

of us makes. I am afraid to work lest she should hear my teeth gnaw the wood. Her ears must be better even than ours."

This was a long speech for a mouse to make, but Brown-back had not told half their trouble.

"What can we do?" asked Gray-ear. "Shall we all run at her at once, and bite her? Or shall we make noises, and frighten her?"

"No," said White-whisker; "she is so bold, we could not hurt nor frighten her. I have thought of something better than that. Let us hang a bell round her neck. If she moves, the bell will ring, and we shall hear it, and know where she is; then we can keep out of her way."

"Oh! yes! yes!" cried all the mice. "That is just the thing. We will bell the cat. Hurrah! Hurrah! We will bell the cat!"

If you had seen their glee, you would have thought the thing had been done.

"But who will hang the bell round her neck?" asked Brown-back. "I can't; I have little ones to care for. Will you?" he asked of White-whisker.

"I don't think I can," was the reply; "I am lame, you know. It needs some one who can move quickly."

"Will you, Gray-ear?" asked Brown-back.

"You must excuse me," said Gray-ear. "I have not been well since that time when I was almost caught in the trap."

"If it is a good thing to do," said Brown-back, "some one ought to do it. Is there any one who will?"

Not a sound was heard. And one by one each little mouse stole away to her nest, and nothing was ever said again about belling the cat.

"What silly mice!" said Charlie, when he read the story.

"I think so, too," said his little cousin; "why didn't one of them do it?"

"Oh! that wasn't the silly thing; the mice couldn't hang a bell round a cat's neck. A cat is as big as fifty mice."

"What was silly, then?" asked the little girl.

"Why, it was silly to think of such a thing. They forgot how little they were," said Charlie.

"I know a little boy," said his auntie, "who forgets in just the same way, sometimes. If he is ever as silly again, I must ask him if he will be the one to 'Bell the Cat.'"

fam'ily	view	teach'er	dairy
blan'ket	wear	hēalth'y	shelves

FARMER BENT'S COWS.

Farmer Bent keeps three cows; and no cows in the world can have a happier life than his do.

All the family are fond of them. Every day some nice thing that cows like is saved for them.

The children feed them from a basket. Little Julie is only five years old, yet she holds a wisp of hay and lets them eat it out of her hand.

In summer they have a cool shed to sleep in, and in winter a warm barn. Last year each of them had a blanket hung on the Christmas tree to wear at night.

Their pasture is a pretty, green hillside. Jimmy Bent says he knows they like the sunsets and the pretty view, they stand looking at them so long.

Down in the hollow between the hills there is a brook, and a pond of clear fresh water.

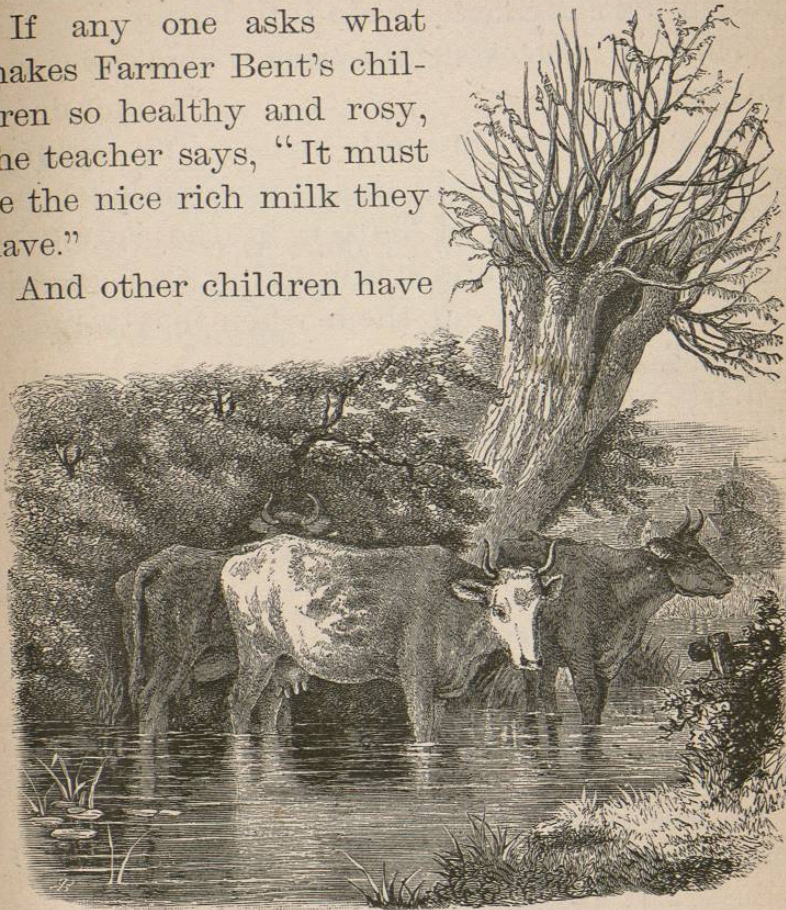
Some trees grow there, too; and the cows stand in the pond, or lie down in the cool shade, on hot summer days.

They go to the bars at night just in time for Jimmy, who goes there to meet them.

Each cow knows her place, and goes to it to be milked. At night and in the morning they give three full pails of milk for the family to use.

If any one asks what makes Farmer Bent's children so healthy and rosy, the teacher says, "It must be the nice rich milk they have."

And other children have



it too; for they go every day with their pails to get it.

But even that does not use it all. On the dairy shelves are rows of bright pans filled with milk. They are skimmed every day, and the cream is put into a churn and made into butter.

Then all who wish can have a drink of fresh buttermilk.

In the summer cheese is made. The children always have a piece in their lunch-baskets.

The little pats of butter in the dairy are stamped with a round stamp. They are so pretty it seems a pity to cut them when they come to the table.

Kitty and the dog, the hens and the chickens, the ducks and the pigs, all have a share of the milk that has been skimmed.

How many there are to get good from White-face, Brindle, and Brown Bess.

LESSON 2.—LANGUAGE STUDY:

The cow is a The milk that she gives is used to make Milk is also used in, and in making and many other things.

The flesh of the cow and ox is called The horns are made into The hair is used in The skin is made into for our From the hoofs is and the bones are useful for

LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

wag'on	hūr'ry	frïends	brôught
còv'er	ring'lets	Geôrg'ie	coûs'in
out side'	wāit'ing	my self'	picked

AFTERNOON PLAY.

Georgie Laws woke fresh and bright from his afternoon nap.

“Please don't brush my hair much, mamma,” he said; “I'm in such a hurry.”

“What has my little man to do in such haste?” asked his mamma.

“I've got to pick up apples for papa. I'm going down to the big apple-tree with Caper and the wagon.”

“And, mamma, I want a—”

“It sounds better to say, ‘I would like,’” said his mamma.

“Yes. If you please, mamma, I'd like to have a basket to pick the apples into. May I?”

“Yes, you may take the one with a cover,” said his mamma.

“And I will put my lunch into it, and eat it down there,—lunch for all of us, I mean; me, and the kitties, and Rab, and Caper.”

“Isn't it more polite to name yourself last? You don't want to say ‘me’ first of all, do

you?" said mamma, as she gave his ringlets a last brush.

"No," said Georgie, "I'll say it right. And I'll begin with Caper, —he'll eat the most; next Rab; and the kitties, Buff and Duff; and then me, myself."



"That will do," said mamma, as she gave him a good-by kiss.

Rab was waiting outside for his little master to wake up. Caper came at his call, and the kittens were found curled up in the hay in the

barn. Georgie had to wake them from their nap. "You mustn't sleep all day," he said.

The basket was put into the back of the red wagon. Georgie got cake for Rab, Caper, and himself, and some corn-bread for Buff and Duff.

The goat and wagon were his birthday present when he was five years old.

His cousin Tom had trained the goat to draw the wagon, and Georgie soon learned to drive.

Rab barked so at Caper at first that he would not go; but they are good friends now. Rab barks as much as ever, he thinks it such sport; but Caper does not mind it.

Georgie picked his basket full of apples, and brought them up to the house. His papa called him his hired man when he saw how much work he had done; and this pleased Georgie as much as the rest of the play.

"I'll do more to-morrow," he said. "I only picked up under one tree."

LESSON 2. — SPELL OR WRITE :

sound	found	please	years	ears
bound	hound	tease	fears	hears
round	pound	ease	tears	dears

LANGUAGE STUDY.

How do you tell a goat from a sheep? a dog? a cow?

Wil'liams	coax	min'ute	horse'back
Can'a da	throat	sad'dle	to geth'er

CHARLIE'S HORSE PRINCE.

The name of this horse is Prince; the boy is Charlie Williams.



Charlie's father bought the horse in Canada, and rode horseback all the way home. He was a week in coming, though he rode twenty-five miles each day.

Charlie could hardly wait to see his horse. He told all the boys about him. "I will let you ride him sometimes," he said.

Prince was quite wild when he came. No one but Charlie's father could go near him for a week or two. Charlie was afraid he should never feel safe on his back.

"You must coax him with oats and apples," said his papa.

Prince likes apples. Charlie takes a basket full, and goes to the pasture fence and calls, "Prince, Prince." The horse pricks up his ears and listens a minute. Then he gallops to the fence to get the apples.

At first, if any one came near him, he would kick up his heels and gallop away.

Charlie began by giving him an apple at the end of a long stick. Then each day he held his hand a little nearer the apple, and at last did not have to use the stick at all.

Charlie has a very fine dog. His name is Don. Don knows a great deal.

When Prince is at the end of the pasture he is too far away to hear Charlie call.

"Go find him, Don," says his master. Don bounds away and drives Prince up to the fence.

There is a colt in the pasture named Lady June, and a cow. Lady June comes and smells the apples, but she is too small to eat them. She stands by and watches Prince.

The cow is fond of apples too; but Charlie cannot let her eat them. Her throat is small, and apples might choke her if she ate them whole.

Don drives the cow away, and will not let her come back while Prince is eating.

Prince is very playful. He and Charlie play together a great deal. He runs after Charlie and takes him up by his jacket and shakes him, but he does not hurt him.

Charlie has a nice new saddle, and when he is on the horse's back he is his master.

LESSON 2.

Charlie's horse. The horse's back. See Prince's tail.

Teach the apostrophe, and have the phrases written.

LESSON 3.—SPELL OR WRITE:

1. Horse, eats, smells, fond, apples.
2. Don, drives, knows, fence, great.

After the words have been written, put them into a story.

LESSON 4.—LANGUAGE:

The parts of a harness.

OBEDIENCE TO MOTHER.

[A LESSON FOR A DOLL.]

Don't say, "I will,"
When I say, "No";
Don't say, "I won't,"
When I say, "Go";
For I'm your
mother.

You must obey
Until you learn
The better way
Your steps to turn;
Then take no
other.



SLATE WORK AND MEMORY GEM.

*Of all the pretty ways
To make a dull day bright,
The best is, just do right.*

LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

min'ute | sōl'diers | wēath'er | buīld'ing | car'pen ters

AT THE SANDBANK.

I.

"Madge! are you up and dressed?" called Dick from the foot of the stairs.

"It's as dry as can be at the sandbank. I've just been over to see. Let's go, just as soon as we've had breakfast."

"I'll be down in a minute. I'm all dressed. I am dressing dollie now," said Madge.

Dick sat on the upper stair to wait. "We'll take the same things we had yesterday, won't we?" he said. "Can you take all yours at once?"

"Yes," said Madge, "I shall take Jessie in my arms, and put her things and mine in my bag. I can take some of yours."

"I'm all right," said Dick. "My spade and pail are out on the piazza now. I shall put my soldiers into the pail."

"Let's not take Flash," said Madge; "he acts so."

"I think it's all the more fun," said Dick; "but we won't if you don't want to. If we don't shut him up in the house, he'll come over himself when he finds we are gone."

Their mamma and papa were in their own

room. "How dearly Dick and Madge love each other," said mamma.

"Yes; I hope they always will. There is nothing so pleasant to see as a loving brother and sister," said their papa.

Dick and Madge lived on the edge of a pretty park. When the weather was fair, they played out of doors all day.

Some men were building a house near by, and they had a pile of clean, white sand. This was what the children called the sandbank.

"I'm sure I don't see what carpenters want sand for," said Dick.

"Wait and see," said his papa. "The workmen know what they are about. And you had better have your fun with the sand while you can."

II.

The bell rang for breakfast, and the children were soon ready for their play.

"We are going now," they said, "and we shall be gone till noon."

Their mamma could see them from her window.

"What shall we do first?" asked Dick.

WORD STUDY:

rēad'y	bōard
mor'tar	guārd
taught	
plēas'ant	

"I'll make the pies and cakes for the soldiers' dinner," said Madge.

"And I'll make forts for all of them, — except the ones on horse-back."

"While the pies are baking, I'll get dollie to sleep."

The pies were left on a board to bake in the sun. They were in little tins.

Dick made some fine forts for the soldiers. "We are safe now," said he, "with so many soldiers to guard us."

Then it was time for Jessie's nap. Madge sang the little cradle song her mamma had taught her.



CRADLE SONG.



1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep: Our cot-tage vale is deep;



The lit - tle lamb is on the green, With



snow-y fleece so soft and clean, Sleep, ba-by, sleep.

2. Sleep, baby, sleep: I would not, would not weep.

The little lamb he never cries,
And bright and happy are his eyes!
Sleep, baby, sleep.

3. Sleep, baby, sleep: Near where the wood-bines creep;

Be always like the lamb, so mild,
A sweet, and kind, and gentle child:
Sleep, baby, sleep.

4. Sleep, baby, sleep: Thy rest shall angels keep,
While on the grass the lamb shall feed,
And never suffer want or need:

Sleep, baby, sleep.

Madge made a bed for her doll, and then went to look after her baking.

Flash ran back and forth from the house. Once he tore down some of the forts. Dick called it a battle, and had all the soldiers fire at him.

After awhile a bell rang, and Dick ran home to see what was wanted. He came back with some cakes for lunch.

“Your dinner is ready, too,” said Madge to the soldiers. “I hope you will like it. We like mamma’s cooking the best.”

They gave some of each kind to Flash, and he chose the home cooking, too.

When the children went out to play next morning, the men were putting the sand into a large box. They put in some lime and some hair, and poured on water. Dick asked them what they were making. “When it is well mixed,” said one of the men, “it will be mortar.”

The children could not build sand forts any more, nor make sand pies; but their papa gave them some ground for a garden, and some seeds to plant in it.

“I’ve found out about the sand, papa,” said Dick; “it helps to make mortar for the walls of the new house.”

SPRING.

Violets, violets, sweet spring violets,
Sure as spring comes, they’ll come, too,
First the white and then the blue,

Pretty violets;
White with just a pinky dye,
Blue as little baby’s eye,
So like violets.

Though the rough wind shakes the
house,

Knocks about the budding boughs,
There are violets.

Though the passing snow-storms
come,

And the frozen birds sit dumb,
There are violets.



vi'o lets
dye, eye
rough
boughs
fro'zen
dumb
doz'ens
hedge

One by one, among the grass,
Saying, “Pluck me,” as we pass,
Sweet, sweet violets.

By and by there’ll be so many,
We’ll pluck dozens, nor miss any,
Sweet, sweet violets.

Children, when you go to play,
Look beneath the hedge to-day,
Peep for violets.