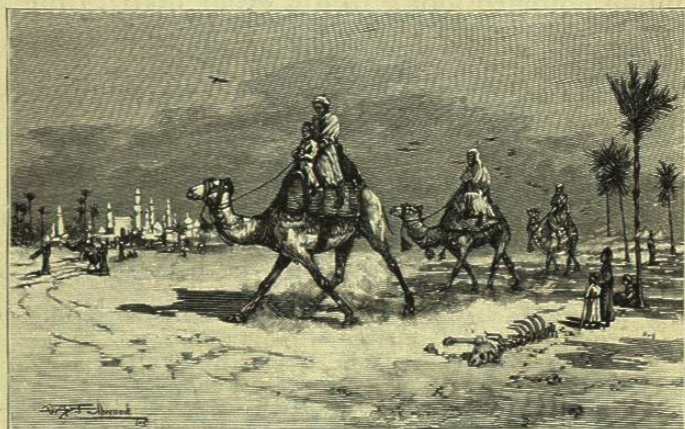


go up and sit upon it in the evening. While there we can sometimes see a great many camels traveling along the road towards the city. We can see the city too, but it is many miles away.

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.

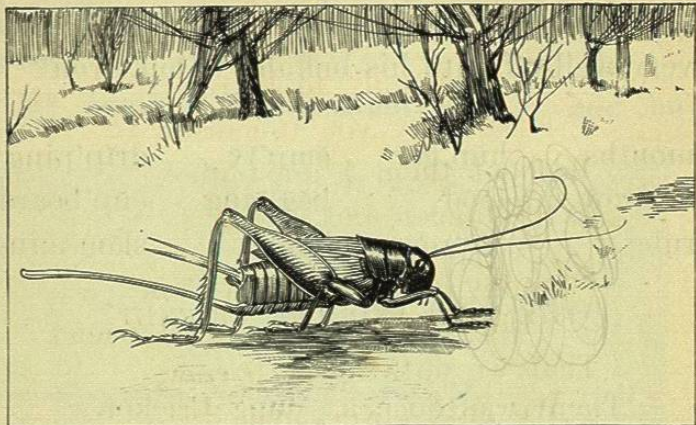
There was once a young Cricket  
Who did nothing but sing  
Through the warm sunny months  
Of summer and spring.

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.



"Oh, what will become,"  
Said the Cricket, "of me?"



At last the poor Cricket,  
By hunger made bold,  
All dripping with wet,  
And trembling with cold,  
To the house of an Ant  
Went begging for food.

"Dear Ant," he began,  
"Will you not be so good  
As to help a poor fellow  
Who has not any food?"

I want a coat for my back,  
And shoes for my feet,  
A shelter from rain,  
And a mouthful to eat.

"I wish only to borrow;  
I will pay you to-morrow —  
Without them I must die  
Of hunger and sorrow."

Said the Ant to the Cricket,  
"Do you know, my good friend,  
That we ants never borrow,  
We ants never lend?  
But tell me, dear Cricket,  
Did you lay nothing by  
When the weather was warm?"

Said the Cricket, "Not I,  
My heart was so light  
That I sang day and night,  
For all things looked gay."

"You sang, sir, you say?  
Go then," said the Ant,  
"And dance winter away."



Then slamming the door  
 In the poor Cricket's face,  
 He went and sat down  
 In his warm, cozy place,  
 And said, "I am sure,  
 I'd be very, very poor  
 If I idled away  
 Every warm summer day.

"And I think that this rule  
 Is both right and good;  
 He who lives without work  
 Must go without food."

wrōte fām'ī lŷ stŭd'ied wŏm'an  
 rēached phŷ sī'cian hŭs'band ne çēs'sī tŷ  
 mēd'ī çine dì rēe'tions piēc'ēs re quīres'

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

There was once a kind man whose name  
 was Oliver Goldsmith. He wrote many good  
 books, some of which you may read when you  
 are older.

He had a gentle heart. He was always  
 ready to help others and give them a part of

anything he had. He gave so much to the  
 poor that he was always poor himself.

He was sometimes called Doctor Goldsmith;  
 for he had studied to be a physician.



One day a poor woman asked Doctor  
 Goldsmith to go and see her husband; for  
 she said he was sick and could not eat.

Goldsmith did so. He found that the  
 family was in great need. The man had not  
 had work for a long time. He was not sick,  
 but only in trouble; and as for eating, there  
 was not a bit of food in the house.

"Call at my room this evening," said Doc-  
 tor Goldsmith to the woman. "I will then  
 give you some medicine for your husband."