

VIO'S LESSONS (continued from page 55).

When a girl or boy can write the *small letters* well, the CAPITALS do not seem very hard.

Vio wrote neatly and well. She never tried to write fast. It was her mamma's rule that she should always write as well as she could, even when she wrote in play.

She could write on the ruled side of her slate, or on the other, which was not ruled. And she could do very well with a lead pencil and paper.

So now she was to begin to write capitals.

Her mamma showed her those which were most alike. She put all the letters into four classes, and Vio spent a week on each class.

The first class had in it the five letters you see on this page. You may look for the others as you go on with your reading.

When Vio could make a letter, her mamma let her write sentences that began with it. Here is one of them: "A little girl named Ada came to see me." You may write it, too.

CAPITALS.—CLASS I.

A N M T F

LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

tröll*	rōared	sec'ond	voice
sau'cers	hōarse	crēaked	Norse
big,	big'ger,	big'gest,	tīny,
			tī'nĭĕst

THREE BILLY-GOATS GRUFF.

Once upon a time there were three billy-goats, who went up the hillside to make themselves fat, and the name of all the three was "Gruff."



On the way up was a bridge over a brook; and under the bridge lived a great, ugly troll, with

\* Troll is the name of a kind of fairy.



eyes as big as saucers, and a nose as long as your arm.

And first of all came the youngest billy-goat Gruff to cross the bridge.

*Trip trap! trip trap!* went the bridge. "Who's that, tripping over my bridge?" roared the troll.

"Oh, it is only I, the tiniest billy-goat Gruff; and I'm going up the hillside to make myself fat," said the billy-goat, with such a small voice.

"Now I'm coming to gobble you up," said the troll.

"Oh, no; pray don't take me. I'm too little—that I am," said the billy-goat; "wait a bit till the next billy-goat Gruff comes; he's much bigger."

"Well! be off with you," said the troll.

A little while after came the second billy-goat Gruff to cross the bridge.

TRIP TRAP! TRIP TRAP! TRIP TRAP! went the bridge.

"WHO'S THAT tripping over my bridge?" roared the troll.

"Oh, it's the second billy-goat Gruff; and I'm going up the hillside to make myself fat," said the billy-goat, who hadn't such a small voice.

"Now I'm coming to gobble you up," said the troll.

"Oh, no; don't take me; wait a little till the big billy-goat Gruff comes; he's much bigger."

"Very well! be off with you," said the troll.

But just then came the big billy-goat Gruff.

TRIP TRAP! TRIP TRAP! TRIP TRAP! went the bridge, for the billy-goat was so heavy that the bridge creaked under him.

"WHO'S THAT tramping over my bridge?" roared the troll.

"IT'S I, THE BIG BILLY-GOAT GRUFF," said the billy-goat, who had an ugly, hoarse voice of his own.

"Now I'm coming to gobble you up," roared the troll.

"Well, come along," said the big billy-goat; and so he ran at the troll, and poked him with his horns, and tossed him over into the brook, and after that he went up the hill-side where the two other billy-goats had gone.

The billy-goats got so fat they were hardly able to walk home again; and if the fat hasn't fallen off them, why, they are fat still; and so, as the Norse boys used to say—

"Snip, snap, snout,  
This tale's told out."



frónt à bōard'	Cōn'cōrd Pōrt'lānd	stā'tion fōr'gōt	shoes tied
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## TRYING TO BE A MAN.

Wallie is his mamma's only child, so sometimes he has to play all by himself. But he is a happy boy, and does not mind.

When his papa comes home at night, Wallie has a big boy to play with. They have great fun.

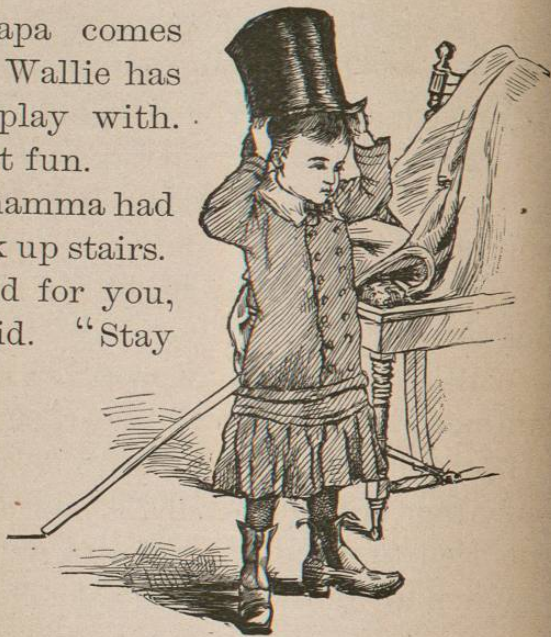
One day his mamma had to do some work up stairs.

"It is too cold for you, Wallie," she said. "Stay here and play until I come back."

Wallie was in the front hall at the foot of the stairs.

First he played the stairs were a train of cars, and called out, "All aboard! Change cars for Concord. Next station is Portland."

Then he saw his papa's shoes. "I won't play



train any more. I'll put on papa's shoes. Then I shall be a man." He put them on, and had fine sport trying to walk about.

"I am not quite a man till I have a hat and a cane," he said. So he stood up in a chair and got his papa's hat. It was so large it came down over his eyes. He could not see to move about.

Puss lay on the floor curled up like a ball. Wallie put the hat over her as she lay asleep.

"You may have the hat, and I will keep the cane and boots," he said.

Puss woke, and did not like her dark house. She began to move about. That made the hat walk. What a funny sight it was! You could not see kitty at all.

Wallie had never seen a walking hat. He laughed so that he woke old Bruno, his dog.

He and Bruno had been playing horse that morning. They had a chair for a carriage. Bruno was tied to the chair.

When Bruno woke he forgot he was tied. He saw the hat move, and ran at it, chair and all.

Puss flew out and ran at Bruno with her back up as high as it could be. The chair fell, the hat rolled, Bruno barked. To crown all, Wallie fell over the cane and cried as loud as he could.



His mamma heard the noise, and came down stairs to see what was the matter.

It was such a funny picture that she saw. She had to stop on the stairs and laugh.



Then she picked up her little man, and set Bruno free from the chair.

"I was playing be a man," said Wallie.

"Hat and cane and boots do not make a man," she said.

"The best way to be a man is to be brave. Papa never cries like that at anything."

LESSON 2. — LANGUAGE.

Think of stations you could call out if you played train, and tell ways of being manly.

LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

droop'ing  
droop'eth

hold'eth  
thirs'ty

veins  
crowned

thanks  
wait'ing

LITTLE WHITE LILY.

Little White Lily  
Is lifting her head.

2.

Little White Lily  
Said, "It is good;  
Little White Lily's  
Clothing and food."  
Little White Lily,  
Dressed like a bride!  
Shining with white-  
ness,  
And crownèd beside!

3.

Little White Lily  
Droopeth with pain,  
Waiting and waiting  
For the wet rain.  
Little White Lily  
Holdeth her cup;  
Rain is fast falling  
And filling it up.



1.

Little White Lily  
Sat by a stone,  
Drooping and wait-  
ing  
Till the sun shone.  
Little White Lily  
Sunshine has fed;



4.

Little White Lily  
Said, "Good again,  
When I am thirsty  
To have the nice  
rain.  
Now I am stronger,  
Now I am cool;  
Heat cannot burn me,  
My veins are so full."

5.

Little White Lily  
Smells very sweet:  
On her head sunshine,  
Rain at her feet.  
Thanks to the sun-  
shine,  
Thanks to the rain!  
Little White Lily  
Is happy again.

THE SWEET RED ROSE.

Good morrow, little rose-bush,  
I pray thee, tell me true:  
To be as sweet as a sweet red rose,  
What must a body do?  
To be as sweet as a sweet red rose,  
A little girl like you  
Just grows, and grows, and grows, and  
grows,—  
And that's what she must do.

CAPITALS.—CLASS II.

*H K I J S G L*

LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

high'er	hón'ey	school	no'body
flow'er	ī'dle	plēas'ant	tā'ble
gath'er	ēi'ther	plow	hay'-rick

All but one of the letters of the alphabet are in use in this Lesson. See how many of them you can find, beginning with a, b, c, d.

THE IDLE BOY.

There was a little boy, who was not higher than the table, and his papa and mamma sent him to school.

It was a very pleasant morning; the sun shone, and the birds sung in the trees.

Now this little boy did not love his book. As I have just said, he was a very little boy. And he had a great mind not to go to school, but to play.

He saw a bee flying about, first upon one flower and then upon another; so he said, "Pretty bee, will you come and play with me?"

But the bee said: "No. I must not be idle. I must go and gather honey."

Then he met a dog; and he said, "Dog, will you play with me?"

But the dog said: "No. I must not be idle. I am going to watch my master's house. I must make haste, for fear bad men may get in."



Then the little boy went to a hay-rick; and he saw a bird pulling some hay out of the hay-rick, and he said, "Bird, will you come and play with me?"

But the bird said: "No. I must not be idle. I must get some hay to build my nest with, and some moss and some wool." So the bird flew away.

Next the idle boy saw a horse; and he said, "Horse, will you play with me?"

But the horse said: "No. I must not be idle. I must go quickly and plow, or else there will be no grain to make bread of."

Then the little boy thought to himself, "What, is nobody idle? then little boys must not be idle either."

So he made haste and went to school, like a good boy, and learned his lesson very well.

NOTE.—Tell the children that this story has been read by little children ever since the time when their grandparents were young and went to school.

SLATE AND LANGUAGE WORK.

- The work of the bee is to .....
- The dog ..... for his master.
- The horse .....
- The bird .....
- The work for boys and girls is .....

THE BIRD'S NEST.

*Softly, not too fast.*

If ever I see on bush or  
 tree Young birds in a pret - ty nest  
 I must not in my play steal the birds a-  
 way, To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother, I know,  
 Would sorrow so,  
 Should I be taken away;  
 So I'll speak to the birds  
 In my softest words,  
 Nor hurt them in my play.

CAPITALS.— CLASS III.

O B E D O P B R



LESSON 1. — SPELL:

Hār'rŷ	ělse	By SIGHT.	wĭnked
ěx cěpt'	shoē	laughed	kĭcked

THE STORY OF A ROBBER.

I.

"Where is the baby's shoe?" asked mamma one morning.

Baby Harry sat on the floor with only one shoe on. He kicked his little fat feet and laughed. He could not talk, so he did not tell.



Nellie and Mabel did not know. There was no one else in the room except Buff, the little brown dog.

He sat still and winked his eyes very fast; but no one asked him, and he did not tell.

Mamma and the girls looked everywhere, but they did not find the lost shoe.

wood'en	watch
fuss'y	bench
straight	proud

Papa came home at night with a new doll for Mabel.

It was a wooden one. Its black eyes and hair were only painted.

But it had a pink dress and white bonnet, so that it looked quite gay and fine.

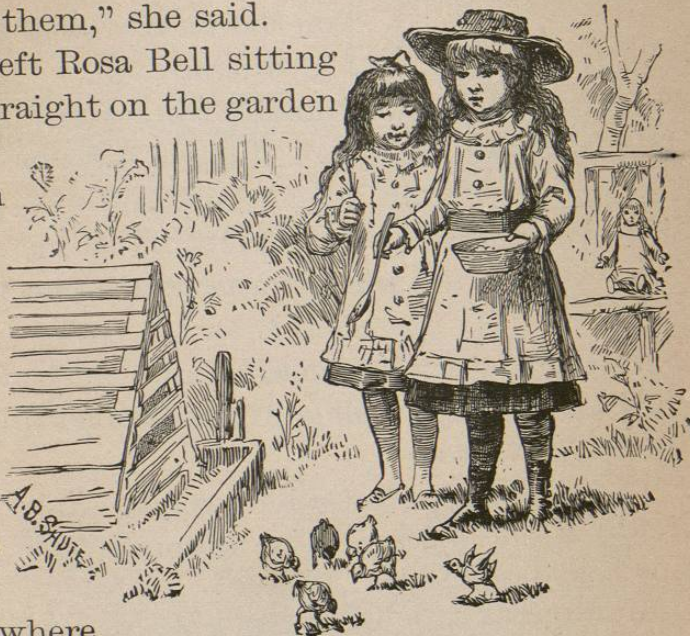
She named it Rosa Bell.

One morning when Nellie went to feed her pet chickens, Mabel thought she would go too.

"I like to watch the yellow, downy, little chicks, and to see their proud, fussy mother take care of them," she said.

She left Rosa Bell sitting very straight on the garden bench.

When she came back the doll was gone, and no one knew where.



II.

"I can't find the dust brush anywhere," said Mary, the maid. "Have you children had it?"

Nellie and Mabel hunted all over the house, but the dust brush could not be found.



Buff was on the lawn, jumping at a big butterfly.

"I never did see such a dog," said Mary.

but'ter fly	pūn'ish
thief	rōb'bēr
fōlks	hōn'ēst

Next papa's straw hat was missing. He said he left it on the piazza when he went in to tea.

"I wish I knew who the thief was," he said. "I would punish him." But he did not know.

A few days after, he saw Buff rolling over and over on the lawn with something in his mouth.

He went to see what it was, and found his lost hat.

Buff ran and hid himself under the back shed. He thought papa was going to punish him.

Papa went too.

"I will see what else he has," he said.

In a little, dark hole he found all the things that had been lost.

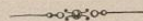
There was the dust brush, a big beef bone, and poor Rosa Bell, with her head off; there were some old shoes, and something that was once baby's lost shoe.

"You are a robber! Did you know it?" said Mabel.

She did not like Buff very well just now.

"I do not like folks that are not honest," she said.

Buff hung down his head. He knew she was right.



LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

chick'ies	chick'ens	tried	prey
dread'ful	through	a las'	stole
man'sion	dis o bey'	guard	sly'ly

TWO NAUGHTY CHICKENS.

One pretty Summer day  
Two chickens ran away  
From an old mamma hen  
Shut in a chicken-pen.



These chickens slyly stole  
Right through a little hole  
In a fence made to guard  
The mansion's grassy yard.



“Cluck! Cluck!” called mamma dear.  
 Her children would not hear;  
 They kept on running still  
 Up to a little hill.

Just then they found a bug;  
 And, with tug after tug,—  
 One this, and one that way,—  
 Both tried to get the prey.



Dreadful to tell, alas!  
 A cat stole through the grass,  
 And, springing very quick,  
 She caught and ate each chick.

As naughty chickens did,  
 When your mammas forbid,  
 Children, don't run away,—  
 'Tis bad to disobey.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

*Moderato.*

1. I wish I were a bird, to fly O'er  
 2. I'd cross the blue and bound-less sea, But  
 ver-dant plain and moun-tain high. O'er ver - dant  
 home a - gain I soon would be. But home a -  
 plain and moun - tain high.  
 gain I soon would be.

3. For oh! the world is all so fair,  
 I wish I could go everywhere.
4. But 'though to distant lands I'd roam,  
 I'd not be banish'd long from home.
5. Yet, like the birds that skim the air,  
 I'd pay short visits everywhere.

CAPITALS. — CLASS IV.

V W U Y L Z & A



## VIO'S LESSONS (continued from page 62).

Vio felt very proud when one day her mamma said: "You may write a letter to Auntie Lu."

She got her ruled paper, and the pencil with a rubber head that John gave her.

"Will you have to help me, mamma?" she asked.

"You may tell me each thing you want to say; then I will say the words to you as you come to them."

"I think I had better spell the words to you before I write them," said Vio.

This is what she wrote:—

DEAR AUNTIE LU,—

Did you know I could write? Mamma has taught me. This is my first letter.

Some of the capitals are very hard to make. I shall not use them if I can help it.

I like the doll you sent. I named her Lulu. John got me a funny black rubber doll. His name is Tom. Abby is the best doll to play with. She is the one you gave me first.

I thank you for both of them.

VIO HAMBLIN.

## LESSON 1. — PREPARATORY.

guard  
career'ing

po lite'ly  
hast'ened

thank'ing  
low'ing

JOHNNY.

Wonder-eyes and What-for had little friends to tea. Their table was a wash-bench under a shady tree.

While they took a-walking their dollies dressed in silk, Johnny, left to guard the feast, upset the cup of milk.

"O, dear, where shall I hide me? what will my sister say? I wish that I had stayed at home, and not come here to play."

Beneath the hill a bossie was lowing in his shed, because he thought it high time that baby calves were fed.

A happy thought struck Johnny, and he began to laugh: "If big men milk the cows, can't little boys the calf?"

The good dame at her door heard such a dreadful clatter, she hastened out to learn whatever was the matter.

She saw a cloud of dust, and, in a moment more, Johnny and the bossie calf careering round the floor.

"Come here, dear calf," he said, "don't be