

I wove it with threads
 To the oak tree bough;
 And three little birdies
 Are sleeping there now.

One day as I sang
 To my birdies three,
 A spry little squirrel
 Sprang up in the tree.

I thought he was coming
 Right up to the bough,—
 It makes my heart tremble
 To think of it now.

I flew like an eagle
 Right down through the air;
 And soon he was running,
 I cannot tell where.

I pecked him and pecked him,
 And flew in his track;
 He will not be in haste,
 I think, to come back.

hatch hăch'et *chop* chōp'ping *for* fōr'est *speak* spōke
wash Wash'ing ton *cherry* chēr'ry *anger* ăn'ger *crash* erăsh
false false'hōod *rather* răth'er *for* fōr gōt' *deal* dēal
president prēs'ī dent *because* be eause' *truth* trūth *cost* eōst

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

When George Washington was quite a little boy, his father gave him a hatchet. It was bright and new, and George took great delight in going about and chopping things with it.

He ran into the garden, and there he saw a tree which seemed to say to him, "Come and cut me down!"

George had often seen his father's men chop down the great trees in the forest, and he thought that it would be fine fun to see this tree fall with a crash to the ground. So he set to work with his little hatchet, and, as the tree was a very small one, it did not take long to lay it low.

Soon after that, his father came home.

"Who has been cutting my fine young cherry tree?" he cried. "It was the only

tree of its kind in this country and it cost me a great deal of money."

He was very angry when he came into the house.

"If I only knew who killed that cherry tree," he cried, "I would — yes, I would —"

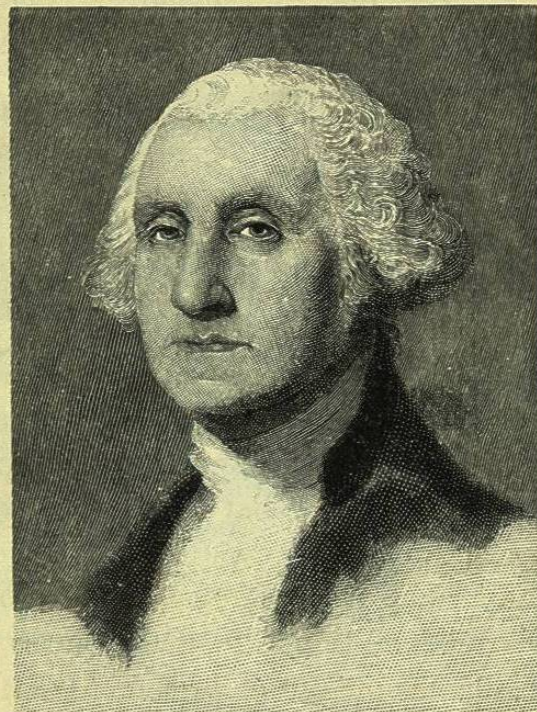
"Father!" cried little George. "I will tell you the truth about it. I chopped the tree down with my new hatchet."

His father forgot his anger.

"George," he said, and he took the little fellow in his arms. "George, I am glad that you told me about it. I would rather lose all my cherry trees than that you should tell one falsehood."

When George Washington became a man he did many brave things to make our country free. The people loved him, and they still love his name. He was our first president.

chö <p>seem</p> för gět' think	chöp'ping seemed för göt' thôught	eüt kill lôve spēak	eüt'ting killed lôved spōke
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GEORGE WASHINGTON.

I love the name of Washington,
I love my country, too ;
I love the flag, the dear old flag,
The red and white and blue.

gāte
blind
ũn tĩl

āft er nōon'
nòth'ing
cār'riage

threw
spēnt
sũp'per

tũrned
slōw'ly
trũ'ly



THE KIND-HEARTED BOY.

One fine summer afternoon, Henry was walking home from school. He went along slowly, reading a book.

He had spent all his money for the book, but he was a happy boy.

After a while he came into the highroad, where there was a gate. A blind man stood, holding it open.

The poor man said, "Please give me a few cents to buy some bread!" But Henry gave him nothing.

What! did Henry give the poor blind man nothing? Yes; for, as I told you, he had spent all his money.

So Henry walked on, very sad. Soon after, a fine carriage came up, and in it were Robert and his mother.

The blind man stood, and held out his hat. "Let us give the poor man something," said Robert to his mother.

His mother gave him some cents. Robert took them, but did not put them into the man's hat.

He threw them among the grass and weeds at the side of the road. The poor man could not find them, for, as you know, he was blind.

Henry had turned back to look at the fine carriage. When he saw Robert throw the cents upon the ground, he came back at once, and