

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.



*habits*  
*taught*  
*rotten*

hăb'its	cauſe	sör'rỹ	pŭn'ish
taught	měl'low	sěv'enth	păn'trỹ
rôt'ten	spoil	còm'pa ny	rŭde

*madone*  
*spoil*  
*costly*  
*rude*

# BAD APPLES.

One day Robert's father saw him playing with some very rough boys. He had thought for some time that his son was learning bad habits, and now he knew the cause. He was very sorry, but he thought it best not to punish Robert at the time.

In the evening he brought to the house six beautiful apples. He gave them to Robert, telling him to lay them away for a few days until they should become mellow. Robert thanked his father, and laid them upon a dish in his mother's pantry.

Just as he was putting them away, his father laid on the dish a seventh apple, which was quite rotten, and asked Robert to let it stay there. "Father," said Robert, "the rotten apple will spoil all the others."

"Do you think so? Why should not the six good apples rather make the bad one

good?" asked his father. And with these words he shut the door of the pantry and walked away.

A week after this he asked his son to open the door of the pantry and take out the apples. What do you think Robert found? The six apples were all rotten.

"Oh, father!" he cried, "this is just what I thought would take place when you told me to leave the rotten apple on the dish. Did I not tell you that the bad apple would spoil the good ones?"

"My boy," said his father, "I have often told you not to play with rude boys; for, just as the rotten apple has spoiled all the good ones, so the company of such boys will make you bad. You did not think so; and I have tried to teach you a lesson with these apples."

Robert never forgot the lesson which his father had thus taught him. When any of the bad boys asked him to go with them or play with them, he thought of the rotten apples and turned away from them.