

SCHOOL READING
BY GRADES
THIRD YEAR



BALDWIN

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NEW YORK ~ CINCINNATI ~ CHICAGO

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SCHOOL READING BY GRADES. THIRD YEAR.

W. P. I

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PREFACE.

THE chief purpose of this volume, as of the others in the series, is to help the pupil learn to read; and to this object everything else is subservient. Bearing in mind the fact that only those children who like to read ever become good readers, the author has endeavored so to construct and arrange the several lessons as to make each reading exercise a source of pleasure to all. The successive stories, poems, and other pieces have been chosen so as to present a varied succession of thoughts and images pleasing to the child—thus stimulating his interest from day to day, arousing his curiosity, directing his imagination, and adding to his store of knowledge. The gradation is as nearly perfect as possible, each lesson being but a little more difficult than that which precedes it. All new words that would be likely to offer the slightest difficulties to the learner are printed in the word lists at the beginning of the selection.

Since each recitation must necessarily be short, all the longer pieces have been divided into parts—each part being sufficient in most cases for one lesson. This method obviates the objection usually made to long selections in books of this grade, and makes it possible to present in complete form several adaptations of productions that are by common consent recognized as classical. The constant trend of the lessons in all the volumes in this series is towards leading the learner, as soon as he is prepared for it, to a knowledge and appreciation of the best things in the permanent literature of the world.

The illustrations are more numerous than in any other book of its class, and are the work of the best artists. They are not merely pictures inserted for the purpose of ornament; but are intended to be valuable aids towards making the reading exercise enjoyable and instructive. Some will assist the child's understanding; some will excite and direct his imagination; nearly all may be used as the basis of interesting conversations or object lessons.

An examination of the volume will reveal many other important features. Among these, special attention may be called to the following, viz.: the literary quality of all the selections; the adaptations from the classics of our language, introducing the pupil to certain famous books and their authors; the numerous lessons in nature study; the many stories of a moral or ethical character which will appeal to the child's better nature and strengthen his love of right doing; lessons relating to the history of our country or to the lives of great men; short pieces to be memorized, occurring here and there throughout the volume. Many of these features, while of great importance in themselves, will appeal especially to teachers who desire to use the reading lesson as a center of correlation with other studies.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
The Story of a Whistle	5	The General and the Corporal	102
The Man, the Boy, and the Donkey	10	Boys	106
Seeds and Plants	14	Girls	108
A Pleasant Way	18	The Story of Pocahontas . . .	110
Foreign Lands	19	The Kingfisher	117
The Nests of Birds	21	Sweet Violets	123
How the Birds learned to build Nests	24	William Tell	124
Picture Books in Winter	28	The Storks	130
Taming Animals	29	What I would do	138
The Wonderful World	34	The Apple	140
A Summer Day	35	Two Strings to your Bow . . .	142
The Gentle Tiger	37	The Hare with Many Friends .	150
The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse	42	General Putnam	153
Something about Wasps	45	“One, two, three!”	159
The Ride of Paul Revere	48	The Arrow and the Song . . .	161
The Lost Lamb	54	A Brave Boy	162
The Story of a Lost Lamb	56	Be Good, Sweet Maid!	166
The Blue Jay	64	The Story of Persephone . . .	167
The Golden Touch	68	A Midsummer Song	176
The Clever Starling	78	The Story of the Flax	179
The Ship Coming Home	82	Little by Little	188
Eyes and No Eyes	84	Robert of Lincoln	189
King Tawny Mane	92	The Twenty-third Psalm . . .	192
Ants and their Ways	98	The Wonderful Piper	193
		Verses to be Memorized . . .	207
		Beautiful Things	208

SCHOOL READING.

THIRD YEAR.



whistle candy tasted spend pennies
coppers jingled drawer shook shopkeeper

THE STORY OF A WHISTLE.

I.

1. On the day that Benjamin Franklin was seven years old, his mother and brothers gave him a few pennies.

“What shall I do with these coppers, mother?” he said. “Shall I keep them in my pocket?”

2. “You may spend them for something that you like,” said his mother.

“And may I have more when these are gone?” he asked.

3. His mother shook her head. “No, I cannot give you any more. So you must take care how you spend these.”

4. The little boy ran out into the street. The yellow pennies jingled in his pocket as he ran, and made pleasant music for him.

5. Should he buy candy or toys? He liked them both. He had not tasted candy for a long time; and he could not remember that he had ever played with a toy of his own.

6. He thought that the pennies in his pocket kept saying, "Candy or toys! candy or toys!" And he could not make up his mind which he wanted most.

7. As he was running along, he met a boy blowing a whistle. "That is just what I want," he said; and he hurried across the street to the place where whistles were sold.

8. "Have you any good whistles?" he asked. He felt as if he were almost a man.

"Yes, plenty of them," said the shop-keeper. "Will you buy a whistle to-day?"

9. "I'll give you all the money I have for one of them!" said Benjamin. He did not think to ask the price.

"How much money have you?" asked the man. "Let me see."

10. Benjamin showed him the pennies. The man counted them, and then said, "It's all right, my little fellow." He put the bright coppers into his money drawer, and gave one of the whistles to the little boy. "Here is a whistle that will please you," he said.



"Just hear me blow it!"

II.

11. Benjamin Franklin was very happy. He ran home as fast as he could, blowing his whistle as he went.

“What have you there, my child?” asked his mother.

12. “A whistle! a whistle!” he cried. “Just hear me blow it.”

“How much did you pay for it?”

“All the money I had!”

13. His brother, who was sitting in the door, laughed. “Well! well! Did you give all your pennies for that whistle?”

“Yes,” said little Benjamin, and he spoke very slowly, “I gave the man every one of them.”

14. “You ought to have asked the price,” said his mother, kindly. “You have paid four times what it is worth.”

15. “Yes,” said his brother. “That is a dear whistle, I think. You had enough money to buy a whistle and some candy too.”

16. The little boy began to cry. But his mother took him upon her lap and said, “Never mind, my dear. We must all live and learn; and I think that, after this, my little boy will take care not to pay too much for his whistles.”

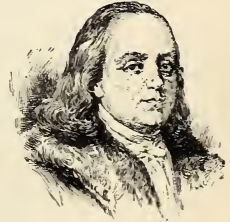
III.

17. As long as Benjamin Franklin lived, he did not forget the lesson which he learned that day. He said, "If I am idle and spend my time for nothing, what is that but paying too much for a whistle?"

18. And so he was careful to make good use of every hour. He was always busy; he was always trying to learn something that would be useful to himself and to others.

19. He could not go to school as boys do now, but he read all the good books that he could get. And in time he became one of the greatest and wisest men that ever lived in our country.

20. When you are a little older, you will read more about him, and about the many things which he did to make people happier and better. It is now more than a hundred years since he lived, but the name of Benjamin Franklin will never be forgotten.



Benjamin Franklin.

fable	idea	kicked	journey	women
jeer	pole	donkey	jogging	Esop
ought	cruel	willing	ashamed	mounted

THE MAN, THE BOY, AND THE DONKEY.

I.

1. Once upon a time a Man and his son were going to market, and they were leading their Donkey behind them. They had not gone far when they met a farmer, who said, "You are very foolish to walk all the way to town with that lazy Donkey following behind you. What is a donkey good for, if not to ride upon?"



2. "Well, I never thought of that," said the Man; "and I am very willing to please you." So he put the Boy on the Donkey, and they started again on their journey.

3. Soon they passed some men by the roadside. "See that lazy Boy," said one of them. "He rides on the Donkey, and makes his poor old father walk behind."

4. When the Man heard this, he called to the Boy and said, "Stop a minute! Let us

see if we cannot please these men." Then he told the Boy to get off, and mounted the Donkey himself.

5. Two women next met them, and one said to the other, "Did you ever see so lazy a man? He rides and takes his ease, while his son walks behind."

6. The Man did not know what to do. "My son," he said, "I think we should try to please everybody; but how can we please the women and the men at the same time?" After a while he thought of a plan. He took the Boy up behind him; and the Donkey went jogging along with both of them on his back.

7. When, at last, they came into the town, a crowd of men began to jeer and point at them. The Man stopped and said, "What is the matter, my good friends?"

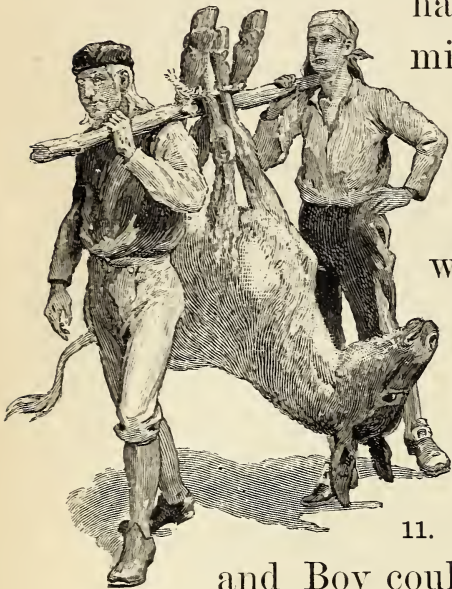
8. "Matter enough!" said the men. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for being so cruel to that Donkey. It is too much for so small an animal to carry so heavy a load."

9. "I had not thought of that," said the Man. "It does seem hard for the Donkey,

but then we were only trying to please some of our friends." So he and his son got off and tried to think what to do next.

10. They thought and thought till at last a happy idea came into their minds. They found a long

pole, and tied the Donkey's feet to it. Then after a great deal of hard work, they raised the pole on their shoulders. The Donkey did not like this, but he could not help himself.



11. It was as much as the Man and Boy could do to carry him. But they stood up very straight, while all the people laughed at the funny sight. "I think that we are pleasing everybody now," said the Man.

12. When they came to Market Bridge, the Donkey got one of his feet loose, and kicked out. This made the Boy drop his end of the pole. The Donkey fell on the bridge and rolled over into the river and was drowned.

13. "I think, my son," said the Man, "that we may learn a lesson from all this."

"What kind of a lesson, father?"

"Try to please everybody, and you will please nobody."

II.

14. This story of the Man, the Boy, and the Donkey is a very old one, although it is here told in a way that is somewhat new. It is a fable; and every fable teaches some kind of a lesson.

15. Two thousand years ago, men told these fables to one another; and the children listened to them and were pleased. But, even then, they were old stories, and nobody knows who first thought of them.

16. They are sometimes called Æsop's fables, because a man whose name was Æsop was the first to put them together in a book.

17. When reading a fable, you should always try to see what lesson it teaches. What lesson does this fable teach? What other fables do you know? Most of Æsop's fables are about animals which are supposed to talk.

earth	twining	except	nature
form	tassel	upward	unfold
showers	wonderful	questions	mistake

SEEDS AND PLANTS.

I.

1. Plant a bean in the warm, soft ground, and what do you think will take place?



In two or three weeks a vine will come up from it. The vine will grow taller and taller every day. It will climb up a pole, twining round and round it as it goes.

2. After a while it will blossom. Then pods will grow from the blossoms. In each pod there will be beans just like the one that you planted in the ground.

3. Many things have come from that one little bean: the twining vine, the broad, green leaves, the pretty flowers, the long pods. Is it not wonderful?



4. Put a grain of corn into the ground. By and by two leaves will push themselves up into the sunlight and the air. Then a stalk will begin to shoot up between

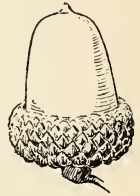
them. From the stalk, one broad leaf after another will grow. Every day it will get taller and taller.

5. A tassel will come out on top. An ear of corn will begin to form and push out near the middle of the stalk. Then the stalk will grow no more.

6. Can you name all the things that have come from the grain which you planted? They are all very different from it, except the new grains that are on the ear.

11.

7. An acorn falls from an oak tree. It is the seed of the tree. Thousands and thousands of acorns may fall from the same tree; and yet not one of them will grow unless it is covered with earth.



8. It may be that one acorn falls into a hole in the ground. The autumn rains wash the loose earth down upon it and it is covered up. It lies hidden in the ground, safe and sound, through the long winter months.

9. In the spring the warm sunshine falls upon the acorn's hiding place; the spring rains wet the earth. The acorn begins to show signs of life. It first sends a strong root deep down below it; then it sends two green leaves upward into the air.

10. Between the two green leaves you can see a tiny twig. The twig grows very slowly; but it grows a little every sunny day. Many, many years pass by, and at last it becomes a great tree.



11. Now think how much has come from the tiny acorn that was covered up when the autumn rains were falling, and was afterwards brought to life by the spring showers!

III.

12. How is it that so much comes from so small a seed? How is it that the same kind of plants always grow from the same kind of seeds? These are questions which wise men cannot answer.

13. Why do the roots of plants always grow downward? Why do the stalks always shoot

upward? Why do neither roots nor stalks ever make a mistake?

14. Nobody can tell. All that we can say about it is that they follow a law of Nature. If they did not do so, what a queer world we should have!

15. As the plant grows larger and stronger, more roots are sent down into the ground, and each of these brings up something which serves as food for stalk and leaves. More leaves, too, unfold in the air. The air and the sunlight help to make them grow and become strong; and from the air and the sunlight they take in much food for the whole plant.



16. Through the stalk and branches the sap is flowing all the time. This sap carries to the stalk the food which the roots have taken from the ground. It carries also to the stalk and roots the food which the leaves have taken from the sunlight and the air.

Is there anything more wonderful than the growing of a plant?

lea	hazel	nestlings
pools	trace	clustering
trout	hawthorn	mowers



A PLEASANT WAY.

1. Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea, —
That's the way for Billy and me.
2. Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee, —
That's the way for Billy and me.

3. Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thickest, greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee, —
That's the way for Billy and me.
4. Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow lies the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free, —
That's the way for Billy and me.
5. There let us walk, there let us play,
Through the meadow, among the hay,
Up the water and over the lea, —
That's the way for Billy and me.

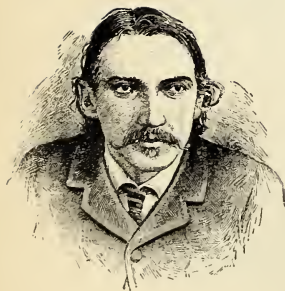
— *James Hogg.*

slips	either	adorned
lead	alive	dimpling
dusty	foreign	tramping

FOREIGN LANDS.

1. Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

2. I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.
3. I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass ;
The dusty roads go up and down,
With people tramping into town.
4. If I could find a higher tree,
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships —
5. To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.



Robert Louis Stevenson.

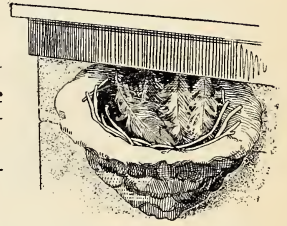
Note: This poem is from a little book called *A Child's Garden of Verses*, written by Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Stevenson was the writer of many delightful things for both children and grown-up people.

wool	swamp	cotton	plasters
needle	glue	weave	swallows
cliff	chimney	tailor	whip-poor-wills

THE NESTS OF BIRDS.

1. Most birds make nests, but the nests are not all alike. Every kind of bird has its own kind of nest. Some nests are put in the tops of high trees and are made of sticks laid across and across.

Some are of hay and straw, and are lined with mud. Some are of hair and fine grass, and are lined with soft warm wool.



Barn Martin's Nest.

2. Some are of mud, and are built on the wall just under the roof of the barn or the house. Some are built in holes dug in the side of a steep hill. Some are on the ground among the grass.

3. The tailor bird sews leaves together for its nest. It sews them together with thread which it makes for itself from cotton from the cotton plant. It uses its bill for a needle.



Tailor Bird's Nest.

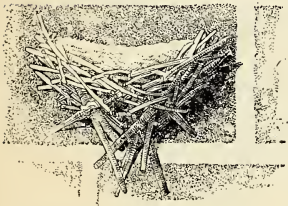
4. The robin builds its nest of many things. It makes a frame work of twigs and sticks, and then plasters it with mud. When this has been done, it lines the inside of the nest with fine moss and feathers and hair.



Robin's Nest.

5. Barn swallows build their nests of mud. They make them in barns, close to the roof. Sometimes several swallows build their nests in a row quite near to one another.

6. Cliff swallows use clay and sand for their nests. They often put them under the edge of a rock on the side of a steep hill or cliff.



Chimney Swallow's Nest.

7. Chimney swallows build in chimneys. They do not make much of a nest. It is nothing but a little bare shelf made of dry twigs which the bird has broken from the trees while flying. The twigs are held together by a kind of glue which flows from the bird's mouth.

8. Sparrows are of many kinds, and they

build their nests in different ways. Some build near houses or barns, some in bushes or trees, and some on the ground. Their nests are made of straw and dry grass and feathers put together without much care.

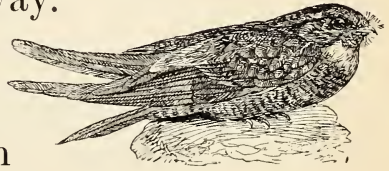
9. The swamp sparrow makes its nest among tall grass where the ground is wet and swampy. It is a tiny nest of leaves and fine hay, and is so well hidden that it is not easy to be found.



Swamp Sparrow's
Nest.

10. Ducks, and other large birds that live about the water, make their nests on the ground. These nests are not much like a robin's nest. Often they are nothing but a few straws and sticks laid around the eggs to keep them from rolling away.

11. Night hawks and whip-poor-wills make no nests at all. They lay their eggs on the bare ground or among dry leaves, where the color is the same as the color of the eggs. You would have to look very close to see one of these eggs.



The Night Hawk.

magpie	story	course	mountains
starling	notice	finished	mourned
owl	suits	attention	comfortable

HOW THE BIRDS LEARNED TO BUILD NESTS.

I.

1. There is an old story which says that the magpie was the first bird to build a nest.

One day all the birds came to her and said, "Mrs. Magpie, won't you teach us how to make pretty nests like your own?"



The Magpie.

2. "Oh, yes," said the magpie, kindly. "I will show you just how it is done." Then she told them to sit around her, and she would build a nest while they were looking on. She said, "You have only to notice what I do."

3. She brought some mud from the side of the brook and made it into a kind of round cake. The birds sat very still, and watched her until the cake was finished. Then the thrush cried out, "Oh, I see how the nest is built! You first make a cake of mud, and then pat it down in the middle." And she flew

away to try for herself; and no thrush has learned anything about nest-building since.

4. The magpie next took some twigs, and laid them round the cake of mud. "Say no more!" cried the blackbird. "I understand it all." Away he flew to the green thickets by the river; and that is how blackbirds build their nests to this very day.

5. Then the magpie put a thin layer of mud on the twigs, and smoothed it a little with her beak. "Oh, that is all that I need to know," said the wise owl. "Who — who — who would have thought it so simple a thing?" He flew to the top of a great oak tree, where he sat for a long time, looking at the moon and saying, "Who — who — who!"



The Owl.

6. Then the magpie took some long, slender twigs, and twined them round the outside. "That is just the thing!" cried the song sparrow, and off he went. And song sparrows still make their nests by twining twigs.

7. After this, the magpie took some

feathers and fine moss, and lined the nest until it was a very comfortable place indeed.

“That suits me!” said the starling, and off he flew. And everybody knows that starlings have built well-lined nests ever since.

II.

8. The magpie kept on working and working. But every bird, when it had learned a little about nest-building, flew away without waiting to the end of the lesson. At last no one was left but the turtledove. It had paid no attention to what the magpie was doing, and so had not learned anything at all.

9. It sat on a branch above the magpie's nest, and kept saying over and over again, “Take two, two, two, two!” But it was looking far away toward the blue mountains in the west, and its thoughts were all with its dear mate whom a cruel hawk had lately snatched away.

10. “Take two, two, two, two!” mourned the dove. The magpie heard this just as she was twining a slender twig around the

top of her nest. So, without looking up, she said, "One will be enough."

11. But the dove kept on saying, "Take two, two, two, two!" This made the magpie angry, and she said, "Don't I tell you that one will be enough?"

12. "Take two, two, two, two!" still cried the turtledove. At last the magpie looked up and saw that no bird was near her but the silly dove.



The Dove.

"I'll never give another lesson in nest-building!" she cried. And she flew away and left the dove alone in the tree.

13. It was no use, after that, for any bird to ask the magpie how to make a nest; and, from that day to this, no bird has learned anything new about its trade.

14. All the blackbirds, the thrushes, the owls, and the doves, still build just as they did a thousand years ago. None of them seem to want better nests; and I doubt if any could learn how to make them now, even though the magpie should try to teach them again.

rooks crooks frosty thumbs

PICTURE BOOKS IN WINTER.

1. Summer fading, winter comes —
 Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs,
 Window robins, winter rooks,
 And the picture story-books.

2. Water now is turned to stone —
 Stone that I can walk upon ;
 Still we find the flowing brooks,
 In the picture story-books.

3. All the pretty things put by,
 Wait upon the children's eye,
 Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks,
 In the picture story-books.

4. We may see how all things are
 Seas and cities, near and far,
 And the flying fairies' looks,
 In the picture story-books.

— *From Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Sandford	fancy	bowl
Merton	snake	skill
Barlow	geese	spoon
bread	gander	history
squeal	goslings	written

TAMING ANIMALS.

I.

1. One of the first books ever made for children to read was called "The History of Sandford and Merton." It was written very many years ago by Thomas Day, an Englishman; but, old as it is, there are some stories in it that you may like to read. I will tell you one of them, not in the words of the book, but as I remember it:—



2. Tommy Merton lived on a farm where there were a great many horses and cattle and pigs and sheep. He had never seen any wild animals; but he had read about them, and he thought that it would be a good thing to catch some of them in the woods and tame them.

3. "If you want to tame animals," said

his friend Mr. Barlow, "you must be good to them. You must treat them kindly, and then they will not be afraid of you, but will come to you and love you."

4. "Yes," said Harry Sandford, "that is very true. I once heard of a little boy who took a great fancy to a snake that lived in his father's garden."

"Oh!" said Tommy.

5. "Yes, and when he was given milk for breakfast, he would carry the bowl into the garden and whistle; and the snake would come to him, and lap the milk from the bowl."

"Didn't it bite him?" asked Tommy.

6. "No. Sometimes, when the snake lapped too fast, he would give it a little tap with his spoon; but it never hurt him."

"Well, I would rather have some other kind of pet," said Tommy.

II.

7. A few days after that, Tommy thought he would try his skill in taming animals.

He put some pieces of bread in his pocket and went out to find some animal that he might give them to.

8. As he was sitting on the gate by the barn, he saw a pig which had run away from



He thought he would try his skill.

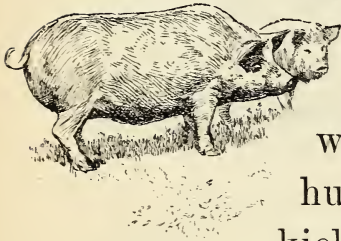
its mother and was lying in the sun. Tommy called, "Pig, pig, pig! Come here, little pig! Come and get some bread!"

9. But the pig did not know what he meant. It jumped up, looked at him, and ran away.

10. "You little ugly creature!" said Tommy. "Do you treat me in that way when I am so kind to you and want to feed you? If you don't know your friends, I will teach you." Then he ran after the pig, and caught it by one of its legs.

11. The pig began to squeal so loudly that its mother came running as fast as she could to see what was the matter. Tommy was frightened, and quickly let the pig go. But as he was about to turn round, his foot slipped and he fell into the mud.

12. The pig's mother came up just as Tommy was trying to rise. She was so angry that she rolled him back into the mud where it was very deep. But she did not hurt him. She left him there, kicking and crying, and ran on to overtake her little one.



13. A large flock of geese happened to be coming across the road just at that time. The young goslings were frightened and ran back, making a great noise. But the old

gander, who was the leader of the flock, flew at Tommy's legs and pecked him several times with his bill.

14. Poor Tommy, although a brave boy, now began to scream with all his might. Mr. Barlow, who was at work in the next field, heard him and ran to his help. He lifted him out of the mud, and set him on his feet. "What is the matter?" he asked.



15. "I was only doing what you told me," said Tommy. "I wanted to make the animals tame and gentle." And then he told the whole story.

16. "But I don't remember," said Mr. Barlow, "that I ever told you to catch little pigs by their legs."

17. "No, sir," said Tommy; "but I wanted to feed the pig. I wanted to be kind to it, and make it tame."

18. "How was the pig to understand what you wanted?" said Mr. Barlow. "Before you try to tame any animal, you must learn something about its nature and its ways."

ah curled friendly beautifully isles



THE WONDERFUL WORLD.

1. Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast —
World, you are beautifully dressed!
2. The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.
3. O friendly World! how far do you go
With the wheatfields that nod and the
rivers that flow,

With cities and gardens, and hills and isles,
 And people upon you for thousands of
 miles?

4. Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
 I tremble to think of you, World, at all.
 And yet when I said my prayers to-day
 A whisper within me seemed to say:
 "You are more than this World, though
 you are such a dot;
 You can love and think, and the World can
 not!"

dawns	mist	wink	glossy
tints	melts	plain	surely
sheaves	lance	frown	tinkle

A SUMMER DAY.

1. This is the way the morning dawns:
 Rosy tints on flowers and trees,
 Winds that wake the birds and bees,
 Dewdrops on the fields and lawns —
 This is the way the morning dawns.

2. This is the way the sun comes up :
 Gold on brook and glossy leaves,
 Mist that melts above the sheaves,
Vine, and rose, and buttercup —
This is the way the sun comes up.

3. This is the way the river flows :
 Here a whirl and there a dance ;
 Slowly now, then like a lance ;
Swiftly to the sea it goes —
This is the way the river flows.

4. This is the way the rain comes down :
 Tinkle, tinkle, drop by drop,
 Over roof and chimney top ;
Boughs that bend, and skies that frown —
This is the way the rain comes down.

5. This is the way the daylight dies :
 Cows are lowing in the lane,
 Fireflies wink on hill and plain ;
Yellow, red, and purple skies —
This is the way the daylight dies.

tiger	beef	allowed	London
crew	visit	hammocks	rubbed
chase	deck	carpenter	mastiff
stripes	steal	present	terrier
rigging	steamships	bowsprit	vessel

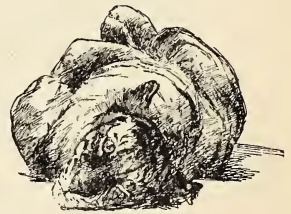
THE GENTLE TIGER.

I.

1. About a hundred years ago a baby tiger was found in one of the wild jungles of India. He was a beautiful little creature. His body was marked with bright stripes of black and yellow; his feet and nose were tipped with white, and he was altogether as pretty a tiger as one could wish to see.

2. A ship was just ready to sail for England, and so the men who had found the tiger thought they would send him to London as a present to the king.

In those days there were no steamships, and it took many months for a vessel to sail from India to England.



The tiger at rest.

3. But the little tiger soon made himself at

home on board the ship, and he was liked and petted by all the crew. He was not large enough to do any harm, and so he was allowed to run about the decks as he wished.

4. He was always ready for a game with any one who had time to play. He slept with the sailors in their hammocks. He took his food from their hands. He raced with them on the deck and in the rigging.

5. He was very fond of meat, and now and then he would steal a piece from the cook room. One day the carpenter caught him, just as he had snatched a piece of beef, and gave him a good beating. But the tiger did not try to bite the man, as you would have thought. He took the beating as though he knew he ought to have it; and after that he was as friendly to the carpenter as to any one else.

6. There was no place on the ship to which he would not climb. He liked to run out on the bowsprit and lie there, looking down at the sea. He was as much at home among the ropes and spars as any sailor could be.



He liked to run out on the bowsprit.

7. There were several dogs on board the ship, and the tiger made friends with them all. They would play together on the deck. They would chase one another about the ship.

II.

8. At last, at the end of ten months, the vessel reached London. The tiger had grown to be quite a large animal by this time, and he was taken to the Tower and shut up in a cage. No matter what was done with him,

he was never cross or ugly, and so his keepers became as fond of him as the sailors had been.

9. One day, just after he had had his dinner, a little terrier puppy was put into his cage. Any other tiger would have eaten it at once; but what did this tiger do? He remembered his little friends on the ship, and seemed very glad to see the terrier. He licked it all over, and was careful not to hurt it in any way.

10. After that, he watched every day for the little dog. Sometimes the two animals were fed at the same hour, the terrier eating on the outside of the cage. Once it tried to reach through the bars and snatch a piece of the tiger's meat; but the tiger quickly gave it to understand that this was a thing which he would not put up with at all.

11. After several months, the terrier was taken away, and one day when the tiger awoke from a nap, he found a young mastiff in its place. He was surprised, but began at once to make friends with the stranger.

At first the mastiff was much frightened; but in a few days it might be seen barking around the tiger, and rolling between his paws, not at all afraid of being hurt.

III.

12. Two years passed, and the very same carpenter that had beaten the tiger for stealing the beef came back to London. One of the first things that he did was to go and see his old friend in the Tower.

13. The tiger knew him and seemed very glad, indeed. The carpenter wanted to go inside of the cage, but the keepers were afraid. "He is an old friend of mine," said the carpenter. "He will not harm me."

14. At last the door was opened and he was allowed to go in. The tiger was delighted. He rubbed against him, licked his hands, and tried in every way to show how glad he was. The carpenter staid for two or three hours. When he got up to go, the tiger would hardly let him leave the cage. He wanted to keep him there all the time.

fare	fine	escape	dining	freely
fear	anybody	safety	narrow	offer

THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

1. Once upon a time a Town Mouse went to visit his cousin in the country. The country cousin was a rough fellow, and his manners were not very fine. But he was glad to see his town friend, and did all that he could to make things pleasant.



The Country Mouse.

2. Beans and corn and dry roots were all that he could offer for dinner, but they were offered very freely. The Town Mouse rather turned up his nose at this country fare. He said, "Cousin, I wonder how you can put up with such food as this every day."



The Town Mouse.

3. The Country Mouse said, "I don't know of anybody that has any better." "Perhaps not," said his cousin; "but if you will go home with me, I will show you how to live. When you have been in town

a week, you will wonder how any one can bear to stay in the country.”

4. No sooner said than done. The two mice set off for town, and came to the home of the Town Mouse late at night.

5. The Town Mouse was very polite. After they had rested a little while, he took his friend into the great dining room. He said, “We will have something to eat after our long walk.”

6. On the table they found what had been left of a fine supper. Soon they were busy eating cakes and all that was nice. “This is what I call living,” said the Town Mouse.

7. Just then a noise was heard at the door. “What is that?” said the Country Mouse.

“Oh, it’s only the dogs barking,” said his cousin.

8. “Do they keep dogs in this house?”

“Yes, and you must be careful to keep out of their way.”



“This is what I call living.”

9. The next minute the door flew open, and two big dogs came running in. The mice jumped off the table and ran into a hole in the floor. But they were none too quick.

“Oh, I am so frightened!” said the Country Mouse, and he trembled like a leaf.

“That is nothing,” said his cousin. “The dogs cannot follow us.”

10. Then they went into the kitchen. But while they were looking around and tasting first of this thing and then of that, what did they see in a dark corner? They saw two bright eyes watching them, and they knew that the house cat was there.

“Run for your life!” cried the Town Mouse.

11. In another moment the cat would have had them. The Country Mouse felt her claws touch his tail as he ran under the door. “That was a narrow escape!” said the Town Mouse.

12. But the Country Mouse did not stop to talk. “Good-by, cousin,” he said.

“What, are you going so soon?”

“Yes, I must go home. A grain of corn in safety is better than fine cake in fear.”

guard	spreads	bundle
chew	flakes	delicate
eaves	paper	pasteboard

SOMETHING ABOUT WASPS.

1. There are few children who have not seen a wasp; for there are many kinds of wasps, and they live in all kinds of places. Some wasps are found only in the country. Some do not care for flowers and green leaves, and so they often come to town. They build their nests on fences and in the dark corners of houses or under the eaves.



2. A wasp is not a very pleasant play-fellow, and yet he is not so bad a creature as most people think. The next time you see a wasp flying about the room, do not be afraid of him. Do not cry out, "A wasp! a wasp! Kill him! kill him!" But watch him, and see what he does.

3. He will not hurt you if you treat him well. Of course, if you should try to take him in your hand, he might sting you. But

he will never sting if he is let alone. Try to harm him, and he will show you that he is going to take care of himself if he can.

4. In some ways wasps are like honey bees; but they never make honey. Often a great many wasps live in the same nest. In such case, there is a queen wasp that does nothing but lay eggs; and there are working wasps that build the nest, and take care of the young. Besides these, there are other working wasps that gather the food, and still others that guard the nest.

5. Some wasps build nests that look a little like honeycomb. Such nests are made up of six-sided cells set close together. But these cells are not made of wax.

Of what, then, are the cells of the wasp's nest made?

6. They are made of paper.

The wasp was the first paper maker. He knew how to make paper thousands of years before men had thought of such a thing.

7. He makes it most often of small bits of soft wood. It would please you to watch one



One kind of Wasp's Nest.

of these little creatures at work. He runs and flies from place to place till he has found some wood of the right kind. Then he tears off little pieces, one by one, with his mouth. He lays these pieces side by side, just as you might lay sticks.

8. At last he gathers them all in a little bundle, and flies with them to his nest. Then he begins to chew the wood; and as he chews it he wets it with a kind of gum that runs from his mouth.

9. While the chewed wood is still soft and wet, the wasp spreads it out in thin flakes. The flakes soon dry, and then they are paper. Some wasp paper is very thin and delicate. Some is almost as thick as pasteboard. But it is not good paper to write on.

10. There is never any honey in the cells of a wasp's nest, never anything but eggs or young wasps. In a small nest there may be, at first, only one wasp; but in a large nest there are hundreds of wasps, all busy at work; and there are hundreds of young grubs that have to be fed and taken care of.

obey	lantern	leaped	hoofs
liberties	alarm	flashed	forward
defend	stirrup	aroused	shadowy
powder	arrow	stirred	midnight
destroy	clatter	saddle	courthouse

THE RIDE OF PAUL REVERE.

1. Shall I tell you about the midnight ride of Paul Revere? It happened a long time ago when this country was ruled by the King of England.



King George III.

2. There were British soldiers in Boston. The King had sent them there to make the people obey his unjust laws. They guarded the streets of the town, and no one could go out or come in without their leave.

3. The people did not like to be treated in this way. They said, "Shall we allow our liberties to be taken from us? Shall we give up all the rights that are so dear to us?"

4. The whole country was stirred up. Brave men left their homes and hurried toward Boston to give to the people there such help as they could.

5. "We do not want to fight against the King," they said; "but we must defend ourselves and our friends from those soldiers of his. We are free men, and he must not take away our liberties."

6. Some of them gathered at Charlestown, just across the river from Boston; and from there they watched to see what the soldiers would do.

7. At Concord, eighteen miles away, these men had stored some powder. When the British soldiers heard of it they made up their minds to go out and get it for themselves, or destroy it.

8. Among the watchers at Charlestown was a brave young man named Paul Revere. A friend of his, who lived in Boston, came across the river one day to see him.

"I have something to tell you," he said.



British Soldiers.

“The British are going to Concord to destroy the powder that is there. Indeed, they are getting ready to go this very night.”

9. “Very well,” said Paul Revere. “They will find that we are not all asleep. As soon as they are ready to start, you must let me know. Hang a lantern in the tower of the old North Church. If they are coming straight across the river, hang two. I will be here, ready. The moment I see the light, I will mount my horse and ride to Concord to spread the alarm.”



The North Church.

10. And so it was done. Hour after hour that night, Paul Revere waited and watched by the side of the river. He walked up and down the bank, leading his horse behind him. He kept his eyes turned always toward Boston.

11. The town was dark and still. By the dim light of the moon he could see the shadowy form of the old North Church. Now and then he could hear the call of some

soldier on guard or the bark of a dog far away. He heard the clock strike nine, then ten, then eleven. "Perhaps they will not go to-night," he said to himself.



"Up! up! and defend your homes."

12. But just as he spoke, he saw a light shine out from the tower of the church. "Ah! at last!" he cried. He spoke to his horse. He put his foot in the stirrup. He waited one moment. Then, clear and bright, another light flashed from the tower.

The soldiers were coming straight across the river!

13. He sprang into the saddle. Like an arrow from the bow, his horse leaped forward. Away they went. Through the village street, and out upon the country road, they flew like the wind. "Up! up!" cried Paul Revere. "The soldiers are coming! Up! up! and defend your homes!"

14. The cry awoke the farmers from their sleep. They sprang from their beds and looked out. They could not see the swift horse speeding away toward Concord; but they heard the clatter of hoofs far down the road; they heard the cry again: "Up! up! The British!"

15. "It is the alarm!" they cried. "The redcoats are coming." And they took up their guns, their axes, — anything that came to hand, — and hurried out to help their friends drive back the British.

16. So through the night Paul Revere rode on toward Concord. At every farmhouse and in every village he gave the cry of alarm. It

was not a cry of fear. It was the cry which called brave men to their duty. The alarm was spread. Guns were fired. Bells were rung. Everybody was aroused.

17. The British soldiers went on to Concord as they had planned. On the way, they met and killed some of the brave men who had come out to defend their homes. They burned the courthouse at Concord. They destroyed what they could find.



"It is the alarm!"

18. But they were not to go back so easily. It seemed as though every man in the country was after them. There was fighting all along the road. The farmers from behind the fences and walls shot the red-coated soldiers down as they passed. Those who escaped were glad enough when they found themselves safe in Boston once more.



moan	shepherd	doorway	sobbing
throne	beating	homeward	panting
torrents	beacon	fairly	struggling

THE LOST LAMB.

1. Storm upon the mountain,
 Rainy torrents beating,
 And the little snow-white lamb
 Bleating, ever bleating!
2. Storm upon the mountain,
 Night upon its throne,
 And the little snow-white lamb
 All alone, alone!
3. Down the road, the shepherd
 Drives his flock from far;
 Through the cloud and falling rain,
 Shines no beacon star.

4. Fast he hurries homeward,
Never hears the moan
Of the pretty snow-white lamb
Left alone, alone!

5. At the shepherd's doorway
Stands his little son,
Sees the sheep come running home,
Counts them one by one.

6. He counts them full and fairly,
And misses only one —
It is the little snow-white lamb,
Left alone, alone.

7. Up the hills he races,
Breasts the stormy wind,
Runs through fields and woodland,
Leaves them all behind.

8. Storm upon the mountain,
Night upon its throne,
There he finds the little lamb
Left alone, alone.

9. Struggling, panting, sobbing,
 Falling on the ground,
 Round the pretty creature's neck
 Both his arms are wound.
10. Soon upon his shoulders —
 All its bleating done —
 Home he carries the little lamb
 Left alone, alone!
-

fresh	hope	heaven	plainly
staff	torches	willow	darkness
search	pastor	swung	ribbon
lamps	chasm	cottages	leaned

THE STORY OF A LOST LAMB.

I.

1. There was never a sweeter child than dear little golden-haired Flora Campbell. Her footsteps were light as a fairy's, her cheeks were like the June roses, her eyes were blue as the summer sky. Her heart was all sunshine. Her thoughts were as

pure and fresh as the flowers which she twined in her hair.

2. She talked with the birds, the brooks, and the blossoms. And at sunrise, every morning, when the shepherds went out with their flocks, you might hear her singing among the hills. All loved the gentle little child; for she was kind and good and fair.



II.

3. It is evening among the hills. The sun has set, and it is growing dark in the narrow valleys. One by one the stars are seen in the sky, sailing with the new moon among the summer clouds. In the cottages the tables are spread for supper, and the lamps are lighted.

4. Where now is Flora Campbell? She was never so late coming home. Her grandfather has been to the door a dozen times to look for her. "Have you seen Flora?" he asks of every one that passes by.

5. He can not sit down to supper, and

Flora away. He looks up to the hills and his lips move in prayer.

6. Flora's mother stands by the window and sees the last light of day fade away upon the mountains. Her lips move, too: "Kind Father in heaven, keep all harm from our dear lamb and bring her safe home again."

III.

7. Gaffer Campbell went out into the street, leaning on his staff. He knocked at every door. At every door he asked the same question: "Have you seen my grandchild Flora?"

8. One man said that he had met her far up on the mountain gathering wild flowers.

"When was that?"

"It was near noon, I think."

9. Another man had seen her in the path that leads to the Moss Glen. She was sitting on a rock and making a willow basket for her grandfather. "That was early in the morning, I think."

10. Still another man had seen her. He had passed her near the head of the lake,

only an hour before sunset; and she was carrying a basket of flowers on her arm.

“But where is she now?”

“We must go and find her at once!” cried several of the young men.

11. “Ah me, Gaffer Campbell!” said a white-haired old shepherd. “I was afraid that something was about to happen. The youngest lamb of my flock was lost in the hills to-day.”

“Heaven grant that my little lamb may be safe!” said Gaffer Campbell.



IV.

12. Everybody in the village knew now that little Flora was lost. Soon the men were ready to go in search of her. Bright torches shone on the hilltops and in the valleys. Up and down the mountain paths the young men went, calling, “Flora! Flora!” But there was no answer.

13. Gaffer Campbell leaned upon his staff. He said not a word. He could not weep; for his heart was too full. But Flora’s

mother sat in her cottage, weeping, and calling the name of her child.

14. The village pastor came. He had heard that Flora was missing, and he had come to speak words of hope to her friends. "Do not weep," he said. "Flora will be found."

15. But her mother still cried, "The child is lost! the child is lost!" "He who takes care of the lambs in the winter storm, will take care of your child," said the old man.

v.

16. Just then they heard a dog bark far down in the deep valley called Moss Glen. They saw the torches passing quickly toward the same place. Gaffer Campbell and the pastor started at once to the glen. But Flora's mother passed them and ran wildly up the narrow path. They looked down into the dark glen. They could hear the dog very plainly now.

17. A little farther, and they came to the edge of the steep chasm called the "Deer's Mouth." Here the young men were stand-

ing with their torches. They were trying to look down into the chasm. But all was dark there. They could hear no sound but the quick, sharp barking of the dog. It seemed to be far, far below them.

18. "We must go down!" cried one of the young men. "That is my dog Louth; and he knows Flora as well as I do."

19. "Yes, we must go down!" cried another. "Where are the ropes?"

20. Soon long ropes were brought. Strong men held them while Donald, Louth's young master, made ready to go down into the chasm. He took hold of a rope, and swung himself from the edge of the rock. Down, down, he went. He could see the bright torches above him; but when he looked down there was only darkness.

21. At last Donald's feet touched the ground



below. His dog ran to meet him. By the light of the torch which he held in his hand, he looked around him.

22. What did he see? There on a thick bed of moss lay little Flora Campbell. She was holding in her arms the lost lamb.

23. Donald went close to her and looked at her. Her eyes were shut. She was asleep. He looked at the little lamb. He saw that around one of its legs was a ribbon from the child's hat. Then he looked up, and called to his friends above, "Flora's safe! Flora's safe!"

24. The sound awoke the little girl. She looked around, and saw the young man.

"Dear Donald," she said, "I am so glad you have come! Now we can save your lamb."

VI.

25. The good people of the village soon learned how it had all happened. Flora had seen the young lamb fall into the chasm. Looking over the edge of the rocks she saw it lying at the bottom of the Deer's Mouth.

26. She did not stop to think, but she began

at once to climb down to it. It was no easy thing to do. Few men would have been brave enough to try it.

27. But at last she was safe at the bottom. She found that one of the lamb's legs was broken, and she bound it up with the ribbon of her hat.

Then she held the little creature in her arms till she fell asleep on the bed of moss.

28. The people of the village were very happy that night, when they carried Flora home. The child had never been so dear to them before.

29. Donald's father gave her the lamb that she had saved. And often after that, Flora might be seen playing on the hillside with her little pet; and everybody that met her spoke to her kindly, and whispered, "May heaven bless the dear child!"



faults	pity	figures	during
crest	swell	gliding	collar
style	bitter	selfish	clinging
thief	dodging	esteem	handsome
dread	shelter	company	unlikely

THE BLUE JAY.

I.

1. The blue jay, with all his faults, is a brave, busy bird. He is not much afraid of cold weather. Long after the song birds have gone to the sunny South, you may see him dodging about among the bare trees. Sometimes, if he can find food to keep him alive, he will stay with us all winter.



2. Even on very cold days, when everything is covered with snow, if you will go far into the woods, it is not unlikely that you will see a company of jays braving the storm. They are very busy, looking for something to eat, and they have no time to think about the cold. But I wonder where they find shelter during the bitter night.

3. The blue jay must put up with light fare while the winter lasts. Now and then he may find a dried berry still clinging to the branch on which it grew; or a nut that has fallen in some sheltered spot where the snow has not covered it; or the tiny eggs of some insect, hidden on the under side of a rough piece of bark. He does the best that he can, and waits for better days.

4. As soon as the spring sun begins to warm the woods and fields you can hear his noisy call. Even his friends, who have spent the winter in the South, now make themselves known. They do not wait for the buds on the trees to swell into leaves and blossoms. They are here long before the first wild flower blooms.

5. Mr. Blue Jay is always dressed in grand style. His crest and back are light purple. His wings are bright blue, with here and there pretty marks in black and white. His tail is blue with black bars across it, and the ends of the long feathers are tipped with white. He has a black collar round his neck. His face is white, his bill is black,

his eyes are brown. If his manners were as handsome as his dress, he would be a very pretty bird.

II.

6. But he is a noisy fellow. He is out early in the morning, letting the world know that he is alive. "Jay! jay! jay!" he screams, as if he were sent to waken everybody up. "Go away! Go away! Give place to me!" he seems to say.

7. And such a busy creature as he is! He is first here, then there, peeping into out-of-the-way places, gliding through the leafy thickets, screaming among the treetops.

8. In April, Mr. Blue Jay helps his mate build her nest. They find a place among the thick branches of some tree far in the woods. There they carry twigs and fine roots and stems of dry leaves, and lay them together till they have made a big nest. They work so fast that in five or six days it is ready for the eggs. The eggs are of a greenish-gray color, with little spots of brown all over them.

9. The smaller birds are glad to keep out

of the way of Mr. Blue Jay. They dread to see him coming; they dread to hear his "Jay! jay! jay!" For he is a thief and much worse.

10. He robs every nest he can find. If there are eggs in it, he breaks and sucks them; if there are young birds, he tears them in pieces and eats them. He is as cruel as a hawk, and sometimes catches and kills grown-up birds that come in his way. Is it any wonder that he has so few friends?

11. Busy and brave as he is, there is no one who loves him. Bright and handsome as are his feathers, there is no one who thinks much about his beauty. Even though he screams and scolds, and tells his name wherever he goes, there is no one who cares for what he says. He sings no song to cheer the world.

12. The robin dresses in plain colors, and is not as pretty as the jay. But we love him because of his gentle ways and his sweet song. Fine feathers alone will never gain friends for any one, but pleasant manners and a kind heart will always win esteem. What a pity that Mr. Blue Jay is so rude!

nurse	feast	metal	Midas
lump	gift	senses	Dionysus
fond	hated	plucked	(di on'ĩ sus)
glance	stooped	queerly	eyesight
crown	guessed	reward	outstretched

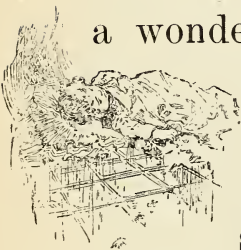
THE GOLDEN TOUCH.

I.

1. In a far-away land there was once a king whose name was Midas.

When Midas was only a little child a very strange thing happened to him.

2. One day he was asleep on the floor, and his nurse left him alone for a little while. When she came back into the room she saw a wonderful sight. From the door to the sleeping child there was a line of bright yellow dots on the floor. She thought that they were dots of sunshine, but she had never seen any sunshine like it before.



3. The little dots seemed to be chasing one another. All were running to the baby's mouth, where they hid themselves from sight.

Then out from the baby's mouth there came another line of dots running back to the door. But these dots were black and much smaller than the others. They looked like dots of darkness. What could it all mean?

4. The nurse was so filled with wonder that she ran and called the child's mother to come and see the strange sight. The mother came. Her eyes were sharp as an eagle's, and she saw at a glance what was going on.

5. The bright dots were grains of gold which tiny ants were carrying and putting into the child's mouth.

The black dots were the ants that had thrown down their gold, and were now running back after another load of the yellow metal.

6. If little Midas had not opened his eyes and cried, no one knows how much gold the ants would have given him. His mother could not rest until she knew what it all meant; for, in those times, everything that happened to a child was thought to be a sign of something else that would be sure to hap-



pen when he became a man. Of course, people know better now.

7. She sent to all the wisest men in the country and asked them what would be the fate of a child whose mouth had been filled by ants with grains of gold. They knew no more about it than she; but they were too wise to say so. They said, "He will be the richest man in the world." Anybody could have guessed as much.

II.

8. When Midas became a man and was made king, there was nothing that he liked so much as gold. He liked to look at the bright shining metal. He liked to hold yellow pieces of money in his hand, and let them slip through his fingers. He liked to hear them ring, sharp and clear, as he let them fall upon the table.

9. "If I only had all the gold that there is in the world!" he said. But he did not think of robbing other men to get it; and so he was not so bad as many a king that has

lived since. And there were other things that he liked. He was fond of fine music. He took delight in pictures and flowers. He loved his family and his friends.

III.

10. One day the servants of Midas found a strange man wandering in the rose garden that belonged to the king. He did not seem to be in his right mind. When they asked him his name he could not tell them. He acted so queerly that even the boys made sport of him. They put a crown of leaves on his head, and covered him with flowers, and led him to the king.

11. Midas was very kind to the man. He kept him in his house until he had come to his senses again. "Now tell me who you are," he said, "and I will send you home."

12. The man told him his name, and said that he was the friend and teacher of great Dionysus. "Send me home to Dionysus," he said, "and he will give you that which you want most."

13. Now Midas knew Dionysus very well. Dionysus was a much greater king than Midas. People said that he was always young and beautiful, and that there was nothing too hard for him to do. It was said, too, that he had been all over the world, and had seen many things.

14. When Midas heard that the strange man was the teacher of Dionysus, he was glad that he had been so kind to him. He took him by the hand and led him home.

15. Dionysus thanked Midas, and said, "You have shown yourself to be a gentle and kind-hearted man. What shall I give you to reward you?" Midas thought of gold. But he was almost afraid to say what was in his mind.

16. "Ask for what you want most, and you shall have it," said Dionysus.

"Well, then," said Midas, "if it is not asking too much, let it be that everything I touch shall be turned into gold."

"Go home," said Dionysus. "As soon as you pass through your own gates it shall be as you wish."

IV.

17. Midas was very happy. Now he would have all the gold that he wanted. He hurried home. He could hardly wait until he had passed through the gates into his own grounds.

18. "Now, let us see what I can do!" he said. He broke a tiny twig from a tree. The twig became gold in his hands. He picked up a stone. The stone became a lump of gold.

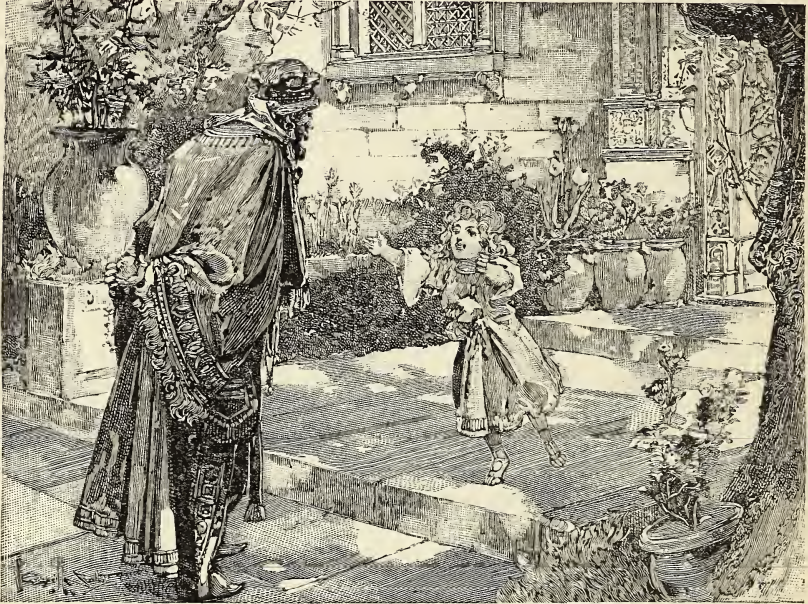
19. As he passed through his garden he plucked a rose. He tried to smell of it, but it was gold. A ripe apple was hanging upon a tree close by. He pulled it from its branch and saw that it, too, was turned to gold.

"I will soon be the richest man in the world!" he cried.

20. Then he called to his servants, and told them to make a great dinner for him and all his friends. "I have never had so great joy," he said. "My friends shall come and be glad with me."

21. As he drew near to the house, his dog

ran out to meet him. He stopped, as he always did, to pat him kindly on the head. But his touch turned the dog to gold.



You can guess what happened.

“Ah!” said Midas, “I did not think of that. I must be careful.”

22. Then who should come next to meet him but little Rosebud, his own dear child!

“O papa, how glad I am that you have come home!” She ran with outstretched arms. She put up her face to be kissed.

23. Midas held his hands behind him. Then he stooped, and touched the child's lips with his own. You can guess what happened.

24. When Midas set his foot inside his door, the very doorstep turned to gold. Then the floor, the walls, the ceiling of the room, all became bright yellow metal. "I have enough gold, and too much!" he cried.

25. Soon his friends came in, and sat down to the table. They thought what a merry feast they would have! But when they saw the sad face of King Midas they wondered what could have happened to him.

v.

26. King Midas took his place at the head of the table. His friends sat before him. But he seemed so sad that no one spoke or dared to smile.

27. The cloth, the cups, the plates were turned to gold by the touch of Midas. He tried to eat; the food became gold before he could carry it to his lips. He tried to drink; the water became golden ice in the cup.

28. What was to be done? Must everything be turned to yellow metal? Must he starve with plenty all around him? Of what good was all his gold? He hated the sight of it now.

There was only one thing to be done. He would go to Dionysus and ask him to take back the gift.

29. He rose from the table and went in great haste. He threw himself down at the feet of Dionysus. "O great Dionysus," he cried, "I pray you, take back your gift! Let all things be as they were before. I have too much gold."

30. Then Dionysus said, "I can not take the gift back, but if you will do as I say, you may get rid of it, and all things will be as they were before."

31. "I will do anything," said Midas.

"Then go and wash yourself in the little river that rises in the mountains," said Dionysus.

32. Midas hurried away. When he came to the little river he leaped into the water. The sand that was touched by his feet was

turned to grains of gold. He washed himself as Dionysus had told him; and when he came out of the water he was almost afraid to touch anything lest it should be turned to gold.

33. How glad he was, when he reached home, to find that all things were as they had been before! He plucked a rose, and found that it smelled as sweet as ever. He ate the mellow apple that he picked from the tree, and thought it the best fruit he had ever tasted.

34. His dog played before him as he walked toward the house. And when little Rosebud ran to greet him, he lifted her in his arms and kissed her again and again.

“There are many things that are better than gold,” he said.



barber	tricks	enjoy	tender
customers	habit	dingy	clever
cunning	shaved	fowler	tongue
certain	truly	wrung	Germany

THE CLEVER STARLING.

1. In a little village in Germany there once lived a barber who had a pet starling. This barber was very fond of talking; and when there were no customers in his shop, he amused himself by talking to his starling.



The Starling.

2. The starling, whose name was Hansel, was a bright bird, and he learned many cunning tricks. One day his master said to him, "Hansel, I wish you could talk!"

What was the barber's surprise when Hansel answered, "I wish you could talk!"

3. After that the barber spent much of his time in teaching the bird to speak. Hansel soon learned to say many words, and he brought much custom into his master's shop. People, for miles around, would come to hear the wonderful bird.

4. Like all great talkers, the barber was in the habit of saying certain things over and over again. When he had shaved a customer to his liking, he was sure to say, "No one could have done that better," or, "Truly, I am the best barber in Germany."

5. When any one happened to ask about his plans for to-morrow or for next year, he would always begin his answer by saying, "If the fates are willing." And then there was one story which he told every day, and which always ended with the words, "By keeping bad company."

6. The starling took great delight in listening to his master, and sometimes he would put in a word or two of his own to help the story along.

7. One day the barber stepped out of his shop for a minute, and forgot to close the door behind him. Hansel saw that the sun was bright, and the fields were green, and he thought it would be pleasant to go out and enjoy the free air. And so, when nobody was looking, away he flew.

8. He had not gone far when he met a flock of wild starlings. They seemed to be very good company, and Hansel soon made friends with them all. How much better it was to fly over the fields with his own kind than to sit still in the barber's dingy shop!

9. All went well for several weeks, and you would think that Hansel had forgotten about his old master. But it happened one day that every one of the starlings flew into a net which a cunning fowler had spread for them in a field of corn.

10. They tried hard to break out and fly away, but it was of no use. The fowler reached into the net, and drew them out, one after another; and, one after another, he wrung their tender necks.

11. As he caught the last of the poor birds by the foot, he was surprised to hear it cry out, "No one could have done that better!"

12. The man was frightened almost out of his senses. What could this be that spoke to him from the inside of the net? Then he remembered the wonderful starling that



“Is that you, Hansel?”

he had once seen in the barber’s shop, and he asked: “Is that you, Hansel?”

13. “Truly, I am the best barber in Germany!” was the answer.

“And how did you come to be in this net?” asked the fowler.

“By keeping bad company,” said Hansel.

14. The fowler took him carefully out of the net, and said, “Shall I carry you back home?”

“If the fates are willing,” said the bird.

15. The next day the fowler carried him gently to his master. The barber was delighted to see his pet once more, and the starling was very glad to be safe at home.

16. After that the shop was always full of people who came to see the bird that had saved his own life by the clever use of his tongue.

speck	ocean	steamer	roam	view
fleck	treasures	beneath	gaze	maiden

THE SHIP COMING HOME.

1. Why stand you there,
 Sweet maiden fair,
 With eyes upon the sea,
 Forgetting play
 To gaze all day
 On ocean rolling free?

2. Have you a ship
 From foreign trip
 Now coming up the bay,



That brings you gold
For treasures sold
In countries far away?

3. Ah, there's a line
Of black smoke fine
Upon the distant sky!
She sees a speck
The ocean fleck
Beneath the smoke on
high.



4. It grows and grows
Until she knows
It is the steamer due.
Her little heart
Beats wild its part
As comes the ship in view.

5. She turns her head;
Her cheeks are red,
Her eyes no longer roam.
“I want no gold
For treasures sold—
That ship brings papa home!”



eels	pupils	heron	kingfisher
frill	boarding	libraries	sandpiper
errand	trousers	pounding	handkerchief
prongs	hammer	spearing	old-fashioned
ankles	mistletoe	woodpecker	Broom-heath

EYES AND NO EYES.

I.

1. A hundred years ago there were no such books for children as you have now. A few books had been written for young readers, but the most of these were very dull. The pictures in them were not at all pretty, and the stories were not such as you would care to read.

2. But there was one book so much better than the rest that it is still to be found in many libraries and bookstores. The name of this book is "Evenings at Home," and it was written by Dr. John Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld when our great-grandfathers were little boys.

3. Of course the stories are very old-fashioned, but they are full of good lessons; for

in those times children read to learn, and not to be amused. Many of these stories are still worth reading, because of the pleasant way in which they teach something. I will tell you one of them, called "Eyes and No Eyes," as I remember it.

II.

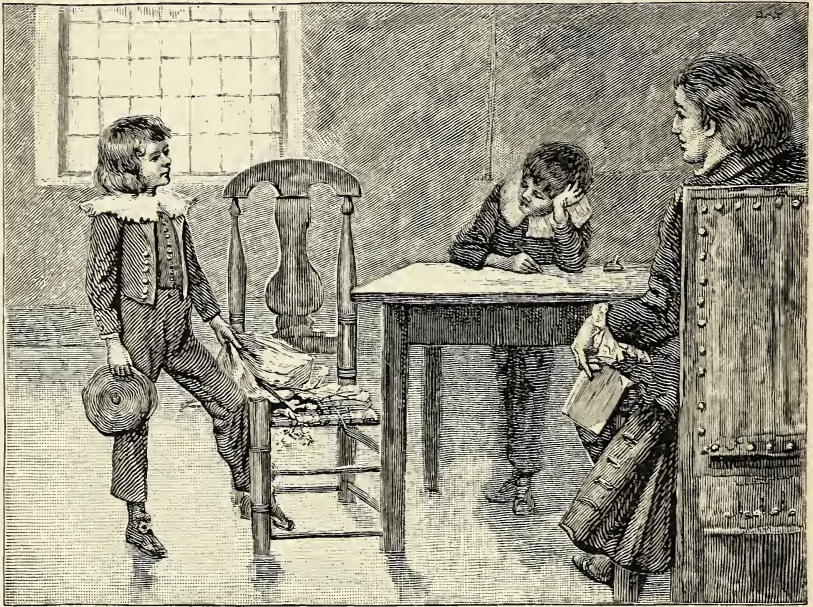
4. Robert and William were both pupils at the same school. Their teacher, whose name was Mr. Andrews, was a good, old-fashioned gentleman who believed that there are things to be learned which are not found in schoolbooks.

5. One day the boys had a holiday, and both took a long walk over the hills. In the evening Mr. Andrews said to Robert, "Well, Robert, where did you go this afternoon?"

6. "Oh, sir, I went over the hills to Broom-heath!" said Robert, as though he were very tired; "and then I came round by the mill, and home through the meadows."

7. "That was a very pleasant walk," said Mr. Andrews.

8. "Indeed, sir, I found it very dull," said Robert. "There was nothing to see, and I did not meet any one at all. If I had only gone by the big road, I might have had a pleasant time."



Soon William came into the room.

9. "Yes," said Mr. Andrews; "you might have seen men and horses, I am sure."

10. Soon William came into the room. He was dressed as boys in boarding-schools were dressed when your fathers' grandfathers were

young lads. He had on a big frill collar and a tight jacket, trousers that came down to the ankles, and low shoes that always came off in muddy ground.

11. He was wet and tired. But he had his handkerchief full of wonderful things, for in those days boys had no pockets worth telling about. "Oh, Mr. Andrews!" he said, "I have had the pleasantest walk you ever heard of."

12. "Indeed!" said Mr. Andrews. "Where have you been?"

"Well, sir, I went over the hills to Broomheath, and then I came round by the mill, and home through the meadows," said William.

13. "Why, that is the same walk that Robert took, and he says it was dull. He tells me that he didn't see anything at all."

14. *William.* I wonder at that. I found something to see every step of the way.

15. *Mr. Andrews.* Tell us about what you saw. It will be as new to Robert as to me.

16. *William.* First I saw a strange thing in the little thicket of oaks on the hill. On

one of the oldest trees there was a great bunch of something green. It seemed to be growing out of the tree, and still it was not at all like the tree. Here is a branch of it.

17. *Mr. Andrews.* Ah, it is a branch of mistletoe! It is found on different kinds of trees, but most often on the oak; and it never grows from roots in the ground like other plants. You will learn some strange things about it when you are old enough to read the history of England.

18. *William.* In the same grove I saw an odd-looking bird fly to a tree and run up the trunk like a cat. Then it began knocking on the bark with its beak. It made a noise like a hammer pounding against the tree.



19. *Mr. Andrews.* It was a woodpecker, and he was looking for insects under the bark. These birds, with their strong beaks, bore holes in old trees, and then reach in with their long tongues, and draw out the worm or bug that is hiding there. Many trees would be killed by such insects if it were not for these birds.

20. *William.* When at last I came down into the meadow, I found some beautiful flowers whose names I did not know. Here are some of them. There were some strange birds there, too. Then I came past the mill and down to the brook. There were a good many water lilies there, and some tall plants, such as do not grow in the meadow.

21. *Mr. Andrews.* Did you bring any of them home with you?

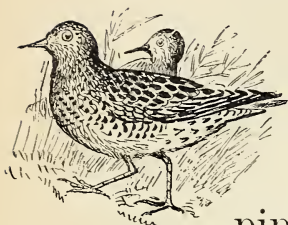
22. *William.* They grew in the deep water, and I could not reach them. As I was trying to get one, I heard something in the brook. It was a large water rat, and I saw it swim across and go into its hole on the other side of the brook.

23. *Mr. Andrews.* What else did you see?

William. A little farther down by the brook I saw a beautiful green and blue bird, which I tried hard to catch. It had a large head and bill and a short tail.

24. *Mr. Andrews.* It must have been a kingfisher. It eats fish, and is a very shy bird.

25. *William*. On the other side of the brook I saw many little birds running along in the sand. They were brown and white, and they made a piping noise as they ran.



Mr. Andrews. They were sandpipers. They live near the water.

26. *William*. When I came to the river, I saw an old man in a boat. He was catching eels. He had a long pole with five broad iron prongs at the end. This he put down into the mud; and when he brought it up, there were the eels sticking upon the prongs.

27. *Mr. Andrews*. Yes, that is one way of catching eels. It is called spearing eels.

28. *William*. While I was watching the man, a heron came flying over my head. I lay very still in the tall grass and watched him. Soon he came down on the sand close to the water. Then I saw him wade into the river and catch a fish in his long bill. When he had swallowed the fish, he rose and flew slowly away to the woods.

29. *Mr. Andrews*. His nest may have been

there, for herons like to build in high trees not far from the water.

30. *William.* Just then I noticed that the sun was setting. I never saw it look so large, and it seemed to be sinking right into the river. I hurried home, and did not stop again, for I knew it would be late.



31. *Mr. Andrews.* Well done, William. I don't wonder that you enjoyed your walk.

William. Indeed, I did enjoy it.

32. *Mr. Andrews.* And now, Robert, how did it happen that you went to the same places, and yet saw none of these sights?

33. *Robert.* I didn't care for them. I came straight home and didn't look for such things.

34. *Mr. Andrews.* That would have been right if you had been sent on an errand. But, as you were walking to amuse yourself, you would have been wiser if you had used your eyes.

35. But so it is. One man walks through the world with his eyes open, another with his eyes shut. The one enjoys life, and

learns something new every day; the other cares nothing for the wonderful and beautiful things that are around him, but which he never sees.

36. And now, my boys, since you both have eyes, let me say to William, "Keep on using them"; and to Robert, "Learn that your eyes were given you to use."

deal	hero	kingdom	mane
blame	agreed	elephant	tawny
bowed	hungry	subjects	roared

KING TAWNY MANE.

1. Here is a fable that comes to us from India. It has amused the children of that country for a great many years; and, while you are trying to find the lesson which it teaches, it may also amuse you.

2. There was once a lion whose name was Tawny Mane. He was so strong that all the other animals were afraid of him, and so he was called the king of the forest. He liked

to kill every animal that came in his way, and there was no living thing in all the land that was safe from him.

3. At last, one day, all the animals met to talk about their troubles, and see if they could not find some plan to save themselves from King Tawny Mane. They talked a long time, and then agreed what to do.

4. In the evening they went together to the lion's den. King Tawny Mane had just had a full meal, and so he did not try to harm any of them. "What do you want here?" he roared.

5. This frightened them very much. Some of them ran back into the thick woods, But the bravest stood still. "Speak, and tell me what you want," said the king.

6. Then Sharp Ears, the fox, stood up and spoke. "O king," he said, "we have come to see you about a very great matter. Do you know that if you keep on as you have begun, you will soon kill all the beasts in the forest?"

7. "And what if I do?" said Tawny Mane.

“Then what will become of you?” said Sharp Ears. “What kind of a king will you be when you have killed all your subjects?”

8. “But I must have something to eat,” said Tawny Mane. “I must have food.”



Sharp Ears stood up and spoke.

9. “Yes,” said Sharp Ears, “and that is just what we have come to talk about. We have thought of a plan by which you shall have all the food you want without going out of doors to get it.”

10. “That would be a good plan,” said Tawny Mane. “But tell me what it is.”

11. “We will give you one animal every day,”

said Sharp Ears. "We will draw lots, and the one upon whom the lot falls shall come to your den. You will not have to hunt at all."

12. "Good!" said the king. "We will try your plan, and see how we like it."

13. For some time after this, things were very quiet in the forest. Every morning one of the animals went down into Tawny Mane's den, and never came out again. The lion liked the new plan quite well.

14. At last the lot fell upon a little rabbit named Cotton Tail, and he was sent to make a call upon the king. He was in no hurry to go. He played along the road until after dinner time. Then, with big eyes and gentle steps, he went and stood at the lion's door.

15. King Tawny Mane was very hungry, and when he saw the rabbit he roared, "Why are you so late? Even the elephant knows better than to keep me waiting."

16. The rabbit bowed low and said, "I know I am late. But if you could only see what I have seen, you would not blame me."

17. "What have you seen?" said the lion.

“I have seen something that may have a good deal to do with your keeping this kingdom,” said Cotton Tail.

16. “Tell me about it,” said the lion. He was always afraid that something would happen to drive him out of his kingdom.

17. “I can not tell you,” said Cotton Tail, “but if you will come with me, I will show you what I saw.” Then he hopped away, and the lion followed him until they came to the mouth of an old well. At the bottom of the well there was a little water, and under the water there was nothing but soft sand.

18. “Just look in here,” said Cotton Tail.

King Tawny Mane looked in. He thought he saw another lion at the bottom of the well. He showed his teeth; the other lion showed his teeth. “I am the king of the forest!” roared Tawny Mane. The other lion said nothing; but Tawny Mane thought that he roared.

19. “I will show you that I am the king,” growled Tawny Mane. He was so angry that he did not know what to do. He jumped

into the well, only to find that there was nothing but water and soft sand at the bottom. He could not get out.

20. Then little Cotton Tail peeped down and called to the lion. "Tawny Mane," he said, "your kingdom is at an end!"

21. Little by little, Tawny Mane sank in the sand. In the evening, Cotton Tail peeped down again. All was still.

22. After that, the rabbit was looked upon as the great hero of the forest. But when the other beasts wanted to make him their king, he said, "No! I am only a rabbit, and I do not want to be a king."

I live for those who love me,
 Whose hearts are kind and true;
 For the heaven that smiles above me,
 And awaits my spirit too;
 For the friendly ties that bind me,
 For the tasks that God has given me,
 For the memories left behind me,
 And the good that I can do.

rice	death	starve	cocoon
wraps	speed	burden	bundles
damp	seize	miner	middle-sized

ANTS AND THEIR WAYS.



1. There are a great many kinds of ants — so many that I will not try to name them. In some ways they are like bees. They live together and work together, just as bees do. But they never make honey, and they do not build cells.



2. In every nest of ants there are workers, drones, and a queen. Each worker has a certain kind of work to do, and he never does any other.



3. All bees have wings; but it is not so with ants. The drones and queens when they are young have wings, but they do not keep them long.



4. When they leave the nest in which they have been hatched, these drones and queens fly into the air. They fly about until they have found their mates. Then they come

to the ground, snap off their wings, and find places for new homes.

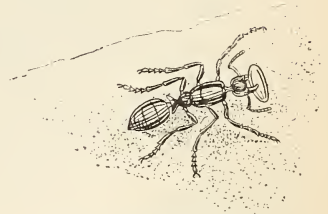
5. Some ants build hills of earth and live in them. Others dig down into the ground and make pleasant homes there for themselves.

6. The young ants when they first come out of the eggs are nothing but little white grubs. These grubs are of three kinds. The largest become queens, with wings; the middle-sized become drones, also with wings; the smallest become workers.

7. When the grub is about ready to become an ant, it spins a web and wraps itself up in it. It is now sometimes called an ant's egg; but it is not an egg, it is a cocoon.

8. The workers take a great deal of care of these cocoons. They carry them from one place to another, and see that they do not get too hot or too cold. At last they cut the webs open and let the young ants out.

9. It is often said that ants lay up food for



Ant carrying a cocoon.

winter, but this is not true. Ants sleep through the cold months, just as bees do; and the food which they carry into their houses is eaten while yet the days are warm.

10. In some places there are ants that are said to work like farmers. In the spring they clear off some ground for a farm, where they sow the seeds of a tiny plant called ant rice. They tend the rice with great care. When it is ripe, they cut it down, gather it into bundles, and store it away.

11. If it should rain and the bundles become damp, they wait till the sun shines warm again, and then they spread the rice on the ground to dry.

12. The little red ants that are so common in many places are slave owners. The slaves are smaller than their masters, and are of a light yellow color.



Ant with a Slave.

13. In the spring, when the ants have wakened from their long winter sleep, the masters begin to look around for a summer home. When they have found a spot that suits them, they begin to move.

14. Each one seizes upon a slave, rolls it into a ball, and then sets off at full speed for the new home, carrying the slave in his mouth, as a fox would carry a goose. As soon as he reaches the right place, he drops his burden and hurries back for another slave.

15. Some kinds of ants are wiser than this, and make their slaves carry them. Once safe in his summer home, the slave is not seen again till the next moving day comes. He serves his master in many ways; as a miner, a carpenter, and sometimes as a soldier.

16. He builds the house, takes care of the young grubs, and feeds his master. The master ants will never eat unless they are fed. If the slaves are taken from them, they will sometimes starve to death, even with plenty of food around them. A slave ant, when set free, does not know what to do. He needs a master just as the master needs him.

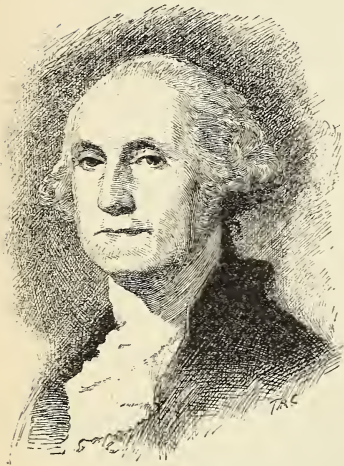
17. It would take a very large book to hold all that might be written about ants and their wonderful ways.

faith	camp	breastwork	unbuttoned
peace	strength	imagine	president
height	general	uniform	countrymen
heave	corporal	overcoat	United States

THE GENERAL AND THE CORPORAL.

I.

1. Here is a picture of the first President of the United States. Do I need to tell you his name? It is now about a hundred years since he died; but men will never grow tired of looking at his picture, or of reading and talking about his deeds.



2. Why is this so? It is because he did so much to make this country the free, rich, happy land that it is.

3. If such a man as George Washington should walk the streets to-day, you would stop to look at him; everybody would stop and ask, "Who is he?" For his face and

form and manner would tell all who saw him that he was no common man.

4. George Washington was a tall man—more than six feet in height. He was well shaped and strong; his hands were very large, and his face was such as you see in the picture. It was he that led the armies of our country in the long war which gave us independence, and made us a free people.

5. In times of danger there was no one more brave than he. In times of peace there was no one more wise than he. And in all the land there was no man to whom the people looked up with so much love and faith. And so it is truly said of him that he was “First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.”

6. He was a great man, not only in great things, but in little things. He was never too great to do a kindness. He was never too high to stoop to those who were lower than he and in need of help. There was one rule which he tried always to obey. It was this: “Do right.”

II.

7. One day, when his army was in camp, Washington walked out alone to enjoy the morning air and see what was going on. As it was winter, he had put on a long overcoat that hid his uniform; and so the soldiers among whom he passed did not know that he was the general.

8. At one place there was a corporal with his men building a breastwork of logs. They were just about raising a very heavy log when Washington came up.

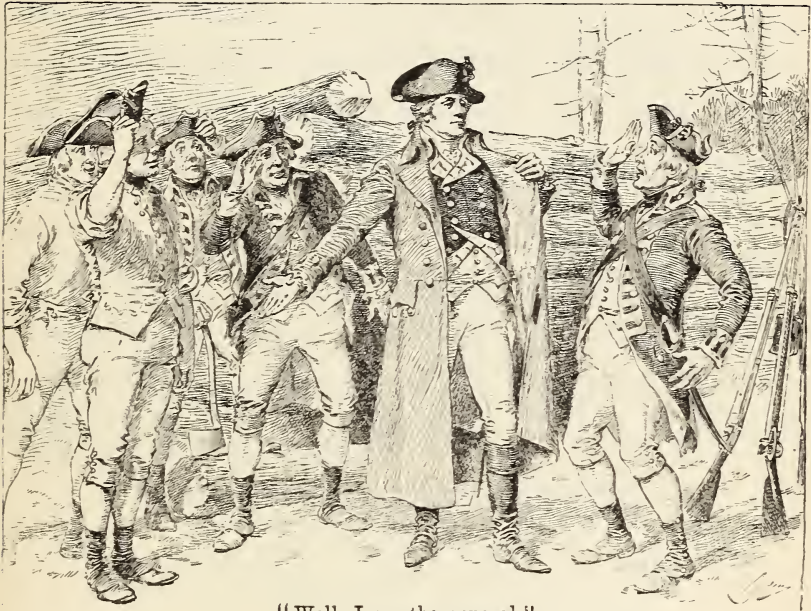
9. "Heave ho!" cried the little corporal. "Up with it, men! Up with it!" But he did not put a hand to it himself. The men lifted with all their might. The log was almost to its place, but it was so heavy they could not move it any farther.

10. The corporal cried again, "Heave ho! Up with it!" The men were not able to do more; their strength was almost gone; the log was about to fall.

11. Then Washington ran up, and with his strong arms gave them the help they so

much needed. The big log was lifted upon the breastwork, and the men looked their thanks at the tall stranger who had been so kind. But the corporal said nothing.

12. "Why don't you take hold and help



"Well, I am the general,"

your men with this heavy lifting?" asked Washington.

"Why don't I?" said the little man. "Don't you see that I am the corporal?"

13. "Oh, indeed!" said Washington, as he unbuttoned his overcoat, and showed the

uniform which he wore. "Well, I am the general; and the next time you have a log too heavy for your men to lift, send for me."

14. You can imagine how the little corporal felt when he saw that it was General Washington who stood before him. It was a good lesson for him, and there are little men still living who may learn a good lesson from this story.

tools	meant	whistle
source	mirth	joyous
blessed	folks	shouting
troubles	hearts	understand

BOYS.

1. Did you ever think, dear friends,
 What a source of joy,
 What a blessed thing it is,
 Only to be a boy?
 Just to feel so free and glad —
 Troubles seem but air;
 Just to think, but not to know,
 What is meant by care!

2. On the hill at early morn,
Full of joyous glee,
Racing, shouting with a will,
Happy hearts have we!
Oh, there's such a world of fun
In a bat and ball!
Do you think that half the folks
Understand it all?
3. Let it rain — what's that to us?
Change is just the thing;
Then our tools and quiet games
Into sight we'll bring.
Let it shine — away we go,
After work is done;
And we boys are sure to find
Just the road to fun.
4. Do you think that on this earth
Anything's so free,
Anything's so full of mirth,
Or so gay as we?
Why, the world is our kingdom,
And we have the best right
Full of gladness to be.

GIRLS.

I.

1. I like a merry, merry girl, who laughs away
the day,
So pleased and happy at her work, and
joyous in her play.
A merry, merry girl I always love to see,
So pleased and happy all the time, — ay,
that's the girl for me.
2. I like a sober, sober girl, so thoughtful all
the day,
So still and patient at her work, and gentle
in her play.
A sober, sober girl I always love to see,
So still and thoughtful all the time, — ay,
that's the girl for me.
3. Both sober girls and merry girls are happy
all the day,
When they are faithful in their work, and
pleasant in their play.
A kind and gentle girl I always love to see ;
But sober girl, or merry girl, 'tis all the
same to me.

II.

4. I know a little girl
 (You? Oh, no!)
 Who, when she's asked to go to bed,
 Does just so:
 She brings a dozen wrinkles out,
 And takes the dimples in;
 She puckers up her pretty lips,
 And then she does begin —
 "Oh, dear me! I don't see why!
 All the others sit up late,
 And why can't I?"
5. Another little girl I know,
 With curly pate,
 Who says: "When I'm a grown-up girl,
 I'll sit up late.
 But mother says 'twill make me grow,
 To be an early bird."
 So she and dolly trot away
 Without another word.
 Oh, the sunny smile and the eyes so blue,
 And — well, now that I think of it,
 She *looks like you!*

canoe	towel	warriors	leader
beads	explore	prisoner	Indian
cheat	trinkets	raccoon	Powhatan
chief	prairies	punished	Pocahontas

THE STORY OF POCAHONTAS.

I.

1. There was once a little Indian girl whose name was Pocahontas. Her father was a great chief, or Indian king, and his name was Powhatan. Her home was not far from a broad river, in that part of our country which is now called Virginia.



An Indian Girl.

2. One summer when Pocahontas was about ten years old, some white men came up the river and began to build a town on its banks. They came in a great ship that was many times larger than any canoe, and everything they did was so wonderful that the Indians were at first very much afraid of them.

3. At that time all this country was a wild land. There were no pleasant farms nor

busy cities, but only woods and swamps and lonely prairies. King Powhatan and his people had always lived in the great forest. They spent their time in hunting and fishing. They had never heard of any other way of living.

4. They watched the strange white men as they landed from the ship. They watched them as they began to build queer houses of logs on the shore. Then Powhatan grew bold, and asked them where they came from, and what they were doing in his country.

5. The strangers pointed to the east, and said, "We came from England, on the other side of the great sea. We are building homes for ourselves here in this country, which does not belong to you, but to our good King James."

6. "I do not see how that can be," said Powhatan. "My people have always lived in this country, and it must be ours. Yet there is room here for you also, and you are welcome."

7. Little by little the Indians made friends

with their strange neighbors. On some days they carried them corn which they sold for beads and other trinkets; at other times they carried them game which they had killed in the woods.

8. Sometimes King Powhatan himself would visit the little town of the white men. Once or twice the little maiden Pocahontas went with him, and was filled with wonder at what she saw. The men were kind to her, and gave her some presents to carry home.



Captain Smith.

9. Soon, the white men began to treat the Indians badly. They were often unkind to them. They seemed to think that the red people had no rights. But Captain John Smith, the leader of the Englishmen, was kind to them at all times. He never tried to cheat those who brought things to sell, and he punished some of his men who had done so.

10. He wanted to learn all about the country; and so, one day, he started with two men to explore the rivers and the woods.

11. "The white men are looking at our lands," said the Indians. "Soon they will want to drive us away from them."

"We must not let them," said others. "We must drive them back to their own place."

II.

12. One day some Indians lay in wait in the woods for Captain Smith and the two men. They killed the two men, and took Smith prisoner. They tied Smith's hands behind him, and led him from one Indian town to another. They did not know what to do with him. At last they took him to the great chief, King Powhatan.

13. Captain Smith was led into a long house built of the green boughs of trees. Two hundred Indians were there, and all wanted to see him put to death. King Powhatan stood at one end of the room. On his shoulders he wore a cape of raccoon skins, and he had a headdress of eagles' feathers.

14. The warriors stood in rows on each side, and they too were dressed in furs and feathers.

Behind the warriors were the Indian women. Their necks were painted red; their heads were covered with the white down of birds; over their shoulders hung strings of beads.

15. All the Indians shouted when Smith was led into the room. The queen brought water for him to wash his hands. Another woman gave him a bundle of feathers to use as a towel. After this they brought him food. They gave him such a dinner as he had not had for many a day. And then the warriors and the king talked about what they should do with him.

III.

16. At last it was agreed that Captain Smith should die. Two large stones were rolled into the room and placed in front of King Powhatan. Then Smith, with his arms tied behind him, was led to them. His head was laid on one of them.

17. All at once a cry was heard among the Indian women. The little maiden Pocahontas ran across the room, and threw herself at her

father's feet. She asked him to spare the white man's life.

18. The king looked very cross, and did not seem to hear the child. Two tall warriors



The heart of the old king was touched.

stepped forward, each with a heavy club in his hand. Then Pocahontas threw herself down by the side of the prisoner. She took his head in her arms. "You can not kill him without first killing me," she said.

19. The heart of the old king was touched,

and he told his warriors to lay down their clubs. Smith was lifted from the ground, the cords were taken from his arms, and he was treated with great kindness. The next day he was given some presents and sent back to his people. "I and my warriors will always be your friends," said Powhatan.

IV.

20. I cannot say that this story is all true, but I have told it to you as Captain Smith himself told it several years afterwards. We know that the Indian maiden, Pocahontas, was always a good friend to the white people who made the first homes in Virginia.

21. Often at the risk of her own life she would let them know if there was danger. Often when her father wanted to make war upon them, she would say, "They are our friends. Let us live in peace with them."

22. Had it not been for Pocahontas, I doubt if these people could have staid in Virginia. Our country would then have had a very different history.

grief	patient	shallow	overhanging
able	singles	voyage	Greek
cozy	shiver	return	Ceyx
distant	rattling	plaintive	Halcyone
entrance	burrow	melody	(Hal sī' o ne)

THE KINGFISHER.

I.

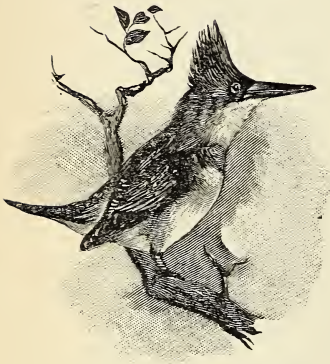
1. Wherever there is a stream of water with fish in it, there you may look for the kingfisher. He is a shy bird, and likes to go off by himself to some river or pond or flowing brook, far away in the green and quiet woods.

2. He spends much of his time on the wing, flying along near some running stream, and looking for places where little fishes swim. Now he lights for a few minutes on a stone or log near the water's edge; now he sits on an overhanging branch and looks down into the stream.

3. He is very patient, as all catchers of fish must be. What can he be thinking about as he sits and waits and waits? Look

as closely as you can into the quiet pool below him, and you can not see any fishes swimming there. But he can see them.

4. He sits and watches. He singles out one for his own. His big eyes sparkle. There is a little shiver among the long feathers of his crest. Then, before you have time to think, he has dived into the pool. He comes up again with the little fish in his bill. Sometimes he may miss his aim; but this does not often happen. When he has eaten his fish, he flies about looking for more; or, if he has had enough, he sits still on his branch and dreams the hours away.



5. Look at him now as he enjoys the quiet day. Is he not a handsome bird? His wings and back, and his large head with its tall crest, are of a dull blue color marked with black. There is a dark collar round his neck. His throat and breast are white. His bill is long and sharp. His legs and feet are small.

His tail is short. He is a good deal larger than a robin.

6. Make a slight noise near him, and he is away at once. What a funny cry he makes as he flies! It is a queer, rattling sound, and makes you think of an alarm clock that has lost its bell.

7. You can hardly call it a song, and yet it is all the song that the kingfisher knows. Late in the evening, when he goes home, with food for his mate and little ones, he will cry out in the same way.

8. And the nest to which he goes is as odd as his song. It is in a hole which he and his mate have hollowed out in the side of the river bank. You would think it the burrow of some shy little animal rather than the home of a bird.

9. There is a narrow entrance way, five or six feet long, which does not go straight into the ground, but turns to the right or the left. At the end of this entrance way there is a roomy place, large enough for the whole kingfisher family. Here, in the houses of some

kingfishers, there is a warm, cozy nest made of feathers and dry grass; but, in most of them, the nest is little more than a shallow place in the floor.

10. It must be very dull and lonely for the mother kingfisher, sitting here in the dark, day after day, upon her six white eggs. But as soon as the young kingfishers are hatched and strong enough to be left alone, she goes out to help her mate look for tiny fishes to bring home to them in the evening.

11. It is not long till they are able to help themselves; and then all leave the dark nest, and fly away to quiet fishing places in the lonely woods far from the homes of men.

II.

12. There are many pretty stories about the kingfisher, but none prettier than the old Greek story of Halcyone and Ceyx.

13. Ceyx was the son of the morning star, and he was wise and brave and fair, and very kind to his young wife, Halcyone. And Halcyone was as beautiful as a summer morning;

and she loved her husband better than her own life. And so, while they lived together, every day of the year was like a sweet song with nothing to mar its melody.

14. But there came a time when Ceyx was called away to a distant country. He had to make a long voyage across the sea. Day after day his gentle wife waited for his return. Day after day, when it was time for him to come again, she stood on the shore and watched for the ship that was bringing him home.

15. Then one night, a great storm came up; the winds blew fierce and strong; the waves rose high, and beat upon the shore. And Halcyone looked out into the darkness, and prayed that her husband might come to her.

16. In the morning the storm had died away, the winds were stilled, the sea was becoming calm. Halcyone was out early, walking along the beach.

17. What was it that she saw lying upon the sand? It was the drowned body of poor Ceyx, his fair, white face upturned to the sky.

18. When Halcyone knew that he was dead,

her heart was broken, and she longed to die and be with him. Then, in pity for her grief, she was changed into a bird; and Ceyx,



too, was changed into a bird; and, spreading their wings, they flew away to find a home upon the sea.

19. Men said that these birds were kingfishers, for in the Greek language the kingfisher is called Halcyone.

20. But they were not such kingfishers as we know. They lived always on the sea, and even built their nests upon the waves; and sailors far away from land were often charmed by their sweet, plaintive songs — songs such as no other sea bird ever knew.

21. Because of their sad fate and their

beautiful love, even the winds and the waves had pity on them ; and every summer, during the time that they were nesting, the days were calm and mild, the air was soft and warm, and no cloud darkened the sky.

22. Such days still come, sometimes in one season, sometimes in another, when all the world seems full of love and quiet rest ; and then we say, "These are halcyon days."

SWEET VIOLETS.

Sure as spring comes, they come, too —

First the white, and then the blue,

Pretty violets ;

White with just a pinkish dye,

Blue as little baby's eye,

Are the violets.



By and by, there will be so many,

You may take dozens, nor miss any.

Sweet, sweet violets.

Children, when you go to play,

Look among the grass to-day,

And find violets.

public	center	Gessler	Swiss
excuse	twang	hunter	Switzerland

WILLIAM TELL.

I.

1. Very far from here, on the other side of the sea, there is a beautiful country called Switzerland. In that country there are many high mountains, with green valleys and pretty lakes between. And there are towns and pleasant country homes where many free and happy people live.

2. But the people of Switzerland were not always free and happy. A long time ago, an army of strangers crossed the mountains, and came down into the valleys, and tried to rob the Swiss of all that they had.

3. There were some brave men among the Swiss, and these fought for their country and their homes as long as they could. But they were beaten in every battle. The strangers took their houses and their fields and their cattle, and left them almost nothing to call their own.

4. One of the strangers, whose name was Gessler, became the ruler of the Swiss. He was very cruel and treated them as slaves.

5. Among the mountains there lived a brave huntsman called William Tell. In all the world there was no one who could shoot with a bow and arrows as well as he. Tell hated the cruel Gessler and the strangers that had come with him into Switzerland; and he longed for the day to come when they could be driven out of the land.

6. One day Gessler had a tall pole put up in the public square. On the top of the pole his own hat was hung. Then he gave orders that every man who passed by the square should bow to this hat. There was one man who would not do this. That man was William Tell.

7. When Gessler heard that Tell had passed the pole and had not bowed to the hat on top of it, he was glad. Why? He had now a good excuse for putting Tell in prison. For he was afraid of the huntsman, and wanted very much to put him where he could do no harm.

II.

8. And so, William Tell was thrown into prison and kept there for a long time. Gessler did not mean that he should ever be free again. A little boy of Tell's was also put into prison; for, like his father, he would not bow to Gessler's hat.

9. One day Gessler thought of a cruel plan. He ordered Tell to be brought before him. "I hear," he said, "that you can shoot well with a bow and arrow."

Tell answered, "If I had my bow in my hand, I might show you."

10. "That is just what I want you to do," said Gessler; "and that is what you shall do. To-morrow, your son shall stand at one side of the public square, with an apple on his head. You shall stand at the other side and shoot the apple with an arrow."

11. "You do not mean it," said Tell.

"I do mean it," said Gessler. "If you will not do it, your son shall be killed before your eyes. One of my men shall shoot him with an arrow."

12. Tell begged that Gessler would not make him do this thing. "You want me to kill my boy," he said.

"No," said Gessler, "I want you to shoot the apple; and if you do not hit it, both you and your boy shall die."

13. "And what if I do hit it?" asked Tell.

"Then both of you shall go free," said Gessler. And so at last Tell said he would try.

III.

14. The next day the little boy was made to stand up at one side of the public square with a small apple on his head. "I am not afraid, father," he said. "I know you will hit it."

15. William Tell, with his bow and arrow, stood at the other side of the square. "It is a long way to shoot," he said, "and the sun shines in my eyes."

"Say not a word," said Gessler.

16. Tell lifted his strong bow. He drew the arrow back. There was not another man in Switzerland who could bend that bow. "It

is a crooked arrow that you have given me," he said. "Let me have a straight one."

"Say not a word," said Gessler. "Shoot!"

17. Tell raised the bow again. Then, twang! and the arrow went flying through



Tell lifted his strong bow.

the air. There was a great shout from the people that stood around. What did it mean?

18. Tell had turned his face. He would not look, for he was afraid that he had shot his child. Then he felt a little arm around

his neck. "Father, I am safe! The arrow went right through the center of the apple!"

19. That was why the people shouted. Even Gessler's men were glad. But Gessler was angry. He would have broken his word, and sent Tell back to prison, if he had dared. But he saw that Tell had more friends than he.

"You may go free, now," he said. "But do not come in my way again."

20. Just then an arrow dropped from under Tell's coat. Gessler saw it. "What do you mean?" he cried. "What were you going to do with that arrow?"

"Shoot you with it if I had harmed my child," said Tell.

21. The huntsman and his child went back to their home among the mountains; and the good wishes of all the people went with them. It is said that, not long after this, Tell did shoot Gessler with the very bow which he had used to shoot the apple. Soon the Swiss people drove the army of strangers back across the mountains, and their country was free again.

drill	freeze	praised	Nile
broil	stork	naughty	Egypt
roast	prizes	buildings	Europe
croak	rattle	pyramids	Denmark

THE STORKS.

I.

1. There are no true storks in this country. But in Europe there are a great many. They are queer-looking birds, with long legs and a long bill; and they are not at all pretty. They build their nests of sticks. Sometimes they put them on the roofs of houses, sometimes even on the tops of chimneys.



Hans C. Andersen.

2. Do you know where Denmark is? Well, in Denmark there once lived a man whose name was Hans Christian Andersen. This man wrote many beautiful stories for children. One of his best stories is about some storks that had built their nest on the chimney of the last house in a little village in Denmark.

3. There were four young storks in the

nest, and their mother sat there with them. But the father bird stood on the edge of the roof, a little way off. He held one leg up, and stood on the other, very still and straight. For an hour at a time he would not move.

4. "I wonder what the people down below think of us," he said. "They must think that it is very grand for my wife to have a soldier standing guard over her nest all day."

5. Some children were playing in the street below. After a while they saw the stork standing on the roof. They stopped their play, and began to sing:—

“Stork, stork, fly away,
 Don't stand there all day!
 See, your wife is in the nest,
 With her little ones at rest.
 We'll shoot one,
 And fry another;
 Roast the third,
 And broil his brother.”

6. This made the young storks much afraid. They said to their mother, "Do you hear

that? They say they will shoot and fry and roast and broil every one of us.”

But the mother said, “Never mind what they say. They can not do us any harm.”

7. The boys kept on singing. They pointed long sticks at the father stork. But what did he care? Was he not a soldier, standing guard over his nest?

8. The mother bird said to the little ones, “See how quiet your father stands. He will not let the boys hurt you.” But they said, “We are very much afraid.” And they drew their heads back into the nest.

II.

9. The next day the children were playing in the streets again. They looked up at the storks, and sang the same song. “Do you hear that?” said the little ones. “We shall all be fried and roasted and broiled.”

10. “No, you will not,” said the mother stork. “I will teach you to fly, and then you may go down into the meadows with me.”

“And what shall we do there?” said the little ones.

11. "You will visit the frogs and hear them cry, 'Croak, croak!' Then you will have great fun eating them up."

"And what shall we do then?"

12. "Then all the storks in the country will meet together to have their autumn drill."

"What is that?"

13. "Do not ask, but wait and see. Every one of you must learn to fly just right; for if you don't, the stork captain will punish you."

"Then we may be killed, after all, just as the boys say," said the little ones. "There, they are singing that song again!"

14. "Listen to me!" said the mother stork. "After the autumn drill is over, we will fly away to warm countries far, far from here. We will go at last to Egypt, where there are great buildings with pointed tops that reach almost to the clouds."

"And shall we build nests there?"

15. "Oh, no!" said the mother. "These great buildings are called pyramids, and they are older than any stork that ever lived. Not far from them there is a river that overflows

its banks every summer. The Nile River, they call it. There we can walk about, and eat as many frogs as we like.”



“Oh, oh, o—h!” cried all the young storks.

16. “Oh, it is a pleasant place!” said the mother. “There is nothing to do all day long but eat and eat. And while we are so happy down there, what do you think will be going on here? Why, it will be so cold here that the very clouds will freeze and fall to the earth like little white feathers.”

17. “What will become of the boys?” asked a little stork. “Will they freeze too?”

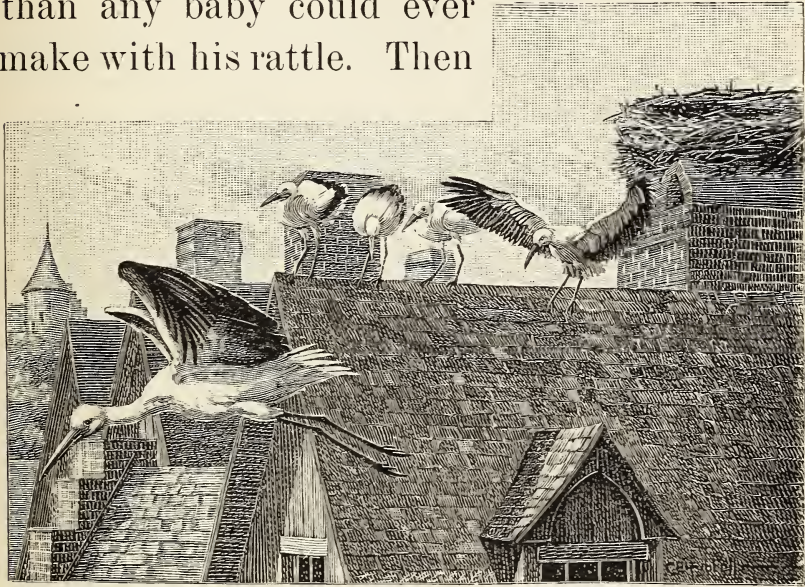
“Oh, no!” said the mother; “but they will be very cold; and they will have to sit in school every day, and wish they were in some pleasant land where there are flowers and warm sunshine all the time.”

III.

18. Time passed. The young storks grew so big that they could stand up in the nest

and look out. The father stork brought them frogs and other nice things to eat every day.

19. He did many things to please them. He would make a greater noise with his beak than any baby could ever make with his rattle. Then



“Look at me,” she said.

he would tell them long stories about the green meadow lands by the sea.

20. “Come!” said the mother one day, “now you must learn to fly.” She made the four young ones come out of the nest, and stand on the roof.

21. “Look at me,” she said. “You must

hold your heads, so. You must place your feet, so. Now, one, two! one, two! That's the way! Now you can take care of yourselves!" She flew a little way, and the young ones made a spring to follow her. But down they came in a funny heap on the roof. Their wings were too weak to fly.

22. "Oh, I don't want to fly!" said one of the storks, and he crept back into the nest. "I want to stay here, and not go to Egypt."

23. "Do you want to stay here and freeze?" said the mother. "Would you like to sit here, and let the boys roast you?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried the little fellow.

24. After that, every bird did its best. On the third day they could fly a little. Then they began to think they could soar. But they soon found themselves falling, and had to flap their wings very quick to keep up in the air.

IV.

25. One day they heard the boys in the street, singing their song:—

"Stork, stork, fly away!"

“ Shall we fly down and peck their faces ? ” they asked.

26. “ No, no, ” said the mother. “ They do not mean any harm. But listen to me. One — two — three ! To the right with you ! One — two — three ! To the left with you, and around that chimney. That was well done. To-morrow we will all fly away to the meadows. ”

27. “ But shall we not punish the naughty boys ? ” said one.

28. “ No ; let them say what they like. You can fly away from them now. You will be in sunny Egypt while they are freezing here, with not a green leaf on any of the trees. ”

29. The young birds flew so well that it was pleasant to watch them sailing through the air ; and when the autumn drill was held in the great meadows, they flew higher and faster than any others. The stork captain praised them, and they won all the prizes.

30. When all the storks started together to the land of the pyramids, there were none that were happier than they.

stray	warble	desert	travelers
guide	hither	lambkins	overhead

WHAT I WOULD DO.

1. If I were a flower, I'd hasten to bloom,
 And make myself beautiful all the day
 through,
 With drinking the sunshine, the wind, and
 the rain ;
 Oh, if I were a flower, that's what I'd do !
2. If I were a bird, I would warble a song,
 The sweetest and finest that ever was
 heard,
 And build me a nest on the swinging elm
 tree ;
 Oh, that's what I'd do if I were a bird !
3. If I were a brook, I would sparkle and
 dance
 Among the green fields where sheep and
 lambs stray,
 And call, " Little lambkins, come hither
 and drink ; "
 Oh, if I were a brook, that is what I
 would say !

4. If I were a star, I would shine wide and
bright,
To guide the lone sailor on ocean afar,
And travelers, lost in the desert and woods;
Oh, that's what I'd do if I were a star!
5. But I know that for me other tasks have
been set,
For I am a child and can nothing else
be;
I must sit at my lessons, and, day after
day,
Learn to read and to spell, and to add
one, two, and three.
6. Yet perhaps from my books I shall some
time find out
How the birds sing so sweetly, how the
roses grow red,
What the merry brook says to the moss-
covered stones,
And what makes the stars stay so high
overhead.

share bounced distressing switching

THE APPLE.

1. Little Tommy and Peter and Archie and Rob
 Were walking one day, when they found
 An apple; 'twas yellow and rosy and red,
 And lying alone on the ground.
2. Said Tommy, "I'll have it!" Said Peter,
 "'Tis mine!"
 Said Archie, "I've got it — so there!"
 Said Robby, "Now let us cut it in four
 parts,
 And each of us boys have a share!"
3. "No, no!" shouted Tommy: "I'll have it
 myself!"
 Said Peter, "I want it, I say!"
 Said Archie, "I've got it, and I'll have it all;
 I'll not give the least bit away."
4. Then Tommy snatched at it, and rude Peter
 fought —
 'Tis sad and distressing to tell —
 And Archie held on, as hard as he could,
 Till out from his fingers it fell.

5. Away from the three angry brothers it flew,
 And rolled down a very steep hill;
 It bounced and it rolled, it rolled and it
 bounced,
 As if it would never be still.



Archie held on, as hard as he could.

6. A lazy old milk cow was eating the grass,
 And switching her tail at the flies,
 When all of a sudden the apple rolled down
 And stopped right in front of her eyes.
7. She gave but a bite and a swallow or two—
 The apple was seen nevermore!
 “I wish,” then said Archie and Peter and
 Tom,
 “That we’d kept it, and cut it in four.”

knot	parents	untie	fastened
face	tiresome	undone	assistant
match	parcel	unpack	packthread
lend	borrow	certainly	sealing-wax
luck	quarter	marksman	gentlemen

TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.

I.

1. More than a hundred years ago, when books for children were very few, there lived a lady whose name was Maria Edgeworth. This lady wrote many pleasing stories and other works that have been read by thousands and thousands of people, and are still much talked about by those who know and love good books.



Maria Edgeworth.

2. One of her best works was a volume of stories for children. You would think that she intended it for fathers and mothers instead of boys and girls, for she called it "The Parent's Assistant." But, in calling it this, she meant that parents who gave it to their children to read would find it a help

in teaching good lessons which every child ought to learn.

3. The stories in this book are written in the style which everybody liked a hundred years ago, but which is thought to be a little tiresome now. Some of them are too good to be forgotten. One, called "Waste not, Want not; or Two Strings to your Bow," will always be remembered.

4. It is about two cousins, Hal and Ben, who were visiting their uncle, Mr. Gresham, in the country. They were nearly the same age, but were quite different in their habits and ways. Hal had been brought up in a rich man's family, and had been told that "gentlemen should be above being careful and saving." But Ben had never had much money, and he had been taught to make the best of everything that came to hand.

II.

5. "Boys," said Mr. Gresham, one morning, "if you have nothing to do, will you unpack these parcels for me?"

6. The parcels were just alike, and both were well tied up with good whipcord. Ben took his parcel to a table. He broke off the sealing-wax, looked carefully at the knot, and then began to untie it. Hal stood still, with his parcel in his hands. Then he tried to pull the string off by force.

7. "I wish these people wouldn't tie up their parcels so tight!" he cried, as he tugged at the cord; but the more he pulled, the tighter he drew the knot.

8. "Ben! why, how did you get yours undone? What's in your parcel? I wonder what is in mine. I wish I could get this string off! I am going to cut it off!"

9. "Oh, no!" said Ben, who had already undone the last knot of his parcel; "don't cut it, Hal! See what a nice cord this is, and yours is the same. It's a pity to cut it."

"Pooh!" said Hal. "Who cares for a bit of packthread?"

10. "It is a whipcord!" said Ben.

"Well, whipcord, then! You can get a piece of whipcord twice as long as that for

a cent; and who cares for a cent? Not I. So here it goes!" And with that he drew his knife, and cut the cord in several places.

11. "Well, boys, have you undone the parcels for me?" asked their uncle.

"Yes, sir!" cried Hal, dragging off the pieces of his string. "Here's the parcel."

12. "And here's my parcel, uncle," said Ben; "and here's the string."

"You may keep the string, Ben."

"Thank you, sir. What a fine whipcord it is!"

13. "And you, Hal," said their uncle, "you may keep your string, too, if it will be of any use to you."

"Thank you, sir," said Hal; "it will be of no use to me."

14. "No, I am afraid not, if this is it!" said Mr. Gresham, looking at the knotted pieces of Hal's cord.

15. A few days after this, Mr. Gresham gave to each of the boys a new top.

"How is this?" said Hal. "These tops have no strings. What shall we do for strings?"

16. "I have a string that will do very well for mine," said Ben; and he pulled out of his pocket the long, smooth string that he had taken from the parcel.

17. "Oh, how I wish I had a string!" said Hal. "What shall I do? I'll tell you what; I can use the string that goes round my hat!"

18. "But then," said Ben, "what will you do for a hatband?"

"I'll do without one," said Hal; and he took the string off his hat for his top.

III.

19. Some time after that there was a shooting match, with bows and arrows, among the boys who lived in the neighborhood; and Hal and Ben were asked to take part in it. The prize was to be a very handsome bow. Many of the boys were fine marksmen, and the shooting was very close.

20. "Come! come!" cried a fine young gentleman whom they called Master Sweepstakes. "I'm within an inch of the mark! Who can do better than that?"

21. It was now Hal's turn. He came up with a fine bow in his hands, and began to get ready to shoot. Master Sweepstakes, who was very sure of the prize, called out to him: "Shoot away, Hal! But you must understand the rules. You are to have three shots with your own bow and your own arrows. Nobody is to borrow, and nobody is to lend. So, shoot away!"

22. Hal drew his bow and shot. The arrow struck very close to Master Sweepstakes' mark. A quarter of an inch nearer, and he would certainly win the prize.

23. Hal seized his second arrow. "If I have any luck!" he cried. But just as he spoke the word *luck*, the string broke; and the bow fell from his hands.

24. "There! it's all over with you!" cried Master Sweepstakes, laughing.

"Here's my bow for him, and welcome," said Ben.

25. "No! no!" cried the other boys. "Nobody is to borrow, and nobody is to lend." And so poor Hal had to give it up.

26. It was now Ben's turn to shoot. His first arrow flew wide of the mark. His second struck just as close as Hal's arrow had



It was now Ben's turn to shoot.

done. No one else—but Master Sweepstakes had shot half so well.

“You have but one more!” cried Master Sweepstakes. “Now for it!”

27. But before he drew his last arrow, Ben tried his string. As he pulled it back, it broke in his hands. Master Sweepstakes

laughed and danced for joy. He felt very sure of the prize now.

28. Then what did careful Ben do? He drew from his pocket a long, smooth cord, and began to tie it to his bow.

“Well! well!” cried Hal. “There is that whipcord again.”

29. “Yes,” said Ben, as he fastened it to his bow, “I put it in my pocket this morning, because I thought I might need it.” He drew his bow the third and last time. The arrow flew straight to the mark.

30. There was no doubt about it. Ben had won the prize. All the boys except Hal and Master Sweepstakes shouted, and were glad because he had done so well.

31. That evening Hal said, “How lucky you have been with that whipcord, Ben!”

“It has brought him luck because he took care of it,” said Mr. Gresham.

32. “That is true,” said Hal. “It is a good thing to have two strings to one’s bow.”

“Yes, and to remember, *Waste not, want not!*” said Mr. Gresham.

calf	hounds	proper	undertake
goat	excuse	anger	invitation

THE HARE WITH MANY FRIENDS.

1. There was once a hare so kind and gentle that many other beasts claimed to be her friends. They said to her, "If you are ever in trouble, come to us, and we will do all that we can to help you."

2. One day some hunters put some hounds upon her track. When she found that the dogs were close behind her she thought that she would escape them by the help of her many friends.

3. So she went to the horse, and said, "You see, now, that I am in great trouble. Please take me on your back, and carry me out of the reach of these cruel hounds."

4. But the horse said, "I have no time to help you, for I am busy working for my master. But I feel sure that some of your other friends will help you."

5. The hare ran as fast as she could until she came to her friend the cow. She said,

“You see in what great danger I am. Won't you be so kind as to drive the hounds away with your sharp horns?”

6. “Please excuse me to-day,” said the cow, “for I have an invitation to tea, and must be off at once. But our friend the goat will help you, I am quite sure.”

7. The hare ran to the goat and said, “You can save me if you will. Only stand between me and the dogs, and they will not dare to hurt me.”

8. “But, my dear friend,” said the goat, “I might step on you with my sharp hoofs while keeping the dogs at bay; and I would not hurt you for the world. Go to our friend the sheep. She is the proper one to help you.”

9. So the hare went to the sheep and said, “You see the great danger that I am in. Won't you be so kind as to save me?”

10. “Another time, my friend,” said the sheep. “I don't like to anger the hounds, for you must know that they sometimes eat sheep as well as hares.”

11. As a last hope, the hare went to the calf. "I am very sorry, indeed," said the calf; "but since there are so many older people to help you, I do not feel that a young person like myself ought to undertake such a thing."



"I am very sorry, indeed," said the calf.

12. By this time the hounds were very close to the hare. She could see them leaping over the grass.

"Since my friends will not help me, I must help myself!" she said.

13. So she took to her heels and was soon out of danger. But, as she ran through the thickets, she kept saying to herself, "He that thinks he has many friends may find after all that he has no friends."

pest	charge	furrow	daring
fetch	clung	frightful	stairway
jerk	fiery	dashed	Connecticut
waist	signal	horseback	Revolutionary

GENERAL PUTNAM.

I.

1. There once lived in Connecticut, in the eastern part of our country, a man whose name was Israel Putnam. He was a general in the great war which we call the Revolutionary War, and people still like to talk about his daring deeds.



General Putnam.

2. In those days there were a good many wolves in the country. One wolf had her den in a cave not far from Putnam's home, and many were the pigs and sheep that she killed.

3. The farmers had often tried to rid themselves of the pest, but they could not even get a sight of her. She lay in her den all day, and came out only at night.

4. One night five lambs were killed in one

field and two in another. The farmers made up their minds that they would put an end to such work; and the very next day they met for a grand wolf hunt.

5. They tracked the wolf to the mouth of the cave. But the beast was too wise to come out of her den. She lay hidden among the rocks, and nothing could make her stir.

“I will fetch her out,” said young Putnam.

6. The opening to the cave was only a narrow hole between two big rocks. Putnam stooped down and looked in. It was dark as night inside, and he could not see anything.

7. Then he tied a rope around his waist, and said to his friends, “Take hold of the other end of the rope, and stand here ready. When I jerk it quickly, then pull with all your might.”

8. Then he crept in. The roof of the cave was very low — so low that he had to go on his hands and knees. He crawled slowly and carefully along in the darkness.

9. At last he saw at the farther end of the cave something that looked like two balls of

fire. He knew that these were the eyes of the wolf. The wolf gave a low growl and made ready to meet him.

10. When Putnam heard the growl he gave the rope a quick jerk, and his friends pulled him out in great haste. They were afraid that the wolf was upon him; but he only wanted his gun.

11. He looked carefully at his gun to see whether it would fire off at the right time, and then he crept with it back into the cave. The wolf was very angry. She growled in a way that would have frightened most men. But Putnam was not afraid. He raised his gun and fired at her.

12. When his friends heard the gun they drew him out very quickly again. It was not at all pleasant being pulled over the sharp stones in that way; but it was better than staying in the cave with the wolf.

13. Putnam loaded his gun again, and then listened at the door of the cave. There was not a sound inside. Was the wolf waiting for him?

14. Soon he crept into the cave for the third time. There were no fiery balls to be seen now. The wolf was dead. Putnam staid in the cave so long that his friends began to grow uneasy about him. But when he at last gave them the signal, they drew him and the wild beast out together.

II.

15. When the Revolutionary War began, Putnam was plowing in one of his fields. Some one came and told him that a battle had been fought with the king's soldiers, not far from Boston.

16. "Then I must be off to the help of our people," he said. He left his plow standing in the furrow. He did not even stop to change his clothes, but hurried away to join the army.

17. Many stories are told of the brave things that he did. At one time a fire broke out near a house where gunpowder was stored. Everybody but Putnam was frightened, and ran away from the place. But Putnam staid

and fought the flames and at last put the fire out. Yet there had been only a thin wall between him and three hundred pounds of powder.

18. At another time he was taken prisoner



“Then I must be off to the help of our people.”

by the Indians. They tied him to a stake and piled dry sticks around him. Then they set fire to the sticks. But Putnam did not show any signs of fear.

19. He would have been burned to death if

a white man, who was with the Indians, had not run to him and cut the ropes that bound him. The Indians were pleased because he had shown himself to be so brave; and, not long after that, he was set free and allowed to go home.

20. Still another story is told of him. With a few men he had been following a party of British soldiers all day. At last the British turned and made a quick charge upon him. Putnam's men, who were on foot, hid themselves in the woods. But he was near the top of a hill, and on horseback.

21. The British were so close upon him that there was only one way to escape. He put spurs to his horse, and dashed down the steep side of the hill.

22. The hill was so steep that it was like a stairway rather than a road. But Putnam clung to his horse, and both of them reached the bottom in safety. Of course none of the British dared to follow him. In a few minutes both he and his men were out of danger.

chest	cupboard	maple	twilight
china	clothespress	twisted	wrinkled

“ONE, TWO, THREE!”

1. It was an old, old, old, old lady,
 And a boy that was half past three;
 And the way that they played together
 Was beautiful to see.

2. She couldn't go running and jumping,
 And the boy, no more could he;
 For he was a thin little fellow,
 With a thin little twisted knee.

3. They sat in the yellow twilight,
 Out under the maple tree;
 And the game that they played I'll tell
 you,
 Just as it was told to me.

4. It was Hide and Go Seek they were playing,
 Though you'd never have known it to
 be —
 With an old, old, old, old lady,
 And a boy with a twisted knee.

5. The boy would bend his face down
 On his one little sound right knee,
 And he'd guess where she was hiding,
 In guesses One, Two, Three!

6. "You are in the china closet!"
 He would cry, and laugh with glee —
 It wasn't the china closet;
 But he still had Two and Three.

7. "You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
 In the chest with the queer old key!"
 And she said: "You are *warm* and *warmer*;
 But you're not quite right," said she.

8. "It can't be the little cupboard
 Where Mamma's things used to be —
 So it must be the clothespress, Gran'ma!"
 And he found her with his Three.

9. Then she covered her face with her fingers,
 That were wrinkled and white and wee,
 And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
 With a One and a Two and a Three.

10. And they never had stirred from their
places,

Right under the maple tree —

This old, old, old, old lady,

And the boy with the lame little knee —

This dear, dear, dear old lady,

And the boy who was half past three.

— *Henry Cuyler Bunner.*

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

1. I shot an arrow into the air ;
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.
2. I breathed a song into the air ;
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song ?
3. Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke ;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

freckled	engine	mere	grateful
bushy	engineer	purses	puffing
beavers	manner	classes	disappear
shanty	ladies	college	stretched

A BRAVE BOY.

1. Andy Moore was a short, stout little country lad, with a freckled face and rough, brown hands. Sometimes he wore a cap and sometimes he did not. He was not careful as to that; for he thought that his long, bushy hair was a good enough covering for his head. As for what people would say about it, what did he care?



2. His home was in the country, and a very wild, rocky country it was. He knew much more about beavers; snakes, birds, and birds' eggs than he did about school or books. He liked to sit rocking in the top of a great, tall tree; and he took delight in standing on a high rock when the wind was blowing almost hard enough to take him off his feet.

3. The house in which he lived was a rough shanty on the side of a hill; it was built of

logs and mud, with square holes for windows. There was nothing very pleasant about it. But it was the only home that he had ever had ; and it pleased him very well.

4. In the valley, a little way below the house, there was a railroad track ; and Andy often watched the black engine as it came puffing past, throwing out great clouds of steam and smoke, and screaming among the hills like some fierce, wild animal.

5. Although the train went by the house every day, yet he never wished to ride in the cars. It was enough for him if he could lie on a sand bank and watch the engine rush past and then disappear in the distance, leaving clouds of smoke behind it.

6. One day, as Andy happened to be crossing the track, he saw that there was something wrong with it. He did not know much about railroad tracks, for he was still only a little lad ; but one of the rails seemed to be out of its place, and he had heard of cars being thrown off and people being killed by such things.

7. Just then he heard a low, distant noise. Dear, dear! the cars were coming! They would soon be there! He was only a little boy, but perhaps he could stop them in some



Andy stood still and did not move an inch.

way; at any rate he must try, for there was nobody else there to do it.

8. Andy never thought of any danger to himself; but he ran and stood in the middle of the track, not far from the place where the rail was broken; and then he stretched out

his arms as far as he could, and waited. On, on came the cars. The engineer saw the boy on the track, and whistled for him to get out of the way. But Andy stood still and did not move an inch.

9. The engine whistled again. Andy might have been made of stone for all the notice he took of it. Then, of course, the engineer had to stop the train; and his manner was not very kind as he cried out to the boy and asked him what he meant by standing on the track.

10. But when Andy pointed to the broken rail, and the man saw how the brave little fellow had saved the train and the lives of the people on it, the words of blame soon gave place to thanks and blessing.

11. Everybody rushed out to see what was the matter. If the train had run on to the broken rail, it would have been thrown down a steep bank into the river, and many lives would have been lost. Ladies kissed Andy's rough, brown face, and cried over him; and the men, as they saw what he had done for them, said, "God bless the brave boy!"

12. And that is not all that they did; they took out their purses, and made up a large sum of money for him; for they wanted to show him, in some way besides in mere words, that they felt grateful.

13. Good, brave little Andy! He was sent to a good school, where he studied hard and stood high in his classes. After that, he went to college; and when at last he was ready to do for himself, there were plenty of willing hands ready to help him.

— *From Fanny Fern.*

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
 No lark could pipe to skies so dull and
 gray:

Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
 For every day.

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.*

coal	peak	pale	urged
vain	blast	speech	paused
sheet	dire	steeds	soothed
drear	team	slopes	vowed
realms	base	pranced	pomegranate

THE STORY OF PERSEPHONE.

I.

1. Old stories tell us of a king whose name was Pluto, and whose home was deep down in the earth where the rays of the sun could not be seen.

2. In all the realms of this king there was no joy of life, no light of day, and naught but grief and tears and the shades of night. And so he was glad at times to come up to the land of love and hope and joy to find, if he could, something that would cheer his sad life and make it less full of woe.

3. Now and then, men saw him in a cloud-like car drawn by four coal-black steeds that flew through the air with the speed of the wind, or pranced on the edge of some steep

cliff, or leaped from the top of some far-off peak to float like clouds in the clear air.

4. And the tales which men told of his deeds were such as fill the heart with fear; for they said that his breath was cold as the blast of the north wind, or else hot as the fire that leaps from Mount Etna's mouth; and cloud and storm, and hail and snow, and dire pain and dread, — all these he brought to the earth in the wake of his swift car and night-black team.

5. One day in the fall, when the frost had not yet touched the leaves, and the fields were still bright with bloom, King Pluto thought that he would ride out and see some of the fair things that had been born of the earth and sun — things which but to look at might touch a spring of joy in his sad heart.

6. He rode up by way of Mount Etna, and out through the clouds of steam that pour from its top. Then, with a sharp word to his steeds, he drove in great haste down the steep slopes and did not stop till he reached the green fields at their base.

II.

7. Some girls who lived in that place had gone out to spend the day in the fields. With them was a fair young maid whose name was Persephone, the child of Dame Ceres. The sun was warm, the sky was fair, the grass was soft. The girls ran here and there, as free as the wild birds of the wood, and had no thought or fear of harm.

8. At last Persephone, tired of play, sat down on a stone to rest; but the girls that were with her ran on and were soon out of sight. Then, all at once, she heard a strange sound as of wheels and the tramp of hoofs; and ere she could run home to the safe arms of Dame Ceres, a black car drawn by four coal-black steeds was at her side.

9. In the car stood a tall, sad-faced man, dark-eyed and pale, who wore a crown of gold on his head. Persephone screamed and stood still—it was all that she could do. Then she was caught up in the strong arms of King Pluto, who at the same time swung his long whip in the air and cried out to his steeds:

“On, on, ye dark ones! Race with the stars that shoot through the sky! Speed ye! Speed ye!”

10. The wild steeds, urged by whip and speech, flew through the air. They climbed up, up, up the steep sides of Etna, and paused not till they stood on the edge of the great black cup and the flue that led down to the dark land of Pluto.

11. Poor Persephone screamed, and tried to leap from the car; but the stern, sad king soothed her fears with kind words, and told her that so long as she would stay with him she should be free from harm. Then a sheet of flame shot up and shut out the light of day; and the steeds, the car, the king, and the maid went down, down, down, and were seen no more.

III.

12. When news was brought to good Dame Ceres that her child was lost, she did not faint or cry out in her great grief, for she was too brave and wise to do that. But she went out at once in search of the maid, and

she vowed that she would find her or come back no more.

13. With a black veil wound round her head, and with a torch in her hand, she crossed the seas and went from land to land, and asked all that dwelt on the earth if they had seen her child. For a whole year she searched in vain. Then she thought that she would ask Helios, him who drives the sun car through the skies.

14. "Great Helios," she said, "I know that your eye takes in the whole world, and that all the deeds of men are known to you. Tell me, I pray you, have you seen my lost child Persephone?"

15. Kind Helios was glad that she had come to him. Yes, he had seen Persephone. He had seen Pluto as he rushed down from Etna; he had seen him lift the child from the ground into his black car; he had seen the wild leap down Mount Etna's throat.

16. "The maid is in Pluto's dark realms," he said; "and Pluto has made her his queen. But he would not have seized her as he did,

had he not had leave of Jupiter, the king of earth and air.”

17. Then Dame Ceres gave way to grief and rage; and she sent word to Jupiter that no fruits nor grain should grow in all the world while Pluto kept Persephone in his dark home. For it was Dame Ceres, men said, who gave life to the trees and plants and made them bloom and bear fruit.

IV.

18. Jupiter and the great ones that were with him knew that the dame would be as good as her word, and the thought filled them with fear. If there should be no fruit for men, and no food for them but fish and flesh, they would soon be as wild as in the old, old times, and there would be no good deeds done in all the world.

19. “The best thing that we can do,” said Jupiter, “is to bring Persephone back.”

So he bade Mercury, who had winged feet, to go down to the halls of Pluto and fetch the lost maid back.

20. Pluto was glad to see Mercury, but he frowned when he learned why he had come.

“Do you know the law?” he asked.

21. “What law?” said Mercury.

“There is a law which no one can break,” said Pluto. “I will read it to you.”

22. Then he took a black book from a shelf on the wall, and, when he had found the place, read these words:

“That one, be it god or man, maid or child, who tastes food while in the land of Pluto, shall not go thence so long as the world stands.”

23. Then Mercury asked Persephone if food had passed her lips since the day that she had come to Pluto’s land. She told him that she had been too sad to think of food; yet once she had plucked some bright red fruit which grew on a tree by the banks of the dark stream that men call the Styx.

24. “Did you taste it?”

“Yes, I took one small bite, and then threw the rest far from me.”

25. King Pluto laughed loud and long. But Mercury asked him, “What kind of

bright red fruit grows on the banks of the dark stream which you call the Styx?"

25. "Pomegranates," said the king.

"Is a pomegranate food?" asked Mercury. "At the best not more than one third of it is fit to eat. The rest is skin and seeds."

26. Then he took Persephone back to the bright earth. Dame Ceres stood at the door of the great cave, and Mercury placed her dear child in her arms. Then he told her that, for two thirds of each year, Persephone might stay with her and make her home and all the world glad. But he said that, for the rest of the time, she must go back to Pluto's dark realms.

27. Hence it is that so long as the grains of corn lie dead in the ground, Persephone stays in the drear land of Pluto. But when the stalks begin to grow and the buds of the fruit trees burst, then the sad-faced king brings her back to Dame Ceres's door.

28. There the fair maid lives all through the spring and the warm months of the year, till at last the chill days of the late fall bring



From the painting by Lord Leighton.

Engraved by Henry Wolfe

The Return of Persephone.

snow and ice and frost. Then comes the grim king on the wings of the storm cloud; and he bears her to Etna's top, where both are lost to sight in smoke and red flames.

—From "*The Horse Fair*," by permission of *The Century Company*.

PROPER NAMES IN THIS LESSON.

Ceres	Helios	Pluto
Persephone	Mercury	Styx
(per sef' o ne)	Jupiter	Etna

A MIDSUMMER SONG.

1. Oh, father's gone to market town — he
was up before the day!
And Jamie's after robins, and the man is
making hay;
And whistling down the hollow goes the
boy that minds the mill;
While mother from the kitchen door is
calling with a will,
"Polly! Polly! The cows are in the corn!
Oh, where's Polly?"

2. From all the misty morning air there
comes a summer sound —
A murmur as of waters from skies and
trees and ground.



“Oh, where's Polly?”

The birds they sing upon the wing, the
pigeons bill and coo,
And over hill and hollow rings again the
loud halloo :
“Polly! Polly! The cows are in the corn!
Oh, where's Polly?”

3. Above the trees the honey bees swarm by
 with buzz and boom,
 And in the field and garden a thousand
 blossoms bloom ;
 Within the farmer's meadow a brown-eyed
 daisy blows,
 And down at the edge of the hollow a red
 and thorny rose ;
 But — " Polly ! Polly ! The cows are in
 the corn !

Oh, where's Polly ? "

4. How strange at such a time of day the
 mill should stop its clatter !
 The farmer's wife is listening now, and
 wonders what's the matter.
 Oh, wild the birds are singing in the
 wood and on the hill !
 While whistling up the hollow goes the
 boy that minds the mill ;
 " Polly ! Polly ! The cows are in the corn !
 Oh, where's Polly ? "

— From " *Five Books of Song*," by Richard Watson Gilder.

scissors
printer

type
hackled

pierced
schoolmaster

THE STORY OF THE FLAX.

I.

1. Here is another story from Hans Christian Andersen: —

2. The flax was in full bloom. It had pretty little blue flowers as delicate as the wings of a butterfly. The sun shone on it, the rain clouds gave it water; and this was just as good for the flax as it is for children to be washed and then kissed by their mother. The children look prettier for it, and so did the flax.



Flax Blossoms.

3. “People say that I am quite good-looking,” said the flax. “They say that I am so fine and long that I will make a beautiful piece of linen. How happy I am! I am the happiest thing in the world!”

4. “Yes, yes, yes!” said a fern that was growing by the fence. “You are happy, but you don’t know the world as well as I do. You have not lived so long.”

5. Then it sang a sad song to the flax : —

“ Rain and sun, —
 Trouble has begun.
 The race is run ;
 The song is done.”

6. “ No, it is not done,” said the flax.
 “ To-morrow the sun will shine, or the rain will fall. I shall still be in full bloom. I shall still be the happiest thing in the world.”

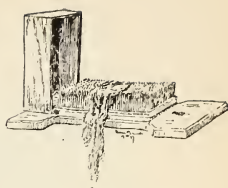
II.

7. But one day not long after that, the farmer came into the field with his men. They took hold of the flax and pulled it up by the roots. Then they laid it in water, as if they were going to drown it; and after that, they put it so close to the fire that it thought it would be burned up.

8. “ One can not always have a good time,” said the flax. “ By having bad times now and then, we learn to be wise.”

9. Bad times came fast to the poor flax. It was broken and hackled and combed. So

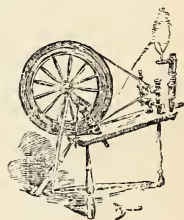
many things were done to it that it hardly knew itself. Nothing was left of it but the fine threads of which its bark was made.



The Hackle.

10. Then it was put on a spinning wheel. “Whir, whir, whir, whir!” went the wheel. It turned so fast that it could not think of anything at all.

11. When the turning stopped, the flax lay quite still for many days and weeks. It was in the form of very long threads now. At last it said, “Well, I was happy once, and I must not be sad now.”

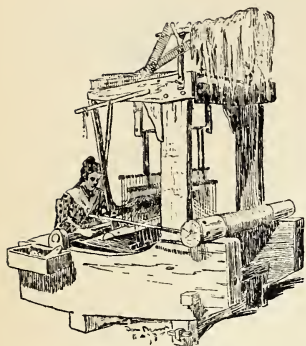


The Spinning Wheel.

III.

12. But after a while it was put into a loom and made into a beautiful piece of white linen. “This is very wonderful!” it said. “I have been made into something at last! Only see how strong and fine and white I am! I am the happiest thing in the world. How much better this is than growing in the field and bearing blue flowers!”

13. "People look at me now. They turn me over every morning, so that the sun can shine on both sides of me and make me whiter and whiter. I am as happy as happy can be!"



The Loom.

14. A few days after that, a lady came to see the beautiful piece of linen. She said that it was the finest piece of linen she had ever seen. "Oh, how happy I am!" said the flax.

IV.

15. The next day the linen was taken into the house. It was run through with sharp scissors. It was cut and torn. It was pierced with needles. At last it was made into twelve pretty dresses for twelve pretty little girls.

16. "I have had a very hard time," said the flax. "But now I shall be of some use in the world. It is the only way to be happy. There are twelve pieces of me. Yet it is the same flax that runs through every piece. How strange! And how happy I am!"

17. Years went by. At last the linen was so worn that the threads would not hold together. "The end must come soon," said the pieces to one another. "We should like to hold together a little longer, but we can not."

18. The linen was only rags now. Even the rags thought that the end had come; for they were put into a box and left there for a long time. Nobody seemed to care for them.

19. Then they were taken out and torn into pieces; they were put into hot water; they were ground in a mill; they did not know themselves at all. But at last they became beautiful white paper.

20. "Oh, how grand this is!" said the paper. "This is better than growing in a field. It is better than being a pretty dress. Now people will write letters on me. And who knows what fine things I shall have to say?"

21. Shall I tell you what the paper was used for? Beautiful stories were written on it. They were so beautiful that people heard

of them and read them and talked about them. And they were so true that they made people better and wiser than before.

22. Then the paper said: "This is very much better than bearing blue flowers in a field. I never thought that I should come to this. I never thought that I should do so much good in the world. I have had a hard time of it, but my troubles have always ended in making me happier. Now, I have as many beautiful thoughts as I once had pretty flowers. Perhaps I shall be sent to other countries, so that people there may read me. Oh, I am the happiest thing in the world!"

23. But the paper was not sent to other countries. It was sent to a printer. And all that was written on it was set up in type to make a book — to make hundreds of books, so that hundreds of people could read it.

24. "It is all right," said the written paper. "If I had been sent to other countries, I should have been worn out before everybody could read me. Now, I shall stay at home, and these books will go out and tell all the world

just what is written on me. I am the happiest of all."

25. Then the paper was rolled up, and a string was tied around it. The man who had written the beautiful words on it did not care for it any more. The printed books were better. The paper was thrown into a tub that stood in the washhouse.

VI.

26. "Now," said the paper, "I shall have plenty of time to think. I wonder what will be done with me. But I have always gone from good to better, and I am sure it will be so again."

27. One day all the paper in the tub was taken out and laid on the floor. People said it was of no use because it had been written upon.

28. The children in the house saw it on the floor. They said: "Let us have a pretty blaze! Let us put the paper in the fire and see it burn!"

They sat down and watched it burn. They

watched the pretty blaze. They watched the red sparks as they flew up the chimney.



"There goes the schoolmaster!"

29. They called it seeing the children come out of school, and the last spark was to be the schoolmaster. They often thought that the last spark had come, and then they would cry, "There goes the schoolmaster!" But just then another spark would fly out, as bright and beautiful as the rest.

30. "Where do all the sparks go to?" asked the children.

Perhaps some day we shall all find out, but we don't know now.

31. At last the roll of paper was all on fire. The blaze was higher than the blue flowers in the field had ever been. It shone brighter than the white linen could ever shine. The words that were written on it were turned to fire.

32. "Now I am going right up to the sun!"

Was it the flax that said this? A thousand sparks, more delicate than the blue flowers in the field, flew up the chimney and out at the top. Only black ashes were left where the paper had been.

33. "The boys and girls have all gone home," said the children; "and the school-master has gone too!" Then they sang:—

"The race is run;
The song is done."

But the sparks high up in the air said:—
"The song is never done. The most beautiful part of it is yet to come!"

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

1. Low on the ground an acorn lies —
Little by little it mounts to the skies,
Shadow and shelter for wandering herds,
Home for a hundred singing birds.

2. Little by little the great rocks grew,
Long, long ago, when the world was new ;
Slowly, silently, stately and free,
Cities of coral under the sea
Little by little are builded, while so
The new years come and the old years go.

3. Little by little all tasks are done ;
So are the crowns of the faithful won,
So is heaven in our hearts begun.

4. With work and with weeping, with laugh-
ter and play,
Little by little, the longest day
And the longest life are passing away —
Passing without return, while so
The new years come and the old years go.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

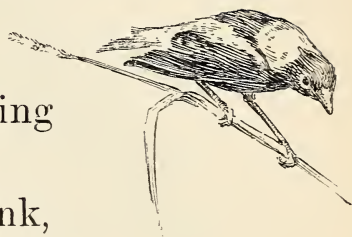
1. Merrily swinging on brier and weed
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or
mead,

Robert of Lincoln is telling
his name :

“ Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;

Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.

Chee, chee, chee ! ”



2. Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat ;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note :

“ Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;

Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.

Chee, chee, chee ! ”

3. Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
 Pretty and quiet with plain brown wings,
 Passing at home a patient life,
 Broods in the grass while her husband
 sings :

“ Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;

Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear
 Thieves and robbers while I am here.

Chee, chee, chee ! ”

4. Modest and shy as a nun is she,
 One weak chirp is her only note ;
 Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
 Pouring boasts from his little throat :

“ Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;

Never was I afraid of man,
 Catch me, you cowards, if you can !

Chee, chee, chee ! ”

5. Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
 Flecked with purple, a pretty sight !
 There as the mother sits all day,
 Robert is singing with all his might :

“ Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,

Spink, spank, spink ;

Nice, good wife that never goes out,

Keeping house while I frolic about.

Chee, chee, chee ! ”

6. Soon as the little ones chip the shell

Six wide mouths are open for food ;

Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,

Gathering seed for the hungry brood.

“ Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,

Spink, spank, spink ;

This new life is likely to be

Hard for a gay young fellow like me.

Chee, chee, chee ! ”

7. Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;

Fun and frolic no more he knows ;

Robert of Lincoln’s a humdrum crone ;

Off he flies, and *we* sing as he goes :

“ Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,

Spink, spank, spink ;

When you can pipe that merry old strain,

Robert of Lincoln, come back again.

Chee, chee, chee ! ”

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

The Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want.
 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures :
 He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul :

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
 for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
 shadow of death, I will fear no evil :

For thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff
 they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the pres-
 ence of mine enemies ;

Thou anointest my head with oil ; my cup
 runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
 all the days of my life :

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord
 for ever.

Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall
 see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers : for they shall
 be called the children of God.

THE WONDERFUL PIPER.

I.

1. A very long time ago a strange thing happened in the little town of Hamelin.

So many rats came into the town that the people did not know what to do. The rats were everywhere. They swarmed in the houses; they ran about in the streets, even in broad daylight; they ate up everything that came in their way.

2. The people tried every plan to get rid of them. They tried cats and dogs and traps and poisons; but none of them seemed to do any good. The rats became worse and worse every day. It was plain that if things kept on in this way, the people would soon have to move out of town.

3. One Friday, when matters were about as bad as they could be, a stranger came into the town. He was a queer-looking fellow, with a crooked nose, a long moustache, and two great gray eyes that twinkled and shone under the broad brim of his hat.

4. He was dressed in a green jacket with

a leather belt and short red trousers that were buckled at the knee. Stuck in the top of his hat was a long red feather; and on his feet were sandals fastened by thongs round his legs, just as the gypsies used to wear them.



The Piper.

5. If you ever go to Hamelin you will see his picture painted on a window of the great church there; and in that picture he is dressed just as I have told you.

6. Nobody knew where this strange man came from; nobody saw by what road he entered the town. When first seen he was walking down the main street, playing the bagpipes, and singing this queer song:—

“ Oh, don't you see
That this is he
Who has come to free
Your town from rats? ”

7. He walked on down the street till he came to the market place and the old town hall that stands by the market gate. There he stopped, while a crowd of boys and idle

men gathered around him to listen to his strange music.

8. He leaned up against the wall of the town hall, and kept on playing and singing: —

“Ere another day,
If you will but say,
I’ll drive away
Your troublesome rats.”

II.

9. Now it so happened that the Wise Men of the town were at that very moment sitting in the town hall and trying to agree on some plan to save the town.

10. When the shrill tones of the bagpipes grew louder and louder in the street below, they listened, and one of them said, “Do you hear that?”

11. “Oh, it’s only some poor fellow who has lost his senses,” said another. “But,” said a third, “he says that he has come to free the town from the rats. Wouldn’t it be well for us to find out what he can do?”

12. So one of the men was sent down to talk

with the stranger, and learn what he meant by singing his queer song right before the doors of the town hall.

13. The stranger did not have much to say; but he sent word back to the Wise Men that, if they would make it worth his while, he would drive every rat out of Hamelin before the dawning of another day.

14. "How will he do it?" cried some of the Wise Men. "Let him say how it can be done."

Others said, "If he can do such a thing as that, he is a wizard; and we must not have anything to do with wizards."

15. The Mayor, who was thought to be wiser than all the rest, and as cunning as he was wise, now spoke up. "It is very plain to me," he said, "that this is the wizard who sent us the rats; and now he wants to drive them away for money. Well, we must learn to catch a wizard in his own snares. If you will leave it to me, I think I can give him as good as he takes."

16. "Leave it to the Mayor! Leave it to the Mayor!" cried all the Wise Men.

III.

17. So the strange piper was brought into the hall. He stood up before the Wise Men and said: "I will agree to rid the town of rats before another day has dawned, if you will promise to pay me a *groschen* a head."

18. Now a *groschen* was not much. It was a piece of silver worth about five cents. But there were thousands and thousands of rats; and a *groschen* apiece would be a great deal of money.

19. "You ask too much," said the Wise Men. "It will take all the silver we have." But the Mayor said: "All right, my good man! We will pay you a *groschen* a head."

20. The stranger said that he would do his work in the evening as soon as the sun had gone down; and he asked the Mayor to give orders to all the people to stay in their houses.

21. "I must have the streets free for the rats," he said; "and if the people will only stand at their windows and look out, I am sure they will see a pleasant sight."



The Mayor.

IV.

22. As soon as the sun had set, the piper was again in the market place singing:—

“ Oh, don't you see
That this is he
Who has come to free
Your town from rats? ”

23. Then he began to play another tune, so sweet and low that it charmed every one who heard it. Little by little the tones became more and more lively; and at last they grew so loud and shrill that they were heard in every part of the town.

24. Then from all the cellars and hidden nooks about the houses, the rats began to leap. They ran into the streets, they covered the roadway like waves of rushing water, they ran as fast as they could toward the market place. They seemed to care for nothing but the piper and his strange music.

25. When the streets were quite full, the piper turned about and walked down to the river that flows close by the walls of the

town. He kept playing sweetly on his pipes, and the great army of rats followed him.

26. He stopped on the bank of the river. He pointed to the middle of the stream where the water was whirling round as though it were running through a funnel.

27. "Hop! hop!" he cried. And one after another the rats hopped into the stream. They swam straight to the whirlpool, and then were seen no more.

28. From early evening until midnight the rats came crowding down to the river bank, only to jump into the water and be lost. Last of all came a huge old fellow, white with age. It was Blanchet, the king of the rats.

"Friend Blanchet, have they all jumped in?" asked the piper.

29. Friend Blanchet looked up into his face and said, "Yes, master, all have jumped in."

"How many are there?"

"Nine hundred ninety-nine thousand nine hundred ninety-nine."

30. "And how many will there be when you join them, friend Blanchet?"

“There will be one more,” said friend Blanchet, with something like a smile on his funny little face.

31. “Then go and join them,” said the piper, waving his hand. The old king rat said not a word, but leaped into the river, swam to the whirlpool, and was gone.

32. Then the piper turned about and went to the inn at the head of the street. Before the town clock struck one he was quietly asleep in his bed.

v.

33. The next morning at nine o'clock the Wise Men of Hamelin were sitting in the town hall. “There is no doubt about it,” they said. “The rats are all gone, and the town is saved. But the worst of it is still to come, for we must pay the piper.”

34. “You have already left that matter with me,” said the Mayor; “and you will see that I know how to deal with wizards.”

35. Just then the piper came into the hall. “All your rats,” he said, “have jumped into the river; and I promise you

that not one of them shall ever come back. Now there were, by fair and true count, nine hundred ninety-nine thousand nine hundred ninety-nine of the animals, to say nothing of their leader. You can easily reckon how much you are to pay me."

36. "Let me see," said the Mayor. "What was the agreement?"

"The agreement, you well know, was that I should receive one *groschen* a head," said the piper.

"That is right," said the Mayor; "and so, let us count the heads. Where are they?"

37. The piper saw now that a trick was being played upon him, and he cried out, "The heads! If you want the heads, go to the river and find them."

38. "Well, well!" said the Mayor. "It is for you to show us the heads. We shall pay you nothing until we see them."

"Is that your final answer?" asked the piper.

39. "It is our final answer," said all the Wise Men. "You must show us the heads."

“Then,” said the piper, “since you will not pay me, I will be paid by your heirs.” He pulled his hat down over his eyes, and left the hall.

40. “That is the way to deal with wizards,” said the Mayor. “Catch them in their own snares!”

41. “But what did he mean by saying that he would be paid by our heirs?” said some of the Wise Men.

VI.

42. When the people of the town heard how the Mayor had outwitted the strange piper, they rubbed their hands together and laughed. “That is the way to deal with wizards!” they said.

43. The next day was Sunday, and all the men and women of Hamelin went to church. They felt happy, for they were thinking of the good dinners they would eat that day without any fear of the rats.

44. When they started home they were all very gay, and they passed many a joke about the poor piper who had been caught so

cleverly in his own trap. It was very pleasant to walk along the streets without tripping over rats. But where were all the children that were commonly seen on the doorsteps and at the corners?

45. Soon the cry was heard at every house, "Where are the children? where are our boys and girls?"

46. Then the mothers began to run up and down the streets, calling, "O Gretchen! O Heinrich! Dear neighbors, have you seen anything of the poor children?"

47. About two o'clock in the afternoon one child was found. It was little Jacob, the tailor's crippled son. He came hobbling on his crutches through the east gate of the town, and crying with all his might. And everybody said: "Oh, where have you been? And where are the other children?"

48. Then, between his sobs, the little fellow told this story: While the older people were in the church, the children heard the sound of wonderful music. It seemed to come from the market place; and soon every boy and

every girl were running up the street to see who was making it.

49. Just in front of the market gate the magic piper was playing the sweetest music



They went singing and dancing.

that was ever heard. When the market place was full of children, the stranger began to walk slowly away; and the children followed him, for they could not help it.

50. They went, singing and dancing, through the east gate of the town and out into the

open fields. The stranger led them to the foot of the great hill, which you may still see if you ever visit Hamelin.

51. A door opened in the side of the hill, and through it the piper went, still playing the most beautiful music in the world. The children followed him, and when they had gone in, the door closed, and there was only a huge rock where it had been.

52. But little Jacob had not been able to hobble as fast as the other children ran. He reached the foot of the hill just as the big rock swung round upon the narrow door. All that he could do was to sit down on the ground, and weep because he had been left behind.



VII.

53. When the people of Hamelin heard little Jacob's story they did not know what to do. Some mounted swift horses and rode across the country, looking for the piper; some sat in their houses and wept; but the greater number ran with spades and hoes to the hill,

to see if they could find the door through which the children had passed. But when night came, all went back to their homes. They had found no trace of the lost children.

54. Of all the unhappy parents in Hamelin, the most unhappy was the Mayor. He had lost three brave boys and two pretty little girls; and to make the matter worse, the people blamed him for all the trouble.

55. "This is the way in which he catches wizards in their own traps!" they said, as they pointed their fingers at him. "If he had been a man honest and true, this thing would not have happened."

56. The people of Hamelin will tell you that this sad thing happened on a midsummer day in the year 1284. The street through which the piper led the children is still pointed out to strangers; and on that street no one is permitted to play on any sort of musical instrument to this day.



VERSES TO BE MEMORIZED.

If wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
 Five things observe with care ;
Of whom you speak, *to* whom you speak,
 And *how*, and *when*, and *where*.

If thou know'st no good to say
 Of thy brother, foe, or friend,
 Take thou, then, the silent way,
 Lest in word thou should'st offend.

Honor and fame from no condition rise ;
 Act well your part — there all the honor
 lies.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
 That never to himself hath said,
 " 'This is my own, my native land' " ?
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand ?

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

1. Beautiful faces are those that wear —
It matters little if dark or fair —
Whole-souled honesty printed there.
2. Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.
3. Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.
4. Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave, and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.
5. Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly errands to and fro —
Down humblest ways, if God wills it so.
6. Beautiful lives are those that bless
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.



25

