

"My deer now dashed away much faster than before. I was alone on the track.

^{campus} "In the gray Arctic twilight, my sledge was gliding swiftly over the snow, with the low huts I had left behind me scarcely seen in the distance. ^{apenas}

"I drove on, mile after mile, enjoying very much my first reindeer drive in Lapland." ^{condicin}

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

- Where does the reindeer live?
 For what do the Laplanders use him?
 What does a sledge look like?
 What kind of harness do they use?
 What use do they make of the reindeer's flesh?
 What do they make from his skin?

Let pupils unite the answers to the first two and the last two statements.

MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

LESSON XXIV.

eoil	för' est	se eüre'	in elösed'
^{enredas} edge	^{monte} eör ral'	^{seguro} bláz' ing	^{cerrado} strüg' gles
^{origen} eō' eōa	^{corral} priš' on	^{brillando} fū' ri öüs	^{luchas} sūr round'
^{coco} flāmes	^{prision} en tiçè'	^{furioso} trām' ples	^{rodaban} thēm sēlvēs'
^{flamar}	^{indicia}	^{puñadas fuertes}	^{ellos mismos}

CATCHING WILD ELEPHANTS.

In India, when the people wish to catch wild elephants, they choose a place at the edge of the forest, ^{escogen} and make a fence round it, each post in the fence being the trunk of a tree.

Sometimes the space inclosed is so great that the fence ^{espacio} reaches for several miles. The space ^{escluyendo} inside the fence is called a corral. ^{interior}

There are openings left in the fence, through which the elephants may rush ^{empujan} when driven toward them. ^{arrojarse}

When the corral has been made ready, the hunters surround the elephants and make blazing lights to frighten them. ^{rodaban}

The flames seem a long way off at first; but they come nearer and nearer, until the poor elephants see fires on all sides of them but one. ^{avistan} ^{luzes}

Behind the flames are a large number of men, with sticks and spears in their hands. They knock these sticks about and shake their spears, all the time making a great noise, to frighten the elephants as much as they can.

The elephants look about to see how they can get away. Only one way is left open, and the whole herd chooses that and sets off with a furious rush. That one way leads to the corral.

As soon as they are in the corral, the people close up the openings, and the elephants are secure as if in a prison.

They must be taken out one by one, and this is done by means of tame elephants, which were once caught in a corral themselves.

They have been well taught since then, and are now quite willing to help catch their old friends of the forest.

When they get one of the elephants out, the people close the opening behind him.

He rushes about in great fury; but the tame elephants then come, one on

each side of him, and stroke him with their trunks, and seem to talk to him.

He becomes quiet while they are with him. By and by they entice him to follow them away from the corral. When they come to a good strong tree they stop.

The people keep close behind, and at the first chance, they slip a strong rope round one of his legs, and then coil it round and round the tree.

As soon as he is fast, the tame elephants leave him. He tries to follow them; and when he finds that he cannot, he roars and struggles, as if he would pull down the tree.

The people soon come back, and bring him cocoanuts, and plenty of green leaves to eat.

At first he is too angry to eat, and he tosses the cocoanuts about, and tramples them under his feet; but in spite of his rage, he can not help getting hungry.

By and by he is glad to take all the nuts and good things the natives bring him.

In a few days he begins to be tame and gentle; and in a little time he can be made to do almost anything his master likes. One by one the other elephants in the corral are taken out, and tamed in the same way.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—Let pupils fill blanks in the statements given below, using in each, one of the following words: **furiously, gladly, angrily, close, slowly, kindly.**

The posts in the fence are placed close together.

The herd rushes slowly along into the corral.

One elephant at a time is led gladly out.

The tame elephants treat him kindly.

At first, he tramples the cocoanuts angrily under his feet.

At last, he eats furiously all that is brought to him.

Let pupils unite the third and fourth, and the fifth and sixth of these statements, using between each two **but** or **and**.

ARTICULATION EXERCISE.

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

acts	swept	swiftly	choicest
drifts	insect	servants	gentleman

LESSON XXV.

street	fōr'ging	trīp'ping	dōub'ling
<i>calle</i>	<i>forsando</i>	<i>belos</i>	<i>doblando</i>
lād'dēr	strīd'ing	drip'ping	thou'sand
<i>escalera</i>	<i>abramando</i>	<i>gobando</i>	<i>mil</i>
bus'y	sprīn'klē	skip'ping	crowd'ing
<i>ocupado</i>	<i>rosar</i>	<i>sollando</i>	<i>amononando</i>
(bizz'y)			

MERRY RAIN.

Sprinkle, sprinkle, comes the rain,
Tapping on the windowpane;
Trickling, coursing,
Crowding; forcing,
Tiny rills
To the dripping window sills.

Laughing raindrops, light and swift,
Through the air they fall and sift;
Dancing, tripping,
Bounding, skipping
Through the street,
With their thousand merry feet.

Every blade of grass around
Is a ladder to the ground;
Clinging, striding,
Slipping, sliding,
On they come
With their busy, patt'ring hum.

In the woods, by twig and spray,
To the roots they find their way;
Rushing, creeping,
Doubling, leaping,
Down they go
To the waiting life below.

O the brisk and merry rain,
Bringing gladness in its train!
Falling, glancing,
Tinkling, dancing,
All around—
Listen to its cheery sound!

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils copy the first stanza.*

Let pupils give answers, whether oral or written, in complete statements.

What is the window frame made of?
What is it for?

How many sashes have your windows?
Why do windows have sashes?

How many panes are set in each sash?
Why are they made of glass?

MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

“Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.”

LESSON XXVI.

rich	smōoth	fif'tēen	en'terəd
for'gēr	Chārles	Lȳ'mān	eār'riāgə
āf'fōrd'	mōnth's	glōom'y	Hār'mon
stēād'y	ĉēr'tain	busi'nēs	stūd'y'ing
		(bīz)	

TOO RICH TO AFFORD IT.

PART I.

“I don't want to go to school any more, father.”

Mr. Gray raised his eyes in surprise to the face of his eldest son, a lad of about fifteen.

“Why don't you wish to go to school?”

“Well, sir, I am tired of studying, and I don't see any use in it.”

“Do you think that you know enough?”

The boy blushed a little at his father's sharp look and tone.

“I know as much as George Lyman does, and he left school three months ago. He says that he is not going

away to school, while his father has plenty of money."

Mr. Gray turned upon the boy a look of grave surprise.

"Did George Lyman say that? His father is a poorer man than I thought. So you have quite made up your mind that you do not wish to go to school any more?"

"Yes, sir."

"You need not then."

"O thank you, father!" cried Charles.

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Gray, as the boy caught up his hat and started for the door. "You have nothing to be thankful for.

"There is an old and homely saying, 'One man can lead a horse to water, but ten can not make him drink.'

"So I say that you need not go to school, if you are not willing to study; because, if you feel as you say you do, it will be time and money thrown away.

"But understand one thing;—if you do not go to school, you will have to go

to work. I can not afford to have you idle."

"Do you mean that I must go out to work by the day?"

"I mean that you must have some steady work or business. You must have a certain number of hours' work each day, as surely as the sun rises."

"Why, father, George Lyman and Ned Johnson don't have to work, and they say that they don't mean to, either. George told me that his father said that you were the richest man in the county."

"If I were the richest man in two counties, I should not be rich enough to afford to have my boy idle."

The next morning, Charles and his father started out bright and early in an open carriage, drawn by a pair of fine horses. They were carried swiftly along the smooth, hard road.

At last the carriage stopped in front of a gloomy, stone building.

"Are you going to stop here?" said Charles. "It looks like a prison."

"It is a prison," said Mr. Gray.

"But I thought you were going to see an old schoolmate?"

"Here is where he lives."

Before Charles could reply, the heavy door was swung back and they were shown in.

"I came to inquire about Mr. Harmon, the forger," said Mr. Gray to the man who had let them in. "He is an old schoolmate of mine. How is he getting along?"

"Very well. He is quiet; but it is pretty hard for him. It is hard for these men who have always had plenty of money and nothing to do. Here they find no money, but plenty to do. If you wish to see him, I will send for him."

In a few minutes a grave, quiet man entered. His close-cut hair and queer dress gave him a strange look. Charles had never seen anything like it before.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—Let pupils give the first seven paragraphs of this lesson in their own words.

LESSON XXVII.

<i>đloro</i> wēpt	<i>manhãda</i> chāngè	<i>đo</i> ả wōkè'	<i>đo</i> mǎn'nēr
<i>đo</i> dēath	<i>đo</i> stāinəd	<i>đo</i> hǎp'pən	<i>đo</i> prōs'pēets
<i>đo</i> mōans	<i>đo</i> hōn'ěst	<i>đo</i> sūb'jēet	<i>đo</i> ānx'iqūs
<i>đo</i> wēalth	<i>đo</i> eom'pa nỹ	<i>đo</i> po sĩ' tìon	<i>đo</i> (ānk'shūs)

TOO RICH TO AFFORD IT.

PART II.

He seemed glad to see Mr. Gray, though there was something in his manner which showed that he felt deeply his present position.

Of the two, Mr. Gray seemed the more unhappy. His voice broke a little as he said:

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Harmon; but sorry, very sorry to find you here."

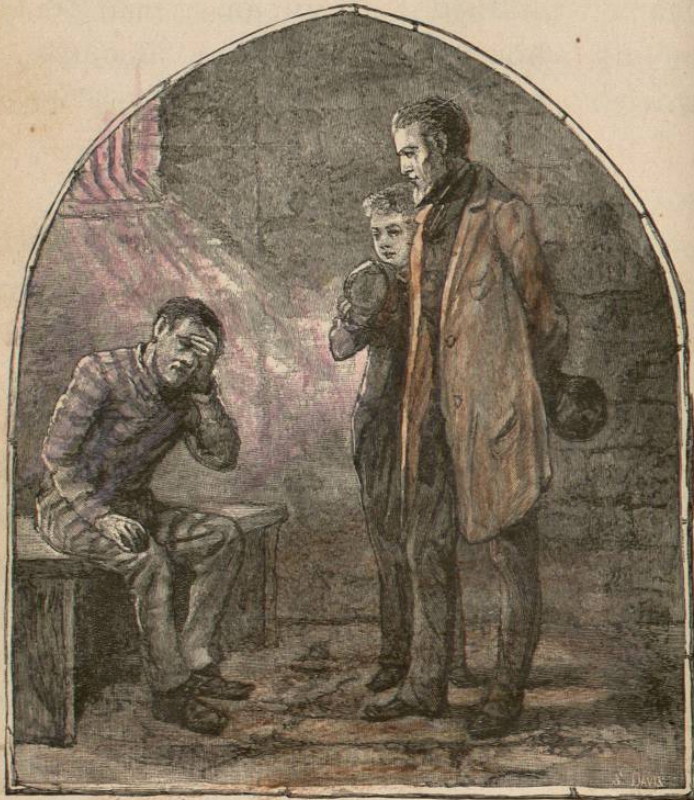
"You can't be more sorry than I am to find myself here," said the man.

Then, as if anxious to change the subject, he turned to Charles.

"I suppose that this is your boy?"

"Yes, this is my eldest son, Charles. He is just about the age we were when

we used to go to school together. Have you forgotten all about those days, John?"



Mr. Harmon was silent for a few moments as he thought of those happy days; then suddenly, covering his face with his hands, he wept bitterly. Charles had never seen a man weep

before, and those sobs and moans made him feel very sad.

"I wish I could!" said Mr. Harmon, lifting up his pale, tear-stained face. "I wish I could forget. I sometimes think that it is all a dream—that I shall some day wake and find it so!"

"How did it happen?" inquired Mr. Gray. "When I last saw you, your prospects were bright—brighter than mine."

"It can be told in a few words," was the reply. "Idleness and bad company. As you know, I would not study. I thought there was no need for me, a rich man's son, to do that."

"My father's death left me with great wealth, of which I never earned a dollar, and of whose use and worth I knew nothing. How it went I hardly know; but I awoke one morning to find myself poorer than the lowest clerk in the house."

"I knew nothing about getting money by honest work, but money I must

have; so I tried to get it without work. The rest needs no telling."

Here Mr. Harmon was called back to his dreary task.

The keeper now showed them the workshops and cells, kindly telling Charles about all that he did not understand.

When they visited the shoe shop, Charles saw Harmon sitting there among the rows of busy, silent men.

"How many of these men," inquired Mr. Gray, "have ever been trained to any useful trade or business?"

"Not one in ten."

After thanking the keeper for his kindness to them, Mr. Gray and Charles started for home.

"How hard it must be to have to live in a place like that!" said Charles, as reaching a hilltop, he gave a backward glance at the building, which looked so dark and lonely in the distance.

There was silence for some minutes. Then Mr. Gray said:

"You asked me, Charles, if you were to work like other boys, and this visit to the prison is my answer. The world calls me a rich man, and so I am.

"I am able to give you every chance to grow wise and good; but I am not, and never shall be, rich enough to have you idle.

"Strange as it may sound, I am too rich to afford it. Many a father has learned to his sorrow, what it is to have a boy idle."

Charles was very thoughtful for a few moments; then he looked up and said, "I think I will go to school on Monday, father."

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils fill blanks in the sentences given below, using in each, one of the following words: then, never, when, to-day, to-morrow, now.*

Tell me — you will come.

Will you come — ?

If you can not come —, come —.

I shall be at home —.

Do not say that you will — come.

Let pupils write two questions and two commands, using in each, one of the following words: ever, before, afterwards, soon.

LESSON XXVIII.

eōō	tīght	brōōd̄s	re māin' <i>quiesce</i>
nīgh	brīnk	plūm̄d	pā'tient l̄y <i>patientement</i> (shent-)

THE LITTLE DOVES.

High on the top of an old pine tree
Broods a mother dove with her young ones
three.

Warm over them is her soft, downy breast,
And they sing so sweetly in their nest.
"Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says
she,
All in their nest on the old pine tree.

Soundly they sleep through the moonshiny
night,
Each young one covered and tucked in
tight;
Morn wakes them up with the first blush
of light,
And they sing to each other with all their
might.
"Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says
she,
All in their nest on the old pine tree.

When in the nest they are all left alone,
While their mother far for their dinner has
flown,
Quiet and gentle they all remain,
Till their mother they see come home again.
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says
she,
All in their nest on the old pine tree.

When they are fed by their tender mother,
One never pushes nor crowds another;
Each opens wide his own little bill,
And he patiently waits, and gets his fill.
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says
she,
All in their nest on the old pine tree.

Wisely the mother begins by and by,
To make her young ones learn to fly;
Just for a little way over the brink,
Then back to the nest as quick as a
wink.
And "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says
she,
All in their nest on the old pine tree.

Fast grow the young ones, day and night,
Till their wings are plumed for a longer
flight;

Till unto them at last draws nigh
 The time when they all must say "Good-
 by."
 Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says
 she,
 And away they fly from the old pine tree.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils give answers, whether oral or written, to the following questions, in complete statements.*

- Nest.** Where was the nest?
 How many birds were in it?
- Sleep.** How long did they sleep?
 When did they wake?
- Food.** Why did the mother dove leave the nest?
 What did the little doves do?
- Dinner.** Who fed the little doves?
 How did the little doves act?
- Flying.** Who taught the little doves to fly?
 How far did they fly at first?
- Parting.** What happened to their wings?
 What did all the doves do then?

The answers to each pair of questions may be united by a connecting word, such as and, but or then, and written out so as to form a complete story.

Let pupils notice that each part of the story, as that about nest, sleep, etc., should be written as a single paragraph.

LESSON XXIX.

wolf	vain	ōb'jēet	dān'gēr
Fritz	eāb'in	Rūs'sia	shōul'dērs
fiērcē	de lāy'	ēs eāpē'	mēn āg'ēr īē
			(āzh)



FRITZ AND THE WOLF.

Fritz was the son of a farmer who lived in a lonely part of Russia. The rude cabin which was his home stood in a dark forest, several miles from the nearest village.

One day Fritz was sent to the vil-