

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 laŷ'	ēs eāpē'	mēn āg'ēr iē
			(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-

lage with a letter. It was the middle of winter and snow lay on the ground. After doing his errand, he spent the evening in visiting his friends.

It was late, and the moon was up before he set out for home. When he was a short distance from his father's house, Fritz saw a dark object before him in the path.

At first he thought it was a dog. As he came nearer he found that it was a fierce wolf that stood in his way.

Fritz knew that it would be useless to try to run away. He must think of some other means of escape. He had heard that hunters sometimes escaped from bears, by lying flat on the ground as if they were dead, and he thought he would try this plan with the wolf.

Without a moment's delay, he threw himself down on the snow. The wolf came slowly toward him. It stood beside him for a minute, quite still, and then began to sniff about him. Fritz did not dare to move.

By and by the wolf reached his neck, and resting one foot on his body, looked at him closely. Fritz felt the water from the jaws of the wolf dropping on his face.

"Death or life now!" said Fritz to himself. Quick as thought, he seized the paws which were resting on either side of his neck, drew them tightly over his shoulders, sprung up and walked off with the wolf hanging on his back.

So tightly did he draw the wolf's neck against his shoulders, that the animal could scarcely breathe and tried in vain to use its teeth. With its hind paws, however, it scratched furiously at Fritz's legs, and made it difficult for him to walk.

At length with his strange load he reached his father's door. "Father! father!" he cried, but there was no reply. Fritz was nearly tired out. He could not knock with his hands and he did not dare to lift his foot for fear of falling.

All that he could do was to turn round and dash the wolf against the door with all his might. The noise awoke every one in the cabin. "Father!" he cried again, "help, father! I have a live wolf."

The farmer lost no time in opening the door and stood, gun in hand, ready to shoot. "Do not shoot," said the boy, "the wolf is on my back. The dogs! the dogs!" he said.

At this moment Fritz's mother let loose two great dogs that were tied in the cabin, and that had been barking furiously.

Suddenly Fritz threw the wolf from his shoulders, and the dogs seeing the danger of their young master, flew at the wolf, and soon had it in their power.

Fritz did not wish the wolf to be killed by the dogs, for then he could not say that he had caught a live wolf.

As quick as thought he took a rope and tied it round the wolf's neck, at

the same time telling his father to pull the dogs away.

When this was done, Fritz put the badly wounded and much frightened animal into a box. There he kept it until, a short time afterward, a man came along and bought it to send to a menagerie.

I suppose the wolf is still looking out through the bars of its cage, and showing its white teeth to the crowds of boys and girls who go to look at the wild animals.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils give answers, whether oral or written, to the following questions, in complete statements, and unite answers as on page 118.*

- Fritz.** Who was he?  
Where did he live?
- Wolf.** Where did it meet Fritz?  
What kind of a wolf was it?
- Trick.** Why did Fritz lie down?  
How did Fritz seize the wolf?
- Home.** How did Fritz awaken his father?  
What happened?
- Menagerie.** Where is the wolf now?  
What does it do?

## LESSON XXX.

ělse	brōad	gāth'ēr	thūn'dēr
lĭmbs	whālē	sūr'fāçē	sēv'en ty
brēak	sāil'ōr	blūb'bēr	dĭf'fī eult
ō'çean	stārve	swā'low	hār pōng'
(ō'shan)			

## THE WHALE.

"Have you ever seen a whale, Uncle George?" inquired Frank.

"Yes, very often," replied his uncle. "You know that they are found in nearly all parts of the ocean."

"Please tell me how they look."

"When they are lying quietly on the surface of the water, you can not see very much of their bodies—only the tops of their heads and their broad backs; but sometimes in their play they will jump out of the water. Then you see dark objects, sixty to seventy feet long. The crash of their bodies falling upon the water is like thunder."

"What a large fish it must be!" said Frank.

"It is not a fish, Frank; although

many people call it so, yet they are wrong. It has limbs that look like the fins of a fish, and a tail like the tail of a fish; but a whale can not live under water as a fish does—it has to come up to the surface to breathe."



"Tell me about its breathing, uncle," said Frank.

"When a whale comes up to breathe, it throws a stream of water about

twenty feet into the air, from two 'blowholes' in the top of its head."

"O I have heard about that before!" said Frank. "That is the way sailors can tell that a whale is near. The man who keeps watch at the masthead calls out, 'There she blows!'"

"Do you know how whales are killed?"

"Yes, uncle," replied Frank. "The sailors go out in small boats, so as to get near the whale, and then kill it with harpoons."

"That is one way," said Uncle George; "but the new plan is to shoot the whale with a harpoon fired from a gun. This sometimes kills the whale at once, but it is very difficult to capture a whale in any way."

"I have heard," said Frank, "that a wounded whale is feared by the sailors, and can break a boat all to pieces with its tail, and will sometimes swallow a boat with the men in it."

Uncle George laughed heartily and replied: "A wounded whale is, as you

say, feared by the sailors, and can, no doubt, break a boat in two. Its mouth is large enough to hold a boat, but its throat is only six inches round, and it can not swallow anything larger than a small fish."

"Then why does it have such a large mouth?" said Frank.

"Because it needs a large mouth to gather its food. It catches many thousands of small fish; but if its mouth were small, and it had to take a few at a time, it would starve. Do you know what we find in the mouths of some whales?"

"Is it whalebone, uncle?"

"Yes, Frank. Sometimes the plates of bone in a whale's mouth weigh a ton. Now, what else do we get from the whale?"

"Oil," replied Frank.

"Yes, the oil is made from the inside or true skin of the whale—the skin which keeps the whale warm. Do you know of another name that is given to this skin?"

"Blubber, Uncle George. I have heard that it is good to eat."

"So it is, Frank—that is, for people in very cold parts of the world. I do not think that you would like it."

"I wish I could see a whale," said Frank.

"Perhaps you may, some time," said Uncle George.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils fill blanks in the statements given below, using in each, one of the following words: good, better, best; much, more, most.*

John has a — apple.  
 James has a — apple than John.  
 Roy has the — apple of all.  
 How — money have you?  
 I have — than you have.  
 James has the — money.

*Let pupils write three statements after the above model, using in each, one of the following words: little, less, least.*

ARTICULATION EXERCISE.

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

road	creak	very	hear
right	bread	fairy	your

LESSON XXXI.

eól'ör	erā'zŷ	drōōpəd	fāsh'ìon
dāi'sŷ	dūlk'ēr	blōōməd	pās'siōn (pāsh'ün)

THE ROBIN AND THE BUTTERCUP.

Down in a field, one day in June,  
 The flowers all bloomed together,  
 Save one, who tried to hide herself,  
 And drooped—that pleasant weather.

A robin, who had flown too high  
 And felt a little lazy,  
 Was resting near the buttercup,  
 Who wished she were a daisy.

For daisies grow so trim and tall;  
 She always had a passion  
 For wearing frills around her neck,  
 In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be  
 The same old, tiresome color,  
 While daisies dress in gold and white,  
 Although their gold is duller.

"Dear robin," said this sad young flower,  
 "Perhaps you'd not mind trying  
 To find a nice white frill for me  
 Some day, when you are flying."

"You silly thing," the robin said,  
 "I think you must be crazy;  
 I'd rather be my honest self  
 Than any made-up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright gown;  
 The little children love you;  
 Be the best buttercup you can,  
 And think no flower above you.

"Though swallows leave me out of sight,  
 We'd better keep our places.  
 Perhaps the world would all go wrong,  
 With one too many daisies.

"Look bravely up into the sky,  
 And be content with knowing  
 That God wished for a buttercup  
 Just here, where you are growing."

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils give the substance of the first three stanzas in their own words.*

*Let pupils write four statements or questions, using in each, one of the following words: here, there, where, away.*

MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

"He that is good at making excuses, is seldom good for anything else."

LESSON XXXII.

bōll	eāl'i eo	print'ed	wēav'ing
āt'tie	prēssed	rāg'man	sōūth'ern
eāt'tle	nē'groes	spin'dles	mā'chine
eōt'ton	rāil'rōad	pōs'si'ble	stēam' bōat

COTTON.

"Father, I would like to know all about cotton and how they make cloth," said John.

"Very well, John," replied Mr. Wood, "I will try to answer any questions you may ask."

"Well, then, what is cotton?" inquired John.

"A soft down that grows in the boll of a plant."

"Tell me about the plant, please."

"It is raised in our own Southern States, in India, and in some other countries."

"How does it look?"

"Like a small tree—the cotton plants are often called trees. They grow from four to seven feet high and are planted in rows like corn. The bolls in which

the cotton grows, open when ripe and show their white down."

"I have seen a picture of a cotton field," said John. "There were some negroes picking the cotton, and carrying it away in baskets."

"They were taking it to a gin," said his father. *also mentioned*

"What is a gin?"

"A machine to take out the seeds."

"Are there many seeds?" inquired John.

"So many, that before they had the gin, it was very hard work to make the cotton fit to use."

"Are the seeds that are taken out, planted?" inquired John.

"Yes, a small part of the seeds is used for that purpose; but a larger quantity is used in making a very good oil. The seeds are ground and pressed, and, after the oil is out, what is left is fed to cattle to fatten them." *ganado*

"Then there is something made of cotton besides cloth," said John, "but you haven't told me about the cloth yet."

"We will come to that soon, John. After the cotton has been ginned it is put up in large *yards* bales, and then sent away by railroad or steamboat to the cotton mills."



"And there made into cloth?"

"First into thread, and then into cloth," said his father.

"How is it done?" said John.



"Hasn't your grandmother shown you her old spinning wheel and loom that are in the attic?" <sup>millar</sup> <sup>telax</sup>

"Yes, I have seen them," said John, "and grandmother has told me about the way they were used, and that it took a long time to make a yard of cloth when she was a girl."

"Well, now, John, every mill has a large number of spindles to make thread; and as steam is used, the spindles move much faster and more steadily than in the old days."

"The looms now used for weaving the thread into cloth do it better than your grandmother ever thought possible."

"Calico is made of cotton, is it not, father?"

"Certainly. The pretty calico dresses that you see are only cotton cloth printed in different colors."

"Is that all about cotton, father?" said John.

"Not quite. Can you tell me what we do with old cotton clothes?"

"O yes; we sell them to the rag-man to be made into paper."

"Very good paper, too, John; such as we can write on."

"I hope you will take me, some time, to see them make cloth and paper, too," said John.

"So I will," said his father, "and then you will be able to understand many things that I can not describe to you without your seeing them."

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils fill blanks in the statements given below.*

Cotton is a —.

It grows in —.

It is raised in our —.

It — in India.

— is raised in other parts of the world.

It is put up in —.

It — away to the mills.

It is made into —.

It — into cloth.

*Let pupils unite the first and second statements; the third, fourth, and fifth; the sixth and seventh; and the eighth and ninth—using proper **connecting words**, and omitting all unnecessary words.*

## LESSON XXXIII.

bōw	sāv'age	re eov'ēr	xde scrib'e'
arcs	salv'age		describer
bī'son	ār'rows	xstalk'ing	prāc'ticēd
brants		an dand'p	practicada
clouds	xskill'ful	eōn sists'	bū'fa lōes
mobs	habiles	consiste	buffalos
xpre fēr	xchās'ing	eōm'mōn	xbēllōw'ing
preferir	casando	comson	bramedos

## A BUFFALO HUNT.

Several years ago, a friend and myself set out to hunt the bison, or buffalo, as it is generally called, on the great plains of the West.

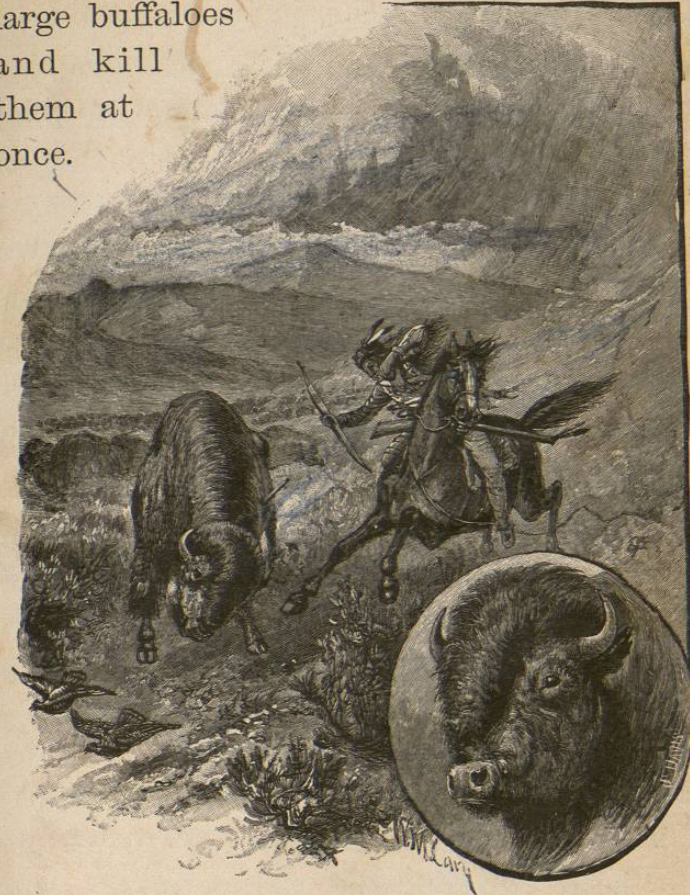
A short time after, we met some friendly Indians and were invited to join them in a hunt.

Now there are a number of different ways of hunting the buffalo.

The most common is called "running." It is done upon horseback, and consists in overtaking the buffalo and shooting it with a gun or arrow while it runs.

White hunters use guns; but Indians prefer the bow, as they can shoot arrow after arrow without making a noise and frightening the herd.

So skillful are the Indians, that their arrows very often pierce the bodies of large buffaloes and kill them at once.



In "stalking," as it is called, a horse is not needed. The hunter creeps carefully along until he is near enough to shoot; or, if an Indian, covers himself

with a wolfskin or a deerskin and goes among the buffaloes without being noticed. With a spear or a bow he can then kill a number of the animals.

"Surrounding," driving them over a cliff, and chasing them in the snow, are other ways practiced by hunters.

Some three or four days after we joined the Indians, we rode one morning to the top of a hill and saw before us a large herd of buffaloes feeding.

The Indians thought it best to try "running" them.

A gentle wind was blowing toward us, and the buffaloes did not notice our coming. We started out at full speed, and a few minutes later one of the Indians shot a buffalo with an arrow.

What followed would be difficult to describe.

The sound of thousands of hoofs on the hard ground, the bellowing of the buffaloes, and the yells of the Indians were deafening.

Clouds of dust filled our eyes and made it difficult to breathe.

The horses enjoy the hunt very much. They are so quick in their movements that they can keep out of the way of such buffaloes as are made furious by wounds. If it had not been for this, some of us could not have escaped from the savage herd.

The whole hunt did not last long, but while it was going on, my feelings were like those of one in a dream.

When all was over, fifteen buffaloes lay dead upon the plain, one of which, the Indians said, was mine.

Not until the next day did I recover from the noise and confusion of the hunt. Then I was able to think of all that had happened, and to enjoy the feeling that I had shot my first buffalo.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils notice how the statements are changed in the following model.*

The speed of the horse was very great.

The horse's speed was very great.

*Let pupils change the following statements, according to the above model.*

The bow of the Indian was better than a gun.

The hair of the buffalo is very long and thick.