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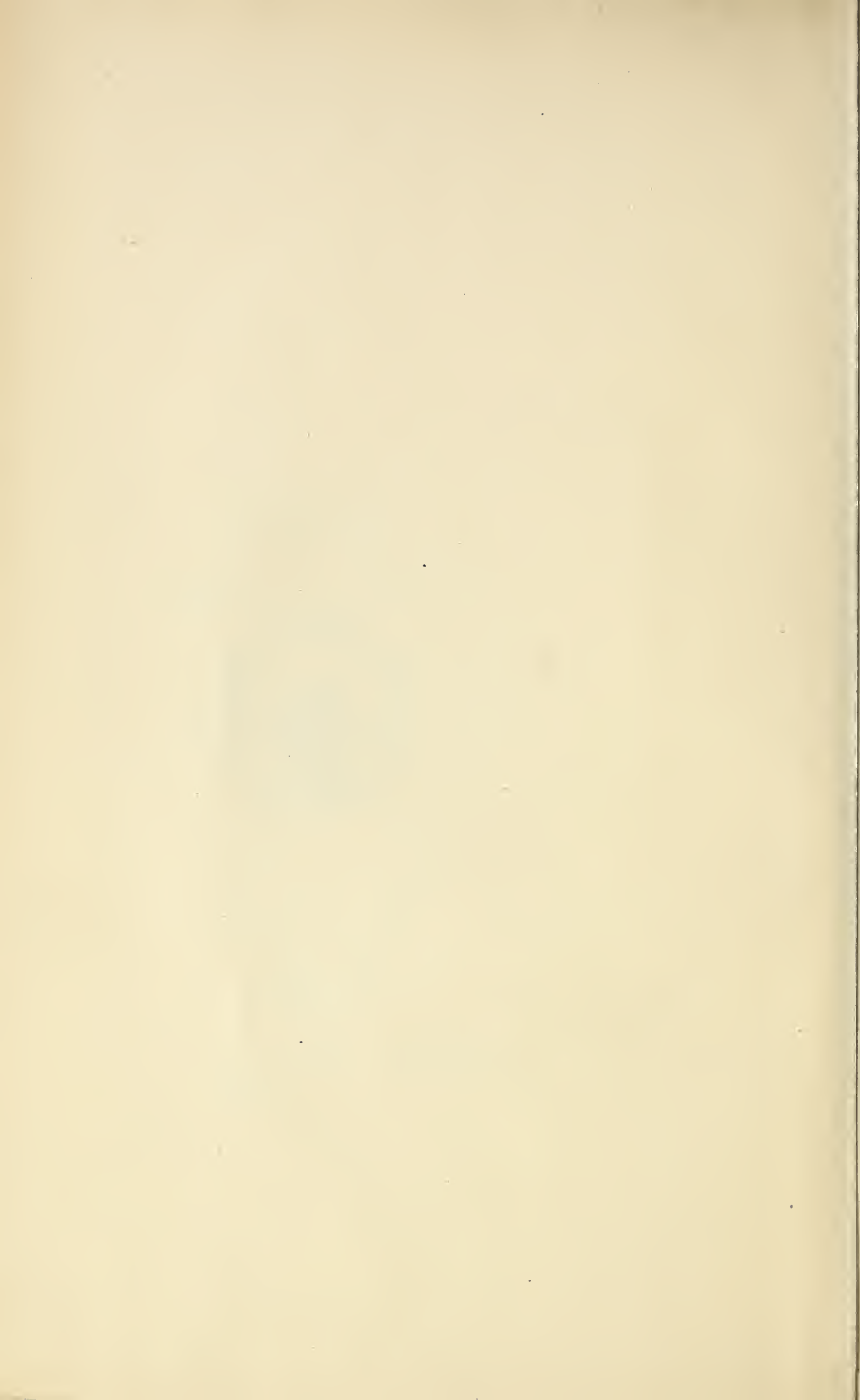
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The Gift of Mondamin
(See page 209)



READING WITH EXPRESSION

FOURTH READER

BY

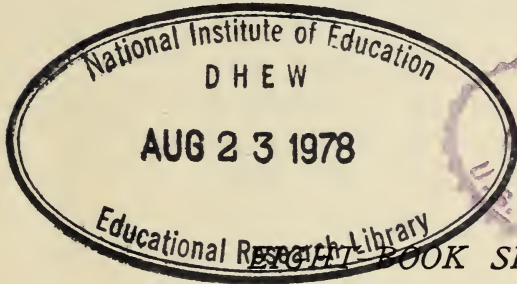
JAMES BALDWIN

AUTHOR OF "SCHOOL READING BY GRADES — BALDWIN'S READERS,"
"HARPER'S READERS," ETC.

AND

IDA C. BENDER

SUPERVISOR OF PRIMARY GRADES, BUFFALO, NEW YORK



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TO THE TEACHER

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

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

The phonetic exercises should be frequently and persistently practiced until every pupil acquires, not only the ability to enunciate properly and in natural tones, but also the habit of doing so. The pronunciation of troublesome words should be noted, and every word in the lists should be spelled both by letter and by sound.

Among other special features to be noted are: (1) the adaptation of the lessons to the seasons of the year in which they will most usually be studied;

(2) the arrangement, in groups, of certain selections that relate to similar subjects or that require similar methods of study and recitation; (3) the interesting quality of the historical and biographical stories, including the patriotic exercises appropriate for the February holidays; (4) the many selections relating to nature, and especially those which inculcate lessons of kindness to all living creatures; (5) the numerous lessons which, without being didactic, are calculated to inspire worthy and noble ideas of life and duty; (6) the group of interesting letters by famous persons, a feature which appears in each book of the series above the third; (7) the frequent introduction of stories and poems which readily lend themselves to dramatization, and also the little play near the end of the volume — features which are of much value in the practice of expressive reading; (8) the constant care to cultivate in the minds of young learners a taste for the best style of literature as regards both thought and expression, thus pointing the way to an acquaintance with the best books in our language.

The exercises under the head of “Word Study” at the end of the volume are designed to supplement the “Expression” notes, and they should be the subject of daily reference and study.

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

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FOURTH READER



A HAPPY BOY'S BAD BARGAIN¹

I

Listen, and I will tell you a story of a happy little boy whose name was Orvind.

The house which he called his home was small and poor, but to him it was the loveliest place in all the world. Behind it there was a rocky cliff, steep but not very high. Fir trees and white birches grew there and shaded the house with their branches; and in the springtime a wild cherry tree shook its blossoms down upon it.

¹ Translated and adapted from "A Happy Boy," by B. Björnson.

The roof was quite flat, and it was so low that on the side next to the cliff it was easy to step up on it. A little goat belonging to Orvind was kept there. It was a good place for the goat, and Orvind watched it and carried it armloads of grass every sunny day.

One fine morning the goat leaped from the roof and began to climb the cliff. It went up, up, and soon stood where it had never been before. When Orvind came soon afterward, to feed it, he could not see it anywhere.

He thought at once that a fox had stolen it. He grew very hot all over and began to cry, "Killy-killy-killy-killy goat!"

Then he heard the goat answer him from the edge of the cliff, "Ba-a-a! ba-a-a!"

Orvind looked up and saw it peering down. A little girl was kneeling at its side.

"Is this your goat?" the girl asked.

Orvind opened his mouth and eyes very wide, and thrust both his hands into his pockets. Then he stammered:

"Who are you?"

The girl answered, "I am Marit,¹ mother's child, father's fairy, grandfather's darling — four years old, I am!"

¹ For pronunciation of names, see notes at end of lesson.

“Is that who you are?” cried Orvind ; and he drew a long breath, for he had not dared take one while she was talking.

“Yes, that’s who I am. I’m Marit,” was the answer from the cliff. “Is this goat yours?”

“Ye-es!” cried Orvind, speaking very loud, and climbing a little way up the cliff.

“I think it is such a pretty goat. I like it ever so much. Won’t you give it to me?”

“No, indeed, I won’t.”

He stopped and looked up. Marit was now sitting close to the edge of the cliff and staring down at him. What could he do but stand still and stare back?

Presently Marit spoke. “If I should give you a twisted bun for the goat, wouldn’t you let me have it then?”

Now Orvind was the child of very poor people. He had never tasted twisted bun but once, and that was when his grandfather was at the house on a visit. It was the sweetest, most delicate morsel he had ever eaten.

“Let me see the bun, and then I’ll tell you,” he answered with due caution.

Marit was not slow to close the bargain. She held up a large twisted bun in her hand. “Here it is!” she cried, and tossed it down to him.

“Oh, it broke in pieces!” said the boy; and he stooped among the rocks and picked up every fragment with the greatest care.

He could not help tasting the very smallest piece. It was so good that he had to try another bite, and before he knew it he had eaten the whole bun.

“Now the goat belongs to me,” said Marit.

The last morsel was in Orvind’s mouth. The girl was lying on the cliff and laughing. The goat was standing by her side. Its white breast glistened in the sunlight.

“Oh, can’t you wait a little while?” said the boy. His heart was beginning to throb; the tears were coming into his eyes.

But Marit laughed harder than ever, and quickly got up on her knees. “No, no! the goat is mine,” she said.

She stroked the gentle creature’s face. She took off her hair ribbon and fastened it around its neck. She rose to her feet and tried to lead it away.

Orvind watched her. The goat would not go with her. It stretched its neck over the edge of the cliff, and looked down at him. “Ba-a-a! ba-a-a!” it cried.

Then the little girl took hold of its hair with one hand and pulled at the ribbon with the other. She spoke to the goat very gently: “Come, pretty one,

I will take you home with me. You may go into the sitting room and eat from mother's blue dish. I will feed you from my apron, too. Come along! Come along!"

Then she began to sing a funny little song:

“Come, boy's pretty goatie!
 Come, calf, my delight!
 Come here, darling pussy,
 In shoes snowy white.
 Come, chicks, from your shelter,
 Come, ducks, helter-skelter;
 Come, doves, with bright eyes —
 Come home, for time flies!”

The boy stood still and looked up. His heart was so full that he could neither move nor speak.

II

Orvind had taken care of the goat ever since it was a tiny kid by its mother's side. He had never once thought of losing it. But now it was gone forever, and he would not see it again.

His mother was coming from the fields with a pail on her arm. She saw the boy sitting on the grass at the foot of the cliff. His legs were crossed under him, and he was crying.

She spoke to him softly, "What are you crying about, Orvind?"

"Oh, my goat! my goat!"

"Why, where is the goat?" asked the mother, and she looked up at the roof.

"It's gone! It'll never come back any more."

"Dear me! How can that be? Where is it?"

The boy sobbed. He would not confess at once.

"Has the fox carried it off?"

"Oh, I wish it was the fox."

His mother was beginning to feel vexed. She put her hand on his shoulder and said sharply, "Have you lost your senses? Tell me what has happened to the goat."

"Oh-oh-oh! I was so unlucky, mother. I sold it for a twisted bun."

The moment he said this he understood what a foolish thing it was to sell a goat for a bun. He had not thought of it in that way before.

"Well, what do you suppose the goat thinks of you now?" said his mother. "What does it think of the boy that sells it for a twisted bun?"

Orvind did not answer; but he sobbed bitterly, and felt that he could never be happy again — never, never. His mother did not question him any further, but left him alone where he sat.

He was so filled with shame and sorrow that he made all sorts of promises to himself. He would never be naughty again. He would not slam the door; he would not pull the cat's tail; he would not whine when his mother asked him to do something; indeed, he would be just as good a boy as he could.

At last he lay down on the grass and sobbed himself to sleep. Then, the first thing he knew, some-



thing wet was thrust right against his ear. He jumped up, only half awake.

“Ba-a-a!” There was the goat standing by his side.

“Oh! Have you come back to me?”

With these words he seized the little animal by its fore legs, and danced about with it till he was tired.

Orvind was about to lead the goat to his mother when he heard some one behind him. He looked around and saw Marit standing at the foot of the cliff.

“Did you bring the goat back?” he asked.

The girl looked down at the ground, and began to tear up the grass with her hands.

“Yes,” she said. “They wouldn’t let me keep it. Grandfather is up there now, waiting for me.”

Orvind stood and looked at her without knowing what to say. Then he heard a sharp voice from the cliff above calling, “Well, Marit!”

The girl remembered what she had been told to do. She rose and walked up to Orvind. She thrust one of her little brown hands into his, and turned her face away. Then, in a tremble, she said, “I beg your pardon.”

With that, she lost all her courage. She threw her arms around the goat’s neck and burst into tears.

“I think you had better keep the goat,” stammered the boy; and he turned his face away.

The grandfather was becoming impatient. He was again calling from the top of the cliff. “Marit! Marit! Come, make haste now.”

Marit let go of the goat. She turned and began to climb the hill-side path.

“Oh, here is your ribbon on its neck. You’ve forgotten it!” shouted the boy.

She looked back with tearful eyes, first at the goat and then at Orvind. She sobbed aloud as she said, “You may keep it.”

The boy left the goat and ran after her. He took her by the hand and said, “I thank you!”

“Oh, there’s nothing to thank me for,” she answered. Then she went slowly up the path to the spot where her grandfather was waiting.

EXPRESSION: Tell the name of the story. Do you think it is a good name? Why do you think so?

Read aloud the description of Orvind’s house on pages 11 and 12. Try to make those who listen to you see just how the house looked. Call the goat as you think the boy did. What did the goat answer?

Repeat the conversation between Orvind and Marit on pages 12 and 13; between Orvind and his mother, page 14.

Repeat the song on page 15.

Notice this mark (?). Find twelve sentences that are followed by it. What does it mean? How does it help you to read with expression?

Study these words:

| | | | | |
|----------------|----------------|----------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| <i>cliff</i> | <i>caution</i> | <i>bargain</i> | <i>Or'vind</i> | <i>prěš'ent ly</i> |
| <i>firs</i> | <i>ribbon</i> | <i>morsel</i> | <i>Mār'it</i> | <i>del'i cate</i> |
| <i>birches</i> | <i>pardon</i> | <i>courage</i> | <i>glis'tened</i> | <i>im pa'tient</i> |

Study the phonetic exercise on page 253.



THE SEASONS¹

The Queen

Summer or winter or spring or fall,—
Which do you like the best of all?

Jasper

When I'm dressed warm as warm can be,
And with boots, to go
Through the deepest snow,
Winter time is the time for me.

The Queen

Summer or winter or spring or fall, —
Which do you like the best of all?

Mildred

I like blossoms and birds that sing, —
The grass and the dew
And the sunshine, too, —
So, best of all I like the spring.



¹ By James Whitcomb Riley, an American poet.

The Queen

Summer or winter or spring or fall, —
Which do you like the best of all?

Mandeville

Oh, little friends, I most rejoice
When I hear the drums
As the circus comes ; —
So summer time is my special choice.

The Queen

Summer or winter or spring or fall, —
Which do you like the best of all?

Edith

Apples of ruby, and pears of gold,
And grapes of blue
That the bee stings through —
Fall — it is all that my heart can hold.

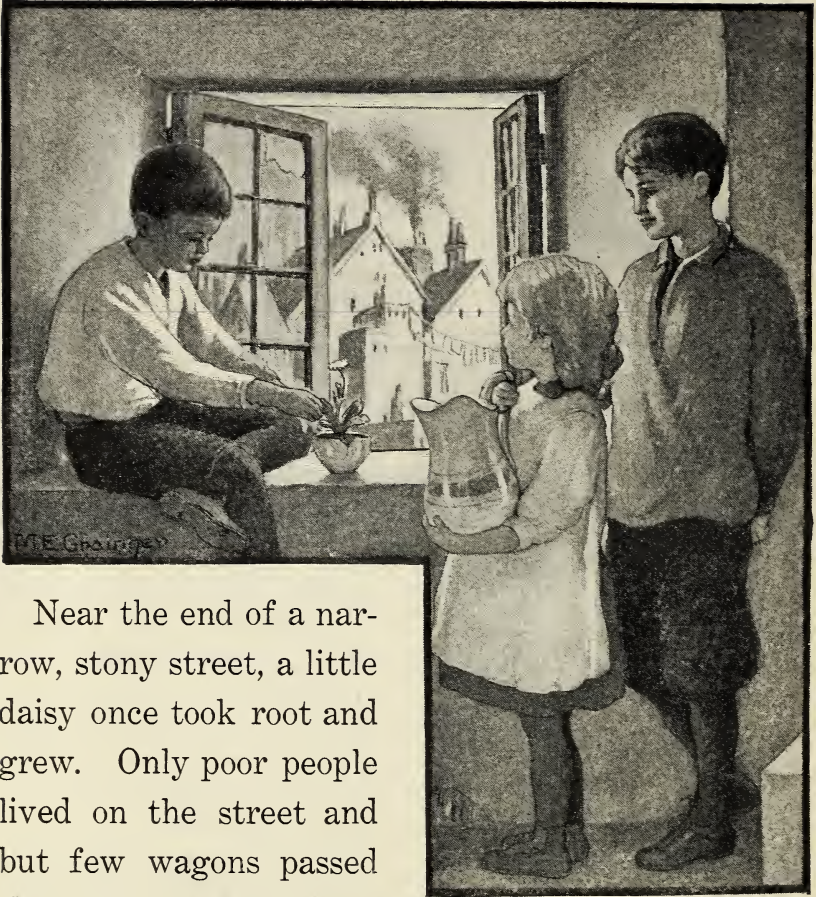
The Queen

So ! my darlings and pretty dears,
You've each a favorite, it appears,
Summer and winter and spring and fall —
That's the reason I send them all.



THE CRIMSON CROWN¹

I



Near the end of a narrow, stony street, a little daisy once took root and grew. Only poor people lived on the street and but few wagons passed that way ; and the daisy sprang up between two flat stones and blossomed.

One day two small boys who were going home from their work saw the tiny flower.

¹ By L. L. Weedon

“Look there, Robin!” cried one. “See that daisy growing in the street. Let’s take it home to Polly.”

“Don’t break it, Ned,” said the other. “We’ll dig it up and take roots and all. Maybe it will grow in a pot.”

So both the boys went down on their knees and loosened the plant from the hard earth and stones around it. Then, very gently, lest he should break the stalk, Ned carried it home.

Up the stairs of the wretched old house in which they lived, the two boys raced as though they had indeed found a treasure.

“We’ve got something for you, sister!” shouted Robin.

“Yes, we’ve got something for you. Look here,” said Ned, all out of breath from running.

Little Polly was but six years old. She was just waking from a nap when her big brothers rushed into the room. She rubbed her eyes and looked around her in confusion.

“It’s a daisy, Polly,” said Robin.

“Yes, it’s a real live daisy,” said Ned. “We’ll plant it, and you can put it in the window, and it will be company for you when we’re away.”

“What a dear little flower!” said the child. “I’m so glad you brought it, Ned.”

Then Robin found a broken cup and filled it with earth, and Ned planted the daisy in it, and little Polly gave it water.

Now, these three children lived all alone. Their father and mother were dead, and the boys, who were bright and strong, worked every day in a mill. They were proud to be able to take care of themselves and their little sister; for in all the world there was no person who seemed to know or care anything about them.

II

The next day Polly was not at all lonely when the boys left her, for she had the pretty daisy with her. She sat by it and talked to it for a long time. Then at last she began to feel very sleepy, and she thought that the daisy was speaking to her.

“I once grew by the side of my mother in a beautiful garden,” the flower seemed to say. “I was very happy there with all my brothers and sisters.”

“Then how did you come to be growing in our stony street?” asked Polly.

“It was this way,” answered the flower. “Many birds came to see us in the field. One day a swallow told us of the sad sights he had seen in the

town. He told of many little children who had never seen a flower, and he said, 'I know it would make them very happy to see a daisy.'

"The bird was right!" cried little Polly.

The daisy went on talking. "Just then," said she, "the queen of the flower fairies came to see us. She said, 'I will give a crimson crown to the daisy that will do some real good in the world.'

"After she had gone away, I begged the little swallow to carry me into the town. I said to him, 'If I can make even one child happy, perhaps I may win the crimson crown.'

"So, the next morning, the swallow picked me up and flew away with me. When we came to the town he dropped me between two stones in the street and left me. I took root and grew; and it was there that Ned and Robin found me.

"And now, Polly, if I can help you to be good and happy, I may win the crimson crown."

"I am happy, and I'll try to be good," said Polly; and she awoke with a start.

III

When the weather grew cold, the daisy began to wither, and Polly felt very sad. But Robin told her that the pretty flower was only going to sleep and

that in the spring it would wake up more beautiful than before.

Then, one day, the mill stopped running, and the boys had no work. The money which they had saved was soon gone. Week after week passed. They could not pay the rent for their room; they were cold and hungry; there was no one to befriend them.

At last they were told that they must leave their old home. They went out into the street, the little sister walking between her brothers. She carried only the cracked cup with the sleeping daisy in it.

All day the children wandered through the city, not knowing what to do. In the evening, as they were passing by a little grocery store, Polly almost stumbled over a basket which the baker's boy had set down.

"Oh, Robin," she said, "doesn't that smell good?"

There were hot loaves in the basket, and the baker's boy was not in sight. And how very hungry all the children were! Ned looked at Polly's pale face, and then at the basket.

"Robin," he whispered, "you run down to the next street with Polly, and I'll soon be with you."

Robin knew what Ned meant to do, and so did Polly—and both of them were so hungry! They started, and then Polly suddenly stopped.

“Daisy will never have a crimson crown if I am not good,” she said. “Boys, you won’t steal, will you?” Then she sobbed, “Oh, I’m so hungry.”

Robin took her up in his arms. “Polly! dear Polly!” he said.

Good Mrs. Cary, who kept the little grocery store, had seen and heard everything.

“What is the matter with the little one?” she asked. “Why don’t you take her home?”

“We have no home,” said Robin.

“And sister Polly has had nothing to eat for two days,” added Ned.

The woman looked at the pinched faces of the boys, and said, “Come in here, children.” They went in, Robin carrying Polly in his arms.

Mrs. Cary bustled into her little kitchen and soon had a good warm dinner ready for them. Then she said that they should stay with her for at least one night, and she “would see about it.”

The next day Mrs. Cary told Robin and Ned that they might help her in the store. The two boys worked hard that day and all the rest of the week. On Saturday evening Mrs. Cary said,

“Boys, you see how much there is to be done in the store. I need your help, and I will pay you weekly wages and give you a home.”

“Hurrah!” cried Robin.

“And Polly? How about her?” asked Ned.

“She shall be my own little girl,” said Mrs. Cary.

And so the whole matter was settled, and the children were given a better home than they had ever had before.

The daisy was not forgotten. One day when Polly was looking at the dry stalk she saw that a small green leaf was pushing its way through the soil. She watched it day after day until a new stalk sprang up and grew to be as tall and beautiful as the old one had been. Then a bud appeared; and when the bud burst into bloom, Polly saw that each white petal of her daisy was tipped with crimson.

“Oh, my flower has a crimson crown!” she cried.

“And it deserves to have it,” said Ned; “for it has made you happy and kept us from doing wrong.”

EXPRESSION: Read aloud the paragraph on page 22, which tells where the daisy grew.

Repeat the conversation between Polly and the flower. Read what happened when winter came.

Notice this mark (!). Find ten places in which it is used. How does it help you to read with expression?

Study these words and also the phonetic exercise, page 253.

| | | | | | |
|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|
| <i>stony</i> | <i>daisy</i> | <i>tiny</i> | <i>happy</i> | <i>Polly</i> | <i>very</i> |
| <i>sleepy</i> | <i>lonely</i> | <i>ready</i> | <i>hungry</i> | <i>Cary</i> | <i>every</i> |

THE LOST CHILD¹

The chill November day was done,
 The working world home faring ;
 The wind came rushing through the streets,
 And set the gaslights flaring ;
 And cheerlessly and aimlessly
 The autumn leaves were flying, —

¹ By Eliza Turner.

When, mingled with the roaring wind,
I heard a small voice crying.

There, shivering on the corner, stood
A child of four, or over ;
No cloak nor hat her slender arms
And wind-blown curls to cover.
Her dimpled face was stained with tears,
Her round blue eyes ran over ;
She held within her wee, cold hand
A bunch of faded clover.

She grasped her treasure in one hand
And slipped in mine the other ;
Then, bashfully and scared, she said,
“Oh, please ! I want my mother.”
“Tell me your street and number, pet,”
I said, “I’ll take you to it.”
Sobbing, she answered, “I forget.
The organ made me do it.

“He came and played at our doorstep, —
The monkey took the money ;
I followed down the street because
That monkey was so funny.
I’ve walked about a hundred hours
From one street to another ;

The monkey's gone ; I've spoiled my flowers ;—
And now I want my mother."

"But what's your mother's name? and what
The street? Now think a minute."—

"My mother's name is Mother Dear ;
The street — I can't begin it."

The sky grew stormy ; people passed
All muffled, homeward faring.

"You'll have to spend the night with me,"
I said at last, despairing.

I tied my kerchief round her neck, —
"What ribbon's this, my blossom?"

"Why, don't you know?" she, smiling, said,
And drew it from her bosom.

A card with number, street, and name !
My eyes astonished, met it ;

"For," said the little one, "you see
I might sometime forget it.

And so I wear a little thing
That tells you all about it ;

For mother says she's very sure
I should get lost without it."

EXPRESSION: Study this mark (—). Ask the teacher how
it may help you to read with expression.

THE WISHING-GATE¹

I

Blunder was going to the Wishing-Gate to wish for something. He thought that he would like to have a pair of ponies and a little coach like Tom Thumb's.



People say that you can have your wish if you once get to that gate. But the thing is to find it.

It is not a gate with a sign at the top like this :

WISHING-GATE

It is just an old stile in a meadow. There are plenty

¹ By Louise E. Chollet.

of old stiles in meadows, and how are you to know which is the right one?

Blunder's fairy godmother knew, but then she could not tell him. She could only direct him to follow the road, and ask the way of the first owl he met.

Over and over again she charged him ; for Blunder was a very careless little boy, and seldom found anything. "Be sure you don't miss him — be sure you don't pass him by."

"No, indeed, I wont," said Blunder.

So he followed the straight road till he came to a place where it forked. And there he stopped, wondering which way to go.

An old brown owl was nodding in a tall oak tree, the first owl Blunder had seen. He was a little afraid to wake him up. The fairy godmother had told him that the owl sat up all night to study frogs.

He could think of nothing better to say than, "Good Mr. Owl, will you please show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"What's that?" cried the owl, starting out of his nap. "Have you brought me a frog?"



“No,” said Blunder, “I did not know that you would like one. Can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?”

“Wishing-Gate! Wishing-Gate!” hooted the owl, very angrily. “Winks and naps! how dare you disturb me by asking such a question? Do you take me for a milestone? Follow your nose, my boy; follow your nose and you’ll get there by and by.”

But how could Blunder follow his nose? His nose would turn to the right, or lead him through the woods, whichever way his legs went.

“What was the use of asking the owl,” he thought, “if that was all he could say?”

A chipmunk came down the path, and seeing Blunder, stopped short with a little squeak.

“Good Mrs. Chipmunk,” said Blunder, “can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?”

“I can’t, indeed,” answered the chipmunk, politely. “But if you will follow the brook, you will find an old water sprite sitting on a slanting stone. He can tell you all about it.”

“What is a water sprite?” asked Blunder.

“You’ll know when you see him,” said the chipmunk.



II

Blunder followed the brook, but he saw nothing of the water sprite or of the slanting stone. He was just saying to himself, "I don't know where he is — I can't find him," when he spied a frog sitting on a wet stone.

"Mr. Frog," asked Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"I cannot," said the frog; "but in a pine tree, over there, you will find a crow. He can show you the way, for he is a great traveler."



"I don't know where the pine tree is, — I am sure I can never find him," answered Blunder.

Still he went on up the brook, till, hot and tired and out of patience, he sat down to rest.

He looked around him, and right at his elbow he saw a morning-glory elf.

"Elf, do you know which is the way to the Wishing-Gate?" he asked.



“No,” said the elf. “I don’t know anything about geography. But if you keep on this path, you will meet the Dream Man. He is coming from fairy-land, with his bag of dreams on his shoulder. He can tell you about the Wishing-Gate, if anybody can.”

“But how can I find him?” asked Blunder, more and more impatient.

“I don’t know, I am sure,” answered the elf, “unless you look for him.”

There was no help for it but to go on. Soon Blunder

passed the Dream Man asleep under a thorn bush. He had his bags of good and bad dreams beside him.

But Blunder had a habit of not using his eyes. At home, when told to find anything, he always said, “I don’t know where it is,” or

“I can’t find it.” Then his mother or sister went and found it for him.

He passed the Dream Man without seeing him. Then he went on until he met a Jack-o’-Lantern.



“Can you show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?” said Blunder.

“With pleasure,” answered Jack. He caught up his lantern and started off at once, saying: “This way. Follow me.”

Blunder followed close. In watching the lantern, he forgot to look to his feet, and fell into a hole filled with black mud.

“I say! the Wishing-Gate is not down there,” called out Jack, whisking off among the treetops.

“I can’t come up there,” sobbed Blunder.

“That is not my fault, then,” answered Jack, merrily dancing out of sight.

A very angry little boy was Blunder when he climbed out of the hole. “I don’t know where it is,” he said, crying. “I can’t find it, and I’ll go home.”

Just then he stepped on an old, moss-grown, rotten stump. It was a wood goblin’s chimney. Blunder fell through, headlong, in among the pots and pans in which the goblin’s cook was cooking the goblin’s supper.

The old goblin was asleep upstairs. He started up



in a fright at the clash and clatter. When he found that his house was not tumbling down about his ears, he went stumping down to the kitchen to see what was the matter.



The cook heard him, and tried to hide Blunder.

“Quick!” cried she. “If my master catches you, he will have you in a pie. In the next room you will find a pair of shoes. Jump into them and

they will take you up the chimney.”

Blunder ran into the room. The shoes were standing there in a corner, but of course he did not see them, for he was not in the habit of using his eyes.

“I can’t find them! Oh, I can’t find them!” he sobbed, running back to the cook.

“Run into the closet,” said the cook.

Blunder made a dash at the window. “I don’t know where it is!” he cried out.

III

Clump! clump! clump! The goblin was halfway down the stairs.

“Jump into the meal chest,” cried the cook.

“I don’t see it,” squeaked Blunder, rushing toward the fireplace.

“Where is it?”

Clump! clump! clump! The goblin was at the foot of the stair. He was coming toward the door of the kitchen.

“There is an invisible cloak hanging on that peg,” whispered the cook. “Get into that.”

Blunder could no more see the cloak than he could see the shoes, the closet, and the meal chest. But he caught his foot in it, tumbled down, and pulled the cloak over him. There he lay, very still.

“What was all that noise about?” asked the goblin, coming into the kitchen.



“Only my pans, master,” answered the cook.

As he could see nothing amiss, the old goblin went grumbling upstairs again. The cook hurried to bring the fairy shoes from the next room, and Blunder after much ado managed to get his feet into them.



“Now, good-by,” said the cook. “Take care not to blunder into a goblin’s house again.”

The shoes carried Blunder up the chimney, and landed him in a meadow, safe enough, but so miserable. He was disappointed, he was hungry.

It was dark, and he did not know the way home. Presently he came to an old stile. He climbed up, and sat down on top of it. He was too tired to stir.

Just then, along came the South Wind, and as he was going Blunder’s way, he took Blunder home.

The boy was glad, but he would have liked it better if the Wind had not laughed all the way.

“What are you laughing at?” he asked.

“At two things that I saw in my travels,” said the Wind. “I saw a hen that starved to death while sitting close by a bushel of grain. And I saw a little boy that sat on top of the Wishing-Gate and then asked me to carry him home because he could not find it.”

“What! What’s that?” cried Blunder — but just then he found himself at home. His fairy godmother was sitting by the fire.

“What luck? what luck?” cried everybody else. “Where is the Wishing-Gate?” But the fairy godmother said nothing.

“I don’t know where it is,” answered Blunder. “I couldn’t find it.”

“Poor boy!” said his mother, kissing him; and his sister ran to bring him some bread and milk.

EXPRESSION: Why did Blunder wish to go to the Wishing-Gate? Of whom did he ask the way? Whom did he see? Read what he said to each one. What did each answer?

Study these words :

| | | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|----------------|----------------|-----------------|
| <i>saying</i> | <i>asking</i> | <i>sitting</i> | <i>going</i> | <i>tumbling</i> |
| <i>hanging</i> | <i>dancing</i> | <i>kissing</i> | <i>coming</i> | <i>stumping</i> |
| <i>standing</i> | <i>laughing</i> | <i>wishing</i> | <i>cooking</i> | <i>jumping</i> |

See phonetic exercise, page 253.

TWO FABLES IN VERSE

I. THE ENVIOUS WREN¹

In a tree lived a wren,
 On the ground lived a hen;
 The wren looked for food here and there;
 But the hen had wheat
 And good things to eat —
 Said the wren, "I declare, 't isn't fair!"

"It is really too bad!"
 She exclaimed — feeling sad —
 "To go out when it's raining this way!
 And to earn what you eat,
 Doesn't make your food sweet,
 In spite of what some folks may say.

"Now there is that hen,"
 Said this poor little wren,
 "She's fed till she's fat as a drum;
 While I strive and sweat
 For each grain that I get,
 And nobody gives me a crumb.

"I can't see for my life
 Why the good farmer's wife
 Treats her so much better than me.

¹By Phœbe Cary.

Suppose on the ground
 I hop carelessly round
 For a while, and just see what I'll see."

Said this small, cunning wren,
 "I'll make friends with the hen,
 And perhaps she will ask me to stay;
 And then upon bread
 Every day I'll be fed,
 And life will be nothing but play."

So down flew the wren;
 "Stop to tea," said the hen,
 And soon her good supper was sent;
 But scarce stopping to taste,
 The poor bird left in haste,
 And this was the reason she went:

When the farmer's kind dame
 To the poultry yard came,
 She said — and the wren shook with fright —
 "That fat hen will do
 For a pie or a stew,
 And I think I shall kill her to-night."

EXPRESSION: What two animals are told about in this story? Where did each live? Where did each get its food? Which was the better off? Why?

II. THE FOX AND THE CROW¹

To a dairy a crow
 Once ventured to go,
 Some food for her young ones to seek.
 She flew up to the trees
 With a fine piece of cheese,
 Which she joyfully held in her beak.

A fox, who lived by,
 To the tree saw her fly,
 And to share in the prize made a vow;
 For, having just dined,
 He for cheese felt inclined,
 So he went and sat under the bough.

She was cunning, he knew,
 But so was he, too,
 And to flatter adapted his plan.
 If the crow should try to speak
 The cheese must fall from her beak, —
 So, politely, then, the fox began :

“’Tis a very fine day ;”

(Not a word did she say) ;

“The wind, I believe, ma’am, is south ;

¹ By Jane Taylor.

A fine harvest for peas."
 He then look'd at the cheese,
 But the crow did not open her mouth.

Sly Reynard, not tired,
 Her plumage admired :
 "How charming! how brilliant its hue!
 The voice must be fine,
 Of a bird so divine —
 Ah, let me just hear it, pray do!
 Believe me, I long
 To hear a sweet song."

The silly crow foolishly tries :
 She scarce gives one squall
 When the cheese she lets fall,
 And the fox runs away with the prize.

EXPRESSION: Which of the two fables do you prefer?
 Why? What is a fable?

Study these words and learn to spell them :

| | | | | |
|---------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------------|------------------|
| <i>ma'am</i> | <i>ventured</i> | <i>inclined</i> | <i>plumage</i> | <i>politely</i> |
| <i>scarce</i> | <i>envious</i> | <i>divine</i> | <i>brilliant</i> | <i>joyfully</i> |
| <i>bough</i> | <i>flatter</i> | <i>admired</i> | <i>cunning</i> | <i>foolishly</i> |

Reynard (pronounced *rā'nard*), the name of a fox.

Speak each word distinctly, and do not run two words together. Practice speaking the following: *once ventured; harvest for peas; voice must be fine; scarce gives one squall.*

RIDING ON A PLOW¹

“Papa,” said the little boy one night, “did you have a pony when you were a little boy?”

“Yes, and I remember the first time that I rode my pony. I couldn’t guide him, though I pulled hard on the bridle. The pony walked under an apple tree, and a branch of the tree dragged me off.”

“Did it hurt you very much, papa?”

“Oh, no, not at all. And the pony began to eat grass, just as if nothing had happened.”

“Tell me something else that happened when you were a boy, papa.”

“I will tell you how I used to ride when I was a boy on the farm. When my father, who was your grandpa, was plowing in the field, I sometimes rode on the plow.

“One day he was plowing in the old meadow, and I went out to see him. The ground was level and smooth, and there were no rocks nor stumps. I walked along beside your grandpa while he held the plow handles and guided the horses. After a while he said, ‘Whoa!’ and the horses stopped.

“Then he picked me up and put me on the plow. He set me on one of the rounds between the handles,

¹ From “When Daddy was a Boy,” by Thomas Wood Parry.

with my feet resting on the lowest round just above the plowshare.

“‘Now, hold on,’ he said, and the horses started. It was a fine seat. I could sit there with my hand on



your grandpa's hand. I always felt very safe when I was near him.

“Right under me the bright plowshare was cutting through the sod and turning it over. It was spring-time, and now and then a pretty wild flower would be plowed under. The poor flower would go face down in the furrow, and the black dirt would cover it up. I felt sorry for the little flowers and the young grass.

“Once we plowed up the nest of a field mouse. There were five or six tiny young mice in it, and when the sod was turned over they were all thrown out upon the plowed ground. The poor mother was very much frightened and ran away; but your grandpa said that she would come back and find her little ones and make a new nest for them.

“We went on, and not long afterwards we plowed up a mole.”

“What is a mole?” asked the little boy.

“What is a mole? Well, you town boys don’t know much about things in the country, do you?”

“Please go on, papa, and tell me about the mole.”

“Well, a mole is a small animal somewhat bigger than a field mouse. His legs are so short that he cannot run very fast, and his eyes are very small. He lives in the ground, and eats roots and earthworms and almost anything he can find.

“The next thing we plowed up was a bees’ nest—no, it was a yellow jackets’ nest.”

“Oh, tell me about it.”

“Well, the plow turned the nest over, and the yellow jackets came swarming out and stung the horses. The horses tried to run, but your grandpa held them in, and we hurried away from the nest. We didn’t plow near that place any more that day.”

“Well, what else did you plow up?” asked the little boy.

“There was something that we didn’t plow up,” answered his father. “At one place I noticed a stick standing up in the ground just ahead of us. When your grandpa got near the stick he drove the horses around on one side of it and left a narrow strip of land not plowed.

“‘Why did you do that?’ I asked. He stopped the horses and lifted me from my seat. ‘Come back here, and I’ll show you,’ he said.

“Close by the stick there was a hole in the ground, and the hole was almost filled with dry grass and tufts of gray fur. Your grandpa stooped and lifted up the dry grass very gently, and what do you think was under it?”

“Oh, tell me, papa, what was it?”

“A soft warm nest with six tiny young rabbits in it. As soon as they were uncovered they began to squeak, for they thought their mother had come to them. I was about to pick one of them up, but your grandpa said, ‘Don’t touch them. The old rabbit doesn’t like them to be meddled with.’

“Then he pushed the grass back over them, and we went on. I asked your grandpa what he would do with the strip of land where the rabbits had their

nest ; and he said that he would come back and plow it when the little fellows were big enough to run away. He was always kind to everything."

"Do farmers always plow up so many live things?" asked the little boy.

"No, not always. I'll tell you why so many little animals happened to be in that piece of ground which your grandpa was plowing that day. It was an old meadow. A meadow is a field where the grass is allowed to grow tall and become ripe. In the summer, when the grass has ripened, it is cut for hay ; then new grass springs up from the roots and covers the ground. After a while this second growth of grass becomes brown and dry and falls over on the ground. Then, when winter comes many little animals find good warm places in it where they are safe from the wind and the snow. Some of them dig into the ground and make their nests there.

"Grass had been growing a long time in that old meadow where we were plowing, and tiny wild creatures had been living there for many years."

"Well, I wish I could ride on a plow," said the boy.

EXPRESSION: What did the plow turn up? Choose parts, and read what is said about each thing. Read each of the little boy's questions just as you think he spoke them.

CATCHING THE COLT¹

With star in forehead, silver tail,
 And three white feet to match,
 The gay, half-broken, playful colt
 Not one of us could catch.



“I can,” said Jack, “I’m good for that”;
 Then he shook his empty hat.

“She’ll think it’s full of corn,” said he;
 “Stand back, and she will come to me.”



Her head, the shy, proud creature raised
 As ’mid the daisy flowers she grazed;
 Then down the hill, across the brook,
 Delaying oft, her way she took.

Then stepping softly, and with movement
 quick,

She hurried on, and then came back.

“Ho! ho! I’ve caught you!” then said Jack,
 And put the halter round her neck.

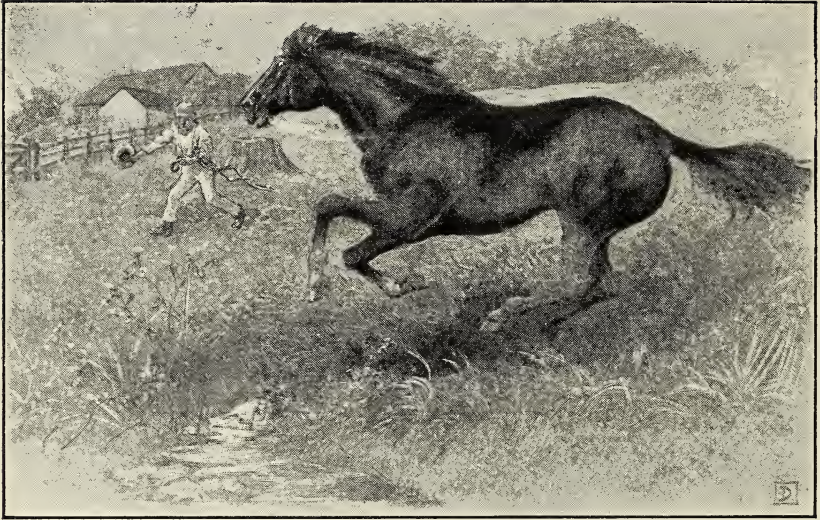
By and by came another day

When Jack was wishing for a ride.

“I’ll catch that colt the very same way, —
 I know I can,” said he with pride.

¹ By Marian Douglas.

So, up the stony pasture lane,
And up the hill he trudged again ;
Then to the colt he said, "Come, ho !"
And shook his old hat to and fro.



"She'll think it's full of corn," he thought,
"And easily then she will be caught."
"Come, Beck!" he called ; and at the sound
The restless creature looked around.

Soon, with a quick, impatient kick,
She galloped far away from Jack ;
Then underneath a tree she stopped
And leisurely some clover cropped.

Jack followed after, but in vain ;
His hand was just upon her mane,
When off she flew as flies the wind,
And, panting, he pressed on behind.

Down the steep hill, the brook across,
O'er bushes, thistles, mounds of moss,
Round and around the field they passed,
Till breathless Jack fell down at last.

Then, vexed, he threw away his hat, —
“The colt,” he said, “remembers that !
There’s always trouble from deceit ;
I’ll never try again to cheat !”

TOM, DICK, AND HARRY

Tom and Dick were two fire-engine horses. They were large and strong and beautiful. They could run very fast, and all the firemen were proud of them.

For six years these two horses had gone to every fire in their district. They had learned all the fire signals, and they knew just what to do and when to do it.

One day as they were coming home from a fire, Tom stepped on a loose stone in the street; he stumbled, and hurt one of his legs. The men led him to his stall and bandaged the leg. They said that it would be at least a week before they could drive Tom again.

The next day he seemed quite lame, and the captain of the fire company shook his head.

"Tom, my good horse," he said, "I'm afraid we shall have to go to all the fires this winter without you. But there's Harry, the new horse; he'll do the work till you get well."

So Harry was put in Tom's stall, and Tom was given the large box stall just beyond it.

That very night when everybody was having a good nap, the fire alarm was heard.

"Dong! dong! dong! dong!" rang the great gong at the top of the engine house.

The firemen tumbled out of their beds. They drew on their boots, and were at their places in less than a minute.

"It's too bad about Tom," said the driver. "I don't know how we'll make out with Harry; but I hope he'll do pretty well."

"Tinkle! tinkle! tinkle!" rang the small bell just above the stalls.

The horses knew what that meant. All ran out and stood in front of the engine—all except



poor Tom, who was shut in his stall. How eager they were for the grand rush through the streets!

“Dong! dong! dong! dong!”

The men leaped upon the engine; the driver seized the reins; the horses sprang forward; and away they went, rushing and rattling down the street. And Tom was left alone in the box stall.

The poor horse could not understand why he could not go too. He forgot his lame leg. He neighed as loudly as he could. He jumped up and down. He listened to the sound of the clattering hoofs of Dick and Harry, now far down the street.

What did it all mean? Was he to go to no more fires? Was that new horse, Harry, to have all the joy of this midnight gallop through the streets, while he was left alone in the engine house?

Then Tom turned and kicked with all his might at the door which shut him in. It was splintered and cracked by the blow. He kicked again, and again, and again. The latch was broken, the door flew open, there was no one near to see what had been done.

With one great leap Tom was out of the stall; then out of the engine house he rushed, and down the street he ran as he had never run before.

Far away, the horse could see the flames shooting up in the darkness and lighting the sky beyond. He could hear the shouting of men

and boys as they ran toward the fire. Yes, he could hear the clattering of horses' hoofs and the rumbling of his own fire engine on the rough street some distance ahead of him.

Ah, how slow that new horse, Harry, must be! And how it must worry poor Dick to be hitched by the side of a beast so lazy and awkward! Whether Tom thought of this, or not, I cannot say; but he neighed wildly, and rushed onward like the wind.

And now the engine had come to a sharp turn in the street. The driver pulled hard on the reins; and then suddenly the new horse stumbled and fell. The men leaped from the engine and ran to help him up. Alas! a leg was broken; he could not rise.

"Run to the first fire box and call out another engine," cried the captain.

At that moment there was a great clattering of hoofs near by, and Tom came rushing up, his head held high, and his eyes flashing with the joy of the race.

"Hurrah!" cried the astonished firemen. "There's Tom! He's come to help us out, and he doesn't limp at all."

Right up to his place beside Dick the proud horse cantered; and in another minute the harness from

Harry was thrown upon him, and he was ready for work. The driver shouted, the men leaped to their places, and again the engine was speeding down the street.

“Hurrah! hurrah!” shouted the men. “We shall yet win; but we never could have done it but for brave Tom.”

After the fire had been put out and the engine had been taken back, all the men came around Tom to pat him on the neck and speak words of kindness and praise.

“Well, his leg was not much hurt, after all,” said the captain. “There’s no need to keep him in the box stall.”

EXPRESSION: Read the description of Tom and Dick. Read about Tom’s accident. What did the captain say? Imitate the great gong; the little bell; the bell on the engine.

Read what the captain said when Harry fell.

Read what the firemen said when they saw Tom.

Which of the three horses do you like best? Why?

WORD STUDY: (1) *leaped, jumped, cracked, hitched, stepped, kicked, rushed.*

(2) *tumbled, stumbled, cantered, bandaged, seized, neighed, listened, splintered.*

(3) *engine, signal, company, meant, except, eager, gallop, distance, reins, chief.*

See phonetic exercise, page 254.

A DOG'S OWN STORY

I am a collie, and my name is Don. When I was very young I lived in the country with some people who kept a great many horses. I slept in the barn, and there I made friends with a race horse who sometimes shared his stall with me.

The name of the race horse was Silvermane, and he was a beautiful fellow — so tall and slender and graceful. He used to tell me wonderful stories of the races he had won, and how proud it made him feel to go like the wind and have everybody cheering as he reached the winning post.

My young master was very fond of dogs and horses, and he often rode out across the fields and through the woods with a pack of hounds at his heels. I didn't care much for the hounds, for I didn't like their manners; but I loved all the horses, they were such fine fellows.

One day Silvermane looked so unhappy that I asked him what was the matter. He whinnied softly in my ear and said that he was only uneasy about our master.

“He will ride that new sorrel colt,” he said, “and I'm afraid there'll be an accident some day. The colt is gentle enough, but it stumbles often, and if it

should fall with the master when he is riding hard, he may be badly hurt. I wish he would always let me carry him."

Silvermane was quite right. Before another week had passed, the sorrel colt stumbled and threw my master against a stone wall. They picked him up and carried him home; but I don't know what they did with him, for we were all shut up in the stables and not allowed to go out for several days. Then when we were set free I looked everywhere for the master, but I never saw him again.

After a while a whole family of boys and girls came to the house, and each one was given a dog. The bigger boys chose the hounds, but I was taken by a jolly little chap named Arthur. My child master had blue eyes and long golden hair, and he was never afraid of anything. I loved Arthur very much, and it was my delight to follow him wherever he went.

I can never forget the time when the child took it into his head to play Brave Knight. A long way from our house there was an old building that had once been used as a mill. The children had been told never to go there alone; but I think Arthur had forgotten, or perhaps he had not heard aright when the caution was given to the other boys.

Early one morning, when nobody was near, the child slipped out by the back way, and I followed him as usual. "Come, Don," he said, "I am the Knight of the Green Forest, and I am going home to my castle. You are my squire and must do as I bid you."

So he trudged along through the woods, swinging his wooden sword in the air, and boasting how he would defend his castle against every enemy. When we reached the old mill, I tried to persuade him to return home; for it was a lonely, dangerous place, and I didn't like it. But instead of doing as I wished, he played that I was an enemy who had come to attack his castle. He charged upon me with his sword, made me his prisoner, and dragged me into a dark room which he called a dungeon.

I suppose that this kind of play was very amusing to him, but it was not so to me. During all that pleasant morning, he played at driving make-believe enemies away from his castle, while I lay in the dungeon as a prisoner. I was very glad when he became tired of being a brave knight.

It must have been about noon when he threw open the dungeon door and gave me my freedom. "Come, Don," he said, "we'll just explore the old tower, and then we'll go home to dinner."

He squeezed through a narrow door at the foot of

some stairs, and I followed him. When he saw how the stairs reached up to a kind of tower on the roof, he was so excited that he did not notice how rotten they were and ready to fall. He wouldn't listen to me when I tried to tell him of the danger, but rushed upward as fast as he could climb.

The next moment there was an awful crash, and we were both thrown backward and downward with great force. The air was full of dust and falling pieces of rotted timber. I got upon my feet as quickly as I could, and looked around.

The door was so filled with what had fallen that there was not room enough to squeeze my body through it. Half covered over by the ruins, my little master was lying white and still with part of a heavy beam across one leg. I scrambled up to him and licked his face. He opened his eyes, but could not speak.

I tried to find some way to get out of the dreadful place, but there was none. I could do nothing but sit by my master and try to cheer him a little.

I don't know how long I sat there, but it seemed hours and hours. Then I began to grow desperate. Just above us there was a hole in the wall — it may have been a small window. It was very high, but a broken beam had fallen so that one end rested against

it. If I could only scramble up that beam, I might get out of the place and run for help.

I tried it and succeeded. The hole in the wall was



a great distance from the ground, but I jumped and landed in a heap of brush. One of my legs was sprained so badly that I could not use it, but I hobbled

home as fast as I could. I found all the people wild with alarm and ready to set out in search of little Arthur. But they were glad to see me, I'm sure.

I turned round at once, and limped back all the way to the old mill to show them where my master was. How happy they were when they saw him! They lifted him tenderly out from among the rubbish, and carried him home. His mother wept for joy, and everybody petted and fondled me as though I had done something wonderful.

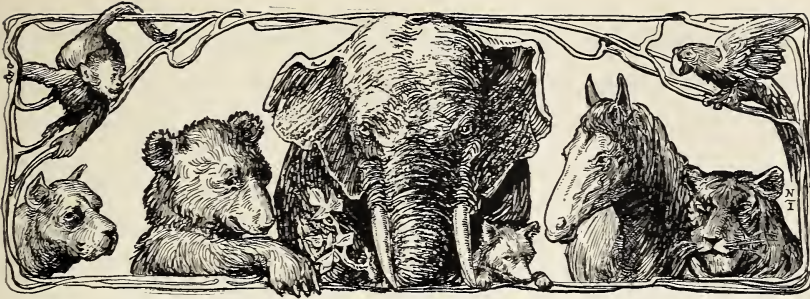
When Arthur was quite well again, which was not very soon, he was sent to school in town. I was never so lonely in my life; but when he came back, as he did in the vacations, I made up for it by following him everywhere.

"Don, you are my dog — and you shall always be my dog," he would say.

That made me very happy, and I tried my best to thank him.

EXPRESSION: What was the name of the dog? of the horse? of the boy? What is a castle? a dungeon? Talk with your teacher about knights and castles. Tell some story that you have heard about them.

WORD STUDY: Speak clearly and correctly: *Arthur*; *kept, slept*; *shared, whinnied, trudged, charged, scrambled*.



CHOOSING A KING¹

The lion was dead, and all the other beasts had met to choose some one to succeed him as king.

“I have the best right to the throne,” said the tiger ; “for no other animal looks so nearly like our former ruler.”

To this the bear objected. He said, “I am as strong and quite as brave as the lion ever was. Besides this, I can climb a tree, which is more than any lion can do. I have the best right to the throne.”

“You may all boast as you please,” said the elephant, “but which of you can say that I am not the largest, the strongest, and the bravest of animals? I have the best right to the throne.”

Then the horse made his plea. “I am the most useful, and some say that I am the most beautiful, of four-footed creatures. Surely, usefulness and beauty should count for something.”

¹ From Fénelon's Fables.

“Cunning should also count for something,” said the fox; “and where will you find a sharper animal than I?”

“I am neither strong nor beautiful,” said the monkey, “but I am clever. Choose me for your king, and I will amuse you every day of your lives. And remember that I look very much like a man.”

“Ha! I can also boast of being like a man,” said the parrot. “You resemble him only in your face, which is ugly enough. I resemble him in speech. I can talk, talk, talk.”

“Hold your tongue!” cried the monkey. “You talk, to be sure, but not as man talks. You say the same thing over and over, and you don’t understand the meaning of a word. More than this, you have no right here, for you are a bird and no beast.”

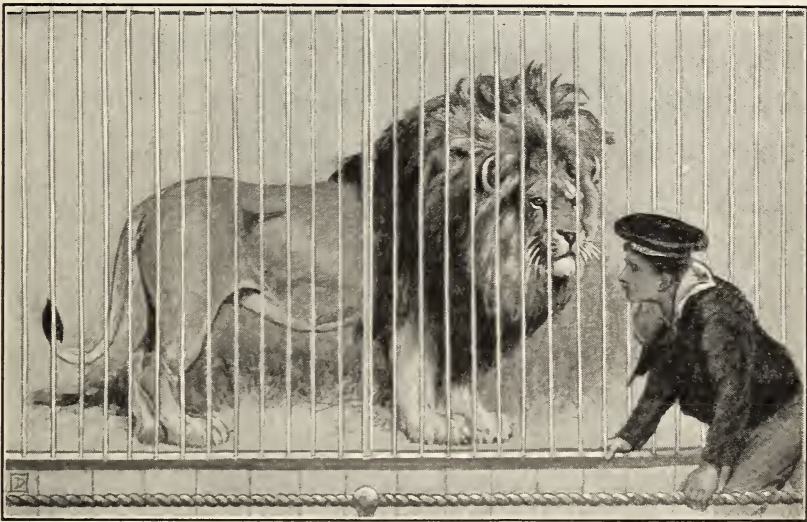
“Every one can tell of his own fine qualities,” said the dog; “but actions speak louder than words.”

Then the beasts voted to give the crown to the elephant, for they said that he was both strong and wise, and he was neither cruel like the tiger and bear, nor vain like the horse, nor silly like the monkey.

EXPRESSION: Read carefully what each animal said. Notice these marks (“ ”). What do they mean? How do they help you to read correctly?

HERO AND HIS FRIEND

In a large menagerie there was once a lion named Hero, who was said to be very ill-natured and even dangerous. His keeper never ventured to go near him without carrying a whip or an iron bar or something with which to defend himself.



“Hero,” he would say, “you are so cross and ugly that I hate you ;” and then with his iron bar he would drive the poor beast into a corner of the cage.

“The only way to govern such beasts,” he said, “is to make them afraid of you. You must make them think that you are stronger than they, and then they will not harm you.”

One day a party of sailors came to the menagerie to look at the animals.

“Don’t go near that lion,” said the keeper. “He is so dangerous that we have stretched a rope in front of the cage to prevent visitors from getting within his reach. Just see how angry he is!”

“He looks like an old friend of mine,” said one of the sailors; and without heeding the keeper’s warning he leaped over the rope and ran to the cage.

“Hello, old shipmate!” he cried. “Don’t you know me? What cheer, good Hero, my lad?”

The lion stopped his growling, sprang up to the bars of the cage, and put his nose between them. The sailor stroked the animal’s head, and then took hold of one of his huge paws and shook it.

“Good morning, my friend! And how have you been since we saw each other last?” said the sailor.

The lion rubbed his hand gently with his whiskers, like a cat, and seemed very much pleased. Then the sailor spoke to him kindly again, and the two fondled each other and played together for some time.

The keeper was much astonished. “How is it that the beast is so gentle with you, and always so cross to me?” he asked.

“Oh, we are old friends,” answered the sailor. “Five years ago, when Hero was brought from Africa, he

was on the same ship with me, and I had the care of him during the whole voyage. He was young then, and we soon became friends. We had many a jolly romp together, and I often slept with him in his cage."

"Well, it's very strange," said the keeper. "He has always been very cross to me, and I never go near him without something with which to defend myself."

"If you had been kind to him, he would not have grown so cross," said the sailor. "The way to govern animals is to be gentle and loving. They soon learn to know their friends, just as you learn to know yours."

Then the sailor again took the lion's paw in his hand and shook it, and the lion rubbed his nose against the sailor's face.

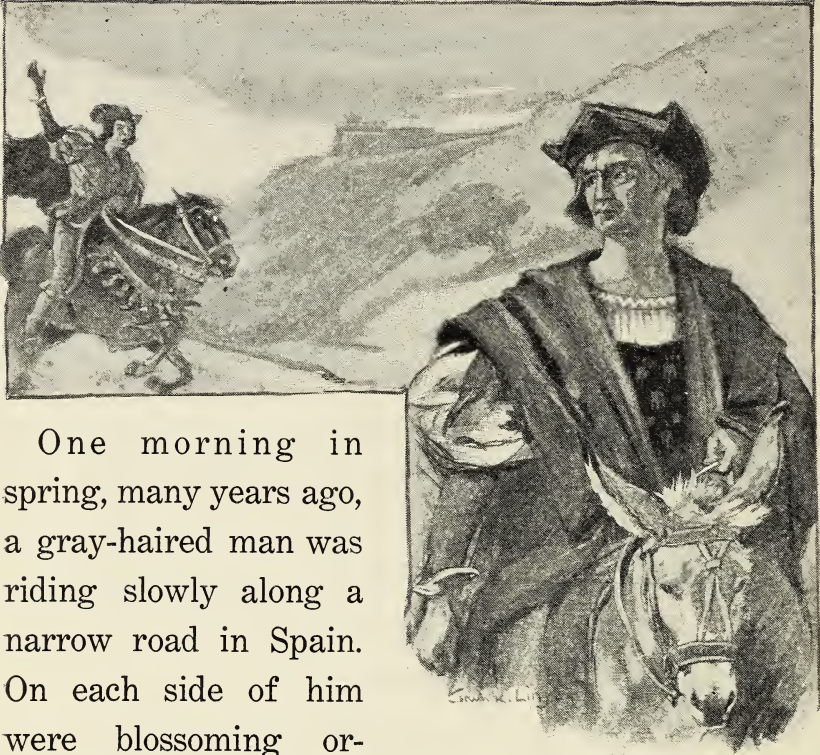
"Good-by, Hero, old friend! I must leave you now, but next month I will come to see you again. Be a good lion, and remember me."

The lion watched him eagerly until he was out of sight, and then, with a downcast look, took his accustomed place in the cage. The keeper had learned a lesson, but he was never able to win the friendship of the poor animal that he had mistreated.

EXPRESSION: Pronounce these words correctly: *me năg'-er ie*, *dăn'ger ous*, *vis'i tors*, *gov'ern*, *ea'ger ly*, *ac cus'tomed*. Observe the two sounds of *g*.

A LITTLE HISTORY

I. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS



One morning in spring, many years ago, a gray-haired man was riding slowly along a narrow road in Spain. On each side of him were blossoming orchards; in front of him, and not far away, were green mountains; behind him was the city which he had left an hour before.

The man's face was very sad, and he rode slowly as though lost in deep thought.

Suddenly he heard the sound of a galloping horse coming far behind him. Then he thought he heard a

voice calling. But he did not look around; he did not so much as raise his head. "It's only some farmer hurrying home from the city," he thought; and he rode slowly onward.

The sounds drew rapidly nearer. Then the voice of the horseman could be plainly heard. "Halt! halt! Christopher Columbus. I have news for you."

The gray-haired man, hearing his name called, drew up by the roadside and looked around. "Well, well, my friend Santangel," he said, "what news can you bring to me that is not bad news?"

The horseman was beside him in a moment. "I bring you the best news in the world," he said. "Come back with me to the city. I have seen Queen Isabella, and she bids you come back."

"Why should she wish me to come back?" answered Columbus. "I have now been seven years in Spain, trying to induce the king and queen to aid me — and all to no purpose. They only call me a crazy dreamer, and the people laugh at me because I wish to prove that the earth is round. I am now on my way to France, where I shall find a more liberal king and a wiser people."

"You must go no farther," said Santangel. "The queen promises to aid you. She believes that you are right, and she says that she will fit out some

ships for your use, even though she may have to sell her jewels to pay for them.”

“Are you speaking the truth, Santangel?”

“Most surely,” answered his friend. “Come! Let us hasten back, as the queen commands.”

Without another word, Columbus turned and rode back by the side of his friend. His mind was filled with thoughts of the past.

He remembered how, when a little boy, he had stood by the seashore and watched the ships coming into port from far-away lands. He remembered how the sailors had told him wonderful stories of the sea, and how he himself had afterwards become a sailor and had visited strange countries and distant islands.

Then he thought of the time when he had first come to Spain. How even wise men had laughed at him when he declared that the earth is round! How they laughed again when he said that he would sail across the western ocean and prove that he was right!

He thought of the seven years of waiting. Then he turned to his friend, Santangel, and said, “All my life I have held to the idea that the earth is round. Indeed, I know it is round; and now with the queen’s help, I am sure that I shall prove it.”

II. A FAMOUS VOYAGE

On a day in August there was a great stir in the little seaport town of Palos. Three ships had been provided for Columbus, and they were now ready to begin their voyage into the unknown western ocean. They were small vessels, and of the hundred sailors on board, nearly all were being forced to go by order of the king. Among the people who stood on shore and watched the ships sail away, there were few who expected ever to see them again.

“Think of it,” said some. “Here are a hundred men sent to destruction only to please the crazy whims of that fellow who says that the earth is round.”

“Surely enough!” said others. “If he is right and they sail down to the lower side of the earth, how can they ever get back? Can ships sail up hill?”

“Right or wrong, it is very foolish business,” said they all. Then they slowly returned to their homes grumbling and weeping and saying all sorts of things.

On and on, into the great unknown ocean, sailed the three little ships. They stopped a few days at the Canary Islands, and then pushed boldly westward where no other vessels had ever dared to venture.

For sixty days they held on their course. They were two thousand three hundred miles from Spain,

but Columbus kept these figures to himself. The sailors would have been alarmed and distressed if they had known the distance.



They saw the green branch of a tree floating in the water. "Have courage," he said. "Land is not far away. We may see it very soon, now."

At last, one night, they saw a light far ahead. "Land! land!" they cried. But the light soon vanished, and every one but Columbus gave up to despair.

Early in the morning, however, the cry was again

heard, "Land! land! land!" And straight ahead of them, the sailors saw a green and pleasant shore faintly visible in the gray light of dawn.

The men were wild with joy. They thanked Columbus for guiding them to this safe but unknown land. They begged his forgiveness for all the harsh things they had said against him.

"Is the earth really round? Is this the Far East? Is this a part of India?" they asked.

Columbus answered, "I firmly believe so; and I think that I have now proved that the earth is round."

Then, arrayed in rich garments like a king or conqueror, he went on shore. There he unfurled the flag of Spain and declared that he took possession of this island and of all the lands and seas around it in the name of the king and queen of Spain.

This happened on the twelfth day of October in the year 1492. The island which was thus discovered was a part of the great new world of America.

EXPRESSION: Read about the departure of Columbus; the coming of his friend, Santangel; the return to the queen.

Read again the description of the voyage: (1) The departure from Palos; (2) the ocean; (3) the landing.

Repeat the questions and the cries of the sailors.

Pronounce correctly: *Pä'lōs, Ca nā'ry, A mēr'i ca.*



THE SONS OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

There was once a king of England who was called William the Conqueror, and he had three sons.

One day King William was very sad. He seemed to be in deep thought about something which troubled him. The wise men who were about him noticed this, and asked him what was the matter.

“I am thinking of what my sons may do after I am dead,” he said. “For unless they are wise and brave they cannot keep the kingdom which I will leave to them. Indeed, I do not yet know which one of them ought to be the king when I am gone.”

“O king!” said the wise men, “if you will only tell us what things your sons admire the most, we can then advise you; for we shall know what kind of men they will be.”

The king answered: “All my life has been spent in fighting and in ruling, and I have had no time to spend with my sons. I cannot tell what they admire.”

“Perhaps we can find out by asking them,” said

the wise men. "Perhaps we may in that way be able to know which of them will be the best fitted to rule in your place."

"That is a good thought," said the king. "Let the boys be brought in, and then ask them anything you please."

The wise men talked together for a little while; then they agreed that the young princes should be brought in, one at a time, and that the same question should be put to each.

The first who came in was Robert, the eldest. He was a tall, willful lad, and had been nicknamed "Short Stocking."

"Fair sir," said one of the men, "answer me this question: If, instead of being a boy, it had pleased God that you should be a bird, what kind of bird would you rather be?"

"A hawk," answered Robert. "I would rather be a hawk."

"Why?"

"Because no other bird is so much like a bold knight, so proud, so daring, and so fond of adventure."

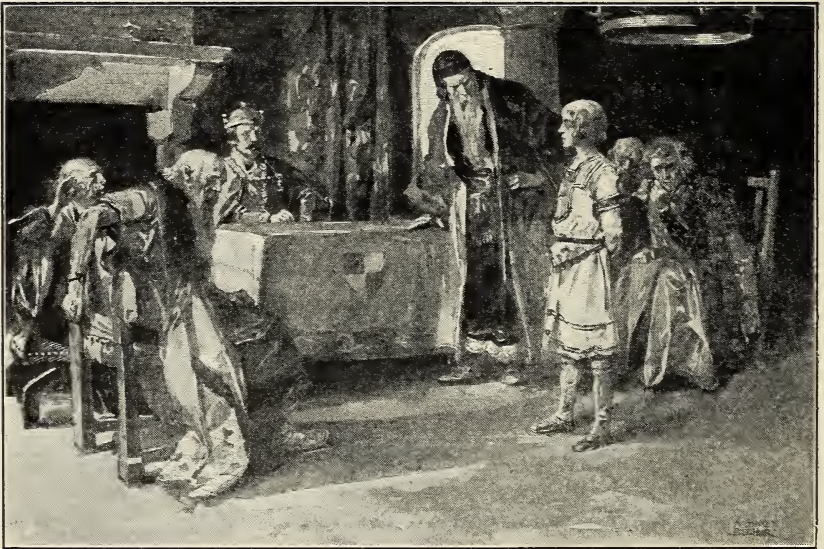
The next who came in was young William, his father's namesake and favorite. His face was jolly and round, and because he had red hair he was nicknamed "Rufus," or "the Red."

“Fair sir,” said the wise man, “answer me this question: If, instead of being a boy, it had pleased God that you should be a bird, what kind of bird would you rather be?”

“Why, an eagle, of course,” answered William. “I would rather be an eagle.”

“Why?”

“Because the eagle is both strong and brave. He



makes all the other birds fear him, and therefore he is their king and rules over them.”

Lastly came the youngest brother, Henry, with quiet steps and a thoughtful look. He had been taught to read and write, and for that reason he was nicknamed “Beauclerc,” or the “Handsome Scholar.”

“Fair sir,” said the wise man, “answer me this question: If, instead of being a boy, it had pleased God that you should be a bird, what kind of bird would you rather be?”

“A starling,” said Henry.

“Why?”

“Because the starling is good-mannered and kind, and a joy to every one who sees it. It is saving of what belongs to it, and never robs its neighbor.”

Then the wise men talked with one another for a little while. They talked of the answers which the three princes had given, and of the manner in which each had spoken. When they had agreed among themselves, they spoke to the king.

“Sir,” they said, “we have talked with your sons, and we have learned what will be the destiny of each. Your eldest son, Robert, will be bold and gallant, and thoughtless of every one but himself. He will do some great deeds; but in the end his foes will overcome him and he will die in prison.

“The second son, William, will be as brave and strong as the eagle; but he will be feared and hated for his cruel deeds. He will live a selfish, wicked life, and will die a shameful death.

“The youngest son, Henry, will be prudent and peaceful. He will make war only when forced to do

so. He will be loved at home and respected abroad. He will gain much wealth and die in peace.”

Years passed, and the three boys had grown to be men. King William lay upon his deathbed, and again he thought of what his sons would do when he was gone. He remembered what the wise men had told him, but he did not believe it to be true. So he declared that Robert should have the lands which he held in France, that William Rufus should be king of England, and that Henry should have no land at all, but only a chest full of gold.

Nevertheless, in the end things happened very much as the wise men had foretold.

Robert was bold and reckless, like the hawk which he so much admired. He lost all the lands that his father had left him, and was at last shut up in a dungeon and kept there till he died.

William was so overbearing and cruel that all his people feared and hated him. He lived a wicked life, and was killed while hunting in the forest.

Henry had not only a chest of gold, but he became in time the king of England, and the ruler of all the lands his father had held in France.

WORD STUDY: Learn to spell and pronounce: *Conqueror*, *Rufus*, *Beauclerc* (bō'klärk), *favorite*.



THANKSGIVING AT THE FARM

The apples were all gathered ; the yellow pumpkins had been brought in from the field ; the corn had been husked. There had been an abundant harvest, and everybody was happy. The six children who were visiting at the farm were full of glee, for Thanksgiving Day was near at hand.

What a bustle there was in the kitchen ! And, oh, the pies and cakes and other good things that Aunt Mary was baking for the great feast ! Everybody was busy. The little girls helped with the milk and butter,

they sorted the cranberries, they put the dishes in order. The boys brought in the wood to feed the fire under the big oven; they washed the potatoes, they cracked the nuts, they ran on errands.

When there was nothing else for the children to do, they sat on the kitchen steps and snuffed the sweet odors with which the air was filled. And when, at last, the day itself came, their appetites were so sharpened that they could hardly wait for the dinner hour.

“I wonder if the Pilgrims were as hungry on Thanksgiving morning as we are,” said Ned.

“The Pilgrims? Who are they?” asked Tommy, whose knowledge of history was very slight.

“Why, they were the people who first thought of Thanksgiving,” said Dorothy. “They were so happy that they invited the Indians to eat dinner with them, and they gave thanks for three days.”

“Whoo-ee! I wish I had been there,” said Tommy.

At last the dinner bell tinkled, and the six children took their places quietly around the table.

“Just look at that turkey!” whispered Henry, as they sat impatiently waiting for Uncle John to do the carving. “Did you ever see so fine a bird?”

“And see the pies!” said Rose. “I never knew they had so many different kinds of pie — apple, and mince, and pumpkin, and —”

“And huckleberry, and custard!” interrupted Tommy.

“Well, I picked the huckleberries,” said Ned.

“And I pared the apples,” said Rose.

“And I fed the turkey,” said Henry. “That’s why he is so fat.”

“Children,” said Uncle John, as he finished serving the plates, “do you know what is the best way to have a good time on Thanksgiving Day?”

“Oh, yes!” cried Ned. “It’s to eat a good dinner!”

“I think that the best way to have a good time is to help somebody else,” said Bessie, speaking now for the first time.

“Let’s hear about it, Bessie,” said Aunt Mary; and all the others echoed, “Let’s hear about it!”

Then, while the boys and girls were doing ample justice to the turkey and the cranberries, Bessie in a clear, sweet voice recited the following poem:

A GOOD TIME

Said good Grandfather Gay,

“On a Thanksgiving day,

If you want a good time, give something away.”

So he sent a fat turkey to shoemaker Price,

And the shoemaker said, “What a big bird! How nice!

And with such a good dinner I ought

To give Widow Lee the small chicken I bought.”

“This fine chicken — oh, see!” said the pleased Mrs.
Lee;

“And the kindness that sent it, how precious to me!
I would like to make some one as happy as I;
So I’ll give Mrs. Murphy my big pumpkin pie.”

“And oh, sure!” poor Mrs. Murphy said, “’Tis the
queen of pies!

Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes.
Now it’s my turn, I think. So a sweet ginger cake
For the motherless Finnigan children I’ll bake.”

Said the Finnigan children — Rose, Danny, and Hugh,
“It smells sweet of spice, and we’ll carry a slice
To little lame Jake, who has nothing nice.”

“Oh, I thank you, and thank you,” said little lame Jake,
“Oh, what a beautiful, beautiful cake!
And, oh, such a big slice! I’ll save all the crumbs,
And will give them to each little sparrow that comes.”

And the sparrows they twittered, as though they
would say,
Like good Grandfather Gay, “On a Thanksgiving
day,
If you want a good time, give something away.”

THE BROWNIES¹

I

“Children are a burden,” said the tailor, as he sat on his bench stitching away.

“Children are a blessing,” said the kind lady in the window.

It was the tailor’s mother who spoke. She was a very old woman and nearly helpless. All day she sat in a large armchair knitting rugs.

“What have my two lads ever done to help me?” continued the tailor, sadly. “They do nothing but play. If I send Tommy on an errand, he loiters. If I ask him to work, he does it so unwillingly that I would rather do it myself. Since their mother died I have indeed had a hard time.”

At this moment the two boys came in, their arms full of moss which they dropped on the floor.

“Is there any supper, grandmother?” asked Tommy.

“No, my child, only some bread for breakfast to-morrow.”

“Oh, grandmother, we are so hungry!” and the boy’s eyes filled with tears.

“What can I do for you, my poor children?” said the good woman.

¹By Juliana Horatia Ewing, an English writer (1841-1885).

“Tell us a story, please, so that we can forget we are hungry. Tell us about the brownie that used to live in your grandfather’s house. What was he like?”

“Like a little man, they say.”

“What did he do?”

“He came early in the morning before any one in the house was awake, and lighted the fire and swept the room and set out the breakfast. He never would be seen and was off before they could catch him. But they often heard him laughing and playing about the house.”

“Did they give him any wages, grandmother?”

“No, my dear, he did the work for love. They always set a pan of clear water for him, and now and then a bowl of bread and milk.”

“Oh, grandmother, where did he go?”

“The Old Owl in the woods knows; I do not. When I was young many people used to go to see the Old Owl at moonrise, and ask her what they wanted to know.”

“How I wish a brownie would come and live with us!” cried Tommy.

“So do I,” said Johnny.

“Will you let us set out a pan of water for the brownie, father?” asked Tommy.

“You may set out what you like, my lad, but you must go to bed now.”

The boys brought out a pan of water. Then they climbed the ladder to the loft over the kitchen.

Johnny was soon in the land of dreams, but Tommy lay awake thinking how he could find a brownie and get him to live in the house. "There is an owl that lives in the grove," he thought. "It may be the Old Owl herself. When the moon rises, I'll go and find her."

II

The moon rose like gold and went up in the heavens like silver. Tommy opened his eyes and ran to the window. "The moon has risen," said he, "and it is time for me to go." Downstairs he crept softly and out into the still night.

"Hoot! hoot!" cried a voice from the grove near the house.

"That's the Old Owl," thought Tommy. He ran to a big tree and looked up. There he saw the Old Owl, sitting on a branch and staring at him with yellow eyes.

"Oh, dear!" said Tommy, for he did not like the Owl very well.

"Come up here! Come up here!" she cried.

Tommy climbed the tree and sat face to face with her on the big branch.

"Now, what do you want?" said the Owl.

"Please," said Tommy, "I want to know where to find the brownies, and how to get one to come and live with us."

"Oo-hoo! oo-hoo!" said the Owl. "That's it, is it? I know of three brownies."

"Hurrah!" said Tommy. "Where do they live?"

"In your house," said the Owl.

"In our house! Whereabouts? Why don't they work?" cried Tommy.

"One of them is too little," said the Owl.

"But why don't the other two do something?" said Tommy. "Nobody does any work at our house except father."

"They are idle, they are idle," said the Old Owl.

"Then we don't want them," said Tommy. "What is the use of having brownies in the house if they do nothing to help us?"

"Perhaps they don't know what to do."

"I wish you would tell me where to find them," said Tommy. "I could tell them what to do."

"Could you, could you? Oo-hoo! oo-hoo!" and Tommy could not tell whether the Owl was hooting or laughing.

"Of course I could. They might get up early in the morning and sweep the house, and light the fire,

and spread the table before my father comes downstairs.”

“So they might!” said the Owl. “Well, I can tell you where to find one of the brownies, and he can tell you where to find his brother. Go to the north side of the pond, where the moon is shining on the water, turn yourself around three times, while you say this charm :

*‘Twist me and turn me and show me the elf —
I looked in the water and saw —’*

Then look in the water, and think of a word which rimes with ‘elf’ and makes the charm complete.”

Tommy knew the place very well. He ran to the north side of the pond, and turning himself around three times, he repeated the charm. Then he looked in and saw — himself.

“Why, there’s no one but myself. I can’t think of the right word. What can it be? I’ll go back and ask the Old Owl,” thought Tommy. And back he went. There sat the Owl as before.

“Oo-hoo,” said she, as Tommy climbed up. “Did you find out the word?”

“No,” said Tommy, “I could find no word that rimes with ‘elf’ except ‘myself.’”

“Well, that is the word! Now, do you know where your brother is?”

"In bed in the loft," said Tommy.

"Then all your questions are answered. Good night;" and the Old Owl began to shake her feathers.

"Don't go yet," said Tommy, humbly; "I don't understand you. I am not a brownie, am I?"

"Yes, you are, and a very idle one, too," said the Old Owl. "All children are brownies."

"But are there really no brownies except children?" inquired Tommy, in a dismal tone.

"No, there are not. Now listen to me, Tommy. Little people can do only little things. When they are idle and mischievous, they are called boggarts, and they are a burden to the house they live in. When they are thoughtful and useful, they are brownies, and are a blessing to every one."

"I'll be a brownie," said Tommy. "I won't be a boggart. Now I'll go home and tell Johnny."

"I'll take you home," said the Owl, and in a moment Tommy found himself in bed, with Johnny sleeping by his side.

"How quickly we came," said Tommy to himself. "But is it morning? That is very strange! I thought the moon was shining. Come, Johnny, get up, I have a story to tell you."



III

While his brother was rubbing his eyes Tommy told him of his visit to the Old Owl in the grove.

“Is that all true?” asked Johnny.

“It is all just as I tell you, and if we don’t want to be boggarts, we must get up and go to work.”

“I won’t be a boggart,” said Johnny, and so the two brownies crept softly down the ladder into the kitchen. “I will light the fire,” said Tommy. “And you, Johnny, can dig some potatoes to roast for

breakfast." They swept the room and laid the table. Just as they were putting the potatoes in a dish they heard footsteps.

"There's father," said Tommy; "we must run."

The poor tailor came wearily down the stairs. Morning after morning he had found an untidy room and an empty table. But now when he entered the kitchen, he looked around in great surprise. He put his hand out to the fire to see if it was really warm. He touched the potatoes and looked at the neat room. Then he shouted, "Mother, mother! boys, boys, the brownie has come!"

There was great excitement in the small house, but the boys said nothing. All day the tailor talked about the brownie. "I have often heard of the Little People," he said, "but this is wonderful. To come and do the work for a pan of cold water! Who would have believed it?"

The boys said nothing until they were both in bed. Then Tommy said: "The Old Owl was right, and we must stick to the work if we don't want to be boggarts. But I don't like to have father thinking that we are still idle. I wish he knew that we are the brownies."

"So do I," said Johnny.

Day after day went by and still the boys rose

early, and each day they found more and more to do. The brownies were the joy of the tailor's life.

One day a message came for the tailor to go to a farmhouse several miles away. The farmer gave him an order for a suit of clothes, and paid him at once. Full of joy at his good fortune, he hurried home. As he came near the house, he saw that the garden had been weeded. "It's that brownie!" he said; "and I shall make a suit of clothes for him."

"If you make clothes for the brownie, he will leave the house," said the grandmother.

"Not if the clothes are a good fit, mother. I shall measure them by Tommy, for they say the brownies are about his size."

At last a fine new suit with brass buttons was finished and laid out for the brownie.

"Don't the clothes look fine?" said Tommy, when he came down in the morning; "I'll try them on."

The tailor rose earlier than usual that day, for he wished to catch a glimpse of the brownies. He went softly downstairs. There was Johnny sweeping the floor, and Tommy trying on the new suit.

"What does this mean?" shouted the father.

"It's the brownies," said the boys.

"This is no joke," cried the tailor, angrily. "Where are the real brownies, I say?"

“We are the only brownies, father,” said Tommy.

“I can’t understand this. Who has been sweeping the kitchen lately, I should like to know?”

“We have,” said the boys.

“Who gets breakfast and puts things in order?”

“We do! we do!” they shouted.

“But when do you do it?”

“Early in the morning before you come down.”

“But if you do the work, where is the brownie?”

“Here,” cried the boys; “we are the brownies, and we are sorry that we were boggarts so long.”

The father was delighted to find how helpful his boys had become. The grandmother, however, could hardly believe that a real brownie had not been in the house. But as she sat in her chair day after day watching the boys at their work, she often repeated her favorite saying, “Children are a blessing.”

EXPRESSION: Read again the conversation between the tailor and his mother. Try to show what each thought about children. Repeat the conversation between the boys. Read again the conversation between Tommy and the owl. Which of all these conversations do you like best? Why?

WORD STUDY: (1) *helpless, blessing, blessed, message*; (2) *helpful, useful, thoughtful, wonderful*; (3) *brownie, boggart, burden*; (4) *crept, swept, soft, loft*; (5) *elf, self, myself, yourself*.

See also phonetic exercises on page 254.

THE FOOTBRIDGE ¹

“Oh, Andy!” said little Jenny Murdock, “I’m so glad you came this way. I can’t get over.”

“Can’t get over!” said Andrew. “Why, what’s the matter?”

“The footbridge is gone,” said Jenny. “When I came across, just after breakfast, it was here in its place, and now it is over on the other side. Oh, how can I get back home?”

“Yes, I see,” said Andrew. “The footbridge was all right when I came over not half an hour ago. But Mr. Mackenzie pulls it over to the other side every morning when he puts his cows in the pasture. I don’t see what good that does; and I don’t think he has any right to do it.”

“Well, I’ll have to go down to the big bridge, Andy,” said Jenny. “Won’t you go with me? I’m afraid to go through those dark woods by myself.”

“I wish I could go, Jenny,” said Andrew, “but I can’t. It’s nearly schooltime now.”

Andrew was a Scotch boy, and a brave, honest fellow. He was the best scholar in his school, and as good at play as at his studies.

Jenny Murdock lived near his home, a mile beyond

¹ By Frank R. Stockton, an American writer (1834–1902).

the brook, and the two had always been good friends. Jenny had no brothers nor sisters, and Andrew was as good as a brother to her; therefore, when she stood on the bank of the brook that morning, she felt that he would surely help her out of her troubles. He had always helped her before; why should he not do so now?

The brook was not very wide, nor very deep at its edges; but in the middle it was four or five feet deep, and the water ran very swiftly. It was a dangerous undertaking for any one to attempt to get across without a bridge, and there was none nearer than the wagon bridge, a mile and a half below.

“Won’t you go with me, Andy?” again asked the little girl.

“And be late to school?” he answered. “I have never yet been late, you know.”

“Well, perhaps the teacher will think you have been sick,” said Jenny.

“She won’t think so unless I tell her,” said Andrew; “and you know I won’t do that.”

“Well, if we should run all the way, couldn’t you get back in time?”

“No, indeed, Jenny. It lacks but two minutes of nine o’clock now, and the bell will ring at any moment.”

“Oh, what shall I do?” said poor little Jenny. “I can’t stay here till school is out, and the woods are so wild and dark that I’m afraid to try to go through them. Besides, I don’t know the right path, and I’m sure I should get lost.”

“Well, I must take you home, some way,” said Andrew, very seriously and thoughtfully. “It isn’t right for you to go through the woods alone, and if you should wait here, your mother would be very anxious about you.”

“Yes ; she would think I was drowned.”

Andrew was much troubled. He could think of no way in which he could take the little girl home without being late and losing his good standing at school. There was no way to get her across the brook without taking her to the “big bridge.” He would not take her there, and make up a false story to account for his lateness at school.

What was to be done? While he was puzzling over this question, the bell began to ring, and he must go to the schoolhouse at once. Poor Jenny was crying. He was very sadly perplexed, and was almost ready to despair. Could nothing be done?

Yes! a happy thought came into his mind. How strange that it had not come before! He would go to school first and ask the teacher to let him go back

and take Jenny home. What could be more sensible and straightforward than such a plan?

Of course the teacher gave Andrew the desired permission, and everything ended happily. But the best thing about the whole affair was the lesson that both children learned that day.

The lesson was this: When we are puzzling our brains with plans to help ourselves out of some difficulty, let us stop a moment in our planning and try to think if there is not some simple and easy thing to do, which shall be in every respect perfectly right. If we do this, we shall probably find a way more easy and satisfactory than any other that could be devised.

EXPRESSION: How many persons are told about in this story? What kind of person was each? Choose parts and read what each one said.

Speak each word or group of words distinctly — practice doing this until you make no mistakes: *bridge, across; bridges, edges; asked; honest; get over; don't see; I wish I could; won't you; a mile and a half.*

Learn to spell and pronounce these words:

| | | | |
|----------------|-------------------|---------------------|------------------|
| <i>Scotch</i> | <i>honest</i> | <i>swiftly</i> | <i>dangerous</i> |
| <i>false</i> | <i>lateness</i> | <i>perfectly</i> | <i>serious</i> |
| <i>despair</i> | <i>perplexed</i> | <i>probably</i> | <i>anxious</i> |
| <i>affair</i> | <i>difficulty</i> | <i>satisfactory</i> | <i>sensible</i> |

Memorize and repeat the poem on page 246.

THE FUNNY LITTLE FIRE

It was a warm afternoon in June.

With a book in my hand I strolled to the top of the hill, expecting to have a quiet hour in the shade of some old oaks that grew there.

Just as I was looking for the pleasantest place, I heard a voice calling me. I looked around. My little niece, Mary Ellis, three years old, was running after me. She was dressed in her little red frock, and her hands were full of dandelions.

“Wait for me, Aunt Rose,” she said.

I waited, and said: “How bright and gay you look, Mary! But I’m going to read under the trees, and you mustn’t bother me.”

“Well, I won’t bother you,” she said, “if you’ll put me up on that rock.”

I lifted her up to the flat top of the great rock.

“Oh, pretty, pretty!” she cried. “I can see all the folks in the world, and all the houses. I can see your house, too, Aunt Rose.”

My house was the dear old homestead at the foot of the hill, with high elm trees all around it. We had come away and left no one there but mother and the cat.

“Now don’t fall off,” I said. “Sit there, and look

at the houses, and don't talk. I'm going to read, and I want to write some, too. You won't bother me, will you?"

"No, I won't bother you, Aunt Rose. Oh, what



queer little tucks you have at the corners of your eyelids!" she said, looking into my face.

I sat down in the shade of an oak, with book and pencil and paper. Little Mary kept on talking to herself. Her voice had a pleasant sound, and I was not disturbed till she began to ask questions.

“Oh, auntie, when will I be ninety?”

“Not for a long time, dear.”

“Am I fifty now, auntie?”

“Oh, no! You are only three. Please be quiet.”

She obeyed for nearly a minute. Then she called out in a clear, sweet voice :

“Will to-morrow be Sunday?”

“No.”

“Oh, I’m so glad. It won’t be Sunday again till Thursday, will it?”

The dear little torment! I loved her fondly, but I wished somebody else had the care of her that day.

I closed my book, and went to the rock.

“Let me take you down, Mary,” I said. “Don’t you want to go home?”

“Oh, no! oh, no!” she cried, clinging to the rock with both hands, and dropping all her dandelions.

“Well, then, I must go to another tree, farther away; for you talk too much. But how will you get down when I am gone?”

“I’ll ring a bell,” she said, laughing. I laughed, too, as I turned away and left her still talking.

I sat down a little farther away, and was soon deeply interested in my reading. In a little while I heard her say :

“Funny fire, funny fire! Little red fire!”

“What in the world does the child mean?” I said to myself, but I did not raise my head.

Then she called out, “Oh, auntie! see that funny fire on top of your house!”

I turned, and looked down the hill. My heart gave a great thump; for, indeed, there was a fire. A red flame was shooting up from the roof of our house.

Oh, how frightened I was! I had left the dear mother in her chamber, making a cap, and that fire was blazing right over her head. I ran down the hill shouting, “Fire! fire! fire!”

I met a man and a boy. They hurried to give the alarm. It was not three minutes till the bells were ringing and the fire engines clanging through the streets, but it seemed hours to me.

I entered our yard just ahead of the engines. Mother was standing in the door. “Is anybody’s house on fire?” she asked.

Anybody’s house! What a question!

She understood it all in a moment. The red flame, which had been growing and growing, was beaten down and drowned out before it had done any serious harm.

Our home was saved, and it was little chattering Mary who had saved it. Nobody in town had seen the blaze until she saw it.

We were all very happy that evening. We made ice cream for Mary, and let her give some to the cat in a china bowl; and when the bowl was broken we only laughed.

Mary did not know why I gave her a silver cup, with her name on it, when she went home the next week. "But you will know some time," I said.

"Will I know when I'm ninety?" she asked. "And, oh, auntie, who did build that funny little fire on top of your house?"

EXPRESSION: Read the story silently, and then tell whether the fire was really "funny" or not.

Read a description of little Mary. What do you think of her? At what time and at what place did the incidents of the story take place?

Repeat these expressions just as you think they were spoken: "*Oh, pretty, pretty! I can see all the folks in the world!*" "*Oh, no! oh, no!*" "*I'll ring the bell.*"

Read the last line on page 101.

Read the question in the first line on page 102.

Read what mother asked as she stood at the door.

Read little Mary's last question.

Now read aloud, carefully and with feeling, the entire story. Read so that all who hear you will understand.

Pronounce distinctly and correctly:

| | | | |
|---------------|--------------|--------------|--------------------|
| <i>blaze</i> | <i>oaks</i> | <i>elm</i> | <i>an oak</i> |
| <i>raise</i> | <i>folks</i> | <i>alarm</i> | <i>just ahead</i> |
| <i>trees</i> | <i>looks</i> | <i>harm</i> | <i>looked down</i> |
| <i>please</i> | <i>rocks</i> | <i>warm</i> | <i>next week</i> |



A CHILD'S THOUGHTS ABOUT SANTA CLAUS ¹

What do you think my grandmother said,
 Telling Christmas stories to me
 To-night, when I went and coaxed and coaxed
 With my head and arms upon her knee?

She thinks — she really told me so —
 That good Mr. Santa Claus, long ago,
 Was as old and gray as he is to-day,
 Going around with his loaded sleigh.

She thinks he's driven through frost and snow
 For a hundred, yes, a thousand times or so,
 With jingling bells and a bag of toys —
 Ho, ho ! for good little girls and boys,
 With a carol gay,
 Crying, " Clear the way
 For a rollicking, merry Christmas day ! "

Grandmother knows almost everything —
 All that I ask her she can tell ;

¹ By Sydney Dare.

Rivers and towns in geography,
 And the hardest words she can always spell.
 But the wisest ones, sometimes, they say,
 Mistake — and even grandmother may.

If Santa Claus never had been a boy
 How would he always know so well
 What all the boys are longing for
 On Christmas day? Can grandmother tell?

Why does he take the shiny rings,
 The baby houses, the dolls with curls,
 The little lockets and other such things
 Never to boys, but always to girls?

Why does he take the skates and all
 The bats and balls, and arrows and bows,
 And trumpets and drums, and guns — hurrah!
 To the boys? I wonder if grandmother knows?

But there's one thing that don't seem right —
 If Santa Claus was a boy at play
 And hung up his stocking on Christmas night,
 Who filled it for him on Christmas day?

EXPRESSION: Repeat in a bright way Santa Claus's gay
 carol. What is a carol? Repeat the little boy's questions.

A CHRISTMAS FAIRY¹

It was getting very near to Christmas time, and all the boys at Miss Ware's school were talking about going home for the holidays.

"I shall go to the Christmas festival," said Bertie Fellows, "and my mother will give a party, and Aunt Mary will give another. Oh! I shall have a splendid time at home."

"My Uncle Bob is going to give me a pair of skates," remarked Harry Wadham.

"My father is going to give me a bicycle," put in George Alderson.

"Will you bring it back to school with you?" asked Harry.

"Oh! yes, if Miss Ware doesn't say no!"

"Well, Tom," cried Bertie, "where are you going to spend your holidays?"

"I am going to stay here," answered Tom, in a very forlorn voice.

"Here — at school — oh, dear! Why can't you go home?"

"I can't go home to India," answered Tom.

"Nobody said you could. But haven't you any relatives anywhere?"

¹ By John Strange Winter (Mrs. H. E. V. Stannard), an English writer.

Tom shook his head. "Only in India," he said sadly.

"Poor fellow! That's hard luck for you. I'll tell you what it is, boys, if I couldn't go home for the holidays, — especially at Christmas, — I think I would just sit down and die."

"Oh! no, you wouldn't," said Tom. "You would get ever so homesick, but you wouldn't die. You would just get through somehow, and hope something would happen before next year, or that some kind fairy would —"

"There are no fairies nowadays," said Bertie. "See here, Tom, I'll write and ask my mother to invite you to go home with me for the holidays."

"Will you, really?"

"Yes, I will. And if she says yes, we shall have such a splendid time. We live in London, you know, and have lots of parties and fun."

"Perhaps she will say no," suggested poor little Tom.

"My mother isn't the kind that says no," Bertie declared loudly.

In a few days' time a letter arrived from Bertie's mother. The boy opened it eagerly. It said:

"My own dear Bertie,

"I am very sorry to tell you that little Alice is ill with scarlet fever. And so you cannot come home for

your holidays. I would have been glad to have you bring your little friend with you if all had been well here.

“Your father and I have decided that the best thing that you can do is to stay at Miss Ware’s. We shall send your Christmas to you as well as we can.

“It will not be like coming home, but I am sure you will try to be happy, and make me feel that you are helping me in this sad time.

“Dear little Alice is very ill, very ill indeed. Tell Tom that I am sending a box for both of you with two of everything. And tell him that it makes me so much happier to know that you will not be alone.

“Your own Mother.”

When Bertie Fellows received this letter, which ended all his Christmas hopes and joys, he hid his face upon his desk and sobbed aloud. The lonely boy from India, who sat next to him, tried to comfort his friend in every way he could think of. He patted his shoulder, and whispered many kind words to him.

At last Bertie put the letter into Tom’s hands. “Read it,” he sobbed.

So Tom then understood the cause of Bertie’s grief.

“Don’t fret over it,” he said at last. “It might be worse. Why, your father and mother might be thou-

sands of miles away, as mine are. When Alice is better, you will be able to go home. And it will help



your mother if she thinks you are almost as happy as if you could go now.”

Soon Miss Ware came to tell Bertie how sorry she was for him.

“After all,” said she, smiling down on the two boys, “it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. Poor Tom has been expecting to spend his holidays alone, and now he will have a friend with him. Try to look on the bright side, Bertie, and to remember how much

worse it would have been if there had been no boy to stay with you.”

“I can’t help being disappointed, Miss Ware,” said Bertie, his eyes filling with tears.

“No ; you would be a strange boy if you were not. But I want you to try to think of your poor mother, and write her as cheerfully as you can.”

“Yes,” answered Bertie ; but his heart was too full to say more.

The last day of the term came, and one by one or two by two, the boys went away, until only Bertie and Tom were left in the great house. It had never seemed so large to either of them before.

“It’s miserable,” groaned poor Bertie, as they strolled into the schoolroom. “Just think if we were on our way home now — how different !”

“Just think if I had been left here by myself,” said Tom.

“Yes,” said Bertie ; “but you know when one wants to go home he never thinks of the boys that have no home to go to.”

The evening passed, and the two boys went to bed. They told stories to each other for a long time before they could go to sleep. That night they dreamed of their homes, and felt very lonely. Yet each tried to be brave, and so another day began.

This was the day before Christmas. Quite early in the morning came the great box of which Bertie's mother had spoken in her letter. Then, just as dinner had come to an end, there was a peal at the bell, and a voice was heard asking for Tom Egerton.

Tom sprang to his feet, and flew to greet a tall, handsome lady, crying, "Aunt Laura! Aunt Laura!"

Aunt Laura explained that she and her husband had arrived in London only the day before. "I was so afraid, Tom," she said, "that we should not get here until Christmas Day was over, and that you would be disappointed. So I would not let your mother write you that we were on our way home. You must get your things packed up at once, and go back with me to London. Then uncle and I will give you a splendid time."

For a minute or two Tom's face shone with delight. Then he caught sight of Bertie, and turned to his aunt.

"Dear Aunt Laura," he said, "I am very sorry, but I can't go."

"Can't go? — and why not?"

"Because I can't go and leave Bertie here all alone," he said stoutly. "When I was going to be alone he wrote and asked his mother to let me go home with him. She could not have either of us be-

cause Bertie's sister has scarlet fever. He has to stay here, and he has never been away from home at Christmas before, and I can't go away and leave him by himself, Aunt Laura."

For a minute, Aunt Laura looked at the boy as if she could not believe him. Then she caught him in her arms and kissed him.

"You dear little boy, you shall not leave him. You shall bring him along, and we shall all enjoy ourselves together. Bertie, my boy, you are not very old yet, but I am going to teach you a lesson as well as I can. It is that kindness is never wasted in this world."

And so Bertie and Tom found that there was such a thing as a fairy, after all.

EXPRESSION: Do you believe in fairies? Read the story silently, and then tell who the Christmas fairy was.

What season is named in the story?

Read the story in parts, as follows:

- (1) What happened the first day?
- (2) What happened in a few days' time?
- (3) What happened on Christmas day?

Read again the conversation of the boys when they were first talking of going home. Read what Tom said to Aunt Laura. Read her replies.

What sentence on page 112 is best worth remembering?

WORD STUDY: *skates, scarlet; suggested, disappointed; holidays, relatives; miserable, different; sobbed, declared.*

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S PETS

The story of Robinson Crusoe was written about two hundred years ago. Its author was Daniel Defoe, an Englishman. Although written for the amusement of grown-up people, it has always been a favorite with boys, and there are few books that are more pleasing to them.

Robinson Crusoe, when a lad, was very anxious to become a sailor. As soon as he was old enough, he went to sea. He sailed to many strange lands and saw many wonderful things. At last, in a terrible storm his ship was wrecked. All



the rest of the sailors were drowned ; and he was cast by the waves upon the shore of an uninhabited island.

He says : Here I was lord of the whole island ; in

fact, a king. I had wood with which I might build a fleet, and grapes, if not corn, to freight it. I had fish and fowls and wild goats and hares and other game.

Still I was a long way out of the course of ships. Oh, how dull it was to be cast on this lonely spot, with no one to love, no one to make me laugh, no one to make me weep, no one to make me think.

It was dull to roam, day by day, from the wood to the shore, and from the shore back to the wood, and feed on my thoughts, all the while.

So much for the sad view of my case ; but, like most things, it had a bright side as well as a dark one. For here I was safe on land, while all the ship's crew were lost.

But what led me most to give up my dull thoughts were my four pets. They were two cats, a bird, and a dog.

You may easily understand how fond I was of these pets ; for they were all the friends left to me. My dog sat at meals with me, and one cat on each side of me, on stools ; and we had Poll, the parrot, to talk to us.

When the rain kept me indoors, it was good fun to teach my pet bird Poll to talk ; but so mute were all things round me, that the sound of my own voice made me start up in fright.

Once, when quite worn out with the toil of the day,

I lay down in the shade and slept. You may judge what a start I gave when a voice woke me out of my sleep and spoke my name three times.

A voice in this wild place! To call my name, too! Then the voice said, "Crusoe, Crusoe, where are you? Where have you been? How came you here?" I looked up and saw who it was. On a branch of a tree sat Poll, and she was but saying some words that I had taught her.

My brave and faithful dog was most useful. He would fetch things for me at all times, and by his bark, his growl, and his tricks, he would well-nigh talk to me.

Yet none of my pets could give me thought for thought. If I could but have some one near me to find fault with, or to find fault with me, what a rich treat it would have been!

EXPRESSION: Read aloud what is said about the story of Robinson Crusoe.

Read the first paragraph about Robinson himself.

Each one may read a paragraph telling something that Robinson said. Try to tell what the paragraph is about.

Pronounce these words correctly and distinctly:

| | | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------|----------------|----------------|
| <i>Rob'in son Cru'soe</i> | <i>těr'rĭ ble</i> | <i>view</i> | <i>freight</i> |
| <i>Dan'iel De fœ'</i> | <i>un der stand'</i> | <i>wrecked</i> | <i>fright</i> |
| <i>un in hab'it ed</i> | <i>a muse'ment</i> | <i>drowned</i> | <i>friends</i> |

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW¹

“ Oh, where have you been, my Mary,
Oh, where have you been from me?”

“ I have been to the top of the Caldon Low,
The midsummer night to see!”

“ And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low?”

“ I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow.”

“ And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low?”

“ I heard the drops of the water made,
And the ears of green corn grow.”

“ Oh, tell me all, my Mary —
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldon Low.”

“ Then take me on your knee, mother,
And° listen, mother of mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine;

¹ By Mary Howitt, an English writer (1799–1888).



“And their harp strings rang so merrily
 To their dancing feet so small;
 But, oh! the words of their talking
 Were merrier far than all.”

“And what were the words, my Mary,
 That then you heard them say?”

“I’ll tell you all, my mother;
 But let me have my way.”

“Some of them played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill;

“‘For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man will the miller be
At dawning of the day.

“‘Oh, the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the water rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill both his eyes!’

“And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill;

“‘And there,' they said, 'the merry winds go
Away from every horn;
And they shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn.

“‘Oh, the poor blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be blithe enough when the mildew's gone
And the corn stands tall and strong.’

“And then some brought the brown lintseed
And flung it down from the Low ;
‘And this,’ they said, ‘by the sunrise,
In the weaver’s croft shall grow.

“‘Oh, the poor lame weaver,
How he will laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax field
All full of flowers by night!’

“And then outspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin,
‘I have spun up all the tow,’ said he,
‘And I want some more to spin.

“‘I’ve spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another ;
A little sheet for Mary’s bed,
And an apron for her mother.’

“With that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free ;
And then on the top of the Caldun Low
There was no one left but me.

“But coming down from the hilltop
I heard afar, below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how the wheels did go.

“And I peeped into the widow’s field,
 And, sure enough, were seen
 The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
 All standing stout and green.

“And down by the weaver’s croft I stole,
 To see if the flax were sprung ;
 And I met the weaver at his gate
 With the good news on his tongue.

“Now this is all I heard, mother,
 And all that I did see ;
 So prithee make my bed, mother,
 For I’m tired as I can be.”

EXPRESSION: Listen while your teacher reads this pretty poem. Can you tell when the mother speaks? when Mary speaks? Name all the things that Mary saw.

Now read the poem silently. Try to see the fairies at their work and at their play, as Mary saw them.

Choose parts and read the poem aloud.

WORD STUDY: Learn the meaning of these words:

| | |
|---|--|
| <i>Cal'don Low</i> , a low hill in England; | <i>mil'dew</i> , a kind of mold; |
| <i>dank</i> , damp; | <i>croft</i> , a small field; |
| <i>blithe</i> , joyful, glad; | <i>prith'ee</i> , please, I pray thee. |

Study these words: *merry*, *merrier*, *merrily*; *lint*, *flax*, *tow*, *hemp*; *dwindling*; *mildewed*.



UNDER A CHESTNUT TREE

I. THE SMITHY

On Brattle Street, in Cambridge, there once stood a blacksmith's shop, or "village smithy." It had been there a great many years, and the music of the blacksmith's hammer and anvil was very familiar and pleasant to the people who lived near by. Close beside the shop there was a great chestnut tree with

spreading branches which hung over the roof and made a delightful shade.

The poet, Henry W. Longfellow, lived in Cambridge, and he often walked down the street past the smithy and the spreading tree. He, as well as the children of the neighborhood, was fond of lingering near the open door and watching the sturdy blacksmith at his work. One evening, upon going home, he sat down and wrote a beautiful poem about it — a poem which all children have loved ever since.

After a time some one wished to build a dwelling-house near the chestnut tree. Some of its long branches were in the way, and they were therefore cut off. This destroyed the beauty of the tree, and it looked so ugly that it was finally cut down.

When Mr. Longfellow saw the destruction of the tree which he had made famous, he was very sad. Many of the children in Cambridge went to Brattle Street to see the choppers at work and to gaze at the grand old tree as it toppled over.

On the day that Mr. Longfellow was seventy-two years old, the school children gave him a handsome armchair made out of the wood of the old chestnut tree. It was finely carved with leaves and chestnut

burs and was upholstered in green leather. Under the cushion there was a brass plate on which was engraved this inscription :

“To the author of the ‘Village Blacksmith,’ this chair, made from the wood of the spreading chestnut tree, is presented as an expression of grateful regard and veneration by the children of Cambridge, who, with their friends, join in the best wishes and congratulations on this anniversary, February 27, 1879.”

II. THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH¹

Under a spreading chestnut tree
 The village smithy stands ;
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands ;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
 His face is like the tan ;
 His brow is wet with honest sweat ;
 He earns whate'er he can,
 And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.

¹ By Henry W. Longfellow, an American poet (1807–1882).

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes ;
 Each morning sees some task begun,
 Each evening sees its close ;
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught !
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought ;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought.

EXPRESSION: Tell in your own words the story of the smithy: (1) where it stood; (2) who liked to linger at the door; (3) what happened to the chestnut tree; (4) what was made from some of the wood of the tree.

Read what the poet says about the smithy.

Read what he says about the smith.

Learn the poem and speak it from memory.

Learn to spell and pronounce these words: *Cām'bridge*; *Brattle*; *sin'ew y*; *meas'ured*; *forge*; *bellows*; *thresh'ing*; *choir*; *rejoice*, *rejoicing*; *Pār'a dise*; *wrought*; *attempted*.

Study the following words and talk with your teacher about their meaning:

| | | | | |
|-------------|------------------|--------------------|-------------------|------------------------|
| <i>poet</i> | <i>beauty</i> | <i>destruction</i> | <i>cushion</i> | <i>congratulations</i> |
| <i>poem</i> | <i>beautiful</i> | <i>expression</i> | <i>veneration</i> | <i>anniversary</i> |

DARE TO BE RIGHT

Dare to be right! Dare to be true!
 You have a work that no other can do;
 Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
 Angels will hasten the story to tell.

Dare to be right! Dare to be true!
 The failings of others can never save you.
 Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;
 Stand like a hero and battle till death.

 THE WHISTLE¹

In my opinion we might all be much happier if we would take care not to give too much for *whistles*. For to me it seems that most of the unhappy people we meet are become so by neglect of this caution.

You ask what I mean? You like stories, so you will excuse my telling one of myself.

When I was a child, seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with copper pennies. I started at once to a store where they sold toys for children; but on the way I met another boy who was blowing a *whistle*.

¹ Adapted from a letter written by Benjamin Franklin.

I was so charmed with the sound of the whistle that I offered to give him all my money for it. I then returned home and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my bargain; but all the family were disturbed by the noise.

When my brothers and sisters and cousins understood what sort of bargain I had made, they told me I

had given four times as much for the toy as it was worth. They put me in mind of the good things I might have bought with the rest of my money. They laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexa-



tion; and the thought of it gave me more shame than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of much use to me. For, often when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle*; and I saved my money.

As I grew up and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, *who gave too much for the whistle.*

If now I meet a miser who gives up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, and the joys of benevolent friendship, just for the sake of heaping up wealth, I say, *Poor man, you are paying too much for your whistle.*

If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine carriages, for which he goes in debt, thereby losing the respect of his neighbors, I say, *Alas! he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

When I see a man neglecting the improvement of his mind, wasting his fortune, or ruining his health for mere pleasure, I say, *Mistaken man, you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you are giving too much for your whistle.*

In short, I believe that most of the miseries which men suffer are brought upon them by their *giving too much for their whistles.*

EXPRESSION: This selection contains several long sentences which you should study with much care before trying to read them aloud. Read each paragraph carefully; then tell what you understand it to mean.

Study these words: *opinion; caution; vexation; action; bargain; benevolent; improvement.*

TWO GIRLS I KNOW

Two girls I know — Jeanette and Jo —
And one is always moping ;
The other lassie, come what may,
Is ever bravely hoping.

Beauty of face and girlish grace
Are theirs, for joy or sorrow ;
Jeanette takes brightly every day,
And Jo dreads each to-morrow.

One early morn they watched the dawn,
I saw them stand together ;
Their whole day's sport, 'twas very plain,
Depended on the weather.

“'Twill storm !” cried Jo. Jeanette spoke low,
“ Yes, but 'twill soon be over.”
And, as she spoke, the sudden shower
Came, beating down the clover.

“I told you so !” cried angry Jo.
“ It always is a-raining !”
Then hid her face in dire despair,
Lamenting and complaining.

But sweet Jeanette, quite hopeful yet —
 I tell it to her honor —
 Looked up and waited till the sun
 Came streaming in upon her.

The broken clouds sailed off in crowds,
 Across a sea of glory,
 Jeanette and Jo ran, laughing, in —
 Which ends my simple story.

Joy is divine. Come storm, come shine,
 The hopeful are the gladdest ;
 And doubt and dread, children, believe,
 Of all things are the saddest.

In morning's light, let youth be bright,
 Take in the sunshine tender ;
 Then, at the close, shall life's decline
 Be full of sunset splendor.

And ye who fret, try like Jeanette
 To shun all weak complaining ;
 And not like Jo, cry out too soon —
 "It always is a-raining !"

EXPRESSION: Which would you choose for a friend, Jeanette or Jo? Why? What may you learn from this poem?

LINCOLN AND HIS BOOKS

When Abraham Lincoln was a boy, he had but few of the opportunities which most boys now have. In



the poor log cabin which was his home, there were no lamps to give light at night, and the few candles which Mrs. Lincoln sometimes made were too precious to be used on common occasions. But there was a big fireplace in one end of the house, and there was

plenty of wood for the cutting ; and here, on winter evenings, there was always a bright blaze which lighted up the entire room.

It was in front of this fire that Lincoln, night after night, studied his books. Sometimes he sat in the corner with his back to the fire, so that the light would shine over his shoulder and fall upon the book that he was reading. Sometimes, after the rest of the family had gone to bed, he would throw pieces of bark, one after another, upon the coals, thus making a sufficient light until late in the night.

In this way he studied arithmetic. He had no slate nor paper to write upon ; but instead of these he used a smooth board or a large wooden shovel. Instead of pencils, he used pieces of charcoal. When the board or shovel was full of figures, he would take a knife and scrape it smooth and clean, ready for the next night's work.

In the Lincoln home there were only three or four books. One of these was the "Pilgrim's Progress" by John Bunyan ; another was an old and much-worn copy of Æsop's "Fables." The Bible was the book best known to all the family. Abraham read all of these books, and whenever he heard of a new book at the house of any of the neighbors he was sure to borrow it.

One day he walked two or three miles to borrow a copy of Weems's "Life of Washington" which was owned by a farmer named Josiah Crawford. As he walked homeward, he opened the book and began to read. It seemed to him a very wonderful story, and his heart was filled with a wish to become a man like George Washington.

When he reached home he read until supper time. After supper he read by the flickering firelight until the last log of wood had been burned to ashes. It must have been past midnight when he crept up the ladder to his bed under the roof. He carried the book with him, and laid it in a crack between two logs, so that in the early morning he could finish reading it before rising from his bed.

Just before daylight he was roused from sleep by hearing the pattering of rain on the roof. He reached out for the book and was dismayed to find that it was soaked with rain. He hurried down, built a fire, and dried the volume so that he could finish reading it — but, do what he could, it would never look like the same book.

After breakfast he carried it back to its owner. "I'm very sorry," he said, "but the book is ruined. What can I do to make it all right with you?"

Mr. Crawford said that the book was worth seventy-

five cents and that he needed some help in his cornfield. If Abraham would work for him three days, it would be all right and he might have the book for his own.

The lad was pleased with the arrangement. For three long autumn days he toiled, gathering corn and pulling weeds. And thus he became the owner of a volume which he esteemed as one of his greatest treasures.

He read the story of Washington many times over. He carried the book with him to the field, and read it during his moments of leisure. From that time, the one great hero whom he admired most was George Washington. Why could not he model his life after that of Washington? Why could not he also be a doer of great things for his country? He resolved that he would at least be manly and true, and would do his best at all times.

EXPRESSION: Name the subject of this lesson. Who was he? Talk with your teacher about him.

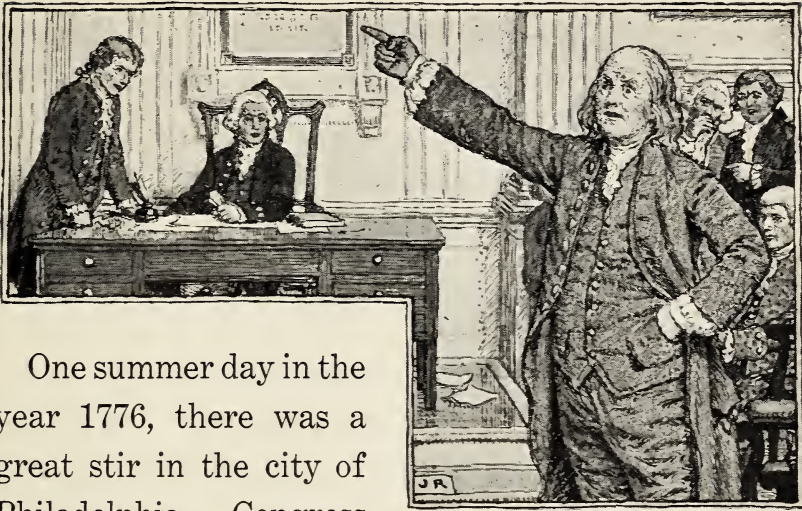
Try to make a picture in your mind of Lincoln reading by the fireside. Now describe your picture.

Read the paragraphs which show Lincoln's lack of many of the common blessings which you enjoy.

What books did he have? Read the story of the borrowed book. Tell your opinion of the boy Lincoln.

WORD STUDY: Pronounce these words carefully: *Æsop's Fables*; *Pilgrim's Progress*; *Weems's*; *seventy-five cents*; *volume*; *treasures*; *resolved*; *occasions*; *opportunities*.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE



One summer day in the year 1776, there was a great stir in the city of Philadelphia. Congress

was sitting in the hall of the State House. The streets were full of people; everybody seemed anxious; everybody wanted to know what was being done.

Men were talking about the war that was going on with England. They were crowding around the State House and listening to what was being said inside.

“Who is speaking now?” asked one.

“John Adams,” was the answer.

In a little while the question was asked again, “Who is speaking now?”

“Dr. Franklin.”

“Good! Let them follow his advice, for he knows what is best.” And then everybody was very still,

for all wanted to hear what the great Dr. Franklin was saying.

After a while there was a stir among the listeners, and those who were farthest away again asked, "Who is speaking now?"

"Thomas Jefferson of Virginia," was the answer. "It was he and Dr. Franklin who wrote it."

"Wrote what?"

"Why, the Declaration of Independence, of course, — the thing they are talking about now."

A little later, some one said, "They are reading it and discussing each passage. They will be ready to sign it soon."

"But will they dare to sign it?"

"Dare? These men will dare to do anything for the good of their country."

The truth is that for many days the wise and brave men who were then sitting in the hall had been talking about the acts of the king of England. For, up to that time, our country had belonged to England and was ruled by the English king.

One after another of these men told how the king and his counselors had sought to oppress the American people.

"He has cut off our trade with all parts of the world," said one.

“He has made us pay taxes to enrich himself, and he doesn't allow us to say a word about making the country's laws,” said another.

“He has sent his soldiers among us to burn our towns and kill our people,” said a third.

“He has hired the Indians to make war upon us,” said a fourth.

“He is a tyrant and unfit to be the ruler of a free people,” agreed they all.

Then Richard Henry Lee of Virginia offered a resolution declaring that “*these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states.*”

The resolution was adopted, and Jefferson, Adams, and Franklin were appointed to write down all these statements in the form of a Declaration of Independence.

And it was to hear the reading of this declaration that the people on this hot July morning had gathered around the State House.

At length the bell in the high tower above the hall began to ring.

“It is done!” cried the people. “They have agreed to the Declaration of Independence.”

“Yes, most of the members have voted for it,” said those nearest the door. “The king of England shall no longer rule over us. We are a free people.”



THE SHIP'S COLORS¹

O sailor, young sailor with tan on your cheek,
 What flag is your schooner to fly at her peak?
 O Jack, in blue jacket, I pray you declare
 What colors your busy brown fingers prepare.

“What flag but the grandest?” my sailor boy said;
 “The star-spangled banner, with stripes white and red,
 The flower of all ensigns, the pride of the sky —
 No flag but ‘Old Glory’ my beauty shall fly.”

O sailor, my sailor, you’ve chosen aright!
 Thus prize it forever, that banner of light;
 Each stripe has a meaning you yet cannot guess,
 Each star is more sacred than words can express.

¹ By Helen Gray Cone.

Wherever it flutters, the bride of the breeze,
 A message of freedom it flings o'er the seas,
 A hope for the world — and the heart that beats true
 Must leap at the sight of the red, white, and blue.

A PLEDGE TO OUR FLAG AND COUNTRY

Flag of Freedom, true to thee,
 All our thoughts, words, deeds shall be, —
 Pledging steadfast loyalty.

We, the boys and girls of the United States, are citizens of this great Republic. We believe our flag stands for self-sacrifice for the good of all the people. We wish, therefore, to be true citizens, and will show our love for our country by our works.

Our country does not ask that we merely *die* for her; she asks that we *live* for her. She asks us so to live and so to act that her government shall be pure, her officers honest, and every place in this broad land a place fit to grow the best men and women to be the rulers of her people.

EXPRESSION: Memorize this pledge and try to understand the full meaning of every sentence. Read it aloud, and notice the words which should be spoken with greatest force.

Learn the meaning of *loyalty, republic, self-sacrifice, citizens*.

WASHINGTON AND THE SORREL COLT¹

George Washington's father had taken a great deal of pride in his fine horses, and his mother afterwards took similar pride in them. She had several young horses that had not yet been broken, and among these was a beautiful sorrel that was very high-spirited.



No one had been able to do anything with it. Everybody said it was very vicious, as everybody is apt to say of a horse that is full of life and vigor. George Washington was determined to ride this colt and tame it, for he believed that there was no finer animal on his mother's plantation.

¹ Adapted from "George Washington," by Horace E. Scudder.

Early one morning, with some other boys as helpers, he set out for the pasture where the young horses were grazing. It was no easy matter to catch the sorrel colt, but this was finally done, and a bit was put into its mouth. Then, as the other boys stepped aside, Washington sprang upon its back.

The frightened, maddened animal was away with a bound. It tried to throw its rider, but Washington kept his seat and pulled on the reins. The animal reared and plunged, it leaped and ran; but its rider never once lost control of it or failed to bring it back to the place from which it had started.

As if determined not to be mastered, the colt at last sprang high into the air. Then with a groan it fell to the ground, dying. The violence of its struggles had burst a blood vessel.

Soon afterwards, the boys heard the call to breakfast, and all went together to the house, wondering what they should say about the colt.

“Well, young gentlemen,” said Mrs. Washington, “I see that you have been out to the pasture. How are all the colts looking? They tell me that the sorrel has grown fast and is a beautiful animal.”

The boys looked at one another, and no one liked to speak. The mother saw that something was not right, and she spoke again.

“Did you see the sorrel colt, George?”

“The sorrel colt is dead, madam,” answered George. “I killed him.” And then he told the whole story.

At first his mother flushed with anger, just as he himself often did; and then, like him, she controlled herself and listened quietly to the end.

“Very well, my son,” she said. “I see that it was not altogether your fault. While I am sorry to lose the best colt on the plantation, I am pleased that you are brave enough to tell me the whole truth about it.”

Washington’s mother taught him many lessons and gave him many rules. It was her own character which shaped his and prepared him for his great career. She taught him to be truthful, not so much by precept as by her own truthfulness.

EXPRESSION: What great American is the subject of this lesson? Try to make a “shut-eye” or mind picture of him when he was mounting the pony.

What opportunities and pleasures did he enjoy that you do not? Compare the boyhood of Washington with that of Lincoln. Read again pages 131–134 and try to get a clear idea of the character and surroundings of each boy.

WORD STUDY: Spell the following words by sound:

| | | | | | |
|-------------|--------------|----------------|---------------|-----------------|-------------------|
| <i>are</i> | <i>heard</i> | <i>first</i> | <i>sorrel</i> | <i>vicious</i> | <i>career</i> |
| <i>air</i> | <i>early</i> | <i>burst</i> | <i>sorry</i> | <i>violence</i> | <i>character</i> |
| <i>care</i> | <i>learn</i> | <i>flushed</i> | <i>sorrow</i> | <i>vessel</i> | <i>controlled</i> |

THREE WINTER POEMS

I. WHEN SNOWFLAKES FLY ¹

I think that every season brings
 To every boy some pleasant things,
 While many choose the summer, I
 Prefer the time when snowflakes fly.

What fun it is to hurry out,
 Clad in my thickest "roundabout"!

¹ By Clinton Scollard, an American poet.

To take my sled and climb the hill
Above the clatter of the mill,
Where toils the miller hour by hour,
His hat and clothes as white as flour.

There do I meet the other boys,
And no one scolds us for our noise.
All in a line we downward go
Across the race-course of the snow ;
Our steel-shod steeds they never tire,
And never have to seek the fire ;
Though sometimes, when the north wind blows,
We have to warm our ears and toes.

Although of coasting I am fond,
I love to skate upon the pond,
To have a game of "tag," or play
At "hockey," or at "pull away,"
Or out of broken branch and twig
And reeds to build a bonfire big.

But no one finds it very nice
To tumble down upon the ice,
For, if you chance to hit your head,
It seems as though you must be dead,
And carried to some land on high
Among the stars up in the sky,

Since stars and stars are all you see,
And it gets dark as dark can be.

Some boys like summer best, but I
Prefer the time when snowflakes fly!

II. THE NIGHT WIND¹

(To be Memorized)

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 folks 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 the deep:
"Whom do you want, O lonely night,
That you wail the long hours through?"

And the night would say in its ghostly way:
"Yoo — oo — oo — oo! Yoo — oo — oo — oo!
Yoo — oo — oo — oo!"

¹ By Eugene Field, an American writer (1850-1895).

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 around 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 :

"Yoo — oo — oo — oo! Yoo — oo — oo — oo!
 Yoo — oo — oo — oo!"

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 you're 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 :

“Yoo — oo — oo — oo! Yoo — oo — oo — oo!

Yoo — oo — oo — oo!”

III. THE FROST¹

(To be Memorized)

The frost looked forth one still, clear night
And whispered, “Now I shall be out of sight,
So through the valley and over the height

In silence I'll take my way ;

I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they.”

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest,
He lit on the trees and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads, and over the breast

Of the quivering lake he spread

A coat of mail that need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin far and near
Where a rock could rear its head.

¹ By Hannah F. Gould, an American writer (1789-1856).

He went to the windows of those who slept,
 And over each pane like a fairy crept.
 Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
 By the light of the moon were seen
 Most beautiful things ; there were flowers and trees,
 There were be vies of birds and swarms of bees,
 There were cities, with temples, and towers, and these
 All pictured in silver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair :
 He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
 That all had forgotten for him to prepare ;
 “ Now, just to set them a-thinking —
 I'll bite this basket of fruit,” said he,
 “ This costly pitcher I'll break in three,
 And the glass of water they've left for me
 Shall '*tchick* to tell them I'm drinking.”

EXPRESSION: Do these poems describe winter as you know it? What sign of the season is described in each? Which poem do you enjoy most? Why?

Read your choice in a manner that shows your liking for it.

WORD STUDY: Study the following words, and spell each of them by sound:

| | | | | |
|--------------|--------------|--------------|----------------|----------------|
| <i>all</i> | <i>out</i> | <i>point</i> | <i>you</i> | <i>blue</i> |
| <i>warm</i> | <i>doubt</i> | <i>noise</i> | <i>true</i> | <i>bluster</i> |
| <i>awful</i> | <i>down</i> | <i>voice</i> | <i>through</i> | <i>blanket</i> |

Learn to spell and pronounce: *pitiful* ; *ghostly* ; *hoarsely* ; *ruefullest* ; *margin* ; *quivering* ; *bev'ies* ; '*tchick*.

THE STORY OF RAGGLES

One cold morning in March a poor, ragged-looking little Indian pony came up the road to Mr. Hudson's cattle ranch. He stopped at the gate and looked wistfully through the bars at the stacks of fodder and hay in the barnyard; and then, to make his wants known, he neighed timidly two or three times and stamped his feet on the frozen ground.

"What horse is that?" asked Mr. Hudson, who was sitting at his breakfast.

His little daughter Lillian looked out and saw the pony at the gate. "Oh, it's the funniest, raggedest little creature you ever saw, and he's all alone," she said.

"It's some stray pony from the other side of the prairie, no doubt," said Mr. Hudson.

"But what makes him so thin and ragged?" asked Lillian.

"That's because nobody takes care of him. His master, whoever he may be, has turned him out to shift for himself; and it's pretty hard for a pony to find much food on the bare prairie at this time of the year."

"He must be very hungry," said Lillian. "Shan't we put him in the barn and give him a good breakfast?"

“He doesn’t belong to us,” answered her father. “If I should drive him out of the lane he will probably find his way home again.”

“But see how cold he is,” said Lillian. “I’m sure it will do no harm to let him come in a while.”

So Mr. Hudson told her to open the gate, and the pony walked in as if he were at home. They gave him a warm stall in the barn and the best breakfast he had eaten in many a day.

The little fellow must have wandered many miles across the prairie; for although Mr. Hudson made inquiries among all his friends and neighbors he could not find any owner. So Lillian claimed him and named him “Raggles” because of his tangled mane and tail.

Raggles soon became a great pet. He was gentle and quick to learn, and his little mistress often took long rides upon his back.

Every morning during the fall and winter Raggles carried Lillian across the prairie to the nearest school, two miles away. Then, when she alighted, he turned and trotted back home. At three o’clock in the afternoon, Mr. Hudson would saddle him again and send him for Lillian. If he got to school too early, he would wait patiently at the door till she came out. He seemed to know exactly what was expected of him.

At last one day in midwinter there came a dreadful snowstorm. It was so sudden and so severe that many people lost their lives, and thousands of cattle on the prairies were frozen to death.

Lillian was at school as usual. The storm began at noon, and the air grew terribly cold. The snow blew



so thick and fast that people who were out of doors could see only a little way ahead of them; and several men and boys were frozen to death while trying to go from their barns back to their houses. The roads and paths, and even the fences and hedges were soon hidden under the snow.

How would Lillian get home from school in such a storm as this? Mr. Hudson was ill in bed, and he

was afraid that Raggles could not be trusted to go. But Mrs. Hudson went to the barn, saddled the pony, and tied a bundle of warm wraps for Lillian on his back. Then she stroked his shaggy neck and told him to be sure to bring Lillian safe home.

He seemed to understand, and trotted briskly out in the face of the dreadful storm. How would he find his way over the trackless, snow-covered prairie?

An hour passed, and the storm became fiercer and fiercer. Two hours went by; it was growing dark and the anxiety of Lillian's parents became terrible. Then, to their great joy, the shaggy form of Raggles was seen through the blinding snow, and on his back sat Lillian, bundled up, warm and safe, in the wraps which her mother had sent.

The teacher had helped her on the pony, and Raggles had bravely battled his way through the storm to bear his little mistress home.

EXPRESSION: Was Raggles a good name for the pony? Read from the story your reasons for thinking so. Read how Raggles rewarded the kindness shown to him.

WORD STUDY: Pronounce these words very distinctly:

| | | | | |
|------------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
| <i>ragged</i> | <i>shaggy</i> | <i>cattle</i> | <i>saddle</i> | <i>bundle</i> |
| <i>raggedest</i> | <i>Raggles</i> | <i>battled</i> | <i>saddled</i> | <i>bundled</i> |

Accent these words correctly: *in quir'ies*; *mid'win ter*; *no'bod y*; *prob'a bly*; *anx i'e ty*.

DOING HIS BEST¹

Many years ago there lived in a New England village a boy whose name was Luke Varnum. He was fifteen years old when the War of the Revolution began, and all the men and many of the boys in the village shouldered their guns and marched away to join General Washington's army. But Luke was lame, and could not go with them.

It was with a heavy heart that he bade his father and brothers good-by, and hobbled back into his home. He felt that since he could not be a soldier there was scarcely any use for him in the world. He sat down in the doorway and wept.

Soon he was aroused by hearing the sound of horses galloping down the street. He looked up. Three men came riding to the blacksmith's shop on the other side of the street. It was closed, for the blacksmith had gone away that morning with the other men to join the army.

"Hello!" cried one of the horsemen. "Where's the blacksmith? Is there any one here who can set a shoe?"

Luke Varnum hobbled hastily across the road. "I think I can set it, sir," he said. "I've often tended

¹ By Elihu Burritt, an American writer (1810-1879).

the fire for Jonas, and I've watched him shoe many a horse."

He opened the doors; he hastily kindled a fire in the forge and set the bellows to going. He found a few nails which Jonas had left, and hammered out two others for himself. While he was thus busy, a



fourth horseman came up, walking his horse slowly toward the shop.

"I see that you have found a forge," he said, as the others saluted him. "It is a lucky thing, for my horse could not have held out five miles farther unshod."

Luke pared the horse's hoof and measured the shoe. He found it too large. He heated it white-hot and

bent it to the proper size. Then he nailed it on, and for pride's sake, used first the two nails which he had made himself.

"There!" he said, "it isn't done very well, but I've done my best, and I think the shoe will stay on all right."

"It will do very well," said the rider. "The horse will carry me safely now, but without the shoe he would have been useless."

He mounted and rode rapidly away. But one of his men lingered a minute and said to Luke: "Boy, you have served your country to-day as well as any ten men could have served it. The rider of that horse is Colonel Warner."

When you read some day in books of history how Colonel Warner reached the battlefield of Bennington with his regiment just in time to save the Americans from defeat, you will remember Luke Varnum.

He did what he could, and although it was a little thing, yet it helped to gain a great victory and, by so much, helped to win American independence.

EXPRESSION: Read from the story to show (1) how old Luke was; (2) his appearance; (3) his feelings about being a soldier; (4) how he served his country.

WORD STUDY: *few, Luke, salute, unless; Revolution; regiment; independence; Colonel; Bennington.*

WILLIE BOY

Willie Boy wondered why his father hugged and kissed him so much, one night, as he was going to bed. He wondered why father's face felt so wet. The next morning when he went to breakfast, no father was there — only mother trying to smile at Willie Boy, and then bursting into tears.

“Oh, little Willie Boy!” she said. “Father's little Willie Boy!”

“Where's father?” asked Willie Boy.

Then his mother began to sob. “He has gone away for a long time,” she said.

“Has he gone to the war?” asked Willie Boy.

“Yes, dear, he's gone to the war. It is wrong for me to be selfish, for his country needs him. And, Willie Boy, remember that you are a soldier's boy — always remember it. You must never run away from danger. You must be brave, brave, brave. You must not be afraid of little things.”

“Yes, mother,” said Willie Boy. “I will be brave.”

Days passed, and weeks and months. Willie Boy and his mother were very lonely, but they tried to be cheerful and to make the best of everything. Then, one happy day, the news came that the war was over.

“Father will be home soon,” said Willie Boy.

“Yes, dear, very soon, I hope,” said his mother.

Both were very cheerful and hopeful; and soon a letter came saying that Willie Boy’s father would be at home in a few days.

“Willie Boy,” said his mother one evening, “do you think you can stay here alone while I go down to the market a little while?”

“Yes, mother; I am not afraid.”

The mother put on her hat and coat, took a basket, and went out. Willie Boy sat down by the window and looked out at the people going along the busy street.

There was a good deal of noise in the room overhead. Mrs. Smith, who lived in the flat above, was away from home, and her children were making a great ado. They were always rather boisterous.

Suddenly there was a crash and a sound of broken glass. Then there was a great running and screaming upstairs.

Willie Boy knew that something must be wrong. He ran out into the hallway.

He saw two of the Smith children rushing down the stairs. Another one followed, sobbing and crying.

“What’s the matter, Jane?” asked Willie Boy.

“Oh, we upset the lamp, and the room’s all on fire,” said Jane. “What’ll I do? What’ll I do?”

"Where's the baby?" asked Willie Boy. He knew there was a Smith baby — a tiny, helpless baby.

"Oh, I don't know," cried Jane. "I guess he's in the cradle," and without another word, she ran out into the street.

Willie Boy rushed upstairs. The smoke was pouring from the door of the Smiths' sitting room. It almost choked him. Should he dare to go in?

Then he remembered his mother's words: "You must never run away from danger. You must be brave, brave, brave."

He dashed into the room. He could not see for the smoke. The flames scorched him. But he felt his way to the cradle. The baby was in it.

The flames were roaring around him. He lifted the baby in his little arms, and ran towards the door. He staggered and almost fell. The baby was so heavy, and the door was so far.

He reached the head of the stairs. Then he forgot everything and was caught in the arms of a tall fireman. All grew dark, and he knew nothing more.

When Willie Boy awoke, he was lying on a strange bed in a strange place. There was a broad bandage over the back of his head. His arms were bandaged, too. He felt very weak, and wished to lie still.

"Where's mother?" he said, very feebly.

Then some one in a white apron and white cap bent over him and answered gently, "Mother will be here soon, dear."



"And who are you?" he asked.

"I am the nurse who takes care of you," was the answer; and he felt her soft, cool hand upon his forehead.

He smiled, and then fell asleep.

After a while he awoke again. There was his mother, sitting by the bed and talking with the nurse. And — and who was that on the other side of the bed? A tall man with black whiskers.

“Father!” cried Willie Boy, joyfully.

“My brave, brave Willie Boy!” said his father, bending lovingly over him.

“And where’s the baby? The Smith baby?” asked Willie Boy after a little while.

“The baby is safe and well, my brave Willie Boy who risked his life to save it,” said his mother from her side of the bed.

“I was not very brave, mother,” he said. “I only remembered what you told me.”

He was so tired he could not say anything more.

“He is doing finely,” said the nurse. “But he must be kept quiet.”

EXPRESSION: Study the lesson with your teacher to find the conversations it contains.

Learn who were speaking in each conversation.

Choose parts and read each conversation just as you think it was spoken.

Repeat these sentences: “*You must be brave, brave, brave!*”

“*Oh, we upset the lamp, and the room’s all on fire!*”

Study the following words and spell them by sound:

gone
wrong

market
basket

bandaged
boisterous

put
looked

choked
risked

SHORT STORIES FROM THE FAR EAST

I. THE FAWN AND THE LITTLE TIGER¹

A fawn met a little tiger, and said, "What fine stripes you have!"

The little tiger said, "What fine spots you have!"

Then the fawn said: "It would be very pleasant if you and I were to live together as friends. We might then roam through the woods as we like and always be so happy!"

"I should like that," said the tiger.

So the two touched noses, and then went out for a long walk. It was breakfast time.

The fawn saw some fine grass in the meadow, and said to himself, "One should see his friend fed before he satisfies his own hunger." Then he turned to the tiger and said, "Will you have some of this good green grass for your breakfast?"

The tiger put his nose to the grass, but he could not bring himself to feed upon it, for it was against his



¹ An East Indian fable, by Ramaswami Raju.

nature. He sniffed at it again and answered, "I am sorry, but I cannot eat it, my little friend."

Then the fawn said, "Perhaps we have something at home that you would like better for your breakfast. I will run and ask mother."

So the fawn went home and told his mother of the happy friendship he had formed, and of all that had happened since.

"Child, how lucky it is that you have come away!" cried the fawn's mother. "Don't you know that the tiger is the most deadly enemy we have in the woods?"

At these words the pretty fawn came close to her and trembled. His mother ran with him to a safe hiding place. "It is fortunate," she said, "to get away from the wicked at first sight."

II. THE MONKEYS AND THE TREES¹

In a certain city of the East there once lived a great many monkeys.

One day the keeper of the public park thought that he would like to take a vacation. So he called some of the monkeys to him, and said :

"This park has been a home to many of you for a long time, and I know that you are willing to help take care of it. I am going away for a few days.

¹ An old Hindoo story.



Will you promise to water the small trees every day while I am gone?"

"Oh, yes!" said the monkeys.

So he gave them his watering-cans, and went his way.

The next morning the monkeys drew water from the pond and began to water the trees.

"Wait now!" said the chief of the monkeys. "The water is low, and we must not waste it. What if the pond should dry up!"

"True, true!" said the others. "We know the water is low, but what shall we do?"

The chief answered, "I think you should pull up all the trees and notice the length of their roots. Those which have long roots will need much water; but those with short roots will need but little."

"Wisely spoken," said the rest; and then some of them set to work pulling up the trees while others put them in again and watered them.

A stranger who was passing that way saw what

they were doing, and said, "Who told you to pull up those trees?"

"Our chief," they answered.

"Indeed!" said the stranger. "If that is the wisdom of the chief, what must the rest of you be like?"

"Don't blame us," said they. "If the king is not wiser than his subjects, why should he be king?"

Rulers should be chosen for their good sense.

III. WOO SING AND THE MIRROR¹

One day Woo Sing's father brought home a mirror which he had bought in the city.

Woo Sing had never seen a mirror before. It was hung up in the room while he was out at play. He did not understand what it was, but thought he saw another boy looking out of it.

He was very happy, for he supposed that the boy had come to play with him. He spoke to the stranger in a friendly way, but received no answer. He laughed and gayly waved his hand at the boy in the glass, and the boy did exactly the same things.

Then Woo Sing thought, "I will go closer. I do not hear what he says; perhaps he does not hear me." But when he began to walk, the boy in the mirror did the same.

¹ A Chinese story.

Woo Sing stopped. He began to grow angry.

“That boy is mocking me,” he said. “He tries to do everything that I do, and he is not at all polite.”

The more he thought about it, the angrier he became, and soon he noticed that the boy seemed to be as angry as himself. At length Woo Sing ran up to the mirror and struck at the boy in the glass. Luckily he did no other damage than to hurt his hand. He began to cry, and the boy in the glass began to do the same.

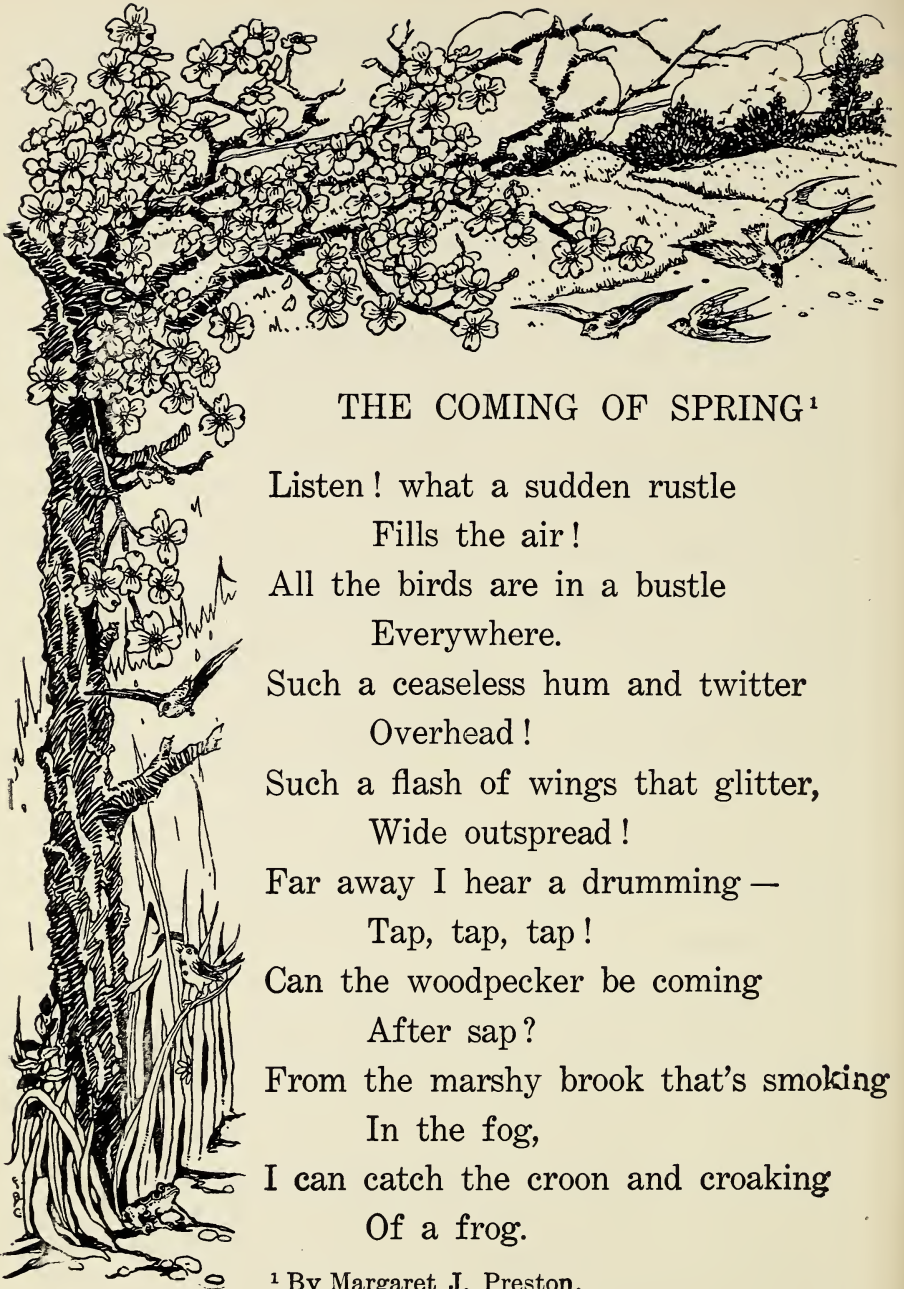
Woo Sing ran to his father. “I don’t like the boy you brought home with you. He is very naughty. I wish you would take him back to the city.”

“Why so, my child,” asked the father.

“He mocks me,” said Woo Sing. “He laughs at me; he strikes at me; he hurt my hand.”

“Ah, Woo Sing,” said his father, “the boy you saw was your own image. You saw yourself just as you really were. It was yourself who was ugly and unkind; and this should teach you never to show your anger before other people. When you strike without cause, you will hurt yourself worse than any one else.”

EXPRESSION: Which of these three stories do you like best? Read each story again so that you will be able to tell (1) who are the characters in it; (2) the time and place mentioned; (3) what was said or done; (4) what lesson is taught.



THE COMING OF SPRING¹

Listen! what a sudden rustle
Fills the air!

All the birds are in a bustle
Everywhere.

Such a ceaseless hum and twitter
Overhead!

Such a flash of wings that glitter,
Wide outspread!

Far away I hear a drumming —
Tap, tap, tap!

Can the woodpecker be coming
After sap?

From the marshy brook that's smoking
In the fog,

I can catch the croon and croaking
Of a frog.

¹ By Margaret J. Preston.

Dogwood-stars the slopes are studding,
 And I see
 Blooms upon the purple-budding
 Judas tree.
 What does all this haste and hurry
 Mean, I pray —
 All this outdoor flush and flurry
 Seen to-day?
 This presaging stir and humming,
 Chirp and cheer?
 Mean? it means that spring is coming:
 Spring is here!

A SPRING SONG¹

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Spring comes hither, | 2. Summer soars — |
| Buds the rose; | Bright-winged day; |
| Roses wither, | White light pours, |
| Sweet spring goes. | Flies away. |
3. Soft winds blow,
 Eastward borne;
 Onward go,
 Toward the morn.

¹ By George Eliot.

GOING FISHING¹

I remember my first fishing excursion as if it were but yesterday. I have been happy many times in my life, but never more so than when I received my first fishing-pole from my uncle's hand and trudged off with him through the woods and meadows.

It was a still, sweet day of early summer. The long afternoon shadows of the trees lay cool across our path. The leaves seemed greener, the flowers brighter, the birds merrier than ever before. My uncle, who knew by long experience where were the best haunts of the pickerel, very kindly pointed out to me the best place for fishing.

I threw out my line, as I had so often seen others do, and waited anxiously for a bite. I moved the bait in rapid jerks on the surface of the water in imitation of the leap of a frog. Nothing came of it.

"Try again," said my uncle.

Suddenly the bait sank out of sight.

"Now for it," thought I; "here is a fish at last."

I made a strong pull, and brought up a tangle of weeds. Again and again I cast out my line with aching arms, and drew it back empty. I looked to my uncle, hoping that he could do something to help me.

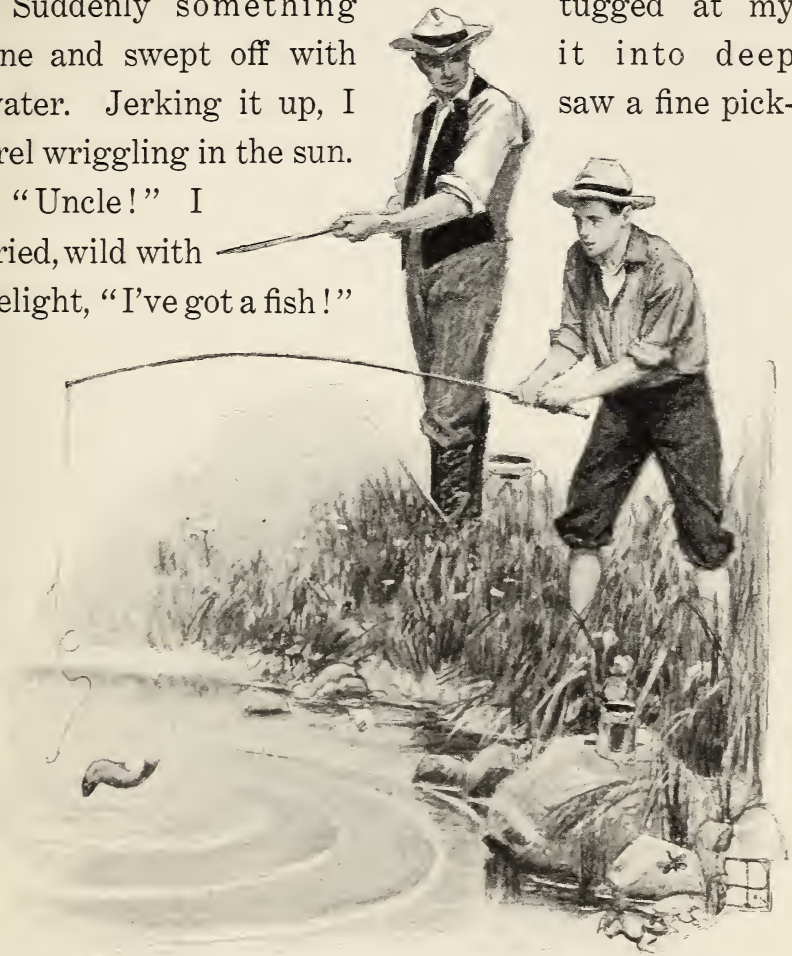
¹By John Greenleaf Whittier, an American poet (1807-1892).

“Try once more,” he said. “We fishermen must have patience.” I did try, but not with patience.

Suddenly something line and swept off with water. Jerking it up, I erel wriggling in the sun.

“Uncle!” I cried, wild with delight, “I’ve got a fish!”

tugged at my it into deep saw a fine pick-



“Not yet,” said my uncle.

As he spoke, there was a splash in the water, and I saw the arrowy gleam of a scared fish shooting into the middle of the stream.

My hook hung empty upon the line. I had lost my prize. I was so overcome by my great and bitter disappointment that I sat down upon the nearest tuft of grass and refused to be comforted.

My uncle assured me that there were more fish in the brook, but what did I care for that? He put the pole again in my hands, and told me to try my luck once more.

“But remember, boy,” he said with a smile, “never brag of catching a fish until it is on dry ground. I’ve known older folks to do that in more ways than one and thus make fools of themselves. It’s no use to boast of anything until it’s done — nor then, either, for it speaks for itself.”

How often since have I been reminded of the fish I didn’t catch! When I hear people boasting of a work which is not yet done, and trying to win credit for what they think they are going to do, I call to mind that wise caution of my uncle, “*Never brag of your fish until it is on dry ground!*”

EXPRESSION: Learn to speak these words distinctly and correctly: *excursion*; *experience*; *patience*; *anxiously*; *haunts*; *wriggling*; *arrowy*; *disappointment*; *comforted*.

Read and memorize the poem on page 248, and remember that the “barefoot boy” is the same boy that is here telling you how he went fishing.

WHO TOLD THE NEWS?

Oh, the sunshine told the bluebird,
And the bluebird told the brook,
That the dandelions were peeping
From the woodland's sheltered nook.

Then the brook was blithe and happy,
And it babbled all the way,
As it ran to tell the river
Of the coming of the May.

Soon the river told the meadow,
And the meadow told the bee,
That the tender buds were swelling
On the old horse-chestnut tree.

And the bee shook off its torpor,
And it spread each gauzy wing,
As it flew to tell the flowers
Of the coming of the spring.





THE SWARMING OF THE BEES

I

It was a pleasant morning in May. The orchards were white with apple blossoms. There were thousands of wild flowers in the fields and woods.

The bees in the hive had been very busy ever since the warm weather began. To-day they were crowding all about the doorway of their home. Some were flying out to seek sweet things. Some were coming back laden with the pollen of flowers. But most of them were humming and buzzing and rushing hither and thither in a very aimless way.

“It’s time to swarm!” they seemed to be saying.

Several of the best fliers had been sent out as scouts to find a place for a new home. About ten o’clock they came bustling in.

“We’ve found a good place far in the woods,” they said. “Now, swarm! swarm! swarm!”

Now, in every hive there is a queen bee. She is

not only the queen, but she is the mother of all the young bees. Worker bees live only a few weeks. So there must always be young bees to take their places. Without a queen, all would soon perish.

Within the last two weeks thousands of young bees had been hatched, and the hive was crowded. More than this, a young queen had been hatched, and no hive is large enough for two queens at the same time.

At first the old queen was furious. She tried hard to get at the young queen to kill her ; but her attendants held her back. "Have patience," they said.

"Very well, then," said the queen, "I shall take some of my best workers and fly away. We shall find a new home, and the young queen and the rest of the workers may have this hive to live in."

This, then, was why the scouts had been sent out. When they came back with their cry, "Swarm ! swarm ! swarm !" the whole hive was in an uproar.

The bees who were to go with the old queen hurried to fill themselves with honey ; for it might be several days before they could have any in their new home. Then some of them stood as guards by the doorway, while others, with a great buzzing, flew circling about the hive.

"Good-by, my children," buzzed the old queen, looking back at the bees who were to remain in the hive.

Then she bustled out of the doorway and across the narrow platform in front of it. Her bodyguard surrounded her, each one of the guards having its head turned toward her.

“Now, swarm! swarm! swarm!” she cried; and she spread her wings and rose into the air.

The other bees followed her, by thousands and tens of thousands. The air was full of them. Buzz-z-z!

II

“The bees are swarming! The bees are swarming!” shouted the children; and at once everybody was running to see them.

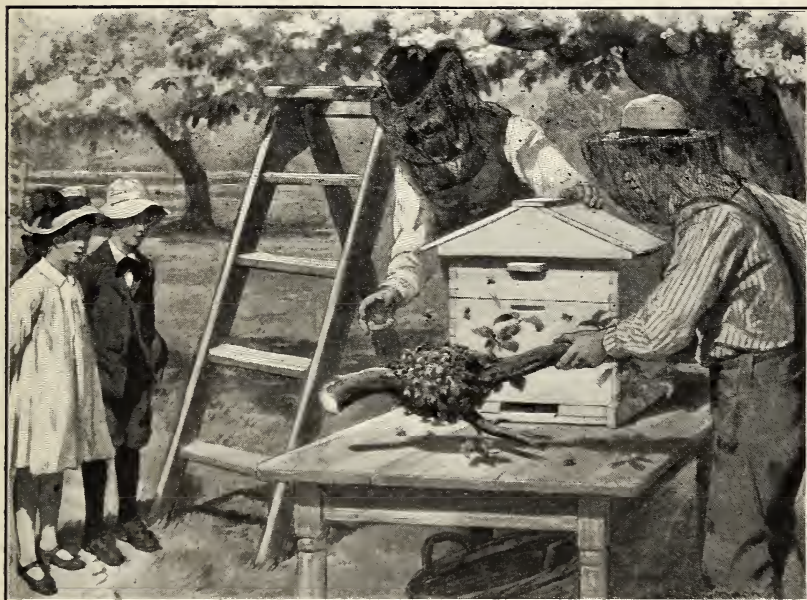
Ned’s father hurried to get a new hive ready. Willie, the farmer boy, ran for the stepladder and a saw. Ned’s mother began to make a great clatter on the tin dishpan. She said that the noise would confuse the bees and keep them from flying far. But I doubt if the bees cared anything about it.

All this while, the queen bee was circling in the air with her great swarm of subjects. They were getting farther and farther away from their old home.

“This way! this way!” shouted the scouts, moving off toward the hollow tree they had found in the woods. But just then the queen bee circled very close to a green apple bough that happened to be near.

“What a cozy place it is,” she said. “I will stop here and rest a while.”

So down she went and sat herself securely on the apple bough; and the other bees followed her. One



at a time, ten at a time, a hundred at a time, they alighted around her, about her, until she was at the center of a great ball of bees — a ball as big as your hat. And there the buzzing insects sat and hung, and seemed to care for nothing but to be close to their queen and mother.

And now came Ned's father with the new hive, which he placed on a table right below the great ball of bees. Willie was ready with his stepladder.

Quickly he climbed up to the heavily laden apple bough ; and very gently he cut it away from the tree, holding it firmly so as not to shake off any of the bees.

Then, to the great delight of the children, he descended to the ground, carrying the cluster of bees with him. He held it in front of the new hive, and shook it sharply. Down fell the queen bee upon the table that had been provided for her ; down fell her swarm of startled subjects.

“What has happened ? What has happened ?” they buzzed, as some of them rose into the air, and others began to run wildly around the table.

But the queen never lost her senses. She looked around her. She saw the new hive and the open doorway inviting her to come in.

“See here, my children,” she said. “Here is a much better home than any hollow tree in the woods. What’s the use of going any farther ?”

Then with a gentle murmur she led the way into the new hive ; and the swarm crowded after her by hundreds and thousands. Soon all except the guards and the scouts were safely inside of their new home.

“Hum ! hum ! hum ! What a delightful place this is !” said the happy bees to one another.

And the queen answered, “Buzz-z-z !”

THE BEE AND THE FLOWER ¹

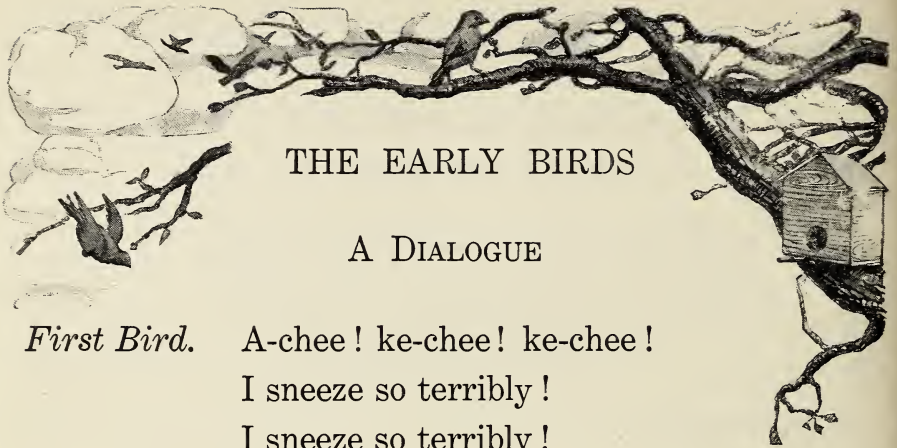
1. The bee buzzed up in the heat,
 "I am faint for your honey, my sweet."
2. The flower said, "Take it, my dear,
 For now is the spring of the year.
 So come, come!"
3. "Hum!"
 And the bee buzzed down from the heat.
4. And the bee buzzed up in the cold,
 When the flower was withered and old,
 "Have you still any honey, my dear?"
5. She said, "It's the fall of the year,
 But come, come!"
6. "Hum!"
 And the bee buzzed off in the cold.

EXPRESSION: Imitate as many of the sounds made by bees as you can. Repeat these sounds in concert.

What did the bee say? What did the flower say? Choose parts and read the poem according to the numbers.

Into what two parts may the poem be divided? How many lines are in each part?

¹ By Alfred Tennyson, an English poet (1809–1892).



THE EARLY BIRDS

A DIALOGUE

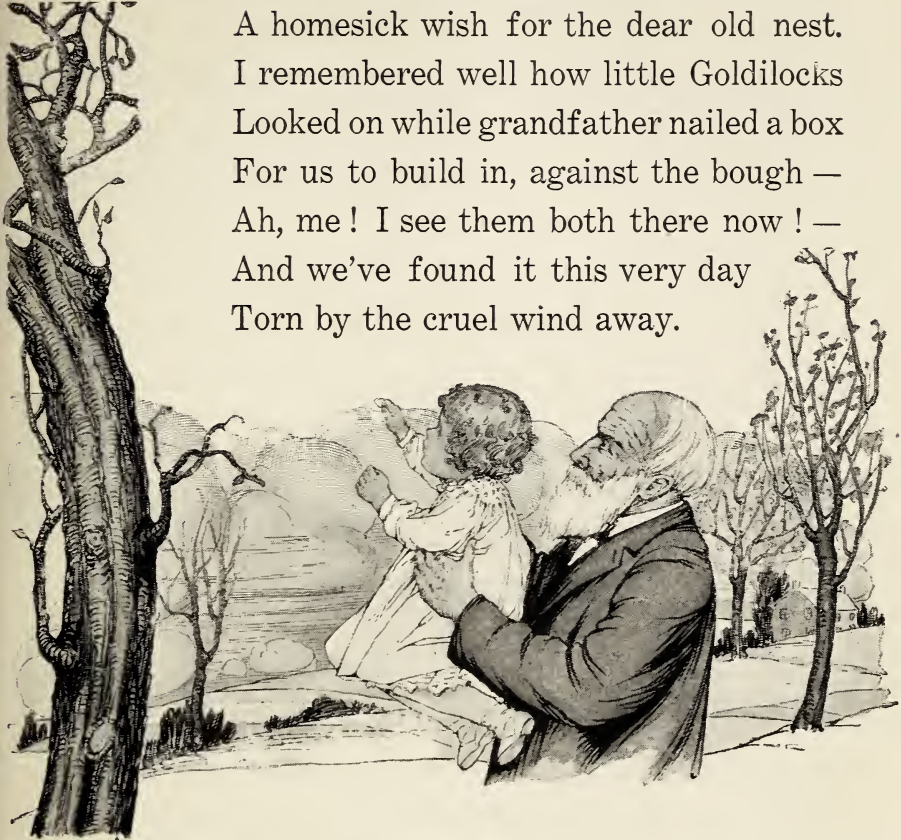
First Bird. A-chee! ke-chee! ke-chee!
I sneeze so terribly!
I sneeze so terribly!

Second Bird. And I—I cough and cough
My little head quite off,
My poor, poor, head quite off!

First Bird. When I set out I thought
A faint, sweet breath I caught
Of crocuses a-blow
Under the snow,
And a waft of that warm rain
That gives the root to grain,
And to the hills their sheen
Of early green.



Second Bird. I came because I had in my breast
 A homesick wish for the dear old nest.
 I remembered well how little Goldilocks
 Looked on while grandfather nailed a box
 For us to build in, against the bough —
 Ah, me! I see them both there now! —
 And we've found it this very day
 Torn by the cruel wind away.



First Bird. A-chee! a-chee! ke-chee!
 My cold grows worse, you see.
 There's snow on this tree and no one
 knows
 How cold snow feels to my tender toes.

Second Bird. Let's sing a little. *Chee-ree! chee-ree!*
Trittery-tree! tra-la! Trittery-tree!

That's hoarse. Now, while I try again,
 You keep your eye on the window pane ;
 And if you see something that's sunny
 and red,

You may know 'tis the little girl Goldi-
 locks's head.

Cheer-ee! cheer-ee!

Bubble-ubble! cheer-ee!

First Bird. I see her, *twittery-twee!*
 She is looking up at me!
 And grandpapa, too, — they both have
 heard
 The first bluebird.

Second Bird. We are safe! We are safe!
 It was right to come ;
 They will soon have ready
 A nice new home !



THE BIRD'S NEST¹

"Put it back, Robert! Do put it back!"

"Why?" whispered Robert, with a startled glance along the wood path. "Is the master in sight, Ned?"

"No, but we are in sight of the Master, Robert."

Robert drew a long breath of relief, and put his finger into the open mouth of one of the unfledged blackbirds. "You frightened me for a moment," he said, "but I see you were only talking Sunday-school talk. Of course, since Mr. Grant has forbidden us to touch the nests here, we must take care that he doesn't see us — that's all."

"Put it back, Robert, put it back!" pleaded the older boy. "The nest is as much the bird's home as your mother's cottage is yours; and those four little blackbirds can no more live and grow if you destroy it, than your baby sisters could live and grow if they had no home and no mother."

"I'm not harming the mother," said Robert.

"But suppose," said Ned, "that your mother should come home some night feeling very happy and thinking of the rest she would have in her own snug little house, with all her children around her

¹ By Mary Cecil Hay.

— and suppose that, just as she reached the old lilac tree by the gate, she were to look up and see that there were no little ones to meet her, no warm, cheery room to rest in, not even a sign of the dear old house to be seen — if such a thing should happen to your mother, would you say that no one had harmed her?”

“I don’t know anything about that,” stammered Robert. “What has that to do with the nest? The old bird can make another.”

“Yes, so she can; and your mother could find another house. But what heart would the mother have to do that? It would not be the same thing to the bird without her little ones, or to your mother without her babies.”

“My mother without her babies!” said Robert; “that’s very different.”

“Not so very different,” answered Ned. “My father says that the mother birds sometimes die of grief when they find their nests gone. Please put it back, Robert.”

“Not very likely, when I have had all this trouble to get it,” said Robert, in a surly tone.

“Just put it back for ten minutes,” pleaded Ned.

“To take it again after that?”

“Yes, if you like.”

“What good will that do?”

“Put it back for ten minutes, while I tell you a story.”

Robert put the nest back, and the two boys sat down together among the clover.



“Look, Robert! look!” cried Ned, joyfully. “See that blackbird flying straight to the tree. It is the mother bird. See how happy she is to find her nest and her little ones. Are you not glad that you put the nest back when you did?”

“Ten minutes is not very long,” muttered Robert.
“Tell your story, Ned.”

“It is only about mother, the children, and myself,” said Ned. “I was a very little fellow, and the twins were dots of things, and the baby was only a month or two old. Father was working for Mr. Grant, and he thought very highly of him, just as all the men do now; but I did not like him, because he would not allow us boys to throw at the birds or rob their nests.

“One day, as I was going through this very wood, and no one was near enough to see me, I took a thrush’s nest with five tiny birds in it. I hid them in the basket I was carrying to mother. I knew that we had an old wicker cage under the woodshed at home, and I thought that I would put the birds in it and watch them. The nest was very dry, and I burned it so that I might not be found out.

“Mother was very busy indoors, and so I put the birds in the cage without her seeing me; for I knew that she would punish me if she learned that I had been cruel to the little creatures.

“I soon noticed that mother was in trouble, for father had not come home, and she did not know the reason. At last I was sent to bed, and I lay and thought about the birds in the cage out under the

woodshed. But at length I slept, and I must have dreamed; for I thought that father had not come, and I had been sent out to find him.

“I asked a man where my father was, and he told me that Mr. Grant would not have my father work for him any more, but that we were to go far away, and be — like the little birds that I had put in the cage — without a home. There was not a song of birds in the woods as I went back to the house.

“My mother was making the children ready to leave. She was crying, and so were the children. I tried to comfort her, and then I went out to look at the birds. They were dead, and so great was my distress that I awoke. It was a dream, but a part of it was true. The birds were dead.”

“Is that all?” asked Robert.

“That is all. Will you take the nest again?”

“Tell another story. There is no hurry about taking the nest.”

Do you think that he took it?

EXPRESSION: Practice pronouncing the sounds of *ch*, *wh*, *th*:

| | | | | |
|----------------|----------------|---------------|--------------|----------------|
| <i>touch</i> | <i>why</i> | <i>thing</i> | <i>they</i> | <i>with</i> |
| <i>touched</i> | <i>what</i> | <i>think</i> | <i>than</i> | <i>without</i> |
| <i>reach</i> | <i>when</i> | <i>breath</i> | <i>there</i> | <i>mother</i> |
| <i>reached</i> | <i>whisper</i> | <i>length</i> | <i>that</i> | <i>another</i> |

Memorize the poem, “The Bluebird,” on page 247.

THE DEAD ROBIN¹

I killed a robin. The little thing,
 With scarlet breast and glossy wing,
 That came in the apple tree to sing.

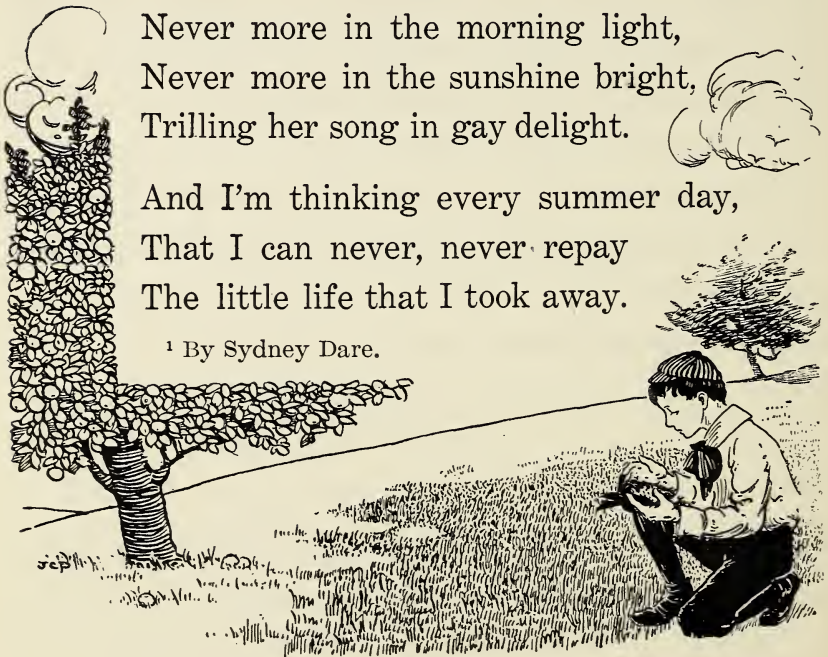
A little flutter — a little cry —
 Then on the ground I saw her lie,
 I didn't think she was going to die.

But as I watched her I soon could see
 She never would sing for you or me
 Any more in the apple tree.

Never more in the morning light,
 Never more in the sunshine bright,
 Trilling her song in gay delight.

And I'm thinking every summer day,
 That I can never, never repay
 The little life that I took away.

¹ By Sydney Dare.



A QUEER BIRD

In Australia, on the other side of the world, there lives a strange kind of bird which builds the oddest nest you ever heard about. The true name of this bird is Megapode, but we will turn his name into plain English and call him Big Foot.

Mr. Big Foot is not a large bird. He is not much larger than a quail; but there is no other bird that builds so big a nest.

When Mr. and Mrs. Big Foot think it about time to build a nest, they begin to gather all the sticks they can find. They pick up leaves, branches, stems, flowers, and small plants, and pile them on the ground where they want their nest.

They keep on with this work every day for a long time. At last they have made a thick, soft bed that is nearly round. It is so large that you would think a hundred such birds could sit upon it. But they do not want to sit upon it.

They now bring sand and earth and little stones, and cover it all over. They cover it so well that when it is done, it looks like a hill of earth. It is highest in the center, and slopes down all around, so that when it rains the water will run off.

Sometimes a nest is twelve feet high in the center and thirty feet across at the bottom. It is wonderful that two small birds can build so big a nest. They have been at work a few weeks, and they have piled up a good many wagonloads of sticks, leaves, stones, and sand. What is the use of it all? It surely does not look much like a nest.

In the center of the mound the birds have left a round opening or tunnel. It is large enough for one of them to go into, and it reaches from the top of the nest to the ground.

At the bottom of this tunnel they make a soft bed of leaves, which is their true nest. Then when everything is ready, Mrs. Big Foot begins to lay her eggs. She lays eight, and puts them in a perfect circle in this soft bed at the bottom of the tunnel. But she does not sit on her eggs. She has had enough to do to help build the great house for them.

As soon as all the eggs are in their places, the two birds bid good-bye to their house, and fly away. But at first they do not go far. Mr. Big Foot does not forget the eggs. Almost every day he comes back to see that everything is just right.

Very soon the leaves and plants in the big nest begin to decay, and this makes them warm. The nest is a kind of hotbed, like that which gardeners make

for sprouting plants in the early spring. How strange that the birds should know this!

If the nest seems too warm, when Mr. Big Foot comes to look at it, he takes off some of the leaves



that are about it. If it is not quite warm enough, he covers it with more leaves.

The heat warms the eight eggs, and in a few weeks they are hatched. What, now, will become of the young Big Foots, as they break through the shell and find no mother bird to feed them? For Mr. and Mrs. Big Foot are now in some other part of the forest,

perhaps building another nest. Most birds are helpless when first hatched and need a good deal of care. But not so with the young Big Foots ; they are well able to take care of themselves.

As soon as they are out of the shell, they begin to climb up to the top of the tunnel. As they look up they can see only a little of the blue sky ; but they will not rest until they have seen more. They are already covered with feathers, and their wings are strong.

Soon they reach the top of the tunnel. They look out and see the beautiful trees on every side. They will go and see the world.

In a few minutes they lift their wings and fly away among the tree tops. No one has taught them to fly, but they know just how it is done. The great forest is all around them, and they can go where they like. There is nobody to care for them, and so they start out bravely to care for themselves.

EXPRESSION: How does Mr. Big Foot compare in size with the quail? Read your answer. Tell all that you remember about (1) the building of the nest; (2) the eggs; (3) the nestlings.

How do these birds differ from most other birds?

WORD STUDY: Learn to spell and pronounce:

Australia

Meg'a pode

wag'on loads

min'utes

SOME INTERESTING LETTERS

I. RICHARD HENRY LEE (*aged nine*) TO GEORGE
WASHINGTON

[Two little boys who grew up to become great and famous men once lived in Westmoreland County, Vir-



ginia. Both were born in the same year — one on the twenty-second of February, the other a month earlier. Their homes were only a few miles apart,

and during boyhood they were firm friends and play-mates. They visited each other often, and sometimes wrote little letters about things that were of interest to them. The older boy was Richard Henry Lee ; the younger was George Washington.

A letter that was written in the year 1741, from the home of the Lees, has been preserved until now. There are several misspelled words in it, and some other errors. George Washington's reply to that letter has also been preserved. It is quite correct, and just as it is printed on the next page ; but perhaps his mother helped him a little.

Here is what little Richard Henry wrote, but the misspelled words have been corrected :]

To George Washington :

Pa brought me two pretty books full of pictures. He got them in Alexandria ; they have pictures of dogs and cats and tigers and elephants and ever so many pretty things.

Cousin bids me send you one of them. It has a picture of an elephant and a little Indian boy on his back like Uncle Jo's Sam. Pa says if I learn my tasks well, he will let Uncle Jo take me to see you. Will you ask your ma to let you come to see me ?

RICHARD HENRY LEE.

II. GEORGE WASHINGTON'S REPLY

Dear Dickey :

I thank you very much for the picture book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pictures, and I showed him all the pictures in it ; and I read to him how the tame elephant took care of the master's little boy, and put him on his back and would not let anybody touch his master's little son.

I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word.

Ma says I may go to see you, and stay all day with you next week if it be not rainy.

She says I may ride my pony, Hero, if Uncle Ben will go with me and lead Hero.

I have a little piece of poetry about the picture book you gave me, but I mustn't tell you who wrote the poetry.

G. W's. compliments to R. H. L.,
And likes his book full well.
Henceforth will count him his friend,
And hopes many happy days he may spend.

Your good friend

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

I am going to get a whip top soon, and you may see it and whip it.

III. MACAULAY TO HIS NIECE

[About a hundred years ago there lived in England a child who was almost always talking or reading or writing. That which he once read he never forgot, and by merely glancing at a printed page he could tell all that it contained.

The name of this child was Thomas Babington Macaulay. When he became a man, he still loved to read and talk and write, and his wonderful memory became even more wonderful. He wrote poems, essays, and a history of England which made him famous all over the world. The queen honored him by making him a knight, and he is now commonly called Lord Macaulay. He was forty-two years old when he wrote the following letter :]

September 15, 1842.

My Dear Baba :

Thanks for your pretty letter. I am always glad to make my little girl happy, and nothing pleases me so much as to see that she likes books.

For when she is as old as I am, she will find that they are better than all the cakes and toys and plays and sights in the world.

If anybody would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens and fine dinners

and coaches and beautiful clothes and hundreds of servants, on condition that I should not read books, I would not be a king.

I would rather be a poor man in a garret, with plenty of books, than a king who did not love reading.

Your affectionate uncle,

T. B. MACAULAY.

IV. THE POET LONGFELLOW TO A LITTLE GIRL

[If the school children of America should be asked to name their favorite poet, there is little doubt that almost every one would say, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He was the friend of children, and as such he wrote many poems which are a delight to young readers everywhere. In the following letter he tells about his own three little girls :]

NAHANT, August 18, 1859.

Your letter followed me down here by the seaside, where I am passing the summer with my three little girls.

The oldest is about your size ; but as little girls keep changing every year, I can never remember exactly how old she is, and have to ask her mamma, who has a better memory than I have. Her name is

Alice. I never forget that. She is a nice girl, and loves poetry almost as much as you do.

The second is Edith, with blue eyes and beautiful golden locks, which I sometimes call her nankeen hair to make her laugh. She is a busy little woman, and wears gray boots.

The youngest is Allegra, which you know means merry; and she is the merriest little thing you ever saw — always singing and laughing all over the house.

These are my three little girls, and Mr. Read has painted them all in one picture, which I hope you will see some day.

They bathe in the sea and dig in the sand and patter about the piazza all day long. Sometimes they go to see the Indians encamped on the shore, and buy baskets and bows and arrows.

I do not say anything about the two boys. They are such noisy fellows it is of no use to talk about them.

And now, Miss Emily, give my love to your papa, and good night, with a kiss from his friend and yours.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

EXPRESSION: Select and copy all the proper names used in these letters. Repeat them aloud until you are sure you will always speak them correctly.

THE LITTLE OLD MAN IN THE WOOD FIRE¹

There's a little Old Man in the fire, somewhere
 In the heart of the blazing wood,
 Who would give the world for a breath of air
 In the groves where the trees once stood ;
 I know not his name,
 But he's there in the flame
 That is burning him up for good.

Don't you hear him cry
 And sizz and fry,
 When the wind goes over the chimney high?
 "Whee-oo ! whee-ee !
 You are burning me,
 And I want to get out where the cold winds be,
 Whee-oo ! whee-ee !"

There's a little Old Man in the fire, as true
 As the boy that is sitting there ;
 And he spitefully spits from the logs at you,
 While the bright blaze singes his hair.
 I know not his name,
 But I know how he came
 To be toasting and roasting there !

¹ By Frank L. Stanton, an American writer.

Don't you hear him cry
 And sizz and fry,
 When the wind gets lost in the chimneys high?
 "Whee-oo! whee-ee!
 You are roasting me,
 And I want to get out where the snowflakes be —
 Whee-oo! whee-ee!"

This little Old Man was a boy as bright
 As any you'd meet to-day;
 But he worried his mother, and so one night
 The darkness stole him away.
 In the heart of a tree
 He was hidden, you see,
 And no one could get him away!

Don't you hear him cry
 And sizz and fry,
 When the wind leaps over the housetops high?
 "Whee-oo! whee-ee!
 You are roasting me,
 And I want to get out where the children be —
 Whee-oo! whee-ee!"

He called to the fairies and every bird,
 "Let me out of the tree, the tree!"
 But the fairies thought 'twas a ghost they heard,
 For there wasn't a boy to see,

And the winds that went over
 The daisies and clover
 Couldn't shake him out of the tree.

Don't you hear him cry
 And sizz and fry,
 And snarl at the children standing by?
 "Whee-oo! whee-ee!
 They are roasting me —
 The little Old Man of the fire — whee-ee!
 Whee-oo! whee-ee!"

EXPRESSION: Did you ever on a cold winter day sit by an open fireplace in which logs of wood were burning? The logs burn slowly, and bright yellow and blue flames rise up between them. If the logs are somewhat green the sap oozes out at the ends making strange sounds — z-z-z-z! whee-ee-oo-oo! sizz-z-z-z!

Once a little boy, who had been troublesome and naughty through the day, was sitting by such a fire and listening to the sounds made by the oozing, sizzling, sizzling, whistling sap. He did not know what was the cause of the sounds, and so he asked his mother. She told him the story that is related in this poem.

Try to imitate the voice and words of the little Old Man. Practice speaking the sounds of *s, z, sp, wh*:

| | | | | |
|---------------|---------------|-------------------|--------------|----------------|
| <i>buzz</i> | <i>seizes</i> | <i>spits</i> | <i>grasp</i> | <i>whistle</i> |
| <i>sizzle</i> | <i>blazes</i> | <i>spitefully</i> | <i>wasp</i> | <i>whizz</i> |
| <i>sizz</i> | <i>singes</i> | <i>sparkling</i> | <i>wisp</i> | <i>whee-oo</i> |

A BRAVE INDIAN GIRL

Many years ago there lived in the West a tribe of Indians who called themselves Illinois. They were not savage and warlike, as the tribes around them were, but they liked to live in peace, hunting the deer in the great woods and taking the fish from the shallow streams.

On the bank of a pretty little river that flows into the great Mississippi a small band of these Indians had built their wigwams. All along the stream were tall oaks and spreading walnut trees, with here and there a grove of wild plums or a thicket of hazel bushes. But only half a mile away began the great prairie, where there was neither tree nor bush, but only tall grass ; and it stretched like a green sea as far as the eye could reach.

What there was on the other side of the prairie, the Indians did not know. But they had been told that a fierce race of men lived there who loved only war.

“We will live quietly in our own place,” they said, “and then these strangers will not molest us.”

And so for many years they lived in a careless, happy way by the side of the pretty river ; and few

of their young men dared to wander far from the friendly shelter of the woods.

One day in summer, when the woods were full of the songs of birds, and the prairie of the sweet odors of flowers, the Illinois had a festival under the oaks that shaded their village. The young people played merry games on the green, while their fathers and mothers sat in the doors of the wigwams and talked of the peaceful days that were past.

All at once a savage yell was heard in the hazel thicket by the river ; then another from the edge of the prairie ; and then a third from the lower end of the village. In a moment all was terror and confusion. Too well the Illinois knew the meaning of these cries. The savage strangers from beyond the prairie had come at last.

The attack had been so sudden and fierce that the Illinois could not defend themselves. They scattered and fled far into the woods on the other side of the little river. Then, one by one, they came together in a shady glen where they could hide from danger. But even there they could hear the yells of their foes, and they could see the black smoke that rose from their burning wigwams.

The bravest among them were in despair. They threw their bows upon the ground. The warriors

were gloomy and silent. They said it was useless to fight with foes so strong and fierce. The women and children wept as though heartbroken.

But at the very moment when all seemed lost, a young girl stood up among them. She had been well known in the little village. Her thoughtful, quiet ways had endeared her to old and young alike. Her name was Watseka.

There were no tears in Watseka's eyes as she turned her face toward the gloomy warriors. There was no fear in her voice as she spoke.

"Are you men," she said, "and do you thus give up all hope? Turn your faces toward the village. Do you see the smoke of our burning homes? Our enemies are counting the scalps they have taken. They are eating the deer that you killed yesterday on your own hunting grounds. And do you stand here and do nothing?"

Some of the warriors turned their faces toward the burning village, but no one spoke.

"Very well," said Watseka. "I will show you what can be done. Follow me, women of the Illinois! The strangers shall not laugh because they have driven us so easily from our homes. They shall not feed upon the corn that we have raised. We will show them what the Illinois can do. Follow me!"

As Watseka spoke, her eyes sparkled with a light which filled every heart with new courage. With one accord the women and girls gathered around her.

“Lead us, Watseka!” they cried. “We will follow you. We are not afraid.”



They armed themselves with the bows and the hatchets which the warriors had thrown upon the ground. Those who could find nothing else picked up stones and sticks. The boys joined them, their

eyes flashing with eagerness. All felt that Watseka would lead them to victory.

Then it was that courage came again into the hearts of the warriors.

“Are we men, and do we let the women and boys thus outdo us?” they cried. “No, we alone will drive our foes from our home. We will fear nothing. We will never rest until we have won back all that we have lost!”

And so Watseka and the women and boys did not go into battle. But the warriors of the Illinois in the darkness of the night crept silently back through the shadows of the wood. While their foes lay sleeping by the fires of the burning wigwams, they swept down upon them like a thunderbolt from the clear sky. Their revenge was swift and terrible.

And so the Illinois were again at peace. They rebuilt their wigwams by the side of the pleasant river, and there they lived in comfort for many long years. Nor did they ever forget how the maiden Watseka had saved them in their hour of greatest need. The story of her bravery was told and retold a thousand times; the warriors talked of her beauty; the women praised her goodness; and so long as there were Indians in that Western land, the name of Watseka was remembered and honored.

THE INDIAN CHILD¹

Child of pathless woods am I,
Where the mountain eagles fly,
Where the stealthy panther creeps,
Where the wolf a vigil keeps,
Tracking swift to nest and lair
Savage beasts or birds of air;
Child of pathless woods, for me
Naught is sweet as liberty.

I can shoot the feathered shaft;
I can steer the pliant raft;
Patient all the day can go
On the trail of friend or foe;
Keen my eyes and strong my heart,
Proud am I to bear a part;
When the chase is wild and free,
There is happiness for me.

Simple is the faith I hold,
Taught to me by warriors bold.
Only women faint and sigh
When an enemy is nigh;

¹ By Margaret E. Sangster, an American writer.

Only babies cry for pain ;
Chieftains scorn a tear-drop's stain.
Far beyond this world is found
Many a happy hunting ground.
The Great Spirit watches me —
I'm the child of liberty.

THE LEGEND OF MONDAMIN

You have read of Hiawatha, the noblest and best of all Red Men. He it was who taught his people how to hunt and fish, how to build wigwams and make canoes, and how to be brave and kind and helpful to one another. He knew how to cure the sick and heal the wounded, and it was his chief delight to go from one village to another, carrying health and happiness to those whom he loved.

One day, as he was walking alone through a dark forest, he met a little man who was scarcely higher than his knee. The little man wore a red plume in his hair, and his face was very pleasant to look upon ; and he greeted Hiawatha with a good-natured smile and a gentle nodding of the head.

“Good morning, friend,” he said ; “I am Mondamin, or the Red Plume. I hear that you are very strong. How would you like to wrestle with me ?”

“You are only a little fellow, and I am a full-grown warrior,” answered Hiawatha. “Why should I wrestle with you?”

The little man smiled still more sweetly, and the



red plume in his hair waved back and forth as he said: “I am much stronger than you think. And you should wrestle with me because you will then be able to give a great gift to your people.”

“If that is the case,” answered Hiawatha, “then I will try a bout with you. But never will I harm you willingly.”

So the noble warrior and little Red Plume began to wrestle with each other, and Hiawatha soon learned that he would not gain an easy victory. All day long they wrestled. The sun sank low, and at length went down behind the western hills. Then the strength of Red Plume failed entirely, and he sank down, helpless, upon the ground.

“I have thrown you ! I have thrown you !” shouted Hiawatha ; and his words were echoed from tree to tree through the whole length of the forest.

He stooped to lift the vanquished Red Plume to his feet again, but behold ! the little wrestler had no longer the shape of a man. His legs and arms and smiling face were gone, and his body had been changed to a ripe ear of maize or Indian corn. But the red plume was still there, waving as before ; and as Hiawatha looked, he heard a pleasant voice coming from beneath the husk of corn.

“Noblest of warriors,” it said, “here is the great gift that you have won for your people. Take me, and strip me of the husks which protect me from the winds and the weather. Then bury me in the rich black soil near the river’s bank. There the sun will give me warmth, and the rains of early spring will be my drink. When one moon has passed, come back. You will then see the gift of corn.”

THE FEAST OF MONDAMIN ¹

I

Not forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and garments
Faded in the rain and sunshine.
Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to wait and watch beside it ;
Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the Summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses ;
Then he called to old Nokomis
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
Showed them where the maize was growing,
Told them of his wondrous vision,
Of his wrestling and his triumph,
Of this new gift to the nations,
Which should be their food forever.

¹ By Henry W. Longfellow.

And still later, when the Autumn
Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off them,
As he once had stripped the wrestler,
Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

II

All around the happy village
Stood the maize-fields, green and shining,
Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,
Waved his soft and sunny tresses,
Filling all the land with plenty.
Summer passed, and Shawondasee
Breathed his sighs o'er all the landscape,
From the South-land sent his ardors,
Wafted kisses warm and tender ;
And the maize-field grew and ripened,
Till it stood in all the splendor
Of its garments green and yellow,
Of its tassels and its plumage,

And the maize-ears full and shining
 Gleamed from bursting sheaths of verdure.
 Then Nokomis, the old woman,
 Spake, and said to Minnehaha :
 " 'Tis the Moon when leaves are falling ;
 All the wild rice has been gathered,
 And the maize is ripe and ready ;
 Let us gather in the harvest,
 Let us wrestle with Mondamin,
 Strip him of his plumes and tassels,
 Of his garments green and yellow !"
 And the merry Laughing Water
 Went rejoicing from the wigwam,
 With Nokomis, old and wrinkled,
 And they called the women round them,
 Called the young men and the maidens,
 To the harvest of the cornfields,
 To the husking of the maize-ear.

EXPRESSION : Practice reading these lines again and again
 until you can make them sound like music.


Pronounce the following words correctly and distinctly :

| | | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|------------------|--------------------|
| <i>I ä'goo</i> | <i>No ko'mis</i> | <i>wres'tler</i> | <i>plum'age</i> |
| <i>Mon dä'min</i> | <i>Shä'won dä'see</i> | <i>wrin'kled</i> | <i>van'quished</i> |
| <i>Hī a wā'tha</i> | <i>wäm'pum</i> | <i>with'ered</i> | <i>war'rior</i> |
| <i>Min ne hä'ha</i> | <i>maize-field</i> | <i>won'drous</i> | <i>ver'dure</i> |

HOW THE CORN GROWS¹

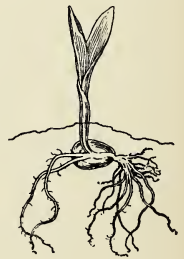
This is the story which Willie's mother told the children one morning in September. They had been to the cornfield and had just come back with their hands full of long, pale-green corn silk.

"Last spring, when your father plowed the ground and planted the corn, some black crows were watching him. They sat in an old tree and waited till he had left the field. Then they came down to pick up the corn.

"They could not find much ; but whenever they saw a grain of corn they picked it up and ate it, or carried it away to their little crows in the woods. 

"Then there came a warm rain and moistened the ground. The sun shone bright. Soon the seed corn swelled as though ready to burst open. In a few days two little arms were thrust out, one reaching down into the earth, and one reaching up to the light and air.

"The first arm was never very pretty, but it was useful. For, besides holding the plant firmly in its place, it drew up water and food for it. The second

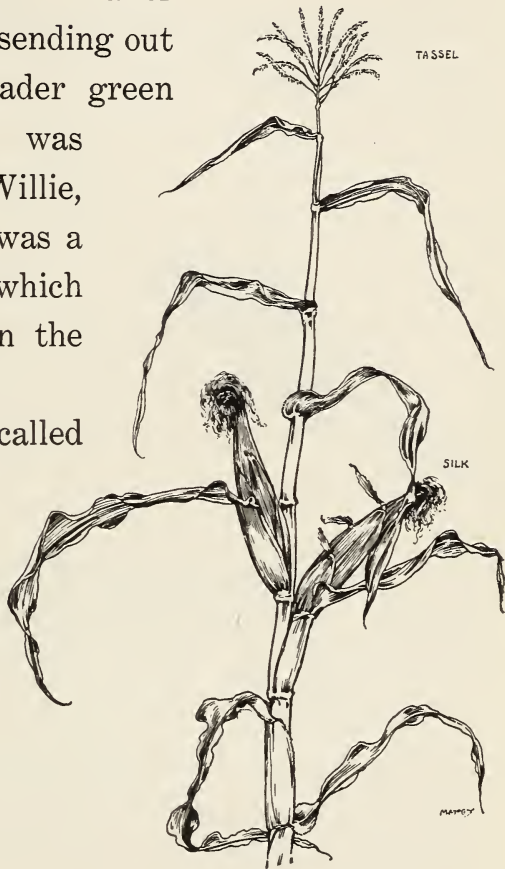


¹ Adapted from a story by Jane Andrews.

arm grew very fast, and soon threw out two long, slender green leaves that waved in the air and seemed to rejoice in the sunlight.

“Day after day this arm, which we may call the stalk, grew and grew. Taller and taller it became, sending out still longer and broader green leaves. At last it was much taller than Willie, and at its top there was a branching flower which swayed and bowed in the wind.

“This flower is called the tassel. Lower down on the stalk was another flower, partly hidden by the leaves. It looked like a bunch of long threads, and was pale green at first, but afterwards red. This flower is sometimes called the silk.



“Now each thread of the silk was in truth a tiny tube, so small that your eyes cannot see that it is hol-

low. On the tassel at the top of the stalk a golden dust called pollen was forming and ripening every day. Each grain of pollen was also very small — smaller than the hollow in the tiny tubes of the silk.

“One day, when the tassel was very full of pollen, a gentle wind blew over the cornfield. It tossed the tassel this way and that, it shook the ripe pollen grains out by the thousands.



“Many of these grains were blown away and lost; but many others dropped down upon the silk and crept into the tiny green tubes which were open to receive them.

Down they slid, each one in its tube, until it reached the end; and there it found a tiny little room, just large enough to live in, and plenty of sweet food for nourishment.

“And so each pollen grain lay in its own little room, and grew larger and plumper every day. The rooms were beautifully arranged in long, straight rows; and as the pollen grains grew, these also grew until they touched each other and even pressed hard against each other. Then the grains ceased to grow; for

they were no longer pollen grains, but grains of corn, ripe and sweet. There they lay, packed closely together in rows around a brownish-red corn cob, and wrapped up warm and safe in a cloak of dry corn leaves called the husk.

“One morning a little boy and his father went out into the cornfield. The boy carried a basket, and the father broke from the corn stalks the full firm ears of sweet corn and heaped the basket full.”

“Oh, mother!” said Willie, “that was father and I. Don’t you remember how we used to go out every morning and bring in a basket of sweet corn for dinner? We must have taken that very ear; for I noticed how all the grains were packed close together in long rows.”



EXPRESSION: Tell how corn grows. Speak of (1) the seed; (2) the plantlet; (3) the stalk, tassel, and silk; (4) the ripened ear.

KINDNESS REWARDED¹

On a certain hill in a far-distant country there are two beautiful trees, a linden and an oak. At the foot of the hill there is an ugly marsh, and a little farther away there is a lake. A wonderful story is told about the trees and the lake.

A long, long time ago Jupiter and Mercury were traveling through that country to see how the people lived and whether they were kind-hearted and brave and true as all people ought to be. The two travelers were dressed in coarse garb, and went from place to place on foot, and nobody guessed who they were.

Late one day they reached a thriving village in the midst of a beautiful plain. They were footsore and covered with dust, and no sooner had they entered the village than children and men began to hoot and throw stones at them.

They walked through the streets, seeking some place of shelter for the night, but no one would show them the least kindness. Some of the people were so rude as to set dogs upon them, and they were finally driven out of the village.

As they walked sadly along in the deepening twilight, they came to a humble thatched cottage by the

¹ Retold from Ovid's "Metamorphoses."

side of the road. An old man, whose name was Philemon, was sitting by the door, and his wife Baucis was standing by his side with her knitting in her hand. The house was a very poor one, but the two old people appeared to be contented and happy.

As soon as Philemon saw the travelers coming slowly up the hill, he ran out and greeted them with kindly words. "Come in, and rest yourselves," he said. "Come in, and my wife Baucis will give you some food, for I know that you are tired and hungry."

The strangers followed the old couple into their hut. Philemon gave them seats just inside of the door, and Baucis hurried to prepare some food for them. The good woman raked out the coals that lay among the ashes on the hearth; she laid some dry sticks upon them, and soon had a blazing fire. Then she ran into the garden and gathered some fresh vegetables; she cut a slice of meat from the side of bacon that hung in the chimney corner; she filled the great dinner pot and swung it above the flames.

While the food was cooking, she drew out the little table and covered it with a snow-white cloth. On the bench where her guests were to sit, she placed a cushion filled with soft and fragrant seaweed. Then she placed on the table sweet-smelling herbs, and radishes, and cheese, and eggs cooked in the ashes.

When all was ready, the stew, smoking hot, was dipped from the kettle and served in coarse earthen dishes. Some milk was brought in a yellow pitcher; and apples and wild honey were added for dessert. But better than all these were the kind faces of Baucis and Philemon — their looks of welcome, their attention to every need of their unknown visitors.

The guests sat down at the table, and the good old people stood behind them, ready to serve them and satisfy their wants. When the milk was poured out, they were astonished to see that the pitcher was still as full as ever.

“Wonder of wonders!” whispered good Baucis. “Did you ever hear of anything so strange?”

“Wife,” answered Philemon, amazed and trembling, “I guess these are no common men. They are Mighty Beings come down from above.”

Then both fell upon their knees and begged pardon for the coarseness of the food and the rudeness of the table and the dishes. “They are the best that we have,” they said. “Gladly would we give you something better, but we cannot.”

Jupiter raised them to their feet and smiled upon them. “The richest man in all the land could not have done more than you have done for our comfort,” said he. “But what shall we say for the people

of the village who drove us from their doors and refused to give us shelter for the night?"



"I beg that you will not be too harsh with them," said Philemon. "They did not know who it was whom they treated so rudely."

"Nay," said Jupiter, "but people who show no acts of kindness to poor and needy strangers are not

likely to have the right feelings toward even the Mighty Ones from whom they receive all the good things of life. They shall be punished."

In the morning after the two noble guests had eaten their breakfast, they made ready to go on their way.

"Walk with us to the top of yonder hill," said Jupiter. Philemon and Baucis gladly obeyed.

When they had reached the top of the steep slope, Mercury bade them look around. To their great wonder they saw that the village had disappeared and that a broad lake had taken its place. No house had been left standing save their own humble cottage.

"My good friends," said Jupiter, "you shall be rewarded for your kindness to strangers. Is there not some favor that we can grant you?"

Then Philemon and Baucis both answered, "Let us finish our lives here where we have lived so long; and when the time comes for us to die, let us both pass from life together."

"You shall have your wish," said Jupiter.

Even while he spoke Philemon and Baucis saw a wonderful change come over their humble dwelling. Lofty columns took the place of the corner posts, the thatch was changed to a gilded roof, and the doors were hung with ornaments of gold. The cottage was transformed into a beautiful temple.

For many years the two old people were the keepers of the temple. But one day as they were standing outside and looking up into the sky, they felt themselves stiffen so they could not stir. They had hardly time to say, "Good-by, dear Philemon," and "Good-by, dear Baucis," when they were changed into two noble trees — he into an oak, and she into a linden.

Long, long ago the temple fell in ruins and was forgotten; but the trees still stand side by side on the slope of the hill. When the wind rises, the poor people who pass that way hear the rustle of the leaves and see the branches caress each other; and they fancy that they hear the trees saying, "Dear Baucis!" "Dear Philemon!"

EXPRESSION: Read the first paragraph of this story. Shut your eyes and picture in your mind the scene that is there described. Now try to put the picture on paper or on the blackboard.

Which part of the story do you like best? Read it aloud and tell why you like it.

WORD STUDY: Pronounce these words correctly: *Ju-pi ter*; *Mer'cu ry*; *Phi le'mon*; *Bau'cis*; *thatched*; *gild'ed*; *col'umns*; *or'na ments*; *trans formed'*; *ru'ins*; *des ert'*.

Spell these words by letter and by sound: *guess, guests, guessed*; *knees, knitting, knock, know*; *people, temple, couple, humble, noble, kettle, rustle*.

KING ALFRED — A PLAY¹

 PERSONS IN THE PLAY

| | |
|-----------------|------------------------------|
| ALFRED. | <i>King of England</i> |
| GUBBA | <i>A Woodcutter</i> |
| GRETA | <i>The Woodcutter's Wife</i> |
| EDGAR | <i>An Officer</i> |

 SOLDIERS AND HUNTERS

SCENE. — *In a dense forest. The King alone.*

Alfred. How lonely and quiet it is here! There is little danger that any one will follow me into this wild place. But what if I am lost? I have had nothing to eat since yesterday. If I do not find my way out of the forest, I shall soon die of hunger. — Ha! here is a path. I will follow it. Oh, how lucky! I see a woodcutter's hut yonder among the trees. I will go to it.

[*He goes forward. Gubba meets him near the cottage.*]

Gubba. Good evening, stranger.

Alfred. Good evening, my friend. I am a poor traveler, and have lost my way in these woods. Will you give me a bite to eat, and let me to rest a little while in your cottage?

¹ Adapted from "Evenings at Home," by Dr. John Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld.

Gubba. A poor traveler, eh? Well, there are too many poor travelers, I think. But come in. You may ask the woman about it. — I say, Greta, is supper almost ready?

Greta. You lazy fellow! You're always thinking



about your supper. But the cakes are not baked and the cow is not milked and the pigs are not fed; and — but who is this fellow you have brought with you?

Alfred. Good woman, I am a stranger. I have lost my way in these woods. I am hungry and tired, and would ask you to give me food and shelter.

Greta. Well, I don't like strangers. It was a sorry day for England when those stranger Danes began to come here.

Alfred. That is true. But I am not that kind of stranger. I meant to say that I am stranger here in this forest ; but I am a friend to all Englishmen.

Greta. You are not one of those Danes, then?

Alfred. No, indeed ! I am an enemy to the Danes. I wish they were all driven from our land.

Gubba. Good ! good ! Give me your hand.

Alfred. I was with King Alfred in the last great battle with the Danes.

Greta. You were ? Bless you for a hero.

Gubba. What became of our good king ?

Alfred. His men were put to flight and many were slain ; and some say that he, too, was killed.

Gubba. Ah ! these are, indeed, sad times. But if you were with the king, I am your friend. You shall sup with us. You shall rest in our cottage. You shall stay with us as long as you wish.

Alfred. I thank you very much. If I can do anything to help you, I shall be glad indeed.

Gubba. Well, I am needing help just now. All the men have gone to the war, and there is a great deal to be done. Can you chop wood ?

Alfred. I have never tried ; but I might learn.

Gubba. Can you thatch a roof ? The cow house must be covered.

Alfred. No ; I cannot thatch.

Greta. Can you make baskets?

Alfred. I have never learned.

Greta. Can you milk a cow?

Alfred. Well, I don't know. I have never touched a cow.

Gubba. Why, here's a fellow with as many hands as I have, and he can't do anything!

Greta. Do you see those cakes I have baking on the hearth? I wonder if you can watch them while I milk the cow?

Alfred. Certainly, I can do that. I'll not take my eyes away from them.

Greta. Well, be sure you turn them when they're brown. And don't let them burn.

Alfred. Trust me for that, good woman.

Greta [*taking her pail*]. Now come, Gubba. Don't sit there; it's time to feed the pigs. The fellow will watch the cakes.

[*Both go out, leaving Alfred alone.*]

Alfred. Alas, alas! my poor country. I grieve not for myself, but for my people.

[*He falls into deep thought and forgets the cakes, which soon burn to a crisp. After an hour, Greta returns with a pail of milk. Gubba follows with an ax.*]

Greta. Well, sir, are the cakes done? — Mercy on

us, he's let them burn. They're as black as a coal. — What do you mean, you lazy thing?

Alfred. Indeed, good woman, I'm very sorry. But I was thinking of something else — of how to save our country from the Danes.

Greta. A pretty fellow you are, to save the country — too lazy to turn a cake! Get out of the house at once. No supper for you, sir!

[Alfred starts to go out, but at the door is met by Edgar with some soldiers and hunters.]

Gubba [trying to escape]. Run, Greta, run! The Danes! the Danes! We are lost.

Greta. Have mercy on us!

Edgar [addressing King Alfred]. Hail, my king!

Soldiers. Hail to the king! Hail to King Alfred!

Edgar. How glad I am to find you, my king! And I have good news for you.

Alfred. Good news? I could have no better news than to see your faces. But tell me what it is.

Edgar. A thousand men are waiting for you at the edge of the woods — all ready to follow you and fight another battle with the Danes. I have here a list of the leaders who will help you.

[Offers the king a paper. Alfred takes it and reads it by the dim light of the fire.]

Gubba [*aside to Greta*]. They're not Danes, Greta. He's the king of England in disguise. What will become of us? Only think of scolding a king as you did! We shall both lose our heads for it.



Greta. But who would have thought that he was the king! He looks just like a man.

Gubba. We might have guessed that he was king; for he showed that he is not fit for anything else.

Alfred [*coming forward*]. This is certainly good news, Edgar. There is no reason for despair while you and so many other brave men are ready to help me.

Soldiers and Hunters. Hurrah! hurrah for King Alfred! Down with the Danes!

Alfred. Yes, down with England's enemies! Come, let us hasten to join our friends who are waiting for us. Soon we shall deal those Danes such a blow that they will be glad to leave our country in peace.

Soldiers. Down with the Danes!

Hunters. Hurrah for England and King Alfred!

Alfred. Come, my men! Good-by, my friends, Gubba and Greta! You have indeed been very kind to me.

Gubba [*falling upon his knees*]. Do you indeed forgive us?

Alfred. There's nothing to forgive. I thank you for allowing me to sit by your fire. Good-by!

[*Goes out with Edgar.*]

Gubba. Well, now, that's what I call a *king*!

EXPRESSION: Alfred the Great was king of Saxon England more than a thousand years ago. The Danes from Denmark attempted to conquer the country but were at last defeated and obliged to make peace with King Alfred. Try to learn something more about those early times.

Read the play silently. Be sure that you know the persons, the place, the time, the action.

Choose parts; read the play aloud, and act it as though you were really the persons speaking.

Pronounce correctly: *Al'fred, Gub'ba, Gre'ta, Ed'gar, Eng'lishmen; disguise, despair, hasten.*

DUST UNDER THE RUG¹

There was once a mother who had two little daughters ; and, as her husband was dead and she very poor, she worked diligently all the time that they might be well fed and clothed. She was a skilled worker, and found work to do away from home ; and her two little girls were so good and so helpful that they kept her house as neat and as bright as a new pin.

One of the little girls was lame, and could not run about the house ; so she sat still in her chair and sewed, while Minnie, the sister, washed the dishes, swept the floor, and made the home beautiful.

Their home was on the edge of a great forest ; and after their tasks were finished the little girls would sit at the window and watch the tall trees as they bent in the wind, until it would seem as though the trees were real persons, nodding and bending to each other.

In the spring there were the birds, in the summer the wild flowers, in autumn the bright leaves, and in winter the great drifts of white snow ; so that the whole year was a round of delight to the two happy children. But one day the dear mother came home sick ; and then they were very sad. It was winter,

¹ By Maud Lindsay.

and there were many things to buy. Minnie and her little sister sat by the fire and talked it over, and at last Minnie said :

“Dear sister, I must go out to find work before the food gives out.” So she kissed her mother and, wrapping herself up, started from home. There was a narrow path leading through the forest, and she determined to follow it until she reached some place where she might find the work she wanted.

As she hurried on, the shadows grew deeper. The night was coming fast when she saw before her a very small house. This was a welcome sight. She hastened forward and knocked at the door.

Nobody came in answer to her knock. She tried again and again, and at length concluded that nobody lived there ; so she opened the door and walked in, thinking that she would stay all night.

As soon as she stepped into the house, she started back in surprise ; for there before her she saw twelve little beds with the bedclothes all tumbled, twelve little dirty plates on a very dusty table, and the floor of the room so dusty that I am sure you could have drawn a picture on it.

“Dear me !” said the little girl, “this will never do !” And as soon as she had warmed her hands, she set to work to make the room tidy.

She washed the plates, she made up the beds, she swept the floor, she straightened the great rug in front of the fireplace, and set the twelve little chairs



in a half circle around the fire; and, just as she finished, the door opened and in walked twelve of the queerest little people she had ever seen. They were just about as tall as a carpenter's rule, and all wore yellow clothes; and Minnie knew that they

must be the dwarfs who kept the gold in the heart of the mountain.

“Well!” said the dwarfs all together, for they always spoke together and in rime :

*“Now isn’t this a sweet surprise?
We really can’t believe our eyes!”*

Then they spied Minnie, and cried in great astonishment :

*“Who can this be, so fair and mild?
Our keeper is a stranger child.”*

Now when Minnie saw the dwarfs, she came to meet them. “If you please,” she said, “I’m little Minnie Grey ; and I’m looking for work because my dear mother is sick. I came in here when the night drew near, and — ” here all the dwarfs laughed, and called out merrily :

*“You found our room a sorry sight,
But you have made it clean and bright.”*

They were such dear funny little dwarfs! After they had thanked Minnie for her trouble, they took white bread and honey from the closet and asked her to sup with them.

While they sat at supper, they told her that their fairy housekeeper had taken a vacation, and their house was not well kept, because she was away.

They sighed when they said this ; and after supper, when Minnie washed the dishes and set them carefully away, they looked at her often and talked among themselves. Then one of them said :

*“ Dear mortal maiden, will you stay
All through our fairy’s holiday?
And if you faithful prove, and good,
We will reward you as we should.”*

Now Minnie was much pleased, for she liked the kind dwarfs and wanted to help them ; so she thanked them, and went to bed to dream happy dreams.

Next morning she was awake early. She cooked a good breakfast ; and after the dwarfs had gone out, she cleared up the room and mended the dwarfs’ clothes. In the evening when the little men came home, they found a bright fire and a warm supper waiting for them. Thus Minnie worked faithfully until the last day of the fairy housekeeper’s vacation.

That morning as Minnie looked out of the window to watch the dwarfs go to their work, she saw on one of the window panes a most beautiful picture. It was a picture of fairy palaces so wonderful that as she looked at it she forgot all about the work that was to be done.

Then she heard the cuckoo clock on the mantel strike twelve. She ran in haste to make up the beds,

and wash the dishes ; but because she was in a hurry she could not work quickly, and when she took the broom to sweep the floor it was almost time for the dwarfs to come home.

“I believe,” said Minnie, aloud, “that I will not sweep under the rug to-day. After all, it is no harm to leave a little dust where it can't be seen.” So she hurried to her supper and left the rug unturned.

Before long the dwarfs came home. As the rooms looked just as usual, nothing was said ; and Minnie thought no more of the dust until she went to bed and saw the stars peeping through the window.

Then she thought of it, for it seemed to her that she could hear the stars saying, “There is the little girl who is so faithful and good.”

Minnie turned her face to the wall ; for a little voice, right in her own heart, said, “Dust under the rug ! dust under the rug !”

“There is the little girl,” cried the stars, “who keeps home as bright as a starshine.”

“Dust under the rug ! dust under the rug !” said the little voice in Minnie's heart.

“We see her ! we see her !” called all the stars, joyfully.

“Dust under the rug ! dust under the rug !” said

the little voice in Minnie's heart, and she could bear it no longer. So she sprang out of bed, and, taking her broom in her hand, she swept the dust away; and lo! under the dust lay twelve shining gold pieces, as round and as bright as the moon.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Minnie, in great surprise; and all the little dwarfs came running to see what was the matter.

Minnie told them all about it; and when she had ended her story, the dwarfs gathered lovingly around her and said:

*"Dear child, the gold is all for you,
For faithful you have proved and true;
But had you left the rug unturned,
A cent is all you would have earned.
Our love goes with the gold we give,
And oh! forget not while you live,
That in the smallest duty done
Lies wealth of joy for every one."*

Minnie thanked the dwarfs for their kindness to her; and early next morning she hastened home with her golden treasure, which bought many good things for the dear mother and little sister.

She never saw the dwarfs again, but she never forgot their lesson, to do her work faithfully; and she always swept under the rug.

A STORY OF A LITTLE KING¹

In Paris, near one of the great market places, there once stood a very humble little house containing but one room. In this single room the family who called it their home ate and slept and lived and were happy, scarcely wishing for anything better. The door was on one side and the chimney on the other, while in the middle there was a long table. On the right, as you entered, there were two beds and a basket cradle; on the left were several bags of charcoal piled one on another.

Here lived a poor man, whose name was Jacquot, with his wife and two little boys and a baby girl just learning to walk. Jacquot's business was the selling of charcoal about the streets.

One evening in July the mother and children were sitting at the table, waiting for the father to return from his daily labor. He was late, and the children were impatient. The little boys turned their eyes first toward the door and then toward the large covered dish on the table, and their hunger grew with each waiting moment.

"Our supper will get cold," said Charlot, the eldest.

¹ Retold from Peter Parley (S. G. Goodrich, 1793-1860).

“Why does father stay so very late this evening?” asked his brother Blondel.

“He has been carrying charcoal to the queen’s palace,” said the mother. “It is a feast day, and there will be a ball and all sorts of fine doings. Perhaps he is staying to see some of them.”

At that instant the father’s voice was heard at the door. “Boys, heap some more chips on the fire; make haste!”

Charlot and Blondel ran to do his bidding. The fire blazed up brightly as their father entered, bearing in his arms a little child apparently lifeless.

“What’s the matter? Who is that child?” cried the mother, as she placed her baby in the cradle and hurried to meet him.

“I’ll tell you after a while,” said Jacquot. “Get a blanket and warm it, quick. That on the children’s bed is best.”

“What a beautiful child!” said the mother, as she helped her husband undress the little creature. Its richly embroidered clothing was dripping wet, and its soiled ruffles and laces were soaked with water.

“Bring me your Sunday clothes, Charlot. This little boy has need of them.”

“Here they are, mother,” said Charlot, forgetful now of his hunger.

The little stranger, being rolled up in a dry, warm blanket, soon revived and opened his eyes. He looked wonderingly around at the miserable room he was in and at the poor people standing by his side.

“Where am I? Where am I?”

“In my house, my little friend,” answered the charcoal man.

“*My little friend!*” repeated the child, in a contemptuous tone.

“I am sorry if it displeases you,” said the man. “But if I had not helped you, you would have been in a much worse place than this.”

“These are not my clothes!” cried the little fellow. “You’ve stolen mine and given me these wretched things.”

“Stolen!” cried Jacquot, angrily. “Do you mean to say that, you ungrateful rascal?”

“Hush!” said his wife, kindly. “He does not yet know what he says. Wait till he rests a while, and then he’ll be in better humor.”

The child was indeed exhausted. He closed his eyes and was soon in a deep sleep.

“Now tell us, father,” said Charlot, “where did you find him?”

The family gathered around the fire, and while the strange child slept, the father told his story.

“It happened this way. I had finished my day’s work and was standing outside of the palace looking through the windows at the fine ladies and gentlemen inside. I wanted to see the queen, but I don’t believe I should have known her, for they all looked like queens. And such feathers, and such flowers !”

“But this little boy ?” said the mother.

“Yes, tell us about him,” said little Charlot.

“Well, I was just coming to him. As I was standing there and wondering, I heard a strange noise behind me in the garden. I turned round and by the light of the moon I saw this little fellow struggling in the great pool by the fountain. I ran as quickly as I could and jumped in after him ; I caught him and carried him out just in time. Now, there was a great blazing fire in the queen’s kitchen, but you know well enough that the cook would never let me carry any poor half-drowned child into his great place. So the best I could do was to run home with him and dry him in our own bed.”

“The poor, dear child !” said the mother.

“He shall be our own little brother,” cried Blondel, softly clapping his hands.

In a little while the boy awoke and seemed very cheerful.

“How uneasy your mother must be about you,”

said Mrs. Jacquot. "Tell us who she is, and my husband will go and tell her that you are safe."

"You are very good, madam," answered the boy. "There is not the least hurry about telling her."

"But they must be looking for you."

"So much the better, madam. Let them look."

"Ah, children never know what a mother's feelings are!" sighed the good woman.

"Yes, *we* do, mother," cried Charlot and Blondel. "We love our mother."

"Dear little boys!" said their proud mother. "I don't believe you would exchange me for the queen of France."

"No, indeed, mother," said Charlot, "we wouldn't give you for all of France."

Just then they heard the little stranger sobbing in the bed; tears were rolling down his cheeks.

"Why are you crying, dear child?" said Mrs. Jacquot. "Have you no parents to love you?"

"I have no father, madam."

"But you have a mother?"

He shook his head. "My mother has other things to do than to attend to me."

"What! Your own mother, and cannot she attend to her own child?"

"Yes, madam. But she has servants to attend to me."

“Servants ! yes, I think so,” said Jacquot, roughly. “They let you fall into the water, and if it hadn’t been for me, you would be there still. But come, children, let us have our supper.”

They seated themselves at the table. The mother placed before each a saucer and a wooden spoon, and helped them all to boiled beans, while the father cut slices from a loaf of brown bread.

The little stranger came and sat with them, but ate nothing.

“You must soon tell us who you are,” said Mrs. Jacquot, “for we must let your mother know that you are safe.”

“My mother loves me, of course,” said the little fellow ; “but she has no leisure to think about me to-night.”

“Is she like our mother ?” asked Charlot.

“She is handsomer.”

“But ours is better.”

“Mine gives me fine clothes and all the money I want,” said the stranger, haughtily.

“And ours gives us kisses,” said Blondel.

“And mine has servants to wait on me.”

“And our dear mother waits on us herself, which is much better,” said Charlot.

The charcoal man and his wife listened with much

amusement to this friendly dispute. They were just rising from the table when a loud knocking was heard at the door, and a voice inquired, "Is this the house of Jacquot, the man who sells charcoal?"

"That is my tutor's voice," whispered the little stranger, as he slipped quickly under the table and hid. "Don't tell him I am here," he called out softly.

In a few minutes the room was filled with fine gentlemen dressed in gorgeous suits of silk and laces and gold embroidery. A man clad in a red velvet cloak, with a great cord and tassel about his waist, looked around the room and said to a soldier who stood at the door:

"Repeat your deposition."

"This evening at eight o'clock," said the soldier, "as I was on duty near the queen's palace, I saw this man, whose name is said to be Jacquot, running down the street with a child in his arms."

"Where is that child?" demanded the man in red.

"Here!" cried the child in question, as he darted from his hiding place and stood in the midst of the crowd.

"Your whole court has been looking for you for two hours, your Majesty."

"I am very glad to hear it, Cardinal Mazarin," said the boy.



“Your mother is in great uneasiness,” said the cardinal.

“I am sorry, Cardinal, that she has had any anxiety on my account.”

“I hope, sire, that you will come with us now.”

“That is just as I please, Cardinal.”

“But I hope it will be soon. Your mother — ”

“I must first thank these good people for their services,” said the child.

“Well, make haste,” answered the cardinal.

The boy turned towards the poor charcoal man and said: "My friend, I am Louis XIV, the king of France. I thank you for what you have done for me. You shall have money to pay for the education of your two sons, and I will give your daughter a dowry. Here is my hand to kiss."

Then turning to the cardinal, he said: "Now I am ready. Let us go."

"Not in that dress?" said the cardinal, now first observing Charlot's humble Sunday suit, which the little king was wearing while his own clothes were drying by the fire.

"Yes, certainly, in this dress," answered Louis. "Why not?"

"The queen will be horrified to see you in the garb of a peasant," said the cardinal.

"Say no more," said the little king, stamping his foot impatiently. "I will go to her as I am."

Then, as he passed out to the carriage which was waiting at the door, he turned to Charlot and said, "Come, yourself, to the palace to-morrow and get your clothes; and you may bring mine with you."

WORD STUDY: Learn to pronounce: *Paris*, *Jacquot* (zhăk kō'), *Charlot* (shär lō'), *Blon del'*, *Mazarin* (măz a reen'), *Louis* (lōō'is).

POEMS TO BE MEMORIZED

[For other selections to be memorized, see "The Village Blacksmith," p. 123 ; "The Night Wind," p. 145 ; and "The Frost," p. 147.]

I. A LULLABY¹

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea !
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me ;
 While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon ;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon.
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon :
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

¹By Alfred Tennyson.

II. THE CHILDREN'S HOUR¹

Between the dark and the daylight,
 When the night is beginning to lower,
 Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
 That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
 The patter of little feet,
 The sound of the door that is opened,
 And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
 Descending the broad hall stair,
 Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
 And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
 Yet I know by their merry eyes
 They are plotting and planning together
 To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
 A sudden raid from the hall!
 By three doors left unguarded
 They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
 O'er the arms and back of my chair;

¹ By Henry W. Longfellow.

If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And molder in dust away!

III. THE BLUEBIRD¹

I know the song the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary,
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

¹By Emily Huntington Miller.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
 Hark! was there ever so merry a note?

Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
 Up in the apple tree, swinging and swaying:

"Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,
 You must be weary of winter, I know;
 Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer,
 Summer is coming, and springtime is here!

"Little white snowdrop, I pray you, arise;
 Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes;
 Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
 Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
 Daffodils, daffodils! say, do you hear?
 Summer is coming, and springtime is here!"

IV. THE BAREFOOT BOY¹

Blessings on thee, little man,
 Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan
 With thy turned up pantaloons
 And thy merry whistled tunes;
 With thy red lips, redder still
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
 With the sunshine on thy face,
 Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;

¹ By John Greenleaf Whittier.

From my heart I give thee joy!
I was once a barefoot boy!

Oh, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules;
Knowledge, never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And how the ground mole sinks his well:

How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine;
Where the wood grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay.

Oh, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,

When all things I heard or saw
Me, their master, waited for!
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming birds and honey bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
Laughed the brook for my delight,
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked to me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond.
Oh, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread —
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the doorstone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
 Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
 Though the flinty slopes be hard,
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
 Every morn shall lead thee through
 Fresh baptisms of the dew;
 Every evening from thy feet
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat.

All too soon these feet must hide
 In the prison cells of pride,
 Lose the freedom of the sod,
 Like a colt's for work be shod,
 Made to tread the mills of toil,
 Up and down in ceaseless moil:
 Happy, if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground;
 Happy, if they sink not in
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
 Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

EXPRESSION: Which of these poems do you like best? Try to tell why you choose it. Picture the Barefoot Boy as he is described in lines 1-10. How much "knowledge never learned at schools" do you think you possess? Ask the teacher about the meaning of the last twelve lines.

WORD STUDY

I. *Marks and Sounds*

Spell the following words by letter and by sound. Notice particularly the marks over or under some of the letters and also the sounds of those letters. The marks are called *diacritical* marks.

| | | | | | |
|-----|-----|-------|------|--------|-------|
| āte | ăt | äre | ąll | ąsk | fāre |
| ēve | ěnd | hěr | hēal | hěalth | hēard |
| īce | īll | gīrl | skȳ | hȳmn | icȳ |
| ōld | ōdd | fōrm | wōlf | són | dọ |
| ūse | fűn | trűth | pűt | fűr | few |

Marks are sometimes placed over or under certain letters to show what sounds they have. By observing these marks you will be helped to pronounce the words correctly.

Give six sounds of *a*. How may each of these sounds be indicated?

Give three sounds of *e* and make the marks by which they are indicated. Give three sounds of *i*; six sounds of *o*; five sounds of *u*; two sounds of *y*.

Spell the following words by sound. Notice the marks.

| | | | | |
|--------|------|--------|--------|------|
| get | eap | vietim | sea | thin |
| gentle | ęent | advice | seąson | this |

What two sounds has *g*? How is *g* sometimes marked to show that it has the sound of *j*?

What two sounds has *c*? How is *c* sometimes marked to show that it has the sound of *k*? of *s*?

What two sounds has *s*? How is *s* sometimes marked to show that it has the sound of *z*?

What two sounds has *th*? How is *th* sometimes marked to show that it is pronounced as in *this*?

Observe these words carefully:—

| | | | | |
|------|------|------|------|------|
| cap | far | fir | dog | cur |
| cape | fare | fire | doge | cure |

You will learn from this that while the letter *e* at the end of a word is often silent, it causes a change in the sound of one or more of the letters preceding it.

Marks are used in the following lists only in cases where they may be necessary to help you pronounce words that would otherwise be troublesome.

II. *Phonetic Exercises*

Pages 11–19. *st.*

| | | | | |
|--------|-----------|-----------|--------|---------|
| stare | loveliest | stammered | thrust | crossed |
| steep | sweetest | standing | breast | tossed |
| steal | greatest | stroked | first | tasted |
| stolen | highest | stretched | burst | twisted |

Pages 22–28. Spell by sound the words at the bottom of page 28. Notice the *y* in each word.

br, dr, cr, fr, gr, pr, spr, str.

| | | | | | |
|--------|---------|------|---------|--------|----------|
| broken | crimson | dry | grew | sprang | strong |
| breath | crown | free | grocery | spring | wrong |
| crack | dropped | from | proud | street | wretched |

Pages 32–41. Spell by sound the words at the bottom of page 41. Notice the *ing* at the end of each word.

bl, cl, gl, pl, sl.

| | | | | |
|---------|--------|---------|----------|----------|
| blunder | closet | climbed | pleasure | slanting |
| goblin | clump | glad | plenty | slowly |

Pages 42–45. Divide the following words into syllables: —
carelessly joyfully politely foolishly

Think of ten other words that end in *ly*. Write them in a list, and practice pronouncing them.

Pages 46–50. Spell by sound: —

| | | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|---------|
| apple | little | handle | meddle | trouble |
| bridle | level | tumble | gentle | paddle |

Pages 53–58. Spell by sound the words at the bottom of page 58. Observe the sound of *ed* (1) in the words of the first group, (2) in the words of the second group.

Pages 59–64. Spell by sound:—

| | | | | | |
|-------|--------|--------|---------|---------|--------|
| slept | wept | picked | slipped | jumped | looked |
| kept | licked | kicked | limped | reached | asked |

Pages 76–80. Make a list of all the words in this lesson that end in *ed*.

Pronounce the following words, observing the various sounds of *ea*:—

| | | | | | |
|-------|---------|-------|----------|--------|---------|
| eagle | pleased | peace | instead | wealth | feared |
| read | reason | leave | pleasant | death | bearing |

Pages 85–94. *pt, ft, lf.*

| | | | | | |
|-------|---------|------|------|-------|---------|
| crept | dropped | left | soft | self | himself |
| swept | laughed | loft | elf | shelf | myself |

Pages 113–115. *fr.*

| | | | | |
|--------|---------|-------|----------|----------|
| friend | fright | frown | afraid | befriend |
| fresh | freight | frail | affright | confront |

Pages 116–120. *a, e, i, o, \bar{o} , u.*

| | | | | | |
|------|--------|--------|------|------|------|
| may | knee | blind | both | soon | blew |
| gate | wheels | blithe | tow | poor | few |

a, e, i, o, \bar{o} , u.

| | | | | | |
|-------|-------|--------|-------|------|-------|
| dank | hemp | chin | croft | look | flung |
| thank | merry | shrill | cloth | took | must |

Pages 121–128. *-ion.*

| | | | |
|---------|----------|-------------|----------------|
| action | opinion | expression | veneration |
| caution | vexation | inscription | congratulation |

Pages 140–142. *er, ir, ur.*

| | | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|------------|------|
| heard | early | first | burst | determined | hurt |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|------------|------|

Pages 143-148. Three sounds of *a* : —

| | | | | |
|--------|----------|-------|-------|--------|
| margin | darkness | past | swarm | awful |
| starry | hardly | glass | water | always |

Pages 149-152. *gg, tt, dd.*

| | | | | |
|---------|--------|--------|--------|----------|
| raggles | ragged | rugged | shaggy | digging |
| cattle | battle | kettle | little | battling |
| saddle | paddle | meddle | middle | paddling |

Pages 156-160. *-ked.*

Spell by sound, being sure to pronounce correctly : —

| | | | | | |
|--------|-------|--------|--------|--------|-------|
| looked | liked | choked | risked | marked | asked |
|--------|-------|--------|--------|--------|-------|

Pages 181-185. *ch, wh, th.*

| | | | | |
|-------|--------|---------|---------|-----------|
| touch | church | what | thing | than |
| rich | choice | when | think | they |
| reach | choose | where | thistle | thus |
| much | child | why | thirsty | those |
| lunch | chair | whisper | thump | therefore |

Pages 196-199. *s, z.*

| | | | | |
|------|---------|--------|------|--------|
| sizz | sizzing | sizzle | buzz | ooze |
| size | seizing | dazzle | busy | oozing |

Pages 212-221. *st, sts.*

| | | | | |
|--------|-------|-------|--------|---------|
| guest | fist | mast | burst | thirst |
| guests | fists | masts | bursts | thirsts |

ple, ble.

| | | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|---------|
| people | temple | apple | couple | simple |
| feeble | humble | dabble | double | thimble |

er, en, ness.

| | | | |
|---------|----------|--------|------------|
| cover | stranger | driven | coarseness |
| shelter | keeper | taken | rudeness |

III. *General Review of Words*

[The following list includes the words in this book which you will be most likely to misspell or mispronounce. Study each word carefully, and spell it aloud, pronouncing each syllable correctly. Observe that diacritical marks are used only with such words or syllables as might sometimes be incorrectly pronounced. Most words are spelled and pronounced so simply as not to require their aid.

Observe how the words in this list are arranged,—first all those beginning with *a*, then those beginning with *b*, etc. This is the way in which words are arranged in the dictionary. Such arrangement makes it easy to find any particular word. Talk further with your teacher about this.]

| | | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|--------------------|---------------|
| A | bög'gart | com plete' | dis ap point' |
| ac'çĩ dent | bois'ter ous | con fer' | dis guise' |
| ac cus'tomed | bough | con grat u la'tion | dĩş'mal |
| ad vīşe' | bril'liant | con'gress | dis mayed' |
| af fair' | bûr'den | con tról' | dĩ vīne' |
| a muse'ment | bûs'tle | coun'çil ors | drēad'ful |
| ăn'gri ly | C | crim'şon | dũn'geon |
| an ni vēr'sa ry | cab'in | cro'cus es | E |
| anx ĩ'e ty | căr'dĩ nal | D | ēa'ger |
| ănx'ious | căr'ol | děbt | ēar'li er |
| ar range'ment | cau'tion | de çēit' | eđ u ca'tion |
| ar rayed' | cease'less | de clāre' | en'e my |
| ăr'row y | ehăr'ac ter | del'i cate | ēn'gĩne |
| as tön'ished | chip'munk | de şerve' | es pē'çĩal ly |
| B | çit'i zens | de spair' | es teemed' |
| band'age | clev'er | des'per ate | ex cĩt'ed |
| bash'ful ly | cõl'lĩe | deş şert' | ex cĩte'ment |
| be nev'o lent | colonel (kûr'nel) | dēs'ti ny | ex claimed' |
| běv'ĩeş | cõl'umn | de vīşe' | ex cûr'sion |
| birch'es | cõm'fort ed | dif'fi cult | ex cûşe' |
| blĩthe | com plain'ing | dil'i gent | ex pect'ed |

ex pē'ri ence
ex plore'
ex prēs'sion

F

faith'ful
fā'se
fa mīl'iar
fā'vor īte
firm'ly
fon'dled
fōre'hēad
fōr'tune
frag'ment
freight (frāt)
fu'ri ous
fur'ni ture

G

gal'lant
gauz'y
ghōst'lŷ
gīld'ed
gloss'y
gōr'geous
grace'ful
gro'cer y
guārd
guēst

H

hał'ter
hap'pi ly
hār'ness
hāst'i lŷ
haugh'ti lŷ
häunt
hēalth

heīght
hemp'en
hōarse'lŷ
hol'i day
home'stead
hōr'ri fied
hū'mor

I

ī dē'a
īm'āge
im pā'tient
in clined'
in duce'
in scrip'tion
in stēad'
in'ter est ed
in vīš'i ble

K

kēr'chief
knīght
knit'ting

L

lēi'şure ly
lev'el
lī'lac
love'li est
loy'al ty

M

mad'am
mā'ize
man'āge
mār'gīn
meaş'ure
mem'o ry
me nāg'er ĩe

mes'sage
mil'dew
mīr'ror
mis'chĭe vous
miş'er a ble
miş'er ies
mis treat'ed
mōr'sel
muffled
mûr'mur
mūs'çleş

N

neighed (nād)
noūr'ish ment

O

ob jęc'tion
oc cā'sions
o pīn'ion
op por tū'ni ty
ōr'chard
ōr'na ments
out sprēad'

P

pāl'açe
pas'sāge
pās'ture
pēaş'ant
pēr'fect ly
pēr'ish
pēr mīs'sion
per plēxed'
per suāde'
pīt'i ful
plēaş'ure
plum'age
pōl'len

poş şēs'sion
pōul'try
pre'cept
prē'çious
pre sāg'ing
priş'on er
prīth'ee
prob'a bly
pru'dent
pump'kin
pûr'pōse

Q

qual'i ties
quiv'er ing

R

rāp'id ly
reck'less
reins (rānz)
rel'a tives
re pēat'ed
re pub'lic
re şēm'ble
reş o lū'tion
re spect'
rīd'i cule
ru'by
ru'e'ful
rue'ful lest
ru'ins

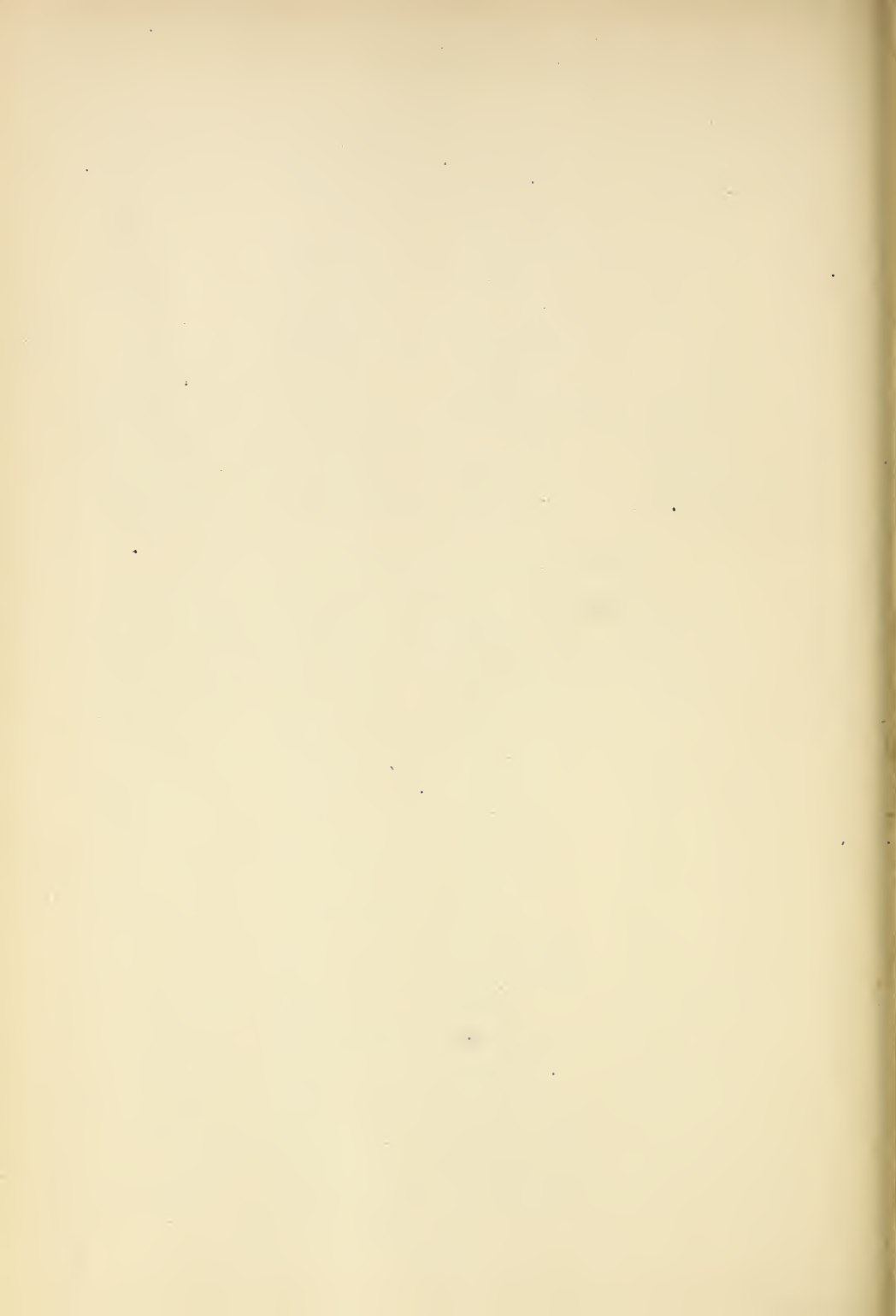
S

scārçe
scār'let
sehoon'er
scōrched
sea'port
sen'si ble

| | | | |
|------------|---------------|---------------|------------|
| sē'ri ous | suf fi'çient | trav'el er | van'quish |
| se vēre' | sūr priše' | trēaš'ure | ven'ture |
| shōul'der | swēat | tun'nel | vex a'tion |
| shōv'el | T | twist'ed | vī'çious |
| sin'ews | tear'ful | twit'tered | vī'o lence |
| sōr'rel | ten'der ly | ty'rant | vīš'ī ble |
| sor'ry | tēr'rī ble | U | vōl'ume |
| speech | this'tle | un grate'ful | |
| splen'dor | thrive | un ti'dy | W |
| starved | throne | up hōl'stered | wām'pum |
| stēad'fāst | tim'id ly | V | wāst'ed |
| suc çeed' | tōr'ment | va ca'tion | wēa'ri lŷ |
| sud'den ly | trans fōrmed' | van'ished | wrīg'gling |

IV. *Names of Persons and Places*

| | | | |
|----------------|--------------------|--------------------|------------------|
| Ad'ams | Ca na'ry | Jacquot (zhāk kō') | Mur'dock |
| Æsop (ē'sop) | Charlot (shār lō') | Jas'per | Mur'phy |
| Af'ri ca | Co lum'bus | Jea nētte' | No ko'mis |
| Al ex an'dri a | Craw'ford | Jef'fer son | Or'vind |
| Al'fred | Cru'soe | Jen'ny | Pā'lōs |
| Al'ice | De foe' | Jo sī'ah | Pār'is |
| Al lē'gra | Ed'gar | Ju'pī ter | Phil a del'phi a |
| Ar'thur | E'dith | Lil'li an | Phī lē'mon |
| Au stra'li a | Fin'ni gan | Lin'coln | Rag'gles |
| Bāb'ing ton | Frank'lin | Lou'is | Rey'nard (rā') |
| Bau'çis | Gold'i locks | Luke | Rob'in son |
| Beau'clerc | Gre'ta | Ma cau'lay | Ru'fus |
| Ben'ja min | Gūb'ba | Man'de ville | Sant an'gel |
| Ben'ning ton | He'ro | Mar'it | Sil'ver mane |
| Bert'ie | Hī a wạ'tha | Măz a rīne' | Var'num |
| Blon del' | Hud'son | Mer'cu ry | Wād'ham |
| Blun'der | I ā'goo | Mil'dred | Wạr'ner |
| Bun'yan | Il li nois' | Min ne hā'hā | Wāt sē'ka |
| Çal'don Lōw | In'di a | Mis sis sip'pi | Weems |
| Cām'bridge | Iş a bel'la | Mon dā'min | West'more land |



JUN 12 1911

