

Then Jim would stand on his head, jump, and roll, and try to get into a basket that was too small for him.

It was great sport for Carl, and Jim did not seem to get tired.

But after a while Jim began to look old.

"Poor Jim!" said mamma.

Once he fell down the cellar stairs and lost one of his eyes. He jumped so hard that his legs broke, and the flannel got torn.

One day mamma made a new Jim, with strong legs, bright eyes, and a new red blanket.

Carl ran to show him to the old Jim, but he could not find him.

Mamma said the new Jim had eaten the old one up. This pleased Carl very much. When that one began to look worn, Carl asked if a new Jim would not come soon to eat him.

LESSON 2.—Count the syllables in:

cellar, asked, tired, eaten, began, jumped, eyes.

LESSON 3.—SPELL:

|      |      |       |     |      |
|------|------|-------|-----|------|
| talk | jump | small | new | worn |
| walk | pump | stall | dew | torn |

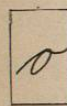
SLATE WORK.

*Carl's gray elephant. O*

VIO'S LESSONS (continues from page 37).

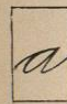
"Why do I not make *o*, mamma?" asked Vio one day. "Isn't it an easy letter? I made one and it looked very well to me. John says I write *Vio* as well as he, and that has an *o* in it."

"We will take *o* to-day. See; I begin as if I were writing *m* or *n*; then I come back on the line a little way and form the *o*; and when I have joined it at the top, I end with a little curve.



"There are three parts. I shall say one, two, three. The 'three' part I shall call a flag. See! It floats off in the air."

\* \* \* \* \*



"The last part of *a* is an *i* all but the dot; but you must carry your first line over more, so as to give the *i* a good slant."

\* \* \* \* \*

"If you can make *a*," said John that night, "you can make *d*; you have only to carry the *i* part up as high as *t*."

"I know it," said Vio; "mamma showed me. And I can make *e*, too. I am going to do both to-morrow."

*o a c d do did do d e a o*

PUSSY WHITEFOOT.

Pussy, Pussy Whitefoot,  
 In the morning came,  
 Wet and cold and draggled  
 With the sleet and rain.

Pussy, Pussy Whitefoot,  
 Hungry and alone,  
 In the children's play-room  
 Found a pleasant home.

drag'gled  
 pleas'ant  
 hun'gry



spot'ted  
 tum'ble  
 alone'

Pussy, Pussy Whitefoot,  
 Spotted brown and black;  
 When she sees old Carlo  
 How she bends her back.

Pussy, Pussy Whitefoot,  
 Fur as soft as silk.  
 See her roll and tumble!  
 See her lap her milk!

KITTY'S FRIENDS.

"She is our very own," the children say. "She came to us of her own accord." The children are Ellie, Will, and Baby.

some'times  
 tricks  
 sev'en  
 cir'eus  
 ac'cord

Ellie is nine years old, Will is seven, and Baby will soon be three.

They play with Whitefoot all day long. Sometimes they take turns.

Will wants Whitefoot to play tricks. "You must be a circus cat," he says. "A cat that can't play tricks is not worth a cent."

So Whitefoot has to jump over a stick. And sometimes Will holds the stick very high.

Next she must chase a toy mouse tied to a long string. Whitefoot likes that.

"When she can do



these well, I shall teach her ever so many more tricks," Will says. Will is a great boy for telling what he is going to do.

Next Ellie takes her turn, perhaps, and Ellie is Kitty's best friend. She likes to play "little mother" to Whitefoot. "You are better than a doll," Ellie tells her, "when Will has taken a little of the play out of you."



Ellie holds her in her lap and rocks. She dresses her in her doll's dresses, and takes her to make calls. She puts Whitefoot to sleep in

her doll's bed. "See how well she minds me when I tell her to go to sleep," says Ellie.

But before her nap is half out, Baby comes and asks, "Where's Whitefoot? I want to give her a ride in my cart."

Then bump, bump, bump, goes Whitefoot down the garden walk. The cart has no springs.

"Poor pussy," people say, "she has a hard time." But puss does not mind.

If the children are out of sight for a while, she will go all over the house to find them.

Kitty stays in the shed at night. She does not like that; but mamma says she must not stay in the house.

One night she got in. It was warm, and the window was open. Kitty ran up a tree. Then she could jump into the room where Ellie slept. She lay down beside her, and how she did purr!

Mamma heard her. "No, no, Whitefoot," she said, "you must not sleep here."

The next night the window was left open at the top.

Kitty could not jump so high as that. She came and sat outside the window. When Ellie woke she saw Whitefoot looking in at her.

VIO'S LESSONS (continued from page 43).

Vio had learned by this time to read writing as well as she did printing. John wrote a sentence every night. He left it on her desk for her to read when she came down stairs.

Her mamma was going to make a visit. She left five letters for Vio to write,—one for each day that she was to be gone.

"I will look at them all, so as to see if I know where to begin them," said Vio.

*s* "A part of *s* is like *c* turned wrong side up, and the rest is like *i*.

*v* "The *v* is like the first part of *m* and the last part of *o*; and *w* is like *u* with a part of *o* after it.

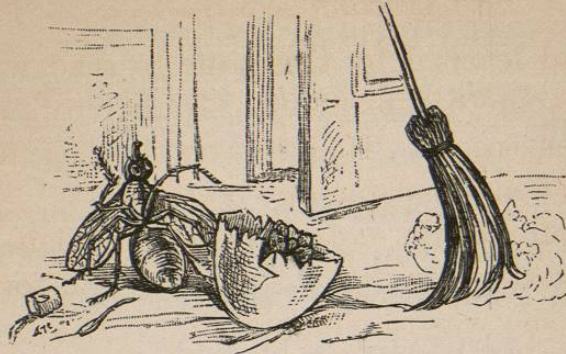
*r* "I shall have to take two lessons on *r*, I am sure. Isn't it a mistake to have it run up so high?"

"It will be fun to make *x*, won't it?"

"You may think of words that have the letters you know in them," said her mamma; "and write them so as to learn how to *join* the letters nicely. You have the word *six* in the copy. You can write *vex, wax, rose, save, sweet, bow, rest, love, mixed.*"

*s.v.w.v.v.six.v.v.w.v.s*

scream  
creak  
sweep  
weep  
stream  
leaves



together  
pitcher  
passed  
rustle  
burned  
drowned

THE LADY-BIRD AND THE FLY.

I.

A fly and a lady-bird once kept house together.

They made their tea in an egg-shell.

One day the lady-bird fell in and was burned.

The fly set up such a scream that the little door of the room asked, "Why do you scream so, fly?"

"Because lady-bird has burned herself," said the fly.

Then began the door to creak.

"Door, why do you creak?" asked the little broom in the corner.

"Shall I not creak?"

Lady-bird is burned,  
And little fly weeps."

Then began the broom to sweep with all  
its might.

II.

By and by a stream passed the door, and it  
said, "Why do you sweep so, little broom?"

"Shall I not sweep?" said the broom.

"Lady-bird is burned,  
Little fly weeps,  
And little door creaks."

Then said the stream, "So will I run;" and  
it ran as fast as it could.

"Why are you running so?" asked a fire.

"Shall I not run," it asked,

"When lady-bird is burned,  
And little fly weeps,  
Little door creaks,  
And little broom sweeps?"

Then said the fire, "So will I burn;" and  
it burned into a fearful flame.

III.

A tree grew near the fire, and it said, "Fire,  
why do you burn?"

"Why should I not burn," it replied,

"When lady-bird is burned,  
And little fly weeps,  
The little door creaks,  
The little broom sweeps,  
And little stream runs?"

Then said the little tree, "So will I rustle."  
And it began to shake so hard that the leaves  
fell off.

A little maid came by with her water-pitcher,  
and she said, "Tree, why do you rustle so?"

"Shall I not rustle?" the tree replied;

"Lady-bird is burned,  
Little fly weeps,  
Little door creaks,  
Little broom sweeps,  
Little stream runs,  
And little fire burns."

"Then I will break my little pitcher," said the  
maiden.

So she broke her pitcher.

Then said the well, as the water flowed out,

"Maiden, why do you break your pitcher?"

"Shall I not break my pitcher," she said,

"When lady-bird is burned,  
And little fly weeps,

Little door creaks,  
 And little broom sweeps,  
 Little stream runs,  
 Little fire burns,  
 And little tree rustles?"

"Ah!" said the well, "then I will begin to flow."

And the water flowed so fast that the maiden, the tree, the stream, the broom, the door, the fly, and the lady-bird, were all drowned together.

LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

|      |         |       |           |         |
|------|---------|-------|-----------|---------|
| āche | worse   | tears | bīg'gest  | nī'cest |
| ēase | or'ange | shelf | swēēt'est | spoil   |

AN ORANGE FOR A TOOTH.

Poor little Nell had a very bad tooth. How it did ache!

She was afraid to take a drink of cold water lest it should give her the toothache.

If she ate a bit of cake or candy, the tooth was sure to ache.

Nell was a brave girl. She did not often cry, but when the tooth ached hard, she could not help it. The tears would come.

Her mamma did all she could to ease the pain, but the tooth grew worse and worse.

"It is of no use to try any longer," said papa; "the tooth must come out."

For two or three days Nell said no more about the tooth. Her mamma thought it was better.

It was not. Nell did not wish to have it out. So she did not tell when it ached.

One night her mamma heard her crying softly. Then she found out all about it.

The next day Nell's papa put an orange on the shelf. It was the biggest, sweetest, nicest one he could find in the town.

"Who is that big orange for?" asked Nell.

"I got it for you," said her papa.

"Oh, thank you. When may I have it?"

"When you bring me that bad tooth."

Nell looked at the orange again and again; but she could not make up her mind.

"That orange is going to spoil," said her papa the next day.

"No, it isn't," said Nell. "I won't let it."

She put on her hat, and ran to Dr. Gray's as fast as she could go. She was not gone long.

"There, papa, that's the tooth," she said.

"You are a brave girl," said papa.

But she did not want the orange. She could not forget so soon what it had cost her.

She had it the next day, out in the garden, with her little playmate, Rose.



“That’s what I got for my tooth,” she said.  
 “If you don’t think it’s a nice orange, just smell of it.”

VIO'S LESSONS (continued from page 48).

“There are ten more letters,” said Vio. “If I write one each day, it will take ten days.”

*b f g h j k p q r y z*

“You may take the one that looks easiest first,” said her mamma.

“I will begin with *h*; there is nothing new in that; it is a part of *l* and a part of *m*.”

When she had written it, her mamma turned her slate around so that the letters were wrong side up. Vio found she had written the letter *y*.

“Why couldn’t I always do it so?” she asked.

“I think you had better learn to make *y*,” her mamma said.

The next day she wrote *b* and *f*, and told the differences in them.

On the third day the letters were *g* and *q*, and Vio wrote *good, get, give, queen, quick, quilt*.

The fourth lesson was upon *j* and *p*, both of which Vio wrote very well.

The last two were the hardest for her. She spent a whole lesson upon *k*, and another upon *z*, but neither looked quite right.

al'ways  
pi az'za

BY SIGHT.  
peo'ple  
mon'ey

pěd'lěrs  
Hugh (Hu)

## PLAYING PEDLERS.

"Mamma, Hugh has come. Will you tell us what to play? Hugh says the things you think of are always nice."

"Hugh is very kind. I must try to think. Good-morning, Hugh! I am glad to see you. How is your mamma to-day?"

"Mamma is well, thank you, Aunt Mary. How do you do? Mamma sent her love. I can stay till one o'clock, if you would like to have me."

"We are always glad to have you here, are we not, John? And you want me to think of something for you to play?"

"Yes, if you please."

"Would you like to be pedlers? Rosa is here, and she and Lizzie are out on the piazza with Sue and baby. You might go and try to sell them something."

"I should like it. Should you, John?"

"Yes, indeed! But what can we have to sell, mamma?"

"Get some bags or baskets, and I will set you up with goods. Do you know the pedlers' song?"

"O! we are little pedlers;  
And we're going up and down  
Just as they do, to sell their goods  
To people in the town.  
Each of us has a basket  
To carry on our backs.  
We've filled them full of everything;  
We play they are our packs."

"Yes; it is in 'Our Little Ones.'"

Hugh and John soon came back. John had a basket and a bag, and Hugh a large basket.

"You may go and ask Kate to give you some buns and tarts, John. The girls will be glad to buy them. And Hugh, I shall set you up from my work-table."

"What will the girls do for money, mamma?" asked John.

"I sent them some play-money while you were getting the baskets. They know that there are pedlers about this morning."

"I wish you good luck. If you do not sell all your goods, I will buy something when you come back."

"Thank you," said both at once.



pär'don | pēr'son | mǎ'am | nine'teen  
 ea like ē: each, teach, reach, peach, beach.

## THE FIRST PEDLER.

"Cakes! Tarts! Buns! Apples!

"Good morning, ma'am; would you like to buy anything to-day?"



buy anything to-day?"

"Look; these cakes are very nice."

"How much do you ask for a tart?"

"Five cents, ma'am. They are full of jam. You will be sure to like them."

"I will take two, if you please."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I can't sell but one to each person. Won't you take a bun for your little dog? Here is a small one for a cent."

"Did you say you had some apples?"

"The apples are in the pack on my back. I will show them to you."

"What kind are they?"

"The green ones are sweet. I sell them for a cent. The red ones are two for a cent."

"I will take one of each."

"You can have one green one and two red ones for three cents, if you like."

"Thank you; I would like a cake, too."

"Yes, ma'am. The cakes cost ten cents."

"Now I will pay you. How much will it be for all these?"

"Let me see; ten, and five, and three, and one — nineteen cents, ma'am."

"Is that right?"

"Yes, thank you. Good morning."

John hung his pack upon his back, and took up his basket. Lizzie and the little ones had gone to walk, so he went to find Hugh.

Rosa wanted to eat her tart, but she said, "I must wait till we all have lunch." So she ate an apple, and put the rest away.

## SLATE WORK.

*Hugh and John as pedlars.*

büt'töns | rīb'bons | twēn'ty | bôught

## THE SECOND PEDLAR.

"Good morning, madam. Are these your two little children? I have some toys I think they would like.



"This is a pretty one. I have a dog, too, and a pig."

"I see you have buttons and ribbons, sir."

"Yes; won't you look into my basket? I have tape, and pins, and other things for a lady to use."

"How do you sell your pins? I need one now."

"They are ten for a cent, ma'am."

"Oh, that is too high; I can buy a whole paper of pins for six cents."

"These of mine are very nice. If you like to

take them, you may have a row for one cent. A row has twenty-four pins in it. Is that high?"

"No; I think they are worth that."

"Won't you buy some toys? This little pig is four cents, and the dog is only eight."

"I will take the dog for baby. Now I must buy something for Sue. How much is that blue ribbon?"

"Seven cents, ma'am. It would be pretty for her doll, wouldn't it?"

"Let me pay you for what I have bought. Here is a cent for the pins; this is for the dog; this for the ribbon. Is that right, sir?"

"Yes, madam, thank you. Is there anything else you would like?"

"No; but I should like to have you call again. Good morning."

"Good day, ma'am. Here, little boy, I will give you this pig. Good by, little girl."

The pedlars called on each lady two or three times. Then they all had lunch, and Hugh and Rosa went home.

"We have had a nice time," they said.

## LESSON 4.—SPELL:

|      |      |      |      |      |
|------|------|------|------|------|
| need | tape | mine | cent | blue |
| feed | cape | fine | lent | true |