

Ä'li	moist	rüg	whis'tles
Nile	sprouts	elöth	reed§
Zel'ĩ eä	dämp	eäm'el§	shäl'low
E'gypt	bäke	büf'fa lō	châir§
E gyp'tians	bänk	dön'key	thou'sands

#### GIRLS OF OTHER COUNTRIES.

##### THE LITTLE EGYPTIAN.

My name is Zelica. I live in a country called Egypt. My people are sometimes called Egyptians.



Egypt is a very old country. In some of your books you may read about the people who lived here thousands of years ago.

A great river flows through Egypt. It is called the Nile. Our people could not live if it were not for this river. Shall I tell you why?

I have heard of rain and snow; but I have never seen it rain in Egypt, and it is too warm here to snow. What do you think would take place if it never rained in your country?

You say that everything would dry up. The same thing would happen in Egypt if it were not for our great river.

Once every year the water in the Nile rises very high. It keeps rising until it covers all the low places for miles and miles. The whole country looks like a great lake.

As soon as the water goes down, the farmers plant their grain in the moist, warm ground. The grain soon sprouts and grows, and the earth is so damp that no rain is needed.

My home is close to the river, and on a little hill just high enough to be out of reach of the water. I often sit by the bank and watch the boats sailing slowly up and down.

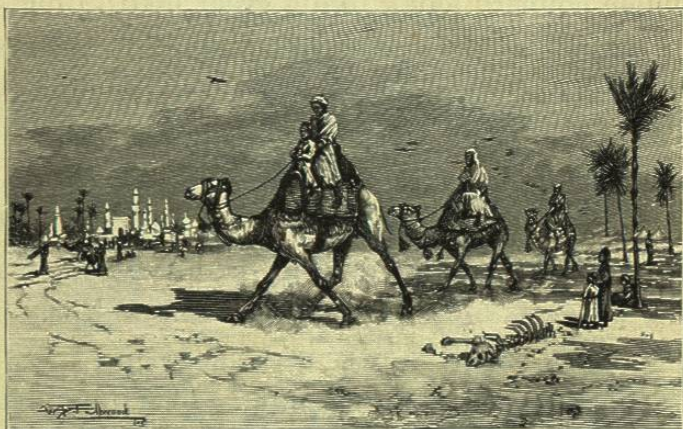
Our house is made of mud. The mud has been baked in the warm sun until it is as hard as brick. You would not think it a pretty house, but I like it very well.

There is only one room in our house. We have no chairs nor beds, as you have in your country. We sleep on soft rugs spread on the floor.

The roof of our house is flat, and we often

go up and sit upon it in the evening. While there we can sometimes see a great many camels traveling along the road towards the city. We can see the city too, but it is many miles away.

My brother has a tame buffalo, and he



often rides on its back. I know a little boy who has a pet donkey. He takes great care of his donkey.

This boy's name is Ali, and his father is very rich. He laughs at my brother when he rides his buffalo; for it does not look as fine as the donkey.

He throws a beautiful red cloth over the donkey's back, and hangs a string of bells on its neck. My brother says he would like to be rich and have a pet donkey, too. But I think he is very well off with his buffalo. Don't you?

months	hŭn'ger	ěmp'tŷ	drip'ping
bŏr'row	fōd	běg'ging	eŭp'board
rule	sŏr'row	lënd	slām'ming

#### THE ANT AND THE CRICKET.

##### A FABLE.

There was once a young Cricket  
Who did nothing but sing  
Through the warm sunny months  
Of summer and spring.

Much surprised was this Cricket  
When he found that at home  
His cupboard was empty  
And winter had come.

Not a crumb could be found  
On the snow-covered ground  
Not a flower could he see,  
Not a leaf on a tree.