# BARNES'

# NEW NATIONAL READERS

NUMBER 3

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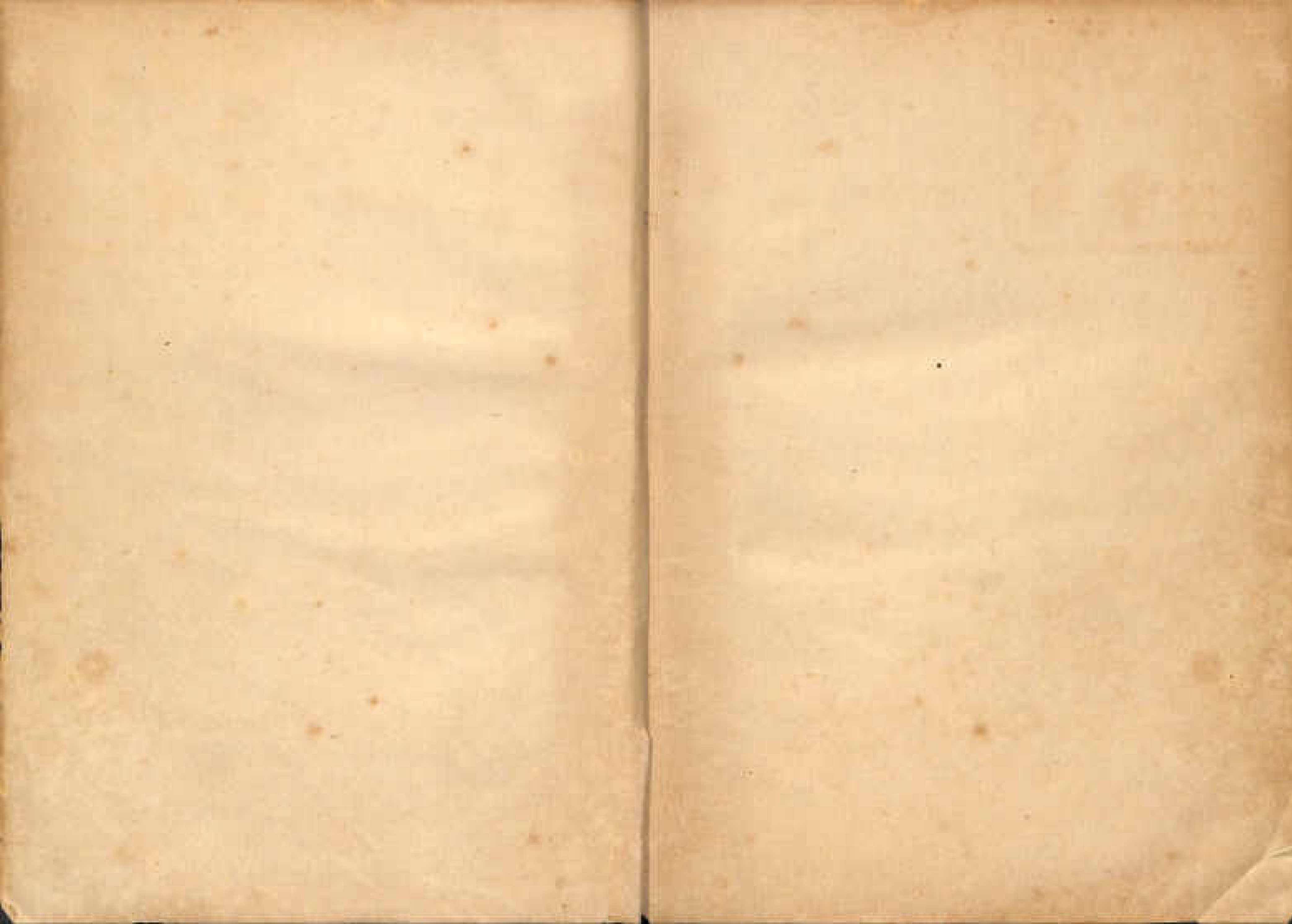

# BARNES'

# NEW NATIONAL THIRD READER

See "How the Wind Blows!" p. 59.

BARNES' NEW NATIONAL READERS.

# NEW NATIONAL THIRD READER.

A. S. BARNES & COMPANY,
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# PREFACE

Teachers and School Officers are requested to examine the following features of this book, viz.:—

***The conversational character*** of a large portion of the reading matter, which serves to cultivate an easy and natural style of reading.

***The subject matter of the reading lessons,*** containing, as they do, the largest possible amount of information consistent with maintaining a proper degree of interest. Even fairy tales have been used to "point a moral."

***The careful gradation*** secured by introducing only an average of fourteen "new words" in each lesson, and those of a kind well suited to the pupils' immature age and imperfect understanding.

***The illustrations***—the productions of some of the best American artists and engravers—the finest and most artistic ever used in a school-book.

***The beautiful script,*** never before equalled in any school-book, of a size suited to correspondence and general school work.

***The new type,*** made expressly for this book, furnishing a clear, open page—a most important element in preserving the eyesight of young children.

***The Language Lessons,*** at once numerous and comprehensive. They serve—

1. To develop the perceptive faculties of pupils by stimulating investigation—the prelude to all accurate knowledge.
2. To cultivate oral expression in giving the result of such investigation.
3. To cultivate the habit of giving written, as well as oral, expression to thought.
4. To secure complete and connected statements, instead of the rambling modes of expression so common among young pupils.
5. To show the pupil that certain word-forms are necessary before he uses them.
6. To lead the pupil, step by step, through the intricate changes of English word-forms, without attempting to teach him the technical terms of grammar.
7. To enable the pupil to give the substance of a lesson without entering into tedious and unimportant details.
8. To cultivate ease in writing, either with pen or pencil, and incidentally to teach the use of capital letters, punctuation marks, etc.

***Articulation Exercises,*** distributed throughout the book, where they will be used, and not at the beginning, where they are less convenient.

***Maxims for Memorizing*** are included in the text, that clear-cut, well-defined expressions of homely truths may be learned at an early age, and aid in the formation of character.

***Words defined,*** at end of book.

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

As the pupil's success in nearly all other branches depends upon the ease and rapidity with which he is able to gather thought from the printed page, it follows that reading is the most important school exercise.

To enable young teachers to secure good results in this branch of school work, the following suggestions are offered.

In conducting reading classes, never permit a pupil to lounge. Insist upon his standing erect, in an easy and graceful position.

Never be satisfied with any thing short of a clear, distinct articulation.

Do not expect a pupil to read a piece understandingly till he has mastered the meaning of the new words.

Never allow a pupil to read words, the meaning of which he does not comprehend.

Do not permit a pupil to read in a listless, dreary monotone, but with the same variety of expression as in conversation.

Do not omit the poetry. It is no more difficult to read than prose, and far more beautiful.



Show pupils what sounds the diacritical marks represent, that they may be able to pronounce new words without assistance.

Have pupils write out, syllabify, and accent all new words at the heads of lessons.

Remember that example and practice are better than precept and rule.

LANGUAGE LESSONS.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

Do not omit the exercises at the end of each lesson. They will amply repay you for the time and labor spent upon them.

They contain the development of all the important parts of speech. The necessity for their use is shown, and likewise the changes in their declension and comparison.

Remember that pupils can not apply word-forms understandingly until they see the necessity for their use.

Call attention to the terminational changes—such as dropping the final *e*, doubling the final consonant, etc. They aid the pupil greatly in learning to spell accurately.

Have the exercises written in a neat and legible handwriting. Refuse to accept or look over any hasty or ill-written work. Your task will be easier in the end.

See that pupils use capital letters and punctuation marks properly in every exercise.

In correcting these exercises in the class-room, let pupils exchange papers or slates, so that they

may compare their work with that of others. It serves to encourage those who have done well and to stimulate the others to do better.

Finally, go over the exercises yourself on the blackboard, performing the work indicated, and permit pupils to compare and correct their work by examining yours.

Practice pupils in changing the forms of sentences to secure variety of expression (see p. 42).

Procure simple pictures, like that on page 191, for pupils to examine and write stories about. This stimulates them to draw on their imagination in giving reasons for what they see.

In this way, composition becomes less difficult, and soon the child will begin to originate mind-pictures of its own.

Read short, interesting stories to pupils, and have them reproduce the important features from memory. It is an admirable exercise.

Take some simple subjects and make analyses, like those given in this book, on the blackboard.

Ask questions about each part, securing answers from pupils.

Unite these answers and combine them into paragraphs.

Arrange the paragraphs in logical order.

Stimulate pupils to investigate for themselves, and then to write the results.

Remember that

"True ease in writing comes from art, not chance."

# DEFINITIONS

***Punctuation Marks*** are points used in writing or printing, to make the meaning of what we read plain to us.

***The Marks of Punctuation*** are the ***Comma*** (,), ***Semicolon*** (;), ***Colon*** (:), ***Period*** (.), ***Interrogation Point*** (?), ***Exclamation Point*** (!), and ***Dash*** (—).

***The Comma, Semicolon,*** and ***Colon*** are used to divide long statements into smaller parts, so that they may be read more easily.

***Example.***—Some things we can do, and others we can not: we can walk, indeed; but we can not fly.

***The Period*** is used at the end of a statement, a command, or an abbreviation.

***Examples.***—Mr. Smith has a fine house.
Go directly home.

***The Interrogation Point*** is used at the end of a question.

***Example.***—Where did you go?

***The Exclamation Point*** is used at the end of an exclamation.

***Example.***—O! How fast he runs!

***The Dash*** is used to show a sudden change in the thought.

***Example.***—He did not know—how could he know?—that his father was dead.

***Other Marks*** used in writing and printing are the ***Apostrophe*** ('), ***Hyphen*** (-), ***Quotation Marks*** (" "), and ***Parenthesis*** ( ).

***The Apostrophe*** shows that one letter or more is omitted from a word. It also indicates ownership.

*Examples.*—O'er for over. 'Twas for it was.
The man's hat.

***The Hyphen*** is used to unite two words in one.

*Examples.*—School-house. Book-case.

***The Quotation Marks*** are used to show another's words.

*Example.*—John said, "Let us play hide-and-seek."

***The Parenthesis*** is used to enclose words intended for explanation or reference.

*Examples.*—Roy (that was the boy's name) said he would go.
In the Third Reader (p. 49) you will find a pretty story.

***Accent*** is the pronouncing of one syllable of a word more forcibly than the rest.

***Emphasis*** is the pronouncing of one or more words in a sentence more forcibly than the others.

***Articulation*** consists in giving to every letter its correct sound.

# Third Reader

## LESSON I.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| lāin | rāised | lōne'ly̆ | sẽr'vants |
| slēep | tī'gers | lōad'ĕd | trăv'el ing |
| mōōn | Ĭn'dĭ a | mĭd'dle | gĕn'tle man |

### UNCLE GEORGE'S TIGER STORY.

"Now, Uncle George," said Milly, "we are ready to hear the story you were to tell us."

"Well, children, sit down and I will tell you a story about a tiger.

"A lady and a gentleman, with their baby, a little boy, were traveling through a lonely part of India.

"One night they had to sleep near a thick wood, and the lady, after kissing her baby, put him into a swinging cot.

"In the middle of the night she started up and cried out—'O my baby! My baby! Where is my baby?'

"They looked into the cot, but the baby was not there!

"You can think how great was their fear. They ran out of the tent, and saw, by the light of the moon, a great animal moving off toward the wood with something white in its mouth.

"They woke the servants, and taking their loaded guns, went into the wood.

"They went as fast as they could, yet making very little noise, for fear the animal, which was a tiger, would hear them and run far away into the wood.

"Soon they saw through the trees that the tiger had lain down, and was playing with the baby just as a cat plays with a mouse before she kills it.

"O how sad the poor mother felt! How she cried to the men to save her child!

"What could the father and the servants do!

"Just then one of the men raised his gun to fire at the tiger.

"The lady seeing him, cried out, 'O



you will kill my child! You will kill my child!'

"But the man fired, and the tiger jumping up, gave a loud cry and fell down, shot dead.

"Then they all ran forward, and there was the baby quite safe and smiling, as if he were not at all frightened."

"O uncle, what a strange story! And did the baby really live?"

"Yes. The lady was very ill of fright, but the baby was not hurt at all. I have often seen him since then."

"O have you, really, seen a baby that has been in a tiger's mouth?"

"Yes, I have; and you have seen him, too."

"We, uncle? When did we see him?"

"You can see him now."

The children looked all around the room, and then back at Uncle George. Something in his eyes made Milly say, "Uncle, could it have been you?"

"Yes," said Uncle George, "I was that very baby."

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils give answers, oral or written, in complete sentences.*

Where were the lady and gentleman traveling?
What took place in the middle of the night?
When they saw the tiger, what did they do?
Why did the lady fear to have the tiger shot?

*Let pupils write the following statements.*

The tiger is a large animal.
He looks very much like a cat.
He has sharp teeth and claws.
Tigers are flesh-eating animals.
They do not eat hay, grass, or fruit.



## LESSON II.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| dĕaf | nŏne | ĕar′ly | hēar′ing |
| pāin | bōwl | hĕalth | strĕngth |
| fault | blīnd | sleighs | blĕss′ing |

### IT'S VERY HARD.

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but bread and milk, when other boys have nice food," said James, as he sat with his bowl before him.

"It's very hard to have to get up so early on these cold mornings, and work hard when other boys have nothing to do.

"It's very hard to walk through the snow, while other boys go in sleighs."

"It's a great blessing," said his mother, as she sat near him at work—"it's a great blessing to have food, when so many have none, and to have a roof over our heads, when so many have to sleep on the cold ground.

"It's a great blessing to have sight and hearing, and to have health and strength to work, when so many are blind, and deaf, and in pain."

"Why, mother, you seem to think nothing is hard," said James.

"No, James, there is one thing that I think very hard."

"What is that?" said James, who thought that at last his mother had found something to find fault about.

"Why, my boy, I think that heart is very hard that is not thankful for so many blessings."

Language Lesson.—*Let pupils write the words for which the following contractions stand.*

**Model.**—*It's* stands for *it is.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| I'm | isn't | 'twas | don't |
| I've | can't | won't | you'll |



## LESSON III.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| spŭn | dançed | därt'ĕd | flăpped |
| scarçe | slĕn'der | çir'cleş | shīn'ing |
| flit'tĕd | straight | glançed | vĕnt'ūre |

### THE SHINING WEB.

A hungry spider made a web
Of thread so very fine,
Your tiny fingers scarce could feel
The little slender line.
Round about and round about,
And round about it spun;
Straight across and back again,
Until the web was done.

O what a pretty, shining web
It was when it was done!
The little flies all came to see
It hanging in the sun.
Round about and round about,
And round about they danced;
Across the web and back again,
They darted and they glanced.

The hungry spider sat and watched
The happy little flies;
It saw all round about its head—
It had so many eyes.
Round about and round about,
And round about they go;
Across the web and back again,
Now high again, now low.

"I am hungry, very hungry,"
Said the spider to the fly;
"If you would come into my house,
We'd eat some, you and I."
But round about and round about,
And round about once more;
Across the web and back again,
They flitted as before.

For all the flies were much too wise
To venture near the spider;
They flapped their little wings and flew
In circles rather wider.
Round about and round about,
And round about went they;
Across the web and back again,
And then they flew away.



LESSON IV.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| săt | nēat | guĕss | vĭs'it |
| raw | lo͞ose | swēep | grāin |
| mĕt | hŭsh | grăn'a ry̆ | bought |
| fo͝ot | ro͞ots | | dâr'ing |
| | | | a greed' |

snătched (snăcht) păn'try brēathe

## THE HOUSE-MOUSE AND THE WOOD-MOUSE.

A house-mouse once made a visit to a wood-mouse. The wood-mouse made her house, which was at the foot of a

spruce-tree, look as nice as she could, and took home some roots and buds for dinner.

Of course, one must seem to like what is set before him at such a time, and so the house-mouse tried to eat; but it was hard work, and, to do her best, she couldn't eat so much as at other times.

After dinner, the wood-mouse agreed to visit the house-mouse the next day.

The house-mouse lived in a granary, and had corn, and wheat, and bits of bread and cake for dinner.

The wood-mouse had never seen such a dinner before, and asked the house-mouse where she found such nice things.

Then the house-mouse told her about the pantry where so many of these things were kept, and how easy it was to get into it. But just as they were saying how much better it was to live there than in the wood, they heard some one coming over the straw.

"Hush, hush! There comes the old cat," said the house-mouse.



So they sat still, hardly daring to breathe; but before they knew it, the old cat was standing right over them.

"Who are you, here in my master's granary?" said the cat.

"Only two little mice," said the house-mouse.

"What are you doing here?"

"Only having a little dinner."

"Eating up all my grain!"

"O no! We have only taken a very little that was lying loose."

"Well, I will take you, now."

"O no! Don't take us," said the house-mouse, "and I'll tell you a story."

"Let me hear it," said the old cat.

"Once there was a little bird——"

"Well, what did he do?"

"He was going to sweep the floor——"

"Then he was very neat——"

"And he found a cent."

"Then he wasn't poor."

"So he bought a tiny piece of meat."

"Then he had enough to eat."

"He put it on the stove to cook."

"Then he didn't eat it raw."

"He laid it in the door-way to cool."

"Then he didn't mean to get burned."

"But a dog came and snatched it."

"And so shall I snatch you," said the old cat.

But the wood-mouse ran quickly away, and did not stop until she was safe under the roots of the spruce-tree.

She was so frightened, that she did not go out again until she was so hungry and weak that she could hardly walk.

She made up her mind never to visit the house-mouse again.

And what became of the house-mouse? That is for you to guess.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils tell what they think became of the house-mouse.*

*Let pupils write the following statements.*

Wheat and corn are kinds of grain.
The farmer keeps his grain in a granary.
Wheat bread and corn bread are used for food.

MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

"Each content in his place should dwell,
And envy not his brother."



## LESSON V.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| cȧw | crōws | Mr. = | Mĭs'ter |
| wêar | threw | hĕav'y̆ | in dēed' |
| sēats | (thru) | clōthes | flow'ers |
| quī'ĕt | taught | bŭn'dle | Tŏm'my̆ |

### TOMMY AND THE CROWS.

PART I.

"I will not go to school," said Tommy. "I will stay out in the fields to-day, and enjoy myself."

So he lay down on the soft, green grass, under a tree, and threw his books and slate on the ground by his side.

It was the first day of May. The sun was shining and the air was fresh and sweet, as it always is in the spring, and the songs of birds were heard on every side.

"I will not go to school," said Tommy again. "I do not like books and slates so well as green fields and May flowers; and this grass is very much softer than our seats in the school-house."

Just as he said this he looked up into the tree, and saw two old crows sitting there, and close by them a nest, very much like a bundle of sticks.

"Here's a pretty dunce!" said one of the crows. "He says he won't go to school." And the birds began to say "Caw, caw," as if they were laughing at Tommy.

"What! You do not like to work?" said the crow again. "O you idle boy! You are worse than a bird! Do you think I am idle? Look at my nest. What do you think of it, sir?"

"I dare say it is a very nice one, Mr. Crow," said Tommy, "but I should not like to live in it."

"That is because you are only a boy, and not so wise as a crow," said his new friend; and the other crow cried "Caw, caw, caw!" as if it thought so, too.

"Do you know why a crow is wiser than a silly boy?" asked the crow, putting its head on one side, and looking at Tommy with its bright, black eye.



"No," said Tommy, "I thought boys were wiser than crows."

"You thought," said the crow. "Very little you know about it!

"Tell me—can you build a house?"

"No," said Tommy, "but when I am a man I shall know how."

"And why can't you do it now?" said the crow, turning his head to the other side, and looking at Tommy with the other eye.

"Why, I have not learned how to build one," said the little boy.

"Ho, ho!" said the crow, flapping his wings and hopping round and round. "He must learn how to build a house! Here's a pretty boy! Here's a wise boy!"

Then the crows flapped their wings, and cried "Caw, caw, caw!" louder than before.

"No one taught me to build my house," said the crow, when they were quiet again. "I knew how to do it at once. Look at it—what a nice house it is!

"I brought all the sticks it is made of myself. I flew through the air with them in my mouth. Some of them were very heavy, but I do not mind hard work. I am not like a little boy that I know."

"But there are other things in the world besides houses," said Tommy.



"Yes, indeed," said the crow, "I was just thinking so. You want clothes as well as a house."

"That I do," said Tommy, "and new ones very often. But you birds can't wear clothes."

"Who told you that?" said the crow in a sharp tone. "Look at my black coat, if you please, and tell me if you ever saw a finer one. Could you make yourself such a coat?"

"No," said Tommy, "but I can learn."

"Yes, yes, you can learn; but that is the way with you silly boys—you must learn every-thing, and yet you are too idle to set about it."

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils fill the blanks in the following* ***statements*** *with the words* ***black, blue,*** *and* ***green.***

Tommy lay down on the —— grass.
He looked up into the —— sky.
He saw a —— crow on a tree.

*Let pupils write four* ***statements*** *and use one of the following words in each of them—****black, white, blue,*** *and* ***green.***

"And why can't you do it now?" said the crow, turning his head to the other side, and looking at Tommy with the other eye.

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*Let pupils write four* **statements** *and use one of the following words in each of them*—**black, white, blue,** *and* **green.**

## LESSON VI.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| rude | bough | ruf'fled | grave'ly |
| trick | clev'er | perched | dreamed |
| stones | be yond' | twen'ty | flut'tered |

### TOMMY AND THE CROWS.

#### PART II.

Tommy felt that the crow had the best of it.

"Dear me," he said to himself, "I never thought crows were so wise and clever."

"You may well say that," said the crow, coming down to a bough a little nearer Tommy. "You may well say that, Master Tom; but there is more for you to learn yet. How about your food? Who gives you food?"

"Why, mother does," said Tommy.

"You are a baby, then."

"No, indeed, I am not," said Tommy, "and I will throw a stone at you if you say I am."

"Boys should never throw stones," said the crow, very gravely. "We



never throw stones. It is a very rude trick. I only asked if you were a baby, because, when a crow can go alone, he finds his own food."

"I shall do that when I am grown up," said Tommy. "I shall learn how."

"Dear me," said the crow, "you have a great deal to learn before you will be as wise as a crow."

"That is very true," said Tommy, hanging his head; "but there is plenty of time."

"I am not so sure of that," said the crow. "You are as big as twenty crows. A pretty fellow, to come here and lie on the grass all day, when you are such a dunce! Go to school, lazy Tom! Go to school! Go to school!"

Many other crows had by this time found their way to the tree, and they all took up the cry, and made such a noise that Tommy picked up his books to throw at them; but they all flew to the highest branches, where they perched and cried "Caw, caw, caw!" till poor Tommy could bear it no longer.

He put his hands over his ears and ran off to school as fast as he could. He was just in time, and learned his lessons well. His teacher said he was a good boy, and Tommy went home quite happy.

As he passed by the tree under which he had been sitting in the morning, he saw the old crow perched on one of the branches, looking very grave.

"Come, come," said Tommy; "don't be cross, my old friend. I was going to throw my books at you this morning, because I was cross myself. You have taught me a good lesson, and we must be friends."

But the crow looked as if he had never said a word in his life, and had never seen Tommy before. He ruffled up his black feathers, fluttered his wings, and then flew slowly across the fields to join some friends in the woods beyond.

Tommy watched him until he was lost among the trees, and then went home and told his mother all about his



talk with the crow; but she said birds did not talk, and that he must have gone to sleep while lying under the tree and dreamed it.

Tommy does not think so; and now, whenever he feels lazy, he says to himself, "Come, come, Master Tommy, you must work hard; for you are not yet so wise as an old black crow."

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils fill the blanks in the following* **statements** *with the words* **large** *and* **small.**

A tiger is a —— animal.
A mouse is a —— animal.

*Let pupils write two* **statements,** *using the word* **large** *in one and the word* **small** *in the other.*

SLATE EXERCISE.

*Let pupils copy the following names of the days of the week.*

Sun'day

Mon'day Thurs'day

Tues'day Fri'day

Wednes'day Sat'ur'day

## LESSON VII.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ĕld′er | sēized | ȧn′gry | wọm′ȧn |
| swĕpt | brōōm | quạr′rĕl | nō′whêre |

### THE LITTLE KITTENS.

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel, and then to fight;
One had a mouse, the other had none,
And that was the way the quarrel begun.

"I'll have that mouse," said the bigger cat.
"You'll have that mouse? We'll see about
that."



"I will have that mouse," said the elder son.
"You won't have that mouse!" said the
little one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When these two little kittens began to fight;
The old woman seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens right out of the
room.

The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to
go;
So they laid them down on the mat at the
door,
While the angry old woman was sweeping
the floor.

And then they crept in as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow, and as cold as ice;
For they found it was better, that stormy
night,
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and
fight.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils write four statements, using only such words as occur in the third stanza.*

*Let pupils write the following words, omitting the last letter in each, and adding* **ing.**

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| use | like | give | come | make |
| lose | bite | have | drive | write |

## LESSON VIII.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ŭg'ly̆ | rŭshed | knŏcked | scrēamed |
| Pär'is | sŭd'den | coun'try̆ | nŭm'bers |
| strŭck | pŭz'zled | per fôrm' | scrătched |
| peo'ple | pĕn'nies | hŭn'dred | hănd'-ôr'gan |

JACK AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

Nearly every child has seen or read something about monkeys.



In this country you sometimes see them picking up pennies for the man who has the hand-organ, or in the parks of some of our large cities.

In some countries, monkeys live in the woods like other wild animals, and may be seen jumping from tree to tree, as squirrels do here.

They are easily caught, and soon become tame. They are sent to us in ships, and large numbers of them are kept in cages.

Children always enjoy watching them at their play, and, indeed, these little animals seem glad to have people visit them.

Some of them are taught to perform many clever tricks, such as beating drums, riding on ponies, and loading and firing a gun.

When people stand around their cages, laughing at their pranks, they seem to enjoy it; for the more they are laughed at, the more funny things they try to do.

In one of the large parks of Paris,

there is a cage in which there are sometimes as many as a hundred monkeys. Of course, where there are so many, the cage must be very large, so that there may be plenty of room for them to run about.

One day, while many people were standing about this cage, watching the monkeys at play, a gentleman gave a small looking-glass to one of them, whose name was Jack.

This was a new thing to Jack. He turned it over and over in his hands, and soon saw what he thought was another monkey looking at him; but it was really his own face which he saw in the glass.

Jack did not know that it was his own face, and, as he did not like the looks of the other monkey, he struck at him and knocked the glass out of his hand.

As the glass fell, several of the other monkeys jumped to get it; but Jack was too quick for them, and seizing the glass, he climbed up to the top of the



cage with it, while the other monkeys rushed after him, chattering their monkey talk.

Soon Jack looked at the glass again, and saw the same monkey face as before.

Now he began to grow very angry, and made another dash at the monkey that he thought was behind the glass; and, as he did not catch him, he began to look about to see what had become of him.

Jack was puzzled, and he seemed to say, "I wonder where that ugly monkey is! I'll catch him yet if he doesn't keep away from me!"

Then he took another look at the glass, and, sure enough, there was that same ugly monkey looking at him again!

Jack kept very still for a moment, watching the face in the glass, and chattering as much as to say, "I'll catch you now, old fellow!"

Seeing the other monkey move his mouth, as if he was chattering too, Jack

became so angry that he jumped up and down, and fairly screamed as he made another sudden grasp to catch the monkey; but, of course, he did not catch him.

The people standing about the cage had a great laugh at Jack, who looked more puzzled than ever, and seemed to say, as he scratched his head, "I wonder where that monkey went to!"

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils select and write, from Lesson V., a* ***statement, question, command,*** *and* ***exclamation,*** *like the following.*

***Statement.*** Jack took the looking-glass.
***Question.*** Did Jack take the looking-glass?
***Command.*** Jack, bring me the looking-glass.
***Exclamation.*** How funny Jack looked!

ARTICULATION EXERCISE.

*Drill pupils carefully in pronouncing the* ***d*** *in the following words.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| hid | staid | kissed | rated |
| had | lived | looked | threaded |
| blind | longed | jumped | wounded |

MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

"Never put off till to-morrow that which you can do to-day."



## LESSON IX.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ȧ hĕad' | tŭm'bled | re pēat'ĕd | ạl though' |
| nēith'er | mĭn'utes (mĭn'ĭts) | quĕs'tions (quĕst'yŭns) | stŭm'bling |
| wĭck'ĕd | | | ȧs tŏn'ished |
| be līeve' | | | |
| chŏpped | | | |

ANDY AND THE WORM.

One day Andy was at work in his little garden, when he spied a big worm.

Now worms are not pleasant-looking things. I do not think that any one would like one for a pet, and, although I've tried very hard, I can not say that I really like them myself; but I am not afraid of them, and neither, I am glad to say, was Andy.

He did not run away as fast as he could, stumbling over all sorts of things until he reached the house, nor did he dance up and down, screaming "O, O, O!" when this worm came out of the ground. Not a bit of it.

He sat quietly down on an overturned flower-pot, and looked at the worm for at least two minutes, and the worm raised its head a little and looked at him.

At last Andy said, "You are not very pretty."

"I am not," answered the worm.

"You can not dance, either," said Andy.

"I can not," said the worm.

"Nor sing," said Andy.

"Nor sing," repeated the worm.



"You do not know your letters, even," said Andy.

"I do not," said the worm.

"Butterflies can fly," said Andy.

"They can," said the worm.

"Bees hum," said Andy.

"They do," said the worm.

"You can not do any thing," said Andy.

"I can," said the worm, so loudly (for a worm) that Andy tumbled off the flower-pot, he was so very much astonished.

But quickly picking himself up, he sat down again and asked, "What is it you can do?"

"Something that bees, birds, and even boys can not do," answered the worm.

"Let us see what it is," said Andy.

"Take your little spade and chop me in two," said the worm.

"O no," said Andy. "That would be wicked."

"Well, never do it unless a worm asks you to," said the worm; "then it

is all right. Now I am ready. Go ahead."

"Are you sure you are in earnest?" asked Andy.

"Quite sure," answered the worm.

"And would it not hurt you?" asked Andy.

"Do not ask so many questions. Do as I tell you," said the worm.

"Why?" said Andy. But seeing that the worm was turning away from him, he seized his little spade and chopped it in two; and lo! and behold! one half crept one way, and one half the other.

"Well, sure enough," said Andy, "I do not believe I could do that. Good-by, Mr. Worm—I mean two Mr. Worms."

"Good-by," said the head, and "Good-by," said the tail. And they both crept under the ground, and left Andy to ask "Why?" until this very day.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils double the last letter in each of the following words, and add* **ing.**

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| sit | hit | cut | flap | step | hum |
| let | pat | run | hop | spin | swim |



*Let pupils copy these names of the months, and commit them to memory.*

| | |
|---|---|
| January | July |
| February | August |
| March | September |
| April | October |
| May | November |
| June | December |

MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

"There isn't a thing beneath our feet,
But teaches some lesson short and sweet."

## LESSON X.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| tints | lawns | frown | whirl |
| lance | dawns | swift'ly | dew'-drops |

### THIS IS THE WAY.

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

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

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

This is the way the birdie sings:
Little birdies in the nest,
You I surely love the best;
Over you I fold my wings—
This is the way the birdie sings.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils write three* ***statements,*** *using words from the above lesson.*

*Let pupils commit to memory the first two stanzas of the above poem.*

ARTICULATION EXERCISE.

*Drill pupils carefully in pronouncing the* ***wh*** *in the following words.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| what | whirl | wheat | whistle |
| when | white | which | whether |



## LESSON XI.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| draw | sil'ver | Peg'gy | hăm'mer |
| wand | col'lar | Bŏb'by | Scrŭb'by |
| shōne | mä'am | bŭck'le | sûr prīse' |
| lĭn'ĕn | wăg'on | tēas'ing | nŏn'sĕnse |

## THE DOG-BOY AND THE BOY-DOG.

PART I.

"Bobby," said Aunt Peggy, "I wish you would stop teasing that dog."

Bobby was sitting on the rug in front of the fire, playing with Scrubby, his dog.

"Aunty, I am not teasing him," said Bobby, turning around and looking up into Aunt Peggy's face with a look of surprise. "I'm playing with him."

"Go and get him a bone or a bowl of milk," said his aunt. "The poor fellow is hungry."

"By and by," said Bobby. "I can't always be running to wait on a dog."

"What a noise you are making! What are you doing now?" said Aunt Peggy.

"I'm making a little wagon, and

Andy and I are going to fill it with big stones and make Scrubby draw it up from the brook. Won't that be fun?"

"Nonsense!" said Aunt Peggy. "A little dog like that draw a wagon of stones! I won't let you do any thing of the kind!"

"Aunty, it doesn't hurt him!" cried out Bobby. "Dogs are not like boys."

"I hope not," said Aunt Peggy.

"No, but I mean things don't hurt them; they like it," cried Bobby.

"Do they?" said Aunt Peggy. "I should like to have you turned into a dog for a day or two, just to let you try it. Now be quiet, and let me read."

Bobby put down his hammer and said, "I wish Aunt Peggy would let me do as I please," and then climbed up into his father's big arm-chair.

There he sat watching the fire burning brightly, while Aunt Peggy went on with her reading.

Soon it seemed to Bobby that she left the chair in which she was sitting,

and a strange, little old woman, with a shining wand, sat in her place.

"Well, Bobby," said she, shaking her cap-strings, "here I am!"

Bobby did not know what answer to make, so he kept still.

"Do you know who I am?" asked she, walking into the middle of the rug, while her little red boots made a strange, tinkling noise on the floor.

"No, ma'am," said Bobby, "I do not."

"I am a fairy!" said she.

"O!" said Bobby; and he thought that fairies were not very pretty.

She walked toward him, and drew a circle around him that shone like silver. She then touched little Scrubby with her wand, and, wonderful to tell, his silver collar became white linen, the buckle changed to a neck-tie of black ribbon, and Bobby saw, in place of his dog, Scrubby, a little boy that looked like himself.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils fill blanks in the statements given below, using in each, one of the following words:* ***iron, woolen, wooden, silver.***

Bobby was making a —— wagon.
He used —— nails.
Scrubby had a —— collar.
There was a —— carpet on the floor.



LESSON XII.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| nāils | chill'y̆ | bush'ĕs | de sẽrve' |
| voiçe | in stĕad' | rōar'ing | shiv'er ing |
| cru'el | whined | yĕlp'ing | two'-legged |
| ȧ void' | pärched | limped | ȧf'ter wards |

## THE DOG-BOY AND THE BOY-DOG.

PART II.

Bobby was about to cry out with joy at seeing Scrubby turned into a boy, when the sound of his own voice became like a bark, his hands seemed covered with long black hair, and his nails had become long and sharp.

When he tried to jump up, he jumped down instead, and found that he had four legs in place of two.

Here was a pretty state of things. The fairy had turned him into a dog, and Scrubby into a boy!

He tried to ask what it all meant; but found that, instead of talking, he was barking very loud.

"Stop your noise!" said Scrubby, the boy, hitting him over the head with a stick.

"Don't hurt the poor dog," said a voice, which sounded like Aunt Peggy's.

"O it doesn't hurt him!" said the boy. "Dogs have no feelings!"

To avoid another shower of blows, Scrubby, or Bobby—whichever you may call him—crept away under the great arm-chair. He felt very hungry, and whined softly.

How the poor dog longed for a bone! How dry and parched his mouth was for a little water!

He came up to his master's side and scratched gently on his arm.

"Get out!" cried the dog-boy, and gave the boy-dog a good, hard kick.

The two-legged young animal, now on four legs, ran yelping out of the house into the garden.

Scrubby threw a big stone after him, and hit him on the leg.

Bobby yelped louder, and limped away to hide himself among the bushes.

"O how he squeals!" said Scrubby, roaring with laughter. "Isn't it fun! To-morrow, Andy and I will get an old



tin pan and tie it to his tail. He'll run fast enough then, I'm sure!"

"How can you be so cruel?" said his mother.

"It's only a dog," said Scrubby. "Dogs don't mind. They have no feelings like ours."

Bobby, hearing this, very wisely crept away among the bushes in the garden; but, as it grew chilly and damp toward night, his little body shook with the cold, and he ran to the door, whining to go in.

"What's that?" said a voice inside, and little Bobby, by standing on his hind legs, could just see the bright light shining out through the window.

How he longed to lie on the rug in front of the warm fire!

"I suppose it's Scrubby," answered the boy.

"Go and let him in, then."

"In a minute, mother."

But the minute passed by, and five more of them—and then half an hour, and still nobody let the poor, shivering

animal in. Scrubby never once thought of him again until he was snug in bed, when the boy-dog's whining cry reached his ears.

"Why, there's that dog! I quite forgot him. He must lie on the mat outside, and take as much comfort there as he can."

So the dog-boy curled himself up in bed and went to sleep.

While the boy-dog, feeling as though he was a snowball, curled himself down under the bushes, as the cold wind blew on him.

Suddenly, something that looked like very bright moonlight shot down through the branches, but it was only the wand of the fairy, who was putting aside the evergreen boughs, to get a better look at him.

"O," said the fairy, "how do you like being a dog?"

"O, I don't like being a dog," cried our little boy-dog. "Do, please, good fairy, turn me back into a little boy again!"



"Do you think you deserve it?" asked the fairy.

"No, fairy, I don't," said the shivering little animal.

"Nor I either," answered the fairy. "I have a great mind to keep you a dog for a few days longer."

Bobby began to whine bitterly, and all at once the evergreens, and the moonlight, and the fairy with her silver wand, were gone, and he was sitting upright in his father's easy-chair, while the whining was only little Scrubby pawing at his arm, as if to ask for something.

Bobby jumped up, felt to see if the silver collar was round his neck, looked at his hands, to make sure that they were not covered with long, black hair, and counted his legs—one, two, not four.

"O I'm a boy again! I'm a boy again!" cried Bobby.

"I'm sure no one would ever take you for any thing else as long as you make such a noise as that," said Aunt Peggy, while Bobby ran down stairs to

ask the cook for a plate of bones for poor Scrubby.

Bobby's father said it was a dream; his Aunt Peggy said it was a lesson; his mother laughed, and said it was all nonsense; but Bobby himself believes to this day that he saw a real fairy, and that he was a dog once.

At any rate, he was a better boy afterwards, and treated his dog more kindly, and that's all about Bobby and Bobby's dog.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Copy the following.*

Tommy **threw** his books on the grass.
They saw the tiger **through** the trees.

The worm was creeping toward its **hole.**
The pigs thought the **whole** world was for them.

The wind **blew** so hard that it shook the mill.
We looked up into the **blue** sky.

You have **two** hands **to** work with.
Do you have **too** much for **two** hands **to** do?

He made a **bow** to his friend.
The crow was on the **bough** of a tree.

*Let pupils write six statements, using correctly the following words:* **their, there; son, sun; meet, meat.**



## LESSON XIII.

## HOW THE WIND BLOWS!

pānẹ hŭr'ry̆ tăn'glẹ yĕl'lōw ạu'tŭmn̥

High and low
The summer winds blow!
They dance and play with the garden flowers,
And bend the grasses and yellow grain;
They rock the bird in her hanging nest,
And dash the rain on the window-pane.

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

High and low
The winter winds blow!
They fill the hollows with drifts of snow,
And sweep on the hills a pathway clear;
They hurry the children along to school,
And whistle a song for the happy New Year.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils write five statements, using in each, one of the following words:* ***pretty, round, square, short, long.***

MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

"Beautiful hands are they that do
Deeds that are noble, good, and true."



LESSON XIV.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| stâre | re plȳ′ | sin′gle | mō′ment |
| signs | brāçed | ăb′sençe | to gĕth′er |
| chirp | strīped | tăp′ping | de light′ed |
| shoot | firm′ly̆ | pŏck′ets | chĭp′mŭnks |

THE BOY AND THE CHIPMUNK.

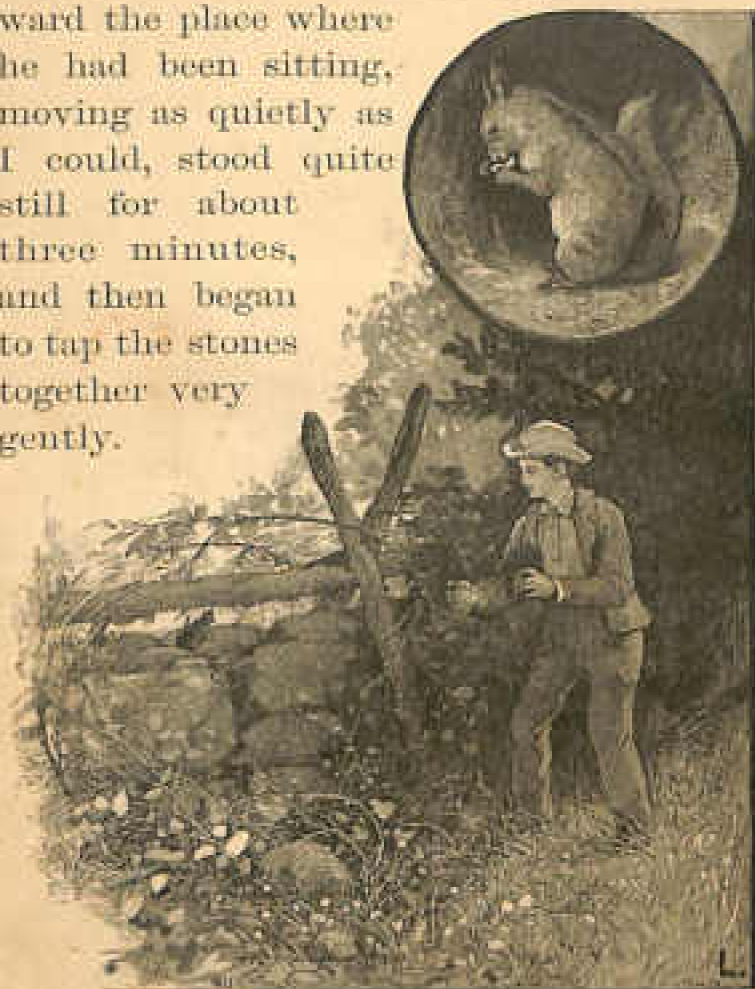
One day when I was coming from the fields, I saw a small, striped squirrel on the fence.

I had been told some things about these little animals—that they would pop their heads out of their hiding-places at the slightest noise, and that one might come quite near them by gently tapping on a fence or a wall with a stone.

Here was a good chance to try it. I picked up two small stones, and then very carefully walked toward the squirrel, who seemed to be waiting to see what I would do.

When I had taken a few steps he darted down into the wall with a chirp, as if to say, "No, you can't catch me."

I took two or three steps more toward the place where he had been sitting, moving as quietly as I could, stood quite still for about three minutes, and then began to tap the stones together very gently.



In a short time, up came the little head out of the wall. I stopped tapping, and very carefully took a step or



two more toward the little fellow, as before.

I had now got within six feet of him, when down he went again into the wall and out of sight.

After a while I took one of the stones and gave three or four gentle taps upon the wall. No reply.

In a moment or two I repeated the noise. Presently I heard a scratching in the wall, and soon the little head came up not two feet from me.

I wanted to scream with delight, but I did not dare to move. There we were—the squirrel and myself—looking into each other's faces for at least half a minute.

Once he gave a single chirp, and braced his feet firmly on the rock, as if ready to jump back into his hole if I came any nearer.

But I kept very still, and, after another long stare, the squirrel picked up the corn I had put down, gave another chirp, and ran into the wall.

Of course I was delighted. The next

day I tried it again, and the squirrel came out sooner than before. Within a week I could plainly see that he was growing tame.

I always fed him at the same place, and about the same time of day, taking good care that the dog was not near, and no one about but myself.

In a few weeks, Tommy, as I called my squirrel, would take corn from my hand. But now and then I gave him other things to eat.

Before the autumn leaves fell, the little creature would go all over me for his food, and even down into the great pockets of my coat.

One day, about a year after I first saw Tommy, I missed my little friend as I came home from the field.

I thought little of his absence then; but, as day after day went by and still there were no signs of my squirrel, I began to feel troubled about him.

I had not seen him for more than two weeks, and wondered what had become of my pet. One day a boy



passed along the lane with a gun. I asked him if he had found any game.

"Well, no," was his answer. "The squirrels are very scarce now. I was up this way a few days ago, and shot a few chipmunks."

I knew what had become of my squirrel at once. The boy little knew how much pain his answer gave me.

He soon went on toward home, and I sat down upon the ground and had a hearty cry.

Since then I've never felt that I could shoot a squirrel, and I am sure that all little boys and girls who read this story will feel so, too.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—

I took a few steps toward him.
I stood quite still for two or three minutes.

*Uniting these two statements by the use of* ***and***—

I took a few steps toward him and stood quite still for two or three minutes.

*Let pupils select and write six short statements from the lesson; and then unite them by using* ***and****, omitting unnecessary words, as in the model given above.*

LESSON XV.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| plow | bûrst | strĕtch | lĭst'ened |
| nook | rŏb'ĭn | dūr'ing | grāte'ful |
| māte | nō'ble | re tûrn' | chēer'ful |
| ĕarth | thrōat | chĕr'rĭes | dĭs tûrbed' |

THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

Who has seen Robin Redbreast, on a bright morning, early in the spring, when the frost was yet on the ground, and heard him sing a pretty song, as if grateful for the return of spring and warm sunshine?

I have seen Robin Redbreast, on a bright morning, in early spring, when the ground was yet covered with snow, and heard him sing his sweet song, as if grateful that the winter was over and gone.

Who has seen Robin Redbreast with his mate, flying from tree to tree, peeping into every nook and corner, to find a place where they might build their nest?

I have seen Robin Redbreast with his mate, flying from bush to bush, and



tree to tree, peeping into every nook and corner, as if seeking a good place

to build their nest, where they might not be disturbed by cruel boys.

Who has seen Robin Redbreast with

his mate, hopping along the ground, and picking up sticks, and moss, and wool, and hair, to make their snug little nest soft and warm?

I have seen Robin Redbreast with his mate, hopping along the ground, and picking up sticks, and moss, and wool, and hair, to make their snug little nest soft and warm; and, after it was done, I have seen four blue eggs in it, too.

Who has seen Robin Redbreast hop along behind the farmer's plow, to pick up the little worms, and then fly quickly back to feed the young robins in the nest?

I have seen Robin Redbreast hop along behind the farmer's plow, to pick up the little worms, and then fly quickly back to the nest to feed the young robins. And I have seen the young birds stretch up their necks, and open their mouths, when the old bird came to feed them.

Who has seen Robin Redbreast when the cherries were ripe, fly with his mate



and young ones to the old cherry-tree to get some of the fruit?

I have seen Robin Redbreast, with his mate and young ones, fly to the old cherry-tree when the cherries were ripe, to get some of the fruit.

Who has seen Robin Redbreast at the close of a long summer's day, just at sunset, perch himself upon the highest bough of some tall tree, and heard him sing his evening song before he folded his head under his wing and went to sleep?

I have seen Robin Redbreast at the close of a long summer's day, alight on the highest branch of a tall tree, and heard him sing his evening song before he folded his head under his wing and went to sleep.

Who, during the summer time, when sitting in the shade of some noble tree, has heard Robin Redbreast singing as though he would burst his little throat? and who has not listened till his song was ended, and he flew away a cheerful and happy bird?

I, while seated in the pleasant shade of some noble tree, have listened to Robin Redbreast singing as though he would burst his little throat, and I have not moved until his song was ended, and he flew away a happy bird.

Who has seen Robin Redbreast when the summer was over, singing gaily with his mate, as if before leaving his friends he must say a cheerful good-by?

I have seen Robin Redbreast when the summer was over and he was about to go to his winter home, singing gaily with his mate, as if to say good-by. And when I saw how happy he was, I said, "Surely the earth is full of the goodness of God!"

Where, O where do the birdies go
When the night comes on,
When the night comes on?
Where, O where do the birdies go
When the night comes on and play is done?
Some of them go to the trees to rest;
Some of them swing in a downy nest;
But they all find the place that they love the best
When the night comes on,
When the night comes on.



LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils unite the first two of the following statements, using the word* **and.**

In winter there are many **cold** days.
We must then wear **warm** clothes.
Be careful not to fall down on the **hard** ground.

*Let pupils fill blanks in the statements given below, using in each, one of the following words:* **soft, warm, cool.**

We like the —— summer days.
Then we can sit down on the —— grass.
Under the trees we can find a —— place.

*Let pupils unite the last two statements, using* **and,** *and omitting such words as are unnecessary.*

## LESSON XVI.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| hăd'n't = hăd nŏt | pûr'ple | plĕas'ūre |
| wạs'n't = wạs nŏt | drēar'ȳ | mĕad'ōws |

### SUPPOSE.

How dreary would the meadows be
In the pleasant summer light,
Suppose there wasn't a bird to sing,
And suppose the grass was white!

And dreary would the garden be,
With all its flowery trees,
Suppose there were no butterflies,
And suppose there were no bees.

And what would all the beauty be,
And what the song that cheers,
Suppose we hadn't any eyes,
And suppose we hadn't ears?

For though the grass were gay and green,
And song-birds filled the glen,
And the air were purple with butterflies,
What good would they do us then?

Ah, think of it, my little friends!
And when some pleasure flies,
Why, let it go, and still be glad
That you have ears and eyes.

**Language Lesson.**—*Let the teacher ask four questions about the lesson, and have pupils write out the answers in complete statements.*

### ARTICULATION EXERCISE.

*Drill pupils carefully in pronouncing* **th** *in the following words.*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| this | bath | think | cloth | fifth |
| thin | with | truths | clothes | sixth |

### MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

"He who buys what he does not need, will often need what he can not buy."



## LESSON XVII.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Soup | trāined | bŏb'bĭng | plāin'tive |
| ŭt'ter | pâr'ents | cū'rĭ ous | ĕl'e phant |
| văl'ūe | tĭm'bers | băm boō' | be lŏnged' |
| strēam | ēa'ger ly | mĭs'chief | dĭf'fer ent |

### OLD SOUP, THE ELEPHANT.

All of you who have seen elephants, know that they are very gentle when kindly treated, and can be taught to understand and do many things.

In India, some people catch wild elephants and tame them. They become very useful in many ways.

They are taught to hunt wild animals, to carry great timbers and stones with their trunks, and to do many other things. They are of as much value to the people of that country as the horse is to us.

Many curious stories are told about elephants, and the following one may please our little readers.

"Old Soup" was the name of an elephant that belonged to a gentleman in

India. It is said that he lived to be a hundred years old.

In his younger days, Soup had been trained to hunt tigers and other wild animals. When he became old, the work he had to do was of a very different kind.

The gentleman's children were placed in his care, and so long as Soup was near them, their parents had no fear for their safety.

One day the gentleman went out to see what the elephant and the children were doing.

He found the children sitting on the bank of the river, with fishing-rods in their hands, and silently watching the gay corks bobbing up and down in the water.

Old Soup was fishing, too. He was standing beside the children, holding a large bamboo fishing-rod with his trunk. The gentleman had not waited long before the elephant had a bite.

The old fellow did not move. His little eyes eagerly watched the line. By

and by he drew it up, and at the end of it was one of those gold-fish which are so plentiful in the rivers of India.

Soup was greatly pleased with the

fish he had caught, and gave the long cry which an elephant always gives when he is very much delighted. He then waited quietly for James, the little boy, to take his fish off the hook and put on more bait for him.

But James, although he was fond of old Soup, sometimes liked to tease him. So he took off the fish and threw it into a basket which he had beside him, and then went back to his place without putting on any bait.

Old Soup seemed to understand that without the bait the hook was useless, and did not throw his line into the water again, but did all he could to move James by low, plaintive cries. Seeing that James did not mind him, he tried other means to turn his head toward the bait-box.

But his little friend would not help him. At last, as if struck by a sudden thought, the elephant turned round, and seeing his master, he took up the bait-box and set it down at the gentleman's feet.



"What do you want me to do with it?" said the gentleman.

The elephant could only raise up and set down one of his great fore feet after the other, and again utter his plaintive cries.

Out of mischief, James's father took the boy's part, and picking up the box, he started off as if he were going away with it.

But the elephant was not going to be teased in that way; so, dipping his trunk into the river, and filling it with water, he raised it up and sent a stream after the gentleman.

Obeying a sign from his master, Soup at once stopped throwing the water, and a new bait was put on his hook. He then threw the line into the river, and again eagerly watched the cork as it floated in the stream.

Old Soup used to enjoy taking the children and giving them a long ride.

A nice, soft, India rug was fastened on his back, on which the children sat while riding.

Soup was a very tall elephant, and sometimes the children would have him stop under a tree while they picked nuts or berries from the branches.

The gentleman to whom Soup belonged would never consent to sell him, but kept him as long as he lived, because he had been so kind and good to his children.

**Language Lesson.—**

**MODEL.**

John is **tall.**

James is **taller** than John.

Frank is **taller** than James or John; he is the **tallest** of the three.

Of all the boys I know, Frank is the **tallest.**

*Let pupils add* ***er*** *and* ***est*** *to each of the following words, and use each set of three words thus formed, in place of* ***tall, taller, tallest,*** *in the statements given above.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| old | kind | short | young |
| neat | light | small | strong |

MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

"An idler is a watch that wants both hands;
As useless if it goes, as if it stands."



## LESSON XVIII.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| jŏb | shŏp | wĭd′ōw | ĕr′rands |
| cōrd | prāyer | slīd′ing | shāv′ings |
| splĭt | shŏv′el | re plīed′ | cär′pĕn ter |

### HAVING SOME FUN.

"Now, boys, I will tell you how we can have some fun," said Frank to his playmates, who had come together one bright moonlight evening for sliding and snow-balling.

"What is it?" asked several at once.

"You shall see," said Frank. "Who has a wood-saw?"

"I have." "So have I," replied three of the boys.

"Get them, then, and you and Fred and Tom each get an ax, and I will get a shovel. Let's be back in ten minutes."

The boys all started to go on their several errands, each wondering of what use wood-saws and axes and shovels could be in play. But Frank was much liked by all the boys, and they fully

believed in what he said and were soon together again.

"Now," said he, "Widow Brown, who lives in that little house over there, has gone to sit up all night with a sick child.

"A man brought her some wood to-day, and I heard her tell him that, unless she got some one to saw it to-night, she would not have any thing to make a fire with in the morning.

"Now we could saw and split that pile of wood just as easily as we could make a snow-man on her door-step, and when she comes home she will be greatly surprised."

One or two of the boys said they did not care to go, but most of them thought it would be fine fun.

It was not a long and tiresome job for seven strong and healthy boys to saw, split, and pile up the widow's half-cord of wood, and to shovel a good path.

When they had done this, so great was their pleasure that one of them, who had at first said he would not go,



proposed that they should go to a carpenter shop near by, where plenty of shavings could be had, and that each should bring an armful.

They all agreed to do this, and when they had brought the shavings, they went to their several homes, more than pleased with the fun of the evening.

The next morning, when the tired widow returned from watching by the sick-bed and saw what was done, she was indeed surprised, and wondered who could have been so kind.

Afterward, when a friend told her how it was done, her earnest prayer, "God bless the boys!" was enough of itself to make them happy.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils unite each two of the following statements, using* **but** *or* **and,** *and omitting unnecessary words.*

The boys came together one evening.
Frank told them that they would have some fun.

The boys did not ask questions about it.
They went after saws, axes, and shovels.

They did not stop when the wood was sawed.
They split it and piled it up.

## LESSON XIX.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| dēal | clōsed | ȧ slēep′ | chām′ber |
| shrĭll | clŏs′ĕt | sī′lĕnçe | mōurn′ful |
| crēak | pīp′ing | crĭck′ĕt | house′hōld |

### MAUDE AND THE CRICKET.

"Good-night, dear Maudie," I softly said,
And tucked her in her little bed.
"Good-night, mamma," she said to me,
"I am just as sleepy as I can be."

But scarcely closed was the chamber door,
When her eager voice called out once
more:
"Mamma," she said, "what is it I hear—
That strange little noise, so sharp and
queer?"

I listened,—then told her all was still,
Save a merry cricket, piping shrill;
"He is hidden in the closet here,
To sing you to sleep, my Maudie dear."

Then Maude sat up in her night-dress
white,
And her eyes grew big and round and
bright.



"Now, dear mamma, please move my bed
Close up to the closet-door," she said.

"Poor little fellow! He wants to speak,
And all he can say is 'Creak, creak, creak!'
I wish to tell him I hear his song,
And ask him to sing it all night long."

"I'll leave the door open," I said, "part
way,
So the cricket can hear whatever you say;
Now, while I go to your baby brother,
You little crickets may sing to each other."

When soon again I crept up the stair,
And stood for a moment listening there,
Over the household was silence deep—
Maude and the cricket were both asleep.

When "sleepy time" came for Maude next
night,
She rushed around like a fairy white;
Peeped into the closet and over the floor,
To find the little cricket once more.

He was not to be seen in any place,
So Maude lay down with a mournful face;
When, under her crib, a voice piped clear—
"Creak, creakety, creak! I'm here, I'm
here!"

Then Maudie screamed with surprised de-
    light;
And she always believed, from that very
    night,
That crickets can hear when little girls
    speak,
And mean a great deal by their "Creak,
    creak, creak!"

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils fill blanks in the statements given below, using in each, one of the following words:* ***shrill, loud, quiet.***

The cricket's chirp is ——.
It sounds quite —— in the night.
Then the house is ——.

*Let pupils unite these three statements, using the words* ***for*** *and* ***and,*** *omitting unnecessary words.*

ARTICULATION EXERCISE.

*Drill pupils carefully in pronouncing* **ess** *in the following words.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| restless | hopeless | fondness | trackless |
| fairness | gladness | goodness | homeless |

MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

"If wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
    Five things observe with care:
  Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
    And how, and when, and where."



LESSON XX.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| al'sō | sŏl'ĭd | tŏngue | nō'tĭçe |
| ā'ble | bärbs | weight | ĭn'sĕcts |
| shôrt | ā'eôrn | ĭnch'ĕs | strīk'ĭng |
| spēar | wood'pĕck er | a gainst' (gĕnst) | clĭng'ĭng |

THE WOODPECKER.

Stop! Look at the trunk of that tree! Do you see that bird clinging to the bark? Let us watch him for a few minutes, and see what he is about.

Listen! Do you hear a noise—peck, peck, peck? Can you tell where the noise comes from, and how it is made?

Yes, the noise is made by the bird. He is striking his bill against the tree. Tap, tap, tap—the sounds come quickly one after another.

Do you know why he pecks the tree in that way? Can it be in play? Look! He seems to be trying to make a hole in the tree.

That bird is a woodpecker. Notice his straight bill, and how he cuts away the bark and the wood with it.

Now look at his feet! He has two pairs of toes on each foot—one pair before, and one pair behind.



Notice, also, his tail. How short and stiff it is, and how he puts it against the tree, and seems to sit on it while he works.

The bill of this bird is a neat little bone pick-ax, sharp at the end, and at the sides, too, and hard enough to make a hole in solid wood.

The woodpecker feeds on insects and small worms, and the kinds he likes best, live in trees. Sometimes they are in the bark, and sometimes in the hard wood. These insects do great harm to the trees.

The woodpecker seems to know in just what kind of trees the insects and grubs live, and just where they are to be found, for he never makes a hole in any other trees or in any other places.

Sometimes many holes are made in the same tree, but that is because there are many insects in it.

The woodpecker not only carries a pick-ax, which he knows how to use better than we do; but he also carries a spear, and in his mouth, too.

It is a long spear for such a little bird; and though one end of it is fastened, so that it can not get away, he can throw the other end out more than two inches beyond the point of his bill.

The end that he throws out is slightly bent and sharp, and has little hooks, or barbs, on its edges, like a fish-hook, only a fish-hook has but one barb on it.

Notice the picture of a woodpecker's head, showing the bill like a pick-ax, and the spear-like tongue run a long way out.

This tongue saves the bird much hard work. As soon as an opening is made to the insect's home, the tongue darts in and spears the insect, as a man spears a fish.

The tongue is then drawn back into the mouth, bringing the insect with it, for the barbs will not let it get off.

The woodpecker can run up and down and hop about the trunks of trees, as easily as other birds can on the branches.



How can he do this? Birds hold on to the trees by their feet. What is there about this bird's feet, that he should be able to hold on better than other birds? Are they not like other birds' feet?

Not quite. Most birds have three toes in front and one behind. This bird has two toes in front and two behind, and they are large and strong, and the claws are sharp and hooked like a cat's. This helps him to hold firmly to the trees while pecking for grubs.

Again, notice once more the tail. It is not long, but the ends of the feathers are short and stiff, and sharp enough to fasten into the tree.

When the bird rests the end of his tail against a tree, it serves as a prop, and he can bear his weight on it, while he clings to the tree with his feet, and gives hard blows with his bill.

The woodpecker does not make a nest like other birds. He burrows in trees. With his little bone pick he digs a

hole in a tree, which serves him for a nest.

In some parts of this country there is a kind of woodpecker that makes little holes in the trunks and branches of trees just large enough to hold acorns.

When several holes are ready, he flies off to some place where acorns are plenty, and taking one in his bill, he returns to the tree, and firmly fixes it in one of the holes.

He keeps doing this until, sometimes, two or three hundred holes, each having an acorn in it, are on a single branch of a tree. When winter comes, the woodpecker uses these acorns for his food.

Woodpeckers, and all other birds having the same kind of feet that they have, are called climbers, or climbing birds.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils write six statements each containing one of the following words:* ***long, longer, longest; happy, happier, happiest.***



LESSON XXI.

| sīre̤ | hĕa̤v′e̤n | ŏr′anġ e̤s | wĕl′c̀ŏme̤ |
|---|---|---|---|
| grȧnt | wõr′thȳ | mĭn′er al | Frĕd′er ĭck |
| vĭl′laġe̤ | Prŭs′siȧ | kĭng′dŏm | vĕġ′e ta ble̤ |

A KING AND THREE KINGDOMS.

King Frederick of Prussia was once traveling through his kingdom, and came to a pretty village, where he was to stay an hour or two.

The people of the village were greatly pleased to have a visit from their king, and had done many things to make his stay pleasant and agreeable.

The school-children sang songs of welcome, and threw flowers in his pathway.

The king visited the school and was pleased to see how well the children knew their lessons.

After a time he turned to the teacher, and said he would like to ask the children a few questions.

On a table near by, stood a large dish of oranges.

The king took up one of the oranges, and said, "To what kingdom does this belong, children?"

"To the vegetable kingdom," replied one of the little girls.

"And to what kingdom does this belong?" said he, as he took from his pocket a piece of gold money.

"To the mineral kingdom," she answered.

"And to what kingdom, then, do I



belong, my child?" he asked, thinking, of course, she would answer "To the animal kingdom."

The little girl did not know what answer to make. She feared it would not seem just right to say to a king that he belonged to the animal kingdom, and she was puzzled how to reply.

"Well," said the good king, "can you not answer that question, my little lady?"

The kind words and gentle look of the king, gave the little girl courage to speak the thoughts that were in her mind, and looking up into his face, she replied, "To the kingdom of Heaven, sire."

The king placed his hand upon her head. A tear stood in his eye. He was deeply moved by her childish words, and said, "God grant that I may be found worthy of that kingdom!"

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils write six statements, using in each, one of the following forms:* ***eager, more eager, most eager; gentle, more gentle*** (*or* ***gentler***), ***most gentle*** (*or* ***gentlest***).

## LESSON XXII.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| heat | gown | in vīt'ed | choiç'ĕst |
| tĕnd | pär'don | per hăps' | sīde'walk |
| vīnes | wrăpped | be nēath' | eăt'er pĭl lar |

### WHO WAS SHE?

I was going down the walk,
So pleasant, cool, and shady;
Right in the middle of the path
I met a little lady.

I made to her my sweetest bow;
She only walked on faster.
I smiled, and said "Good-morning, ma'am!"
The moment that I passed her.

She never noticed me at all;
I really felt quite slighted.
I thought, "I'll follow you, I will,
Altho' I'm not invited."

Perhaps you think me very rude;
But then, she looked so funny—
From head to foot all dressed in fur,
This summer day so sunny.

She didn't mind the heat at all,
But wrapped the fur around her,
And hurried on, as if to say,
"I'll tend to my own gown, sir!"



I followed her the whole way home;
Her home was in my garden,
Beneath my choicest vines—and yet,
She never asked my pardon.

I never heard her speak a word;
But once I heard the miller,
Coming down the sidewalk, say,
"There goes Miss Caterpillar!"

Language Lesson.—*Let pupils unite the following statements, using the word* **but.**

**This** apple is **sweet.**
**That** apple is **sour.**

*Let pupils write two other statements, using the words* ***this, that, sweet, sour,*** *and unite them by using any words that are necessary.*

#### ARTICULATION EXERCISE.

*Drill pupils carefully in pronouncing* ***ing*** *in the following words.*

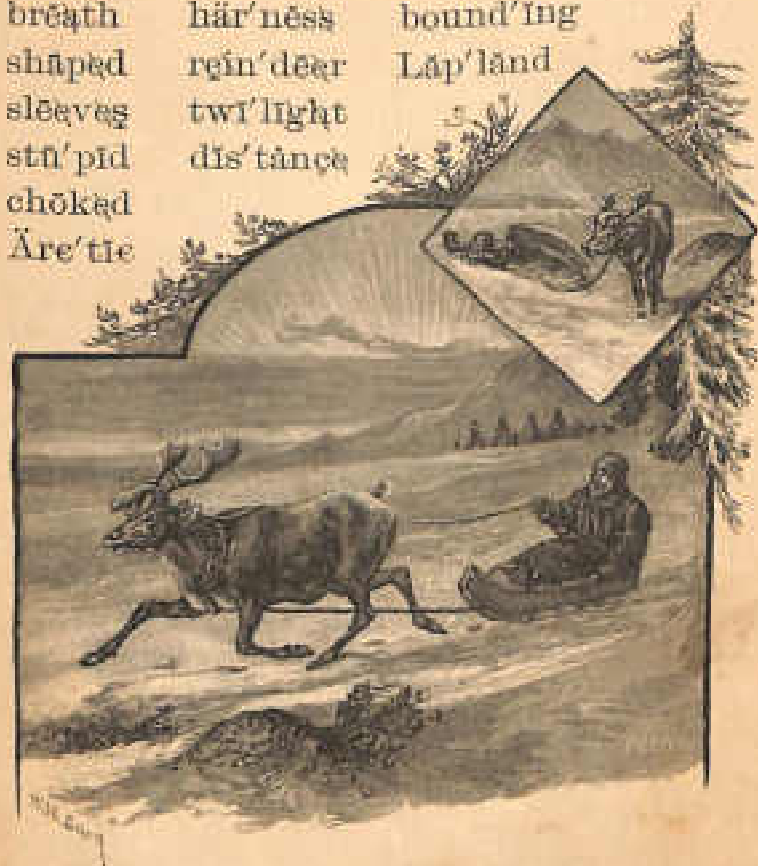
| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| going | reading | making | shooting |
| fishing | writing | walking | laughing |

#### MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

"Whene'er a task is set for you,
Don't idly sit and view it;
Nor be content to wish it done;—
Begin at once and do it."

LESSON XXIII.

slĕdge̤ glīd′ing in quīre̤d′ bŏt′tom
brĕa̤th här′nĕss bound′ing
shāpe̤d re̤in′dēe̤r Lăp′lănd
slēe̤ve̤s twī′li̤ght
stū′pid dĭs′tănçe̤
chōke̤d
Är′tic



A REINDEER DRIVE.

"Uncle George," said Frank, "did you ever see a reindeer?"

"Yes, Frank," replied Uncle George,



"and I've taken a long drive in a sledge drawn by a reindeer."

"Where?" inquired Frank.

"In the far north, in a country called Lapland, where the people live in curious little huts, and dress mostly in the skins of reindeer," replied Uncle George.

"O do tell me about your visit there," said Frank, earnestly.

"Well," said Uncle George, "when I first reached Lapland, I visited some of the people, and learned much about them.

"They are smaller than the people of this country. They make the skins of reindeer into hats, coats, boots, beds, and many other things.

"They use the reindeer to draw them about from place to place on their sledges, and they also eat his flesh.

"It is always very cold and dreary in that country, and snow covers the ground for nearly all the year.

"The people I visited were very kind. They set out a dinner of black-looking bread and reindeer meat, both

of which I found very good, and enjoyed eating.

"After dinner I made ready for a reindeer drive. I put on a heavy coat of reindeer skin and my fur-lined boots.

"The sledges are shaped very much like boats. They are about five feet long, one foot deep, and one and a half feet wide.

"In riding, you sit upright against the backboard, with your legs stretched out on the bottom.

"The only harness a reindeer has, is a collar of reindeer skin and a rope. The rope passes under the body of the deer, between the legs, and is fastened to the front of the sledge.

"He is driven by a single rein, fixed to the left horn, and passing over the back to the right hand of the driver.

"When all was ready, I seated myself, took proper hold of the rein, and started.

"The deer gave a leap, dashed around the corner of the hut, and ran down the hill.

"I tried to catch my breath and to



keep my place, as the sledge, bounding from side to side, went flying over the snow; but I could not do it.

"In a moment I found myself rolling in the loose snow, with the sledge, bottom upward, beside me.

"The deer was standing still, with a look of stupid surprise on his face.

"I got up, shook myself, turned the sledge over, and began again.

"Off we went like the wind, down the hill, the snow flying in my face and nearly blinding me.

"My sledge made great leaps, bounding from side to side, until I suddenly found myself off the road, out of the sledge, and deep in the snow.

"I was choked and nearly blinded, and had small snow-drifts in my sleeves and pockets.

"But I brushed the snow off and took a fresh start.

"I came near being thrown out again as I flew down the hill below the hut; but, I found that I could keep my place, and began to enjoy it.

"My deer now dashed away much faster than before. I was alone on the track.

"In the gray Arctic twilight, my sledge was gliding swiftly over the snow, with the low huts I had left behind me scarcely seen in the distance.

"I drove on, mile after mile, enjoying very much my first reindeer drive in Lapland."

**Language Lesson.**—*Let pupils give answers, whether oral or written, in complete statements.*

Where does the reindeer live?
For what do the Laplanders use him?
What does a sledge look like?
What kind of harness do they use?
What use do they make of the reindeer's flesh?
What do they make from his skin?

*Let pupils unite the answers to the first two and the last two statements.*

MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."



## LESSON XXIV.

coil   fŏr′ĕst   se cūre′   ĕn clōsed′
ĕdge   cŏr ral′   blāz′ing   strŭg′gles
cō′coa   pris′on   fū′ri ous   sur round′
flāmes   ĕn tīce′   trăm′ples   thĕm selves′

### CATCHING WILD ELEPHANTS.

In India, when the people wish to catch wild elephants, they choose a place at the edge of the forest, and make a fence round it, each post in the fence being the trunk of a tree.

Sometimes the space enclosed is so great that the fence reaches for several miles. The space inside the fence is called a corral.

There are openings left in the fence, through which the elephants may rush when driven toward them.

When the corral has been made ready, the hunters surround the elephants and make blazing lights to frighten them.

The flames seem a long way off at first; but they come nearer and nearer, until the poor elephants see fires on all sides of them but one.

Behind the flames are a large number of men, with sticks and spears in their hands. They knock these sticks about and shake their spears, all the time making a great noise, to frighten the elephants as much as they can.

The elephants look about to see how they can get away. Only one way is left open, and the whole herd chooses that and sets off with a furious rush. That one way leads to the corral.

As soon as they are in the corral, the people close up the openings, and the elephants are secure as if in a prison.

They must be taken out one by one, and this is done by means of tame elephants, which were once caught in a corral themselves.

They have been well taught since then, and are now quite willing to help catch their old friends of the forest.

When they get one of the elephants out, the people close the opening behind him.

He rushes about in great fury; but the tame elephants then come, one on



each side of him, and stroke him with their trunks, and seem to talk to him.

He becomes quiet while they are with him. By and by they entice him to follow them away from the corral. When they come to a good strong tree they stop.

The people keep close behind, and at the first chance, they slip a strong rope round one of his legs, and then coil it round and round the tree.

As soon as he is fast, the tame elephants leave him. He tries to follow them; and when he finds that he cannot, he roars and struggles, as if he would pull down the tree.

The people soon come back, and bring him cocoa-nuts, and plenty of green leaves to eat.

At first he is too angry to eat, and he tosses the cocoa-nuts about, and tramples them under his feet; but in spite of his rage, he can not help getting hungry.

By and by he is glad to take all the nuts and good things the natives bring him.

In a few days he begins to be tame and gentle; and in a little time he can be made to do almost any thing his master likes. One by one the other elephants in the corral are taken out, and tamed in the same way.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils fill blanks in the statements given below, using in each, one of the following words:* ***furiously, gladly, angrily, close, slowly, kindly.***

The posts in the fence are placed —— together.

The herd rushes —— along into the corral.

One elephant at a time is led —— out.

The tame elephants treat him ——.

At first, he tramples the cocoa-nuts —— under his feet.

At last, he eats —— all that is brought to him.

*Let pupils unite the third and fourth, and the fifth and sixth of these statements, using between each two* ***but*** *or* ***and.***

ARTICULATION EXERCISE.

*Drill pupils carefully in pronouncing* **t** *in the following words.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| acts | swept | swiftly | choicest |
| drifts | insect | servants | gentleman |



LESSON XXV.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| strēet | fōr'çing | trĭp'ping | dou̇b'ling |
| lăd'der | strīd'ing | drĭp'ping | thou'ṣand |
| bus'y̆ (bĭz'y̆) | sprĭnk'le | skĭp'ping | crowd'ing |

MERRY RAIN.

Sprinkle, sprinkle, comes the rain,
Tapping on the window-pane;
Trickling, coursing,
Crowding, forcing,
Tiny rills
To the dripping window-sills.

Laughing rain-drops, light and swift,
Through the air they fall and sift;
Dancing, tripping,
Bounding, skipping
Through the street,
With their thousand merry feet.

Every blade of grass around
Is a ladder to the ground;
Clinging, striding,
Slipping, sliding,
On they come
With their busy, patt'ring hum.

In the woods, by twig and spray,
To the roots they find their way;
Rushing, creeping,
Doubling, leaping,
Down they go
To the waiting life below.

O the brisk and merry rain,
Bringing gladness in its train!
Falling, glancing,
Tinkling, dancing,
All around—
Listen to its cheery sound!

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils copy the first stanza.*

*Let pupils give answers, whether oral or written, in complete statements.*

What is the window-frame made of?
What is it for?

How many sashes have your windows?
Why do windows have sashes?

How many panes are set in each sash?
Why are they made of glass?

MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

"Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."



LESSON XXVI.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| rĭch | smo͞oth | fĭf'tēēn | ĕn'tered |
| fŏr'ġer | Chärles | Lȳ'măn | car'riage |
| ăf fōrd' | mŏnths | glo͞om'ȳ | Här'mŏn |
| stĕad'y | çẽr'tain | busi'nĕss (bĭz) | stŭd'y ĭng |

TOO RICH TO AFFORD IT.

PART I.

"I don't want to go to school any more, father."

Mr. Gray raised his eyes in surprise to the face of his eldest son, a lad of about fifteen.

"Why don't you wish to go to school?"

"Well, sir, I am tired of studying, and I don't see any use in it."

"Do you think that you know enough?"

The boy blushed a little at his father's sharp look and tone.

"I know as much as George Lyman does, and he left school three months ago. He says that he is not going

away to school, while his father has plenty of money."

Mr. Gray turned upon the boy a look of grave surprise.

"Did George Lyman say that? His father is a poorer man than I thought. So you have quite made up your mind that you do not wish to go to school any more?"

"Yes, sir."

"You need not then."

"O thank you, father!" cried Charles.

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Gray, as the boy caught up his hat and started for the door. "You have nothing to be thankful for.

"There is an old and homely saying, 'One man can lead a horse to water, but ten can not make him drink.'

"So I say that you need not go to school, if you are not willing to study; because, if you feel as you say you do, it will be time and money thrown away.

"But understand one thing;—if you do not go to school, you will have to go



to work. I can not afford to have you idle."

"Do you mean that I must go out to work by the day?"

"I mean that you must have some steady work or business. You must have a certain number of hours' work each day, as surely as the sun rises."

"Why, father, George Lyman and Ned Johnson don't have to work, and they say that they don't mean to, either. George told me that his father said that you were the richest man in the county."

"If I were the richest man in two counties, I should not be rich enough to afford to have my boy idle."

The next morning, Charles and his father started out bright and early in an open carriage, drawn by a pair of fine horses. They were carried swiftly along the smooth, hard road.

At last the carriage stopped in front of a gloomy, stone building.

"Are you going to stop here?" said Charles. "It looks like a prison."

"It is a prison," said Mr. Gray.

"But I thought you were going to see an old schoolmate?"

"Here is where he lives."

Before Charles could reply, the heavy door was swung back and they were shown in.

"I came to inquire about Mr. Harmon, the forger," said Mr. Gray to the man who had let them in. "He is an old schoolmate of mine. How is he getting along?"

"Very well. He is quiet; but it is pretty hard for him. It is hard for these men who have always had plenty of money and nothing to do. Here they find no money, but plenty to do. If you wish to see him, I will send for him."

In a few minutes a grave, quiet man entered. His close-cut hair and queer dress gave him a strange look. Charles had never seen any thing like it before.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils give the first seven paragraphs of this lesson in their own words.*



## LESSON XXVII.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| wĕpt | chānġe | a wōke | măn′ner |
| deąth | stāined | hăp′pen | prŏs′pĕcts |
| mōans | hŏn′ĕst | sŭb′jĕct | ănx′ioŭs |
| wĕąlth | cŏm′pa ny̆ | po șĭ′tiŏn | (ănk′shŭs) |

### TOO RICH TO AFFORD IT.

#### PART II.

He seemed glad to see Mr. Gray, though there was something in his manner which showed that he felt deeply his present position.

Of the two, Mr. Gray seemed the more unhappy. His voice broke a little as he said:

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Harmon; but sorry, very sorry to find you here."

"You can't be more sorry than I am to find myself here," said the man.

Then, as if anxious to change the subject, he turned to Charles.

"I suppose that this is your boy?"

"Yes, this is my eldest son, Charles. He is just about the age we were when

we used to go to school together. Have you forgotten all about those days, John?"

Mr. Harmon was silent for a few moments as he thought of those happy days; then suddenly, covering his face with his hands, he wept bitterly. Charles had never seen a man weep



before, and those sobs and moans made him feel very sad.

"I wish I could!" said Mr. Harmon, lifting up his pale, tear-stained face. "I wish I could forget. I sometimes think that it is all a dream—that I shall some day wake and find it so!"

"How did it happen?" inquired Mr. Gray. "When I last saw you, your prospects were bright—brighter than mine."

"It can be told in a few words," was the reply. "Idleness and bad company. As you know, I would not study. I thought there was no need for me, a rich man's son, to do that.

"My father's death left me with great wealth, of which I never earned a dollar, and of whose use and worth I knew nothing. How it went I hardly know; but I awoke one morning to find myself poorer than the lowest clerk in the house.

"I knew nothing about getting money by honest work, but money I must

have; so I tried to get it without work. The rest needs no telling."

Here Mr. Harmon was called back to his dreary task.

The keeper now showed them the workshops and cells, kindly telling Charles about all that he did not understand.

When they visited the shoe shop, Charles saw Harmon sitting there among the rows of busy, silent men.

"How many of these men," inquired Mr. Gray, "have ever been trained to any useful trade or business?"

"Not one in ten."

After thanking the keeper for his kindness to them, Mr. Gray and Charles started for home.

"How hard it must be to have to live in a place like that!" said Charles, as reaching a hill-top, he gave a backward glance at the building, which looked so dark and lonely in the distance.

There was silence for some minutes. Then Mr. Gray said:



"You asked me, Charles, if you were to work like other boys, and this visit to the prison is my answer. The world calls me a rich man, and so I am.

"I am able to give you every chance to grow wise and good; but I am not, and never shall be, rich enough to have you idle.

"Strange as it may sound, I am too rich to afford it. Many a father has learned to his sorrow, what it is to have a boy idle."

Charles was very thoughtful for a few moments; then he looked up and said, "I think I will go to school on Monday, father."

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils fill blanks in the sentences given below, using in each, one of the following words:* ***then, never, when, to-day, to-morrow, now.***

Tell me —— you will come.
Will you come ——?
If you can not come ——, come ——.
I shall be at home ——.
Do not say that you will —— come.

*Let pupils write two questions and two commands, using in each, one of the following words:* ***ever, before, afterwards, soon.***

LESSON XXVIII.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| coo | tight | broods | re main′ |
| nigh | brink | plumed | pā′tient ly (shent-) |

### THE LITTLE DOVES.

High on the top of an old pine-tree
Broods a mother-dove with her young ones
three.
Warm over them is her soft, downy breast,
And they sing so sweetly in their nest.
"Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says
she,
All in their nest on the old pine-tree.

Soundly they sleep through the moonshiny
night,
Each young one covered and tucked in
tight;
Morn wakes them up with the first blush
of light,
And they sing to each other with all their
might.
"Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says
she,
All in their nest on the old pine-tree.



When in the nest they are all left alone,
While their mother far for their dinner has
flown,
Quiet and gentle they all remain,
Till their mother they see come home again.
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says
she,
All in their nest on the old pine-tree.

When they are fed by their tender mother,
One never pushes nor crowds another;
Each opens wide his own little bill,
And he patiently waits, and gets his fill.
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says
she,
All in their nest on the old pine-tree.

Wisely the mother begins by and by,
To make her young ones learn to fly;
Just for a little way over the brink,
Then back to the nest as quick as a
wink.
And "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says
she,
All in their nest on the old pine-tree.

Fast grow the young ones, day and night,
Till their wings are plumed for a longer
flight;

Till unto them at last draws nigh
The time when they all must say "Good-
by."
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says
she,
And away they fly from the old pine-tree.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils give answers, whether oral or written, to the following questions, in complete statements.*

**Nest.** Where was the nest?
How many birds were in it?

**Sleep.** How long did they sleep?
When did they wake?

**Food.** Why did the mother-dove leave the nest?
What did the little doves do?

**Dinner.** Who fed the little doves?
How did the little doves act?

**Flying.** Who taught the little doves to fly?
How far did they fly at first?

**Parting.** What happened to their wings?
What did all the doves do then?

*The answers to each pair of questions may be united by a* ***connecting-word,*** *such as* ***and, but*** *or* ***then,*** *and written out so as to form a complete story.*

*Let pupils notice that each part of the story, as that about* ***nest, sleep,*** *etc., should be written as a single* ***paragraph.***



## LESSON XXIX.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| wọlf | vāin | ŏb′jeet | dān′ġer |
| Fritz | eăb′in | Rŭs′siȧ | shōụl′derṣ |
| fïërçe | de lāy′ | ĕs eāpe′ | mĕn ăġ′e rïe (ăzh) |

### FRITZ AND THE WOLF.

Fritz was the son of a farmer who lived in a lonely part of Russia. The rude cabin which was his home stood in a dark forest, several miles from the nearest village.

One day Fritz was sent to the vil-

lage with a letter. It was the middle of winter and snow lay on the ground. After doing his errand, he spent the evening in visiting his friends.

It was late, and the moon was up before he set out for home. When he was a short distance from his father's house, Fritz saw a dark object before him in the path.

At first he thought it was a dog. As he came nearer he found that it was a fierce wolf that stood in his way.

Fritz knew that it would be useless to try to run away. He must think of some other means of escape. He had heard that hunters sometimes escaped from bears, by lying flat on the ground as if they were dead, and he thought he would try this plan with the wolf.

Without a moment's delay, he threw himself down on the snow. The wolf came slowly toward him. It stood beside him for a minute, quite still, and then began to sniff about him. Fritz did not dare to move.



By and by the wolf reached his neck, and resting one foot on his body, looked at him closely. Fritz felt the water from the jaws of the wolf dropping on his face.

"Death or life now!" said Fritz to himself. Quick as thought, he seized the paws which were resting on either side of his neck, drew them tightly over his shoulders, sprung up and walked off with the wolf hanging on his back.

So tightly did he draw the wolf's neck against his shoulders, that the animal could scarcely breathe and tried in vain to use its teeth. With its hind paws, however, it scratched furiously at Fritz's legs, and made it difficult for him to walk.

At length with his strange load he reached his father's door. "Father! father!" he cried, but there was no reply. Fritz was nearly tired out. He could not knock with his hands and he did not dare to lift his foot for fear of falling.

All that he could do was to turn round and dash the wolf against the door with all his might. The noise awoke every one in the cabin. "Father!" he cried again, "help, father! I have a live wolf."

The farmer lost no time in opening the door and stood, gun in hand, ready to shoot. "Do not shoot," said the boy, "the wolf is on my back. The dogs! the dogs!" he said.

At this moment Fritz's mother let loose two great dogs that were tied in the cabin, and that had been barking furiously.

Suddenly Fritz threw the wolf from his shoulders, and the dogs seeing the danger of their young master, flew at the wolf, and soon had it in their power.

Fritz did not wish the wolf to be killed by the dogs, for then he could not say that he had caught a live wolf.

As quick as thought he took a rope and tied it round the wolf's neck, at



the same time telling his father to pull the dogs away.

When this was done, Fritz put the badly wounded and much frightened animal into a box. There he kept it until, a short time afterward, a man came along and bought it to send to a menagerie.

I suppose the wolf is still looking out through the bars of its cage, and showing its white teeth to the crowds of boys and girls who go to look at the wild animals.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils give answers, whether oral or written, to the following questions, in complete statements, and unite answers as on page 118.*

**Fritz.** Who was he?
Where did he live?

**Wolf.** Where did it meet Fritz?
What kind of a wolf was it?

**Trick.** Why did Fritz lie down?
How did Fritz seize the wolf?

**Home.** How did Fritz awaken his father?
What happened?

**Menagerie.** Where is the wolf now?
What does it do?

## LESSON XXX.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ĕlse̹ | brȯ̤ad | găth′er | thŭn′der |
| lĭmb̸s̸ | whāle̹ | sûr′fāçe̹ | sĕv′e̹n ty̆ |
| brēak | sāil′or | blŭb′ber | dĭf′fĭ cŭlt |
| ō′çean (ō′shŭn) | stärve̹ | swa̤l′lōw̸ | har pōōns′ |

### THE WHALE.

"Have you ever seen a whale, Uncle George?" inquired Frank.

"Yes, very often," replied his uncle. "You know that they are found in nearly all parts of the ocean."

"Please tell me how they look."

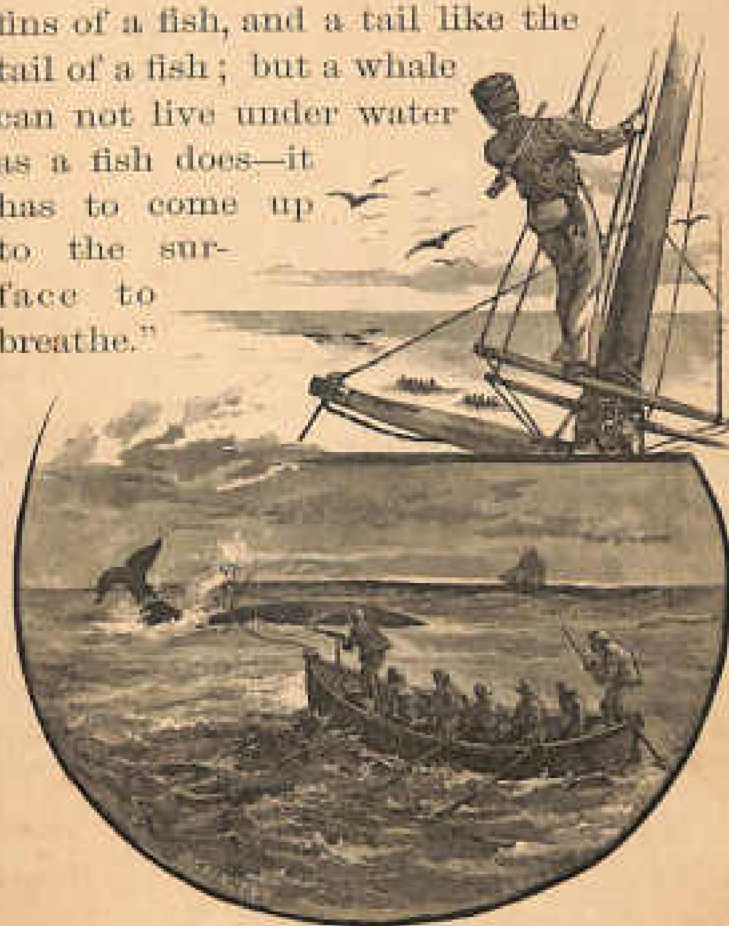
"When they are lying quietly on the surface of the water, you can not see very much of their bodies—only the tops of their heads and their broad backs; but sometimes in their play they will jump out of the water. Then you see dark objects, sixty to seventy feet long. The crash of their bodies falling upon the water is like thunder."

"What a large fish it must be!" said Frank.

"It is not a fish, Frank; although



many people call it so, yet they are wrong. It has limbs that look like the fins of a fish, and a tail like the tail of a fish; but a whale can not live under water as a fish does—it has to come up to the surface to breathe."



"Tell me about its breathing, uncle," said Frank.

"When a whale comes up to breathe, it throws a stream of water about

twenty feet into the air, from two 'blow-holes' in the top of its head."

"O I have heard about that before!" said Frank. "That is the way sailors can tell that a whale is near. The man who keeps watch at the mast-head calls out, 'There she blows!'"

"Do you know how whales are killed?"

"Yes, uncle," replied Frank. "The sailors go out in small boats, so as to get near the whale, and then kill it with harpoons."

"That is one way," said Uncle George; "but the new plan is to shoot the whale with a harpoon fired from a gun. This sometimes kills the whale at once, but it is very difficult to capture a whale in any way."

"I have heard," said Frank, "that a wounded whale is feared by the sailors, and can break a boat all to pieces with its tail, and will sometimes swallow a boat with the men in it."

Uncle George laughed heartily and replied: "A wounded whale is, as you



say, feared by the sailors, and can, no doubt, break a boat in two. Its mouth is large enough to hold a boat, but its throat is only six inches round, and it can not swallow any thing larger than a small fish."

"Then why does it have such a large mouth?" said Frank.

"Because it needs a large mouth to gather its food. It catches many thousands of small fish; but if its mouth were small, and it had to take a few at a time, it would starve. Do you know what we find in the mouths of some whales?"

"Is it whalebone, uncle?"

"Yes, Frank. Sometimes the plates of bone in a whale's mouth weigh a ton. Now, what else do we get from the whale?"

"Oil," replied Frank.

"Yes, the oil is made from the inside or true skin of the whale—the skin which keeps the whale warm. Do you know of another name that is given to this skin?"

"Blubber, Uncle George. I have heard that it is good to eat."

"So it is, Frank—that is, for people in very cold parts of the world. I do not think that you would like it."

"I wish I could see a whale," said Frank.

"Perhaps you may, some time," said Uncle George.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils fill blanks in the statements given below, using in each, one of the following words:* ***good, better, best; much, more, most.***

John has a —— apple.
James has a —— apple than John.
Roy has the —— apple of all.

How —— money have you?
I have —— than you have.
James has the —— money.

*Let pupils write three* ***statements*** *after the above model, using in each, one of the following words:* ***little, less, least.***

ARTICULATION EXERCISE.

*Drill pupils carefully in pronouncing* ***r*** *in the following words.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| road | creak | very | hear |
| right | bread | fairy | your |



LESSON XXXI.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| còl'or | crā'zy̆ | drōōped | făsh'ion |
| dāi'şy̆ | dŭll'er | blōōmed | păs'sion (păsh'un) |

## THE ROBIN AND THE BUTTERCUP.

Down in a field, one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one, who tried to hide herself,
And drooped—that pleasant weather.

A robin, who had flown too high
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near the buttercup,
Who wished she were a daisy.

For daisies grow so trim and tall;
She always had a passion
For wearing frills around her neck,
In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be
The same old, tiresome color,
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear robin," said this sad young flower,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me
Some day, when you are flying."

"You silly thing," the robin said,
"I think you must be crazy;
I'd rather be my honest self
Than any made-up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright gown;
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

"Though swallows leave me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places.
Perhaps the world would all go wrong,
With one too many daisies.

"Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here, where you are growing."

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils give the substance of the first three stanzas in their own words.*

*Let pupils write four* ***statements*** *or* ***questions,*** *using in each, one of the following words:* ***here, there, where, away.***

MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

"He that is good at making excuses, is seldom good for any thing else."



LESSON XXXII.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| bōll | eăl'i eō | print'ĕd | wēav'ing |
| ăt'tie | prĕssed | răg'man | sŏuth'ern |
| eăt'tle | nē'groes | spĭn'dles | ma chīne' |
| eŏt'ton | rāil'rōad | pŏs'si ble | stēam'-bōat |

## COTTON.

"Father, I would like to know all about cotton and how they make cloth," said John.

"Very well, John," replied Mr. Wood, "I will try to answer any questions you may ask."

"Well, then, what is cotton?" inquired John.

"A soft down that grows in the boll of a plant."

"Tell me about the plant, please."

"It is raised in our own Southern States, in India, and in some other countries."

"How does it look?"

"Like a small tree—the cotton plants are often called trees. They grow from four to seven feet high and are planted in rows like corn. The bolls in which

the cotton grows, open when ripe and show their white down."

"I have seen a picture of a cotton-field," said John. "There were some negroes picking the cotton, and carrying it away in baskets."

"They were taking it to a gin," said his father.

"What is a gin?"

"A machine to take out the seeds."

"Are there many seeds?" inquired John.

"So many, that before they had the gin, it was very hard work to make the cotton fit to use."

"Are the seeds that are taken out, planted?" inquired John.

"No, they use other seeds for that purpose; but those that the gin takes out are mostly used in making a very good oil. They are ground and pressed and after the oil is out, what is left is fed to cattle to fatten them."

"Then there is something made of cotton besides cloth," said John, "but you haven't told me about the cloth yet."



"We will come to that soon, John. After the cotton has been ginned it is put up in large bales, and then sent away by railroad or steam-boat to the cotton mills."

"And there made into cloth?"

"First into thread, and then into cloth," said his father.

"How is it done?" said John.

"Hasn't your grandmother shown you her old spinning-wheel and loom that are in the attic?"

"Yes, I have seen them," said John, "and grandmother has told me about the way they were used, and that it took a long time to make a yard of cloth when she was a girl."

"Well, now, John, every mill has a large number of spindles to make thread; and as steam is used, the spindles move much faster and more steadily than in the old days.

"The looms now used for weaving the thread into cloth do it better than your grandmother ever thought possible."

"Calico is made of cotton, is it not, father?"

"Certainly. The pretty calico dresses that you see are only cotton cloth printed in different colors."

"Is that all about cotton, father?" said John.

"Not quite. Can you tell me what we do with old cotton clothes?"



"O yes; we sell them to the rag-man to be made into paper."

"Very good paper, too, John; such as we can write on."

"I hope you will take me, some time, to see them make cloth and paper, too," said John.

"So I will," said his father, "and then you will be able to understand many things that I can not describe to you without your seeing them."

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils fill blanks in the statements given below.*

Cotton is a ——.
It grows in ——.

It is raised in our ——.
It —— in India.
—— is raised in other parts of the world.

It is put up in ——.
It —— away to the mills.

It is made into ——.
It —— into cloth.

*Let pupils unite the first and second statements; the third, fourth, and fifth; the sixth and seventh; and the eighth and ninth—using proper* ***connecting-words,*** *and omitting all unnecessary words.*

## LESSON XXXIII.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| bōw | săv′aġe | re cŏv′er | de scrībe′ |
| bī′son | ăr′rōws | stạlk′ing | prăc′tĭçed |
| clouds | skĭll′fụl | con sĭsts′ | bŭf′fa lōes |
| pre fẽr′ | chās′ing | cŏm′mon | bĕl′lōw ing |

### A BUFFALO HUNT.

Several years ago, a friend and myself set out to hunt the bison, or buffalo, as it is generally called, on the great plains of the West.

A short time after, we met some friendly Indians and were invited to join them in a hunt.

Now there are a number of different ways of hunting the buffalo.

The most common is called "running." It is done upon horse-back, and consists in overtaking the buffalo and shooting it with a gun or arrow while it runs.

White hunters use guns; but Indians prefer the bow, as they can shoot arrow after arrow without making a noise and frightening the herd.



So skillful are the Indians, that their arrows very often pierce the bodies of large buffaloes and kill them at once.

In "stalking," as it is called, a horse is not needed. The hunter creeps carefully along until he is near enough to shoot; or, if an Indian, covers himself

with a wolf-skin or a deer-skin and goes among the buffaloes without being noticed. With a spear or a bow he can then kill a number of the, animals.

"Surrounding," driving them over a cliff, and chasing them in the snow, are other ways practiced by hunters.

Some three or four days after we joined the Indians, we rode one morning to the top of a hill and saw before us a large herd of buffaloes feeding.

The Indians thought it best to try "running" them.

A gentle wind was blowing toward us, and the buffaloes did not notice our coming. We started out at full speed, and a few minutes later one of the Indians shot a buffalo with an arrow.

What followed would be difficult to describe.

The sound of thousands of hoofs on the hard ground, the bellowing of the buffaloes, and the yells of the Indians were deafening.

Clouds of dust filled our eyes and made it difficult to breathe.



The horses enjoy the hunt very much. They are so quick in their movements that they can keep out of the way of such buffaloes as are made furious by wounds. If it had not been for this, some of us could not have escaped from the savage herd.

The whole hunt did not last long, but while it was going on, my feelings were like those of one in a dream.

When all was over, fifteen buffaloes lay dead upon the plain, one of which, the Indians said, was mine.

Not until the next day did I recover from the noise and confusion of the hunt. Then I was able to think of all that had happened, and to enjoy the feeling that I had shot my first buffalo.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils notice how the* **statements** *are changed in the following model.*

The **speed of the horse** was very great.
The **horse's speed** was very great.

*Let pupils change the following* **statements,** *according to the above model.*

The **bow of the Indian** was better than a gun.
The **hair of the buffalo** is very long and thick.

### LESSON XXXIV.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| bleat | knees | sew'ing | curt'sied |
| ox'en | pil'low | (sō'ing) | fā'vor its |
| flight | neighed | vī'o lets | fox'-glove |

### GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it
right,
And said,—"Dear work, good-night, good-
night!"

Such a number of crows came over her
head,
Crying "Caw, caw!" on their way to bed,
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night, good-
night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat, bleat!" came over the
road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night, good-night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good-night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of
light;



For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall, pink fox-glove bowed his head;
The violets curtsied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And, while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was
day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning, good-morning; our work
is begun!"

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils fill blanks in the following statements.*

A little girl ——.
She sewed ——.

She folded ——.
She said ——.

She saw the sun ——.
She did not say ——.
She knew ——.

*Let pupils unite the first and second statements; the third and fourth; and the fifth, sixth, and seventh, omitting all unnecessary words.*

## LESSON XXXV.

| | |
|---|---|
| ōar | a lärm′ |
| scāles | a pärt′ |
| tĭm′id | twīned |
| sō′cial | bēa′ver |
| sĕn′ti nel | sŭp plȳ′ |

### THE BEAVER.

There are few animals that can teach us more useful lessons than the beaver.

They are very timid animals. If we went to places where they are common,



it would be very difficult to find them and see what they do.

The beaver is between two and three feet long, and one foot high, and is covered with brown hair. Its eyes are very small and far apart. Its ears also are small, and its nose blunt.

It has very strong, sharp teeth, and a long tail shaped somewhat like the blade of an oar. This tail has no hair or fur on it, but is covered with little scales like those of a fish.

The hind feet of the beaver have a thin skin between the toes. This shows that it is fitted for swimming.

During the summer these animals live in holes near the banks of rivers. They are very social animals. They never live alone. They usually go in parties, and build a little "beaver town."

They have some means of making known their wants to each other. They know they will be safer in water than on land, so they try to find a pond where they can build their town. If they can not do this, they will choose

a running stream with some trees on the banks.

The first thing they do, is to make a dam, right across the stream. They have neither saws nor hatchets with which to cut the trees; but they use their sharp, strong teeth, and gnaw and gnaw away, until they bring down tree after tree.

They know very well how to do this; otherwise the trees might fall and kill the little wood-cutters.

When they have gnawed nearly through the trunk, away they run to see if the tree is beginning to bend. If it is still straight, they set to work again; but the moment they hear it crack, off they run to keep out of danger.

When the tree is down, they gnaw all the branches off in the same way, and then cut the trunk into short pieces, and roll them down to the water's edge. Then they go to work at another tree, and still another, until they have all they want.



These logs of wood, kept down by mud and stones, make a dam, and this dam stops the water and causes it to rise around their houses and cover the openings, which are at the bottom, and helps to keep the beavers safe from danger.

Then the houses are built of mud, stones, sticks, and small branches twined in and out to keep them fast. These houses are several feet high and are very thick.

There are two rooms in them: one in the bottom, under water, which they use for a store-room; and the other, in the top, above the water, for a living-room. The floor of this room is covered with soft moss.

But these wise beavers know that they must have a store of food for the winter, as well as a snug little house to live in. They gather logs of wood and branches, and put them away in the store-room. The bark of these logs and some water plants supply them with food.

When they are "at home" during the winter months in their "beaver town," they always have a sentinel to keep watch, and if any one comes near, he gives the alarm by striking his broad, flat tail on the water.

There are no idle beavers. They not only work hard, but with great skill and care.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils write out a statement about each of the following points.*

The hair of the beaver ——.
The teeth of the beaver ——.
The feet of the beaver ——.
The tail of the beaver ——.

*In each statement, instead of using the words* **of the beaver,** *let pupils write* **beaver's** *in the same manner as is shown in the following*

MODEL.

The **hair of the beaver.**
The **beaver's hair.**

## LESSON XXXVI.

## NELLIE'S LETTER.

bēast cous'in tûr'ban dĭc'tion a ry̆



New-York City
June 1st 1884.

Dear Mary,—
Mamma is not at home, and I can not find our dictionary. I have to answer this question: "What is bamboo?"

John says it is a kind of beast like an ape.

Tom says it is a kind of spear.

I say it is the name of some black men who live in India.

Now I am sure you can tell me about it; and I should like very much to show Tom and John how little they know. Was not the man who wore the turban a bamboo?

The boys are laughing at me, but am I not right?

Your cousin,
Nellie.

## LESSON XXXVII.

Chī'nȧ  Bŏs'tŏn  Hĭn'dōō  pûr'pos eṣ
bab ōōn'  Măss. = Măs sa chū'setts

### MARY'S ANSWER.

*Boston, Mass.*
*Jan. 4th, 1874.*

*Dear Nellie:*

*When I read your letter, I laughed so loud that the cat jumped off my knee and ran away in a great fright.*

*Bamboo is a kind of grass, or reed, or cane, which grows in India or China, and is used for building houses, and for many other purposes.*

*Did you never see a bamboo cane?*

*John was thinking of a baboon. That is an animal like an ape. The kind of spear was a harpoon. The man with the turban was a Hindoo, and not a bamboo.*



*He would have laughed very much if you had asked him what you have asked me. But never mind, dear, all of us must learn.*

*Your cousin,*
*Mary.*

**Language Lesson.**—*Let each pupil write a letter to some friend, after the model of those just given, on the subject of a journey. The following points should be included.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Where I went. | Whom I saw. |
| How I went. | How long I stayed. |
| What I saw. | How I enjoyed it. |

*The treatment of each point should make a separate paragraph.*

MODEL FOR ADDRESSING AN ENVELOPE.

*Miss Milly Brown,*
*Johnstown,*
*New York.*

*If directed to a city, the address must include the street and number. It is sometimes necessary to include the county.*

## LESSON XXXVIII.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ō′a sēş | dĕş′ert | bŏt′tleş | sĭŋk′ing |
| eăm′el | bär′ley̆ | ĭşl′andş | eăr′a văn |
| Ăr′abş | dăz′zleş | faith′ful | A rā′bi an |
| Ā′sia (Ā′shĭ ȧ) | Ăf′ri ea | ḩẽrb′aġe | drôm′e da ry̆ |

### THE CAMEL.

In Asia and Africa there are vast plains of sand, upon which no grass grows, and through which no river runs. These plains are as smooth as the ocean unmoved by waves. As far as the eye can reach, nothing is to be seen but sand.

In the middle of the day when the sun is hottest, the sand dazzles the eyes of the traveler, as if another sun were beneath the sand as well as one above.

Here and there, but many miles apart, are green spots consisting of bushes, trees, and grass, growing around a small pool or spring of water. These green spots are called oases. Here the tired traveler can find food and shade, and sleep awhile, sheltered from the blazing sun.



How do you think the traveler crosses these burning plains? Not in carriages, or on horseback, or in railway trains, but on the backs of tall, long-necked, hump-backed camels.

Even if you have seen camels alive, or pictures of them, you will still be glad to learn more about these very useful animals.

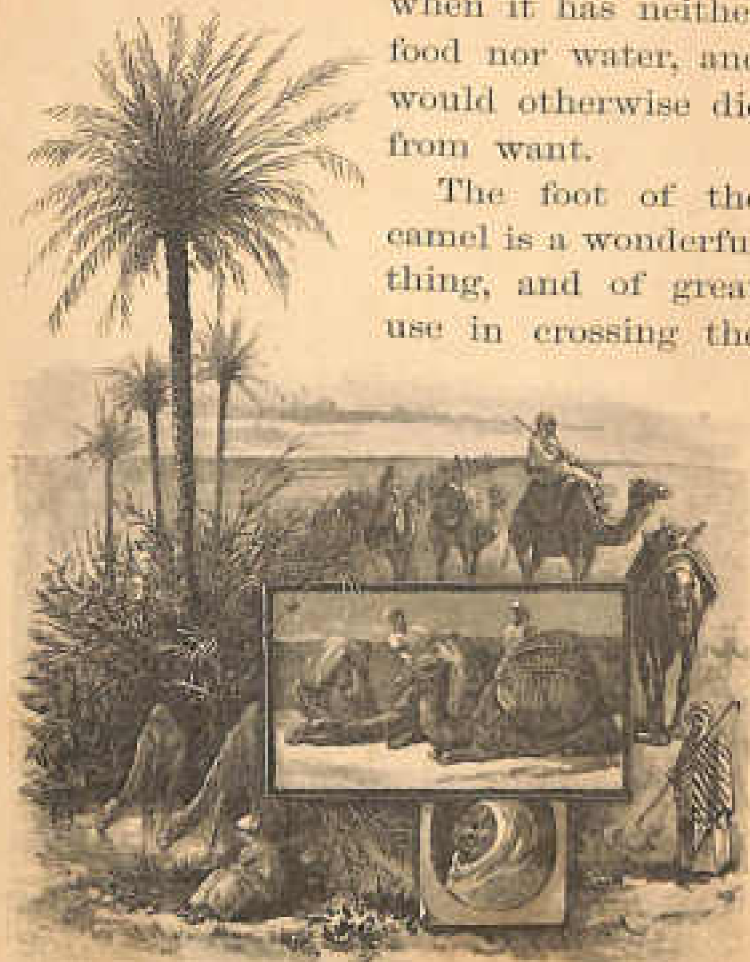
The camel lives on grass, and the dry short herbage, which is found on the edges of the desert.

While traveling in the desert, it is fed upon dates and barley. It is able to eat a great deal of food at a time, and to drink enough water to last some days. By this means it can go for a long time without food, and travel long distances without stopping to eat or drink.

The camel has a curious hump of fat on the top of its back called a "hump." One kind of camel has two humps. One purpose of these humps,

is to supply the camel with strength, when it has neither food nor water, and would otherwise die from want.

The foot of the camel is a wonderful thing, and of great use in crossing the



soft, sandy deserts. It is broad, and has a soft pad at the bottom, which keeps it from sinking into the sand.



The camel with two humps on its back is much larger and stronger than the camel with one hump.

The one-humped camel is known as the Arabian camel or dromedary. Asia is the home of the camel, but numbers of them are used in Africa and other parts of the world.

The camel is trained to kneel down to receive its load, and to let its master get on its back.

The camel can smell water at a great distance. When its rider is nearly dead from thirst, and water is near, he can tell it by the greater speed at which the camel begins to travel.

The camel is often called the "ship of the desert." As the desert is like a sea, and the green spots upon it like islands, so is the camel like a ship, that can carry the traveler from one point to another, quickly and safely.

But even with his faithful camel, the traveler does not care to cross the desert alone. The difficulties of keeping in the right track, and the fear of wild

Arabs, make it much safer for a number of travelers to cross the desert together.

Travelers take with them camel-drivers and men who know the way, to look after the beasts when they stop for the night.

These men light the fires, cook the food, and fill the large skin-bottles with water when they come to a spring.

The travelers, camels, and camel-drivers, together, form what is called a caravan.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils fill blanks in the statements given below, using in each, one of the following pairs of words:* **more highly, more rapidly, most willingly, most comfortably.**

Travelers in the desert value the camel —— than they do the horse.

The camel passes over the soft sand —— than the horse is able to do.

The camel kneels and receives its burden ——.

The traveler rides along —— on the camel's back.

*Let pupils unite the first and second, and the third and fourth statements, using proper* **connecting-words,** *and omitting unnecessary words.*



LESSON XXXIX.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| dŭmb | quāil | çēased | fād′ing |
| rough (rŭf) | ēaves | bo′som | Nō vĕm′ber |

## NOVEMBER.

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves;
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest way-side blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves, to-day, are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb;
But let me tell you, my darling,
The Spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils copy the statements given below, using* **he** *instead of* **John** *in the second statement;* **his** *instead of* **John's** *in the third and fourth statements; and* **him** *instead of* **John** *in the fifth and sixth statements.*

John lives in the country.
John goes to school.

I have John's book.
I have John's sled.

I will give John back his book.
I will give John back his sled.

*Let pupils, after making these changes, unite each pair of statements, using proper* **connecting-words,** *and omitting unnecessary words.*

*Fill blanks in the questions given below, using the following words:* ***James, Roy, they, them, their.***

Do —— and —— like to study?
Do —— go to school?
Do you know ——?
Have you seen —— pets?



LESSON XL.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| haul | siz'es | knives | search'es |
| ac'id | div'er | de cays' | clean'ing |
| jel'ly | fi'bers | spong'es | in'ter est ing |

## SPONGE-FISHING.

"Where do sponges come from, I wonder," said Roy, as he sat by the window, cleaning his slate with a bit of fine sponge. "What are they made of?"

"Made of?" said Aunt Mary. "Why they are the bones of animals."

"Why, what do you mean, Aunt Mary? I never saw any animals that looked like sponges."

"I suppose not," said Aunt Mary; "because they all grow on the bottom of the sea and do not look then as they do when you see them."

"How do they look then?" said Roy.

"Well, they grow in many beautiful forms, of different sizes and shapes—like a cup, a top, a ball, and sometimes like branches of small trees.

"They have a soft flesh, like jelly, which covers a bony frame-work of horny fibers. Some are red, some green, and others yellow."

"Then they must look like plants?" said Roy.

"Yes, but they are not plants. For a long time they were thought to be plants; but now, those who have watched them longest and with the greatest care, say that they are animals."

"How do they catch them?" said Roy, who began to think about the way fish are caught.

"If the water is not too deep, men stand in a boat over the place where they are growing, and tear them off the rocks below with long spears."

"But if the water is very deep?"

"Ah, that is the most interesting part of all. Then, men have to dive down to the bottom and cut them off the rocks with sharp knives."

"Why how can they do that?"

"They are trained to the work, and



can easily dive down to the bottom—a distance of sixty feet or more.

"When the boat is right over the place where the sponges grow—the diver takes a large rock, to which a rope is tied and jumps into the water.

"Down, down, down he goes—through the dark water, till at last he stands on the bottom.

"Once there, he works away as fast as he can, for it is not possible for him to stay under water longer than two minutes at one time.

"He searches about among the rocks and cliffs, and cuts off, with great care, the nicest sponges he can find, and puts them under his arms, or into a sack.

"When he has gathered as many as he can, he pulls the rope, and the men in the boat haul him and his load of sponges up to the surface as quickly as possible."

"How do they get the flesh off?" said Roy.

"They bury them in the sand till the flesh decays and then they wash them in acid and water, till they are clean and fit to sell."

Roy sat still for a long time, looking at the piece of sponge he had in his hand.



At last he said softly, to himself, "Sponges, animals? No eyes, no ears, no hands? What funny things!"

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils fill blanks in the statements given below, using in turn the following sets of words:* ***he, his, him; you, your, you; I, my, me; they, their, them; we, our, us.***

—— will go to school.
—— will learn —— lessons.
—— teacher will praise ——.

## LESSON XLI.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| knife | Hăr′ry̆ | jŏgged | pụd′ding |
| trī′als | rēa′son | sŭp′per | stŏm′ach |
| spilled | ĕl′bōws | năp′kin | our sĕlves′ |

### TABLE MANNERS.

"George, I am going to eat my supper by myself, after this," said little Harry.

"I don't believe you will," replied his brother.

"Then I wish every one would stop scolding me at table."

Harry seemed to be unhappy and anxious to have his elder brother help him bear his trials.

"Why don't you try to get along at table, and do as you are told?" inquired George, although he was somewhat moved by Harry's sorrowful looks.

"But I am told so many things! Last night, father scolded because I was too far away from the table. Then to-night, he scolded because I was too close."

"That's all right, Harry; last night you took your supper in your lap, and to-night you jogged the table so that you spilled water from the glasses."

"Yes, George, that's so; but you know I didn't mean to do it."

"Why did you laugh, then?"

"I could not help laughing at first. I tell you, though, I didn't like the scolding I got afterwards," said Harry.

"You had better sit close to the table after this; but not so near as to touch it," said George.

"I'll try to, George."



"I say, Harry, while I think of it, I want to ask a favor of you?"

"What is it?"

"Try not to make such a noise when you eat your soup, or bread and milk."

"Why?" inquired Harry.

"Because it makes me think of pigs when I hear you, and I don't like to have my little brother make me think of pigs."

"I won't do it any more, George."

"Is there any thing else that you ought not to do at table?"

"O yes, a great many things!" said Harry.

"Well, Harry, let me hear about them. You tell me what you ought not to do, and I will try to tell you why not."

"That will be real fun!" said Harry. "Father says, 'Harry, do keep your elbows off the table.'"

"It looks so lazy to see a boy with his arms resting on the table. You went to sleep one time and upset your plate," said George.

"So I did! Then Aunt Mary says, 'Harry, do stop putting your knife in your mouth.'"

"Well, Harry, you have your fork to carry your food to your mouth with, and no one likes to see a knife used as a shovel—it is meant to cut with."

"I suppose you know, George," said Harry; "I don't like to see any one put a knife into his mouth, either."

"Then stop doing it yourself, Harry."

"I'll try. Mother always says, 'You must not eat so fast, Harry.'"

"It is bad for your stomach, and will make you sorry when you are older," said George.

"Then Uncle John says, 'Harry, you eat too much.'"

"Same reason as I just gave you, and it may make you sick, right afterwards."

"I know that," said Harry; "I was sick last week when we had that good pudding—I mean bad pudding."

"Any thing else?" inquired George.



"Yes. You told me to take my knife and fork off my plate when I passed it," said Harry.

"I don't like to have them fall off and then pick them up for you. They are not clean, either, and may soil our clothes or the table-cloth."

"That rule is all right, I know," said Harry; "but if I play with my knife and fork while my plate is away, every one scolds me."

"It looks very childish to see a boy like you, play at table!" said George.

"All right, George, I am going to call out, the next time you play with your napkin ring."

"Will you?" said George, blushing; "so you may, my fine fellow; and I'll stop, too, if you catch me."

Harry looked much pleased at his brother's answer.

"I tell you, George, you and I don't try to talk with our mouths full, do we?"

"Who does, Harry?"

"Shall I tell them not to?" inquired Harry.

"Yes, I think it would be fair," replied George; "only tell whoever it is quietly, and ask him to please not do it—you will surprise every one, if you are pleasant about it."

"I will do as you tell me, George," said Harry; "we will try to have things done right, won't we?"

"We shall have to look out for ourselves, too," replied George.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils give nine statements, whether oral or written, each one being a rule for "Table Manners."*

*Let pupils copy and learn the following corrections of common errors.*

He and I will go next week.
Have you and he had dinner?
Will you tell him and me?
All this is between you and me.
I did not say any thing.

MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

"Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt!
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."



LESSON XLII.

Will spĕd sŏl′emn ō′er = ō′ver

WILL AND THE BEE.

One morning, Will, a thoughtless boy,
Who cared for naught but play,
Went out into the pleasant fields
To pass an idle day.

At work among the pretty flowers,
There flew a busy bee.
"O stay!" cried Will, "and sing your song,
And play to-day with me!"

With solemn hum the bee sped on,
As if the hours were few;
To idle Will made this reply—
"You see I've work to do."

"And do you never wish," said Will,
"To rest the long day through?"
"No day is long," the bee replied,
"To those with work to do."

"If you, a bee, have much to do,"
For Will thus thought it o'er,
"Why, then, a boy, with hands to work,
Should surely do much more.

"There must be work for me to do!"
And Will sprung to his feet;
"Work on, dear bee, an idler, me
You never more shall meet."

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils write the following sentences from dictation, and then compare them with the book, correcting spelling, capitals, and punctuation.*

"'Twas the night before Christmas."

I saw Mr. and Mrs. Brown on a Friday in June at Oldtown, N. Y.



LESSON XLIII.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| căn′dle | cŏm′fort | spŭt′tered |
| stŭffed | mătch′es | be nŭmbed′ |
| slĭp′pers | splĕn′dor | wan′der ing |
| ā′pron (ā′pŭrn) | smōk′ing | dĭs ap pēared′ |

## THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

It was very cold; it snowed, and was beginning to grow dark, and it was the last night of the year, too—New-Year's Eve.

In the cold and darkness, a poor little girl was wandering about the streets with bare head and bare feet.

She had a pair of slippers on when she left home, but what was the good of them?

They were very large, old slippers of her mother's—so large that they fell off the little girl's feet, as she ran across the street to get out of the way of two carriages, which came rushing along at a great rate. One slipper was not to be found, and a boy ran off with the other.

Thus the little girl wandered about barefooted, with some matches in an old apron, whilst she held a bundle of them in her hand.

No one had bought any matches of her through the whole day—no one had given her a single penny.

Hungry, and blue with cold, the poor little girl crept along, the large flakes of snow covering her yellow hair, which curled round her face; but it gave her no comfort to think of that.

In a corner between two houses, she found shelter. Curling herself up, she drew her poor little feet, which were red and blue with cold, under her as well as she could; but she was colder than ever, and dared not go home, for, as she had sold no matches, her cruel father would beat her.

Besides, it was cold at home, for they lived just under the roof, and the wind blew in, though straw and old rags had been stuffed into the large cracks.



Her little hands were quite be-numbed with cold. O how much good one match would do, if she dared but take it out of the bundle, draw it across the wall, and warm her fingers in the flame!

She took one out and drew it across the wall. How it sputtered and burned! It burned with a warm, bright flame, like a candle, and she bent her hand round it: it was a wonderful light!

It seemed to the little girl as if she were sitting before a large stove, in which the fire burned brightly, and gave out such comfort and such warmth!

She stretched out her feet to warm them, too—but the flame went out, the stove disappeared, and there she sat with a little bit of the burnt match in her hand.

Another was lighted; it burned, and, where the light fell upon the wall, she could see through it and into a large room.

There the table was covered with a cloth of dazzling white, and with fine

china; and a roast goose was smoking upon it.

But what was still more delightful, the goose sprung down from the table, and, with a knife and fork sticking in its back, came towards the little girl.

Then the match went out, and she saw nothing but the thick, cold wall.

She lighted another; and now she was sitting under the most beautiful Christmas-tree. It was larger than those she had seen at Christmas through the windows of rich people.

Hundreds of candles were burning among the green branches, and beautiful pictures, such as she had seen in the shop-windows, looked down upon her. She stretched out both her hands, when the match went out.

She drew another match across the wall, and in the light it threw around, stood her old grandmother, so bright, so gentle, and so loving.

"Grandmother," the little girl cried, "O take me with you! I know that you will disappear as soon as the match



is burnt out, just like the warm stove, the roast goose, and the Christmas-tree!"

She quickly lighted the rest of the matches that remained in the bundle, for she wished to keep her grandmother with her as long as possible; and the matches burned so brightly that it was lighter than day.

Never before had her grandmother appeared so beautiful and so tall; and, taking the little girl in her arms, they flew high, high up into the heavens, where she felt neither cold, nor hunger, nor fear, any more—for they were with God!

But, in the corner between the two houses, in the cold morning air, lay the little girl with pale cheeks and smiling lips.

She was frozen to death during the last night of the Old Year. The first light of the New Year shone upon the dead body of the little girl, sitting there with the matches, one bundle of which was nearly used up.

"She has been trying to warm herself," people said; but no one knew what beautiful dreams she had had, or with what splendor she had entered with her grandmother into the joys of a New Year.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils write complete statements about each* **part** *of the following* **analysis**, *and then unite them so as to make a story. The treatment of each part should form a separate paragraph.*

ANALYSIS.

| | |
|---|---|
| **Time.** | What day of the year was it?<br>What part of the day was it? |
| **Weather.** | Was it cold or warm?<br>Was it wet or dry? |
| **Girl.** | What was said of her clothing?<br>Why was she unhappy? |
| **Matches.** | Why did she light the matches?<br>What did she see while the first was burning? The second? Fourth? |
| **Grandmother.** | How did her grandmother seem to her?<br>What did she wish her grandmother to do? |
| **Death.** | Where did she seem to be going?<br>What did the people say about it the next day? |



LESSON XLIV.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| lī′on | băr′rel | ex çĕpt′ | eăpt′ūred |
| päḷm | sŭl′len | go rĭl′lȧ | prŏb′a bly̆ |
| dĕąlt | hăb′its | nā′tiveṣ | un ķnōw̵n′ |
| rōw̵ed | at tăcķ′ | tĕr′ri blę | ad vĕnt′ūrę |

## THE GORILLA.

"You have now read about many animals, John," said Uncle George, "and have learned much about their habits."

"But there is still another animal that I should like to know something of," said John.

"And what is it?" inquired his uncle.

"The gorilla."

"Ah, John, we know nothing about gorillas except what can be learned from the stuffed skins of those that have been killed, and the stories of travelers and hunters."

"Have none of them been taken alive?" inquired John.

"A few, but they do not live long after being captured."

"I have heard that gorillas grow to be as tall as men. Is it true?" inquired John.

"Quite true, and they are very strange looking animals. The hair of the gorilla is of a grayish black, except upon the arms, face, hands, and feet, where it is black.

"Its strength is truly wonderful. It can break limbs of trees as large round as your neck; bend the barrel of a gun and crush it in its jaws.

"If a hunter does not kill it at the first fire, it turns upon him and tears him to pieces with its terrible hands.

"The natives never hunt or attack the gorilla if they can avoid doing so; for they fear it more than they do the lion or elephant."

"How did they ever capture one alive?" inquired John.

"They never have captured a full grown gorilla," replied his uncle; "those that have been taken were quite young.

"Even these grow more sullen and



fierce, and in a short time die from some unknown cause. Probably they do not get the kind of food that they like."

"Please tell me a story about the gorilla, will you, uncle?"

"Certainly. Once upon a time, a party of men were hunting elephants. They took a boat and rowed up a small river.

"When they came to a good landing place, they left their boat and started toward some palm-trees growing near the shore. As they were about to enter the forest they heard a noise like thunder.

"The natives knew at once that it was the cry of a gorilla and turned back toward the boat; but the white men stood still. In a moment there dashed into the open space a huge gorilla.

"It was, indeed, a frightful looking object. Its mouth was wide open, showing its long, yellow teeth. The hair on its head stood up straight and

it was beating its breast with its great fists.

"The man nearest it raised his gun and fired; but only wounded the gorilla. In a moment, the fierce brute



was upon him. With one hand it tore the gun from the man, and with the other dealt him a blow that laid him almost lifeless on the ground. The other hunter then fired and the gorilla fell over dead.

"The first hunter was so badly hurt that it was thought he would die, but he recovered and told me about his strange adventure."

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils answer the questions given below, in complete statements, and connect them so as to make a story.*

ANALYSIS.

| | |
|---|---|
| **Home.** | Where does the gorilla live? |
| **Appearance.** | What is its height?<br>What is its color?<br>What is said of its hands?<br>What animal does it look like? |
| **Nature.** | What is said of its temper?<br>How does it behave when captured? |
| **Food.** | Upon what does the gorilla live? |
| **Hunting.** | Why must one be careful in hunting it?<br>What becomes of the captured gorillas? |

## LESSON XLV.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| niēçe | dis'tant | mit'tens | bănk'-nōte |
| re liēf' | dẹs sẽrt' | grēēt'ing | whis'pered |
| ĕmp'ty | quar'ter | brĕak'fast | ȧft'er noon |

### THE FIFTEEN FAIRIES.

Aunt Nellie sat thinking. It was only a week before Christmas, and she had nothing ready for her little niece who lived in a distant city.

At last, with a look of relief, she said: "I have thought of something! I know it will please her."

She then wrote a letter to Mary's mamma and folded into it a crisp bank-note.

On Christmas morning Mary opened her eyes upon a bright silver quarter which lay upon her pillow. By the side of it was a tiny note which read as follows:

"Dear Mary: I am one of fifteen fairies which are to appear to-day, with a Christmas greeting from Aunt Nellie."



"O how nice!" said Mary. "What a funny auntie; always doing something different from other people."

Wide awake, she jumped out of bed and began to dress.

She found a shining piece of silver in the foot of each of her stockings, two of Aunt Nellie's fairies were in her shoes, another faced her in the wash bowl, and a wee one was in the box beside her brush and comb.

"These will almost fill my poor, little, empty purse," she thought, as she took it from a drawer and touched the spring—but in the purse was a bigger fairy than had yet appeared!

Such a merry time as she had dressing that morning! She kept calling mamma in, and how they laughed over each new fairy that appeared.

At breakfast, she was served first to a silver quarter,—another shone in her glass of water.

She wondered if the chicken and rolls would turn into silver when she began to eat them.

How many times that morning she counted her ten silver fairies! But she hunted in vain for the other five.

Fairy number eleven did not appear until dinner time, when it flew out of her napkin and rolled merrily over the floor.

Mary spent a happy afternoon, planning what to buy with her fairies. Some of them should turn into a pair of warm mittens for poor Tommy Smith.

She would carry a basket of frosted cakes to poor, blind Ann, and a pretty doll to a little lame girl round the corner.

But mamma was calling her to get ready for a walk. When she felt in the pocket of her dress for her mittens, she found instead, a fairy. Another peeped out from the bow on her hat in a laughable way.

That night at supper a little cake was placed before Mary's plate, and fairy number fourteen came near being eaten, but appeared just in time to be saved from such a fate.



The last of Aunt Nellie's fairies was resting quietly on her pillow when she went to bed.

Early next morning Mary turned her fairies into the queerest shaped bundles, and her big basket was quite full.

What fun she had in giving away her presents!

"Why, it's nicer than my Christmas, mamma," she whispered as she turned to leave the little lame girl whom she had made so happy with her first doll.

So, many hearts were made glad that day and the whole long year by Aunt Nellie's fifteen fairies.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils tell this story in their own words, using the following points:* ***Aunt Nellie's plan. How Mary found the fairies. What she did with the money. What she said about it.***

## LESSON XLVI.

### A SONG OF THE SLEIGH.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| stēēd | flēē'çy | flēēt'ing | tĕm'pests |
| chīme | spärk'le | fōam'ing | mōōn'bēams |

On a winter's night,
When hearts are light,
And health is on the wind,
We loose the rein
And sweep the plain,
And leave our cares behind.

With a laugh and song
We glide along
Across the fleeting snow;
With friends beside,
How swift we ride
On the beautiful track below!

O the raging sea,
Has joys for me,
When gale and tempests roar!
But give me the speed
Of a foaming steed,
And I'll ask for the waves no more.

**Language Lesson.**—*Let pupils copy the third stanza and point out the lines that end with similar sounds.*

*Let pupils fill blanks in the stanza given below.*

"So the merry brown thrush sings away in the ——,
To you and to me, to you and to ——;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little ——:
'O the world's running over with joy!'"

## LESSON XLVII.

fôr'ty at tĕnd' joûr'ney bōard'ing
tĭck'et stā'tion ex ăct'ly in tĕnd'ing
pōr'ter col lĕct' hŏl'i days con dŭct'or

### MAY'S ADVENTURE.

"Well, dear, as Maude has gone and your train is about to start, I will say good-by. I hope you will get home safe. Be sure to write and let me know as soon as you possibly can."

"O yes, Miss Smith; every thing will be all right; Harry is to meet me at Newfield, you know. Good-by!"

Then the train started, and as May waved her hand, she felt that the holidays had begun at last.

It was only ten weeks since May had left her home in the country to attend a city boarding school; and yet the time seemed very long to her since she had last seen all the dear home faces, and her delight was very great as the train started slowly away from the station.



May had never traveled alone before, and as none of her school-mates happened to be going her way, the best thing to be done was for her cousin Harry to meet her at Newfield, a distance of about twenty-five miles from home.

"Let me see," said May to herself, "I have bought a knife for John, and a boat for Charles (I hope the mast won't break) and a doll for baby. All of them cost a dollar, so now I have only ten cents left."

Then May took her purse out of her pocket, and felt for this piece of money. Presently her fingers wandered to the place where she had put her ticket.

Suddenly she gave a start, for looking into her purse she saw that her ticket was not there!

"O!" she cried, "what shall I do! what shall I do! Maude has my ticket!"

Poor May! At first she felt like having a good cry, but she knew that would be of no use, so instead she be-

gan to think how she should get over her trouble.

"What shall I say to the conductor when he asks for my ticket," thought May. "Perhaps he will not believe that I ever had one. O what will papa do when the train comes and——"

May felt a great lump in her throat at this last, sad thought; but she rubbed her eyes and put her hat straight, thinking, "I will make myself look as well as I can anyhow."

"Tickets! tickets, please!" said the conductor, and he waited a moment for May to speak.

"I have no ticket—I mean I have none with me," said May, timidly.

"Then I must collect your fare. Where are you going?" said the conductor.

"But I only have ten cents," and May showed her purse.

"You will have to get off at the next station," said the conductor, and at the next station May got off.

She had no sooner left the cars than



a hand was laid upon her arm, and she heard a voice saying—

"Why, May! what are you doing here?"

She turned round and saw her cousin Harry.

"O Harry! can it be you?" cried May. "I have no ticket and the train will be off in a minute; what shall I do?"

"Is that all?" was the answer. "O, I'll soon see to that."

In a short space of time May was again seated in the car, and going toward home at the rate of forty miles an hour.

"And now, Harry," said May, "please tell me how you happened to be here, instead of waiting at Newfield to meet me?"

"Why," replied her cousin, "by chance I took the wrong train, one that did not stop at Newfield. I had been waiting at the station we have just left, for half an hour, intending to meet you in the train and then to

come back with you. How did you lose your ticket?"

"I did not exactly lose it," said May. "I took it out of my purse when I wanted to pay the porter, and I gave it to Maude to hold. Then her train came up and we forgot all about the ticket."

May and her cousin reached home without further adventure, tired and dusty after their long journey.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils write complete statements about each* **part** *of the following* **analysis,** *and unite them so as to make a story.*

*The treatment of each part should form a paragraph.*

ANALYSIS.

| | |
|---|---|
| **May.** | Who she was.<br>Where she was going. |
| **Adventure.** | The loss of the ticket.<br>What the conductor said.<br>What May said.<br>May gets off the train. |
| **Harry.** | Where he was.<br>What he said to May. |
| **Home.** | How they got there at last. |

## LESSON XLVIII.

### PICTURE LESSON.

*Let pupils give answers, whether oral or written, to the following questions, in complete statements.*

1. What do you think this girl's name is?
2. Where do you think she lives?
3. Where is she now?
4. What has she for a pet?
5. Where did she get it?
6. What has she in her lap?
7. What is it made of?
8. What has she in her bowl?
9. Where did she get it?
10. What has she in her right hand?
11. What is it made of?
12. What color is the little girl's dress?

13. What is it made of?
14. Where did she get the dress?
15. Who made it?
16. What is the color of her apron?
17. What other animals do you see in the picture?
18. What time of the year do you think it is?
19. Is it warm or cold weather?
20. Do you think this little girl is kind?
21. Why do you think so?

*Let pupils unite their answers, so as to form a complete story, by using the proper* **connecting-words** *and omitting unnecessary words.*

*Let teachers occasionally select simple pictures, and have pupils treat them in a similar manner.*

## LESSON XLIX.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| fāil | pō'em | pū'pils | fī'nal ly |
| o mĭt' | a rōse' | re çīt'ed | re sŏlved' |

### HOW TOM GOT THE PRIZE.

"What is the matter with you?" said Mrs. Bell to a little boy, who sat near a wall at the back of her house. He had a book in his hand, and tears were in his eyes.

"We all have a poem to learn," said the boy, whose name was Tommy



Brooks, "and the one who says it best is to get a prize from the teacher, but I dont think I can learn it."

"Why not?" said the lady.

"The boys say that I can't, and that I need not try," said Tommy, as he rubbed his tearful eyes.

"Don't mind what the boys say. Let them see that you can learn it," replied the lady.

"But I don't think I can," said Tommy; "it is so long, and some of the words are so hard.

"I know there is no use in my trying for the prize; but I should like to learn the poem as well as I can; for the boys laugh at me and call me 'Slow Tommy.'"

"Well, dear," said the lady, in a kind voice, "if you are slow and can't help it, try to be 'slow and sure,' as they say.

"Look at that snail on the wall; how slow it is! And yet, if you watch it, you will see it will get to the top in time. So just try to learn a few lines

each day, and you may gain the prize in the end. And when you get on very slowly, think of the snail on the wall."

When Mrs. Bell had said this, she went on her way. And Tommy thought that he might run a race with the snail. So he resolved to try to learn the poem by the time the snail got to the top of the wall.

Finally, the day came on which the teacher was to give the prize, and he called upon the pupils to repeat the poem.

When five or six had recited, Tommy's turn came. There was a laugh when he arose, for most of the boys thought he would fail. But he did not omit a single word; and his heart was full of joy when the teacher said, "Well done, Tommy Brooks!"

When the rest of the class had tried, the teacher said Tommy had done the best of all, and gave him the prize.

"And now tell me," said the teacher, "how you learned the poem so well."



"Please, sir, it was the snail on the wall that taught me how to do it," said Tommy.

There was a loud laugh when Tommy said this. But the teacher said: "You need not laugh, boys; for we may learn much from such things as snails. How did the snail teach you, Tommy?"

"I saw it crawl up the wall little by little. It did not stop nor turn back, but went on, and on. And I thought I would do the same with the poem.

"So I learned it little by little, and did not give up. And by the time the snail reached the top of the wall, I had learned the whole poem."

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils tell this story in their own words, using the following points:* ***Tommy's difficulty. What the lady said to him. How he recited the poem. What he said about it.***

MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

"Do not flatter yourself, nor permit other people to flatter you."

## LESSON L.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| dwĕll | brīn'y̆ | Môr'nȧ | prŏm'ĭse |
| cŏr'al | dĕpths | sē'crets | lăn'guage |

### MORNA BY THE SEA.

My home is a hut by the sea,
  For I am a fisherman's child;
And the playmates and friends that are
    dearest to me
  Are the waves so rough and wild.

I love to run on the shore,
  When the sun and the tide are high;
The salt waves chase me—I laugh the more;
  Who is so happy as I?

I love the waves, and they love me;
  They say so in language plain.
I tell them my secrets, and they promise me
  That they'll never tell mine again.

And presents they bring me beside,
  Presents of coral and shell,
Briny and fresh with the last spring-tide,
  From the depths where the star-fish dwell.

Only when father is far away
  On the unknown, far-off sea,
I am anxious and sad, for the waves out
    there
  May not know him, I fear, nor me.

Then my dear waves that live on the shore,
  Sing a low and comforting strain:
"Fear not, little maid; God is good, and
    once more
  Thy father shall come back again."

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let the teacher write a stanza or two of this poem on the blackboard, omitting the last word of each line, and have pupils fill the blanks.*

## LESSON LI.

hāil Lāne chēer'i ly ex clāimed'
rōad lēaned pär'ti cles ad vanç'ing
vā'por Mā'bĕl in tĕn'tion săt is făc'tion

### WHY DOES IT SNOW?

"Why does it snow?" asked little Mabel, as she leaned upon the window-sill watching the silent snow-flakes.

"Because it wants to, I suppose," said her brother Tom. "I am sure if it keeps on, I shall have some fun with my sled."

"No, I don't wish for that reason," said Mabel; "I really wish to know why it snows."

"You'll have to ask somebody else, then; I can't stop to tell you. I must find my mittens."

Little Mabel had no intention of giving up her question until it was answered to her satisfaction, so she left the room to find her grandfather.

Old Mr. Lane was sitting in an arm-chair near the sitting-room window, and



saw the question in little Mabel's eyes as soon as she opened the door.

"Why does it snow, grandfather?" were the first words she said.

"That is a hard question," replied Mr Lane, laughing.

"But you know, don't you?" said Mabel, advancing toward her grandfather's chair.

"Well, Mabel, let us—you and me—think it all over, and see whether we can't find out. Do you know what clouds are, Mabel? We must begin with them."

"Yes, mamma says that they are made of vapor, which rises from the earth and sea."

"That is very true," said Mr. Lane, "and did mamma tell you why the vapor rose from the earth?"

"Because the vapor is warm. It is the sun's heat that makes the vapor."

"Will not any heat cause vapor, Mabel?"

"O yes, grandfather."

"Quite right. The vapor rises and

is blown together by the wind, and then the cold air above the earth causes the little particles to show themselves and form clouds."

"And the clouds become heavy and drop down rain," said Mabel.

"That is nearly right, Mabel," said her grandfather, "but a great many of these little particles of vapor go to form a single drop of rain. It sometimes takes several days before the clouds have any drops of water in them."

"Please tell me more," said Mabel.

"Well, when the drops of rain fall from the clouds, if they enter very, very cold air, what would we have then?"

"I can't think," said Mabel.

"Hail," said her grandfather; "for that is frozen rain. I want my little girl to know about rain and hail, as well as snow."

"Are we coming to snow now, grandfather?" exclaimed Mabel.

"Really we ought to come to snow



before hail and rain," answered Mr. Lane; "but I wished to have you take the best road. You have heard, have you not, that the shortest way is not always the easiest?"

"O yes; I have heard that," said Mabel.

"Before the drops of rain are formed, the little particles of water are sometimes frozen in the clouds, and then fall in little flakes."

"O that is the snow, at last," cried Mabel, clapping her hands.

"Yes, that is snow!" said her grandfather, cheerily, "and I am sure that you and Tom will have a merry time with it while it lasts."

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let the teacher read a short story to the pupils, and assist them in selecting the* ***parts*** *to form an* ***analysis.***

*Let pupils write one or more questions about each part, answer them in complete statements, and then unite them, so as to reproduce the story.*

MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

"Cherish what is good, and drive evil thoughts and feelings far."

## LESSON LII.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| cȧlm | squąll | re fūş′al | out′ward |
| cōąst | lin′ger | rĕs′eūęd | thrĕąt′ęn |
| hāstę | sĭg′nalş | dis trĕss′ | ex tĕnd′ed |
| Eŋ′glish (ing′glish) | fŏr′ęign | hŭş′band | fĭsh′er man |

### SAVED FROM THE SEA.

A storm is raging along the English coast. A life-boat is nearly ready to make its way to a ship which, at some short distance from the land, is showing signals of distress. The life-boat still needs one man.

Ned Brown, a fisher lad and a good sailor, wishes to fill the place. But first he bends down gently to a woman who stands beside him, and says to her in a clear, brave voice, "Mother, will you let me go?"

The mother has been a widow only six months. Her husband was a fisherman. He put out one day during the last spring in a small fishing-boat upon a calm sea. A sudden and terrible squall came on; pieces of the boat were



seen next morning, but the fisherman returned no more.

A fierce refusal rises to the woman's lips. But her sad eyes move slowly towards the helpless ship. She thinks of the many lives in danger within it,

and of many distant homes threatened with loss of their loved ones.

She turns to her boy, and in a voice as calm and brave as his own, "Go, my son," says she, "and may God bring you back safe to your mother's arms."

She leaves the beach in haste and seeks her lonely home; and thinks of her old sorrow and her new fear.

Morning dawns again. The storm is over. The waves are tossing their heads, but the sea will soon be calm. A fine ship has gone down upon the waters, but the life-boat has nobly done its work, and all in the ship have been saved.

Why does Ned Brown linger outside his mother's door? He has shown himself the bravest of the brave throughout the night. Why does he hold back?

Beside him stands a tall, worn man; a man whom he has saved from a watery grave; a man whose eyes, full of tenderness, never leave his own. Around the two are many villagers;



hands are extended to the man and happy words are spoken.

"Who will dare to tell her?" So says one with a voice well-nigh choked with feeling.

"I will." And, in another moment, Ned Brown enters the house, and is in his mother's arms.

"Mother, listen. I have a tale for your ears. One of the men saved last night is a fisherman. A storm had overtaken him upon the sea several months ago. He was seen and saved by a foreign ship. The ship was outward bound.

"Away from home, from wife, from friends, the man was forced to sail. By his wife and friends he was mourned as dead.

"He came to a distant land and set sail again in the first ship bound for England.

"Last night he found himself within sight of home; but a storm was raging on sea and land, and once more the man stood face to face with death.

Help came in his need. Mother, try to bear the happy truth.

"When your brave heart—a heart which in the midst of its sorrow could feel for the sorrows of others, sent me forth last night, you knew not (how should you know?) that you sent me to save my dear father's life."

Not another word is spoken. A step is heard; the rescued man stands by his own fireside. With a cry of wild joy the mother rushes forward and falls into his arms.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils write a short exercise upon one of the following subjects,*

***hats, cloaks, boots, coats,***

*and use this*

ANALYSIS.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. Where bought. | 6. Parts. |
| 2. When bought. | 7. Description. |
| 3. Of what made. | 8. Color. |
| 4. Who made them. | 9. Appearance. |
| 5. How made. | 10. Cost. |

*Let teacher show pupils how to use the above analysis in writing a description of any article.*



## LESSON LIII.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| lil'y | da'ly | mil'let | prais'es |
| grace | share | val'ley | Nat'ure |

### WORK.

Down and up, and up and down,
  Over and over and over;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
  Turn out the bright red clover.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
  And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
  And the grace of God through all.

With hand on the spade and heart in the sky,
  Dress the ground and till it;
Turn in the little seed, brown and dry;
  Turn out the golden millet.
Work, and your house shall be duly fed;
  Work, and rest shall be won;
I hold that a man had better be dead
  Than alive, when his work is done!

Down and up, and up and down,
  On the hill-top, low in the valley;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
  Turn out the rose and lily.

Work, with a plan, or without a plan,
And your ends shall be shaped true;
Work, and learn at first-hand, like a man—
The best way to know is to do!

Down and up till life shall close,
Ceasing not your praises;
Turn in the wild, white winter snows,
Turn out the sweet spring daisies.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils add **ful** to each of the following words, and give the meaning of the words so formed.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ***fear*** | ***faith*** | ***pain*** | ***joy*** |
| ***hope*** | ***doubt*** | ***grace*** | ***sorrow*** |

*Let pupils write eight statements, each containing one of the words just formed.*

MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

"Let your hands and your conscience
Be honest and clean;
Scorn to touch or to think of
The thing that is mean."



## LESSON LIV.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| in sist′ | knit′ting | in ter fēre′ |
| nēe′dles | prick′ing | fĭn′ish ing |
| căp′i tal | re çeived′ | spĕe′ta eles |
| worst′ed | gal văn′ic | pŭn′ish ment |
| băt′ter y | tĕmpt′ing | mĕd′dle some |

### HOW TOM GOT INTO TROUBLE.

Tom was quite as meddlesome as little Millie who broke her grandmother's spectacles, and got snuff into her eyes. He could never leave any thing alone.

"Some day you will meddle too much," said his mother, "and then you will be sorry."

But Tom did not mind. Other people did, for Tom did a great deal of mischief in one way and another.

If his mother laid down her knitting-work for a moment, he would pull out the needles in order to see the little loops.

If his sister's worsted work was on the table, he began working at it and

was sure to spoil it. If the gardener was weeding, Tom said he would weed too, and pulled up more flowers than weeds, which made the gardener very angry.

Then in the nursery, if he found the little ones playing cars, he would interfere and place the chairs another way, and would insist on being the conductor himself. Then the little ones would cry, and nurse would be angry and send Tom out of the nursery.

But one day Tom met with a punishment. He had been peeping about, and listening, and hearing of some wonderful machine that his father had just received.

"I must go and have a look at it," said Tom to himself. And down he went to his father's study to see what the machine was like.

He opened the door very softly, and there stood the wonderful machine, with chains and handles and plates, most tempting to behold.

Tom rubbed his hands and smiled.



"I might take it to pieces," he said, "and put it together again without any one knowing."

So he got upon a chair, and kneeling down, took a chain handle in each hand.

"Capital!" he was going to say, but instead of finishing the word, he cried out, "O, O, O!" and screamed so loud that every one ran to see what was the matter.

For no sooner had Tom taken hold of the handles than he felt as if pins and needles were pricking him, and he could not take his hands away, the handles seemed to keep them fast. "O, O, O!" yelled Tom.

"Ah!" said his father, "you have punished yourself at last. This is a galvanic battery."

Tom did not know what a galvanic battery was, but he made up his mind not to meddle with one again.

When his father had loosed his hands, Tom crept away to his room, without stopping to say a word, not caring to

hear their laughter and the jokes that were made upon him.

The galvanic battery had done its work well. Tom's feelings had been touched in a manner that surprised him.

He was told that there were other machines in the world more dangerous than galvanic batteries, and he believed it.

Tom had learned a lesson, and one that he was likely to remember. He never again meddled with any thing he did not understand.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils write a short exercise upon one of the following subjects,*

***corn, apples, potatoes, strawberries,***

*and use this*

ANALYSIS.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. Size. | 6. How planted. |
| 2. Shape. | 7. How often planted. |
| 3. Color. | 8. How cared for. |
| 4. Seeds. | 9. How gathered. |
| 5. How they grow. | 10. How made ready for food. |

*Let teacher show pupils how to use the above analysis in writing a description of other articles of food.*



## LESSON LV.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| glōveş | hŭŋ'ger | al lowed' | thĭm'bleş |
| mĭxed | wāst'ed | warn'ing | pro dūçed' |
| lŏcked | un tī'dy | cŏb'wĕbş | crŭm'pled |
| worse (wûrs) | rĕg'ū lar | cŏn'stant | ĭll'-tĕm pered |

### ANNA AND THE FAIRIES.

PART I.

Once upon a time, there was a very untidy little girl, who never kept any thing in its place, and who, for that reason, lost her books, thimbles, pins, needles, gloves, shoestrings, and everything else that some one did not put away for her.

She wasted her time in looking for them, when she ought to have been learning her lessons, or sewing, or going out to walk, and was a constant trouble to herself and her parents, her brothers and sisters, and all others in the house.

Now this was in the days when children had fairy godmothers. This little girl had two; one of them being

cross and ill-tempered, while the other was kind and gentle.

Anna—for that was the girl's name—had often been told that if she kept on being so untidy, she would give these fairies power over her, and that after a time, one or the other of them would carry her off and take the whole care of her.

The foolish girl took no heed of the warning, and so it happened, that one day the ill-tempered godmother came to take her away.

Never was such an object seen as this fairy. Her hair looked as if it had never known a comb or brush; her dress was soiled and torn; her stockings had holes in them; one shoe had lost more than half its buttons, and the other was tied up with a piece of string.

Anna was carried off and locked up in a small, dirty room, with uncleaned windows, cobwebs in all the corners, the floor covered with dust, and the walls almost black with smoke.



"There, Anna," said the fairy, "I have brought you to just such a room as yours would have been, if you had been allowed to have your own way, and which, of course, you will like. Now I will bring you some work."

So saying, she produced in some strange manner a great box of pins and needles and a bundle of crumpled papers.

She emptied the box on the table, and told Anna that she must stick the pins and needles into the paper in regular rows.

All the pins and needles of the same size and shape must be placed together, and she was to have no food until she had finished the task. Then the fairy went out, leaving Anna to herself.

The poor girl did not know how to begin her work. The pins and needles were all mixed together, and whenever she tried to pick one out, she pricked her fingers with the points of several others.

There were great carpet pins as long

as Anna's finger, and tiny little pins, some of which were so small that she could hardly see them.

Then there were long needles and short needles, large needles and needles so fine that one of the hairs from Anna's head would not pass through their eyes.

The more she tried, the worse matters became. Hour after hour passed away and she felt ill with hunger. At last, she burst into tears, thinking that she would be starved to death in this dirty, ill-kept room.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils make out an* ***analysis*** *in five* ***parts*** *for the subject—*

***What happened yesterday.***

*Let pupils ask one or more questions upon each* ***part*** *of the* ***analysis,*** *and write out the answers in complete statements.*

*Unite such statements as relate to the same* ***part*** *of the* ***analysis*** *and may be properly joined.*

*The treatment of each* ***part*** *should make a separate paragraph; and all the paragraphs together, a complete story.*



## LESSON LVI.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| guide | dĭn′gy | căn′vas | dis ôr′der |
| beads | mŏt′to | păt′tern | ar rānged′ |
| scowl | prŏp′er | pēe′vish | un răv′eled |
| ăct′ed | cŏp′ied | prĕs′ence | com păn′ions (yŭns) |

### ANNA AND THE FAIRIES.

#### PART II.

"What troubles you, child?" said a pleasant voice, and on looking round, Anna saw standing on the table in front of her, a little lady who looked like neatness itself.

Anna pointed to the heap of pins, needles, and papers on the table before her, but could not speak.

"Let me try what I can do," said the lady, waving a shining wand over the table.

As she waved it, all the pins left the needles and made a little heap by themselves. Then the carpet pins withdrew from their companions, and laid themselves in rows, with their points all one way. Then the other pins did

the same, until they were all arranged on one side of the table.

Then the needles acted in the same manner. Both pins and needles jumped



into their proper papers, pushing their way through with their points.

Then the papers smoothed themselves and doubled themselves into regular folds.

Anna turned round to thank the lady, but she was no longer there, and the ill-tempered fairy was standing in her place.

"So," said she, "you have done the task after all, and must have your dinner!"

The next day, she brought out another box, full of beads, of all colors and sizes, and needles to match, with silk and thread.

"Now," said she, "you must stay here until you have strung all the beads on threads of their own color and of the right size. There is only one thread for each kind of bead, and each needle and thread exactly fit their beads."

Anna tried and tried a long time, but found she could not string the beads as the fairy wished them.

"Ah," said she, "if that kind lady would only come again!"

"I am here," said the same sweet voice, and at a wave of the shining wand, all the beads, needles, and thread arranged themselves in their places, so that Anna soon finished her task.

When the ill-tempered fairy returned, she seemed much surprised to find the beads all strung so nicely. She then went away and brought Anna's dinner.

Next day, she came with a tangled mass of silks of all colors, and a canvas and pattern which had to be exactly copied before dinner.

This time Anna at once called for help, and again the kind fairy appeared. At her presence the tangled silks unraveled themselves and lay in rows, each of its own color and in its own place.

"Who is my kind helper?" asked Anna.

"I," said she, "am the fairy Order. You see what I am. Now see what I



might have been, if I had been as heedless and careless as you."

In a moment, the smooth and shining hair became tangled; the trim dress looked dingy, loose, and ragged; the neat shoes were worn and soiled; the stockings had holes in them; the sweet smile changed to a peevish scowl, and Anna saw before her the ill-tempered fairy who had made her life so unhappy.

"Now," said she, "I am the fairy Disorder, under whose rule you have been. Choose which of us you will take for your guide."

"Order shall be my guide in the future," replied Anna, and as she turned again to look at the ill-tempered Disorder, there stood the fairy Order in her place.

Anna thanked the fairy Order with all her heart for what she had done for her, and from that time was never again found untidy.

"A place for every thing, and every thing in its place," was her motto, and

all through her life, she never forgot the lesson she had learned from the two fairies, and never failed to keep everything about her room and herself, neat, clean, and in order.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils add* **less** *to each of the following words, and give the meaning of the words so formed.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ***use*** | ***care*** | ***hope*** | ***harm*** |
| ***rest*** | ***fear*** | ***doubt*** | ***motion*** |

*Let pupils write eight statements, each containing one of the words just formed.*

## LESSON LVII.

fẽr′tĭle crowns shăd′ōw flăsh′ing

### LITTLE BY LITTLE.

While the new years come, and the old
 years go,
How, little by little, all things grow!
All things grow, and all decay—
Little by little passing away.
Little by little, on fertile plain,
Ripen the harvests of golden grain,
Waving and flashing in the sun
When the summer at last is done.



Low on the ground an acorn lies—
Little by little it mounts the skies,
Shadow and shelter for wandering herds,
Home for a hundred singing birds.
Little by little the great rocks grew,
Long, long ago, when the world was new;
Slowly and silently, stately and free,
Cities of coral under the sea
Little by little are builded, while so
The new years come and the old years go.

Little by little all tasks are done;
So are the crowns of the faithful won,
So is heaven in our hearts begun.
With work and with weeping, with laugh-
 ter and play,
Little by little, the longest day
And the longest life are passing away—
Passing without return, while so
The new years come and the old years go.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils write a short exercise upon one of the following subjects,*

***bricks, plaster, boards, nails,***

*and use this*

ANALYSIS.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. Of what made. | 3. How used. |
| 2. How made. | 4. By whom used. |

## LESSON LVIII.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Ā'creş | mär'bleş | ad dĭ'tion |
| re pōrt' | prŏg'resş | a rĭth'me tĭc |
| sue çĕsş' | dĭ vĭş'ion | sub trăc'tion |
| gēn'iŭs (yŭs) | at tăched' | mŭl ti pli cā'tion |

### THE BOY WITHOUT A GENIUS.

Mr. Wiseman, the school-master, at the end of the summer holidays, received a new pupil with the following letter:

"Sir:—This letter I send by my son, John, whom I place under your care, hoping that you may be able to make something of him. He is now eleven, and yet can do nothing but read, and that very poorly. In short, if he has any genius at all, it has not yet shown itself. I trust to your skill to find out what he is fit for.

"Yours, very truly,
"George Acres."

When Mr. Wiseman had read this letter, he shook his head and said to one of his teachers, "A pretty case this! A boy with a genius for nothing at all! But perhaps my friend,



Mr. Acres, thinks a boy ought to show genius for a thing before he knows any thing about it."

Master John Acres was now called in. He came slowly, with his head down, and looking as if he expected a whipping.

"Come here, John!" said Mr. Wiseman. "Stand by me, and do not be afraid. How old are you?"

"Eleven, last May, sir."

"A well-grown boy for your age. You love play, I dare say?"

"Yes, sir."

"What are you a good hand at, marbles?"

"Pretty good, sir."

"And can spin a top and drive a hoop, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you write?"

"I learned a little, sir; but I left it off again."

"And why so?"

"Because I could not make the letters."

"No? Why, how do you think other boys do? Have they more fingers than you?"

"No, sir."

"Are you not able to hold a pen as well as a marble?"

John was silent.

"Let me look at your hand."

John held out both his paws like a dancing bear.

"I see nothing to keep you from writing as well as any boy in school. You can read, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me, then, what is written over the school-room door."

John, with some difficulty, read:

"WHATEVER MAN HAS DONE, MAN MAY DO."

"Pray, how did you learn to read? You surely did not do it without taking pains?"

"No, sir."

"Well, taking more pains will help you to read better. Do you know any thing of arithmetic?"



"I went into addition, sir; but I did not go on with it."

"Why so?"

"I could not do it, sir."

"How many marbles can you buy for two cents?"

"Twelve new ones, sir."

"And how many for one cent?"

"Six."

"And how many for four cents?"

"Twenty-four."

"If you were to have two cents a day, how many would that make in a week?"

"Fourteen cents."

"But if you paid out five cents, how many would you have left?"

John thought a while and then said, "Nine cents."

"Right! Why here you have been practising the four great rules of arithmetic—addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division.

"Well, John, I see what you are fit for. I shall set you about nothing but what you are able to do; but you

must do it. We have no 'I can't' here."

The next day John began to work in earnest. He found Mr. Wiseman was to hear part of his lessons; and instead of feeling afraid of his master, in a short time he became much attached to him.

In the school there was a feeling of "I'll try" shown on all sides, and John, though slow, began to make steady progress.

The difficulties that had once seemed so great to him, disappeared; and at the end of a year, Mr. Wiseman was able to make a good report to his father.

Mr. Acres was much pleased to learn of John's success, and felt hopeful that his boy would in time become a useful man, even if he was "without a genius."

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils add* **er** *to the words given below, then give their meaning, and write four statements, each containing one of them.*

***hunt*** ***seek*** ***sing*** ***dwell***



## LESSON LIX.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| jūiçe | mā'ple | cŏp'per | ex plāin' |
| cŏf'fee | pounds | boil'ing | crȳs'tals |
| ī'ron (ĭrn) | sug'ar (shoog) | prŏç'ess | ū'ū al ly (yu'zhu) |

### SUGAR.

"One more lump, please," said James, as his mother was putting the sugar into his coffee one morning.

"You seem very fond of sugar, James," said his father; "perhaps you can tell us how it is made?"

"Aunt Mary told me that it was made from the juice of a kind of cane that grows in certain warm countries, but she did not tell me how it was done."

"I suppose that was because it was a long and difficult process to explain to you, unless you could see it being done."

"What does the sugar-cane look like when growing," said James.

"It looks much like the corn you see growing in the country. It usually

grows from ten to twelve feet high, but sometimes to twenty."

"How do they get the sweet juice out of the stalk?"

"They cut the tall stalks down, trim the leaves and top off, take them to a



mill and pass them between huge iron rollers.

"This crushes the stalks as flat and thin as paper, and presses the juice out."

"Do they get much juice from a single stalk?" said James.

"Yes, indeed! if the cane is good. From a hundred pounds of canes they sometimes get as much as seventy-five pounds of juice."

"But how do they make sugar from the juice?" inquired James.

"This juice, which looks much like dirty water, is heated in large iron or copper pans. The watery part of the juice dries away, while the sugar remains.

"After long and careful boiling, nothing remains but the crystals of sugar, which are then made white, and ready to sell."

"But how do they make it red?" asked James.

"Red! What do you mean?"

"Why, you told me candy was made

from sugar—and some candy is red," said James.

"O, I understand what you mean now. The men who make the candy, can color the sugar so as to suit their wants. All fine, nice sugar is pure white."

"Isn't sugar made from any thing else besides the sugar-cane?" inquired James.

"Yes, it is made from the sugar beet, the maple-tree, and some reeds, and grasses."

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils select some easy subject, and treat it according to the following directions.*

*Make out parts for analysis.*

*Ask one or more questions about each part.*

*Write answers to questions in complete statements.*

*Unite statements where it seems best to do so.*

*Arrange paragraphs in the same order as the parts of the analysis.*

# DEFINITIONS

## OF SOME OF THE DIFFICULT WORDS USED IN THE READER.

The figures within the curved lines show the page on which the word may be found. The Language Lessons contain no words not used in the previous reading lessons.

### *A*

**absence** (64), being away.
**acid** (160), a sour substance.
**acorn** (90), the seed or fruit of an oak-tree.
**advancing** (199), moving forward.
**adventure** (179), an unusual or dangerous event.
**afford** (107), allow; permit.
**alarm** (146), notice or signal of danger.
**angry** (37), mad; out of temper.
**anxious** (111), eager; fearful of what may happen.
**arranged** (218), placed in order.
**astonished** (45), surprised; amazed.
**attached** (228), held by love or affection; bound to.
**attack** (176), begin a fight with.
**avoid** (54), keep out of the way of.

### *B*

**bank-note** (180), a bank-bill used as money.
**barley** (151), a kind of grain.

**behold** (46), see; look upon.
**believe** (46), think; consider as true.
**belonged** (73), was the property of.
**benumbed** (171), without feeling.
**blazing** (101), burning with a bright light.
**boll** (131), a kind of pod; a capsule.
**bough** (32), branch of a tree.
**bounding** (99), leaping; jumping.
**braced** (63), held; placed firmly.
**brink** (117), the edge.
**briny** (196), salty.
**brisk** (106), quick in movement.
**broods** (116), sits; covers over.

*C*

**cabin** (119), hut or cottage; a room on a boat.
**calm** (202), quiet; peaceful.
**canvas** (220), a kind of coarse cloth.
**capital** (211), first-rate; a leading one.
**ceased** (155), stopped.
**certain** (109), agreed upon; having no doubt.
**cheerily** (201), merrily; happily.
**choicest** (95), most carefully selected; best.
**choked** (99), unable to breathe; stifled.
**clerk** (113), a salesman; one who keeps accounts.
**clever** (32), full of skill; well-informed.
**clinging** (85), holding on.
**coast** (202), the edge of land next to the sea.
**collect** (188), take; gather together.
**comfort** (171), enjoyment; quiet pleasure.
**companions** (217), those that are together.
**conductor** (188), one in charge of a train of cars.
**constant** (213), steady; fixed.
**corks** (74), bits of bark of the cork-tree.



**cot** (15), a little bed.
**crazy** (130), foolish; without reason.
**crowns** (223), prizes; rewards; signs of authority.
**crumpled** (215), pressed into folds; wrinkled.
**crush** (176), break; squeeze.
**crystals** (231), small, regular forms.
**curious** (73), strange; odd.
**curtsied** (141), made a slight bow.

*D*

**danger** (122), position to receive harm; peril.
**daring** (25), having courage.
**dawns** (47), begins.
**dazzles** (150), hurts; overpowers with light.
**dealt** (179), gave.
**delighted** (63), much pleased.
**deserve** (57), are worthy of; merit.
**dessert** (182), the last part of dinner.
**dictionary** (147), book of words with their meanings.
**different** (74), not the same; unlike.
**difficult** (126), very hard; not easy.
**dingy** (221), of a dark color; soiled.
**disappeared** (171), went out of sight.
**disorder** (221), not in the right place; confusion.
**distress** (202), a state of danger; great trouble.
**disturbed** (67), troubled; interfered with.
**dreary** (71), unpleasant; gloomy.
**drooped** (129), hung down; sorrowed.
**duly** (207), at the right time.

*E*

**eaves** (155), lower edges of a roof.
**enclosed** (101), shut in.
**entice** (103), coax.

**escape** (120), getting away from.
**exactly** (190), in fact; strictly.
**extended** (225), held out; prolonged.

*F*

**fading** (155), losing color; growing dim.
**fairy** (52), not a real person.
**fashion** (127), way; manner.
**favorite** (141), looked upon with pleasure; well-liked
**fertile** (222), fruitful; productive.
**fibers** (158), fine, slender threads.
**flapped** (22), moved; struck.
**flashing** (222), shining brightly.
**fleecy** (184), soft and white; like wool.
**fleeting** (185), soon passing from sight.
**flitted** (22), flew quickly.
**fluttered** (34), moved wings rapidly without flying.
**foaming** (185), spirited; covered with froth or foam.
**foreign** (205), of another country.
**forger** (110), one who writes another's name for a bad purpose.

*G*

**genius** (224), natural gift.
**glanced** (21), looked.
**glen** (72), a small valley.
**grateful** (66), thankful.
**gravely** (32), in a solemn manner; soberly.
**greeting** (180), offering good wishes; salute.
**guide** (221), leader; conductor.

*H*

**harpoon** (126), a spear used to kill large fish.
**haul** (160), pull.



**herbage** (151), green food for beasts; grass.
**herd** (102), a number of large beasts together.
**household** (83), those under the same roof; family.

*I*

**insects** (87), very small animals.
**intending** (189), having in mind; proposing.
**interesting** (158), holding the attention; exciting.
**interfere** (210), stop what other people are doing.

*J*

**jogged** (162), moved slightly; joggled.
**join** (34), bring together; unite.
**journey** (190), traveling.

*L*

**lance** (48), a spear; [like a lance = very quickly].
**language** (196), words properly put together.
**lawns** (47), spaces of ground covered with grass.
**limbs** (125), arms and legs.
**limped** (54), walked lamely.
**linen** (52), a kind of cloth made of flax.
**linger** (204), stop for awhile; delay.
**lonely** (15), without company; alone.

*M*

**meadows** (71), low lands covered with grass.
**meddlesome** (209), wishing to interfere with others.
**menagerie** (123), a place where wild animals are kept.
**millet** (207), a kind of grain.
**moans** (113), low sounds made by persons in sorrow.
**motto** (221), saying; short statement.
**mounts** (223), rises to; ascends.
**mournful** (83), sorrowful; sad.

*N*

**natives** (176), those born in a country.
**nigh** (118), near; close.
**noble** (69), great; splendid.
**nonsense** (50), foolishness; words without meaning.
**nook** (67), a small place; a corner.

*O*

**object** (120), form; anything with shape.
**omit** (194), leave out.
**otherwise** (144), any other way.
**outward-bound** (205), going to sea; sailing away.

*P*

**parched** (54), very dry; slightly burned.
**particles** (200), small bits or parts.
**passion** (129), strong desire; anger.
**pattern** (220), model; something to be copied.
**peevish** (221), fretful; easily vexed.
**perform** (39), do; execute.
**piping** (82), singing; making a shrill sound.
**plaintive** (76), sad; mournful.
**plumed** (117), get their feathers ready.
**porter** (190), one who carries.
**position** (111), place; situation.
**pranks** (39), playful tricks.
**prefer** (136), like better; choose.
**probably** (177), very likely; perhaps.
**process** (229), way of doing; operation.
**produced** (215), brought forth.
**progress** (228), advancement; going forward.
**prospects** (113), things looked forward to.
**purposes** (148), uses; things to be done.
**purse** (181), small bag to carry money in.



*R*

**rage** (103), anger; fury.
**recover** (139), get over; get well.
**relief** (180), comfort; help.
**report** (228), statement; account.
**rescued** (206), saved; delivered.
**resolved** (194), made up his mind; decided.
**return** (66), coming back.
**rude** (33), rough; ill-mannered.
**ruffled** (34), shook; disturbed.

*S*

**satisfaction** (198), pleasure; enjoyment.
**sentinel** (146), one who keeps watch; a guard.
**share** (207), take part in; divide.
**shrill** (82), sharp; piercing.
**signals** (202), signs.
**skillful** (137), clever; expert.
**sledge** (90), sled or sleigh.
**slender** (24) thin; fine.
**snatched** (26), took quickly; grasped.
**social** (143), friendly; liking to be together.
**soil** (165), stain; to discolor.
**solemn** (168), sober; serious.
**sparkle** (184), shine; glisten.
**splendor** (174), beauty; brightness.
**spray** (106), small branch; twig.
**sputtered** (171), burned with a crackling noise.
**squall** (202), strong and sudden wind.
**stalking** (137), hunting on foot.
**stare** (63), fixed look.
**stately** (223), grand; fine appearing.
**station** (186), place where cars stop; depot.
**steed** (185), horse.

**strength** (20), power; ability to do or bear.
**struggles** (103), tries very hard to break away.
**subject** (111), matter talked about; topic.
**sullen** (176), cross; gloomily angry.
**surface** (124), top; outside part.

*T*

**tangle** (59), put in disorder.
**tempests** (185), hard storms.
**tend** (94), take care of; mind.
**tide** (196), rising of water.
**timbers** (73), large pieces of wood.
**tints** (47), colors.
**trained** (74), taught; exercised.
**tramples** (103), breaks; treads down under foot.
**trials** (162), sorrows; troubles.
**twilight** (100), light before sunrise and after sunset.
**trim** (129), neat; in good order.
**twined** (145), put in and out; twisted.

*U*

**unraveled** (220), placed in order; separated.
**untidy** (213), not neat.
**utter** (77), put forth; to speak.

*V*

**vain** (121), without success.
**vast** (150), of great size.

*W*

**wand** (51), stick; slender rod.
**warning** (214), notice; caution.
**weaving** (184), making; forming into cloth.
**worthy** (93), fit for.

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