

"Come to the barn with me, Mat. I want to show you something."

"What is it, Frank?"

"It is a gray horse which Mr. Brown sold to father this summer."

"Where did you get that pretty goat?"

"Grandfather gave it to me as a prize. I have not been late at school for a year."

"What are you going to name your goat?"

"I think that I shall call her Nan. She has horns like a cow. See what long hair she has. One day at school our teacher told us all about goats. This is what he said:—

"'Far over the sea is a country of rocks and high hills. In this country they keep many goats. Goats do not eat as much as cows do. Very little grass grows on the hills of this country. But the goats have all they want to eat. You know that goats give milk. Butter can be made from goats' milk. Cloth is made from the hair. The flesh is good to eat.'"

"Frank," said Mat, "see how your goat's ears stand up. They look like cows' ears. Nat Green has a brown goat, but your goat is black and white."

"I mean to be very kind to my goat," said Frank. "I do not mean to strike her. This is my little gig. It is the right size for two boys. Let us hitch up the goat and take a ride. I think that I can drive her. There, Mat, get in."

"Is this not nice?" said Mat. "I wish I had a goat and a gig like this."

"What is that I hear?" said Frank. "It is a man at the house playing a fife. If Nan gets a sight of the man she will run away."

"Hold on tight, Frank. Do not let her get away. I think that she is running away now. See how we go. If we run into that pile of bricks we shall be in a nice fix. Run her into the mire, Frank. She will soon stop then. She will get stuck in the mud. There goes a tire from one of the wheels. Keep on the lookout, Frank, or you will fall out."

“There comes father. He is coming to help us. Father, Nan ran away from us. Mat fell out, but as luck would have it, he fell into some mud on the wayside. He had a bad fright, but he is all right now.”

It is a good thing Frank's father came. He will help the boys take Nan home. He has her by the neck and will lead her to the barn. He says that they do not know just how to drive. In the morning he will teach them.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

A man of words and not of deeds  
Is like a garden full of weeds.

Do your best, your very best,  
And do it every day;  
Little boys and little girls,  
That is the wisest way.

THIRTY-EIGHTH AND THIRTY-NINTH WEEKS' DRILL.

NEW VOWEL SOUND.

ō

ITS FAMILY.

ode	oal	oe	ove
oad	ow	oan	oar
oke	oam	one	ose
ole	ope	ore	

ō-ō-ō-



NEW BLEND WORDS.

mode, modes, rode.  
toad, toads, road, roads, load, loads, loading,  
loaded.  
poke, pokes, poking, joke, jokes, joking,  
smoke, smokes, smoking, stroke, strokes.  
mole, moles, pole, poles, hole, holes.  
coal, coals, coaling.  
tow, tows, towing, show, slow, flow.  
foam, foams, foaming, roam, roams, roaming.  
rope, ropes, hope, hopes.  
doe, hoe, toe, foe, woe.  
moan, moans, moaning, bemoan, bemoans,  
bemoaning.

lone, alone, stone, stones, stoning.  
shore, shores, chores, store, stores, score.  
clove, cloves, grove, groves, drove, droves.  
soar, soars, soaring.  
rose, arose, pose, impose, hose, chose, those.

A QUESTION LESSON.

When do the birds fly to the south?  
What does each season bring?  
What do bees do in winter?  
When should little boys and girls go to bed?  
Where does the sun rise?  
What makes the nuts fall?  
What are the names of the four seasons?  
What is made from goat's hair?  
What do you say when you go to bed?  
When do the blackbirds come to us?  
When are the trees in blossom?  
What games do you play in winter?  
What made the leaves as yellow as gold?  
Why does not Jack Frost like the sunshine?

THIRTY-EIGHTH AND THIRTY-NINTH WEEKS' READING.

THE COUNTRY MICE AND THE CITY MICE.

The country mice have some brothers who live in the city. One day the city mice went to the country. They went to see their country brothers and dine with them. They had only corn and wheat for the meal.

"Do you know," said the city mice, "that you live a mere ant's life out here? At our home we have lots of things. It will be well for you to come and enjoy the good things with us."

So the country mice rode home with their brothers. Reaching home, they took a trip around the city to see the sights. "Just look at our beans, our meal, our cheese, besides our fruit and honey," said the city brothers.

Now the country mice sat down with the city mice to dine. When they saw the many good things the city mice had, they did not think well of their old home. While they

were eating, a man came in and they all took fright and ran for the cracks and holes in the house. They wanted to get out of sight.

When all was still the mice came back for more to eat. Another man came, and away went the mice as before.

"Now," said the country mice, "we like the country home best, where we can be let alone. It is better to have less to eat than have such a fright."

Those who have the plain things of life are sometimes more happy than the rich.

---

STANLEY'S PETS.

I have a score of pets. Some of them live in the garden and are not very tame.

I will tell you first about an old mole that I call my pet. He lives in a hole in the ground. That is his home. I let him roam around the garden. Sometimes I poke into his hole with a pole. He does not like this, but he will not come out.

My father does not like moles. He says that they dig holes in his garden. But as this is my pet mole he lets me keep it.

I think you would like to see my pet toads. They come out at night, and catch bugs and flies. Toads are good things to keep in a garden.

Then I have a pet crow. He is as black as a coal. I call him Jack. He is very tame. He will let me stroke him. He likes to sit in a tree and pose. He does not like it when I do not look at him. Then he will fly away into the woods. He cannot soar high in the air like some birds. Sometimes I think he will not come back. It is only one of his jokes. One day I gave him some cloves to eat. He did not like that kind of a joke.

I know of a bird that likes to fly when it is dark. It can fly best then. I should like to have it for a pet. Do you know what kind of a bird it is? See if you can guess.

In my garden I have a small pond. It is a very pretty pond, and has plants growing

in it. I put the water in the pond with a garden hose. In one part of my pond I have some rocks. I have plants growing all over the rocks. That makes a very pretty sight.



My pet fish like to swim under the rocks. I have two goldfish, six sunfish, and two frogs. All of them like to swim in the water.

I have two boats. On one side of the pond I have a nice float for them. The float is made of planks. Sometimes I load one of my boats with coal. Then I tow it with my sail boat across the pond, playing that I am going to a far away country.

My pets do not all have the same mode of life. Some like to be in the water. Some like it best on the ground. Some like to

sleep in the daytime. Some like to roam about at night.

My father has a pet doe in the grove far from the road. She is not very tame. She will not let me go near her.

It is getting dark now. I must go and do some chores for my mother. Some time I will tell you more about my pets.

My mother's name is Fannie. She is very kind and good to me. I mean to be good and kind to her. When she calls me, I say, "Yes, mother, I am coming." Then I drop all my playthings and run to her. That is why she lets me have so many pets to play with.

Every Thanksgiving day she takes me to see my grandmother in the country. My grandmother is getting very old now. But she likes to have good little boys around her. What good things she gives me to eat on Thanksgiving day!

When I come back from the country all my pets are glad to see me.

THE COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

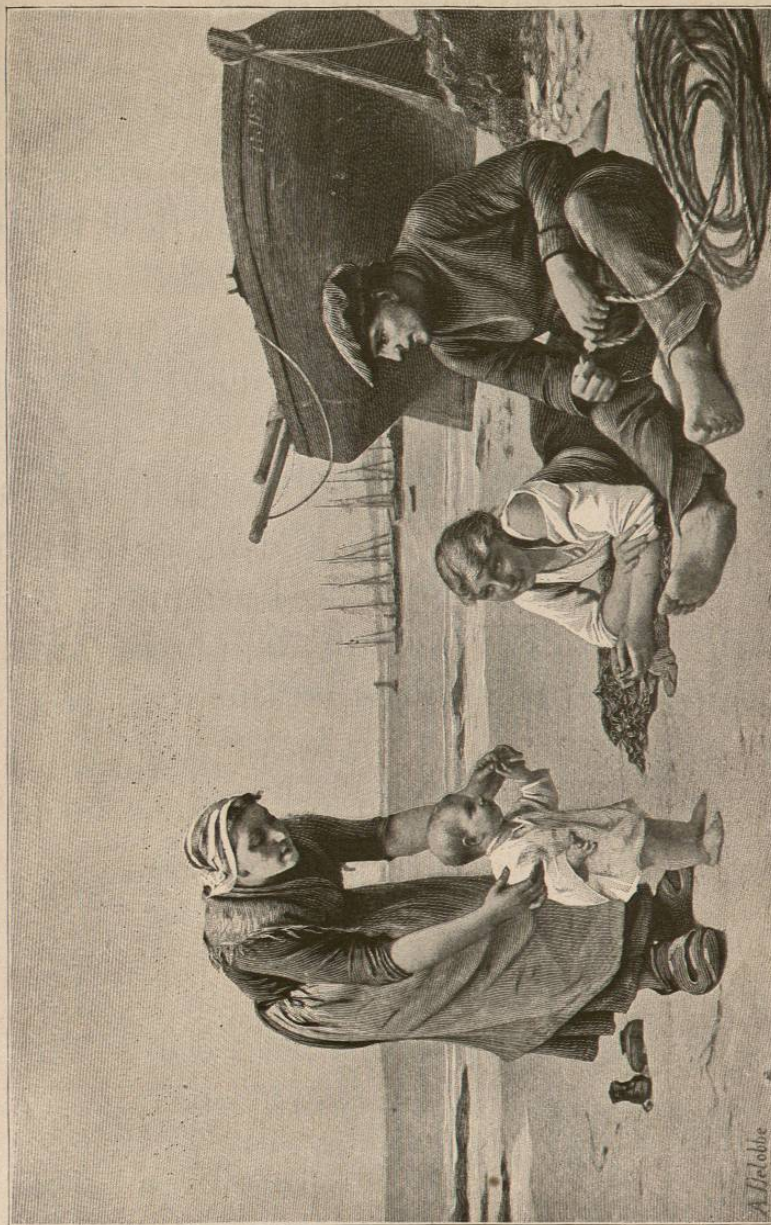
There is a little cottage by the sea. It is the home of two bright little girls. Bess and Rose live there with their father and mother.

Every day in summer these little girls go down to the beach and look at the waters rise and fall. They like to see the waves beat on the shore. They like to see the white foam floating high on the tide.

Sometimes the girls take their little pails and spades with them. Then they dig holes in the white sand. The sea soon soaks in and fills the holes with water until they will hold no more.

Sometimes the little girls go up and down the shore and look for pretty shells and stones. These they put into their little pails and take home. They like to roam along the shore and look for shells.

Their father gets his living by fishing. He has a big fish boat. The girls go with him. They know how to take in the ropes and lines. They can bait a hook, too. They like to hold the lines and wait for a bite.



ON THE BEACH.

Painting by A. Delobbe.

The fish boat is run by steam. They put coal on the fire. Sometimes the smoke can be seen rising high above the mouth of the smokestack. The little girls enjoy the sight.

This little cottage by the sea is a pretty home. Groves of tall pines shade the place. The country boys and girls like to come here in summer and see the wide sea. They like to see the tides come and go.

They like to roam up and down the shores and pick up the pretty shells and round stones. They like to hear the moaning of the waves as they beat on the shore. They like to live in the cottage by the sea.

[To be read to the children.]

When I was down beside the sea,  
A wooden spade they gave to me  
To dig the sandy shore.

My holes were empty like a cup;  
In every hole the sea came up,  
Till it could hold no more.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

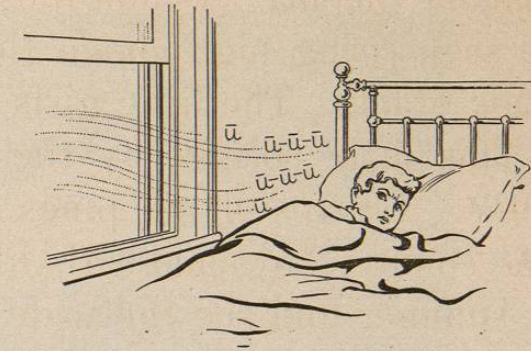
FORTIETH WEEK'S DRILL.

NEW VOWEL SOUND.

ū

ITS FAMILY.

ue      ube  
ure     une  
ute     use



NEW BLEND WORDS.

hue, hues, due, dues.  
pure, impure, cure, cures, curing.  
flute, flutes.  
tube, tubes, tubing.  
tune, tunes, tuning.  
muse amuse, amuses, amusing.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

For he who always does his best,  
His best will better grow;  
But he who shirks or slights his task,  
He lets the better go.

FORTIETH WEEK'S READING.

lived                      liked

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

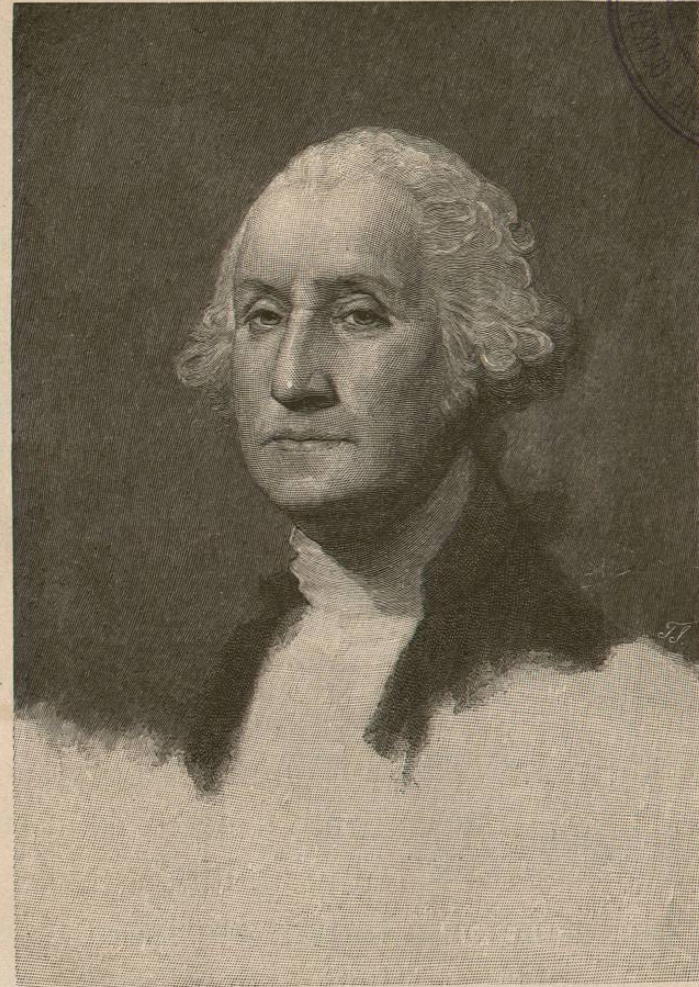
George Washington's father lived on a farm. Little George went to a schoolhouse in a field. The schoolhouse was made of logs.

George was a good boy and everybody trusted him. He liked to play soldier. The other boys had George to lead them. He was so kind and good they did everything he told them.

George wore a coat of a very bright hue. He had a pretty soldier's cap. He could drill the boys well, and the boys liked to have him drill them.

George was a brave, strong boy. He could ride as well as a man. He could outjump any boy in school. He was first to the goal in every race.

George had a good, kind mother. She was his best teacher. She wanted him to be pure and upright. She told him many things which



GEORGE WASHINGTON.





would be of use to him when he became a man.

When he went to school he wrote some of these things in his writing books. He did not get a blot of ink on his books. He was very neat.

George was very fond of a horse. One time his mother had a horse that was not tame. The horse would not let any one ride or drive him. George said that he would cure the horse of his freaks. In a little while he had the horse tame, so that any one could ride him.



When George became a man he liked to hunt and fish. He could play a nice tune on a flute. He liked to play this to amuse his mother. Many of his good traits were due to the teachings of his kind mother.

Washington often went fishing and hunting with a very rich man. This man had George to help him lay out his land. He made large maps of this big tract of land. To keep the maps from getting wet he kept them in tubes or rolls.

When Washington became a man he was a very brave soldier. He went to fight for his country. Many brave men went with him to fight the foes of their country. He is now called "The Father of his Country."

All boys should do as Washington did:—

"Do your best, your very best,  
And do it every day."

---

helped

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

In a little log hut in the West, one of our great men first saw the light of the sun. This was Abraham Lincoln. I want you to know all about him.