

How he would stretch his long neck, and try to be as tall as Uncle Will! I have seen boys do the same when they took walks with their papas.

Sometimes Uncle Will and Zip would have a race. Zip would flap his wings, and scream with delight. It was very funny to see him, he took such long leaps. He could scream very loud.

The hens did not know what to make of Zip when he first came. They seemed to think he was a very big kind of hen or rooster.

They looked at him awhile. Then they all ran round him, and cackled as loud as they could.

One of the roosters tried to fight with him. Zip looked at the rooster to see how high he could hop. Then he gave him a tap with his long bill. The rooster soon found that Zip's legs were too long, and that his bill was too sharp.

The hens and roosters let Zip alone after that. And he let them alone, too.

mū'sic
piān'o (pē-)
fin'gers
voice
pēo'ple

Zip was not fond of boys.

If a boy came into the yard, Zip ran at him. The boy ran out of the yard as fast as he could.

If Zip gave a peck with his sharp bill, the boy was sure to scream.

That was great fun for Zip.

When Uncle Will was at home, the boys liked to come and see his pet. They did not go very near him till Uncle Will took him in his arms.

He had a cute little way of tucking his head under Uncle Will's arm and looking out at the boys.

But why was it that Zip had to be sent away, do you think? I will tell you.

Zip was very fond of music. When Miss Nellie played the piano, he would stalk into the house. If the door was not open, he would tap on the window till he was let in.

By and by he found out that *he* could make music on the piano. He used to tap the keys with his bill.

It was fun to see him. He never hit Miss Nellie's fingers, but he came very close to them.

And Zip liked to sing as well as he did to play. He got up at daylight to sing in the garden.

Sometimes he sang in the night. His voice was loud, and it was not sweet.

The people who lived near did not like his songs. They said he waked their babies.

And that was why, at last, he had to be sent away. I do not think he went where poor little Snip did.

hāste	bē hind'	hūn'grÿ	hēard
cāb'bāge	un'der	tūr'keÿ	whom

-ight: might, night, fright, sight, light, right.

THE STORY OF CHICKEN-LITTLE.

Chicken-Little went into the garden one day, — where she had no right to be, — and a cabbage leaf fell upon her tail.

With all her might she ran, not once stopping to look behind, and soon she met Hen-Pen.

"Hen-Pen, Hen-Pen!" she cried, "the sky is falling! I saw it; I heard it; and part of it fell upon my tail."

Then they both ran till they met Cock-Lock.

"O, Cock-Lock," said Hen-Pen, "we must run, for the sky is falling!"

"Why, who told you so?" said Cock-Lock.

"Chicken-Little told me," said Hen-Pen.

"And how did Chicken-Little know?"

"She saw it, and she heard it, and part of it fell upon her poor tail."

And now all three ran as if for their lives.

"Where are you going in such haste?" asked Duck-Luck, whom they met in the way.

"Run with us, Duck-Luck, for the sky is falling!" said Cock-Lock.

"How do you know?" asked Duck-Luck, in fright.

"Why, Hen-Pen told me."

"But how did Hen-Pen know?"

She had it from Chicken-Little, who saw it, and heard it, and part of it fell upon her tail."

And now they all ran, — you never saw such a sight, — and by chance they met Goose-Loose.

"Goose-Loose," said Duck-Luck, "have you heard that the sky is falling?"

"No, no," said Goose-Loose. "How did you know?"

"Cock-Lock told me; he had it from Hen-Pen; Chicken-Little told her; she saw it, and heard it, and part of it fell upon her poor tail."

And so there were five to run, — Goose-Loose, Duck-Luck, Cock-Lock, Hen-Pen, and poor Chicken-Little. They ran and ran till they met Turkey-Lurkey, to whom they told the same tale, and he ran with them to get away from the falling sky.

Next whom should they meet but the Fox, who was on his way to the wood. "Good day

to you," said he; "where may you all be going in such haste this fine morning?"

"Fox-Lox," said all of them at once, "tell us what to do, for the sky is falling!"

"Ah!" said the fox, "is that so? Then I must see what I can do for you. I have a snug, safe little place under the ground. You shall all come in and stay till the sky has fallen, and it won't hurt you at all."

So they all went in, — Turkey-Lurkey, Goose-Loose, Duck-Luck, Cock-Lock, Hen-Pen, and Chicken-Little, — into the hole where lived the cunning Fox-Lox with her hungry little cubs. And Fox-Lox went in too, but they never came out to see if the sky had fallen.

SPELL:

snug	snow	sneeze	snarl	snake
snap	snip	snore	snail	snout

VIO'S LESSONS (continued from page 18).

The next time Vio wrote, her mamma said, "And now the turn is *too* round, but you will soon have it right."

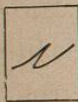
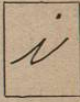
Vio showed the slate to her papa when he came

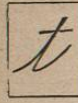
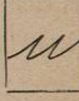
home. "Mamma said I mustn't make little corners like those, so I made these," she said, "and they are too round."

"They look like the tracks old Roby makes on the driveway when he turns round with the big carryall," said papa.


Vio thought that was very funny.


"The carryall is Roby's pencil," said she. "But, papa," she added, "I haven't made a letter yet. It is only a part of one."

"I'll put a dot over it, and make it  one," said he. "There, now it is *i*, see;  and, if I carry it twice as high, so, it

 will be *t*, that is, when I cross it; or,  you can make *u* with two of them."

"And that," said mamma, "is half of Auntie Lu's name."

"You can write , and that is a whole word," said papa.

"Oh, what fun it  is!" said Vio.

This is what Vio had learned to write.

u i u u i t t i u u i

NOTE. — The teacher will do well to illustrate the faults upon the board. Short lessons on principles should be taken daily during the entire year, the teacher giving her time to the work. The points are: the height of letters, the slant of lines, and the turns.

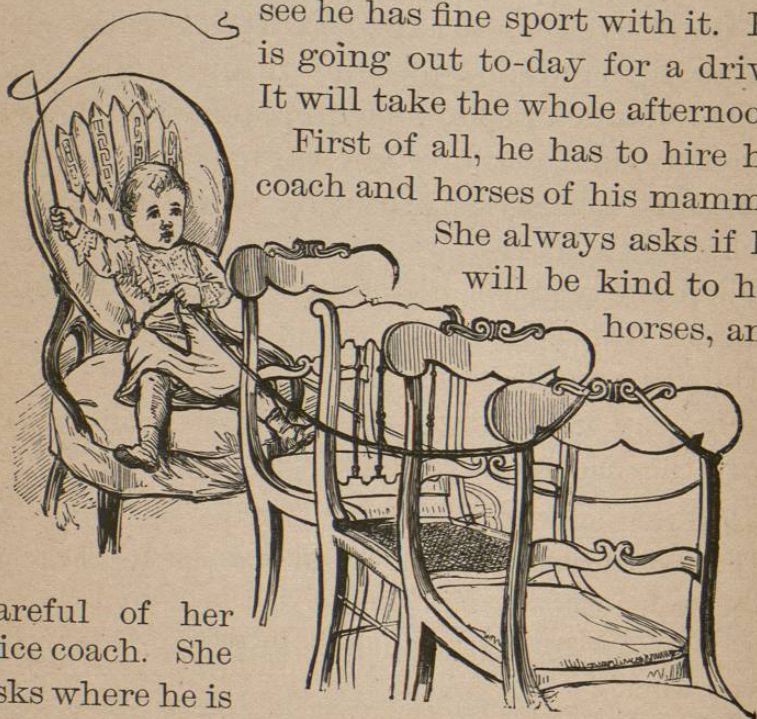
LESSON 1.—PREPARATORY.

spōrt	whōa	By SIGHT.	care'ful
cōach	thrōws	reins	go'ing
whōle	fōrth	al'ways	any'thing
each	hear	team	seats

JAMIE'S FOUR-HORSE TEAM.

This is Jamie with his four-horse team. You see he has fine sport with it. He is going out to-day for a drive. It will take the whole afternoon.

First of all, he has to hire his coach and horses of his mamma. She always asks if he will be kind to her horses, and



careful of her nice coach. She asks where he is going, and then tells what he will have to pay. The next thing is to get the four horses into

their places. Each has a name, and if we listen we may hear Jamie calling out, "Come, Fan! come, I say! Whoa, Bess, whoa, there!"

Back and forth he runs, saying, "Back, Ned! There, stand still! Come, Tom!"

At last all the horses stand in their right places. Jamie gets his whip, takes the reins, and seats himself in the coach.

"Good by, mamma, we're off!" he calls. He waves his hand, and mamma throws a kiss.

Then Jamie cracks his whip, calls to his horses to get up, and mamma knows that he has gone. She must not say anything to him till he gets back.

Then she will ask him where he has been and what he has seen.

He will take the coach and horses to their right places, pay his mamma for them, and then put away the whip and reins.

LESSON 2.

There are four words that sound like *hire*. Their initials are f, t, m, w. Use each of the four words to say something. Learn to spell and write them.

SLATE WORK.

Jamie's four horse team.

VIO'S LESSONS (continued from page 27).

"Is this my new copy?" asked Vio. "It is a very funny one. I find *i* and *t* in it that I have made before."

e e i i t t e l l e t t e i i e e

"Go and get me some twine, and I will show you how to make *e*," said her mamma.

They wrote the new letter on the floor with a piece of string. "See," said the mother, "I turn *back* the twine and cross it so as to make a closed loop. Now see me write it on your slate.

"The letter leans like the others, you see, and is of the same size as *i*."

Vio made *e* with the twine, and tried to make

i and *t*; but that she could not do.

e Then she made the letter with her *e* pencil on the slate, saying slowly, "Up, down, up," as she did so.

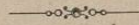
"Oh, mamma, look," she said after a while, "you made three letters wrong yourself! They are taller than *t*, and that is twice as tall as *e*."

"No; I did not make a mistake. The tall ones are not *e*'s, they are *l*'s. They are just three times as tall as *e*. You may make some of them now."

When Vio could make the new letters well, her brother John wrote *tell, let, little, tilt, and ill*, and she read them. She wrote *little* so well that her mamma told her to keep it on her slate to show to her papa.

John wrote sentences, too, and she learned to copy them very well, though she did not know all the letters.

"You will be a good writer, Vio," he said, "you hold your hand so well."



LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

brī'er	bōn'nŷ	mous'ie	hōp'ping
Yūle	wor'ried	hawk	sit'ting
grēē'dy	wor'ry	turf	fēath'er

THE ROBIN'S YULE* SONG.

[AN OLD STORY.]

There was once an old gray Pussy, and she went down by the water-side; and there she saw wee Robin Redbreast hopping on a brier.

And Pussy said, "Where are you going, wee Robin?"

And wee Robin said, "I am going to the King, to sing him a song this good Yule morning."

* Yuletide is Christmas.

And Pussy said, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonny white ring round my neck."

But wee Robin said, "No, no, gray Pussy; no, no! You worried the wee Mousie; but you shall not worry me."

So wee Robin flew away and away till he came to a turf wall, and there he saw a gray, greedy Hawk sitting.

And the gray, greedy Hawk said, "Where are you going, wee Robin?"

And wee Robin said, "I am going to the King, to sing him a song this fine Yule morning."

And the gray, greedy Hawk said, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonny feather in my wing."

But wee Robin said, "No, no, gray, greedy Hawk; no, no! You pecked at the wee Linnet; but you shan't peck me."

So wee Robin flew away till he came to the side

pēcked	mâr'ried
līn'nēt	cōurt
quēēn	dānced

of a rock, and there he saw a sly Fox sitting.

And the sly Fox said, "Where are you going, wee Robin?"

And wee Robin said, "I am going to the King, to sing him a song this fine Yule morning."

And the sly Fox said, "Come, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonny spot on the top of my tail."

But wee Robin said, "No, no, sly Fox; no, no! You worried the wee Lamb; but you shan't worry me."

So wee Robin flew away till he came to the King; and there he sat on a window-sill, and sang to the King a bonny song.

And the King said to the Queen, "What shall we give to the wee Robin for singing us this bonny song?"

And the Queen said to the King, "I think we'll give him the wee Wren to be his wife."

So wee Robin and the wee Wren were married, and the King and Queen and all the court danced at the wedding: and afterward wee Robin flew away home to his own water-side, and hopped on a brier.

LESSON 2. — LANGUAGE.

Can any one repeat the story beginning—

"Once upon a time,
When Jenny Wren was young—"

re mem'ber

San'ta Claus

gränd'pä

fröcks

jäck'et

Christ'mas



beaū'ty

sād'dle

brī'dle

friēnd

be fōre'

clōse'ly

THE NEW ROCKING-HORSE.

Did you ever see this little boy before? Look closely, and see if you remember him.

He is two years older than when you saw him last.

Then he wore frocks; but now, you see, he has on pants and a jacket.

He used to be called Jamie. Since he was five years old his papa has called him James.

"That is what they will call you when you go to school," said papa. "You must get used to it."

James is a great boy for horses. When he was a baby-boy he began by calling a cane his horse.

Then he had fine sport for a long time with his four-horse team. You know what that was.

But Santa Claus—or some other kind friend—set this great rocking-horse in the hall one night. Jamie found it there in the morning.

He had no use for his four horses after that.

"I have a horse now that can go," he said to his grandpa, when he went to wish him a "Merry Christmas."

Now grandpa was the real Santa Claus, but Jamie had not found it out yet.

"Tell me about this rocking-horse of yours," said grandpa.

"Oh, he's such a beauty! Papa says he's a bay. That tells his color. And he has a white mane and tail made of real hair. You must come over to-day and see him.

"And I can take off the saddle and bridle, if I like. The saddle is a beauty, and the reins are the same color.

"I never had anything so nice in all my life. Who do you think gave him to me, grandpa? I asked papa, and he said I must ask you if you knew."

And grandpa said, "It must have been some one who loved you dearly."

LESSON 1. — SPELL:

bĕg'gar
naugh'ty

wan'ders
nak'ed

fool'ish
roost'ing

—336—

SLEEPY HARRY.

"I do not like
to go to bed,"
Sleepy little
Harry said.

"Go, naughty Betty,
go away;
I will not come
at all, I say."

"Ah, silly child,
what is he
saying?"

As if he could
be always
playing;

Then, Betty, you must come and carry
This very foolish little Harry.

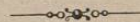
"The little birds are better taught;
They all go roosting when they ought.



—337—

And all the ducks and fowls, you know,
They went to bed an hour ago.

"The little beggar in the street,
Who wanders forth with naked feet,
And has not where to lay his head,—
Oh, he'd be glad to go to bed."



VIO'S LESSONS (continued from page 30).

The next lesson looked so easy that Vio wrote very fast; but when she showed her slate her mamma said, "Why, Vio, this will not do at all. Have you been trying to make scallops like those on your red sack?"

"They do look like scallops wrong side up, don't they, mamma?" said Vio with a laugh. "Let me try again and slant my lines."

"Slant your lines, and make graceful, pretty turns, all of the same size."

Vio did her best, and soon had a nice piece of work. This is the copy that she wrote:—

v n m m e t m n n n n r

LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

pēo'ple	rogue	clos'et	eat'en	clean
vel'vet	fel'low	shelf	al'ways	leave

A ROGUE.

He was small. But he had bright eyes and very sharp ears. People called him shy, but I think he was very bold.

He had a gray coat that was as soft as velvet. He wore it every day, yet he always kept it clean; and it did not seem to wear out.

He was a nice little fellow. He did not mean to do wrong. But then he did not know just what he might do; and he had no one to tell him.

So one day he took a piece of cake without leave.

The cake was for Elsie. It was sent to her by a lady.

Elsie was not well when the cake came, and it was set on a shelf. And this little rogue came when she was asleep, and ate all he wished of it.

Elsie put the rest into the closet. But there was a little crack under the door. Next day there was a round hole there, and some one had eaten more of the cake.

"It is worse to eat the door than the cake," said Elsie. "We can have more cake, but we can't have a new door."

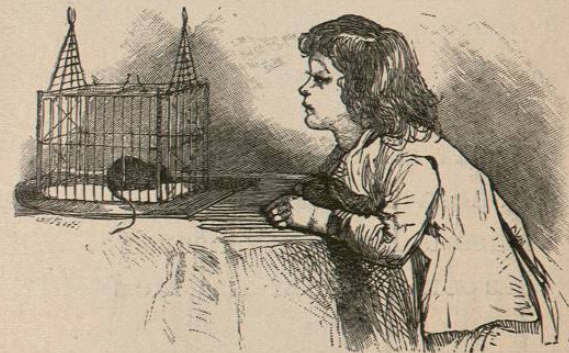
Next he bit a round hole in her mamma's best table cloth.

"This will never do," said mamma.

So a cage with a spring in it was set in the closet. The rest of Elsie's cake was put into the cage.

"I'm sure I don't want it now," said Elsie; yet the little fellow was as neat as herself.

"If you get in there you will get something good," said Elsie; "but you will lose something, too. If I were you I wouldn't go in."



But he didn't hear what Elsie said, or if he did, he thought he knew better.

That very night he went in.

"Here he is! here he is!" said Elsie next day.
And here is Elsie looking at him. She is trying
to think what must be done with such a pretty
little rogue.

"We won't kill him, any way, will we, mam-
ma?" she said.

LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

qui'et	hearth	lights	with out'
sly'ly	bē side'	a bout'	dressed

"IF YOU PLEASE."

All dressed in gray, a little mouse
Has made his home within my house;
And every night and every morn
I say, "I wish that mouse were gone."

But why? A quiet soul is he
As any one need wish to see.
My house is large, my hearth is wide,
With room for him and me beside.

Ah, yes! But when the lights are out,
He likes to slyly peep about,
And help himself to what he sees,
Without once saying, "If you please."

LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

əl'ē phant	flān'nel	fēl'low	eat'en
cot'ton	blānk'et	a live'	pleased

CARL'S PET.

When Carl was two years old, his mamma
gave him an elephant. It was made of gray
cotton flannel,
and had a nice
blue blanket over
its back.



Carl could not
say elephant, so
he called it Jim.

The little fellow
loved Jim as well
as if he had been
alive.

He used to talk
to him just as lit-
tle boys talk to
their dogs.

Every night
Carl would get
Jim out of his
barn, and take him to papa. The barn was a
box in the play-room.