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|------------|----------|------------|----------|
| Washington | anchor | order | tears |
| England | sailor | midst | honors |
| English | tobacco | blessing | cheeks |
| Englishmen | raised | remember | ruled |
| Virginia | promised | plantation | fourteen |

A STORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

I.

1. When George Washington was a boy, all this country was ruled by the king of England.



George Washington.

Most of the people had come from England or were the children of Englishmen.

2. The king thought that it was a wise thing to make the people send to his own country for the most of their clothes and tools. He would not let them have great shops or mills in which to make things for themselves.

3. He thought that in this way he would bring much trade into England, and the English merchants would grow very rich.

4. There were but few towns in all the land. Most of these were near the seashore

and quite small. Nearly all the people lived on farms or on great plantations,—sometimes near the bank of a river, and sometimes in the midst of the thick woods.

5. It was on one of these plantations, in that part of our country called Virginia, that George Washington lived when he was a boy.

6. On one side of this plantation there was a river that was broad and deep. Every summer a ship came sailing up the stream, and anchored a little way from the shore.

II.

7. This ship had come from far-away England, and it brought many beautiful things.

8. It brought fine dresses and bonnets for George's mother and sisters; it brought hats and coats for himself; and sometimes it brought horses and wagons and plows to be used on the plantation.

9. When everything for the plantation had been brought to the shore, the ship would sail away. It would sail up the river, to stop at other places where goods had been ordered.

10. In a few weeks, it would come back and anchor again in the same spot. This time it would have nothing to leave. It came to take on the tobacco that had been raised on the plantation. The tobacco was to be carried to England to pay for the goods that had been bought.

11. George Washington had seen this ship come and go every summer since he could remember. He thought what a fine thing it must be to sail across the wide sea to the strange lands and wonderful cities that lie on the other side!

12. When he was about fourteen years old, he began to think that a sailor's life would be much pleasanter than that of a farmer on a lonely Virginia plantation.

13. His brothers also thought it might be best for him to go to sea; for George would not be a common sailor very long. He would soon be the captain of a ship.

14. So everything was made ready, and the captain of one of the king's ships said that he would take George with him.

III.

15. The day came that was set for him to sail. All of George's friends were there to



"Good-bye, mother!" he said.

tell him good-bye and see him start. The ship was waiting in the river.

16. The boat had come to take him on

board. George felt very proud to think that he was going to be one of the king's sailors.

17. The little box that held his clothes had been carried down to the shore. The men were about to lift it into the boat.

18. George stood at the door. His heart was sad at the thought of leaving home. "Good-bye, mother!" he said. He saw the tears in her eyes; he saw them running down her cheeks; he knew she did not want him to go.

19. He could not bear to see her distress. What if she should never be happy again? What if this should break her heart?

20. He turned to the black boy that was waiting. "Run down to the landing, Bobby," he said, "and tell them not to put the box on board. Tell them that I am not going to sail in the ship."

21. Then he said, "Mother, I will stay with you and try to make you happy."

22. "George," said his mother, "there is a blessing promised to the child that honors his father and mother; I am sure this blessing will be yours."

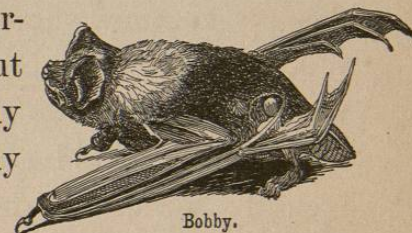
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|------|--------|---------|----------|
| bat | late | gently | animal |
| bell | furry | tower | inkstand |
| dull | broken | outside | downward |

BOBBY.

I.

1. Of all the queer pets that I have ever had, Bobby was the queerest. Shall I tell you how he came to me?

2. One sunny afternoon, school was out early. I had gone to my room, when one of my schoolfellows came running to call me.



Bobby.

3. He wanted me to go into the garden and see a strange little animal that was there. I went with him. There, on the ground, was a young bat. It had fallen from its nest in the high bell tower, and was much hurt.

4. I picked the little creature up gently. How tiny he was—only a baby bat. He was very much afraid; and I saw that one of his wings was torn and broken.

5. He looked at me with his bright black eyes, but he did not try to bite. He fluttered a little, and then lay down in my hand, and was very still.

6. "Let us put him back in his nest," I said to the boys. "His wise little mother knows, much better than we, how to take care of him."

7. We climbed into the old bell tower. There were a great many spiders' nests there, and sparrows' nests, too. But we could not find anything that looked like a bat's nest.

8. Then we thought we would wait till evening, when the bats would come out. And they did come out. As soon as it was dark, they were flying all around the old bell tower.

9. We saw bats come out of ten places under the roof. But in which of these places did our little bat belong? It would never do to put him in a nest of strange bats. Who could tell what they might do to him?

10. At last we made up our minds to keep him; and he was given to me to care for.



We saw bats come out.

II.

11. I named the little fellow Bobby. I made him a soft bed of moss in an old inkstand that had lost its top.

12. For a long time, I put the inkstand outside of my window at night. I thought that perhaps Bobby's mother would hear his cries, and bring him some food.

13. It may be that she did so. For Bobby always looked very bright in the morning. He soon began to grow strong. In a little while, his broken wing was quite well.

14. He was always dull and sleepy in the daytime. But at night he was very full of life.

15. He learned to know when I spoke to him. When he was on the table, if I called "Bobby! Bobby!" he would come fluttering across to me. He could not walk very well, with his two short legs and his two long wings.

16. He was a funny fellow to look at, with his furry little body, his big ears, his wide mouth, and his bright black eyes.

III.

17. One evening, when I went to my room, no Bobby was there. The window was open, and the nest in the inkstand was empty.



Bobby under the Table.

18. But soon Bobby came flying into the room. He did not get into his bed, but hung himself up by his hands and wings under the edge of the table.

19. He had taken his first flight out to see the world, and to find food for himself. After that, he went out every evening;

and when he came back he always hung himself, head downward, under the table, until I came in.

20. He was a happy little fellow. He would often play on the table before me, and then come and lie down in my hand.

21. But he made friends with no one else. If any one tried to pick him up, he made good use of his sharp teeth.

22. When the holidays came, I found that I could not take Bobby home with me. So I put his nest outside of the window, and left him. I thought that while I was away he might fly about at night, as he wished, and sleep in the old inkstand through the day.

23. But when I came back to school, the nest was empty. The inkstand was full of rain water, and it was not a pleasant place for even a bat to live in.

24. I sat at my window until late at night, calling, "Bobby, Bobby!" But Bobby never came back. Perhaps he had grown wild, and had gone to live with the other bats in the old bell tower.

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|------|--------|---------|---------|
| size | jacket | wicked | forgive |
| wisp | floss | rarely | pecked |
| spry | cheer | haste | eagle |
| wove | track | threads | tremble |

SONGS OF BIRDS.

I. — THE BIRD AND THE SQUIRREL.



1. I built me a nest in the old oak tree,
As pretty a nest as ever could be.
I wove it with threads to the oak-tree
bough,
And three little birdies are sleeping there
now.

2. One day, as I sang my "Cheer-up, chee,
chee,"
A spry little squirrel sprang up in the
tree.
I thought he was coming right up on the
bough ;
It makes my heart tremble to think of it
now.
3. I flew like an eagle right down through
the air ;
And soon he was running, he did not
know where.
I pecked him and pecked him, and flew
in his track ;
He will be in no haste, I think, to come
back.

II. — THE ROBIN'S NEST.

1. How do the robins build their nests?
Robin Redbreast told me.
First, a wisp of yellow hay
In a pretty round they lay ;
Then some threads of flax or floss,
Feathers, too, and bits of moss,

Woven with a sweet, sweet song,
This way, that way, and across:
That's what Robin told me.

2. Where do the robins hide their nests?
Robin Redbreast told me.
Up among the leaves so deep,
Where the sunbeams rarely creep.
Long before the winds are cold,
Long before the leaves are gold,
Bright-eyed stars will peep and see
Baby robins — one, two, three:
That's what Robin told me.

III. — THE LOST BIRDLINGS.

1. Oh, where is the boy, in his jacket of
gray,
Who climbed up a tree in the garden,
to-day,
And carried my three little birdies away?
They hardly were dressed
When he took from the nest
My three little robins, my dearest and
best.

2. O butterfly! stop for a moment, I pray —
Have *you* seen a boy in
a jacket of
gray,
Who carried my
three little
birdies away?
He had such pretty
eyes,
And was so small in
size,
That he can not be wicked — but he can
not be wise.



3. O boy, little boy, in your jacket of gray!
If you will bring back my three robins
to-day,
I'll try to forget that you took them away.
I'll sing all day long
My merriest song,
And I will forgive you this very great
wrong.

The world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings.

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|------|--------|--------|----------|
| pads | jaws | shakes | crawls |
| sick | splits | bursts | breathe |
| silk | square | colors | thirteen |

HOW A BUTTERFLY GROWS.

I.

1. If you live in the country, you can see butterflies every sunny day in summer. They fly about among the flowers. They play in the meadows and the fields.



A Butterfly.

2. Even in large towns butterflies are sometimes seen flying here and there, and trying to find their way back to the country. Now these butterflies were not always butterflies.

3. Once they were tiny eggs, perhaps round, perhaps square. Some of these eggs were of one color, some of another. The warm air and the pleasant rain after a while called them to life.

II.

4. Out of each of the tiny eggs there comes, not a butterfly, but a little grub. The grub begins at once to eat the leaves that he finds

nearest to him. Sometimes he eats the shell of the egg out of which he has just come.

5. Day after day the grub keeps on eating. He is all the time hungry, and he does nothing but eat, eat, eat. He grows larger as he eats; but by and by he is so full that he can eat no more.



A Grub.

6. What does he do then? He lies quite still for a time. If you were to see him, you would think him sick. His colors grow pale.

7. Then, in a few hours, his skin bursts along his back. He has no more use for this old skin, and he crawls out of it. He has now a new coat, and is brighter than ever. He begins to eat again, and he eats faster than before. Before he can be a full-grown grub he sometimes has four or five new coats.

III.

8. Now, let us see what kind of creature this grub is. He has twelve eyes, but you might look a long time before you would find

them. They are quite close to his mouth, six on each cheek.

9. Do you think that twelve eyes are enough for so little a creature? Only wait till he has become a butterfly, and then he will have more than thirty thousand eyes.

10. Now, look at his mouth. He has two strong jaws; and they need to be strong, for he is eating nearly all the time. They do not move up and down, but from side to side.

11. Now, look at his nose. Ah, no! He has no nose. How, then, does he breathe?

12. Along each of his sides there is a row of round holes. These open into little tubes that run to all parts of his body. He breathes through these tubes.

13. Where are his ears? We do not know. He can hear, but we cannot find that he has any ears.

14. Look at his body. It is made up of thirteen rings. Did you know that the body of every insect has just thirteen rings?

15. Insects have six legs. But how many legs has this grub? He seems to have a

great number. But they are not all alike. The first six are the true legs; all the others are only small pads with tiny hooks around their edges.

IV.

16. At last the grub finds that he can not grow any bigger, and he does not want to eat any more. What does he do then?

17. He hangs himself to a stem, or a leaf, or a wall. Sometimes he makes a thread of silk and winds it round and round his body. He becomes smaller, and of a dull brown color. You would think that there is no life in him.



He hangs himself to a stem

18. But after a while, his skin splits again, and a funny looking creature works its way out of it. This creature does not look at all like the grub. It can not move. It does not seem to have any eyes or mouth or legs. It does not eat. It does not do anything but stay in the same place.

19. It may stay there for only a few days. It may stay for months. Then the skin splits open again — and the butterfly creeps out.

20. He does not look much like a butterfly at first. You can hardly see his wings, they are so close to his body. Will he ever fly?

21. He crawls upon a leaf. He moves his wings a little. He shakes them out. They open. They grow stronger and stronger.

22. In a little while he can use them quite well. To-morrow he will be flying among the flowers, and playing in the fields and meadows.

| | | | |
|--------|----------|----------|--------------|
| July | crowd | tyrant | ringer |
| third | ruler | unjust | declaration |
| fourth | asked | taxes | independence |
| front | agree | listened | independent |
| deed | bonfires | speaking | Philadelphia |

A DAY TO BE REMEMBERED.

I.

1. It was the fourth day of July, in the city of Philadelphia. Many people were standing on the corners, and all were talking about the same thing.

2. There was a great crowd in front of the

State House. Some of the men stood on the steps and listened. Some were trying to look in at the door.

3. "What's the news?" asked a man who had just come into the town.



The State House, now called Independence Hall.

4. Those who were nearest the door looked at him, but said nothing.

5. "Who is speaking now?" asked another. "John Adams," was the answer.

6. "Adams knows what is right. But do you think they will agree to do it?"