

was just one hour since he had first gone into the garden.

Charles thought this was working, and was surprised when his father told him that he would not pay him for an hour's work.

"When you have worked one whole hour you shall have ten cents," said his father. "I did not agree to pay you for playing, talking, or looking at flowers. I was to pay you for pulling up weeds."

Charles learned from this that when he agreed to work a certain time at a certain price, the way to do was to work the full time, and then he would be sure of full pay.

stōne      wīse      an'y whêre      in deed'  
bill      thirst'ŷ      pītch'er      hōped

#### THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

A FABLE.

One hot day in summer a wise old crow felt very thirsty, but could find no water to drink. Not a drop was to be seen anywhere.

At last he flew down in a garden, and there

he saw a pitcher among some stones. He was very much pleased, for he hoped to find some water in the pitcher.

He went to it and saw that indeed

there was water in it, but it was so far down he could not reach it. He could not even wet the tip of his bill.

He then tried to turn the pitcher over, but it was far too heavy for him to move. For a minute he stood as if thinking what he should do.

Then he took up a small stone and let it fall into the water. Again and again he did the same thing, dropping in stone after stone, till at last the water rose so high that he could reach it. Then he took a good drink and flew away.





Nō'rà      lōne'ly      brēad      shōul'der  
 clōse      quī'et      mīlk      thēm sēlves'  
 tāme      gēn'tle      eō'zŷ      erūmbŷ

# THE SQUIRRELS.

Little Nora lives in a log house close by the green woods. She has no sisters, and her brothers are at work on the farm all day long.

There is no other house near, and it is not often that Nora sees any other girls. Yet she is not lonely; for she has many little friends that live in the woods. Here is one of them.



How did Nora teach the squirrel to be so tame? Nora came to the woods often, and was always so quiet and gentle that the squirrels soon found they need not be afraid of her.

She brought her bread and milk to eat under the trees, and was sure to leave crumbs for the squirrels.

When they came near, she sat very still and watched them. So, little by little, she made them her friends, till, at last, they would sit on her shoulder and eat from her hand.

Squirrels build for themselves summer houses. These are made of leaves, and sticks, and moss. They are pleasant and cool for summer, but would never do for the winter cold and snow.

So these wise little people find a hollow in an old tree. They line it with soft moss and leaves and make it very cozy and warm; and there they live all winter.

wōve      bough      sprāng      trēm ble      trāck  
 thrēads      sprŷ      heārt      pēcked      hāste

# THE ROBIN'S STORY.

I built me a nest  
 In the old oak tree —  
 As pretty a nest  
 As ever could be.