

LESSON LX.

thee	ereep	ēar'-nest
vēr'-y	brōok	tīnk'-ling
fāir'-y	fūn'-ny	rāin'-drōp
erā'-zy	mōss'-y	prayer (prār)

A WISH.

“Be my fairy, mother ;
Grant me a wish to-day—
Something, as well in the sunshine
As when the rain-drops play.”

“And if I were a fairy,
With but one wish to spare,
What should I give thee, darling,
To quiet thine earnest prayer?”

“I'd like a little brook, mother,
All for my very own,
To laugh all day among the trees,
And shine on the mossy stone ;
“To run right under the window,
And sing me fast asleep ;
With soft steps, and a tender sound,
Over the grass to creep.

“Make it run down the hill, mother,
With leap like a tinkling bell,
So fast I can never catch the leaf
That into its fountain fell.

“Make it as wild as a frightened bird,
As crazy as a bee,
With a noise like a baby's funny laugh—
That's the brook for me!”

*Write in your own words a little story about a wish
which you would like to have a fairy grant you.*

LESSON LXI.

sipped	un-eoil'	erim'-son	būt'-ter-fly
set-tle	through	un-elōsed'	pow'-dered
ā-pron	tum-bler	del'-i-eate	ēl'-e-phants
jūic'-es	es-eāped'	quiv'-ered	Frēd'-er-ick

THE BUTTERFLY-CHASE.

“It shall not escape!” cries Frederick ;
“I will have that butterfly!”

“But, take care! take care!” says little
Emily. “Look at its beautiful wings ; your

hard cap will hurt them. Let me catch it in my apron."

"You can never manage to get your apron over it," says Frederick. "Come, run on through the grass. If it flies over the hedge, it will escape."



"Stop! stop! it is going to settle on that pink," whispers Emily. "Do wait a minute! I can manage to catch it gently."

So Frederick stopped. The beautiful butterfly had settled on a white pink that grew near the hedge. Emily had to hold

Frederick's cap with all her might, or it would have been down over the flower in a moment. She wanted to see what the butterfly was doing.

It sipped the sweet juices out of the flower with its long trunk; for a butterfly has a trunk very like the elephant's trunk, which it can uncoil and dip down into the flower-cups.

All the time, its four bright wings quivered in the sun, and they shone as if they were powdered with gold; they were black and blue and crimson. The butterfly seemed to enjoy the sunlight and its delicate dinner.

"It will fly away in a minute," said Frederick.

So Emily softly put one hand over the flower, and with the other quickly broke its stem, and then inclosed both flower and butterfly in both hands.

"Now, let us run into the house," she said, "and show it to mamma."

Mamma brought a tumbler, and Emily

put the butterfly under it. She called it her beautiful prisoner. When all had had a good look at it, she opened its prison, and it flew to the window and perched a moment on the window-sill.

No doubt it was glad to be free again, but it did not sing or chirp, as a bird would have done. It only fluttered its beautiful wings, and sailed silently away into the sunshine.

Write a story about a butterfly.

LESSON LXII.

respirado
sniffed

perfume
pěr'-fūme

armas
wēap'-onș

PUSSY'S CLASS.

ahora niños
"Now, children," said Puss, as she shook her head,
la cabeza

Es tiempo de la lección de la mañana
"It is time your morning lesson was said."

So her kittens drew near with footsteps slow,

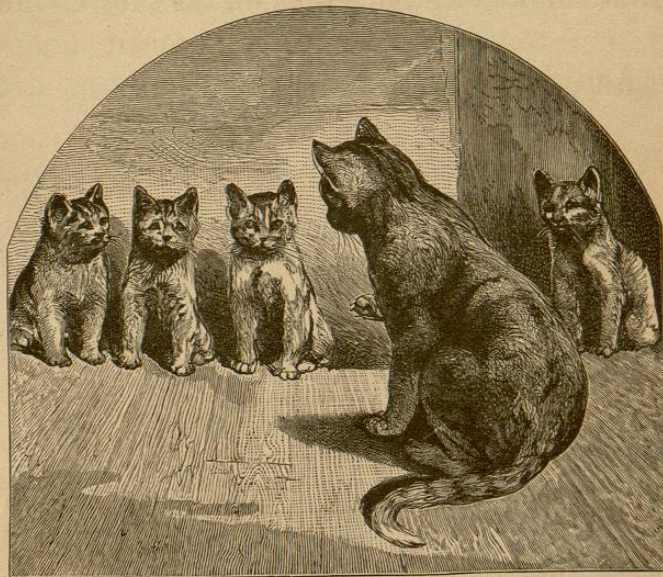
And sat down before her, all in a row.

"Attention, class!" said the cat-mamma,

"And tell me, quick, where your noses are."

Eva Maria S.

At this all the kittens sniffed the air,
As though it were filled with a perfume rare.



"Now what do you say when you want a drink?"

The kittens waited a moment to think,
And then came the answer clear and loud—
You ought to have heard how those kittens
meow'd!

"Very well. 'Tis the same, with a sharper tone,

When you want a fish or a bit of bone."

Ahora que dicen cuando los niños son buenos?
Now what do you say when children are good?"

y los gatitos susurraron
And the kittens purred as soft as they could.

y que cuando los niños son malos
"And what do you do when children are bad—

Cuando ellos son impertineros cada gato se mira tristemente.
When they tease and pull?" Each kitten looked sad.

Puff, dijo la madre, esto es lo que se necesita para usar las garras cuando los niños son torpes.
"Pooh!" said their mother, "that isn't enough;

You must use your claws when children are rough!"

y donde están sus garras? No, no, mi querido
"And where are your claws?" No, no, my dear—

ella levantó una pata mirando ellos con ojos aquí
(As she took up a paw)—see! they're hidden here!"

Then all the kittens crowded about
To see their sharp little claws brought out.

They felt quite sure they never should
need

To use such weapons—oh no, indeed!

But their wise mamma gave a pussy's
"pshaw!"

And boxed their ears with her softest paw.

"Now, sptiss! as hard as you can!" she said;

But every kitten hung down its head.

"Sptiss! I say," cried the mother-cat.

But they said, "O mamma, we can't do that!"

"Then go and play," said the fond mamma.

"What sweet little idiots kittens are!

Ah, well, I was once the same, I suppose";

And she looked very wise, and rubbed her nose.

Write a word that rhymes with cat;—with head;—with dear;—with nose.

Write a sentence having in it the word kittens;—the word mamma.

LESSON LXIII.

bāth	wāved	plēasēd	in-stēad'
tīred	bē'-ing	frēt'-ful	pīt'-i-ful
shīeld	gāsped	pee'-vish	hāre'-bell
mōss'-y	dāin'-ty	grāte'-ful	mūr'-mūred

Monterrey, Febrero de 1895.



THE FOOLISH HAREBELL.

PART I.

A little Harebell once lived in the shade of a large mossy rock. The Sun and Wind and Rain were all very kind to her, but she was peevish and fretful, and never pleased with anything they did.

One day she hung her blue head and murmured, "I am so tired, I wish I were dead!" The soft, gentle Wind heard what she said, and felt so pitiful that he waved her about to make her cool.

But the dainty Bell, instead of being grateful, called out, "Go away, Wind; you are so rough! I do not like you." And the Wind was sorry, and went away.

Soon the little Bell grew tired and faint, and the great Sun felt so kindly toward her, that he drew a thick cloud over his face to shield her from his hot rays.

But as soon as she saw the cloud she cried out, "Go away, Cloud; why are you so rude?" The Cloud went away; and the Sun's rays beat down upon the Harebell's head so hot, that she gasped, "Water! water!"

Then the Dew came down to cool her with its little drops; but she cried, "I did not want a bath!"

What word in the lesson means the opposite of small?
—of unkind?—of hard?—of warm?—of up?—of cold?
—of big?

Copy these words, and write under each one the word that means the opposite of it—this way:

small
large

LESSON LXIV.

blūe	kīssed	toūched	mōrn'-ing
blew	pāssed	drōōped	eōm'-fort
ēar'-ly	fāint'-ly	plūcked	shiv'-ered
dȳ'-ing	fād'-ing	wēak'-er	sūn'-bēam

THE FOOLISH HAREBELL.

PART II.

Thus the night passed. Early the next morning a boy going by the Harebell's home saw her among the moss, and plucked her. After a little time he grew tired of her and threw her away.

The Harebell shivered as she touched the ground, and cried, "Oh! oh! I am so faint! Come, dear Wind, blow upon me." The Wind, glad to help her, blew softly upon her, and kissed her pale cheek; but it was too late.

"Sun," she said, "dear Sun, I am very cold!" The Sun sent a sunbeam to comfort her; but still she drooped her head.

"O Rain, I am dying! All the blue is fading out of me. Come—please come!" The

Rain came down as fast as he could; but she was so weak, he could do her no good.

She grew weaker and weaker. At last she said, faintly, "Thank you all." Then she died.

Write a sentence having in it the word blue;—the word blew;—the word sun;—the word son;—the word weak;—the word week.

LESSON LXV.

be-mōan'	de-lūd'-ed	hăp'-pi-ness
mīs'-tress	fā'-vor-ite	dīs-eōv'-er-y
joûr'-ney	stâir'-eāse	băl'-us-trāde
fâre-wēll'	in-erēased'	dīs-eōv'-ered

MUFF AND HER PUPPIES.

Muff ought to be a happy dog, and I think she was so until last week. Muff has a kind mistress, who washes, and brushes, and combs her, pets and fondles her, and lets her sleep in a basket in the dressing-room.

About a month ago, Muff's happiness was increased by having two dear little puppies. Never, she thought, had mother

greater cause to be proud. The puppies were named Tippy and Cuffy. Tippy was the favorite child of his mother.

One morning Muff left her children together in the basket in her mistress's dressing-room, while she went down-stairs to see the young people of the family start off to a picnic.

As she came back into the hall, she heard a whining on the staircase above her. "Dear, dear!" said she to herself, "this must be one of my children who has followed me, although I told them not to come."

Raising her eyes, she saw Cuffy standing on the landing and looking down upon her through the bars of the balustrade. "Naughty child," cried Muff, in dog-language, "go back to your basket! My Tippy is always good; he stays in his proper place."

Thus spoke the fond and deluded mother. Alas! her Tippy was lying but a few feet from her, quite dead. He had been the first to leave the basket, and go on a journey of discovery after his mother. Cuffy had but

followed his bad example, and was crying at seeing his brother fall through the balustrade.

Poor Muff's cries were so loud, when she found out the truth, that the servants soon gathered around her to console her. At last she went to take care of Cuffy, and bemoan herself in her basket with her one child that was left.

The next day, when all the family were at home, poor Tippy was buried. Johnny, the eldest boy, dug the grave. Muff was chief mourner, and Cuffy was carried in the arms of little Lily to see Tippy buried.

Elly and little Horace were there, with very sad faces, and the black pussy came too.

Mamma, even, was present, and felt quite sad at seeing poor Muff leaning over the grave, and looking a last fond farewell at her little dead puppy.

Write a sentence having in it a word that means the opposite of kind;—of happy;—of fasten;—of tied.

LESSON LXVI.

thōugh	re-plied'	măn'-ner
pār'-rot	fām'-i-ly	re-pēat'-ed
o'-elōck'	tālk'-ing	de-light'-ful
eoũs'-in	quĭck'-ly	eũn'-ning-ly

THE PARROT.

"Do tell us, Cousin Sophy, about your parrot," said Lotty. "Does she know you?"

"Know me? of course she does!" said Sophy. "If she hears my step ever so far off, she cries out, 'Sophy O!' for that is what she calls me. She not only knows me, but knows all the family, and calls them all by their right names.

"She says, 'What o'clock is it?' and then, if I hand her my watch, she holds it in her claw and looks at the face of it in a most grave manner, and says, 'All right!' and hands it back to me."

"How strange it must seem to hear parrots talking together as they fly about in

the woods!" said Lotty; "and if we heard them and did not see them, we might think they were men."

"Oh, no!" replied Lotty's mamma, "parrots do not talk in their wild state; they never speak a word that has not been repeated to them over and over again."



"Do you think your parrot would call me 'Lotty' if she knew me?" asked Lotty.

"I am sure she would. Sometimes my little dog Frisk will stand up on his hind

legs before Mrs. Polly as she sits on her perch, and beg for her food. Polly will not give him anything, but she will look quite cunningly at him every now and then, and say, 'Frisk! Frisk!'

"Well," said Lotty, "I think a parrot is a most delightful pet, and I do hope that some day I may have one of my own."

Copy the title and the first paragraph.

LESSON LXVII.

plāin	sniffed	eām'-el	ēast'-ern
breeze	wēa'-ry	sāfe'-ly	ar-rived'
sprēad	cheered	dēs-ert	thānk'-ful

TWO EASTERN TRAVELERS.

Here you see a camel and his master; they are traveling in the desert. They have traveled a long way, and now they have lain down to die.

You ask why? I will tell you. The desert is a great plain of dry sand. If you have ever seen the sand on the sea-shore,

you know how dry and hot it becomes under a burning sun.

Now, the desert is a place covered with sand, and it is always dry and hot, for it is every day under a burning sun.



This camel and his master have traveled many miles over the desert. They are very tired, very hot, and very thirsty, and they can not find any water to drink.

They have been very tired, hot, and thirsty for many days, and so weary and

weak are they that they can not walk—they can not even stand.

So these poor travelers fell down to die. But just then a breeze came, and the camel pricked up his ears, and sniffed with his nose. He said, as best he could, that he smelt something.

And what do you think that something was? It was rain. The camel could tell that it was going to rain.

Then the man cheered up, and spread out his tent-sheet to catch the drops when they should come.

Soon the sweet rain fell, and both master and camel got a little to drink. The air, too, was cooled by the rain, and the weary travelers were made strong again.

So they did not die; but, very thankful for the shower, they went on their journey.

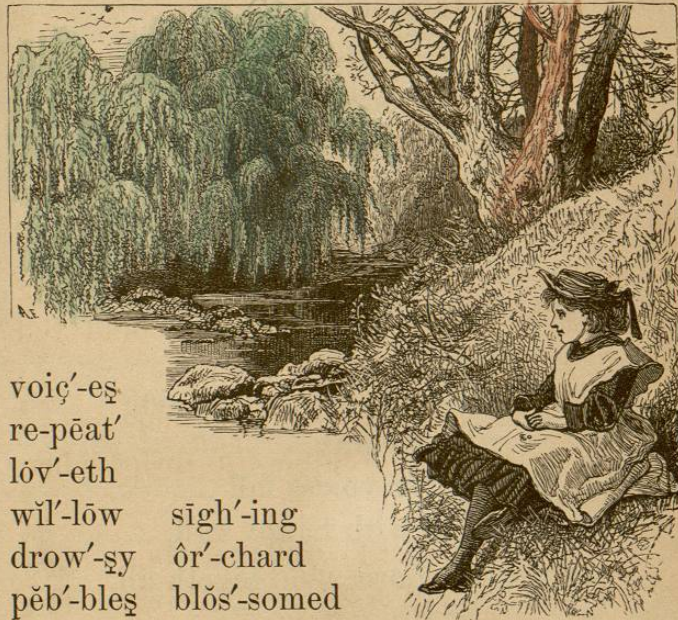
Write answers to these questions, and let the answers be in complete sentences:

Who were the two travelers?

What did the man do to catch the rain-drops?

Why did the camel prick up his ears?

LESSON LXVIII.



voic'-es	
re-pēat'	
lōv'-eth	
wīl'-lōw	sīgh'-ing
drow'-sɣ	ôr'-chard
pēb'-bles	blōs'-somed

A SONG FOR LITTLE MAY.

Have you heard the waters singing,
 Little May,
 Where the willows green are bending
 O'er their way?
 Do you know how low and sweet,
 O'er the pebbles at their feet,
 Are the words the waves repeat,
 Night and day?

Have you heard the robins singing,
 Little one,
 When the rosy dawn is breaking—
 When 'tis done?

Have you heard the wooing breeze
 In the blossomed orchard trees,
 And the drowsy hum of bees
 In the sun?

All the earth is full of music,
 Little May—
 Bird, and bee, and water singing
 On its way.

Let their silver voices fall
 On thy heart with happy call,
 "Praise the Lord, who loveth all,
 Night and day,"
 Little May.

Commit this poem to memory.

LESSON LXIX.

rūshed	stōrm'-y	pōur'-ing	därk'-ness
fōr'-est	shīn'-ing	pāy'-ment	light'-ning
lōne'-ly	rōar'-ing	stūm'-bled	fright'-ened
rāt'-tled	bēat'-ing	daugh'-ter	some'-thing

Una noche con un lobo
 A NIGHT WITH A WOLF.

*Ven aquí, mi hija, y sítate en
 los rodillos de tu padre, y él te contará
 una historia.*
Menos, como la lluvia
 Come here, my daughter, and sit on
 father's knee, and he will tell you a story.

Hark! how the rain is pouring on the
 roof and beating against the windows! Out-
 of-doors the night is black, and the wind is
 roaring through the trees.

On just such a night as this, daughter,
 father was lost high up on a lonely moun-
 tain. There were bears in the bushes and
 wolves in the deep woods; and I had lost
 my path and did not know which way to go.

The night came on, and with it came
 just such a storm as this.

The heavy rain beat on the ground; the
 strong wind rushed through the forest; it
 broke off many a tall, stiff tree, and bent
 the rest like grass.

I crept along in the darkness, trying to
 find some place of shelter; but I stumbled
 against the trees, and fell over stones.

At last, by help of the lightning, I found
 a little cave in the side of a great rock. I

crept in, glad to be safe from the falling timber and the flashing lightning.

Soon I heard something creep into the cave; then I saw two green eyes shining in the dark, and a wolf lay down beside me.

Do not be frightened, little one. The wolf and I lay there side by side all that long, dark night.

The rain rushed, the wind roared, the thunder rattled, and the great rock shook in the storm; but in that little cave the wolf and I lay side by side. I felt his wet fur press against me, and we each of us warmed the other.

When the morning came, the wolf crept out and went his way into the wild, wet woods; and I crept out and found the path, and went on my way down the mountain.

“Daughter, kiss me in payment!
Hark! how the wind is roaring!
Father’s house is a better place
When the stormy rain is pouring.”

THE END.

Eva M. Gustafson

Elinora Barois

Eva M. Gustafson

Eva M.

Eva Gustafson

Je croi que nous allons
s'il fait beau temps.

@@@ machine

S'il fait beau temps



Eva Maria



Das pequeños muchachos,
Rollo y Santiago tienen
dos pequeños sandillitos
y ellos bendicen las cosas
a 1 centavo. El hombre
que estaba trabajando
era el padre de Rollo.
Cuando el padre de Rollo
contaba las cosas y el
aguardaba 23 aguilones y
Santiago salieron
21 centavos, Rollo
se había ganado más
dinero que Santiago por que
él estaba parado, mientras
que Rollo que
Santiago estaba trabajando
porque no tenía trabajo
centavos como Rollo y
Rollo dijo que

IMPROVED READING - BOOKS.



STETSON

TEXT-BOOKS.

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