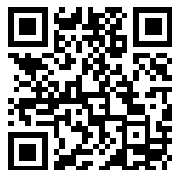

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NEDL TRANSFER



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SUPPLEMENTARY READING.
SECOND BOOK.

PRIMARY SCHOOLS.



BOSTON & NEW YORK.

LEACH, SHEWELL, AND SANBORN.

KD 32755

SECOND BOOK.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

FOR

PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

BY

FRANCIS W. PARKER,

LOUIS H. MARVEL,

REVISED EDITION.



LEACH, SHEWELL, & SANBORN,
BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

KD 32755



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FRANCIS W. PARKER.

LOUIS H. MARVEL.

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PREFACE.

IN this Second Series of SUPPLEMENTARY READING LESSONS, especial care has been taken to provide entertaining and instructive stories.

Subjects have been chosen with which the child is familiar, or in which he will have a hearty interest. Carefully prepared questions appeal to his imagination, and suggestive statements lead him to think for himself. A plan for language lessons is thus fairly outlined. Teachers should pursue the several lines of thought indicated, and draw from the class original expressions of opinion.

These opinions should always be required in the form of complete sentences; and pupils should be led to notice and correct errors whenever occurring in the sentences given.

Forming and criticising sentences in this way will make an interesting lesson in oral language, and will also serve as a basis for work in written language during the second year in school.

The corrected sentences, written upon the blackboard, will furnish abundant material for additional reading lessons.

Critical examination will show that constant attention is given to a systematic plan of phonic development, although in no case is the thought sacrificed for the sake of the sound.

While supplying a large number of original lessons upon topics interesting to children, and in a vocabulary with which they are acquainted, there is nothing in these books to conflict with any standard series of readers. That these stories may commend themselves to the educational public as a needed and valuable supplement to the reading-books in regular use is our purpose and desire.

We are indebted to Miss SARAH E. SPRAGUE, Principal of the Gloucester Training School for teachers, for valuable assistance in the preparation of this book. The service she has rendered by composing many of the stories and by criticising and revising all, is recognized and appreciated.

THE AUTHORS.

BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 1, 1880.

SECOND BOOK

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

FOR

PRIMARY SCHOOLS.



Here is dear little Ned.
What does Ned see in the glass?
He sees his own bright eyes
and soft hair.
What fat, rosy cheeks Ned has!

Can Ned see his cheeks in the glass?

Oh yes; and he can see his nose, too.

Does Ned see his teeth?

No, he does not see his teeth.

His lips hide his white teeth.

But he can see his ears and his mouth.

What else can Ned see?

He can see his chin.

Do you see his little feet?

Ned cannot see his feet in the glass.

How many hands has Ned?

How many can you see?

We think Ned is a sweet baby.

What does he think as he looks in the glass?

Who can tell? Can you?



See the boy and the girl.
The girl is Nell.
The boy is Fred.
Nell has a black hen.
The black hen has ten chicks.
Three chicks are brown.

Three chicks are white.
The other chicks are black.
How many chicks are black?
A fox is hid near them.
He can see the chicks.
The hen can not see the fox.
The fox will eat a chick if he can get one.
Fred has a dog.
The dog will see the fox.
Then he will run and bark at him.
Will the dog get the fox?
No; the fox will run to his den.
The fox will not get a chick to eat.
Nell is glad.
Her chicks are all safe.
Fred will pat the dog.
What will Fred say to the dog?



Do you see me?

I am Nat.

See what a big
hat I have.

The hot sun can
not burn me.

Look! Here is
my spade.

I can dig with
my spade.

I like to dig in
the sand.

Now I think I will dig a well.

I will dig it here on the sea-
shore.

The tide will fill my well.

Do you know my papa?

My papa is a big man.

He has gone to town.

By and by he will come home.

I will hide when I see him coming.

He will ask, "Where is Nat?"

I shall say, "Here I am, papa."

My papa will take me in his arms and jump me up high.

I know what he will say to me.

He will say this to me,—

"What has my little man done to-day?"

Then I shall show him my well.

He will think it is a nice well.

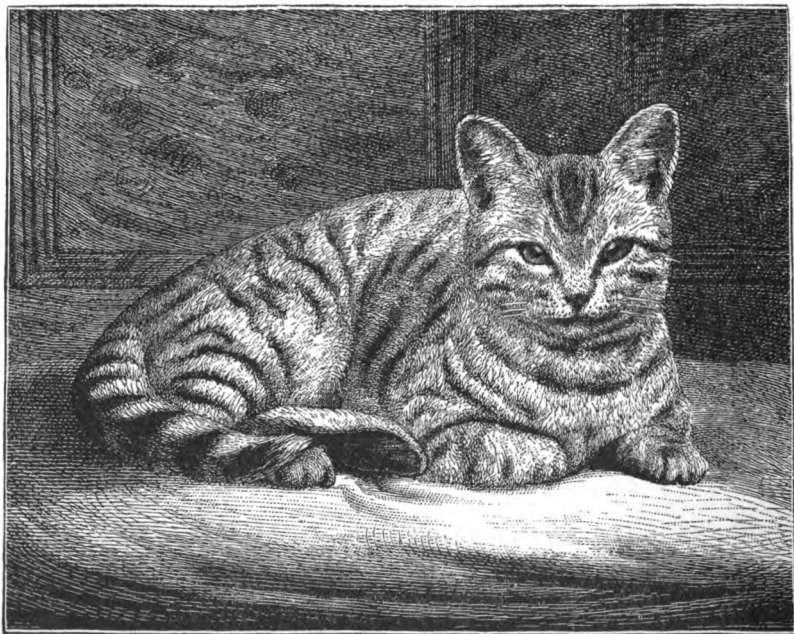
Maybe he will say to me then,—

"What a nice well, little man!"

I like to have papa call me "little man."

Some day I shall be a *big* man.

I want to be just as big as my papa.



*Come and see my cat.
He is a good cat.
What is his name?
His name is Phil.
Can Phil catch mice?
O yes; he can catch mice and rats.*

Phil likes mice and rats to eat.

Where is Phil now?

He is in the house on a mat.

Phil likes the mat for it is soft.

Now I will call Phil and he will come.

Phil! Phil! See how fast he comes!

How soft his fur is!

Yes; his fur is soft and his paws are soft.

Look at his soft paws!

And you may stroke his soft fur!

You need not fear.

Phil will not bite or scratch you.

Take care, Phil! Do not put out your claws.

We are not mice or rats.

Hear him purr.

Good Phil! Good old cat!

Now go to sleep on the mat.



Here are May, Ned, Ben, Kate, and the baby.

The baby is in the cart.

Ben, Ned, and Kate play they are the horses.

May drives them to-day.

They take the kitty in the cart.

Kitty has a very bright little face.

Can you find kitty's face in the picture?

Baby likes to ride with the little kitty.

May's dog plays with the children every day.

The dog's name is Floss.

Floss is a good playmate for them.

The dog plays that he is one of the horses.

He takes the rope in his mouth.

He is so happy that he jumps and barks.

Baby pats the dog, and smiles to hear him bark.

What gay horses May drives!

See how they jump and prance!

Would you like to drive such gay horses?

You may drive them, some day.



*Who is this? Why this is our baby in his tub.
Mamma is going to give baby a bath.
Where is mamma? I do not see her!*

Why is baby here alone?

Mamma has gone to get a towel.

She brought the sponge and the soap
and put baby in his tub.

Then she had to go back to get a towel.

For how could she dry the baby
without a towel?

Baby sees his mamma with the towel
in her hand.

Does the baby like to have a bath?

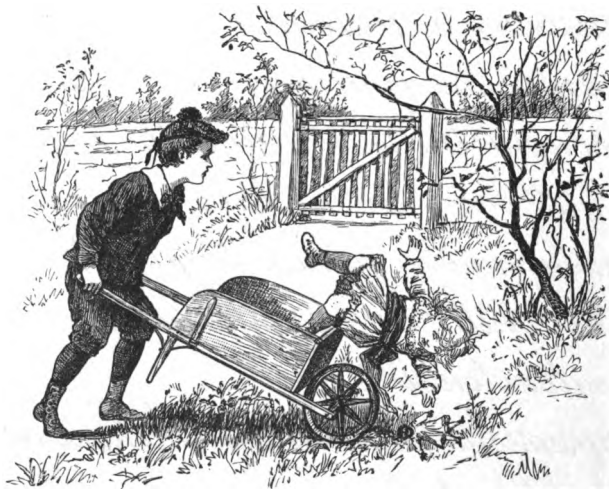
O yes; he laughs and crows when
mamma puts him in his tub.

He likes to splash in the water.

He makes the drops fly all about the room.

Just see what fat arms and legs he has!

Have you any sweet kisses for us
to-day, baby boy?



Carl took Kate to ride in his wheelbarrow.

Kate had Topsy in her arms.

Topsy is Kate's black doll.

Carl and Kate played that they were going to the city.

"We will soon be there," said Carl.

"Take care," said Kate, "you go too fast. It is not safe."

Just then the wheel struck a great stone.

Kate and Topsy were thrown out.

See how Carl looks.

He fears that his playmate may be hurt.

Never mind, Carl, Kate will not be much hurt.

She will fall upon the soft grass.

Tell Kate that you are sorry.

Then you may get Kate's hat and her doll.

Ask Kate not to cry.

What does poor Topsy think?

She is near Kate, flat upon her back.

Will Topsy cry?

O, no; for Topsy is a doll.

Dolls do not cry when they fall.



Do you see my little kitten?
Her name is Muff.
Muff's fur is soft and white.
She keeps it very clean.
She wears a pink ribbon on her neck.
One day Muff saw a little mouse.

Kittens like mice to eat.

My little kitten thought this little mouse would make a good dinner.

Muff gave a great jump.

She put out her sharp claws to catch the mouse.

But the mouse was too quick for kitty!

It ran through a hole in the floor.

Muff had no mouse for dinner that day after all.

She came back to the house looking very sorry!

Then I gave her some milk for dinner.

She lapped it up with her tongue.

Now do you think Muff thanked me?

Just as your kitten thanks you.



Look at me!
I am Kate's doll.
My name is
Topsy.

I am a black
doll?

Of course I am
a black doll.

I would not be
a white doll.

Kate likes me because I am
black.

She says white dolls are so com-
mon.

Any little girl can have a white
doll.

I am a good doll if I am black.
I never cry at all.

I always do just what Kate
tells me to do.

Where is Kate to-day?

Kate has gone to school.

She put me in this chair.

I will tell you what Kate said to me.

She said "Now, Topsy, be a good doll.

"Do not get out of this chair.

"When I come back I will take you out to walk."

I like to go out to walk with Kate.

She lets me wear my red cloak.

I like to wear that red cloak.

It is such a pretty cloak.

Sometimes I go to ride with Kate.

One day Carl gave us a ride.

He took us in a wheelbarrow.

I did not like that ride.

Carl hit a big stone.

Then Kate and I fell out of the wheelbarrow.

Kate cried, but I did not cry.

Maybe the fall hurt Kate.

I was not hurt at all.

I fell on the grass by the wheelbarrow.

By and by I heard Kate ask,—

“Where is my poor Topsy all this time?”

Then Carl picked me up and gave me to Kate.

After that, we got into the wheelbarrow again.

Carl did not hit any more stones.

But I was glad when we got home.

I do not think a wheelbarrow is nice.

Sometimes I make visits with Kate.

I like to make visits.

Then I see other dolls and other little girls.

I want to go to school with Kate.

But Kate will not take me to school.

I wonder why she will not take me there.

I want to go to church, too.

But Kate never takes me with her when she goes to church.

She does not seem to think that I need to go to church.

I wonder if other dolls go to school or to church.

I should like to go and see.

Will you tell me, if you know?



Look! Look! See that squirrel
on the log.

Is he not pretty?

Hush! Keep very still.

Then we can see him eat.

Do you know what he is eat-
ing?

Yes, it is a nut.

He holds the nut in his paws.

He cracks it with his teeth.

I wish my teeth were so strong.

My mamma does not wish me to crack nuts with my teeth.

She says it would break them.

If it did, I could have some more teeth by and by.

Can you see the squirrel's eyes?

Yes; they look like little black beads.

I think his tail would make a good brush.

Once I saw a squirrel in a cage.

His name was Bun.

I have no squirrel; but I call my rabbit Bun.

What do you think is the name of this squirrel?



Oh, see the boy and the cow!

The boy is Joe.

The cow is old Moll.

Joe holds a stick in his hand.

He drives the cow home with
the stick.

Old Moll is a good cow.

She wants cold water from the
brook.

Can old Moll drink all the water in the brook?

O no; but she can drink more water than you can.

Take care, Joe! Do not drive old Moll too fast.

Old Moll has a bell on her neck.

Why does she wear the bell?

Don't you know?

I will tell you.

It is so that Joe can find her when she is out of sight.

When old Moll is moving around, the bell rings.

Joe can hear the bell, even if he cannot see the cow.

He will follow the sound of the bell.

Then he can soon find where old Moll is.



Homer lives in the house on the hill.

He has a pony and a dog.

The pony is black, and the dog is brown and white.

Homer calls his pony, Hero, and his dog, Bose.

Homer keeps the pony in the old barn.

He hopes some day to have a new barn for the pony.

Hero is kind, and Homer can feed him.

The pony likes to eat corn, hay, and oats.

Now Homer is riding to town.

He will buy some oats for Hero.

Bose runs after the pony, and barks at him.

Hero looks at Bose, but does not jump.

Homer, Hero, and Bose will soon be in town.

Then Homer will go into the store to buy the oats.

Bose will watch Hero while Homer is gone.

When Homer brings the oats, they will all go home.

Homer will put Hero in the barn.

He will give him some oats to eat.

Hero will eat half a peck of oats for his supper.

And he will eat some hay.

Homer will feed Bose, too.

He will give Bose a bone to gnaw.

Bose likes to gnaw bones.

Then Homer will go into the house for his own supper.

What do you suppose he will have?

I do not know.

Perhaps he will have a nice bowl of bread and milk.

Do you like bread and milk for your supper?



“Mamma, may I play in the hay-field?” said little Ray, one warm summer day.

“No, my dear; but you may go a fishing.

"You will be cooler in the shade by the brook.

"Jake will get a long stick and make a good pole for you.

"You may have this silk cord for a line.

"You can use steel hooks.

"I will let you take this basket with you."

This makes little Ray happy.

He digs some worms, and puts them into a small box.

"Why do you dig the worms?" says his sister Mabel.

"To use for bait, to be sure," said Ray.

"If you were a boy, you would know."

So Ray takes his pole and his basket, and goes to the brook.

He baits his hook, and drops it into the water.

Now he sits on a log and waits for a fish to bite.

If he gets a fish he will place it in the basket.

Take care, Ray! Do not fall into the water.

You may not swim so well as the fish.

If Ray gets a large fish he will take it home.

Mary will bake it for his dinner.

Mary is the cook.

Would not Ray be proud to see his fish on the table?

I hope he may have good luck, don't you?



Oh, dear Ada! What are you doing up there?

I am afraid you will break your neck.

Then what should I do for a baby?

I can't make my cake bake.

Old Tray ate up my milk.

My table must be set for dinner.

And Ada will not behave herself.

How can babies make their mammas so sorry?

But this will never do! I must set that table.

I can find only one plate for baby and me.

My baby is not a real child, and won't need a plate.

I like to have flowers on my table.

Once we had a vase for flowers.

But it had to break itself one day.

Dishes always do seem to break themselves.

Go away, naughty Tray! Don't show your face here.



James sails his boat on the lake.
He places the sails so the boat
will go across the lake.

Then he runs around to meet it.
He stays near the shore until
the boat comes in.

The waves toss his boat about.
James fears it may be upset.
But it reaches him safely.
It comes in with sails filled.

The flag waves in the breeze.

James then sets the sails and sends the boat back.

He plays that the lake is the sea.

Then he sends his boat across the sea.

Sometimes he loads it with grain, and sometimes with hay.

He plays that he brings back silks and laces.

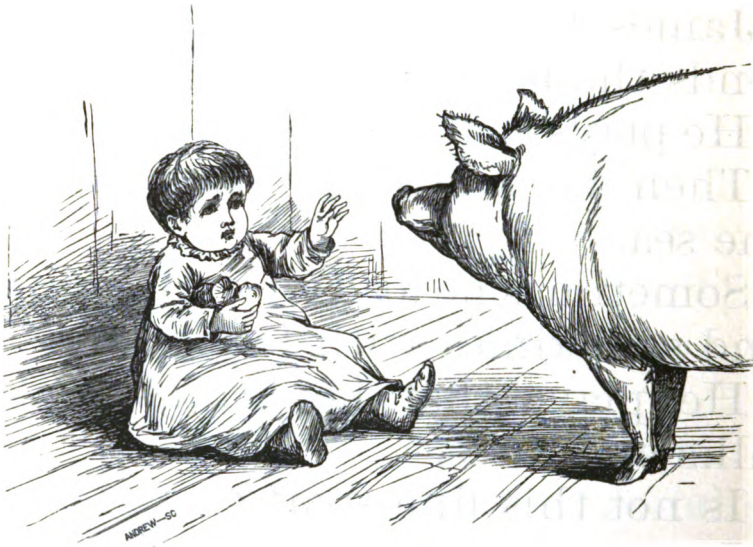
Is not this fine sport?

James likes it, but gets tired of playing alone.

Some one should stay on the other side of the little lake.

His playmate could sail the boat back to him.

Would you like to play with James some day? I think your mamma may let you.



Oh dear! Oh dear! What will
poor Nora do?

She is all alone in the house.

So there is no one to drive
away old Joe.

Joe is fond of potatoes.

He is a very greedy old fellow.

He would not care if poor Nora had no dinner.

He would like to eat all the potatoes for his own dinner.

I think Nora will strike him with the iron poker.

Old Joe would not care much if she did.

Nora is so small she could not strike very hard.

If Nora would share the potatoes with Joe, what would he do?

He would swallow them at once and help himself to more.

So you see why we sometimes say, "As greedy as a pig."

Is it not too bad for Joe to take little Nora's potatoes?

I don't suppose he knows any better. Do you?



The spider spins her web from
leaf to leaf.

She draws the threads closer
near the middle.

She can do neater work with

her feet than we can do with our fingers.

And she can weave very fast when she pleases.

As soon as the web is done, the spider hides away.

She waits to see some poor little fly or bee come near.

It may be caught in the net.

Then the spider will leave her hiding place.

She will not let the fly get away from her.

She will draw threads around its wings and its feet.

Then she will draw a thread around its neck.

It cannot free itself.

When Mrs. Spider feels hungry she will eat it.

She will not stop to cook her meat.

Did you ever see a spider's web among the leaves?

When you get a chance, watch a spider while she weaves the fine threads.

If you see a fly or a bee in the web, set him free.

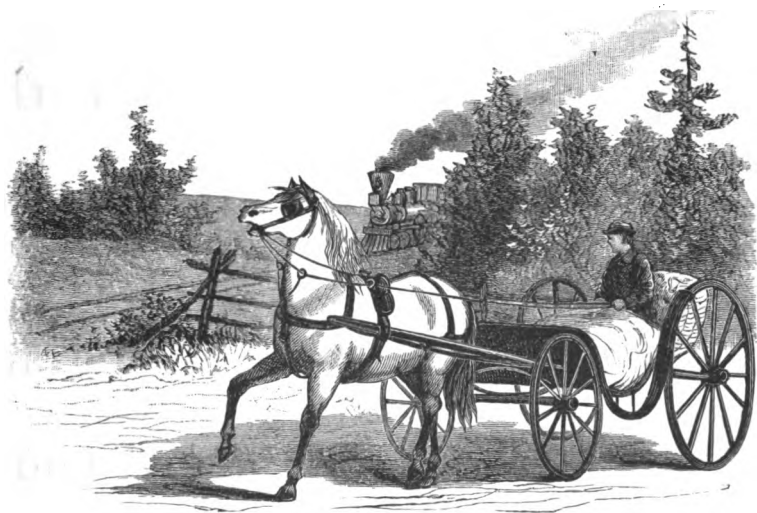
How glad it will be to fly home in safety.

And you will be glad to set it free; will you not?

Do not fear the spider.

She will run away if she sees you.

Mrs. Spider you are a good spinner; but you do not treat flies and bees well.



This is James, with Major and the phaeton.

Major has a long, dark mane and tail.

He is safe for children to drive.

James, who is eight years old, may drive him every day.

Most horses are afraid of a train of cars.

It is not always safe to drive Major too near a train.

He may jump, and break the phaeton.

But he is not much afraid to-day.

He will take James safely home.

Then he may have some grain and hay for his supper.

Major has a mate, named Lady.

They are a nice pair of horses.

When they go out together, Robert drives them.

Robert is the man who takes care of Major and Lady.

James may drive the pair when he is older.

Just now it would not be safe.

Major and the phaeton are all he is able to manage.



Lena lives by the sea-side.
She plays on the beach every
pleasant summer day.

When the waves are not too
high, she likes to wade in the
water.

Then Lena gazes across the sea at the white sails of the great ships.

Her papa sails in one of the great ships.

Three of her brothers sail with him.

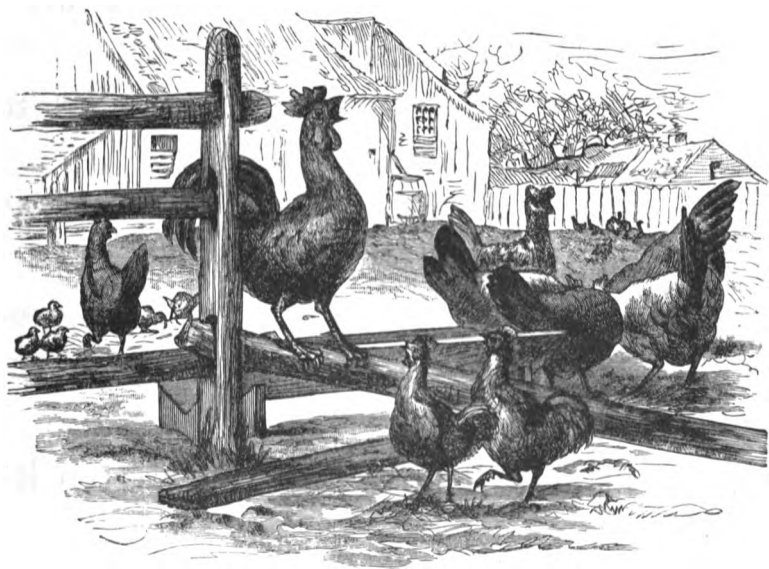
They bring goods from over the sea.

What do they bring?

Sometimes they bring silks, sometimes tea, and coffee, and spices.

And they always bring nice presents for Lena.

I should think they would remember their dear little sister, shouldn't you?



The hens and the chickens are
listening to-day,
To hear what a knowing old
rooster will say.
He jumps on the fence, gives a
quick glance or two,
Flaps his wings, and crows loud-
ly, "Cock-a-doo-dle-doo-doo!"

The hens loudly cackle, and the
smaller chicks peep;
But two, little, young roosters a
wise silence keep,
For each of them seems very
surely to know
That 'twill be of no use if he tries
hard to crow.

So, to the old rooster they quick-
ly do go,
And ask him to teach them the
right way to crow.
He says not a word to the small
roosters, two,
But flaps his wings loudly:
“Cock-a-doo-dle-doo-do—o!”

The young roosters follow with
an “Oo-oo-o—o!”

But each looks ashamed of what
he can do;
And each says to the other, "O
dear! do you know,
I really do think that I never can
crow.

"The hens and the chickens have
heard us both try,
And our very best trying was
not worth a fly:
So let's scratch for a worm, for
we never will show
How sorry we are that we can't
learn to crow."

The old rooster said, "You foolish
young things!
You hear now how loudly my
clear crowing rings;

But when I was a crower as
 young as you two,
My crowing was nothing but an
 Oo-oo-o——o!

“But I tried, and I tried; and, at
 last I learned how
To make the loud call that you
 hear from me now.
If you try very often, and your
 very best do,
In time, you may crow thus,—
 Cock-a-doo-dle-doo-do——o!”



What are these girls and boys doing?

We will try to find out.

Fred says, "I am thinking of a word that sounds like *run*."

"Does it give light?"

"No, it is not *sun*."

"Is it a good time?"

"It is not *fun*."

"Is it a rabbit?"

"It is not *Bun*."

"Can you shoot a rabbit with it?"

"Yes, it is *gun*."

"Now, May, what is your word?"

"It is a word that sounds like *queer*."

"Is it something not far away?"

"It is not *near*."

"Is it a part of the body?"

"It is not *ear*."

"Is it what we do with our ears?"

"It is not *hear*."

"Is it a wild animal?"

"Yes, Bessie, it is *deer*."

Bessie calls for a word that sounds like *goes*.

“Is it a part of the face?”

“It is not *nose*.”

“Is it to shut a door?”

“It is not *close*.”

“Is it what the wind does?”

“It is not *blows*.”

“Is it part of the foot?”

“It is not *toes*.”

“Is it what the rooster does?”

“It is not *crows*.”

“Is it what the river does?”

“It is not *flows*.”

“Is it the sweetest flower in the world?”

“Yes, it is *rose*.”

Now do you know what the boys and girls are playing?

Do you like this game?

Do you think you can play it when you go home?



Children like to play by the old oak tree.

A brook flows near the tree.

The little girls make wreaths of the leaves that grow on the oak.

The boys make the leaves into boats.

They float these boats down the brook.

Sometimes they start a dozen or more, all in a row.

Then they watch to see which boat floats under the bridge first.

The boy whose boat gets below the bridge first, has a wreath for a prize.

One of the little girls puts it over his hat.

Clover grows near the oak tree.

So the girls often make wreaths of the red and white clover blossoms.

The children make the wreaths and the boats in the summer.

In the fall, they gather the acorns that grow on the oak tree.

Do you like acorns to eat?

The girls play that they are little cups and saucers.

If these cups get broken, the girls can easily get more.

They cost nothing.

The boys make little baskets of the acorns.

Do you know how to make baskets of acorns?

I hope so, for it is sport.

If you do not, ask your papa to show you how to make them.

He must have made some when he was a little boy.

I think he will not forget how they are made.

I am sure you will never forget how to make them.

Some day you may teach your boys to make baskets of acorns.



Edith stands in the great chair
by the window.

It is early in the evening.

Edith seems very quiet.

She sees a faint, new moon in
the sky.

“Dear moon,” she says, “I wish to be a queen.”

She has been reading about queens in her new book.

I fear she would not care to be a queen, after all.

A queen is not free from care.

Edith is as free from care as the breeze that plays among the leaves.

She is just a sweet little girl.

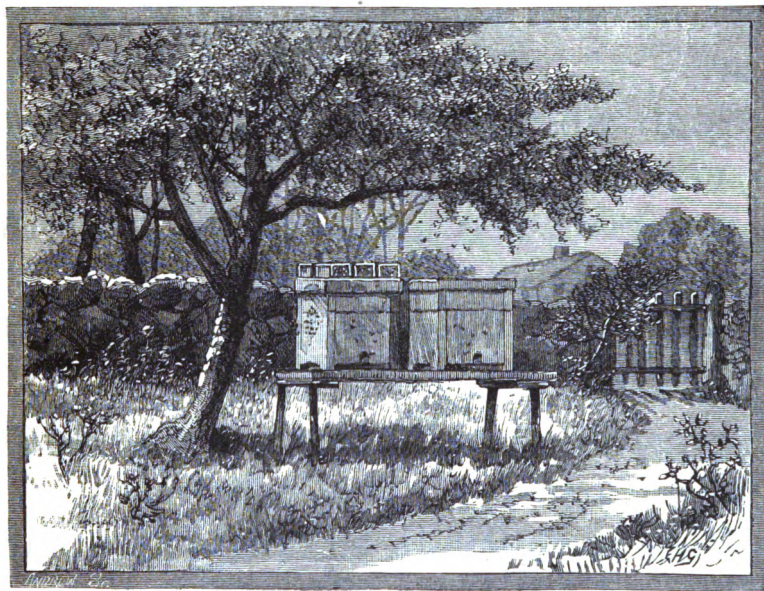
What can be dearer?

Cheer up, Edith! you are happier than many a queen.

When you sleep to-night, you may dream you are a queen.

Then you will be as happy as a queen while you sleep.

Good evening, Edith! pleasant dreams!



See the bee fly to the peach-tree.

Did you ever see a peach-tree in bloom?

Its green leaves and pink blossoms are beautiful.

The bee will sip honey from its blossoms.

Now she rests a moment on a leaf.

Soon she will fly away to her hive.

See how straight she flies from the tree to the hive.

Some people call such a straight line a bee line.

The bee will store away her honey in the hive.

Bees spend all the bright summer days making honey.

They eat it in the cold weather when the flowers are gone.

People like to eat honey, too; it is so sweet.

You know that "sweet as honey" means very sweet.

Bees will sting any one who troubles the hive.

Then how do you think we can get the honey?

The beehives have queer boxes on top.

These boxes have glass sides.

The bees fill the boxes and then fill the hives.

When both the box and the hive are full the owner takes the honey in the box.

But he leaves the honey in the hive for the bees to eat in winter.

He takes the honey when the bees are asleep in the hive.

When do bees sleep?

Bees sleep at night, the same as girls and boys.

The owner can get the honey then because the bees will not see him.

Years ago people killed the bees when they wanted to get honey from the hive.

Was it not cruel to kill a whole swarm of bees and take all their honey to eat?

Then people did not know how to make hives with these glass boxes.

Lazy bees are called drones.

The working bees drive the drones out of the hive.

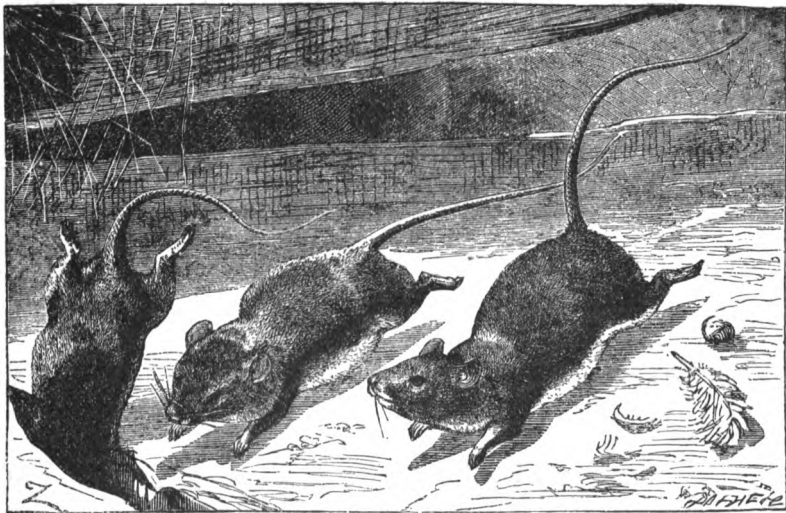
Many times they sting the drones to death.

Sometimes people are called drones.

What do you think that means?

It means that they are lazy, just like the lazy bees.

I hope no one calls you a drone.



Last Friday I went out to the barn-yard.

The daylight was nearly gone.

I saw three little mice in the barn-yard.

I thought the mice were brothers.

They were trying to find something nice for tea.

One of the mice I named Mite.
This was because he was so small and shy.

Mite seemed happiest when he had a big brother on each side.

One of Mite's brothers I named Spry, because he was so quick.

The other one I named Sly.

Can you guess why?

It was because he seemed so careful.

He never forgot to keep watch for the cat.

After a while, Spry found a nice bite of white bread.

It had been thrown out for the hens.

Spry called little Mite to come and help eat the bread.

Just then I saw my pussy

stealing along by the barn-yard fence.

She put her eyes close to a crack in the fence.

I was afraid she would see the mice.

Sly had just found a nice kernel of wheat.

But Sly had sharp, bright eyes.

He was the first to spy the cat.

I told you he never forgot to keep watch.

At first, Sly thought he saw two bright lights.

But in a second, he knew pussy's eyes.

Then Sly gave a sharp little squeak.

This meant, "Run, for your lives!"

And those mice did run for their lives.

They saved their lives, too.

Spry could run the fastest, so he was the first to dive into the hole.

Mite and Sly quickly followed.

Then I clapped my hands, and sang, "Three blind mice! See how they run."

Only these mice were not blind.

Their bright eyes saved their lives.

I called pussy to me.

Pretty soon I saw Sly creep out from the hole.

Spry and Mite soon followed.

And I held pussy so that she should frighten them no more that day.



These lions are hungry.

They have two little lions in their home.

A lion's home is called a den, or lair.

Young lions are called cubs, or whelps.

The mother lion is called a lioness.

This lion sees an ibex near by.
Do you know what an ibex is?
An ibex is one kind of goat.

The lion thinks the ibex will
make a good meal for his family.

See how slyly he creeps through
the tall grass to get near the poor
ibex.

The lioness looks on, and hopes
he will catch the ibex.

She wants the cubs to have
some meat.

And she wants some for herself,
too.

The poor little ibex will die in
a moment.

The lion will tear its flesh with
his strong, sharp claws.

And he will bite it with his
cruel teeth.

The old lions and their cubs will dine on the flesh of the ibex.

The lion is a very strong animal.

He can kill a great ox with one blow of his paw.

All other animals fear him very much.

That is because of his great strength.

I have often heard the lion called the "king of beasts."

Can you tell why he is called that?

Perhaps it is because he is so fierce and strong, and all other animals fear him.

I am sure that is the reason.

Did you ever see a lion and his family?

Where did you ever see a lion?



Four little girls are out in the field, at play.

The sky is almost without a cloud.

The golden sunshine is all about them.

It makes the whole world
bright.

There is sunshine in their
hearts, too.

It is the heart sunshine which
lights up their little faces.

Lina sits upon the grass.

Her hat is lying close beside
her.

What has she in her white
apron?

There are flowers in Lina's
apron.

And the same kind of flowers
is all around her.

Little Ida sits near.

She, too, has flowers.

She holds one towards Lina in
her chubby, little, right hand.

O, I see! These are daisies.

Lina, Ida, and Viola have their hands full of daisies.

Lina is trying to make a daisy chain.

Ida and Viola watch her while she works.

They hand her more daisies when she needs them.

But where is Eliza all this time?

She is trying to find a dandelion.

Eliza likes dandelions the best of all wild flowers.

She says the bright yellow dandelions look like gold.

Sometimes she calls them stars that make the grass bright.

Then she smiles and says her stars shine in the daytime.

Other stars shine only at night.
Eliza often curls the stems of
dandelions.

Boys do not care to curl dandelions.

They use the stems for trumpets.

Lina likes the daisies best.

She likes the white ones better
than any others.

Hear what she says.

"I will make four wreaths to-day if you will pick the daisies for me.

"That will be one wreath for each of us.

"We will put them on our hats or on our heads.

"I will make one for little Ida first.

"Little folks don't like to wait.

"So, girls, pick fast now."

"I know a flower that I like better than daisies or dandelions," says little Ida.

"What is it, dear? Tell Viola."

"Well, I like buttercups best of all.

"It is so nice to hold them under people's chins. Then you can find out if they like butter."

"So you can, Ida! Now let us try one under your chin."

The girls smile as they see how yellow Ida's white throat now looks.

Viola shakes her head wisely.

"Take care, Ida!" she says, "papa will need to buy a whole tub of butter for you."

At last Eliza comes back with a dandelion.

But she sighs while she looks at it.

“It has grown old,” she says.

“All its lovely golden leaves have turned white.

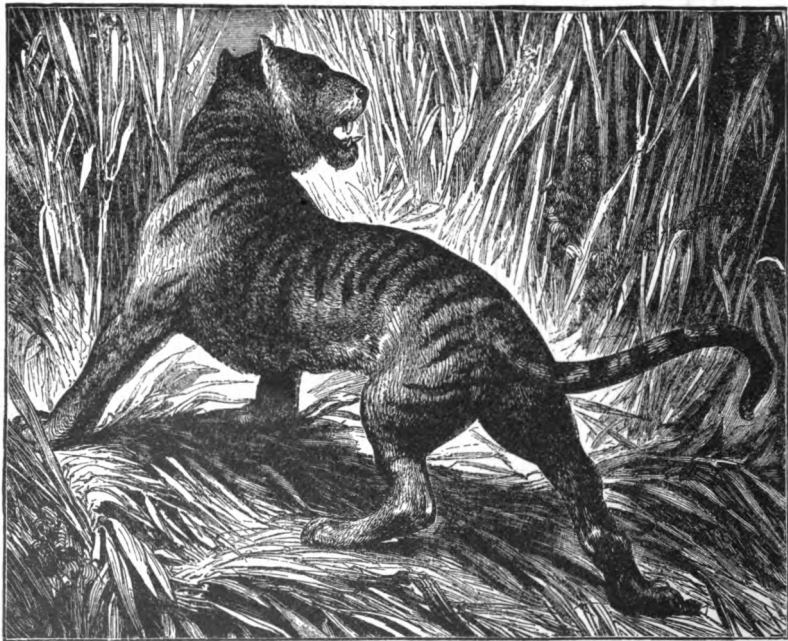
“They look now like silver hair.

“I have heard of people’s hair turning white in one night.

“That was because of fright or grief.

“Perhaps the dandelion turned white in one night.

“Do you suppose it felt sorry because all the other dandelions died?”



See what pretty stripes there
are on this animal.

His fur is soft and fine.

He is a tiger.

Wild tigers are very savage.

A tiger often hides among trees
or tall grass.

Here he lies till a deer or some other animal comes along.

Then he springs upon it and kills it.

He shares the meat with the young tigers.

Young tigers are called cubs.

Sometimes tigers kill and eat people.

Such tigers are called man-eaters.

The man-eaters are feared more than any other tigers.

People kill the man-eaters whenever they can.

It is hard to catch a tiger alive.

Sometimes one is caught in a trap.

I have heard of tigers being caught by bird-lime.

Bird-lime is not like other lime.
It sticks like wax.

It is called bird-lime because
small birds are often caught with
it.

The lime is spread on the
ground.

When the birds step in it they
cannot fly away.

People do not catch tigers quite
like that.

They cover leaves with bird-
lime.

Then the leaves are spread
thickly upon the ground near
a tiger's den.

Next, a lamb is put in a cage.

The men set the cage where the
bird-lime is.

Soon the tiger hears the lamb cry.

Then he creeps from his den.

He moves very softly, so that the lamb will not be afraid, and run away.

He does not know that it is in a cage.

By and by he makes a great jump to get the lamb.

He strikes upon the cage, and falls upon the leaves.

The bird-lime sticks the leaves to his feet, and all over his body.

The more the tiger rolls and paws the faster the leaves stick.

After a while his eyes are covered by them.

This makes him blind for a time.

Still he tries to free himself.

It is of no use.

The leaves close the tiger's mouth, and cling to his claws.

Then he can not bite or scratch much.

Now the men who put the lime on the leaves hide no longer.

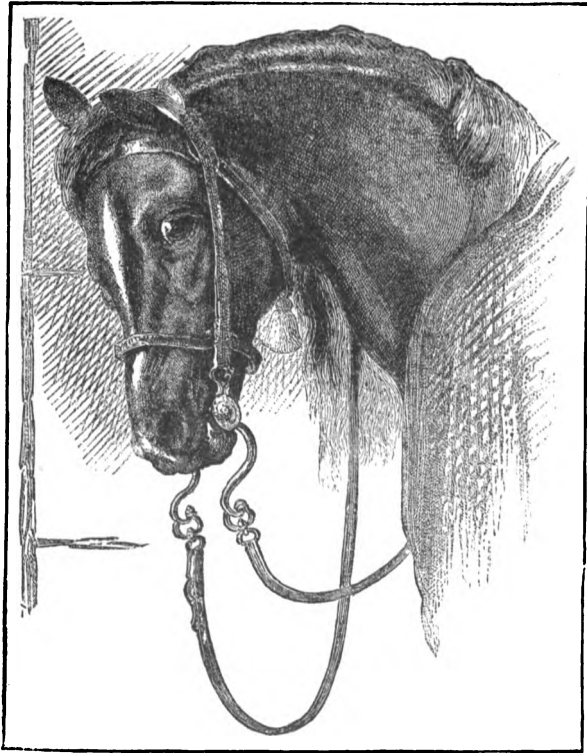
They tie strong ropes around the tiger.

They will sell him and get a good price for him.

The man who buys the tiger will put him in a cage to show to people.

Did you ever see a caged tiger?

The next time you see one, ask him if he ever saw any bird-lime.



Duke is our new horse.

Isn't he a beauty?

Some days we use him to draw
the carriage.

Then he wears a nice harness.

To-day Charlie has been riding horse-back.

Do you see in the picture that Duke has on a riding-bridle?

Charlie rode to a high hill to look at the city.

While he was riding home a rude boy threw a stone at Duke.

This did not suit Duke at all.

He sprang right against the boy and knocked him down.

Duke's hard iron shoes bruised the boy's face a good deal.

"It spoiled his beauty for a time," Charlie said.

He was well punished for his rudeness.

When Duke is eating grass near the house he likes to play with the children.

We crawl under him and pull him around as we please.

Duke never hurts us.

Mr. Bruce wishes to buy Duke.

He wants a horse that his wife can use.

Papa refused to name a price for which he would sell Duke.

“What is the value of your horse?” said Mr. Bruce.

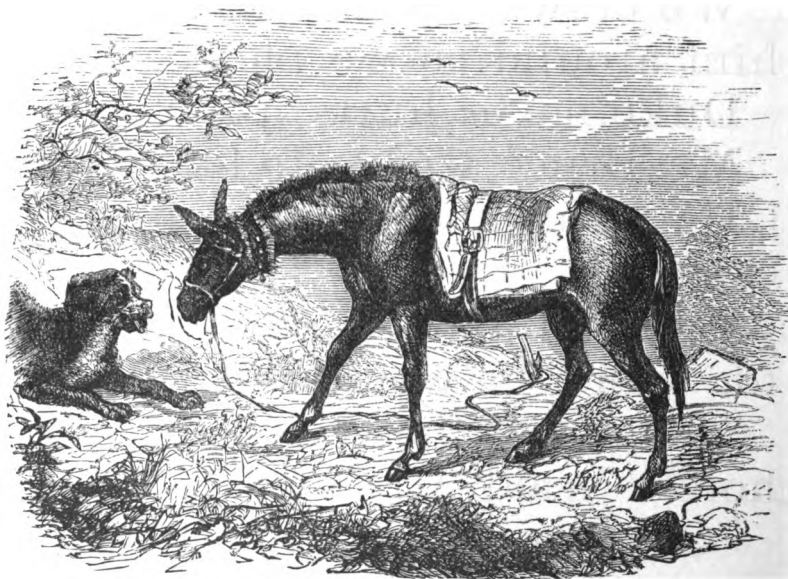
“Can’t you fix a sum for which you will sell him?”

“O, yes;” said papa, “I will sell Duke.

“But he is worth his weight in pure gold.”

You may be sure Mr. Bruce did not buy Duke at that price.

I don’t think papa means to sell Duke, do you?



Lucy Brown once had a mule named Jupe.

Jupe had been a trick mule in a circus.

In those days he was called Jupiter.

Lucy said that name was too long.

So she called the mule Jupe.

Jupe did not forget his tricks when he left the circus.

He would often play a trick on Lucy.

But Lucy knew how to manage him.

His tricks only amused her.

One day Lucy rode down to get the mail.

Jupe refused to stand in front of the post-office.

Do you think he threw Lucy from his back?

He jumped and kicked, but it was no use.

Lucy kept her seat in spite of Jupe.

Then he began to back.

Lucy thought it was time that

Jupe knew she could use a whip.

So she struck the mule a cruel blow.

Jupe sprang forward like a dart.

What do you think he did before Lucy could stop him?

He ran up the steps, and into the post-office.

Lucy stopped Jupe in front of her papa's box.

She asked for the mail as quietly as if Jupe had always come into the office.

The postmaster laughed and said, "No mail for Lucy or Jupe, to-day."

Then Lucy turned Jupe and made him go down the steps.

Jupe knew how to do this well enough.

He had learned to go up and down stairs while with the circus.

All the people laughed and clapped their hands as Lucy reached the street.

Jupe's last trick did not seem to trouble her at all.

The poor mule must have thought his trick a failure.

Do you think it safe for Lucy to ride Jupe?

Would you like to try to ride such a tricky mule?

I should not like a mule.

But I should like a pony.

Some day I mean to ask my papa to buy a pony for me.



PART I.

Walter Earl was eight years old last Tuesday.

He had been promised a birthday party.

Mrs. Earl told him he might invite just six children.

These six, with Walter and his little sister Ruby, would make a party of eight.

I will tell you the names of the boys and girls that Walter invited.

They were Frank and Susie Smith, Lulu and Fred James, Harry Niles and his cousin Lucy.

These children were each eight years old.

Mrs. Earl made it a picnic party.

This pleased the children, you may be sure.

Pluto and Juno were busy all the day before, getting ready for the party.

Early Tuesday morning these two went out to the grove.

Pluto hitched Neptune, the old team horse, to a large wagon.

In the wagon were a tent, a hammock, a swing, camp chairs, and many other things.

It is no use to try to tell you all.

It was a lovely morning in the last of June.

The blue sky was without a cloud.

The bright sun soon dried the dew upon the grass.

The air was fresh and pure.

At eight o'clock the children were all waiting at Mr. Earl's house.

Robert, the coachman drove to the door with the span of bay carriage horses.

They were hitched to a kind of wagon that is sometimes called a barge.

This was a new barge, named the Blue-bird.

Robert soon drove off with his happy load.

PART II.

In about an hour they reached the grove.

Pluto had pitched the tent, swung the hammock, and put up the swing.

And he had things all ready to get dinner when it was time for it.

He had driven three long sticks into the ground.

Then he had fastened the tops of the sticks together.

Next, he hung a kettle of water from the sticks and built a fire under the kettle.

Juno sat on a bench near by waiting for the water to boil.

Look at the picture and you will see Pluto and Juno near the fire.

The pleasure of the children was very great.

"What a jewel your mamma is to plan such a nice time for us!" said Susie.

"That is true," cried all the others.

Just then the barge stopped and Walter helped all his little friends out.

The girls amused themselves in the tent for a while.

The boys ran about under the trees, at first, and then tried the swing and hammock.

These were put up back of the tent.

The picture does not show them.

You may be sure the children had a fine time.

They were all eager for the chowder which Juno had ready for them at noon.

Pluto set the table under the trees.

Then he waited upon the eight children as if they had been grown people.

After the chowder, they had cold meat and sandwiches.

Next came cake, and plenty of fruit.

Strawberries, oranges, cherries and bananas were eaten until the little people wanted no more.

A spring, in a rock near by, gave them the coldest of water to drink.

Was not this a nice picnic dinner?

PART III.

After dinner, the children rested awhile.

Some were in the tent; some were on the grass under the trees.

When they were rested, they played again till Juno called them to tea.

The supper was much like the dinner, except that there was no chowder.

Pluto surprised them with a great pitcher of lemonade.

The thirsty children drank many glasses of this.

They found it so good that they gave three cheers for Pluto.

As the cheers died away, Ruby heard the noise of wheels, and the quick stepping of horses.

“O see, Ruby!” cried Walter, “Papa and mamma are coming truly, *truly!*”

Walter was right.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl had driven out to see the children.

They came in the light buggy, with the new pair of black horses.

They stopped long enough to speak to all the little boys and girls, and to taste the lunch.

Then they drove away, leaving all the party happier for their visit.

PART IV.

At six o'clock, Robert came with the span of bays and the barge.

The children trimmed the barge with boughs, and stuck leaves in their hats for plumes.

They gave eight cheers in honor of the holiday, and drove home in high spirits.

When they reached home, Mrs. Earl invited them into the parlors.

There they had some fine music for an hour.

Walter tried his new flute, which was one of his birthday presents.

Ruby and Lucy played a piano duet.

Then Susie played a lively tune, and all the children sang a song.

Mr. Earl wrote this song for the birthday.

The party broke up at just *eight* o'clock.

Mrs. Earl asked them to come again next year, and stay until *nine*.

WHAT A LITTLE ROSE DID.**PART I.**

I know a pretty rose. It is the home of a fairy. Her name is Love. She is not as large as a pin. She lives in the rose. She drinks the little dew-drops. She eats the honey from the rose. The rose is on a bush in the garden. One day a little girl ran into the garden. She saw the beautiful rose. "Oh, I must have this pretty rose," she said. "I will put it in my new vase." She ran to her mamma and said, "Please may I have the pretty rose in the garden?" "No, my child." Then the little girl began to tease. "I shall

give it to a little girl," said her mamma. "She is a lame girl. She has no pretty flowers. She lives where she cannot see them." The little girl began to cry. She did not wish the lame girl to have the rose.

PART II.

She went to the garden again. She stood looking at the rose. She was wishing she could have it. It would look so pretty in her vase. Pretty soon she heard a noise. It seemed to be in the rose. She put her ear close to it. Yes, it was the rose. Then she touched the rose. The little fairy came out. "What do you want, little girl," she said. "I wanted the rose. Mamma

would not let me have it. She will give it to a poor lame girl.” “This is my home,” said the fairy. “You would not take my home from me; would you, little girl?” “No,” said the little girl. “Would you like to give it to the lame girl?” “Oh no, I want it in my vase.” The fairy was very sorry. She wanted her to say yes.

PART III.

Then the fairy said, “Come with me.” She took the little girl a long way, where there was no green grass. Then they came to narrow streets. The houses were old and dark. The little girl began to be afraid. But the fairy

said, "I will take good care of you." She took her down into a low room. There sat a little girl. She was twelve years old. She could not run and play. She was lame. She had a crutch by her chair. She was making an apron. She was earning money. She was very poor. Her name was Jane. The fairy took the little girl into the room. Jane did not see the fairy. She saw the little girl. She asked her to sit down. The fairy had gone. So she sat down to rest.

PART IV.

"What is your name, little girl?"
"My name is Belle." "Have you come a long way?" "Yes, I live

in the country.” “Oh,” cried Jane, “where you hear the birds sing. And where the lovely flowers grow. Oh, if I could only live there! Then I could gather the wild flowers.” “Did you never go there?” asked Belle. “Yes, long ago, with papa and mamma. Mamma has been sick a long time. Sometimes mamma talks of the flowers. Oh, if I could walk! I would bring her some, fresh from the fields. They would please her so much. I do all I can to make her happy. But I can only read and talk with her.” Then Jane told Belle some of the nice stories she had read. Belle was very happy. She stayed a long time. She did not think of the fairy.

PART V.

Belle said "good-by" to Jane. She went home alone. It did not seem very far. She was busy thinking of the lame girl. When she reached home she went to her mamma. She told her of the fairy and the rose; then of the little girl. Her mother said, "She is the poor girl. Her name is Jane. I wanted the rose for her." Belle wished to be like Jane. She said, "I will try hard every day. I will read a nice story every day. I will sew a little every day. And I can play every day, too." Then she went to the garden. The little rose was still there. She touched it. The little

fairy came out. "Would you like to give this rose to the lame girl now?" "Oh yes," cried Belle, "I would like to give her this rose. And many more, too. I will take her some wild flowers. She loves the wild flowers. She cannot go after them."

PART VI.

"I wish Jane had a rose-bush. Then she could watch the little roses as they come. Do little people like you live in all of the roses?" "Yes," said the fairy, "you will find one in every flower." Then the fairy gave Belle a lovely little rose-bush. It was in a pretty flower-pot. Belle

took it to Jane. She carried her work with her. They sat and sewed and talked. They had a good play, too. The fairy gave Belle the rose. She took that to Jane, too. She gave Jane her vase with the rose in it. But where did the fairy go? She gave her home to Belle. Why, the little fairy found another home. It was not in a flower this time. It was in Belle's heart. Was not that a nice home for Love? Jane thought so, I am sure, for she wrote this little verse, and sent it to Belle:—

“More beauteous than the lily,
And sweeter than the rose,
Is the tender heart of Childhood.
There Love can best repose.”



Pretty little blue-bird,
Flying through the air,
Sing without a sorrow,
Sing without a care;
Sing your song of gladness,
Sing it all the day.
O, could human sadness
Thus be sung away!

Now the little blue-bird
Flies back to her nest;
Flies to little blue-birds,
And mate she loves the best,—
Best of all the blue-birds
That ever she has seen.
Why shouldn't she be happy,
As happy as a queen?

THE SINGING DOLL.**PART I.**

There was once an old lady who was very sick. She had a little boy eight years old. His name was Harry. She called him to her. "My dear Harry," said she, "I cannot live long. When I die, take this box. Carry it to the fairy, Kindness. The fairy will take care of you. Be kind to her. She will be kind to you." Harry's mother died. Poor Harry was very sad. He took the box to the fairy. The fairy lived in the wood. He knocked on the door. "Who's there?" the fairy cried. "It is Harry. My mother

is dead. She told me to give this box to you." The fairy let Harry go in to her house. She knew what was in the box. Harry was crying. "Don't cry," she said; "I will take care of you. You must mind all I say." Harry said that he would mind the fairy.

PART II.

"Harry, you will see many things. You will see them here. You must not tell what you see. You must tell no one." Harry said he would tell no one. The fairy said, "I will love you for it." She gave Harry some pretty clothes. She gave him a real gold watch, too. Then she gave him some food. She left

him alone. She took the box to her room. Harry wished very much to see the box. He wanted to know what was in it. He did not dare to ask the fairy. Harry lived with her a long time. The fairy loved him. Every day he read and played. He played with little children. They played in the woods. Two of them were giant's children. They were bad. The giant did not like the fairy. And the little giants did not like Harry. They wished to make trouble.

PART III.

Harry told the little giants of the box. They told him to find

it, and open it. Harry said he would try. One day the fairy went away. She stayed a long time. He went to the fairy's room. There he found the box. He opened it, and found nothing. He went and told the giants. They were very angry. "The fairy has taken it," they said. "Go and look again." He went back to the room. He heard beautiful singing. It was in the closet. The closet was locked. He had no key. He told the giants. They gave him a ring. He touched the door. The door flew open. What did Harry see? A beautiful doll. It was a wonderful doll. She could walk and dance. She could sing songs. She

could not talk. Harry played with the doll a long time.

PART IV.

Harry took the doll to the little giants. They hid the doll. He looked for her all day. He could not find her. He was very tired. He sat down under a tree. He cried very hard. The giant went by. He saw Harry crying. "What is the matter, little boy?" "Oh, sir, I am a bad boy. I stole the Singing Doll. What will the fairy say!" "Come with me," said the giant. Poor Harry went with the bad giant. He took him to a house near by. An old woman came to the door. The giant told

her to take Harry. Poor Harry was put in a dark room. He heard the doll. He could not see her. The bad giant had locked her up. Poor Harry was very tired. He soon cried himself to sleep.

PART V.

The next day the fairy came home. She could not find Harry. She could not find the doll. She mounted her flying cat, and went to look for them. The giant went to the top of a mountain. He took Harry with him. He said, "Harry, I shall now change you to a frog." He took him by the leg. Harry screamed, and called for the fairy. The fairy heard him.

The cat flew to the giant. The fairy touched the giant with a ring. He became a frog. She took Harry home. The little giants came to see Harry. The fairy turned them to frogs, too. They hopped away to a little brook. They swam off. Harry never saw them again. The fairy went to the giant's house. She looked in all the rooms. She found the doll. She took it home. The doll could walk and dance and sing, just as she always had done. Harry liked to play with the doll very much. And he always minded the fairy, so she let him play with the doll whenever he wished.



PART I.

This is a picture of our dog Sport.

We owned him when I was a little girl.

All of our family called him

the handsomest and best dog in all the world.

Walter brought Sport home when he was only a few days old.

The puppy was too young to take any food but milk; and he did not know how to drink.

What was to be done with the poor little dog?

He would starve if we did not feed him.

At last, Walter put some milk into a bottle as if it were for a baby.

And the baby dog took the milk just as you have seen other babies take it from bottles.

When he was hungry, he would whine and cry until his bottle was brought.

I think you would laugh to see him hold the bottle with his paws.

The neighbors used to come in to see our puppy take his milk.

They laughed at his bottle, but he did not care in the least for that.

Every day he grew fatter and rounder.

His short legs could hardly carry him.

The cold weather came on while he was still a little puppy.

We made a bed for him in a box.

We put the box near the fire-place so Sport would be warm.

Sport slept in the box at night.

My father used to get up in the night to give the puppy his bottle.

PART II.

As he grew older he was as full of fun as a dog could be.

And this is the reason Walter named him Sport.

I will tell you some of the funny tricks that Walter taught Sport to do.

Sometimes Walter would say, "Now, Sport, *Sneeze*, sir!"

Then Sport would wrinkle up his nose and squint up his eyes and give a big sneeze.

It sounded as if he had caught cold.

This trick always made us laugh.

He would also find anything that Walter would hide.

When he brought it back he would wag his tail and wait to be patted and praised.

Sport would sit up and beg.

Sometimes when he was sitting up, Walter would put a piece of bread on Sport's nose.

Then he would count "one, two, *three!*"

When Walter said *three*, Sport would toss the bread into the air.

He would catch it in his mouth when it came down.

Sport used to look so pleased after he had done any trick that it seemed as if he really laughed.

Our dog tried to eat everything that we ate.

He was very fond of anything sweet.

He would beg for candy or sugar if he saw us have any.

One day in the early spring, we were having some maple sugar.

We melted it and cooled it on snow.

This makes a kind of soft, sweet wax.

Sport watched us eat it, and began to beg for some.

So, Walter made a large ball of the wax.

This he put into Sport's mouth.

Of course the dog shut his teeth upon it, for he did not know that the wax would stick.

It was very funny to see him try to get his mouth open again.

He tried and tried, but it was no use.

He had to wait for the wax to melt.

We enjoyed that better than Sport did.

He would never eat maple sugar after that.

Can you tell why?

PART III.

Sport liked a good romp, and he and I ran many races together.

I taught him to take my hand in his mouth and run by my side.

But, in all our races, I had to give up first.

Then Sport would bark as hard as he could.

He acted as if he were laughing because he had beaten me in the race.

Sport was very fond of company, and always remembered those who visited us.

If he saw a lady going by, who had ever visited us, he would bark, and run out to meet her.

He would try to lead her into the house, just as he led me.

If he could not get her hand, he would take hold of her dress and pull towards the house.

Some were afraid that Sport would bite them if they did not come in.

They thought him a cross dog.

This was because they did not know him well.

So, you see, many ladies called upon us who were invited by Sport.

He would "shake hands" very well.

And he would "speak" for company.

He was a good jumper, too.

He could jump over a stick when held very high.

And he would swim a long way to get a stick, if we threw one into the river.

Sport could do a great many more amusing things.

But I cannot tell you about the rest just now.

It would take too long a time.

PART IV.

Now I will tell you some of the useful things that our dog could do.

We lived on a farm when we owned Sport.

My father kept a great many cows.

In the morning, Sport used to drive the cows to pasture.

And he went after them at night when it was time to milk them.

Some one had to go with him to take down the bars and put them up again.

But Sport did all the rest.

There was one thing which Sport did that I did not like at all.

Walter used to send him to wake me up in the morning.

The first I would know, Sport would poke his cold nose against my face or neck.

When I opened my eyes he barked and jumped for joy.

If I did not get up at once he would come right back.

He would not let me go to sleep again.

Our Sport was a good watchdog.

He always knew if a stranger came around the house or barn.

He would bark to tell us of it.

When any of the family came out to see who it was, he was satisfied.

He would not bark any more,

but he always staid near till the stranger was gone.

Do you not think Sport was worth all the trouble he caused us while a puppy?

And do you wonder that we were very sorry when our dear Sport died?

We always say that no other dog was ever so handsome or so smart as our dog Sport.

