

soldier, and the little boy liked to play that he, too, was a soldier. He and his little friends at school used to march around with cornstalks for guns.

II

6. One spring day George's father went into the garden and wrote the name "George Washington" in the soft earth.

7. Then he filled the letters with seeds. The warm spring rains made them grow. In a few days there was the name "George Washington" growing in fresh, green leaves.

8. Then Mr. Washington took George into the garden. The little boy ran about, looking at the flowers and plants. At last he saw his name growing there.

9. "O father," he cried, "come and see this! Here is my name growing in this bed. Who made it?"

10. "Why do you think anyone made it?" asked Mr. Washington. "Perhaps it grew by chance."



"Here is my name."

11. "I am sure it did not," said George. "I never saw plants grow by chance so as to make one letter, and here is my name. I think you must have done it, father. Did you not?"

12. "Yes, my son," said Mr. Washington, "and I did it to teach you a lesson. Even a little thing like this does not come by chance. Then we may be sure chance did not make this beautiful world for us to live in.

13. "There is water for you when you are thirsty, and food when you are hungry. There are plants and animals to give you clothing. There are beautiful sights for you to see, and sweet sounds for you to hear.

14. "The world is full of things for you to use and to enjoy. Some one has done all this for you. He is wiser and stronger than I. He loves you even more than I do. This is what I want you to learn and remember."

15. "I will not forget it, father," said George, and he did not.

16. Mr. Washington died when George was still a small boy. Then Mrs. Washington had to take care of the home and the farm.

17. She was very fond of horses and had a number of them. Among them was a fine young horse which no one had been able to ride or drive. One day George and some of his friends saw this horse in a field.

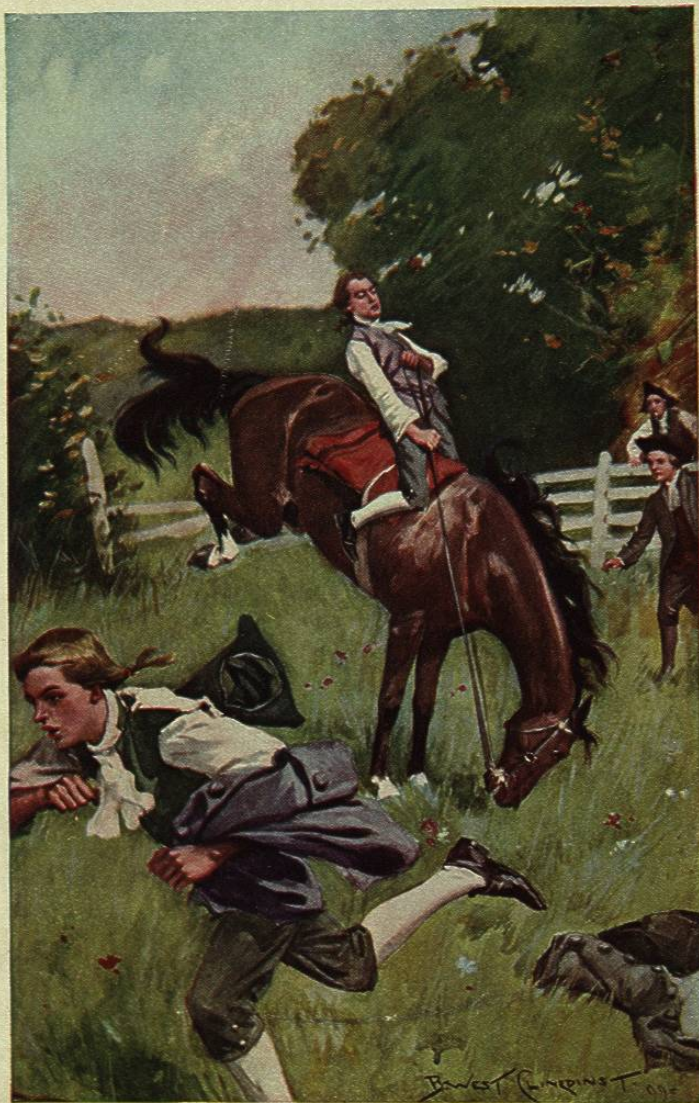
18. "I know I can ride him," George said. "I am going to do it."

19. The other boys helped George catch the horse and put the bridle on it. Then George sprang upon its back. The young animal kicked and plunged. It tried in vain to throw its rider.

20. At last it gave a great plunge and fell to the ground dead. The boys were very much frightened.

21. "O George, how angry your mother will be!" one of them said. "This is her favorite horse. Do not tell her about it, and she will think that some of the men are to blame."

22. When the boys went in, Mrs. Washington



The horse tried in vain to throw its rider.

said, "Pray, young gentlemen, have you seen my horses this morning? I hope great care is taken of them. I am told that my favorite has grown to be a fine large horse."

23. George said, "Your favorite is dead, madam. I killed him." Then he told the whole story.

24. His mother did not speak for a minute. Then she said, "I am sorry that my favorite horse is dead, but I am glad that my son always speaks the truth."

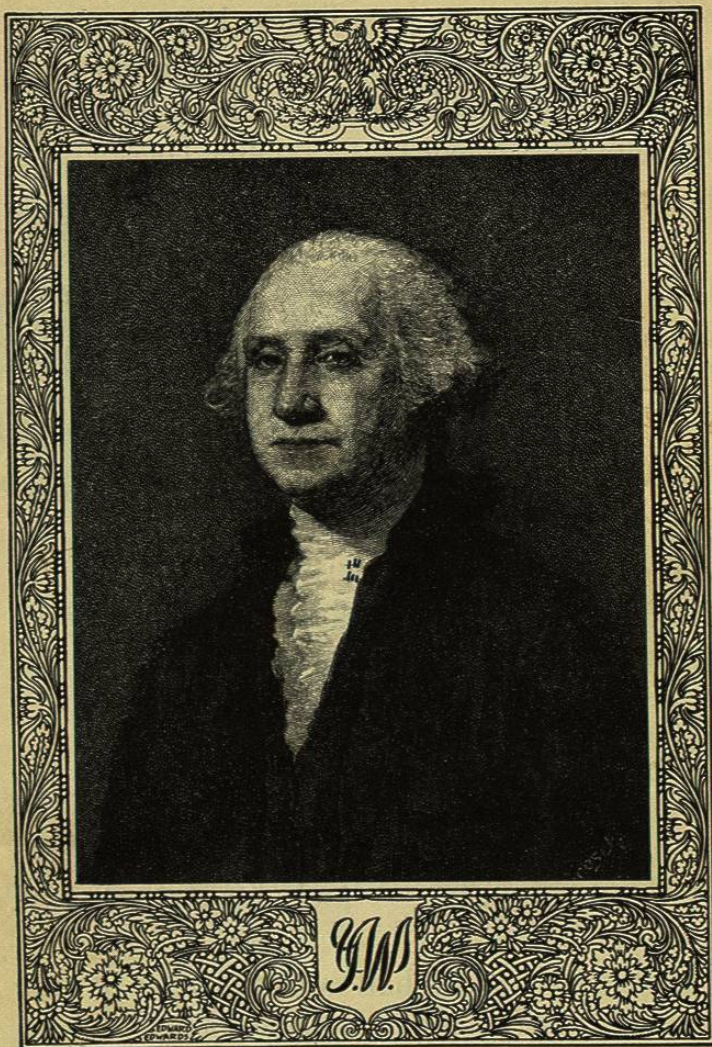


"Your favorite is dead."

IV

25. There are three things you are to remember about Washington as a boy. He always told the truth, he was not afraid of anything, and he obeyed his father and mother.

26. If these things had not been true of him as a boy, he would never have grown up to be a great and good man.



From the painting by Gilbert Stuart

George Washington

au'thor	hō'ly	mōr'tal	lib'ēr tỳ
răp'tūre	thēe	sī'lence	Pil'grim
nā'tive	rīll	prō lōng'	frēe'dòm
thrīll	swēll	pār tākē'	tēm'pled

America

1. My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!
2. My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.
3. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;

Let mortal tongues awake;
 Let all that breathe partake;
 Let rocks their silence break,—
 The sound prolong.

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

SAMUEL F. SMITH



Down came the milk.

pāɪl	grænd	sɪlk	mɪs'trɛs
sɛɪl	lʊk'ɪ	mɪlk'māɪd	

The Milkmaid

1. A milkmaid did her work well; so one day her mistress gave her a pail of milk.

"You may sell this milk," she said, "and buy something for yourself."

2. The girl put the pail on her head and started to town. "What a lucky girl I am!" she said to herself. "I will sell this milk and buy some eggs."

3. "I will put the eggs under a hen, and she will hatch a fine brood of chickens. I will feed my chickens till they grow to be fat hens."

4. "I will sell my hens and buy a fine dress. It must be silk, and I think it shall be green. Yes, I will have a green silk dress. How fine I shall look in it!"

5. "I shall be too grand to speak to the other maids on the farm. When I go by them, I will not even look at them. I will just toss my head,—like this."

6. She gave her head a toss and down came the milk, and with it all her great hopes.

alive	became	fasten	merry
alone	become	often	sorry

I sũm	daugh'tēr	III crũst	IV shōok
Mĩ'das	Mār'ỹ gold	grōaned	hāte
mōn'eỹ	strān'gēr	cōm'fort	shũd'dēred
spēnt	sāt'is fỹ	ũn hāp'pỹ	rĩd
hēap	IS tō-mōr'rōw	ĩm'āge	V spār'kled

The Golden Touch

I

1. Once upon a time there lived a king named Midas.

2. He was very rich. He had money enough to buy everything he could want all his life.

3. You would think he would not care for more. But the more money Midas had, the more he wished to have.

4. There was only one thing he loved as well as his gold. That was his little daughter Marygold.

5. Midas had a dark, strong room under his palace, where he kept his treasures. Here he spent much of his time, looking over them.

6. One day he was in his strong room.

Looking up from the heap of gold, he saw a stranger standing near him.

7. How could he have got into the room? Midas had come in alone and had fastened the door after him.

8. The stranger looked about him.

"You are a rich man, friend Midas," he said. "You have much gold, I see."

9. "I should like to have still more," said the king.

"Pray, how much do you want?" asked the stranger.

10. Midas stopped to think. Somehow he felt sure that this stranger could give him what he wished.

11. He thought and thought, but could not at once think of any sum that would satisfy him.

II

12. At last a bright thought came to him and he said, "I wish that everything I touch could be changed to gold."

The stranger smiled at this, and the whole room seemed to become brighter.

13. "The golden touch!" he cried. "Are you sure this will satisfy you? Will you never be sorry to have it?"

14. "Sorry!" cried Midas. "I should be quite happy."

15. "You shall have your wish," said the stranger. "To-morrow at sunrise the golden touch shall be yours."

16. The next morning Midas found to his delight that his wish had come true. Everything turned to gold under his touch. Even his clothes became cloth of gold, as he put them on.



He touched the roses.

17. After he was dressed, he went for a walk in his garden. It delighted him to see the roses change to gold as he touched them.

III

18. This morning walk made the king hungry, and he went in to breakfast. He and his little daughter, Marygold, sat down to the table.

19. But the king soon found that he could

not eat his breakfast at all. Can you think why?

20. Everything turned to gold as he touched it. Midas had the richest breakfast ever set before a king. But hungry as he was, there was nothing he could eat. A poor man with a crust of bread and a cup of water was better off than the king.

21. Midas groaned. Little Marygold heard him and ran to comfort him.

He kissed her and cried, "My dear, dear little Marygold!"

22. But Marygold made no answer. Her father's touch had changed her to gold. Instead of his dear little girl, there stood before him a golden image.

23. It would be too sad a story to tell you how unhappy Midas was. He would have given all his treasures to have had his dear child back again.

IV

24. All at once he saw before him the stranger who had come to him in the treasure room.

25. "Well, friend Midas," the stranger said with a smile, "how do you get on with the golden touch?"

26. Midas shook his head. "I am very unhappy," he said.



Her father's touch had changed her to gold.

27. "Very unhappy!" said the stranger. "Why is that? You said the golden touch was the one thing you wanted."

28. "Gold is not everything," said Midas.

"A cup of water or a crust of bread is better than gold. I would not have given my little girl for all the gold on earth."

29. "You are wiser than you were, friend Midas," said the stranger. "You see now that there are things in the world better than gold."

"I hate the golden touch!" said Midas.

30. Just then a fly lighted on his nose, but at once it fell to the floor. It, too, had become gold. Midas shuddered.

31. "I will tell you," said the stranger, "how to get rid of the golden touch. Go and bathe in the river which flows through your garden. Pour some of that water over anything which you wish to change to what it was before."

v

32. Midas ran to the garden at once, and plunged into the river. Then he took some of the water and dashed it over little Marygold.

33. You would have laughed to see the color come back to her face. Before long she was her dear little self again.

34. How happy Midas was! You may be sure he was glad to be rid of the golden touch.

35. But there was one thing which put him in mind of it as long as he lived. The sands of the river in which he had bathed sparkled like gold!



Marygold

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE—ADAPTED

Write a story using these words:

Midas	money	loved	girl
stranger	wished	touched	gold
breakfast	turned	bathe	wiser

Copy and memorize:

*If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done;
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well or not at all.*

wěst'ĕrn sĭl'vĕr bābe wěst

Sweet and Low

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
 Over the rolling waters go;
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me;
 While my little one, while my pretty one,
 sleeps.
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest;
 Father will come to thee soon.
 Rest, rest on mother's breast;
 Father will come to thee soon.
 Father will come to his babe in the nest;
 Silver sails all out of the west,
 Under the silver moon;
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
 sleep!

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Words in Second Reader

The following list will be useful for review exercises in enunciation, pronunciation, spelling, and language work.

<i>habile</i> ā'ble	<i>artista</i> ārt'ist	bĕnch	<i>rama</i> brānch
ā bōat'ing	ā shōre'	bĕ nĕath'	<i>breakfast</i> brĕak'fast
<i>avanzar</i> ā hōve' ā crōss'	āunt	Bĕs'sĭe	brĕathe
ā flōat'ing	au'thor	bĕt'tĕr	<i>brisa</i> brĕeze
ā frāid'	ā wōke'	bĕ twĕen'	<i>puente</i> brĭde
āft'ĕr nōon'		bĕ yōnd'	brĭdĝe
āĝe	bāa	bĭg'ĝĕst	brĭ'dle
ā gō'	bābe	bĭl'ly	<i>quitar</i> brōke
Āl'frĕd	bāck'wards	bĭt	<i>quipado</i> brōk'en
Āl'ĭce Nĕal	bāĝ	blāme	brōod
ā lĭve'	bānk	blān'kĕt	<i>estoba</i> brōom
ā lōne'	bāre	blĭnd	brōth
ā lōng'	bār'leŷ	blōwn	brōught
al rĕad'ŷ	bās'kĕt	blūnt	<i>construir</i> būild
al'wāys	bāthĕ	bōd'ies	<i>ramillete</i> būnch
ān'grŷ	bĕad	bōld	<i>quipado</i> būsy (bĭz'zŷ)
ān'ĭ mal	bĕar	bōl'stĕr	<i>baton</i> būt'ton
ān'swĕr	bĕat'en	bōne	būzz
ānt	bĕ cāme'	bōth	
āp'ple-tārt	bĕ cāuse'	bōt'tōm	cāke
ārm	bĕ fōre'	bound	<i>baton</i> cāne
ār'mŷ	bĕ ĝĭn'	bow'ĕr	<i>castro</i> cāp
ār'rānt	bĕ ĝūn'	bōwl	<i>cuicado</i> cāre
ār'rōw	bĕ lōw'	bow-wow	<i>baton</i> cār'ry
		bōx	<i>castro</i> cās'tle