

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
mīll'er ōr'der ōat mēal' drownd
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

pail of milk ; then he would go back and get a dish of oatmeal tied up in a napkin.

One morning a little dog that lived near by was trying to cross the river by walking on a



le-moo
log which was sometimes used as a foot bridge. There had been a great rain, and the river was very swift and deep.

When the little dog was about half way over the foot bridge he fell into the rushing water.

He tried his best to swim to the shore, but the stream was too strong for him. He was carried down toward the mill, where he would have been drowned.

Just at this time Mungo was going down to the mill with his master's dish of oatmeal. He saw the little dog fall into the water and heard him cry for help.

Mungo did not stop a minute to think. He set the dish on the ground by the side of the road, and then ran down the river bank as fast as he could.

When he got well below the little dog he jumped into the water and swam out into the middle of the stream. He was so big and strong that he could swim well ; and he was just in time to catch the little dog as he came floating down.

Mungo seized the poor fellow by the neck in such a way as to keep his head above water. Then he swam with him to the shore, and drew him high and dry out of the water.

He shook himself, as dogs always do when coming out of the water. Then he struck the

little dog gently, first with one paw and then with the other, as much as to say, "Little fellows like you must keep away from the river."

Having done this, he went back, picked up his dish of oatmeal, and carried it to his master as if nothing had happened.



kīt tŷ	bārn	frōl ie
mous'ie	spied	paws
nīne	pēarl	slipped

KITTY AND MOUSIE.

Once there was a little kitty,
White as the snow;
In a barn he used to frolic,
Long time ago.

In the barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro;
For she heard the little kitty,
Long time ago.

Two black eyes had little kitty,
Black as a crow;
And they spied the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Four soft paws had little kitty,
Paws soft as snow;
And they caught the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Nine pearl teeth had little kitty,
All in a row;
And they bit the little mousie,
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
Mousie cried out "Oh!"
But she slipped away from kitty,
Long time ago.