

sick greed'y jūic'y mēlt'ed
 an'swer fruit wāste'ful mār'ket
 sēlf'ish quick to-mōr'row dōe'tor

THE PEACHES.

One day a man who had been to market brought home five peaches. His four sons met him at the door, and he said, "Here, boys, I have brought a peach for each of you, and one for your mother." They took the fruit and thanked their father. It was not often that they could have such fine peaches.

In the evening the father said: "Well, boys, what did you do with those peaches?"

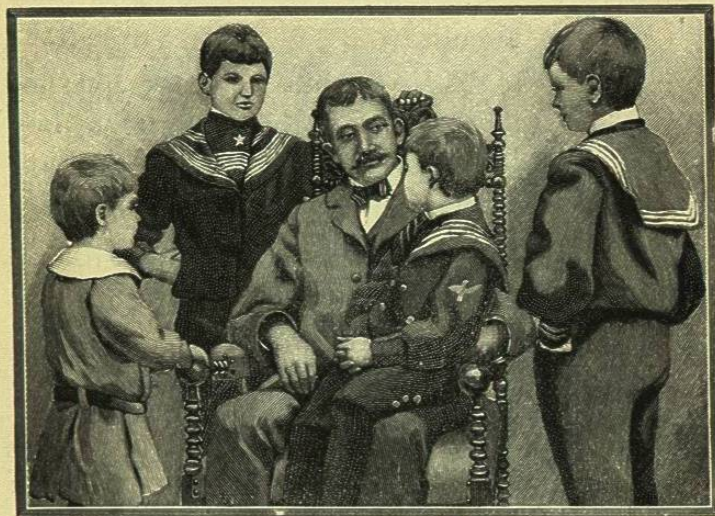
The eldest said, "I ate mine, and found it very sweet and juicy. I have put the stone away, and in the spring I will plant it. If it grows, I will have a peach tree of my own."

"You have done right," said his father. "It is a good thing to think of having something for yourself to-morrow or next year, and one should take care never to be wasteful."

The youngest boy then said: "I ate my peach and threw away the stone, and mother

gave me half of hers. It was so good, it melted in my mouth."

"Well," said his father, "you are a little boy and know no better. But you should



not have been so quick to eat the peach and throw away the stone."

The next boy said: "I picked up the stone which he threw away; I broke it open and ate the kernel. Then I sold my peach for enough to buy three peaches the next time I go down the street."

The father was not so well pleased with this answer. "It is right to think of having something for yourself, but you have acted in a way that I am afraid will make you selfish and greedy. There is a better way than that, my boy."

The other boy then said: "I did not eat my peach. I gave it to the little sick boy who lives across the street. The doctor said that ripe fruit would do him good, but his mother is too poor to buy any for him."

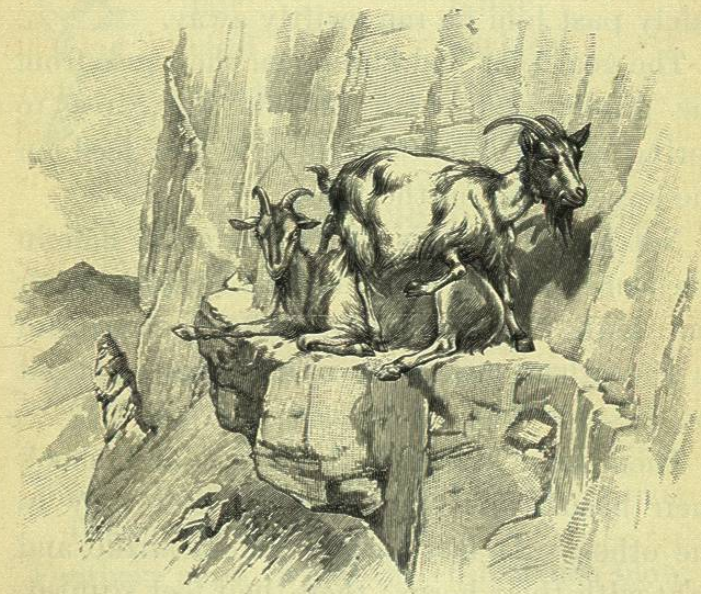
The other three brothers felt that this boy had made the best use of his peach; and the tears of joy in his mother's eyes were better to him than a basket full of fruit.

moun'tain	gōats	chāsm	bōt'tom
stāmped	lēdge	nār'row	sāfe'ly
lāid	elīff	nēi'ther	will'ing
lāin	hōrnṣ	prēssed	a live'

THE TWO GOATS.

On a wild mountain, two goats met on a narrow ledge near the top of a high cliff.

The ledge was so narrow that there was no room for them to pass each other. It was so narrow that neither of them could turn round and go back.



A steep rock rose high above them on one side. On the other side was a deep, dark chasm at the bottom of which flowed a swift river. What do you think the two goats did?