

But with so many cows I should think you would have more milk than you can use in this way.

Yes, we have. A great deal of it is churned into butter; and even more of it is made into cheese.

Tell me how butter is made.

Butter is made from cream. Some cows give very rich milk. When this milk stands for a while, the cream rises to the top. Some cream is very thick and rich. The best cream makes the best butter.

The cream is put into a churn, where it is stirred, and stirred, and stirred. After a long time a part of the cream becomes fine butter. The other part becomes buttermilk.

Now tell me how cheese is made.

Cheese is made from cream, and sometimes from milk. When the cream or milk is ready, something is put into it to make it curdle.

When it has curdled it is put into a dish, or wide hoop, which is shaped like a cheese. Then it is pressed down very hard. The thin, milky part is all squeezed out; the rest is a

cheese, which is left in the hoop until it becomes quite solid.

Good-by, little dairy maid. I have learned a good deal from you. Butter and cheese are made from cream. Cream is the rich part of milk. Cows give us milk.

läugh'ter cheeks kīnd'ly mēr'chant
Dā'vŷ pāth ūn kīnd sōld
slōw'lŷ rōcks mōss'es elōthes

LITTLE DAVY.

It was play time at the little red school-house on the hill, and the children had run out into the bright sunshine, wild with laughter and fun.

All but little Davy. He came out last and very slowly, and he did not laugh. He was in trouble, and he did not see the bright golden sunlight and the pretty flowers that were doing their best to make him glad.

He walked across the yard, and sat down on a stone where none of the children could see him. A little bird in a tree was singing a song, but even this did not make him glad.

Davy did not hear the bird. Some of the children would not play with him because his clothes were so poor. Some had even laughed at him. The tears came into his eyes, and then ran down his cheeks. *tears*



Poor Davy had no father, and his mother had to work hard to keep him at school.

That evening when school was out, he started home alone by the path that led through the woods. He still felt sad. *sends* *condemns*

Davy did not wish to trouble his mother; so he stopped a while among the trees, and tried to think what he should do.

Just then his teacher came along. She saw who it was, and said very kindly, "What is the matter, Davy?" He did not speak, but the tears began again to start. *she*

"Will you not tell me?" said the teacher. "It may be that I can help you."

Then he told her how the children had laughed at him because of his poor clothes. The teacher listened. When he had ended, she said: "The children did very *much* wrong to laugh at you, Davy, and I am sure they did not think. But I have a plan that I think will help you."

"Oh, what is it?" he said, while his face became bright with joy.

"Well, how would you like to be a little flower merchant?"

"I should like that very much," said Davy. "But where shall I get my flowers?"

"You can get them in these woods, and in the fields. Here are blue violets, down by

the brook are white ones, and among the rocks are beautiful mosses. Bring them to me, and I will help you put them together."

The next day the children did not laugh at Davy. I think the teacher must have told them how wrong it was.

On his way to and from school, the little boy hunted in the woods and fields for mosses and pretty wild flowers. His teacher helped him put them together, and then he took them to town and sold them.

He soon had money enough to help his mother buy many little things that were needed for her home; and the children never thought of laughing at his poor clothes again.



Mūn'gō lōw'er mīd'dle rūsh'ing
mill'er ōr'der ōat mēal' drowned
īn sīde' brīdge nāp'kīn hāp'pened

MUNGO.

Once there was a miller who had a large black dog called "Mungo."

Mungo was very kind to children. When the baby pulled his hair with both her hands, he would stand still and look pleased; and he would not let any one know how much she hurt him.

At night he stayed in the mill. When the miller came in the morning, he always found Mungo keeping watch just inside of the door. He would leave the door open and go about his work in the lower part of the mill; but still Mungo would stay at his place.

When at last the mill was started to running, and everything was in order, the miller would come upstairs and nod to Mungo. Then the dog would start to the house to get the miller's breakfast. He would make two trips. The first time he would bring a small