

there is a cage in which there are sometimes as many as a hundred monkeys. Of course, where there are so many, the cage must be very large, so that there may be plenty of room for them to run about.

One day, while many people were standing about this cage, watching the monkeys at play, a gentleman gave a small looking-glass to one of them, whose name was Jack.

This was a new thing to Jack. He turned it over and over in his hands, and soon saw what he thought was another monkey looking at him; but it was really his own face which he saw in the glass.

Jack did not know that it was his own face, and, as he did not like the looks of the other monkey, he struck at him and knocked the glass out of his hand.

As the glass fell, several of the other monkeys jumped to get it; but Jack was too quick for them, and seizing the glass, he climbed up to the top of the

cage with it, while the other monkeys rushed after him, chattering their monkey talk.

Soon Jack looked at the glass again, and saw the same monkey face as before.

Now he began to grow very angry, and made another dash at the monkey that he thought was behind the glass; and, as he did not catch him, he began to look about to see what had become of him.

Jack was puzzled, and he seemed to say, "I wonder where that ugly monkey is! I'll catch him yet if he doesn't keep away from me!"

Then he took another look at the glass, and, sure enough, there was that same ugly monkey looking at him again!

Jack kept very still for a moment, watching the face in the glass, and chattering as much as to say, "I'll catch you now, old fellow!"

Seeing the other monkey move his mouth, as if he was chattering too, Jack

became so angry that he jumped up and down, and fairly screamed as he made another sudden grasp to catch the monkey; but, of course, he did not catch him.

The people standing about the cage had a great laugh at Jack, who looked more puzzled than ever, and seemed to say, as he scratched his head, "I wonder where that monkey went to!"

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils select and write, from Lesson V., a statement, question, command, and exclamation, like the following.*

- Statement.** Jack took the looking-glass.
Question. Did Jack take the looking-glass?
Command. Jack, bring me the looking-glass.
Exclamation. How funny Jack looked!

ARTICULATION EXERCISE.

Drill pupils carefully in pronouncing the d in the following words.

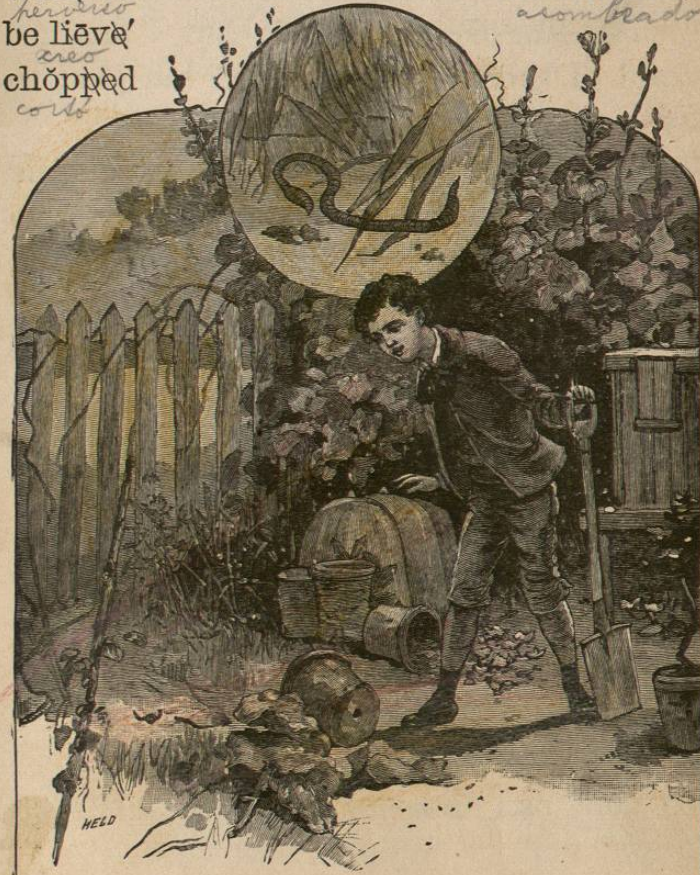
hid	staid	kissed	rated
had	lived	looked	threaded
blind	longed	jumped	wounded

MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

"Never put off till to-morrow that which you can do to-day."

LESSON IX.

à head' tūm'bled re peat'ed al though'
 nei'ther min'utes quēs'tions stūm'bling
 wick'ed (min'its) (kwēs'chūnz) as tōn'ished
 be lieve'
 chopped



ANDY AND THE WORM.

One day Andy was at work in his little garden, when he spied a big worm.

Now worms are not pleasant-looking things. I do not think that anyone would like one for a pet, and, although I've tried very hard, I can not say that I really like them myself; but I am not afraid of them, and neither, I am glad to say, was Andy.

He did not run away as fast as he could, ^{tripping} stumbling over all sorts of things until he reached the house, nor did he dance up and down, screaming "O, O, O!" when this worm came out of the ground. Not a bit of it.

He sat quietly down on an overturned flowerpot, and looked at the worm for at least two minutes, and the worm raised its head a little and looked at him.

At last Andy said, "You are not very pretty."

"I am not," answered the worm.

"You can not dance, either," said Andy.

"I can not," said the worm.

"Nor sing," said Andy.

"Nor sing," repeated the worm.

"You do not know your letters, even," said Andy.

"I do not," said the worm.

"Butterflies can fly," said Andy.

"They can," said the worm.

"Bees hum," said Andy.

"They do," said the worm.

"You can not do anything," said Andy.

"I can," said the worm, so loudly (for a worm) that Andy tumbled off the flowerpot, he was so very much astonished.

But quickly picking himself up, he sat down again and asked, "What is it you can do?"

"Something that bees, birds, and even boys can not do," answered the worm.

"Let us see what it is," said Andy.

"Take your little spade and chop me in two," said the worm.

"O no," said Andy. "That would be wicked."

"Well, never do it unless a worm asks you to," said the worm; "then it

is all right. Now I am ready. Go ahead."

^{acelerando} "Are you sure you are in earnest?" asked Andy.

"Quite sure," answered the worm.

"And would it not hurt you?" asked Andy.

"Do not ask so many questions. Do as I tell you," said the worm.

"Why?" said Andy. But seeing that the worm was turning away from him, he seized his little spade and chopped it in two; and lo! and behold! one half crept one way, and one half the other.

"Well, sure enough," said Andy, "I do not believe I could do that. Good-by, Mr. Worm—I mean two Mr. Worms."

"Good-by," said the head, and "Good-by," said the tail. And they both crept under the ground, and left Andy to ask "Why?" until this very day.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—Let pupils double the last letter in each of the following words, and add *ing*.

sit ^{assunto}	hit ^{golpear}	cut ^{cortar}	flap	step ^{escalar}	hum
let ^{dejar}	pat	run ^{correr}	hop	spin ^{rodar}	swim

Let pupils copy these names of the months, and commit them to memory.

^{enero} January	July ^{Julio}
^{Febrero} February	August ^{Agosto}
^{Marzo} March	September ^{Septiembre}
^{Abril} April	October ^{Octubre}
^{Mayo} May	November ^{Noviembre}
^{Junio} June	December ^{Diciembre}

MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

"There isn't a thing beneath our feet,
But teaches some lesson short and sweet."

LESSON X.

tints ^{tinte}	lawns ^{prados}	frown ^{deseo gradan}	whirl ^{torbellino}
lance ^{lanza}	dawns ^{empresor amanecer}	swift'ly ^{rapidamente}	dew'drops ^{gotas de rocío}

THIS IS THE WAY.

This is the way the morning dawns:
Rosy tints on flowers and trees,
Winds that wake the birds and bees,
Dewdrops on the fields and lawns—
This is the way the morning dawns.

This is the way the rain comes down:

Tinkle, tinkle, drop by drop,

Over roof and chimney top;

Boughs that bend and skies that frown—

This is the way the rain comes down.

This is the way the river flows:

Here a whirl and there a dance,

Slowly now, then like a lance;

Swiftly to the sea it goes—

This is the way the river flows.

This is the way the birdie sings:

Little birdies in the nest,

You I surely love the best;

Over you I fold my wings—

This is the way the birdie sings.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—Let pupils write three **statements**, using words from the above lesson.

Let pupils commit to memory the first two stanzas of the above poem.

ARTICULATION EXERCISE.

Drill pupils carefully in pronouncing the **wh** in the following words.

what

when

quando

whirl

white

blanco

wheat

which

cuál?

whistle

whether

cuálquier

LESSON XI.

draw

wand

shone

lin'en

sil'ver

eol'lár

má'am

wag'on

Peg'gy

Böb'bý

bü'e'klè

teas'ing

häm'mër

Serüb'bý

sür'prisë'

nön'sensè

THE DOG BOY AND THE BOY DOG.

PART I.

"Bobby," said Aunt Peggy, "I wish you would stop teasing that dog."

Bobby was sitting on the rug in front of the fire, playing with Scrubby, his dog.

"Aunty, I am not teasing him," said Bobby, turning around and looking up into Aunt Peggy's face with a look of surprise. "I'm playing with him."

"Go and get him a bone or a bowl of milk," said his aunt. "The poor fellow is hungry."

"By and by," said Bobby. "I can't always be running to wait on a dog."

"What a noise you are making! What are you doing now?" said Aunt Peggy.

"I'm making a little wagon, and

Andy and I are going to fill it with big stones and make Scrubby draw it up from the brook. Won't that be fun?"

"Nonsense!" said Aunt Peggy. "A little dog like that draw a wagon of stones! I won't let you do anything of the kind!"

"Aunty, it doesn't hurt him!" cried out Bobby. "Dogs are not like boys."

"I hope not," said Aunt Peggy.

"No, but I mean things don't hurt them; they like it," cried Bobby.

"Do they?" said Aunt Peggy. "I should like to have you turned into a dog for a day or two, just to let you try it. Now be quiet, and let me read."

Bobby put down his hammer and said, "I wish Aunt Peggy would let me do as I please," and then climbed up into his father's big armchair.

There he sat watching the fire burning brightly, while Aunt Peggy went on with her reading.

Soon it seemed to Bobby that she left the chair in which she was sitting,



and a strange, little old woman, with a shining wand, sat

in her place.

"Well, Bobby," said she, shaking her cap strings, "here I am!"

Bobby did not know what answer to make, so he kept still.

"Do you know who I am?" asked she, walking into the middle of the rug, while her little red boots made a strange, tinkling noise on the floor.

"No, ma'am," said Bobby, "I do not."

"I am a fairy!" said she.

"O!" said Bobby; and he thought that fairies were not very pretty.

She walked toward him, and drew a circle around him that shone like silver. She then touched little Scrubby with her wand, and, wonderful to tell, his silver collar became white linen, the buckle changed to a necktie of black ribbon, and Bobby saw, in place of his dog, Scrubby, a little boy that looked like himself.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—Let pupils fill blanks in the statements given below, using in each, one of the following words: **iron, woolen, wooden, silver.**

Bobby was making a good wagon.
 He used nails nails.
 Scrubby had a pretty collar.
 There was a carpet carpet on the floor.

LESSON XII.

nāils	chill'y	bush'ēs	de sērve'
voicē	in stēad'	rōar'ing	shiv'ēr ing
erū'el	whinēd	yēlp'ing	two'-lēggēd
ā void'	pārched	limpēd	āft'ēr wardz

THE DOG BOY AND THE BOY DOG.

PART II.

Bobby was about to cry out with joy at seeing Scrubby turned into a boy, when the sound of his own voice became like a bark, his hands seemed covered with long black hair, and his nails had become long and sharp.

When he tried to jump up, he jumped down instead, and found that he had four legs in place of two.

Here was a pretty state of things. The fairy had turned him into a dog, and Scrubby into a boy!

He tried to ask what it all meant; but found that, instead of talking, he was barking very loud.

"Stop your noise!" said Scrubby, the boy, hitting him over the head with a stick.

"Don't hurt the poor dog," said a voice, which sounded like Aunt Peggy's.

"O it doesn't hurt him!" said the boy. "Dogs have no feelings!"

To avoid another shower of blows, Scrubby, or Bobby—whichever you may call him—crept away under the great armchair. He felt very hungry, and whined softly.

How the poor dog longed for a bone! How dry and parched his mouth was for a little water!

He came up to his master's side and scratched gently on his arm.

"Get out!" cried the dog boy, and gave the boy dog a good, hard kick.

The two-legged young animal, now on four legs, ran yelping out of the house into the garden.

Scrubby threw a big stone after him, and hit him on the leg.

Bobby yelped louder, and limped away to hide himself among the bushes.

"O how he squeals!" said Scrubby, roaring with laughter. "Isn't it fun! To-morrow, Andy and I will get an old

tin pan and tie it to his tail. He'll run fast enough then, I'm sure!"

"How can you be so cruel?" said his mother.

"It's only a dog," said Scrubby. "Dogs don't mind. They have no feelings like ours."

Bobby, hearing this, very wisely crept away among the bushes in the garden; but, as it grew chilly and damp toward night, his little body shook with the cold, and he ran to the door, whining to go in.

"What's that?" said a voice inside, and little Bobby, by standing on his hind legs, could just see the bright light shining out through the window.

How he longed to lie on the rug in front of the warm fire!

"I suppose it's Scrubby," answered the boy.

"Go and let him in, then."

"In a minute, mother."

But the minute passed by, and five more of them—and then half an hour, and still nobody let the poor, shivering

animal in. Scrubby never once **thought** of him again until he was snug **in** bed, when the boy dog's whining cry **reached** his ears.

"Why, there's that dog! I **quite** forgot him. He must lie on the **mat** outside, and take as much comfort there as he can."

So the dog boy curled himself up in bed and went to sleep.

While the boy dog, feeling as **though** he was a snowball, curled himself down under the bushes, as the cold wind blew on him.

Suddenly, something that looked like very ^{gray} bright moonlight shot down through the branches, but it was only the wand of the fairy, who was putting aside the evergreen boughs, to get a better look at him.

"O," said the fairy, "how do you like being a dog?"

"O, I don't like being a dog," cried our little boy dog. "Do, please, good fairy, turn me back into a little boy again!"

"Do you think you deserve it?" asked the fairy.

"No, fairy, I don't," said the shivering little animal.

"Nor I either," answered the fairy. "I have a great mind to keep you a dog for a few days longer."

Bobby began to whine bitterly, and all at once the evergreens, and the moonlight, and the fairy with her silver wand, were gone, and he was sitting upright in his father's easy-chair, while the whining was only little Scrubby pawing at his arm, as if to ask for something.

Bobby jumped up, felt to see if the silver collar was round his neck, looked at his hands, to make sure that they were not covered with long, black hair, and counted his legs—one, two, not four.

"O I'm a boy again! I'm a boy again!" cried Bobby.

"I'm sure no one would ever take you for anything else as long as you make such a noise as that," said Aunt Peggy, while Bobby ran downstairs to

ask the cook for a plate of bones for poor Scrubby.

Bobby's father said it was a dream; his Aunt Peggy said it was a lesson; his mother laughed, and said it was all nonsense; but Bobby himself believes to this day that he saw a real fairy, and that he was a dog once.

At any rate, he was a better boy afterwards, and treated his dog more kindly, and that's all about Bobby and Bobby's dog.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Copy the following.*

Tommy **threw** his books on the grass.
They saw the tiger **through** the trees.

The worm was creeping toward its **hole**.
The pigs thought the **whole** world was for them.

The wind **blew** so hard that it shook the mill.
We looked up into the **blue** sky.

You have **two** hands to work with.
Do you have **too** much for **two** hands to do?

He made a **bow** to his friend.
The crow was on the **bough** of a tree.

Let pupils write six statements, using correctly the following words: their, there; son, sun; meet, meat.

LESSON XIII.

HOW THE WIND BLOWS!

pānè hūr'ry tǎn'glè yél'low àt'tùmh

