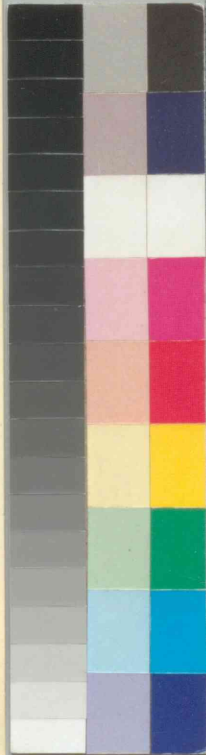


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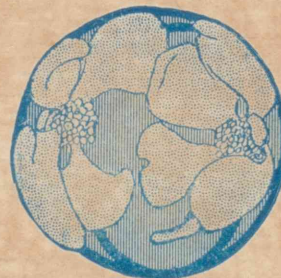
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著譯者 松野 洋書
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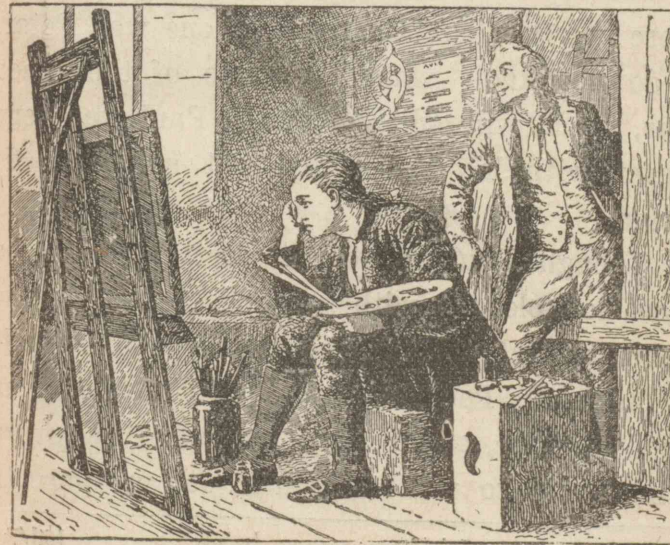
Key to Pronunciation.

BOOK FOUR

LESSON 1.

PETER AND PAUL.

In a large city in the east of France there used to be a fine school of painting. Once a year, to the student who painted the best picture a very valuable prize was given,—



Pē'tēr pāint'ing vāl'ū-ā-blē prizē

enough money to take him to Rome and back, to keep him there for two years, and to pay for lessons from the greatest teachers living there, at a time when the greatest teachers in Europe lived in that city.

To make sure that the students trying for the prize got no help, each was locked in a room by himself, and a man walked up and down the passage to see that none but the right student went into this room.

Among those trying for the prize in 1788 were two friends. The name of one was Peter. I do not know what the name of the other was, so I will call him Paul. Paul was very clever with his brush, but not so clever as Peter.

Though Paul painted a pretty picture, he was not pleased with it, and, being in the habit of talking to himself, he said aloud; "Oh, dear! Peter's painting will be twice as good as mine, and I shall not win the prize. And I did so want to win it, for my parents

lōk	pās'šāgə	brūsh	hāb'it
ā-loud'			

are poor and cannot afford to keep me here any longer. If I fail, I should like to die."

It happened that Peter was in the next room, and through the thin partition, he heard what his friend had spoken. Thereupon he quietly loosed two or three of the boards, and passed into Paul's room. Through the opening Paul looked at Peter's picture, which was, indeed more beautiful than his own. "There!" he cried; "I knew that I was right."

Peter said: "Cheer up, old friend! Perhaps my work is better than yours; but, if you will promise never to breathe a word to any one, I will give you mine, and you can pass it off as your own." Paul nearly jumped for joy, and answered: "I would promise anything if I could win the prize." The pictures were changed in a moment. Peter returned to his own room and fixed the boards, and his canvas was sent to the judges as Paul's.

āf-fōrd'	lōsə	pār-tī'tion	thêrə-ŭp-ōn'	qu'ēt-lŷ
ō'pən-īng	prōm'isə	cān'vās	jūdgə	

At length came the day when the name of the winner was to be made known, and a crown was to be placed on his head. On a platform, in the City Hall, sat the governor and the judges; the students sat at the foot; and, beyond them, reaching to the very door, was a crowd made up of the nobles, the priests, and the other chief men and women of the town.

One of the judges stood up, and there was a deep silence, followed by ringing shouts from the students and the crowd, when he named Paul as the painter of the best picture. The governor made a sign for Paul to mount the platform. Deadly pale, the young man rose and walked forward, but when he reached the steps, he stopped and said: "No! whatever pain it may cost me, I will not let the noble heart of my friend be wronged, and I will not take the reward which is due to him. The crown must not rest upon my brows, for the

wín'q̄ēr	crown	fōl'lōw	gów'ērñ-ōr	priēst
pāint'ēr	dēad'lý	whət-ēv'ēr	wrōng	dūē
brow				

picture which has won the prize is the work of Peter."

The people stared on hearing these words, and thought that joy had turned Paul's head, till he told the whole story. Having told it, he added: "Peter's act was all the more noble because he is as poor as I am, and wants to go to Rome as much as I do. I had sworn silence, but I cannot keep my vow; and I beg you to give the prize to Peter, to whom it rightly belongs."

When Paul began to speak, Peter tried to steal away, but the other students held him; and, in the end, they raised him in their arms and carried him up to the platform, where the governor, with high praise for his unselfishness, crowned him. Soon afterwards he went to Rome, and worked so hard and well that he became one of the greatest of French artists.

From The Ship Literary Readers.

wón	swōrn	right'lý	prāizē
ūn-sēl'fīsh-nēss	ärt'īst		

LESSON 2.

SAVED FROM THE SEA.

A storm is raging* along the English coast. A lifeboat is nearly ready to make its way* to a ship which, at some short distance from the land, is showing signals of distress.* The lifeboat still needs one man.

Ned Brown, a fisher lad and a good sailor, wishes to fill the place. But first he bends down gently to a woman who stands beside him, and says to her in a clear, brave voice, "Mother, will you let me go?"

The mother has been a widow* only six months. Her husband was a fisherman. He put out one day during the last spring in a small fishing-boat upon a calm sea. A sudden and terrible squall* came on; pieces of the boat were seen next morning, but the fisherman returned no more.

A fierce refusal* rises to the woman's lips.

rā'gǐng	līfē'bōat	hǔg'bānd	wīd'ōw	fīsh'ēr-mán
dūr'ing	sūd'den	tēr'rī-blē	squall	rē-fū'sāl

But her sad eyes move slowly towards the helpless* ship. She thinks of the many lives in danger within it, and of many distant homes threatened* with loss of their loved ones.

She turns to her boy, and in a voice as calm and brave as his own, "Go, my son," says she, "and may God bring you back safe to your mother's arms."

She leaves the beach in haste and seeks her lonely home, and thinks of her old sorrow* and her new fear.*

Morning dawns again. The storm is over. The waves are tossing their heads, but the sea will soon be calm. A fine ship has gone down upon the waters, but the lifeboat has nobly done its work, and all in the ship have been saved.

Why does Ned Brown linger outside his mother's door? He has shown himself the bravest of the brave throughout the night. Why does he hold back*?

Beside him stands a tall, worn* man; a man

dīs'tánt	thrēat'en	sēk	dawn	nō'blǐ	līn'gēr
through-out'	bē-sidē'	wōrn			

whom he has saved from a watery grave; a man whose eyes, full of tenderness,* never leave his own.* Around the two are many villagers; hands are extended* to the man, and happy words are spoken.

“Who will dare to tell her?” So says one with a voice well-nigh choked* with feeling.

“I will.” And, in another moment, Ned Brown enters the house, and is in his mother’s arms.



wa'tēr-ŷ grāvə tēn'dēr-nēsš vil'lāg-ēr
 ɛx-tēnd' wēll-nīgh fēel'ing

“Mother, listen. I have a tale for your ears. One of the men saved last night is a fisherman. A storm had overtaken him upon the sea several months ago. He was seen and saved by a foreign ship. The ship was outward bound.*

“Away from home, from wife, from friends, the man was forced to sail. By his wife and friends he was mourned as dead.

“He came to a distant land and set sail again in the first ship bound for England.

“Last night he found himself within sight of home; but a storm was raging on sea and land, and once more the man stood face to face with death. Help came in his need. Mother, try to bear the happy truth.*

“When your brave heart—a heart which in the midst of its sorrow could feel for the sorrow of others—sent me forth last night, you knew not (how should you know?)* that you sent me to save my dear father’s life.”

Not another word is spoken. A step is

tālə ɔ'vēr-tā-kən out/wārd mōurn mīdst
 rēs'cūə

heard; the rescued man stands by his own fireside. With a cry of wild* joy the mother rushes forward and falls into his arms.

From *New National Readers*.

raging, blowing angrily.
make its way, go.
distress, pain; suffering.
widow, a woman who has lost her husband by death.
squall, a sudden burst of wind.

refusal, a noun (名詞) formed from the verb *to refuse*, which means *to deny, not to allow*.

helpless, without power to help itself. When a person can not act without the help of others, he is said to be *helpless*.

threatened with loss of their loved ones, about to lose their dear ones. When it looks about to rain, people say, "It *threatens* rain."

old sorrow, the loss of her husband.

new fear, the danger in

which her son has placed himself.
hold back, not come forward.
worn, looking thin and tired out.

tenderness, love.
never leave his own, are fixed on Ned's eyes.

hands are extended to the man, the villagers extend (*stretch forth*) their hands to the man, in order to shake hands with him.

well-nigh choked, almost stopped.

was outward bound, was on the way to some foreign country.

try to bear the happy truth, don't break down when I tell you the happy news.

how should you know? there is no reason why you should know.

wild, violent; like mad.

fi-rè'sìdè

LESSON 3.

CORNELIA.



Long, long ago, in Rome, there lived two boys called Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, who afterwards became great men. One day a lady who cared only for fine clothes called upon their mother Cornelia, and began boasting of her riches.

Còr-nè'li-à Tì-bè'rì-ūs Cāi'ūs Grāc'q'hūs bōast

After a while she asked the boys' mother,
 "But where are your jewels, Cornelia? Have
 you no rings and brooches to show me?"

"I have no such things," replied the mother
 of the Gracchi; "my two sons are the only
 treasures I possess."

After a while she asked Cornelia where her jewels
 were, and if she had no rings and brooches to show
 her.

The latter replied that she had no such things, but
 that her two sons were the only treasures she
 possessed.

LESSON 4.

LITTLE STAR.

Good-night, little star!
 I must go to my bed,
 And leave you to shine,
 While I lay down my head.

jew'əl brōch'ēs Grāc'q̄hī trēs'ūrē pōs-šēs'
 sound'lŷ

Oh, soundly I'll sleep
 Till the sweet morning light;
 Then you will be fading,
 But I shall be bright.

Yes, while I'm asleep,
 You will play in the sky;
 And when I awake,
 You will close your bright eye.

If I could but climb
 On yon moonbeam so white,
 I'd frolic with you
 Through the long summer night.

What joy we should have
 In the sky-fields of blue!
 I should always be happy
 If I were with you.

Good-night, little star!
 I must go to my bed,
 And leave you to shine
 While I lay down my head.

From Royal Prince Readers.

mōon'bēam frōl'ic yōn skŷ'fiēld

LESSON 5.

THE WIND AND THE SUN.

(1)

The North Wind was rushing along and blowing the clouds as he passed.

"Is there any one so strong as I?" he cried; "I am even stronger than the Sun."

"Can you show that you are so strong?" asked the Sun, who heard this from behind the clouds.

"A traveller is coming over the hill," said the Wind. "Let us see which of us can first make him take off his long cloak. The one who succeeds will prove himself the stronger."

"It is a good plan," said the Sun. "You may try first."

(To be continued on page 16)

trāv'el-lēr	clōak	sūc-çēd'	prōvè
-------------	-------	----------	-------

LESSON 5.

THE WIND AND THE SUN.

(2)

The North Wind was rushing along and blowing the clouds as he passed.

He said that there was none so strong as he, and that he was even stronger than the Sun.

The Sun heard this from behind the clouds, and asked the Wind if he could show that he was so strong.

A traveller was coming over the hill. Pointing to him, the Wind proposed that they should each try to make the man take off his long cloak, and that the one who succeeded would prove himself the stronger.

The Sun said that it was a good plan. He said that the Wind might try first.

(To be continued on page 16)

point	prō-pōsè'	rāisè
-------	-----------	-------

So the North Wind began first. He blew a gale,* tore up* trees, and raised clouds of dust.

But the traveller only wrapped his cloak the more closely about him, and kept on his way.

The Sun began to shine. He drove away the clouds and warmed the air.

Higher and higher he climbed in the blue sky, shining in all his glory.

“What a fine day we are having after the blow!” said the traveller as he threw off his cloak.

cloak, a loose outer garment (着物) either for men or women. A man's *cloak* usually means one without sleeves (袖).

the one who succeeds will prove himself the stronger,

he who succeeds will prove that he is the stronger.

gale, a strong wind.

tore, the past (過去) of the verb “to tear.” (1) tear; (2) tore; (3) torn.

LESSON 6.

PRESENCE OF MIND.*

A little girl once said to her mother, “What is presence of mind, mother? At school to-day our teacher was speaking about the way Mrs. Grant's little boy had been burned;* and she said, if the mother had had presence of mind, it would not have taken place. What did she mean?”

“I suppose she meant,” replied her mother, “that, if Mrs. Grant, instead of running and crying for help, had snatched* a blanket from the bed, or taken the hearth-rug, and rolled the child in it, the flames would have been soon put out.”

“Is that presence of mind, mother, knowing what to do in sudden danger?”

“Yes, my child, presence of mind means coolness—it means to be calm and quiet in the midst of alarm, so as to be able to think what it is best to do, and to do it at once.

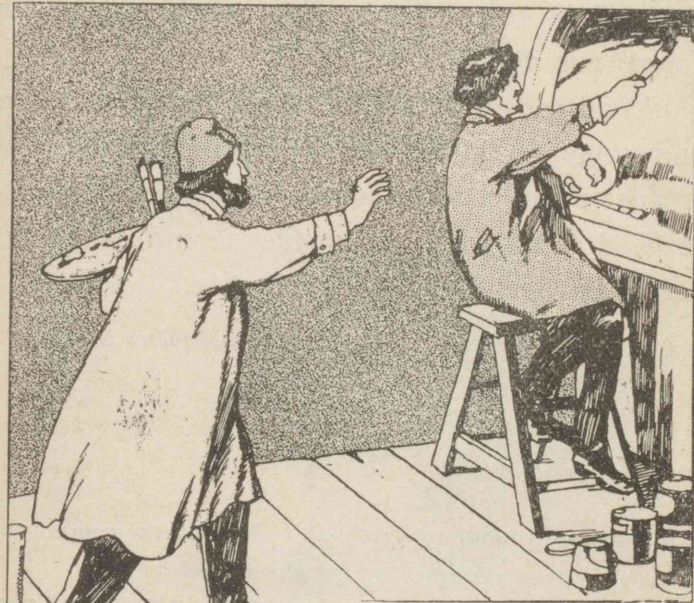
“Here is a story which I heard lately. Sir James Thornhill was a great painter, and he had been employed to paint pictures inside the roof of one of our great churches. He had a large scaffold* made for him, such as you may see masons use in building houses.

“When his work was nearly done, he was greatly pleased with it; and as the painting was to be seen better from a distance, he walked backwards one day from his picture to see how it would look when he stood farther from it.

“At each step he took, it grew more and more lovely; and he quite forgot where he was. Just as he had reached the very edge of the scaffold, and one step more would have sent him over, crashing down on to the pavement below, one of the men who helped him looked round, and saw the dreadful danger he was in. What do you think he did?”

“I suppose he screamed to Sir James to take care.” “No; but I am afraid that is

Jāmɛɜ	Thôrn'hill	əm-ploy'	scáf'fôld	mā'sɔn
crāsh	pāvə'měnt	drēad'fʊl	scrēam	



what most people would have done. He, fortunately, had true presence of mind. Seizing a brush full of paint, he dashed it across the painting, spoiling in a moment what it had taken Sir James weeks to do.”

“Oh, mother, how cruel!

fôr'tū-nātə-lŷ

trʉə

spoil

But no! I see, I see! This would make Sir James run forward at once."

"Just so; he sprang forward, full of surprise and anger. But, when his friend showed him where he had been standing, he returned thanks to God,* as well as to the friend who had been the means of saving his life."

From *Meiklejohn's Readers*.

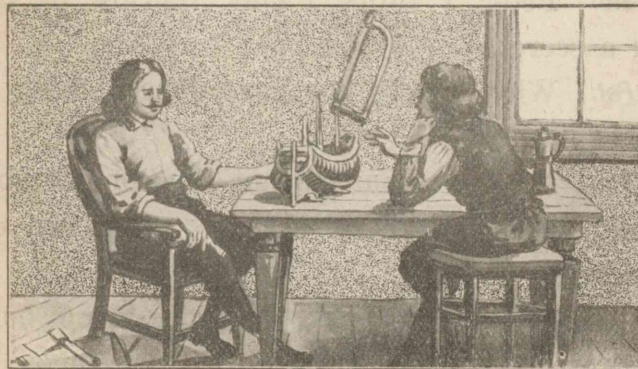
presence of mind, coolness in time of sudden danger.	or a building to support the workmen; <i>ashiba</i> .
burned (or burnt), hurt by fire. A <i>burnt</i> child fears fire.	he returned thanks to God, as well as to the friend who
had snatched, had seized quickly., he returned thanks not only to the friend who....., but
scaffold (or scaffolding), a platform built against the side	also to God. He did not forget to thank God for his deliverance.

ān'gēr

LESSON 7.

PETER THE GREAT
AND THE DESERTER.—I.

Scene 1.



Peter (Disguised as a carpenter.) Well, before I leave this place, I may let you into my secret.

Stanmitz. And do you think of leaving us?

Pet. I have now been absent from my native country a twelvemonth. I have acquired some knowledge of shipbuilding,—the object for which I came here,—and it is time I should return home.

dē-zērt'ēr	dīs-gūigē'	Stān'mītz	āb'sēnt
twēlvē'month	āc-quirē'	knōwl'ēdgē	shīp'buīld-īng

Sta. Our master, Van Block, will be sorry to lose you, because you are the most industrious fellow in the yard; and I shall be sorry, because—because, Peter, I like you.

Pet. And I don't dislike you.

Sta. Peter, I think I may venture to tell you a secret.

Pet. Why, surely you have done nothing to be ashamed of?

Sta. No, not ashamed, but I'm considerably afraid. Know, then, that I was born at Moscow.

Pet. Well, there is no crime in being born at Moscow; besides, that was no fault of yours.

Sta. That's not it. Listen! It happened, one day, that a party of soldiers halted near my mother's hut; the commanding officer presently cast an eye at me, and was so much pleased with my appearance, that he requested I'd make one of his company. I was about to

Vān Blōk in-dūs'trī-qūs dīs-likē' Mōs'cōw
 bē-sidē' prēs'ēnt-lŷ cāst āp-pēar'āncē rē-quēst'
 cōm'pā-nŷ

decline; but he told me that the Czar Peter (your namesake, you know), having particular occasion for my services, would take it as an offence if I refused the invitation; so he put a musket on my shoulder at once, and marched me off.

Pet. Ay, you were enlisted.

Sta. Enlisted! Well, I can't say but I was. Now, I was always an independent sort of fellow, fond of my own way, and couldn't stand being ordered about against my inclination.

Pet. (*Aside.*) So, so! This fellow is a deserter!

Sta. I put up with it a long while, though; till, one cold morning in December, just at three o'clock, I was roused from my comfortable, warm sleep, to turn out and mount guard in the snow. It was too bad, wasn't it?

Pet. I don't doubt you would rather have been warm in bed.

dē-clinē' Czar nāmē'sakē pār-tic'ū-lār ōc-kā'sion
 sērv'icē ōf-fēncē' in-vī-tā'tion mūs'kēt ēn-list'
 in-clī-nā'tion rouzē cōm'fōrt-ā-blē rāth'ēr

Sta. Well, as I couldn't keep myself warm, I laid down my musket and began to walk; then I began to run, and—will you believe it?—I didn't stop running till I found myself five leagues away from the outposts!

Pet. So, then, you are a deserter!

Sta. A deserter! You call that being a deserter, do you? Well, putting this and that together, I shouldn't wonder if I were a deserter.

Pet. Do you know, my dear fellow, that if you are discovered you will be shot?

Sta. I've some such idea. Indeed, it occurred to me at the time; so, thinking it hardly worth while to be shot for being so short a distance as only five leagues away from my post, I made the best of my way to Saardam; and here I am.

Pet. This is an awkward affair, indeed, and if the burgomaster were informed of it—however, be assured your secret is safe in my keeping.

lēaghè	out/pōst	ī-dē'á	ōc-ēūr'	Säär'dám
awk'wārd	āf-fār'	būr'gō-mās-tēr	in-fōrm'	

Sta. I don't doubt you, for I suspect you're in a similar scrape yourself.

Pet. I? — Ridiculous!

Sat. There's something very mysterious about you, at any rate. But, I say—you will keep my secret?

Pet. Oh! trust me for that.

Sta. Because, if it should get to the ears of any of the agents of the Czar, I should be in rather a bad fix, you know.

Pet. The Czar shall know no more about it than he does now, if I can help it; so don't be afraid. He himself, they say, is rather fond of walking away from his post.

Sta. Ha, ha! Is he? Then he has no business to complain of me for running away,—eh?

Pet. You must look out for him, though. They say he has a way of finding out everything. Don't be too sure of your secret.

Sta. Come, now; he's in Russia, and I'm in Holland; and I don't see where's the danger, unless you mean to blab.

rī-dīc'ū-lōus	mýs-tē'rī-qūs	rātè	ā'gēnt	busi'nēs\$ (bīz'-)
eh(ā)	blāb			

Pet. Fellow-workman, do you take me for a traitor?

Sta. Not so, Peter; but, if I am ever taken up here as a deserter, you will have been the only one to whom I have told my secret.

Pet. A fig for the Czar!

Sta. Don't say that—he's a good fellow, is Peter the Czar; and you'll have to fight me if you say a word against him.

Pet. Oh! if that's the case, I'll say no more.

LESSON 8.

PETER THE GREAT
AND THE DESERTER.—2.

Scene 2.

Stanmitz. Well, mother, I mustn't be skulking about here in Moscow any longer. I must leave you, and go back to Holland to my trade. At the risk of my life I came here, and at the risk of my life I must go back.

träit'ör wörk'mán fīg cāsè skülk trädè

Mrs. Stanmitz. Ah! Michael, Michael, if it hadn't been for your turning deserter, you might have been a corporal by this time!

Sta. Look you, mother,—I was made a soldier against my will, and the more I saw of a soldier's life the more I hated it. As a poor carpenter, I am at least free and independent; and, if you will come with me to Holland, you shall take care of my wages and keep house for me.

Mrs. S. I should be a drag upon you, Michael. You will be wanting to get married, by and by; moreover, it will be hard for me to leave the old home at my time of life.

Sta. Some one is knocking at the door. Wait, mother, till I have concealed myself.

(Enter Peter the Great, disguised.)

Pet. What, ho! comrade! No skulking! Come out from behind that screen! Didn't I see you through the window, as I passed?

Sta. Is it possible? Peter! My old fellow-workman! Give us your hand. How came

Mi'chael (-kël) cōr'pō-räl dräg mār'riēd
mōrè-ō'vēr cōn-cēal' cōm'rädè screèn

you to be here in Moscow? There is no shipbuilding going on so far inland.

Pet. No; but there is at St. Petersburg, the new city that the Czar is building up.

Sta. They say the Czar is in Moscow just now.

Pet. Yes, he passed through your street this morning.

Sta. So I heard. But I didn't see him. I say, Peter, how did you find me out?

Pet. Why, happening to see your mother's sign over the door, it occurred to me, after I returned to the palace,—

Sta. The palace?

Pet. Yes, I always call the place where I put up a palace. It is a way I have.

Sta. You always were a funny fellow, Peter!

Pet. As I was saying, it occurred to me that Mrs. Stanmitz might be the mother or aunt of my old messmate; and so I put on this disguise—

Sta. Ha, ha! Sure enough, it is a disguise

in'land St. = Sāint Pē'tērḡ-būrḡ pāl'āḡē
mēs's/māḡē

—the disguise of a gentleman. Peter, where did you get such fine clothes?

Pet. Don't interrupt me, sir!

Sta. Don't joke in that way again, Peter! Do you know you half frightened me by the stern tone in which you said: "Don't interrupt me, sir!"? But I see how it is, Peter, and I thank you. You thought you could learn something of your old friend, and so stopped to inquire, and saw me through the window.

Pet. Ah! Stanmitz, many's the big log we have chopped at together, through the long summer day, in Van Block's shipyard.

Sta. That we have, Peter! Why not go back with me to Saardam?

Pet. I can get better wages at St. Petersburg.

Sta. If it weren't that I'm afraid of being overhauled for taking that long walk away from my post, I would go to St. Petersburg with you.

Pet. How happened you to venture back here?

in-tēr-kūpt' chōp shīp'yārd ō-vēr-haḡl'

Sta. Why, you must know that this old mother of mine wanted to see me badly; and then I had left behind here a sweetheart. Don't laugh, Peter. She has waited all this while for me; and the misery of it is that I am too poor to take her along with me yet. But next year, if my luck continues, I mean to return and marry her.

Pet. What if I should inform against you? I could make a pretty little sum by exposing a deserter.

Sta. Don't joke on that subject! You'll frighten the old woman. Peter, old boy, I'm so glad to see you—Halloo! Soldiers at the door! What does this mean? An officer! Peter, excuse me, but I must leave you.

Pet. Stay! I give you my word it is not you they want. They are friends of mine.

Sta. O! if that's the case, I'll stay. But do you know one of those fellows looks wonderfully like my old commanding officer?

(*Enter Officer.*)

sweet/hēart mīz'ēr-ỹ cōn-tīn'tē ēx-pō.ē' hāl-lōo'
wōn'dēr-fūl-lỹ

LESSON 9.

PETER THE GREAT
AND THE DESERTER.—3.

Scene 2.—Continued.

Officer. A dispatch from St. Petersburg, your Majesty, claiming your instant attention.

Mrs. S. Majesty!

Sta. Majesty! I say, Peter, what does he mean by Majesty?

Off. Knave! Know you not that this is the Czar?

Sta. What?—Eh?—This?—Nonsense! This is my old friend Peter.

Off. Down on your knees, rascal, to Peter the Great, Czar of Russia!

Mrs. S. Oh! Your Majesty, your Majesty! don't hang the poor boy! He knew no better! He knew no better! He is my only son! Let him be whipped, but don't hang him!

Sta. Nonsense, mother! This is only one of Peter's jokes. Ha, ha, ha! You keep it up

dīs-pāтч' māj'ēs-tỹ clāim knāvē rās'cāl nōn'sēsē
whīp hā

well, though. And those are dispatches you are reading, Peter!

Off. Rascal! How dare you interrupt his Majesty?

Sta. Twice you've called me rascal. Don't you think that's being rather familiar? Peter, have you any objection to my pitching your friend out of the window?

Off. Ha! Now I look closer, I remember you! Soldiers, arrest this fellow! He's a deserter!

Sta. It's all up with me! And there stands Peter, as calm as if nothing had happened.

Mrs. S. I'm all in a maze! Good Mr. Officer, spare the poor boy!

Off. He must go before a court-martial. He must be shot.

Mrs. S. Oh! woe is me! woe is me! That ever my poor boy should be shot!

Pet. Officer, I have occasion for the services of your prisoner. Release him.

Off. Your Majesty's will is absolute.

fa-mil'i-ar (-'yā-) ār-rĕst' māzĕ cōurt'-mār-tial (-shāl)
wōĕ priŝ'on-ĕr ōb-jĕc'tion rĕ-lĕasĕ' āb'sō-lūtĕ

Sta. (*Aside.*) Majesty again? What does it all mean? A light breaks in upon me. There were rumours in Holland, when I left, that the Czar had been working in one of the shipyards. Can my Peter be the Emperor?

Pet. Stanmitz, you have my secret now.

Sta. And you are—

Pet. The Emperor! Rise, old woman;—your son, Baron Stanmitz, is safe!

Mrs. S. Baron Stanmitz!

Pet. I want him to superintend my shipyard at St. Petersburg. No words. Prepare, both of you, to leave for the new city to-morrow. Baron Stanmitz, make that sweetheart of yours a Baroness this very evening, and bring her with you. No words. I have business claiming my care, or I would stop and see the wedding. Here is a purse of ducats. One of my secretaries will call with orders in the morning. Farewell.

Sta. O Peter! Peter!—I mean your Majesty! your Majesty!—I'm in such a bewilderment!

rĕ'mōūr Bār'on sū-pĕr-in-tĕnd' Bār'ō-nĕss wĕd'ding
pūrse dūc'at sĕc'rĕ-tā-rĕ fāre-wĕll' bĕ-wil'dĕr-mĕnt

Mrs. S. Down on your knees, Michael!—I mean Baron Stanmitz! Down on your knees!

Sta. What! to my old friend, Peter—him that I used to wrestle with? Excuse me, your Majesty—I mean, friend Peter—Czar Peter—I can't begin to realize it! 'Tis all so like things we dream of.

Pet. Ha, ha! Good-bye, messmate! We shall meet again in the morning. Commend me to your sweetheart. *(Exit.)*

Sta. Mr. Officer, that court-martial you spoke of isn't likely to come off.

Off. Baron, I am your very humble servant. I hope, Baron, you will speak a good word for me to his Majesty, when opportunity offers. I humbly take my leave of your Excellency.

From *Sargent's Readers*.

wrēs'tlē	rē'al-izē	cōm-mēnd'	ĕx'it	hūm-blē
ōp-pōr-tū'nī-tŷ		hūm'blŷ	ĕx'çĕl-lĕn-çŷ	

LESSON 10.

EYES AND NO EYES.

When Bob came back from the village, he found his uncle walking up and down in the garden.

"I have posted* your letter, uncle," said he.

"Thank you, Bob," replied Mr. Smith. Then he looked hard at the boy for a few seconds, and said,—

"You went across the fields to the village, and you ran part of the way, did you not?"

"Yes, uncle," said Bob; "did you see me?"

"No, my boy, but I can see now where you have been. I notice, too, that you had a game of marbles* before you returned, and that you passed the baker's boy on your way home."

"Some one has been telling you, uncle," said Bob.

"No. I have not seen or spoken to any one while you have been away."

mār'blĕs

Bob opened his eyes very wide. "Then how do you know what I did?"

Mr. Smith smiled. "I see too," said he, "that you called at Fry's farm, and that you had a ride on the old gray pony. You rode her barebacked.*"

"Yes, uncle; but how have you found out all these things? Please teach me the trick."

"There is no trick," said his uncle. "It is very simple. I use my eyes; that is all."

Bob was very much surprised. "Tell me how you do it," he begged.

"Look at your boots," said his uncle. "That yellow mud on them tells me that you crossed the fields, and the splashes high up on your stockings show me that you ran part of the way."

"Yes," said Bob, "that is all right; but how do you know that I played marbles?"

"Look at the back of your hand, my boy. The dirt on it, and the dust on your right knee, tell me that very plainly."

"Yes," said Bob, "so they do. I suppose

pō'nŷ bārē/băĕk'əd (t) stōĕk'ingz plāin'lŷ

this flour on my sleeve tells you that I brushed against the baker's boy?"

"Quite right, Bob. You are getting on.*"

"I don't quite see," said Bob, "how you know that I called at Fry's farm, and rode on the old gray pony."

"You have a bit of red hawthorn* in your buttonhole," said his uncle, "and the only red hawthorn tree in the neighbourhood is in Mr. Fry's garden. That is how I know that you have been to Fry's farm."

"I see quite a large number of gray horse-hairs on your knickerbockers.* They tell me that you rode the old gray pony without a saddle."

"You see, my boy, there is nothing wonderful in what I have told you, after all. We all have eyes, but very few of us know how to use them well."

"Look about you, wherever you go, and think of what you see. You will find that you can learn much for yourself in this way."

brūsh haw'thōrn bŭt'tōn-hōlē neīgh'bōŭr-hōōd
hōrse'hāir knīĕk'ēr-bōĕk-rz sād'dle whēr-ēv'ēr

posted, put in the post-office or in a letter-box.

marbles, little balls made of marble (大理石), glass, baked clay (粘土), etc., used in play by boys.

barebacked, without a saddle (鞍) on her back.

getting on, making progress.

hawthorn, a shrub or small

tree, much planted both for hedges (生垣) and for ornament (裝飾), bearing white flowers. It is called "kanzashi" in Japanese.

knickerbockers, wide knee-breeches (半ズボン) gathered below the knee, worn by boys, sportsmen (遊獵家), tourists (旅行家), and cyclists (自轉車乗り).

LESSON 11.

THE FORGOTTEN STICK.

A rather foolish young man sat down one morning and penned to a friend the following note:—

Dear Brown,

When leaving your house yesterday I came away without my stick. Kindly hand it to bearer and oblige,**

Yours sincerely,

E. H. Jones.

fōr-gōt'ten

pēn

bēār'ēr

Just as he was about to close up the envelope, he happened to observe* his stick in a corner of the room. Opening the note again, he added as a postscript* :—

P. S. Please do not trouble about the matter further; I have just found my stick.

E. H. J.

Unconscious* of the absurdity, he then sealed up the note and handed it to the messenger.*

From De Havilland's Short Stories.

kindly hand it to bearer, please hand it to the bearer of this letter. "To bear" means "to carry." (1) bear; (2) bore; (3) borne.

oblige is a transitive verb (他動詞) having for its object (目的) the noun "E. H. Jones."

observe, see; find.

postscript, something added to a letter after the writer has written his or her name. *P. S.* is short for *postscript*.

unconscious of the absurdity, not knowing the foolishness of what he was doing.

messenger, bearer; carrier.

ōb-gērvē'

pōst'scrīpt

ūn-cōn'scious (-shūs)

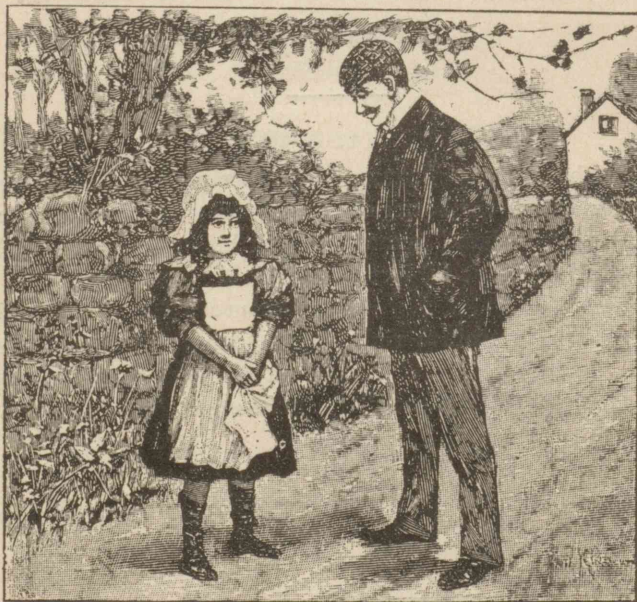
āb-sūrd'i-tŷ

mēs'sēn-gēr

LESSON 12.

WE ARE SEVEN.

I met a little cottage girl:
 She was eight years old, she said;
 Her hair was thick with many a curl
 That clustered round her head.



cōt'tāgē

cūrl

clūs'tēr

She had a rustic, woodland air,
 And she was wildly clad:
 Her eyes were fair and very fair;
 Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
 How many may you be?"

"How many? Seven in all," she said,
 And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."

She answered, "Seven are we;
 And two of us at Conway dwell,
 And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
 My sister and my brother;
 And, in the churchyard cottage, I
 Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
 And two are gone to sea,
 Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
 Sweet maid, how this may be."

rūs'tic wōod'lānd wild'lī clād prāy Cōn'wāy
 dwēll chūrch'yārd

Then did the maid reply,
 "Seven boys and girls are we;
 Two of us in the churchyard lie,
 Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
 Your limbs they are alive;
 If two are in the churchyard laid,
 Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
 The little maid replied,
 "Twelve steps or more from mother's door,
 And they are side by side."

"My stockings there I often knit,
 My kerchief there I hem;
 And there upon the ground I sit
 And sing a song to them."

"And often after sunset, sir,
 When it is light and fair,
 I take my little porringer
 And eat my supper there."

līm b' á-liv' yē knīt kēr'chīēf
 sūn'sēt pōr'tīn-gēr

"The first that died was sister Jane;
 In bed she moaning lay,
 Till God released her from her pain;
 And then she went away."

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
 And, when the grass was dry,
 Together round her grave we played,
 My brother John and I."

"And when the ground was white with snow,
 And I could run and slide,
 My brother John was forced to go,
 And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
 "If they two are in heaven?"
 Quick was the little maid's reply,
 "O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
 Their spirits are in heaven!"
 'Twas throwing words away; for still
 The little maid would have her will,
 And said "Nay, we are seven."

slīdē spīr'īt nāy

LESSON 13.

ALI, THE BOY CAMEL-DRIVER.—I.

Hassan was a camel-driver who dwelt at Gaza. It was his business to go with caravans,* backwards and forwards, across the desert to Suez, to take care of the camels. He had a wife and one young son, called Ali.

Hassan had been absent for many weeks, when his wife received from him a message, brought by another camel-driver who had returned with a caravan from Suez.

It said: "Send the boy with the camel to Suez with the next caravan. I have some merchandise to bring home, and I will stop at Suez till he comes."

Ali's mother was pained at the thought of sending her young son away to such a distance for the first time; but she said to herself that Ali was now quite old enough to be helping

Ä'li	cäm'el-dri-vēr	Häs'sän	Gä'zä	dwält
cär'a-vän	mēs'sägē	Sü-ěz'	mēr'chän-dişē	

his father, and she at once set about doing what was required for his journey.

Ali got out the trappings for the camel, and looked to the water-bottles to see that they did not leak. His mother did all that was needed to make him quite ready to join the next caravan that started.

Ali was delighted to think that he was to go to his father, and that at last the day was come when he too was to be a camel-driver, and to take a journey with the dear old camel which he was so fond of.*

He had long wanted to ride, on its back across the desert, and to lie down by its side to rest at night. He had no fear.

The camel, of which Ali was so fond, had been bought by his father with the savings of many a year's hard work, and formed the sole riches of the family.

Hassan was looked upon as quite a rich man by the other camel-drivers, and Ali, besides having a great love for the animal,

jöür'něy	trăp'pingē	wa'tēr-böt-tlē	lēak
dē-light'ēd	sāv'ingē	sōlē	

was proud of his father being a camel-owner.

Though it was a great creature by the side of the young boy, it would obey the voice of Ali, and come and go at his bidding, and lie down and rise up just as he wished. Hassan called his camel by an Arabian word, which meant "Meek-eye."

At last, there was a caravan about to start for Suez which Ali could join. The party met near the gate of the city, where there were some wells, at which the water-bottles could be filled. Ali's mother attended, and bid her son a loving farewell.

The caravan started. The camels which were to lead the way, had around their necks jingling bells, which the others hearing, followed without other guidance.

Ali looked about and saw his mother standing near the city gate. He took his cap off and waved it above his head, and his mother took off the linen cloth which she wore over her head, and waved it.

cām'el-ōwn-ēr. Ā-rā'bī-ān Mēek'-ēyē bīd'dīng join
bīd jīn'glē gūid'ānce līn'ēn wāvē

Tramp, tramp, tramp, went the camels, their soft spongy feet making a noise as they trod the ground. The camel-drivers laughed, and talked to each other.

Ali was the only boy in the caravan, and no one seemed to notice him. He had a



stout heart, and tried not to care.

spōn'gŷ

trod < trēad

stout

He could talk to Meek-eye, and this he did, patting the creature's back, and telling him they would soon see his father.

The sun rose higher and higher, and the day grew hotter and hotter. The morning breeze died away, and the noon was close and sultry.

The sand glowed like fire. There was nothing to be seen but sand and sky. At mid-day a halt was made at one of the places well known to the drivers, where shade and water could be had.

The water-bottles were not to be touched that day, for at this place a little stream, which gushed from a rock, supplied enough for the men, while the camels needed no water for many days.

After resting a short time, the kneeling camels were made to rise, the riders first placing themselves on their backs, and the caravan then moved on.

At night the party encamped for rest,

brēēze	sūl'trÿ	glōw	mīd'dāy	gūsh
sūp-plÿ'	kneel	ēn-cāmp'		

the camels lying down, while fires were lighted and food was prepared.*

Several days were thus passed, and Ali found that he liked this kind of life as well as he thought he should.

No Arabs* were met with, nor even seen; but a danger of the desert, worse than a party of Arabs, came upon them.

There arose one day at noon, one of those fearful burning winds which do such mischief to the traveller and his camel.

The loose sand was raised like a cloud. It filled the nostrils* and blinded the eyes.

The only thing to be done, was for the men to get off the backs of the camels, and lie down with their faces to the earth.

After the storm had passed, they arose to continue their journey. But the sand had been so blown as to cover the beaten track* and thus all trace of the road was lost.

The camel-drivers who led the way stood still, and said that they did not know which way to turn.

Ār'āb	ā-rōgē'	mīs'chīef	nōs'trīl	trāqk	trāqē
-------	---------	-----------	----------	-------	-------

No distant rock or palm-tree was to be seen, and no one could say which was the south, towards which their faces ought to be turned.

They wandered on, now turning to the right, and now to the left; and sometimes, when they had gone some distance in one direction, retracing their steps and trying another.

The caravan made a halt, and it was now decided to journey towards the setting sun, in hopes of finding once more the right track.

Night came on, however, and they had not found it, nor had they reached any place where they could fill their water-bottles, which were empty.

Once or twice, some one of the party fancied that he saw in the distance the top of a palm-tree; but no, it turned out* to be but a little cloud upon the horizon.*

They had not yet found the old track; neither had they supplied themselves with water to cool their parched* lips.

pālm'-trēē wān'dēr rē-trāçē' dē-çidē' fān'çy
hō-ri'zōn pārchēd (t)

Gaza, an old town, 48 miles south-west of Jerusalem. It is situated on a mound (丘) at the end of the desert of Et-Tih, five miles from the sea.

caravan, a company of merchants, pilgrims (巡禮者), &c. travelling together for safety through the desert in Asia and north Africa.

the camel, of which Ali was so fond, the camel which Ali liked so much.

trappings, an ornamental harness (馬具) for a horse or a camel.

to see that they did not leak, so that they did not leak; 漏らぬやうに。

the day was come, the day had come.

formed the sole riches of the family, was the only property that the family had in their possession.

was proud of his father being a camel-owner, was

proud that his father owned (*had*) a camel.

no one seemed to notice him, no one ever spoke to him or did anything for him.

prepared, cooked.

Arabs are much feared by the caravans, as they will come upon them and take away all they possess.

nostrils, the two openings in the nose letting air into the lungs (肺) and smells to the nerves (神經).

beaten track, a beaten path; a path frequently travelled over (*Frequently*, often).

turned out, were found to be. *Ex.* The greedy dog in the fable thought that he saw another dog in the water, but it *turned out* to be his own shadow.

horizon, the line at which the earth and the sky appear to meet.

parched, made hot and dry.

LESSON 14.

ALI, THE BOY CAMEL-DRIVER.—2.

Poor Ali suffered like the rest* from terrible thirst. He drank the last drop of water from his water-bottle, and thought of the morrow* with fear.

He was so tired when night came that he was glad to lie down by the side of Meek-eye and go to sleep. Ali slept, but before morning, was awakened by the sound of voices.



sū'fēr tēr'ri-blē mō'rōw ā-wā'kēn

He listened, and heard the chief driver tell one of the merchants that, if they did not find water very soon, the next day a camel must be killed, in order to get the water contained in its stomach.

This is often done in cases of great need in the desert, the stomach of the camel being so formed* as to hold a great quantity of water.

Ali was not surprised to hear such a thing spoken of; but what was his distress and alarm, when he heard the merchant propose that it should be "the boy's camel" that should be killed!

The merchant said the other camels were of too good a kind, and of too much value; while, as to this young boy, what business had he to have a camel of his own?*

It would be far better, they said, for him to lose his camel than for him to die, like the rest, of thirst. And so it was decided that Meek-eye should be killed, unless water were found the next morning.

Ali slept no more. His heart was full of

cōn-tāin' stōm'ach vāl'ūē thīrst ūn-lēss'

grief; but his grief was mixed with courage and resolution. He said to himself that Meek-eye should not die.*

His father had trusted him to bring the camel, and what would he say if he should arrive at Suez without it? He would try to find his way alone, and leave the caravan as soon as possible.

That night when all was quiet, and the merchant and camel-driver had gone to sleep, Ali arose, and gently patting the neck of Meek-eye, awoke him.

He placed his empty bag and water-bottles on his back, and seating himself on him, made signs for the creature to rise, and then suddenly started off.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, went Meek-eye over the soft sand. The night was cool and refreshing, and Ali felt stronger and braver with every tramp. The stars were shining brightly, and they were his only guides.

He knew the star which was always in the north, and the one which was in the west after

grief mīx cōūr'āgē rēs-ō-lū'tion ār-rīvè' rē-frēsh'

the sun had gone down. He must keep that star to the right, and he would be sure to be going towards the south.

He journeyed on till day began to dawn. The sun came up on the edge of the desert, and rose higher and higher. Ali felt faint,* weary, and thirsty, and could scarcely hold himself on to Meek-eye. When he thought of his father and mother, he took courage again, and bore up bravely.

The sun was now at its height. Ali fancied he saw a palm-tree in the distance. It seemed as if Meek-eye saw it also, for he raised his head and quickened his step.

It was not long before Ali found himself at one of those pleasant green islands which are found throughout the desert, and are called oases.

He threw himself from the camel's back, and hunted out the pool of water that he knew he should find in the midst of the reeds and long grass which grew there.

He dipped in his water-bottle and drank,

dawn quī&k'ēn ō'a-sēs pool reed

while Meek-eye, lying down, stretched out his long neck, and greedily sucked up great draughts* of the cool water.

How sweet was the sleep which crept over them* as they lay down in the shade of the great palm-tree, now that* they had quenched their thirst!

Refreshed and rested, Ali was able to satisfy his hunger on some ripe dates from the palm-tree, while Meek-eye began to feed upon the grass and leaves around.

Ali noticed, while eating his dates, that other travellers had been there recently; as the grass at the side of the pool was trampled down. This greatly cheered him. He quickly followed in their track, still going in a southerly direction.

He kept the setting sun to his right, and when it had gone down, he noticed the bright star that had guided him before.

He travelled on, tired and faint with hunger, for many a mile, till at last he saw, a long

sūḡk	grēḡd-ī'ly	drāḡht (drāft)	quēnch	sāt'is-fy
dātē	rēḡčēt-ly	trām'plē	sōūth'ēr-ly	

way off, the fires of a caravan which had halted for the night.

Ali soon came up to them. He got down from Meek-eye, and leading him by the bridle, came towards a group of camel-drivers, who were sitting in a circle.

He told them his story, and asked permission to join the party, and begged a little rice, for which he was ready to pay* with the piece of money that his mother had given him when he left home.

Ali was kindly received by them, and allowed to partake of their supper. The men admired the courage with which he had saved his favourite camel. After supper Ali soon closed his weary eyes, and slept soundly by the side of Meek-eye.

In the midst of a pleasant dream, Ali was suddenly aroused by the sound of tinkling bells, and on waking up he saw that another caravan had arrived, which had come from the south.

The merchants sat down to wait until their supper was brought to them, and a party of

brī'dlē	ḡir'c'ē	pēr-mīs'sion	pār-takē'	ād-mirē'
drēam	tīn'klē			

camel-drivers drew round the fire near which Ali had been sleeping. They raked up its ashes, put on fresh fuel, and then prepared to boil their rice.

What voice was that which roused Ali just as he was falling asleep again? He listened, he started to his feet, he looked about him, and waited for a flash of flame from the fire to fall on the faces of the camel-drivers who stood around it.

It came flickering* up at first, and then all at once blazing out, flashed upon the camel-driver who stood stooping over it, and lighted up the face of Ali's father!

The father had waited at Suez many days, wondering why Ali did not come; and then, thinking there had been some mistake, determined* to return home with the caravan which was starting for Gaza.

We need hardly describe the joy of both father and son* at thus meeting, nor the pleasure with which the father listened to the history of

rākè āsh'ĕj fū'el fliĕk'ēr blāzè stōop
dē-tēr'mīnè dē-scribè'

all the fears and dangers to which his young son had been exposed. He was glad, too, that their precious Meek-eye had been saved.

There was no one in the whole caravan so happy as Hassan, when, the next morning, he continued his journey to Gaza in company with Meek-eye and his beloved son Ali.

From *New National Readers*.

like the rest, like the others.
the morrow, the next day.
the stomach of the camel
being so formed as to.....,
as the stomach of the camel is
so formed as to.....

what business had he to
have a camel of his own?
there was no need of his having
a camel of his own.

he said to himself that
Meek-eye should not die, he
said to himself, "Meek-eye shall
not die."

faint, very weak; about to die.
draught (also spelt draft),
the quantity drunk at one time.
crept over them, came upon
them when they did not know it.
now that, since.

for which he was ready to
pay, for which *he said* he was
willing to pay.

flickering, burning unsteadily.
determined, made up his
mind.

father and son, Notice that
"the" is omitted.

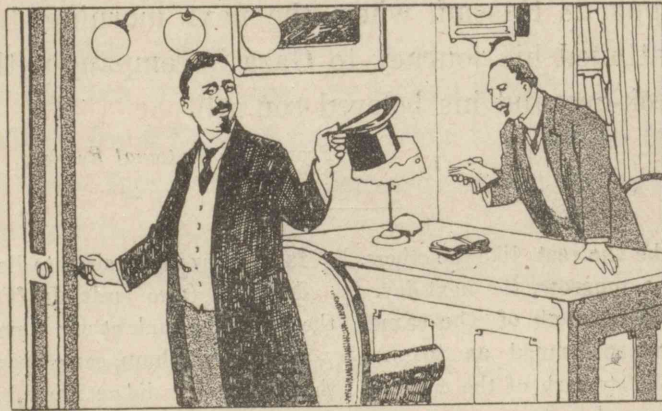
thūš

precious (prēsh'ūs)

bē-lōv'ēd

LESSON 13.

THE MONEY PANIC.



CHARACTERS.—*Mr. Aubrey, a London banker.*—

Mr. Freeland, a merchant.

SCENE.—*A back-room in the banking-house.*

Mr. Aubrey enters, much agitated.

Aubrey. It is a perfect panic! There has been nothing like it since 1826. The run on the bank was fearful yesterday, and I was glad when the hour of closing arrived. But it was

pán'ic At'brèy bānk'ēr Frē'lānd bāk'-'rōom
bānk'ing-house āg'i-tātē pēr'fēct fear'fūl bānk

only postponing the crash. Things look worse to-day. Every man who has a shilling deposited with us rushes to demand it. All confidence is gone; those I thought my friends are as mad as the rest. If I could gain a little time—but no! (*Listens.*) Hear the gold jingling on the counter! It can't last much longer at this rate. Ah! here comes one of them—I mustn't appear disturbed. What can I do for you, sir?

Freeland. I have come to ask a blunt question, for I am a plain man, and I like to come straight to the point.

Aubrey. Well, sir?

Freeland. I hear that you have a run on your bank; is that so?

Aubrey. I see the drift of your question. If you have any money in the bank, present your account to the cashier, and he will pay you at once.

Freeland. I haven't a penny in your hands.

Aubrey. Then may I ask what is your business with me?

pōst-pōnē' dē-pōs'it dē-mānd' cōn'fi-dēncē jīng'glē
count'ēr dīs-tūrb' blūnt āc-çount' cāsh-iēr'

Freeland. I wish to know if a small sum will aid you at this crisis.

Aubrey. Why ask that question?

Freeland. Because if it would, I should be glad to pay in a deposit.

Aubrey. Sir!

Freeland. You are no doubt surprised that, when those who know you are hastening to drain your vaults, a *stranger* should come to pay money in.

Aubrey. I confess it is unusual.

Freeland. Let me explain myself. Do you remember when, some twenty years ago, you lived in Essex?

Aubrey. Perfectly.

Freeland. And perhaps you recollect the turn-pike-gate you used to pass every day?

Aubrey. Certainly I do.

Freeland. My father kept that gate.

Aubrey. Ah, I remember him!

Freeland. And do you remember one Christmas

sūm aīd crī'sīs drāin vaułt cōn-fēss' ūn-ū'gū-āl
 ẽx-plāin' Ĕs'sẽx pẽr'fẽct-lỹ rẽc-ol-lẽct'
 tũrn'pikẽ-gatẽ çẽr'tain-lỹ

morning, when the gate-keeper was sick, and a little boy opened the gate for you?

Aubrey. I have forgotten the circumstance.

Freeland. Very likely. But I have not. I was *that* little boy. As you passed, I called out, "A merry Christmas, sir!" You replied, "Thank you, my lad; the same to you, and here is a trifle to make it so." And you threw me a seven-shilling piece.

Aubrey. (*Smiling.*) Well, I trust you had a merry Christmas!

Freeland. It was the first money I ever had in my life; and that, and the kind smile you gave me with it, made me the happiest boy in the world that day. Well, sir, to cut a long story short—that seven-shilling piece brought me good luck; it was the beginning of, well, sir, a tolerably large fortune for a plain man like me. I have kept sight of you, though I dare say you never gave me a second thought. I got into trade, first in a small way, then in a large way,—and, sir, I consider that I owe all I have to you.

çir'cũm-stāncẽ tri'flẽ tũk tũl'ẽr-a-blỹ fũr'tũnẽ
 cõn-sid'ẽr õwẽ

Aubrey. You owe it rather to your own thrift and industry. And I heartily congratulate you!

Freeland. Thank you! But excuse me for insisting—I owe all to *you*. Hearing yesterday that there was a run on your bank, I hastily scraped together what I could—a small sum—which is at your service, if it will be of any use to you. Here it is, sir.

(*Puts a roll of bank-notes into Aubrey's hand.*)

Aubrey. But, my dear sir!

Freeland. A small sum, a small sum, sir. You'll really oblige me by keeping it for me a few days. Pardon me for taking so much of your time. I'll call again. Good-day, sir!

Aubrey. (*Turns over the bank-notes.*) Twenty thousand pounds! Thank Heaven, the bank is saved!

From *Dialogue Readers*.

thrift	in'dūs-trĭ	hĕärt'i-lĭ	cōn-grāt'ū-lātĕ
in-sist'	hāst'i-lĭ	scrāpĕ	bā'k'nōtĕ

LESSON 16.

THE EMPEROR AND THE MAJOR.

The Emperor Alexander, while travelling in Western Russia, came one day to a small town of which he knew very little; so, when he found that he must change horses, he thought that he would look around and see what the town was like.*

Alone, dressed in a plain military coat, without any mark of his high rank, he wandered through the place until he came to the end of the road that he had been following. There he paused, not knowing which way to turn*; for two paths were before him—one to the right, and one to the left.

Alexander saw a soldier standing at the door of a house; and, going up to him, the Emperor said, "My friend, can you tell which of these two roads I must take to get to Kalouga*?" The soldier, who was in full

mā'jōr	Āl-ĕx-ān'dĕr	wĕst'ĕrn	mil'i-tā-rĭ	pāthz
Kā-łot'gā				



military dress, was smoking a pipe with an air of dignity almost ridiculous. Astonished that so plain-looking a traveller should dare speak to him, the smoker answered shortly, "To the right."

"Pardon!" said the Emperor. "Another word,* if you please." "What?" was the haughty reply. "Permit me to ask you a question," continued the Emperor. "What is

díg'ní-tý ás-tón'ish pláin'look-íng smō'kēr
 háugh'tý pēr-mít'

your grade in the army?" "Guess," and the pipe blazed away furiously.* "Lieutenant?" said the amused Alexander. "Up!" came proudly from the smoker's lips. "Captain?" "Higher." "Major?" "At last!" was the lofty response. The Emperor bowed low in the presence of such greatness.*

"Now, in my turn," said the major, with the grand air that he thought fit to use in addressing a humble inferior, "what are you, if you please?" "Guess," answered Alexander. "Lieutenant?" "Up!" "Captain?" "Higher." "Major?" "Go on." "Colonel?" "Again."

The smoker took his pipe from his mouth: "Your Excellency is, then, general?" The grand air was fast disappearing. "You are coming near it." The major put his hand to his cap: "Then your Highness is field-marshal?"

By this time the grand air had taken flight,* and the officer, so pompous a moment before,

grādē liēu-tēn'ánt (lēf-) proud'lý rē-spōnsē'
 grēat'nēsš ín-fē'rī-ōr dīs-āp-pēār' colonel (kēr'nēl)
 High'nēsš fiēld'-mār'shāl flight pōmp'ōūs

looked as if the steady gaze and the quiet voice of the traveller had reduced him to the last stage of fear.*

"Once more, my good major," said Alexander. "His Imperial Majesty!" exclaimed the man, in surprise and terror, letting his pipe drop from his trembling fingers. "His very self,*" answered the Emperor; and he smiled at the wonderful change in the major's face and manner.

"Ah, sire,* pardon me!" cried the officer, falling on his knees; "pardon me!" "And what is there to pardon?" said Alexander, with real, simple dignity. "My friend, you have done me no harm. I asked you which road I should take, and you told me. Thanks!"

But the Major never forgot the lesson. If, in later years, he was tempted to be rude or haughty to his so-called inferiors, there rose at once in his mind a picture of a well-remembered scene, in which his pride of power had brought such shame upon him. Two

gāzə rē-dūçə' stāçə ĭm-pē'ri-əl ɛx-clāim' sīrə
sō'-calləd wēll-rē-mēm'bērəd

soldiers in a quiet country town made but an everyday picture,* after all; but what a difference there had been between the pompous manner of the petty officer and the natural dignity of the Emperor of all the Russias*!

Anonymous.

*Pride goes before, and shame follows after.
The nobler the blood, the less the pride.*

he thought that he would look around and see what the town was like, he said to himself, "I will look around and see what the town is like." not knowing which way to turn, as he did not know which way to turn.

Kalouga, a Russian town, about a hundred miles southwest of Moscow.

another word, one more word.

and the pipe blazed away furiously, and he smoked away furiously.

such greatness, such a great

man.

had taken flight, had disappeared.

had reduced him to the last stage of fear, had made him as fearful as one can be.

his very self, the emperor himself.

sire, a word used in addressing a king or an emperor; 陛下.

made but an everyday picture, was not a thing of rare occurrence.

all the Russias—The country of Russia consists of many smaller Russias, such as Black Russia, White Russia, etc.

ɛv'ēr-ỹ-dāy

dī'fēr-ɛnçə

pēt'tỹ

nā'û-rəl

LESSON 17.

FORTUNE* AND THE BEGGAR.

One day a ragged beggar was creeping along from house to house. He carried an old wallet in his hand, and was asking at every door for a few cents to buy something to eat. As he was grumbling at his lot, he kept wondering why it was that folks who had so much money were never satisfied, but were always wanting more.

“Here,” said he, “is the master of this house—I know him well. He was always a good business man, and he made himself wondrously rich a long time ago. Had he been wise, he would have stopped then. He would have turned over* his business to some one else, and then he could have spent the rest of his life in ease. But what did he do instead? He began building ships and sending them to sea to trade with foreign lands. He thought he should get mountains of gold.

wəl'lēt grūm'blē wòn'dròus-lý ēāse

“But there were great storms on the water; his ships were wrecked, and his riches were swallowed up by the waves. Now his hopes all lie at the bottom of the sea, and his great wealth has vanished* like the dreams of a night.

“There are many such cases. Men seem to be never satisfied unless they can gain the whole world.

“As for me, if I had only enough to eat and to wear, I would not want anything more.”

Just at the moment Fortune came down the



wrēek swə'lōw wēalth vān'ish

street. She saw the beggar and stopped. She said to him: "Listen! I have long wished to help you. Hold your wallet and I will pour this gold into it. But I will pour only on this condition: All that falls into the wallet shall be pure gold; but every piece that falls upon the ground shall become dust. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, I understand," said the beggar.

"Then have a care,"* said the Fortune.

"Your wallet is old; so do not load it too heavily."

The beggar was so glad that he could hardly wait. He quickly opened his wallet, and a stream of yellow dollars was poured into it. The wallet soon began to grow heavy.

"Is that enough?" asked Fortune.

"Not yet."

"Isn't it cracking?"

"Never fear."

The beggar's hands began to tremble. Ah, if the golden stream would only pour forever!*

pōūr cōn-dī'tiōn pūrē crākēk fōr-ēv'ēr

"You are the richest man in the world now!"

"Just a little more," said the beggar; "add just a handful or two."

"There, it's full. The wallet will burst."

"But it will hold a little more, just a little more!"

Another piece was added, and the wallet split. The treasure fell upon the ground and was turned to dust. Fortune had vanished. The beggar had now nothing but his empty wallet, and it was torn from top to bottom. He was as poor as ever.*

From *The Russian of Ivan Kilioff*.

Fortune, goddess (女神) supposed to have the power of giving good or evil. "Daikoku" (大黒) and "Ebisu" (夷) are gods of fortune.

turned over, handed over.
vanished, disappeared.

have a care, be careful.
Ah, how happy he would be if the golden stream would only pour forever.
as poor as ever, as poor as before; not a bit richer.

hānd'fūl tōrn

LESSON 18.

THE FLOOD.—I.

In very early times people lived much longer than they live now. Whether it was because the air was milder, or the water purer, or their food more simple, I do not know; but it is said that men often lived to be seven hundred, eight hundred, and even nine hundred years old. A person was only in his prime at five hundred, and the golden days of childhood and youth must have lasted for at least a century.

You would think that people were very happy in those days, but they were not. They were quarrelling and fighting among themselves almost all the time. Those who were powerful and strong oppressed those who were feeble and weak. The rich robbed the poor. Strange cruel men, called giants, roamed here and there, filling the world with terror. There was no peace or safety anywhere, but only distress

primè	child'hōōd	youth	çen'tū-rĭ	quar'rèl
ōp-prèss'	feè'blè		gĭ'ant	rōam

and fear and dreadful wickedness. It seemed as if it would have been better had the earth never been made.

In the midst of all this wickedness there was only one man who was good and true. The name of this man was Noah, which, in the language of that ancient time, meant Comfort. Why he was called by that name I do not know; but perhaps it was because his ways were so cheery and pleasant, and his heart so kind and pure. He often told his neighbours how wrong it was to do as they were doing, and he warned them that if they did not change their ways some great disaster would surely befall them. But they only laughed at him, and then kept on in their wickedness as before.

At last, when Noah was five hundred years old, he began to do a thing at which everybody wondered. He and his three sons set to work felling trees in the woods; and when they had cut a great deal of timber, they hauled it into

dreəd'fūl	wĭk'ēd-nēs	Nō'ah	lān'guage (-'gwāg)
an'cient (-shēt)	chēer'y	dĭs-ā'tēr	bē-fāl' tĭm'bēr

one place, and began to shape the logs into posts and beams and rafters and planks. The neighbours came and looked on while the men worked, and then, they jeered at them.

“What are you doing?” they asked.

“We are building a boat,” said the good man quietly.

“Ha, ha!” laughed his neighbours. “Who ever did so foolish a thing as to build a boat on a hilltop a hundred miles from the sea? You have lost your senses.”

“I have not lost my senses,” was the answer. “The great God whom I worship is angry with you because of your wickedness, and he is going to send a flood of water upon you to destroy you from the earth. It was he that bade me build this boat, or ark, so that I and my family may be saved alive; and you too may be saved if you will only turn about and live as you ought, and help me in this work.”

But they laughed and jeered all the more,

həʊl bēəm rəft/ər jēər hɪl/tɒp sɛnsə wɔːʃɪp
bɑːdə ɑːrk



and instead of helping they tried to hinder him.

It took the good man and his sons a long time to finish the boat,—a hundred years, or nearly so. It was a huge vessel, five hundred feet long and eighty feet broad. It was three stories high, with one door, and one window in the side, and the whole was covered with a roof. When at last it was all ready, and made water-tight without and within, they began to store it with food. They put into it not only provisions for themselves, but a great supply of hay and grain, and roots and fruit, and eatables of every sort. Then they went out into the woods and fields, and brought together all the wild and tame animals that could be found,—beasts and fowls and creeping things, two of every kind that lived on the earth. It was a strange sight to see these creatures marching up the hill, and going quietly into the great boat, as if they knew that it was the only safe place for them. The lions did not

hīn'dēr vēs'sēl wā'tēr-tīght stōrē prō-vi'sion
ēat'a-ble fowl

quarrel with the tigers, and the sheep were not afraid of the wolves; but each one took the place that had been set apart for it in the ark, and all were as peaceable and kind as though they were members of the same happy family. When the last of these creatures had been safely housed, Noah and his three sons and their wives, eight persons in all, went up into the ark, and the door was shut behind them.

LESSON 19.

THE FLOOD.—2.

Then the rain began to fall in torrents, and the fountains of the great deep were broken up. For forty days and forty nights this went on without stopping, and the sea was filled to overflowing, and the water covered the land until even the tops of the mountains were hidden by it. All the people of the land were

tī'gēr ā-pärt' pēaçē'-able housē tōr'rēt
foun'tain ō-vēr-flōw'

drowned, and all the cattle and wild beasts and creeping things in field or wood were destroyed. But the great ark floated on the waters, and the eight good people and the living creatures that were housed within it were kept alive and safe.

For five long months the land was covered by the flood; and those who looked out of the window of the ark could see nothing but water, water everywhere. At last, however, there came a great wind which seemed to drive the waters away; and one day the ark settled on the top of a high mountain which men call Mount Ararat to this day. But still the waters sank very slowly, and the people in the ark dared not open the door, for there was no place for them to set their feet outside.

After forty days, Noah opened the window and let a raven fly out; for he wanted to see if the bird could live outside of the ark. The raven flew back and forth from one bare mountain crag to another, but it never came

drown ěv'ěr-ŷ-whêrê Mount Ār'a-răt rā'vān
bârê crăg

back. By and by Noah sent out a dove in the same way; but the dove could find nothing to eat, nor any safe place in which to rest, and so at last returned to the ark.

A week later, however, when the people looked out of the window, there was no water in sight. From the high place where the ark was lying they could see nothing but bare rocks and rugged peaks and mountain gorges. They did not know that the lower slopes were already green with grass, and that the trees were budding and blossoming as in the time of spring. But one morning they sent out the dove again, and in the evening she came back with an olive branch in her mouth.

"The waters have dried up, and the fields are beginning to appear," they said.

They stayed yet another week in the ark, and then they sent out the dove for the third time. But she did not return again; for now all the fields were dry, and she could find plenty of food and a place to build her nest. But Noah was not yet ready to leave the ark.

dôvê rŭg'gêd pēak gôrgê būd ôl'ivê

"Wait a while," he said, "until the voice of God shall bid us go forth."

And so, for two months more, they stayed in the great vessel, and knew nothing of what was going on in the woods and plains below them. But one day Noah and his sons lifted off the roof of the ark and looked around; and, at the same time, they seemed to hear a voice bidding them go forth and choose homes for themselves in the land which the great flood had made desolate. Then they opened wide the door of the ark, and all went out, and made their way down the steep mountain side to the green and pleasant plains below; and the beasts and the fowls and the creeping things went out also, two by two, and scattered hither and thither over the land. They had been in the ark just over one year.

And when Noah and his family reached the foot of the mountain, and saw the meadows dotted with flowers, and the trees already laden with fruit, and the land lying smiling and fair

choōsə dēs'ō-lātə scāt-tēr hīth'ēr thīth'ēr dōt
lā'dən

before them, their hearts were filled with thankfulness. And they built an altar of stones, and worshiped the great God who had blessed them and kept them through so many perils. And while they worshipped, they heard a voice, saying,—

"I will not again curse the ground for man's sake. So long as the earth remains, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."

Then, looking up, they saw a rainbow spanning the sky.

"It is the bow of promise!" they cried.

After this, the three sons of Noah went out with their wives into the broad rich valleys that lie on either side of the great river Euphrates; and there they built themselves homes. And by and by many children were born to them, and grandchildren and great-grandchildren,—so many that the land was full

thānk'fūl-nēsš ʌl'tār blēsš pēr'il cūrse
hār'vest sēd'timə ɔēasə spān Ēū-phrā'teš
grānd'chīl-drēn

again of busy people, just as it had been before the great flood.

LESSON 20.

THE NOBLEST DEED OF ALL.

A rich Persian, feeling himself growing old,* and finding that the cares of business were too great for him, resolved to divide his goods among his three sons, keeping a very small part to protect him from want in his old age.

The sons were all well satisfied, and each took his share with thanks, and promised that it should be well and properly employed. When this important business was thus finished, the father addressed the sons* in the following words:

“My sons, there is one thing which I have not included* in the share of any one of you.

Pēr'sian (-'shān) rē-sōlvē' gōdḡ prō-tēct'
 prōp'ēr-lŷ ĩm-pōrt'ant ĩn-cludē'

It is this costly diamond which you see in my hand. I will give it to that one of you who shall earn it by the noblest deed.

“Go, therefore, and travel for three months; at the end of that time, we will meet here again, and you shall tell me what you have done.”

The sons thereupon departed, and travelled for three months, each in a different direction. At the end of that time they returned; and all came together to their father to give an account of their journey. The eldest son spoke first.

“Father, on my journey a stranger entrusted to me a great number of valuable jewels, without taking any account of them. Indeed, I was well aware* that he did not know how many the package contained.*

“One or two of them would never have been missed,* and I might easily have enriched myself without fear of detection.* But I gave back the package exactly as I had received it. Was not this a noble deed?”

cōst'lŷ dē-pärt' dĭf'fēr-ēnt ěn-trŭst' ā-wārē'
 pāk'āgē ěn-rĭch' dē-tēc'tion

"My son," replied the father, "simple honesty cannot be called noble. You did what was right, and nothing more. If you had acted otherwise,* you would have been dishonest, and your deed would have shamed you. You have done well, but not nobly."

The second son now spoke. He said: "As I was riding along on my journey, I one day saw a poor child playing by the shore of a lake; and just as I rode by, it fell into the water, and was in danger of being drowned.

"I at once dismounted from my horse, and plunging into the water, brought it safe to land. All the people of the village where this happened, will tell you that what I say is true. Was it not a noble action?"

"My son," replied the old man, "you did only what was your duty. You could hardly have left the child to die without exerting yourself to save it.* You too, have acted well, but not nobly."

Then the third son came forward to tell his tale. He said: "Father, I had an enemy, who

òth'èr-wìsə plūŋgə ɛx-ɛrt' dū'tý

for years had done me much harm and tried to take my life.

"One evening during my journey, I was passing along a dangerous road which ran beside the summit of a cliff. As I rode along, my horse started at sight of something in the road.

"I dismounted to see what it was, and found my enemy lying fast asleep on the very edge of the cliff. The least movement in his sleep and he must have rolled over and been dashed to pieces on the rocks below.*

"His life was in my hands. I drew him away from the edge and then awoke him, and told him to go on his way in peace."

Then the old Persian cried out with great joy, "Dear son, the diamond is yours, for it is a noble and godlike thing to help an enemy and return good for evil."

From New National Readers.

sūm'rɔ̃t cliff mɔvə'mɛnt gɔd'likə ɛ'vil

feeling himself growing old,
feeling that he was growing old.
addressed the sons, spoke to
the sons.

included, put into.

I was well aware, I well
knew.

One or two would never
have been missed, he would
never have missed one or two;
he would never have felt the
loss of one or two.

without fear of detection,
without fear of being found out.
otherwise, in a different
manner.

without exerting yourself
to save it, without trying to
save it.

the least movement in his
sleep and he must have
rolled....., if he had moved
an inch in his sleep, he must
have rolled.....

LESSON 21.

THE DIAMOND RING.

A rich old man, as we are told,
Gave to his sons his goods* and gold,
But kept in store one precious thing—
A large and brilliant diamond ring.

The old man sent his sons away
To travel until a certain day,
When he who did the noblest thing
Should have the precious diamond ring.

br l'liant (-'yānt)

çēr'tain

Not a long time had passed away
When home they all came back one day,
And to their father, one by one,
Described the deeds that they had done.

“Listen!” (the eldest thus began),—
“There came to me one day a man
Who trusted all his wealth to me,
Without the least security.

“I might have kept it all—but no!
I would not serve* the stranger so.*
I gave him back the sum he lent,
With interest added, cent for cent.*”—
“’Twas well,” the father said; “but you
Have only done what all should do.”

The second said, “Where torrents roared
I saw a child fall overboard.*
I plunged beneath the threatening wave,
The life of innocence* to save.”

sē-cū'rī-tŷ

sērvè

in'tēr-ĕst

'Twaç = It was

ç'vēr-bōard

thrĕat'ĕn

in'nō-çĕnçĕ

The father said, "'Twas bravely done—
Nobly you risked your life, my son;
But though it was a gallant thing,
Far higher worth should claim the ring.*"

The youngest came:—"Once, tending sheep,
My enemy was lulled to sleep
Close to a precipice; but I
Left him not there to start and die.
I woke him, though my fiercest foe*,
And saved him from the impending woe.*"

The father cried with pride* and joy,
"Take it! the ring is thine,* my boy!
He who can banish from his heart
Revenge, and act the Christian part,*
Has fairly won the golden meed*
I promised for the noblest deed."

Anonymous.

gäl'lánt lüll pręc'i-piče fœ im-pënd'ing
thine bän'ish rē-vēngē' Chrīstian (-'čan) mē'd

goods, personal property
(所有品).

serve, work for.

**I would not serve the
stranger so**, I would not do
such a thing to the stranger.

cent for cent, to a cent; not
a cent less than what I had to
pay.

overboard, out of a ship.

life of innocence, the life of
the child. Children are *innocent*
(無邪氣なる) little things.

**far higher worth should
claim the ring**, the ring should

be claimed by one who has done
a thing much higher than that.

though my fiercest foe,
though he was my bitterest
enemy.

the impending woe, the
heavy calamity (禍) that was
ready to happen.

with pride, proud of having
such a noble-minded son.

thine, yours.

act the Christian part, act
like a Christian, whose duty it
is to return good for evil.

meed, reward; 褒美.

LESSON 22.

THE POWER OF HABIT.

I remember once riding from Buffalo to the
Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman, "What
river is that, sir?"

"That," said he, "is the Niagara river."

"Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I;

Būffa-lō

Ni-āg'ā-rā

Falls

"bright, and fair, and glassy. How far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

"Is it possible that only a mile from us, we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near the Falls?"

"You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget.

Now, launch your bark on that Niagara river; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind, adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion.

Suddenly, some one cries out from the bank, "*Young men, ahoy!*"

"What is it?"

"*The rapids are below you!*"

"Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids; but

gláss'ŷ rāp'íd tūr'bū-lēngə lāunch bārk rīp'plə
wākə ěn-joy'měnt hēlm prōp'ēr trīm ěx-cūr'sion
ā-hoy'

we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm, and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed,—there is no danger."

"*Young men, ahoy there!*"

"What is it?"

"*The rapids are below you!*"

"Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future! No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may,—will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"YOUNG MEN, AHOY!"

"What is it?"

"BEWARE! BEWARE! THE RAPIDS ARE BELOW YOU!"

"Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with

sōk'ĕt spēd quāff fū'ture(-'chēr) sufficient(sūf-ĭsh'ĕnt)
thērē-of' (-ōv') bē-wāre' cūr'rĕnt fōam

the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! Quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cords upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail! Ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, howling, blaspheming, over they go."

Thousands go over the rapids of intemperance every year, through *the power of habit*, crying all the while, "*When I find out that it* is injuring me, I will give it up!*"

* Temperate drinking.

G. B. Gough.

LESSON 23.

THE PEASANT AND THE ROBBERS.

One fine morning a Persian peasant was on his way to market to sell a kid. The man was riding slowly along upon his donkey, with the kid following. The better to secure his little charge,* he had tied a bell to its neck.

vein	whip'côrd	shriek	howl	bläs-phēmè'
in-tém'pêr-ânçə		in'jürè	pēas'ant	rôb'bēr
kid	sê-cūrè'			



He had journeyed several miles from home when he had the misfortune to fall in with three robbers,* famous in that country for their boldness and cunning.

"Behold!" exclaimed one of the robbers to his companions; "here comes a fine fish for our net. I think he is worth angling for. I will wager* what you please* that I can make away with* the kid without the man's noticing it."

"And I," said the second robber, "will wager that I can secure his donkey with his

bôld'nēs	cün'nīng	mis-fôr'tünè	bê-hôld'	āŋ'gl
wā'gēr				

own permission, and he shall, moreover, thank me for it."

"Pshaw!" cried the third robber. "Why boast of mere child's play? These simple tricks are utterly unworthy of our skill. For my part,* I will strip him of his very cloak, and he shall call me friend."

"To the test, then*," cried all three at once.

"Let the first boaster begin," exclaimed he who had spoken last.

Forth stepped the first robber and quietly followed the peasant. Presently the thief unloosed the bell from the kid's neck, and, after tying it to the donkey's tail, walked off with his prize.

The poor farmer, still hearing the tinkle of the bell, thought that all was safe and jogged merrily along on his way. At length he happened to turn about, and, not seeing the kid (though he still heard the bell), was much puzzled. He ran this way and that, and in-

pshaw	ūt'tēr-l'ỹ	ũn-wōrth'ỹ	skill	strip
tēst	bōast'ēr	ũn-lōosē'	jōg	mēr'tī-l'ỹ
pūz'złę				

quired of every one he met whether he had seen his kid and the thief who had stolen it.

The second robber came up, and said, "I saw a man running off in that direction just now. He had a goat with him; I am sure it must be yours."

Away went the poor rustic,* leaving his donkey in the thief's hands and thanking him at the same time for his great kindness.

The peasant lost his breath in a vain search for his kid, and when at last he returned to the place where he had left his donkey, he found that both man and donkey had disappeared.

"Alas! alas!" cried he; "where is my donkey? where is my friend?" When the full extent of his misfortunes dawned upon him,* he wept bitterly.

"The next rascal that imposes upon me shall surely suffer for it," he said, for by this time he had lost his patience.

Scarcely had he spoken when his attention

whēth'ēr	gōat	sēarch	čx-tēnt'	āt-trāct'
wēpt	bīt'tēr-l'ỹ	ĩm-pōsē'	pā'tience (-shēns)	

was attracted by a deep groan, coming from some person near by. He went a little farther on and discovered a man, seemingly in great distress.*

"Why do you groan? You cannot be as unfortunate as I am. I have just lost two beasts, a donkey and a kid. I was on my way to market to sell the kid, when lo! two rascally thieves robbed me of my all!"

The robber replied: "Do not pretend* to compare your misfortune with mine. I have dropped a case of jewels, directed to the Cadi,* into this well. Their value is tenfold greater than all the donkeys and goats in the world. If I do not recover them, I shall surely lose my life."

He began to weep so bitterly that the poor rustic pitied him.

"Why do you not remove your cloak and dive for them? You may recover them in this way," he said.

"Alas!" cried the robber; "I can neither

sēm'ing-lŷ rās'cal-lŷ Cā'dī tēn'fōld
dī-rēct' wēep

dive nor swim. If I could find some one to go down into the well for me, I would reward him with ten pieces of gold."

"Would you, indeed?" asked the rustic, jumping at the offer. "This is an opportunity for me to redeem my losses. It would repay me for my donkey and my kid."

He removed his cloak and passed it to the robber. Then he balanced himself* carefully on the edge of the well, saying: "I will recover your jewels for you, my friend. Weep no more."

He plunged into the well and searched in all directions. Of course his search was vain. Finally the water felt so cold that he was glad to get out of the well again. He looked about for his friend and his cloak. Both had disappeared. Then for the third time he perceived that he had been cheated.

He was forced to return to his home, cold, wet, and bereft of his all; and to make matters worse,* his wife ridiculed him in no small measure.*

From *Wade and Sylvester's Readers.*

dīvē rē-wārd' rē-dēem' rē-pāy' bāl'āngə pēr-çēivē'
chēat bē-rēft' wōrsə rīd'ī-cūlē measure (mēzh'ūr)

charge, that which is under one's charge or care. Here it means the kid which the peasant had under his care.

fall in with three robbers, happen to meet three robbers.

wager, stake; 賭ける.

what you please, anything you like; 何でも.

make away with the kid, carry off the kid.

For my part, *watakushi wa*.

to the test, then, let us put our skill to the test, then.

rustic, a countryman; a peasant.

When the full extent of his misfortunes dawned upon

him, when he came to see the full extent of his misfortune; when he found how great his misfortune was.

seemingly in great distress, who seemed to be in great distress.

Do not pretend to compare, you have no right to compare.....; your misfortune can not be as great as mine.

Cadi, among the Turks (トルコ人), Persians, Arabs, etc., a chief judge.

himself, his body.

to make matters worse, what was worse.

in no small measure, greatly.

LESSON 24.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." This is called "The Golden Rule," because it is the best rule known among men. If all people would

whæt-sō-ěv'ēr

adopt it, there would be a heaven on earth; no vice, no crime, no courts, no prisons, and no war! There would be peace on earth and good-will to men!

Just what is meant by doing to others as we would have them do to us may be made clear by a story.

Some years ago a party from the West came into Pennsylvania on a railway train, stopping on the east side of the Alleghany Mountains at a station where they would take a boat to the end of their journey.

On board the train was a poor cripple in the last stages of consumption. He was poorly clad, loathsome in appearance, and sad beyond measure. The passengers turned against him, and were greatly annoyed by his presence.

The captain of the boat stood there when the cars rolled up. Two or three of the men went to him and said:

"Sir, we wish to go on east, but our going

ā-dōpt'	vīçə	crīmə	gōöd'-will	Pēnn-syl-vā'nī-ā
rāil'wāy	Ā'l'le-ghā-nŷ	crīp'plə	cōn-sūmp'tion	
clād	lōath'sómə	pās'sēn-gēr	ān-ñoy'	

depends on you. We have just left a sick man in the cars, whose presence is not agreeable to us, and we come to ask you to deny this man a passage. If he goes, we remain; what say you?"

"Has the sick man any one to represent him here?" the captain asked.

No answer was given to this question. It was so proper an inquiry that the passengers were taken aback and were silent.

The captain turned and hurried into the car. There, in one corner, he beheld a sight that touched his heart,—a poor, thin, helpless consumptive, without relative or friend, just ready to drop into his grave.

"My dear man!" exclaimed the captain, "Where do you want to go?"

"Oh, sir," replied the poor invalid, "are you the captain, and will you take me? The passengers look upon me as a pestilence, and are so unkind! You see that I am dying; oh,

dē-pěnd' á-grēy'á-blē dē-ny' in-quir'y' á-bäck'
bē-hěld' cōn-sūmp'tivē in'vá-lid pēs'ti-lēnçē
in-kind'

if I am only spared to reach my mother I shall die happy. She lives in Burlington. I am a poor painter, and the only child of her, in whose arms I wish to die!"

"You shall go," answered the noble captain with tears streaming down his face, "you shall go if I lose every other passenger for the trip."

He took the sinking man up in his arms, and bore him to the steamer. The passengers had crowded around the gangway, waiting for the captain's decision, and there they had it. Pushing his way along, the captain called for a mattress, and, in the choicest part of the boat, laid down his dying burden with the tender care of a parent.

As if moved by a noble impulse, every passenger went on board without saying a word, and the steamer was soon on its way. A few hours later the captain was asked to come to the cabin. There, the oldest passenger spoke for the company and thanked him for

Būr'ling-tón gāng'wāy dē-çī'çion māt'trēsē
choiçē būr'dēn im'pūlsē

the lesson he had taught them. And then, with tears of sympathy flowing, a purse was made up for the suffering son who wanted to die in his mother's arms.

That was the Golden Rule in practice. The captain did as he would be done by, and the passengers were ashamed that they did not. All who adopt the Golden Rule will be known for golden deeds.

From *New Moral Reader*.

LESSON 25.

BEFORE BREAKFAST.

I spring from my lightly pressed pillow
To tread the gay sunshiny floor,
And greet the young glittering billow,
Whose surf almost reaches our door.

Now the cliff spreads its cheeful adorning

sŷm'pā-thŷ prāc'tiçə light'lŷ pil'lōw trēad
sŷn'shī-nŷ grēət glit'tēr bil'lōw sŷrf chēər'fŷl
ā-dōrn'ing

Of matted sea-pink* under foot,
The lark gives me "Top of the morning,*"
The sailing boat nods a salute.

Already, with new sea-born graces,
Comes many a bright-featured maid;
Peep children's damp hair and fresh faces
From straw hats' or sun-bonnets' shade.

With whisper alone for my hearing,
Clear trembles my tide-brimming pool,
Head-first from the bank disappearing,
I waver, embraced by the cool,—
Join salmon and gull in their pleasures,—
Then home to my sweet human fare.

William Allingham.

see-pink, a grass-leaved sea-weed (海草), found in Great Britain and British America. *top of the morning to you*), a morning salutation (挨拶). It is not much used now.

Top of the morning (or the

sēa'-pīnk lārk nōd sā-lūtē' sēa'-bōrn fēa'tūrə
sŷn'-bōn-nēt tidē'-brīm-mīng hēad'-first wā'vēr
ēm-brāçə' sā'l'mōn gŷll fārə

LESSON 26.

BEFORE BREAKFAST.

(A PARAPHRASE.)

In the morning I spring up from refreshing sleep. There is bright sunshine on the floor of my room. Our house is close by the ocean, and I go out to welcome the waves, which are sparkling in the early morning sun.

Under my feet, the rocks are strewn with a gay carpet of pink sea-weed. Above my head, the lark wishes me a good morning, and the sailing-boat nods to me in salutation.

Already many pretty maidens are coming from the beach, their beauty heightened* by their sea-bath. The children's wet hair and rosy faces peep out from under the shade of straw hats and broad-brimmed bonnets.

The clear pool filled by the tide for my bath splashes its ripples in my ear alone. I

pār'a-phrāsē . . . strewn (strōon) sēa'-wēed sāl-ū-tā'tion
 bēach hēight'en sēa'-bāth rō'sy brōad'-brimmed

plunge into it headlong from the bank. I swim to and fro, refreshed in the cool water, and joyfully I dive like the salmon or float like the gull. Then I return home to breakfast for which my swim has given me a keen* appetite.

heightened, increased.

keen, sharp.

LESSON 27.

TO A COUSIN WISHING A MERRY
CHRISTMAS.

F—, December 21, 19—.

Dear Cousin Jane:—

I wish you and dear Aunt Mary a merry Christmas, and many New Years in the happy future.

hēad'lōng frō joy'fūl-ly kēen āp'pē-titē

It is a long time since we met; circumstances do not bring us together—quite the contrary; and were it not for the annually returning Christmastide, I fear we should almost drop out of each other's recollection. I am therefore glad of the opportunity of inquiring after you and Aunt Mary, and trust that you are both pretty well. I fear she is rather dreading the severe weather which is prophesied to be in store for us, but prophecies are not always fulfilled, and, in any case, I hope she will not have a return of her old complaint, rheumatism.

With kindest love and best wishes,

Your affectionate Cousin,

Eunice Cary.

cõn'trã-rỹ ǎn'nũ-ál-lỹ Chríst'más-tidê rēc-õl-lēc'tion
 sê-vêrê' prõph'ê-sỹ prõph'ê-gỹ fũl-fil' cõm-plãint/
 rhêũ'mã-tĩsm ǎf-fêc'tion-ãtê Eũ'nĩcê Cã'rỹ

LESSON 28.

THE TRADER'S TRICK.

Out in the West,* where many Indians live, there are white men who go among them to trade for furs and skins* of animals.

These furs and skins are collected and prepared by the Indians, and serve* the purpose of money when the traders visit them to dispose* of various kinds of goods.

In old times, before the white men came to this country, the Indians had only bows and arrows, and spears with which to hunt.

But the white men soon taught them to use guns, and to-day, nearly all the tribes in America are well supplied with rifles or shotguns.*

They are very expert* with these fire-arms, and as they use them a great deal, must have a large and constant supply of gunpowder.

A story is told of how, at one time, a tribe

trã'dêr cõl-lêct' pũr'põsê dīs-põsê' vã'rĩ-qũs rĩ'flê
 shõt'gũn êx-pêrt' firê'-ãrmș cõn'stãnt gũn'pow-dêr

of Indians tried to raise gunpowder by planting seed. This shows how little they knew of civilized life and habits.

A trader went to a certain Indian nation to dispose of a stock of goods. Among other things he had a quantity of gunpowder.

The Indians traded for his cloths, hats, axes, beads, and other things, but would not take the powder, saying: "We do not wish for the powder; we have plenty."

The trader did not like to carry all the powder back to his camp; so thought he would play a trick on the Indians, and induce* them to buy it.

Going to an open piece of ground near the Indian camp, he dug some little holes in the soft, rich soil; then mixing a quantity of onion seed with his powder, he began to plant it.

The Indians were curious* to know what he was doing, and stood by greatly interested.

"What are you doing?" said one.

cīv'ī-lizə	stōk	bēad	īn-dūçə'	soil
onion (ūn'yūn)	cū'rī-çūs		īn'tēr-čst-čd	

"Planting gunpowder," replied the trader.

"Why do you plant it?" inquired another.

"To raise a crop of powder. How could I raise it without planting?" said the trader.

"Do you not plant corn* in the ground?"

"And will gunpowder grow like corn?" exclaimed half a dozen at once.

"Certainly it will," said the trader. "Did you not know it? As you do not want my powder, I thought I would plant it, and raise a crop which I could gather and sell to the Crows."

Now the Crows were another tribe of Indians, which was always at war with this tribe. The idea of their enemies having a large supply of powder increased the excitement, and one of the Indians said:

"Well, well, if we can raise powder like corn, we will buy your stock and plant it."

But some of the Indians thought best to wait, and see if the seed would grow. So the trader agreed to wait a few days.

crōp	tribə	īn-crēasə'	čx-çitə'mənt
------	-------	------------	--------------

In about a week the tiny sprouts* of the onion seed began to appear above the ground.

The trader calling the Indians to the spot, said: "You see now for yourselves. The powder already begins to grow, just as I told you it would."

The fact that some small plants appeared where the trader had put the gunpowder, was enough to convince* the Indians.

Every one of them became anxious* to raise a crop of gunpowder.

The trader sold them his stock, in which there was a large mixture of onion seeds, at a very high price, and then left.

From this time, the Indians gave no attention to their corn crop. If they could raise gunpowder, they would be happy.

They took great care of the little plants as they came up out of the ground, and watched every day for the appearance of the gunpowder blossoms.

They planned a buffalo hunt which was to take place after the powder harvest.

sprout spōt fáct cōn-vīnçè' mīx'tūre

After a while the onions bore a plentiful crop of seeds, and the Indians began to gather and thrash it.

They believed that thrashing the onion seeds would produce the powder. But thrashing failed to bring it. Then they discovered that they had been cheated.

Of course the dishonest trader avoided these Indians, and did not make them a second visit.*

After some time, however, he sent his partner to them for the purpose of trading goods for furs and skins.

By chance they found out that this man was the partner of the one who had cheated them.

They said nothing to him about the matter; but when he had opened his goods and was ready to trade, they coolly helped* themselves to all he had, and walked off.

The trader did not understand this. He became furiously angry, and went to make his complaint to the chief of the nation.

plēn'tī-fūl thrāsh à-void' pārt'nēr

"I am an honest man," said he to the chief. "I came here to trade honestly. But your people are thieves; they have stolen all my goods."

The old chief looked at him some time in silence, and then said: "My children are all honest. They have not stolen your goods. They will pay you as soon as they gather their gunpowder harvest."

The man had heard of the trick played upon the Indians;* but did not know before this, that his partner was the one who had cheated them. He could not say a word. He departed at once. Arriving at his home, he said to his partner:

"We must separate. I have learned a lesson. I can not remain in business with a dishonest man. You cheated the Indians for a little gain. You have lost it, and I advise you, henceforth, to deal honestly with all men."

From *New National Readers*.

hōn'ēst-lŷ dē-pārt' sēp'ā-rātē ād-vīg'f
hēngē-fōrth'

the West, here, means the western part of the United States of America.

skin, the outer covering of a small animal as a calf, dog, or sheep. That of a large animal is called "hide."

serve the purpose of money, do the office of money.

to dispose of, to sell.

shotgun, a light gun made for the firing of shot (散彈). It is used for small game. (*Game*, a wild animal).

expert, skilful.

induce, lead; 誘ふ.

were curious, wished very much.

corn, Indian corn; *tōmoro-koshi*.

sprout, a shoot from the seed.

convince the Indians, make the Indians believe.

became anxious, became eager.

a second visit, another visit.

helped themselves to all he had, took all he had. "*Help yourself*" means "Katte ni totte meshi agare."

The man had heard of the trick played upon the Indians, the man had heard that some one had played the trick (of selling onion seed for gunpowder) upon the Indians.

LESSON 29.

THE EARTHQUAKE AND THE GREAT WAVE.

It was an autumn evening more than a hundred years ago. In a little village of Japan there was a great stir. The narrow streets

were full of people who were getting ready for a merry-making in the evening. Each was thinking how happy he should be in the gay throng.*

The village was on the seashore. The waves breaking on the beach were only a few feet away. Above, on the high plain behind the village, an old man was watching from his house the merry crowd below.

Suddenly in the midst of the fun and laughter there came the shock of an earthquake. Japan is the land of earthquakes, and this was not enough to frighten any one.

The boys and girls ran up and down the streets as before. The old man could hear their gay, childish voices. He stood up and looked at the sea. The water was dark and acted strangely. It seemed to be moving against the wind. The sea was running away from the land. Below him, the people were wondering what that great ebb* could mean. They were watching it from the beach.

ĕarth'quākē

mĕr'rĭ-mā-kĭng

The old man knew what it meant; he knew the danger that was coming. His one thought was to warn the people in the village.

"Bring me a torch! Make haste!" he called loudly to his grandson who was near. In the fields behind him lay his great crop of rice. It was piled up in stacks* ready for the market. It was worth a fortune. The old man hurried out with his torch. In a moment the dry stalks were blazing. The big bell pealed from the temple.

Back from the beach, away from that strange sea, up the steep side of the cliff, came the people of the village. They were coming to try to save the crops of their rich neighbour.

"He is mad!" they said.

"Look!" shouted the old man at the top of his voice, as they reached the plain in safety.

They looked eastward through the twilight. At the edge of the horizon they saw a long, lean, dim line,—a line that thickened as they gazed. That line was the sea, rising up like a

child'ish

strāngē'lĭ

ĕbb

stāk

tōrch

pēal

tĕm'plĕ

stĕep

high wall, and coming more swiftly than a kite flies.

Then came a shock, heavier than thunder. The great swell struck the shore with a weight that sent a shudder through the hills. There was a foam-burst like a blaze of sheet lightning.*

When the people looked again, they saw a white horror* of sea raging over the place of their homes. It drew back, roaring. Then it struck again, and again, and yet again. Once more it struck and ebbled; then it returned to its place.

On the plain no word was spoken. Of all the homes, only two straw roofs could be seen, tossing on the waves. Then the voice of the old man was heard, saying gently, "That is why I set fire to the rice."

He stood among them almost as poor as the poorest, for his wealth was gone;—but he had saved four hundred lives by the sacrifice.

Adapted from *Lafcadio Hearn*.

măd sâfē'ty ēast'wārd twī'light thīck'ēn shōck
hēav'ī-ēr shūd'dēr fōam'-būrst shēet līght'nīng
livēz sâc'rī-fice (-fiz)

throng, a crowd; a large number of people crowded together.

ebb, [the going back of the tide (潮). "Tsunami" is also called a *tidal wave*.

stacks, large piles of hay, corn, wood, etc.

sheet lightning, heat light-

ning; a fitful play of electric light, not attended by thunder, and usually seen near the horizon at the close of a hot day; *inazuma*.

a white horror of sea, a white horrible sea; a foaming sea horrible to see.

LESSON 30.

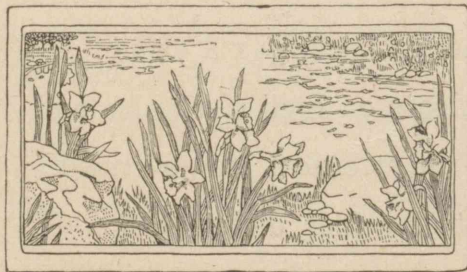
DAFFODILS.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

dăi'fō-dil o'er vāle hōst flūt'tēr

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay:
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
 A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company;



cón-tín'ú-ǫs nēv'er-ēnd-ing mār'gin sprīght'lŷ
 out-dīd' glēə pō'ēt jōc'und

I gazed, — and gazed, — but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

William Wordsworth.

LESSON 31.

POTATOES.

You have perhaps heard that the potato was introduced into the British Isles* by a noted traveller. This was the famous Sir Walter Raleigh.* He brought potatoes from America to Ireland. The potatoes were planted in Sir Walter's garden in the south of Ireland.

ōft couch vā'cānt pēn'sivə mōōd ĩn'wārd blīss
 sōl'i-tūdə pō-tā'tō ĩn-trō-dūçə' Brīt'ish Īsləz
 nō'tēd Īrē'lānd

People did not begin to grow potatoes generally in England till a little more than one hundred years ago. Now-a-days, potatoes are grown all over the British Islands,* and in many other countries besides; for they are a most useful, pleasant, and cheap food.

The potato plant properly belongs to South America. Where it grows wild, the potatoes are very small. They, however, become larger when grown with care in proper ground.

The potato comes from a plant which has whitish or purplish flowers, and a green fruit. But the fruit is not good to eat. The part which we eat is the swellings or knobs which grow on a root-stock. A root-stock is an underground stem.

If you look well at a potato, you will see on it several small sunk dots. These are called "eyes." They are the buds of the potato. From them shoot out little roots, from which the potato plant spreads. If a piece of a potato

ġĕn'ĕr-Āl-lŷ	now'-ā-dāȳs	chĕap	whit'ish
pŭr'plish	swĕl'līng	knōb	rōot'-stōk
ūn'dĕr-ground	dōt		

with only a single eye be put into proper ground, it may form a plant. And a number of real potatoes may grow on its root-stock.

Potatoes contain many things useful as food, but only two in a large quantity. The two things which potatoes contain largely, are *water* and *starch*.*

All potatoes contain a great deal of water. If you were to take a pound of raw potatoes, and to dry them thoroughly, you would find only a quarter of a pound left. The other three quarters of a pound would go off as water.

There are about 2½ ounces* of starch in a pound of good potatoes. This is what makes our smoking dish of potatoes look so floury.

Besides water and starch, we have a little sugar and fiber, and a very little ash. By "ash" is meant the mineral part. If you were to burn the potato very carefully, this ash is all you would have left.*

Adapted from *Oriental Readers*.

sīn'glē	lārgē'lŷ	thōr'ōugh-lŷ	ounçə	flour'y
fī'bēr	āsh	mīn'ĕr-āl		

QUESTIONS.

- H** Where were potatoes brought to first?
I By whom?
S
T When did they begin to be grown through-
O out England?
R
Y What land is the plant a native of?
- P** What are the plant's flowers and fruit like?
A Which is the eatable part?
R
T What are the "eyes" in a potato?
S
- C** How much water and starch are there in
O a pound of potatoes?
M What are the other things in a potato?
P What well-known and useful article of
O food is made from potatoes?
S I T I O N

SUMMARY.

Potatoes were brought to Ireland by Sir Walter Raleigh. They began to be grown

är'ti-clə

cōm-pō-sī'tion

sūm'mā-rĭ

throughout England a little over a hundred years ago. The potato plant is a native of South America.

The plant has white or purplish flowers and a green fruit. The eatable part is the tubers, which grow on the underground stem. The "eyes" of potatoes are the buds from which the plant strikes.

Potatoes contain water and starch chiefly. About three-quarters of a pound in a pound of potatoes consists of water, and 2½ ounces* of starch. There is also a little sugar, a little fiber, and a little ash in potatoes. Starch* is got from potatoes.

the British Isles, (or the British Islands), Great Britain and Ireland

Sir Walter Raleigh, a courtier (宮廷の臣), soldier, and man of letters (文學者). He received favours (寵愛) from Queen Elizabeth. He went to America and founded (作つた) a colony (植民地), which he called Virginia in honour of Elizabeth, who was a

virgin (處女). Tobacco was also introduced into the old world by him.

starch (page 123), 澱粉.
2½ ounces, Read, "two and a half ounces."

all you would have left, all that would be left.

2½ ounces (consists) of starch.
starch (page 125), 葛.

tū'bēr

stēm

chief'ly

cōn-sist'

LESSON 32.

THE LARK'S SONG.

"Tom, I invite you to take a walk."

"Ay, ay!" said Tom.

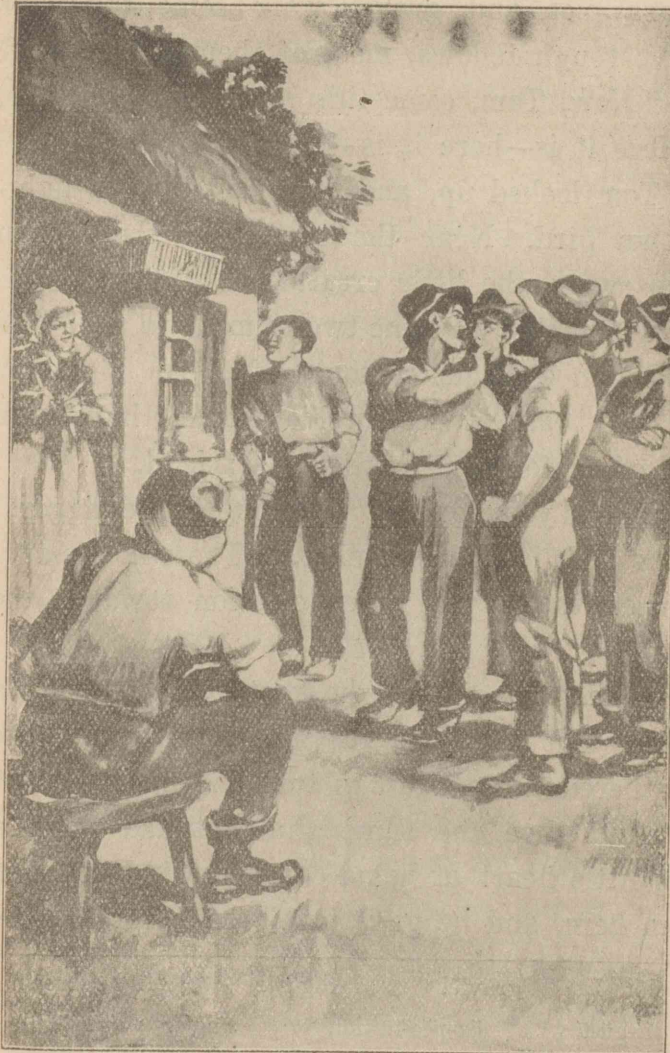
The men set out. It was the month of January: a blazing hot day was beginning to glow through the freshness of morning; the sky was an expanse of pure blue, and the soft Australian air crept slowly up and just moved the trembling leaves.

The friends strode briskly on, and a little after eleven o'clock they came upon the small house and premises of a squatter.

"Here we are," cried George, and his eyes glittered with delight.

The house was thatched and whitewashed, and English was written on it and on every foot of ground round it. They passed to the back of the house, and they saw on the oval

in-vitè' frèsh'nèss èx-pānsè' Aùs-trā'liàn stròdè
brisk'lý prēm'isè squæt'tèr thātch
whitè'wash



grass plot and gravel walk some thirty or forty rough fellows, most of them diggers.

"Now, Tom, come this way," said George, "Here it is—here it is—there!"

Tom looked up, and in a cage was a light-brown bird. Near the cage stood the woman who owned the little creature.

"Is it this we came twelve miles to see?" he asked, in a disgusted tone.

"Ay! and twice twelve would't have been too much for me," replied his friend.

"Hold your tongue," cried one of the diggers; "the lark is going to sing." The whole party turned their eyes in expectation towards the bird.

Like most singers, he kept them waiting a little; but at last, just at noon, the little feathered exile began to tune his pipes.

And then the same sun that had warmed his little heart at home came glowing down on him here, and he gave music back for it more

plōt	grāv'ēl	dīg'gēr	light'-brown
dīs-gūst'	ĕx-pĕc-tā'tion	sing'ēr	ĕx'ilē
pīpē			

and more, till at last, amidst the breathless silence of the rough diggers hanging on his voice, out burst in that distant land his English song.

It swelled his little throat, and gushed from him with thrilling force and plenty; and every time he checked it to think of the green meadows, the quiet stealing streams, the clover he first soared from, and the English spring, a loud sigh broke from many a rough bosom. When he swelled into song again, shaggy lips trembled, and more than one tear trickled down bronzed and rugged cheeks. *Home, sweet home!*

These rough men, full of wickedness, had once been fair-haired boys, and had strolled about the English fields with their little sisters and little brothers, and had seen the lark rise, and had heard him sing this very song. For a moment or two their years or wrongdoing rolled away from their memories like a dark

ā-mīdst'	brĕath'lĕss	swĕll	thrōat	thrīl'ing	chĕĕk
clō'vēr	sōar	bog'óm	shāg'gŷ	trīĕk'lē	brōnzĕd
chĕĕk	wīĕk'ĕd-nĕss	fāir'-hāirĕd	strōll	wrōng'do-īng	

cloud, and the past shone out in the glory of the song.

The faded pictures of bygone days came back to them. They saw the cottage, the old mother's tears, and heard the simple chimes of the village church. Many a hard, rough fellow lived again in the sweet hours of youth and innocence and home.

"What will you take for him, mistress?" asked one. "I will give you five pounds for him."

"No, no!" she said; "I won't take five pounds for my bird."

"Of course she won't," cried another.— "Here, missis, I'll give you thirty new sovereigns for him."

The woman trembled, for she and her husband were very poor. "Oh," she cried, "it's a shame to tempt me with so much gold! We had six larks brought over, and all died on the way except this one." She threw her

bȳ'gõnə chīmə mīs'trēsš wõn't mīs'sīg
sovereign (sõv'rîn)

white apron over her head so that she might not see the glittering bribe.

"Put your money up, and don't tempt the woman," was the cry. "The bird wouldn't live a week if you had it."

The woman turned kindly to the man who offered so much money for the bird, and said,—

"You can come here every Sunday, and the bird shall sing to you. You will get more pleasure from hearing him in that way than you would if he were always by you."

"So I will, missis," replied the digger, in a friendly voice.

George stayed till the lark stopped singing, and then departed with the pure strains ringing in his ears.

"The pretty bird!" he said. "I think his song must be a psalm if we knew all."

Adapted from *It is Never too Late to Mend*.

ā'prõn bribə strāin psālm

LESSON 33.

TRUE COURTESY.—I.

Prince George,* the husband of Queen Anne of England, one time visited the town of Bristol,* having with him as a companion, an officer of his household.

While strolling about the town, looking at the people and the quaint old buildings, they stepped into the Exchange, where all the great merchants of the town had come together doing business.

Prince George walked about, talking quite freely, first to one and then to another. As the towns-people had not expected him, no preparation had been made to receive him with honour; and the merchants stood in little groups, and consulted together with a look of anxiety upon their faces.

“What is to be done?” asked one.

cĕŭr'tē-sŷ prīnce Ānnē Brīs'tōl housĕ'hōld quāint
frĕĕ'lŷ Ĕx-chāngĕ' townſ'-pĕŕ-plĕ prĕp-ā-rā'tion
hŏn'ōŭr ānx-i'ē-tŷ

“I do not know,” replied another. “If his Royal Highness does not give us notice of his coming, how can we entertain him in a proper manner?”

“Would it be well to ask him to come to one of our homes?” inquired a third.

“No, no!” cried another. “We could not ask him to partake of our humble fare,* or even come to our homes, after the splendour to which he has been accustomed. For my part, I shall go home to dinner.”

“And I also,” said the first one. “I do not care to remain here, and stare at the Prince, when we have nothing to offer.”

Then one by one, the merchants slipped away, afraid or ashamed to ask the great Prince to their homes.

Prince George and the officer wondered at seeing the merchants disappear. At last there was but one man left, and as he walked toward Prince, he bowed low, and said—

“Excuse me, sir; are you the husband

Roy'al ĕn-tĕr-tāin' pār-tākĕ' splĕn'dōŭr
ăc-ĕŭs'tôm slĭp

of our Queen Anne, as folks here say you are?"

"Yes, I am," was the answer; "and have come for a few hours to see the sights of the good town of Bristol."

"Sir," said the man, "I have seen with much distress that none of our great merchants have invited you to their homes. Think not, sir, that it is because they are wanting in love and loyalty. They doubtless were all afraid to ask one so high as yourself to dine with them.

"I am one John Duddlestone, sir, only a bodice-maker, and I pray you not to take it amiss* if I ask you and the gentleman who is with you, to come to my humble home, where you will be most welcome."

"Indeed," answered the Prince, laughing, "I am only too delighted to accept your kind invitation, and I thank you for it very heartily. If you lead the way, we will follow at once."

loy'ál-tý doubt'lěss Dűd'dlě-stoně bőd'icę-mā-kěr
 á-miss' ác-çępt'

So Prince George, the officer, and Duddlestone, passed out of the Exchange together.

"Ours is but humble fare," said Duddlestone; "for, sir, I can offer you only roast beef and plum-pudding."

"Very good, very good, indeed!" exclaimed the Prince; "it is food to which I bring a hearty appetite*."

They stopped before a small house. John pulled the latch, and, walking in, looked for his wife; but she was upstairs.

"Here, wife, wife!" he called in a loud whisper, as he put his head up the narrow staircase; "put on a clean apron, and make haste and come down, for the Queen's husband and a soldier-gentleman have come to dine with us."

As you may think, Mrs. Duddlestone was strangely surprised at the news; but she did not become excited; she very seldom did, I believe.*

"Ay, ay!" she called. "I'm coming;" and

rōast'-bēęf plűm'-puđ-ding hęärt'y lāch
 stāir'cāę dīnē strāngę'lý ęx-çitęd sěl'dóm

then muttered, "The Queen's husband! the Queen's husband! Sure, that can never be—however, I'll go down and see."

She ran to her closet, and pulled out a nice, clean apron and cap, and tied the one round her waist, and the other round her comely face, saying all the time, "Dear me, dear me, to think of it!" and away she ran down stairs, where stood her husband and the two gentlemen.

The good woman bowed low, first to one and then to the other.

"Indeed, but I'm proud," she said, turning to Prince George, "to welcome you to our home. 'Tis but poor and humble, but we shall think more of it after this.* I'll hurry and get dinner at once. I dare say you are hungry, gentlemen."

Prince George laughed gayly, as he thanked her for her kind welcome, and sat down.

The table was soon spread, and the Prince ate well, and appeared to enjoy himself so much, that Mrs. Duddleston could scarcely

mūt'tēr clōs'ēt cōm'ē'lŷ ɛn-joy'

believe he had always been accustomed to lords and ladies and footmen, and had never before sat in such an humble way.

Prince George inquired about their business and pleasures.

"Do you never come up to London?" he asked; "I think you would find it worth your while to take a holiday some time, and see the great city."

"Ah well," said Mrs. Duddleston, "if that is not just the thing I long for.* I've never been yet, nor am I likely to go, but John has been once or twice."

"And why, John, have you never taken your wife as well,* to see the great sights?"

"Well, to say the truth," answered John, "I do not go to see the sights; for though I've been two or three times, I don't think I've seen any.

"I must needs* go sometimes to buy whalebone, and other trifles which I must have for my business here. So I just go and come back, and meddle with none.*"

fōot'mēn lik'ē'lŷ I've nēdʒ whāl'bone
tri'flē mēd'dlē

"Well, well," said the Prince, "the next time you come to London, you must bring your wife with you, and pay me a visit."

Mrs. Duddlestone clasped her fat little hands with delight.

"And shall I see the Queen?" she exclaimed.

"And see both the Queen and myself," answered the Prince. "Come, John, say you will do so!"

"Surely, sir," said John, "I should like to give the good woman* a bit of pleasure in that way, but your grand servants would shut the doors before us, and never let us in, perhaps."

"I can soon set that right!" and taking a card from his pocket, Prince George wrote a few words on it, and gave it to them.

"That will gain you ready admission," he said, "and now I must leave you. Next time we meet, I shall entertain and care for you. For the present, I thank you for your kind

clásp

ǎd-mĭs'ŝion

prĕŝ'ĕnt

welcome and good dinner, which I have heartily enjoyed."

Then rising, he and the officer bade farewell to the good people and took their leave.

Prince George was the husband of Queen Anne, but he was not the King of England.

Bristol, a large town, the seventh in England, and a great sea-port, 118 miles west of London.

fare, food for the table.

take it amiss, be angry.

to which I bring a hearty appetite, which I like very much.

she very seldom did, I believe, if she did not become excited on this occasion (此時にも)

I believe she was a woman who seldom became excited.

we shall think more of it after this, this visit of yours (to the house) has increased its value in our eyes.

if that is not just the thing I long for, that is the very thing I long for.

as well, as well as yourself; too.

needs, 是非.

meddle with none, do no such thing as sightseeing (見物).

the good woman, my wife.

leāvĕ

LESSON 34.

TRUE COURTESY.—2.

It was some weeks later that John Duddleston found his stock of whalebone was growing low.

“Wife,” said he, “the whalebone’s nearly gone, and I must have some more at once.”

“Surely, John, I know well it’s nearly gone!” she answered. “Haven’t I watched every bit as you’ve used it? and haven’t I pretty near cried to see it go so slowly?”

“Pooh! you foolish woman!” he cried.

“But, John, you’ll take me, and go to see the King and Queen?” she inquired.

“Why, you silly woman, do you think I should leave you behind, when I know you’re nearly crazed to go?”

“O John, John, you dear, good man! I’ve mended all my dresses, and made myself trim and neat. I’ve seen to* your coats; and all’s

pōōk	crāzēd	mēnd	trīm
nēāt			

done; and I feel as if I could scarcely live till I see the Queen.”

“You’d best keep alive,*” said her husband; “and if all goes well, we’ll start by the coach* on Monday.”

Monday was as lovely a day as heart could wish; and John and his wife walked down the Bristol streets to the public-house from which the coach was to start.

It was a great event in Mrs. Duddleston’s life, for she had never been beyond her own town, except for a drive into the country in a neighbour’s cart.

They were quiet people*; but it had got about the town that they were going to London to visit the Queen, and numbers came out to see them go.

Perhaps some of the great merchants wished they had been simple and humble enough to offer to entertain Prince George when he had visited their town.

They journeyed straight to London, where John bought his whalebone, and then found

cōāch	lōvē’ly	pūb’lic-house	ē-vēnt’
-------	---------	---------------	---------

their way* to St. James's Palace, where, presenting the Prince's card, they gained ready admittance.

They were shown into a room, more beautiful than any that they had ever seen. Very shortly the door opened, and the well-remembered face of their guest appeared. Almost before he had greeted them, a quiet-looking lady followed him, and came smilingly to greet them.

"This is the Queen," said Prince George; and then, turning to her, he added, "These are the good people who showed me such kindness in Bristol."

The Queen was so gentle and courteous that neither John nor his wife felt confused in her presence. She talked kindly to them, asking after their trade, and how they had fared in their journey.

She then asked them to dine with her that evening, and said dresses would be provided for them, so that they should not feel strange

James's (jāmz/ēz) ād-mīt'tāŋçə shōrt'lŷ smī'ling-lŷ
grēet çqīr'tē-qūs cōn-fūçed' prō-vīdē'

by seeing that they were dressed differently from all her other guests.

She then called an attendant, and desired that refreshment should be given them, and that they should be well cared for, and shown all that might interest them* until dinner time.

It was a long, wonderful day to them, as they walked about from place to place. Before dinner they were taken to the room that was prepared for them, and there they found elegant court dresses of purple velvet ready to put on.

"Surely, John, they can not be for us!" cried Mrs. Duddlestone.

"Yes, but they must be! Did not the Queen say she would give us dresses? and do not these dresses look as if they had been given by a queen?"

"John, I shall feel very strange* before all the grand ladies!"

"Then you need not, wife, for the Queen

dif'fēr-ēnt-lŷ dē-gīrē' rē-frēsh'mēnt ēl'ē-gānt
pūr'plē vēl'vēt

and Prince will be there; and the others will not trouble you; but this is a queer dress. It's like being somebody else.*"

And very queer they felt, as for the first time they walked down the grand stairs, in such splendid dresses, to dine at the Queen's table, with the Queen's servants to wait on* them.

"You must go first," said his wife, for shyness came over her.

"Be not so foolish, wife," whispered John; and, though feeling rather awkward in his new dress, he walked simply forward, as he might have done in a friend's house.

The Queen met them at the door, and, turning to her other guests, who were assembled, she said, "Gentlemen, I have to introduce to you, with great pleasure, the most loyal people in the town of Bristol."

At these words they all rose and bowed low, while John and his wife did the same, and then sat down, and ate a good dinner.

quēer splēn'did sōmē'bōd-ŷ shŷ'nēss
sīm'plŷ

After the dinner was over, the Prince summoned John Duddlestone to the Queen.

At her command John knelt before her, and she laid a sword lightly on his shoulder, with the words, "Rise up, Sir John Duddlestone;" and the simple, kind-hearted bodice-maker of Bristol rose up a knight.*

His wife stood by, watching with eagerness, and could hardly believe that from plain Mistress Duddlestone she had become Lady Duddlestone.*

She would have been very proud if the Queen had laid the sword upon her also; but she heard that was not needed. However, she was made very happy by being called to the Queen's side.

"Lady Duddlestone," said Her Majesty, "allow me to present you with my gold watch, in remembrance of your visit to St. James's Palace,* and of the Prince's visit to Bristol, which led to our knowing two such loyal and courteous subjects."

sūm'mōn cōm-mānd' knēlt ās-sēm'blē kīnd'hēärt-ēd'
knīght ēa'gēr-nēss Mistress (mīs'iz) rē-mēm'brānce

Lady Duddlestone bowed lower and lower, almost unable to find any words in which to express her gratitude.

A gold watch! Was it possible? Watches were not common in those times. She had heard of watches, and had even seen some; but had never dreamt of possessing one.

Such a big beauty it was! She was glad to fall back behind the other guests, and get time to think quietly, and realize* that all was true, and not a dream from which she would wake and find herself in her little attic bedroom at Bristol.

Queen Anne then spoke to Sir John, offering to give him a position under Government; but he begged to be excused.

"It would be strange, your Majesty, very strange up in London, and my work at Bristol suits me far the best. We want for nothing, and should never feel so well and home-like as in our little house at Bristol."

The Queen understood him, and did not

ex-prĕss' drĕamt āt'tic bĕd'rōom gov'ĕrn-mĕnt
hōmĕ'-likĕ

press him; and in another day or two the couple were again on their way home.

"You're glad, wife, that we're going home?" John asked; "and you think I did well not to take some office in London?"

"Well! you could have done no better.* It's been grand to see, and, grand to hear; but it would be very strange and uncomfortable to live always like that, and I'll be right glad to be back once more.

"I'm more than proud of it all. But I should never like our own room, in which Prince George sat so home-like with us, to belong to another.*"

"No, no—we will keep our own snug home," replied John with earnestness.

And so they did, living on quietly as of old*; and the only display ever made by Lady Duddlestone was, that whenever she went to church or to market, she always wore the Queen's big gold watch.

From *New National Readers*.

cōup'lĕ ūn-cōm'fōrt-ā-blĕ snŭg ĕār'nĕst-nĕss
whĕn-ĕv'ĕr dīs-plāy'

seen to, examined.

You'd best keep alive, you had better not die, for if you did, you could not go to London and see the Queen.

coach, a large four-wheeled carriage. There was no railway then.

They were quiet people, they did not speak much about themselves.

found their way, went with some difficulty.

all that might interest them, all things that might please them.

strange, awkward; *kimari ga warui*.

It's like being somebody else, in this queer dress I do not look like myself; I look as if I were somebody else.

wait on—A waiter (給仕人) is one who *waits on* others.

rose up a knight—when he knelt down he was a plain Mr. Duddleston, but now he was a knight. "Sir" is a title (尊稱) of baronets (准男爵) and knights (士爵).

Lady Duddleston—As her husband was made a knight, she was hereafter (此後) to be called *Lady Duddleston*.

St. James's Palace, where the Queen lived.

realize, find; see.

You could have done no better, it was the best thing that you could do.

But I should never like..... belong to another, if you took some office in London, we should be obliged to leave our own room in which Prince George sat so homelike with us, and let some other person have it.

of old, formerly.

LESSON 33.

CALLS.—I.

Persons who are provided with a letter of introduction must, at their first call, leave that letter along with their card and address. It may be advisable not to go in on that day, but wait until the lady or gentleman to whom the letter is addressed sends an invitation.

Sunday is not the proper day for making calls; week-days should always be chosen for this purpose. The usual time for calling is between 4 and 6 in the afternoon. No call should be made at any other time, unless on a very intimate friend. Strange to say, these calls, though made in the afternoon, are called "morning calls." They are, it is true, made before dinner, the time for which is usually between six and eight o'clock.

Morning calls are made in a dark frock-coat, or a single-breasted morning coat, and striped

in-trō-dūc'tion ād-vi'sā-blē wēek'-dāy chō'gen
pūr'pōsē in'ti-mātē frōek sīn'glē-brēast-ēd stripēd (t)



trousers and gloves. A well-brushed silk hat is the fashionable head dress. A gentleman should take his hat and stick, but not the umbrella, into the room, and keep them in his hands until he is invited to put them down. The right-hand glove must be removed.

When I intend to go and see a friend, or any one that has asked me to pay him a visit, I go to his house and ring the bell; or, as is more commonly done in England, I give several (at least 4 or 5) raps with the knocker. A servant will come and open the door. In speaking to him, I need not take off my hat. When in doubt about the right address, I ask him: *Does Mr. Brown live here?* or *Is this where Mr. Brown lives?* If I am right I proceed to say: *Can I see him?* or *Is he in?*

trou'sêrs	wêll'-brûshêd (t)	fâsh'ion-â-blê
glôvê	în-tênd'	côm'môn-lỹ
knôck'êr	prô-çêed'	râp

or *Is he at home?* If Mr. Brown is at home, the servant will ask: *What name, please?* or *What name shall I say?*; on which I tell him my name. I do not send my card up unless I call on some commercial business. Before announcing me to his master, the servant will request me to step in, and will take me to the drawing-room.

LESSON 36.

CALLS.—2.

In the case of my not knowing Mr. Brown personally, I bow when he enters the room and say: *Have I the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Brown?* Mr. Brown will then answer: *That is my name, sir; will you take a seat, please?*, and probably continue: *What can I do for you?* I may then say, *I hope I am not trespassing on your time.* He will assure me, *Oh,*

côm-mêr'cial (-'shâl)	ân-nouçê'	drâw'ing-rôom
pêr'sôn-âl-lỹ	prôb'â-blỹ	três'pass
		âs-sure' (-shûr')

certainly not. I then proceed to tell him the object of my visit, or what has brought me there, or what I have to say.

If the person whom I am visiting is an intimate friend of mine, he will welcome me by saying: *Good afternoon, (I'm) very pleased to see you. What's the news?* He will ask me to take a seat and inquire after my health, and after that of my family: *Well, how are you? Well, how are you getting on? How are you all at home? I hope you are all well at home. How is your father? &c., &c.* My answers may vary as follows: *Capital, (or Very well, Quite well, Pretty well, Fairly well), thanks (or thank you).* After this we have a comfortable chat.

The usual form of taking leave is *Good-by,* or *Good day,* and among friends sometimes *Ta-ta.* A person whom I have seen for the first time will add: *(I'm) very pleased to have met you (or to have made your acquaintance).*

hěalth	&c. or etc. = ět ět'ě-rà	vā'rŷ	ĉap'ĭ-tál
chăt	gōōd-bŷ'		tā'-tā'

In reply, I simply bow, or say *Thank you.* According to circumstances, I may continue: *I hope we shall have the pleasure of meeting again.* At the same time, we shake hands, and after this we bow.

In leaving an intimate friend, no bows or compliments are made. I just shake hands and take leave of him with some such remark as: *Good-by, I must be off now; Now I must say good-by; Then good-by, till to-morrow; So long; (I shall) See you again, &c., &c., &c.* My friend will send his compliments to my family, saying: *(Give my) Kind regards to Mrs. So-and-So; Kindly remember me to your father.* My answer will be: *Certainly, or With pleasure.*

R. Kron.

äc-ġōrd'ing	cōm'pli-měnt	rě-märk'	rě-gärdŝ
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LESSON 37.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid* pleasures and palaces, though we may
 roam,
 Be it ever so humble,* there's no place like
 home!
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow* us
 there,
 Which, seek thro'* the world,* is ne'er* met
 with elsewhere.
 Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home!
 There's no place like home!

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
 And feel that my mother now thinks of her
 child,
 As she looks on that moon from our own
 cottage door,
 Thro' the woodbine* whose fragrance shall
 cheer me no more.*

'mīd chārm hāl'lōw thro' né'er
 ělse'whêrê drēar wōod'binê frā'grāncê

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home!
 There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in
 vain;*
 O, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again;
 The birds singing gaily, that came at my call:
 Give me them with that peace of mind, dearer
 than all.
 Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home!
 There's no place like home!

John Howard Payne.

'Mid, amid.
 Be it ever so humble, how-
 ever humble our home may be
 (*Humble, poor*).
 hallow, make sacred; 神聖
 にする.
 thro', through.
 seek thro' the world, you
 may seek through the world;
 wherever you may go in search
 of it.

ne'er, never.
 woodbine, 忍冬(すひかつら)
 whose fragrance shall
 cheer me no more, being
 away from home, I shall no
 more smell the sweet fragrance
 of the woodbine near our home.
 An exile from home, splen-
 dour dazzles in vain, no
 splendour pleases me, who is an
 exile from home.

dāz'zlê

lōw'lŷ

gāi'lŷ

LESSON 38.

DADDY'S NURSE.—1.

One morning, on a rainy day in March, a lad dressed like a country boy, with a bundle of clothes under his arm, presented himself to the porter of the great hospital at Naples, and, presenting a letter, asked for his father. He had a fine oval face, of a pale brown hue, thoughtful eyes, and two thick lips, always half open, which displayed extremely white teeth. He came from a village in the neighbourhood of Naples. His father, who had left home a year previously to seek work in France, had returned to Italy, and had landed a few days before at Naples, where, having fallen suddenly ill, he had hardly time to write a line to announce his arrival to his family, and to say that he was going to the hospital. His wife,

Dād'dy	nūrsē	rāin'y	pōrt'ēr
hōs'pī-tāl	Nā'plēs	thōught-ful	ēx-trēmē'ly
prē'vi-ōūs-ly	īt'a-ly	ār-riv'al	

in despair at this news, and unable to leave home because she had a sick child, and a baby at the breast, had sent her eldest son to Naples, with a few soldi, to help his father—his *daddy*, as they called him: the boy had walked ten miles.

The porter, after glancing at the letter, called a nurse and told him to conduct the lad to his father.

“What father?” inquired the nurse.

The boy, trembling with terror, lest he should hear bad news, gave the name.

The nurse did not recall such a name.

“An old labourer, arrived from abroad?” he asked.

“Yes, a labourer,” replied the lad, still more uneasy; “not so very old. Yes, arrived from abroad.”

“When did he enter the hospital?” asked the nurse.

The lad glanced at his letter; “Five days ago, I think.”

dē-spāir'	brēast	ēld'ēst	sōl'dī	cōn-dūct'
rē-call'	lā'bōūr-ēr	ā-brōād'	ūn-cāg'y	

The nurse stood a while in thought; then, as though suddenly recalling him; "Ah!" he said, "the furthest bed in the fourth ward."

"Is he very ill? How is he?" inquired the boy, anxiously.

The nurse looked at him, without replying. Then he said, "Come with me."

They ascended two flights of stairs, walked to the end of a long corridor, and found themselves facing the open door of a large hall, in which two rows of beds were arranged. "Come," repeated the nurse, entering. The boy plucked up his courage, and followed him, casting terrified glances to right and left, on the pale faces of the sick people, some of whom had their eyes closed, and seemed to be dead, while others were staring into the air, with their eyes wide open and fixed, as though frightened. Some were moaning like children. The big room was dark, the air was impregnated with an acute odour of medicines.

fūr'thēst	ward	ās-čēnd'	cōr'rī-dōr
ār-rāngē'	plūčēk	tēr'rī-fy	ē-mā'čī-ātē
īm-prēg'nātē	ā-cūtē'		

Two sisters of charity were going about with phials in their hands.

Arrived at the extremity of the great room, the nurse halted at the head of a bed, drew aside the curtains, and said, "Here is your father."

The boy burst into tears, and letting fall his bundle, he dropped his head on the sick man's shoulder, clasping with one hand the arm which was lying motionless on the coverlet. The sick man did not move.

The boy rose to his feet, and looked at his father, and broke into a fresh fit of weeping. Then the sick man gave a long look at him, and seemed to recognize him; but his lips did not move. Poor daddy, how he was changed! The son would never have recognized him. His hair had turned white, his beard had grown, his face was swollen, with the skin tightly drawn and shining; his eyes were diminished in size, his lips very thick,

chār'i-ty	phī'al	ēx-trēm'i-ty	mō'tion-lēss
cōv'ēr-lēt	fīt	rēc'ōg-nīzē	swōll'en
		di-mīn'ish	

his whole countenance altered. There was no longer anything natural about him but his forehead and the arch of his eyebrows. He breathed with difficulty.

"Daddy! daddy!" said the boy, "it is I; don't you know me? I am Cicillo, your own Cicillo, who has come from the country: mamma has sent me. Take a good look at me; don't you know me? Say one word to me."

But the sick man, after having looked attentively at him, closed his eyes.

"Daddy! daddy! What is the matter with you? I am your little son—your own Cicillo."

The sick man made no movement, and continued to breathe painfully.

Then the lad, still weeping, took a chair, seated himself and waited, without taking his eyes from his father's face. "A doctor will surely come to pay him a visit," he thought; "he will tell me something." And he

coun'tē-nānçə	al'tēr	nāt'ū-rāl	fore'head (fōr'éd)
ēyē'brow	Cicillo (chī-chil'ō)		āt-tēn'tivē-lŷ
pāin'fūl-lŷ			

recalled many things about his kind father, the day of parting, when he said the last good-bye to him on board the ship, the hopes which his family had founded on his journey, the desolation of his mother on the arrival of the letter; and he thought of death: he beheld his father dead, his mother dressed in black, the family in misery. And he remained a long time thus. A light hand touched him on the shoulder, and he started up: it was a nun.

"What is the matter with my father?" he asked her quickly.

"Is he your father?" said the sister gently.

"Yes, he is my father; I have come. What ails him?"

"Courage, my boy," replied the sister; "the doctor will be here soon now." And she went away without saying anything more.

Half an hour later he heard the sound of a bell, and he saw the doctor enter at the

pärt'ing	found	dēs-ō-lā'tion	nūn	āil
----------	-------	---------------	-----	-----

further end of the hall, accompanied by an assistant; the sister and a nurse followed him. They began the visit, pausing at every bed. This time of waiting seemed an eternity to the lad, and his anxiety increased at every step of the doctor. At length they arrived at the next bed. The doctor was an old man, tall and stooping, with a grave face. Before he left the next bed the boy rose to his feet, and when he approached he began to cry.

The doctor looked at him.

"He is the sick man's son," said the sister; "he arrived this morning from the country."

The doctor placed one hand on his shoulder; then bent over the sick man, felt his pulse, touched his forehead, and asked a few questions of the sister, who replied, "There is nothing new." Then he thought for a while and said, "Continue the present treatment."

Then the boy plucked up courage, and asked in a tearful voice, "What is the matter with my father?"

āc-ēōm'pā-nỹ ās-šist'ant ē-tēr'nī-tỹ stōōp
trēt'mēt tēar'fūl

"Take courage, my boy," replied the doctor, laying his hand on his shoulder once more; "he has erysipelas in his face. It is a serious case, but there is still hope. Help him. Your presence may do him a great deal of good."

"But he does not know me!" exclaimed the boy in a tone of affliction.

"He will recognize you—to-morrow perhaps. Let us hope for the best and keep up our courage."

The boy would have liked to ask some more questions, but he did not dare. The doctor passed on. And then he began his life of nurse. As he could do nothing else, he arranged the coverlets of the sick man, touched his hand every now and then, drove away the flies, bent over him at every groan, and when the sister brought him something to drink, he took the glass or the spoon from her hand, and administered it in her stead. The sick man looked at him occasionally, but he

ēr-ỹ-sīp'ē-lēs sē'rī-qūs āf-flic'tion spōōn
ād-mīn'īs-tēr stēād

gave no sign of recognition. However, his glance rested longer on the lad each time, especially when the latter put his handkerchief to his eyes.

Thus passed the first day. At night the boy slept on two chairs, in a corner of the ward, and in the morning he resumed his work of nursing. That day it seemed as though the eyes of the sick man revealed a dawning of consciousness. At the sound of the boy's voice a vague look of gratitude seemed to gleam for an instant in his pupils, and once he moved his lips a little, as though he wanted to say something. After each short nap he seemed, on opening his eyes, to seek his little nurse. The doctor, who had passed twice, thought he noted a little improvement. Towards evening, on putting the cup to his lips, the lad fancied that he perceived a very faint smile glide across the swollen lips. Then he began to take comfort and to hope; and

rěc-ōg-nī'tion	ēs-pě'cial-lŷ (-'shāl-)	rě-gūmē'
rě-vēal'	cōn'scious-něš (-'shūs-)	vāgŷē glēam
nāp	īm-prōvė'měnt	

with the hope of being understood, he talked to him—talked to him at great length—of his mother, of his little sisters, of his own return home, and he exhorted him to courage with warm and loving words. And although he often doubted whether he was heard, he still talked; for it seemed to him that even if he did not understand him, the sick man listened with a certain pleasure to his voice. And in this manner passed the second day, and the third, and the fourth, with vicissitudes of slight improvement and unexpected changes for the worse; and the boy was so absorbed in all his cares, that he hardly nibbled a bit of bread and cheese twice a day, when the sister brought it to him, and hardly saw what was going on around him,—the dying patients, the sudden running up of the sisters at night, the moans and despairing gestures of visitors,—all those doleful scenes of hospital life, which on any other occasion would

ěx-hōrt'	al-thōugh'	slight	vī-čīs'sī-tūđē
ŭn-ěx-pěct'ěd	āb-sōrb'	nīb'blē	pā'tient (-'shěnt)
gēs'tūrē	vīg'ī-tōr		dōlē'ful

have alarmed him. Hours, days, passed, and still he was there with his daddy; watchful, wistful, trembling at every sigh and at every look, agitated incessantly between a hope which relieved his mind and discouragement which froze his heart.

LESSON 39.

DADDY'S NURSE.—2.

On the fifth day the sick man suddenly grew worse. The doctor shook his head, as much as to say that all was over, and the boy flung himself on a chair and burst out sobbing. But one thing comforted him. In spite of the fact that he was worse, the sick man seemed to be slowly regaining consciousness. He stared at the lad more and more closely, and, with an expression which grew in sweetness, would take his drink and medicine from no one but

watch'fŭl wĭst'fŭl ĭn-çēs'sānt-lŷ dĭs-cōtŭr'āġē-mĕnt
frōzē flŭng sōb rē-gāin' ĕx-prēs'sion

him, and made strenuous efforts with his lips with greater frequency, as though he were trying to say some thing; and he did it so plainly sometimes that his son grasped his arm violently, inspired by a sudden hope, and said to him in a tone which was almost that of joy, "Courage, courage, daddy; you will get well, we will go away from here, we will return home; courage, for a little while longer!"

At four o'clock in the afternoon, when the boy was in one of these outbursts of tenderness and hope, a sound of footsteps was heard outside the nearest door in the ward, and then a strong voice uttering two words only,— "Farewell, sister!" made the boy spring to his feet, with a cry repressed in his throat.

At that moment there entered the ward a man with a thick bandage on his hand, followed by a sister.

The boy uttered a sharp cry, and stood rooted to the spot.

strĕn'ŭ-ŭs frē'quĕn-çŷ vĭ'ō-lĕnt-lŷ ĭn-spĭrē'
out'bŭrst fōōt'stĕp ŭt'tĕr rē-prĕss'
bānd'āġē rōōt'ĕd

The man turned round, looked at him for a moment, and uttered a cry in his turn,—“Cicillo!”—and darted towards him.

The boy fell into his father's arms, choking with emotion.

The sister, the nurse, and the assistant ran up, and stood there in amazement.

The boy could not recover his voice.

“Oh, my Cicillo!” exclaimed the father, after casting an attentive look on the sick man, as he kissed the boy repeatedly. “Cicillo, my son, how is this? They took you to the bedside of another man. And there was I, in despair at not seeing you after mamma had written, ‘I have sent him.’ Poor Cicillo! How many days have you been here? How did this mistake occur? I have come out of it easily! I have a good constitution, you know! And how is mamma? And Concettella? And the little baby—how are they all? I am leaving the hospital now. Come, then. Oh, Lord God! Who would have thought it!”

därt ē-mō'tion amāzē'mēnt rē-cōv'ēr āt-tēn'tivē
rē-pēāt'ēd-lŷ cōn-stī-tū'tion Concettella (kōn-chēt'ēl-ā)

The boy tried to put in a few words, to tell the news of the family. “Oh how happy I am!” he stammered. “How happy I am! What terrible days I have passed!” And he could not finish kissing his father.

But he did not stir.

“Come,” said his father; “we can get home this evening.” And he drew the lad towards him. The boy turned to look at his patient.

“Well, are you coming or not?” his father demanded, in amazement.

The boy cast yet another glance at the sick man, who opened his eyes at that moment and gazed intently at him.

Then a flood of words poured from his very soul. “No, daddy; wait—here—I can't. Here is this old man. I have been here for five days. He gazes at me incessantly. I thought he was you. I love him dearly. He looks at me; I give him his drink; he wants me always beside him; he is very ill now. Have patience; I have not the courage—I don't know—it pains me too much; I will return home to-morrow;

stām'mēr dē-mānd' in-tēnt'lŷ pōūr sōul dēār'lŷ

let me stay here a little longer; I don't at all like to leave him. See how he looks at me! I don't know who he is, but he wants me; he will die alone: let me stay here, dear daddy!"

"Bravo, little fellow!" exclaimed the attendant.

The father stood in perplexity, staring at the boy; then he looked at the sick man. "Who is he?" he inquired.

"A countryman, like yourself," replied the attendant, "just arrived from abroad, and who entered the hospital on the very day that you entered it. He was out of his senses when they brought him here, and could not speak. Perhaps he has a family far away, and sons. He probably thinks that your son is one of his."

The sick man was still looking at the boy.

The father said to Cicillo, "Stay."

"He will not have to stay much longer," murmured the attendant.

"Stay," repeated his father: "you have heart. I will go home immediately, to relieve

brä'vō. pēr-plēx'ī-tỹ cōñ'trỹ-mān mūr'mūr

mamma's distress. Here is a scudo for your expenses. Good-by, my brave little son, until we meet!"

He embraced him, looked at him intently, kissed him again on the brow, and went away.

The boy returned to his post at the bedside, and the sick man appeared consoled. And Cicillo began again to play the nurse, no longer weeping, but with the same eagerness, the same patience, as before; he again began to give the man his drink, to arrange his bed-clothes, to caress his hand, to speak softly to him, to exhort him to courage. He attended him all that day, all that night; he remained beside him all the following day. But the sick man continued to grow constantly worse; his face turned a purple colour, his breathing grew heavier, his agitation increased, inarticulate cries escaped his lips, the inflammation became excessive. On his evening visit, the doctor said that he would not live through the night. And

īm-ṛē'dī-ātē-lỹ seq'dō cōn-sōlē' bēd'clōthēs
cā-rēs's' cōn'stānt-lỹ āg-ī-tā'tion ĩn-ār-tic'ū-lātē
ĩn-flām-ṛā'tion ěx-ěs'sivē

then Cicillo redoubled his cares, and never took his eyes from him for a minute. The sick man gazed and gazed at him, and kept moving his lips from time to time, with great effort, as though he wanted to say something, and an expression of extraordinary tenderness passed over his eyes now and then, as they continued to grow smaller and more dim. And that night the boy watched with him until he saw the first rays of dawn gleam white through the windows, and the sister appeared. The sister approached the bed, cast a glance at the patient, and then went away with rapid steps. A few moments later she reappeared with the assistant doctor, and with a nurse, who carried a lantern.

“He is at his last gasp,” said the doctor.

The boy clasped the sick man’s hand. The latter opened his eyes, gazed at him, and closed them once more.

At that moment the lad fancied that he felt his hand pressed. “He pressed my hand!” he exclaimed.

rē-dqūb'lə ɛx-traor'dī-nā-rỹ(-trōr'-) dīm lān'tērn gāsp

The doctor bent over the patient for an instant, then straightened himself up.

The sister detached a crucifix from the wall. “He is dead!” cried the boy.

“Go, my son,” said the doctor: “your work of mercy is finished. Go, and may fortune attend you! for you deserve it. God will protect you. Farewell!”

The sister, who had stepped aside for a moment, returned with a little bunch of violets which she had taken from a glass on the window-sill, and handed them to the boy, saying:—

“I have nothing else to give you. Take these in memory of the hospital.”

“Thanks,” returned the boy, taking the bunch of flowers with one hand and drying his eyes with the other; “but I have such a long distance to go on foot—I shall spoil them.” And separating the violets, he scattered them over the bed, saying: “I leave them as a memento for my poor dead man. Thanks,

strāight'en	dē-tāch'	crū'cī-fīx	mēr'cỹ
dē-gěrvé'	vī'ō-lēt		mē-mēn'tō

sister! thanks, doctor!" Then, turning to the dead man, "Farewell—" And while he sought a name to give him, the sweet name which he had applied to him for five days recurred to his lips,—“Farewell, poor daddy!”

So saying, he took his little bundle of clothes under his arm, and, exhausted with fatigue, he walked slowly away. The day was dawning.

Adapted from *Cuorá*.

sought rē-cūr' exhaust (čg-zast') fā-tigtè'

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

(發音便覽)

The teacher is requested to refer his pupils to these pages, which by no means pretend to be exhaustive or nicely arranged, but which, it is hoped, will help him in giving them a clear idea of what *the rule* is.

VOWELS (母音字).—I.					
(要 點)	Signs and Key Words (符號及び代表語)				
父音字二つ 父音字一つ	ă	ĕ	ĭ	ō	ŭ
	Ann	egg	will	off	buzz
	man	hen	fin	rod	but
父音字一つ+e ee ie oe ue ai ay ey ea oa ind igh old ow ew	ā	ē	ī	ō	ū
	mane	here	fine	rode	June
		see	lie	toe	due
	rain				
	day	key			
		meat		boat	
			kind		
			high		
				gold	
				snow	new
Accent {有 無	bā'by	hē'ro	Chi'na	stō'ry	pū'pil
	or'ānge	bē fore'	Chi nese'	his'tōry	Jū ly'
無 音	likē	housē	gar'dēn	les'sōn	busi'ness
	lit'tlē	un'clē	ap'plē	tus'slē	ru'flē
	i'dlē	ea'glē	rub'blē	muz'zlē	
y=i	ŷ=i		ȳ=i		
	la'dŷ	gŷm	nas'tics	re plŷ'	cŷ'clisť
i, u 語尾に無し oo 長短あり	ōi {noise boy	ʌy {out now	ōō moon	ōō book	

VOWELS (母音字).—II.					
(要 點)	Signs and Key Words (符號及び代表語)				
r ar air are or	ă	ā			
	fat	far	a	â	
	ō	ô	chain	chair	
	fog	for	male	mare	
Accent 無き ar or	ā = ē = ī = ū = ō (dol'lar) her bird fur (doc'tor)				
ar alf alm aun	ä	{ star calf palm aunt			
ass ask ast asp ance anch aft Accent 無し	â	{ ass ask fast grasp dance branch after a gain' Chi'na Jan'ua ry			
or all alk alt ald au aw aught ought	ô	{ for all walk halt bald because draw taught fought			
r 二つ	ă	ĕ	ĭ	ō	ŭ
	par'rot	mer'ry	squir'rel	bor'row	hur'ry
轉 音	u=ōō	u=ōō	a=ō	a=ô	ô=ū
	cheerful	rule	what	war	love

CONSONANTS (父音字).-I.	
(要 點)	Signs and Key Words (符號及び代表語)
c=k (a,o,u)	a cat e i o coal u cup
ç=s (e,i)	cent pençil
g (a,e,i,o,u)	gave get begin go gun
ġ=j (i,e)	general ġiant
次に e {有 無	raçe paġe bridge act dog big
清濁等の區別 語ごとに學べ	th { th thick ch { ch teach f laugh th this k school gh { 無音 light sh fish ph (=f) phone
wの發音明瞭に	qu=kw question wh=hw when
Silent Consonants (無音となる父音字)	
knife	caught climb calf
gnaw	fight autumn doubt
write	hour chestnut tempt
whole	psalm handsome

CONSONANT (父音字).-II.	
Signs and Key Words (符號及び代表語)	
s	=s looks caps laughs hats months (要點) ks ps fs ts ths
	=z dogz knobz leavez birdz pathz (要點) ġz bz vz dz thz
	=z girlz drumz runz starz knowz fliez (要點) lġ mġ nġ rġ wġ iez
	=ëz pass'ëz buzz'ëz teach'ëz paġ'ëz wish'ëz fox'ëz (要點) sëz zëz chëz ġëz shëz xëz
x=ks ax ex'ercise exçel' x=gz ex am'ple	
(要點) X	次の連音 {母音にて起り Accent あり
ed	looked peeped laughed kissed watched wished mixed =t kt pt ft st cht sht xt
	begged rubbed loved buzzed bridged
	=d ġd bd vd zd jd
	wanted attended
=ëd tëd dëd	

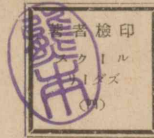
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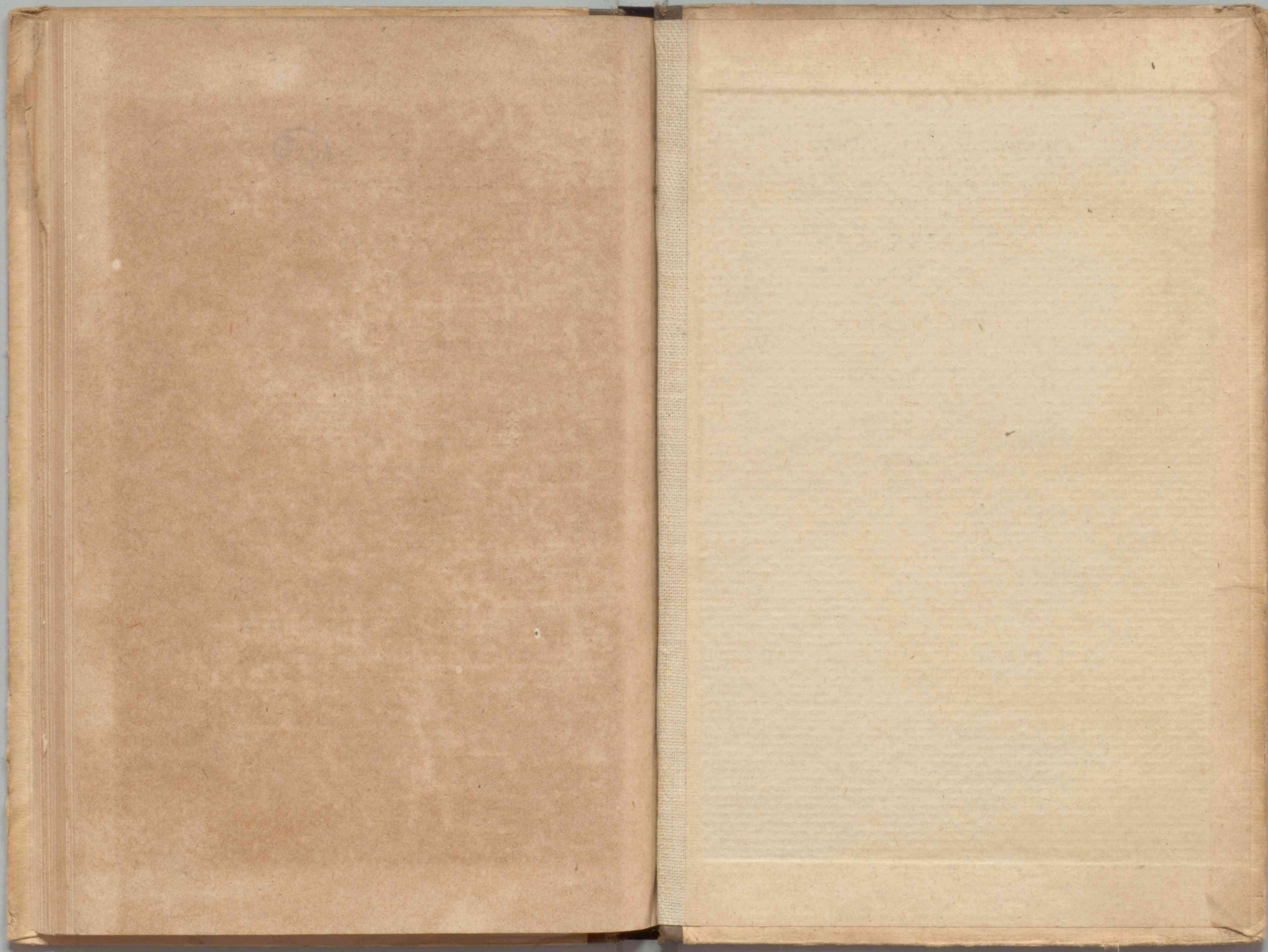
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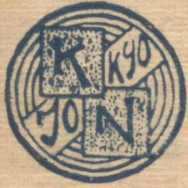
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