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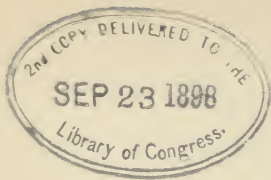
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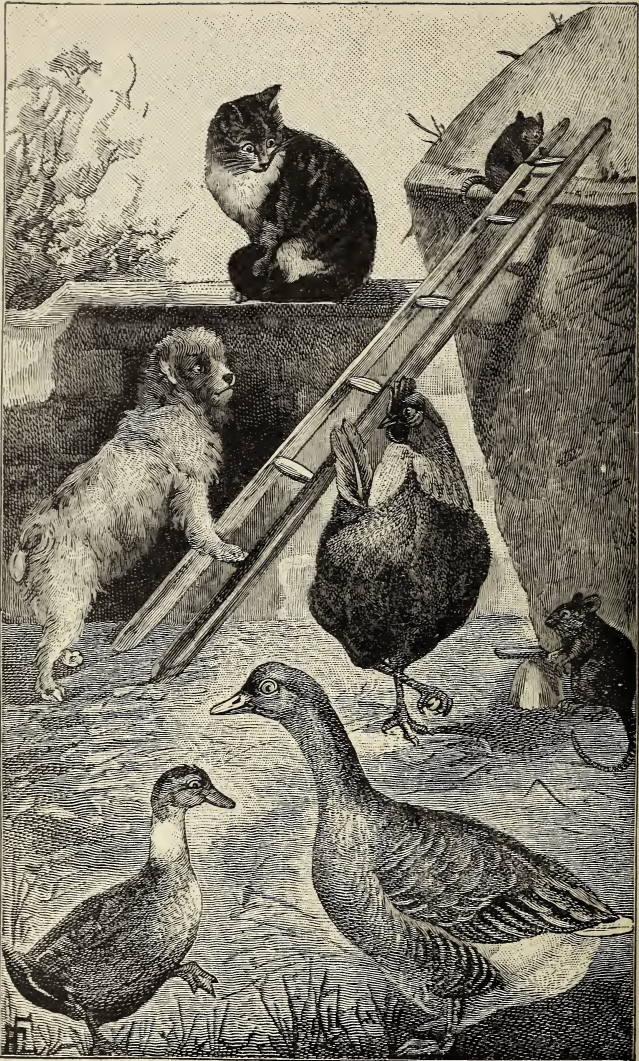
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LITTLE RED HEN, THE GOOSE, THE DUCK, THE DOG, THE CAT, THE MOUSE,
THE RAT. [See page 123.]

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LONGMANS'
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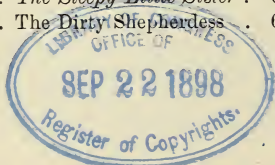
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THE "SHIP" LITERARY READERS. II.

LESSON 1.

The Fairies' Summer Sale.

pearl	fair'-ies	mon'-ey	treas'-ure
bald	mown	neck'-lace	fool'-ish
comb	crick'-ets	brace'-let	di'-a-mond
scent	beau'-ty	burst	no'-tic-ing

1. One night little Jenny was going home from the town. The stars were shining brightly, the air was heavy with the scent of flowers and new-mown hay, and full of the songs of frogs and crickets.

2. But Jenny did not enjoy the sights or scents or sounds. She could think of nothing but the grand things which she had seen in the town. "Oh!" she said, "I wish I lived in a big house, and had fine clothes to wear, and a gilt coach to ride in. I have heard that the fairies have a sale every summer; why don't they ask me to it?"

3. As she spoke she came to the lone hill-side where, on mossy stones, the fairies had spread out their greatest treasures. When

she saw the brightness and the beauty before her she gave a little cry, half fear, half joy, and hardly knew whether to go closer or to run away.

4. But a fairy called out: "Come, buy! buy! buy!" And Jenny said quite boldly: "Dear Queen, I would like to buy, but I have no money."

5. The fairy said: "We do not ask for money; all that we ask is one of the hairs of your head for each thing which you take."

6. "At that price," thought Jenny, "I shall soon be as rich as a king, and the lords and ladies of the world will not be fit to speak to me."

7. First she bought a pearl as big as a hen's egg, then a bracelet which shone like the sun, and then a necklace of pure gold. But the more she had, the more she wanted to have; so she went on buying one pretty thing after another without noticing that she was getting bald.

8. At day-break she raised her hand to where the hair had been; and then she burst out crying, for she found that she had

just given for a diamond comb the last hair with which she had meant to buy a wig.

9. The same moment the fairies, mocking and laughing at her, all flew away, leaving in her lap nothing but bits of moss and dead grass.

10. If we gave a hair for every foolish wish we should, like little Jenny, soon be bald.

LESSON 2.

FABLES.

The Wolf and the Owl.

by	lambs	owl	smil'-ing
friend	course	com-plain'	tem'-pers
foes	peace	wast'-ed	an'-gel

1. "Good-by, friend," said a wolf to an owl; "I have wasted too much time here in the hope of finding peace. Men and dogs are alike bad, and if one were an angel one would have to fight them."

2. "Are you going far?" asked the owl.

"I am going very far, to a land of calm and joy, of smiling hills and happy vales. There the rivers run with milk; war is never heard of; the men are as mild as

their own lambs, and act like a band of brothers. It is said that there the dogs do not bark, much less bite. Is it not a joy even to dream of such a land?

3. "Good-by! Think kindly of me when I have set out for it. There I mean to live a long life of peace and plenty; for I shall not there, as here, have to look out for foes all day, and sleep with one eye open all night."

4. "I wish you a good time," said the owl; "but, tell me, do you mean to leave your teeth and your old ways behind you?"

5. "Leave them behind! Of course not. That would be fine indeed!"

"Well, then, you will not save your skin there any more than here."

6. Those who have bad tempers lay all the blame on others; they are kind to nobody, and yet they complain that nobody is kind to them.

LESSON 3.

The Plums.

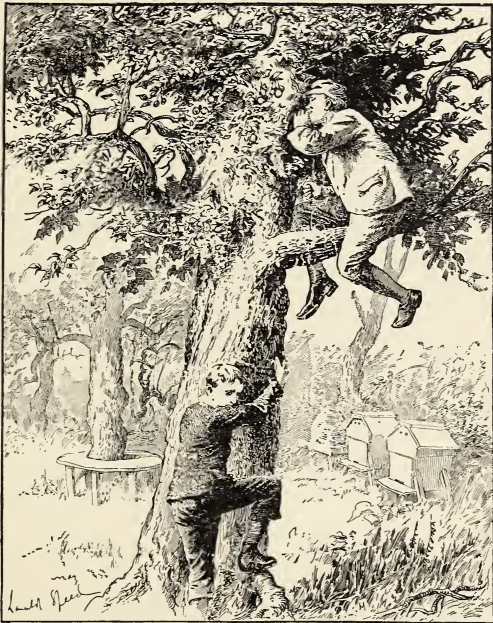
trunk	feast	low'-est	drop
though	feast'-ing	pick'-ing	dropped
eyes	e-nough'	hun'-gry	gar'-den

1. "Jack, come into the garden with me, and we will have a feast of plums," said

Tom one day, as the two boys were leaving school.

"No," said Jack; "I like plums very much; but what is the use of going into your garden when the tree is so high that we cannot reach the lowest branch?"

2. "Never mind that," said Tom; "it is



true that the tree is high, but we will get at the fruit somehow."

So they went into the garden. Jack put his arms around the trunk of the great plum-tree, and Tom climbed over his back, till, standing on his friend's head, he could just reach the lowest branch, on which, with the help of three or four good pushes, he at last seated himself.

3. Then up and up he went, picking of the ripest plums more than he could eat or count,—more than enough for himself and Jack.

4. And what was Jack's share? Though he had hurt his back, his head, and his hands in helping his friend, and was now waiting with open mouth and hungry eyes at the foot of the tree in which that friend was feasting, he got nothing but the stones which were dropped.

5. It sometimes happens in the world that men who get on by our help forget us.

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.*

Shakespeare.

LESSON 4.

The Moon.

moon	thieves	har'-bor	howl'-ing
clock	streets	squall'-ing	cud'-dle
shines	quay	squeak'-ing	fork

1. The moon has a face like the clock in
the hall;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbor quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the
trees.
2. The squalling cat and the squeaking
mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the
house,
The cat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the
moon.
3. But all of the things that belong to the
day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes,
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

R. L. STEVENSON.

From "A Child's Garden of Verses."

LESSON 5.

A Cowardly Soldier.

sword	hel'-met	get	an'-gri-ly
waists	trump'-et	get'-ting	gen'-er-al
hoarse	en-joy'-ing	drill'-ing	fol'-low-ing
false	a-las'	rushed	cow'-ard
stop	Nel'-lie	a-shamed'	cow'-ard-ly
stopped	Ed'-ward	no'-ticed	sol'-diers
un'-cle	doz'-en	af'-ter-wards	fa'-ther

1. One day Edward Hare was playing in front of his father's house, and enjoying himself very much. He and half a dozen of his friends were having a fine game at soldiers.

2. Edward's uncle had given the boy a quarter, and with this he had bought a tin helmet and a tin sword and a belt. The others had only long sticks for guns and short sticks tied round their waists for swords; so Edward, of course, was the general.

3. The boys did not think much of girls for soldiers; but Edward's sister Nellie had a penny trumpet, and they let her join.

4. When the brave army had been drilling till it was tired, and the general had been shouting "Right about face! Quick march!" till he was hoarse, Edward said:

"Now, men, my house shall be a fort, and we will take it."

5. So the army drew up in line before the house. Nellie blew her trumpet; Edward cried "Charge!" with all his might, and rushed forward, waving his sword grandly.



6. But alas! and alas! while the general was looking back to see if his men were following their brave leader, he did not notice that he was getting very near the house, and, bang! his grandly waving sword hit the window.

7. The sword was of tin and the window of plate glass, so the pane did not fall out, though it was cracked from top to bottom.

8. The "men" stopped short and looked afraid; Nellie burst out crying; but the bold general said: "I don't care."

9. "Yes, that is all very well," said Sam Sharp; "but what are you going to do about it?"

"Do! why, do nothing. It is only a crack, and very likely it will not be noticed, and if it is they will think that the servant did it."

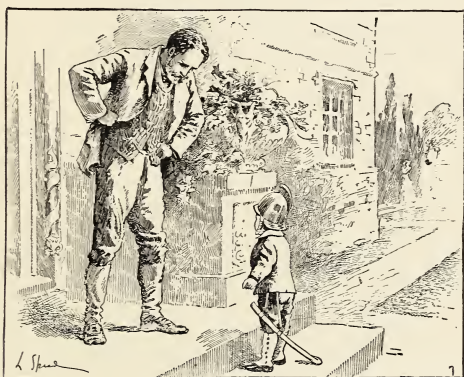
10. The children began the game again, but all the fun was gone out of it now. The soldiers would not obey a general whom they knew to be a sneak; and the general, though he put a bold face on it, felt that it was wrong to let any one else be blamed for what he himself had done.

11. Edward did not know it, but his father was in the room when the pane was broken, and had heard the talk afterwards. He was very sorry to find his son willing to let people *think* what was false, but still hoped he would not go so far as to *say* what was false.

12. He came out of the front door, and looking up, said: "Hallo! this window is broken! Did you break it, Edward?"

13. Having begun badly before his friends the foolish boy was ashamed of doing better before them, and said: "No, father."

14. "And don't you know anything about it?"



"No, father, only that it has been cracked a long time."

15. Then Mr. Hare spoke angrily: "Bring me your sword and belt and helmet, sir. You shall never again touch them. After breaking the window you did not come in and tell the truth like a man; and now you tell lies like a coward, and a coward is not fit to be a soldier even in play."

LESSON 6.

Lazy Lucy's Lesson.

yawn	read'-y	Lu'-cy	sev'-er-al
doze	coun'-try	Dor'-mer	shade
niece	a-greed'	les'-son	shad'-y
meant	don'-key	pic'-nic	breeze
fields	aunt'-ie	sec'-ond	breez'-y

1. Little Lucy Dormer was never ready to go to her bed at night, and never ready to leave it in the morning. At seven o'clock Mrs. Dormer would say: "Lucy, dear, it is time to get up." A sleepy voice would yawn: "All right, mother." And then the owner of the voice would turn over for another doze.

2. By-and-by Mrs. Dormer would call her again; but the lazy girl never thought of getting up till she had been called three or four times, and often lay till her mother pulled the clothes off her.

3. Mrs. Dormer, who lived in a town, had a sister, Mrs. Bright, living in the country. One summer this sister spent a few weeks in the town. She soon found out her niece's failing. "Sister," she said one day, "you are too kind to that child, and if you do not cure her of her lazy ways now, she will

grow up to be a good-for-nothing woman. Let *me* teach her a lesson." Mrs. Dormer agreed when she heard what the lesson was to be.

4. An hour or two afterwards Mrs. Bright met her niece on the stairs, and said to her: "Lucy, I am going home to-morrow, and your mother is willing to let me take you to stay with me for a month,—that is, if you would like to go."

5. Oh, auntie!" said Lucy, "I *should* like to go *very* much."

"Very well then; but mind, the cab leaves the house at eight o'clock, and if you are not ready I cannot wait, for I must catch the half-past eight train."

"I shall be ready, auntie, in good time."

6. Lucy meant to be ready. She went to bed early for once that she might wake early; but she lay for a long while thinking of the treat before her,—of the boat in which she would be taken for a row,—of the donkey on which she would ride,—of the green fields and shady woods in which she meant to walk,—and of the breezy hills where her cousins used to picnic.

7. At last she fell asleep; but on the great morning she no more wanted to get up than on any other morning. When her mother told her that it was seven o'clock the lazy little girl said to herself: "Mother always calls me several times; I will stay in



bed a little longer." With this she turned over, and was soon fast asleep again.

8. But that day Mrs. Dormer, as she had agreed, did not call her a second time, and nothing woke Lucy till eight o'clock, when she heard the sound of wheels.

9. Jumping out of bed and rushing to the window Lucy saw a cab at the door, and Mrs. Bright's trunks being placed upon it. She ran to the top of the stairs and sobbed: "Oh, auntie, auntie! wait for me."

"No, Lucy," said Mrs. Bright; "if I wait for you I shall lose my train. You should have got up when your mother called you. Good-by!"

10. Poor Lucy cried and cried and cried as if her heart would break,—*but she learned the lesson.*

LESSON 7.

Little by Little.

sipped	might'y	thought'ful	em-ploy'
stored	for'est	moss'y	im-prov'ing
a'-corn	build'ing	gen'tle	slen'-der
ap-pear'	ti'-ny	sun'-beams	wis'-dom

1. "Little by little,"
 an acorn said,
 As it slowly sank
 in its mossy bed,
 "I am improving
 every day,
 Hidden deep in
 the earth away."



Little by little each day it grew,
Little by little it sipped the dew.

2. Downward it sent out a thread-like root,
Up in the air sprang a tiny shoot;
Day by day, and year by year,
Little by little the leaves appear,



And the slender branches spread far and
wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

3. "Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,
"Moment by moment I'll well employ,
Learning a little every day,

And not spending all my time in play;
 And still this rule in my mind shall dwell;
 Whatever I do, I will do it well.

4. "Little by little I'll learn to know
 The stored-up wisdom of long ago;
 And one of these days perhaps we'll see
 That the world will be the better for me."
 And do you not think that this simple
 plan
 Made him a wise and a useful man?

LESSON 8.

Birds.

(1) Beaks or Bills.

wren	crumb	chat	con-sists'
hawk	gap-ing	chat'-ter	ea'-gle
lawn	spar'-row	ber'-ry	marsh'-y
thrush	in'-sect	ber'-ries	A-mer'-i-ca
dressed	piec'-es	chief'-ly	swal'-lowed

1. There are many birds in America. Some are very small, as the wren. Others, such as crows and hawks, are much larger.

2. In other parts of the world there are birds which are much larger than these, and are dressed in gayer colors.

3. One of our best known birds is the sparrow. He is to be seen everywhere.



A SPARROW'S
BEAK.

In the crowded streets, picking up food from beneath the horses' heels; in the country, hopping about the lawns; from early morning until late at night his chatter may be heard.

4. Let us look closely at a sparrow. He has no mouth and teeth to grind up food as boys and girls have. Birds have no hands with which to pick up their food, but they have a beak or bill that does the work just as well.

5. The sparrow has a short but strong beak. If we watch him we see that he bobs his head every time that he picks up a crumb. Peck! peck! peck! and at every peck his beak picks up something.

6. All birds have not the same kind of beak. The robin, the sparrow, and many others, which live on such food as berries and seeds, have short beaks.

7. Young sparrows have very soft beaks. Their mothers bring worms, which they pull into bits and drop into the wide gaping

mouths of the little ones. As the birds grow older their beaks become harder.

8. A thrush has a very strong beak. He may be seen picking snails out of the cracks between the stones or bricks of an old wall. As he pulls the snail out of its hole he dashes it against a stone and breaks its shell.



A THRUSH CRACKING SNAILS.

9. Birds which feed upon small animals have very different beaks from those which live on seeds and berries.

10. The eagle, the hawk, and the owl have beaks that are not only very strong but that are also hooked or bent. With their curved beaks they are able to kill their prey and tear it to pieces.



AN EAGLE'S
BEAK.

11. Some birds live in wet marshy places. They have long sharp beaks, with which they are able to pick out worms and other food from the soft mud. The snipe is such a bird. See how long his beak is!



A SNIPE.

12. Other birds, such as the duck, swim upon the water. Their food consists chiefly of insects and plants which live in the water.

13. A duck's bill is broad, long, and flat. Each side is made in such a way that when the duck picks up a lump of wet food the water is strained off before the food is swallowed.

13. A duck's bill is broad, long, and



A DUCK'S BEAK.

LESSON 9.

Birds.

(2) Beaks or Bills.

mud	claws	peck'-ing	catch'-es
mud'-dy	curved	fly'-ing	chim'-ney
climbs	par'-rot	ex-press'	en-a'-ble

1. In the last lesson we read about birds' beaks or bills. We saw that the beak is of just the right kind to help the bird to pick up its food.

2. We have seen that some birds get their food by picking it from trees and bushes or from the ground.

3. Some get their food by killing small animals, often other birds. Others have beaks that enable the birds to get their food out of muddy ground, or even from rivers and ponds.

4. Some birds live upon insects and catch their food while flying through the air. Watch the chimney swallow upon a summer's evening as it darts to and fro finding its supper.

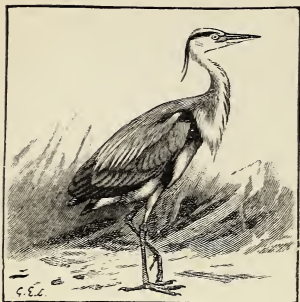


A SWALLOW'S
BEAK.

5. It can move through the air faster than an express train. As it darts here and there it keeps its mouth wide open, and so catches any insect that comes in its way.

6. The swallow has a short beak, but it has a very wide mouth. In fact, as it flies its head seems to be all mouth.

7. Here is a picture of a bird with very long legs. Why are they so long? you may ask. If you could watch him when he is at home you would see that he lives mostly on fish.



A HERON.

8. By the use of his long legs he can wade far out into the water. He has also a long beak.

9. There he stands quite still. Only his bright eye shows that he is wide awake.

All at once he darts his long beak under the water, and as he pulls it out again you may see that he holds a fish in it.

10. Did you ever watch a parrot as he climbed about his cage? If so, you will know that the parrot not only climbs by the help of his claws but that he uses his strong beak too.

11. His beak is curved. The upper part is longer, and is bent over the under part. It is so strong that the parrot can hold on by it while his claws are free.

A PARROT'S
BEAK.

12. In the wild state parrots climb the branches of trees in search of fruit and nuts, which they easily crack with their strong beaks.

LESSON 10.

A Child to a Rose.

bring'-ing	wood'-bine	proud	spite
sur'-prise	fin'-ished	cloud	tired
walk'-ing	per'-fect	weeds	thorns
talk'-ing	wa'-ter	reeds	scorns

1. White Rose, talk to me!

I don't know what to do.

Why do you say no word to me

Who says so much to you?



2. I'm bringing you a little rain,
 And I shall feel so proud
 If, when you feel it on your face
 You take me for a cloud.

3. Here I come so softly
 You cannot hear me walking ;
If I take you by surprise
 I may catch you talking.
4. White Rose, are you tired
 Of staying in one place ?
Do you ever wish to see
 The wild flowers face to face ?
5. Do you know the woodbines,
 And the big brown-crested reeds ?
Do you wonder how they live
 So friendly with the weeds ?
6. Have you any work to do
 When you've finished growing ?
Shall you teach your little buds
 Pretty ways of blowing ?
7. White Rose, do you love me ?
 I only wish you'd say.
I would work hard to please you,
 If I but knew the way.
8. I think you're nearly perfect,
 In spite of all your scorns ;
But, White Rose, if I were you
 I *wouldn't* have those thorns.

LESSON 11.

Lost in the Bush.—PART I.

globe	missed	safe'-ly	nei'-ther
edge	fierce	try'-ing	sup'-per
walked	lis'-ten	hurt'-ing	Fri'-day
broom	forth	far'-ther	Sat'-ur-day

1. A poor man, with whom things went badly in his old home, made up his mind to try his luck on the other side of the globe. His new home was a log hut, built on the edge of the forest, which is there called the "bush."

2. He took with him his wife and his three children,—Tom, who was nine years old; Jane, who was seven; and Frank, who was only five. These children were often sent into the bush to gather broom, and always used to come back safely with their arms full.

3. But one Friday they did not come back. They had gone too far, and, as there were no roads or even paths in the great wood, they were lost. Right and left, back and forth they walked, trying to find their way, till all was dark under the big trees.

4. Poor Frank was tired, so Tom took

him on his back and walked on. But he had not walked many yards before he caught his foot in a root and fell, hurting both himself and his little brother.

5. Then Tom said: "We cannot go any farther in the dark; let us sit down here.



LOST IN THE BUSH.

They have missed us at home by this time, and father is sure to be out looking for us now. I will shout that he may know where we are." So Tom and the others shouted as loudly as they could "Coo-ee! Coo-ee!"—

a cry which the white men in that part of the world have learned from the black men.

6. But, though they cried "Coo-ee! Coo-ee!" they heard no other sound, and no living thing came near them. At last Tom said: "We must stay here all night; in the morning we shall be able to find our way." Poor Frank cried when he found that there was neither supper nor bed for him; but he soon cried himself to sleep, and his kind sister took off her frock to cover him.

7. Before long Tom and Jane, tired out with their long walk, fell asleep too; and, as there were no fierce beasts in the woods, they passed the night quite safely.

8. At sunrise they awoke, feeling very hungry; but they could find nothing to eat. So, hungry as they were, the three children started for home—as they thought; but, in truth, every step took them farther into the bush. They often stopped to cry "Coo-ee!" and listen, but their own voices were the only sounds to be heard.

9. At last Saturday night came. More tired and hungry than ever they slept under

a tree, Frank, as before, covered with his sister's frock.

10. Thus day and night came and went, till a whole week had gone; and the poor children, weak from want of food, could walk no farther. Then they crept into a clump of broom and lay down, Tom thinking that perhaps they should never get up any more.

LESSON 12.

Lost in the Bush.—PART II.

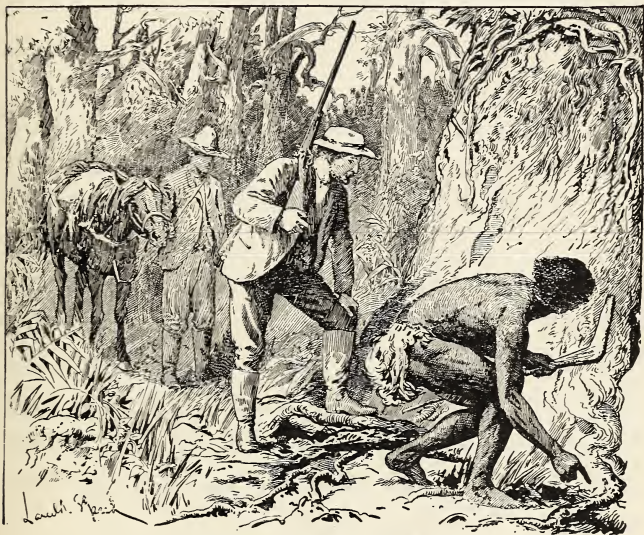
sought	kneel	par'-ents	mur'-mur
whole	clump	lan'-tern	whis'-per
sign	caught	mid'-dle	no'-tice
learned	clothes	faint'-ly	car'-ry-ing

1. And what were the parents doing all this time? The first night father and mother searched the woods with a lantern. They looked everywhere, and cried "Coo-ee! Coo-ee!" in vain. Next day they sent for all their friends, and, for a whole week, every man living near was out trying to find some sign of the children.

2. Then the father asked a black man to help him. The blacks, living in the woods

all their lives, have learned to notice many things which we should not notice.

3. They set out from the hut, and had not gone more than a mile or two before the black cried: "Here little one tired and sit



"HERE LITTLE ONE TIRED."

down." A few yards farther, and it was: "Here little one tired—sit down—big one kneel down—carry him along;" then: "Here walk at night—dark—not see root—fall on him." After the party had thus searched for a long time he said: "Here

little one tired again—big one kneel down—not get up—fall flat on face.”

4. Thus the black man led the white men on, till, on Saturday night, more than a week since the little ones were lost, they were found in the clump of broom lying still as death—Frank in the middle, with Jane’s frock over him.

5. The father thought that they must be dead, so what was his joy to see Tom open his eyes, and to hear him faintly murmur: “Father!” But the poor boy was so worn out that he could say no more. Little Frank was not quite so weak. He asked: “Why did you not come before? We have been ‘*coo-ee-ing*’ for you.” Kind Jane was the weakest of the three, because she had given up her frock; and all she could do was to whisper: “Cold! cold!”

6. Since they left the hut the children had nothing to eat, and nothing to drink but the dew caught in the cups of some flowers growing in the bush. Little Frank would have died but for the kindness of his brother in carrying him, and of his sister in keeping him warm with her own clothes.

LESSON 13.

Toby's Letter.

bathed	pi-a'-no	un-der-stand'	To'-by
robbed	mis'-tress	pat'-ted	Su'-san
hair'y	bow'-wow	ex-cept'	sup-pose'
hard'ly	dog'-gie	be-haved'	Kit'-ty
of'-fice	stol'-en	col'-or	Sun'-days
gra'-vy	doz'-ing	But'-ler	vis'-it

1. Mrs. Butler's little dog Toby was so

hairy that you could not say which was his head and which his tail till he began to move, and so fat that he could hardly move. One summer, Mrs. Butler went away for a



TOBY.

short visit. Mr. Butler was at his office all day, and, indeed, dined at home on Sundays only; so Toby was left under the care of young Fred Butler. While his mother was away, Fred sent her this letter in the name of Toby:—

2. MY DEAR MISTRESS,

This morning I heard Susan say that you would not be home till next week ; so, as it is very hot to-day, and Kitty is too lazy to play with me, I think that I shall just write you a little letter.

3. I know that you must be longing to hear about your own little bow-wow, and I am longing to see you too, because I love you very much—I cannot say how much. Why were you not born a doggie, so that you could wag your tail, and bark, and enjoy a bone?

4. That reminds me. Kitty has just stolen half my dinner. I was dozing on the rug and did not hear her—I never can see much, my hair hangs over my eyes so. It is too bad that I should be robbed every day by her. What you find to like in her I cannot think.

5. But to come back to my letter. Soon after you had started I missed you, and asked Fred to open the door. He would not, but patted me on the head. That made me feel sad, because he is never very kind to me ex-

cept when you have gone away. I suppose that he tries then to make up to me for the loss of you.

6. That night he let me lie on his bed, but he kicked so much that I hardly closed my eyes. Next day I could hardly keep them open, but just as I was dropping off into a sweet sleep, who should come but the lady who teaches him to talk to the piano, and then there was noise enough! If I could not bark better I should be willing to be bathed every day.

7. When the lady was gone Fred gave me my dinner, and I must say that he behaved very well. I like roast beef with a little potato and plenty of gravy.

8. By the way, who is the man that cuts up my dinner and Kitty's and yours and Fred's on Sundays? And why do you call him 'dear,' and seem so fond of him, when he can neither bark nor wag his tail?

9. But there! There are a good many things which I do not understand. Why do you love Kitty? Why do you pat me instead of licking me when you are pleased?

Why does your coat change so often in shape and color while mine is always the same? Why do you like cake better than bones? And where do you hide your bones?

10. The cold which I caught when I took you out for a long walk last week, and the heavy rain came on, is much better, and will be quite well by the time you come home—which I hope will be soon, for till then

I am

Your sad dog,

TOBY.

LESSON 14.

Nurse's Song.

sky	voice	laughed	rest
skies	voic'-es	laugh'-ing	shout'-ed
cov'-ered	ap-pears'	heart	ech'-oed

1. When the voices of children are heard on
the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.

2. Then come home, my children, the sun
is gone down,
And the dews of night arise ;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us
away
Till the morning appears in the skies.
3. No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep ;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all covered with
sheep.
4. Well, well, go and play till the light
fades away,
And then go home to bed.
The little ones leap'd and shouted and
laugh'd ;
And all the hills echoèd.

W. BLAKE.

*Be you tempted as you may,
Each day and every day,
Speak what is true.*

Alice Carey.

LESSON 15.

Birds.

(3) Wings and Legs.

weighs	com-pared'	hun'-dred	won'-der
spread	feath'-ers	in'-stant	to-geth'-er
toes	yel'-low	firm'-ly	di-rec'-tion
com'-ing	pen'-ny	scratch'-ing	dif'-fer-ent
pad'-dle	spright'-ly	rob'-in	wad'-dles

1. We can do many things that a bird cannot do. But every bird can fly, and that is more than any man has ever been able to do.

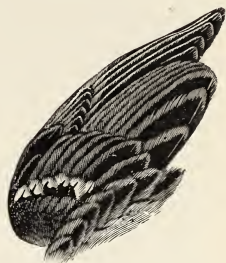


A BIRD'S WING WHEN FLYING.

2. The body of a bird weighs very little when compared to the spread of its wings. A chimney swallow weighs little more than a penny, but its wings, when spread out, would be wider than this book when it is wide open.

3. How light its feathers are! If you blow one into the air it is so light that it falls very slowly to the ground.

4. All birds are pretty, but some have very fine feathers. Many of the birds in our country have dull coats, but in some parts of the world the birds look very gay in red and blue and yellow and other bright colors.



A BIRD'S WING AT REST.

5. By the aid of its wings the swallow can fly at the rate of nearly a hundred miles an hour. Even when flying at full speed it can turn in an instant and dart off in another direction.

6. All birds do not fly as fast as the swallow. But they can fly quickly, and some birds can keep on the wing for many hours without coming to the ground for rest.



AN EAGLE'S FOOT.

7. Now let us look at a bird's claws. All birds have not the same kind of claws, any more than they have the same kind of beaks.

8. An eagle has very strong legs and long sharp claws. It digs its claws into

the back of a rabbit, and can hold it so firmly that it can fly away with it to its nest.

9. A hen has also very strong legs and claws, that are made for scratching. Young chicks begin to scratch the ground for food soon after they leave the shell.

10. If we look at a sparrow's foot we



A HEN'S FOOT.



A SPARROW'S FOOT.

shall see that it has four toes, with a claw on each toe.

11. Sparrows, like many other birds, when they go to sleep, tuck one leg into the warm feathers of their breast, and stand upon the other.

12. You may wonder why they do not fall off. It is because their long claws are folded tight round the branch or twig. All night long the bird sleeps soundly, while standing upon only one leg!

13. How would you like to sleep in this

way? Your leg would soon be tired, but a bird's leg is made in such a way that it does not tire.

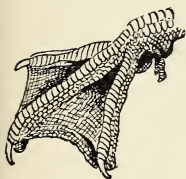
14. Birds that swim about in the water have web feet. The toes are joined



A BIRD ASLEEP ON ONE LEG.

together by thin skin which is stretched between them, thus forming a kind of paddle.

15. By the aid of these two paddles the duck rows itself along in the water in much the same way that a man rows a boat with a pair of oars.



A DUCK'S FOOT.

16. Though the duck can move about so easily in the water it is very different when it walks upon the land. Here it can only move very slowly as it waddles along. The goose, too, is very awkward on land. How different are the movements of these birds from the sprightly hops of the robin!

LESSON 16.

Birds.

(4) Nests and Eggs.

twigs	eaves	snapped	bed'-room
brought	chalk	watched	peo'-ple
sure	queer	wov'-en	un-ti'-dy
build	weave	va'-ry	ca-na'-ry
built	known	some'-times	won'-der-ful

1. We have read about the beak, the feathers, the wings, and the claws of a bird. But the most wonderful thing of all is its nest.

Who taught the bird to build its nest
Of wool, and hay, and moss?
Who taught it how to weave it best
And lay the twigs across?

2. What a number of different kinds of nests there are, to be sure! Some nests are made of sticks laid across one another, and are built in the tops of high trees.

3. Some are of hay and straw, and are lined with mud. Some are neatly woven with grass and hay, and lined with soft, warm wool.

4. Some are of mud, and are built on the wall just under the eaves. Some are built

in holes dug into the side of sand cliffs, while others are laid upon the ground.

5. How many different kinds of eggs there are, too! Eggs vary both in color and size, from the tiny egg of the wren to the large egg of the crow.



A WREN'S EGG.

6. When the young birds come out of the shells, they are at first quite bare, but their feathers soon grow. While they are growing, the old birds bring them fat worms and grubs, which they drop into the hungry mouths.

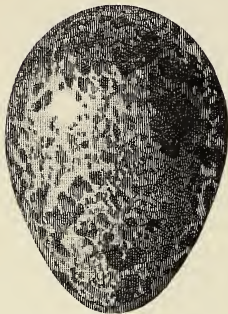


A SPARROW'S EGG.

7. Sparrows build very untidy nests of straw, grass, and feathers loosely thrown together. They like to build in a nook near the roof, or in a hole in the wall, and sometimes up in a tree.

8. Sometimes they build in very queer places. Once a pair of sparrows built their nest high up upon a ship's mast. Soon there were some eggs in the nest, and just then the ship put to sea.

9. But the sparrows did not leave their nest. They went to sea too, and every day the sailors threw food upon the deck for them.



A CROW'S EGG.

10. After being at sea for about a week, the ship reached port. Still the birds stuck to their nest, and in time they brought up four

young ones. Not till the young ones could fly away by themselves did the old birds leave the ship.



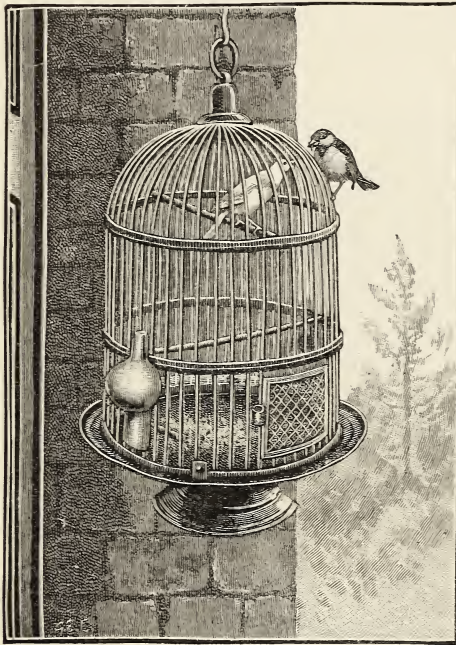
A WREN'S NEST.

11. Though sparrows are noisy and greedy, and may often be seen fighting, they are sometimes kind too.

12. In one of the streets of a large town a

lady used to hang her canary out in a cage, just outside a bedroom window.

13. One day she saw a sparrow fly to the cage and drop a worm into it. The canary snapped it up, and, no doubt, thanked the sparrow.



14. The lady watched the cage, and every day for a long time the sparrow came and fed the canary.

15. When this became known, other peo-

ple hung cages out to see what the sparrow would do. He sometimes fed the other birds, but not till he was quite sure that his first friend had got all it wanted.

LESSON 17.

Birds.

(5) Nests and Eggs.



A ROBIN'S NEST.

hedge	sit'-ting	stick'-ing	chaf'-finch
fledged	hop'-ping	de-serves'	cuck'-oo
reared	red'-dish	scar'-let	fa'-vor-ite
doubt	med'-dled	sky'-lark	pret'-ti-est
com'-mon	e-nough'	shal'-low	night'-in-gale

1. Would you not like to know something about the birds of England? Although,

like our own, English birds do not, as a rule, wear bright colors, yet in no other country are there so many sweet singers.

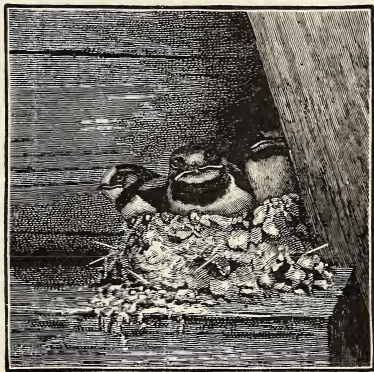
2. The robin is a great favorite, and he deserves to be so too. His scarlet breast is often the only bright bit of color to be seen among the bushes in the dull winter days.

3. He hops merrily about looking for crumbs, and though his song is not so sweet as that of many, he sings when most of the other birds are silent.

4. The robin likes to build its nest in a hole in the side of a hedge or bank. It lays four or five eggs of a reddish brown color.

5. Sometimes it builds in very strange places. Once a pair of robins built their nest at the end of a book-shelf in a school-room.

6. The shelf was over the heads of a class of little girls, who never meddled



A NEST IN SCHOOL.

with the nest or the birds. In this strange place the robins reared a family of five young ones.

7. The skylark is one of the best English song birds. It builds its nest in a shallow hole in the ground. When the bird is sitting upon its eggs it is so nearly the same color as the ground that only very sharp eyes can find it.



A SKYLARK'S NEST.

8. Unlike most other birds the skylark sings when high up in the air. When the bird appears only as a speck in the sky its sweet notes may be heard.

9. But the nightingale is the greatest singer of them all, and what is more, it sings not only in the day-time but also at night, when the other birds are asleep.

10. The nightingale comes in the spring, and stays long enough only to bring up its young ones.

11. It builds near the ground, and its nest looks so much like a small heap of leaves and grass that it is not very easy to find.



A CHAFFINCH'S NEST.

12. One of the prettiest of all nests is that built by the chaffinch. He is a pretty little fellow in a gay coat, and in the spring-

time his "pink! pink!" is one of the most common sounds to be heard in the lanes.

13. The nest is of the shape of a deep cup, and is made of soft moss and wool. It is lined with hair, which the birds find sticking to trees or gate posts against which horses or cows have rubbed.

14. The strangest of all the birds that come in the summer time is the cuckoo. It sings only one note: "Cuckoo! cuckoo!"



A CUCKOO THROWING YOUNG SPARROWS OUT OF THE NEST.

15. Other birds build nests and take great care of their young; but the cuckoo does neither. It does not build a nest at all, and lays its eggs in the nests of other birds.

16. It sometimes lays an egg in the nest of a hedge sparrow; and, as the egg is small, the sparrow most likely thinks it is one of its own.

17. But when the young cuckoo comes out of its shell and begins to grow it soon finds that there is not room enough for it and the young sparrows too. So it lifts the young sparrows to the edge of the nest and throws them over.

18. The old sparrow feeds the young cuckoo until it is fledged, and when the young bird flies away the sparrow is no doubt very glad to see it go.

LESSON 18.

Who Stole the Bird's Nest?

wisp	did'-n't	chick	head
wool	pret'-ty	trick	breast

1. "To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"
2. "Not I," said the cow. "Moo-oo!
Such a think I'd never do;

I gave you a wisp of hay,
But I didn't take your nest away."

3. "Not I," said the sheep. "Oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa, baa!" said the sheep. "Oh, no
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."



4. "Cluck, cluck!" said the hen.
"Don't ask me again!
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick."
5. A little boy hung down his head,
And hid himself under the bed;
For *he* stole that pretty nest
From dear little Robin Redbreast.

LESSON 19.

Cat and Dog.

PERSONS.

TOWSER.

CAT.

eight	rab'-bit	chick'-ens	min'-utes
rolled	beat'-en	stead'-y	dress'-es
quits	ab-surd'	hon'-est	sim'-ple
should n't	mad'-am	sau'-cer	Tow'-ser
al'-ways	friend'-ship	break'-fast	look'-ing-glass
pop'-ping	bar'-gain	hearth'-rug	re'-al-ly
gen'-tly	scratch'-ing	post'-man	screech'-ing
dis-turb'	flap'-ping	kitch'-en	cer'-tain-ly

TOWSER.—What a night! I am tied up in the yard, and told to bark if I hear a noise. All at once I hear a screeching and pecking in the hen yard—fowls flapping about everywhere. Of course I bark as loud as I can; my master comes out to see what it is about; he finds one of the chickens missing, and beats me as if I had killed it. I do call that hard on a steady, honest dog like me.

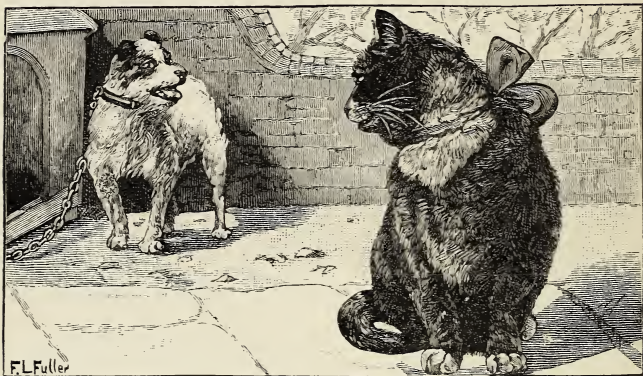
CAT *enters without seeing* TOWSER.

CAT.—Well, I do call it hard! Everything that is broken in the house they say is done by the cat. Now, this morning again, a fine looking-glass is broken, and so my mistress

would not give me a saucer of cream for breakfast.

T.—(*Seeing CAT*)—Bow! Wow!

C.—Mew! Mew!



T.—Good-morning, Mistress Cat.

C.—Good-morning, Mr. Towser. I hope you're well.

T.—I am very tired. I had to bark a great deal in the night.

C.—Really! I am sorry to hear that. You must do as I do, come and sleep on the hearth-rug during the day.

T.—I only wish I could, but I am much too busy a dog for that.

C.—Are you? What do you do all day?

T.—First of all, I have to be ready to bite the postman's legs when he comes at eight, and then to bark at him as he goes across the road.

C.—It must be hard to bark—I am sure I should never do it.

T.—It is very hard indeed—I am the only person in the house that can do it. Then when the postman has gone, I go into the kitchen to help the cook to get rid of the bones and scraps that are left.

C.—The worst of bones is they are so very hard. I like a saucer of milk or a fish's tail much better. Oh how nice that is!

T.—Oh, I couldn't touch a fish's tail. Then when my master is at breakfast I have to beg, and that is very hard work, as I am on my legs all the time, holding things on my nose.

C.—If I were you I would arch my back instead, and rub myself against the master's legs.

T.—Of course I could arch my back if I wanted to do so, but I don't care to. Then after breakfast, I have a few minutes' rest before the fire.

C.—Oh, isn't that good? Rolled round in a basket. It is so nice to purr a little, and then bit by bit go off to sleep. But you don't sleep nearly so long.

T.—Because I haven't time. Then when my mistress goes out driving, I have to bark at the pony when he starts. And I have to go out with the coach, and pay visits, and I jump upon strange people's laps, and make their dresses all muddy in front.

C.—That must be delightful! But I shouldn't care to go with the coach. I would rather stay at home and enjoy myself, and scratch the visitors who come here. By the way, can you draw in your claws?

T.—Draw them in! Certainly not.

C.—You don't mean to say you can't do such a simple thing as that?

T.—Of course I could if I liked, but I don't choose. I think you ought to make up your mind either to have claws, or not to have them: not to be popping them in and out as you do.

C.—But it's so handy when I walk about

at night, to be able to steal about gently and then shoot out my claws when I see a mouse.

T.—Then it's always at night you hunt?"

C.—Oh, always. There is no one to see or to disturb you.

T.—Just so. Now, when I go out with my master, if I go after a hen or a rabbit I am beaten at once.

C.—Fancy being beaten for a hen!

T.—Isn't it absurd? Just for a silly bird like that!

C.—Who can't lap or scratch!

T.—Nor bark, nor do anything!

C.—Never mind. I killed one last night, I am glad to say.

T.—You killed a hen?

C.—Certainly; at least, I killed a chicken.

T.—Well, I do call that hard on me! My master beat me as hard as he could because of that chicken.

C.—Well! Were you beaten for that silly chicken? That is funny!

T.—Yes, that is a good joke, madam, I dare say! But we shall see.

C.—Don't be angry about such a trifle.

T.—I will pay them out still more. I have already broken a looking-glass, to show my spite.

C.—Was it you who broke the looking-glass?

T.—Certainly it was.

C.—Then we are quits. My mistress said that I had broken it, and would not give me my saucer of cream.

T.—Oh, that is really funny! We are quits then. Shall we be friends again?

C.—Certainly, if you like.

T.—And, as a proof of our friendship, next time you come to kill the chickens I won't bark.

C.—That's a bargain. I'll steal two more to-night, and give you one.

T.—Oh, what a good plan! Let's go and choose them.

(He offers her his arm.)

C.—Two nice fat ones!

T.—“Bow! Wow!”

C.—“Mew! Mew!”

(They go out.)

LESSON 20.

The Beggar's Bag.

moaned	limp'-ing	beg'-gar	poured
groaned	grum'-bled	for'-tune	wheth'-er
ad-vice'	fol'-ly	in-stead'	an-oth'-er
neigh'-bors	luck'-y	heav'-y	wish'-ing

1. A beggar, limping along with his bag on his back, grumbled much about the folly



“THE BAG BURST.”

of rich men, who always want to grow richer. “If,” he said, “I were lucky enough

to have only a little money, I would enjoy it, instead of wishing for more and more."

2. Just then Fortune came up to him, and said: "I have heard you, and will make you rich. Hold your bag. What falls in it shall be gold, but what falls on the ground shall be dust. Your bag is old and thin—have a care!"

3. The beggar was so glad that he hardly knew whether he was standing on his head or on his feet. He held the bag open, and Fortune poured into it gold to make him rich for life. But still he wanted more; and when Fortune asked if he had enough he said: "Not quite."

4. "But your bag is giving way. I see a hole in it."

"Never fear; it will hold a little more."

"But think; you are very rich now."

"Still, I should like you to put in another handful."

"There! Your bag is quite full now, and it will burst if I put in another coin."

"Just one more."

5. But before Fortune could put in the one more the bag burst, and the whole of the

gold fell to the ground and was changed to dust. When the beggar looked up Fortune was gone, and he was as poor as ever.

A Friend in Need.

1. One night a thief crept into a farmer's store room while all lay asleep. He stole everything which he could carry away; and the farmer, who went to bed rich, arose poor.

2. He moaned and groaned and cried, and then he called around him his kin, his friends, and his neighbors, to ask them if they could not help him. Each could help him—with good advice.

3. The first said: "You should not have boasted that you were so rich." The second said: "Your store room should have been close to your bed room." The third said: "The store room was all right; you should have had a couple of fierce dogs to guard your house. You are welcome to two of my Judy's pups; I'd rather give them to you than drown them."

4. And so on with the rest. There was no end of good advice, but when it came to

doing something not one would help the poor fellow.

5. Be kind in *deeds* as well as in *words*.

LESSON 21.

Little White Lily.

1. Little White Lily
 Sat by a stone,
 Drooping and waiting
 Till the sun shone.
 Little White Lily
 Sunshine has fed ;
 Little White Lily
 Is lifting her head.
2. Little White Lily
 Said : " It is good
 Little White Lily's
 Clothing and food."
 Little White Lily
 Dressed like a bride !
 Shining with whiteness,
 And crownèd beside !
3. Little White Lily
 Droopeth with pain,

Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little White Lily
Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

4. Little White Lily
Said: "Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have the nice rain.
Now I am stronger,
Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

5. Little White Lily
Smells very sweet;
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the rain,
Little White Lily
Is happy again.

LESSON 22.

The Cripple's Revenge.

worse	like'-wise	re-venge'	after-noon'
worst	crushed	down'-right	heart'-y
squire	cru'-el	Har'-ry	heart'-i-ly
stile	mock'-er	Free'-man	for-got'
jol'-ly	mock'-ing	Hunt'-er	for-got'-ten
coun'-ty	play'-ground	Tuck'-er	un-kind'-ness

1. When Frank Freeman was three years old he was run over, and his leg was crushed so badly that ever after he walked very lame. There was nothing in this to be ashamed of, but foolish or cruel boys used to make fun of him and mock him.

2. This hurt poor Frank greatly, and he would often come home from school looking very sad. One afternoon he came home crying, and told his mother that the boys had been worse than ever, and that the worst of all was Harry Hunter. "What can I do," he asked, "to make them love me?"

"You know what you read on Sunday, Frank—'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' Be kind to Harry Hunter and the rest, and in time they will be kind to you."

3. After tea Frank set about his lessons. The squire had offered a prize for the best map of the county, and was coming to the school next morning to see each boy's work. Frank could draw and print well, and was trying hard to win the prize. There was only one lad whom he feared, and that was the mocking Harry Hunter.

4. Frank started early for school. His way lay at first across some fields, and then along the high road. When he came to the end of the last field, and was about to get over the stile, he heard some boys speaking in the road and caught his own name.

5. Harry Hunter had just joined Tommy Tucker and half a dozen other lads.

"Let's see your map, Harry," said Tommy.

Harry took it out of his bag, and all the boys cried together: "Oh, what a beauty!"

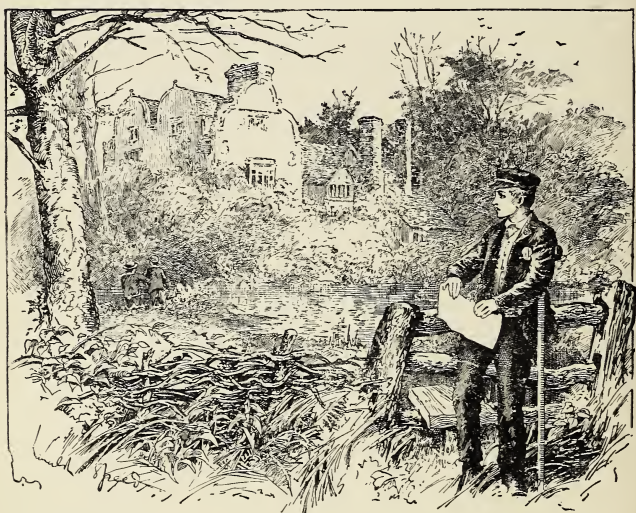
6. "Yes," said Harry; "I think that ought to win the prize."

"So it will," said Tommy, "unless Frank Freeman's is better."

"Frank Freeman's! Bah! He can't draw; he can't even walk. This is how he walks."

7. Harry put the map back in his bag, laid the bag upon the stile, and then limped on towards the school, the other boys laughing heartily, although they felt that Harry was unkind.

8. When their voices had died away poor Frank got over the stile, and—there was



Harry's bag! The mocker had limped on to school and forgotten it.

9. Frank took out the map and looked at it. "Yes," he said to himself, "this is

better than mine." And then he thought: "If I were to tear it I should be sure of the prize. But no, that would be too mean. Still, why not leave the bag where it is? Then, when the squire comes, Harry will have no map to show, and the prize will be mine. He made fun of me, and that would serve him right. Yes, I *will* leave it. But no, what did mother say?—'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'"

10. With this, Frank took up the bag and limped to school as quickly as he could. In the playground he went up to Hunter, and said: "Harry, I have been looking at your map; it is better than mine, and sure to win the prize."

11. "My map!" said Harry; "where did you see it?"

"It was in your bag and I took it out."

"And how did you get hold of my bag, you cripple?"

"I found it on the stile. You left it there just now when you went away mocking me, and you forgot to come back for it."

12. Then Harry felt very sorry for his un-

kindness. "Forgive me, Frank," he cried; "I have been cruel to you, but I never will be so again. Here, boys! you saw me mocking Frank on the way to school. Well, he is a jolly good fellow, and I am downright sorry."

13. Then Harry told the whole story. The boys cheered, and none of them ever made fun of Frank again.

LESSON 23.

The Sleepy Little Sister.

goose	dar'-ling	si'-lence	won'-drous
kissed	pic'-ture	watch'-ing	o'-pened
sleep-y	set'-tled	gold'-en	e'-ven-ing

1. I sat, one evening, watching
 A little golden head
 That was nodding over a picture-book;
 And after a time I said:
 "Come, darling, you are sleepy;
 Don't you want to go to bed?"
 "No," said she, "I am not sleepy,
 But I can't hold up my head."
2. "Just now it feels so heavy—
 There isn't any use;

Do let me lay it down to rest
On this picture of Mother Goose!
I will not shut my eyes at all,
And so you need not fear;
I'll keep them open all the while
To see this picture here."



3. And then, as I said nothing,
She settled for a nap.
One curl was resting on the frill
Of Mother Goose's cap;

Her arms were round the children small
 Who lived in the wondrous shoe.
 "Oh dear!" thought I, "what shall I say?
 For this will never do!"

4. I sat a while in silence,
 Till the clock struck its "ding! ding!"
 And then I went around and kissed
 The darling little thing.
 The bright blue eyes wide opened
 As I kissed her, and she said:
 "I am not sleepy, sister,
 But I think I'll go to bed."

LESSON 24.

The Dirty Shepherdess.

rubbed	dough	bun'-dle	stum'-bled
tru'ly	dirt'-y	jew'-els	maid'-en
sight	ug'-ly	earn'-ing	prin'-cess
smear'd	el'-der	ser'-vice	eas'-i-ly
loose	pal'-ace	a-fraid'	shep'-herd-ess

1. Once upon a time there lived a king, who had two daughters. He loved them with all his heart, and wanted to know if they loved him as truly. So he called the elder, and asked her: "How much do you love me?"

"As the apple of my eye," she said.

2. Then he called the younger, and asked her: "How much do *you* love me?"

She said: "I look upon you as I look upon salt in my food."

3. The king did not like her words, and told her to leave the palace and never to let him see her again. The poor girl cried a great deal; but, having made a bundle of her jewels and best clothes, she left the palace as she had been told.

4. She had not learned any trade, and could think of no way of earning a living but by going to service. She was afraid that no mistress would take such a pretty, well-dressed girl, so she rubbed mud over her hands and face and put on rags.

5. But now, no one would have anything to say to such a dirty thing, till, at last, she came to a farm where they wanted a shepherdess very badly, and took her.

6. One day, when she was minding her sheep by a stream on the side of a lonely hill, she felt that she would like to dress herself in her fine clothes. As she had the bundle with her, she washed her face, and put on the clothes at once.

7. The king's son, having lost his way out hunting, saw her a long way off, and wanted to look at her closer. But as soon as the girl caught sight of him she fled into the wood as swiftly as a bird. The prince ran after her; but, while he was running, he stumbled over the root of a tree and fell, and when he got up again she was not to be seen.

8. When he got home, the king's son could think of nothing but the lovely maiden. After a time he fell ill, and then he said that he could eat nothing but some bread baked by the maid at the far-off farm.

9. Being left alone to make the bread, the princess washed herself and put on her rings; but when it was made she smeared her hands and face again.

10. The loaf was brought to the prince. While he was eating it he found a little ring, which had slipped off the finger of the princess into the dough, and he said that he would marry the girl whom the ring fitted.

11. When all the girls in the land but the



shepherdess had tried the ring and found it too small, the prince sent for her. She came in her rags, and the ring went over her finger quite easily—indeed, if it had not been loose, it would not have slipped off into the dough.

12. The prince wanted to marry her there and then; but his father and mother were not willing for him to marry a dirty, ugly keeper of sheep. "It is true that I am a keeper of sheep now," said the maid; "but I am a princess born; and if you will give me some water and lend me a room for a short time I will show you that I am neither dirty nor ugly."

13. When she was dressed in her fine clothes every one could see that she was a princess. She told how she came to be a shepherdess, but she would not wed the prince without her father's consent.

14. Her father was sorry that he had sent her away, almost as soon as she had gone, and he had done his best to find her; so he was now very glad to hear that she was alive and well, and about to marry a prince.

15. He went to the wedding; but his daughter gave orders that no salt should be put in his bread or served with his meat. Seeing him make faces, and eat very little, she asked him if the food was not to his liking.

16. "It is good food and well cooked, but I do not enjoy it," he said; "it seems to have no taste."

"That," said his daughter, "is because it has no salt. Yet, when I said that I looked upon you as upon the salt in my food you were angry with me."

17. Then the king saw her meaning, and felt how cruel he had been.

LESSON 25.

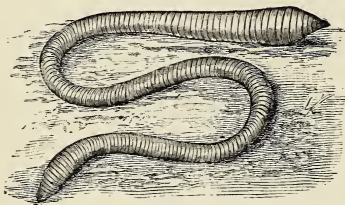
Mr. Worm at Home.

stalks	mound	emp'ty	mill'-stone
choice	bod'y	emp'ties	weath'-er
worm	bod'ies	lay'-er	crea'-ture
learn	car'-ry	stretch'-es	mil'-lions
use'-ful	car'-ries	wa'-ter	joints

1. "Only a worm!" some one may say. Yes, only a worm! But you will think a

worm is a wonderful creature when you learn more about him, and know that he does a great and useful work in the world.

2. The worm we dig up in the garden is the earth worm. Let us look at one closely.



A WORM.

3. It is made up of a large number of rings or joints, which

are smaller at each end of the body.

4. It has no feet, but each ring has very small hooks. It is by the help of these hooks that a worm moves along and digs his way into the ground.



A WORM'S HOOKS.

5. If you try to pull Mr. Worm out of the ground when he is partly in and partly out, he holds so tightly with his little hooks that you may very likely break him in two.

6. We have five senses. We can feel, taste, see, hear, and smell. A worm can only feel and taste.

7. The worm has a mouth, but he has no teeth. How then does he eat? Perhaps you know that birds have no teeth, but that they carry little stones inside their bodies, and that these stones grind up their food.

8. Mr. Worm also carries little millstones, which grind his food for him. His body is soft, and stretches so easily that it will hold a great deal of food.

9. But what does he eat? Some people say that worms eat dirt. That is because worms fill their bodies full of earth, which they bring to the top of the ground.

10. But Mr. Worm likes other things, such as dead leaves or the stalks of plants. He also likes to bite choice bits from the bodies of dead worms.

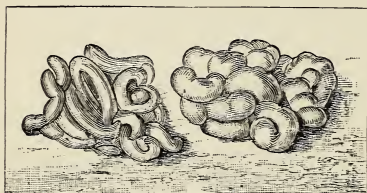
11. You have often, no doubt, noticed the ground covered with dead worms after a heavy rain. These were all sick ones, and they have been drowned out by the rain.

12. We said that worms do a great and useful work in the world. Now let us see what they do.

13. Some years ago there was a great

man who spent all his life in watching the ways of life of many kinds of animals.

14. He found out that worms fill their



WORM CASTS.

bodies full of earth, and then crawl to the top of the ground, where they empty it out.

15. If you look at a lawn after a spell of wet weather, you will see that it is dotted all over with little mounds of earth. We call these mounds "worm casts," and they are small heaps of earth that the worms have brought up in their bodies and emptied there.

16. Now, think of millions and millions of worms always bringing earth to the top. In this way they can cover stony fields with a layer of good soil, in which crops can be grown.

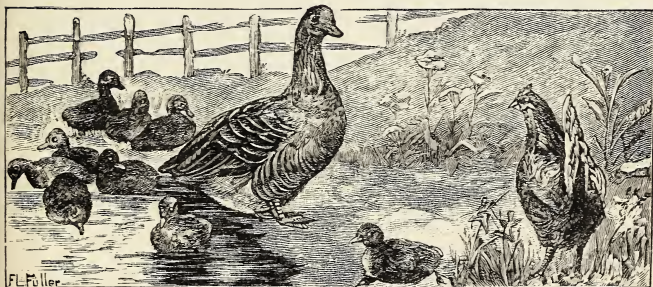
17. Worms are for ever busy all over the world. Thus we see that these little creatures, which we tread under our feet, are all the time helping to make the world fit for other animals to live in.

LESSON 26.

The Knowing Chicken.

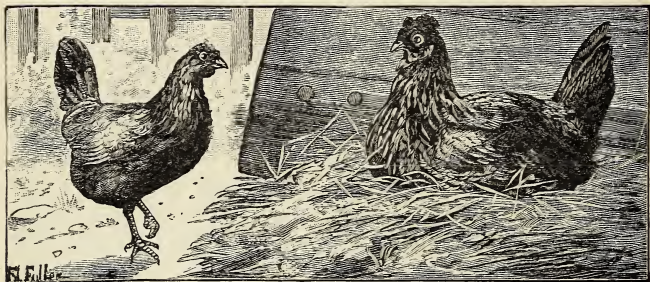
friends	folk	for'-ward	tur'-keys
thought	knew	gos'-lings	Dork'-ing
warmed	would n't	mead'-ow	pleas'-ant
talk	chilled	re-plied'	noth'-ing

1. There was once a pretty chicken ;
 But his friends were very few,
 For he thought that there was nothing
 In the world but what he knew.



2. So he always in the farm-yard
 Had a very forward way,
 Telling all the hens and turkeys
 What they ought to do and say.

3. "Mrs. Goose," he said, "I wonder
That your goslings you should let
Go out paddling in the water ;
It will kill them to get wet."
4. "And I wish, my old Aunt Dorking,"
He began to her one day,
"That you wouldn't sit all summer
In your nest upon the hay."



5. "Won't you come out to the meadow,
Where the grass with seeds is filled ?"
"If I should," said Mrs. Dorking,
"Then my eggs would all be chilled."
6. "No, they won't," replied the chicken,
"And no matter if they do.
Eggs are really good for nothing ;
What's an egg to me or you?"

7. "What's an egg!" said Mrs. Dorking,
 "Can it be you do not know
 You yourself were in an egg-shell
 Just one little month ago?"
8. "And if kind wings had not warmed
 you,
 You would not be out to-day,
 Telling hens, and geese, and turkeys
 What they ought to do and say!"
9. "To be very wise, and show it,
 Is a pleasant thing, no doubt;
 But when young folks talk to old folks,
 They should know what they're
 about."

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

LESSON 27.

The Common Frog.

splashed	months	joined	ea'-ger
croaked	fields	tad'-poles	fun'-ny
changed	tongue	friend'-ly	spar'-kle

1. Over in the meadow,
 Where the clear pools shine,

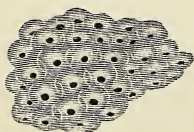
Lived a green mother frog
 And her little froggies nine.
 "Croak!" said the mother;
 "We croak," said the nine.
 So they croaked and they splashed
 Where the clear pools shine.

2. In the summer frogs may be seen hopping about in the fields and gardens. But when winter comes they seek for a snug hole in the ground, where they hide themselves and then go to sleep.

3. Sometimes a number of frogs may be seen closely packed into the same hole. There they lie quite still, and seem to be dead.

4. But when spring comes and the sun shines warm and bright the frogs wake up again. They swim about in search of food.

They must be very hungry, for they have had no food for months.



A FROG'S EGGS.

5. In a little while, Mrs. Frog lays a number of eggs at the bottom of a pond.

The eggs are very small at first, but they

soon begin to swell; and at last there come out of them queer little things called tadpoles.

6. A tadpole has a big head and a long tail. He is a friendly little fellow, and likes to swim about with crowds of other tadpoles.

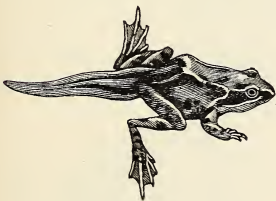


A TADPOLE.

7. He is not a frog yet, but he soon will be. He is born in the water, and for some time he lives in the water just as a fish does.

8. In fact, he is like a fish in many ways. But as he grows bigger he becomes much changed.

9. His tail becomes smaller and smaller until there is no tail at all. Four legs grow out from his body, and at last he is no longer a tadpole but a frog.

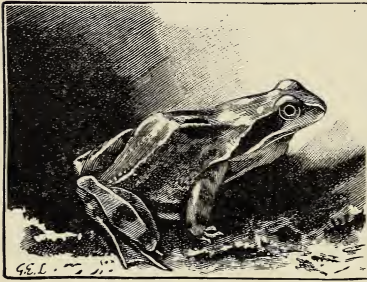


A YOUNG FROG WITH TAIL.

10. He now leaves the water and lives on land. He often goes

back to the water for a swim, but he cannot live under water now as he could when he was a tadpole.

11. If we look at his legs we shall see that the two front ones are short. The two hind legs are long, and the toes are joined by a web, just like the toes on a duck's foot.



A FULL-GROWN FROG.

It is by means of

these hind legs that the frog swims.

12. A frog has a wide mouth, with teeth only in the upper jaw. But he has a long tongue. He is very fond of flies, and it is a funny sight to see how eager he looks if a fly comes near.

13. His eyes sparkle, and in an instant he darts out his long sticky tongue and pulls the fly into his mouth. He lives entirely upon insects, and can eat even bees and wasps in spite of their stings, which do not seem to hurt him in the least.



A FROG'S HEAD WITH THE TONGUE THRUST OUT.

LESSON 28.

Frogs at School.

twen'ty	pol'ished	ought	pool
frog'gy	stud'y	taught	rule
frog'gies	weed'y	stern	dodge
de-gree'	no'bly	dunce	strive

1. Twenty froggies went to school,
Down beside a weedy pool;
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty nests, all white and clean.
2. "We must be in time," said they;
"First we study, then we play;
That is how we keep the rule
When we froggies go to school."
3. Master Bull-frog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive.
4. From his seat upon the log,
Showed them how to say "Ker-Chog!"
Also how to dodge a blow
From the sticks which bad boys throw.

5. Twenty froggies grew up fast;
 Bull-frogs they became at last;
 Not one dunce among the lot,
 Not one lesson they forgot.



6. Polished in a high degree,
 As each froggy ought to be;
 Now they sit on other logs,
 Teaching other little frogs.

LESSON 29.

Willie's Quarter.

breathed	quar'-ter	Wil'-lie	pressed
buy	mar'-bles	pock'-et	hol'-i-day
bought	steam'-ers	dain'-ty	i-de'-a
sev'-enth	sail'-ing	dain'-ties	qui'-et
birth'-day	com'-fort	ba'-ker	hoop

1. "All his very own, to spend how and when and where he liked"—that is what Willie's father had said, as he gave his little son a bright new quarter on his seventh birthday.

2. To a boy whose Saturday penny was always spent before Monday, a quarter seemed a mint of money; and Willie thought that there would be no end to the candies and balls and marbles which he could buy with it.

3. It was Friday afternoon, and Willie ought to have been in school; but as it was his birthday he had been given a half-holiday, and for a little while he could not make up his mind whether to stay at home and play, or to go out and spend his quarter.

4. At last a bright idea struck him. His friend, Harry Hill, had a big iron hoop; but he himself had only an old wooden one, which his elder sister had given him. "A wooden hoop," thought Willie, "is good enough for a girl; but a boy like me, who will soon be a man, wants an iron hoop, and a big one too."

5. So Willie started for Tate's Toy Shop on Main Street, where he had seen just the very thing he wanted. Instead of going in at once he stayed to look at all the wonderful things in the window; and when he saw trains, steamers, sailing ships, knives, and boxes of soldiers, all at a quarter each, he was not half so eager for a hoop as he had been ten minutes before.

6. Next door to Tate's was the shop of Mr. Baker, who had painted on his sign:—

Baker by name, and baker by trade,
I sell the best bread that ever was made.

Besides bread, he sold cakes, buns, pies, tarts, and other dainties.

7. Just as Willie was turning away from Tate's window to go in at the door, he heard a little sob, and looking to the right he saw a girl of ten or eleven, with her face very close to Baker's window.

8. Poor girl! Instead of jacket and hat she wore an old shawl; her frock was ragged, and her feet were bare. They looked blue and frozen, and every now and then she

breathed on her hands to warm them. She seemed hungry too; for as the smell of pies and tarts and cakes and new bread came out at the door she gave big sniffs, as if she were trying to make a meal of the sweet steam.



9. She was crying; and dear little Willie, who could not bear to see a girl crying, went gently up to her, and in his boyish way tried to comfort her. This was not an easy thing to do; for at Willie's kind words her tears began to fall faster and faster.

10. After a while she grew quiet, and told Willie all about herself. She had no home, no father, no mother—"no anything," she said. She kept herself as best she could by selling matches, but that morning a bad boy had hit the boxes out of her hand. They fell into the mud, and were quite spoiled. As she could not sell them she had no money to buy food, and she was hungry—oh, so hungry!

11. Hearing her story, Willie forgot all about Harry Hill and iron hoops—all about Tate and the toy shop. He took the quarter out of his pocket, pressed it into her cold hand, and was off round the corner before the poor girl could say "Thank you."

12. Sitting at tea that afternoon, eating his birthday cake, the seven-year-old boy felt as happy as if he had bought the biggest iron hoop in the town; and he still uses the old wooden hoop, for the Saturday pennies will not save up, and somebody else spent Willie's quarter.



LESSON 30.

The Common Toad.

winked	toad'ie	clev'er	cu'ri-ous
blinked	clum'sy	swal' lows	lad'en
hunt'ing	un-til'	hon'ey	a-mus'ing

1. "Over in the meadow,
 In the sand, in the sun,
 Lived an old mother toad
 And her little toadie one.
 'Wink!' said the mother;
 'I wink,' said the one.
 So she winked, and she blinked,
 In the sand, in the sun."

2. At first sight the common toad looks much like a frog. But he is different in many ways. His body is stouter. His hind legs are not so long. His mouth is wider, and he has no teeth.

3. His body is darker in color, and is not smooth and slimy. He does not hop as a frog does, but he walks about in a very clumsy manner.

4. He cannot swim as fast as a frog, and does not like the water very much.



THE COMMON TOAD.

5. When they are very young, toads live in the water as tadpoles. But when they are grown up they live upon the land.

6. Toads are useful in a garden, as they eat grubs and insects that would do harm to fruit and flowers.

7. But people who keep bees do not want any toads near the hive. Mr. Toad is fond of bees; so he hides under the hive, and if a bee laden with honey should happen to come near, it is caught at once and eaten.

8. Toads have large bright eyes, and, like cats, they can see in the dark. They go out hunting at night, and any insect they come across is pretty sure to be caught.

9. There is one very curious thing a toad does. He can slip out of his skin. The skin splits down the back, and the toad pulls and pushes until he gets it off, in much

the same way that a boy pulls a vest over his head.

10. Not only does he pull his skin off. He next rolls it into a ball and swallows it.

11. He could not live without a skin, and it is not until a new one has grown under the old one, that he pulls the old skin off.

12. If we are kind to toads they will become quite tame, and will let us carry them about and feed them. It is amusing to watch them, and see how clever they are in catching their food. But they make queer pets, don't they?

LESSON 31.

Baby.

whence fore'-head an'-gels ev'-er-y-where
 star'-ry pearl'-y cher'-ubs three-cor'-nered

1. Where did you come from, baby dear?
 "Out of the everywhere into the here."
2. Where did you get those eyes so blue?
 "Out of the sky as I came through."
3. What makes the light in them sparkle
 and spin?
 "Some of the starry spikes left in."

4. Where did you get that little tear?
"I found it waiting when I got here."
5. What makes your forehead so smooth
and high?
"A soft hand stroked it as I went by."
6. What makes your cheek like a warm
white rose?
"Something better than any one
knows."
7. Whence that three-cornered smile of
bliss?
"Three angels gave me at once a kiss."
8. Where did you get this pearly ear?
"God spoke, and it came out to hear."
9. Where did you get those arms and
hands?
"Love made itself into bonds and
bands."
10. Feet, whence did you come, you dar-
ling things?
"From the same box as the cherubs'
wings."

11. How did they all just come to be
you?

"God thought about me, and so I
grew."

12. But how did you come to us, you
dear?

"God thought about you, and so I am
here."

GEORGE MacDONALD.

LESSON 32.

Three Little Pigs.—PART I.



weak	ly'-ing	wick'-ed	Brown'-ie
once	be-lieve'	car'-ried	Black'-ie
sty	greed'-y	eld'-est	Whi'-tey
lies	win'-ter	fam'-i-ly	cab'-ba-ges

1. There were once three little pigs that
lived with their mother in a farm-yard. The

eldest was called Brownie, the second Whitey, and the youngest Blackie.

2. Brownie was a very dirty little pig, and liked nothing so well as lying in the mud. Whitey was a very greedy little pig, and liked nothing so well as eating. But Blackie was a good little pig, not dirty and not greedy.

3. One day the mother called her children to her, and said: "I feel that I am growing old and weak, and that I shall not live long. I want to build a house for each of you before I die, as this dear sty will be given to a new family. Now, Brownie, what sort of house would you like?"

4. "A house of mud."

"And you, Whitey?"

"A house of cabbage."

"And you, Blackie?"

"A house of brick, please, as it will be warm in winter and cool in summer, and safe all the year round."

5. "You are a wise little pig, and I will build the three houses soon. One thing more: when the fox hears that I am dead

he will try to get hold of you. He is very sly, and will play tricks and tell lies; but you will be all right if you take care to keep him out of your houses."

6. When the mother died each little pig went to live by himself. One day Brownie, lying half asleep in the mud of his house, heard a soft voice say: "May I come in, Master Brownie? I want to see your nice new house."

"Who are you?" cried Brownie.

"I am a friend come to call on you," said the voice.

7. "I do not believe that you are a friend; I know that you are the wicked fox, and I will not let you in."

"O ho!" roared the fox in his own voice; "we shall soon see about that."

Then he scraped a large hole in one of the walls, jumped in, and carried poor little Brownie off to his den.

8. Next day the fox went to Whitey's house, and spoke to him in the same soft voice as to his brother.

"Who are you?" asked Whitey.

"I am a friend come to visit you, and to

have some of your good cabbages for dinner."

9. "Please don't touch them," said Whity; "they are the walls of my house, and



if you eat them you will make a hole, and the wind and the rain will come in and give me a cold. Do go away; I am sure that you are the fox."

10. The fox dashed through the wall and carried off poor little Whitey to his den also.

LESSON 33.

The Three Little Pigs.—PART II.

climbed	ket'-tle	jumped	hap'-py
clapped	roll'-ing	luck'-i-ly	hap'-pi-ly
win'-dow	shut'-ter	chim'-ney	scald'-ed

1. Next day he went to Blackie's house, because he wanted to catch the three pigs and then kill them for a feast to his friends. He said in a soft voice: "Do let me in, dear Blackie; I have brought you some eggs which I found at the farm."

2. "No, no, Mr. Fox; I know who you are, and I will not let you in. You have caught poor Brownie and Whitey, but you are not going to catch me."

The fox tried to break through the wall, but it was too strong, and he only hurt himself. "Never mind," said he; "I will catch you some other time, and then won't I grind your bones!"

3. Next day Blackie went to the town to buy a big kettle. As he was walking home he heard sly steps behind him. He was at the top of the hill, at the foot of which stood his little house. So he jumped into the kettle and put the lid on over himself.

4. Then with a kick from the inside he started the kettle, and when the fox came up all that he saw was a round thing rolling down the hill to Blackie's door. He was turning to go to his den when he saw Blackie come out of the round thing, open his door, and shut it again.



5. The fox crept softly to the door, but found it bolted. Then he tried the window, but found the shutter closed. Then he climbed upon the roof.

6. By this time Blackie had filled the kettle with water, and put it on the fire.

Just as the kettle began to sing Blackie saw the fox's head coming down the chimney. Luckily the lid was not on the kettle, and Mr. Fox fell into the water. Blackie at once clapped on the lid and the sly fox was scalded to death.

7. Blackie ran to the fox's den. With a sharp stone he cut the cord which bound his poor brothers. Then he took them to his home, where they lived happily ever after; for Brownie left off being dirty, and Whitey left off being greedy.

LESSON 34.

Rabbits and Squirrels.

sort	teeth	keen	chip'-munk
gnaw	chis'-el	de-fend'	thir-teen'
grind'-ing	squir'-rel	an'-i-mal	charm'-ing
cut'-ting	up'-right	gen'-er-al-ly	wea'-sel

1. If we look into the mouth of any animal, we can tell what sort of food it eats by the kind of teeth it has.



A RABBIT'S FOOT.

2. Cats and dogs have strong sharp teeth for pulling meat to pieces. Cows and sheep have broad flat teeth for grinding grass.

3. Mice and rats have long cutting teeth with which they can gnaw. Rabbits and squirrels also have teeth of this kind.



A RABBIT'S MOUTH.

4. By means of their front teeth, which are like a chisel in shape, they can gnaw nuts, roots, or the bark of trees. At the back of their mouths, they have broad teeth for grinding.

5. When squirrels feed, they sit upright on their hind legs and hold the food to the mouth with the forepaws. Do you know whether rabbits do this?

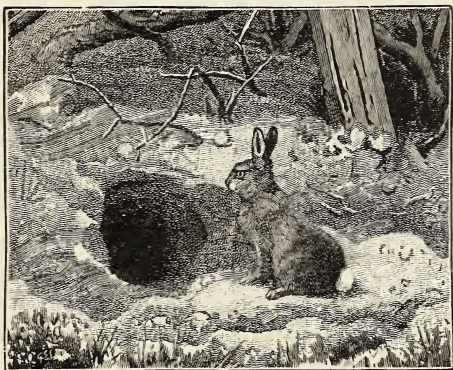
6. Squirrels hide away nuts and acorns for winter use. They do not store them all in one place, but in a number of holes in trees or in the ground.

7. If the winter is very cold, they sleep nearly all the time. But if it is mild, they are awake, and it is then that they need the food.

8. Squirrels generally live in trees, and

come to the ground only in search of food. They make nests of leaves and twigs in the holes of trees; or hang them in the branches.

9. Rabbits live on the ground. Some dig burrows with their strong forepaws, but most of them pick a spot in the middle of a



A RABBIT NEAR ITS BURROW.

field, and there they live. Such a spot is said to be their "form." —

10. Both rabbits and squirrels are very timid animals. They are not able to defend themselves very well, but they have keen eyes and ears, and can run swiftly when danger is near.

11. The ground squirrel, or chipmunk,

is a pretty little fellow with thirteen stripes on his back. He has a long bushy tail, which he holds straight up like a flag.



A CHIPMUNK.

12. Both the red and the gray squirrel make charming pets. Rabbits, too, soon overcome their fear when they are kindly treated.

13. In some countries there are so many rabbits that they do a great deal of harm.

They eat the grass needed for the sheep, and destroy the bark of trees, the fruit, and the growing crops of corn.



A WEASEL.

14. Rabbits and squirrels are often killed by weasels, which are small but very fierce animals.

LESSON 35.

America.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King.

Samuel Francis Smith.

LESSON 36.

Half Chick.

clucked	help'-less	sil'-ly	branch'-es
popped	choked	civ'-il	fierc'-est
hopped	fault	o-bey'	cin'-der
Bath	perched	wa'-ters	quick'-ly
broth	whirled	dy'-ing	stee'-ple
breathe	threw	Lon'-don	pret'-ti-er

1. There was once a fine old hen with a brood of twelve little ones. Eleven of them were just like other chickens—only, of course, prettier in the eyes of their mother; but the youngest looked as if he had been cut in two. He had only one leg, one wing, and one eye, and only half a head, and half a beak.

2. You would think that he would be very helpless and timid; but he was the boldest of the brood, and did not obey his mother a bit. When she clucked, his brothers and sisters ran to her side; but he said that he could not hear her because he had not two ears.

3. One morning he hopped up to the old hen, and said: "I'm tired of living on a dull

farm, with nothing but barns to look at, and nothing but corn to eat. I'm going to London to see the Queen."

4. "To London!" cried the mother; "why, you silly little fellow, even your father could not hop as far as that, and you would be dead before you got to Bath. Stay at home with me, there's a dear; and some day, if you are good, I may take you to see the Common."

5. But Half Chick only laughed, and got ready to start. When his mother saw this, she said: "Well, if you *will* go, be sure that you are kind and civil to every one you meet."

6. He did not obey. He came to a stream which was all choked up with weeds, so that its waters could not flow freely.

"Oh, Half Chick!" it cried, "do come and help me by clearing away these weeds."

"Help you, indeed!" said Half Chick, with a toss of the head; "do you think I have nothing better than that to do? I am going to London to see the Queen, and you must help yourself."

7. A little later he came to a fire that had been left by some men in a wood. It had burned very low, and would soon be out.

"Oh, Half Chick!" it called, "do put some dry leaves and sticks upon me or I shall die."

"Then die! Do you think that I have nothing better than that to do? I am going to London to see the Queen, and you must help yourself."

8. As he was getting near London he passed a large tree, in whose branches the wind was caught.

"Oh, Half Chick!" called the wind, "do hop up here, and help me to get free from these branches."

"It is your own fault for going there," said Half Chick; "and I am not going to waste my time by stopping here to help you. I am going to London to see the Queen."

9. When he came to London he soon found where the Queen lived. He hopped past the soldiers at the gate, and perched on a rail outside the kitchen window,

meaning to rest there till the Queen came by. The cook saw him, and said: "Here is the very thing I want to make the



THE WIND CAUGHT IN THE TREE.

Queen's chicken broth." So he put his hand out, caught Half Chick, and popped him into the pot that was standing on the fire.

10. The poor thing did not like this at all, and cried out in pain: "Water, water, have pity on me, and do not wet me like this."

But the water said: "No, Half Chick; you would not help me when I was a little stream choked with weeds."

11. Then the fire began to make the water boil, and Half Chick danced from one side of the pot to the other, trying to get away from the heat. At last he cried out: "Fire, fire, do not burn me like this; you cannot think how it hurts."

But the fire said: "You would not help me when I was dying in the wood."

12. Just as the fire was fiercest the cook lifted the lid off the pot to see if the broth was ready.

"Look here!" he cried, "the chicken is burned to a cinder. I cannot send such a thing up to the Queen's table."

So he threw Half Chick out of the window.

13. The wind caught him up and whirled him through the air so quickly that he could hardly breathe.

"Oh, wind!" he cried, "if you hurry me along like this you will kill me."

"Serve you right," said the wind; "when I was caught in the branches of the tree you would not help me"

14. And he blew Half Chick along till they reached the highest church in the town, and there he fixed him on the top of the steeple. And, if you pass that way, you will see him still standing there on his one leg, and pointing with his half beak towards the wind.

LESSON 37.

Dolly and Dick.

stirred	de-spair'	prayers	but'-ter-cups
stopped	dai'-sy	with'-er	sor'-row-ful
sob'-bing	dai'-sies	un-hap'-py	beau'-ti-ful
hap'-pened	rip'-ples	quar'-rel	nurs'-er-y
sur-prise'	re-plies'	quar'-relled	red'-breast

1. Dolly came into the meadow,
 And sat on the grass to cry;
 Her tears made the daisies wither,
 And the yellow buttercups die.
2. The little birds heard her sobbing;
 Their songs broke off in surprise:
 What could have happened to Dolly,
 That she had such sorrowful eyes?

3. "I am unhappy!" cried Dolly,
Sobbing aloud in despair;
"I fought with Dick in the garden,
And pulled out a lot of his hair."
4. Softly there flew down a robin—
A dear little redbreast bird;
His voice was as clear as the ripples
Of a pool which the wind has stirred:
5. "After the night comes the morning,
After the winter the spring;
We can begin again, Dolly,
And be sorry for everything.
6. "It is a pity to quarrel;
I think it never is right:
But if you fight in the day-time,
You can make it up in the night.
7. "We love, and so we are happy;
No beautiful thing ever ends:
'Tis good to cry and be sorry,
But better to kiss and be friends."

8. Dolly stopped crying to listen,
But the robin had flown away.
"I'll go and say I am sorry
I quarrelled with Dick to-day."



THEY KISSED ON THE NURSERY STAIRS.

9. "What made you come back?" asked
Dicky,
As they kissed on the nursery stairs.
"I met," said Dolly, "a robin,
Who, I think, was saying his prayers."

E. COXHEAD.

LESSON 38.

Mice.

rough	gnaw'-ing	mer'-ri-ly	cup'-board
fin'-ished	whisk'-ers	bot'-tles	sev'-er-al
cracks	sur'-face	squeez'-ing	be-gin'-ning

1. The mouse is a *gnawing* animal. His four front teeth are sharp and broad, but his back teeth are flat, and it is with them that the mouse grinds up his food.



A MOUSE.

2. If you look at a mouse you will see that he has soft warm fur. His head is pointed, and long whiskers stick out from each side.

3. His eyes are large and bright and opened wide, so that he can see in the dark just as a cat does.

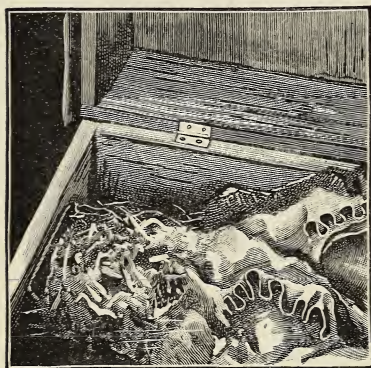
4. The mouse has short legs and sharp claws, and so he can climb up anything that has a rough surface.

A MOUSE'S
FOOT.

5. One good glance at him shows that he is of just the right shape for squeezing through small holes or cracks.

6. The mouse is a timid little fellow, but he is full of fun too. If he thinks no one is looking he plays about the room quite merrily, but he is off in an instant at the least sound.

7. Mrs. Mouse makes a warm little nest of rags or paper or any other soft stuff that she can find. She hides her nest well out of sight, but she sometimes picks a very queer place for it.



A MOUSE'S NEST IN A BOX OF CLOTHES.

8. Once a mouse found a hole in a box that was full of children's clothes. "Hurrah!" said she; "here's a good place for a nest!"

9. She cut a frock into little bits, tore up the feathers from a hat, and finished off by pulling to pieces a woollen coat.

10. Then she made her nest, and in time there were four pink young mice in it.

11. Once a nest was found in a bottle. There were several bottles lying upon a shelf, and a mouse built her nest in one of them.

12. Another mouse ate out the inside of a big loaf, and built her nest in the hollow she had made. That was very clever of her, for she could sit in her nest and nibble off bits of food for her young ones.

LESSON 39.

The Monster in the Garden.

PERSONS.

JACK.

JANET.

MABEL.

AUNT MARY.

knife	tusks	mon'-ster	green'-house
Ti'-ny	stu'-pid	hair'-pins	fright'-ened
Ma'-bel	lau'-rels	ter'-ri-ble	pre-tend'-ing
Jan'-et	scis'-sors	cer'-tain	cov'-er-ing
per-haps'	flar'-ing	cer'-tain-ly	de-light'-ful

JANET.—Come, I want to go into the garden.

MABEL.—We must have Tiny with us.

JAN.—Of course. Where is he, I wonder?
Tiny! Tiny!

M.—Tiny! Tiny! Stupid little dog! He is always away when one wants him.

JAN.—Perhaps he is in the garden already.

M.—Perhaps he is. We'll go and see.

JAN.—Ah! here is Jack. Perhaps he has seen Tiny.

Enter JACK.

M.—Have you seen Tiny?

JACK.—Tiny? No, I haven't indeed. Oh dear me! I am so frightened.

JAN.—What's the matter?

JACK—I've seen the most terrible monster in the garden.

M. *and* JAN.—A monster!

JACK.—A monster, in the garden.

JAN.—Oh, Mabel, hold my hand! (*To JACK*)—Did you see him?

JACK.—Well, I did not quite see him, because he was inside that clump of laurels: but I certainly heard him growl.

M.—(*Getting very close to JANET*)—Growl? Oh dear!

JACK.—And I believe that I saw two great eyes looking at me.

M.—Two great eyes?

JACK.—And I am certain that I saw the point of a hairy ear, the sort of point that a great monster's ear would be sure to have.

M.—Then, of course, now we shall not go into the garden.

JAN.—I've just thought of the most terrible thing!

JACK.—What is it?

M.—What is it?

JAN.—(*Covering her face*)—That Tiny is in the garden!

M.—And he will be eaten alive!

(*Covering her face with her hands, and sobbing loudly.*)

JAN.—What shall we do? We can't leave him to die.

JACK.—(*Boldly*)—No, we can't. I will go and save him.

M.—Oh, you brave boy! We'll come too.

JACK.—Come, then! I've got my knife.

(*Pulls his knife out of his pocket.*)

JAN.—And I'll take my new scissors.

M.—And what shall I have? Oh, I'll take two large hairpins to stab him with.

JACK.—That's right! We'll stab him right through the heart.

Enter AUNT MARY.

AUNT MARY.—Why, my dear children! How warlike you look!

JACK.—And well we may! We're going into the garden to kill a most terrible monster.

A. M.—Oh, I see. You are pretending to be hunters.

JAN.—No, indeed! We are not. It is a real monster in the garden. Jack has seen him—part of him, at least.

A. M.—And what was he like?

JACK.—He's a great animal with big flaring eyes and long hairy ears.

JAN.—And most likely horns and tusks; but we're not quite sure, because he was behind the bushes.

M.—And we are so much afraid he will kill Tiny.

A. M.—Oh no! He won't find Tiny—Tiny is hidden behind the laurels near the

greenhouse, eating a mouse which he has just caught.

JACK.—Behind the laurels near the greenhouse! Then he will certainly be killed! The monster is there too! That is where the growls came from!

A. M.—Ha! ha! Now I see it all! Why, the monster that Jack saw and heard is simply Tiny, who was growling because he feared that his mouse would be taken away from him.

JACK.—Are you sure?

JAN.—Was the monster Tiny?

A. M.—Yes, it must be. I've just seen him there myself.

M.—Oh, how delightful! Let us go and tell Tiny there is no monster in the garden.

(They run out, followed by AUNT MARY.)

LESSON 40.

What Became of Them?

hole	curl'-ing	ex-cept'-ing	charms
dwelt	smelt	ven'-tured	dai'-ly
witch	cheese	re-marked'	be-fell'

1. He was a rat, and she was a rat,
And down in one hole they did
dwell;

And both were as black as a witch's
cat,
And they loved one another well.

2. He had a tail, and she had a tail,
Both long and curling and fine ;
And each said : " Yours is the finest
tail
In the world excepting mine."

3. He smelt the cheese, and she smelt the
cheese,
And they both said it was good ;
And both remarked it would greatly
add
To the charms of their daily food.

4. So he ventured out, and she ventured
out,
And I saw them go with pain ;
But what befell them I never can
tell,
For they never came back again.

LESSON 41.

Rats.

tim'-id	wood'-en	leak'-y	fore
pre-vents'	wool'-en	a-bode'	fol'-lowed
dam'-age	lead'-en	rub'-bish	care'-ful-ly

1. A rat looks very much like a big mouse, but he is much bigger and stronger. He is not so timid as a mouse, and will sit up on his hind legs and fight even a cat.

2. He has strong teeth, and can gnaw very hard things, such as a wooden floor. Rats have been known to eat a hole out of a leaden water



A RAT.

pipe so as to get at the water, which they could hear flowing through it.

3. A rat's claws are very strong and

sharp, and his hind claws are so made that he can turn them round.



A RAT'S CLAW.

In this way he can creep head first down a rough wall, for he takes hold firmly by his hind claws, and so prevents himself from falling.

4. There are many kinds of rats ; but one of the most common is the brown rat, which lives in barns and corn ricks. He does much damage to the corn, and so the farmer does all he can to kill him.

5. Cats will kill mice, but there are not many cats that will even try to kill rats. There was once a cat that would kill rats. She lived in a house where there were many of them, and killed some every day.

6. At last the rats got tired of being hunted by the cat. So they left the house and took up their abode in some stables.

7. But the cat followed them there. Then the rats turned upon the cat, and bit her so badly that she died.

8. Some rats live in the drains, where they eat all kinds of rubbish. Others live on board ships, and it is said that when a

ship becomes leaky and unsafe all the rats leave it.

9. Rats are clean in their ways, and after eating food they may be seen carefully washing their faces with their fore paws.



A RAT WASHING ITS FACE.

10. Though they are so wild and fierce they can easily be tamed, and soon grow to be very fond of their masters.

LESSON 42.

The Little Red Hen.

scratched	smiled	ten'-der	car'-ried
peeped	plump	al-though'	bus'-y
threshed	rogues	search	bus'-i-ly

1. Little Red Hen looked busily round

In search of a bit to eat,

Till, hid in the straw and chaff, she found

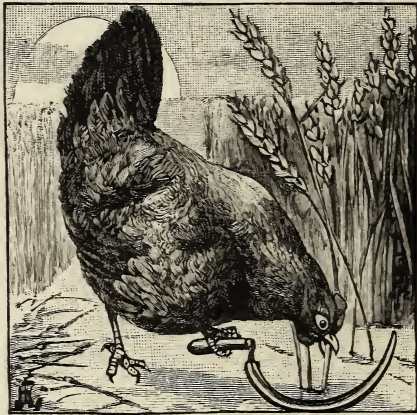
A plump little grain of wheat.

“Now, who will plant this wheat?” she cried.

“Not I!” the goose and the duck replied.

“Not I!” said the dog and the cat.

"Not I!" said the mouse and the rat.
 "Oh, I will then!" said Little Red Hen;
 And scratched with her quick little
 feet,
 Till a hole she dug, and covered it snug,
 And so she planted the wheat.



"SO SHE REAPED THE WHEAT."

2. Little Red Hen gave tender care;
 The rain and the shine came down,
 And the wheat grew green and tall and
 fair,
 Then turned to a golden brown.
 "Now, who will reap this wheat?" she
 cried.

"Not I!" the goose and the duck replied.

"Not I!" said the dog and the cat.

"Not I!" said the mouse and the rat.

"Oh, I will then!" said Little Red Hen;

And so, in spite of the summer heat,
She cut it at will with her trim little bill,
And so she reaped the wheat.



"SO SHE THRESHED THE WHEAT."

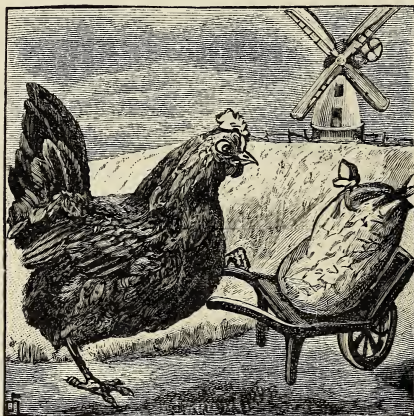
3. Little Red Hen, as she peeped about
From her snug little nest in the hay,
Wished now that the wheat were all
threshed out,
And ready for the mill that day.

"Now, who will thresh this wheat?" she cried.

"Not I!" the goose and the duck replied.

"Not I!" said the dog and the cat.

"Not I!" said the mouse and the rat.



CARRYING THE WHEAT TO THE MILL.

"Oh I will then!" said Little Red Hen;
 And, having no flail, she beat
 With her wings of red on the grain in-
 stead
 And so she threshed the wheat.

4. Little Red Hen had still no rest,
 Although she had worked so well;

She thought of the chicks in her snug
little nest,

How soon they would peep in the shell.

"Now, who will go to the mill?" she
cried.

"Not I!" the goose and the duck re-
plied.

"Not I!" said the dog and the cat.

"Not I!" said the mouse and the rat.



"NOW, WHO WILL EAT THIS BREAD?" SHE CRIED.

"Oh, I will then!" said Little Red Hen;
And she made a sack so neat,
With silken thread and with straw so red,
In which she carried the wheat.

5. Little Red Hen then made some bread
 That was white and light and sweet;
 And when it was done, she smiled and
 said:

"We'll see who is willing to eat.
 Now, who will eat this bread?" she cried.
 "I will!" the goose and the duck replied.
 "I will!" said the dog and the cat.
 "I will!" said the mouse and the rat.



"No doubt!" said the hen; "if you get
 it!" and then
 (How the lazy rogues longed for the
 treat!)

She called to her chicks—she was mother
 of six;

And that was the end of the wheat.

From "St. Nicholas."

LESSON 43.

Never out of Sight.

say'-ing	true	en-tice'	sor'-row-ing
crowd'-ed	pleas'-ure	child'-hood	what-ev'-er
care'-less	la'-bor	watch'-ful	be-neath'

1. I know a little saying,
 That is very, very true.
 My little boy, my little girl,
 This saying is for you.
 'Tis this O blue and black eyes!
 And gray—so deep and bright—
 No child in all this careless world
 Is ever out of sight.

2. No matter whether field or glen,
 Or city's crowded way,
 Or pleasure's laugh, or labor's hum,
 Entice your feet to stray ;
 Some one is always watching you
 And, whether wrong or right,
 No child in all this busy world
 Is ever out of sight.

3. Some one is always watching you
 And marking what you do,

To see if all your childhood acts
 Are honest, brave, and true ;
 And, watchful more than mortal kind,
 God's angels pure and white,
 In gladness or in sorrowing,
 Are keeping you in sight.

4. Oh! bear in mind, my little one,
 And let your mark be high ;
 You do whatever things you do
 Beneath some seeing eye.
 Oh! bear in mind, my little one,
 And keep your good name bright ;
 No child upon this round, round earth
 Is ever out of sight.

LESSON 44.

The Brown Thrush.

mer'-ry	thrush	sit'-ting	won't
cher'-ry	med'-dle	touch	sor'-row

1. There's a merry brown thrush sitting up
 in a tree ;
 He's singing to me ! he's singing to me !

And what does he say, little girl, little
boy?

"Oh! the world's running over with joy!
Hush! look! in my tree
I'm as happy as happy can be."

2. And the brown thrush keeps singing:

"A nest do you see,
And five eggs hid by me in the big
cherry-tree?

Don't meddle, don't touch, little girl, little
boy,

Or the world will lose some of its joy!

Now I'm glad! now I'm free!

And I always shall be,

If you never bring sorrow to me."

3. So the merry brown thrush sings away in
the tree,

To you and to me—to you and to me;

And he sings all the day, little girl, little
boy:

"Oh! the world's running over with joy!

But long it won't be—

Don't you know? don't you see?—

Unless we're as good as can be."

APPENDIX.

Selected Words in this Book

Arranged Alphabetically.

1.	2.	3.	4.	5.
a-bode'	al'-ways	a-round'	bed'-room	birth'-day
ab-surd'	A-mer'-i-ca	a-shamed'	beau'-ti-ful	big'-ger
a'-corn	a-mus'-ing	aunt'-ie	beau'-ty	Black'-ie
ad-vice'	an'-gel	ba'-ker	be-fell'	blinked
a-fraid'	an'-gels	bald	beg'-gar	boast'-ed
af-ter-noon'	an'-gri-ly	balm'-y	be-gin'-ning	bod'-ies
af'-ter-wards	an'-i-mal	bar'-gain	be-haved'	bod'-y
a-greed'	an-oth'-er	Bath	be-lieve'	bot'-tles
a-las'	ap-pear'	bathed	ber'-ries	bought
al-though'	ap-pears'	beat'-en	ber'-ry	bow-wow
6.	7.	8.	9.	10.
brace'-let	brought	bus'-i-ly	ca-na'-ry	chalk
branch'-es	Brown'-ie	bus'-y	care'-ful-ly	change
break'-fast	bruise	but'-ter-cups	car'-pet	changed
breast	build	buy	catch'-es	charms
breathe	build'-ing	bye	caught	chat
breathed	built	cab'-ba-ges	cease'-less-ly	chat'-ter
breeze	bun'-dle	car'-ried	cell	cheese
breez'-y	bur'-row	car'-ries	cer'-tain	cher'-ubs
bring'-ing	burst	car'-ry	cer'-tain-ly	chick
broth	But'-ler	car'-ry-ing	chaf'-finch	chick'-ens
11.	12.	13.	14.	15.
chief'-ly	climb	comb	cov'-ered	cu'-ri-ous
chilled	climbed	com'-fort	cow'-ard	curl'-ing
chim'-ney	clock	com'-ing	cow'-ard-ly	curved
choice	clothed	com'-mon	crea'-ture	cut'-ting
choked	clothes	com-pared'	croaked	dai'-ly
cin'-der	cloud	com-plain'	crowd'-ed	dain'-ties
civ'-il	clucked	con-sists'	cru'-el	dain'-ty
clapped	clump	cor'-al	crumb	dai'-sies
claws	clum'-sy	coun'-try	cud'-dle	dai'-sy
clev'-er	col'-or	course	cup'-board	dam'-age

16.	17.	18.	19.	20.
dan'-ger	dirt'-y	down'-right	dwell	Ed'-ward
dar'-ling	dis'-tance	doz'-en	dy'-ing	eight
daugh'-ter	dis-turb'	doze	ea'-ger	eld'-er
de-gree'	dodge	doz'-ing	ea'-gle	em-ploy'
de-light'-ful	dog-gie	dressed	ear'-ly	emp'-ties
de-serves'	don'-key	dress'-es	earn'-ing	emp'-ty
de-spair'	Dork'-ing	drill'-ing	eas'-i-ly	en-a'-ble
di'-a-mond	Dorm'-er	drop	eaves	Eng'-land
dif'-fer-ent	doubt	dropped	ech'-oed	e-nough'
di-rec'-tion	dough	dunce	edge	e'-ven-ing
21.	22.	23.	24.	25.
ev'-er-y-thing	farm'-er	fierc'-est	fol'-ly	Fri'-day
ev'-er-y-where	far'-ther	fin'-ished	fool'-ish	friend
ex-cept'	fault [ite	flap'-ping	fore'-head	friend'-ly
ex-cept'-ing	fa'-vor-	flar'-ing	for'-est	friends
ex-press'	feast	fledged	for-got'	friend'-ship
eyes	feast'-ing	fly'-ing	for-got'-ten	fright'-ened
faint'-ly	feath'-ers	foes	fork	frog'-gies
fair'-ies	fel'-low	folk	for'-tune	frog'-gy
false	fields	fol'-lowed	for'-ward	fun'-ny
fam'-i-ly	fierce	fol'-low-ing	Free'-man	fur'-ther
26.	27.	28.	29.	30.
gar'-den	goose	hap'-pened	hearth'-rug	hop'-ping
gen'-er-al	gos'-lings	har'-bor	heav'-y	how-ev'-er
gen'-tle	gra'-vy	hard'-bake	hedge	howl'-ing
gen'-tly	greed'-y	hard'-ly	helm'-et	hun'-dred
get	green'-house	Har'-ry	hoarse	hun'-gry
get'-ting	groaned	hawk	hole	Hunt'-er
globe	grum'-bled	head	hol'-i-day	hunt'-ing
gnaw	hair'-y	heart	hon'-est	hurt'-ing
gnaw'-ing	hap'-pi-ly	heart'-i-ly	hon'-ey	i-de'-a
gold'-en	hap'-py	heart'-y	hopped	im-prov'-ing
31.		32.		33.
in'-sect	ket'-tle	knife	laughed	lead'-en
in'-stant	kissed	knew	lau-rels	learn
Jan'-et	kitch'-en	known	laugh'-ing	learned
jew'-els	Kit'-ty	lamb	lawn	learn'-ing
jol'-ly	kneel	lan'-tern	lay'er	les'-son

34.	35.	36.	37.	38.
let'-ters	ly'-ing	might'-y	mouths	night'-in-
lies	Ma'-bel	mill'-ions	moon	no'-bly [gale
limp'-ing	mad'-am	mill'-stones	moss'-y	no'-bod-y
lis'-ten	maid'-en	min'-utes	mound	no'-ticed
Lon'-don	mar'-bles	missed	mud	nurse
look'-ing-	marsh'-y	mis'-tress	mud'-dy	nurs'-er-y
loose [glass	mead'-ow	moaned	mur'-mur	o-bey'
low'-est	meant	mock'-er	neigh'-bors	of'-fice
luck'-i-ly	med'-dled	mock'-ing	nei'-ther	o'-pened
luck'-y	mer'-maids	mon'-ey	Nel'-lie	ought
Lu'-cy	mid'-dle	mon'-ster	niece	pad'-dle
39.	40.	41.	42.	43.
pal'-ace	perched	pock'-et	pret'-ti-er	quar'-rel
par'-ents	per'-fect	pol'-ish-ed	pret'-ti-est	quar'-relled
par'-rot	pi-a'-no	pool	pret'-ty	quay
pat'-ted	pick'-ing	popped	pre-vents'	queen
paws	pic'-nic	pop'-ping	prin'-ces	quick'-ly
pearl	pic'-ture	post'-man	prin'-cess	qui'-et
pearl'-y	piec'-es	poured	proud	quits
peck'-ing	play'-ground	prayers	pull'-ing	rab'-bit
peeped	pleas'-ant	pres'-ent	pump'-kin	read'-y
peo'-ple	plough	pre-tend'-ing	purse	re'-al-ly
44.	45.	46.	47.	48.
reared	robbed	run'-ning	scorns	shade
rear'-ing	rob'-in	rushed	scratched	shad'-y
red'-breast	rogues	safe'-ly	scratch'-ing	shep'-herd-
red'-dish	rolled	sail'-ing	searched	shines [ess
reeds	roll'-ing	Sat'-ur-day	sec'-ond	should'n't
re-marked'	romp'-ing	sau'-cer	serv'-ice	shut'-ter
re-plied'	rough	scald'-ed	set'-tled	sight
re-plies'	rubbed	scar'-let	sev'-enth	sign
rest	rub'-bish	scent	sev'-er-al	si'-lence
re-venge'	rule	scis'-sors	shal'-low	sil'-ly
49.		50.		51.
sim'-ple	sky'-lark	snapped	spar'-kle	squall'-ing
sipped	smear'd	sob'-bing	spar'-row	squeak'-ing
sit'-ting	smelt	sol'-diers	spite	squeez'-ing
skies	smiled	some'-times	splashed	squire
sky	smil'-ing	sor'-row-ful	spright'-ly	stalks

52.	53.	54.	55.	56.
star'-ry	stored	sup-pose'	tan'-gle	thought'-ful
stead'-y	streets	sure	taught	thous'-and
steam'-ers	stretch'-es	sur'-face	tem'-pers	three-cor'-nered
stee'-ple	strive	sur-prise'	ten'-der	threshed
stern	stud'-y	Su'-san	ter'-ri-ble	threw
stick'-ing	stum'-bled	swal'-lowed	thief	thrush
stile	stu'pid	swal'-lows	thieves	tim'-id
stirred	sty	sword	thorns	Ti'-ny
stol'-en	sun'-beams	tad'-poles	though	tired
stop	Sun'-days	talk	through	toad'-ie
stopped	sup'-per	talk'-ing	thought	To'-by

57.	58.	59.	60.	61.
toes	tur'-keys	va'-ry	wast'-ed	whence
to-geth'-er	tusks	ven'-tured	watched	wheth'-er
tongue	twen'-ty	vis'-it	watch'-ing	whirled
Tow'-ser	ug'-ly	voice	weak	whisk'-ers
treas'-ure	un'-cle	voi'-ces	weath'-er	whis'-per
trick	un-der-stand'	waists	weeds	Whi'-tey
trump'-et	un-hap'-py	walked	weed'-y	whole
trunk	un-kind'-ness	walk'-ing	weighs	wick'-ed
try'-ing	un-ti'-dy	wa'-ter	wel'-come	Wil'-lie
Tuck'-er	un-til'	wa'-ters	what-ev'-er	win'-dow

62.	63.
winked	won'-der
win'-ter	won'-der-ful
wisp	won'-drous
witch	wood'-bine
wolves	wood'-en
	wool
	wool'-en
	worm
	worse
	worst
	would'n't
	wov'-en
	wren
	yawn
	yel'-low

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