

Standard Supplementary Readers.

GOLDEN BOOK
OF
CHOICE READING

SUPPLEMENTARY TO SECOND READER

EDITED BY
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STANDARD SUPPLEMENTARY READERS.

THE SUPPLEMENTARY READERS form a series of carefully graduated reading-books, designed to connect with any of the regular series of five or six Readers. These books, which are closely co-ordinated with the several Readers of the regular series, are :—

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VI. **Seven British Classics.**

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PREFACE.

IN the series of Supplementary Readers, the plan of which is given on the opposite page, the "GOLDEN BOOK" is designed to furnish such supplemental reading as may fill the hiatus between the regular Second and Third readers. It forms a close connection with any well-graded Second Reader, great pains having been taken in turning to account by new associations the stock of words already learned from the lower readers.

It is hoped that the matter of this book will justify its title—that it will furnish to the child-mind "apples of gold in pictures of silver." The pieces in the "Golden Book" comprise three classes: child-lore and poetry, noble examples, and attractive nature-readings—adapted severally to the imaginative, the emotional, and the perceptive faculties of the young.

While the greatest care has been observed in verbal gradation in this book, it has not been thought necessary to write down to jejuneness. In lessons dealing with concrete subjects that come within the range of the experience of children, or in those easy flights of fancy where the deep interest carries the young reader along with it, words apparently difficult will be found easy of comprehension. In such readings the pupil is unconsciously led into a wider field of language, and becomes by anticipation the reader for the new vocabulary of a higher book.

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GOLDEN BOOK.

1.—THE PALACE OF TRUTH.

PART I.

a-greed', made up their minds together.	prin'cess, a female prince.
cas'tle [<i>kastl</i>], a grand and strong residence.	pro-posed' [<i>-pōzd</i>], started the idea, put forth.
no'ticed [<i>nō'tist</i>], saw, found out.	splen'did, very grand.
pal'ace, a splendid residence.	tru'ant, one who stays away from school.

1. "FATHER, please tell us a story," said little Tom Brown, as he got up on his father's knee.

"O, I have told you all my stories over and over again."

"Never mind," said Tom, "make up a story, or tell me one of the old stories again."

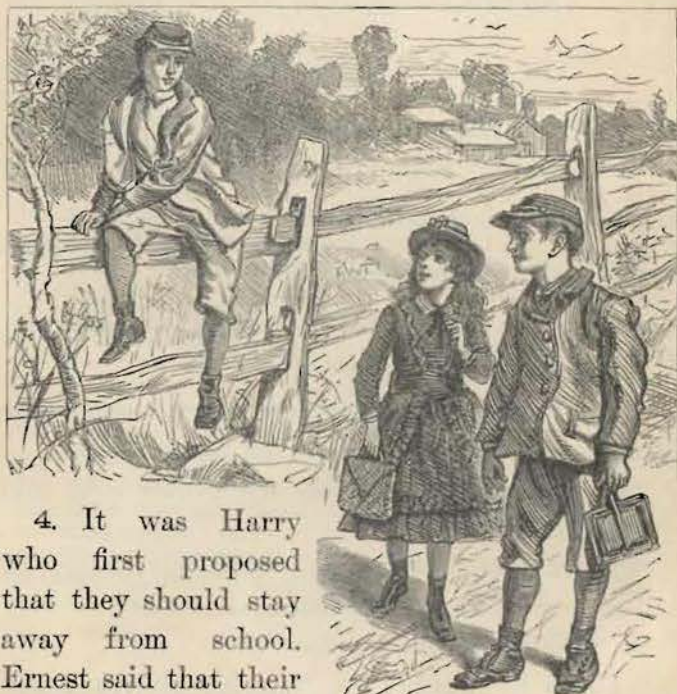
2. "Well, once on a time—"

"That's it," said Tom, "stories always begin 'Once on a time.'"

"Don't stop father," said his brother Bob, who had been busy building a castle with wooden bricks, and wanted to hear his father's story. So the father went on.



3. Once on a time, two little boys, named Harry and Ernest, and their sister Lily were sent to school, but instead of going to school they played truant, and went into the woods after birds' nests.



4. It was Harry who first proposed that they should stay away from school. Ernest said that their mother would be sure to find out that they had not been there. Lily said that it was very wrong to stay away from school. But Harry told them that they would have great fun in the woods, and that they would never be found out.

So at last, they all agreed to go after the birds' nests.

5. After wandering about a long time and robbing a great many birds' nests, they came to a great palace, where a beautiful princess lived. Just as they came to the gate of the palace, the princess came out. She asked them their names and said, "Would you like to see my palace and have something to eat? You must be very tired and hungry."

6. Harry said, "Yes, if you please. We should like it very much."

"Very well," said the princess, "come with me." So they followed her into the palace.

7. She took them into a splendid room, and there left them for a few minutes to get them some cake. As soon as she was gone they noticed that they could see right through each other, just as if they were made of glass.

8. "O, Harry," said Ernest, "what is come to us? I can see your heart, Harry, and there is a big word in black letters on it. There is a T, and an R, and a U, and an A, and an N, and a T. Why, it spells TRUANT, I declare."

9. Harry buttoned up his coat to try to hide it, but it was no use. His brother and sister could see through him quite as well as before.

2.—THE PALACE OF TRUTH.

PART II.

an'gri-ly, in a cross way.
ap-pear', show.

dis-o-be'di-ent, not minding.
sto'ry, a lie, a falsehood.

1. "You need not say anything," said Harry, "there is something on your heart too. Why, it is **STORY-TELLER**."

"When did I tell a story?" said Ernest, angrily.

2. "You told a story last night," said Lily. "You told mother last night that it was the cat broke your china cup, and you know very well you knocked it off the table as you were playing with the cat."

3. "Well, here is a nice fix," said Ernest. "Everybody who sees me will be able to see that I am a story-teller," and he put his cap before his breast to hide the word.

"O, that is of no use," said Harry, "I can see the word just as plain as ever."

4. Just then Lily looked down and saw that there was something on her heart too, but as she could not read, she was not able to make out what it was. So she said, "O dear, what is there on my heart? Read it, Harry."

The letters were not very plain, but Harry could make out the word **DIS-O-BE-DI-ENT**.

5. "Why, it goes all round," said Harry, when he had spelled it out.

"Am I disobedient?" asked Lily. "Of course I am, or else I should not be here. Mother told me to go to school, and I have played truant with you instead."

6. "I wonder what the princess will say when she sees it," said Harry. "I wish we had gone to school."

In a few minutes the princess came into the room with the cake and fruit, and asked them to take some of it.

7. All at once she noticed that they all three kept their left arms pressed close against their breasts. She asked them why they did that.

"Please, ma'am," said Ernest, "it is a way we have."

8. As he said this, he felt a pricking in his heart, and Harry, who was behind him, could see through his back the word **STORY-TELLER** plainer than before. Only the word looked as if it were spelled backwards, like this—

REJLET-YR0T2

9. "I hope you are telling me the truth," said the princess, "for this is the Palace of Truth; and if you tell a story or do anything that is wrong, it



is sure to appear upon your hearts here, and everybody will be able to read it."

10. By this time Lily was quite ashamed at the story Ernest had told. So she said, "Please, ma'am, we have some ugly words on our hearts, and we were afraid you would see them."

11. "I *can* see them," said the lady. "I can see them through your arms, and very sorry I am to see them. What have you been doing in the wood this afternoon?"

"We have been playing truant," said Ernest, who was now as much ashamed of himself as Lily had been of him.

12. "Well," said the princess, "I hope you will never do such a thing again. Now go home. I cannot allow little children to stay in my palace who disobey their parents, and play truant and tell stories."

3.—THE PALACE OF TRUTH.

PART III.

cow'ard, one who is afraid.

de-ceiv'd [-seed], misled.

in-vis'i-ble, that cannot be seen.

list'ened [lis'end], given heed.

naugh'ty [nau'ty], not good.

prom'ise, give one's word.

1. "But please, ma'am," said Harry, "will you kindly take these ugly words off our hearts? We should be ashamed to go to school, if everybody could see how naughty we have been."

2. "Well," said the princess, "I cannot take them off your hearts, but if you will promise not to be disobedient, and not to play truant, and not

to tell stories, I will make the words invisible, so that none of your playmates will see them. But I hope you are ashamed of being naughty more than of the ugly words, which are only the *names* of the naughty deeds you have done."

3. They all said that they were very, very sorry for what they had done, and promised that they would not be naughty again. As soon as they got outside the castle gates, they found that they could no longer see one another's hearts and what was written on them.

4. "All right" said Harry. "It is all gone now."

"No, it is not all right," said Lily, "for we have deceived dear mother, and she will be very sad at our playing truant."

"Well, let us go and tell her all about it, and beg her pardon," said Ernest.

5. "All right," said Harry again, "I know she will blame me most, because I am the oldest, and I ought to have known better. But I am not going to be a coward. We have done wrong, and we must say so. If father punishes me when he comes home, I shall bear it as well as I can."

6. "O, father will not beat you," said Lily, "if he thinks you are really sorry, and I and Ernest will take our share of the blame. We ought not

to have listened to you. If we had refused to play truant, you too would have gone to school."

7. Off they started, with lighter hearts, on their way home, every now and then stopping to see whether the words had come to light again, and rejoicing to find that they had not. When they reached home, they told their mother the whole truth and asked her forgiveness, which she readily granted.

8. "I say, father," said Tom, when his father had finished his story, "it was I who broke your knife. I took it to cut a stick and the blade snapped. I am very sorry."

9. "Bless the boy," said his father, "what has the knife to do with my story?"

And what had it?



4. - WANTED, TWELVE PAIRS OF STOCKINGS.

1. WANTED, twelve pairs of stockings.

Come, wee folks, one and all,
 Hunt up your knitting-needles,
 And beg a bright, soft ball
 Of yarn from dear grandmother.
 Perhaps she'll¹ show you how
 To knit the tiny stockings:
 We'll need them quite soon now.

2. For Blackey, the shy pullet,²

Has hatched a dozen chicks.
 Of course they're³ all barefooted:
 So we must try and fix
 Each one a pair of stockings
 Before the snow-flakes fly,
 Else, they're so young and tender,
 They might catch cold, and die.

3. At best, she's⁴ very foolish

The mother-hen, I mean:
 She's⁵ not one bit of forethought,
 But, proud as any queen,

¹ she'll, she will.² pul'let, hen.³ they're, they are.⁴ she's, she is.⁵ she's, she has.

Goes clucking with her chickens,
 And never thinks, I know,
 That wintry days are coming,
 That stockings do not grow.

4. So get your knitting-needles;

And, when the socks are done,
 Send them right on to Blackey:
 She'll need them every one.
 Then, when cold winds are blowing,
 'Twill be rare sport to see
 Twelve little chicks in stockings,
 Each proud as proud can be.



5.—THE THREE BEARS.

PART I.

break'fast [<i>brek'fast</i>], the first meal in the day.	nei'ther [<i>nē'ther</i>], not either.
co'zi-ly, snugly.	no'bod-y, no person.
huge, very large.	plump, straight.
	por'ridge, boiled meal.

1. ONCE upon a time there were Three Bears, who lived together in a house of their own, near a wood.

One of them was a Little, Small, Wee Bear; and one was a Middle-sized Bear; and the other was a Great, Huge Bear.

2. They had each a pot for his porridge—a little pot for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized pot for the Middle Bear; and a great pot for the Great, Huge Bear.

3. And they each had a chair to sit in—a little chair for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized chair for the Middle Bear; and a great chair for the Great, Huge Bear.

4. And they had each a bed to sleep in—a little bed for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; a middle-sized bed for the Middle Bear; and a great bed for the Great, Huge Bear.

5. One day, after they had made the porridge

for their breakfast, they poured it into their bowls.



Then they walked out into the wood while the porridge was cooling.

6. While the Bears were out walking, a little girl, named Silver-hair, came to the house.

First she looked in at the window; and then she peeped in at the keyhole, and seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch.

7. The door was not locked, for the Bears were good Bears.

They did nobody any harm, so they never thought anybody would harm them.

8. Well, little Silver-hair opened the door and went in. And well pleased she was when she saw the porridge on the table.

If she had been a good little girl, she would have waited till the Bears came home. Then perhaps they would have asked her to breakfast, for they were good Bears.

9. So first she tasted the porridge of the Great Huge Bear, and that was too hot for her.

Then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Bear, and that was too cold for her.

Then she went to the porridge of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and tasted that; and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just right. So she ate it all up.

10. Then little Silver-hair sat down on the chair of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her.

Then she sat down on the chair of the Middle Bear, and that was too soft for her.

Then she sat down on the chair of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right; so she sat down in it.

11. There she sat till the bottom of the chair fell out, and down she came plump upon the ground.

Then little Silver-hair went upstairs into the bed-chamber in which the Three Bears slept.

12. First she lay down upon the bed of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too high at the head for her.

Next, she lay down upon the bed of the Middle Bear, and that was too high at the foot for her.

13. Then she lay down upon the bed of the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and *that* was neither too high at the head, nor at the foot, but just right. So she covered herself up cozily, and lay there till she fell fast asleep.



6.—THE THREE BEARS.

PART II.

bus'i-ness [biz'nes], right.	search, look.
cush'ion [koosh'un], a stuffed bag.	some'bod-y [sum'bod-y], a person.
fur'ther, more.	ti'dy, neat.

1. By this time the Three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough; so they came home to breakfast.

Now, little Silver-hair had left the spoon of the Great, Huge Bear standing in his porridge.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE," said the Great, Huge Bear in his great, gruff voice.

2. And when the Middle Bear looked at his, he saw that the spoon was standing in it too.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE," said the Middle Bear in his middle voice.

3. Then the Little, Small, Wee Bear looked at his, and there was the spoon in the porridge-pot. But the porridge was all gone.

"*Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up,*" said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Then the Three Bears began to look about them, to find the thief.

4. Now, little Silver-hair had not put the hard cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the Great, Huge Bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR," said the Great, Huge Bear in his great, rough, gruff voice.

5. And little Silver-hair had pressed down the soft cushion of the Middle Bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR," said the Middle Bear in his middle voice.

6. And you know what little Silver-hair had done to the third chair.

"*Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom of it out,*" said the Little, Small, Wee Bear in his little, small, wee voice.

Then the Three Bears thought they would search further. So they went upstairs into their bedroom.

7. Now, little Silver-hair had pulled the pillow of the Great, Huge Bear out of its place.

"SOMETHING HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED," said the Great, Huge Bear in his great, rough, gruff voice.

8. And little Silver-hair had pulled the pillow of the Middle Bear out of its place.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED," said the Middle Bear in his middle voice.



9. And when the Little, Small, Wee Bear came to look at his bed, *there* the pillow was in its place.

But on the pillow was little Silver-hair's pretty head,—which was not in its place, as she had no business there.

"Somebody has been lying on my bed,—and there she is," said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

10. Little Silver-hair had heard in her sleep the great, rough, gruff voice of the Great, Huge Bear. But she was so fast asleep it did not wake her.

And she had heard the middle voice of the Middle Bear, but it was only as if she had heard some one speaking in a dream.

11. But when she heard the little, small, wee voice of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, it was so sharp and so shrill that it woke her at once.

Up she got; and when she saw the Three Bears on one side of the bed, she fell out at the other, and ran to the window.

12. Now the window was open, because the Bears, like good, tidy Bears, as they were, always kept their bed-room window open.

Out jumped little Silver-hair; and away she ran into the wood, and the Three Bears never saw her any more.





7.—FROGS AT SCHOOL.

1. TWENTY froggies went to school
Down beside a rushy¹ pool,—
Twenty little coats of green ;
Twenty vests, all white and clean.
“We must be in time,” said they :
“First we study, then we play :
That is how we keep the rule,
When we froggies go to school.”
2. Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn ;

¹ *rush'y*, filled with rushes.

Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive ;
From his seat upon the log,
Showed them how to say “Ker-chog !”
Also how to dodge a blow
From the sticks that bad boys throw.

3. Twenty froggies grew up fast ;
Bullfrogs they became at last :
Not one dunce among the lot ;
Not one lesson they forgot ;
Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be.
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

8.—THE FOX AND THE STORK.

fares [*fārd*], dined.
guest [*gest*], visitor.

in-vit'ed, asked.
ves'sel, a dish.

1. A FOX once invited a stork to dinner. When the stork came he found nothing to eat but some soup, in a wide shallow vessel. The fox could lap up his soup with ease ; but his guest could only just dip in the point of his bill.

2. A few days after, the stork asked the fox to

supper. The fox came very hungry, and smacked his lips at the sight of a chicken, roasting before the fire. But when it was brought to the table, he found it cut up very small, and served in glass jars with very narrow necks.



3. The stork with his long bill fared very well; but his hungry guest could only lick the brim of the jar. At first the fox was vexed; but on thinking it over he thought himself justly treated, and he laughed at the joke which the stork had played upon him. The stork, well pleased with his merry guest, brought out a fine fowl, and the two were friends ever after.

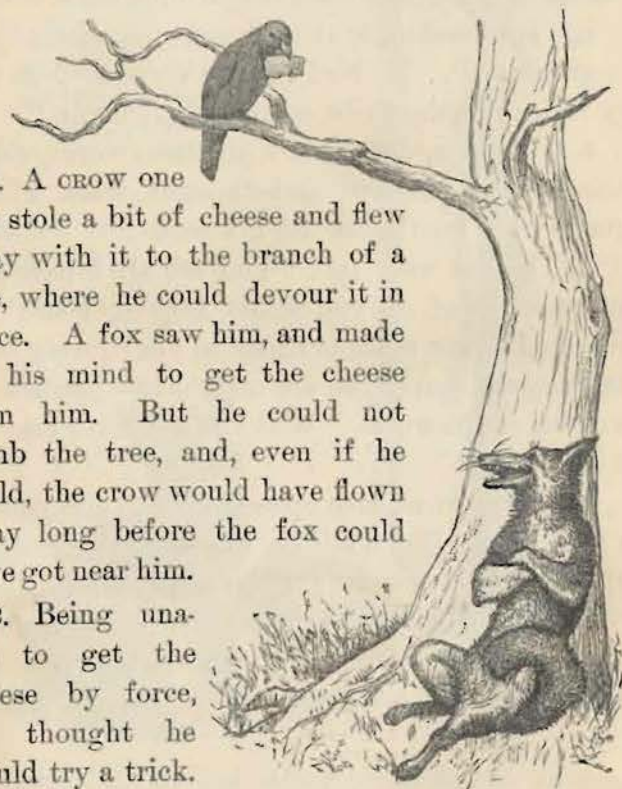
9.—THE CROW AND THE FOX.

chuck'le [*chuck'l*], a low laugh.
de-vour', eat greedily.
dis-ap-peared', went away.
ech'oes [*ek'ōz*], sounds that come
back to the ear.

el'e-gant, handsome.
sid'l'd, moved side foremost.
ut'tered, sent out.

1. A crow one day stole a bit of cheese and flew away with it to the branch of a tree, where he could devour it in peace. A fox saw him, and made up his mind to get the cheese from him. But he could not climb the tree, and, even if he could, the crow would have flown away long before the fox could have got near him.

2. Being unable to get the cheese by force, he thought he would try a trick.



So he stole up quietly to the foot of the tree, sat down there, crossed his arms, gave his tail an elegant twist, opened his wicked mouth, and began to talk with the crow.

3. "What a lovely bird you are," he said. "I never saw such a glossy jet black, and then your back and neck have such bright blue tints. Your wings are beautifully shaped, and your whole figure is grace itself. No bird in the sky, no bird on tree or rock or bush can be compared with you."

4. The crow, delighted with these words, sidled about with pleasure, and thought what a nice good clever gentleman the fox was.

5. The fox went on: "You are all I have said and more; but, do you know, I never heard you sing? If your voice is equal to your lovely color and elegant shape, you are matchless—you are the wonder of the world. Will you not favor me with a little song?"

6. The crow at once opened his bill and uttered a loud caw. Down fell the cheese to the ground; up jumped the fox, sprang upon it, and ate it up. And, as he disappeared into the wood, the stupid crow heard the echoes of a chuckle that told him what a goose he had been.

10.—THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.



1. The vines were trained on poles in long rows, and the pretty purple grapes hung down



in clusters. The sun shone brightly, the air was

dry and sultry, and a fox who could find no water to drink stood gazing at the vines.

2. "What a pity these fine grapes are so high," said the fox; "I should have a nice feast if I could only get at them." So he made a great leap, and his nose nearly touched them. He tried again and again, but the last time he fell upon his back, and a sharp stone hurt him.

3. Finding at last that he could not reach them, he turned away with a sneer, saying, "Oh, you vile trash, I would not eat you if you were lying on the ground. You are so sour that the very birds would not peck at you."

11.—THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

draw'ing, coming.
hap'pened, chanced.

in-sult'ing, saucy.
pas'sion [pas'h'un], rage.

1. ONE very hot day a wolf and a lamb hap-pened to come at the same time to quench their thirst at a clear, silvery brook that ran down by the side of a mountain.

2. The wolf took his stand upon the higher ground, and the lamb at some distance farther down the stream. The wolf, seeing that the lamb

was fat and plump, made up his mind to pick a quarrel with her.



3. "What do you mean," said the wolf, glaring upon the lamb with his fierce eyes, "by making the water so muddy that I cannot drink it?"

The lamb mildly replied, "I cannot see how that

can be, as the water runs from you to me, not from me to you."

4. "That may be," said the wolf, in a tone of anger; "but I have been told that six months ago you used insulting language about me."

"Really," answered the lamb, "you must be mistaken, as at that time I was not born."

5. The wolf upon this fell into a dreadful passion, and drawing closer to the lamb, said, "Well, if it was not you, it must have been some of your family; so it is all the same—and just now I am in want of my supper." So saying, he leaped upon the poor innocent lamb, and tore her in pieces.

12.—THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

tor'toise [*tor'tis*], a turtle. } o-ver-take', catch up with.

1. A HARE, one day, laughed at a poor, slow-going tortoise, because it crawled along at such a slow pace. But the tortoise laughed too, and said he could run her a race of three miles any day and beat her.

"Come on," said the hare, "and I will soon show you what my feet are made of."

2. So they agreed to start at once. The tortoise started off, and slowly crept along without stop-

ping a moment; but the hare made a fine joke of it, and lay down to sleep, saying, "I shall take a nice little nap first. After that I shall soon overtake you."



3. The tortoise jogged on, and bit by bit got nearer to the end, while the hare fell fast asleep, and only woke up just in time to see that the tortoise had reached the three-mile post before her.

13.—THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

peb'bles, little stones.

| spied [*spīd*], saw.

1. A crow, ready to die with thirst, flew with joy to a pitcher which she spied. When she got

to it she found that there was some water in it, but it was very low.

2. How she strained and stretched! But she could not wet even the tip of her bill. Then she tried to upset the pitcher, thinking if she could



do this she would be able to get at least a little of the water. But no; she was not strong enough.

3. At last she thought of a real good plan. She saw some pebbles lying near; so she took them one by one and dropped them into the pitcher. In this way the water was raised to the brim, and she could drink all she wanted.



10. — POLLY.

1. BROWN eyes,
Straight nose;
Dirt pies,
Rumpled clothes;
2. Torn books,
Spoilt toys;

- Arch¹ looks,
Unlike a boy's;
3. Little rages,
Obvious arts²;
(Three her age is,)
Cakes, tarts;
4. Falling down
Off chairs;
Breaking crown
Down stairs;
5. Catching flies
On the pane;
Deep sighs,—
Cause not plain;
6. Bribing you
With kisses
For a few
Farthing blisses;
7. Wide awake,
As you hear,
"Mercy's sake,
Quiet, dear!"

¹ arch, cunning. ² obvious arts, plain schemes. ³ plain, complaint.

8. New shoes,
New frock;
Vague views
Of what's o'clock,
9. When it's time
To go to bed,
And scorn sublime
For what is said;
10. Folded hands,
Saying prayers,
Understands
Not, nor cares;
11. Thinks it odd,
Smiles away;
Yet may God
Hear her pray!
12. Bedgown white,
Kiss Dolly;
Good night!—
That's Polly,
13. Fast asleep,
As you see;
Heaven keep
My girl for me!

15.—A CHRISTMAS-TREE FOR CATS.

PART I.

bulge, [*būlj*], to swell.
 dow'dy, ill-dressed.
 hub'bub, a great noise.

in-vi-ta'tion, asking to visit.
 tor'toise-shell, color of a tor-
 toise-shell.

1. WHEN I was a little girl, I knew two old maids who were so jolly and nice that I am always ready to love anybody who is called an old maid. I have never yet seen any others in the least like them; and I begin to be afraid that that kind of old maid has died out.

2. But I am always hoping to see two more before I die, and that I shall find them living together in a pretty little yellow cottage, just like the one the Miss Ferrys lived in, and that they will keep four splendid cats, just like the cats the Miss Ferrys had. I never saw such cats. Nobody ever saw such cats. They were almost twice as large as common cats.

3. Miss Esther Ferry used to say that if there was anything in the world she hated the sight of, it was a little dwarf of a cat; and as soon as she began to talk about it, her black cat Tom used to stand right up and bulge himself until all the hairs of his fur stood out like the spokes of a wheel. Tom was the cleverest cat of the four.

4. Tom and Spitfire were Miss Esther's cats; we thought they were a little handsomer than Spunk and Yellow, who belonged to Miss Jane. Strangers never could decide which of the four cats was the best looking.

5. Tom was as black as ink,—not a white or gray hair about him; Spitfire was a Maltese, of the loveliest soft mouse color all over, with a great white star on her breast; Spunk was pure white; Yellow was a tortoise-shell cat, black and yellow and white: he was the largest and fiercest of the four. We were all more afraid of him than of any dog in town.

6. You will hardly believe it, but these cats used to sit in high chairs at the table, and feed themselves with their paws like squirrels. They had little tin plates, with their names stamped on them; and one of the things I used to like best to do, when I went there to tea, was to change their plates, and then watch to see what they would do.

7. Yellow was the only one who would eat out of any plate but his own; he was always greedy, and did not care. But the others would look down at the plate, smell of it, and begin to mew; and once black Tom jumped right across the table at Spunk, who had his plate, pushed her out of her chair, and dragged the plate away. It was

some minutes before he would let her come back to the table without spitting at her.

8. But the best time we ever had in that dear yellow cottage was at a Christmas party which the old ladies gave for their cats. I don't believe there was ever such a thing heard of before or since. I knew about it a week before it came off, and it was the hardest secret I ever had to keep.

9. My mamma came home one evening just at dark. I was lying on a sofa in a dark corner, where she could not see me, and papa was sitting by the fire. She went up to his chair and kissed him, and burst out into such a laugh, as she said, "What do you suppose those dear funny old Ferrys are going to do? They are going to have a Christmas-tree for their cats. I think it will be great fun; and Helen will be out of her senses."

10. I could not keep still any longer. I bounded off the sofa, crying, "O mamma, mamma, am I really to go? And shall I take Midge?" Midge was my cat, a dowdy little gray cat, whom nobody ever called good-looking, but whom I loved dearly.

11. At last the invitations came,—all sent out in one forenoon, two days before Christmas. Such a hubbub as all the children in town were in! The invitations were written on bright pink paper.

12. "The Miss Ferrys request the pleasure of

your company on Christmas Eve, from six till nine o'clock.

"You will please bring your cat. There will be a Christmas-tree for the cats.

"Each cat is expected to wear a paper ruff."



16.—A CHRISTMAS TREE FOR CATS.

PART II.

dis-trib'u-ted, gave out
phi al [*f'al*], a glass bottle.

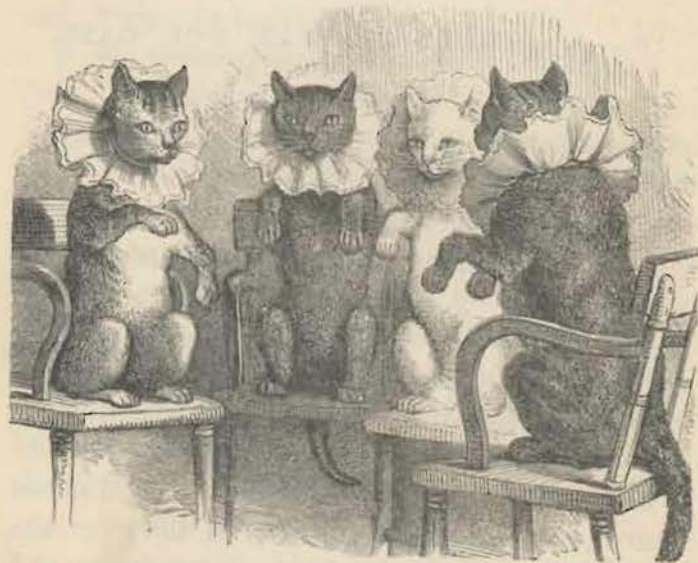
pro-pōs'ing, making an offer.
sol'emn [*sol'em*], grave, serious.

1. I did not know what a ruff was, but mamma told me, and showed me the picture of an old queen in one. We cut one out, and put it on Midge, but she tore it off in about half a minute; and mamma said that if the cats were to be kept in ruffs through the whole evening, she thought it would be more work than play.

2. I did not go till six o'clock, for I did not want to have Midge the first cat in the room, she was such an ugly little thing. But as soon as I went into the parlor, I laughed so, that I dropped her right on the floor, and she put her paw through her blue ruff, and tore it off before Miss Esther had seen it.

3. There sat Tom, and Spunk, and Spitfire, and

Yellow, all in a row, in their high-chairs, with great paper ruffs on, so big that ours looked like nothing at all by the side of them. Tom had a white one; Spitfire had a deep blue, which was beautiful with her gray fur; Spunk had a shining black one; and Yellow's was fiery red.



4. There they sat as solemn as judges, and everybody in the room was screaming with laughter. Six cats besides Midge had already arrived, and they had all hid under the chairs and tables, the perfect pictures of misery.

5. By quarter-past six the company had all arrived: twelve girls, eight boys, and twenty cats. The room was large, but it seemed crowded; and it was quite troublesome to get about without stepping on a cat, for everybody was laughing so that he could hardly walk straight.

6. At half-past six the doors were thrown open into the little library, and there stood the Tree. It was a thick fir-tree, and it had twenty splendid Chinese lanterns on it, all in a blaze of light. Then there were twenty-four phials of cream, tied on by bright red ribbons; twenty-four worsted balls, scarlet and white and yellow; and as many as two hundred gay-colored papers of sweetmeats.

7. We all took up our cats in our arms, and marched into the room, and stood around the tree. Then the cats' high-chairs were brought in, and placed two on the right, and two on the left, of the tree; and Tom, and Spitfire, and Spunk, and Yellow, were put into them. I never would have believed that twenty-four cats could be so still; they all looked as grave as if they were watching for rats.

8. Miss Esther rang a bell, and the maid brought in twenty-four small tin pans on a waiter. Then Miss Jane told us each to take a phial of cream off the tree and empty it into a pan for our cat.

This took a long time, for some of the phials hung quite high, and none of us dared to put our cat down for a minute. Such a lapping and spattering as they made drinking up the cream! It sounded like rain on window-blinds.

9. After this, Miss Esther distributed the sweetmeats by handfuls, and told us to let the dear cats eat all they could. Some of the papers had nice bits of roast veal in them; some had toasted cheese, and some had chicken-wings.

10. Tom, and Spitfire, and Spunk, and Yellow sat up in their high-chairs as grand as so many kings on thrones, and had two little tables before them. Really they hardly looked like cats, they were so large and grand.

11. At last Miss Esther said,—“Now we will give the cats a game of ball to wind up with,” and she took a red worsted ball from the tree, and threw it out into the parlor. Midge sprang after it like lightning; then we all took balls and threw them out, and let all the cats run after them, and for a few minutes there was a fine jumble and tumble of cats and balls on the floor.

12. But as soon as the cats found that the balls were not something more to eat, all except the very young ones walked off and sat down, just like grown-up men and women, round the sides of

the room. This was the funniest sight of all, for they all began to wash their faces and their paws; and to see twenty cats at once doing this is a very droll sight indeed.

13. In the middle of the floor lay the bright balls, and Midge and three other kittens were rolling over and over among them. We all laughed till we were so tired we could not speak, and most of us had tears rolling down our cheeks.

14. We were just proposing a game of Blind Man's Buff, when the maid opened the dining-room door, and oh! how we jumped and screamed when we saw the fine supper-table which was set out for us! The things to eat were all wholesome and plain, so that nobody could be made sick by eating all he chose. Miss Esther and Miss Jane walked around the tables all the time, and slipped apples and oranges into our pockets for us to carry home, and kept begging us to eat more chicken and bread and butter.

15. When we went away, we each had one of the splendid Chinese lanterns given to us; and there was not a single little girl there, who did not think for years and years afterward that it would be the grandest thing in the world to be an old maid like Miss Esther Ferry, and live in a yellow cottage, with one sister and four big cats.



17.—TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.

1. TWINKLE, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.
2. When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.
3. Then the traveler in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark;

He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

4. In the dark blue sky you keep,
Yet often through my window peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.
5. As your bright but tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

18.—DIAMONDS AND TOADS.

PART I.

be-fall'en, happened to.
be-stow' [-stō], give.
di'a-mond [di'a-mund], a pre-
cious stone.

dis-a-gree'a-ble, unpleasant.
dot'ed, was foolishly fond.
fount'ain, a spring of water.
re-sem'ble [re-zem'bl], are like.

1. ONCE upon a time there was a widow who had two daughters. The eldest was so like her, both in body and mind, that whoever saw the one saw the other also. They were both so very proud

and disagreeable that nobody could live with them.

2. The youngest, who was the exact picture of her father in good nature and sweetness of manner, was the most beautiful creature ever seen. As it is natural to love those who resemble us, the mother doted upon the eldest, and no less hated the youngest. She made her eat in the kitchen, and work all day with the servants.

3. Among other things, the poor child was obliged to go twice a day to a fountain more than a mile and a half from the house, and bring home a great heavy pitcher filled with water.

4. One day, when she was at the fountain, a poor woman came up to her, and asked her to let her drink.

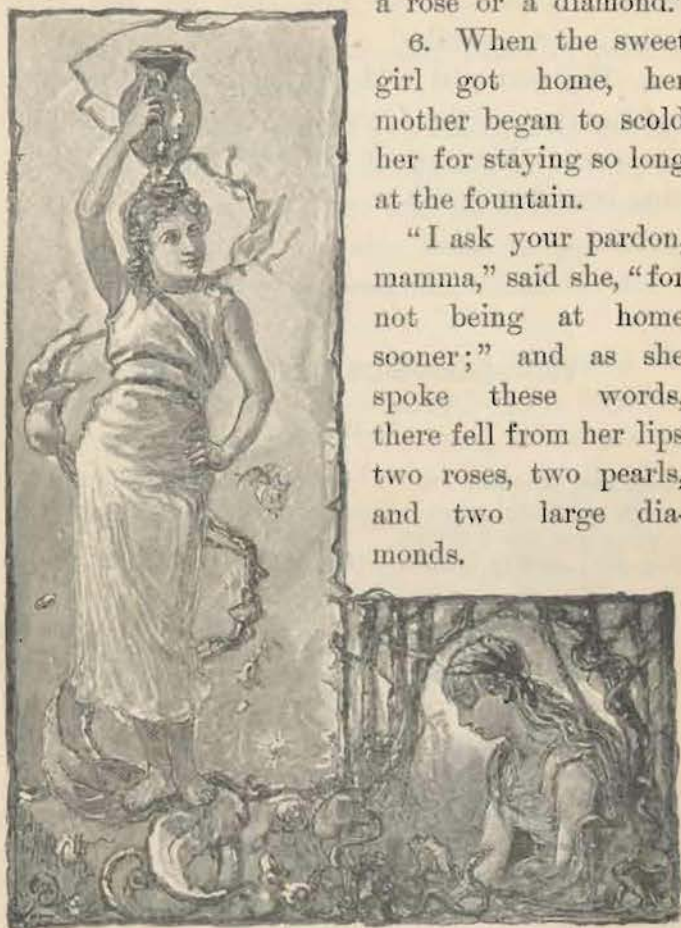
"That I will, most gladly, good dame," said the sweet girl. Then washing out the pitcher, she filled it at the clearest part of the fountain, and held it to the old woman's mouth that she might drink the more easily.

5. The old woman, having drunk, said to her: "Since you are so pretty and so kind, my dear, I will bestow on you a gift." (For it was a fairy in disguise who had asked her to drink, just to see how far the little girl's good nature would go.) "I give you," said she, "this gift: whenever you

speak there shall come out of your mouth either a rose or a diamond."

6. When the sweet girl got home, her mother began to scold her for staying so long at the fountain.

"I ask your pardon, mamma," said she, "for not being at home sooner;" and as she spoke these words, there fell from her lips two roses, two pearls, and two large diamonds.



7. "What do I see!" cried the mother. "Why, dear me, when she talks she drops diamonds and

pearls from her mouth! My child, how happens this?" This was the first time she had ever called her "my child."

8. The poor girl told her mother all that had befallen her at the fountain. And, all the while she was speaking, pearls and diamonds were dropping from her mouth.

19.—DIAMONDS AND TOADS.

PART II.

ci-vil'i-ty, politeness.

haugh'ty [*haw'ty*], proud.

in'no-cence, purity of heart.

mag-nif'i-cent-ly, grandly.

re-plied', answered.

tank'ard [*tang'hard*], a drinking-cup.

vi'per, a serpent.

1. "Upon my word," said her mother, "this is very lucky, indeed. I will send my darling at once to the fountain. Fanny! Fanny! look! do you see what falls from the mouth of your sister when she speaks? Should you not like to have the same gift bestowed on you? Well, you have only to go to the fountain, and when a poor woman asks you to let her drink, grant her wish very politely."

2. "And very nice it would be to see *me* go

and draw water at the fountain! Not I, indeed," replied the proud creature.

"But I say you must go, and this very minute, too," answered her mother.

3. So the saucy girl set out, taking with her the best silver tankard in the house, and grumbling all the way as she went. She had no sooner reached the fountain, than a lady, most magnificently dressed, came out of a wood, and asked her for a drink.

This was the very fairy who had bestowed the rich gift on the youngest sister, and had now put on the dress and manners of a princess, to see how far the saucy airs of the haughty creature would go.

4. "Do you think I have come here to draw water for you?" said the ill-bred girl. "O yes, the best silver tankard in the house was brought here on purpose for your ladyship, I suppose! However, you may drink out of it, if you have a fancy."

5. "You are not very obliging," replied the fairy mildly; "but since you have behaved with so little civility, I give you for a gift, that at every word you speak there shall come out of your mouth either a toad or a viper."

6. As soon as her mother saw her coming home, she called out: "Well, daughter?"

"Well, mother," answered the saucy girl. And as she spoke, two toads and two vipers dropped from her mouth upon the ground.

7. "Oh, mercy," cried the mother, "what do I see? It is your naughty sister who is the cause of all this; but she shall pay dearly for it." Then the mother went to look for her youngest that she might beat her. The poor innocent ran away as fast as she could, and reached a forest near by.

8. The king's son, who had been hunting, happened to meet her, and seeing how beautiful she was, asked her what she was doing all alone in the forest, and why she cried.

"Alas!" said she, sobbing as if her heart would break, "my mother, sir, has turned me out of doors."

9. The king's son, seeing pearls and diamonds fall from her mouth at every word she spoke, desired her to tell him the reason of such a wonder. So the good girl told him all that had befallen her at the fountain.

The prince was so charmed with her beauty and innocence, that he asked her to become his wife; and as the gift of the fairy was worth more than the largest marriage-portion, he led her to the palace of the king his father, and married her that day.

10. As for her sister, she grew even saucier than before, and acted in every way so very badly, that her own mother was obliged to turn her out of doors. The miserable creature, after wandering a great way, and vainly begging for food and shelter, went into a wood, and there died of grief and hunger, unmourned by any one.

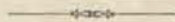
20.—ABOUT THE FAIRIES.

1. PRAY, where are the little bluebells gone,
That lately bloomed in the wood?
Why, the little fairies have each taken one,
And put it on for a hood.
2. And where are the pretty grass-stalks gone,
That waved in the summer breeze?
Oh, the fairies have taken them every one,
To plant in their gardens, like trees.
3. And where are the great big bluebottles gone,
That buzzed in their busy pride?
Oh, the fairies have caught them every one,
And have broken them in, to ride.
4. And they've taken the glow-worms to light
their halls,
And the cricket to sing them a song,

And the great red rose-leaves to paper their
walls,
And they're feasting the whole night long.



5. But when spring comes back with its soft,
mild ray,
And the ripple of gentle rain,
The fairies' bring back what they've taken
away,
And give it us all again.



21.—GOLDEN DEEDS.

PART I.

ag'o-ny, great pain.
al-lowed' [*lowed'*], let, permitted.
ex-e-cu'tion, putting to death.
fâ'tal, of death.
knight [*nîl*], a warrior.

no-ces'si-ty, need.
per-mit'ted, let, allowed.
pre'cious [*presh'us*], of great
price.
ty'rant, a cruel ruler.



1. WHAT is a golden deed? It is something
which we do when we think more of others than

of ourselves. And it is called golden because the rarest and most precious things in all the world are the acts of unselfish men.

2. What a golden deed is that which is told of Sir Philip Sidney! This brave English knight was fighting in Holland to help the Dutch keep their liberty against the tyrant Philip of Spain. In a fierce battle he was struck by a musket-shot which broke his thigh-bone. Faint and thirsty from loss of blood, he called for water.

3. He had just raised the cup to his lips when his eye fell on a poor, dying soldier who was looking longingly at the cool drink. Without so much as tasting it, Sidney handed the cup to the poor fellow with these words, "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

4. Have you ever heard of the Swiss hero, Arnold of Winkelried? Once the Swiss were engaged in battle with a German army that had come to take away their land. The Germans stood very close together, each man with his sharp spear thrust forward, and this made a thick hedge of steel which the Swiss, who had only short swords and battle-axes, could not break through.

5. Suddenly Arnold stepped forward and said, "My dear friends, take care of my wife and child, and I will open a road for you." Then he seized

as many German spear-points as he could reach with both arms, and throwing his weight on them, bore them down with him to the ground.

"Make way for liberty," he cried,

Made way for liberty, and died.

6. Over his dead body, the Swiss sprang into the gap he had made, and before the day was over, they put the foe to flight and won a glorious victory for freedom and their native land.

7. Now let us hear of a golden deed done more than two thousand years ago—a deed that has made the names of Damon and Pythias famous for ever.

In Syracuse there was so hard a ruler that the people made a plot to drive him out of the city. The plot was found out, and the king commanded that the leaders should be put to death.

8. One of these, named Damon, lived at some distance from Syracuse. He asked that before he was put to death, he might be allowed to go home long enough to say good-bye to his family, promising that he would then come back to die with the rest.

9. The king did not believe him. So he said, "I will not let you go unless you can find some friend who will come and stay in prison in your

place. Then if you are not back on the day set for the execution, I shall put your friend to death in your stead." The king thought to himself, "Surely no one will ever take the place of a man condemned to death."

10. Now Damon had a very dear friend named Pythias, who at once came forward and offered to stay in prison while Damon was allowed to go away. The king was very much surprised, but he had given his word; so Damon was permitted to start for home while Pythias was shut up in prison.

11. Many days passed, the time for the execution was close at hand, and Damon had not come back. The king, curious to see how Pythias would behave now that death seemed so near, went to the prison. "Your friend will never return," he said to Pythias.

12. "You are wrong," was the answer. "Damon will be here if he can possibly come. But he has to travel in a sailing vessel, and the winds have been blowing the wrong way for several days. However, it is much better that I should die than he. I have no wife and no little children, and I love my friend so well that it would be far easier to die for him than to live without him. So I am hoping and praying that

he may be delayed until my head has fallen." The king went away more puzzled than ever.

13. The fatal day arrived. Still Damon had not come, and Pythias was brought forth and mounted the scaffold. "My prayers are heard," he cried. "I shall be permitted to die for my friend. But mark my words. Damon is faithful and true; you will yet have reason to know he has done his utmost to be here."

14. Just at this moment a man came galloping at full speed, on a horse covered with foam! It was Damon. In an instant he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and had Pythias in his arms. "My beloved friend," he cried, "the gods be praised that you are safe. What agony I have suffered in the fear that my delay was putting your life in danger!"

15. There was no joy in the face of Pythias; for he did not care to live if his friend must die. But the king had heard all. At last he was forced to believe in the unselfish friendship of these two. His hard heart melted at the sight and he set them both free, asking only that they would be his friends too.



22.—GOLDEN DEEDS.

PART II.

dan'ger-ous, [<i>dān'jer-us</i>], full of risk.	pa'tri-ot, a person who loves his country.
ex-act', [<i>egz-akt'</i>], careful.	ser'vice, work, duty.
frail, weak, tender.	vol-un-teer', one who does something of his own will.
ob-tain', get.	

1. In the roll of American heroes no name shines brighter than that of Nathan Hale. This noble young soldier was a captain under Washington. After the retreat of the American army from Long Island in 1776, Washington wished very much to obtain exact knowledge of the situation and strength of the British.

2. Nathan Hale, feeling that it was his duty to serve his commander by getting this knowledge, offered to go on the dangerous service. The daring volunteer passed in disguise to Long Island, where he found out everything that could be useful for Washington to know in regard to the enemy. He examined their forts and made drawings of them, and learned much about what the British general was thinking of doing.

3. He then started on his return to the American lines, but he was taken prisoner, and carried before the British commander General Howe. When he saw that his object was found out he

frankly told who he was, and Howe ordered him to be executed as a spy.

4. But was he a spy? When we speak of a spy we think of one who, for pay, enters the camp of an enemy to learn his secrets. In this meaning, Hale was no spy. For why did he offer himself for the service? For hire? No! for duty—for love of his country.

5. The order of the British general was carried out the very next morning, and that officer showed a spirit that would have disgraced a savage. He would not permit the young American to see a clergyman, nor grant him even a Bible.

6. But a high, a holy feeling upheld the brave youth in the hour of death. With almost joyous step he walked to the place of execution, and with his last breath spoke these words—words that will never die: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." The Romans had a saying: "It is sweet to die for one's native land." But the speech of the young patriot was finer than that; for he wished that he had many lives to give for his country.

7. We have seen how heroic acts have been done by brave soldiers. The story of Grace Darling will show us a noble and beautiful deed done by a young girl.

8. Grace Darling was the daughter of William Darling, the keeper of a light-house on the coast of England. One night a terrible storm came on and the fog was so thick that the lamp in the light-house tower could hardly be seen at all.

9. Just at this time an unlucky ship drifted toward the coast. The storm had opened a leak in the vessel, and the water came in so fast that it put out the fires. This stopped the engine, and no human power could keep the vessel off the rocks. She struck with such force that the blow dashed her in pieces.

10. Nine persons were left clinging to the wreck. They were a mile away from the light-house, and the sea still raged fiercely. Would the people from the light-house see them? If they did, would they venture into this boiling surf to save them? How anxiously they must have asked themselves these questions through the dark night.

11. Grace Darling was up with the first dawn of light, and peering through her spy-glass caught sight of the poor creatures on the rocks. "Oh! father," she called, "here is a wreck upon one of the rocks; and see, some of the crew are still alive." "Alas! poor souls, they have not long to live," was his reply.

12. William Darling had as stout a heart as

any man, but he well knew the danger of an open boat among those sharp rocks and on such a sea. But his daughter, a frail girl, who had never taken an oar, except in the calmest weather, urged him to go to the rescue and offered to go with him. The father could not be less brave than his young daughter. The boat was launched, and each taking an oar they were soon tossing among the waves.

13. Often the little boat sank quite out of sight in the huge waves, but each time it rose again, and foot by foot it came nearer to the poor people on the wreck. At last the rock was reached and the nine persons, half dead with fright and cold were helped into the little boat, and brought safely to the light-house.

14. The story of Grace Darling's daring deed spread all over the world. Soon her portrait was to be seen in every shop window, and songs were written about her. But all this fame could not spoil the gentle, heroic girl. She did not feel the need of praise, for she said that when she braved the stormy sea, she was doing no more than her duty.



23.—SUPPOSE.

1. SUPPOSE, my little lady,
 Your doll should break her head,
 Could you make it whole by crying
 Till your eyes and nose are red?
 And wouldn't it be pleasanter
 To treat it as a joke;
 And say you're glad, "Twas Dolly's
 And not your head that broke?"
2. Suppose you're dressed for walking,
 And the rain comes pouring down,
 Will it clear off any sooner
 Because you scold and frown?
 And wouldn't it be nicer
 For you to smile than pout,
 And so make sunshine in the house
 When there is none without?
3. Suppose your task, my little man,
 Is very hard to get,
 Will it make it any easier
 For you to sit and fret?
 And wouldn't it be wiser,
 Than waiting like a dunce,
 To go to work in earnest,
 And learn the thing at once?

24.—THE UGLY DUCKLING.

PART I.

bus'i-ness [*biz'nes*], affair.
 cu'ri-ous, strange.
 down'y, having down.
 duck ling, little duck.

ex-am'ine [*egz-am'in*], look at.
 gos'sip, talk idly.
 grum'bled, complained.
 o-blige'd [*blid*], forced.

1. ONE fine summer's day in the country, a duck was sitting in her nest hatching her eggs; but of this task she was almost tired, for scarcely a friend had paid her a visit. The other ducks were all swimming about in the pond, minding their own business, and did not want to gossip.

2. At last, one egg cracked, then a second, then a third, and so on. "Peep! peep!" went one, "Peep! peep!" went another, until a dozen had cracked, and the little downy things popped their heads out of their narrow home, as out of a window. "Quack! quack!" said the mother, as the ducklings moved out as fast as they could, looking about them in great wonder. "How big the world is!" said the little ones.

3. "Do you think that this is the whole world?" said the mother. "Oh, no; it stretches far away beyond the garden. But are you all here? No, you are not all hatched yet," added she; "the biggest egg lies there still! How long will this last? I begin really to be quite tired."

For all that, she sat down on the nest again.

4. "Well! how are you to-day?" quacked a fussy old duck, who came to make her a call. "Oh, there is no end to hatching this one egg," grumbled the mother; "the shell must be too hard for the duckling to break. But now you shall see the others. There is my pretty little family!"

5. "Show me the egg that will not break," said the old duck. "It must be a turkey's egg, I think. The same thing happened to me once, and I had a deal of trouble with it, let me tell you. Yes, I am quite right, it is a turkey's egg! So, get off your nest, and mind the others, as soon as you like."

6. "I shall sit a little longer," said the mother.

"Oh! very well! that's none of my business," said the old duck, rising to leave.

7. At last the great egg cracked. "Peep! peep!" cried the scared little thing, as he broke through the shell. Oh! how big, and how ugly he was! The mother scarcely dared to look at him; she knew not what to think of him. At last she said, "This is certainly a curious young drake. It may turn out to be a turkey, but we shall give him a fair chance. Into the water he must go, even if I should be obliged to push him in."

8. The next day was very beautiful, so the

mother duck left home, her whole family waddling about her. Splash! she went into the water. "Quack! quack!" she cried, and one duck after the other followed her example. Not one stayed behind: even the ugly gray last-born swam merrily about with the rest.

9. "He is no turkey after all, and will not shame my family," said the old duck. "Really, if one examines him closely, he is good-looking enough. Quack, quack! now come with me all of you, and I will show you the world, and introduce you to the farm-yard."

10. They soon reached the yard, but the other ducks looked cross at them, saying, "Here comes another brood; as if there were not enough of us already. But see, what a fright that duckling is; he can't stay among us." At these words an impudent drake bit the poor duckling in the neck.

11. "Leave him alone," cried his mother; "he doesn't harm any one."

"Perhaps not," replied the naughty drake, "but he is much too big for his age, and a beating will do him good."

12. The mother smoothed his feathers, but the ugly duckling was pecked at, pushed, and made fun of by both ducks and chickens. So the

poor thing, knowing not where to stand or where to go, was quite cast down.

13. Thus the first day passed; but the next day and the day after brought new troubles. The duckling was hunted by all like a wild beast, even his brothers and sisters behaving very badly to him; the hens pecked him, and the girl who fed the fowls pushed him roughly away.

14. Then he ran and flew over the fence, and away across the fields, until at last he lighted on a hedge. The little singing birds in the bushes flew away in a great fright. "That is because I am so ugly," thought the young duck, shutting his eyes. Next, he continued his flight onward, till he reached a large marsh, where wild ducks flocked together. There he stayed the whole night, sorrowful and tired to death.

15. Early in the morning the wild ducks noticed their new comrade.

"You are ugly enough," said they; "but that is no matter, if you do not marry into our family."

The poor outcast did not wish to marry: he only wanted to be let alone; that was all.

16. But the ugly duckling could get no peace, so he flew away again. Toward evening he reached a little hut, and as the door was open he slipped into the room.

25.—THE UGLY DUCKLING.

PART II.

com-pan'ion [<i>kom-pan'yun</i>],	out'right, immediately.
mate.	peas'ant [<i>pez'ant</i>], countryman.
de-ter'mined [<i>-ter'mind</i>], re-	re-cov'ered, got well.
solved.	re-mained', stayed.
ex-claimed', cried out.	state'ly, noble-looking.
long'ing, wish, desire.	thick'et, a wood.

1. The only living things in the hut were an old woman with her cat and her hen. Next morning they saw their strange guest.

2. "What is that?" said the dame, who, not seeing well, took the poor lean bird for a fat duck that had mistaken his way in the dark. "Here is, indeed, a piece of good luck!" exclaimed she. "Now I can have a nice duck's egg for my breakfast. But perhaps it is a drake, after all! However, we shall see about that in good time." Well, there the youngster remained three weeks; but without laying any eggs.

3. At last, one morning, after a sleepless night, he felt a great longing to swim once more in the clear water. He could bear it no longer, and he spoke his wish to the hen.

"You are certainly crazy," cried the hen; "ask the cat, who is wiser than I, if he likes swimming in the water."

4. "You do not understand me!" sighed the duck.

"Not understand you, indeed! if *we* don't, who should, you ugly yellow-beak!" exclaimed Madam Hen.

"I am determined I will wander out into the world," said the little drake, taking courage.

5. "That you certainly should," answered the hen; and the poor duckling set off again on his travels. But no sooner did any animal see him, than he was sure to be mocked for his ugliness.

6. The poor forsaken duckling was now worse off than before, for winter came on. It was so cold that our duckling was forced to keep swimming about in the water for fear of being frozen. But every night the ring in which he swam became smaller and smaller; the top of the ice kept growing thicker and thicker. At last, he became so weary, that he was forced to remain fast frozen in the ice.

7. Early in the morning a peasant passed by; and seeing the unhappy bird, went on the ice, which he broke with his wooden shoe. He saved the half-dead creature, and carried him home to a warm fireside, where he quickly recovered. The children wished to play with him, but the young duckling, thinking they were bent on mischief,

flew in his terror into an earthen milk-can, and splashed the milk all over the room.

8. The housewife ran after him shouting, so that the poor bird became more and more stupid, and flew first into the churn, and then into the meal-barrel. Then she tried to hit him with the tongs, while the children tumbled over one another in their haste to catch him.

9. It was well for our duckling that the door stood open. He escaped into the open air, and flying with difficulty to the nearest bushes, sank down on the snow, where he lay half dead. It would, indeed, be very mournful to tell all the miseries that the poor duckling went through until the sun again shone warmly on the earth, and the larks once more welcomed spring with their songs.

10. Then the young duckling raised his wings, which were much stronger than before, and flew far away to a lake in a large garden, where the apple-trees were in full bloom. And now there came out of the thicket, three noble white swans, who began to swim lightly on the water.

11. The ugly duckling, on seeing the stately birds, said to himself, "I will fly toward these royal birds. They may kill me for my impudence in daring to go near them—I, who am so ugly.



But it matters not; better is it to be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks, pecked at by the hens, and chased about by the children." With these thoughts he flew into the middle of the lake, and swam toward the three beautiful swans, who, noticing the little stranger, came to welcome him.

12. "Oh, just kill me outright," said the poor bird, bending its head toward the water,—when lo! it saw its own image in the clear surface, and instead of an ugly dark green *duckling*, it beheld a stately *swan*. The larger swans came around him and stroked him lovingly with their beaks.

13. Just then two little children came into the garden and running to the lake, threw corn and bread down to the swans.

"Oh! there is a new one," exclaimed the youngest child, and both clapped their hands for joy. Then they ran away to call their parents. So more bread and cake were thrown into the water, and all said, "The new one is the most beautiful—so young and so graceful!" And, indeed, the old swans themselves seemed proud of their new companion.

14. Then the bird felt quite shy, and put his head under his wing; for though his heart was bursting for joy, he was none the prouder. He

blessed his former trials which had taught him to value his new happiness.

It matters little being born in a duck-yard, if only one is hatched from a swan's egg.

26.—A LAUGHING SONG.

1. WHEN the green woods laugh with the voice
of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;
2. When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry
scene;
When Mary, and Susan, and Emily,
With their sweet round mouths sing, "Ha, ha,
he!"
3. When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is
spread:
Come live, and be merry, and join with me
To sing the sweet chorus¹ of "Ha, ha, he!"

¹ *cho'rus* [*ko'rus*], a number of singers all singing together.

27.—WHY HE GOT THE JEWEL.

cau'tion, care.

in'stinct, feeling.

per-form', do.

prop'er-ty, something owned.

re-ceipt' [*re-seet'*], a writing

showing that money has been

received.

wealth'y, rich.

1. ONCE on a time there was a wealthy man who had three sons. As old age crept on him, and the three sons grew to manhood, he felt that he had not long to live.

2. So one day he called them about him, and told them he had made up his mind to divide his property among them. So he gave them in equal parts all his goods, except a jewel of great value. That, he said, should be given to the one of them who should within three months perform the most noble act.

3. "Father," said the eldest, one day, "a person lately trusted me with a large sum of money. He was a stranger to me, and had no receipt from me. I might easily have kept his money; but when he asked it back from me, I not only gave him the whole, but refused to take pay for my trouble."

The father replied, "Yours was an act of justice."

4. The second son said: "Yesterday, as I was walking along the edge of a lake, a child fell in. At the risk of my life I plunged in, and

brought it safely to its weeping mother on the shore. Was not that a noble act, father?"

"It was a brave deed, my son; but after all you only acted on the instinct of human kindness."

5. The youngest son then said: "One dark night, I found a man who had greatly wronged me asleep on the edge of a cliff. The least move on waking would have plunged him down the fearful depth. I took care to rouse him with great caution, and led him to a place of safety."

6. "My dearest son," said the father, kissing him, "the jewel is thine."

28.—LITTLE LAMB.

1. LITTLE lamb, who made thee?

Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and made thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead?
Gave thee clothing of delight,—
Softest clothing, woolly, bright?
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales¹ rejoice?

Little lamb, who made thee?

Dost thou know who made thee?

¹ *vales*, valleys.

2. Little lamb, I'll tell thee;

Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a lamb.



He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child:
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.

Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

29.—THE MAN ON THE CHIMNEY.

coil, a round heap.

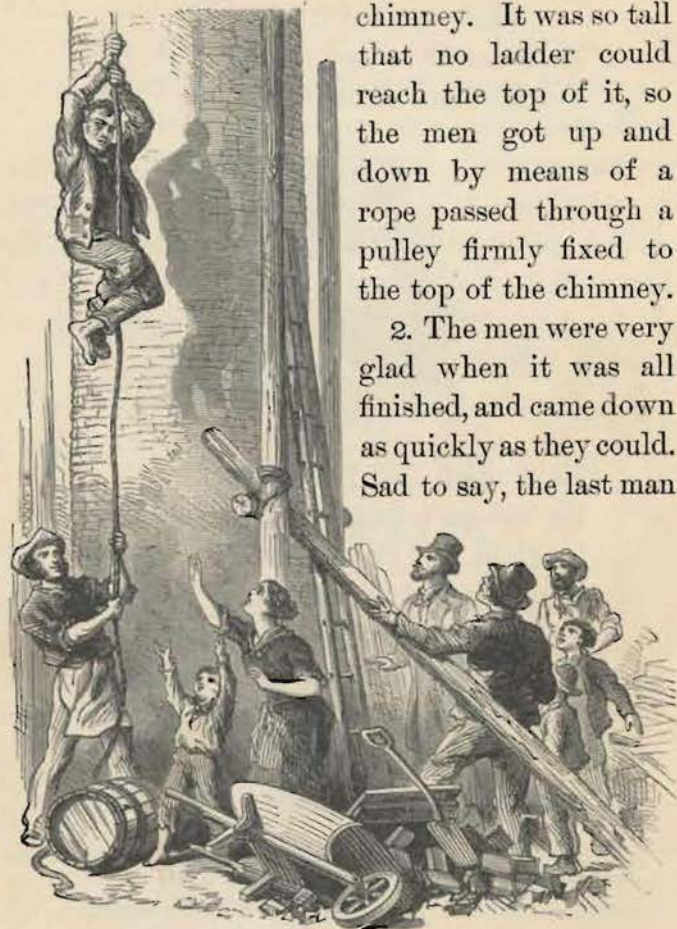
com'rades [*kum rādes*], fellow-
workmen.

fac'to-ry, a building where
goods are made.
un-rav'el, undo knitting.

1. SOME workmen were building the tall chimney of a new factory. It would have amused you

to see the men go to and from their work on this chimney. It was so tall that no ladder could reach the top of it, so the men got up and down by means of a rope passed through a pulley firmly fixed to the top of the chimney.

2. The men were very glad when it was all finished, and came down as quickly as they could. Sad to say, the last man



but one pulled the rope from the pulley. When he got down to the ground he looked back

and saw a man standing on the top of the chimney.

3. The comrades of the poor man on the chimney were so frightened they knew not what to do. First they looked at their friend standing alone, high up in the air; then they looked at the rope, which lay in a coil upon the ground.

"Poor fellow!" they said; "he must die, for he will starve if he has to stay there, and he will be killed if he tries to get down!"

4. Just then the man's wife came up. She did not begin to cry, scold, or fret; she only said to herself, "How shall I save him?"

In a moment she had thought of a plan; and she shouted at the top of her voice,—

"John! John! Unravel your stocking! Begin at the toe!"

5. He heard what she said, and taking off his stocking, knit by this same good wife, he cut off the end, and began to pull out the yarn. When he had pulled out a long piece, he fastened one end around a little piece of brick, which he gently let down.

6. The men were waiting for it, with upraised hands. When they got hold of the yarn they fastened it to the end of a ball of twine, which the wife brought. Then they shouted—

"Pull up the yarn till you get the twine!"

7. Soon they heard John say, "I have it!"

Then the men fastened the twine to the pulley-rope, and shouted again,—

"Pull up the twine till you get the rope!"

8. "Ay, ay!" said John; and in a few minutes he had hold of the rope. Then snatching up the rest of the stocking for a keepsake, he let himself down as the other men had done, and reached the ground in safety.

30.—THE JOLLY OLD CROW.

1. On the limb of an oak sat a jolly old crow,
And chatted away with glee, with glee,
As he saw the old farmer go out to sow,
And he cried, "It is all for me, for me.
2. "Look, look! how he scatters the seed around;
He is wonderful kind to the poor, the poor;
If he'd¹ empty it down in a pile on the ground,
I could find it much better, I'm sure, I'm sure.
3. "I have learned all the tricks of this wonderful
man,
Who's² such a regard for the crow, the crow,

¹ *he'd*, he would.

² *who's*, who has.

That he lays out his ground on a regular plan,
And then covers his corn in a row, a row.

4. "Indeed, he must have a great love for me,
For he tries to entrap me enough, enough;
But I measure the distance as well as he,
And when he comes near me, I'm off, I'm off."

31.—THE DERVISH AND THE CAMEL.

ac-cu'sers, [-cū'zers], persons who blame.	con-demned', [-demd], found guilty.
bur'den, load.	der'vish, a monk.
cā'di, a judge.	in-quired', asked.

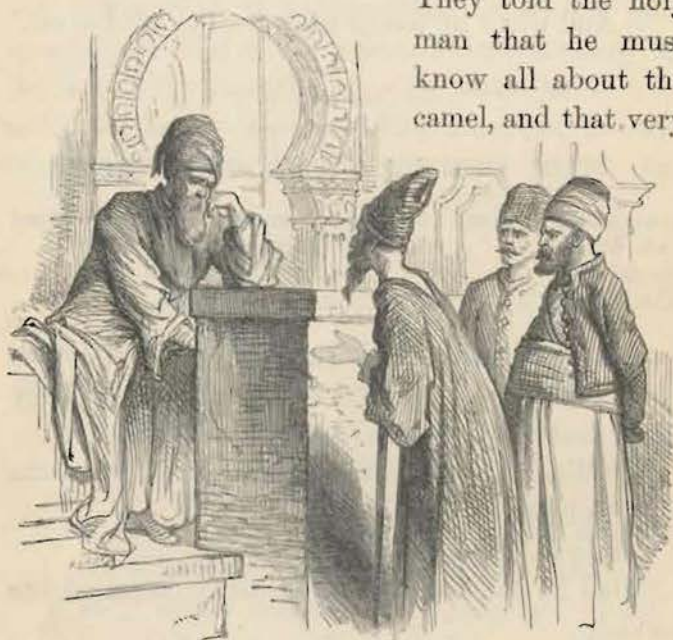
1. A DERVISH was traveling alone in the desert, when suddenly he met two merchants. "Holy man," said they, "we have lost a camel."
2. "Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" asked the dervish.
"He was," said the merchants.
"Had he not lost a front tooth?" inquired the dervish.
"He had," said the merchants.
3. "Was he not loaded with wheat on one side?"
"He was," said the merchants.
"And with honey on the other?"

"He was! he was!" said the merchants, surprised.

"Then," said the dervish, "I have not seen your camel."

4. The merchants were now in a great rage.

They told the holy man that he must know all about the camel, and that very



likely he had taken some of the jewels and money which formed part of the camel's load. They, therefore, seized him, and carrying him to the nearest town, brought him before the *cadi*.

5. The *cadi* heard the story of the merchants, and seemed to think the dervish knew more about the camel and the thieves than he chose to tell. Before he condemned him, however, he commanded him to answer his accusers.

6. "How did you know the camel was blind of one eye?" asked the *cadi*.

"I knew that the animal was blind of one eye, because it had cropped the grass only on one side of the path," replied the dervish.

7. "How did you know it was lame of the left leg?" asked the *cadi*.

"I knew that it was lame of the left leg, because I observed that one of the foot-prints on that side was fainter than those on the other."

8. "How did you know the animal had lost a tooth?" asked the *cadi*.

"I knew that it had lost a tooth, because wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of grass was left in the center of its bite."

9. "But how could you tell with what it was laden?" cried the merchants. "Ay, tell us that."

"As to what the beast carried, the busy ants on one side, and the flies on the other, showed me that corn and honey were its burden. And more than this, my friends," he continued, "I believe that the animal has only strayed, and is not stolen,

as there were no marks of any footsteps, either before or behind it. Return and look for your camel."

10. "Go," said the *cadi*, "and look for your camel." The merchants did so, and found the beast only a few miles from the spot whence it had strayed.

32.—HANS IN LUCK.

PART I.

dis-mount'ed, got down.

hoop, get up.

jogged [*jogd*], walked slowly.

moor, a waste or heath.

re-fresh', to cheer.

reined [*rānd*], drew the reins.

ser'vice, work.

zest, enjoyment.

1. HANS had served his master seven years. So one day he said to him, "Master, my time is up; I should like to go home and see my mother."

"Would you?" said his master. "Well, you have been a good servant; and as your service has been, so shall be your reward." He then gave him a great piece of gold.

2. Hans took out his handkerchief, put the lump of gold in it, threw it over his shoulder, and set off for home. As he went along, putting one leg wearily before the other, a rider came in sight. He was trotting along, fresh and joyful, on a lively horse.



3. "Ah," said Hans, out loud, "riding is surely a nice thing! There he sits, as if he were in a chair, trips over no stones, saves his shoe leather, and gets on he hardly knows how."

4. The rider, who had heard this, cried out to him—"Hans, what are you doing on foot?" "Ah, I am carrying this lump home," replied Hans. "It is gold, to be sure; but I cannot hold my head straight because of it, and it hurts my shoulder."

5. "I tell you what," said the rider, as he reined up, "if you like, we'll exchange: I will give you my horse, if you will give me your nugget." "With all my heart," said Hans; "but I tell you, you must carry it afoot."

6. The rider dismounted, took the gold, helped Hans on the horse's back, and handed him the reins. Then he said, "If you want to go fast, you must smack your tongue, and call out, 'Hoop! hoop!'"

7. Hans was glad when he found himself sitting on the horse, and riding so pleasantly along. After a while he took it into his head that he would like to go faster, and he began to smack his tongue, and call "Hoop, hoop." The horse set off at a quick trot, and, the first thing Hans knew, he was thrown off, and lay in the ditch at the roadside.

8. The horse would have run on, but a farmer who came along the road, driving a cow, laid hold of it. Hans picked himself up, and stood on his feet again; but he was very much shaken, and said to the farmer, "Riding is a poor joke, especially when one gets on a horse like this, which is all the time stumbling. I shall never get on his back again. I tell you what, I like your cow very much. You can walk quietly behind her, and you are sure

of your milk, butter, and cheese every day. What would I give to have a cow!"

9. "Well," said the farmer, "if you like I will exchange the cow for your horse." Hans agreed, with a thousand thanks, and the farmer jumped on the horse's back, and rode off.

10. Hans drove his cow quietly before him, and thought of his lucky exchange. "If I have only a piece of bread (and I can't miss having that), I can always have butter and cheese with it. If I am thirsty, I need only milk my cow to have milk. Heart, what could you wish more?"

11. By and by he came to an inn where he made a halt, and ate with great zest all he had with him, finishing both his dinner and supper in one. Then he drove his cow on toward his mother's village. But the heat grew more and more hard to bear, the nearer it came to noon, and Hans now found himself on a moor which stretched out a full hour's journey before him. He got very hot, and was so thirsty that his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth.

12. "I know what to do," thought Hans, "I shall milk my cow, and drink the milk." So he tied her up firmly, put his leather cap below her for a pail, and tried to milk. But not a drop of milk came. Besides, he was clumsy at milking, so

the restless cow at last gave him such a kick on the head with her hind hoof, that he tumbled backwards on the ground, and hardly knew where he was for a time.

13. By good luck a butcher came along with a young pig on a wheelbarrow. "What's the matter?" cried he, and helped up poor Hans. Hans told him what had happened. The butcher reached him his flask, and said, "There, drink and refresh yourself. Will the cow not give you any milk? No wonder; it's an old brute, that at best is fit only for drawing a cart or for beef."

14. "Is that so?" said Hans, as he smoothed his hair, "who would have thought of that? Well, it's a good thing when a person has a beast that he can kill, and so get meat. But I don't think much of beef; it is not juicy enough for me. If I had only a young pig! That tastes very different; and then there are the sausages besides."

15. "Listen, Hans," said the butcher; "to oblige you, I will exchange, and will give you my pig for your cow." "Thank you very kindly, my friend," said Hans, as he gave the butcher the cow, and untied the pig from the barrow.

16. Taking in his hand the cord with which the pig had been tied Hans jogged on. He thought

how everything went with him just as he wished, and how, if any ill luck happened to him, it was made right the next hour.

17. After a time a peasant came up who had a fine white goose under his arm. They said how



do you do to each other, and Hans began to tell the man about his luck, and how he had made one good bargain after another.

18. The peasant told him in return how he was taking the goose to the baptism feast of a child. "Just lift her," said he, "and hold her by the wings, and feel how heavy she is; and yet

we have been fattening her for only eight weeks. Whoever gets a mouthful of her when she's roasted will smack his lips." "Yes," said Hans, as he weighed her in his hand—"she is heavy; but my pig will be heavy too by-and-by."

33. — HANS IN LUCK.

PART II.

bar'gains [<i>gins</i>], things bought cheap.	pen, pig-sty.
lap'stone,	whet'stone, stone for sharpen- ing knives.
lock'-up, jail.	whir, to buzz.

1. Meanwhile the man looked at the pig all over, shook his head well, and said, "I'm afraid it's not all right about your pig. One was stolen from the pen of the judge in the village I have just left. I'm afraid this is the one. It would be bad for you if they should catch you driving that pig. The very least they would do would be to throw you into the dark lock-up."

2. Poor Hans shook with fear. "Oh! dear me," said he, "do help me out of this trouble. You know better than I what to do in such a case. Take my pig, will you? and let me have your goose." "I shall have some risk to run," said the

fellow; "but I don't like to see you getting into trouble." So he took the cord in his hand, and drove the pig off, very fast, up a side road.

3. The good Hans was glad to get rid of his pig, so he went on toward home, with the goose under his arm. "If I am right," said he to himself, "I have done well by this exchange too. For first there is a good roast, then the dish of fat that will run out of it will give goose-butter for my bread for a quarter of a year. Then there are the nice white feathers; I shall get a pillow stuffed with them, and shall fall asleep on it without rocking. How glad my mother will be!"

4. As he went through the last village, a knife-grinder was standing with his wheel, and thus he sang at his work—

"I sharpen the blades and I whirl like the wind,
And whatever pays best is most to my mind."

Hans stood still and looked at him. At last he spoke: "You must be doing well to sing so at your work." "Yes," answered the knife-grinder; "a good trade is a mine of gold. A clever grinder is a man who finds money in his pocket as often as he puts his hand there. But where did you buy that fine goose?"

5. "I didn't buy it, but got it in exchange for my pig."

"And the pig?"

"I got that for a cow."

"And the cow?"

"I got that for a horse."

"And the horse?"

"I gave a lump of gold for it as big as my head."

"And the gold?"

"Why, that was my pay for seven years' work."

6. "You knew how to do yourself a good turn each time," said the grinder. "Now if you can only fix things so that you may hear gold clinking in your pocket whenever you put your hand into it, your fortune will be made."

7. "How can I do that?" asked Hans. "You must be a knife-grinder, like me. All that you need is a whetstone. And here, you see, I have one nearly as good as new. I'll give it to you for very little; I'll take your goose for it, if you like. Will you have it?"

8. "How can you ask such a thing?" said Hans. "I shall be the happiest man in the world. If I had money in my pocket whenever I wanted to use it, I would have nothing to care for." So he gave him the goose for the whetstone.

9. "Now," said the grinder, as he lifted up a common heavy stone from the road near him, "here's a first-rate lapstone besides. You may hammer on that as hard as you like, and straighten your old nails. Take it, and use it along with the whetstone."

10. Hans took the whetstone and the lapstone, and went off happy. His eyes shone for joy. "I must have been born lucky," he cried out; "all that I wish comes to me, as if I had been born on a Sunday!" By this time, as he had been on his feet since daybreak, he became tired and hungry. And no wonder—he had eaten all his provision at once, for joy at getting the cow.

11. At last he could hardly walk; he had to stop every minute, and the stones grew heavier each step. The thought came to him, how much better it would be if he had nothing to carry. Moving like a snail, he at last reached the side of a brook, and there he thought he would rest, and have a good drink. Wishing not to knock the stones together in kneeling down, he laid them carefully beside him, on the edge of the brook. He then turned and was about to bend down, but he missed his footing a little and stumbled, knocking both stones into deep water.

12. When he had seen them sink, Hans sprang

up for joy, and cried out, with tears in his eyes, that he had had good fortune this time, above all, to get rid of the stones so nicely. "There is no man so lucky as I under the sun," said he. With light heart, and free from all burden, he now sprang forward till he got to his mother's cottage.

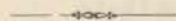


13. I hope you will learn from the story of Hans these lessons: not to get tired of everything so easily as he did, not to be so changeable, and not to be so simple as to take every one's word about the bargains they offer you, without thinking well over them in your own head, and using good common sense as you do so.



34. — LITTLE BIRDIE.

1. WHAT does little birdie say,
In her nest, at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie,
"Mother, let me fly away."—
"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.
2. What does little baby say,
In her bed, at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise, and fly away."—
"Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away."



35. — THE RAINBOW.

glow'ing, shining, bright.	ten'der, soft.
gor'geous [gor'jus], splendid.	va'por, moisture.

1. EVERYBODY, young and old, likes to look at the rainbow. And why? Is it because it comes

to us so seldom? That is not all the cause. Is it because of its *form*—a rounding band upon the sky? Oh, no! it is its *color*.

2. And why its color? Do we not see red and yellow and blue elsewhere and every day? Ah! yes, we do! But is there elsewhere such a fine red, such a fine yellow, such a fine blue, as in the rainbow? No, indeed! Even the humming-bird has not colors so pure, nor yet has the peacock in his gorgeous tail or beautiful neck. Pure, and soft, and bright, are the colors of the rainbow.

3. The rainbow is the fairest and most fairy-like thing in all the world. All at once it comes out upon the sky—we wonder how; and after filling our hearts with happiness, it goes we know not where. It seems to be but a colored breath upon the sky. Have you not breathed upon the window-pane, and seen the vapor gather on the glass, then quickly fade again? Does not the rainbow seem to come and go like that?

4. In the rainbow the colors are not mixed. The red is pure; the yellow is pure; the blue is pure. Take anything else in the world, and its color is not pure. There are red, and yellow, and blue flowers, with colors so fine that we might think them pure; but if we hold them by the side of the rainbow, we shall see how dull they seem.

But still it is because the finest flowers are in color so nearly pure that we like them so much.

5. There are only three true colors in the world. They are the red, the yellow, and the blue, which we see in the rainbow. You will say—"Why, there are a thousand colors! There are all sorts of colors! Yes, there are a thousand shades of color; but whatever be the thing we look at, its color is a mixture of red, yellow, and blue.

6. The colors of the rainbow are placed this way: Red is at the top; next comes yellow; then comes blue below. Keep in mind these lines, and you will always know how the colors are placed in the rainbow:

At the head
Stands red.
Its next fellow
Is glowing yellow.
Below the two
Is the tender blue.

36.—THE OWL'S ADVICE.

"I WANT to look wise!" said Maud one day;

"I want to look clever and wise!"

"Oh! oh!" said the owl, as he sat on a spray,¹

And blinked as in solemn surprise;

¹ *spray*, a small branch.



"You had better by far remain as you are,
And learn to *be* clever and wise!"
Then echoed the birds as they sat in a row,
"You hear what he says; you'd better, you know,
Just learn to be clever and wise!"

37.—TO A LITTLE GIRL AT THE SEA-SIDE.

but'ter-boat, butter-dish.
fid'ge-ty, restless.

pol'ka, a dance.
pumps, low shoes.

1. How do you like the sea? Not much, perhaps—it's "so big." But shouldn't you like a nice little ocean that you could put in a pan? Yet the sea, although it looks rather ugly at first,

is very useful, and if I were near it this dry summer, I would carry it all home to water the garden with.

2. I remember that when I saw the sea, it used sometimes to be very fussy and fidgety, and did not always wash itself quite clean; but it was very fond of fun. Have the waves ever run after you yet, and turned your little two shoes into pumps, full of water?

3. Did you ever taste the sea-water? The fishes are so fond of it they keep drinking it all the day long. Dip your little finger in, and then suck it to see how it tastes. A glass of it warm, with sugar, and a little nutmeg, would quite astonish you!

4. The water of the sea is so salt, I wonder nobody catches salt fish in it. I should think a good way would be to go out in a butter-boat, with a little melted for sauce.

5. Have you been bathed yet in the sea, and were you afraid? I was the first time, and the time before that; and dear me, how I kicked and screamed—or, at least, meant to scream; but the sea, ships and all, began to run into my mouth, and so I shut it up.

6. I think I see *you* being dipped in the sea, screwing your eyes up, and putting your nose like

a button, into your mouth, like a buttonhole, for fear of getting another smell and taste! By the by, did you ever dive your head under water with your legs up in the air like a duck, and try whether you could cry "Quack?" Some animals can!

7. If you would catch a little crab for me, and teach it to dance the polka, it would make me quite happy. Did you ever try, like a little crab, to run two ways at once? See if you can do it, for it is good fun; never mind tumbling over yourself a little at first. It would be a good plan to hire a little crab, for an hour a day, to teach baby to crawl if he can't walk, and, if I was his mamma, I *would* too!

8. Don't forget my little crab to dance the polka.

38.—WHERE TO WALK.

1. WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea¹—
That's the way for Billy and me.
2. Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,

¹ lea, meadow.

Where the nestlings¹ chirp and flee—
That's the way for Billy and me.

3. Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thickest and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee—
That's the way for Billy and me.
4. Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free—
That's the way for Billy and me.
5. There let us walk, there let us play
Through the meadow, among the hay,
Up the water, and over the lea—
That's the way for Billy and me.



¹ nestlings, small young birds.

39.—THE PINK PARROT AND THE GRAY BOY.



Aus-tra'liā, largest island in the world.

dis-tress', grief, trouble.

lus'cious [*lush us*], sweet.

plume, feather of a bird.

1. ONCE there was a parrot. I knew him. He wore a pink suit, with a pale, yellow plume in his crested cap. And once there was a boy; and I knew him too. He wore a gray suit, and had a shiny silver buckle on his cap.

2. The Gray Boy owned the Pink Parrot. The Pink Parrot owned nothing—nothing now, not even himself. It was a great change, I tell you, from a forest to a cage, from choosing his own fruit and nuts, to waiting for them upon the

pleasure of a boy. The Pink Parrot judged all boys by the Gray Boy, and he hated boys. He often sat on his ring, without moving or saying a word, and hated boys by the hour.

3. The Gray Boy would bring in grapes and berries and nuts, and lay them down in plain sight, but out of reach, saying to the Pink Parrot, "Wait-a-bit! wait-a-bit!" And the Pink Parrot would wait, and while he waited the Gray Boy made faces.

4. Parrots have a hooked bill, and the upper jaw is hung with a hinge, like a box-lid. Did you know it? The Gray Boy would stand before the Pink Parrot, and draw his chin in to look like the hooked bill; then he would work his mouth like a hinge.

5. Indeed, the Pink Parrot was never certain of his breakfast. He could never be sure when it would come, or how much there would be of it when it did come. Ten to one, when a luscious grape was almost in his bill, the Gray Boy would go out of the room taking the grape with him. The Gray Boy would say, "Will you have it now, or wait until you can get it?" May-be he would come back, and may-be he wouldn't.

6. But the Pink Parrot's turn came at last. The Gray Boy had a watch lately given him, a

lovely—O! a little darling of a gold watch, that would tick, and need to be “truly” wound up at night. It had a chain and some charms—anchors and bells and bows and arrows, toy skates and ball-bats,—everything, in fact, that would please a boy, and make him perfectly happy, was to be found on the Gray Boy’s chain.

7. The Gray Boy, one morning (the twenty-fourth of December, in fact), was to take the half-past nine train, all by himself, to join his papa and mamma at his grandpa’s in the country. He had been left in town, with the housekeeper, until school should close.

8. The Gray Boy had had breakfast, and was all ready to go. It had been a hasty meal, but wasn’t there to be stuffed turkey and cranberry sauce for dinner? He had bidden the housekeeper good-morning, and had gone up-stairs for a bunch of hot-house rosebuds to take to mamma, and to brush his coat and put on his watch.

9. He had left them up there on the sitting-room table, all together, a moment ago. And now, could he believe his eyes, his watch was not on the table! The Gray Boy was in great distress. It was near train-time, and then the idea that a thief had been in the house! He ran up to his room, to see if he *could* have left the watch

in its case. He ran down, calling aloud to the housekeeper as he went. But she had stepped out. Then he ran back, and stood still, looking again at the table.

10. All at once, high over his head, there was a shrill cackle of laughter. The Gray Boy looked up. He gave an angry cry. There, in the ebony ring which had been hung from the ceiling for his swing, high out of reach, swung the Pink Parrot. The gold watch was between his claws, the chain shining as it hung. As he met the Gray Boy’s eyes, he cackled again, laughed aloud, and shrieked, “*Wait a bit! wait a bit!*”

11. The Gray Boy danced with rage. While he was dancing he heard the whistle of the train. He rushed down to the kitchen. The housekeeper had not returned. He ran up-stairs again, and with tears running down his cheeks, flew out into the street. “*Will you have it now, or wait until you can get it?*” shrieked the naughty Pink Parrot after him, cackling with laughter until he nearly fell off the ring.

12. Sobbing with helpless rage the Gray Boy rushed up the walk toward a tall man in blue with a star on his breast. “P’lice! I say, p’lice!” The policeman was greatly puzzled by the queer actions of the boy, but he went into the house.

Now whether the Pink Parrot had been used to seeing policemen in the green forests of Australia and knew this one at once, I cannot say; but I know he started, dodged, and nearly tumbled out of the ring when they came in.

13. Carefully taking the watch in his beak he dropped down to the table with it, and, leaving it, scrambled out of the room as fast as ever he could, squealing and cackling like an imp.

14. The Gray Boy had his watch again. But the day was spoiled, the train was gone, and he had to stay in town all through a lonely Christmas day, and eat dinner with the housekeeper. And the Pink Parrot laughed.

40. — THE ROOT.

ab-sorb', suck up.

hur'ri-cane, a great wind-storm.

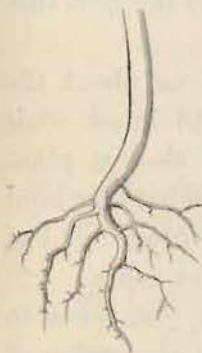
root'lets, little roots.

tor-nā'do, greatest wind-storm.

1. A PLANT is not like an animal that can move about. It grows and stays in one place. What keeps it in that place? Its roots. These grow down into the ground, and there hold fast, so that the first wind that comes along may not blow the plant over.

2. Now some plants, such as the beet plant, have just one large root in the ground. Above ground the beet plant is not high; it has no stem, and its few leaves grow right out of the top of the root. Even this one root has many fine hair-like roots growing out singly all around it. But most large plants, such as trees, and even small ones, such as tiny herbs, have branching roots. That

is, the large root under ground spreads out into rootlets somewhat as the stem above ground spreads out into branches.



3. Look at this part of a stem with the roots below. Does it not all look very much like the leg of a bird with its toes for holding fast? Only, a bird has but three or at most four toes on

a foot, while the plant has in *its* foot so many toes that they cannot be counted. And you can see how firmly the plant can cling to the earth with such a host of toes, and far-reaching claws,—the more so as they are all closely packed into the ground.

4. Now let a gale come along, and the wind will not tear up the plant so easily. O, yes! a hurricane or a tornado will sometimes tear big trees out of the ground; but that does not often happen.

Now this is one thing the root has to do: it has to hold the plant fast in its place.

5. But that is not all the root does—it has finer work than that to do. The plant gets a large part of its food from the ground; and how is it to get it from the ground, unless by the roots? They are in the ground, and they act on it. How do they act? They absorb the water from it; and with that water go other things into the root that the plant needs.

6. There is something very curious about the way these roots act. They seem to know what the plant needs. The roots of one kind of plant will suck up out of the ground just what that kind of plant needs. The roots of some other kind of plant will absorb just what *that* plant needs.

7. The roots of all plants know just what to take in out of the ground, besides the water, of which they all take a great deal. And if a plant should be put in a soil that has not the food it needs, what can the poor roots do? They do not find their proper food, and so the plant grows sickly or dies.

8. How do roots get so deep into the earth, and grow all over and around big rocks and little? It is in this way. All the time that the tips of the rootlets are sucking up food for the plant, they

are also growing at the end. As the young roots are very fine, they can pick their way easily enough, for they have nothing to do but to lie still and let more root—a very, very little all the time—grow on to their ends; and of course these little ends will go whichever way they like or can.

41.—LILY'S BALL.

1. LILY gave a party,
And her little playmates all,
Gayly dressed, came in their best,
To dance at Lily's ball.
2. Little Quaker Primrose
Sat and never stirred,
And, except in whispers,
Never spoke a word.
3. Snowdrop nearly fainted
Because the room was hot,
And went away before the rest
With sweet Forget-me-not.
4. Pansy danced with Daffodil,
Rose with Violet;

Silly Daisy fell in love
With pretty Mignonette.¹

5. But, when they danced the country-dance,
One could scarcely tell
Which of these two danced it best,—
Cowslip or Heather-bell.²

6. Between the dances, when they all
Were seated in their places,
I thought I'd never seen before
So many pretty faces.

7. But, of all the pretty maidens
I saw at Lily's ball,
Darling Lily was to me
The sweetest of them all.

8. And, when the dance was over,
They went down-stairs to sup;
And each had a taste of honey-cake,
With dew in a buttercup.

9. And all were dressed to go away,
Before the set of sun;

¹ *mignonette* [*min-yon-et'*], a sweet flower.

² *heather-bell* [*heth'er-bel*], the blossom of the heather.

And Lily said "Good-by," and gave
A kiss to every one.

10. And before the moon or a single star
Was shining over-head,
Lily and all her little friends
Were fast asleep in bed.

42.—THE LEAF.

fluid, capable of flowing.
herb [*erb*], soft stemmed plant.
oval, egg-shaped.

scal'loped [*skol'upt*], having a
notched edge.
tu'lip, pronounced *tū'lip*.

1. WE think of a leaf as something thin and broad, its edges as smoothly rounded, prettily scalloped, or nicely toothed, and that its color is of a pleasing green. Most plants have leaves shaped somewhat like the apple leaf. This shape is called oval. On some plants these oval leaves are smooth on the edge; on others the edges are toothed, like those of the chestnut-oak.



LEAF OF APPLE.



LEAF OF CHESTNUT-OAK.

2. The leaves of some plants are coarsely

toothed; on other plants the teeth are very fine. Many herbs, such as the asters and golden-rods of our woods, as well as the wild sun-flowers, have leaves not only with both coarse and fine teeth, but many small ones with smooth edges, all on the same plant. A leaf may be a very long oval, or a very short and broad one, and some leaves are almost round.

3. Then, again, there are leaves of a heart shape.

Some morning-glory plants have such leaves. Many plants have scalloped leaves. The edges round in and out. Nearly all oaks have such



leaves. The live-oak, the willow-oak, and some others, have smooth oval leaves.



it is. It grows on very large and tall trees, called *tulip* trees, so named because they have



LEAF OF BUR OAK.

4. Here is a leaf of a very curious shape, and a pretty leaf

very large flowers shaped somewhat like a tulip. These splendid trees grow in our American forests.

5. The sweet-gum trees have star-shaped leaves, and our maple trees also have very handsome leaves, of somewhat the same shape. These are only a few of all the countless leaves in the world, whose shapes are so many and so different that a large book would not hold pictures of them all.

6. Leaves are for the most part thin and broad. Being thin they are light, and a tree with its many little branches can hold thousands upon thousands of them and not break down. Being broad, they can touch a good deal of air; and that is just what the plant wants them to do. It wants them to take in from the air all the food they can.

7. And how do the leaves do this? By a kind of *breathing*. A leaf has a skin on each side of it, and the skin on the lower side has a great many fine holes. There are many thousands of such fine holes in the skin of a leaf; and through these holes the air gets inside of the leaf. There a part of the air joins the sap or juice that has come up from the roots, and the two together make the food on which the whole plant feeds.

8. Now you can see why the leaves are broad and thin. They are thin, so that the plant can

have a great many and not break down; and they are broad, so that much air can get into them. The air is fluid, and yields; and so the leaves can come out on the plant wherever they like, because the air gives way.

9. When the wind blows, the leaves bend and flutter about, but they hold fast to the branches by their tough little stalks; and if a few of the weaker ones do blow off, it does not matter much, for the plant has plenty more left. The firm, round trunk hardly moves, and the strong round branches bend over, but do not break; while the roots in the ground below hold everything fast.

10. There are plants, however, that have very slender, needle-like leaves. All the many different kinds of pines have such leaves, which for the most part hang from the trees in bunches. The asparagus plant, the young shoots of which we eat, has thread-like leaves that come out on the stems in round clusters. There are many other plants with leaves not thicker than pins; and some plants have very short and thick leaves.



43.—MARY AND THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

1. I SAW a little maiden throw
A crumb of bread to feed a robin;
And she was more delighted—so
Delighted!—when he bowing, bobbing,
Flew with the crumb of bread away,
And “Thank you, Mary!” seemed to say.
2. And I do think that Mary dear
Was far more happy that, instead
Of eating all her breakfast, thus,
The robin got his crumb of bread;
And to the robin redbreast she
Said, “Thank you for your company!”

44.—THE FLOWER.

ob'long, narrow and long.
o'dor, scent, smell.
pet'al, part of a flower.

pol'len, flower-dust.
pump'kin, pron. *pump'kin*.
stā'men, part of a flower.

1. WHY do we all like flowers so much? It is because of their pretty shapes and lovely colors; while the sweet odors that many of them give out endear them to us still more.

2. What is the shape of flowers? O, flowers have a great many shapes. There are as many

shapes to flowers as there are shapes to leaves. But then you can almost always tell a flower from a leaf by its form alone, even if you do not know its color.

3. Here is a picture of a leaf and of a flower. Now you know very well which is the leaf and which is the flower, although you see no color. How is this? You see that the leaf is *one* little blade only, but that the flower has several little blades standing round in a ring.



LEAF OF CHESTNUT-OAK.

4. A vast number of plants have flowers like the lily. Some have only three blades in a ring, some have four, some five, some six, some seven, eight, nine, ten, or a great many more.



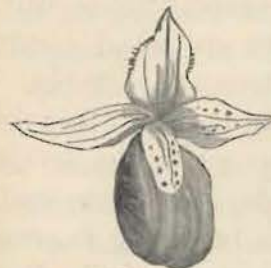
LILY-FLOWER.

5. These little blades are called *petals*. Flowers with five petals, as in the picture, are very plentiful. Now, you see, the petals standing round in a ring make a kind of round form. And do you know that there is something *round* about almost every flower? If the little blades do not stand exactly in a ring, they are almost sure to



be fastened to a little round bag or to a tube somewhat like a quill.

6. Then, again, there may be no little blades standing apart from one another, but all joined together, making the flower hollow like a cup. You have only to think of a bell-flower, which is a deep kind of a cup, or much the shape of a bell, with notches in the



LADY'S SLIPPER.

rim. There are leaves that are quite round too; but then they are not hollow or cup-shaped, like a flower. They are flat.

7. Look into some flowers and you will see little thread-like things, usually of a yellow color, standing round in a ring. In many plants they stand right up from the bottom of the flower. On the end of each is a little knob, about as big as a pin-head or larger; but it is not so round. The little knobs are mostly narrow and long—that is, oblong. This thread with the little knob is called a *stamen*.

8. If you will look into some other flowers, you will not see these stamens; but instead, you will see, standing up right in the center, other little thread-like things. There may be only one, or there may be two, three, four, five, or many more, in

one flower. They look somewhat like the stamens, but they are not usually so yellow, and the knobs, if they have any, are generally rounder, much like a small bead in shape. These little threads with the round knobs are called *pistils*. Some pistils have two, three, four, or five knobs.

9. Now it is in the bottom of the pistil that the young seed grows. Already while the lovely flower adorns the beautiful day, the young seed, so small it cannot be seen, is beginning to grow inside the flower at the bottom of the pistil. And after the petals of the flower drop off or wilt, the seed goes on to grow until it gets ripe, while the bottom of the flower, usually green and hard, grows around the seed, and makes the fruit.

10. So we have the large yellow bell-shaped flower of the pumpkin-vine. There it is at first, with its pistil of three knobs, gladdening the daylight with its beautiful color, and ants, bees, wasps, and butterflies go in to suck the sweets; while all the time the young fruit is growing at the bottom. By and by the flower withers, drops off, and where the flower was, there now grows and ripens the big pumpkin.

11. But there are other flowers on the pumpkin-vine. They are large, yellow, bell-shaped and beautiful too; but when *they* drop off, no fruit

comes after them and takes their places. Then what are they for? Ah! there is a question! Look into those flowers and you will see stamens, but no pistils. Such flowers cannot bear fruit. No seed grows in a stamen.

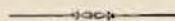
12. Then, pray, what are stamens for? There is a very curious plan about stamens and pistils. In those very knobs of the stamens there grows a fine dust. That dust, when it is ripe, works out of the knobs, and when wasps, butterflies, or other little creatures go into the flower, they rub against the knobs, the dust sticks to them, and presently they go into another pumpkin-flower, perhaps one that has a pistil. Of course they are very likely to rub against that too. Then the fine dust—called *pollen*—which the insect brought from the stamen in the other flower, rubs off on to one of those knobs of the pistil.

13. Then it is, and not till then, that the unseen seed begins to grow in the bottom of the pistil. The pollen had to come from the stamen, or no seed would have grown in the pistil. So you see, stamens have work to do. From their knobs they yield the pollen, and that pollen must in some way get to the pistils, or no fruit will come.

14. Very many plants have both pistils and stamens in the self-same flower. In such flowers

the pistil is in the middle, and the stamens usually grow around it in a circle. Did you ever see an apple-blossom? That has the pistil with the stamens standing round it. The pollen from the stamens gets on to the pistil, and only then does your little apple begin to grow.

15. After sweetening the air with their perfume for a few days, the little rosy blades or petals of the flower drop off, the young apple not as big as a bead grows bigger and bigger, and by the time the autumn comes round there hangs on the tree a fine pippin. Remember, stamens and pistils made that apple grow.



45.—DAISIES AND BUTTERCUPS.

I.

1. I'm a pretty little thing,
Always coming with the spring;
In the meadows green I'm found,
Peeping just above the ground.
And my stalk is covered flat
With a white and yellow hat.
2. Little maiden, when you pass
Lightly o'er the tender grass,

Step aside and do not tread
On my meek and lowly head;
For I always seem to say,
"Chilly winter's gone away."

II.

1. I'm a cunning little thing,
Coming also with the spring.
Near the daisy I am found,
Standing straight above the ground;
And my head is covered flat
With a glossy, yellow hat.
2. Little children, when you pass
Through the tall and waving grass,
Do not pluck, but gently tread
Near my low and mossy bed;
For I always seem to say,
"Milk and butter fresh to-day."



46.—THE FRUIT.

co'coa-nut, pron. ko'ko-nut.

cu'cum-ber, pron. kũ'cum-ber.

to-ma'to, pron. to-mā'to.

tũ'bers, knobs, swellings.

1. If you cut open an apple, you will find, inside, the seeds. These seeds first began to grow in the bottom of the pistils of the flower. The little pink petals, and the little threads of stamens, dropped off; and after that, the little young seeds still went on to grow, and around them, also, grew larger and thicker the green and harder part of the flower, which was below and outside of the little colored petals.

2. As the young seeds went on growing, and the lower part of the flower went on growing too, at last the big round apple began to ripen, and the seeds inside of it ripened too. Now, of what use was all that part of the apple around the seed? You will say—"O, it grew there for us to eat."

3. But it did not grow there merely for us to eat. The apple, all the time it was getting ripe, was a kind of house for the seeds. It kept them snug from the weather, and no doubt kept off many a bug and fly. And when the tender little seeds at last got ripe, and had a good tough skin around them, they could begin to take pretty good care of themselves.

4. This house for the seeds we call the fruit. No matter whether you can eat that fruit or not, it is still the fruit of the plant. There are thousands of plants which bear fruits that nobody ever eats.

5. We must not make a mistake and call those things fruits which are not fruits. Common potatoes are not fruits. They are large swellings, called tubers, which grow on the underground stems of a potato-plant. When you cut open a potato, you find no seeds. But the potato-plant *has* seeds. It has flowers, fruit and seed, all above ground; but the plant is usually cut away before the fruit and seed can ripen. It is only those large round lumps which we call potatoes, that the gardener cares about, and they are the only thing about the whole potato-plant that we care to eat.

6. It is different with the tomato-plants. They have no tubers on their roots, but they bear those beautiful fruits which we call tomatoes. When you break open a tomato, what do you see? A host of seeds. That shows you it is a fruit. Now a potato-plant and a tomato-plant are very much alike. They are like sisters in the same family. But of the one plant we eat the fruit, and of the other we eat—not the root—but a swelling or tuber that grows underground.

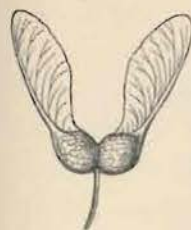
7. The sweet-potato is not a fruit. It is a large tuber or swelling on the root of the sweet-potato plant; and this plant has flowers and fruit much like those of its sister, the morning-glory plant. Still you see, this sister, the morning-glory plant, has no tubers or swellings on its roots; but it has most lovely flowers. Thus the one sister has excellent tubers which we like to eat, and the other has most beautiful flowers which we all like to look at.

8. Remember, then, it is not always the fruit of a plant which we eat; but the fruit of a plant is that which holds the seed. A bean-pod is the fruit of a bean-plant; and when the pod gets ripe and dry it splits open, and there, inside, are the ripe seeds, the beans, ready to drop out. Just so it is with peas. The peas are the seeds of the pea-plant, and they grow inside of the pea-pod, which is the fruit.

9. Fruits have many shapes; but almost every fruit has something round about it. You can think of apples, pears, cherries, plums, peaches, oranges, lemons, grapes, watermelons, pumpkins, cucumbers, currants, gooseberries, cranberries, huckleberries, walnuts, and hickory-nuts with their husks or thick skins, and cocoanuts with very thick husks.

10. But then there are many fruits not so round

as these. Maple trees have fruits shaped like this. They are called keys. The two seeds inside are close together, and near the stalk; and out from each thick round part where the seed is goes a thin blade or wing. After the fruit is ripe it comes off the tree, and away goes the key sailing through the air.



11. An acorn is a fruit with a cup. Some plants have fruit like a little box. The lid opens when it is ripe, and the seeds drop out. The common purslane, in almost every garden, has such a fruit. In this picture you see the seeds piled up inside, and the lid about to fall off. To leaves and flowers there are many shapes; and fruits have many shapes also.



47.—LITTLE WHITE LILY.

1. Little white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little white Lily
Sunshine has fed;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.
2. Little white Lily
Said, "It is good;
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little white Lily
Dressed like a bride!
Shining with whiteness,
And crownéd beside!
3. Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

4. Little white Lily
Said, "Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have fresh rain.
Now I am stronger,
Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."
5. Little white Lily
Smells very sweet;
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the rain!
Little white Lily
Is happy again!

48.—THE SEED.

pis'til, part of a flower.
plumes, feathers.

sta'men, part of a flower.
ti'ny, small.

1. A YOUNG seed is like a little child, and the plant on which it grows is its mother. The plant takes care of the little seed. It feeds it and gives it a little house to grow in. That house is the fruit.

The young seed, and its house the fruit, cannot feed themselves. That is done by the mother plant, which by its roots takes food from the ground, and by its leaves takes other food from the air.

2. When the seed gets into good ground, and the weather is kind, a tiny young plant will grow out of it. It will take root in the earth, send up stem and branches into the air, and clothe itself with beautiful leaves. Then that little seed, that once clung to its mother as it was growing in its little house the fruit, becomes in its turn a fine and handsome plant.

3. It grows larger and stronger, and at last it is ready to put forth flowers. Then if all its flowers have stamens only, and no pistils, it is a male plant, and can have no fruit. But if some or all of its flowers have pistils, it can have fruit. The seeds will come where the pistils were, and with the seeds will come the fruit.

4. And so it goes on. One plant will grow up, have flowers, fruit and seed. From that seed a like plant will grow. The seed of an apple will grow into an apple tree. An orange seed will grow into an orange tree. The seed of a rose will grow to be a rose-bush. A grain of wheat will grow up to be a fine large grass. That grass is

the noble wheat-plant. And so with all plants. Each plant has its own kind of seeds; and these seeds will grow to be plants like itself.

5. Seeds, as well as flowers and fruits, are of many shapes; but like flower and fruit, there is something round about almost every kind of seed. Very many seeds are round like the pea. A great many grasses and other plants have very small round seeds, some not larger than grains of sand, which look something like little beads.

6. Then there are oval seeds, like beans, and thin and flat seeds, as you find in a watermelon or in a pumpkin. Some seeds have silken plumes, and when they get out of the fruit, go sailing far and wide through the air.

7. No matter how small, or how large the seed is, or what its shape, inside of its snug covering lies a little plant asleep. It may be ever so small, still it is there. When it falls in good ground, and water and heat and light come to it, the seed will sprout; and this sprout is the little plant that was asleep inside of it, now growing out into root, stem, branch and leaf.





49.—FREDDIE AND THE CHERRY-TREE.

1. FREDDIE saw some fine ripe cherries
Hanging on a cherry-tree,
And he said, "You pretty cherries,
Will you not come down to me?"
2. "Thank you kindly," said a cherry;
"We would rather stay up here;
If we ventured¹ down² this morning,
You would eat us up, I fear."
3. One, the finest of the cherries,
Dangled² from a slender twig.
"You are beautiful," said Freddie,
"Red and ripe, and oh, how big!"

¹ ven'tured, dared to come.² dang'led [dang'gled], hung loosely.

4. "Catch me," said the cherry, "catch me,
Little master, if you can."—
"I would catch you soon," said Freddie,
"If I were a grown-up man."
5. Freddie jumped, and tried to reach it,
Standing high upon his toes;
But the cherry bobbed¹ about,
And laughed, and tickled Freddie's nose
6. "Never mind," said little Freddie,
"I shall have them when it's right."
But a blackbird whistled boldly,
"I shall eat them all to-night."

50.—DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

PART I.

er'rands, messages.

fa'mous [-mus], much spoken
about.

fan'cied [-sid] thought.

fu'el, wood or coal.

re-ceived' [-seed], got.

re-solved' [-zold], determined.

trudged [trudj], walked wearily.

1. HAVE you ever heard the story of Dick Whittington and his cat? Dick was a poor little boy; his parents were both dead, and he had not a friend

¹ bobbed, moved up and down.

in the wide, wide world. He was, however, strong and willing to work. He had heard of London, and thought he was sure to find work there. So he tied up a little bundle, containing all he had in the world, and started off.

2. Dick did not know the great city was so far away. He trudged on, day after day, weary and footsore; before he came in sight of London, he had spent his last penny. With a sad heart he sat down by the wayside and thought he would never reach the famous city. While he was resting on a heap of stones, a wagon came up; and the wagoner asked him where he was going.

3. "To London," said Dick.

"Do you know any one there?"

"No," answered Dick; "but I am sure if I was once there, I could get something to do, and perhaps make my fortune."

The wagoner shook his head, and offered him a seat in his wagon.

4. That same day Dick reached the great city, and walked about its gay streets in wonder. Dick took notice of everything and everybody, but no one took notice of him; they all seemed too busy. When night came on, poor Dick sat down to rest on the steps of a large house, and being very weary, soon fell asleep. The owner of the house, coming

home late that night, found the boy asleep at his door. He awoke him, and on hearing his tale, agreed to take him into his service.

5. But Dick's troubles were not ended. He had to run errands, to clean the silver, to bring fuel for the fires, and to help the cook. But the cook was very cross, and often scolded him, and even beat him. At night he slept in a garret, and his sleep was disturbed by rats and mice, which would sometimes jump on to his bed, and even run across his face.

6. Hearing of this trouble, a poor woman, who came to help in the kitchen, gave him a cat; and as Dick had no other friend, he and his cat soon became very fond of each other.

7. But the bad treatment which Dick received from the cook was at length more than he could bear. So with his bundle under his arm and his cat at his heels, he left the house one morning before dawn. Just outside the city he sat down on the stile of a churchyard, took pussy upon his lap, and began to think of the past and the future. A year ago he had entered London friendless, but hopeful; he was now leaving it again as friendless as ever, but far from hopeful.

8. Just as Dick rose to go on his journey, the bells from the church rang out a merry peal. The



boy listened to their sweet music until he fancied they spoke to him. They seemed to say,—

“Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London!”

9. The voice of the bells gave new hope to the poor boy, and he hurried back again, resolved to do his duty, and bear his troubles patiently.

51.—DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

PART II.

anx'ious [<i>angl'shous</i>], wishing	in-vit'ed, asked.
very much.	nar'ra-tive [<i>-tive</i>], story.
dock, wharf for ships.	vel've-ty, soft like velvet.

1. Dick's master was a merchant; and whenever he sent one of his ships on a long voyage, he used to ask his servants if they had anything to send. The captain was told to sell whatever they sent, and bring back the money to them.

2. On the day after Dick's return, his master told the servants that he was about to send a ship to Africa. So they all packed up what things they could spare, and carried the packages to the ship. But poor Dick sent nothing.

3. At length the day came for the ship to sail. The merchant and his little daughter went to the ship to see her off. The little daughter saw Dick looking on, and asked him what he had sent.

4. “Nothing,” said Dick.

“Have you nothing to send?”

“Nothing at all,” answered Dick,—“unless indeed a cat.”

“Why not send it?” said his young mistress.

5. The ship was ready to sail, but the merchant said it should wait for the cat. Dick ran home

for his cat, and soon afterwards saw the ship leave the dock with his best friend on board. With a heavy heart poor Dick went to bed that night.

6. Months and months passed away; and Dick had almost forgotten his cat, when the ship returned. All the servants were anxious to know what good fortune the captain had brought them. What was their surprise to hear that he had far more money for Dick than for all the rest put together!

7. It seems, from the captain's narrative, that when the vessel reached one part of the coast of Africa, he and his crew were treated in a very friendly way by the king of the country, who invited them to dine with him. When the dinner was ready, and the guests were about to sit down, a host of mice ran out from their holes and almost covered the table.

8. The sailors were astonished at this, and the king and queen told them they did not know how to get rid of these pests. Then the captain said he had an animal on board that would soon clear them away. The king and queen were delighted at this news, and offered to give a large sum, in gold and silver, for such an animal. So the captain sent one of the sailors to the ship, and pussy was brought.

9. The queen, who had never seen a cat before, was much pleased with his beautiful skin and soft velvety paws. Still more pleased was she next day, when the dinner was brought in, to see the cat spring among the host of mice, killing many, and chasing the rest back to their holes. In a day or two not a mouse was to be seen. So the cat was left with the queen, in exchange for a large sum of money.

10. Dick was now the master of this money; and with it he began business as a merchant, in partnership with his late master. Dick by his honesty and diligence, won the good opinion of his partner and the hand of his daughter. And, strange to tell, the thing came true that the bells had seemed to say to him when he was a poor, lonely little boy—Whittington became Lord Mayor of London.

52.—MY LITTLE MOUSE.

1. ALL dressed in gray, a little mouse
Has made his home within my house.
And every night and every morn,
I would not wish my mousey gone.
And why? A quiet mouse is he
As any one need wish to see.

My house is large, my hearth is wide:
There's room for him and me beside.

2. At evening when the lights are out,
He likes to slyly peep about,
And help himself to what he sees,
Without once saying, "If you please."
I've food enough, and some to spare:
I'm willing he should have a share.
There's cheese my little cupboard in,
And tartlets stored up in the tin.

3. He nibbles at my currant tarts,
And often at my custard darts;
He gets upon my mantel-shelf,
And then he always helps himself.
But while I live secure at ease
I never will my mousey tease;
He shall take anything he sees
Without once saying, "If you please."

53.—SUN AND RAIN.

1. Down falls the pleasant rain,
To water thirsty flowers;
Then shines the sun again,
To cheer this earth of ours.

2. If it were always rain,
The flowers would be drowned;
If it were always sun,
No flowers would be found.

54.—A NOBLE REVENGE

con'test, struggle.

for-lorn' hope, desperate risk.

he-ro'ic, daring.

pas'sion [*pash'un*], anger.

rem'nant, what is left.

storm'ing, attacking

strong'hold, fort, redoubt.

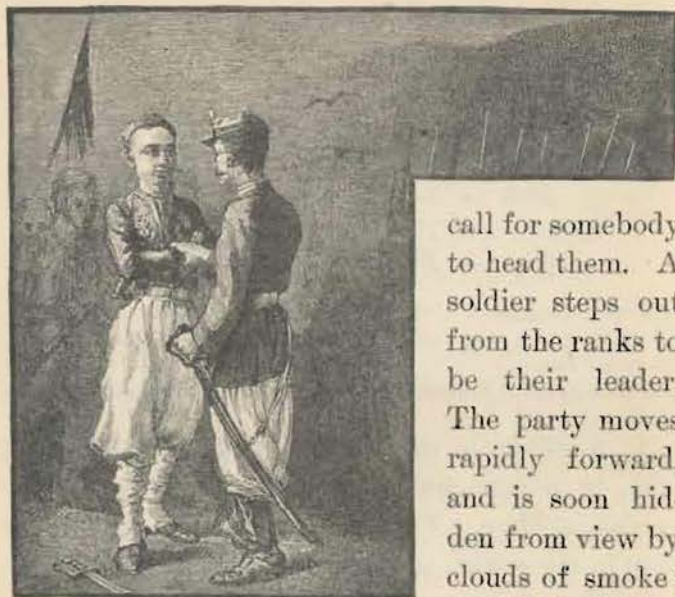
vol-un-teen', offer their services.

1. A STORY is told of a young French officer, who, in a moment of passion, unjustly struck a private soldier. This soldier, though only a private in the ranks, was a brave, high-minded man.

2. Now, by the stern rules of the army, a private soldier cannot strike back when he is struck by an officer. So all that the offended man could do was to turn away and say, in a burst of anger, "I will make you repent this."

3. Some weeks afterward a battle took place. The enemy captured a redoubt, and it was plain that all was lost unless it could be won back. But could it be won back? The task seemed to be what soldiers call "a forlorn hope."

4. A choice band of brave men volunteer, in spite of the danger, for the service. There is a



call for somebody to head them. A soldier steps out from the ranks to be their leader. The party moves rapidly forward, and is soon hidden from view by clouds of smoke; but by the flashes

from the cannon and the sharp rattle of the guns, and the fierce shouts of the storming party, it is known to all the army that a deadly contest is going on.

5. At last all was over. The stronghold was retaken. Fresh men were sent forward to keep the fort and let the remnant of the heroic band return to the main body. As they came up an officer rushed forward to meet them and grasped the hand of the leader, though that leader was only a private in the ranks.

6. Each looks the other in the face, and suddenly they pause. This soldier, this officer, who are they? Once before they had stood face to face: the soldier is he that was struck, the officer he that dealt the blow. Will the old hatred last? Ah, no; one glance and it is blotted out forever.

7. As one who finds again a brother whom he thought dead, the officer sprang forward, threw his arms about the neck of the soldier, and kissed him. The soldier took a strange but noble revenge. He drew back, and making the military salute, said: "Sir, I told you before that I would *make you repent it*."

55.—JACK'S MENAGERIE.

1. This is our grand menagerie,¹
Beneath the crooked cherry-tree.
The exhibition² now begins;
Admittance,³ only thirteen pins;
And if the pins you cannot borrow,
Why, then, we'll trust you till to-morrow.
Don't be afraid to walk inside,
The animals are safely tied.

¹ *men-ag'e-rie*, a place for keeping wild and strange animals.

² *ex-hi-bi'tion*, show.

³ *ad-mit'tance*, money for getting in.

2. This is the elephant on the right:
 Don't meddle with him, or he'll bite.
 (He's Rover, Neddie's dog, you know:
 I wish he wouldn't fidget¹ so!
 He doesn't think it fun to play
 Wild beast, and be chained up all day.)
 We'll feed him, pretty soon, with meat,
 Though grass is what he ought to eat.
3. In that box are the kangaroos²:
 Go near and pat them, if you choose.
 (They're very much like Susie's rabbits,
 With just a change of name and habits.)
 You'll find them lively as a top:
 See, when I poke them, how they hop!
 They are not fierce—but, oh! take care:
 We now approach³ the grizzly bear.
4. See her long claws, and only hear
 Her awful growl, when I go near!
 We found her lying on a rug,
 And just escaped⁴ her fearful hug.
 It took some time to get her caged:
 She's terrible when she's enraged.⁵

¹ *fidget*, move about in an uneasy way.

² *kan-gar-oo*, a large Australian animal.

³ *ap-proach*, come near.

⁴ *es-caped*, got away from.

⁵ *en-raged*, very angry.

- (You think, perhaps, it's Mabel's cat;
 But don't you be too sure of that.)
5. Here is the ostrich¹ in her pen.
 (It's Ernest's little bantam hen.)
 She came from Africa, of course,
 And runs as fast as any horse:
 And up above there is a bird
 Of whom you all have often heard—
 The eagle. ("That is not," says Mary,
 "A pretty name for my canary.")
6. Just at this point, I grieve to say,
 The elephant broke quite away;
 O'erthrew the grizzly bear in rage,
 Upset the eagle in his cage,
 Flew at the kangaroos, and then
 Attacked² the ostrich in her pen.
 Thus ended Jack's menagerie,
 Beneath the crooked cherry-tree.

¹ *ostrich*, the largest of birds.

² *at-tacked*, fell upon and fought with.



56. — HOP-O'-MY-THUMB.

PART I.

clever, bright, smart.

de-grees', steps.

drudge, a hard-worked servant.

famine [-in], scarcity of food.

grieved [grieved], mourned.

im-me'di-ate-ly, at once.

peb'bles, small stones.

pu'ny, small, feeble.

1. THERE once lived in a village a wood-cutter and his wife, who had seven children, all boys. The eldest was only ten years old, and the youngest was seven. The family was very poor, for not one of the boys was old enough to earn a living.

2. But what was worse, the youngest was a puny little fellow who hardly ever spoke a word. Now this was a mark of his good sense, but it made his father and mother think him silly, and that at last he would turn out quite a fool.

3. This boy was the smallest child ever seen; for when he was born he was no bigger than a man's thumb, and so he was called Hop-o'-my-thumb. The poor child was the drudge of the whole house, and was blamed for everything that was done wrong. In spite of all this, Hop-o'-my-thumb was far more clever than any of his brothers; and though he spoke but little, he heard and knew more than people thought.

4. Just at this time there was a famine in the land, and the wood-cutter and his wife could not give their boys the food they were used to. The father and mother grieved some time, and then thought that they must somehow get rid of their children.

5. So one night when the boys had gone to bed, and the wood-cutter and his wife were sitting over a few lighted sticks, to warm themselves, the husband sighed deeply, and said, "You see, my dear, we cannot feed our children any longer, and I cannot bear to see them die of hunger before my eyes. We must take them to-morrow morning to the forest, and leave them in the thickest part of it, so that they will not be able to find their way back."

6. "Ah!" cried the poor wife, "you never can do so cruel a thing." The husband told her to think how very poor they were. The wife replied that if she was poor, she was still their mother. But at last she thought how dreadful it would be to see them starve to death before their eyes; so she agreed to what her husband had said, and then went sobbing to bed.

7. Hop-o'-my-thumb, who had been awake all the time, heard all that was said, and passed the night thinking what he should do the next morn-

ing. He rose early, and ran to a brook, where he filled his pockets with small white pebbles, and then went back home.

8. In the morning they all set out. But Hop-o'-my-thumb did not say a word to any of his brothers about what he had heard. They came to a forest that was so very thick that they could not see each other ten yards off. The wood-cutter set to work cutting down trees, and when the father and mother saw the young ones were all very busy gathering sticks, they slipped away without being seen.

9. The children soon found themselves alone, and began to cry as loud as they could. Hop-o'-my-thumb let them cry on, for he knew well enough how to lead them safe home, because he had dropped the white pebbles he had in his pocket along all the way they had come. All he said to them was, "Never mind, my lads; father and mother have left us here all alone, but only take care to follow me, and I will lead you back again."

10. When they heard this, they stopped crying, and followed Hop-o'-my-thumb, who soon brought them home. At first they did not dare to go in; but stood at the door to hear what their parents were talking about.

11. Just as the wood-cutter and his wife had come home without their children, a rich gentle-



man of the village sent to pay them two pieces of gold, for work they had done for him. This money he had owed them so long that they

never thought of getting a penny of it. It made them quite happy; for the poor creatures were very hungry, and had no way of getting anything to eat.

12. The wood-cutter sent his wife out immediately to buy some meat. It was so long since she had eaten a hearty meal, that she bought enough meat for six or eight persons. The truth was, when she was thinking what to get for dinner, she forgot that her children were not at home; but as soon as she and her husband had done eating, she cried out, "Alas! where are our poor children? how they would feast on what we have left! Oh mercy! perhaps they have already been eaten by the hungry wolves!"

13. The poor woman shed plenty of tears: "Alas! alas!" said she, over and over again, "what is become of my dear children?" The children, who were all at the door, cried out together, "Here we are, mother, here we are!" The mother flew like lightning to let them in, and kissed every one of them.

14. The wood-cutter and his wife were very happy at having their children once more with them, and their joy lasted till their money was all gone; but then they found themselves quite as badly off as before. And so by degrees they

again thought of leaving them in the forest: and this time they made up their minds that they would take them a great deal farther than they did at first.

15. But Hop-o'-my-thumb heard all that passed between them. Still he cared very little about it, for he thought it would be easy for him to do what he had done before. He got up very early the next morning to go to the brook to get more pebbles. But the door was double-locked. Hop-o'-my-thumb was now quite at a loss what to do.

16. At breakfast the mother gave each of the children a piece of bread, and then it came into the little boy's head that he could make his bread do as well as the pebbles, by dropping crumbs of it all the way as he went. So he did not eat his piece, but slipped it into his pocket.

17. It was not long before they all set out. The parents having led them into the very thickest and darkest part of the forest, slipped away as before, and left the children by themselves. This did not make Hop-o'-my-thumb down-hearted, for he felt sure they could find their way back by means of the crumbs that he had dropped by the way. But when he came to look for them not a crumb was left, for the birds had eaten them all up.

18. The poor children were now sadly off: the

farther they went the harder it was for them to get out of the forest. At last night came on, and the noise of the wind among the trees seemed to them like the howling of wolves, and every moment they thought they would be eaten up. They hardly dared to speak a word, or to move a limb.

19. Hop-o'-my-thumb climbed up to the top of a tree before it was quite dark, and looked round on all sides to see if he could find any way of getting help. He saw, a great way off, a small light like a candle. He then came down from the tree, and he and his brothers walked on toward the place where he had seen the light. At last they got sight of it. Then they walked faster, and when they were almost tired out they came to the house where the light was.

57.—HOP-O'-MY-THUMB.

PART II.

dain'ty, very nice.
dame, old lady.

o'gre [*o'jēr*], a hideous giant.
o'gress, a female ogre.

1. Hop-o'-my-thumb and his brothers knocked at the door, which was opened by a pleasant-looking dame, who asked them where they came from. Hop-o'-my-thumb told her that they were poor

children, who had lost their way in the forest, and begged her to give them a bed till morning. When the dame saw their pretty faces, she began to shed tears and said, "Ah! my poor children, you do not know what place you have come to. This is the house of an ogre, who eats up little boys and girls."

2. "Alas! madam," replied Hop-o'-my-thumb, "what shall we do? If we go back to the forest, we are sure to be torn to pieces by the wolves. We would rather be eaten by your ogre. Besides, when he sees us, perhaps he may take pity on us and spare our lives."

3. The ogre's wife thought she could hide them from her husband till morning; so she let them go in and warm themselves by a good fire, before which there was a whole sheep roasting for the ogre's supper. When they had stood a short time by the fire, there came a loud knocking at the door. The dame hurried the children under the bed, and told them to lie still, and she then let her husband in.

4. The ogre asked if supper was ready, and if the wine had been fetched from the cellar; and then he sat down at the table. In a minute or two the ogre began to snuff right and left, and said he smelt child's flesh.

5. "It must be this calf which has just been killed," said his wife.

"I smell child's flesh, I tell you once more," cried the ogre, looking all about the room; "I smell child's flesh."

As soon as he had spoken these words, he rose from his chair and went toward the bed.

6. "Ah! mistress," said he, "you thought to cheat me, did you? You are old and tough yourself, or I would eat you up too! But come, come: this is lucky; the brats will make a nice dish for my friends, the three ogres, who are coming to dine with me to-morrow."

7. He then drew the lads out one by one from under the bed. They fell on their knees and begged for mercy. But this ogre was the most cruel of all ogres, and instead of feeling any pity, he only thought how sweet and tender their flesh would be. So he told his wife they would be nice morsels, if she served them up with plenty of sauce.

8. He then fetched a large knife, and began to sharpen it; and all the while he came nearer and nearer to the bed. The ogre took up one of the children, and was going to set about cutting him to pieces; but his wife said to him, "What in the world makes you take the trouble of killing them

to-night? Will it not be time enough to-morrow morning?"

9. "Hold your tongue," replied the ogre; "they will grow tender by being kept a little while after they are killed."

"But," said his wife, "you have got so much meat in the house already—a calf, two sheep, and half a pig!"

10. "True," said the ogre, "so give them all a good supper, that they may not get lean, and then send them to bed."

The good dame gladly gave them plenty for their supper, but the poor children were so frightened that they could not eat a bit.

11. The ogre sat down to his wine, very much pleased with the thought of giving his friends such a dainty dish. This made him drink more than usual, and he soon went to bed. Now the ogre had seven young daughters. These ogresses had been put to bed very early that night; they were all in one large bed, and each had a crown of gold on her head. There was another bed of the same size in the room, and in this the ogre's wife put the seven little boys.

12. Hop-o'-my-thumb was afraid that the ogre would wake in the night and kill him and his brothers while they were asleep. So he quietly

got out of bed, took off all his brothers' night-caps, and crept with them to the bed where the ogre's daughters were. Then he took off their crowns, and instead put the nightcaps on their heads, and placed the crowns on his brothers' heads and his own, and got into bed again.

13. The ogre awoke soon after midnight, and began to be very sorry that he had put off killing the boys till morning: so he jumped out of bed, and took hold of his large knife. He then walked softly to the room where they slept, and went up to the bed where the boys were all asleep. He touched their heads one at a time, and feeling the crowns of gold, said to himself, "Oho! I came near making a sad mistake. I must have drunk too much wine last night."

14. Then he went to the bed where the little ogresses were, and when he felt the nightcaps, he said, "Ah! here you are, my lads:" and cut the throats of all his daughters.

15. Very much pleased when he had done this, he went back to his own bed. As soon as Hop-o'-my-thumb, who had been awake all the time, heard the ogre snore, he waked his brothers, and told them to put on their clothes quickly, and follow him.

16. They stole down softly into the garden,

jumped from the wall into the road, and ran away as fast as their legs could carry them. But they were so much afraid all the while, that they hardly knew which way to take. In the morning the ogre awoke, and said to his wife, grinning, "My dear, go and *dress* the young rogues I saw last night."

17. The wife, glad to hear her husband speak so kindly, supposed he wanted her to help them to put on their clothes. So she went upstairs, and the first thing she saw was her seven daughters lying dead in their bed. This threw her into a fainting fit. The ogre, vexed at her delay, went himself to help her. He was as much shocked as she had been at the dreadful sight. "Ah! what have I done?" he cried; "but the little villains shall pay for it, I warrant them."

18. He first threw some water on his wife's face; and, as soon as she came to herself, he said to her: "Bring me quickly my seven-league boots, that I may go and catch the little wretches." The ogre then put on these boots, and setting out at full speed, soon came near the place where the poor children were, close to the wood-cutter's cottage.

19. They had seen the ogre stepping from mountain to mountain at one step, and crossing

rivers as if they had been tiny brooks. Hop-o'-my-thumb, spying a hollow place under a large rock, made his brothers get into it. He then crept in himself, but kept his eye fixed on the ogre, to see what he would do next.

20. The ogre found himself quite weary with the journey he had gone, for seven-league boots are very tiresome to the person who wears them. So he now began to think of resting, and happened to sit down on the very rock where the poor children were hid. As he was so tired, and it was a very hot day, he fell fast asleep, and soon began to snore so loud, that the little fellows were terrified.

21. When Hop-o'-my-thumb saw this he said to his brothers, "Courage, my lads! never fear! you have nothing to do but steal away and get home while the ogre is fast asleep. Leave me to shift for myself."

22. The brothers now were very glad to do whatever he told them, and soon came to their father's house. Then Hop-o'-my-thumb went softly up to the ogre, pulled off his seven-league boots very gently, and put them on. For though the boots were very large, yet being fairy-boots, they could make themselves small enough to fit any-

body. In fact they fitted little Hop-o'-my-thumb as though they had been made for him.

23. As soon as ever Hop-o'-my-thumb had made sure of the ogre's seven-league boots, he went to the palace, and offered his services to the king. By means of the magic boots he was of more use to the king than all his mail coaches. In a short time he made money enough to keep himself, his father, mother, and six brothers, for the rest of their lives.

24. By and by, Hop-o'-my-thumb, who had become the king's first favorite, heard that the ogre was dead; and the first thing he did was to tell his majesty what the good-natured ogress had done to save the lives of himself and brothers.

25. The king was so much pleased at what he heard that he had the good dame brought to his court, where she lived very happily for many years. As for Hop-o'-my-thumb, he grew more witty and brave every day, till at last the king made him the greatest lord in the kingdom, and gave him control of all his affairs.



58.—STORY OF A CANARY.

brave'ly, finely.

ca-ress'ing, fondling.

con-sent'ed, agreed.

con-soled', cheered, comforted.

de-light'ed, much pleased.

ex-hib'it, to show.

lurk'ing, hiding.

mar'tial [*mar'shal*], warlike.

per-form'ing, doing.

sup-port', livelihood.

1. I WAS once spending an evening with some friends at a country inn, when a poor man came and asked leave to exhibit a wonderful canary which he had. As it was a rainy day, and we could not go out to walk, we consented, and he brought his little bird into the parlor of the inn.

2. The name of the bird was Jewel. He stood on the forefinger of his master, who said to him, "Now, Jewel, I want you to behave well, and make no mistakes."

Jewel sloped his head toward his master, as if listening to him, and then nodded twice.

"Well, then," said his master, "let me see if you will keep your word. Give us a tune." The canary sang.

3. "Faster," said his master.

Jewel sang faster.

"Slower!" said his master; and Jewel sang slower.

4. "You do not keep time," said his master.

Then Jewel began beating time with one of his

feet. We were so delighted that we clapped our hands.

"Can you not thank the gentlemen for their applause?" asked his master; and Jewel bowed his head most respectfully.

5. His master now gave him a straw gun, and Jewel went through the martial exercise, handling the gun like a true soldier.

"Now let us have a dance," said his master; and the canary went through a dance with so much glee, skill, and spirit, that we all clapped our hands again.

6. "Thou hast done my biddings bravely," said the master, caressing the bird. "Now, then, take a nap, while I show the company some of my own feats." Here the little bird pretended to go to sleep; and his owner began balancing a tobacco-pipe, and performing other tricks.

7. Our attention was given to him, when a large black cat, who had been lurking in a corner of the room, sprang upon the table, seized the poor canary in its mouth, and jumped out of the window before any one could stop him, although we all rushed to make the attempt.

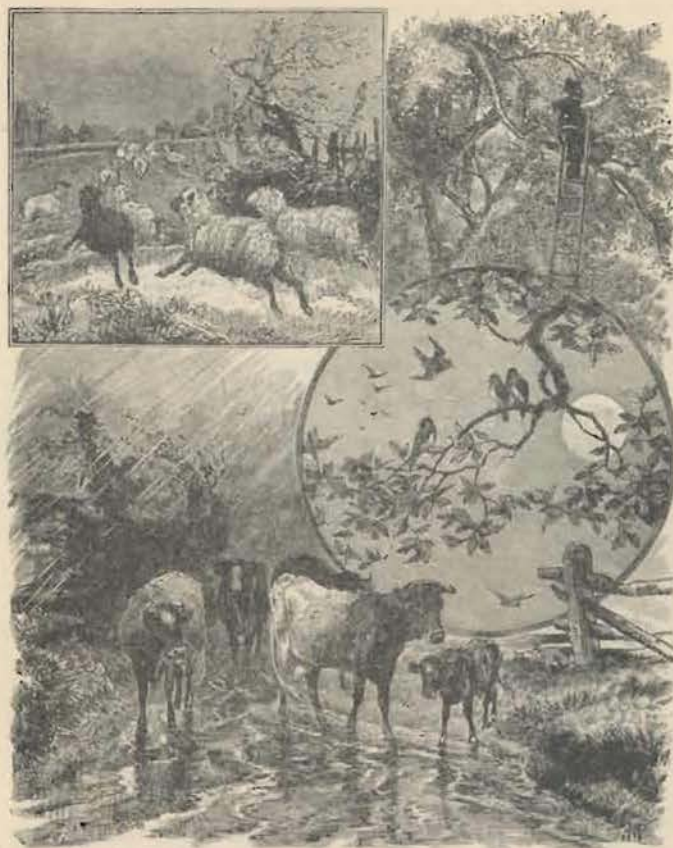
8. In vain we pursued the cat. The canary had been killed by him almost in an instant. The poor man wept for his bird, and his grief was sad to behold.

9. "Well may I grieve for thee, my poor little thing!" said he; "well may I grieve! More than four years hast thou fed from my hand, drunk from my lip, and slept in my bosom! I owe to thee my support, my health, and my happiness! Without thee, what will become of me?"

10. We raised a sum of money, and gave it to him; but he could not be consoled. He mourned for poor Jewel as if it had been a child. By love the little bird had been taught, and by love was it missed and mourned.

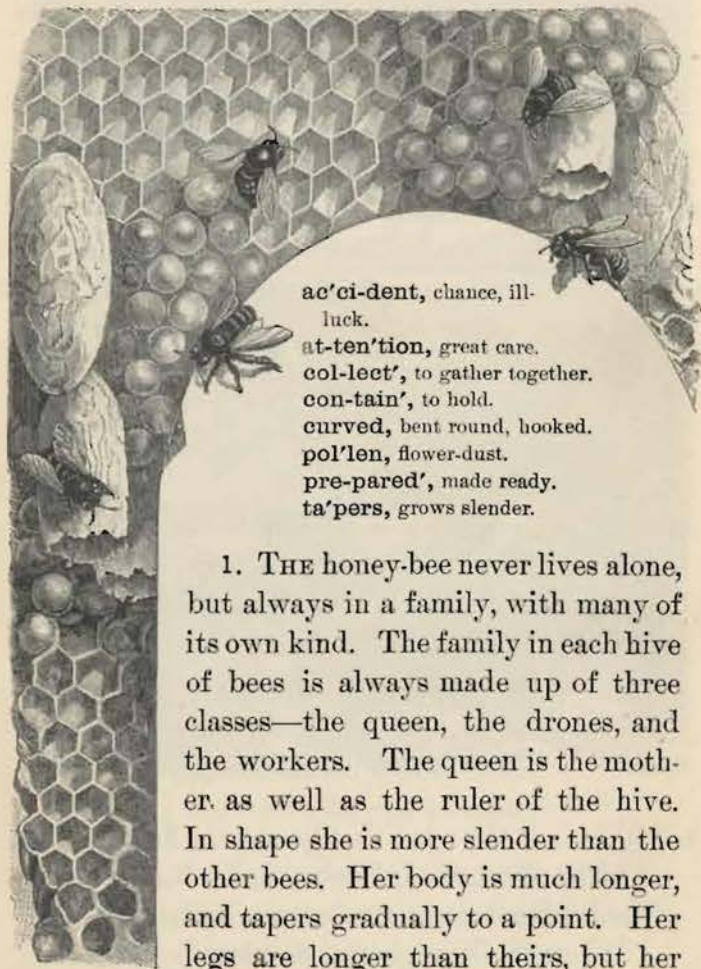
59.—WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

1. "Which is the wind that brings the cold?"—
 "The North-wind, Freddy—and all the snow;
 And the sheep will scamper into the fold,
 When the North begins to blow."
2. "Which is the wind that brings the heat?"—
 "The South-wind, Katy; and corn will grow,
 And peaches redden, for you to eat,
 When the South begins to blow."
3. "Which is the wind that brings the rain?"—
 "The East-wind, Arty; and farmers know
 That cows come shivering up the lane,
 When the East begins to blow."



4. "Which is the wind that brings the flowers?"—
 "The West-wind, Bessy; and soft and low
 The birdies sing in the summer hours,
 When the West begins to blow."

60.—THE HONEY-MAKER.



1. THE honey-bee never lives alone, but always in a family, with many of its own kind. The family in each hive of bees is always made up of three classes—the queen, the drones, and the workers. The queen is the mother as well as the ruler of the hive. In shape she is more slender than the other bees. Her body is much longer, and tapers gradually to a point. Her legs are longer than theirs, but her

wings are much shorter, reaching but little more than half the length of her body.

2. She is armed with a curved sting, but she does not often use it, except in her wars with other queens. The color of her back is dark brown, but the under part of her body is lighter, being more of a bright orange color.

3. The queen-bee does no work, and she is



WORKER-BEE.



QUEEN-BEE.



DRONE.

treated with the greatest respect and attention by all the other bees. Although the hive is dark, they always know their queen. If she is killed, or by any accident they lose her, they appear to be very unhappy. They leave their work, and seem to lose all interest in it for a time.

4. The drones are the largest of the bee family, being nearly twice as large as the workers. Their bodies are thick and clumsy, and covered with hairs much more closely than other bees. The head of the drone is large; so are its eyes; and

its wings are very large, and quite as long as its body.

5. The drones have no sting; and of course they may be held in the hand without danger. They make a loud buzzing noise in flying. The same number of drones is not found in every hive. A family made up of a queen and ten thousand workers generally contains but five or six hundred drones.

6. The workers are the smallest bees of the hive. They are busy bees indeed, doing the work for all the rest. They collect the honey, build the waxen cells, take care of the young, and defend the hive, so far as they are able, from enemies of every kind.

7. The worker-bee has a long, slender trunk, with which it gathers the honey from the flowers; and its hinder legs have brushes and baskets to collect the pollen, and carry it safely to the hive. No other bee but the worker-bee has these baskets. The sting of the worker is not curved like that of the queen; but it is so sharp and long that it will pierce through a thick leather glove.

8. Every bee has six legs and four wings. Its body consists of three distinct parts, and, except the head, is divided into rings. The wings are fixed to the chest or middle part of the body.

The bee's eyes are on the upper part of the head; and every bee has a pair of long horns, rising from each side of the head.

9. The work of the queen-bee is to lay eggs in the cells prepared by the workers. These cells differ in size, as they are meant to contain eggs that are to become drones, or those that are to become workers. The royal cell of the queen is quite different from either.

10. The queen begins to lay her eggs early in the spring, a single one only in each cell. The eggs remain for three days, and then a little worm is hatched at the bottom of each cell. These worms open wide their mouths for food, and are then fed by a class of worker-bees called *nurse-bees*, with a mixture of bee-bread, honey, and water, which they make into a kind of jelly.

11. When the worm is nearly grown, its food is put into its mouth by the nurse-bees, very much as the old birds feed the young. This is done for five or six days. They then make a covering for each cell and seal it over. Here the little creature rests until the time for it to break from its shroud and to come forth into a new life as a perfect bee.



61. — BIRDS THAT CAN TALK.

clever, smart, skillful.
 curious, strange, odd.
 imitate, copy.
 mischievous, troublesome.

mos-qui-toes [*pron. mus-ke'-toz*].
 syllable, a part of a word.
 yarn, a story.

1. Birds seem to be the only animals in all the world that can be taught to talk. Whoever heard of a four-footed animal that could utter one single word, or even one clear syllable? A dog can bark, a horse can neigh, and a pig can squeal; but can any of them say even so much as "Polly?"

2. Dogs, we know, are very clever, but did any dog, big or little, ever say so much as "Puppy!" And we have seen and heard of learned pigs that could play cards and do other wonderful or silly things; but did any pig ever say "Pretty Piggy! Piggy wants a cracker!" No; all a pig can do is to grunt.

3. Those four-handed animals the monkeys, can chatter and make faces, and even go so far as to learn to chew tobacco and smoke a pipe, but with all their smartness was there ever a monkey that could say even so much as "O!"?

4. Then there are those curious animals the seals, that live in the sea, swim in the sea, and look like fish, swim like fish, but are not fish. Some of

them make a noise in their throats that sounds somewhat like "Pa!" But suppose they do say *Pa*, did any one of them ever say "*Ma*?" Even their *Pa* is nothing but a kind of grunt or bark, and not *spoken*, as a clever parrot would speak the word. You might as well say a lamb talked because it said *bah*!

5. Then there are the snakes. Can a snake talk? No; a snake can lay eggs, but it cannot talk. It can only thrust out its tongue and *hiss*. And as for the fishes, did anybody ever hear of a fish that could talk? Fishes have been taught to come and get their food whenever the bell rang. But no fish can talk.

6. Can the oyster and the clam talk? They can open their mouths, and shut them again. But that isn't talking.

Was there ever an insect that could talk? Bees can buzz, mosquitoes can sing, but they do not *talk*. Spiders are very expert at spinning webs, but not one of them ever *spun a yarn*.

7. But a parrot can be taught English, German, French, Spanish, or any other language. Parrots are not the only birds that can talk. The raven, which is to be found almost everywhere in the world, is a very good babbler. He learns very fast, catches up a great many words, takes in long

sentences, and remembers them well. The starling is also a good talker, and so is that sly bird the magpie.

8. That other mischievous bird, the blue-jay, will also learn to talk; and very proud he is, too, of his stock of words and sentences, and nothing pleases the handsome bird better than when he can show himself off talking to anybody that will listen to him. Even canary birds have been taught to talk a little.

9. But the gray parrot, which comes from western Africa, is the best talker of all; unless it is that the Mino bird does even better than the parrot. The Mino bird has its wild home in India, and the Indian islands, where it is often caught and tamed. It is a bright and lively bird, wonderfully clever, and so fond of its master as to be allowed to fly about at will.

10. The Mino bird can be taught many amusing tricks, and to talk as well as any raven, magpie or blue-jay. Persons who have seen and heard the Mino birds, say that they are even better talkers than the gray parrot; that they speak many words with great clearness, and can learn long sentences.

11. There is one thing that some birds can do that no other animals have ever done. They can

learn to talk. They imitate, very clearly and very cleverly, the words which men speak. An elephant can curl his trunk about very beautifully; he can shake his big ears and give a tremendous shriek; but he can't say—"Pretty Polly!"

62. — GOLDIELOCKS.

PART I.

at-ten'tion, heed.	pyr'a-mid, pile.
en-chant'ed, charmed by magic.	quar'ters, parts, divisions.
glut'ton, one who over-eats.	states'men, wise politicians.
ma-gi'cian, one skilled in magic.	touched, affected.

1. THERE was once a good little boy, who liked to see every body happy. He had large blue eyes, and such beautiful golden hair that everybody called him Goldielocks. He often mourned because he was too weak and too small to be in any way useful. He felt in haste to be a man, so that he might do a great deal of good. There are not many little children of this sort, it is true. Still there are some. Goldielocks was such a child. He wanted to make a stir in the world.

2. At that time there lived a great magician, a great friend of the good fairies. These fairies sent messages to him from the four quarters of the

globe. Each of them had an enchanted box, pierced with a little hole. They wrote what they had to say to the magician on a piece of paper, and slipped it into the hole. They didn't need to trouble themselves any more about it, for the piece of paper went straight to the magician all by itself.



3. You can imagine how nice this was, and how easy it was for the magician to know all that was going on in the world. In this way he found out what was troubling Goldielocks, and he was so touched by it that he felt himself growing better and stronger.

4. "Oh!" cried he, "here is a child who thinks himself very weak, yet he has made me stronger than I was before. I must give him some aid."

And, leveling his telescope, with which he could see 200 leagues, he looked toward the house where the little boy lived. It was a nice house, one of many in a long street. The street itself was only one of the streets of a large city, and this city was not the largest one in the country, and as for the country, it was only a speck on the globe. Think what a small place this little boy took up in all the big world.

5. At that moment Goldielocks was alone in the nursery, with a book that did not seem to amuse him much. In the garden, his sisters were merrily picking strawberries for their mamma, because it was the day for making sweetmeats.

6. It must be said that Goldielocks was a little lazy. The magician saw this at once from the way in which he turned and re-turned his book, which was often upside down. He was thinking less about his lesson than the sweetmeats. The dear child could not keep his feet still a minute.

7. One day he had heard somebody say that birds and little children ought to hop and skip about as much as they pleased. So every few moments he laid down his book to go to play with two beautiful canary birds, whose cage was one of the pretty things in the room; or to pay a visit to his garden, a great pot of earth, in which he

and his sisters had planted some orange-seeds the winter before. This now held orange-trees three inches high. But all this did not make much of a stir in the world.

8. "I will make this dear little man the greatest person on earth," said the magician. "Every time that he wins a victory over himself, all mankind shall do the same."

9. Then leveling his telescope another way, he looked to see what was going on in the royal castle. Here a great meeting of statesmen in wigs was solemnly asking what color the queen's dress should be on the day she should be crowned.

10. And so our Goldielocks held in his little hands, without knowing it, the welfare of the whole human race. He learned his lesson but little better on that account. Seeing that his orange-trees were a little dry, he had just poured a glass of water over them, when a darling little fairy, who had promised to begin to make a man of him, came into the room without knocking.

11. "Well, sir!" said she, "is this the way you learn your lesson?"

"Oh! our trees were dying of thirst. And besides, I have been studying my lesson a long time."

"Well, recite it, then."

He did not know a word of it.

"Little Goldielocks, you make me very sad," said the pretty fairy, as she left the room, wiping away a tear.

12. The child was very much ashamed, and sat down to his book, and studied very hard, without paying the least attention to anything else. His feet were still for a little while, in spite of the hopping canary birds, which were not made to study — poor little creatures! In a quarter of an hour the lesson was well learned, and Goldielocks ran after the good fairy to recite it to her.

13. But a great change had taken place on the globe. All the little truants who were wandering about the streets left their marbles and mud pies, and ran to school as fast as their legs could carry them. The ignorant became ashamed of their lack of knowledge, and so many people wanted to buy books that the booksellers knew not where to find enough. People who knew nothing wanted to learn something; people who knew something wanted to learn more. Goldielocks had done this all alone by learning his lesson well.

14. For his own reward he had a warm kiss on each cheek, and when the time for lunch came, he had a splendid feast. There was a beautiful pyramid of tarts, besides the strawberries that had escaped the preserving-kettle. A lady had sent

them a pot full of cream, and there was a cry of joy when the children found all these good things set before them.

15. Nothing gives one such an appetite as hard work. Although Goldielocks was not exactly a glutton, he stretched his hand with pleasure toward a fine tart. Happy and proud of having learned his lesson well, he chattered as he ate, and carefully laid aside the finest strawberries to eat last with his cream.

16. His little brother had devoured the whole of his lunch before Goldielocks was half through. The little fellow looked with a wishful eye at the rest of his brother's tart, large strawberries and the saucer of cream, and longed for them. So Goldielocks shared his dainties with the poor hungry child, though he would have gladly eaten the whole. His mamma, who had come in, was greatly delighted, and gave Goldielocks a smile that amply repaid him.



63.—GOLDIELOCKS.

PART II.

en'tered, came in.

minx, a tease.

phy si'cian [*phī-zīsh'an*], a doctor.

plat'ters, dishes,

re-turned', came back.

sa-lutes', bows.

strut, walk in an affected way.

wor'shipped, thought highly of; adored.

1. But Goldielocks had a far greater reward; for lo! at the same instant, all over the globe, men suddenly began to think how many of their fellow-beings might be starving, and each one set out with food in search of the hungry. Nothing was seen in the streets but baskets filled with bread, great platters of meat, sacks of potatoes, and baskets of fruit, on the way to the houses of the poor.

2. Every one who found a family in want, loaded it with plenty. The suffering poor could not believe their eyes. Children who had never seen any cake in their lives had all they could eat of it. No one on that day went supperless to bed.

3. But Goldielocks knew nothing of it. The little rogue was very pretty—at least he had often been told so by his nurse, who worshiped him, and who loved to dress him in his fine clothes. After lunch, a walk in the large garden was talked of, and every one ran to get ready.

4. Now Goldielocks had a black velvet coat, which he was very proud of. His nurse never lost a chance to take it from the drawer. His mamma would scold, but when the coat was on, the child would strut about like a peacock. This time, again, the nurse brought out his velvet coat. He already had one arm in the sleeve when his elder sister entered. "My little Goldielocks," she exclaimed, "you mustn't wear that coat. Your cloth jacket is good enough to play in the dirt."

5. "My cloth jacket has holes in the elbows. I look like a beggar in it."

"Come, be good; you know that mamma will be angry."

The dear little boy said no more. For the sake of his mother he forgot all his vanity. He took off the coat, and quietly put on the cloth jacket, in which he was as happy as a king in the garden.

6. He had no sooner done this than pride took flight from the earth. Great ladies in velvet robes began, without knowing why, politely to return the salutes of the humblest working girls. The noblemen of the court found themselves compelled to say good morning to the peasants whom they met coming from market. Men tried to think why they hated each other, but could not. Even the

little boys that had stood first at school were rid of their foolish pride about it.

7. What was Goldielocks doing all this time? He had returned from his walk, and was having a great dispute with another of his sisters, only a year older than himself, whom he loved with all his heart. The little girl had a fault common to all little girls—she was something of a tease. Her brother had often said that he meant to be a physician. So she called him nothing but doctor, and during the whole walk she had teased him with this hateful name. Every time she spoke, she opened her mouth as wide as she could.

8. "I am tired of being a doctor," said poor Goldielocks, at last. "I mean to be a bishop."

This was much worse, and the name of My Lord Bishop began to be showered upon him.

"When are we to ask My Lord Bishop for his blessing," said she at last, bowing before him.

9. "You shall have it now," cried Goldielocks; and, seizing a ruler that lay close at hand, he began to shake it at the provoking minx.

The little tease, whose hands were as quick as her tongue, soon found another ruler, and the two began to quarrel in earnest. An unlucky blow fell on his sister's fingers, and she cried with the pain, so that Goldielocks forgot his anger. He

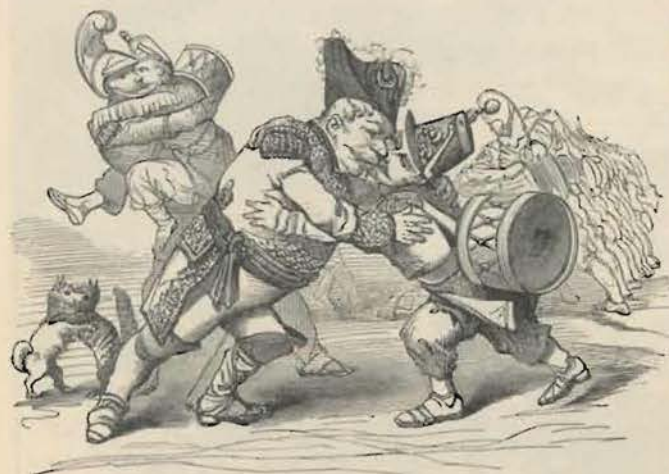
threw down the ruler, and clasped his arms round his sister's neck.

10. "Forgive me, sister dear," he cried, with tears in his eyes; "I will never do so again, and you may call me bishop as much as you like." Their papa had hurried toward them at the noise of the quarrel, when what was his joy to see the brother and sister hugging each other so lovingly. He clasped them to his heart, and thought himself a happy man in having such good children.

11. Great wars were raging at that moment upon the earth, and men were fighting and killing each other in great numbers. But Goldielocks had no sooner laid down his ruler than all these troubles ceased as if by magic. Men saw that it was very foolish to kill each other. All the folks that were quarreling and fighting embraced each other, from the generals and the soldiers in the lines to the children of the common soldiers, who used to fight whenever they met on their way from school.

12. Good little Goldielocks went happy to bed that night, after receiving a thousand kisses from his parents. He fell asleep, asking himself when he would be as large and strong as a man. At the same moment the earth, freed by him from ignorance, want, pride, and war, gave itself up to

joy; and from Norway to Patagonia great bonfires were kindled on all the mountains, which blazed so brightly that they could have been seen from the moon.



13. The great magician is no longer at hand, my dear children. But some of his magic remains. Even to-day, children are stronger than men in doing good. While your parents sometimes have to work very hard to prevent you from being unhappy, you, on your part, can make them happy by the smallest sacrifices. And if by your good acts the world is not changed in a single moment, as it was in the time of Goldielocks, be sure that these little sacrifices are never lost. Every drop of water that falls finds its way to the sea.



64.—THE FISHERMAN AND THE GENIE.

de-ter'mined, resolved.

dome, cupola.

ge'nie [*jé'ni*], a fabulous being.

grav'en, engraved.

mon'arch [*-ark*].

vow, solemn resolve.

1. THERE was once a poor fisherman who vowed not to cast his net above four times a day. This vow he kept; but when he came to have a large family, he was very sorry he had made it.

2. One morning, having thrown his net three times without any success, he was almost wild with grief. He had but one more chance. This time he felt that he must succeed, for his children needed food, and he dared not break his vow.

3. With a beating heart, he drew in the net the fourth time. He felt sure that at last good fortune had smiled on him, for the net was heavy. But instead of the fish he had hoped for, what should he drag out upon the sand of the shore but a small copper vase, sealed with a leaden seal.

4. This seal he eagerly tore off, but to his great regret the casket was empty. He threw it on the ground, and was looking at it in despair, when he saw a thick smoke coming out of it, which rose to the clouds, and spread itself along the sea and shore.

5. When the smoke was all out of the vase, it took the shape of an enormous genie, whose head was in the clouds while his feet rested on the ground. His head was like a dome, and his legs like the masts of a ship; his mouth was like a cave, and his teeth like huge stones; his eyes shone like lamps, and his hair was wild and shaggy.

6. At the sight of this awful figure, the fisherman would have fled, but was too much fright-

ened. "Solomon, Solomon!" cried the genie, "pardon, pardon, pardon." The fisherman hearing this took courage, and said, "Proud spirit, what is it thou talkest of? it is eighteen hundred years since Solomon died, and we are now at the end of time. How camest thou to be shut up in this vase?"

7. The genie turned to the fisherman with a fierce look and said, "Thou art very bold to call me a proud spirit. Speak to me more civilly before I kill thee." "What," replied the fisherman, "wouldst thou kill me for setting thee free? Is that the way you reward me?" "I cannot treat thee otherwise," replied the genie; "listen to my story."

8. Then the genie told the fisherman that because of his sins Solomon had shut him up in the copper vase, and had ordered it to be sealed with the royal seal and thrown into the sea. When he was at the bottom of the sea the genie made three vows, one every hundred years.

9. "I vowed," he said, "that if any man set me free within the first hundred years, I would enrich him, but no man came to my aid. In the second hundred years I vowed that if any one set me free, I would show him all the treasures of the earth; still no help came. In the third hundred years I

vowed that if any one set me free, I would make him a most powerful monarch, that I would be always at his command, and grant him every day any three requests he chose to make. Then, being still a prisoner, I vowed that I would kill any man who set me free, and that the only favor I would grant him should be the manner of his death."

10. Now, the fisherman did not like the idea of being killed; and he and the genie had a long talk about it. The genie, however, was determined to have his own way, and the poor fisherman was going to be killed, when he thought of a trick he might play upon the genie. He knew two things: first, that the genie must answer questions put to him in the name of Allah; and also that, though very strong, he was one of a kind of beings who are very stupid, and who are easily led into a trap.

11. So he said, "I consent to die; but before I choose the manner of my death, I command thee, by the great name of Allah, which is graven upon the seal of Solomon, to answer me truly a question I am going to put to thee." Then the genie trembled, and said, "Ask, but make haste."

12. Now, when he knew that the genie would speak the truth, the fisherman said, "Darest thou swear by the great name of Allah that thou really

wert in that vase?" "I swear it by the great name of Allah," said the genie.

13. But the fisherman said he would not believe it unless he saw it with his own eyes. "It will not contain thy hand or thy foot, how then could it contain thy whole body?" Then, being too stupid to see the plan of the fisherman, the genie fell into the trap. His form began to change into smoke, and to spread as before over the shore and the sea. Gathering itself together, it began to enter the vase, and continued to do so, with a slow and even motion, until nothing was left outside. Then out of the vase came the voice of the genie, saying, "Now, poor fool, am I not in the vase?"

14. The fisherman did not answer him, but quickly took up the leaden seal and put it on the vase again. Then he shouted to the genie, "Now, master, it is thy turn to beg. Now thou mayest choose the sort of death *thou* likest best. Speak quickly or I will again cast thee into the sea, and build here on the shore a house where I will live, to warn all poor fishermen against so wicked a genie as thou art."

15. Then the genie cried out, "Nay, nay!" to which the fisherman answered, "Yea, without fail! Yea, without fail!" Then the genie tried to get out of the vase, but the seal of Solomon kept him

fast shut up. Then he said he was only joking when he talked about killing the fisherman. At last he begged and prayed to be let out, but the fisherman only laughed at him.

16. At last they made a bargain, the genie swearing by Allah that he would make the fisherman rich; and then the fisherman cut the seal again, and the genie came out of the vase. The first thing he did when he got out was to kick the vase into the sea. This frightened the fisherman, who began to beg and pray for his life.

17. But the genie kept his word and took him past the city, over a mountain and over a vast plain, to a little lake between four hills. Here he caught four little fish, of different colors—white, red, blue, and yellow. "Take these to the sultan," said the genie, "and present them to him and he will enrich thee." With these words the genie stamped his foot upon the ground, which opened, and he vanished from sight, the earth closing over him.





65.—THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

1. The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
 In a beautiful pea-green boat;
 They took some honey, and plenty of money
 Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
 The Owl looked up to the moon above,
 And sang to a small guitar,
 "O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love!
 What a beautiful Pussy you are,—
 You are,
 What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

2. Puss said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
 How wonderful sweet you sing!
 O let us be married,—too long we have
 tarried,¹—
 But what shall we do for a ring?"
 They sailed away for a year and a day
 To the land where the bong-tree² grows,
 And there in a wood, a piggy-wig stood
 With a ring in the end of his nose,—
 His nose,
 With a ring in the end of his nose.
3. "Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one
 shilling
 Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will."
 So they took it away, and were married next
 day
 By the turkey who lives on the hill.
 They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
 Which they ate with a runcible³ spoon,
 And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
 They danced by the light of the moon,—
 The moon,
 They danced by the light of the moon.

¹ tar'ried, waited.² "bong-tree," is nothing but a funny name.³ "runcible," is merely a droll word.

66.—THE BABY.

1. WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.
2. Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.
3. What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes¹ left in.
4. Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.
5. What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.
6. What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
Something better than any one knows.
7. Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.
8. Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.
9. Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

¹ spike, a large nail.

10. Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's¹ wings.
11. How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.
12. But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of *you*, and so I am here.

¹ cherub, angel.



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