



But I lost my poor little doll,
 As I played in the fields one day;
 And I cried for her more than a week,
 But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll,
 As I played in the fields one day.
 They say she is very much changed,
 For her paint is all washed away,
 And her arm trodden off by the cows,
 And her hair not the least bit curled;
 Yet for old time's sake she is still
 The prettiest doll in the world.

— Adapted from Charles Kingsley.



ducks eūn'ning slȳ'lȳ touched
 flight frīght'ened hārd'lȳ snapped
 frīght how ēv'er seemed watch'ing

THE FOX AND THE DUCKS.

One day in summer a man was sitting on the bank of a river and looking at some ducks that were swimming in the water.

Soon he saw a branch with green leaves floating down the stream. As it floated near to the ducks they seemed to be frightened and flew away to another part of the river.

In a little while, however, they came back one by one, and began to swim in the water as before.

Soon another branch came floating down among them, and again they took flight; but when they saw that the branch had gone by, they came back as before.

After four or five branches had come down in this way, the ducks seemed but little afraid of them. At last, they hardly tried to fly out of their way, even when the branches almost touched them.

The man, who had been watching all this, now began to wonder who had set these branches floating down the stream. He looked around, and after a while saw a fox slyly watching the ducks. "What will he do next?" thought the man.

When the fox saw that the ducks were no longer afraid of the branches, he took a much larger branch than any he had yet used. He threw it into the river and then followed it, hiding himself behind it. Then he floated with it down the stream.

Right among the ducks floated the green branch and the sly fox. The fox snapped quickly to the right and left. He seized two fine young ducks, and swam off with them.

The rest of the ducks flew away in fright, and did not come back for a long time.

The fox must have had a fine dinner to pay him for his cunning work.

Charles	earn	price	pulled
mon'ey	certain	job	business
a gree'	weeds	whole	sûr prised'

WORK AND PLAY.

Charles White was not an idle boy, but he did not like to work long at any one time or at any one thing.

One day his father said, "Charles, would you like to earn some money by pulling up the weeds and grass in the garden?"

"Yes, father," said Charles, "I should like it quite well. How much will you pay?"

"That is not business-like," said Mr. White. "Give me your price by the hour, by the day,