

Henry. Then he climbed down the bank and tried to pick the flowers.

He had them all in his hand when his foot slipped, and he fell into the river. The water was deep, the stream was swift and strong, and the little boy could not swim.

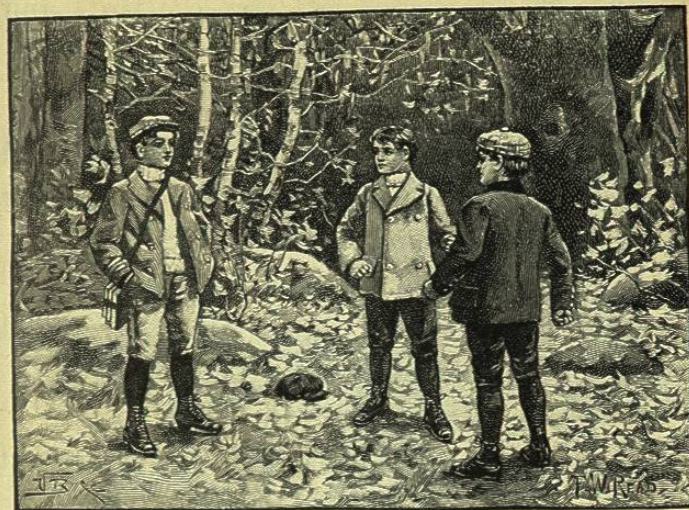
All the boys and girls who saw Henry fall began to cry and scream, but they did not know how to help him in any way.

Henry's dog heard the noise and saw his little master in the water. He ran as fast as he could and jumped into the river.

It did not take him long to swim out in the swift stream and catch hold of Henry's coat, and so keep him from sinking. Then he drew him to the bank and lifted him out.

By this time some of the big boys had come down to the river. They took Henry up and carried him home, and it was not long till he was as well and strong as ever.

You may be sure that Henry took good care of his dog after that. He was glad that he had been kind to him and had helped him when he had no other friend.



nūt <i>nuet</i>	běst	whose <i>cujo</i>	kēr'nel <i>repula</i>
bōth <i>ambos</i>	brōke <i>rompus</i>	mōst	quar'el <i>rina</i>
pāy <i>pagan</i>	isn't <i>noy</i>	hālf	sēt'tling <i>amiglo</i>

#### THE QUARREL.

One day John and Henry were playing in the woods. Under a tall tree they saw a fine, large nut, and both ran to get it.

Henry got to it first and picked it up. But John cried out, "Give me that nut! It is mine, for I was the first to see it."

"No, it is not yours," said Henry; "it is mine, for I picked it up."



Then they began to quarrel about the nut. Each wanted it, and each tried to show that he had the best right to it.

Just then they saw Frank going by, and they asked him to stop a minute. "Isn't this nut mine?" said Henry.

"No, it is not his; it is mine," said John.

"Shall I tell you whose it is?" asked Frank.

"Yes, yes," said both the little boys.

"Well, then," said Frank, "who saw it first?"

"I did," said John.

"Who picked it up?"

"I did," said Henry.

"Very well," said Frank. "I will now put an end to your little quarrel."

He took the nut from Henry's hand and broke the shell. When he had done this he took out the kernel.

"Here, John," he said, "you shall have this half of the shell; for you were the first who saw the nut. And Henry, this other half is yours; for you picked the nut up.

But I shall keep the kernel as my pay for settling your quarrel."

The little boys did not like this very well. But Frank said: "It is a good lesson for you. Most quarrels end just this way."



wāve fill ūn tīe' sīde through  
gūide rōpe an òth'er mōve pull'ing

#### THE SAIL.

One summer morning Robert and his little sister Rose were playing in the white sand by the shore of the lake.