

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE THIRD READER in this series is marked by the same singleness of aim which characterized the two earlier numbers.

To secure with the least outlay of time and effort the fluent, intelligent reading of this *and other books* is the purpose which has controlled the choice and use of all the material employed.

Attention is called to the lessons, singly and in the aggregate, for their abundant vocabulary of words and idioms, the variety and sprightliness of expression, and the facilities for training the voice and holding the attention.

It is an unquestioned principle that we read best what we best like. We have therefore endeavored to include no lesson that would not for its own sake hold a child's voluntary attention and bear reading again and again; to make the volume consist of living pictures, rendered in the language which we would wish pupils to acquire; to brighten the mind and refine the taste, and make progress pleasant and rapid in all that reading can accomplish.

Stories continued through several lessons are occasionally introduced to prepare for the reading of books; classic tales occur at frequent intervals, both for their own sake and the simplicity and purity of their diction; the poetry is chosen in large part for such memory exercise as will make it a permanent possession; love of nature, and later interest in natural history, are encouraged, and lessons of life and conduct taught insensibly by healthful example.

Teachers will recognize the omission of descriptive selections, which are generally found to be more difficult than lessons in narrative and conversational style.

Indebtedness is gratefully acknowledged to Mr. L. W. Mason for songs from the "National Music Readers," to Harper Brothers for copyrighted material ("Medio Pollito," translated from the French of Jean Mace), and to many authors whose names appear with their writings.

The sources chiefly laid under contribution for short stories are publications of Cassell & Co. and the Russell Publishing Co., selections from which, with their illustrations, have been secured by purchase.

GENERAL LESSONS.

VOWEL SCALES AND MARKINGS.

Long Vowels :

ē in me; ā in ache; â in dare; ä in arm; ü ī in turn, firm; ą in all; ō in old; oō ọ in tool, do.

Short Vowels :

ĭ in it; ě in end; ă in and; ą in ask; ŭ օ in cup, none; ֆ in hot; ֆֆ փ in foot, pull.

Diphthongs :

i in dine; oi in coil; ou in out; u in rule.

Class Questions :

Sound *a* with the macron above; *a* with the circumflex; two dots above; two dots below; the breve; one dot.

Give examples in words of the long sound of *a*; of *e*; of *o*; the broad sound of *a*; the Italian *a*.

Tell how *o* should be marked in hot, cold, tool, tooth, wool; how *u* should be marked in purr, put.

CONSONANTS.

baby, bay, bib, Bob; paper, papa, pope, pipe; fay, fife, fee, fifty; vail, vane, vine, five; thin, thick, thank, thrill; that, these, those, with; why, whoa, when, which; ho! how, hope, here; did, do, dead, died; to, tell, time, top; ooze, zinc, freeze, sneeze; say, so, see, cent; pleasure (zh), treas-

ure, azure ; ash, crash, shell, shop ; June, jean, jay, jig ; chin, chick, choose, chime ; give, go, gay, good ; kind, call, keep, cook ; run, roll, rain, red ; you, yet, year, ye.

DOUBLE AND TREBLE CONSONANTS.

block, blame, bleed, blue ; brick, bray, bring, brew ; clock, cling, clear, clam ; creep, crop, cry, cream ; dream, dread, dry, draw ; dwell, dwindle ; frame, fry, free, frock ; glow, glad, glee, glide ; gray, grow, groom, grub ; play, ply, please, plum ; pray, praise, pry, prop ; quill, quell, squeeze, squad ; scold, skate, school, schrod ; smile, smell, snow, snip ; spell, spill, spry, swell ; swerve, stress, stream ; tree, trip, twit, tweed ; Tsar, wry, wring, rhyme.

casks, helps, judge, curb, gulf, depth, breadth, facts, casts, bursts, inked, wronged.

ACCENTED SYLLABLES.

In Single Words :

bree'zes, ven'ture, ov'en, rib'bon, diz'zy, a fraid', e nough', per haps', for got', re peat', suf'fer ing, beau'ti ful, gath'er ing, om'ni bus, who ev'er, for got'ten, neg lect'ed, be com'ing, o ver turn', un der neath', com pre hend', o ver joyed'.

In Lines of Poetry :

Up' the air'y moun'tain, down' the rush'y glen.

Wilt' thou fight' a bat'tle with' the cas'tle cat?

For fra'grant air' and cool'ing breeze,

For beau'ty of' the bloom'ing trees. —

I count'ed ten crows' in the corn'field to-day'.

In days' that are sun'ny he's get'ting his hon'ey.

Do you ask' what the birds' say?

Un'der the green'wood tree, who' loves to lie' with me.

EMPHASIS.

Do you ask what the *birds* say?

The *ostrich* is the *bird of the desert*. Its *wings* cannot raise it into the air, but they help it along, like the *sails* of a boat. It is not an *easy* thing to overtake it.

Medio Pollito, a bantam pullet, by labor and frugality, once saved a hundred crowns. The king, who is always in want of money, had no sooner heard of it than he sent to borrow them.

INFLECTION.

Rising :

Did you have a pussy(/) like my little Kate(/) ?

Did you go to bed when the clock struck eight(/) ?

Falling :

There's not the least doubt of it(\), answered myself(\).

A million little jewels sparkled on the trees(\).

And all the little maidens said, "A jewel, if you please(\)."

The Voice carried steadily, without Inflection (the passages are enclosed within parentheses) :

Medio Pollito (a bantam pullet), by labor and frugality, once saved a hundred crowns. The king (who is always in want of money) sent to borrow them.

The magpie was one day building her nest so neatly and whispering to herself (while she laid each straw in its place), "This upon that, this upon that" (as was her wont), when the wood pigeon came by.

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Frontispiece.

Maria del Socorro Ayala

THIRD READER.

I. THE RUDE MARCH WINDS.

[Picture Opposite.]

*breez'es	a grees'	ven'ture	frol'ic some
cheeks	mood	clutch'es	who ev'er

Poor little Daisy! the March winds are rude!
Too free with the darling are they;
And she and her doggie are having hard times
To battle the breezes at play.

"I'm most blown to pieces!" cries Daisy, "oh,
dear!"

She clutches her hat with a will;
And Fido agrees that a real blowy day
Isn't pleasant on top of a hill.

For old Mr. March, one can very well see,
In a frolicsome mood is to-day,

* The Word Study should include studying out the words for pronunciation, pronouncing the syllables, sounding the vowels, and reading the spelling. It will be well for the teacher to use the words in ways easy to be understood.

And cares not a pin for whoever may dare
To venture across in his way.

Oh, many a kiss have they left on her cheeks,
Till she has grown rosy at last;
And, run as she may, she can hardly get rid
Of the breezes which chase her so fast.

LANGUAGE.

Who is Mr. March? How will Daisy win the battle with him? What do Daisy and Fido agree?



II. THE LITTLE COOKIE BOY.

cook'ie	ov'en	for got'ten	el'bow	squeezed
watched	bod'ies	ques'tion	ad vice'	rib'bon

1. Abby's mother made some little cookie boys. They had heads, bodies, legs, and arms. And she made two little places for eyes.

2. Abby watched her all the time she did it. She put them in the oven side by side and baked them to a pretty brown color. I will tell you the story of one of them.

3. He was taken out of the oven and laid on a plate on the table. It had been dark in the oven, but now it was light. He looked about and saw Abby and her brother and sister playing.

4. "Why," said he, "they are very large; but they are like me. I will ask them if they are big cookie boys." But Abby's mamma had forgotten to give him a mouth, so the question could not get out.

5. He saw Abby's auntie, who had curly hair. "I wonder if my hair is curly, too," he said. He tried to feel, but Abby's mamma had forgotten to give him any elbow joints, or to make his shoulder joints loose.

6. He tried to get up, but, poor fellow, he had no knees or hips. All he could do was to lie still and look around.

"I wonder what I was made for," he said.

7. Abby's mamma took him up and tied a blue ribbon around his neck. She hung him on a green tree, with little lights burning all over it. The tree was loaded with pretty things. He began to feel quite vain. "I must be beautiful, too, or I should not be here," thought he.

8. One by one the things were taken from the trees. Little faces all around looked brighter as the little arms became fuller.

9. At last our cookie boy was taken off and given to a merry little girl. She squeezed him so tight that he wanted to scream.

10. He did not think she meant to kiss him, but she put him up to her mouth. "Dear me," he said, "what is coming?" He could not look



pale, he was so brown. He could not get away, for he had no joints. But he had eyes, so he looked at the pretty rosy mouth so near him.

11. He saw one of his arms go into that mouth. Then the other went in. He wanted to cry; but before he could be sorry that he couldn't, his head was popped into the rosy mouth.

12. The merry, rosy-lipped girl said he was the best cookie boy she ever tasted. But my advice to mammas when they make cookie boys is not to give them any eyes. Then they need not look on and see themselves eaten up.

LANGUAGE.

Name things used to make the "cookie boy." Tell what parts of a real boy Abby's mamma could not make.

III. THE HURDLE RACE.

hur'dle	race' course	spa'ces	ditch	re peat'
hutch	per form'ance	raised	ought	whis'tled

1. Eddie and John had some pretty white rabbits given to them for pets. Rabbits are gentle, and the boys were so kind to them that they soon became very tame, and seemed fond of their young masters.

2. "What shall we teach them for tricks, papa?" asked Eddie. "They ought to learn to do something that wild rabbits do not know about."

"Suppose you try a hurdle race," said their papa.

3. "We don't know about it ourselves," said Eddie. "Will you tell us, and show us how?"



Both the boys and the rabbits were soon taught, and it was not long before friends were asked to come and see a hurdle race. But no one knew what the performance was to be.

4. The race-course was a dry ditch which John

and Eddie had dug. It led from the rabbit-hutch quite a long way round and back again to the hutch. Across the ditch at short spaces some sticks were placed. These were for hurdles.

5. When the time came for the race, Eddie raised the door of the hutch and whistled. Out came the rabbits, one after another, hopping along as fast as they could go.

6. As they came to a stick, they hopped over it as if they knew it was a part of the play. This made it a hurdle race, you see.

When they had gone around the course, they were back in the hutch again, and John had closed the door.

How the children did laugh and clap hands!

7. It was a funny sight.

Eddie and John were much praised. And they were often asked to repeat the performance of the hurdle race.

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL. I.

When Vio Hamblin was seven years old, her mamma sent her to school. She had learned so much at home that she was put into the second class, where they read in the Second Reader.

School ways were new to her, and there was something each day to talk over with her mamma. "You may tell me anything you like about your studies," said her mamma, "and anything that you think it would be pleasant for me to know. I should not wish my little girl to go to school to learn to be a gossip."

"What is that, mamma?" asked Vio.

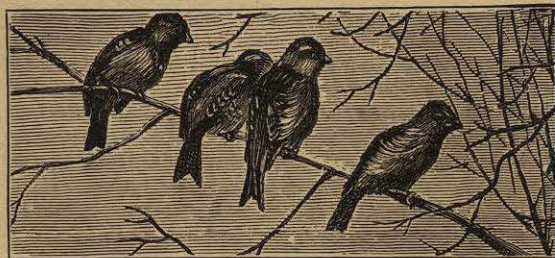
"To gossip is to tell tales or carry news; to repeat whatever you hear or know, just for the sake of telling, and not for any good reason.

"But tell me now about the school. What did Miss Hill say to you?"

"She says I read with a great deal of expression, but that she shall have to do something to bring out my voice; and she praised my writing. The girls say she is *dreadfully* particular about the writing.

"To-day we studied *p* and *d* and *t*, because they are all of the same height. She says that this is the time when we must learn to make our letters exactly right. I will show you the words that we wrote."

apple bottle middle



IV. ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

[MEMORY GEM.]

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow,
the dove,

The linnet and thrush say, "I love, and I love!"

In the winter they're silent—the wind is so
strong;

What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud
song.

But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm
weather,

And singing, and loving—all come back together.

But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he—
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me."

S. T. COLERIDGE.

V. BABY'S LAMP.

pi az'za	Lou ise'	match'es	hap'pened	stair'-case
lis'tened	touch	enough'	per haps'	for got'

1. Mamma was up stairs. Papa and Birdie were out on the piazza. But where was baby? Her



real name was Louise, and she was five years old; but she was the youngest, so she was called Baby. Birdie's real name was Agnes. She was seven years old.

2. Baby was not in the house, and it was growing dark. Mamma listened. Very soon she heard footsteps going pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, in the room

below. At the foot of the stair-case they stopped, and it was still again. Mamma called, "Baby!"

3. "What is it, mamma?"

"Are you all alone?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Why do you not go out on the piazza where papa and Birdie are? I can't come down just yet."

"I'll sit here, mamma. I'm not afraid. I have a light."

4. "You didn't touch the matches, did you, Baby? I told you not to."

"No, mamma. I caught some fire-bugs out on the lawn. I'll keep them till you come down. They make a nice light, only it keeps going out and coming again."

5. When mamma came down soon after, there sat Baby on the lowest step with some fire-bugs in an old bottle. Her golden curly hair looked like real gold in the light of her little lamp.

Then papa and Birdie came in. "We will light a real lamp now, Baby," said papa. "Maybe we had better let the pretty bugs go."

6. "Oh, no, papa, don't let them go. I had such a hard time catching them."

So papa said no more about the matter; but soon after, at bedtime, when mamma was reading a little Bible story to Birdie and Baby,

something funny happened to Baby's lamp. At least it was a funny thing to have happen to a lamp.

7. Each little bright spark spread its brown wings and flew away, nobody knows where. Perhaps papa knew something about it, but he did not tell, and Baby forgot to ask him. The old bottle was found lying among the rose-bushes near the window. But the pretty bugs were gone, and after that the wisest man in all the world could not have found Baby's lamp.

LANGUAGE AND PUNCTUATION.

The little straight mark in stair-case, pit-a-pat, fire-bug, and rose-bushes is called the HYPHEN. Write the words, putting each in a sentence.

SPELLING.

a fraid'	a lone'	gold'en	hap'pen
be low'	a gain'	mat'ter	per haps'

Use these words, one at a time, or perhaps two, to say something to one of your classmates.

NATURAL HISTORY.



The male Glowworm is the one with wings. The real *lady-bug* has none. The light comes from between the little rings that make the body.



VI. KITTY'S BASKET RIDE.

trel'lis	pit'e ous ly	diz'zy	climb	cling'ing
reached	fright'ened	stu'pid	rath'er	a fraid'

1. Once I had a little black and white kitten. She was very cunning and playful, but she was not very wise.

2. On one side of our house was a high grape trellis. One morning kitty went out and began to climb this trellis. She put one little paw before the other, and went bravely up, up, up, till she reached the top. Then she looked down to the ground and mewed piteously. I suppose when she looked down and saw how very far off the ground was, she was frightened and dizzy.

3. When I heard her cry, I ran out to see what was the matter. There stood kitty on the very top of the trellis, clinging to the slats with her little paws. The fur stood up all over her back and tail, she was so frightened. "Mew! mew!" she cried.

4. I saw how badly she felt and how afraid she was of falling. I tried to think of some way to help her. I got a basket and tied the handle to a long pole. Then I took hold of the pole and