

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.

Their father's boat, with the sail half set, was lying not far away. It was pulling at the rope with which it was fastened, and looking as if it wanted to get away.

"Rose, how would you like to take a sail in father's new boat?" asked Robert.

"Oh, I should like it very much," said Rose.

"Well, then, come and get in," said Robert, "and we will go out a little way. Father will not care."

"But you are too little to sail the boat, Robert. You can not make it go to the right place."

"Too little!" said the brave boy. "Why, I will soon be six, and I know all about the boat."

"Well, then," said Rose, "let us take just a little sail on the lake. But we must be back before dinner."

"Oh, we will not stay long. Climb into the boat, and I will untie her. We will have a fine sail, I tell you."

Soon Robert had untied the boat, and it began to move out from the shore.

"I will see to the sail, Rose," said Robert, "and you may sit here and guide the boat."

"That is what mother does when she goes sailing with father," said Rose.

The two children were very happy as they sailed away from the shore. The wind was blowing, and they were delighted to see how fast the boat was moving through the water.

But soon a big wave broke over the side of the boat, and Robert began to feel afraid. There was water all about their feet now, and Rose began to cry.

"Never mind, Rose," said her brave little brother. "I will dip it all out with father's dipper."

But just as he was beginning to dip, a still bigger wave came. This made Robert wish they were back on shore again; for what if the boat should fill with water and sink.

Then he looked up and saw another boat near them. Yes, it was coming right to them! Their father was in it, and he had come after them. How glad the children were to be taken safe home!



swing
wall
child
air
wide
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cattle
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THE SWING.

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle, and all
Over the country's side —

Till I look down on the garden green
Down on the roof so brown —
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air, and down! — R. L. S.



sewing finished usual happy
knitting better to-night cousins
pleasant tired because useful

THE FIRESIDE.

One night in winter two little girls with
their mother were sitting by a bright fire in
their pleasant home. All were busy. The girls
were sewing, and their mother was knitting.