

LESSON XXIX.

Words to be spelled by sound and by letter.

		ī		
<i>nirō</i>	gīrl	stīr	first	thīrst
	bird	chīrp	thīrd	mīrth
<i>nyars</i>				
		o		
two	loſe	move	wound	
who	shoēs	prove	whoſe	
		u		
rule	fruit	trūe	erū'-el	
rude	brūiſe	prūne	trū'-ly	

like *line* *drive*
kind *hide* *shine*
mine *fire* *blind*

Copy these words, and mark the vowels and silent letters:

while	shirt	kind-ly	mov-ing
brute	truth	thirst-y	chirp-ing

LESSON XXX.

<i>ciudad.</i>	<i>cerra</i>	<i>campo.</i>
cī't-y	a-round'	fiēld
tī-ny	stūd'-led	grāin
dāmp	hūn'-dredſ	eōurse.
<i>hamedo</i>	<i>cerros</i>	<i>camino</i>

ANTS.

Men who have studied about ants tell us that there are ants which build little cities. Of course, it takes hundreds of ants working together to build even a very little city.

When the city is done, they clear a little field around it; that is, they take out of the field all the grass and weeds, and all the sticks and stones. Then they plant their grain.

Their grain is a kind of grass which bears a seed very much like tiny grains of rice. When this grain is ripe, they gather it, and take it into their houses.

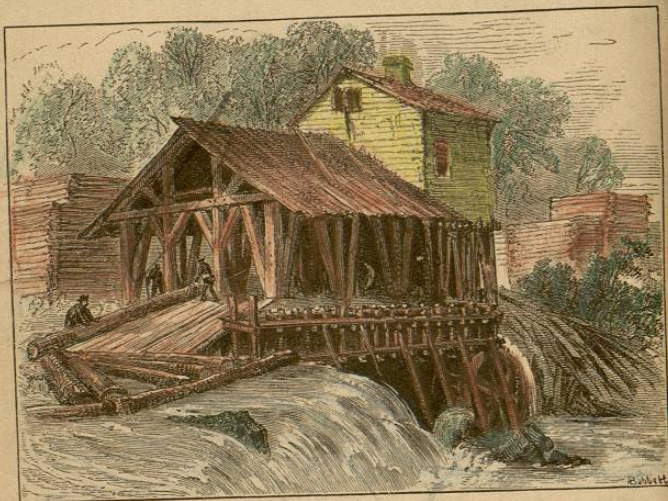
If they find the seeds are too damp to keep, they carry them out again and lay them in the sunshine to dry. When the seeds are dry, they carry them back into their houses, and keep them for food.

LESSON XXXI.

scēt
ax-es
a-round'

in'-side
out'-side
be-yōnd'

piēt'-ūre
an-ōth'-er
re-mēm'-ber



ANOTHER MILL.

Do you remember what you read about the grist-mill to which Guy and Freddy like so much to go?

Here is another mill, to which they go sometimes with their father. This mill is not on the brook, but down on the river, where there is a water-fall.

This is a saw-mill, where boards are made. What a great pile of boards they have outside of the mill!

Do you know where they get the logs to make into boards?

Men go into the woods with axes, and chop down the big trees; they cut these into logs, and then float them down the river to the mill.

Do you see the logs lying in the water in front of the mill?

When the logs come to the mill, the mill-men tie strong ropes around them and drag them up those planks you see running down into the water.

Inside of the saw-mill there is a great saw, which spins around very swiftly and cuts the logs up into boards.

Guy and Freddy like to stay here, for it is not hot and dusty, as in the other mill. They like to lie in the cool saw-dust, and hear the hum of the saw, and smell the fresh scent of the new boards.

Write the names of all the things you see in the picture.

LESSON XXXII.

(o having the sound of ú.)

ganso
goose
geese
young

manada
flock
large
quack

boca
mouth
pounce
fool'-ish

trabajar
work (wûrk)
worm (wûrm)
world (wûrld)

El ganso joven bobo.
THE FOOLISH YOUNG GESE.

There was once a large flock of geese at the farm, and most of them were young. The young geese made a great noise; they would talk, talk, talk, all day long.

"What a fine world! what a fine place!" they said. "I'm a goose! I'm a goose! Here's a worm! here's a worm!"

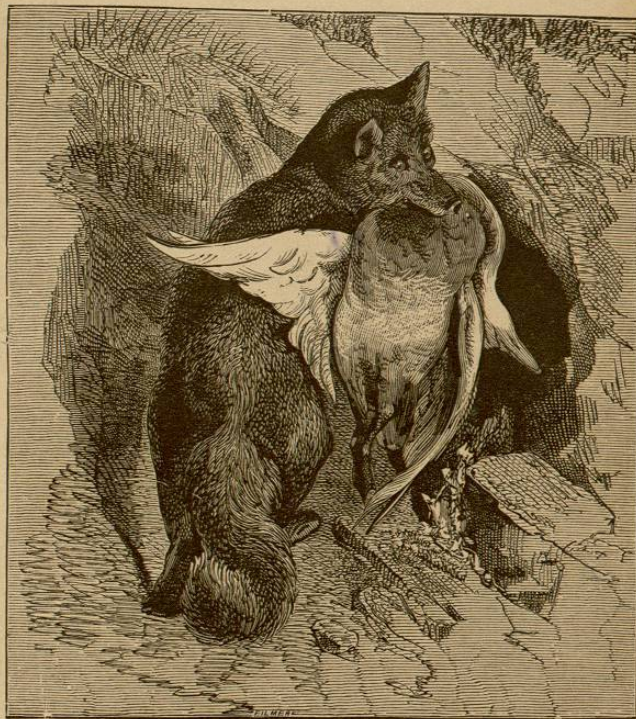
"Where? where?" said the rest.

"Here! here! No, it's a stick! I'm a goose! I'm a goose!"

That was the way the geese went on all day, and all of them at once.

"I wish you would be still!" said a wise old goose. "Do you not know that the fox lives in the wood? Why do you tell him that there are fat geese so near?"

But no one would heed what the wise old goose said, and the noise went on all day; and if one woke in the night he would say, "I'm a goose! I'm a goose!"



So the fox heard them, and he stole through the trees. Pounce! Quack! A goose was in his mouth; and he ran off with her to his hole in the hill-side, and ate her up.

"There!" said the wise old goose; "I told you so!"

Copy the words at the head of this lesson.

LESSON XXXIII.

pāth	lēaves	slōw'ly	branch'-eş
ēdge	mū'-şie	nō'-tiçed	flūt'-ter-ing

THE WOODS.

"The woods! What is there in the woods?" This is what little Emma said to herself one day, as she ran along the path that led to the woods.

She had asked her mother to tell her what was in the woods, and her mother had said, "You may go and see for yourself, my daughter."

So now she was going. She ran on until she came to the edge of the woods, and then she stopped. She looked about. Trees, trees — everywhere great tall trees! How still it was!

But, hush! She hears a noise. What is it? Such a strange, soft noise, like music.

"It is up in the trees," said Emma, and she looked up.

She saw a great many green leaves hanging high up on the branches of the trees. All these green leaves were waving in the wind. How pretty they were! They looked as if they were trying to shake hands with each other.

While Emma was looking up, she noticed something falling from a tree near by. How slowly it came down! At first she thought it was a bird, and then she thought it was a butterfly.

Down, down, down, it came, now fluttering off toward another tree, now sailing back toward Emma. At last it fell at her feet. Then she saw that it was a pretty green leaf, with a spot of bright red upon it.

"Thank you, kind tree," she said, "for sending me this pretty leaf! I will take it to my mother."

Copy these sentences, and put words in place of the dashes:

Emma heard a soft noise in the —.

A pretty green — fell down at her —.

On the leaf was a — of bright red.

LESSON XXXIV.

<i>cada uno</i>	<i>heredadura unida</i>	<i>conocer</i>
ēi'-ther	erack	un-tied' knew (nū)
fä'-ther	säiled	pres-ent eür'-tain (-tīn)
through	sē'-eret	māk'-ing bīrth'-dāy

A SECRET.

Miles had a secret. He would not tell any one what it was, for then it would not have been a secret.

I think his mother knew something about it, but she would not tell any one either.

Every day Miles would go to his little workshop in the shed, and lock the door and hang a curtain over the window.

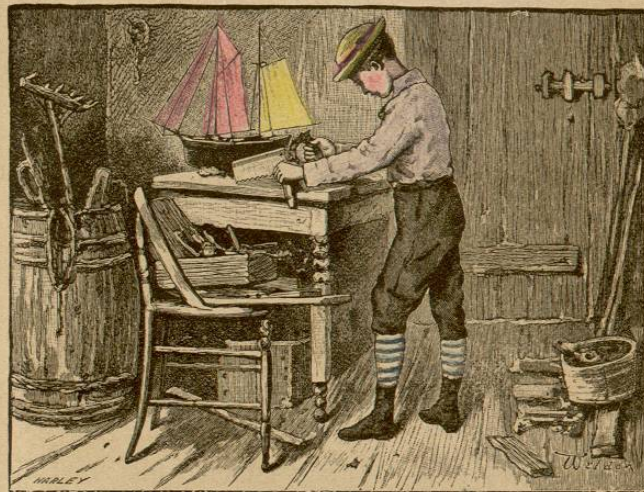
He would stay there a long time, and would not let his sister Clara or his little brother Walter come in.

How they did wish they could find out what he was doing!

They tried to peep in at the key-hole, and through a crack in the shed; but Miles only laughed at them, for he knew they could not see anything at all.

They could hear him at work, but could not guess what he was making.

By-and-by little Walter's birthday came. He was just six years old. His father and mother and his sister Clara each gave him a pretty present.



Then Miles asked them all to come down to the brook and see what he had for Walter. And what do you think it was?

It was a little wooden boat, painted so prettily in bright colors.

Its white sails were spread to catch the

breeze; and, when Miles untied the string which held it fast, it sailed over the smooth water as lightly as a bird.

And now the secret was out. Miles had been making this boat for a birthday gift for his brother.

Walter had a great deal of sport with his boat, and kept it a long time.



Write answers to these questions, and let the answers be in complete sentences:

How old was Walter when his birthday came? What did Miles give him for a birthday present? What kind of a boat was it?

LESSON XXXV.

món'-ey
wón'-dered

eoũş'-in
pũz'-zled

ẽarned
workèd

EARNING MONEY.

Two little boys, Rollo and James, had two little wheel-barrows, and wheeled stones in them for one cent a load. The man they worked for was Rollo's father.

When Rollo's father counted up the loads, he found that he owed Rollo twenty-three cents and James only twenty-one cents. The reason Rollo had earned the more money was because James had stopped to rest, while Rollo went on wheeling.

James was sorry he had not got as many cents as Rollo; so Rollo said, "I will give you two of my cents, and then I shall have only twenty-one like you."

"Yes, but then I shall have more," said James. "If you give me two, I shall have twenty-three."

The boys were puzzled over this; but Rollo's mother said, "Rollo, suppose you give James *one* of your cents, then you will each have twenty-two cents." The boys wondered they had not thought of it before.

Copy the words at the head of this lesson.

LESSON XXXVI.

<i>tio</i> un'-ele	<i>detrás</i> be-hind'	<i>único</i> on'-ly	self'-ish
<i>el más pequeño</i> eld'-est	<i>quizá</i> per-haps'	<i>bencho</i> bēnch	with-out'
<i>al lado</i> be-side'	<i>protección</i> hold'-ing	<i>varios</i> mān'-ly	chil'-dren
<i>amigo</i> mās-ter	<i>cuartos</i> quar-terꝝ	<i>espero</i> ex-pēet'	think'-ing

HARRY'S APPLE.

Do look at all these children! Let us count how many there are: One, two, three, four, five!—and a cat, and a dog, and a dolly.

Mary sits on the bench, with her basket on her lap and pussy beside her: Edith leans against her sister, with Dolly in her hand; Robert stands with one hand behind him; Charley sits on the ground; and Master Harry is up on the stump.

He is the one they are all looking at just now, for see what he is holding in his hand—a rosy-cheeked apple! Harry is saying that each child shall have a quarter of an apple. But there are five children, you see; and so it seems that one child must go without any apple.

Ellos son sucesos
They are all thinking about it. *Maria piensa*
Mary thinks to herself, "I am the eldest; perhaps I ought to go without my quarter."



Robert se queja
Robert, who likes to be thought manly, feels that they will expect him to give up

his share. Little Edith never means to be selfish, but the apple looks *very* good; so she thinks, "I *should* like to have *my* quarter!"

Guando Carlos
As to Charley, he has made up his mind that one quarter *must* come to him. And Harry?—he knows very well, little rogue that he is, that no one will have to give up a quarter; for just behind the stump is a basket with four more apples, which Uncle Edward has given him for the others. So he has only been making fun, after all.

Write three sentences about the picture in this lesson.

LESSON XXXVII.

trēat wīḡ'-est ēaṡ'-i-er whaṭ-ēv'-er
brōke brāv'-est sup-pōṡe' plēaṡ'-ant-er

Suppose
SUPPOSE.

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red?

And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas Dolly's,
And not your head, that broke?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?

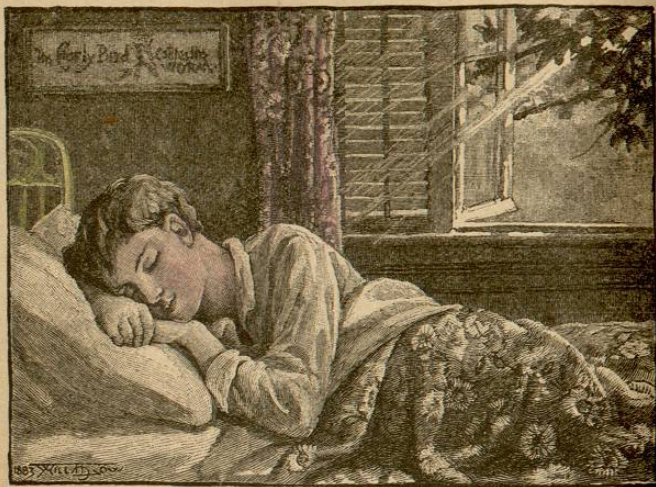
Suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?

And isn't it, my boy and girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

Copy the last two stanzas of this poem.

LESSON XXXVIII.

to *fall* *annals*
ēarth hōn'-ey flāpped an'-i-mals
perch *turned* erōwed a-wāk'-ened



THE SUNBEAMS.

El sol estaba arriba y el viento del este
tenía
 The sun was up. The sky in the east had told that he was on the way, for it had turned red and gold as he came near. And now he looked down on the earth, and there was a new day. And he sent out his beams to wake all things from sleep.

A beam came to the little birds in the trees, and they rose at once, flew about, and sang as loud as they could.

Then a beam came to the rabbit and waked her, and she gave her eyes a rub,

and ran out of the wood into the green field, to eat the fresh grass.

A third beam came to the hen-house; and the cock flapped his wings and crowed, and all the hens flew down from their perch and ran out into the yard to get what they could to eat.

Now came a beam to the bee-hive; and the bee crept out of his bed, rubbed his wings with his legs, and flew off to the fields to drink the honey of the buds and bells and cups, which had just awakened as he had done.

The last beam came to the bed of a boy too fond of sleep, and wakened him, but he would not get up. He hid his face from it as he turned to the wall. So he went to sleep once more, though all the animals were up and at their work.

Copy these words, and divide them into their syllables :

rabbit	into	about
honey	little	rubbed
animals	looked	awakened

LESSON XXXIX.

dāin'-ty smil'-ing beau'-ti-ful
sūm'-mer sūd'-den-ly dān'-de-li-on

PATTY MALONE'S STAR.

Little Patty Malone lived in a great, noisy city, where the streets were narrow and dusty. She never had any green grass to play on, nor shady trees to sit under.

When she was not "tending the baby," she ran about in the dusty streets, for she was too young to go to school.

At night she would sit on the door-step and watch the people going past, and the stars coming out in the sky.

One day her father took her to walk in the park. Patty had never seen so beautiful a place. She was almost afraid to touch the grass, it looked so soft and clean.

As she was running along, suddenly she stopped, and raised her hands in great joy.

"O father," cried she, "look here! Here is a star come down to lie on the grass."

Little reader, what do you think it was? Only a dandelion! Poor little girl, not even to know what a dandelion is!

Commit this poem to memory.

THE DANDELION.

Dainty little dandelion,
Smiling on the lawn,
Sleeping through the dewy night,
Waking with the dawn.

Fairy little dandelion,
In her misty shroud,
Passes from our sight away,
Like a summer cloud.

LESSON XL.

pleāsed in-deed' rŭn'-ning nēi'-ther
drowned māt'-ter bār-k'-ing prŏmpt'-ly
wäg'-ging stānd'-ing dis'-tānce eār'-ry-ing

JAMIE AND BRUNO.

Jamie and Bruno are a boy and a dog,
that love each other very dearly; and well

they may, for they have saved each other's lives. Would you not be very fond of a dog that had saved your life?

When Jamie was a very little boy, he was playing in his father's garden, quite safe, as every one thought. His nurse left him for two or three minutes, sitting with Bruno on the lawn. When she came back, both dog and child were gone.

You may be sure she was in a great fright; she called Jamie as loud as she could. Papa and mamma came running out to see what was the matter.

Then they heard Bruno barking at a distance. They ran quickly to the place from which the sound came.

And there lay Jamie, all wet and cold, on the grass; and Bruno, all wet too, was standing over him, wagging his tail for joy that he had saved him.

For he had, indeed, saved him.

When his nurse left him, the child had trotted off and found his way to the pond;

and, as he stooped to pick a water-lily, he fell in. Bruno had jumped in promptly and drawn him out.



You may be sure Bruno was petted and made much of ever after.

Now, I will tell you how it came to pass

that Jamie saved Bruno's life. But neither Bruno nor Jamie can remember anything about that, for Jamie was only a baby then, and Bruno was a little puppy.

As Jamie and his nurse were out walking one day, they met a man carrying three puppies to the river to drown them. Bruno was one of these.

They were all nice, bright puppies; but Bruno licked Jamie's little fat hand so softly, that the baby was quite pleased, and cried to have him.

Just then Jamie's father came by, and, seeing how much his little boy was taken with the puppy, he said he might have it for his own.

So, first Jamie saved Bruno from being drowned, and then Bruno saved Jamie from being drowned; and now, I think, you will not wonder that after this they became fast friends and playfellows.

Copy this story, and put words in place of the dashes:

MY DOG.

My dog's name is Bruno.
 He is a — dog.
 He has two eyes and a — tail.
 He can run and he can —.

LESSON XLI.

breāk	heärts	be-gän'	pret'-ty (prĭ')
erĭed	pięc-eş	lōve'-ly	peeped
stāyed	pāssed	chānced	lĭn'-ing
glād'-ly	rōb'-berş	ōwn'-erş	work'-erş

THE STOLEN BASKET.

Two little workers once set to work to make a little basket. It was to be a basket for eggs.

They began their work very gladly. They went out to gather straws and twigs; these they brought home and twisted into the form of a basket.

After many days of hard work the basket was made. The little workers lined it with a soft lining, as smooth as silk.