PHONIC CHART.

VOWELS.

ā	as	in	lāke	ē	as	in	bē	ŏ	as	in	bŏx
ă	"	"	ăt	ĕ	"	"	lĕt	ū	"	"	ūse
ä	"	"	färr	ē	"	"	hĕr	ŭ	"	"	ŭp
a̧	"	"	a̧ll	ī	"	"	īçe	û	"	"	fûr
â	"	"	câre	ĭ	"	"	ĭn	o͝o	"	"	to͝o
å	"	"	åsk	ō	"	"	sō	o͝o	"	"	lo͝ok

DIPHTHONGS.

oi, oy (unmarked), as in oil, boy
ou, ow " " " out, now

CONSONANTS.

b	as	in	băd	m	as	in	mē	y	as	in	yĕs
d	"	"	do̧	n	"	"	nō	z	"	"	frōze
f	"	"	fŏx	p	"	"	pu̧t	ng	"	"	sĭng
g̃	"	"	g̃ō	r	"	"	răt	ch	"	"	chĭck
h	"	"	hē	s	"	"	sō	sh	"	"	shē
j	"	"	jŭst	t	"	"	to͝o	th	"	"	thĭn̨k
k	"	"	kīte	v	"	"	vĕrў	th	"	"	thē
l	"	"	lĕt	w	"	"	wē	wh (hw),	"		whạt

EQUIVALENTS.

VOWELS.

a̧	like	ŏ	as	in	whạt	ȯ	like	ŭ	as	in	ȯme
ê	"	â	"	"	whêre	ô	"	a̧	"	"	fôr
e̜	"	ā	"	"	the̜y	ō	"	û	"	"	wōrk
ĭ	"	ĕ	"	"	gĭrl	u̧, o̧	"	o͝o	"	"	pu̧t, e̜ould
ĭ	"	ē	"	"	polĭçe	ȳ	"	ī	"	"	bȳ
o̧, u̧,	"	o͝o	"	"	to̧, ru̧le	ў	"	ĭ	"	"	kĭt'tў

CONSONANTS.

ç	like	s	as	in	rāçe	ġ	like	j	as	in	e̜āġe
e̜	"	k	"	"	e̜ăt	n̨	"	ng	"	"	thin̨k
e̜h	"	k	"	"	school	s̨	"	z	"	"	hăs̨
çh	"	sh	"	"	maçhine	x	"	ks	"	"	bŏx

x̱ like gz as in ex̱ist

Third Reader

LESSON I

lān	rāi̧se̜d	lōne̜'lў	sẽrv'ants
slēep	tī'gẽrs	lōad'ĕd	trăv'ĕl ĭng
mo͝on	Ĭn'dĭ a	mĭd'dle̜	ġĕn'tle̜ man

UNCLE GEORGE'S TIGER STORY.

"Now, Uncle George," said Milly, "we are ready to hear the story you were to tell us."

"Well, children, sit down and I will tell you a story about a tiger.

"A lady and a gentleman, with their baby, a little boy, were traveling through a lonely part of India.

"One night they had to sleep near a thick wood, and the lady, after kissing her baby, put him into a swinging cot.

"In the middle of the night she started up and cried out—'O my baby! My baby! Where is my baby?'

"They looked into the cot, but the baby was not there!

"You can think how great was their fear. They ran out of the tent, and saw, by the light of the moon, a great animal moving off toward the wood with something white in its mouth.

"They woke the servants, and taking their loaded guns, went into the wood.

"They went as fast as they could, yet making very little noise, for fear the animal, which was a tiger, would hear them and run far away into the wood.

"Soon they saw through the trees that the tiger had lain down, and was playing with the baby just as a cat plays with a mouse before she kills it.

"O how sad the poor mother felt! How she cried to the men to save her child!

"What could the father and the servants do!

"Just then one of the men raised his gun to fire at the tiger.

"The lady seeing him, cried out, 'O

you will kill my child! You will kill my child!'

"But the man fired, and the tiger jumping up, gave a loud cry and fell down, shot dead.

"Then they all ran forward, and there was the baby quite safe and smiling, as if he were not at all frightened."

"O uncle, what a strange story! And did the baby really live?"

"Yes. The lady was very ill of fright, but the baby was not hurt at all. I have often seen him since then."

"O have you, really, seen a baby that has been in a tiger's mouth?"

"Yes, I have; and you have seen him, too."

"We, uncle? When did we see him?"

"You can see him now."

The children looked all around the room, and then back at Uncle George.

Something in his eyes made Milly say, "Uncle, could it have been you?"

"Yes," said Uncle George, "I was that very baby."

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils give answers, oral or written, in complete sentences.*

Where were the lady and gentleman traveling?
What took place in the middle of the night?
When they saw the tiger, what did they do?
Why did the lady fear to have the tiger shot?

Let pupils write the following statements.

The tiger is a large animal.
He looks very much like a cat.
He has sharp teeth and claws.
Tigers are flesh-eating animals.
They do not eat hay, grass, or fruit.

LESSON II.

dĕa̤f	nōn̤e	ēa̤r′lў	hēa̤r′ĭng
pān	bōw̤l	hĕa̤lth	strĕngth
fa̤ṳlt	blīnd	sle̤ighs	blĕss′ĭng

IT'S VERY HARD.

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but bread and milk, when other boys have nice food," said James, as he sat with his bowl before him.

"It's very hard to have to get up so early on these cold mornings, and work hard when other boys have nothing to do.

"It's very hard to walk through the snow, while other boys go in sleighs."

"It's a great blessing," said his mother, as she sat near him at work—"it's a great blessing to have food, when so many have none, and to have a roof over our heads, when so many have to sleep on the cold ground.

"It's a great blessing to have sight and hearing, and to have health and strength to work, when so many are blind, and deaf, and in pain."

"Why, mother, you seem to think nothing is hard," said James.

"No, James, there is one thing that I think very hard."

"What is that?" said James, who thought that at last his mother had found something to find fault about.

"Why, my boy, I think that heart is very hard that is not thankful for so many blessings."

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils write the words for which the following contractions stand.*

Model.—***It's*** stands for ***it is.***

I'm	isn't	'twas	don't
I've	can't	won't	you'll

LESSON III.

spŭn	dȧnçȩd	därt′ĕd	flăpp̣ȩd
scȧrçȩ	slĕn′dẽr	çĭr′clȩs	shĭn′ĭng
flĭt′tĕd	strāĭght	glȧnçȩd	vĕn′turȩ

THE SHINING WEB.

A hungry spider made a web
  Of thread so very fine,
Your tiny fingers scarce could feel
  The little slender line.
    Round about and round about,
      And round about it spun;
    Straight across and back again,
      Until the web was done.

O what a pretty, shining web
  It was when it was done!
The little flies all came to see
  It hanging in the sun.
    Round about and round about,
      And round about they danced;
    Across the web and back again,
      They darted and they glanced.

The hungry spider sat and watched
The happy little flies;
It saw all round about its head—
It had so many eyes.
Round about and round about,
And round about they go;
Across the web and back again,
Now high again, now low.

"I am hungry, very hungry,"
Said the spider to the fly;
"If you would come into my house,
We'd eat some, you and I."
But round about and round about,
And round about once more;
Across the web and back again,
They flitted as before.

For all the flies were much too wise
To venture near the spider;
They flapped their little wings and flew
In circles rather wider.
Round about and round about,
And round about went they;
Across the web and back again,
And then they flew away.

LESSON IV.

săt	nēăt	gŭĕss	vĭs′ĭt
răw	lōōsĕ	swēēp	grāin
mĕt	hŭsh	grān′ā rў	bôŭght
fo͝ot	rō͝ots		dâr′ĭng
			ā grēēd′

snătchĕd (snăcht) — păn′trў — brēăthĕ

THE HOUSE MOUSE AND THE WOOD MOUSE.

A house mouse once made a visit to a wood mouse. The wood mouse made her house, which was at the foot of a

spruce tree, look as nice as she could, and took home some roots and buds for dinner.

Of course, one must seem to like what is set before him at such a time, and so the house mouse tried to eat; but it was hard work, and, to do her best, she couldn't eat so much as at other times.

After dinner, the wood mouse agreed to visit the house mouse the next day.

The house mouse lived in a granary, and had corn, and wheat, and bits of bread and cake for dinner.

The wood mouse had never seen such a dinner before, and asked the house mouse where she found such nice things.

Then the house mouse told her about the pantry where so many of these things were kept, and how easy it was to get into it. But just as they were saying how much better it was to live there than in the wood, they heard some one coming over the straw.

"Hush, hush! There comes the old cat," said the house mouse.

So they sat still, hardly daring to breathe; but before they knew it, the old cat was standing right over them.

"Who are you, here in my master's granary?" said the cat.

"Only two little mice," said the house mouse.

"What are you doing here?"

"Only having a little dinner."

"Eating up all my grain!"

"O no! We have only taken a very little that was lying loose."

"Well, I will take you, now."

"O no! Don't take us," said the house mouse, "and I'll tell you a story."

"Let me hear it," said the old cat.

"Once there was a little bird——"

"Well, what did he do?"

"He was going to sweep the floor——"

"Then he was very neat——"

"And he found a cent."

"Then he wasn't poor."

"So he bought a tiny piece of meat."

"Then he had enough to eat."

"He put it on the stove to cook."

"Then he didn't eat it raw."

"He laid it in the doorway to cool."

"Then he didn't mean to get burned."

"But a dog came and snatched it."

"And so shall I snatch you," said the old cat.

But the wood mouse ran quickly away, and did not stop until she was safe under the roots of the spruce tree.

She was so frightened, that she did not go out again until she was so hungry and weak that she could hardly walk.

She made up her mind never to visit the house mouse again.

And what became of the house mouse? That is for you to guess.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils tell what they think became of the house mouse.*

Let pupils write the following statements.

Wheat and corn are kinds of grain.
The farmer keeps his grain in a granary.
Wheat bread and corn bread are used for food.

MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

"Each content in his place should dwell,
And envy not his brother."

LESSON V.

ea̤w	erōw̤s̤	Mr.	=	Mĭs′tẽr
wea̤r	threw	hĕa̤v′y̆		ĭn dea̤d′
sea̤ts	(thrṳ)	el̤ōthe̤s̤		flow′ẽrs̤
quī′e̤t	ta̤ṳgh̤t	bŭn′dl̤e̤		Tŏm′my̆

TOMMY AND THE CROWS.

PART I.

"I will not go to school," said Tommy. "I will stay out in the fields today, and enjoy myself."

So he lay down on the soft, green grass, under a tree, and threw his books and slate on the ground by his side.

It was the first day of May. The sun was shining and the air was fresh and sweet, as it always is in the spring, and the songs of birds were heard on every side.

"I will not go to school," said Tommy again. "I do not like books and slates so well as green fields and May flowers; and this grass is very much softer than our seats in the schoolhouse."

Just as he said this he looked up into the tree, and saw two old crows sitting there, and close by them a nest, very much like a bundle of sticks.

"Here's a pretty dunce!" said one of the crows. "He says he won't go to school." And the birds began to say "Caw, caw," as if they were laughing at Tommy.

"What! You do not like to work?" said the crow again. "O you idle boy! You are worse than a bird! Do you think I am idle? Look at my nest. What do you think of it, sir?"

"I dare say it is a very nice one, Mr. Crow," said Tommy, "but I should not like to live in it."

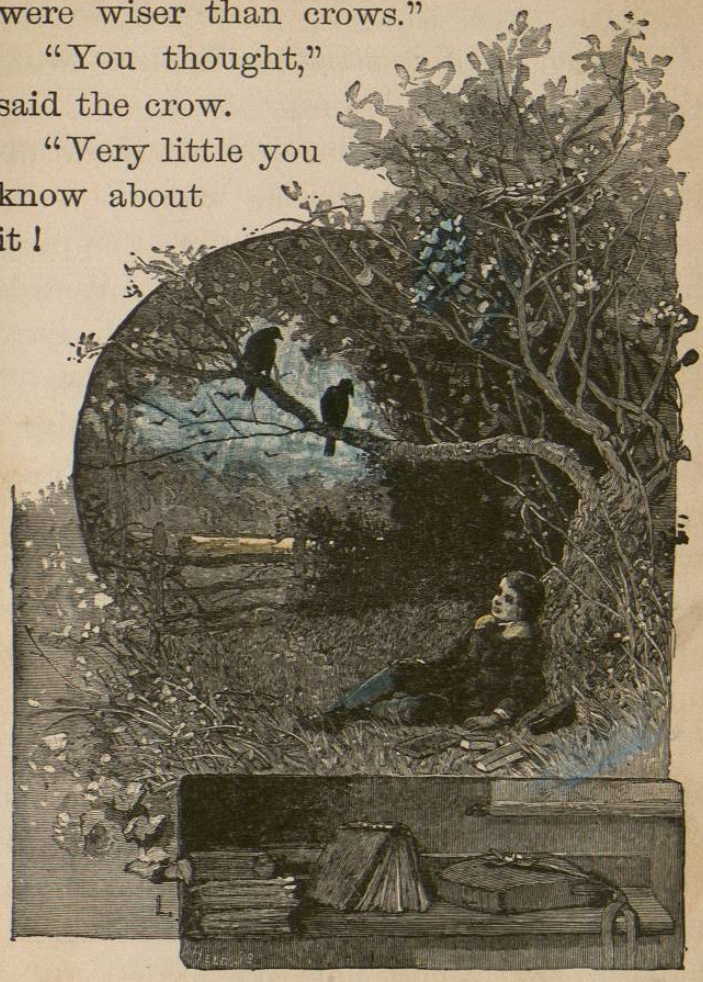
"That is because you are only a boy, and not so wise as a crow," said his new friend; and the other crow cried "Caw, caw, caw!" as if it thought so, too.

"Do you know why a crow is wiser than a silly boy?" asked the crow, putting its head on one side, and looking at Tommy with its bright, black eye.

"No," said Tommy, "I thought boys were wiser than crows."

"You thought," said the crow.

"Very little you know about it!



"Tell me—can you build a house?"

"No," said Tommy, "but when I am a man I shall know how."

"And why can't you do it now?" said the crow, turning his head to the other side. and looking at Tommy with the other eye.

"Why, I have not learned how to build one," said the little boy.

"Ho, ho!" said the crow, flapping his wings and hopping round and round. "He must learn how to build a house! Here's a pretty boy! Here's a wise boy!"

Then the crows flapped their wings, and cried "Caw, caw, caw!" louder than before.

"No one taught me to build my house," said the crow, when they were quiet again. "I knew how to do it at once. Look at it—what a nice house it is!

"I brought all the sticks it is made of myself. I flew through the air with them in my mouth. Some of them were very heavy, but I do not mind hard work. I am not like a little boy that I know."

"But there are other things in the world besides houses," said Tommy.

"Yes, indeed," said the crow, "I was just thinking so. You want clothes as well as a house."

"That I do," said Tommy, "and new ones very often. But you birds can't wear clothes."

"Who told you that?" said the crow in a sharp tone. "Look at my black coat, if you please, and tell me if you ever saw a finer one. Could you make yourself such a coat?"

"No," said Tommy, "but I can learn."

"Yes, yes, you can learn; but that is the way with you silly boys—you must learn everything, and yet you are too idle to set about it."

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils fill the blanks in the following* ***statements*** *with the words* ***black, blue,*** *and* ***green.***

Tommy lay down on the green grass.
He looked up into the blue sky.
He saw a black crow on a tree.

Let pupils write four ***statements*** *and use one of the following words in each of them—****black, white, blue,*** *and* ***green.***

LESSON VI.

rude	bough	ruf'fled	grāve'ly
trick	elĕv'ĕr	pĕrched	drēamed
stōnes	be yŏnd'	twĕn'tў	flŭt'tĕred

TOMMY AND THE CROWS.

PART II.

Tommy felt that the crow had the best of it.

"Dear me," he said to himself, "I never thought crows were so wise and clever."

"You may well say that," said the crow, coming down to a bough a little nearer Tommy. "You may well say that, Master Tom; but there is more for you to learn yet. How about your food? Who gives you food?"

"Why, mother does," said Tommy.

"You are a baby, then."

"No, indeed, I am not," said Tommy, "and I will throw a stone at you if you say I am."

"Boys should never throw stones," said the crow, very gravely. "We never throw stones. It is a very rude trick. I only asked if you were a baby, because, when a crow can go alone, he finds his own food."

"I shall do that when I am grown up," said Tommy. "I shall learn how."

"Dear me," said the crow, "you have a great deal to learn before you will be as wise as a crow."

"That is very true," said Tommy, hanging his head; "but there is plenty of time."

"I am not so sure of that," said the crow. "You are as big as twenty crows. A pretty fellow, to come here and lie on the grass all day, when you are such a dunce! Go to school, lazy Tom! Go to school! Go to school!"

Many other crows had by this time found their way to the tree, and they all took up the cry, and made such a noise that Tommy picked up his books to throw at them; but they all flew to the highest branches, where they perched and cried "Caw, caw, caw!" till poor Tommy could bear it no longer.

He put his hands over his ears and ran off to school as fast as he could. He was just in time, and learned his lessons well. His teacher said he was a good boy, and Tommy went home quite happy.

As he passed by the tree under which he had been sitting in the morning, he saw the old crow perched on one of the branches, looking very grave.

"Come, come," said Tommy; "don't be cross, my old friend. I was going to throw my books at you this morning, because I was cross myself. You have taught me a good lesson, and we must be friends."

But the crow looked as if he had never said a word in his life, and had never seen Tommy before. He ruffled up his black feathers, fluttered his wings, and then flew slowly across the fields to join some friends in the woods beyond.

Tommy watched him until he was lost among the trees, and then went home and told his mother all about his

talk with the crow; but she said birds did not talk, and that he must have gone to sleep while lying under the tree and dreamed it.

Tommy does not think so; and now, whenever he feels lazy, he says to himself, "Come, come, Master Tommy, you must work hard; for you are not yet so wise as an old black crow."

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils fill the blanks in the following* ***statements*** *with the words* ***large*** *and* ***small.***

A tiger is a ——— animal.
A mouse is a ——— animal.

Let pupils write two ***statements,*** *using the word* ***large*** *in one and the word* ***small*** *in the other.*

SLATE EXERCISE.

Let pupils copy the following names of the days of the week.

Sŭn'day
Mon'day
Tues'day
Wĕdnes'day
Thûrs'day
Frī'day
Săt'ŭr day

LESSON VII.

ĕld′ẽr	sēizẹ̀d	ăn′grў	wọm′an
swĕpt	brōōm	quar′rĕl	nō′whêrẹ

THE LITTLE KITTENS.

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel, and then to fight;
One had a mouse, the other had none,
And that was the way the quarrel begun.

"I'll have that mouse," said the bigger cat.
"You'll have that mouse? We'll see about that."

"I will have that mouse," said the elder son.
"You won't have that mouse!" said the little one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When these two little kittens began to fight;
The old woman seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid them down on the mat at the door,
While the angry old woman was sweeping the floor.

And then they crept in as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow, and as cold as ice;
For they found it was better, that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and fight.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils write four statements, using only such words as occur in the third stanza.*

Let pupils write the following words, omitting the last letter in each, and adding **ing**.

use	like	give	come	make
lose	bit	have	drive	write