L & Co
1726

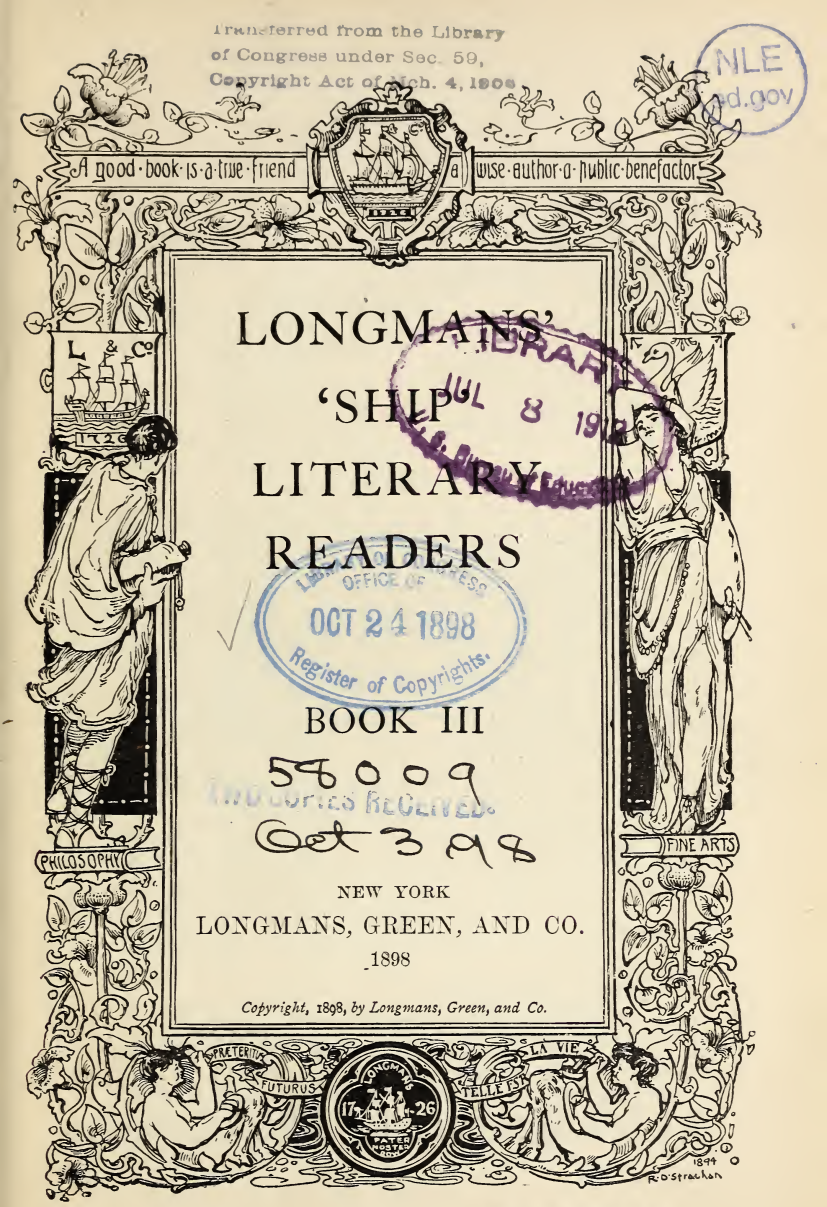
LONGMANS' "Ship" LITERARY READERS

BOOK

3

See p. 3.

A BRAVE DEED.



LONGMANS' 'SHIP' LITERARY READERS

BOOK III

NEW YORK
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1898

CONTENTS.

LESSON 1.

A Brave Deed.

cruis'-ing	na'-ture	fright'-ened	splut'-ter-ing
rous'-ing	ex-plode'	ap-point'	ex-tin'-guished
for'-tress	or'-dered	vig'-or-ous	as-ton'-ished
be-sieged'	Span'-ish	at-ten'-tion	in-ter-rupt'-ed
re-ceived'	po-si'-tion	car'-ry-ing	Med-i-ter-ra'-ne-an

1. About a year after Tom Black's appointment in the British Navy, war broke out with Spain, and the "Hector" was ordered to the Spanish coast. After cruising about for a month or two, she joined with two other British vessels in an attack on a fortress, on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, which was at the same time besieged by a land force.

2. Early in the morning the three vessels opened fire on the fort, which soon replied in a vigorous fashion, sending bomb-shells and cannon balls all around them, and sometimes knock-

ing off a spar or crashing through some of the timbers. But the "Hector" fared very well. She was placed in a better position than the other ships, and while she could readily pour in her fire on the fort she received fewer shots in return.

3. But after a time, the enemy began to think that the "Hector" needed rather more attention, and more guns were brought to bear upon her. Now there were lively times on the "Hector's" deck, and Tom found out what it was to be in a hot fight on board of a ship.

4. But the boy was not frightened. That was not his nature. He rushed around, carrying orders and attending to his duties, very much as if he were engaged in a rousing good game of football. While he was thus employed, plump on board came a bomb-shell, that fell almost at the foot of the mainmast. The fuse in it was smoking and fizzing. In an instant more it would explode and tear everything around it to atoms!

5. Several men were at a gun near by, but they did not see the bomb. Their lives were almost as good as gone. The captain stood just behind the gun. He saw the smoking bomb, and sprang back. Before he had time even to

shout "Look out!" along came Tom. He was almost on the bomb before he saw it.

6. It never took Tom long to make up his mind. His second thoughts always came up a long way after the first ones. He gave one glance at the smoking fuse; he knew that the bomb was just about to explode, and that it would kill everybody near it, so he picked it up and hurled it into the sea.

7. When the captain saw Tom stoop, and grasp that hot, heavy bomb in his two hands; when he saw him raise it up, with the fuse sputtering and fizzing close to his ear,—where, if it had exploded, it would have blown his head into pieces,—and then dash it over the ship's side, so that the fuse was, of course, extinguished the instant it touched the water, he was so astonished that he could not speak.

8. He made one step, a warning cry on his lips, but before he could say a word it was all over. When Tom turned, and was about to hurry away on the errand that had been so strangely interrupted, the captain took him by the arm.

9. "My good fellow," said he, and although he had seen much service, and had been in many a fight, the captain could not help his voice shak-

ing a little; "my good fellow, do you know what you have done?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom, with a smile; "I have spoiled a bomb-shell."

"And every man in this part of the ship owes you his life," added the captain.

LESSON 2.

The Early Bird.

sighed	vir'-tue	he'-ro	es-pe'-cial
prov'-erb	trou'-bled	pro-vi'-ders	af-fec'-tion
gib'-bous	feath'-er	fluffed	spi'-der
preach	chirped	bo'-gy	moan

1. A little bird sat on the edge of her nest;
   Her yellow-beaks slept as sound as tops;
   Day-long she had worked almost without rest,
   And had filled every one of their gibbous crops.
   Her own she had filled just over-full,
   And she felt like a dead bird stuffed with wool.

2. "Oh dear!" she sighed, as she sat with her head
   Sunk in her chest, and no neck at all;
   Looking like an apple on a feather-bed
   Poked and rounded and fluffed to a ball.

"What's to be done if things don't reform?
I cannot tell where there is one more worm!"

3. "I've had fifteen to-day, and the children five each,
Besides a few flies, and some very fat spiders.
Who will dare say I don't do as I preach?
I set an example to all providers.
But what's the use? we want a storm;
I don't know where there's a single worm!"

4. "There's five in my crop," chirped a wee, wee bird,
Who woke at the voice of his mother's pain.
"I know where there's five!" And with the word
He tucked in his head, and went off again.
"The folly of childhood," sighed his mother,
"Has always been my especial bother!"

5. Careless the yellow-beaks slept on,
They never had heard of the bogy, To-morrow;
The mother sat outside, making her moan:
"I shall soon have to beg, or steal, or borrow,
I have always to say the night before,
'Where shall I find one red worm more!'"

6. Her case was this, she had gobbled too many;
And, sleepless, had an attack she called foresight,
A barn of crumbs, if she knew but of any!
Could she but get of the great worm-store sight!
The Eastern sky was growing red
Ere she laid her wise beak in its feather-bed.

7. Just then the fellow who knew of five,
Nor troubled his sleep with anxious tricks,
Woke, and stirred, and felt alive;
"To-day," he said, "I am up to six;
But my mother feels in her lot the crook—
What if I tried my own little hook!"

8. When his mother awoke and winked her eyes,
As if she had dreamed that she was a mole,
Could she believe them? "What a huge prize
That child is dragging out of its hole!"
The fledgeling indeed has just caught his third!
And here is a fable to catch the bird!

GEORGE MACDONALD.

gib'-bous, swelling, bulging out, like the moon when it is nearly full.

LESSON 3.

The Magic Swan.—Part I.

mag'-ic	seized	fas'-tened	beau'-ti-ful
e-nough'	hur'-ried	gath'-er-ing	prin'-cess
bit'-ter-ly	sev'-er-al	straight	dis-turb'-ing

1. Once upon a time there was a youth named Peter. He had two elder brothers, who were very unkind to him, and often made him wish that he had never been born. One day, when he was in the wood gathering sticks and crying bitterly, a little old woman came up to him, and asked him what was the matter; and he told her all his troubles.

2. "Come, my good youth," said the old dame, "is not the world wide enough? Why do you not set out and try your fortune somewhere else? I will tell you what you must do, for I have taken a fancy to you, and I am sure you will not forget me when you are rich and great."

3. Peter said that he would not; and the old woman went on: "This evening at sunset go to yonder pear-tree. Under it you will find a man lying asleep, and a beautiful swan will be fastened to the tree close to him. You must be

careful not to wake the man, but you must unfasten the swan and take it away with you. You will find that every one will fall in love with its fine feathers, and you must let any one who likes, pull out a feather. But as soon as the swan feels as much as a finger on it, it will scream out, and then you must say: 'Swan, hold fast!'

4. "Then the hand of the person who has touched the swan will be held fast, and nothing will set it free, unless you touch it with this little stick which I will give you. When you have caught several people in this way, lead them straight on with you; you will come to a big town where a princess lives who has never been known to laugh. If you can only

make her laugh your fortune is made; then I beg you will not forget your old friend."

5. Peter again said that he would not, and at sunset he went to the tree which the old woman had pointed out. The man lay there fast asleep, and a beautiful swan was fastened to the tree beside him by a red cord. Peter loosed the bird, and led it away with him, without disturbing its master.

6. He walked on with the swan for some time, and came at last to a yard where some men were at work. They were all pleased with the bird's fine feathers; and one forward youth, who was covered with clay from head to foot, called out, "Oh, if only I had one of those feathers, how happy I should be!"

7. "Pull one out then," said Peter kindly; and the youth seized one from the bird's tail. The swan screamed, and Peter called out: "Swan, hold fast!" and, do what he would, the poor youth could not get away his hand. The more he howled the more the others laughed, till a girl who had been washing clothes in a stream close by, hurried up to see what was the matter. When she saw the poor boy fastened to the swan she felt so sorry for him that she stretched out her hand to free him.

8. The bird screamed. "Swan, hold fast!" cried Peter, and the girl was caught also. When Peter had gone on for a bit they met a chimney sweep, who laughed loudly over the strange troop, and asked the girl what she was doing.

9. "Oh, dearest John," said the girl, "give me your hand and set me free from this dreadful young man."

"I will, if that is all you want," said the sweep, and he gave the girl his hand. The bird screamed. "Swan, hold fast!" said Peter, and the black man was added to the troop.

LESSON 4.

The Magic Swan.—Part II.

fourth	may'-or	car'-riage	van'-ished
an'-swered	may'-or-ess	won'-der-ful	house'-keep-er
vil'-lage	rav'-ing	glued	po-lice'
in-sult'	ca'-pers	prom'-ised	roy'-al

1. They soon came to a village where a fair was being held. A clown was just doing his tricks. He opened his eyes wide when he saw the three fastened to the swan's tail. "Have you gone raving mad, Blackie?" he asked, as well as he could for laughing.

2. "It's no laughing matter," the sweep replied. "This girl has hold of me so tightly that I feel as if I were glued to her. Do set me free, like a good clown, and I will do you a good turn some day."

The clown at once grasped the dirty hand. The bird screamed. "Swan, hold fast!" called out Peter, and the clown became the fourth of the party.

3. Now, in the crowd was the mayor of the village, who was much put out by what he thought nothing but a foolish trick. So angry was he that he seized the clown by the hand and tried to tear him away, in order to hand him over to the police. Then the bird screamed, and Peter called out: "Swan, hold fast!" and the mayor was fastened to the rest.

4. The mayoress, a long thin stick of a woman, mad at the insult done to her husband, seized his free arm and tore at it with all her might; and she too was forced to join the rest. After this no one else had any wish to join them.

5. Soon Peter saw the towers of the town in front of him. A coach came out, in which was seated a young lady as beautiful as the day, but with a very sad face. No sooner had

she seen the crowd fastened to the swan's tail than she burst into a loud laugh, in which she was joined by all her servants and ladies in waiting.

6. "The princess has laughed at last!" they all cried with joy. She stepped out of her carriage to look more closely at the wonderful sight, and laughed again at the capers which the poor people cut. She ordered her carriage to be turned round, and drove slowly back into the town, never taking her eyes off Peter and his train.

7. When the king heard that his daughter had laughed, he was more than delighted, and had Peter and his followers brought before him. When he saw them he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

"My good friend," he said to Peter, "do you know what I promised the person who could make the princess laugh?"

8. "No, I do not," said Peter.

"Then I will tell you," answered the king; "a thousand gold dollars, or a piece of land. Which will you choose?"

Peter said that he would have the land. Then he touched the youth, the girl, the sweep, the clown, the mayor, and the mayoress, with his

little stick, and they were all free again, and ran away home as if a fire were burning behind them; and their flight gave rise to more laughing.

9. Then the princess felt moved to stroke the swan. The bird screamed. "Swan, hold fast!" called out Peter, and so he won the princess for his bride. But the swan flew up into the air, and vanished in the blue sky.

10. Peter now became a very great man indeed; but he did not forget the little old woman who had been the cause of all his good fortune, and he made her head housekeeper to him and his royal bride in their grand castle.

From the "Green Fairy Book,"
By ANDREW LANG. (*Adapted.*)

LESSON 5.

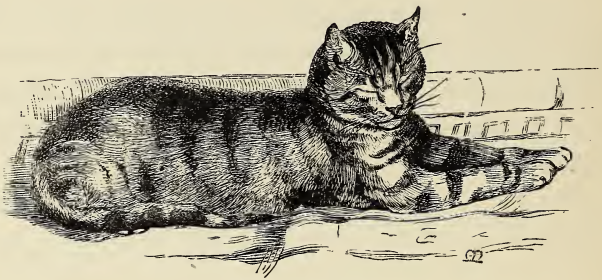
The Cat Tribe.—PART I.

watch'-ing	la'-zi-ness	ex-pec-ta'-tion	stealth'-i-ly
leop'-ard	com-pri'-ses	fa'-vor-ite	care'-ful-ly
dis'-tan-ces	en-closed'	se-clu'-ded	pa'-tient-ly

1. Cats are among the most common of animals. At least one cat is to be found in nearly every home. Such a cat is so tame that even the

baby of the house may carry it about and roll over it or make a pillow of it; and though the cat has sharp claws and strong teeth it seldom offers to scratch or bite.

2. Look at a cat stretched out before the fire, a picture of ease and laziness, as it softly purrs to show how much it likes the warmth and comfort.



CAT IN REPOSE.

Its eyes are nearly closed, and its sharp claws are hidden in the soft pads of its feet.

3. But the same cat stealthily watching a bird in the garden seems quite a different beast. Its air of laziness has gone. Its whole body is on the alert. Its whiskers stand out fierce and strong, its eyes are now wide open and gleam with expectation, while its long sharp claws are ready to seize its prey.

4. Though cats have been so well tamed that they have become common household pets, they still retain much of the savage nature of the days when they roamed about the fields and woods in search of prey.

5. Our tame cat is only one of a large family, which comprises many members having different names. The best known of the cat family are the lion, the tiger, and the leopard.

6. These animals are so much alike in so many ways, that we say they all belong to the same tribe. The members of another group of animals are so similar to a dog, that they are said to belong to the dog tribe.

7. Though tame cats are fed by their owners they enjoy nothing more than prowling about in search of food. A cat will wait patiently by the side of a crack in the wall, without making the least sound, waiting for a mouse to come out. Watch your favorite that is so gentle and good when you fondle her, as she creeps through the bushes with her eyes glaring fiercely on a bird that is hopping about upon the lawn. Hear her savage growls as she springs upon the little victim and tears it to pieces!

8. All members of the family catch their food in much the same way. Let us look at

them carefully and see how wonderfully they are formed, so as to enable them to catch and kill their food easily.

9. Their bodies are long and very powerful, and of such a shape that the animals can creep quietly through tall grass or between thick bushes.

CAT CREEPING UP TO ITS PREY.

10. All cats can leap great distances. An ordinary tame cat can leap from eight to ten feet, while a tiger can leap as far as thirty feet or even farther. Their great strength enables them to carry away their prey. A tame cat will kill a chicken and run off with it in its

strong jaws, though the chicken may be nearly as heavy as itself. A lion will crawl into a place enclosed by a strong fence of bushes, seize a calf or a cow and drag it away to some secluded spot to enjoy its meal in peace. A tiger will seize even a man, bound off with the body in its mouth, and carry it a long distance to its lair where its cubs are waiting to be fed.

11. All cats have whiskers, which stand out straight from each side of the face. The whiskers are most useful, for all kinds of cats go in search of food at night; and as they creep softly along, their whiskers at once give notice of anything that may be in their path, and tell them if a place be large enough to creep through.

LESSON 6.

The Cat Tribe.—Part II.

eas'-y	a-muse'	ob-serve'	seized
eas'-i-ly	a-muse'-ment	ob-serv'-ing	ad-van'-tage
piec'-es	a-dapt'-ed	re-mem'-bered	pow'-er-ful

1. When we observe members of the cat tribe with a view to seeing how well they are adapted to catch their food, we must remember that they feed on living animals.

2. A tame cat can catch birds, though birds have a great advantage in being able to fly into the air, where the cat cannot follow them. Hence the cat must be able to catch them before they begin to fly. A mouse can not only run fast but it can escape through very small cracks and holes in the floor.

A TIGER'S HEAD.

3. Lions and tigers catch and kill deer, which can run much faster than either of them.

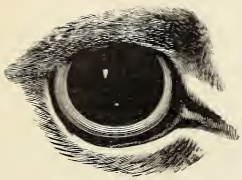
4. Now, the bodies of all cats are of such a shape that the animals can step easily and quietly through long grass and bushes. Their feet have soft pads, so that they can move without making any noise. The skins of lions and tigers are so nearly of the same color as the grass, bushes, or rocks amongst which they live that they are not easily seen.

5. Hence, they are able to approach very close to their prey. Besides they can leap so far that having once gotten near, they are able to

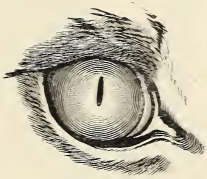
reach it at a bound, and before the deer can get a chance to run away it is caught by its cruel foe.

6. Having once seized its prey the rest is easy. Every cat has long sharp teeth, with which it can tear its food to pieces. It has no grinding teeth, for it does not chew its food but swallows it in lumps.

7. Its jaws are very powerful. A tame cat can kill a bird, a mouse, or even a rat at a bite. A tiger can break a man's legs, and a lion has so



CAT'S EYE AT NIGHT.



CAT'S EYE BY DAY.

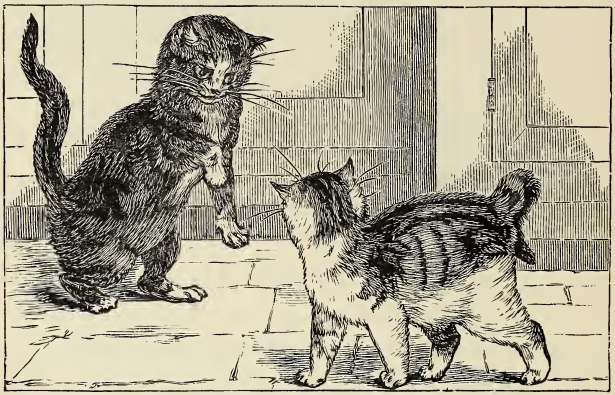
strong a jaw that it can crunch the bones of an ox as easily as a boy bites an apple.

8. If you look at a cat's tongue you will see that it is not wet and soft like a dog's, but it is dry and rough. A tiger's or a lion's tongue is so rough that if either of them licked your hand it would tear your skin and the blood would flow.

9. By the help of their rough tongues these animals can scrape all the flesh from the bones of their prey, and so none of the meat is wasted.

10. All members of the cat family seek their food at night, and to enable them to do this their eyes are so formed that they can see in the dark. In the daytime they are nearly closed; but at night the pupil is wide open, so as to take in all the rays of light.

11. Cats are cleanly in their habits. They lick their fur after every meal, and use their paws



KITTENS AT PLAY.

to get at such parts of the body as their tongues cannot reach.

12. All cats are playful when young. Kittens are full of fun, and afford much amusement by their frolics. Young lions and tigers are called cubs, and hunters who have seen them in their wild state tell us that they are just as playful as kittens.

LESSON 7.

The Coming of Spring.

brief	flit	pleas'-ant	clus'-ter-ing
come	flit'-ting	pleas'-ure	prim'-ros-es
com'-ing	sun	cat'-kins	vi'-o-lets
hum	sun'-ny	caw'-ing	mel'-o-dies
hum'-ming	tar'-ry-ing	pur'-ple	grat'-i-tude
heav'-en	sur-round'	wil'-lows	but'-ter-fly

1. "Spring, where are you tarrying now?
Why are you so long unfelt?
Winter went a month ago,
When the snows began to melt."

2. "I am coming, little maiden,
With the pleasant sunshine laden;
With the honey for the bee,
With the blossom for the tree,
With the flower and with the leaf;
Till I come the time is brief.

3 "I am coming, I am coming!
Hark! the little bee is humming;
See, the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing;
Little maiden, now is spring!

4. "See, the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on mossy banks so green,
Starlike primroses are seen;
And, their clustering leaves below,
White and purple violets grow.

5. "Hark! the little lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms, a noisy crowd;
And all birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sun goes flitting by.

6. "Little maiden, look around thee!
Green and flowery fields surround thee;
Every little stream is bright,
All the orchard trees are white,
And each small and waving shoot
Has for thee sweet flower or fruit.

7. "Turn thy eyes to earth and heaven!
God for thee the spring hath given;
Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the earth and cleared the skies,

For thy pleasure, or thy food;
Pour thy soul in gratitude!
So may'st thou 'mid blessings dwell:
Little maiden, fare thee well!"

MARY HOWITT.

LESSON 8.

Stories about Cats.

clev'-er	vi'-o-lent-ly	dis-play'	in-duced'
clev'-er-ness	smoth'-ered	dis-played'	suc-cess'
sud'-den-ly	break'-fast	shriek'-ing	ham'-pered
ex-cite'-ment	at-tempts'	de-coy'	move'-ments
strug'-gling	pre-vent'	safe'-ty	in-tel'-li-gence

1. Tame cats are very clever in many ways, and often display much intelligence.

2. A cat and a parrot were great friends. One evening they were left in the kitchen, where a large bowl of dough had been placed near the fire to rise.

3. The cook was upstairs, when suddenly she was much surprised to see the cat run towards her mewing loudly; and by pulling at her apron and looking towards the door, the cat led her to think that she wished her to go downstairs.

4. The cat was in such a state of excitement

that the cook thought something must be the matter, and so she hurried back to the kitchen.

5. Here a strange sight met her, for there was Polly, shrieking, flapping her wings, and struggling violently, up to her knees in the dough, and stuck quite fast.

6. The cook at once pulled Polly out of the

THE CAT'S STRATAGEM.

dough, where she might have been smothered but for the intelligence displayed by her friend, the cat.

7. Cats sometimes show much cleverness in their attempts to catch birds. An old Tom cat once caught a young bird that had fallen out of its nest. Instead of killing the bird at once the

cat used it as a decoy to try to catch the old bird, which was flying about just overhead in great terror for the safety of its young one.

8. Over and over again the cat touched the young bird with its paw when it ceased to flutter and cry, in order that by thus making it display its terror the old bird might be induced to approach near enough to be caught.

9. Several times the old bird flew quite close to the cat, which made many attempts to catch it, but without success. He was hampered in his movements all the time by having to prevent a kitten from killing the young bird.

10. This went on for some time, until at last the cat made up its mind that the old bird would not come near enough to be caught. So Tom had to be content to make his breakfast on the young bird.

11. One very cold winter some children, taking pity on the birds, threw out crumbs every morning on the lawn. Crowds of birds used to come for their breakfast.

12. An old black cat found out that the birds came at the same time every day, and so he used to lie in wait hidden among some bushes, ready to pounce out in an instant upon any bird that might come near.

13. Every day for several days he caught a bird, but when the frost broke up no more crumbs were thrown out, and so no birds flew down to be fed.

14. This seemed to puzzle the cat for some time. At length, he was seen to carry some crumbs himself to the usual spot and then retire to his hiding-place. But the birds had seen him, and the children were much amused to see a row of sparrows sitting quietly on the fence watching both the crumbs and the cat.

LESSON 9.

The Broken Flower-Pot.—Part I.

grieve	sto′-ry	pop	nod
lil′-y	sto′-ries	popped	nod′-ded
naugh′-ty	reared	stop	Prim′-mins
Cax′-ton	prompt′-ly	stopped	re-mem′-ber-ing

1. My father, Mr. Caxton, was seated on the lawn before the house, his straw hat over his eyes and his book on his lap. Suddenly a beautiful blue-and-white flower-pot, which had been set on the window-sill of an upper story, fell to the ground with a crash, and the pieces danced up around my father's legs. But he read on.

2. "Dear, dear!" cried my mother, who was at work in the porch; "my poor flower-pot, that I prized so much! Who could have done this? Primmins! Primmins!"

3. Old Nurse Primmins popped her head out of the window, nodded at the call, and came down in a moment pale and breathless. "Oh!" said my mother, sadly, "I would rather have lost all the plants in the green-house—I would rather the best tea-set were broken. The poor lily I reared myself, and the dear, dear flower-pot which Mr. Caxton bought for me on my last birthday! That naughty child must have done this!"

4. Mrs. Primmins was very much afraid of my father—why, I know not, except that persons who talk a great deal often are afraid of silent, shy ones. She cast a hasty glance at her master, and cried promptly: "No, ma'am; it was not the dear boy; it was I!"

5. "You? How could you be so careless? And you knew how I prized them both. Oh Primmins!"

Primmins began to sob.

6. "Don't tell fibs, nursey," said a small, shrill voice; and I, Master Sisty (coming out of the house as bold as brass), went on: "Don't scold

Primmins, mamma; it was I who pushed out the flower-pot."

7. "Hush!" said nurse, more afraid than ever, and looking toward my father, who was now taking all in with wide open eyes. "Hush! —And if he did break it, ma'am, it was quite by chance; he was standing so, and he never meant it. Did you, Master Sisty? Speak" (this in a whisper), "or pa will be so angry!"

8. "Well," said my mother, "I suppose it was by chance; take care in the future, my child. You are sorry, I see, to have grieved me. There's a kiss; don't fret."

9. "No, mamma, you must not kiss me; I don't deserve it. I pushed out the flower-pot on purpose."

10. "Ha! and why?" said my father, walking up. As he did so, Mrs. Primmins trembled like a leaf.

11. "For fun," said I, hanging my head; "just to see how you'd look, papa; and that's the truth of it. Now beat me, do beat me!"

12. My father threw his book down, stooped, and caught me to his breast. "Boy," he said, "you have done wrong: but you shall repair it by remembering all your life that your father blessed God for giving him a son who spoke

truth in spite of fear. Oh, Mrs. Primmins, the next story of this kind you try to teach him parts us for ever."

LESSON 10.

The Broken Flower-Pot.—PART II.

stead'-y	clap	en'-ter-ing	dom'-in-o
stead'-i-ly	clap'-ping	gar'-den-er	dom'-in-oes
fair'-y	be-lieve'	shoul'-der	o-ver-joyed'
fair'-ies	eight'-een	i'-vor-y	bur'-y-ing
car'-ry	lin'-gered	puz'-zled	gen-'tle-man
car'-ries	ad-mired'	when-ev'-er	nur'-ser-y-man

1. Not long after this our doctor gave me a present. It was a beautiful large domino-box in cut ivory, painted and gilt. This box was my delight. I was never weary of playing dominoes with Mrs. Primmins, and I slept with the box under my pillow.

2. "Ah!" said my father one day, "you like that better than all your other playthings, eh?"

"Oh yes, papa!"

"You would be very sorry if your mamma were to throw that box out of the window, and break it, for fun?"

I looked sadly at my father, and said nothing.

3. "But perhaps you would be very glad," he went on, "if suddenly one of those good fairies you read of could change that domino-box

into a beautiful lily in a lovely blue-and-white flower-pot, and you could have the pleasure of putting it on your mamma's window-sill?"

4. "Indeed I would!" said I, half crying.

"My dear boy, I believe you; but good wishes don't mend bad actions." So saying, he shut the door, and went out.

5. I cannot tell you how puzzled I was to make out what my father meant; but I know that I played at dominoes no more that day.

6. The next morning my father found me seated by myself under a tree in the garden. He paused, and looked at me very steadily with his grave bright eyes.

7. "My boy," said he, "I am going to walk to the town; will you come? And, by-the-by, fetch your domino-box. I should like to show it to a person there."

I ran in for the box; and, not a little proud of walking with my father on the high road, I set out with him.

8. "Papa," said I by the way, "there are no fairies now."

"What of it, my child?"

"Why, how, then, can my domino-box be changed into a lily and a blue-and-white flower-pot?"

9. "My dear," said my father, leaning his hand on my shoulder, "everybody who really wants to be good carries two fairies about with him,—one here," and he touched my forehead, "and one here," and he touched my heart.

"I don't understand, papa."

"I can wait till you do."

10. My father stopped at a nurseryman's, and, after looking over the flowers, paused before a large lily.

"Ah, this is finer than that which your mamma was so fond of. What is the cost, sir?"

"Only two dollars," said the gardener.

My father buttoned up his pocket. "I can't afford it to-day," said he gently; and we walked out.

11. On entering the town we stopped again at a china shop. "Have you a flower-pot like that which I bought some months ago? Ah, here is one, marked ninety cents. Yes, that is the price. Well, when your mamma's birthday comes again we must buy her another. That is some months to wait; and we can wait, my boy; for truth that blooms all the year round is better than a poor lily, and a word that is never broken is better than a piece of china."

12. My head, which had been drooping before, rose again; but the rush of joy at my heart almost stifled me.

13. "I have called to pay your little bill," said my father, entering the fancy shop. "And, by the way," he added, as the smiling shopman looked over his books for the account, "I think my little boy here can show you some fine carving."

14. I showed my domino-box, and the shopman admired and praised it very much.

"It is always well, my boy, to know what a thing is worth, in case one wishes to part with it. If my son gets tired of his plaything, what will you give him for it?"

15. "Why, sir," said the shopman, "I fear we could not afford to give more than four dollars and a half for it, unless the young gentleman took some of those pretty things in exchange."

"Four dollars and a half!" said my father. "You would give that? Well, my boy, whenever you do grow tired of your box you have my permission to sell it."

16. My father paid his bill, and went out. I lingered behind a few moments, and joined him at the end of the street.

"Papa, papa!" I cried, clapping my hands,

"we can buy the lily! we can buy the flower-pot!" And I pulled a handful of silver from my pocket.

"Did I not say right?" said my father. "You have found the two fairies."

17. Ah! how proud, how overjoyed I was when, after placing vase and flower on the window-sill, I pulled my mother by the gown, and made her follow me to the spot!

18. "It is his doing and his money," said my father; "good actions have mended the bad."

"What!" cried my mother, when she had learned all; "and your poor domino-box that you were so fond of! We will go to-morrow, and buy it back, if it costs us double."

19. "Shall we buy it back, Sisty?" asked my father.

"Oh, no, no, no! it would spoil all!" I cried, burying my face on my father's breast.

Adapted from "The Caxtons."

"The Caxtons" was written by Edward Lytton-Bulwer.

LESSON 11.

Seven Times One.

dai'-sy	al'-way	pow'-dered	fad'-ing
dai'-sies	wrong	yel'-low	tur'-tle-dove
vel'-vet	mon'-ey	lin'-net	birth'-day

1. There's no dew left on the daisies or clover,
   There's no rain left in heaven;
   I've said my "seven times" over and over—
   Seven times one are seven.

2. I am old, so old I can write a letter,
   My birthday lessons are done;
   The lambs play alway,—they know no better;
   They are only one times one.

3. O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
   And shining so round and low;
   You were bright, ah bright; but your light is fading,
   You are nothing now but a bow.

4. O moon! have you done something wrong in heaven,
   That you have hidden your face?
   I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
   And shine again in your place.

5. O velvet bee! you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh May-buds! rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold.

6. O turtle-dove! open your folded wing,
And show me your silken nest!
O shy little linnet! another note sing
Before you go home to your rest.

7. And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet,—
I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

LESSON 12.

Tom Coward.—PART I.

big	school'-fel-lows	un-kind'-ness	na'-ture
big'-gest	school'-house	tru'-ant	ad-mir'-ing
gi'-ant	school'-mas-ter	sprawl'-ing	Kem'-ble
In'-di-a	par'-ent	jeer'-ing	blan'-kets

1. I have known boys and girls who would like to change their names, but I never knew any one who would have liked it more than Tom Coward. Born in India, he was ten years old when his parents brought him to this country

and sent him to school. Being a gentle lad, and rather weak, he would not and could not take his own part; and had to bear a great deal of unkindness from some of his schoolfellows.

2. The worst of them was Bill Blunt, the biggest dunce, truant, and bully in the school. He was always laughing and jeering at Tom, and he tried to make a song about him, but could not get beyond two lines—

> "Coward by nature and Coward by name,
> Good for nothing at fight or game."

3. When the first snow of the year had fallen, Bill, who, though lazy at lessons, could work hard at what pleased him, spent the whole morning in making a snow man. The other boys, on coming out from school, found him admiring the giant which he had built beyond the playground wall. As they crowded round him he cried: "Three cheers for Mr. White!"

4. The cheers being loud and long, Mr. Kemble, the schoolmaster, wondered what was the cause of them, and was looking out of a window of the schoolhouse, when Blunt (whose back was towards him) called for "Three groans for old Kemble!" Hearing hardly a sound from the

boys, he looked round and saw the master. This was too much for the truant: he ran and got out of sight as quickly as he could.

5. When he had run about two hundred

yards he caught up to Tom Coward, who, after school, always went straight home.

"That was a fine man of yours," he said; "but how can you touch the cold snow with your hands?"

"I will show you how," said Bill. With this he gave Tom a push which sent him flying five or six yards, and left him sprawling in a heap which had been swept to the side of the street.

6. When Tom got up, his clothes were dirty, and his face was wet with tears and melted snow. "Now then, coward by nature and Coward by name, you need not cry for a little snow; why aren't you brave like me?"

"You know," said Tom, "I used to live in India; this is the first time I have seen snow, and I cannot bear to touch it. I don't say that I am not a coward, and I wish you would tell me what to do to be as brave as you."

7. "I cannot tell you now, but if you will meet me by the snow man at twelve o'clock I will tell you then."

"Twelve o'clock!" cried Tom, "why, that is the dead of night."

8. Bill laughed. "Oh, if you are afraid to come out at dead of night you will be a coward all your life."

"I don't want to be that," said Tom, "and so I will meet you. Mind you are there in time."

"Likely!" was what Bill said to himself; "likely that I am going to turn out of my warm blankets into the cold to meet a little stupid."

9. "I know that he is too big a coward to go," he continued; "but if he should happen to, let Mr. White teach him how to be as brave as I!"

LESSON 13.

Tom Coward.—Part II.

strength	shiv'-er-ing	mut'-tered	car'-ry
thieves	play'-ground	mur'-dered	car'-ried
wretch	crouch'-ing	po-lice'-man	won'-dered
u'-su-al	bri-gade'	a-larm'	fas'-ten-ings

1. The "little stupid" went to bed as usual at eight o'clock, but he did not go to sleep as usual. Thoughts of what he must do and what he must learn kept him awake until half-past eleven, when he got up, dressed, and crept downstairs. Out of breath with running, he reached the snow man just as midnight was striking.

2. But where was Bill Blunt? Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour Tom waited, shivering with cold and fear; but no Bill came. Then Tom thought: "Suppose father and mother were to wake and find my bed empty; they would not know where I am. It was very wrong of me to go out without their permission. I will go home at once."

3. Just as he was starting he heard a noise in the playground. For a moment he was too much afraid to move; but even to run away from dan-

ger he must know where it was, and he dared to peep over the wall.

4. Through the darkness he could make out two men crouching in the schoolhouse porch, and he heard one of them growl: "The door is bolted top and bottom, and I cannot pick the lock." The other muttered back: "The old wretch must have lots of money, or he would not have so many fastenings to his house."

5. Now, what was Tom to do? If the thieves knew that he was near they might kill him. Should he therefore crouch under the wall, or creep away over the silent snow while Mr. Kemble was being robbed, perhaps murdered? No; anything rather than that. And yet, what could one small boy do against two rough men?

6. A sudden thought struck Tom,—the fire-bell! This was rung to call the people together when a fire broke out, as there was no brigade in the place. The tower was only about fifty yards from the school, and the door was left open so that an alarm might be given without loss of time.

7. Tom got to the tower as fast as he could, groped his way up the stairs, found the rope, and pulled with all his strength till the well-

known "Boom! boom!" was heard for a mile round. Lights shone at once in many windows, and in two or three minutes the streets were all alive.

8. Then everybody began to ask where the fire was, and who had given the alarm. Some one went up the tower, and found Tom lying in a faint upon the floor. The poor boy was carried into the open air, where he quickly revived. Then he told why he had rung the bell.

9. "I wondered," said Mr. Kemble, who was standing by, "how my door came to be open, and how the tools that I found in the passage got there."

10. The thieves had stopped in their work at the first clang of the bell, and, when they heard the rush of feet, they fled. But, as they passed the lighted windows, they were seen by several persons who knew them. The police, being told who they were, caught them easily, and put them in prison.

11. As for Tom, when he went back to school, Bill Blunt and all the other rough boys were kind to him, and, instead of calling him—

> "Coward by nature and Coward by name,
> Good for nothing at fight or game,"

they used to say two lines, made up by a first class lad—

"Nature and name are sometimes at strife,
For a Coward saved our master's life."

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden
Like the heaven above.

LESSON 14.

Merry Christmas.

Christ'-mas	thresh'-old	mis'-tle-toe	in'-no-cent
phan'-toms	cher'-ubs	sym'-bols	lis'-ten-ing
fit'-ful	rus'-tling	hith'-er	mes'-sage
elves	palm	weav'-ing	sur-prise'

1. In the hush of early morning,
When the red burns through the gray,
And the wintry world lies waiting
For the glory of the day,

Then we hear a fitful rustling,
Just without upon the stair,
See two small white phantoms coming,
Catch the gleam of sunny hair.

2. Are they Christmas fairies stealing
Rows of little socks to fill?
Are they angels floating hither
With their message of good-will?
What sweet spells are these elves weaving,
As like larks they chirp and sing?
Are these palms of peace from heaven
That these lovely spirits bring?

3. Rosy feet upon the threshold,
Eager faces peeping through,
With the first red ray of sunshine,
Chanting cherubs come in view:
Mistletoe and gleaming holly,
Symbols of a blessed day,
In their chubby hands they carry,
Streaming all along the way.

4. Well we know them, never weary
Of this innocent surprise,—
Waiting, watching, listening always
With full hearts and tender eyes,

While our little household angels,
White and golden in the sun,
Greet us with the sweet old welcome:
"Merry Christmas, every one!"

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

LESSON 15.

The Cat Tribe—The Lion.

re-spects′	mis-tak′-en	im-mense′
seize	ap-pear′-ance	suf-fi′-cient
fierce′-ness	vic′-tim	cau′-tious
car′-cass	ap-proach′-ing	where′-a-bouts
im-ag′-ine	sur-round′-ings	noise′-less-ly
dis-cov′-er	bowl′-der	at-tack′
dread′-ed	a-bun′-dant	pro-tect′

1. The lion is the largest of the great family of cats. In many respects all cats are alike. All have powerful bodies, and all have soft pads on their feet, so that they can move noiselessly when in search of prey.

2. All have strong jaws and sharp teeth for tearing their food to pieces. All are armed with strong sharp claws, with which they seize and hold their prey, and which they can draw in at their pleasure.

3. But they differ much in size and strength. You all know the size of a tame cat. Imagine

a cat ten feet long from its nose to the tip of its tail, and about four feet in height from its

A LION'S HEAD.

forefeet to the top of its head. This is about the size of a full-grown lion.

4. His coat is of a brownish yellow, darkest on the back. This is much the same color as the rocks and sand among which the lion roams. Lying among the rocks, the lion is so nearly of the color of his surroundings that he is often mistaken for a well-worn bowlder or a heap of earth.

5. This is of great advantage to him, as he lies in wait for deer and other animals upon which he wishes to feed. He knows that they could easily beat him in point of speed, but they get quite near to him before they discover their dreaded enemy, and then it is often too late.

A GROUP OF LIONS.

6. In one respect the lion differs from the tiger and others of the cat tribe. In addition to fierce-looking whiskers, the head of the male lion is covered with a large mane of shaggy hair, which adds to the fierceness and boldness of his appearance.

7. The lioness has no mane, but she has, in common with the male, a tuft of hair at the end of her tail. She is not quite so big as the male lion, but she is quite as strong; and when she has cubs to protect she is even more bold and fierce.

8. The lion has immense strength, not only in his jaw but also in his legs. With one blow of his paw a lion can kill a deer or even an ox.

9. All animals dread him, and at night, when his mighty roar seems to make the forest tremble, the other animals cease their cries, fearing to betray their whereabouts to their savage foe.

10. Unless he is very hungry, a lion will rarely attack a man. But at night, when all in the camp are fast asleep and the fires are burning low, a lion may leap from out of the darkness, and, seizing a cow or even a man, is off again in an instant, dragging his victim along in his powerful jaws.

11. Though lions are very brave, they are very cautious in approaching a strange object. Hunters know this, and, when they have killed an animal and cannot carry it away at once, they plant a stick near the carcass and fasten

to it streamers of white cloth. These flutter and flap in the wind, and are quite sufficient to keep the lions away.

12. Lions are most abundant in Africa. They are also found in parts of Asia.

LESSON 16.

The Cat Tribe—The Tiger and the Leopard.

leop'-ard	eas'-y	devour'	sur-round'
yel'-low-ish	eas'i-ly	dis-dains'	sur-round'-ings
jun'-gles	stealth'-y	vil'-la-ges	hand'-som-est
dif'-fi-cult	stealth'-i-ly	em-ployed'	el'-e-phants
mo'-tion-less	lair	haunts	poul'-try-yard
how'-dah	con-sents'	di-rec'-tion	beau'-ti-ful-ly

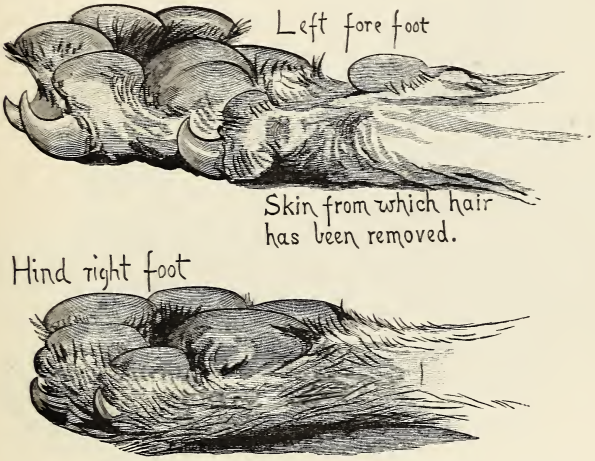
1. The tiger looks more like a cat than a lion does. It is found in Asia, and though not so

A TIGER IN REPOSE.

noble looking as the lion, it is quite as strong and even more fierce and cruel.

2. Its coat is of a yellowish color, marked across with black stripes. In the Indian jungles, where the tiger lives, the tall grass and reeds are also of a bright yellow, and so are many of the plants and shrubs.

3. Hence, the tiger is of nearly the same color



A TIGER'S FOOT.

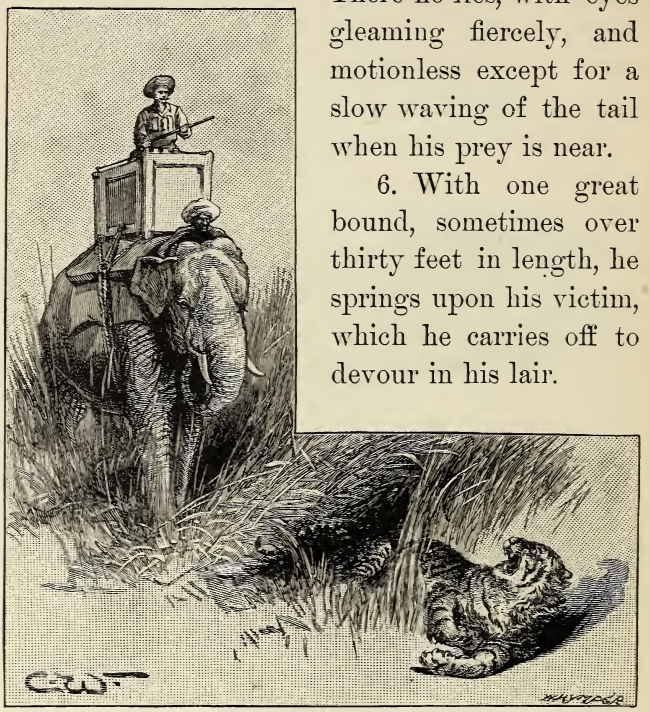
as his surroundings. In fact, as he lies in the jungle it is difficult to see him until quite close.

4. Just as a cat creeps along stealthily, ready to spring upon its prey, so a tiger moves easily with cat-like tread through the tall grass.

5. He hides himself near a path leading to a

river or pond, along which animals pass to drink. There he lies, with eyes gleaming fiercely, and motionless except for a slow waving of the tail when his prey is near.

6. With one great bound, sometimes over thirty feet in length, he springs upon his victim, which he carries off to devour in his lair.

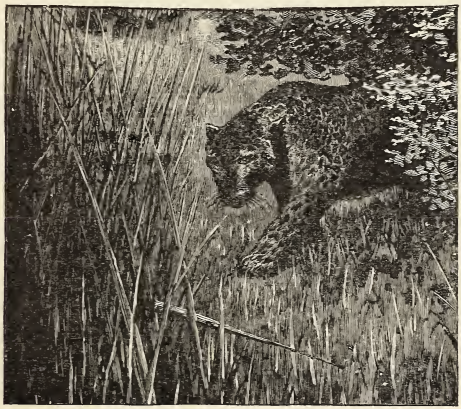


TIGER-SHOOTING FROM A HOWDAH.

7. Some tigers attack men and women, and, having once begun to feed on human beings, a tiger disdains all other food. He is called a man-eater, and is an object of dread to all the people living in the villages near his haunts.

8. The people are very glad when a hunter comes their way. They at once beg him to stay until he has killed the tiger.

9. If he consents they do all they can to help him. Hundreds of them will gather together and surround the spot where the tiger lies hidden. They try to drive him forth with shouts and the



A LEOPARD.

beating of drums, and by making the most dreadful noises, so that the hunter may get a fair shot.

10. Tigers are often hunted by men on elephants. Beaters are employed, who try to drive the tiger out of his lair in the direction of the

elephants, upon whose backs the hunters are perched in a kind of box called a "howdah."

11. Sometimes the tiger becomes so enraged that he springs upon the elephant, biting and tearing the poor brute with teeth and claws until a shot from the hunter settles him.

12. The leopard is found in both Asia and Africa. He is not so large as a tiger nor so fierce, though he can fight bravely enough.

13. His fur is also yellowish, but instead of stripes his coat is beautifully marked with dark spots. He is one of the handsomest of the animal world.

14. Unlike both lion and tiger, the leopard climbs trees; and crouches upon an overhanging branch, ready to spring upon the back of ox or deer that may pass beneath.

15. He is a great enemy to the farmer, for he is very cunning, and robs the farm yard of sheep and calves and the poultry yard of chickens.

16. A hunter says: "Early one morning there was a shout from the men, a rush of the dogs, and up jumped a leopard in the midst of us, and made for a large tree, which he climbed.

17. "I was beneath it in a minute with a gun, and for half an hour with three or four men searched for him along the branches without

avail. At last we gave it up, and went after the wagons, thinking he must have managed to get away unseen by us.

18. "One man, however, stopped behind for a minute, to tie up his bundle, and before we were a hundred yards off the cunning beast raised his head from a bough, came down, and made away too quickly for us to get back in time to shoot him.

19. "One night as the men were sitting round the camp fire a leopard dropped from an overhanging branch right into the midst of them, and seizing a dog, he cleared the ring at a bound and got safely away."

LESSON 17.

The Beauty of Terror.

im-mor'-tal	sin'-ews	wa'-tered	sym'-me-try
for'-est	fear'-ful	fur'-nace	an'-vil
ter'-ror	shoul'-der	as-pire'	dread

1. Tiger, tiger, burning bright
   In the forests of the night,
   What immortal hand or eye
   Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

2. In what distant deeps or skies
   Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
   On what wings dare he aspire?
   What the hand dare seize the fire?

3. And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

4. What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

5. When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

6. Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

BLAKE.

LESSON 18.

The Twelve Huntsmen.—PART I.

height	se'-cret	en-gaged'	twelfth
strewn	cous'-in	prom'-ise	there-up-on'
death	pos'-si-ble	ser'-vice	mis-tak'-en

1. Once upon a time there was a king's son, who was engaged to a princess whom he dearly

loved. One day, as he sat by her side, feeling very happy, he heard that his father was lying at the point of death, and wanted to see him before his end. So he said to his love: "Alas! I must go off and leave you, but take this ring and wear it, and when I am king I shall come back and take you home."

2. Then he rode off, and when he reached his father he found him very near death. The king said: "Dearest son, I wanted to see you again before my end. Promise me, I beg of you, that you will marry my brother's daughter."

The prince was so filled with grief that he forgot his first love, and said: "Yes, yes, dear father; whatever you wish shall be done."

Thereupon the king closed his eyes and died.

3. After the prince had become king he felt that he must keep the promise which he had made to his father; so he sent to ask for the hand of his cousin, which was granted to him at once.

4. Now, his first love heard of this, and pined away and nearly died. Her father said to her: "My dearest child, why are you so unhappy? If there is anything you wish for, say so, and you shall have it."

5. His daughter thought for a moment, and

then said: "Dear father, I wish for eleven girls as nearly as possible of the same height, age, and looks as myself." So the king had his kingdom searched till he found eleven maidens of the same height, size, and looks as his daughter.

6. Then the princess asked that twelve huntsmen's suits should be made, all alike; and the eleven maidens had to dress themselves, while she herself put on the twelfth suit. After this she took leave of her father, and rode off with her girls to the court of her former lover.

7. Here she asked whether the king did not want some huntsmen, and if he would not take them all into his service. The king saw her, but did not know her; and, as he thought them very good-looking young people, he said that he would gladly take them all. So they became the twelve royal huntsmen.

8. Now, the king had a lion that knew every hidden or secret thing. One evening the lion said to the king: "So you think you have twelve huntsmen, do you?"

"Yes," said the king, "they *are* twelve huntsmen."

"There you are mistaken," said the lion; "they are twelve maidens."

9. "That cannot be," replied the king; "how do you mean to prove that?"

"Just have a number of peas strewn over the floor," said the lion, "and you will soon see. Men have a strong, firm tread, so that if they hap-

pen to walk over peas not one will stir; but girls trip, and slip, and slide, so that the peas roll all about."

LESSON 19.

The Twelve Huntsmen.—Part II.

or'-dered	an'-swered	in-tend'-ed	spin'-ning-wheels
maid'-ens	friend'-ly	prin'-cess	hap'-pened
firm'-ly	tri'-al	stirred	daugh'-ter
doz'-en	ad-vice'	pierced	re-plied'

1. The king was pleased with the lion's advice, and ordered the peas to be strewn. One of the king's servants had become very fond of the young huntsmen, and, hearing of the trial they were to be put to, he went to them and said: "The lion wants to tell the king that you are only girls;" and then he told them all about the plot. The king's daughter thanked him for the hint, and after he was gone she said to her maidens: "Now, you must try to tread firmly on the peas."

2. Next morning, when the king sent for his twelve huntsmen, and they passed through the room which was strewn with peas, they trod so firmly, and walked with such steady, strong steps, that not a single pea rolled away, or even so much as stirred. After they were gone, the king

said to the lion: "There now, you have been telling lies; you see yourself they walk like men."

3. "Because they knew they were being put to the test," answered the lion; "and so they tried; but just have a dozen spinning-wheels placed in the room. When they pass through you will see how pleased they will be, quite unlike any man."

4. The king liked the advice, and ordered twelve spinning-wheels to be placed. But the friendly servant went to the huntsmen and told them all about this fresh plot. Then, as soon as the king's daughter was alone with her maidens, she said: "Now, pray try and do not even look at those spinning-wheels."

5. When the king sent for his twelve huntsmen next morning they walked through the room without even casting a glance at the spinning-wheels. Then the king said once more to the lion: "You are wrong again; they *are* men, for they never once looked at the spinning-wheels."

The lion replied: "They knew they were being tried." But the king would not believe in the lion any longer.

6. So the twelve huntsmen stayed with the king, and he grew daily fonder of them. Whilst

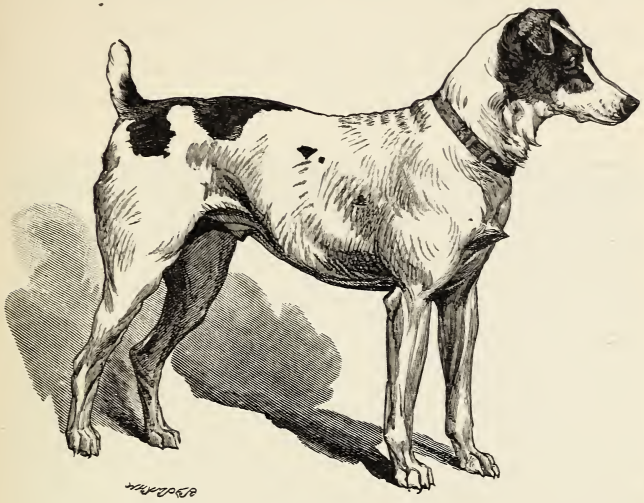
they were all out hunting it happened that news was brought that the king's intended bride was on her way. When the true bride heard of this she fell fainting to the ground, as if a knife had pierced her.

7. The king, fearing his dear huntsman was ill, ran up to help, and began drawing off her gloves. Then he saw the ring which he had given to his first love, and, as he gazed into her face, he knew her again, and his heart was so touched that he kissed her; and, as she opened her eyes, he said: "I am yours, and you are mine, and no power on earth can change that."

8. To the other princess he sent to beg her to return to her own kingdom with all speed. "For," said he, "I have got a wife, and he who finds an old key again does not want a new one."

The wedding took place with great pomp; and the lion became the king's pet once more, for after all he had told the truth.

From the "Green Fairy Book,"
By Andrew Lang.



A FOX TERRIER.

LESSON 20.

The Dog Tribe.—Part I.

scent	fan'-cy	jack'-als	weath'-ers
mas'-tiff	fan'-cied	del'-i-cate	en'-er-gy
mis'-chief	bus'-y	bur'-row	wan'-der-er
ar'-dent	busi'-ness	in'-stinct	de-ter'-mined
keen'-ness	wrap	scam'-pers	af-fec'-tion-ate
mon'-grel	wrapped	pre-tence'	tem'-pered

1. What a number of different kinds of dogs there are, to be sure! There is the little dog, which weighs only four or five pounds, and is so

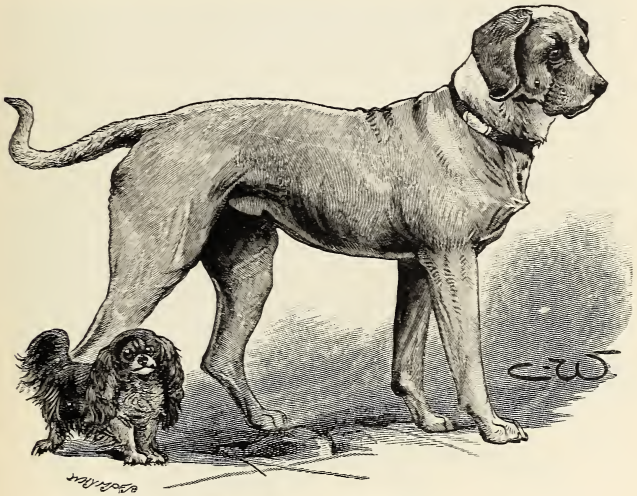
small and delicate that he is wrapped up in a coat when his mistress takes him for a walk.

2. Then there are the terriers—noisy, active little fellows, full of fun and mischief. Some

A BULLDOG.

have smooth coats, others are covered with rough hair; but all alike are clever, and full of life and vigor. How pleased they are to be taken for a run! How they frisk and scamper and bark for joy!

3. Though they are tame, and faithful to their masters, they have plenty of the old hunting instinct left in them. See how they chase the rabbit that scampers away to its burrow! How keen their scent is when they are poking their noses into rat holes in the hedge!



A MASTIFF AND A SPANIEL.

4. Look at the bulldog. He is not a beauty; but what a determined, savage-looking fellow he is! And yet he is quiet and affectionate, and loves his master. Though he is strong enough to pull down a man, he is so gentle that a child may play with him.

5. Did you notice the mastiff? What a noble fellow he is! How grandly he stalks along! The noisy terrier knows full well how patient and good-tempered he is, and so he snaps at his heels and teases him.

6. But at last the mastiff has had enough!

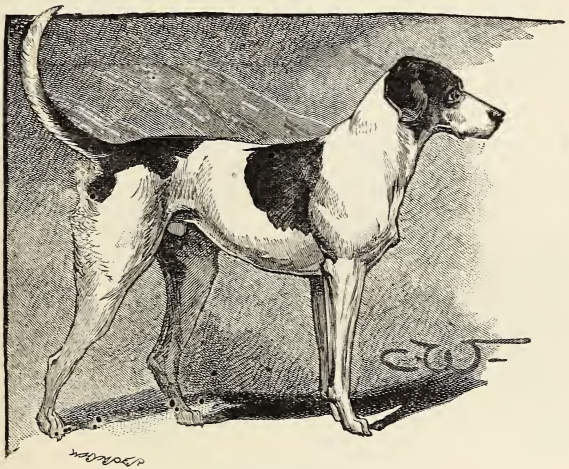
A COLLIE OR SHEEP-DOG.

So he makes one grab at the terrier, and, carrying him in his mouth, drops him quietly into the horse trough. The terrier thinks that teasing a mastiff is no joke.

7. Here is a dog very different from either.

Though he looks so sedate, he is full of life and energy. Let but a single sheep of the flock try to get away and in an instant he is off, and with loud barks and many a pretence at biting he drives the wanderer back again.

8. He understands what is said to him, and



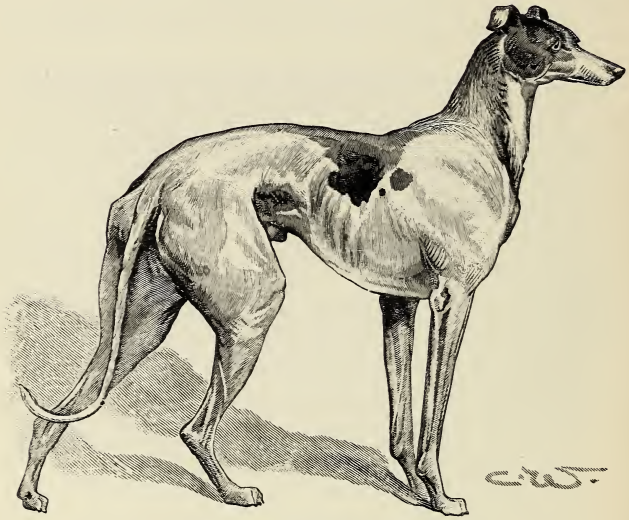
A FOXHOUND.

at the word of command dashes away to obey orders. Ready to do his duty in all weathers, he is content and happy with his master.

9. The foxhound runs with his nose to the ground, and his tail wags with delight as he follows the scent as keenly as the most ardent huntsman. Not only can he hunt the

fox by the keenness of his sense of smell, but he can run hour after hour without tiring.

10. But he cannot run as fast as the greyhound, which is the speediest of all. See what



A GREYHOUND.

a slender graceful form he has, and how neatly built.

11. All these different kinds of dogs, and there are many others besides, belong to the same family. To them belong even the mongrel cur, upon which every well-bred dog looks with disdain. Wolves, foxes, and jackals also form

a part of the great family, some members of which are to be found all over the world.

LESSON 21.

The Dog Tribe.—Part II.

guard	gen'-er-al	vic'-tims	Es'-ki-mo
coun'-try	ap-pear'-ance	gnaw'-ing	sledg'es
coun'-tries	pre-fer'	scarce'-ly	fear'-less-ly

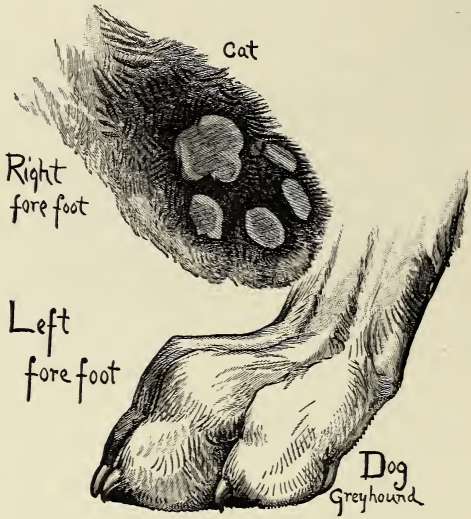
1. Though there are so many kinds of dogs, and though they differ so much as regards size, shape, and general appearance, as well as in the color of their coats, still there are many ways in which all dogs are alike.

2. They live on flesh, and generally eat dead meat, whereas all members of the cat family prefer to catch their food alive.

3. A dog seizes its prey with its teeth, whereas a cat always seizes and holds its victims with its claws. Hence, a dog's claws are shorter and not so sharp as those of a cat. Neither can a dog draw in its claws and cover them up when not in use, as a cat can.

4. When a dog chases a cat the latter often runs up a tree. This the cat can do because its claws are sharp and curved, but a dog's claws are

short and blunt. They are so strong that a dog can scrape a hole in the ground large enough to get its body in. They are in such constant use that they wear out very readily, and, to make up for this, they grow again very quickly.

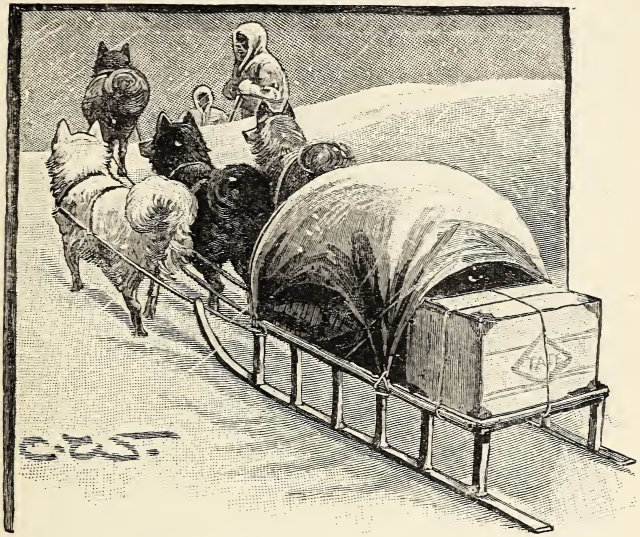


5. Like all other animals that live on flesh, a dog has strong sharp teeth in the front of his mouth, but as he does not chew his food he has no grinding teeth. A dog can move his jaws up and down only, and he bolts his food in lumps.

6. A man has several kinds of teeth. In front he has cutting teeth, somewhat like those of other

animals. Next to those, upon each side, he has sharp teeth like a dog's for tearing his food. At the back of his mouth he has broad teeth for grinding his food.

7. Instead of soft fur, such as a cat has,



AN ESKIMO DOG SLEDGE IN ARCTIC REGIONS.

the dog is covered with a coat of hair. The coats of some dogs are smooth, while others are rough and shaggy. Some have such long hair that they can scarcely see out of their eyes.

8. The Eskimo dog lives far away in the frozen north. He is clad in a very warm thick

coat. The ground is covered with snow and ice for the greater part of the year, and in order to travel from place to place the men who live there, namely, the Eskimos, make sledges, which are a kind of small cart fixed on runners instead of wheels. These sledges are drawn by the dogs, who drag their masters about, just as horses do in other countries.

9. Dogs have a very keen sense of smell. Cats hunt their prey by sight, but dogs hunt very largely by scent. Not only can dogs follow the track of other animals by the aid of their nose, but they can also follow their masters in the same manner.

10. Dogs are faithful, friendly, and affectionate. They help their masters in many ways. Some guard the house; others, such as the sheep-dog, protect and take care of the sheep; others, such as hounds, help them in their sports; and there are dogs too which will fearlessly plunge into the sea in order to save life.

LESSON 22.

A Spring Song.

whis'-tle plough'-man la'-ver-ock a-wan'-der-ing

1. As I was a-wandering one morning in spring,
I heard a merry ploughman so sweetly to sing;

And as he was singing the words he did say,
"There's no life like the ploughman's in the
month of sweet May.

2. "The laverock* in the morning she'll rise
from her nest,
And mount in the air with the dew on her
breast;
And with the merry ploughman she'll whistle
and sing,
And at night she'll return to her nest back
again."

ROBERT BURNS.

LESSON 23.

Stories about Dogs.

pros'-pect	re-mem'-bered	neigh'-bor
fa-mil'-iar	jeal'-ous-y	neigh'-bor-ing
rec'-og-nize	grad'-u-al-ly	fruit'-less
mem'-or-ies	Ab-er-deen'	as-ton'-ish-ment
in-tel'-li-gence	pre-vent'-ed	gen'-tle-man

1. Dogs have good memories. They remember places where they have been before as well as people who have owned them. They can also recognize sounds which they may not have heard for years.

* Laverock = lark.

2. A gentleman, who generally lived in the country, once took a dog with him to London, and kept him there for a few months. The dog was never allowed to go out without a collar, upon which was a ring that made a clinking sound. In a short time the dog learned that when he heard this sound he was to be taken for a walk.

3. After a time he returned with his master to the country, and it was three years before he was taken again to London. But he remembered every nook and corner of the house, and could find his way about the streets. When the old collar was brought he at once knew the familiar clinking sound, and barked with joy at the prospect of a walk.

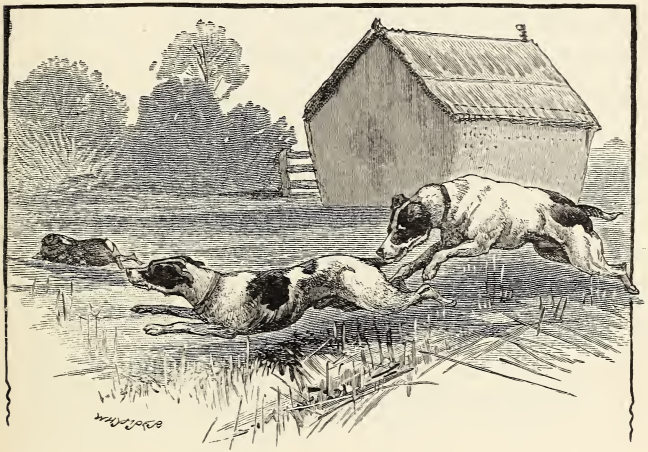
4. Dogs sometimes display jealousy, just as human beings do. A story is told of a terrier that took great pains and much trouble to teach its puppy how to hunt rabbits.

5. In time the puppy grew stronger than its father, so that it could run faster and catch more rabbits.

6. This did not please the old dog at all, and when he saw the young one gradually getting ahead he would seize the puppy's tail and try to hold him back.

7. So well had the young dog been brought up that he did not get angry at such treatment, but seemed to understand that his father had a perfect right to hold him back if he chose.

8. Many tales are told of dogs that have saved their masters' lives. A gentleman was once



HE WOULD SEIZE THE PUPPY'S TAIL.

crossing the river Dee, not far from Aberdeen, when the ice gave way just as he had got about half-way across. As he slipped into the water he laid his gun across the crack in the ice, and so prevented himself from sinking.

9. But he was not able to raise himself by

this means, for his weight would have broken the ice still further. Seeing the plight his master was in the dog made many attempts to save him, but finding that all his efforts were fruitless he ran off to a neighboring village.

10. He ran up to the first man he met, pulled his coat, and in other ways made it clear that some one was in distress, and that he wished the man to follow him. The man reached the spot just in time to save the life of the dog's master.

11. Sheep-dogs are famous for the intelligence they display in taking care of sheep or cattle.

12. A sheep-dog once strayed from his home and took up his abode at another farm. On the second night after the dog arrived the farmer took him down to the meadow to see if the cattle were all right. To his dismay, he found that the fence between his meadow and his neighbor's was broken down, and that his neighbor's cattle had gotten mixed up with his own.

13. By the help of the dog the strange cattle were driven back into their proper meadow, and the fence was mended.

14. The next night, at the same hour, the farmer again started off to look after the cattle. The dog, however, was not to be seen. On arriving at the meadow the farmer found that the dog

had started off before him. To his astonishment, he saw the dog sitting on the broken fence and daring the cattle from either side to cross.

15. It seems that the dog had gone off on his own account to see if the cattle were all right. He found that the fence had been again broken since the previous night, and that the cattle were all mixed as before. Then, alone and unaided, he had driven the strange cattle into their own meadow, and mounted guard on the broken fence until the farmer came.

LESSON 24.

Ranger.

suc'-cor	ter'-ror	re-nown'	per'-il-ous
hon'-or	loy'-al	fright'-ened	tri'-umph
speech'-less	wrings	flax'-en	curl'-y

1. A little boat in a cave,
   And a child there fast asleep,
   Floating out on a wave,
   Out to the perilous deep,—
   Out to the living waters,
   That brightly dance and gleam,
   And dart their foam about him,
   To wake him from his dream.

2. He rubs his pretty eyes,
   He shakes his curly head,
   And says with great surprise,
   "Why, I'm not asleep in bed!"
   The boat is rising and sinking
   Over the sailors' graves;
   And he laughs out, "Isn't it nice,
   Playing see-saw with the waves?"

3. Alas! he little thinks
   Of the grief on the far-off sands,
   Where his mother trembles and shrinks,
   And his sister wrings her hands;
   Watching in speechless terror
   The boat and the flaxen head.
   Is there no hope of succor?
   Must they see him drowned or dead?

4. They see him living now,
   Living and jumping about;
   He stands on the giddy prow,
   With a merry laugh and shout.
   Oh! spare him! spare him! spare him!
   Spare him, thou cruel deep!
   The child is swept from the prow,
   And the wild waves dance and leap.

5. They run to the edge of the shore,
   They stretch out their arms to him;
   Knee-deep they wade, and more;
   But, alas! they cannot swim.
   Their pretty, pretty darling!
   His little hat floats by;
   They see his frightened face,
   They hear his drowning cry.

6. Something warm and strong
   Dashes before them then,
   Hairy and curly and strong,
   And brave as a dozen men;
   Bounding, panting, gasping,
   Rushing straight as a dart:
   Ready to die in the cause—
   A dog with a loyal heart.

7. He fights with the fighting sea,
   He grandly wins his prize!
   Mother! he brings it thee,
   With triumph in his eyes.
   He brings it thee, O mother!
   His burden pretty and pale;
   He lays it down at thy feet,
   And wags his honest tail.

8. O dog, so faithful and bold!
O dog, so tender and true!
You shall wear a collar of gold,—
And a crown, if you like it, too;
O Ranger! in love and honor
Your name shall be handed down;
And children's hearts shall beat
At the tale of your renown.

"Poems for a Child."

LESSON 25.

The Cabin-Boy who Saved a Ship.

A True Story.

schoon'-er	sur-prised'	sig'-nal	dis-tress'
pi'-lot	cap'-tain	crawled	un-furled'
De-cem'-ber	jammed	climbed	nim'-ble
coast'-ing	smooth	ad-vice'	furled

1. At thirteen Jack was cabin-boy on board a coasting schooner of a hundred tons. One night, in December, 1856, when the sea was covered with a thick fog, the man at the helm suddenly saw rising ahead of him a great black mass, blacker than the darkness around. This was a tall brig, which, before there was time to alter the course of either vessel, came crashing into the schooner.

2. For a minute or so the bow of the brig was jammed fast in the hole which she had made in the side of the schooner. During that minute the captain of the schooner, without waiting to see what harm had been done to his own ship, climbed into the other, and was followed by the whole of his crew but two,—one who could not, and one who would not, follow. The one who could not was a poor sick sailor, and the one who would not was Jack.

3. As the cabin-boy was very small and nimble he might have been the first up, and his captain was surprised not to find him on the deck of the brig.

"Come, Jack!" he called out, "be quick; this vessel will back out soon and it will then be too late."

Jack answered: "Brown has always been very kind to me, and I'd rather be too late than leave him behind."

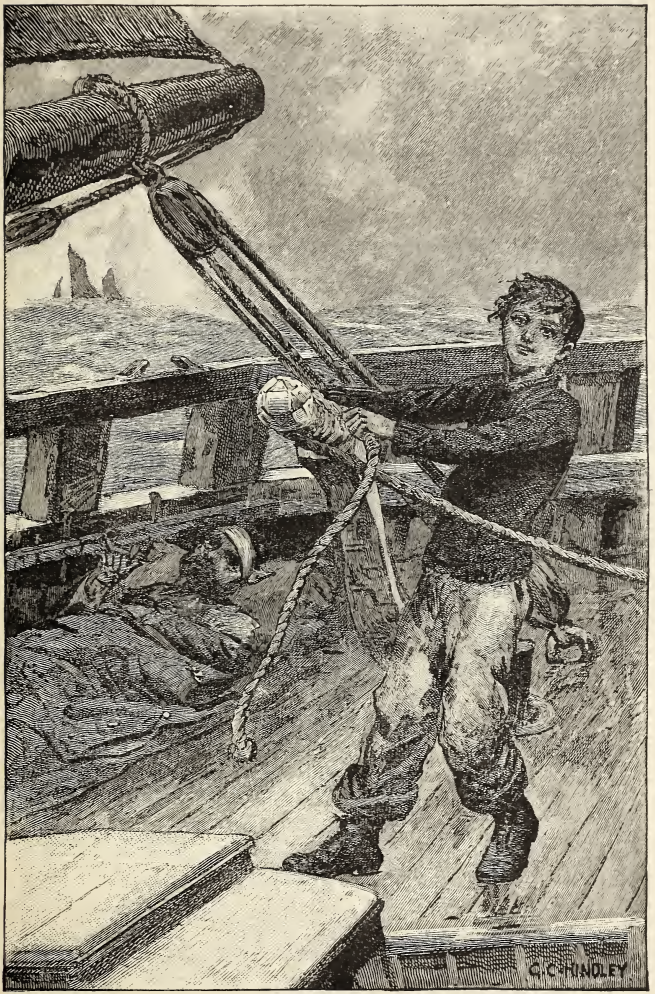
4. He had hardly spoken when the brig did back out, and the sick man and the boy were alone on what every one thought to be a sinking ship. But, much to their surprise, the schooner did not go down. Though there was a great gap in her side, it was above the water level, and she might float for some time if the sea were smooth.

5. When Jack saw that there was a chance of their being saved he began to bustle about; for, whatever was to be done, there was only himself to do it—he must be captain, crew, and cabin-boy in one. Brown was too ill to give any help with his hands, but his advice was very useful. At sunrise he crawled on deck, and, lying there, he could tell his young friend what to do.

6. During the first day there was little to do. The brig that had done all the damage might come back to look for them, so they must keep as close as they could to the spot where the crash took place. Jack therefore went aloft and furled all the sails; he also hung out a signal of distress.

7. The long and weary day went by without any sign of the brig or of any other vessel; and the second night was as sad as the first, for the cold had made poor Brown worse, and Jack was tired out. When the second morning broke there were three ships in sight, but they were a long way off, and passed on without noticing the signal of distress. For a while Jack lost heart; but, about eleven o'clock, a fair breeze began to blow towards the coast, and that, Brown thought, gave them a chance.

8. Jack unfurled all the sails, Brown telling


C. C. HINDLEY

him what to do, and soon the schooner was moving at a good rate. Jack steered for the nearest port, and in the afternoon he had the joy of seeing the pilot-boat come alongside. He had saved both the ship and the life of his friend.

LESSON 26.

FABLES.

The Fox and the Friends.

awe	knocked	hol'-low	dam'-age
aw'-ful	squir'-rel	dou'-bled	prowl'-ing
mas'-tiff	al-read'-y	mis'-er-a-ble	quar'-rel

1. A big, brave mastiff and a pretty little squirrel were fast friends. Once, while they were going through a wood, darkness came on; and, as they were far from any house, they made up their minds to pass the night in some tree. They soon came to an old oak, which seemed just the thing for them. A hollow, filled with dry leaves at the foot of the trunk, formed a warm bed for the dog; and the squirrel made himself snug on the first big branch.

2. Towards midnight, long after the friends had gone to sleep, a wicked fox came prowling along in search of something to eat. When he

caught sight of the squirrel his mouth watered, and he smacked his lips at the thought of the supper which he was about to have. But, before he could eat the squirrel, he must catch him; and, before he could catch him, he must get him to come down from the tree.

3. So he said: "My dear little fellow, I am very sorry to wake you, but I am so glad to see you that I could not wait till morning. Though you may not have heard it before, I am your cousin. My father was your uncle; and, on his deathbed, he told me not to rest till I had found

you, and shared with you the few things which he left. Come down, then, and let me shake you by the hand. If I could only climb trees I should have been beside you already."

4. But the squirrel only smiled, and said: "I have no doubt that you love me, cousin, as much as I love you. But, as you love me, you must also love my friend. He is asleep in a hole at the foot of the trunk. While I am coming down to shake you by the hand do you knock and wake him."

5. The fox, thinking that he was going to get two squirrels instead of one, knocked. Out jumped the mastiff,—and the fox did not get even one squirrel.

The Farmers and the Cloud.

1. Mr. Black and Mr. White were two farmers, who lived near each other. Mr. Black always looked on the dark side of things, and was miserable not so much because evils *had* happened to him as because he was sure that they *would* happen. Mr. White always looked on the bright side of things, and was never very miserable; for, when any trouble came, he was sure that it would soon be over.

2. One summer's day Black, in his saddest voice, said to White: "Do you see that great cloud?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"That cloud will cause us awful damage."

"In what way?"

3. "Why, don't you know that that is a hail cloud? And hail at this time of the year will beat down the wheat, the barley, and the oats; the harvest will not be worth reaping; man and beast will starve; hunger will bring sickness, and not one of us will live to see Christmas."

4. "Nonsense, man!" said Mr. White. "That cloud will bring rain, not hail; and we want rain badly enough. Instead of having our crops spoiled we shall have them doubled; we shall all grow healthy and wealthy; and, if we do not all grow very wise, everybody but you and the grave-diggers and the money-lenders will be too wise to grumble."

5. "It is all very well to laugh," said Mr. Black; "but you won't laugh when the hail beats down your corn."

"No; but I shall laugh when the rain waters it."

"It won't be rain; it will be hail, I tell you."

"And I tell you it won't be hail; it will be rain."

6. From words the two men nearly came to blows; but, while their quarrel was hottest, a breeze sprang up and blew the cloud away,—so that there was neither hail nor rain.

LESSON 27.

How the Wind Blows.

tan'-gle	au'-tumn	blos'-soms	hol'-lows
hur'-ry	whis'-tle	win'-dow	pane

1. High and low the spring winds blow.
They take the kites the boys have made,
And carry them high into the air;
They snatch the little girls' hats away,
And toss and tangle their flowing hair.
High and low
The winds do blow.

2. High and low the summer winds blow.
They dance and play with the garden flowers;
They bend down the grass and ripe yellow grain;
They rock the bird in the hanging nest,
And dash the rain on the window pane.
High and low
The winds do blow.

3. High and low the autumn winds blow.
They drive the bees and blossoms away,
And whirl all the dry leaves over the ground;
They shake the branches of all the trees,
And scatter apples and nuts around.
High and low
The winds do blow.

4. High and low the winter winds blow.
They fill the hollows with drifts of snow;
They sweep on the hills a pathway clear;
They hurry children along to school,
And whistle songs for the glad new year.
High and low
The winds do blow.

LESSON 28.

The Dog Tribe—The Fox.

rogue	re-ward'-ed	dodg'-es	con-cealed'
guilt'-y	con-tract'-ed	de-sert'-ed	in'-stant
pa'-tience	en-larg'-es	se-clud'-ed	pu'-pils
in-tent'-ly	en'-trance	gen'-er-al-ly	char'-ac-ter

1. The fox is in general appearance much like a dog. He has a large bushy tail and a sharp nose. The pupils of his eyes are, in the daytime, contracted just as a cat's eyes, and not

round and wide open like those of a dog. He can therefore see in the dark, and hunts by night.

2. Foxes give off a very strong scent, which hounds can easily follow. They are to be found in many parts of the world.

"EARTH" OF THE FOX.

3. The fox has a very bad character; though, perhaps, he is not quite so big a rogue as he is often made out to be. Still, he is guilty of stealing chickens, ducks and geese; and does not object to making his supper off a plump rabbit.

4. He lives in some secluded spot, where he digs a large hole or "earth" out of the sand,

and here he brings up his family. Not being very fond of hard work, he looks out for a deserted rabbit-burrow, which he enlarges. He generally arranges to have more than one way out, so that, if he is chased to his "earth" by one entrance, he may be able to find his way out by another.

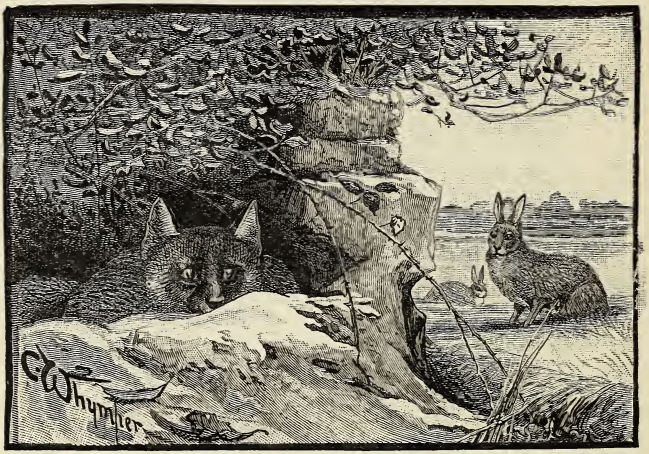
5. The fox is very crafty, and when hunted he tries all kinds of dodges to throw the hounds off the scent. After running straight for some distance he may turn back and retrace his steps for a little way, and then start off sideways. He knows every old drain or dry water-course within miles of his home. If hard pressed, he will sometimes dash into a flock of sheep; for he knows that hounds will not be likely to follow his scent, as the smell of the sheep is so much stronger.

6. Many stories have been told of the intelligence of foxes. A well-known sportsman says: "I went out one morning before daybreak, hoping to shoot a stag, which had done much damage to the crops.

7. "Just after it was daylight I saw a large fox coming quietly along the edge of the wood in which I was hiding. He looked with great care over the turf wall into the field, and seemed to

long to get hold of some hares that were feeding in it. He knew he had no chance of catching one merely by running after it.

8. "After thinking for some time he seemed to have laid his plans, for he went and lay down



THE FOX AT THE GAP.

near a gap in the wall through which the hares passed on their way to the field. There he lay like a cat watching a mouse.

9. "In spite of all his cunning, he was too intent on his own hunting to see me, though I was concealed with a loaded gun in my hands only a few yards away.

10. "He first scraped a small hollow and

threw up the sand in front of him as a screen. While doing this he would stop every now and then and listen intently or peep over the wall.

11. "When he had finished he laid himself down, ready to spring in an instant upon his prey.

12. "As the sun rose higher, a number of hares came through the gaps in the wall, but none came through the place he was watching.

13. "At last his patience was rewarded, for two hares were to be seen coming to the very spot. Though he could hear them coming he did not look up until they were quite close. Then with the quickness of lightning he sprang out, caught one hare, and killed it in an instant."

LESSON 29.

The Fox.

pray	gnarled	a-bid'-eth	dis-cov'-er
prey	dis'-mal	thiev'-ish	ven'-geance
bar'-on	drear'-y	care'-less-ly	des'-per-ate
bar'-ren	crea'-ture	lei'-sure-ly	snuff'-ing
state'-ly	leath'-ern	par'-tridge	cai'-tiff

1. In the rugged copse, in the ferny brake,
   The cunning red fox his den doth make;
   In the ancient turf of the baron's land,
   Where the gnarlèd oaks of the forest stand;

2. In the widow's garden, lone and bare,
On the hills which the poor man tills with care,
There ages ago he made his den,
And there he abideth in spite of men.

3. 'Tis a dismal place, for all the floor
With the bones of his prey is covered o'er;
'Tis darksome and lone, you can hardly trace
The furthest nook of the dreary place;

4. And there he skulks like a creature of ill,
And comes out when midnight is dark and still;
When the dismal owl, with his staring eye,
Sends forth from the ruin his screeching cry,
And the bat on his black leathern wings goes by;

5. Then out comes the fox with his thievish mind,
Looking this way and that way, before and behind,
Then running along, thinking but of the theft
Of the one little hen the poor widow has left;

6. And he boldly and carelessly passes her shed,
For he knows very well she is sleeping in bed,
That she has not a dog to give notice of foes;
So he seizes his prey, and home leisurely goes.

7. At times he steals down to the depth of the wood,
And seizes the partridge in midst of her brood,
And the little gray rabbit, and young timid hare,
And the tall stately pheasant, so gentle and fair;

8. And he buries them deep in some secret spot
Wherein man or hound can discover them not.
But vengeance comes down on the thief at length,
For they hunt him out of his place of strength.

9. And man and the fox are in desperate strife,
And the creature runs and runs for his life;
And following close is the snuffing hound,
And hills and hollows they compass round;

10. Till at length he is seized, a caitiff stout,
And the wild dogs bark, and the hunters shout;
Then they cut off his tail and wave it on high,
Saying, "Here fell the fox, so thievish and sly!"

MARY HOWITT.

LESSON 30.

The Dog Tribe—The Wolf and the Jackal.

gen-er-a′-tions	sav′-age	fa′-vor-a-ble	sim′-i-lar
where-as′	cun′-ning	di-rec′-tion	seized
com-pan′-ion	Rus′-sia	im-por′-tance	jack′-al
con-tin′-ued	poul′-try	op′-po-site	herd

1. The wolf and the jackal are also members of the same family as the dog; but, whereas the latter has for generations been the friend and companion of man, the former has continued in his wild state.

A WOLF.

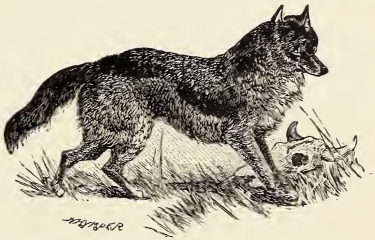
2. The wolf is about the same size as a sheep-dog, and has a thick gray coat. He is found in many parts of the world, and is so much like a wild dog that one might easily be taken for the other.

3. The wolf is both savage and cruel, but he is a coward. Wolves generally hunt in packs, sometimes several hundreds together. In Russia in the depth of winter, when food is scarce, packs of wolves will even enter a village, and should

a horse come in their way he is pretty sure to be killed and torn to pieces.

4. Wolves hunt by scent, and will follow their prey for miles and miles, keeping up a steady run at about the same distance away, and only waiting for a favorable chance to spring upon their victim.

5. The jackal is smaller than the wolf, but is very similar in appearance. Packs of jackals will follow the lion and the tiger, hoping to get the remains that may be left from a feast.



A JACKAL.

6. The jackal is as cunning as a fox, and as big a thief. He steals the chickens from the poultry-yard, will kill the young goats and lambs, and has been known even to snatch a young pig from its mother's side.

7. Wolves and jackals often display much cunning in hunting their prey. A hunter once saw two wolves standing together, as if they were talking of some matter of great importance.

8. Then one of the wolves ran off as fast as he could, and hid himself in a ditch.

9. The other wolf also ran away, but he went in the opposite direction until he reached the further side of the plain, in the middle of which a small herd of deer were feeding.

10. The second wolf now ran towards the deer, and drove them before him, in much the same way as a dog drives a flock of sheep, to the very spot where the first wolf lay hidden.

11. As the deer crossed the ditch, the first wolf sprang up, seized a deer, and being joined by its friend, in a few moments they pulled it to the ground and killed it.

LESSON 31.

Bevis, the Weasel and the Thrush.

knocked	ras'-cal	de-ceived'	com-mit'-ted
Be'-vis	kneel'-ing	con-trived'	as-ton'ish-ment
wea'-sel	can'-non	dis-cov'-ered	shrub'-ber-y
suc-cess'	touch'-hole	rec-ol-lect'	com'-fort-a-bly

1. Twice Bevis searched up and down without success, and was just going to call to the hare to come and show him, when suddenly he discovered a thrush sitting on her nest in a bush.

2. He put down his gun, and was going to see how many eggs she had, when the weasel (who

had no idea he was there) peeped over the bank, having a fancy for the eggs, but afraid that the nest was too high for him to reach.

3. "Ho! Ho!" cried Bevis, "there you are! Now I have you! Just stand still a minute, while I get my gun and strike a match."

"Whatever for?" asked the weasel.

"I am going to shoot you," said Bevis, busy getting his gun ready.

4. "Shoot *me!*" said the weasel, in a tone of the utmost astonishment; "why ever do you want to shoot me, Sir Bevis? Did I not tell you that I spent all my life doing good?"

"Yes, you rascal!" said Bevis, putting a pinch of powder on the touch-hole; "you know you are a wicked story-teller; you killed the poor hare after I let you loose."

5. "Wait a minute," said the weasel, "just listen to me a minute. I assure you——"

"No; I sha'n't listen to you," said Bevis, striking his match.

6. "Oh," said the weasel, kneeling down, "if you will only wait one second, I will tell you all the wickedness I have committed. Don't, please, kill me before I have got this load of guilt off my mind."

"Well, make haste," said Bevis, aiming along his cannon.

7. "I will," said the weasel; "and first of all, if you are going to kill me, why don't you shoot the thrush as well, for she is ever so much more wicked and cruel than I have been?"

"Oh, what a dreadful story!" said the thrush. "How can you say so?"

8. "Yes, you are," said the weasel. "Sir Bevis, you remember the two snails you found in the garden path—those you put on a leaf, and watched to see which could crawl the fastest?"

"I remember," said Sir Bevis. "But you must make haste, or my match will burn out."

"And you recollect that the snails had no legs and could not walk, and that they had no wings and could not fly, and were very helpless creatures?"

"Yes, I remember; I left them on the path."

9. "Well, directly you left them, out came this great ugly speckled thrush from the shrubbery—you see how big the thrush is, quite a monster beside the poor snails; and you see what long legs she has, and great wings, and such a strong, sharp beak. This cruel monster of a thrush picked up the snails, one at a time, and smashed them on the stones, and gobbled them up."

10. "Well," said the thrush, "is that all? Snails are very nice to eat."

"Was it not very cruel?" asked the weasel.

"Yes, it was," said Bevis.

"Then," said the weasel, "when you shoot me, shoot the thrush, too."

11. "So I will," said Bevis; "but how can I hit you both?"

"I will show you," said the weasel. "I will walk along the bank till I am just in a line with the thrush's nest, and then you can take aim at both together."

12. So he went along the bank and stopped behind the nest, and Bevis moved his cannon-stick and took another aim.

"Dear me!" cried the thrush, "you surely are not going to shoot me? I never did any harm. Bevis, stop—listen to me!"

13. Now, if the thrush had flown away, she might have escaped; but she was very fond of talking, and while she was talking Bevis was busy with his gun.

"It is straight now," said the weasel; "it is pointed quite straight. Hold it still there, and I will sit so that I shall die quick;—here is my bosom. Tell the hare to forgive me."

"Oh," said the thrush, "don't shoot!"

"Shoot!" cried the weasel.

14. Bevis dropped his match on the touch-hole, puff went the powder, and bang went the cannon. Directly the smoke had cleared away,

Bevis looked in the ditch, to see the dead weasel and the thrush. There was the thrush sure enough, quite dead, and fallen out of the nest; the nest, too, was knocked to pieces, and the eggs had fallen out (two were broken), but there was one not a bit smashed, lying on the dead leaves at the

bottom of the ditch. But the weasel was nowhere to be seen.

15. "Weasel!" cried Bevis, "where are you?"

But the weasel did not answer. Bevis looked everywhere, over the bank and round about, but could not find him. At last he saw that under some grass on the bank there was a small rabbit's-hole. Now the weasel had sat up for Bevis to shoot him right over this hole; and when he saw him move the match, just as the powder went puff, the weasel dropped down into the hole, and the shot went over his head.

16. Bevis was very angry when he saw how the weasel had deceived him, and felt so sorry for the poor thrush, whose speckled breast was all pierced by the shot, and who would never sing any more. He did not know what to do, he was so cross; but presently he ran home to fetch his dog, to see if he could hunt out the weasel.

17. When he had gone a little way the weasel came out of the hole, and went down into the ditch and feasted on the thrush's egg, which he could not have got had not the shot knocked the nest to pieces, just as he had contrived. He never tasted so sweet an egg as that one; and as he sucked it up he laughed as he thought how cleverly he had deceived them all. When he

heard Pan bark he went back into the hole, and so along the hedge till he reached the woods; and then creeping into another hole, a very small one, where no dog could get at him, he curled himself up very comfortably and went to sleep.

The Four Sweet Months.

First April, she with mellow showers
Opens the way for early flowers;
Then after her comes smiling May,
In a more rich and sweet array;
Next enters June, and brings us more
Gems than those two that went before;
Then, lastly, July comes, and she
More wealth brings in than all those three.

HERRICK.

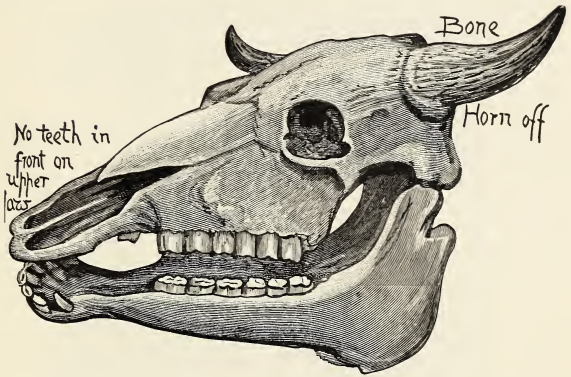
LESSON 32.

Animals that Chew the Cud.

wrench	va'-ries	cud'-chew-ing	gi-raffe'
clo'-ven	fam'-i-lies	ru'-mi-nant	re-sem'-ble
ant'-lers	herb'-age	swal'-lowed	stom'-achs

1. We have read of the cat tribe and the dog tribe, both of which great families of animals live upon flesh. We have seen how well fitted they are for catching and killing their prey. But no members of these groups are used for the food of man.

2. There is, however, a great family of animals that feed upon grass and herbage, and are far more useful to us than the flesh-eating animals. They are called cud-chewing or ruminant animals.



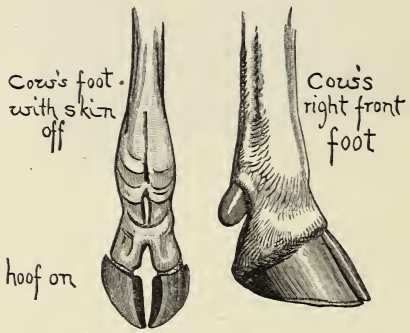
A COW'S SKULL.

3. If you watch a cow feeding in a field you will see that after biting the grass for some time she lies down to rest. But she chews all the time. When feeding she simply pulled off bunches of grass and swallowed them. While she is lying down she brings back the bunches of grass once more into her mouth, and slowly grinds them with her broad teeth. This is called chewing the cud.

4. The chief members of the cud-chewers are cows, sheep, goats, deer, camels, and giraffes.

These all differ very much in appearance, but in certain ways they resemble one another. None of them has any teeth in the upper jaw, their feet are all shaped alike, and they each have four stomachs.

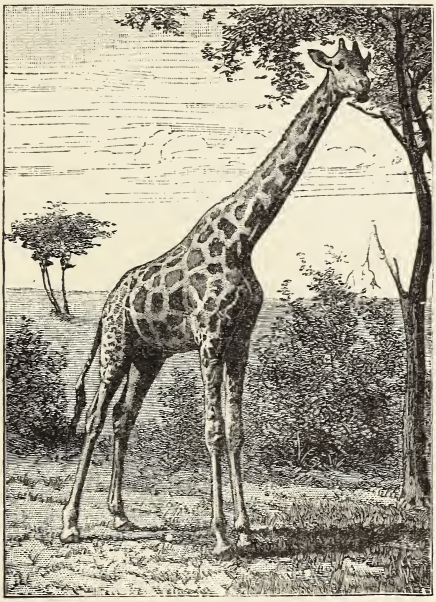
5. If we watch a cow feeding we shall see that she twists her long tongue round a tuft of grass, and then, pressing it with the teeth of her lower jaw against the hard pad of the upper jaw, she gives it a wrench and breaks it off.



6. She could not eat flesh if she wished, for she has no tearing or biting teeth opposite each other, as flesh-eating animals have.

7. All the cud-chewers have cloven hoofs. If we look at a cow's foot we shall see that only the two middle toes reach their full length; the others form two little spurs at the back of the foot.

8. At one time oxen, sheep, and goats had to protect themselves against wild beasts, and so they are armed with horns. These horns are hollow; but deer have solid antlers, instead of horns,



A GIRAFFE.

and are so swift of foot that they can generally find safety in flight.

9. The camel has no horns; and its feet are very broad, so that it can walk easily over the soft sands of the desert.

10. A giraffe has no horns, though it has two bony stumps or knobs which resemble horns covered with skin; and it has a very long neck and also a very long tongue, and by means of them it can reach the leaves and fruit of bushes and trees.

11. All members of the family have their skins covered with hair, which varies in color. It may be long and black, or white and red as in the cow; or long and shaggy as in the sheep and goat; or long and brown as in the camel; or short and marked with spots as in the giraffe.

LESSON 33.

The Cow.

sup-ply′	al-lowed′	pro-ceed′	sep′-a-rat-ing
sup-plies′	brand′-ed	col-lect′-ing	en-joy′-ment
po′-nies	ranche	busi′-ness	ex-cit′-ing
ob-tained′	lib′-er-ty	ex-am′-ine	neigh′-bor-ing

1. If you were asked which animal is most useful to man, which would you name? Would it be the cow, or the horse, or the sheep?

2. Every part of the cow and sheep is useful, especially the flesh; and though we do not eat the flesh of the horse, he does an immense amount of hard work for us.

3. We keep cattle for the sake of the food with which they supply us, and the horse for the

work he does. In some countries cattle are kept to do the hard work, and their flesh is not eaten; whereas the horse is kept only to carry his master.

4. At one time oxen did most of the plowing on farms, and even now they are used for this purpose in some parts of the country.

5. There are many kinds of cattle. Some are much larger than others. Some have long horns, while others have short ones. Some have smooth coats, others are rough and shaggy.

6. A cow is a very gentle creature, and even a bull, if kindly treated, may easily be tamed.

7. Every part of the cow is useful. We eat its flesh and we drink its milk, from which we also make butter and cheese. The hair from its coat is mixed with plaster to make it hold more firmly to the wall. Its skin is made into leather, which keeps our feet warm and dry. From its horns combs and buttons and other things are made, and from its hoofs glue is obtained.

8. In some countries cattle are reared upon very large farms called ranches. There may be several thousand upon a farm, and all are branded with certain letters to show to whom they belong.

9. These farms may be fifty miles across, and

the cattle are allowed to wander about at will. But every year they are gathered together, so that all the young ones may be branded.

10. This is a time of great excitement. The men who look after the cattle are called cowboys. Each is well mounted upon a horse that has been properly trained to stand still at a word from its rider, and to get out of the way of a savage bull.

11. The cattle have so much liberty that many become very wild and fierce, and both horse and man must keep their nerves steady to avoid being gored.

12. At the great annual round-up a number of cowboys from each ranche in the district meet, and proceed to drive the whole of the neighboring ranges, collecting a vast mass of cattle as they go.

13. When they have gotten together all that can be found the real business begins. Every cow with a calf at her heels is carefully examined. If she bears the Rosebud brand, the calf belongs to the Rosebud ranche and has to be caught there and then and branded.

14. The work of cutting-out, that is, separating the beasts to be branded from the rest of the herd, is to the cowboy what football is to the schoolboy. It is full of fun and excitement, and

the ponies enter into it with as much enjoyment as their riders.

15. It is from these great ranches that such large supplies of beef are sent to other parts of the world.

LESSON 34.

To Daffodils.

at-tained e'-ven-song daf'-fo-dils de-cay

1. Fair daffodils, we weep to see
   You haste away so soon;
   As yet the early-rising sun
   Has not attain'd his noon.
   Stay, stay,
   Until the hasting day
   Has run
   But to the even-song;
   And, having pray'd together, we
   Will go with you along.
2. We have short time to stay, as you,
   We have as short a spring;
   As quick a growth to meet decay,
   As you, or anything.
   We die,
   As your hours do, and dry
   Away,

Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK.

LESSON 35.

Eyes and Ears.—PART I.

Aus'-tri-a	Prus'-sia	sen'-try	dis-turbed'
Aus'-tri-an	Prus'-sian	sen'-tries	gip'-sy
no'-tice	no'-ticed	sol'-diers	roused

1. Many people seem to go through the world with their eyes and ears and minds only partly

open. They fail to see or hear much of what goes on around them, and if they do notice a sight or a sound, they fail to take in all that it means.

2. In the year 1866 there was war between Austria and Prussia. One bright night, while the Austrian army lay fast asleep, and not a sound was to be heard but the steps of the sentries, the sentry standing in front of the general's hut saw a soldier coming towards him. He brought down his gun, and cried: "Who goes there?"

3. "Jo, the gipsy," was the answer.

"And what do you want?" asked the sentry.

"I must see the general; we are in great danger."

4. The sentry could hardly make up his mind whether to wake the general or not. He knew that Jo had been in the Austrian army for some time, that he was a good soldier, and that he noticed many things which the other men did not; so, at last, he said: "I will call him."

5. When Jo was taken into the hut, the general asked: "Well, what is it?"

"If you please, general, the Prussians are creeping through the wood on the south in the hope of coming upon us while we are asleep."

6. "But the outposts have heard nothing."

"Neither have I, general."

"Then how do you know that the Prussians are there?"

7. "Come to the window, general."

The general went; and the gipsy, pointing to the wood, which lay in the clear moonlight, asked: "Do you see those birds?"

"Yes, I see them; what then?"

8. "What then! Do not birds sleep at night as well as men? They would not be flying about now if they had not been disturbed, and what could have disturbed them but the Prussians?"

"Very well, my lad; you may go."

9. The sleeping soldiers were roused quickly and quietly, and when, an hour later, the Prussians came near, they found not a few outposts, but the whole army ready for them. Their plan for catching the Austrians asleep had been beaten by a gipsy who had kept his eyes open.

LESSON 36.

Eyes and Ears.—Part II.

ti'-ny	fol'-lowed	curve	hur'-ry-ing
ti'-ni-est	fol'-low-ing	thick'-et	mus'-ket
set'-tlers	flut'-ter	qui'-et-ly	slight'-est
pa'-ces	war'-ri-or	trail	brush'-wood

1. A hundred and fifty years ago, when the Indians were spread over the greater part of

North America, and fighting between them and the settlers was going on, a party of four white men had to pass through the great forest from one clearing to another. The leader of the party was an old hunter, who, having spent many years in the woods, knew all the ways of the Indians. The other three were a farmer, a soldier, and a sailor.

2. They walked one after the other, the hunter going first, with swift silent tread, his body bent forward, his gun in the bend of his arm, and his keen dark eyes turning to right and left, seeing the tiniest mark upon the ground or tree trunk, and the slightest movement of beast or bird.

3. They went on all the morning without a sign of Indians; but, towards the middle of the afternoon, the hunter heard the frightened flutter of a jay behind him. Ten minutes later he heard the same thing. Then he dropped upon his knees and stooped his ear to the ground. He rose, shook his head, and walked on with a grave face, casting quick little glances into the shadows.

4. "Do you hear anything?" whispered the farmer.

The hunter put his finger to his lips, and in an instant was on his face, with his ear fixed to the ground. He sprang up, and said quietly: "Walk on, just as you have done all day."

5. "What is it, then?"

"Indians."

"In front of us?"

"No; behind us."

"What are they doing?"

"They are following us."

"How many of them?"

"Two, I think."

6. "How far off are they?"

"About two hundred paces, I think."

"They cannot see us, then?"

"I think not, but I am not sure. They are following us."

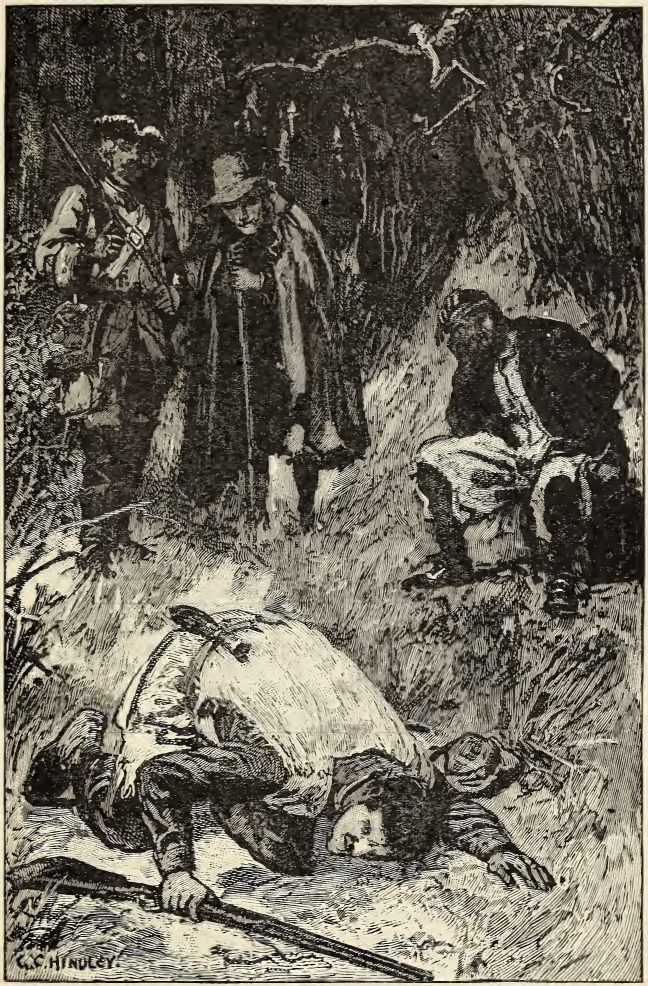
"What shall we do, then?"

"Let us make a circle and get behind them."

7. Turning sharp to the left, he led them in a long curve through the woods, hurrying swiftly and yet silently under the darkest shadows of the trees. Then he turned again, and soon stopped.

"This is our own track," said he. "And a full-grown warrior and a lad on his first war-path have passed over it. And they were moving fast, for you can hardly see their heel marks. Now, let us follow them."

8. He sped swiftly along the trail with his musket cocked, the others close at his heels; but there was no sound and no sign of life from the


C.C. HINDLEY.

woods in front of them. Suddenly the hunter stopped.

"They are still behind us," he said.

"Still behind us?"

"Yes. This is the point where we branched off. They paused here a moment, as you can see by their footprints, and then they followed on."

9. "If we go round again and quicken our pace we may catch them."

"No, they are on their guard now. They must know that it was only because of them that we went back on our tracks. Lie here behind the fallen log, and we shall see if we can get a glimpse of them."

10. Ten minutes passed and there was no sign of any living thing behind them.

"They are over in yonder thicket," whispered the hunter, nodding his head towards a thick clump of brushwood two hundred paces away.

"Have you seen them?"

"No."

"How do you know, then?"

"I saw a squirrel come from his hole in the great white beech yonder. He ran back again as if something had scared him. From his hole he can see down into that brushwood."

11. "Do you think that they know that we are here?"

"They cannot see us, but they fear a trap."

"What shall we do?"

"We had best go on our way."

"But they will follow us."

"I hardly think that they will. We are four and they are only two, and they know now that we are on our guard, and that we can pick up a trail as quickly as they can themselves."

12. So the four men crept out of their hiding-place, and went on their way. After they had gone about a mile, the hunter paused to listen.

"We have not shaken those fellows off yet," he said; "they are still upon our trail."

"You hear them?"

"Yes, and they are not far off. They will find that they have followed us once too often this time. Now I will show you a little trick which may be new to you."

13. Then, speaking to the soldier, he said, "Slip off your shoes."

The soldier pulled off his shoes, and the hunter did the same.

"Put them on as gloves," he said to the farmer and the sailor. "You can sling your muskets over your backs. So! Now down on all fours,

bending yourselves double, with your hands pressing hard upon the earth. There! Two men can thus make the trail of four."

14. While the farmer and the sailor went on, the hunter and the soldier also went on a little way. Then they crouched behind a bush to await the coming of the two Indians.

Adapted from "The Refugees,"
By A. Conan Doyle.

LESSON 37.

March.

de-feat'-ed re-treat'-ed whoop'-ing pre-vail'-ing
graz'-ing rais'-ing plow'-boy a-non'

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun:
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising,
There are forty feeding like one.

Like an army defeated,
The snow hath retreated,

And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plowboy is whooping anon, anon.
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LESSON 38.

Sheep and Goats.

butt	shear'-ers	clothed	ac'-tive
cli'-mates	moun'-tain	kitch'-en	clev'-er-ness
sup-plies'	ar'-ti-cle	fleece	cen'-tral
A'-sia	e-nor'-mous	dis-plays'	ap-proach'

1. Perhaps the sheep is the most useful of all animals. The greater part of the clothing of people who live in cool climates is made from its wool, and its flesh supplies one of the chief articles of food.

2. The hair from a cow's skin can be used only when the animal is dead. But the sheep grows a fresh coat every year. In the winter its wool becomes thick and long, and when the warm weather comes, this wool would drop off and fresh short wool would grow in in its place.

3. Early in the summer the sheep are gathered together, and washed in a stream of running water. Then the shearers set to work and quickly cut off the thick coat, which is called the fleece. As much as twenty pounds of wool are sometimes cut from one sheep.

4. There are many kinds of sheep. Some kinds have no horns, others have very small ones, but the horns of the ram, that is the male sheep, are larger than those of the ewe. Some wild sheep, which live in Central Asia, are provided with enormous horns.

5. Goats are much like sheep in many ways, but are clothed with hair instead of wool. They are armed with long, sharp horns, and the male goat also wears a beard.

6. The goat is more active than the sheep, and its small sharp hoofs enable it to climb high up the mountain sides to feeding-places which sheep cannot reach.

7. The goat displays more intelligence than the sheep, and many stories are told of its cleverness in getting out of difficult places.

8. Two goats were seen one day to approach each other along a narrow ledge of rock which was not wide enough for them to pass side by side.

9. Above them on one side was an upright

wall of rock. Below them was a fall of several hundred feet.

10. Each wished to go its own way, and neither would turn back. For a moment they stood still facing each other. Then one goat knelt

A MOUNTAIN GOAT.

down upon the narrow ledge, while the other carefully stepped over it.

11. A lady tells the following story about

goats: "A goat and her kids lived in the open square upon the side of which my house stood. They were often fed by myself as well as by my servants.

12. "If they were hungry they would come to the hall door, and the old goat would butt at the door until some one came and fed her. The kids also learned the same trick.

13. "After a time we grew tired of this, and did not open the door when the goats knocked.

Now, the out-door bell leading to the kitchen was rung by a wire which ran up the iron railings leading down to the kitchen.

14. "One day the bell rang, and when the cook went out to see who had rung, only the goats were to be seen. At first she thought a boy must have rung the bell and run away. But on watching, she saw the goat hook her horns into the wire and pull it."

LESSON 39.

The Deer.

fal'-low	nat'-u-ral	do-mains'	or'-chards
rein'-deer	re-gard'-less	mon'-arch	scorn'-ing
re'-gions	e-las'-tic	ac-cord'	con-trol'
heath'-er	shad'-ow-y	con'-quered	ar-ti-fi'-cial

1. Deer are found in many parts of the world. At one time wild deer were very abundant in America, but there are not many now.

2. The wild red deer is still found on Exmoor in the west of England, and also in Scotland. The fallow deer, which may be known by the white spots in its coat, is kept in many parks. But it is no longer wild.

3. The reindeer is found in the cold regions of the far north, where it is used by the people as a beast of burden. A reindeer will drag a

heavy sledge over the ice or frozen snow, at the rate of from eight to ten miles an hour.

4. It is so much prized that a man's wealth is reckoned by the number of reindeer he owns.

5. The male deer or stag has handsome horns

A REINDEER SLEDGE.

or antlers, of which he gets a new pair every year. Some time in March two knobs make their appearance upon his head, and by the end of May the horns are full-grown. They fall off in February, and for a few weeks the stag has to do without horns.

6. There is no more beautiful creature than a stag in his pride of antler, his coat of ruddy gold, his grace of form and motion. He seems the natural owner of the oak-woods and the broad slopes of heather. They belong to him and he steps upon the sward in lordly mastership.

THE STAG.

7. The land is his, and the hills, the sweet streams and rocky glens. He is far more natural than the cattle and sheep that have strayed into his domains. When he is present they look as if they had been put there and kept there by artificial means.

8. Utterly scorning control, the walls and hedges are nothing to him—he roams where he chooses, and gathers the food that pleases him.

9. Robbing the crops and claiming his share of the fruit of orchards and gardens, he is quite regardless of the rights of the people who own them.

10. Disturb him in his wild stronghold of oak-wood or heather, and, as he yields to force, still he stops and looks back proudly. He is slain, but never conquered.

11. The branching antlers accord so well with the deep shadowy boughs, and the broad fronds of the brake; the golden red of his coat fits to the fox-glove, the purple heather, and later on to the orange and red of the beech.

12. His easy bounding motion springs from the elastic sward; his limbs climb the steep hill as if it were level; his speed covers the distance, and he goes from place to place as the wind.

13. He not only lives in the wild, wild woods and moors—he grows out of them, as the oak grows from the ground. The noble stag is lord and monarch of all the creatures left to us in English forests, and on English hills.

From RICHARD JEFFERIES' *"Red Deer."*

LESSON 40.

Robinson Crusoe's House.

adze	sur-round'-ed	raf'-ters	nec'-es-sa-ry
thatched	vi'-o-lent	wrought	nec'-es-sa-ries
de-scribed'	ob-serve'	pa'-tience	es-pe'-cial-ly
con-fused'	in'-fi-nite	pleas'-ure	par-tic'-u-lar-ly
be-stowed'	mag-a-zine'	meth'-od	rem'-e-dy
em-ployed'	sep'-a-rate	pas'-sage	yield'-ed

1. I have already described my home, which was a tent under the side of a rock, surrounded with a strong pale of posts and cables, but I might now rather call it a wall, for I raised a kind of wall up against it of turf, about two feet thick on the outside; and, after some time (I think it was a year and a half), I raised rafters from it, leaning to the rock, and thatched or covered it with boughs of trees and such things as I could get to keep out the rain, which I found at some times of the year very violent.

2. I have already observed how I brought all my goods into this pale, and into the cave which I had made behind me; but I must observe, too, that at first this was a confused heap of goods, which, as they lay in no order, took up all my place, so that I had no room to turn myself. So I set to work to enlarge my cave and work farther

into the earth; for it was a loose, sandy rock, which yielded easily to the labor I bestowed upon it.

3. And so when I found that I was pretty safe as to beasts of prey, I worked sideways into the rock; and then, turning to the right again, worked quite out, and made me a door to come out on the outside of my pale or fort. This gave me not only a passage out and in, as it was a back way to my tent and to my store-house, but gave me room to stow my goods.

4. And now I began to apply myself to make such necessary things as I found I most wanted, particularly a chair and a table; for without these I was not able to enjoy the few comforts I had in the world. I could not write or eat, or do several things with so much pleasure without a table.

5. So I went to work. I had never handled a tool in my life; and yet in time, by labor and contrivance, I found that I wanted nothing that I could not have made, especially if I had had tools; however, I made abundance of things, even without tools, and some with no more tools than an adze and a hatchet, which perhaps were never made that way before, and that with infinite labor.

6. For example, if I wanted a board, I had no other way but to cut down a tree, set it before me, and hew it flat on either side with my axe till

I had brought it to be as thin as a plank, and then dub it smooth with my adze.

7. It is true, by this method I could make but

one board out of a whole tree; but this I had no remedy for but patience, any more than I had for the time and labor which it took me to make a plank or board; but my time or labor was little worth, and so it was as well employed one way as another.

8. However, I made me a table and a chair, as I observed above; and this I did out of the short pieces of boards which I brought on my raft from the ship; but when I had wrought out some boards, as above, I made large shelves, of the breadth of a foot and a half, one over another, all along one side of my cave, to lay all my tools, nails, and iron-work on, and, in a word, to separate everything at large in their places, that I might come easily at them.

9. I knocked pieces into the wall of the rock to hang my guns and all things that would hang up. So that, had my cave been seen, it would have looked like a general magazine of all necessary things; and I had everything so ready at my hand that it was a great pleasure to me to see all my goods in such order, and especially to find my stock of all necessaries so great.

LESSON 41.

Robinson Crusoe's Dress.

breech'-es laugh'-ter e-qua'-tor fre'-quent-ly
trou'-sers mon'-strous mus-tach'-es con'-se-quence
bus'-kins um-brel'-la suf-fi'-cient o'-pen-kneed
thighs bar'-bar-ous trav'-el-ling spat'-ter-dash-es

1. But had any man in England met such a man as I was, it must either have frightened him or raised a great deal of laughter; and, as I frequently stood still to look at myself, I could not but smile at the notion of my travelling through Yorkshire in such a dress.

2. I had a great, high, shapeless cap, made of a goat's skin, with a flap hanging down behind, as well to keep the sun from me as to shoot the rain off from running into my neck; nothing being so hurtful in these climates as the rain upon the flesh under the clothes.

3. I had a short jacket of goat-skin, the skirts coming down to about the middle of the thighs, and a pair of open-kneed breeches of the same; the breeches were made of the skin of an old goat, and the hair hung down such a length on either side that it reached to the middle of my legs like trousers.

4. Stockings and shoes I had none; but I made a pair of something, I scarce know what to

call them, like buskins, to flap over my legs, and lace on either side like spatterdashes; but they were of a most barbarous shape, as indeed were all the rest of my clothes.

5. I had on a broad belt of goat-skin dried, which I drew together with two thongs of the same, instead of buckles; and, in a kind of frog on each side of this, instead of a sword and dagger, hung a little saw and hatchet, one on one side, and one on the other. I had another belt not so broad, and fastened in the same manner, which hung over my shoulder; and at the end of it, under my left arm, hung two pouches, both made of goat-skin, too; in one of which hung my powder, in the other my shot.

6. At my back I carried my basket, on my shoulder my gun, and over my head a great, clumsy, ugly, goat-skin umbrella, but which, after all, was the most necessary thing I had about me, next to my gun.

7. As for my face, the color of it was really not so dark as one might expect from a man not at all careful of it, and living within nine or ten degrees of the equator. My beard I had once suffered to grow till it was about a quarter of a yard long; but, as I had both scissors and razors sufficient, I had cut it pretty short, except what grew on my upper lip, which I had trimmed into a large pair of whiskers, such as I had seen worn by some Turks.

8. Of these mustaches or whiskers, I will not

say that they were long enough to hang my hat upon them, but they were of a length and shape monstrous enough, and such as in England would have passed for frightful. But all this is by the by; for, as to my figure, I had so few to observe me that it was of no manner of consequence: so I say no more on that part.

LESSON 42.

Birds in Summer.

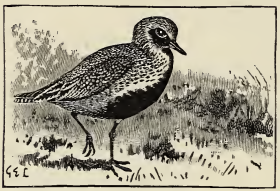
flit'-ting	trav'-erse	lov'-ing-ly	blos'-som-ing
re'-gion	up-borne'	sil'-ver-y	flow'-er-ing
pal'-ace	frol'-ic-some	bil'-low-y	wa'-ter-falls
wan'-der	cham'-bers	wheel'-ing	furze

1. How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,
That open to sun, and stars, and moon;
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds, as they wander by!

2. They have left their nests in the forest bough;
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and old they wander out,
And traverse their green world round about;
And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How, one to the other, they lovingly call:
"Come up, come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes play!"

3. "Come up, come up, for the world is fair,
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air!"
And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come, we come to the branches high!"
How pleasant the life of the birds must be,
Living in love in a leafy tree;
And away through the air, what joy to go,
And to look on the green, bright earth below!

4. How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,



Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong free wing, through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun, face to face,
And pierce, like a shaft, the boundless space!

5. How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth there to flee:
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing down, 'mong the waterfalls;
Then wheeling about, with its mates at play,
Above and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

6. What a joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter among the flowering trees;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath,
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,

And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
That gladden some fairy region old.
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

MARY HOWITT.

LESSON 43.

Leaves.

va'-ried	mois'-ture	stip'-ules	straight
with-al'	nour'-ish-ment	skel'-e-ton	par'-al-lel
con-sists'	mag'-ni-fy-ing	mid'-vein	mar'-gin
tight'-ly	pet'-i-ole	vein'-let	com-pound'

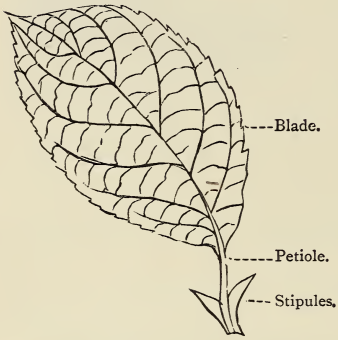
1. Who does not love the beautiful leaves, so varied in their forms and colors, and withal so useful to the plant?

2. You know, do you not, that leaves are the lungs of a plant? On the under side of each leaf are numbers of little mouths, too small to be seen without a magnifying glass.

3. In damp weather and usually in the mornings and at night these mouths are open; but they are tightly closed while the sun is shining.

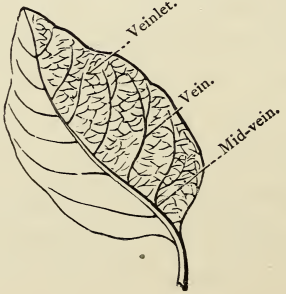
Through them the plant breathes in moisture and nourishment from the air, and throws off waste matter.

4. A leaf consists of two parts, the flat green part or blade, and the stem or petiole. Many leaves, too, have small leaves at the base of the stem which are considered a part of the leaf. These are called stipules.



5. The little lines which you see running through a leaf are called veins. They are the skeleton of the leaf, making it strong and firm.

6. The largest one, running through the centre, is the mid-vein; branches from it are called veins; and branches from the veins are veinlets.



7. When the veins cross one another like the lines of a net, the leaf is said to be net-veined.

PARALLEL-VEINED.

NET-VEINED.

When they run straight through without crossing, the leaf is parallel-veined.

8. Which do you think the prettier? And of which kind do you find the most?

9. You must notice, also, whether the margins of the leaves you collect are entire or toothed. And if toothed, whether the notches point straight

ENTIRE MARGIN.

STRAIGHT-TOOTHED.

SAW-TOOTHED.

ROUND-TOOTHED.

outward, or upward like the teeth of a saw, or whether they are rounded.

10. When a leaf has several blades on one petiole, it is a compound leaf. And each blade is called a leaflet. There are many forms of compound leaves. All of them are graceful and beautiful.

SOME COMPOUND LEAVES.

LESSON 44.

The Anxious Leaf.

rus′-tled	nest′-ling	au′-tumn	striped
tight′-ly	stirred	yel′-low	hol′-i-day
sigh′-ing	mer′-ri-ly	scar′-let	whirled

1. Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf?"

2. And the leaf said, "The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground!" The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree.

3. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to." And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on nestling and singing.

4. Every time the tree shook itself and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off. And so it grew all summer long till October.

5. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors.

6. Then it asked the tree what it meant? And the tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors, because of joy."

7. Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in color, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said, "Oh, branches! why are you lead color and we golden?"

8. "We must keep on our work clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over."

9. Just then, a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up, and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air.

10. And then it fell gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and fell into a dream and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about!

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

LESSON 45.

Birds of Prey.

shep'-herd	whir'-ring	pres'-ent-ly	ra-pa'-cious
meas'-ures	build'-ings	fal'-con-er	for'-tu-nate-ly
en'-e-mies	curved	hooked	ea'-gle
star'-tled	her'-on	se-clu'-ded	warn'-ing

1. Birds which kill other birds are called birds of prey or rapacious birds. Such birds are very swift of flight, and their sight is so keen that they can see small objects at great distances. Their beaks are curved or hooked, and their claws are strong and sharp. Hence they easily tear their food to pieces.

2. Eagles, hawks, falcons and owls are birds of this kind. The eagle is the king of birds. Though an eagle is only about twelve pounds in weight, it measures as much as ten feet across the wings, and can fly at a

THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

speed of more than a hundred miles an hour.

3. An eagle is so strong that it can pick up and carry away to great heights such animals as a rabbit, a hare, or even a lamb. An eagle has even been known to carry away a child.

4. A woman who was working in the fields laid her child in the soft grass by the side of the hedge while she went on reaping. Presently she was startled by hearing loud screams, and on looking up what was her horror to see a large eagle carrying the child away in its claws!

5. The eagle flew across a lake, and then, finding the child heavy, flew to earth and laid the baby down while it rested. Fortunately a shepherd saw the eagle, and running quickly he drove it away before it could pick up the child again. Strange to say, though much frightened, the child was not hurt.

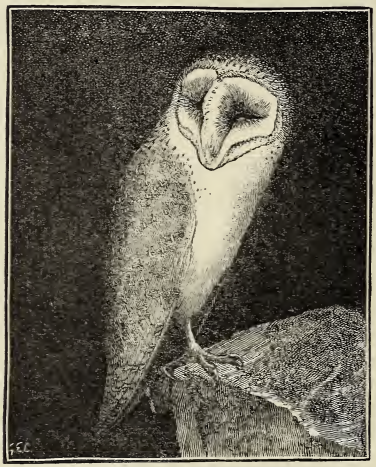
6. There are many kinds of hawks. Some are nearly as large as an eagle, while others are not much bigger than a blackbird. A hawk is much like an eagle in general appearance, but it has a shorter beak.

7. At one time hawks were commonly trained to catch other birds, and they are still used for this purpose in some parts of the world.

A HAWK STRIKING A HERON.

8. The man who tended the hawks was the falconer. He carried the hawk perched upon his wrist, and covered its head with a cap. On seeing a bird that he wished to kill he removed the cap and threw the hawk into the air, following as quickly as possible with horse and dogs. Herons were often hunted in this way.

9. Owls are birds of prey that feed by night. The beak of an owl is much like that of a hawk, being short and hooked, while its claws are strong and curved. Its eyes are bright and full, so that it can see easily at night.



THE BARN OWL.

10. Owls live mostly upon field-mice, which feed at night. As these little animals are very quick in their movements, the owl has to approach them without making the least sound.

11. The owl's feathers are so soft that the

bird makes no whirring noise in its flight, and so gives the mice no warning of its approach.

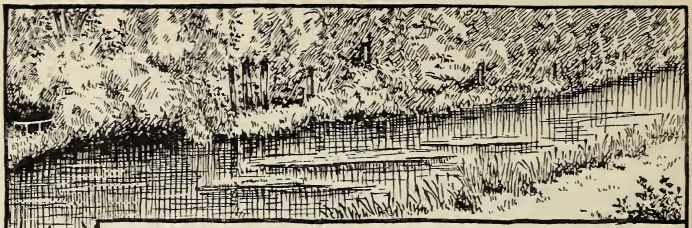
12. Falcons have long, strong, pointed wings. So much were they valued for hunting, that at

FALCON AND YOUNG.

one time in England, to kill a falcon was a crime punishable by death.

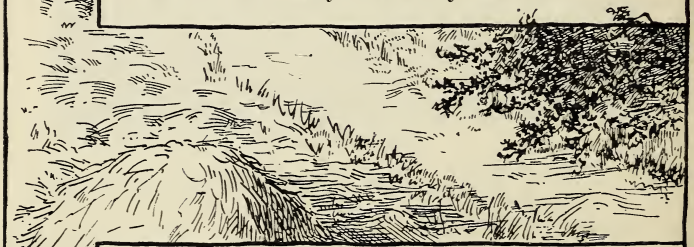
The kings of Persia used to keep thousands of falcons trained to hunt foxes, boars, and other wild animals.

Where shall we walk?

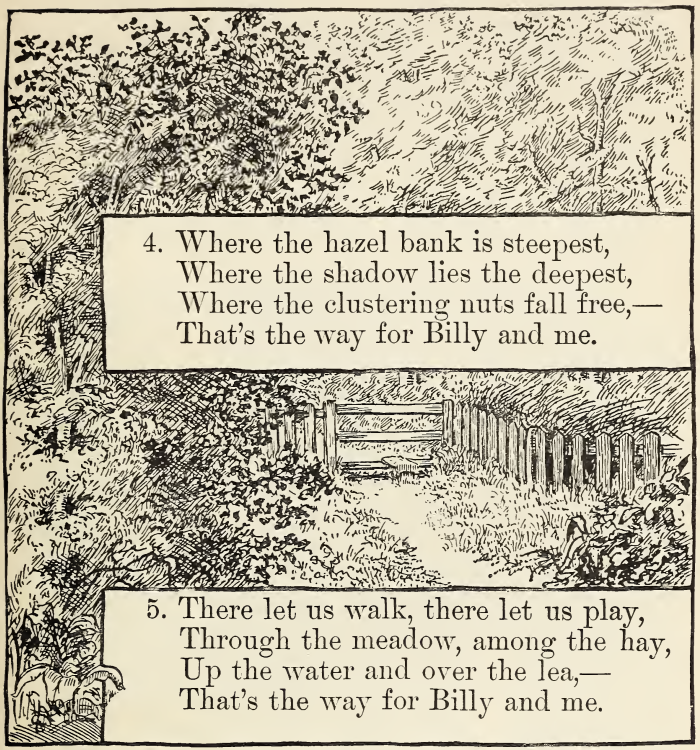


1. Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,—
That's the way for Billy and me.

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.

pools	chirp	thick'-est	shad'-ow
ha'-zel	nest'-lings	haw'-thorn	clus'-ter-ing
gray	black'-bird	lat'-est	sweet'-est
mead'-ows	clean'-est	green'-est	home'-ward
mow'-ers	wa'-ter	though	steep'-est
lea	flee	deep'-est	a-mong'

LESSON 47.

The Unselfish Artist.

breath	can'-vas	par-ti'-tion	stu'-dents
breathe	plat'-form	gov'-ern-or	un-self'-ish
clev'-er	Eu'-rope	pic'-ture	art'-ist
loosed	wronged	re-ward'	val'-u-a-ble

1. In a large city in the east of France there used to be a fine school of painting. Once a year, to the student who painted the best picture a very valuable prize was given,—enough money to take him to Rome and back, to keep him there for two years, and to pay for lessons from the greatest teachers living there, at a time when the greatest teachers in Europe lived in that city.

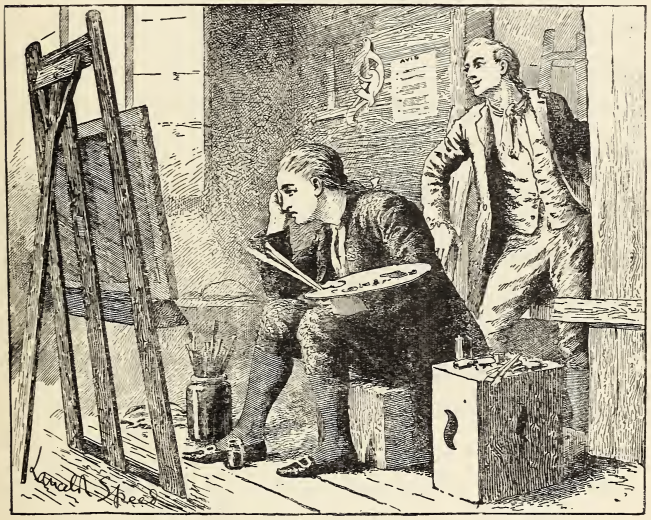
2. To make sure that the students trying for the prize got no help, each was locked in a room by himself, and a man walked up and down the passage to see that none but the right student went into this room.

3. Among those trying for the prize in 1788 were two friends. The name of one was Peter, and of the other, Louis. Louis was very clever with his brush, but not so clever as Peter.

4. Though Louis painted a pretty picture, he was not pleased with it, and, being in the habit

of talking to himself, he said aloud: "Oh, dear! Peter's painting will be twice as good as mine, and I shall not win the prize. And I did so want to win it for my parents are poor, and cannot afford to keep me here any longer. If I fail, I should like to die."

5. It happened that Peter was in the next



room, and, through the thin partition, he heard what his friend had spoken. Thereupon he quietly loosed two or three of the boards, and passed into Louis' room. Through the opening Louis looked at Peter's picture, which was, in-

deed, more beautiful than his own. "There!" he cried; "I knew that I was right."

6. Peter said: "Cheer up, old friend! perhaps my work *is* better than yours; but, if you will promise never to breathe a word to any one, I will give you mine, and you can pass it off as your own." Louis nearly jumped for joy, and answered: "I would promise anything if I could win the prize." The pictures were changed in a moment. Peter returned to his own room and fixed the boards, and his canvas was sent to the judges as Louis'.

7. At length came the day when the name of the winner was to be made known, and a crown was to be placed on his head. On a platform, in the City Hall, sat the governor and the judges; the students sat at the foot; and, beyond them, reaching to the very door, was a crowd made up of the nobles, the priests, and the other chief men and women of the town.

8. One of the judges stood up, and there was a deep silence, followed by ringing shouts from the students and the crowd, when he named Louis as the painter of the best picture. The governor made a sign for Louis to mount the platform. Deadly pale, the young man rose and walked forward, but when he reached the steps, he stopped

and said: "No! whatever pain it may cost me, I will not let the noble heart of my friend be wronged, and I will not take the reward which is due to him. The crown must not rest upon my brows, for the picture which has won the prize is the work of Peter."

9. The people stared on hearing these words, and thought that joy had turned Louis' head, till he told the whole story. Having told it, he added: "Peter's act was all the more noble because he is as poor as I am, and wants to go to Rome as much as I do. I have sworn silence, but I cannot keep my vow; and I beg you to give the prize to Peter, to whom it rightly belongs."

10. When Louis began to speak, Peter tried to steal away, but the other students held him; and, in the end, they raised him in their arms and carried him up to the platform, where the governor, with high praise for his unselfishness, crowned him. Soon afterwards he went to Rome, and worked so hard and well that he became one of the greatest of French artists.

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

TENNYSON.

LESSON 48.

The Four Sunbeams.

scenes	low'-li-est	play'-mate	re-solved'
veil	drear'-i-est	play'-fel-lows	ca-ressed'
in'-val-id	through	cot'-tage	dan'-cing

1. Four little sunbeams came earthward one day,
   All shining and dancing along on their way,
   Resolved that their course should be blest.
   "Let us try," they all whispered, "some kindness to do,
   Not seek our own happiness all the day through,
   Then meet in the eve at the west."

2. One sunbeam ran in at a low cottage door,
   And played "hide and seek" with a child on the floor,
   Till baby laughed loud his glee,
   And chased in delight his strange playmate so bright,
   The little hands grasping in vain for the light
   That ever before them would flee.

3. One crept to the couch where an invalid lay,
   And brought him a dream of the sweet summer day,

Its bird-song, and beauty, and bloom;
Till pain was forgotten, and weary unrest,
And, in fancy, he roamed through the scenes he loved best,
Far away from the dim, darkened room.

4. One stole to the heart of a flower that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad,
And lifted her white face again;
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
And lightens all labor and pain.

5. And one, where a little blind girl sat alone,
Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone
On hands that were folded and pale,
And kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,
That never would gaze on the beautiful light,
Till angels had lifted the veil.

6. At last, when the shadows of evening were falling,
And the sun, their great father, his children was calling,

Four sunbeams passed into the west.
All said: "We have found that, in seeking the pleasure
Of others, we fill to the full our own measure."
Then softly they sank to their rest.

LESSON 49.

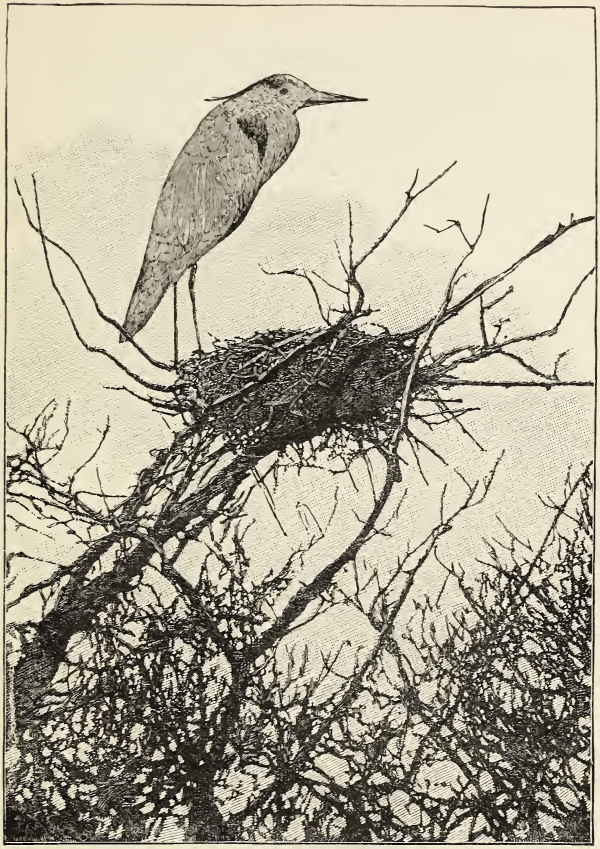
Birds: The Waders.

her'-on-ry	eels	mo'-tion-less	stat'-ue
rook'-er-y	is'-let	so'-cia-ble	ap'-pe-tite
read'-i-ly	pounce	dain'-ty	fore'-sight

1. Another class of birds find their food by the side of rivers or lakes or in the shallow waters of arms of the sea. Such birds have long legs, to enable them to wade some distance from the shore, and long sharp beaks, by which they readily pounce upon a fish that may come in their way.

2. One of the best known of the waders is the heron. He is a sociable bird, and builds his nest in company with many others in the tops of tall trees. We call such a bird-town a heronry, just as we call a place where many rooks live a rookery.

3. As daylight is fading the heron may be seen standing motionless near the edge of the lake. He looks more like a gray statue than a



HERON AND NEST : FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM NATURE.

bird. But suddenly he darts his long beak into the water and with one jerk a fish has gone to form part of his evening meal.

4. A heron has a good appetite, and he has been known to eat five fair-sized eels for his supper; he is not very dainty, and failing fish he is content with frogs, and even a water-rat does not come amiss to him.

5. The heron is a shy bird, but there is no mistaking his flight as he wends his way home with his long legs streaming out behind him.

6. The coot is also a wader, though it spends much of its time in swimming. It is a small bird, black all over except a white patch on the top of its head.

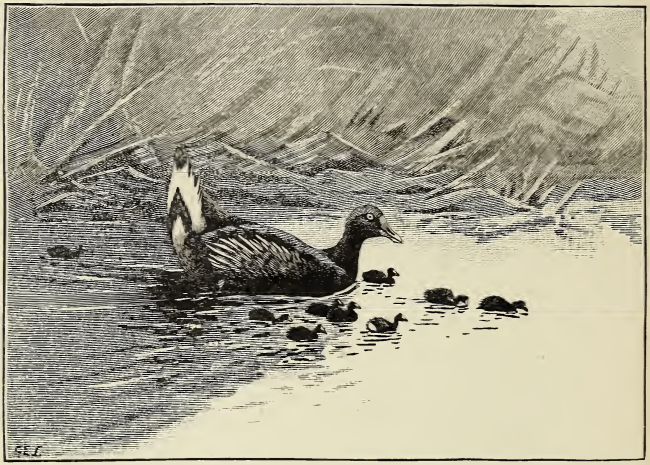
7. The coot builds its nest of reeds, rushes, and long grass, binding and twisting them together until the nest is strong enough to support the eggs and mother, as well as the young ones when they are hatched.

8. The nest is generally placed in a small islet in the middle of a stream or pond where long grass grows, and contains from ten to fourteen eggs, which are whitish but covered with brown spots.

9. The young birds take to the water soon after they are hatched, and it is a pretty sight to watch the old birds with their little fluffy darlings swimming about in the cool of the evening.

A WATER-HEN'S NEST: FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM NATURE.

10. The water-hen is very much like the coot. It builds its nest upon a small islet or upon the overhanging branches of a tree, and displays much foresight in raising its nest so high that even if the river does rise its eggs will be safe.



A WATER-HEN WITH YOUNG.

11. Like the coot the water-hen hatches out a large family, seldom less than six in number and often ten to fourteen. The young ones are pretty little creatures and look like black balls of fluff swimming about.

12. Though the water-hen has so many young ones it also has many foes, the worst of which is

the pike. As the young birds swim about there is a sudden swirl, and in an instant the greedy fish has seized one of the fluff balls for his supper.

LESSON 50.

Song.

spark'-ling nurs-er-y al-lot'-ted wan'-der-ers

1. "O Moon," said the children, "O Moon that shineth fair,
   Why do you stay so far away, so high above us there?
   O Moon, you must be very cold from shining on the sea;
   If you would come and play with us, how happy we should be!"

2. "O Children," said the moon, "I shine above your head,
   That I may light the ships at night, when the sun has gone to bed;
   That I may show the beggar-boy his way across the moor,
   And bring the busy farmer home to his own cottage door."

3. "O Moon," said the children, "may we shine
in your place?
They say that I have sunny hair, and I a
sparkling face,
To light the ships and beggar-boys, we greatly
do desire;
And you might come and warm yourself, be-
fore the nursery fire."

4. "O Children," said the moon, "we have each
allotted parts;
'Tis yours to shine by love divine, on happy
human hearts;
'Tis mine to make the pathway bright, of
wanderers that roam;
'Tis yours to scatter endless light, on those
that stay at home."

From "Poems Written for a Child."

LESSON 51.

The Spartan Three Hundred.—PART I.

warred	Spar'-tans	comb'-ing	coun'-try-men
Medes	Per'-sians	re-venge'	in-vad'-ers
free'-dom	Greece	wrest'-ling	fash'-ion
a-gainst'	a-mus'-ing	no'-tice	dan'-ger

1. This is the story of one of the greatest deeds of arms that was ever done. The men who fought

in it did not fight for love of land or gold or power, nor were they soldiers who knew not why they went to battle. They warred for the freedom of their country; they were few against many; they might have gone home with glory after killing thousands of the enemy, but they chose with greater glory to die.

2. It was 480 years before the birth of Christ. The "Great King" of Persia was leading the countless armies of Asia against Greece, which was then split up into a number of small parts. Some of these were for peace at any price, while others were willing to risk ruin and death in fighting for their freedom.

3. The enemy, in entering Greece, would have to march through a narrow Pass, with the sea on one side and a very steep rock on the other. Here only could a small force hope to stand against a large one, and here the Greeks made up their minds to stand.

4. The Spartans were the bravest people in all Greece. They would die rather than give in, and they never lived to see a battle lost. Their king was chosen to lead the Greeks. He took with him three hundred of his own Spartans, all of whom were men who had sons to keep their families and to seek revenge if their fathers fell.

5. Besides his own three hundred the Spartan king had with him some seven or eight thousand men from other parts of Greece, and with this small army he was going to stand against an army a hundred times as big! When he reached the Pass he found—what he did not know before—that there was a path over the mountain by which the Persians (if some one would show them the way) could get over and fall upon his rear. He sent some of the men whom he could best spare to guard this path, and with the rest prepared to guard the Pass.

6. When the "Great King" came in sight, he sent forward a horseman to spy out the Greek camp. This man saw the Spartans amusing themselves with running and wrestling, and combing their long hair. They took no notice of the Persian, who rode back to tell his master how few and how fearless they were.

7. There was with the invaders a man who had once been King of Sparta, and when he was asked what the doings of his countrymen meant, he said: "These men have come to fight you for the Pass, and they are making ready for the battle, because it is the fashion of our country for us to comb and tend our hair when we are about to put our heads in danger."

LESSON 52.

The Spartan Three Hundred.—PART II.

he'-ro	Medes	bod'-y-guard	dag'-ger
he'-roes	Greeks	hurled	fared
Thebes	Per'-sians	trod'-den	cap'-tain

1. The "Great King" would not believe him. He waited four days, and then bade his Medes

fetch the Greeks to him. The Medes were brave, but the Greeks were braver. Wave after wave, all day long, the invaders dashed against the holders of the Pass, who hurled them back as the rocks beneath them hurled back the waves of the sea. "Whereby it was made clear to all, and not least to the 'Great King,' that men are many, but heroes are few."

2. Next day, the very pick of the Persian army, the Ten Thousand who formed the body-guard of their master, were sent: but they fared no better; and the "Great King" three times jumped off his throne with fear as he saw them driven back in ruin. The third day they had no better luck.

3. Now, there lived near the Pass a Greek, who cared more for gold than for his country, and he told the "Great King" about the path over the mountain. The king was very glad, and sent men along the path by night. The guards whom the Spartan king had placed there, saw, but did not try to stop them. So the Persians marched on till they got to the rear of the holders of the Pass.

4. When news that they were on the way reached the Spartan king his army was not of one mind as to what should be done. Some were

for going home, as they could not hold the Pass any longer. To them the king said: "Go! but it would be a shame for a Spartan to turn his back on any foe." So they went, all but the Three Hundred, and about seven hundred men of Thebes.

5. The Spartan king, knowing that the end had come, did not wait to be attacked front and rear, but rushed forth. The Greeks drove the Persians like cattle with their spears; the captains drove them back on the spears with whips. Many fell from the path into the sea, and many more were trodden down under the feet of their own friends. But the spears of the Greeks, at last, broke in their hands. Then they drew their swords and charged again. In the charge fell the Spartan king; the bravest man of men whose names I know. Over him fell the two brothers of the "Great King," for they fought for the body, and four times the Greeks drove back the Persians.

6. Now the Persians who had passed to the rear by the mountain path came up. The Greeks knew that their last hour was come; so they took the body of the king and stood back to back upon a little hill, where they seemed like an island in a sea of enemies. Here, each man fought till he

died, stabbing with his dagger when his sword was broken, and striking with his fists when the point of his dagger was blunted.

LESSON 53.

A Summer Day.

chim'-ney	but'-ter-cup	day'-light	tin'-kle
lawns	dawns	sheaves	whirl
boughs	skies	low'-ing	pur'-ple

1. This is the way the morning dawns:
   Rosy tints on flowers and trees,
   Winds that wake the birds and bees,
   Dewdrops on the field 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 birdie sings:
"Baby birdies in the nest,
You I surely love the best;
Over you I fold my wings,"—
This is the way the birdie sings.

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

LESSON 54.

How the Baby Grows.

pret'-ti-est	grand'-mam-ma	mer'-ri-ly	cheer'-i-ly
wrin'-kled	beau'-ty	fringe	rip'-ples
dim'-ples	limbs	lisp'-ing	tongue

1. Nobody sees the baby grow,
Baby dear with the laughing eyes,

Who came to our house a year ago,
Looking ever so wrinkled and wise;
But every day of the happy year
He has taken upon him some beauty new,
And as for growing, why, this is clear,
He's never had anything else to do.

2. Grandmamma says: "When he's asleep,
Then it is that the baby grows."
Close to the crib we often creep
To watch, but we don't think grandma knows.
Never a fringe of the golden hair
Clustering soft around his brow
Lengthens the least while we are there,
And yet it is growing—the wonder, how?

3. Nobody sees the baby grow,
But over his rosy little face
The prettiest ripples of laughter flow,
The dancing dimples merrily chase,
The tiny feet are learning to walk,
The rounded limbs are growing strong,
The lisping tongue is learning to talk,
As cheerily pass the days along.

4. Nobody can explain it all,
But one thing to our thought is clear:
God, who sees if a sparrow fall,
Sent our beautiful baby here.
And mother cares for him day and night,—
'Tis easy enough when she loves him so,—
And God, whenever she puts out the light,
Just looks in and makes him grow.

LESSON 55.

Inside a Letter-Box.

ad-dress′	wrap′-per	ma′-jes-ty	en′-vel-ope
mourn′-ful	im-por′-tant	be-gin′-ning	gov′-ern-ment
pleas′-ure	pri′-vate	af′-fair	of′-fice

1. "Oh, dear, what a queer place this is!" said a little pink envelope, as it fell into a red box from which the postman had just taken away the letters for the early mail. "I wonder why Miss Rose has thrown me away like this after taking so much care of me; really it is too bad of her to treat me so unkindly; I feel ready to cry, I do!"

2. But it did not cry; for just then a post-card came tumbling into the box, and fell beside the little envelope, which was glad to have some one to talk to, and at once began: "Do please tell

me where I am, and what is going to happen to me."

"With pleasure," said the post-card; "we are in the High Street letter-box, and in about an hour and a half the postman will come and take us away to the General Post Office, and then we shall each go to the place written on our backs."

3. "Oh, thank you so much," said the little envelope, beginning to feel safe again; "I shall go to Southport then, and inside me there is such a nice letter, but I must not tell you what it says, because it is marked 'Private.' But I suppose you may tell me all about yourself, may you not, as you seem to know everything?"

4. "Well," said the post-card, "I dare say I should have known as little about it as you do, if I were not the return half of a reply post-card, and thus had been through it all before."

The post-card was going on, but just then about a dozen letters were thrown into the box, the biggest in a blue envelope with a red seal on the back.

5. One of the new-comers, which had no less than five stamps on it, told the rest that there was a ten-pound note inside it, and that it was going to California.

"Oh, there is no money in me," said a smart-

looking gray envelope, which had a monogram on the back; "but I am sure that I shall be quite as welcome as you, for the letter I carry will tell a dear little girl that she may join her mother at the seaside, and so will not have to go back to school for three weeks."

6. "I do not know what is inside me," said a dirty yellow wrapper, with only a one cent stamp on it; "and I am sure I don't care, but I should like to have a full address. How can the postman know where 'Mr. Jones, New York,' lives?" All the letters burst out laughing at the mournful tone in which the yellow wrapper spoke; but one of them stopped short, for it just then found out that it had no address at all, and would be sent to the Dead Letter Office. The laugh now went against this one; and the yellow wrapper felt quite glad that some one else was worse off than itself.

7. "I say!" cried our friend the pink envelope to the post-card, "have you any idea what can be in that big blue affair with the seal?"

The "big blue affair" heard this, and in a loud voice cried: "I am on the Government's service, and carry a most important list of names; it is so important that it has been three times to and fro because first of all nobody in the office

could say whether *Thompson* should be spelt with a '*p*' or without one, and after this had been settled it turned out that the name was not Thompson at all."

8. All the letters laughed so much at this that the big blue one became sulky and silent. There was one very good-looking envelope in the heap which had not spoken a word to any one the whole time. It now turned to the little pink one, and said: "You seem rather amused at all this talk; now what do you think is inside me?"

"I am sure I do not know," said our friend, "but your address is very well written."

9. "Yes," said the other, "and the letter inside me is well written also. It is from little Edith, to let her mother know that she has won the class prize again."

"You may well be proud of a letter like that," said the pink envelope.

10. "There is something very different inside me," said another good-looking envelope; "my letter begins: 'Dear Sir, I beg leave . . .'" but before the envelope could say another word the door of the letter-box opened, and letters, post-cards, and all were taken out and carried off by the postman in his bag.

LESSON 56.

Children.

ques'-tions per-plexed' van'-ished at'-mos-phere
juic'-es bal'-lads ca-ress'-e scon-triv'-ings

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

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

3. In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
   In your thoughts the brooklets flow
   But in mine is the wind of Autumn
   And the first fall of the snow.

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

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

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

7. Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear

What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

8. For what are all our contrivings
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

9. Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

LONGFELLOW.

LESSON 57.

Alone.

brae	sor'-rows	chaf'-finch	a-trem'-ble
ghosts	fal'-lows	wist'-ful	re-sem'-ble
flit'-teth	swal'-lows	wag'-tail	de-part'-ing
slip'-peth	flat'-ter	dim'-pled	at-tend'-ing
dip'-peth	flut'-ter	laugh'-ter	pon'-der
run'-ning	list'-less	wood'-land	mourn'-ful
veils	wend'-ing	mu'-sic	gauze

1. When the dimpled water slippeth,
Full of laughter on its way,
And her wing the wagtail dippeth,
Running by the brink at play;
When the poplar leaves a-tremble,
Turn their edges to the light,

And the far-up clouds resemble
Veils of gauze most clear and white;
And the sunbeams fall and flatter
Woodland moss and branches brown,
And the glossy finches chatter
Up and down, up and down:
Though the heart be not attending,
Having music of her own,
On the grass through meadows wending,
It is sweet to walk alone.

2. When the falling waters utter
Something mournful on their way,
And departing swallows flutter,
Taking leave of bank and brae;
When the chaffinch idly sitteth
With her mate upon the sheaves,
And the wistful robin flitteth
Over beds of yellow leaves;
When the clouds, like ghosts that ponder
Evil fate, float by and frown,
And the listless wind doth wander
Up and down, up and down:
Though the heart be not attending,
Having sorrows of her own,
Through the fields and fallows wending,
It is sad to walk alone. JEAN INGELOW.

LESSON 58.

A Storm Song.

scud'-ding	whis'-tling	ter'-ri-ble	guid'-ing
rig'-ging	tem'-pest	pit'-i-less	har'-bor
win'-try	whelm'-ing	cour'-age	o'-cean

1. The clouds are scudding across the moon;
   A misty light is on the sea;
   The wind in the shrouds has a wintry tone,
   And the foam is flying free.

2. Brothers, a night of terror and gloom
   Speaks in the cloud and gathering roar;
   Thank God, He has given us broad sea-room,
   A thousand miles from shore.

3. Down with the hatches on those who sleep!
   The wild and whistling deck have we;
   Good watch, my brothers, to-night we'll keep,
   While the tempest is on the sea!

4. Though the rigging shriek in his terrible grip,
   And the naked spars be snapped away,
   Lashed to the helm, we'll drive our ship
   In the teeth of the whelming spray!

5. Hark, how the surges o'erleap the deck!
   Hark, how the pitiless tempest raves!
   Ah! daylight will look upon many a wreck
   Drifting over the desert waves.

6. Yet, courage, brothers! we trust the wave
With God above us, our guiding chart:
So, whether to harbor or ocean grave,
Be it still with a cheery heart!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

LESSON 59.

The Song of the Wood.

woe	mes'-sage	beau'-ti-ful	whis'-pered
ques'-tion	re-gret'	un-der-stands'	an'-swered

1. "What are you singing of, soft and mild,
Green leaves, waving your gentle hands?
Is it a song for a little child,
Or a song God only understands?
Is it a song of hope or fear?
A song of regret that you must die?
Is it a song of welcome cheer?
Is it a song of a sad good-by?
Is it some message that you bring,
Hanging there 'mid the earth and sky?
Who has taught you the song you sing?
Or do you sing though you know not why?"

2. Answered the green leaves, soft and mild,
Whispered the green leaves, soft and clear:
"It is a song for every child,

It is a song God loves to hear,
It is the only song we know;
We never question how or why
'Tis not a song of fear or woe,
A song of regret that we must die:
Ever at morn and at eventide
This is our song in the deep old wood:
'Earth is beautiful, Heaven is wide,
And we are happy, for God is good!'"

F. E. WEATHERLY.

LESSON 60.

The Night Wind.

broods	mod'-el	blan'-kets	rue'-ful-lest
pit'-i-ful	speech'-less	ghost'-ly	hoarse'-ly

Have you ever heard the wind go "Yooooo"?
'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!
It seems to chill you through and through
With a strange and speechless fear;
It's the voice of the night that broods outside
When folk should be asleep.
And many and many's the time I've cried
To the darkness that brooded far and wide
Over the land and deep:
"Whom do you want, O lonely night,
That you wait the long hours through?"
And the night would say in its ghostly way:

"Yoooooo!
Yoooooo!
Yoooooo!"

My mother told me long ago
(When I was a little lad)
That when the night went wailing so,
Somebody had been bad;
And then when I was snug in bed,
Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets drawn up round my head,
I'd think of what my mother 'd said,
And wonder what boy she meant;
And "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew;
And that voice would say in its awful way:
"Yoooooo!
Yoooooo!
Yoooooo!"

That this was true I must allow—
You'll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
I was not always so.
And if you doubt what things I say,
Suppose you make the test;
Suppose, when you've been bad some day,

And up to bed are sent away
From mother and the rest—
Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
And then you'll hear what's true;
For the wind will moan in its ruefullest tone:
"Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!" —EUGENE FIELD.

From "Love Songs of Childhood." Copyright, 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Difficult Words in this Book—Arranged Alphabetically.

1.	2.	3.	4.
Ab-er-deen′	adze	ant′-lers	at-tempts′
a-bid′-eth	af-fec′-tion	ap-pear′-ance	at-ten′-tion
a-bun′-dance	af-fec′-tion-ate	ap′-pe-tite	Aus′-tri-a
a-bun′-dant	a-larm′	ap-point′-ment	Aus′-tri-an
ac-cord′	al-lowed′	ap-proach′-ing	au′-tumn
ad-dress′	al-read′-y	ar′-dent	a-wan′-der-ing
ad-mired′	al′-way	ar-ti-fi′-cial	awe
ad-mir′-ing	a-muse′	as-ton′-ished	aw′-ful
a-dopt′-ed	a-muse′-ment	as-ton′-ish-ment	bal′-lads
ad-van′-tage	an′-swered	at′-mos-phere	bar′-ba-rous

5.	6.	7.	8.
bar′-on	big	breath	bus′-y
bar′-ren	big′-gest	breathe	busi′-ness
bass	bil′-low-y	breech′-es	butt
beau′-ti-ful	bit′-ter-ly	brief	but′-ter-cup
beau′-ti-ful-ly	blos′-som-ing	bri-gade′	but′-ter-fly
be-gin′-ning	blos′-soms	brush′-wood	cai′-tiff
be-lieve′	bod′-y-guard	build′-ings	can′-non
be-sieged′	bowl′-der	bur′-row	can′-vas
be-stowed′	brand′-ed	bur′-y-ing	cap′-tain
Be′-vis	break′-fast	bus′-kins	car′-cass

9.	10.	11.	12.
care'-ful-ly	cau'-tious	clap	come
care'-less-ly	caw'-ing	clap'-ping	com'-ing
ca-ressed'	Cax'-ton	clev'-er	com-mit'-ted
ca-ress'-es	char'-ac-ter	clev'-er-ness	com-pan'-ion
car'-ry	cheer'-i-ly	clothed	com-pris'-es
car'-riage	cher'-ubs	clo'-ven	con-cealed'
car'-ried	chim'-ney	clus'-ter-ing	con-fused'
car'-ries	choir	col-lect'-ing	con'-quered
car'-ry-ing	Christ'-mas	comb'-ing	con-sents'
cat'-kins	cli'-mates	com'-fort-a-bly	con'-se-quence

13.	14.	15.	16.
con-tin'-ued	crawled	de-cay'	dif'-fi-cult
con-tract'-ed	crea'-ture	de-ceived'	di-rec'-tion
con-triv'-ance	crouch'-ing	de-coy'	dis-cov'-er
con-trived'	cruis'-ing	de-feat'-ed	dis-cov'-ered
con-triv'-ings	cud'-chew-ing	del'-i-cate	dis-dains'
con-trol'	daf'-fo-dils	de-scribed'	dis'-mal
coun'-tries	dag'-ger	de-sert'-ed	dis-play'
coun'-try	dai'-sies	des'-per-ate	dis-played'
coun'-try-men	dai'-sy	de-ter'-mined	dis'-tanc-es
cous'-in	day'-light	de-vour'	dis-tin'-guish

17.	18.	19.	20.
dis-tress'	dread'-ed	en'-e-mies	Es'-ki-mo
dis-turbed'	ear'-ly	en'-er-gy	es-pe'-cial
di-vine'	eas'-y	en-gaged'	es-pe'-cial-ly
dodg'-es	eas'-i-ly	en-joy'-ment	e'-ven-song
do-mains'	eels	en-larg'-es	ex-am'-ine
dom'-i-no	eight'-een	e-nough'	ex-am'-ple
dom'-i-noes	e-las'-tic	en'-ter-ing	ex-cite'-ment
dou'-bled	el'-e-phants	en'-trance	ex-cit'-ing
drear'-y	em-ployed'	en'-vel-ope	ex-pec-ta'-tion
drear'-i-est	en-closed'	e-qua'-tor	ex-plode'

21.		22.	
ex-tin'-guished	fa-mil'-iar	fas'-tened	flit
fair'-y	fam'-i-lies	fas'-ten-ings	flit'-ting
fair'-ies	fan'-cied	fa'-vor-a-ble	flow'-er-ing
fal'-con-er	fan'-cy	fa'-vor-ite	fol'-lowed
fal'-low	fear'-less-ly	fierce'-ness	fol'-low-ing

23.

for'-tress
for'-tu-nate-ly
fourth
fre'-quent-ly
friend'-ly

24.

fright'-ened
frol'-ic-some
fruit'-less
gar'-den-er
gath'-er-ing

gen'-er-al
gen'-er-al-ly
gen-er-a'-tions
gen'-tle-man
gi'-ant

gip'-sy
gi-raffe'
gnarled
gnaw'-ing
good-tem'-pered

25.

gov'-ern-or
grad'-u-al-ly
grand'-mam-ma
grat'-i-tude
grieve
guard
guilt'-y
half'-pen-ny
ham'-pered
hand'-som-est

26.

hap'-pened
haunts
haw'-thorn
ha'-zel
heath'-er
heav'-en
height
herb'-age
he'-ro
he'-roes

27.

her'-on-ry
hol'-lows
hon'-or
house'-keep-er
how'-dah
hum
hum'-ming
hur'-ried
hur'-ry-ing
im-ag'-ine

28.

im-mense'
im-mor'-tal
im-por'-tance
im-por'-tant
in-duced'
in'-fi-nite
in'-no-cent
in'-stinct
in-tel'-li-gence
in-tend'-ed

29.

in-tent'-ly
in-ter-rupt'-ed
in-vad'-ers
is'-let
i'-vo-ry
jack'-als
jeal'-ous-y
juic'-es
jun'-gles
keen'-ness

30.

Kem'-ble
kitch'-en
kneel'-ing
knocked
la'-bor
laugh'-ter
la'-ver-ock
la'-zi-ness
leath'-ern
lei'-sure-ly

31.

leop'-ard
lib'-er-ty
lil'-y
lin'-gered
lin'-net
lis'-ten-ing
lov'-ing-ly
low'-li-est
loy'-al
mag-a-zine'

32.

mag'-ic
maid'-ens
ma'-jes-ty
mas'-tiff
may'-or
may'-or-ess
mead'-ow
meas'-ures
Medes
Med-i-ter-ra'ne-an

33.

mel'-o-dy
mel'-o-dies
mem'-o-ries
mer'-ri-ly
meth'-od
mis'-chief
mis'-er-able
mis'-tle-toe
mon'-arch
mon'-grel

34.

mon'-strous
mo'-tion-less
moun'-tain
mourn'-ful
move'-ments
mur'-dered
mus'-ket
mus-tach'-es
mut'-tered
naugh'-ty

35.

na'-ture
nat'-u-ral
nec'-es-sa-ry
nec'-es-sa-ries
neigh'-bor
neigh'-bor-ing
nest'-lings
night'-in-gale
nod
nod'-ded

36.

noise'-less-ly
nurs'-er-y
nurs'-er-y-man
ob-serve'
ob-served'
ob-serv'-ing
ob-tained'
o'-pen-kneed
op'-po-site
or'-chards

37.	38.	39.	40.
or'-dered	per-plexed'	pleas'-ant	pray
o-ver-joyed'	Per'-sians	pleas'-ure	prey
pal'-ace	phan'-toms	po-lice'-man	pre-fer'
par-tic'-u-lar-ly	piec'-es	po'-nies	pres'-ent-ly
par-ti'-tion	pi'-lot	pop	pre-tence'
par'tridge	plat'-form	popped	pret'-ti-est
pas'-sage	play'-fel-lows	po-si'-tion	pre-vail'-ing
pa'-tience	play'-ground	poul'-try-yard	pre-vent'
pa'-tient-ly	play'-mate	pow'-dered	pre-vent'-ed
per'-il-ous	plow'-man	pow'-er-ful	Prim'-mins

41.	42.	43.	44.
prim'-ro-ses	puz'-zled	re'-gion	re-treat'-ed
prin'-cess	ques'-tions	re'-gions	re-venge'
pro-ceed'	raft'-ers	rein'-deer	re-ward'-ed
prom'-ise	ranche	rem'-e-dy	rogue
pros'-pect	ra-pa'-cious	re-mem'-bered	rook'-er-y
prov'-erb	ras'-cal	re-mem'-ber-ing	rous'-ing
pro-vid'-ers	re-ceived'	re-nown'	ru'-mi-nant
Prus'-sia	rec'-og-nize	re-sem'-ble	safe'ty
Prus'-sian	rec-ol-lect'	re-solved'	scam'-pers
pur'-ple	re-gard'-less	re-spects'	scarce'-ly

45.	46.	47.	48.
scenes	seize	shriek'-ing	Span'ish
scent	seized	shrub'-ber-y	spark'-ling
school'-fel-lows	sen'-tries	sighed	Spar'-tans
school'-house	sen'-try	sig'-nal	spat'-ter-dash-es
school'-mas-ter	sep'-a-rate	sil'-ver-y	spin'-ning-wheels
schoon'-er	sep'-a-ra-ting	sin'ews	splut'-ter-ing
scorn'-ing	shear'-ers	sledg'-es	sprawl'-ing
se-clud'-ed	shep'-herd	smoth'-ered	squir'-rel
se'-cret	shiv'-er-ing	snuff'-ing	stalk'-ing
shad'-ow-y	shoul'-der	so'-cia-ble	state'-ly

49.		50.	
stat'-ue	stom'-achs	stop	stu'-dents
stead'-y	ston'-y	stopped	suc-cess'
stead'-i-ly	stoop	strength	suc'-cor
stealth'-y	sto'ry	strewn	sud'-den-ly
stealth'-i-ly	sto'-ries	strug'-gling	suf-fi'-cient

51.

sun
sun'-ny
sup-ply'
sup-plies'
sur-prised'
sur-round'
sur-round'-ed
sur-round'-ings
swal'-lowed
sym'-bols

52.

sym'-me-try
tan'-gle
tar'-ry-ing
ter'-ror
there-up-on'
thieves
thiev'-ish
thresh'-old
ti'-ny
ti'-ni-est

53.

tin'-kle
touch'-hole
trav'-el-ing
trav'-erse
tri'-umph
trou'-ble
trou'-bled
trou'-sers
tru'-ant
tur'-tle-dove

54.

twelfth
um-brel'-la
un-furled'
un-kind'-ness
un-self'-ish-ness
up-borne'
u'-su-al
van'-ished
va'ries
va-ri'-e-ty

55.

veil
ven'-geance
vic'-tim
vig'-or-ous
vil'-lag-es
vi'-o-lent
vi'-o-lent-ly
vi'-o-lets
vir'-tue
vis'-it

56.

waist'-coat
wan'-der-er
wan'-der-ers
warred
wa'-ter-course
wa'-tered
wa'-ter-falls
wea'-sel
weath'-er
when-ev'-er

57.

where'-a-bouts
wheth'-er
whir'-ring
whis'-pered
whis'-tle
whoop'-ing
wil'-lows
won'-dered
won'-der-ful
wrench

58.

wretch
wretch'-ed
wrap
wrapped
wrap'-per
wrong
wrought
yel'-low
yel'-low-ish
yield'-ed