

hăb'its	cauſe	sör'rŷ	pŭn'ish
taught	měl'low	sěv'enth	păn'trŷ
röt'ten	spoil	còm'pa ny	rŭde

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.



inn Bru'in
pōst tōuched
hūn'grȳ yōūn'gest
ēld'est eōr'ner
kitch'en gār'ret
bārn'yārd stūmp
mouth'ful strōke

BRUIN.

I am going to tell about something that once happened in a little country town on the other side of the sea.

The sun had been down for more than an hour, and the moon was shining high over the tree tops. Down in the kitchen of the inn sat a man who was going about the country with a pet bear. He was eating his supper.

Bruin, poor fellow, who never did any harm, had been left in the barnyard. He was tied to a post behind a pile of wood. He was very hungry, and yet his master had not given him a mouthful to eat.

Up in the garret of the inn, three little children were playing. The eldest might be six years old, the youngest not more than two. They were very happy, and they often



looked up at the moon and laughed as it looked in upon them through the window.

"Stump! stump!" it was some one coming upstairs. Who could it be? "Stump! stump! stump!" the heavy steps came up,