

was their way of saying "Hurrah!" Then the princess came out of her copper castle, and was made queen.



She liked that very much. They had a grand wedding, with the biggest cake that ever was made. And the three dogs sat at the table, and stared with all their might.

VOWEL SOUNDS.

Mark the vowel sounds in the words below.

strange	leave	night	sol'dier	struck
hanged	clev'er	shil'lings	car'riage	chalk
large	leath'er	prin'cess	mon'ey	quick'ly
wanted	earn	pris'on	smoke	love'ly

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL. V.

"Here is a letter for you, mamma," said Vio.

"For me! When did it come? I have not heard the postman."

"I brought it. It is one I wrote you at school. All of us wrote letters to our mammas. Miss Hill gave us a question, and told us we might write a letter to ask it. Eva thinks she made up the question, just to give us a new kind of writing lesson; but it is a good thing to ask, if she did."

"I suppose I must read the letter to know what the question was. It is folded nicely, and is written very prettily," said Mrs. Hamblin.

"Miss Hill showed us how to do each part. See, it is dated and begun like a real letter."

Friday, April 7, 1886.

Dear Mamma:—

Will you be so kind as to get me a little sponge, or a piece of flannel, to dry my slate with? I need one every day.

Your loving daughter,

Violet Hamblin.

"You see, mamma, Miss Hill goes up the aisles and washes every slate with a jig wet sponge. Then we dry the slates ourselves."

XXX. GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

smoothed	fa'vorite	neighed	fox'glove
sew'ing	cu'rious	lowed	curt'sied

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see,
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work! good night! good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed;
She said as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things! good night! good night!"

The horses neighed, the oxen lowed;
The sheep's "bleat! bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl! good night! good night!"

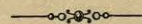
She did not say to the sun "Good night!"
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light,
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head,
The violets curtsied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day:
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning! good morning! our work has
begun."

PUNCTUATION.

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



XXXI. THE MAGPIE.

mag'pie	pig'eon	ram'shackle	offend'ed
flight'y	dudg'eon	consent'ed	wil'lingly

1. 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.

2. Now the wood-pigeon was young and flighty, and had never learned how to build a nest; but when she saw how beautifully neat that of the magpie



looked, she thought she would like to learn the art of nest-making.

The busy magpie willingly consented to teach her, and began a new nest on purpose to show her how to proceed.

3. Long before she was half through, however, the flighty wood-pigeon sang out, "That'll do-oo-oo! That'll do-oo-oo!"*

4. The magpie was offended, and flew away in high dudgeon, and that is why to this day the wood-pigeons build such ramshackle nests.



XXXII. WEEZY'S SAMBO.

wrin'kled	gut ta per'cha	rav'elled	wors'ted	squeezed
mis'chief	reg'is ter	trous'ers	(woos'ted)	but'tons

1. Little Weezy Haynes had more dolls than she could take care of, and they were always falling into mischief.

2. Her china twins had but one leg and one arm between them, and not a sign of a head.

Her pretty wax Rosa was without a nose. And as to her gutta-percha baby, it was so wrinkled and ugly that Weezy rubbed the win-

*The bird's voices are said to sound like the two exclamations.

dow-panes with it when she played at cleaning house.

3. Phebe Redlan, the nurse-girl, cut paper dolls for her by the hour, but these frisked out of the window or into the fire; and of Weezy's large family there was left only one sound child.

4. This was little Sambo, knit of worsted; black face, scarlet jacket, yellow trousers, and all. When he tumbled into the wash-bowl, Weezy squeezed him out, and dried him over the register. When he ravelled, mamma darned him, and made him as good as new.

5. Oh, he was the nicest kind of a doll! and from his white sewing-silk teeth to his black stocking-yarn toes, Weezy loved every inch of him. Yet she did love to punish him. One morning when she found him in papa's boot, she shook him till one of his bead eyes dropped out.

6. "What for Sambo run away and hide?" cried she. "Now mamma mus'tie Sambo, 'cause Sambo didn't mind."

She looked about the hall for something to tie him to, and saw papa's overcoat on the hat-tree. The buttons on the back of it were just within her reach.

"There! Sambo must be tied till he is a good boy," said she, winding the ends of his tiny scarf round one of the buttons.

Then, leaving the poor doll hanging by his neck, she danced off to the kitchen to tease Bridget for "two big plums."

7. Pretty soon Mr. Haynes came out of the sitting-room to go down town. It was rather dark in the hall, and he put on his overcoat without seeing the doll.

Next he drew on his gloves, and walked briskly into the street with Sambo bobbing up and down from the button at his back.



8. It was funny enough! One little boy laughed so hard that he rolled off the door-step. Some school-children on the corner shouted, and clapped their hands. Papa Haynes wondered what all the noise was about. He couldn't see anything to laugh at.

brisk'ly
won'dered
bounced
fig'ure
suspect'

He might have gone on right through the village with Sambo's yellow legs dancing a jig behind him, if a neighbor hadn't called to him.

9. "Sir?" said papa, wheeling in front of the gentleman's gate so suddenly that the doll bounced against him.

"Why, what is this?" he said, reaching his hand behind his back.

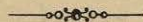
"Something that belongs to Weezy, I fancy," laughed the gentleman, unwinding Sambo's scarf.

10. When Mr. Haynes saw the doll, he couldn't help laughing too.

"Well, I must say I've cut a pretty figure," said he, with a very red face. "No wonder the boys shouted!"

He felt like tossing Sambo over the fence, but then he thought of his little daughter.

“I suspect Weezy is crying this minute for her lost baby,” said he, cramming Sambo, head first, into his pocket. “I’ll take it home to her this time, but she must look out how she ties it again to my coat-button!”



XXXIII. THE FAIRIES.

state'ly	Co lumb'kill	Sliëve'-lēague	jour'ney
crag'gy	north'ern	Bridg'et	pan'cake



Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;

Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home;



They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hilltop
 The old king sits;
 He is now so old and gray
 He's nigh lost his wits.
 With a bridge of white mist
 Columbkill he crosses,
 On his stately journeys
 From Slieveleague to Rosses;

Or going up with music
 On cold starry nights,
 To sup with the Queen
 Of the gay Northern Lights.
 They stole little Bridget
 For seven years long;
 When she came down again,
 Her friends were all gone.

They took her lightly back,
 Between the night and morrow,
 They thought that she was fast asleep,
 But she was dead with sorrow.
 They have kept her ever since
 Deep within the lake,
 On a bed of flag leaves,
 Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hillside,
 Through the mosses bare,
 They have planted thorn-trees
 For pleasure here and there.



If any man so daring
 As dig one up in spite,
 He shall find the sharpest thorns
 In his bed at night.
 Up the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,

We daren't go a-hunting
 For fear of little men;
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather!

W. ALLINGHAM.

SPELLING.

togeth'er	jack'et	crag'gy	star'ry
feath'er	bridge	thorns	crisp'y

LANGUAGE.

Daren't: Dare not. The apostrophe shows that *o* in *not* is omitted.

WRITE, IN THE SAME WAY, TWO WORDS FOR

mayn't	can't	don't	haven't
--------	-------	-------	---------

CHANGE THE WORDS IN THESE SAYINGS:—

You *needn't* ask me, for I *can't* go.
 We *must not* touch the apples.
 I *haven't* seen the boys to-day.
 The cows *won't* trouble us.

FILL THE BLANKS IN THE QUESTIONS BELOW.

May we not?
 Haven't you?
 Don't?
 go in the tall grass?
 get the door open?
 be late for school?

XXXIV. ROBBIE LEARNS A LESSON.

bought	bread	re sult'	in stead'	pur'pose
be longs'	yeast	frowned	suc ceed'	stern'ly

1. Uncle Will bought Robbie a dog, which Robbie named Joss. Joss was a puppy; but he grew fast, and was soon quite large.

2. "Robbie," said his mamma to him one day, "why don't you teach Joss some tricks? He belongs to a very fine breed of dogs, and looks bright. I would teach him something."

3. "Very well," said Robbie, much pleased, "I will. What shall I teach him?"

4. "Suppose you teach him to carry your tin pail when you go over to Mr. Smith's for yeast," said his mother.

5. "That would be fine," said Robbie; so that very day, as he had to go for yeast, he thought that he would have Joss carry his little pail for him.

6. "Come here, Joss," he said, with a little whistle, which Joss knew very well. Joss came running as fast as he could, wagging his tail, and looking very gay and happy.

7. "Here, sir," said Robbie, putting the pail

between Joss' teeth; "take my pail, sir!" Joss took it, shook it, and then dropped it.

8. Robbie put it in Joss' mouth again, and again Joss shook it and dropped it. Robbie tried it three or four times; but the result was just the same, though he frowned at Joss sternly, and cried out in a very cross tone, "Don't you dare to drop it, sir!"

9. The pail began to get a good many dents in it. "It's no use," said Robbie; "I shall spoil the pail, and Joss will never learn a thing." So he went back to his mother and told her his story.

10. "I know just how you feel, Robbie," said his mother. "I have been trying to teach a little boy to say, 'Yes, mamma,' and 'No, mamma,' for a long time, but still he says, 'Yes' and 'No,' instead, nearly all the time."

11. Robbie hung his head; and his mamma went on: "I shall keep on trying, though, and you had better, too. Perhaps we shall both succeed in time. I will get you a new pail for the yeast, and you can keep the dented one on purpose to teach Joss with. You mustn't get tired trying. Just think of the years I have been trying to teach my little boy a few simple words."

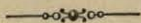
12. Robbie said, "Yes, mamma," very carefully, and the next day he went to work at training Joss some more. Before many days, Joss would



carry the pail nicely. Then Robbie taught him to stand on his hind feet and beg, and to go for the paper, and to do many other tricks. Joss

used to stand on his hind legs, and make a very funny noise which Robbie called singing, though it was really only whining and yelping.

13. Training Joss made Robbie understand better how hard it was for his mother to train him. He made up his mind to help her. Because he liked to have Joss do as he was told, he tried harder to do right himself. So Joss taught his young master a lesson.



TALES OUT OF SCHOOL. VI.

“What shall I do with children who can write very well if they try, but who are growing careless?” said Miss H. one day.

“I think I should have them do over the careless part,” said Fred Pride; “that is what mamma does in things at home.”

“I could not have it all done over; and I should be afraid it would be done no better. I think I will set them making letters and parts

of letters. We will begin with *i u t* and *e l*; then take *m* and *o a c*; and on another day *s v n w x*.”

XXXV. COCKLEDEMOY.

sword | thim'ble | foul | cock'le de moy' | cas'tle

“Cockledemoy,
My boy, my boy!”—
“Here, father, here.”—

“Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,

What wilt thou do that will give thee joy?
Wilt thou ride on the midnight owl?”

“No; for the weather is stormy and foul.”

“Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,

What wilt thou do that can give thee joy?
With a needle for a sword, and a thimble for
a hat,

Wilt thou fight a battle with the castle cat?”

“Oh, no! she has claws, and I like not that.”

“Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,

What shall we do that can give thee joy?
Shall we go seek for a cuckoo's nest?”

“That's best, that's best!”

SIR W. SCOTT.

XXXVI. THE CUCKOO.—Part I.

mead'ow		bough (bow)		pounce		hedge-war'bler
an'imals		bal'ance		crunch'es		cat'er pillars

1. The cuckoo is the English bird of spring. It stays only so long as the weather is fine. It comes in the pleasant spring-time when leaves begin to peep from the buds, and when the



flowers begin to smile in the green meadows. When the cuckoo's voice is heard in the woods, the English children know that the cold days of winter are over and gone.

2. Let us have a good look at that cuckoo, as

he flies through the air. He is a large bird, with coat of bluish-gray on his back, and vest of ashy gray on his breast. His wings and tail are black, crossed on the outside feathers with bars of white.

3. He hops about from one bough to another, flying only short distances, for, as you see, his wings are too short to carry him on a very long flight.

4. His tail is long, and very useful in helping him to keep his balance. He has a pretty long bill, too, with a little curve at the end. With this he snaps up flies and caterpillars on the high trees, or worms and such soft animals on the ground.

5. With this bill he picks up grain and fruit, crunches the eggs of other birds, and even pecks to death and tries to eat any stupid little mouse that he may have the good luck to pounce upon.

6. It is pleasant to hear the cuckoo's song at a little distance in the quiet woods. When first heard, the notes are fresh, and full, and clear; as summer wears away, they are harsh and broken—the voice of the cuckoo has become hoarse.