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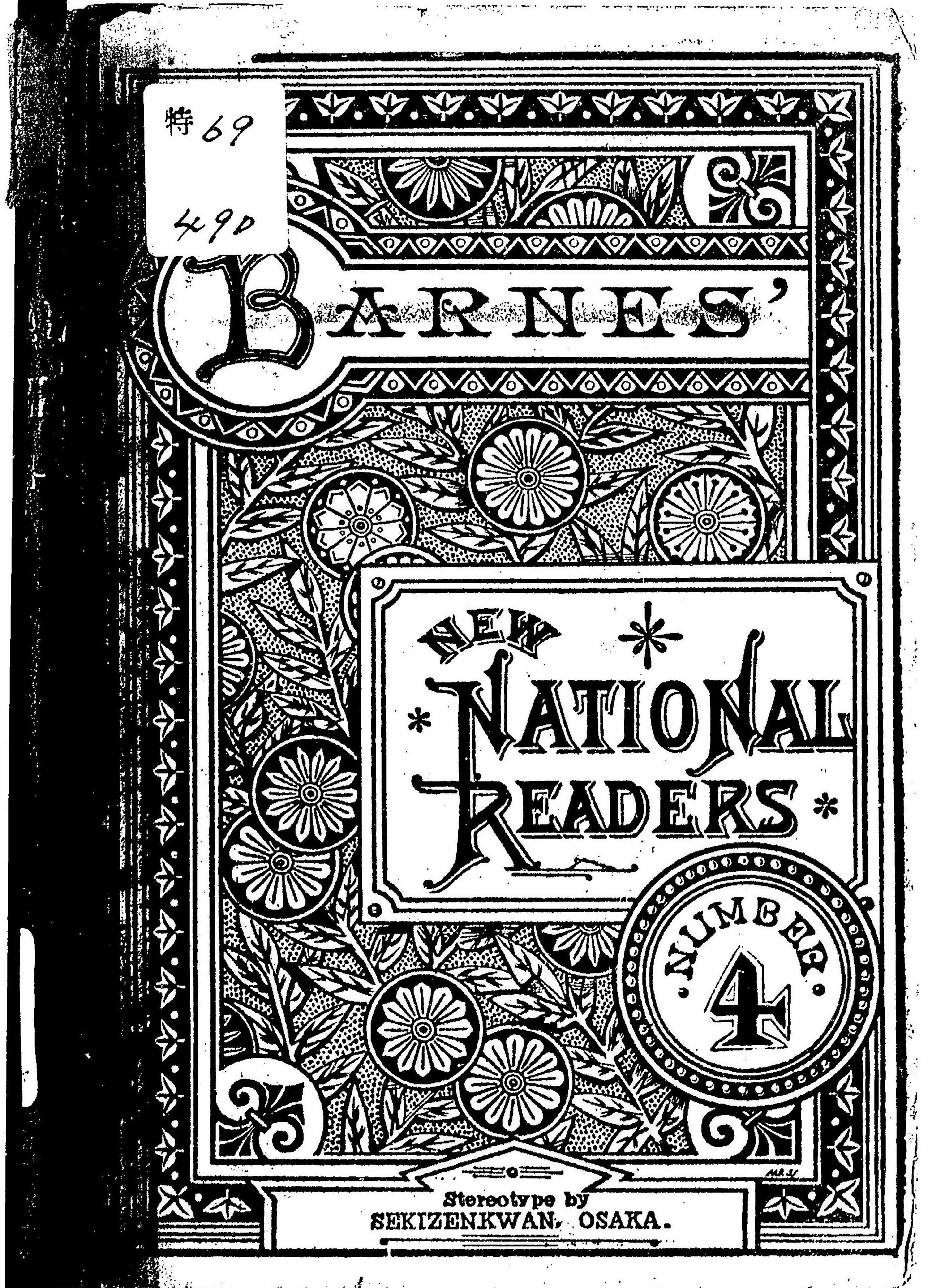
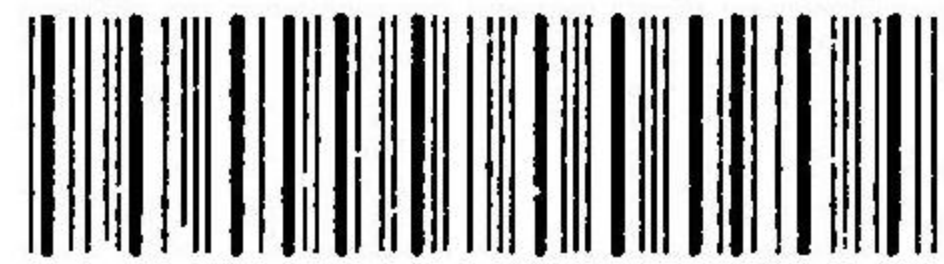
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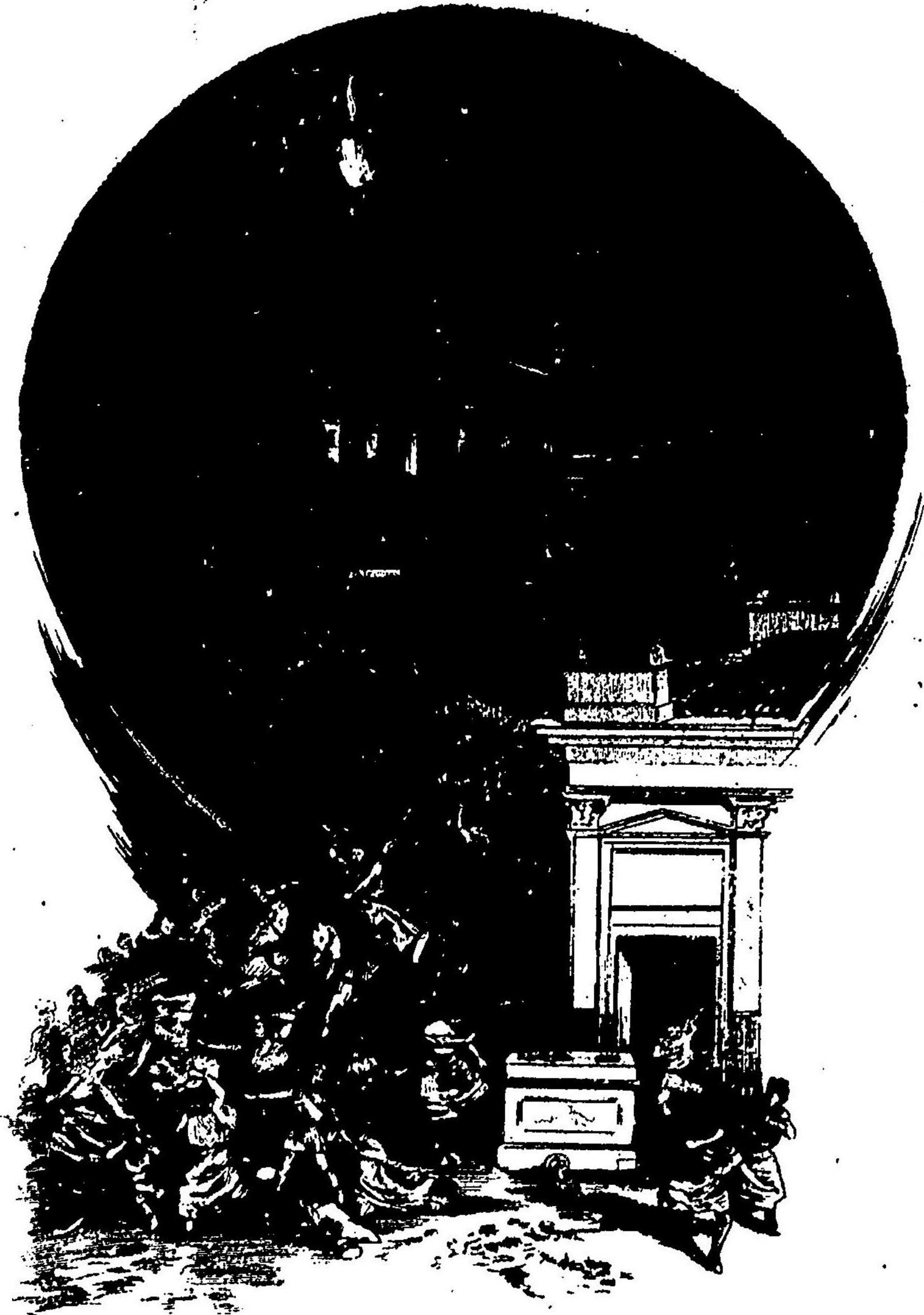
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~~BARNES~~

NEW

NATIONAL FOURTH READER.



Destruction of Pompeii by Vesuvius (page 287).

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NEW NATIONAL READERS.



NATIONAL

FOURTH READER.

明治三十年六月二十一日 内務省交符

SEKIZENKUAN & COMPANY,

OSAKA JAPAN. 1887

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PREFACE

It is thought that the following special features of this book will commend themselves to Teachers and School Officers.

The reading matter of the book is more of a descriptive than conversational style, as it is presumed that the pupil, after having finished the previous books of the series, will have formed the habit of easy intonation and distinct articulation.

The interesting character of the selections, so unlike the reading books of former times.

The large amount of information which has been combined with incidents of an interesting nature, to insure the pupil's earnest and thoughtful attention.

The length of the selections for reading,—the attention of pupils being held more readily by long selections than by short ones, though of equal interest.

The gradation of the lessons, which has been systematically maintained by keeping a careful record of all new words as fast as they appeared, and using only such pieces as contained a limited number.

The simplicity of the lessons, which becomes abso-

lutely necessary in the schools of to-day, owing to the short school life of the pupil, his immature age, and inability to comprehend pieces of a metaphysical or highly poetical nature.

The ease with which pupils may pass from the Third Reader of this series to this book, thereby avoiding the necessity of supplementary reading before commencing the Fourth Reader, or of using a book of another series much lower in grade.

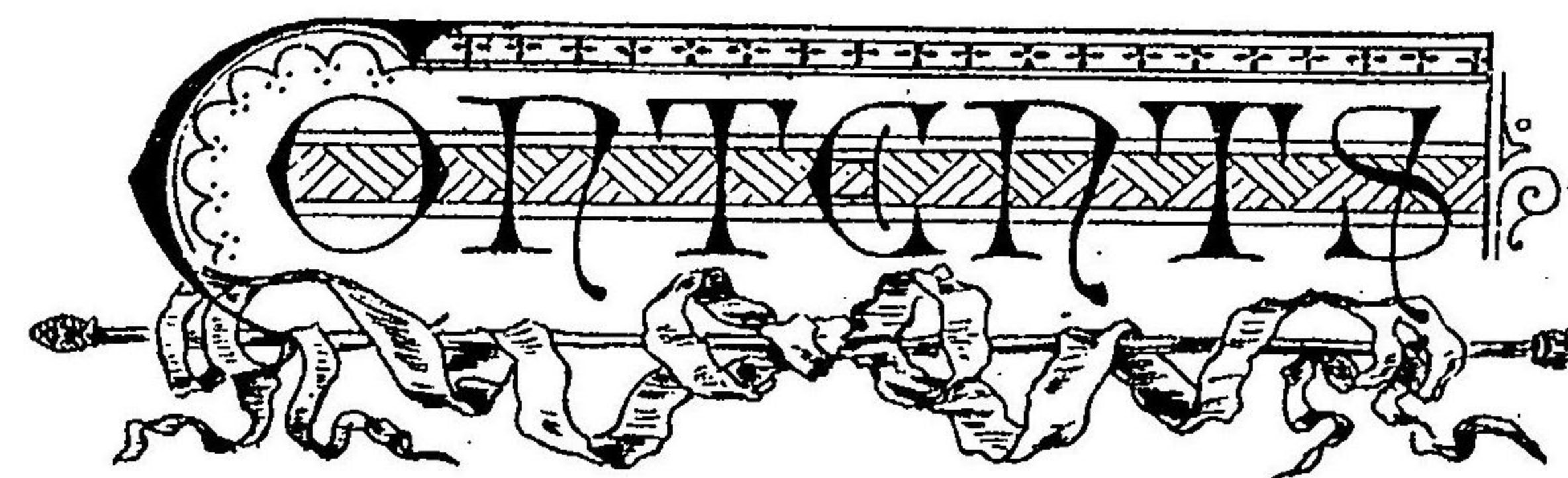
Language Lessons, of a nature to secure intelligent observation, and lead the pupil to habits of thought and reflection. Nothing being done for the learner that he could do for himself.

Directions for Reading, which accompany the lessons—specific in their treatment and not of that general character which young teachers and pupils are unable to apply.

All new words of special difficulty, at the heads of the lessons, having their syllabication, accent, and pronunciation indicated according to Webster. Other new words are placed in a vocabulary at the close of the book.

The type of this book, like that of the previous books of the series, is much larger than that generally used, for a single reason. Parents, every-where, are complaining that the eye-sight of their children is being ruined by reading from small, condensed type. It is confidently expected that this large, clear style will obviate such unfortunate results.

The illustrations have been prepared regardless of expense, and will commend themselves to every person of taste and refinement.



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The publishers desire to thank Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the Century Co., Roberts Brothers, and Charles Scribner's Sons, for permission to use and adapt some of their valuable copyright matter.



The following suggestions are submitted for the benefit of young teachers.

In order that pupils may learn how to define words at the heads of the lessons, let the teacher read the sentences containing such words and have pupils copy them upon slate or paper.

Then indicate what words are to be defined, and insist upon the proper syllabication, accent, marking of letters, etc.

In this way the pupil learns the meaning of the word as it is used, and not an abstract definition that may be meaningless.

Have pupils study their reading lessons carefully before coming to recitation.

The position of pupils while reading should be erect, easy, and graceful.

Give special attention to the subject of articulation, and insist upon a clear and distinct enunciation.

In order to develop a clear tone of voice, let

pupils practice, in concert, upon some of the open vowel sounds, using such words as *arm, all, old*.

In this exercise, the force of utterance should be gentle at first, and the words repeated a number of times; then the force should be increased by degrees, until "calling tones" are used.

Encourage a natural use of the voice, with such modulations as may be proper for a correct rendering of the thoughts which are read.

It should be remembered that the development of a good tone of voice is the result of careful and constant practice.

Concert reading is recommended as a useful exercise, inasmuch as any feeling of restraint or timidity disappears while reading with others.

Question individual pupils upon the manner in which lessons should be read. In this way they will learn to think for themselves.

Do not interrupt a pupil while reading until a thought or sentence is completed, since such a course tends to make reading mechanical and deprive it of expression.

Errors in time, force of utterance, emphasis, and inflection should be carefully corrected, and then the passage read over again.

The "Directions for Reading" throughout the book are intended to be suggestive rather than exhaustive, and can be added to as occasion requires.

The "Language Lessons" in this book should not be neglected. They contain only such matter as is necessary to meet the requirements of pupils.

Words and expressions not readily understood,

must be made intelligible to pupils. This has been done in part by definitions, and in part by interpreting some of the difficult phrases.

After the habit of acquiring the usual meaning has been formed, the original meaning of those words which are made up of stems modified by prefixes or affixes should be shown.

The real meaning of such words can be understood far better by a study of their formation, than by abstract definitions. It will be found, also, that pupils readily become interested in this kind of work.

As the capabilities of classes of the same grade will differ, it may sometimes occur that a greater amount of language work can be done effectively than is laid down in this book. When this happens, more time can be devoted to such special kinds of work as the needs of the classes suggest.

Constant drill upon the analysis of lessons, varied at times by the analysis of short stories taken from other sources and read to the class, will develop the reasoning faculties of pupils and render the writing of original compositions a comparatively easy exercise.

Encourage the habit of self-reliance on the part of pupils. Original investigation, even if followed at first by somewhat crude results, is in the end more satisfactory than any other course.

The Definitions (pages 373-382) and the List of Proper Names (pages 382 and 384) may be used in the preparation of the lessons.

When exercises are written, particular care should be required in regard to penmanship, correct spelling, punctuation, and neatness.

PHONIC CHART.

VOWELS.

ā as in lake	a as in what	ō as in box
ă " " at	ē " " be	ū " " use
ā " " far	ĕ " " let	ŭ " " up
a " " all	ī " " ice	û " " fur
â " " eat	î " " in	ōō " " too
â " " ask	ō " " so	ōō " " look

CONSONANTS.

b as in bad	m as in mo	w as in wo
d " " do	n " " no	y " " yes
f " " fox	p " " put	z " " froze
g " " go	r " " rat	ng " " sing
h " " ho	s " " so	sh " " she
j " " just	t " " to	th " " think
k " " kite	v " " vo	th " " the
l " " let		

EQUIVALENTS.

VOWELS.

a like o as in what	o like u as in come
o " a " " where	o " a " " for
e " a " " they	u " oo " " put
o " u " " her	y " i " " by
i " u " " girl	y " i " " kitty
o, u " oo " " to, rule	ew " u " " new

CONSONANTS.

c like s as in race	n like ng as in think
e " k " " eat	ŝ " z " " has
g " j " " edge	x " ks " " box



LESSON I.

spōkēs'man, one who speaks for others.	mīs'er a blē, very unhappy; very poor.
ekō'rus, a number of speakers or singers.	lōnē'somē, without friends; lonely.
āpt, likely; ready.	seōrē, twenty.
fōlks, people; family.	wrēch'ed, unhappy; very sad.

"I'M GOING TO."

PART I.

Once upon a time, there was a little boy, whose name was Johnny. "Johnny," said his mamma, one day, "will you bring me an armful of wood?"

"Yes," said Johnny, "I'm going to"; but just then he heard Carlo, the dog, barking at a chipmunk over in the meadow, so he ran off as fast as he could go.

Now this was not the first time that Johnny had said to his mamma, "Yes, I'm

going to." He never thought of that wood again until about dinner-time, when he began to feel hungry.

When he got back, he found that dinner was over, and papa and mamma had gone to ride. He found a piece of bread and butter, and sat down on a large rock, with his back against the stump of a tree, to eat it.

When it was all gone, Johnny began to think what he should do next. He closed his eyes as people are apt to do when they think.

Presently he heard a score of voices about him. One was saying, "Wait a bit"; another, "Pretty soon"; another, "In a minute"; another, "By and by", and still another, louder than the rest, kept screaming as loud as it could, "Going to, going to, going to," till Johnny thought they were crazy.

"Who in the world are you?" said he, in great surprise, "and what are you making such a noise about?"

"We are telling our names," said they; "didn't you ask us to tell our names?"

"No," said Johnny, "I didn't."

"O what a story!" cried they all in a breath.



"Let's shake him for it," said one.

No, let us carry him to the king," said another.

So they began to spin about him like so many spiders; for each one of them carried a long web, and when that gets wound around a boy or a girl, it is a very difficult thing to get rid of.

In a few minutes they had him all wound up—hands and feet, nose and eyes, all tied up tight. Then they took him among them, and flew away with him, miles and miles, over the hills, and up to a big cave in the mountain. There he heard ever so many more voices, and it was noisier than ever.

"Where am I?" he said, as soon as he could speak.

"O you're safe at home," answered Wait-a-bit, for he seemed to be the spokesman; "and they have been expecting you for some time."

"This isn't my home," said Johnny, feeling very miserable and beginning to cry.

"O yes, it is," said a chorus of voices. "This is just where such folks as you belong. There are many of your fellows here, and you won't be lonesome a bit."

They had begun to unwind the web from his eyes now, so he opened them and looked

about him. O what a wretched place it was!

Against the sides of the cave, stood long rows of boys and girls, with very sorry faces, all of them saying over as fast as they could speak, "Going to, going to!" "Wait a bit, wait a bit!" "Pretty soon, pretty soon!" "In a minute, in a minute!" studying the names just as hard as if they were lessons.

There were Delays, and Tardys, and Put-offs, with ever so many more; and in a corner by themselves, and looking more unhappy than all the rest, were the poor little fellows whose names were "Too late."

Directions for Reading.—Pupils should read loud enough for all the class to hear them.

The words forming a *quotation* should usually be spoken in a louder tone than the other words in the lesson, as—

"Johnny," said his mamma, one day, "*will you bring me an armful of wood?*"

Language Lesson.—Divide into syllables, accent, and mark the sounds of the letters in the following words: *Carlo, armful, mountain, unwind.*

What two words can be used for each of the following: *I'm, didn't, let's, you're, isn't, won't?*

What other words could be used instead of *got* (page 18, line 4)?

Proper names should begin with capital letters: as, *Johnny, Carlo.*

Give three other words used as proper names in this lesson.

LESSON II.

de spâir', <i>loss of hope.</i>	môn'strōūs, <i>of great size.</i>
pro crās' ti nā tor, <i>one who puls off doing any thing.</i>	gī'ant, <i>an unreal person, sup- posed to be of great size.</i>
rēs o lū'tions, <i>promises made to one's self; resolves.</i>	hōr'rid, <i>causing great fear or alarm.</i>
yōn'der, <i>there; in that place.</i>	ex pect'ed, <i>thought; looked for.</i>

"I'M GOING TO."

PART II.

"O dear, dear! Where am I?" said Johnny in despair. "Please let me out! I want my mamma!"

"No, you don't," said Wait-a-bit. "You don't care much about her, and this is really where you belong. This is the kingdom of Procrastination, and yonder comes the king."

"The kingdom of what?" said Johnny, who had never heard such a long word in his life before.

But just then he heard a heavy foot-fall, and a great voice that sounded like a roar, saying, "Has he come? Did you get him?"

"Yes, here he is," said Wait-a-bit, "and he'd just been saying it a little while before we picked him up."

Johnny looked up and saw a monstrous giant, with a bright green body and red legs, and a yellow head and two horrid coal-black eyes.

"Let me have him," said the giant. So he took him up just as if he had been a rag-baby, and looked him all over, turning him from side to side, and from head to feet.

O but Johnny was frightened, and expected every moment to be swallowed!

"Let's see," said the giant; "he always says 'Pretty soon.' No, that isn't it. What is it, my fine fellow, that you always say to your mamma when she asks you to do any thing for her?"

"It isn't 'Pretty soon,' nor 'In a minute.' What is it? They all mean about the same thing, to be sure, and bring every body to me in the end; but I must know exactly, or I can't put you in the right place."

Johnny hung his head, and did not want to tell; but an extra hard poke of the giant's big finger made him open his mouth and say with shame, that he always said, "I'm going to."

"O that's it!" said the giant. "Well, then, you stand there."

So he unwound a bit of the web from his fingers—just enough so that he could hold the Procrastinator's Primer—and stood him at the end of a long row of children, who were saying over and over again, just as fast as they could speak, "Going to, going to, going to, going to," just that, and nothing else in the world.

Johnny was tired and hungry by this time, and longed to see his mamma, thinking that, if he could only get back to her, he would always mind the very moment she told him to do any thing.

He made a great many good resolutions while he stood there. At last the giant called him to come and say his lesson.

"You shall have a short one to-day," said he, "and need say it only a thousand times, because it is your first day here. To-morrow, you must say it a million."

Johnny tried to step forward, but the web was still about his feet, so he fell with a bang to the floor.

Just then he opened his eyes to find that

he had rolled from the rock to the grass, and that mamma was calling him in a loud voice to come to supper, and this time he didn't say, "I'm going to."

Directions for Reading.—The words in quotation marks should be read in the same manner as in Lesson I.

Read words in dark type in the following sentences with more force than the other words:

"Has he *come*? Did you *get* him?"

Words that are read more forcibly than other words in a sentence are called *emphatic words*.

Which are the *emphatic words* in the following sentences?

"You shall have a short one to-day."

"I must know exactly."

Language Lesson.—Divide into syllables, accent, and mark the sounds of the letters in the following words: *extra, primer, moment, coat-black.*

LESSON III.

re-märk'ä-blë, <i>worthy of notice; unusual.</i>	stärchəd, <i>stiffened, as with starch.</i>
moist'ürə, <i>wetness; that which makes wet.</i>	gĕrm, <i>that from which the plant grows; bud.</i>
absorbəd', <i>suoked up; drunk up.</i>	händ'sómə, <i>pleasing in appearance; very pretty.</i>
with'er, <i>lose freshness.</i>	eläspəd, <i>surrounded; inclosed.</i>

THE BEAN AND THE STONE.

"I think I ought to be doing something in the world!" said a little voice out in the garden.

"Pray, what can you do?" asked another and somewhat stronger voice.

"I think I can grow," answered the little voice.

If you had seen the owner of the little voice, perhaps you would not have thought him any thing remarkable.

It is true he had on a clean white coat, so smooth and shining that it looked as if it had been newly starched and ironed, and inside of this, he hugged two stout packages.

The coat had only one fastening; but that fastening extended down the back, and was a curious thing to see.

It looked just as if the coat had been cut with a knife, and had afterward grown together again. It was like a scar on your hand; and a scar it is called.

"Yes, I ought to be growing," said the little voice, "for I am a bean, and in the spring a bean ought to grow."

Now you know how the coat came by its scar, for the scar was the spot which showed where the bean had been broken from the pod.

"What do you mean by growing?" said

the other voice, which came from a large red stone.

"Why," said the bean, "don't you know what growing means? I thought every thing knew how to grow. You see, when I grow, my root goes down into the soil to get moisture, and my stem goes up into the light to find heat. Heat and moisture are my food and drink.

"By and by, I shall be a full-grown plant, and that is wonderful! In the ground, my roots will travel far and wide.

"In the air, how happy my stem will be! I shall learn a great deal, and see beautiful things every day. O how I long for that time to come!"

"What you say is very strange," said the red stone. "Here I have been in this same place for many years, and I have not grown at all. I have no root; I have no stem; or, if I have, they never move upward nor downward, as you say. Are you sure you are not mistaken?"

"Why, of course I'm not mistaken," cried the bean. "I feel within myself that I can grow; and I have absorbed so much moisture that I must soon begin."

Just then the bean's coat split from end to end, and for one or two minutes neither the stone nor the bean spoke. The stone was astonished, and the bean was a little frightened. However, he soon recovered his courage.

"There!" said he, showing the two packages he had been carrying; "these are my seed-leaves. In them is the food on which I intend to live when I begin growing.

"When my stem is strong enough to do without them, they will wither away. My coat is all worn-out, too. I shall not need it any longer. Look inside the seed-leaves, and you will see the germ. Part of it is root, and part of it is stem. Do you see?"

"I see two little white lumps," replied the stone; "but I can not understand how they will ever be a root and a stem."

"I do believe you are a poor, dull mineral, after all," said the bean; "and if so, of course you can not understand what pleasure a vegetable has in growing.

"I wouldn't be a mineral for the world! I would not lie still and do nothing, year after year. I would rather spread my

branches in the sunshine, and drink in the sweet spring air through my leaves."

"What you say must be all nonsense," said the stone. "I can't understand it."

But the bean grew on without minding him. The roots pushed down into the soil and drank up the moisture from the ground. Then this moisture went into the stem, and the stem climbed bravely up into the light.

"How happy I am!" cried the bean.

It ran over the red stone, and clasped it with long green branches, covered with white bean flowers.

"O indeed!" said the stone. "Is this what you call growing? I thought you were only in fun. How handsome you are!"

"May I hang my pods on you, so that they can ripen in the sun?" said the bean.

"Certainly, friend," said the stone.

He was very polite, now that he saw the bean was a full-grown vine.

Directions for Reading.—Read in a conversational tone of voice, as in Lessons I and II.

What word is emphatic in the third paragraph?

Language Lesson.—Syllabify, accent, and mark sounds of letters in the words, *broken, packages, courage, polite.*

Tell in your own words how the bean grew.

LESSON IV.

elf, a very small person; an un- <i>real being.</i> vex, make angry; trouble.	pōn'derēd, thought about with <i>care.</i> streak, line; long mark.
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TO-MORROW.

A bright little boy with laughing face,
 Whose every motion was full of grace,
 Who knew no trouble and feared no care,
 Was the light of our household—the youngest
 there.

He was too young—this little elf—
 With troublesome questions to vex himself;
 But for many days a thought would rise,
 And bring a shade to the dancing eyes.

He went to one whom he thought more wise
 Than any other beneath the skies:

“Mother,”—O word that makes the home!—

“Tell me, when will to-morrow come?”

“It is almost night,” the mother said,

“And time for my boy to be in bed;

When you wake up and it's day again,

It will be to-morrow, my darling, then.”

The little boy slept through all the night,
 But woke with the first red streak of light;
 He pressed a kiss on his mother's brow,
 And whispered, “Is it to-morrow now?”

“No, little Eddie, this is to-day;
 To-morrow is always one night away.”
 He pondered awhile, but joys came fast,
 And this vexing question quickly passed.

But it came again with the shades of night:
 “Will it be to-morrow when it is light?”
 From years to come, he seemed care to bor-
 row,

He tried so hard to catch to-morrow.

“You can not catch it, my little Ted;
 Enjoy to-day,” the mother said

“Some wait for to-morrow through many
 a year—

It always is coming, but never is here.”

Directions for Reading.—In reading poetry, pupils should notice the emphatic words, and give them proper force.

Example. “Mother,”—O word that makes the home!—
 “Tell me, when will to-morrow come?”

The two dashes in the first line of the preceding example are used instead of a parenthesis, and have the same value.

When there is no pause at the end of a line (see first line, third stanza), it should be closely joined in reading to the line which follows it, thus making the two lines read as one.

LESSON V.

šp'pe títá, *wish for food.*

a mūšé'ment, *play; enjoyment.*

gāunt, *lean; hungry looking.*

spé'cies, *kind.*

oe eúrked', *took place; happened.*

en eqūr'age ment, *hope given
by another's words or actions.*

di rée'tion, *way; course.*

dūsk'ý, *very dark; almost black.*

sin'gū lar, *unusual; strange.*

AN ADVENTURE WITH DUSKY WOLVES.

PART I.

During the summer and winter, we had several adventures in the trapping and killing of wild animals. One of them was of such a singular and dangerous kind, that you may feel interested in hearing it.

"It occurred in the dead of winter, when there was snow upon the ground. The lake was frozen over, and the ice was as smooth as glass. We spent much of our time in skating about over its surface, as the exercise gave us health and a good appetite.

"Even Cudjo, our colored servant, had taken a fancy for this amusement, and was a very good skater. Frank was fonder of it than the rest of us, and was, in fact, the best skater among us.

"One day, however, neither Cudjo nor I had gone out, but only Frank and Harry.

The rest of us were busy at some carpenter work within doors.

"We could hear the merry laugh of the boys, and the ring of their skates as they glided over the smooth ice. All at once, a cry reached our ears, which we knew meant the presence of some danger.

"O Robert!" cried my wife, "they have broken through the ice!"

"We all dropped what we held in our hands, and rushed to the door. I seized a rope as I ran, while Cudjo took his long spear thinking it might be of use to us. This was the work of a moment, and the next we were outside the house.

"What was our astonishment to see both the boys, away at the farthest end of the lake, but skating toward us as fast as they could!

"At the same time, our eyes rested upon a terrible sight. Close behind them upon the ice, and following at full gallop, was a pack of wolves!

"They were not the small prairie wolves, which either of the boys might have chased with a stick, but of a species known as the

'Great Dusky Wolf' of the Rocky Mountains.

"There were six of them in all. Each of them was twice the size of the prairie wolf, and their long, dark bodies, gaunt with hunger, and crested from head to tail with a high, bristling mane, gave them a most fearful appearance.

"They ran with their ears set back and their jaws apart, so that we could see their red tongues and white teeth.

"We did not stop a moment, but rushed toward the lake. I threw down the rope, and seized hold of a large rail as I ran, while Cudjo hurried forward armed with a spear. My wife, with presence of mind, turned back into the house for my rifle.

"I saw that Harry was foremost, and that the fierce wolves were fast closing upon Frank. This was strange, for we knew that Frank was by far the better skater. We all called out to him, uttering loud shouts of encouragement. Both were bearing themselves manfully, but Frank was most in danger.

"The wolves were upon his heels! 'O they will kill him!' I cried, expecting the

next moment to see him thrown down upon the ice. What was my joy at seeing him suddenly wheel and dart off in a new direction.

Directions for Reading.—This lesson should be read with spirit, and in a full, clear tone of voice.

Language Lesson.—*Presence of mind* is the power to act quickly when sudden danger threatens.

Upon his heels means very close to.

Dead of winter is the middle of winter, as that is supposed to be the quietest or most lifeless time.

Syllabify, accent, and mark sounds of letters in the following words: *fancy, gallop, prairie, bristling, rifle.*

LESSON VI.

e lud'ed, <i>got away from; avoided.</i>	en a'bled, <i>helped; made, able.</i>
ex cit'ing, <i>causing deep interest.</i>	sim'i lar, <i>like; nearly the same.</i>
marks'man, <i>one who shoots well.</i>	pür sü't', <i>following after.</i>
re treat'ing, <i>going away from.</i>	nim'bly, <i>with a quick motion.</i>
	com mēnced', <i>began.</i>

AN ADVENTURE WITH DUSKY WOLVES.

PART II.

"The wolves, thus nimbly eluded, now kept on after Harry, who, in turn, became the object of our anxiety.

"In a moment they were close upon him; but he, already warned by his brother,

wheeled in a similar manner, while the fierce brutes, swept along by the force of their running, were carried a long distance upon the ice before they could turn themselves.

"Their long, bushy tails, however, soon enabled them to turn about and follow in the new direction, and they galloped after Harry, who was now the nearest to them.

"Frank, in the meantime, had again turned, and came sweeping past behind them, at the same time shouting loudly, as if to tempt them away from their pursuit of Harry.

"They heeded him not, and again he changed his direction, and, as though he was about to skate into their midst, followed the wolves.

"This time he skated up close behind them, just at the moment when Harry had turned again, and thus made his second escape.

"At this moment, we heard Frank calling out to his brother to make for the shore, while, instead of retreating himself, he stopped until Harry had passed, and

then dashed off, followed closely by the whole pack.

"Another slight turn brought him nearly in our direction; but there was a large hole broken through the ice close by the shore, and we saw that, unless he turned again, he would skate into it.

"We thought he was watching the wolves too intently to see it, and we shouted to warn him. Not so; he knew better than we what he was about.

"When he had reached within a few feet of the hole, he wheeled sharply to the left, and came dashing up to the point where we stood to receive him.

"The wolves, too intent upon their chase to see any thing else, went sweeping past the point where he had turned, and the next moment plunged through the broken ice into the water.

"Then Cudjo and I ran forward, shouting loudly, and, with the heavy rail and the long spear, commenced dealing death among them.

"It was but a short, though exciting scene. Five of them were speared and drowned, while the sixth crawled out upon



the ice and was rapidly making off, frightened enough at his cold ducking.

"At that moment I heard the crack of a rifle and saw the wolf tumble over.

"On turning round I saw Harry with my rifle, which my wife had brought down and handed to him, as a better marksman than herself.

"The wolf, only wounded, was kicking furiously about on the ice; but Cudjo now ran out, and, after a short struggle, finished the business with his spear.

"This was, indeed, a day of great excitement, in our forest home. Frank, who was the hero of the day, although he said nothing, was no doubt not a little proud of his skating feat.

"And well he might be, as, but for his skill, poor Harry would no doubt have fallen a prey to the fierce wolves."

Language Lesson.—Let pupils use other words to express the meaning of what is given below in dark type.

Again he *changed his direction*.

He then *dashed off*.

He wheeled *sharply* to the left.

Cudjo and I commenced *dealing death among them*.

Cudjo *finished the business* with his spear.

Harry would have *fallen a prey* to the fierce wolves.

Tell the story in your own words, using the points in the following

Analysis.—1. Frank and Harry go to skate. 2. The alarm. 3. The wolves. 4. The pursuit. 5. The escape. 6. Death of the wolves.

LESSON VII.

eráft, *ship; a boat of any kind.*
 mew'ing, *crying, like a cat.*
 a dópt'ed, *received as one's own.*
 ad mir'er, *one who likes another.*
 voy'age, *journey by water.*
 dáin'ty, *nice in form or taste.*

a löft', *on high; in the air.*
 wind'ward, *the point from
 which the wind blows.*
 stár'bóard, *the right-hand side
 of a ship.*
 brūiged, *injured; hurt.*

OUR SAILOR CAT.

She was a sailor cat, indeed, and it was a sailor who first brought her on board.

Our steamer was lying at her pier in the North River, at New York, taking in cargo.

One of our men, who had been ashore, came back with a little gray-and-white kitten in his arms. She was very poor and thin, and her little furry coat was sadly soiled with dirt and grease.

But she had not lost all her fun, for she was making play with her tiny fore-paws at the ends of the sailor's red beard, to honest Jack's great delight.

"Where did you pick that up, Jack?" asked the third officer.

"Well, your honor," said Jack Harmon, touching his cap with a grin, "seems to

me she must have left her ship and gone to look for another, for I found her tramping along the pier there, and mewing as if she was calling out for somebody to show her the road.

"So I thought that, as we have many rats aboard the old craft, she would be able to pick up a good living there; and I called to her, and she came at once, and here she is."

Here she was, sure enough; and as Jack ended his story, she chimed in with a plaintive little "Me-ow," which said, as plainly as ever any cat spoke yet, "I'm very cold and hungry, and I do wish somebody would take me below and give me some food!"

She had not long to wait. Half an hour later she was the best-fed cat in that part of New York City, and that night she lay snugly curled up with a good warm blanket over her.

Of course, the first thing to do with an adopted cat is to give it a name, and Jack Harmon, who was a bit of a wag in his way, and a great admirer of the monster elephant which was just then making such

a stir in New York, called his new pet "Jumbo."

Jumbo soon became the pet of the whole crew, and of the passengers, too, when they came on board, a few days later, for the voyage back to England.

Before we were half-way across the ocean, the bits of meat or cake, and bits of white bread soaked in milk, which were being constantly given her by one and another, had made her look as round as an apple.

The ladies were never tired of stroking her soft fur and admiring her dainty white paws, which were now as spotless as snow. The children romped all day with this new playmate, who seemed to enjoy the sport quite as much as themselves.

But Jumbo was not content with mere play. She seemed to think herself bound to do something to "work her passage." Whenever any of the crew went aloft to take in sail, Jumbo would always climb up, too, as if to help them.

Jack Harmon was still her favorite, and whenever it came his turn to stand at the bow and keep watch, there was Jumbo going backward and forward.

On the eighth night of the voyage, the stars looked dim and watery, and a low bank of clouds began to rise to windward of us, just between sea and sky.

The old sailors shook their heads and looked grave, as if they expected an unusual storm. Suddenly the wind began to blow strongly upon the starboard quarter, stirring up a cross-sea which tossed the great ship like a toy.

Nearly all the passengers had gone below, and the few who remained on deck but toned their water-proof coats, and held tightly on by any thing they could seize.

Jack Harmon had shut up his cat below, but poor puss escaped somehow, for all at once a shrill cry was heard, and there was Jumbo clinging to a rail, with a great mountain of a wave coming right down upon her.

Several men sprang toward the spot, but Jack was foremost, and he had just reached his little pet when down came the great wave upon them both.

Instantly the whole after-deck was one roaring, foaming waterfall, the flying spray of which blinded one for a moment. But

when it cleared, there stood our brave Jack—dripping, bruised, and bleeding from a cut on the head.

But his little favorite was safe in his arms, and as he came back with her, such a cheer went up from all who were on deck, as the old ship had not heard for many a day.

“Let’s send round the hat for him,” said one of the passengers.

And the hat was sent around, so successfully that Jack got enough money to give his poor old mother a happy Christmas, and still have something left over for himself and Jumbo, who was his mother’s pet ever after.

Directions for Reading.—Should this lesson be read with the same tone of voice as Lessons V. and VI.?

In the first paragraph, do not say *pter rin* for *pier in*; *dir’ tund* for *dirt und*.

Point out two other places in the lesson where mistakes similar to those just given might occur.

Language Lesson.—Syllabify, accent, and mark the sounds of letters in the following words: *cargo, officer, blanket, passengers, instantly, bleeding.*

Work her passage means to pay her fare by making herself useful.

Make out an *analysis* in six parts for this lesson, and use it in telling the story in your own words.

LESSON VIII.

loī’ ter ing, *going slowly; lingering.*

pro tēet’ or, *one who keeps another from harm.*

thrōng ing, *gathering in large numbers.*

wrēeked, *dashed to pieces.*

thā tched, *covered over with straw or twigs.*

brōnzēd, *brown; dark-colored.*

blēach’ ing, *whitening.*

vān’ ished, *gone out of sight; departed suddenly.*

rāpt’ ūrē, *great joy; delight.*

RESCUED.

“Little lad, slow wandering across the
sands so yellow,
Leading safe a lassie small—O tell me, little
fellow,
Whither go you, loitering in the summer
weather,
Chattering like sweet-voiced birds on a
bough together?”

“I am Robert, if you please, and this is
Rose, my sister,
Youngest of us all”—he bent his curly head
and kissed her,
“Every day we come and wait here till the
sun is setting,
Watching for our father’s ship, for mother
dear is fretting.

“Long ago he sailed away, out of sight
and hearing,
Straight across the bay he went, into sun-
set steering.

Every day we look for him, and hope for
his returning,

Every night my mother keeps the candle
for him burning.

“Summer goes, and winter comes, and
spring returns, but never
Father’s step comes to the gate. O, is he
gone forever?

The great, grand ship that bore him off,
think you some tempest wrecked her?”

Tears shone in little Rose’s eyes, upturned
to her protector.

Eagerly the bonny boy went on: “O, sir,
look yonder!

In the offing see the sails that east and
westward wander;

Every hour they come and go, the misty
distance thronging,

While we watch and see them fade, with
sorrow and with longing.”

“Little Robert, little Rose!” The stran-
ger’s eyes were glistening,
At his bronzed and bearded face, upgazed
the children, listening;



He knelt upon the yellow sand, and clasped
them to his bosom,
Robert brave, and little Rose, as bright as
any blossom.

"Father, father! Is it you?" The still
 air rings with rapture;
 All the vanished joy of years the waiting
 ones recapture!
 Finds he welcome wild and sweet the low-
 thatched cottage reaching,
 But the ship that into sunset steered, upon
 the rocks lies bleaching.

Directions for Reading.—Read the conversational parts of this poem like conversation in prose.

Point out the *emphatic words* in the first line of the last stanza.

Language Lesson.—*Into sunset steering*, means sailing westward.
The misty distance thronging, means gathering together in the distance.

The still air rings with rapture, means that the air becomes full of joyful shouts.

All the vanished joy of years the waiting ones recapture, means that the children regain the happiness lost during their father's absence.

LESSON IX.

im'pōs'ing, grand looking; of great size.	stārt'led, suddenly alarmed; surprised.
glāc'ing, fierce looking.	āu'di'ble, that may be heard.
līm'its, space.	māj'es'ty, greatness; nobility.
enōr'mōūs, very large; huge.	in'erēas'ing, growing larger.

THE LION.

There is, in the appearance of the lion, something both noble and imposing. Na-

ture has given him wonderful strength and beauty.

His body, when full grown, is only about seven feet long and less than four feet high; but his large and shapely head, with its powerful jaws, his glaring eye, and long, flowing mane, give him an air of majesty that shows him worthy of the name—"King of Beasts."

Yet we are told that a lion will not willingly attack man, unless first attacked himself or driven by hunger to forget his habits.

On meeting man suddenly, he will turn, retreat slowly for a short distance, and then run away.

The lion belongs to the cat family, and his teeth and claws are similar in form and action to those of the house cat.

His food is the flesh of animals; and so great is his appetite, that it must require several thousand other animals to supply one lion with food during his life-time.

His strength is so enormous that he can crush the skull of an ox with a single blow of his powerful paw, and then grasp it in his jaws and bound away.

Unless driven by hunger to bolder measures, he will hide in the bushes, or in the tall reeds along the banks of rivers, and spring suddenly upon the unlucky animal that chances to come near him.

Many lions have been captured, and their habits and appearance carefully studied. Although there is a difference in color—some being of a yellowish brown, others of a deep red, and a few silvery gray—the general form and appearance of all lions is the same.

The mane is of a dark brown, or of a dusky color, and the tail nearly three feet long, with a bunch of hair at the tip.

The lioness, or female lion, is smaller in every way than the male, and has no mane.

It is in the night-time that the lion goes out from his den to seek for food, and his color is so dark and his movements so silent, that his presence is not known even at the distance of a few yards.

These dangerous beasts are no longer found in Europe, although they lived there in numbers many hundred years ago. It is only in the deserts and rocky hills of Asia and Africa that they are met with.

Those who have visited a menagerie, and have seen a lion within the limits of a narrow iron cage, can form no idea of the majesty of the brute when roaming about freely on his native soil.

The voice of the lion is loud and strong. It is likely to strike terror to the bravest heart.

“It consists,” says a well-known writer, “at times of a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times, and ending in scarcely audible sighs; at other times, the forest is startled with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, and then dying away in sounds like distant thunder.”

Directions for Reading.—This lesson should be read a little more slowly than conversation. When we wish to describe any thing, we must give time for those who listen to us to get the meaning of what we say.

Do not run the words together when reading. (See Directions for Reading, page 42.)

Example.—“There is, in the appearance of the lion, something both noble and imposing.”

Language Lesson.—Syllabify, accent, and mark sounds of letters in the following words; *meeting, require, Europe, idea, terror, measures, unlucky, harrow, bolder.*

Air of majesty means the noble appearance supposed to belong to kings.

LESSON X.

är ti fī' cial, <i>not real; made by human skill.</i>	fā' mōūs, <i>much talked of; well known.</i>
ex ēr' tion, <i>great effort; attempt.</i>	frē' quēntly, <i>often.</i>
destrōyēd', <i>killed; put an end to.</i>	in' cī dent, <i>adventure; event.</i>
clēansēd, <i>cleaned; freed from dirt.</i>	nar rā' ed, <i>told.</i>
sit ū ā' tion, <i>position.</i>	hūrled, <i>thrown with force.</i>
	stū' por, <i>sleepy feeling.</i>

ADVENTURE WITH A LION.

The dangers of lion-hunting may be understood from the following incident, narrated by Livingstone, the famous African traveler:

"The villagers among whom I was staying were much troubled by lions, which leaped into their cattle-pens and destroyed their cows.

"As I knew well that, if one of a number of lions is killed, the others frequently take the hint and leave that part of the country, I gave the villagers advice to that end, and, to encourage them, offered to lead the hunt.

"The lions were found hiding among the rocks on a hill covered with trees, and about a quarter of a mile in length. The men

circled the hill, and slowly edged in closer and closer, so that the lions might be completely surrounded.

"Presently one of the natives spied a lion sitting on a piece of rock, and fired at him, the ball missing the beast and striking the rock.

"The lion turned, bit like a dog at the spot where the bullet had struck, and then bounded off to the shelter of the brush-wood.

"Soon I saw another lion in much the same situation as the former, and, being not more than thirty yards from it, let fly with both barrels.

"As the lion was still on its legs, I hastened to reload my gun; but hearing a sudden and frightful cry from the natives, I looked up and saw the wounded lion springing upon me.

"I was caught by the shoulder and hurled to the ground. Growling terribly in my ear, the lion shook me as a dog does a rat.

"The shock produced a stupor, similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of a cat.

"The lion then leaped upon one of the natives who had tried to shoot at him, and



then sprung at the neck of a second native who, armed with a spear, was rushing to the rescue.

"The exertion was too much for the wounded beast, and so, with his claws bedded in the spearman's shoulder, he rolled over and died.

"I had escaped, but with a shoulder so broken as to need an artificial joint, and with eleven teeth wounds in my arm.

"These wounds were less severe than they would have been, had not a heavy jacket which I had on, cleansed the teeth of the lion in their passage. As it was, they were soon cured and gave me no trouble afterward."

Directions for Reading.—Read this lesson in a full and clear conversational tone of voice.

Those parts of the lesson to which we wish to call attention, should be read slowly.

Example.—"The men edged in closer and closer, so that the lions might be completely surrounded."

Should the slow and clear reading be kept up throughout pages 51 and 52, or should those pages be read more rapidly?

Language Lesson.—Syllabify, accent, and mark sounds of letters in the following words: *livingstone, bullet, growling, jacket, offered, advice, severe.*

Edged in closer and closer means went slowly nearer and nearer.

Let fly with both barrels means fired both barrels of his gun at the same time.

Still on its legs means not so badly wounded but that it was able to stand up.

Tell the story in your own words.

LESSON XI.

en rīchəd', *made rich.*

de tēe' lion, *being found out.*

dis mount' ed, *got down from.*

sāt' is fīed, *supplied with all one
wants.*

sūm' mit, *top; highest point.*

en trūst' ed, *gave the care of.*

em ployəd', *used; made use of.*

im pōr' tant, *worthy of attention.*

ad drēsəd', *spoke to.*

dī' a mond, *a very valuable stone.*

in elūd' ed, *put in as a part.*

THE NOBLEST DEED OF ALL.

A rich Persian, feeling himself growing old, and finding that the cares of business were too great for him, resolved to divide his goods among his three sons, keeping a very small part to protect him from want in his old age.

The sons were all well satisfied, and each took his share with thanks, and promised that it should be well and properly employed. When this important business was thus finished, the father addressed the sons in the following words:

"My sons, there is one thing which I have not included in the share of any one of you. It is this costly diamond which you see in my hand. I will give it to that one of you who shall earn it by the noblest deed.

"Go, therefore, and travel for three

months; at the end of that time, we will meet here again, and you shall tell me what you have done."

The sons thereupon departed, and traveled for three months, each in a different direction. At the end of that time they returned; and all came together to their father to give an account of their journey. The eldest son spoke first.

"Father, on my journey a stranger entrusted to me a great number of valuable jewels, without taking any account of them. Indeed, I was well aware that he did not know how many the package contained.

"One or two of them would never have been missed, and I might easily have enriched myself without fear of detection. But I gave back the package exactly as I had received it. Was not this a noble deed?"

"My son," replied the father, "simple honesty cannot be called noble. You did what was right, and nothing more. If you had acted otherwise, you would have been dishonest, and your deed would have shamed you. You have done well, but not nobly."

The second son now spoke. He said: "As I was riding along on my journey, I one day saw a poor child playing by the shore of a lake; and just as I rode by, it fell into the water, and was in danger of being drowned.

"I at once dismounted from my horse, and plunging into the water, brought it safe to land. All the people of the village where this happened will tell you that what I say is true. Was it not a noble action?"

"My son," replied the old man, "you did only what was your duty. You could hardly have left the child to die without exerting yourself to save it. You, too, have acted well, but not nobly."

Then the third son came forward to tell his tale. He said: "Father, I had an enemy, who for years had done me much harm and tried to take my life.

"One evening during my journey, I was passing along a dangerous road which ran beside the summit of a cliff. As I rode along, my horse started at sight of something in the road.

"I dismounted to see what it was, and

found my enemy lying fast asleep on the very edge of the cliff. The least movement in his sleep and he must have rolled over and been dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

"His life was in my hands. I drew him away from the edge and then woke him, and told him to go on his way in peace."

Then the old Persian cried out with great joy, "Dear son, the diamond is yours, for it is a noble and godlike thing to help an enemy and return good for evil."

Directions for Reading.—Read this lesson in a conversational tone of voice, and somewhat more slowly than Lesson III.

Read what is said by each one of the four different persons, as you think each one of them would speak.

How would you read the third and fourth paragraphs?—the last paragraph?

Point out the *emphatic words* in the last paragraph.

Language Lesson.—Syllabify, accent, and mark sounds of letters in the following words: *Persian, therefore, valuable, account, jewels, aware, contained, dishonest, duty, enemy.*

Let pupils use other words, to express the following:

To go on his way in peace. Return good for evil.

Tell the story in your own words, using the points in the following.

Analysis.—1. The father divides his goods. 2. What he said to his sons. 3. What the eldest son did. 4. What the second son did. 5. What the third son did. 6. What the father said.

LESSON XII.

a new', over again.

al'ma nãe, a book giving days,
weeks, and months of the year.

rũs' tling, shaking with a gentle
sound.

sçents, smells.

drow' sy, sleepy; making sleepy.

lãrch, a kind of tree.

flũe, an opening for air or smoke
to pass through.

hãunt' ing, staying in; return-
ing often.

mũr' mur, a low sound.

frã' grant, sweet smelling.

MARJORIE'S ALMANAC.

Robins in the tree-top,
Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a-growing
Every-where you pass;
Sudden fragrant breezes,
Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig
Budding out anew;
Pine-tree and willow-tree,
Fringed elm and larch,—
Don't you think that May-time's.
Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchard
Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
Soft cheeks to the sun;

Roses faint with sweetness,
Lilies fair of face,
Drowsy scents and murmurs
Haunting every place;
Lengths of golden sunshine,
Moonlight bright as day,—
Don't you think that summer's
Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn-patch
Whistling negro songs;
Pussy by the hearth-side
Romping with the tongs;
Chestnuts in the ashes
Bursting through the rind;
Red leaf and gold leaf
Rustling down the wind;
Mother "doin' peaches"
All the afternoon,—
Don't you think that autumn's
Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snow-flakes
Dancing in the flue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you?

Twilight and firelight,
 Shadows come and go;
 Merry chime of sleigh-bells
 Tinkling through the snow;
 Mother knitting stockings
 (Pussy's got the ball!)—
 Don't you think that winter's
 Pleasanter than all?

Directions for Reading.—Read the lesson with spirit, and avoid any thing like sing-song.

Do not make the last word of each line *emphatic*, unless it is really an *emphatic word*.

Language Lesson.—Syllabify, accent, and mark sounds of letters in the following words: *Marjorie's, chestnuts, peaches, afternoon.*

What part of the year is described in each stanza?

What two words can be used for each of the following: *May-time's, summer's.*

LESSON XIII.

eōl'ōny, a number of people living together in one place.	wā'riōr, a soldier; one who fights in war.
sēt'tlers, those people who form a colony.	fār'ni tūrē, articles used in a house.
shŷ, easily frightened; timid.	drēād'ed, feared very much.
eş tāb'lishēd, formed; settled.	prōs'per ōūs, successful; rich.

THE STORY OF INDIAN SPRING.

PART I.

"You want to know why this is called Indian Spring, Robbie? I will tell you.

"When Mary and I were little girls, father moved away from our pleasant home on the bank of the Delaware River, and came to this part of the country. There were five of us: father, mother, Mary, our dear nurse Lizzie, and I.

"Lizzie was a colored woman who had lived with us a long time. She was very handsome, and straight as an arrow. She was a few years older than mother.

"Grandfather Thorpe, your great grandfather, boys, gave her to mother when she was married. Your grandfather was a miller. The old mill that I went to see to-day, was his. It was the first mill built in this part of Pennsylvania.

"O, this was a beautiful country! my eyes never were tired of looking out over these mountains and valleys. But I saw that mother's face was getting thinner and whiter every day they said she was home-sick, and before we had been in the colony a year, a grave was made under an elm tree close by, and that grave was mother's.

"I thought my heart was broken then, but I soon forgot my sorrow: I still had father, sister Mary, and Lizzie.

"In this part of Pennsylvania at that time there were very few white people, and besides our own, there was no other colony within ten miles. But our people being so near together, and well armed, felt quite safe.

"Ten miles away on the Susquehanna, was a small village established by a colony from the north, which was used as a trading-post. There the friendly Indians often came to trade.

"Father went twice a year to this village to get supplies that came up the river. He often spoke of Red Feather, an old Indian warrior. Father liked Red Feather, and he learned to trust him almost as he would have trusted a white man.

"Time passed on until I was thirteen years old, a tall, strong girl, and very brave for a girl. I could shoot almost as well as father.

"Little Mary was very quiet and shy, not like me at all. I loved fishing, and often went out hunting with father, but she staid at home with Lizzie, or sat down under the trees by the spring, watching the shadow of the trees moving in it.

"Our colony had by this time become quite prosperous. A good many of the settlers had built houses for themselves more like those they had left behind on the Delaware.

"The spring that I was fourteen, father built this house. The mill had already been grinding away for two years. We were very happy when we moved out of our little log cabin into this pleasant house.

"We had but little furniture, but we had plenty of room. Up to this time, there had not been much trouble with the Indians, and though we had often dreaded it, and lived in fear many days at a time, only four of our men had been killed by them.

"We had trusted many of the friendly Indians, and Red Feather had frequently spent days at our settlement. He seemed to like the mill.

"I became quite attached to the old man; but Mary was always afraid of him, and Lizzie kept her sharp eyes on him whenever he came into the house. She hated him, and he knew it.

"One beautiful clear morning in August of that year, father went down to the mill as usual. Lizzie was busy with her work, and little May was playing with some tame doves, when looking up, I saw Lizzie start suddenly.

"She had seen something in the woods that frightened her. Without speaking, she went to the door, closed and fastened it, then turned and looked out of the window. She never told me what she saw.

"Father came home early that day; he looked anxious, and I knew that something troubled him. Without waiting to eat his supper, he went out, and very soon most of the men of the colony had gathered round him at the spring."

Directions for Reading.—With what tone of voice should this lesson be read?

What other lessons before this, have been read with the same tone of voice?

Name two *emphatic words* in the following exclamation:

"O, this was a beautiful country!"

Language Lesson.—Change the exclamation given above to a *statement*. What word would be omitted? How would the punctuation be changed?

Syllabify, accent, and mark sounds of letters in the following words: *Delaware, thinner, Susquehanna, grinding.*

LESSON XIV.

con fu'sion, *disorder.*
 sense' less, *without the power of
 thinking or acting; seemingly
 lifeless.*
 re vived', *came back to life; re-
 covered.*
 eūn'ning, *styness; skill.*

pro vōkē', *make angry.*
 stūnned, *made senseless by a blow
 on the head.*
 mee'ly, *in a gentle manner.*
 his' to ry, *what is told of the past;
 a story.*
 tōt' ter, *shake as if about to fall.*

THE STORY OF INDIAN SPRING.

PART II.

"It was as I had feared; we were in danger of an attack from the Indians,

"Something had happened at the trading-post to provoke them, and rouse their thirst for blood. But a quiet night passed by and the sun shone again over the hills in wonderful beauty.

"Suddenly, there sounded from the forest a scream. I had never heard it before, but I knew it. It was the terrible war-whoop. Then all was confusion and horror.

"I saw Nanito, an Indian that I knew, who had eaten at our table. I saw him strike down our father, while Lizzie fought to save him.

"But it was no use, there was no mercy in the heart of the Indian. They carried

Lizzie away from us, and we never saw her again.

"Poor little frightened Mary and I were tied together, our hands fastened behind us, and we were given to—whom do you think, Robbie?—to Red Feather. Then I hated him and resolved that I would kill him if I could.

"After a while he took us out of the house, and then I saw that most of the houses in the little village were burning. The women and children were saved alive, but nearly all the men were killed.

"I was very quiet, for I wanted my hands untied, and I thought perhaps Red Feather would pity me and unfasten them.

"Little Mary was frightened nearly to death. She had not spoken since she saw the Indian strike father down,—when she screamed and fell senseless.

"For a good while I thought she was dead. She had revived a great deal, but had not spoken.

"About sundown Red Feather led us down past the spring, out into the woods, but not far away. We could still see the smoke rising from the burning houses.

The Indians had gone some distance farther and camped with the white prisoners.

"Red Feather could speak English, so I told him if he would untie my hands, I would make his fire, and bake his corn cake for him.

"He was old and feeble, and had lost much of his natural cunning. He knew me, and trusted me; so without speaking, he took his hunting knife from his belt, cut the cords, and I was free.

"I took the hatchet that he gave me to cut some branches for a fire, and went to work very meekly, with my head down.

"I dared not speak to Mary, for fear he might see me, for his eyes were fixed on me every moment. I baked his corn cake in the ashes, and gave it to him. By this time it was dark, but the light from our fire shone far out into the woods.

"I noticed Red Feather did not watch me so closely, and his eyes would now and then shut, for he was very tired.

"He leaned forward to light his pipe in the ashes, when instantly, almost without thinking, I seized the hatchet, and struck him with all my might.

"With a loud scream, I plunged into the woods toward home. Turning an instant, I saw Mary spring up, totter, and fall. With another sharp report came a twinge of pain in my side. Suddenly I fell, and in the darkness of the woods, they passed on, leaving me stunned and nearly dead.

"I will not tell you now, my dear Robbie, how I was cared for, and who brought home little Mary and laid her to rest under the elm, beside mother—but the bullet that struck me then, I still carry in my side, and shall as long as I live.

"Many years have passed since that terrible day, but I can never forget it. As long as the history of this country lasts, Indian Spring will be remembered, and other boys will listen, with eyes as wide open as yours, to the tale it has to tell."

Directions for Reading.—Should the second or third paragraph of the lesson be read the faster?

When do we speak more rapidly—in telling an exciting story, or in common conversation?

Do our feelings guide us when we speak slowly or rapidly?—when we speak quietly or forcibly?

Point out three paragraphs in the lesson that you would read as slowly as Lesson XIII.; three that you would read more rapidly.

In reading rapidly, be careful not to omit syllables, and not to run words together. (See Directions for Reading, page 42.)

LESSON XV.

âft, *near the stern of a ship.*

ânek'or, *a large iron for holding a ship.*

âlməd, *directed or pointed at, as a gun.*

eâr'tridgə, *a small case containing powder and ball*

mōod, *state of mind; temper.*

sūl'try, *very hot.*

elēāv'ing, *cutting through; dividing.*

dis eov'erəd, *sounded out; seen clearly.*

buoys, *floats, made of wood, hollow iron, or copper.*

resūlts', *what follows an act.*

AN ADVENTURE WITH A SHARK

Our noble ship lay at anchor in the Bay of Tangiers, a town in the north-west part of Africa.

The day had been very mild, with a gentle breeze sweeping to the northward and westward. Toward the close of the day the sea-breeze died away, and hot, sultry breathings came from the great, sunburnt desert of Sahara.

Half an hour before sundown, the captain gave the cheering order to call the hands to "go in swimming", and, in less than five minutes, the forms of our sailors were seen leaping from the arms of the lower yards into the water.

One of the sails, with its corners fastened from the main yard-arm and the swinging

boom, had been lowered into the water, and into this most of the swimmers made their way.

Among those who seemed to be enjoying the sport most heartily were two boys, one of whom was the son of our old gunner; and, in a laughing mood, they started out from the sail on a race.

There was a loud ringing shout of joy on their lips as they put off; they darted through the water like fishes. The surface of the sea was smooth as glass, though its bosom rose in long, heavy swells that set in from the ocean.

One of the buoys which was attached to the anchor, to show where it lay, was far away on the starboard quarter, where it rose and fell with the lazy swell of the waves.

Towards this buoy the two lads made their way, the old gunner's son taking the lead; but, when they were within about sixty yards of the buoy, the other boy shot ahead and promised to win the race.

The old gunner had watched the progress of his son with great pride; and when he saw him drop behind, he leaped upon

the quarter-deck, and was just upon the point of urging him on by a shout, when a cry was heard that struck him with instant horror.

"A shark! a shark!" shouted the officer of the deck; and, at the sound of those terrible words, the men who were in the water, leaped and plunged toward the ship.

Three or four hundred yards away, the back of a monster shark was seen cleaving the water. Its course was for the boys.

For a moment the gunner stood like one who had lost his reason; then he shouted at the top of his voice for the boys to turn; but they heard him not.

Stoutly the two swimmers strove, knowing nothing of the danger from the shark. Their merry laughter still rang over the waters, as they were both nearing the buoy.

O, what anxiety filled the heart of the gunner! A boat had put off, but he knew it could not reach the boys in time to prevent the shark from overtaking them.

Every moment he expected to see the monster sink from sight,—then he knew all

hope would be gone. At this moment a cry was heard on board the ship, that reached every heart,—the boys had discovered their enemy.

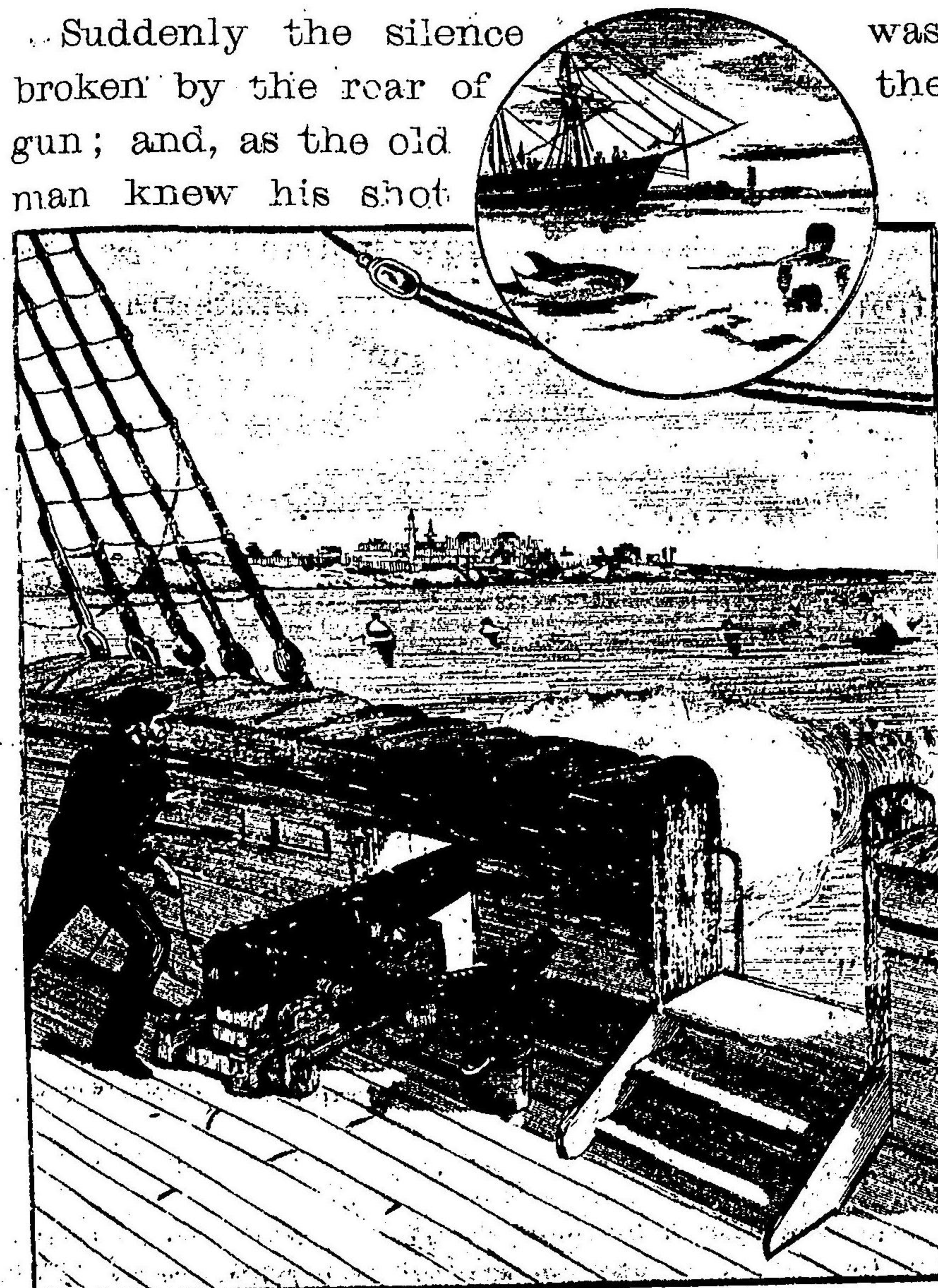
The cry startled the old gunner, and, quicker than thought, he sprung from the quarter-deck. The guns were all loaded and shotted, fore and aft, and none knew their temper better than he.

With steady hand, made strong by sudden hope, the old gunner pricked the cartridge of one of the quarter guns; then he took from his pocket a percussion cap, fixed it on its place, and set back the hammer of the gun-lock.

With great exertions, the old man turned the heavy gun to its bearing, and then seizing the string of the lock, he stood back and watched for the next swell that would bring the shark in range. He had aimed the piece some distance ahead of his mark; but yet a moment would settle his hopes and fears.

Every breath was hushed, and every heart in that old ship beat painfully. The boat was yet some distance from the boys, while the horrid sea-monster was fearfully near.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the roar of the gun; and, as the old man knew his shot



was gone, he covered his face with his hands, as if afraid to see the result. If he had failed, he knew that his boy was lost.

For a moment after the report of the gun had died away upon the air, there was an unbroken silence; but, as the thick smoke arose from the surface of the water there was, at first, a low murmur breaking from the lips of the men,—that murmur grew louder and stronger, till it swelled to a joyous, deafening shout.

The old gunner sprung to his feet, and gazed off on the water, and the first thing that met his sight was the huge body of the shark floating on its back, the shot aimed by him having instantly killed it.

In a few moments the boat reached the daring swimmers, and, greatly frightened, they were brought on board. The old man clasped his boy in his arms, and then, overcome by the powerful excitement, he leaned upon a gun for support.

Directions for Reading.—What paragraphs should be read rapidly? Does the feeling require it?

Use *calling tones* for the words, "A shark! A shark!"

Language Lesson.—Syllabify, accent, and mark sounds of letters in the following words: *Tangiers, Sahara, percussion, excitement, support.*

Tell the story in your own words, using the points in the following

Analysis.—1. Where the ship was. 2. The race. 3. The shark.
4. The gunner's trial. 5. The result.

LESSON XVI.

scant'y, not enough for use.

hū'man, belonging to man or mankind.

cūbs, the young of wild animals.

lē'gend, a story; a tale.

soot'y, blackened with smoke.

seār'let, of a bright red color.

sēlf'ish ly, as if caring only for one's self.

knēad'ed, pressed and rolled with the hands.

dough, unbaked bread or cake.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTHLAND.

Away, away in the Northland,

Where the hours of the day are few,
And the nights are so long in winter,
They can not sleep them through;

Where they harness the swift reindeer
To the sledges when it snows;
And the children look like bear's cubs,
In their funny, furry clothes:

They tell them a curious story—
I don't believe 'tis true;
And yet you may learn a lesson
If I tell the tale to you.

Once, when the good Saint Peter
Lived in the world below,
And walked about it, preaching,
Just as he did, you know;

He came to the door of a cottage,
 In traveling round the earth,
 Where a little woman was making cakes,
 In the ashes on the hearth.

And being faint with fasting—
 For the day was almost done—
 He asked her, from her store of cakes,
 To give him a single one.

So she made a very little cake,
 But as it baking lay,
 She looked at it, and thought it seemed
 Too large to give away.

Therefore she kneaded another,
 And still a smaller one;
 But it looked, when she turned it over,
 As large as the first had done.

Then she took a tiny scrap of dough,
 And rolled and rolled it flat;
 And baked it thin as a wafer—
 But she couldn't part with that.

For she said, "My cakes that seem so small
 When I eat of them myself,
 Are yet too large to give away."
 So she put them on a shelf.

Then good Saint Peter grew angry,
 For he was hungry and faint;
 And surely such a woman
 Was enough to provoke a saint.

And he said, "You are far too selfish
 To dwell in a human form,
 To have both food and shelter,
 And fire to keep you warm.

"Now, you shall build as the birds do,
 And shall get your scanty food
 By boring, and boring, and boring,
 All day in the hard dry wood."

Then up she went through the chimney,
 Never speaking a word;
 And out of the top flew a woodpecker,
 For she was changed to a bird.

She had a scarlet cap on her head,
 And that was left the same,
 But all the rest of her clothes were burned
 Black as a coal in the flame.

And every country school-boy
 Has seen her in the wood;
 Where she lives in the trees till this very day
 Boring and boring for food.

And this is the lesson she teaches:

Live not for yourselves alone,
Lest the needs you will not pity
Shall one day be your own.

Give plenty of what is given to you,
Listen to pity's call;
Don't think the little you give is great,
And the much you get is small.

Now, my little boy, remember that,
And try to be kind and good,
When you see the woodpecker's sooty dress,
And see her scarlet hood.

You mayn't be changed to a bird, though
you live
As selfishly as you can;
But you will be changed to a smaller
thing—
A mean and selfish man.

Directions for Reading.—In what manner should this lesson be read at the beginning—quietly, or with much spirit?

On page 77, beginning with the second stanza, is what Saint Peter says quiet and slow, or emphatic and somewhat rapid?

Point out three places where two lines are to be joined and read as one.

What two lines in each stanza end with similar sounds?

LESSON XVII.

ex prēs'sion, a look showing feel-
ing.

a māzə'ment, great surprise;
astonishment.

māg'netism, an unknown power
of drawing or pulling.

con tīn'ued, went on; stayed.
tēs'ting, trying.

con vēr'iēnce, ease; the saving
of trouble.

ex pēr'i ments, the trials made
to find out facts.

A FUNNY HORSESHOE.

"What a funny horseshoe!" said Charlie,
"It has no holes for the nails!"

I looked up and saw that he had taken
up a small "horseshoe magnet."

"Why that isn't a horseshoe," I said.
"It's a magnet."

"Magnet! What's that?"

Charlie turned it over in his hands, and
pulled the bar a little. The bar slipped so
that it hung only by a corner.

"Never mind," I said, as he looked up
with a scared expression. "It isn't broken.
Put the bar back."

Charlie put it back, and it sprung into
place with a sharp click.

"That's funny!" he cried again. "What
made it jump so? And what makes it
stick? It doesn't feel sticky."

"We call it magnetism," I said. "Now, take hold of the bar, and see if you can pull it straight off."

"I can't. It sticks fast."

"Pull harder."

Charlie braced himself for a strong pull. Suddenly the bar came off, and he went tumbling backward.

"What did you say makes it hold so hard?" said he, getting up.

"Magnetism," said I again.

"But what is magnetism?"

"I couldn't tell you if I tried; but I think you could learn a great deal about it with that magnet. You will find a lot of things in that box that may help you."

Saying this, I left him to pursue his studies as best he could. When I came back, I found him more puzzled than when I left him.

"That's the queerest thing I ever saw," he said. "Some things just jump at it as though they were alive; some things it pulls; and some things it doesn't pull a bit."

"That's a very long lesson you have learned," I said. "What does it pull?"

"These," he said, pointing to a pile of things on one side of the box. "And these things it doesn't pull."

"Let us see what you have in this pile," I said, looking at the first little heap; "keys?"

"Trunk keys," said Charlie. "It doesn't pull door keys. I tried ever so many."

"Try this key," said I, taking one from my pocket. "This is a trunk key. See if the magnet pulls it."

"No-o," said Charlie, thoughtfully, "it doesn't; but it pulled all the rest of the trunk keys I could find."

"Try this key to my office door."

Charlie tried it, and to his great amazement the key stuck fast to the magnet.

"Surely," said I, "it pulls some door keys, and fails to pull some trunk keys."

Charlie was more puzzled than ever. He looked at the keys, thought a moment, then picked up my trunk key, and said: "This key is brass; the rest are iron."

"That's so," I said.

"And all these door keys that the magnet didn't pull," he continued, "are brass, too. Perhaps it can't pull brass things."

"Suppose you try. But first see if there are any brass things that the magnet pulled."

Charlie looked them over. Then we tried the casters of my chair, and all the other brass things we could find, none of which the magnet would pull.

"There's no use in trying any longer," said Charlie. "It won't pull brass."

"Then, there's another matter settled," I said. "The magnet does not pull brass. Is there any thing else it does not pull?"

"Wood," said Charlie. "I tried lots of pieces."

"Any thing else?"

"Stones," said Charlie, eagerly.

"What are these?" I asked, holding up a couple of heavy stones he had put among the things the magnet pulled.

"I guess I put those there by mistake," said Charlie, testing with the magnet a number of stones in the other pile.

"Try them," I said.

"O!" he said, as the magnet lifted them; "I forgot. It does lift some stones."

"Well, what else have you in that pile of things the magnet did not pull?"

"Glass, leather, lead, bone, cloth, tin, zinc, corn, and a lot of things."

"Very well. Now let us see what the magnet does pull."

"Iron keys," said Charlie, "and nails."

"Here's a nail in this other pile."

"That's a brass nail. The magnet pulls only iron nails."

"What else have we in this pile?"

"Needles, hair-pins, screws, wire—iron wire," he added quickly. "Brass wire doesn't stick, you know."

"How about this?" I asked, taking a small coil of copper wire from my desk.

"I guess that won't stick," said Charlie. "Because that's copper wire, and the magnet doesn't seem to pull any thing that isn't iron."

Much to Charlie's satisfaction, the magnet did not pull the copper wire. Then I took up two stones, one rusty red, the other black, and said: "What about these?"

"I guess they must have iron in them too," said Charlie. "Have they?"

"They have," I replied. "They are iron ores from which iron is made. Why did you think there was iron in them?"

"Because they wouldn't have stuck to the magnet if there wasn't."

"Quite true. So you have learned another very important fact. Can you tell me what it is?"

"The magnet pulls iron," said Charlie.

"Good," said I; "and it is also true that the magnet does not pull—"

"Things that are not iron," said Charlie.

"True again," I said. "So far as our experiments go, the magnet pulls iron always, and never any thing else."

"But what makes it pull iron?"

"That I can not tell. We see it does pull, but just how the pulling is done, or what makes it, no one has yet found out.

"For convenience we call the pulling power magnetism. You may keep the magnet, and at some other time, I will tell you more about it."

Language Lesson.—Name six words in the lesson, each of which is made up of two words by leaving out letters.

Write out the two words in each case.

What is the name of the mark which shows the omission of letters?

Point out the *statement, command, question, and exclamation* in the sentences given below.

"O, isn't it a funny horseshoe!" "Put the bar back."

"What made it jump so?" "The magnet pulls iron."

LESSON XVIII.

ex pōs' eš, *shows.*

mī mō' sa, *a tree that grows in Africa.*

mōt' tled, *marked with spots of different color.*

re sēm' bling, *looking like.*

ap prōach', *coming near.*

pūb' lie, *open to all; free.*

vā' ri ōūs, *different; unlike in kind.*

de fēnd', *take care of; protect.*

gāit, *manner of stepping.*

pre vēnts', *keeps from; stops.*

eā' pa ble, *having power; able.*

THE GIRAFFE OR CAMELOPARD.

There are few sights more pleasing than a herd of tall and graceful giraffes.

With their heads reaching a height of from twelve to eighteen feet, they move about in small herds on the open plains of Africa, eating the tender twigs and leaves of the mimosa and other trees.

The legs of a large giraffe are about nine feet long, and its neck nearly six feet; while its body measures only seven feet in length and slopes rapidly from the neck to the tail.

The graceful appearance of the giraffe is increased by the beauty of its skin, which is orange red in color and mottled with dark spots.

Its long tail has at the end a tuft of thick hair which serves the purpose of

keeping off the flies and stinging insects, so plentiful in the hot climate of Africa.



Its tongue is very wonderful. It is from thirteen to seventeen inches in length, is slender and pointed, and is capable of being moved in various ways. It is almost

as useful to the giraffe as the trunk is to the elephant.

The horns of the giraffe are very short and covered with skin. At the ends there are tufts of short hair. The animal has divided hoofs somewhat resembling those of the ox.

The head of the giraffe is small, and its eyes, large and mild looking. These eyes are set in such a way that the animal can see a great deal of what is behind it without turning its head.

In addition to its wonderful power of sight, the giraffe can scent danger from a great distance; so there is no animal more difficult of approach.

Strange to relate, the giraffe has no voice. In London, some years ago, two giraffes were burned to death in their stables, when the slightest sound would have given notice of their danger, and saved their lives.

The giraffe is naturally both gentle and timid, and he will always try to avoid danger by flight. It is when running that he exposes his only ungraceful point.

He runs swiftly, but as he moves the

fore and hind legs on each side at the same time, it gives him a very displeasing and awkward gait.

But though timid, he will, when overtaken, turn even upon the lion or panther, and defend himself successfully by powerful kicks with his strong legs.

The natives of Africa capture the giraffe in pitfalls, which are deep holes covered over with branches of trees and dirt. When captured, he can be tamed, and gives scarcely any trouble during captivity.

Fifty years ago, but little was known about giraffes in Europe or America. Now we can find them in menageries and the public gardens of our large cities.

The giraffe thrives in captivity and seems to be well satisfied with a diet of corn and hay. It is a source of great satisfaction to those who admire this beautiful animal, that there is no reason which prevents him from living in a climate so different from that of his African home.

Language Lesson.—Write statements containing each of the following words, used in such a manner as to show their proper meaning: *feet, feat; red, read; fore, four; gait, gate.*

Model.—We are coming to see you to-morrow.

He stood watching the ships sailing on the sea.

LESSON XIX.

ex pērt', skillful.

ad viſe', offer advice; give notice of what has happened.

çiv' il izèd, having laws, learning, and good manners.

quan' tĩ tĩ, a large amount; part.

in dũçè', lead one to think or act.

pre pâred', made ready for use.

de pârt' ed, went away.

hēnçə fōrth', from this time forward.

pârt' ner, one who shares with another, as a partner in business.

ar rĩv' ing, coming to; reaching a point.

con vĩnçè', make one believe.

THE TRADER'S TRICK.

Out in the West, where many Indians live, there are white men who go among them to trade for furs and skins of animals.

These furs and skins are collected and prepared by the Indians, and serve the purpose of money when the traders visit them to dispose of various kinds of goods.

In old times, before the white men came to this country, the Indians had only bows and arrows, and spears with which to hunt.

But the white men soon taught them to use guns, and to-day, nearly all the tribes in America are well supplied with rifles or shotguns.

They are very expert with these fire-arms, and as they use them a great deal, must

have a large and constant supply of gunpowder.

A story is told of how, at one time, a tribe of Indians tried to raise gunpowder by planting seed. This shows how little they knew of civilized life and habits.

A trader went to a certain Indian nation to dispose of a stock of goods. Among other things he had a quantity of gunpowder.

The Indians traded for his cloths, hats, axes, beads, and other things, but would not take the powder, saying "We do not wish for the powder; we have plenty."

The trader did not like to carry all the powder back to his camp; so thought he would play a trick on the Indians, and induce them to buy it.

Going to an open piece of ground near the Indian camp, he dug some little holes in the soft, rich soil; then mixing a quantity of onion seed with his powder, he began to plant it.

The Indians were curious to know what he was doing, and stood by greatly interested.

"What are you doing?" said one.

"Planting gunpowder," replied the trader.

"Why do you plant it?" inquired another.

"To raise a crop of powder. How could I raise it without planting?" said the trader. "Do you not plant corn in the ground?"

"And will gunpowder grow like corn?" exclaimed half a dozen at once.

"Certainly it will," said the trader. "Did you not know it? As you do not want my powder, I thought I would plant it, and raise a crop which I could gather and sell to the Crows."

Now the Crows were another tribe of Indians, which was always at war with this tribe. The idea of their enemies having a large supply of powder increased the excitement, and one of the Indians said:

"Well, well, if we can raise powder like corn, we will buy your stock and plant it."

But some of the Indians thought best to wait, and see if the seed would grow. So the trader agreed to wait a few days.

In about a week the tiny sprouts of the onion seed began to appear above the ground.

The trader calling the Indians to the spot, said: "You see now for yourselves. The powder already begins to grow, just as I told you it would."

The fact that some small plants appeared where the trader had put the gunpowder, was enough to convince the Indians.

Every one of them became anxious to raise a crop of gunpowder.

The trader sold them his stock, in which there was a large mixture of onion seeds, at a very high price, and then left.

From this time, the Indians gave no attention to their corn crop. If they could raise gunpowder, they would be happy.

They took great care of the little plants as they came up out of the ground, and watched every day for the appearance of the gunpowder blossoms.

They planned a buffalo hunt which was to take place after the powder harvest.

After a while the onions bore a plentiful crop of seeds, and the Indians began to gather and thresh it.

They believed that threshing the onion seeds would produce the powder. But

threshing failed to bring it. Then they discovered that they had been cheated.

Of course the dishonest trader avoided these Indians, and did not make them a second visit.

After some time, however, he sent his partner to them for the purpose of trading goods for furs and skins.

By chance they found out that this man was the partner of the one who had cheated them.

They said nothing to him about the matter; but when he had opened his goods and was ready to trade, they coolly helped themselves to all he had, and walked off.

The trader did not understand this. He became furiously angry, and went to make his complaint to the chief of the nation.

"I am an honest man," said he to the chief. "I came here to trade honestly. But your people are thieves; they have stolen all my goods."

The old chief looked at him some time in silence, and then said: "My children are all honest. They have not stolen your goods. They will pay you as soon as they gather their gunpowder harvest."

The man had heard of the trick played upon the Indians; but did not know before this, that his partner was the one who had cheated them. He could not say a word. He departed at once. Arriving at his home, he said to his partner:

"We must separate. I have learned a lesson. I can not remain in business with a dishonest man. You cheated the Indians for a little gain. You have lost it, and I advise you, henceforth, to deal honestly with all men."

Directions for Reading.—In the first paragraph of the lesson, notice the places marked below where words are likely to be run together in reading, and avoid making such errors.

"Out in the West, there are men who trade for furs and skins of animals."

Point out similar places in the second paragraph.

Name four *emphatic words* occurring in the last sentence of the lesson.

Language Lesson.—Syllabify, accent, and mark sounds of letters in the following words: *dispose, gunpowder, complaint, henceforth.*

Give reasons for the capital letters and marks of punctuation used in the last paragraph of the lesson.

Tell the story in your own words, using the points given in the following

Analysis.—1. Trading with the Indians. 2. The use of fire-arms among the Indians. 3. The trader's trick. 4. Visit of the trader's partner. 5. What the Indians did. 6. The return of the partner. 7. What he said to the trader.

LESSON XX.

floss'y, *made of silk.*

mag'ic, *unnatural power.*

war'bling, *singing.*

mope, *besome stupid or dull.*

boun'ty, *what is given freely.*

lan'guish, *become weak; wither*

A HAPPY PAIR.

Over my shaded doorway

Two little brown-winged birds
Have chosen to fashion their dwelling,

And utter their loving words;
All day they are going and coming

On errands frequent and fleet,
And warbling over and over,

"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Their necks are changeful and shining

Their eyes like living gems;
And all day long they are busy

Gathering straws and stems,
Lint and feathers and grasses,

And half forgetting to eat,
Yet never failing to warble,

"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

I scatter crumbs on the doorstep,

And fling them some flossy threads;
They fearlessly gather my bounty,

And turn up their grateful heads,

And chatter and dance and flutter,
 And scrape with their tiny feet,
 Telling me over and over,
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

What if the sky is clouded?

What if the rain comes down?
 They are all dressed to meet it,
 In water-proof suits of brown.
 They never mope nor languish,
 Nor murmur at storm or heat;
 But say, whatever the weather,

"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Always merry and busy,

Dear little brown-winged birds!
 Teach me the happy magic
 Hidden in those soft words,
 Which always, in shine or shadow,
 So lovingly you repeat,
 Over and over and over,

"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Language Lesson.—Let pupils express, in their own language, the words given below in dark type.

Their eyes are like *living gems*.

Which you always repeat *in shine or shadow*.

What kind of birds are described in the lesson?

Why did they gather straws, stems, lint, feathers, and grasses?

LESSON XXI.

mēs'sağə, <i>word; notice.</i>	rē trāç'ing, <i>going back over.</i>
mēr'chan dīşə, <i>things traded;</i> <i>goods.</i>	ho rī'zon, <i>line where the earth</i> <i>and sky seem to meet.</i>
ğnīd'ançə, <i>leading; directing.</i>	en'eāmpəd', <i>set up tents.</i>
hālt, <i>stop.</i>	sōlə, <i>only.</i>
de çīd'ed, <i>made up their minds.</i>	ğüşhəd, <i>flowed rapidly; poured.</i>

ALI, THE BOY CAMEL-DRIVER.

PART I.

Hassan was a camel-driver who dwelt at Gaza. It was his business to go with caravans, backwards and forwards, across the desert to Suez, to take care of the camels. He had a wife and one young son, called Ali.

Hassan had been absent for many weeks, when his wife received from him a message, brought by another camel-driver, who had returned with a caravan from Suez.

It said: "Send the boy with the camel to Suez with the next caravan. I have some merchandise to bring home, and I will stop at Suez till he comes."

Ali's mother was pained at the thought of sending her young son away to such a distance for the first time; but she said to

herself that Ali was now quite old enough to be helping his father, and she at once set about doing what was required for his journey.

Ali got out the trappings for the camel, and looked to the water-bottles to see that they did not leak. His mother did all that was needed to make him quite ready to join the next caravan that started.

Ali was delighted to think that he was to go to his father, and that, at last the day was come when he too was to be a camel-driver, and to take a journey with the dear old camel which he was so fond of.

He had long wanted to ride on its back across the desert, and to lie down by its side to rest at night. He had no fear.

The camel, of which Ali was so fond, had been bought by his father with the savings of many a year's hard work, and formed the sole riches of the family.

Hassan was looked upon as quite a rich man by the other camel-drivers, and Ali, besides having a great love for the animal, was proud of his father being a camel owner.

Though it was a great creature by the

side of the young boy, it would obey the voice of Ali, and come and go at his bidding, and lie down and rise up just as he wished. Hassan called his camel by an Arabian word, which meant "Meek-eye."

At last, there was a caravan about to start for Suez which Ali could join. The party met near the gates of the city, where there were some wells, at which the water-bottles could be filled. Ali's mother attended, and bid her son a loving farewell.

The caravan started. The camels which were to lead the way, had around their necks jingling bells, which the others hearing, followed without other guidance.

Ali looked about and saw his mother standing near the city gate. He took his cap off and waved it above his head, and his mother took off the linen cloth which she wore over her head, and waved it.

Tramp, tramp, tramp went the camels, their soft spongy feet making a noise as they trod the ground. The camel-drivers laughed, and talked to each other.

Ali was the only boy in the caravan, and no one seemed to notice him. He had a stout heart, and tried not to care.

He could talk to Meek-eye, and this he did, patting the creature's back, and telling him they would soon see his father.

The sun rose higher and higher, and the day grew hotter and hotter. The morning breeze died away, and the noon was close and sultry.

The sand glowed like fire. There was nothing to be seen but sand and sky. At mid-day a halt was made at one of the places well known to the drivers, where shade and water could be had.

The water-bottles were not to be touched that day, for at this place a little stream, which gushed from a rock, supplied enough for the men, while the camels needed no water for many days.

After resting a short time, the kneeling camels were made to rise, the riders first placing themselves on their backs, and the caravan then moved on.

At night the party encamped for rest, the camels lying down, while fires were lighted and food was prepared.

Several days were thus passed, and Ali found that he liked this kind of life as well as he thought he should.

No Arabs were met with, nor even seen; but a danger of the desert, worse than a party of Arabs, came upon them.

There arose one day at noon, one of those fearful burning winds which do such mischief to the traveler and his camel. The loose sand was raised like a cloud. It filled the nostrils and blinded the eyes.

The only thing to be done, was for the men to get off the backs of the camels, and lie down with their faces to the earth.

After the storm had passed, they arose to continue their journey. But the sand had been so blown as to cover the beaten track, and thus all trace of the road was lost.

The camel-drivers who led the way stood still, and said that they did not know which way to turn.

No distant rock or palm-tree was to be seen, and no one could say which was the south, towards which their faces ought to be turned.

They wandered on, now turning to the right, and now to the left; and sometimes, when they had gone some distance in one direction, retracing their steps and trying another.

The caravan made a halt, and it was now decided to journey towards the setting sun, in hopes of finding once more the right track.

Night came on, however, and they had not found it, nor had they reached any place where they could fill their water-bottles, which were empty.

Once or twice, some one of the party fancied that he saw in the distance the top of a palm-tree; but no, it turned out to be but a little cloud upon the horizon.

They had not yet found the old track; neither had they supplied themselves with water to cool their parched lips.

Directions for Reading.—Always take breath before beginning to read a sentence. If the sentence is a long one, choose such places for breathing as will not injure the sense.

When we are out of breath, we are likely either to read too fast, or stop to breathe at such places as to injure the sense.

In the first sentence of the second paragraph on page 101, we may make slight pauses to take breath after *noon* and after *winds*.

Point out breathing-places in the last paragraph on page 100.

Language Lesson.—Syllabify, accent, and mark sounds of letters in the following words: *jingling, nostrils, farewell*.

Let pupils use other words to express the following:

A stout heart.

Towards the setting sun.

LESSON XXII.

pro pōsē', offer; advise.

grōp, a number of persons or things together.

grīēf, great sorrow; distress.

drāughts (drāfts), quantities of water taken at one time.

quēnchēd, satisfied; put out.

rē'cent ly, newly; lately.

flīk'er ing, fluttering; keeping in motion.

grēd'i ly, very eagerly.

prē'ciōūs, of great price; costly.

wēa'ry, very tired.

re frēsh'ing, cooling; reviving.

ALI, THE BOY CAMEL-DRIVER.

PART II.

Poor Ali suffered like the rest from terrible thirst. He drank the last drop of water from his water-bottle, and thought of the morrow with fear.

He was so tired when night came, he was glad to lie down by the side of Meek-eye and go to sleep. Ali slept, but before morning, was awakened by the sound of voices.

He listened, and heard the chief driver tell one of the merchants that, if they did not find water very soon, the next day a camel must be killed, in order to get the water contained in its stomach.

This is often done in cases of great need in the desert, the stomach of the camel being so formed as to hold a great quantity of water.

Ali was not surprised to hear such a thing spoken of; but what was his distress and alarm, when he heard the merchant propose that it should be "the boy's camel" that should be killed!

The merchant said the other camels were of too good a kind, and of too much value; while, as to this young boy, what business had he to have a camel of his own?

It would be better far, they said, for him to lose his camel than for him to die, like the rest, of thirst. And so it was decided, that Meek-eye should be killed, unless water were found the next morning.

Ali slept no more. His heart was full of grief; but his grief was mixed with courage and resolution. He said to himself that Meek-eye should not die.

His father had trusted him to bring the camel, and what would he say if he should arrive at Suez without it? He would try to find his way alone, and leave the caravan as soon as possible.

That night when all was quiet, and the merchant and camel-driver had gone to sleep, Ali arose, and gently patting the neck of Meek-eye, awoke him.

He placed his empty bag and water-bottles on his back, and seating himself on him, made signs for the creature to rise, and then suddenly started off.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, went Meek-eye over the soft sand. The night was cool and refreshing, and Ali felt stronger and braver with every tramp. The stars were shining brightly, and they were his only guides.

He knew the star which was always in the north, and the one which was in the west after the sun had gone down. He must keep that star to the right, and he would be sure to be going towards the south.

He journeyed on till day began to dawn. The sun came up on the edge of the desert, and rose higher and higher. Ali felt faint, weary, and thirsty, and could scarcely hold himself on to Meek-eye. When he thought of his father and mother, he took courage again, and bore up bravely.

The sun was now at its height. Ali fancied he saw a palm-tree in the distance. It seemed as if Meek-eye saw it also, for he raised his head and quickened his step.

It was not long before Ali found himself at one of those pleasant green islands

which are found throughout the desert, and are called oases.

He threw himself from the camel's back, and hunted out the pool of water that he knew he should find in the midst of the reeds and long grass which grew there.

He dipped in his water-bottle and drank, while Meek-eye, lying down, stretched out his long neck, and greedily sucked up great draughts of the cool water.

How sweet was the sleep which crept over them as they lay down in the shade of the great palm-tree, now that they had quenched their thirst!

Refreshed and rested, Ali was able to satisfy his hunger on some ripe dates from the palm-tree, while Meek-eye began to feed upon the grass and leaves around.

Ali noticed, while eating his dates, that other travelers had been there recently; as the grass at the side of the pool was trampled down. This greatly cheered him. He quickly followed in their track, still going in a southerly direction.

He kept the setting sun to his right, and when it had gone down, he noticed the bright star that had guided him before.

He traveled on, tired and faint with hunger for many a mile, till at last he saw, a long way off, the fires of a caravan which had halted for the night.

Ali soon came up to them. He got down from Meek-eye, and leading him by the bridle, came towards a group of camel-drivers, who were sitting in a circle.

He told them his story, and asked permission to join the party, and begged a little rice, for which he was ready to pay with the piece of money that his mother had given him when he left home.

Ali was kindly received by them, and allowed to partake of their supper. The men admired the courage with which he had saved his favorite camel. After supper Ali soon closed his weary eyes, and slept soundly by the side of Meek-eye.

In the midst of a pleasant dream, Ali was suddenly aroused by the sound of tinkling bells, and on waking up he saw that another caravan had arrived, which had come from the south.

The merchants sat down to wait until their supper was brought to them, and a party of camel-drivers drew round the fire

near which Ali had been sleeping. They raked up its ashes, put on fresh fuel, and then prepared to boil their rice.

What voice was that which roused Ali just as he was falling asleep again? He listened, he started to his feet, he looked about him, and waited for a flash of flame from the fire to fall on the faces of the camel-drivers who stood around it.

It came flickering up at first, and then all at once blazing out, flashed upon the camel-driver who stood stooping over it, and lighted up the face of Ali's father!

The father had waited at Suez many days, wondering why Ali did not come; and then, thinking there had been some mistake, determined to return home with the caravan which was starting for Gaza.

We need hardly describe the joy of both father and son at this meeting, nor the pleasure with which the father listened to the history of all the fears and dangers to which his young son had been exposed. He was glad, too, that their precious Meek-eye had been saved.

There was no one in the whole caravan so happy as Hassan, when, the next morn-

ing, he continued his journey to Gaza in company with Meek-eye and his beloved son Ali.

Language Lesson.—Syllabify, accent, and mark sounds of letters in the following words: *suffered, permission, partake, merchants, beloved.*

Let pupils use other words to express the meaning of what is given below in dark type.

Ali bore up bravely.

Meek-eye quickened his step.

The sun was now at its height.

Write statements containing each of the following words, used in such a manner as to show their proper meaning: *herd, heard; need, knead; no, know; way, weigh; knew, new.*

Make out an *analysis* of the two lessons, and use it in telling the story in your own words.

LESSON XXIII.

ob s̄erved', *saw; noticed.*

trans p̄ar'ent, *clear; easily seen through.*

ma t̄er'ial, *that of which any thing is made or to be made.*

ob t̄ained', *taken from; received.*

ḡar'ments, *articles of clothing.*

v̄erd' ūre, *any green growth.*

a d̄orn', *dress with taste; beautify.*

par t̄ic'ular, *of an unusual kind.*

va r̄ie'ty, *a number of different kinds.*

d̄el'i cate, *gentle; tender.*

ea r̄esh̄ed', *treated with fondness.*

A QUEER PEOPLE.

One evening, as Captain Perry was sitting by the fireside at his home in Liverpool, his children asked him to tell them a story



"What shall it be about?" said the captain.

"O," said Harry, "tell us about other countries, and the curious people you have seen in them."

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Mary. "We were much interested, while you were away the

last time, in reading 'Gulliver's Travels' and 'Sindbad the Sailor.'"

"You have seen as wonderful things as they did, haven't you, father?" said Harry.

"No, my dears," said the captain. "I never met such wonderful people as they tell about, I assure you, nor have I seen the 'Black Loadstone Mountain' or the 'Valley of Diamonds.'"

"But," said Mary, "you have seen a great many people, and their different manners and ways of living."

"Yes," said the captain. "and if it will interest you, I will tell you some of the curious things that I have observed."

"Pray, do so!" cried Harry, as both the children drew close to him.

"Well, then," began the captain, "I was once in a country where it was very cold, and the poor people could scarcely keep themselves from starving.

"They were clothed partly in the skins of beasts, made smooth and soft by some particular art; but chiefly in garments made from the outer covering of an animal, cruelly stripped off its back while alive.

"They lived in houses partly sunk below the ground. These houses were mostly built of stones or of earth hardened by fire.

"The walls of the houses had holes to let in light; but to prevent the cold air and rain from coming in, they were covered with a sort of transparent stone, made of melted sand.

"As wood was rather scarce, they used for fuel a certain kind of stone which they dug out of the earth, and which, when put among burning wood, catches fire and makes a bright flame."

"Dear me!" said Harry. "What a wonderful stone! Why didn't you bring a piece home with you, father?"

"I have a piece which I will show you some time," replied the captain. "But to go on with my story.

"What these people eat is remarkable, too. Some of the poor people eat fish which had been hung up and smoked until quite dry and hard, and along with it they eat the roots of plants, or coarse, black cake made of powdered seeds.

"The rich people have a whiter kind of cake upon which they spread a greasy

matter that is obtained from a large animal. They eat also the flesh of many birds and beasts when they can get it, and the leaves and other parts of a variety of vegetables—some raw and others cooked.

"For drink they use the water in which certain dry leaves have been steeped. These leaves, I was told, came from a country a great distance away.

"I was glad to leave this country because it was so very cold; but about six months after, I was obliged to go there again. What was my surprise to find that great changes had taken place!

"The climate was mild and warm, and the country was full of beauty and verdure. The trees and shrubs bore a great variety of fruits, which, with other vegetable product, were used largely as food.

"The people were gentle and civilized. Their dress was varied. Many wore cloth woven from a sort of wool grown in pods on bushes.

"Another singular material was a fine, glossy stuff used chiefly by the rich people. I was told that it was made out of the webs of caterpillars, which to me seemed

quite wonderful, as it must have taken a great number of caterpillars to produce the large quantity of the stuff that I saw.

"These people have queer ideas about their dress. The women wear strangely figured garments, and adorn their heads, like some Indian nations, with feathers and other fanciful head-dresses.

"One thing surprised me very much. They bring up in their houses an animal of the tiger species, having the same kind of teeth and claws as the tiger.

"In spite of the natural fierceness of this little beast, it is played with and caressed by the most timid and delicate of their women and children."

"I am sure I would not play with it," said Harry.

"You might get an ugly scratch, if you did," said the captain.

"Aha!" cried Mary; "I've found you out: you have been telling us of our country and what is done at home all this while!"

"But we don't burn stones, or eat grease and powdered seeds, or wear skins and caterpillars' webs, or play with tigers," said Harry.

"No?" said the captain. "Pray, what is coal but a kind of stone; and is not butter, grease; and wheat, seeds; and leather, skins; and silk, the web of a kind of caterpillar: and may we not as well call a cat an animal of the tiger kind, as a tiger an animal of the cat kind?"

"So, if you will remember what I have been describing, you will find that all the other wonderful things that I have told you of, are well known among ourselves.

"I have told you the story to show that a foreigner might easily represent every thing among us as equally strange and wonderful, as we could with respect to his country."

Directions for Reading.—Point out breathing-places in the last paragraph.

Name the *emphatic words* in the last paragraph.

Pronounce carefully the following words; *vegetable, foreigner, beasts, products, across, again, also, apron.*

Language Lesson.—Let pupils express the meaning of what is given below in dark type, using a single word for each example.

Houses built of *earth hardened by fire*

The walls have *holes to let in the light.*

They were covered with *a sort of transparent stone.*

They drink *water in which dry leaves have been steeped.*

Many wore cloth woven from *a sort of wool grown in pods.*

LESSON XXIV.

līn' net, a kind of bird.
 eom pā' rē', equal; be like an-
 other.
 wōr' rē'd, troubled; anxious.

hūm'blē, meek; lowly.
 mīs'chēv ō's, full of mischief;
 troublesome.
 grūb, dig up by the roots.

THE ILL-NATURED BRIER.

Little Miss Brier came out of the ground,
 She put out her thorns, and scratched ev'ry thing
 'round.

"I'll just try," said she,

"How bad I can be;

At pricking and scratching, there are few can match
 me."

Little Miss Brier was handsome and bright,
 Her leaves were dark green, and her flowers pure
 white;

But all who came nigh her

Were so worried by her,

They'd go out of their way to keep clear of the
 Brier.

Little Miss Brier was looking one day
 At her neighbor, the Violet, over the way;

"I wonder," said she,

"That no one pets me,

While all seem so glad little Violet to see."

A sober old Linnet, who sat on a tree,
 Heard the speech of the Brier, and thus answered he:

"'Tis not that she's fair,

For you may compare

In beauty with even Miss Violet there;

"But Violet is always so pleasant and kind,
 So gentle in manner, so humble in mind,

E'en the worms at her feet

She would never ill-treat,

And to Bird, Bee, and Butterfly always is sweet."

Then the gardener's wife the pathway came down,
 And the mischievous Brier caught hold of her gown;

"O dear, what a tear!

My gown's spoiled, I declare!

That troublesome Brier!—it has no business there;
 Here, John, grub it up; throw it into the fire."

And that was the end of the ill-natured Brier.

Directions for Reading.—This lesson should be read in a spirited
 manner.

It is suggested to vary the reading exercise by having one
 pupil read each stanza, and the class repeat it in concert.

Language Lesson.—Let pupils use other words to express the
 meaning of what is given below in dark type.

There are few can *match* me.

They'd go out of their way to *keep clear of* the Brier.

Supply letters omitted from the following words: *they'd, gown's,*
e'en, 'round. Write the words in full.

LESSON XXV.

plý, *make regular journeys.*
 cõm'merçə *trade between places*
or peoples.
 mīgh't'y, *of great power.*
 trāv'ersə, *pass over; cross.*
 rē'al izə, *understand the truth of.*

prō pēl', *drive forward.*
 prōp'ert'y, *any thing that be-*
longs to a person.
 ôr'cnarðs, *numbers of fruit-trees.*
 im mēnsə', *very large.*
 glit'ter ing, *sparkling with light.*

WATER.

It is difficult to realize that nearly three-fourths of the surface of the earth is water; yet it is a fact.

Think of the immense space covered by oceans, seas, lakes, and rivers, and how useful all this water is to mankind.

Sailing ships and steam-ships traverse the oceans and lakes. Steam-boats ply along the rivers, carrying people and merchandise to and fro, going sometimes as far as three thousand miles from their starting point.

It is by water that men float their rafts of logs or lumber to distant places. Water turns the great wheels of many of our mills, and thus harnessed to mighty machines, does more work than thousands of men and horses.

These machines produce paper, cloth, flour, lumber, and many other useful articles.

When water is heated and turned into steam, it moves powerful engines. These engines propel our great steam-ships and steam-boats and drive machines of all kinds in mills and factories.

Many of you have seen water, clear and cool, trickling from the rocks in the side of a hill. This water first forms a spring.

From this spring, the water escapes in a tiny stream, called a rivulet or creek, and flows along until it enters a river. Many springs make many rivulets; many rivulets make large rivers.

Rivers sometimes receive such great quantities of water that they overflow their banks, and destroy much valuable property. This is called a freshet or a flood.

Many people who live near some of our rivers have lost their houses, furniture, and cattle, which were all swept away by these floods.

In the winter of 1883, the Ohio River received so much water from the thousands of rivulets flowing into it, that it overflowed its banks.

The result of this overflow was one of the greatest floods ever known, and many, no

doubt, who read this, were there to see its terrible effects.

But where does all this water come from? you may ask.

Let me see if I can explain it to you. The water in all these rivers, lakes, and oceans is constantly rising into the air in what is called moisture or vapor. We can not see this moisture, neither can we see the air.

If the air is cold, moisture does not rise rapidly; but, as the air becomes heated, it takes up more moisture, so that the more heat there is in the air, the more moisture rises.

Heated air is light, and rises higher and higher from the ground, taking the moisture with it, until it reaches a point where it begins to cool.

Then as the air cools, the moisture forms into clouds, and these clouds are, in a certain sense, floating water.

Floating water! How can water float! do you ask?

Well, I will tell you. Cold air is heavier than heated air, and until the clouds become so full of moisture as to return some

of it to the earth in the shape of rain, they float because they are lighter than the air underneath them.

The winds, by the flapping of their mighty wings, drive the clouds over the land to the hills and the mountains and the thirsty fields; and there they pour their blessings on the farms, pastures, orchards, and the dusty roads and way-side grass, bringing greenness and gladness everywhere.

Without water nothing would grow; every thing would dry up and wither.

All animals drink water, for it forms a part of their blood and thus helps to keep them alive. All trees and plants drink it by drawing it through their roots or leaves, for it helps to form their sap.

Sometimes on a summer morning you will see drops of clear sparkling water on flowers and grass.

To look at them you would think it had rained during the night; but, noticing that the ground is dry, you know that no rain has fallen.

What then are these glittering drops of water? Where do they come from?

I will tell you. These drops are called dew. As night comes on, the grass and the leaves of flowers and plants become cool.

When the warm air touches them, it becomes chilled, and as the air can not then carry so much moisture as before, it leaves some of its moisture on the flowers and grass.

A moisture like dew sometimes collects in the house. Did you ever observe it in drops on the outside of a pitcher of cold water? Some people suppose that the water comes through the pitcher, but it does not.

The water being cold makes the pitcher cold, and as the warm air of the room strikes it, a moisture like dew is left on the pitcher, in the same manner as dew is left on grass, leaves, and flowers.

In cold weather, when the dew gathers on plants and flowers, it sometimes freezes and forms frost, and when the clouds throw off their moisture in rain drops, the rain becomes sleet, hail or snow.

So you see that dew, rain, frost, sleet, snow, and hail are only different forms of water.

LESSON XXVI.

trēās'ūrə, a large quantity of
money; valuable things

ôr'merly in time past; here-

mōd'eratə, not great; limited
in quantity.

ôr'phan, a child whose father
and mother are dead.

at trāet'ivə, inviting; having
power to draw toward.

ēm'er y, a kind of hard, sharp
sand.

ex trēmə' last point or limit.

rūb'bish, things of no value.

fīt'ings, things needed in making
an article ready for use.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE

PART I

On a pleasant street in the old town of Fairfield, stands a neat, little cottage. This was formerly the home of Mrs. Reed, an old lady respected by her neighbors and loved by all the young people of the place.

There was about Mrs. Reed a kindly manner which pleased all who knew her. Although very poor, she took much interest in her young friends and tried to make them happy.

Mrs. Reed had not always been poor. Her husband when alive was supposed to be rich; but after his death, it was found that nothing was left to his widow but two small cottages.

In one of these cottages, Mrs. Reed lived;

the other, she rented. But the rent received was no more than enough to enable her to live with moderate comfort. She had little or nothing left with which to do for others.

One cold winter morning, two persons were talking together in the cozy sitting-room of the cottage. One was Mrs. Reed, and the other, Alice Brown, a poor orphan girl, who lived with some distant relatives in Fairfield.

"You are very kind to come to see me so often, Alice," said Mrs. Reed. "I wonder why you do; because there is nothing attractive here."

"Why, Mrs. Reed!" replied Alice: "how can you talk so? are you not here? do I not always receive a kind word and a welcome smile from you?"

"Well, you know I love you, Alice, and am always delighted to have you come," said Mrs. Reed; "I am sure that were it in my power to do so, I would have you here all the time."

"I would like to give you books, have you attend school, and do every thing to make you happy. But alas! Alice, you

know I am too poor to do what I wish, and at times it makes me feel very sad."

"O, indeed you are too good, Mrs. Reed! My greatest pleasure is to come and see you, and I hope you will always love me."

"I wish I could stay here all day; but you know that the day after to-morrow will be Christmas, and I must hurry home now, as auntie wants me to help her prepare for it. So good-by."

"But, Alice, you will come to see me Christmas morning, will you not?" asked Mrs. Reed.

"Yes," replied Alice, "for a little while." And with a kiss and another good-by, she left Mrs. Reed alone.

"What a dear good girl she is," said Mrs. Reed to herself, as she watched Alice tripping down the street toward her home.

"She was so good to me last summer when I was ill! and here is Christmas and I have no money with which to buy her a present."

"O dear, dear! why was I left so poor! I am sure my husband had some money; what could he have done with it!"

Mrs. Reed sat down in her rocking-chair

and for a full half hour looked thoughtfully into the fire. Starting up suddenly, she again exclaimed to herself:

"I do really believe that if I go up into the garret, I can find something for a Christmas present, that will please Alice.

"I remember a curious old box that Mr. Reed had, that was sent to him from India. If I can find some bits of ribbon and silk, I will line it and make it into a nice little work-box for Alice."

Then Mrs. Reed climbed up the narrow stairway into the garret, and, after searching some time among the rubbish that lay around in all the nooks and corners, discovered the box.

Taking it down-stairs and finding some pieces of silk, she spent the rest of the day in making it into a work-box.

She made a pretty needle-book, a tiny pincushion, and an emery bag like a big strawberry. Then from her own scanty stock she added needles, pins, thread, and her only pair of small scissors, scoured to the last extreme of brightness.

One thing only she had to buy—a thimble; and that she bought for a penny. The

thimble was of brass and so bright that it was quite as handsome as gold.

When full, the little box was very pretty. In the bottom lay a quilted lining, which had always been there, and upon which she had placed the fittings.

Directions for Reading.—The conversational parts of this lesson may be read as a dialogue by two pupils.

Which is the most *emphatic word* in the following sentence?

"O dear, dear! Why was I left so poor!"

Point out the *emphatic words* in the third paragraph of the lesson.

LESSON XXVII.

hānd'y, convenient; ready for use.

ad join'ing, next to; neighboring.

sin gērə'ly, honestly; truly.

fōrt'ū natē, favored; lucky.

æct'ū al ly, really; truly.

suffi'ciant, enough; plenty.

eār v'ings, figures cut in wood or stone.

mÿs'ter y, something entirely unknown.

thrēsh'ōld, a piece of board which lies under a door.

tīlē, a thin piece of baked clay.

ex ām'īnē, look at with care..

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

PART II.

Christmas morning came, and soon Alice Brown entered Mrs. Reed's cottage and received a warm welcome.

"Merry Christmas! Mrs. Reed," said Alice.

"Thank you, my dear," replied Mrs. Reed; "it will indeed be a 'Merry Christmas' if you can remain with me this forenoon."

"Well, I can stay till dinner-time," said Alice. "See what a pretty present cousin John sent me!" and Alice held up a new pocket-book.

"That is very nice, Alice," said Mrs. Reed; "now if you had some one to fill it with money, it would be better still."

"Yes, indeed," cried Alice, laughingly; "but as I was not so fortunate as to receive any money, and have none of my own to put in it, the pocket-book is not likely to be worn out for a long time."

"Well, well, Alice," replied Mrs. Reed, "it is always handy to have things in the house; for some time they may be needed."

"Excuse me a moment, Alice," continued Mrs. Reed; "sit down here by the fire and warm yourself."

Alice took a seat by the fire and warmed her fingers; for, although it was a bright sunshiny day, it was very cold.

Mrs. Reed stepped into the adjoining

room, and with a light heart and an expression on her face that no one had seen for many a day, took up the little work-box she had prepared for Alice.

Returning again to the sitting-room with the box in her hand, she approached Alice and said;

"Here, my dear, is a little Christmas present I have for you. I sincerely wish it were something better. It will be useful, I know, and I hope it will please you!"

"O how beautiful!" exclaimed Alice, as she caught sight of the curious carvings on the outside of the box. "And a work-box, too!" she continued, as she took it in her hands and lifted the cover; "is it really for me?"

"For no one else, I assure you," replied Mrs. Reed, as her face lighted up with joy, at seeing Alice so happy.

"O how can I ever thank you enough!" exclaimed Alice, as she threw her arms around Mrs. Reed's neck and kissed her again and again.

Then taking a seat by Mrs. Reed, Alice began to examine the contents of the new

work-box, lifting out the articles one by one, and placing them in her lap.

She then admired the beautiful lining which Mrs. Reed had put in the box, asking her where she got such pretty pieces of silk.

"That piece of silk at the top, Alice, is a bit of my wedding-dress; and that on the sides, is a part of my wedding-sash. Those remind me of happy days, Alice.

"I had plenty then: a good husband, a happy home, and never thought that I should come to poverty."

"What is this from?" asked Alice, touching the silk lining at the bottom of the box.

"O that was always in the box, Alice. It was there when my husband received it, and must be a piece of India silk.

"Is any thing the matter with it?" continued Mrs. Reed, as she noticed Alice picking at one corner of it.

"O nothing is the matter," replied Alice; "it only seemed to me to be a little loose."

"Let me look," said Mrs. Reed. "I don't think it can be loose, or I should have seen it when I was lining the box."

"It is actually quite loose," said Alice, as she examined it further, and picked up one corner with a pin; "and here is a little piece of paper underneath it."

"That is remarkable," said Mrs. Reed, as she put on her spectacles and drew up her chair a little closer to Alice.

"And there is some writing on it too," said Alice, as she drew it from its hiding-place and handed it to Mrs. Reed.

"Why, it's my husband's writing!" exclaimed Mrs. Reed, as she closely examined the faded letters. "What can it mean? I never saw it before. Read it, Alice; your eyes are younger than mine."

Alice read: "'Look and ye shall find,' and underneath this," continued Alice, "is a picture of a mantel-piece, and underneath that, it reads: 'A word to the wise is sufficient.'"

Mrs. Reed again took the paper. Her hand trembled and her face became a little pale.

"Alice," said she, "this is a picture of the old tile mantel-piece in the other room. There is some mystery about this. What can it mean?"

"Yes," said Alice, "the tiles in that mantel have quotations on them."

In an instant, Alice was on her feet and sprung into the other room, leaving Mrs. Reed in a state of wonderment.

Hastily examining the tiles in the mantel, Alice cried out: "O Mrs. Reed, do come! Here is a tile with exactly the same words on it!"

Mrs. Reed hurried into the room, and had scarcely passed the threshold, when the tile fell to the hearth and broke into a dozen pieces.

Directions for Reading.—Point out breathing-places in the last paragraph.

Pronounce carefully the following words: *fortunate, adjoining, clothes, hearth, sitting-room, wedding-dress.*

Language Lesson.—Let pupils use other words to express the meaning of the following sentences.

Alice received a warm welcome.

Mrs. Reed stepped into the adjoining room with a light heart.

Her face lighted up with joy.

Those things remind me of happy days.

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

Change the statements given above to questions.

Change the following exclamations to complete statements.

Do come! Let me look! Read it, Alice!

Model.—See my pocket-book! = I wish you would look at my pocket-book.

LESSON XXVIII.

be fall'ēn, *happened to.*

thrust, *move suddenly or with force.*

mis hāp', *something which has occurred to cause pain or sorrow.*

ex cīt'ed ly, *in a very earnest manner.*

mīn'glēd, *joined closely; united.*

lē'gal ly, *as the law requires.*

a būn'dant, *beyond one's need; plentiful.*

cōm'fort a blē, *having every thing needed to keep one from pain or want.*

re lā'tions, *the feelings or acts of people toward each other.*

chārm'ing, *very pleasant.*

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

PART III.

"O what have I done! what have I done!" cried Alice. "O Mrs. Reed, I'm so sorry—I have broken the tile!"

"How did it happen, Alice? Was it loose?"

"Why, yes," replied Alice; "I put my hand on it, and thought it appeared to move a little. Having my scissors with me, I, through curiosity, ran the points in between that tile and the next one."

"Never mind, child," said Mrs. Reed kindly, seeing that Alice was feeling sad over the mishap; "perhaps the tile can be mended—let us see."

As they both stooped down to pick up

the pieces, Alice noticed that there was a hollow space back of where the tile had been, and that it contained something of a dingy white color.

"O Mrs. Reed!" cried she; "there is something in there! See, it looks like a bag tied up! May I take it out?"

Mrs. Reed turned deadly pale. "Yes," she replied, scarcely knowing what she expected or dared hope.

Alice thrust her hand into the hole to pull the bag out, but as it was very old, it fell apart, and O wonder of wonders! as many as a hundred pieces of gold coin fell with a jingle on the hearth and rolled every way.

"My husband's money!" exclaimed Mrs. Reed, as she leaned on Alice to keep from falling.

Alice was nearly wild and talked like a crazy person.

"O goody, goody!" she cried, clapping her hands and jumping up and down. "Now you can have every thing you want! you won't be poor any longer!"

But Mrs. Reed was too much overcome to hear what Alice said.



She could scarcely realize the good fortune that had so suddenly befallen her.

Presently, however, with the tenderness of a mother, she placed her arms around Alice and said: "O you precious child! but for you, I should never have known this!"

"And if you had not given me the

work-box," said Alice, "perhaps no one would ever have found it out."

"But," continued she, excitedly, "let us see if there is any thing more in there."

Again reaching into the hole in the mantel-piece, she sprung back with a look of amazement that frightened Mrs. Reed.

"Why, Alice, what is the matter?" inquired the old lady.

"Matter!" exclaimed Alice. "Why, dear me! Mrs. Reed, there are lots and lots of bags in there yet!"

"Is it possible!" said Mrs. Reed hoarsely. Then reaching her hand into the hole, she drew out bag after bag, handling them very carefully, so that they would not fall to pieces as the first one had done.

In the meantime Alice had pushed a table up near the fire-place. The bags were emptied upon it, until the glittering gold made a heap that struck Mrs. Reed and Alice with greater amazement than ever.

"Alice," said Mrs. Reed, "this is a blessing from Heaven that I do not deserve. I can not tell you how thankful I am for it. My happiness now will be in doing for others."

Alice said nothing; her heart was too full. A look of sadness came over her face.

She was wondering whether Mrs. Reed would continue to love her, and thinking, with a mingled feeling of fear and dread, that now her friend was rich, perhaps she, the poor orphan girl, might not be so welcome at the cottage as before.

Mrs. Reed seemed to understand somewhat the nature of Alice's thoughts. "Cheer up, Alice," said she; "this is not a time to be sad! Come, help me put away this gold."

"By the way, Alice, now is the time to use your pocket-book; you know I told you it was handy to have things in the house; they might be needed," she continued, smilingly.

"Why, certainly, Mrs. Reed; do you want to borrow my pocket-book? here it is."

"Yes, my dear," replied Mrs. Reed, "I shall want a new one myself, and I want to see yours. I wonder how many pieces of gold it will hold."

Then Mrs. Reed crammed the pocket-book full of gold pieces.

"There!" said she, handing it to Alice; "that is the Christmas present I wanted

to give you, this morning, but did not have it."

"What! this for me! O no, no! I do not deserve it!" cried Alice.

"But you must take it, Alice, and listen; for I have something to tell you. I want you to be my daughter now. I will have abundant means to make both of us comfortable and happy."

"O Mrs. Reed," said Alice, bursting into tears; "I would love to be your daughter, nothing could make me happier."

In a very short time every thing was changed in the little cottage. Mrs. Reed had legally adopted Alice as her daughter and was sending her to school.

Fresh paint, inside and out, and many new comforts, made the old house charming and bright. But nothing could change the happy relations between the two friends, and a more contented and cheerful household could not be found anywhere.

Language Lesson.—Tell the story in your own words, using the points given in the following.

Analysis.—1. Mrs. Reed's home. 2. Her talk with Alice. 3. Mrs. Reed prepares a present for Alice. 4. Alice receives the work-box. 5. What was found in it. 6. The broken tile and the discovery of the money. 7. What happened after that.

LESSON XXIX.

dells, *small valleys.*

bow'ers, *covered places made of boughs.*

troupe, *a number of living beings; a company.*

daffodils, *yellow flowers.*

sheen, *brightness; splendor.*

sprite, *an unreal person.*

suspend'ed, *stopped for a time; hung.*

varies, *is different; changes.*

bluebell, *a kind of flower.*

rambling, *wandering.*

revel, *play in a noisy manner.*

LOOKING FOR THE FAIRIES.

I've peeped in many a bluebell,
And crept among the flowers,
And hunted in the acorn cups,
And in the woodland bowers;
And shook the yellow daffodils,
And search'd the gardens round,
A-looking for the little folk
I never, never found.

I've linger'd till the setting sun
Threw out a golden sheen,
In hope to see a fairy troupe
Come dancing on the green;
And marveled that they did not come
To revel in the air,
And wondered if they slept, and where
Their hiding-places were.

I've wandered with a timid step
 Beneath the moon's pale light,
 And every blazing dew-drop seemed
 To be a tiny sprite;
 And listened with suspended breath,
 Among the grand old trees,
 For fairy music floating soft
 Upon the evening breeze.

Ah me! those pleasant, sunny days,
 In youthful fancies wild,—
 Rambling through the wooded dells,
 A careless, happy child!
 And now I sit and sigh to think
 Age from childhood varies,
 And never more may we be found
 Looking for the fairies.

Directions for Reading.—Which one of the stanzas should be read more slowly than the others?

Point out the *emphatic words* in the last four lines of the lesson.

Language Lesson.—Which lines in each stanza end in similar sounds?

Let pupils explain the meaning of what is given below in dark type.

I've hunted in the *acorn cups*.
 I've wandered with a *timid step*.
 Age from *childhood varies*.

LESSON XXX.

poi'son qūs, *likely to do great harm or injury.*

sēp'a ratē, *apart from other things.*

con dī'tion, *state; situation.*

nēc'es sa ry, *really needed.*

dis a grēē'a blē, *very unpleasant.*

sēn'sī blē, *wise; knowing what is proper.*

ae eūs'tomēd, *being used to.*

es pē'cial ly, *more than usual.*

AIR.

We all know very well that we can not live without breathing.

What we do not all know, or do not all think of, is that we want not only air, but good air. We are apt to take it for granted that any air will do for us; stale air, dirty air, even poisonous air.

What makes the matter worse is, that we can not help spoiling air ourselves by the very act of breathing.

If people are shut up in rooms where the bad air can not get out and the good air can not get in at all, they are sure to be made ill.

Some people in Scotland thought they would have a merry Christmas party, and invited their friends to come to a dance.

As it was very cold weather, they shut all the doors and windows tight, and then they began to dance.

It was a small room with a low ceiling, and there were thirty-six people dancing in it all night. By the time morning came the air was so bad that it was really like poison; and very soon seven of the poor dancers were seized with a terrible fever, and two of them actually died.

The air we breathe out is different from the air we take in. We send away some things with our breath which were not in the air when we took it in.

One of these is water. Sometimes you can see this for yourself. On a cold, frosty day, you know we can see the clouds of steam coming out of our mouths. This steam is only very fine particles of water.

In warm weather we do not see the steam, but the water is there all the same; if you will breathe on a looking-glass at any time, you will make it dim and damp directly with the water that is contained in your breath.

We also breathe out animal matter, little particles of our own bodies just ready to decay. We can not see them, but they soon give the air a close, disagreeable smell. Good air has no smell at all.

And now I have something to say to you about the use of noses.

I dare say you can not see much use in the sense of smell. Seeing, hearing, touching, are very needful to us, we all know; but as to smelling, that does not seem to have any particular value.

It is pleasant to smell a sweet rose or violet; and, I believe, smelling really forms a good part of what we call tasting.

Of all our senses, smell is the one that soonest gets out of practice. If people would always accustom themselves to use their noses, they never would consent to live in the horrid air they do.

If you go from the fresh air into a close room, you will notice the smell at once. Then, if you remain there, you will soon get accustomed to the smell and not notice it; but it will still be there, and will be doing you a great deal of harm.

In good air there are, mainly, two sorts of gas.

The first is a very lively sort of gas, called oxygen; it is very fond of joining itself with other things, and burning them, and things burn very fast indeed in oxygen.

The second is a very slow, dull gas, called nitrogen; and nothing will burn in it at all. Pure oxygen would be too active for us to live in, so it is mixed with nitrogen.

When we breathe, the air goes down into our lungs, which are something like sponges, inside our chests.

These sponges have in them an immense quantity of little blood-vessels, and great numbers of little air-vessels; so that the blood almost touches the air; there is only a very, very thin skin between them.

Through that skin, the blood sends away the waste and useless things it has collected from all parts of the body, and takes in the fresh oxygen which the body wants.

You have often heard man's life compared to a candle. I will show you some ways in which they are much alike.

When a candle or lamp burns, if we keep it from getting any new air, it soon uses all the lively gas, or oxygen, and then it goes out. This is easily shown by placing a glass jar over a lighted candle.

If the candle gets only a little fresh air, it burns dim and weak. If we get only a little fresh air, we are sickly and weak.

The candle makes another kind of gas. It is called carbonic acid gas, which is unhealthy and not fit for breathing. The heat of our bodies also makes this gas, and we throw it off in our breath.

Oxygen and carbon, in a separate condition, make up a good part of our flesh, blood, and bones; but when they are joined together, and make carbonic acid gas, they are of no further use to us.

You might go to a store and buy sand and sugar; but if they became mixed together as you brought them home, you would not be able to use either one of them, unless some clever fairy could pick them apart for you.

You see now one great way of spoiling the air. How are we to get rid of this bad air, and obtain fresh air, without being too cold?

In summer time this is quite simple, but in winter it is more difficult; because it is a very bad thing to be cold, and a thin, cold draught of air is especially bad.

The bad air loaded with carbonic acid gas, when we first breathe it out, is warm. Warm gases are much lighter than cold

ones, therefore the bad air at first goes up to the ceiling.

If there is an opening near the top of the room, the bad air goes out; but if there is no opening, it by and by grows cold and heavy, and comes down again. Then we have to breathe it.

If you open the window at the top, it will let out the bad air, and you will not feel a draught. It is not often so very cold that you cannot bear the window open, even a little way from the top, and that is the best way of airing a room.

This is just as necessary by night as by day. People who shut in the bad air, and shut out the good air, all night long, can never expect to awake refreshed, feeling better for their sleep.

What becomes of the carbonic acid gas which the body throws off through our breath? Can any thing pick the carbon and oxygen in it apart, and make them fit for us to use again?

Yes. Every plant, every green leaf, every blade of grass, does that for us. When the sun shines on them, they pick the carbon out and send back the oxygen for us to

breathe. They keep the carbon and make that fit for us and animals to eat.

The grass makes the carbon fit for sheep and cows, and then we eat their flesh or drink their milk; and the corn makes the carbon fit to eat; so do potatoes, and all the other vegetables and fruits which we eat. Is not this a wonderful arrangement?

But perhaps you think, considering what an amazing number of people there are in the world, besides all the animals—for all creatures that breathe, spoil the air just as we do—there can hardly be trees and plants enough to set all the air right again.

Round about cities and large towns there are certainly more people than there are trees, but in many other parts of the world there are a great many more trees than there are people.

I have heard of forests in South America so thick and so large, that the monkeys might run along the tops of the trees for a hundred miles. So you see there are plenty of trees in the world to do the work.

But then, how does all the bad air leave the towns and cities where men live, and get to the forests and meadows?

The air is constantly moving about; rising and falling, sweeping this way or that way, and traveling from place to place.

Not only the little particles out of our breath, but any thing that gives the air any smell, does it some harm. Even nice smells, like those of roses, are unhealthy, if shut up in a room for some time.

Dirty walls, ceilings, and floors give the air a musty, close smell; so do dirty clothes, muddy boots, cooking, and washing. Some of these ought not to be in the house at all; others remind us to open our windows wide.

All the things I have been saying to you about pure air, apply still more to sick people than to healthy ones.

Directions for Reading.—Read the following sentences carefully, and avoid running the words together.

The good air can not get in at all.

We are apt to take it for granted.

It is sure to make them ill.

Point out three other places in the lesson where similar errors are likely to occur.

Language Lesson.—Add *ment* to each of the following words, and then give the meaning of the words so formed,

arrange move settle encourage

LESSON XXXI.

dis tīnet'ly, *clearly; plainly.*

a roused', *wakened.*

re çed'ing, *going backward or away from.*

vīg'iant, *watchful; careful.*

ex haust'ed, *tired out with work.*

pre çed'ing, *going before.*

fōrt'night, *two weeks' time.*

eon vūl'sive, *irregular in movement.*

tār'ried, *delayed; remained.*

grād'ually, *step by step; slowly.*

A TIMELY RESCUE.

It was in the month of February, 1831, a bright moonlight night, and extremely cold, that the little brig I commanded lay quietly at her anchors inside the bay.

We had had a hard time of it, beating about for eleven days, with cutting north-easters blowing, and snow and sleet falling for the greater part of the time.

When at length we made the port, all hands were almost exhausted, and we could not have held out two days longer without relief.

"A bitter cold night, Mr. Larkin," I said to my mate, as I tarried for a moment on deck to finish my pipe. "The tide is running out swift and strong; it will be well to keep a sharp look-out for this floating ice, Mr. Larkin."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the mate, and I went below.

Two hours afterwards I was aroused from a sound sleep by the vigilant officer. "Excuse me for disturbing you, captain," said he, as he detected an expression of vexation on my face; "but I wish you would turn out, and come on deck as soon as possible."

"Why—what's the matter, Mr. Larkin?"

"Why, sir, I have been watching a cake of ice that swept by at a little distance a moment ago; I saw something black upon it—something that I thought moved."

We were on deck before either spoke another word. The mate pointed out, with no little difficulty, the cake of ice floating off to leeward, and its white, glittering surface was broken by a black spot.

"Get me a spy-glass, Mr. Larkin—the moon will be out of that cloud in a moment, and then we can see distinctly." I kept my eye on the receding mass of ice, while the moon was slowly working its way through a heavy bank of clouds.

The mate stood by with a spy-glass. When the full light fell at last upon the

water, I put the glass to my eye. One glance was enough.

"Forward, there!" I shouted at the top of my voice; and with one bound I reached the main hatch, and began to clear away the ship's cutter. Mr. Larkin had received the glass from my hand to take a look for himself.

"O, pitiful sight!" he said in a whisper, as he set to work to aid me in getting out the boat; "there are two children on that cake of ice!"

In a very short space of time we launched the cutter, into which Mr. Larkin and myself jumped, followed by two men, who took the oars. I held the tiller, and the mate sat beside me.

"Do you see that cake of ice with something black upon it, lads?" I cried; "put me alongside of that, and I will give you a month's extra wages when you are paid off."

The men were worn out by the hard duty of the preceding fortnight; and, though they did their best, the boat made little more way than the tide. This was a long chase; and Mr. Larkin, who was

suffering as he saw how little we gained, cried out—

“Pull, lads—I’ll double the captain’s prize. Pull, lads, for the sake of mercy, pull!”

A convulsive effort at the oars told how willing the men were to obey, but their strength was gone. One of the poor fellows splashed us twice in recovering his oar, and then gave out; the other was nearly as far gone. Mr. Larkin sprung forward and seized the deserted oar.

“Lie down in the bottom of the boat,” said he to the man; “and, captain, take the other oar; we must row for ourselves.” I took the second man’s place.

Larkin had stripped to his Guernsey shirt; as he pulled the bow I waited the signal stroke. It came gently, but firmly; and the next moment we were pulling a long, steady stroke, gradually increasing in rapidity until the wood seemed to smoke in the oar-locks.

We kept time with each other by our long, deep breathing. Such a pull! At every stroke the boat shot ahead like an arrow. Thus we worked at the oars for fifteen minutes—it seemed to me as many hours.

“Have we almost come to it, Mr. Larkin?” I asked.

“Almost, captain,—don’t give up: for the love of our dear little ones at home, don’t give up, captain,” replied Larkin.

The oars flashed as the blades turned up to the moonlight. The men who plied them were fathers, and had fathers’ hearts; the strength which nerved them at that moment was more than human.

Suddenly Mr. Larkin stopped pulling, and my heart for a moment almost ceased its beating; for the terrible thought that he had given out crossed my mind. But I was quickly reassured by his saying—

“Gently, captain, gently—a stroke or two more—there, that will do”—and the next moment the boat’s side came in contact with something.

Larkin sprung from the boat upon the ice. I started up, and, calling upon the men to make fast the boat to the ice, followed.

We ran to the dark spot in the centre of the mass, and found two little boys—the head of the smaller nestling in the bosom of the larger. Both were fast asleep!

They were benumbed with cold, and would surely have frozen to death, but for our timely rescue.

Mr. Larkin grasped one of the lads, out off his shoes, tore off his jacket; and then, loosening his own garments to the skin, placed the chilled child in contact with his own warm body, carefully wrapping over him his great-coat.

I did the same with the other child; and we then returned to the boat; and the men having partly recovered, pulled slowly back.

The children, as we learned when we afterwards had the delight of returning them to their parents, were playing on the ice, and had ventured on the cake.

A movement of the tide set the ice in motion, and the little fellows were borne away on that cold night, and would certainly have perished, had not Mr. Larkin seen them as the ice was sweeping out to sea.

"How do you feel?" I said to the mate, the next morning after this adventure.

"A little stiff in the arms, captain," the noble fellow replied, while the big tears

of grateful happiness gushed from his eyes—"a little stiff in the arms, captain, but very easy here," and he laid his hand on his manly heart.

Language Lesson.—Change the following *commands* to *statements*.

Take the other oar. Don't give up!

Give the meaning of the word *lads* in the third and fourth lines of page 152, and in the fourth line of page 154.

Make out an *analysis* of the lesson, and use it in telling the story in your own words.

LESSON XXXII.

rē'gion, *place, space.*

fūrzh, *a thorny shrub with yellow flowers.*

līst'eth, *wishes; pleases.*

mīrth, *joy; fun.*

bōon, *gay; merry.*

shāft, *an arrow; the stem of an arrow.*

up bōrnē', *held or borne up.*

erōst'ing, *touching the tops of.*

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

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

They have left their nests in the forest bough;
 Those homes of delight they need not now;
 And the young and old they wander out,
 And traverse their green world round about;



And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
 How, one to the other, they lovingly call:
 "Come up, come up!" they seem to say,
 "Where the topmost twigs in the breezes play!

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

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

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

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

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

Directions for Reading.—The words of the first line of the poem, when repeated on pages 157 and 158, should be slightly emphasized.

Point out the lines on page 157 which would be joined in reading.

Let the class read one or more stanzas of the poem in concert.

LESSON XXXIII.

strōll'ing, *wandering on foot.*
quaint, *unusual; curious look-
ing.*

con'sult'ed, *asked advice of.*
roy'al, *belonging to a king or a
queen.*

en'ter'tain', *receive and care for.*
cōurt'e'sy, *politeness of manners.*

bōd'icē, *an article of clothing.*
loy'al'ty, *love of one's country or
ruler.*

a mis's', *out of the way; wrong.*
trif'les, *articles small in size or
value.*

mūt'ler'ed, *said in a low voice.*
admis'sion, *permission to enter.*

TRUE COURTESY.

PART I.

Prince George, the husband of Queen Anne of England, one time visited the town of Bristol, having with him as a companion, an officer of his household.

While strolling about the town, looking at the people and the quaint old buildings, they stepped into the Exchange, where all the great merchants of the town had come together doing business.

Prince George walked about, talking quite freely, first to one and then to another. As the towns-people had not expected him, no preparation had been made to receive him with honor; and the merchants stood in little groups, and consulted together with a look of anxiety upon their faces.

"What is to be done?" asked one.

"I do not know," replied another. "If his Royal Highness does not give us notice of his coming, how can we entertain him in a proper manner?"

"Would it be well to ask him to come to one of our homes?" inquired a third.

"No, no!" cried another. "We could not ask him to partake of our humble fare, or even come to our homes, after the splendor to which he has been accustomed. For my part, I shall go home to dinner."

"And I also," said the first one. "I do not care to remain here, and stare at the Prince, when we have nothing to offer."

Then one by one, the merchants slipped away, afraid or ashamed to ask the great Prince to their homes.

Prince George and the officer wondered at seeing the merchants disappear. At last there was but one man left, and as he walked toward the Prince, he bowed low, and said—

“Excuse me, sir; are you the husband of our Queen Anne, as folks here say you are?”

“Yes, I am,” was the answer; “and have come for a few hours to see the sights of the good town of Bristol.”

“Sir,” said the man, “I have seen with much distress that none of our great merchants have invited you to their homes. Think not, sir, that it is because they are wanting in love and loyalty. They doubtless were all afraid to ask one so high as yourself to dine with them.

“I am one John Duddleston, sir, only a bodice-maker, and I pray you not to take it amiss if I ask you and the gentleman who is with you, to come to my humble home, where you will be most welcome.”

“Indeed,” answered the Prince, laughing,

“I am only too delighted to accept your kind invitation, and I thank you for it very heartily. If you lead the way, we will follow at once.”

So Prince George, the officer, and Duddleston, passed out of the Exchange together.

“Ours is but humble fare,” said Duddleston; “for, sir, I can offer you only roast beef and plum-pudding.”

“Very good, very good indeed!” exclaimed the Prince; “it is food to which I bring a hearty appetite.”

They stopped before a small house. John pulled the latch, and, walking in, looked for his wife; but she was upstairs.

“Here, wife, wife!” he called in a loud whisper, as he put his head up the narrow staircase; “put on a clean apron, and make haste and come down, for the Queen’s husband and a soldier-gentleman have come to dine with us.”

As you may think, Mrs. Duddleston was strangely surprised at the news; but she did not become excited; she very seldom did, I believe.

“Ay, ay!” she called. “I’m coming;”

and then muttered, "The Queen's husband! the Queen's husband! Sure, that can never be—however, I'll go down and see."

She ran to her closet, and pulled out a nice, clean apron and cap, and tied the one round her waist, and the other round her comely face, saying all the time, "Dear me, dear me, to think of it!" and away she ran down stairs, where stood her husband and the two gentlemen.

The good woman bowed low, first to one and then to the other.

"Indeed, but I'm proud," she said, turning to Prince George, "to welcome you to our home. 'Tis but poor and humble, but we shall think more of it after this. I'll hurry and get dinner at once. I dare say you are hungry, gentlemen."

Prince George laughed gayly, as he thanked her for her kind welcome, and sat down.

The table was soon spread, and the Prince ate well, and appeared to enjoy himself so much, that Mrs. Duddleston could scarcely believe he had always been accustomed to lords and ladies and footmen, and had never before sat down in such an humble way.

Prince George inquired about their business and pleasures.

"Do you never come up to London?" he asked; "I think you would find it worth your while to take a holiday some time, and see the great city"

"Ah well," said Mrs. Duddleston, "if that is not just the thing I long for. I've never been yet, nor am I likely to go, but John has been once or twice."

"And why, John, have you never taken your wife as well, to see the great sights?"

"Well, to say the truth," answered John, "I do not go to see the sights; for though I've been two or three times, I don't think I've seen any."

"I must needs go sometimes to buy whalebone, and other trifles which I must have for my business here. So I just go and come back, and meddle with none."

"Well, well," said the Prince, "the next time you come to London, you must bring your wife with you, and pay me a visit."

Mrs. Duddleston clasped her fat little hands with delight.

"And shall I see the Queen?" she exclaimed.

"And see both the Queen and myself," answered the Prince. "Come, John, say you will do so!"

"Surely, sir," said John, "I should like to give the good woman a bit of pleasure in that way, but your grand servants would shut the doors before us, and never let us in, perhaps."

"I can soon set that right!" and taking a card from his pocket, Prince George wrote a few words on it, and gave it to them.

"That will gain you ready admission," he said, "and now I must leave you. Next time we meet, I shall entertain and care for you. For the present, I thank you for your kind welcome and good dinner, which I have heartily enjoyed."

Then rising, he and the officer bade farewell to the good people and took their leave.

Language Lesson.—Let pupils use other words to express what is given below in dark type.

I must needs go.

Indeed, *but I'm proud.*

Ours is *but humble fare.*

He *pulled the latch.*

So I *meddle with none.*

To see *the great sights.*

Notes.—Queen Anne ruled over England from 1702 to 1714.
Royal Highness is a title belonging to all persons in a royal family.

LESSON XXXIV.

de sīrəd', asked; expressed a wish.

as sēm'bləd, come together.

in tro dūçə', make known.

sūm'monəd, called.

knīght, a man of noble position.

grāt'i tūde, thankfulness.

ēl'e gant, beautiful; handsome.

pos sēs's'ing, having; holding.

dis plāy', a grand show.

e vēnt', any thing that takes place.

TRUE COURTESY.

PART II.

It was some weeks later that John Duddlestone found his stock of whalebone was growing low.

"Wife," said he, "the whalebone's nearly gone, and I must have some more at once."

"Surely, John, I know well it's nearly gone!" she answered. "Haven't I watched every bit as you've used it? and haven't I pretty near cried to see it go so slowly?"

"Pooh! you foolish woman!" he cried.

"But, John, you'll take me, and go to see the King and Queen?" she inquired.

"Why, you silly woman, do you think I should leave you behind, when I know you're nearly crazed to go?"

"O John, John, you dear, good man! I've mended all my dresses, and made myself trim and neat. I've seen to your coats;

and all's done; and "I feel as if I could scarcely live till I see the Queen."

"You'd best keep alive," said her husband; "and if all goes well we'll start by the coach on Monday."

Monday was as lovely a day as heart could wish; and John and his wife walked down the Bristol streets to the public-house from which the coach was to start.

It was a great event in Mrs. Duddleston's life, for she had never been beyond her own town, except for a drive into the country in a neighbor's cart.

They were quiet people; but it had got about the town that they were going to London to visit the Queen, and numbers came out to see them go.

Perhaps some of the great merchants wished they had been simple and humble enough to offer to entertain Prince George when he had visited their town.

They journeyed straight to London, where John bought his whalebone, and then found their way to St. James' Palace, where, presenting the Prince's card, they gained ready admittance.

They were shown into a room, more

beautiful than any that they had ever seen. Very shortly the door opened, and the well-remembered face of their guest appeared. Almost before he had greeted them, a quiet-looking lady followed him, and came smilingly to greet them.

"This is the Queen," said Prince George; and then, turning to her, he added, "These are the good people who showed me such kindness in Bristol."

The Queen was so gentle and courteous that neither John nor his wife felt confused in her presence. She talked kindly to them, asking after their trade, and how they had fared in their journey.

She then asked them to dine with her that evening, and said dresses would be provided for them, so that they should not feel strange by seeing that they were dressed differently from all her other guests.

She then called an attendant, and desired that refreshment should be given them, and that they should be well cared for, and shown all that might interest them until dinner time.

It was a long, wonderful day to them, as they walked about from place to place.

Before dinner they were taken to the room that was prepared for them, and there they found elegant court dresses of purple velvet ready to put on.

"Surely, John, they can not be for us!" cried Mrs. Duddlestone.

"Yes, but they must be! Did not the Queen say she would give us dresses? and do not these dresses look as if they had been given by a queen?"

"John, I shall feel very strange before all the grand ladies!"

"Then you need not, wife, for the Queen and Prince will be there; and the others will not trouble you; but this is a queer dress. It's like being somebody else."

And very queer they felt, as for the first time they walked down the grand stairs, in such splendid dresses, to dine at the Queen's table, with the Queen's servants to wait on them.

"You must go first, John," said his wife, for shyness came over her.

"Be not so foolish, wife," whispered John; and, though feeling rather awkward in his new dress, he walked simply forward, as he might have done in a friend's house.

The Queen met them at the door, and, turning to her other guests, who were assembled, she said, "Gentlemen, I have to introduce to you, with great pleasure, the most loyal people in the town of Bristol."

At these words they all rose and bowed low, while John and his wife did the same, and then sat down, and ate a good dinner.

After the dinner was over, the Prince summoned John Duddlestone to the Queen.

At her command John knelt before her, and she laid a sword lightly on his shoulder, with the words, "Rise up, Sir John Duddlestone"; and the simple, kind-hearted bodice-maker of Bristol rose up a knight.

His wife stood by, watching with eagerness, and could hardly believe that from plain Mistress Duddlestone she had become Lady Duddlestone.

She would have been very proud if the Queen had laid the sword upon her also; but she heard that was not needed. However, she was made very happy by being called to the Queen's side.

"Lady Duddlestone," said Her Majesty, "allow me to present you with my gold watch, in remembrance of your visit to St.

James' Palace, and of the Prince's visit to Bristol, which led to our knowing two such loyal and courteous subjects."

Lady Duddlestone bowed lower and lower, almost unable to find any words in which to express her gratitude.

A gold watch! Was it possible? Watches were not common in those times. She had heard of watches, and had even seen some; but had never dreamt of possessing one.

Such a big beauty it was! She was glad to fall back behind the other guests, and get time to think quietly, and realize that all was true, and not a dream from which she would wake, and find herself in her little attic bed-room at Bristol.

Queen Anne then spoke to Sir John, offering to give him a position under Government; but he begged to be excused.

"It would be strange, your Majesty, very strange, up in London, and my work at Bristol suits me far the best. We want for nothing, and should never feel so well and home-like as in our little house at Bristol."

The Queen understood him, and did not press him; and in another day or two the couple were again on their way home.

"You're glad, wife, that we're going home?" John asked; "and you think I did well not to take some office in London?"

"Well! You could have done no better. It's been grand to see, and grand to hear; but it would be very strange and uncomfortable to live always like that, and I'll be right glad to be back once more.

"I'm more than proud of it all. But I should never like our own room, in which Prince George sat so home-like with us, to belong to another."

"No, no—we will keep our own snug home," replied John with earnestness.

And so they did, living on quietly as of old; and the only display ever made by Lady Duddlestone was, that whenever she went to church or to market, she always wore the Queen's big gold watch.

Language Lesson.—Let pupils use other words to express the meaning of what is given below in dark type.

You'd *best* keep alive.

It's been *grand* to see.

Then you need not.

You're *nearly crazed* to go.

Attendant is made up of two parts—the stem, *attend*, and the ending, *ant* (meaning one who).

The meaning of the word *attendant* is *one who attends*.

Make out an *analysis* of the last two lessons, and use it in telling the story in your own words.

LESSON XXXV.

pre sūmē', *suppose; think without being sure.*

mūs'clēs, *those parts of the body which give us motion, and by which we exert our strength.*

ex tēnt', *space; distance.*

ōr' dī nā ry, *common; usual.*

knōw'ledge, *that which is known through study.*

de grēe', *measure, as of space or time.*

spēnt, *used up; exhausted.*

snāppēd, *broken off.*

de tākēd', *taken away from.*

WHY AN APPLE FALLS.

"Father," said Lucy, "I have been reading to-day that Sir Isaac Newton was led to make a great discovery, by seeing an apple fall from a tree. What was there wonderful about the apple falling?"

"Nothing very wonderful in that," replied her father; "but it set him to thinking of what made it fall."

"Why, I could have told him that," said Lucy; "because the stem snapped and there was nothing to support it."

"And what then?" asked her father.

"Why, then, of course it must fall."

"Ah!" said her father, "that is the point: why must it fall?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Lucy.

"I presume it was because there was nothing to keep it up."

"Well, Lucy, suppose there was not—does it follow that it must come to the ground?"

"Yes, certainly," replied Lucy, wonderingly.

"Let us see," said her father; "but first answer this question: What is an animate object?"

"Any thing that has animal life, and power to move at will," replied Lucy.

"Very good," said her father; "now, what is an inanimate object?"

"Any thing that does not possess animal life, or can not move at will."

"Very good again," said her father. "Now an apple is, of course, an inanimate object; and therefore it could not move itself, and Sir Isaac Newton thought that he would try to find out what power moved it."

"Well, then," said Lucy; "did he find that the apple fell, because it was forced to fall?"

"Yes," replied her father; "he found that there was some force outside of the apple itself that acted upon it, otherwise it would have remained forever where it

was, no matter if it were detached from the tree."

"Would it, indeed?" asked Lucy.

"Yes, without doubt," replied her father, "for there are only two ways in which it could be moved—by its own power of motion, or the power of something else moving it. Now the first power, you know it does not have; so the cause of its motion must be the second."

"But every thing falls to the ground as well as an apple, when there is nothing to keep it up," said Lucy.

"True. There must therefore be some power or force which causes things to fall," said her father.

"And what is it?" asked Lucy.

"If things away from the earth can not move themselves to it," said her father, "there can be no other cause of their falling than that the earth pulls them."

"But," said Lucy, "the earth is no more animate than they are; so how can it pull?"

"That is not an ordinary question, but I will try an explanation," said her father.

"Sir Isaac Newton discovered that there was a law in nature called attraction, and

that all bodies exert this force upon each other. The greater the body, the greater is its power of attraction.

"Now, the earth is an immense mass of matter, with which nothing near it can compare in size. It draws therefore with mighty force all things within its reach, which is the cause of their falling. Do you understand this?"

"I think that I do," said Lucy; "the earth is like a great magnet."

"Yes," said her father; "but the attraction of the magnet is of a particular kind and is only over iron, while the attraction of the earth acts upon every thing alike."

"Then it is pulling you and me at this moment!" said Lucy.

"Certainly it is," replied her father; "and as I am the larger, it is pulling me with more force than it is pulling you. This attraction is what gives every thing weight.

"If I lift up any thing, I am acting against this force, for which reason the article seems heavy; and the more matter it contains, the greater is the force of attraction and the heavier it appears to me."

"Then," said Lucy, "if this attraction is so powerful, why do we not stick to the ground?"

"Because," replied her father, "we are animate beings, and have the power of motion, by which, to a limited degree, we overcome the attraction of the earth."

"Well then, father," said Lucy, "if our power of motion can overcome the attraction, why can not we jump a mile high as well as a foot?"

"Because," replied her father, "as I said before, we can only overcome the attraction to a certain extent. As soon as the force our muscles give to the jump is spent, the attraction of the earth pulls us back."

"Did Sir Isaac Newton think of all these things, because he saw the apple fall?" inquired Lucy.

"Yes; of all these and many more. He was a man of great knowledge. The name by which the force he discovered is generally known is the Attraction of Gravitation, and some time you will learn how this force keeps the earth, and the sun, moon, and stars all in their places."

LESSON XXXVI.

en'vy, <i>wish one's self in another's place.</i>	fee, <i>what is received as pay for service done.</i>
doffed, <i>took off, as an article of dress.</i>	boast, <i>object of pride.</i>
blithe, <i>very happy; gay.</i>	quoth, <i>spoke.</i>
	hale, <i>in good health; strong.</i>

THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till
night—

No lark so blithe as he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
"I envy nobody—no, not I,
And nobody envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said good
King Hal;

"As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now, what makes thee
sing,

With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm a king,
Beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap:

"I earn my bread," quoth he;

"I love my wife, I love my friend,

I love my children three;

I owe no penny I can not pay;

I thank the river Dee,

That turns the mill that grinds the
corn

That feeds my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed
the while,

"Farewell! and happy be!

But say no more, if thou'dst be true,

That no one envies thee.

Thy mealy cap is worth my crown;

Thy mill, my kingdom's fee;

Such men as thou are England's boast,

O miller of the Dee!"

Directions for Reading.—In the second stanza of the lesson, *wrong* becomes very *emphatic* on account of *repetition* (being repeated a number of times). *My* and *thine*, in the same stanza, are *emphatic* on account of *contrast* (contrary meaning of the words).

Point out an example of *emphasis* by *repetition*, and an example of *emphasis* by *contrast*, in the third stanza.

Language Lesson.—Hal = Harry = Henry.

Let pupils place *un* before each of the following words, and give their meaning.

changed

burdened

envied

LESSON XXXVII.

se rō'ciōūs, *savage; fierce.*

ro sētā', *an article made to resemble a rose.*

a bān'donəd, *left forever; given up.*

en cōun'ter, *meet face to face.*

in'flu ençē, *power over others.*

kēān, *sharp; piercing.*

rēp ū tā'tion, *what is known of a person.*

wit'ness, *see or know by personal presence.*

trāil, *track; footstps.*

a lērt', *on the watch; careful.*

THE JAGUAR.

The jaguar or as he is sometimes called, the American tiger, is the largest and most ferocious of the cat family found on this continent.

Some jaguars have been seen equal in size to the Asiatic tiger; but in most cases the American animal is smaller. He is strong enough, however, to drag a horse or an ox to his den—sometimes to a long distance; and this feat has been frequently observed.

The jaguar is found in all the tropical parts of North and South America.

While he bears a considerable likeness to the tiger, both in shape and habits, the markings of his skin are quite different. Instead of being striped like the tiger, the skin of the jaguar is beautifully spotted.

Each spot resembles a rosette, and consists of a black ring with a single dark-colored spot in the middle.

Jaguars are not always of the same color; some have skins of an orange color, and these are the most beautiful. Others are lighter colored; and some few have been seen that were very nearly white.

There is a "black jaguar," which is thought to be of a different species. It is larger and fiercer than the other kinds, and is found only in South America.

This animal is more dreaded by the inhabitants than the other kinds and is said always to attack man wherever it may encounter him. All the other beasts fear it.

Its roar produces terror and confusion among them and causes them to flee in every direction. It is never heard by the natives without a feeling of fear, and no wonder; for a year does not pass without a number of these people falling victims to its ferocity.

It is difficult for one living in a country where such fierce animals are unknown, to believe that they have an influence over

man, to such an extent as to prevent his settling in a particular place; yet such is the fact.

In many parts of South America, not only plantations, but whole villages, have been abandoned solely from fear of the jaguars.

There are men, however, who can deal single-handed with the jaguar; and who do not fear to attack the brute in its own haunts.

They do not trust to fire-arms, but to a sharp spear. On their left arms they carry a strong shield.

This shield is held forward and is usually seized by the jaguar. While it is busied with this, the hunter thrusts at the animal with his sharp spear, and generally with deadly effect.

A traveler in South America relates the following incident as having come under his observation:

"Desiring to witness a jaguar hunt, I employed two well-known Indian hunters, and set out for the forest. The names of these hunters were Niño and Guapo. Both of them had long been accustomed to hunt

the jaguar, and I felt perfectly safe in their company.

"Guapo, the larger of the two, was a man of wonderful muscular power, and had the reputation of having at one time killed a black jaguar with only a stout club.

"When all the preparations had been made for our start, we looked, as if we might capture all the jaguars that came in our way.

"Some hours after we had entered the forest, the quick eye of Guapo discovered the trail of a large jaguar which he assured me was recently made.

"Stopping for a moment, both Guapo and Niño looked carefully about in every direction and listened attentively, in order that they might see or hear the animal if he were near.

"Then motioning me to follow at a little distance behind them, they stepped off quietly in the direction of the trail, Guapo being about thirty feet in advance of Niño.

"We went forward in this manner several hundred yards, not a word being spoken, and the keen eyes of both the hunters constantly on the alert.

"Guapo, in the meantime, who seemed to have no fear and became more and



more excited as he approached, to where he thought the animal must be, had increased the distance between himself and Niño considerably.

"Suddenly a terrific roar, and at the same time a cry of pain and a shout, warned us that Guapo had met the jaguar.

"Niño bounded forward, and I followed as quickly as I could. A fearful sight met our eyes!

"The jaguar, which had been hiding in the branches of a large tree, had sprung down upon Guapo and fastened its terrible teeth in his thigh.

"With a shout filled with fury and determination, Niño at once sprung forward and savagely attacked the beast with his spear.

"This caused the jaguar to let go its hold of Guapo, who, made furious from the pain of the wound the animal had given him, turned, and with his spear attacked it with a mad ferocity as savage as that of the beast itself.

"In a moment all was over, and the jaguar lay dead at our feet. I dressed Guapo's wound the best I could, while Niño took the skin from the body of the animal, which proved to be nearly eight feet long.

"We returned very slowly to the village with the wounded man and our prize. In

a few weeks Guapo had entirely recovered from his wounds, and was ready for another hunt."

Directions for Reading.—Let pupils pronounce in concert, and singly, the following words: *O, most, ferocious, only, whole, hold, slowly, over, both, roar.*

What tone of voice should be used in reading this lesson?

Language Lesson.—Place *re* before each of the following words and then give the meaning of each.

turned told join capture call

LESSON XXXVIII.

dikēs, high banks of earth.

eōn' tra ry, quite different from what is usual.

diš ās' trōūs, causing great loss or suffering.

kēēlš, strong timbers extending along the bottom of boats.

stōrk, a kind of bird.

būs' tle, quick and excited motion.

mīrē, soft and wet earth.

seōrn'ing, turning from any thing as if of no value.

sāt' ū rāt ed, wet through and through.

mōbrēd, tied fast, as a ship to land.

slouchēd, hung down.

mīm ie, copied in a smaller form.

HOLLAND.

PART I.

Holland is one of the queerest countries under the sun. It should be called Oddland, or Contrary-land; for, in nearly every thing, it is different from other parts of the world.

In the first place, a large portion of the country is lower than the level of the sea. Great dikes have been built at a heavy cost of money and labor, to keep the ocean where it belongs.

On certain parts of the coast it sometimes leans with all its weight against the land, and it is as much as the poor country can do to stand the pressure.

Sometimes the dikes give way, or spring a leak, and the most disastrous results follow. They are high and wide, and the tops of some of them are covered with buildings and trees. They have even fine public roads upon them, from which horses may look down upon wayside cottages.

Often the keels of floating ships are higher than the roofs of the dwellings. The stork, on the house-peak, may feel that her nest is lifted far out of danger, but the croaking frog in the neighboring bul-rushes is nearer the stars than she.

Water-bugs dart backward and forward above the heads of the chimney swallows; and willow-trees seem drooping with shame, because they can not reach so high as the reeds near by.

Ditches, canals, ponds, rivers, and lakes are every-where to be seen. High, but not dry, they shine in the sunlight, catching nearly all the bustle and the business, quite scorning the tame fields, stretching damply beside them. One is tempted to ask: "Which is Holland—the shores or the water?"

The very verdure that should be confined to the land has made a mistake and settled upon the fish ponds. In fact the entire country is a kind of saturated sponge, or, as the English poet Butler called it—

"A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,
In which they do not live, but go aboard."

Persons are born, live, and die, and even have their gardens on canal-boats. Farm-houses, with roofs like great slouched hats pulled over their eyes, stand on wooden legs, with a tucked up sort of air, as if to say, "We intend to keep dry if we can."

Even the horses wear a wide stool on each hoof to lift them out of the mire.

It is a glorious country in summer for bare-footed girls and boys. Such wadings! Such mimic ship sailing! Such rowing, fishing, and swimming! Only think of a

chain of puddles where one can launch chip boats all day long, and never make a return trip!

But enough. A full recital would set all Young America rushing in a body toward the Zuyder Zee.

Directions for Reading.—In reading the first line of page 187, there will be a slight rising of the voice after each of the words, *dikes', canals', ponds', rivers'*; and a slight falling of the voice after *lakes*.

This rising or falling of the voice is called *inflection*, and may be indicated as above.

Language Lesson.—What is the meaning of "Young America"?

LESSON XXXIX.

freight, *cargo*; that which forms a load.

conveyance, *the act of carrying*.

jumble, *a number of things crowded together without order*.

hobbed, *cut off short*.

bewildering, *confusing*.

gilded, *covered with a thin surface of gold*.

yoked, *joined together with harness*.

rarely, *not often*.

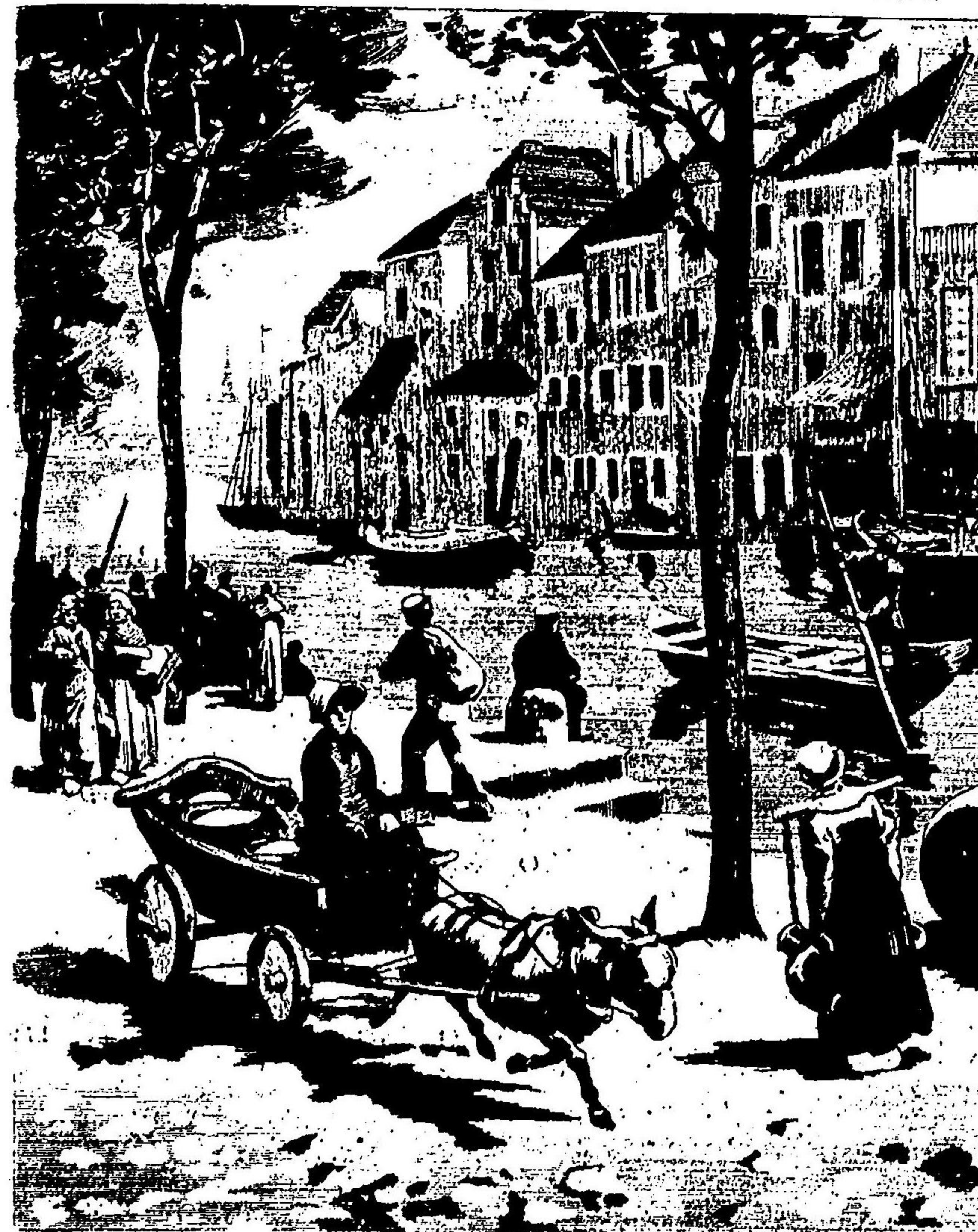
imprisoned, *shut up, or confined, as in a prison*.

clattering, *making a loud noise*.

HOLLAND.

PART II.

Dutch cities seem, at first sight, to be a bewildering jumble of houses, bridges, churches, and ships, sprouting into masts,



steeple, and trees. In some cities boats are hitched, like horses, to their owners' doorposts, and receive their freight from the upper windows.

Mothers scream to their children not to swing on the garden gate for fear they may be drowned. Water roads are more frequent there than common roads and railroads; water-fences, in the form of lazy green ditches, inclose pleasure-ground, farm, and garden.

Sometimes fine green hedges are seen; but wooden fences, such as we have in America, are rarely met with in Holland. As for stone fences, a Hollander would lift his hands with astonishment at the very idea.

There is no stone there excepting those great masses of rock that have been brought from other lands to strengthen and protect the coast.

All the small stones or pebbles, if there ever were any, seem to be imprisoned in pavements, or quite melted away. Boys, with strong, quick arms, may grow from aprons to full beards without ever finding one to start the water-rings, or set the rabbits flying.

The water roads are nothing less than canals crossing the country in every direction. These are of all sizes, from the great

North Holland Ship Canal, which is the wonder of the world, to those which a boy can leap.

Water-omnibuses constantly ply up and down these roads for the conveyance of passengers; and water-drays are used for carrying fuel and merchandise.

Instead of green country lanes, green canals stretch from field to barn, and from barn to garden; and the farms are merely great lakes pumped dry. Some of the busiest streets are water, while many of the country roads are paved with brick.

The city boats, with their rounded sterns, gilded bows, and gayly-painted sides, are unlike any others under the sun; a Dutch wagon with its funny little crooked pole is a perfect mystery of mysteries.

One thing is clear, you may think that the inhabitants need never be thirsty. But no, Odd-land is true to itself still. With the sea pushing to get in, and the lakes struggling to get out, and the overflowing canals, rivers, and ditches, in many districts there is no water that is fit to swallow.

Our poor Hollanders must go dry, or send

far inland for that precious fluid, older than Adam, yet young as the morning dew.

Sometimes, indeed, the inhabitants can swallow a shower, when they are provided with any means of catching it; but generally they are like the sailors told of in a famous poem, who saw

"Water, water, every-where,
Nor any drop to drink!"

Great flapping windmills all over the country make it look as if flocks of huge sea birds were just settling upon it. Everywhere one sees the funniest trees, bobbed into all sorts of odd shapes, with their trunks painted a dazzling white, yellow, or red.

Horses are often yoked three abreast. Men, women, and children, go clattering about in wooden shoes with loose heels.

Husbands and wives lovingly harness themselves side by side on the bank of the canal and drag their produce to market.

Directions for Reading.—Let pupils practice upon the inflections marked in the following.

Model.—"Houses', bridges', churches', and ships', sprouting into masts', steeples', and trees'.

Which words take the *falling* inflection?

LESSON XL.

whisk'ing, <i>pulling suddenly and with force.</i>	pant'ed, <i>breathed quickly.</i>
lūs'tier, <i>stronger; louder.</i>	sa lūte', <i>greeting.</i>
of fēnd'ed, <i>made angry.</i>	mūte, <i>silent; unable to speak.</i>
fa mil'iar, <i>friendly; as of a friend.</i>	stūr'dy, <i>strong; powerful.</i>
mā'tronly, <i>elderly; motherly.</i>	kēr'chiefs, <i>pieces of cloth worn about the head.</i>
eom mō'tion, <i>noise; confusion.</i>	a dō', <i>trouble; delay.</i>
	in'mātes, <i>the persons in a house.</i>

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

The wind one morning sprung up from sleep.
Saying, "Now for a frolic! Now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"

So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,

Creaking the signs and scattering down
Shutters, and whisking with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges tumbled about.

Then away to the fields it went blustering and humming,

And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming.
It pulled by their tails the grave, matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all about their brows,

Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs and stood silently mute.

So on it went, capering and playing its pranks;
Whistling with reeds on the broad river banks;
Puffing the birds, as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveler grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags.
'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig, and the gentleman's cloak.

Through the forest it roared, and cried gayly, "Now
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and
through.

Then it rushed like a monster o'er cottage and
farm,
Striking their inmates with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over
their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was raising of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon
to be gone.

But the wind had passed on, and had met in a
lane
With a school-boy, who panted and struggled in
vain;
For it tossed him, and whirled him, then passed,
and he stood
With his hat in a pool, and his shoe in the mud.

Then away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea;
And the lordly ships felt its powerful blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro.

But, lo! it was night, and it sunk to rest
On the sea-birds' rock in the gleaming west,
Laughing to think, in its frolicsome fun,
How little of mischief it really had done.

Directions for Reading.—Let some pupil in the class state the manner in which the lesson should be read.

Point out four lines that should be read more quietly than the rest of the lesson.

Vary the reading by having parts of lesson read as a concert exercise.

What effect has the repetition of the word *now*, in the second and third lines?

Language Lesson.—Let pupils write six sentences, each containing one of the following words, used in such a manner as to show its proper meaning: *right*, *write*; *reed*, *read*; *tied*, *tide*.

Let pupils make out an *analysis* of the lesson, and use it in giving the story in their own words.