragraph, in such a way as to make every passage clearly understood. Study to express the main thoughts in the best possible manner.

Refer to the dictionary for: *monstrous, luxurious, officious, exclusive, phenomenon, supposition, bedight, heresy.*

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

To be Memorized

Thoughts rule the world.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. — *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

To-day is ours; what do we fear?
To-day is ours; we have it here.
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay.

— *Abraham Cowley.*

Pass, therefore, not to-day in vain,
For it will never come again.

— *Omar Khayyam.*

Make yourself nests of pleasant thoughts! None of us yet know what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity.

— *John Ruskin.*

Those who are accompanied with noble thoughts are never alone. — *Sir Philip Sidney.*

Know the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. — *Earl of Chesterfield.*

If time be of all things the most precious, then wasting time is the greatest prodigality; for lost time is never found again. — *Benjamin Franklin.*

Whatever any one does or says, I must be good; just as if the gold or the emerald or the purple were always saying this, "Whatever any one else does, I must be pure and keep my color."

— *Marcus Aurelius.*

The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine on the mountain top waves its somber boughs, and cries, "Thou art my sun!" And the little meadow violet lifts its cup of blue and whispers, "Thou art my sun!" And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind, and makes answer, "Thou art my sun!"

— *Beecher.*

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand sweet song.

— *Charles Kingsley.*

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it. — *Abraham Lincoln.*

COME TO ME, O YE CHILDREN![1]

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows
That look toward the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would this world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood —

[1] By Henry W. Longfellow.

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

THE STORY OF JULIA[1]

One morning in May our door bell jingled so loudly that we all listened to learn what it meant. Presently I heard my father say, —

"You here, George!"

Now George had once been our gardener, and his family were still living with us; but he had left us and gone far away to work on a railroad, and for three years we had not heard from him. I saw him standing at the door. He had a big bundle in his arms. He seemed older, but his face was still round and jolly.

My father asked him in. He hesitated and stammered. Then he suddenly asked: "How are my family? How is little Julia?"

[1] From the Italian of Edmondo de Amicis.

"She was well a few days ago," answered my mother.

George sighed and seemed pleased.

"Oh, I thank God!" he cried. "I was afraid to call at the Deaf-Mute School until I had heard about her. They wrote to me that she was there. Now I will leave my bundle here, and run and get her. It is three years since I have seen my poor little child. Three years since I have seen any of my people!"

My father told me to go with him.

As we were leaving the house, the gardener paused and turned back. "Excuse me. I wish to say something more. I want to ask you this: How is the little dumb girl getting on at school? When I left her, she was like a little animal, poor thing. I don't have much use for those schools; but I suppose they've taught her to make signs."

"Better than that," said my mother.

"Well, my wife wrote to me that she was learning to say things. That is all very well for those who understand the signs and can make them; but it won't help me to talk with the poor child. Now, tell me how she is doing. Is she learning anything useful at the school?"

My father answered, "You had better go and see for yourself, George. Don't lose another minute."

We started. It was only a short walk to the school. The gardener talked to me, sadly, all the way.

"Ah, my poor Julia! What a misfortune to be born deaf! Only think, I have never heard her call me father, and she has never heard me say, 'My daughter.' But how thankful I am that some kind man has taken it upon himself to pay her expenses at the school. She was eight years old when I last saw her, and that was three years ago. She is now going on eleven. Has she grown much? Is she much bigger?"

"You will see very soon," I answered.

"But where is the school? Is it still very far?"

We had just reached it. I led him into the parlor. An attendant came to see what we wanted.

"I am the father of Julia," said the gardener. "Please send for my daughter at once."

"They are at their play, now," was the answer; "but I will go and tell the matron."

The gardener was so impatient that he could not speak, he could not stand still. He walked back and forth, staring at the four walls, and seeing nothing.

Presently the door opened. A teacher entered, leading a little girl by the hand. Father and daughter stood for a moment looking at each other; then, with glad cries, they flew into each other's arms.

The girl was dressed plainly in a pretty-striped gown, with a gray-colored apron. She was taller than I.

She clung to her father with both arms around his neck. He held her a little way from him and looked at her.

"Ah, how she has grown!" he said. "How pretty she has become! Oh, my poor Julia! My poor child!" Then he turned to the teacher, and said, "Please tell her to make some of her signs for me. I think I will understand some of them, and I will learn them all, by and by."

The teacher smiled and said in a low voice to Julia, "Who is this man who has come to see you?"

The girl smiled, and in a strange voice, like that of a person who was speaking for the first time in our language, answered, "He is my fa-ther."

The gardener leaped in the air and shrieked like one who had lost his reason: "She speaks! She speaks! How can it be? Say something to me, my child. Say something to your father!" And with that he kissed her over and over again.

Then he turned again to the teacher. "Doesn't she talk with signs? Doesn't she talk with her fingers?"

"No, sir," answered the teacher. "We used to teach them to do so, but now we teach them to speak. How is it that you did not know about it?"

"Well, they wrote to me," said the gardener, "but I didn't understand. I've been far from home for

"He is my fa–ther."

three years, and I never knew. Oh, my dear child, speak again. Do you hear what I say?"

"Why, no, she can't hear you, sir," said the teacher. "She is deaf. She understands from the movements of your lips what you are saying, but does not hear either your words or the words which she speaks to you. We have taught her how she must place her lips and move her tongue to utter any given word or sound."

The gardener did not understand. He stood, wondering, with his mouth wide open. Then he whispered in the little girl's ear. "Tell me, Julia, are you glad to see your father?"

The girl looked at him thoughtfully, but said nothing.

The gardener was troubled.

The teacher smiled. "My good man," she said, "she does not answer you, because she did not see the movement of your lips. Ask her again, and keep your face well in front of hers."

The father looked straight into her eyes, and repeated: "Are you glad to see your father? Are you glad he has come back?"

The girl watched his lips closely, and when he had finished, she answered frankly, —

"Yes, I am de-lighted that you have re-turned, and I hope you will nev-er go a-way a-gain."

The gardener could not contain himself for joy.

But to make quite sure, he asked her question after question.

"What is your mother's name?"

"An-to-nia."

"What is the name of your little sister?"

"Ad-e-laide."

"At what place are you now?"

"At the Deaf-Mute School."

"How many are two times ten?"

"Twen-ty."

Then, when we thought that he would laugh, he suddenly burst out crying. But he was crying for joy.

While still sobbing, he grasped the teacher's hand and kissed it. "Thank you," he cried. "A thousand thanks, dear teacher — and forgive me for not knowing how to say anything else."

"But Julia has learned other things," said the teacher. "She knows how to write. She can reckon with numbers. She knows a little history and geography. When she leaves this school, she will be able to follow some business and support herself."

The gardener was more astonished than ever. He looked at Julia and scratched his head. Then drawing her to a seat apart, he began to question her. She answered him, and he laughed, with beaming eyes, slapping his hands down on his knees. He was

beside himself with delight at hearing his daughter's voice.

"May God bless you all!" he cried, turning at last to the teacher again. "May he grant you good fortune, and make you always happy! It is an honest workingman who wishes you this with all his heart."

"If you would like to take your daughter with you for the day, you may do so," said the teacher.

"Won't I take her, though!" cried the gardener. "I'll take her home to see her mother, and I'll fetch her back to-morrow morning."

Julia ran off to dress for the journey.

"It is three years since I have seen her," repeated the gardener. "Now she speaks! I will take her home. I will take her out to walk so that all the people may see how a deaf-mute can talk. All our friends must see her. Ah! what a beautiful day it is! — Here's your father's arm, my Julia."

The girl was ready to go. She had her little cloak and her cap on, and she took his arm.

"And thanks to all!" said the father, as he paused at the door. "Thanks to all, with my whole soul! I shall come back again another day to thank you all again."

EXPRESSION: Practice reading the conversation between Julia and her father.

GIBBIE'S FIRST DAY OUT[1]

I

Gibbie was a little street waif, without a home. He had had a whole city for his dwelling. Every street had been to him as another hall in his own house, every lane as a passage from one room to another. Great was his delight in freedom, and yet he had never thought that it reached beyond the city — he had never longed for larger space, for wider outlook. But at length there came a day when he decided to leave his old familiar haunts and try what he might find in the unknown, unexplored regions known indefinitely as the country.

He told no one of his intentions, for he had no friends in whom to confide. He asked no one's permission to go, for he was his own master. He started on his journey before daybreak, having no thought of whither he was going, but impelled only by an unaccountable desire to be in motion, to see new things.

Soon he had put the city behind him, and as he ran along the silent road, a red pall seemed to fall between him and it, hiding away all of the world that had hitherto been known to him. For the first time in his life, the fatherless, motherless, brotherless, sisterless waif of the streets felt himself alone.

[1] Abridged from "Sir Gibbie," by George Macdonald, a Scottish author (1824–1905).

II

The morning advanced, and by and by he began to meet fellow-creatures on the road. But these country folk seemed somehow of a different kind from those in town, and they did not look friendly as they passed. He was so uncomfortable at length from the way they scrutinized him that, when he saw any one coming, he would instantly turn aside and take the covert of thicket or hedge or stone wall until the bearer of eyes had passed.

His accustomed trot, which he kept up for several hours, made him look the more suspicious; and his feet, hardened from very infancy as they were, soon found the difference between the smooth flags of the street and the sharp stones of the road. Before noon he was walking at quite a sober, although still active, pace. Doubtless it slackened sooner because he knew no goal, no end to his wandering.

All day the cold spring weather continued. The sun would shine out for a few moments with a gray, weary light, and then retreat behind a cloud. Once came a slight fall of snow, which melted the moment it touched the earth. The wind kept blowing cheerlessly by fits; and the world seemed to grow tired of having the same thing over again so often.

At length the air began to grow dusk. Then the

first fears of darkness that Gibbie had ever felt began to rise up before him. But happily before it was quite dark, and while yet he could distinguish between objects, he came to the gate of a farmyard. Why might he not find here a place where he could sleep warmer than in the road?

He climbed over the gate. The nearest building was an open shed, and he could see the shafts of carts projecting from it. Perhaps in one of these carts, or under it, he might find a place to sleep.

But just as he entered the shed he saw at the farther corner of the yard beyond, a wooden structure, like a small house, and through the arched door of it he observed that the floor was covered with clean straw. He suspected it to be a dog's kennel; and the chain beside it, with a collar at the end, made him quite sure it was so. The dog was absent, and the place looked very enticing. He crept in, got under as much of the straw as he could, and fell asleep.

In a few minutes he was roused by what seemed to him the great voice of a dog in conversation with a boy. The boy seemed, by the sound of the chain, to be fastening the collar on the dog's neck. Presently he left him, and the dog turned to creep in and rest till supper time.

Now Gibbie had been honored with the acquaintance

of many dogs, and the friendship of most of them. Hence with the sight of the owner of the dwelling, it dawned upon him that he must be startled to find a stranger in his house; he might, indeed, regard him as an intruder rather than a guest, and worry him before he had time to explain himself. He darted forward, therefore, to get out; but he had scarcely reached the door when the dog met him. Gibbie, thereupon, began a loud barking, as much as to say, "Here I am; please do nothing without reflection."

The dog started back, astonished, his ears erect, and a keen look of question on his visage. What strange animal was this, that had got into his very chamber?

Gibbie, amused at the dog's fright, burst into a fit of merry laughter. The good-natured dog evidently took it as a challenge to play. After a series of sharp bursts of barking, his eyes flashing straight in at the door, he darted into the kennel and began poking his nose at his visitor.

Gibbie fell to patting and kissing and hugging him as if he had been a human — glad of any companion that belonged to the region of light; and they were friends at once. Both were tired; and after a few minutes of mingled wrestling and endearment, they lay down side by side in peace, Gibbie with his head on the dog's back, and the dog every now and then turning his head over his shoulder to lick Gibbie's face.

Again the boy was waked by approaching steps. At the same moment the dog darted from under him. With much rattle, he leaped out of the kennel and then stood, whining and expectant, in front of it.

It was not quite dark, but the stars were shining; and Gibbie, looking out, could see the dim form of a woman setting down something before the dog. The dog instantly plunged his nose into it and began gobbling. The sound stirred up all the latent hunger in Gibbie, and he leaped out, eager to have a share.

A large wooden bowl was on the ground, and the half of its contents of porridge and milk was already gone;

for the poor dog had forgotten his guest's wants while attending to his own. It was plain that if Gibbie was to have any, he must lose no time in helping himself.

Had he had a long nose and mouth like the dog, he would have plunged them into the bowl in the same manner. But the flatness of his face would not allow this, and there was not room in the bowl for the two to feed in the same fashion. So he was driven to the expedient of making a spoon of his hand.

The dog neither growled nor pushed away the spoon, but instantly began to gobble twice as fast as before, and presently was licking the bottom of the dish. Gibbie's hand, therefore, made but few journeys to his mouth, but what it carried was good food — better than any he had had that day. When all was gone, he crept again into the kennel; the dog followed, and soon they were both asleep in each other's arms and legs.

Gibbie woke at sunrise and went out. His host came after him, and stood wagging his tail and looking wistfully up in his face. Gibbie understood him, and as the sole return he could make for his hospitality, undid his collar. Instantly, the dog rushed off; he cleared the gate at a bound, and, scouring madly across a field, vanished from sight.

And Gibbie, too, set out to continue his journey.

BALLADS OF THE SEA

I. The Royal George[1]

Toll for the Brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the *Royal George*
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the Brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock

[1] By William Cowper; written in September, 1782, a few weeks after the overturning and sinking of the British ship, the *Royal George* (108 guns), in Portsmouth harbor. In this disaster more than eight hundred lives were lost.

She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plow the distant main:

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plow the wave no more.

II. The Three Bells[1]

Beneath the low-hung night cloud
  That raked her splintering mast
The good ship settled slowly,
  The cruel leak gained fast.

[1] By John G. Whittier.

Over the awful ocean
  Her signal guns pealed out.
Dear God! was that thy answer
  From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind,
  "Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry;
"Our stout *Three Bells* of Glasgow
  Shall lay till daylight by!"

Hour after hour crept slowly,
  Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship's lights,
  The lights of the *Three Bells*.

And ship to ship made signals,
  Man answered back to man,
While oft, to cheer and hearten,
  The *Three Bells* nearer ran;

And the captain from her taffrail
  Sent down his hopeful cry;
"Take heart! Hold on!" he shouted,
  "The *Three Bells* shall lay by!"

All night across the waters
  The tossing lights shone clear;
All night from reeling taffrail
  The *Three Bells* sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, *Three Bells*, forever,
In grateful memory sail!
Ring on, *Three Bells* of rescue,
Above the wave and gale.

Type of the Love eternal,
Repeat the Master's cry,
As tossing through our darkness
The lights of God draw nigh!

III. The Tempest [1]

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep, —
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

[1] By James T. Fields, an American publisher and author (1817–1881).

So we shuddered there in silence, —
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring
And the breakers talked with death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

EXPRESSION: Which of these ballads do you like the best? Why? Read the most interesting passage in it.

Kem'pen felt, the commander of the *Royal George*.

Glasgow (*glas'kō*), a city in Scotland.

Pronounce distinctly: *shook the shrouds; sheath; lights shone clear; wreck lurched under; shattered, shuddered, shouted, shining.*

THE HOPE OF OUR COUNTRY[1]

I went to Washington the other day and I stood on one of its hills, and my heart beat quick as I looked at the towering marble of my country's capitol. A mist gathered in my eyes as I thought of its tremendous significance, of the armies and the treasury, and the judges and the president, and the Congress and the courts, and all that were gathered there.

I felt that the sun in all its course could not look down on a better sight than that majestic home of a republic that has taught the world its best lessons of liberty. And I felt that if honor and wisdom and justice abided therein, the world would at last owe that great house in which the ark of the covenant of my country is lodged, its final uplifting.

But a few days afterward I went to visit a friend in the country, a modest man, with a quiet country home. It was just a simple house, set about with great trees and encircled with meadows and fields rich with the promise of harvest.

The fragrance of the pink and the hollyhock in the yard was mingled with the aroma of the orchard and the garden, and the clucking of poultry and the hum of bees. Inside was quiet, cleanliness, thrift, and comfort.

[1] By Henry W. Grady, an American writer and orator (1851–1889).

Outside there stood my friend, the master, — a simple, independent, upright man, with no mortgage on his roof, no lien on his growing crops, — master of his land and master of himself.

There was his old father, an aged and trembling man, but happy in the heart and home of his son. And, as he started to enter his home, the hand of the old man went down on the young man's shoulder, laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and honorable father.

As we approached the door, the mother came, a happy smile lighting up her face, while with the rich music of her heart she bade her husband and her son welcome to their home. Beyond was the housewife, busy with her domestic affairs, the loving helpmate of her husband. Down the lane came the children after the cows, singing sweetly, as like birds they sought the quiet of their nest.

So the night came down on that house, falling gently as the wing from an unseen dove. Then, while a startled bird chirped in the forest and the trees thrilled with the cricket's cry, and the stars were twinkling in the sky, the father called the family around him and took the Bible from the table, while they reverently bowed their knees. The little baby hid in the folds of its mother's dress while the record

of the day was closed by calling down God's blessing on that simple home.

While I gazed, the vision of the marble capitol faded; forgotten were its treasuries and its majesty; and I said, "Surely here in the homes of the people lodge at last the strength and the responsibility of this government, the hope and the promise of this republic."

GRANDFATHER WATTS'S PRIVATE FOURTH [1]

Grandfather Watts used to tell us boys
That a Fourth wa'n't a Fourth without any noise.
He would say with a thump of his hickory stick,
That it made an American right down *sick*
To see his sons on the Nation's Day
Sit round in a sort of listless way,
With no oration and no train band,
No firework show and no lemonade stand;
While his grandsons, before they were out of bibs,
Were ashamed — yes, ashamed — to fire off squibs.

And so, each Independence morn,
Grandfather Watts took his powderhorn
And the flintlock shotgun *his* father had
When he fought under Schuyler, a country lad;

[1] By Henry C. Bunner, an American writer (1855–1896).

And Grandfather Watts would start and tramp
Ten miles to the woods of Beaver Camp;
For Grandfather Watts used to say — and scowl —
That a decent chipmunk, or woodchuck, or owl
Was better company, friendly or shy,
Than folks who didn't keep Fourth of July.
And so he would pull his hat down on his brow,
And march to the woods, southeast by sou'.
But once, — ah, long years ago, —
For Grandfather's gone where good men go —
One hot, hot Fourth, by ways of our own
(Such short cuts as boys have always known),
We hurried, and followed the dear old man
Beyond where the wilderness began —
To the deep black woods at the foot of the Hump,
Where there was a clearing — and a stump.

A stump in the heart of a great wide wood,
And there on that stump our Grandfather stood,
Talking and shouting out there in the sun,
And firing that funny old flintlock gun
Once in a minute — his head all bare —
Having his Fourth of July out there;
The Fourth of July that he used to know,
Back in eighteen twenty, or so.
First, with his face to the heavens blue,

He read the "Declaration" through;
And then, with gestures to left and right,
He made an oration erudite,
Full of words six syllables long —
And then our Grandfather burst into song!
And scaring the squirrels in the trees,
Gave "Hail Columbia" to the breeze.

And I tell you, the good man never heard
When we joined in the chorus, word for word!
But he sang out strong to the bright blue sky;
And if voices joined in his Fourth of July,
He heard them as echoes from days gone by.

And when he had done, we all slipped back,
As still as we came, on our twisting track,
While words more clear than the flintlock shots
Rang in our ears.
And Grandfather Watts?
He shouldered the gun his father bore,
And marched off home, nor'west by nor'.

EXPRESSION: What was Grandfather Watts's idea of the proper way to celebrate the Fourth of July? Read the lines which tell this. What is patriotism? Does the making of a great noise prove that one loves his country? Is there not a better way? See the "Patriotic Pledge" on page 139 of the *Fourth Reader*. Repeat it all together. How may we have a Fourth of July every day in the year?

THE CONCORD HYMN[1]

To be Memorized

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
  Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
  And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
  Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
  Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
  We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
  When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
  To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
  The shaft we raise to them and thee.

[1] This poem was written by Ralph Waldo Emerson and read by him at the dedication of the monument erected at the bridge in Concord (1836) in memory of the patriots who fell there in battle, April 19, 1775. Read in some history about the battle of Lexington.

SAILING UP A GREAT RIVER[1]

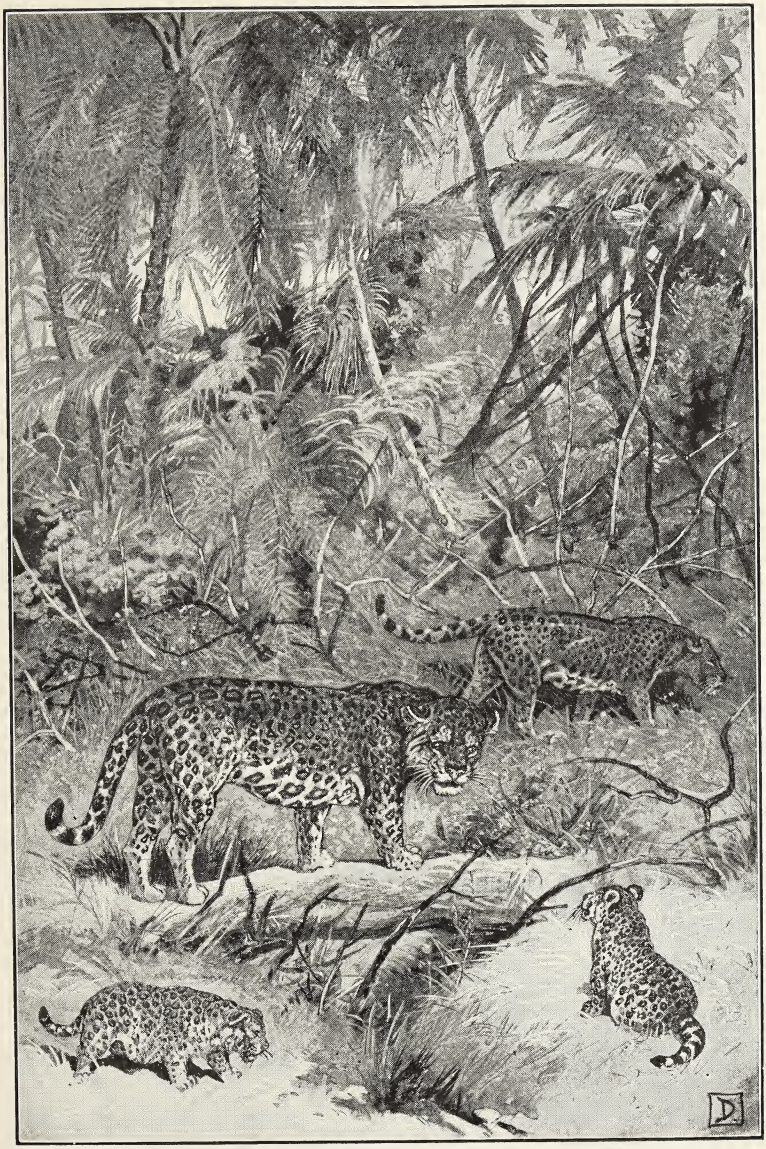
In the northern part of South America is an immense river, the largest in the world. It rises near the Pacific Ocean and flows eastward across the continent into the Atlantic. This is the great Amazon River.

The mouth of the Amazon is so broad that it seems like a vast lake. The great mass of muddy yellow river water can be seen for many miles from shore, making its way through the clear blue sea.

Traveling by steamer up the Amazon we see the vast marshes which border the river on either side. These marshes are covered with a thick growth of reeds, often much higher than a common house. Here and there are open spaces where the water is covered with large round green leaves, which, with their brown edges turning upward, look like flatboats.

Some of these leaves are six feet across, and if you were placed in the middle of one of them, you would find it quite strong enough to support you on the water. These are the leaves of a very large and beautiful water lily. Floating on the water among these great leaves are snowy white flowers shaped like roses, but larger than a common dinner plate. Their inner leaves are a pretty rose color, and in their center is a circle of

[1] By Mary Howe Smith.



Near the Amazon River.

bright gold. These and the many other beautiful plants that grow there make the marshes of the Amazon very wonderful to see.

But among all these pleasant things there are others which are not so attractive. Great scaly alligators lie asleep in the sunshine with their ugly red mouths wide open, or float like logs on the surface of the water.

Thousands of immense water snakes glide about among the reeds. Frogs and turtles larger than any you ever saw, and lizards a yard in length, are to be seen at every moment. And the air is filled with the hum of insects whose sting is poisonous.

Here and there long-legged swamp birds wade about darting their beaks into the water after the frogs and snakes which form their food; while whole flocks, which have finished their fishing, stand asleep on the shore.

The great noon sun, directly over our heads, pours down his burning rays, and almost blinds us by the dazzling light that is reflected from the water all around.

All the morning the whole sky has been perfectly clear and of the brightest and most beautiful blue. Now banks of white clouds are piled up here and there. They grow thick and dark and rapidly become larger; and soon the whole sky is black. The lightning darts in blinding flashes from one side of the heavens to the

other. Terrible peals of thunder shake the earth, and the rain begins to fall. It is not a light pattering rain like that of our northern summer showers; but it falls in torrents as though the whole sky were one overturned sea pouring down upon us. This continues nearly all the afternoon, then the thunder, lightning, and rain cease, the clouds disappear, and all night the heavens are bright with stars.

Every day for several months, the rain continues to fall; each day the rain commences a little earlier and ceases later than the day before, until at length it rains all day. Then it begins later each day, and ceases earlier, until at length, there comes a time during which for a number of months no rain falls.

As we journey on up the great river, we see vast forests stretching hundreds of miles in every direction. The trees are not only of great size, but stand so closely together that their branches are interlocked, and form a dense roof of green through which the sun can hardly reach the earth. The whole space between the trees and beneath their branches is a mass of reeds and other tall plants. Thousands of vines climb about them, stretch from tree to tree, and hang down from the branches, binding all so firmly together that not even a footpath can be made through the forest without an ax to cut the way.

The low plants, the vines, and even many of the great trees, are covered with the most beautiful flowers, not only white, but crimson, purple, scarlet, and golden yellow. As there is no winter, the trees are at all times growing, blooming, and bearing fruit. On some kinds of trees you find buds, flowers, green fruit, and ripened fruit, all at the same time.

Living among the branches of the trees are multitudes of birds of such bright and beautiful colors that they seem like winged flowers. Thousands of monkeys of every size chase each other from tree to tree, swinging by their long tails from one branch to another.

Great snakes, called boa constrictors, some of them eight or ten feet in length, swing from the trees, watching for some animal to come within their reach, when they will quickly wind themselves about it, crushing it to death.

Still another terrible creature, called the jaguar, makes his home in the forests. The young ones look like little kittens, and playing about the trees are very pretty and harmless; but when grown large they are very fierce and dangerous. Thousands of animals of many other kinds fill every part of this great forest through which the rivers are the only paths, and where but few people have ever been.

Although there are such multitudes of birds and

animals here, the forests all through the long, warm days are perfectly silent. There is not a sound of bird or beast; but as soon as the night comes, their voices are heard everywhere. The roaring of the fierce and hungry jaguar, the screaming of the frightened monkeys who are trying to escape him, the chattering of the parrots and other birds, make a strange sort of music.

Travelers who may be obliged to spend the night in the forests must build fires all about them to keep away the dangerous animals. The wild animals are afraid of the flame and will not approach it.

We continue to sail up the Amazon day after day, and still find broad, level plains covered with great dense forests. Were we to leave the main river and sail up one of its large tributaries, we should also find great forest plains, or *silvas*, as they are called. These cover more than half the continent of South America.

EXPRESSION: Study this descriptive selection carefully. Read aloud the paragraphs describing the great river itself. Read the description (1) of the country through which the river flows; (2) of the trees and plants; (3) of the animals; (4) of a storm on the river; (5) of a night in the forest.

What is the difference between a description and a story or narrative?

WORD STUDY: Pronounce these words: *Am'a zon, al'li-ga tors, con stric'tors, jag'uar* (*jăg'wär*), *trib'u ta ries, sĭl'vas.*

A COUNTRY OF CANALS [1]

One of the most interesting countries in Europe is Holland, or, as it is sometimes called, the Netherlands. It is a small country, only about one fourth as large as the state of New York; but it contains many flourishing cities and is rich in fertile farming lands.

The chief city is Amsterdam, an odd old town, quite different from any other in the world. It is full of canals which divide the city into a number of small islands. Over these canals there are more than two hundred bridges, with draws in the middle, to let the boats pass through.

A large number of people pass their lives entirely on canal boats. Here they keep ducks, chickens, pigs, and cattle. Many children are born on these boats, and grow up without ever sleeping in a house.

If the owner of a boat is poor, and cannot afford to keep a horse, he and his wife, with perhaps the aid of their children, drag the boat through the canals by a rope, called the towline. The boys and girls, even when they are quite small, pull the towline like little oxen.

If the father owns a horse, the children often ride on its back while it is drawing the boat. The result is

[1] By J. H. Browne, an American writer.

A Canal in Holland.

that they sometimes fall off; but they are so stout and fat that they seldom hurt themselves.

It is amusing to see a canal-boat man going on board his boat with his wife, seven or eight children, two or three dozen geese, a lot of pigs, and a cow or two. It reminds one of a toy Noah's Ark, with its green, red, white, and blue men, women, and animals. The queer but happy family of noisy children, hissing geese, grunting pigs, and lowing cattle travels through the canals at a speed of about four miles an hour.

If there is a big boy in the family, it often falls to his lot to drive the horse or horses along the towpath. On warm, sultry days the boy sometimes falls asleep, the horse stops, and the boat comes to a standstill. Out rushes the canal-boat man; he jumps ashore; he rushes to the driver and cuffs his ears until he is fully awake, and then the slow journey is resumed.

The poor people wear wooden shoes; and the clatter they make in the streets is heard above that of the rattling wagons. I have often wondered how the boys and girls keep their shoes on; for those which they wear are really large enough for their parents.

In Holland, the children do not have many toys. Their wooden shoes are shaped very much like the canal boats. The children recognize this fact, and have a custom of sailing them on the water. This is fine

sport, except when the little craft happens to be loaded too heavily, causing it to sink — and then the child must look forward to punishment from his parents.

In the winter all the canals are frozen over, and then everybody goes skating. The boys and girls learn to skate almost as soon as they learn to walk, and it is pleasant to see them with the steel runners curled above their toes, whirling over the ice, making circles and cutting fanciful figures.

They not only skate from one part of the town to another, but often go miles into the country to see their relatives and friends. During the cold weather, a large amount of travel is done on the ice. Sleds are much used, and also chairs on runners, which are pushed forward by skaters from behind. The women skate very skillfully, often bearing heavy loads on their heads long distances, and sometimes carrying their babies in their arms for many miles.

Expression: Is this lesson a description or a narrative? Why do you think so?

Read the paragraph which describes the country of Holland; that which describes the city of Amsterdam.

Read the passages which tell (1) about the canal boats; (2) about the wooden shoes; (3) about the children's playthings; (4) about skating.

Study these words: *Eu'rope, Hol'land, Neth'er lands, Am'ster dam, Nō'ah's Ark, ca nal', fer'tĭle, tow'line, rec'og nize.*

THE PUZZLE[1]

"Father," said Lucy, "I wish you would be so good as to give Harry and me one of your old sort of puzzles."

"My old sort of puzzles, Lucy! What do you mean?"

"I mean some puzzling questions like those you asked us last winter when the evenings were so long."

"Yes, father, please ask some more of the same kind," said Harry.

"But be sure to tell us some little story along with the questions," said Lucy.

Their father was silent a few minutes, and then began as follows: "Many years ago, three Arab brothers were traveling together for the purpose of learning whatever they could about the world and its people.

"It happened one day that their road lay across a great plain of sand, where there was little else to be seen except a few tufts of coarse grass. Towards the

[1] By Maria Edgeworth, a noted English writer (1767–1849).

close of the day, they met a camel driver who asked them if they had seen a camel which he had lost.

"'Was not your camel blind in one eye?' asked the eldest brother.

"'Yes, he was,' answered the camel driver.

"'Had he not lost one of his front teeth?' asked the second brother.

"'Certainly,' said the camel driver.

"'And he was lame, too,' said the youngest brother — 'lame in his left leg.'

"'Yes, yes!' said the camel driver.

"'He carried a good load, too,' said the eldest brother. 'On one side of the saddle a vessel of oil was suspended and on the other side a box of honey.'

"'That's right!' cried the camel driver. 'Where did you meet the camel? Which way did he go? Who was with him?'

"'We didn't meet him at all,' said the brothers. 'We never saw your camel.'

"This answer made the camel driver very angry. He accused the brothers of having stolen the camel, and as soon as they had reached the town he caused them to be arrested and taken before the prince. From their manners and the wisdom of their words, the prince felt sure that they were innocent of any crime, and so set them at liberty.

"'Now,' said he, 'will you not oblige me by telling how you happened to know all about the camel, although you never saw him?'

"The brothers could not refuse to comply with such a request. After having thanked him for his kindness, the eldest spoke thus: —

"'We are not magicians, nor have we ever seen the man's camel. All that we know about the animal was discovered by the use of our senses and our reason. I judged that he was blind in one eye, because —'

"Well, Harry and Lucy, I won't tell what further he said; for I wish you to explain, if you can, how the brothers had come to know so much about the camel. How did they know that he was blind in one eye, lame on the left side, had lost a front tooth, and carried a load of honey and oil?"

Harry asked whether the camel driver himself had said anything that led them to answer as they had done.

"No, the camel driver had neither said nor done anything that could help them."

"Well, father," said Lucy, "I wish you would give us some slight hint that will start us on the right track."

"Here it is," answered her father. "Do you remember telling me this morning that you knew my horse had been at the door, although you didn't see him?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Lucy. "It was by the tracks.

No other horse ever comes up the garden path. Perhaps the Arab brothers saw no tracks but those of the lost camel. But how did they know he was lame?"

"I know! I know!" quickly answered Harry. "The camel would put the lame foot down more carefully than the other, and the track made by that one

foot would not be so deep as those of the other three."

"You are quite right," said his father; "but how about the blind eye?"

This was a more difficult question. Lucy thought that the camel might have swerved more to one side than to the other; or perhaps the footsteps might show places where he had started out of the path, and always on the same side.

The next morning at breakfast, the subject was again brought up. Lucy said that the first thing she thought of when she woke up was the lost camel; but the more she thought, the more she was puzzled.

She was just going to say, "Father, I give it up," when Harry whispered to her to try a little longer.

It happened at this very moment that Lucy's mother was helping her to some honey. A drop fell upon the tablecloth, and a bee which was hovering near the door flew suddenly in and began to sip the sweet food.

Lucy started with delight. "Harry, Harry! I've found it out!" she cried. "The camel was carrying a bottle of honey. The bottle leaked. The honey fell in drops upon the sand, and the three brothers noticed the bees and other insects that were sipping it up. I know I'm right, for father is smiling."

"Well, but how about the oil?" asked her father.

"I think it may have been in a wide-mouthed jar or

other vessel," said Lucy. "Some of the oil was spilled out by the jolting of the camel. It would fall upon the sand, and always on the side opposite the honey."

"Good! good!" said her father. "And now everything has been accounted for except the front tooth. I leave that to Harry."

"I think I have an idea," said Harry. "In the beginning of the story, father told us that there were a few tufts of grass along the road. Now the hungry camel would go slowly along and nibble this grass. One of the sharp-eyed brothers might have noticed that wherever the camel took a bite, a few blades of grass stood up higher than the rest. This was because of the gap left by the missing tooth."

"Now we've worked out the whole of the puzzle," said Lucy; "and nobody helped us except to give us a start."

"But I wish we had not been helped at all," said Harry.

Expression: Read this story silently and notice where each conversation begins and where it ends.

Now read aloud and with expression the story of the Arab brothers. This may be called a story within a story.

What persons are mentioned in the main story? in the story within this story?

Choose parts and read what each person says, being careful to imitate the tone and manner of the original speakers.

Word Study: *Ar'ab, Har'ry, Lū'çy, ar rĕst'ed, ma gĭ'çian, dif'fi cult, op'po şite.*

THE VISION OF THE PRINCE BISHOP[1]

The Prince Bishop Evrard stood gazing at his marvelous Cathedral; and as he let his eyes wander in delight over the three deep sculptured portals and the double gallery above them, and the great rose window, and the ringers' gallery, and so up to the massive western towers, he felt as though his heart were clapping hands for joy within him. And he thought to himself, "Surely in all the world God has no house more beautiful than this which I have built with such long labor and at so princely an outlay of my treasure." And thus the Prince Bishop fell into the sin of pride, and, though he was a holy man, he did not perceive that he had fallen, so filled with gladness was he at the sight of his completed work.

In the double gallery of the west front there were many great statues with crowns and scepters, but a niche over the central portal was empty, and this the Prince Bishop intended to fill with a statue of himself. It was to be a very small, simple statue, as became one who prized lowliness of heart, but as he looked up at the vacant place, it gave him pleasure to think that hundreds of years after he was dead people would pause before his

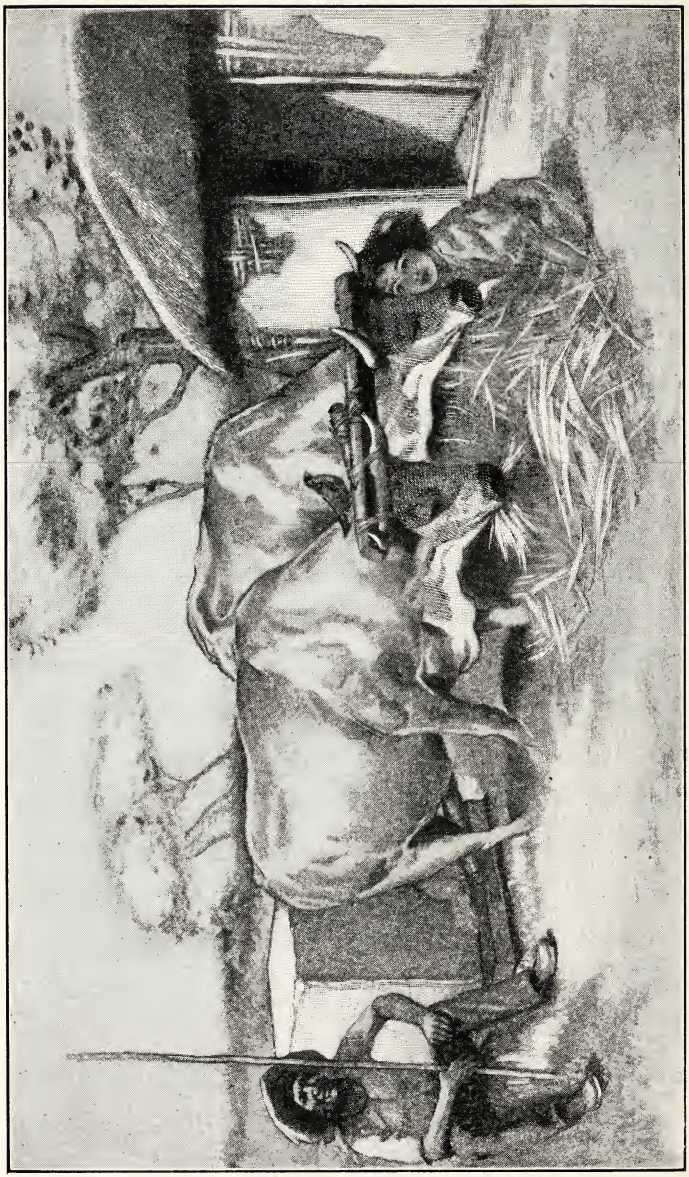
[1] By William Canton, an English journalist and author.

effigy and praise him and his work. And this, too, was pride.

As the Prince Bishop lay asleep that night, a mighty six-winged Angel stood beside him and bade him rise. "Come," he said, "and I will show thee some of those who have worked with thee in building the great church and whose service in God's eyes has been more worthy than thine." And the Angel led him past the Cathedral and down the steep street of the ancient city, and though it was midday, the people going to and fro did not seem to see them. Beyond the gates they followed the shelving road till they came to green level fields, and there in the middle of the road, between grassy banks covered with white cherry blossoms, two great white oxen, yoked to a huge block of stone, stood resting before they began the toilsome ascent.

"Look!" said the Angel; and the Prince Bishop saw a little blue-winged bird sitting on the stout yoke beam that was fastened to the horns of the oxen; and it sang such a heavenly song of rest and contentment that the big shaggy creatures ceased to blow stormily through their nostrils, and drew long, tranquil breaths instead.

"Look again!" said the Angel. And from a hut of wattles and clay a little peasant girl came with a bundle of hay in her arms, and gave first one of the oxen and



The Vision of the Prince Bishop.

then the other a wisp. Then she stroked their black muzzles, and laid her rosy face against their white cheeks. Then the Prince Bishop saw the rude teamster rise from his rest on the bank and cry to his cattle, and the oxen strained against the beam and the thick ropes tightened, and the huge block of stone was once more set in motion.

And when the Prince Bishop saw that it was these fellow-workers whose service was more worthy in God's eyes than his own, he was abashed and sorrowful for his sin, and the tears of his own weeping awoke him. So he sent for the master of the sculptors and bade him fill the little niche over the middle portal, not with his own effigy, but with an image of the child; and he bade him make two colossal figures of the white oxen; and to the great wonderment of the people these were set up high in the tower so that men could see them against the blue sky.

"And as for me," he said, "let my body be buried, with my face downward, outside the great church, in front of the middle entrance, that men may trample on my pride and that I may serve them as a stepping-stone to the house of God; and the little child shall look on me when I lie in the dust."

Now the little girl in the niche was carved with wisps of hay in her hands, but the child who had fed the oxen

knew nothing of this, and as she grew up she forgot her childish service, so that when she had grown to womanhood and chanced to see this statue over the portal, she did not know it was her own self in stone. But what she had done was not forgotten in heaven.

And as for the oxen, one of them looked east and one looked west across the wide, fruitful country about the foot of the hill city. And one caught the first gray gleam, and the first rosy flush, and the first golden splendor of the sunrise; and the other was lit with the color of the sunset long after the lowlands had faded away in the blue mist of the twilight. Weary men and worn women looking up at them felt that a gladness and a glory and a deep peace had fallen on the life of toil. And then, when people began to understand, they said it was well that these mighty laborers, who had helped to build the house, should still find a place of service and honor in the house; and they remembered that the Master of the house had once been a Babe warmed in a manger by the breath of cattle. And at the thought of this, men grew more pitiful to their cattle, and to the beasts in servitude, and to all dumb animals. And that was one good fruit which sprang from the Prince Bishop's repentance.

Now over the colossal stone oxen hung the bells of the Cathedral. On Christmas Eve the ringers, according

to the old custom, ascended to their gallery to ring in the birth of the Christ. At the moment of midnight the master ringer gave the word, and the great bells began to swing in joyful sequence. Far out across the snow-roofed city, far away over the white, glistening country rang the glad music of the tower. People who went to their doors to listen cried in astonishment: "Hark! what strange music is that? It sounds as if the lowing of cattle were mingled with the chimes of the bells." In truth it was so. And in every pasture and farm the oxen and the cows answered the strange, sweet cadences with their lowing, and the great stone oxen lowed back to their kin of the meadow through the deep notes of the joy-peal.

In the fullness of time the Prince Bishop Evrard died and was buried as he had willed, with his face humbly turned to the earth; and to this day the weather-wasted figure of the little girl looks down on him from her niche, and the slab over his grave serves as a stepping-stone to pious feet.

Expression: Choose the most interesting paragraph in this story. Why do you think it interesting? Read it in such manner as to make it interesting to those who hear you. What lesson may we learn from the story?

Word Study: *Ev'rard, Ca thē'dral, sculp'tured, pōr'tal, sçep'ters, nĭche, ān'çient, as çent', as çend'ed, tran'quil, wät'tles, co lŏs'sal, ef'fi ġy, re pent'ance, cā'dence.*

THE ERL-KING [1]

Oh, who rides by night through the woodland so wild?
It is the fond father embracing his child;
And close the boy nestles within his loved arm
To hold himself fast, and to keep himself warm.

"O father, see yonder! see yonder!" he says.
"My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze?"
"Oh, 'tis the Erl-King with his crown and his shroud."
"No, my son, it is but a dark wreath of cloud."

The Erl-King

Oh, come and go with me, thou loveliest child;
By many a gay sport shall thy time be beguiled;
My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy,
And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my boy.

The Child

O father, my father, and did you not hear
The Erl-King whisper so low in my ear?

The Father

Be still, my heart's darling — my child, be at ease;
It was but the wild blast as it sung through the trees.

[1] By Johann Wolfgang Goethe. Translated from the German by Sir Walter Scott.

The Erl-King

Oh, wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest boy?
My daughter shall tend thee with care and with joy;
She shall bear thee so lightly through wet and through wild,
And press thee, and kiss thee, and sing to my child.

The Child

O father, my father, and saw you not plain,
The Erl-King's pale daughter glide past through the rain?

The Father

Oh, yes, my loved treasure, I knew it full soon;
It was the gray willow that danced to the moon.

The Erl-King

Oh, come and go with me, no longer delay,
Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away.

The Child

O father! O father! now, now keep your hold,
The Erl-King has seized me, his grasp is so cold!

Sore trembled the father; he spurred through the wild,
Clasping close to his bosom his shuddering child.
He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread,
But, clasped to his bosom, the infant is dead.

THE GIFT OF THE WHITE BEAR [1]

A long time ago there lived in Iceland a man whose name was Audun. His means were small, but everybody knew of his goodness. In order to see the world and add to his wealth, he once sailed to Greenland with a sea captain named Thorir. Before he went, he gave everything that he had to his mother — and this was not much.

In Greenland, Audun bought a white bear that was well tamed and trained — and it was the greatest treasure of a bear that had ever been thought of. The next summer Thorir sailed back to Norway, and Audun went with him, taking the bear.

Now Audun had made up his mind to give the bear to Sweyn, the king of Denmark; and so, leaving Thorir, he made his way south to the Cattegat. While he was waiting for some vessel that would carry him across the channel, it so happened that Harold, the king of Norway, came also to the same place.

Of course, some one soon told King Harold about the Icelander who had lately come from Greenland with a wonderful white bear, and he at once sent for Audun.

"I have heard about your white bear," said Harold, "and I wish to buy it."

[1] First told in the Icelandic language. Translated into English by Sir George Webbe Dasent.

"I will not sell it," answered Audun.

"But I will pay you twice as much as you gave for it," said the king.

"Not for any price will I sell it," said the Icelander.

"Then will you give it to me?" asked the king.

"No, my lord, I will not do that," answered Audun.

"What, then, will you do with it?" asked the king.

Audun answered, "I have made up my mind to take it to Denmark and give it to King Sweyn, for he is also the king of my own country."

Then Harold spoke up sharply: "Don't you know, my fellow, that there is war between Norway and Denmark, and between myself and your King Sweyn? Don't you know that I have the power to prevent you from ever getting to his land?"

Audun answered, "I know that you have the power, and that all rests with you. But I will consent to nothing save to do as I have told you."

The king sat in thought for a moment, and then said, "Well, I see no reason why you should not do as you please in this matter. But promise me that when you come this way again, you will tell me how King Sweyn rewarded you for the beast."

"I give you my word to do that," answered Audun.

Then, leading the bear behind him, he went away. But it was a long time before he could find any means

to cross over into Denmark; and when at last he set foot upon the shores of that country, he had not even a penny with which to buy food. Both he and the bear were starving, and it was a long way to the place where the king was staying.

In his distress, Audun went to a rich man named Auki and begged for food for himself and his bear.

"What are you going to do with the beast?" asked Auki.

"Give him to King Sweyn," answered the Icelander.

"And how much do you expect to receive for him?"

"Only so much as the king in his bounty wishes to give."

Then the rich man answered, "If you will give me one half of the bear, I will feed you both."

And to this Audun made agreement, for he was almost dead of hunger, and so was the bear.

Then the Icelander and the rich man went on, leading the bear, until they came to King Sweyn's house. The king greeted Auki in a friendly manner, and turning to Audun, said, "You are a stranger to me. Pray tell me whence you have come."

"I am from Iceland," answered Audun, "and have but lately been to Greenland. My errand here is to give you a white bear which I bought in Greenland. But my necessities have obliged me to part with one

half of the beast, and I can only beg of you to accept the other half." And then, after much questioning, he told the whole story.

The king turned to the rich man, who was standing by, and asked, "Is this true, Auki?"

"It is, my lord," answered Auki.

Then the king was angry and sent the rich man home, empty-handed and sorrowful. But he said to the Icelander, "I thank you for the rare and wonderful gift which you have brought me. Stay here in my house for a while."

So Audun dwelt for some time with the king's household, and no man was more faithful, more honest, or more brave than he. Many deeds of courage did he

perform, and many and worthy were his services. All men liked him, and the king was most gracious to him; but his heart turned always towards Iceland and his poor mother whom he had left behind.

One day when the springtide was drawing on, the king spoke to the Icelander and said, "Audun, I have never yet given you anything for the white bear. I have a mind to make you one of my chief officers, so that you shall always be near me."

And Audun answered, "I thank you, my lord, with all my heart. But far away over the northern seas there is a poor woman who is my mother. I fear that by this time she is in want; for although I left her all that I had, it was not much. I cannot bear to sit here in ease and honor while she has not enough to keep hunger away. And so I have set my heart on sailing for Iceland."

"There speaks a good man and true," cried the king. "You shall do as you most desire; but wait a little while till a ship is ready."

So Audun waited. And one day, when spring was at its best, King Sweyn went with him down to the water side where many men were busy freighting ships for foreign lands. They walked till they came to a merchant vessel of fine size.

"What do you think of this ship, Audun?" asked the king.

"She is fine enough, surely," answered the Icelander.

"Well," said the king, "I will now repay you for the bear. This ship and all the goods on board of it are yours."

Audun thanked the king as well as he could. And when the day came for the ship to sail, the two walked down to the water side again.

"I have heard much of the perils of the sea," said King Sweyn, "and if this fair ship should be wrecked, all your goods will doubtless be lost and little will be left to show that you have met the king of Denmark."

As he said this, the king put into Audun's hand a leather bag full of silver, saying, "Take this, and even if your ship goes down, you will not be penniless."

Audun was so filled with gratitude that he could not speak. But the king had still another surprise for him. He drew a ring of gold, very costly, from his arm and put it upon the arm of the Icelander.

"Take this," he said. "Even though you should lose ship and goods and money, you will still not be penniless, for the gold will be around your arm."

What could Audun do? What could he say?

The king shook his hand at parting, and said, "I have this to ask of you: Keep the gold ring on your arm and do not part with it on any account unless it be to some great man to whom you feel yourself bound

to give your best treasure in return for a great favor and much goodness. And now, farewell, and may good luck follow your voyage."

Then Audun, in his fair, rich ship, put to sea.

On his way to Iceland he stopped for a time in a haven of Norway, where he heard that King Harold was holding his court. He was desirous of seeing the king, as he had given his word.

King Harold remembered him well, and received him kindly.

"Sit here and tell me how it fared with you in Denmark," he said.

Audun told him a part of his story.

"But how did King Sweyn repay you for the white bear?" asked Harold.

"In this wise, my lord," answered Audun: "he took it and thanked me when I offered it."

"I would have repaid you as well, myself," said Harold. "What more did he give you?"

"He asked me to abide in his house, and he gave me his friendship. He offered me still greater honor if I would stay longer with him."

"That was good; but I would have done as much. He must have given you something more."

"Yes. He gave me a merchant ship filled with rich goods for trade in northern ports."

"That was a noble gift," said the king; "but I would have equaled it. Did he give you anything more?"

Audun answered, "Yes, he gave me a leather bag full of silver; for he said that if the ship and her cargo should be lost in the sea, yet would I not go penniless."

"That was nobly thought of," said Harold; "and it is more than I would have done. But what else did he give?"

Then Audun took the gold ring from his arm and put it upon King Harold's arm, saying, "He gave me as a farewell gift this priceless ring; and he bade me never to part with it save to some great man to whom I felt myself indebted for his goodness. And now I have found that man. For it was in your power to take

away not only the bear, but my life also, and yet you allowed me to go in peace to Denmark."

The king looked at the ring and then at the man; for both were of very great worth. "I thank you, Audun," he said; and they had much pleasant talk before they parted.

And when Audun at length came with his ship to Iceland, everybody welcomed him as the luckiest man in the world; and he made his poor mother comfortable for the rest of her life.

EXPRESSION: Study this lesson with your teacher in the following way:

(1) Read the entire selection silently and try to understand every passage in the story. Where is Iceland? Greenland? Norway? Denmark? To what European country does Iceland belong? Learn something about the people of Iceland.

(2) This kind of story is sometimes called a legend. What is a legend? Name some other legends you have read.

(3) Talk about the time and place of the story.

(4) Follow the important incidents in their proper order.

(5) Talk about the different characters, and tell your opinion of each.

(6) What part of the story is the most interesting to you? Give reasons why.

(7) Do you agree that Audun was the luckiest man in the world? If so, tell why.

(8) How does this story compare with the one just before it?

Study these words: *Ice'land, Green'land, Au'dun, Tho'rir, Nor'way, Sweyn* (*swān*), *Har'old, Cat'te gat, Au'ki, Den'mark.*

THE REWARD OF KINDNESS[1]

In the good old days, there lived, in Japan, a poor man and his wife, whose only pet was a little dog. Having no children, they loved it as though it were their own baby. The good woman made it a cushion of blue crape, and at mealtime Muko — for that was its name — would sit on it as demure as any cat.

The kind people fed the pet with tidbits of fish, and it

[1] A Japanese folk tale, translated into English by William Elliot Griffis.

was allowed to have all the boiled rice it wanted. Whenever the woman took the animal out with her, she put a bright-red silk ribbon around its neck. Thus treated, the dumb creature loved its protectors very dearly.

Now the kind man, being a farmer, went daily with hoe or rake into the fields, working hard from the first croak of the raven until the sun had gone down behind the hills. Every day the dog followed him to work and kept near by, never harming the birds that walked in the footsteps of the man to pick up worms.

One day Muko came running to his master as though greatly excited. He leaped against the man's knees, and seemed to be motioning to some spot behind. The kind man at first thought that his pet was only playing, and did not mind it. But the dog kept on whining and running to and fro for some minutes.

At length the man followed the dog a short distance to a place where the animal began a lively scratching. Thinking it only a buried bone or bit of fish, but wishing to humor his pet, the kind man stuck his hoe into the earth, when, lo! a pile of gold gleamed before him.

He rubbed his old eyes, stooped down to look, and saw that there was at least a peck of shining coins. He gathered them up, and hurried homeward at once.

Thus, in an hour, the kind couple were made rich.

The good souls bought a piece of land, made a great feast for their friends, and gave plentifully to their poor neighbors.

II

Now, in the same village there lived a wicked old man and his wife, who had always kicked and scolded all dogs that came near their house. When they heard of their kind neighbors' good luck, they began to wish that they, too, had a pet like Muko. So they coaxed him into their garden and set a plate of fish and other dainties before him, hoping he would find treasure for them. But the dog, being afraid of the cruel pair, would neither eat nor move.

Then they dragged him into a field, taking a spade and a hoe with them. When the dog got near to a pine tree, he began to paw and scratch the ground, as if a mighty treasure lay beneath.

"Quick, wife, hand me the spade!" cried the greedy man, as he danced with joy.

Then the covetous fellow began to dig with the spade, and his wife helped him with the hoe. But they found nothing but a poor kitten, which they themselves had killed several days before. This made them so angry that they attacked the dog and kicked and beat him to death. They then threw him into the hole, and covered him up with earth.

III

When the owner of the dog heard of the death of his pet, he mourned for him as for his own child. At night he went to the pine tree where Muko was buried, and set up some hollow pieces of bamboo into which he put fresh flowers. Then he put a tray of food on the grave, and burned several costly sticks of incense.

That night, the kind man thought that the dog came to him in a dream and said, "Cut down the pine tree which is over my grave, and make from it a mortar for your rice pastry and a mill for your bean sauce."

So the kind man chopped down the tree, and from the middle of the trunk he cut out a section about two feet long. With great labor he scraped out a hollow place in this piece of wood, making a mortar large enough to hold about a half bushel. Then he made a hammer of wood, such as was used for pounding rice.

When New Year's time drew nigh, the kind couple decided to make some rice pastry. So they got ready some white rice in a basket; they built a fire, and hung a pot over it to boil the rice dumplings; the man knotted his blue handkerchief over his head; the woman tucked up her sleeves; and all was ready for the pastry making.

The rice was soon boiled; the woman put it in the mortar; the man lifted his hammer to pound it into dough; and the blows fell thick and fast till the pastry

was all ready for baking. Then, suddenly, the whole mass turned into a heap of shining gold coins.

Meanwhile, the kind woman had filled the hand mill with beans for bean porridge; and when she began to grind, a stream of gold dropped out like rain.

And so the good couple were made rich a second time.

IV

Now, it so happened that the covetous old neighbors were looking in at the window and saw all that was going on in the kind people's kitchen. "Goody me!" cried the old woman, "I'll borrow that mill, I will."

The next day, therefore, she went over and borrowed the mortar and the mill. The couple filled the mortar very full of rice, and poured a peck of beans into the mill. Then the old man began to pound and the old woman to grind.

At the first blow, however, and at the first turn of the mill, both beans and rice turned into a foul mass of stuff, full of wriggling worms. The covetous old couple were so angry that they chopped the mill into pieces and used the mortar for firewood.

Not long after that, the kind man dreamed again. He thought that the dog came to him and told him how the wicked people had broken the mill and burned the mortar that had been made from the pine tree.

"Take the ashes of the mill, and sprinkle them on the withered trees and they will bloom again," said the dog.

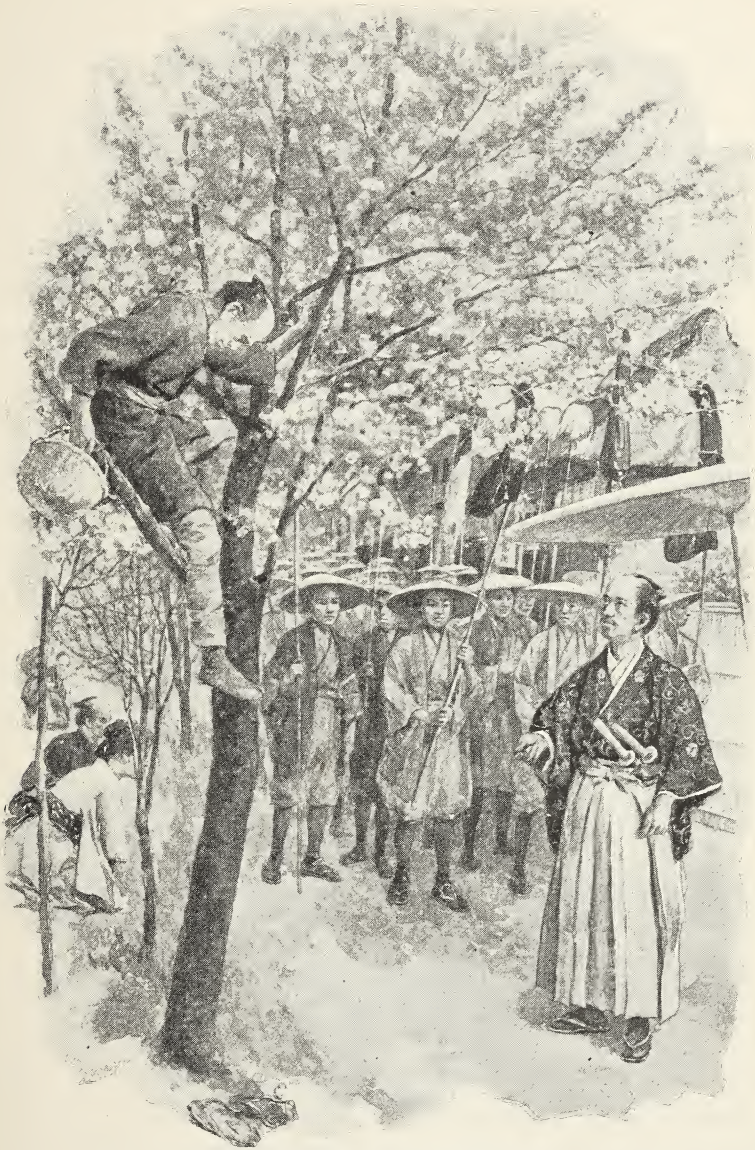
Early in the morning, the man went to his wicked neighbors' house to get some of the ashes. He found the miserable old pair sitting by their square fireplace, smoking and spinning. He asked them for the ashes, and they scolded him as if he were a thief. At last, however, they allowed him to fill his basket with ashes.

When the man returned to his home, he went out with his wife into the garden. It was winter, and their favorite cherry tree was bare. They sprinkled a few of the ashes on it, and, lo! it put out blossoms until it became a cloud of pink blooms which perfumed the air. The news of this soon filled the village, and every one ran to see the wonder.

The covetous couple also heard the story, and they gathered up the remaining ashes, thinking that they, too, would make withered trees blossom.

V

About this time the daimio, or lord of that region, was journeying near the village; and the kind man, hearing this, set out to meet him, taking his basket of ashes. He climbed into an old withered cherry tree that stood by the road, and waited for the daimio and his train to pass by.



"The daimio was delighted."

Now, it was the custom, when one of the great men drew near, for all the people to shut their second-story windows. They even pasted them fast with slips of paper, so as not to commit the impertinence of looking down upon their lord. All ranged themselves along the road, fell upon their knees, and remained there until the procession had passed by.

It was, therefore, very impolite for the kind man to climb the tree, and be higher than his master's head.

The procession drew near, with all its pomp of gayly colored banners, covered spears, and state umbrellas. A tall officer marched ahead, crying out to the people, "Get down on your knees! Get down on your knees!" And every one kneeled down.

Suddenly, however, the officer caught sight of the kind man up in the tree. He was about to call out to him in an angry tone, but seeing that he appeared quite old and feeble, he pretended not to notice, and passed on.

When the daimio drew near, the kind man took a pinch of ashes from his basket and scattered them over the tree. In a moment it burst into blossom.

The daimio was delighted. He ordered his attendants to stop, and went up to the tree to see the wonder. He called to the kind man and thanked him. He ordered that he should be rewarded with silk robes and fans and ivory carvings, and other costly presents. He

even invited him to visit him in his castle. And when the procession had passed on, the kind man went joyfully home to tell the good news to his wife.

When the covetous neighbor heard of what had taken place, he thought that he, too, would win the favor of his master. So he took some of the magic ashes and went out on the highway. He waited till the daimio drew near, and then, instead of kneeling down, he climbed a withered cherry tree.

Then, when the daimio was almost directly under him, he threw a handful of ashes over the tree, which did not change in the least. The wind blew the fine dust into the noses and eyes of the daimio and his followers. How they sneezed and coughed! All the pomp and dignity of the procession was spoiled.

The officer whose business it was to cry, "Get down on your knees," seized the foolish old fellow by the hair, dragged him from the tree, and tumbled him and his ash basket into the ditch by the road. Others fell upon him and beat him, and left him for dead.

Thus while the cruel, covetous old man was deservedly punished, the kind friend of the dog dwelt in peace and plenty, and both he and his wife lived to a happy old age.

Word Study: Pronounce correctly: *Ja pan'*, *Mu'ko*, *cov'et ous*, *cou'ple*, *daimio* (*dī'myō*), *pās'try*, *pŏr'ridge*.

THE BOY OF THE MOUNTAIN[1]

A herdboy on the mountain's brow,
I see the castles all below,
The sunbeam here is earliest cast,
And by my side it lingers last —
I am the boy of the mountain!

The mountain house of streams is here,
I drink them in their cradles clear;
From out the rock they foam below,
I spring to catch them as they go —
I am the boy of the mountain!

To me belongs the mountain's bound,
Where gathering tempests march around;
But though from north and south they shout,
Above them still my song rings out —
"I am the boy of the mountain!"

Below me clouds and thunders move;
I stand amid the blue above.
I shout to them with fearless breast;
"Go leave my father's house in rest!
I am the boy of the mountain!"

[1] From the German of Johann Ludwig Uhland.

THE SONS OF FERIDOUN [1]

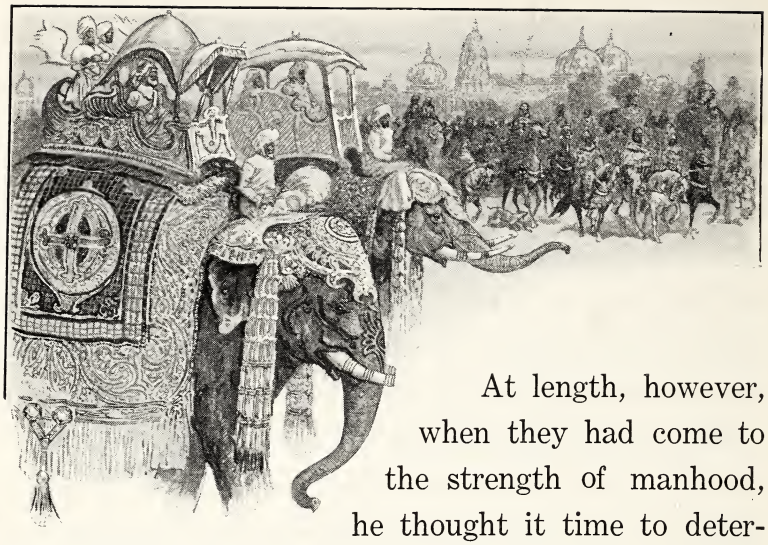
In very ancient times, when the world was young, and men lived long, there was a king of Persia whose name was Feridoun. He had ruled his country wisely and well for more than five hundred years; and still, although his hair was white with age, his eyes were sharp as the eagle's, his arms were strong as bars of iron, and his feet were swift as those of the gazelle.

He went constantly from one part of his kingdom to another, doing whatever he could to make his people happy. He sought out the things that were hidden; he righted that which was wrong; he ruled by kindness and love. Persia, during his reign, was like a garden of beauty watered by rivers of contentment and peace.

But as the years passed, and Feridoun grew older and older, it was plain that he could not live and reign forever. Then his wise men and counselors began to ask each other, "Who shall be the ruler of our country when he is no more?"

Now Feridoun had three young sons, fair and tall and strong, the joy and pride of his old age. But they were as yet known only by the pet names of their babyhood, for he had not tested their hearts.

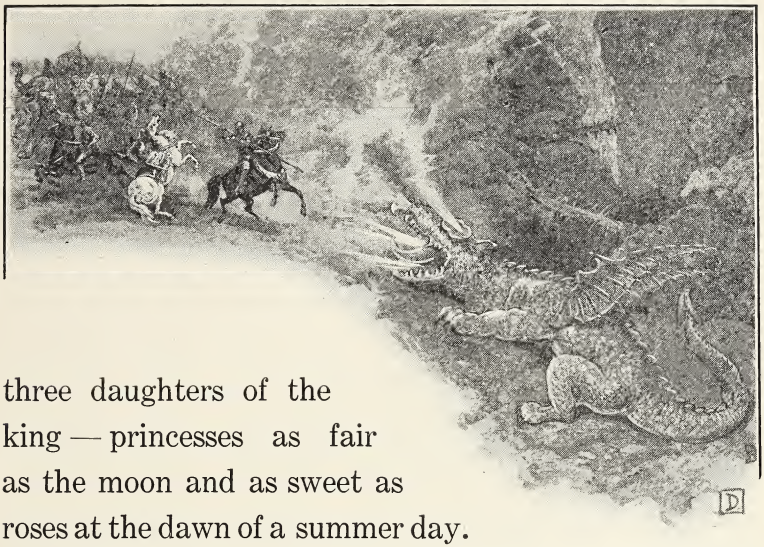
[1] A Persian legend retold from the "Shah-Nameh," or "Book of Kings," of the poet Firdusi.



At length, however, when they had come to the strength of manhood, he thought it time to determine which of the three was most worthy to sit on his throne. So he bade them get ready for a long journey that they might visit the king of Yemen, who was his friend.

The young men gladly obeyed him. They set out for Yemen with a great company of servants and warriors, with horses and camels and elephants as countless as the stars. The king of Yemen, when he learned of their coming, went forth to greet them; and his train was as grand as their own — glittering with silver and gold, and gorgeous as the plumage of a pheasant.

For one whole year the sons of Feridoun dwelt in Yemen. And they wooed and won for themselves the



three daughters of the king — princesses as fair as the moon and as sweet as roses at the dawn of a summer day.

At length, when the time came for them to return to their father, the king of Yemen loaded their camels and their elephants with much treasure and gave to each an umbrella of gorgeous beauty as a sign of kingly authority.

Now, when Feridoun learned that his sons were on their way home, he went out to meet them and to prove their hearts. "For," he said, "I will thus learn which is the worthiest to succeed me as ruler of the world."

By his art in magic, he caused the form of a dragon to rise from the earth — a form without substance, yet terrible to see — a dragon with eyes of fire and tongue of flame. This he placed in a narrow mountain pass through which his sons would ride.

When the young men with their train appeared, the dragon of magic leaped out like a whirlwind; it beat upon the ground and raised a great dust through which none could see; it roared terribly, like a lion of the desert.

There was then great confusion among the horses, the camels, the elephants, and all who followed in the company of the princes.

"What enemy is this who threatens us?" cried the eldest; and he rode forward a little way. But when he saw the fiery eyes and the dreadful form of the dragon, he dropped his spear upon the ground and fled in great haste.

"A wise and prudent man will not fight with dragons," he said.

Then the second brother rode forward. The dragon leaped at him as though it would tear him in pieces. But he stood his ground, and said, "Since it is my business to fight, shall I be more afraid of a dragon than of a trained knight?" And he strung his bow and made ready to shoot.

Just then, however, the youngest brother came riding up. He saw the dragon in his path; he heard its terrible roaring. But he neither fled nor advanced.

"Ho, you, whoever you may be!" he cried. "Do you know that you are in the path of lions? Beware!

for we are the sons of Feridoun, the mightiest of kings. Save yourself while you may."

When Feridoun heard this, he was satisfied, for he had tried the hearts of his sons. The dragon vanished from sight, and the three brothers rode onward through the pass, wondering at what they had seen.

Soon, to their great joy, they saw their father coming to meet them; and in his train were thousands of warriors with elephants and trumpets and cymbals.

The brothers made haste to alight from their steeds; they ran forward to greet him; they kissed the ground before his feet. A thousand cymbals were clashed, a thousand trumpets were sounded, and ten thousand voices shouted for joy.

Feridoun gently lifted his sons to their feet; he kissed their foreheads, and gave unto them the honor which they deserved.

And when they were come to the city and the royal house, he prayed to God to bless them. Then he led them into his great hall and seated them upon golden thrones beside his own.

"O my sons," he said, "listen to me. The dragon which you saw in the mountains was naught but the work of magic. It was the means by which I sought to test your hearts. And now I will give to you names such as are befitting to men.

"The eldest shall be called Selim, the prudent. For a man who does not flee from danger is foolhardy rather than brave; and this, my son, when he found himself face to face with a dragon, did not hesitate to betake himself to flight.

"The second shall be called Tur, the courageous. For he showed his valor even from the start, and was ready to give battle even though he might perish.

"The youngest shall be called Irij, the judicious. For he is a man both prudent and brave. He chooses the middle way where there is safety and also honor."

Then Feridoun parted the world, and gave three parts to his sons. To Selim he gave the lands of the setting sun. To Tur he gave China and the land of the Turks. But to Irij he gave Iran, which is Persia, with the throne of might and the crown of power.

EXPRESSION: Compare this story with the two that precede it. All these stories tell something about the lives of people in countries and times very far from ours. Talk with your teacher regarding what you have learned (1) about people in early Iceland and Denmark; (2) about the life of the common people in Japan in the times of the *daimios;* (3) about ancient Persia. Read passages from each story to illustrate these facts.

WORD STUDY: Refer to the dictionary, and study these words: *Persia (pẽr'zha), Fĕr'i doun (-doon), Yĕm'en, I rän', Ir'ij, Sē'lim, Tu̇r, çy̆m'bals, cou rā'geous, ju dĭ'cious.*

A STORY OF SWITZERLAND

I. Arnold Winkelried

More than five hundred years ago, a great army of Austrians had marched into Switzerland as far as Sempach. If it should go much farther, there would be no driving it out again. The soldiers would burn the towns, they would rob the farmers of their grain and sheep, they would make slaves of the people.

The men of Switzerland knew all this. They knew that they must fight for their homes and their lives. And so they came from the mountains and valleys to try what they could do to save their land. There were no guns in those days, and the country people had but few weapons of any sort. Some came with bows and arrows, some with scythes and pitchforks, and some with only sticks and clubs.

Thus poorly equipped, they went forth bravely to oppose their foes. The Austrian soldiers, all fully armed, were marching in solid lines so close together that nothing could be seen of them but their spears and shields and shining armor. What could the poor country people do against such foes as these?

"We must break their lines," cried their leader; "for we cannot harm them while they keep together."

The bowmen shot their arrows, but they glanced off from the soldiers' shields. Others tried clubs and stones, but with no better luck. The lines were still unbroken. The soldiers moved steadily onward; their shields lapped over one another; their thousand spears looked like so many long bristles in the sunlight. What cared they for sticks and stones and huntsmen's arrows?

"If we cannot break their ranks," said the Swiss, "we have no chance for fight, and our country will be lost!"

Then a poor man, whose name was Arnold Winkelried, stepped out.

"On the side of yonder mountain," said he, "I have a happy home where my wife and children wait for my return. But they will not see me again, for this day I shall give my life for my country. Do you, my friends, do your duty, and Switzerland shall be free."

With these words he ran forward. "Follow me!" he cried to his friends. "I will break the lines, and then let every man fight as bravely as he can."

He had nothing in his hands, neither club nor stone nor other weapon. But he ran straight onward to the place where the spears were thickest.

"Make way for liberty!" he shouted, as he dashed right fearlessly into the lines.

A hundred spears were turned to catch him upon their points. The soldiers forgot to stay in their places.

The lines were broken. Arnold's friends rushed bravely after him. They fought with whatever they had in hand. They snatched spears and shields from their foes. They had no thought of fear, but only of their homes and their dear native land. And at last they won the victory and made way for liberty.

II. Make Way for Liberty[1]

"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Made way for liberty, and died.
In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood, —
A wall, where every conscious stone
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown,
A rampart all assaults to bear
Till time to dust their frames should wear;
So still, so dense the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood.

Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears,
Whose polished points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendors run
Along the billows to the sun.

[1] By James Montgomery, a Scottish poet (1771–1854).

Opposed to these a hovering band
Contended for their fatherland;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
And beat their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords;
And what insurgent rage had gained
In many a mortal fray maintained;
Marshaled, once more, at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquered, he who fell,
Was deemed a dead or living Tell.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within,
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was nowhere found.

Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrant's feet;
How could they rest within their graves,
And leave their homes, the homes of slaves?

Would not they feel their children tread,
With clanging chains, above their head?

It must not be; this day, this hour,
Annihilates the invader's power;
All Switzerland is in the field;
She will not fly, — she cannot yield, —
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as 'twere a secret known
That one should turn the scale alone.
While each unto himself was he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one indeed;
Behold him, — Arnold Winkelried;
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood amidst the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And, by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm,

And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done!
The field was in a moment won;
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp;
"Make way for liberty!" he cried.
Their keen points crossed from side to side;
He bowed amidst them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

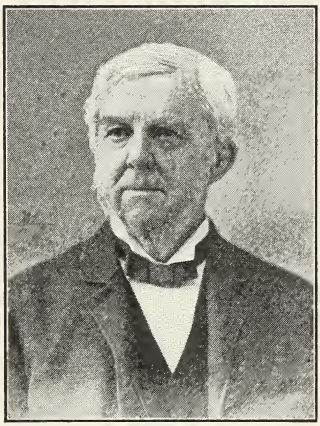
Swift to the breach his comrades fly,
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart,
While instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, seized them all;
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus Death made way for Liberty!

SOME INTERESTING LETTERS

I. Oliver Wendell Holmes to a Little Girl

[Oliver Wendell Holmes was a physician, poet, and prose-writer. He was born at Boston in the same year that Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky. His life was a busy and pleasant one, and he will long be remembered as the author of some of the most delightful essays in the English language. When you grow older you will like to read his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which contains the best of these essays. Among his many excellent poems the best is perhaps "The Chambered Nautilus." Dr. Holmes was seventy-one years old when he wrote the following letter to a little girl.]



Oliver Wendell Holmes

Boston, March 15, 1880.

My dear Miss Isabella:

Here is one little incident of my life which I have never told in print.

When I was a little boy I got upon a raft one day, — a few boards laid together, — which floated about in a pond — a very small pond, but rather bigger round than a dinner table. It was big enough, anyhow, to drown a little boy, and came pretty near doing it;

for while I was stooping over the edge of the raft, I slipped and went souse into the water.

I remember a great sound in my ears — "guggle, guggle," I said it was, when they asked me about it — and a desperate struggle — and a feeling that I was going to be drowned, just as little Sam Childs had been; and then — all at once my whole past life seemed to flash before me as a train of cars going a thousand miles an hour — if such a speed were possible — would pass in one long crowded streak before the eyes of a person standing by the railroad.

I had never heard that this was a common experience with persons who are near drowning, but I have since heard of many cases where the same flash of their past lives has come before drowning people who have been rescued and have told about it.

I get a great many letters from young persons, and it takes a great deal of my time to answer them — so I think I am quite good-natured this evening to tell you all this — don't you think so, dear Miss Isabella?

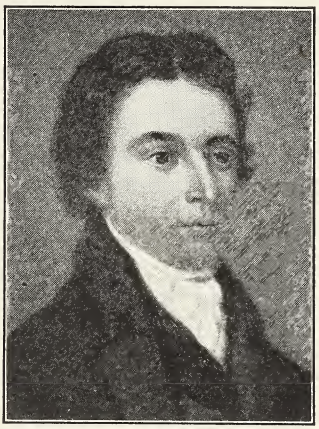
Very truly yours,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

EXPRESSION: What is the subject of Dr. Holmes's letter? Notice the long sentences and the frequent use of the dash. Do you think this is a good letter? Why?

II. Robert Southey to his Son

[If you will look in the Fifth Reader of this series, you will find there a pleasing little ballad entitled "After Blenheim." This is the most popular, but not the best, of all the poems that were written by Robert Southey, although he was the author of many volumes of verse as well as of prose. Southey was born in England two years before the American colonies declared themselves independent. When he was forty-eight years old, he visited Holland and wrote the following very interesting letter to his son Cuthbert. A few sentences in the original letter have been omitted, and the spelling of some of the words has been changed in order to make the story easier and more enjoyable.]



Robert Southey

Leyden, July 2, 1822.

My dear Cuthbert:

I have a present for you from Lodowick Wilhelm Bilderdick, a very nice, good boy who is the age of your sister Isabel. It is a book of Dutch verses which you and I will read together when I come home.

When he was a little boy and was learning to write, his father, who is very much such a father as I am, made little verses for him to write in his copy book; so many that leave was asked to print them. . . .

Lodowick will write his name and yours in the book. I must tell you about his stork. You should know that there are a great many storks in this country and that it is thought a very wicked thing to hurt them. They make their nests upon the houses and churches; and frequently, when a house is built, a wooden frame is made on the top for the storks to build in.

Out of one of these nests a young stork had fallen, and somebody wishing to keep him in a garden had cut one of his wings. The stork tried to fly, but fell in Mr. Bilderdick's garden and was found there one morning almost dead. . . . He would have died, if Mrs. Bilderdick, who is kind to everybody and everything, had not taken care of him. She gave him food, and he recovered. . . .

The stork was very fond of Lodowick, and Lodowick was as fond of his *oyevaar* (which is the name for stork in Dutch, though I am not sure that I have spelled it right). They used to play together in such a manner that his father says it was a pleasure to see them; for a stork is a large bird, tall and upright, almost as tall as you are, or quite. . . .

The very day I came to the house, the stork flew away. His wings were grown, and no doubt he thought it time to get him a mate and settle in life. . . . On the second evening, however, the stork came again and

Lodowick and the Stork.

pitched upon a wall near. It was twilight, and storks cannot see at all when it is dusk; but whenever Lodowick called "Oye! Oye!" (which was the way he used to call him), the *oyevaar* turned his head toward the sound. He did not come into the garden. Some fish were placed there for him, but in the morning he was gone and had not eaten them. So we suppose that he is married and living very happily with his mate, and that now and then he will come to visit the old friends who were so good to him.

I hope you have been a good boy and done everything that you ought to do while I have been away. . . . My love to your sisters and to everybody else. . . . The Dutch cats do not speak exactly the same language as the English ones. I will tell you how they talk when I come home.

God bless you, my dear Cuthbert.

Your dutiful father,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

NOTES: In studying this group of letters find answers to the following questions regarding each:

(1) Where was it written? (2) When? (3) To whom? (4) What messages does it contain? (5) What is the most interesting thing mentioned in it?

Make a list of all the proper names and learn to pronounce them rightly.

III. Helen Keller to John G. Whittier

[When Helen Keller was a child not two years old, she was so ill with scarlet fever that she lost both sight and hearing. Until she was eight years old nobody thought that the little blind and deaf girl could be taught anything. Then she was placed in the care of a wise and patient teacher from whom she quickly learned to read and write and even to speak. After some time she entered Radcliffe College at Cambridge, from which she graduated ranking among the highest in her class. She was not quite eleven years old when she wrote the following letter to the poet Whittier.]

Helen Keller.

Boston, December 17, 1890.

Dear Kind Poet:

This is your birthday: that was the first thought which came into my mind when I awoke this morning; and it made me glad to think I could write you a letter and tell you how much your little friends love their sweet poet and his birthday. This evening they are going to entertain their friends with music and readings from your poems. I hope the swift-winged messengers of love will be here to carry some of the sweet melody to you in your little study by the Merrimac.

At first I was sorry when I found that the sun had

hidden his shining face behind dull clouds, but afterwards I thought why he did it, and then I was happy. The sun knows that you like to see the world covered with beautiful white snow, and so he kept back all his brightness, and let the crystals form in the sky. When they are ready, they will softly fall and tenderly cover every object. Then the sun will appear in all his radiance and fill the world with light.

If I were with you to-day, I would give you eighty-three kisses, one for each year you have lived. Eighty-three years seems a very long time to me. Does it seem long to you? I wonder how many years there will be in eternity. I am afraid I cannot think about so much time.

I received the letter which you wrote me last summer, and I thank you for it. I am staying in Boston now, at the Institution for the Blind, and I have not commenced my studies yet, because my dearest friend, Mr. Anagnos, wants me to rest and play a great deal.

Teacher is well, and sends her kindest remembrance to you. The happy Christmas time is almost here! I can hardly wait for the fun to begin! I hope your Christmas Day will be a very happy one, and that the New Year will be full of brightness and joy for you and every one.

From your little friend,

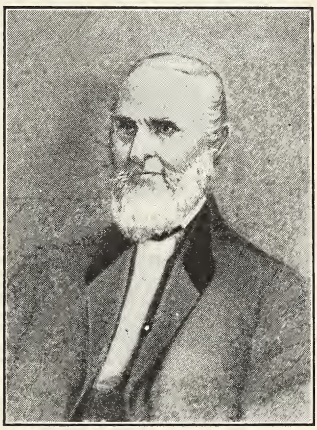
HELEN A. KELLER.

IV. The Poet's Reply

My Dear Young Friend:

I was very glad to have such a pleasant letter on my birthday. I had two or three hundred others, and thine was one of the most welcome of all.

I must tell thee about how the day was passed at Oak Knoll. Of course the sun did not shine, but we had great open fires in the rooms, which were very sweet with roses and other flowers that were sent me from distant friends, and fruits of all kinds from California and other places. Some relatives and dear old friends were with me through the day.



John G. Whittier.

I do not wonder thee thinks eighty-three years a long time; but it seems but a very little while since I was a boy, no older than thee, playing on the old farm at Haverhill.

I thank thee for thy good wishes, and wish thee as many. I am glad thee is at the Institution; it is an excellent place. Give my best regards to Miss Sullivan and with a great deal of love, I am, thy old friend,

John G. Whittier.

BALLADS OF WAR TIME

I. Boot and Saddle[1]

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
Rescue my castle before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery gray.
Chorus. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;
Many's the friend there, will listen and pray
"God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay —
Chorus. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth, the Roundheads' array:
Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay —
Chorus. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!
I've better counselors. What counsel they?
Chorus. —Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Expression: Imagine a company of knights or armed men riding to the rescue of a besieged castle. Think of the arms, the horses, the gallant men — then read the poem with spirit, the whole class joining in the chorus.

[1] By Robert Browning, an English poet (1812–1889).

II. The Sergeant and the Child[1]

It was a sergeant old and gray,
Well singed and bronzed from siege and pillage,
Went tramping in an army's wake,
Along the turnpike of the village.

For days and nights the winding host
Had through the little place been marching,
And ever loud the rustics cheered,
Till every throat was hoarse and parching.

The squire and farmer, maid and dame,
All took the sight's electric stirring,
And hats were waved and songs were sung,
And countless kerchiefs white were stirring.

They only saw a gallant show
Of heroes stalwart under banners,
And in the fierce heroic glow,
'Twas theirs to yield but wild hosannas.

The sergeant heard the shrill hurrahs,
Where he behind in step was keeping;
And glancing down beside the road,
He saw a little maiden weeping.

"Well, how is this?" he gruffly said,
A moment pausing to regard her; —

[1] By Robert Henry Newell, an American writer (1836–1901).

"Why weepest thou, my little friend?"
And then she only cried the harder.

"And how is this, my little dear?"
The sturdy trooper straight repeated.
"When all the village cheers us on,
You, here in tears, apart are seated.

"We march two hundred thousand strong,
And that's a sight, my baby beauty,
To quicken silence into song
And glorify the soldier's duty."

"It's very, very grand, I know,"
The little maid gave soft replying;
"And father, mother, brother, too,
All shout 'Hurrah' while I am crying.

"But think — O Mr. Soldier, think, —
How many little sisters' brothers
Are going far away to fight
And may be *killed*, as well as others!"

"Why, bless thee, child," the sergeant said,
His brawny hand her curls caressing,
"'Tis left for little ones like thee
To find that war's not all a blessing."

And "Bless thee!" once again he cried;
Then cleared his throat and looked indignant,

And marched away with wrinkled brow
To stop the struggling tear benignant.

And still the ringing shouts went up
From doorway, thatch, and fields of tillage, —
The pall behind the standard seen
By one alone of all the village.

III. The Burial of Sir John Moore[1]

To be Memorized

Not a drum was heard — not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried:
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast;
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow:

[1] By Charles Wolfe, an Irish poet (1791–1823).

But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow!

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him!

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the bell tolled the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone, with his glory!

EXPRESSION: Which of these three poems do you enjoy the most? Which is the most musical? Which stirs one's feelings most?

NOTE: Sir John Moore was in command of the British army in Spain during the war with the French in 1808. On the 16th of January, 1809, a battle was fought at Coruña. The French were defeated, but Sir John Moore was struck by a ball and killed in the moment of victory.

THE GAME OF RIGMAROLE — A PLAY[1]

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

Persons in the Play

Brooke, Frank, Laurie, Kate, Fred, Amy, Ned, Meg, Jo, Sallie.

Scene. — *A parlor. The characters seated so as to present a pleasing appearance.* — Laurie *near* Jo, *and* Brooke *near* Meg.

Laurie. Well, what shall we do next?

[1] From "The School Stage," by W. H. Venable.

Jo. Have games while we rest. I brought my game of Authors; but I dare say Miss Kate knows something newer and funnier. Go and ask her, Laurie; [*aside*] she's good company, and you ought to stay with her more.

Laurie. Yes, she *is* interesting; but she doesn't know everything. Still I'll ask her. Miss Kate, can you help us to a new play?

Kate. I shall be most happy if I can. How would you like to play Rigmarole?

Laurie. Never played it; don't know what it's like. Tell us about it.

Jo. Yes, tell us how it's played.

Kate. It's very easy. One person begins to tell a story — any nonsense, you know. He keeps talking till he gets to some exciting point, and then he looks at some other person who is obliged to take up the story and go on with the telling in the same way. Sometimes it is very funny.

Laurie. Let's try it.

Jo. Yes, let's have a game of Rigmarole.

All the Others. Yes, let's try it.

Kate. Well, then, we'll begin. Mr. Brooke, since you are the oldest, you may start it.

Brooke. Ahem! Let me think a moment. . . . Once upon a time there was a brave knight. He went

out into the world to seek his fortune, for he had nothing but his shield and his sword. He traveled through many strange countries, and had a hard time of it. At length he came to the palace of a good old king, who had offered a reward to any one who would tame and train a fine colt which had been presented to him.

Well, our knight agreed to try, and he had very good success. The colt soon learned to love his new master, although he was freakish and wild. Every day the knight rode him through the city; and as he rode he looked everywhere for a certain beautiful face which he had dreamed of, but never seen.

One day, as he went prancing down a quiet street, he saw the lovely face looking out of the window of a ruinous old castle. He was delighted. He inquired who lived in the castle, and was told that several captive princesses were kept there by a magic spell which had been laid upon them by an old witch. They did nothing but spin all day, to earn money to buy their liberty.

The knight wished very much to free them; but he was poor, and could do nothing but ride past the window and look up at the beautiful face. At last, he made up his mind to get into the castle, whether or no. So he went up to the gate very boldly and knocked

upon it with the hilt of his sword. There was a great clattering and banging, and the big gate flew wide open, and the knight beheld — [*Looking at* KATE.

Kate. A beautiful lady with golden hair. She raised her blue eyes and cried with rapture, "At last! at last!" And our noble knight, with joy in his countenance, fell at her feet, exclaiming, "'Tis she! 'tis she!"

The lady held out her lily-white hand and said, "Oh, rise! I pray you, rise!"

"Never, never, till you tell me how I may rescue you," cried the knight.

"Alas!" said the lady, "my cruel fate condemns me to remain here until my tyrant is destroyed."

"Where is the villain?"

"In the yellow parlor. Go, brave heart, and save me from despair."

"I obey. I will return victorious or dead;" and with these words the knight rushed into the castle. He soon found the yellow parlor. He flung open the door and was about to enter when he received —

[*Looking at* NED.

Ned. A stunning blow from a spelling book in the hands of the village schoolmaster. Instantly our knight sprang forward. He seized the tyrant and threw him out of the window. Then with hasty feet,

and a bump on his brow, he hurried to tell the lady of his victory. The door before him was locked, and he found himself a prisoner in the yellow parlor. He tore up the curtains; he made a rope ladder and boldly descended from the window. Halfway down, the rope broke, and he fell head first into the moat, sixty feet below.

But he could swim like a duck. He paddled round the castle till he came to a little door guarded by two stout fellows. These he seized by their forelocks; he knocked their heads together till they were willing to be quiet; and with his prodigious strength he smashed the door and entered. He went up a pair of stone steps, and at the top came plump upon a sight that —

[*Looking at* MEG.

Meg. Chilled his blood. There stood a tall figure clothed in white and holding a lamp in its hand. It beckoned silently to the knight and then glided noiselessly down the long, deserted hall. The knight followed, trembling in every limb. The lamp burned blue. Shadowy statues of men in armor glared down upon them from niches in the wall. Giant spiders hung from the ceiling, and fearful toads hopped upon the floor.

At last, they reached a curtained door. They paused, and the knight heard the sound of lovely music. He

sprang forward, but the figure in white drew him back, and waved threateningly before him a —

[*Looking at* Jo.

Jo. [*In tragical tones.*] Snuff box! [*The rest laugh at* Jo's *manner of expression, and she goes on in her natural voice.*] "Thanks!" said the knight, politely. Then he took a large pinch of snuff, which caused him to sneeze so hard that his head fell off.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the figure in white; and she picked up her victim and put him in a large tin box where eleven other knights, in the same sad plight, were packed together like so many sardines. These all rose and began to — [*Looking at* Fred.

Fred. Dance a hornpipe. And as they danced, the ruinous old castle suddenly turned to a ship of war in full sail.

"Up with the jib, helm hard lee, and man the guns!" roared the captain; for a pirate ship was coming up, full sail, with a black flag flying from the mast.

"Drive at them and win, my brave boys!" said the captain; and a tremendous fight began.

Of course, our men beat, as they always do, and, having taken the pirate captain prisoner, they sailed straight over the pirate ship, which sank like lead in the briny deep. But the sly old pirate captain slipped his chains and leaped into the sea. He dived deep

down, and then he came up right under our ship of war and scuttled her; and down she sank with all sails set, while the sailors sang, "To the bottom of the sea, sea, sea" — [*Looking at* SALLIE.

Sallie. Oh, dear! What shall I say? Well, they went to the bottom, and a pretty mermaid welcomed them and laid them all to rest in a beautiful chamber lined with pearls. By and by a diver came down, and the mermaid said, "I'll give you a big box full of pearls if you'll take these sailors to the top;" for she wished to restore the poor fellows to life. So the diver hoisted them up close by the shore, and they were so glad to see the sun once more that they ran into a green field and never stopped till they met — [*Looking at* AMY.

Amy. A little goose girl who was tending a hundred fat geese on the hillside. The little girl saw that they were twelve knights who had sneezed their heads off in the enchanted castle, and she was very sorry for them. So she asked an old woman what she should do. The old woman answered: "Your geese will tell you. They know everything." So she asked what she should put on the poor fellows for new heads, and all the geese opened their hundred mouths and screamed —

[*Looking at* LAURIE.

Laurie. "Cabbages! cabbages!" The little girl was very glad when the geese said this, and she ran to

her mother's garden and got twelve of the finest cabbage heads that ever you saw. She put these on the knights, and they came to themselves and thanked her. Then they went on their way rejoicing, and never knew that their heads were only cabbage heads. But the knight whom we know the best went back to the enchanted castle, hoping to find the pretty face again. He reached the place without any difficulty, and there he learned that all the princesses had spun themselves free from the spell that had been laid upon them, and each one had gone to her own home.

The knight was much vexed. But he mounted the colt, which had been standing at the castle gate all this while, and again rode out into the world. By and by, he saw another castle much taller and stronger than the first. It was surrounded by a green hedge, and on the other side of the hedge was a beautiful princess gathering roses in her garden. He called to her and said, "Will you give me a rose?"

The pretty princess answered, "You must come and get it."

He tried to climb over the hedge, but it grew thicker and thicker, and the thorny branches held him fast. Now I think that Frank will tell you whether he managed at last to get through and take the rose which the princess offered him. [*Looking at* FRANK.

Frank. Oh, I don't know. I'm not playing. I never do.

Brooke. Well, then, shall we leave the poor knight sticking in the hedge?

Laurie. I guess the princess opened the gate and invited him in.

Sallie. What a piece of nonsense we have made! It's as foolish as some of the plays that people pay for seeing.

Jo. Well, it's good practice and more fun than Authors. But see, the sun is shining. Let's go out and have a game of croquet.

Frank. Agreed! There's some sense in a good outdoor play. Come on! [*Exeunt.*

Expression: Read this play silently until you form an opinion about the time, the place, the persons, the circumstances.

Choose parts and read the play aloud. Try to think of yourself as the person whom you represent, and read as you would naturally speak. Show that you appreciate the humor of the various situations.

Do you think that the actors in this play were happy young people? Give reasons for your answer. If you wish to learn more about them, you can do so by reading Miss Alcott's "Little Women" from which this play was dramatized many years ago.

Word Study: What is the meaning of *exeunt?* of *exit?* Refer to the dictionary for the following words: *rigmarole, freakish, ruinous, countenance, rapture, condemns, villain, prodigious, threateningly, mermaid, croquet.*

A TALE OF THE VIKINGS

I. A Strange Discovery

Many years ago some workmen were digging on the side of a hill near Fall River, Massachusetts. Suddenly one of them uttered a cry as if in surprise and alarm. Then he held up to the astonished view of his comrades a much-decayed human skull which his pick had uncovered. All crowded around him to examine the gruesome thing.

"Whose skull can it be? How came it there?" were the questions which every one asked, but none could answer.

"Perhaps if we dig farther, we shall find the rest of the skeleton," suggested some.

Very carefully they began to remove the earth from beneath the spot where the skull had lain. There they discovered what appeared to be the body of a man in a sitting posture. It was inclosed in a wrapping of thin bark which fell to pieces when exposed to the air. Beneath this outer wrapping was another of very coarse cloth so much decayed that it crumbled to ashes when touched. The skeleton thus rudely coffined was apparently that of a man quite tall and strong. But stranger than its covering of bark and cloth were the pieces of armor that still clung to it. Upon its breast

was a thin plate of brass, a foot in length, but much narrower, of curious pattern and workmanship. It was so badly rusted that no one could tell whether any device or inscription had ever been engraved upon it. Around the waist of the skeleton was a broad belt made of short brass tubes laid side by side and fastened together by strong cords of rawhide. This had been worn, no doubt, as a protective armor.

The discovery of this skeleton was much talked about not only in Fall River, but elsewhere. People asked many questions and made many guesses about it. How came it there? How old was it? Was it the skeleton of a white man or of an Indian? No one could answer, but all agreed that it had lain in the ground a very great many years. Its history was a mystery.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was at that time a young professor in Harvard College. The story of the skeleton interested him very much.

"It cannot be the skeleton of an Indian," he said, "for Indians do not wear armor. It must be the remains of one of those adventurous Norsemen who visited the coast of New England hundreds of years before the time of Columbus."

The more he thought about this, the surer he felt that his opinion was correct.

"What a romantic history that man must have had!"

he exclaimed. "Doubtless before coming to America he was one of those bold vikings, or pirates, who sailed along the coasts of Europe, plundering the seaports and terrifying the people. The skalds, or ancient minstrels of the North, delighted to sing of such heroes. Their sagas, or heroic poems, narrate many a tale of these bold adventurers. This man, who died so far from home and was buried in his rudely made armor, had no skald to chant his praises, and no saga to tell of his daring deeds. Yet, if we did but know it, what a story was his!"

Mr. Longfellow had seen in Newport, Rhode Island, a queer old tower of stone which some people said had been constructed by Norsemen nearly a thousand years ago. Although there is now good evidence that this tower was built by an English colonial governor and used by him as a mill, yet it is a pretty fancy to imagine some roving viking as its architect.

"Who knows," queried Mr. Longfellow, "whether the skeleton discovered at Fall River is not that of the same bold sea rover who built the Newport tower? Such a thing would not be impossible, for Newport is not far from Fall River. But why should he have built such a tower? Perhaps he designed it as the home of the fair lady whom he loved. Certainly it is pleasant to imagine that this was the case."

Thoughts such as these grew in the young poet's mind, and soon they formed themselves into a romantic little story of a bold viking and a fair young maiden whom he steals from her kingly father and brings over the sea to the strange Western world. This story he put into musical verse, and thus the poem which he called "The Skeleton in Armor" came into being.

The poet imagines that the skeleton appears to him wearing its strange belt of tubes and its brass breastplate, and holding out its fleshless hands as though begging for some gift. When the poet asks it why it has thus come into his presence, its hollow eyes glow like the Northern Lights in winter, and it speaks in a gurgling voice like the rippling of an ice-covered brook. It tells the poet that it was once a viking, and relates in brief its adventurous story.

The poem was first published in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* in 1841. It has always been one of the most popular of Longfellow's lighter pieces.

II. The Skeleton in Armor

"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!

Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
  Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes,
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the northern skies
  Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
  From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
  No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
  For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
  Tamed the gerfalcon;

And, with my skates fast bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the werewolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,

As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
  Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
  Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine,
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
  Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade,
  Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
  By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
  Chanting his glory;

When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind gusts waft
The sea foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!

When on the white sea strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
'Death!' was the helmsman's hail,
'Death without quarter!'
Midships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden, —

So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
  Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloudlike we saw the shore
  Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which to this very hour
  Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
  She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
  On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
  The sunlight hateful!

In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
Oh, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
Thus the tale ended.

Expression: Study the poem until you understand every line of it. Then think of yourself as a viking, or sea rover, and read the story with spirit and feeling.

vi'king, a sea rover or pirate from the north of Europe.

gerfalcon (*jer fô'kn*), a large, hawklike bird of the Arctic regions.

grĭs'ly, fierce, horrible.

Ber'sērk, one of a class of warriors who went into battle naked, and maddened with strong drink.

skoal, an expression of good wishes. Hail!

werewolf, the poet probably means here any savage wolf. Properly speaking, however, a werewolf was a human being transformed temporarily into the shape of a wolf, as related in many folk tales of the North.

cor'sair, a pirate; here the ship of a pirate.

wassail (*wŏs'sĭl*), a drinking bout. *skaw*, a promontory.

THREE INTERESTING BIRDS[1]

"Look intently enough at anything," said a poet to me one day, "and you will see something that would otherwise escape you."

I thought of the remark as I sat on a stump in the opening of the woods one spring day. I saw a small hawk approaching. He flew to a tall tulip tree and alighted on a large limb near the top. He eyed me, and I eyed him. Then the bird disclosed a trait that was new to me: he hopped along the limb to a small cavity near the trunk, when he thrust in his head and pulled out some small object and fell to eating it. After he had partaken of it some minutes, he put the remainder back in his larder and flew away.

I had seen something like feathers eddying slowly down as the hawk ate, and on approaching the spot found the feathers of a sparrow here and there clinging to the bushes beneath the tree. The hawk, then, — commonly called the chicken hawk, — is as provident as a mouse or a squirrel, and lays by a store against a time of need. But I should not have discovered the fact had I not held my eye to him.

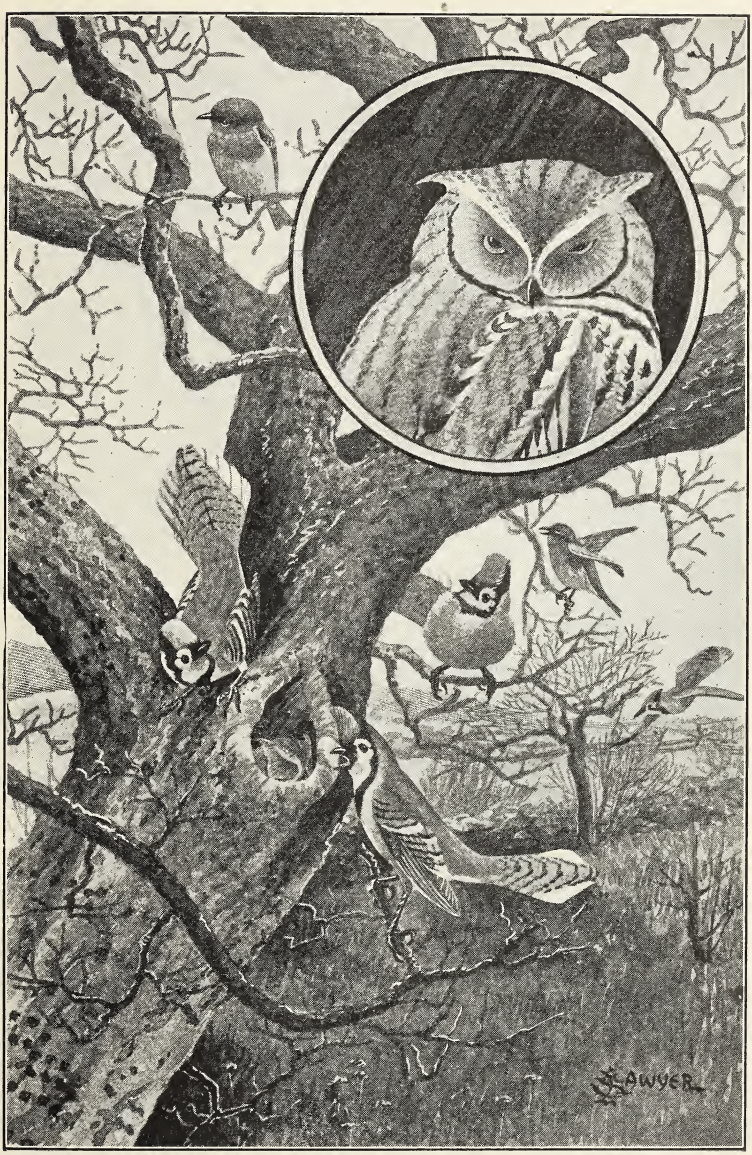
An observer of the birds is attracted by any unusual sound or commotion among them. In May or June,

[1] From "Locusts and Wild Honey," by John Burroughs.

when other birds are most vocal, the jay is a silent bird. He goes sneaking about the orchards and the groves, as silent as a pickpocket. He is robbing birds' nests, and he is very anxious that nothing should be said about it; but in the fall none is so quick and loud to cry, "Thief! thief!" as he.

One December morning a troop of them discovered a little screech owl secreted in the hollow trunk of an old apple tree near my house. How they found the owl out is a mystery, since it never ventures forth in the light of day; but they did, and proclaimed the fact with great emphasis. I suspect the bluebirds first told them, for these birds are constantly peeping into holes and crannies, both spring and fall.

Some unsuspecting bird probably entered the cavity, prospecting for a place for next year's nest, or else looking out a likely place to pass a cold night, and rushed out with very important news. A boy who should unwittingly venture into a bear's den when Bruin was at home could not be more astonished and alarmed than a bluebird would be on finding itself in the cavity of a decayed tree with an owl. At any rate, the bluebirds joined the jays, in calling the attention of all whom it might concern to the fact that a culprit of some sort was hiding from the light of day in the old apple tree.



The Screech Owl and the Jay Birds.

I heard the notes of warning and alarm and approached to within eyeshot. The bluebirds were cautious, and hovered about, uttering their peculiar twittering calls. But the jays were bolder, and took turns looking in at the cavity and deriding the poor shrinking owl. A jay would alight in the entrance of the hole, and flirt and peer and attitudinize, and then fly away, crying, "Thief! thief! thief!" at the top of his voice.

I climbed up and peered into the opening, and could just descry the owl clinging to the inside of the tree. I reached in and took him out, giving little heed to the threatening snapping of his beak. He was as red as a fox and as yellow-eyed as a cat. He made no effort to escape, but planted his claws in my forefinger and clung there with a grip that soon grew uncomfortable. I placed him in the loft of an outhouse in hopes of getting better acquainted with him.

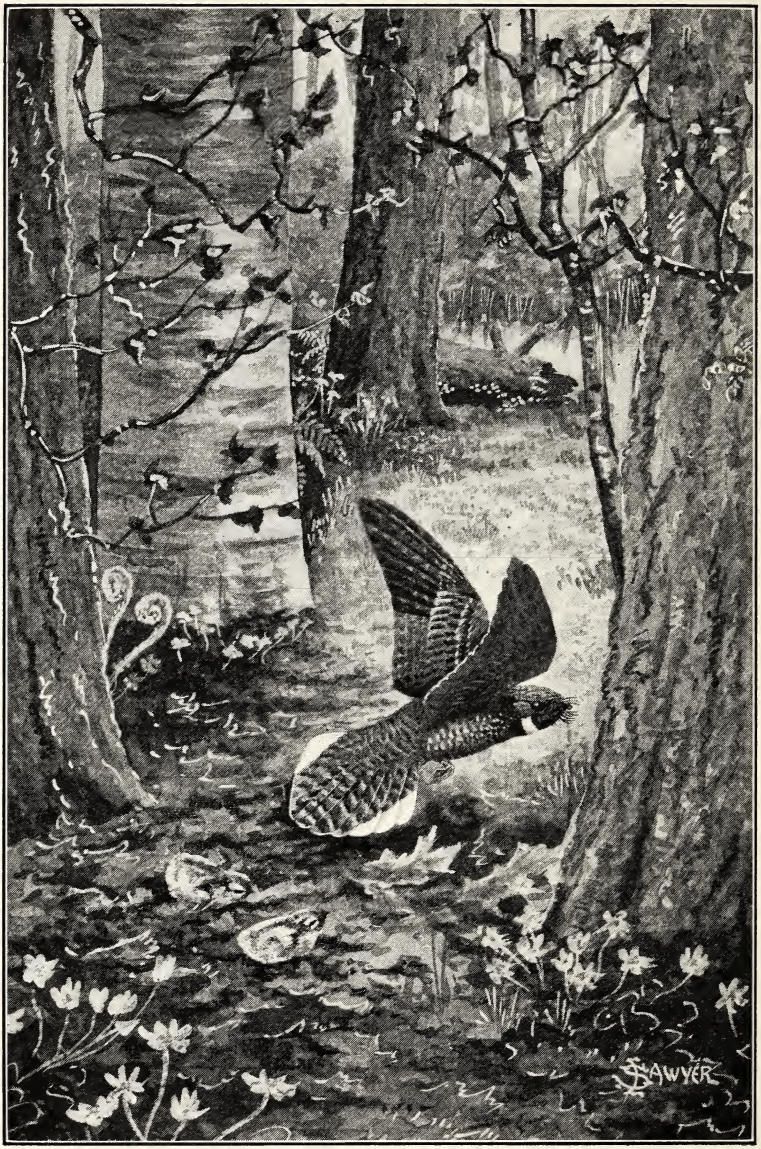
By day he was a very willing prisoner, scarcely moving at all, even when approached and touched with the hand, but looking out upon the world with half-closed, sleepy eyes. But at night, what a change! How alert, how wild, how active! He was like another bird; he darted about with wild, fearful eyes, and regarded me like a cornered cat. I opened the window, and swiftly, but as silently as a shadow, he glided

out into the congenial darkness, and perhaps ere this has revenged himself upon the sleeping jay or bluebird that first betrayed his hiding place.

One day in May, walking in the woods, I came upon the nest of a whippoorwill, or rather its eggs, — for it builds no nest, — two elliptical, whitish, spotted eggs lying upon the dry leaves. My foot was within a yard of the mother bird before she flew. I wondered what a sharp eye would detect curious or characteristic in the ways of the bird, and so I came to the place many times and had a look.

It was always a task to separate the bird from her surroundings, though I stood within a few feet of her, and knew exactly where to look. One had to bear on with his eye, as it were, and refuse to be baffled. The sticks and leaves, and bits of black or dark-brown bark, were all exactly copied in the bird's plumage. And then she did sit so close, and simulate so well a shapeless, decaying piece of wood or bark!

Twice I brought a companion, and guiding his eye to the spot, noted how difficult it was for him to make out there, in full view upon the dry leaves, any semblance to a bird. When the bird returned after being disturbed, she would alight within a few inches of her eggs and then, after a moment's pause, hobble awkwardly upon them.



The Whippoorwill.

After the young had appeared, all the wit of the bird came into play. I was on hand the next day, I think.

The mother bird sprang up when I was within a pace of her, and in doing so fanned the dry leaves with her wings till they sprang up, too. As the leaves started, the young started, and, being of the same color, to tell which was the leaf and which the bird was a trying task to any eye.

I came the next day, when the same tactics were repeated. Once a leaf fell upon one of the young birds and nearly hid it. The young are covered with a reddish down like a young partridge, and soon follow their mother about. When disturbed, they gave but one leap, then settled down, perfectly motionless and stupid, with eyes closed.

The parent bird on these occasions made frantic efforts to decoy me away from her young. She would fly a few paces and fall upon her breast, and a spasm like that of death would run through her tremulous outstretched wings and prostrate body. She kept a sharp eye out the meanwhile to see if the ruse took, and if it did not, she was quickly cured, and, moving to some other point, tried to draw my attention as before. When followed, she always alighted upon the ground, dropping down in a sudden, peculiar way. The second or third day both old and young had disappeared.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE BIRDS

Not many years ago, a strange and cruel fashion began to prevail in countries that are said to be civilized. It became the custom for ladies and girls to have their hats and bonnets trimmed with the wings and sometimes the heads and bodies of brightly-colored birds; and but few persons ever thought of the distress and pain, the cruel slaughter of innocent beings, which this practice was causing.

While the fashion was at its height, it is said that a certain dealer in birds in London bought at one time thirty-two thousand humming birds. Another dealer in the same city bought thirty thousand birds and three hundred thousand pairs of wings.

If this slaughter of the birds should continue, it will not be long until some of the most beautiful and most useful species will be utterly destroyed. The woods and fields will no longer be made joyous with their songs — and all for what?

Think what a price to pay,
Faces so bright and gay,
Just for a hat!
Flowers unvisited, sweet songs unsung,
Sea ranges bare of the wings that o'erswung —
Bared for just that!

Think of the others, too,
Others and *mothers*, too,
Bright eyes in hat!
Hear you no mother groan floating in air,
Hear you no little moan — birdling's despair —
Somewhere, for that?

Caught 'mid some mother work,
Torn by a hunter Turk,
Just for your hat!
Plenty of mother heart yet in the world:
All the more wings to tear, deftly to twirl
On the rim of a hat!

Oh, but the shame of it,
Oh, but the blame of it,
All for a hat!
Just for a jauntiness brightening the street!
This is your halo, O faces so sweet —
Dead birds: and for what?

Expression: Discuss this selection fully. Speak of all the benefits mankind derives from the "little brothers of the air." These verses were written several years ago, but they are as applicable now as at the time of their first appearance. Read them so as to give full expression to the thoughts intended.

Word Studies: *deftly, civilized, slaughter, jauntiness.*

A SCENE FROM THE PICKWICK PAPERS[1]

"Now," said Wardle, after lunch, "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye-yes; oh, yes!" replied Mr. Winkle. "I — I am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle!" said Arabella. "I like to see it *so* much!"

"Oh, it is so graceful!" said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swanlike."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pairs, and the fat boy announced that there was half a dozen more downstairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shoveled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dex-

[1] By Charles Dickens.

terity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvelous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies.

All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindu. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone, "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir."

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made, at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter, "come! the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes," replied Mr. Winkle with a ghastly smile, "I'm coming."

"Just going to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off."

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'e, sir," said Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're very good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam: will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There, that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam; not too fast!"

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and unswanlike manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank, —

"Sam!"

"Sir?" said Mr. Weller.

"Here! I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam: "don't you hear the governor calling? Let go, sir."

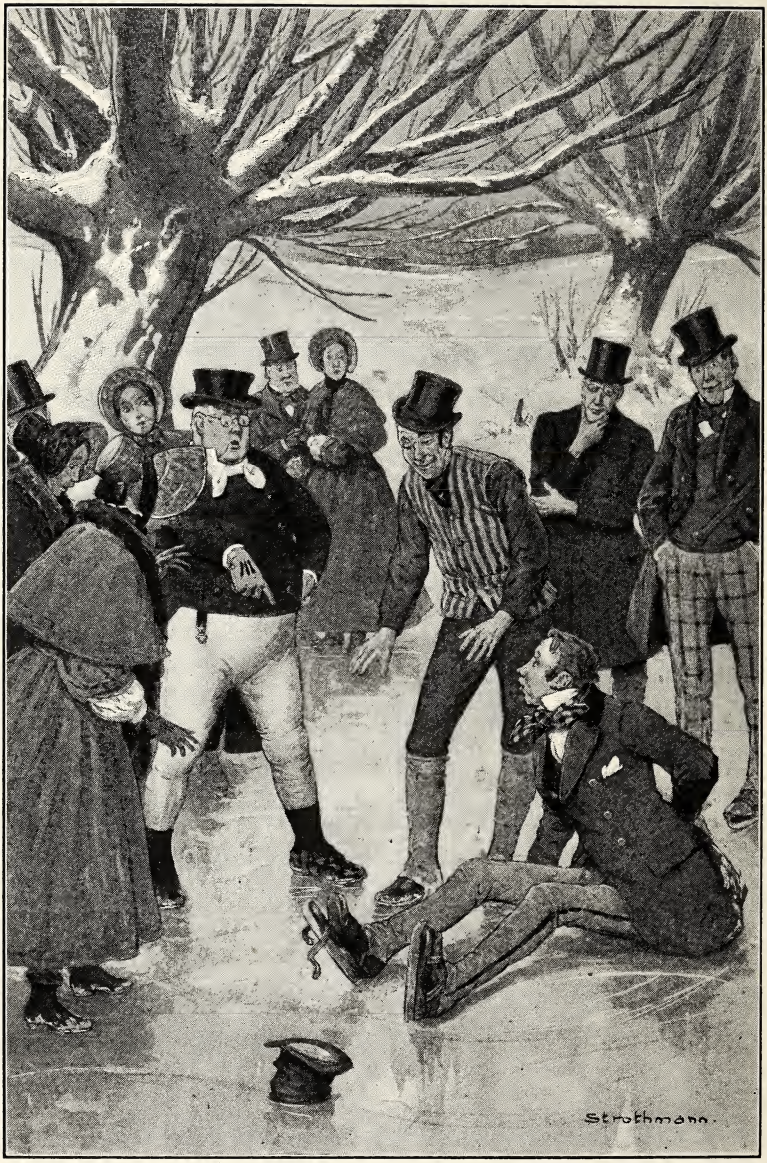
With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Winkle, and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to him. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the center of the skaters, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty.

Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness.



"Take his skates off."

"No, thank you," said Mr. Winkle, hurriedly.

"What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick, firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey in silence.

"Let him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and, beckoning Winkle to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered, in a low but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words, —

"You're a humbug, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer if you wish it: an impostor, sir."

With these words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heels, and rejoined his friends.

POEMS TO BE MEMORIZED

[For other required selections to be memorized, see "The Concord Hymn," page 141, and "The Burial of Sir John Moore," page 209.]

I. The Year's at the Spring[1]

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven —
All's right with the world.

II. Before the Rain[2]

We knew it would rain, for all the morn,
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst
Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens —
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

[1] By Robert Browning.

[2] By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind — and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

III. The Coming of Spring [1]

There's something in the air
That's new and sweet and rare —
A scent of summer things,
A whir as if of wings.

There's something, too, that's new
In the color of the blue
That's in the morning sky,
Before the sun is high.

And though on plain and hill
'Tis winter, winter still,
There's something seems to say
That winter's had its day.

And all this changing tint,
This whispering stir and hint
Of bud and bloom and wing,
Is the coming of the spring.

[1] By Nora Perry.

And to-morrow or to-day
The brooks will break away
From their icy, frozen sleep,
And run, and laugh, and leap.

And the next thing, in the woods,
The catkins in their hoods
Of fur and silk will stand,
A sturdy little band.

And the tassels soft and fine
Of the hazel will entwine,
And the elder branches show
Their buds against the snow.

So, silently but swift,
Above the wintry drift,
The long days gain and gain,
Until on hill and plain, —

Once more, and yet once more,
Returning as before,
We see the bloom of birth
Make young again the earth.

IV. July [1]

When the scarlet cardinal tells
  Her dream to the dragon-fly,
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees,
  And murmurs a lullaby,
    It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls
  The corn flower's cap awry,
And the lilies tall lean over the wall
  To bow to the butterfly,
    It is July.

When the heat like a mist veil floats,
  And poppies flame in the rye,
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat
  Has softened almost to a sigh,
    It is July.

When the hours are so still that time
  Forgets them, and lets them lie
'Neath the petals pink till the night stars wink
  At the sunset in the sky,
    It is July.

[1] By Susan Hartley Swett.

V. The First Snowfall [1]

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snowbirds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"

[1] By James Russell Lowell.

And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

Think that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

VI. The Quality of Mercy [1]

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twiced blessed;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway,
It is enthronèd in the *hearts* of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

[1] From Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice."

WORD STUDIES

Pages 11–22. Suffixes and prefixes.

In your reading you have learned to recognize at sight many hundreds of words, and you have studied to give each of these words its correct pronunciation and expression. These words are not all separate and distinct in their source and meaning, but many of them are formed from other words which we sometimes call root words. For example, the word *tenderest* (page 11) is derived from *tender*, simply by the addition of a syllable, which we call a suffix, at the end. So, on the same page, you will find such words as *badly*, *useless*, *lameness*, *crutches*, *learned*, etc., all of which are formed by adding certain suffixes to root words. Words that are thus formed from other words are sometimes called derivatives. Read the entire story of "Golden Cloud," and make a list of fifty derivatives that are used in it.

Other derivatives are formed by adding a syllable or syllables at the beginning of the root word. Such additions are called prefixes. For example, on page 12, the word *unselfish* is formed from *self* by adding both the suffix *ish* and the prefix *un*. Find ten other derivatives that are formed by adding a prefix to the root word.

(*a*) Study the spelling and the meaning of the following derivatives: —

strongest	friendless	strengthened	merrily
biggest	homeless	lengthened	wonderfully

(*b*) Look in the dictionary for the pronunciation and meaning of these words: —

military	refractory	possessed	rebellious
contrary	melancholy	presents	tractable
obstinate	privilege	ceremony	decrepitude

Pages 23–26. (*a*) Study these derivatives:—

leafless	childish	schoolboy	overflow
blackbird	sweetness	playmate	freely

(*b*) Learn the meaning of:—

gleaming	quips	bonny	palms	croft
quoth	wiles	twain	serene	crooned

Pages 33–38. Look in the dictionary for:—

spectacles	difficulty	services	pinion
confidence	lawsuit	purchase	resolved

Pages 39–47. (*a*) Practice pronouncing the following words until you are sure that you have given the correct sound to each "e," "i," or "o."

hero	effort	every	delight	advice
serious	perfect	fern	behaved	music
severe	merry	enough	respects	cricket

(*b*) Look in the dictionary for:—

decrepitude	dispute	fortunate	cruel
solitude	resume	education	truthful

(*c*) Study the meaning of:—

starred	monotone	heather	illustrative
honeyed	gloam	enemy	peculiar
watered	kine	merest	bystander
affection	adieux	docility	homestead

Pages 48–50. (*a*) Pronounce correctly the following words, giving careful attention to the sounds of "o," "ow," and "ou."

shadow	mow	crowding	housewife
swallow	plow	lowing	drowsily
welcome	boss	cooling	frolicsome

(*b*) Refer to the dictionary for:—

katydid	tranquil	heifer	murmuring
grateful	yearling	twilight	whinnying

Pages 51–58. Study how these derivatives are formed:—

gaslight	sunshiny	landlord	yearly
thundercloud	staircase	afternoon	comfortable

Pages 59–69. (*a*) Refer to the dictionary for the meaning and pronunciation of:—

fertile	islet	grebe	tabooed
halter	contempt	decoy	comrade

(*b*) Learn to pronounce correctly:—

Tak'ern Jarro (yär'ro) Caesar (sē'zar) Claw ï'na

Pages 70–96. (*a*) Observe that sometimes two or more letters have but a single sound, this sound being different from that of either letter when standing alone. Study these words:—

ā	*ē*	*ī*	*ō*	*ū*
great	chief	guide	roam	news
they	seize	islet	door	beauty
feign	people	aisles	sew	suit
neighbor	Caesar	aye	pour	review

(*b*) Refer to the dictionary for these words:—

exiles	fiery	serenely	explicit
aisles	anthem	shrine	sacrifice

Pages 97–100. Study the pronunciation of:—

annoys	Howe	guard	general	laughter
annoyed	scowl	guest	courage	grandsire
annoyance	coward	future	pillage	ancient

Pages 103–106. Notice these expressions:—

dalesmen = men living in a dale or valley.
gan = going, that go.
syne = since, ago.

Pages 107–252. General note.

Teacher and pupils should now be ready to continue these studies without further detailed directions. In connection with each selection, make a list of all the difficult or unusual words; study each of these words carefully, referring to the dictionary for its pronunciation and definition; practice, daily and persistently, the correct pronunciation and enunciation of all troublesome sounds or combinations of sounds; and learn the meaning and force of all the more common suffixes and prefixes.

PROPER NAMES

Al'le ghā'ny
Am'a zon
Am'ster dam
A pol'lo
Ar'nold
Au'dun
Au'kĭ
Aus'tri a
Ber'trand
Black'fish
Boone
Boones'bŏr ŏ*ugh*
Brit'ain
Caesar (sē'zar)
Car'malt
Căr o lī'na
Căr'roll
Cat'te gat
Charles'ton
Claw ĭ'na
Co lum'bi a
Con'cord

Corn wäl'lis
Cratch'it
Çy̆n'thi a
Dan'iel
Eb e nē'zer
E gyp'tian
Ev'rard
Ex'o dus
Fĕr'i doun
Frank'land
Ger'trude
Gib'bie
Glas'gōw
Hăr'old
Här'vard
Hez e ki'ah
Hol'land
Ho*l*me*s*
Ho'mer
Howe
Hud'son
Ice'land

Ir'ij
Is a bel'la
Is'ra el ites
Jarro (yär'ro)
Josh'u a
Jul'ia
Kem'pen felt
Ken tuck'y
Lä fa y̆t*te'*
Le vit'i cus
Lex'ing ton
Mar'tha
Me thu'se lah
Mil'dred
Mis sou'rĭ
Mu'ko
Nor'way
Ol'i ver
Os'car
Penn syl va'ni a
Persia (per'zha)
Pick'wick

Rids'dale
Rob'in son
Saw'yer
Sc*huy̆*'ler
Sē'lim
Skip'ton
Sō'lon
Sweyn (swān)
Switz'er land
Tak'ern
Tho'rir
Tim'boo
Tur (to͝or)
Va cū'na
War'dle
War'ren
Was'burn
Win'kel ried
Win'kle
Wise'man
Yad'kin
Y̆ĕm'en

LIST OF AUTHORS

Abbott, Jacob. Clergyman and writer for young people. Maine. 1803–1879.

Aldrich (*ôl'drich*), *Thomas Bailey.* American prose writer and poet. Massachusetts. 1836–1907.

Amicis (*ä mē'chēs*), *Edmondo de.* Italian traveler and writer. Italy. 1846–1908.

Beecher, Henry Ward. Pulpit orator and prose writer. (Born in Connecticut.) New York. 1813–1887.

Browne, Junius Henri. American traveler and writer.

Browning, Robert. English poet. 1812–1889.

Bunner, Henry Cuyler. American journalist and story-writer. New Jersey. 1855–1896.

Burroughs, John. American naturalist and author. New York. 1837– .

Canton, William. English journalist and poet. (Born in China.) London. 1845– .

Collyer, Robert. American clergyman and writer. (Born in northern England.) New York. 1823– .

Cowper, William. English poet. 1731–1800.

Dasent (*dā'sent*), *Sir George Webbe.* English and Icelandic scholar. 1820–1896.

Dickens, Charles. English novelist. London. 1812–1870.

Edgeworth, Maria. English novelist, in Ireland. 1767–1849.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. American writer and philosopher. Massachusetts. 1803–1882.

Ewing, Juliana Horatia. English story-writer. 1841–1885.

Farjeon (*fär'jun*), *B. L.* English novelist. 1833–1903.

Fields, James T. American publisher and author. Massachusetts. 1817–1881.

Firdusi (*fēr dōō'sē*). Persian poet. 940–1020.

Goethe (*gû'tĕ*), *Johann Wolfgang.* German author. 1749–1832.

Grady, Henry W. American journalist and orator. Georgia. 1851–1889.

Griffis, William Elliot. American clergyman and writer. Pennsylvania. 1843– .

Hemans (hĕm'anz), Felicia Dorothea. English poet. 1793–1835.

Lagerlöf (lä'ger lûf), Selma. Swedish story-writer. (Winner of the Nobel prize in literature, 1909.) 1858– .

Lee, Robert Edward. American soldier and writer. (Son of General Robert E. Lee.) Virginia. 1843– .

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. American poet. (Born in Maine.) Massachusetts. 1807–1882.

Lowell, James Russell. American poet and prose writer. Massachusetts. 1819–1891.

McCobb, Mary Selden (Mary Densel). American story-writer. Maine.

Macdonald, George. Scottish story-writer. 1824–1905.

Montgomery, James. Scottish poet. 1771–1854.

Newell, Robert Henry. American humorous writer. (Orpheus C. Kerr.) 1836–1901.

Perry, Nora. American writer for young people.

Rogers, Samuel. English poet. 1763–1855.

Shakespeare, William. English dramatist and poet. 1564–1616.

Smith, Mary Howe. American teacher and writer.

Stevenson, Burton Egbert. American author. Ohio. 1872–.

Swett, Susan Hartley. American writer for young people. Massachusetts. Died in 1907.

Trowbridge (trō'brĭj), John Townsend. American writer for young people. 1827– .

Tynan, Katharine (Mrs. Hinkson). English novelist and verse writer. (Born in Ireland.)

Uhland (o͞o'länt), Johann Ludwig. German poet. 1787–1862.

Westwood, Thomas. English poet.

Whittier, John Greenleaf. American poet. 1807–1892.

Wolfe, Charles. Irish poet. 1791–1823.

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