

10. Then down went the drum, and the gun, and the sword. The army limped off as fast as it could to the kitchen. Had you seen Captain Thomas, soon after, sobbing on his mother's lap, you would not have dreamed that he was the little man who had just "whipped the whole world."

ADVICE.—Do not boast of what you have not done. Some old gray goose may hear you.

LANGUAGE AND PUNCTUATION.

The mark after soldier, in paragraph 3, is not a hyphen but a DASH (—). Find a dash in paragraph 4.

The two marks in paragraph 7 that enclose "This was firing the gun." are called the PARENTHESIS ().



XV. BIG BOY AND LITTLE MAMMA.

fright'en	whis'per	ter'rible	touch	gloom'y
an'swer	laugh'ing	per'fectly	coax'ing	ar'rows

Mamma, my dear, if a robber should come,
A terrible robber, one night, you see,
I'd frighten him off with my sword and drum,
And you would be perfectly safe with me.

And if you and I in a gloomy wood
Should meet a bear as we walked one day,
With my bow and arrows, like Robin Hood,
I would drive the fierce old bear away.

But now I am tired, and sleepy, too,
And I wish mamma would lift me down.
There's a laughing look in her eyes of blue,
And they answer her boy's so big and brown.

She feels on her lips his coaxing touch,
And clasps him fast in her loving hold,
And she whispers, "I'll never fear robber much,
Unless he should steal this heart of gold."



Don't be in a pet;
You never should fret,
But laugh and try to
be good.
You never should scold,
Do what you are told,
As little ones always
should.



XVI. THE STORY OF LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

1. In a pleasant village, far away, there once lived a little girl, who was one of the sweetest children ever seen.

Her mother loved her dearly; and as to her grandmother, she said the little one was the light of her eyes and the joy of her heart. This good old dame had a little hood of scarlet velvet made for her darling; and it was so becoming to the little girl that for miles around she was known as Little Red Riding Hood.

be com'ing
scar'let
ail'ing
re plied'

2. One day her mother baked some cakes and made fresh butter. "Go," she said to Little Red Riding Hood, "and take this cake and a pot of butter to your grandmother; for she has been ailing, I hear, and is now ill in bed."

3. Little Red Riding Hood was a willing child and liked to be useful, and besides, she loved her grandmother dearly. So she put the things in a basket and set out at once for the village where her grandmother lived, on the other side of the wood.

4. Just as she came to the edge of the wood Red Riding Hood met a wolf, who said to her, "Good

morning, Little Red Riding Hood." He would have liked to eat her on the spot, but some woodcutters were at work hard by, and he feared they might kill him in turn.

5. "Good morning, Master Wolf," replied the little girl, who had no thought of being afraid.

"And where may you be going?" said the wolf.

sim'ple-heart'ed
nose'gay
knocked
bob'bin
sleeve
enough'
(e nuff')
straw'ber ries
guessed

"I am going to my grandmother's," replied Little Red Riding Hood, "to take her a cake and a pot of butter, for she is ill."

6. "And where does poor grandmother live?" asked the wolf.

"Down past the mill on the other side of the wood," said the simple-hearted child.

7. "Well, I don't mind if I go and see her, too," said the wolf; "so I'll take this road, and do you take that, and we'll see which will be there first."

He knew well enough that he had the nearest way, for he could dash through the underbrush, and swim a pond, and so by a very short cut bring himself to the old dame's door. He guessed, too, that the little girl would stop to gather strawberries in the wood, and make a nosegay of sweet flowers for her old grandmother.

8. And sure enough, the wolf, who cared neither for strawberries nor wild flowers, was very soon at the cottage.

He knocked at the door with his paw, thump! thump!

9. "Who is there?" cried grandmother.

"It's I, your grandchild, Little Red Riding Hood, come to see how you are, and to bring you a cake and a pot of butter," said the wolf, as well as he could. He made his voice sound like that of the little girl.

"Pull the bobbin and the latch will fly up," called the grandmother from her bed.

10. The wolf pulled the bobbin, and in he went. Without a word he sprang upon the old woman and ate her up in no time, for he had not tasted food for three days.

11. Then he shut the door, and got into the grandmother's bed, but first put on her cap and nightgown. He laughed in his sleeve to think of the trick he was to play upon Little Red Riding Hood, who must soon be coming.

WRITE

What the wolf said *first* to the little girl, and her reply. Notice the places where capitals and marks of punctuation are to be used.

XVII. LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

Part II.

All this time Little Red Riding Hood was on her way through the wood.

She stopped to listen to the birds that sang so sweetly over her head; she picked the sweet strawberries that her grandmother liked, and she made a bright nosegay of the flowers that sprang all along her way.

A wasp buzzed about her head and lighted on her flowers. "Eat as much as you like," she said; "only do not sting me." He buzzed the louder, but soon flew away.

And a little bird, a tom-tit, came and pecked at the strawberries in her basket. "Take all you want, pretty tom-tit," said Little Red Riding Hood; "there will still be plenty left for grandmother and me." "Tweat, tweat," sang the bird, and was soon out of sight.

And now she came upon an old dame who was looking for cresses. "Let me fill your basket," she said, and she gave her the bread she had brought to eat by the way.

The dame soon rose, and patting the little maid upon the head, said, "Thank you, Little Red

Riding Hood; and now, if you should meet the green huntsman as you go, pray give him my respects, and tell him there is game in the wind."

Little Red Riding Hood looked all about for the green huntsman. She had never seen or heard of such a person before.

At last she passed by a pool of water, so green that you would have taken it for grass. As often as she had passed that way she had never seen it before. There she saw a huntsman, clad all in green. He stood looking at some birds that flew above his head.

"Good morning, Mr. Huntsman," said Little Red Riding Hood; "the water-cress woman sends her respects to you, and says there is game in the wind."

The huntsman nodded. He bent his ear to the ground to listen; then he took an arrow, and strung his bow. "What can it mean?" thought the little girl.

She came soon to her grandmother's cottage, and gave a little tap at the door. "Who's there?" cried the wolf.

The hoarse voice made Little Red Riding Hood start; but she said to herself, "Poor grandmother must have a bad cold."

"It's I, your Little Red Riding Hood," she said. "I've come to see how you are, and to bring you a pot of butter and a cake from mother."

"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will fly up," called the wolf. Little Red Riding Hood did so, and went into the cottage.

"Put the cake and butter on the table," said the wolf; "then come and help me to rise." He had hid his head under the bed clothes.

She took off her things, and went to the bed to do as she had been bidden. "Why, grandmother," she said, "what long arms you have!"

"The better to hug you, my dear," said the wolf.

"And, grandmother, what long ears you have!"

"The better to hear you, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what great eyes you have!"

"The better to see you, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what big teeth you have!"

"The better to eat you with, my dear," said the wolf; and he was just going to spring upon poor Little Red Riding Hood, when a wasp flew into the room and stung him upon the nose.

The wolf gave a cry, and a little bird outside, a pretty tom-tit, said, "Tweat, tweat!" This told the green huntsmen it was time to let fly his arrow, and the wolf was killed on the spot.

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL. III.

you gong quizz judge

One morning Miss Hill wrote these four words upon the board. None of the class knew what they were to do with them.

"I think it's a language lesson," said Bertha Lane at recess; "and I've thought of a way to use all but *quizz*. A gong, you know, is a kind of bell, and *judge* was in my last Sunday-school lesson."

"Will you please tell us what the words are for, Miss Hill?" asked Katie Cameron, who never could bear a secret.

"They are for you to write; one of them, *quizz*, is not a word, but there is a word *quiz*; it tells the look your eyes have had in them all the morning, when you looked at the board. I want you to look at the letters with loops *below* the line, and to make *y, g, q, z, zz, and j.*"

"We thought it was a language lesson," said Ida Bartlett.

"Suppose we make it one," said the teacher. "Who will be the first to use the words?"

thumbs
boughs
ruff'le
wren



pardon
for'est
prim'rose
house

The mark under *s* in *house* is the SUSPENDED BAR. It shows that *s* is to be sounded like *z* in this place.

XVIII. WISHING.

[MEMORY GEM.]

Ring-ting! I wish I were a primrose,
A bright yellow primrose blooming in the spring!

The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the elm-tree for our king!

Nay—stay! I wish I were an elm-tree,
A great, lofty elm-tree with green leaves gay!

The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing!

O—no! I wish I were a robin,
A robin or a little wren, everywhere to go;
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wings!

Well—tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Home comes the rover,
For mother's kiss,—sweeter this
Than any other thing.

W. ALLINGHAM.

NATURAL HISTORY.—THE PRIMROSE.

Find the corolla in the Primrose blossom, and tell into how many petals it is cut at the outer edge. The leaves grow directly from the root; that is, without stems.

The Primrose is not a wild flower in our country; but yellow, white, purple, or rose-colored ones may be seen growing in gardens or in boxes.

SPELLING.— Words with *silent* letters.

thumb,	crumb,	numb,	dumb.
wren	wrap	wry	write
wreath	wrath	wrist	wreck
wring	wrote	wrung	wrong

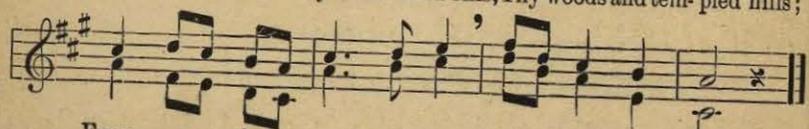
XIX. MY COUNTRY.



1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I
 2. My na - tive coun-try! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I



sing: Land where my Fa - thers died, Land of the Pil - grim's pride;
 love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills;



From ev - 'ry moun - tain - side Let Free - dom ring.
 My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL. IV.

"What are you doing at school, Vio?"

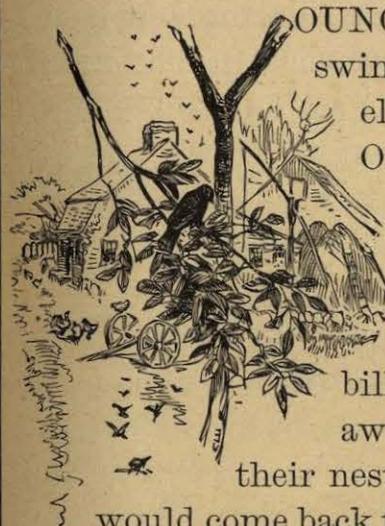
"We write words in our reading lesson. To-day we had words with silent letters. Miss Hill said silent letters were like what her mother used to say children should be, 'seen and not heard.'

"One day we wrote the names of our town, county, state, and country, and almost every day we direct a letter to some one."

XX. MADAM SPARROW'S FIRST NEST.

grand'moth er	tilt'ed	bram'bles	tangled
an'swered	fin'ished	lin'ing	thick'et

elm, eyes, wool, wove, such, were, straw, kept.



YOUNG Madam Sparrow sat swinging on the branch of an elm one morning in spring.

Other birds were busy all around. They were hopping over the ground, and picking up dry grass and bits of straw. When their bills were full they would fly away to the places where

their nests were to be. Then they would come back to get more. And so they kept going and coming while Madam Sparrow tilted on her branch and watched them.

2. By and by Grandmother Redbreast said to her, "Why do you stay in the tree? You had better go to work with the rest of us. Do you not want a nest?"

3. "Oh, yes," answered Madam Sparrow, "I should like to have a nice nest, but I cannot find anything to make it of. I do not want such

coarse grass and sticks as you use; I want some fine hay and hair."

4. Grandmother Redbreast was old and wise, and she said, "Birds can always find all they need for a nest; but they have to look for it. It is very pleasant to sit on a branch and swing, but if you do not work, you will never have a nest. It will do no good to wish for it. You must come down to the ground, and keep your eyes open, and hop about. Then you will be sure to find what you need, for the world is full of things to work with."

5. So Madam Sparrow came down, and began to hop about on the ground. First she chose a spot for her nest, under a green bush. Then she looked around among the rocks and stones, and ran along on the walls and fences. She soon found a plenty of fine dry grass to make the outside of the nest.

6. Then she hopped about again to find something soft for the lining. She came to a thicket of brambles. Here she saw some wool caught on the briars, and in another place she saw some hair tangled on a rail. She took the wool and hair and wove them together, and made a nice lining for the inside of the nest.

7. When it was finished, Grandmother Redbreast said, "This is very good indeed"; and the other birds said that the nest under the green bush was a very pretty one. So Madam Sparrow was much pleased that she had built it. She was glad to know that the world was full of things to work with if she would only look for them.

LANGUAGE.—DICTATION.

I have a cold. It makes me —.

(Use a word that rhymes with *coarse*.)

It makes Julie — to swing.

(Use a word that rhymes with *busy*.)

The sparrow was shot with an —.



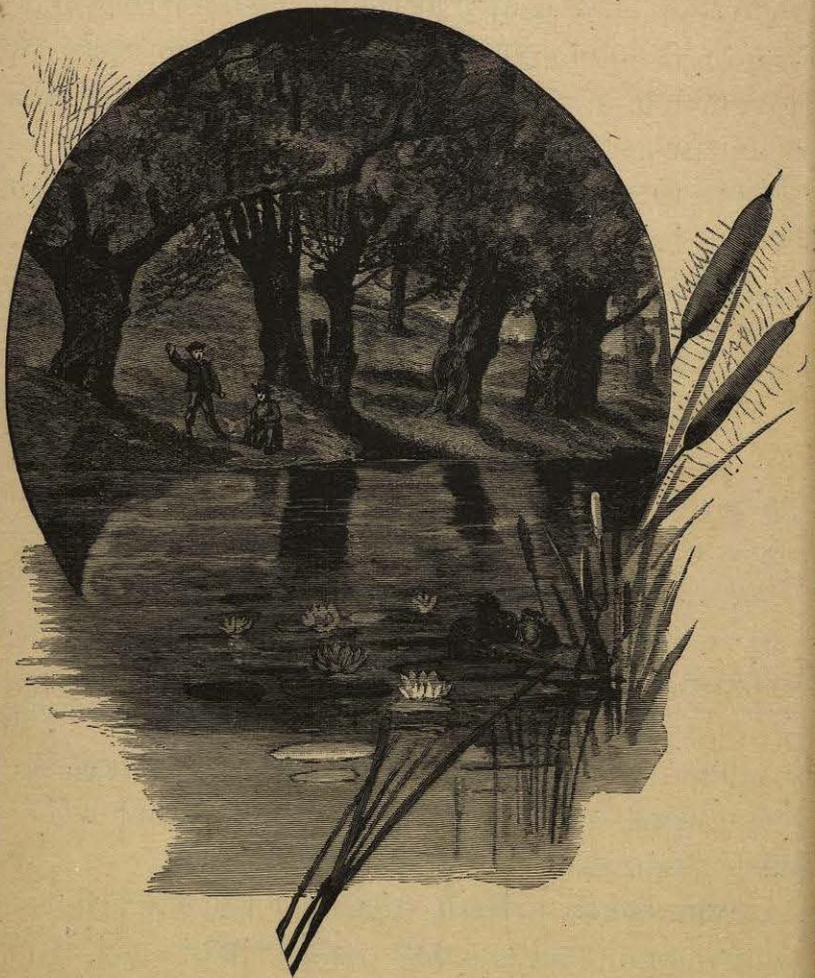
XXI. TWO FROGS AND TWO BOYS.

bull'frogs	boast'ing	whacks	lan'guage	plunged
ac quaint'ed	won'derful	neigh'bers	mon'ey	puffed

1. Two small boys, who had always lived in the city, went one summer to spend a few weeks with their aunt in the country.

2. Just below a little hill near the farm-house was a pond. On the first day of their visit, after it began to grow dark, the boys went out to throw stones into the pond.

Cu-chug! went a stone into the water; and then another, cu-chug!



3. Now two very old bullfrogs were sitting on the end of a log in the pond. They were talking

about old times, and boasting how far they could jump when they were young.

4. When they heard the stones strike the water, one of them puffed up his cheeks and said in Greek, which everybody knows is the language of bullfrogs, "Brek-ek-eks co-ax."

"Co-ax, co-ax," said the other frog, and they both plunged in, thud! thud!



5. The boys ran home in great fright, and told their aunt that there was some strange thing in the pond that said, "Break their necks with whacks, whacks, whacks," and then struck the water two hard blows.

"Oh," said their aunt, "those are neighbors of mine, and very nice people. Did you see them?"

6. "No, indeed," said the boys; "we ran."

"You should have stayed to see them."

"Tell us how they look, auntie."

7. "Very bright and wide awake, and always well dressed. Their coats look like satin, and they wear white vests every day. But you must see for yourselves. They won't break your necks."

8. "To-morrow night you had better begin to get acquainted with them. You pay money in the city to go and see what is not half so wonderful as the things they can do."

"But who are they, auntie?"

"We call them the frogs."

PUNCTUATION.

Find in this lesson the period, comma, semicolon, marks of exclamation, interrogation, quotation, the apostrophe, and hyphen.



XXII. THE CHIPMONK.

fa'vor ite	mis ta'ken	còm'fort	chest'nuts	hos'pit al
chip'monk	plead'ing	res'ident	un der neath'	o ver turned'

1. When Nell came home from school one day, she found her favorite kitten with a little chipmonk in her mouth. It was the chipmonk which had lived in the hollow tree in the garden. He had paid flying visits to the piazza all summer, and was almost as well known as the kitten herself.

2. It was plain that puss had mistaken him for a mouse. She was a full-grown cat now, and she thought it quite time she began to be a hunter.

3. Nell gave chase across the garden, in among the tangle of rose-bushes, where the kitten fled with her booty.



4. She found it hard to follow, though she could see the bright eyes of the chipmonk. They were full of pain and pleading, as if he begged her to take his side.