

afraid; you see, I only want a little milk for Wonder-eyes and me."

"Why, Johnny, is that you? And is it just for fun, you naughty, naughty boy, you make poor bossie run?"

Then Johnny showed the cup, and told his little tale. The good dame gave him milk fresh from a bright tin pail.

Thanking her politely, as fast as he was able, Johnny hastened back, and here you see them at the table.¹



SLATE WORK. — WRITE:

John	dolly	show	stay	thank
Johnny	dollies	showed	stayed	thanking

¹ FROM "WONDER EYES AND WHAT FOR," BY PERMISSION OF CASSELL & CO.



THE BOY AND THE BIRD.

BOY.

Dicky bird, dicky bird, whither away?
Why do you fly when I wish you to stay?
I never would harm you, if you would come
And sing me a song while you perch on my
thumb.

BIRD.

Dear boy, I will sing to you here in the tree,
But pray do not come any nearer to me;
Your wide-open hand and your eyes big and
bright
So fill my poor heart with trembling and fright.

LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

perch	tremb'ling	wait'ing	starve
thumb	sug'ar	near'er	swing

BOY.

I love you, dear dicky, so why should you fear?
 If you'll come with me, my sweet, pretty dear,
 You shall live in a house of silver so gay,
 And feed on a lump of white sugar each day



BIRD.

But, my dear boy, I've a nest in this tree,
 And three little baby birds waiting for me.
 I should pine in a house of silver so gay,
 And starve on a lump of white sugar each day.

I love the fresh air, the sunshine so free;
 My swing in the rose-bush, my home in the tree.
 My birdies are calling me, so I must fly,
 And sing as I leave you, "Good by, good by."

LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

read'ers	whis'tle	jack'et	bough	through
wil'low	your selves'	pock'et	min'ute	loos'en

lose, losing, lost; find, finding, found.

THE WILLOW WHISTLE.

Do any of you remember about a little boy who lost his knife?

The story of it is in the Primer. This is the way it begins, "Where do you think my knife can be?"

The boy made a great deal of talk about the lost knife,—as little boys, and girls, too, are apt to do, if they lose anything.

At last he found it in his own jacket pocket, the very best place in the world for a boy to keep his knife.

And now there is more to tell you about this same boy. He looks older now. I wonder if the knife he has is the same that he had then.

He can use it better, I am sure. He says he can make a willow whistle. He tells us how to do it, too, and that is harder still.

If you little readers cannot do it now, learn how it is done, and try sometime to make one yourselves.

HOW TO MAKE A WHISTLE.

1.
 First take a willow bough,
 Smooth and round and dark,
 And cut a little ring
 Just through the outside bark.



2.
 Then tap and rap it gently
 With many a pat and pound,
 To loosen up the bark,
 So it may turn around.

3.
 Slip the bark off carefully,
 So that it will not break,
 And cut away the inside part,
 And then a mouth-piece make.



4.
 Now put the bark all nicely back,
 And in a single minute
 Just put it to your lips,
 And blow the whistle in it.

LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

pitch'er	thirst'y	peb'ble	enough'
heav'y	thirst	touch	a bout'

ie: spied, tried, cried, fried, dried.

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER. — Perseverance.

Do you know what it is to feel thirsty? — so very thirsty that you think of nothing else?

The crow was ready to die with thirst, — at least he thought he was.



Looking all about to find water, he spied a pitcher. "There may be water in it," he said; "I'll go and see."

He was right. There was water there, but so little that he could not reach it with his bill.

"O, dear!" he said, "what shall I do?"

The sight of it made him want it all the more.

"I could get it," he said, "if I broke the pitcher." But the pitcher was too strong for him to break.

"I might tip it over," he added, "and then get a little of the water as it runs out." But the pitcher was too heavy for him.

He looked at the water, and was more thirsty still.

"I won't give up until I have to," he said. "There must be some way for me to get that water. I'll try to find it out."

At last he flew away. Do you think he gave it up? Not he. Wait a little and you shall see what he did.

He came flying back with a little pebble in his mouth, and let it drop into the pitcher. Then he flew away, but soon came back again with another pebble. "They will help to bring the water up to me," he said.

Was he not a bright little bird to think of such a way as that?

He went again, and again, and again. Each pebble made the water rise in the pitcher a little; each time he came, the crow tried to reach it.

"If I can drop pebbles enough, it will save my life," he said. For now he was growing faint.

The very next pebble that he dropped he could reach down and touch; and one or two more brought the water so high that he could dip his bill into it.

He drank every drop. And now he felt well and strong again. "This," he said, "is what people mean when they say,

'If I cannot find a way, I will make one.'

LESSON 2. — Spell words like:

spied, reach, mouth, flew.

LESSON 3. — LANGUAGE STUDY.

The crow is a little All its are black.

Its and are too. The crow's voice is not

It cries all the time. Farmers do not the crow.

They set in their fields to them away. They call the crow a

But for all that he is a bird, and has many ways.

SLATE WORK. — DICTATION.

If I cannot find a way, I will make one.

LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

hol'low | mer'ri'ly | qui'etly | red'breasts
 Count the syllables, and tell the vowels.

I'LL TRY.

Two robin redbreasts built their nests
 Within a hollow tree.
 The hen sat quietly at home,
 The cock sang merrily;
 And all the little robins said,
 "Wee-wee! wee-wee! wee-wee!"

One day the sun was warm and bright
 And shining in the sky;
 Cock Robin said, "My little dears
 'Tis time you learned to fly."
 And all the little robins said,
 "I'll try! I'll try! I'll try!"

I know a child, and who she is
 I'll tell you by and by;
 When mamma says, "Do this" or "that,"
 She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
 She'd be a sweeter child by far
 If she would say, "I'll try."

learn, learned; sweet, sweeter; shine, shining; quiet, quietly.

LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

Char'lie	sug'ar	eat'en
birth'-day	shan't	an'swer
curled	brok'en	bit'ten

-ought (ô't): ought, bought, nought, sought.

THE SUGAR DOG.

When Charlie's birthday came, his aunt gave him a little dog made of sugar.



It was white, with pink ears, a pink nose, and a pink tail that curled over its back.

"See how long you can keep him, Charlie," said Aunt Sarah.

"O, I shall keep him ever so long. I shan't want to eat a dog. I'm going to name him Pink," said Charlie.

The next morning Charlie said, "Aunt Sarah, don't you think

my sugar dog would look better if his tail was just a little mite shorter?"

"No, indeed," said his aunt; "I think it looks best just as it is now."

"Well, but auntie, you see I want to play that a bad man caught him, and cut off his tail; so I want to make it shorter," said Charlie.

And Pink's curly tail was broken off and eaten

In the afternoon Charlie said, "I'm going to play that a big dog is coming to have a fight, and he's going to bite my dog's ears off."

So, in a little while, Pink's ears were broken off and eaten.

"How pretty he was," said Aunt Sarah.

"He's a nice dog now, auntie; and he's just as good to play with. See what long legs he has, and how straight he stands."

"Perhaps he would look better if his legs were shorter," said Aunt Sarah, with a smile.

Charlie did not answer. He put the sugar dog away, and his aunt did not see it about any more.

One day she said, "What has become of Pink? Has the big dog bitten him again?"

"I'll tell you all about it," said Charlie.

"You know you said that perhaps he'd look better if his legs were shorter; so I played one day that he fell down and broke two of them.

And then he couldn't stand, and he looked so bad, I couldn't bear to see him, so I ate him up—every bit of him.

"I don't think folks ought to make dogs out of sugar; for you can't keep them very long, can you, Aunt Sarah?"

SLATE WORK.

Charlie and his sugar dog.

LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

grapes	twice	break'fast	aunt	gone
bunch	nap'kin	cun'ning	swing	such

MILLY'S RED NAPKIN.

Aunt Mary had a bunch of grapes sent to her one day.

"O give me one! give me one!" looked little Milly.

Milly had felt very sad all the morning. She had nothing for breakfast but bread and milk.

She did not like that, so she only ate a tiny bit. "I will see if I can't get something else by and by," she said.

Aunt Mary knew all about it. When she saw how much Milly wanted to taste the grapes, she gave her one.

Milly ate that, and asked for more. She kept asking, till the bunch of grapes was gone.

"You are as fond of grapes as I am," said Aunt Mary. "Now you must use your napkin, Milly; your little red napkin."

Milly at once got out her own little red nap-

kin. She drew it twice across her lips, then gave it a swing, and put it all into her mouth.

Did you ever hear of such a thing? What did Aunt Mary say to that, do you think?

"That is right, little Milly," she said.

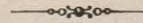


Listen while I tell you who Milly was; she was Aunt Mary's little pet dog.

Can you tell now what her red napkin was?

Milly is a wise little dog. She can do many other cunning things.

Aunt Mary has no little girls or boys in her house, so she is very fond of her pretty pet dog.



LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

jour'ney
learn'ing

gnaw
know

sweet'est
sup'per

school
frol'ic

A LITTLE BOY.

If I were a little bird,
I'd sing my sweetest song;
I'd take a journey to the sky
And frolic all day long.

If I were a pussy-cat,
I'd chase the rats and mice;
And have sweet cream for supper.
And everything that's nice.

If I were a tiny mouse,
I'd gnaw the soft new cheese;

When Tabby wasn't in the way,
I'd do just as I please.

But I am a little boy,
Just learning
what to do.
Though every
day,
it seems to
me,
I find out some-
thing new.
I get up in
the morning,
And play with
Tom and Nell.
And when I am
as old as they,
I'll go to school
as well.



I'm very little, to be sure,
But then I'm only four;
And some day I'll be older,
And know a great deal more.

SLATE WORK.—DICTATION.

I find out something new every day.

PURITY.

Not too fast.

FRANZ REITER.

Doves up - on the roof - tree sit,
Pruning every feather; Pussy washes
free from dust Face and paws together.

Swallows, linnets, ducks, and geese,
In the water washing;
Pony, too, as well as these,
In the pond is splashing.

Well they know the blessing, too,
Birds and leaves and flowers;
Blossoms bathe themselves in dew,
Trees in cooling showers.

Birds and trees and blossoms sure
Speak the voice of Heaven;
So must we keep bright and pure
All that God has given.

weath'er	clothes	splash'ing	cur'rants
splen'did	cal'ico	twink'les	whales

AFTER THE RAIN.

Rain! rain! rain! How it had rained! "It looks as if it had just begun over again," said Milly. "I wonder if it will rain to-morrow."

"Do you see any sign of its clearing, papa?" asked Ned, as he looked at the sky. "Do you think we shall have good weather to-morrow?"

"We must wait and see," was the reply.

It rained all night, and till breakfast time. Winnie said she woke and heard it on the tin roof of the piazza.

But while the family were at breakfast the sun came out bright and clear. By the time breakfast was over the clouds were all gone.

"How blue the sky is!" said Milly.

"Just see the water in the paths!" said Ned.

"Look at that dear little pond at the foot of the garden!" cried Milly.

"Wouldn't it be nice to wade through," added Winnie.

"We could make splendid mud pies and cakes there," said Milly.

"I wonder if mother would let us," began Ned.

"I think she would," said their mother. She had come into the room without their hearing her, and had heard what they had been saying.

"But you must put on your old clothes," she said, "and you must come into the house and get washed after you have had your play."



"Yes'm, we will," they all said at once.

It was not long before Milly and Winnie came back in their oldest calico dresses, and Ned with his worn-out pants rolled above his knees.

They were soon splashing in the pond at the foot of the garden.

First, they made some boats out of chips, and put paper sails on them; then they played the boats were whales, and caught them with spears made of sticks.

By the time the whales had all been caught, the girls were ready to make mud pies out of the nice soft mud on the edge of the pond.

Milly found an old tin pan to make a pie in. She even made "twinkles" round the edges, as Hannah the cook did. Winnie used a box-lid. She filled it with green currants, and made holes in the top crust to show the currants.

Ned did not care to make pies. "Cooking is girls' work," he said. So he made a dam across the pond. They played till the bell rang for them to come in and get ready for dinner.

"We've had such fun," said Winnie.

"And the three days of rain gave it," said papa.

"Then I'm glad we had the rain," said Winnie.

"And so am I," said both Milly and Ned.

SLATE WORK.

After three days of rain.

LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

fun'ni est
jack'-o'-lan'tern

in side'
smil'ing

pump'kin
at'tic

coun'try
Dex'ter

PHIL DEXTER'S JACK-O'-LANTERN.

"Oh! mamma, mamma! do come! come, quick!" said little Ned.

It was a dark night. Ned was looking out of the window.



"I see the funniest looking man," he said. "Do come and look at him. Where his eyes and nose and mouth ought to be, he has great holes."