

Ambleside Online Year 1 Books (last updated 9/1/07)

(an * means the book is required reading)

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***Aesop's Fables**

(page #'s from the version illustrated by Milo Winter)

The Wolf and the Kid (pg. 7)

Do not let anything turn you from your purpose.

Tortoise and the Ducks (pg. 8)

Foolish curiosity and vanity often lead to misfortune.

Belling the Cat (pg. 11)

It is one thing to say that something should be done, but quite a different matter to do it.

The Eagle and the Jackdaw (pg. 12)

Do not let your vanity make you overestimate your power.

The Boy and the Filberts (pg. 12)

Do not attempt too much at once.

Hercules and the Wagoner (pg. 13)

Self help is the best help.

Heaven helps those who help themselves.

The Kid and the Wolf (pg. 13)

Do not say anything at any time that you would not say at all times.

The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse (pg. 14)

Poverty with security is better than plenty in the midst of fear and uncertainty.

The Fox and the Grapes (pg. 16)

There are many who pretend to despise and belittle that which is beyond their reach.

The Bundle of Sticks (pg. 16)

In unity is strength.

The Ass and his Driver (pg. 18)

They who will not listen to reason but stubbornly go their own way against the friendly advice of those who are wiser than they, are on the road to misfortune.

The Oxen and the Wheels (pg. 18)
They complain most who suffer least.

The Lion and the Mouse (pg. 19)
A kindness is never wasted.

The Shepherd Boy and the Wolf (pg. 20)
Liars are not believed even when they speak the truth.

The Gnat and the Bull (pg. 21)
We are often of greater importance in our own eyes than in the eyes of our neighbour.
The smaller the mind, the greater the conceit.

The Plane Tree (pg. 21)
Our best blessings are often the least appreciated.

The Farmer and the Stork (pg. 22)
You are judged by the company you keep.

The Sheep and the Pig (pg. 22)
It is easy to be brave when there is no danger.

The Travelers and the Purse (pg. 24)
We cannot expect any one to share our misfortunes unless we are willing to share our good fortune also.

The Lion and the Ass (pg. 24)

Do not resent the remarks of a fool. Ignore them.

The Frogs who Wished for a King (pg. 25)

Be sure you can better your condition before you seek to change.

The Oak and the Reeds (pg. 28)

Better to yield when it is folly to resist, than to resist stubbornly and be destroyed.

The Boys and the Frogs (pg. 29)

Always stop to think whether your fun may not be the cause of another's unhappiness.

The Crow and the Pitcher (pg. 30)

In a pinch a good use of our wits may help us out.

The Ants and the Grasshopper (pg. 30)

There's a time for work and a time for play.

The Ass Carrying the Image (pg. 31)

Do not try to take the credit to yourself that is due to others.

A Raven and a Swan (pg. 31)

A change of habits will not alter nature.

The Two Goats (pg. 32)

It is better to yield than to come to misfortune through stubbornness.

The Ass and the Load of Salt (pg. 32)

The same measures will not suit all circumstances.

The Lion and the Gnat (pg. 34)

The least of our enemies is often the most to be feared.
Pride over a success should not throw us off our guard.

The Leap at Rhodes (pg. 34)

Deeds count, not boasting words.

The Wild Boar and the Fox (pg. 36)

Preparedness for war is the best guarantee of peace.

The Ass, the Fox and the Lion (pg. 36)

Traitors may expect treachery.

The Birds, the Beasts and the Bat (pg. 37)

The deceitful have no friends.

The Lion, the Bear and the Fox (pg. 37)

Those who have all the toil do not always get the profit.

The Hares and the Frogs (pg. 39)

However unfortunate we may think we are there is always someone worse off than ourselves.

The Fox and the Stork (pg. 40)

Do not play tricks on your neighbours unless you can stand the same treatment yourself.

The Travelers and the Sea (pg. 41)
Do not let your hopes carry you away from reality.

The Stag and his Reflection (pg. 42)
We often make much of the ornamental and despise the useful.

The Peacock (pg. 42)
Do not sacrifice your freedom for the sake of pomp and show.

The Mice and the Weasels (pg. 44)
Greatness has its penalties.

The Wolf and the Lean Dog (pg. 44)
Do not depend on the promises of those whose interest it is to deceive you.
Take what you can get when you can get it.

The Vain Jackdaw and his Borrowed Feathers (pg. 47 in the Milo Winter version)
Borrowed feathers do not make fine birds.

The Monkey and the Cat (pg. 50)
The flatterer seeks some benefit at your expense.

The Dogs and the Hides (pg. 51)
Do not try to do impossible things.

The Bear and the Bees (pg. 52)
It is wiser to bear a single injury in silence than to provoke a thousand by flying into a rage.

The Fox and the Leopard (pg. 52)

A fine coat is not always an indication of an attractive mind.

The Heron (pg. 54)

So not be too hard to suit or you may have to be content with the worst or with nothing at all.

The Fox and the Goat (pg. 57)

Look before you leap.

The Cat, the Cock and the Young Mouse (pg. 58)

Do not trust alone to outward appearances.

The Wolf and The Shepherd (pg. 59)

Once a wolf, always a wolf.

The Farmer and His Sons (pg. 61)

Industry is itself a treasure.

The Goose and the Golden Egg (pg. 62)

Those who have plenty want more and so lose all they have.

The Astrologer (pg. 65)

Take care of the little things and the big things will take care of themselves.

Three Bullocks and a Lion (pg. 66)

In unity there is strength.

Mercury and the Woodman (pg. 66)
Honesty is the best policy.

The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing (pg. 69)
The evil doer often comes to harm through his own deceit.

The Milkmaid and her Pail (pg. 74)
Do not count your chickens before they are hatched.

The Goatherd and the Goat (pg. 75)
Wicked deeds will not stay hid.

The Wolf and the Housedog (pg. 76)
There is nothing worth so much as liberty.

The Quack Toad (pg. 78)
Those who would mend others, should first mend themselves.

The Cat and the Fox (pg. 82)
Common sense is always worth more than cunning.

Two Travelers and a Bear (pg. 83)
Misfortune is the test of true friendship.

The Dog and His Reflection (pg. 84)
It is very foolish to be greedy.

The Hare and the Tortoise (pg. 84)
The race is not always to the swift.

The Fox and the Crow (pg. 87)
The flatterer lives at the expense of those who will listen to him.

The Lions Share (pg. 90)
Might makes right.

The North Wind and the Sun (pg. 91)
Gentleness and kind persuasion win where force and bluster fail.

The Ass in the Lion's Skin (pg. 93)
A fool may deceive by his dress and appearance, but his words will soon show what he really is.

The Bees, and Wasps and the Hornet (pg. 94)
Ability proves itself by deeds.

The Fighting Cocks and the Eagle (pg. 96)
Pride goes before a fall.

***Benjamin Franklin by Ingri D'Aulaire**

pg. 1

In this house there lived a candlemaker whose name was Josiah Franklin. He was a good and pious man, and the Lord had given him a virtuous wife and a blessing of seventeen children, all counted.

pg 3

The youngest of his sons was Benjamin. He was born in 1706.

pg 5

Benjamin lived near the sea, and he early learned to swim and sail.

pg 7

Benjamin hated dipping candles and cutting wicks the whole day long.

pg 9

He would have liked life in the printing shop very much if he had had more time to read all the books around him.

pg 11

Benjamin wanted very much to become a writer himself.

pg13

Then Benjamin made up his mind to run away. He knew it was wrong but he could no longer stand his brother's harsh treatment.

pg 14

New York was a very small town in 1723 and there was but one printer.

pg15

He had plenty of time to enjoy the book, for the boat pitched and tossed in the bay of New York for thirty hours.

pg. 17

Scrubbed and refreshed, Benjamin went out the next morning, and soon he found work as a printer's helper.

pg. 19

His old minister, Cotton Mather, gave him some sound advice when Benjamin went to bid him good-bye before returning to Philadelphia.

pg.21

Now Benjamin was really alone in the big, wide world.

pg 22

His old master was only too glad to take him back, and it was not long before his faithful friends helped him to get a printing shop of his own.

pg.23

He printed books. He printed pamphlets. He printed a newspaper of his own.

pg.25

Benjamin Franklin was a good citizen.

pg. 27

Benjamin Franklin never cared for money for money's sake, but for the leisure it gave him.

pg.29

Electricity had recently been discovered by European scientists. He began to wonder if lightning was not caused by electric charges in the clouds.

pg. 31

On a sultry summer day when black thunderclouds were gathering overhead, he took his son along as a helper.

pg. 33

He studied the Gulf Stream, the whales, and the birds.

pg 34

His townspeople crowded around him to hear of his serious talks and to laugh at his funny adventures abroad.

pg 35

For ten long years Franklin stayed in England.

pg. 37

At last on July 4, 1776, the Declaration, which proclaimed to the world that the thirteen American colonies were united as a free and independent country, was approved.

pg 39

So once again Dr. Franklin, who was now an old man of seventy, set off on the perilous journey.

pg. 41

He gathered around him French men and ladies of high degree and told them about America, where every man's dearest possession was his freedom.

pg. 43

Now Franklin could be received openly as America's first ambassador.

pg.45

When Thomas Jefferson arrived in France to take his place and the French people asked if he had come to replace Franklin, he could but answer: "Nobody can replace him. I am only his successor."

pg. 47

And when his hour came, Benjamin Franklin said: "I am ready to repose myself securely in the lap of God and Nature, as a child in the arms of an affectionate parent."

***Blue Fairy Book by Andrew Lang**

The Bronze Ring

"Come with us and be gardener to the King," they said to him.

Prince Hyacinth

"Well, it must be admitted that my nose IS too long!"

East of the Sun

"Will you give me your youngest daughter?" said the White Bear, "if you will, you shall be as rich as you are now poor."

Yellow Dwarf

So ended these unfortunate lovers, whom not even the Mermaid could help, because all the magic power had been lost with the diamond sword.

Riding Hood

"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up."

Sleeping Beauty

"Is it you, my Prince?" said she to him. "You have waited a long while."

Cinderella

"I wish I could--I wish I could--"; she was not able to speak the rest, being interrupted by her tears and sobbing.

Aladdin

He was awakened by the singing of the birds, and his heart was lighter.

What Fear Was

On the third night he sat down again on his bench, and said, in the most desponding way: "If I could only shudder!"

Rumpelstiltzkin

"To-morrow I brew, to-day I bake,
And then the child away I'll take;
For little deems my royal dame
That Rumpelstiltzkin is my name!"

Beauty

"Well, dear father," she said, "as you insist upon it, I beg that you will bring me a rose. I have not seen one since we came here, and I love them so much."

Master-maid

"You have certainly been talking to my Master-maid, for you never got that out of your own head," said the giant.

Salt

There lies the mill at the bottom of the sea, and still, day by day, it grinds on; and that is why the sea is salt

Puss in Boots

The Cat, who heard all this, but made as if he did not, said to him with a grave and serious air:

Felicia

"Keep your pot of pinks and your ring, but let my things alone. I like order in my house.

White Cat

"Oh! White Cat dear," said the Prince, "how unkind you are to laugh at me now!"

Gold-spinners

"Stop, kind friends!" cried the Prince. "Will you do something for me?" The birds consented and he said; "Take a thousand greetings from me to the wizard of Finland, and ask him how I may restore a maiden transformed into a flower to her own form."

Terrible Head

"Then I swear that I WILL bring the Terrible Head, if it may be brought by a living man. But of what head you speak I know not."

Pretty Goldilocks

Charming thought it was very nice of the raven to say so, and went on his way.

Whittington

He then put her down on the Queen's lap, where she, purring, played with her Majesty's hand, and then sang herself to asleep.

Wonderful Sheep

But when the Captain of the Guard would have taken her tongue it turned out to be quite black, so that would not have deceived the King either.

Thumb

"Be not afraid, brothers; father and mother have left us here, but I will lead you home again, only follow me."

Forty Thieves

"Unhappy girl!" cried Ali Baba and his son, "what have you done to ruin us?"

Hansel & Grettel

"Here are two children, mournful very,
Seeing neither bridge nor ferry;
Take us upon your white back,
And row us over, quack, quack!"

Rose-Red

"Snow-white and Rose-red,
Don't beat your lover dead."

Goose-girl

" 'Tis you; pass under, Princess fair:

If your mother only knew,
Her heart would surely break in two."

Toads & Diamonds

"What is it I see there?" said the mother, quite astonished, " I think I see pearls and diamonds come out of the girls mouth! How happens this, child?"

Darling

"I laugh at your powerlessness and anger, and I intend to punish your pride by letting you fall into the hands of your own subjects."

Blue Beard

"I see nothing but the sun, which makes a dust, and the grass, which is green."

Trusty John

She took him by the hand and let him into the palace, for she was a lady's maid.

Little Tailor

"Fancy a big lout like you not being able to carry a tree!"

Lilliput-I

But while all this was done I still lay in a deep sleep, and I did not wake till four hours after we began our journey.

Lilliput-II

I had one private pocket which escaped their search, containing a pair of spectacles and a small spy-glass, which being of no consequence to the Emperor, I did not think myself bound in honor to discover.

Lilliput-III

"Sixth. He shall be our ally against our enemies in the island of Blefuscu, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

Lilliput-IV

"I leave you," said my friend, "to consider what measures you will take; and, to escape suspicion, I must immediately return, as secretly as I came."

Lilliput-V

I stayed two months with my wife and family; but my eager desire to see foreign countries would suffer me to remain no longer.

Glass Hill

At night, too, Cinderlad's brothers came home again and had a long story to tell about riding up the glass hill.

Prince Ahmed

Prince Ahmed, too, did not come to Prince Ali's and the Princess Nouronihar's wedding any more than his brother Houssain, but did not renounce the world as he had done.

Jack the Giant-killer

Jack took a horn, a shovel, a pickaxe, his armor, and a dark lantern, and one winter's evening he went to the mount.

Black Bull

"Seven lang years I served for thee,
The glassy hill I clamb for thee,
The bluidy shirt I wrang for thee;
And wilt thou no wauken and turn to me?"

Red Etin

So the young man set out to seek his fortune.

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***Buffalo Bill by Ingri D'Aulaire**

Page 1

In the far-off days when Buffalo Bill was a boy the land west of the Missouri River still belonged to the Indians. Like a vast ocean of grass, the great plains stretched westward.

Page 4

Right by his door went a bumpy road, cut through the grass by the wheels of wagons that crossed the plains. It was called the Oregon Trail.

Page 6

The drivers of the wagons, the lusty bullwhackers, were singing and bragging and telling tall tales of Indian battles and buffalo hunts. They loved the plains and their adventures.

Page 10

Before he was twelve he rode so well that he got himself a grown man's job with a train of ox-drawn wagons bound across the plains with cattle and supplies.

Page 12

Day after day they traveled ever farther west. Soon the plains were dotted with big, shaggy buffaloes.

Page 14

Buffalo country was hostile Indian country too. The hoot of an owl, the howl of a wolf, might mean Indians on the warpath.

Page 15

Wild Bill Hickok became Bill's special friend. He could shoot on the updraw, with two hands at once, faster than another man could reach for his gun. With him for a teacher Bill became one of the best shots on the plains.

Page 20

And so, at last, he learned his A B C's . But as soon as he could write his name with a flourish, he was off for the wide-open spaces again. Now he signed up with the Pont Express.

Page 21

Eighty-six young daredevil riders were hired to carry news and mail across plains and mountains. All along the westward trail a chain of stations was built, well stocked with fodder and fast ponies.

Page 25

This was at the time when the Civil War was raging in the United States. The people in Kansas wanted no slaves, and Bill and other boys marched off to the East to fight.

Page 26

Puffing little trains were eating their way through the grass, ever deeper into the plains. In front of them were buffalo herds and whooping Indians, but in their wake were farms and bustling towns.

Page 30

He would hunt buffalo for the railroaders, and so great a hunter was he that he kept more than a thousand men supplied with meat. The railroaders paid him handsomely and boasted there wasn't a hunter like him on the plains. They called him Buffalo Bill.

Page 32

But with growing fury the Indians looked at the white men who were taking their land and killing off their buffalo herds. Soon Indian war drums sounded all over the plains.

Page 38

All over the United States- yes, even in Europe- people cheered when Buffalo Bill and his Wild West Show came to town. Children and grown-ups, plain people, lords and kings thronged to watch whooping Indians race in pursuit of stagecoaches and covered wagons. Then in a cloud of sawdust, gallant and handsome Buffalo Bill, followed by his Wild West riders, came to the rescue.

***Burgess Bird Book for Children by Thornton W. Burgess**

Chapter 1 Jenny Wren Arrives

"Do give us birds credit for a little common sense, Peter. We can't live without eating any more than you can, and in winter there is no food at all here for most of us, so we go where there is food."

"Isn't he a dear to sing to me like that? And isn't it a perfectly beautiful spring song?"

Chapter 2 The Orchard Bully

"You're a sneak! You're a robber! That's my house, and the sooner you get out of it the better!" shrieked Jenny Wren, jerking her tail with every word as she hopped about just out of reach of Bully.

"I'll teach you folks to know that I am in the Old Orchard to stay!" shrieked Bully.

Chapter 3. Jenny Has a Good Word for Some Sparrows

"I suppose Little Friend the Song Sparrow got here some time ago, " said she.

"I live happ-i-ly, happ-i-ly, happ-i-ly," replied Peter. "I guess he must too, because he makes other people so happy."

Chapter 4 Chippy, Sweetvoice, and Dotty

It was Chippy, as everybody calls the Chipping Sparrow, the smallest of the family.

"Why do you call him Dotty?" asked Johnny Chuck. "Because he has a little round black dot right in the middle of his breast," replied Peter.

Chapter 5 Peter Learns Something He Hadn't Guessed

"They belong to the same family that Melody the Thrush and all the other Thrushes belong to. That makes them all cousins."

"Welcome Robin is a fine looker and a fine singer, and everybody loves him."

Chapter 6 An Old Friend in a New Home

Above, his coat was of a dull olive-brown, while underneath he was of a grayish-white, with faint tinges of yellow in places.

"Are you the smallest in the family?" asked Peter, for it had suddenly struck him that Chebec was a very little fellow indeed.

Chapter 7 The Watchman of the Old Orchard

"Did you say your fighting cousin?" he asked in a hesitating way.

"A cast-off suit of clothes from any member of the Snake family," replied Cresty somewhat impatiently.

Chapter 8 Old Clothes and Old Houses

Hardly had he reached it when he heard a plaintive voice crying, "Pee-wee! Pee-wee! Pee-wee!"

"By the way, where does Cresty build?" asked Peter.

Chapter 9 Longbill and Teeter

His back was a mixture of gray, brown, black, and buff, while his breast and under parts were a beautiful reddish-buff.

"And was there a worm in every one?" asked Peter, his eyes very wide with interest.

Chapter 10 Redwing and Yellow Wing

"A secret which is known by three
Full soon will not a secret be,"

"Yellow Wing!" he cried. "My goodness, how you startled me!"

Chapter 11 Drummers and Carpenters

"Hello, Redhead!" exclaimed Jenny Wren. "How did you know we were talking about your family?"

Yes, sir, I certainly do like a variety- cherries, blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, grapes.

Chapter 12 Some Unlike Relatives

"Mrs. Goldy makes one of the most wonderful nests I know of," continued Welcome Robin.

"When that egg hatches out, that young Cowbird will be about twice as big as Chebec's own children," sputtered Jenny.

Chapter 13 More of the Blackbird Family

"Do they have a hanging nest like Goldy's?" asked Peter a bit timidly.

"Any one who can spend so much time singing can afford to do a little extra work."

Chapter 14 Bob White and Carol the Meadow Lark

As he faced Peter, the latter saw a beautiful yellow throat and waistcoat, with a broad black crescent on his breast.

The top of his head was mixed black and brown.

Chapter 15 A Swallow and One Who Isn't

"And have you ever seen me hopping about in the branches of a tree?" persisted Skimmer.

"He fastens his nest right to the inside of a chimney. He makes a regular little basket of twigs and fastens it to the side of the chimney."

Chapter 16 A Robber in the Old Orchard

"Oh, yes, he is," replied Skimmer promptly.

"If Twitter the Martin is the largest of our family, Forktail is the handsomest."

Chapter 17 More Robbers

"The Robins have lost their eggs!" he cried excitedly.

"Wait a minute," cried Peter "Do you mean to say that Blacky the Crow, and Sammy Jay are cousins?"

Chapter 18 Some Homes in the Green Forest

"Reddy Fox has gone back to the Old Pasture and Blacky has discovered him there," he thought happily.

Peter decided that the best thing he could do was to sit perfectly still where he was.

Chapter 19 A Maker of Thunder and a Friend in Black

"Attending to her household affairs, as a good housewife should," retorted Strutter promptly.

"Is---Is--Mrs. Creaker dressed as handsomely as you are?" asked Peter rather timidly.

Chapter 20 A Fisherman Robbed

"It's Plunger the Osprey fishing, and I've nothing to fear from him," he cried happily.

"Robber! Thief! I won't drop this fish! It's mine! It's mine!"

Chapter 21 A Fishing Party

"I wonder what has brought him over to the Smiling Pool," thought Peter.

Grandfather Frog grinned and his goggly eyes twinkled. "Yes," said he, "Rattles live in a hole in the ground."

Chapter 22 Some Feathered Diggers

In the tree in which Mrs. Longlegs was perched and just below her he saw a little platform of sticks.

"You seem to be very fond of grasshoppers," Peter ventured.

Chapter 23 Some Big Mouths

"I believe you told me the other day that Boomer is related to Sooty the Chimney Swift," said Peter.

"Whiskers!" cried Peter. "Who ever heard of a bird having whiskers?"

Chapter 24 The Warblers Arrive

Perhaps Jenny was a little bit envious, for compared with the bright colors of some of them Jenny was a very homely small person indeed.

But Zee-Zee is a good father, I'll say that much for him.

Chapter 25 Three Cousins Quite Unlike

It was Chut-Chut the Yellow-breasted Chat, the largest of the Warbler family.

Have you seen my cousin Sprite the Parula Warbler yet?

Chapter 26 Peter Gets a Lamé Neck

"You've got a nest in there!" Peter exclaimed excitedly.

For some time Peter hopped around this way and that way, thinking every bunch of moss he saw must surely contain a nest.

Chapter 27 A New Friend and an Old One

The stranger was dressed all in red, excepting a little black around the base of his bill.

At the mention of Mocker a little cloud crossed Kitty's face for just an instant.

Chapter 28 Peter Sees Rosebreast and Finds Redcoat

"Oh, dear, whatever shall I do, Peter Rabbit? Whatever shall I do?" sobbed Redcoat.

Somehow at that gentle touch Redcoat lost much of his fear, and a little hope sprang in his heart.

Chapter 29 The Constant Singers

Yes, sir, his eyes were red, and this fact alone was enough to distinguish him from any other members of his family.

"Somehow I don't remember just what Warble looks like," Peter confessed.

Chapter 30 Jenny Wren's Cousins

As Peter sat staring up into the tree, trying to get a glimpse of Glory's beautiful red coat, the clear, sweet whistle sounded once more.

He began to call in exact imitation of Goldy's voice when he is anxious about something.

Chapter 31 Voices of the Dusk

When the song ended Peter hopped over to the tree from which it had come.

"I just love to hear you sing, Melody," cried Peter rather breathlessly.

Chapter 32 Peter Saves a Friend and Learns Something

His head, throat, back and breast were black. Beneath he was white. His sides were reddish-brown.

Chewink chuckled. "I belong to a big family," said he.

Chapter 33 A Royal Dresser and a Late Nester

Linnet the Purple Finch, for this is who it was, laughed right out.

He saw a bird of Sparrow size most of whose body was a rose-red, brightest on the head, darkest on the back, and palest on the breast. Underneath he was whitish.

Chapter 34 Mourner the Dove and Cuckoo

But as you know he isn't the kind to puzzle long over anything when he can use his tongue.

"Of course I know him," retorted Peter. "I had forgotten the sound of his voice, that's all."

Chapter 35 A Butcher and a Hummer

While they were watching him he flew down into the grass and picked up a grasshopper.

"He is such a tiny fellow I don't see how he can stand a very long journey."

Chapter 36 A Stranger and a Dandy

"Who is that new member of the Blackbird family who has come to live in the Old Orchard?"

They were slim and trim and quite dandified, and in a quiet way were really beautiful.

Chapter 37 Farewells and Welcomes

A few old friends there were who would stay the year through. Sammy Jay was one.

"I--I--don't just see what your stomach has to do with your toes," said he.

Chapter 38 Honker and Dippy Arrive

Johnny Chuck had gone to sleep for the winter 'way down in his little bedroom underground.

He could swim clear across this river under water if he wanted to, and he can go so fast under water that he can catch a fish.

Chapter 39 Peter Discovers Two Old Friends

But Peter didn't need to see how Yank-Yank was dressed in order to recognize him.

"Yes, Mr. Curiosity, I had a very pleasant summer," replied Yank-Yank.

Chapter 40 Some Merry Seed-Eaters

"Speaking of nests, do you build in a tree?" inquired Peter.

"Do you mean to tell me that it is cold all summer where you nest in the Far North?" demanded Peter.

Chapter 41 More Friends Come With the Snow

When jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun began his daily climb up in the blue, blue sky he looked down on a world of white.

"I'd just love to hear him," replied Peter. "Why don't you sing here, Wanderer?"

Chapter 42 Peter Learns Something About Spooky

Of course, when a strip of bark has been taken off all the way around near the base of a tree, the sap cannot go up and the tree must die.

Spooky nodded solemnly. "I've lived in that hollow summer and winter for three years," said he.

Chapter 43 Queer Feet and a Queerer Bill

"Cousin Peter wants to see your snowshoes, Strutter," said Jumper as they came up with him.

"I don't see," said he, "how it is possible for you to pick up food with a bill like that."

Chapter 44 More Folks in Red

"I'm Piny the Pine Grosbeak," replied the stranger, seemingly not at all put out by Peter's bluntness.

It was quite like a drill, or as if each had thought of the same thing at the same instant.

Chapter 45 Peter Sees Two Terrible Feathered Hunters

But there are others whom Peter fears even more, and these wear feathers instead of fur coats.

But Peter had no thought for his beauty. He could see nothing but the fierceness of the eyes that were fixed on the entrance to that hollow log.

Charlotte's Web by E.B. White

Chapter 1

A minute later, Fern was seated on the floor in the corner of the kitchen with her infant between her knees, teaching it to suck from the bottle.

Chapter 2

Fern loved Wilbur more than anything. She loved to stroke him, to feed him, to put him to bed.

Chapter 2

Next day Wilbur was taken from his home under the apple tree and went to live in a manure pile in the cellar of Zuckerman's barn.

Chapter 3

He walked to the trough and took a long drink of slops, sucking in the milk hungrily and chewing the popover. It was good to be home again.

Chapter 4

Wilbur didn't want food, he wanted love. He wanted a friend – someone who would play with him.

Chapter 4

This was certainly the worst day of his life. He didn't know whether he could endure the awful loneliness any more.

Chapter 5

He lay down meekly in the manure, facing the door. He did not know it, but his friend was very near.

Chapter 5

Stretched across the upper part of the doorway was a big spiderweb, and hanging from the top of the web, head down, was a large grey spider.

Chapter 5

Underneath her rather bold and cruel exterior, she had a kind heart, and she was to prove loyal and true to the very end.

Chapter 6

It was on a day in early summer that the goose eggs hatched. This was an important event in the barn cellar.

Chapter 7

As the days went by, Wilbur grew and grew. He ate three big meals a day.

Chapter 8

I don't think it's normal. You know perfectly well animals don't talk.

Chapter 9

A spider's web is stronger than it looks. Although it is made of thin, delicate strands, the web is not easily broken.

Chapter 9

But as he lay there he remembered what the old sheep had told him. The thought of death came to him and he began to tremble with fear.

Chapter 10

The goose egg was right underneath. There was a dull explosion as the egg broke, and then a horrible smell.

Chapter 11

On foggy mornings, Charlotte's web was truly a thing of beauty. This morning each thin strand was decorated with dozens of tiny beads of water.

Chapter 11

A miracle has happened and a sign has occurred here on earth, right on our farm, and we have no ordinary pig.

Chapter 11

People came from miles around to look at Wilbur and to read the words on Charlotte's web.

Chapter 12

One evening, a few days after the writing had appeared in Charlotte's web, the spider called a meeting of all the animals in the barn cellar.

Chapter 13

As she worked, her eight legs were a great help to her. So were her teeth. She loved to weave and she was an expert at it.

Chapter 13

Dozens of people had visited his yard during the afternoon, and he had had to stand and pose, looking as terrific as he could.

Chapter 14

Mrs. Arable said goodbye and thanked Dr. Dorian very much for his advice. She felt greatly relieved.

Chapter 15

The crickets felt it was their duty to warn everybody that summertime cannot last forever.

Chapter 15

No pig ever had truer friends, and he realized that friendship is one of the most satisfying things in the world.

Chapter 16

Tomorrow would be Fair Day. Every creature planned to get up early to see Wilbur off on his great adventure.

Chapter 16

They did not know that under the straw was a rat, and inside a knothole was a big grey spider. They only saw a pig.

Chapter 17

When they pulled into the Fair Grounds, they could hear music and see the Ferris wheel turning in the sky.

Chapter 17

He's going to be a hard pig to beat, though, Wilbur, on account of his size and weight. But with me helping you, it can be done.

Chapter 18

The children felt refreshed after their nap. Fern met her friend Henry Fussy, and he invited her to ride with him in the Ferris wheel.

Chapter 18

He would have felt lonely and homesick, had Charlotte not been with him. He never felt lonely when she was near.

Chapter 19

I don't feel good at all. I think I'm languishing, to tell you the truth.

Chapter 19

She is going to become a mother. For your information, there are five hundred and fourteen eggs in that peachy little sac.

Chapter 20

Spiders are very clever at weaving their webs, but needless to say spiders cannot write.

Chapter 20

This was the greatest moment in Mr. Zuckerman's life. It is deeply satisfying to win a prize in front of a lot of people.

Chapter 21

Your future is assured. You will live, secure and safe, Wilbur. Nothing can harm you now.

Chapter 21

If Charlotte herself was unable to go home to the barn, at least he must take her children along.

Chapter 21

Nobody, of the hundreds of people that had visited the Fair, knew that a grey spider had played the most important part of all.

Chapter 22

As a result of overeating, Templeton grew bigger and fatter than any rat you ever saw. He was gigantic.

Chapter 22

Two more little spiders crawled out and waved. They climbed round and round on the sac, exploring their new world.

Chapter 22

This seemed like the end of the world, to be deserted by Charlotte's children. Wilbur cried himself to sleep.

Chapter 22

(a) I think it is only fair to tell you that I was devoted to your mother. I owe my very life to her.

(b) She was brilliant, beautiful, and loyal to the end. I shall always treasure her memory.

Chapter 22

She was in a class by herself. It is not often that someone comes along who is a true friend and a good writer. Charlotte was both.

***Child's Garden of Verses by Robert Lewis Stevenson**

Bed in Summers

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

A Thought

It is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink,
With little children saying grace
In every Christian kind of place.

At the Sea-side

In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more.

Young Night-Thought

All night long and every night,
When my mama puts out the light,
I see the people marching by,
As plain as day before my eye.

Whole Duty of Children

A child should always say what's true
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table;
At least as far as he is able.

Rain

The rain is falling all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

Pirate Story

Three of us afloat in the meadow by the swing,
Three of us abroad in the basket on the lea.

Foreign Lands

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad in foreign lands.

Windy Nights

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.

Travel

There I'll come when I'm a man
With a camel caravan;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining-room;
See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes fights and festivals;
And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.

Singing

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.
The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

Looking Forward

When I am grown to man's estate
I shall be very proud and great,
And tell the other girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys.

A Good Play

We built a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of soft pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.

Where Go the Boats?

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along for ever,
With trees on either hand.

Auntie's Skirts

Whenever Auntie moves around,
Her dresses make a curious sound,
They trail behind her up the floor,
And trundle after through the door.

The Land of Counterpane

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

The Land of Nod

From breakfast on through all the day
At home among my friends I stay,
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of Nod.

My Shadow

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.

System

And every day that I've been good,
I get an orange after food.

A Good Boy

I woke before the morning, I was happy all the day,
I never said an ugly word, but smiled and stuck to play.

Escape at Bedtime

And high overhead and all moving about,
There were thousands of millions of stars.

Marching Song

Bring the comb and play upon it!
Marching, here we come!
Willie cocks his highland bonnet,
Johnnie beats the drum.

The Cow

The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart:
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

Happy Thought

The world is so full of a number of things,

I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

The Wind

O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

Keepsake Mill

Dusty and dim are the eyes of the miller,
Deaf are his ears with the moil of the mill.

Good and Bad Children

Children, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

Foreign Children

You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtle off their legs.

The Sun Travels

While here at home, in shining day,
We round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepy-head
Is being kissed and put to bed.

The Lamplighter

For every night at teatime and before you take your seat,

With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.

My Bed is a Boat

But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

The Moon

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

The Swing

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Time to Rise

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon my window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy-head!"

Looking-glass River

Till a wind or water wrinkle,
Dipping marten, plumping trout,
Spreads in a twinkle
And blots all out.

Fairy Bread

Come up here, O dusty feet!
Here is fairy bread to eat.

From a Railway Carriage

All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

Winter-time

When to go out, my nurse doth wrap
Me in my comforter and cap;
The cold wind burns my face, and blows
Its frosty pepper up my nose.

The Hayloft

Through all the pleasant meadow-side
The grass grew shoulder-high,
Till the shining scythes went far and wide
And cut it down to dry.

Farewell to the Farm

To house and garden, field and lawn,
The meadow-gates we swang upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

North-west Passage

1. Good-night

Must we to bed indeed? Well then,
Let us arise and go like men,
And face with an undaunted tread
The long black passage up to bed.

2. Shadow March

All around the house is the jet-black night;
It stares through the window-pane;
It crawls in the corners, hiding from the light,
And it moves with the moving flame.
Now my little heart goes a beating like a drum,
With the breath of the Bogies in my hair;
And all around the candle and the crooked shadows come,
And go marching along up the stair.
The shadow of the balusters, the shadow of the lamp,
The shadow of the child that goes to bed--
All the wicked shadows coming tramp, tramp, tramp,
With the black night overhead.

3. In Port

Last, to the chamber where I lie
My fearful footsteps patter nigh,
And come out from the cold and gloom
Into my warm and cheerful room.
There, safe arrived, we turn about
To keep the coming shadows out,
And close the happy door at last
On all the perils that we past.
Then, when mamma goes by to bed,
She shall come in with tip-toe tread,
And see me lying warm and fast
And in the land of Nod at last.

***Fifty Famous Stories Retold by James Baldwin (25 chps.)**

The Sword of Damocles

It was a sharp sword, and it was hung by only a single horse-hair. What if the hair should break?

Damon and Pythias

“But if he is not here on the day which you have set, then I will die in his stead.”

A Laconic Answer

It was as much as to say, “We are not afraid of you so long as the little word ‘if’ stands in your way.”

The Brave Three Hundred

Twenty thousand Persian soldiers had fallen before that handful of men. And Greece was saved.

Alexander and Bucephalus

While everyone was laughing, Alexander ran up to Bucephalus, and turned his head toward the sun. He had notice that the horse was afraid of his own shadow.

Diogenes The Wise Man

He did not believe that any man ought to have more things than he really needed; and he said that no man needed much.

The Story of Regulus

“I have given my word,” said Regulus. “The rest will be taken care of.”

Cornelia’s Jewels

“That is true,” said the other. “There is no woman in Rome so much like a queen as our own dear mother.”

Horatius at the Bridge

Then Porsena's men shouted also, for they had never seen a man so brave and strong as Horatius.

The Story of Cincinnatus

He has been the ruler of Rome for sixteen days.

Androclus and the Lion

"I am a man," he said; "but no man has ever befriended me. This poor lion alone has been kind to me; and we love each other as brothers."

King Alfred and the Beggar

"Alfred, my son, be brave," said the man; "for I am the one to whom you gave this day the half of all the food that you had."

King Alfred and the Beggar

"Go forth bravely, and within seven days your enemies shall be beaten, and you shall go back to your kingdom to reign in peace."

The Story of William Tell

He was not afraid, for he had all faith in his father's skill.

Arnold Winkelried

"Make way for liberty!" he cried, as he dashed right into the lines.

Bruce and the Spider

As he lay thinking, he saw a spider over his head, making ready to weave her web. He watched her as she toiled slowly and with great care.

The Black Douglas

Many of them were killed, and in a little while the Black Douglas and his men were the masters of the castle, which by right belonged to them.

Whittington and His Cat

“Go send him in, and tell him of his fame;
Pray call him Mr Whittington by name.”

The Inchcape Rock

When they heard the bell ringing, they knew just where the rock was, and they steered their vessels around it.

Casabianca

He trusted in his father's word, and believed that when the right time came he would tell him to go.

Sir Philip Sidney

“Give the water to that man,” said Sir Philip quickly; and then, pushing the cup toward him, he said, “Here, my comrade, take this. Thy need is greater than mine.”

The Ungrateful Soldier

“I would have given you all the water, but now you shall have only half.” And with that he drank the half of it, and then gave the rest to the Swede.

George Washington and His Hatchet

George had often seen his father’s men chop down the great trees of the forest, and he thought that it would be a fine sport to see this tree fall with a crash to the ground.

Doctor Goldsmith

He gave away so much to the poor that he was always poor himself.

Picciola

He saw how God had cared for him and the little plant, and how kind and true are the hearts of even rough men.

How Napoleon Cross the Alps

“The man who has made up his mind to win,” said Napoleon, “will never say ‘Impossible.’”

Maximilian and the Goose Boy

“You are a very kind man, and I think you might be a good king; but if you were to try all your life, you would never be a good gooseherd.

Antonio Canova

And the next day, when he went back to the stoneyard, he would try to make some of those pictures in stone or clay.

Grace Darling

But after many trials, Grace's father climbed upon the wreck, while Grace herself held the boat.

The Kingdoms

It made the king glad to see the happy children, and hear their merry voices. He stood still for some time, and watched them as they played.

***George Washington by Ingri D'Aulaire**

Page 8

Virginia was once a wilderness. Wild beasts lived there, and swift Indians ran through the grass and swamps.

Page 10

George heard about the Indians from his father when they walked around together looking after the farm, which was now so big that they called it a plantation.

Page 22

In his copy book he wrote down all the rules a gentleman should know.

Page 24

He measured up the fields of the plantation, and till late into the evening, while the fireflies glittered over the fields, he worked with his compass and ruler and drew maps of the land he had measured.

Page 36

For four years George Washington fought. Valiantly he defended the backwoodsmen and their wives and children against the Indian raids.

Page 44

The Americans all agreed that George Washington was the wisest and bravest soldier they had. They asked him to be their commander-in-chief and lead them in the defense of their rights and liberties.

Page 48

The colonists had decided that they would not be part of England any more because the English king would not try to understand their troubles. They would be free.

Page 58

But the Americans needed a man to rule over them instead of the English King, and they said: "George Washington led us to freedom, he is the first man in the country, and he shall be our president."

***Hans Christian Andersen's Tales by Hans Christian Andersen**

The Emperor's New Clothes

"But the Emperor has nothing at all on!" said a little child.

The Swineherd

The pot was boiling the whole evening, and the whole of the following day.

The Real Princess

None but a real princess could have had such a delicate sense of feeling.

The Shoes of Fortune – a Beginning

Here sat two female figures, a young and an old one.

The Shoes of Fortune – What happened to the Councillor

“May I ask with whom I have the pleasure of speaking?” asked the Councillor.

The Shoes of Fortune – The Watchman’s Adventure

The higher the position in which one finds oneself transplanted, the greater the suffering.

The Shoes of Fortune – A Moment of Head Importance

The night passed, the next day also; but nobody came to fetch the Shoes.

The Shoes of Fortune – Metamorphosis of the Copying Clerk

So the copying-clerk came to Copenhagen as guest, or rather as prisoner in a family living in Gother Street.

The Shoes of Fortune – The best that the Galoshes Gave

“Lend me your Galoshes,” said he, “it is so wet in the garden, though the sun is shining most invitingly.”

The Fir Tree

“Had I but rejoiced when I had reason to do so! But now ‘tis past, ‘tis past!”

The Snow Queen – First Story

When we are at the end of the story, we shall know more than we know now: but to begin.

The Snow Queen – Second Story

The snow-flakes grew larger and larger, till at last they looked just like great white fowls.

The Snow Queen – Third Story

She had a large broad-brimmed hat on, painted with the most splendid flowers.

The Snow Queen – Fourth Story

The carriage was lined inside with sugar-plums, and in the seats were fruits and gingerbread.

The Snow Queen – Fifth Story

“She shall play with me,” said the little robber child.

The Snow Queen – Sixth Story

And now the Finland woman placed little Gerda on the reindeer’s back, and of he ran with all imaginable speed.

The Snow Queen – Seventh Story

The walls of the palace were of driving snow, and the windows and doors of cutting winds.

The Leap Frog

Three famous jumpers were they, as everyone would say, when they all met together in the room.

The Elderbush

Hand in hand they went out of the bower, and they were standing in the beautiful garden of their home.

The Bell

People said, "the Evening Bell is sounding, the sun is setting."

The Old House

"They say at home," said the little boy, "that you are so very, very lonely!"

The Happy Family

And so they went and fetched little Miss Snail.

The Story of a Mother

But the poor mother ran out of the house and cried aloud for her child.

The False Collar

But that was not true, for it was his master who had them: but he boasted.

The Shadow

"I think my shadow is the only living thing one sees over there," said the learned man.

The Shadow

That was a marriage! The Princess and the shadow went out on the balcony to show themselves, and get another hurrah!

The Little Match Girl

In this cold and darkness there went along the street a poor girl, bareheaded, and with naked feet.

The Dream of a Little Tuk

"Do you hear the cock crow, Tukey? Cock-a-doodle-doo! The cocks are flying up from Kjöge!"

The Naughty Boy

"Why, your bow is quite spoiled," said the old poet.

The Red Shoes

At length she took the shoes off, and then her legs had peace.

***James Herriot's Treasury for Children by James Herriot**

Moses the Kitten

There was a frozen pond just off the path and among the rime-covered rushes which fringed the dead opacity of the surface a small object stood out, shiny and black.

Moses the Kitten

I never went to the Butlers' without having a look in the pig pen.

Only One Woof

One sunny spring day, I visited Mr. Wilkin's farm and I laughed as I watched the two sheepdog puppies playing together in the farmyard.

Only One Woof

"Those two really love each other, don't they?" I said.

"Woof!" went Gyp and we all stared at him in astonishment.

Christmas Kitten

He was darting up to each of the Basset hounds in turn, ears pricked, eyes twinkling, dabbing a paw at them, and then streaking away.

Christmas Kitten

He seized the ball in his mouth, brought it back to his mistress, dropped it at her feet, and waited.

Bonny's Big Day

On one side of them was the little pink piglet, and on the other side a tortoise. It was a most curious sight.

Bonny's Big Day

In the gentle evening light we watched the two old horses hurry towards each other. Then for a long time, they stood rubbing their faces together.

Blossom Comes Home

I arrived at Mr. Dakin's farm just outside Darrowby on a warm April morning.

Blossom Comes Home

She's like an old friend. She's stood in that stall for twelve years and she's given me thousands of gallons of milk. She doesn't owe me anything.

The Market Square Dog

He turned to face me, and for a moment two friendly brown eyes gazed at me from a wonderfully attractive face.

The Market Square Dog

What are you talking about? A dog can't be arrested.

Oscar, Cat About Town

My boys were broken-hearted. They loved that cat.

Oscar, Cat About Town

"There's Oscar!" I said. "There's Tiger!" said one of the boys, and we all laughed.

Smudge

Harry had got up very early in the morning to help his father with the lambs.

Smudge

Oh, the sensation of freedom was wonderful as he looked up and down the pretty little country road.

Smudge

This was such fun!

***Just So Stories by Rudyard Kipling**

Chapter 1 – How the Whale got his Throat

“By means of a grating
I have stopped your ating.”

Chapter 1 – How the Whale got his Throat

But from that day on, the grating in his throat, which he could neither cough up nor swallow down, prevented him eating anything except very, very small fish; and that is the reason why whales nowadays never eat men or boys or little girls.

Chapter 2 – How the Camel got his Hump

You will be able to work now for three days without eating, because you can live on your humph; and don't you ever say I never did anything for you.

Chapter 2 – How the Camel got his Hump

The Camel's hump is an ugly lump.
Which well you may see at the Zoo;
But uglier yet is the hump we get
From having too little to do.

Chapter 3 – How the Rhinoceros got his Skin

“Them that takes cakes
Which the Parsee-man bakes
Makes dreadful mistakes.”

Chapter 3 – How the Rhinoceros got his Skin

Presently the Parsee came by and found the skin, and he smiled one smile that ran all round his face two times.

Chapter 4 – How the Leopard got his Spots

Then said Baviaan, “The game has gone into other spots; and my advice to you, Leopard, is to go into other spots as soon as you can.”

Chapter 4 – How the Leopard got his Spots

“Now you are a beauty!” said the Ethiopian.

Chapter 5 – The Elephant’s Child

Then the Elephant’s Child sat back on his little haunches, and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and his nose began to stretch.

Chapter 5 – The Elephant’s Child

So the Elephant’s Child went home across Africa frisking and whisking his trunk.

Chapter 6 – The Sing-Song of Old Man Kangaroo

First he hopped one yard; then he hopped three yards; then he hopped five yards; his legs growing stronger; his legs growing longer.

Chapter 6 – The Sing-Song of Old Man Kangaroo

He hadn't any time for rest or refreshment, and he wanted them very much.

Chapter 7 – The Beginning of the Armadillos

Then they saw that both of them were quite different from what they had been.

Chapter 7 – The Beginning of the Armadillos

“Can't curl, but can swim –
Sticky-Prickly, that's him!
Curls up, but can't swim –
Slow-Solid, that's him!”

Chapter 8 – How The First Letter Was Written

Taffy sat down too, with her toes in the water and her chin in her hand, and thought very hard.

Chapter 8 – How the First Letter Was Written

It is a great invention, and some day men will call it writing.

Chapter 9 – How the Alphabet Was Made

“Daddy, I've thinked of a secret surprise.”

Chapter 9 – How the Alphabet Was Made

“That will be our little secret s’prise.”

Chapter 10 – The Crab that Played with the Sea

And the Animals said, “O Eldest Magician, what shall we play at?”

Chapter 10 – The Crab that Played with the Sea

And the Eldest Magician said, “How wise are little children who speak truth!”

Chapter 11 – The Cat that Walked by Himself

But the wildest of all the wild animals was the Cat.

Chapter 11 – The Cat that Walked by Himself

He walked by himself, and all places were alike to him.

Chapter 12 – The Butterfly that Stamped

“Remember!” said the Butterfly. “Remember what I can do if I stamp my foot.”

Chapter 12 – The Butterfly that Stamped

“Go in peace, little folk!” And he kissed them on the wings, and they flew away.

King of the Golden River by John Ruskin

Introduction

His father left him nearly a million dollars and all of it he gave away, not only by endowing great enterprises, but by helping struggling artists and artisans without letting them know where the help came from.

Introduction

Here are the high mountains, the deep valleys, the rushing waterfalls that mean so much to the story and that Ruskin describes with such feeling.

Chapter 1

But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that, in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to everyone who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

Chapter 1

They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and they sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity; they never went to mass; grumbled perpetually at paying tithes; and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper, as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

Chapter 1

He was about twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing.

Chapter 2

Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the three brothers was a desert.

Chapter 2

Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold.

Chapter 3

It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst.

Chapter 3

And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over THE BLACK STONE.

Chapter 4

When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went, and gave it all to Schwarz, and Schwarz got out of prison.

Chapter 4

And a sudden horror came over Schwarz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on.

Chapter 4

And the moaning river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over the TWO BLACK STONES.

Chapter 5

And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Chapter 5

And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.

Little House in the Big Woods by Laura Ingalls Wilder

Chapter 1

Once upon a time, sixty years ago, a little girl lived in the Big Woods of Wisconsin, in a little gray house made of logs.

Chapter 1

The little girl was named Laura and she called her father, Pa, and her mother, Ma.

Chapter 1

All around the house was a crooked rail fence, to keep the bears and the deer away.

Chapter 1

The little house was fairly bursting with good food stored away for the long winter.

Chapter 1

Laura had only a corn cob wrapped in a handkerchief, but it was a good doll. It was named Susan.

Chapter 2

Mary shouted: "I want a drumstick! I want a drumstick!" Mary did not know how big a bear's drumstick is.

Chapter 2

In the mornings the window panes were covered with frost in beautiful pictures of trees and flowers and fairies.

Chapter 2

He [Pa] would come in from his tramping through the snowy woods with tiny icicles hanging on the end of his mustaches.

Chapter 3

"You don't want to hear about the time I was a naughty little boy."

"Oh, yes, we do! We do!" Laura and Mary said.

Chapter 3

"I began to play I was a mighty hunter, stalking the wild animals and the Indians."

Chapter 3

"A big boy nine years old is old enough to remember to mind."

Chapter 4

Pa's breath hung in the air like smoke, when he came along the path from the barn.

Chapter 4

Each one by herself climbed up on a stump, and then all at once, holding their arms out wide, they fell off the stumps into the soft, deep snow.

Chapter 4

They looked at their stockings, and something was in them. Santa Claus had been there.

Chapter 5

On Sundays Mary and Laura must not run or shout or be noisy in their play.

Chapter 5

“The sled was going so fast it couldn’t be stopped. There wasn’t time to turn it. The sled went right under the hog and picked him up.”

Chapter 5

“One – two – three – four – five – six,” he counted and spanked, slowly. One spank for each year, and at the last one big spank to grow on.

Chapter 6

Just then one of the dancing little bits of light from the lantern jumped between the bars of the gate, and Laura saw long, shaggy, black fur, and two little, glittering eyes.

Chapter 6

Ma was trembling, and she began to laugh a little. "To think," she said, "I've slapped a bear!"

Chapter 7

The snow did not glitter; it looked soft and tired.

Chapter 7

"The sap, you know, is the blood of a tree."

Chapter 7

Ma had been very fashionable, before she married Pa, and a dressmaker had made her clothes.

Chapter 8

All the shadows were thin and blue, and every little curve of snowdrifts and every little track in the snow had a shadow.

Chapter 8

The big room filled with tall boots and swishing skirts, and ever so many babies were lying in rows on Grandma's bed.

Chapter 8

Grandma's heels kept on clickety-clacking gaily.

Chapter 9

Then all at once the road came out of the woods and Laura saw the lake. It was as blue as the sky, and it went to the edge of the world.

Chapter 9

Laura could have looked for weeks and not seen all the things that were in that store.

Chapter 9

The waves of Lake Pepin curled up on the shore at their feet and slid back with the smallest hissing sound.

Chapter 9

Laura cried because she had torn her best dress.

Chapter 10

"Which do you like best, Aunt Lotty," Mary asked, "brown curls, or golden curls?"

Chapter 10

"The bear was so fat and so full of honey that he just dropped on all fours and waddled off among the trees."

Chapter 11

And all that time Charley had been jumping up and down on a yellow jacket's nest!

Chapter 11

It served him right because he had been so monstrously naughty.

Chapter 12

Ma sewed hats for Mary and Laura of the finest, narrowest braid.

Chapter 12

Every time a bubble exploded, the rich, hot, pumpkin smell came out.

Chapter 12

Laura always wondered why bread made of corn meal was called johnny-cake. It wasn't cake.

Chapter 13

A deer-lick was a place where the deer came to get salt.

Chapter 13

On the other side of the hearth she was swaying gently in her rocking chair and her knitting needles flashed in and out above the sock she was knitting.

***Our/An Island Story by H.E. Marshall (Chp 1-21)**

Chapter 1

Neptune's fourth son was called Albion.

Chapter 2

The name of this great warrior was Julius Caesar.

Chapter 3

All Christian lands count time from the year in which Christ was born, because His coming is the most wonderful thing which has ever happened.

Chapter 4

The first thing a Roman was taught, was to obey.

Chapter 5

Then Boadicea, leaning with one hand upon her spear, and lifting the other to heaven-prayed.

Chapter 6

The British priests were called Druids.

Chapter 7

The first Christian martyr in Britain was called Alban.

Chapter 8

It is considered a very wicked thing for a man to break his vows and cease to be a monk, after he has promised to be one for all his life.

Chapter 9

He thought that she must be a fairy, she was so lovely.

Chapter 10

The grass was green and the sky blue, and the birds sang on this bright spring day.

Chapter 11

A magician is a person who can do difficult things quite easily.

Chapter 12

He took the sword by the hilt and drew it from the stone quite easily.

Chapter 13

No king had ever been loved as Arthur was loved

Chapter 14

Then all the people were baptized and became Christians.

Chapter 15

These Danes, as we shall call them all, were fierce, wild men.

Chapter 16

Soon, in the red glow of the burning ashes, he saw wonderful things.

Chapter 17

Alfred was good, and wise and kind.

Chapter 18

He is called Edward the Elder, because he was the first of a great many kings of that name.

Chapter 19

Normandy is part of France.

Chapter 20

It was many years before the English and the Danes quite forgot their quarrels.

Chapter 21

Very soon after this, on 5th January 1066 A.D., King Edward died.

Chapter 21

Now the English have ever been hospitable, but an Englishman's house is his castle. He will give freely, but he does not like to be bullied and robbed.

Chapter 21

But although he loved his brother, he loved his country more, and when he had to choose between them, he chose his country.

Chapter 21

- a) He was gentle and pious, and after his death people began to think that he was really a holy man and called him Edward the Confessor, by which name we remember him in history.

- b) If his reign was a happy one for England, it was partly because the great Earl Godwin and his noble son Harold were so powerful that they forced the King to act justly.

***Paddle to the Sea by Holling C. Holling**

Chapter 1

Then far off a sound began, grew louder, louder—and swept overhead in a wild cackle of honks and cries.

Chapter 1

Underneath was a tin rudder to keep it headed forward and a lump of lead for ballast.

Chapter 2

I made you Paddle Person, because I had a dream.

Chapter 2

You will go with the water and you will have adventures that I would like to have.

Chapter 3

At night wood mice crept over the little canoe.

Chapter 3

- a) All this time the world was changing.
- b) The snow bank began to settle under Paddle.
- c) 'Ho!' he called. 'You have started on your journey! Good-by, Paddle-to-the-Sea!'

Chapter 4

Beavers had made this pond by building a dam of logs and sticks plastered with mud.

Chapter 4

An old beaver crept out of the water, sleek and dripping, to sit on the roof and scratch himself in the sun.

Chapter 4

The flooding pond burst through a corner of the beaver dam that afternoon.

Chapter 5

All through the winter the river had lain frozen. Wild animals had used it as an ice trail.

Chapter 5

The ice and lumbermen's logs crushed in on every side.

Chapter 6

Paddle's log was four feet thick.

Chapter 6

- a) A buzzing noise which sometimes became a shriek came from inside the mill.
- b) Paddle's log was being pushed nearer and nearer to the hungry saw.

Chapter 7

'By Jo!' yelled the lumberjack who had saved him, 'Look what came up the bull-chain!

Chapter 7

But no—Henri would cry if he couldn't keep it. By Jo, best not tell him at all!

Chapter 7

The Frenchman dropped the little canoe off the bridge. 'Have a good voyage!' he said as he watched the river current carry Paddle away into the night.

Chapter 8

Paddle was alone on Lake Superior, the largest lake in the world.

Chapter 8

Everything was going somewhere, everything except Paddle.

Chapter 8

Lake Superior's outline makes a wolf head.

Chapter 9

Big ships came near churning the water into green froth and tossing Paddle over and over in their waves.

Chapter 9

They had left Canada and entered the United States.

Chapter 9

Tangled forest formed the marsh's other borders.

Chapter 10

Turtles lay in rows like buttons on the old logs: and frogs, frightened by stalking herons leaped in all directions.

Chapter 10

- a) Paddle might have been caught in the marsh for life. But one evening no stars came out.
- b) The rain made a thick curtain. The pond rose inch by inch.
- c) Paddle was again on his way to the sea.

Chapter 11

Two months after leaving the marsh Paddle reached the western and very narrow end of Lake Superior.

Chapter 11

At night loons called mournfully from the water and wolves howled back from the land.

Chapter 11

Paddle floated beneath on of the docks in brick-red water. Red dust sifted down on him.

Chapter 12

'Best catch in weeks!' one man was saying. 'And that's not all – look! we're even netting red Injuns in canoes!'

Chapter 12

But Paddle could not be found. In the excitement he had slipped through a hole in the dock and into the water.

Chapter 13

The boy who made Paddle could have told him that the old Indians believed the lightning flashed when a Thunderbird struck its prey, and that thunder rolled from the beat of its mighty wings.

Chapter 13

When no wind blew, the currents carried him eastward on his way.

Chapter 14

One day Paddle was smothered on foaming crests and lost in deep valleys.

Chapter 14

Near Paddle a freighter crept out of the storm. Ice, the terror of captains and crews on the late fall runs, had made her a shapeless mass. The ship wallowed and rolled and seemed to be out of control.

Chapter 15

The rescued men were soon driven off in trucks and the Coast Guard crew took time to look at Paddle.

Chapter 15

So that is how Paddle got a new copper rudder that would not rust; new paint (with the canoe bright red); and a waterproof coating of ship's varnish.

Chapter 16

Paddle stayed at the Coast Guard Station until Winter, and then Bill carried out a plan he had made. He telephoned a friend at 'The Soo.'

Chapter 16

A few days later Pierre tucked Paddle under his bundle of furs, and was off for a sixty mile run by dog sled to The Soo.

Chapter 17

At The Soo, Pierre soon found Maloney's ore boat. The Mate was writing out a report when the trapper stepped into his cabin.

Chapter 17

So Paddle was left behind, all tied up with shirts and socks in a sack. But worse, he was at the South end of Lake Michigan, off his direct route to the sea.

Chapter 18

Paddle was free again to explore the long beach that formed the southern end of Lake Michigan.

Chapter 18

Summer found him halfway up the Michigan coast.

Chapter 19

One cold Fall morning Paddle stranded on a tiny island of rock.

Chapter 19

The fire roared like a hurricane all night. It swept to the bay until the shores became a wall of heat and flame. The whole world seemed to be on fire.

Chapter 20

While Paddle was drifting through the Straits of Mackinac into Lake Huron, Winter came.

Chapter 20

A young girl on her father's motorboat picked Paddle out of the water of Saginaw Bay one day in early Summer.

Chapter 21

'No,' He said, 'somewhere, someone who had faith in currents, in winds—and also in people, put thought and careful work into this carving. And I'll not be the one to stop his Paddle-to-the-Sea.'

Chapter 21

'Here's Lake Erie, Paddle-to-the-Sea,' cried the girl. 'Good-bye and good luck.'

Chapter 22

By the time Paddle reached Buffalo, New York, he had added to his plate 'Toledo,' 'Sandusky,' 'Cleveland,' 'Ashtabula' in Ohio; 'Erie' in Pennsylvania; and 'Port Colborne' in Canada.

Chapter 22

Ships take the Welland Canal around Niagara Falls. Paddle didn't.

Chapter 23

The lower half of the Falls was hidden in mist with a rainbow across it.

Chapter 23

And then, at last, Paddle floated into the calm water of Lake Ontario. Black coots and white terns looked him over.

Chapter 24

Paddle spent the winter in Canada with a little old lady who lived beside the St. Lawrence River near Montreal.

Chapter 24

'Yes,' she said, peering over her spectacles, 'the River has made history. Wish I knew it all. Paddle, here, comes from where the River really starts, in the hills above Lake Superior. Long journey. Come Spring, I'll give him back to the River and send him along to the Sea.'

Chapter 25

A few weeks later Paddle passed the high bluffs of Quebec.

Chapter 25

Paddle passed fishing boats and countless fish brought to the famous Grand Banks of Newfoundland by the Labrador Current.

Chapter 26

The boy's father was a man who knew many things. And as he cleaned the copper plate under the canoe, he was filled with wonder, for he could read Paddle's trail.

Chapter 26

It made Paddle look as though he had seen many things and understood them all.

Chapter 27

- a) Three men stood on a wharf at a town, near a sawmill.
- b) The third man on the wharf was a young Indian, tall and strong.

Chapter 27

In the Canoe, the Indian smiled. Once he paused in a stroke, and rested his blade. For an instant he looked like his own Paddle. There was a song in his heart. It crept to his lips, but only the water and the wind could hear.

Parables From Nature by Margaret Gatty

A Lesson of Faith

And the caterpillar talked all the rest of her life to her relations of the time when she would be a Butterfly.

The Law of Authority and Obedience

Oh, what can your weakness have to do with your wisdom, my good old Relation?

The Unknown Land

When obedience and faith are made perfect, it may be that knowledge and explanation shall be given.

Knowledge Not the Limit of Belief

But to limit one's belief to the bounds of one's own small powers, would be to tie oneself down to the foot of a tree, and deny the existence of its upper branches.

Training and Restraining

They are doing whatever they like, unrestrained and the end is, that my beautiful GARDEN is turned into a WILDERNESS.

The Light of Truth

The laws of Nature, which are the acted will of God, work together in this case, as in all others, for a good end.

Waiting

You *may* have to wait a bit – some of you a shorter, some a longer time; but *do* wait – and everything will fit in and be perfect at last.

A Lesson of Hope

Beyond the howling of that wrath, beyond the blackness of those clouds, there shines, unaltered and serene, the moon that shone in Paradise.

The Circle of Blessing

"None must store against an uncertain future evil, when so many are suffering under a present one,"

The Law of the Wood

Where is the good of having a right to make both yourself and your neighbours miserable?

Active and Passive

I mean that everything, as well as everybody, is useful in its appointed place, at the appointed time. But neither we nor they can choose or foresee the time.

Daily Bread

But when that kind chance brings you one comfortable day after another, why should you sadden them all by these fears for by and by?

Not Lost, But Gone Before

"Little fellow," exclaimed the Frog, "remember that your distrust cannot injure me, but may deprive yourself of a comfort."

Motes in the Sunbeam

Sunshine is like love, Kate,—it makes everything shine with its own beauty.

Red Snow

God sends good things everywhere, though not everywhere alike.

Whereunto?

For the existence of even these poor plants in the world, I could give you a hundred reasons, and believe that as many more might be found.

Purring When You're Pleased

I like her much the best, mother, because she purrs when she is pleased!

The Voices of the Earth

For if the balance should ever incline to evil, and the wind cease to blow,—what would become of the world?

The Master of the Harvest

How often things came right, about which one had been anxious and disturbed.

The Deliverer

Oh that the everlasting doors were lifted up, that the King of Glory might come in, and touch the earth with some magic sceptre, restoring all things to order and joy!

Inferior Animals

Hand in hand, in the dear confiding way in which only children use, let us go forth into the fields, and read the hidden secrets of the world.

The General Thaw

Were there ever three creatures so silly as the Water, the Snow, and the Ice? I dare not answer, No.

The Light of Life

And all the schooling, and teaching, and trying in the world won't do without God's grace, will they, Hans?

Gifts

Each good after its kind, each bearing a part in the full perfection of the kingdom which is boundless, the plan which is harmony—peace, peace, peace, upon all!

Night and Day

But as they drove in a circle the point could not be decided, since what was first on one side was sure to be last on the other; as anybody may see who tries to draw their journey.

Kicking

And thus at last, he learnt that it was possible for submission and love and happiness to go hand in hand together.

Imperfect Instruments

"It's not very pleasant, I admit," said he, "but there's one thing worse—to find you've worked so hard for the system, that you've missed the end it was made for."

Cobwebs

"How many things I know of that I don't know much about"

Birds in the Nest

Though each in turn, for a time, must form his own little circle of joy, the whole must form one larger circle together; and who knows where it is to end?

Peter Pan by James M. Barrie

Chapter 1

She started up with a cry, and saw the boy, and somehow she knew at once that he was Peter Pan. If you or I or Wendy had been there we should have seen that he was very like Mrs. Darling's kiss.

Chapter 2

She went from bed to bed singing enchantments over them, and little Michael flung his arms round her. "Mother," he cried, "I'm glad of you."

Chapter 3

"I don't want ever to be a man," he said with passion. "I want always to be a little boy and to have fun."

Chapter 3

"I say, how do you do it?" asked John, rubbing his knee. He was quite a practical boy.

"You just think lovely wonderful thoughts," Peter explained, "and they lift you up in the air."

Chapter 4

Of course the Neverland had been make-believe in those days, but it was real now, and there were no night-lights, and it was getting darker every moment, and where was Nana?

Chapter 5

"Most of all," Hook was saying passionately, "I want their captain, Peter Pan. 'Twas he cut off my arm." He brandished the hook threateningly.

Chapter 6

By and by she tucked them up in the great bed in the home under the trees, but she herself slept that night in the little house...

Chapter 7

To see Peter doing nothing on a stool was a great sight; he could not help looking solemn at such times, to sit still seemed to him such a comic thing to do.

Chapter 8

No one ever gets over the first unfairness; no one except Peter. He often met it, but he always forgot it. I suppose that was the real difference between him and all the rest.

Chapter 8

Next moment he was standing erect on the rock again, with that smile on his face and a drum beating within him. It was saying, "To die will be an awfully big adventure."

Chapter 9

Every boy had adventures to tell; but perhaps the biggest adventure of all was that they were several hours late for bed.

Chapter 10

And then at last they all got into bed for Wendy's story, the story they loved best, the story Peter hated.

Chapter 11

Off we skip like the most heartless things in the world, which is what children are, but so attractive; and we have an entirely selfish time, and then when we have need of special attention we nobly return for it, confident that we shall be rewarded instead of smacked.

Chapter 12

While Peter lived, the tortured man felt that he was a lion in a cage into which a sparrow had come.

Chapter 13

No time for words now; time for deeds; and with one of her lightning movements Tink got between his lips and the draught, and drained it to the dregs.

Chapter 14

Good form! However much he may have degenerated, he still knew that this is all that really matters.

Chapter 14

"These are my last words, dear boys," she said firmly. "I feel that I have a message to you from your real mothers, and it is this: `We hope our sons will die like English gentlemen.'"

Chapter 15

"Proud and insolent youth," said Hook, "prepare to meet thy doom."

Chapter 15

Hook was fighting now without hope. That passionate breast no longer asked for life; but for one boon it craved: to see Peter show bad form before it was cold forever.

Chapter 16

"Let us all slip into our beds, and be there when she comes in, just as if we had never been away."

Chapter 16

He had had ecstasies innumerable that other children can never know; but he was looking through the window at the one joy from which he must be for ever barred.

Chapter 17

Years rolled on again, and Wendy had a daughter. This ought not to be written in ink but in a golden splash.

Chapter 17

Of course in the end Wendy let them fly away together. Our last glimpse of her shows her at the window, watching them receding into the sky until they were as small as stars.

Chapter 17

When Margaret grows up she will have a daughter, who is to be Peter's mother in turn; and thus it will go on, so long as children are gay and innocent and heartless.

Pinocchio by Carlo Collodi

Chapter 1

There was once upon a time a piece of wood.

Chapter 2

"I thought I would make a beautiful wooden puppet; but a wonderful puppet that should know how to dance, to fence, and to leap like an acrobat."

Chapter 3

- a) The eyes being finished, imagine his astonishment when he perceived that they moved and looked fixedly at him.
- b) He then proceeded to carve the nose; but no sooner had he made it than it began to grow.
- c) The mouth was not even completed when it began to laugh and deride him.
- d) The hands were scarcely finished when Geppetto felt his wig snatched from his head.

Chapter 4

- a) "I am the Talking-cricket, and I have lived in this room a hundred years and more."
- b) "Woe to those boys who rebel against their parents and run away capriciously from home."

Chapter 5

- a) Night was coming on, and Pinocchio, remembering that he had eaten nothing all day, began to feel a gnawing in his stomach that very much resembled appetite.
- b) Just then he thought he saw something in the dust-heap - something round and white that looked like a hen's egg.
- c) Pinocchio's joy beats description; it can only be imagined.

Chapter 6

- a) The thunder was tremendous and the lightning so vivid that the sky seemed on fire.
- b) At last about daybreak he awoke because some one was knocking at the door.
- c) "Who is there?" he asked, yawning and rubbing his eyes.
- d) "It is I!" answered a voice. And the voice was Geppetto's voice.

Chapter 7

- a) Poor Pinocchio, whose eyes were still half shut from sleep, had not as yet discovered that his feet were burnt off.
- b) Having eaten the first pear in two mouthfuls, Pinocchio was about to throw away the core; but Geppetto caught hold of his arm and said to him: "Do not throw it away; in this world everything may be of use."

Chapter 8

- a) No sooner had the puppet appeased his hunger than he began to cry and to grumble because he wanted a pair of new feet.
- b) He said to him: "Why should I make you new feet? To enable you, perhaps, to escape again from home?"
- c) "I promise you," said the puppet, sobbing, "that for the future I will be good."

Chapter 9

a) As soon as it had done snowing Pinocchio set out for school with his fine Spelling-book under his arm.

b) "Today I will go and hear the fifes, and tomorrow I will go to school," finally decided the young scapegrace, shrugging his shoulders.

Chapter 10

When Pinocchio came into the little puppet theatre, an incident occurred that almost produced a revolution.

Chapter 11

"As I have spared you, he must be put on the fire, for I am determined that my mutton shall be well roasted."

Chapter 12

a) But he had not gone far when he met on the road a Fox lame of one foot, and a Cat blind of both eyes, who were going along helping each other like good companions in misfortune.

b) "I will explain it to you at once," said the fox. "You must know that in the land of the Owls there is a sacred field called by everybody the Field of Miracles."

c) "You find a beautiful tree laden with as many gold sovereigns as a fine ear of corn in the month of June."

Chapter 13

"I want to give you some advice. Go back, and take the four sovereigns that you have left to your poor father, who is weeping and in despair because you have never returned to him."

Chapter 14

a) He turned to look, and saw in the gloom two evil-looking black figures completely enveloped in charcoal sacks.

b) They were running after him on tiptoe, and making great leaps like two phantoms.

Chapter 15

a) At last, after a desperate race of nearly two hours, he arrived quite breathless at the door of the house, and knocked.

b) "Oh! Beautiful Child with blue hair," cried Pinocchio, "open the door for pity's sake!"

Chapter 16

The Fairy then striking her hands together made two little claps, and a magnificent Poodle appeared, walking upright on his hind-legs exactly as if he had been a man.

Chapter 17

a) "I have lost them!" said Pinocchio; but he was telling a lie; for he had them in his pocket.

b) He had scarcely told the lie when his nose, which was already long, grew at once two fingers longer.

Chapter 18

"What a good fairy you are!" said the puppet, drying his eyes, "and how much I love you!"

Chapter 19

The judge then, pointing to Pinocchio, said to them: "That poor devil has been robbed of four gold pieces, take him up, and put him immediately into prison."

Chapter 20

For at last I have seen that disobedient boys come to no good and gain nothing.

Chapter 21

a) At this moment their conversation was interrupted by a slight sound of approaching footsteps.

b) "Ah, little thief!" said the angry peasant, "then it is you who carry off my chickens?"

Chapter 22

He began to bark, and he barked exactly like a watch-dog: bow-wow, bow-wow.

Chapter 23

The Pigeon took flight, and in a few minutes had soared so high that they almost touched the clouds.

Chapter 23

Pinocchio fixed his eyes on it, and after looking attentively he gave a piercing scream, crying: "It is my papa! It is my papa!"

Chapter 24

a) He tried his utmost to reach the shore; but it was all in vain.

b) Little by little the sky cleared, the sun shone out in all his splendour, and the sea became as quiet and smooth as oil.

Chapter 25

Keep in mind that it is never too late to learn and instruct ourselves.

Chapter 26

In the sea near here a Dog-fish has appeared as big as a mountain.

Chapter 27

"Listen to him! He has insulted us all! He called us the seven deadly sins!"

Chapter 28

Pinocchio, mortified at being mistaken for a crawfish, said in an angry voice, "A crawfish indeed! Let me tell you that I am a puppet."

Chapter 29

Just as the fisherman was on the point of throwing Pinocchio into the frying pan, a large dog entered the cave, enticed there by the strong and savoury odour of fried fish.

Chapter 30

"But are you quite certain that in that country all the weeks consist of six Thursdays and one Sunday?"

Chapter 31

a) This delightful life had gone on for five months.

b) The days had been entirely spent in play and amusement, without a thought of books or school, when one morning Pinocchio awoke to a most disagreeable surprise that put him into a very bad humour.

Chapter 32

- a) Can you guess in the least what he discovered?
- b) He discovered to his great astonishment that his ears had grown more than a hand.

Chapter 33

- a) When these poor deluded boys, from continual play and no study, had become so many little donkeys, he took possession of them with great delight and satisfaction, and carried them off to the fairs and markets to be sold.
- b) "Is the Dog-fish who has swallowed us very big?" asked the puppet.
- c) "Big! Why, only imagine, his body is two miles long without counting his tail."

Chapter 35

They immediately climbed up the throat of the sea-monster, and having reached his immense mouth they began to walk on tiptoe down his tongue.

Chapter 36

- a) And whilst he slept he thought that he saw the Fairy smiling and beautiful, who, after having kissed him, said to him, "Well done, Pinocchio!"
- b) But imagine his astonishment when upon awakening he discovered that he was no longer a wooden puppet, but that he had become a boy, like all other boys.

Pocahontas by Ingri D'Aulaire

Page 8

In the year 1607 the first Englishmen came sailing across the ocean to settle the part of the new world which they called Virginia after their virgin queen Elizabeth.

Page 12

He gave her the name Pocahontas, which means the one who plays mostly.

Page 16

She grew strong and straight and supple as a cat, and could find her way in the deepest forest.

Page 18

Then one day white men came to Powhatan's land. Their like the Indians had never seen.

Page 20

He was an English captain and his name was John Smith.

Page 23

She took his head in her arms and laid her head upon his to save him from death.

Page 24

He told about his country, England, far away on the other side of the sea, and about his chief, who was the King of England.

Page 26

Many times that winter Pocahontas came with food for the Jamestown settlers.

Page 28

For when King James of England had heard of the mighty Powhatan who ruled over thirty tribes, he said:

"Why, he is a king and an emperor and my royal brother! Royal gifts must be taken to him, and a crown must be put upon his head."

Page 30

Now the Indians led the white men to the house where the food was prepared, and they made merry and feasted together.

Page 32

She did not want to take sides against her father, but she could not let him kill her white friend.

Page 34

Thus was the Princess Pocahontas sold for a copper kettle.

Page 36

While she sat there and wept and sorrowed that her father would not buy her back, John Rolfe came to her and said he would give her all that he had in the world and always be kind to her if she would marry him.

Page 38

So Pocahontas and her family and train of attendants sailed off across the great waters.

Page 40

And so the Queen of England herself invited the Princess Pocahontas to come to her palace.

Page 45

She was proud of being her father's daughter and of having been born in a hut of bark in the midst of the deep, dark woods of Virginia.

Red Fairy Book by Andrew Lang

No copywork available yet

***Seabird by Holling C. Holling**

Chapter 1

The Ivory Gull looked like its name – a piece of carved ivory soaring in magic flight.

Chapter 2

A white bird soared motionless in the falling snow, looking at him.

Chapter 3

Ezra knew that his "Seabird" was neither a ghost nor bad omen. He had seen many Ivory Gulls in Arctic waters.

Chapter 3

But most priceless bargain of all – for two Walrus tusks, a boy had given him a little pump-drill of iron.

Chapter 4

Seabird's body was set on a limber stalk of whalebone. With the stalk's loose end in a belt loop, Seabird nodded over his arm when Ezra walked.

Chapter 4

The small model and all its parts had come from the world's oceans, making an image of the Gull as Ezra had seen it.

Chapter 5

But shucks, what do you know about Whales? They live in the sea, yet they aren't fish. They're animals, givin' milk to their young like cows.

Chapter 6

The whaleboat drifted toward a dark bulk which wallowed in the swell like an overturned Schooner. Its back made a narrow island glistening in the sea.

Chapter 7

The Whale's dash through a few ice cakes gave the Boat Steerer the chance of a lifetime to show off before the whole ship. He steered the craft in fancy swoops among jagged white islands. It danced through danger.

Chapter 8

Want to bet? If your five minutes wins, ye'll have supper some night with me in my cabin. Does the Whale breach nearer twenty minutes, ye'll stand extra watch for a week.

Chapter 9

Clouds of squalling Gulls circled the ship, puzzled by a smaller Gull which clung to one of the masts. The silent Seabird soared aloof while the others dove for scraps around the derelict Whale.

Chapter 10

Ezra was a busy boy. He sliced blubber. He carried armloads of whalebone to store in the hold. He pumped the bellows at the forge where the Blacksmith straightened harpoon irons.

Chapter 11

And I know that a boy who can carve the Seabird can be a Captain, too, if he sets his mind to it. . . .

Chapter 12

In following months the Skipper changed a Ship's Boy into a Seaman. Ezra furled sail in swaying rigging, drenched with flying spray. And, rounding the Horn off the tip of South America, he proved that he could follow orders even in the world's worst seas.

Chapter 12

That evening as she faded in the dusk he whispered in the rising wind. "That's us, a few years from now. That's what we have been studying for – a Clipper, skippered by Ezra Brown and Seabird."

Chapter 13

She tilted, dipped, and soared according to the winds that blew. She was forever flying away, yet never left her base.

Chapter 13

Nate grew up wanting to fly like the Seabird. At first she had soared above his cradle, always hovering there when he awoke.

Chapter 14

Day by day a huge frame of these timbers grew on the beach. It resembled a Whale's skeleton stretched on its back, Nate thought.

Chapter 14

In those days, Nate, you were an undiscovered island – scarcely even in a dream. Seabird and I couldn't guess that you'd be with us, all of ten years old, on our Clipper's first voyage.

Chapter 15

Nate felt that he practically owned the ship. Hadn't he romped on her timbers when they were nothing but logs? Hadn't he climbed her masts as they grew? Wasn't her Captain his father?

Chapter 16

At the call for full sail, canvas fluttered down again and the Clipper became a swift cloud scudding over the sea.

Chapter 16

Week after sunny week the Clipper soared south, her wide wings filled with wind. Then came tropic downpours, waterspout, fitful breezes, and blistering sun. She slowed, slapping her canvas – and stopped dead.

Chapter 17

South of the Line came more doldrums; then steady winds; then roaring gales; and then – THE HORN!

Chapter 17

Gone now was the Clipper's gay trick of slicing waves. Water mountains crashed down upon her. Sails split with a roar. Spars snapped and carried away.

Chapter 18

The Clipper pierced these shores of California through a gap in high cliffs. Beyond this 'Golden Gate' she let go her hook in the vast harbor of San Francisco Bay.

Chapter 18

In a matter of seconds he spoiled the Clipper's good luck. He plucked Seabird from her socket and ran for his boat, tossing her up and backward over the stern.

Chapter 19

For Nate, those were nightmare seconds. He couldn't cry out, even when Seabird soared over him. It seemed that the magic of flight had freed her from earth. Her spirit reached for the sky, yet her body longed for the sea.

Chapter 19

Nate reached that reef, forty-two feet down! Most grown men wouldn't dare go that deep – but Nate, he brought up Seabird!

Chapter 20

Thus Seabird returned to Nate and Ezra. With them she sailed through the Golden Gate, westbound for the Orient.

Chapter 20

They played games in groves of feathery palms, and slid over waterfalls into deep, flower-lined pools. They dived through worlds of waving plants, stiff coral fans, and bright-colored fishes.

Chapter 21

China was white doves wheeling past the red gates of a temple; and incense climbing the shadows to golden dragons.

Chapter 22

Ezra's Company soon owned shipyards, several Clippers, storehouses, wharves, and a few steamships.

Chapter 22

The Company's vessel skippered by Nate was a Steamer, but with masts, yards, and sails if the engines broke.

Chapter 22

Are good ships doomed to wallow in smoke from now to the end of time? Why can't men just fly on the wind – up and into the sky?

Chapter 23

Nathaniel married and had a son. And, just as in the days when Ezra set Seabird above Nate's crib, Seabird now hovered over the cradle of James.

Chapter 23

Ezra and Nate took him down to the pounding, hissing engine room of a new Steamer. He stood on the throbbing iron floor, still as a lump of metal.

Chapter 24

Well, I decided that some day I'd build engines running on oil, not coal. Firemen and helpers won't shovel, they'll just turn valves. And I'll plan ships so Sailors can have better cabins, better food, and more pay for what they do!

Chapter 25

When James Brown became a man, he was known not as a great Sea Captain, but as a great ship designer.

Chapter 25

The newspapers ran extras, with huge photographs. Great-Grandfather, Grandfather, and Father of the newborn heir to the great Shipping Company had all flown in planes!

Chapter 26

All of us who have had Seabird have longed to fly. Some day, Ken, you'll ride in great ships across the sky. Take care that you never forget the first feeling of awe and wonder at flying through space.....

Chapter 26

People are puzzled why I feel young, at five years beyond a century. Maybe it started in the freedom I felt, one day at a masthead. I felt that I was lifted upward, floating in the sky!

Chapter 27

Ezra looked as though he were asleep. He sat on the wide veranda in his wheelchair, an old shawl around him, out of the busy wind.

Chapter 27

Ezra did not awaken when they called him. Seldom, of late years, had he looked so young. His right hand lay in his lap, on his open Bible.

Chapter 27

Ken's ship might touch at ports along a seacoast, or a mile above the sea, or a thousand miles from any body of water. Whether the wind was right or wrong made no difference in its sailing.

Chapter 27

The bird was wise in the ways of Ivory Gulls. Through rain or snow or fog it could beat its way, to find a mate among a million Gulls. But it could not guess that high up, so high that no bird can ever fly there – a boy's thoughts set in ivory soared above the sea.....

St. George and the Dragon by Margaret Hodges

Page 8

Like a sailor long at sea, under stormy winds and fierce sun, who begins to whistle merrily when he sees land, so Una was thankful.

Page 11

There against the evening sky they saw a mountaintop that touched the highest heavens. It was crowned with a glorious palace, sparkling like stars and circled with walls and towers of pearls and precious stones.

Page 15

The knight bade his lady stand apart, out of danger, to watch the fight, while the beast drew near, half flying, half running.

Page 23

But he had fallen beneath a fair apple tree, its spreading branches covered with red fruit, and from that tree dropped a healing dew that the deadly dragon did not dare to come near.

Page 24

Then dawn chased away the dark, a lark mounted up to heaven, and up rose the brave knight with all his hurts and wounds healed, ready to fight again.

Page 32

That is how it is when jolly sailors come into a quiet harbor. They unload their cargo, mend ship, and take on fresh supplies. Then away they sail on another long voyage, while we are left on shore, waving good-bye and wishing them Godspeed.

***Tree in the Trail by Holling C. Holling**

Chapter 1

The boy explored the shores of the pond. Among scattered rocks stood a single cottonwood sapling, no taller than himself.

Chapter 4

Each hunter had emptied his quiver of twenty arrows, shooting so fast his fingers were numbed by the bowstring.

Chapter 6

Then a Spanish priest came riding alone to the hill. His eyes were filled with a strange light when he saw the tree.

Chapter 7

Even in summer, blanketed in leaves, it was a woman; listening, beckoning, pointing, and begging to be taken on the trail toward the setting sun.

Chapter 9

With passing years the tree grew larger, until birds nested in its branches seventy feet above the pond. Owls lived in a hollow where the lightning had burned.

Chapter 10

When the first wagons neared the tree in the Trail, an Indian boy called from the butte, 'Father, I see great white animals crawling!'

Chapter 11

Fresh meat was needed, so twenty hunters, Jed and Buck included, rode toward a huge buffalo herd.

Chapter 13

Next afternoon the wagons came rolling like white-sailed ships on a grassy sea, and camped around the pond.

Chapter 15

And so the tree was dead. It had been a companion to bird, beast and man. Now it stood upon the windswept hill—no longer a living thing, but a piece of wood.

Chapter 20

Axes rang, trees crashed, mauls thudded on wedges and logs split open. Hand-saws buzzed, planes and draw-shaves hissed through wood.

Chapter 22

Dust from the caravan hid the Trail, the animals' legs, the turning wheels. The beasts seemed to swim in a golden mist, followed by lazy ships.

Chapter 25

The huge wagons, high as haystacks, rocked past corrals of sheep, goats and burros. Ducks and pigs scrambled out of irrigation ditches and fled noisily.

Chapter 26

The plaza was the very heart of the West. Yet it was nothing but a big square of bare ground. Not a blade of grass, a flower or a tree grew here.

***Trial and Triumph by Richard Hannula (Chp 1-9)**

Chapter 1

"You try in vain to get me to swear by Caesar. Hear me plainly, I am a Christian."

Chapter 2

Her faith gave fresh courage to the others.

Chapter 3

Constantine broke from Roman tradition by refusing to offer a sacrifice to Jupiter at the Capitol.

Chapter 3

They wrote a creed summarizing basic Christianity.

Chapter 4

Athanasius gave some very thoughtful answers that greatly impressed the bishop.

Chapter 5

From that day forward, Ambrose lived to serve the Lord.

Chapter 6

Using the Word of God as his sword, he fought many battles against false teachers in the church.

Chapter 7

As his love for God grew, his hatred for the Irish died.

Chapter 8

Gregory resumed his duties, but he continued in prayer for the salvation of the Angles.

Chapter 9

Now the people stood bewildered.

Velveteen Rabbit by Margery Williams

There once was a Velveteen Rabbit, and in the beginning he was really splendid.

For a long time he lived in the toy cupboard or on the nursery floor, and no one thought very much about him.

Between them all the poor little Rabbit was made to feel himself very insignificant and commonplace, and the only person who was kind to him at all was the Skin Horse.

“Real isn’t how you are made,” said the Skin Horse. “It’s a thing that happens to you.”

“It doesn’t happen at once,” said the Skin Horse. “You become. It takes a long time.”

But these things don’t matter at all, because once you are Real you can’t be ugly, except to people who don’t understand.

That night, and for many nights after, the Velveteen Rabbit slept in the Boy’s bed.

And when the Boy dropped off to sleep, the Rabbit would snuggle down close under his little warm chin and dream, with the Boy’s hands clasped close round him all night long.

Spring came, and they had long days in the garden, for wherever the Boy went the Rabbit went too.

“Give me my Bunny!” he said. “You mustn’t say that. He isn’t a toy. He’s REAL!”

When the little Rabbit heard that he was happy, for he knew that what the Skin Horse had said was true at last.

Near the house where they lived there was a wood, and in the long June evenings the Boy liked to go there after tea to play.

That was a dreadful question, for the Velveteen Rabbit had no hind legs at all!

“I am Real!” said the little Rabbit. “I am Real! The Boy said so!” And he nearly began to cry.

He didn’t mind how he looked to other people, because the nursery magic had made him Real, and when you are Real, shabbiness doesn’t matter.

And then, one day, the Boy was ill.

His face grew very flushed, and he talked in his sleep, and his little body was so hot that it burned the Rabbit when he held him close.

The Boy was going to the seaside tomorrow. Everything was arranged, and now it only remained to carry out the doctor’s orders.

And so the little Rabbit was put into a sack with the old picture-books and a lot of rubbish, and carried out to the end of the garden behind the fowl-house.

That night the Boy slept in a different bedroom, and he had a new bunny to sleep with him.

Of what use was it to be loved and lose one's beauty and become Real if it all ended like this? And a tear. A real tear, trickled down his little shabby velvet nose and fell to the ground.

And presently the blossom opened, and out of it there stepped a fairy.

The Rabbit looked up at her, and it seemed to him that he had seen her face before, but he couldn't think where.

"You were Real to the Boy," the Fairy said, "because he loved you. Now you shall be Real to every one."

He did not know that when the Fairy kissed him that last time she had changed him altogether.

He was a Real Rabbit at last, at home with the other rabbits.

But he never knew that it really was his own Bunny, come back to look at the child who had first helped him to be Real.

***Viking:Tales by Jennie Hall (Chp 1-11)**

The Baby

I own this baby for my son. He shall be called Harald. My naming gift to him is ten pounds of gold.

The Tooth Thrall

Around his neck was an iron collar welded together so that it could not come off.

The Tooth Thrall

A boy that can face the fall of Aegir's Rock will not be afraid to face the war flash when he is a man.

The Tooth Thrall

When I am eight years old I will have a sword, a sharp tooth of war.

Olaf's Farm

I will sail to Norway and I will harry the coast and fill my boat with riches.

Olaf's Farm

When the ice comes, and our dragon cannot play, then we will get our farm and sit down.

Olaf's Fight With Havard

If luck is with us we will meet at the ships. Now Thor and our good swords help us!

Foes' Fear

It is the name of my spear-point, and it says, "Foes'-fear".

Foes' Fear

I see that you are ready for better wounds. You bear this like a warrior.

Harald Is King

Now when Harald was ten years old his father, King Halfdan, died.

Harald Is King

And I vow that I will grind my father's foes under my heel.

Harald's Battle

Now King Halfdan had many foes. When he was alive they were afraid to make war upon him, for he was a mighty warrior.

Harald's Battle

And, surely, before night came, King Haki fell under "Foes'-fear."

Gyda's Saucy Message

Fair and proud. I like them both. I will have her for my wife.

Gyda's Saucy Message

Give this message to your King Harald for me: I will not be his wife unless he puts all of Norway under him for my sake.

The Sea Fight

Many boats sank, many men died, some fled away in their ships, and at the end King Harald had won the battle.

King Harald's Wedding

With this holy hammer of Thor's, I, Harald, King of Norway, take you, Gyda, for my wife.

King Harald's Wedding

"Everything comes to King Harald," his men said; "wife and land and crown and victory in battle. He is a lucky man."

King Harald Goes West-Over-Seas

There is but one thing to do. I must sail to these western islands and whip these robbers in their own homes.

King Harald Goes West-Over-Seas

He has not only whipped the Vikings, but he has got a new kingdom west-over-seas.

Ambleside Online Books for Year 2 (last updated 10/17/12)

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Abraham Lincoln by Ingri D'Aulaire

Page 1

It wasn't much of a house in which he was born, but it was just as good as most people had in Kentucky in 1809.

Page 4

There Abe learned to help on the farm, even before he had his first pair of pants. He held the tools and he sat on the horse, and so Abe and his father and the horse plowed the fields together.

Page 5

But when Abe was six years old he had learned both to read and write. After that he didn't go much to school.

Page 8

Abe's father didn't like to have neighbors too close by. "It is time to move when you see the smoke of your neighbor's chimney," he said one day when Abe was seven. "I reckon we'll be moving."

Page 11

Slowly Abe ate his one gingerbread man, and wondered why the things he liked best were always the hardest to get.

Page 15

In the flickering light he practised writing and reading. He wrote with charcoal on a wooden shovel, and read the Bible, stories about George Washington, "Pilgrim's Progress," and every other book he could get. Books were scarce in the wilderness, but Abe didn't mind walking twenty miles to borrow one.

Page 28

They loved his funny ways and jokes. And they nicknamed him Honest Abe. Once he charged a woman six and a quarter cents too much, and he walked three miles to catch up with her and pay her back.

Page 34

Abe's father had taught him: "If you make a bad bargain, hug it all the tighter." So instead of running away Abe stayed and toiled to pay back all the debts.

Page 35

And Abe bought himself store clothes, put a stovepipe hat on his head, and by and by the country lad was changed into a well-known lawyer.

Page 37

"The man I am going to marry will be president of the country," she said.

Page 39

But it wasn't easy for anyone to change the ways of Abraham Lincoln. He milked his own cow, tended his horse, and was a friend of all the children in town. He was never too tired or busy to play or joke with them.

Page 42

When the people of Illinois sent him to congress, he walked up Capitol Hill in Washington with his pack of books in a red handkerchief slung over his shoulder. He was himself and did not care or even notice if people smiled.

Page 43

All this time there was a great quarrel between the States of the South and the States of the North.

"It is wrong to have slaves," said the Northerners; "let the black slaves go."

"Slaves they are and slaves they shall remain!" Cried the Southerners and they talked about leaving the United States and running their part of the country alone.

Page 45

Late one evening Lincoln got the message that he had been elected President of the United States. He went home to his wife, and said: "Mary, we are elected."

Page 49

And Lincoln helped them and grieved over those that fell on the battlefields as though they were his own sons. It was in memory of those men who had fallen at Gettysburg that he made his most famous speech, the Gettysburg Address.

Page 50

So on New Years Day in 1863 Lincoln solemnly signed a paper that made the slaves free forever. It was called the Emancipation Proclamation.

Along Came A Dog by Meindert De Jong

Chapter 1

The man snatched up the little hen, jerked erect, gaped at a big black dog that came creeping, almost swimming through the mud puddle. The dog pushed his head between the man's feet, lay trembling and silent.

Chapter 2

Across the barn the little hen and the big black dog looked at each other. Then the dog's bushy tail swung in such enormous friendliness – his wagging tail shook his body. With a sharp little cackle the little hen ran to the dog.

Chapter 3

The man set her back on her strange feet. Now, with a kernel of corn held before her beak, he tried to lure her into taking her first step.

Chapter 4

Whatever the man did to him, for whatever reason, the man was kind and good. And knowing that, the dog knew a sure fact: The little hen was his to guard and protect, and he was going to be the man's, and this was going to be his home.

Chapter 5

When the lights at last went out in the house, the dog would come out of hiding and drop down from the barn to the old wagon to sleep with and protect the little hen in the wagon box through the night.

Chapter 6

He was there to protect her and to put a quick end to her eternal fights. It was his duty. He had made it his duty.

Chapter 7

He had never been punished for eating the broken eggs – so broken eggs were for him, whole eggs belonged to his little boss. He rammed the trapdoor open to look for a broken egg.

Chapter 8

But the little hen snapped at a dragonfly, she pushed out of the nest after more dragonflies. She dashed everywhere, gobbling and gobbling dragonflies.

Chapter 9

Now, with a sort of innocent cunning, he always first looked away, then accidentally stepped on all shell-less eggs, for broken eggs were his. And by this simple, half-innocent strategy, for three days now the big dog had fed well.

Chapter 10

Then he just stared at the little procession in the field below – the dog, the little red hen, and the five strung-out chicks. The little group was reaching the barnyard.

Brighty of the Grand Canyon by Marguerite Henry

Chapter 1

Down the trail he plunged, zigzagging from ledge to ledge, ears flopping, tail swinging, hoofs toe-dancing the narrow path.

Chapter 2

And then all at once the prospector caught movement. The tall figure of a man loomed in the dark. He stalked slowly toward the fire, a dead beaver dangling from one hand.

Chapter 3

And what's more, Brighty knows character. If ever he out-and-out kicks a man, there's a man can't be trusted. Once when we went to town, Brighty near kicked a barber up on the chandelier.

Chapter 4

He brayed again, louder, fuller, longer, and again he waited for the answering halloo. But again there was none. None at all.

Chapter 5

Not until the sheriff was close on him, so close that he could hear him pant and see the shine in his eye, not until then did Brighty move so much as an eyelash.

Chapter 6

He hadn't had so much fun in days and days. Another leap and another, and now he stood on a ledge, looking down on the men.

Chapter 7

Day after day he watched the man Jake Irons, climb the tree-ladder and disappear in the black mine like a mole into his run.

Chapter 8

For a long time she seemed bewitched by her prey and lay watching him, her tail lashing, her mouth partly open, showing the white fangs.

Chapter 9

There was no visible tie rope between the man and the burro, but it was there all the same- a tie rope of such stuff as could never thin out and break apart.

Chapter 10

He enjoyed the whole business of having his wounds dressed. He even got into the habit of lifting one forefoot and then another, stepping into the pants-legs like a child trying to dress himself.

Chapter 11

The President and Quentin and Uncle Jim, too, made a great fuss over him, as if he were a hero come home from the wars. No one could tell whose bullet it was that had killed the lion, but each of the hunters secretly felt sure it was his own.

Chapter 12

At the first kick to his ribs he took off like a bird. Then in midflight he suddenly put on the brakes. The luckless man always flew over Brighty's head and landed like a frightened goose in front of him.

Chapter 13

It outlined the figure of a man, and what he was doing touched off a small, sharp message to Brighty. He was winding a shiny gold watch with a gold key.

Chapter 14

On the bank he saw a lone beaver eyeing him forlornly. How far to that shiny eye? Two breaths away? A dozen? He fixed on the eye as on a goal and swam toward it, against the brown flood and the driftwood.

Chapter 15

"A fine how-de-do!" Uncle Jim said. "Same stuff as I give to Teddy Roosevelt years ago when he taken cold. Name me another burro what ever got a taste o' President's medicine."

Chapter 16

As Brighty watched Uncle Jim ride off on his white mule, the meadow was suddenly unbearable. The silence shrieked at him and the trees seemed to be growing taller while he himself grew littler and littler.

Chapter 17

During the next few years, Brighty's trail from rim to river was pounded down by many feet - the split hoofs of mountain sheep and deer, the pads of cougar and coyote, the hoofs of horses and mules, and the booted feet of men.

Chapter 18

All the visitors bowed in mock dignity. They were feeling good after riding safely down the long trail. Now each took pride in tying his mule to a tree and pulling off the saddle without help from Uncle Jim.

Chapter 19

That you have won is evidence not only of a great skill but of a great faith. For centuries the Colorado River has dared men, defied men, defeated men, drowned men. Day and night it has roared its challenge.

Chapter 20

"Yes, gentlemen, Brighty has earned the emblem he wears. He has borne burdens and blazed trails. He has packed the sand and cement that built the very bulwark of the bridge."

Chapter 21

The jennies and the colts stirred apart, some answering in snuffles and some in high shinnies. Brighty did a quick leap skyward. Instinctively he knew that now he was their leader.

Chapter 22

Brighty traveled like a king on the land. He explored the labyrinth of trails. Some, he

found, crissed and crossed, ending up nowhere at all, but others led to fine watering places. Here he took on full stature of ruler.

Chapter 23

He looked up at the moon, and it was as if he had held back too long. He let his head fall forward, and from deep in his throat came the dry sobbing of a soul wrenched by loneliness.

Chapter 24

But Brighty was a creature homing, a creature who must go on in spite of ice and snow. He could no longer see the way in front of him, but the pattern was fixed in his mind.

Chapter 25

There was no sign of life anywhere. no creature stirred, no man nor mule nor hound. Not even a bird. Everything had changed. Where green grass had been, there was instead this smooth crystal sea.

Chapter 26

Hungry hands slapped the polished stock, slid a testing forefinger against the trigger, then along the shiny barrel, then back again to the stock, now fingering the gold plate.

Chapter 27

And there, high up, he spied the elf-a white-tailed squirrel that lives only in the Kaibab Forest. He was a plump young one, clinging to the tree like a cub to its mother.

Chapter 28

The sunken coals shone unafraid, and the snow-mittened hands that drew a hunting knife were unafraid. "I'd as lief die fighting as starving," a boy's high-pitched voice cried

out.

Chapter 29

Iron's nerves tightened. He sat up, scrutinizing Homer's face in the firelight. Did the boy know? Had he known all along? Then a wave of relief washed over him as he saw that Homer was simply talking himself to sleep.

Chapter 30

Only at nightfall did he come out of his hermitage and join the others at the fireside. Then with dark eyes climbing the ladder to the hole in the ceiling, he brayed to the night. It was as if he saw a sky with moon and stars instead of black emptiness.

Chapter 31

"Brighty," he said, rocking back on his hands and scratching the burro's belly with his stockinged toes, "it's a long night since I seen you! Three year and a mite more!" He gave Brighty a quick smile. "I'm glad you come back, feller, and there'll be no questions asked."

Chapter 32

In his mind's eye he was down in the canyon, seeing Old Timer with the same watch, winding, winding, winding. Old Timer's murderer here! In this very room - a big, bold, easy target.

Chapter 33

The snow continued to fall. For four days more it piled up. Now only the rooftree and the chimney of the house were uncovered. Inside, the feeling of desperation grew.

Chapter 34

There was a flash, an explosion, a scrambling of feet, and then a heavy thump. When the smoke cleared, the dark dribble of blood that ran along the floor came from Brighty and not from Uncle Jim.

Chapter 35

He watched the blood ooze and bubble darkly through the dirt. "Listen, Bright Angel!" he pleaded. "Ye can't leave me like this! You and me's got a score to settle for Old Timer. "

Chapter 36

He seemed aware all at once that he was free - no one gripping his tail or prodding him with a rifle, and no walls hemming him in. The wide, free world and the sky above were his!

NOTE: We had two members send in copywork for this book...here is another contribution arranged by chapter title:

Brighty's World

A shaggy young burro lay asleep in the gray dust of the canyon trail. Except for the slow heaving of his sides and occasional flick of an ear, he seemed part of the dust and ageless limestone that rose in towering battlements behind him.

A Stranger in the Canyon

"Yup, Bright Angel, you and me's struck it rich. We've found us enough copper ore to last till kingdom come, and mebbe after!"

Blue-Flecked Rocks

The stranger moved in closer. The firelight made his small black eyes and black beard gleam, and it picked out the red kerchief around his neck and splashed red on his face.

Blue-Flecked Rocks

Over and over, Irons turned the nuggets in his hand. Then he made a wide circuit around Brighty and fed the fire, the better to see. "Where'd you find these?" he asked, trying to hide the eagerness in his voice.

Blue-Flecked Rocks

The old man stretched his legs and dug his heels in the sand. "If ever you decides to top out north 'stead o' south, Brighty here knows the way. Don't fergit that. And if he's a mind to, he can pack a pick and pan as nice as you please."

Good-bye, Old Timer

The night was noiseless, except for the wind and the river. A few sparks gleamed in the fire, like fallen stars. Brighty edged closer to the dying glow. The sand felt warm and scratchy to his skin as he lay squirming on his back, his hoofs pawing at the chink of sky between the canyon walls.

Good-bye, Old Timer

He brayed again – louder, fuller – longer, and again he waited for the answering halloa. But again there was none. None at all. Only the echoes growing fainter and fainter, until at last they were swallowed up by silence.

Good-bye, Old Timer

Uncle Jim bent down and picked up the feather. He took the hat from Brighty's mouth and carefully brushed it with his sleeve. He tried to hide his feelings, and then he gave up and buried his face inside the hat and wept.

The Sheriff Learns a Lesson

"Me and you'll row across, then you snub that wire around a tree on the other side. Whilst you're snubbing the wire, I'll row back with the tag end and tie it on Brighty." The

sheriff rubbed his nose, proud of his plan. "And then I'll push him into the river, and you can pull on the wire and drag him across."

A Free Spirit

Brighty was in a kind of glory. Released from his fear of the mad, sucking river, he climbed, flying. Each deep-drawn breath filled him with a pleasure so piercing he did a light-hearted buck over his liberty.

A Free Spirit

Brighty had a good supper of crackers and beans, and because he was glad to spend the night in company, he let himself be hobbled close to the mules. In the morning he was all meekness while the men loaded a pack on his back. But when it was strapped in place, he changed his mind about carrying it.

Over the Rimtop

But this year, with Old Timer gone, the canyon was not the snug hidey-hole it used to be. It seemed a dark, broody place, a wilderness of tumbled, jumbled rock. The wind cried and the creek blatted monotonously. Even the birds seemed depressed and kept their twitters low.

Over the Rimtop

Then back to the climb. And now the wall rising sharper and the trail spinning finer, and the little gray figure moving on, ears flopping, eyes unimpressed by the vermilion pillars on one side and the black abyss on the other.

Over the Rimtop

The sun dipped low and purpled the shadows across the meadow. Brighty heaved a sigh. The meadow was just where it should be. He had rolled in it. He had eaten his fill of it. Now to find his secret cave and then give himself to sleep.

The Fight in the Cave

He buried his muzzle and drank deep. Then he settled down in a clump of ferns like a tired child come home at last to his own bed. His mouth opened in a great stretching yawn. Everything was just as before, even the ghost-white tree trunk guarding the open side of the cave.

The Fight in the Cave

Then from far below the lip of the cave a mountain lion came slinking upward, her tawny coat mixing with the lights and shadows of the rocks. Her cat eyes gleamed golden-green in the dark as she crept nearer and nearer the old dead tree.

Curious First Aid

All the next day Brighty lay in misery. He kept biting at his cuts, trying to quiet the throbbing, but the gashes only widened and the burning pain ran up his legs. He moaned tiredly.

Curious First Aid

But there was no one to see the old man with his cut-off pants showing two white legs bowed as powder horns. And there was no one to see the shaggy burro limping along after him, his pants legs swinging like a sailor's bell-bottoms.

On the Mend

He enjoyed the whole business of having his wounds dressed. He even got into the habit of lifting one forefoot and then another; stepping into the pants legs like a child trying to dress himself.

On the Mend

That night when supper was done, Uncle Jimmy did not go off gathering pine resin. He took out his knife and slit open Brighty's frayed pants legs. Then he threw them into the fire. A black smoke curled upward and the smell of pine gum filled the air.

The Lion Hunt

But most excited of all were the special guests, President Theodore Roosevelt and his tow-headed son, Quentin. They had come all the way from the capital city for Quentin's first cougar hunt.

The Lion Hunt

The President and Quentin, and Uncle Jim too, made a great fuss over him, as if he were a hero come home from the wars. No one could tell whose bullet it was that had killed the lion, but each of the hunters secretly felt sure it was his own.

Brighty Goes to Work

There was a handful of children at the camp, and Brighty enjoyed their generosity. Every time he gave a child a ride, he was rewarded with the most delicious treats – licorice sticks or cherry drops or slightly squashed cookies. Sometimes it was a juicy apple.

Within the Black Tunnel

Some homing instinct seemed to guide him, for all at once he found himself on a ledge leading to the Little Mimi Mine, and then he was ducking his head in and under the rough-hewn entrance of the black tunnel.

Caged Over the Colorado

Planting himself against the entrance to the tunnel, Irons unwound one of his puttees and made a cinch around Brighty's barrel. He tied two heavy bags of ore to the cinch and then stood back, coldly eyeing the weighted figure.

Caged Over the Colorado

There is no knowing how Brighty wheeled around in that tiny space, yet he did, and with a mighty leap he was over the gate. But the belt around his neck caught on a stud post, and there he hung, suspended over the river, his body thrashing wildly to free itself.

The Battle Scars o' Freedom

Today there was no friendly babble to the creek. It was angry and dirtied by the storm, and Brighty floundered across it, struggling against the rushing current. His trail, too, was spoiled. New rock piles and twisted trees got in his way as he shuffled upward.

The Battle Scars o' Freedom

Brighty closed his eyes. He had no intention of doing anything but wait. He must have dozed off, for when he woke with his coughing, there was Uncle Jim at his side.

The Carrot Cure

For Brighty, the days followed one another in a dull sameness. All around him there was the blue of lupine and the pink of spring beauties, and meadow grass showing green. But he looked out of film-covered eyes, and his days were gray.

The Carrot Cure

He pulled a funnel from his pocket and fitted it into the hole. Then he turned his back on Brighty and poured a little cough medicine into the carrot. Next he cut off the tip end, and using it as a cork, he carefully sealed the medicine inside.

Spider Web of Steel

He spent several weeks with a bushy-haired artist, a giant of a fellow who was an excellent hand at baking. Brighty grew sleek and fat on johnnybread and hot biscuits and sugar cakes.

Spider Web of Steel

Meanwhile two big cables were pulled across the river. To Brighty they looked like the beginning of some huge spider's web. He watched by the hour. Watched brave men dangling in rope slings, anchor the cables high in the rock wall.

Brighty, B.A.

"Ye're all big wheels in this-here world," Uncle Jimmy smiled, looking around shyly, "an' me an' Brighty's just canyon fellers. But if'n ye don't mind, gentlemen, I'd like fer Brighty to be the first to cross the bridge to the other side, where he ain't never been."

A Gift for Uncle Jim

For centuries the Colorado River has dared men, defied men, defeated men, drowned men. Day and night it has roared its challenge. You accepted that challenge – a hundred men working as one, a hundred pairs of hands and feet and lungs, a hundred minds and hearts working as one.

A Gift for Uncle Jim

For a few moments not a voice was lifted nor a hand clapped, as with uncertain step Uncle Jim went forward, holding out trembling hands to accept the rifle.

Well Done!

Brighty and Uncle Jim started moving, started teetering across that great long span. One foot forward and then another. They were letting the bridge sway sideways with the wind as it was meant to, and up and down with the weight of their bodies.

Battle on the Mesa

In joyous rage, Brighty met him head on. It was a fight, the big battle-scarred veteran against the gray rookie. Like men in a ring they sparred – dancing, punching, interlocking, breaking apart.

Battle on the Mesa

The jennies and colts stirred apart, some answering in snuffles and some in high whinnies. Brighty did a quick leap skyward. Instinctively he knew that now he was their leader.

A New World for Brighty

The world suddenly opened out for Brighty. It was a new kind of freedom, a freedom charged with power and strength. He was king, and his realm big beyond belief.

A New World for Brighty

And then, in the very heat of the fight, he deliberately slowed his hoofs. It was as if he suddenly realized the young jack had grown in bulk and weight, while he himself had faded. He knew it was impossible to win; it could only be a fight to the death.

A Voice from the Past

He tottered forward, reeling, slipping, crumpling, straightening, then staggering onward again, while the man laughed crazily and jumped up and down to make the bridge sway the more.

On to Utah!

But Brighty was a creature homing, a creature who must go on in spite of ice and snow. He could no longer see the way in front of him, but the pattern was fixed in his mind.

The Deserted Cabin

Confidently he entered the lane winding down into the meadow. But now as his eyes saw it, he stopped dead. A chill of fear swept over him. The meadow was a glaze of white, a sealed-in land, all emptiness.

Thief's Plunder

Then back in the box again, hands seeking more – feeling in among the folds of a blanket, feeling and finding a smooth leather case. With a shout of discovery, Irons lifted it out and unsheathed the beautiful rifle.

In the Kaibab Forest

A night's shelter would be best, he thought, and on to Utah tomorrow. He tried the door, opening it a crack, letting the rifle nose in first. Nothing happened. Full of bravery, he pushed it wide and strode in.

The Voice Inside the Snowman

Jake Irons lay rigid, as if strapped in his blankets. Was this some ghost out of his dreams? Some crazy shadow of the night? The figure couldn't be real. It was cloud-stuff, whipped up by the snow – a snowman with coals for eyes.

Trapped by the Snow

The snow flowed on and on steadily all night. By morning the three creatures were locked in a white prison. The ranch house was no longer a fort; it was a jail, and the jailer the snow.

Alone with the Night

He brought the gun to his shoulder and pointed at the wide space between Brighty's eyes. Then a small sound arrested him. Without his willing it, the hand that held the rifle froze.

Strange Thanksgiving

Brighty nudged Uncle Jim for more scratching, but the old man saw hungry eyes looking at his pack, and he got up to open it. Wrapped inside the blankets were a side of bacon and small sacks of flour, sugar, coffee, and raisins.

Moon Lily Tea

Irons choked, and his face went purple-red. The questions were striking into him like barbed arrows. He tried to get up, but he only writhed in his blankets, hands held against his stomach.

No Escape?

The snow continued to fall. For four days more it piled up. Now only the roofline and the chimney of the house were uncovered. Inside, the feeling of desperation grew. The tunnel of the wide porch had seemed a last avenue of escape. Now it too slowly closed in.

Blazing Guns

There was a flash, an explosion, a scrambling of feet, and then a heavy thump. When the smoke cleared, the dark dribble of blood that ran along the floor came from Brighty and not from Uncle Jim. Brighty's shoulder was stained with blood, and his head lolled backward, eyes wildly rolling.

A Score to Settle

He watched the blood ooze and bubble darkly through the dirt. "Listen, Bright Angel!" he pleaded. "Ye can't leave me like this! You and me's got a score to settle for Old Timer."

The Way Home

When they burst in upon the starving group, the sheriff was the one most deeply moved. Pleased as he was to see Uncle Jim and Homer, and even Brighty, he was astounded to learn that the man bound to the cupboard was the long-hunted desperado who had murdered his friend.

The Way Home

Then he took in the sight – Jake Irons wearing a harness and pulling the toboggan with the burro aboard. He began to grin. “Reckon it is a thing at that!”

Chanticleer and the Fox by Barbara Cooney

For crowing there was not his equal in all the land.

His voice was merrier than the merry organ that plays in church, and his crowing from his resting place was more trustworthy than a clock.

He crowed with a happy voice, “Listen how the happy birds sing, and how the fresh flowers grow; my heart is full of gaiety and joy.”

***Child's History of the World by V.M. Hillyer (Chp 47-61)**

Chapter 45 A Light in the Dark Ages

- a) Europe had been “dark” for three hundred years.
- b) But in 800 there was a very “bright light” – a man – a king – who by his might and power was able to join the pieces of Europe together once again to form a new Roman Empire.

Chapter 46 Getting a Start

- a) About one hundred years after Charles the Great – that is, 900 – there was a king of England named Alfred.
- b) Alfred made very strict laws and severely punished those who did wrong.
- c) Alfred also brought over learned men from Europe to show his people how to make things and to teach the boys and girls and the older people how to read and write.

Chapter 47 The End of the World

So about the same year that the Christians in Europe were expecting the end of the world – the Year 1000 – the Vikings had gone to what they thought was “the end of the world.”

Chapter 48 Real Castles

After the downfall of Rome in 476, the Roman Empire was broken to pieces like a cut-up puzzle-map, and people built castles on the pieces, and they kept on building castles up to the fourteen hundreds.

Chapter 48 Real Castles

Inside the walls of the castle were many smaller buildings to house the people and animals and for cooking and storing food. There might even be a church or a chapel. The chief building was, of course, the house of the lord himself and this was called the *keep*.

Chapter 49 Knights and Days of Chivalry

When day came he appeared before all the people and solemnly swore always to do and to be certain things:

To be brave and good;

To fight for the Christian religion;

To protect the weak;

To honor women.

These were his vows.

Chapter 50 The Pirate's Great Grandson

But on the whole, William, although descended from a pirate, gave England a good government and made it a much safer and better place in which to live than it ever had been under its former rulers. So 1066 was almost like the Year 1 for the English.

Chapter 51 A Great Adventure

So these pilgrims were called *Crusaders*, which is the Latin word for a cross-bearer.

Chapter 51 A Great Adventure

The plan was to start in the summer of 1096, four years before 1100, but a great many were so anxious to get started that they didn't wait for the time that had been set.

Chapter 52 Tit-Tat-To; Three Kings In a Row

The third Crusade took place about a hundred years after the first; that is, nearly 1200 A.D. These three kings – Richard of England, Philip of France, and Frederick of Barbaross – started on the Third Crusade.

Chapter 52 Tit-Tat-To; Three Kings In a Row

After Richard's Crusade there was a Fourth Crusade, and then in the year 1212 – which is an easy date to remember, because it is simply the number 12 repeated – one, two, one two – there was a crusade of children only. This was known therefore was the Children's Crusade.

Chapter 53 Bibles Made of Stone and Glass

All during the Crusades and immediately after the Crusades the chief thing that people thought about was their church.

Chapter 54 John, Whom Nobody Loved

This was in the Year 1215; and 1215 was a bad date for John, but a good date for the English people.

Chapter 54 John, Whom Nobody Loved

This list of things which the barons made John agree to was called by the Latin name for a great agreement, which is Magna Carta, or Charta.

Chapter 55 A Great Story-Teller

About the Year 1300 there were living in Venice two men named Polo. The Polo's got an idea in their heads that they would like to see something of the world.

Chapter 56 "Thing-a-ma-jigger" and "What-cher-may-call-it" or a Magic Needle and a Magic Powder

But, with the compass, sailors could sail on and on through storm and cloudy weather and keep always in the direction they wanted to go.

Chapter 56 "Thing-a-ma-jigger" and "What-cher-may-call-it" or a Magic Needle and a Magic Powder

Never before 1300 had there been such things in Europe as guns or cannons or pistols.

Chapter 57 Thelon Gest Wart Hate Verwas

a) It was 1338, and Edward III was king of England. Edward III wanted to rule France as well as England.

b) So he started a war to take France, and the war he started lasted more than a hundred years.

Chapter 58 Print and Powder or Off with the Old and On with the New

But in 1440 a man thought of a new way to make books. First he put together wooden letters called type, and then smeared them with ink. Then he pressed paper against this inky type and made a copy. After the type was once set up, thousands of copies could be made quickly and easily. This, as you of course know, was printing.

Chapter 58 Print and Powder or Off with the Old and On with the New

a) The Hundred Year's War had at last come to an end soon after the invention of printing.

b) So 1453 is called the end of the Middle Ages, and the beginning of the New Ages that were to follow.

***Columbus by Ingri D'Aulaire**

Page 4

There once was a boy who loved the salty sea. He would be a seaman when he grew up.

Page 5

He was a strong and tall boy with fiery blue eyes and reddish-blond hair. His name was Christopher Columbus.

Page 6

He was born in Italy, in the seaport of Genoa, more than 500 years ago.

Page 8

He got most of his schooling while he played and sailed with the other Genoese boys. But he also learned some Latin and navigation, so he could find his way in the open sea with the compass, the sun, and the stars.

Page 10

Soon he rose above his shipmates, for he was clever and capable and could make others carry out his orders. He was still a very young man when he became captain of a ship.

Page 12

Columbus soon found work on a Portuguese ship and saw that God had arranged everything for the best. For Portugal in those days was the biggest sea power in the world.

Page 14

As he studied them, he was struck by a new thought. Since the world was round, the East and West must meet somewhere. Maybe he could sail to the West and reach the East.

Page 16

a) He also began to think that the Lord had chosen him to sail west across the sea to find the riches of the East for himself and to carry the Christian faith to the heathens.

Page 18

King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain welcomed Columbus, for they wanted Spain to be mightier than Portugal. The good Queen Isabella also wanted to share her Christian faith with the people in the East who had never heard about Christ.

Page 20

For seven more years Columbus waited. He saw his money dwindle, and when his purse was quite empty, he had to go begging for food for himself and his son.

Page 22

- a) They gave him three ships and food and supplies for many months at sea.
- b) He named them the Nina, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria.

Page 24

Before dawn on Friday, August 3, 1492, Columbus led his men to church. They prayed for a safe and prosperous voyage, and his men vowed, with hands on the Bible, to follow his commands. Then they boarded the ships.

Page 26

But when they had sailed out beyond the Canary Islands and into the vast ocean, where even the birds from the outlying rocks could follow them no longer, they began to worry. There was nothing before them and nothing behind them but sea and sky.

Page 28

Columbus kept their spirits up through his lonely, iron will. "West to the West," he repeated.

Page 30

The salty air seemed sweet and fragrant in their nostrils, as if scented already by the spices of India. Next day great flocks of land birds flew over the masts. Land must be near.

Page 32

Before dawn a cannon shot boomed. It was a signal from the Pinta, which was ahead. Her crew had seen breakers and a dark coast line.

It was Friday, October 12, 1492.

Page 34

These natives did not have yellow skin and slanting eyes. Columbus knew they could not be Chinese, so what else could they be but Indians?

Page 36

Dewdrops glistened like pearls, and the bright feathers of parrots sparkled like rubies and emeralds among the leaves. But these were not the kind of treasure that could be gathered by gold-greedy men.

Page 38

- a) He discovered Cuba, but when he found no gold there, he continued on to Haiti.
- b) While he slept, the Santa Maria struck a coral reef in a shallow bay and was wrecked.

Page 40

With the riches of the East almost at his feet, every Spaniard now saw himself as a rich and might lord. Columbus was the hero of Spain.

Page 43

He was made a grandee of Spain, admiral of the Ocean Sea, and viceroy of Hispaniola. A fleet of seventeen ships was made ready for him so he could sail still farther west and reach India and China.

Page 44

He found many beautiful islands, but he found neither Asia nor gold, and his men grew very impatient. When they came to Hispaniola and found the fortress in ruins and not a Spaniard left to tell the tale, their impatience changed to anger against Columbus.

Page 46

a) On his third voyage Columbus came to the mouth of the Orinoco River on the South American continent

b) But it was an unknown continent. Columbus had no use for it. It barred his way to Asia.

Page 48

On his fourth voyage Columbus sailed on to the west, past Hispaniola, until he came to the long coast of Central America. It was the hurricane season, and storms such as no Spaniard had ever seen tossed his poor old ships about until they leaked in every joint.

Page 50

Columbus sailed up and down the endless coast, looking for an opening. He found no passage through the land, for there was none. And he never found the enormous Indian treasures hidden behind the tangled jungles.

Page 52

In Hispaniola, Columbus collected his share of the gold from the mines. With his own gold he paid his men and bought a ship to take him home to Spain. He never again became viceroy over the lands he had found.

Page 54

While he lived nobody realized the full importance of his discoveries. Many other captains were sailing their ships across the Atlantic Ocean and no longer needed him to show them the way. The ocean was wide, but its eerie spell had been broken.

Page 56

a) In Genoa in Italy there stands a gray, deserted house squeezed in between an ancient city gate and tall, modern buildings.

b) From here the little boy set out into the world to weave a lasting pattern on the trackless waste of the sea, and to find, in the end, a new world beyond the turbulent waters.

Door in the Wall by Marguerite De Angli

Chapter 1

Hunger bit at his empty stomach. He was hungry enough now to have eaten the porridge Ellen had brought him.

Chapter 1

“Always remember that,” said the friar. “Thou hast only to follow the wall far enough and there will be a door in it.”

Chapter 2

Besides that portion reserved for travelers there was an almonry overflowing with the poor of London, seeking food and clothing. St. Mark’s was a busy place.

Chapter 2

Robin worked steadily at his little boat. He finished the hull on the fourth day of the second week.

Chapter 2

The pages were of sheepskin, called parchment, and were covered with careful lettering and decorations. Gold leaf illumined the capitals and the delicate tracery which bordered the pages.

Chapter 3

It was exciting to use the sharp chisel. It slid easily into the wood, peeling off the smallest slivers which fell in a pleasant litter around him.

Chapter 3

Robin's face was drawn into a black cloud of anger, and if he had been able, he would have stormed out of the garden.

Chapter 3

Slowly and carefully he spelled out the letter to Robin, who would not change a word of it, but signed his name with Brother Luke guiding his hand.

Chapter 4

Robin became so excited at seeing real features emerge from the piece of wood that he could hardly bear to take time to attend to his studies.

Chapter 4

The sun shone warm through the leafy grove. Insects droned in the noon heat, and the water slipped musically over the green-mossed stones.

Chapter 4

He liked the music and the carpentry better than the reading and writing, but best of all he liked the swimming. It made him feel free and powerful.

Chapter 5

He watched John's fingers as they searched out the tune, how they danced on the strings to make the differing chords. He noticed the smooth wood of the harp and how the strings were held with wooden pegs.

Chapter 5

Robin grew tired, for he had walked more than a mile. John-go-in-the-Wynd helped him into the saddle again and fastened the crutches on behind.

Chapter 5

Even though he might never be a knight in armor and go to battle to defend England, he would know what it was like to make his bed on God's earth, feel the prick of rain in his face, and instead of brocaded bed curtains, see dark clouds make a canopy over him.

Chapter 6, page 53

He was grilling slices of bacon over the fire, and standing beside him was Brother Luke holding a large loaf from which he was cutting huge slices of bread. He heard Robin stirring and greeted him with his blessing.

Chapter 7, page 63

Robin wanted to be everywhere at once. He wanted to watch the tournament, the bear baiting, the wrestling, and the racing. He wanted to taste all the food: the pigeon pies, the honey tarts, that suckling pig with the apple in its mouth, and the jugged hare. He flitted from one booth to the other with Brother Luke after him.

Chapter 8, page 82

The two pages, Denis and Lionel, carried the food from the table, then took the table boards from the trestles and transferred everything to the hall of the keep. The keep was close to the gatehouse between the inner and outer ward, so there was a great excitement in the courtyard.

Chapter 9, page 87

The food in the larder dwindled, and there were many people to be fed. Besides the garrison and the household there were the yeomen from the town and those who had sought refuge when the portcullis was raised.

Chapter 9, page 91

He stopped only long enough to fasten the crutches onto his back with the leathern thong and to wind his hood into a kind of hat that perched on top of his head. Then he plunged into the icy water, not allowing himself to consider whether he had the courage to do it.

Chapter 10, page 105

From the belfry to the top of the tower it was another thirty feet of climbing. When they reached the top Robin fell in a heap onto the platform with every bit of strength gone from his legs and arms.

Chapter 10, page 107

They could see people running about through the streets embracing one another, tossing caps and hats into the air, and in other ways showing their joy at being freed of the Welsh invaders. In a short while they saw the enemy marched out of town.

Chapter 10, page 117

Who spoke first or what was first said it would be hard to tell. Robin found himself bowing to kiss his mother's hand, then felt her soft arms about him.

Chapter 10, page 121

"Thou'rt here, Sir Robin," said the friar. "Safe with all thy loved ones. 'Tis the Feast of Christmas, and thou hast found the door in thy wall."

Farmer Boy by Laura Ingalls Wilder

Chapter 1

The sun was shining almost overhead. All the snow was a dazzle of sparkles, and the wood-haulers were coming down Hardscrabble Hill.

Chapter 2.

In the South Barn, Almanzo's own two little calves were in one stall.

Chapter 3.

Popcorn is American. Nobody but the Indians ever had popcorn, till after the Pilgrim Fathers came to America.

Chapter 4.

After a long time Mr. Corse called him to the desk, to see if he could read the lesson now.

Chapter 5.

Almanzo opened the woodshed door by the stove. There, right before him, was a new hand-sled!

Chapter 6.

It was funny that there were people who didn't know how to saw ice.

Chapter 7.

My land! Such a racket I never heard! Must you yell like Comanches?" "No, mother," Almanzo said.

Chapter 8.

Almanzo dusted the sleigh, and Royal wiped the silver-mounted harness.

Chapter 9.

Almanzo put the calves in their stall and gave them each a nubbin of corn.

Chapter 10.

Sap was rising in the trees and it was time to make sugar.

Chapter 11.

When all the grain was sowed, Almanzo and Alice planted the carrots.

Chapter 12.

The red cart went past the house and lurched into the road, and Mr. Brown began to whistle.

Chapter 13.

The moon was shining and she could see the lilac bush in the yard.

Chapter 14.

Washing sheep was fun for everybody but the sheep.

Chapter 15.

Keep on!" Father shouted. So they all kept on; they didn't stop.

Chapter 16.

And there, in the corner of the Square, were the two brass cannons!

Chapter 17.

Nothing ever smelled so good as the rain on clover.

Chapter 18.

They looked into the sugar-barrel, and they could see the bottom of it.

Chapter 19.

His mother was probably the best butter-maker in the whole of New York State.

Chapter 20.

After the perfect apples had all been picked, Almanzo and Royal could shake the trees.

Chapter 21.

Early in the frosty morning they all set out for the Fair.

Chapter 22.

Squirrels frisked about, storing away nuts for the winter.

Chapter 23.

Now the cobbler was ready to measure Almanzo for his boots.

Chapter 24.

The storm was rising.

Chapter 25.

All outdoors was dark and wild and noisy.

Chapter 26.

For a long time it seemed that Christmas would never come.

Chapter 27.

Deep in the still woods axes were chopping with a ringing sound.

Chapter 28.

Almanzo almost ran, to keep up with Mr. Paddock's long strides.

Chapter 29.

He wanted a colt with slender legs and large, gentle, wondering eyes, like Starlight's.

Five Children and It by Edith Nesbit

Chapter 1

And nearly everything in London is the wrong sort of shape – all straight lines and flat streets, instead of being all sorts of odd shapes, as things are in the country.

Chapter 1

The children built a castle, of course, but castle building is rather poor fun when you have no hope of the swishing tide ever coming in to fill up the moat and wash away the drawbridge, and, at the happy last, to wet everybody up to the waist at least.

Chapter 2

And on the sides and edges of these countless coins the midday sun shone and sparkled, and glowed and gleamed till the quarry looked like the mouth of a smelting furnace or one of the fairy halls that you see sometimes in the sky at sunset.

Chapter 3

And the lucky children, who could have anything in the wide world by just wishing for it, hurriedly started for the gravel pit to express their wishes to the Psammead.

Chapter 4

“Well, then,” said Anthea, “everything we have wished has turned out rather horrid. I wish you would advise us. You are so old, you must be very wise.”

Chapter 5

The vicar had just got to the part about trying to grow up to be a blessing to your parents, and not a trouble and a disgrace, when the keeper suddenly said, “Arst him what he’s got there under his jacket.”

Chapter 6

“Yes, a sort of – of fairy, or enchanter – yes, that’s it, an enchanter. And he said we could have a wish every day, and we wished first to be beautiful.”

“Thy wish was scarce granted,” muttered one of the men-at-arms, looking at Robert, who went on as if he had not heard, though he thought the remark very rude indeed.

Chapter 6

“If only you’d thought of wishing to be besieged in a castle thoroughly garrisoned and provisioned!” said Jane reproachfully.

Chapter 7

The afternoon passed with wonderful quickness. It was very exciting, but none of them, except Robert, could feel all the time that this was real deadly dangerous work.

Chapter 8

And so, at what Cyril judged was about half an hour before sunset, the tent was again closed, “whilst the giant gets his supper.”

Chapter 9

None of the children will ever forget that picture. The neat gray-flannel-suited grown-up young man with the green tie and the little black mustache – fortunately he was slightly built and not tall – struggling in the sturdy arms of Martha, who bore him away helpless, imploring him, as she went, to be a good boy now and come and have his nice bremmink!

Chapter 10

Suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the golden gravel shone all around the four children instead of the dusky figures. For every single Indian had vanished on the instant at their leader’s word. The Psammead must have been there all the time. And it had given the Indian chief his wish.

Chapter 11

“I wonder if we ever shall see the Psammead again,” said Jane wistfully as they walked in the garden, while Mother was putting Lamb to bed.

“I’m sure we shall,” said Cyril, “if you really wished it.”

Five Little Peppers and How They Grew by Margaret Sidney

Chapter one

Away she flew to get supper.

Polly went skipping around, cutting the bread, and bringing dishes, only stopping long enough to fling some scraps of reassuring nonsense to the two boys, who were thoroughly dismayed at being obliged to remove their traps into a corner.

Chapter Two

Grandma was sweeping up the floor, already as neat as a pin. When she saw Polly coming, she stopped and leaned on her broom.

Chapter Two

When Phronsie saw that anybody else could cry, she stopped immediately and, leaning over Polly, put one little fat hand on Joel's neck. "Don't cry," she said. "Does your toe ache?"

Chapter Three

There was a bumping noise that came from the Provision Room that sounded ominous, and then a smothered sound of words, followed by a scuffling over the old floor.

"Boys!" called Polly. No answer; everything was just as still as a mouse. "Joel and David!" called Polly again, in her loudest tones.

Chapter Four

"Your ships aren't ever coming," broke in Mrs. Pepper wisely, "if you sit there talking. Folks don't ever make any fortunes by wishing. "

Chapter Five

Davie, too, worked patiently out of doors, trying to do Ben's chores. The little fellow blundered over things that Ben would have accomplished in half the time, and he had to sit down often on the steps of the little old shed where the tools were kept, to wipe his hot face and rest.

Chapter Five

"Oh, Ma! Ma!" screamed Joel, running to the foot of the stairs leading to the loft, where Mrs. Pepper was with Ben.

"Something's taken Polly, and she fell, and I guess she's in she's in the woodbox!"

Chapter Six

"Do you suppose," said the doctor, getting up, "that you know of any smart little girl around here, about four years old and that knows how to button on her own red - topped shoes, that would like to go to ride tomorrow morning in my carriage with me?"

Chapter Six

"Oh, mammy!" cried Polly. "It does seem so good to be all together again!"

"And I thank the Lord!" said Mrs. Pepper, looking down on her happy little group; and the tears were in her eyes. "And children, we ought to be very good and please Him, for He's been so good to us."

Chapter Seven

"Now, Joel," she said, putting on her bonnet before the cracked looking glass, "you stay along of Polly. Ben must go up to bed, the doctor said, and Davie's going to the store for some molasses, so you and Polly must keep house."

Chapter Eight

Still the cloud hovered, dark and forbidding. At last, one afternoon when Polly was all alone, she could endure it no longer. She flung herself down by the side of the old bed and buried her face in the gay patched bed quilt.

"Dear God," she said, "make me willing to have anything" - she hesitated - "yes, anything happen; to be blind forever, and to have Joey sick, only make me good."

Chapter Nine

"Hooray!" screamed Joel and David, to fill any pause that might occur, while Phronsie gurgled and laughed at everything just as it came along. And then they all danced and capered again - all but Polly, who was down before the precious stove examining and exploring into ovens and everything that belonged to it.

Chapter Ten

A man with an organ was standing in the middle of the road playing away with all his might, and at the end of a long rope was a lively little monkey in a bright red coat and a smart cocked hat. The little creature pulled off his hat, and with one long jump coming on the fence, he made Phronsie a most magnificent bow.

Chapter Ten

The others were having the same luck. No trace could be found of the child. To Ben, who took the Hingham road, the minutes seemed like hours.

"I won't go back," he muttered, "until I take her. I can't see mother's face!"

But the ten miles were nearly traversed; almost the last hope was gone. Into every thicket and lurking place by the road-side had he peered--but no Phronsie! Deacon Brown's horse began to lag.

"Go on!" said Ben hoarsely; "oh, dear Lord, make me find her!"

Chapter Eleven

"Do come," said Ben, lighting up, for he was just feeling he couldn't bear to look his last on the merry, honest face; "anybody'll tell you where Mrs. Pepper lives."

"Is she a Pepper?" asked the boy, laughing, and pointing to the unconscious little heap in the wagon; "and are you a Pepper?"

"Yes," said Ben, laughing too. "There are five of us besides mother.

Chapter Twelve

Mrs. Pepper wisely kept her own counsel, simply giving them a kindly caution:

"Don't you go to judging him, children, till you know."

"Well, he promised," said Joel, as a settler.

"Aren't you ashamed, Joel," said his mother, "to talk about any one whose back is turned? Wait till he tells you the reason himself."

Chapter Thirteen

"And it's real dull there, Jasper says," put in Polly, persuasively; "and just think, mammy, no brothers and sisters!" And Polly looked around on the others.

After that there was no need to say anything more; her mother would have consented to almost any plan then.

"Well, go on, children," she said; "you may do it; I don't see but what you can get 'em there well enough; but I'm sure I don't know what you can make."

Chapter Fourteen

So Polly packed the little cakes neatly in two rows, and laid the 'gingerbread boy' in a fascinating attitude across the top.

"He looks as if he'd been struck by lightning!" said Ben, viewing him critically as he came in the door with the paper.

"Be still," said Polly, trying not to laugh; "that's because he baked so funny; it made his feet stick out."

Chapter Fourteen

So after another last look all around, Polly put the cakes in the paper, and tied it with four or five strong knots, to avoid all danger of its undoing.

"He never'll untie it, Polly," said Ben; "that's just like a girl's knots!"

"Why didn't you tie it then?" said Polly; "I'm sure it's as good as a boy's knots, and they always muss up a parcel so." And she gave a loving, approving little pat to the top of the package, which, despite its multitude of knots, was certainly very neat indeed.

Chapter Fifteen

The children crowded back their tears, and hastily said their last good-bye, some of them hanging on to Prince till the last moment.

And then the carriage door shut with a bang, Jasper giving them a bright parting smile, and they were gone.

And the Peppers went into their little brown house, and shut the door.

Chapter Sixteen

Such a contriving and racking of brains as Polly and Ben set up after this! They would bob over at each other, and smile with significant gesture as a new idea would strike one of them, in the most mysterious way that, if observed, would drive the others almost wild. And then, frightened lest in some hilarious moment the secret should pop out, the two conspirators would betake themselves to the wood-shed as before agreed on.

Chapter Sixteen

And so the weeks flew by--one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight! till only the three days remained, and to think the fun that Polly and Ben had had already!

"It's better'n a Christmas," they told their mother, "to get ready for it!"

Chapter Seventeen

"Let's have a concert," put in Ben; Polly was so out of breath that she couldn't speak. "Come, now, each take a whistle, and we'll march round and round and see which can make the biggest noise."

Chapter Seventeen

Five o'clock! The small ones of the Pepper flock, being pretty well tired out with noise and excitement, all gathered around Polly and Ben, and clamored for a story.

Chapter Eighteen

"Better not be looking for summer," said Mrs. Pepper, "until you do your duty by the winter; then you can enjoy it," and she took a fresh needleful of thread.

Chapter Eighteen

And then the carriage turned in at a brown stone gateway, and winding up among some fine old trees, stopped before a large, stately residence that in Polly's eyes seemed like one of the castles of Ben's famous stories. And then Mr. King got out, and gallantly escorted Polly out, and up the steps, while Jasper followed with Polly's bag which he couldn't be persuaded to resign to Thomas.

Chapter Eighteen

"Let Polly sit next to me," said Van, as if a seat next to him was of all things most to be desired.

"Oh, no, I want her," said little Dick.

"Pshaw, Dick! you're too young," put in Percy. "You'd spill the bread and butter all over her."

"I wouldn't either," said little Dick, indignantly, and beginning to crawl into his seat; "I don't spill bread and butter, now Percy, you know."

Chapter Nineteen

"I think," said Jasper one evening after dinner, when all the children were assembled as usual in their favorite place on the big rug in front of the fire in the library, Prince in the middle of the group, his head on his paws, watching everything in infinite satisfaction, "that Polly's getting on in music as I never saw anyone do; and that's a fact!"

Chapter Twenty

"I'd like it first rate to be away from Percy," said Van, reflectively; "I wouldn't come back in three, no, six weeks."

"My son," said his mamma, "just stop and think how badly you would feel, if you really couldn't see Percy."

"Well," said Van, and he showed signs of relenting a little at that; "but Percy is perfectly awful, mamma, you don't know; and he feels so smart too," he said vindictively.

"Well," said Mrs. Whitney, softly, "let's think what we can do for Polly; it makes me feel very badly to see her sad little face."

Chapter Twenty-one

"I went to the Post Office," said the child, clinging to him in delight, her tangled hair waving over the little white face, into which a faint pink color was quickly coming back. "Only it wouldn't come; and I walked and walked--where is it, grandpa?" And Phronsie gazed up anxiously into the old gentleman's face.

Chapter Twenty-two

Three weeks! "I can't wait!" thought Polly at first, in counting over the many hours before the happy day would come. But on Jasper's suggesting that they should all do something to get ready for the visitors, and have a general trimming up with vines and flowers beside--the time passed away much more rapidly than was feared.

Chapter Twenty-three

"Oh, Vanny," said Mrs. Whitney reproachfully, "to treat a little guest in this way!"

"I wanted to," said Joel cheerfully; "twas great fun. Let's begin again, Van!"

"We mustn't," said Van, readily giving up the charming prospect, and beginning to edge quickly towards the house. "Mamma wouldn't like it you know. He hits splendidly, mamma," he added generously, looking up. "He does really."

"And so does Van," cried Joel, his face glowing at the praise. "We'll come out every day," he added slipping into his jacket, and turning enthusiastically back to Van.

Chapter Twenty-three

Do you ever get into mischief?" asked little Dick, coming up and looking into Mrs. Pepper's face wonderingly. "Why, you're a big woman!"

"Dear me, yes!" said Mrs. Pepper. "The bigger you are, the more mischief you can get into. You'll find that out, Dickey."

"And then do you have to stand in a corner?" asked Dick, determined to find out just what were the consequences, and reverting to his most dreaded punishment.

"No," said Mrs. Pepper laughing. "Corners are for little folks; but when people who know better, do wrong, there aren't any corners they can creep into, or they'd get into them pretty quick!"

Chapter Twenty-four

Of all things in the world that tried Polly's patience most were the troublesome little black buttons that originally adorned those useful parts of her clothing, and that were fondly supposed to be there when needed. But they never were. The little black things seemed to be invested with a special spite, for one by one they would hop off on the slightest provocation, and go rolling over the floor, just when she was in her most terrible hurry, compelling her to fly for needle and thread on the instant. For one thing Mrs. Pepper was very strict about--and that was, Polly should do nothing else till the buttons were all on again, and the boots buttoned up firm and snug.

Chapter Twenty-five

Mamsie would be worrying, she knew; and besides, the sight of so many birds eating their suppers out of generously full seed-cups, only filled her heart with remorse as she thought of poor Cherry and his empty one.

So she put down her ten cents silently on the counter, and took up the little package of seed, and went out.

***Green Fairy Book by Andrew Lang**

(Stories with asterisks are stories where the ending involves a main character wishing for, and receiving, the death of a family member. Reader discretion is advised)

Chapter One: The Blue Bird

In a moment he had a slender body like a bird, covered with shining blue feathers, his beak was like ivory, his eyes were bright as stars, and a crown of white feathers adorned his head.

Chapter One: The Blue Bird

After walking on and on for eight days and eight nights, she came at last to a tremendously high hill of polished ivory, so steep that it was impossible to get a foothold upon it.

Chapter Two, The Half-Chick

When she took the whole family out for a walk in the fields, Medio Pollito would hop away by himself, and hide among the Indian corn.

Chapter Two, The Half-Chick

Now the stream was all choked up, and overgrown with weeds and water-plants, so that its waters could not flow freely.

Chapter Three: The Story of Caliph Stork

He carried a box containing all manner of wares-- strings of pearls, rings, richly mounted pistols, goblets, and combs.

Chapter Three: The Story of Caliph Stork

Their one comfort in their sad plight was the power of flying, and accordingly they often flew over the roofs of Baghdad to see what was going on there.

Chapter Four, The Enchanted Watch*

Once upon a time there lived a rich man who had three sons. When they grew up, he sent the eldest to travel and see the world, and three years passed before his family saw him again.

Chapter Four, The Enchanted Watch

The King, the Queen, and the Princess were speechless with surprise. Never had they seen such a splendid palace, nor such a high feast! At dessert the King asked Jenik's father to give him the young man for a son-in-law.

Chapter Five; Rosanella

Everybody knows that though the fairies live hundreds of years they do sometimes die, and especially as they are obliged to pass one day in every week under the form of some animal, when of course they are liable to accident.

Chapter Five; Rosanella

"Great Queen," said Paridamie, "permit me to restore to you your daughter Rosanella, whom I stole out of her cradle."

Chapter Six SYLVAIN AND JOCOSA

Then she sent for her chariot of green rushes, ornamented with May dewdrops, which she particularly valued and always collected with great care; and ordered her six short-tailed moles to carry them all back to the well-known pastures, which they did in a

remarkably short time; and Sylvain and Jocosa were overjoyed to see their dearly-loved home once more after all their toilsome wanderings.

Chapter Six SYLVAIN AND JOCOSA

“I have told you this story, my dear Sylvain and Jocosa,” added the Fairy, “to prove to you that this little cottage and all that belongs to it is a gift more likely to bring you happiness and contentment than many things that would at first seem grander and more desirable.”

Chapter Seven FAIRY GIFTS

“By degrees I wearied of what had so delighted me at first, especially as I perceived more and more plainly that it is impossible to be constantly smart and amusing without being frequently ill-natured, and too apt to turn all things, even the most serious, into mere occasions for a brilliant jest.”

Chapter Seven FAIRY GIFTS

Sylvia paused for a moment, and then answered: “A quiet spirit.” And the Fairy granted her request.

This lovely gift makes life a constant happiness to its possessor, and to all who are brought into contact with her.

Chapter Eight PRINCE NARCISSUS AND THE PRINCESS POTENTILLA

The King, who was called Cloverleaf, liked hunting better than anything else...

Chapter Eight PRINCE NARCISSUS AND THE PRINCESS POTENTILLA

Her name was Frivola, and her one occupation in life was the pursuit of amusement.

Chapter Eight PRINCE NARCISSUS AND THE PRINCESS POTENTILLA

a) After pausing a moment to give her time to admire him, the Enchanter made her the most complimentary speech he could invent, which, however, did not please her at all, though he was extremely delighted with it himself.

b) Poor Potentilla only shuddered and cried: "Oh! where is my Narcissus?"

c) To which he replied with a self-satisfied chuckle: "You want a narcissus, madam? Well, they are not rare; you shall have as many as you like."

d) Whereupon he waved his wand, and the Princess found herself surrounded and half buried in the fragrant flowers.

Chapter Nine PRINCE FEATHERHEAD AND THE PRINCESS CELANDINE

a) "I have," said she, "the unhappiness of loving a Prince who is fickle, frivolous, proud, incapable of caring for anyone but himself, who has been spoilt by flattery, and, to crown all, who does not love me."

b) "But," cried Prince Featherhead, "surely you cannot care for so contemptible and worthless a creature as that."

Chapter Nine PRINCE FEATHERHEAD AND THE PRINCESS CELANDINE

Their marriage took place the next day, and they lived happily ever afterwards, for Celandine was never vain and Featherhead was never fickle any more.

Chapter Ten THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

Her mother often scolded her for her selfishness, and told her that some day she would suffer for being so greedy and grabbing.

Chapter Ten THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

Blacky was a good, nice little pig, neither dirty nor greedy. He had nice dainty ways (for a pig), and his skin was always as smooth and shining as black satin.

Chapter Ten THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

He quickly found a sharp stone and cut the cords by which they were tied to a stake in the ground, and then all three started off together for Blacky's house, where they lived happily ever after; and Brownie quite gave up rolling in the mud, and Whitey ceased to be greedy, for they never forgot how nearly these faults had brought them to an untimely end.

Chapter Eleven, HEART OF ICE

One brought an army at his back, another had vast treasures, a third was as handsome and accomplished as it was possible to be; while, as to poor Mannikin, he had nothing but his determination to succeed, his faithful spaniel, and his ridiculous name--which last was hardly likely to help him, but as he could not alter it he wisely determined not to think of it any more.

Chapter Eleven, HEART OF ICE

The Prince, out of grateful remembrance of the Princess Sabella's first gift to him bestowed the right of bearing her name upon the most beautiful of the martens, and that is why they are called sables to this day.

Chapter Twelve, THE ENCHANTED RING

Once upon a time there lived a young man named Rosimond, who was as good and handsome as his elder brother Bramintho was ugly and wicked.

Chapter Twelve, THE ENCHANTED RING

Perhaps he might have been wise and happy if he had never had the chance of gratifying his wishes! Oh! how dangerous it is to have more power than the rest of the world!

Chapter Thirteen, THE SNUFF-BOX*

Someone told him that he ought to consult the moon, for the moon travelled far, and might be able to tell him something. So he went away, away, away, and ended, somehow or other, by reaching the land of the moon.

Chapter Thirteen, THE SNUFF-BOX

So she hid him under the staircase, and soon they heard the south wind arrive, shaking the house to its foundations.

Chapter Fourteen, The Golden Blackbird

He entered the inn and the two brothers made merry and feasted, till very soon their money was all spent. They even owed something to their landlord, who kept them as hostages till they could pay their debts.

Chapter Fourteen, The Golden Blackbird

a) The youngest son set forth in his turn, and he arrived at the place where his brothers were still prisoners. They called to him to stop, and did all they could to prevent his going further.

b) "No," he replied, "my father trusted me, and I will go all over the world till I find the Golden Blackbird."

Chapter Fifteen, THE LITTLE SOLDIER

At such an unexpected sight many men would have turned and run for their lives; but the little soldier, though he was so small, had a true soldier's heart. He only made one step backwards, and grasped the hilt of his sword.

Chapter Fifteen, THE LITTLE SOLDIER

Rolling stones gather no moss, but they sometimes gain polish; and the months which John had spent in roaming about the world had not been wasted. Such a neatly turned compliment flattered Ludovine.

Chapter Fifteen, THE LITTLE SOLDIER

Then John told her all his adventures, and when he had finished, he restored to her the purse and the mantle.

“What can I do with them?” said she. “You have proved to me that happiness does not lie in the possession of treasures.”

Chapter Sixteen, THE MAGIC SWAN

There were once upon a time three brothers, of whom the eldest was called Jacob, the second Frederick, and the youngest Peter.

Chapter Sixteen, THE MAGIC SWAN

Without a moment's hesitation the clown grasped the black outstretched hand. The bird screamed.

“Swan, hold fast,” called out Peter, and the clown became the fourth of the party.

Chapter Seventeen THE DIRTY SHEPHERDESS

“I look upon you, my father,” she answered, “as I look upon salt in my food.”

Chapter Seventeen THE DIRTY SHEPHERDESS

The King embraced his daughter, and allowed that he had been wrong to misinterpret her words. Then, for the rest of the wedding feast they gave him bread made with salt, and dishes with seasoning, and he said they were the very best he had ever eaten.

Chapter Eighteen THE ENCHANTED SNAKE

There was once upon a time a poor woman who would have given all she possessed for a child, but she hadn't one.

Chapter Eighteen THE ENCHANTED SNAKE

Cola-Mattheo rose at dawn, and taking a basket on his arm, he went to the market, and bought all the pomegranates, apricots, cherries, and other fruit he could find there, and sowed the seeds and stones in the palace garden. In one moment, the trees were all ablaze with rubies, emeralds, diamonds, and every other precious stone you can think of.

Chapter Nineteen, THE BITER BIT*

Once upon a time there lived a man called Simon, who was very rich, but at the same time as stingy and miserly as he could be. He had a housekeeper called Nina, a clever capable woman, and as she did her work carefully and conscientiously, her master had the greatest respect for her.

Chapter Nineteen, THE BITER BIT

As soon as it felt itself free, the laden goat trotted off as quickly as it could, and to this day nobody knows what became of it.

Chapter Twenty, KING KOJATA

The horse no sooner recognized his master, than it neighed loudly with joy, and springing towards him, it stood as if rooted to the ground, while Prince Milan and Hyacinthia jumped on its back. Then it sped onwards like an arrow from a bow.

Chapter Twenty, KING KOJATA

When the first ray of light entered the room, he noticed that the little blue flower began to tremble, and at last it rose out of the pot and flew about the room, put everything in order, swept away the dust, and lit the fire.

Chapter Twenty-one, PRINCE FICKLE AND FAIR HELENA

a) There was once upon a time a beautiful girl called Helena. Her own mother had died when she was quite a child, and her stepmother was as cruel and unkind to her as she could be.

b) Helena did all she could to gain her love, and performed the heavy work given her to do cheerfully and well; but her stepmother's heart wasn't in the least touched, and the more the poor girl did the more she asked her to do.

Chapter Twenty-one, PRINCE FICKLE AND FAIR HELENA

At the word of the Fairy the rocks and stones rose and built themselves into a beautiful castle, and before sunset it was all furnished inside, and left nothing to be desired.

Chapter Twenty-two, PUDDOCKY (From the German)*

There was once upon a time a poor woman who had one little daughter called 'Parsley.' She was so called because she liked eating parsley better than any other food, indeed she would hardly eat anything else.

Chapter Twenty-two, PUDDOCKY

The two elder brothers chose the more frequented ways, but the youngest, bidding them farewell, set out on the dreary road.

Chapter Twenty-three, THE STORY OF HOK LEE AND THE DWARFS

When he had picked himself up, he came forward with a low bow, and the dwarf who had first spoken and who appeared to be the leader, said, "Now, then, who art thou, and what brings thee here?"

Chapter Twenty-three, THE STORY OF HOK LEE AND THE DWARFS

The way home seemed short and easy to him, and he went to bed happy, and resolved never to go out robbing again.

Chapter Twenty-four THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS

If she had been a good little old woman she would have waited till the bears came home, and then, perhaps, they would have asked her to breakfast; for they were good bears--a little rough or so, as the manner of bears is, but for all that very good-natured and hospitable. But she was an impudent, bad old woman, and set about helping herself.

Chapter Twenty-four, THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS

a) And when the Little, Small, Wee Bear came to look at his bed, there was the bolster in its place, and the pillow in its place upon the bolster, and upon the pillow was the little old woman's ugly, dirty head,--which was not in its place, for she had no business there.

b) “_Somebody has been lying in my bed,--and here she is_!” said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Chapter Twenty-Five, PRINCE VIVIEN AND THE PRINCESS PLACIDA

“Patience, patience,” said the old woman looking at him with her slow gentle smile, “I can't be hurried. "All things come at last to him who waits;" you must have heard that often.”

Chapter Twenty-Five, PRINCE VIVIEN AND THE PRINCESS PLACIDA

He actually reflected for about five seconds on his folly, and came to the conclusion that it might sometimes be advisable to think before one acted.

Chapter Twenty-Five, PRINCE VIVIEN AND THE PRINCESS PLACIDA

The Giant only said, "Then you must learn to do something; in this world there is enough work for everybody."

Chapter Twenty-Five, PRINCE VIVIEN AND THE PRINCESS PLACIDA

King Gridelin and Queen Santorina, after all their experiences had no further desire to reign, so they retired happily to a peaceful place, leaving their kingdom to the Prince and Princess, who were beloved by all their subjects, and found their greatest happiness all their lives long in making other people happy.

Chapter Twenty-Six, LITTLE ONE-EYE, LITTLE TWO-EYES, AND LITTLE THREE-EYES

But Little Two-eyes thought, "I must try at once if what she has told me is true, for I am more hungry than ever"; and she said, "Little goat, bleat, Little table appear," and scarcely had she uttered the words, when there stood a little table before her covered with a white cloth, on which were arranged a plate, with a knife and fork and a silver spoon, and the most beautiful dishes, which were smoking hot, as if they had just come out of the kitchen.

Chapter Twenty-Six, LITTLE ONE-EYE, LITTLE TWO-EYES, AND LITTLE THREE-EYES

Once two poor women came to the castle to beg alms. Then Little Two-eyes looked at them and recognised both her sisters, Little One-eye and Little Three-eyes, who had become so poor that they came to beg bread at her door. But Little Two-eyes bade them welcome, and was so good to them that they both repented from their hearts of having been so unkind to their sister.

Chapter Twenty-Seven JORINDE AND JORINGEL

If any youth came within a hundred paces of the castle, he was obliged to stand still, and could not stir from the spot till she set him free; but if a pretty girl came within this boundary, the old enchantriss changed her into a bird, and shut her up in a wicker cage, which she put in one of the rooms in the castle.

Chapter Twenty-Seven JORINDE AND JORINGEL

Then he turned all the other birds again into maidens, and he went home with his Jorinde, and they lived a long and happy life.

Chapter Twenty-eight ALLERLEIRAUH; OR, THE MANY-FURRED CREATURE

a) In the night, when everyone else was sleeping, she got up and took three things from her treasures, a gold ring, a little gold spinning-wheel, and a gold reel; she put the sun, moon, and star dresses in a nut-shell, drew on the cloak of many skins, and made her face and hands black with soot.

b) Then she commended herself to God, and went out and traveled the whole night till she came to a large forest.

Chapter Twenty-eight ALLERLEIRAUH; OR, THE MANY-FURRED CREATURE

a) So they put her in the cart and they went back to the palace. There they showed her a tiny room under the stairs, where no daylight came, and said to her, 'Many-furred Creature, you can live and sleep here.'

b) Then she was sent into the kitchen, where she carried wood and water, poked the fire, washed vegetables, plucked fowls, swept up the ashes, and did all the dirty work.

Chapter Twenty-Nine, THE TWELVE HUNTSMEN

Then the Princess desired twelve complete huntsmen's suits to be made, all exactly alike, and the eleven maidens had to dress themselves in eleven of the suits, while she herself put on the twelfth.

Chapter Twenty-Nine, THE TWELVE HUNTSMEN

One evening the Lion said to the King: "So you think you have got twelve huntsmen, do you?"

Chapter Thirty, SPINDLE, SHUTTLE, AND NEEDLE

She worked hard, spinning, weaving, and sewing, and her old godmother's blessing seemed to prosper all she did.

Chapter Thirty, SPINDLE, SHUTTLE, AND NEEDLE

The spindle, the shuttle, and the needle were carefully placed in the treasury, and were always held in the very highest honour.

Chapter Thirty-One, THE CRYSTAL COFFIN

As he stood hesitating, a voice from the rock cried to him: "Step in without fear, no harm shall befall you."

Chapter Thirty-One, THE CRYSTAL COFFIN

Her delight was complete when her brother (who had killed the Magician under the form of a bull) was seen coming from the forest in his proper shape, and that very day, according to her promise, she gave her hand in marriage to the happy young tailor.

Chapter Thirty-Two, THE THREE SNAKE-LEAVES

There was once a poor man who could no longer afford to keep his only son at home. So the son said to him, "Dear father, you are so poor that I am only a burden to you; I would rather go out into the world and see if I can earn my own living."

Chapter Thirty-Two, THE THREE SNAKE-LEAVES

The King had a daughter who was very beautiful, but she was also very capricious.

Chapter Thirty-Three, THE RIDDLE

A King's son once had a great desire to travel through the world, so he started off, taking no one with him but one trusty servant.

Chapter Thirty-Three, THE RIDDLE

She thought, and thought, and looked through all her books of riddles and puzzles, but she found nothing to help her, and could not guess; in fact, she was at her wits' end.

Chapter Thirty-Four, JACK MY HEDGEHOG

At length he grew so angry that he exclaimed: "I must and will have a child of some sort or kind, even should it only be a hedgehog!"

Chapter Thirty-Four, JACK MY HEDGEHOG

When the King's daughter saw Jack my Hedgehog, she was a good deal startled, for he certainly was very peculiar looking; but after all she considered that she had given her word and it couldn't be helped.

Chapter Thirty-Five, THE GOLDEN LADS

A poor man and his wife lived in a little cottage, where they supported themselves by catching fish in the nearest river, and got on as best they could, living from hand to mouth.

Chapter Thirty-Five, THE GOLDEN LADS

The fisher replied: "What good, pray, will a castle be to me if I have nothing to eat in it?"

Chapter Thirty-Five, THE GOLDEN LADS

The two golden lads fell into each other's arms and kissed each other with joy, and then rode off together to the edge of the forest, where they parted, one to return to his old father, and the other to his bride.

Chapter Thirty-Six, THE WHITE SNAKE

Not very long ago there lived a King, the fame of whose wisdom was spread far and wide.

Chapter Thirty-Six, THE WHITE SNAKE

Here he found a great crowd and much commotion in the streets, and a herald rode about announcing, "The King's daughter seeks a husband, but whoever would woo her must first execute a difficult task, and if he does not succeed he must be content to forfeit his life."

Chapter Thirty-Six, THE WHITE SNAKE

The Ant-King, with his thousands and thousands of followers, had come during the night, and the grateful creatures had industriously gathered all the millet together and put it in the sacks.

Chapter Thirty-Seven, THE STORY OF A CLEVER TAILOR

Once upon a time there lived an exceedingly proud Princess. If any suitor for her hand ventured to present himself, she would give him some riddle or conundrum to guess, and if he failed to do so, he was hunted out of the town with scorn and derision.

Chapter Thirty-Seven, THE STORY OF A CLEVER TAILOR

The tailor, however, had no notion of being scared, but said cheerily, "Bravely dared is half won."

Chapter Thirty-Eight, THE GOLDEN Mermaid

But before he had gone far his friend the wolf stood before him and said, "Dear Prince, why are you so cast down? It is true you didn't succeed in catching the bird; but don't let that discourage you, for this time you will be all the more careful, and will doubtless catch the horse."

Chapter Thirty-Eight, THE GOLDEN Mermaid

Thereupon they bent their steps towards the sea, which stretched out before them, as far as their eyes could see, all the waves dancing and glittering in the bright sunshine.

Chapter Thirty-nine, THE WAR OF THE WOLF AND THE FOX

The cat replied, "I have caught many a mouse in my day, but now that I am old and past work, my master wants to drown me."

Chapter Thirty-nine, THE WAR OF THE WOLF AND THE FOX

The fox answered, "That's the way of the world. But I'll help you to get back into your master's favour, only you must first help me in my own troubles."

Chapter Forty, THE STORY OF THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

So he stood on the shore and said:
"Once a prince, but changed you be
Into a flounder in the sea.
Come! for my wife, Ilsebel,
Wishes what I dare not tell."

Chapter Forty, THE STORY OF THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

The next morning the wife woke up first at daybreak, and looked out of the bed at the beautiful country stretched before her. Her husband was still sleeping, so she dug her elbows into his side and said: "Husband, get up and look out of the window. Could we not become the king of all this land? Go down to the flounder and tell him we choose to be king."

Chapter Forty, THE STORY OF THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

With these words they went to bed. But the woman was not content; her greed would not allow her to sleep, and she kept on thinking and thinking what she could still become.

Chapter Forty-One, THE THREE MUSICIANS

Upstairs and downstairs he wandered, through lofty halls, splendid rooms, and lovely little boudoirs, everything beautifully arranged, and all kept in the most perfect order.

Chapter Forty-One, THE THREE MUSICIANS

Notwithstanding the warning of his companions, the third musician, who played the flute, was still determined to try his luck, and, full of courage and daring, he set out, resolved, if possible, to find and secure the hidden treasure.

Chapter Forty-One, THE THREE MUSICIANS

Then they threw his beard to the old man across the river, but they kept his wand, so that the wicked dwarf could never again enter their kingdom. So the happy couple returned to their castle, and lived there in peace and plenty for ever after.

Chapter Forty-Two, THE THREE DOGS

When he was on his death-bed he turned to them and said, "I have nothing to leave you but three sheep and a small house; divide them between you, as you like, but don't quarrel over them whatever you do."

Chapter Forty-Two, THE THREE DOGS

But this year passed also, and she threw herself at her father's feet, and begged so piteously for one more year that the King's heart was melted, and he yielded to her request, much to the Princess's joy, for she knew that her real deliverer would appear at the end of the third year.

Chapter Forty-Two, THE THREE DOGS

While he was lying on his straw pallet, pondering mournfully on his fate, he thought he heard the low whining of his dogs outside; then an idea dawned on him, and he called out as loudly as he could, "Mustard, come to my help," and in a second he saw the

paws of his biggest dog at the window of his cell, and before he could count two the creature had bitten through the iron bars and stood beside him.

Chapter Forty-Two, THE THREE DOGS

The Princess recognized her deliverer at once, and did not need the proof of the two dragon's teeth which he drew from his pocket.

Hans Christian Andersen's Tales by Hans Christian Andersen

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Heidi by Joanna Spyri

Chapter 1

She said nothing, but her little eyes kept watching first Peter, as he sprang nimbly hither and thither on his bare feet, clad only in his short light breeches, and then the slim-legged goats that went leaping over rocks and shrubs and up the steep ascents with even greater ease.

Chapter 2

Heidi followed him step by step, her eyes attentively taking in all that he did, and everything that she saw was a fresh source of pleasure to her.

Chapter 3

Peter could see no one, for Heidi was seated on the ground at the foot of a small hill thickly overgrown with sweet smelling prunella; the whole air seemed filled with its fragrance, and Heidi thought she had never smelt anything so delicious.

Chapter 4

Whenever Peter heard that he must go alone he looked very unhappy, for he saw nothing but mishaps of all kinds ahead, and did not know how he should bear the long dull day without Heidi.

Chapter 5

Heidi was still as light-hearted and happy as the birds, and looked forward with more delight each day to the coming spring, when the warm south wind would roar through the fir trees and blow away the snow, and the warm sun would entice the blue and yellow flowers to show their heads, and the long days out on the mountain would come again, which seemed to Heidi the greatest joy that the earth could give.

Chapter 6

The child looked innocently out from beneath it, gazing with unconcealed astonishment at the lady's towering head-dress.

Chapter 7

It was a great relief to Heidi to know that the windows could be opened and that one could look out, for she still felt as if she was shut up in prison.

Chapter 8

The cover of the basket was loose, and at this moment one, two, three, and then two more, and again more kittens came suddenly tumbling on to the floor and racing about the room in every direction, and with such indescribable rapidity that it seemed as if the whole room was full of them.

Chapter 9

Father and daughter greeted each other with warm affection, for they were deeply attached to one another.

Chapter 10

She had such beautiful white hair, and two long lace ends hung down from the cap on her head and waved gently about her face every time she moved, as if a soft breeze were blowing round her, which gave Heidi a peculiar feeling of pleasure.

Chapter 11

Heidi's longing for the old familiar and beautiful things grew daily stronger, so that now only to read a word that recalled them to her remembrance brought her to the verge of tears, which with difficulty she suppressed.

Chapter 12

On reaching Heidi's room the doctor put the candle down on the table, and taking Heidi up in his arms laid her on the bed and carefully covered her over.

Chapter 13

And as Heidi stood gazing around her at all this splendor the tears ran down her cheeks for very delight and happiness, and impulsively she put her hands together, and lifting her eyes to heaven, thanked God aloud for having brought her home, thanked Him that everything was as beautiful as ever, more beautiful even than she had thought, and that it was all hers again once more.

Chapter 14

Her hands were still folded as if she had fallen asleep saying her prayers, an expression of peace and trust lay on the little face, and something in it seemed to appeal to the grandfather, for he stood a long time gazing down at her without speaking.

Chapter 15

The tears were indeed swimming in the blue eyes, although Clara struggled to keep them down for her father's sake, but it was a bitter disappointment to give up the journey, the thought of which had been her only joy and solace during the lonely hours of her long illness.

Chapter 16

The old man now never passed the door without going in to wish the old woman good-day, and she liked to hear his footstep approaching, for he always had a cheery word for her.

Chapter 17

He had no difficulty now in conversing with his companion, for Heidi had a great deal to say about the goats and their peculiarities, and about the flowers and the rocks and the birds, and so they clambered on and reached their resting-place before they were aware.

Chapter 18

The grandmother lay with folded hands, while a smile of peace stole over the worn, troubled face, like one to whom good news has been brought.

Chapter 19

The teacher looked in astonishment towards Heidi, who was sitting innocently on her bench with no appearance of anything supernatural about her.

Chapter 20

Clara and Heidi were as overjoyed at these words as if they were two birds let out of their cages, and grandmamma's face beamed with satisfaction.

Chapter 21

Peter, cross as a bear, grumbled some reply, and lifted his stick to give Greenfinch a blow for no reason in particular, but Greenfinch saw the movement, and with a leap over Snowflake's back she got out of the way, and the stick only hit the air.

Chapter 22

Clara sat silent, overcome with the enchantment of all that her eye rested upon, and with the anticipation of all the happiness that was now before her.

Chapter 23

And it was difficult to say which of the three looked the happiest at being together again, and at the recollection of all the wonderful things that had happened.

***Joan of Arc by Diane Stanley**

The future savior of France was much like all the other little girls in the village of Domremy. She was an ordinary peasant child, sunburned and strong, used to hard work.

Joan was overwhelmed by this stunning request. She didn't understand how she could fulfill it, for she was just "a poor girl who did not know how to ride or lead in war.

"By God, gentle prince, it is you and none other!"

Then, withdrawing from the others, Joan gave Charles a sign to prove she came from God. No one really knows what the sign was, but witnesses said that as she spoke, his face grew radiant and he was much changed.

"I have not come to Poitiers to make signs! Take me to Orleans, and I will show you the sign for which I have been sent!"

Joan told the men to be merciful conquerors, never burning villages or stealing from the people. They must do nothing to displease the King of Heaven because, she said, the army would fight the battle, but God would grant the victory.

The king later rewarded Joan by raising her family to the nobility. He also granted the only favor she asked, that her little village be forever exempt from taxes.

Soldiers surrounded her, shouting wildly, "Yield to me! Yield to me!" Then an archer, "a rough man and sour," grabbed hold of her cloak and pulled Joan from her horse. She was now a prisoner.

Joan did not win her freedom by repenting. Instead, she was sentenced to life in prison, where she would live "on the bread of sorrow and the water of affliction."

Joan asked for a cross, so someone in the crowd tied two sticks together for her. A sympathetic priest hurried into the church and brought out the crucifix, which he held up to comfort her in her last, dreadful moments.

***Leif the Lucky by Ingri D'Aulaire**

Page 1

And this is the story of Leif, Erik's son, who sailed with his father to Greenland who later sailed still farther west and found there the continent of America.

Page 6

For days they sailed through mountains of waves and through valleys of water, and Leif saw nothing but sea and sky and drifting ice.

Page 14

Leif grew up in Greenland and became strong and cunning as a chieftain's son should be.

Page 19

Ships were scarce in Greenland, for there were no woods, but at last Leif got a ship of his own and set out.

Page 26

But in a great storm the waves rose so high they nudged the moon, and his ship swayed like a rocking horse.

Page 30-31

All through the summer they lived in great plenty and were carefree and did nothing but enjoy the land, for it was so rich that wild grains and grapevines and all kinds of fruits grew there. And Leif gave the land a name, and called it Vinland or Wineland.

Page 50

Leif sat in the high seat now, for Erik the Red had died, old and full of days.

Page 52

As long as he lived he was highly honored and even after his death the story of Leif the lucky, the first white man who discovered America, lived on.

***Little Duke by Charlotte Yonge**

Chapter 1

The Duke had time to attend to his little boy, and Richard sat upon his knee and talked, told about all his pleasures, how his arrow had hit the deer to-day, how Sir Eric let him ride out to the chase on his little pony, how Osmond would take him to bathe in the cool bright river, and how he had watched the raven's nest in the top of the old tower.

Chapter 2

It was then considered a duty to be paid to the deceased, that their relatives and friends should visit them as they lay in state, and sprinkle them with drops of holy water, and Richard was now to pay this token of respect. He trembled a little, and yet it did not seem quite so dreary, since he should once more look on his father's face, and he accordingly rode towards the Cathedral.

Chapter 3

William had always been a man who chose the good and refused the evil, but this accident, and the long illness that followed it, made him far more thoughtful and serious than he had ever been before; he made preparing for death and eternity his first object, and thought less of his worldly affairs, his wars, and his ducal state.

Chapter 4

Richard had never had a playfellow of his own age, and his eagerness to see Alberic de Montemar was great. He watched from the window, and at length held Osmond entering the court with a boy of ten years old by his side, and an old grey-headed Squire, with a golden chain to mark him as Seneschal or Steward of the Castle, walking behind.

Chapter 5

Bernard paid no further attention to him, but, coming forward, required another oath from the King, that Richard should be as safe and free at his court as at Rouen, and that on no pretence whatsoever should he be taken from under the immediate care of his Esquire, Osmond Fitz Eric, heir of Centeville.

Chapter 6

The King rode first into the court with his Nobles, and before Richard could follow him through the narrow arched gateway, he had dismounted, entered the Castle, and was out of sight. Osmond held the Duke's stirrup, and followed him up the steps, which led to the Castle Hall. It was full of people, but no one made way, and Richard, holding his Squire's hand, looked up in his face, inquiring and bewildered.

Chapter 7

It was very hot weather, and Richard began to weary after the broad cool river at Rouen, where he used to bathe last summer; and one evening he persuaded his Squire to go down with him to the Oise, which flowed along some meadow ground about a quarter of a mile from the Castle; but they had hardly set forth before three or four attendants came running after them, with express orders from the Queen that they should return immediately. They obeyed, and found her standing in the Castle hall, looking greatly incensed.

Chapter 8

Osmond was dreadfully alarmed, knowing nothing at all of the treatment of illness, and, what was worse, fully persuaded that the poor child had been poisoned, and therefore resolved not to call any assistance; he hung over him all night, expecting each moment to see him expire--ready to tear his hair with despair and fury, and yet obliged to restrain himself to the utmost quietness and gentleness, to soothe the suffering of the sick child.

Chapter 9

The boys stood on the steps, wishing they were old enough to be warriors, and wondering what had become of him, until at length the sound of an opening door startled them, and there, in the low archway of the smithy, the red furnace glowing behind him, stood Osmond, clad in bright steel, the links of his hauberk reflecting the light, and on his helmet a pair of golden wings, while the same device adorned his long pointed kite-shaped shield.

Chapter 10

Richard told his story, and was glad to find Carloman could smile at it; and then Fru

Astrida advised him to take his little friend to bed. Carloman would not lie down without still holding Richard's hand, and the little Duke spared no pains to set him at rest, knowing what it was to be a desolate captive far from home.

Chapter 11

He renewed his friendship with Osmond, no longer started at the entrance of Sir Eric, laughed at Alberic's merry ways, and liked to sit on Fru Astrida's lap, and hear her sing, though he understood not one word; but his especial love was still for his first friend, Duke Richard.

Chapter 12

When Richard once more entered Rouen in state, his subjects shouting round him in transports of joy, better than all his honour and glory was the being able to enter the Church of our Lady, and kneel by his father's grave, with a clear conscience, and the sense that he had tried to keep that last injunction.

Conclusion

The venerable Abbot slowly rose, and held up his hand in an attitude of blessing: "The blessing of a merciful God be upon the sinner who turneth from his evil way; and ten thousand blessings of pardon and peace are already on the head of him who hath stretched out his hand to forgive and aid him who was once his grievous foe!"

Little House on the Prairie by Laura Ingalls Wilder

Chapter 1

Wild animals would not stay in a country where there were so many people. Pa did not like to stay, either. He liked a country where the wild animals lived without being afraid.

Chapter 1

So they all went away from the little log house. The shutters were over the windows, so the little house could not see them go. It stayed there inside the log fence, behind the

two big oak trees that in the summertime had made green roofs for Mary and Laura to play under.

Chapter 2

The wagon shook as the noisy water struck at it. Then all at once the wagon lifted and balanced and swayed. It was a lovely feeling.

Chapter 2

No road, not even the faintest trace of wheels or of a rider's passing, could be seen anywhere. That prairie looked as if no human eye had ever seen it before. Only the tall wild grass covered the endless empty land and a great empty sky arched over it.

Chapter 3

There was old, dead grass at the roots of the green grass, and Pa would take no chance of setting the prairie on fire. If fire once started in that dry under-grass, it would sweep that whole country bare and black. Pa said, "Best be on the safe side, it saves trouble in the end."

Chapter 3

Far away on the prairie the wolves howled, and under the wagon Jack growled low in his chest. In the wagon everything was safe and snug.

Chapter 4

The large, bright stars hung down from the sky. Lower and lower they came, quivering with music.

Laura gasped, and Ma came quickly. "What is it, Laura?" she asked, and Laura whispered, "The stars were singing."

Chapter 5

The big, heavy log was sliding. Pa was trying to hold up his end of it, to keep it from falling on Ma. He couldn't. It crashed down. Ma huddled on the ground.

Chapter 5

A pause, and Pa began to play the nightingale's song. The nightingale answered him. The nightingale began to sing again. It was singing with Pa's fiddle.

Chapter 6

We're going to do well here, Caroline," Pa said. "This is a great country. This is a country I'll be contented to stay in the rest of my life."

"Even when it's settled up?" Ma asked.

"Even when it's settled up. No matter how thick and close the neighbors get, this country'll never feel crowded. Look at that sky!"

Chapter 6

She liked the enormous sky and the winds, and the land that you couldn't see to the end of. Everything was so free and big and splendid.

Chapter 7

One thing had led to another, until Pa was starting home later than he had meant. He took a short cut across the prairie, and as he was loping along on Patty, suddenly out of a little draw came a pack of wolves. They were all around Pa in a moment.

Chapter 8

"I have no more nails, but I'll not keep on waiting till I can make a trip to Independence," he said. "A man doesn't need nails to build a house or make a door."

Chapter 9

When she stepped, the gravel hurt her feet. When she stood still, the tiny minnows swarmed about her toes and nibbled them with their tiny mouths. It was a funny, squiggling feeling.

Chapter 10

The roof was done. The house was darker than it had been, because no light came through the slabs. There as not one single crack that would let rain come in.

Chapter 11

Their faces were bold and fierce and terrible. Their black eyes glittered. High on their foreheads and above their ears where hair grows, these wild men had no hair. But on top of their heads a tuft of hair stood straight up.

Chapter 12

In a little while the well was almost full of water. A circle of blue sky lay not far down in the ground, and when Laura looked at it, a little girl's head looked up at her. When she waved her hand, a hand on the water's surface waved, too.

Chapter 13

Overhead the sky was big and still and full of moonlight. The lonely songs seemed to be crying for the moon. They made Laura's throat ache.

Chapter 14

The sun was low behind their backs when they came out of the hollow. Home was small and very far away. And Pa did not have his gun.

Chapter 15

The very next day, without saying where he was going, Pa rode away on Patty. Ma wondered and wondered where he had gone. And when Pa came back he was balancing a watermelon in front of him on the saddle.

Chapter 16

Ma turned toward him and smiled. "Take care of yourself on the trip, Charles, and don't worry about us," she told him. "We will be all right."

Chapter 17

Pa pulled off his stiff boots and warmed his stiff, cold hands. Then he sat on the bench and he took Mary on one knee and Laura on the other and he hugged them against him, all snuggled in the shawl. Their bare toes toasted in the heat from the fire.

"Ah!" Pa sighed. "I thought I never would get here."

Chapter 18

As she spoke she looked up, and there stood an Indian. He stood in the doorway, looking at them, and they had not heard a sound.

"Goodness!" Ma gasped.

Chapter 19

"Now go to sleep," Ma said, kissing them good night. "Morning will come quicker if you're asleep."

Chapter 19

They had never even thought of such a thing as having a penny. Think of having a whole penny for your very own. Think of having a cup and a cake and a stick of candy *and* a penny.

There never had been such a Christmas.

Chapter 20

Pa said he would not stop till he killed that panther. He said, "We can't have panthers running around in a country where there are little girls."

Chapter 21

He gave Ma a package and watched her unwrap it and in it was enough pretty calico to make her a dress.

"Oh, Charles, you shouldn't! It's too much!" she said. But her face and Pa's were two beams of joy.

Chapter 22

Now a great many Indians came riding along the Indian trail. Indians were everywhere. Their guns echoed in the creek bottoms where they were hunting. No one knew how many Indians were hidden in the prairie which seemed so level but wasn't. Often Laura saw an Indian where no one had been an instant before.

Chapter 23

Night crept toward the little house, and the darkness was frightening. It yelped with Indian yells, and one night it began to throb with Indian drums.

Chapter 24

She sat a long time on the doorstep, looking into the empty west where the Indians had gone. She seemed still to see waving feathers and black eyes and to hear the sound of ponies' feet.

Chapter 25

It was now too warm for a fire, but Pa and Ma sat looking at the ashes in the fireplace.

Ma sighed gently and said, "A whole year gone, Charles." But Pa answered, cheerfully: "What's a year amount to? We have all the time there is."

Chapter 26

They were all there together, safe and comfortable for the night, under the wide, starlit sky. Once more the covered wagon was home.

***Marco Polo by Manuel Komroff**

Chapter 1

Young Marco Polo looked out upon the wide blue sea from an upper window in his home in Venice. Far beyond the Gulf of Venice he saw the broad Adriatic dotted with many vessels laden with cargo.

Chapter 2

The boy was also eager to learn all that he could about the lands of the Orient from which his father and uncle had just returned. Of these eastern countries very little was at that time known in Europe.

Chapter 3

After several days' journey the Polos came to the castle of the fire worshipers where they stayed as guests. The priests of the castle said that the reason they worshiped fire was because of the three Magi.

Chapter 4

All this strange history the Polos learned from the people with whom they spoke. For years these people had lived in terror. Now they were free.

Chapter 5

One night the Polos sat around a campfire and talked with a herdsman. Marco, having seen many large wild mountain sheep, with great twisted horns, in this district was curious to know about them.

Chapter 6

Marco noted three interesting things about the people of this countryside, the most important of which was their religious freedom.

Chapter 7

"It is long," said the gatekeeper. "Very long. It stretches all the way from the sea to the far west, a distance of about eighteen hundred miles. And it was built many years ago, centuries ago."

Chapter 8

They explained why they had been so long delayed and how they finally saw the new pope. They told about the two frightened friars. And they said that they had with them the letters and presents which the Pope had sent.

Chapter 9

Leaving his father and uncle behind, he went out at once into the beautiful city of Cambalu with its tiled roofs, its stone towers and its broad paved streets.

Chapter 10

“Those are the Khan’s stables,” he said. “In those stables are stalls for the Khan’s thousand white horses.”

Chapter 11

“In those days, just as you see it now, there were Buddhists, Mohammedans, Idolaters, Christians and Jews, worshiping and living side by side in peace.”

Chapter 12

- (a) One baron, Marco thought, had a very odd job indeed. He was called the “Keeper of Lost Property.”
- (b) If anything were found – a cap, a piece of clothing or a stray falcon – it had to be turned over to this baron. Failure to do so was considered theft and was punishable.

Chapter 13

- (a) After reading Marco Polo’s adventures, the famous poet Coleridge, fascinated by Xanadu, dreamed one night about the pleasure palaces of the Khan.
- (b) This poem, entitled Kubla Khan, he was unable to finish.
- (c) But the fragment which he managed to capture from the dream is recognized today as one of the great poems of the world.

Chapter 14

When this whole affair was concluded the Khan called Marco Polo before the throne, and in the presence of all his ministers he complimented him on his courage to speak the truth.

Chapter 15

Marco was told that throughout the land of Cathay the people believed in astrology. They believed that the stars in the sky influenced human affairs and even predicted future events.

Chapter 16

The Khan chose Marco as his emissary because he felt that Marco showed an unusual talent for observation of people and conditions of life.

Chapter 17

On his way through the southern provinces of Cathay, Marco Polo came to a place where the natives hunted crocodiles. Never having seen one before, he called them "great serpents."

Chapter 18

The city of Mien was large and rich. And among the many splendors which Marco found there were two towers, one of gold and one of silver.

Chapter 19

Hanchow reminded him of his native Venice. It was situated between a beautiful lake and a river which supplied the water for hundreds of canals that laced through the city.

Chapter 20

But when Marco suggested to the Khan that he and his father and uncle might return to Venice, the Khan was greatly disturbed and tried in every way to hold them.

Chapter 21

Marco was not eager to leave Cathay but he could see the wisdom of this plan. Accordingly, the three Polos went to see the great Khan.

Chapter 22

They promised that they would guard the bride from Cathay with their lives, and that they would deliver her safely to Argon, the king of Persia.

Chapter 23

This was a year and a half of great sea adventure. They touched many ports – many lands – and saw many strange races.

Chapter 24

The news soon spread throughout Venice that the Polo brothers and young Marco had returned. It was exciting news.

Chapter 25

Every day Rusticiano urged Marco to write down his experiences. And finally one day Marco agreed to do so.

Chapter 26

- (a) “With my dying breath,” said Marco, “I repeat that it is all true. Every word is the truth.”
- (b) “I have not told even half of what I saw. But I told the truth, that I swear.” These words he repeated over and over to his very last day.

Mary Poppins by P.L. Travers

Chapter 1

Mr. Banks, who owns it, said to Mrs. Banks that she could either have a nice, clean, comfortable house or four children. But not

both, for he couldn't afford it.

And I wish Robertson Ay would go without a word of warning, for he has again polished one boot and left the other untouched. I shall look very lopsided.

Chapter 2

How could you leave your umbrella behind if it had a parrot's head for a handle? Besides, Mary Poppins was very vain and liked to look her best.

The merry-go-round was just slowing down as they approached it. They leapt upon it.

Chapter 3

Jane and Michael looked up too and to their surprise saw a round, fat, bald man who was hanging in the air without holding on to anything. Indeed, he appeared to be sitting on the air, for his legs were crossed and he had just put down the newspaper which he had been reading when they came in.

Jane tried it and found she could sit quite comfortably on the air. She took off her hat and laid it down beside her and it hung there in space without any support at all.

Chapter 4

Jane and Michael always knew Miss Lark was in the garden or coming down the Lane, because she wore so many brooches and necklaces and earrings that she jingled and jangled just like a brass band.

And of course Andrew would have to come in, or Miss Lark would shame him by coming out and bringing him in. And Andrew would blush and hurry up the steps so his friends should not hear her calling him her Precious, her Joy, her Little Lump of Sugar.

Chapter 5

So Michael sat all the afternoon on the windowseat telling her everything that occurred in the Lane. And sometimes his accounts were very dull and sometimes exciting.

But at the very moment she was thinking these thoughts, adventure, as she afterwards told my Mother, was stalking her. It came upon her one night when the stars themselves looked like dandelions and the moon a great daisy among the stars.

Chapter 6

Michael knew now what was happening to him. He knew he was going to be naughty.

I'll thank you to go and pick it up and bring it to me. Somebody's dropped their tiara, perhaps.

Chapter 7

And when they are all sleepy and don't want to stay awake any longer, she spreads out her skirts, as a mother hen spreads out her wings, and the birds go creep, creep, creeping underneath. And as soon as the last one is under she settles down over them, making little, brooding, nesting noises and they sleep there until morning.

Chapter 8

Well, isn't this a nice surprise for me? I assure you I haven't been so surprised since Christopher Columbus discovered America -- truly I haven't!

It's a special recipe today -- one I got from Alfred the Great. He was a very good cook, I remember, though he did once burn the cakes.

Chapter 9, John and Barbara's Story

a) Down in the kitchen Mrs. Brill was reading the paper with her spectacles perched on her nose. Robertson Ay was sitting in the garden busily doing nothing.

b) Mrs. Banks was on the drawing-room sofa with her feet up. And the house stood very quietly around them all, dreaming its own dreams, or thinking perhaps.

John, drowsing in the sunlight, put the toes of his right foot into his mouth and ran them along the place where his teeth were just beginning to come through.

Chapter 10, Full Moon

Two wolves ran past the children, talking eagerly to a very tall stork who was tip-toeing between them with dainty, delicate movements. Jane and Michael distinctly caught the words "Birthday" and "Full Moon" as they went by.

All the cages were open and the snakes were out--some curled lazily into great scaly knots, others slipping gently about the floor. And in the middle of the snakes, on a log that had evidently been brought from one of the cages, sat Mary Poppins.

Chapter 11, Christmas Shopping

But the winter afternoons, she knew, were short, and they had to be home by tea-time. So with a sigh she wrenched herself away from her glorious reflection.

After that, Michael chose a packet of hairpins for each of the Twins and a Meccano set for his Mother, a mechanical beetle for Robertson Ay, a pair of spectacles for Ellen whose eyesight was perfectly good, and some bootlaces for Mrs. Brill who always wore slippers.

[Note to readers: a Meccano set is a construction toy in those days, like an Erector Set.]

Chapter 12, West Wind

The wind grew wilder towards evening, and blew in little guests about the house. It went puffing and whistling down the chimneys, slipping in through the cracks under the windows, turning the Nursery carpet up at the corners.

It carried her lightly so that her toes just grazed along the garden path. Then it lifted her over the front gate and swept her upwards towards the branches of the cherry-trees in the Lane.

***Merry Adventures of Robin Hood by Howard Pyle**

Chapter 1

And then, even in his trouble, he remembered the old saw that "What is done is done; and the egg cracked cannot be cured."

Chapter 1

"Now by the lusty yew bow of good Saint Withold," cried the stranger, "that is a shot indeed, and never saw I the like in all my life before! Now truly will I be thy man henceforth and for aye."

Chapter 2

Within my pouch I have a warrant, all fairly written out on parchment, forsooth, with a great red seal for to make it lawful. Could I but meet this same Robin Hood I would serve it upon his dainty body, and if he minded it not I would beat him till every one of his ribs would cry Amen. But thou livest hereabouts, mayhap thou knowest Robin Hood thyself, good fellow."

Chapter 2

"Ay, marry, will I join with you all," quoth the Tinker, "for I love a merry life, and I love thee, good master, though thou didst thwack my ribs and cheat me into the bargain. Fain am I to own thou art both a stouter and a slyer man than I; so I will obey thee and be thine own true servant."

Chapter 3

So look well to thyself, I say, or ill may befall thee as well as all the thieving knaves in Nottinghamshire. When the flood cometh it sweepeth away grain as well as chaff.

Chapter 4

"Our dear companion Will Stutely hath been taken by that vile Sheriff's men, therefore doth it behoove us to take bow and brand in hand to bring him off again; for I wot that we ought to risk life and limb for him, as he hath risked life and limb for us.

Chapter 4

"O Little John!" quoth he, "mine own true friend, and he that I love better than man or woman in all the world beside! Little did I reckon to see thy face this day, or to meet thee this side Paradise."

Chapter 5

"Yon is a right mad blade, for he hath sold more meat for one penny this day than we could sell for three, and to whatsoever merry lass gave him a kiss he gave meat for nought."

Chapter 5

Then bitterly the Sheriff rued the day that first he meddled with Robin Hood, for all men laughed at him and many ballads were sung by folk throughout the country, of how the Sheriff went to shear and came home shorn to the very quick. For thus men sometimes overreach themselves through greed and guile.

Chapter 6

"Now, Reynold Greenleaf," quoth the Sheriff, "thou art the fairest hand at the longbow that mine eyes ever beheld, next to that false knave, Robin Hood, from whose wiles Heaven forfend me! Wilt thou join my service, good fellow?"

"Then here stand I a free man, and right gladly will I enter thy household," said Little John, for he thought he might find some merry jest, should he enter the Sheriff's service.

Chapter 7

Then he said aloud, "Here I grow fat like a stall-fed ox and all my manliness departeth from me while I become a sluggard and dolt. But I will arouse me and go back to mine own dear friends once more, and never will I leave them again till life doth leave my lips." So saying, he leaped from bed, for he hated his sluggishness now.

Chapter 7

At most times I am as a yearling lamb, but when one cometh between me and my meat, I am a raging lion, as it were."

Chapter 8

Now it was an ill piece of luck for Little John that he left his duty for his pleasure, and he paid a great score for it, as we are all apt to do in the same case, as you shall see.

Chapter 8

"Will I join thy band?" cried the Tanner joyfully.

"Ay, marry, will I! Hey for a merry life!" cried he, leaping aloft and snapping his fingers, "and hey for the life I love!

Chapter 9

By the bright bow of Heaven, I will have their ill-gotten gains from them, even though I hang for it as high as e'er a forest tree in Sherwood!"

Chapter 9

Therefore, sweet chuck, I would have thee deliver to me thy purse, that I may look into it, and judge, to the best of my poor powers, whether thou hast more wealth about thee than our law allows. For, as our good Gaffer Swanthold sayeth, 'He who is fat from overliving must needs lose blood.'

Chapter 10

"It hath oftentimes seemed to me," said Will Scarlet, "that it hath a certain motive in it, e'en such as this: That a duty which seemeth to us sometimes ugly and harsh, when we do kiss it fairly upon the mouth, so to speak, is no such foul thing after all."

Chapter 10

"I make my vow," quoth merry Robin, smiting him upon the shoulder, "thou art the mightiest Midge that e'er mine eyes beheld. Now wilt thou leave thy dusty mill and come and join my band? By my faith, thou art too stout a man to spend thy days betwixt the hopper and the till."

Chapter 11

"Now, lad," said he, "tell us thy troubles, and speak freely. A flow of words doth ever ease the heart of sorrows; it is like opening the waste weir when the mill dam is overfull."

Chapter 11

Then Allan took Robin's hand and kissed it. "I will stay with thee always, dear master," said he, "for never have I known such kindness as thou hast shown me this day."

Chapter 12

The good Friar said not a word for a while, but he looked at Robin with a grim look. "Now," said he at last, "I did think that thy wits were of the heavy sort and knew not that thou wert so cunning."

Chapter 12

"Now I crave a boon ere we begin again," quoth Robin, wiping the sweat from his brow; for they had striven so long that he began to think that it would be an ill-done thing either to be smitten himself or to smite so stout and brave a fellow.

Chapter 13

Then, while those so chosen ran leaping, full of joy, to arm themselves with bow and shaft and broadsword, Robin Hood stepped aside into the covert, and there donned a gay, beribboned coat such as might have been worn by some strolling minstrel, and slung a harp across his shoulder, the better to carry out that part.

Chapter 13

Now this day, my Lord Bishop, if I may play at this wedding, I do promise that I will cause the fair bride to love the man she marries with a love that shall last as long as that twain shall live together."

Chapter 13

This is no fit wedding. Thou, Sir Knight, so old, and she so young, and thou thinkest to make her thy wife? I tell thee it may not be, for thou art not her own true love.

Chapter 14

So passed the seasons then, so they pass now, and so they will pass in time to come, while we come and go like leaves of the tree that fall and are soon forgotten.

Chapter 14

"While I was rich enow at home, and had friends, they blew great boasts of how they loved me. But when the oak falls in the forest the swine run from beneath it lest they should be smitten down also. So my friends have left me; for not only am I poor but I have great enemies."

Chapter 15

A merry feast it was to which Sir Richard came, but a sorry lot he left behind him, and little hunger had they for the princely food spread before them. Only the learned doctor was happy, for he had his fee.

Chapter 15

"I owe thee a debt I can never hope to repay, Sir Richard, for let me tell thee, I would rather lose my right hand than have such ill befall young David of Doncaster as seemed like to come upon him at Denby."

Chapter 16

Quoth Robin at last, "Methinks I would rather roam this forest in the gentle springtime than be King of all merry England. Gaffer Swanthold speaks truly when he saith, 'Better a crust with content than honey with a sour heart.' "

Chapter 16

"I cannot stay longer, sweet friends," quoth Little John, as he pushed in betwixt the two cobs, "therefore I wish you good den. Off we go, we three." So saying, he swung his stout staff over his shoulder and trudged off, measuring his pace with that of the two nags.

Chapter 17

Said the Beggar, "I marvel not that thou hast taken a liking to my manner of life, good fellow, but 'to like' and 'to do' are two matters of different sorts.

Chapter 17

Then each stripped off his clothes and put on those of the other, and as lusty a beggar was Robin Hood as e'er you could find of a summer's day. But stout Riccon of Holywell skipped and leaped and danced for joy of the fair suit of Lincoln green that he had so gotten.

Chapter 18

Then Robin kneeled before the Queen with his hands folded upon his breast, saying in simple phrase, "Here am I, Robin Hood. Thou didst bid me come, and lo, I do thy bidding. I give myself to thee as thy true servant, and will do thy commanding, even if it be to the shedding of the last drop of my life's blood."

Chapter 18

Let me see--I trust I have forgot it not--yea, thus it was: 'The lion growls. Beware thy head.'

Chapter 19

As for me, I have the greatest villain in all England in my grasp; shall I, then, open my hand and let him slip betwixt my fingers? Thus, Your Majesty, would I say to myself, were I the King of England.

Chapter 19

Let this peril that thou hast passed through teach thee two lessons. First, be more honest. Second, be not so bold in thy comings and goings. A man that walketh in the darkness as thou dost may escape for a time, but in the end he will surely fall into the pit.

Chapter 20

Why, forsooth, to come here to Sherwood to hunt up one Robin Hood, also an outlaw, and to take him alive or dead. It seemeth that they have no one here to face that bold fellow, and so sent all the way to Herefordshire, and to me, for thou knowest the old saying, 'Set a thief to catch a thief.'

Chapter 20

"Stand back!" cried he sternly. "The first man that toucheth finger to bowstring dieth! I have slain thy man, Sheriff; take heed that it is not thy turn next."

Chapter 21

"By the hilt of my sword," said stout King Richard, "this is as bold and merry a knave as ever I heard tell of. Marry, I must take this matter in hand and do what thou couldst not do, Sheriff, to wit, clear the forest of him and his band."

Chapter 21

"Now I tell thee that but for three things, to wit, my mercifulness, my love for a stout woodsman, and the loyalty thou hast avowed for me, thine ears, mayhap, might have been more tightly closed than ever a buffet from me could have shut them. Talk not lightly of thy sins, good Robin. But come, look up. Thy danger is past, for hereby I give thee and all thy band free pardon."

Epilogue

After a while Robin looked around him with tear-dimmed eyes and said, in a husky voice, "Now, I swear that never again will I leave these dear woodlands. I have been away from them and from you too long."

Epilogue

Thus died Robin Hood, at Kirklees Nunnery, in fair Yorkshire, with mercy in his heart toward those that had been his undoing; for thus he showed mercy for the erring and pity for the weak through all the time of his living.

Mr. Popper's Penguins by Richard Atwater

Chapter 1

No one knew what went on inside of Mr. Popper's head, and no one guessed that he would one day be the most famous person in Stillwater.

Chapter 1

How he wished that he had been a scientist, instead of a house painter in Stillwater, so that he might have joined some of the great Polar expeditions. Since he could not go, he was always thinking about them.

Chapter 2

They are the funniest birds in the world. They don't fly like other birds. They walk erect like little men.

Chapter 3

You can imagine that once he had the box inside the house, Mr. Popper lost no time in getting the screwdriver, for by this time, of course, he had guessed that it was the surprise from Admiral Drake.

Chapter 3

The delighted penguin was indeed marching. With little pleased nods of his handsome black head he was parading up and down the inside of the bathtub.

Chapter 4

He had discovered the bowl of goldfish on the dining-room window sill. By the time Mrs. Popper reached over to lift him away, he had already swallowed the last of the goldfish.

Chapter 5

The service man was still on the floor, putting in the final screws that held the new handle in place, when the penguin came out to the kitchen on his silent pink feet.

Chapter 5

By the time the policeman came to the back door, Captain Cook was going in and out the refrigerator as easily as if he had lived in one all his life.

Chapter 6

When Mr. Popper telephoned the City Hall to see about a license for Captain Cook, the penguin did his best to disconnect the telephone by biting the green cord.

Chapter 7

And each time he found what he seemed to be looking for, he picked it up in the black end of his red beak, and carried it, waddling proudly on his wide, pink feet, into the kitchen, and into the icebox.

Chapter 7

Mr. Popper had smoothed down his hair and shaved off his whiskers. Never again would Mrs. Popper have to reproach him for looking as wild as a lion.

Chapter 8

Captain Cook did not care at first for the idea of being put on a leash. However, Mr. Popper was firm.

Chapter 8

Still curious, Captain Cook started walking round and round the tripod, till the clothesline, the penguin, Mr. Popper and the tripod were all tangled up.

Chapter 9

Mr. Popper, who was still panting for breath, had not supposed the determined bird would plunge so quickly. He should have remembered that penguins will toboggan whenever they get a chance.

Chapter 10

But it was soon clear that it was something worse than mopiness that ailed Captain Cook. All day he would sit with his little white-circled eyes staring out sadly from the refrigerator.

Chapter 10

I am, therefore, shipping you, under separate cover, our penguin. You may keep her. There is just a chance that the birds may get on better together.

Chapter 11

The next few days were even colder, but the Poppers soon got used to sitting around in their overcoats. Greta and Captain Cook always occupied the chairs nearest the open windows.

Chapter 11

By the next morning all the Popper floors were covered with smooth ice, with snowdrifts around the edges near the open windows.

Chapter 12

The rookery had scarcely been moved to the basement when Greta laid the first egg. Three days later the second one appeared.

Chapter 12

The penguin chicks, when they began to hatch, were not so handsomely marked as their mother and father. They were fuzzy, droll little creatures who grew at a tremendous rate.

Chapter 12

Mr. Popper also flooded a part of the cellar floor for an ice rink, and here the penguins often drilled like a sort of small army, in fantastic marching movements and parades around the ice.

Chapter 13

“Very well then,” said Mr. Popper, “if there can be trained dogs and trained seals, why can’t there be trained penguins?”

Chapter 13

So Mrs. Popper picked out three different tunes to play on the basement piano, one for each different kind of act. Soon the penguins knew, from hearing the music, just what they were to do.

Chapter 14

The penguins were behaving very well. They were sitting quietly two in a seat, while the other passengers looked on.

Chapter 14

I want to see this act. If it’s any good, you people have come to the right place. I’ve got theaters from coast to coast.

Chapter 15

Owing to unforeseen circumstances, the Marvelous Marcos are unable to appear. We are going to let you see a rehearsal of the Popper Performing Penguins, instead.

Chapter 15

This part of the act was very wild and noisy in spite of Mrs. Popper's delicate music. The manager and the audience were all holding their sides laughing.

Chapter 16

They were a little late in arriving at the railway station on account of the argument with the traffic policeman. The argument was on account of the accident to the two taxicabs.

Chapter 16

Mrs. Popper worried a little, at the start, over the idea of having Janie and Bill miss ten weeks of school while they were on the road, though the children did not seem to mind.

Chapter 16

And whenever they appeared, the more they interfered with the other acts on the program the better the audiences liked them.

Chapter 17

The musicians kept on playing, and the lady on the stage, when she saw the penguins, sang all the louder to show how angry she was.

Chapter 17

The birds loved the bright lights of the theater, and the great, laughing audiences, and all the traveling. There was always something new to see.

Chapter 17

Already Mr. Greenbaum was writing about a new contract. Mr. Popper was beginning to think, however, that he had better be getting back to Stillwater, for the penguins were growing irritable.

Chapter 18

If it was unseasonably warm in Boston, it was actually hot in New York. In their rooms at the great Tower Hotel, overlooking Central Park, the penguins were feeling the heat badly.

Chapter 18

However, when they found six black-mustached seals, sitting barking in the middle of the room, with twelve penguins parading gaily around them in a square, they felt better.

Chapter 19

Indeed, it now looked as if the Poppers would never see that check, since they could not get the penguins out of jail long enough to put on their act at the Royal Theater.

Chapter 19

Nobody knows why there are no penguins at the North Pole. For a long time the United States Government has been wanting me to lead an expedition up there for the purpose of establishing a breed of penguins.

Chapter 20

Lately, though, with the excitement and the warm weather, I've been worried about them. The birds have done so much for me that I have to do what is best for them.

Chapter 20

And the penguins, hearing their voices, scuttled up on deck and stood there beside the Admiral and Mr. Popper. Then they solemnly lifted their flippers and waved, as the great ship moved slowly down the river toward the sea.

Otto of the Silver Hand by Howard Pyle

Foreword

This tale that I am about to tell is of a little boy who lived and suffered in those dark middle ages.

Poor little Otto's life was a story and a thorny pathway, and it is well for all of us nowadays that we walk it in fancy and not in truth.

Chapter 1

There they sat, just as little children in the town might sit upon their father's door-step; and as the sparrows might fly around the feet of the little town children, so the circling flocks of rooks and daws flew around the feet of these air-born creatures.

Chapter 2

Upon Baron Conrad's shoulder leaned the pale, slender, yellow-haired Baroness, the only one in all the world with whom the fierce lord of Drachenhausen softened to gentleness, the only one upon whom his savage brows looked kindly, and to whom his harsh voice softened with love.

Suddenly Ursela cried out in a sharp, shrill voice, "Catch her, she falls!"

Chapter 3

Down the long hall he went, slowly and laboriously, the others following silently behind him, then up the steep winding stairs, step by step, now and then stopping to lean against the wall.

She drew back the coverings and there lay a poor, weak, little baby, that once again raised its faint, reedy pipe.

Chapter 4

Where the glassy waters of the River Rhine, holding upon its bosom a mimic picture of the blue sky and white clouds floating above, runs smoothly around a jutting point of land, St. Michaelsburg, rising from the reedy banks of the stream, sweeps up with a smooth swell until it cuts sharp and clear against the sky.

In front of him the solitary knight carried a bundle wrapped in the folds of his coarse gray cloak.

Chapter 5

Always it was one picture that little Otto sought; the Christ Child in the manger, with the Virgin, St. Joseph, the Shepherds and the Kine.

“Dost know who I am, Otto?” said the mail-clad knight, in a deep, growling voice.
“Methinks you are my father, sir,” said Otto.

Chapter 6

And then, in her own fashion, she related to him the story of how his father had set forth upon that expedition in spite of all that Otto’s mother had said, beseeching him to abide at home; how he had been foully wounded, and how the poor lady had died from her fright and grief.

But poor little Otto, with his face hidden in his father’s robe, cried as though his heart would break. “Oh, father!” he said, again and again, “it cannot be – it cannot be that thou who art so kind to me should have killed a man with thine own hands.”

Chapter 7

The leather-clad figure stood a fine target in the moonlight for a cross-bow bolt. Schwartz Carl slowly raised the weapon to his shoulder and took a long and steady aim. Jus then the stranger put his fingers to his lips and gave a low, shrill whistle. It was the last whistle that he was to give upon this earth.

Here was a terrible sight, but Otto saw nothing of it; his blue eyes were gazing far away, and his lips moved softly with the prayer that the good monks of St. Michaelsburg had taught him, for he thought that they meant to slay him.

Chapter 8

By and by the door opened further, there was another pause, and then a slender, elfish-looking little girl, with straight black hair and shining black eyes, crept noiselessly into the room.

“But why dost thou want to go away?” said Pauline. “If thy father takes thee away, thou canst not tell me any more stories.”

Chapter 9

It was our old friend the one-eyed Hans, though even his brother would hardly have known him in his present guise, for, besides having turned peddler, he had grown of a sudden surprisingly fat.

“Yes,” said she, in a voice trembling with fright at what she had done, “yes, it must have been the evil one, for now I remember he had but one eye.” The four girls crossed themselves, and their eyes grew big and round with the fright.

Chapter 10

Hans braced his back against one side of the chimney, his feet against the other and then, leaning forward, looked down between his knees.

The scullion boy tumbled backward upon the floor, where he lay upon the broad of his back with a face as white as dough and eyes and mouth agape, staring speechlessly at the frightful inky-black figure standing in the midst of the flames and smoke.

Chapter 11

While he was speaking Hans had stripped off his peddler’s leathern jacket, and there, around his body, was wrapped coil after coil of stout hempen rope tied in knots at short distances.

Down, down, down he went, until to Otto, with his eyes shut and his head leaning upon Hans' shoulder, it seemed as though it could never end. Down, down, down.

Chapter 12

But not yet was Otto safe, and all danger past and gone by. Suddenly as they stood there, the harsh clangor of a bell broke the silence of the starry night above their heads, and as they raised their faces and looked up, they saw lights flashing from window to window.

On and on they rode; never once did the Baron Conrad move his head or alter that steadfast look as, gazing straight before him, he rode stealthily forward along the endless stretch of the road, with poor little Otto's yellow head and white face resting against his steel-clad shoulder – and St. Michaelsburg still eight leagues away.

Chapter 13

Then he rode slowly forward to the middle of the bridge, where he wheeled his horse so as to face his coming enemies. He lowered the vizor of his helmet and bolted it to its place, and then saw that sword and dagger were loose in the scabbard and easy to draw when the need for drawing should arise.

Then those who stood looking on saw a wondrous thing happen: the wounded man rose suddenly to his feet, and before his enemy could strike he leaped, with a great and bitter cry of agony and despair, upon him as he sat in the saddle above.

Chapter 14

His heart beat so that he could hardly speak as, for a moment, the good Abbot who held him by the hand stopped outside of the arched doorway to whisper some last instructions into his ear. Then they entered the apartment.

He came to her and took her hand and set it to his lips, and all that she could do was to gaze with her great, dark eyes upon the hero of whom she had heard so many talk; the favorite of the Emperor; the wise young Otto of the Silver Hand.

***Our/An Island Story by H.E. Marshall (Chp 22-61)**

Chapter 22

Then in a clear and calm voice he replied, "Go tell your master that the crown and throne of England are not mine to give and take at will. Tell him that the people of England have given them to me in trust, and that while I live, I will keep and guard them as best I can."

Chapter 22

Then Duke William said, "If you will only come with me I will give you fair lands, strong castles, and great stores of money. England is a rich country, and when I have conquered the people, I will take their lands and money away from them and give them to you."

Chapter 23

Harold kept the good laws which had been made before the time of Edward, and altered the unjust ones. He was always thinking of the happiness of his people and the good of his country.

Chapter 23

One side, you see, thought it was good luck, and the other thought it was bad, although really, of course, it made no difference on way or another. But, in those days, people were very superstitious, that is, they found a meaning in things that had no meaning at all.

Chapter 24

But Harold looked proudly at his brother. "I am the King," he said. "I will never harm an English village nor an English house. I will never harm the goods nor lands of any Englishman. How can I hurt the people who are given me to rule?"

Chapter 24

So died Harold, the last of the English kings. He had reigned only nine months, and died, fighting for the freedom of his people and his country, on Saturday, October 15, 1066.

Chapter 25

William of Normandy had won the battle of Hastings, but he had not won England. Harold was dead, but the people would not call William king.

Chapter 25

But the monks who were used to living a very easy life and to having fine things to eat and drink, grew tired of fighting and of plain food, and they sent a message to William telling him of a secret way through the fens to the camp.

Chapter 25

William of Normandy was at last master of all England. He was indeed William the Conqueror.

Chapter 26

William was ruler of the land, but English hearts never accepted him. Norman and Englishman lived side by side, yet a wide sea of hatred kept them apart.

Chapter 26

The Normans were greedy, and they not only took the lands which William gave them, but they forced the English to pay large sums of money too. Every high position was filled by Normans, and the English were forced to be the servants and slaves of these proud Norman masters.

Chapter 26

- a) William did not do much that was kind, but some things which he did were wise. Among the wise things was the law which he made that all lights and fires must be put out at eight o'clock at night.
- b) By this wise law William made the danger of fires much less. Every night at eight o'clock a bell was rung. This bell was called "the curfew," from the French words "couvre feu" which means "cover fire."

Chapter 26

- a) When William gave the Normans land he did not give it to them for nothing. In return they had to promise to come to help the King in battle and to bring men with them.
- b) This plan of paying for land by fighting was called the feudal system, and it lasted in England for many years.

Chapter 27

The Red King was wicked and greedy. He stole money from every one, even from the churches, and spent it on his own pleasure. Little good can be said of him except that he was fearless.

Chapter 27

There was no sorrow for the dead king. He was hated so much that, when he was buried, no bell was rung, no prayers were said, and when some time after the tower of the church fell, people said it was because of the wickedness of William, the Red King, who lay buried there.

Chapter 28

Although many of the nobles were angry, Henry's marriage did a great deal of good, for other Normans followed the King's example and married English ladies so that the hatred between the two races began to disappear a little.

Chapter 28

In those days it was thought strange for a country to be ruled by a woman, and the haughty Norman nobles hated the thought of it. But Henry was so strong and stern that he forced them to promise that Matilda should be queen. How they kept that promise you shall hear.

Chapter 29

Matilda's husband was Geoffrey, Count of Anjou. He was also called Geoffrey Plantagenet, because when he went into battle he used to wear a sprig of yellow broom in his helmet, so that his friends might know him when his face was covered with his visor. The Latin name for broom is *planta genista*, and gradually it came to be pronounced Plantagenet.

Chapter 29

- a) Not even at the time of the conquest had there been such misery in England.
- b) Now each baron set himself up as a king and tyrant. His castle was his kingdom, where he tortured and killed according to his own wicked will.

Chapter 29

Civil war means war within a country itself -- the people of that country, instead of fighting against a foreign nation, fighting among themselves. This is the most terrible kind of war, for often friends and brothers fight on different sides, killing and wounding each other.

Chapter 29

The King's soldiers kept so strict a watch that no food could be taken into the town, and no person could escape from it. This is called a siege.

Chapter 29

And there they made a treaty called the Peace of Wallingford. By this treaty it was agreed, that Stephen should keep the crown while he lived; that he should acknowledge Henry as his adopted son; that Henry should reign after the death of Stephen; and that the dreadful castles which Stephen had allowed the wicked barons to build and which they used as dark and horrible prisons, should be destroyed.

Chapter 30

- a) Henry II., as you know, got his name Plantagenet from his father, Geoffrey of Anjou, who used to wear a piece of planta genista in his helmet. He was the first of several kings ruling England who were all Plantagenets.
- b) Henry II. was only twenty-one years old when he began to reign, and, like his grandfather, Henry Beauclerc, he reigned thirty-five years. Like him, too, he did much to draw the English and Norman people together.
- c) The misrule and confusion of the reign of Stephen had been so great, that Henry had to work very hard to bring his kingdom into order again. He not only worked hard himself, but he made other people work too. It is said of him that he never sat down, but was on his feet all day long.

Chapter 30

The reign of Henry II. was a great one. To help and advise him in his work, Henry chose a man called Thomas à Becket.

Chapter 31

- a) King Henry was very fond of Thomas à Becket. They used to work very seriously, but when work was done they would play together like two boys.
- b) The chancellor took care of the King's great seal, looked after the royal chapel, and had many other duties. He was a very important person, lived in splendid style, and dressed magnificently.

Chapter 31

- a) He found that the Church and the clergy, like everything else, had grown very unruly and disorderly. He determined to put them in order, and Thomas à Becket he thought would be the best man to help him.

- b) Thomas had been brought up as a priest, and King Henry resolved to make him Archbishop of Canterbury and head of all the clergy in England.

Chapter 31

"Because if you make me head of the Church I shall work for the Church and not for you. We shall no longer be friends, but enemies," replied Thomas.

Chapter 31

"I shall do what I think is right," replied Thomas. "If the King tells me to do things which I think are wrong, I will not obey him. I am the servant of God. God is higher than the King; I shall obey Him."

Chapter 32

Nearly four years later the King himself came as a pilgrim to show his sorrow and repentance. He rode on horseback to Canterbury but, as soon as he came within sight of the cathedral, he got off his horse and walked barefoot, wearing only a shirt, and carrying a lighted candle in his hand, until he reached the shrine.

Chapter 32

There are four countries in the United Kingdom, --England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. of these, England and Ireland were the first to be joined together. This happened in the reign of Henry II, in 1172 A.D.

Chapter 33

The country where Christ was born, lived and died is called Palestine. The capital of that country is Jerusalem. From that far-off country the story of Christ was carried all over the world.

Chapter 33

- a.) These wars were called crusades, which means, wars of the cross. The word comes from the Latin word *crux*.
- b.) They were called crusades because the people who fought in them were fighting for the place where Christ died upon the cross. As a badge or sign, they wore a cross upon their armour or clothes.

Chapter 34

- a) Back to England the minstrel went with his great news, and when the English people heard it, they were glad. But the Emperor would not set Richard free until the people paid a large sum of money called a ransom.
- b.) The land had been made very poor through the wars and robberies of John, but the English people wanted their king so much that they denied themselves almost everything in order to raise enough money. When they had gathered the money they sent it to the Emperor, and Richard was at last set free.

Chapter 35

John was wicked and wily, and he easily got Arthur into his power and shut him up in prison. But John was not content with that. He greatly feared that the English people might want to have Arthur as their King, and he resolved to make that impossible.

Chapter 35

- a) Then the wicked King John was glad. But the people both in France and England were very sad when they heard this news.
- b) Everyone mourned for the young prince. All through the land bells were tolled as if for a funeral.

Chapter 36

The French barons soon grew weary of John and his misrule, and they all leagued against him. They fought and conquered him, and he had to fly from Normandy which, with all his other French possessions, was lost to him forever.

Chapter 36.

- a) Then the Pope was very angry with John and told him that, if he did not allow Stephen to come back at once, he would lay England under an Interdict.
- b) Interdict comes from a Latin word which means "to forbid." The Pope meant that he would forbid any religious service of any kind to be held in England.

Chapter 36

- a) Stephen Langdon and the barons now drew up another charter which they determined to make John grant to them. This charter was much the same as that of Henry I, only it gave still greater liberty to the people.
- b) It is called the Magna Charta or Great Charter. Magna means "great".

Chapter 37

Hubert fled to a church for sanctuary of safety. When any one was hunted by his enemies, if he ran into a church, reached the altar steps and laid hold upon the cross, no one dared to hurt him. This was called "taking sanctuary."

Chapter 38

- a) It was Simon de Montfort who laid the foundation of what is now our Parliament. Up to this time only bishops and barons had been allowed to come to the meetings of the council.
- b) Simon, however, now chose two knights from every shire or country, and two citizens from every city, and sent them also to the council to speak for the people and to tell of their wants. Now, too, the great council began to be called Parliament, which means "talking – place," for it is there that the people come to talk of all the affairs of the kingdom.

Chapter 39

But the princess sat beside him weeping, and would not be comforted. Then, calling for parchment and ink, Prince Edward wrote down all that he wished to be done with his money and lands, after he was dead. This was called making his will.

Chapter 40

Far and wide Edward was known as a brave and courteous warrior, and although his knights whispered that the Count of Chalons had no love for the prince and meant to do him harm, Edward accepted the challenge, as such a message was called. Indeed it seemed to him that he was in honour bound to do so, for it was counted unknighly to refuse a challenge.

Chapter 41

- a) Sad and overcome, the Welsh once more owned England's king as lord, but, when the barons came to do homage to Edward, he promised to give them a Welsh prince as ruler, one who had been born in Wales, and who could neither speak French nor English.
- b) On the day appointed, when the barons gathered to do homage to this new ruler, Edward appeared before them carrying in his arms his little baby son, who had been born at Caernarvon Castle only a few days before.
- c) This little prince was named Edward, like his father. Ever since that time, the eldest son of the King of England has been called the Prince of Wales, And England and Wales have formed one kingdom.

Chapter 42

The Scots had always been a warlike people, and, ever since the days of the Romans, they had fought with the people in the south part of the island, and had tried to take away part of their land.

Chapter 42

Edward was a great soldier and a valiant knight, but it was because he loved England and made good laws, because he was a true man and kept his word, that his people loved him, and mourned for him when he died.

Chapter 43

A king, called Robert the Bruce, was now upon the throne, and under him the Scots fought so bravely that soon the English had lost all the Scottish towns which they had, except Stirling.

Chapter 43

a) Cheer upon cheer rose from the Scottish ranks and the nobles crowded round their King, glad yet vexed with him. "My lord, my lord, is it well thus to risk your life?" they said. "Had you been killed, our cause were lost."

b) But the King paid no heed to them. "I have broken my good axe," was all he said, "I have broken my good axe."

Chapter 44

The battle of Bannockburn is the greatest battle ever fought on Scottish ground. It is great not because so many noble men fell upon the field; but because at one blow it made the Scots free.

Chapter 45

The war which now began is called the "Hundred Years' War," because it lasted, with times of peace between, for a hundred years. It began because Edward said that he had a right to be King of France as well as King of England.

Chapter 46

- a) Edward said that he wanted the Black Prince to win his spurs. By that he meant that he hoped he would do such brave deed that he might be made a knight.
- b) When any one was made a knight he received a pair of golden spurs. So when a man did a great deed worthy of a knight he was said to have “won his spurs.”

Chapter 47

- a) Five days after the battle of Crecy, Edward began to besiege the town of Calais. He did not fight, for the fortifications were so strong that he knew it would be useless.
- b) He made his men build a ring of wooden houses round Calais, in which they could live until the people of the town were starved into giving in.

Chapter 47

The knight at once brought the six men of Calais to the King’s tent. There they fell upon their knees, presenting the keys of the city to him. “We are yours to do with what you will,” they said, “but, noble King, pity our misery and spare us.”

Chapter 48

“My men,” said the Prince, “we are only a very small body compared with the army of the French. But numbers do not always bring victory. Therefore fight manfully, and, if it please God and St. George, you shall see me this day act like a true English knight.”

Chapter 49

A new tax, called the poll-tax , had been first paid in the reign of Edward III. Poll means head, and it really was a tax upon the head of every one in the kingdom over the age of fourteen. Rich people had to pay more than poor people, still it was the poor who felt the burden most.

Chapter 50

Amid the curses of his people, forsaken even by his favourite dog which left him for Henry, Richard II was led a prisoner to the Tower of London. There he solemnly gave up his right to the crown, and Henry of Bolingbroke was made king. This was in 1399 A.D.

Chapter 51

Instead of giving up the Douglas to Henry, the Percies set him free, on condition that he should help them to fight against the King. They made friends with Owen Glendower, who set Edmund Mortimer free, persuaded him also to join them against Henry.

Chapter 51

Although King Henry kept Prince James in prison, he allowed him to have books and teachers, who taught him many things which were afterwards useful to him, and helped him to become a good king. He also wrote some very beautiful poetry while he was in prison, so those years were not altogether lost.

Chapter 52.

The Prince of Wales, or Prince Hal as he was often called, was only a boy, but he did great deeds at this battle, and even when he had been badly wounded, he would not leave the field until victory for his father was sure.

Chapter 52

Prince Hal was clever and brave, but he was so wild and fond of fun that he was called "Madcap Hal." He spent a great deal of time with gay companions and often got into mischief.

Chapter 53

The eldest son of the King of France was called the Dauphin, just as the eldest son of the King of England is always called the Prince of Wales.

Chapter 53

As Henry rode along he heard one of his nobles say, "I would that some of the thousands of warriors, who lie idle this day in England, were here to aid us."

"Nay, replied the King, "I would not have one man more. If we win, the greater is the glory God gives to us. If we die, the less is the loss to England."

Chapter 54

When Joan told people that God had chosen her as captain, they thought at first that she was mad. But she was so earnest and so sure that at last they took her to Dauphin.

Chapter 54

a) So this peasant girl, who knew nothing of war, who had never before worn armour, nor carried a sword, nor ridden upon a horse, took command of the army.

b) The rough soldiers honoured, obeyed and almost worshipped her. New hope sprang up in their hearts, new strength to fight.

Chapter 55

Then one after another all the nobles who were there plucked red or white roses. Those who were for Lancaster, that is the King, Henry VI, because he was descended from John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, wore red roses in their caps; those who were for Richard, the Duke of York wore white roses in theirs. And ever after, during all the years that the wars lasted, red and white roses were the sign or badge of the two parties, and the wars were called the Wars of the Roses.

Chapter 55

Left to themselves, the lords and the commons, after a great deal of talking, decided that while Henry lived he should still be called King, but that the Duke of York should be protector, and that when Henry died the duke should be the next king.

Chapter 56

If Henry had been left to himself he would have given up fighting for the crown, for he loved quiet and peace. But Queen Margaret loved power and would not rest until she had again won the kingdom. She got help from the French king and in three years was back in England once more.

Chapter 57

The Earl of Warwick himself was so great and powerful that he was called the King-maker, and he had done much to make Edward king.

Chapter 57

- a) At last the Earl of Warwick became so angry with Edward that he took him prisoner, and shut him up in a castle called Middleham. So there were two kings in England, both of them prisoners.
- b) But in a very short time they again quarreled; so badly this time that the Earl of Warwick, who had fought so hard for the White Rose of York, forsook it and joined the Red Rose of Lancaster. He went to France, where Margaret and her son were, and offered to help them to conquer England and place Henry again on the throne.

Chapter 57

Henry would have been far happier had he been left alone to his books and prayers. He loved peace, yet he was made the cause of war by the proud and powerful men and women around him.

Chapter 58

“Our true King,” said this wicked clergyman, “is Richard, Duke of Gloucester.” Then he waited, expecting every one to cry out, “King Richard! King Richard!” But there was not a sound. The people stood as if they had been turned into stone.

Chapter 58

Richard was crowned with much splendour and grandeur. And poor little King Edward, who had only been called King for a few weeks, was kept shut up in the Tower of London with his brother.

Chapter 59

The people longed for another King, and their thoughts went out to Henry Tudor, Duke of Richmond. This Henry Tudor was queen Catherine's grandson and he was also descended from John of Gaunt. He belonged to the house of Lancaster and had fought for the Red Rose.

Chapter 60

For more than three hundred years the kings of England had been Plantagenets. With Richard III the last of the Plantagenets died, for Henry VII., though a Plantagenet on his mother's side, was a Tudor on his father's side, and it was from his family that Henry took his name.

Chapter 60

All great people kept falcons in those days. They were used for hunting, and were trained to fly up in the air to catch and kill other birds.

Chapter 61

Up to the time of Edward IV, books had all been written by hand, and they were so dear that only a few rich people could buy them. But, when a clever man called Caxton brought the art of printing to England, books became cheaper, and people began to think more about learning and less about fighting.

***Pagoo by Holling C. Holling**

Chapter 1

Pagoo was quite small, because he had just been hatched from an egg the size of a pencil dot. You could see part way through him – that is, if you first could find his glassy body to slide under a microscope.

Chapter 1

Ancient instinct is a guardian for the very young, who as yet have had no time to learn new things. The young are born with an instinct that tells them what to do, and how to do it.

Chapter 2

But wasn't he the son of two-fisted, fight-loving Hermit Crabs? Well, he was supposed to be, but at this stage even his own parents would not have known him.

Chapter 2

If the skin of Pagoo had been rubbery-soft like worm-skin, it could have stretched as he grew. But Pagoo's skin was not soft. It was a tough, plastic crust, for he was a Crustacean.

Chapter 3

One day, after another hard molting, a new Pagoo popped out of his skin. He wasn't the same old baby in a larger size; he was a new model, different!

Chapter 3

His trim, well-balanced abdomen had been wrenched to the right, and there it hung, slightly swollen-looking, like a crooked finger which has been stepped on.

Chapter 4

Pagoo was simply worried about his rubbery rear, so helpless and exposed. He backed farther under the stone to hide himself.

Chapter 4

As Pagoo stared goggle-eyed at the ringside, both boxers slammed into him. Their heavy shells rolled over him, banged his feelers and claws, and hammered his tender body hidden under the sand.

Chapter 5

Pagoo did not know that the soft Mussel animal inside was a Mollusk, nor that its two shells made it a bivalve, and he didn't much care.

Chapter 5

Well, no matter. Pagoo didn't want a two-shell, bivalve home. He seemed to want a one-shell, univalve house.

Chapter 6

Barnacles are you own distant relatives – that is, they are all Crustaceans. Each Barnacle builds a shell house around himself.

Chapter 6

Peaceful Barnacle colonies cause much anger among sea captains. It costs a lot to scrape a ship's bottom, "foul" with Barnacles, when it finally drags into home port.

Chapter 7

The hollow button would do for Pagoo! It wasn't exactly right, of course, because his rear had grown curved for coiling into Snail Shells.

Chapter 7

Even Pagoo grew dizzy with it all – and little wonder, for his very foundations were shifting! His shelter lurched and swayed. The penthouse, with Pagoo inside it, was traveling!

Chapter 8

Pagoo had watched the Mussel's foot spin cables to anchor it, but this thick Abalone's foot was an anchor all in itself! It gripped with powerful suction.

Chapter 8

Like a drowsy rabbit, a huge snail relative nibbled kelp. Two curled feelers like rabbit ears gave the Sea Hare its name. This smooth sluggish animal wore no outer shell.

Chapter 9

A Sculpin was one of the dangers of tide-pool living. He was to be learned about and forgotten, except deep inside – with nerves all set for getaway action whenever he might appear.

Chapter 9

A gull caught a Clam in its beak, flew high with it, and let go. The clam fell, turning over and over, struck a rock and almost seemed to explode.

Chapter 10

Of the sea creatures Pagoo had met, only the fishes hid their skeletons inside themselves. The others, including himself, grew skeletons outside for protection.

Chapter 10

But this was Tide-pool Town, with a housing shortage. When poor Pagoo got to the shells, they were taken.

Chapter 11

Two small gloves showed Pagoo that another Hermit lived there – a Hermit just his size, who did not seem glad to see him. In fact, this roomer at the other end of the hall pinched Pagoo. Hard.

Chapter 11

With young Hermits always growing and molting and needing new trunks half a size larger, old trunks were forever being tossed off and new ones tried on.

Chapter 11

Pagoo did a very rash thing. He hopped right out of his brand-new shell and fairly pranced around in victory. Immediately he knew that he shouldn't have done it.

Chapter 12

He had thought all the bumps on the rocks were Limpets, but now he noticed one that was different. This Chiton slid on its foot like a Limpet but its hard shell was shingled in eight sections.

Chapter 12

As he watched, Pagoo saw one end of each Cucumber unfold into a crown of filmy, branching tentacles for gathering food.

Chapter 12

Five of these wiggly arms grew out of a little disc that looked like a fur-covered cookie. This small Serpent Star was still another cousin of the spiny-skinned Star, Urchin, Cucumber, and Dollar clan.

Chapter 12

These Sea Anemones had imitated flowers in this place for a hundred, two, or even more than three hundred years! With few enemies, they seemed able to live forever.

Chapter 13

Things were not what they might seem to be. The blooming moss, the lacy nets, the hanging ferns and bushes were really colonies of very small animals. Most of these Bryozoan colonies look like plants – each animal budding out from its neighbor.

Chapter 13

Pagoo had found what he was after in this Grotto of Eating Trees! He found not only one Snail Shell, but a whole treasure of shells!

Chapter 14

It was not a real door, of course, like that of many Sea Snails. A Snail's door, or operculum, is a horny shield grown to fit its doorway. As the Snail hauls itself into its shell the operculum comes last, on the tip of the foot.

Chapter 15

Pagoo was inside. Way inside! Certain it was, this shell was much too big for the likes of Pagoo, but he kept backing. The trouble was that the owner came backing in on top of him. Pagoo was being sat on.

Chapter 16

Pagoo didn't care that the steak was not at all fresh; he liked it that way. Holding the dish with his big right mitten he plucked out bite-sized pieces with his left, beginning around the edges.

Chapter 17

They knew by instinct that unsalted water could kill them. Now this poisonous freshness was raining down! Even Pagurus would have to hurry.

Chapter 17

This glittering mansion made him feel most important. He had grown beyond the boy Hermit stage – he was big and strong – and he certainly felt like celebrating this fine day.

Chapter 18

Those pale, wriggling things out there were tentacles! Old Instinct did not have to shout – Pagoo knew. Deep Hole held an ancient enemy of Hermits, this Octopus!

Chapter 19

Now that her day's sleep had ended, she opened her soft, wrinkled eyelids. Her eyes were almost like human eyes, and her sight was keen, and hidden between those huge eyes lay a remarkable brain.

Chapter 19

Then for an instant Pagoo saw the flash of the black, hooked beak. It killed the Snail. It tore the Snail apart, and the pieces vanished into the mouth.

Chapter 20

Sharp jaws clipped the tentacle as if cutting a length of hose. The tentacle thrashed in the mud all by itself, as though it were a separate animal.

Chapter 20

Pagoo held to her house the longest. For three days and nights they became acquainted, gently patting each other.

Chapter 20

She'll lay her eggs, and hang their clusters along her body. She'll rock gently inside her shell, swishing bubbly sea water around to clean and air those eggs. Oh, she'll make a wise mother, never fear.

Parables From Nature by Margaret Gatty

No copywork available yet

Pied Piper of Hamelin by Robert Browning

Stanza 1

But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

Stanza 2

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking

In fifty different sharps and flats.

Stanza 3

``Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
``To find the remedy we're lacking,
``Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

Stanza 4

``Anything like the sound of a rat
``Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

Stanza 5

``Come in!" -- the Mayor cried, looking bigger
And in did come the strangest figure!

Stanza 6

a) He advanced to the council-table:
And, ``Please your honours," said he, ``I'm able,
``By means of a secret charm, to draw
``All creatures living beneath the sun,
``That creep or swim or fly or run,
``After me so as you never saw!

b) ``And I chiefly use my charm
``On creatures that do people harm,
``The mole and toad and newt and viper;
``And people call me the Pied Piper."

c) (And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same cheque;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled

Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

Stanza 6

``If I can rid your town of rats
``Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
``One? fifty thousand!" -- was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Stanza 7

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.

Stanza 8

a) You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple
``Go," cried the Mayor, ``and get long poles,
``Poke out the nests and block up the holes!

b) ``Consult with carpenters and builders,
``And leave in our town not even a trace
``Of the rats!" -- when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, ``First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

Stanza 9

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.

Stanza 9

a) "Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
"We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
"And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
b) "So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
"From the duty of giving you something to drink,
"And a matter of money to put in your poke;
"But as for the guilders, what we spoke
"Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
"Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
"A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

Stanza 10

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!

Stanza 11

"You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
"Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Stanza 12

Once more he stepped into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.

Stanza 13

a) ``He never can cross that mighty top!
``He's forced to let the piping drop,
``And we shall see our children stop!"

b) When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.

Stanza 14

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!

Stanza 14

But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
``And so long after what happened here
``On the Twenty-second of July,
``Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"

Stanza 15

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men -- especially pipers!
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise!

***Pilgrim's Progress by John Bunyan**

(Page numbers and text from Project Gutenberg's on-line text)

Some speech marks have been added.

Page 7 The Dream

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep: and, as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold, I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back.

Page 8 The City of Destruction

So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now, he had not run far from his own door, but his wife and children, perceiving it, began to cry after him to return; but the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, "Life! Life! Eternal life!"

Page 9 Obstinate and Pliable

"You dwell," said he, "in the City of Destruction, the place also where I was born: I see it to be so; and, dying there, sooner or later, you will sink lower than the grave, into a place that burns with fire and brimstone: be content, good neighbors, and go along with me."

Pages 10-11 Obstinate and Pliable

- (a) There is an endless kingdom to be inhabited, and everlasting life to be given us, that we may inhabit that kingdom for ever.
- (b) There shall be no more crying, nor sorrow: for He that is owner of the place will wipe all tears from our eyes.

Page 11 The Slough of Despond

Now I saw in my dream, that just as they had ended this talk they drew near to a very miry slough, that was in the midst of the plain; and they, being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was Despond.

Page 12 The Slough of Despond

At this Pliable began to be offended, and angrily said to his fellow, "Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect betwixt this and our journey's end? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave country alone for me."

Page 15 Mr. Worldly Wiseman

When Christians unto carnal men give ear,
Out of their way they go, and pay for it dear;
For Master Worldly Wiseman can but show
A saint the way to bondage and to woe.

Pages 16-17 Mr. Worldly Wiseman

(a) The Lord says, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate", the gate to which I sent thee; for "strait is the gate that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." From this little wicket-gate, and from the way thereto, hath this wicked man turned thee, to the bringing of thee almost to destruction.

(b) This Legality, therefore, is not able to set thee free from thy burden. No man was as yet ever rid of his burden by him; no, nor ever is like to be: ye cannot be justified by the works of the law; for by the deeds of the law no man living can be rid of his burden.

Page 18 The Gate

So, in process of time, Christian got up to the gate. Now, over the gate there was written, 'Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'

Page 21 The Gate

We make no objections against any, notwithstanding all that they have done before they came hither. They are in no wise cast out; and therefore, good Christian, come a little way with me, and I will teach thee about the way thou must go. Look before thee; dost thou see this narrow way? That is the way thou must go; it was cast up by the patriarchs, prophets, Christ, and his apostles; and it is as straight as a rule can make it.

This parlor is the heart of a man that was never sanctified by the sweet grace of the gospel; the dust is his original sin and inward corruptions, that have defiled the whole man. He that began to sweep at first, is the Law; but she that brought water, and did sprinkle it, is the Gospel.

Page 23 The House of the Interpreter

Then I saw that one came to Passion, and brought him a bag of treasure, and poured it down at his feet, the which he took up and rejoiced therein, and withal laughed Patience to scorn. But I beheld but a while, and he had lavished all away, and had nothing left him but rags.

Page 24 The House of the Interpreter

Then I saw in my dream that the Interpreter took Christian by the hand, and led him into a place where was a fire burning against a wall, and one standing by it, always casting much water upon it, to quench it; yet did the fire burn higher and hotter.

Page 27 The Cross

So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the sepulcher, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said, with a merry heart, "He hath given me rest by his sorrow, and life by his death." Then he stood still awhile to look and wonder; for it was very surprising to him, that the sight of the cross should thus ease him of his burden.

Page 28 The Cross

Thus far I did come laden with my sin;
Nor could aught ease the grief that I was in
Till I came hither: What a place is this!
Must here be the beginning of my bliss?
Must here the burden fall from off my back?

Must here the strings that bound it to me crack?
Blest cross! blest sepulcher! blest rather be
The Man that there was put to shame for me!

Pages 28-29 Formalist and Hypocrisy

(a) Why came you not in at the gate which standeth at the beginning of the way? Know you not that it is written, that he that cometh not in by the door, "but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber?"

(b) By laws and ordinances you will not be saved, since you came not in by the door. And as for this coat that is on my back, it was given me by the Lord of the place whither I go; and that, as you say, to cover my nakedness with. And I take it as a token of his kindness to me; for I had nothing but rags before.

Page 30 the Hill of Difficulty

The hill, though high, I covet to ascend,
The difficulty will not me offend;
For I perceive the way to life lies here.
Come, pluck up heart, let's neither faint nor fear;
Better, though difficult, the right way to go,
Than wrong, though easy, where the end is woe."

Page 31 the Hill of Difficulty

How many steps have I took in vain! Thus it happened to Israel, for their sin; they were sent back again by the way of the Red Sea; and I am made to tread those steps with sorrow, which I might have trod with delight, had it not been for this sinful sleep.

Page 32 the Palace Beautiful

Fear not the lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith where it is, and for discovery of those that had none. Keep in the midst of the path, no hurt shall come unto thee.

Page 35 the Palace Beautiful

I saw three men, Simple, Sloth, and Presumption, lie asleep a little out of the way, as I came, with irons upon their heels; but do you think I could awake them? I also saw Formality and Hypocrisy come tumbling over the wall, to go, as they pretended, to Zion, but they were quickly lost, even as I myself did tell them; but they would not believe.

Page 38 the Palace Beautiful

Where am I now? Is this the love and care
Of Jesus for the men that pilgrims are?
Thus to provide! that I should be forgiven!
And dwell already the next door to heaven!

Page 39 the Palace Beautiful

The next day they took him and had him into the armoury, where they showed him all manner of furniture, which their Lord had provided for pilgrims, as sword, shield, helmet, breastplate, All-prayer, and shoes that would not wear out. And there was here enough of this to harness out as many men for the service of their Lord as there be stars in the heaven for multitude.

Page 40 Apollyon

But now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way, before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground. But he considered again that he had no armour for his back; and therefore thought that to turn the back to him might give him the greater advantage with ease to pierce him with his darts.

Page 43 Apollyon

While Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly stretched out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall I shall arise" and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound.

Christian perceiving that, made at him again, saying, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us".

Page 44 the Valley of the Shadow of Death

Now, at the end of this valley was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and Christian must needs go through it, because the way to the Celestial City lay through the midst of it.

Page 45 the Valley of the Shadow of Death

Sometimes he had half a thought to go back; then again he thought he might be half way through the valley; he remembered also how he had already vanquished many a danger, and that the danger of going back might be much more than for to go forward; so he resolved to go on. Yet the fiends seemed to come nearer and nearer; but when they were come even almost at him, he cried out with a most vehement voice, "I will walk in the strength of the Lord God!" so they gave back, and came no further.

Page 47 Faithful

Now, as Christian went on his way, he came to a little ascent, which was cast up on purpose that pilgrims might see before them. Up there, therefore, Christian went, and looking forward, he saw Faithful before him, upon his journey. Then said Christian aloud, "Ho! ho! So-ho! Stay, and I will be your companion!"

Page 48 Faithful

My honored and well-beloved brother, Faithful, I am glad that I have overtaken you; and that God has so tempered our spirits, that we can walk as companions in this so pleasant a path.

Page 50 Faithful's meeting with Adam the First

Then it came burning hot into my mind, whatever he said, and however he flattered, when he got me home to his house, he would sell me for a slave.

Pages 51 Faithful's meeting with Discontent

Yes, I met with one Discontent, who would willingly have persuaded me to go back again with him; his reason was, for that the valley was altogether without honor. He told me, moreover, that there to go was the way to disobey all my friends, as Pride, Arrogance, Self-conceit, Worldly-glory, with others, who he knew, as he said, would be very much offended, if I made such a fool of myself as to wade through this valley.

Page 52 Faithful's meeting with Discontent

I told him, moreover, that as to this valley, he had quite misrepresented the thing; for before honor is humility, and a haughty spirit before a fall. Therefore, said I, I had rather go through this valley to the honor that was so accounted by the wisest, than choose that which he esteemed most worthy of our affections.

Page 53 Faithful's meeting with Shame

Seeing, then, that God prefers his religion; seeing God prefers a tender conscience; seeing they that make themselves fools for the kingdom of heaven are wisest; and that the poor man that loveth Christ is richer than the greatest man in the world that hates him; Shame, depart, thou art an enemy to my salvation!

Page 55 Talkative

At this Christian modestly smiled, and said, "This man, with whom you are so taken, will beguile, with that tongue of his, twenty of them that know him not."

Page 57 Talkative

Well, I see that saying and doing are two things, and hereafter I shall better observe this distinction.

Page 61 Talkative

I wish that all men would deal with such as you have done: then should they either be made more conformable to religion, or the company of saints would be too hot for them.

Page 64 Vanity Fair

One chanced mockingly, beholding the carriage of the men, to say unto them, "What will ye buy?" But they, looking gravely upon him, answered, "We buy the truth." At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last things came to a hubbub and great stir in the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded.

Page 65 Vanity Fair

But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that was cast upon them, with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side, though but few in comparison of the rest, several of the men in the fair.

Page 66 Vanity Fair

Now, Faithful, play the man, speak for thy God:
Fear not the wicked's malice; nor their rod:
Speak boldly, man, the truth is on thy side:
Die for it, and to life in triumph ride.

Page 69 Vanity Fair

Now I saw that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses, waiting for Faithful, who (so soon as his adversaries had dispatched him) was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds, with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the Celestial Gate.

Page 71 By-Ends

If you will go with us, you must go against wind and tide; the which, I perceive, is against your opinion; you must also own religion in his rags, as well as when in his silver slippers; and stand by him, too, when bound in irons, as well as when he walks the streets with applause.

Page 72 By-Ends

They are for hazarding all for God at a clap; and I am for taking all advantages to secure my life and estate. They are for holding their notions, though all other men are against them; but I am for religion in what, and so far as the times, and my safety, will bear it.

Page 75 Demas

Here is a silver mine, and some digging in it for treasure. If you will come, with a little pains you may richly provide for yourselves.

Page 77 Lot's Wife

Now I saw that, just on the other side of this plain, the pilgrims came to a place where stood an old monument, hard by the highway side, at the sight of which they were both concerned, because of the strangeness of the form thereof; for it seemed to them as if it had been a woman transformed into the shape of a pillar.

Page 79 By-Path Meadow

Now, a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it; and that meadow is called By-path Meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow, "If this meadow lieth along by our wayside, let us go over into it."

Page 80 Giant Despair

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping: wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds.

Page 81 Giant Despair

Who knows, but the God that made the world may cause that Giant Despair may die? Or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in? Or that he may, in a short time, have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? And if ever that should come to pass again, for my part, I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand.

Page 83 Giant Despair

Now a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in passionate speech: What a fool, quoth he, am I, thus to lie in a stinking Dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty. I have a Key in my bosom called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any Lock in Doubting Castle.

Page 84 Delectable Mountains

These mountains are Immanuel's Land, and they are within sight of his city; and the sheep also are his, and he laid down his life for them.

Page 86 Ignorance

Christian: But what have you to show at that gate, that may cause that the gate should be opened to you?

Ignorance: I know my Lord's will, and I have been a good liver; I pay every man his own; I pray, fast, pay tithes, and give alms, and have left my country for whither I am going.

Page 88 Little-Faith

Will a man give a penny to fill his belly with hay; or can you persuade the turtle-dove to live upon carrion like the crow? Though faithless ones can, for carnal lusts, pawn, or mortgage, or sell what they have, and themselves outright to boot; yet they that have faith, saving faith, though but a little of it, cannot do so.

Page 91 Little-Faith

But for such footmen as thee and I are, let us never desire to meet with an enemy, nor vaunt as if we could do better, when we hear of others that they have been foiled, nor be tickled at the thoughts of our own manhood; for such commonly come by the worst when tried.

Page 92 The Flatterer

But by and by, before they were aware, he led them both within the compass of a net, in which they were both so entangled that they knew not what to do; and with that the white robe fell off the black man's back. Then they saw where they were.

Page 93 The Flatterer

Then said he with the whip, "It is Flatterer, a false apostle, that hath transformed himself into an angel of light." So he rent the net, and let the men out. Then he said to them, "Follow me, that I may set you in your way again."

Page 95 The Enchanted Ground

Do you not remember that one of the Shepherds bid us beware of the Enchanted Ground? He meant by that that we should beware of sleeping; "Therefore let us not sleep, as do others, but let us watch and be sober."

Page 98 Hopeful

I could not tell what to do, until I brake my mind to Faithful, for he and I were well acquainted. And he told me, that unless I could obtain the righteousness of a man that never had sinned, neither mine own, nor all the righteousness of the world could save me.

Page 99 Hopeful

Lord, I have heard that thou art a merciful God, and hast ordained that thy Son Jesus Christ should be the Savior of the world; and moreover, that thou art willing to bestow

him upon such a poor sinner as I am, (and I am a sinner indeed); Lord, take therefore this opportunity and magnify thy grace in the salvation of my soul, through thy Son Jesus Christ. Amen.

Page 100 Hopeful

And now was my heart full of joy, mine eyes full of tears, and mine affections running over with love to the name, people, and ways of Jesus Christ.

Page 102 Ignorance

Yes, that is a good heart that hath good thoughts, and that is a good life that is according to God's commandments; but it is one thing, indeed, to have these, and another thing only to think so.

Page 105 Ignorance

Well, Ignorance, wilt thou yet foolish be,
To slight good counsel, ten times given thee?
And if thou yet refuse it, thou shalt know,
Ere long, the evil of thy doing so.
Remember, man, in time, stoop, do not fear;
Good counsel taken well, saves: therefore hear.
But if thou yet shalt slight it, thou wilt be
The loser, (Ignorance), I'll warrant thee.

Page 107 Temporary

I am of your mind, for, my house not being above three miles from him, he would oftentimes come to me, and that with many tears. Truly I pitied the man, and was not altogether without hope of him; but one may see, it is not every one that cries, Lord, Lord.

Page 109 Beulah

Now I saw in my dream, that by this time the Pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear on the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land.

Page 110 The River

Now, I further saw, that betwixt them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over: the river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river, the Pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went in with them said, "You must go through, or you cannot come at the gate."

Page 111 The River

Then said Christian, Ah! my friend, the sorrows of death hath compassed me about; I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey; and with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him.

Page 112 The City of Heaven

Now, now, look how the holy pilgrims ride,
Clouds are their chariots, angels are their guide:
Who would not here for him all hazards run,
That thus provides for his when this world's done?

Page 113 The City of Heaven

Now while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them; to whom it was said, by the other two Shining Ones, "These are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the world, and that have left all for his holy name; and he hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy."

Page 114 The City of Heaven

Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate: and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There was also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them--the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honor

Story of Doctor Dolittle by Hugh Lofting

Chapter 1 -

He was very fond of animals and kept many kinds of pets.

Chapter 1

“But I like the animals better than the ‘best people,’” said the Doctor.

Chapter 2

After a while, with the parrot’s help, the Doctor got to learn the language of the animals so well that he could talk to them himself and understand everything they said. Then he gave up being a people’s doctor altogether.

Chapter 2

Now all these animals went back and told their brothers and friends that there was a doctor in the little house with the big garden who really was a doctor.

Chapter 3

Some of the animals who came to see him were so sick that they had to stay at the Doctor’s house for a week.

Chapter 3

John Dolittle was a strong man, though he wasn't very tall.

Chapter 4

So then the parrot, who had been on long sea voyages before, began telling the Doctor all the things he would have to take with him on the ship.

Chapter 4

They were just going to start on their journey when the Doctor said he would have to go back and ask the sailor the way to Africa.

Chapter 5

Now, for six whole weeks they went sailing on and on, over the rolling sea, following the swallow who flew before the ship to show them the way.

Chapter 5

"We must have run into Africa," said the Doctor.

Chapter 6

When they had gone a little way through the thick forest, they came to a wide, clear space and they saw the King's palace, which was made of mud.

Chapter 6

"But do not forget that although I am only a bird, I can talk like a man-and I know these people."

Chapter 7

But when he looked back at the cliff, there, hanging across the river, was a bridge all ready for him-made of living monkeys!

Chapter 7

The Doctor and all his animals were safe in the Land of the Monkeys, and the bridge was pulled across to the other side.

Chapter 8

“All the animals from here to the Indian Ocean are talking about this wonderful man, and how he can cure any kind of sickness, and how kind he is-the only man in the whole world who can talk the language of the animals!”

Chapter 8

Then the Doctor’s work was done, and he was so tired he went to bed and slept for three days without even turning over.

Chapter 9

Now they began to wonder and ask one another what would be the best thing to give him.

Chapter 9

“No. No foreign man has ever seen a pushmi-pullyu. Let us give him that.”

Chapter 10

They had no tail, but a head at each end, and sharp horns on each head.

Chapter 10

“This, Doctor,” said Chee-Chee, “is the pushmi-pullyu – the rarest animal of the African jungles, the only two-headed beast in the world!”

Chapter 11

At last, after blundering about like this for many days, getting their clothes torn and their faces covered with mud, they walked right into the King’s back garden by mistake.

Chapter 11

Prince Bumpo saw the twig swinging to and fro, and soon his eyes started to close.

Chapter 12

And presently all these birds came down close, skimming over the water and the land, and the night sky was left clear above, and the moon shone as before.

Chapter 12

And after they had called good-bye to him again and again and again, they still stood there upon the rocks, crying bitterly and waving till the ship was out of sight.

Chapter 13

“Might as well try to win a race in a soup tureen as hope to get away from them in this old barge.”

Chapter 13

And in a moment the Doctor found himself traveling so fast he had to hold his hat on with both hands, for he felt as though the ship itself were flying through waves that frothed and boiled with speed.

Chapter 14

“And you have heard that rats always leave a sinking ship?”

Chapter 14

So John Dolittle told his animals to walk very softly and they all crept onto the pirate ship.

Chapter 15

And at last the ship plunged right down to the bottom of the sea, making a dreadful gurgling sound, and the six bad men were left bobbing about in the deep water of the bay.

Chapter 15

“You and all your men must go onto this island and be birdseed farmers,” the Doctor answered. “You must grow birdseed for the canaries.”

Chapter 16

Having thanked the sharks again for their kindness, the Doctor and his pets set off once more on their journey home in the swift ship with the three red sails.

Chapter 16

“Well,” said the Doctor, “if the poor fellow’s unhappy, we’ve got to get in and see what’s the matter with him. Find me an ax, and I’ll chop the door down.”

Chapter 17

And in the middle of the floor sat a little boy about eight years old, crying bitterly.

Chapter 17

And the pushmi-pullyu took the little boy on his back and gave him a ride around the dining room table, while all the other animals followed behind, beating the dish covers with spoons, pretending it was a parade.

Chapter 18

Then the six great birds flapped their big wings and flew back to their homes in the mountains and rocks.

Chapter 18

Then the dog shut his eyes tight, poked his nose straight up in the air, and sniffed hard with his mouth half open.

Chapter 19

The little boy was terribly disappointed and began to cry again, saying that no one seemed to be able to find his uncle for him.

Chapter 19

So all that morning Jip stood in the front part of the ship, sniffing the wind and pointing the way for the Doctor to steer, while all the animals and the little boy stood around with their eyes wide open, watching the dog in wonder.

Chapter 20

When the animals and the little boy saw the Doctor and Jip coming back to the ship with a redheaded man, they began to cheer and yell and dance about the boat.

Chapter 20

And the Mayor took from his pocket a little tissue-paper packet, and opening it, he handed to the Doctor a perfectly beautiful watch with real diamonds in the back.

The Last Chapter – Home Again

March winds had come and gone, April's showers were over, May's buds had opened into flower, and the June sun was shining on the pleasant fields when John Dolittle at last got back to his own country.

The Last Chapter – Home Again

Many curious sights and happenings they saw in this wandering life, but they all seemed quite ordinary after the great things they had seen and done in foreign lands.

Tanglewood Tales by Nathaniel Hawthorne

Chapter 1: Theseus and the Minotaur

Then Theseus bent himself in good earnest to the task, and strained every sinew, with manly strength and resolution. He put his whole brave heart into the effort. He wrestled with the big and sluggish stone, as if it had been a living enemy. He heaved, he lifted, he resolved now to succeed, or else to perish there, and let the rock be his monument forever!

Chapter 1: Theseus and the Minotaur

“It is because I am a prince, your son, and the rightful heir of your kingdom, that I freely take upon me the calamity of your subjects,” answered Theseus, “And you, my father, being king over these people, and answerable to Heaven for their welfare, are bound to sacrifice what is dearest to you, rather than that the son or daughter of the poorest citizen should come to any harm.”

Chapter 2: The Pygmies

“You have slain the enormous Antaeus, our brother by the mother’s side, and for ages the faithful ally of our illustrious nation. We are determined to put you to death; and for my own part, I challenge you to instant battle, on equal ground.”

Chapter 3: The Dragon’s Teeth

He came running, and bowed his head before Europa, as if he knew her to be a king’s daughter, or else recognized the important truth that a little girl is everybody’s queen.

Chapter 3: The Dragon’s Teeth

But, in course of time, they got accustomed to honest labor, and had sense enough to feel that there was more true enjoyment in living at peace, and doing good to one’s neighbor, than in striking at him with a two-edged sword. It may not be too much to hope that the rest of mankind will by and by grow as wise and peaceable as these five earth-begrimed warriors, who sprang from the dragon’s teeth.

Chapter 4: Circe’s Palace

Ah, the gluttons and gormandizers! You see how it was with them. In the loftiest seats of dignity, on royal thrones, they could think of nothing but their greedy appetite, which was the portion of their nature that they shared with wolves and swine; so that they resembled those vilest of animals far more than they did kings—if, indeed, kings were what they ought to be.

Chapter 4: Circe’s Palace

When men once turn to brutes, the trifle of man’s wit that remains in them adds tenfold to their brutality.

Chapter 5: The Pomegranate Seeds

They leaped out of the bottomless hole, chariot and all; and there they were, tossing their black

manes, flourishing their black tails, and curvetting with every one of their hoofs off the ground at once, close by the spot where Proserpina stood.

Chapter 5: The Pomegranate Seeds

Neither was all the dazzle of the precious stones, which flamed with their own light, worth one gleam of natural sunshine; nor could the most brilliant of the many-colored gems, which Proserpina had for playthings, vie with the simple beauty of the flowers she used to gather.

Chapter 5: The Pomegranate Seeds

“My own little Proserpina,” he used to say. “I wish you could like me a little better. We gloomy and cloudy-natured persons have often as warm hearts, at bottom, as those of a more cheerful character. If you would only stay with me of your own accord, it would make me happier than the possession of a hundred such palaces as this.”

Chapter 6: The Golden Fleece

“Jason, unless you will help an old woman at her need, you ought not to be a king. What are kings made for, save to succor the feeble and distressed?”

Chapter 6: The Golden Fleece

The good Chiron, whether half horse or no, had taught him that the noblest use of his strength was to assist the weak; and also that he must treat every young woman as if she were his sister, and every old one like a mother. Remembering these maxims, the vigorous and beautiful young man knelt down, and requested the good dame to mount upon his back.

Chapter 6: The Golden Fleece

Ever since that time, it has been the favorite method of brave men, when danger assails them, to do what they call “taking the bull by the horns”; and to gripe him by the tail is pretty much the same thing—that is, to throw aside fear, and overcome the peril by despising it.

Chapter 6: The Golden Fleece

With one bound, he leaped aboard. At the sight of the glorious radiance of the Golden Fleece, the nine and forty heroes gave a mighty shout, and Orpheus, striking his harp, sang a song of triumph, to the cadence of which the galley flew over the water, homeward bound, as if careering along with wings!

***This Country Of Ours by H.E. Marshall (Chp 1-5)**

Chapter 1

To the eyes of these sea-faring men, who for many days had seen only the wild waste of waters, the land seemed passing fair. For the grass was green, and as the sun shone upon it it seemed to sparkle with a thousand diamonds. When the men put their hands upon the grass, and touched their mouths with their hands, and drank the dew, it seemed to them that never before had they tasted anything so sweet.

Chapter 2

So years passed. Columbus remained in Spain. For in spite of all his rebuffs and disappointments he did not despair. As the court moved from place to place he followed it, hoping always that the day would come when the King and Queen would listen to him, and believe in his great enterprise.

Chapter 2

Yet in spite of mockery and derision Columbus clung to his faith. Indeed it burned in him so strongly that at length he made others share it too, and men who were powerful at court became his friends.

Chapter 2

At last Columbus had won his heart's desire, and he had only to gather ships and men and set forth westward. But now a new difficulty arose. For it was out upon the terrible Sea of Darkness that Columbus wished to sail, and men feared to face its terrors.

Chapter 3

Columbus saw their dark looks, heard the murmurs of the crews, and did his best to hearten them again. He spoke to them cheerfully, persuading and encouraging, "laughing at them, while in his heart he wept."

Chapter 3

And when Columbus heard that shout his heart was filled with joy and thankfulness, and baring his head he sank upon his knees, giving praise to God. The crew followed his example. Then, their hearts suddenly light and joyous, they swarmed up the masts and into the rigging to feast their eyes upon the goodly sight.

Chapter 3

"Complain how you may," he said, "I have to go to the Indies, and I will go on till I find them, so help me God."

Chapter 3

As Columbus landed he fell upon his knees and kissed the ground, and with tears of joy running down his cheeks he gave thanks to God, the whole company following his example. Then rising again to his feet, Columbus drew his sword, and solemnly took possession of the island in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Chapter 4

And so while King, and Queen, and courtiers listened breathlessly Columbus told of all he had done, of all the marvels he had seen, of the richness and fairness of the lands he had found and claimed for Spain. And when he had finished the King and Queen fell upon their knees, and clasping their hands they raised eyes filled with tears of joy to heaven, giving thanks to God for His great mercies.

Chapter 4

At first no natives would come near the white men, for they feared their anger. But at length, tempted by the offer of gifts and other friendly signs, they came. They told how the Spaniards had quarreled amongst themselves, how the fort had been attacked by unfriendly Indians from another island, and how all the white men had been slain.

Chapter 4

He died “unwept, unhonoured and unsung.” Years passed before men recognized what a great man had dwelt among them: years passed before any monument was raised to his memory. But indeed he had scarce need of any, for as has been well said, “The New World is his monument.” And every child of the New World must surely honour that monument and seek never to deface it.

Chapter 5

Then a famous map-maker gave the name of America to both continents.

Chapter 5

But all such efforts were in vain. America sounded well, people liked it, and soon everyone used it.

***Thornton Burgess Animal Book by Thornton W. Burgess**

No copywork available yet

***Trial and Triumph by Richard Hannula (Chps 10-18)**

Chapter 10

Though there was much in Charlemagne’s life to commend, yet it was also a life marred by serious sin. At times he was very cruel.

Chapter 11

“I did not strongly desire at all this earthly kingdom,” Alfred said, “but felt it to be the work I was commanded to do.” He fortified the cities and garrisoned them with troops to defend against surprise attack.

Chapter 12

“I am not afraid,” Anselm said, “of banishment, or poverty, or torture, or death, for God strengthens me.” King Henry also threw him out of England.

Chapter 13

Three times he crossed the Alps in the dead of winter, enduring frigid snow and treacherous mountain passes. Many lives were saved by Bernard’s help in getting warring groups to agree to peace.

Chapter 14

So Peter Waldo did. He sold all his property, gave the money away to the needy, and began to teach others the good news of Jesus Christ.

Chapter 15

“This is our life and rule,” Francis said, “and the life and rule of all who wish to join our company. We shall follow our Lord’s example by preaching to the poor and caring for the sick.”

Chapter 16

She gave new clothes and shoes to able-bodied men and women and set them to work in the field, preparing the ground and planting seeds in the hopes of raising a small crop by harvest time.

Chapter 17

The only way to save himself would be to recant – to say his teachings were wrong. But would Wycliff recant?

Chapter 18

“I will confess Christ as long as he gives me grace to do so,” Huss said. “I will resist to the death all agreement with falsehood. A good death is better than a bad life.”

***Understood Betsy by Dorothy Canfield Fisher**

Chapter 1

So you can see that by the time Elizabeth Ann was nine years old Aunt Frances must have known all that anybody can know about how to bring up children. And Elizabeth Ann got the benefit of it all.

Chapter 1

She was especially anxious to share all the little girl's thoughts, because she felt that the trouble with most children is that they are not understood, and she was determined that she would thoroughly understand Elizabeth Ann.

Chapter 2

The world had come to an end now that Aunt Frances wasn't there to take care of her! Even in the most familiar air she could only half breathe without Aunt Frances!

Chapter 2

It is possible that what stirred inside her head at that moment was her brain, waking up. She was nine years old, and she was in the third A grade at school, but that was the first time she had ever had a whole thought of her very own.

Chapter 2

Then, still too sleepy to play, it turned its head and began to lick Elizabeth Ann's hand with a rough little tongue. Perhaps you can imagine how thrilled the little girl was at this!

Chapter 3

She stared at it a long time, waiting for somebody to tell her when to get up. At home Aunt Frances always told her, and helped her get dressed. But here nobody came.

Chapter 3

Abigail said, "Now the butter's beginning to come. Don't you want to watch and see everything I do, so's you can answer if anybody asks you how butter is made?"

Chapter 4

Nor did anybody notice her while she stowed away the chicken and gravy and hot biscuits and currant jelly and baked potatoes and apple pie – when did Elizabeth Ann ever eat such a meal before?

Chapter 4

Oh, how she wanted Aunt Frances to take care of her! Nobody cared a thing about her! Nobody understood her but Aunt Frances! She wouldn't go back at all to Putney Farm.

Chapter 5

Elizabeth Ann had never had anything to do with children younger than herself, and she felt very pleased and important to have anybody look up to her! She put her arm around Molly's square, warm, fat little body and gave her a squeeze.

Chapter 5

“You aren’t any grade at all, no matter where you are in school. You’re just yourself, aren’t you? What difference does it make what grade you’re in?”

Chapter 6

It was quite a responsibility to prepare the apple sauce for a family. It was ever so good, too. But maybe a little more sugar. She put in a teaspoonful and decided it was just exactly right!

Chapter 7

And now she would live it all over again as she told the Putney cousins. For of course they must be told. She had always told Aunt Frances everything that happened in school.

Chapter 7

She didn’t say another word, but Betsy, glancing up into her face as they stepped into the lighted room, saw an expression that made her give a little skip and hop of joy. She had pleased Cousin Ann.

Chapter 8

“Cousin Ann, couldn’t we girls at school get together and sew – you’d have to help us some – and make some nice, new clothes for little ‘Lias Brewster, and fix him up so he’ll look better, and maybe that Mr. Pond will like him and adopt him?”

Chapter 9

But he had made practically no impression on the layers of encrusted dirt, and the little girls looked at him ruefully. Mr. Pond would certainly never take a fancy to such a dreadfully grimy child!

Chapter 9

She saw him stoop and pick little 'Lias up in his great, strong arms, and, holding him close, stride furiously out of the woodshed, across the playground to the buggy which was waiting for him.

Chapter 10

An older girl was reflected there also near Molly, a dark-eyed, red-cheeked, sturdy little girl, standing very straight on two strong legs, holding her head high and free, her dark eyes looking out brightly from her tanned face.

Chapter 10

Betsy did not answer. She did not know what they would do. They were eight miles from Putney Farm, far too much for Molly to walk, and anyhow neither of them knew the way.

Chapter 10

Betsy, watching him, felt her heart swell and beat fast in incredulous joy. Why, he was proud of her! She had done something to make the Putney cousins proud of her!

Chapter 11

"I've had a letter from Aunt Frances," said Betsy, biting her lips, "and she says she's coming to take me away, back to them, tomorrow."

Chapter 11

Now those are the words Aunt Frances said, but something in her voice and her face suggested a faint possibility to Betsy that maybe Aunt Frances didn't really think it would be such awfully jolly fun as her words said.

Chapter 11

Betsy threw her arms around her in a transport of affection. She felt that she understood Aunt Frances as nobody else could, the dear, sweet. Gentle, timid aunt!

***Wind in the Willows by Kenneth Grahame**

Chapter 1

The Mole had been working very hard all the morning, spring-cleaning his little home.

Chapter 1

It all seemed too good to be true. Hither and thither through the meadows he rambled busily, along the hedgerows, across the copses, finding everywhere birds building, flowers budding, leaves thrusting – everything happy, and progressive, and occupied.

Chapter 1

“This has been a wonderful day!” said he, as the rat shoved off and took to the sculls again. “Do you know, I’ve never been in a boat before in all my life.”

Chapter 2

All along the backwater,
Through the rushes tall,
Ducks are a-dabbling,
Up tails all!

Chapter 2

After so much open air and excitement the Toad slept very soundly, and no amount of shaking could rouse him out of bed next morning.

Chapter 2

The Toad never answered a word, or budged from his seat in the road; so they went to see what was the matter with him. They found him in a sort of trance, a happy smile on his face, his eyes still fixed on the dusty wake of their destroyer. At intervals he was still heard to murmur "Poop-poop!"

Chapter 3

The pageant of the river bank had marched steadily along, unfolding itself in scene-pictures that succeeded each other in stately procession.

Chapter 3

The mole was greatly cheered by the sound of the rat's careless laughter, as well as by the sight of his stick and his gleaming pistols, and he stopped shivering and began to feel bolder and more himself again.

Chapter 3

In the side of what had seemed to be a snow-bank stood a solid-looking little door, painted a dark green.

Chapter 4

The Badger, who wore a long dressing-gown, and whose slippers were indeed very down-at-heel, carried a flat candlestick in his paw and had probably been on his way to bed when their summons sounded. He looked kindly down on them and patted both their heads.

Chapter 4

Conversation was impossible for a long time; and when it was slowly resumed, it was that regrettable sort of conversation that results from talking with your mouth full.

Chapter 4

They found themselves standing on the very edge of the Wild Wood.

Chapter 5

Once beyond the village, where the cottages ceased abruptly, on either side of the road they could smell through the darkness the friendly fields again; and they braced themselves for the last long stretch, the home stretch, the stretch that we know is bound to end, some time, in the rattle of the door-latch, the sudden firelight, and the sight of familiar things greeting us as long-absent travellers from far oversea.

Chapter 5

“*Please* stop, Ratty!” pleaded the poor mole, in anguish of heart. “You don’t understand! It’s my home, my old home! I’ve just come across the smell of it, and it’s close by here, really quite close. And I *must* go to it, I must, I must!”

Chapter 5

He clambered into his bunk and rolled himself well up in the blankets, and slumber gathered him forthwith, as a swath of barley is folded into the arms of the reaping-machine

Chapter 6

Now that he was merely Toad, and no longer the Terror of the Highway, he giggled feebly and looked from one to the other appealingly, seeming quite to understand the situation.

Chapter 6

“Then you don’t promise,” said the Badger, “never to touch a motor-car again?”

“Certainly not!” replied Toad emphatically. “On the contrary, I faithfully promise that the very first motor-car I see, poop-poop! off I go in it!”

Chapter 6

`Oddsbodikins!' said the sergeant of police, taking off his helmet and wiping his forehead. `Rouse thee, old loon, and take over from us this vile Toad, a criminal of deepest guilt and matchless artfulness and resource. Watch and ward him with all thy skill; and mark thee well, greybeard, should aught untoward befall, thy old head shall answer for his--and a murrain on both of them!'

Chapter 7

The Willow-Wren was twittering his thin little song, hidden himself in the dark selvedge of the river bank. Though it was past ten o'clock at night, the sky still clung to and retained some lingering skirts of light from the departed day; and the sullen heats of the torrid afternoon broke up and rolled away at the dispersing touch of the cool fingers of the short midsummer night.

Chapter 7

`Rat!' he found breath to whisper, shaking. `Are you afraid?'

Chapter 8

Next evening the girl ushered her aunt into Toad's cell, bearing his week's washing pinned up in a towel.

Chapter 8

`Hullo, mother!' said the engine-driver, `what's the trouble? You don't look particularly cheerful.'

`O, sir!' said Toad, crying afresh, `I am a poor unhappy washerwoman, and I've lost all my money, and can't pay for a ticket, and I must get home to-night somehow, and whatever I am to do I don't know. O dear, O dear!'

Chapter 9

The Water Rat was restless, and he did not exactly know why.

Chapter 9

When he had rested awhile the stranger sighed, snuffed the air, and looked about him.

Chapter 9

The voice died away and ceased as an insect's tiny trumpet dwindles swiftly into silence; and the Water Rat, paralysed and staring, saw at last but a distant speck on the white surface of the road.

Chapter 10

A long half-hour passed, and every minute of it saw Toad getting crosser and crosser. Nothing that he could do to the things seemed to please them or do them good. He tried coaxing, he tried slapping, he tried punching; they smiled back at him out of the tub unconverted, happy in their original sin.

Chapter 10

Brown and small, with whiskers.
Grave and round, with neat ears and silky hair.
It was the Water Rat!

Chapter 11

Toad leaned his elbows on the table, and his chin on his paws; and a large tear welled up in each of his eyes, overflowed and splashed on the table, plop! plop!

Chapter 11

He would try the boat-house first, he thought. Very warily he paddled up to the mouth of the creek, and was just passing under the bridge, when . . . CRASH!

Chapter 11

‘Hooray! Here’s old Toad!’ cried the Mole, his face beaming. ‘Fancy having you back again!’ And he began to dance round him. ‘We never dreamt you would turn up so soon! Why, you must have managed to escape, you clever, ingenious, intelligent Toad!’

Chapter 12

So at last they were in the secret passage, and the cutting-out expedition had really begun!

Chapter 12

He sang this very loud, with great unction and expression; and when he had done, he sang it all over again.

Then he heaved a deep sigh; a long, long, long sigh.

Then he dipped his hairbrush in the water-jug, parted his hair in the middle, and plastered it down very straight and sleek on each side of his face; and, unlocking the door, went quietly down the stairs to greet his guests, who he knew must be assembling in the drawing-room.

Wonder Book by Nathaniel Hawthorne

Intro to The Gorgon’s Head

His stories are good to hear at night, because we can dream about them asleep; and good in the morning, too, because then we can dream about them awake.

The Gorgon’s Head

“Tell me what your trouble is, and we will talk the matter over, and see what can be done.”

“There are other things to be done, before you can find your way to the Gorgons. There is nothing for it but to hunt up these old ladies; and when we meet with them, you may be sure that the Gorgons are not a great way off. Come, let us be stirring!”

But the staff helped Perseus along so bravely that he no longer felt the slightest weariness. In fact, the stick seemed to be alive in his hand, and to lend some of its life to Perseus.

When one of the three had kept the eye a certain time, she took it out of the socket and passed it to one of her sisters, whose turn it might happen to be, and who immediately clapped it into her own head, and enjoyed a peep at the visible world.

All this while, the Three Grey Women were groping with their outstretched hands, and trying their utmost to get hold of Perseus. But he took good care to keep out of their reach.

By the time they had ascended a few hundred feet, the young man began to feel what a delightful thing it was to leave the dull earth so far beneath him, and to be able to flit about like a bird.

Up rose the Gorgons, as I tell you, staring horribly about, in hopes of turning somebody to stone. Had Perseus looked them in the face, or had he fallen into their clutches, his poor mother would never have kissed her boy again!

Intro to “The Golden Touch”

They had brought plenty of good things from Tanglewood, in their baskets, and had spread them out on the stumps of trees, and on mossy trunks, and had feasted merrily, and made a very nice dinner indeed. After it was over, nobody cared to stir.

“The Golden Touch”

This King Midas was fonder of gold than of anything else in the world.

Midas called himself a happy man, but felt that he was not yet quite so happy as he might be. The very tiptop of enjoyment would never be reached, unless the whole world were to become his treasure-room, and be filled with yellow metal which should be all his own.

The egg, indeed, might have been mistaken for one of those which the famous goose, in the story-book, was in the habit of laying; but King Midas was the only goose that had had anything to do with the matter.

Her father did not think it necessary to tell his beloved child how very foolish he had been, but contented himself with showing how much wiser he had now grown.

Shadow Brook (after the story)

“Were I Midas, I would make nothing else but just such golden days as these over and over again, all the year throughout.”

Intro to “The Paradise of Children”

So thick were the fluttering snowflakes, that even the trees mid-way down the valley were hidden by them the greater part of the time.

The Paradise of Children

“Do not be afraid, Pandora! What harm can there be in opening the box? Never mind that poor, simple Epimetheus! You are wiser than he, and have ten times as much spirit. Open the box, and see if you do not find something very pretty!”

As Pandora raised the lid, the cottage grew very dark and dismal; for the black cloud had now swept quite over the sun, and seemed to have buried it alive.

Now, if you wish to know what these ugly things might be which had made their escape out of the box, I must tell you that they were the whole family of earthly Troubles.

Intro to The Three Golden Apples

“But, Cousin Eustace, you must put off your airs, and come with us to the drawing-room. The children have talked so much about your stories, that my father wishes to hear one of them, in order to judge whether they are likely to do any mischief.”

“My father will not open his book, nor will mamma open the piano, till you have given us some of your nonsense, as you very correctly call it.”

The Three Golden Apples

Did you ever hear of the golden apples that grew in the garden of Hesperides?

It is said that there was a dragon beneath the tree, with a hundred terrible heads, fifty of which were always on the watch, while the other fifty slept.

For one of the hardest things in this world is to see the difference between real dangers and imaginary ones.

“I am Atlas, the mightiest giant in the world! And I hold the sky upon my head!”

Introductory to “The Miraculous Pitcher”

In their progress up the hill, the small people had found plenty of violets, blue and white, and some that were as golden as if they had the touch of Midas on them.

The Miraculous Pitcher

But they were two of the kindest old people in the world, and would cheerfully have gone without their dinners any day rather than refuse a slice of their brown loaf, a cup of new milk, and a spoonful of honey, to the weary traveller who might pause before their door.

These naughty people taught their children to be no better than themselves, and used to clap their hands, by way of encouragement, when they saw the little boys and girls run after some poor stranger, shouting at his heels, and pelting him with stones.

“Friends,” said the old man, “sit down and rest yourselves here on this bench. My good wife Baucis has gone to see what you can have for supper. We are poor folks; but you shall be welcome to whatever we have in the cupboard.”

He said, too, that because they loved one another so very much, it was the wish of both that death might not separate them, but that they should die as they had lived, together.

Introductory to “The Chimaera”

Our pretty lake was seen, with all its little bays and inlets; and not that alone, but two or three new lakes were opening their blue eyes to the sun.

“And no matter how strange and wonderful the story may be. Now that we are up among the clouds, we can believe anything.”

The Chimaera

Oh, how fine a thing it is to be a winged horse! Sleeping at night, as he did, on a lofty mountain-top, and passing the greater part of the day in the air, Pegasus seemed hardly to be a creature of the earth.

“And sometimes, when I look down into the water, I see the image of the winged horse, in the picture of the sky that is there. I wish he would come down, and take me on his back, and let me ride him up to the moon! But, if I so much as stir to look at him, he flies far away out of sight.”

And what other horse in all the world was half so fleet as the marvellous horse Pegasus, who had wings as well as legs, and was even more active in the air than on the earth?

Downward came Pegasus, in those wide, sweeping circles, which grew narrower and narrower still, as he gradually approached the earth.

Yes, there he sat, on the back of the winged horse!

The snake, the lion, and the goat, as he supposed them to be, were not three separate creatures, but one monster.

Ambleside Books for year 3 (last updated 5/24/12)

(an * means the book is required reading)

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Alice's Adventures In Wonderland by Lewis Carroll

Chapter 1

So she was considering, in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

Chapter 1

“What a curious feeling!” said Alice. “I must be shutting up like a telescope!”

Chapter 1

And she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle looks like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember ever having seen such a thing.

Chapter 2

It was the White Rabbit returning, splendidly dressed, with a pair of white kid-gloves in one hand and a large fan in the other: he came trotting along in a great hurry, muttering to himself, as he came, “Oh! The Duchess, the Duchess! Oh! Won’t she be savage if I’ve kept her waiting!”

Chapter 3

They were indeed a queer-looking party that assembled on the bank- the birds with draggled feathers, the animals with their fur clinging close to them, and all dripping wet, cross, and uncomfortable.

Chapter 3

“I know what ‘it’ means well enough, when I find a thing,” said the Duck: “it’s generally a frog, or a worm. The question is, what did the archbishop find?”

Chapter 3

This question the Dodo could not answer without a great deal of thought, and it stood for a long time with one finger pressed upon its forehead (the position in which you usually see Shakespeare, in the pictures of him), while the rest waited in silence.

Chapter 3

Alice thought the whole thing very absurd, but they all looked so grave that she did not dare to laugh; and, as she could not think of anything to say, she simply bowed, and took the thimble, looking as solemn as she could.

Chapter 4

By this time she had found her way into a tidy little room with a table in the window, and on it (as she had hoped) a fan and two or three pairs of tiny white kid-gloves: she took up the fan and a pair of the gloves, and was just going to leave the room, when her eye fell upon a little bottle that stood near the looking glass.

Chapter 4

“It was much pleasanter at home,” thought poor Alice, “when one wasn’t always growing larger and smaller, and being ordered about by mice and rabbits.

Chapter 4

And so she went on, taking first one side and then the other, and making quite a conversation of it altogether; but after a few minutes she heard a voice outside, and stopped to listen.

Chapter 4

So she swallowed one of the cakes, and was delighted to find that she began shrinking directly. As soon as she was small enough to get through the door, she

ran out of the house, and found quite a crowd of little animals and birds waiting outside. The poor little Lizard, Bill, was in the middle, being held up by two guinea-pigs, who were giving it something out of a bottle. They all made a rush at Alice the moment she appeared; but she ran off as hard as she could, and soon found herself safe in a thick wood.

Chapter 4

She stretched herself up on tiptoe, and peeped over the edge of the mushroom, and her eyes immediately met those of a large blue caterpillar, that was sitting on the top, with its arms folded, quietly smoking a long hookah, and taking not the smallest notice of her or of anything else.

Chapter 5

The Caterpillar and Alice looked at each other for some time in silence: at last the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and addressed her in a languid, sleepy voice.

Chapter 6

“Are you to get in at all?” said the Footman. “That’s the first question, you know.”

Chapter 6

The Cat only grinned when it saw Alice. It looked good-natured, she thought: still it had very long claws and a great many teeth, so she felt that it ought to be treated with respect.

Chapter 6

“All right,” said the Cat; and this time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail, and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.

Chapter 7

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

Chapter 8

A large rose-tree stood near the entrance of the garden: the roses growing on it were white, but there were three gardeners at it, busily painting them red. Alice thought this a very curious thing, and she went nearer to watch them, and, just as she came up to them, she heard one of them say "Look out now, Five! Don't go splashing paint over me like that!"

Chapter 8

"And who are these!" said the Queen, pointing to the three gardeners who were lying round the rose-tree; for, you see, as they were lying on their faces, and the pattern on their backs was the same as the rest of the pack, she could not tell whether they were gardeners, or soldiers, or courtiers, or three of her own children.

Chapter 8

Alice waited till the eyes appeared, and then nodded. "It's no use speaking to it," she thought, "till its ears have come, or at least one of them." In another minute the whole head appeared, and then Alice put down her flamingo, and began an account of the game, feeling very glad she had some one to listen to her. The Cat seemed to think that there was enough of it now in sight, and no more of it appeared.

Chapter 9

She had quite forgotten the Duchess by this time, and was a little startled when she heard her voice close to her ear. "You're thinking about something, my dear, and that makes you forget to talk. I can't tell you just now what the moral of that is, but I shall remember it in a bit."

Chapter 9

“Tut, tut, child!” said the Duchess. “Everything’s got a moral, if only you can find it.” And she squeezed herself up closer to Alice’s side as she spoke.

Chapter 9

But here, to Alice’s great surprise, the Duchess’s voice died away, even in the middle of her favourite word ‘moral’, and the arm that was linked into hers began to tremble. Alice looked up, and there stood the Queen in front of them, with her arms folded, frowning like a thunderstorm.

Chapter 10

Alice said nothing: she had sat down with her face in her hands, wondering if anything would ever happen in a natural way again.

Chapter 11

The first witness was the Hatter. He came in with a teacup in one hand and a piece of bread-and-butter in the other. “I beg pardon, your Majesty,” he began, “for bringing these in; but I hadn’t quite finished my tea when I was sent for.”

Chapter 11

The next witness was the Duchess’s cook. She carried the pepper-box in her hand, and Alice guessed who it was, even before she got into the court, by the way the people near the door began sneezing all at once.

Chapter 11

“Well, if I must, I must,” the King said with a melancholy air, and, after folding his arms and frowning at the cook till his eyes were nearly out of sight, he said, in a deep voice, “What are tarts made of?”

Chapter 12

“Here!” cried Alice, quite forgetting in the flurry of the moment how large she had grown in the last few minutes, and she jumped up in such a hurry that she tipped over the jury-box with the edge of her skirt, upsetting all the jurymen on to the heads of the crowd below, and there they lay sprawling about, reminding her very much of a globe of gold-fish she had accidentally upset the week before.

Chapter 12

Alice looked at the jury-box, and saw that, in her haste, she had put the Lizard in head downwards, and the poor little thing was waving its tail about in a melancholy way, being quite unable to move. She soon got it out again, and put it right; “not that it signifies much,” she said to herself; “I should think it would be quite as much use in the trial one way up as the other.”

Chapter 12

As soon as the jury had a little recovered from the shock of being upset, and their slates and pencils had been found and handed back to them, they set to work very diligently to write out a history of the accident, all except the Lizard, who seemed too much overcome to do anything but sit with its mouth open, gazing up into the roof of the court.

Chapter 12

At this the whole pack rose up into the air, and came flying down upon her; she gave a little scream, half of fright and half of anger, and tried to beat them off, and found herself lying on the bank, with her head in the lap of her sister, who was gently brushing away some dead leaves that had fluttered down from the trees upon her face.

***American Tall Tales by Adrien Stoutenburg**

Paul Bunyan: Sky-Bright Axe

Some people say that Paul Bunyan wasn't much taller than an ordinary house. Others say he must have been a lot taller to do all the things he did, like sticking trees into his pockets and blowing baby birds out of the air when he sneezed.

Winters could be very cold there in Wisconsin and Minnesota. One year Lake Superior froze solid from top to bottom. In the spring, Paul had to haul all the ice out of the lake and stack it up on shore to thaw.

Pecos Bill

By the time Bill was ten years old, he could out-run and out-howl any coyote in the Southwest. And since he had not seen any other human beings in all that time, he thought he was a coyote himself.

Stormalong

If it isn't a kraken, thought Stormy, it's something worse. He pulled the cleaver from his belt and started whacking at the claw-like arm holding onto the ship. His blade bounced off the arm like rubber.

Mike Fink

Mike was born to be a riverman, although he didn't know it until he was old enough to find out. Until then he spent his time in the woods around Pittsburgh, where he was born, shooting at wolves, bobcats, mosquitoes, or anything else that could be shot at.

"Whoop, hi-ho, and cock-a-doodle-do! I'm the original Pittsburgh screamer, weaned on shark's milk, raised in a crib with rattlesnakes, mad scorpions, and hungry bumble bees. I'm second cousin to a hurricane, first cousin to a seven-day blizzard, and brother to an earthquake! I'm so all-fired ferocious and ornery, it scares even me to think about it!

Davy Crockett

Around 1812 the War of 1812 began, and Davy went to fight the English and their allies, the Creek Indians. The leader of the the American Army was General Andrew Jackson.

The animals figured life would be safer for them if Davy were elected to the state legislature and had to spend his time making laws instead of hunting. So they cheered and paraded, barking and howling.

Johnny Appleseed

Johnny Appleseed loved apple trees more than almost anything else. He loved animals too; some say he could talk to them.

Whenever the people traveling west stopped to ask Johnny for food or water or a place to rest, he gave them apple seeds as well. And he never took any money.

Wherever he stopped, he handed out his seeds and preached about the beauty of things. He also preached about the need for kindness, especially kindness to animals.

John Henry

John Henry swung his hammer, and it rang against the drill.

At the same time, the steam engine gave a roar and a hiss. Steam whistled through its escape valve. Its drill crashed down, gnawing into the granite.

Joe Magarac

It was a long time ago that Joe Magarac appeared among the Hungarian steelworkers in the part of Pittsburgh called Hunkietown. No one is even certain where he came from. Some say he came right out of the rolling mills with the steel. Others say he came out of a huge ore pit.

At the Back of the North Wind by George MacDonald

Chapter 1 – The Hayloft

But the wind began to blow loud and angrily, and, as Diamond was falling asleep, out blew his cork and hit him on the nose, just hard enough to wake him up quite, and let him hear the wind whistling shrill in the hole.

Chapter 1 – The Hayloft

"Yes; a tall house: the clouds are inside it."

Chapter 1 – The Hayloft

"It's not the bed I care about: it's what is in it.--But you just open that window."

Chapter 1 – The Hayloft

But sometimes beautiful things grow bad by doing bad, and it takes some time for their badness to spoil their beauty.

Chapter 2 – The Lawn

"...if I am in a dream, I am safe in my bed, and I needn't cry."

Chapter 2 – The Lawn

It was so dreadful to be out in the night after everybody was gone to bed!

Chapter 2 – The Lawn

He made no objection, for he was just in the mood to be grateful for notice of any sort ...

Chapter 3 – Old Diamond

... but she would have gone into a lion's den, not to say a horse's stall, to help her boy.

Chapter 3 – Old Diamond

"That's of no consequence: every man ought to be a gentleman, and your father is one."

Chapter 3 – Old Diamond

If I had put on any other shape than a wolf's she would not have seen me, for that is what is growing to be her own shape inside of her."

Chapter 4 – North Wind

Everybody can't be done to all the same. Everybody is not ready for the same thing.

Chapter 4 – North Wind

She called him a kid, but she was not really a month older than he was; only she had had to work for her bread, and that so soon makes people older.

Chapter 4 – North Wind

"I'm sorry I was cross," he said. "Come in, and my mother will give you some breakfast."

Chapter 5 – The Summer House

And Diamond soon found that, as he was obedient to his father, so the horse was obedient to him.

Chapter 5 – The Summer House

"No, father," answered the boy, and rode on in majestic safety.

Chapter 5 – The Summer House

"Yes. But what's the use of knowing a thing only because you're told it?"

Chapter 5 – The Summer House

I can do nothing cruel, although I often do what looks like cruel to those who do not know what I really am doing.

Chapter 5 – The Summer House

He looked out of the bed, and saw a gigantic, powerful, but most lovely arm—

Chapter 6 – Out in the Storm

"Then if I'm it, and have you in my arms, how can it hurt you?"

Chapter 6 – Out in the Storm

"Then I must be good to you because I choose to be good to you."

Chapter 6 – Out in the Storm

"That's just it; I am good to you because I like to be good."

Chapter 6 – Out in the Storm

Flash after flash illuminated the fierce chaos, revealing in varied yellow and blue and grey and dusky red the vapourous contention; peal after peal of thunder tore the infinite waste;

Chapter 7 – The Cathedral

and I don't hear much of it, only the odour of its music, as it were, flitting across the great billows of the ocean outside this air in which I make such a storm; but what I do hear is quite enough to make me able to bear the cry from the drowning ship.

Chapter 7 – The Cathedral

You had to be taught what courage was. And you couldn't know what it was without feeling it: therefore it was given you.

Chapter 7 – The Cathedral

Only he knew that to be left alone is not always to be forsaken.

Chapter 8 – The East Window

"This is one of North Wind's tricks. She has caught him up and dropped him at our door, like a withered leaf or a foundling baby.

Chapter 8 – The East Window

Then Diamond knew that they could not be Apostles, talking like this.

Chapter 8 – The East Window

"But, please, sir, if it had been there," said Diamond, "we should not have had to be sorry for it."

Chapter 9 – How Diamond Got to the Back of the North Wind

"Not too goggle," said his mother, who was quite proud of her boy's eyes, only did not want to make him vain.

Chapter 9 – How Diamond Got to the Back of the North Wind

He was met at the station by his aunt, a cheerful middle-aged woman, and conveyed in safety to the sleepy old town, as his father called it. And no wonder that it was sleepy, for it was nearly dead of old age.

Chapter 9 – How Diamond Got to the Back of the North Wind

"What is it, my dear child?" said North Wind, and the windmill began turning again so swiftly that Diamond could scarcely see it.

Chapter 9 – How Diamond Got to the Back of the North Wind

The same moment he found himself in a cloud of North Wind's hair, with her beautiful face, set in it like a moon, bending over him.

Chapter 9 – How Diamond Got to the Back of the North Wind

Hours after hours, a great many of them, went by; and still Diamond lay there. He never felt in the least tired or impatient, for a strange pleasure filled his heart.

Chapter 9 – How Diamond Got to the Back of the North Wind

"What do you want me to do next, dear North Wind?" said Diamond, wishing to show his love by being obedient.

Chapter 9 – How Diamond Got to the Back of the North Wind

It was when he reached North Wind's heart that he fainted and fell. But as he fell, he rolled over the threshold, and it was thus that Diamond got to the back of the north wind.

Chapter 10 – At the Back of the North Wind

Because, when he came back, he had forgotten a great deal, and what he did remember was very hard to tell. Things there are so different from things here!

Chapter 10 – At the Back of the North Wind

He could not say he was very happy there, for he had neither his father nor mother with him, but he felt so still and quiet and patient and contented, that, as far as the mere feeling went, it was something better than mere happiness.

Chapter 10 – At the Back of the North Wind

"They looked as if they were waiting to be gladder some day."

Chapter 11 – How Diamond Got Home Again

One day when Diamond was sitting in this tree, he began to long very much to get home again, and no wonder, for he saw his mother crying.

Chapter 11 – How Diamond Got Home Again

Sometimes, on getting down, two of them would meet at the root, and then they would smile to each other more sweetly than at any other time, as much as to say, "Ah, you've been up there too!"

Chapter 11 – How Diamond Got Home Again

"Come along, Diamond," she said in his ear, in the smallest and highest of treble voices; "it is time we were setting out for Sandwich."

Chapter 12 – Who Met Diamond at Sandwich

And they went so fast that Diamond himself went the other way as fast--I mean he went fast asleep in North Wind's arms.

Chapter 12 – Who Met Diamond at Sandwich

Diamond kissed her again and again to make her stop. Perhaps kissing is the best thing for crying, but it will not always stop it.

Chapter 12 – Who Met Diamond at Sandwich

Poverty will not make a man worthless--he may be worth a great deal more when he is poor than he was when he was rich; but dishonesty goes very far indeed to make a man of no value-- a thing to be thrown out in the dust-hole of the creation, like a bit of a broken basin, or a dirty rag.

Chapter 13 – The Seaside

"Oh dear!" said Diamond with a gasp; "hasn't he got anything to eat? Oh! I must go home to him."

Chapter 13 – The Seaside

"O you little bird! You have no more sense than a sparrow that picks what it wants, and never thinks of the winter and the frost and, the snow."

Chapter 13 – The Seaside

"Then let's go and work," said Diamond, getting up.

Chapter 13 – The Seaside

The fact was he had lived so long without any food at all at the back of the north wind, that he knew quite well that food was not essential to existence; that in fact, under certain circumstances, people could live without it well enough.

Chapter 14 – Old Diamond

"Why don't you set up for yourself now--in the cab line, I mean?"

Chapter 14 – Old Diamond

But what was the ex-coachman's delight, when, on going into the stable where his friend led him, he found the horse he wanted him to buy was no other than his own old Diamond, grown very thin and bony and long-legged, as if they had been doing what they could to fit him for Hansom work!

Chapter 14 – Old Diamond

And as there were some rooms to be had over the stable, he took them, wrote to his wife to come home, and set up as a cabman.

Chapter 15 – The Mews

Diamond's father and mother were, notwithstanding, rather miserable, and Diamond began to feel a kind of darkness beginning to spread over his own mind.

Chapter 15 – The Mews

"This will never do. I can't give in to this. I've been to the back of the north wind. Things go right there, and so I must try to get things to go right here. I've got to fight the miserable things. They shan't make me miserable if I can help it."

Chapter 15 – The Mews

It was not in the least strange of Diamond to behave as he did; on the contrary, it was thoroughly sensible of him.

Chapter 16 – Diamond Makes a Beginning

She was looking gloomy, and his father was silent; and indeed except Diamond had done all he possibly could to keep out the misery that was trying to get in at doors and windows, he too would have grown miserable, and then they would have been all miserable together.

Chapter 16 – Diamond Makes a Beginning

"Why, Diamond, child!" said his mother at last, "you're as good to your mother as if you were a girl--nursing the baby, and toasting the bread, and sweeping up the hearth! I declare a body would think you had been among the fairies."

Chapter 16 – Diamond Makes a Beginning

"No thank you, father; not to-day," said Diamond. "Mother wants me. Perhaps she'll let me go another day."

Chapter 16 – Diamond Makes a Beginning

Some people don't know how to do what they are told; they have not been used to it, and they neither understand quickly nor are able to turn what they do understand into action quickly. With an obedient mind one learns the rights of things fast enough; for it is the law of the universe, and to obey is to understand.

Chapter 17 – Diamond Goes On

At first, he heard a good many rough and bad words; but he did not like them, and so they did him little harm. He did not know in the least what they meant, but there was something in the very sound of them, and in the tone of voice in which they were said, which Diamond felt to be ugly.

Chapter 17 – Diamond Goes On

By this time all the men in the stable were gathered about the two Diamonds, and all much amused.

Chapter 17 – Diamond Goes On

One day, which was neither washing-day, nor cleaning-day nor marketing-day, nor Saturday, nor Monday--upon which consequently Diamond could be spared from the baby--his father took him on his own cab.

Chapter 17 – Diamond Goes On

"I couldn't let them behave so to a poor girl--could I, father?" he said.

Chapter 17 – Diamond Goes On

"Is it a great disgrace to be poor?" asked Diamond, because of the tone in which his mother had spoken.

Chapter 18 – The Drunken Cabman

Now the way most people do when they see anything very miserable is to turn away from the sight, and try to forget it. But Diamond began as usual to try to destroy the misery.

Chapter 18 – The Drunken Cabman

But they did the cabman good as well as the baby and Diamond, for they put him to sleep, and the sleep was busy all the time it lasted, smoothing the wrinkles out of his temper.

Chapter 18 – The Drunken Cabman

That's little Diamond as everybody knows, and a duck o' diamonds he is! No woman could wish for a better child than he be.

Chapter 18 – The Drunken Cabman

Indeed, he was never quite so bad after that, though it was some time before he began really to reform.

Chapter 19 – Diamond's Friends

"Please, sir," said Diamond, "her grannie's very cruel to her sometimes, and shuts her out in the streets at night, if she happens to be late."

Chapter 19 – Diamond's Friends

"And there's the best of mine to come yet--and that's you, daddy-- except it be mother, you know. You're my friend, daddy, ain't you? And I'm your friend, ain't I?"

Chapter 20 – Diamond Learns to Read

But it was not much of a task to Diamond, for his father took for his lesson-book those very rhymes his mother had picked up on the sea-shore; and as Diamond was not beginning too soon, he learned very fast indeed.

Chapter 20 – Diamond Learns to Read

And Birdie Brown sang Twirrrr twitter twirrrr twee --
Apples and cherries, roses and honey;
Little Boy Blue has listened to me --
All so jolly and funny.

Chapter 21 – Sal's Nanny

So you see he was naughty; for even when he lost himself he did not want to go home.

Chapter 21 – Sal's Nanny

"Why, I've just told you. That's how you know it."

Chapter 21 – Sal's Nanny

So she was soon lying in the fever ward-- for the first time in her life in a nice clean bed.

Chapter 22 – Mr. Raymond's Riddle

"It means that people may have their way for a while, if they like, but it will get them into such troubles they'll wish they hadn't had it."

Chapter 22 – Mr. Raymond's Riddle

"I suspect the child's a genius," said the poet to himself, "and that's what makes people think him silly."

Chapter 22 – Mr. Raymond's Riddle

"Then you can read it for yourself, and think over it, and see if you can find out," said Mr. Raymond, giving him the book.

Chapter 23 – The Early Bird

"I wish you were like that little bird, Diamond, and could catch worms for yourself," said his mother, as she rose to go and look after her husband.

Chapter 24 – Another Early Bird

"I'm the early bird, I think," he said to himself. "I hope I shall catch the worm."

Chapter 24 – Another Early Bird

Having carried him to King's Cross in good time, and got a good fare in return, he set off again in great spirits, and reached the stand in safety. He was the first there after all.

Chapter 24 – Another Early Bird

And how pleased he was! It did him no end of good.

Chapter 25 – Diamond's Dream

"We should have all starved, my precious Diamond," said his mother, whose pride in her boy was even greater than her joy in the shillings. Both of them together made her heart ache, for pleasure can do that as well as pain.

Chapter 25 – Diamond's Dream

"Now," he thought, "I shall know what kind of nonsense the angels sing when they are merry. They don't drive cabs, I see, but they dig for stars, and they work hard enough to be merry after it."

Chapter 26 – Diamond Takes a Fare the Wrong Way Right

He had put off their marriage more than once in a cowardly fashion, merely because he was ashamed to marry upon a small income, and live in a humble way.

Chapter 26 – Diamond Takes a Fare the Wrong Way Right

In a little while Mr. Evans came out, and asked him to come in. Diamond obeyed, and to his delight Miss Coleman put her arms round him and kissed him, and there was payment for him!

Chapter 27 – The Children’s Hospital

It was a comfortable old-fashioned house, built in the reign of Queen Anne, and in her day, no doubt, inhabited by rich and fashionable people: now it was a home for poor sick children, who were carefully tended for love's sake.

Chapter 27 – The Children’s Hospital

North Wind, somehow or other, must have had to do with her! She had grown from a rough girl into a gentle maiden.

Chapter 28 – Little Daylight

Near the house it was kept very trim and nice, and it was free of brushwood for a long way in; but by degrees it got wild, and it grew wilder, and wilder, and wilder, until some said wild beasts at last did what they liked in it.

Chapter 28 – Little Daylight

But out stepped another fairy, for they had been wise enough to keep two in reserve, because every fairy knew the trick of one.

Chapter 28 – Little Daylight

But it is all of no consequence, for what they do never succeeds; nay, in the end it brings about the very thing they are trying to prevent. So you see that somehow, for all their cleverness, wicked fairies are dreadfully stupid, for, although from the beginning of the world they have really helped instead of thwarting the good fairies, not one of them is a bit wiser for it.

Chapter 29 – Ruby

Her crossing was taken long ago, and I couldn't bear to see Nanny fighting for it, especially with such a poor fellow as has taken it. He's quite lame, sir.

Chapter 29 – Ruby

"One hour would make a difference to old Diamond. But that's not the main point. You must think what an advantage it would be to the poor girl that hasn't a home to go to!"

Chapter 29 – Ruby

"I could be kind to her, you know," the mother went on, "and teach her housework, and how to handle a baby; and, besides, she would help me, and I should be the stronger for it, and able to do an odd bit of charing now and then, when I got the chance."

Chapter 30 – Nanny's Dream

"It was a very foolish dream, you know. But somehow it was so pleasant! What a good thing it is that you believe the dream all the time you are in it!"

Chapter 30 – Nanny's Dream

"Thank you, Nanny. Do go on with your story. I think I like dreams even better than fairy tales. But they must be nice ones, like yours, you know."

Chapter 30 – Nanny's Dream

What a pity you opened that door and let the bees out! You might have had such a long dream, and such nice talks with the moon-lady. Do try to go again, Nanny.

Chapter 31 – The North Wind Doth Blow

Notwithstanding the depressing influences around him, Joseph was able to keep a little hope alive in his heart; and when he came home at night, would get Diamond to read to him, and would also make Nanny produce her book that he might see how she was getting on.

Chapter 31 – The North Wind Doth Blow

Of God's gifts a baby is of the greatest; therefore it is no wonder that when this one came, she was as heartily welcomed by the little household as if she had brought plenty with her.

Chapter 31 – The North Wind Doth Blow

He did not mind the change though, for was not his mother the more comfortable for it? And was not Nanny more comfortable too? And indeed was not Diamond himself more comfortable that other people were more comfortable? And if there was more comfort every way, the change was a happy one.

Chapter 32 – Diamond and Ruby

"I say, Diamond, I can't bear to have an honest old horse like you think of me like that. I will tell you the truth: it was my own fault that I fell lame."

Chapter 32 – Diamond and Ruby

"You conceited, good-for-nothing brute! You're only fit for the knacker's yard. You wanted to look handsome, did you? Hold your tongue, or I'll break my halter and be at you--with your handsome fat!"

Chapter 32 – Diamond and Ruby

It was necessary I should grow fat, and necessary that good Joseph, your master, should grow lean. I could have pretended to be lame, but that no horse, least of all an angel-horse would do. So I must be lame, and so I sprained my ankle-- for the angel-horses have ankles--they don't talk horse-slang up there-- and it hurt me very much ..."

Chapter 33 – The Prospect Brightens

It won't be, at least, by the time we've got him fed up again. You take it and welcome. Just go on with your cabbing for another month, only take it out of Ruby and let Diamond rest; and by that time I shall be ready for you to go down into the country.

Chapter 33 – The Prospect Brightens

"I don't mean to say he isn't, father; for I daresay some gentlemen judge their neighbours unjustly. That's all I mean. Diamond shouldn't have thought such bad things of Ruby. He didn't try to make the best of him."

Chapter 34 – In the Country

"No, sir; I didn't mean that. I meant, if you would take Jim with you to clean your boots, and do odd jobs, you know, sir, then Nanny would like it better. She's so fond of Jim!"

Chapter 34 – In the Country

Joseph assented heartily, smiling to himself at the idea of pushing Diamond. After doing everything that fell to his share, the boy had a wealth of time at his disposal. And a happy, sometimes a merry time it was.

Chapter 35 – I Make Diamond's Acquaintance

I didn't drive it away. I knew, whatever the creature was, the well was to get water out of. So I took the jug, dipped it in, and drew the water."

Chapter 35 – I Make Diamond's Acquaintance

It seemed to me, somehow, as if little Diamond possessed the secret of life, and was himself what he was so ready to think the lowest living thing--an angel of God with something special to say or do. A gush of reverence came over me, and with a single goodnight, I turned and left him in his nest.

Chapter 36 – Diamond Questions North Wind

On an evening soon after the thunderstorm, in a late twilight, with a half-moon high in the heavens, I came upon Diamond in the act of climbing by his little ladder into the beech-tree.

Chapter 36 – Diamond Questions North Wind

"It's not for the dream itself--I mean, it's not for the pleasure of it," answered Diamond, "for I have that, whether it be a dream or not; it's for you, North Wind; I can't bear to find it a dream, because then I should lose you. You would be nobody then, and I could not bear that."

Chapter 37 – Once More

"I am going to take you along this little brook," said North Wind. "I am not wanted for anything else to-night, so I can give you a treat."

Chapter 37 – Once More

I suppose it's only the people in it that make you like a place, and when they're gone, it's dead, and you don't care a bit about it. North Wind told me I might stop as long as I liked, and I've stopped longer already.

Chapter 38 – At the Back of the North Wind

But Diamond never troubled his head about what people thought of him. He never set up for knowing better than others.

Chapter 38 – At the Back of the North Wind

I knew that he had gone to the back of the north wind.

Bears of Blue River by Charles Major

Chapter One

Mr. Brent and his young wife had moved to the Blue River settlement from North Carolina, when young Balser was a little boy of five or six years of age. They had purchased the "eighty" upon which they lived, from the United States, at a sale of public land held in the town of Brookville on Whitewater, and had paid for it what was then considered a good round sum - one dollar per acre. They had received a deed for their "eighty" from no less a person than James Monroe, then President of the United States.

Chapter One

The news of Balser's adventure soon spread among the neighbors and he became quite a hero; for the bear he had killed was one of the largest that had ever been seen in that neighborhood, and, besides the gallons of rich bear oil it yielded, there were three or four hundred pounds of bear meat; and no other food is more strengthening for winter diet.

Chapter Two

But how to get the gun! That was the question. Balser's father had received a gun as a present from his father when Balser Sr. had reached the advanced age of twenty-one, and it was considered a rich gift.

Balser then kindled a fire, and cutting several green twigs, sharpened the ends and fastened small pieces of the squirrel upon them. He next stuck the twigs in the ground so that they leaned toward the fire, with the meat hanging directly over the blaze. Soon the squirrel was roasted to a delicious brown, and then Balser served dinner to his father, who was sitting on a rock near by.

Chapter Three

Balser was "it," and with his eyes "hid" was counting one hundred as rapidly and loudly as he could. He had got to sixty, he afterward said, when a shriek reached his ears. This was when Liney found the hollow tree.

Chapter Three

She said that the bear had followed her for a short distance, and then for some reason had given up the chase. Her recollection of everything that has happened was confused and indistinct, but one little fact she remembered with a clearness was very curious: the bear, she said, had but one ear.

Chapter Four

“The one-eared bear” said he, “is my uncle. Used to hear dad and mother talk about him. Dad bit his ear off. That’s how he came to have only one,”

Chapter Four

They had killed the most dangerous animal that had ever lived on Blue River, and had conquered where old and experienced hunters had failed.

The huge carcass of the bear was brought home that evening, and when the skin was removed, his backbone was found to have been cut almost through by Tom’s hatchet. When they cut the bear open somebody said he had two galls, and that fact, it was claimed, accounted for his fierceness.

Chapter Five

It was a harder task than you may imagine to lie on the ground amid the bushes and leaves; for it seemed, at least so Tom said, that all the ants and bugs and worms in the woods had met at that particular place, and at that exact time, for the sole purpose of “drilling” up and down, and over and around, his body, and to bite him at every step. He dared not move to frighten away the torments, nor to scratch. He could not even grumble, which to Tom was the sorest trial of all.

Chapter Six

The fall also had its duties, part task, and part play. The woods abounded in hickory nuts walnuts, and hazelnuts, and a supply of all these had to be gathered, for they furnished no small part of the winter food. Preparation was always made for this work by the boys of Mr. Brent’s family long before a hickory nut had thought of falling.

Chapter Six

While he clung to the limb with one hand, he reached toward the bear with the other, and caught it by the nose. He twisted the bear's nose until the brute let loose of his foot. Then he quickly drew himself into the tree, and seated himself none too soon astride the limb.

Chapter Seven

Then Liney told stories from "The Pilgrim's Progress" and the Bible. She was at the most thrilling part of the story of Daniel in the lions' den, and her listeners were eager, nervous, and somewhat fearful, when the faint cry of "Help!" seemed to come right down through the mouth of the chimney.

Chapter Eight

The bear moved away rapidly, and in a moment the boys were following him with loaded guns. When the brute reached the mouth of the Black Gully he entered it. Evidently his home was in an uncanny place.

Chapter Eight

Many of the Blue River people did not believe that the Fire Bear derived its fiery appearance from supernatural causes. They suggested that the bear probably had made its bed of decayed wood containing foxfire, and that its fur was covered with phosphorus which glowed like the light of the firefly after night. The explosion was caused by a "pocket" of natural gas which became ignited when Polly's torch fell to the ground by the side of the Fire Bear.

Chapter Nine

And how the fire crackled and spluttered and laughed in the face of his wrath, and burned all the brighter because of his raging! Don't tell me that a fire can't talk! A fire upon a happy hearth is the sweetest conversationalist on earth, and Boreas might blow his lungs out ere he could stop the words of cheer and health and love and happiness which the fire spoke to Jim and Balsler and their mother in the glooming of that cold and stormy day.

Chapter Ten

The hollow in the tree in which the boys had made their home was almost circular in form. It was at least ten or eleven feet in diameter, and extended up into the tree twenty or thirty feet. Springing from the same root, and a part of the parent tree, grew two large sprouts or branches, which at a little distance looked like separate trees. They were, however, each connected with the larger tree, and the tree formed one.

Chapter Ten

Balsler held his ground, much frightened at Tom's reckless bravery, but did not dare to speak. When Tom fired, the bear gave forth a fearful growl, and sprang like a wildcat right upon the boy. Tom fell to the ground upon his back, and the bear stood over him. The dogs quickly made an attack, and Balsler hesitated to fire, fearing that he might kill Tom or one of the dogs.

Caddie Woodlawn by Carol Ryrie Brink

Chapter 1

In 1864 Caddie Woodlawn was eleven, and as wild as little tomboy as ever ran the woods of western Wisconsin. She was the despair of her mother and of her elder sister Clara. But her father watched her with a little shine of pride in his eyes, and her brothers accepted her as one of themselves without a question.

Chapter 1

In all the seven years since the Woodlawns had come from Boston to live in the big house on the prairie, the Indians had never got used to seeing them. White men and their children they had seen often enough, but never such as these, who wore, above their pale faces, hair the color of flame and sunset. During the first year the children spent in Wisconsin, the Indians had come from all the country around to look at them.

Chapter 2

Caddie heard no more, but she knew what Father had to say. She loved to hear him say it in his deep, quiet voice. He would be telling how frail she and little Mary had been when they came to Wisconsin from Boston, and how, after little Mary had died, he had begged his wife to let him try and experiment with Caddie.

Chapter 2

In those days the circuit riders, or traveling ministers, served large territories, riding from place to place and holding services in cabins or schoolhouses. Mr. Tanner was one of these. Weathered by sun and rain and snow, he rode from day to day over a parish which covered most of the western Wisconsin.

Chapter 3

She knew that wherever the beautiful gray birds went, they were harassed and driven away or killed. Something of sadness filled her young heart, as if she knew that they were a doomed race. The pigeons, like the Indians, were fighting a losing battle with the white man.

Chapter 4

It was perfect Indian-summer weather. The birch trees were all a-tremble with thinning gold. The oaks and sugar maples were putting on their vivid red and orange hues, and river, lake, and sky were all sublimely blue.

Chapter 4

But something curious was beginning to happen to the raft. One by one the small logs of which it was built were beginning to float away. Caddie could not believe her eyes.

Chapter 5

“The point is Nero’s too good a dog for sheep. A little training and he’d be a fine bird dog. I know a chap who makes a business of training dogs. Nero would make me a splendid hunter, and you could easily get a new sheepdog.”

Chapter 6

These autumn days were busy ones indoors as well as out. School would soon be starting for the winter, and everyone must have the proper clothing. New dresses and suits must be made, and old ones mended, cleaned, and refitted to the younger children.

Chapter 7

“Let’s pick up the pieces,” he said. “We’re going to put that clock together, Caddie. I’ve been needing a partner in my clock business for a long time. I don’t know why I never thought of you before!”

Chapter 8

“But, I daresay, I left her no peace, and suddenly she had an idea for granting my request and at the same time adding something to our income. She bought me the clogs and made me a little green jacket and a pair of red breeches. There was a green cap, too, with a red feather, and so I danced, and people threw me coppers as if I had been a monkey.”

Chapter 9

This year Miss Parker let Caddie hold the flag while the others sang. She stood straight and proud at the front of the room beside Miss Parker’s desk, her eyes on the lovely stars and stripes - Mr. Lincoln’s flag, the flag of the North, Caddie Woodlawn’s flag.

Chapter 10

“When I was her age, I could make bread and jelly and six kinds of cake, including plum, not to mention samplers I had stitched which anyone may see if they care to look in my marriage chest. And what does Caddie know how to do?”

Chapter 11

She was trembling all over. There was something she must do now, and she was afraid. She must warn John and the Indians.

Chapter 12

“Oh, my little girl,” said Father. “You have given us a bad four hours. But it was worth it. Yes, it was worth it for now we have John’s word that there will be peace.”

Chapter 13

Caddie took the scalp belt and the dog out to the barn. She hid the scalp belt in a safe, dry place, where she could easily get it to show the boys. They had gone to Eau Galle to meet Father. Wouldn’t they be green with envy when they knew what they missed?”

Chapter 14

The little Hankinsons looked on in amazement. The black mood of despair which had enveloped them all day had turned into wonder, and now wonder was rapidly giving way to incredulous delight. Candy! Tops! No one had ever bought such things for them before.

Chapter 15

On counting up the gate receipts, the Woodlawn children discovered that they had a tidy collection of marbles, old birds’ nests, butternuts, pins with colored heads, slingshot crotches, and various other objects of interest or art.

Chapter 16

There was a blinding flash and something hurled them onto the ground. Dazed and crying, they picked themselves up and looked back. The oak tree had been split in two by lightening. Another moment under its shelter and all of them might have been killed.

Chapter 17

How many times she was to hear it again! For that became the Woodlawn children's favorite story. Many years later Caddie, herself, laughing and protesting had to tell it over and over to begging children and grandchildren.

Chapter 18

One spring day a hoarse whistle sounded down the river. "The Little Steamer!" everybody cried. "The Little Steamer is back again!"

Chapter 18

A pleased smile brightened Hetty's face. They sat on in silence for a while. But Caddie's mood of vacant daydreaming had passed.

Chapter 19

The boys' eyes followed her pointing finger. Only a few feet away was coiled a brown and yellow snake. Its wicked little eyes glinted at them, and its tail rattled a warning.

Chapter 20

From time to time Father glanced at her happy face, over the old newspapers which Annabelle had brought him. It was only at moments such as this that Father understood how much Mother had given up when she left Boston to come with him to Wisconsin.

Chapter 21

It is the sisters and wives and mothers, you know, Caddie who keep the world sweet and beautiful. What a rough world it would be if there were only men and boys in it, doing things in their rough way! A woman's task is to teach them gentleness and courtesy and love and kindness.

Chapter 22

Caddie came and looked. She stood with her feet wide apart and her hands in her apron pockets like a boy. But for once she was not scornful of women's skill.

Chapter 23

"We're all so happy here, and we might be wretched there. I never knew how much I loved it here until I had to choose—better than England... better than Boston! Home is where you are, Johnny!"

Chapter 24

"How far I've come! I'm the same girl and yet not the same. I wonder if it's always like that? Folks keep growing from one person into another all their lives, and life is just a lot of everyday adventures."

***Children of the New Forest by F Marryat**

Chapter 1

The circumstances which I am about to relate to my juvenile readers took place in the year 1647. By referring to the history of England of that date they will find that King Charles the First, against whom the Commons of England had rebelled, after a civil war of nearly five years, had been defeated, and was confined as a prisoner at Hampton Court. The Cavaliers, or the party who fought for King Charles, had all been dispersed, and the Parliamentary army under the command of Cromwell were beginning to control the Commons.

Chapter 1

The cottage of Jacob Armitage was situated on the skirts of the New Forest, about a mile and a half from the mansion of Arnwood; and when Colonel Beverley went to join the king's troops, feeling how little security there would be for his wife and children in those troubled times, he requested the old man, by his attachment to the family, not to lose sight of Arnwood, but to call there as often as possible to see if he could be of service to Mrs. Beverley.

Chapter 2

“Now, Master Edward,” said Jacob, “will you take your sisters by the hand and lead them to the cottage? Here is the key of the door; Master Humphrey can lead the pony; and Master Edward,” continued Jacob, taking him aside, “I’ll tell you one thing which I will not mention before your brother and sisters: the troopers are all about the New Forest, for King Charles has escaped, and they are seeking for him. You must not, therefore, leave your brother and sisters till I return. Lock the cottage-door as soon as it is dark. You know where to get a light, over the cupboard; and my gun is loaded, and hangs above the mantelpiece. You must do your best, if they attempt to force an entrance; but above all, promise me not to leave them till I return. I will remain here to see what I can do with your aunt; and when I come back, we can then decide how to act.”

This latter ruse of Jacob’s succeeded. Edward promised that he would not leave his sisters, and it wanted but a few minutes of twilight when the little party quitted the mansion of Arnwood.

Chapter 3

While the dinner was cooking Jacob amused the children by showing them how to put things in order; the floor was swept, the hearth was made tidy. He showed Alice how to wash out a cloth, and Humphrey how to dust the chairs. They all worked merrily, while little Edith stood and clapped her hands.

Chapter 4

- a) The old forester lay awake the whole of this night, reflecting how he should act relative to the children; he felt the great responsibility that he had incurred, and was alarmed when he considered what might be the consequences if his days were shortened.
- b) “I must bring them up to be useful – to depend upon themselves; there is not a moment to be lost, and not a moment shall be lost; I will do my best, and trust to God; I ask but two or three years, and by that time I trust that they will be able to do without me. They must commence to-morrow the life of foresters’ children.”

Chapter 5

The crops were now all up, and as the days began to be long, the work became comparatively light and easy. Humphrey was busy making a little wheelbarrow for Edith, that she might barrow away the weeds as he hoed them up; and at last this great performance was completed, much to the admiration of all, and much to his own satisfaction. Indeed, when it is recollected that Humphrey had only the hand-saw and axe, and that he had to cut down the tree, and then to saw it into plank, it must be acknowledged that it required great patience and perseverance even to make a wheelbarrow; but Humphrey was not only persevering, but was full of invention.

Chapter 8

Edward put the pony to a trot, and in two hours was on the other side of the New Forest. The directions given to him by Jacob were not forgotten, and before it was noon he found himself at the gate of the keeper's house. Dismounting, and hanging the bridle of the pony over the rail he walked through a small garden, neatly kept but, so early in the year, not over gay, except that the crocus and snow drops were peeping. He rapped at the door with his knuckles, and a girl of about fourteen, very neatly dressed, answered the summons.

Chapter 9

"Well," said he, "you made me suppose that you knew something of our craft, but I did not believe that you were so apt as you thought yourself to be. I now confess that you are a master, as far as I can see, in all branches of the craft. This is, indeed, a hart royal. Twenty-five antlers, as I live! Come, out with your knife, and let us finish; for if we are to go to the cottage we have no time to lose.

Chapter 10

Edward sat down upon old Jacob's chair, and took Alice and Edith to him. Putting his arm round each, he said:

"Alice and Edith, my dear little sisters, we have lost a good friend, and one to whose memory we cannot be too grateful. He saved us from perishing in the flames which burnt down our father's house, and has protected us here ever since. He is gone; for it has pleased God to summon him to Him, and we must bow to the will of Heaven; and here we are, brothers and sisters, orphans, and with no one to look to for protection but Heaven. Here we are, away from the rest of the world, living for one another. What then

must we do? We must love one another dearly, and help one another. I will do my part, if my life is spared, and so will Humphrey, and so will you, my dear sisters. I can answer for all. Now it is no use to lament – we must all work, and work cheerfully; and we will pray every morning and every night that God will bless our endeavours, and enable us to provide for ourselves, and live here in peace and safety. Kiss me, dear Alice and Edith, and kiss Humphrey, and kiss one another. Let these kisses be the seals to our bond; and let us put our trust in Him who only is a father to the widow and the orphan. And now let us pray.”

Chapter 14

Edward retired to bed, but not to sleep. The Scots had proclaimed the king, and invited him over. “He will surely come,” thought Edward, “and he will have an army round him as soon as he lands.” Edward made up his resolution to join the army as soon as he had heard that the king had landed; and what with considering how he should be able so to do, and afterwards building castles as to what he would do, it was long before he fell asleep; and when he did, he dreamt of battles and victory – he was charging at the head of his troops – he was surrounded by the dying and the dead. He was wounded, and he was somehow or another well again, as if by magic; and then the scene was changed, and he was rescuing Patience Heatherstone from his own lawless men, and preserving the life of her father, which was about to be sacrificed; and at last he awoke, and found that the daylight peeped through the windows, and that he had slept longer than he had intended to do. He arose and dressed himself quickly, and, not waiting for breakfast, went to the kennel, released Smoker from his durance, and set off on his return.

Chapter 25

Edward finished speaking, and Patience made no reply: they walked on for several moments without exchanging another syllable. At last Patience said—
“I will not say who is wrong, Edward; but this I do know, that the one who first offers the olive-branch after a misunderstanding cannot but be right. I offer it now, and ask you whether we are to quarrel about one little word. Let me ask you, and give me a candid answer: Have I ever been so base as to treat as an inferior one to whom I have been so much obliged?”

Chapter 27

About a year after the Restoration there was a fête at Hampton Court, given in honour of three marriages taking place – Edward Beverley to Patience Heatherstone, Chaloner

to Alice, and Grenville to Edith; and, as his majesty himself said, as he gave away the brides, "Could loyalty be better rewarded?"

***Child's History of the World by V.M. Hillyer (Chp 63-70)**

Chapter 63 – Fortune Hunters

Every sea captain who could do so now hurried off to the west to look for new countries, and so many discoveries were made that this time is known as the Age of Discovery.

Chapter 64 – The Land of Enchantment

The Mayas lived on land that today is in Mexico and also Guatemala. The Mayas had a written language which we are only beginning to figure out how to read.

Chapter 65 – Along the Coast of East Africa

The most famous early traveler to visit East Africa was a Muslim from Tangier, a city in North Africa. His name was Ibn Battuta.

Chapter 66 – Rebirth

One of the greatest of these artists of the Renaissance was a man named Michelangelo. But Michelangelo was not just a painter; he was a sculptor, an architect, and a poet as well.

Chapter 67 – Christians Quarrel

Each side fought for the things it thought were right, fought the other side as furiously and madly and bitterly as if the other side were scoundrels and devils.

Chapter 68 – Queen Elizabeth

At the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, the largest and most powerful country in the world as Spain; at the end of her reign it was England that was the most powerful.

Chapter 69 – The Age of Elizabeth

Though Shakespeare left school when only thirteen years old, he seems to have had a remarkable knowledge of almost everything under the sun. He shows in his plays that he knew about history and law and medicine.

Chapter 70 – James the Servant

James said that whatever the king did was right, that the king could do no wrong, that God gave kings the right to do as they pleased with their subjects. This was called the Divine Right of Kings.

***Da Vinci by Emily Hahn**

Chapter 1

He was great purely because of his tremendous intellect. It was his brain that created the adventure of his life, and that adventure is still exciting today, five centuries later.

Chapter 2

These notebooks are the most regular record that we have of Leonardo's mind. In spite of the hundreds of years between us, they show how eager he was for knowledge and how many sides there were to his character.

Chapter 3

He loved the exercise for its own sake; he loved to use his brain. We still have the plans and sketches to prove that Leonardo was many hundreds of years ahead of his age in mechanical ability.

Chapter 4

Everyone who visited Milan for the celebration took back the news of the great horse to his own city. The name Leonardo da Vinci was at last on everybody's tongue, as its owner had always known it should be.

Chapter 5

When he was hard at work, he forgot to eat, and went on at top speed for days on end. Then he would stop short, and go out every day, anywhere, away from the refectory, wandering about, watching the light on the countryside, still thinking of the picture.

Chapter 6

It was not very odd that this genius of a painter should have thought his painting comparatively unimportant. He was much more interested in his studies of physics and chemistry and physiology.

Chapter 7

Usually when things went wrong with his non-painting activities, his work in painting was enough to help him forget the blow his vanity had received. No matter how much it failed to satisfy his ambition, it was the thing the world believed he did better than practically anybody else.

Chapter 8

Yet, according to his notebooks, Leonardo took immense pains with this portrait, and he kept coming back and coming back to it. Sometimes, in order to get the lady to smile in just the manner he wanted, he even hired musicians to come to the house and play while she was sitting, so that she wouldn't get tired of smiling.

Chapter 9

His drawings were so accurate that they could be used for medical textbooks today. As he made these drawings, Leonardo also discovered much about the human body that was not known before he observed it.

Chapter 9

We must remember the great number of things he was doing, all the time. With this method, in one lifetime, he rolled up a sum of knowledge that it took the rest of mankind generations to arrive at.

Chapter 10

In other circumstances Leonardo might have remained in the ruler's good graces by showing his talent for mechanical toys. As it happened, at the papal court Leonardo needed something he did not have – a fluent knowledge of Latin.

Chapter 11

Just before the end he was overcome with sorrow at the thought of all the tasks he had left undone, and all the paintings that should have been better. He had not published anything, not a thing. At the thought of all this waste, the tears ran down his cheeks.

English Fairy Tales by Joseph Jacobs

Chapter 1

Next day that there little thing looked so malicious when he came for the flax. And when night came, she heard that knocking against the window panes. She opened the window, and that came right in on the ledge. That was grinning from ear to ear, and Oo! that's tail was twirling round so fast.

Chapter 2

So there was a whole lot of sillies bigger than them three sillies at home. So the gentleman turned back home again and married the farmer's daughter, and if they didn't live happy for ever after, that's nothing to do with you or me.

Chapter 3

The stepmother was angry, but she pretended not to mind the loss. She said to the child: "Come, lay your head on my lap that I may comb your hair." So the little one laid her head in the woman's lap, who proceeded to comb the yellow silken hair. And when she combed the hair fell over her knees, and rolled right down to the ground.

Chapter 4

But the cow said to her: "If you will go to yonder hay-stack, and fetch me a handful of hay, I'll give you the milk." So away went the old woman to the haystack; and she brought the hay to the cow.

Chapter 4

As soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman the milk; and away she went with it in a saucer to the cat.

Chapter 5

By-and-by the robbers saw it was all dark and they sent one man back to the house to look after their money. Before long he came back in a great fright and told them his story.

Chapter 6

Poor Mr. Vinegar, his fingers grew very cold, and, just as he was leaving the town, he met a man with a fine thick pair of gloves. "Oh, my fingers are so very cold," said Mr. Vinegar to himself. "Now if I had but those beautiful gloves I should be the happiest man alive." He went up to the man, and said to him: "Friend, you seem to have a capital pair of gloves there." "Yes, truly," cried the man; "and my hands are as warm as possible this cold November day." "Well," said Mr. Vinegar, "I should like to have them." "What will you give?" said the man; "as you are a friend, I don't much mind letting you have them for those bagpipes." "Done!" cried Mr. Vinegar. He put on the gloves, and felt perfectly happy as he trudged homewards.

Chapter 7

The giant had a bonny daughter, and she and the lad grew very fond of each other. The giant said one day to Nix Nought Nothing: "I've work for you to-morrow. There is a stable seven miles long and seven miles broad, and it has not been cleaned for seven years, and you must clean it to-morrow, or I will have you for my supper."

Chapter 8

Presently the farmer came home and asked for his money. The wife told him that she had sent it by a soldier to her former husband in Paradise, to buy him leather for cobbling the shoes of the saints and angels of Heaven. The farmer was very angry, and he swore that he had never met with such a fool as his wife. But the wife said that her husband was a greater fool for letting her have the money.

Chapter 9

Fair and beautiful she looked as she lay there. In her golden hair were pearls and precious stones; you could not see her waist for her golden girdle, and the golden fringe of her white dress came down over her lily feet. But she was drowned, drowned!

Chapter 10

CAT (sharply)

The faster you'd eat it, good body, good body,
The faster you'd eat it, good body.

Chapter 10

MOUSE (timidly)

The cat came and ate it, my lady, my lady,
The cat came and ate it, my lady.

Chapter 11

The master's son had been reckoning on seeing her, and he danced with no one else, and never took his eyes off her. But, before the dance was over, she slipped off, and home she went, and when the maids came back she pretended to be asleep with her cap o' rushes on.

Chapter 12

And this teeny-tiny woman was a teeny-tiny frightened, so she hid her teeny-tiny head under the teeny-tiny clothes and went to sleep again. And when she had been to sleep again a teeny-tiny time, the teeny-tiny voice again cried out from the teeny-tiny cupboard a teeny-tiny louder,

"Give me my bone!"

Chapter 13

"Right you are," says the man, "and here they are, the very beans themselves," he went on, pulling out of his pocket a number of strange-looking beans. "As you are so sharp," says he, "I don't mind doing a swop with you – your cow for these beans."

Chapter 14

Well, he huffed, and he puffed, and he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and huffed; but he could not get the house down. When he found that he could not, with all his huffing and puffing, blow the house down, he said:

"Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips."

Chapter 15

Now the master had a pupil who was but a foolish lad, and he acted as servant to the great master, but never was he suffered to look into the black book, hardly to enter the private room.

Chapter 16

“Then,” said the window, “I’ll creak,” so the window creaked. Now there was an old form outside the house, and when the window creaked, the form said: “Window, why do you creak?” “Oh!” said the window, “Titty’s dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, the door jars, and so I creak.”

Chapter 17

He presently met with his father, and the old man said to him: “Where are you going, my poor boy?” when the son told the father the same tale as he told his mother. “Well,” said his father, “I’m sorry to see you going away, but if you’ve made your mind to go, it’s better for you to go.”

Chapter 18

By this time the Three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough; so they came home to breakfast. Now the little old Woman had left the spoon of the Great, Huge Bear, standing in his porridge.

Chapter 19

One day Jack happened to be at the town-hall when the magistrates were sitting in council about the Giant. He asked: “What reward will be given to the man who kills Cormoran?” “The giant’s treasure,” they said, “will be the reward.” Quoth Jack: “Then let me undertake it.”

Chapter 20

But Foxy-woxy had made two bites at Cocky –locky, and when the first snap only hurt Cocky-locky, but didn’t kill him, he called out to Henny-penny. So she turned tail and ran back home, so she never told the king the sky was a-falling.

Chapter 21

So Childe Rowland said good-bye to the good queen, his mother, and went to the cave of the Warlock Merlin. “Once more, and but once more,” he said to the Warlock, “tell how man or mother’s son may rescue Burd Ellen and her brothers twain.”

Chapter 22

The giant's wife begged that Molly would take her up into the sack till she would see what Molly saw. So Molly took the shears and cut a hole in the sack, and took out the needle and thread with her, and jumped down and helped the giant's wife up into the sack, and sewed up the hole.

Chapter 23

This shepherd also told him to beware of the beasts he should next meet, for they were of a very different kind from any he had yet seen.

Chapter 24

At last she died. The husband put on the blackest black, and pulled the longest face at the funeral; but for all that he got up in the middle of the night, dug up the body, and cut off the golden arm. He hurried home to hide his treasure, and thought now one would know.

Chapter 25

Tom never grew any larger than his father's thumb, which was only of ordinary size; but as he got older he became very cunning and full of tricks. When he was old enough to play with the boys, and had lost all of his own cherry-stones, he used to creep into the bags of his playfellows, fill his pockets, and, getting out without their noticing him, would again join in the game.

Chapter 26

"I rushed downstairs, just in time to hide myself behind a cask, when you, Mr. Fox, came in dragging the young lady by the arm. And, as you passed me, Mr. Fox, I thought I saw you try and get off her diamond ring, and when you could not, Mr. Fox, it seemed to me in my dream, that you out with your sword and hacked of the poor lady's hand to get the ring."

Chapter 27

This roused Jack, and he went out and hired himself for the next day to a neighbouring farmer for a penny; but as he was coming home, never having had any money before, he lost it in passing over a brook. "You stupid boy," said his mother, "you should have put it in your pocket." "I'll do so another time," replied Jack.

Chapter 28

On went Johnny-cake, and by-and-by he came to a fox that lay quietly in a corner of the fence. The fox called out in a sharp voice, but without getting up: "Where ye going Johnny-cake?"

Chapter 29

The day was done and the night came on and Earl Mar's daughter was thinking of going to sleep when, turning round, she found at her side a handsome young man. She was startled, for the door had been locked for hours. But she was a brave girl and said: "What are you doing here, young man, to come and startle me so? The door was barred these hours ago; how ever did you come here?"

Chapter 30

So off Tommy peltered, and right glad he was to get off so cheap; and for many a long day he was as good as good could be, and never went round the corner of the street. But he couldn't always be good; and one day he went round the corner, and as luck would have it, he hadn't scarcely got round it when Mr. Miacca grabbed him up, popped him in his bag, and took him home.

Chapter 31

Poor Dick hardly knew how to behave himself for joy. He begged his master to take what part of it he pleased, since he owed it all to his kindness. "No, no," answered Mr. Fitzwarren, "this is all your own; and I have not doubt but you will use it well."

Chapter 32

A woman was sitting at her reel one night; And still she sat, and still she reeled, and still she wished for company.

In came a pair of broad broad soles, and sat down at the fireside; And still she sat, and still she reeled, and still she wished for company.

Chapter 33

So Lady Margaret went to bed a beauteous maiden, and rose up a Laidly Worm. And when her maidens came in to dress her in the morning they found coiled up on the bed a dreadful dragon, which uncoiled itself and came towards them. But they ran away shrieking, and the Laidly Worm crawled and crept, and crept and crawled till it reached the Heugh or rock of the Spindlestone, round which it coiled itself, and lay there basking with its terrible snout in the air.

Chapter 34

The cat bit the mouse's tail off. "Pray, puss, give me my tail." "No," says the cat, "I'll not give you your tail, till you go to the cow, and fetch me some milk."

Chapter 34

"Pray, Butcher, give me meat, that I may give farmer meat, that farmer may give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again." "No," says the butcher, "I'll give you no meat, till you go to the baker and fetch me some bread."

Chapter 35

The poor girl wandered on and on, till at last she came to a great noble's castle, and she asked to have some work given to her; and they made her the scullion girl of the castle, for she had been used to such work in the fisherman's hut.

Chapter 36

So it went on, every bird taking away some knowledge of how to build nests, but none of them waiting to the end. Meanwhile Madge Magpie went on working and working without looking up till the only bird that remained was the turtle-dove, and that hadn't paid any attention all along, but only kept on saying its silly cry: "Take two, Taffy, take two-o-o-o."

Chapter 37

When she came to the henwife's, she said, "Lift the lid off the pot and you'll see." So Anne lifted the lid but nothing happened. Then the henwife was rare angry and said to Anne, "Tell your minnie the pot won't boil if the fire's away." So Anne went home and told the queen.

Chapter 38

At Hilton Hall, long years ago, there lived, a Brownie that was the contrariest Brownie you ever knew. At night, after the servants had gone to bed, it would turn everything topsy-turvy, put sugar in the salt-cellars, pepper into the beer, and was up to all kinds of pranks. It would throw the chairs down, put tables on their backs, rake out fires, and do as much mischief as could be. But sometimes it would be in a good temper, and then! – "What's a Brownie?" you say. Oh, it's a kind of sort of a Bogle, but it isn't so cruel as a Redcap! What! you don't know what's a Bogle or a Redcap! Ah, me! what's the world a-coming to? Of course a Brownie is a funny little thing, half man, half goblin, with pointed ears and hairy hide. When you bury a treasure, you scatter over it blood drops of a newly slain kid or lamb, or, better still, bury the animal with the treasure, and a Brownie will watch over it for you, and frighten everybody else away.

Chapter 39

The lad was well pleased with the wage he had received, and away he rode till he reached an inn. There he ordered the best of everything, and when the innkeeper refused to serve him without being paid beforehand, the boy went off to the stable, pulled the ass's ears and obtained his pocket full of money. The host had watched all this through a crack in the door, and when night came on he put an ass of his own for the precious Neddy of the poor youth. So Jack without knowing that any change had been made, rode away next morning to his father's house.

Chapter 40

Now next day happened to be market-day, and as Dame Goody had been away from home, she wanted many things in the house, and trudged off to get them at the market. As she was buying the things she wanted, who should she see but the squinny-eyed old fellow who had taken her on the coal-black horse. And what do you think he was doing? Why he went about from stall to stall taking up things from each, here some fruit, and there some eggs, and so on; and no one seemed to take any notice.

Chapter 41

Well, the girl started off, and asked every one she met to tell her where was the Well of the World's End. But nobody knew, and she didn't know what to do, when a queer little old woman, all bent double, told her where it was, and how she could get to it. So she did what the old woman told her, and at last arrived at the Well of the World's End. But when she dipped the sieve in the cold, cold water, it all ran out again. She tried and she tried again, but every time it was the same; and at last she sate down and cried as if her heart would break.

Chapter 42

That very night the servant woke her master up in a fright and said: "Master of all masters, get out of your barnacle and put on your squibs and crackers. For white-faced simminy has got a spark of hot cockalorum on its tail, and unless you get some pondalorum high topper mountain will be all on hot cockalorum"..... That's all.

Chapter 43

The hump-backed princess, perceiving that her sister had been so lucky in seeking her fortune, wanted to do the same; so she told her mother, and all preparations were made, and she was furnished with rich dresses, and with sugar, almonds, and sweetmeats, in great quantities, and a large bottle of Malaga sack. With these she went the same road as her sister; and coming near the cave, the old man said: "Young woman, whither so fast?"

Four Story Mistake by Elizabeth Enright

Chapter 1

Randy sighed again and went out of the room for the last time. The last time: she'd been saying that to herself all day. She had paid a farewell visit to every single room in the house from the Office, which had been the Melendy children's playroom, to the furnace room in the basement. All of them looked bare and cold and friendless.

Chapter 1

The car went up a hill with woods on each side, and then down again to a valley, and there was the house! It was white and square, with a mansard roof and cupola on top. It seemed too broad for its height, and the cupola sitting in the middle of the roof looked like a foolish little hat.

Chapter 2

Cold! It was cold enough to make his teeth rattle in their sockets and his hair stand on end, and it wasn't more than three feet deep at its deepest point, but at that moment Rush wouldn't have traded it for the pearl-lined pool of a maharaja.

Chapter 2

Randy looked out the north window, and far, far away up the valley, which was shallow and wide; dotted with trees, and crossed with stone fences, and seamed with the brown brook that was partly theirs. At the very end of the valley she thought she saw a village: rooftops, and white walls, and smoke coming up blue into the autumn air.

Chapter 3

A rank, delicious smell of cold stone and damp filled Oliver's nostrils. Prudently and quietly he closed the door; this was to be his own personal voyage of discovery, and no one was going to be allowed to assist or interfere.

Chapter 3

This room was smaller than the other, and it was to Oliver as the cave was to Ali Baba: a storehouse full of treasure.

Chapter 4

Randy's thoughts were singing victoriously. If I can learn to ride a bicycle I can do anything! Learn to fly an airplane, or dance like Baranova, or draw like Botticelli. Drunk with success she tried riding without hands, the way Rush did, and immediately fell off.

Chapter 4

But the crowning glory, the best wound, the one she valued above all others, was the deep cut on her forehead. Maybe it will leave a scar, she thought hopefully. Oh, if it only would: a distinguished little white scar that she could point to and say casually "This? Oh, I got this the time I ran into the back of the bus."

Chapter 5

It was an excellent tree house. They all said so, even Father. It was a square, broad platform anchored to boughs twenty feet above the earth. There was a railing around it, and wires were bound from the corner posts about the branches beneath.

Chapter 5

He lay down flat on his back and looked up into the purpling roof of leaves. How high it was, and beyond it how tremendous was the sky. Rush felt as though he were lying on the floor of the ocean, deep, deep down. Fathomless currents stirred the leaves, and rocked his cradle. By and by he was asleep.

Chapter 6

How wonderful they were! So tiny, so perfect, down to the last point, the last feathering of frost. There were little stars, and miniature geometrical ferns and flowers, and patterns for fairy crowns, and tiny hexagons of lace. And each was different from the others.

Chapter 6

It had been a pretty exciting day altogether. First a hidden door; and then a secret room which had been closed for seventy years, and now an imprisoned maiden in a golden frame. Clarinda, 1869. What more could you ask on a wet Sunday?

Chapter 7

And then there was the night scene! It was the best of all. Against its dark background were gold and silver constellations, fire-tailed comets, Saturn poised within his rings, and a moon as big as a bicycle wheel.

Chapter 7

“You know, Randy,” Mona said solemnly, as she put on her tall, gilt cardboard crown, “this is Life!” And Randy, ripping off the blue suit with its buttons popping, and glancing at the shimmering costume for her next dance, agreed with all her heart.

Chapter 8

On Christmas Eve they sang carols, all standing around the piano in the living room. The tree glittered dimly in its shadowed corner: it was asleep, waiting; and under its protecting boughs it hid a rich harvest of unopened presents.

Chapter 8

They were very careful: the same suspicion forming in every mind. And it turned out to be correct. For when they removed the lid, there, nestled in a burlap sack, was Crusty Wheelwright; the alligator, smiling his dreamy and hypocritical smile.

Chapter 9

Mona read the script aloud. It required everything of her. It required her to be happy, to be sad, to laugh, cry, scream with terror, and moan with pain; but she didn't feel that it

was too severe a test. She was sustained by the familiar sense of belief in her own power which always accompanied her acting.

Chapter 9

Mrs. Pepper was tiny, bent with age and rheumatism, and her knuckles were gnarled and swollen; but yet her step was light, almost tripping, and quick as a girl's. She fussed over Randy, and gave them all big cups of strong tea. The Melendy's sipped the forbidden adult drink with a sort of guilty relish.

Chapter 10

"Someday he'll come out of there with wings," said Rush, who had looked him up in the dictionary. Randy thought caddis houses were interesting; she never tired of searching for them, so minute and delicately made, so deceptively like twigs, rolling softly on the floor of the brook.

Chapter 10

Randy sang as she rode; she had not yet recovered from her good fortune. Why, it's a miracle, she kept thinking, I had a real honest-to-goodness miracle happen to me. Whoever heard of a girl just putting her hand into a brook and picking up a diamond? But it happened; and to me! That's the thing I can't get over.

Chapter 11

The birds made such a racket: such a warbling and calling and whistling and rustling in the trees and vines; and the smell that drifted in through the open windows was so wildly exciting; a fragrance so new, never breathed before, so sweet and mysterious and inviting that one couldn't stay indoors, much less in bed.

Chapter 11

Flapping his tail, and stretching his short ugly legs, the alligator savored freedom and took his bearings. Ah, water! The smell of water! Not rain water, not tank water, but live

water, going somewhere! Slowly, clumsily, but with something like a sense of adventure quickening his thick blood, Crusty crawled toward the brook, grinning from ear to ear.

Chapter 12

Like ghosts the children walked across the lawn on their bare feet. The moon was full. Above the damp grass hung a veil of mist, luminous with moonlight and spangled with fireflies. There was no wind, and the sound of the brook was very distinct, tinkling, splashing, rushing softly.

Chapter 12

But as it happened the poem never got beyond a single opening phrase: "Oh, summer night!" The music for Opus III was completed only in a dream; and as for the quotations from Shakespeare, that evening, at least, they never were recited at all.

***Good Queen Bess by Diane Stanley**

NOTE: This book does not have chapters or page numbers.

Elizabeth's teachers were great university scholars. And she was an intelligent and hardworking student, with a marvelous memory.

In the morning she studied Greek, and in the afternoon she studied Latin. Elizabeth had such a gift for languages that she learned Italian, French, and Spanish, too. She was also talented in music, and her handwriting was admired for its beauty.

Now Princess Mary, Elizabeth's half sister, became queen. To the horror of the English people, she decided to marry Prince Philip, the future king of Spain. The people believed that Phillip didn't care about England and only wanted to use it to help his own country.

On November 17, 1558, after ruling only five years, Mary died, leaving no children. To the delirious joy of the people of England, Elizabeth became queen. She was twenty-five years old.

Elizabeth knew that France and Spain, both powerful Catholic countries, were a real threat to England. She must somehow keep them from uniting against her, for her army was weak and the royal treasury nearly bankrupt. But this challenge suited Elizabeth perfectly, for it was her style to use her wits rather than force.

It helped that she did her dealing with foreign ambassadors herself, as she spoke their languages. Through clever and subtle manipulation, she managed to keep England out of war for twenty-seven years.

Her court was a lively one, with everyone striving to outdo one another with elaborate clothes and jewels. The men even dyed their beards purple or orange to match their coats. There were tournaments and festivals, and dances, and Elizabeth always came to them gorgeously dressed, making a point of showing herself among her people.

She stopped in little villages and listened graciously to long speeches, received humble gifts of cakes or flowers, gave her hand to be kissed, and won the hearts of the people. They called her Good Queen Bess.

Fairly early in her reign, Pope Pius V had published a statement that Elizabeth was no longer part of the Catholic Church, and since she was a "heretic queen," her Catholic subjects no longer had to obey her. From that time on, the Pope, Spain, and many Catholics worked together to overthrow Elizabeth and return England to Catholic rule.

But there was one Catholic whom her councilors and Parliament feared and hated most: Mary, Queen of Scots. They called her "a monstrous and huge dragon," and they demanded her death. Elizabeth refused.

(a) A group of young men were conspiring against Elizabeth, and they wrote to Mary about it. She approved of the plot in writing; she even offered advice.

(b) Fourteen conspirators were executed; Mary was tried and convicted of treason. For months, Elizabeth, who hated bloodshed, would not sign the death warrant. But at last, on the morning of February 18, 1587, after twenty years in prison, Mary died bravely.

In England, the army camped on the coast at Tilbury, expecting the Spanish to land any minute. The soldiers grew wild with joy and devotion when they saw their queen riding through the ranks in steel armor, “like some Amazonian Empress.”

“Let tyrants fear!” she cried to the crowd.

(a) Spain had long been the greatest sea power, but England’s ships were newer and of a more modern design, for Henry VIII had begun building the navy only a generation before. These ships also had long-range guns mounted on the sides, which the Spanish ships did not have, and better-trained captains and seamen to sail them.

(b) Only a terrible storm saved Spain from certain defeat. Just over half the armada returned to Spain, while not a single English ship was taken.

(a) Because the queen and her friends loved drama, new theaters were built and playwrights were encouraged to write plays for them. There were some people in England who wanted to close the theaters—they thought they were sinful—but Elizabeth wouldn’t allow it.

(b) Had it not been for her, we might never have known the work of William Shakespeare, who wrote the greatest series of plays in all history.

It would not be Henry VIII or Philip or any of the kings of France who would give their name to the age they lived in. It would be called the Elizabethan Age after the remarkable queen who loved her people so dearly and ruled them so well.

***Heroes by Charles Kingsley**

Story 1

Part 1

Now it came to pass that in time Danae bore a son; so beautiful a babe that any but King Acrisius would have had pity on it. But he had no pity; for he took Danae and her babe down to the seashore, and put them into a great chest and thrust them out to sea, for the winds and the waves to carry them whithersoever they would.

Part 2

There came a lady to him through the wood, taller than he, or any mortal man; but beautiful exceedingly, with great gray eyes, clear and piercing, but strangely soft and mild. On her head was a helmet, and in her hand a spear. And over her shoulder, above her long blue robes, hung a goatskin, which bore up a mighty shield of brass, polished like a mirror.

Part 3

They passed the eye from one to the other, but for all that they could not see; and they passed the tooth from one to the other, but for all that they could not eat; and they sat in the full glare of the moon, but they were none the warmer for her beams. And Perseus pitied the three Gray Sisters; but they did not pity themselves.

Part 4

At last he saw Andromeda, and shot forward to take his prey, while the waves foamed white behind him, and before him the fish fled leaping.

Then down from the height of the air fell Perseus like a shooting star; down to the crests of the waves, while Andromeda hid her face as he shouted; and then there was silence for a while.

At last she looked up trembling, and saw Perseus springing toward her; and instead of the monster a long black rock, with the sea rippling quietly round it.

Part 5

Then Perseus put out all his strength, and hurled. But a gust of wind came from the sea, and carried the quoit aside, and far beyond all the rest; and it fell on the foot of Acrisius, and he swooned away with the pain.

Story 2

Part 1

For Athamas killed one of them in his fury, and Ino fled from him with the other in her arms, and leaped from a cliff into the sea, and was changed into a dolphin, such as you have seen, which wanders over the waves forever sighing, with its little one clasped to its breast.

Part 1

And he learnt to wrestle, and to box, and to hunt, and to play upon the harp; and next he learnt to ride, for old Cheiron used to mount him on his back; and he learnt the virtues of all herbs and how to cure all wounds; and Cheiron called him Jason the healer, and that is his name until this day.

Part 2

And Cheiron sighed again, and said, 'The eaglet must leave the nest when it is fledged. Will you go to Iolcos by the sea? Then promise me two things before you go.'

Jason promised, and Cheiron answered, 'Speak harshly to no soul whom you may meet, and stand by the word which you shall speak.'

Part 3

And the good ship ARGO heard him, and longed to be away and out at sea; till she stirred in every timber, and heaved from stem to stern, and leapt up from the sand upon the rollers, and plunged onward like a gallant horse; and the heroes fed her path with pine-trunks, till she rushed into the whispering sea.

Part 4

But at night, while they lay sleeping, came down on them terrible men, who lived with the bears in the mountains, like Titans or giants in shape; for each of them had six arms, and they fought with young firs and pines. But Heracles killed them all before morn with his deadly poisoned arrows; but among them, in the darkness, he slew Cyzicus the kindly prince.

Part 4

But Tiphys the cunning helmsman stood silent, clenching his teeth, till he saw a heron come flying mast-high toward the rocks, and hover awhile before them, as if looking for a passage through. Then he cried, 'Hera has sent us a pilot; let us follow the cunning bird.'

Part 4

'I have an ointment here; I made it from the magic ice-flower which sprang from Prometheus' wound, above the clouds on Caucasus, in the dreary fields of snow. Anoint yourself with that, and you shall have in you seven men's strength; and anoint your shield with it, and neither fire nor sword can harm you. But what you begin you must end before sunset, for its virtue lasts only one day. And anoint your helmet with it before you sow the serpents' teeth; and when the sons of earth spring up, cast your helmet among their ranks, and the deadly crop of the War-god's field will mow itself, and perish.'

Part 4

Then Jason leapt forward warily, and stept across that mighty snake, and tore the fleece from off the tree-trunk; and the four rushed down the garden, to the bank where the Argo lay.

Part 5

Then out and spoke the magic bough which stood upon the ARGO'S beak, 'Because Father Zeus is angry, all this has fallen on you; for a cruel crime has been done on board, and the sacred ship is foul with blood.'

Part 5

And now they could see the Sirens on Anthemousa, the flowery isle; three fair maidens sitting on the beach, beneath a red rock in the setting sun, among beds of crimson poppies and golden asphodel. Slowly they sung and sleepily, with silver voices, mild and clear, which stole over the golden waters, and into the hearts of all the heroes, in spite of Orpheus' song.

Part 5

So Orpheus took his magic harp, and sang to them a stirring song of their voyage from Iolcos, and their dangers, and how they won the golden fleece; and of Medeia's love, and how she helped them, and went with them over land and sea; and of all their fearful dangers, from monsters, and rocks, and storms, till the heart of Arete was softened, and all the women wept. And the merchant kings rose up, each man from off his golden throne, and clapped their hands, and shouted, 'Hail to the noble Argonauts, who sailed the unknown sea!'

Story 3

Part 1

And when he looked beneath it, on the ground lay a sword of bronze, with a hilt of glittering gold, and by it a pair of golden sandals; and he caught them up, and burst through the bushes like a wild boar, and leapt to his mother, holding them high above his head.

Part 2

And when he woke he heard a whispering, and saw the nymphs peeping at him across the fountain from the dark mouth of a cave, where they sat on green cushions of moss. And one said, 'Surely he is not Periphetes;' and another, 'He looks like no robber, but a fair and gentle youth.'

Part 2

Then Theseus smiled, and called them, 'Fair nymphs, I am not Periphetes. He sleeps among the kites and crows; but I have brought away his bearskin and his club.'

Part 2

Then they hammered together till the greenwoods rang; but the metal was tougher than the pine, and Sinis' club broke right across, as the bronze came down upon it. Then Theseus heaved up another mighty stroke, and smote Sinis down upon his face; and knelt upon his back, and bound him with his own cord, and said, 'As thou hast done to others, so shall it be done to thee.' Then he bent down two young fir-trees, and bound Sinis between them for all his struggling and his prayers; and let them go, and ended Sinis, and went on, leaving him to the hawks and crows.

Part 2

Then Theseus opened the gates, and called in all the people; and they cried, 'You have slain our evil king; be you now our king, and rule us well.'

'I will be your king in Eleusis, and I will rule you right and well; for this cause I have slain all evil-doers - Sinis, and Sciron, and this man last of all.'

Part 2

'Promise me but this, if you return in peace, though that may hardly be: take down the black sail of the ship (for I shall watch for it all day upon the cliffs), and hoist instead a white sail, that I may know afar off that you are safe.'

Part 3

But Ariadne, Minos' daughter, saw him, as she came out of her white stone hall; and she loved him for his courage and his majesty, and said, 'Shame that such a youth should die!'

Part 3

And when he saw him he stopped awhile, for he had never seen so strange a beast. His body was a man's: but his head was the head of a bull; and his teeth were the teeth of a

lion, and with them he tore his prey. And when he saw Theseus he roared, and put his head down, and rushed right at him.

Part 4

And some say that Dionusos drove away Theseus, and took Ariadne from him by force: but however that may be, in his haste or in his grief, Theseus forgot to put up the white sail. Now AEgeus his father sat and watched on Sunium day after day, and strained his old eyes across the sea to see the ship afar. And when he saw the black sail, and not the white one, he gave up Theseus for dead, and in his grief he fell into the sea, and died; so it is called the AEgean to this day.

Part 4

So it is still, my children, and so it will be to the end. In those old Greeks, and in us also, all strength and virtue come from God. But if men grow proud and self-willed, and misuse God's fair gifts, He lets them go their own ways, and fall pitifully, that the glory may be His alone. God help us all, and give us wisdom, and courage to do noble deeds! but God keep pride from us when we have done them, lest we fall, and come to shame!

***Jungle Book by Rudyard Kipling**

Mowgli's Brothers

Directly in front of him, holding on by a low branch, stood a naked brown baby who could just walk—as soft and as dimpled a little atom as ever came to a wolf's cave at night. He looked up into Father Wolf's face, and laughed.

“Is that a man's cub?” said Mother Wolf. “I have never seen one. Bring it here.”

Mowgli's Brothers

He grew up with the cubs, though they, of course, were grown wolves almost before he was a child, and Father Wolf taught him his business, and the meaning of things in the Jungle, till every rustle in the grass, every breath of the warm night air, every note of the owls above his head, every scratch of a bat's claws as it roosted for a while in a tree, and every splash of every little fish jumping in a pool, meant just as much to him as the work of his office means to a business man.

Kaa's Hunting

The boy could climb almost as well as he could swim, and swim almost as well as he could run; so Baloo, the Teacher of the Law, taught him the Wood and Water Laws; how to tell a rotten branch from a sound one; how to speak politely to the wild bees when he came upon a hive of them fifty feet above ground; what to say to Mang the Bat when he disturbed him in the branches at midday; and how to warn the water-snakes in the pools before he splashed down among them.

Kaa's Hunting

Then they began their flight; and the flight of the Monkey-People through tree-land is one of the things nobody can describe. They have their regular roads and cross-roads, up hills and down hills, all laid out from fifty to seventy or a hundred feet above ground, and by these they can travel even at night if necessary

Kaa's Hunting

He turned twice or thrice in a big circle, weaving his head from right to left. Then he began making loops and figures of eight with his body, and soft, oozy triangles that melted into squares and five-sided figures, and coiled mounds, never resting, never hurrying, and never stopping his low, humming song. It grew darker and darker, till at last the dragging, shifting coils disappeared, but they could hear the rustle of the scales.

'Tiger! Tiger!'

The man stared, and ran back up the one street of the village shouting for the priest, who was a big, fat man dressed in white, with a red-and-yellow mark on his forehead. The priest came to the gate, and with him at least a hundred people, who stared and talked and shouted and pointed at Mowgli.

'Tiger! Tiger!'

Then Mowgli picked out a shady place, and lay down and slept while the buffaloes grazed round him. Herding in India is one of the laziest things in the world. The cattle move and crunch, and lie down, and move on again, and they do not even low.

'Tiger! Tiger!'

From that height you could see across the tops of the trees down to the plain below; but what Mowgli looked at was the sides of the ravine, and he saw with a great deal of satisfaction that they ran nearly straight up and down, while the vines and creepers that hung over them would give no foothold to a tiger who wanted to get out.

The White Seal

Their wives never came to the island until late in May or early in June, for they did not care to be torn to pieces; and the young two-, three-, and four-year-old seals who had not begun housekeeping went inland about half a mile through the ranks of the fighters and played about on the sand-dunes in droves and legions, and rubbed off every single green thing that grew.

The White Seal

They set out together across the Pacific, and Matkah showed Kotick how to sleep on his back with his flippers tucked down by his side and his little nose just out of the water. No cradle is so comfortable as the long, rocking swell of the Pacific. When Kotick felt his skin tingle all over, Matkah told him he was learning the 'feel of the water,' and that tingly, prickly feelings meant bad weather coming, and he must swim hard and get away.

'Rikki-Tikki-Tavi'

He was a mongoose, rather like a little cat in his fur and his tail, but quite like a weasel in his head and his habits. His eyes and the end of his restless nose were pink; he could scratch himself anywhere he pleased, with any leg, front or back, that he chose to use; he could fluff up his tail till it looked like a bottle-brush, and his war-cry, as he scuttled through the long grass, was: 'Rikk-tikk-tikki-tikki-tchk!'

'Rikki-Tikki-Tavi'

So he sang a very mournful song that he made up on the spur of the minute, and just as he got to the most touching part the grass quivered again, and Rikki-tikki, covered with dirt, dragged himself out of the hole leg by leg, licking his whiskers. Darzee stopped with a little shout. Rikki-tikki shook some of the dust out of his fur and sneezed. "It is all over," he said.

Toomai of the Elephants

But the really good time came when the driving out began, and the Keddah—that is, the stockade—looked like a picture of the end of the world, and men had to make signs to one another, because they could not hear themselves speak. Then Little Toomai would climb up to the top of one of the quivering stockade-posts, his sunbleached brown hair flying in the torch-light; and as soon as there was a lull you could hear his high-pitched yells of encouragement to Kala Nag, above the trumpeting and crashing, and snapping of ropes, and groans of the tethered elephants.

Toomai of the Elephants

There are great cleared flat places hidden away in the forests that are called elephants' ball-rooms, but even these are only found by accident, and no man has ever seen the elephants dance. When a driver boasts of his skill and bravery the other drivers say, "And when didst thou see the elephants dance?"

Toomai of the Elephants

If he had not found what he wanted, I believe he would have burst. But the sweetmeat-seller in the camp lent him a little tom-tom—a drum beaten with the flat of the hand—and he sat down, cross-legged, before Kala Nag as the stars began to come out, the tom-tom in his lap, and he thumped and he thumped and he thumped, and the more he thought of the great honour that had been done to him, the more he thumped, all alone among the elephant-fodder.

Her Majesty's Servants

“On your hind legs!” squealed Billy. They both reared up facing each other, and I was expecting a furious fight, when a gurgly, rumbly voice called out of the darkness to the right; “Children, what are you fighting about there? Be quiet.”

Both beasts dropped down with a snort of disgust, for neither horse nor mule can bear to listen to an elephant’s voice.

Her Majesty’s Servants

“They obey, as the men do. Mule, horse, elephant, or bullock, he obeys his driver, and the driver his sergeant, and the sergeant his lieutenant, and the lieutenant his captain, and the captain his major, and the major his colonel, and the colonel his brigadier commanding three regiments, and the brigadier his general, who obeys the Viceroy, who is the servant of the Empress. Thus it is done.”

King of the Wind by Marguerite Henry

No copywork available yet

***Landing of the Pilgrims by James Daugherty**

The Boy and the Postmaster (1607)

As young Will slowly recovered, his friend had helped him in his studies and had given him a copy of the Bible printed in English at Geneva. This Geneva Bible was still a new and rare book in the part of England. Will spent happy hours absorbed in its wondrous pages.

The Boy and the Postmaster (1607)

In his imagination young Will pictured himself as a sea captain capturing treasure ships on the Spanish Main. “When I become a man,” he thought, “I shall sail a ship across the wide ocean sea and go adventuring among the savages in wild America.”

How Will Made a Great Decision

For some time Will had heard people talking about a preacher at Babsworth who spoke of the Bible with great power. Because Will read and loved the Bible, he decided to hear this man. It was a twenty-mile walk to Babsworth and back, but Mr. Richard Clyfton's preaching was worth the trouble.

How Will Made a Great Decision

Within a year the congregation at Scrooby Manor decided to form a church of their own. It was to be entirely separate from the State Church of England, and would have no bishops or ceremonies. For this reason they would call themselves Separatists.

How Persecution Came upon the Separatists at Scrooby

When Young William Bradford announced to his friends that he would leave the church in which he had been baptized and join the Separatists, people were shocked. His uncles pointed out that he would certainly come to a bad end.

How Persecution Came upon the Separatists at Scrooby

It was becoming clear to the Separatists that there could be no freedom for their religion in England. They must shake off the dust of the corrupt land and seek freedom of pure religion elsewhere.

Departure (1608)

On shore women screamed and men shouted wildly. They had been abandoned – left on shore while the rest of their party sailed off to Holland. It was a heartbreaking end to their hopes and plans.

Departure (1608)

By degrees the rest of the refugees arrived in small groups from England until the entire Scrooby congregation was again united in this foreign land. The last to come was Master Brewster. He had been jailed, and when released, had aided the remaining families to find passage to Holland.

Leyden Years (1608-1620)

This colony became a peaceful bit of England planted in a corner of the friendly Dutch city. Here they welcomed other English refugees to the freedom and peace of their new home, and the congregation grew in numbers and strengthened in faith.

Leyden Years (1608-1620)

Soon Bradford could speak Dutch like a Hollander, and French like – well, he could manage it somehow. He became a good Latin and Greek scholar and loved to study Hebrew with the hope that someday he would be able to read the Bible in the original tongue.

The Press

When Elder Brewster became used to the free air of Leyden, he realized that this was the place to start his press. For it, his friend, Mr. Brewer provided the money. Soon Separatists' tracts and pamphlets from Brewster's press were being smuggled into England and secretly circulated.

The Press

"America is the promised land," he went on. "There we can found a new state where freedom-loving men may come. The Word of God will be a shining light to all the world. We shall build the New Jerusalem, and the kings of the earth shall bring their glory and honor into it."

Delfthaven Farewell (August 1620)

On the main deck of the "Speedwell" the Separatists and their friends knelt with streaming eyes. Mr. Robinson was not going on this trip, but he led them in prayer. Tenderly they gazed into the faces of their loved ones who were remaining behind.

Delfthaven Farewell (August 1620)

These new conditions the Separatists would not accept. They would not agree to terms that bound them to what was practically slavery for seven years. Afterward they would have to divide their lands and properties with the merchants.

Aboard the Mayflower (August 1620)

Captain Standish was aboard ship now. He was a short, broad man with his long rapier hung at his side. He was seeing that the muskets and ammunition were properly stored in the ship's gun room.

Aboard the Mayflower (August 1620)

Dorothy Bradford was discouraged to the point of tears, but William put his arm around her shoulder and said quoting Master Brewster's words:

"It is not with us as with other men whom small things can discourage, or small discontentments cause to wish themselves at home again."

How Master Christopher Jones Brought the Mayflower Across the Vast and Furious Ocean Through Many and Divers Perils and Came upon the Cape Cod (September-November 1620)

The "Mayflower" slowly swung about, and her sails filled with the light breeze. There was a waving of hats and scarfs. The rugged shore line faded into a blue smudge on the horizon. The ship dipped and rose as her brown sails tugged and billowed in the spanking breeze.

How Master Christopher Jones Brought the Mayflower Across the Vast and Furious Ocean Through Many and Divers Perils and Came upon the Cape Cod (September-November 1620)

In the lull of the wind a shrill small crying could be heard from the women's cabin. A Pilgrim baby had been born in the fury of the storm.

We'll call him Oceanus," said the father, Stephen Hopkins. "He's a drop of the ocean, a sea pearl, a water baby – the youngest Pilgrim."

Landfall (November 1620)

The leadsman had found bottom at eighty fathoms, and now from the lookout at the maintop came the cry, "Land ho! Land ho-o-o-o-o! The "Mayflower" had made a sixty-seven day crossing, covering about three thousand miles at an average speed of two miles an hour.

Landfall (November 1620)

"This," thought Elder Brewster that night, "is none other than the voice of Satan seeking to sow discord, trouble and mutiny among the Lord's people." He cast about in his mind for the wording of a compact. If the "Mayflower" passengers were not under the laws of Virginia, then they would make their own law, and agree to abide strictly by it.

How the Mayflower Came to Anchor at Cape Cod and of How the Pilgrims Assayed a Voyage of Discovery and Found Goodly Stores of Indian Corn (November 1620)

The "Mayflower" had put her anchor down in Provincetown Harbor during a midmorning on a Saturday in November, 1620. White gulls screamed about the ship, and vast flocks of birds took wing along the shores. Inland the low hills were covered with goodly trees and the white beach stretched as far as the eye could see.

How the Mayflower Came to Anchor at Cape Cod and of How the Pilgrims Assayed a Voyage of Discovery and Found Goodly Stores of Indian Corn (November 1620)

At last darkness overtook them, so they built a barricade of logs and brush, and ate their biscuits and cheese by a roaring fire. It was their first night in the wilderness, so the Captain posted three sentinels, and the rest of the men lay down by their muskets. Soon the weary men were all asleep.

Of the Adventure in the Shallop and of the Mystery of the Blond Skull

a) As they came out of the woods on open, level ground, the men found old boards heaped on a long mound that looked like a grave. Digging down, they unearthed rush mats, bowls, trays, and dishes, a bow and a painted and carved stick, then a new mat, and under that two bundles.

b) In the larger bundle, wrapped in a sailor's blouse and breeches, were the bones and skull of a man. The skull had strands of fine yellow hair still on it and some of the flesh unconsumed.

Of the Adventure in the Shallop and of the Mystery of the Blond Skull

Then they made another discovery: two round lodges, scarcely visible under the blanket of snow. Inside the lodges were all the objects of an Indian household, including finely woven mats and earthen pots that had recently been in use.

The Third Discovery and the First Encounter and Divers Perils by Land and Sea (December 1620)

Wading over the sand flats, the discoverers came ashore and built a landward barricade and a fire. Five miles inland they saw a smoke column rise in the evening sky from an Indian signal fire. The Indians had seen them and were warning their people.

The Third Discovery and the First Encounter and Divers Perils by Land and Sea (December 1620)

It seemed they had hardly closed their eyes when a voice roused them. "Wake up, Captain! The Indians be upon us." The sentinel was shaking Standish violently by the shoulder. "To arms, to arms!"

How Discoverers Sought Thievish Bay and Found Plymouth Harbor and a Goodly Situation (December 1620)

The men bent to the oars and the shallop slowly pulled up into the wind and out of the churning surf toward the open water. Rowing on through the dark and the rain in the teeth of a northeaster, presently they pulled in under a dark mass of rock that sheltered them from the bitter winds. Here they anchored for the night.

How Discoverers Sought Thievish Bay and Found Plymouth Harbor and a Goodly Situation (December 1620)

A fine baby boy had been born to Mistress Susanna White. He was the first English baby born in New England. They gave him the name of Peregrine, or the Wanderer. In spite of his name, he spent the eighty-odd years of a hard-working life without ever leaving New England.

How the Mayflower Came to Plymouth Harbor and How They Built Their Towne and of the Cruel Sickness That Came Upon Them (December 1620)

“This Bay is a most hopeful place,” said Mr. Winslow as they came ashore in the shallop to seek a “situation,” or place to settle. As they explored inland they studied the lay of the land, sampled the soil, carefully noted the positions of springs and brooks, and considering the possibilities of Indian attack from the surrounding forest.

How the Mayflower Came to Plymouth Harbor and How They Built Their Towne and of the Cruel Sickness That Came Upon Them (December 1620)

In the fires and ice of that first winter, their spirits were steel-tempered to build a nation of men and women who would never turn back in quest of freedom and justice and of brotherhood.

Lost in the Forest (January 1621)

When Peter and John did not return, their companions searched the woods calling and hallooing, but no trace of the men or dogs was to be found. Maybe Peter and John had walked into an Indian ambush.

Lost in the Forest (January 1621)

The spaniel whimpered and the mastiff strained at her leash as the hair on her neck bristled, but the men held her back. When “the lions” came Peter and John planned to let her go while they themselves took to the tree. All that night they paced up and down in the snow and freezing cold, numb and unspeakable miserable.

How Spring Came and How Samoset Came out of the Forest (March 1621)

On March 26, 1621, the Plymouth Assembly was in morning session at the common house. Miles Standish had just been made officially their military commander.

Suddenly the door to the assembly room was pushed open and a tall Indian boldly entered. Everyone jumped up. "Welcome, English," said the savage. "Me Samoset."

How Spring Came and How Samoset Came out of the Forest (March 1621)

Next morning, after giving Samoset a knife, a bracelet, and a ring, the Elders bade him farewell. They rejoiced that at last they had made an intelligent and valuable friend, and that great good must come of it.

Of the Visit of That Great Chief, Massasoit, and of the Lasting Peace and Friendship That Was Made Between Them

A few days later Samoset again appeared at the door of the meeting house. He brought with him his friend Tisquantum, or Squanto. He was the last of the Patuxets and spoke English.

Of the Visit of That Great Chief, Massasoit, and of the Lasting Peace and Friendship That Was Made Between Them

Squanto led them to the best fishing grounds and clam beds, showed them how to plant a fat herring in each corn hill to make the stalks grow tall and bear full golden ears, how to make snares and traps, and where the deer herds grazed, and where the fat turkey fed among the berry bushes.

The Return of the Mayflower (March-April 1621)

As the "Mayflower" disappeared, they turned back to the rugged New England hillside. Each one knew that a greater gulf than the Atlantic separated them forever from the past. They had put their hand to the plow and did not look back.

The Return of the Mayflower (March-April 1621)

The colonists met and chose William Bradford for Governor. Bradford bravely took up the task and did his work well. For nearly thirty-five years he was elected Governor of new Plymouth. On his shoulders now rested the success of the colony.

How Mr. Winslow Brought a Scarlet Coat to Massasoit and of Their Strange Entertainment by That Great Sagamore (July 1621)

Squanto alone had made himself useful. In fact he had become necessary in many different ways. Above all, he was “the tongue of the English.” He became their official interpreter and lived in Plymouth.

How Mr. Winslow Brought a Scarlet Coat to Massasoit and of Their Strange Entertainment by That Great Sagamore (July 1621)

Squanto urged that when Massasoit came the English should fire their muskets in his honor. The Chief was considerably startled by the salute and most of his people vanished into the woods. He was vastly pleased, however, when his visitors put the scarlet coat on his shoulders and a copper chain about his neck.

Of a Black Sheep and of a Strayed Lamb and of How Squanto Was Avenged (August 1621)

Again the Billingtons stirred up Plymouth. John Junior had disappeared in the forest. It was rumored that he had been stolen by Indians. At first some people said that they felt sorry for the Indians, but after five days, the village was very alarmed. A lost child was everybody’s business and a search party was organized.

Of a Black Sheep and of a Strayed Lamb and of How Squanto Was Avenged (August 1621)

Captain Standish was told that Squanto was still alive. He ordered the campfires to be lighted and the lodges searched. Hobomok climbed atop a lodge and began calling for Squanto. He suddenly appeared in the circle of firelight. All the Indians then were disarmed.

Of the Arrival of the Ship Fortune (November 1621)

It was almost a year to a day from the time that the “Mayflower” had anchored in Cape Cod Bay. Seven houses stood on the hillside overlooking Plymouth Harbor and more

were being built. The common storehouse was full of corn. The Pilgrims had fought starvation and won.

Of the Arrival of the Ship Fortune (November 1621)

Their friend, Mr. Cushman, had come in the ship "Fortune," bringing thirty-five lusty young men. Some were members of the Leyden Church; all were good workers for the fields, and soldiers for defense. They were given welcome and then eager attention as they told news of home and friends.

Of the Strange Message from Canonicus and Their Bold Reply

The snake skin with its black and brown patterns lay on the table like an evil thing. The light glistened on its shining scales and six arrows protruded from its gaping mouth. The thing boded no good. It had been sent to the Pilgrims by Canonicus, Chief of the Narragansetts.

Of the Strange Message from Canonicus and Their Bold Reply

- a) "Perhaps he will better understand this," said Bradford, snatching the arrows from the rattlesnake skin and filling it with powder and shot.
- b) When the rattlesnake skin was returned to Canonicus he refused to accept or even touch it. He ordered it out of his sight, out of the village, out of his domain.

Thanksgiving, 1621

The twelve women of New Plymouth began great preparations. From the kitchens came the savory smell of roasting geese and turkey. An abundance of corn bread and hasty pudding was being prepared. Stewed eels, boiled lobsters, and juicy clam stews simmered over the fires.

Thanksgiving, 1621

There were shooting contests with bows and guns. The Plymouth Musketeers under their Captain, Miles Standish, put on a drill with drum and trumpet. In return the Indians performed their tribal dances and chants for the amazed English. Everyone relaxed.

Of a Strange Plot (Spring 1622)

Not long after, Hobomok came secretly to Standish, saying he knew that his chief, Massasoit, would not make war on the English. It was a plot by Squanto to turn the English against Massasoit.

Of a Strange Plot (Spring 1622)

On his return Standish found Massasoit in Plymouth, angrily demanding that Squanto be killed for his treachery. In fact Massasoit wanted to murder the traitor on the spot with his own axe. Bradford refused to surrender Squanto, saying he was “the tongue of the English.”

Of How They Built a Strong Fort for Their Defense

At the town meeting every man's vote was cast in favor of building the fort. Soon the hills echoed with the clamor of axe and saw and hammer. Work took men's minds off the gnawing emptiness under their belts.

Of How They Built a Strong Fort for Their Defense

Shifts of workers left the fort and went to the fields to set corn. On the flat roof of the fort were planted four cannon. Within were a goodly meeting hall, a gun room for muskets and ammunition and a guardhouse where lawbreakers were to be kept.

Concerning the Coming of the Charity and the Swan and of the Great Sickness That Came upon Massasoit and How Master Winslow Did Marvelously Recover Him

The long-suffering colonists of Plymouth took these visitors into their homes and shared with them their lean rations in Christian charity. The Weston men proved themselves a graceless crew. Some helped to weed and tend the cornfields by day. Others by night stole and ate the unripe ears of corn.

Concerning the Coming of the Charity and the Swan and of the Great Sickness That Came upon Massasoit and How Master Winslow Did Marvelously Recover Him

Massasoit's confidence in Winslow was now boundless. He insisted that the Englishman visit every sick Indian in the village and give him the same treatment. It was an unfamiliar task for Winslow, but he did the best he knew and went among the sick in the foul-smelling lodges.

How Massasoit Disclosed a Most Villainous Plot and of the Bold Actions of Captain Standish

Massasoit had been pressed to join the others, but had not done so. He urged that Governor Bradford find and kill the conspirators at once. If they should wait until they were attacked, it would then be too late.

How Massasoit Disclosed a Most Villainous Plot and of the Bold Actions of Captain Standish

Standish was instructed to go to the Bay with as many men as he chose and tell them of the plot. He was not to make trouble with the Indians, but seek out the conspirators and deal with the, especially their chief, that "bloody and bold villain" Witawamat, whose head he was expressly ordered to obtain.

How Witawamat Lost His Head

One morning as Standish sat cleaning his musket, the door of his cabin softly opened. There stood before him the powerful figure of Witawamat. Across his nose were painted three black stripes. His eyes glittered in his dark face and on his brutal mouth was a faint smile.

How Witawamat Lost His Head

The fate of the chief conspirator Witawamat spread terror through the forest and the Indian confederacy was broken up. Whole tribes left their fields and villages and fled in terror to the swamps where many died from disease and starvation.

How Began Free Enterprise Because Some Wished Not to Work for the Community, and of the Sore Drought That Came upon Them (1623)

It was decided that each family should keep the crop it raised on its allotted land. Each little farm would be a free enterprise. There would be no more common store. Each would work for himself.

How Began Free Enterprise Because Some Wished Not to Work for the Community, and of the Sore Drought That Came upon Them (1623)

May passed with fair weather. Indeed, the weather was too good. Day after day, they watched the unclouded sky as the corn drooped and turned yellow for lack of rain. It had not rained for six weeks. Hopes of the abundant harvest from their well-tilled fields faded.

How Came the Good Ship Anne and the Pinnace Ye Little James with Many Goodly People and How Each Gathered His Corne in Abundance (August 1623)

The boom of the signal gun turned all eyes seaward to where a fleck of a sail gleamed on the horizon. It was the supply ship "Anne". Ten days later her consort, the pinnace "Little James", came in. The two had been separated in heavy weather at sea. Together they brought sixty new colonists to Plymouth.

How Came the Good Ship Anne and the Pinnace Ye Little James with Many Goodly People and How Each Gathered His Corne in Abundance (August 1623)

That year each family gathered the full ears and brought in great heaping baskets to fill their bins with golden plenty. Under the new system, those who had abundance could sell or barter with those who would buy.

The Sailing of the Anne and of the Great Fire That Perilously Threatened the Community Provision but Was Notable Prevented and Assuaged

The fire roared up the chimney and a stiff wind sent the sparks swirling in the darkness. A spark started a fire in the thatched roof, and it soon blazed up in the wind.

The dreaded cry "fire" rang through the town.

The Sailing of the Anne and of the Great Fire That Perilously Threatened the Community Provision but Was Notable Prevented and Assuaged

- a) As the “Anne” with her villainous crew dropped below the horizon, Governor Bradford turned back toward the town with a sigh of relief. By the grace of God, Plymouth had frustrated Indians, traitors, rogues, drought, fire and starvation.
- b) The settlers had begun a great work, and none would leave it until it was finished or the doing was passed on to those who would follow.

Good News from New England (September 1623)

Bradford had grown weary of the complaining and accusing letters from the Merchant Adventurers in England; weary of waiting for supply ships that brought more hungry mouths to feed, but never a barrel of flour.

Good News from New England (September 1623)

More important, Winslow had written a day-by-day story of New Plymouth from the beginning. This he would have printed in London for all England to read. Being something of a merchant himself and a good advertiser, Winslow shrewdly called the pamphlet “Good News from New England”.

Twenty Years Later (1648)

At last he had finished it – the story of Plymouth from the beginnings up to now. None knew it better than himself. This was the story of the forty years he had lived since he had joined the Separatists at Scrooby. Those who came after would want to know how it was in the beginning with those who came first.

Twenty Years Later (1648)

Outside, in the garden, he could see children playing. They had been born in Plymouth, like their fathers and mothers before them. These boys and girls were the grandchildren of the First Comers. There were still living in this year of 1648, by the grace of God, thirty of the Old Stock who had come in the “Mayflower.”

Little Princess by Frances Hodgson Burnett

Chapter 1

She was such a little girl that one did not expect to see such a look on her small face. It would have been an old look for a child of twelve, and Sara Crewe was only seven. The fact was, however, that she was always dreaming and thinking odd things and could not herself remember any time when she had not been thinking things about grown-up people and the world they belonged to.

Chapter 1

“I am not in the least anxious about her education,” Captain Crewe said, with his gay laugh, as he held Sara’s hand and patted it. “The difficulty will be to keep her from learning too fast and too much. She is always sitting with her little nose burrowing into books.”

Chapter 2

She had been placed near Miss Minchin’s desk. She was not abashed at all by the many pairs of eyes watching her. She was interested and looked back quietly at the children who looked at her.

Chapter 3

Sara saw her and was sorry for her that she began to rather like her and want to be her friend. It was a way of hers always to want to spring into any fray in which someone was made uncomfortable and unhappy.

“If Sara had been a boy and lived a few centuries ago,” her father used to say, “she would have gone about the country with her sword drawn, rescuing and defending everyone in distress.”

Chapter 4

“Perhaps I have not really a good temper at all, but if you have everything you want and everyone is kind to you, how can you help but be good-tempered? I don’t know” -

looking quite serious -“how I shall ever find out whether I am really a nice child or a horrid one. Perhaps I’m a hideous child, and no one will ever know, just because I never have any trials.

Chapter 5

Sara not only could tell stories, but she adored telling them. When she sat or stood in the midst of a circle and began to invent wonderful things, her green eyes grew big and shining, her cheeks flushed, and, without knowing that she was doing it, she began to act and made what she told lovely or alarming by the raising or dropping of her voice, the bend and sway of her slim body, and the dramatic movement of her hands.

Chapter 6

It’s true,” she said. “Sometimes I do pretend I am a princess. I pretend I am a princess, so that I can try and behave like one.”

Chapter 6

“Oh,” he said, “she’s better fun every year she lives. God grant this business may right itself and leave me free to run home and see her. What wouldn’t I give to have her little arms round my neck this minute!”

Chapter 7

“Could you suppose and pretend if you were a beggar and lived in a garret?”

“I believe I could,” she said. If one was a beggar, one would have to suppose and pretend all the time. But it mightn’t be easy.”

Chapter 7

“Captain Crewe is dead,” she said. “He has died without a penny. That spoiled, pampered, fanciful child is left a pauper on my hands.”

Chapter 8

The first night she spent in her attic was a thing Sara never forgot. During its passing, she lived through a wild, unchildlike woe of which she never spoke to anyone about her. There was no one who would have understood.

Chapter 9

How is it that certain animals understand things I do not know, but it is certain that they do understand. Perhaps there is a language which is not made of words and everything in the world understands it. Perhaps there is a soul hidden in everything and it can always speak without even making a sound, to another soul.

Chapter 10

“She is a kind of servant in the Seminary,” Janet said. “I don’t believe she belongs to anybody. I believe she is an orphan. But she is not a beggar, however shabby she looks.

Chapter 11

She thought she had never seen more surprise and delight than the dark face expressed when she spoke in the familiar tongue. The truth was that the poor fellow felt as if his gods had intervened, and the kind little voice came from heaven itself. At once Sara saw that he had been accustomed to European children.

Chapter 11

While the thought held possession of her, she could not be made rude and malicious by the rudeness and malice of those about her.

“A prince must be polite,” she said to herself.

And so when the servants, taking their tone from their mistress, were insolent and ordered her about, she would hold her head erect and reply to them with a quaint civility which often made them stare at her.

Chapter 12

"I must find her. If she is alive, she is somewhere. If she is friendless and penniless, it is through my fault."

Chapter 13

"I've noticed this. What you have to do with your mind, when your body is miserable, is to make it think of something else."

Chapter 13

"See," she said, putting the bun in the ragged lap, "This is nice and hot. Eat it, and you will not feel so hungry." The child started and stared up at her, as if such sudden, amazing good luck almost frightened her; then she snatched up the bun and began to cram it into her mouth with great wolfish bites.

Chapter 14

The skylight was being mysteriously opened. A dark face peeped into the attic, then another face appeared behind it, and both looked in with signs of caution and interest. Two men were outside on the roof and were making silent preparations to enter through the skylight itself.

Chapter 15

"Oh, I haven't awakened," she whispered, daring to rise on her elbow and look all about her. "I am dreaming yet." She knew it must be a dream, for if she were awake such things could not - could not be.

Chapter 16

From that time life became more wonderful day by day. The fairy story continued. Almost every day something new was done.

Chapter 17

“While you have been away,” he explained, I have been desperate. The days were so dark and long. Ram Dass told me of this child’s miseries, and together we invented a romantic plan to help her.”

Chapter 18

The fortune which Captain Crewe supposed he had lost has been recovered, and is now in Mr. Carrisford’s hands.”

“There are not many princesses, Miss Minchin, who are richer than your little charity pupil, Sara Crew, will be. Mr. Carrisford has been searching for her for nearly two years; he has found her at last, and he will keep her.

Chapter 19

“I was wondering,” rather hesitated Sara – “you know, you say I have so much money - I was wondering if I could go to see the bun woman, and tell her that if, when hungry children - particularly on those dreadful days – come and sit on the steps, or look in at the window, she would just call them in and give them something to eat, she might send the bill to me. Could I do that?”

Little White Horse by Elizabeth Goudge

Chapter 1

But there was life among the trees, though it was life that did not move. Maria saw a silver owl sitting on a silver branch, and a silver rabbit sitting up on its haunches beside the road blinking at the lantern light, and a beautiful group of silver deer ... And for a fleeting instant, at the far end of a glade, she thought she saw a little white horse with flowing mane and tail, head raised, poised, halted in mid-flight, as though it had seen her and was glad.

Chapter 2

Walking back through the kitchen garden towards the stable-yard again, Maria noticed a water-butt to the left of the tunnel and a little latticed window over it, and in the window were pots of beautiful geraniums, extra-large ones of deep salmon pink.

Chapter 2

The yew-trees needed clipping, the flower-beds about the water-lily pool needed weeding, and the paving-stones of the paths that wound between them were overgrown with bright green moss. But somehow the untidiness added to the charm of it all, giving it a look of easy friendliness that warmed one's heart. In her childhood she had been scolded if she had stepped on any of the immaculate flower-beds in the Square garden, when she had been playing with Robin, but here no one would mind what she did.

Chapter 3

Maria quickly washed herself in the warm water that, as before, had been put ready for her, dressed herself beside the fire that the mysterious good person had lit for her while she slept, and then looked about her for the lavender gown.

Chapter 3

And when the Old Parson read the Bible to his people, he did not read it in the sing-song sort of way that the parsons in London had read it, a way that had made one want to go to sleep. He read it as though it were tremendously exciting; dispatches dictated on a battlefield, or a letter written only yesterday and bringing great news. And when he preached, taking as his subject the glorious beauty of the world, and the necessity for praising God for it every moment of the day or else standing convicted of an ingratitude so deep that it was too dreadful even to be spoken of, it was as thrilling as a thunderstorm.

Chapter 4

They ran to the trap, and Maria, her slim hands clasped about the panting body of the poor hare, in her bewilderment saw no more of her companion than strong brown

fingers skilfully loosing the hideous rings of steel that had closed upon the hare's left hind leg. But those brown fingers were as familiar to her as her own white ones.

Chapter 4

He was just the same, just as he had been in her dream the night before. He had not changed at all since those days when he had come to play with her in the Square garden; except that he had grown, even as she had, so that he was still a head taller than she was.

His dark eyes still sparkled with fun when he looked at her. His thick chestnut hair still curled tightly all over his head, with the final curl making a comic twist in the back of his neck, like a drake's tail. His rough brown coat was still the colour of fallen beech leaves, and the battered old hat that he swung in one hand still flaunted the long green feather.

Chapter 5

Maria held her breath and stared. Never in all her born days had she seen such a cat. He was enormous, twice the size of any cat she had ever seen in London. His black fur was short, but so exquisitely glossy that it gleamed like satin. His tail stretched out along the floor behind him for a good yard and looked like a fat black snake; the tip of it, slightly lifted, was twitching from side to side, suggesting that in spite of that tremendous booming purr Zachariah's temper was something that had to be reckoned with.

Chapter 6

With her cloak over her arm and her bonnet swinging from her hand, leaving Wiggins still sleeping on her bed, she went down to the parlour, opened the window, and looked out at the tangled briars where now a few fresh green leaves were unfurling. There seemed more birds than ever this morning, their bright wings like flowers among the branches. They were singing so lustily that she felt that she must sing too.

Chapter 7

The little, grey, squat Parsonage was so old that it looked more like an outcrop of rock than a house. It was overgrown with creepers and clematis and roses and honeysuckle, through which its small diamond-paned windows and old oak front door

peeped shyly. Old Parson opened the door, and they were in the living-room of the Parsonage, a place of such attraction that Maria's eyes opened wide in delight.

Chapter 7

But for once Maria was oblivious of good food, and with her hands arrested at her bonnet strings she stood and gazed at Loveday Minette as those gaze who look upon a dream come true and wonder if they sleep or wake. For when in lonely moments the motherless Maria had imagined for herself the mother she would like to have, that mother had been exactly like Loveday Minette.

Chapter 8

Yes, there was another series of pictures drawn there. First came a picture of Serena, leaping along on three legs, her ears streaming behind her with the wind of her going, then came once again that outline of the sickle moon that stood for herself, and then the outlines of two small square solid houses such as a child draws.

Maria laughed out loud in delight. Serena had brought the message and Zachariah had written it on the hearth. 'Serena says Maria is safe as houses.'

Chapter 8

Maria sat very still, thinking very hard. The waistcoat in her lap looked, she thought, as though it had been made of the same satin as the wedding dress that she had been wearing only that afternoon. It looked as though it, too, had been made for a wedding. Moon-daisies with centres like yellow suns. Moon and sun.

Chapter 9

And when they got to the village they found that the sound of the Bell, and of the joyous singing, had brought all the grown-ups out into the village street, and they were laughing and talking and crying all together because they were so happy. For the spring had come and Paradise Hill had been given back to God, and they felt they were all in a fair way now to live happy ever after.

Chapter 10

Down in the warm, safe darkness below the pine-tree roots they found themselves slithering down what seemed a steep bank of earth, and then they fell. But they did not hurt themselves because they landed comfortably on a soft bed of dried pine-needles.

Chapter 11

'Poor man!' said Maria. 'It's Monsieur Cocq de Noir up there in the moon, Wrolf, and he's carrying his wickedness on his back like Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress. He'll be glad when he's thrown it away.'

Chapter 11

And then she saw him. A little white horse was cantering ahead of them, leading the way, and from his perfect milk-white body, as from a lamp, there shone the light. He was some way ahead of them, but for one flashing moment she saw him perfectly, clear-cut as a cameo against the darkness, and the proud curve of the neck, the flowing white mane and tail, the flash of the silver hoofs, were utterly strange and yet utterly familiar to her, as though eyes that had seen him often before looked through her eyes that had not until now looked steadily upon his beauty; she was not even surprised when he turned his lovely head a little and looked back at her and she saw a strange little silver horn sticking out of his forehead ... Her little white horse was a unicorn.

Chapter 11

It was still light, but within the light there were shapes moving that were made of yet brighter light; and the shapes were those of hundreds of galloping white horses with flowing manes and poised curved necks like the necks of the chessmen in the parlour, and bodies whose speed was the speed of light and whose substance seemed no more solid than that of the rainbow; and yet one could see their outline clear-cut against the night-dark background of the trees ... They were the sea-horses galloping inland, as Old Parson had told Maria that they did, in that joyful earth-scamper of theirs that ushered in the dawn.

Chapter 12

Then they set to work. Wrolf, a large basket held in his mouth, helped Maria and Robin carry all the geraniums from Marmaduke's little room to the house. There were many

more than Maria had realized. She and Robin filled the parlour with them, putting them all along the window-seat so that from outside in the rose-garden the window should look a blaze of pink, and they filled the great hall with them, and the windows of Maria's tower room as well.

Chapter 12

She knew that one day, when she was a very old woman, she would dream this dream for the last time, and in this last dream of all she would see the little white horse, and he would not go away from her. He would come towards her and she would run towards him, and he would carry her upon his back away and away, she did not quite know where, but to a good place, a place where she wanted to be.

Men of Iron by Howard Pyle

Introduction

The Year 1400 opened with more than usual peacefulness in England. Only a few months before, Richard II - weak, wicked, and treacherous - had been dethroned, and Henry IV declared King in his stead.

Chapter 1

Myles Falworth was but eight years of age at that time, and it was only afterwards, and when he grew old enough to know more of the ins and outs of the matter, that he could remember by bits and pieces the things that afterwards happened; how one evening a knight came clattering into the court-yard upon a horse, red-nostrilled and smeared with the sweat and foam of a desperate ride- Sir John Dale, a dear friend of the blind Lord.

Chapter 2

I fancy that most boys do not love the grinding of school life- the lessons to be conned, the close application during study hours. It is not often pleasant to brisk, lively lads to be so cooped up. I wonder what the boys of to-day would have thought of Mile's training.

Chapter 3

The attendants who passed through the anteroom now came and went more hurriedly, and Myles knew that the Earl must be about to come forth. He had hardly time to untie his pouch, take out the letter, and tie the strings again when the arras at the door-way was thrust suddenly aside, and a tall thin squire of about twenty came forth, said some words to the young men upon the bench, and then withdrew again.

Chapter 4

He was a tall man, taller even than Myle's father. He had a thin face, deep-set bushy eyebrows, and a hawk nose. His upper lip was clean shaven, but from his chin a flowing beard of iron-gray hung nearly to his waist.

Chapter 5

In most of the great houses of the time the esquires were the especial attendants upon the Lord and Lady of the house, holding such positions as body-squires, cup-bearers, carvers, and sometimes the office of chamberlain. But Devlin, like some of the other princely castles of the greatest nobles, was more like a military post or a fortress than an ordinary household. Only comparatively few of the esquires could be used in personal attendance upon the Earl; the others were trained more strictly in arms, and served rather in the capacity of a sort of body-guard than as ordinary squires.

Chapter 6

Boys are keen to feel the influence of a forceful character. A lad with a strong will is quick to reach his proper level as a greater or lesser leader among the others, and Myles was of just the masterful nature to make his individuality felt among the Devlin squires. He was quick enough to yield obedience upon all occasions to proper authority, but would never bend an inch to the usurpation of tyranny.

Chapter 7

The sun was just rising, gilding the crown of the donjon-keep with a flame of ruddy light. Below, among the lesser buildings, the day was still gray and misty. Only an occasional noise broke the silence of the early morning: a cough from one of the rooms; the rattle of a pot or pan, stirred by some sleepy scullion; the clapping of a door or a shutter, and

now and then the crowing of a cock back of the long row of stables- all sounding loud and startling in the fresh dewy stillness.

Chapter 8

Sir James smiled grimly. "Thou talkest like a boy," said he. "Wait until thou art grown to be a man. Mayhap then thou mayst repent thee of these bold words, for one time this enemy of thy father's was reckoned the foremost knight in England, and he is now the King's dear friend and a great lord."

Chapter 9

"Thou art a fool!" said the old knight, smiling faintly, "for that be'st not courage, but folly. When one setteth about righting a wrong, one driveth not full head against it, for in so doing one getteth naught but hard knocks. Nay, go deftly about it, and then, when the time is ripe, strike the blow."

Chapter 10

Perhaps there is nothing more delightful in the romance of boyhood than the finding of some secret hiding-place whither a body may creep away from the bustle of the world's life, to nestle in quietness for an hour or two. More especially is such delightful if it happens that, by peeping from out it, one may lookdown upon the bustling matters of busy every-day life, while one lies snugly hidden away unseen by any, as though one were in some strange invisible world of one's own.

Chapter 11

Gascoyne shook his head. He hated clashing and conflict above all things, and was for peace. Why should they thus rush to thrust themselves into trouble?

Chapter 12

Thus it was that Myles, with an eye to open war with the bachelors, gathered a following to his support. It was some little while before matters were brought to a crisis- a week or ten days. Perhaps even Myles had no great desire to hasten matters.

Chapter 13

A struggle fierce and silence followed between the two; Blunt striving to draw his knife, and Myles with the energy of despair, holding him tightly by the wrist. It was in vain the elder lad writhed and twisted; he was strong enough to overbear Myles, but still was not able to clutch the haft of his knife.

Chapter 14

“Nay, nay, Master Myles,” said he, when Myles had ended by telling the use to which he intended putting them. “Thou art going all wrong in this matter. With such blades, ere this battle is ended, some one would be slain, and so murder done.”

Chapter 15

It was not without trepidation that Myles walked alone into the court, which happened then to be silent and empty. His heart beat more quickly than it was wont, and he gripped his cudgel behind his back, looking sharply this way and that, so as not to be taken unawares by a flank movement of his enemies. Midway in the court he stopped and hesitated for a moment; then he turned as though to enter the armory.

Chapter 16

Then suddenly assuming his grimmest and sternest manner: “Now, sirrah, do I put a stop to this, and no more shall ye fight with edged tools. Get thee to the dormitory, and abide there a full week without coming forth. Michael shall bring thee bread and water twice a day for that time.

Chapter 17

So now that the sun was warm and the weather pleasant the game of trap-ball was in full swing every afternoon, the play-ground being an open space between the wall that surrounded the castle grounds and that of the privy garden- the pleasance in which the ladies of the Earl's family took the air every day, and upon which their apartments opened.

Chapter 18

Now the lads upon the other side of the wall had been whistling furtively for some time, not knowing whether Myles had broken his neck or had come off scot-free from his fall. "I would like right well to stay with ye," said he, irresolutely, "and would gladly tell ye that and more an ye would have me to do so; but hear ye not my friends call from beyond? Mayhap they think I break my back, and are calling to see whether I be alive or no."

Chapter 19

The Earl stood looking grimly after them from under his shaggy eyebrows, until they passed away behind the yew-trees, appeared again upon the terrace behind, entered the open doors of the women's house, and were gone, Myles heard their footsteps growing fainter and fainter, but he never raised his eyes. Upon the ground at his feet were four pebbles, and he noticed most made a square, and would do so if he pushed one of them with his toe, and then it seemed strange to him that he should think of such a little foolish thing at that dreadful time.

Chapter 20

"Then thou art old enough to have some of the thoughts of a man, and to lay aside those of a boy. Haply thou hast had foolish things in thy head this short time past; it is time that thou put them away. Harkee, sirrah! The Lady Alice is a great heiress in her own right, and mayst command the best alliance in England- an Earl- a Duke."

Chapter 21

And thereupon he poured out his heart to his listening friend in the murmuring solitude of the airy height. He did not speak of the Earl, but of the wonderful new life that had thus suddenly opened before, with its golden future of limitless hopes, of dazzling possibilities, of heroic ambitions. He told everything, walking up and down the while- for he could not remain quiet- his cheeks glowing and his eyes sparkling.

Chapter 22

Nevertheless, there was a great and vital change in his life, a change which he hardly felt or realized. Even in resuming his old life there was no longer the same vitality, the same zest, the same enjoyment in all these things. It seemed as though they were no longer a part of himself.

Chapter 23

Then Myles went out stupefied, dazed, bewildered. He looked around, but he did not see Gascoyne. He said not a word to any of the others in answer to the eager questions poured upon him by his fellow squires, but walked straight away.

Chapter 24

It occurs perhaps once or twice in one's lifetime that one passes through great happenings- sometimes of joy, sometimes of dreadful bitterness- in just such a dazed state as Myles passed through this. It is only afterwards that all comes back to one so sharply and keenly that the heart thrills almost in agony in living it over again. But perhaps of all the memory of that time, when it afterwards came back piece by piece, none was so clear to Myles's back turned vision as the long night spent in the chapel, watching his armor, thinking such wonderful thoughts, and dreaming such wonderful wide-eyed dreams.

Chapter 25

Myles had felt for a long time that he was being moulded and shaped, and that the Earl of Mackworth's was the hand that was making him what he was growing to be; but he had never realized how great were the things expected of him should he pass the first great test, and show himself what his friends hoped to see him. Now he knew that all were looking upon him to act, sometime, as his father's champion, and when that time should come, to challenge the Earl of Alban to the ordeal of single combat, to purge his father's name of treason, to restore him to his rank, and to set the house of Falworth where it stood before misfortune fell upon it.

Chapter 26

And now, at last, had come the day of days for Myles Falworth; the day when he was to put to the test all that he had acquired in the three years of his training, the day that was

to disclose what promise of future greatness there was in his strong young body. And it was a noble day; one of those of late September, when the air seems sweeter and fresher than at other times; the sun bright and as yellow as gold, the wind lusty and strong, before which the great white clouds go sailing majestically across the bright blueness of the sky above, while their dusky shadows skim across the brown face of the rusty earth beneath.

Chapter 27

He braced himself for the tremendous shock which he knew must meet him, and then in a flash dropped lance point straight and true. The next instant there was a deafening stunning crash- a crash like the stroke of a thunder-bolt. There was a dazzling blaze of blinding light, and a myriad sparks danced and flickered and sparkled before his eyes.

Chapter 28

The warfare, the blood, the evil pleasures which he had seen had been a fiery, crucible test to his soul, and I love my hero that he should have come forth from it so well. He was no longer the innocent Sir Galahad who had walked in pure white up the Long Hall to be knighted by the King, but his soul was of that grim, sterling, rugged sort that looked out calmly from his gray eyes upon the wickedness and debauchery around him, and loved it not.

Chapter 29

For a month or more thereafter he was a member of the princely household, and, after a little while, a trusted and honored member. Perhaps it was the calm sturdy strength, the courage of the young knight, that first appealed to the Prince's royal heart; perhaps afterwards it was the more sterling qualities that underlaid that courage that drew him to the young man; certain it was that in two weeks Myles was the acknowledged favorite.

Chapter 30

"My gracious Lord and King," said Myles, "I, the son of the accused, do offer myself as his champion in this cause, beseeching thee of thy grace leave to prove the truth of the same, being a belted knight by thy grace and of thy creation and the peer of any who weareth spurs." Thereupon, rising he drew his iron gauntlet from his girdle, and flung it clashing down upon the floor, and with his heart swelling within him with anger and

indignation and pity of his blind father, he cried in a loud voice "I do accuse thee, William of Alban, that thou liest vilely as aforesaid, and here cast down my gage, daring thee to take it up."

Chapter 31

Then at last the order to horse was given; the great gate swung open, and out they rode, clattering and jingling, the sunlight gleaming and flaming and flashing upon their polished armor. They drew rein to the right, and so rode in a little cloud of dust along the Strand Street towards London town, with the breeze blowing merrily, and the sunlight shining as sweetly and blithesomely as though they were riding to a wedding rather than to a grim and dreadful ordeal that meant either victory or death.

Chapter 32

In the days of King Edward III a code of laws relating to trial by battle had been compiled for one of his sons, Thomas of Woodstock. In this work each and every detail, to the most minute, had been arranged and fixed, and from that time judicial combats had been regulated in accordance with its mandates.

Chapter 33

It was as the Earl had said; Myles had three times given his enemy grace when victory was almost in his very grasp. He had three times spared him, in spite of all he and those dear to him must suffer should his cruel and merciless enemy gain the victory. It was a false and foolish generosity, partly the fault of his impulsive youth - more largely of his romantic training in the artificial code of French chivalry.

Conclusion

"Thou didst look to me the most noble, handsome young knight that did ever live; thou didst look to me Sir Galahad, as they did call thee, withouten taint or stain."

***Michelangelo by Diane Stanley**

Pg. 1

It was in that house, in the early morning hours of March 6, 1475, that their second son was born. They named him Michelangelo...

Pg. 2

But when he was six, his mother died, and once again he went to live among the stonecutters.

Pg. 3

It was the apprentices, of course, who applied the plaster. They also made the brushes and mixed the paints and transferred the outlines of the master's full-sized drawing, called a cartoon, to the wall.

Pg. 4

He was determined to work in marble, as the Greeks and Romans had, even if that meant learning on his own.

Pg. 5

It seems that Lorenzo had taken notice of the boy's unusual talent and, wishing to encourage him, had an extraordinary proposal to make. He wanted Michelangelo to move into the palace and live there as his son, to be educated along with the Medici children.

Pg. 6

It was the human form, in fact, that most interested Michelangelo as an artist. ... He spent hours there dissecting bodies, memorizing the origins and insertions of the muscles, the positions of tendons and veins.

Pg. 8

For when Michelangelo had finally chiseled every last fold of the Virgin's robe, rendered the veins and tendons in Jesus' hands so that they looked more real than real, and polished the marble to a high finish, the people of Rome were stupefied.

Pg. 9

Michelangelo had chosen the perfect subject to show off his remarkable skills--the young David, in a moment of intense concentration, about to do battle with Goliath. He stands, resting on one leg, the other bent slightly. It is a pose out of ancient Greek sculpture, natural and graceful. Michelangelo knew his anatomy so well that his David is astonishingly real....

The David established him as the greatest sculptor in all of Italy.

Pg. 10

Success has its price. From that time on, Michelangelo would be hounded by patrons.

Pg. 12

At that time, ancient Roman sculptures were often unearthed by workmen digging around the city.

Indeed they were looking at the very sculpture described by the ancient writer as the greatest sculpture ever made. It had been lost since the time of the Roman Empire.

The three figures, the Trojan priest Laocoon and his two sons, writhed frantically in a death struggle with terrible serpents. Michelangelo was amazed by the beautiful technique and perfect understanding of anatomy. But what impressed him most was the extraordinary sense of movement. How very different it was from the calm elegance of his David and Pieta'!

Pg. 14

Michelangelo was to decorate the ceiling of a great chapel, named the Sistine after its builder, Pope Sixtus IV. It was a most important and holy place, for it was there that the cardinals convened for the solemn task of electing new popes.

Pg. 15

While the workers set up the scaffolding in the chapel and plastered over the existing decoration, Michelangelo began planning his general design. Once he had a scheme he was pleased with, he began sketching the individual scenes and figures in detail. Though he often used live models for this, he also liked to make little figures out of wax or clay--he was a sculptor, after all--so he could study the way light fell upon the forms.

For the next four years, he spent all his waking hours more than sixty feet up in the air. He did not paint lying down, as many people believe, but standing in a most uncomfortable position. ...At night he was so tired he would fall into bed "with his clothes on, even to the tall boots."

Pg. 16

On October 31, 1512, the chapel was opened to the public.

This is what they saw. Around the edge of the ceiling, he had painted the biblical ancestors of Jesus and dramatic scenes from the Bible. Between them were massive figures of the Hebrew prophets and pagan sibyls who foretold the coming of Christ. This frame of exquisite images led the eye up to the vast central space that stretched across the length of the chapel. Here, in nine separate panels, Michelangelo told the great biblical story of creation and destruction.

Pg. 17

Halfway through, the scaffolding had been taken down and moved to the other half of the chapel, giving Michelangelo his first chance to view the work from ground level. As a result of what he saw, he approached the second half differently, making the figures much larger and the scenes simpler, so they are easier to see from a distance. His style changed, too, gradually becoming more confident and bold. To study the Sistine ceiling is to watch a genius learning how to paint.

Pg. 18

With these two beautiful sculptures, Michelangelo had moved beyond mere perfection in anatomy. The figures seem to move and breathe, twisting dramatically, the legs turning in one direction, the torsos in another.

Next he made a seated Moses, so fierce and powerful, so full of energy, you half expect him to leap up from his throne and speak.

Pg. 20

It was common in those days for artists to work as military engineers (because they were trained in architecture), so Michelangelo was put in charge of the fortifications.

Pg. 21

When he was almost sixty, Michelangelo left Florence for the last time.

Now he began in earnest the enormous task of filling the entire back wall of the chapel--more than two thousand square feet--with a dramatic and chilling scene; the Last Judgment.

The painting is so vivid and terrifying that when Pope Paul saw it, he fell to his knees and prayed for mercy.

Pg. 22

Michelangelo had always lived the life of a hermit. He did not care for fine food or clothes and sent most of his money back to Florence to support his father and brothers.

Pg. 24

He would work on St. Peter's for the rest of his life. When he was eighty-two, knowing that he would never live to see it finished, Michelangelo constructed a model of the great dome for the builders to follow.

Pg. 25

In an age of great artists, he was perhaps the greatest, creating immortal works in all three of the major arts--sculpture, painting, and architecture.

Yet near the end of his life, Michelangelo looked on those great works of art, to which he had devoted his life, as "of little value." But then, with a touch of pride, he added, "They will last for a while."

***Minn of the Mississippi by Holling C. Holling**

Chapter 1

Three dozen eggs, like rubbery ping-pong balls, crowded the bowl of the turtle nest. Inside the shell of each egg lay mystic silver, called by mere humans the "white." Within this floated a golden ball, the "yolk." And in this, like a jellyfish hung in a sea, a soft seed waited to grow in its dark, round, still ocean.

Chapter 2

A rifle barked. The crow lost a tail feather, and flew away fast. The rifle barked again, and a bullet skipped the small turtle like a chip over the water. The bullet had cut off her left rear leg—yet the tiny creature scarcely knew about legs. This sudden pain was possibly just a part of coming into an odd, new world.

Chapter 3

A Ranger said, "That snapper you saved is really stronger, and big as a dollar! I see you painted M-I-N-N on her back—is that because she comes from Minnesota?"

"Yes," said the boy. "Hatched where the Mississippi begins. Besides, MINN is Indian for 'water.' Bein' a Water-Spirit, kind of, she *might* go down th' Big River—*maybe* all the way!"

Chapter 4

"Carapace?" grunted another father. "Of course, you know turtles. But *what* fancy do-dad is a turtle's *carapace*?"

"Top shell. Bottom shell's a 'plastron.' They join at two 'bridges.' Divisions are 'shields.' Hand me that empty bottle."

Chapter 5

a) No mere human could know why Minn stopped where she did in the trail. Yet for some turtle reason, THIS was the very place! Her strong rear foot began scratching, scraping, tearing away at the ground.

b) At six years of age she laid eggs in the friendly earth, foster-mother of all turtles everywhere.

Chapter 6

She lived in a museum corridor two thousand five hundred miles long. She walked among vast collections of American specimens—from ancient rocks and fossils to tin cans, airplane parts and bottle tops. Minn paused often beside heaped or laid-out museum treasures; wondering if they held food, or whether she might rest there.

Chapter 7

A town grew up around St. Anthony's Falls. It was named from the Sioux Indian "Minne" meaning "water," and the Greek syllables "ap-o-lis" meaning "city." And Minneapolis, City-of-Waters, used power from "The Falls" to become, among other things, the greatest grain-grinding, flour-milling city in the world.

Chapter 8

She forced her ten pounds into a crowded apartment. It had been a muskrat burrow in a marshy bank. As more turtles found it, each scratched at the walls, widening the burrow. When the last had arrived, Minn was layered among fifteen other snappers in the mud.

Chapter 9

First, Spaniards had explored the South and the Gulf of Mexico, discovering the Lower Mississippi while searching for gold. Then Frenchmen came to the east coast, the Gulf of St. Lawrence; started the fur trade in Canada; and found the Upper Mississippi. In those early days the Mississippi, America's greatest south-flowing river, was first Spanish, then French.

Chapter 10

In hastily digging her nest she came to many hard lumps. She clawed out obsidian arrowheads, bits of clay pottery, a carved-stone pipe. And finally, after several heaves, she kicked up an axe-head of solid copper.

Chapter 11

So many steamboats went aground that warehouses sprang up to shelter wrecked cargoes, and towns grew around them. But today, twenty-six dams between Minneapolis and the Missouri River have made the roaring Mississippi into a peaceful stairway. To climb upstairs or down, concrete “locks” at each dam raised or lower all boats, big and little, another step in the River.

Chapter 12

a) “Mark Twain’s town!” cried a boy, the others adding “He wrote about Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn!”

b) “Yes,” said Martha, passing by. “And through his pen slid words to make the whole world know our river For him, lonely words linked arms and sang across the page.”

Chapter 13

Minn’s northern river was being joined by a western river of plains and Rocky Mountains. It smelled of cottonwood, willow, buffalo-grass and sage—but the main smell was *mud*. “Big Muddy,” the wild Missouri, was teaming up with Ole Missisip—yet each was cautious.

Chapter 14

“It’s this way, Miss Linda,” said Bill. “Here’s a map. Now, the Upper River—from Lake Itasca down, dug soil from the earth. Together with the Middle River, it spread that soil

for the Lower River to run on. Like laying down a bed of sand for a railroad track. Yes, that's it! A great big track-bed south to the Gulf of Mexico!"

Chapter 15

a) Yep, 'twas 1811 that changed things. Plenty! Some folks up at Pittsburgh had whanged out an iron kettle, all crawling with pipes; wrestled it into a boat; set a fire under it.

b) Seems like the world's been crazy since 1811, when that first steamboat hit the River!

Chapter 16

She preferred to live with dainty fresh-water shrimp, the always-tasty crawfish, big frogs and fat fishes found in shore pools. After floods drained away they lived between wing-dams, in lagoons or half-moon, horseshoe lakes which had once been bends in the River.

Chapter 17

Now the Dragon really writhed in its cave. Walls came away like wet sugar at each mad whirl. A mass of sandbags dropped through the cave roof in seething foam. Narrow torrents gushed through the dike. All its earth shuddered.

Chapter 18

The River brought Minn to Nine Mile Point in the dusk. Across, on the left, lay New Orleans. Here, for two centuries and a half, pirogues, rafts, flatboats, keel boats—shantyboats, barges, steamboats, towboats—had slowed down to seek the banks. They had reached home.

Chapter 19

After twenty-five well-fed summers, Minn was fat and content with life. Year by year she had given in more to the River. Surely it ran on forever. It would always provide. Yet something was wrong in this coffee-colored paradise. It was *too salty!*

Chapter 20

Frogs drummed in the bayous. Mosquitoes whined. Alligators roared. A few egrets stood on dark cypress knees, wading herons poked under trailing moss. Swimming mink, otter and muskrats traced thin lines on the surface with vanishing trails.

On the Banks of Plum Creek by Laura Ingalls Wilder

Chapter 1

He had trotted all the way from the little log house in Indian Territory, across Kansas, across Missouri, across Iowa, and a long way into Minnesota.

Chapter 2

Town's only three miles away! Just a nice walk.

Chapter 3

Every morning after Mary and Laura had done dishes, made the bed and swept the floor, they could go out to play.

Chapter 4

They went past the cattle path and the rushes, past the willow valley and the plum thickets.

Chapter 5

Breaking a promise was as bad as telling a lie.

Chapter 6

A touch would brush off those tiny feathers and hurt the butterfly.

Chapter 7

They liked to watch the sun rise over the edge of the world.

Chapter 8

They rolled and laughed in the crackling straw.

Chapter 9

Bees and hornets stood thick along the cracks (of the plums), sucking up the juices with all their might.

Chapter 10

Here in Minnesota, town was so near that Pa would be gone only one day.

Chapter 11

We knew we could depend on you to take care of everything.

Chapter 12

“If everybody wanted everybody else to be happy, all the time, then would it be Christmas all the time?”

Chapter 13

They were going to make the most beautiful button-string in the world.

Chapter 14

The fast, strong water was fearful and fascinating.

Chapter 15

Laura knew now that there were things stronger than anybody.

Chapter 16

That house was going to have two rooms!

Chapter 17

The new house was so still. She missed the sound of the creek singing to her in her sleep.

Chapter 18

Now we're nicely settled and only two and a half miles from town, you can go to school.

Chapter 19

Every day there was fish for breakfast and fish for dinner and fish for supper.

Chapter 20

Mary showed teacher how much she could read and write.

Chapter 21

Pa had already spent so much for the slate that they hated to tell him they must have another penny.

Chapter 22

We must not accept hospitality without making some return.

Chapter 23

“Vanity cakes,” said Ma. “Because they are all puffed up, like vanity, with nothing solid inside.”

Chapter 24

Laura and Mary had never seen a church. But they knew from Ma’s voice that going to church must be better than a party.

Chapter 25

The cloud was hailing grasshoppers. The cloud was grasshoppers.

Chapter 26

Laura knew that only something dreadful would make Pa stop work in the middle of the morning.

Chapter 27

A smell of rain came on streaks of coolness through the hot wind.

Chapter 28

Pa had had to walk three hundred miles before he found a job. Now he was working in the wheat fields and getting a dollar a day.

Chapter 29

If Anna did not get what she wanted she bawled. She was little and she was company and they must not make her cry.

Chapter 30

The winter before, Ma had let out every tuck and seam in Laura's winter dress. This winter it was very short and there were holes in the sleeves where Laura's elbows had gone through them because they were so tight.

Chapter 31

There had never been such a Christmas as this. It was such a large, rich Christmas, the whole church full of Christmas.

Chapter 32

The whole day long the grasshoppers walked west. All the next day they went on walking west.

Chapter 33

In front of the red-flickering smoke a wheel of fire came rolling swiftly, setting fire to the grass as it came.

Chapter 34

After the prairie fire the weather was so cold that Ma said they must hurry to dig the potatoes and pull the turnips before they froze.

Chapter 35

The cloud was coming swiftly, and they must both bring in wood before the storm got there.

Chapter 36

Every seam must be exactly right before Ma would let her make another, and often Laura worked several days on one short seam.

Chapter 37

The storm howled and hooted after things that fled shrieking through the enormous dark around the frightened house.

Chapter 38

Furry-white frost covered the windows, and inside that good tight house the sugary snow was over the floor and the bedcovers.

Chapter 39

All night the house shook and jarred in the wind. Next day the storm was worse than ever.

Chapter 40

“Girls, I began digging on that snow like a badger. I wasn’t slow digging up out of that den.”

Chapter 41

Tomorrow was Christmas. There would be no presents and no candy, but Laura could not think of anything she wanted and she was so glad that the Christmas candy had helped to bring Pa safe home again.

***Our/An Island Story by H.E. Marshall (Chp. 62-94)**

Chapter 62

Henry VIII was fond of magnificence and show, and it pleased him to have so fine a chancellor. Henry was gay and the Chancellor was gay. If Henry were sad Wolsey would joke and laugh until the King laughed too; if Henry were merry Wolsey would be merry with him. Soon people began to see that if they wanted anything from the King, it was best to make friends with the Chancellor.

Chapter 62

- a) A palace for the English king was built so quickly that it seemed like a magic thing. It was only made of wood, but it was so painted and gilded that it shone and glittered in the sunshine like a fairy palace.
- b) Great golden gates opened into a courtyard where a fountain, sparkling with gold and gems, flowed all day long with red and white wine instead of water. This fountain bore the motto – “Make good cheer who will.”

Chapter 63

After printing was discovered and books became cheaper, people began to read and, in consequence, to think much more than they had done before. The more people read and thought, the more difficult some of them found it to believe just what they were ordered to believe by the Pope.

Chapter 64

Henry VIII died in 1547 A.D., having reigned for nearly thirty-eight years. His reign was a great one for England, the country becoming more important among the kingdoms of Europe than it had ever been. But Henry himself was bad and selfish, and, at the end of his reign at least, proved himself to be a cruel tyrant.

Chapter 65

Henry VIII had three children. They were called Mary, Elizabeth, and Edward.

Edward was the son of Lady Jane Seymore, Henry's third wife, and was the youngest of the three. But for several reasons he was made King.

Edward was only nine years old and his uncle, Lord Somerset, was made Regent or Protector. Lord Somerset was not a strong man and did not rule well. He wished to be powerful and tried to make himself king in all but name. His brother, Thomas Seymore, also wanted to rule, so there were plots and quarrels between them and between other great nobles.

Chapter 65

a) Edward had never been strong, and Northumberland knew that he was not likely to live long. The next heir to the throne was Mary, Edward's elder sister. She was the daughter of Katherine of Arragon, the first wife of Henry VIII.

b) Princess Mary was a Roman Catholic. She hated the Protestant religion as much as Edward loved it. It made Edward sad to think that, when he was dead, Mary would undo all that he had done and that England would again become Roman Catholic.

Chapter 66

With tears running down her face, Lady Jane fell upon her knees, and clasping her hands said, "Then if it must be so, God give me strength to bear this heavy burden. God give me grace to rule for His glory and the good of the people."

Chapter 66

Meanwhile, Mary had been proclaimed Queen in the streets of London.

Instead of the gloomy silence which had greeted Lady Jane Grey, the people shouted with joy, "God save the Queen! God save the Queen!"

The news spread fast. The church bells rang, the people sang and shouted, bonfires were lit, everywhere there was feasting and rejoicing. Mary was Queen.

Chapter 67

Queen Mary thought that her sister, the Princess Elizabeth, had a part in the plot to put her from the throne, so as soon as it began, she sent some gentlemen with soldiers to take her prisoner.

Chapter 68

With Philip's help the Queen began to do what she dearly wished. That was to bring England again under the power of the Pope.

The Pope sent a messenger to England, and Philip and Mary, holding a solemn service, knelt at his feet. They confessed that Henry VIII had done a wicked thing, when he quarreled with the Pope. They said that the people of England were sorry for it, and humbly begged to be forgiven.

Chapter 69

As the Queen passed through the gates, she paused. "Some," she said, "have fallen from being Princes in this land to be prisoners in this place; I am raised from being prisoner in this place to be Prince in this land. That was the work of God's justice; this a work of His mercy. So must I be myself to God thankful, and to man merciful."

Chapter 70

At this time in Scotland as in England there ruled a Queen. These two Queens were cousins, for Margaret, the sister of Henry VIII, had married James IV, King of Scotland, and this Mary who was now Queen of Scotland was their granddaughter and Elizabeth's cousin.

Chapter 70

In Scotland, as in England, many dreadful things happened because of the Reformation and change of religion. Mary was a Roman Catholic, while many of her people had turned to the new religion. There were other causes for quarrels, so there was sorrow and war, until at last the Scottish people imprisoned their beautiful Queen in a lonely castle, upon an island, in the middle of a loch.

Chapter 71

These Spanish ships with their gilded prows and white sails shining in the sun made a splendid show as they sailed along in the shape of a crescent seven miles long. King Philip called his fleet the Invincible Armada. Invincible means, "which cannot be conquered"; Armada is a Spanish word meaning "navy".

Chapter 71

How the people rejoiced! Bells rang, bonfires blazed, and every heart was filled with thankfulness. In memory of the victory, the Queen ordered a medal to be made, and on it, in Latin, were the words, "God blew with his breath, and they were scattered."

Chapter 72

Sir Walter Raleigh was one of the great men who lived at this time. He was a soldier and a sailor, a courtier, and a writer of books. But clever though he was, until the great Queen noticed him, he remained only a simple country gentleman.

Chapter 72

Raleigh had many adventures. He swept the ocean in his ships, and he fought by land and sea. But he wrote books too, and one of his friends was the poet Spenser, who tells beautiful stories in his poem called the Faerie Queen.

Chapter 73

Another brave and handsome man, who was a great favorite with the Queen, was the Earl of Essex. He was so handsome and graceful that the Queen liked to have him always near her, although she quarreled with him very often.

Chapter 73

On March 24, 1603 A.D., this great queen died, having reigned forty-five years. She had loved her country and her people, and her people loved her and wept for her at her death. No ruler had ever before been so mourned.

Chapter 74

a) James had been King of Scotland for many years before he became King of England too. He was a very little boy when he was first made King, and Scotland had been ruled by a Regent.

b) James had been carefully taught, but unfortunately his teachers had thought more of making him clever, than of teaching him things which would have made him a great ruler. Some people called him the "British Solomon," but because he was such a mixture of wisdom and foolishness he has also been called the "Wisest fool in Christendom."

Chapter 75

The first of these brave people who left England for conscience' sake, were called the Pilgrim Fathers. The ship they sailed in was called the Mayflower. There were only one hundred of them – men, women, and children.

Chapter 75

a) The breaking waves dashed high
on a stern and rockbound coast,
And the woods against the stormy sky
their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark,
the hills and water o'er;

When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
on the wild New England shore.

b) Not as the conqueror comes,
they the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums
and the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
in silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
with their hymns of lofty cheer.

c) Amidst the storm they sang,
and the stars heard and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang
to the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared from his nest
by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd,
this was their welcome home.

d) There were men with hoary hair
amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come the wither there,
away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
lit by her deep love's truth,
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
and the fiery heart of youth.

e) What sought they thus afar?
bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? The spoils of war?
No – 'twas a faith's pure shrine.

Yes, call it holy ground,
which first their brave feet trod!
They have left unstain'd what there they found,
freedom to worship God!

a) Like King James, King Charles had bad advisors, and one of the worst, perhaps, was his own wife, of whom he was very fond. She was a French princess called Henrietta Maria and was a Roman Catholic.

b) She hated the Puritans, who were growing more and more important in England. Charles hated them too, and, with the advice of Archbishop Laud, who was one of his chief advisers, he treated the Puritans very hardly.

Chapter 77

King Charles had quarreled with every Parliament he had had during his reign. Now the quarrels grew worse and worse. At last, one day, Charles marched to the House, followed by his soldiers, meaning to seize five members, who, he thought, were his worst enemies.

Chapter 77

a) The King and the lords were on one side, and the Parliament and the people on the other. Those who followed the King were called Cavaliers or Royalists, those who followed the Parliament were called Parliamentarians or Roundheads.

b) Cavalier comes from a word which means "horse," and the Cavaliers were so called because most of them rode upon horses. The Roundheads were so called because they wore their hair short instead of long and curling like the Cavaliers.

The Roundheads were for the most part Puritans, while the Cavaliers belonged to the Church of England.

Chapter 78

a) "God gives not kings the style of gods in vain,
For on the throne His scepter do they sway;
And as their subjects fear and serve them to obey,
So kings should fear and serve their God again.
If, then, you would enjoy a happy reign,
Observe the statutes of our heavenly King,
And from His law make all your laws to spring.

b) If His lieutenant here you would remain,

Reward the just, be steadfast, true, and plain;
Repress the proud, maintaining aye the right;
Walk always so as ever in His sight,
Who guards the godly, plaguing the profane;
And so shall you in princely virtues shine,
Resembling right your mighty King divine.”

Chapter 79

For more than six weeks Charles had traveled in fear and danger among his bitter enemies. In spite of his disguises, many people had recognized him. Yet not one had betrayed him. Instead, they had taken a great deal of trouble and run many risks to help and save him, and now his difficulties and dangers were over.

Chapter 80

Cromwell was the strongest man in the country, yet no real ruler had been appointed, and the Rump Parliament was acting neither wisely nor well. Cromwell made up his mind to put an end to this.

Chapter 80

a) “He first put arms into Religion’s hand,
And tim’rous conscience unto courage mann’d;
The soldier taught that inward mail to wear,
And fearing God, how they should nothing fear;
Those strokes, he said, will pierce through all below,
Where those that strike from Heav’n fetch their blow.

b) Astonished armies did their flight prepare,
And cities strong were stormed by his prayer;
In all his wars needs must he triumph, when
He conquered God still ere he fought with men.”

Chapter 81

They remembered with regret the days of Charles I, when people dressed in gay colors, when they sang and played, when it was not thought wicked to have Christmas games or village dances, and they longed for these days to come again.

Chapter 81

While this war was going on a terrible sickness called the plague broke out in London. It began in winter time. At first no one thought much about it, for such sickness was common in those days when people were careless about keeping their houses and towns clean.

Chapter 81

It was a dreadful time. No business was done, the shops were shut, the churches were empty. The streets, which used to be so full of people hurrying to and fro, were silent, deserted, and grass-grown.

Chapter 82

a) After the plague had passed away another dreadful misfortune happened to London, at least at the time it seemed like a misfortune, but really it was a good thing. This was the Great Fire which caused much of the city to be burned to the ground.

b) Many of the dirty houses and narrow streets were destroyed, and with them the last remains of the dreadful plague were also burned away. When the houses were built again they were made better and the streets were made wider, so that the Great Fire was not altogether a misfortune.

Chapter 82

Charles was called the Merry Monarch, because he was gay and laughter-loving. The people were glad at first to have so gay a King, for there were tired of the stern ways of Cromwell and the Puritans. But they soon found out that Charles was selfish and wicked as well as gay, and his reign proved a very unhappy one for Britain.

Chapter 83

In those days there were no telegraphs and no postmen. There were even few roads among the wild Highlands of Scotland and few people could read. So when a chief had need of his men he gathered them by means of a sign which all could understand. This sign was the Fiery Cross.

Chapter 84

Monmouth tried to escape in disguise. He changed clothes with a poor shepherd, but the country was so full of the King's soldiers that he found it impossible to get away. For several days he lived in the fields, hiding in ditches and having nothing to eat but raw peas and beans.

Chapter 85

From street to street the joyful news spread like wildfire. Bells rang, cannon boomed, bonfires blazed, people cheered and wept and sang. Another battle had been fought for freedom, another victory won, and all England seemed mad with the joy of it.

At night, the houses were lit up; in nearly every window a row of seven candles appeared, one candle for each bishop. The streets were filled with rejoicing people, and not until day dawned, and the bells began to ring for morning service, did the weary, happy crowds go to their homes.

Chapter 86

At Westminster a Parliament was called, which arranged that William and Mary should be King and Queen together. For although Mary had the better right to the throne she did not wish to reign without her husband, nor did he wish to accept a lower rank than that of his wife.

Chapter 87

a) The walls were weak and the cannon few, and the Irish thought that the town could not hold out for long. The Governor, too, was a cowardly man, and did his best to dishearten the people, until it was suspected that he was a traitor.

b) Indeed, he would have given in, but a brave old clergyman, called Walker, marched into his pulpit one morning with a sword in one hand and a Bible in the other, and preached such a rousing sermon that the people took heart and never lost it again through all the long weeks of hunger and suffering which they had to endure.

Chapter 88

a) For some time Britain and France had been at war, for the French King hated William, and would not acknowledge him as King of Britain. William spent a part of every year abroad directing this war and ruling Holland.

b) While he was gone, Mary ruled in England. She governed so well, and was so sweet and gentle, that the people loved her dearly. They loved her far more than they loved William, who was so quiet and stern as to seem almost sullen.

Chapter 89

When the Queen gave her consent to the act of union, as it was named, she called both Lords and Commons together, and made a speech to them. "I desire and expect from all my subjects of both nations, that from henceforth they act with all possible respect and kindness to one another, that so it may appear to all the world they have hearts disposed to become one people. This will give me great pleasure."

Chapter 90

"But when our standard was set up,
so fierce the wind did blow, Willie,
The golden knob down from the top
Unto the ground did fa', Willie.
Then second-sighted Sandy said,
We'll dae nae gude at a', Willie;
While pipers played frae right to left
Fy, furich Whigs awa', Willie.

Chapter 90

"There's some say that we wan,
Some say that they wan,

Some say that nane wan at a', man;
But one thing I'm sure,
That at Sheriffmuir
A battle there was, which I saw, man;
And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran,
And we ran and they ran awa', man."

Chapter 90

a) "O far frae my hame full soon will I be,
It's far, far frae hame, in a strange countrie,
Where I'll tarry a while, return, and with you be,
And bring many jolly boys to our ain countrie."

b) "I wish you all success till I again you see,
May the lusty Highland lads fight on and never flee.
When the King sets foot aground, and
returns from the sea,
Then you'll welcome him hame to his ain countrie."

c) "God bless our royal King, from danger keep him free,
When he conquers all the foes that oppose his Majesty,
God bless the Duke of Mar and all his cavalry,
Who first began the war for our King and our countrie."

d) "Let the traitor King make haste and out of England flee,
With all his spurious race come far beyond the sea;
Then we will crown our royal King with mirth and jollity,
And end our days in peace in our ain countrie."

Chapter 91

So in a dark Highland glen the standard of the Prince was raised. It was of red silk, and on it were the proud words, Tandem Truimphans, which means "Triumphant at last." And as the red silk folds fluttered out on the mountain breeze it was greeted by the sounds of bagpipes and shouts of the people.

Chapter 92

a) Many people helped Prince Charles, but it was a beautiful lady, called Flora Macdonald, who perhaps helped him most. She served him when he was most miserable and in greatest danger. The whole country round was filled with soldiers searching for him.

b) He scarcely dared to leave his hiding-place, and was almost dying of hunger. No house was safe for him, and he had to hide among the rocks of the seashore, shivering with cold and drenched with rain.

Chapter 93

a) There were one hundred and forty-six prisoners, and the Black Hole was so small that there was hardly room in it for them to stand. The windows were so tiny that hardly any air could come through them. When the prisoners were told that they were all to go into this dreadful place they could not believe it.

b) They thought at first that the Prince meant it as a jest. But they soon found out that it was no jest, but horrible, sinful earnest. In spite of their cries and entreaties, they were all driven in and the door fastened.

Chapter 94

“The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The losing herd winds slowly o’er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

“Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.”

Parables From Nature by Margaret Gatty

No copywork available yet

***Pilgrim's Progress by John Bunyan**

(Page numbers and text from Project Gutenberg’s on-line text)

Some speech marks have been added.

Page 7 The Dream

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep: and, as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold, I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back.

Page 8 The City of Destruction

So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now, he had not run far from his own door, but his wife and children, perceiving it, began to cry after him to return; but the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, "Life! Life! Eternal life!"

Page 9 Obstinate and Pliable

"You dwell," said he, "in the City of Destruction, the place also where I was born: I see it to be so; and, dying there, sooner or later, you will sink lower than the grave, into a place that burns with fire and brimstone: be content, good neighbors, and go along with me."

Pages 10-11 Obstinate and Pliable

- (a) There is an endless kingdom to be inhabited, and everlasting life to be given us, that we may inhabit that kingdom for ever.
- (b) There shall be no more crying, nor sorrow: for He that is owner of the place will wipe all tears from our eyes.

Page 11 The Slough of Despond

Now I saw in my dream, that just as they had ended this talk they drew near to a very miry slough, that was in the midst of the plain; and they, being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was Despond.

Page 12 The Slough of Despond

At this Pliable began to be offended, and angrily said to his fellow, "Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect betwixt this and our journey's end? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave country alone for me."

Page 15 Mr. Worldly Wiseman

When Christians unto carnal men give ear,
Out of their way they go, and pay for it dear;
For Master Worldly Wiseman can but show
A saint the way to bondage and to woe.

Pages 16-17 Mr. Worldly Wiseman

(a) The Lord says, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate", the gate to which I sent thee; for "strait is the gate that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." From this little wicket-gate, and from the way thereto, hath this wicked man turned thee, to the bringing of thee almost to destruction.

(b) This Legality, therefore, is not able to set thee free from thy burden. No man was as yet ever rid of his burden by him; no, nor ever is like to be: ye cannot be justified by the works of the law; for by the deeds of the law no man living can be rid of his burden.

Page 18 The Gate

So, in process of time, Christian got up to the gate. Now, over the gate there was written, 'Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'

Page 21 The Gate

We make no objections against any, notwithstanding all that they have done before they came hither. They are in no wise cast out; and therefore, good Christian, come a little way with me, and I will teach thee about the way thou must go. Look before thee; dost thou see this narrow way? That is the way thou must go; it was cast up by the patriarchs, prophets, Christ, and his apostles; and it is as straight as a rule can make it.

This parlor is the heart of a man that was never sanctified by the sweet grace of the gospel; the dust is his original sin and inward corruptions, that have defiled the whole man. He that began to sweep at first, is the Law; but she that brought water, and did sprinkle it, is the Gospel.

Page 23 The House of the Interpreter

Then I saw that one came to Passion, and brought him a bag of treasure, and poured it down at his feet, the which he took up and rejoiced therein, and withal laughed Patience to scorn. But I beheld but a while, and he had lavished all away, and had nothing left him but rags.

Page 24 The House of the Interpreter

Then I saw in my dream that the Interpreter took Christian by the hand, and led him into a place where was a fire burning against a wall, and one standing by it, always casting much water upon it, to quench it; yet did the fire burn higher and hotter.

Page 27 The Cross

So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the sepulcher, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said, with a merry heart, "He hath given me rest by his sorrow, and life by his death." Then he stood still awhile to look and wonder; for it was very surprising to him, that the sight of the cross should thus ease him of his burden.

Page 28 The Cross

Thus far I did come laden with my sin;
Nor could aught ease the grief that I was in
Till I came hither: What a place is this!
Must here be the beginning of my bliss?
Must here the burden fall from off my back?
Must here the strings that bound it to me crack?

Blest cross! blest sepulcher! blest rather be
The Man that there was put to shame for me!

Pages 28-29 Formalist and Hypocrisy

(a) Why came you not in at the gate which standeth at the beginning of the way? Know you not that it is written, that he that cometh not in by the door, "but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber?"

(b) By laws and ordinances you will not be saved, since you came not in by the door. And as for this coat that is on my back, it was given me by the Lord of the place whither I go; and that, as you say, to cover my nakedness with. And I take it as a token of his kindness to me; for I had nothing but rags before.

Page 30 the Hill of Difficulty

The hill, though high, I covet to ascend,
The difficulty will not me offend;
For I perceive the way to life lies here.
Come, pluck up heart, let's neither faint nor fear;
Better, though difficult, the right way to go,
Than wrong, though easy, where the end is woe."

Page 31 the Hill of Difficulty

How many steps have I took in vain! Thus it happened to Israel, for their sin; they were sent back again by the way of the Red Sea; and I am made to tread those steps with sorrow, which I might have trod with delight, had it not been for this sinful sleep.

Page 32 the Palace Beautiful

Fear not the lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith where it is, and for discovery of those that had none. Keep in the midst of the path, no hurt shall come unto thee.

Page 35 the Palace Beautiful

I saw three men, Simple, Sloth, and Presumption, lie asleep a little out of the way, as I came, with irons upon their heels; but do you think I could awake them? I also saw Formality and Hypocrisy come tumbling over the wall, to go, as they pretended, to Zion, but they were quickly lost, even as I myself did tell them; but they would not believe.

Page 38 the Palace Beautiful

Where am I now? Is this the love and care
Of Jesus for the men that pilgrims are?
Thus to provide! that I should be forgiven!
And dwell already the next door to heaven!

Page 39 the Palace Beautiful

The next day they took him and had him into the armoury, where they showed him all manner of furniture, which their Lord had provided for pilgrims, as sword, shield, helmet, breastplate, All-prayer, and shoes that would not wear out. And there was here enough of this to harness out as many men for the service of their Lord as there be stars in the heaven for multitude.

Page 40 Apollyon

But now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way, before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground. But he considered again that he had no armour for his back; and therefore thought that to turn the back to him might give him the greater advantage with ease to pierce him with his darts.

Page 43 Apollyon

While Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly stretched out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall I shall arise" and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound.

Christian perceiving that, made at him again, saying, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us".

Page 44 the Valley of the Shadow of Death

Now, at the end of this valley was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and Christian must needs go through it, because the way to the Celestial City lay through the midst of it.

Page 45 the Valley of the Shadow of Death

Sometimes he had half a thought to go back; then again he thought he might be half way through the valley; he remembered also how he had already vanquished many a danger, and that the danger of going back might be much more than for to go forward; so he resolved to go on. Yet the fiends seemed to come nearer and nearer; but when they were come even almost at him, he cried out with a most vehement voice, "I will walk in the strength of the Lord God!" so they gave back, and came no further.

Page 47 Faithful

Now, as Christian went on his way, he came to a little ascent, which was cast up on purpose that pilgrims might see before them. Up there, therefore, Christian went, and looking forward, he saw Faithful before him, upon his journey. Then said Christian aloud, "Ho! ho! So-ho! Stay, and I will be your companion!"

Page 48 Faithful

My honored and well-beloved brother, Faithful, I am glad that I have overtaken you; and that God has so tempered our spirits, that we can walk as companions in this so pleasant a path.

Page 50 Faithful's meeting with Adam the First

Then it came burning hot into my mind, whatever he said, and however he flattered, when he got me home to his house, he would sell me for a slave.

Pages 51 Faithful's meeting with Discontent

Yes, I met with one Discontent, who would willingly have persuaded me to go back again with him; his reason was, for that the valley was altogether without honor He told me, moreover, that there to go was the way to disobey all my friends, as Pride, Arrogance, Self-conceit, Worldly-glory, with others, who he knew, as he said, would be very much offended, if I made such a fool of myself as to wade through this valley.

Page 52 Faithful's meeting with Discontent

I told him, moreover, that as to this valley, he had quite misrepresented the thing; for before honor is humility, and a haughty spirit before a fall. Therefore, said I, I had rather go through this valley to the honor that was so accounted by the wisest, than choose that which he esteemed most worthy of our affections.

Page 53 Faithful's meeting with Shame

Seeing, then, that God prefers his religion; seeing God prefers a tender conscience; seeing they that make themselves fools for the kingdom of heaven are wisest; and that the poor man that loveth Christ is richer than the greatest man in the world that hates him; Shame, depart, thou art an enemy to my salvation!

Page 55 Talkative

At this Christian modestly smiled, and said, "This man, with whom you are so taken, will beguile, with that tongue of his, twenty of them that know him not."

Page 57 Talkative

Well, I see that saying and doing are two things, and hereafter I shall better observe this distinction.

Page 61 Talkative

I wish that all men would deal with such as you have done: then should they either be made more conformable to religion, or the company of saints would be too hot for them.

Page 64 Vanity Fair

One chanced mockingly, beholding the carriage of the men, to say unto them, "What will ye buy?" But they, looking gravely upon him, answered, "We buy the truth." At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last things came to a hubbub and great stir in the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded.

Page 65 Vanity Fair

But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that was cast upon them, with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side, though but few in comparison of the rest, several of the men in the fair.

Page 66 Vanity Fair

Now, Faithful, play the man, speak for thy God:
Fear not the wicked's malice; nor their rod:
Speak boldly, man, the truth is on thy side:
Die for it, and to life in triumph ride.

Page 69 Vanity Fair

Now I saw that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses, waiting for Faithful, who (so soon as his adversaries had dispatched him) was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds, with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the Celestial Gate.

Page 71 By-Ends

If you will go with us, you must go against wind and tide; the which, I perceive, is against your opinion; you must also own religion in his rags, as well as when in his silver slippers; and stand by him, too, when bound in irons, as well as when he walks the streets with applause.

Page 72 By-Ends

They are for hazarding all for God at a clap; and I am for taking all advantages to secure my life and estate. They are for holding their notions, though all other men are against them; but I am for religion in what, and so far as the times, and my safety, will bear it.

Page 75 Demas

Here is a silver mine, and some digging in it for treasure. If you will come, with a little pains you may richly provide for yourselves.

Page 77 Lot's Wife

Now I saw that, just on the other side of this plain, the pilgrims came to a place where stood an old monument, hard by the highway side, at the sight of which they were both concerned, because of the strangeness of the form thereof; for it seemed to them as if it had been a woman transformed into the shape of a pillar.

Page 79 By-Path Meadow

Now, a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it; and that meadow is called By-path Meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow, "If this meadow lieth along by our wayside, let us go over into it."

Page 80 Giant Despair

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping: wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds.

Page 81 Giant Despair

Who knows, but the God that made the world may cause that Giant Despair may die? Or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in? Or that he may, in a short time, have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? And if ever that should come to pass again, for my part, I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand.

Page 83 Giant Despair

Now a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in passionate speech: What a fool, quoth he, am I, thus to lie in a stinking Dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty. I have a Key in my bosom called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any Lock in Doubting Castle.

Page 84 Delectable Mountains

These mountains are Immanuel's Land, and they are within sight of his city; and the sheep also are his, and he laid down his life for them.

Page 86 Ignorance

Christian: But what have you to show at that gate, that may cause that the gate should be opened to you?

Ignorance: I know my Lord's will, and I have been a good liver; I pay every man his own; I pray, fast, pay tithes, and give alms, and have left my country for whither I am going.

Page 88 Little-Faith

Will a man give a penny to fill his belly with hay; or can you persuade the turtle-dove to live upon carrion like the crow? Though faithless ones can, for carnal lusts, pawn, or mortgage, or sell what they have, and themselves outright to boot; yet they that have faith, saving faith, though but a little of it, cannot do so.

Page 91 Little-Faith

But for such footmen as thee and I are, let us never desire to meet with an enemy, nor vaunt as if we could do better, when we hear of others that they have been foiled, nor be tickled at the thoughts of our own manhood; for such commonly come by the worst when tried.

Page 92 The Flatterer

But by and by, before they were aware, he led them both within the compass of a net, in which they were both so entangled that they knew not what to do; and with that the white robe fell off the black man's back. Then they saw where they were.

Page 93 The Flatterer

Then said he with the whip, "It is Flatterer, a false apostle, that hath transformed himself into an angel of light." So he rent the net, and let the men out. Then he said to them, "Follow me, that I may set you in your way again."

Page 95 The Enchanted Ground

Do you not remember that one of the Shepherds bid us beware of the Enchanted Ground? He meant by that that we should beware of sleeping; "Therefore let us not sleep, as do others, but let us watch and be sober."

Page 98 Hopeful

I could not tell what to do, until I brake my mind to Faithful, for he and I were well acquainted. And he told me, that unless I could obtain the righteousness of a man that never had sinned, neither mine own, nor all the righteousness of the world could save me.

Page 99 Hopeful

Lord, I have heard that thou art a merciful God, and hast ordained that thy Son Jesus Christ should be the Savior of the world; and moreover, that thou art willing to bestow

him upon such a poor sinner as I am, (and I am a sinner indeed); Lord, take therefore this opportunity and magnify thy grace in the salvation of my soul, through thy Son Jesus Christ. Amen.

Page 100 Hopeful

And now was my heart full of joy, mine eyes full of tears, and mine affections running over with love to the name, people, and ways of Jesus Christ.

Page 102 Ignorance

Yes, that is a good heart that hath good thoughts, and that is a good life that is according to God's commandments; but it is one thing, indeed, to have these, and another thing only to think so.

Page 105 Ignorance

Well, Ignorance, wilt thou yet foolish be,
To slight good counsel, ten times given thee?
And if thou yet refuse it, thou shalt know,
Ere long, the evil of thy doing so.
Remember, man, in time, stoop, do not fear;
Good counsel taken well, saves: therefore hear.
But if thou yet shalt slight it, thou wilt be
The loser, (Ignorance), I'll warrant thee.

Page 107 Temporary

I am of your mind, for, my house not being above three miles from him, he would oftentimes come to me, and that with many tears. Truly I pitied the man, and was not altogether without hope of him; but one may see, it is not every one that cries, Lord, Lord.

Page 109 Beulah

Now I saw in my dream, that by this time the Pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear on the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land.

Page 110 The River

Now, I further saw, that betwixt them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over: the river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river, the Pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went in with them said, "You must go through, or you cannot come at the gate."

Page 111 The River

Then said Christian, Ah! my friend, the sorrows of death hath compassed me about; I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey; and with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him.

Page 112 The City of Heaven

Now, now, look how the holy pilgrims ride,
Clouds are their chariots, angels are their guide:
Who would not here for him all hazards run,
That thus provides for his when this world's done?

Page 113 The City of Heaven

Now while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them; to whom it was said, by the other two Shining Ones, "These are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the world, and that have left all for his holy name; and he hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy."

Page 114 The City of Heaven

Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate: and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There was also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them--the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honor

The Conclusion

Now, Reader, I have told my dream to thee;
See if thou canst interpret it to me,
Or to thyself, or neighbour; but take heed
Of misinterpreting; for that, instead
Of doing good, will but thyself abuse:
By misinterpreting, evil ensues.

Take heed, also, that thou be not extreme,
In playing with the outside of my dream:
Nor let my figure or similitude
Put thee into a laughter or a feud.
Leave this for boys and fools; but as for thee,
Do thou the substance of my matter see.

Put by the curtains, look within my veil,
Turn up my metaphors, and do not fail,
There, if thou seekest them, such things to find,
As will be helpful to an honest mind.

What of my dross thou findest there, be bold
To throw away, but yet preserve the gold;
What if my gold be wrapped up in ore?
None throws away the apple for the core.
But if thou shalt cast all away as vain,
I know not but 'twill make me dream again.

***Princess and the Goblin by George MacDonald**

Chapter 1

Her face was fair and pretty, with eyes like two bits of night sky, each with a star dissolved in the blue.

Chapter 2

She had once before been up six steps, and that was sufficient reason, in such a day for trying to find out what was at the top of it.

Chapter 3

It was more like the hum of a very happy bee that found a rich well of honey in some globular flower.

Chapter 4

'I will go with you anywhere you like, my cherub,' she answered; and in two minutes the weary little princess was fast asleep.

Chapter 5

This day's adventure, however, did not turn out like yesterday's, although it began like it; and indeed today is very seldom like yesterday, if people would note the differences – even when it rains.

Chapter 6

The next day the great cloud still hung over the mountain, and the rain poured like water from a full sponge.

Chapter 7

With flint and steel, and tinder-box, they lighted their lamps, then fixed them on their heads, and were soon hard at work with their pickaxes and shovels and hammers.

Chapter 8

He had not kept the position for one minute before he heard something which made him sharpen his ears.

Chapter 9

He was at the entrance of a magnificent cavern, of an oval shape, once probably a huge natural reservoir of water, now the great palace hall of the goblins.

Chapter 10

She jumped up with a cry of joy, for she knew by that particular blast that her father was on his way to see her.

Chapter 11

What if I should really find my beautiful old grand-mother up there! She said to herself as she crept up the steep steps.

Chapter 12

She never had more to say about it; but the less clever she was with her words, the more clever she was with her hands; and the less his mother said, the more Curdie believed she had to say.

Chapter 13

They were of one sort – creatures- but they were so grotesque and misshapen as to be more like a child's drawing upon his slate than anything natural.

Chapter 14

Could it really be that an old lady lived up in the house, with pigeons and a spinning-wheel, and a lamp that never went out?

Chapter 15

The princess looked, and saw a large oval tub of silver, shinning brilliantly in the light of wonderful lamp.

Chapter 16

How your ring does glow in the morning princess!-just like a fiery rose! She said.

Chapter 17

She would pay visits to all the flowers-nests she new, remembering each by itself.

Chapter 18

But whether he was not careful enough, or the projection gave way, down he came with a rush on the floor of the cavern bringing with him a great shower of stones.

Chapter 19

Meantime, until they should come again at night, there was nothing for him to do but forge new rhymes, now his only weapon.

Chapter 20

Across the yard the thread still ran along the ground, until it brought her to a door in the wall which opened upon the mountainside.

Chapter 21

But at length they spied a glimmer of light, and in a minute more they were almost blinded buy the full sunlight, into which the emerged.

Chapter 22

Seeing is not believing- it is only seeing.

Chapter 23

'Yes it was strange; but I can't help believing it whether you do or not,' said his mother.

Chapter 24

'I am quite safe and well, and I did not hide myself for the sake of either amusing myself or of troubling people.'

Chapter 25

The first they discovered that the bolt that they had shot, taking him for one of the goblin's creatures, had wounded him.

Chapter 26

As he spoke, there came a great rolling rumble underneath them and the house quivered.

Chapter 27

Curdie burst in dancing and gyrating and stamping and singing like a small incarnate whirlwind.

Chapter 28

Feeling and peering about in the gray of the dawn, his fingers came upon a tight thread.

Chapter 29

They had heard goblin hammers and pick axes busy all the time, and at length fancied they heard sounds of water they had never heard before.

Chapter 30

'Papa! papa!' The princess cried, stretching out her arms to him; 'here I am!'

Chapter 31

But they got safe out of the gate and up the mountain, while the torrent went roaring down the road to the valley beneath.

Chapter 32

And the whole way a light, of which all but Lottie understood the origin, shone upon their path.

Saturdays by Elizabeth Enright

Saturday One

It was a very wet rain. It plinked and splashed and ran in long curly streams down the skylight. The windows were speckled and running, and occasional drops even fell down the chimney and hissed into the fire.

Saturday One

All the Melendy children had their own jobs. They each had not one but several. For instance, they made their own beds and took weekly turns at cleaning the Office (all except Oliver, of course).

Saturday One

We can call it the Independent Saturday Afternoon Adventure Club. In front of people we can speak of it by its initials. I.S.S.A.C. Get It!

Saturday Two

(note: 3 paragraphs separate these 2 passages but the volunteer chose to put them together for ease)

It was just beginning to rain when she came to the art gallery where the French pictures were being shown for the benefit of war relief. It cost seventy –five cents to go in, so Randy planned to stay a long time and gave her coat to the doorman.

Pretty soon she forgot about everything but the pictures.

Saturday Two

“That’s because you have ‘eyes the better to see with, my dear’ and ‘ears the better to hear with.’ Nobody who has them and uses them is likely to find life humdrum very often. Even when they have to use bifocal lenses, like me.”

Saturday Three

(note: 1 sentence separates these 2 passages but the volunteer chose to put them together for ease)

The music was wonderful; swell, was how Rush thought of it. It was made up of so many different kinds of music.

All of them were woven together mysterious and wide and deep; and each of them came flashing out from time to time like unexpected rays sparkling from a precious stone.

Saturday Three

Really after he was clean and dry the dog looked very nice. He was a becoming shade of tan. The spaniel in him showed up to advantage; his ears were long and he had a feathery fringe around each paw.

Saturday Four

She enjoyed it all. The sidewalk was a river of people, the street was a torrent of traffic; on each side the towering buildings were studded with as many windows as there are stars in heaven, and high, high overhead against the cold blue sky a tiny airplane, flashing like a dagger, wrote a single magic word, "Pepsi-Cola," in mile-long loops of smoke.

Saturday Four

She was safe in her bed, the house enclosed her in a shell of warm security and all about, on every side, were the members of her own family who loved and understood her so well. She felt calm and happy.

Saturday Five

But this particular Saturday was Oliver's, and they had agreed to stay home. Not that he could go out by himself, of course, as they could; but in order to make him feel like a proper member of the I.S.S.A.C., they respected his Saturday and stayed home.

Saturday Five

What a circus it was! One continual blaze of glory from beginning to end; from the flashing, bounding acrobats to the trained seals clapping their flippers; from the daring tightrope walkers to the fat clown who kept finding live ducklings in his pockets. Oliver did not want to believe it was over and sat for quite a while with people climbing over him and pushing past him, in the hope that they were all mistaken and something new was about to begin in the arena.

Saturday Five

"But the thing I liked best of all wasn't in the circus."

"What was that?" said Father.

"It was when the policeman brought me home on the horse," replied Oliver.

Saturday Six

“We’ve decided this business of going off by ourselves isn’t such a good idea after all. We’ve decided to all do something together every Saturday instead, so Oliver can do it too.”

Saturday Six

“Rush,” said Cuffy, “after this you can keep that dog in your room every night if you want to. He can sleep on the foot of your bed, bury his bones under the livingroom carpet, leave his muddy paw prints on the woodwork and anything else he likes. He’s a wonderful dog and no mistake!”

Saturday Seven

Bearded with dust, wearing a petticoat and her straw hat, Randy at last emerged from the storeroom, her arms full. She banged the door shut behind with her foot. Careless Randy. In the storeroom the electric light burned brightly as before; and as the door slammed shut a sudden draft lifted the wide collar of the dress she had hung on the bracket and dropped it over the bulb.

Saturday Eight

It was hard to imagine anything better. The lighthouse had once been an honest-to-goodness lighthouse, no doubt about that. It was round and stout and tall, with a wide red band around its middle.

Saturday Eight

She was so happy that she wanted to do something about it. Perform a noble action or give a present to somebody, or be good for the rest of her life. Of course, when the opportunity came she would go down to temptation as soon as anyone else, but just now she didn’t believe it.

Saturday Eight

They leaned their arms on the window sill and looked at the world; so changed, so beautiful, in this strange light. The water lapped and purred against the rocks, and the breeze that cooled their faces smelled of honeysuckle and salt marshes.

“Now it’s going to be Saturday every day all summer long,” said Randy, and yawned a wide, peaceful, happy yawn.

***Science Lab in a Supermarket by Robert Friedhoffer**

No copywork available yet

***Secrets of the Woods by William J. Long**

CHAPTER 1

Little Tookhees the wood mouse, the 'Fraid One, as Simmo calls him, always makes two appearances when you squeak to bring him out. First, after much peeking, he runs out of his tunnel; sits up once on his hind legs; rubs his eyes with his paws; looks up for the owl, and behind him for the fox, and straight ahead at the tent where the man lives; then he dives back headlong into his tunnel with a rustle of leaves and a frightened whistle, as if Kupkavis the little owl had seen him. That is to reassure himself. In a moment he comes back softly to see what kind of crumbs you have given him.

CHAPTER 2

What was it in the air? What sense of fear brooded here and whispered in the alder leaves and tinkled in the brook? Simmo grew uneasy and hurried away. He was like the wood folk. But I sat down on a great log that the spring floods had driven in through the alders to feel the meaning of the place, if possible, and to have the vast sweet solitude all to myself for a little while.

CHAPTER 2

A faint stir on my left, and another! Then up the path, twisting and gliding, came Keeonekh, the first otter that I had ever seen in the wilderness. Where the sun flickered in through the alder leaves it glinted brightly on the shiny puter hairs of his rough coat. As he went his nose worked constantly, going far ahead of his bright little eyes to tell him what was in the path.

CHAPTER 2

I was sitting very still, some distance to one side, and he did not see me. Near old Noel's deadfall he paused an instant with raised head, in the curious snake-like attitude that all the weasels take when watching. Then he glided round the end of the trap, and disappeared down the portage.

CHAPTER 3

Wherever you find Keeonekh the otter you find three other things: wildness, beauty, and running water that no winter can freeze.

CHAPTER 3

I remember one otter family whose den I found, when a boy, on a stream between two ponds within three miles of the town house. Yet the oldest hunter could barely remember the time when the last otter had been caught or seen in the county.

CHAPTER 3

When traveling through the woods in deep snow, Keeonekh makes use of his sliding habit to help him along, especially on down grades. He runs a little way and throws himself forward on his belly, sliding through the snow for several feet before he runs again. So his progress is a series of slides, much as one hurries along in slippery weather.

CHAPTER 4

Koskomenos the kingfisher is a kind of outcast among the birds. I think they regard him as a half reptile, who has not yet climbed high enough in the bird scale to deserve recognition; so they let him severely alone.

CHAPTER 4

As a fisherman he has no equal. His fishy, expressionless eye is yet the keenest that sweeps the water, and his swoop puts even the fish-hawk to shame for its certainty and its lightning quickness.

CHAPTER 4

It was nearly a month before I again camped on the beautiful lake. Summer was gone. All her warmth and more than her fragrant beauty still lingered on forest and river; but the drowsiness had gone from the atmosphere, and the haze had crept into it. Here and there birches and maples flung out their gorgeous banners of autumn over the silent water. A tingle came into the evening air; the lake's breath lay heavy and white in the twilight stillness; birds and beasts became suddenly changed as they entered the brief period of sport and of full feeding.

CHAPTER 5

There is a curious Indian legend about Meeko the red squirrel--the Mischief-Maker, as the Milicetes call him--which is also an excellent commentary upon his character. Simmo told it to me, one day, when we had caught Meeko coming out of a woodpecker's hole with the last of a brood of fledgelings in his mouth, chuckling to himself over his hunting.

CHAPTER 5

Spite of his evil ways, however, he is interesting and always unexpected. When you have watched the red squirrel that lives near your camp all summer, and think you know all about him, he does the queerest thing, good or bad, to upset all your theories and even the Indian legends about him.

CHAPTER 5

I began to talk quietly, calling him a rattle-head and a disturber of the peace. At the first sound of my voice he listened with intense curiosity, then leaped to the log, ran the length of it, jumped down and began to dig furiously among the moss and dead leaves. Every moment or two he would stop, and jump to the log to see if I were watching him.

CHAPTER 6

Suddenly there is a rustle in the leaves. Something stirs by the old stump. A moment ago you thought it was only a brown root; now it runs, hides, draws itself erect--Kwit, kwit, kwit! and with a whirring rush of wings and a whirling eddy of dead leaves a grouse bursts up, and darts away like a blunt arrow, flint-tipped, gray-feathered, among the startled birch stems. As you follow softly to rout him out again, and to thrill and be startled by his unexpected rush, something of the Indian has come unbidden into your cautious tread. All regret for the wilderness is vanished; you are simply glad that so much wildness still remains to speak eloquently of the good old days.

CHAPTER 7

I was camping one summer on a little lake--Deer Pond, the natives called it--a few miles back from a quiet summer resort on the Maine coast. Summer hotels and mackerel fishing and noisy excursions had lost their semblance to a charm; so I made a little tent, hired a canoe, and moved back into the woods.

CHAPTER 8

I had been told by the village hunters that there were no deer; that they had vanished long since, hounded and crusted and chevied out of season, till life was not worth the living. So it was with a start of surprise and a thrill of new interest that I came upon the tracks of a large buck and two smaller deer on the shore one morning. I was following them eagerly when I ran plump upon Old Wally, the cunningest hunter and trapper in the whole region

CHAPTER 9

Evening found me hurrying homeward through the short twilight, along silent wood roads from which the birds had departed, breathing deep of the pure air with its pungent tang of ripened leaves, sniffing the first night smells, listening now for the yap of a fox, now for the distant bay of a dog to guide me in a short cut over the hills to where my room in the old farmhouse was waiting.

CHAPTER 8

So the days went by, one after another; the big buck, aided by his friends the birds, held his own against my craft and patience. He grew more wild and alert with every hunt, and kept so far ahead of me that only once, before the snow blew, did I have even the chance of stalking him, and then the cunning old fellow foiled me again masterfully.

CHAPTER 9

Next morning I was early afield, heading for a ridge where I thought the deer of the neighborhood might congregate with the intention of yarding for the winter. At the foot of a wild little natural meadow, made centuries ago by the beavers, I found the trail of two deer which had been helping themselves to some hay that had been cut and stacked there the previous summer. My big buck was not with them; so I left the trail in peace to push through a belt of woods and across a pond to an old road that led for a mile or two towards the ridge I was seeking.

CHAPTER 9

Early as I was, the wood folk were ahead of me. Their tracks were everywhere, eager, hungry tracks, that poked their noses into every possible hiding place of food or game, showing how the two-days' fast had whetted their appetites and set them to running keenly the moment the last flakes were down and the storm truce ended.

CHAPTER 10

March is a weary month for the wood folk. One who follows them then has it borne in upon him continually that life is a struggle,--a keen, hard, hunger-driven struggle to find enough to keep a-going and sleep warm till the tardy sun comes north again with his rich living. The fall abundance of stored food has all been eaten, except in out-of-the-way corners that one stumbles upon in a long day's wandering; the game also is wary and hard to find from being constantly hunted by eager enemies.

CHAPTER 10

The grouse have taken to bud-eating from necessity--birch buds mostly, with occasional trips to the orchards for variety. They live much now in the trees, which they dislike; but with a score of hungry enemies prowling for them day and night, what can a poor grouse do?

CHAPTER 10

A strange, uncanny silence had settled over the woods. Wolves cease their cry in the last swift burst of speed that will bring the game in sight. Then the dogs broke out of the cover behind him with a fiercer howl that was too much for even his nerves to stand. Nothing on earth could have met such a death unmoved. No ears, however trained, could hear that fierce cry for blood without turning to meet it face to face. With a mighty effort the buck whirled in the snow and gathered himself for the tragedy.

***Shakespeare Bard of England by Diane Stanley**

NOTE: The Bard of Avon has no page numbers or chapter divisions. In order to facilitate the use of the copywork, illustrations will serve as page markers.

** (Author's Note)

William Shakespeare is one of the most famous men who ever lived. Yet much of his life is a mystery to us. He did not keep a diary, and none of his personal letters has survived.

** (In the schoolroom)

When William was six or seven, he entered the local grammar school. It was a good school for its day, and it was free, though only boys could go.

William had an amazing memory, and years later he frequently referred to the myths and history of his childhood study in the great plays he wrote.

** (Inside the theater)

William Shakespeare went to London just at the time when modern theater was taking shape. In 1576, when Shakespeare was still a schoolboy, an actor named James Burbage put up a building near London designed solely for the performance of plays. It was the first such building since the days of ancient Greece and Rome.

** (The theater's special effects)

The theaters also had special effects. The roof of the stage, painted with stars and called the heavens, had a trapdoor in it. If the play called for a god to descend from the sky, a throne could be lowered through the trapdoor by ropes.

** (Elizabeth viewing a production)

It is fortunate that Queen Elizabeth and her friends at court loved plays, for there was a powerful religious group, known as the Puritans, who wanted to close the theaters.

The Puritans might have put an end to this new art if the queen and her courtiers had not given the actors their protection. A nobleman would adopt a company of actors and allow them to make use of his name, such as the Admiral's Men or Lord Chamberlain's Men.

** (In the dressing room)

When we pick up Shakespeare's trail again, in 1592, we find that he is working in London as an actor and has written a play, Henry VI. It must have been a popular play, for one of the Wits was so jealous, he describes Shakespeare in a pamphlet as "an

upstart crow, beautified with our feathers.” He was insulted that a common actor would presume to write plays.

** (Money exchanged at a desk)

What kind of writer was Shakespeare? Most of his plots were not original. He found them in storybooks and in the pages of history. He breathed life into the main characters, added new ones, and changed the plot as his imagination prompted him.

** (Various play scenes)

Shakespeare wrote three different kinds of plays: tragedies, comedies, and histories. In writing them, he followed many of the customs and fashions of the time.

Yet, while he followed all these conventions, he wove humor into his tragedies, put serious problems into his comedies, and brought the issues of the common people into his histories.

** (Scene from Henry IV)

Shakespeare's histories were very popular with the English people, partly because they were about English kings. Most historical plays at the time were about ancient civilizations, such as those of Greece or Rome. While Shakespeare wrote two such plays-Julius Caesar and Anthony and Cleopatra- most of his histories were about the great (and not so great) kings of England as well as other heroes and villains, plots, murders, and battles out of England's history.

** (The Globe)

The year 1599 brought a great event into Shakespeare's life- the building of the new theatre that would be forever linked to his name.

People flocked to the Globe to see Shakespeare's plays.

In the first year, they did three new plays at the Globe: As You Like It, a comedy; Henry V, a history; and Julius Caesar; a tragedy.

** (Shakespeare at home)

When Shakespeare was about forty-seven, he left his busy life in London and retired to Stratford. There he lived the life of a country gentleman, in a grand house called New Place. This was a tranquil time.

** (Shakespeare writing in bed)
He died on April 23, 1616.

On the wall above his tomb is a sculpture of him looking plump and middle aged writing with a quill pen. On the tomb are these lines:
Good friend for Jesus sake forbear, To dig the dust enclosed here: Blessèd be the man who spares these stones, And curst be he who moves my bones.

***Squanto (also called Dark Pilgrim) by Feenie Ziner**

Chapter I

The call of a heron awakened Tisquantum. He lay for a moment with his eyes closed listening to the sound of the sea which sang to itself but a short distance from Samoset's cabin. Its rhythm was like his own heartbeat, strong and serene.

Chapter I

There was an almost unbearable beauty in the May morning, whose stillness was shattered now by the cries of pigeons and cranes and of the myriad birds which made the Maine shore their nesting place.

Chapter I

Alone on the shore, Tisquantum lifted his arms toward the sun, his heart singing with thanksgiving to Kiehtan, the Great Creator who had fashioned the world, making each and every living thing perfect in its own way. He prayed to the Great Spirit who, in his wisdom and love, had put him precisely where he belonged . . . in that beautiful world where the land left off and the sea began.

Chapter II

Deeper and deeper they went, till Tisquantum thought they must surely be below the level of the water. He could hear the lapping of the waves against the sides of the ship. It puzzled him how the English secured these stout beams together without sewing.

Chapter II

- a) While Tisquantum struggled to free his fellow-prisoners deep in the bowels of the Archangel, his good friend Samoset stepped gracefully into his own canoe. He was dressed in his finest clothing. His eyebrows were painted white.
- b) He wore jewels in his ears and a white, feathered skin-strip about his head. Twenty-eight of his men accompanied him to the English ship. They carried furs, whale oil, and a small store of last year's tobacco.

Chapter III

Listening to the talk of his elders, Tisquantum felt keenly the ignorance of his youth. He knew so little of the world beyond the rich corn fields of his Patuxet home, on the shore of the Little Bay. He was merely a left-over guest in the home of his father's old friend, Samoset, and his capture along with the four Penobscots had been a pure accident of time and place. So he said little, but kept his eyes and ears open, hoping to learn enough to become a man.

Chapter III

Sassacomet sighed helplessly, knowing that what the boy would learn of life was not any longer within the control of his elders.

"Let there be love in your heart, and goodness," he concluded gruffly. "Perhaps the Great Spirit will send you a vision some day, Tisquantum. You have it in you to be a great leader of men."

Chapter IV

"Bravo!" cried Sir Ferdinando, rising to his feet and bumping into the captain's table. "I knew it! There is a fortune to be made in northern Virginia!" And he clapped Waymouth's narrow back with great vigor.

Chapter IV

Yet even if he possessed all the words of the language, he could not have explained to the English nobleman the important things about his homeland: the heat and passion of a football game played out upon a mile of sand; the way it felt to pit one's wits against a wolf's; the exultant joy of dancing in the Green Corn Dance. Memory made the boy ill with longing.

Chapter V

While the two vessels lay side by side in the peace of Plymouth harbor, Tisquantum prayed and danced with his friends, and only part of his soul went out with the ships as they slipped at length beyond the horizon. "Don't grieve, Tisquantum," said Gorges, touched by the longing in the lad's dark eyes. "Your turn will come soon enough."

Chapter V

The stout walls of Pendennis Castle enclosed everything Tisquantum knew of England. Now he was the only one of his people left on this distant shore, and his loneliness stood about him like a stiff cloak. Yet, if this was to be his fate, he must face it bravely.

Chapter VI

The farmer's children adored the Indian. His little daughter could not pronounce his name, and called him "Squanto." Soon he became "Squanto" to everyone, even to himself.

Chapter VI

For a long time he felt that he had grown accustomed to the life of the English, that his inner wound would heal of itself if he pretended it was not there. But there were days when he could not bear the farm or the petty monotony of its chores. Then he would go alone into the woods, seeking he knew not what, except relief from pain.

Chapter VII

“I might, Tisquantum, I might,” said the Governor. He rose and went to the window, where he stood looking out over Plymouth harbor, lost in thought. Squanto felt himself slipping, slipping down into the limbo which lay around the edges of other men’s plans.

Chapter VII

Now, like a gift from the hand of Providence, the person had appeared who could resolve his dilemma. How better could he please Captain John Smith than by sending him a pilot in the person of Tisquantum? If Smith succeeded, Gorges could always remind him of the great favor he had done him. If he failed, at least Squanto would have been returned to his own land.

Chapter VIII

Wherever they went, the good word spread that another of the Pemaquid captives had returned from the Land of the Light across the sea. The Indians left their weirs, their corn fields, their boat-building and their hunting by the hundreds to greet them. All along the shore there was a singing and dancing and a lifting of voices in thanksgiving for his safe return.

Chapter VIII

He could not go on. He remained at his camp, fasting and praying, unwilling to confront his own people while the terror of this dream clung to his spirit. He implored Kiehtanit to let him return to his tribe with an unblemished heart.

Chapter IX

Now the revels began. Fresh fires were built, and new corn roasted in the ear. Clams and lobsters and eels were buried in piles of smoking seaweed; deer and turkey, flavored with herbs, cushioned and stuffed with squash; potatoes were roasted and boiled in the iron pots which were lately acquired from a visiting Frenchman.

Chapter IX

Squanto led the way up the ship's ladder. He expanded under the open admiration of Captain Hunt, who had seen him only as a servant, never as a leader. Surrounded by these magnificent youths, who looked to him to be their spokesman, he felt the pride of a sachem.

Chapter X

A policeman ordered the assembled captives to drop to their knees when a group of black-robed Dominicans approached, holding aloft a large cross. Chanting prayers, the Dominicans sprinkled the Indians with holy water and pronounced them baptized into the Catholic Church. Having thus assured the salvation of their heathen souls, they could see them sold with impunity.

Chapter X

The outward sign of his faith took the form of a new obedience, a gentility which Brother Antonio recognized as a manifestation of inner grace. Squanto's conversion meant a great deal to the old man, and he argued with his superiors that such genuine religious devotion should be rewarded, even when it appeared in a slave.

Chapter X

If they should find him aboard before they sailed, he would be sent to a Spanish prison. If they should discover him aboard in mid-passage, would they toss him overboard alive? And if he were to let this chance slip by, what then?

Chapter XI

Squanto worked at the docks, where the Company was outfitting dozens of ships for the Grand Banks fishery. Half of every hold was stowed with salt, to be used to preserve the catch. The remaining space carried enough supplies to keep a crew of forty boys and men alive for half a year.

Chapter XI

They sailed into Conception Bay, to Cuper's Cove. A cluster of crude huts hugged the sod, like the abandoned victims of a defeated army. Wooden landing stages were strewn from the center of the settlement, and the remains of what had once been a dense forest stretched in blackened stumps along the coast as far as the eye could see.

Chapter XII

Mason was a man besieged by real and pressing problems: the price of bait, the shortage of supplies and assistants, quotas of fish, domestic disorders, profit margins, and pirates, to name a few. Nothing could have mattered to him less than Squanto. He scarcely gave him a second look.

Chapter XII

Assigned to each fisherman there was a young boy, who lifted the fish from its hook, severed its tongue, and threw it to the beheader, who in turn tossed it to the splitter. Squanto soon learned to open a fish with a single stroke of his razor-edged knife, removing entrails and backbone. When he had processed it, he pushed it onto a trough which led into the hold.

Chapter XII

Only then did Squanto realize that he had caught a glimpse of the mainland; that Newfoundland was an island completely surrounded by water. The dream, scarcely formulated, of making his way home afoot, proved as insubstantial as the thin Newfoundland sunlight. Only by the mercy of some sailing master would he ever return to his own.

Chapter XIII

He did not look forward to returning to England. Dermer's small ship was badly undermanned, and Squanto was called upon to do the work of three men. But Dermer worked as hard as he, and there was a sort of camaraderie between them, though they hardly talked to one another.

Chapter XIV

It was a vision, come to him at last! He rose to his feet, and lifted his arms to the sky in a gesture of profound acceptance. The vision was a signal, a portent of some great task which lay ahead, the nature of which was yet concealed from his sight.

Chapter XIV

Dermer did not need to ask Squanto what he had found at Patuxet. If a single person were alive, Squanto would have told him at once. But he said nothing. Dermer, whose own face reflected his most fleeting feeling, was bewildered by Squanto's lack of emotion.

Chapter XIV

Squanto sprang in front of his friend, shielding him with his body.

"If a sacrifice is needed, let it be my life you take, for I am as guilty as Dermer, or as innocent!"

Massasoit turned upon his warriors. His face was livid.

"We make no human sacrifice! Kiehtan, Father of all the Living, forbids it!"

Chapter XV

The two men hunted together, fished together, shared the same fire. In Samoset's companionship Squanto learned again how to walk in the Indian way. He began to think in Algonkian, instead of English.

Chapter XV

The first word of the arrival of another English ship came, on a harsh November day, from a Nauset runner, who paused at Nemasket on his way to Massasoit's council fire. He told of the strange movements of a large English ship with a May flower painted upon her hull.

Chapter XVI

By the first day of the Snow Moon it was common knowledge that the strangers had begun to build a few shelters ashore. It was logical that they should have chosen Patuxet for its spacious harbor, its extensive corn fields, excellent water supply, and highly defensible hilltop. Moreover it was totally unclaimed ground.

Chapter XVI

It was a plain, fair treaty, and it was to keep the peace between them for nearly forty years. There was not a word said about possession of the land, for the Indians could no more fathom the English idea of land ownership than they could have understood a man laying claim to the bloom of a flower, or to the long slow sweep of an ocean wave as it rushed toward the shore.

Chapter XVI

The Pilgrims called Squanto “a spetiall instrument sent of God for their good beyond their expectation.”

When the summer was ended, and the harvest taken in, it was he who suggested that they invite Massasoit to a feast of Thanksgiving. Massasoit came, with ninety men, and for three days and three nights there was feasting and friendship, and the wilderness ringing with the triumphant laughter of men who had won a great contest against adversity.

Chapter XVI

Yet out of it all he had become a new kind of man. More knowing than an Indian; more generous than an Englishman. Whoever he was, he stood upon the sandy beach, gazing out across the lonely, infinite sea. A dark pilgrim, holding open the gates of a new America.

***Story of Inventions by Frank P. Bachman**

Part 1

Chapter 1

All the while, Watt spent his leisure time in reading. The college library was close at hand, so there was no lack of books. He studied chemistry, mathematics, and mechanics. By learning all he could and by doing everything well, Watt came to be known as a man "who knew much and who could make anything."

Chapter 1

First, the cylinder was exposed to the air, which chilled it. The cold cylinder itself, before it was warm, changed considerable steam into water. Second, cold water was poured into the cylinder to condense the steam, and this made the cylinder cold again. Watt estimated that three fourths of all the steam used was thus wasted in heating and reheating the cylinder. Here was the trouble with Newcomen's engine.

Chapter 2

There was a great need for such a steamboat, and Watt's engine was strong enough to propel it. But no one seemed able to build a boat of the right shape, to make the right kind of propeller, or to harness Watt's engine to it in the right way. So many attempts had been made, and there had been so many failures, that most men came to believe it was impossible to make a successful steamboat. The man who first succeeded in doing the "impossible" was Robert Fulton.

Chapter 2

a. Fulton decided to do this; but just then his father died, leaving his mother without a home. He therefore took a part of the forty thousand dollars that he had planned to spend on his art education, and bought his mother a farm, where she lived in contentment and plenty for many years.

b. With a letter from Franklin, to Benjamin West, Fulton set out for London, where he landed early in 1787. He had about two thousand dollars in his pocket. Not a large sum with which to get an education; but lack of money has never stopped young men of character and energy.

Chapter 3

There was a great need of a locomotive that would do good work at a small cost. Men began to work on such a locomotive. They did not, of course, try to invent a new

engine, but to modify Watt's stationary engine into serviceable moving engine. George Stephenson succeeded in doing this.

Chapter 3

But it was not only Robert (Stephenson) who was in school at Newcastle, his father shared his schooling. Their evenings were spent together in going over the lessons of the next day. Books were brought from the library to be read. When the desired books could not be taken out, Robert would bring home descriptions and sketches for his father's information.

Chapter 3

It occurred to him that if this escaping steam were directed into the smokestack, it would produce a draft. This would increase the intensity of the fire, making it possible with the same size boiler to produce a greater amount of steam. The experiment was no sooner tried than the speed and the power of the engine were more than doubled.

Chapter 3

Stephenson thus succeeded in making an engine having direct connection between the cylinders and the driving wheels, direct connection between all the wheels, and a forced draft. These are the essential points in all the engines that have been built since.

Chapter 3

"Suppose now," said one member of Parliament, "that a cow got in the way of the engine; would not that be an awkward circumstance?"

"Yes, replied Stephenson, "very awkward for the cow."

Chapter 4

At the very time when Watt was working on his steam engine, Fulton on his steamboat, and Stephenson on his locomotive, men were beginning to learn about a new power that has since become more useful than steam. That power is electricity.

Chapter 4

An electric engine includes two main parts; the dynamo, which produces or generates the electricity, and the motor, through which the electricity is converted into power.

Chapter 4

Oersted saw he had made a discovery. Passing an electric current through a wire makes a magnet of the wire. "Magnetism," he said, "is but electricity in motion."

Chapter 4

If a needle or other object is picked up with a permanent magnet, the only way to get it off the magnet is to scrape or pull it off. To get it off an electromagnet, it is necessary only to break the electric current.

Chapter 4

- a. The electric current, as Faraday had learned, is produced by the magnet when in motion, or when the wire coil breaks through the currents of magnetism coming from the magnet.
- b. Faraday now saw how to make a new machine to generate electricity.

Chapter 4

There are two parts to every dynamo, the magnet and the whirling disk. The electricity is produced by the disk, called the armature, breaking through or across the currents of magnetism coming from the magnet.

Chapter 4

One day an absent-minded workman connected the wires of a dynamo that was running to one that was standing still. To his surprise the armature began to spin around. It was thus discovered by accident that the dynamo, invented to produce electricity, could be used also to change electricity into power.

Part II

Chapter 5

People at that time were not used to machines. It was the age of handwork; they had not yet learned that machines in the end create more employment and better wages. They only saw that this invention would lessen the number of spinners needed, and would deprive them of work. So the spinners, who as a rule were woman, with their husbands and friends, rose up against the inventor. A mob broke into his house and broke all the jennies that could be found, and Mr. Hargreaves had to flee for his life.

Chapter 5

To make up for his lack of early education, Arkwright, when more than fifty years old and when working from five o'clock in the morning until nine at night, took an hour each day to study English grammar, and another hour to improve his spelling and writing.

Chapter 5

Like Hargreaves, Arkwright received next to nothing for his invention, which eventually gave the world a machine that spun the warp for the cloth used by millions of people. But he did not stop with the water frame. He went on and on, making one invention after another, until he had many machines, best described by calling them a cotton-yarn factory.

Chapter 5

Crompton knew that his little invention would arouse the rioters even more than the jenny or the water frame. Fearing that they would destroy it, he took it to pieces and hid it in the attic of his workroom. There it lay for weeks, before he had courage to bring it down and put it together.

Chapter 6

Eli Whitney was born at Westboro, Massachusetts, in 1765. His parents lived on a farm, and belonged to that sturdy class who provide well for their children, and train

them to be industrious, saving, honest and honorable. These virtues boys and girls must have if they are to lead clean lives, be useful, and be truly successful.

Chapter 6

Toward the end of the winter of 1793, Whitney completed his first machine. It was hardly finished before Mrs. Greene invited several friends in to see it work. With Whitney's little gin, scarcely harder to turn by hand than a grindstone, one man could clean as much cotton as fifty men cleaned in the old way.

Chapter 6

Whitney changed all this. He invented power machines to cut, to file, to drill, and to bore, which did away with hand machines. He divided the making of a rifle into about a hundred different parts, and divided the making of each part into many single steps, so that little skill was needed by a workman to do any one of them....his ideas were followed by others, and similar methods are now used in making all kinds of things. So, Whitney is often called the "father of modern factory methods."

Chapter 7

Elias thus grew up, a happy, good-natured, play-loving boy. If his chances to obtain an education at the district school were not very good, this lack was made up, at least in part, by the opportunities he had to see and know trees, plants, and animals; and by being able to learn how to do things with his hands, and to become acquainted with tools.

Chapter 7

The first sewing machine to make a lock stitch was invented by Water Hunt, of New York, about 1832. His machine had a curved needle with an eye at the point. The needle pierced the goods, and at the moment when it started out, a loop was formed in the thread. At that very same instant, a shuttle carrying a second thread passed through the loop, making the lock stitch.

Chapter 7

Thus in the course of eleven days, Singer, working at great speed, improved Howe's machine and added new features. Among these are the overhanging arms, the spring foot near the needles, and the double-acting treadle. By 1851, he had his machine ready for the market.

Chapter 7

If Howe's reward for his toil and anxiety was great, great also was his gift to the world.

Chapter 8

The farmer, as a rule, has ample time to prepare the ground and sow the wheat, but the time within which he can harvest the golden grain is limited from four to ten days. Very soon after the wheat ripens, the stalks begin to break and fall down, and the grain begins to shatter. Unless cut very soon after it is ripe, the crop is lost.

Chapter 8

McCormick advertised reapers for sale in the local newspaper as early as 1833. but it was seven years before he sold his first machine.

Chapter 8

This was the end of harvest drudgery. Sickles, cradles, rakers, binders, each in turn were set free. From this time on, all that was needed was a man or a good-sized boy to drive the team and to manage the machine.

Chapter 8

The wire binder passed away almost as quickly as a summer shower. The twine binder took its place, and it is today the standard binder of the world.

Chapter 8

The United States will remain strong as long as people have the opportunity to freely produce new goods and services.

Chapter 9

Pound for pound, pure gold is worth more than pure iron. But when it is made up into useful articles, iron may be worth more than a corresponding weight of gold.

Chapter 9

The forced blast, the hot blast, and the use of coke are thus the important features of the modern blast furnace.

Chapter 9

To his surprise, what he thought was a piece of unmelted pig iron turned out to be a piece of steel. He saw from this that if air was forced into the molten pig iron when under great heat, the iron would be changed into steel.

Chapter 9

Then things began to happen. Clouds of sparks and a roaring flame burst from the top. This was followed by a few mild explosions, and then the converter became a young volcano in active eruption. Slag and white-hot metal were thrown high into the air, and the converter rocked, as explosion followed explosion. All this was a surprise to Bessemer, and for a time he was fearful for his life.

Chapter 9

He learned that this pig iron came from Sweden, and that it contained no phosphorus. Pig iron from Sweden was immediately ordered. On its arrival, no time was lost in melting it and putting it into the converter. You can well imagine Bessemer's anxiety about the outcome. When the molten mass was turned out of the converter, it was steel of an excellent quality.

Chapter 9

So many uses were found for steel, after it could be made at little cost, that this era is called the "Age of Steel," and its manufacture became one of the great industries of the world.

Chapter 10

A Bible, only fairly well written and bound, cost from a hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars. At that time the wages of a laborer were fifteen cents a day.

Chapter 11

The first practical message system similar to telegraphing, was invented in 1794 by the three Chapman brothers, while they were only boys attending boarding schools. The rules were strict, and did not allow them to visit each other as often as they wanted to. They could see each other from the windows of their rooms so they worked out a way of sending messages.

Chapter 11

Morse's system of electric telegraph was so simple, and messages could be sent by it so quickly, that it drove almost every other system out of business.

Chapter 11

"Knowing from experience that my help must come from God in any difficulty," wrote Morse, "I soon disposed of my cares, and slept as quietly as a child."

Chapter 11

Morse remembered his promise, and the young lady selected these noble words: "What hath God wrought!" Of this message Morse said, "It baptized the American telegraph with the name of its Author." To God be the glory, great things He has done!

Chapter 12

Bell was upstairs with one instrument, and Watson was downstairs with another; the two instruments were connected in an electric circuit. Of this trial Bell says, "I spoke and shouted, and sang into the instrument upstairs. Presently Mr. Watson came upstairs in a state of great excitement. He said: 'I hear your voice; I could almost understand what you said!'"

Chapter 13

Of all Edison's inventions, in some ways the most valuable are his electric light, his phonograph, and his moving picture.

Chapter 13

The first real moving pictures were of animals taken in motion. In working with these animal pictures, it was discovered that if they were passed before the eye at the rate of sixteen a second, the eye did not see sixteen pictures of the same animal in different positions, but an animal that appeared to be moving.

Chapter 13

Thanks to the original business enterprises of Edison, thousands of people are employed by organizations such as record companies, electric power companies, and the movie industry.

Chapter 14

The first flight lasted only twelve seconds, a flight very modest compared with that of birds, but it was, nevertheless, the first in the history of the world, in which a machine carrying a man had raised itself by its own power into the air in free flight, had sailed forward on a level course without reduction of speed, and had finally landed without being wrecked.

Chapter 15

"If electric waves will pass through a hill, they can be made," he said to himself, "to pass long distances over the land and even over the ocean, and it will be possible to telegraph without wires." Thus was born the idea of the wireless telegraph.

Chapter 16

The invention of the television was, like most inventions, due in large measure to the tireless efforts of several individuals. Briefly, television functions by breaking down images or pictures into millions of tiny dots that can be translated into electric currents, which then appear on a special screen that can accept the tiny electrical impulses.

Chapter 17

Finally, in 1898, he launched the Holland No. 8. This was a porpoise-like craft, fifty-three feet long and ten feet wide, with a single torpedo tube. It plunged head on, like a duck, when water was let into specially arranged compartments, and it rose to the surface when the water was driven out by compressed air – all in five seconds.

Chapter 18

Some of the problems that this team of scientists had to overcome included how to accurately guide a rocket into space, how to formulate the correct fuel and engine power to lift a heavy rocket into space, and how to communicate with men who are flying in outer space.

Chapter 19

The computer had its beginning in the 1600s. A French mathematician named Blaise Pascal invented a mechanical calculating machine in 1642. It used gears, wheels, and cylinders to add and subtract numbers. As he could not get the fine machined parts he needed, his machine did not work properly.

Chapter 19

Computers have changed our everyday lives to the extent that our society does not function very well when they do not work properly. Signal lights cease to function, cars do not work correctly, and airplanes cannot fly safely without the aid of computers.

Chapter 19

May God always bless the earth with people who are willing to sacrifice themselves in the pursuit of excellence, for the benefit of mankind.

Swallows and Amazons by Arthur Ransome

“What a place,” said the able-seaman. “I expect somebody hid on the island hundreds of years ago, and kept his boat here.”

The Swallow swung round and headed out of the bay, to pass on the northern side of the huge buoy to which the houseboat was moored.

Titty, privately, was being a cormorant. This was not the sort of thing that she could very well talk of to John or Susan until she was sure that it was a success.

Then There Were Five by Elizabeth Enright

Chapter 1

Tired as they were, however, the Melendys didn't fall asleep immediately that night. Their usual lullaby had been removed for the time being, and they missed it. Instead of the soft, rushing, varying harmonies of the waterfall there was the dark silence of a country night.

Chapter 2

They rounded the bend, and there, nestled in a curve of hillside, lay the farmhouse, like an egg in a nest. It was white, the way all good farmhouses should be, and it was shaded by two huge soft maple trees; two tall fountains of green leaves. Flowers grew along the fence, and not only along the fence but in unexpected, haphazard clusters in the grass.

Chapter 2

The hay wagon stopped, and the boy looked at them steadily, without smiling. He wore faded blue overalls and no shirt; you could see his ribs under his skin. His hair was sun-bleached, almost white.

Chapter 3

Midges hung, gauzy flecks of gold, above the pool; the maple leaves were edged with light. Dragonflies hovered, sleeping on air, and were gone in a breath.

Chapter 3

The boy seemed to be a match for his possessions: barefooted, shirtless, he wore only a pair of faded overalls. His straw hat was frayed at the edges in a kind of brittle fringe. His arms were thin and long, and on each side of the crossed overall straps his shoulder blades stuck out in angles.

Chapter 4

Moths came fluttering up into the light, and so, unfortunately, did large, famished mosquitoes. But the children didn't mind any of it, there were so many interesting things to see: a wasp's nest like a big silver pear, a tree stump trimmed with fungus the color of tangerine peel.

Chapter 4

Had she discovered a pigeonblood ruby, an amulet in the shape of Osiris, the diamond ring of an Infanta, she could not have been more stunned with joy.

Chapter 5

Oliver wondered how he had lived so long without paying any real attention to caterpillars. It seemed a terrible oversight. Perhaps it was because he had never before lived in a place where caterpillars were so abundant.

Chapter 5

The monarch caterpillar, for instance, contrived a waxy chrysalis of pale green, flecked with tiny arabesques of gilt. It hung from the twig on a little black silk thread, like the jade earring of a Manchu princess.

Chapter 6

The swallows came up into the air, their wings as sharp as scissors; and before the swallows had left the bats too had begun to fly. At first it was difficult to tell which was which, they both swooped and fluttered, and zigzagged and curved with the same reckless style.

Chapter 6

Rush lay idly staring up at the sky and all its thousand points of light. Suddenly one of them sped across the dark, bright as a firefly, but sure of its goal as a bird.

Chapter 7

And he was a beauty, too. Fat and independent, with whiskers like a Chinese emperor; the biggest cat I'd ever seen. I felt like I'd won a battle singlehanded. I felt like I deserved a medal.

Chapter 8

Nothing helped much. The fire had gone too far. It had burst its bonds like the undisciplined giant that it was, roaring, and chuckling, and reaching, hungry for everything in sight.

Chapter 9

But of all the new experiences the one which Mark learned most eagerly was the simple one of living in a family. At night when he went to bed in his windy tower he knew that there were other people near at hand, friendly and kind.

Chapter 10

Even as they stared and gloated another jar exploded. Hot tomatoes flew about the kitchen like larks, and so did bits of glass. Randy got a cut on the collarbone and Mona got a tomato in the eye.

Chapter 11

Lorna Doone clip-clopped along the highway, her mane blowing in the summer wind; the whip glittered in its holster, the fringes tossed. No one talked. They had all worked hard and were comfortably tired.

Chapter 12

Cuffy pushed open the swing door and looked about her. The long rays of sun had lighted up the jars of preserves on the sill till they glowed like the glass in a church window.

Chapter 13

They waited anxiously. Randy had gone up to the cupola again, and was the first to see them. There they were, coming down the drive. Father's arm was around Mark's shoulders and Mark was looking up at him, smiling and talking, nineteen to the dozen.

Chapter 13

As far as the eye could see were folded, wooded valleys, one opening into the next, endlessly and harmoniously. Above in the blue sky were mighty cumulus clouds; great weightless continents hanging motionless in the air.

Chapter 14

As the day drew near, a sort of quivering excitement seemed to vibrate over the Four-Story Mistake, exactly as intense heat makes the air quiver above a prairie. Dozens of

strange bicycles lay dead on their sides in front of the house each afternoon. Children were everywhere.

Chapter 15

Home . . . Well, that's quite a word in itself if you're not used to it, but to have it followed by *again!* . . . It was a phrase he was to use hundreds of times from now on. But today it was still new.

***This Country Of Ours by H.E. Marshall (Chp. 6-28)**

Chapter 6

Christopher Columbus showed the way across the Sea of Darkness; Amerigo Vespucci gave his name to the great double continent, but it was another Italian, John Cabot who first landed on the Continent of North America.

Like Columbus, Cabot was born in Genoa. When, however, he left his own land he did not go to Spain like Columbus, but to England.

Chapter 6

When Cabot set out he was full of the ideas of Columbus. He had hoped to find himself on the coast of Asia and in the land of gold and spices. Now he knew himself mistaken. He did not see any natives, but he knew the land was inhabited, for he found notched trees, snares for wild animals and other signs of habitation which he took home.

Chapter 7

But the Spaniards were not long left in undisputed possession of America. The French King too desired to have new lands across the seas, and he saw no reason why Spain and Portugal should divide the New World between them.

"I would fain see Father Adam's will," he said, "in which he made you the sole heirs to so vast an inheritance. Until I do see that, I shall seize as mine whatever my good ships may find upon the ocean."

Chapter 7

- a) From north to south, from east to west, in all the vast continent there were no white men save themselves. The little company was made up of young nobles, sailors, merchants and artisans. There were no farmers or peasants among them, and when they had finished their fort none of them thought of clearing land and sowing corn.
- b) There was no need: Ribaut would soon return, they thought, bringing with him all they required. So they made friends with the Indians, and roamed the forest wilds in search of gold and of adventures, without care for their future.

Chapter 8

Two years after Ribaut's ill-fated expedition another company of Frenchmen set sail for America. This time Rene de Laudonniere was captain. He had been with Ribaut two years before, and now again he landed on the same spot where Ribaut had first landed, and set up the arms of France.

Chapter 8

But as the native Chief Satouriona watched the fort grow he began to be uneasy. He wondered what these pale-faced strangers were about, and he feared lest they should mean evil towards him. So he gathered his warriors together, and one day the Frenchmen looked up from their labours to see the heights above them thick with savages in their war paint.

Chapter 9

- a) "I am Pedro Menedez," replied the voice out of the darkness. "I am Admiral of the fleet of the King of Spain. And I am come into this country to hang and behead all Lutherans whom I may find by land or by sea. And the King has given me such strict commands that I have power to pardon no man of them.
- b) "And those commands I shall obey to the letter, as you will see. At dawn I shall come aboard your ship. And if there I find any Catholic he shall be well-treated, but every heretic shall die."

Chapter 10

But there was one man in France who would not thus tamely submit to the tyranny of Spain. His name was Dominique de Gourgues. He hated the Spaniards with a deadly hatred. And when he heard of the Florida massacre he vowed to avenge the death of his countrymen. He sold all that he had, borrowed what money he could, and with three ships and a goodly company of soldiers and sailors set sail.

Chapter 11

The French had already planted a colony on the St. Lawrence when an Englishman, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, determined also to plant one in North America.

Chapter 11

He set out with a little fleet of five ships. One of these was called the Raleigh, and had been fitted out by the famous Sir Walter Raleigh who was Gilbert's step-brother. Walter Raleigh, no doubt, would gladly have gone with the company himself. But he was at the time in high favour with Good Queen Bess, and she forbade him to go on any such dangerous expedition. So he had to content himself with helping to fit out expeditions for other people.

Chapter 11

a) Yet the men on the Golden Hind would not give up hope. All that night they kept watch, straining their eyes through the stormy darkness in hope of catching sight of the frigate or of some of its crew. But morning came and there was no sign of it on all the wide waste of waters.

b) Still they hoped, and all the way to England they hailed every small sail which came in sight, trusting that it might be the Squirrel. But it never appeared. Of the five ships which set forth only the Golden Hind returned to tell the tale. And thus ended the first attempt to found an English colony in the New World.

Chapter 12

The first attempt to found an English colony in America had been an utter failure. But the idea of founding a New England across the seas had now taken hold of Sir Humphrey's young step-brother, Walter Raleigh. And a few months after the return of the Golden Hind he received from the Queen a charter very much the same as his brother's.

Chapter 12

The Englishmen were delighted with Roanoke. It seemed to them a fertile, pleasant land, "the most plentiful, sweete, fruitfull and wholesome of all the worlde." So they at once took possession of it, "in the right of the Queen's most excellent Majesty as rightful Queen and Princess of the same."

Chapter 12

But now almost as soon as they landed troubles began with the Indians. One of them stole a silver cup, and as it was not returned the Englishmen in anger set fire to the corn-fields and destroyed them. This was a bad beginning. But the Englishmen had no knowledge yet of how cruel and revengeful the Redmen could be.

Chapter 13

Raleigh was the true father of England beyond the seas. He was a great statesman and patriot. But he was a dreamer too and all his schemes failed. Other men followed him who likewise failed.

Chapter 13

With the expedition sailed Captain John Smith. He was bronzed and bearded like a Turk, a swaggering, longheaded lovable sort of man, ambitious, too, and not given to submit his will to others. Since a boy of sixteen he had led a wandering adventurous life-a life cramful of heroic deeds, of hairbreadth escapes of which we have no space to tell here.

Chapter 13

Now one December day Smith set out on an exploring expedition up the Chickahominy River. It was a hard journey, for the river was so overgrown with trees that the men had to hew a path for the little vessel. At length the barque could go no further, so Smith left it, and went on in a canoe with only two Englishmen, and two Indians as guides.

Chapter 13

But the raised clubs never fell, for with a cry Pocahontas, the chief's young daughter, sprang through the circle of warriors. She stood beside the prisoner pleading for his life. But the Indians were in no mood to listen to prayers for mercy. So seeing that all her entreaties were in vain she threw herself upon her knees beside Smith, put her arms around his neck, and laid her head upon his, crying out that if they would beat out his brains they should beat out hers too.

Chapter 14

a) After a time Captain Newport sailed home again, taking the deposed President Wingfield with him. He took home also great tales of the savage Emperor's might and splendor. And King James was so impressed with what he heard that he made up his mind that the Powhatan should be crowned. So in autumn Captain Newport returned again to Jamestown, bringing with him more settlers, among them two women.

b) He also brought a crown and other presents to the Powhatan from King James, together with a command for his coronation. So Smith made a journey to the Powhatan's village and begged him to come to Jamestown to receive his presents. But the Powhatan refused to go for he was suspicious and stood upon his dignity.

Chapter 15

No work was done, food was recklessly wasted, and very quickly famine stared the wretched colonists in the face. The terrible time afterwards known as the Starving Time had begun. When their stores were gone the settlers tried to get more in the old way from the natives. But they, seeing the miserable plight of the Pale-Faces, became insolent in their demands, and in return for niggardly supplies of food exacted guns and ammunition, swords and tools.

Chapter 15

Lord Delaware, the new Governor of Virginia, had arrived. His three good ships, well-stored with food and all things necessary for the colony, were but a little way down stream. There was no need for the settlers to flee to home to escape starvation and death.

Chapter 15

It may be to some that this news was heavy news. It may be that some would gladly turn their backs forever upon the spot where they had endured so much misery. But for the most part the colonists were unwilling to own defeat, and they resolved at once to return. So the ships were put about, and three days after they had left Jamestown, as they believed forever, the colonists once more landed there.

Chapter 15

At length Captain Argall told Pocahontas that she must stay with him until peace was made between her father and the white men. As soon as the old chief and his wife heard that they began to howl, and cry, and make a great noise, so as to pretend they knew nothing about the plot. Pocahontas too began to cry. But Argall assured her that no harm was intended her, and that she need have no fear. So she was soon comforted and dried her eyes.

Chapter 15

And now when the Powhatan heard that his daughter was going to marry one of the Pale-faces he was quite pleased. He forgot all his anger and sulkiness, sent many of his braves to be present at the wedding, and swore to be friend and brother of the Pale-faces forever more.

Chapter 15

Sir Thomas Dale was delighted. So every one was pleased, and one morning early in April three hundred years ago all the inhabitants of the country round, both Redmen and White, gathered to see the wedding. And from that day for eight years, as long as the Powhatan lived, there was peace between him and his brothers, the Pale-faces.

Chapter 16

Now began a wonderful new life for the beautiful Indian. Only a few years before she had been a merry, little, half naked savage turning cart wheels all over the Jamestown fort, and larking with the boys. Now she found herself treated as a great lady.

Chapter 16

In spite all the homage and flattery poured upon her, Pocahontas yet remained modest and simple, enchanting all who met her. And among all the new delights of England she had the joy of seeing once again the great White Chief she had love and called her father in days gone by.

Chapter 16

But Pocahontas was never again to see her native shore. She went on board Captain Argall's boat, the *George*, and indeed set sail from London, but before she reached Gravesend she became so ill that she had to be taken ashore, and there she died. She was buried in the chancel of the Parish Church. Later the church was burned down, but it was rebuilt, and as a memorial to Pocahontas American ladies have placed a stained glass window there, and also a pulpit made of Virginian wood.

Chapter 17

The Virginians were heartily tired of despots, and thought that it was time that they had some say in the matter of governing themselves. At the head of the company at home there was at this time a wise man named Sandys. He also thought that it would be best for the colony to be self-governing. And so on July 30th, 1619, the first general election was held in Virginia, and the first Parliament of Englishmen in America met.

Chapter 17

Just a month after the opening of the House of Burgesses a Dutch vessel anchored at Jamestown. The captain had been on a raiding expedition off the coast of Africa, and he had on board a cargo of negroes, whom he had stolen from their homes. Twenty of

these he sold to the farmers. And thus slavery was first introduced upon the Virginian plantations.

Chapter 18

The secretary stood up. "I pray you, gentlemen," he said, "to observe well the words of the charter on the point of electing a Governor. You see it is thereby left to your own free choice. This I take it is so very plain that we shall not need to say anything more about it. And no doubt these gentlemen when they depart will give his Majesty a just information of the case."

Chapter 19

These Cavaliers were men and women of good family. They came from the great houses of England, and in their new homes they continued to lead much the same life as they had done at home. So in Virginia, there grew up a Cavalier society, a society of men and women accustomed to command, accustomed to be waited upon; who drove about in gilded coaches, and dressed in silks and velvets. Thus the plain Virginian farmer became a country squire. From these Cavalier families were descended George Washington, James Madison and other great men who helped to make America.

Chapter 20

For some time now the Indians had been an increasing terror to the white men. They had grown restless and uneasy at the constantly widening borders of the settlements. Day by day the forest was cleared, the cornfields stretched farther and farther inland, and the Redman saw himself driven farther and farther from his hunting-ground.

Chapter 20

But the men of Virginia were seething with discontent and ripe for rebellion. All they wanted was a leader, and soon they found one. This leader was Nathaniel Bacon, a young Englishman who had but lately come to the colony. He was dashing and handsome, had winning ways and a persuasive tongue. He was the very man for a popular leader, and soon at his back he had an army of three hundred armed settlers, "one and all at his devotion."

Chapter 20

The new House had many other things to discuss besides the Indian wars, and the people, who had been kept out of the rights for so long, now made up for lost time. They passed laws with feverish haste. They restored manhood suffrage, did away with many class privileges, and in various ways instituted reforms. Afterwards these laws were known as Bacon's Laws.

Chapter 21

a) Virginia up till now had lain between the sea and the blue range of mountains which cut it off from the land behind. To the English that was a land utterly unknown. All they knew was that the French were claiming it. But Governor Spotswood wanted to know more.

b) So one August he gathered a company of friends, and set forth on an exploring expedition. With servants and Indian guides they made a party of about fifty or so, and a jolly company they were. They hunted by the way, and camped beneath the stars. There was no lack of food and drink, and it was more like a prolonged picnic than an exploring expedition.

c) The explorers reached the Blue Ridge, and, climbing to the top of a pass, looked down upon the beautiful wild valley beyond, through which wound a shining river. Spotswood called the river the Euphrates. But fortunately the name did not stick, and it is still called by its beautiful Indian name of Shenandoah.

Chapter 22

Still some of the adventurers of the Plymouth Company did not give up hope of founding a colony. And nine years after this first attempt, our old friend Captain John Smith, recovered from his wounds received in Virginia and as vigorous as ever, sailed out to North Virginia. In the first place he went "to take whales, and also to make trials of a mine of gold and of copper" and in the long run he hoped to found a colony.

Chapter 22

Among those who sailed in her were Captain Miles Standish and Master Mullins with his fair young daughter Priscilla. I daresay you have read the story Longfellow made about them and John Alden. At the first John Alden did not go as a Pilgrim. He was hired at

Southampton as a cooper, merely for the voyage, and was free to go home again if he wished. But he stayed, and as we know from Longfellow's poem he married Priscilla.

Chapter 22

The first winter the Pilgrim Fathers, it was said, "endured a wonderful deal of misery with infinite patience." But at length spring came, and with the coming of warmth and sunshine the sickness disappeared. The sun seemed to put new life into every one. So when in April the Mayflower, which had been in harbour all winter, sailed homeward not one of the Pilgrims sailed with her.

Chapter 22

Meanwhile among all the miseries of the winter there had been one bright spot. The Pilgrims had made friends with the Indians. They had often noticed with fear Redmen skulking about at the forest's edge, watching them. Once or twice when they had left tools lying about they had been stolen. But whenever they tried to get speech with the Indians they fled away.

Chapter 22

He told them that his name was Samoset, and that he was the Englishmen's friend. He also said he could tell them of another Indian called Squanto who could speak better English than he could. This Squanto had been stolen away from his home by a wicked captain who intended to sell him as a slave to Spain. But he had escaped to England, and later by the help of Englishmen had been brought back to his home. All his tribe however had meantime been swept away by a plague, and now only he remained.

Chapter 23

These newcomers were not Separatists like the Pilgrim Fathers but Puritans. When they left England they had no intention of separating themselves from the Church of England. They had only desired a simpler service. But when they landed in America they did in fact separate from the Church of England. England was so far away; the great ocean was between them and all the laws of Church and King. It seemed easy to cast them off, and they did.

Chapter 24

He had flashed like a brilliant meteor across the dull life of the colony. He made strife at the time, but afterwards there was no bitterness. When the colonists were in difficulties they were ever ready to ask help from Harry Vane, and he as readily gave it. Even his enemies had to acknowledge his uprightness and generosity. "At all times," wrote his great-hearted adversary, Winthrop, "he showed himself a true friend to New England, and a man of noble and generous mind."

Chapter 25

By the time that Harry Vane was chosen Governor the matter had become serious. All the colony took sides for or against. Harry Vane, who stood for toleration and freedom, sided with Mrs. Hutchinson, while Winthrop, his great rival, sided against her. Mrs. Hutchinson was supported and encouraged in her wickedness by her brother-in-law John Wheelright, a "silenced minister sometimes in England." She also led away many other godly hearts.

Chapter 26

Soon after he came to Boston this godly gentleman was made minister of the church at Charlestown. But he was very delicate and in a few months he died. As a scholar and a Cambridge man he had been greatly interested in the building of the college at Cambridge. So when died he left half his money and all his books to it. The settlers were very grateful for this bequest, and to show their gratitude they decided to name the college after John Harvard.

Chapter 27

a) The Quakers were a peace-loving people; they tried to be kind and charitable; they refused to go to law; and they refused to fight. They also gave up using titles of all kinds. For, "my Lord Peter and my Lord Paul are not to be found in the Bible." They refused to take off their hats to any man, believing that that was a sign of worship which belonged to God only. They refused also to take oath of any kind, even the oath of allegiance to the King, because Christ had said, "Swear not at all."

b) They used "thee" and "thou" instead of "you" in speaking to a single person (because they thought it more simple and truthful), and they refused to say "goodnight" or "goodmorrow" "for they knew night was good and day was good without wishing either."

There was a great deal that was good in their religion and very little, it would seem, that was harmful, but they were pronounced to be “mischievous and dangerous people.”

Chapter 28

“If the highest moral honour,” it has been said, “belongs to founders of states, as Bacon has declared, then Mason deserved it. To seize on a tract of the American wilderness, to define its limits, to give it a name, to plant it with an English colony, and to die giving it his last thoughts among worldly concerns, are acts as lofty and noble as any recorded in the history of colonisation.”

Through the Looking Glass by Lewis Carroll

Chapter 1

One thing was certain, that the white kitten had had nothing to do with it- it was the black kitten’s fault entirely. For the white kitten had been having its face washed by the old cat for the last quarter of an hour (and bearing it pretty well, considering): so you see that it couldn’t have had any hand in the mischief.

Chapter 1

- a) “Do you hear the snow against the window-panes, Kitty? How nice and soft it sounds! Just as if some one was kissing the window all over outside. I wonder if the snow loves the trees and fields, that it kisses them so gently? And then it covers them up snug, you know, with a white quilt; and perhaps it says ‘Go to sleep, darlings, till the summer comes again.’
- b) And when they wake up in the summer, Kitty, they dress themselves all in green, and dance about- whenever the wind blows- oh, that’s very pretty!” cried Alice, dropping the ball of worsted to clap her hands. “And I do so wish it was true! I’m sure the woods look sleepy in the autumn, when the leaves are getting brown.

Chapter 2

So, resolutely turning her back upon the house, she set out once more down the path, determined to keep straight on till she got to the hill. For a few minutes all went on well, and she was just saying “I really shall do it this time-” when the

path gave a sudden twist and shook itself (as she described it afterwards), and the next moment she found herself actually walking in at the door.

Chapter 2

For some minutes Alice stood without speaking, looking out in all directions over the country and a most curious country it was. There were a number of tiny little brooks running straight across it from side to side, and the ground between was divided up into squares by a number of little green hedges, that reached from brook to brook.

Chapter 3

“All right,” said the Gnat. “Half way up that bush, you’ll see a Rocking-horsefly, if you look. It’s made entirely of wood, and gets about by swinging itself from branch to branch.”

Chapter 3

“Look on the branch above your head,” said the Gnat, “and there you’ll find a Snap-dragon-fly. Its body is made of plum-pudding, its wings of holly-leaves, and its head is a raisin burning in brandy.”

Chapter 3

“Crawling at your feet,” said the Gnat (Alice drew her feet back in some alarm), “you may observe a Bread-and-butter-fly. Its wings are thin slices of bread-and-butter, its body is a crust, and its head is a lump of sugar.”

Chapter 4

They were standing under a tree, each with an arm round the other’s neck, and Alice knew which was which in a moment, because one of them had ‘DUM’ embroidered on his collar, and the other ‘DEE.’ “I suppose they’ve each got ‘TWEEDLE’ round at the back of the collar,” she said to herself.

Chapter 4

All this time Tweedledee was trying his best to fold up the umbrella, with himself in it: which was such an extraordinary thing to do, that it quite took off Alice's attention from the angry brother. But he couldn't quite succeed, and it ended in his rolling over, bundled up in the umbrella, with only his head out: and there he lay, opening and shutting his mouth and his large eyes- "looking more like a fish than anything else," Alice thought.

Chapter 5

She caught the shawl as she spoke, and looked about for the owner: in another moment the White Queen came running wildly through the wood, with both arms stretched out wide, as if she were flying, and Alice very civilly went to meet her with the shawl.

Chapter 5

"The prettiest are always further!" she said at last with a sigh at the obstinacy of the rushes in growing so far off, as, with flushed cheeks and dripping hair and hands, she scrambled back into her place, and began to arrange her new-found treasures.

Chapter 6

However, the egg only got larger and larger, and more and more human: when she had come within a few yards of it, she saw that it had eyes and a nose and mouth; and, when she had come close to it, she saw clearly that it was HUMPTY DUMPTY himself. "It ca'n't be anybody else!" she said to herself. "I'm as certain of it, as if his name were written all over his face!"

Chapter 6

"Of course it must," Humpty Dumpty said with a short laugh: my name means the shape I am- and a good handsome shape it is, too. With a name like yours, you might be any shape, almost."

Chapter 6

Alice was too much puzzled to say anything; so after a minute Humpty Dumpty began again. "They've a temper, some of them- particularly verbs: they're the proudest- adjectives you can do anything with, but not verbs- however, I can manage the whole lot of them! Impenetrability! That's what I say!"

Chapter 7

"I only wish I had such eyes," the King remarked in a fretful tone. "To be able to see Nobody! And at that distance too! Why, it's as much as I can do to see real people, by this light!"

Chapter 7

"Do you call that a whisper?" cried the poor King, jumping up and shaking himself. "If you do such a thing again, I'll have you buttered! It went through and through my head like an earthquake!"

Chapter 8

At this moment her thoughts were interrupted by a loud shouting of "Ahoy! Ahoy! Check!" and a Knight, dressed in crimson armour, came galloping down upon her, brandishing a great club. Just as he reached her, the horse stopped suddenly: "You're my prisoner!" the Knight cried, as he tumbled off his horse.

Chapter 8

This time it was a White Knight. He drew up at Alice's side, and tumbled off his horse just as the Red Knight had done: then he got on again, and the two Knights sat and looked at each other for some time without speaking. Alice looked from one to the other in some bewilderment.

Chapter 8

Another Rule of Battle, that Alice had not noticed, seemed to be that they always fell on their heads; and the battle ended with their both falling off in this way, side by side. When they got up again, they shook hands, and then the Red Knight mounted and galloped off.

Chapter 8

“Thank you very much,” said Alice. “May I help you off with your helmet?” It was evidently more than he could manage by himself: however she managed to shake him out of it at last.

Chapter 8

“I’ll tell you how I came to think of it,” said the Knight. “You see, I said to myself ‘The only difficulty is with the feet: the head is high enough already.’ Now, first I put my head on the top of the gate- then the head’s high enough- then I stand on my head- then the feet are high enough, you see- then I’m over, you see.”

Chapter 8

The Knight looked surprised at the question. “What does it matter where my body happens to be?” he said. “My mind goes on working all the same. In fact, the more head-downwards I am, the more I keep inventing new things.”

Chapter 9

“WELL, this is grand!” said Alice. “I never expected I should be a Queen so soon- and I’ll tell you what it is, your Majesty,” she went on, in a severe tone (she was always rather fond of scolding herself), “It’ll never do for you to be lolling about on the grass like that! Queens have to be dignified, you know!”

Chapter 9

“That’s just what I complain of! You should have meant! What do you suppose is the use of a child without any meaning? Even a joke should have some meaning- and a

child's more important than a joke, I hope. You couldn't deny that, even if you tried with both hands."

Chapter 9

Alice knocked and rang in vain for a long time; but at last a very old Frog, who was sitting under a tree, got up and hobbled slowly towards her: he was dressed in bright yellow, and had enormous boots on.

Chapter 9

At any other time, Alice would have felt surprised at this, but she was far too much excited to be surprised at anything now. "As for you," she repeated, catching hold of the little creature in the very act of jumping over a bottle which had just lighted upon the table, "I'll shake you into a kitten, that I will!"

Chapter 10

The Red Queen made no resistance whatever: only her face grew very small, and her eyes got large and green: and still, as Alice went on shaking her, she kept on growing shorter- and fatter- and softer- and rounder- and-

Chapter 11

-and it really was a kitten, after all.

Chapter 12

"Your Red Majesty shouldn't purr so loud," Alice said, rubbing her eyes, and addressing the kitten, respectfully, yet with some severity. "You woke me out of oh! such a nice dream! And you've been along with me, Kitty- all through the Looking-Glass world. Did you know it, dear?"

***Trial and Triumph by Richard Hannula (Chp. 19-27)**

Chapter 19

“I am not a courtier but a monk. I cannot renounce these works unless I am shown my error from Scripture where I am in error. If I am shown my error from Scripture, I will be the first to throw my books into the fire.”

Chapter 20

In the darkness of his cell, Tyndale prepared his own defense by writing a paper entitled: Faith Alone Justifies Before God. In it, he explained the good news of the Bible, showing from the Scriptures that all who trust in Christ are forgiven. While in prison, Tyndale, like the apostle Paul in Philippi, so impressed the jailer with his Christian character and sound arguments that the jailer and several members of his family believed in Jesus Christ.

Chapter 21

But some in Geneva hated John Calvin and his teachings. He preached obedience to God's commands. His main enemies, called Libertines, wanted to live as they pleased.

Chapter 22

The churchmen who hated the Reformation decided to make an example of Anne Askew. By attacking her, they hoped to scare the queen and others of the royal court away from the Protestant Reformers. Askew's outspokenness about her faith made her an easy target.

Chapter 23

The candle lit by Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer was not put out. Their brave deaths strengthened the Protestants to press on. Within a few years, Bloody Mary died, and the Reformation was fully restored in England.

Chapter 24

“Yes, I know it well,” Knox said, “for I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to His glory, and I know, no matter how weak I am now, that I shall not die until I shall glorify His godly name there again.”

Chapter 25

This happened on August 23, 1572, the Feast of St. Bartholomew, and so this terrible day is remembered as the St. Bartholomew's day Massacre. The killing of Huguenots continued across France for weeks.

Chapter 26

Jesuit priests in Ferrara sent word to the pope, reporting that the duchess ate meat during Lent, refused to attend mass, and erected a private chapel in the castle without a crucifix or images of the saints. The pope sent a representative to interrogate Renee. She refused to see him.

Chapter 27

Fear not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power:
What though your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

Unknown to History: Captivity of Mary of Scotland by Charlotte Yonge

No copywork available yet

Water Babies by Charles Kingsley

Chapter 1

So she walked beside Tom, and talked to him, and asked him where he lived, and what he knew, and all about himself, till Tom thought he had never met such a pleasant-spoken woman. And she asked him, at last, whether he said his prayers; and seemed sad when he told her that he knew no prayers to say.

Chapter 2

Such a pleasant cottage it was, with a shiny clean stone floor, and curious old prints on the walls, and an old black oak sideboard full of bright pewter and brass dishes, and a cuckoo clock in the corner, which began shouting as soon as Tom appeared: not that it was frightened at Tom, but that it was just eleven o'clock.

Chapter 2

And all of a sudden he found himself, not in the outhouse on the hay, but in the middle of a meadow, over the road, with the stream just before him, saying continually, "I must be clean. I must be clean."

Chapter 3

But whether it is nature or not, little boys can help it, and must help it. For if they have naughty, low mischievous tricks in their nature, as monkeys have, that is no reason why they should give way to those tricks like monkeys, who know no better. And therefore they must not torment dumb creatures; for if they do, a certain old lady who is coming will surely give them exactly what they deserve.

Chapter 3

Tom stood still, and watched him. And he swelled himself, and puffed, and stretched himself out stiff, and at last—crack, puff, bang—he opened all down his back, and then up to the top of his head.

Chapter 4

And he watched the moonlight on the rippling river, and the black heads of the firs, and the silver-frosted lawns, and listened to the owl's hoot, and the snipe's bleat, and the fox's bark, and the otter's laugh; and smelt the soft perfume of the birches, and the wafts of heather honey off the grouse moor far above; and felt very happy, though he could not well tell why.

Chapter 4

But it was a lobster; and a very distinguished lobster he was; for he had live barnacles on his claws, which is a great mark of distinction in lobsterdom, and no more to be bought for money than a good conscience or the Victoria Cross.

Chapter 5

And then Tom heard all the other babies coming, laughing and singing and shouting and romping; and the noise they made was just like the noise of the ripples. So he knew that he had been hearing and seeing the water-babies all along, only he did not know them, because his eyes and ears were not opened.

Chapter 5

“You are a very cruel woman,” said he, and began to whimper.

“And you are a very cruel boy; who puts pebbles into the sea-anemones’ mouths, to take them in, and make them fancy that they had caught a good dinner! As you did to them, so I must do to you.”

Chapter 6

For if she had, she knew quite well Tom would have fought, and kicked, and bit, and said bad words, and turned again that moment into a naughty little heathen chimney-sweep, with his hand, like Ishmael’s of old, against every man, and every man’s hand against him.

Chapter 6

Which was quite natural; for you must know and believe that people’s souls make their bodies just as a snail makes its shell (I am not joking, my little man; I am in serious, solemn earnest). And therefore, when Tom’s soul grew all prickly with naughty tempers, his body could not help growing prickly, too, so that nobody would cuddle him, or play with him, or even like to look at him.

Chapter 7

Tom asked his way to her, and the King of the Herrings told him very kindly, for he was a courteous old gentleman of the old school, though he was horribly ugly, and strangely bedizened too, like the old dandies who lounge in the club-house windows.

Chapter 7

“On the contrary, if you look forward, you will not see a step before you, and be certain to go wrong; but, if you look behind you, and watch carefully whatever you have passed, and especially keep your eye on the dog, who goes by instinct, and therefore can’t go wrong, then you will know what is coming next, as plainly as if you saw it in a looking-glass.”

Chapter 8

And first he went through Wastepaper-land, where all the stupid books lie in heaps, up hill and down dale, like leaves in a winter wood; and there he saw people digging and grubbing among them, to make worse books out of bad ones, and thrashing chaff to save the dust of it; and a very good trade they drove thereby, especially among children.

Chapter 8

And there Tom was very near being kneaded up in the world-pap, and turned into a fossil water-baby: which would have astonished the Geological Society of New Zealand some hundreds of thousands of years hence.

Wheel on the School by Meindert De Jong

Chapter 1

To start with there was Shora. Shora was a fishing village in Holland. It lay on the shore of the North Sea in Friesland, tight against the dike. Maybe that was why it was called Shora. It had some houses and a church and tower. In five of those houses lived the six children of Shora, so that is important.

Chapter 1

But there one day, right in the middle of the arithmetic lesson, Lina raised her hand and asked, "Teacher, may I read a little story about storks? I wrote it all myself, and it's about storks."

Chapter 2

But Lina took charge. Since she had started it with her essay about storks, she felt responsible. It was a wonderful day, the sky was bright and blue, the dike was sunny. "Let's all go and sit on the dike and wonder why, just like the teacher said."

Chapter 2

Still thinking and dreaming about storks, she got up in her nice hazy daze and wandered away from the dike, one shoe in her hand. She went slowly down the street, staring intently at the roofs of all the houses as if she'd never seen them before. The village street lay quiet and empty. Lina had it all to herself all the way through the village to the little school. The school had the sharpest roof of all, Lina decided. All the roofs were sharp, but the school's was the sharpest.

Chapter 3

She clapped her hand to her mouth, but it was too late. She wasn't a tattletale. It was just that it had come boiling up out of her, because it had made her so furious. They were fooling the teacher, and it was making him happy.

Chapter 3

All the boys had big excited eyes. They seemed to be much more interested in the pickerel than in the storks. All but Eelka. Eelka raised his hand, and now he was saying in his slow way, "What Lina said about trees. You know, Teacher, that is exactly what I thought when I wondered why. Storks don't come to Shora because we have no trees!"

Chapter 4

Jella had found a bow. In his own attic he'd found a bow that he'd never known about but no arrows. Now he sat behind the dusty window and twanged the empty bow at the offending round white face of the clock in the tower.

Chapter 4

In a barn at the edge of the village, Pier and Dirk heard the clock in the tower bong out the hour. It stopped them cold. They sat looking at each other guiltily. "Twelve o'clock," Dirk told Pier, "and you and I just played."

Chapter 5

It seemed that even two different roads couldn't separate Pier and Dirk. They dutifully started out on the separate roads the teacher had assigned them. Dirk had taken the main road to the south that led to the village of Ternaad. Pier had a little dirt road that angled and curved its unhurried way to the southwest from Shora. There were but four farms along the little road. Pier visited each farm, but it was for nothing. Even farmers, it seemed, did not keep spare wagon wheels.

Chapter 5

Suddenly the silence in the village was shattered. There was a terrific banging and rattling and clatter of metal. The noise stopped. There was a moment's quiet. Then there came a savage, smashing sound. Dirk and Pier looked at each other and grinned. "He missed," Dirk said with satisfaction. "Boy, did you hear that rock hit the fence? If that had hit a bird, there wouldn't be a feather left."

Chapter 6

At that point the rope broke. The wheel crashed below. The strain was gone, the strain on his waist and clutching fingers. Suddenly there was breath again and a feeling of lightness, as if he were flying, as if he could fly. And with new strength Eelka tugged himself up and dragged himself up through the doorway. When his legs were safely in the loft, he stretched full length in the dust and stalks and sobbed. He lay flat, his breath rattling out of him. It was good to lie and sob, never to have to stir again.

Chapter 7

The old wagon came grinding and rattling out of the lane. It made a wide, careful turn into the road where Auka was standing. The hub of the wheel almost grazed Auka, but still the tin man had not noticed him. The man sat twisted in the seat, his eyes fixed on the back wheel of the wagon.

Chapter 8

The little side road that Lina went down was the worst. She had gone singing down the other two lanes to let the people, and especially the watchdogs, know that someone was approaching. Luckily there had been someone at each house to hush the awful growlings of the watchdogs.

Chapter 9

“The teacher might have one,” Jella said. “He’s got a little garden.” The words stopped in his mouth, and he nudged Eelka. There stood Pier and Dirk in the open gateway of Janus’ backyard talking to Janus! “Look at that!” Jella said in an unbelieving whisper.

Chapter 9

Yelling and laughing, with the wheel chair rattling, they arrived at the school. The teacher came running from the classroom at the strange sounds outside. By the time he reached the door, the boys had already shoved Janus and the wheelchair into the school portal. The teacher and Janus met each other full tilt. It was almost a collision.

Chapter 10

It was a crazy procession that stormed into Shora and along the road to the dike. The old horse tried to make speed as best as he could, but the added weight of his new passengers slowed him down. But the wagon looked fast, and the tin made it sound faster. The wagon bobbling and bouncing over the big cobblestones was one hideous clamor of tin. The pots and pans swung wildly on their wires. Janus in the wheel chair rolled on behind.

Chapter 11

She heard voices outside in the storm. The wind caught them up, swept and swirled the bodyless voices up over the roofs. They penetrated to the attic, but they were senseless, meaningless. The wind thundered in the chimney again, rattled the roof tiles, and drowned out the eerie night voices.

Chapter 12

On Monday morning the storm hadn't stopped. It raged in fury against the dike. The sea was upended; the spume and roiled spindrift still flew high above the dike, landing in gray dirty flecks in the streets and on the roofs. If anything, the storm was more jerky and fitful. Odd sudden lulls seemed to fall momentarily between the high shrieks and moans of the wind, although behind the dike the sea thundered on. Enormous breakers hurled themselves up and washed in a last, thin, hissing line almost to the crest on the dike. Now and then the spent water of an unusually large wave managed to spill over the dike.

Chapter 13

The older children could be got out of the way by sending them to school, but there, it seemed to the irritated fishermen, they did little but agonize about the storm and what it would do to the storks. Mighty little book knowledge was being rammed into their worried heads these miserable, nerve-wracking days. The men were getting as fed up on talk of storks as they were on playing dominoes.

Chapter 14

Lina couldn't run after him; her whole body felt loose and disjointed in her relief after her big scare. Oh, how that floating white had scared her! Jella had said storks! Lina found herself running. When she got to the foot of the row of piles, Jella was racing over them, jumping in the gaps. Now he stretched long and flat and let himself hang down. They were drowned storks. One after the other Jella pulled them up by their dead wings and laid them on the piles.

Chapter 15

The male gently ran his bill along her white neck. Suddenly he spread his wings and flew down from the roof. He landed in the schoolyard, right before the hushed crowd gathered in the road. His sharp eyes had seen a long twig. He seized it in his bill. Flapping his wings heavily in his weariness, he rose to the roof and dropped his twig on the wheel before his mate. Gravely he bowed before her and pushed the twig closer to her. Still sitting in her exhausted huddle, she touched the twig with her bill and drew it toward her. She seemed to accept the twig as a promise of the nest they were going to build there. The male stork settled down on the wheel close beside her and closed his eyes.

Chapter 15

“Ah, yes, little Lina.” the teacher said. “So impossibly impossible that it just had to be. And the long dream - storks on every roof in Shora - is beginning to come true.”

Ambleside Books for year 4 (last updated 9/1/11)

(an * means the book is required reading)

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*** Abigail Adams: Witness to a Revolution by Natalie S. Bober**

Chapter One

Abigail's keen mind, and her ability to express ideas poetically, shine through all her letters. But she was painfully aware that her letters lacked polish. Her writing, she knew, bore the scar of her mother's unwillingness to allow her to have a formal education. She worried about her handwriting, her spelling, and her "pointing" (punctuation), and apologized to her friends for being a "very incorrect writer."

Chapter Two

John had never met a woman like her. Although at times she seemed shy, she often stood up to him, not boldly, but with a gentle strength of will that was a match for his impetuous force. And he liked her vivaciousness and her lively mind. It made her even more attractive to him.

Chapter Three

October 25, 1764, dawned clear and cold. A sparkling Abigail Smith, just shy of her twentieth birthday, and a beaming John Adams, twenty-nine, exchanged their marriage vows in the Weymouth Parsonage. Parson Smith officiated. When the ceremony was over, and the last of the punch had been drained, Abigail, young and lovely in a long scarlet cloak and hood, ran down the stairs from the room she had shared with her sisters and out the door to where her new husband was waiting for her.

Chapter Four

At the same time Fordyce urged young women to use their intelligence. They must become economists of their households, even while perfecting their artistic talents in needlework, drawing, and music. And they must read extensively in order to achieve their full potential.

As Abigail read and reread his books, she came to a clearer understanding of who she was, and her belief in the importance of an enlightened woman intensified. She accepted the role assigned to her. But she accepted it as a challenge to excel in that role.

Chapter Five

Massachusetts women did not vote or hold office or even attend town meetings. Their lives were centered in the private world of family. They were dependent on fathers and husbands to represent them in the public sphere. But now a subtle change was beginning to take place in Colonial America. Men were gradually coming to realize that women were a necessary link in the strategy of rebellion.

Chapter Six

Early in December, when the ships finally arrived in Boston Harbor, the patriots would not allow the cargo to be unloaded. To accept these shipments would be to admit the right of Parliament to tax the colonists. The governor ordered that the tea be landed and the duty paid. Appeals to him to lift the tax were made and refused. The colonists then demanded that the ships return to England with their cargoes of tea.

Chapter Seven

For her part, Abigail saw that the children continued their studies, she somehow managed to hold together the threads of John's law practice, and she looked after the farm. As the threat of war became more serious, farming took on greater importance for all the colonists. With trade cut off and business in decline, families had to rely more heavily on their own production. Industry and frugality became the watchwords of the day.

Chapter Eight

Finally she took seven-year-old Johnny by the hand and together they walked to the top of Penn's Hill and climbed up on the rocks for a better view. In horror they stared across the blue bay and into the black, smoking mass that was all that was left of Charlestown. Her father's birthplace had been burned to the ground. John Quincy never forgot the scene.

Chapter Nine

She had worried that Washington was an aristocratic Virginian and a slaveholder, but she knew John liked him, and when she met him she was quickly charmed. She "was struck with General Washington," she wrote her husband. His appointment gave

“universal satisfaction.” Like many other patriots, she instantly saw godlike qualities in him. She was delighted when the general invited her to visit the army camp at Cambridge, and to dine with him.

Chapter Nine

Like many teenagers, Abigail had been unable to understand her mother’s worries about her as she was growing up. It wasn’t until she had begun to raise children of her own that she fully understood her mother’s concern. Now the memory of her impatience with her mother’s overwatchfulness turned to remorse. She thought of Elizabeth Smith’s boundless patience and tenderness, and of her wit and keen mind that marked Abigail as her mother’s child. And she remembered her love.

Chapter Ten

Women were nurturers and healers, assignments of the highest order in nature and society, she agreed. Their roles were different from their husbands’. But women deserved to be treated as equals. Abigail was in no way denying wifedom or motherhood as the primary role of women.

Chapter Eleven

Sensing now more acutely the weight of the burdens that Abigail was bearing alone, John tried, in some small measure, to help in the education of their children. Johnny had already written to him asking for advice on “how to apportion my studies and my play...My head is much too fickle, my thoughts are running after birds’ eggs, play and trifles,” he told his father. If he would send instructions, Johnny would try to follow them. “I am, dear sir, with a present determination of growing better, yours,” he ended his letter.

Chapter Twelve

In the end it was ten-year-old John Quincy who begged to be allowed to accompany his father. He would have a chance to see some of the world, to learn French firsthand, and to help his father with clerical work as much as possible, he pleaded. For this New England farm boy who liked outdoor sports as much as study; and who resisted all efforts to dress him neatly, it was an unheard-of-opportunity. For John Adams, it would be the first step in training his son to be a statesman.

Chapter Thirteen

Johnny wrote regularly to his mother, sister, and brothers, to his cousins and his friends, and to his grandfather Smith and his grandmother Adams. Abigail particularly enjoyed the letter that arrived from him telling her that he had begun to keep a journal, and that his papa had given him a blank book in which to keep copies of all his letters. Johnny worried, though, that he would be embarrassed “a few years hence, to read a great deal of my Childish nonsense, yet I shall have the Pleasure, and advantage of Remarking the several steps, by which I shall have advanced, in taste, judgment, and knowledge.”

Chapter Fourteen

Johnny’s mother, too, was sending advice across the ocean, counseling her oldest to curb his temper, avoid any vices, and always tell the truth. Two months later she reminded him that he had survived the trip to France only through God’s providence. Now he must discharge his obligation to his God, to society, “in particular to your country,” to his parents and to himself. And he must come to know himself.

Chapter Fifteen

John, for his part, continued to lecture his daughter. It is by the female world,” he told her, “that the greatest and best characters among men are formed... When I hear of an extraordinary man... I naturally inquire who was his mother? There can be nothing in life more honourable for a woman, than to contribute by her virtue, her advice, her example... to the formation of an husband, a brother, or a son, to be useful to the world.”

Chapter Sixteen

Abigail loved London more and more. She particularly loved the theater here, and attended numerous plays by William Shakespeare which she had been reading over and over since she was a child. She made warm friendships among a group of Englishmen who had supported American independence. And she had an opportunity to meet her old heroine, Catherine Macaulay.

Chapter Seventeen

John Adams, removed from the efforts of Congress by three thousand miles, would nevertheless put his imprint on the new constitution. His original draft of the Massachusetts Constitution, written eight years before, would be used as a model. John believed that a strong executive was essential to a stable government, and that a powerful central government with authority over state governments would be needed. Now he resolved to write a treatise on the nature of government.

Chapter Eighteen

Even George Washington was seriously ill, and for several days his life was in danger. Abigail feared that his death would have disastrous consequences. It was Washington's prestige that was holding the country together. Abigail and John both understood that John, who would succeed Washington as president should the latter die in office, had no such power. Happily, Washington recovered.

Chapter Nineteen

John Adams reacted to the French Revolution by writing a long series of anonymous newspaper articles in 1790 and 1791. Entitled "Discourses on Davila," they defended his view that political freedom could be preserved only by a balanced government that effectively controlled the natural rivalry of men for wealth and power. The quest of the French people for equality, he felt, would bring only terror, mass violence, and eventually, the loss of the freedom they sought. He would ultimately be proved right.

Chapter Twenty

"My dearest friend, as you have been called in Providence into the chair of government, you did not accept it without knowing that it had its torments, its trials, its dangers and perplexities. Look steadfastly at them, arm yourself with patience and forbearance and be not dismayed, and may God and the people support you. Having put your hand to the plow, you must not look back."

Chapter Twenty-one

By spring, attacks on both the Federalists and the Republicans grew even more bitter than they had been. Abigail and John were slandered unmercifully. There was enough

abuse and scandal, Abigail told Mary to “ruin & corrupt the minds and morals of the best people in the world.” Commenting on the forthcoming elections, she said she was sure that New York would be “the balance in the scaile, scale, skail, scaill (is it right now?) it does not look so.)”

Chapter Twenty-two

Despite her preoccupation with her family, Abigail never lost interest in the world outside Quincy. She read several newspapers regularly and looked forward eagerly to John Quincy’s letters from Washington. By the fall of 1808, when she found herself supporting James Madison, Thomas Jefferson’s handpicked successor for president, she realized that her political views had gradually changed. She was becoming a Republican.

Chapter Twenty-three

Now, eight years later, time had dimmed the memory of their differences, and when their good friend Dr. Benjamin Rush appealed to both John Adams and Thomas Jefferson to end their silence, John made the first move. His old friend responded immediately. They agreed that only future generations could judge who was right, but they ought not to die before they had explained themselves to each other. So they began an extraordinary correspondence that continued until the end of their lives.

Abigail joined in this renewal of friendship.

Chapter Twenty-four

She had been “the delight of [his] heart, the sweetener of all his toils, the comforter of all his sorrows, the sharer and heightener of all his joys... In all his struggles and in all his sorrows, [her] affectionate participation and cheering encouragement... had been his never failing support.” She had truly been his dearest friend.

***Age of Fable by Thomas Bulfinch (preface – chp. 14)**

Chapter 1

The Greeks believed the earth to be flat and circular, their own country occupying the middle of it, the central point being either Mount Olympus, the abode of the gods, or Delphi, so famous for its oracle.

Chapter 2

The creation of the world is a problem naturally fitted to excite the liveliest interest of man, its inhabitant.

Chapter 3

The slime with which the earth was covered by the waters of the flood produced an excessive fertility, which called forth every variety of production, both bad and good.

Chapter 4

“One after one the stars have risen and set,
Sparkling upon the hoar frost of my chain;
The Bear that prowled all night about the fold
Of the North-star, hath shrunk into his den,
Scared by the blithesome footsteps of the Dawn.”

Chapter 5

The palace of the Sun stood reared aloft on columns, glittering with gold and precious stones, while polished ivory formed the ceilings, and silver the doors.

Chapter 6

Midas was king of Phrygia. He was the son of Gordius, a poor countryman, who was taken by the people and made king, in obedience to the command of the oracle, which had said that their future king should come in a wagon. While the people were deliberating, Gordius with his wife and son came driving his wagon into the public square.

Chapter 7

There can be little doubt of this story of Ceres and Proserpine being an allegory. Proserpine signifies the seed—corn which when cast into the ground lies there concealed— that is, she is carried off by the god of the underworld. It reappears— that is, Proserpine is restored to her mother. Spring leads her back to the light of day.

Chapter 8

“As once with prayers in passion flowing,
Pygmalion embraced the stone,
Till from the frozen marble glowing,
The light of feeling o’er him shone,
So did I clasp with young devotion.
Bright nature to a poet’s heart;
Till breath and warmth and vital motion
Seemed through the statue form to dart.

Chapter 9

These words weighed heavily on the mind of King Ceyx, and it was no less his own wish than hers to take her with him, but he could not bear to expose her to the dangers of the sea.

Chapter 10

“Bear me, Pomona, to thy citron groves,
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclined
Beneath the spreading tamarind, that shakes,
Fanned by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.”

Chapter 11

A certain king and queen had three daughters. The charms of the two elder were more than common, but the beauty of the youngest was so wonderful that the poverty of

language is unable to express its due praise. The fame of her beauty was so great that strangers from neighbouring countries came in crowds to enjoy the sight, and looked on her with amazement, paying her that homage which is due only to Venus herself. In fact Venus found her altars deserted, while men turned their devotion to this young virgin. As she passed along, the people sang her praises, and strewed her way with chaplets and flowers.

Chapter 12

The Myrmidons were the soldiers of Achilles, in the Trojan war. From them all zealous and unscrupulous followers of a political chief are called by that name, down to this day. But the origin of the Myrmidons would not give one the idea of a fierce and bloody race, but rather of a laborious and peaceful one.

Chapter 13

“Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv’st unseen
Within thy aery shell
By slow Meander’s margent green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere,
So may’st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heaven’s harmonies.”

Chapter 14

Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, was the daughter of Jupiter. She was said to have leaped forth from his brain, mature, and in complete armour. She presided over the useful and ornamental arts, both those of men— such as agriculture and navigation— and those of women,— spinning, weaving, and needlework.

Amos Fortune, Free Man by Elizabeth Yates

Africa 1725 (Pg 8)

“He is strong,” they said to each other, voices hushed like the wind through the bamboo.

“He is beautiful,” they said, smiling to each other like the first light of dawn.

“When the time comes he will rule us well,” said Saala who had seen many rulers.

An old woman tapped her head, “Not with this will he rule,” she said, “but so,” and she laid her hand upon her heart. “See how he is with his sister.”

The Middle Passage (Pg 15)

At-mun realized that he and his people were being enslaved by power and cunning and that they must bide their time until they could effect their release in some way. Slavery was a phase of tribal war, as old as African life itself, but the At-mun-shi had always been a free people, putting no bonds on others and resisting any put on them.

Boston 1725-1740 (Pg 35)

“I bought him at the wharf. A ship had just come in and they were selling the merchandise.”

“Mr. Copeland!” Celia exclaimed, her horror making her suddenly formal. “Thee knows we are against slavery.”

Caleb sighed. “Yes, and yet when I saw him standing there and I knew we needed someone to help in the house, and I knew he would have a Christian home with kindly treatment and an opportunity to cultivate his mind, I could not help buying him. But I bought him outright, wife. I did not bid on him.”

Woburn 1740-1779 (Pg 57)

The colonies were seething with the rush of bold ideas. As taxation grew more unjust and the long arm of authority wielded across an ocean grew more tyrannical, liberty became the word that warmed the people’s hearts and fired the tongues of their spokesmen. The new country that had established itself with such eager rapidity was

feeling more sure of itself. In the strength that had been born and tested through the subduing of a wilderness, it had begun to dare to assert its independence.

Journey to Keene 1779 (Pg 81-82)

He had a good horse under him and strapped to his saddle a bundle of his finest leather, and he was a free man. No matter where his thoughts ranged as he jogged over the road, he kept coming back to that. Even though he had had his freedom now for just a month over ten years, it was still a treasure to be brought forward in his mind and meditated on with delight. A strange thing freedom was, he thought, with its side of shadow as well as of light.

(Pg 92)

Amos stooped down to be on her level and she threw her arms around his neck.

“That’s a strange thing for that child to do,” Violet said apologetically. “She’s getting your fine jacket all spotted.”

“Let her alone, Violet,” Amos said as he patted Celyndia’s heaving shoulders, “some things are too wonderful even for a child, and freedom’s one of them.”

The Arrival at Jaffrey (Pg 104)

“There are eleven other free Negroes in this town and hereabouts,” the constable said, “So you won’t be without your own kind.” He looked at Amos questioningly. “Are you a church-going man?”

Amos smiled. “I’ve gone to Sunday meeting almost since I came to this country and it was from the Bible that I learned to read.”

Hard Work Fills Iron Kettle 1781-1789 (Pg 119)

Amos’ working week began at sunrise on Monday morning and continued until sunset every day through Saturday. One whole day he kept free – Sunday, and that was sacred to churchgoing and to family life. Work and all its signs and reminders were set as far aside as possible on that day while his thought and his time were given elsewhere.

Amos on the Mountain (Pg 140)

“Oh, Lord,” Amos said, “You’ve always got an answer and You’re always ready to give it to the man who trusts You. Keep me open-hearted this night so when it comes I’ll know it’s You speaking and I’ll heed what You have to say.”

He thought it would be a night of vigil, but sleep overcame him and the world grew silent around him.

Auctioned for Freedom (Pg 157)

Violet might have small sympathy for the shiftless Lois, but she readily took Polly to her heart, outfitting her in Celyndia’s clothes and teaching her some of the duties about the house. Celyndia embraced her new sister warmly. But beyond the flight of a smile across Polly’s dark face and a few words, she seemed bowed forever by her lot.

When she sat dreaming by the fire Amos would sometimes call to her to break her from too long reverie and she would shake her head and blink her eyes with a start.

Evergreen Years 1794-1801 (Pg 181)

In the churchyard in Jaffrey, New Hampshire are two handsome headstones. The slate has weathered well and William Farnsworth’s chiseling is clearly readable. They say:

Sacred
to the memory of
Amos Fortune
who was born free in
Africa a slave in America
he purchased liberty
professed Christianity
lived reputably and
died hopefully
Nov. 17, 1801
Aet. 91

Sacred
to the memory of
Violate

by sale the slave of
Amos Fortune by
marriage his wife by
her fidelity his friend
and solace she died
his widow
Sept. 13, 1802
Aet. 7

Bambi by Felix Salten

Chapter 1

He only heard the soft licking against his coat that washed him and warmed him and kissed him. And he smelled nothing but his mother's body near him.

Chapter 2

It was the pleasantest thing for him to ask a question and then hear what answer his mother would give. Bambi was never surprised that question after question should come into his mind continually and without effort. He found it perfectly natural, and it delighted him very much.

Chapter 3

He wondered just what that danger could be that his mother was always talking about. But too much thought tired him.

Chapter 4

"If you live, my son, if you are cunning and don't run into danger, you'll be as strong and handsome as your father is sometime, and you'll have antlers like his, too."

Chapter 5

One day his mother was gone. Bambi did not know how such a thing could be possible, he could not figure it out. But his mother was gone and for the first time Bambi was left alone.

Chapter 6

Faline told him everything. "The old Prince is the biggest stag in the whole forest. There isn't anybody else that compares with him."

Chapter 7

"Don't stop!" a voice beside him commanded. It was his mother who rushed past him at full gallop. "Run," she cried. "Run as fast as you can!"

"You scolded me then, Prince," he cried excitedly, "because I was afraid of being left alone. Since then I haven't been.

Chapter 8

They were silent a while. Then the first leaf said quietly to herself, "Why must we fall?..."

The second leaf asked, "What happens to us when we have fallen?"

Chapter 9

But when they talked about the third hand they became serious and fear grew on them gradually. For whatever it might be, a third hand or something else, it was terrible and they did not understand it.

Chapter 10

Then Bambi asked despondently, "Aunt Ena, have you seen my mother?"

"No," answered aunt Ena gently.

Bambi never saw his mother again.

Chapter 11

The old stag looked at him. "It's a long time since I've seen you," he said. "You've grown big and strong."

Bambi did not answer, He trembled with joy.

Chapter 12

Bambi started for the thicket to look for Faline, but she came out of her own accord. She had been standing at the edge of the woods and had seen it all.

Chapter 13

"What a haughty look," thought Bambi. "It's unbearable, the opinion such people have of themselves."

The stag was thinking, "I'd like to talk to him, he looks so sympathetic."

Chapter 14

The call came again. "I must go! I must go!" cried Bambi who was nearly out of his wits.

"Then," the old stag declared in a commanding voice, "we'll go together."

Chapter 15

"And where have you been all this time?" asked Faline in astonishment.

"With Him," Gobo replied, "I've been with Him all the time."

Chapter 16

Gobo said, "Not only He, but all His children loved me."

Then the old stag asked in his quiet commanding voice, "What kind of a band is that you have on your neck?"

Chapter 17

"Why did he call me a poor thing?" Gobo broke in in a discontented tone. "I'd like to know what he meant by that."

"Don't think about it," his mother said.

Chapter 18

When Bambi reached the ditch the old stag rose before him out of the pitch black night so noiselessly and suddenly that Bambi drew back in terror.

Chapter 19

Gobo was standing boldly on the meadow looking around for the alders. Then he seemed to see them and to have discovered Him. Then the thunder crashed.

Chapter 20

Suddenly the noose broke with a loud snap. The Hare slipped out and was free, without realizing it for a moment. He took a step and sat down again dazed.

Chapter 21

Then a sound like thunder crashed.

Bambi felt a fearful blow that made him stagger.

"You'll be safe here," said the old stag.

Days passed.

Bambi lay on the warm earth with the mouldering bark of the fallen tree above him.

Chapter 22

When he was still a child the old stag had taught him that you must live alone. Then and afterwards the old stag had revealed much wisdom and many secrets to him.

Chapter 23

"Yes, traitor!" hissed the fox. "Nobody is a traitor but you, only you."
The dog was dancing about in a frenzy of devotion. "Only me?" he cried, "you lie."

Chapter 24

Bambi was inspired, and said trembling "There is Another who is over us all, over us and over Him."

"Now I can go," said the old stag.

Chapter 25

The little brother and sister were silent.

Bambi turned and, gliding into the bushes, disappeared before they had come to their senses. He walked along.

Black Beauty by Anna Sewell

Chapter 1 My Early Home

Whilst I was young I lived upon my mother's milk, as I could not eat grass. In the daytime I ran by her side, and at night I lay down close by her. When it was hot, we used to stand by the pond in the shade of the trees; and when it was cold, we had a nice warm shed near the plantation.

“I hope you will grow up gentle and good, and never learn bad ways. Do your work with a good will; lift up your feet well when you trot, and never bite or kick even in play.”
(Duchess, Black Beauty’s mother)

Chapter 2 The Hunt

“His neck is broken,” said my mother.

“And serve him right, too,” said one of the colts.

I thought the same, but my mother did not join with us.

“Well, no,” she said, ‘you must not say that. But though I am an old horse, and have seen and heard a great deal, I never could make out why men are so fond of this sport. They often hurt themselves, spoil good horses, and tear up the fields; and all this for a hare, a fox, or a stag, that they could get more easily some other way. But we are only horses, and don’t understand.”

Chapter 3 My Breaking In

My master often drove me in double harness with my mother because she was steady, and could teach me how to go better than a strange horse. She told me the better I behaved, the better I should be treated, and that it was wisest always to do my best to please my master. “But,” said she, “there are a great many kinds of men: there are good, thoughtful men like our master, that any horse may be proud to serve; but there are bad, cruel men, who never ought to have a horse or a dog to call their own. Besides these, there are a great many men foolish, vain, ignorant, and careless, who never trouble themselves to think; these spoil more horses than any one, just for want of sense. They don’t mean it, but they do it for all that. I hope you fall into good hands; but a horse never knows who may buy him, or who may drive him. It is all a chance; but still I say, “Do your best wherever it is, and keep up your good name.”

Chapter 4 Birtwick Park

Early in May there came a man from Squire Gordon’s who took me away to the Hall. My master said, “Goodbye, Darkie; be a good horse, and always do your best.” I could not say ‘Good-bye,’ so I put my nose into his hand; he patted me kindly, and then I left my first home.

Chapter 5 A Fair Start

“Well, John, how does he go?”

“First-rate, sir,” answered John. “He is as fleet as a deer, and has a fine spirit, too; but the lightest touch of the rein will guide him. Down at the end of the common we met one of those traveling carts hung all over with baskets, rugs, and such like. You know, sir, many horses will not pass these carts quietly; but he just took a good look at it, and then went on as quietly and pleasantly as could be.”

“Yes,” she said, “he is really quite a beauty, and he has such a sweet, good-tempered face and such a fine, intelligent eye—what do you say to calling him Black Beauty?”

Chapter 6 Liberty

It was a great treat to us to be turned out into the home paddock or the old orchard: the grass was so cool and soft to our feet; the air was so sweet, and the freedom to do as we liked—to gallop, lie down, roll over on our backs, or nibble the sweet grass—was pleasant. Then, as we stood together under the shade of the large chestnut tree, was a very good time for talking.

Chapter 7 Ginger

Just at the door stood Samson. I laid my ears back and snapped at him. “Stand back,” said the master, “and keep out of her way; you’ve done a bad day’s work for this filly.” He growled out something about a vicious brute. “Hark ye,” said his father, “a bad-tempered man will never make a good-tempered horse. You’ve not learned your trade yet, Samson.

Chapter 8 Ginger’s Story Continued

“Yes, sir, she’s wonderfully improved; she’s not the same creature that she was. It’s the Birtwick balls, sir,” said John, laughing.

This was a little joke of John’s; he used to say that a regular course of the Birtwick horse-balls would cure almost any vicious horse. These balls, he said, were made up of patience and gentleness, firmness and petting: one pound of each to be mixed with half a pint of common sense, and given to the horse every day.

Chapter 9 Merrylegs

“Boys, you see, think a horse or pony is like a steam-engine or threshing-machine, that can go on as long and as fast as they please. They never think that a pony can get tired or have any feelings; so as the one whipping me could not understand, I just rose up on my hind legs and let him slip off behind—that was all. He mounted me again, and I did the same. Then the other boys got up; and as soon as he began to use his stick, I laid him on the grass; and so on, till they were able to understand: that was all.

They are not bad boys; they don't wish to be cruel. I like them very well; but you see I had to give them a lesson. When they brought me to James and told him, I think he was very angry to see such big sticks. He said they were only fit for drovers or gypsies, and not for young gentlemen.” (Merrylegs speaking)

Chapter 10 A Talk in the Orchard

I had often wondered how it was that Sir Oliver had such a very short tail; it really was only six or seven inches long. . .on one of our holidays in the orchard I ventured to ask him by what accident he had lost his tail.

“Accident!” he snorted with a fierce look, “it was no accident! When I was young I was taken to a place where these cruel things were done. I was tied up, and made fast so that I could not stir; and then they came and cut my long beautiful tail through the flesh and through the bone, and took it away.”

. . .it was not only the pain. . .it was not only the indignity of having my best ornament taken from me. . .it was this—how could I ever again brush the flies off my side and off my hind legs. . .you can't tell what a torment it is to have them settle upon, and sting, and yet have nothing in the world with which to lash them off.”

“What did they do it for then?” said Ginger.

“For fashion!”

Chapter 11 Plain Speaking

“I must say, Mr. Sawyer, that more unmanly, brutal treatment of a little pony it was never my painful lot to witness; and by giving way to such a passion, you injure your own character as much, nay more than you injure your horse. And remember, we shall all

have to be judged according to our works, whether they be towards man or towards beast.”

. . .if we could act a little more according to common sense, and a good deal less according to fashion, we should find many things work easier. . .

Chapter 12 A Stormy Day

Master said God had given men reason by which they could find out things for themselves; but He had given animals knowledge which did not depend on reason, much more prompt and perfect in its way, by which they often saved the lives of men.

Chapter 13 The Devil's Trade Mark

Then he talked to all the boys very seriously about cruelty, and said how hard-hearted and cowardly it was to hurt the weak and the helpless. But what struck in my mind was this—he said that cruelty was the devil's own trade mark, and if we saw any one who took pleasure in cruelty, we might know to whom he belonged, for the devil was a murderer from the beginning and a tormentor to the end. On the other hand, where we saw people who loved their neighbors and were kind to man and beast, we might know that was God's mark; for “God is Love.”

“Your master never taught you a truer thing,” said John; “there is no religion without love. People may talk as much as they like about their religion, but if it does not teach them to be good and kind to man and beast, it is all a sham—all a sham, James; and it won't stand when things come to be turned inside out and put down for what they are.”

Chapter 14 James Howard

[regarding James' character]”. . .I will say this, sir, that a steadier, smarter, more pleasant, honest young fellow I never had in this stable. I can trust his word and I can trust his work.

He is gentle and clever with the horses, and I would rather have them in his charge than in that of half the young fellows I know in laced hats and liveries; and whoever wants a character of James Howard,” said John, with a decided jerk of his head, “let them come to John Manly.”

Chapter 15 The Old Ostler

“Practice makes perfect,” said the crooked little ostler, “and ‘twould be a pity if it didn’t. Forty years’ practice, and not perfect! Ha! Ha! that would be a pity. As to being quick, why, bless you! that is only a matter of habit. If you get into the habit of being quick, it is just as easy as being slow—easier, I should say.”

Chapter 16 The Fire

. . .at last a man said he saw Dick Towler go into the stable with a pipe in his mouth, and when he came out he had not one and went to the tap for another.

I remember our John Manly’s rule, never to allow a pipe in the stable, and thought it ought to be the rule everywhere.

Chapter 17 John Manly’s Talk

“So you see, James, I am not the man that should turn up his nose at a little boy, and vex a good, kind master. No! no! I shall miss you very much, James, but we shall pull through. There’s nothing like doing a kindness when ‘tis put in your way, and I am glad I can do it.”

“Then,” said James, “you don’t hold with that saying, ‘Everybody look after himself, and take care of number one’?”

“No, indeed,” said John. “Where would [my sister] Nelly and I have been if master and mistress and old Norman had only taken care of number one? Why, she in the workhouse and I hoeing turnips! Where would Black Beauty and Ginger have been if you had only thought of number one? Why, roasted to death! No, Jim, no! that is a selfish, heathenish saying, whoever may use it, and any man who thinks he has nothing to do but take care of number one, why it’s a pity but what he had been drowned like a puppy or a kitten before he got his eyes open; that’s what I think,” said John, with a very decided jerk of his head.

Chapter 18 Going For The Doctor

There was before us a long piece of level road by the riverside. John said to me, “Now, Beauty, do your best,” and so I did; I wanted neither whip nor spur, and for two miles I galloped as fast as I could lay my feet to the ground. I don’t believe that my old grandfather, who won the race at Newmarket, could have gone faster. When we came to the bridge John pulled me up a little and patted my neck. “Well done, Beauty! Good

old fellow," he said. He could have let me go more slowly, but my spirit was up and I was off again as fast as before.

Chapter 19 Only Ignorance

Well, John, thank you! I knew you did not wish to be too hard, and I am glad you see it was only ignorance."

John's voice almost startled me as he answered, "Only ignorance! Only *ignorance!* How can you talk about only ignorance? Don't you know that ignorance is the worst thing in the world, next to wickedness? —and which can say, "Oh! I did not know, I did not mean any harm," they think it is all right. I suppose Martha Mullahs did not mean to kill that baby when she dosed it with Dolby and soothing syrups; but she did kill it, and was tried for manslaughter."

Chapter 20 Joe Green

[After young Joe encountered a man beating a horse]

"Right, Joe! You did right, my boy, whether the fellow gets a summons or not. Many folks would have ridden by and said 'twas not their business to interfere. Now, I say, that with cruelty and oppression it is everybody's business to interfere when they see it; you did right, my boy.

It was wonderful what a change had come over Joe. John laughed, and said he had grown an inch taller in that week; and I believe he had. He was just as kind and gentle as before, but there was more purpose and determination in all that he did—as if he had jumped at once from a boy to a man.

Chapter 21 The Parting

"No, sir. I have made up my mind that if I could get a situation with some first-rate colt-breaker and horse-trainer, it would be the right thing for me. Many young animals are frightened and spoiled by wrong treatment, which need not be if the right man took them in hand. I always get on well with horses, and if I could help some of them to a fair start, I should feel as if I was doing some good."

Chapter 22 Earlshall

York came around to our heads and shortened the rein one hole, I think; every little makes a difference, be it for better or worse, and that day we had a steep hill to go up. Then I began to understand what I had heard. Of course I wanted to push my head forward and take the carriage up with a will, as we had been used to do; but no, I had now to pull with my head up, and that took all the spirit out of me, and brought the strain on my back and legs.

Chapter 23 A Strike For Liberty

There is no knowing what further mischief she may have done had not York promptly sat himself down flat on her head to prevent her struggling, at the same time calling out, "Unbuckle the black horse! Run for the winch and unscrew the carriage pole, and somebody cut the trace if you can't unhitch it."

Chapter 24 Lady Anne, or a Runaway Horse

I gave a loud shrill neigh for help. Again and again I neighed, pawing the ground impatiently, and tossing my head to get the rein loose. I had not long to wait. Blantyre came running to the gate. He looked anxiously away on the road. In an instant he sprang into the saddle. I needed no whip or spur, for I was as eager as my rider. He saw it, and giving me a free rein, and leaning a little forward, we dashed after them.

Chapter 25 Reuben Smith

This could not go on; no horse could keep his footing under such circumstances as the pain was too great. I stumbled, and fell with violence on both my knees. Smith was flung off by my fall, and, owing to the speed at which I was going, he must have fallen with great force. I soon recovered my feet and limped to the side of the road, where it was free from stones.

Chapter 26 How It Ended

As Smith's death had been so sudden, and no one was there to see it, there was an inquest held. The landlord and ostler at the White Lion with several other people, gave evidence that he was intoxicated when he started from the inn; the keeper of the toll-gate said he rode at a hard gallop through the gate; and my shoe was picked up amongst the stones; so the case was quite plain to them, and I was cleared of all blame.

Chapter 27 Ruined, and Going Downhill

Lord George was young and would take no warning. He was a hard rider, and would hunt whenever he could get a chance, quite careless of his horse. Soon after I left the stable there was a steeplechase, and he determined to ride. Though the groom told him the mare was a little strained, and was not fit for the race, he did not believe it, and on the day of the race he urged Ginger to keep up with the foremost riders. With her high spirit, she strained herself to the utmost and came in with the first three horses; but her wind was touched, besides which, he was too heavy for her, and her back was strained.

Chapter 28 A Job Horse and Its Drivers

Besides, a slovenly way of driving gets a horse into bad, and often lazy, habits; and when he changes hands he has to be whipped out of them with more or less pain and trouble. Squire Gordon always kept us to our best pace and our best manners. He said that spoiling a horse and letting him get into bad habits was just as cruel as spoiling a child, and both had to suffer for it afterwards.

Chapter 29 Cockneys

These people never think of getting out to walk up a steep hill. Oh, no, they have paid to ride, and ride they will. The horse? Oh, he's used to it! What were horses made for, if not to drag people uphill? Walk! A good joke indeed! And so the whip is plied, and the rein is jerked, and often a rough, scolding voice cries out, "Go along, you lazy beast!" And then comes another slash of the whip, when all the time we are doing our very best to get along, uncomplaining and obedient, though often sorely harassed and down-hearted.

Chapter 30 A Thief

. . . one afternoon he rode out into the country to see a friend of his—a gentleman farmer who lived on the road to Wells. This gentleman had a very quick eye for horses; and after he welcomed his friend, casting his eye over me, he said:—"It seems to me, Barry, that your horse does not so well as he did when you first had him: has he been well?"

"Yes, I believe so," said my master, "but he is not nearly so lively as he was." . . .

. . .with your light work and good food, he ought not to go down like this. . .How do you feed him?"

My master told him.

"I can't say who eats your corn, my dear fellow, but I am much mistaken if your horse gets it. Have you ridden very fast?"

"No, very gently."

". . .there are mean scoundrels wicked enough to rob a dumb beast of his food. You must look into it."

Chapter 31 A Humbug

"Your horse has got the 'thrush', and badly, too; his feet are very tender; it is fortunate that he has not been down. I wonder your groom has not seen to it before. This is the sort of thing we find in foul stables where the litter is never properly cleared out. If you will send him here tomorrow I will attend to the hoof, and I will direct your man how to apply some liniment which I will give him."

With this treatment I soon regained my spirits, but Mr. Barry was so much disgusted at being twice deceived by his grooms that he determined to give up keeping a horse and to hire when he wanted one. I was therefore kept till my feet were quite sound, and was then sold again.

Chapter 32 A Horse Fair

To examine me, buyers began to pull my mouth open, then to look at my eyes, next to feel all the way down my legs, and to give me a hard feel of the skin and flesh, and, lastly, to try my paces. What a difference there was in the way these things were done! Some did it in a rough, offhand way, as if one was only a piece of wood; while others would take their hands gently over one's body, with a pat now and then, as much to say, "By your leave." Of course, I judged the buyers a good deal by their manners to myself.

Chapter 33 London Cab Horse

The first week of my life as a cab horse was very trying; I had never been used to London, and the noise, the hurry; the crowds of horses, carts, and carriages through

which I had to make my way, made me feel anxious and harassed; but I soon found that I could perfectly trust my driver, and then I made myself easy and got used to it.

Some people say that a horse ought not to drink as much as he wishes; but I know if we are allowed to drink when we want it, we drink only a little at a time, and it does us a great deal more good than swallowing it down half a bucketful at a time, as we do if we have been left without water till we are thirsty and miserable.

Chapter 34 An Old War Horse

My dear master and I were at the head of the line, and as all sat motionless and watchful, he took a little stray lock of my mane which had turned over the wrong side, laid it over on the right and smoothed it down with his hand; then, patting my neck, he said: "We shall have a day of it today, Bayard, my beauty; but we'll do our duty as we always have done."

I [Black Beauty] said, "I have heard people talk about war as if it was a very fine thing." "Ah!" said he, "I should think they have never seen it. No doubt it is very fine when there is no enemy, only just exercise, parade, and sham-fights. Yes, it is very fine then, but when thousands of good, brave men and horses are killed, crippled for life, then it has a very different look."

Chapter 35 Jerry Barker

[speaking of Jerry's family – Polly, Dolly, Harry]

There used to be a great deal of laughing and fun between them, and it put Captain and me in much better spirits than if we had heard scolding and hard words. They were always early in the morning, for Jerry would say:--

If you in the morning
Throw minutes away,
You can't pick them up
In the course of the day.

You may hurry and skurry,
And flurry and worry,
You've lost them for ever,
For ever and aye.

He could not bear any careless loitering and waste of time; and nothing was so near making him angry as to find people who were always late wanting a cab horse to be driven hard to make up for their idleness.

“Well,” said Larry, “you’ll never be a rich man.”

“Most likely not,” said Jerry, “but I don’t know that I shall be the less happy for that. I have heard the commandments read a great many times, and I never noticed that any of them said, “Thou shalt be rich”; and there are a good many curious things said in the New Testament about rich men that, I think, would make me feel rather queer if I was one of them”

“As for you, Larry, you’ll die poor, you spend too much in whipcord.”

“Well,” said Larry, “what is a fellow to do if his horse won’t go without it?”

“You never take the trouble to see if he will go without it; your whip is always going as if you had the St. Vitus’s dance in your arm; and if it does not wear you out, it wears your horse out. You know you are always changing your horses, and why? Because you never given them any peace or encouragement.”

“Well, I have not had good luck,” said Larry, “that’s where it is.”

“And you never will,” said the Governor, “Good Luck is rather particular with whom she rides, and mostly prefers those who have common sense and a good heart; at least, that is my experience.”

Chapter 36 The Sunday Cab

“I read that God made man, and He made horses and all the other beasts; and as soon as He made them, He made a rest day, and bade that all should rest one day in seven. I think sir, He must have known what was good for them, and I am sure it is good for me. I am stronger and healthier all together now that I have a day of rest; the horses are fresh too, and do not wear up nearly so fast. The six-day drivers all tell me the same, and I have laid more money in the Savings’ Bank than ever I did before; and as for my wife and children, sir—why, heart alive! they would not go back to the seven days’ work for all they could get by it.”

. . .said Larry, “I don’t believe in religion, for I don’t see that your religious people are any better than the rest.”

“If they are not better,” put in Jerry, “it is because they are not religious. You might as well say that our country’s laws are not good because some people break the rules. . . .If some men are shams and humbugs, that does not make religion untrue. Real religion

is the best and the truest thing in the world, and the only thing that can make a man really happy, or make the world any better.”

“If a thing is right, it can be done, and if it is wrong, it can be done without; and a good man will find a way. . .”

Chapter 37 The Golden Rule

[on Jerry taking Dinah to see her dying mother on Sunday in his cab]

“ . . . But you know we should do to other people as we would like them to do to us. I know very well what I should like if my mother was dying; and Jerry, dear, I am sure it won't break the Sabbath; for if pulling a poor beast or donkey out of a pit would not spoil the Sabbath, I am quite sure taking poor Dinah would not.”

Chapter 38 Dolly and a Real Gentleman

Our friend. . . said, “Do you know why this world is as bad as it is?”

“No,” said the other.

“Then I'll tell you. It is because people think only about their own business, and won't trouble themselves to stand up for the oppressed, nor bring the wrongdoer to light. I never see a wicked thing like this without doing what I can, and many a master has thanked me for letting me know how his horses have been used.”

“My doctrine is this, that if we see cruelty or wrong that we have the power to stop, and yet do nothing, we make ourselves sharers in the guilt.”

Chapter 39 Seedy Sam

“You've beaten me, Sam,” he said, “for it's all true, and I won't cast it up against you any more about the police. It was the look in that horse's eye that came over me. It is hard lines for both man and beast, and who's to mend it, I don't know; but anyway you might tell the poor beast that you were sorry to take it out of him in that say. Sometimes a kind word is all we can give 'em, poor brutes, and 'tis wonderful what they understand.”

Chapter 40 Poor Ginger

I said, "You used to stand up for yourself if you were ill-used."

"Ah!" she said, "I did once, but it's no use; men are stronger, and if they are cruel and have no feeling, there is nothing that we can do but just bear it—bear it on and on to the end."

Chapter 41 The Butcher

But all the boys are not cruel. I have seen some as fond of their pony or donkey as if it had been a favourite dog; and the little creatures have worked away as cheerfully and willingly for their young drivers and I work for Jerry. It may be hard work sometimes, but a friends' hand and voice make it easy.

Chapter 42 The Election

"Well, a man who gets rich by that trade may be all very well in some ways, but he is blind to what working men want; I could not in my conscience send him up to make the laws. I daresay they'll be angry, but every man must do what he thinks to be the best for his country."

"My boy, I hope you will always defend your sister, and give anybody who insults her a good thrashing—that is as it should be

". . . I am ashamed to see how men go on that ought to know better. An election is a very serious thing, at least, it ought to be, and every man ought to vote according to his conscience, and let his neighbour do the same."

Chapter 43 A Friend In Need

Jerry rang the bell, and helped the young woman out.

"Thank you a thousand times," she said; "I could never have got here alone."

"You're kindly welcome, and I hope the dear child will soon be better."

He watched her go in at the door, and he said to himself quietly, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these.'" Then he patted my neck; this was always his way when anything pleased him.

Chapter 44 Old Captain and His Successor

“There is not a bit of vice in him,” said the man; “his mouth is very tender, and I think myself that was the cause of the accident. You see, he had just been clipped, and the weather was bad, and he had not had exercise enough, and when he did go out he was a full of spring as a balloon. Our governor had him harnessed in as tight and strong as he could, with the martingale, and the bearing rein, a very sharp curb, and the reins, put in at the bottom bar; it is my belief that it made the horse mad, being tender in the mouth and so full of spirit.”

Chapter 45 Jerry's New Year

“Yes,” said Harry quickly, “and the doctor said that father had a better chance than most men, because he didn't drink. He said yesterday the fever was so high that if father had been a drinking man it would have burnt him up like a piece of paper; but I believe he thinks he will get over it; don't you think he will, Mr. Grant?”

The Governor looked puzzled.

“If there's any rule that good men should get over these things, I am sure he will, my boy. He's the best man I know.”

Chapter 46 Jakes And The Lady

Again I started the heavy load, and struggled on a few yards; again the whip came down, and again I struggled forward. The pain of that great cart whip was sharp, but my mind hurt quite as much as my poor sides. To be punished and abused when I was doing my very best was so hard that it took the heart out of me.

Chapter 47 Hard Times

The load was very heavy, and I had had neither food nor rest since the morning; but I did my best, as I always had done in spite of cruelty and injustice.

I got along fairly till we came to Ludgate Hill; but there, the heavy load and my own exhaustion were too much. I was struggling to keep on goaded by constant chucks of the rein and use of the whip, when, in a single moment—I cannot tell how—my feet slipped from under me, and I fell heavily to the ground on my side.

Chapter 48 Farmer Thoroughgood and His Grandson Willie

I noticed a man who looked like a gentleman farmer, with a young boy at his side. He had a broad back and round shoulders, a kind, ruddy face, and he wore a broad-brimmed hat. When he came up to me and my companions, he stood still and gave a pitiful look round upon us. I saw his eye rest on me; I had still a good mane and tail, which did something for my experience. I pricked up my ears and looked at him.

“There’s a horse, Willie, that has known better days.”

Chapter 49 My Last Home

Willie always speaks to me when he can, and treats me as his special friend. My ladies have promised that I shall never be sold, and so I have nothing to fear; and here my story ends. My troubles are all over and I am at home; and often before I am quite awake I fancy I am still in the orchard at Birtwick, standing with my old friends under the apple-trees.

Book of Golden Deeds by Charlotte Yonge

Introduction:

And oh, young readers, if your hearts burn within you as you read these various forms of the truest and deepest glory, and you long for time and place to act in the like devoted way, bethink yourselves that the alloy of such actions is to be constantly worked away in daily life....

Chapter 1 The Battle of the Blackwater

When he heard the advice given and accepted that the Danes should be bribed, instead of being fought with, he made up his mind that he, at least, would try to raise up a nobler spirit, and, at the sacrifice of his own life, would show the effect of making a manful stand against them.

Chapter 2 Guzman El Bueno

The struggle was bitter, but he broke forth at last in these words:--"I did not beget a son to be made use of against my country, but that he should serve her against her foes."

Chapter 3 What is Better than Slaying a Dragon

By valour 'tis that knights are known;
A valiant spirit hast thou shown;
But the first duty of a knight,
Now tell, who vows for CHRIST to fight
And bears the Cross on his coat of mail.
The listeners all with fear grew pale,
While, bending lowly, spake the knight,
 His cheeks with blushes burning,
'He who the Cross would bear aright
 Obedience must be learning.'

Chapter 4 The Keys of Calais

Then a voice was heard; it was that of the richest burgher in the town, Eustace de St. Pierre. "Messieurs, high and low," he said, "it would be a sad pity to suffer so many people to die through hunger, if it could be prevented; and to hinder it would be meritorious in the eyes of our Saviour. I have such faith and trust in finding grace before God, if I die to save my townsmen, that I name myself as first of the six."

Chapter 5 The Battle of Sempach

" I have a virtuous wife at home,
 A wife and infant son:
I leave them to my country's care,
 The field shall yet be won.' "

Chapter 6 The Carnival of Perth

There was no bar to the door. Yes there was. Catherine Douglas, worthy of her name, worthy of the cognizance of the bleeding heart, thrust her arm through the empty staples to gain for her sovereign a few moments more for escape and safety!

Chapter 7 Sir Thomas More's Daughter

"In good faith I rejoice that I have given the devil a foul fall; because I have with those lords gone so far that without great shame I can never go back." He answered, meaning that he had been enabled to hold so firmly to his opinions, and speak them out so boldly, that henceforth the temptation to dissemble them and please the King would be much lessened.

Chapter 8 Fort St. Elmo

The newcomers could not retain their tears, but all together proceeded to church to return thanks for the conclusion of their perils and afflictions.

Chapter 9 The Voluntary Convict

At any rate the prisoner went free, and returned to his home, whilst Vincent wore a convict's chain, did a convict's work, lived on convict fare, and, what is worse, had only convict society.

Chapter 10 Fathers and Sons

The church bell was ringing for afternoon service when the Royal forces marched down the hill. The last hurried prayer before the charge was stout old Sir Jacob Astley's, "O Lord, Thou knowest who busy I must be this day; if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me;" and then rising, he said, "March on, boys."

Chapter 11 The Soldiers in the Snow

"His valour shed victorious grace on all that dread retreat--
That path across the wildering snow, athwart the blinding sleet;
And every follower of his sword could all endure and dare,
Becoming warriors, strong in hope, or stronger in despair."

Chapter 12 Gunpowder Perils

Most of all was honour due to Edward Touzel, who, as a civilian, might have turned his back upon the peril without any blame; nay, could even have pleaded Mr. Lys' message as a duty, but who had instead rushed foremost into what he believed was certain death.

Chapter 13 Heroes of the Plague

His council of clergy advised him to remain in some healthy part of his diocese till the sickness should have spent itself, but he replied that a Bishop, whose duty it is to give his life for his sheep, could not rightly abandon them in time of peril.

Chapter 14 The second of September

Little matters it now even to Marie Antoinette. The worst that the murderers could do for such as these, could only work for them a more exceeding weight of glory.

Chapter 15 The Vendeens

While the greater part of France had been falling into habits of self-indulgence, and from thence into infidelity and revolution, there was one district where the people had not forgotten to fear God and honour the King.

Chapter 16 The Faithful Slaves of Haiti

When he found, to his great surprise, how much his doings were admired, he answered one of the committee who had sought him out, "Indeed, sir, I am not doing this for men, but for the Master above."

Chapter 17 The Petitioners for Pardon

Still he said, "Do you think, poor child, that you can speak to the Emperor as you speak to your father in Siberia? Sentinels guard every entrance to his palace, and you will never pass the threshold.

Chapter 18 The children of Blentarn Ghyll

She knocked at the door and was made kindly welcome, but no sooner did she ask for her father and mother than smiles turned to looks of pity and dismay.

Chapter 19 Agostina of Zaragoza

One of the most unjustifiable acts of Napoleon's grasping policy was the manner in which he entrapped the poor, foolish, weak Spanish royal family into his power, and then kept them in captivity, and gave their kingdom to his brother Joseph.

Chapter 20 Casal Nova

"As I lie here and think of my past life," said Sir William Napier, "I feel small--very small indeed. I try to remember if I have done any good, but the evil far overbalances it. We shall all be weighed in the balance and be found wanting."

Chapter 21 The Mad Dog

"What a terrible business it was. You must not scold me for the risk I ran. What I did, I did from a conviction that it was a duty, and I never can think that an over-cautious care of self in circumstances where your risk may preserve others, is so great a virtue as you seem to think it."

Chapter 22 The Monthyon Prizes

It may be said, however, that to show "piety at home" is the very first and most natural of duties.

Chapter 23 The Loss of the 'Magpie' Schooner

Among those men who have performed the most gallant and self-devoted deeds in the most simple and natural way, we should especially reckon captains in the navy.

Chapter 24 The Fever at Osmotherly

Many would have thought only of flying from the fever. Mary Pickard only thought how she could help the sufferers.

Chapter 25 Discipline

Perhaps there have never been occasions, when the habit of instantaneous obedience to the voice of duty has produced more touching instances of forbearance and unselfishness, than in the confusion and despair of a shipwreck.

Chapter 26 The Rescuers

"The roar of winds and waves
As strong contention loudly raves,
A fearful sound of fearful commotion
The many angry voices of the ocean,"

Chapter 27 The Rescue Party

Dr. Kane was among the last to come up; his men were all standing in file beside the tent, waiting in a sort of awe for him to be the first to enter it and see whether their messmates still lived.

Chapter 28 The Children in the Wood of the Far South

She had almost driven the she-wolf off with a heavy stick, when seeing one of the cubs about to attack her brother, she seized the boy, thrust him into a cupboard, and buttoned the door.

Borrowers by Mary Norton

Chapter One

"Nowadays, I suppose," Mrs. May went on slowly, "if they exist at all, you would only find them in houses which are old and quiet and deep in the country - and where the human beings live to a routine. Routine is their safeguard. They must know which

rooms are to be used and when. They do not stay long where there are careless people, or unruly children, or certain house hold pets.”

Chapter Two

It was only Pod who knew the way through the intersecting passages to the hole under the clock. And only Pod could open the gates. There were complicated clasps made of hairpins and safety pins of which Pod alone knew the secret. His wife and child led more sheltered lives in homelike apartments under the kitchen, far removed from the risks and dangers of the dreaded house above.

Chapter Three

They had a comb: a little, silver, eighteenth-century eyebrow comb from a cabinet in the drawing room upstairs. Homily ran it through her hair and rinsed her poor red eyes and, when Pod came in, she was smiling and smoothing down her apron.

Chapter Four

“He took it,” said Pod, “ever so gentle. And then, when I was down, he give it me.” Homily put her face in her hands. “Now don’t take on,” said Pod uneasily.

Chapter Five

“Borrowing’s a skilled job, an art like. Of all the families who’ve been in this house, there’s only us left, and do you know for why? Because your father, Arrietty, is the best borrower that’s been known in these parts since- well, before your grandad’s time. Even your Aunt Lupy admitted that much.”

Chapter Six

Arriety raised her tear-streaked face. “Late or early, what’s the difference?” she cried. “Oh. I know Papa is a wonderful borrower. I know we’ve managed to stay when all the others have gone. But what has it done for us, in the end?”

Chapter Seven

They had three borrowing-bags between the two of them ("In case," Pod had explained, "we pick up something. A bad borrower loses many a chance for lack of an extra bag") and Pod laid these down to open the first gate, which was latched by a safety pin. It was a big pin, too strongly sprung for little hands to open, and Arriety watched her father swing his whole weight on the bar and his feet kick loose off the ground.

Chapter Eight

Arriety watched him move away from the step and then she looked about her. Oh, glory! Oh, joy! Oh, freedom! The sunlight, the grasses, the soft, moving air and halfway up the bank, where it curved round the corner, a flowery cherry tree! Below it on the path lay a stain of pinkish petals and, at the tree's foot, pale as butter, a nest of primroses.

Chapter Nine

"My father had an uncle who had a little boat which he rowed round in the stockpot picking up flotsam and jetsam. He did bottom-fishing, too, for bits of marrow until the cook got suspicious through finding bent pins in the soup. Once he was nearly shipwrecked on a chunk of submerged shinbone. He lost his oars and the boat sprang a leak but he flung a line over the pot handle and pulled himself alongside the rim."

Chapter Ten

He was gone. And she stood there alone in the sunshine, shoulder deep in grass. What had happened seemed too big for thought; she felt unable to believe it really had happened: not only had she been "seen" but she had talked to; not only had she been talked to but she had -

Chapter Eleven

Arriety folded the letter and placed it carefully between the pages of Bryce's Tom Thumb Gazetteer of the World and, in the diary, she wrote: "Went borrowing. Wrote to H. Talked to B." After that Arriety sat for a long time staring into the fire, and thinking and thinking and thinking...

Chapter Twelve

This is the moment Arrietty thought, and felt for her precious letter. She slipped into the hall. It was darker, this time, with the front door closed, and she ran across it with a beating heart. The mat was heavy, but she lifted up the corner and slid the letter under by pushing with her foot.

Chapter Thirteen

Arrietty whipped round. There was no time to hide: it was Pod, borrowing-bag in one hand and pin in the other. He stood in the doorway of the schoolroom. Quite still he stood, outlined against the light in the passage, his little shadow falling dimly in front of him. He had seen her.

Chapter Fourteen

Pod did not speak until they reached the sitting room. Nor did he look at her. She had had to scramble after him as best she might. He had ignored her efforts to help him shut the gates, but once, when she tripped, he had waited until she had got up again, watching her, it seemed, almost without interest while she brushed the dust off her knees.

Chapter Fifteen

Homily screamed then. But this time it was a real scream, loud and shrill and hearty; she seemed almost to settle down in her scream, while her eyes stared up, half interested, into empty lighted space. There was another ceiling, she realized, away up above them - higher, it seemed, than the sky; a ham hung from it and two strings of onions.

Chapter Sixteen

Yes, they were happy days and all would have been well, as Pod said afterward, if they had stuck to borrowing from the doll's house. No one in the human household seemed to remember it was there and consequently nothing was missed. The drawing room,

however, could not help but be a temptation: it was so seldom used nowadays; there were so many knick-knack tables which had been out of Pod's reach, and the boy, of course, could turn the key in the glass doors of the cabinet.

Chapter Seventeen

"What is it?" he called. "Let me in!" But Mrs. Driver would not leave the table. "A nest! A nest!" she shouted. "Alive and squeaking!"

Chapter Eighteen

The kitchen was silent and filled with grayish darkness. He felt, as Mrs. Driver had done, along the shelf for the matches and he struck a light. He saw the gaping hole in the floor and the objects piled beside it and, in the same flash, he saw a candle on the shelf. He lit it clumsily, with trembling hands.

Chapter Nineteen

Pick-ax in hand my brother ran out of the door. He stumbled once on the gravel path and nearly fell; the pick-ax handle came up and struck him a sharp blow on the temple. Already, when he reached it, a thin filament of smoke was eddying out of the grating and he thought, as he ran toward it, that there was a flicker of movement against the darkness between the bars. And that was where they would be, of course, to get the air.

Chapter Twenty

They had a wonderful life- all that Arietty had ever dreamed of. They could live very well. Badgers' sets are almost like villages- full of passages and chambers and storehouses. They could gather hazel nuts and beechnuts and chestnuts; they could gather corn - which they could store and grind into flour, just as humans do - it was all there for them: they didn't even have to plant it.

By the Shores of Silver Lake by Laura Ingalls Wilder

Chapter 1

Mary and Carrie and baby Grace and Ma had all had scarlet fever. The Nelsons across the creek had had it too, so there had been no one to help Pa and Laura. The doctor had come every day; Pa did not know how he could pay the bill. Far worst of all, the fever had settled in Mary's eyes, and Mary was blind.

Chapter 2

Laura knew then that she was not a little girl any more. Now she was alone; she must take care of herself. When you must do that, then you do it and you are grown up. Laura was not very big, but she was almost thirteen years old, and no one was there to depend on. Pa and Jack had gone, and Ma needed help to take care of Mary and the little girls, and somehow to get them all safely to the West on a train.

Chapter 3

They were still licking their fingers when the engine whistled long and loud. Then the car went more slowly, and slowly the backs of shanties went backward outside it. All the people began to gather their things together and put on their hats, and then there was an awful jolting crash, and the train stopped. It was noon, and they had reached Tracy.

Chapter 4

All that long afternoon they sat quiet in that parlour while Grace slept, and Carrie slept a little, and even Ma dozed. The sun was almost setting when a tiny team and wagon came into sight on the road. It slowly grew larger. Grace was awake now, and they all watched from the window. The wagon grew life-size, and it was Pa's wagon, and Pa was in it.

Chapter 5

The chilly dark had settled in Laura's bones. Mary and Carrie moved stiffly too, and they stumbled, yawning. In the long room, the lamp shone on a long table and benches and rough board walls. It was warm there and smelled of supper on the stove. Aunt Docia said, 'Well, Lena and Jean, aren't you going to say anything to your cousins?'

Chapter 6

She was holding on to the pony's mane. She was hanging on to deep handfuls of it with all her might, and her elbows and her knees were holding on to the pony, but she was jolting so that she couldn't think. The ground was so far beneath that she didn't dare look. Every instant she was falling, but before she really fell she was falling the other way, and the jolting rattled her teeth. Far off she heard Lena yell, 'Hang on, Laura!'

Chapter 7

All morning Pa drove steadily along the dim wagon track, and nothing changed. The farther they went into the West, the smaller they seemed, and the less they seemed to be going anywhere. The wind blew the grass always with the same endless rippling, the horses' feet and the wheels going over the grass made always the same sound. The jiggling of the board seat was always the same jiggling. Laura thought they might go on forever, yet always be in this same changeless place, that would not even know they were there.

Chapter 8

When Pa came to dinner, he was pleased to see everything so nicely settled and arranged. He tweaked Carrie's ear and swung Grace up in his hands; he could not toss her, under that low roof.

'But where's the china shepherdess, Caroline?' he asked.

'I haven't unpacked the shepherdess, Charles,' said Ma. 'We aren't living here, we're only staying till you get our homestead.'

Chapter 9

'Well,' Pa said, getting up slowly, 'I've got to go sell the boys the ammunition for their guns. I hope Jerry don't come back to camp tonight. If he just rode up to see how Old Johnny is, rode up to the stable to put his horse in, they'd shoot him.'

'Oh, no Charles! Surely they wouldn't do that!' Ma exclaimed.

Chapter 10

Right across the prairie swell where the trains would run, the teams with ploughs and the teams with scrapers were cutting a wide ditch. Back and forth went the big teams

pulling the ploughs, and round and round went the teams hauling the scrapers, all steadily moving in time with each other.

Chapter 11

The door opened, and there in the lamplight stood Pa. He shut the door behind him, and the two men who had knocked stepped backward into the crowd. Pa stood on the step with his hands in his pockets.

'Well, boys, what is it?' he asked quietly.

A voice came from the crowd. 'We want our pay.'

Chapter 12

'I know, little Half-pint,' said Pa, and his voice was very kind. 'You and I want to fly like the birds. But long ago I promised your Ma that you girls should go to school. You can't go to school and go West. When this town is built there'll be a school here. I'm going to get a homestead, Laura, and you girls are going to school.'

Chapter 13

Every day the camp was noisy with men drawing their last pay and leaving. Wagon after wagon went away to the east. Every night the camp was emptier. One day Uncle Henry, Louisa and Charley started the long drive back to Wisconsin, to sell the farm.

Chapter 14

There was no need to pack anything, for the surveyors' house stood on the north shore of the lake not half a mile from the shanty. Laura could hardly wait to see it. When she had helped to put everything neatly into the wagon, and Mary and Carrie and Ma and Grace were in it, Laura said to Pa, 'Please, can't I run ahead?'

Chapter 15

Thinking of that old man going out with the last teamster, Laura really knew how deserted this country was. It would take them two long days to get to the Big Sioux River. All the way between the Big Sioux and the Jim, there was nobody at all except them, there in the Surveyor's house.

Chapter 16

When the sun shone, no matter how cold it was, Laura must go out. When Ma would let them go, she and Carrie, well wrapped up in coats and hood with shoes and mittens and mufflers on, went sliding on Silver Lake. Holding hands, they ran a little way and then slid on the dark, smooth ice.

Chapter 17

'We followed the moonpath,' Laura told him. Pa looked at her strangely. 'You would!' he said. 'I thought those wolves had gone. It was careless of me. I'll hunt them tomorrow.'

Mary sat still, but her face was white. 'Oh, girls,' she almost whispered. 'Suppose he had caught you!'

Chapter 18

'That isn't all, Caroline!' Pa announced. 'I've got some news. I've found our homestead.'

'Oh, where, Pa! What's it like? How far is it?' Mary and Laura and Carrie asked, excited. Ma said, 'That's good, Charles.'

Chapter 19

Pa had gone hunting. He said he intended to have the biggest jack rabbit in the territory for the Christmas dinner. And he had. At least, he had brought home the very biggest rabbit they had ever seen. Skinned and cleaned and frozen stiff, it waited now in the lean-to to be roasted tomorrow.

Chapter 20

“I don’t know why,” Laura said to Mrs Boast. “We don’t even know what the joke is, but when Mr Boast laughs –”

Mrs Boast was laughing too. “It’s contagious,” she said. Laura looked at her blue, laughing eyes and thought that Christmas would be jolly.

Chapter 21

“There!” Pa said, when all was done. “Now you folks are settled, come on over. Not even the four of us can get in here, but there’s plenty of room at the other house, so that’s headquarters. How about a game of checkers, Boast?”

Chapter 22

“This is certainly a fine country,” Mr Boast agreed. “I’m glad I’ve got my claim filed on a hundred and sixty acres of it, and I wish you had, Ingalls.”

“I’ll have it before I’m a week older,” said Pa.

Chapter 23

“What did I tell you, Ingalls, about the spring rush?” said Mr Boast. “Two homesteaders in here already, and March hardly begun.”

“That struck me too,” said Pa. “I’m making tracks for Brookins tomorrow morning, rain or shine.”

Chapter 24

That night more strangers came. The next night there were more. Ma said, “Mercy on us, aren’t we to have one night in peace by ourselves?”

“I can’t help it, Caroline,” said Pa. “We can’t refuse folks shelter, when there’s nowhere else they can stay.”

Chapter 25

Late in the afternoon of the fourth day Pa came home. He waved as he drove by to put the tired team in the stable, and he walked smiling into the house. 'Well, Caroline! Girls!' he said. 'We've got the claim.'

Chapter 26

Suddenly, there on the brown prairie where nothing had been before, was the town. In two weeks, all along Main Street the unpainted new buildings pushed up their thin false fronts, two stories high and square on top.

Chapter 27

'Well,' said Pa, 'I think we'd better get on to our claim before somebody jumps it.'

'So do I,' Ma agreed. 'We will move as soon as you can put up any kind of shelter.'

'Fix me up a snack to eat, and I'll start now.' Said Pa.

Chapter 28

'There it is!' he said. The little claim shanty stood bright in its newness in the sunlight. It looked like a yellow toy on the great rolling prairie covered with rippling young grass.

Ma laughed at it when Pa helped her from the wagon. 'It looks like half a woodshed that has been split in two.'

Chapter 29

'I guess she's behind the house, I'll get her,' Carrie said, and she ran, calling, 'Grace!' In a minute she came from behind the shanty, her eyes large and scared and the freckles standing out from her pale face. 'Pa, I can't find her!'

Chapter 30

Then she ran towards the Big Slough, calling as she ran. 'Pa! Ma! She's here!' She kept on calling until Pa heard her and shouted to Ma, far in the tall grass. Slowly, together, they fought their way out of Big Slough and slowly came up to the shanty, draggled and muddy and very tired and thankful.

Chapter 31

The days were warm. Mosquitoes came out of the Big Slough at sundown and sang their high, keen song all night as they swarmed around Ellen, biting her and sucking the blood until she ran around and around on her picket rope.

Chapter 32

Laura drew the curtain as she and Mary joined Carrie and Grace in their tiny bedroom.

And, as she fell asleep still thinking of violets and fairy rings and moonlight over the wide, wide land, where their very own homestead lay, Pa and the fiddle were softly singing.

Calico Captive by Elizabeth George Speare

Chapter One

A dull summer, her sister had said. How could James Johnson, adventuring off down the Connecticut River, have any idea what a summer it had been, that year of 1754, for the women left behind at the fort? After four years of uneasy peace, the Indians were again bent on war, stirred up by the French in Canada; and this struggling little community of Number Four at Charlestown, farther north of the settlements along the Connecticut, was almost unprotected. The families whose men had gone trading had been forced to abandon their farms and move back into the shelter of the stout walls of the fort.

Chapter Two

Without warning it happened. James Johnson's answer was drowned in such dreadful shrieks that Miriam's whole body turned to stone. She had heard them before, but far away, in the depths of the forest. Now they were close, close upon them. Indians!

Chapter Three

Miriam never forgot her sister's courage on that day. With the same stubbornness that had brought her parents into a wilderness to found a new home in spite of cold and hunger and unending labor, Susanna fought now to bring her child into the world. Two hours later Miriam held in her hands a baby girl, a perfect, tiny, red morsel, who opened her thin little button mouth in a pathetic wail.

Chapter Four

The seventh day was nearly over when Miriam suddenly remembered something. It was her birthday, and for the first in all her life no one had remembered or wished her happiness. What a silly thing to want someone to wish her happiness when heaven only knew what horrors were in store for her! This was the day when she had hoped for another party, when she would have danced again in the blue dress-with Phineas Whitney!

Chapter Four

Suddenly she was closer to her sister than ever before in their lives, and the love and courage shining from Susanna's eyes warmed her more deeply than the fire or the broth. Somehow, without a single word, their whole relationship was changed. Miriam had always been the little sister, always tagging along, always just a little at odds with the rest. Now she was a Willard too!

Chapter Five

In the morning she was left to her own devices. The three Indian women busied themselves making moccasins. The woman, who said her name was Chogan, threaded colored beads and applied them expertly in a complicated design. The old grandmother smoothed and cut the soft skins, and the girl stitched the pieces together.

Chapter Six

“Vanus!” sobbed his mother, throwing her arms around the child. Sylvanus lifted his brown cheeks for her kiss as unconcernedly as though he were leaving for an hour’s play. Then he broke from her and trotted away with the Indians. But as Susanna ran after him along the pathway, he turned back, and for the first time his blue eyes were clouded with doubt.

Chapter Seven

Miriam and James exchanged a look of dismay as they understood the officer’s meaning. They were all to be separated; each one of them had been privately purchased. After a quick fire of directions, one of the soldiers hoisted a terrified Polly to his shoulder, and another abruptly held out his hand to Sue. Sue hid both hands behind her, and shrank against her father, the ready tears welling up in her eyes. James laid a hand on his daughter’s head.

Chapter Eight

There was a wide four-poster bed with full white draw curtains and deep scalloped valences. In the center of the bed, under a fringed and embroidered coverlet and propped up against a mass of ruffled pillows, sat not the formidable woman Miriam expected but the prettiest girl she had ever seen. She was pink and white and fragile as a china figurine, her eyes like blue flowers, and her hair a fine powdery gold mist against the pillows. The blue eyes darted past Hortense and the tray, and went wide at the sight of Miriam.

Chapter Nine

Housewives bargained shrilly over stalls piled high with golden carrots, glossy red apples, green lettuce and cabbage, and great orange pumpkins. Chicken squawked from wicker baskets. At the end of the row they stopped at the fish stall and Hortense selected a huge silver cod and four loathsome, snake-like eels. It was a pleasure to watch knowingly pinching the ripe fruit, keeping a sharp eye on the scales, battling good-naturedly for a bargain.

Chapter Ten

Late Sunday morning Hortense had offered to take her to church but, terrified at the thought, she had sat alone in the kitchen and repeated every word she could remember

of the Divine Service. In the wilderness James had never allowed them to omit their worship. It was up to her now to uphold that faith. Yet today, confronted by Sue's troubles eyes, she had betrayed all her teaching.

Chapter Eleven

"You look so lovely in that dress, Miriam," she said wistfully. "I wish that just once in my life, just for my wedding, I could have a beautiful dress. But isn't that silly? Where would I ever wear it when the wedding was over?"

Chapter Twelve

The curling iron hissed and steamed, as the heavy red hair was massed high on her head in countless curls and twists. Miriam's back and neck ached long before the intricate creation was finished to Felicite's satisfaction. Then the maid brought the quail pipe, and Miriam covered her eyes while the white powder was blown into the red curls. Finally there was perfumed cream for her cheeks, powder, and a touch of rouge, and the little black beauty spot, which Felicite herself insisted on pasting just beneath her left eye.

Chapter Thirteen

It was growing dark. Captive, cold and ravenous, set up a piercing wail that would not be quieted. Hurrying down the alleyway, Miriam glanced behind and saw a dark figure following them. Her heart sank, and then all at once bounded with relief. It was not a soldier pursuing them but Hortense.

Chapter Fourteen

Moreover, there was a warm, close friendliness and affection in the cottage that was contagious. It was impossible to follow her bitter thoughts while three admiring little girls hung over her shoulder. Instead she threaded needles for them and set them to competing for the straightest line of stitches. Gradually her hurt began to heal.

Chapter Fifteen

She was thankful for the long walk home in spite of her empty stomach. By the time she reached the cottage her heart had stopped pounding, her breath was coming evenly, and she was able to announce to Susanna, quite nonchalantly, "You need not worry about the jail for a while at least. You and I are going to be dressmakers. The most fashionable dressmakers in Montreal."

Chapter Sixteen

"I believe that God has sent her back to me as a reminder," she said humbly. "I am ashamed that I have despaired in my heart. I shall never doubt His goodness again."

Chapter Seventeen

"What makes you so sure their ways are lower? The Indians lived in these woods long before we ever came here. They can teach us plenty. How far do you think the *coureurs* would have gone - almost as far as the great western sea - without the Indians' help?"

Chapter Eighteen

"Conditions are far more serious than you realize. England and France are beyond all hope of being reconciled. There will shortly be a fight to the finish, and we shall be caught in the thick of it if we do not leave here at once."

Chapter Nineteen

With every step away from the hot summer street, the chill damp increased, until she was shivering. As they entered the common jail, the stench struck her in the face like a smothering blanket. In the half-dark she could make out huddled forms crowded close together like grotesque shadows. Their terrifying faces turned toward her, grayish white with coal-black greedy eyes.

Chapter Twenty

She had only intended to speak about the jail. But the thought of Susanna possessed her. She wanted this woman to understand her sister, who had endured that dreadful

morning at Charlestown, who had given birth in the wilderness, and stayed behind alone in the village of St Francis. The Marquise sat listening, her eyes dwelling gently on the girl's ardent face.

Chapter Twenty-one

He bowed very low over her hand. "We have been honored, mademoiselle. You are a very beautiful and gallant young lady. If your English soldiers show half your spirit in battle, we French will have no easy victory."

Chapter Twenty-two

After the astonishment of the past hours, she was scarcely able to be surprised when that evening the white-haired Monsieur Laroche called on her. Her first impression of him was instantly confirmed. No one could help liking his vigorous, confident man, with his handsome weather-beaten face that still bore the stamp of nobility. She could feel no resentment when he came directly to the point.

Chapter Twenty-three

There is one course open. There has been much fighting in Europe, and many French prisoners are now held in England. A ship leaves here tomorrow for Quebec, and from there for France. By special agreement it will stop at the port of Plymouth in England for the exchange of prisoners of war. The Captain and his wife and children, and you yourself, will be included in this exchange.

Chronicles of Narnia by C.S. Lewis

Copywork is listed under individual titles (eg: Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe)

Complete Peterkin Papers by Lucretia Hale

The Lady Who Put Salt in her Coffee

First he looked at the coffee, and then stirred it. Then he put in a little chlorate of potassium, and the family tried it all round; but it tasted no better. Then he stirred it in a

little bichlorate of magnesia. But Mrs. Peterkin didn't like that. Then he added some tartaric acid and some hypersulphate of lime.

About Elizabeth Eliza's Piano

It was very pleasant, too, moonlight evenings. Mr. Peterkin liked to take a doze on his sofa in the room, but the rest of the family liked to sit on the piazza. So did Elizabeth Eliza, only she had to have her back to the moon.

The Peterkins Try to Become Wise

They were sitting round the breakfast-table, and wondering what they should do because the lady from Philadelphia had gone away. "If," said Mrs. Peterkin, "we could only be more wise as a family!" How could they manage it? Agamennon had been to college, and the children all went to school; but still as a family they were not wise.

Mrs. Peterkin Wishes to go to Drive

After she had looked through the glass she laid it down, leaned her head back against the pillow, for she was very tired, and then said, "why don't you unchain the horse from the horse-post?"

Elizabeth Eliza and the little boys looked at one another and then hurried back to the house and told their mother. The horse was untied, and they all went to ride.

The Peterkins at Home

"What is the matter now?" said Mr. Peterkin.

But the children were taught not to speak at the table. Agamennon, however, made a sign of disgust at his fat, and Elizabeth Eliza at her lean, and so on; and they presently discovered what was the difficulty.

Why the Peterkins Had a Late Dinner

"A carpenter! A carpenter!" exclaimed the rest.

It was decided that Mr Peterkin, Solomon John, and the little boys should go in search of a carpenter.

Argamemnon proposed that, meanwhile, he should go and borrow a book, for he had another idea.

The Peterkins' Summer Journey

Again Mrs. Peterkin spent two days in accommodating the things. With great care and discretion, and by borrowing two more leather bags, it could be accomplished. Everything of importance could be packed except the little boys' kite. What should they do about that?

The Peterkins Snowed-Up

All the water pipes that were there were frozen. The milk was frozen. They could open the door into the wood-house; but the wood-house door into the yard was banked up with snow; and the front door, and the piazza door, and the side door stuck. Nobody could get in or out!

The Peterkins Decide to Keep a Cow

The lady from Philadelphia asked where the milk was kept.

"In the new dairy," answered Elizabeth Eliza.

"Is that in a cool place?" asked the lady from Philadelphia.

Eilizabeth Eliza explained it was close by the new kitchen.

The Peterkins Christmas Tree

She was pretty busy in her own room; the furniture had to be changed, and the carpet altered. The "hump" was higher than she expected. There was danger of bumping her own head whenever she crossed it. She had to nail some padding on the ceiling for fear of accidents.

Mrs Peterkin's Tea Party

'Twas important to have a tea party, as they had all been invited by everybody – the Bromwicks, the Tremletts, and the Gibbonses. It would be such a good chance to pay off some of their old debts, now that the lady from Philadelphia was back again, and her two daughters, who would be sure to make it all go off well.

The Peterkins Too Late for the Exhibition

AMANDA. Oh, do let us have it now; and then we'll recite to you some of our exhibition pieces.

ELIZABETH ELIZA. I'll try.

MRS. PETERKIN. Yes, Elizabeth Eliza, do what you can to help entertain Amanda's friends.

All stand looking at ELIZABETH ELIZA, who remains silent and thoughtful.

The Peterkins Celebrate the Fourth of July

Alas! Amanda, by mistake, had waked up the little boys an hour too early. And by another mistake the little boys had invited three or four of their friends to spend the night with them. Mrs. Peterkin had given them permission to have the boys for the whole day, ad they understood the day as beginning when they went to bed the night before. This accounted for the number of horns.

The Peterkins' Picnic

The lady from Philadelpnia had been wrapping her shawl about her, as she felt the sun was low. But nobody had any idea it was so late! Well, they had left late, and went back a great many times, had stopped sometimes to consult, and had been long on the road, and it had taken a long time to fetch up the things; so it was no wonder it was time to go away.

The Peterkins' Charades

“Oh, I wish we’d never determined to have charades!” exclaimed Elizabeth Eliza. “Can’t we return the money?”

“They are all here; we must give them something!” said John Osborne, heroically.

“And Solomon John is almost dressed,” reported Ann Maria, winding a veil around her head.

The Peterkins are Obligated to Move

But when the track was actually laid by the side of the house, and the steam-engine of the construction train puffed and screamed under the dining-room windows, and the engineer calmly looked in to see what the family had for dinner, she felt, indeed, that they must move.

The Peterkins Decide to Learn the Languages

Solomon John found the Italian dictionary, and seated himself by his Italian; Agamemnon, with the German dictionary, by the German. The little boys took their copy of the “Arabian Nights” to the Turk. Mr. Peterkin attempted to explain to the Russian that he had no Russian dictionary, as he had hoped to learn Sanscrit of him, while Mrs. Peterkin attempted to explain to inform her teacher that she had no books in Spanish.

Modern Improvements at the Peterkins’

Still she bravely selected a knob, and Elizabeth Eliza hastened with her to look out for the messenger. How soon should they see the telegraph boy?

They seemed to have scarcely reached the window, when a terrible noise was heard, and down the shady street the white horses for the fire-brigade were seen rushing at a fatal speed!

Agamemnon’s Career

There had apparently been some mistake in Agamemnon’s education. He had been to a number of colleges, indeed, but he had never completed his course in any one. He had continually fallen into some difficulty with the authorities. It was singular, for he was

of an inquiring mind, and had always tried to find out what would be expected of him, but had never hit upon the right thing.

The Educational Breakfast

“We shall have to go back,” they exclaimed, “We are too late! The maple syrup was all made last spring.”

“We are too early; we shall have to stay two or three months – the cider is not made until October.”

The expedition was a failure!

The Peterkins at the Carnival of Authors in Boston

The entrance was filled with a crowd of people, and, as they stopped at the cloakroom, to leave their wraps, they found themselves entangled with a number of people in costume coming out from a dressing room below. Mr. Peterkin was much encouraged. They were thus joining the performers. The band was playing the “Wedding March” as they went upstairs to a door of the hall which opened upon one side of the stage.

The Peterkins at the Farm

“But we are at the farm,” said Elizabeth Eliza.

“And so are we!” said Ann Maria.

“We have been there two days,” said Mrs. Peterkin.

“And so have we, at the ‘Old Farm,’ just at the end of the beach,” said Ann Maria.

Gentle Ben by Walt Morey

Chapter 1

Ben was not yet a full-grown brown bear, and he was painfully thin and bony from lack of enough food for his huge frame. Even so, he was a tremendous animal, with great ropes of muscles rippling sinuously under his light taffy-gold coat.

Chapter 2

During the meal, which his mother insisted was dinner, not supper, Mark's father told them what had happened in town and along the waterfront. Like every seiner, he was making his own boat, the Far North, ready for the coming season.

Chapter 3

The sun was only a couple of hours high. It lay bright and shining across the tundra, making it look as smooth and soft as velvet. It bathed the distant mountains until they glittered like white upside-down ice-cream cones.

Chapter 4

Karl came into the kitchen. He stood looking thoughtfully out the window, legs stiff and braced apart, head thrown back with an almost arrogant air. His blond hair, glistening with water, made an odd contrast with his tanned skin.

Chapter 5

His delicate black nostrils, which could pick up the scent of another animal or an intruder two miles away, were greedily drawing in all the ancient smells of the earth. There were the mustiness of deep canyons, the cold bite of distant snow fields mingled with the pungent scent of the tundra, the soft breath of the sun-warmed earth that rose about him, all laced with the clean, salty tang of the sea. The sharp ears were picking up the distant thunder of the surf, the far-off cries of clouds of gulls, the near chatter of a jay, the raucous voice of a pair of crows, the scream of a fishing eagle, and the endless musical brawling of the nearby creek running over its stones.

Chapter 6

She gripped the stubby handles and swung the scythe with a smooth, full-armed sweep. There was a sound like ripping cloth, and a narrow half-moon of grass fell smoothly before the flashing blade.

Chapter 7

He asked, "How's Ben, Mother? Did you have any trouble feeding him?"

She shook her dark, smooth head. "No trouble. Ben's a gentleman. My, you look good!"

"I've got to run up and see him, Mother. I brought him some salmon. I've got to be back at the boat in an hour."

Chapter 8

The alder, blueberry, and willow leaves, touched by fall's first chill, turned rich yellows, browns, and reds, and fell whispering into the long dry meadow grasses until bushes and trees were bare.

Chapter 9

Ben stood reared on hind legs to his great, imposing height. The flickering lantern light threw shadows over his huge form until he looked like some prehistoric monster from another world. He swung his great head, growling ominously, the sound like the rumble of distant thunder.

Chapter 10

Mark felt comforted by the tall, strong figure beside him. His father had said he was on his side. That dispelled all fear. Nothing could stand against his father; he could do anything.

Chapter 11

It was Saturday morning, and Mark wandered from window to window as he watched the storm drive in sleet-driven gusts for the length of the roughened bay, wash the roofs of the town, and spread across the soaked gray tundra beyond. He could barely see where the tundra fell away to the creek and the bottom land where they had taken Ben last summer to cut hay.

Chapter 12

Day after day, as the daylight hours lengthened and the spring buds burst into leaf, Ben explored. Led by a natural curiosity, and guided by his heritage of keen scent and sharp ears, he wandered far afield.

Chapter 13

Mark had both arms around the animal's neck and was crying, "It's you, Ben! It's really you! Oh, Ben! Ben!" He was scratching Ben under the chin, half laughing, half crying, and Ben had stretched his massive neck to its full length and was grunting like a pig, with pure delight.

Chapter 14

Above the towering mountains the setting sun turned the sky blood red; the color flowed down the bowl of the sky, gradually fading until it touched the sea, turning the water from blue to pale gold. It changed the high shapes of the mountains into black silhouettes, and lay thin shadows across the earth.

Chapter 15

He knew only that here was the animal he had been hunting for a week – the biggest, most dangerous animal in all North America. And it was padding relentlessly toward him like a tank, its huge head low, its massive shoulders rolling, the epitome of unlimited power and deadly danger.

***George Washington's World by Genevieve Foster**

No copywork yet

Gone Away Lake by Elizabeth Enright

Chapter 1

So here they were, side by side on a blue-plush coach seat, looking out the window as happy and independent as two old people of thirty. Their mother and father had seen them off, of course, and spoken to the conductor about them, but all that seemed long ago. The city had already dwindled away, and country, real country, was skimming along beside the train. It was June, the very best ripest part of June; there were roses in all the yards and yellow flowers in all the fields. The trees were thick with leaves, and the grass still looked as soft as cloth because it was so new.

Chapter 1

Portia and Foster flung open the car doors and fell out, and Katy jumped up on them, kissing their faces and snuffing dew all over them and talking a little in dog-talk, the way she knew how to do when she was happy. She was a very welcoming dog.

Next came Aunt Hilda in a lavender dress.

“Oh, darlings, how wonderful to have you back!” she cried, running down the steps and hugging them. She was a very welcoming aunt.

Chapter 2

The bureau was crowded with caterpillar jars, and the shelves with birds' nests and cocoons on twigs, and on the mantelpiece there was a procession of minerals. Mounted specimens of butterflies and moths hung in cases on the walls, and over the bed five tacked-up snakeskins were tastefully arranged. The turtles occupied a tank cozily situated beside the wastebasket.

Chapter 2

Portia and Julian drew in a breath of surprise at exactly the same instant, because at the northeast end of the swamp, between the reeds and the woods, and quite near to them, they saw a row of wrecked old houses. There were perhaps a dozen of them; all large and shabby, though once they must have been quite elaborate, adorned as they were with balconies, turrets, widows' walks, and lacy wooden trimming. But now the balconies were sagging and the turrets tipsy; the shutters were crooked or gone, and large sections of wooden trimming had broken off.

Chapter 3

They heard small steps in the house, and out of the dimness a figure approached: a small, thin old lady. The first thing they noticed about her was the queerness of her clothes: they seemed like fancy-dress clothes, so old-fashioned and long and sweeping. She was wearing a dress of black-and-white striped silk; it had leg-of-mutton sleeves and a high-boned collar made of lace. Her white hair, curled in multitudes of little pleaty ridges, was dressed in a pompadour, and on top, like a small vessel on a choppy sea, a red velvet bow was riding.

Chapter 4

Portia and Julian stepped out, too, and saw, marching briskly toward them and knocking at daisies with a cane, an elderly and dapper gentleman. The reddish-pink of his face was accentuated by a white beard and mustache. His eyebrows were black; his eyes were sharp and blue. He wore a broad-brimmed felt hat, a tweed jacket, and blue jeans tucked into the tops of his very high-laced walking boots. There was a coreopsis flower in his buttonhole. He had an air of style and elegance.

Chapter 5

One winter night, three years ago, I heard him calling out-of-doors. Terrible night. Snow driving down. Wind howling in such a way that at first I thought Fatly's cries were part of it. And then the storm lulled for a moment but Fatly did not; I recognized the sound as being of true cat origin, opened the door and in he walked, fat but half-frozen, twitching the snow off his ears. He settled right down to a dish of tuna fish, without objection, and afterwards turned on his purr. Sounded like a jackhammer. Next day he brought a dead rat and laid in on my doorstep. Gesture of gratitude; I think he expected me to eat it."

Chapter 6

I saw that I'd better do my stunt before he pushed me off the rock, so I hastily performed the little sleight-of-hand trick that my father had taught me. Very useful. Very adroit. Suddenly in my hand, instead of my plain pocketknife, I held a golden one!

"I think I dissembled rather creditably. 'Gold!' I cried, gasping like a fish and goggling my eyes. 'Fellows, my knife's turned into *gold!* It's a miracle, that's what it is; a MIRACLE!'

" 'What the deuce are you howling about?' says Edward the Seventh, or whatever he was. And then he came over and looked, and his eyes goggled too, all right.

Chapter 6

“Do you know what I would like to offer you, children?” said Mrs. Cheever, tying another apron over the one she was already wearing. “Pin, do you know what I would like to offer them?” She paused dramatically. “A house!” she said. “Here are all these old houses! Nothing ever uses them but bats and birds, and some of them are still quite safe. You could pick a safe one and have it for a clubhouse; bring your friends if you wanted.

Chapter 7

What shall we call it? The Bellemere Club?”

“Na-a. That sounds too much like golf links and a lot of grown-ups yacketing,” scoffed Julian. “I know, though. Why not call it the Philosopher’s Club? Even if we’re not philosophers and probably never will be.”

“Yes. Good. Let’s call it that, Jule.”

When they turned to Mr. Payton, they were surprised that he should look so pleased.

Chapter 8

And when the red curtains were up and the red rug was down – with tables and chairs strategically placed to cover the worst of the moth holes – the attic had become a lovely room indeed: cheerful, spacious, bright. Portia ran downstairs with a washstand pitcher, filled it at Mrs. Cheever’s pump, and picked a large painful bouquet of roses to put into it. Then, carefully mounting the Bellemere stairs, she set the pitcher on one of the two tables in the attic. It was the finishing touch.

Chapter 9

Far away, small as grasshoppers, Foster saw Portia and Julian run up the steps of one of the houses and enter it by way of a window And now another grasshopper, in a long skirt, came out of a house at the extreme right and started sweeping off the porch, while still another, at the extreme left, was crawling about a garden patch. Near these two houses, on the grass, white chickens were sprinkled like grains of salt.

Chapter 9

But he liked this house, these two little rooms. "Just my size," he said. "Just right for me and Davey." Also he was feeling extremely proud and capable. He had discovered an island, discovered a house, outwitted his elderly cousin and sister, and best of all he had come through a thunderstorm without any grown-up, or even Portia, to help him.

Chapter 10

It was really a most wonderful picture, the kind in which you can truly lose yourself. It showed a vast misty view of river winding between huge half-glimpsed crags; in the distance, by the river's edge, a tiny Indian campfire burned with the colors of an opal. You could almost smell the river fog and the harsh spice of smoke, almost hear the lonely dripping of the leaves.

Chapter 10

Never, as long as she lived, did she forget the spectacle she saw. There, jiggling clamorously toward the house, came an equipage that looked more like a gigantic insect than a car, and throned on its high back were three people from another era: an elderly lady wearing a motor-veil and duster, an elderly gentleman with an elegant beard, a little boy with a round hat on the back of his head like a blue serge halo. And then she saw that the little boy was Foster.

Chapter 11

Portia liked her new friend Lucy Lapham very much: they had a great deal in common. Both wore tooth braces, weighed eighty-five pounds, and were the same height; both had had measles (the same year!) but not mumps; both liked studying English but hated arithmetic, preferred the color green to all other colors, wore size three shoes, and had birthdays within a week of each other in October.

Chapter 11

Mrs. Cheever brought a chair out to her front porch and sat there mending. Now and then she would put her work down, close her eyes, and lean her head back, smiling. Young voices coming from the swamp; young voices coming from the Tuckertowns' old

house! When she closed her eyes like that, she could almost believe that this was Tarrigo again, and she herself was still a child.

Chapter 12

It was lucky, Portia often thought later, that everybody, even grown-ups, seemed to like Aunt Minnehaha and Uncle Pin; and equally lucky that Aunt Minnehaha and Uncle Pin always seemed to like the right grown-ups.

Chapter 12

“So every summer after that, as long as we were all at Tarrigo, Mrs. Brace-Gideon’s summer cats would vanish mysteriously sometime between the end of August and the middle of September. It became a real puzzle to the grown-ups. ‘I can’t account for it at all,’ Mrs. Brace-Gideon told Mrs. Ravenel. ‘But it does save me the bother of a trip to Clisbee. I think it must be Providence.’ ”

“You and Baby-Belle were Providence, all right,” said Portia. “But for the kittens, not for *her!*”

“Maybe we benefit from the providence of others more often than we know,” suggested Mrs. Cheever.

Chapter 13

“Why don’t you just call it the Gulper Bridge?” suggested Foster logically.

“Excellent. That all right with all of you? Very well. Bridge, in the name of the Philosopher’s Club and the inhabitants of Gone-Away Lake, I now have the honor to christen you the Gulper Bridge!” With that Mr. Payton brandished the bottle and knocked it hard against the railing. Glass sparkled and flew; ginger ale trickled fizzling into the moss.

Chapter 14

The nights were cold and still; great lights roved over the North, and the stars shivered. In the mornings there was a nap of hoarfrost on the grass, but by the time they reached Gone-Away it had melted, except in the shady spots. All the reeds were glittering, and

the foxtail grasses were full of rainbow sparks. Already the swamp maples had turned scarlet.

Chapter 14

The trees thinned out a little, and rounding a curve, they came to a stop. There in a clearing, up to its sills in weeds and briars, stood the Villa Caprice.

It looked like a huge lumpy rock at the bottom of the sea, for all of it, all its turrets and bay windows and battlements and balconies, was smothered under a vast green vine. And beyond the house the privet hedge, grown tall as trees, curved over in a dark wave.

Chapter 15

“Everything about this day seems like a dream,” Aunt Hilda said. “The hazy light, that weird tree, the whole *place*—”

“A nice dream or a bad one?” asked Portia anxiously. She felt about the Villa Caprice the way Foster felt about Craneycrow – responsible for it, in a way; she wanted people to like it.

“Oh, a pleasant dream,” her aunt assured her. “The kind where everything is peaceful and a little bit better than real.”

Chapter 15

“But *if* the state authorities agree,” their father continued. “And *if* the price isn’t too high, and *if* there’s not too much repair work to be done, and *if* what there is doesn’t cost a fortune, and *if*—”

But somehow – who knows how? – Portia and Foster were perfectly certain that every “if” would be overcome and that some day the Villa Caprice would be the Blakes’ own house to live in every summer.

Horse and His Boy by C.S. Lewis

Chapter 1

Shasta stroked its smooth-as-satin nose and said, "I wish you could talk, old fellow." And then for a second he thought he was dreaming, for quite distinctly, though in a low voice, the Horse said, "But I can."

Chapter 2

The moonlight, astonishingly bright, showed up everything almost as if it were broad day. The two horses and the two riders were galloping neck to neck and knee to knee just as if they were in a race. Indeed Bree said (afterwards) that a finer race had never been seen in Calormen.

Chapter 2

For in Calormen, storytelling (whether the stories are true or made up) is a thing you're taught, just as English boys and girls are taught essay writing. The difference is that people want to hear the stories, whereas I never heard of anyone who wanted to read the essays.

Chapter 3

"And what happened to the girl--the one you drugged?" asked Shasta. "Doubtless she was beaten for sleeping late," said Aravis coolly. "But she was a tool and spy of my stepmother's. I am very glad they should beat her." "I say, that was hardly fair," said Shasta. "I did not do any of these things for the sake of pleasing *you*," said Aravis.

Chapter 4

But there was no time to enjoy it for at once a really dreadful thing happened. The leader of the fair headed men suddenly pointed at Shasta, cried out, "There he is! There's our runaway!" and seized him by the shoulder.

Chapter 5

He saw also what had made the crash: a costly porcelain vase which had been standing on the windowsill lay on the floor broken into about thirty pieces. But he hardly noticed all these things. What he did notice was two hands gripping the windowsill from outside.

Chapter 6

He was wakened by a noise he had never heard before. "Perhaps it was only a nightmare," said Shasta to himself. At the same moment he noticed that the cat had gone from his back, and he wished it hadn't.

Chapter 6

"Oh Puss," gasped Shasta. "I *am* so glad to see you again. I've been having such horrible dreams." And he at once lay down again, back to back with the cat as they had been at the beginning of the night. The warmth from it spread all over them.

Chapter 7

Although Lasaraleen had said she was dying to hear Aravis's story, she showed no sign of really wanting to hear it at all. She was, in fact, much better at talking than at listening. She insisted on Aravis having a long and luxurious bath (Calormene baths are famous) and then dressing her up in the finest clothes before she would let her explain anything.

Chapter 8

"I desire and propose, O my father," said Rabadash, "that you immediately call out your invincible armies and invade the thrice-accursed land of Narnia and waste it with fire and sword and add it to your illimitable empire, killing their High King and all of his blood except the Queen Susan.

Chapter 9

"Now," said Bree. "All that about galloping for a day and a night, like in stories, can't really be done. It must be walk and trot: but brisk trots and short walks. And whenever we walk you two humans can slip off and walk too. Now. Are you ready, Hwin? Off we go. Narnia and the North!

Chapter 10

“By Tash!” said Aravis. “It’s the army. It’s Rabadash.” “Of course it is,” said Hwin. “Just what I was afraid of. Quick! We must get to Anvard before it does.” And without another word she whisked round and began galloping north. Bree tossed his head and did the same.

Chapter 10

Aravis screamed and reeled in the saddle. The lion was tearing her shoulders. Shasta, half mad with horror, managed to lurch towards the brute. He had no weapon, not even a stick or a stone. He shouted out, idiotically, at the lion as one would at a dog. “Go home! Go home!”

Chapter 11

He was pleased to hear the Lord Darrin say to the King. “The boy has a true horseman’s seat, Sire. I’ll warrant there’s noble blood in him.” “His blood, aye, there’s the point,” said the King. And he stared hard at Shasta again with that curious expression, almost a hungry expression, in his steady grey eyes.

Chapter 11

Then instantly the pale brightness of the mist and the fiery brightness of the Lion rolled themselves together into a swirling glory and gathered themselves up and disappeared. He was alone with the horse on a grassy hillside under a blue sky. And there were birds singing.

Chapter 12

“Good morning,” said Shasta. “But I’m not a neighbour. In fact I’m a stranger in these parts.” “Ah?” said the Hedgehog inquiringly. “I’ve come over the mountains--from Archenland, you know.” “Ah, Archenland,” said the Hedgehog.

Chapter 13

They're over the ridge now, whoever they are. Aha! I've seen the banner now. Narnia, Narnia! It's the red lion! They're in full career down the hill now. I can see King Edmund. There's a woman behind among the archers.

Chapter 13

"What about Shasta?" said Aravis. "Oh the fool!" groaned the Hermit. "Poor, brave little fool. He knows nothing about this work. He's making no use at all of his shield. His whole side's exposed. He hasn't the faintest idea what to do with his sword. Oh, he's remembered it now."

Chapter 14

"If he was a lion he'd have to be a Beast just like the rest of us. Why!" (and here Bree began to laugh) "If he was as lion he'd have four paws, and a tail, and Whiskers!...Aie, ooh, hoo-hoo! Help!" For just as he said the word Whiskers one of Aslan's had actually tickled his ear.

Chapter 15

"Beware! Beware! Beware! The bolt of Tash falls from above!" "Does it ever get caught on a hook halfway?" asked Corin. "Shame, Corin," said the King. "Never taunt a man save when he is stronger than you: then, as you please." "Oh you foolish Rabadash," sighed Lucy.

Chapter 15

Aravis also had many quarrels (and, I'm afraid even fights) with Cor, but they always made it up again: so that years later, when they were grown up they were so used to quarreling and making it up again that they got married so as to go on doing in more conveniently.

***Incredible Journey by Sheila Burnford**

Chapter 1

This journey took place in a part of Canada which lies in the northwestern part of the great sprawling province of Ontario. It is a vast area of deeply wooded wilderness – of endless chains of lonely lakes and rushing rivers. Thousands of miles of country roads, rough timber lanes, overgrown tracks leading to abandoned mines, and unmapped trails snake across its length and breadth.

Chapter 1

During the first few days Longridge had almost regretted his spontaneous offer: the terrier had languished in his basket, his long arched nose buried in the comfort of his paws, and one despairing, martyred eye haunting his every movement; and the cat had nearly driven him crazy with the incessant goatlike bleating and yowling of a suffering Siamese; the young dog had moped by the door and refused all food.

Chapter 2

The car turned around the bend at the end of the long tree-lined drive and the animals heard the sound of the engine receding in the distance. The cat transferred his attention to a hind leg; the old dog stopped panting and lay down; the young dog remained stretched out, only his eyes moving and an occasional twitch of his nose.

Twenty minutes passed by and no move was made; then suddenly the young dog rose, stretched himself, and stood intently down the drive.

Chapter 2

Only one thing was clear and certain – that at all costs he was going home, home to his own beloved master. Home lay to the west, his instinct told him; but he could not leave the other two – so somehow he must take them with him, all the way.

Chapter 3

Late in the afternoon the old dog's pace had slowed down to a stumbling walk, and it seemed as if only sheer determination were keeping him on his feet at all. He was dizzy and swaying, and his heart was pounding. The cat must have sensed this general failing, for he now walked steadily beside the dogs, very close to his tottering old friend, and uttered plaintive worried bleats.

Chapter 3

Suddenly, there was a sound of a heavy body pushing through the underbrush, accompanied by a sharp cracking of branches, and the spell was broken. Chattering shrilly in alarm and excitement, the squirrel ran up the trunk of the tree and the whisky-jacks flew off. Now onto the trail on all fours scampered a half-grown bear cub, round furry ears pricked and small deep-set eyes alight with curiosity in the sharp little face as he beheld the old dog.

Chapter 4

The old dog limped out of the shadows and into the ring of firelight, confident, friendly, and sure of his welcome; his tail wagging his whole stern ingratiatingly, ears and lips laid back in his nightmarish grimace. There was a stunned silence – broken by a wail of terror from the smaller boy, who flung himself at his mother – and then a quick excited chatter from the Indians.

Chapter 4

Only the woman who had first befriended him called out softly, in the tongue of her people, a farewell to the traveler.

The dog halted at the treeline beside the cat and looked back, but the commanding, summoning bark was heard again, and together the two passed out of sight and into the blackness of the night.

Chapter 5

The trio journeyed on, the pattern of the next few days being very much the same, free of incident or excitement. Leaving their resting place at daylight they would jog steadily along by day, their pace determined mainly by the endurance of the old dog. Their favorite sleeping places were hollows under uprooted trees where they were sheltered from the wind, and able to burrow down among the drifted leaves for warmth.

Chapter 5

The young dog saw the onrushing wave several moments before it reached them, and frantically tried to swim into a position upstream of the cat, instinctively trying to protect him; but he was too late, and the great curling, crested wave surged over, submerging them in a whirling chaos of debris. The end of a log struck the cat full on the head; he was swept under and over and over until his body was finally caught on a half-submerged piece of the old dam, and was carried along on the impetus of the wave as it tore down the river bed.

Chapter 6

He laid the cat down in a sunny patch by the wood stove and rubbed it vigorously with sacking, turning the body from side to side until the fur stood out in every direction and it looked like some disheveled old scarf. Then, as he wrapped the sacking firmly around and her mother pried the clenched teeth open, Helvi poured a little warm milk and precious brandy down the pale cold throat.

Chapter 6

She looked down and saw his head turn for the first time to her voice, his eyes like glowing rubies as they caught the moonlight, then turn away – and with sudden desolate knowledge she knew that he had no further need of her. Through a blur of tears, she watched him go, stealing like a wraith in the night towards the river that had brought him. Soon the low swiftly running form was lost among the shadows.

Chapter 7

One day they skirted a small farm, where, wary though he was of human beings, the young dog was hungry enough to cross an open field within sight of the farm and snatch one of a flock of chickens feeding there. They were still crouched over the mess of blood and scattered feathers, when they heard an angry shout, and saw a figure of a man at the far corner of the field, and a black collie running ahead, snarling as it came towards them.

Chapter 7

The porcupine turned at the instant of his spring, aware of the danger, and with incredible swiftness for such a clumsy-looking animal, spun round, whipping its terrible

tail in the dog's face. The dog yelped and leaped back with the unexpected shock of pain, and the porcupine ambled away, looking almost outraged.

Chapter 8

The lynx was almost as quick, but it missed by a hair's breadth, when the cat swerved violently, then doubled on his tracks and shot like a bullet into a rabbit burrow that opened up miraculously in the bank before him. The terrible claws so close behind slashed harmlessly through the empty air. The cat forced himself into the burrow as far as he could go, and crouched there, unable to turn and face what might come, for the burrow was very narrow.

Chapter 8

Across the valley, clearly discernible among the bare trees on the opposite slope, he saw two familiar and beloved golden and white figures. His tail switched in excitement; he opened his mouth and uttered a plaintive, compelling howl. The two figures on the hill opposite stopped dead in their tracks, listening to the unbelievable sound as it echoed around the quiet valley.

Chapter 9

Ahead of them lay the last fifty miles of the journey. It was as well that they had been fed and rested. Most of the way now lay through the Strellon Game Reserve, country that was more desolate and rugged than anything they had yet encountered. The nights would be frosty, the going perilous and exhausting; there could be no help expected from any human agency. Worst of all, their leader was already weak and unfit.

Chapter 10

The door opened and he turned to Mrs. Oakes. "I know now – I know where they have gone," he said slowly. "Luath has taken them home – he has taken them all back to his own home!"

Mrs. Oakes looked at him in incredulous silence for a moment, then "No!" she burst out impulsively. "No – they couldn't do that! It's not possible – why, it must be nearly three hundred miles! And someone would have seen them – someone would have told us..."

Chapter 11

Suddenly Elizabeth stood up.

“Listen!” she said. “Listen, Daddy – I can hear a dog barking!”

Complete and utter silence fell as everyone strained their ears in the direction of the hills behind. No one heard anything.

“You’re imagining things,” said her mother. “Or perhaps it was fox. Come along, we must start back.”

Chapter 11

Then, suddenly – as though the same thought had struck them all simultaneously – there was silence. No one dared to look at Peter. He was standing aside, aimlessly cracking a twig over and over again until it became a limp ribbon in his hands. He had not touched Luath, and turned away now, when the dog at last came over including him in an almost human round of greeting.

“I’m glad he’s back, Dad,” was all he said. “And your old Taocat too!” he added to Elizabeth, with a difficult smile.

Chapter 11

John Longridge turned away, then, and left them, an indistinguishable tangle of boy and dog, in a world of their own making. He started down the trail as in a dream, his eyes unseeing.

Halfway down he became aware of a small animal running at lightning speed towards him. It swerved past his legs with an agile twist and he caught a brief glimpse of a black-masked face and a long black tail before it disappeared up the trail in the swiftness of a second.

It was Tao, returning for his old friend, that they might end their journey together.

***It Couldn't Just Happen by Lawrence Richards**

Chapter 1

Our universe is a cosmos, not a chaos (a confused mass or mixture). The word “cosmos” comes from the Greek word *kosmos* and means “orderly universe.” It is the order of the universe that lets scientists discover and describe the natural laws that govern it.

Chapter 2

Even from space, Earth looks different from the other planets. It hangs there, bright and blue, its skies dotted with floating white clouds. It hangs in the emptiness, circled by its moon, looking warm and friendly.

Chapter 3

What if Earth were not tilted? The poles would be much colder, and the equator much hotter. Without the tilt, only half as much land could be lived on, and many kinds of plants and animals would die.

Chapter 4

Dinosaurs are the most fascinating of fossil creatures. We do not know how long they lived, but we do know that they seem to have died out suddenly. What happened to the dinosaurs? No one knows. But most scientists now believe they died in some great catastrophe.

Chapter 5

The Theory of Evolution says that over millions of years, larger and more complex animals developed from earlier, different kinds of animals.

Chapter 5

Is it foolish to believe in God when we can't solve all the mysteries that exist in our universe? Not at all! In fact, the more we learn about our universe and the more mysteries we uncover, the more we realize that it is foolish *not* to believe in God.

Chapter 6

Good science constantly searches for information and is open to new information. When scientists have wrong information or not enough information, the theories they accept are likely to be wrong. Good science doesn't jump to conclusions.

Chapter 6

Bad science can mean poorly conducted experiments. But most often the difference between good science and bad science lies in the conclusion a scientist draws. A good scientist will be cautious, while a less capable scientist will jump to conclusions.

Chapter 7

People who believe the Theory of Evolution think that life began billions of years ago as certain chemicals happened to mix together under just the right conditions. Scientists have conducted experiments that imitate those conditions. No one has come close to making life.

Chapter 8

The word "evolve" simply means to undergo change. When we write "evolution" with a small "e", it simply means that something has experienced a slow or gradual change.

Chapter 9

Charles Darwin is the Englishman who, in the 1850s, argued for the Theory of Evolution. He wrote a famous book titled *On the Origin of the Species*. Many of Darwin's ideas are now questioned by scientists. But most still accept his notion that all life developed gradually from single cells.

Chapter 10

It's almost as if you were outside one day and found a tennis ball, a soccer ball and a basketball in a weedy field. You noticed that each ball is hollow, and each has

increasingly thicker skin. You're really excited, and figure that each evolved from some common ancestor!

Chapter 11

Perhaps the first kite was flown by young spiders. many of them, when they come out of their cocoons, climb to the top of a blade of grass and face the wind. They lift up their backs, and spin a tiny silken thread. This thread is drawn out by the slightest breeze. As the thread grows, the wind pulls on it. The baby spider clings to the grass until the thread is long enough, and then suddenly lets go- to sail off into the air!

Chapter 12

Each form of termite has a special smell. If many soldier termites should be killed defending the castle, there will be less of the soldier smell (soldier pheromone) in the castle. The queen will then produce eggs that will develop into soldiers!

Chapter 13

The woodpecker is designed specifically for his way of life and is different from all other birds. His feet and tail feathers enable him to stand upright on a tree's trunk; his beak has a shock absorber; his tongue is so long it curls around his skull. Design like this did not just happen. Everything bears the clear mark of planning.

Chapter 14

Evolution says that humans are just animals that can think, who developed by chance out of earlier but different animals. The Bible teaches that human beings were made separately from the animals, by a special act of God.

Chapter 15

When you are too hot, tiny blood vessels in the skin open up and heat radiates away from your body. When you are cold, these blood vessels shut down and your body keeps heat in.

Chapter 16

You are a special and unique person. There never was and never will be another person just like you. Others will have brains and hearts and lungs. But no one else could have your personality, your memories, your character.

Chapter 16

We are not just animals, but we have been made special by God so that we can know and love him and choose right instead of wrong.

Chapter 17

Fulfilled prophecy is evidence that the Bible really is God's word. Only God can foretell the future. Since the Bible accurately foretells the future, we can trust it as God's word and know that what the Bible teaches is true.

Chapter 18

When even Jesus' enemies admit that he does perform miracles, that is very strong evidence indeed.

Chapter 19

The Bible does not answer many of our questions about Earth and history. But the Bible is clear on one vital point: Creation, not chance, explains the origin of the universe and the existence of life on Earth.

Chapter 20

According to the Theory of Evolution, you have no future. You are just an intelligent animal, in a race of animals that developed by chance.

Chapter 20

So *you* have a future beyond the death of your body. The real you, the person who thinks and feels and loves, will keep on thinking and feeling forever and ever. For you, death will not be the end.

Johnny Tremain by Esther Forbes

Chapter 1

It was Isannah who ran in to tell them that Grandpa was in his chair and breakfast was on the table. The soft brown eyes combined oddly with the flying fair hair. She did look rather like a little angel, Johnny thought—just as people were always telling Cilla on the street—and so graceful. She seemed to float about rather than run.

Chapter 2

Johnny's own work did not satisfy him as well. He had exactly enlarged the handle in his wax model. Mrs. Lapham and the girls, even Mr. Lapham, said it was fine, and he could go ahead and cast it in silver. It was only Johnny himself who was dissatisfied.

Chapter 2

This week wore on, each day as hot as the one before, for it was July. Every day after dinner Mr. Lapham took a long nap under his basket snoring as gently as he did everything else. Johnny would let him sleep for an hour, then wake him up, scold him and get him to work.

Chapter 3

Now for Cilla. He could not buy her a gray pony, a gold necklace, nor a little sailboat. He went to a stationer's. There he found a book with the most wonderful pictures of Calvinistic martyrs, dying horrible but prayerful deaths. He glanced at the text. With his help she would soon be able to read it. Next he bought pastel crayons, but he passionately regretted all those squabs. He had no money left to get her drawing paper.

Chapter 4

Although Johnny might have been more cordially received by Merchant Lyte, he was satisfied enough with his welcome to build up air castles. He really knew they were air castles, for at bottom he was hard-headed, not easily taken in even by his own exuberant imagination. Still as he trudged up Fish Street, turned in at the Lapham's door, in his mind he was in that ruby coach. Money, and a watch in his pocket.

Chapter 5

This was Johnny's new life. He like it, but was at first a little homesick for the Laphams. He had never been so glad in his life as that Thursday, a few weeks after he had begun delivering newspapers, when he saw Cilla and Isannah standing by the town pump in North Square. He had left his last paper for the day with Paul Revere and was starting back to put up his horse at the Afric Queen. He had felt he could never again go to the Laphams'. Mrs. Lapham and her Mr. Tweedie had been too ready to let him hang. He'd just about kill Dove if ever he met him.

Chapter 6

Friends! Brethren! Countrymen! That worst of Plagues, the detested tea shipped for this Port by the East India Company, is now arrived in the Harbour: the hour of destruction, of manly opposition to the machinations of Tyranny, stares you in the Face; Every Friend to his Country, to Himself, and to Posterity, is now called upon to meet at Faneuil Hall, at nine o'clock this day [that, of course, is tomorrow Monday], at which time the bells will ring to make united and successful resistance to this last, worst and most destructive measure of Administration....Boston, Nov. 29, 1773

Chapter 7

As he came back from Milton, riding the long lonely stretch of the Neck, with the gallows and the town gates still before him, Johnny realized how long ago it was that he had burned his hand, and how he had hated Dove when he found out the part he had played in that accident. How he had sworn to get even with him (the lying hypocrite—telling old Mr. Lapham that all he had meant to do was to teach a pious lesson). Now, as he saw Dove daily about the Afric Queen, he could hardly remember this feeling of hatred, his oaths of vengeance. Seemingly hatred and desire for revenge do not last long.

Chapter 8

The Province House was a beautiful building and as Johnny hung about the front of it he had a chance to admire it for over an hour. It stood well back from the rattle and bustle of Marlborough Street, with its glassy-eyed copper Indian on top of the cupola and its carved and colored lion and unicorn of Britain over the door. Behind the house he heard orders called and soldiers were hallooing—but worst of all they were laughing.

Chapter 9

Every day Johnny knew what orders were given to the Tenth and he knew other boys and men and women and girls were as carefully watching the actions of the other ten regiments in Boston. Lydia, the handsome black laundress at the Queen, extended his own eyes and ears into the very bedrooms of the officers, and often, as he helped her hang up sheets, she would tell him this and that, but nothing of any value until one day when she called him out of the stable, where he was grooming Goblin.

Chapter 10

Johnny woke up and realized that only Revere and Warren were still in the room and they were talking about Hancock and Adams. These two gentlemen had left Boston in March. They were representatives at the Provincial Congress at Concord. The British had forbidden the General Court to meet, but the Massachusetts men had merely changed the name of their legislative body and gone on sitting. But did the British know that both these firebrands were staying at the Clarks' out in Lexington?

Chapter 11

Although half of Gage's forces had left town for the battlefield, there were more officers than usual hanging about the streets and taverns. And their faces were so bland and they reassured the people so glibly that not a shot had been fired, not a person killed and begged all and sundry so smoothly to keep calm and got to their shops or their homes, Johnny was confident that the British as well as the inhabitants had heard now that the war had begun.

Chapter 12

Although no townsmen, except only the doctors, were permitted on the wharf, Johnny knew that hundreds of them stood well back and in darkness, gloating. They were not saying much, only watching. Then one man began to whistle and the next took it up and the next and the next. The whistling was shrill as a fife. They had not forgotten the prophecy of that morning, 'They go out by "Yankee Doodle," but they'll dance to it before nightfall!'

Justin Morgan had a Horse by Marguerite Henry

Chapter one

The boy leaned against the fence too, but not from weariness. His was an urgent desire to get close to the colts. The boy's blue linsey-woolsey shirt was faded and torn, and his breeches, held up by a strip of cowhide, were gray with dust. His stubbly hair was straw-colored, like a cut-over field of wheat. Everything about him looked dry and parched. Everything except his eyes.

Chapter two

He spied the colts at once. Down at the far end of the meadow they were stretched out in a joyous run, their tails floating on the wind. Gulping a deep breath, Joel went racing in the dew to meet them. He tried to shout to them, to call their names, but the wind rushed at him, smothering his voice.

Chapter three

The colts pricked their ears to take in the schoolmaster's voice. It had a soft huskiness that seemed part of the wind and the river. And the way he looked at them when he talked-it was as if they were all friends making a pilgrimage together.

Chapter four

They walked in the dark of woods and in the sunlight of farm clearings. They saw pigs wearing wood collars to keep them from rooting under fences and wriggling away. They saw flying squirrels leaping from tree to tree, black bears eating butternuts, and brown weasels scuttling in the underbrush. They saw small lakes like polished mirrors, and fishermen in boats, and hawks gliding in for a landing.

Chapter five

His mother did not need to be told. Her eyes were flooded with happiness. She held the boy close and felt of him to make sure he was all in one piece. Then, quite satisfied, she shook Master Morgan's hand and went directly to Little Bub.

Chapter six

Mister Chase was listening with only half his mind. Suddenly he wanted this boy. He had always hoped for a son of his own and there was something about Joel, no just the gangly growing look, but something about the eyes that he liked. A kind of awareness, like a startled deer. Yet there was trust in them, too. Yes, here was a lad he would be proud to look upon as his own.

Chapter seven

A stray flutter of smoke went up the chimney with a faint hiss. Joel was afraid he was going to cry. He wanted to run to Little Bub and hide him away somewhere deep in the woods. Perhaps this was all a bad dream. It must be a bad dream!

Chapter eight

The horse's breath whistled in his lungs. His nostrils flared red in exertion. Sweat broke out on his body, lathering at the collar and traces. Joel, too, was drenched in sweat. He was struggling, straining, panting as if he were yoked alongside Little Bub.

Chapter nine

Joel worked with a fierceness, scraping harder than the other boys, grubbing out every root with his bare fingers to be sure there were no knobs or snags. If Little Bub lost a race it would be no disgrace, but if he stumbled over a root and never got up again, then the disgrace and the hurt would be Joel's.

Chapter ten

Of a sudden, Master Morgan's world was all action. He hurried outside, locked the schoolhouse door, and began running down the lane toward the village. He heard the letter crackle as his coattails floated and flapped in the wind, and it made him run all the faster. Halfway there he overtook Mister Jenks driving his ox team.

Chapter eleven

At last the crowd began to fan out against a stone fence enclosing a pasture. And there to Joel's sudden joy he spied Little Bub calmly scratching his shoulder against a shellbark hickory tree. How hard and tough and courageous he looked! And how frisky and dear! In a flash Joel had leaped the fence.

Chapter twelve

Stealthily now Joel edged around behind the judges' stand. It wouldn't do to let the schoolmaster see him. His heart beating light and quick in his throat, he hurried to the oxcart, caught up the satchel, tucked it under one arm, and came running back to the starting line.

Chapter thirteen

He could kick his heels or roll in the grass with all the freedom of a colt. Sometimes white dandelion blowballs or milkweed fluff got into his nostrils, tickling the hairs until he snorted and sneezed them away. But when the wind was still, he lay still, too, just dozing in the warm sunshine and listening to the children sing the do-re-mi's.

Chapter fourteen

Neighbors, admiring these qualities in Justin Morgan, now brought their mares to him to be bred. The colts he fathered sometimes took on the color of the dam, but there all likeness to her stopped. The bold eye, the closely-coupled body, the easy gaits, the honest disposition were all Just Morgan's.

Chapter fifteen

The reasons for the war were only half clear to him. He had heard that British seamen were scrambling aboard American ships and forcing American sailors to help fight Napoleon. He had heard, too, that the English were threatening freedom of the seas. And so on June 18, 1812, when the men in Washington declared war on Great Britain, Joel figured they probably knew that they were done.

Chapter sixteen

All the while Joel worked, his mind kept remembering a mother robin who year after year built her nest on his window ledge. He remembered how she would hop onto the rim of the nest, worm in her beak, and whichever nestling squawked the loudest got the worm, it was the same on the battlefield, he thought: whichever man moaned the loudest was cared for first.

Chapter seventeen

The little horse was trembling—not from cold, but from excitement. He tried to nicker, but all he could manage was a low whimper, like child or a very old person. It seemed that he had spent himself in neighing, and now wanted only to rest his head in the warm, gentle hands. He nuzzled them feebly.

Chapter eighteen

How the people roared with delight! It was like a storybook the way the Morgan seemed to understand the greatness of the occasion. He stretched so that the President could mount with ease. Then with Joel walking proudly behind, he moved on with lofty, cadenced action.

***Kidnapped by Robert Louis Stevenson**

Chapter 1

“Be soople, Davie, in things immaterial,” said he. “Bear ye this in mind, that, though gentle born, ye have had a country rearing. Dinnae shame us, Davie, dinnae shame us! In yon great muckle house, with all these domestics, upper and under, show yourself as nice, as circumspect, as quick at the conception, and as slow of speech as any. As for the laird—remember he’s the laird; I say no more: honor to whom honor. It’s a pleasure to obey a laird; or should be, to the young.”

Chapter 2

Was this the palace I had been coming to? Was it within these walls that I was to seek new friends and begin great fortunes? Why, in my father's house on Essen-Waterside the fire and the bright lights would show a mile away, and the door open to a beggar's knock!

The door, as well as I could see it in the dim light, was a great piece of wood all studded with nails; and I lifted my hand with a faint heart under my jacket, and knocked once.

Chapter 3

As soon as the last chain was up, the man rejoined me. He was a mean, stooping, narrow-shouldered, clay-faced creature; and his age might have been anything between fifty and seventy. His nightcap was of flannel, and so was the nightgown that he wore, instead of coat and waistcoat, over his ragged shirt. He was long unshaved; but what most distressed and even daunted me, he would neither take his eyes away from me nor look me fairly in the face. What he was, whether by trade or birth, was more than I could fathom; but he seemed most like an old, unprofitable servingman, who should have been left in charge of that big house upon board wages.

Chapter 4

The tower, I should have said, was square; and in every corner the step was made of a great stone of a different shape, to join the flights. Well, I had come close to one of these turns, when, feeling forward as usual, my hand slipped upon an edge and found nothing but emptiness beyond it. The stair had been carried no higher: to set a stranger mounting it in darkness was to send him straight to his death; and (although, thanks to the lightning and my own precautions, I was safe enough) the mere thought of the peril in which I might have stood, and the dreadful height I might have fallen from, brought out the sweat upon my body and relaxed my joints.

Chapter 5

Just then we came to the top of the hill, and looked down on the Ferry and the Hope. The Firth of Forth (as is very well known) narrows at this point to the width of a good-sized river, which makes a convenient ferry going north, and turns the upper reach into

a landlocked haven for all manner of ships. Right in the midst of the narrows lies an islet with some ruins; on the south shore they have built a pier for the service of the Ferry; and at the end of the pier, on the other side of the road and backed against a pretty garden of holly trees and hawthorns, I could see the building which they called the Hawes Inn.

Chapter 6

I felt I was lost. With all my strength, I plucked myself clear of him, and ran to the bulwarks. Sure enough, there was the boat pulling for the town, with my uncle sitting in the stern. I gave a piercing cry—"Help, help! Murder!"—so that both sides of the anchorage rang with it, and my uncle turned round where he was sitting, and showed me a face full of cruelty and terror.

It was the last I saw. Already strong hands had been plucking me back from the ship's side; and now a thunderbolt seemed to strike me; I saw a great flash of fire, and fell senseless.

Chapter 7

Yet I had not been many days shut up with them before I began to be ashamed of my first judgment, when I had drawn away from them at the ferry pier, as though they had been unclean beasts. No class of man is altogether bad; but each has its own faults and virtues; and these shipmates of mine were no exception to the rule. Rough they were, sure enough; and bad, I suppose, but hey had many virtues. They were kind when it occurred to them, simple even beyond the simplicity of a country lad like me, and had some glimmerings of honesty.

Chapter 8

The roundhouse, for which I was bound, and where I was now to sleep and serve, stood some six feet above the decks, and considering the size of the brig, was of good dimensions. Inside were a fixed table and bench, and two berths, one for the captain and the other for the two mates, turn and turn about. It was all fitted with lockers from top to bottom, so as to stow away the officer's belongings and a part of the ship's stores; there was a second storeroom underneath, which you entered by a hatchway in the middle of the deck. Indeed, all the best of the meat and drink and the whole of the powder were collected in this place; and all the firearms, except the two pieces of brass ordnance, were set in a rack in the aftermost wall of the roundhouse. The most of the cutlasses were in another place.

Chapter 9

He was smallish in stature, but well set and as nimble as a goat. His face was of a good open expression, but sunburnt very dark, and heavily freckled and pitted with the smallpox; his eyes were unusually light and had a kind of dancing madness in them, that was both engaging and alarming. And when he took off his greatcoat, he laid a pair of fine silver-mounted pistols on the table, and I saw that he was belted with a great sword. His manners, besides, were elegant, and he pledged the captain handsomely. Altogether I thought of him, at the first sight, that here was a man I would rather call my friend than my enemy.

Chapter 10

This is the song of the sword of Alan:
The smith made it,
The fire set it;
Now it shines in the hand of Alan Breck.

Their eyes were many and bright,
Swift were they to behold,
Many the hands they guided:
The sword was alone.

The dun deer troop over the hill,
They are many, the hill is one:
The dun deer vanish,
The hill remains.

Come to me from the hills of heather,
Come from the isles of the sea.
O far-beholding eagles,
Hear is your meat.

Chapter 11

"If I had lost less money on this unchancy cruise," says he, "I would see you in a rope's end before I risked my brig, sir. But be it as ye will. As soon as I get a slant of wind

(and there's some coming, or I'm the more mistaken) I'll put it in hand. But there's one thing more. We may meet in with a king's ship and she may lay us aboard, sir, with no blame of mine; they keep the cruisers thick upon this coast, ye ken who for. Now, sir, if that was to befall, ye might leave the money."

Chapter 12

"Man, Alan," said I, "ye are neither very wise nor very Christian to blow off so many words of anger. They will do the man ye call the Fox no harm, and yourself no good. Tell me your tale plainly out. What did he next?"

"And that's a good observe, David," said Alan. "Troth and indeed, they will do him no harm; the more's the pity! And barring that about Christianity (of which my opinion is quite otherwise, or I would be nae Christian), I am much of your mind."

Chapter 13

The brightness of the night showed us these perils as clearly as by day, which was, perhaps, the more alarming. It showed me, too, the face of the captain as he stood by the steersman, now on one foot, now on the other, and sometimes blowing in his hands, but still listening and looking and as steady as steel. Neither he nor Mr. Riach had shown well in the fighting; but I saw they were brave in their own trade, and admired them all the more because I found Alan very white.

Chapter 14

I thought I should have died, and made my peace with God, forgiving all men, even my uncle and the fishers. And as soon as I had thus made up my mind to the worst, clearness came upon me: I observed the night was falling dry; my clothes were dried a good deal; truly, I was in a better case than ever before, since I had landed on the isle; and so I got to sleep at last, with a thought of gratitude.

Chapter 15

At last, when my landlord could drink no more, he shoed me to a bed, and I lay down in very good spirits; having traveled the greater part of that big and crooked Island of Mull, from Earraid to Torosay, fifty miles as the crow flies, and (with my wanderings) much nearer a hundred, in four days and with little fatigue. Indeed, I was by far in better heart and health of body at the end of that long tramp than I had been at the beginning.

Chapter 16

Before we went to bed he offered me sixpence to help me on my way, out of a scanty store he kept in the turf wall of his house; at which excess of goodness I knew not what to do. But at last he was so earnest with me that I thought it the more mannerly part to let him have his way, and so left him poorer than myself.

Chapter 17

At that word (which I could hear quite plainly, though it was to the soldiers and not me that he was crying it) my heart came in my mouth with quite a new kind of terror. Indeed, it is one thing to stand the danger of your life and quite another to run the peril of both life and character. The thing, besides, had come so suddenly, like thunder out of a clear sky, that I was all amazed and helpless.

Chapter 18

When it came to this, I gave Alan up. But he looked so innocent all the time, and was in such clear good faith in what he said, and so ready to sacrifice himself for what he deemed his duty, that my mouth was closed. Mr. Henderland's words came back to me: that we ourselves might take a lesson by these wild Highlanders. Well, here I had taken mine. Alan's morals were all tailfirst; but he was ready to give his life for them, such as they were.

Chapter 19

While this was going on I looked about me at the servants. Some were on ladders, digging in the thatch of the house or the farm buildings, from which they brought out guns, swords, and different weapons of war; others carried them away; and by the sound of mattock blows from somewhere farther down the brae, I suppose they buried them. Though they were all so busy, there prevailed no kind of order in their efforts: men struggled together for the same gun and ran into each other with their burning torches; and James was continually turning about from his talk with Alan, to cry out orders which were apparently never understood. The faces in the torchlight were like those of people overborne with hurry and panic; and though none spoke above his breath, their speech sounded both anxious and angry.

Chapter 20

“Ay,” said he, “now we have a chance”; and then looking at me with some amusement, “ye’re no very gleg at the jumping,” said he.

At this I suppose I colored with mortification, for he added at once, “Hoots, small blame to ye! To be feared of a thing and yet to do it is what makes the finest kind of a man. An then there was the water there, and water’s a thing that daunts even me. No, no, “ said Alan, “it’s no you that’s to blame, it’s me.”

Chapter 21

Early as day comes in the beginning of July, it was still dark when we reached our destination, a cleft in the head of a great mountain, with a water running through the midst, and upon the one hand a shallow cave in a rock. Birches grew there in a thin, pretty wood, which a little farther on was changed into a wood of pines. The burn was full of trout; the wood of cushat-doves; on the open side of the mountain beyond, whaups would be always whistling, and cuckoos were plentiful. From the mouth of the cleft we looked down upon a part of Mamore, and on the sea loch that divides that country from Appin; and this from so great a height as made it my continual wonder and pleasure to sit and behold them.

The name of the cleft was the Heugh of Corrynakeigh; and although, from its height and being so near upon the se, it was often beset with clouds, yet it was on the whole a pleasant place, and the five days we lived in it went happily.

Chapter 22

“Alan,” I said, “it’s not the want of will: it’s the strength that I want. If I could, I would; but as sure as I’m alive I cannot.”

“Very well, then,” said Alan. “I’ll carry ye.”

I looked to see if he were jesting; but no, the little man was in dead earnest; and the sight of so much resolution shamed me.

Chapter 22

Alan was in the right trade as a soldier; this is the officer's part to make men continue to do things, they know not wherefore, and when, if the choice was offered, they would lie down where they were and be killed. And I dare say I would have made a good enough private; for in these last hours, it never occurred to me that I had any choice but just to obey as long as I was able, and die obeying.

Chapter 23

Quite at the top, and just before the rocky face of the cliff sprang above the foliage, we found that strange house which was known in the country as "Cluny's Cage." The trunks of several trees had been wattled across, the intervals strengthened with stakes, and the ground behind this barricade leveled up with earth to make the floor. A tree, which grew out from the hillside, was the living center beam of the roof. The walls were of wattle and covered with moss. The whole house had something of an egg shape; and it half hung, half stood in that steep, hillside thicket, like a wasp's nest in a green hawthorn.

Chapter 23

When we came to the door he was seated by his rock chimney, watching a gillie about some cookery. He was might plainly habited, with a knitted nightcap drawn over his ears, and smoked a foul cutty pipe. For all that he had the manners of a king, and it was quite a sight to see him rise out of his place to welcome us.

Chapter 24

At this the last of my anger oozed all out of me; and I found myself only sick, and sorry, and blank, and wondering at myself. I would have given the world to take back what I had said; but a word once spoken, who can recapture it! I minded me of all Alan's kindness and courage in the past, how he had helped and cheered and borne with me in our evil days; and then recalled my own insults, and saw that I had lost forever that doughty friend.

Chapter 25

So it was, at least. Other folk keep a secret among two or three near friends, and somehow it leaks out; but among these clansmen, it is told to a whole countryside, and they will keep it for a century.

Chapter 26

“Now,” said Alan, “I kenna if ye care, but ye’re in your own land again. We passed the Hieland Line in the first hour; and now if we could but pass yon crooked water, we might cast our bonnets in the air.”

In Allan Water, near by where it fall into the Forth, we found a little sandy islet, overgrown with burdock, butterbur, and the like low plants that would just cover us if we lay flat. Here it was we made our camp, within plain view of Stirling Castle, whence we would hear the drums beat as some part of the garrison paraded.

Chapter 27

“And now,” says he, “if you have any business, pray be brief and come swiftly to the point. *Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo*—do you understand that?” says he, with a keen look.

“I will even do as Horace says, sir,” I answered, smiling, “and carry you in *medias res*.” He nodded as if he was well pleased, and indeed his scrap of Latin had been set to test me. For all that, and though I was somewhat encouraged, the blood came in my face, when I added: “I have reason to believe myself some rights on the estate of Shaws.”

Chapter 28

Night was quite come when we came in view of the house of Shaws. Ten had been gone some time; it was dark and mild, with a pleasant, rustling wind in the southwest that covered the sound of our approach; and as we drew near we saw no glimmer of light in any portion of the building. It seemed my uncle was already in bed, which was indeed the best thing for our arrangements. We made our last whispered consultations some fifty yards away, and then the lawyer and Torrance and I crept quietly up and crouched down beside the corner of the house; and as soon as we were in our places, Alan strode to the door without concealment and began to knock.

Chapter 29

By that time we had the fire lighted, and a bottle of wine uncorked; a good supper came out of the basket, to which Torrance and I and Alan set ourselves down; while the

lawyer and my uncle passed into the next chamber to consult. They stayed there closeted about an hour; at the end of which period they had come to a good understanding, and my uncle and I set our hands to the agreement in a formal manner. By the terms of this, my uncle bound himself to satisfy Rankeillor as to his intrusions, and to pay me two clear thirds of the yearly income of Shaws.

So the beggar in the ballad had come home; and when I lay down that night on the kitchen chests, I was a man of means and had a name in the country.

Chapter 30

“Well, good-bye,” said Alan, and held out his left hand.

“Good-bye,” said I, and gave the hand a little grasp, and went off down the hill.

Neither one of us looked the other in the face, nor so long as he was in my view did I take one back glance at the friend I was leaving. But as I went on my way to the city, I felt so lost and lonesome that I could have found it in my heart to sit down by the dike, and cry and weep like any baby.

Lassie Come Home by Eric Knight

Chapter One

Lassie was a well-loved figure in the daily life of the village. Almost everyone knew her. But most of all, the people of Greenall Bridge were proud of Lassie because she stood for something that they could not have explained readily. It had something to do with their pride. And their pride had something to do with money.

Chapter Two

Ye see-well, ye know things aren't going so well for us these days. Ye know how it is. And we've got to have food on the table and we've got to pay our rent- and Lassie was worth a lot of money and – well, we couldn't afford to keep her, that's all. Now these are poor times and ye mustn't-ye mustn't upset thy father.

Chapter Three

She was a dog, and she could not think in terms of thoughts such as we may put in words. There was only in her mind and in her body a growing desire that was at first vague. But then the desire became plainer and plainer. The time sense in her drove her brain and muscles.

Chapter Four

The dog slowly coiled herself and sank to the rug, so that her body touched the man's foot. He drew it away. The dog lay her head across her paw and then, like the man, stared into the depths of the fire, as if in that golden fancy-land there would be an answer to all their troubles.

Chapter Five

Miserably Joe got his cap, and the man made a soft whistling sound. Lassie rose obediently. Then the man, the boy, and the dog left the cottage. Behind him, Joe could hear his mother's voice still going on, full of weariness, as if she would soon cry from her tiredness.

Chapter Six

Obediently the boy rose and in miserable silence he followed his father. Together with the dog they went along the paths over the tangled heath grass, the paths they both knew so well. When they were near the village again, his father spoke once more.

Chapter Seven

"That's what I wanted to say. Ye mustn't think we're over hard on thee. We don't want to be. It's just- well - back of it all, a chap's got to be honest, Joe. And never thee forget that, all thy life, no matter what comes. Ye've got to be honest."

Chapter Eight

In the morning your train would still be racing, only now the country would have changed. There would be no more cities belching smoke. Instead you would see the

beautiful Scottish land that the poets have sung about for centuries, the blue mountains and green-bordered lakes, and the rolling land where shepherds watch their flocks.

On and on the train would go, and the land would become wilder and wilder, the hills more rugged, the lochs more closely enclosed by woodlands.

Chapter Nine

She wheeled and began trotting away - trotting as if she had to go but a few hundred yards. There was nothing to tell her that the rendezvous she would keep was hundreds of miles and scores of days away. There was only the plain, unadorned knowledge of a duty to be done. And she was going to do it as best she could.

Chapter Ten

A man could buy food on the way, but what coin has a dog to pay for food? No coin except the love of his master. A man can read signs on the road- but a dog must go blindly, on instinct. A man would know how to cross the great lochs which stretch from east to west almost across the entire country, barring the way of any animal going south.

Chapter Eleven

Lassie found the way. She did not reason it out as a human being would. Human beings have imagination- they can picture events and circumstances before they meet them. Dogs cannot do this, they must wait blindly until the circumstance faces them and then do their best to meet it.

Chapter Twelve

Yet, at the shore of the great loch, Lassie did not surrender her purpose. Her instinct told her to go south. But if the way was barred, she would seek some other way. So she started on her long trip to circle the lake. Day after day she worked west, fighting her way along, circling hamlets and villages, but always returning afterwards to the lake's edge, and working west.

Chapter Thirteen

Slowly, weakly, she began to lick her forepaw. Nature had done its work. From the festering sore the thorn had worked its way. Little by little, Lassie licked it clear and then cleaned the wound.

Chapter Fourteen

The theory of blood lines in animals is not an empty one, as any animal lover knows. Where the cold-blooded horse will quit and give no more, the thoroughbred will answer and give another burst of speed gallantly, even if he is spending the last ounce of life strength: where the mongrel dog will whine and slink away, the pure-bred will stand with uncomplaining fearlessness.

Chapter Fifteen

Lassie did what her years of training had taught her. She obeyed. She followed the gentle touch of the lead. She walked to the van. As the man opened the door, the girl lifted the thin collie in, and the grilled door clanged.

Chapter Sixteen

On the ledge Lassie trembled. Off to the left was the roof of the van. It was only ten feet below, but it was too far away. She crouches, her paws dancing as if to get better footing. Her muscles trembled.

Chapter Seventeen

Lassie lay there, unmoving. In her half-consciousness and terrible weariness, a feeling of dim peace stole over her. So many things came from the past and comforted her. The place smelled "right." There was the mixed aroma of coal-smoke and baking bread.

Chapter Eighteen

“She was on her way, Dan, and she got tired on the way and she’s just stopped here like it was a hospital-or a wayside inn in a story. And now she’s better, she wants to be on her way. But she is so polite and understanding, she doesn’t want to hurt us. But in her heart she’s for being away. She’s not happy here.”

Chapter Nineteen

Quickly he set up a small brazier and built a fire. He boiled water and made tea. He warmed over a pot of stew. He cut up liver and put it down in a bowl for Toots. He ate. All the time he watched the collie, drawing nearer and nearer.

Chapter Twenty

This time he gave the signal with his hand-for the words had no bearing on the trick-and Lassie rose proudly. She pushed the wooden ball with her slim muzzle to the van. She picked up the hoops one by one and set them in a pile by the door. Rowlie bowed to her.

Chapter Twenty-one

There were two opposing forces struggling in Lassie-one to keep away from men: the other to defend her home. For the van and the campfire were her home in a sense. And this latter force was the older one in her-one that went back to her ancestors. Her shyness of men was a later thing, acquired only in the last few months of her life.

Chapter Twenty-two

But if hope can die in a human, it does not in an animal. As long as it lives, the hope is there and the faith is there. And so, coming across the schoolyard that day, Joe Carracloough would not believe his eyes. He shook his head and blinked, and rubbed his fists in his eyes, for he thought what he was seeing was a dream. There, walking the last few yards to the school gate was-his dog!

Chapter Twenty-two

To Joe Carracloough’s father, life was laid out in straight rules. When a man could get work, he worked his best and got the best wage he could. If he raised a dog, he raised

the best one he could. If he had a wife and children, he took care of them the best he could.

Chapter Twenty-three

It was Lassie! Of course-that was it! When she had been home, things had been right. When she was sold and gone, nothing had gone right any more. And now that she was back, everything was fine again, and they were all very happy.

Last Battle by C.S. Lewis

Chapter 1

“You look wonderful, wonderful,” said the Ape. “If anyone saw you now, they’d think you were Aslan, the Great Lion, himself.”

“That would be dreadful,” said Puzzle.

“No it wouldn’t,” said Shift. “Everyone would do whatever you told them.”

Chapter 2

She was like a woman, but so tall that her head was on a level with the Centaur’s: yet she was like a tree too. It is hard to explain if you have never seen a Dryad but quite unmistakable once you have – something different in the color, the voice, and the hair.

Chapter 3

“Tash is only another name for Aslan. All that old idea of us being right and the Calormenes wrong is silly. We know better now. Tash and Aslan are only two different names for you know Who. That’s why there can never be any quarrel between them. Get that into your heads, you stupid brutes. Tash is Aslan: Aslan is Tash”

Chapter 4

Two of the people were very old, an old man with a white beard and an old woman with wise, merry, twinkling eyes. He who sat at the right hand of the old man was hardly full grown, certain younger than Tirian himself, but his face had already the look of a king and a warrior.

Chapter 5

Tirian kept on stealing glances at his companions. The wonder of walking beside the creatures from another world made him feel a little dizzy: but it also made all the old stories seem far more real than they had ever seemed before . . . anything might happen now.

Chapter 6

All around them the wood was very quiet. Indeed it was far too quiet. On an ordinary Narnian night there ought to have been noises – an occasional cheery “Good night” from a hedgehog, the cry of an owl overhead, perhaps a flute in the distance to tell of Fauns dancing, or some throbbing, hammering noises from Dwarfs underground.

Chapter 7

“We’re on our own now. No more Aslan, no more kings, no more silly stories about other worlds. The Dwarfs are for the Dwarfs.”

Tirian had never dreamed that one of the results of an Ape’s setting up a false Aslan would be to stop people from believing in the real one. How many other Narnians might turn the same way as the Dwarfs?

Chapter 8

At first glance you might have mistaken it for smoke, for it was grey and you could see things through it. But the deathly smell was not the smell of smoke. Also, this thing kept its shape instead of billowing and curling as smoke would have done.

Chapter 9

And then she understood the devilish cunning of the enemies' plan. By mixing a little truth with it they had made their lie far stronger. What was the good, now, of telling the Beasts that an ass had been dressed up as a lion to deceive them?

Chapter 10

His eyes were shining, his face very solemn, his hand was on his sword-hilt, and he carried his head high. Jill felt like crying when she looked at his face. And Jewel whispered in the King's ear, "By the Lion's man, I almost love this young warrior. Calormene though he be."

Chapter 11

"Listen!" said Jewel: and then "Look" said Farsight. A moment later there was no doubt what it was. With a thunder of hoofs, with tossing heads, widened nostrils, and waving manes, over a score of Talking Horses of Narnia came charging up the hill.

Chapter 12a

"It is indeed a grim door," said Tirian. "It is more like a mouth."

"Oh, can't we do anything to stop it?" said Jill in a shaken voice.

"Nay, fair friend," said Jewel, nosing he gently. "It may be for us the door to Aslan's country and we shall sup at his table tonight."

Chapter 12b

In a way it wasn't quite so bad as you might think. When you are using every muscle to the full – ducking under a spear-point here, leaping over it there, lunging forward, drawing back, wheeling round – you haven't much time to feel either frightened or sad.

Chapter 13

Tirian looked and saw the queerest and most ridiculous thing you can imagine. Only a few yards away, clear to be seen in the sunlight, there stood up a rough wooden door and, round it, the framework of the doorway: nothing else, no walls, no roof.

Chapter 14

And at the sight of her the sun began shooting out great flames, like whiskers or snakes of crimson fire, towards her. It is as if he were an octopus trying to draw her to himself in his tentacles. And perhaps he did draw her. At any rate she came to him, slowly at first, but then more and more quickly, till at last his long flames licked round her and the two ran together and became one huge ball like a burning coal.

Chapter 15

It was the Unicorn who summed up what everyone was feeling. He stamped his right fore-hoof on the ground and neighed and then cried:

“I have come home at last! This is my real country! I belong here. This is the land I have been looking for all my life, though I never knew it till now.”

Chapter 16

Lucy saw that a great series of many-colored cliffs led up in front of them like a giant's staircase. And then she forgot everything else, because Aslan himself was coming, leaping down from cliff to cliff like a living cataract of power and beauty.

***Legend of Sleepy Hollow by Washington Irving**

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by everyone who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative – to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was, to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvellous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses,

and particularly of the headless horseman, or galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him.

Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were forever presenting new difficulties and impediments; and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal to her heart, keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some part of the river, giving greater depth to the dark-gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly-favored places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cow-boys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents – “Who are you?” He received no reply.

Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe by C.S. Lewis

Chapter 1

Next moment she found that what was rubbing against her face and hands was no longer soft fur but something hard and rough and even prickly. “Why, it is just like branches of trees!” exclaimed Lucy. And then she saw that there was a light ahead of

her; not a few inches away where the back of the wardrobe ought to have been, but a long way off.

Chapter 2

“The White Witch? Who is she?”

“Why, it is she that has got all Narnia under her thumb. It’s she that makes it always winter. Always winter and never Christmas; think of that!”

“How awful!” said Lucy.

Chapter 3

“Thank goodness,” said Edmund, “the door must have swung open of its own accord.” He forgot all about Lucy and went towards the light which he thought was the open door of the wardrobe. But instead of finding himself stepping out into the spare room he found himself stepping out from the shadow of some thick dark fir trees into an open place in the middle of a wood.

Chapter 4

“Let’s go home.” “Yes, let’s,” said Lucy. “Oh Edmund, I am glad you’ve got in too. The others will have to believe in Narnia now that both of us have been there. What fun it will be.” But Edmund secretly thought that it would not be as good fun for him as for her.

Chapter 5

“My dear young lady,” said the Professor, suddenly looking up with a very sharp expression at both of them, “there is one plan which no one has yet suggested and which is well worth trying.” “What’s that?” said Susan. “We might all try minding our own business,” said he. And that was the end of that conversation.

Chapter 6

“The former occupant of these premises, the Faun Tumnus, is under arrest and awaiting his trial on a charge of High Treason against her Imperial Majesty Jadis, Queen of Narnia, Chatelaine of Cair Paravel, Empress of the Lone Islands, etc., also of comforting her said Majesty’s enemies, harboring spies and fraternizing with Humans. Signed Fenris Ulf, Captain of the Secret Police.”

Chapter 7

“They say Aslan is on the move--perhaps has already landed.” And now a very curious thing happened. None of the children knew who Aslan was any more than you do; but the moment the Beaver had spoken these words everyone felt quite different.

Chapter 8

“He’ll put all to rights as it says in an old rhyme in these parts.

Wrong will be right, when Aslan comes in sight,
At the sound of his roar, sorrows will be no more,
When he bares his teeth, winter meets its death
And when he shakes his mane, we shall have spring again

Chapter 9

Across the threshold lay a great wolf: “It’s all right, it’s all right,” he kept saying to himself, “it’s only a stone wolf. It can’t hurt me,” and he raised his leg to step over it. Instantly the huge creature rose, with all the hair bristling along its back...

Chapter 10

“Wherever is this?” said Peter’s voice, sounding tired and pale in the darkness. (I hope you know what I mean by a voice sounding pale.) “It’s an old hiding place for beavers in bad times,” said Mr. Beaver, “and a great secret. It’s not much of a place but we must get a few hours’ sleep.”

Chapter 11

And Edmund for the first time in this story felt sorry for someone besides himself. It seemed so pitiful to think of those little stone figures sitting there all the silent days and all the dark nights, year after year, till the moss grew on them and at last even their faces crumbled away.

Chapter 12

Peter wondered why she did not get higher or at least take a better grip; then he realized that she was just going to faint and that if she fainted she would fall off. Peter did not feel very brave; indeed, he felt he was going to be sick. But that made no difference to what he had to do.

Chapter 12

“Hand it to me and kneel, Son of Adam,” said Aslan. And when Peter had done so he struck him with the flat of the blade and said, “Rise up, Sir Peter Fenris-Bane. And whatever happens, never forget to wipe your sword.

Chapter 13

Edmund shook hands with each of the others and said to each of them in turn, “I’m sorry,” and everyone said “That’s all right.” And then everyone wanted very hard to say something which would make it quite clear that they were all friends with him again-- something ordinary and natural-- and of course no one could think of anything in the world to say.

Chapter 14

“Wow!” roared Aslan half rising from his throne; and his great mouth opened wider and wider and the roar grew louder and louder, and the Witch, after staring for a moment with her lips wide apart, picked up her skirts and fairly ran for her life.

Chapter 14

It was no good trying to run away so they came towards him. When they were closer he said, “Oh children, children, why are you following me?” “We couldn’t sleep,” said Lucy-- and then felt sure that she need say no more and that Aslan knew all they had been thinking.

Chapter 15

Both girls bent down and stared. "I do believe!" said Susan. "But how queer. They're nibbling away at the cords!" "That's what I thought," said Lucy. "I think they're friendly mice. Poor little things--they don't realize he's dead. They think it'll do some good untying him.

Chapter 15

"Who's done it?" cried Susan. "What does it mean? Is it more magic?" "Yes!" said a great voice behind their backs. "It is mroe magic." They looked round. There, shining in the sunrise, larger than they had seen him before, shaking his mane (for it had apparently grown again) stood Aslan himself.

Chapter 15

"And now," said Aslan presently, "to business. I feel I am going to roar. You had better put your fingers in your ears." And they did. And Aslan stood up and when he opened his mouth to roar his face became so terrible that they did not not dare to look at it.

Chapter 16

"Ooh!" said Susan in a different tone. "Look! I wonder--I mean, is it safe?" Lucy looked and saw that Aslan had just breathed on the feet of the stone giant. "It's all right!" shouted Aslan joyously. "Once the feet are put right, all the rest of him will follow." "That wasn't exactly what I meant," whispered Susan to Lucy.

Chapter 17

"Once a king or queen in Narnia, always a king or queen. Bear it well, Sons of Adam! Bear it well, Daughters of Eve!" said Aslan. And through the Eastern door, which was wide open came the voices of the mermen and the mermaids swimming close to the castle steps and singing in honour of their new Kings and Queens.

Little Britches (Little Britches series) by Ralph Moody

Chapter 1

As soon as Father saw that the horses were on their feet, we went over to the trestle. He picked me up and, after looking up and down the track, walked out on the bridge. Then he scrotoched down and showed me all the marks on the crossties. "Almost everything that happens leaves its telltale marks," he said. "If you teach yourself to see all the marks, you can always read the story."

Chapter 2

After Father shook hands and told him he was Charles Moody, Mr. Autland held his hand out to me. I tried to take hold of it as Father did, but it was too big, and I only got hold of three fingers. "And mine's Ralph Moody," I said; "I like you." I did like Mr. Autland right from the start.

"And I like a man that speaks his mind," he told me.

Chapter 3

I found that if I stayed outside long enough to get good and cold, then held my breath for half a minute just before I staggered through the kitchen door, it would get me a spoonful of brandy. Mother never guessed, but after I had worked it half a dozen times, Father caught on and I became what our old minister used to call a teetotaler.

Chapter 4

"Son, there is no question but what the thing you have done today deserves severe punishment. You might have killed yourself on the horse, but much worse than that, you have injured your own character. A man's character is like his house. If he tears boards off his house and burns them to keep himself warm and comfortable, his house soon becomes a ruin. If he tells lies to be able to do the things he shouldn't do but wants to, his character will soon become a ruin. A man with a ruined character is a shame on the face of the earth."

Chapter 5

Sometimes Mother cried over little things, but she didn't cry then - she hadn't all day. She bustled right through the kitchen and into the bedroom, with her underlip bitten in between her teeth. In a few seconds I heard her shaking bedclothes so hard they snapped. While she was doing it, Father looked over the chimney to see if it was

cracked, then started a fire in the stove. Next, he took boards from the bunkhouse and nailed them over the broken window.

Chapter 6

Father had told Mother that he would plow her a garden out behind the barn before he did anything else. He started it early Monday morning, but he hadn't got around the plot once before we had to go to school. . .

. . . Father had most of the garden plowed when we got there. The big horses were walking slowly, just one step after another. Fanny was soaking wet and tossing her head up and down, but she was plowing, so I told Fred he'd have to take his hat off to Father.

Chapter 7

After we had our picnic, Mother read to us. She didn't read like other people; she talked a book. I mean, if you were where you could hear her but couldn't see her, you'd be sure she was telling the story from memory instead of reading. And another thing different about Mother's reading was that she didn't care if you watched the book over her shoulder. I used to watch her eyes by the hour as she read. They would swoop across the page like a barn swallow across a hayfield, then she would look up and recite for a full minute before she looked back at the book again. When Mother read, we children had to be quiet and pay attention. We could do most anything we pleased with our hands, like making whistles, stringing dried berries for beads, or playing with dolls, but if one of us whispered, Father would snap his fingers. If he ever got to the third snap, Mother would close the book. . .

Chapter 8

That quarter was the first money any of us had ever earned, and it looked as big to them as it did to me. After the supper dishes were done - I didn't have to help with them now I was a working man - Grace got a pad of paper and a pencil. First she asked Father how much a cow would cost, and then she wanted to know how much it would take for a pony and a cart. She put them all down and added them up, then she divided the total by twenty-five cents.

Chapter 9

"Do you want to be a good cowboy like Hi," he asked, "or do you want to play at being a cowboy?"

"Like Hi," I said.

"Then spare your horse. A cowboy with a spent horse is in as bad a spot as if he didn't have any horse at all. Hi wouldn't waste his horse's strength any more than your mother would waste our money. . . Always remember, Son, the best boss is the one who bosses the least. Whether it's cattle, or horses, or men; the least government is the best government."

Chapter 10

Father said that, of course, you never could tell by the looks of a frog how far he'd jump, but he'd bet that neither Mr. Thompson nor Two Dog would ever steal anything from us, and that he thought Mr. Thompson was telling the truth in his story. Then he said Mother could get books in the Denver Library that would show whether or not Kit Carson did the things Mr. Thompson said he did and, if he did, then we would know the stories were true;

Chapter 11

Father was as anxious to get home and show Mother the check as I was. He walked so fast I had to trot, and scrooched down so I could get on and ride pickaback. I had always liked to have Father lug me pickaback before - and we were far enough from Autland's house so that I wasn't afraid anyone would see us - but for some reason I didn't want to be carried that night. It just didn't seem right to be carried home when we were taking the check I had helped earn. Father understood how I felt, and he walked slow enough so I didn't have to trot any more, and let me carry the check home to Mother in my overall pocket.

Chapter 12

From there I could get the best look at the mountains when the sun first struck them, and before it got high enough to light the land between them and me. Mother had a stereoscope that you could put pictures into and move them to make far-off places come right up close. The early sun did the same thing to the mountains. I could shut my eyes and see just how Two Dog's fingers had shown me the way to his camp, then open them and trace the trail. . .

Chapter 13

Mrs. Corcoran stepped right forward a foot when the man led the Holstein in, and she bid twenty dollars for her the first crack out of the box. Father said, "Twenty-one," somebody else said, "Twenty-one fifty," and then Mrs. Corcoran yelled out, "Twenty-five dollars." I knew she was going to bid more than we could pay, and hung my head down. I think I was saying a little prayer that she'd stop at thirty, when I saw Fred Autland step right on her foot. She jumped and glared around at him, but she didn't bid on the Holstein cow any more. Father said "Twenty-five fifty," and somebody said, "Twenty-six," but we got her for twenty-six fifty.

Chapter 14

". . . Courts are usually the best places to settle disputes if men can't get together peaceably, but in this instance both sides are afraid of what the court's ruling might be. We've been able to fight enough water down through the ditch at night to save our crops for the moment, but that won't do in the long run, because, sooner or later, somebody's going to be killed. When that happens, the matter will be settled in court whether we like it or not. It would be my idea we ought to sit down and try to work out our differences with the men we've been fighting."

Chapter 15

While she was court-plastering a patch on my behind and helping me get my overalls back on, she explained to me that Mother Nature was the best surgeon of them all, and that everything would work out nicely in a couple of days. All the time she was telling me, I was wishing she had thought of it sooner, and not tried to give old Mother Nature quite so much help when she didn't need it.

That splinter bothered my riding for a week or two while I waited for the fester to come and the splinter to go, but nothing happened, except that a hard little lump formed around the splinter. Once in a while, if I slide around quick, I remember that it's still right there.

Chapter 16

Then he put his arm around my shoulders, and said, "There isn't a thing to be afraid of, or to feel bad about, Son. The only time to feel sorry for anything - or anybody- that dies is when they haven't completed their mission here on earth. These pigs' mission was to get big and fat so as to make food for us. They have done a good job of it and their mission is completed. And I do want you to know this: they didn't know what was happening, and they didn't hurt a bit - they didn't even squeal." Father could always explain things like that so I'd understand.

Chapter 17

Father didn't say a word for a minute or two. Then he said, "It isn't a case of 'if the sheriff finds out about it.' It's a case of your breaking the law without intending to. If you tried to cover it up, you'd be running away from the law. Our prisons are full of men whose first real crime was running away because they didn't have courage enough to face punishment for a small offense. Tomorrow you must go to see the sheriff.

Chapter 18

Father. . . coughed and it seemed as if he choked a little before he answered me. He said he didn't want a sneaky partner, but if I could be open and aboveboard he didn't know a man he'd rather be in business with.

I couldn't help crying some more when he told me that; not because my bottom was still burning, but just because I loved him. I told him I'd never be sneaky again, and I'd always ask him before I did things. We walked to the house together. At the bunkhouse door he shook hands with me, and said, "Good night, partner." When I went to sleep, my hand was still hurting -good- from where he squeezed it when we shook hands.

Chapter 19

That night I set my steel trap right in the middle of the open place on top of the pea stack. The next morning there was a nice fat cock pheasant in it. At breakfast Father and Mother talked about whether or not it was all right for me to have done it. At first they said it was against the spirit of the law for me to catch them, but I told them again what the sheriff said about there being nothing he knew of in the law against catching pheasants in a steel trap.

Father said, " You know, son, a man sometimes has to consider the spirit of the law, as well as the actual words."

Chapter 20

I was nearly starved before Mother came to the door and called, "Dinnnn . . . nnerrr!" And you never saw such a dinner in your whole life. There were sweet potatoes and white potatoes and boiled onions, and squash and turnips and cranberry jelly, beside the turkey. When that was gone, there was mince pie and pumpkin pie; and afterwards a pound of cracked nuts . . . and a plate of fudge. We all ate so much we could hardly get up from the table. Then Father and all of us lay on the floor by the stove while Mother read us "Snowbound." I think it was about the best day any of us ever had.

Chapter 21

There are only two kinds of men in this world; Honest men and dishonest men. There are black men and white men and yellow men and red men, but nothing counts except whether they're honest men or dishonest men.

"Some men work almost entirely with their brains; some almost entirely with their hands; though most of us have to do both. But we all fall into one of the two classes - honest and dishonest.

"Any man who says the world owes him a living is dishonest. The same God that made you and me made this earth. And He planned it so that it would yield every single thing that the people on it need. But He was careful to plan it so that it would only yield up its wealth in exchange for the labor of man. Any man who tries to share in that wealth without contributing the work of his brain or his hands is dishonest.

Chapter 22

That was the best winter we ever had. New Year's Eve, Mother got out her little red book and figured up all the money we had taken in during 1908. It was only fifty-four dollars and eighty-five cents, but there was never a time when we were hungry, or when we didn't have railroad ties enough to keep our fire going.

Chapter 23

At first I thought about going back to Larson's storm cellar, but I was afraid nobody at home had seen the storm coming, and that it might strike them before they could turn the stock loose and get to the cellar. I flung myself flat on Fanny's neck, slapped her with the line ends, and raced straight for the hillside going down to the creek. There

was no time for going around by the ford, and I knew right where to hit the old cattle bridge in Cody Lundy's pasture below our house.

Chapter 24

Sweat dripped off the roan like rain from the eaves of a house, and his sides pumped in and out like a bellows. I could see the whites showing around his eyes, and it was a look of fright, not of meanness. None of the men on the fence made a sound as the horse seemed to be making up his mind whether to start all over again or to relax. I watched the quiver in his withers grow less and less, and then he moved a foot forward. The saddle squeaked, and he spooked, but he didn't buck. Then he took another step, and another. Neither Hi nor any man on the fence moved as the colt made a nervous circle of the corral.

Chapter 25

. . . Father said, "You know, a man's life is a lot like a boat. If he keeps his sail set right it doesn't make too much difference which way the wind blows or which way the current flows. If he knows where he wants to go and keeps his sail trimmed carefully he'll come into the right port. But if he forgets to watch his sail till the current catches him broadside he's pretty apt to smash up on the rocks."

Chapter 26

I guess I never noticed how good a cook Mother was, or what good times we had at home, until after I went to work at Cooper's. It wasn't that I didn't like the things we had to eat at the mountain ranch, or that I didn't have a good time when I was up there. I did. It was only sometimes at night, after I was in my bedroll, that I'd even think about home. But always when I got to where I could see our house on Saturday nights, I'd be so homesick that I'd make Topsy run as fast as she could go.

Chapter 27

"Nice handling, Son," he called. And then he said to Hi, "I see you're as good at training boys as you are at schooling horses. I'm proud to have him with you, Hi."

I do think Father was proud, but I know I was a lot prouder. And I could tell by the looks of the other youngster's faces that they were glad I was their brother. Mother always

worried for fear I would fall off a horse and get hurt, but that night she was beaming like a sunrise in the spring.

Chapter 28

At first I didn't want to tell Father anything about our new tricks, or that Hi and I were planning to ride in the Labor Day roundup. I was afraid he might say it was taking unnecessary chances. Every time I thought about it, I'd feel sneaky and remember about the day I stole the chocolate bar. . . So I told him that first Saturday Night after the Fourth of July, before I even got the saddle off Sky High. I didn't tell him just what the tricks were, but I did say that Hi would look out that I didn't get hurt.

Chapter 29

It seemed as though our best Christmases were the ones when we were the poorest. Mother had saved a turkey, and we had all the things to go with it. Packages came from our folks back in New England, and Father must have brought the tree with him when he came home on Christmas eve. Mother had it trimmed with cranberries and popcorn strung together on long strings, and there were half a dozen oranges hanging from the limbs, like colored lanterns. The presents were wrapped in white tissue paper and tucked in under the tree the way they always were.

Chapter 30

He must have been thinking about the licking I got from the principal, because he had only been working a little while when he said, "You're getting to be quite a man now, Son. You're well past eleven years old, and you can do quite a few things better than a good many men. I'm going to treat you like a man from now on. I'm never going to spank you again, or scold you for little things, and some day it's going to be 'Moody and Sons, Building Contractors.'"

Chapter 31

Father had always said grace before meals; always the same twenty-five words, and the ritual was always the same. Mother would look around the table to see that everything was in readiness; then she would nod to Father. That night she nodded to me, and I became a man.

***Madam How and Lady Why by Charles Kingsley**

Preface

So use your eyes and your intellect, your senses and your brains, and learn what God is trying to teach you continually by them.

Preface

... and so as *Our Lord told the Jews of old* it is by watching the common natural things around you, and considering the lilies of the field, how they grow, that you will begin at least to learn that far Diviner mystery, that you have a Father in Heaven.

Chapter 1 – The Glen

We must talk first with Madam How, and perhaps she may help us hereafter to see Lady Why. For she is the servant, and Lady Why is the mistress; though she has a Master over her again--whose name I leave for you to guess.

Chapter 1 – The Glen

My dear child, the most wonderful part of Madam How's work is, that she does such great things and so many different things, with one and the same tool, which looks to you so simple, though it really is not so.

Chapter 2 - Earthquakes

Now suppose that there was steam under the earth trying to escape, and the earth in one place was loose and yet hard, as the lid of the kettle is loose and yet hard, with cracks in it, it may be, like the crack between the edge of the lid and the edge of the kettle itself: might not the steam try to escape through the cracks, and rattle the surface of the earth, and so cause an EARTHQUAKE?

Chapter 3 – Volcanoes

So it seems as if these lines of volcanos stood along cracks in the rind of the earth, through which the melted stuff inside was for ever trying to force its way; and that, as the crack got stopped up in one place by the melted stuff cooling and hardening again

into stone, it was burst in another place, and a fresh volcano made, or an old one re-opened.

Chapter 3 – Volcanoes

Cone, crater, lava: those words make up the alphabet of volcano learning.

Chapter 4 -- The Transformations of a Grain of Soil

Sometimes she pours them out at the bottom of the sea, as she did in the north of Ireland and the south-west of Scotland, when she made the Giant's Causeway, and Fingal's Cave in Staffa too, at the bottom of the old chalk ocean, ages and ages since.

Chapter 4 – The Transformations of a Grain of Soil

... the links of this endless chain of change: Fire turned into Stone--Stone into Soil--Soil into Plant--Plant into Animal--Animal into Soil--Soil into Stone-- Stone into Fire again-- and then Fire into Stone again, and the old thing run round once more.

Chapter 5 – The Ice-Plough

Those marks were made by a hand which is strong and yet gentle, tough and yet yielding, like the hand of a man; a hand which handles and uses in a grip stronger than a giant's its own carving tools, from the great boulder stone as large as this whole room to the finest grain of sand. And that is ICE.

Chapter 5 – The Ice-Plough

And so there are certain footprints in geology which there is no mistaking; and the prints of the ice-plough are among them.

Chapter 6 – The True Fairy Tale

"It grew wondrous cold,
And ice mast-high came floating by,
As green as emerald."

Chapter 6 – The True Fairy Tale

Then truth is as much larger than fiction, as God is greater than man; as much larger as the whole universe is larger than the little corner of it that any man, even the greatest poet or philosopher, can see; and as much grander, and as much more beautiful, and as much more strange.

Chapter 7 – The Chalk-Carts

We put on the chalk because, beside sweetening the land, it will hold water.

Chapter 7 – The Chalk-Carts

Those beds may be covered up, pressed, and, it may be, heated, till they crystallise into white marble: and out of it fairer statues be carved, and grander temples built, than the world has ever yet seen.

Chapter 8 – Madame How's Two Grandsons

Analysis was to take to pieces everything he found, and find out how it was made. Synthesis was to put the pieces together again, and make something fresh out of them.

Chapter 8 – Madame How's Two Grandsons

And the more Synthesis waxed in pride, and the more he trampled upon his poor brother, the more reckless he grew, and the more willing to deceive himself.

Chapter 8 – Madame How's Two Grandsons

Now you must remember, whenever you have to do with him, that Analysis, like fire, is a very good servant, but a very bad master.

Chapter 9 – The Coral-Reef

No bed of flowers, they say, can be more brilliant than the corals, as you look down on them through the clear sea.

Chapter 9 – The Coral-Reef

Madam How has made them so well and wisely, that, like brave and good men, the more trouble they suffer the stronger they are.

Chapter 10 – Field and Wild

And so, we may hope, in future years all heavy drudgery and dirty work will be done more and more by machines, and people will have more and more chance of keeping themselves clean and healthy, and more and more time to read, and learn, and think, and be true civilised men and women, instead of being mere live ploughs, or live manure-carts, such as I have seen ere now.

Chapter 10 – Field and Wild

Children, too, who are unhappy; children who are bullied, and frightened, and kept dull and silent, never thrive.

Chapter 11 – The World's End

The water which washes the bottom of the lawn was but a few months ago pouring out of the Gulf of Mexico, between the Bahamas and Florida, and swept away here as the great ocean river of warm water which we call the Gulf Stream, bringing with it out of the open ocean the shoals of mackerel, and the porpoises and whales which feed upon them.

Chapter 11 – The World's End

Because God is your Father in heaven, as I am your father on earth, and He does not wish His little child to be left to the hard teaching of Nature and Law, but to be helped on by many, many unsought and undeserved favours, such as are rightly called "Means of Grace;"

Chapter 12 – Homeward Bound

But a very curious fellow he is, nevertheless: and his name is Gar-fish. Some call him Green-bone, because his bones are green.

Chapter 12 – Homeward Bound

The whale: one of them, at least; for the men say there are two different ones about the bay. That black wheel was part of his back, as he turned down; and the tooth on it was his back-fin.

Chapter 12 – Homeward Bound

So when you are tempted to rob birds' nests, or to set the dogs on a moorhen, or pelt wrens in the hedge, think; and say--How should I like that to be done to me?

Chapter 12 – Homeward Bound

A rhinoceros used to be hairy all over in old times: but now he carries all his hair on the end of his nose, except a few bristles on his tail.

Chapter 12 – Homeward Bound

What is the use of learning Latin and Greek, and a dozen things more which you have to learn? You don't know yet: but wiser people than you tell you that they will be of use some day.

Magician's Nephew by C.S. Lewis

Chapter 1

The high-backed chair in front of the fire moved suddenly and there rose up out of it--like a pantomime demon coming up out of a trap door--the alarming form of Uncle Andrew. They were not in the empty house after all; they were in Digory's house and in the forbidden study!

It was too late. Exactly as he spoke, Polly's hand went out to touch one of the rings. And immediately, without a flash or noise or a warning of any sort, there was no Polly. Digory and his uncle were alone in the room.

Chapter 2

"The moment I picked up that box I could tell by the pricking in my fingers that I held some great secret in my hands. She gave it to me and made me promise that as soon as she was dead I would burn it unopened, with certain ceremonies. That promise I did not keep."

Chapter 3

The girl now sat up, really interested at last. They stared very hard at one another, trying to remember. And then, at exactly the same moment, she shouted out "Mr. Ketterly," and he shouted out, "Uncle Andrew," and they knew who they were and began to remember the whole story.

Chapter 4

It was never found out whether the fall of the roof was due to magic or whether that unbearably loud sound was from the bell just happened to strike the note which was more than those crumbling walls could stand. "There! I hope you're satisfied now," panted Polly. "Well, it's all over, anyway," said Digory. And both thought it was; but they had never been more mistaken in their lives.

Chapter 5

They plunged their left hands into their pockets. They did not even need to put the Rings on. The moment they touched them, the whole of that dreary world vanished from their eyes. They were rushing upward and a warm green light was growing nearer overhead.

Chapter 6

But as they jumped Digory felt that a large, cold finger and thumb had caught him by the ear. And as they sank down and the confused shapes of our own world began to appear, the grip of that finger and thumb grew stronger. The Witch was apparently recovering her strength.

Chapter 7

There might be fruit in some other world that would really cure his mother! And oh, oh--well, you know how it feels if you begin hoping for something that you want desperately badly; you almost fight against the hope because it is too good to be true; you've been disappointed so often before.

Chapter 8

And really, it was uncommonly like Nothing. There were no stars. It was so dark that they couldn't see one another at all and it made no difference whether you kept your eyes shut or opened. Under their feet there was a cool, flat something which might have been earth, and was certainly not grass or wood.

They made you feel excited until you saw the singer himself, and then you forgot everything else. It was a Lion. Huge, shaggy, and bright, it stood facing the risen sun. Its mouth was wide open in song and it was about three hundred yards away.

Chapter 9

Then there came a swift flash like fire (but it burned nobody), either from the sky or from the Lion himself, and every drop of blood tingled in the children's bodies, and the deepest, wildest voice they had ever heard was saying, "Narnia, Narnia, Narnia, awake. Love. Think. Speak. Be walking trees. Be talking beasts. Be divine waters."

Chapter 10

“Now sir,” said the Bulldog in his businesslike way, “are you animal, vegetable, or mineral?” That was what he really said; but all Uncle Andrew heard was, “Gr-r-r-arrh-ow!”

Chapter 11

“I don’t see that,” said one of the Bears. “An animal wouldn’t just roll over like that. We’re animals and we don’t roll over. We stand up. Like this,” He rose to his hind legs, took a step backward, tripped over a low branch and fell flat on his back.

Chapter 12

There they could see the whole valley of Narnia stretched out to where, just before the eastern horizon, there was a gleam of the sea. And now they were so high that they could see tiny looking jagged mountains appearing beyond the northern moors, and plains of what looked like sand far in the south.

Chapter 13

Come in by the gold gates or not at all,
Take of my fruit for others or forbear
For those who steal or those who climb my wall
Shall find their heart’s desire and find despair

That was where the Witch made her fatal mistake. Of course, Digory knew that Polly could get away by her own Ring as easily as he could get away by his. But apparently the Witch didn’t know this. And the meanness of the suggestion that he should leave Polly behind suddenly made all other things the Witch had been saying to him sound false and hollow.

Chapter 14

A little way off, towering above their heads, they saw a tree which had certainly not been there before. It must have grown up silently, yet swiftly as a flag rises when you pull it up on a flagstaff, while they were all busied about the coronation. Its spreading

branches seemed to cast a light rather than a shade, and silver apples peeped out like stars from under every leaf.

Chapter 15

He couldn't bear to have it simply chopped up for firewood, so he had part of the timber made into a wardrobe, which he put in his big house in the country. And though he himself did not discover the magic properties of that wardrobe, someone else did.

***Our/An Island Story by Marshall, H. E. (Chp. 95-96)**

Chapter 95

George II. – The Story of How Canada was Won

The French colonies there were called Canada and Louisiana. Canada lay north of the British colonies, beyond the St. Lawrence River. Louisiana lay west of the British colonies, beyond the Mississippi river. If you look on the map, you will see that in this way the British colonies were quite shut in by the sea and by the French on all sides.

The boat reached the Quebec side of the river, and Wolfe was among the first to spring ashore. Silently, quickly, with beating hearts and held breath, the men followed. Then as silently and quickly the boats put off again, for there had been room in them only for half the soldiers, and they returned to bring the rest.

Nearer and nearer to the top they came, unseen and unheard by the French sentinels above. But at last the rustling among the bushes and leaves down the slope caught their ear. "What was that?" they asked, and fired at random down into the darkness. But it was too late, the first soldiers had reached the height, others followed after them, and,, terrified at the sudden appearance of men where they thought no men could be, the French sentinels ran away.

Chapter 96 – George III – The Story of How America Was Lost

Now the people of America sent no members to British Parliament. When King George tried to make them pay taxes, they at once said, "No, that is not just. It is against the laws of Britain. If we are to pay taxes we must be allowed to send members to

Parliament as England and Scotland do. If we are to pay taxes we must have a share in making the laws and saying how the money is to be spent.”

With wild war whoops these make-believe Red Indians ran to the harbor. They sprang on board the tea ships, they seized the chests, opened them with their hatchets, and poured the tea into the water. Chest after chest, chest after chest was burst open, and the tea poured over the ship’s side, till three hundred and forty-two chests had been emptied, and the harbor was black with tea leaves.

Then not only France but Spain joined with America, and at last the bitter end came. Britain was obliged to give way, and, in 1782 A.D., after a war which had lasted nearly eight years, the United States were acknowledged to be a free and independent country, and Britain lost all her possessions in North America except Canada.

***Paul Revere's Ride by Longfellow**

(1st stanza)

Listen my children and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;

(2nd stanza)

One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,

(3rd stanza)

Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,

(4th stanza)

Meanwhile, his friend through alley and street
Wanders and watches, with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door

(5th stanza)

On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,--
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down

(6th stanza)

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still

(7th stanza - a)

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.

(7th stanza - b)

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns.

(8th stanza)

And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

(9th stanza)

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.

(10th stanza)

And the meeting-house windows, black and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

(11th stanza)

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.

(12th stanza)

In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled,---
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,

(13th stanza - a)

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,---
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,

(13th stanza - b)

The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

***Physics Lab in the Home by Robert Friedhoffer**

Chapter 1

The word “plumbing” comes from the Latin word for lead, as in “a lead pipe” or “a lead fishing weight.” The chemical symbol for lead is “Pb.”

Chapter 1

If you could fly straight up in the air near the edge of the ocean, you would eventually reach a height where you would see that the surface of the water is actually curved, not flat. The reason is that Earth itself is curved like a ball.

Chapter 1

Vitruvius was a well-respected Roman architect who lived from about 70 B.C. to 25 B.C. His books, which are still studied today, point out that water seeks its own level, in both closed systems (pipes) and open systems – like the water in the bowl you observed.

Chapter 2

A faucet is a type of valve that we can control to make water flow or stop flowing. We don't know exactly when the first water faucet was invented, but we do know that a type of faucet was used in Greece more than 2,000 years ago.

Chapter 2

When you twist the handle of a typical faucet, you are operating a type of simple machine called a first-class lever. As you turn the handle, the force you exert is multiplied, enabling you to easily turn the screw – another type of simple machine – found inside the faucet/

Chapter 3

A trap serves two purposes. First of all, it prevents foul smells from the sewer from entering the house. Those smells are blocked by the water in the pipe. Secondly, a large cap screwed into the bottom of most traps allows access to the inside of the pipe.

Chapter 4

Have you ever wondered why water, if it's not being disturbed in some way, settles down into a nice smooth surface? This is the result of an interesting phenomenon called surface tension.

Chapter 5

Today, we believe that heat is connected to the motion of molecules. The faster the molecules move, the more energy they have and the greater the heat created. By the way, we can't see these movements.

Chapter 5

Conduction occurs when something warm is in contact with something cooler. The heat flows from the warmer object to the cooler one. For instance, when you are holding a cold glass of soda, the heat from your hand travels into the glass.

Chapter 5

Another time you might notice heat radiation is on a cool but sunny day. If you stay in the shadow of a large tree or a building you will probably be a lot chillier than if you stand in direct sunlight, where you are warmed by radiant energy from the sun.

Chapter 6

Sweating serves a number of purposes. One of them is to rid the body of waste products, such as excess salt and toxic byproducts of the body's metabolic functions. More importantly, sweating helps regulate the body's temperature.

Chapter 6

A refrigerator is basically an insulated box with a built-in heat pump. A heat pump moves heat from one place to another. In the case of a refrigerator, a heat pump moves heat from the inside of the insulated box to the outside of the box.

Chapter 7

Frost buildup sometimes occurs in refrigerator freezers because of moisture in the air. When the door of the freezer compartment is opened, warm, moist air enters the freezer. When the door is shut, the air cools down and the water in the air condenses as drops of water.

Chapter 8

What you have made with the soda bottle and the medicine dropper is a type of barometer, a device that measures air pressure. In fact this type of barometer is also a toy, called a Cartesian Diver.

Appendix

All matter on Earth exists in one of three states – solid, liquid, or gas. Under the right conditions, a solid can be changed into a liquid, and then turn into a gas. For example when ice, a solid, is heated it can turn into water. When water is heated it can turn into vapor, a gas.

Pollyanna by Eleanor Porter

Chapter 1

"A little girl - coming here, Miss Harrington? Oh, won't that be nice!" cried Nancy, thinking of the sunshine her own little sisters made in the home at "The Corners."

"Nice? Well, that isn't exactly the word I should use," rejoined Miss Polly, stiffly. "However, I intend to make the best of it, of course. I am a good woman, I hope; and I know my duty."

Chapter 2

"Well, it's done - my part, anyhow," she sighed. "There ain't no dirt here - and there's mighty little else. Poor little soul! - a pretty place this is ter put a homesick, lonesome child into!" she finished, going out and closing the door with a bang.

Chapter 3

"Are you Miss - Pollyanna?" she faltered. The next moment she found herself half-smothered in the clasp of two gingham-clad arms.

"Oh, I'm so glad, *glad*, GLAD to see you," cried an eager voice in her ear. "Of course I'm Pollyanna, and I'm so glad you came to meet me! I hoped you would."

Chapter 4

She was at the back of the house. Before her lay a garden in which a bent old man was working. Beyond the garden a little path through an open field led up a steep hill, at the top of which a lone pine-tree stood on guard beside the huge rock. To Pollyanna, at the moment, there seemed to be just one place in the world worth being in - the top of that big rock.

Chapter 5

"Oh, yes; the game was to just find something about everything to be glad about - no matter what 'twas," rejoined Pollyanna earnestly. "And we began right then - on the crutches."

"Well, goodness me! I can't see anythin' ter be glad about - gettin' a pair of crutches when you wanted a doll!"

Chapter 6

To her niece she said:

"Pollyanna, I have ordered screens for those windows. I knew, of course, that it was my duty to do that. But it seems to me that you have quite forgotten YOUR duty."

"My - duty?" Pollyanna's eyes were wide with wonder.

Chapter 7

There was no reply. Miss Polly was stalking on ahead. Miss Polly, to tell the truth, was feeling curiously helpless. For the third time since Pollyanna's arrival, Miss Polly was punishing Pollyanna - and for the third time she was being confronted with the amazing fact that her punishment was being taken as a special reward of merit. No wonder Miss Polly was feeling curiously helpless.

Chapter 8

For five minutes Pollyanna worked swiftly, deftly, combing a refractory curl into fluffiness, perking up a drooping ruffle at the neck, or shaking a pillow into plumpness so that the head might have a better pose. Meanwhile the sick woman, frowning prodigiously, and openly scoffing at the whole procedure, was, in spite of herself, beginning to tingle with a feeling perilously near to excitement.

Chapter 9

The next time Pollyanna met the Man, his eyes were gazing straight into hers, with a quizzical directness that made his face look really pleasant, Pollyanna thought.

"Good afternoon," he greeted her a little stiffly. "Perhaps I'd better say right away that I KNOW the sun is shining to-day."

Chapter 10

"Well, of course, there's lamb broth - "

"I've got it!" crowed Pollyanna.

"But that's what I DIDN'T want," sighed the sick woman, sure now of what her stomach craved. "It was chicken I wanted."

"Oh, I've got that, too," chuckled Pollyanna.

The woman turned in amazement.

"Both of them?" she demanded.

Chapter 11

"Oh, Aunt Polly," she triumphed. "just look a-here! I've got something ever so much nicer, even, than Fluffy and Buffy for you to bring up. It's a real live boy. He won't mind a bit sleeping in the attic, at first, you know, and he says he'll work; but I shall need him the most of the time to play with, I reckon."

Chapter 12

Pollyanna listened with growing anxiety. Some of what was said she could not understand. She did gather, after a time, however, that there was no woman there who had a home to give him, though every woman seemed to think that some of the others might take him, as there were several who had no little boys of their own already in their homes.

Chapter 13

Straight ahead, now, the little dog dashed madly; and it was not long before Pollyanna came upon the reason for it all: a man lying motionless at the foot of a steep, overhanging mass of rock a few yards from the side path.

A twig cracked sharply under Pollyanna's foot, and the man turned his head. With a cry of dismay Pollyanna ran to his side.

"Mr. Pendleton! Oh, are you hurt?"

Chapter 14

"Very well, Pollyanna," she said at last, still in that queer voice, so unlike her own; "you may you may take the jelly to Mr. Pendleton as your own gift. But understand: I do not send it. Be very sure that he does not think I do!"

"Yes'm - no'm - thank you, Aunt Polly," exulted Pollyanna, as she flew through the door.

Chapter 15

The doctor, coming into the hall at that moment, heard the woman's words and saw the disappointed look on Pollyanna's face. He stepped quickly forward.

"Ah! Some calf's-foot jelly?" he asked genially. "That will be fine! Maybe you'd like to see our patient, eh?"

Chapter 16

So amazed and so absorbed was Miss Polly with what she saw in the glass that she quite forgot her determination to do over her hair, until she heard Pollyanna enter the room again. Before she could move, then, she felt a folded something slipped across her eyes and tied in the back.

Chapter 17

"But after a time I found I was wanting to see you so much that - that the fact that I WASN'T seeing you was making me remember all the more vividly the thing I was so wanting to forget. So now I want you to come. Will you - little girl?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Pendleton," breathed Pollyanna, her eyes luminous with sympathy for the sad-faced man lying back on the pillow before her. "I'd love to come!"

Chapter 18

Pollyanna had not hung up three of the pendants in the sunlit window before she saw a little of what was going to happen. She was so excited then she could scarcely control her shaking fingers enough to hang up the rest. But at last her task was finished, and she stepped back with a low cry of delight.

Chapter 19

"See here, Pollyanna, how would you like to come and live with me? he asked, a little impatiently. "I don't see anything of you, nowadays."

Pollyanna laughed - Mr. Pendleton was such a funny man!

"I thought you didn't like to have folks 'round," she said.

Chapter 20

"For long years I have been a cross, crabbed, unlovable, unloved old man - though I'm not nearly sixty, yet, Pollyanna. Then, one day, like one of the prisms that you love so well, little girl, you danced into my life, and flecked my dreary old world with dashes of the purple and gold and scarlet of your own bright cheeriness."

Chapter 21

Perhaps the laugh cleared the air; or perhaps the pathos of Jimmy Bean's story as told by Pollyanna's eager little lips touched a heart already strangely softened. At all events, when Pollyanna went home that night she carried with her an invitation for Jimmy Bean himself to call at the great house with Pollyanna the next Saturday afternoon.

Chapter 22

"People radiate what is in their minds and in their hearts. If a man feels kindly and obliging, his neighbors will feel that way, too, before long. But if he scolds and scowls and criticizes - his neighbors will return scowl for scowl, and add interest! . . . When you look for the bad, expecting it, you will get it. When you know you will find the good - you will get that."

Chapter 23

Just what happened, no one could seem to tell afterward. Neither was there any one found who could tell why it happened or who was to blame that it did happen. Pollyanna, however, at five o'clock, was borne, limp and unconscious, into the little room that was so dear to her.

Chapter 24

In the ceremonious "parlor" of the Harrington homestead, Mr. John Pendleton did not have to wait long before a swift step warned him of Miss Polly's coming. As he attempted to rise, she made a gesture of remonstrance. She did not offer her hand, however, and her face was coldly reserved.

Chapter 25

For no one were those days of waiting easy. The nurse tried to look cheerful, but her eyes were troubled. The doctor was openly nervous and impatient. Miss Polly said little; but even the softening waves of hair about her face, and the becoming laces at her throat, could not hide the fact that she was growing thin and pale.

Chapter 26

In the hall the two doctors, the nurse, and Miss Polly stood talking. In Pollyanna's room Fluffy had just jumped to the bed with a little purring "meow" of joy when through the open door sounded clearly and sharply Aunt Polly's agonized exclamation.

"Not that! Doctor, not that! You don't mean - the child - will NEVER WALK again!"

Chapter 27

In the middle of the floor Miss Polly stood, silent and amazed, still looking after the man who had just left her. Even yet she could scarcely believe what her ears had heard. John Pendleton ADOPT Jimmy Bean? John Pendleton, wealthy, independent, morose, reputed to be miserly and supremely selfish, to adopt a little boy - and such a little boy?

Chapter 28

"I haven't had a chance to tell you, yet, but this morning I met Mr. Ford when I was down to the village, and he told me to say to you that just as soon as you could see him, he was coming to tell you that he hadn't stopped being glad over those eight hundred rejoicing texts that you told him about. So you see, dear, it's just you that have done it. The whole town is playing the game, and the whole town is wonderfully happier - and all because of one little girl who taught the people a new game, and how to play it."

Chapter 29

Jimmy Bean, at his Saturday morning task of pulling up the first little green weeds of the flowerbeds, sat up with ears and eyes wide open.

"Walk! Pollyanna!" John Pendleton was saying. "What do you mean?"

Chapter 30

A little later Dr. Warren was surprised to meet an agitated, flushed-faced Miss Polly in the hall. He was still more surprised to hear the lady say, a little breathlessly:

"Dr. Warren, you asked me once to allow Dr. Chilton to be called in consultation, and - I refused. Since then I have reconsidered. I very much desire that you SHOULD call in Dr. Chilton. Will you not ask him at once - please? Thank you."

Chapter 31

At twilight a wonderfully tremulous, wonderfully different Aunt Polly crept to Pollyanna's bedside. The nurse was at supper. They had the room to themselves.

"Pollyanna, dear, I'm going to tell you - the very first one of all. Some day I'm going to give Dr. Chilton to you for your - uncle. And it's you that have done it all. Oh, Pollyanna, I'm so - happy! And so - glad! - darling!"

Chapter 32

"I don't see why they cried. I wanted to sing and shout and yell! Oh - oh - oh! just think, I can walk - walk - WALK! Now I don't mind being here almost ten months, and I didn't miss the wedding, anyhow. Wasn't that just like you, Aunt Polly, to come on here and get married right beside my bed, so I could see you. You always do think of the gladdest things!"

***Poor Richard by James Daugherty**

MILK STREET BOSTON

Across Milk Street from the door of Old South Church lived Josiah Franklin and his numerous family. He didn't have far to carry the newest arrival on a Sunday morning in January 1706, to have him christened Benjamin, after his uncle in England.

PRINTER'S INK

Every day the hand press sent out armies of words that could make people laugh, cry, be angry or pleased. To be master of the words, that was the thing. That was the worthwhile thing: to use words as tools, weapons, trumpets, or comforters, to make people understand and be persuaded.

PRINTER'S INK

He read and wrote late and early. At noon hour or on Sundays you could look in through the window of the printer's shop and see Ben lost in Plutarch's Lives or Pilgrim's Progress, a grammar or an arithmetic.

THE RUNAWAY APPRENTICE

After a fine three days' sail, they made New York. Out of the great emptiness of sea and sky the young man was suddenly dropped into the rushing hurly-burly of a busy morning on the New York waterfront.

THE RUNAWAY APPRENTICE

Ben opened the book and forgot the rescue and the storm. It was the most beautiful book he had ever seen, a copy of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress printed in Dutch and illustrated with copper-plate engravings, a masterpiece of the printer's craft.

THE RUNAWAY APPRENTICE

He walked on idly kicking a pebble and retaining in his mind the image of beauty and coquetry. It was his welcome to Philadelphia. He was going to like this "city of brotherly love."

PHILADELPHIA

- a) Already he had learned from tough experience how foolish it was to resent, and how small and mean was self-conceit. He had seen with his own eyes what Jamaica gin could do for promising young friends. So he put "Temperance" at the top of the list of "Virtues" he was going to practice:

- b) “Temperance” and “Silence” and “Order” (this last was hard for him when he wanted to do so many things at once). After “Resolution” came the early American twins, “Frugality” and “Industry.” Then “Sincerity,” “Justice,” and “Moderation,” as good companions of the mind, and “Cleanliness,” “Tranquillity,” and “Chastity,” to keep his thinking clear and cool and bright. When a wise old Quaker friend said: “Thee has forgotten ‘Humility,’” he added it to the list, writing under it: “Imitate Jesus and Socrates.”

THE WATER AMERICAN-LONDON

Ben ferreted among the book shops with the sniffing eagerness of a rabbit hound, finding treasure in old and new books, reading with delight the new thriller called Robinson Crusoe, and wondering with all London if it was really a true story or a marvelous fake by a Grub Street genius.

A SHOP OF YOUR OWN – PHILADELPHIA

He knew that he would always be a printer, a leather-apron man. Printing meant books, newspapers, writing, authors, witty powerful words that walked up and down in people’s minds to make friends and open doors and get things done. You could do a lot of good with a printing press besides making money.

INDUSTRY AND FRUGALITY

Said Poor Richard:

He that cannot obey cannot command.
Be slow in choosing a friend, slower in changing.
Well done is better than well said.
God helps them that help themselves.
It is better to take many injuries than to give one.
Diligence is the mother of good luck.
The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.
Being ignorant is not so much shame, as being unwilling to learn.
What is serving God? ‘Tis doing good to man.
If your head is wax, don’t walk in the sun.
When the well’s dry, we know the worth of water.
Virtue and a trade are a child’s best portion.
A good example is the best sermon.
Don’t judge of men’s wealth or piety by their Sunday appearances.

Those who in quarrels interpose must often wipe a bloody nose.
He that lies down with dogs shall rise up with fleas.

THE FLAMING BORDER

A strip of coast from Maine to Florida some hundred miles deep: That long lean strip was America, Franklin's America, all east of the Appalachian Mountains. The forest was the frontier. Out of it peered glittering eyes watching the plowmen, the cabin with the rising smoke, the slow-swinging axmen.

THE FLAMING BORDER

In Philadelphia another kind of war was raging. It was a death struggle between liberty and tyranny, human rights and property rights. The harder the people worked, the richer the overlords and landowners waxed on taxes, rents, and rising land values. The old item of complaint was that the proprietors would not pay or share in the defense of the frontier.

NUMBER SEVEN CRAVEN STREET – LONDON

But politics for the most part moved slowly. He had time to set up the most powerful electric apparatus yet assembled in England to entertain his scientific friends and visitors. He developed the delightful-sounding new musical instrument of glass bells called the "harmonica." He was a lover of music, and had learned to play the harp, guitar, and violin.

NUMBER SEVEN CRAVEN STREET – LONDON

More and more he became the representative of all America in English eyes. He was America in London, arguing and maneuvering to hold the Colonies and the mother country together, urging justice and fair dealing for the angry assemblies across the Atlantic.

THE POSTMASTER'S DAUGHTER – AMERICA

Franklin wrote and printed a narrative of “The Late Massacre in Lancaster County” denouncing “the Christian white savages” for the murder of peaceful Indians. It was a noble plea for justice and mercy for the Indians who had faithfully kept the ancient peace of William Penn. The peace which was “to last as long as the sun should shine or the waters run in the rivers.”

THE LOYAL REBEL –LONDON

“The question with me is not whether you have a right to render your people miserable, but whether it is not your interest to make them happy. It is not what a lawyer tells me I may do, but what humanity, reason, and justice tell me I ought to do. My idea, therefore, without considering whether we yield as a matter of right, or grant as a matter of favor, is to admit the people of our Colonies into and interest in the constitution.”

HEDGEROWS AND GARDENS –LONDON

The Tory ministry now laid taxes in the Colonies on paint, paper, glass, and tea without consulting the colonial legislature. Again the Colonies were an angry hornets’ nest. There were riders through the night bringing news to the organized patriots, the Committees of Correspondence, and the Sons of Liberty.

THE COCKPIT – LONDON

Franklin went out alone. His magnificent silence had been a powerful and eloquent answer. Without anger he looked toward the future and sadly thought of his dream of union throughout England’s dominion, union with justice and peace.

THE PRINTER TURNS PATRIOT

But there was no doubt in the mind of the man who had written: “They that give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.”

THE PRINTER TURNS PATRIOT

- a) In the Continental Congress when the solemn moment came to sign the Declaration of Independence, the president, John Hancock, wrote his name so big and bold that “the King of England could read it without spectacles,” adding by way of afterthought, “but we must be unanimous; there must be no pulling different ways; we must all hang together.”
- b) “Yes, we must indeed all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately,” said Poor Richard with a grim humor that drew a Hogarth picture of a dark possibility.

MID-OCEAN

In his mind he turned the pages of the seven decades that were volumes in a long life story, an encyclopedia crowded, ordered, and illustrated richly with colored pictures of memory. Each page had been a chronicle of zestful living.

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS

This was a very different world from the one he had left across the ocean, the new raw America of the hard-headed, long-jawed provincials in their buckskin breeches, the lean Sons of Liberty fighting and plowing and praying to make a new land for “certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.”

WHAT USE IS A BALLOON? – PARIS

He warned people who wanted to go there and had extravagant notions, “Our country offers to strangers nothing but a good climate, fertile soil, wholesome air, free governments, wise laws, liberty, a good people to live among, and a hearty welcome. Those Europeans who have these or greater advantages at home would do well to stay where they are.” No wonder America filled up fast after the Revolution.

GOING HOME

The bells of Philadelphia, the clamorous bells of liberty, were ringing loud and long. Poor Richard is come home again, they pealed and shouted and laughed.

The guns were booming. The welcoming guns that had spoken for independence were roaring for joy.

THE RISING SUN

“I have lived, Sir, a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth: that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? I believe that without His concurring aid we shall succeed no better than the builders of Babel.... How has it happened, Sir, that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of lights to illuminate our understanding?”

UNDER THE MULBERRY TREE

In his will he wrote: “My fine crab-tree walking stick, with a gold head curiously wrought in the form of a cap of liberty, I give to my friend, and the friend of mankind, General Washington. If it were a scepter, he has merited it and would become it.”

UNDER THE MULBERRY TREE

His last essay was a protest against slavery written in the spirit of his keenest irony. As a last brave blow for human rights he had urged the establishment of the first school for Negroes. He was president of the first abolition society.

UNDER THE MULBERRY TREE

He was being called to go on another mission, and he was ready. He had long been ready, but the people's business had detained him until now. He had been long detained for the public good, the settling of old quarrels, the forming of new alliances to make America strong. But now he was taking passage home after so many stormy crossings, so many rough voyages.

Prince Caspian by C.S. Lewis

Chapter 1

The four children, holding hands and panting, found themselves standing in a woody place--such a woody place that branches were sticking into them and there was hardly room to move. They all rubbed their eyes and took a deep breath.

Chapter 2

"Oh Susan," said Lucy. "Where's the horn?" "Oh bother, bother, bother," said Susan after she had thought for a moment. "I remember now. I took it with me the last day of all, the day we went hunting the White Stag.

Chapter 3

"First of all I'm a messenger of King Caspian's." "Who's he?" asked four voices all at once. "Caspian the Tenth, King of Narnia, and long may he reign!" answered the Dwarf. "That is to say, he ought to be King of Narnia and we hope he will be."

Chapter 4

He was the smallest, and also the fattest, man Caspian had ever seen. He had a long, silvery, pointed beard which came down to his waist, and his face, which was brown and covered with wrinkles, looked very wise, very ugly and very kind.

Chapter 4

"It is you Telmarines who silenced the beasts and drove away the dwarfs and fauns, and are now trying to cover up even the memory of them. The king does not allow them to be spoken of." "Oh, I do wish we hadn't," said Caspian.

Chapter 5

"Now that he has a son of his own he will want his own son to be the next King. You are in the way. He'll clear you out of the way." "Is he really as bad as that?" said Caspian. "Would he really murder me?"

Chapter 5

Tree after tree rose up before them in the dusk and was only just avoided. Then, almost too suddenly to hurt (and yet it did hurt him too) something struck Caspian on the forehead and he knew no more.

When he came to himself he was lying in a firelit place with bruised limbs and a bad headache.

Chapter 6

He was of course bigger than a common mouse, well over a foot high when he stood on his hind legs, and his ears nearly as long as (though broader than) a rabbit's. His name was Reepicheep and he was a gay and martial mouse.

Chapter 7

"Hurrah!" said a very shrill and small voice from somewhere at the Doctor's feet. "Let them come! All I ask is that the King will put me and my people in the front." "What on earth?" said Doctor Cornelius. "Has your Majesty got grasshoppers--or mosquitos--in your army?"

Chapter 8

"I see the point," said Trumpkin drily. "You know a trick I never learned." "That's quite true," put in Peter. "The best swordsman in the world may be disarmed by a trick that's new to him."

"You mean the yellow one near the middle of the arch?" "No, not that," said Susan. "The red one up above--over the battlement." The Dwarf's face fell. "Looks more like a cherry than an apple," he muttered, but he said nothing out loud.

Chapter 9

She looked at a sliver birch: it would have a soft, showery voice and would look like a slender girl, with hair blown all about her face, and fond of dancing. She looked at the

Oak: He would be a wizened, but hearty old man with a frizzled beard and warts on his face and hands, and hair growing out of the warts.

Chapter 10

There was a little town at the far end of it. "By Jove," said Edmund. "We fought the Battle of Beruna just where that town is!" This cheered the boys more than anything. You can't help feeling stronger when you look at a place where you won a glorious victory, not to mention a kingdom, hundreds of years ago.

Chapter 11

Aslan pounced. Have you ever seen a very young kitten being carried in a mother cat's mouth? It was like that. The Dwarf, hunched up in a little, miserable ball, hung from Aslan's mouth.

Chapter 12

Above the steadily increasing growl of the Badger and Cornelius's sharp "What?" rose the voice of King Caspian like thunder. "So that is your plan, Nikabrik! Black sorcery and the calling up of an accursed spirit. And I see who your companions are--a Hag and a Wer-Wolf!"

Chapter 13

"Upon my word," said Trumpkin, "if you want someone who can kill with looks, Reepicheep would be the best." "He would indeed, from all I hear," said Peter with a laugh. "If only he wasn't so small. They wouldn't even see him till he was close!"

Chapter 14

Both bowed and seemed to speak, but it was impossible to hear what they said. Next moment the two swords flashed in the sunlight. For a second the clash could be heard but it was immediately drowned because both armies began shouting like crowds at a football match.

Chapter 15

“Welcome, Prince,” said Aslan. “Do you feel yourself sufficient to take up the Kingship of Narnia?” “I--I don’t think I do, Sir,” said Caspian. “I’m only a kid.” “Good,” said Aslan. “If you had felt yourself sufficient, it would have been proof that you were not.”

Railway Children by Edith Nesbit

Chapter One

This was the first train the children saw on that railway which was in time to become so very dear to them. They did not guess then how they would grow to love the railway, and how soon it would become the centre of their new life, nor what wonders and changes it would bring to them.

Chapter Two

Grown-up people, even mothers, often make remarks that don’t seem to mean anything in particular, just for the sake of saying something, seemingly.

Chapter Three

He was a worthy man and seemed never tired of answering the questions that begin with ‘Why - ’ which many people in higher ranks of life often seem weary of.

Chapter Four

Bobbie couldn’t help her face changing a little – not so much because she was disappointed at not getting the engine, as because she had thought it so very noble of Peter, and now she felt she had been silly to think it.

Chapter Five

I do not know whether the man understood her words, but he understood the touch of the hand she thrust into his, and the kindness of the other hand that stroked his shabby sleeve.

Chapter Five

'Why, mother,' she said, 'how very sorry you seem to be for him!'

Mother didn't answer for a minute. Then she just said, 'Yes,' and then she seemed to be thinking. The children were quiet.

Presently she said, 'Dears, when you say your prayers, I think you might ask God to show His pity upon all prisoners and captives.'

Chapter Six

It really did seem a little like magic. For all the trees for about twenty yards of the opposite bank seemed to be slowly walking down towards the railway line, the tree with the grey leaves bringing up the rear like some old shepherd driving a flock of green sheep.

Chapter Seven

She knew that Mother was unhappy – and that Mother had not told her the reason. So she just loved Mother more and never said a single word that could let Mother know how earnestly her little girl wondered what Mother was unhappy about. This needs practice. It is not so easy as you might think.

Chapter Eight

The sun was setting in red splendour over the grey and purple hills, and the canal lay smooth and shiny in the shadow – no ripple broke its surface. It was like a grey satin ribbon between the dusky green silk of the meadows that were on each side of its banks.

Chapter Nine

So they were all quiet and so very still that a brown rat thought that there was no one in the loft and came out very boldly. When Bobbie sneezed the rat was quite shocked and hurried away, for he saw that a hayloft where such things could happen was no place for a respectable middle-aged rat that liked a quiet life.

Chapter Ten

'You don't suppose he's forgotten us and all the old times, because God has taken him, any more than I forget him. Oh, no, he remembers. He's only away for a little time. We shall see him someday.'

Chapter Eleven

Bobbie knew the secret now. A sheet of old newspaper wrapped round a parcel – just a little chance like that – had given the secret to her. And she had to go down to tea and pretend that there was nothing the matter. The pretence was bravely made, but it wasn't very successful.

Chapter Twelve

And she kissed him just as if he had been Peter. 'We love to have you here – don't we, Bobbie?'

'Yes,' said Bobbie – and she saw by her mother's face how right she had been to bring home the wounded hound in the red jersey.

Chapter Thirteen

I can't think what made him so horrid. Perhaps it was because he had been so very nice and kind all the earlier part of the day, and now he had to have a change. This is called reaction. One notices it now and then in oneself. Sometimes when one has been extra good for a longer time than usual, one is suddenly attacked by a violent fit of not being good at all.

Chapter Fourteen

But now that Mother had no writing and no housework to do, she had time for lessons. And lessons the children had to do. However nice the person who is teaching you may be, lessons are lessons all the world over, and at their best are worse fun than peeling potatoes or lighting a fire.

Reb and the Redcoats by Constance Savery

Chapter 1 The Youngest Rebel

"Its poor little owner would prefer to know that her treasure was in loving hands. Perhaps we'll find some way of sending the doll back when this dreadful war comes to an end, as we pray God it may."

Chapter 2 Family Coach

She had been chased through the Straits of Dover and up into the North Sea before she was forced to surrender, and the Americans had been interned in Suffolk instead of being sent the long way back to the Isle Royale or elsewhere.

Chapter 3 Fine Fancy Name

On the fourth day George thought of an excellent scheme for outdoing his brother and sisters. Uncle Laurence had forbidden them to ask their mother or the servants to tell them the Reb's name, but he had not thought of forbidding them to ask the Reb himself.

Chapter 4 Under the Stars and Stripes

"Can you see Patty's flag, Joseph?" whispered Charlotte. "I can't. Has Uncle Laurence torn it down?"

Joseph craned his neck.

"No, Uncle Laurence hasn't. It's there, safe enough."

The Reb slept that night under the protection of the Stars and Stripes.

Chapter 5 Thank You

"General Washington said, 'We take the stars from heaven, the red from our mother country, separating it by white stripes, thus showing we have separated from her, and the white stripes shall go down to posterity representing liberty.' "

Chapter 6 Grandpapa and the Reb

Though the boy said little about his father, who had been his superior officer in the Hudson Valley and elsewhere, it was plain that he held him the greatest respect and affection and was ever eager to please Major Baltimore by paying attention to his studies.

Chapter 7 The Mischianza

Restored to good humor by this turning of the tables on his mother, Uncle Laurence withdrew, whistling the air of a popular military march, "The World Turned Upside Down."

Chapter 8 A Sermon on Pride

In long words that Charlotte could hardly understand, the writer of the sermon said that the first sin ever committed was not, as many people supposed, the sin of disobedience. It was the sin of pride.

Chapter 9 The New Tutor

Nine o'clock the next morning found them ranged demurely round the table in the playroom, which was thenceforth to be renamed schoolroom, like the schoolroom at home.

Chapter 10 Busy Balbus

"It will be a long time before Johnny is able to recite anything so difficult as 'The Battle of Agincourt,' the ballad that Charlotte has recited with great spirit before Colonel and Mrs. Gatwick."

Chapter 11 Wax Fruit for Mamma

He had already struck up quite a friendship with the Hickorys, to whom he regularly carried every new find of amber, carnelian or agate to be fashioned into ornaments that looked like bits of petrified sunshine or frozen fireglow.

Chapter 12 Nothing of Military Importance

"He held, as firmly as ever, that Major André's request for a soldier's death ought to have been granted. But he did not fully realize that his attack on the commander in chief had been outrageous and unjustifiable."

Chapter 13 In the Gun Room

Patty looked uncommonly knowing, but she said never a word. And Joseph, coming in at that moment, was pounced on to hear Charlotte's story. They had not finished talking it over when George and Kitty rushed in, all agog.

Chapter 14 Patty Mounts Guard

Charlotte had stayed with the other, not because she wanted her portion of shortbread, but because she wanted to see the Reb again. She felt, she did not know why, as though the world had come to a stop that night, instead of merely turning upside down as it had done so often in the last few months.

Chapter 15 Speed Well, Speedwell

"I only hope she will fall in with a French privateer!" said Uncle Laurence. "It will be a mercy for her if she does! The attempt is sheer craziness. I did think I had made that clear to Randal. I don't see what more I could have said."

Return To Gone Away by Elizabeth Enright

Chapter 1

“Down, everybody, down!” protested Mr. Blake. “Your joy is too athletic; it jars my bones. Yes, I do mean really, I do mean honestly. Your mother and I signed the papers today, and the Villa Caprice is ours!”

“We’ll have to think of a new name for that house right away,” said Mrs. Blake.

“Ours! Ours! Ours!” yelled Portia, still jumping, but releasing her father. She was eleven-and-a-half years old; her brother Foster was seven. The thing they wished for most in all the world had just happened, and this can be an unsettling experience.

Chapter 2

The place looked different, too. In the great swamp the old reeds had died down; just visible among them were the new ones rising: millions of little light green spears. But Craneycrow Island appeared the same, with its somber evergreens, and across the swamp the battered resort houses with their tipsy porches and tottering turrets seemed no more damaged than they had in the fall. The strange scene, which some people might have found desolate, was to Portia and Julian the most welcome sight in the world.

Chapter 2

“You know what I wish, Mother?” Portia said, later that evening. “I just wish we could stay here all through the spring till summertime, and never have to go back to the city or to school until the fall.”

“Darling, it won’t be for very long,” her mother told her. “Only a few weeks, really. And we still have nine days here ahead of us, remember.”

“I know,” Portia said. She appreciated her mother’s talent for making things look better and gave her a hug to show it.

Chapter 3

The day, no better than the day before, was gray and chill, and as they passed between the large stone gateposts of the drive, it was suddenly very quiet. There was no wind, and the trees, draped in great snarled capes of honeysuckle, seemed to have muffled out the noises of the world. Silence had fallen on the party, as well. It was too much for Foster. He suddenly felt called upon to give his ear-splitting rendition of an Indian war whoop. Davey attempted to outdo him; the noise startled two crows out of a tree and

sent them squawking into the air. The spell of silence was shattered, and everyone began to talk again.

Chapter 3

“The place looks like a training school for witches,” Mr. Blake remarked in utmost gloom.

The children, however, refused to be disappointed and went running toward the house with briars snatching at their jeans and Julian clattering more than usual because of the buckets.

“I think it’s suave,” he assured Portia, as he jolted along beside her. “All it needs is fixing up. Heck, it hasn’t been fixed *up* in fifty years! What do they expect?”

“I don’t know,” Portia said, feeling grateful to her cousin and indignant with her other relatives. “I think it’s a perfectly wonderful house!”

Chapter 4

It was dressed in a man’s cape-sleeved long black overcoat, riddled with moth holes and furred with dust. Its head was a stuffed stocking top on which a gruesome face had been devised: eyes made of red-glass buttons behind a pair of pinned-on spectacles; a guardsman’s mustache cut out of felt; and a dreadful mouth in which white beads were stitched to look like teeth. On its head it wore a Tyrolean fedora tipped a bit to one side. This and the mustache gave it an aristocratic, though shabby, appearance.

“Baron Bloodshed fallen on hard times,” Mr. Blake observed.

Chapter 4

He held out a handful of crocuses: small lighted cups of white and lavender and yellow. “They’re all *over!*” he said triumphantly, feeling as if he had invented them.

Mrs. Blake took the little bunch of flowers. The bird sang. The chandelier chimed softly as air moved in the room, and then the sunlight caught it and all the many lusters blazed and dazzled.

“Oh, I think we’re going to *love* this house,” said Mrs. Blake.

“Going to? I love it already,” Foster declared.

“So do I, I’m crazy about it,” Portia agreed, giving her brother a hug before he could defend himself.

Chapter 5

Portia thought of the dumbwaiter and the sheeplady, and Baron Bloodshed, and the crystal chandelier, and all the other curious or lovely things they had discovered.

“What a place!” she said thoughtfully. “You know that this house is, Mother? Daddy? It is a house of astonishment!”

Chapter 6

Mrs. Blake drew in her breath. So did Aunt Hilda.

“Duncan Phyfe!” exclaimed Mrs. Blake, in the low voice of awe.

“Duncan who? I don’t see *anybody*,” Foster said.

“Chippendale!” exclaimed Aunt Hilda. “Can it really be? But it is, it is! Oh, Barbara, look! Queen Anne!”

Portia and Julian wondered if their mothers had gone mad.

“Are they talking about all those old bureaus and things?” Foster demanded; he could see that they were, and he was disgusted. Downstairs the house was a regular furniture store, it was so full of tables and sofas and chairs and desks; and now here was all this excitement about still *more* furniture. He could not understand it.

Chapter 6

“She was very determined. She not only wanted to have her own way; she simply *had* to *have* her own way, and because of her strong will and her great wealth she very often got it. Nature, weather particularly, was a severe trial to her because it simply would not comply or submit. When we had bad spells of rain or cold, my father said it must be harder on Mrs. Brace-Gideon than anybody because she couldn’t do a thing about it. She couldn’t write to the management or to the *New York Times*. She couldn’t fire

anybody or bribe anybody. She, with all her money, had to live through bad weather just like the beggar in his hut.

Chapter 7

Above the mantel hung a portrait of Mrs. Brace-Gideon; a well-corseted lady with a pink, opinionated face. She was sitting bolt upright in a chair, wearing an embroidered gown and holding a fan.

“And there she is going to stay,” said Mrs. Blake. “Because in her way, and although she could never know it, Mrs. Brace-Gideon has been a fairy godmother to this family.”

Chapter 7

“What’s that bird, Jule? That sort of sad one?”

Julian listened. “White-throated sparrow,” he told her. Honestly, that boy knows everything, Portia thought, but she didn’t say so.

“I wish it had a prettier name.” She sighed. “Hear how pretty it sounds.”

“One’s alright, maybe . . . yes, it sounds nice, it really does . . . but a bunch of them together can drive you nuts.”

There was never more than one, though, all that month, and every day Portia listened for its song. It meant something special to her, perhaps because it was the little music of this first lovely morning.

Chapter 8

The fork-tailed birds, azure blue in the sunlight, swooped and curved in and out of the tottering cupola that crowned the decaying mansion. They used the air as fishes use a river; they seemed to swing and spin effortlessly on invisible currents.

“If I had to be a bird, I’d be a swallow,” Foster said. “They have the best time flying. They look as if they do.”

“If you were a bird, you’d have to eat bugs,” Davey told him. “You’d have to eat worms. You’d *like* to eat worms. Oig. If anybody told me I had to be a bird, I wouldn’t.”

Chapter 8

Portia lay thinking about the club. When they were through with the cleaning, and they almost were, they would decorate it with the things from the Villa Caprice: the painting of a starchily dressed young lady swinging on a crescent moon; the Tiffany glass lampshade (they had no lamp in the club, but if they turned the shade upside down it would look like a vase, and it was a beautiful thing: all the colors of the rainbow, melted). They also had been given the cast-iron pug dog with which Mrs. Brace-Gideon had felled the burglar, and the procession of teakwood elephants, and many other treasures. When everything was in place, Portia would go out and pick a big bouquet of roses and iris, and that would be the finishing touch.

Chapter 9

Happy and absorbed, they sat cross-legged on the floor, taking out bundle after bundle. Outside of a museum they had never seen such shells: they were shaped like fans, locket, towers, pinwheels, hearts, trumpets. They were pleated and patterned, tinted with pink, rose, crimson, yellow, mother-of-pearl; there were several pairs that looked as if they had petals and that were colored like dahlias.

Chapter 9

At this moment, staring beyond him, Portia gasped. Footsteps were sounding slowly on the attic stairs, and just above the level of the attic floor appeared the helmet of an armored knight.

“Oh, Jule, oh Jule,” she whispered, grasping his arm; and then she wished she hadn’t. How she wished she hadn’t! Because below the shining headdress of Sir Lancelot was the figure of her brother Foster, sloppily attired in blue jeans and a grassstained T-shirt.

“*When Knighthood Was in Flower*,” commented Julian, kindly ignoring his cousin’s moment of panic.

Chapter 10

He and Portia were tramping along the soaked drive toward the road to Gone-Away. The rain had stopped, but one felt it had only taken the time to draw a breath or two before it began again. The clouds hung low and wet, and when the small breeze stirred, every tree shook water down.

"I like this day," Julian said. "But I don't see why I do."

The woods looked mysterious and dark, particularly where the honeysuckle had woven its canopies among the branches; the roadside was edged thickly with the green umbrellas of May-apple leaves; and here and there, like a queer bell with a clapper, stood a jack-in-the-pulpit, lonely and alert.

Chapter 10

"After a while I put the shell to my own ear, and sure enough it seemed as if I could really hear the soft roar of surf on a distant reef; and when my dreams began again, they were all about the cool, clear water of the lagoon and the fishes drifting and the sea ferns waving, and I really believe, I really do, that that shell and the dreams it gave me helped me to recover."

Chapter 11

Julian had named him, though Portia had planned to. He had just scooped the kitten up in his hand and said: "Here you go, Mousnick," and the name had stuck.

Everybody in the family liked him, and Gulliver and Othello did not mind him. As for Portia, whenever she looked at him, her heart melted.

Chapter 11

Mr. Payton, in the lead, fought his way through hazel bushes.

"It's clearing ahead," he called encouragingly, and in a moment they heard him give an exclamation of pleasure.

"Well, by Jove. Just look at that! A sight for sore eyes, Philosophers, and the same, *exactly* the same, as it was more than sixty years ago!"

The quarry held deep water in its cup: a little lake that lay still as a jewel, clear as a jewel, without a breath of air to wrinkle its surface. On this scorching noonday it was indeed a sight for sore eyes.

Chapter 12

The Villa Caprice continued to offer surprises: certain tall spikey plants near the house turned out to be lilies: great freckled fragrant ones. A drawer in the library desk was discovered to be full of jigsaw puzzles, dominoes, playing cards, and a chess set. Some surprises were not so pleasant: the leak that appeared in the dining room; the peculiar temperament of the bathroom plumbing; the fact that the drawing-room fireplace smoked in rainy weather.

Chapter 13

Outdoors the sound of crickets shimmered in the air; everywhere, all over the summer land. The bright moon was small in the sky; it lighted up the edges of the clouds that were swimming toward it. A small soft wind moved forward, and the trees, dry with August, rustled their leaves and whispered.

Julian hurried along the drive. Moon patches dappled the ground, moving now as wind stirred the branches above. The honeysuckle trees were frightening at night; they looked like stooping figures: old soldiers, giants, in great dragging cloaks.

Chapter 13

"I'll never forget this night, man," Tom said. "Wait till we tell the kids: a real live ghost story."

"A real live goat story, you mean, and Uncle Sam's not the only goat," said Julian with a weary yawn. "I don't think anything makes you so tired as being good and scared and then getting over it."

Chapter 14

Portia tugged at the handle of the little cabinet door.

"You should have seen Jule searching for Mrs. Brace-Gideon's safe in here. In a *bathroom*, imagine! *Honestly!*"

"Honestly," echoed Lucy.

"Now what's the matter with *this* door? The rainstorm's made everything stick all over again."

She gave the handle a mighty yank, and to her infinite amazement the whole cabinet swung forward; swung outward toward her from the wall like a heavy little door, which is exactly what it was.

And there behind it was the safe.

Chapter 15

It was a peculiar gathering to assemble in anybody's bathroom: two pretty women, five biggish children, assorted; five smallish ones, boys, wearing war feathers; one elderly lady dressed in the fashion of the Gay Nineties; one elderly gentleman with a distinguished beard and clothes not much more recent. Also two dogs and one small kitten. Though the room was large, it wasn't really large enough. The Indians obligingly removed their shoes and stood in the bathtub.

"Now," said Julian.

They waited breathlessly.

Chapter 15

There were necklaces of paste and pinchbeck and jet and amber; there were gold earrings and silver ones, and ones made out of coral and of turquoise. There were bracelets woven of gold wire, and many brooches, and fine-link chains and locketts of gold and onyx. There were seed pearls all gone black with age, and cold jade beads from which the silken cord had rotted away. Many of the things were beautiful, and some were ruined. All were very old.

Chapter 16

"Oh, tell them, Paul, do tell them! I can't keep the secret one more minute!"

"What secret?" Portia demanded, already joyfully suspecting.

"What secret, Daddy?" cried Foster, jumping. Gulliver barked.

"How would you like to live here all year round?" asked their father.

How would they like it! The mere thought made them jerk and prance and squeal!

“Because I think I’m going to work on the paper with Uncle Jake and write my book on the side. So that would mean we’d have to live here all the time.”

Chapter 16

“Amberside,” Mrs. Blake said to Mr. Blake. “Amberside the second; but we’ll leave off ‘the second.’ Doesn’t it sound nice, though? ‘Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bannister Blake who live at Amberside with their daughter and their son and their dog and their cat!’”

So at last the new old house had a new old name to be called by.

***Rip Van Winkle by Washington Irving**

p. 9

He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient, hen-picked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home.

P. 13

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take a gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution.

p. 20

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest of faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which whenever they rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

p. 24

He entered the house, which to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears – he called loudly for his wife and children – the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

p. 29

Rip looked, and behold a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

p. 31

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against a tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

***Robinson Crusoe by Daniel Defoe**

Chapter 1

Being the third son of the family, and not trained for any trade, my head began to be filled with rambling thoughts. My father, who was very old, had planned for me to study law. But I would be satisfied with nothing but going to sea. I went so strongly against the will of my father and all the begging of my mother and other friends that it was as if I was drawn to the life of misery which awaited me.

Chapter 2

This was the only successful voyage in all my adventures, thanks to the integrity and honesty of my friend the captain—who taught me mathematics, the rules of navigation,

how to keep an account of the ship's course, and how to take an observation. As he took delight to teach me, I took delight to learn, and this voyage made me both a sailor and a merchant. I brought home five pounds nine ounces of gold dust, which yielded me in London at my return almost three hundred pounds, and this filled me with the ambition that completed my ruin.

Chapter 3

The treatment we received was not as dreadful as I first feared, nor was I carried away to the Emperor of Morocco as the rest of our men were, but was kept by the pirate captain as his prize slave, being young and able. I was overwhelmed by this surprising change of my circumstances from a merchant to a miserable slave, and now I recalled my father's warning to me. This was but a taste of the misery I was to go through, as will appear later in my story.

Chapter 4

As we came nearer and nearer the shore, the land looked more frightful than the sea. After we had gone about a league and a half, a raging, mountain-like wave came rolling up behind us, and took us with such a fury that it overturned the boat. We were separated from the boat as well as from one another, and had no time to cry, "O God!" for we were all swallowed up in a moment.

That wave carried me a long way toward the shore, and having spent itself, went back and left me almost upon dry land, though half dead with the water I took in.

Chapter 5

When I came down from my apartment in the tree, the first thing I found was the small boat, which lay as the wind and the sea had tossed it upon the sand about two miles away. I soon found that there was an inlet about half a mile wide blocking my way, and I decided to try to reach the ship first, in search of provisions.

A little after noon the sea was calm, and the tide ebbed so far out that I could walk within a quarter mile of the ship. This increased my grief, for I saw that if we had stayed on board we all would have made it safe to shore, and I would not be left here miserably alone.

Chapter 6

What would have been my case, had I been left in the condition in which I first came on shore, without the essentials for life? “What would I have done without a gun,” I said aloud, “without ammunition, without any tools to make anything or to work with, without clothes, bedding, a tent, or any manner of covering?” I had all these in sufficient quantity, and was in a fair way to provide for myself when my ammunition was gone. I was able to see how I could carry on without any want as long as I lived.

Chapter 7

I made my table and chair out of the short pieces of boards that I brought on my raft from the ship. But when I had made boards from trees, I made large shelves all along one side of my cave, to lay all my tools, nails, and iron-work so that I might get at them easily. I knocked hooks into the wall of the rock to hang my guns and anything else that would hang up. I had everything so ready at hand that it was a great pleasure to see all my goods in such order, and especially to find my collection so great.

Chapter 8

It is impossible to express my astonishment and confusion on this occasion. I had few thoughts of religion in my head and had taken everything that happened to me as chance—or, as we rightly say, what pleases God—without inquiring into the place of Providence in these things, or His order in governing events in the world. But after I saw parley grow there, it startled me, and I began to wonder if God had miraculously caused this grain to grow for my sustenance in that miserable place.

Chapter 9

What I had learned from the good instruction of my father had been worn out by eight years of seafaring wickedness and a constant association with men like myself. I don't remember that I had, in all that time, one thought that so much as tended to look upwards toward God, or inwards to consider my ways. A certain stupidity of soul, without desire for good or awareness of evil, had entirely overwhelmed me. I was all that the most hardened sailors are thought to be, not having the least sense, either of the fear of God in danger or of thankfulness to God in safety.

Chapter 10

I asked myself, "Have I not been delivered, and wonderfully too, from the sickness that was so frightful?" God had delivered me, but I had not glorified Him. If I had not been thankful for that as a deliverance, how could I expect greater deliverance?

This touched my heart very much, and immediately I kneeled and gave God thanks aloud for my recovery from my sickness.

Chapter 11

I saw an abundance of parrots and wanted to catch one, if possible, to tame it and teach it to speak to me. I did eventually catch a young parrot. I knocked it down with a stick and brought it home, but it was some years before I could make him speak. At last I taught him to call me by my name.

Chapter 12

Thus I began my third year, and in general I was seldom idle. This is how I spent most of my time: First, my duty to God and reading the Scriptures, three times every day; second, going abroad with my gun for food, which generally took three hours every morning when it did not rain; and third, curing, preserving, and cooking what I had killed or caught. These took up much of the day.

Chapter 13

It is no wonder that all these things took up most of the third year of my time here, for I also had my new harvest and animals to manage. I reaped my grain in its season and carried it home as well as I could, and stored it in the ear in my large baskets, till I had time to rub the grain loose with my hands.

Chapter 14

I frequently sat down to my food with thankfulness and admired the hand of God's providence, which had spread my table in the wilderness. I learned to look more upon the bright side of things and less upon the dark side, and to concentrate on what I enjoyed rather than what I lacked. Some people cannot enjoy what God has given them because they are looking at something that He has not given them. All our discontents about what we want spring from the lack of thankfulness for what we have.

I have mentioned that I saved the skins of all the four-footed creatures that I killed, and I had hung them up stretched out with sticks in the sun. Some became dry and hard, but others were very useful. The first things I made of these was a great cap for my head, with the hair on the outside to repel the rain. This worked so well that I made myself a suit of clothes out of the skins—a vest and knee-length breeches, both very loose, for they were intended to keep me cool rather than warm.

Chapter 15

I cannot say that for the next five years anything extraordinary happened to me. I lived on just as before. Besides my yearly labor of planting barley and rice, and drying my raisins, and my daily labor of going out with my gun, I had one more labor—to make another canoe, which at last I finished.

Chapter 16

This observation convinced me that I had nothing to do but to observe the ebbing and the flowing of the tide, and I might safely bring my boat around the island again. But when I began to think of doing that, I felt too much terror. Instead, I decided that I would make myself another canoe; and so have one for one side of the island, and one for the other.

Chapter 17

One day at about noon, on my way to my boat, I saw the print of a man's bare foot on the shore, very plain in the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen a ghost. I listened, I looked round me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything. I went up to a higher spot, to look farther. I went up and down the shore, but I could see only that one.

Thus fear of danger is ten thousand times more terrifying than danger itself when we can see it; and anxiety is much worse than the evil which we are anxious about. I was like Saul, he complained not only that the Philistines were upon him, but that God had forsaken him. I did not calm myself by crying to God in my distress, and resting upon His providence, as I had done before.

My confusion kept me awake all night but in the morning I fell asleep exhausted, slept very soundly, and waked much better. And now I reasoned that this island, which was

so pleasant, fruitful, and close to the mainland, was not so entirely abandoned as I might imagine, and that there might sometimes come boats from shore. I had lived here fifteen years now, and had not met with the least shadow of any people yet. If at any time they should land here, it was probable they went away again as soon as they possibly could.

Chapter 18

On the way, I looked up. With a flood of tears, I gave God thanks that I had not been born among such dreadful creatures as these. I gave thanks, above all, that I had the knowledge of Himself, and the hope of His blessing—a joy that outweighed all the misery I had suffered or could suffer.

I realized that these wretches never came to this island in search of what they could get, evidently not seeking, not wanting, or not expecting, anything here. I had been here now almost eighteen years and never saw the least footsteps of a human creature before; and I might be here eighteen more years entirely concealed from them.

Chapter 19

How wonderfully we are rescued when we know nothing of it. Sometimes, when we might go this way or that way, a secret hint shall direct us this way although we intended to go that way. Sometimes everything tells us to go the other way, we a strange impression, from we know not where, causes us to go this way' and if we had gone that way as we intended, we should have been ruined and lost. I finally realized this and made it a strict rule to never fail to obey my intuition. 'Tis never too late to be wise.

The place was the most delightful cavity or grotto one could find, though perfectly dark. The floor was dry and level and had a sort of small loose gravel upon it. The only difficulty was the small entrance, which suited my purposes perfectly. This is where I would hide most of any weapons and ammunition.

Chapter 20

I immediately figured that this must be some ship in distress, and that they had fired these guns as signals for help. Although I could not help them, perhaps they might help me; so I brought together all the dry wood I could get quickly, and set it on fire upon the hill. The wood was dry and blazed freely although the wind blew very hard, so that I was certain, if there was any such thing as a ship, they must see it.

Thus, what is one man's safety is another man's destruction. It seems these men, whoever they were, had been driven upon the rocks in the night. After that, several things could have happened to the. Perhaps they saw my fire and perished while trying to get to shore in a small boat.

Chapter 21

I didn't consider what I should do with myself when I got there, because I was so excited by the notion of going to the mainland. I felt that only death could be worse than my present condition. I might come to some inhabited country, or some Christian ship that might take me in; and if worse came to worst, I could die and put an end to all my miseries at once. Please understand that all this was the fruit of a disturbed mind made desperate by the disappointments of the wreck.

Chapter 22

I beckoned, and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps, in acknowledgement for my saving his life. I smiled and beckoned to him to come still nearer. At length he came close to me, and then he kneeled down, and laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head. He seemed to be swearing to be my slave forever.

After about half an hour, he waked again, and came out to the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats. He came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, withal possible signs of a humble, thankful disposition. I understood him and let him know I was very well pleased with him. I began to teach him to speak to me and let him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life.

Chapter 23

This was my most pleasant year on the island. Friday began to talk pretty well, and understand the names of almost everything I had occasion to call for and of every place I had to send him, and to talk a great deal to me. Besides the pleasure of talking to him, I had a great pleasure in the fellow himself. His simple honesty appeared to me more and more every day, and we really loved each other.

I read the Bible and let him know, as well as I could, the meaning of what I read; and he, by his serious questions, made me a much better Bible student than I should ever have been on my own. Reading the Bible had caused me to repent for my sins, trust my Savior, reform my character, and obey God's commands, all without any human

teacher. So the same plain Bible teaching turned this savage into such a Christian that I have known few equal to him in my life.

Chapter 24

After arming us, I took my spyglass and went up the hill to see what I could discover. There were twenty-one savages, three prisoners, and three canoes. They had landed nearer to my creek than before, where the thick wood came almost down to the sea. I came back to Friday and told him I was going to go down and kill them all, and asked him to stand by me.

Chapter 25

As Friday approached, I told him to inform the man that he was rescued. But when Friday looked into his face, it would have moved any one to tears to have seen how he kissed him, hugged him, cried, laughed, jumped about, danced, sang, then cried again, then jumped about again, like a crazy creature. It was a long time before I could make him tell me what was the matter; but when he could control himself, he told me it was his father.

Chapter 26

I sent Friday with the captain's mate to the boat, to bring away the oars and sail, which they did. By and by three straggling men, who were (fortunately for them) napping elsewhere, came back. Seeing their captain, who had been their prisoner, now their conqueror, they surrendered, and so our victory was complete.

Chapter 27

When we had talked awhile, the captain had his men bring me gifts of food and drink as if I were staying on the island instead of leaving soon. What was a thousand times more useful to me than the food, he brought me six clean new shirts, six very good neckcloths, two pair of gloves, one pair of shoes and stockings, a hat and a very good suit of his own that was almost new. In a word, he clothed me from head to foot. I was delighted but when I put the clothes on I found them very uncomfortable at first.

Secret Garden by Frances Hodgson Burnett

Chapter 1 – There's No One Left

When she awakened she lay and stared at the wall. The house was perfectly still. She had never known it to be so silent before. She heard neither voices nor footsteps, and wondered if everybody had got well of the cholera and the trouble was over. She wondered also who would take care of her now her Ayah was dead.

Chapter 2 – Mistress Mary Quite Contrary

Mary sat in her corner of the railway carriage and looked plain and fretful. She had nothing to read or to look at, and she had folded her thin little black-gloved hands in her lap. Her black dress made her look yellower than ever, and her limp light hair straggled from under black crêpe hat.

Chapter 3 – Across the Moor

The carriage lamps shed a yellow light on the rough-looking road which seemed to be cut through bushes and low-growing things which ended in the great expanse of dark apparently spread out before and around them. A wind was rising and making a singular, wild, low, rushing sound.

Chapter 4 – Martha

It was not the custom to say "please" and "thank you" and Mary had always slapped her Ayah in the face when she was angry. She wondered a little what this girl would do if one slapped her in the face. She was a round, rosy, good-natured-looking creature, but she had a sturdy way which made Mistress Mary wonder if she might not even slap back—if the person who slapped her was only a little girl.

Chapter 5 – The Cry in the Corridor

Mary did not know what "wutherin'" meant until she listened, and then she understood. It must mean that hollow shuddering sort of roar which rushed round and round the house as if the giant no one could see was buffeting it and beating at the walls and windows to try to break in.

Chapter 6 – “There Was Some One Crying—There Was”

In one room, which looked like a lady’s sitting-room, the hangings were all embroidered velvet, and in a cabinet were about a hundred little elephants made of ivory. They were of different sizes, and some had their mahouts or palanquins on their backs. Some were much bigger than the others and some were so tiny that they seemed only babies.

Chapter 7 – The Key of the Garden

She chirped, and talked, and coaxed and he hopped, and flirted his tail and twittered. It was as if he were talking. His red waistcoat was like satin and he puffed his tiny breast out and was so fine and so grand and so pretty that it was really as if he were showing her how important and like a human person a robin could be.

Chapter 8 – The Robin Who Showed the Way

Mary had stepped close to the robin, and suddenly the gust of wind swung aside some loose ivy trails, and more suddenly still she jumped toward it and caught it in her hand. This she did because she had seen something under it—a round knob which had been covered by the leaves hanging over it. It was the knob of a door.

Chapter 9 – The Strangest House

The robin was tremendously busy. He was very much pleased to see gardening begun on his own estate. He had often wondered at Ben Weatherstaff. Where gardening is done all sorts of delightful things to eat are turned up with the soil. Now here was this new kind of creature who was not half Ben’s size and yet had had the sense to come into his garden and begin at once.

Chapter 10 – Dickon

“Come with me and I’ll show you,” she said.

She led him round the laurel path and to the walk where the ivy grew thickly. Dickon followed her with a queer, almost pitying, look on his face. He felt as if he were being led to look at some strange bird’s nest and must move softly.

Chapter 11 – The Nest of the Missel Thrush

Mary, kneeling by him holding the seeds, looked at him and stopped frowning.

“Dickon,” she said, “you are as nice as Martha said you were. I like you, and you make the fifth person. I never thought I should like five people.”

Dickson sat up on his heels as Martha did when she was polishing the grate. He did look funny and delightful, Mary thought, with his round eyes and red cheeks and happy looking turned-up nose.

Chapter 12 – “Might I Have a Bit of Earth?”

Mr. Craven got up and began to walk slowly across the room.

“A bit of earth,” he said to himself, and Mary thought that somehow she must have reminded him of something. When he stopped and spoke to her his dark eyes looked almost soft and kind.

“You can have as much earth as you want,” he said.

Chapter 13 – “I am Colin”

The boy had a sharp, delicate face the color of ivory and he seemed to have eyes too big for it. He had also a lot of hair which tumbled over his forehead in heavy locks and made his thin face seem smaller. He looked like a boy who had been ill, but he was crying more as if he were tired and cross than as if he were in pain.

Chapter 14 – A Young Rajah

“I am thinking about two things.”

“What are they? Sit down and tell me.”

“This is the first one,” said Mary, seating herself on the big stool. “Once in India I saw a boy who was a Rajah. He had rubies and emeralds and diamonds stuck all over him. He spoke to his people just as you spoke to Martha. Everybody had to do everything he told them—in a minute. I think they would have been killed if they hadn’t.”

Chapter 15 – Nest Building

The week had not seemed long. She had spent hours of every day with Colin in his room, talking about Rajahs or gardens or Dickon and the cottage on the moor. They had looked at the splendid books and pictures and sometimes Mary had read things to Colin, and sometimes he had read a little to her.

Chapter 16 – “I Won’t,” Said Mary

Mary flew into a fine passion. She could fly into a passion without making a noise. She just grew sour and obstinate and did not care what happened.

“If you send Dickon away, I’ll never come into this room again!” she retorted.

“You’ll have to if I want you,” said Colin.

“I won’t!” said Mary.

Chapter 17 – A Tantrum

“I can’t stop!” he gasped and sobbed. “I can’t—I can’t!”

“You can!” shouted Mary. “Half that ails you is hysterics and temper—just hysterics—hysterics—hysterics!” and she stamped each time she said it.

“I felt the lump—I felt it,” choked out Colin. “I knew I should. I shall have a hunch on my back and I shall die,” and he began to writhe again and turned on his face and sobbed and wailed but he didn’t scream.

Chapter 18 – “Tha’ Munnot Waste No Time”

He was a tiny little shaggy moor pony with thick locks hanging over his eyes and with a pretty face and a nuzzling velvet nose. He was rather thin with living on moor grass but he was as tough and wiry as if the muscle in his little legs had been made of steel springs.

Chapter 19 – “It Has Come!”

“Open the window!” he added, laughing half with joyful excitement and half at his own fancy. “Perhaps we may hear golden trumpets!”

And though he laughed, Mary was at the window in a moment and in a moment more it was opened wide and freshness and scents and birds’ songs were pouring through.

Chapter 20 – “I Shall Live Forever”

“That morning when you ran in and said ‘It’s come! It’s come!’ you made me feel quite queer. It sounded as if things were coming with a great procession and big bursts and wafts of lovely people and children with garlands and branches with blossoms on them, everyone laughing and dancing and crowding and playing on pipes.”

Chapter 21 – Ben Weatherstaff

They drew the chair under the plum-tree, which was snow-white with blossoms and musical with bees. It was like king’s canopy, a fairy king’s. There were flowering cherry-trees near and apple-trees whose buds were pink and white, and here and there one had burst open wide. Between the blossoming branches of the canopy bits of blue sky looked down like wonderful eyes.

Chapter 22 – When the Sun Went Down

There was a queer mixture of crabbed tenderness and shrewd understanding in his manner. Mary had poured out speech as rapidly as she could as they had come down the Long Walk. The chief thing to be remembered, she had told him, was that Colin was getting well—getting well.

Chapter 23 – Magic

And the roses—the roses! Rising out of the grass, tangled around the sun-dial, wreathing the tree trunks and hanging from their branches, climbing up the walls and spreading over them with long garlands falling cascades—they came alive day by day, hour by hour.

Chapter 24 – “Let Them Laugh”

She was quite right, the comfortable wonderful mother creature—and she had never been more so than when she said their “play actin’” would be their joy. Colin and Mary found it one of their most thrilling sources of entertainment. The idea of protecting themselves from suspicion had been unconsciously suggested to them first by the puzzled nurse and then by Dr. Craven himself.

Chapter 25 – The Curtain

The first moment he set his dew-bright black eye on Dickon he knew he was not a stranger but a sort of robin without beak or feathers. He could speak robin (which is a quite distinct language not be mistaken for any other). To speak robin to a robin is like speaking French to a Frenchman.

Chapter 26 – “It’s Mother!”

“Even when I was ill I wanted to see you,” he said, “you and Dickon and the secret garden. I’d never wanted to see any one or anything before.”

The sight of his uplifted face brought about a sudden change in her own. She flushed and corners of her mouth shook and a mist seemed to sweep over her eyes.

Chapter 27 – In the Garden

Much more surprising things can happen to any one who, when a disagreeable or discouraged thought comes into his mind, just has the sense to remember in time and push it out by putting in an agreeable determinedly courageous one. Two things cannot be in one place.

“Where you tend a rose, my lad,
A thistle cannot grow.”

Sign of the Beaver by Elizabeth George Speare

Chapter 1

Matt stood at the edge of the clearing for some time after his father had gone out of sight among the trees. There was just a chance that his father might turn back, that perhaps he had forgotten something or had some last word of advice. This was one time Matt reckoned he wouldn't mind the advice, no matter how many times he had heard it before.

Chapter 2

And he just didn't like the feeling he had sometimes that someone was watching him. He couldn't prove it. He could never see anything more than a quick shadow that might be a moving branch. But he couldn't shake off the feeling that someone was there.

Chapter 3

He rushed back to the door and on to the edge of the forest. It was no use. No way of telling which way the man had taken or how long he had been on his way while Matt slept. Ben was gone, and so was the rifle.

Chapter 4

Somehow he had neglected to bar the door securely. Well, the damage was done, and the bear would be half a mile away by now. Helpless with fury at his own carelessness, he stood for some time in the middle of the cabin, unable to pull his wits together.

Chapter 5

He was alone; the Indians had gone. He lay, too tired and sore to figure out how he came to be there, knowing only that the nightmare of whirling bees and choking water was past and that he was safe.

Chapter 6

"Nkweniss hunt. Bring white boy bird and rabbit. White boy teach Attean white man's signs."

"You mean – I should teach him to read?"

"Good. White boy teach Attean what book say."

Chapter 7

“How long Attean learn signs in book?”

“It will take some time,” Matt said. “There are a lot of long words in this book.”

“One moon?”

“One month? Of course not. It might take a year.”

With one swift jerk of his arm, Attean knocked the book from the table.

Chapter 8

Presently Matt slowed down. It was discouraging, reading to a wooden post. But Attean spoke at once.

“White man not smart like Indian,” he said scornfully. “Indian not need thing from ship. Indian make all thing he need.”

Chapter 9

He had never questioned that story. Like Robinson Crusoe, he had thought it natural and right that the wild man should be the white man’s slave. Was there perhaps another possibility? The thought was new and troubling.

Chapter 10

“What did you say to that fish you threw back?” Matt was still curious.

“I say to him not to tell other fish,” Attean said seriously. “Not scare away.”

“You actually think a fish can understand?”

Attean shrugged. “Fish know many thing,” he replied.

Chapter 11

Now Matt remembered how Attean had paused every so often, sometimes to break off a branch that hung in their path, once to nudge aside a stone with the toe of his moccasin. He had done these things so quickly that Matt had paid no mind. He saw now that Attean had carefully been leaving markers.

Chapter 12

As fast as he could make new arrows he lost them. But he was determined. He pegged a target of birchbark against a tree and shot at it grimly, his arrows coming closer and closer with every day's practice.

Chapter 13

He couldn't understand the Indian code that left an animal to suffer just because of a mark on a tree. And he was fed up with Attean's scorn for white men. It was ridiculous to think that he and Attean could ever really be friends.

Chapter 14

"Gluskabe. Mighty hunter. Come from north. Very strong. He make wind blow. Make thunder. He make all animal. Make Indian."

Chapter 15

But Matt would have liked just a small share of that meat, or even one of those big claws to show his father. Then he remembered that Indian boy's tribute. He had moved fast, like an Indian. That would have to be share enough.

Chapter 16

Once he caught his breath, Matt found it simple to follow the step. His confidence swelled as the rhythm throbbed through his body, loosening his tight muscles. He was suddenly filled with excitement and happiness. His own heels pounded against the hard ground. He was one of them.

Chapter 17

The war with the French was over. The Indians and the English had made peace. But the hatred -- would that ever be over? For all he and Attean walked through the woods together, there was a wall between them that Attean would never forget.

Chapter 18

Without speaking, the woman tended him, washing his hand with clean warm water. From a painted gourd she scooped a pungent-smelling paste and spread it over the wound, then bound his hand with a length of clean blue cotton.

Chapter 19

Could a dog caught in a trap, even though he snapped out in pain and fear, sense that someone was trying to help him? Could the dog remember that terrible ordeal at all? You couldn't read a dog's mind. But just possibly a dog could read a white boy's mind.

Chapter 19

He had passed some sort of test. Not by any means with flying colors; he had plenty of bruises to remind him of that. But at least he had not disgraced Attean. He felt satisfied. And for the first time since his father had left him, he did not feel alone in the forest.

Chapter 20

Every Indian boy must have a manitou, he said, before he could take his place as one of the men of his family. He had to find it for himself. No one could help him. His grandfather had been training him for many days. He had had to learn many things. Now he must make the test.

Chapter 20

If he did all this, if he waited faithfully, one day his manitou would come to him. Then he could go back to his village. He would have a new name. He would be a man and a hunter.

Chapter 21

Close to panic, Matt wanted to run after them. He wanted to tell them that he had changed his mind. That he would go with them anywhere rather than stay here alone with winter coming on. But he set his jaw tight and stood where he was.

Chapter 22

How could he tell Attean that there would be white men there too? Still, they said there was no end of land in the west. He reckoned there must be enough for both white men and Indians.

Chapter 23

Then he set himself a more difficult task, a cradle for the baby. With only an axe and his knife, the work took all his patience. His first attempts were fit only for kindling. But when the cradle was done he was proud of it.

Chapter 24

Then he tramped all the way to the pond for the sheer pleasure of it. Coming back through the woods he marveled at his own tracks, like the claw prints of a giant bird. Suddenly he realized that he was happy, as he had never been in the weeks since Attean had gone away. He was no longer afraid of the winter ahead.

Chapter 25

“You’ve done a grown man’s job, son,” he said. “I’m right proud of you.” Matt could not speak. It took his breath away to think that he might have gone with the Indians, that they might have come to an empty cabin and found that all his mother’s fears had come true. He would never have heard the words his father had just spoken. This was how Attean had felt, he knew, when he had found his manitou and become a hunter.

Chapter 25

But the old man had been right, too. More white men were coming. There would be a town here on the land where the Indians had hunted the caribou and the beaver. If only he could be sure that the Indians had found a new hunting ground.

Silver Chair by C.S. Lewis

Chapter 1

“Well,” said Eustace after he had thought hard for a bit. “I believe that was the sort of thing I was thinking of, though I never did it. But now that it comes to the point, I’ve an idea that all those circles and things are rather rot. I don’t think he’d like them. It would look as if we thought we could make him do things. But really, we can only ask him.”

Chapter 1

Jill and Eustace gave one glance at each other, dived under the laurels, and began scrambling up the steep, earthy slope of the shrubbery at a speed which did them great credit. (Owing to the curious methods of teaching at Experiment House, one did not learn much French or Maths or Latin or things of that sort; but one did learn a lot about getting away quickly and quietly when They were looking for one.)

Chapter 1

They had expected to see the grey, heathery slope of the moor going up and up to join the dull autumn sky. Instead, a blaze of sunshine met them. It poured through the doorway as the light of a June day pours into a garage when you open the door. It made the drops of water on the grass glitter like beads and showed up the dirtiness of Jill’s tear-stained face. And the sunlight was coming from what certainly did look like a different world--what they could see of it. They saw smooth turf, smoother and brighter than Jill had ever seen before, and blue sky, and, darting to and fro, things so bright that they might have been jewels or huge butterflies.

Chapter 2

The wood was so still that it was not difficult to decide where the sound was coming from. It grew clearer every moment and, sooner than she expected, she came to an open glade and saw the stream, bright as glass, running across the turf a stone’s throw

away from her. But although the sight of the water made her feel ten times thirstier than before, she didn't rush forward and drink. She stood as still as if she had been turned into stone, with her mouth wide open. And she had a very good reason; just on this side of the stream lay the lion.

Chapter 2

- a) But long before she had got anywhere near the edge, the voice behind her said, "Stand still. In a moment I will blow. But, first, remember, remember, remember the signs. Say them to yourself when you wake in the morning and when you lie down at night, and when you wake in the middle of the night. And whatever strange things may happen to you, let nothing turn your mind from following the signs. And secondly, I give you a warning.
- b) Here on the mountain I have spoken to you clearly: I will not often do so down in Narnia. Here on the mountain, the air is clear and your mind is clear; as you drop down into Narnia, the air will thicken. Take great care that it does not confuse your mind. And the signs which you have learned here will not look at all as you expect them to look, when you meet them there. That is why it is so important to know them by heart and pay no attention to appearances. Remember the signs and believe the signs. Nothing else matters. And now, daughter of Eve, farewell—"

Chapter 3

"We were sent here by Aslan," said Eustace in a low voice.

"Tu-whoo, tu-whoo!" said the Owl, ruffling out its feathers. "This is almost too much for me, so early in the evening. I'm not quite myself until the sun's down."

"And we've been sent to find the lost Prince," said Jill, who had been anxiously waiting to get into the conversation.

Chapter 3

"Oh, shut up," said Jill impatiently. "It's far worse than you think. We've muffed the first Sign." Of course Scrubb did not understand this. Then Jill told him about her conversation with Aslan and the four signs and the task of finding the lost prince which had been laid upon them.

Chapter 4

“I suppose all you chaps--owls, I mean,” said Scrubb, “I suppose you all know that King Caspian the Tenth, in his young days, sailed to the eastern end of the world. Well, I was with him on that journey: with him and Reepicheep the Mouse, and the Lord Drinian and all of them. I know it sounds hard to believe, but people don’t grow older in our world at the same speed as they do in yours. And what I want to say is this, that I’m the King’s man; and if this parliament of owls is any sort of plot against the King, I’m having nothing to do with it.”

Chapter 4

- a) One evening Drinian said to the Prince, “Your highness must soon give over seeking the worm. There is no true vengeance on a witless brute as there might be on a man. You weary yourself in vain.” The Prince answered him, “My Lord, I have almost forgotten the worm these seven days.”
- b) Drinian asked him why, if it were so, he rode so continually in the northern woods. “My Lord,” said the Prince, “I have seen there the most beautiful thing that was ever made.” “Fair Prince, said Drinian, “of your courtesy let me ride with you tomorrow, that I also may see this fair thing.” “With a good will,” said Rilian.

Chapter 5

As they drew nearer, the figure turned its head and showed them a long thin face with rather sunken cheeks, a tightly shut mouth, a sharp nose, and no beard. He was wearing a high, pointed hat like a steeple, with an enormously wide flat brim. The hair, if it could be called hair, which hung over his large ears was greeny-gray, and each lock was flat rather than round, so that they were like tiny reeds. His expression was solemn, his complexion muddy, and you could see at once that he took a serious view of life.

Chapter 5

“Oh, yes, I’m coming of course. Might as well, you see. I don’t suppose we shall ever see the King back in Narnia, now that he’s once set off for foreign parts; and he had a nasty cough when he left. Then there’s Trumpkin. He’s failing fast. And you’ll find there’ll have been a bad harvest after this terrible dry summer. And I shouldn’t wonder if some enemy attacked us. Mark my words.”

Chapter 6

By the time they had stopped off the end of the bridge onto the grass, the two strangers were quite close. One was a knight in complete armor with his visor down. His armor and his horse were black; there was no device on his shield and no banneret on his spear. The other was a lady on a white horse, a horse so lovely that you wanted to kiss its nose and give it a lump of sugar at once. But the lady, who rode side-saddle and wore a long fluttering dress of dazzling green, was lovelier still.

Chapter 6

They never talked about Aslan, or even about the lost prince, now. And Jill gave up her habit of repeating the signs over to herself every night and morning. She said to herself, at first, that she was too tired, but she soon forgot all about it. And though you might have expected that the idea of having a good time at Harfang would have made them more cheerful, it really made them more sorry for themselves and more grumpy and snappy with each other and with Puddleglum.

Chapter 7

Suddenly she skidded, slid about five feet, and found herself to her horror sliding down into a dark, narrow chasm which seemed that moment to have appeared in front of her. Half a second later she had reached the bottom. She appeared to be in a kind of trench or groove, only about three feet wide. And though she was shaken by the fall, almost the first thing she noticed was the relief of being out of the wind; for the walls of the trench rose high above her.

Chapter 7

“Oh, that was next, was it?” said Puddleglum. “Now I wonder are you right? Got ‘em mixed, I shouldn’t wonder. It seems to me, this hill, this flat place we’re on, is worth stopping to have a look at. Have you noticed—”

“Oh, Lor!” said Scrubb, “is this a time for stopping to admire the view? For goodness’ sake let’s get on.”

Chapter 8

- a) The rain fell steadily all that evening and all the night, dashing against the windows of the castle, and Jill never heard it but slept deeply, past supper time and past midnight. And then came the deadest hour of the night and nothing stirred but mice in the house of the giants. At that hour there came to Jill a dream. It seemed to her that she awoke in the same room and saw the fire, sunk low and red, and in the firelight the great wooden horse. And the horse came of its own will, rolling on its wheels across the carpet, and stood at her head. And now it was no longer a horse, but a lion as big as the horse. And then it was not a toy lion, but a real lion, The Real Lion, just as she had seen him on the mountain beyond the world's end. And a smell of all sweet-smelling things there are filled the room.
- b) But there was some trouble in Jill's mind, though she could not think what it was, and the tears streamed down her face and wet the pillow. The Lion told her to repeat the signs, and she found that she had forgotten them all. At that, a great horror came over her. And Aslan took her up in his jaws (she could feel his lips and his breath but not his teeth) and carried her to the window and made her look out. The moon shone bright; and written in great letters across the world or the sky (she did not know which) were the words UNDER ME. After that, the dream faded away, and when she woke, very late the next morning, she did not remember that she had dreamed at all.

Chapter 9

- a) Suddenly Puddleglum turned to them, and his face had gone so pale that you could see the paleness under the natural muddiness of his complexion. He said: "Don't eat another bite."
"What's wrong?" asked the other two in a whisper.
"Didn't you hear what those giants were saying? 'That's a nice tender haunch of venison,' said one of them. 'Then that stag was a liar,' said another one. 'Why?' said the first one. 'Oh,' said the other. 'They say that when he was caught he said, Don't kill me, I'm tough. You won't like me.'" For a moment Jill did not realize the full meaning of this. But she did when Scrubb's eyes opened wide with horror and he said:
"So we've been eating a *Talking* stag."
- b) This discovery didn't have exactly the same effect on all of them. Jill, who was new to that world, was sorry for the poor stag and thought it rotten of the giants to have killed him. Scrubb, who had been in that world before and had at least one Talking beast as his dear friend, felt horrified; as you might feel about a murder. But Puddleglum, who was Narnian born, was sick and faint, and felt as you would if you found you had eaten a baby.

Chapter 10

“Do they grow here?” Scrubb asked the Warden. He seemed very surprised at being spoken to, but replied, “No. They are all beasts that have found their way down by chasms and caves, out of Overland into the Deep Realm. Many come down, and few return to the sunlit lands. It is said that they will all wake at the end of the world.”

Chapter 10

“Don’t you mind him,” said Puddleglum. “There *are* no accidents. Our guide is Aslan; and he was there when the giants Kincaused the letters to be cut, and he knew already all the things that would come of them; including *this*.”

“This guide of yours must be a long liver, friend,” said the Knight with another of his laughs.

Jill began to find them a little irritating.

“And it seems to me, Sir,” said Puddleglum, “that this lady of yours must be a long liver too, if she remembers the verse as it was when they first cut it.”

Chapter 11

“What?” said the Knight, still laughing and patting her head in a quite infuriating fashion.

“Is our little maid a deep politician? But never fear, sweetheart. In ruling that land, I shall do all by the counsel of my Lady, who will than be my Queen too. Her word will be law to the people we have conquered.”

“Where I come from,” said Jill, who was disliking him more every minute, “they don’t think much of men who are bossed about by their wives.”

Chapter 11

“Once and for all,” said the prisoner, “I adjure you to set me free. By all fears and all loves, by the bright skies of Overland, by the great Lion, by Aslan himself, I charge you--”

“Oh!” said the three travelers as though they had been hurt. “It is the sign,” said Puddleglum. “It was the *words* of the sign,” said Scrubb more cautiously. “Oh, what *are* we to do?” said Jill.

Chapter 12

- a) Puddleglum was still fighting hard. "I don't know rightly what you all mean by a world," he said, talking like a man who hasn't enough air. "But you can play that fiddle till your fingers drop off, and still you won't make me forget Narnia; and the whole Overworld too. We'll never see it *again*, I shouldn't wonder. You may have blotted it out and turned it dark like this, for all I know. Nothing more likely. But I know I was there once. I've seen the sun coming up out of the sea of a morning and sinking behind the mountains at night. And I've seen him up in the midday sky when I couldn't look at him for brightness."
- b) Puddleglum's words had a very rousing effect. The other three all breathed again and looked at one another like people newly awake
"Why there it is!" cried the Prince. "Of course! The blessing of Aslan upon this honest Marsh-wiggle, We have all been dreaming, these last few minutes. How could we have forgotten it? Of course we've all seen the sun."
"By Jove, so we have!" said Scrubb. "Good for you, Puddleglum! You're the only one of us with any sense, I do believe."

Chapter 12

"My royal mother is avenged," said Rilian presently. "This is undoubtedly the same worm that I pursued in vain by the fountain in the forest of Narnia, so many years ago. All these years I have been the slave of my mother's slayer. Yet I am glad, gentlemen, that the foul Witch took to her serpent form at last. It would not have suited well with my heart or with my honor to have slain a woman. But look to the lady." He meant Jill.

Chapter 13

"Doubtless," said the Prince, "this signifies that Aslan will be our good lord, whether he means us to live or die. And all's one, for that. Now, by my counsel, we shall all kneel and kiss his likeness, and then shake hands one with another, as true friends that may shortly be parted. And then, let us descend into the city and take the adventure that is sent us."

Chapter 13

"Tell me your name," said the Prince, "and what you Earthmen are all about today."
"Oh, please, your Honors, please, kind gentlemen," whimpered the gnome. "Promise you will not tell the Queen's grace anything I say."
"The Queen's grace, as you call her," said the Prince sternly, "is dead. I killed her myself."

“What!” cried the gnome, opening its ridiculous mouth wider and wider in astonishment. “Dead? The witch dead? And by your Honor’s hand?” It gave a huge sigh of relief and added, “Why then your Honor is a friend!”

Chapter 14

“My father went to the world’s end,” said Rilian thoughtfully. “It would be a marvelous thing if his son went to the bottom of the world.”
“If your highness wants to see your father while he’s still alive, which I think he’d prefer,” said Puddleglum, “it’s about time we were getting onto that road to the diggings.”
“And I won’t go down that hole, whatever anyone says,” added Jill.

Chapter 14

“By the Lion,” said the Prince, “Eustace is right. There is a sort of—”
“But it’s not daylight,” said Jill. “It’s only a cold blue sort of light.”
“Better than nothing, though,” said Eustace. “Can we get up to it?”
“It’s not right overhead,” said Puddleglum. “It’s above us, but it’s in the wall that I’ve run into. How would it be, Pole, if you got on my shoulders and saw whether you could get up to it?”

Chapter 15

“Why the dickens couldn’t you have held her feet?” said Eustace.
“I don’t know, Scrubb,” groaned Puddleglum. “Born to be a misfit, I shouldn’t wonder. Fated. Fated to be Pole’s death, just as I was fated to eat Talking Stag at Harfang. Not that it isn’t my own fault as well, of course.”
“This is the greatest shame and sorrow that you could have fallen on us,” said the Prince. “We have sent a brave lady into the hands of enemies and stayed behind in safety.”
“Don’t paint it *too* black, Sir,” said Puddleglum. “We’re not very safe except for death by starvation in this hole.”

Chapter 15

“Stop, Eustace, stop,” cried Jill. “They’re all friends. Can’ you see? We’ve come up in Narnia. Everything’s all right.”

Then Eustace did see, and apologized to the Dwarfs (and the Dwarfs said not to mention it), and dozens of thick, hairy, dwarfish hands helped him out just as they had helped Jill out a few minutes before. Then Jill scrambled up the bank and put her head in at the dark opening and shouted the good news to the prisoners.

Chapter 16

“Ah! You’ve woken up at last, Daughter of Eve,” he said. “Perhaps you’d better wake the Son of Adam. You’ve got to be off in a few minutes and two Centaurs have very kindly offered to let you ride on their backs down to Cair Paravel.” He added in a lower voice, “Of course you realize it is a most special and unheard-of honor to be allowed to ride a Centaur. I don’t know that I ever heard of anyone doing it before. It wouldn’t do to keep them waiting.”

Chapter 16

“I have come,” said a deep voice behind them. They turned and saw the Lion himself, so bright and real and strong that everything else began at once to look pale and shadowy compared with him. And in less time than it takes to breathe Jill forgot about the dead King of Narnia and remembered only how she had made Eustace fall over the cliff, and how she had helped to muff nearly all the signs, and about all the snappings and quarrelings. And she wanted to say “I’m sorry” but she could not speak. Then the Lion drew them toward him with his eyes, and bent down and touched their pale faces with his tongue, and said:
“Think of that no more. I will not always be scolding. You have done the work for which I sent you into Narnia.”

*Story of Mankind by Hendrick Van Loon (Chp 46-52)

Chapter 46

As a contrast to the previous chapter, let me tell you what happened in France during the years when the English people were fighting for their liberty. The happy combination of the right man in the right country at the right moment is very rare in History. Louis XIV was a realization of this ideal, as far as France was concerned, but the rest of Europe would have been happier without him.

Chapter 47

In the year 1492, as you know, Columbus discovered America. Early in the year, a Tyrolese by the name of Schnups, traveling as the head of a scientific expedition for the Archbishop of Tyrol, and provided with the best letters of introduction and excellent credit tried to reach the mythical town of Moscow. He did not succeed. When he reached the frontiers of this vast Moscovite state which was vaguely supposed to exist in the extreme Eastern part of Europe, he was firmly turned back. No foreigners were wanted. And Schnups went to visit the heathen Turk in Constantinople, in order that he might have something to report to his clerical master when he came back from his explorations.

Chapter 48

In religious matters, the Tsar tolerated no division of power. There must be no chance of a rivalry between an Emperor and a Pope as had happened in Europe. In the year 1721, Peter made himself head of the Russian Church. The Patriarchate of Moscow was abolished and the Holy Synod made its appearance as the highest source of authority in all matters of the Established Church.

Chapter 49

The frontier state of Brandenburg had been originally founded by Charlemagne to defend his eastern possessions against raids of the wild Saxon tribes. The Wends, a Slavic tribe which inhabited that region, were subjugated during the tenth century and their market-place, by the name of Brennabor, became the center of and gave its name to the new province of Brandenburg.

Chapter 50

We have seen how, during the sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries, the states of our modern world began to take shape. Their origins were different in almost every case. Some had been the result of the deliberate effort of a single king. Others had happened by chance. Still others had been the result of favorable natural geographic boundaries. But once they had been founded, they had all of them tried to strengthen their internal administration and to exert the greatest possible influence upon foreign affairs.

Chapter 51

During the seventeenth century, some ten small English colonies had been founded between Maine and the Carolinas. They were usually a haven of refuge for some particular sect of English dissenters, such as the Puritans, who in the year 1620 went to New England, or the Quakers, who settled in Pennsylvania in 1681. They were small frontier communities, nestling close to the shores of the ocean, where people had gathered to make a new home and begin life among happier surroundings, far away from royal supervision and interference.

Chapter 52

Before we talk about a revolution it is just as well that we explain just what this word means. In the terms of a great Russian writer (and Russians ought to know what they are talking about in this field) a revolution is ``a swift overthrow, in a few years, of institutions which have taken centuries to root in the soil, and seem so fixed and immovable that even the most ardent reformers hardly dare to attack them in their writings. It is the fall, the crumbling away in a brief period, of all that up to that time has composed the essence of social, religious, political and economic life in a nation."

Thimble Summer by Elizabeth Enright

Chapter 1

The barn was huge and old; it lurched to one side like a bus going round a corner. Some day, when he had enough money, her father was going to build a new one.

Chapter 1

Garnet said good night and tiptoed up the stairs to her room under the eaves. It was so hot there that the candle in its holder had swooned till it was bent double.

Chapter 1

This morning the thermometer outside the village drug store had pointed a thin red finger to one hundred and ten degrees Fahrenheit.

It was like being inside a drum. The sky like a bright skin was stretched tight above the valley, and the earth too, was tight and hard with heat. Later, when it was dark, there would be the noise of thunder, as though a great hand beat upon the drum...

Chapter 2

It would have been fun to be an Indian girl wearing a fringed deerskin dress. Garnet saw a long, rather bedraggled crow's feather in the grass and picked it up and stuck it in her hair.

Chapter 2

The road streamed with little rivers the color of coffee and cream. Tiny toads hopped about and Garnet walked carefully so as not to step on them.

...the rain had stopped and the afternoon sun was shining through a yellow mist. Clear drops of water hung from every leaf and petal, and mourning doves cried softly from all the woods in the valley. Garnet saw a snake move like a drawn ribbon through wet ferns; she saw a caterpillar with dewy fur climbing a mullein stalk, and a snail with his horns out enjoying the damp.

Chapter 3

The huge oven, open at the top, was crowned with flames of white and purple, and the iron door was red-hot, and glowing like the eye of a dragon.

Chapter 3

Between feathery branches she watched the stars. Suddenly one of them shot across the sky with a tail of flame; she made a wish on it.

Chapter 3

Mr. Freebody was sitting on a log reading a paper. He was a small, quiet man with a big fierce mustache which looked, even when he slept, as though it were awake and

keeping watch. His dog, Major, lay dozing at his feet, twitching as he chased imaginary rabbits.

Chapter 4

The boy ate everything that was offered him and drank the strong black coffee eagerly. When he had finished he smiled again.

Chapter 4

“This is someone new to belong to our family,” she said. “His name is Eric, and he appeared at midnight.”

Chapter 4

The night sky spread black and huge above her, and the night sounds had diminished. It was the stillest hour in the world as though all things held their breath perilously, waiting for day to begin.

When she woke up there was heavy dew on everything. The first red rays of the sun touched the watery earth and made it glitter with a thousand rainbow colors.

Chapter 5

Garnet loved the library; it smelled deliciously of old books and was full of stories that she had never read.

Chapter 5

In a little while they heard rapid footsteps on the front walk, and voices, and then the lovely sound of a key turning in the lock.

Chapter 5

It was fun to ride like that because as soon as he got on the highway Mr. Freebody drove very fast and the wind blew so hard against them that Garnet,s pigtails stuck straight out behind, and Citronella,s bangs stood up on end like a hedge. They felt as if their noses were blown flat against their faces, and when they spoke their words flew away from them.

Chapter 5

The lunch wagon was down by the railroad track; neither Garnet nor Citronella had ever been there before. It was full of bright yellow light, and cigar smoke, and powerful food smells. It was wonderful to go there so late at night and eat fried egg sandwiches and apple pie and tell everybody what had happened to them.

Chapter 6

Corn was picked every day; and that was pleasant, walking in the rustling good-smelling aisles between the stalks.

Chapter 6

There on her bed, fat, pleased with himself, and babbling, lay the youngest Hauser baby, Leroy.

Chapter 6

Early in the morning she heard the grumble of a tractor and the toot of a whistle on a threshing machine and looked out of the window to see the pair of them lumbering across the fields toward the new barn. The thresher had a long neck like a dinosaur, with a sort of fringed mustache on the end of it to keep the oat straw from blowing too far.

Chapter 6

Garnet turned and ran across the hot fields. The oat stubble stood up like little lances and hurt her bare feet, and grasshoppers popped and scattered like sparks from a fire.

Tears filled her eyes and made the meadow surge and swim before her in a golden flood.

Chapter 7

Trolley cars clanged and clattered on the tracks, automobiles hooted, hundreds of people talked and talked, and their footsteps clicked and shuffled on the pavement all day long.

Chapter 7

Garnet tucked the chicken under her arm, begged the store man's pardon, and went outside again.

Chapter 7

But no sooner was she outdoors than the hen gave a lurch and a wriggle, and half flying, half running, went skittering down the street. Hands reached for it, feet pursued it, but the bad black chicken was a match for them all. It sped and dodged along the pavement, clucking furiously, spread its wings and with a last despairing leap landed heavily on top of the swinging sign above a restaurant door.

Chapter 8

Garnet's stomach felt as if there were a pinwheel inside of it turning and spinning in a shower of sparks.

Chapter 8

They drove directly to the stock pavilions and stopped in front of the one that was labeled SWINE in big black letters.

Chapter 8

It was a whirling, jingling, bewildering collection of noise and color and smell. Everything seemed to be spinning and turning; merry-go-rounds, the Ferris wheel, the whip cars. There were dozens of tents with peaked tops and scalloped edges, and little colored flags flying from them.

Chapter 9

The merry-go-round looked wonderful. It was the kind that has only horses, not wild animals; but they were strange beautiful horses with flaring scarlet nostrils and broad grins.

Chapter 9

They all had supper together at a counter. It was Garnet's own party, and everyone had a good time.

Chapter 10

They got some popcorn, too, and then they had a ride on the whip-cars. It was perfect. Their necks were nearly snapped in half, and all the little bones in their spinal columns kept feeling as if they were flying apart and then settling back in place again like something in a movie of Mickey Mouse.

Chapter 10

All over the valley, as far as the eye could see, the corn had been cut and was stacked in wigwam shapes.

Chapter 10

Garnet leaned against a tree. She was so quiet that a great blue heron, fancying itself alone, flew down between the branches and paused at the water's edge.

Chapter 10

But now the happiness was growing out of all bounds. Garnet felt that pretty soon she might burst with it, or begin to fly, or that her two pigtailed would stand straight up on end and sing like nightingales.

***This Country Of Ours by H.E. Marshall (Chp. 29-63)**

Chapter 29

MANY of the people who founded Massachusetts Colony were well-to-do people, people of good family, aristocrats in fact. They were men accustomed to rule, accustomed to unquestioning obedience from their servants and those under them. They believed that the few were meant to rule, and the many meant to obey. The idea that every grown-up person should have a share in the government never entered their heads.

Chapter 30

We have now heard of seven New England colonies being founded. But later on, as we shall see, Plymouth joined with Massachusetts, and New Haven with Connecticut, thus making only five New England colonies as we know them to-day. And of those five, one (Maine) was not recognised as a separate colony but as part of Massachusetts after 1677. It remained part of Massachusetts until 1820, when it entered the Union as a state.

Chapter 31

The King was angry with Massachusetts, too, not only for protecting the regicides, but also because of what is known as the Declaration of Rights. In this the people of Massachusetts acknowledged the King as their ruler. But they also made it plain that so long as they did not make laws which ran counter to English laws they expected to be let alone. This made King Charles angry, and if it had not been that he was busy fighting with Holland very likely the people of Massachusetts would have had to suffer for their boldness at once. As it was they were left in peace a little longer.

Chapter 32

You will wonder, perhaps, why an Indian chief should have a name like Philip. But Philip's real name was Metacomet. He, however, wanted to have an English name, and to please him the English called him Philip. And by that name he is best known.

Chapter 32

As to the Indians their power was utterly broken, and their tribes were almost wiped out. Except the Mohegans, who had remained friendly throughout the war, there were few Indians left in south New England, where there was never again a war between white men and Indians.

Chapter 33

But the men of Connecticut would not lightly give up the sign of their beloved liberty. They talked and argued and persuaded. They spoke of the hardships they had endured, of the blood they had poured forth to keep their freedom in their new found homes, upon the edge of the wilderness.

Chapter 33

Massachusetts was now a great colony and received a new charter. But things were not the same. The colony was now a royal province, and the Governor was no longer appointed by the people, but by the King. This chafed the people greatly, for they felt that their old freedom was gone. So for a time the history of Massachusetts was hardly more than a dreary chronicle of quarrels and misunderstandings between Governor and people.

Chapter 34

a) But in those far-off days more than two hundred years ago very many people believed in witches. Although not always so, it was generally very old people, people who had grown ugly and witless with age who were accused of being witches. In almost any village might be seen poor old creatures, toothless, hollow cheeked, wrinkled, with nose and chin almost meeting.

b) Bent almost double, they walked about with a crutch, shaking and mumbling as they went. If any one had an ache or a pain it was easily accounted for. For why, they were bewitched! The poor old crone was the witch who had "cast the evil eye" upon

them. And sometimes these poor creatures were put to death for their so-called deeds of witchcraft.

Chapter 35

Like so many other men of his time Lord Baltimore was interested in America, and wanted to found a colony there. First he tried to found one in Newfoundland. There he received a large grant of land which he called Avalon after the fabled land in the story of King Arthur, and he had a kind of fairy vision of the warmth and sunny delights which were to be found in his new land.

Chapter 35

a) Then in 1649 the Governor issued an Act called the Toleration Act, which has made him famous. It gave freedom to every one to follow his own religion save Jews and Unitarians, and for those days it was a wonderfully liberal and broad-minded Act.

b) It threatened with a fine of ten shillings any one who should in scorn or reproach call any man such names as popish priest, Roundhead, heretic. It declared that no person whatsoever within the Province professing to believe in Jesus Christ should be in any way troubled or molested for his or her religion.

Chapter 36

All the colonies which we have so far talked about were founded by Englishmen. Now we come to one which was founded by another people who, like the English, were great sea rovers and adventurers—the Dutch. Even before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers the Dutch laid claim to the valleys of the Hudson and the Delaware.

Chapter 36

The Dutch rule had been autocratic, the people having little say in the government. They had chafed against it and had hoped that the change of ruler would bring a change of government, and that they would be allowed freedom like the New England Colonies. But James was not the sort of man to allow freedom to people when he could prevent it. So the government of New York continued as autocratic as before.

Chapter 37

In this letter they told the King and Queen that they were sore oppressed by "ill men" who ruled in New York "by the sword, at the sole will of an insolent alien, assisted by some few, whom we can give no better name than a rabble." From other parts of the colony too letters were written calling Leisler a bold usurper, and begging the King to do something "to break this heavy yoke of worse than Egyptian bondage."

Chapter 38

The seventeenth century has been called "The Golden Age of Piracy." Never before or since have pirates had such a splendid time. After the discovery of America, the number of ships sailing the seas increased rapidly, until all the chief countries of Europe had far more ships afloat than they could possibly protect with their navies. So they readily became a prey to pirates.

Chapter 38

a) What became of the *Quedah Merchant* and all her rich cargo was never known. Indeed the most of Kidd's ill-gotten gains entirely disappeared. For when his sloop was searched very little treasure was found. So then it was said that Captain Kidd must have buried his treasure somewhere before he reached Boston.

b) And for a hundred years and more afterwards all along the shore of Long Island Sound people now and again would start a search of buried treasure. But none was ever found.

Chapter 39

On a summer day in 1665 Philip Carteret landed. He set up no crosses, and made no prayers, but with a hoe over his shoulder he marched at the head of his men, as a sign that he meant to live and work among them. A little way inland he chose a spot on which to build his town and called it Elizabeth, in honour of Sir George Carteret's wife.

Chapter 40

William Penn, however, was afraid that people would think that this was vanity on his part, and that he had called his province after himself; so he tried to have the name changed. He even bribed the King's secretary to do it, but in vain. As some one has

said, if he had bribed the King himself he might have succeeded better. As it was he did not succeed, for King Charles was very pleased with the name.

Chapter 40

It was near this town that Penn met the Indian chiefs and made a treaty with them as he had promised to do. In the Indian language the spot was called the Place of Kings, and had been used as a meeting place by the surrounding tribes for long ages. Here there grew a splendid elm, a hoary giant of the forest which for a hundred years and more had withstood the tempests.

Chapter 40

a) So with just a little soreness in his heart Penn sailed away never to return. At home trouble and misfortune awaited him. And in the midst of his troubles sickness fell upon him. For six years a helpless invalid with failing mind, he lingered on.

b) Then in 1718 he died. He was seventy-four. Only four years of his long life had been spent in America. Yet he left his stamp upon the continent far more than any other man of his time. He was the greatest, most broad-minded of all the colony builders. As he said himself he had sailed against wind and tide all his life. But the buffetings of fortune left him sweet and true to the end.

Chapter 41

Benjamin was the fifteenth child of his father, a sturdy English Nonconformist who some years before had emigrated from Banbury in England to Boston in America. As the family was so large the children had to begin early to earn their own living. So at the age of ten Benjamin was apprenticed to his own father, who was a tallow chandler, and the little chap spent his days helping to make soap and "dips" and generally making himself useful.

Chapter 41

In Philadelphia Benjamin found work, and although after a year he left his new home and sailed for England, he soon returned. In ten years' time he was one of the foremost men of Philadelphia and took an interest in everything which concerned the life of the people. He established a circulating library; he was chosen Clerk of the General

Assembly; he was appointed postmaster; he established a police force and fire brigade, and helped to found the University of Pennsylvania and the Philadelphia Hospital.

Chapter 42

It was in the part of the United States which we now call North Carolina, you remember, that Sir Walter Raleigh tried to found a colony. That colony came to nothing, and the land which the white men had reclaimed from the wilderness returned once more to the wilderness.

Nearly a hundred years went past before white men again appeared in that part of the country. In 1629 King Charles I granted all this region to Sir Robert Heath, but he made no attempt to colonise it. Then a few settlers from Virginia and New England and the Barbados, finding the land vacant and neglected, settled there.

Chapter 43

Several causes led to the war, but it was chiefly brought about by the Spaniards who had a settlement at St. Augustine to the south of Carolina. They hated the British, and although the two countries were now at peace the Spaniards did all they could to injure the British colonies in America and elsewhere. So now they sympathised with the Yamassees, both with their real and imaginary grievances, and encouraged them to rise against the British.

Chapter 44

Then the idea came to Oglethorpe that he would found a colony in America, where poor debtors who had regained their freedom might find a refuge and make a new start in life. He decided to found this colony to the south of South Carolina, so that it might not only be a refuge for the oppressed, but also form a buffer state between the Carolinas and Spanish Florida. So from George II Oglethorpe got a charter for the land lying between the Savannah and the Altamaha rivers, and in honour of the King the colony was called Georgia.

Chapter 44

But, although Oglethorpe had many friends, he had also enemies, some even within the colony he had done so much to serve. There were those within the colony who wanted

rum and wanted slavery and said that it would never prosper until they were allowed. Oglethorpe, with all his might, opposed them, so they hated him. Others were discontented for far better reasons: because they had no share in the government, and because the land laws were bad.

Chapter 45

These trappers brought back with them many strange tales of the forests and unknown wilds. They spoke of the Mississippi or "great water" of which the Indians told marvellous tales. And at length it seemed to their hearers that this great water could be no other than the long sought passage to India and the East.

Chapter 45

"In the Name of the most high, mighty, invincible, and victorious Prince, Louis the Great, by the Grace of God King of France and of Navarre," he cried, "I do now take possession of this country of Louisiana, the seas, harbours, ports, bays, and neighbouring straits, and all the nations, peoples, provinces, cities, towns, villages, mines, minerals, fisheries, streams, and rivers within the said Louisiana, from the mouth of the great river St. Louis along the river Mississippi and the rivers which flow there into from its source to its mouth."

Chapter 46

Quebec is built on a height, and the streets are steep and narrow, sometimes being nothing more than flights of steps. And now, instead of being taken directly to the Governor, the young officer was dragged up and down these steep and stony streets. Now here, now there, he was led, stumbling blindly over stones and steps, and followed by a laughing, jeering crowd, who told him it was a game of blind man's bluff.

Chapter 46

The attack on Canada had been an utter failure. Yet, had Phips but known it, Quebec was almost in his grasp. For although there were men enough within the fortress there was little food. And even before he sailed away the pangs of hunger had made themselves felt.

Chapter 47

a) While D'Iberville was away, his brother Bienville started on an expedition to explore the Mississippi. And he soon discovered that the French had taken possession none too soon, for not far from where New Orleans now stands, he fell in with a British ship.

b) On board were a lot of French Huguenot families who had come to found a settlement on the Mississippi. Bienville talked to the captain, who told him that this was one of three ships sent out from England by a company formed of Huguenots and Englishmen who intended to found a colony on the Mississippi. They were not sure, however, whether they were on the Mississippi or not.

Chapter 47

a) It was during the time of peace after the end of Queen Anne's War that the French had thus strengthened their hold on America and joined Canada and Louisiana. They had also built a strong fortress on the Island of Cape Breton which commanded the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

b) This fortress was called Louisburg in honour of King Louis, and it was the strongest and best fortified in the whole of New France. The walls were solid and high, and bristled with more than a hundred cannon. The moat was both wide and deep. Indeed the French believe that this fort was so strong that no power on earth could take it.

Chapter 48

a) The British were divided into thirteen colonies. Each one of the thirteen colonies was jealous of all the others; each was selfishly concerned with its own welfare and quite careless of the welfare of the others. But already the feelings of patriotism had been born. Among the many who cared nothing for union there were a few who did.

b) There were some who were neither Virginians nor New Englanders, neither Georgians nor Carolinians, but Americans. These now felt that if they were not to become the vassals of France they must stand shoulder to shoulder.

Chapter 49

a) By this treaty Britain was confirmed in her claim to nearly the whole of French possessions in America. So that from the Atlantic to the Mississippi and from the Gulf of

Mexico to Hudson Bay was now declared British except the peninsula forming Florida. That the Spaniards claimed.

b) So in exchange for it the British gave back Cuba and the Philippines. And to make up to Spain for the loss of Florida France gave them New Orleans and resigned to Spain all claims to the land which La Salle had called Louisiana.

Chapter 50

The Frenchmen came for the sake of religion or for adventure, they set up crosses and claimed the land for God and the King. They scattered churches and hamlets far in the wilderness, but left the wilderness and the forest still the Redman's hunting ground. The Frenchmen treated the Indians with an easy, careless sort of friendliness, while most of the British looked down upon them as savages.

Chapter 50

For nearly three years the war lasted. But by degrees Pontiac saw that his cause was lost. The French did not help him as he had expected they would. Some of his followers deserted, and other tribes refused to join him, and at last he saw himself forced to make peace. So there were flowery speeches, and the exchange of wampum belts, and peace was made.

Chapter 51

That, these bold young men determined, should not be. So about fifty of them dressed themselves as Red Indians, staining their faces brown and painting them hideously. Then, tomahawk in hand, they stole silently down to the ships, and uttering wild war cries sprang on board. They seized the tea chests and with their hatchets burst them open, and poured the tea into the harbour.

Chapter 52

Near the lonely spot where stood the gallows he passed. Here under a tree, two horsemen waited, and as Revere came nearer he saw that they were British soldiers. Swiftly they darted at him. One tried to seize his bridle, the other to head him off. But Revere was a fearless rider, and knew the countryside by heart. He swerved suddenly, doubled, and was soon clear of his pursuers.

Chapter 52

a) Thus the terrible war, which was almost a civil war, began. The British now marched on to Concord. They had failed to arrest the men they had been sent to arrest at Lexington. So there was all the more reason to hurry on to Concord, and seize the war stores before there was time to spirit them away.

b) But when about seven o'clock in the morning the troops arrived at Concord the stores for the most part had been already safely hidden. A gun or two they found, and a few barrels of flour. The guns were spiked, the barrels staved in, the court house set on fire.

Chapter 53

a) Meetings, too, were held throughout the country, when patriots urged the need of arming and fighting. In the Virginian Convention, Patrick Henry, the great orator, thrilled his hearers with his fiery eloquence. "We must fight," he cried, "I repeat it, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us."

b) Brilliantly, convincingly he spoke, and ended with the unforgettable words:— "Is life so dear, or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

Chapter 53

Meanwhile the new army grew daily larger. It was still almost entirely made up of New Englanders, but it was now called the Continental Army, and the Continental Congress appointed George Washington to be commander-in-chief.

Chapter 53

"Since the Congress desire it," he said, "I will enter upon this momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service. But I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in this room that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honoured with."

Chapter 54

Arnold had failed to take Quebec, and he has lost his little fleet. But against his failure to take Quebec his countrymen put his wonderful march through pathless forest; against the loss of the fleet the fact that but for Arnold it would never have been built at all. So the people cheered him as a hero, and Washington looked upon him as one of his best officers.

Chapter 55

There was much grave discussion in Congress and throughout the country. Some patriots, even those who longed most ardently to see America a free country, thought that it was too soon to make the claim. Among those was Patrick Henry who had already ranged himself so passionately on the side of freedom. "The struggle is only beginning," he said, "and we are not yet united. Wait till we are united. Wait until we have won our freedom, then let us proclaim it."

But by degrees all those who hesitated were won over, and on the 4th of July, 1776, the colonies declared themselves to be free.

Chapter 55

a) It was on the 4th of July that Congress agreed to the declaration, and so that day has ever since been kept as a national holiday. It was the birthday of the United States as a Nation. But it was not until a few days later that the Declaration was read to the people of Philadelphia from Independence Hall.

b) It was greeted with cheers and shouts of delight. The old bell upon the tower pealed joyfully, and swift riders mounted and rode to bear the news in all directions. The next day it was read at the head of each brigade of the army, and was greeted with loud cheers.

Chapter 56

It was about six in the morning when the last boat put off, and in it was Washington, the last man to leave. For forty hours he had hardly been off his horse, and had never for a minute lain down to rest. He was unwearyingly watchful, and left nothing to chance, and this retreat is looked upon as one of the most masterly in all military history.

Chapter 56

When day came Cornwallis was astonished to find the American camp empty. And when he heard the firing in the distance he knew what had happened, and hastily retreated to New York, while Washington drew off his victorious but weary men to Morristown in New Jersey. Here for the next few months they remained, resting after their labours, unmolested by the foe.

Chapter 57

a) When Washington had taken command of the army there had still been no real thought of separating from Britain. So for his flag he had used the British ensign with the Union Jack in the corner. But instead of a red ground he had used a ground of thirteen red and white stripes, one stripe for each colony.

b) But when all hope of reconciliation was gone Congress decided that the Union Jack must be cut out of the flag altogether, and in its place a blue square was to be used with thirteen white stars in a circle, one star for each state, just as there was one stripe for each state.

Chapter 58

Where the bullets flew thickest, there Arnold was to be found. The madness of battle was upon him, and, like one possessed, he rode through flame and smoke, his clear voice raised above the hideous clamour, cheering and directing his men.

Chapter 59

a) Washington had taken up winter quarters at Valley Forge, which is a beautiful little valley. But that winter it was a scene of misery and desolation. The cold was terrible, and the army was ragged and hungry. The men had neither coats, shirts, nor shoes, and often their feet and hands froze so that they had to be amputated. For days at a time they had but one poor meal a day.

b) Even Washington saw no hope of help. "I am now convinced beyond a doubt," he wrote, "that unless some great and capital change takes place this army must inevitably be reduced to one or other of these three things: starve, dissolve, or disperse."

Chapter 60

a) But of all the naval commanders on the American side, the Scotsman, John Paul Jones, was the most famous. He was the son of a gardener, and was born at Arbigland in Kirkcudbrightshire. From a child he had been fond of the sea, and when still only a boy of twelve he began his seafaring life on board a ship trading with Virginia.

b) For some years he led a roving and adventurous life. Then after a time he came to live in America, which, he said himself, "has been my favourite country since the age of thirteen, when I first saw it."

Chapter 60

As for Paul Jones he never had a chance again of showing his great prowess. When the war was over he entered the service of Russia, and became an admiral. He died in Paris in 1792, but for a long time it was not known where he was buried. His grave was discovered in 1905, and his body was brought to America by a squadron of the navy which was sent to France for the purpose, and reburied at Annapolis with the honour due to a hero.

Chapter 61

It was not the first time that Molly had fired a gun. She was with her husband at Fort Clinton, when it was taken by the British. As the enemy scaled the walls the Americans retreated. Her husband dropped his lighted match and fled with the rest. But Captain Molly was in no such haste. She picked up the match, fired the gun, and then ran after the others. Hers was the last gun fired on the American side that day.

Chapter 62

There he soon got into trouble. He began to live extravagantly, and grew short of money. He quarrelled with the state government, and with Congress, was accused of inviting loyalists to his house, of getting money by dishonest acts, and of being in many ways untrue to his duty.

Chapter 63

a) As for King George, he would not admit that it was all over, and he swore he would rather give up his crown than acknowledge the States to be free. But at length he, too, had to give way, and the treaty of peace was signed in Paris in November, 1782.

b) This Peace, however, was only a first step, for Europe was still at war, and it was difficult to settle matters. But in September of the following year the real peace was signed, and the United States were acknowledged to be free. By this treaty Florida was given back to Spain, the Mississippi was made the western boundary, and the Great Lakes the northern boundary of the United States.

Tree of Freedom by Rebecca Caudill

No copywork yet

***Trial and Triumph by Richard Hannula (Chp. 28-35)**

Chapter 28

After returning secretly to Scotland, Cameron preached in the hills, marshes, and fields. Seeing the terrible cruelties of the king's soldiers, Richard Cameron, his brother, Michael, and some other brave men joined together to fight the oppressors of Scotland. Though poorly armed and trained, they vowed to defend the innocent men, women, and children of Scotland

Chapter 29

"Will you swear the oath recognizing the king as head over the church?" he asked.

"No," they answered quietly.

"Then this court finds you guilty of treason," the judge said, "for denying the king's sovereignty in the church and attending unlawful worship services and meetings in the countryside." They stood silently.

Chapter 30

"As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where there was a den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep; and. As I slept, I dreamed a

dream. I dreamed, and behold, I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden on his back. I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein; and, as he read, he wept and trembled; and not being able to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, "What shall I do?"

Chapter 31

Throughout the years, Jonathan Edwards served his congregation, raised a large family, and wrote books. Pastors and laymen in America and Europe admired his books on theology, but trouble was brewing in Northampton. There were men and women who did not like him or his strong sermons.

In 1749 a problem erupted over the Lord's supper.

Chapter 32

Finding it increasingly difficult to find churches open to him, Whitefield decided to preach outdoors in the open air. This was a bold idea, for church leaders considered it improper, even sinful, believing that field preaching would stir up the crowds and lead to wild, unruly behavior. By preaching outdoors, Whitefield ran the risk of confrontation with the rulers of the Church of England, but he was determined to preach the gospel no matter what the consequences.

Chapter 33

Often the crowds were difficult and violent. "As soon as we went out," Wesley said of one place, "we were saluted, as usual, with jeers and a few stones and pieces of dirt." Once when he was walking through Bristol to preach, a mob rose up against him. "All the street, upwards and downwards, was filled with people, shouting, cursing, and swearing at us," Wesley said, "and ready to swallow the ground with fierceness and rage."

Chapter 34

"If this book is true," Newton said to himself, "the promise in this passage is true likewise. He has promised here to give the Spirit to those who ask. I must therefore

pray, and if it is of God, He will make good His word.” With tears, he prayed for forgiveness and a new life.

Chapter 35

Through the years of his ministry, Brainerd kept a diary wherein he expressed his doubts, struggles, and joys. He never intended for it to be read by others. But as he lay dying, his friends urged him to allow it to be published as a testimony to God’s grace. After much prodding, he agreed. “But only,” he said, “if it is placed in the hands of Jonathan Edwards to decide what parts would most glorify the Lord.

Voyage of the Dawn Treader by C.S. Lewis

Chapter 1

There was a boy called Eustace Clarence Scrubb, and he almost deserved it. His parents called him Eustace Clarence and his schoolmasters called him Scrubb. I can’t tell you how his friends spoke to him, for he had none.

Chapter 2

“But there is this. When I was in my cradle a wood woman, a Dryad, spoke this verse over me:

“Where sky and water meet
Where the waves grow sweet
Doubt not, Reepicheep
To find all you seek
There is the utter East”

Chapter 3

“You’ll come, will you?” said Caspian to Eustace, who had come on deck with his hand bandaged.

“Anything to get off this blasted boat,” said Eustace.

“Blasted?” said Drinian. “How do you mean?”

“In a civilised country like where I come from,” said Eustace, “the ships are so big that when you’re inside you wouldn’t know you were at sea at all.”

Chapter 4

“It is our wish,” said Caspian, “that our royal visitation to our realm of the Lone Islands should, if possible, be an occasion of joy and not of terror to our loyal subjects. If it were not for that, I should have something to say about the state of your men’s armour and weapons.”

Chapter 5

“September 3. The first day for ages when I have been able to write. We had been driven before a hurricane for thirteen days and nights. I know that because I kept a careful count, though the others say it was only twelve.”

Chapter 6

But in an instant he realized the truth. That dragon face in the pool was his own reflection. There was no doubt of it. It moved as he moved: it opened and shut its mouth as he opened and shut his. He had turned into a dragon while he was asleep.

Chapter 7

“I think you’ve seen Aslan,” said Edmund.

“Aslan!” said Eustace. “I’ve heard that name mentioned several times since we joined the Dawn Treader. And I felt--I don’t know what--I hated it. But I was hating everything then.”

Chapter 8

“Yes, I do,” said Edmund. “That water turns things into gold. It turned the spear into gold, that’s why it got so heavy. And it was lapping against my feet (it’s a good thing I

wasn't barefoot) and it turned the toe caps into gold. And that poor fellow on the bottom-well, you see."

Chapter 9

"I do not see these fifty warriors," observed Reepicheep.

"That's right, that's right," said the Chief Voice. "You don't see us. And why not? Because we're invisible."

"Keep it up, Chief, keep it up," said the Other Voices.

Chapter 10

She turned on and found to her surprise a page with no pictures at all, but the first words were *A spell to make hidden things visible*. She read it through to make sure of all the hard words and then said it out loud.

Chapter 11

It was worth watching. Of course these little one-footed men couldn't walk or run as we do. They got about by jumping, like fleas or frogs. And what jumps they made!--as if each big foot were a mass of springs.

Chapter 12

Caspian shouted to the boatswain to keep her back, and all except the rowers rushed forward and gazed from the bows. But there was nothing to be seen by gazing. Behind them was the sea and the sun, before them the Darkness.

Chapter 13

Now they could see that it was a tall girl, dressed in a single long garment of clear blue which left her arms bare. She was bareheaded and her yellow hair hung down her back. And when they looked at her they thought they had never before known what beauty meant.

Chapter 14

“Lady,” said Caspian, “I hope to speak with you again when I have broken the enchantments.” And Ramandu’s daughter looked at him and smiled.

Chapter 15

But when the dripping Mouse had reached the deck it turned out not to be at all interested in the Sea People. “Sweet!” he cheeped. “Sweet, sweet!” “I tell you the water’s sweet,” said the Mouse.

Chapter 16

“Please, Lamb,” said Lucy, “is this the way to Aslan’s country?”

“Not for you,” said the Lamb. “For you the door into Aslan’s country is from your own world.”

“What!” said Edmund. “Is there a way into Aslan’s country from our world too?”

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***Abraham Lincoln's World by Genevieve Foster**

1809

So it was that Abraham Lincoln came into the world—much the same world that George Washington had known—the old slow-moving one of sails and horses. But nine years of a new century had passed into history and a new age had begun.

NAPOLEON

a) The world's most famous man, the most loved and the most fearfully despised was Napoleon, self-made Emperor of France, master of all Europe and most powerful ruler in the world in the year 1809.

b) Far in the backwoods of America, even people who could scarcely read or write like Tom and Nancy Lincoln must have heard his name, for it was echoed everywhere—Napoleon—Napoleon—no longer Napoleon Bonaparte—but now in the fashion of all monarchs, simply Napoleon, Emperor of the French.

The Next Emperor

Louis Napoleon loved his grandmamma Josephine. She was soft and beautiful and smelled of violets. On every visit he threw his arms about her neck and covered her face with kisses. Then she would give him a sugar cane to suck, let him pick all the flowers he wanted in the conservatory, and choose sweet biscuits from the box.

BECAUSE OF ENGLAND AND NAPOLEON

Admiral Lord Nelson was commander of the English. From his flagship he had flown the words "England expects every man to do his duty." Then the four-hour battle began. Nelson died before it was over, but not before he knew that victory was won, the danger of invasion past, and England was still mistress of the sea.

YOUNG CREOLES OF VENEZUELA

Late one afternoon they sat on the Aventine hill, looking down on the ruins of old Rome—that city of great conquerors and emperors—but also city of slaves, oppressed by tyrants! Suddenly it became clear to Simon Bolivar what he wanted to do with his life. He rose to his feet and

faced the red clouds of the western sky.

SHIPS AND TRIPS AND BUSINESS MEN

John Jacob Astor had made his money selling furs. In the beginning he had tramped the forest trails himself. Every summer he left home with a huge pack on his back filled with gunpowder, hatchets, knives, snuff, blue beads, tobacco, petticoats, rum and all kinds of cheap trinkets that he could trade to the Indians for far more than they were worth. By fall his pack would be full of glossy skins: mink, raccoon, muskrat, fox and, most desirable of all, the beaver.

TECUMSEH – THE FALLING STAR

The smell of dying campfires hung in the night air. The haze of Indian summer folded the sleeping village of Tippecanoe, the last Indian village to be built in Indiana, Tecumseh, Shawnee chieftain, sat with his brother the Prophet on a high bank above the Wabash. As they watched the great orange circle of the harvest moon rise above the willows, they planned the future of their people.

SAM HOUSTEN BECOMES “THE RAVEN”

a) Sam Houston finished his school term. Then he enlisted and marched off to camp with the company from eastern Tennessee. They went to put down an uprising of the Creeks in Alabama who, like Tecumseh, had taken the warpath for the British.

b) The Cherokees, on the other hand, were loyal to the United States. Sam’s friends, John and James, and a band of Cherokee warriors also enlisted. That this loyalty was never to be rewarded makes theirs the saddest of the Indian stories. The Cherokee nation was also to lose its homeland. All would be sent westward over the “Trail of Tears.”

The Year 1812—IN NORTH AMERICA

It was true. War had been declared. On the eighteenth of June, James Madison had reluctantly put his timed signature to the declaration. The “war hawks” were triumphant. They talked of a glorious victory in which all American’s difficulties would be immediately settled. Seaman’s rights and free trade upon the sea would be established, the fur trading posts along the Great Lakes forever freed of rival traders from Canada. They even spoke of invading Canada and possibly annexing the country.

1812 IN SOUTH AMERICA

Realizing then that the time had come for the Spanish Americas to strike for freedom, San Martin had felt that he must return and help gain independence for his native country. And by his native country he meant no merely Argentina, but all of South America.

TO MOSCOW AND RETURN

Moscow was burning! In September, 1812, a month after the Constitution had destroyed the Guerriere, and Simon Bolivar had been banished from Caracas, Moscow, Russia's ancient city, was in flames. It had been set afire by the Russians themselves, to save it from falling into the hands of Napoleon, for that summer Napoleon had invaded Russia.

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP"

a) When that blue flag came down, the Lawrence was fairly battered to pieces, and most of the crew were dead or dying. For a moment the British thought the battle was over.

b) Then they saw the Stars and Stripes still flying, and caught sight of a rowboat from the Lawrence making for the Niagara, another of the American fleet. Though they reopened fire, the small boat reached its goal, the blue flag was hoisted again, and in fifteen minute more the battle was won.

ANDREW JACKSON THE INDIAN FIGHTER

a) Chief of the Creeks, a friend of Tecumseh, arrived a few days later and surrendered himself to Andrew Jackson.

"I have done you much injury," he said. "I should have done you more, but my warriors are dead. I cannot bring life to the dead."

b) Nor could the Creek Nation ever come to life again. The frontier of Tennessee and Georgia would never again be terrified by their war cry, nor ever again be "soaked by them in blood."

A BOY AND A FISH

One day, not far from the creek, a soldier met a small boy coming down the road carrying a fish. The boy looked at the man with a face as solemn as that of an Indian, and then handed him the fish. When the soldier thanked the boy and asked him what his name might be, he said it was Abe Linkum.

NAPOLEON DEFEATED

The horses pressed on at full speed. Finally they reached the seaport. There Napoleon, disguised in the strange array of an Austrian uniform, a Prussian officer's cap, and the long green coat of the Russian army slung about his shoulders, left the great Empire of France for the tiny island of Elba....And Louis XVIII became king of France.

THE VERY YOUNG WILLIAM GLADSTONE

After they moved from Liverpool to a new home down the shore at Seaforth, the vicar of the church there became his tutor. William did very well with his Latin and English composition, but made such hard work of figuring that the good vicar almost despaired of teaching him arithmetic. After a most painstaking explanation, the boy would look up with an expression in his great brown eyes that showed he still had not the vaguest idea how to solve the problem.

JUST BEFORE AND AFTER THE END

"Wednesday 3 o'clock. Will you believe it, my sister, we have had a battle or skirmish—Two messengers bid me fly. I insist upon waiting until the large picture of General Washington is unscrewed from the wall. The process was found too tedious for these perilous moments. I have ordered the frame to be broken and the canvas taken out. It is done! And now my dear sister I must leave this house—Where I shall be tomorrow I cannot tell!

"Dolly"

BACK TO THE KINGS AGAIN

That day Napoleon started on his last campaign. The English army, commanded by the Duke of Wellington and the Prussian army under General Blucher were in Belgium. Hoping to prevent their meeting and to defeat each army separately before the Russians and Austrians also took the field, Napoleon entered Belgium. On June 18, 1815, he met his final and complete defeat at Waterloo.

TRAILS TO THE WEST

The next year, as Daniel Boone remembered, two young men, Lewis and Clark, had been sent by President Jefferson to explore the new territory. They had paddles up the Missouri River, past his home. Old as he was, he would like to have gone with them—out to Oregon

ABE GOES TO INDIANA

A life of George Washington was the first book Abe ever owned. It was a borrowed book, but when at night the rain came through the logs and spoiled the covers, he shucked corn three days to pay for it. It was well worth it to him. It was a book that made him think.

ROBERT LEE OF VIRGINIA

In that uniform of his country Robert E. Lee was to serve faithfully for more than thirty years. He would lay it aside for one of gray only when the broader loyalty to the United States challenged that narrower but more personal loyalty to his mother state, that deep love of Virginia, which was born with him in his heart.

HARRIET BEECHER, THE PREACHER'S CHILD

The year that Harriet was twelve, the three best compositions of the term were read at the school exhibition. Harriet watched her father's face while hers was being read. Then she heard him ask the principal who was the author, and when the principal answered, "Your daughter, sir." And she saw his face light up, it was the proudest moment of her life.

WHAT ABOUT MISSOURI?

"Hushed it is, indeed, for the moment," said Thomas Jefferson dismally, "but this is not the final sentence." The day of reckoning, he knew, would come. The Missouri Compromise had but postponed that evil day.

STEAMBOATS AND THE LAW

a.) John Marshall, the great Chief Justice, handed down this decision that abolished the

monopoly: ALL THAT ANY MAN NEEDED WAS A FEDERAL LICENSE AND HE WAS FREE TO USE ANY RIVER OR LAKE OR HARBOR IN THE UNITED STATES. This was one nation—not twenty four.

b.) John Marshall made many important interpretations of the Constitution, but none more important than this, in helping cement the states into one united nation, guaranteeing justice and equal rights to all of its citizen.

“KIT” RIDES TO SANTA FE

And where was Kit Carson when that reward was offered? He was on the trail to Santa Fe. He had to go. The hankering of the pioneer was in his blood. Besides, how could any boy sit at a bench boring holes in leather and stitching harness when the very air was full of tales of the two great paths that led beyond the sunset?

BENITO JUAREZ, A BOY OF MEXICO

Benito Juarez could go at last to a school where he was welcome. All five years in the old Seminary, although the kind Senor had paid for his tuition, he had been jeered at by the white pupils and slighted by the teachers. Often he had overheard visitors say: “An Indio here? Indians cannot be educated. They have no sense.”

“TODA AMERICA ES MI PATRIA”

So Bolivar, without having to share either the glory or the responsibility, finished the fight in Peru, although it was his general, Jose de Sucre, who led the troops at the final battle. High in the Andes on a plateau surrounded by snow-capped peaks, the last representative of Spain in the New World surrendered.

CITIZENS OF THE WORLD

While La Fayette was visiting old friends and making new ones in America, an unofficial ambassador of good will from the United States was making friends for himself and his country in Europe. It was that happy traveler and now well-known author of Rip Van Winkle and many other popular stories. It was Washington Irving.

VICTORIA IS BORN

May 24, 1819, almost a year before her uncle George IV, not at all a pleasant person, became King of England, Victoria was born. That her father died the following year caused the king no sorrow.

HARD TIMES AND BAD KINGS

Factory workers were paid starvation wages. Children, half-starved, were hired for even less and made to work ten and twelve hours a day in the cotton mills. Men could be thrown into jail for debt and hanged for stealing a fish, and some two hundred other trivial offenses.

VICTORIA – WHO WAS SHE?

a) For a long time she had suspected it, but when they told her, when she actually heard it said in words, that she, little Victoria, would become the Queen of England, it was almost overwhelming.

b) “I will be good,” she managed to say bravely, but that night in the small bed beside her mother’s there was a pillow wet with tears.

CHARLES DICKENS – OR DAVID COPPERFIELD

Years later, Charles Dickens’s books would bring to life again all the queer characters he had known, and by arousing sympathy for them, help to better the lives of the overworked, hungry children of the poor.

WILD TURKEYS AND WASTE TIME

John James Audubon had never gone back to live in the wilderness again. Instead he had sailed one day for Liverpool on a schooner loaded with cotton for the mills in England. Under his arm he carried the drawing of his birds, and Lucy had slipped into his pocket gold pieces she had saved from teaching.

THE STORY OF BRAZIL

“The day is not far off, Pedro,” said he, “when I believe Brazil will refuse to be governed by Portugal. When that time comes, my son, throw yourself with the revolutionary movement, declare Brazil an Empire and make yourself emperor. I would prefer to see you, of whose respect I am certain, take it rather than some unknown adventurer.”

THE DRAMA OF GREECE

England, France and Russia sent their fleets to the Bay of Navarino, where they attacked, destroyed the Turkish-Egyptian ships and left them mere wrecks floating on the bay. That since famous battle of the Navarino was the last ever to be fought by SAILING vessels.

ULYSSES GRANT, NAMED AND RENAMED

U. S. Grant—U.S.—the cadets at West Point dubbed him Uncle Sam. In the end, however, his ability to “hang on” was to translate those initials into a final and suitable nickname of “Unconditional Surrender.”

RAILWAYS ARE HERE!

And the railway was here to stay. In 1833 the Charleston-Hamburg, built in South Carolina to carry cotton to market, had 137 miles of track and was the longest railroad in the world owned by one company. By 1840 there would be 3,000 miles of track in the United States.

A THREE-DAY REVOLUTION

Louis Philippe, therefore, became King of France. For fifteen years the Congress of Vienna had held good. Now revolution, so feared and hated by the kings, had triumphed again. The royal family they had restored to France had been driven out forever, and in Belgium more work of the Congress of Vienna was undone, for the revolution spread.

YOUNG PATRIOTS OF ITALY

Early in 1831, the year that Mazzini escaped to Marseilles in France, another young man in his early twenties, who had joined in the Italian uprising, was also fleeing from the Austrians. To him Marseilles offered no refuge, for he was Louis Napoleon, and like all the Bonaparte family was forbidden to enter France. He was an exile.

“A BLOODLESS REVOLUTION”

a) There was only one way to force it through. The king could create new noblemen—enough to pass the Bill and give them seats in the House of Lords. At first William IV blustered about and refused to do it, but finally gave in and made the threat. The threat alone was sufficient. The Lords saw that the game was up and passed the Bill in June.

b) The Reform Bill of 1832 widened the circle of voters from less than one out of every fifty to about one out of thirty.

“UNION AND LIBERTY”

a) “Liberty and Union, one and inseparable.” Those were the words that Daniel Webster had sent resounding through the Hall of Congress on the January afternoon in 1830. Repeated, and reprinted in every newspaper, they had gone echoing across the country.

b) And so they reached the ears of the tall, gaunt, lanky fellow who was plodding along beside a wagon drawn by two yoke of oxen, heading northwest from southern Indiana

TIME MAKES AN OLD IDEA NEW

Many dinners followed, but it was that first plate of macaroni that marked the beginning of a lifelong friendship. Years later when De Lesseps needed help for his long-cherished plans of starting the canal, Mohammed Said, the new ruler of Egypt, would not fail him.

THE SULTAN’S GUEST

He found the situation amusing—as fantastic as a scene in a play in which the leading actors had changed costume by mistake. For it was he, Benjamin Disraeli from London, England, who was wearing the turban, and the Sultan Mahmud II who was dressed in English clothes! A both men, like this city in which they met, were a blend of East and West.

INDIA

In 1830 Shah Mohammed, last of the Moghul Emperors, and aged man of seventy, was still permitted by the English to live in his rose-red palace overlooking the river, but he was no

longer powerful and no longer rich. The old brown fingers twisting the end of his chalk-white beard were loaded with jewels, but no longer had power to squeeze unlimited streams of gold from the Indian people.

LI HUNG CHANG, A BOY OF CHINA

FOREIGN DRUG? What was that? Li Hung Chang asked his father. And his wise parent told him that it was opium brought to China by the barbarians. As they grew older, he warned his sons again and again not to touch the ruinous drug which he said was being brought into the country against the command of the Honorable Emperor, Tao Kwang

SLAVERY – WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT?

That move of the Beecher family was to be of consequence to the United States, for the town of Cincinnati was on the Ohio River, just over the border line from the slave state of Kentucky.

What Harriet Beecher saw there and later recorded in her famous story was to hasten the emancipation of the slaves.

ABE LINCOLN OF NEW SALEM

Honest, funny, shrewd, strong – Abe Lincoln had easily become the most popular man in New Salem, and so, by March, 1832, he had been persuaded to run for the legislature for which the elections were to be held in August.

“REMEMBER THE ALAMO

a) On the San Jacinto River they halted, and there the Mexicans caught up with them. Until April 21 not much happened. Then during the siesta hour of early afternoon, when he knew the Mexicans would be sleeping, Sam Houston gave the order to attack their camp.

b) “Remember the Alamo!” was the cry. “Remember the Alamo! Remember the Alamo! cried the Texans as they went pouring into Santa Anna’s camp down upon his sleeping soldiers.

ON TO OREGON

By July 4, 1836, the travelers had reached the Continental Divide in Western Wyoming. At twelve noon they had gone through the Pass and were able to celebrate Independence Day on

the sunset slope where the rivers were flowing west. Women and a wagon had crossed the Rocky Mountains, and would soon enter Oregon.

INTO DARKEST AFRICA

“Darkest Africa” it was called when David Livingstone was moved to go to the great continent as a medical missionary. The young Scotsman, who was to become Africa’s famous explorer, sent in his application to the London Missionary Society, the year that Dr. Marcus Whitman, also a medical missionary, took the Bible to Oregon.

YOUNG LION VS. ANCIENT DRAGON

a) The important thing was that the time had come to force China to treat the English as equals, not as barbarians. The old wall of pride and prejudice against all who were not Chinese had to be broken down.

b) It was not a difficult war to win. Compared to the English battleships the Chinese junks were like minnows to a whale. August 28, 1842, the treaty of Nanking was signed and China humiliated.

“R” STANDS FOR REGINA

a) Tuesday, 20th June 1837
“I was awoke at 6 o’clock by Mamma, who told me that the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham were here, and wished to see me. I got out of bed and went into my sitting room (only in my dressing gown) and ALONE, and saw them.

b) Lord C. the acquainted me that my poor Uncle the King, was no more and had expired 12 minutes past 2 this morning, and consequently that I am QUEEN. . .”

CORN AND POTATOES

For years, Liberal leader in Parliament had tried to get the Corn Laws repealed, but in vain. The landlords opposed it and the working people were told conditions would never change until they got the vote.

REBELLION IN CANADA

Canada was seething with discontent, the year that Victoria became Queen. And that year while the United States was having a financial panic, rebellion against the government broke out in both Upper and Lower Canada.

STEAM ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

Fifteen days from Europe to America! The average speed by sail was a few days over a month. Measured by traveling hours, the width, then, of the Atlantic Ocean had been divided by two, and the people of the Old World and the New brought that much closer together.

BEHIND JAPAN'S CLOSED DOOR

Japan's door to the outside world was still closed and bolted in 1837, as it had been for over two hundred years. Japanese knew nothing of the outside world and did not care to. Nor did they intend barbarians to enter and pollute the sacred land of the gods.

WEDDING BELLS

Mary Todd became engaged to Abraham Lincoln the year Victoria was married. Mary Todd had always told the girls at school back home in Lexington, Kentucky, that the man she was going to marry would become President of the United States.

AUTHORS & VISITORS

It was in 1847 that Mr. Emerson was invited to lecture in England, and sailed for Liverpool on the Washington Irving. He enjoyed his visit, understood and liked the people, and won all he met by his gentle charm, despite what he called his "porcupine manners."

TELEGRAPH AND PHOTOGRAPH

On the day that Congress had finally passed the appropriation to construct that first telegraph line to Baltimore, the good news was brought to Morse by a young lady. It was her mother who suggested the first message to be sent. She opened her Bible and chose the twenty-third verse of the twenty-third chapter of Numbers and read the words:

What God hath wrought!

ON TO THE WEST

And now what was spoken of elegantly as its “MANIFEST DESTINY” was about to be fulfilled by the United States. In other words, the nation was about to annex all the territory west to the Pacific Ocean, Texas, Oregon and California.

“TO THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA”

a) Santa Anna managed to escape and, with 7,000 men, hastened up the winding mountain road they climbed, winding up into the mountains, until they reached a ridge 11,000 feet above the sea.

b) From there they could look down upon the ancient city and its lake, lying in the green elliptical valley. Just so, from that ridge Cortez, the conqueror of the ancient Aztecs, must have looked down upon the “Halls of Montezuma.”

GOLD!

“G-O-A-L-D”, G-O-L-D, no matter how you spell it, the “mettle” was Gold! Gold!! And it was discovered in January, 1848, behind the new sawmill being built by Captain Sutter some miles from his fort in California. It took little time for the news to spread, but when it did, it started the craziest, wildest scrambling rush for the West that the United States had ever known.

CANADA

But between the two extremes stood the moderates of each party, and these, with infinite tact and resourcefulness, J.A. Macdonald managed in 1854 to unite into the Liberal-Conservative party, of which he was to be the head during the rest of his life, and which for those forty more years would form the history of Canada

CORN AND POTATOES (Continued)

a) The only way to save the people was to let in a great quantity of food from the food-producing countries. And the only way to do that was to get rid of the import tax.

b) The English government finally realized it. Faced with the absolute necessity of doing so, Parliament repealed at last the long-cherished CORN LAWS, and Ireland was saved.

THE YEAR 1848

So, within one short year, all over Europe revolution had blazed up and been stamped out, and, except in France, kings sat again upon their thrones. And things were as they had been? No – not quite.

SOCIALISM had been born.

A BEAUTIFUL UNIFORM OR A SPIKED HELMET?

Soon after he came to the throne, young Franz Josef, then an old man of eighty-four, would see that Empire begin to crumble away, the Empire that he loved so much and wished to rule so honorable and well.

WILLIAM DER GOLDAF

Wilhelm was fifty years old in 1848, a great giant of a man, bluff and rugged and blond like some old hero from a German saga. And he was first and foremost a soldier. If he didn't actually sleep in that helmet of his, he certainly must have kept it hanging on the bed-post.

THE PEACE FESTIVAL

And so there in the "Crystal Palace," gathered together for the first time, were the products of the world and the people of the world assembled to see them. Crowding the streets of London, filling the omnibuses and railway trains, they went streaming through the Great Exhibition from May until October.

NAPOLEON III

Within the year the Assembly had decreed the Republic dead, the Empire established. On December 2, 1852, Louis Napoleon III, Emperor of France, a title that the little man with the waxed moustache and the changeable mind was to hold for eighteen years.

DER TOLLE BISMARCK

“Mad Bismarck,” they called him, those diplomats, little realizing then just how much method there was in the so-called madness. Neither did they know how he was sizing them up, and what a working knowledge of the ins and outs of diplomacy he was acquiring and storing up for future use.

AT HOME IN SPRINGFIELD

Lincoln took up life where he had left off, riding the circuit of the country courts all over the state three months each spring and autumn and trying cases there in Springfield in the winter.

FREE SOIL AND SLAVE

a) Nobody was satisfied. The Abolitionists, and many other people, thought the Fugitive Slave Law was too unjust to be obeyed. Instead of returning them, a regular system arose for the helping the slaves escape.

b) Hidden by day, they would be taken at night from one place to the next northward from the Ohio River until they were safely over the border into Canada. These secret routes, traveled under cover of night, came to be spoken of as the “Underground Railway.”

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

Instead, it made the evils of slavery and the Fugitive Slave Law come to life to all who read it. And it was read by thousands, not only in America but all over the world, translated into many languages.

LAND OF NOBLES AND SERFS

A serf worked three days for his master each week, then three days for himself, in order to earn enough to pay for taxes to the Czar, from which his master, being a nobleman, was exempt.

A LAMP IN CRIMEA

- a) Into this horror went Florence Nightingale, the first woman nurse to serve in war. With thirty-seven nurses she sailed from London for the Crimea, four days after the Charge of the Light Brigade.
- b) With her courageous spirit, her skill as a nurse, her executive ability, she set to work with furious energy to establish order and bring comfort to thousands of these stricken soldiers. To them she appeared like an angel of mercy.
- c) They even blessed her shadow thrown by the lamp she carried as she went her rounds during the long hours of the night.

FAMILIES AND FRIENDS

In January, 1858, the marriage took place, and a year later, in Berlin, Vicky's son was born. Victoria's first grandchild – "dear little William," she called him, little knowing that he was to become Kaiser Wilhelm II, as great an enemy of England as Napoleon I.

"VIVA L'ITALIA!"

It was a great victory, in which each of four men had played his part. MAZZINI, the idealist, who had sounded the first cry (and now came home from a long exile in London); CAVOUR, the practical statesman, who faced facts as they were; GARIALDI, the adventurer and soldier; and VICTOR EMMANUEL, the level-headed King. Well might they cry now, those four patriots, "Viva l'Italia!"

THE DEVIL'S WIND

A little over a year from the time trouble began, the siege of Lucknow had been raised, Nana Sahib had fled from Cawnpore, Delhi was again in English hands, and the Devil's Wind had ceased to blow. The rebellion which, if successful, might have been called the Indian War for Independence was over.

ABOUT "PEACE" AND FOREIGNERS

And so Li Hung Chang, China's great statesman of the nineteenth century, said what China's great teacher Confucius had told ancient China 2500 years before:

"By nature all men are much alike, by custom only they grow wide apart," or in other words –

"Men of the four seas are brothers. . . ."

SHRINKING THE WORLD

a) Undaunted he started in again, and for another eight years, while Ferdinand de Lesseps was digging away to shorten distance between Europe and Asia, Cyrus Field was working to shorten time and space between Europe and America.

b) Also at that same time there was effort being made to shorten the distance across America from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Everywhere it seemed, men were trying to squeeze the world and make it smaller.

BLOODY KANSAS

a) John Brown was tried and executed. . . . But "his soul went marching on," so sang the Abolitionists of New England, for to them he was a martyr. The people of the south called him a murderer.

b) To Lincoln he was only a misguided and peculiar case. A fanatic, he had but driven deeper the wedge of bitter feeling that now had almost split the North and South apart. . . .

OPENING JAPAN

li Naosuke, however, felt that it could not be avoided. Therefore, in the face of tremendous opposition, he courageously signed the treaty on July 29, 1858, and so unbolted Japan's door from within.

"GOOD OLD ABE, THE RAIL SPLITTER"

a) That was what all the pounding and hammering was about. There was no building big enough to use for a meeting hall, so Chicago had had to take a day or two off and build one. A big rough shed of clapboards, they christened it "The Wigwam."

b) On May 16, 1860, in that Wigwam, after three ballots for President, Abraham Lincoln was nominated and “pandemonium broke loose.”

THE MAN AND THE HOUR

The election of Abraham Lincoln, a so-called Black Republican, gave the final blow to the wedge of ill-feeling over slavery, and split the United States in two. Before he took the oath of office, seven states in the Deep South had seceded.

1861: THE TORN MAP

The American Civil War began on April 12, 1861. It was a war fought not to abolish slavery, but to restore the Union, to bring together again the nation which slavery had now torn apart.

WHAT ABOUT ENGLAND?

A courteous request it was then from England’s government, asking for the “liberation of the gentlemen and a suitable apology.” Lincoln read it calmly. On December 19 Seward, whose duty as Secretary of State lay with foreign affairs, prepared an answer.

AN “EMPIRE” FOR MEXICO

a) So when Spain and England withdrew, French soldiers were dispatched to Mexico. Landing at Vera Cruz, they went marching and fighting their way up the winding mountain road to Mexico City.

b) Juarez had hastily moved his government to a town further north. So the French marched into the capital, paying people well to cheer and wave flags while they took possession. It was then 1863.

RUSSIA’S SERFS ARE FREED

The next year, 1862, Russia celebrated 1,000 years since the founding of the Empire. But it was not for old Rurik, their first king, that the people cheered, but for Alexander II, the “Czar Liberator!”

1862: THE "MONITOR" AND THE "MERRIMAC"

The funny little Monitor put up a stiff three-hour battle against the Merrimac, drove the big ship back into its harbor and then chugged off uninjured. Neither ship played any further heroic part in the war. That was their one big day, one on which they made the world say goodbye to wooden warships and turn to making ships of iron.

"HENCEFORTH AND FOREVER FREE"

And by virtue of the power, and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States, and parts of States, are, and henceforward shall be free;

Abraham Lincoln

PRUSSIA MARCHES TO WAR

- a) The first German Blitz-Krieg was successful. Austria was dropped completely out of the Confederation, and Prussia became head of all the united German states north of the Main.
- b) The powerful nation planned by Bismarck had now formed itself and from now on, from this fateful year of 1866, when they had stood by and let it happen, the Blood and Iron Prussia were to make sad history for the nations of Europe.

1863: VICKSBURG AND GETTYSBURG

- a) May, 1863, in Virginia saw the Union Army of Potomac again headed for Richmond, and again defeated by General Lee, this time at the town of Chancellorsville. It was the last Confederate victory, and one in which Lee suffered the tragic loss of his so-called "right arm," General "Stonewall" Jackson, who was accidentally shot by one of his own men.
- b) After this victory, Lee tried as before to move north into Pennsylvania with the hope of reaching Philadelphia. This time he got over the border as far as a town called Gettysburg.

RED CROSS

The work resulted in calling the International Convention of Geneva of 1864, which drew up a

treaty and a code. It was necessary to fix upon some common sign to be recognized by all nations.

The design proposed was a RED CROSS upon a white ground.

THE LAST YEAR OF WAR

Therefore “with malice toward none,” he said, “with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation’s wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.”

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE

A week after that audience, Parliament passed and Queen Victoria signed the British North America Act and brought into existence the Dominion of Canada, on July 1, 1867.

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE

North America was to see two other changes that year, 1867:

Alaska was to be purchased from Russia by the United States for \$7,200,000.

The Republic of Mexico would be restored to its great Indian President, Benito Juarez.

VICTORY AND DEFEAT

a) After some further mention of details, he signed his name to the terms of surrender, rose, shook hands with Grant, took his hat and gauntlets, and returned the salute of the Federal officers.

b) Outside on the porch he stood for a moment, looking off over the valley, clapped his hands together once or twice, then walked down, mounted Traveller and rode away.

DAY OF LIGHT AND SHADOW

a) Abraham Lincoln stood for a moment, then stepped into the carriage, its door closed behind him, the horses started, the carriage rolled down the driveway, the sound of the wheels on the gravel grew fainter and then died away – and he was gone. Abraham Lincoln was gone.

b) And only then could the people of Abraham Lincoln's world realize how great he was. He was too tall when he walked beside them.

Across Five Aprils by Irene Hunt

Chapter One

She was a small, spare woman with large dark eyes and skin as brown and dry as leather. She had been a pretty girl back in the 1830's when she married Matthew Creighton, but prettiness was short-lived among country women of her time.

Chapter One

Two rooms of the cabin faced west, both opening onto an uncovered porch where a half dozen split-bottomed chairs were ranged for the comfort of those who wished to rest and get a breath of air after meals, or to sit in the coolness of a spring night and watch the shadows move in over the prairies.

Chapter Two

A coal-oil lamp was lighted and placed in the middle of the table when supper was at last ready; gold light filled the kitchen, pouring from the open fireplace and from the sparkling lamp chimney.

Chapter Two

Out in the dooryard the conversation continued to be mild. Exhausted, Jethro curled up beside his father and dove into a silent world of sleep. Matt Creighton smoothed the fair hair back from the boy's forehead and, when the air took on a chill, covered him with an old jacket.

Chapter Three

Jethro stood on the top of Walnut Hill one warm afternoon in October and yearned over the color that was his for the moment and would be gone at the whim of the first windswept rain that came to usher in the bleak days ahead.

Chapter Three

Across the prairies, through the woods, over the brown water of the creek, there was a sound of crying. Jethro ran to a tree and hid his face.

Chapter Four

Twice during the month of February in 1862 the bells rang in every city and town throughout the North, and the name Ulysses S. Grant first became familiar to Jethro.

Chapter Four

He stacked a high pile of wood outside the kitchen, where it could be reached quickly during the night. Out in the barn, he threw hay down from the loft and carried buckets of corn from the crib in preparation for the evening feeding of the stock.

Chapter Five

Jethro took off down the road as soon as Jenny told him of their father's decision. He ran for a while, and the exercise helped to warm him in the damp rawness of the March evening.

Chapter Five

A man stood among the trees at the edge of the road, a saddled horse at his side. As Jethro approached, he walked slowly out, as if he'd known the wagon would soon be along and had been waiting.

Chapter Six

Now he was to know labor from dawn till sunset; he was to learn what it meant to scan the

skies for rain while corn burned in the fields, or to see a heavy rainstorm lash grain from full, strong wheat stalks, or to know that hay, desperately needed for winter feeding, lay rotting in a wet quagmire of a field.

Chapter Six

As the days passed, the family's fears began to be allayed. Not even the disappearance of the big shepherd dog gave them too much concern.

Chapter Seven

They needed recreation and laughter as they needed food. In other years the little house had buzzed with the teasing and squabbling and hilarity of a crowd of young people. There had been dances and cornhuskings and candymakings throughout the neighborhood; there had been afternoons of horseshoe pitching and evenings of charades.

Chapter Seven

Halleck occupied Corinth the next day, it was true, but there was an empty ring to his boast that this was a "victory as brilliant and important as any recorded in history."

Chapter Eight

Late in September, men from the nearby communities and from even as far away as Newton came to build a new barn, so that Matt Creighton's stock might have shelter before the winter snows set in.

Chapter Eight

The family waited for days, during which Jethro's waking thoughts were filled with foreboding and his dreams with troubled anxiety. Jenny went about her work silently, and although there was work enough to tire the healthiest of young bodies, she took to going for long walks alone through the wintry fields, as Bill had once done.

Chapter Nine

One night in February of '63, as the family sat around the open fire, a wagon clattered down the road from the north and stopped in front of the house. Opening the door, Jethro saw three young men jump down from the wagon and stride up to the porch.

Chapter Nine

The letter came one noon when they were all seated at dinner. As so often happened, it was Ed Turner who brought the mail out from town. Jenny ran to the door, eager for a letter from Shadrach; Nancy's eyes pleaded for word from John.

Chapter Ten

In May of 1863 news came from the East of another Union disaster, this time at Chancellorsville. It was frightening news for, whatever one wished to believe, the very obvious fact was that a Union army with the advantage of greatly superior numbers had been terribly beaten by a Confederate army with the advantage of a greatly superior general.

Chapter Ten

Then in the midst of the pandemonium over Gettysburg another Union victory was announced: Vicksburg had fallen! Pemberton, completely surrounded by Grant's army, had been cut off from all supplies and had been starved into surrender.

Chapter Eleven

Lincoln had been nominated in June in spite of the reluctance of the men within his party who hated him. But in late summer with the word of Federal reverses pouring in, many papers shouted that he stood no chance for reelection, and to Jethro it seemed that most men were agreed.

Chapter Eleven

The North was still war-weary, but it was no longer hopeless. The prize was almost within its grasp; the goal for which its thousands of boys had died or suffered the agony of prison camps

was almost won.

Chapter Eleven

In Virginia more soldiers died each day in Grant's army and in Lee's because the South, even in its death throes, would not admit defeat, and the tragedy of these deaths was even greater when the hopes of homecoming and peace were just within realization.

Adventures of Tom Sawyer by Mark Twain

Huckleberry came and went at his own free will. He slept on doorsteps in fine weather and in empty hogsheads in wet; he did not have to go to school or to church, or call any being master or obey anybody; he could go fishing or swimming when and where he chose, and stay as long as it suited him; nobody forbade him to fight; he could sit up as late as he pleased; he was always the first boy that went barefoot in the spring and the last to resume leather in the fall; he never had to wash, nor put on clean clothes; he could swear wonderfully. In a word, everything that goes to make life precious that boy had. So thought every harrassed, hampered, respectable boy in St. Petersburg.

***Age of Fable by Thomas Bulfinch (Chp. 15-28)**

Chapter 15

Cassiopeia is called "the starred AEthiop, queen" because after her death she was placed among the stars, forming the constellation of that name. Though she attained this honour, yet the Sea-Nymphs, her old enemies, prevailed so far as to cause her to be placed in that part of the heaven near the pole, where every night she is half the time held with her head downward, to give her a lesson of humility.

Chapter 16

Monsters, in the language of mythology, were beings of unnatural proportions or parts, usually regarded with terror, as possessing immense strength and ferocity, which they employed for the injury and annoyance of men.

Chapter 17

“O haggard queen! to Athens dost thou guide
Thy glowing chariot, steeped in kindred gore;
Or seek to hide thy damned parricide
Where peace and justice dwell for evermore?”

Chapter 18

“She looks a sea-Cybele fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers.”
Childe Harold, IV.

Chapter 19

The most difficult labour of all was getting the golden apples of the Hesperides, for Hercules did not know where to find them. These were the apples which Juno had received at her wedding from the goddess of the Earth, and which she had intrusted to the keeping of the daughters of Hesperus, assisted by a watchful dragon.

Chapter 20

The exercises in these games were of five sorts: running, leaping, wrestling, throwing the quoit, and hurling the javelin, or boxing. Besides these exercises of bodily strength and agility there were contests in music, poetry and eloquence. Thus these games furnished poets, musicians and authors the best opportunities to present their productions to the public, and the fame of the victors was diffused far and wide.

Chapter 21

“Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow;
Ivy crowns that brow, supernal
As the forehead of Apollo,
And possessing youth eternal.
“Round about him fair Bacchantes,
Bearing cymbals, flutes and thyrses,
Wild from Naxian groves of Zante’s
Vineyards, sing delirious verses.”

Chapter 22

PAN, the god of woods and fields, of flocks and shepherds, dwelt in grottos, wandered on the mountains and in valleys, and amused himself with the chase or in leading the dances of the nymphs. He was fond of music, and was, as we have seen, the inventor of the syrinx, or shepherd's pipe, which he himself played in a masterly manner.

Chapter 23

“Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.”

Chapter 24

Man avails himself of the instincts of the inferior animals for his own advantage. Hence sprang the art of keeping bees. Honey must first have been known as a wild product, the bees building their structures in hollow trees or holes in the rocks, or any similar cavity that chance offered. Thus occasionally the carcass of a dead animal would be occupied by the bees for that purpose. It was no doubt from some such incident that the superstition arose that the bees were engendered by the decaying flesh of the animal; and Virgil, in the following story, shows how this supposed fact may be turned to account for renewing the swarm when it has been lost by disease or accident.

Chapter 25

The poets whose adventures compose this chapter were real persons some of whose works yet remain, and their influence on poets who succeeded them is yet more important than their poetical remains. The adventures recorded of them in the following stories rest on the same authority as other narratives of the “Age of Fable,” that is, of the poets who have told them.

Chapter 26

“...The sleeping kine

Couched in thy brightness dream of fields divine.
Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes,
And yet thy benediction passeth not
One obscure hiding-place, one little spot
Where pleasure may be sent; the nested wren
Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken;"

Chapter 27

"...Lord of earth and air!
O king! O father! hear my humble prayer!
Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore;
Give me to see and Ajax asks no more;
If Greece must perish we thy will obey,
But let us perish in the face of day."

Chapter 28

There was in Troy a celebrated statue of Minerva called the Palladium. It was said to have fallen from heaven, and the belief was that the city could not be taken so long as this statue remained within it. Ulysses and Diomed entered the city in disguise and succeeded in obtaining the Palladium, which they carried off to the Grecian camp.

***Always Inventing by Tom L. Matthews**

Page 10

At age 11 Alec devised his first invention. Challenged by his best friend's father, a millowner, to "do something useful," he made a tool to clean the tough husks from wheat kernels. His "taking off husks" didn't set the world on its ear, but it gave him confidence in his ability to understand and solve technological problems.

Page 17

Alec had misunderstood the diagrams in Hemholtz's book, but his belief in the idea that sound had been transmitted electrically guided him down paths of experimentation that led to the invention of the telephone.

Page 19

At his parents' Brantford home in the summer of 1874, he tried improving the phonautograph, a machine that drew the shapes of sounds by tracing their vibrations with a pen. Alec thought the machine would help him teach the deaf to speak. Instead, it helped him discover the principle of the telephone.

Page 24

- a. Complex sounds, like the human voice, could induce a current, travel through a wire, and become sounds again at the other end of the wire.
- b. At that moment, Alexander Graham Bell became the first person to understand how and why a telephone would work.

Page 27

Alexander Graham Bell received a patent called "Improvements in Telegraphy" on March 7, 1876.

Page 27

Using yet another new design, Alec made communications history when he said: "Mr. Watson – Come here – I want to see you."

Page 31

The first public demonstration of the telephone was at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia on June 25, 1876. The scientific judges were stunned by Alec's achievement and voted him a certificate of award.

Page 33

Before the telephone's invention, telegrams were the fastest way to send a message. A person went to a telegraph office and handwrote a message that was translated into code. It was sent by wire to another office where it was copied by hand and, finally, delivered like a letter. It could be hours, even days, before the message arrived.

Page 35

The father of a deaf child asked him to help organize a school in the Scottish coastal town of Greenock. Alec saw an opportunity to create a teaching program that would be a model for all deaf education in Britain.

Page 36

In 1892 Alec made the first call from New York to Chicago, opening a permanent long-distance network.

Page 48

"The study of Nature is undoubtedly one of the most interesting of all pursuits. God has strewn our paths with wonders, and we certainly should not go through Life with our eyes shut."

Page 51

Alec had been intrigued by bird flight since childhood....He envisioned manned kites that would make soft takeoffs and landings.

After testing different shapes, Alec decided that the tetrahedron – four equilateral triangles joined together like a pyramid – produced the lightest and fastest kites. He realized that this same design could be used for building.

Alec recognized that his vision of slow but safe flight had no future when the Wright brothers flew their first biplane, an engine-powered, fixed-wing aircraft. Kites were safe, but biplanes would be faster as engine technology improved. Speed would win out.

Page 51

Alec wanted to join in aircraft development, so Mabel, his best fan and supporter, started the Aerial Experiment Association (AEA) in 1907. Alec and four partners, all much younger than he was, successfully experimented with several aircraft designs.

Page 54

Alec and his father-in-law, Gardiner Green Hubbard, were dedicated promoters of science and learning. In 1888 Hubbard became one of the founding fathers of the National Geographic Society and its first president. After Hubbard's death in 1897, Alec, one of the Society's original members, was pressured into taking over the post.

When asked how Alec defined geographical subjects of interest, he projected his own interests onto the Society: "THE WORLD AND ALL THAT IS IN IT is our theme."

Page 58

A teacher since his teens, Alec shared his love of learning with his grandchildren. He didn't instruct, he encouraged young people "to think, to experiment, to try things on their own."

- a. Even in his 70's, Alec was hungry for achievement. After airplanes he turned to hydrofoils, boats that move above the water.
- b. At age 75 Alec received a patent for his hydrofoil improvements – 64 years after he invented a machine to separate wheat husks from the grain.
- c. Shortly before his death he went diving in a submarine tube to see underwater life in the Bahamas.

His boundless energy and enthusiasm for invention, for science, and for finding the answers make his life an example worth following.

Page 60

Not every idea or invention was a success, but Alex had no fear of failure. He practiced a simple slogan that hung on his laboratory wall – "Keep on fighting."

The advice that he gave to some students in 1917 was what he lived by: Don't keep forever on the public road, going only where others have gone, and following one after the other like a flock of sheep. Leave the beaten track occasionally and dive into the woods. Every time you do so you will be certain to find something that you have never seen before. Of course it will be a little thing, but do not ignore it. Follow it up, explore all around it; one discovery will lead to another, and before you know it you will have something worth thinking about to occupy your mind. All really big discoveries are the results of thought.

Anne of Green Gables by Lucy Maud Montgomery

Chapter 1 - Mrs Rachel Lynde is Surprised

The kitchen at Green Gables was a cheerful apartment--or would have been cheerful if it had not been so painfully clean as to give it something of the appearance of an unused parlour. Its windows looked east and west; through the west one, looking out on the back yard, came a flood of mellow June sunlight; but the east one, whence you got a glimpse of the bloom-white cherry-trees in the left orchard and nodding, slender birches down in the hollow by the brook, was greened over by a tangle of vines. Here sat Marilla Cuthbert when she sat at all, always slightly distrustful of sunshine, which seemed to her too dancing and irresponsible a thing for a world which was meant to be taken seriously; and here she sat now, knitting and the table behind her was laid for supper.

Chapter 1 - Mrs Rachel Lynde is Surprised

Marilla was a tall, thin woman, with angles and without curves; her dark hair showed some grey streaks and was always twisted up in a hard little knot behind with two wire hairpins stuck aggressively through it. She looked like a woman of narrow experience and rigid conscience, which she was; but there was a saving something about her mouth which, if it had been ever so slightly developed, might have been considered indicative of a sense of humour

Chapter 1 - Mrs Rachel Lynde is Surprised

"Well, of all things that ever were or will be!" ejaculated Mrs Rachel when she was safely out in the lane. "It does really seem as if I must be dreaming. Well, I'm sorry for that poor young one and no mistake. Matthew and Marilla don't know anything about children and they'll expect him to be wiser and steadier than his own grandfather, if so be he ever had a grandfather, which is doubtful. It seems uncanny to think of a child at Green Gables somehow; there's never been one there, for Matthew and Marilla were grown up when the new house was built--if they ever were children, which is hard to believe when one looks at them."

Chapter 2 - Matthew Cuthbert is Surprised

Matthew enjoyed the drive after his own fashion, except during the moments when he met women and had to nod to them--for in Prince Edward Island you are supposed to nod to all and sundry you meet on the road whether you know them or not

Matthew dreaded all women except Marilla and Mrs Rachel; he had an uncomfortable feeling that the mysterious creatures were secretly laughing at him.

Chapter 2 - Matthew Cuthbert is Surprised

A child of about eleven, garbed in a very short, very tight, very ugly dress of yellowish white wince. She wore a faded brown sailor hat, and beneath the hat, extending down her back, were two braids of very thick, decidedly red hair. Her face was small white and thin, also much freckled; her mouth was large and so were her eyes, that looked green in some lights and moods and grey in others.

Chapter 2 - Matthew Cuthbert is Surprised

"I know you and I are going to get along together fine. It's such a relief to talk when one wants to, and not be told that children should be seen and not heard. I've had that said to me a million times if I have once. And people laugh at me because I use big words. But if you have big ideas you have to use big words to express them, haven't you?"

Chapter 3 - Marilla Cuthbert is Surprised

"But if you call me Anne, please call me Anne spelled with an e."

"What difference does it make how it's spelled?" asked Marilla with another rusty smile as she picked up the teapot.

"Oh, it makes such a difference. It looks so much nicer. When you hear a name pronounced can't you always see it in your mind, just as if it was printed out?"

Chapter 3 - Marilla Cuthbert is Surprised

When Marilla had gone Anne looked around her wistfully. The whitewashed walls were so painfully bare and staring that she thought they must ache over their own bareness. The floor was bare, too, except for a round braided mat in the middle such as Anne had never seen before. In one corner was the bed, a high, old-fashioned one, with four dark, low-turned posts. In the other corner was the aforesaid three-cornered table adorned with a fat, red velvet pincushion hard enough to turn the point of the most adventurous pin.

Chapter 4 - Morning at Green Gables

"All sorts of mornings are interesting, don't you think? You don't know what's going to happen through the day, and there's so much scope for imagination. But I'm glad it's not rainy today because it's easier to be cheerful and bear up under affliction on a sunshiny day. I feel that I have a good deal to bear up under. It's all very well to read about sorrows and imagine yourself living through them heroically, but it's not so nice when you really come to have them, is it?"

Chapter 4 - Morning at Green Gables

Yet Matthew wished to keep her, of all unaccountable things! Marilla felt that he wanted it just as much this morning as he had the night before, and that he would go on wanting it. That was Matthew's way--take a whim into his head and cling to it with the most amazing silent persistency--a persistency ten times more potent and effectual in its very silence than if he had talked it out.

Chapter 4 - Morning at Green Gables

"She is kind of interesting, as Matthew says. I can feel already that I'm wondering what on earth she'll say next. She'll be casting a spell over me, too. She's cast it over Matthew. That look he gave me when he went out said everything he said or hinted last night over again."

Chapter 5 - Anne's History

"Do you know," said Anne confidentially, "I've made up my mind to enjoy this drive. It's been my experience that you can nearly always enjoy things if you make up your mind firmly that you will. Of course, you must make it up firmly. I am not going to think about going back to the asylum while we're having our drive. I'm just going to think about the drive."

Chapter 5 - Anne's History

"Mrs Thomas said I was the homeliest baby she ever saw, I was so scrawny and tiny and nothing but eyes, but that Mother thought I was perfectly beautiful. I should think a mother would be a better judge than a poor woman who came in to scrub, wouldn't you? I'm glad she was satisfied with me anyhow; I would feel so sad if I thought I was a disappointment to her--because she didn't live very long after that, you see. She died of fever when I was just three months old. I do wish she'd lived long enough for me to remember calling her mother."

Chapter 5 - Anne's History

"Were those women--Mrs Thomas and Mrs Hammond--good to you?" asked Marilla, looking at Anne out of the corner of her eye.

"O-o-o-h," faltered Anne. Her sensitive little face suddenly flushed scarlet and embarrassment sat on her brow. "Oh, they meant to be--I know they meant to be just as good and kind as possible. And when people mean to be good to you, you don't mind very much when they're not quite--always."

Chapter 6 - Marilla Makes Up Her Mind

Marilla looked at Anne and softened at sight of the child's pale face with its look of mute misery--the misery of a helpless little creature who finds itself once more caught in the trap from which it had escaped. Marilla felt an uncomfortable conviction that, if she denied the appeal of that look, it would haunt her to her dying day. Moreover, she did not fancy Mrs Blewett. To hand a sensitive, "high-strung" child over to such a woman! No, she could not take the responsibility of doing that!

Chapter 6 - Marilla Makes Up Her Mind

"I don't fancy her style myself," admitted Marilla, "but it's that or keeping her ourselves, Matthew. And, since you seem to want her, I suppose I'm willing--or have to be. I've been thinking over the idea until I've got kind of used to it. It seems a sort of duty. I've never brought up a child, especially a girl, and I dare say I'll make a terrible mess of it. But I'll do my best. So far as I'm concerned, Matthew, she may stay."

Chapter 6 - Marilla Makes Up Her Mind

"It'd be more to the point if you could say she was a useful little thing," retorted Marilla, "but I'll make it my business to see she's trained to be that. And mind, Matthew, you're not to go interfering with my methods. Perhaps an old maid doesn't know much about bringing up a child, but I guess she knows more than an old bachelor. So you just leave me to manage her. When I fail it'll be time enough to put your oar in."

Chapter 7 - Anne Says Her Prayers

"Why must people kneel down to pray? If I really wanted to pray I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd go out into a great big field all alone or into the deep, deep woods, and I'd look up into the sky--up--up--up--into that lovely blue sky that looks as if there was no end to its blueness. And then I'd just feel a prayer. Well, I'm ready. What am I to say?"

Chapter 7 - Anne Says Her Prayers

"Matthew Cuthbert, it's about time somebody adopted that child and taught her something. She's next door to a perfect heathen. Will you believe that she never said a prayer in her life till tonight? I'll send to the manse tomorrow and borrow the Peep of Day series, that's what I'll do. And she shall go to Sunday school just as soon as I can get some suitable clothes made for her. I foresee that I shall have my hands full. Well, well, we can't get through this world without our share of trouble. I've had a pretty easy life of it so far, but my time has come at last and I suppose I'll just have to make the best of it."

Chapter 8 - Anne's Bringing-up is Begun

By noon she had concluded that Anne was smart and obedient, willing to work and quick to learn; her most serious shortcoming seemed to be a tendency to fall into daydreams in the middle of a task and forget all about it until such time as she was sharply recalled to earth by a reprimand or a catastrophe.

Chapter 8 - Anne's Bringing-up is Begun

"What am I to call you?" asked Anne. "Shall I always say Miss Cuthbert? Can I call you Aunt Marilla?"

"No; you'll call me just plain Marilla. I'm not used to being called Miss Cuthbert and it would make me nervous."

"It sounds awfully disrespectful to say just Marilla," protested Anne.

"I guess there'll be nothing disrespectful in it if you're careful to speak respectfully. Everybody, young and old, in Avonlea calls me Marilla except the minister. He says Miss Cuthbert--when he thinks of it."

Chapter 8 - Anne's Bringing-up is Begun

"Now I'm going to imagine things into this room so that they'll always stay imagined. The floor is covered with a white velvet carpet with pink roses all over it and there are pink silk curtains at the windows. The walls are hung with gold and silver brocade tapestry. The furniture is mahogany; I never saw any mahogany, but it does sound so luxurious. This is a couch all heaped with gorgeous silken cushions, pink and blue and crimson and gold, and I am reclining gracefully on it."

Chapter 8 - Anne's Bringing-up is Begun

She danced up to the little looking-glass and peered into it. Her pointed freckled face and solemn grey eyes peered back at her.

"You're only Anne of Green Gables," she said earnestly, "and I see you, as you are looking now, whenever I try to imagine I'm the Lady Cordelia. But it's a million times nicer to be Anne of Green Gables than Anne of nowhere in particular, isn't it?"

She bent forward, kissed her reflection affectionately, and betook herself to the open window.

Chapter 9 - Mrs Rachel Lynde is Properly Horrified

All of these rapture voyages of exploration were made in the odd half-hours which she was allowed for play, and Anne talked Matthew and Marilla half-deaf over her discoveries. Not that Matthew complained, to be sure: he listened to it all with a wordless smile of enjoyment on his face; Marilla permitted the "chatter" until she found herself becoming too interested in it, whereupon she always promptly quenched Anne by a curt command to hold her tongue.

Chapter 9 - Mrs Rachel Lynde is Properly Horrified

"Well, they didn't pick you for your looks, that's sure and certain," was Mrs Rachel Lynde's emphatic comment. Mrs Rachel was one of those delightful and popular people who pride themselves on speaking their mind without fear or favour. "She's terrible skinny and homely, Marilla. Come her, child, and let me have a look at you. Lawful heart, did anyone ever see such freckles? And hair as red as carrots! Come her, child, I say."

Chapter 9 - Mrs Rachel Lynde is Properly Horrified

"I don't say that I think Mrs Lynde was exactly right in saying what she did to you, Anne," she admitted in a softer tone. "Rachel is too outspoken. But that is no excuse for such behaviour

on your part. She was a stranger and an elderly person and my visitor--all three very good reasons why you should have been respectful to her. You were rude and saucy and"--Marilla had a saving inspiration of punishment--"you must go to her and tell her you are very sorry for your bad temper and ask her to forgive you."

Chapter 10 - Anne's Apology

Breakfast, dinner, and supper were very silent meals--for Anne still remained obdurate. After each meal Marilla carried a well-filled tray to the east gable and brought it down later on not noticeably depleted. Matthew eyed its last descent with a troubled eye. Had Anne eaten anything at all?

Chapter 10 - Anne's Apology

"Anne," he whispered, as if afraid of being overheard, "how are you making it, Anne?" Anne smiled wanly. "Pretty well. I imagine a good deal, and that helps to pass the time. Of course, it's rather lonesome. But, then, I may as well get used to that." Anne smiled again, bravely facing the long years of solitary imprisonment before her.

Chapter 10 - Anne's Apology

"It's lovely to be going home and know it's home," she said. "I love Green Gables already, and I never loved any place before. No place ever seemed like home. Oh, Marilla, I'm so happy. I could pray right now and not find it a bit hard." Something warm and pleasant welled up in Marilla's heart at touch of that thin little hand in her own--a throb of the maternity she had missed, perhaps. Its very unaccustomedness and sweetness disturbed her. She hastened to restore her sensations to their normal calm by inculcating a moral. "If you'll be a good girl you'll always be happy, Anne. And you should never find it hard to say your prayers."

Chapter 11 - Anne's Impressions of Sunday-School

"Oh, I am grateful," protested Anne. "But I'd be ever so much gratefuller if--if you'd made just one of them with puffed sleeves. Puffed sleeves are so fashionable now. It would give me such a thrill, Marilla, just to wear a dress with puffed sleeves." "Well, you'll have to do without your thrill. I hadn't any material to waste on puffed sleeves. I think they are ridiculous-looking things anyhow. I prefer the plain, sensible ones." "But I'd rather look ridiculous when everybody else does than plain and sensible all by myself," persisted Anne

mournfully.

Chapter 11 - Anne's Impressions of Sunday-School

Marilla felt helplessly that all this should be sternly reprov'd, but she was hampered by the undeniable fact that some of the things Anne had said, especially about the minister's sermons and Mr Bell's prayers, were what she herself had really thought deep down in her heart for years, but had never given expression to. It almost seemed to her that those secret, unuttered, critical thoughts had suddenly taken visible and accusing shape and form in the person of this outspoken morsel of neglected humanity.

Chapter 12 - A Solemn Vow and Promise

Diana was sitting on the sofa, reading a book which she dropped when the callers entered. She was a very pretty little girl, with her mother's black eyes and hair, and rosy cheeks, and the merry expression which was her inheritance from her father. "This is my little girl Diana," said Mrs Barry. "Diana, you might take Anne out into the garden and show her your flowers. It will be better for you than straining your eyes over that book. She reads entirely too much--" this to Marilla as the little girls went out--"and I can't prevent her, for her father aids and abets her. She's always poring over a book. I'm glad she has the prospect of a playmate--perhaps it will take her more out-of-doors."

Chapter 12 - A Solemn Vow and Promise

"Will you swear to be my friend forever and ever?" demanded Anne eagerly. Diana looked shocked. "Why it's dreadfully wicked to swear," she said rebukingly. "Oh no, not my kind of swearing. There are two kinds, you know." "I never heard of but one kind," said Diana doubtfully. "There really is another. Oh, it isn't wicked at all. It just means vowing and promising solemnly."

Chapter 12 - A Solemn Vow and Promise

"I'll just eat one tonight, Marilla. And I can give Diana half of them, can't I? The other half will taste twice as sweet to me if I give some to her. It's delightful to think I have something to give her." "I will say it for the child," said Marilla when Anne had gone to her gable, "she isn't stingy. I'm glad, for of all faults I detest stinginess in a child. Dear me, it's only three weeks since she came, and it seems as if she'd been here always. I can't imagine the place without

her. Now, don't be looking I told-you-so, Matthew. That's bad enough in a woman, but it isn't to be endured in a man.

Chapter 13 - The Delights of Anticipation

"Oh, Marilla," she exclaimed breathlessly, "there's going to be a Sunday-school picnic next week--in Mr Harmon Andrews's field, right near the lake of Shining Waters. And Mrs Superintendent Bell and Mrs Rachel Lynde are going to make ice cream--think of it, Marilla--ice cream! And, oh, Marilla, can I go to it?" "Just look at the clock, if you please, Anne. What time did I tell you to come in?" "Two o'clock--but isn't it splendid about the picnic, Marilla? Please can I go? Oh, I've never been to a picnic--I've dreamed of picnics, but I've never--" "Yes, I told you to come at two o'clock. And it's a quarter to three. I'd like to know why you didn't obey me, Anne." "Why, I meant to, Marilla, as much as could be. But you have no idea how fascinating Idlewild is. And then, of course, I had to tell Matthew about the picnic. Matthew is such a sympathetic listener. Please can I go?"

Chapter 13 - The Delights of Anticipation

On Sunday Anne confided to Marilla on the way home from church that she grew actually cold all over with excitement when the minister announced the picnic from the pulpit. "Such a thrill as went up and down my back, Marilla! I don't think I'd ever really believed until then that there was honestly going to be a picnic. I couldn't help fearing I'd only imagined it. But when a minister says a thing in the pulpit you just have to believe it." "You set your heart too much on things, Anne," said Marilla, with a sigh. "I'm afraid there'll be a great many disappointments in store for you through life." "Oh, Marilla, looking forward to things is half the pleasure of them," exclaimed Anne. "You mayn't get the things themselves; but nothing can prevent you from having the fun of looking forward to them. Mrs Lynde says, 'Blessed are they who expect nothing for they shall not be disappointed.' But I think it would be worse to expect nothing than to be disappointed."

Chapter 13 - The Delights of Anticipation

Marilla wore her amethyst brooch to church that day as usual. Marilla always wore her amethyst brooch to church. She would have thought it rather sacrilegious to leave it off--as bad as forgetting her Bible or her collection dime. That amethyst brooch was Marilla's most treasured possession. A seafaring uncle had given it to her mother who in turn had bequeathed it to Marilla. It was an old-fashioned oval, containing a braid of her mother's hair, surrounded by a border of very fine amethysts.

Chapter 14 - Anne's Confession

"Did you touch it?" said Marilla sternly. "Y-e-e-s," admitted Anne, "I took it up and I pinned it on my breast just to see how it would look." "You had no business to do anything of the sort. It's very wrong in a little girl to meddle. You shouldn't have gone into my room in the first place and you shouldn't have touched a brooch that didn't belong to you in the second. Where did you put it?" "Oh, I put it back on the bureau. I hadn't it on a minute."

Chapter 14 - Anne's Confession

"Anne, this is terrible," she said, trying to speak calmly. "You are the very wickedest girl I ever heard of." "Yes, I suppose I am," agreed Anne tranquilly. "And I know I'll have to be punished. It'll be your duty to punish me, Marilla. Won't you please get it over right off because I'd like to go to the picnic with nothing on my mind." "Picnic, indeed! You'll go to no picnic today, Anne Shirley. That shall be your punishment. And it isn't half severe enough either for what you've done!"

Chapter 14 - Anne's Confession

"Anne Shirley," said Marilla solemnly, "I've just found my brooch hanging to my black lace shawl. Now I want to know what that rigmarole you told me this morning meant." "Why, you said you'd keep me here until I confessed," returned Anne wearily, "and so I decided to confess because I was bound to get to the picnic. I thought out a confession last night after I went to bed and made it as interesting as I could. And I said it over and over so that I wouldn't forget it. But you wouldn't let me go to the picnic after all, so all my trouble was wasted."

Chapter 15 - A Tempest in the School Teapot

The Avonlea school was a whitewashed building, low in the eaves and wide in the windows, furnished inside with comfortable substantial old-fashioned desks that opened and shut, and were carved all over their lids with the initials and hieroglyphics of three generations of school children. The schoolhouse was set back from the road and behind it was a dusky fir wood and a brook where all the children put their bottles of milk in the morning to keep cool and sweet until dinner hour. Marilla had seen Anne start off to school on the first day of September with many secret misgivings. Anne was such an odd girl. How would she get on with the other children? And how on earth would she ever manage to hold her tongue during school

hours?

Chapter 15 - A Tempest in the School Teapot

Gilbert reached across the aisle, picked up the end of Anne's long red braid, held it out at arm's length and said in a piercing whisper: "Carrots! Carrots!" Then Anne looked at him with a vengeance! She did more than look. She sprang to her feet, her bright fancies fallen into cureless ruin. She flashed one indignant glance at Gilbert from eyes whose angry sparkle was swiftly quenched in equally angry tears. "You mean, hateful boy!" she exclaimed passionately. "How dare you!" And then--thwack! Anne had brought her slate down on Gilbert's head and cracked it--slate not head--clear across.

Chapter 15 - A Tempest in the School Teapot

Marilla took Mrs Rachel's advice and not another word was said to Anne about going back to school. She learned her lessons at home, did her chores, and played with Diana in the chilly purple autumn twilights; but when she met Gilbert Blythe on the road or encountered him in Sunday school she passed him by with an icy contempt that was no whit thawed by his evident desire to appease her. Even Diana's efforts as a peacemaker were of no avail. Anne had evidently made up her mind to hate Gilbert Blythe to the end of life.

Chapter 16 - Diana Is Invited to Tea with Tragic Results

Anne flew down to the hollow, past the Dryad's Bubble and up the spruce path to Orchard Slope, to ask Diana to tea. As a result just after Marilla had driven off to Carmody, Diana came over, dressed in her second-best dress and looking exactly as it is proper to look when asked out to tea. At other times she was wont to run into the kitchen without knocking; but now she knocked primly at the front door. And when Anne, dressed in her second best, as primly opened it, both little girls shook hands as gravely as if they had never met before. This unnatural solemnity lasted until after Diana had been taken to the east gable to lay off her hat and then had sat for ten minutes in the sitting room, toes in position.

Chapter 16 - Diana Is Invited to Tea with Tragic Results

Anne looked on the second shelf of the room pantry but there was no bottle of raspberry cordial there. Search revealed it away back on the top shelf. Anne put it on a tray and set it on the table with a tumbler. "Now, please help yourself, Diana," she said politely. "I don't

believe I'll have any just now. I don't feel as if I wanted any after all those apples." Diana poured herself out a tumblerful, looked at its bright-red hue admiringly, and then sipped it daintily. "That's awfully nice raspberry cordial, Anne," she said. "I didn't know raspberry cordial was so nice."

Chapter 16 - Diana Is Invited to Tea with Tragic Results

"There is nothing more to do except to pray and I haven't much hope that that'll do much good because, Marilla, I do not believe that God Himself can do very much with such an obstinate person as Mrs Barry." "Anne, you shouldn't say such things," rebuked Marilla, striving to overcome that unholy tendency to laughter which she was dismayed to find growing upon her. And indeed, when she told the whole story to Matthew that night, she did laugh heartily over Anne's tribulations. But when she slipped into the east gable before going to bed and found that Anne had cried herself to sleep an unaccustomed softness crept into her face. "Poor little soul," she murmured, lifting a loose curl of hair from the child's tear-stained face. Then she bent down and kissed the flushed cheek on the pillow.

Chapter 17 - A New Interest in Life

"No; and oh, Anne, she says I'm never to play with you again. I've cried and cried and I told her it wasn't your fault, but it wasn't any use. I had ever such a time coaxing her to let me come down and say good-bye to you. She said I was only to stay ten minutes and she's timing me by the clock." "Ten minutes isn't very long to say an eternal farewell in," said Anne tearfully. "Oh, Diana, will you promise faithfully never to forget me, the friend of your youth, no matter what dearer friends may caress thee?"

Chapter 17 - A New Interest in Life

The following Monday Anne surprised Marilla by coming down from her room with her basket of books on her arm and her lips primmed up into a line of determination. "I'm going back to school," she announced. "That is all there is left in life for me, now that my friend has been ruthlessly torn from me. In school I can look at her and muse over days departed." "You'd better muse over your lessons and sums," said Marilla, concealing her delight at this development of the situation. "If you're going back to school I hope we'll hear no more of breaking slates over people's heads and such carryings on. Behave yourself and do just what your teacher tells you."

Chapter 17 - A New Interest in Life

She flung herself into her studies heart and soul, determined not to be outdone in any class by Gilbert Blythe. The rivalry between them was soon apparent; it was entirely good-natured on Gilbert's side; but it is much to be feared that the same thing cannot be said of Anne, who had certainly an unpraiseworthy tenacity for holding grudges. She was as intense in her hatreds as in her loves. She would not stoop to admit that she meant to rival Gilbert in schoolwork, because that would have been to acknowledge his existence which Anne persistently ignored; but the rivalry was there and honours fluctuated between them. Now Gilbert was head of the spelling class; now Anne, with a toss of her long red braids, spelled him down. One morning Gilbert had all his sums done correctly and had his name written on the blackboard on the roll of honour; the next morning Anne, having wrestled wildly with decimals the entire evening before, would be first. One awful day they were ties and their names were written up together. It was almost as bad as a take-notice and Anne's mortification was as evident as Gilbert's satisfaction.

Chapter 18 - Anne to the Rescue

"Oh, Anne, do come quick," implored Diana nervously. "Minnie May is awful sick--she's got croup. Young Mary Joe says--and Father and Mother are away to town and there's nobody to go for the doctor. Minnie May is awful bad and Young Mary Joe doesn't know what to do--and oh, Anne, I'm so scared!" Matthew, without a word, reached out for cap and coat, slipped past Diana and away into the darkness of the yard. "He's gone to harness the sorrel mare to go to Carmody for the doctor," said Anne, who was hurrying on hood and jacket. "I know it as well as if he'd said so. Matthew and I are such kindred spirits I can read his thoughts without words at all."

Chapter 18 - Anne to the Rescue

"Yes, I know," nodded the doctor. He looked at Anne as if he were thinking some things about her that couldn't be expressed in words. Later on, however, he expressed them to Mr and Mrs Barry. "That little redheaded girl they have over at Cuthbert's is as smart as they make 'em. I tell you she saved that baby's life, for it would have been too late by the time I got there. She seems to have a skill and presence of mind perfectly wonderful in a child of her age. I never saw anything like the eyes of her when she was explaining the case to me."

Chapter 18 - Anne to the Rescue

"Mrs Barry was here this afternoon, Anne. She wanted to see you, but I wouldn't wake you up. She says you saved Minnie May's life, and she is very sorry she acted as she did in that affair

of the currant wine. She says she knows now you didn't mean to set Diana drunk, and she hopes you'll forgive her and be good friends with Diana again. You're to go over this evening if you like for Diana can't stir outside the door on account of a bad cold she caught last night. Now, Anne Shirley, for pity's sake don't fly up into the air."

Chapter 19 - A Concert, a Catastrophe, and a Confession

Anne felt that she could not have borne it if she had not been going to the concert, for nothing else was discussed that day in school. The Avonlea Debating Club, which met fortnightly all winter, had had several smaller free entertainments; but this was to be a big affair, admission ten cents, in aid of the library. The Avonlea young people had been practising for weeks, and all the scholars were especially interested in it by reason of older brothers and sisters who were going to take part. Everybody in school over nine years of age expected to go, except Carrie Sloane, whose father shared Marilla's opinions about small girls going out to night concerts. Carrie Sloane cried into her grammar all the afternoon and felt that life was not worth living.

Chapter 19 - A Concert, a Catastrophe, and a Confession

"Are you ready for bed? Let's run a race and see who'll get to the bed first." The suggestion appealed to Diana. The two little white-clad figures flew down the long room, through the spare-room door, and bounded on the bed at the same moment. And then--something--moved beneath them, there was a gasp and a cry--and somebody said in muffled accents: "Merciful goodness!" Anne and Diana were never able to tell just how they got off that bed and out of the room. They only knew that after one frantic rush they found themselves tiptoeing shiveringly upstairs. "Oh, who was it--what was it?" whispered Anne, her teeth chattering with cold and fright. "It was Aunt Josephine," said Diana, gasping with laughter.

Chapter 19 - A Concert, a Catastrophe, and a Confession

With this encouragement Anne bearded the lion in its den--that is to say, walked resolutely up to the sitting-room door and knocked faintly. A sharp "Come in" followed. Miss Josephine Barry, thin, prim, and rigid, was knitting fiercely by the fire, her wrath quite unappeased and her eyes snapping through her gold-rimmed glasses. She wheeled around in her chair, expecting to see Diana, and beheld a white-faced girl whose great eyes were brimmed up with a mixture of desperate courage and shrinking terror. "Who are you?" demanded Miss Josephine Barry, without ceremony. "I'm Anne of Green Gables," said the small visitor tremulously, clasping her hands with her characteristic gesture, "and I've come to confess, if you

please."

Chapter 20 - A Good Imagination Gone Wrong

"I do truly wish I could have had the headache in your place, Marilla. I would have endured it joyfully for your sake." "I guess you did your part in attending to the work and letting me rest," said Marilla. "You seem to have got on fairly well and made fewer mistakes than usual. Of course it wasn't exactly necessary to starch Matthew's handkerchiefs! And most people when they put a pie in the oven to warm up for dinner take it out and eat it when it gets hot instead of leaving it to be burned to a crisp. But that doesn't seem to be your way evidently." Headaches always left Marilla somewhat sarcastic.

Chapter 20 - A Good Imagination Gone Wrong

"I'll have to go around by the road, then," said Anne, taking up her hat reluctantly. "Go by the road and waste half an hour! I'd like to catch you!" "I can't go through the Haunted Wood, Marilla," cried Anne desperately. Marilla stared. "The Haunted Wood! Are you crazy? What under the canopy is the Haunted Wood?"

Chapter 20 - A Good Imagination Gone Wrong

When she reached Mr William Bell's field she fled across it as if pursued by an army of white things, and arrived at the Barry kitchen door so out of breath that she could hardly gasp out her request for the apron pattern. Diana was away so that she had no excuse to linger. The dreadful return journey had to be faced. Anne went back over it with shut eyes, preferring to take the risk of dashing her brains out among the boughs to that of seeing a white thing. When she finally stumbled over the log bridge she drew one long shivering breath of relief. "Well, so nothing caught you?" said Marilla unsympathetically. "Oh, Mar--Marilla," chattered Anne, "I'll b-b-be cont-t-tented with c-c-commonplace places after this."

Chapter 21 - A New Departure in Flavouring

All went merry as a marriage bell until Anne's layer cake was passed. Mrs Allan, having already been helped to a bewildering variety, declined it. But Marilla, seeing the disappointment on Anne's face, said smilingly: "Oh, you must take a piece of this, Mrs Allan. Anne made it on purpose for you." "In that case I must sample it," laughed Mrs Allan, helping herself to a plump triangle, as did also the minister and Marilla. Mrs Allan took a

mouthful of hers and a most peculiar expression crossed her face; not a word did she say, however, but steadily ate away at it.

Chapter 21 - A New Departure in Flavouring

"My dear little girl, you mustn't cry like this," she said, genuinely disturbed by Anne's tragic face. "Why, it's all just a funny mistake that anybody might make." "Oh, no, it takes me to make such a mistake," said Anne forlornly. "And I wanted to have that cake so nice for you, Mrs Allan." "Yes, I know, dear. And I assure you I appreciate your kindness and thoughtfulness just as much as if it had turned out all right."

Chapter 21 - A New Departure in Flavouring

"Marilla, isn't it nice to think that tomorrow is a new day with no mistakes in it yet?" "I'll warrant you'll make plenty in it," said Marilla. "I never saw your beat for making mistakes, Anne." "Yes, and well I know it," admitted Anne mournfully. "But have you ever noticed one encouraging thing about me, Marilla? I never make the same mistake twice." "I don't know as that's much benefit when you're always making new ones." "Oh, don't you see, Marilla? There must be a limit to the mistakes one person can make, and when I get to the end of them, then I'll be through with them. That's a very comforting thought."

Chapter 22 - Anne is Invited Out to Tea

"I am invited to tea at the manse tomorrow afternoon! Mrs Allan left the letter for me at the post office. Just look at it, Marilla. 'Miss Anne Shirley, Green Gables.' That is the first time I was ever called 'Miss.' Such a thrill as it gave me! I shall cherish it forever among my choicest treasures."

Chapter 22 - Anne is Invited Out to Tea

"You know I never had tea at a manse before, and I'm not sure that I know all the rules of etiquette, although I've been studying the rules given in the Etiquette Department of the Family Herald ever since I came here. I'm so afraid I'll do something silly or forget to do something I should do. Would it be good manners to take a second helping of anything if you wanted to very much?" "The trouble with you, Anne, is that you're thinking too much about yourself. You should just think of Mrs Allan and what would be nicest and most agreeable to her," said Marilla, hitting for once in her life on a very sound and pithy piece of advice. Anne instantly

realized this.

Chapter 22 - Anne is Invited Out to Tea

"Mrs Lynde came to the manse just before I left, and what do you think, Marilla? The trustees have hired a new teacher and it's a lady. Her name is Miss Muriel Stacy. Isn't that a romantic name? Mrs Lynde says they've never had a female teacher in Avonlea before and she thinks it is a dangerous innovation. But I think it will be splendid to have a lady teacher, and I really don't see how I'm going to live through the two weeks before school begins. I'm so impatient to see her."

Chapter 23 - Anne Comes to Grief In an Affair of Honour

Daring was the fashionable amusement among the Avonlea small fry just then. It had begun among the boys, but soon spread to the girls, and all the silly things that were done in Avonlea that summer because the doers thereof were "dared" to do them would fill a book by themselves. First of all Carrie Sloane dared Ruby Gillis to climb to a certain point in the huge old willow tree before the front door; which Ruby Gillis, albeit in mortal dread of the fat green caterpillars with which said tree was infested and with the fear of her mother before her eyes if she should tear her new muslin dress, nimbly did, to the discomfiture of the aforesaid Carrie Sloane. Then Josie Pye dared Jane Andrews to hop on her left leg around the garden without stopping once or putting her right foot to the ground; which Jane Andrews gamely tried to do, but gave out at the third corner and had to confess herself defeated. Josie's triumph being rather more pronounced than good taste permitted, Anne Shirley dared her to walk along the top of the board fence which bounded the garden to the east.

Chapter 23 - Anne Comes to Grief In an Affair of Honour

Anne climbed the ladder amid breathless silence, gained the ridgepole, balanced herself uprightly on that precarious footing, and started to walk along it, dizzily conscious that she was uncomfortably high up in the world and that walking ridgepoles was not a thing in which your imagination helped you out much. Nevertheless, she managed to take several steps before the catastrophe came. Then she swayed, lost her balance, stumbled, staggered, and fell, sliding down over the sun-baked roof and crashing off it through the tangle of Virginia creeper beneath--all before the dismayed circle below could give a simultaneous, terrified shriek.

Chapter 23 - Anne Comes to Grief In an Affair of Honour

Marilla was out in the orchard picking a panful of summer apples when she saw Mr Barry coming over the log bridge and up the slope, with Mrs Barry beside him and a whole procession of little girls trailing after him. In his arms he carried Anne, whose head lay limply against his shoulder. At that moment Marilla had a revelation. In the sudden stab of fear that pierced her very heart she realized what Anne had come to mean to her. She would have admitted that she liked Anne--nay, that she was very fond of Anne. But now she knew as she hurried wildly down the slope that Anne was dearer to her than anything else on earth. "Mr Barry, what has happened to her?" she gasped, more white and shaken than the self-contained, sensible Marilla had been for many years.

Chapter 24 - Miss Stacy and Her Pupils Get Up a Concert

"I love Miss Stacy with my whole heart, Marilla. She is so ladylike and she has such a sweet voice. When she pronounces my name I feel *instinctively* that she's spelling it with an e. We had recitations this afternoon. I just wish you could have been there to hear me recite 'Mary, Queen of Scots.' I just put my whole soul into it. Ruby Gillis told me coming home that the way I said the line, 'Now for my father's arm,' she said, 'my woman's heart farewell,' just made her blood run cold."

Chapter 24 - Miss Stacy and Her Pupils Get Up a Concert

"It's just filling your heads up with nonsense and taking time that ought to be put on your lessons," she grumbled. "I don't approve of children's getting up concerts and racing about to practices. It makes them vain and forward and fond of gadding." "But think of the worthy object," pleaded Anne. "A flag will cultivate a spirit of patriotism, Marilla." "Fudge! There's precious little patriotism in the thoughts of any of you. All you want is a good time."

Chapter 24 - Miss Stacy and Her Pupils Get Up a Concert

"Well now, I reckon it's going to be a pretty good concert. And I expect you'll do your part fine," he said, smiling down into her eager, vivacious little face. Anne smiled back at him. Those two were the best of friends and Matthew thanked his stars many a time and oft that he had nothing to do with bringing her up. That was Marilla's exclusive duty; if it had been his he would have been worried over frequent conflicts between inclination and said duty. As it was, he was free to, "spoil Anne"--Marilla's phrasing--as much as he liked. But it was not such a bad arrangement after all; a little "appreciation" sometimes does quite as much good as all the conscientious "bringing up" in the world.

Chapter 25 - Matthew Insists on Puffed Sleeves

Anne stood among them, bright eyed and animated as they; but Matthew suddenly became conscious that there was something about her different from her mates. And what worried Matthew was that the difference impressed him as being something that should not exist. Anne had a brighter face, and bigger, starrier eyes, and more delicate features than the other; even shy, unobservant Matthew had learned to take note of these things; but the difference that disturbed him did not consist in any of these respects. Then in what did it consist?

Chapter 25 - Matthew Insists on Puffed Sleeves

When Matthew came to think the matter over he decided that a woman was required to cope with the situation. Marilla was out of the question. Matthew felt sure she would throw cold water on his project at once. Remained only Mrs Lynde; for of no other woman in Avonlea would Matthew have dared to ask advice. To Mrs Lynde he went accordingly, and that good lady promptly took the matter out of the harassed man's hands.

Chapter 25 - Matthew Insists on Puffed Sleeves

"But flesh and blood don't come under the head of arithmetic and that's where Marilla Cuthbert makes her mistake. I suppose she's trying to cultivate a spirit of humility in Anne by dressing her as she does; but it's more likely to cultivate envy and discontent. I'm sure the child must feel the difference between her clothes and the other girls'. But to think of Matthew taking notice of it! That man is waking up after being asleep for over sixty years."

Chapter 25 - Matthew Insists on Puffed Sleeves

That night Marilla and Matthew, who had been out to a concert for the first time in twenty years, sat for a while by the kitchen fire after Anne had gone to bed. "Well now, I guess our Anne did as well as any of them," said Matthew proudly. "Yes, she did," admitted Marilla. "She's a bright child, Matthew. And she looked real nice too. I've been kind of opposed to this concert scheme, but I suppose there's no real harm in it after all. Anyhow, I was proud of Anne tonight, although I'm not going to tell her so." "Well now, I was proud of her and I did tell her so 'fore she went upstairs," said Matthew. "We must see what we can do for her some of these days, Marilla. I guess she'll need something more than Avonlea school by and by."

Chapter 26 - The Story Club is Formed

"Just think, Diana, I'm thirteen years old today," remarked Anne in an awed voice. "I can scarcely realize that I'm in my teens. When I woke this morning it seemed to me that everything must be different. You've been thirteen for a month, so I suppose it doesn't seem such a novelty to you as it does to me. It makes life seem so much more interesting. In two more years I'll be really grown up. It's a great comfort to think that I'll be able to use big words then without being laughed at."

Chapter 26 - The Story Club is Formed

"How perfectly lovely!" sighed Diana, who belonged to Matthew's school of critics. "I don't see how you can make up such thrilling things out of your own head, Anne. I wish my imagination was as good as yours." "It would be if you'd only cultivate it," said Anne cheerfully. "I've just thought of a plan, Diana. Let you and me have a story club all our own and write stories for practice. I'll help you along until you can do them by yourself. You ought to cultivate your imagination, you know. Miss Stacy says so. Only we must take the right way. I told her about the Haunted Wood, but she said we went the wrong way about it in that."

Chapter 26 - The Story Club is Formed

"I'm sure Mrs Allan was never such a silly, forgetful little girl as you are." "No; but she wasn't always so good as she is now either," said Anne seriously. "She told me so herself--that is, she said she was a dreadful mischief when she was a girl and was always getting into scrapes. I felt so encouraged when I heard that. Is it very wicked of me, Marilla, to feel encouraged when I hear that other people have been bad and mischievous? Mrs Lynde says it is. Mrs Lynde says she always feels shocked when she hears of anyone ever having been naughty, no matter how small they were."

Chapter 27 - Vanity and Vexation of Spirit

"I little know how you got into this fix, but I mean to find out," said Marilla. "Come right down to the kitchen--it's too cold up here--and tell me just what you've done. I've been expecting something queer for some time. You haven't got into any scrape for over two months, and I was sure another one was due. Now, then, what did you do to your hair?" "I dyed it." "Dyed it! Dyed your hair! Anne Shirley, didn't you know it was a wicked thing to do?" "Yes, I knew it was a little wicked," admitted Anne. "But I thought it was worth while to be a little wicked to get rid of red hair. I counted the cost, Marilla. Besides, I meant to be extra

good in other ways to make up for it."

Chapter 27 - Vanity and Vexation of Spirit

Anne wept then, but later on, when she went upstairs and looked in the glass, she was calm with despair. Marilla had done her work thoroughly and it had been necessary to shingle the hair as closely as possible. The result was not becoming, to state the case as mildly as may be. Anne promptly turned her glass to the wall. "I'll never, never look at myself again until my hair grows," she exclaimed passionately. Then she suddenly righted the glass. "Yes, I will, too. I'd do penance for being wicked that way. I'll look at myself every time I come to my room and see how ugly I am. And I won't try to imagine it away, either. I never thought I was vain about my hair, of all things, but now I know I was, in spite of its being red, because it was so long and thick and curly."

Chapter 27 - Vanity and Vexation of Spirit

"Diana says when my hair begins to grow to tie a black velvet ribbon around my head with a bow at one side. She says she thinks it will be very becoming. I will call it a snood--that sounds so romantic. But am I talking too much, Marilla? Does it hurt your head?" "My head is better now. It was terrible bad this afternoon, though. These headaches of mine are getting worse and worse. I'll have to see a doctor about them. As for your chatter, I don't know that I mind it--I've got so used to it." Which was Marilla's way of saying that she liked to hear it.

Chapter 28 - An Unfortunate Lily Maid

The flat drifted under the bridge and then promptly sank in midstream. Ruby, Jane, and Diana, already awaiting it on the lower headland, saw it disappear before their very eyes and had not a doubt but that Anne had gone down with it. For a moment they stood still, white as sheets, frozen with horror at the tragedy; then, shrieking at the tops of their voices, they started on a frantic run up through the woods, never pausing as they crossed the main road to glance the way of the bridge. Anne, clinging desperately to her precarious foothold, saw their flying forms and heard their shrieks. Help would soon come, but meanwhile her position was a very uncomfortable one.

Chapter 28 - An Unfortunate Lily Maid

"Anne," he said hurriedly, "look here. Can't we be good friends? I'm awfully sorry I made fun of your hair that time. I didn't mean to vex you and I only meant it for a joke. Besides, it's so long ago. I think your hair is awfully pretty now--honest I do. Let's be friends." For a moment Anne hesitated. She had an odd, newly awakened consciousness under all her outraged dignity that the half-shy, half-eager expression in Gilbert's hazel eyes was something that was very good to see. Her heart gave a quick, queer little beat. But the bitterness of her old grievance promptly stiffened up her wavering determination.

Chapter 28 - An Unfortunate Lily Maid

"Well," explained Anne, "I've learned a new and valuable lesson today. Ever since I came to Green Gables I've been making mistakes, and each mistake has helped to cure me of some great shortcoming. The affair of the amethyst brooch cured me of meddling with things that didn't belong to me. The Haunted Wood mistake cured me of letting my imagination run away with me. The liniment cake mistake cured me of carelessness in cooking. Dyeing my hair cured me of vanity. I never think about my hair and nose now--at least, very seldom. And today's mistake is going to cure me of being too romantic. I have come to the conclusion that it is no use trying to be romantic in Avonlea. It was probably easy enough in towered Camelot hundreds of years ago, but romance is not appreciated now. I feel quite sure that you will soon see a great improvement in me in this respect, Marilla."

Chapter 29 - An Epoch in Anne's Life

"Velvet carpet," sighed Anne luxuriously, "and silk curtains! I've dreamed of such things, Diana. But do you know I don't believe I feel very comfortable with them after all. There are so many things in this room and all so splendid that there is no scope for imagination. That is one consolation when you are poor--there are so many more things you can imagine about."

Chapter 29 - An Epoch in Anne's Life

"Oh, it was a never-to-be-forgotten day, Marilla. I was so tired I couldn't sleep at night. Miss Barry put us in the spare room, according to promise. It was an elegant room, Marilla, but somehow sleeping in a spare room isn't what I used to think it was. That's the worst of growing up, and I'm beginning to realize it. The things you wanted so much when you were a child don't seem half so wonderful to you when you get them."

Chapter 29 - An Epoch in Anne's Life

"And I came to the conclusion, Marilla, that I wasn't born for city life and that I was glad of it. It's nice to be eating ice cream at brilliant restaurants at eleven o'clock at night once in a while; but as a regular thing I'd rather be in the east gable at eleven, sound asleep, but kind of knowing even in my sleep that the stars were shining outside and that the wind was blowing in the firs across the brook. I told Miss Barry so at breakfast the next morning and she laughed. Miss Barry generally laughed at anything I said, even when I said the most solemn things."

Chapter 30 - The Queen's Club is Organized "Diana and I talk a great deal about serious subjects now, you know. We feel that we are so much older than we used to be that it isn't becoming to talk of childish matters. It's such a solemn thing to be almost fourteen, Marilla. Miss Stacy took all us girls who are in our teens down to the brook last Wednesday, and talked to us about it. She said we couldn't be too careful what habits we formed and what ideals we acquired in our teens, because by the time we were twenty our characters would be developed and the foundation laid for our whole future life. And she said if the foundation was shaky we could never build anything really worth while on it. Diana and I talked the matter over coming home from school. We felt extremely solemn, Marilla."

Chapter 30 - The Queen's Club is Organized

"When Matthew and I took you to bring up we resolved we would do the best we could for you and give you a good education. I believe in a girl being fitted to earn her own living whether she ever has to or not. You'll always have a home at Green Gables as long as Matthew and I are here, but nobody knows what is going to happen in this uncertain world, and it's just as well to be prepared. So you can join the Queen's class if you like, Anne."

Chapter 30 - The Queen's Club is Organized

"I did make a mistake in judging Anne, but it weren't no wonder for an odder, unexpecteder witch of a child there never was in this world, that's what. There was no ciphering her out by the rules that worked with other children. It's nothing short of wonderful how she's improved these three years, but especially in looks. She's a real pretty girl got to be, though I can't say I'm overly partial to that pale, big-eyed style myself. I like more snap and colour, like Diana Barry has or Ruby Gillis. Ruby Gillis' looks are real showy. But somehow--I don't know how it is but when Anne and them are together, though she ain't half as handsome, she makes them look kind of common and overdone--something like them white June lilies she calls narcissus alongside of the big, red peonies, that's what."

Chapter 31 - Where the Brook and River Meet

The Spencervale doctor who had come the night Minnie May had the croup met Anne at the house of a patient one afternoon early in vacation, looked her over sharply, screwed up his mouth, shook his head, and sent a message to Marilla Cuthbert by another person. It was: "Keep that redheaded girl of yours in the open air all summer and don't let her read books until she gets more spring into her step." This message frightened Marilla wholesomely. She read Anne's death warrant by consumption in it unless it was scrupulously obeyed. As a result, Anne had the golden summer of her life as far as freedom and frolic went.

Chapter 31 - Where the Brook and River Meet

But it was a jolly, busy, happy swift-flying winter. Schoolwork was as interesting, class rivalry as absorbing, as of yore. New worlds of thought, feeling, and ambition, fresh, fascinating fields of unexplored knowledge seemed to be opening out before Anne's eager eyes. Hills peeped o'er hill and Alps on Alps arose. Much of all this was due to Miss Stacy's tactful, careful, broadminded guidance. She led her class to think and explore and discover for themselves and encouraged straying from the old beaten paths to a degree that quite shocked Mrs Lynde and the school trustees, who viewed all innovations on established methods rather dubiously.

Chapter 31 - Where the Brook and River Meet

There were other changes in Anne no less real than the physical change. For one thing, she became much quieter. Perhaps she thought all the more and dreamed as much as ever, but she certainly talked less. Marilla noticed and commented on this also. "You don't chatter half as much as you used to, Anne, nor use half as many big words. What has come over you?" Anne coloured and laughed a little, as she dropped her book and looked dreamily out of the window, where big fat red buds were bursting out on the creeper in response to the lure of the spring sunshine.

"I don't know--I don't want to talk as much," she said, denting her chin thoughtfully with her forefinger. "It's nicer to think dear, pretty thoughts and keep them in one's heart, like treasures. I don't like to have them laughed at or wondered over. And somehow I don't want to use big words any more. It's almost a pity, isn't it, now that I'm really growing big enough to say them if I did want to."

Chapter 32 - The Pass List is Out

The geometry examination and all the others were over in due time and Anne arrived home on Friday evening, rather tired but with an air of chastened triumph about her. Diana was over at Green Gables when she arrived and they met as if they had been parted for years.

"You old darling, it's perfectly splendid to see you back again. It seems like an age since you went to town and oh, Anne, how did you get along?"

"Pretty well, I think, in everything but the geometry. I don't know whether I passed in it or not and I have a creepy, crawly presentiment that I didn't. Oh, how good it is to be back! Green Gables is the dearest, loveliest spot in the world."

Chapter 32 - The Pass List is Out

Anne sprang to her feet, knowing at once what that paper contained. The pass list was out! Her head whirled and her heart beat until it hurt her. She could not move a step. It seemed an hour to her before Diana came rushing along the hall and burst into the room without even knocking, so great was her excitement.

"Anne, you've passed," she cried, "passed the very first--you and Gilbert both--you're ties--but your name is first. Oh, I'm so proud!"

Diana flung the paper on the table and herself on Anne's bed, utterly breathless and incapable of further speech. Anne lighted the lamp, oversetting the match safe and using up half a dozen matches before her shaking hands could accomplish the task. Then she snatched up the paper. Yes, she had passed--there was her name at the very top of a list of two hundred! That moment was worth living for.

Chapter 32 - The Pass List is Out

They hurried to the hayfield below the barn where Matthew was coiling hay, and, as luck would have it, Mrs Lynde was talking to Marilla at the lane fence.

"Oh, Matthew," exclaimed Anne, "I've passed and I'm first--or one of the first! I'm not vain, but I'm thankful."

"Well now, I always said it," said Matthew, gazing at the pass list delightedly. "I knew you could beat them all easy."

"You've done pretty well, I must say, Anne," said Marilla, trying to hide her extreme pride in Anne from Mrs Rachel's critical eye. But that good soul said heartily: "I just guess she has done well, and far be it from me to be backward in saying it. You're a credit to your friends,

Anne, that's what, and we're all proud of you."

Chapter 33 - The Hotel Concert

The velvet carpet with the pink roses and the pink silk curtains of Anne's early visions had certainly never materialized; but her dreams had kept pace with her growth, and it is not probable she lamented them. The floor was covered with a pretty matting, and the curtains that softened the high window and fluttered in the vagrant breezes were of pale-green art muslin. The walls, hung not with gold and silver brocade tapestry, but with a dainty apple-blossom paper, were adorned with a few good pictures given Anne by Mrs Allan. Miss Stacy's photograph occupied the place of honour, and Anne made a sentimental point of keeping fresh flowers on the bracket under it. Tonight a spike of white lilies faintly perfumed the room like the dream of a fragrance. There was no "mahogany furniture," but there was a white-painted bookcase filled with books, a cushioned wicker rocker, a toilet table befrilled with white muslin, a quaint, gilt-framed mirror with chubby pink Cupids and purple grapes painted over its arched top, that used to hang in the spare room, and a low white bed.

Chapter 33 - The Hotel Concert

But suddenly, as her dilated, frightened eyes gazed out over the audience, she saw Gilbert Blythe away at the back of the room, bending forward with a smile on his face--a smile which seemed to Anne at once triumphant and taunting. In reality it was nothing of the kind. Gilbert was merely smiling with appreciation of the whole affair in general and of the effect produced by Anne's slender white form and spiritual face against a background of palms in particular. Josie Pye, whom he had driven over, sat beside him, and her face certainly was both triumphant and taunting. But Anne did not see Josie, and would not have cared if she had. She drew a long breath and flung her head up proudly, courage and determination tingling over her like an electric shock. She would not fail before Gilbert Blythe--he should never be able to laugh at her, never, never! Her fright and nervousness vanished; and she began her recitation, her clear, sweet voice reaching to the farthest corner of the room without a tremor or a break.

Chapter 33 - The Hotel Concert

"We are rich," said Anne staunchly. "Why, we have sixteen years to our credit, and we're happy as queens, and we've all got imaginations, more or less. Look at that sea, girls--all silver and shadow and vision of things not seen. We couldn't enjoy its loveliness any more if we had millions of dollars and ropes of diamonds. You wouldn't change into any of those women if you could. Would you want to be that white-lace girl and wear a sour look all your life, as if you'd been born turning up your nose at the world? Or the pink lady, kind and nice as she is, so stout

and short that you'd really no figure at all? Or even Mrs Evans, with that sad, sad look in her eyes?"

Chapter 34 - A Queen's Girl

"I just couldn't help thinking of the little girl you used to be, Anne. And I was wishing you could have stayed a little girl, even with all your queer ways. You've grown up now and you're going away; and you look so tall and stylish and so--so--different altogether in that dress--as if you didn't belong in Avonlea at all--and I just got lonesome thinking it all over."

"Marilla!" Anne sat down on Marilla's gingham lap, took Marilla's lined face between her hands, and looked gravely and tenderly into Marilla's eyes. "I'm not a bit changed--not really. I'm only just pruned down and branched out. The real *me*--back here--is just the same. It won't make a bit of difference where I go or how much I change outwardly; at heart I shall always be your little Anne, who will love you and Matthew and dear Green Gables more and better every day of her life."

Chapter 34 - A Queen's Girl

Matthew, with a suspicious moisture in his eyes, got up and went out-of-doors. Under the stars of the blue summer night he walked agitatedly across the yard to the gate under the poplars.

"Well now, I guess she ain't been much spoiled," he muttered, proudly. "I guess my putting in my oar occasional never did much harm after all. She's smart and pretty, and loving, too, which is better than all the rest. She's been a blessing to us, and there never was a luckier mistake than what Mrs Spencer made--if it was luck. I don't believe it was any such thing. It was Providence, because the Almighty saw we needed her, I reckon."

Chapter 34 - A Queen's Girl

Anne intended taking up the Second Year work being advised to do so by Miss Stacy; Gilbert Blythe elected to do the same. This meant getting a First Class teacher's license in one year instead of two, if they were successful; but it also meant much more and harder work. Jane, Ruby, Josie, Charlie, and Moody Spurgeon, not being troubled with the stirrings of ambition, were content to take up the Second Class work. Anne was conscious of a pang of loneliness when she found herself in a room with fifty other students, not one of whom she knew, except the tall, brown-haired boy across the room; and knowing him in the fashion she did, did not help her much, as she reflected pessimistically. Yet she was undeniably glad that they were in the same class; the old rivalry could still be carried on, and Anne would hardly have known what to do if it had been lacking.

Chapter 35 - The Winter at Queen's

Certain facts had become generally accepted. It was admitted that the medal contestants had practically narrowed down to three--Gilbert Blythe, Anne Shirley, and Lewis Wilson; the Avery scholarship was more doubtful, any one of a certain six being a possible winner. The bronze medal for mathematics was considered as good as won by a fat, funny little up-country boy with a bumpy forehead and a patched coat.

Ruby Gillis was the handsomest girl of the year at the Academy; in the Second Year classes Stella Maynard carried off the palm for beauty, with small but critical minority in favour of Anne Shirley. Ethel Marr was admitted by all competent judges to have the most stylish modes of hair-dressing, and Jane Andrews--plain, plodding, conscientious Jane--carried off the honours in the domestic science course. Even Josie Pye attained a certain pre-eminence as the sharpest-tongued young lady in attendance at Queen's. So it may be fairly stated that Miss Stacy's old pupil's held their own in the wider arena of the academical course.

Chapter 35 - The Winter at Queen's

"That Anne-girl improves all the time," she said. "I get tired of other girls--there is such a provoking and eternal sameness about them. Anne has as many shades as a rainbow and every shade is the prettiest while it lasts. I don't know that she is as amusing as she was when she was a child, but she makes me love her and I like people who make me love them. It saves me so much trouble in making myself love them."

Chapter 36 - The Glory and the Dream

When they went up the entrance steps of Queen's they found the hall full of boys who were carrying Gilbert Blythe around on their shoulders and yelling at the tops of their voices, "Hurrah for Blythe, Medallist!"

For a moment Anne felt one sickening pang of defeat and disappointment. So she had failed and Gilbert had won! Well, Matthew would be sorry--he had been so sure she would win.

And then! Somebody called out: "Three cheers for Miss Shirley, winner of the Avery!"

"Oh, Anne," gasped Jane, as they fled to the girls' dressing room amid hearty cheers. "Oh, Anne I'm so proud! Isn't it splendid?"

Chapter 36 - The Glory and the Dream

Matthew and Marilla were there, with eyes and ears for only one student on the platform--a tall girl in pale green, with faintly flushed cheeks and starry eyes, who read the best essay and was pointed out and whispered about as the Avery winner.

"Reckon you're glad we kept her, Marilla?" whispered Matthew, speaking for the first time since he had entered the hall, when Anne had finished her essay.

"It's not the first time I've been glad," retorted Marilla. "You do like to rub things in, Matthew Cuthbert."

Miss Barry, who was sitting behind them, leaned forward and poked Marilla in the back with her parasol.

"Aren't you proud of that Anne-girl? I am," she said.

Chapter 36 - The Glory and the Dream

"You've been working too hard today, Matthew," she said reproachfully. "Why won't you take things easier?"

"Well now, I can't seem to," said Matthew, as he opened the yard gate to let the cows through. "It's only that I'm getting old, Anne, and keep forgetting it. Well, well, I've always worked pretty hard and I'd rather drop in harness."

"If I had been the boy you sent for," said Anne wistfully, "I'd be able to help you so much now and spare you in a hundred ways. I could find it in my heart to wish I had been, just for that."

"Well now, I'd rather have you than a dozen boys, Anne," said Matthew patting her hand. "Just mind you that--rather than a dozen boys. Well now, I guess it wasn't a boy that took the Avery scholarship, was it? It was a girl--my girl--my girl that I'm proud of."

Chapter 37 - The Reaper Whose Name is Death

"We've got each other, Anne. I don't know what I'd do if you weren't here--if you'd never come. Oh, Anne, I know I've been kind of strict and harsh with you maybe--but you mustn't think I didn't love you as well as Matthew did, for all that. I want to tell you now when I can. It's never been easy for me to say things out of my heart, but at times like this it's easier. I love you as dear as if you were my own flesh and blood and you've been my joy and comfort ever since you came to Green Gables."

Chapter 37 - The Reaper Whose Name is Death

"It seems like disloyalty to Matthew, somehow, to find pleasure in these things now that he has gone," she said wistfully to Mrs Allan one evening when they were together in the manse garden. "I miss him so much--all the time--and yet, Mrs Allan, the world and life seem very beautiful and interesting to me for all. Today Diana said something funny and I found myself laughing. I thought when it happened I could never laugh again. And it somehow seems as if I oughtn't to."

"When Matthew was here he liked to hear you laugh and he liked to know that you found pleasure in the pleasant things around you," said Mrs Allan gently. "He is just away now; and he likes to know it just the same."

Chapter 37 - The Reaper Whose Name is Death

"What a nice-looking fellow he is," said Marilla absently. "I saw him in church last Sunday and he seemed so tall and manly. He looks a lot like his father did at the same age. John Blythe was a nice boy. We used to be real good friends, he and I. People called him my beau."

Anne looked up with swift interest.

"Oh, Marilla--and what happened?--why didn't you--"

"We had a quarrel. I wouldn't forgive him when he asked me to. I meant to, after awhile--but I was sulky and angry and I wanted to punish him first. He never came back--the Blythes were all mighty independent. But I always felt--rather sorry. I've always kind of wished I'd forgiven him when I had the chance."

Chapter 38 - The Bend in the Road

"Buy it! Buy Green Gables?" Anne wondered if she had heard aright. "Oh, Marilla, you don't mean to sell Green Gables!"

"Anne, I don't know what else is to be done. I've thought it all over. If my eyes were strong I could stay here and make out to look after things and manage, with a good hired man. But as it is I can't. I may lose my sight altogether; and anyway I'll not be fit to run things. Oh, I never thought I'd live to see the day when I'd have to sell my home. But things would only go behind worse and worse all the time, till nobody would want to buy it."

Chapter 38 - The Bend in the Road

"Just what I say. I'm not going to take the scholarship. I decided so the night after you came home from town. You surely don't think I could leave you alone in your trouble, Marilla, after all you've done for me. I've been thinking and planning. Let me tell you my plans. Mr Barry wants to rent the farm for next year. So you won't have any bother over that. And I'm going to teach. I've applied for the school here--but I don't expect to get it for I understand the trustees have promised it to Gilbert Blythe. But I can have the Carmody school--Mr Blair told me so last night at the store."

Chapter 38 - The Bend in the Road

"When I left Queen's my future seemed to stretch out before me like a straight road. I thought I could see along it for many a milestone. Now there is a bend in it. I don't know what lies around the bend, but I'm going to believe that the best does. It has a fascination of its own, that bend, Marilla. I wonder how the road beyond it goes--what there is of green glory and soft, checkered light and shadows--what new landscapes--what new beauties--what curves and hills and valleys further on."

Chapter 38 - The Bend in the Road

It was Gilbert, and the whistle died on his lips as he recognized Anne. He lifted his cap courteously, but he would have passed on in silence, if Anne had not stopped and held out her hand.

"Gilbert," she said, with scarlet cheeks, "I want to thank you for giving up the school for me. It was very good of you--and I want you to know that I appreciate it."

Gilbert took the offered hand eagerly.

"It wasn't particularly good of me at all, Anne. I was pleased to be able to do you some small service. Are we going to be friends after this? Have you really forgiven me my old fault?"

Captains Courageous by Rudyard Kipling

Chapter 1

Once more the door banged, and a slight, slim-built boy perhaps fifteen years old, a half-smoked cigarette hanging from once corner of his mouth, leaned in over the high footway. His pasty yellow complexion did not show well on a person of his years, and his look was a mixture of irresolution, bravado, and a very cheap smartness. He was dressed in a cherry-red blazer, knickerbockers, red stockings and bicycle shoes, with a red flannel cap at the back of his head.

Chapter 2

The shadow of the masts and rigging, with the never-furled riding-sail rolled to and fro on the heaving deck in the moonlight; and the pile of fish by the stern shone like a dump of fluid silver. In the hold there were tramlings and rumblings where Disko Troop and Tom Platt moved among the salt-bins. Dan passed Harvey a pitchfork, and led him to the inboard end of the rough table, where Uncle Salters was drumming impatiently with a knife-haft. A tub of salt lay at his feet.

Chapter 3

Harvey's knuckles were raw and bleeding where they had been banged against the gunwale; his face was purple-blue between excitement and exertion; he dripped with sweat, and was half-blinded from staring at the circling sunlit ripples about the swiftly moving line. The boys were tired long ere the halibut, who took charge of them and the dory for the next twenty minutes. But the big flat fish was gaffed and hauled in at last.

Chapter 4

The little schooner was gamboling all around her anchor among the silver-tipped waves. Backing with a start of affected surprise at the sight of the strained cable, she pounced on it like a kitten, while the spray of her descent burst through the hawse-holes with the report of a gun. Shaking her head she would say: "Well, I'm sorry I can't stay any longer with you. I'm going North." And would sidle off, halting suddenly with a dramatic rattle of her rigging. "As I was just going to observe," she would begin, as gravely as a drunken man addressing a lamp-post. The rest of the sentence (she acted her words in a dumb-show, of course) was lost in a fit of the fidgets, when she behaved like a puppy chewing a string, a clumsy woman in a side-saddle, a hen with her head cut off, or a cow stung by a hornet, exactly as the whims of the sea took her.

Chapter 5

Since he was a boy and very busy, he did not bother his head with too much thinking. He was exceedingly sorry for his mother, an often longed to see her and above all to tell her of this wonderful new life, and how brilliantly he was acquitting himself in it. Otherwise he preferred not to wonder too much how she was bearing the shock of his supposed death. But, one day, as he stood on the foc'sle ladder, guying the cook, who had accused him and Dan of hooking fried pies, it occurred to him that this was a vast improvement on being snubbed by strangers in the smoking-room of a hired liner.

Chapter 6

The thing that struck him most was the exceedingly casual way in which some craft loafed about the broad Atlantic. Fishing-boats, as Dan said, were naturally dependent on the courtesy and wisdom of their neighbors; but one expected better things of steamers. That was after another interesting interview, when they had been chased for three miles by a big lumbering old cattleboat; all boarded over on the upper deck, that smelt like a thousand cattle-pens. A very excited officer yelled at them through a speaking-trumpet, and she lay and lolloped helplessly on the water while Disko ran the We're Here under her lee and gave the skipper a piece of his mind. "Where might ye be – eh? Ye don't deserve to be anywheres. You barn-yard tramps go hoggin' the road on the high seas with no blame consideration fer your neighbors, an' your eyes in your coffee-cups instid o' in your silly heads."

Chapter 7

It was a forlorn little jingle; the thick air seemed to pinch it off; and in the pauses Harvey heard the muffled shriek of a liner's siren, and he knew enough of the Banks to know what that meant. It came to him, with horrible distinctness, how a boy in a cherry-colored jersey – he despised fancy blazers now with all a fisherman's contempt – how an ignorant, rowdy boy had once said it would be "great" if a steamer ran down a fishing-boat. That boy had a stateroom with a hot and cold bath, and spent ten minutes each morning picking over a gilt-edged bill of fare. And that same boy – no, his very much older brother – was up at four of the dim dawn in streaming, crackling oilskins, hammering, literally for the dear life, on a bell smaller than the steward's breakfast-bell, while somewhere close at hand a thirty-foot steel stem was storming along at twenty miles an hour! The bitterest thought of all was that there were folks asleep in dry, upholstered cabins who would never learn that they had massacred a boat before breakfast. So Harvey rang the bell.

Chapter 8

"That's good, but a night-shirt's better. I've been dreamin' o' night-shirts ever since we bent our mainsail. Ye can wiggle your toes then. Ma'll hev a new one fer me, all washed soft. It's

home Harve. It's home! Ye can sense it in the air. We're runnin' into the aidge of a hot wave naow, an' I can smell the bayberries. Wonder if we'll get in fer supper? Port a trifle."

Chapter 9

After violent emotion most people and all boys demand food. They feasted the returned prodigal behind drawn curtains, cut off in their great happiness, while the trains roared in and out around them. Harvey, ate, drank, and enlarged on his adventures all in one breath, and when he had a hand free his mother fondled it. His voice was thickened with living in the open, salt air; his palms were rough and hard, his wrists dotted with the marks of gurry-sores; and a fine full flavor of codfish hung round rubber boots and blue jersey.

Chapter 10

And so the old crowd – Harvey felt like the most ancient of mariners – dropped into the old schooner among the battered dories, while Harvey slipped the stern-fast from the pierhead, and they slid her along the wharf-side with their hands. Every one wanted to say so much that no one said anything in particular. Harvey bade Dan take care of Uncle Salters' sea-boots and Penn's dory-anchor, and Long Jack entreated Harvey to remember his lessons in seamanship; but the jokes fell flat in the presence of the two women, and it is hard to be funny with green harbor-water widening between good friends.

***Carry a Big Stick: Uncommon Heroism of Teddy Roosevelt by George Grant**

Copywork for Carry a Big Stick

Chapter 1

"Speak softly and carry a big stick; you will go far. It sounds rather as if that were but a homely old adage, yet as is often the case with matters of tradition, this truism is actually true."

Chapter 2

"I was a sickly, delicate boy, suffered much from asthma, and frequently had to be taken away on trips to find a place where I could breathe."

Chapter 3

“While still a young boy I began to take an interest in natural history. I remember distinctly the first day that I started on my career as a zoologist.”

Chapter 4

“I thoroughly enjoyed Harvard and I am sure it did me good, but only in the general effect, for there was very little in my actual studies which helped me in after life.”

Chapter 6

“What is politics for if not to right wrongs and to stand for truth?”

Chapter 7

“Life brings sorrows and joys alike. It is what a man does with them—not what they do to him—that is the true test of his mettle.”

Chapter 9

“Happy homes are the responsibility of husbands and fathers—but inevitably it is wives and mothers who make it so.”

Chapter 10

“The worst enemies of the republic are the demagogue and the corruptionist.”

Chapter 11

“There is nothing more for me to do here in Washington. I’ve got to go into the fight myself.”

Chapter 12

“We worked very hard; but I made a point of getting a couple of hours off each day for equally vigorous play.”

Chapter 13

“No man ever enjoyed being president more than I did.”

Chapter 16

“Better faithful than famous.”

Chapter 17

“Weasel words from mollicoddles will never do when the day demands prophetic clarity from greathearts,”

Chapter 19

“My father was the best man I ever knew. He combined strength and courage with gentleness, tenderness, and greatness, and great unselfishness.”

Chapter 23

“I am in the mood for a good story. Of course, I am always in the mood for a good story.”

Chapter 24

“I have a horror of words that are not translated in to deeds, of speech that does not result in action.”

Chapter 25

“Right is right and wrong is wrong. Woe be to the man who shies away from the battle for justice and righteousness simply because the minions of injustice and unrighteousness are arrayed against him.”

Chapter 26

“It is difficult to make our material condition better by the best of laws, but it is easy enough to ruin it by bad laws.”

Chapter 27

“The White House is a bully pulpit.”

Chapter 27

“The man who knows the truth and has the opportunity to tell it, but who nonetheless refuses to, is among the most shameful of all creatures. God forbid that we should ever become so lax as that.”

Chapter 28

“The nameless pioneers and settlers, the obscure mothers and fathers, the quiet craftsmen and tradesmen: it is only among these that the real story of America is told; it is only among them that the brilliance of liberty may be comprehended.”

Chapter 29

“I am just an ordinary man, without any special ability in any direction.”

Chapter 29

“Do what you can, with what you’ve got, where you are.”

Chapter 30

“The things that will destroy America are prosperity-at-any-price, peace-at-any-price, safety-first instead of duty-first, the love of soft living, and the get-rich-quick theory of life.”

Chapter 34

“My success so far has only been won by absolute indifference to my future career.”

Chapter 34

“I do not believe that any man should attempt to make politics his only career. It is a dreadful misfortune for a man to grow to feel that his whole livelihood and whole happiness depend upon his staying in office. Such a feeling prevents him from being a real service to the people while in office and always puts him under the heaviest strain of pressure to barter his convictions for the sake of holding office.”

Chapter 35

“There is no disgrace in a failure, only a failure to try.”

Chapter 37

“The most dangerous form of sentimental debauch is to give expression to good wishes on behalf of virtue while you do nothing about it. Justice is not merely words. It is to be translated into living acts.”

Chapter 39

“Better faithful than famous.”

Chapter 40

“ From reading of the people I admire—ranging from the soldiers of Valley Forge and Morgan’s riflemen to my Southern forefathers and kinfolk—I felt a great admiration for men who were fearless and who could hold their own in the world. And I had a great desire to be like them.”

Chapter 41

“Profanity is the parlance of the fool. Why curse when there is such a magnificent language with which to discourse?”

Chapter 41

“A big man should never lower himself to small language.”

Chapter 41

“Before a man can discipline other men, he must discipline himself. Before he may be allowed the command of commission, he must evidence command of character. Look then to the work of his hands. Hear the words of his mouth. By his fruit you shall know him.”

Chapter 42

“No abounding of material prosperity shall avail us if our spiritual senses atrophy. The foes of our own household will surely prevail against us unless there be in our people an inner life which finds its outer expression in a morality like unto that preached by the seers and prophets of God when the grandeur that was Greece and the glory the was Rome still lay in the future.”

Chapter 43

“A thorough knowledge of the Bible is worth more than a college education.”

Chapter 44

“A churchless society is most assuredly a society on the downgrade.”

Chapter 46

“At Sagamore Hill we love a great many things—birds and trees and books and all things beautiful, children and gardens and hard work and the joy of life.”

Chapter 47

“I always believe in going hard at everything. My experience is that it pays never to let up or grow slack and fall behind.”

Chapter 47

“America has not attained to greatness because of what we are or what we have. We have become the exemplars of all the world because of what we have done with what we are and what we have.”

Chapter 49

“A righteous people simply cannot exist apart from the aspiration to liberty and justice. The Christian religion and its incumbent morality is tied to the cause of freedom with a Gordian knot; loose one from the other and both are sent asunder.”

Chapter 50

“The greatest men are those who would willingly serve in the shadows. The least and the last are the first and the foremost.”

Chapter 50

“A life of authentic concern for the less privileged is the badge of authority in a culture. Acts of mercy are the only credentials for true greatness.”

Chapter 51

“If fear of the Almighty is the beginning of wisdom, then surely the fear of the Almighty is the starting place for any fruitful endeavor.”

Chapter 51

“It is a humbling matter to consider the wide gulf, the gaping chasm that exists in this poor sin-besotted world between creature and Creator.”

Chapter 51

“It is the first duty of all nations to acknowledge the providence of Almighty God, to obey His will, to be grateful for His benefits, and to humbly implore His protection and favor in holy fear.”

Chapter 43

“A thorough knowledge of the Bible is worth more than a college education.”

A Bull Moose

When he reached the rally, the emcee announced that an attempt had been made on Roosevelt's life. But as he appeared on the platform, the familiar figure smiled and waved weakly to the awestruck crowd. “It is true,” he whispered in a hoarse voice, “I have just been shot. But it takes more than that to kill a Bull Moose.”

The Harvard Dandy

In 1876 he passed the rigorous entrance exams and enrolled in the prestigious school. His father sent him off with the sage council, "Take care of your morals first, your health next, and finally your studies." He did just that.

A Reformer's Zeal

The press lauded his combination of brash conservatism and reformist zeal as "the most refreshing new development in New York politics in decades" and "the voice of a new era in American statesmanship." And thus, a star was born.

A Political Quest

He quickly modernized the entire system of operations- introducing such innovations as forensics, fingerprinting, rap sheets, and investigative departments – thus pioneering standard police procedures that have remained in use to this day.

Rough Rider

But nothing could keep him away from the action. "If I am to be any use in politics," he said, "it is because I am supposed to be a man who does not preach what he fears to practice. For the last year I have preached war with Spain. I should feel distinctly ashamed if I now failed to practice what I have preached."

Years of Exile

Later he would assert, "Only those are fit to live who do not fear to die; and none are fit to die who have shrunk from the joy of life and the duty of life."

His Family

He was a hopeless romantic who wrote affectionate letters to Edith on an almost daily basis. He regularly sent her flowers, adorned her with jewelry, and made certain that they had time alone together – regardless of his hectic schedule. She was his best friend, his confidante, his lover.

The Strenuous Life

People simply could not believe how diverse were his interests and his accomplishments. Henry Cabot Lodge called him “a living tornado.” Henry Adams said he “crams more into a day than most men can hope to in a month.” And John Hay quipped, “I get tired just thinking about his schedule.”

An Appetite for Learning

I am old-fashioned, or sentimental, or something about books. Whenever I read one I want, in the first place, to enjoy myself, and, in the next place, to feel that I am a little better and not a little worse for having read it.

The Bully Pulpit

The man who knows the truth and has the opportunity to tell it, but who nonetheless refuses to, is among the most shameful of all creatures. God forbid that we should ever become so lax as that.

Humility

There can be little doubt that Roosevelt would have preferred to be known in history as an average man rather than a genius. He would have much rather been known as a man who developed his ordinary abilities to a more than ordinary degree. His motto was simply, “Do what you can, with what you’ve got, where you are.”

Failure

Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much because they live in the gray twilight that knows neither victory nor defeat.

A Pro-Life Stalwart

There are those who believe that a new modernity demands a new morality. What they fail to consider is the harsh reality that there is no such thing as a new morality. All else is immorality. There is only true Christian ethics over against which stands the whole of paganism.

Prejudice

Above all we must stand shoulder to shoulder, not asking as to the ancestry or creed of our comrades, but only demanding that they be in very truth Americans, and that we all work together, heart, hand, and head, for the honor and the greatness of our common country.

The Bible

Thus, he made Bible reading and Bible study a vital part of his daily life – and he encouraged others to likewise partake of its great wisdom. “A thorough knowledge of the Bible,” he argued, “is worth more than a college education.”

Sagamore Hill

Often, Roosevelt would spend hours sitting on the front porch simply rocking. Of course, for him, simply rocking took on a whole new definition: he rocked his chair so vigorously that it would often traverse the entire length of the porch. Edith often scolded him for his hyperactivity. He just replied, “You relax your way, I’ll relax mine.”

The Micah Mandate

Do justice; and therefore fight valiantly against those that stand for the reign of Moloch and Beelzebub on this earth. Love mercy; treat your enemies well; succor the afflicted; treat every woman as if she were your sister; care for the little children; and be tender with the old and helpless. Walk humbly; you will do so if you study the life and teachings of the Savior, walking in his steps.

Mercy

This is one of the most basic principles of the leadership: the ability to lead a society is earned not inherited. And it is earned through faithful, compassionate, and merciful service.

Unfortunately, this principle has not been widely understood by most modern men and women – even by those of us who have been thrust into roles of grave responsibility.

Carry On, Mr. Bowditch by Jean Lee Latham

Chapter 1

He stared out the window and watched the April breeze chase clouds across the stars. His eyelids sagged. That wouldn't do! He must stay awake to work his spell. His family needed good luck.

Chapter 2

He must tell no man! But he could tell Lizza. Lizza always kept a secret. He'd have to have someone to talk to. If he didn't, he'd burst! Just think! Nat Bowditch – with a share in a privateer! His chest felt too big for his ribs.

Chapter 3

Nat shivered. No expectation now. No new ship for Father, no presents. No money to go to Harvard. Nothing.

Chapter 4

"I made up a sort of saying for myself, Nat. I will lift up my eyes unto the stars. Sometimes, if you look at the stars long enough, it helps. It shrinks your day-by-day troubles down to size."

Chapter 5

He whistled while he found his slate and pencil. He whistled until he was out of the house and up the street. Then the whistle died.

Chapter 6

Sam said, “Bah! Only a weakling gives up when he’s becalmed! A Strong man sails by the ash breeze!”

Chapter 7

He felt a tingle go up his backbone. Just to think! A man could sit right here and figure out when the moon would rise every night next month – or next year – or ten years from now!

Chapter 8

Nat repeated the opening verse of the Book of John: In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. Dr. Bentley showed him the same passage in Latin: In principio erat Sermo ille, et Sermo ille erat apud Deum, eratque ille Sermo Deus.

Chapter 9

Elizabeth rolled her eyes gravely from one to the other. “It’s his brain, don’t you think? I mean – it’s awfully restless. He probably reads Latin to keep it quiet. The way the girls stitch samplers, you know.”

Chapter 10

Sometimes in the two years that followed, Nat thought of Minna’s words. What would he do when he was free? Where would he find a place in the world?

Chapter 11

“I never thought of it that way,” Nat admitted, “but I guess that’s the way it has to be; ‘we can’t have freedom unless we have freedom.’ And that means freedom to speak our minds.”

Chapter 12

“Daggone,” Herbie said, “it kind of picks a fellow up to think about the stars. Kind of makes you forget about soaking the salt beef till it’s fitten to eat, and about smelling the bilge water.”

He shook his head and grinned. "Just think of me learning things! Me!"

Chapter 13

Soon they were checking lunars the new way. When they had taken several sights, they went below. Nat checked the stars in the almanac and made his computations. His method worked!

Chapter 14

Before they got back, the *Astrea* would have sailed halfway around the world. Lisbon might seem far from Salem now, but it was next door to home, compared to far-off Manila.

Chapter 15

It was enough to frighten anyone, Nat admitted to himself. Where the bow of the *Astrea* cut the water, waves of white fire curled back.

Chapter 16

From then on, Nat could feel the tension in the air. He knew the lookouts strained their eyes as never before, sweeping the horizon for an enemy sail.

Chapter 17

Prince smiled. "You're a proper mariner's wife, Elizabeth. You know an anchor won't hold if the cable's too short. A man always needs another shot in the locker."

Chapter 18

For a long time he stood there, staring at the sky. The moon rose and made a flittering path on the water. Nat found himself staring down into the water.

Chapter 19

I suppose I should say I'm sorry to miss telling you good-by, but I'm not. I don't think much of good-bys, do you? Have a good journey!

Chapter 20

From across the deck, Lupe lifted his hand in a salute to Nat. His grin flashed white in his swarthy face.

Chapter 21

Polly and Nat were at the wharf when the John sailed. Nat thought back over the years – the shilling he'd invested in Tom Perry's expectations – the hundred and thirty-five dollars he had risked in his first venture on the Henry. He'd come along a bit since then – with one-third interest in a sealer.

Chapter 22

In a happy daze he listened while Mr. Morris talked. In a happy daze he smiled and answered the boy's questions. Nathaniel Bowditch – Harvard man!

Chapter 23

Clouds darkened the sky again. For three days the rain poured in the waterfall torrents of tropical storms.

Chapter 24

Somewhere out of the past a voice whispered, "A long time to sail by ash breeze." "Was it awfully hard?" Polly asked. "Not too bad," Nat told her. "Rough weather sometimes. But I'll say this for it – I was never becalmed!"

***Christian Liberty Nature Reader 5 by Michael J. McHugh**

Chapter 1

The body is the house or habitation of the soul. It is a well-built and a well-finished house. The bones are its timbers. The hair is its thatched roof. The eyes are its windows. It is a house that can be easily moved about, just as the soul wishes. There is a great deal of machinery in it. Our body has little cords, called nerves, running to all parts of this machinery, like telegraphic wires. There are also other kinds of machinery, as the breathing machinery, the machinery for taking care of the food, and the machinery for circulating the blood. Here it sends out messages everywhere by the little cords, and receives messages by them. Here it thinks and acts, and some of the time sleeps. This part of the house is very curiously and beautifully fitted up.

Chapter 1

Everything in a plant or tree is made from sap. This is, then, the building material, as we may say, of the plant. In much the same way, everything in your body is made from blood. The blood, then, is to your body what sap is to a plant. It is the common building material of the body.

Chapter 1

The stomach of an animal or human doesn't absorb all the food either; it absorbs only that part of the food that can be used – the part that will make good blood. There is no sap in the ground, but there is material that can be made into sap. So there is no blood in your food, but food has material that can be made into blood.

Chapter 1

You can also see from what you have learned in this chapter the meaning of the Bible verse, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." (Genesis 3:19) We are dust, or earth, for we are made from it and are nourished by what comes from it. When we die our physical bodies will become a part of the earth again, while our souls will live on eternally.

Chapter 2

You have seen how many different things are made from the blood. This is very wonderful. But it is quite as wonderful that the blood can be made from so many different kinds of food as

you sometimes take into your stomach. Just think of all the various things that you sometimes eat at dinner – meat, potato, turnip, squash, applesauce, cranberry, celery, pie, raisins, etc. It seems strange that red blood can be made from such a mixture as this. But so it is. There is something in all these different things that helps to make the blood.

Chapter 2

Now observe what is done to the food before it goes into the stomach. There is a mill in your mouth for grinding it up, and a very good mill it is. There are many teeth there for the purpose of grinding up your food very finely. You can see what the use of this is. The finer the food is, the more easily the digesting fluid in the stomach will change it.

Chapter 2

Inside your mouth there are different kinds of teeth. They are for different purposes. The front teeth are for cutting the food; the large back teeth are for grinding it up finely; the pointed teeth, called the canine teeth, are for tearing the food.

Chapter 3

See, now, how many changes the food in the ground goes through in this case before it becomes a part of your body. First it becomes sap; then it becomes a part of the grass; then in the stomach of the ox it is sucked up, and is changed into blood; then it becomes a part of the ox; then it is sucked up in your stomach, and is changed into blood; and now it is ready to be used in your body to make nerve, or bone, or eye, or tooth, or any part of the house of your soul.

Chapter 3

The heart pumps blood out at every beat into the large artery. From this great main pipe other arteries branch out everywhere, and from these branches other branches go out; dividing in this way, like the branches of a tree, the arteries at last are very small and narrow.

Chapter 3

You remember that the blood coming back to the heart through the veins is dark. It has been

used, while it was in the capillaries, for building and repairing the bones, skin, muscles and nerves. It is not fit to be used again as long as it is dark. What shall be done with it? It must be made in some way into good red blood again. This is done in the lungs.

Chapter 3

These nerves act like the electrical wires of a building. The head is the brain's "office," as we may call it, and here the brain sends out messages by the nerves as electricity is sent from a power station by its wires. When you move your arm, a message goes from the brain along the nerves to the muscles, and makes them act, but how that message works we do not know.

Chapter 4

Something like this grinding we do sometimes for the food of plants. You know that in the spring the gardener digs up his garden, and the farmer ploughs his fields. What is this for? It is to loosen up the ground; that is, it is to break up the food of the plants, so that they can use it well. If this was not done, the hard earth would be to the plants just as your food would be to your stomach if you swallow it without chewing it well. So your teeth do to your food what the spade and the plough do to the food of plants.

Chapter 4

Around the pupil is a curtain, which we call the iris. It is circular. Its outer edge is fastened all around to the inside of the eyeball. The same watery fluid in the lens is also on both sides of this curtain. It would not do to have the jelly here, for the curtain would not move easily while changing the size of its opening.

Chapter 4

The parts around the eye are often injured, but the eye itself usually escapes injury. We often see the eyelids and the cheek black and blue from a blow, and yet the tender and delicate eye is as sound as ever. People say, in such cases, that the eye is black and blue, but this is not so; the injury is all on the outside, and does not go into the eye.

Chapter 4

The vibration can go through other things besides air. It will go through something solid better than it will go through air. Put your ear at the end of a long log, and let someone scratch with a pin on the other end. You can hear it very clearly. The vibration made by the pin travels through the whole length of the log to your ear. But if you take away your ear from the log you cannot hear it, for the vibration cannot come to you so far through the air.

Chapter 4

But how do you think the brain knows anything about these particles when they come into the nose? It is in this way. In the lining of the nose are fine ends of the nerve for smell. The ends of the branches of this nerve are so small that you cannot see them. The fine scent particles touch these ends of the nerve, and the nerve tells the brain about them.

Chapter 5

The cow grinds the grass and hay twice. So do the sheep, the deer, the camel, the giraffe, and many other animals. See the cow cropping grass in the pasture; she grinds it partly in her mouth as she crops it, and then stows it away in a very large stomach that she has for the purpose; after a while she stops eating, and you see her standing or lying in the cool shade chewing her cud, as we say. That large stomach is very full of grass now, and this is all to be chewed over again.

Chapter 5

The bones of an adult are more brittle than those of a child. If the child's bones were brittle they would be very often broken because he so often tumbles down. If adults were as careless as children are, there would be broken limbs to be taken care of in almost every house.

Chapter 5

There are some very small muscles in the hand, such as those that spread the fingers out and those that bring them together again. If you work your fingers in this way, you will see that these muscles, which do such light work, need not be very large. The muscles that do the hard work of the hand are up in the arm.

Chapter 5

The hand is a wonderful instrument. Let us look at some of the things that the hand can do. See the construction worker wielding the heavy hammer. How strongly his hand grasps the handle! The fingers and thumb are bent by the large muscles in the arm.

Chapter 6

As the heart cannot think, it does not faint with discouragement, but goes right on with its work, doing in each moment the duty of that moment; and it would be well if people who can think, whether children or adults, would take a lesson from this busy worker in their bosoms. If one goes right on performing cheerfully every duty as it comes along, he will do a great deal in a lifetime, and he will do it easily and pleasantly if he does not keep looking ahead and thinking how much he has to do.

Chapter 6

Though animals do not have hands, they have different parts that they use to do some of the same things that we do with our hands. A dog might drag a rope along, which it holds in its mouth. It is making its teeth work in place of hands.

Chapter 6

Man is the only being that makes tools to use. God has given him a mind that can design tools, and He has also given him hands by which he can use them. But He has given no such mind to the animals.

Chapter 6

The tongue of a cat is a unique instrument. It is rough like a hairbrush. When it cleans itself so carefully, it licks off the dirt and smoothes its coat just as the horse owner cleans and smoothes the horse's coat with a comb. It cannot reach its head with its tongue, so it has to use its forepaws instead.

Chapter 6

The fighting tools of some birds are very powerful. Here are a claw and beak of a very cruel

bird. How securely this claw could hold the victim, and how strongly this beak could tear it in pieces! They are very different from the slender claws and the light beak of such birds as the canary.

Chapter 6

Different birds have wings of different sizes. Those that fly very far and swiftly have the largest wings. The wings of the hen are not large enough to carry it far up into the air. The most that it can do is to fly over a very high fence. If its wings are partly clipped, or cropped, it cannot even do that. There are some birds that do not use their wings for flying. The ostrich, shown here, is a great runner. It cannot fly, but its wings help it run.

Chapter 6

Birds that live primarily in the water have an oil to coat their feathers. This keeps them from being soaked. For this reason a duck, when it comes out of the water, is almost as dry as before it went in. But if a hen should go into the water in the same way, it would be soaked to the skin. It was not made to go into the water and has neither the oily feathers nor the webbed feet that are given to the duck.

Chapter 6

In the peacock there is a great display of colors. The animal struts about, and lifting its tail into the air, spreads it like a fan. It seems very foolishly proud of its beauty. Vain people generally have something disagreeable about them, and so it is with the peacock. Its voice is so harsh and screeching that no one would want it in their neighborhood.

Chapter 6

When you are tired and need sleep, the weariness is not merely in your muscles. If it were, then simply keeping still, without sleeping, would be enough to repair. But the brain and nerves need repairing as well as the muscles. As long as you are seeing, hearing, and feeling, the nerves are kept too busy to be repaired, and as long as your mind keeps thinking, the brain cannot be thoroughly repaired. So, then, merely keeping still will repair only the muscles, and sleep is needed to repair the brain and the nerves.

Chapter 7

Many animals have a musical box in the throat similar to ours. The lowing of the cow, the barking of the dog, and the mewling and squalling of the cat are all done in such a box. You perhaps have wondered how the cat purrs. This noise is made in the same box where she does her mewling and squalling; for if you put your finger on her Adam's apple while she is so quietly purring, you can feel a quivering motion there.

Chapter 7

We know from the Creator's own Word that He created man different from animals. Unlike animals, man was created in the image of God, that is, in the likeness of the Creator Himself. Therefore there is a fundamental difference between man and animals. Man is unique. God formed man from the dust of the earth with His own hand and breathed life into him, thus giving him soul and mind as well as body. In other words, unlike animals, man is created in two basic parts: the physical and the spiritual. Like animals, man's physical body was made from the elements that God had placed in earth, but he did not become a living being, or soul, until God breathed into him the breath of life.

Chapter 7

Man is called the crown of God's creation. This is because man was intended by God to be the king of His creation. We are commanded to take dominion over – to rule – God's creation, which He has entrusted to us. We are to be managers of God's earth.

Chapter 7

The great Creator, Jesus Christ, requires each one of us to be good stewards of the things He has given to us. Perhaps our most important physical possession is our body. We should take good care of our earthly temples, for God will hold us responsible for how well we take care of His gifts.

Chapter 8

A great business the mind has to do in attending to all these nerves in the brain; and how strange it is that it does not get confused, when so many messages are coming to it over its wires from every quarter! It always knows where a message comes from. It never mistakes a message from a finger for one from a toe, not even a message from one finger for one from

another.

Chapter 9

The moment that her mother's lips touched her she knew who it was, for that kiss was just like the many kisses her loving mother used to give her. She remembered how those lips used to feel, and they had the same feeling now; and now she clung to her mother, and put her head into her bosom. They were both very happy. When her mother left her Laura felt sad indeed. She wanted to go with her, but she knew that it was best for her to stay in the asylum, where she could learn so much.

Chapter 10

The light that goes in through the pupil makes an image or picture there of everything that is before the eye. It makes the image on a very thin sheet spread out on the back part of the dark chamber where the jelly is; it is just as light makes images of things in a mirror, or in the smooth, still water; the only difference is, that the image or picture in the eye is very small. When you see a tree pictured in the still water, the picture is as large as the tree itself; but the picture that the light makes of the tree in that dark chamber of your eye is very small. The picture in your eye of a whole landscape, with all its trees, houses, hills, etc., does not cover over a space larger than a dime.

Chapter 11

Of what use do you think the hairs on the eyebrows are? They are for good looks, you will say. But they are for something more than this; they are a defence to the eye. How this is I will explain to you. You know what the eaves of a house are for when there is no trough to the roof; they keep the rain from running down from the roof on the sides of the house. They make it drop off to the ground a little way from the house. Just so the hairy eyebrows make the sweat of the forehead drop off upon the cheek, instead of running down into the eye. The eyebrows, then, are the eaves of the roof of the eye's house.

Chapter 12

The vibration of the air goes into the ear to a membrane fastened to a rim of bone called the drum, and shakes it, and this shakes a chain of little bones that are on the other side of this drum-head. The last of these bones is fastened to another little drum, and, of course, this is shaken. This drum covers an opening to some winding passages of bone. These passages

are filled with a watery fluid. Now the shaking of the second little drum makes this fluid shake. The nerve of hearing feels this shaking of the fluid, and tells the mind in the brain.

Chapter 13

Some persons have a sharp smell for some things. I have heard of a blind gentleman who could always tell when there was a cat anywhere near him by his sense of smell. Once he was very sure that there was one near by, though no one could see her; he insisted upon it that he was right, and after a while pussy was found in a closet of the room.

Chapter 14

The backbone, as we call it, is not one bone; it is a chain or pile of twenty-four bones placed one above another. You can see a part of this pile or column, as it is sometimes called, in the figure of the bones of the chest. If it were all one bone, you could not twist your body about as you do. And in making a bow, you could not bend your back. You could only bend your head forward on the top of the backbone, and bend your body forward on your lower limbs. A very awkward bow that would be.

Chapter 15

The bones of different animals are made differently, according to the work that they do. Those that do heavy work have heavy, stout skeletons; but those that have only light work to do have their bones slender. A bird has a light skeleton, for it could not fly so well with a heavy one.

Chapter 16

The muscles are of many shapes – round, flat, long, short, etc. They are shaped to suit the work which they are to do.

They vary much in size also. Some are very large, and some are exceedingly small. How large are the muscles of the arm that wield the hammer and the axe! But how small are the muscles that work the musical cords on your throat when you speak or sing! These little muscles make all the different notes of the voice by pulling on these cords, and in doing this many of their motions are exceedingly slight.

Chapter 17

You have often heard the expressions, "He had a down look," and "His countenance fell." These refer to the effect produced by sadness on the corners of the mouth. This explains also the meaning of the common expression, "Down in the mouth."

How wonderful is the variety of expression in the human face! And yet all is caused by a few muscles, and the principal ones are those that draw up and draw down the corners of the mouth, and those that wrinkle the eyebrows.

Chapter 18

The more an animal thinks, the larger is the brain as compared with the rest of the body. Man thinks more than any animal, and so he has a large brain. But the oyster has hardly anything that can be called a brain, for in his still life, shut up as he is in his shell, he thinks but little. But such animals as horses, dogs, cats, birds, monkeys, etc., have quite large brains, for they think a great deal. Their brains, however, are not, by any means, as large as the brain of man is in proportion to the size of the body.

Chapter 19

The variety in the contrivances in animals is so great, that when one undertakes to study them, he continually finds something new. And one thing is always true of the machinery in animals – it is perfect. It is always exactly fitted to do just what it is made for. No machinery that man ever made is equal to it.

Chapter 20

But the hand is not merely a machine that performs a great many motions; it is also an instrument with which the mind feels things. And what a delicate instrument it is for this purpose! How small are the things that you sometimes feel with the point of the finger! As you pass it over a smooth surface, the slightest roughness is felt. A great deal of knowledge, as I told you in Chapter 13, gets into your mind through the tips of your fingers. Messages are going from them continually by the nerves to the mind in the brain.

Chapter 21

The hummingbirds are now known to be insect eaters to a great extent; and though they

appear to suck honey or nectar from the flowers they visit, are really searching for insects. The hummingbird moth, a kind of night butterfly, looks so much like a real bird some people mistake one for the other. There are some hummingbirds that are but a trifle larger than a bumblebee; and the hummingbird moth is twice that size. The resemblance between the latter insect and some of our more common hummingbirds, in size, form, flight, flitting, and humming, is very great. The way each approaches a flower and hovers over it is much the same.

Chapter 22

Beavers are very singular animals. They do not live alone, but many of them live together. They live in a sort of cabin, which they build with branches of trees and mud, the mud answering for mortar. In gathering the branches they often gnaw them off with their sharp and powerful teeth. They are great diggers. They dig up the earth with their paws to use in building their cabin.

Chapter 23

The spinning machinery of the spider is much finer than that of the silkworm. The thread which he spins is made up of a multitude of threads, each one of these coming out from an exceedingly small hole in the spider's body. You know that there is a large number of fibres or threads in a rope. So it is with the spider's rope, for his thread that you see, small as it is, is a rope to him. It is a rope that he walks on like a rope-dancer; and you may sometimes see him swinging upon it. Sometimes, too, he lets himself down from some height, spinning the rope that holds him as he goes down. When he does this his spinning machine must work very briskly.

Chapter 24

There are some animals that have very singular instruments of defence. The porcupine is one. It is covered with two kinds of quills. Those of one kind are long, slender, and curved. The others are short, straight, very stout, and have a sharp point. Whenever the porcupine is chased by any animals, and finds that he cannot escape by running, he stops and bristles up all his quills. He then backs up, so that the short, sharp quills may stick into the animal that pursues him. It has been said that he shoots his quills at anyone that attacks him, but this is not so. The error came from the fact that, if any of the quills happen to be a little loose, they fall out or stick into the flesh of his adversary.

Chapter 25

How beautiful are the motions of many of the birds as they fly in the air! How easily and gracefully their wings work! See that bird as it goes up and up; and now see it as it makes a turn, and comes down so swiftly on its outstretched wings, taking a beautiful sweep off at a distance; and then up it goes again to come down, in the same way that boys do when they travel up a long hill to slide down so swiftly on their sleds. The swallow, as he has this fine sport, is, at the same time, getting his living. As he skims along close to the ground or the water, quick as thought he catches any unlucky fly that happens to be in his way.

Chapter 26

The hermit crabs are subjects for our wonder; for we do not see why they should not be provided with hard shells for protection, which would seem to be better than depending upon the death of other kinds of creatures whose shells they may use for covering. But we know from experience, as well as from our faith in the good Father, that some wise purpose is served in such, to us, singular freaks. The hermits actually become better protected when they choose the hard, cast-off shells of shell-fish. They can draw within, and then all tender parts are out of harm's way, the stout claws being left out for defence. The hermits are like armed men of old, who carried their armor on their bodies, and had heavy weapons to fight with. The soft body of a hermit crab winds quite naturally up the coil of a cast-off shell, and it seems as if the shell belonged to him by nature.

Chapter 27

The beauty of these coverings is of no use to the animals that live in them. They have no eyes to see it. For what, then, is it intended? It is for our gratification. The Creator strews beautiful things even on the bottom of the ocean for us. If the coverings, or houses, as we may call them, of all the animals that live there were as homely as that of the oyster, they would be as useful and comfortable for them as they are now, decked with their elegant colors. So far as they are concerned, the beauty is thrown away. But men gather the shells, and, while they admire them, they see in the beauty which the Creator lavishes even in the depths of the sea the evidence of his abounding goodness.

Chapter 28

Each animal is fitted to do just those things that it needs to do. For example, the monkey needs to climb to get his living, and the Creator has therefore made him so that he can climb very easily. For this purpose, instead of having two hands and feet, as we have, he has four

things shaped somewhat like hands, with which he can grasp the limbs of trees. I might give you other examples, but you can find many in the chapters on what animals use for hands, the tools of animals, and their instruments of defence and attack.

Chapter 29

Perhaps the most interesting work by such humble creatures ever seen is the nest of the trap-door spiders. These nests are entirely underground, and open on the surface, always on a slight incline. It is impossible to distinguish the nest until the door is opened. Then it is seen that the opening is fitted with a stopper so tightly closed there is no line to show where it fits. The nest is about eight inches deep, and is a straight tube an inch and a half in diameter inside. This tube is lined completely with beautiful satin-silk. The stopper or trap-door is made of mud, and lined with silk, which is connected with the silk of the interior by a narrow bar, which forms a hinge. It all looks like the hand of man.

Chapter 30

This lack of thinking sometimes leads to some strange mistakes. If you put a duck's egg in a hen's nest she will sit on them as if they were her own eggs, and after the ducks are hatched she will take care of them, not seeming to know that they are not chickens. One would suppose that she would know, because they look so different from chickens, and have bills so unlike theirs. But she does not seem to think of this. And it is amusing to see her after the ducks get large enough to go into the water. Off they run, and plunge in, and swim about, while the old hen stands by the water, greatly alarmed lest they should be drowned. She does not understand it; she does not know that ducklings have an instinct different from chickens.

Chapter 31

How much life, then, is asleep in the winter, in animals as well as in plants! And how busy is life in its waking in the spring! While the roots and seeds in the ground send up their shoots, and the sap again circulates in the trees and shrubs, and the buds swell, multitudes of animals are crawling out of their winter hiding places into the warm, balmy air. And when the leaves are fully out, and the flowers abound, the earth swarms with the busy insects and creeping things, of which we saw none during the winter.

Chapter 32

The great Creator, Jesus Christ, requires each one of us to be good stewards of those things

which we possess. Perhaps our most important physical possession is our body. We should take good care of our earthly temples, for God will hold us responsible for how well we took care of His gifts.

Remember, my young friends, that your bodies are the Lord's handiwork. Work hard, therefore, to keep them healthy for the glory of Jesus Christ.

Christmas Carol by Charles Dickens

Stave I, Marley's Ghost, pg. 1

Old Marley was as dead as a doornail.

Stave I, pg. 1

There is no doubt that Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate.

Stave I, pg. 2

"Oh, but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster.

Stave I, pg. 2

Even the blindmen's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "no eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

Stave I, pg. 3

Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the

candle; in which effort, not being a man of strong imagination, he failed.

Stave I, pg. 3

“Christmas a humbug, uncle!” said Scrooge’s nephew. “You don’t mean that, I am sure.”

“I do,” said Scrooge. “Merry Christmas! what right have you to be merry? what reason have you to be merry? You’re poor enough.”

“Come then,” returned the nephew gaily. “What right have you to be dismal? what reason have you to be morose? You’re rich enough.”

Scrooge having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said, “Bah!” again; and followed it up with “Humbug.”

Stave I, pg. 5

There’s another fellow,” muttered Scrooge; who overheard him: “my clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. I’ll retire to Bedlam.”

Stave I, pg. 6

“I wish to be left alone,” said Scrooge. “Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don’t make merry myself at Christmas, and I can’t afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned: they cost enough: and those who are badly off must go there.”

“Many can’t go there; and many would rather die.”

“If they would rather die,” said Scrooge, “they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. Besides – excuse me – I don’t know that.”

Stave I, pg. 8

“A poor excuse for picking a man’s pocket every twenty-fifth of December,” said Scrooge, buttoning his great-coat to the chin. “But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning!”

Stave I, pg. 8-9

Let it also be borne in mind that Scrooge had not bestowed one thought on Marley, since his last mention of his seven-year's dead partner that afternoon. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any immediate process of change: not a knocker, but Marley's face.

Stave I, pg. 10

As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing.

Stave I, pg. 11

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I was."

"Who were you then?" said Scrooge, raising his voice. "You're particular – for a shade." He was going to say "to a shade," but substituted this, as more appropriate.

"In life I was you partner, Jacob Marley."

Stave I, pg. 13

"It is required of every man, " the Ghost returned, "that the spirit within should walk abroad among his fellow-men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world – oh, woe is me! – and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness!"

Stave I, pg. 14

“Business!” cried the Ghost, wringing its hands again. “Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were, all, my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!”

Stave I, pg. 15

“You will be haunted,” resumed the Ghost, “by Three Spirits.”

Stave II, pg. 18 - 19

“Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?” asked Scrooge.

“I am!”

The voice was soft and gentle. Singularly low, as if instead of being close beside him, it were at a distance.

“Who, and what are you?” Scrooge demanded.

“I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.”

Stave II, pg. 20

“These are but shadows of the things that have been,” said the Ghost. “They have no consciousness of us.”

Stave II, pg. 22

Then, with a rapidity of transition very foreign to his usual character, he said, in pity for his former self, “Poor boy!” and cried again.

“I wish,” Scrooge muttered, putting his hand in his pocket, and looking about him, after drying his eyes with his cuff: “but it’s too late now.”

Stave II, pg. 26

“It isn’t that,” said Scrooge, heated by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former,

not his latter, self. "It isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight an insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up: what then? The happiness he gives, is quite as great as if it cost a fortune."

Stave III, pg. 33

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the Spirit. "Look upon me!"

Scrooge reverently did so. It was clothed in one simple deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur.

Stave III, pg. 38

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Stave III, pg. 40

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us everyone!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

Stave III, pg. 40

"If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, none other of my race," returned the Spirit, "will find him here. What then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

Scrooge hung his head to hear his own words quoted by the Spirit, and was overcome with penitence and grief.

Stave III, pg. 48

“A Merry Christmas and a happy New Year to the old man, whatever he is!” said Scrooge’s nephew. “He wouldn’t take it from me, but may he have it, nevertheless. Uncle Scrooge!”

Stave III, pg. 50

Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost, and saw it not. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and lifting his eyes, beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming, like a mist along the ground, towards him.

Stave IV, pg. 51

“Ghost of the Future!” he exclaimed, “I fear you more than any Spectre I have seen. But, as I know your promise is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me?”

It gave him no reply.

Stave IV, pg. 55

“What do you call this?” said Joe. “Bed-curtains!”

“Ah!” returned the woman, laughing and leaning forward on her crossed arms. “Bed-curtains!”

“You don’t mean to say you took ‘em down, rings and all, with him lying there?” said Joe.

“Yes I do” replied the woman. “Why not?”

“You were born to make your fortune,” said Joe, “and you’ll certainly do it.”

Stave IV, pg. 60

He left the room, and went up stairs into the room above, which was lighted cheerfully, and hung with Christmas. There was a chair set close beside the child, and there were signs of some one having been there, lately. Poor Bob sat down on it, and when he had thought a little and composed himself, he kissed the little face.

Stave IV, pg. 62

Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he went; and following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE.

Stave IV, pg. 62

“I will honour Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!”

Stave V, pg. 63

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long, line of brilliant laughs!

Stave V, pg. 64

“It’s Christmas Day!” said Scrooge to himself. “I haven’t missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can.”

Stave V, pg. 66

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up into the windows; and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk – that anything – could give him so much happiness.

Stave V, pg. 67

Let him in! It was a mercy he didn’t shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when he came. So did the plump sister, when she came. So did every one when they came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!

Stave V pg. 67-68

“A merry Christmas, Bob!” said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. “A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you, for many a year! I’ll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another I, Bob Cratchit!”

Stave V, pg. 68

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One!

***Fairy-land of Science by Arabella Buckley**

Lecture 1

But I thoroughly believe, myself, and hope to prove to you, that science is full of beautiful pictures, of real poetry and of wonderworking fairies; and what is more, I promise you they shall be true fairies, whom you will love just as much when you are old and gray-headed as when you are young; for you will be able to call them up wherever you wander by land or by sea, through meadow or through wood, through water or through air; and though they themselves will always remain invisible, yet you will see their wonderful power at work everywhere around you.

Lecture 1

Just go out into the country, and sit down quietly and watch nature at work. Listen to the wind as it blows, look at the clouds rolling overhead, and the waves rippling on the pond at your feet. Harken to the brook as it flows by, watch the flower-buds opening one by one and then ask yourself, “How all this is done?”

Lecture 2

We say that the sun is rising, but we know very well that it is not the sun which moves, but that our earth has been turning slowly round, and bringing the little spot on which we live face to

face with the great fiery ball, so that his beams can fall upon us.

Lecture 2

But perhaps we get the best idea of the mighty heat and light of the sun by remembering how few of the rays which dart out on all sides from this fiery ball can reach our tiny globe and yet how powerful they are. Look at the globe of a lamp in the middle of the room, and see how its light pours out on all sides and into every corner; then take a grain of mustard-seed, which will very well represent the comparative size of our earth, and hold it up at a distance from the lamp. How very few of all those rays which are filling up the room fall on the little mustard-seed, and just so few does our earth catch of the rays which dart out from the sun. And yet this small quantity (1/2000 millionth part of the whole) does nearly all the work of our world.

Lecture 3

Even a short distance from the earth, however, at the top of a high mountain, the air becomes lighter, because it has less weight of atmosphere above it, and people who go up in balloons often have great difficulty in breathing, because the air is so thin and light.

Lecture 3

Wind is nothing more than air moving across the surface of the earth, which as it passes along bends the tops of the trees, beats against the houses, pushes the ships along by their sails, turns the windmill, carries off the smoke from the cities, whistles through the keyhole, and moans as it rushes down the valley.

Lecture 4

Now, although we never see any water traveling from our earth up into the skies, we know that it goes there, for it comes down again in rain, and so it must go up invisibly. But where does the heat come from which makes this water invisible?

Lecture 4

In this way the sun-waves and the air carry off water every day, and all day long, from the top

of lakes, rivers, pools, springs, and seas, and even from the surface of ice and snow. Without any fuss or noise or sign of any kind, the water of our earth is being drawn up invisibly into the sky.

Lecture 5

You will easily see how in forming earth-pillars and causing landslips rain changes the face of the country, but these are only rare effects of water. It is when the rain collects in brooks and forms rivers that it is most busy in sculpturing the land.

Lecture 5

The history of this ravine will tell us a great deal about the carving of water. Once it was nothing more than a little furrow in the hillside, down which the rain found its way in a thin thread-like stream. But by and by, as the stream carried down some of the earth, and the furrow grew deeper and wider, the sides began to crumble when the sun dried up the rain which had soaked in.

Lecture 6

Who could be dull by the side of a brook, a waterfall, or the sea, while he can listen for sounds like these, and picture to himself how they are being made? You may discover a number of other causes of sound made by water if you once pay attention to them.

Lecture 6

Again, on a windy night have you not heard the wind sounding a wild, sad note down a valley? Why do you think it sounds so much louder and more musical here than when it is blowing across the plain? Because the air in the valley will only answer to a certain set of waves, and, like the pan-pipe, gives a particular note as the wind blows across it, and these waves go up and down the valley in regular pulses, making a wild howl.

Lecture 7

a) And the life of the plant? What is it, and why is this protoplasm always active and busy? I cannot tell you. Study as we may, the life of the tiny plant is as much a mystery as your life

and mine. It came, like all things, from the bosom of the Great Father, but we cannot tell how it came nor what it is.

b) We can see the active grains moving under the microscope, but we cannot see the power that moves them. We only know it is power given to the plant, as to you and to me, to enable it to live its life, and to do its useful work in the world.

Lecture 8

And now, if you have some idea of the plants and trees of the coal, it is time to ask how these plants became buried in the earth and made pure coal, instead of decaying away and leaving behind only a mixture of earth and leaves?

Lecture 8

Such is the history of how the coal which we now dig out of the depths of the earth once grew as beautiful plants on the surface. We cannot tell exactly all the ground over which these forests grew in England, because some of the coal they made has been carried away since by rivers and cut down by the waves of the sea, but we can say that wherever there is coal now, there they must have been.

Lecture 9

One single queen reigns over the whole of this numerous population, and you might perhaps fancy that, having so many subjects to work for her and wait upon her, she would do nothing but amuse herself.

Lecture 9

And so the life of this wonderful city goes on. Building, harvesting, storing, nursing, ventilating and cleaning from morn till night, the little worker bee lives for about eight months, and in that time has done quite her share of work in the world.

Lecture 10

As you lie there thinking of nothing in particular, except how pleasant it is to be idle now and then, you notice a gentle buzzing close to you, and you see that on the flower bed close by several bees are working busily among the flowers. They do not seem to mind the heat, nor to wish to rest; and they fly so lightly and look so happy over their work that it does not tire you to look at them.

Lecture 10

But wherever you see bright or conspicuous flowers you may be quite sure that the plants want the bees or some other winged insect to come and carry their pollen for them.

Falcons of France by Charles Nordhoff, James Norman Hall

Chapter 1

It was good to be alive that morning. There was a salty perfume in the air, and as we mounted to the mesas I sniffed with relish the clean, wild scent of sagebrush, fresh with dew.

We are country people, and early risers, like all of our kind. I found my father by the back door, conferring with our stooping, leathery foreman, who turned away to mount his horse as I approached.

Chapter 1

I saw peace, order, and the beauty of a land long inhabited and mellowed by age; fields ploughed and planted by innumerable generations of men, and farmhouses that seemed natural outgrowths of the soil on which they stood. It was not easy to realize that I had come to this peaceful land to fight; that off to the north and east the great guns were booming day and night. Half dozing by the window, I came to my senses once or twice with a start, saying to myself, "You are in France—there is a war, and you're going to fight in it." And, looking out of the window once more, it struck me that if any people in the world had a country worth fighting for, it was the French.

Chapter 2

As we lingered over our meal, the place began to fill with an extraordinary crowd: men of every noncommissioned rank, from every branch of the most cosmopolitan army in the world.

Through the hum of conversation in French, I caught snatches of talk in Spanish, English, and a language new to my ears, which I learned later was Arabic. But though all these men spoke in many languages, the subject of their talk was always the same—flying. Flying was an obsession with every one of them, from the moment when they woke in the morning till they lay down on their cots at night, and I was soon to learn that flying had even taken possession of their dreams.

Chapter 2

War friendships were warmer than those of peace time—quickly made, more quickly severed. The friend of a fortnight, in training camp or billets, seemed like a lifelong chum. War brings men together as casually as it separates them; in many cases friends grow old and die without meeting again; and oftentimes, during the war, one heard with a shock of incredulity, “They got Bill yesterday—he went down in flames in the Saint-Mihiel Salient”; or “Harry’s dead; crowned this morning on our side of the lines.”

Chapter 3

He zoomed almost vertically over the poplars at the far end of the field, turned in a beautiful Immelman—half a loop, upside down, and a half barrel,—came roaring back, nose-down, just over our heads, and did a loop from which he emerged with his wheels brushing the grass. His two spins, one right and one left, were done so close to the earth that they brought even the languid instructor to his feet, and each time, when he straightened out, the landing gear of the plane was no higher than a man’s head. “Marvelous flying,” I heard Gordon mutter nervously; “but he’s mad—a lunatic!”

Chapter 4

But on that cloudless October morning I made no such analysis of “aerodrome perfume.” Gordon and I merely drank it in, and what it meant to us then was “Here we are at home again!” For home, to an airman, is wherever there are hangars, planes to fly, and a field to fly them from. In those days we were never really happy unless we were a mile or two above earth and could hear the struts and wires singing as they cut their way through the air.

Chapter 4

To the westward we could see the great loops in the Seine, fragments of silver bands gleaming softly in the midst of parks and clumps of woodland, and innumerable country houses and

suburbs and villages scattered far and wide. At such times I would forget that there was a war in progress; it would seem to me that the millennium had come, and that my part in it was merely to fly over a happy peaceful world, with no cares and no responsibilities other than to keep my spark plugs clean and my gas tank filled. I would think of the kite-flying days of boyhood, when I had lain out on some windy hill, lazily holding my kite string, and longing as only a boy can to be “up above the world so high.”

Chapter 5

A drizzling rain had started to fall, and I could feel rather than see the dank lonely fields stretching away around us. The only near-by sound was the steady, monotonous shuffling of feet. I could tell how tired those poor soldiers were by the way their feet dragged; they made not even a pretense of keeping in step. Occasionally I hear the faint rattle of a bayonet scabbard, or the clink of a tin cup against a belt buckle, but not a word was spoken; the column moved silently and slowly on, as though it had neither beginning nor end, as though it were made up of all the war-worn, utterly weary soldiers in the world.

Chapter 6

I remember many a thrill during the war, but there is none I recall more vividly, or with a greater glow of pleasure, than that dreary autumn morning when I stood with Laguesse, looking at my new one-eighty Spad. Up to that time I had flown only school machines that belonged to anybody and everybody; naturally I felt no sense of possession while flying them. But this superb little scout plane was my own, and had never belonged to anyone else. Neither of us had been over the front. We should make our first patrols together, be shelled together, fight our first battles together.

Chapter 7

At the instant when I found myself surrounded with planes, I heard unmistakably the crackle of machine-gun fire. It is curious how different this sounds in the air when one's ears are deafened by altitude, the rush of wind, and the roar of the motor. Even when quite close it is only a faint crackle, but very distinct, each explosion impinging sharply on the eardrums.

Chapter 8

There was not a cloud in the sky, and no fog to veil the earth from us. We were at five thousand metres when we reached the lines, and the landscape below, over which the Battle

of Verdun had raged so long, was indescribably, appallingly desolate: trees, houses, fields, villages—all the landmarks of a once rich countryside—had been blotted out by hurricanes of high explosive and steel. Golasse, twenty yards away, glanced across at me and pointed down. I knew I was witnessing the start of the raid Laguesse had foretold the night before.

Chapter 9

My Spad flopped over in a half turn and came back in the opposite direction so prettily that the thought, “Did I do that?” flashed through my mind. So it was always in the air: the manoeuvres one made instinctively were always better than those made with deliberation. It was from that moment that I began to learn how to take care of myself in the air.

Chapter 10

Off to the north I saw the patrol coming in beautiful formation. There was none of the customary dallying—no exhibitions of fancy flying as they lost height over the aerodrome. They knew it was lunch time and dropped to land without the loss of a moment. A police dog raced across the field toward the first of the Spads taxiing to the hangars.

Chapter 11

Far above the squalor and the mud, so high in the firmament as to be invisible from the earth, they fight out the eternal issues of right and wrong. Their daily and nightly struggles are like Miltonic conflicts between winged hosts. They fly high and low. They skim like armed swallows along the front, attacking men in their flights armed with rifle and machine gun. They scatter infantry on the march; they destroy convoys; they wreck trains. Every flight is a romance, every record an epic. They are the knighthood of this war, without fear and without reproach; and they recall the legendary days of chivalry, not merely by the daring of their exploits, but by the nobility of their spirit.

Chapter 12

My adversary was my master from the start, a pilot who seemed to know every trick of the trade and never gave me a chance to turn on him. I banked, twisted, and tried to climb, but he was always above me and just behind, and I had all I could do to keep out of his line of fire. Twice he lined his sights on me for bursts that came very close, and I was beginning to wonder if I should ever be able to shake him off.

Chapter 13

They kept me a week in the Evacuation Hospital, until a hospital train was made up for Paris. I saw sights there and heard sounds which I shall never forget, and on which I shall not dwell; and I began to ask myself for the first time what justification man could find for inflicting such horrors on his fellow men. Until then I had thought of war as the most glorious of sports—as, in a way, it was in the air; now I began to perceive the realities of war.

Chapter 14

The houses ceased to have roofs, bursting shells flashed and winked below, smoke rose from the villages, and the air was rocked and torn by the projectiles passing us. Patches of black sprang out on all sides, with the deep coughs of the one-hundred-and-fives, but we were too low and our speed too great for them. It was my first sight of a great battle, and I watched, fascinated, though I saw nothing I can describe coherently.

Chapter 15

We set out for the machine at a run, but just as we reached it Golasse gave a shout. We followed him in a dive for a ditch a few yards off, as a big H. E. shell shrieked down and burst with a roar and a shower of dirt and splinters. We stood up uninjured, but a glance showed that the Spad would never fly again. Golasse wasted no time. He opened the gasoline valve, touched a match to the fuel, and led the way back to the car, sprinting across the field while the wrecked Spad blazed fiercely.

Chapter 16

Suddenly I felt my Spad give a violent lurch. The motor spilled forward, wrenched partially loose from its bed, and down we went, plane and pilot, in a descent that still makes me shudder. I didn't know what had happened. All I felt convinced of was that here was an end of the war, and of everything else, for me. The suspense was not long drawn out. Aerial troubles often bring intense anxiety, but they have the merit of passing swiftly. I saw fields and clumps of woodland writhing up to meet me. "I'm finished," I thought, and then I thought no more.

Chapter 17

It was curious to think, as I listened, that a few moments later they would be far away over the Marne, fighting with patrols from Group 31. Had it not been for my accident, I myself should have been hastily gobbling my lunch at that hour before flying out on another patrol. More than likely I should have met some of these very men in the air. And here I was, sitting in their messroom, partaking of their hospitality!

Chapter 18

The country we were now crossing was difficult enough to try the patience of a saint—up hill and down dale, through forests, thickets, and peaty bottom lands, without so much as a quarter of an hour's walking on level ground. We made several errors in direction, and at dawn had covered about eight miles, in a straight line, from our camp of the day before.

Chapter 19

“You’ll be proud of that paper,” said Dr. Gros, “and prouder still as the years go by. The Corps has played its little part in history—perhaps not such a little part after all. You chaps and others like you have served in more than ninety French squadrons along the front, and more than a hundred of you transferred to our Service when America came into the war. Think of it! Out of the six hundred American pilots at the front, one hundred were Lafayette men, and others of you, like Forbes here, were flying and fighting in French uniform till the close. Well, it’s over now. Hard to realize, isn’t it?”

First Four Years by Laura Ingalls Wilder

No copywork available yet

***George Washington Carver biography**

No copywork available yet

Goodbye Mr. Chips by James Hilton

Chapter 1

a) When you are getting on in years it is nice to sit by the fire and drink a cup of tea and listen to the school bell sounding dinner, call-over, prep, and lights-out. Chips always wound up the clock after that last bell; then he put the wire guard in front of the fire, turned out the gas, and

carried a detective novel to bed.

b) Rarely did he read more than a page of it before sleep came swiftly and peacefully, more like a mystic intensifying of perception than any changeful entrance into another world. For his days and nights were equally full of dreaming.

Chapter 1

And years later, when Colley was an alderman of the City of London and a baronet and various other things, he sent his son (also red-haired) to Brookfield, and Chips would say: "Colley, your father was the first boy I ever punished when I came here twenty-five years ago. He deserved it then, and you deserve it now." How they all laughed; and how Sir Richard laughed when his son wrote home the story in next Sunday's letter!

Chapter 1

A great joke, this growing old--but a sad joke, too, in a way. And as Chips sat by his fire with autumn gales rattling the windows, the waves of humor and sadness swept over him very often until tears fell, so that when Mrs. Wickett came in with his cup of tea she did not know whether he had been laughing or crying. And neither did Chips himself.

Chapter 2

Across the road behind a rampart of ancient elms lay Brookfield, russet under its autumn mantle of creeper. A group of eighteenth-century buildings centred upon a quadrangle, and there were acres of playing fields beyond; then came the small dependent village and the open fen country. Brookfield, as Wetherby had said, was an old foundation; established in the reign of Elizabeth, as a grammar school, it might, with better luck, have become as famous as Harrow.

Chapter 2

But if it had not been this sort of school it would probably not have taken Chips. For Chips, in any social or academic sense, was just as respectable, but no more brilliant, than Brookfield itself.

Chapter 2

Three cheers, indeed; but there was more to come, an unguessed epilogue, an encore played to a tragic audience.

Chapter 3

a) So there he lived, at Mrs. Wickett's, with his quiet enjoyments of reading and talking and remembering; an old man, white-haired and only a little bald, still fairly active for his years, drinking tea, receiving callers, busying himself with corrections for the next edition of the Brookfeldian Directory, writing his occasional letters in thin, spidery, but very legible script.

b) He had new masters to tea, as well as new boys. There were two of them that autumn term, and as they were leaving after their visit one of them commented: "Quite a character, the old boy, isn't he? All that fuss about mixing the tea--a typical bachelor, if ever there was one."

Chapter 3

Which was oddly incorrect; because Chips was not a bachelor at all. He had married, though it was so long ago that none of the staff at Brookfield could remember his wife.

Chapter 4

Her name was Katherine Bridges; she was twenty-five--young enough to be Chips's daughter. She had blue, flashing eyes and freckled cheeks and smooth straw-colored hair. She too was staying at a farm, on holiday with a girl friend, and as she considered herself responsible for Chips's accident, she used to bicycle along the side of the lake to the house in which the quiet, middle-aged, serious-looking man lay resting.

Chapter 4

a) He had never met anyone like her. He had always thought that the modern type, this "new woman" business, would repel him; and here she was, making him positively look forward to the glimpse of her safety bicycle careering along the lakeside road. And she, too, had never met anyone like him. She had always thought that middle-aged men who read the Times and disapproved of modernity were terrible bores; yet here he was, claiming her interest and attention far more than youths of her own age.

b) She liked him, initially, because he was so hard to get to know, because he had gentle and quiet manners, because his opinions dated from those utterly impossible seventies and eighties and even earlier--yet were, for all that, so thoroughly honest; and because--because his eyes were brown and he looked charming when he smiled. "Of course, I shall call you Chips, too," she said, when she learned that was his nickname at school.

Chapter 5

a) When Chips, dreaming through the hours at Mrs. Wickett's, recollected those days, he used to look down at his feet and wonder which one it was that had performed so signal a service. That, the trivial cause of so many momentous happenings, was the one thing of which details evaded him. But he resaw the glorious hump of the Gable (he had never visited the Lake District since), and the mouse-gray depths of Wastwater under the Screes; he could resmell the washed air after heavy rain, and refollow the ribbon of the pass across to Sty Head.

b) So clearly it lingered, that time of dizzy happiness, those evening strolls by the waterside, her cool voice and her gay laughter. She had been a very happy person, always.

Chapter 5

a) They had both been so eager, planning a future together; but he had been rather serious about it, even a little awed. It would be all right, of course, her coming to Brookfield; other housemasters were married. And she liked boys, she told him, and would enjoy living among them. "Oh, Chips, I'm so glad you are what you are. I was afraid you were a solicitor or a stockbroker or a dentist or a man with a big cotton business in Manchester.

b) When I first met you, I mean. Schoolmastering's so different, so important, don't you think? To be influencing those who are going to grow up and matter to the world . . ."

Chips said he hadn't thought of it like that--or, at least, not often. He did his best; that was all anyone could do in any job.

Chapter 5

And one morning--another memory gem-clear when he turned to it--he had for some reason been afflicted with an acute desire to depreciate himself and all his attainments. He had told her of his only mediocre degree, of his occasional difficulties of discipline, of the certainty that he would never get a promotion, and of his complete ineligibility to marry a young and ambitious girl. And at the end of it all she had laughed in answer.

Chapter 5

She had no parents and was married from the house of an aunt in Ealing. On the night before the wedding, when Chips left the house to return to his hotel, she said, with mock gravity: "This is an occasion, you know--this last farewell of ours. I feel rather like a new boy beginning his first term with you. Not scared, mind you--but just, for once, in a thoroughly respectful mood. Shall I call you 'sir'--or would 'Mr. Chips' be the right thing?"

Chapter 6

There had followed then a time of such happiness that Chips, remembering it long afterward, hardly believed it could ever have happened before or since in the world. For his marriage was a triumphant success. Katherine conquered Brookfield as she had conquered Chips; she was immensely popular with boys and masters alike. Even the wives of the masters, tempted at first to be jealous of one so young and lovely, could not long resist her charms.

Chapter 6

a) The one thing he had always had, a sense of humor, blossomed into a sudden richness to which his years lent maturity. He began to feel a greater sureness; his discipline improved to a point at which it could become, in a sense, less rigid; he became more popular. When he had first come to Brookfield he had aimed to be loved, honored, and obeyed--but obeyed, at any rate.

b) Obedience he had secured, and honor had been granted him; but only now came love, the sudden love of boys for a man who was kind without being soft, who understood them well enough, but not too much, and whose private happiness linked them with their own. He began to make little jokes, the sort that schoolboys like--mnemonics and puns that raised laughs and at the same time imprinted something in the mind.

Chapter 6

a) And Kathie broadened his views and opinions, also, giving him an outlook far beyond the roofs and turrets of Brookfield, so that he saw his country as something deep and gracious to which Brookfield was but one of many feeding streams. She had a cleverer brain than his, and he could not confuse her ideas even if and when he disagreed with them; he remained, for instance, a Conservative in politics, despite all her radical-socialist talk.

b) But even where he did not accept, he absorbed; her young idealism worked upon his maturity to produce an amalgam very gentle and wise.

Chapter 7

a) What a host of little incidents, all deep-buried in the past--problems that had once been urgent, arguments that had once been keen, anecdotes that were funny only because one remembered the fun. Did any emotion really matter when the last trace of it had vanished from human memory; and if that were so, what a crowd of emotions clung to him as to their last home before annihilation! He must be kind to them, must treasure them in his mind before their long sleep.

b) That affair of Archer's resignation, for instance--a queer business, that was. And that affair about the rat that Dunster put in the organ loft while old Ogilvie was taking choir practice. Ogilvie was dead and Dunster drowned at Jutland; of others who had witnessed or heard of the incident, probably most had forgotten. And it had been like that, with other incidents, for centuries.

Chapter 7

a) He had a sudden vision of thousands and thousands of boys, from the age of Elizabeth onward; dynasty upon dynasty of masters; long epochs of Brookfield history that had left not even a ghostly record. Who knew why the old fifth-form room was called "the Pit"? There was probably a reason, to begin with; but it had since been lost--lost like the lost books of Livy. And what happened at Brookfield when Cromwell fought at Naseby, near by?

b) How did Brookfield react to the great scare of the "Forty-Five"? Was there a whole holiday when news came of Waterloo? And so on, up to the earliest time that he himself could remember--1870, and Wetherby saying, by way of small talk after their first and only interview: "Looks as if we shall have to settle with the Prussians ourselves one of these fine days, eh?"

Chapter 7

And there he was, dreaming again before the fire, dreaming of times and incidents in which he alone could take secret interest. Funny and sad, comic and tragic, they all mixed up in his mind, and some day, however hard it proved, he would sort them out and make a book of them. . . .

Chapter 8

And there was always in his mind that spring day in ninety-eight when he had paced through Brookfield village as in some horrifying nightmare, half struggling to escape into an outside world where the sun still shone and where everything had happened differently. Young Faulkner had met him there in the lane outside the School. "Please, sir, may I have the afternoon off? My people are coming up."

Chapter 8

So there were; he had been leaning his elbows on them; they were all addressed to him by name. He tore them open one after the other, but each contained nothing but a blank sheet of paper. He thought in a distant way that it was rather peculiar, but he made no comment; the incident gave hardly an impact upon his vastly greater preoccupations. Not till days afterward did he realize that it had been a piece of April foolery.

Chapter 8

They had died on the same day, the mother and the child just born; on April 1, 1898.

Chapter 9

Chips changed his more commodious apartments in School House for his old original bachelor quarters. He thought at first he would give up his housemastership, but the Head persuaded him otherwise; and later he was glad. The work gave him something to do, filled up an emptiness in his mind and heart. He was different; everyone noticed it. Just as marriage had added something, so did bereavement; after the first stupor of grief he became suddenly the kind of man whom boys, at any rate, unhesitatingly classed as "old."

Chapter 9

a) And there was a sense in which it was true. For with the new century there settled upon Chips a mellowness that gathered all his developing mannerisms and his oft-repeated jokes into a single harmony. No longer did he have those slight and occasional disciplinary troubles, or feel diffident about his own work and worth. He found that his pride in Brookfield reflected back, giving him cause for pride in himself and his position.

b) It was a service that gave him freedom to be supremely and completely himself. He had

won, by seniority and ripeness, an uncharted no-man's-land of privilege; he had acquired the right to those gentle eccentricities that so often attack schoolmasters and parsons.

Chapter 9

a) He wore his gown till it was almost too tattered to hold together; and when he stood on the wooden bench by Big Hall steps to take call-over, it was with an air of mystic abandonment to ritual. He held the School List, a long sheet curling over a board; and each boy, as he passed, spoke his own name for Chips to verify and then tick off on the list.

b) That verifying glance was an easy and favorite subject of mimicry throughout the School--steel-rimmed spectacles slipping down the nose, eyebrows lifted, one a little higher than the other, a gaze half rapt, half quizzical. And on windy days, with gown and white hair and School List fluttering in uproarious confusion, the whole thing became a comic turn sandwiched between afternoon games and the return to classes.

Chapter 9

a) Some of those names, in little snatches of a chorus, recurred to him ever afterward without any effort of memory. . . . Ainsworth, Attwood, Avonmore, Babcock, Baggs, Barnard, Bassenthwaite, Battersby, Beccles, Bedford-Marshall, Bentley, Best . . .

b) Another one:--

. . . Unsley, Vailes, Wadham, Wagstaff, Wallington, Waters Primus, Waters Secundus, Watling, Waveney, Webb . . .

c) And yet another that comprised, as he used to tell his fourth-form Latinists, an excellent example of a hexameter:--

. . . Lancaster, Latton, Lemare, Lytton-Bosworth, MacGonigall, Mansfield . . .

Chapter 9

Where had they all gone to, he often pondered; those threads he had once held together, how far had they scattered, some to break, others to weave into unknown patterns? The strange randomness of the world beguiled him, that randomness which never would, so long as the world lasted, give meaning to those choruses again.

Chapter 9

And behind Brookfield, as one may glimpse a mountain behind another mountain when the mist clears, he saw the world of change and conflict; and he saw it, more than he realized, with the remembered eyes of Kathie. She had not been able to bequeath him all her mind, still less the brilliance of it; but she had left him with a calmness and a poise that accorded well with his own inward emotions.

Chapter 10

a) In 1900 old Meldrum, who had succeeded Wetherby as Head and had held office for three decades, died suddenly from pneumonia; and in the interval before the appointment of a successor, Chips became Acting Head of Brookfield.

b) There was just the faintest chance that the Governors might make the appointment a permanent one; but Chips was not really disappointed when they brought in a youngster of thirty-seven, glittering with Firsts and Blues and with the kind of personality that could reduce Big Hall to silence by the mere lifting of an eyebrow.

c) Chips was not in the running with that kind of person; he never had been and never would be, and he knew it. He was an altogether milder and less ferocious animal.

Chapter 10

a) He remembered the Diamond Jubilee; there had been a whole holiday at Brookfield, and he had taken Kathie to London to see the procession. That old and legendary lady, sitting in her carriage like some crumbling wooden doll, had symbolized impressively so many things that, like herself, were nearing an end. Was it only the century, or was it an epoch?

b) And then that frenzied Edwardian decade, like an electric lamp that goes brighter and whiter just before it burns itself out.

Chapter 10

An April evening, windy and rainy; the fourth form construing Vergil, not very intelligently, for there was exciting news in the papers; young Grayson, in particular, was careless and preoccupied. A quiet, nervous boy.

Chapter 11

a) And suddenly, in a torrent of thoughts too pressing to be put into words, Chips made answer to himself. These examinations and certificates and so on--what did they matter? And all this efficiency and up-to-dateness--what did that matter, either? Ralston was trying to run Brookfield like a factory--a factory for turning out a snob culture based on money and machines.

b) The old gentlemanly traditions of family and broad acres were changing, as doubtless they were bound to; but instead of widening them to form a genuine inclusive democracy of duke and dustman, Ralston was narrowing them upon the single issue of a fat banking account.

Chapter 11

a) And once Chips had got into trouble because of some joke he had made about the name and ancestry of a boy named Isaacstein. The boy wrote home about it, and Isaacstein père sent an angry letter to Ralston. Touchy, no sense of humor, no sense of proportion--that was the matter with them, these new fellows. . . . No sense of proportion.

b) And it was a sense of proportion, above all things, that Brookfield ought to teach--not so much Latin or Greek or Chemistry or Mechanics. And you couldn't expect to test that sense of proportion by setting papers and granting certificates. . .

Chapter 11

a) Looking back upon that scene in the calm perspective of a quarter of a century, Chips could find it in his heart to feel a little sorry for Ralston. Particularly when, as it happened, Ralston had been in such complete ignorance of the forces he was dealing with. So, for that matter, had Chips himself. Neither had correctly estimated the toughness of Brookfield tradition, and its readiness to defend itself and its defenders.

b) For it had so chanced that a small boy, waiting to see Ralston that morning, had been listening outside the door during the whole of the interview; he had been thrilled by it, naturally, and had told his friends. Some of these, in a surprisingly short time, had told their parents; so that very soon it was common knowledge that Ralston had insulted Chips and had demanded his resignation.

c) The amazing result was a spontaneous outburst of sympathy and partisanship such as Chips, in his wildest dreams, had never envisaged.

Chapter 12

a) At that final end-of-term dinner, in July 1913, Chips received his farewell presentations and made a speech. It was not a very long speech, but it had a good many jokes in it, and was made twice as long, perhaps, by the laughter that impeded its progress. There were several Latin quotations in it, as well as a reference to the Captain of the School, who, Chips said, had been guilty of exaggeration in speaking of his (Chips's) services to Brookfield.

b) "But then--umph--he comes of an--umph--exaggerating family. I--um--remember--once--having to thrash his father--for it. [Laughter] I gave him one mark--umph--for a Latin translation, and he--umph--exaggerated the one into a seven! Umph--umph!" Roars of laughter and tumultuous cheers! A typical Chips remark, everyone thought.

Chapter 12

But I do remember you--as you are now. That's the point. In my mind you never grow up at all. Never. Sometimes, for instance, when people talk to me about our respected Chairman of the Governors, I think to myself, 'Ah, yes, a jolly little chap with hair that sticks up on top--and absolutely no idea whatever about the difference between a Gerund and a Gerundive.' [Loud laughter] Well, well, I mustn't go on--umph--all night. Think of me sometimes as I shall certainly think of you. Haec olim meminisse juvabit . . . again I need not translate." Much laughter and shouting and prolonged cheers.

Chapter 13

a) Chips thought, when that news came: A hundred years ago boys from this school were fighting against the French. Strange, in a way, that the sacrifices of one generation should so cancel out those of another.

b) He tried to express this to Blades, the Head of School House; but Blades, eighteen years old and already in training for a cadetship, only laughed. What had all that history stuff to do with it, anyhow? Just old Chips with one of his queer ideas, that's all.

Chapter 13

a) 1915. Armies clenched in deadlock from the sea to Switzerland. The Dardanelles. Gallipoli. Military camps springing up quite near Brookfield; soldiers using the playing fields for sports and training; swift developments of Brookfield O.T.C. Most of the younger masters gone or in uniform.

b) Every Sunday night, in the Chapel after evening service, Chatteris read out the names of old boys killed, together with short biographies. Very moving; but Chips, in the black pew under the gallery, thought: They are only names to him; he doesn't see their faces as I do. . . .

Chapter 14

He was a grand success altogether. In some strange way he did, and they all knew and felt it, help things. For the first time in his life he felt necessary--and necessary to something that was nearest his heart. There is no sublimer feeling in the world, and it was his at last.

Chapter 14

He made new jokes, too--about the O.T.C. and the food-rationing system and the anti-air-raid blinds that had to be fitted on all the windows. There was a mysterious kind of rissole that began to appear on the School menu on Mondays, and Chips called it abhorrendum--"meat to be abhorred." The story went round--heard Chips's latest?

Chapter 14

1917. 1918. Chips lived through it all. He sat in the headmaster's study every morning, handling problems, dealing with complaints and requests. Out of vast experience had emerged a kindly, gentle confidence in himself. To keep a sense of proportion, that was the main thing. So much of the world was losing it; as well keep it where it had, or ought to have, a congenial home.

Chapter 14

Chips, in his room again, was not displeased by the comment. Yes, he still had 'em--those ideas of dignity and generosity that were becoming increasingly rare in a frantic world. And he thought: Brookfield will take them, too, from me; but it wouldn't from anyone else.

Chapter 15

The story was told, retold, embellished. "The dear old boy never turned a hair. Even found some old tag to illustrate what was going on. Something in Caesar about the way the Germans

fought. You wouldn't think there were things like that in Caesar, would you? And the way Chips laughed . . . you know the way he does laugh . . . the tears all running down his face . . . never seen him laugh so much. . . ."

He was a legend.

Chapter 15

With his old and tattered gown, his walk that was just beginning to break into a stumble, his mild eyes peering over the steel-rimmed spectacles, and his quaintly humorous sayings, Brookfield would not have had an atom of him different.

November 11, 1918.

Chapter 16

a) The post-War decade swept through with a clatter of change and maladjustments; Chips, as he lived through it, was profoundly disappointed when he looked abroad. The Ruhr, Chanak, Corfu; there was enough to be uneasy about in the world. But near him, at Brookfield, and even, in a wider sense, in England, there was something that charmed his heart because it was old--and had survived.

b) More and more he saw the rest of the world as a vast disarrangement for which England had sacrificed enough--and perhaps too much. But he was satisfied with Brookfield. It was rooted in things that had stood the test of time and change and war. Curious, in this deeper sense, how little it had changed.

c) Boys were a politer race; bullying was non-existent; there was more swearing and cheating. There was a more genuine friendliness between master and boy--less pomposity on the one side, less unctuousness on the other.

d) One of the new masters, fresh from Oxford, even let the Sixth call him by his Christian name. Chips didn't hold with that; indeed, he was just a little bit shocked. "He might as well--umph--sign his terminal reports--umph--'yours affectionately'--eh--eh?" he told somebody.

Chapter 16

a) Laughter . . . laughter . . . wherever he went and whatever he said, there was laughter. He had earned the reputation of being a great jester, and jests were expected of him. Whenever he rose to speak at a meeting, or even when he talked across a table, people prepared their

minds and faces for the joke.

b) They listened in a mood to be amused and it was easy to satisfy them. They laughed sometimes before he came to the point. "Old Chips was in fine form," they would say, afterward. "Marvelous the way he can always see the funny side of things. . . ."

Chapter 16

a) After 1929, Chips did not leave Brookfield--even for Old Boys' dinners in London. He was afraid of chills, and late nights began to tire him too much. He came across to the School, however, on fine days; and he still kept up a wide and continual hospitality in his room. His faculties were all unimpaired, and he had no personal worries of any kind. His income was more than he needed to spend, and his small capital, invested in gilt-edged stocks, did not suffer when the slump set in.

b) He gave a lot of money away--to people who called on him with a hard-luck story, to various School funds, and also to the Brookfield mission. In 1930 he made his will. Except for legacies to the mission and to Mrs. Wickett, he left all he had to found an open scholarship to the School.

Chapter 16

They all asked him questions, as if he were some kind of prophet and encyclopedia combined--more even than that, for they liked their answer dished up as a joke.

Chapter 17

He sat in his front parlor at Mrs. Wickett's on a November afternoon in thirty-three. It was cold and foggy, and he dare not go out. He had not felt too well since Armistice Day; he fancied he might have caught a slight chill during the Chapel service. Merivale had been that morning for his usual fortnightly chat. "Everything all right? Feeling hearty? That's the style--keep indoors this weather--there's a lot of flu about. Wish I could have your life for a day or two."

Chapter 17

a) His life . . . and what a life it had been! The whole pageant of it swung before him as he sat by the fire that afternoon. The things he had done and seen: Cambridge in the sixties; Great Gable on an August morning; Brookfield at all times and seasons throughout the years. And,

for that matter, the things he had not done, and would never do now that he had left them too late--he had never traveled by air, for instance, and he had never been to a talkie-show.

b) So that he was both more and less experienced than the youngest new boy at the School might well be; and that, that paradox of age and youth, was what the world called progress.

Chapter 17

a) Chips sat by the fire again, with those words echoing along the corridors of his mind. "Good-bye, Mr. Chips. . . ." An old leg-pull, to make new boys think that his name was really Chips; the joke was almost traditional. He did not mind. "Good-bye, Mr. Chips. . . ."

b) He remembered that on the eve of his wedding day Kathie had used that same phrase, mocking him gently for the seriousness he had had in those days. He thought: Nobody would call me serious today, that's very certain. . . .

Chapter 17

a) Over the fog-laden air came the bell for call-over, tremulous and muffled. Chips looked at the window, graying into twilight; it was time to light up. But as soon as he began to move he felt that he couldn't; he was too tired; and, anyhow, it didn't matter.

b) He leaned back in his chair. No chicken--eh, well--that was true enough. And it had been amusing about Linford. A neat score off the jokers who had sent the boy over. Good-bye, Mr. Chips . . . odd, though, that he should have said it just like that. . . .

Chapter 18

a) But it wasn't sleep, and it wasn't quite wakefulness, either; it was a sort of in-between state, full of dreams and faces and voices. Old scenes and old scraps of tunes: a Mozart trio that Kathie had once played in--cheers and laughter and the sound of guns--and, over it all, Brookfield bells, Brookfield bells. "So you see, if Miss Plebs wanted Mr. Patrician to marry her . . . yes, you can, you liar. . . ."

b) Joke . . . Meat to be abhorred. . . . Joke . . . That you, Max? Yes, come in. What's the news from the Fatherland? . . . O mihi praeteritos . . . Ralston said I was slack and inefficient--but they couldn't manage without me. . . . Obile heres ago fortibus es in aro . . . Can you translate that, any of you? . . . It's a joke. . . .

Chapter 18

a) "I thought I heard you--one of you--saying it was a pity--umph--a pity I never had--any children . . . eh? . . . But I have, you know . . . I have . . ."

The others smiled without answering, and after a pause Chips began a faint and palpitating chuckle.

b) "Yes--umph--I have," he added, with quavering merriment. "Thousands of 'em . . . thousands of 'em . . . and all boys."

Chapter 18

a) And then the chorus sang in his ears in final harmony, more grandly and sweetly than he had ever heard it before, and more comfortingly too. . . . Pettifer, Pollett, Porson, Potts, Pullman, Purvis, Pym-Wilson, Radlett, Rapson, Reade, Reaper, Reddy Primus . . . come round me now, all of you, for a last word and a joke. . . . Harper, Haslett, Hatfield, Hatherley . . . my last joke . . . did you hear it?

b) Did it make you laugh? . . . Bone, Boston, Bovey, Bradford, Bradley, Bramhall-Anderson . . . wherever you are, whatever has happened, give me this moment with you . . . this last moment . . . my boys . . .

Chapter 18

And soon Chips was asleep.

Chapter 18

He seemed so peaceful that they did not disturb him to say good-night; but in the morning, as the School bell sounded for breakfast, Brookfield had the news. "Brookfield will never forget his loveliness," said Cartwright, in a speech to the School. Which was absurd, because all things are forgotten in the end. But Linford, at any rate, will remember and tell the tale: "I said good-bye to Chips the night before he died. . . ."

***Great Astronomers - Isaac Newton chapter by R. S. Ball**

Passage #1

It was just a year after the death of Galileo that an infant came into the world who was christened Isaac Newton. Even the great fame of Galileo himself must be relegated to a second place in comparison with that of the philosopher who first expounded the true theory of the universe.

Passage #2

Isaac's first incentive to diligent study seems to have been derived from the circumstance that he was severely kicked by one of the boys who was above him in the class. This indignity had the effect of stimulating young Newton's activity to such an extent that he not only attained the desired object of passing over the head of the boy who had maltreated him, but continued to rise until he became head of the school.

Passage #3

He greatly preferred experimenting at his water-wheels to looking after labourers, while he found that working at mathematics behind a hedge was much more interesting than chaffering about the price of bullocks in the market place. Fortunately for humanity his mother, like a wise woman, determined to let her boy's genius have the scope which it required.

Passage #4

That a beam of ordinary sunlight is, in fact, a mixture of a very great number of different-coloured lights, is a doctrine now familiar to every one who has the slightest education in physical science. We must, however, remember that this discovery was really a tremendous advance in knowledge at the time when Newton announced it.

Passage #5

a) The moon is certainly attracted to the earth, and yet the moon does not fall down; how is this to be accounted for? The explanation was to be found in the character of the moon's present motion. If the moon were left for a moment at rest, there can be no doubt that the attraction of the earth would begin to draw the lunar globe towards our globe. In the course of a few days our satellite would come down on the earth with a most fearful crash. This catastrophe is averted by the circumstance that the moon has a movement of revolution around the earth.

b) Newton was able to calculate from the known laws of mechanics, which had himself been mainly instrumental in discovering, what the attractive power of the earth must be, so that the moon shall move precisely as we find it to move. It then appeared that the very power which makes an apple fall at the earth's surface is the power which guides the moon in its orbit.

Passage #6

These superb discoveries were, however, but the starting point from which Newton entered on a series of researches, which disclosed many of the profoundest secrets in the scheme of celestial mechanics. His natural insight showed that not only large masses like the sun and the earth, and the moon, attract each other, but that every particle in the universe must attract every other particle with a force which varies inversely as the square of the distance between them.

Passage #7

Newton then made it plain that the rise and fall of the water was simply a consequence of the attractive power which the moon exerted upon the oceans lying upon our globe. He showed also that to a certain extent the sun produces tides, and he was able to explain how it was that when the sun and the moon both conspire, the joint result was to produce especially high tides, which we call "spring tides"; whereas if the solar tide was low, while the lunar tide was high, then we had the phenomenon of "neap" tides.

Passage #8

The sun attracts the moon, and the sun attracts the earth, but in different degrees, and the consequence is that the moon's movement with regard to the earth is seriously affected by the influence of the sun. It is not allowed to move exactly in an ellipse, nor is the earth exactly in the focus. How great was Newton's achievement in the solution of this problem will be appreciated if we realise that he not only had to determine from the law of gravitation the nature of the disturbance of the moon, but he had actually to construct the mathematical tools by which alone such calculations could be effected.

Passage #9

He had gone to early morning chapel, leaving a lighted candle among his papers on his desk. Tradition asserts that his little dog, "Diamond" upset the candle; at all events, when Newton

came back he found that many valuable papers had perished in a conflagration. The loss of these manuscripts seems to have had a serious effect. Indeed, it has been asserted that the distress reduced Newton to a state of mental aberration for a considerable time.

Passage #10

Though Newton lived long enough to receive the honour that his astonishing discoveries so justly merited, and though for many years of his life his renown was much greater than that of any of his contemporaries, yet is not too much to say that, in the year which have since elapsed, Newton's fame has been ever steadily advancing, so that it never stood higher than it does at this moment.

Hans Brinker by Mary Mapes Dodge

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***Kim by Rudyard Kipling**

Chapter 1

It would, he said, all come right some day, and Kim's horn would be exalted between pillars — monstrous pillars — of beauty and strength. The Colonel himself, riding on a horse, at the head of the finest Regiment in the world, would attend to Kim, — little Kim that should have been better off than his father.

Chapter 1

“Those who beg in silence starve in silence,” said Kim, quoting a native proverb.

Chapter 2

He began in Urdu the tale of the Lord Buddha, but, borne by his own thoughts, slid into Tibetan and long-droned texts from a Chinese book of the Buddha's life. The gentle, tolerant folk looked on reverently. All India is full of holy men stammering gospels in strange tongues; shaken and consumed in the fires of their own zeal; dreamers, babblers, and visionaries: as it has been from the beginning and will continue to the end.

Chapter 3

“Take notice.” The lama turned to Kim. “He was led to speak harshly by the Red Mist of anger. That clearing from his eyes, he becomes courteous and of an affable heart. May his fields be blessed! Beware not to judge men too hastily, O farmer.”

Chapter 3

They followed the rutted and worn country road that wound across the flat between the great dark-green mango-groves, the line of the snowcapped Himalayas faint to the eastward. All India was at work in the fields, to the creaking of well-wheels, the shouting of ploughmen behind their cattle, and the clamour of the crows. Even the pony felt the good influence and almost broke into a trot as Kim laid a hand on the stirrup-leather.

Chapter 4

“This is a good land — the land of the South!” said he. “The air is good; the water is good. Eh?”

“And they are all bound upon the Wheel,” said the lama. “Bound from life after life. To none of these has the Way been shown.” He shook himself back to this world.

Chapter 4

He rose and stalked to the cart. Kim would have given his ears to come too, but the lama did not invite him; and the few words he caught were in an unknown tongue, for they spoke some common speech of the mountains. The woman seemed to ask questions which the lama turned over in his mind before answering. Now and again he heard the sing-song cadence of a Chinese quotation. It was a strange picture that Kim watched between drooped eyelids.

Chapter 5

“Never make friends with the Devil, a Monkey, or a Boy. No man knows what they will do next,” said his fellow.

Chapter 6

For the rest of the day Kim found himself an object of distinguished consideration among a few hundred white men. The story of his appearance in camp, the discovery of his parentage, and his prophecy, had lost nothing in the telling.

Chapter 6

"I do not know anything. Go away!" said Kim, scenting evil. Hereupon the man caught him by the ear, dragged him to a room in a far-off wing where a dozen drummer-boys were sitting on forms, and told him to be still if he could do nothing else. This he managed very successfully. The man explained something or other with white lines on a black board for at least half an hour, and Kim continued his interrupted nap. He much disapproved of the present aspect of affairs, for this was the very school and discipline he had spent two-thirds of his young life in avoiding.

Chapter 6

The day dragged to its weary end. When he wished to sleep he was instructed how to fold up his clothes and set out his boots; the other boys deriding. Bugles waked him in the dawn; the schoolmaster caught him after breakfast, thrust a page of meaningless characters under his nose, gave them senseless names, and whacked him without reason.

Chapter 7

"This is the great world, and I am only Kim. Who is Kim?" He considered his own identity, a thing he had never done before, till his head swam. He was one insignificant person in all this roaring whirl of India, going southward to he knew not what fate.

Chapter 8

"Friend of all the World," said Mahbub, pushing over the pipe for the boy to clean, "I have met many men, women, and boys, and not a few Sahibs. I have never in all my days met such an imp as thou art."

"And why? When I always tell thee the truth."

“Perhaps the very reason, for this is a world of danger to honest men.” Mahbub Ali hauled himself off the ground, girt in his belt, and went over to the horses.

Chapter 9

So far Kim had been thinking in Hindu, but a tremor came on him, and with an effort like that of a swimmer before sharks, who hurls himself half out of the water, his mind leaped up from a darkness that was swallowing it and took refuge in – the multiplication-table in English!

Chapter 9

Through the volleying drifts of English, Kim caught the general trend of the talk, and it interested him very much. Here was a new craft that a man could tuck away in his head; and by the look of the large wide world unfolding itself before him, it seemed that the more a man knew the better for him.

Chapter 10

He laid the garments formally at Kim’s feet. There was a gold-embroidered Peshawur turban-cap, rising to a cone, and a big turban-cloth ending in a fringe of gold. There was a Delhi embroidered waistcoat to slip over a milky white shirt, fastening to the right, ample and flowing; green pyjamas with twisted silk waist-string; and that nothing might be lacking, Russia-leather slippers, smelling divinely, with arrogantly curled tips.

Chapter 11

“Now am I alone – all alone,” he thought. “In all India is no one so alone as I! If I die to-day, who shall bring the news – and to whom? If I live and God is good, there will be a price upon my head, for I am a Son of the Charm – I, Kim.”

Chapter 11

“We cannot walk far on such stuff.” Kim felt all the European’s lust for flesh-meat, which is not accessible in a Jain temple. Yet, instead of going out at once with the begging-bowl, he stayed his stomach on slabs of cold rice till the full dawn.

Chapter 12

A group of yellow-trouserred Punjab policemen, headed by a hot and perspiring young Englishman, parted the crowd about the carriages. Behind them, inconspicuous as a cat, ambled a small fat person who looked like a lawyer’s tout.

Chapter 12

For the first time in his life, Kim thrilled to the clean pride (it can be a deadly pitfall, none the less) of Departmental praise – ensnaring praise from an equal of work appreciated by fellow-workers.

Chapter 13

Along their track lay the villages of the hill-folk – mud and earth huts, timbers now and then rudely carved with an axe – clinging like swallows’ nests against the steeps, huddled on tiny flats halfway down a three-thousand-foot glissade; jammed into a corner between cliffs that funneled and focused every wandering blast; or, for the sake of summer pasture, cowering down on a neck that in winter would be ten feet deep in snow. And the people – the sallow, greasy, duffle-clad people, with short bare legs and faces almost Esquimaux – would flock out and adore.

Chapter 13

“Holy One, these be Sahibs. My medicines cured one of a flux, and I go into Simla to oversee his recovery. They wish to see thy picture – “

“To heal the sick is always good.” This is the Wheel of Life,” said the lama, “the same I showed thee in the hut at Ziglaur when the rain fell.”

Chapter 14

The wheeling basket vomited its contents as it dropped. The theodolite hit a jutting cliff-ledge and exploded like a shell; the books, inkstands, paint-boxes, compasses, and rulers showed for a few seconds like a swarm of bees. Then they vanished; and, though Kim, hanging half out of window, strained his young ears, never a sound came up from the gulf.

Chapter 14

“We were well matched. Ignorance and Lust met Ignorance and Lust upon the road, and they begat Anger. The blow was a sign to me, who am no better than a strayed yak, that my place is not here. Who can read the Cause of an act is halfway to Freedom! ‘Back to the path,’ says the Blow. ‘The Hills are not for thee. Thou canst not choose Freedom and go in bondage to the delight of life.’ ”

Chapter 15

Kim – his face is drawn and tired – pays very small silver from his belt, heaves out the food-bag, crams an oilskin packet - they are holy writings - into his bosom, and helps the lama to his feet. The peace has come again into the old man’s eyes, and he does not look for the hills to fall down and crush him as he did that terrible night when they were delayed by the flooded river.

Chapter 15

Then she fed him, and the house spun to her clamour. She caused fowls to be slain; she sent for vegetables, and the sober, slow-thinking gardener, nigh as old as she, sweated for it; she took spices, and milk, and onion, with little fish from the brooks – anon limes for sherbets, fat quails from the pits, then chicken-livers upon a skewer, with sliced ginger between.

Chapter 15

“I am Kim. I am Kim. And what is Kim?” His soul repeated it again and again.

He did not want to cry, - had never felt less like crying in his life, - but of a sudden easy, stupid tears trickled down his nose, and with an almost audible click he felt the wheels of his being lock up anew on the world without. Things that rode meaningless on the eyeball an instant before slid into proper proportion. Roads were meant to be walked

upon, houses to be lived in, cattle to be driven, fields to be tilled, and men and women to be talked to. They were all real and true – solidly planted upon the feet - perfectly comprehensible – clay of his clay, neither more nor less. He shook himself like a dog with a flea in his ear, and rambled out of the gate. Said the Sahiba, to whom watchful eyes reported this move: “Let him go. I have done my share. Mother Earth must do the rest. When the Holy One comes back from meditation, tell him.”

Lad: A Dog by Albert Payson Terhune

Chapter 1

Anyone with money to make the purchase may become a dog’s owner. But no man—spend he ever so much coin and food and tact in the effort—may become a dog’s Master without the consent of the dog. Do you get the difference?

Chapter 2

The denizens of every world must have at least one deity to worship. Lad had one: the Master. Indeed, he had two: the Master and the Mistress. And because the dog was strong of soul and chivalric, withal, and because the Mistress was altogether lovable, Lad placed her altar even above the Master’s. Which was wholly as it should have been.

Chapter 3

Twistingly, the copperhead glided out onto the grass at the very edge of the rug. The snake was short, and thick, and dirty, with a distinct and intricate pattern interwoven on its rough upper body. The head was short, flat, wedge-shaped. Between eye and nostril, on either side, was the sinister “pinhole,” that is the infallible mark of the poison-sac serpent

Chapter 4

Lad then deposited him on the grass—whereupon Wolf pounced once more upon the handkerchief, only to be lifted a second time, painlessly but terrifyingly, above earth. After this was repeated five times, a gleam of sense entered the puppy’s fluff-brain, and he trotted sulkily away, leaving the handkerchief untouched.

Chapter 5

He was the hero of a half-dozen hard-won fights. He had once risked his life to save life. He had attacked tramps and peddlers and other stick-wielding invaders who had strayed into the grounds of The Place. Yet the tiniest semblance of fear now crept into his heart.

He looked up at the Mistress, a world of sorrowing appeal in his eyes. At her gentle touch on his head and at a whisper of her loved voice, he moved onward at her side with no further hesitation.

Chapter 6

When he was able to move, he took up his journey. Sometimes swimming, sometimes on ground, he skirted the Palisades' foot to northward, until he found one of the several precipice paths that Sunday picnickers love to climb. Up this he made his tottering way, slowly, conserving his strength as best he could.

Chapter 7

Yes, the speech was ridiculous, but no one felt like laughing, not even the Wall Street Farmer. The shepherd was gravely sincere and he knew that Lad would understand his burring words.

And Lad did understand. Solemnly he sat up. Solemnly he laid one white forepaw in the gnarled palm the kneeling shepherd outstretched to him. His eyes glinted in wise friendliness as they met the admiring gaze of the old man. Two born shepherds were face to face. Deep was calling unto deep.

Chapter 8

Down on her knees beside Lad the Mistress flung herself, and gathered his head in her arms and told him what a splendid, dear dog he was and how proud she was of him.

All Lad had done was to obey orders, as any dog of his brain and heart and home training might have obeyed them. Yet, for some unexplained reason, he had made the Mistress wildly happy. And that was enough for Lad.

Chapter 9

After which, since he was not of the sort to clamor noisily for what lurked beyond his reach, the dog yawned and lay down to keep guard on his arboreal prisoner. For half an hour he lay thus, varying his vigil once or twice by sniffing thoughtfully at a ragged scrap of trouser cloth between his little white forepaws. He sniffed the thing as though trying to commit its scent to memory.

Chapter 9

The collie turned and fled. He did not flee with tail down, as befits a beaten dog. Brush waving aloft, he gamboled along at top speed, just a stride or two ahead of the pursuing bull. He even looked back encouragingly over his shoulder as he went.

Lad was having a beautiful time. Seldom had he been so riotously happy. All the pent-up mischief in his soul was having a glorious airing.

Chapter 10

The great dog's mahogany-and-snow coat shone wetly in the sunshine. Every line of his splendid body was tense. His eyes looked up into the face of the loved Mistress in eager anticipation. For a whistle call usually involved some matter of more than common interest.

Chapter 10

Lad went in a geometrically straight line, swerving not an inch, with much difficulty held back to the slow walk on which the Master insisted. There was more than one reason for this insistence. Not only did the two men want to keep far enough behind Schwartz to prevent him from hearing their careful steps, but Lad's course was so uncompromisingly straight that it led them over a hundred obstacles and gullies which required all sorts of skill to negotiate.

Chapter 11

These nine dogs of various breeds had all been famed prize-winners in their time. And above all the rest, Lad was adjudged worthy of the "veteran cup"! There was a haze of happy tears in the Mistress' eyes as she led him from the ring. It seemed a beautiful climax for his grand old life. She wiped her eyes, unashamed, whispering praise the while to her stately dog.

Chapter 11

The Boy's voice trailed away into a gurgle of bewildered rapture. He had caught sight of the lettering on the big cup. And now, his arm around Wolf, he read the inscription aloud, stammering with delight as he blurted out the words:

"Hero Cup. Won by WOLF, Against All Comers."

Chapter 12

Oh, but it was slow going, this ever-fighting retreat of Lad's, through the deep drifts, with his mightier foe pressing him and rending at his throat and shoulders at every backward step! The old dog's wind was gone; his once-superb strength was going, but he fought on with blazing fury—the fury of a dying king who will not be deposed.

Little Town on the Prairie by Laura Ingalls Wilder

Chapter 1 - Surprise

One evening at supper, Pa asked, "How would you like to work in town, Laura?" Laura could not say a word. Neither could any of the others. They all sat frozen. Grace's blue eyes stared over the rim of her tin cup, Carrie's teeth stayed bitten into a slice of bread, and Mary's hand held her fork stopped in the air. Ma let go pouring from the teapot's spout into Pa's brimming cup. Just in time, she quickly set down the teapot.

Chapter 1 - Surprise

All in the minute before Pa began to explain, Laura thought of the town, and of the homestead claim where they were all so busy and happy now in the springtime, and she did not want anything changed. She did not want to work in town.

Chapter 2 – Springtime on the Claim

Warm and sweet, the scent of new milk came up from the streams hissing into the rising foam, and it mixed with the scents of springtime. Laura's bare feet were wet and cool in the dewy grass, the sunshine was warm on her neck, and Ellen's flank was warmer against her cheek. On its own little picket rope, Ellen's baby calf bawled anxiously, and Ellen answered with a soothing moo.

Chapter 2 – Springtime on the Claim

All one hot morning, the beans were popping out of the ground. Grace discovered them and came shrieking with excitement to tell Ma. All that morning she could not be coaxed away from watching them. Up from the bare earth, bean after bean was popping, its stem uncoiling like a steel spring, and up in the sunshine the halves of the split bean still clutched two pale twin-leaves. Every time a bean popped up, Grace squealed again.

Chapter 3 – The Necessary Cat

He had no sooner planted the seed corn than the striped gophers found it. All over the field they had been scampering, and stopping to dig into the little spots of fine soil with their tiny paws. It was a wonder that they knew exactly where the kernels were buried.

Chapter 3 – The Necessary Cat

Laura made a snug, soft nest for the kitten in a pasteboard box, while Ma warmed some milk. They all watched while Ma took the kitten in her hand and fed it, a drop of milk at a time, from a teaspoon. The kitten's wee paws clutched at the spoon and its pink mouth tried to suck, and drop by drop it sucked in the warm milk, though some ran down its chin. Then they put it in its nest, and under Mary's warm hand it snuggled down to sleep.

Chapter 4 – The Happy Days

She saw the hoe, and the colors of the earth, and all the leafy little lights and shadows of the pea vines. She had only to glance up, and she saw miles of blowing grasses, the far blue skyline, the birds flying, Ellen and the calves on the green slope, and the different blues of the sky, the snowy piles of huge summer clouds. She had so much, and Mary saw only darkness.

Chapter 4 – The Happy Days

In all that satisfaction, perhaps the best part was knowing that tomorrow would be like today, the same and yet a little different from all other days, as this one had been. But Laura did not know this, until Pa asked her, "How would you like to work in town?"

Chapter 5 – Working in Town

The sewing machine stood just behind the front end of the other counter, near the window. Its nickel parts and its long needle glittered and its varnished wood shone. A spool of white thread stood up on its thin black ridge. Laura would not have touched it for anything.

Chapter 5 – Working in Town

When she had cut the buttonholes, Laura whipped the cut edges swiftly, and swiftly covered them with the small, knotted stitches, all precisely the same length and closely set together. She so hated making button holes that she had learned to do them quickly, and get it over with. Mrs. White noticed her work, and said, "You can beat me making buttonholes."

Chapter 6 – The Month of Roses

All through the month of June, Laura sewed shirts. Wild roses were blooming in great sweeps of pink through the prairie grasses, but Laura saw them only in the early morning when she and Pa were hurrying to work.

Chapter 6 – The Month of Roses

When Laura looked up from her work she could see almost the whole town, because nearly all the buildings were in the two blocks across the street. All their false fronts stood up, square-cornered at the different heights, trying to make believe that the buildings were two stories high.

Chapter 7 – Nine Dollars

Ma was delighted when she saw them. Carrie and Grace crowded to peep at them in the basket, and Laura told Mary about them. They were healthy, lively chicks, with bright black eyes and bright yellow claws. Already the down was coming off them, leaving naked patches on their necks, and the sprouting feathers were showing on their wings and tails. They were every color that chickens are, and some were spotted.

Chapter 7 – Nine Dollars

The night was large and empty now. The light shining from the house was warm and steady, but even home would not be the same when Mary was not there.

Then Ma said, “Your nine dollars are a great help, Laura. I have been planning, and I do believe that with nine dollars I can buy the goods for Mary’s best dress, and perhaps the velvet to make her hat.”

Chapter 8 – Fourth of July

Her whole mind seemed to be lighted up by that thought. This is what it means to be free. It means, you have to be good. “Our father’s God, author of liberty-“The laws of Nature and of Nature’s God endow you with a right to life and liberty. Then you have to keep the laws of God, for God’s law is the only thing that gives you a right to be free.

Chapter 8 – Fourth of July

Then Mr. Owens buggy whip flashed out. It swished down, once, twice, as he shouted. The bays leaped ahead. Almanzo had no whip. He was leaning forward, lightly holding the reins firm. Once more he seemed to speak. Fast and smooth as swallows flying, the brown Morgans passed the bays and crossed the line. They’d won!

Chapter 9 – Blackbirds

That evening when the flock of happy blackbirds was swirling at play in the sunset air above the oat-field, Pa took out his shotgun and shot them. He did not like to do it, and in the house no one liked to hear the shots, but they knew it must be done. Pa must protect the crops. The horses and Ellen and her calves would live on hay that winter, but the oats and the corn were cash crops. They would sell for money to pay taxes and buy coals.

Chapter 9 – Blackbirds

They ran up and down, in the sun and heat, stumbling over the rough sods, screeching and shouting and waving their arms. Sweat ran down their faces and their back, the sharp cornleaves cut their hands and cheeks. Their throats ached from yelling. And always the swirling wings rose and settled again. Again scores of blackbirds were clinging to the ears, and sharp beaks were tearing and pecking.

Chapter 10 – Mary Goes to College

Laura's throat choked up. She winked her eyelids hard and took a deep breath but her voice quivered. "I hope you like college, Mary."

"Oh, I will. I will!" Mary breathed. "Think of being able to study and learn-Oh, everything! Even to play the organ. I do owe it partly to you, Laura. Even if you aren't teaching school yet, you have helped me to go."

Chapter 10 – Mary Goes to College

The floor around the stove was scrubbed bone-white. Only faintest traces of the blacking remained. The beds smelled sweetly of fresh hay. The windowpanes glittered. Every shelf in the cupboards was scrubbed and every dish washed. "And we'll eat bread and drink milk from now on, and keep the dishes clean!" said Laura.

Chapter 11 – Miss Wilder Teaches School

She went to the door and rang the bell. Pupils came crowding in, till nearly all the seats were filled. On the girls' side, only one seat was left vacant. On the boys' side, all the back seats were empty because the big boys would not come to school until the winter term. There were still working on the claims now.

Chapter 11 – Miss Wilder Teaches School

Laura felt her cheeks grow hot. She knew what a great opportunity it was, to go to school. Miss Wilder was there to help her to learn, she should be grateful, she should never impertinently criticize. She should only try to be perfect in her lessons and in deportment. Yet she could not help thinking, "Just the same, she shouldn't have! It was not fair."

Chapter 12 – Snug for Winter

All day long while the girls were in school, Ma made preserves of the red tomatoes, of the purple husk-tomatoes, and of the golden ground-cherries. She made pickles of the green tomatoes that would not have time to ripen before it froze. The house was full of the sirupy scent of preserves and the spicy odor of pickles.

Chapter 12 – Snug for Winter

So no one spoke of the emptiness they all felt now. Quietly and cheerfully they went about getting supper and setting the table, and Ma did not know that she sighed when she said, “Well, we are all settled snug for the winter.”

“Yes,” Pa said. “This time we are well fixed for it.”

Chapter 13 – Sent Home From School

Laura had to sit helpless. Carrie went miserably but bravely to the blackboard. She was trembling and she had to wink back tears but she would not cry. Laura sat watching her thin hand slowly writing, one long line of words and then another. Carrie grew pale and paler, but she kept on writing. Suddenly her face went gray, and she hung on to the eraser trough.

Chapter 13 – Sent Home From School

Everyone had heard of being sent home from school. No one there had heard of being sent home from school. No one there had seen it done before. It was punishment worse than whipping with a whip. Only one punishment was more dreadful; that was to be expelled from school.

Chapter 14 – The School Board’s Visit

- (a) Carrie was carefully good, and in obedience to Pa, Laura was well-behaved, too. She did not think then of the Bible verse that speaks of the cup and the platter that were clean only on the outside, but the truth is that she was like that cup and platter. She hated Miss Wilder.
- (b) She still felt a burning resentment against Miss Wilder’s cruel unfairness to Carrie. She wanted to get even with her. Outside, she was shining clean with good behavior, but she made not the least effort to be truly good inside.

Chapter 14 – The School Board’s Visit

“Never mind,” Pa said. “Jack was a good dog and he’s gone to his reward. So Nellie twisted what you said and told it to Miss Wilder, and that’s made all this trouble. I see.” he took up his

paper. "Well, Laura, maybe you have learned a lesson that is worth while. Just remember this, 'A dog that will fetch a bone, will carry a bone.'"

Chapter 15 – Name Cards

But the next morning she and Mary Power were so eager to see Laura that they waited for her to come out of the house. Mary Power had found out about name cards. Jake Hopp, who ran the newspaper, had them at the newspaper office next to the bank. They were colored cards, with colored pictures of flowers and birds, and Mr. Hopp would print your name on them.

Chapter 15 - Name Cards

He took one from his pocket and handed it to her. He was driving with one capable hand, keeping the lines in play between his gloved hand, keeping the lines in play between his gloved fingers. The card was plain and white. Printed on it in Old English letters was, Almanzo James Wilder.

Chapter 16 – The Sociable

All the week Laura had hardly been able to wait to see what a sociable was, and now she was here. Some people were sitting in a lighted room. She felt embarrassed as she hurriedly followed Mrs. Tinkham past them into a small bedroom. She and Mary Power laid their coats and hoods on the bed. Then quietly they slipped into chairs in the larger chair.

Chapter 16 – The Sociable

Down on the street once more, Laura drew a deep breath. "Whew! If that is a sociable, I don't like sociables."

"Neither do I," Mary Power agreed. "I wish I hadn't gone. I'd rather have the dime."

Chapter 17 – Literaries

Suddenly the door opened and Pa burst in, saying, "Put on you bonnets, Caroline and girls! There's a meeting at the schoolhouse!"

“Whatever in the world—“ Ma said.

“Everybody’s going!” said Pa. “We are starting a literary society.”

Chapter 17 – Literaries

Fast and hard the words came pelting then, the tricky words from the very back of the spelling book. On the other line, everyone went down but Mr. Foster. Ma went down. Only Pa and Laura were left, to down Mr. Foster.

Chapter 18 – The Whirl of Gaiety

With Sunday school and morning church, Sunday dinner and dishes, and going to church again in the evening, every Sunday fairly flew past. There was school again on Monday, and the rising excitement of waiting for the Friday Literary; Saturday was not long enough for talking it all over, the Sunday came again.

Chapter 18 – The Whirl of Gaiety

Laura and Ida washed and wiped dishes again, and the women sorted them out and packed them into baskets with whatever food was left. It was a compliment to Ma’s cooking that not a bite of the pumpkin pie nor a spoonful of beans remained. Ida washed the baking pan and the milkpan, Laura wiped them and Ma crowded them into her basket.

Chapter 19 – The Birthday Party

After a few moments Mrs. Woodworth excused herself and went into the kitchen. Then a stillness settled on everyone. Laura felt that she should say something, but she could think of nothing to say. Her feet seemed too big and she did not know what to do with her hands.

Chapter 19 – The Birthday Party

There was plenty of room to play the liveliest games. First they played drop-the-handkerchief, then they played blind-man’s-bluff. When at last they all dropped panting onto the benches to rest, Jim said, “I know a game you’ve never played!”

Chapter 20 – The Madcap Days

In March the snow was melting, and final examinations were near. Still Laura did not study as she should. All the talk now was about the last Literary of that winter. What it would be was a secret that everyone was trying to guess. Even Nellie's family was coming to it, and Nellie was going to wear a new dress.

Chapter 20 – The Madcap Days

When the five darkies suddenly raced down the aisle and were gone, everyone was weak from excitement and laughing. It did not seem possible that the whole evening had gone. The famous minstrel shows in New York surely could not be better than that minstrel show had been. Then a question ran through the whole jostling crowd, "Who were they?"

Chapter 21 – Unexpected in April

Kitty was frantic. This was the first blizzard she had known. She did not know what to make of it, when all of her fur stood up and crackled. Trying to soothe her, Grace discovered that a spark would snap from her whenever she was touched. Nothing could be done about that, except no to touch her.

Chapter 21 – Unexpected in April

"No," Ma said. "Even the weather has more sense in it than you seem to give it credit for. Blizzards come only in blizzard country. You may be well prepared to teach school and still not be a schoolteacher, but if you were not prepared, it's certain that you won't be."

Chapter 22 – Schooltime Begins Again

Hoops had finally come in, and Ma bought a set for Laura. She let down the hem of the brown dress, and made it over so cleverly that it could be worn over hoops perfectly well, and the full blue cashmere needed no changing. Still, Laura felt that all the other girls were better dressed.

Chapter 22 – Schooltime Begins Again

Every night that week he saw her home from the revival meeting. She still could not understand why. But the week soon ended, so that again she could spend the evenings in study, and she forgot to wonder about Almanzo in her dread of the School Exhibition.

Chapter 23 – The School Exhibition

Then came grammar. This was harder because there was no blackboard. It is easy enough to parse every word in a long, complex-compound sentence full of adverbial phrases, when you see the sentence written on the slate of blackboard. It is not so easy to keep the whole sentence in mind and not omit a word nor so much as a comma.

Chapter 23 – The School Exhibition

The time had come. Laura stood up. She did not know how she got to the platform. Somehow she was there, and her voice began. "America was discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1492. Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa in Italy, had long sought permission to make a voyage toward the west in order to discover a new route to India. At that time Spain was ruled by the united crowns of --"

Chapter 24 – Unexpected in December

They sat together at the table. Laura worked examples in arithmetic, she spelled, she answered questions in geography. She read Marc Antony's oration on the death of Caesar. She felt quite at home with Mr. Williams while she diagrammed sentences on her slate and rapidly parsed them.

Chapter 24 – Unexpected in December

"Now Mary can have everything she needs, and she can come home this next summer." she said. "Oh, Pa, do you think I—I can teach school?"

"I do, Laura," said Pa. "I am sure of it."

Little Women by Louisa Mae Alcott

Chapter 1 Playing Pilgrims

"Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents," grumbled Jo, lying on the rug.

"It's so dreadful to be poor!" sighed Meg, looking down at her old dress.

"I don't think it's fair for some girls to have plenty of pretty things, and other girls nothing at all," added little Amy, with an injured sniff.

"We've got Father and Mother, and each other," said Beth contentedly from her corner.

The four young faces on which the firelight shone brightened at the cheerful words, but darkened again as Jo said sadly, "We haven't got Father, and shall not have him for a long time." She didn't say "perhaps never," but each silently added it, thinking of Father far away, where the fighting was.

Chapter 1

"We never are too old for this, my dear, because it is a play we are playing all the time in one way or another. Our burdens are here, our road is before us, and the longing for goodness and happiness is the guide that leads us through many troubles and mistakes to the peace which is a true Celestial City. Now, my little pilgrims, suppose you begin again, not in play, but in earnest, and see how far on you can get before Father comes home."

Chapter 1

"Give them all of my dear love and a kiss. Tell them I think of them by day, pray for them by night, and find my best comfort in their affection at all times. A year seems very long to wait before I see them, but remind them that while we wait we may all work, so that these hard days need not be wasted. I know they will remember all I said to them, that they will be loving children to you, will do their duty faithfully, fight their bosom enemies bravely, and conquer themselves so beautifully that when I come back to them I may be fonder and prouder than ever of my little women." Everybody sniffed when they came to that part.

Chapter 2 A Merry Christmas

Then she remembered her mother's promise and, slipping her hand under her pillow, drew out a little crimson-covered book. She knew it very well, for it was that beautiful old story of the best life ever lived, and Jo felt that it was a true guidebook for any pilgrim going on a long journey. She woke Meg with a "Merry Christmas," and bade her see what was under her pillow. A green-covered book appeared, with the same picture inside, and a few words written

by their mother, which made their one present very precious in their eyes. Presently Beth and Amy woke to rummage and find their little books also, one dove-colored, the other blue, and all sat looking at and talking about them, while the east grew rosy with the coming day.

Chapter 2

"Das ist gut!" "Die Engel-kinder!" cried the poor things as they ate and warmed their purple hands at the comfortable blaze.

The girls had never been called angel children before, and thought it very agreeable, especially Jo, who had been considered a "Sancho" ever since she was born. That was a very happy breakfast, though they didn't get any of it. And when they went away, leaving comfort behind, I think there were not in all the city four merrier people than the hungry little girls who gave away their breakfasts and contented themselves with bread and milk on Christmas morning.

"That's loving our neighbor better than ourselves, and I like it," said Meg, as they set out their presents while their mother was upstairs collecting clothes for the poor Hummels.

Chapter 2

Then came the grand effect of the play. Roderigo produced a rope ladder, with five steps to it, threw up one end, and invited Zara to descend. Timidly she crept from her lattice, put her hand on Roderigo's shoulder, and was about to leap gracefully down when, "Alas! Alas for Zara!" she forgot her train. It caught in the window, the tower tottered, leaned forward, fell with a crash, and buried the unhappy lovers in the ruins.

A universal shriek arose as the russet boots waved wildly from the wreck and a golden head emerged, exclaiming, "I told you so! I told you so!"

Chapter 3 The Laurence Boy

No one came to talk to her, and one by one the group dwindled away till she was left alone. She could not roam about and amuse herself, for the burned breadth would show, so she stared at people rather forlornly till the dancing began. Meg was asked at once, and the tight slippers tripped about so briskly that none would have guessed the pain their wearer suffered smilingly. Jo saw a big red headed youth approaching her corner, and fearing he meant to engage her, she slipped into a curtained recess, intending to peep and enjoy herself in peace. Unfortunately, another bashful person had chosen the same refuge, for, as the curtain fell behind her, she found herself face to face with the 'Laurence boy'.

Chapter 3

With what Meg called "a great want of manners," Jo had saved some bonbons for the little girls, and they soon subsided, after hearing the most thrilling events of the evening.

"I declare, it really seems like being a fine young lady, to come home from the party in a carriage and sit in my dressing gown with a maid to wait on me," said Meg, as Jo bound up her foot with arnica and brushed her hair.

"I don't believe fine young ladies enjoy themselves a bit more than we do, in spite of our burned hair, old gowns, one glove apiece and tight slippers that sprain our ankles when we are silly enough to wear them." And I think Jo was quite right.

Chapter 4 Burdens

a) "Oh, dear, how hard it does seem to take up our packs and go on," sighed Meg the morning after the party, for now the holidays were over, the week of merrymaking did not fit her for going on easily with the task she never liked.

"I wish it was Christmas or New Year's all the time. Wouldn't it be fun?" answered Jo, yawning dismally.

b) "We shouldn't enjoy ourselves half so much as we do now. But it does seem so nice to have little suppers and bouquets, and go to parties, and drive home, and read and rest, and not work. It's like other people, you know, and I always envy girls who do such things; I'm so fond of luxury," said Meg, trying to decide which of two shabby gowns was the least shabby.

"Well, we can't have it, so don't let us grumble but shoulder our bundles and trudge along as cheerfully as Marmee does. I'm sure Aunt March is a regular Old Man of the Sea to me, but I suppose when I've learned to carry her without complaining, she will tumble off, or get so light that I shan't mind her."

Chapter 4

Meg was Amy's confidante and monitor, and by some strange attraction of opposites Jo was gentle Beth's. To Jo alone did the shy child tell her thoughts, and over her big harum-scarum sister Beth unconsciously exercised more influence than anyone in the family. The two older girls were a great deal to one another, but each took one of the younger sisters into her keeping and watched over her in her own way, "playing mother" they called it, and put their

sisters in the places of discarded dolls with the maternal instinct of little women.

"Has anybody got anything to tell? It's been such a dismal day I'm really dying for some amusement," said Meg, as they sat sewing together that evening.

Chapter 5 Being Neighborly

Up went a handful of soft snow, and the head turned at once, showing a face which lost its listless look in a minute, as the big eyes brightened and the mouth began to smile. Jo nodded and laughed, and flourished her broom as she called out,--
"How do you do? Are you sick?"

Laurie opened the window, and croaked out as hoarsely as a raven,--
"Better, thank you. I've had a bad cold, and been shut up a week."

Chapter 5

Laurie colored up, but answered frankly, "Why, you see, I often hear you calling to one another, and when I'm alone up here, I can't help looking over at your house, you always seem to be having such good times. I beg your pardon for being so rude, but sometimes you forget to put down the curtain at the window where the flowers are; and when the lamps are lighted, it's like looking at a picture to see the fire, and you all round the table with your mother; her face is right opposite, and it looks so sweet behind the flowers, I can't help watching it. I haven't got any mother, you know;" and Laurie poked the fire to hide a little twitching of the lips that he could not control.

The solitary, hungry look in his eyes went straight to Jo's warm heart.

Chapter 6 Beth Finds the Palace Beautiful

What good times they had, to be sure! Such plays and tableaux, such sleigh-rides and skating frolics, such pleasant evenings in the old parlor, and now and then such gay little parties at the great house. Meg could walk in the conservatory whenever she liked, and revel in bouquets; Jo browsed over the new library voraciously, and convulsed the old gentleman with her criticisms; Amy copied pictures, and enjoyed beauty to her heart's content; and Laurie played "lord of the manor" in the most delightful style.

But Beth, though yearning for the grand piano, could not pluck up courage to go to the "Mansion of Bliss," as Meg called it.

Chapter 6

"I was thinking about our 'Pilgrim's Progress'," answered Beth, who had not heard a word. "How we got out of the Slough and through the Wicket Gate by resolving to be good, and up the steep hill by trying, and that maybe the house over there, full of splendid things, is going to be our Palace Beautiful."

"We have got to get by the lions first," said Jo, as if she rather liked the prospect.

Chapter 7 Amy's Valley of Humiliation

"That's good! I wish all the girls would leave, and spoil his old school. It's perfectly maddening to think of those lovely limes," sighed Amy, with the air of a martyr.

"I am not sorry you lost them, for you broke the rules, and deserved some punishment for disobedience," was the severe reply, which rather disappointed the young lady, who expected nothing but sympathy.

"Do you mean you are glad I was disgraced before the whole school?" cried Amy.

"I should not have chosen that way of mending a fault," replied her mother; "but I'm not sure that it won't do you more good than a milder method. You are getting to be rather conceited, my dear, and it is quite time you set about correcting it...."

Chapter 7

"I see. It's nice to have accomplishments and be elegant, but not to show off or get perked up," said Amy thoughtfully.

"These things are always seen and felt in a person's manner and conversations, if modestly used, but it is not necessary to display them," said Mrs. March.

"Any more than it's proper to wear all your bonnets and gowns and ribbons at once, that folks may know you've got them," added Jo, and the lecture ended in a laugh.

Chapter 8 Jo Meets Apollyon

a) "Scold as much as you like, you'll never see your silly old book again," cried Amy, getting excited in her turn.

"Why not?"

"I burned it up."

"What! My little book I was so fond of, and worked over, and meant to finish before Father got home? Have you really burned it?" said Jo, turning very pale, while her eyes kindled and her hands clutched Amy nervously.

b) "Yes, I did! I told you I'd make you pay for being so cross yesterday, and I have, so . . ."

Amy got no farther, for Jo's hot temper mastered her, and she shook Amy till her teeth chattered in her head, crying in a passion of grief and anger . . .

"You wicked, wicked girl! I never can write it again, and I'll never forgive you as long as I live."

Chapter 8

a) "I gave my best to the country I love, and kept my tears till he was gone. Why should I complain, when we both have merely done our duty and will surely be the happier for it in the end? If I don't seem to need help, it is because I have a better friend, even than Father, to comfort and sustain me. My child, the troubles and temptations of your life are beginning and may be many, but you can overcome and outlive them all if you learn to feel the strength and tenderness of your Heavenly Father as you do that of your earthly one."

b) "The more you love and trust Him, the nearer you will feel to Him, and the less you will depend on human power and wisdom. His love and care never tire or change, can never be taken from you, but may become the source of lifelong peace, happiness, and strength. Believe this heartily, and go to God with all your little cares, and hopes, and sins, and sorrows, as freely and confidingly as you come to your mother."

Chapter 9 Meg Goes to Vanity Fair

The "queer feeling" did not pass away, but she imagined herself acting the new part of fine lady and so got on pretty well, though the tight dress gave her a side-ache, the train kept getting under her feet, and she was in constant fear lest her earrings should fly off and get lost or broken. She was flirting her fan and laughing at the feeble jokes of a young gentleman who tried to be witty, when she suddenly stopped laughing and looked confused; for just opposite, she saw Laurie. He was staring at her with undisguised surprise, and disapproval also, she thought; for though he bowed and smiled, yet something in his honest eyes made her blush and wish she had her old dress on. To complete her confusion, she saw Belle nudge Annie,

and both glance from her to Laurie, who, she was happy to see, looked unusually boyish and shy.

Chapter 9

a) "I want my daughters to be beautiful, accomplished, and good. To be admired, loved, and respected. To have a happy youth, to be well and wisely married, and to lead useful, pleasant lives, with as little care and sorrow to try them as God sees fit to send. To be loved and chosen by a good man is the best and sweetest thing which can happen to a woman, and I sincerely hope my girls may know this beautiful experience. It is natural to think of it, Meg, right to hope and wait for it, and wise to prepare for it, so that when the happy time comes, you may feel ready for the duties and worthy of the joy.

b) My dear girls, I am ambitious for you, but not to have you make a dash in the world, marry rich men merely because they are rich, or have splendid houses, which are not homes because love is wanting. Money is a needful and precious thing, and when well used, a noble thing, but I never want you to think it is the first or only prize to strive for. I'd rather see you poor men's wives, if you were happy, beloved, contented, than queens on thrones, without self-respect and peace."

Chapter 10 The P.C. And P.O.

a) Gardening, walks, rows on the river, and flower-hunts employed the fine days, and for rainy ones, they had house diversions, --some old, some new,-- all more or less original. One of these was the "P.C."; for as secret societies were the fashion, it was thought proper to have one, and as all of the girls admired Dickens, they called themselves the Pickwick Club. With a few interruptions, they had kept this up for a year, and met every Saturday evening in the big garret, on which occasions the ceremonies were as follows: Three chairs were arranged in a row before a table on which was a lamp, also four white badges, with a big 'P.C.'" in different colors on each, and the weekly newspaper called, The Pickwick Portfolio, to which all contributed something, while Jo, who reveled in pens and ink, was the editor.

b) At seven o'clock, the four members ascended to the clubroom, tied their badges round their heads, and took their seats with great solemnity. Meg, as the eldest, was Samuel Pickwick; Jo, being of a literary turn, Augustus Snodgrass; Beth, because she was round and rosy, Tracy Tupman; and Amy, who was always trying to do what she couldn't, was Nathaniel Winkle. Pickwick, the President, read the paper, which was filled with original tales, poetry, local news, funny advertisements, and hints, in which they good-naturedly reminded each other of their faults and short comings.

Chapter 10

"I merely wish to say, that as a slight token of my gratitude for the honor done me, and as a means of promoting friendly relations between adjoining nations, I have set up a post-office in the hedge in the lower corner of the garden; a fine, spacious building with padlocks on the doors and every convenience for the mails, --also the females, if I may be allowed the expression. It's the old martin house; but I've stopped up the door and made the roof open, so it will hold all sorts of things, and save our valuable time. Letters, manuscripts, books, and bundles can be passed in there, and as each nation has a key, it will be uncommonly nice, I fancy. Allow me to present the club key; and with many thanks for your favor, take my seat."

Chapter 11 Experiments

As the height of luxury, Meg put out some of her sewing, and then found time hang so heavily, that she fell to snipping and spoiling her clothes in her attempts to furbish them up a la Moffat. Jo read till her eyes gave out and she was sick of books, got so fidgety that even good-natured Laurie had a quarrel with her, and so reduced in spirits that she desperately wished she had gone with Aunt March. Beth got on pretty well, for she was constantly forgetting that it was to be all play and no work, and fell back into her old ways now and then. But something in the air affected her, and more than once her tranquility was much disturbed, so much so that on one occasion she actually shook poor dear Joanna and told her she was 'a fright'. Amy fared worst of all, for her resources were small, and when her sisters left her to amuse herself, she soon found that accomplished and important little self a great burden.

Chapter 11

"Oh, what is it?" exclaimed Jo, trembling.

"Salt instead of sugar, and the cream is sour," replied Meg with a tragic gesture.

Jo uttered a groan and fell back in her chair, remembering that she had given a last hasty powdering to the berries out of one of the two boxes on the kitchen table, and had neglected to put the milk in the refrigerator. She turned scarlet and was on the verge of crying, when she met Laurie's eyes, which would look merry in spite of his heroic efforts. The comical side of the affair suddenly struck her, and she laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks. So did everyone else, even 'Croaker' as the girls called the old lady, and the unfortunate dinner ended gaily, with bread and butter, olives and fun.

Chapter 11

"Yes, I wanted you to see how the comfort of all depends on each doing her share faithfully. While Hannah and I did your work, you got on pretty well, though I don't think you were very happy or amiable. So I thought, as a little lesson, I would show you what happens when everyone thinks only of herself. Don't you feel that it is pleasanter to help one another, to have daily duties which make leisure sweet when it comes, and to bear and forbear, that home may be comfortable and lovely to us all?"

"We do, Mother, we do!" cried the girls.

"Then let me advise you to take up your little burdens again, for though they seem heavy sometimes, they are good for us, and lighten as we learn to carry them. Work is wholesome, and there is plenty for everyone. It keeps us from ennui and mischief, is good for health and spirits, and gives us a sense of power and independence better than money or fashion."

Chapter 12 Camp Laurence

"I'm through! Now, Miss Jo, I'll settle you, and get in first," cried the young gentleman, swinging his mallet for another blow.

"You pushed it. I saw you. It's my turn now," said Jo sharply.

"Upon my word, I didn't move it. It rolled a bit, perhaps, but that is allowed. So, stand off please, and let me have a go at the stake."

"We don't cheat in America, but you can, if you choose," said Jo angrily.

Chapter 12

"Yes, it's high time he went, for he is ready, and as soon as he is off, I shall turn soldier. I am needed."

"I am glad of that!" exclaimed Meg. "I should think every young man would want to go, though it is hard for the mothers and sisters who stay at home," she added sorrowfully.

"I have neither, and very few friends to care whether I live or die," said Mr. Brooke rather bitterly as he absently put the dead rose in the hole he had made and covered it up, like a little grave.

"Laurie and his grandfather would care a great deal, and we should all be very sorry to have any harm happen to you," said Meg heartily.

Chapter 13 Castles in the Air

"Oh, didn't she tell you about this new plan of ours? Well, we have tried not to waste our holiday, but each has had a task and worked at it with a will. The vacation is nearly over, the stints are all done, and we are ever so glad that we didn't dawdle."

"Yes, I should think so," and Laurie thought regretfully of his own idle days.

"Mother likes to have us out-of-doors as much as possible, so we bring our work here and have nice times. For the fun of it we bring our things in these bags, wear the old hats, use poles to climb the hill, and play pilgrims, as we used to do years ago. We call this hill the Delectable Mountain, for we can look far away and see the country where we hope to live some time."

Chapter 13

a) "We're an ambitious set, aren't we? Every one of us, but Beth, wants to be rich and famous, and gorgeous in every respect. I do wonder if any of us will ever get our wishes," said Laurie, chewing grass like a meditative calf.

"I've got the key to my castle in the air, but whether I can unlock the door remains to be seen," observed Jo mysteriously.

"I've got the key to mine, but I'm not allowed to try it. Hang college!" muttered Laurie with an impatient sigh.

"Here's mine!" and Amy waved her pencil.

b) "I haven't got any," said Meg forlornly.

"Yes, you have," said Laurie at once.

"Where?"

"In your face."

"Nonsense, that's of no use."

"Wait and see if it doesn't bring you something worth having," replied the boy, laughing at the thought of a charming little secret which he fancied he knew.

Meg colored behind the brake, but asked no questions and looked across the river with the

same expectant expression which Mr. Brooke had worn when he told the story of the knight.

Chapter 14 Secrets

a) "Well, I've left two stories with a newspaperman, and he's to give his answer next week," whispered Jo, in her confidant's ear.

"Hurrah for Miss March, the celebrated American authoress!" cried Laurie, throwing up his hat and catching it again, to the great delight of two ducks, four cats, five hens, and half a dozen Irish children, for they were out of the city now.

"Hush! It won't come to anything, I dare say, but I couldn't rest till I had tried, and I said nothing about it because I didn't want anyone else to be disappointed."

"It won't fail. Why, Jo, your stories are works of Shakespeare compared to half the rubbish that is published every day. Won't it be fun to see them in print, and shan't we feel proud of our authoress?"

Jo's eyes sparkled, for it is always pleasant to be believed in, and a friend's praise is always sweeter than a dozen newspaper puffs.

Chapter 14

"Tell, then."

Laurie bent, and whispered three words in Jo's ear, which produced a comical change. She stood and stared at him for a minute, looking both surprised and displeased, then walked on, saying sharply, "How do you know?"

"Saw it."

"Where?"

"Pocket."

"All this time?"

"Yes, isn't that romantic?"

"No, it's horrid."

Chapter 14

Dear me, how delighted they all were, to be sure! How Meg wouldn't believe it till she saw the words, "Miss Josephine March," actually printed in the paper. How graciously Amy criticized the artistic parts of the story, and offered hints for a sequel, which unfortunately couldn't be carried out, as the hero and heroine were dead. How Beth got excited, and skipped and sang with joy. How Hannah came in to exclaim, "Sakes alive, well I never!" in great astonishment at 'that Jo's doin's'. How proud Mrs. March was when she knew it. How Jo laughed, with tears in her eyes, as she declared she might as well be a peacock and done with it, and how the 'Spread Eagle' might be said to flap his wings triumphantly over the House of March, as the paper passed from hand to hand.

Chapter 15 A Telegram

At the word 'telegraph', Mrs. March snatched it, read the two lines it contained, and dropped back into her chair as white as if the little paper had sent a bullet to her heart. Laurie dashed downstairs for water, while Meg and Hannah supported her, and Jo read aloud, in a frightened voice . . .

"MRS. MARCH:
Your husband is very ill. Come at once.
"S. HALE,
"Blank Hospital, Washington."

How still the room was as they listened breathlessly, how strangely the day darkened outside, and how suddenly the whole world seemed to change, as the girls gathered about their mother, feeling as if all the happiness and support of their lives was about to be taken from them.

Chapter 15

a) "Go to bed and don't talk, for we must be up early and shall need all the sleep we can get. Good night, my darlings," said Mrs. March, as the hymn ended, for no one cared to try another.

They kissed her quietly, and went to bed as silently as if the dear invalid lay in the next room. Beth and Amy soon fell asleep in spite of the great trouble, but Meg lay awake, thinking the most serious thoughts she had ever known in her short life. Jo lay motionless, and her sister fancied that she was asleep, till a stifled sob made her exclaim, as she touched a wet cheek.

b) "Jo, dear, what is it? Are you crying about father?"

"No, not now."

"What then?"

"My . . . My hair!" burst out poor Jo, trying vainly to smother her emotion in the pillow.

It did not seem at all comical to Meg, who kissed and caressed the afflicted heroine in the tenderest manner.

Chapter 16 Letters

"Children, I leave you to Hannah's care and Mr. Laurence's protection. Hannah is faithfulness itself, and our good neighbor will guard you as if you were his own. I have no fears for you, yet I am anxious that you should take this trouble rightly. Don't grieve and fret when I am gone, or think that you can be idle and comfort yourselves by being idle and trying to forget. Go on with your work as usual, for work is a blessed solace. Hope and keep busy, and whatever happens, remember that you never can be fatherless."

Chapter 16

"I feel as if there had been an earthquake," said Jo, as their neighbors went home to breakfast, leaving them to rest and refresh themselves.

"It seems as if half the house was gone," added Meg forlornly.

Beth opened her lips to say something, but could only point to the pile of nicely mended hose which lay on Mother's table, showing that even in her last hurried moments she had thought and worked for them. It was a little thing, but it went straight to their hearts, and in spite of their brave resolutions, they all broke down and cried bitterly.

Hannah wisely allowed them to relieve their feelings, and when the shower showed signs of clearing up, she came to the rescue, armed with a coffeepot.

Chapter 16

"MY PRECIOUS MARMEE,--

"Three cheers for dear Father! Brooke was a trump to telegraph right off, and let us know the minute he was better. I rushed up garret when the letter came, and tried to thank God for being so good to us, but I could only cry, and say, "I'm glad! I'm glad!" Didn't that do as well as a regular prayer? For I felt a great many in my heart. We have such funny times, and now I

can enjoy them, for everyone is so desperately good, it's like living in a nest of turtledoves....

"Give him the lovingest hug that ever was, and kiss yourself a dozen times, for your
"TOPSY-TURVY JO."

Chapter 17 Little Faithful

For a week the amount of virtue in the old house would have supplied the neighborhood. It was really amazing, for everyone seemed in a heavenly frame of mind, and self-denial was all the fashion. Relieved of their first anxiety about their father, the girls insensibly relaxed their praiseworthy efforts a little, and began to fall back into old ways. They did not forget their motto, but hoping and keeping busy seemed to grow easier, and after such tremendous exertions, they felt that Endeavor deserved a holiday, and gave it a good many.

Chapter 17

"If Mother was only at home!" exclaimed Jo, seizing the book, and feeling that Washington was an immense way off. She read a page, looked at Beth, felt her head, peeped into her throat, and then said gravely, "You've been over the baby every day for more than a week, and among the others who are going to have it, so I'm afraid you are going to have it, Beth. I'll call Hannah, she knows all about sickness."

"Don't let Amy come. She never had it, and I should hate to give it to her. Can't you and Meg have it over again?" asked Beth, anxiously.

"I guess not. Don't care if I do. Serve me right, selfish pig, to let you go, and stay writing rubbish myself!" muttered Jo, as she went to consult Hannah.

Chapter 17

Before she came back, Laurie walked into the parlor to find Amy sobbing, with her head in the sofa cushions. She told her story, expecting to be consoled, but Laurie only put his hands in his pockets and walked about the room, whistling softly, as he knit his brows in deep thought. Presently he sat down beside her, and said, in his most wheedlesome tone, "Now be a sensible little woman, and do as they say. No, don't cry, but hear what a jolly plan I've got. You go to Aunt March's, and I'll come and take you out every day, driving or walking, and we'll have capital times. Won't that be better than moping here?"

Chapter 18 Dark Days

a) How dark the days seemed now, how sad and lonely the house, and how heavy were the hearts of the sisters as they worked and waited, while the shadow of death hovered over the once happy home. Then it was that Margaret, sitting alone with tears dropping often on her work, felt how rich she had been in things more precious than any luxuries money could buy-- in love, protection, peace, and health, the real blessings of life. Then it was that Jo, living in the darkened room, with that suffering little sister always before her eyes and that pathetic voice sounding in her ears, learned to see the beauty and the sweetness of Beth's nature, to feel how deep and tender a place she filled in all hearts, and to acknowledge the worth of Beth's unselfish ambition to live for others, and make home happy by that exercise of those simple virtues which all may possess, and which all should love and value more than talent, wealth, or beauty. And Amy, in her exile, longed eagerly to be at home, that she might work for Beth, feeling now that no service would be hard or irksome, and remembering, with regretful grief, how many neglected tasks those willing hands had done for her.

b) Laurie haunted the house like a restless ghost, and Mr. Laurence locked the grand piano, because he could not bear to be reminded of the young neighbor who used to make the twilight pleasant for him. Everyone missed Beth. The milkman, baker, grocer, and butcher inquired how she did, poor Mrs. Hummel came to beg pardon for her thoughtlessness and to get a shroud for Minna, the neighbors sent all sorts of comforts and good wishes, and even those who knew her best were surprised to find how many friends shy little Beth had made.

Chapter 18

As if awaked by the stir, Hannah started out of her sleep, hurried to the bed, looked at Beth, felt her hands, listened at her lips, and then, throwing her apron over her head, sat down to rock to and fro, exclaiming, under her breath, "The fever's turned, she's sleepin' nat'ral, her skin's damp, and she breathes easy. Praise be given! Oh, my goodness me!"

Chapter 19 Amy's Will

a) From that day she was a model of obedience, and the old lady complacently admired the success of her training. Esther fitted up the closet with a little table, placed a footstool before it, and over it a picture taken from one of the shut-up rooms. She thought it was of no great value, but, being appropriate, she borrowed it, well knowing that Madame would never know it, nor care if she did. It was, however, a very valuable copy of one of the famous pictures of the world, and Amy's beauty-loving eyes were never tired of looking up at the sweet face of the Divine Mother, while her tender thoughts of her own were busy at her heart. On the table she laid her little testament and hymnbook, kept a vase always full of the best flowers Laurie brought her, and came every day to "sit alone thinking good thoughts, and praying the dear God to preserve her sister."

Chapter 19

The little girl was very sincere in all this, for being left alone outside the safe home nest, she felt the need of some kind hand to hold by so sorely that she instinctively turned to the strong and tender Friend, whose fatherly love most closely surrounds His little children. She missed her mother's help to understand and rule herself, but having been taught where to look, she did her best to find the way and walk in it confidently. But, Amy was a young pilgrim, and just now her burden seemed very heavy. She tried to forget herself, to keep cheerful, and be satisfied with doing right, though no one saw or praised her for it. In her first effort at being very, very good, she decided to make her will, as Aunt March had done, so that if she did fall ill and die, her possessions might be justly and generously divided. It cost her a pang even to think of giving up the little treasures which in her eyes were as precious as the old lady's jewels.

Chapter 20 Confidential

I don't think I have any words in which to tell the meeting of the mother and daughters. Such hours are beautiful to live, but very hard to describe, so I will leave it to the imagination of my readers, merely saying that the house was full of genuine happiness, and that Meg's tender hope was realized, for when Beth woke from that long, healing sleep, the first objects on which her eyes fell were the little rose and Mother's face. Too weak to wonder at anything, she only smiled and nestled close in the loving arms about her, feeling that the hungry longing was satisfied at last. Then she slept again, and the girls waited upon their mother, for she would not unclasp the thin hand which clung to hers even in sleep.

Chapter 20

Laurie meanwhile posted off to comfort Amy, and told his story so well that Aunt March actually 'sniffed' herself, and never once said "I told you so". Amy came out so strong on this occasion that I think the good thoughts in the little chapel really began to bear fruit. She dried her tears quickly, restrained her impatience to see her mother, and never even thought of the turquoise ring, when the old lady heartily agreed in Laurie's opinion, that she behaved 'like a capital little woman'. Even Polly seemed impressed, for he called her a good girl, blessed her buttons, and begged her to "come and take a walk, dear", in his most affable tone.

Chapter 20

"Money is a good and useful thing, Jo, and I hope my girls will never feel the need of it too bitterly, nor be tempted by too much. I should like to know that John was firmly established in

some good business, which gave him an income large enough to keep free from debt and make Meg comfortable. I'm not ambitious for a splendid fortune, a fashionable position, or a great name for my girls. If rank and money come with love and virtue, also, I should accept them gratefully, and enjoy your good fortune, but I know, by experience, how much genuine happiness can be had in a plain little house, where the daily bread is earned, and some privations give sweetness to the few pleasures. I am content to see Meg begin humbly, for if I am not mistaken, she will be rich in the possession of a good man's heart, and that is better than a fortune."

Chapter 21 Laurie Makes Mischief, and Jo Makes Peace

"That will do, Jo. I'll comfort Meg while you go and get Laurie. I shall sift the matter to the bottom, and put a stop to such pranks at once."

Away ran Jo, and Mrs. March gently told Meg Mr. Brooke's real feelings. "Now, dear, what are your own? Do you love him enough to wait till he can make a home for you, or will you keep yourself quite free for the present?"

"I've been so scared and worried, I don't want to have anything to do with lovers for a long while, perhaps never," answered Meg petulantly. "If John doesn't know anything about this nonsense, don't tell him, and make Jo and Laurie hold their tongues. I won't be deceived and plagued and made a fool of. It's a shame!"

Chapter 21

The note was written in the terms which one gentleman would use to another after offering some deep insult. Jo dropped a kiss on the top of Mr. Laurence's bald head, and ran up to slip the apology under Laurie's door, advising him through the keyhole to be submissive, decorous, and a few other agreeable impossibilities. Finding the door locked again, she left the note to do its work, and was going quietly away, when the young gentleman slid down the banisters, and waited for her at the bottom, saying, with his most virtuous expression of countenance, "What a good fellow you are, Jo! Did you get blown up?" he added, laughing.

Chapter 22 Pleasant Meadows

Like sunshine after a storm were the peaceful weeks which followed. The invalids improved rapidly, and Mr. March began to talk of returning early in the new year. Beth was soon able to lie on the study sofa all day, amusing herself with the well-beloved cats at first, and in time with doll's sewing, which had fallen sadly behind-hand. Her once active limbs were so stiff and feeble that Jo took her for a daily airing about the house in her strong arms. Meg cheerfully blackened and burned her white hands cooking delicate messes for 'the dear', while Amy, a

loyal slave of the ring, celebrated her return by giving away as many of her treasures as she could prevail on her sisters to accept.

Chapter 22

"What are you thinking of, Beth?" asked Jo, when Amy had thanked her father and told about her ring.

"I read in 'Pilgrim's Progress' today how, after many troubles, Christian and Hopeful came to a pleasant green meadow where lilies bloomed all year round, and there they rested happily, as we do now, before they went on to their journey's end," answered Beth, adding, as she slipped out of her father's arms and went to the instrument, "It's singing time now, and I want to be in my old place. I'll try to sing the song of the shepherd boy which the Pilgrims heard. I made the music for Father, because he likes the verses."

Chapter 23 Aunt March Settles the Question

And slamming the door in Meg's face, Aunt March drove off in high dudgeon. She seemed to take all the girl's courage with her, for when left alone, Meg stood for a moment, undecided whether to laugh or cry. Before she could make up her mind, she was taken possession of by Mr. Brooke, who said all in one breath, "I couldn't help hearing, Meg. Thank you for defending me, and Aunt March for proving that you do care for me a little bit."

"I didn't know how much till she abused you," began Meg.

"And I needn't go away, but may stay and be happy, may I, dear?"

Here was another fine chance to make the crushing speech and the stately exit, but Meg never thought of doing either, and disgraced herself forever in Jo's eyes by meekly whispering, "Yes, John," and hiding her face on Mr. Brooke's waistcoat.

Chapter 23

But poor Jo never got her laugh, for she was transfixed upon the threshold by a spectacle which held her there, staring with her mouth nearly as wide open as her eyes. Going in to exult over a fallen enemy and to praise a strong-minded sister for the banishment of an objectionable lover, it certainly was a shock to behold the aforesaid enemy serenely sitting on the sofa, with the strong-minded sister enthroned upon his knee and wearing an expression of the most abject submission. Jo gave a sort of gasp, as if a cold shower bath had suddenly fallen upon her, for such an unexpected turning of the tables actually took her breath away. At

the odd sound the lovers turned and saw her. Meg jumped up, looking both proud and shy, but 'that man', as Jo called him, actually laughed and said coolly, as he kissed the astonished newcomer, "Sister Jo, congratulate us!"

Chapter 24 Gossip

Beth was there, laying the snowy piles smoothly on the shelves and exulting over the goodly array. All three laughed as Meg spoke, for that linen closet was a joke. You see, having said that if Meg married 'that Brooke' she shouldn't have a cent of her money, Aunt March was rather in a quandary when time had appeased her wrath and made her repent her vow. She never broke her word, and was much exercised in her mind how to get round it, and at last devised a plan whereby she could satisfy herself. Mrs. Carrol, Florence's mamma, was ordered to buy, have made, and marked a generous supply of house and table linen, and send it as her present, all of which was faithfully done, but the secret leaked out, and was greatly enjoyed by the family, for Aunt March tried to look utterly unconscious, and insisted that she could give nothing but the old-fashioned pearls long promised to the first bride.

Chapter 24

"I don't like that sort of thing. I'm too busy to be worried with nonsense, and I think it's dreadful to break up families so. Now don't say any more about it. Meg's wedding has turned all our heads, and we talk of nothing but lovers and such absurdities. I don't wish to get cross, so let's change the subject;" and Jo looked quite ready to fling cold water on the slightest provocation.

Whatever his feelings might have been, Laurie found a vent for them in a long low whistle and the fearful prediction as they parted at the gate, "Mark my words, Jo, you'll go next."

Chapter 25 The First Wedding

Meg looked very like a rose herself, for all that was best and sweetest in heart and soul seemed to bloom into her face that day, making it fair and tender, with a charm more beautiful than beauty. Neither silk, lace, nor orange flowers would she have. "I don't want a fashionable wedding, but only those about me whom I love, and to them I wish to look and be my familiar self."

So she made her wedding gown herself, sewing into it the tender hopes and innocent romances of a girlish heart. Her sisters braided up her pretty hair, and the only ornaments she wore were the lilies of the valley, which 'her John' liked best of all the flowers that grew.

Chapter 25

There was no bridal procession, but a sudden silence fell upon the room as Mr. March and the young couple took their places under the green arch. Mother and sisters gathered close, as if loath to give Meg up. The fatherly voice broke more than once, which only seemed to make the service more beautiful and solemn. The bridegroom's hand trembled visibly, and no one heard his replies. But Meg looked straight up in her husband's eyes, and said, "I will!" with such tender trust in her own face and voice that her mother's heart rejoiced and Aunt March sniffed audibly.

Chapter 26 Artistic Attempts

"I want to ask a favor of you, Mamma," Amy said, coming in with an important air one day.

"Well, little girl, what is it?" replied her mother, in whose eyes the stately young lady still remained 'the baby'.

"Our drawing class breaks up next week, and before the girls separate for the summer, I want to ask them out here for a day. They are wild to see the river, sketch the broken bridge, and copy some of the things they admire in my book. They have been very kind to me in many ways, and I am grateful, for they are all rich and I know I am poor, yet they never made any difference."

Chapter 26

In came Amy, quite calm and delightfully cordial to the one guest who had kept her promise. The rest of the family, being of a dramatic turn, played their parts equally well, and Miss Elliott found them a most hilarious set, for it was impossible to control entirely the merriment which possessed them. The remodeled lunch being gaily partaken of, the studio and garden visited, and art discussed with enthusiasm, Amy ordered a buggy (alas for the elegant cherry-bounce), and drove her friend quietly about the neighborhood till sunset, when 'the party went out'.

As she came walking in, looking very tired but as composed as ever, she observed that every vestige of the unfortunate fete had disappeared, except a suspicious pucker about the corners of Jo's mouth.

Chapter 27 Literary Lessons

Every few weeks she would shut herself up in her room, put on her scribbling suit, and "fall into

a vortex", as she expressed it, writing away at her novel with all her heart and soul, for till that was finished she could find no peace. Her "scribbling suit" consisted of a black woolen pinafore on which she could wipe her pen at will, and a cap of the same material, adorned with a cheerful red bow, into which she bundled her hair when the decks were cleared for action. This cap was a beacon to the inquiring eyes of her family, who during these periods kept their distance, merely popping in their heads semi-occasionally to ask, with interest, "Does genius burn, Jo?" They did not always venture even to ask this question, but took an observation of the cap, and judged accordingly. If this expressive article of dress was drawn low upon the forehead, it was a sign that hard work was going on, in exciting moments it was pushed rakishly askew, and when despair seized the author it was plucked wholly off, and cast upon the floor. At such times the intruder silently withdrew, and not until the red bow was seen gaily erect upon the gifted brow, did anyone dare address Jo.

Chapter 27

To the seaside they went, after much discussion, and though Beth didn't come home as plump and rosy as could be desired, she was much better, while Mrs. March declared she felt ten years younger. So Jo was satisfied with the investment of her prize money, and fell to work with a cheery spirit, bent on earning more of those delightful checks. She did earn several that year, and began to feel herself a power in the house, for by the magic of a pen, her "rubbish" turned into comforts for them all. "The Duke's Daughter" paid the butcher's bill, "A Phantom Hand" put down a new carpet, and the "Curse of the Coventrys" proved the blessing of the Marches in the way of groceries and gowns.

Chapter 28 Domestic Experiences

"It's a scrape, I acknowledge, but if you will lend a hand, we'll pull through and have a good time yet. Don't cry, dear, but just exert yourself a bit, and fix us up something to eat. We're both as hungry as hunters, so we shan't mind what it is. Give us the cold meat, and bread and cheese. We won't ask for jelly."

He meant it to be a good-natured joke, but that one word sealed his fate. Meg thought it was too cruel to hint about her sad failure, and the last atom of patience vanished as he spoke.

Chapter 28

"Twins, by Jupiter!" was all he said for a minute, then turning to the women with an appealing look that was comically piteous, he added, "Take 'em quick, somebody! I'm going to laugh, and I shall drop 'em."

Jo rescued his babies, and marched up and down, with one on each arm, as if already initiated into the mysteries of babytending, while Laurie laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

"It's the best joke of the season, isn't it? I wouldn't have told you, for I set my heart on surprising you, and I flatter myself I've done it," said Jo, when she got her breath.

Chapter 29 Calls

"How could you mistake me so? I merely meant you to be properly dignified and composed, and you made yourself a perfect stock and stone. Try to be sociable at the Lambs'. Gossip as other girls do, and be interested in dress and flirtations and whatever nonsense comes up. They move in the best society, are valuable persons for us to know, and I wouldn't fail to make a good impression there for anything."

"I'll be agreeable. I'll gossip and giggle, and have horrors and raptures over any trifle you like. I rather enjoy this, and now I'll imitate what is called 'a charming girl'. I can do it, for I have May Chester as a model, and I'll improve upon her. See if the Lambs don't say, 'What a lively, nice creature that Jo March is!'"

Chapter 29

"How are you about languages?" asked Mrs. Carrol of Jo.

"Don't know a word. I'm very stupid about studying anything, can't bear French, it's such a slippery, silly sort of language," was the brusque reply.

Another look passed between the ladies, and Aunt March said to Amy, "You are quite strong and well now, dear, I believe? Eyes don't trouble you any more, do they?"

"Not at all, thank you, ma'am. I'm very well, and mean to do great things next winter, so that I may be ready for Rome, whenever that joyful time arrives."

Chapter 30 Consequences

"I find, dear, that there is some feeling among the young ladies about my giving this table to anyone but my girls. As this is the most prominent, and some say the most attractive table of all, and they are the chief getters-up of the fair, it is thought best for them to take this place. I'm sorry, but I know you are too sincerely interested in the cause to mind a little personal disappointment, and you shall have another table if you like."

Mrs. Chester fancied beforehand that it would be easy to deliver this little speech, but when the

time came, she found it rather difficult to utter it naturally, with Amy's unsuspecting eyes looking straight at her full of surprise and trouble.

Chapter 30

Amy stood a minute, turning the leaves in her hand, reading on each some sweet rebuke for all heartburnings and uncharitableness of spirit. Many wise and true sermons are preached us every day by unconscious ministers in street, school, office, or home. Even a fair table may become a pulpit, if it can offer the good and helpful words which are never out of season. Amy's conscience preached her a little sermon from that text, then and there, and she did what many of us do not always do, took the sermon to heart, and straightway put it in practice.

Chapter 31 Our Foreign Correspondent

a) "Now comes the serious part, for it happened here, and Fred has just gone. He has been so kind and jolly that we all got quite fond of him. I never thought of anything but a traveling friendship till the serenade night. Since then I've begun to feel that the moonlight walks, balcony talks, and daily adventures were something more to him than fun. I haven't flirted, Mother, truly, but remembered what you said to me, and have done my very best. I can't help it if people like me. I don't try to make them, and it worries me if I don't care for them, though Jo says I haven't got any heart."

b) "Now I know Mother will shake her head, and the girls say, 'Oh, the mercenary little wretch!', but I've made up my mind, and if Fred asks me, I shall accept him, though I'm not madly in love. I like him, and we get on comfortably together. He is handsome, young, clever enough, and very rich--ever so much richer than the Laurences. I don't think his family would object, and I should be very happy, for they are all kind, well-bred, generous people, and they like me. Fred, as the eldest twin, will have the estate, I suppose, and such a splendid one it is!"

Chapter 32 Tender Troubles

Beth started, leaned forward, smiled and nodded, watched the passer-by till his quick tramp died away, then said softly as if to herself, "How strong and well and happy that dear boy looks."

"Hum!" said Jo, still intent upon her sister's face, for the bright color faded as quickly as it came, the smile vanished, and presently a tear lay shining on the window ledge. Beth whisked it off, and in her half-averted face read a tender sorrow that made her own eyes fill. Fearing to betray herself, she slipped away, murmuring something about needing more paper.

"Mercy on me, Beth loves Laurie!" she said, sitting down in her own room, pale with the shock

of the discovery which she believed she had just made.

Chapter 32

"You are sure of his feeling for you?"

The color deepened in Jo's cheeks as she answered, with the look of mingled pleasure, pride, and pain which young girls wear when speaking of first lovers, "I'm afraid it is so, Mother. He hasn't said anything, but he looks a great deal. I think I had better go away before it comes to anything."

"I agree with you, and if it can be managed you shall go."

Chapter 33 Jo's Journal

"So I have got his things in order, and knit heels into two pairs of the socks, for they were boggled out of shape with his queer darns. Nothing was said, and I hoped he wouldn't find it out, but one day last week he caught me at it. Hearing the lessons he gives to others has interested and amused me so much that I took a fancy to learn, for Tina runs in and out, leaving the door open, and I can hear. I had been sitting near this door, finishing off the last sock, and trying to understand what he said to a new scholar, who is as stupid as I am. The girl had gone, and I thought he had also, it was so still, and I was busily gabbling over a verb, and rocking to and fro in a most absurd way, when a little crow made me look up, and there was Mr. Bhaer looking and laughing quietly, while he made signs to Tina not to betray him."

Chapter 33

I had a very happy New Year, after all, and when I thought it over in my room, I felt as if I was getting on a little in spite of my many failures, for I'm cheerful all the time now, work with a will, and take more interest in other people than I used to, which is satisfactory. Bless you all! Ever your loving . . . Jo

Chapter 34 A Friend

"All may not be bad, only silly, you know, and if there is a demand for it, I don't see any harm in supplying it. Many very respectable people make an honest living out of what are called sensation stories," said Jo, scratching gathers so energetically that a row of little slits followed her pin.

"There is a demand for whisky, but I think you and I do not care to sell it. If the respectable people knew what harm they did, they would not feel that the living was honest. They have no right to put poison in the sugarplum, and let the small ones eat it. No, they should think a little, and sweep mud in the street before they do this thing."

Chapter 34

He did it so quietly that Jo never knew he was watching to see if she would accept and profit by his reproof, but she stood the test, and he was satisfied, for though no words passed between them, he knew that she had given up writing. Not only did he guess it by the fact that the second finger of her right hand was no longer inky, but she spent her evenings downstairs now, was met no more among newspaper offices, and studied with a dogged patience, which assured him that she was bent on occupying her mind with something useful, if not pleasant.

He helped her in many ways, proving himself a true friend, and Jo was happy, for while her pen lay idle, she was learning other lessons besides German, and laying a foundation for the sensation story of her own life.

Chapter 35 Heartache

"Yes, you will!" persisted Jo. "You'll get over this after a while, and find some lovely accomplished girl, who will adore you, and make a fine mistress for your fine house. I shouldn't. I'm homely and awkward and odd and old, and you'd be ashamed of me, and we should quarrel--we can't help it even now, you see--and I shouldn't like elegant society and you would, and you'd hate my scribbling, and I couldn't get on without it, and we should be unhappy, and wish we hadn't done it, and everything would be horrid!"

"Anything more?" asked Laurie, finding it hard to listen patiently to this prophetic burst.

"Nothing more, except that I don't believe I shall ever marry. I'm happy as I am, and love my liberty too well to be in a hurry to give it up for any mortal man."

"I know better!"

Chapter 35

A restless movement from Laurie suggested that his chair was not easy, or that he did not like the plan, and made the old man add hastily,-- "I don't mean to be a marplot or a burden; I go because I think you'd feel happier than if I was left behind. I don't intend to gad about with you,

but leave you free to go where you like, while I amuse myself in my own way. I've friends in London and Paris, and should like to visit them; meantime you can go to Italy, Germany, Switzerland, where you will, and enjoy pictures, music, scenery, and adventures to your heart's content."

Chapter 36 Beth's Secret

a) It came to her then more bitterly than ever that Beth was slowly drifting away from her, and her arms instinctively tightened their hold upon the dearest treasure she possessed. For a minute her eyes were too dim for seeing, and when they cleared, Beth was looking up at her so tenderly that there was hardly any need for her to say, "Jo, dear, I'm glad you know it. I've tried to tell you, but I couldn't.

There was no answer except her sister's cheek against her own, not even tears, for when most deeply moved, Jo did not cry. She was the weaker then, and Beth tried to comfort and sustain her, with her arms about her and the soothing words she whispered in her ear.

"I've known it for a good while, dear, and now I'm used to it, it isn't hard to think of or to bear. Try to see it so and don't be troubled about me, because it's best, indeed it is."

b) "Is this what made you so unhappy in the autumn, Beth? You did not feel it then, and keep it to yourself so long, did you?" asked Jo, refusing to see or say that it was best, but glad to know that Laurie had no part in Beth's trouble.

"Yes, I gave up hoping then, but I didn't like to own it. I tried to think it was a sick fancy, and would not let it trouble anyone. But when I saw you all so well and strong and full of happy plans, it was hard to feel that I could never be like you, and then I was miserable, Jo."

Chapter 37 New Impressions

Any young girl can imagine Amy's state of mind when she "took the stage" that night, leaning on Laurie's arm. She knew she looked well, she loved to dance, she felt that her foot was on her native heath in a ballroom, and enjoyed the delightful sense of power which comes when young girls first discover the new and lovely kingdom they are born to rule by virtue of beauty, youth, and womanhood. She did pity the Davis girls, who were awkward, plain, and destitute of escort, except a grim papa and three grimmer maiden aunts, and she bowed to them in her friendliest manner as she passed, which was good of her, as it permitted them to see her dress, and burn with curiosity to know who her distinguished-looking friend might be. With the first burst of the band, Amy's color rose, her eyes began to sparkle, and her feet to tap the floor impatiently, for she danced well and wanted Laurie to know it. Therefore the shock she received can better be imagined than described, when he said in a perfectly tranquil tone, "Do you care to dance?"

Chapter 37

Amy was gratified, but of course didn't show it, and demurely answered, "Foreign life polishes one in spite of one's self. I study as well as play, and as for this"--with a little gesture toward her dress--"why, tulle is cheap, posies to be had for nothing, and I am used to making the most of my poor little things."

Amy rather regretted that last sentence, fearing it wasn't in good taste, but Laurie liked her better for it, and found himself both admiring and respecting the brave patience that made the most of opportunity, and the cheerful spirit that covered poverty with flowers. Amy did not know why he looked at her so kindly, nor why he filled up her book with his own name, and devoted himself to her for the rest of the evening in the most delightful manner; but the impulse that wrought this agreeable change was the result of one of the new impressions which both of them were unconsciously giving and receiving.

Chapter 38 On the Shelf

As she was a womanly little woman, the maternal instinct was very strong, and she was entirely absorbed in her children, to the utter exclusion of everything and everybody else. Day and night she brooded over them with tireless devotion and anxiety, leaving John to the tender mercies of the help, for an Irish lady now presided over the kitchen department. Being a domestic man, John decidedly missed the wifely attentions he had been accustomed to receive, but as he adored his babies, he cheerfully relinquished his comfort for a time, supposing with masculine ignorance that peace would soon be restored. But three months passed, and there was no return of repose. Meg looked worn and nervous, the babies absorbed every minute of her time, the house was neglected, and Kitty, the cook, who took life 'aisy', kept him on short commons.

Chapter 38

Meg drew her low chair beside her mother's, and with a little interruption in either lap, the two women rocked and talked lovingly together, feeling that the tie of motherhood made them more one than ever.

"You have only made the mistake that most young wives make—forgotten your duty to your husband in your love for your children. A very natural and forgivable mistake, Meg, but one that had better be remedied before you take to different ways, for children should draw you nearer than ever, not separate you, as if they were all yours, and John had nothing to do but support them. I've seen it for some weeks, but have not spoken, feeling sure it would come

right in time."

Chapter 39 Lazy Laurence

"Flo and I have got a new name for you. It's Lazy Laurence. How do you like it?"

She thought it would annoy him, but he only folded his arms under his head, with an imperturbable, "That's not bad. Thank you, ladies."

"Do you want to know what I honestly think of you?"

"Pining to be told."

"Well, I despise you."

Chapter 39

"Now, I've offended him. Well, if it does him good, I'm glad, if it makes him hate me, I'm sorry, but it's true, and I can't take back a word of it."

They laughed and chatted all the way home, and little Baptiste, up behind, thought that monsieur and mademoiselle were in charming spirits. But both felt ill at ease. The friendly frankness was disturbed, the sunshine had a shadow over it, and despite their apparent gaiety, there was a secret discontent in the heart of each.

Chapter 40 The Valley of the Shadow

The first few months were very happy ones, and Beth often used to look round, and say "How beautiful this is!" as they all sat together in her sunny room, the babies kicking and crowing on the floor, mother and sisters working near, and father reading, in his pleasant voice, from the wise old books which seemed rich in good and comfortable words, as applicable now as when written centuries ago, a little chapel, where a paternal priest taught his flock the hard lessons all must learn, trying to show them that hope can comfort love, and faith make resignation possible. Simple sermons, that went straight to the souls of those who listened, for the father's heart was in the minister's religion, and the frequent falter in the voice gave a double eloquence to the words he spoke or read.

Chapter 40

So the spring days came and went, the sky grew clearer, the earth greener, the flowers were up fairly early, and the birds came back in time to say goodbye to Beth, who, like a tired but trustful child, clung to the hands that had led her all her life, as Father and Mother guided her tenderly through the Valley of the Shadow, and gave her up to God.

Seldom except in books do the dying utter memorable words, see visions, or depart with beatified countenances, and those who have sped many parting souls know that to most the end comes as naturally and simply as sleep. As Beth had hoped, the 'tide went out easily', and in the dark hour before dawn, on the bosom where she had drawn her first breath, she quietly drew her last, with no farewell but one loving look, one little sigh.

Chapter 41 Learning to Forget

The invigorating air did them both good, and much exercise worked wholesome changes in minds as well as bodies. They seemed to get clearer views of life and duty up there among the everlasting hills. The fresh winds blew away desponding doubts, delusive fancies, and moody mists. The warm spring sunshine brought out all sorts of aspiring ideas, tender hopes, and happy thoughts. The lake seemed to wash away the troubles of the past, and the grand old mountains to look benignly down upon them saying, "Little children, love one another."

Chapter 41

"How well we pull together, don't we?" said Amy, who objected to silence just then.

"So well that I wish we might always pull in the same boat. Will you, Amy?" very tenderly.

"Yes, Laurie," very low.

Then they both stopped rowing, and unconsciously added a pretty little tableau of human love and happiness to the dissolving views reflected in the lake.

Chapter 42 All Alone

But someone did come and help her, though Jo did not recognize her good angels at once because they wore familiar shapes and used the simple spells best fitted to poor humanity. Often she started up at night, thinking Beth called her, and when the sight of the little empty bed made her cry with the bitter cry of unsubmitive sorrow, "Oh, Beth, come back! Come back!" she did not stretch out her yearning arms in vain. For, as quick to hear her sobbing as she had been to hear her sister's faintest whisper, her mother came to comfort her, not with words only, but the patient tenderness that soothes by a touch, tears that were mute reminders

of a greater grief than Jo's, and broken whispers, more eloquent than prayers, because hopeful resignation went hand-in-hand with natural sorrow. Sacred moments, when heart talked to heart in the silence of the night, turning affliction to a blessing, which chastened grief and strengthened love. Feeling this, Jo's burden seemed easier to bear, duty grew sweeter, and life looked more endurable, seen from the safe shelter of her mother's arms.

Chapter 42

Then, sitting in Beth's little chair close beside him, Jo told her troubles, the resentful sorrow for her loss, the fruitless efforts that discouraged her, the want of faith that made life look so dark, and all the sad bewilderment which we call despair. She gave him entire confidence, --he gave her the help she needed, and both found consolation in the act. For the time had come when they could talk together not only as father and daughter, but as man and woman, able and glad to serve each other with mutual sympathy as well as mutual love. Happy, thoughtful times there in the old study which

Jo called "the church of one member," and from which she came with fresh courage, recovered cheerfulness, and a more submissive spirit, --for the parents who had taught one child to meet death without fear, were trying now to teach another to accept life without despondency or distrust, and to use its beautiful opportunities with gratitude and power.

Chapter 42

"I don't understand it. What can there be in a simple little story like that to make people praise it so?" she said, quite bewildered.

"There is truth in it, Jo, that's the secret. Humor and pathos make it alive, and you have found your style at last. You wrote with no thoughts of fame and money, and put your heart into it, my daughter. You have had the bitter, now comes the sweet. Do your best, and grow as happy as we are in your success."

Chapter 43 Surprises

"Oh my Teddy! Oh my Teddy!"

"Dear Jo, you are glad to see me, then?"

"Glad! My blessed boy, words can't express my gladness. Where's Amy?"

"Your mother has got her down at Meg's. We stopped there by the way, and there was no

getting my wife out of their clutches."

"Your what?" cried Jo --for Laurie uttered those two words with an unconscious pride and satisfaction which betrayed him.

Chapter 43

"Dear old fellow! He couldn't have got himself up with more care if he'd been going a-wooing," said Jo to herself; and then a sudden thought born of the words made her blush so dreadfully, that she had to drop her ball, and go down after it, to hide her face.

The maneuver did not succeed as well as she expected, however, for though just in the act of setting fire to a funeral pyre, the Professor dropped his torch, metaphorically speaking, and made a dive after the little blue ball. Of course they bumped their heads smartly together, saw stars, and both came up flushed and laughing, without the ball, to resume their seats, wishing they had not left them.

Chapter 44 My Lord and Lady

"Certainly. Go, dear, I forgot that you have any home but this," and Mrs. March pressed the white hand that wore the wedding ring, as if asking pardon for her maternal covetousness.

"I shouldn't have come over if I could have helped it, but I can't get on without my little woman any more than a--"

"Weathercock can without the wind," suggested Jo, as he paused for a simile. Jo had grown quite her own saucy self again since Teddy came home.

Chapter 44

"Mrs. Laurence."

"My Lord!"

"That man intends to marry our Jo!"

"I hope so, don't you, dear?"

"Well, my love, I consider him a trump, in the fullest sense of that expressive word, but I do wish he was a little younger and a good deal richer."

Chapter 44

"May I ask you a question, dear?"

"Of course, you may."

"Shall you care if Jo does marry Mr. Bhaer?"

"Oh, that's the trouble is it? I thought there was something in the dimple that didn't quite suit you. Not being a dog in the manger, but the happiest fellow alive, I assure you I can dance at Jo's wedding with a heart as light as my heels. Do you doubt it, my darling?"

Amy looked up at him, and was satisfied. Her little jealous fear vanished forever, and she thanked him, with a face full of love and confidence.

Chapter 45 Daisy and Demi

Aunt Dodo was chief playmate and confidante of both children, and the trio turned the little house topsy-turvy. Aunt Amy was as yet only a name to them, Aunt Beth soon faded into a pleasantly vague memory, but Aunt Dodo was a living reality, and they made the most of her, for which compliment she was deeply grateful. But when Mr. Bhaer came, Jo neglected her playfellows, and dismay and desolation fell upon their little souls. Daisy, who was fond of going about peddling kisses, lost her best customer and became bankrupt. Demi, with infantile penetration, soon discovered that Dodo like to play with 'the bear-man' better than she did him, but though hurt, he concealed his anguish, for he hadn't the heart to insult a rival who kept a mine of chocolate drops in his waistcoat pocket, and a watch that could be taken out of its case and freely shaken by ardent admirers.

Chapter 45

"Thou shouldst save some for the little friend. Sweets to the sweet, manning," and Mr. Bhaer offered Jo some, with a look that made her wonder if chocolate was not the nectar drunk by the gods. Demi also saw the smile, was impressed by it, and artlessly inquired. ..

"Do great boys like great girls, too, 'Fessor?"

Like young Washington, Mr. Bhaer "couldn't tell a lie", so he gave the somewhat vague reply that he believed they did sometimes, in a tone that made Mr. March put down his clothes-brush, glance at Jo's retiring face, and then sink into his chair, looking as if the 'precocious

chick' had put an idea into his head that was both sweet and sour.

Chapter 46 Under the Umbrella

a) "I beg your pardon. I didn't see the name distinctly. Never mind, I can walk. I'm used to plodding in the mud," returned Jo, winking hard, because she would have died rather than openly wipe her eyes.

Mr. Bhaer saw the drops on her cheeks, though she turned her head away. The sight seemed to touch him very much, for suddenly stooping down, he asked in a tone that meant a great deal, "Heart's dearest, why do you cry?"

Now, if Jo had not been new to this sort of thing she would have said she wasn't crying, had a cold in her head, or told any other feminine fib proper to the occasion. Instead of which, that undignified creature answered, with an irrepressible sob,--

"Because you are going away."

b) "Ach, mein Gott, that is so good!" cried Mr. Bhaer, managing to clasp his hands in spite of the umbrella and the bundles, "Jo, I haf nothing but much love to gif you; I came to see if you could care for it, and I waited to be sure that I was something more than a friend. Am I? Can you make a little place in your heart for old Fritz?" he added, all in one breath.

"Oh, yes!" said Jo, and he was quite satisfied, for she folded both hands over his arm, and looked up at him with an expression that plainly showed how happy she would be to walk through life beside him, even though she had no better shelter than the old umbrella, if he carried it.

Chapter 47 Harvest Time

It was a very astonishing year, altogether, for things seemed to happen in an unusually rapid and delightful manner. Almost before she knew where she was, Jo found herself married and settled at Plumfield. Then a family of six or seven boys sprung up like mushrooms, and flourished surprisingly. Poor boys as well as rich,-- for Mr. Laurence was continually finding some touching case of destitution, and begging the Bhaers to take pity on the child, and he would gladly pay a trifle for its support. In this way, the sly old gentleman got round proud Jo, and furnished her with the style of boy in which she most delighted.

Chapter 47

a) "Yes, Jo, I think your harvest will be a good one," began Mrs. March, frightening away a big

black cricket, that was staring Teddy out of countenance.

"Not half so good as yours, mother. Here it is, and we never can thank you enough for the patient sowing and reaping you have done," cried Jo, with the loving impetuosity which she never would outgrow.

"I hope there will be more wheat and fewer tares every year," said Amy softly.

"A large sheaf, but I know there's room in your heart for it, Marmee dear," added Meg's tender voice.

b) Touched to the heart, Mrs. March could only stretch out her arms, as if to gather children and grandchildren to herself, and say, with face and voice full of motherly love, gratitude, and humility,--

"Oh, my girls, however long you may live, I never can wish you a greater happiness than this!"

Long Winter by Laura Ingalls Wilder

CHAPTER 1

The sky was high and quivering with heat over the shimmering prairie. Half-way down to sunset, the sun blazed as hotly as at noon.

CHAPTER 2

Carrie's mouth opened a little. Her big eyes looked up at Laura and they said, "I know. We're lost." Her mouth shut without a word.

CHAPTER 3

The stitches must be close and small and firm and they must be deep enough but not too deep, for the sheet must lie smooth, with not the tiniest ridge down its middle.

CHAPTER 4

But in the morning Pa sang again his sunflower song. The window was the same white blur, the winds still drove the scouring snow against the shivering little shanty.

CHAPTER 5

The little bird stood up straight on Mary's soft palm and looked at them all with its bright black eyes. "It's never seen humans before," said Pa.

CHAPTER 6

If I were a wild animal, I'd hunt my hole and dig is plenty deep. If I were a wild goose, I'd spread my wings and get out of here."

CHAPTER 7

He was a very old Indian. His brown face was carved in deep wrinkles and shriveled on the bones, but he stood tall and straight.

CHAPTER 8

Pa had to admit that he did. But he said, "On the other hand, all this costs money and that's scarcer than hen's teeth."

CHAPTER 9

They could hardly walk in the belting, whirling wind. The schoolhouse had disappeared. They could see nothing but swirling whiteness and snow and then a glimpse of each other, disappearing like shadows.

CHAPTER 10

Almanzo had worked for fifty cents a day and saved money to buy seed and tools. He had raised wheat on shares in western Minnesota and made a good crop.

CHAPTER 11

He looked into Mary's eyes that did not see him and his voice was gentle when he said, "Are these two handsome young ladies your small little girls that I dandled on my knee, Ingalls, down on the Verdigris?"

CHAPTER 12

"God will hear us if we say our prayers under the covers," Mary chattered, and she crawled between the cold blankets.

CHAPTER 13

After dinner Pa played hymn tunes on his fiddle, and all the afternoon they sang. They sang:
"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar...."

CHAPTER 14

At last she was able to move. So cold that the dream still seemed half real, she snuggled close to Mary and pulled the quilts over their heads.

CHAPTER 15

He went out again in midafternoon. "Animals need a lot of feed to keep them warm in such cold," he explained to Ma.

CHAPTER 16

"Tell them I still have my doll, Charlotte," said Laura, "And I wish we had one of black Susan's great-great-great-grand kittens."

CHAPTER 17

“Nothing’s sure but death and taxes,” said Royal.

CHAPTER 18

His eyes were red and puffed. He answered cheerfully, “Shoveling snow in the sunshine is hard on eyes. Some of the men are snow-blind. Fix me up a little weak salt-water, will you, Caroline? And I’ll bathe them after I do the chores.”

CHAPTER 19

The little mill ground wheat so slowly that they had to keep it grinding all the time to make flour enough to bake for each meal.

CHAPTER 20

He let Prince go into a canter and set off toward the north, while the others shouldered their guns and turned straight toward town.

CHAPTER 21

Laura knew what he meant. She was old enough now to stand by him and Ma in hard times. She must not worry; she must be cheerful and help to keep up all their spirits.

CHAPTER 22

It was strange to see horses’ hoofs and a sled and boots in front of your eyes, as a little animal, a gopher, for instance, might see them.

CHAPTER 23

When the pail was full, Pa thrust the plug into the hole. He tapped it firm with his fist and then tapped lightly up the wall and across it.

CHAPTER 24

Slowly they ate the last potatoes, skins and all. The blizzard was beating and scouring at the house, the winds were roaring and shrieking.

CHAPTER 25

“Well, take a peck, say a peck and a quarter, of wheat, how long will it last a family of six? Figure it out for yourself.”

CHAPTER 26

He pretended to Grace that his nose grew longer every time it froze, and Grace pretended to believe that it did. This was their own special joke.

CHAPTER 27

Almanzo and Cap sat down with him and ate heartily of the boiled beans, sourdough biscuit and dried-applesauce.

CHAPTER 28

Late that day, when the bread was on the table, the walls stopped shaking. The howling shrillness went away and only a rushing wind whistled under the eaves.

CHAPTER 29

Cap Garland spoke up. He was not grinning. He had the look that had made the railroader back down. “Don’t offer us any of your filthy cash. Wilder and I didn’t make that trip to skin a profit off folks that are hungry.”

CHAPTER 30

The Chinook, the wind of spring, was blowing. Winter was ended.

CHAPTER 31

Brakemen along the top of the train were jumping from car to car and setting the brakes. The train stopped. It was really there, a train at last.

CHAPTER 32

Then there was an A-B-C book printed on cloth, and a small, shiny Mother Goose book of the smoothest paper, with a colored picture on the cover.

CHAPTER 33

“Lord, we thank Thee for all Thy bounty.” That was all Pa said, but it seemed to say everything.

Michael Faraday, Father of Electronics by Charles Ludwig

Michael Faraday

Chapter 1

“Shh, Michael,” rebuked Mrs. Faraday. “Don’t talk like that. You were born because God has a purpose fer your life!”

“How do you know?”

“Because He has a purpose for everyone-“

“How can that be?”

“Because the Good Book says so.”

“How do you know the Bible is twue?”

“I know it’s true because I’ve proved it.”

Chapter 2

As Michael led his sister out the door, he said, “No one knows much about anything. But someday I will! Yes someday I’ll find out why the sky’s blue, why things fall down instead of up, and even what lightning is all about. Yes, Liz someday I’ll know these things.”

Chapter 3

"I am happy fer you," said James Faraday. After flinging an arm around Michael's shoulders and squeezing him until he groaned, he added, "You've learned to conquer a problem by getting to the roots. Havin' learned that, you'll conquer other problems... To succeed, a person has to get to the roots. Michael, you've got determination. That's what it takes!"

Chapter 4

"Your first job will be to deliver newspapers" said Riebau. He spoke with just a trace of a Parisian accent. He was a round-faced, olive-skinned man with a drooping white moustache and a receding hairline of straight, matching hair. "Now these newspapers are not being sold. Rather, we merely rent them out for three or four hours-" He glanced at the clock. "This means you must be quite punctual-even in bad weather."

Chapter 5

Michael learned that on October 21 Lord Nelson had defeated a combination of French and Spanish ships at Trafalgar near the southern coast of Spain. He also heard that Nelson had been killed in the battle and that his body was being preserved in a barrel of whisky.

Chapter 5

"I understand all of that," replied Michael. " But I'm interested in knowing how alcohol can preserve a human body for three months; and also why a message could not be sent from one place to another at the speed of light. After all, Olaus Roemer, the Danish astronomer, has shown that light travels at a speed of 192,000 miles per second."

Chapter 6

"Some at church can't understand why you read so much. Never mind them. There ain't nothin' wrong in learnin'. Remember Jesus said, 'And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free' (John 8:32)."

"Most of the brothers and sisters in our church don't have no education. And yet they are good people; and the truth they know is good. Remember, Mike, truth never contradicts itself."

Chapter 7

A well-furnished library and a capacious memory are indeed of singular use toward the improvement of the mind; but if all of your learning be nothing else but a mere amassment of what others have written, without a due penetration of their meaning, and without a judicious and determination of your own sentiments, I do not see what title your head has to true learning above your shelves... claim no higher character but that of a good historian of the sciences. (Isaac Watts)

Chapter 8

As Michael awaited the date of the first lecture, he reread Mrs. Marcet's *Conversations in Chemistry*. He realized that many of her stories about Davy were dated. This was because Davy seemed to come up with a sensationally new discovery every other week. Nevertheless, wornout copy. He was determined to have the best possible background for anything that might be said.

Chapter 8

Thoughts of the coming lectures charged Michael as if he were a Leyden jar, and when he lingered with his daydreams it seemed that exploding sparks of electricity bumped down his spine.

Chapter 9

As a chilly November and early December stabbed frozen fingers through the streets of London, Michael paced the city looking for work. He scoured business areas, visited establishments along Oxford and Fleet Streets, and wandered up and down Crooked Lane and Scalding Alley.

Chapter 9

After selecting the finest paper he possessed, Michael carefully addressed a letter to Sir Humphry in which he explained his interest in science. He rewrote the letter three times before he was satisfied. The next evening he handed the letter together with the notebook to the

porter at the Royal Institution.

Chapter 10

An inward numbness gripped Michael even before he stepped into the raw weather. It seemed every door was nailed, barricaded, and bolted. Still, he had tried. Also, he had shaken hands and conversed with the great Sir Humphry Davy! Already he could envision the astonishment that would appear in Abbott's eyes when he related the story.

Chapter 11

Alas! How foolish perhaps to leave home, to leave those whom I loved and who loved me for a time uncertain in its length, but certainly long and which may perhaps stretch out into eternity! And what are the boasted advantages to be gained? Knowledge. Yes, knowledge but what knowledge? Knowledge of the world, of men, of manners, of books, and of languages.... Alas! How degrading it is to be learned when it places us on a level with rogues and scoundrels!...Ah, Ben, I am not sure that I have acted wisely in leaving a pure and certain enjoyment for such a pursuit.

Chapter 12

From the beginning of his new job, Michael determined to review the history of chemistry from the end of the 1700s until the present time. One of his methods was to take a book apart, and to insert blank sheets between all the pages. On these blank pages he added his own personal notes. Having filled them, he rebound the book. Among the volumes he treated this way were those of Professor Brande.

Chapter 13

When John Buddle suggested that Davy take out a patent, he shook his head. "I never thought of such a thing," he protested. "My sole object was to serve the cause of humanity; and if I have succeeded, I am amply rewarded."

Michael was impressed. He realized that Sir Humphry had turned down a source of vast income. He resolved that in similar circumstances he would do the same.

Chapter 14

As the skeptics watched, he sent a current through first one wire and then another the moment the current reached a tube, gas bubbles rose to the surface. And thus a “telegram” was transmitted. By 1812 the number of needed wires was reduced to twenty-seven and the maximum distance increased to nearly two miles.

Chapter 15

Curious about the Royal Society, Faraday checked out a volume on its history from the R.I. library and took it to his attic apartment. The more he studied the musty book the more impressed he became. Speaking to Sarah across the supper table, he said, “The R.I. is really old. It was founded in 1662 during the reign of Charles II. Those founders must have had a lot of courage, for their motto was Nullius in Verba - Don’t take anyone’s word for it.”

Chapter 16

As Faraday pondered, he considered every clue that had been uncovered. Already it was known that if lightning struck a steel pole, the pole was magnetized. Furthermore, Oersted had demonstrated with his compass and wire that flowing electricity had magnetic experiments he noted in his workbook: “If it is possible to convert electricity into magnetism, then why not the converse?”

Chapter 17

Fortunately for science, just as Faraday jerked the magnet he also glanced at the meter and noticed that it twitched. Breathlessly, he pushed the magnet in again and then pulled it out. This caused the needle to twitch when it went in and also to twitch when he pulled it out. All at once Faraday realized he had succeeded in his quest. Beside himself with joy, he leaped up and down and danced around the room while he shouted. “It works! It works! It works! I’ve changed magnetism into electricity.”

Chapter 18

With the cooperation of his father and elder brother, Perkin went into business. The business prospered and by the time he was twenty-three he was the world authority on dyes. At that age he was summoned to lecture before the London Chemical Society. Sitting in his audience

was Michael Faraday. This was one of the highlights of Faraday's life. It was a proof that his lectures had been effective and that their influence would spread to future generations.

Chapter 19

He could have been buried in Westminster abbey near his hero, Sir Isaac Newton, had he so desired. But he did not want this honor just as he did not want to be knighted. Instead he was buried in a simple ceremony at Highgate Cemetery. The elders at his beloved church officiated at the simple ceremony. Thus, he was plain Michael Faraday right up to the end.

***Of Courage Undaunted: Across the Continent with Lewis and Clark**

Part 1

There was nothing that you would say was special about them. They chewed tobacco and cussed and caterwauled that they were double-jointed, fire-eating, leather-necked, half-horse half-alligator men who could lick their weight in wildcats. They were picked almost at random out of the Ohio Valley of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, or New England stock, merely a sample fistful of what American democracy turns out, as you might pick a handful of leaves and say, These are oak.

Part 1

The President himself did away with the stuffy ceremonies and formalities so dear to the Federalists, and got down to business. Right off he needed a personal secretary of a special sort. He did not want fancy frills but someone trustworthy and close-mouthed who was also understanding and democratic.

Himself a Virginian, he naturally thought of his beloved Charlottesville and the loyal people of Albemarle County. He remembered gallant "Mother Marks" and her coon-hunting son, Meriwether Lewis.

Part 1

They were a pair of tall, handsome soldiers, cool and proud fighters, as well as courteous gentlemen, with the gaiety of their exuberant Virginian blood. Both were experts with rifles and horses and gallant and chivalrous with the girls. They could give and take orders and carry out

assignments with thoroughness and efficiency. They had the same tastes and background, with enough temperamental differences to make interesting companionship. The red-head Clark was sociable and direct, a frontiersman born and bred. Lewis was of a complex nature, sometimes moody and introspective.

Part 1

Would William Clark go? Would a duck take to water? Would a young Kentucky thoroughbred race? "My friend, I can assure you that no man lives with whom I would prefer to undertake and share difficulties of such a trip than yourself. My friend, I join you with hand and heart," wrote back Billy Clark to his old comrade in arms.

Part 1

"A bas les perches," bawled the one-eyed Cruzatte from the stern deck where he stood at the tiller. The oarsmen facing aft lowered their long poles till they caught on the river bottom. Throwing their weight forward on the poles as one man, they pushed down the cleated catwalks along the gunwales of the boat. When the lead man reached the stern, Cruzatte shouted, "Levez les perches." The men lifted their poles and returned to the bow. The barge had pushed several lengths upstream. This routine was repeated with mechanical regularity hour after hour.

Part 2

The men were learning that each depended on the other and the lives of all might hang on the action of a single one. They were in country where, if a man slept on guard duty, stole whisky, or disobeyed orders, it might have dangerous consequences for the whole party. Offenders were tried by court-martial conducted by the sergeants, with the men as jury. So many lashes on the bare back, according to the crime, was the army punishment meted out to the guilty.

Part 2

For two weeks the corps had been deeply anxious about young Shannon. Their two horses had strayed and Shannon had been sent ashore to bring them in. When he had not returned after several days, Drewyer and Colter had vainly scoured the shores for traces of him. Sixteen days later, coming around a bend in the river, they sighted a lean horseman riding down the riverbank. It was Shannon. He had found the horses, but thought the party had got ahead of him, so he had pushed on for fifteen days. Nearly starved, he had finally given up and turned

back just in time to meet them. Many times the men were sent out alone on dangerous missions, and always they returned in safety.

Part 2

Sixty braves, magnificent in savage finery, came down to the council with the captains. Black Buffalo wore a white buffalo robe decorated with porcupine quills and a headdress of eagle feathers. The Partisan was painted from head to foot in patterns of yellow and red and green. His leggings were trimmed with the scalps of his enemies and two fine skunk skins dragged from the heels of his beaded moccasins. He was a fierce and splendid image of terror out of a nightmare.

Part 2

The captains looked at each other and sighed with relief. They were mighty glad to be safe out of the Sioux country. They had remained calm and cool when bows were bent and itching trigger fingers might have caused sudden tragedy. This took a more difficult kind of courage than actual fighting. By the President's express orders they were to keep peace with and among the Indians. Besides, bucking the Missouri was difficult enough without carrying on a war at the same time.

Part 2

The men set to work with axes and saws among the cottonwood trees. They built two rows of log cabins set at right angles. There were four cabins in a row, each fourteen feet square. Each had a stone fireplace and a puncheon floor and ceiling, and the walls were chinked with mud. On the third side was built a long curving palisade of stout logs. By November 20, the fort was finished. At night, in the warm cabins, the tired men turned in under their buffalo robes and snored like the lions. It was the first time in six months that they had slept under a roof.

Part 3

- a) The carpenters were hollowing out the cottonwood logs into canoes. These were now light enough to haul to the river to be caulked, where cracks were opening in the wood.
- b) The men took their place in the pirogues and canoes. One after another the little fleet pushed out against the current in the teeth of a strong west wind. They were headed toward the unknown west to find the sources of the Missouri, to cross the

shining mountains, and to follow the Columbia down to the Great South Sea.

Part 3

Drewyer found eleven-inch footprints in the wet sand by the river. He was the undisputed king of the mountains and prairie. Every living thing that met him on the trail gave him wide and undisputed room. It was tribute to King Grizzley – the “white bear,” as the Indians called him on account of his tawny-colored fur. When he stood on his hind legs, he towered eight to ten feet. On the end of each front paw were five long claws that ripped like knives when driven by a blow of his terrible arm.

Part 3

a) The same day that the men met their first grizzly, a sudden squall hit the pirogue like a blow and laid the sail flat on the water, where she filled within an inch of her gunwales. Three of the men in the capsizing boat could not swim, and Sacajawea was there with her baby. In the boat were the instruments, papers, medicine, all that was vital to the expedition. As Cruzatte cut the sail loose, she slowly righted. Charbonneau had dropped the rudder and was calling on the saints. Sacajawea in the stern was quickly and coolly gathering in an valuable that was floating. The men were bailing frantically.

b) A bear hunt and a near-shipwreck, on May 14, marked the first anniversary of the start of the expedition.

Part 3

After an eighteen-mile haul, the men dragged the canoes down to the river above the falls and made camp. Here they joined up the iron boat frame that had been lugged all the way from Harpers Ferry. The men sewed hides together and stretched them on the iron frame. In lace of tar, they made a slimy mess of charcoal, beeswax, and buffalo tallow, and smeared it in the seams. When launched, the boa swam perfectly, but next day rough weather blew up, her seams opened, and she started to sink – a total loss. Nothing to do but build a couple of canoes to take her place. The men had to walk eight miles to find a couple of cracked and rotten trees of which to make two canoes.

Part 3

Farther on the country opened out into beautiful prairie surrounded on all sides by mountains.

Through this country ran three rivers. They were called the three forks of the Missouri because at this point they joined to make the great Missouri River. No single one of these streams could be truly called the Missouri, so the captains named them separately after three great heroes of democracy: Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin.

Part 3

August 18 was a special day for Captain Lewis. That night he wrote in his journal:

This day I completed my thirty-first year, and conceived that I had in all human probability now existed about half the period which I am to remain in this Sublunary world. I reflected that I had as yet done but little, very little, indeed, to further the happiness of the human race, or to advance the information of the succeeding generation. I viewed with regret the many hours I have spent in indolence, and now so sorely feel the want of that information which those hours would have given me had they been judiciously expended, but since they are past and cannot be recalled, I dash from the gloomy thought, and resolve in future, to redouble my exertions and at least endeavour to promote those two primary objects of human existence, by giving them the aid of that portion of talents which nature and fortune have bestowed on me; or in future, to live for mankind, as I have heretofore lived for myself.

Part 4

Foot by foot, they fought their way through the angles of fallen timber and urged the crippled and jaded horses over the shoulders of bleak ridges. In the snowdrifts along the mountaintops, for a while they lost the trail. Night after night the hunters came back empty-handed. The exhausted men shivered around the campfire, warming their half-frozen feet, and drank thin "portable soup" that Lewis had bought in Philadelphia. When the last of the corn and flour was gone, they killed and ate a colt. On the savage peaks that towered about them, it seemed that no living thing had existed for countless ages. Gaunt with hunger and weak with fatigue, the men grimly struggled on. They killed and devoured another colt and lived.

Part 4

The tribes along the river caught the great fish and split and hung them on drying racks. Their flesh was then pounded into flakes, made into cakes, and packed neatly in baskets. These were buried, and in this way the fish would keep sweet for several years. What the buffalo was to the plains Indians, the salmon was to the Columbia tribes. The treeless shores of the Columbia were bare of game. Instead of the tender elks' tongue and buffalo hump of the Missouri, the companions now gaged on a tasteless diet of fish and roots. Once when they went ashore to purchase food from the Indians, two Frenchmen in the party, with more

adventurous appetites, bought and ate a couple of Indian dogs. Other members of the party joined the dog-eaters' feast, until as many as forty Indian poodles were bought for the pot at one deal. Only Captain Clark disdained this delicacy.

Part 4

The expedition fought its way down the coast in the teeth of wind and rain and heavy seas. The roar of the pounding surf sounded continuously in their ears. Every day the hunters ranged back into the hills for elk. The men were sick of pounded fish and roots and yearned to sink their teeth once more into juicy red meat. For a few hours the sun broke through the clouds and John Shields brought in the first elk killed west of the Rockies. That night the men feasted on elk tongue and marrow bones. The party camped on a narrow strip of sand and sat around the smoky fires waiting in the rain while Captain Lewis explored for a campsite. Lewis came back with good news. His party had bagged five deer and six elk and had found a site for the winter fort on the bank of a river across the bay. Slowly the canoes made their way against the wind and waves around Meriwether's Bay, which Clark had named after Lewis, and up the quiet river.

Part 4

"Can you remember what salt tasted like?" said Shannon, chewing on a slab of leathery elk meat.

"Seems like I do have a faint recollection," replied Colter, grimly swallowing a mouthful of pounded fish. "I reckon a pinch of it would taste mighty good right now," he added.

A few days later, five men left the fort, heading for the coast. Each carried with his outfit a large iron kettle. They were going to set up a kitchen to boil salt from the seawater. A week later, two of them returned to the fort with a gallon of the precious salt, "white, fine, and very good." Keeping the kette boiling day and night, they could produce as much as a gallon of salt a day. They also brought a strange kind of food the Indians had given them. It looked like fat pork and tasted remarkable like beaver. It was whale meat. The Killimucks had found the stranded carcass of a whale washed up on the beach. It was decided to send an expedition to procure some of this novel food.

Part 5

At the Indian camp, the Wollawollahs provided plenty of fuel and fat dogs for the famished travelers. Yellept brought up a beautiful white horse that would delight the hearty of any Kentuckian and presented it to Clark. In turn the captain gave the chief his sword, along with some powder and shot. The Indians brought them their sick for treatment. Clark applied salve to sores and eyewater to sore eyes, with healing effect. This resulted in more presents of dogs

and horses. One hundred visiting Chimnapoos came that night for a big dance. Cruzatte played his gayest tunes and the men shook a limber leg. When the white men said good-by to their regretful Indian friends they had twenty-three fine horses.

Part 5

a) For months Private Brannon had been so weak and painridden that he had not been able to stand. Someone suggested that he be given the "sweat bath treatment." As all else had failed, this treatment was applied. He was stripped naked and put in a four-foot pit that had been heated with a hot fire. The patient was covered over with a roof of willow poles and blankets. Water was then poured on the sides and bottom of the hole till the steam was as hot as he could possible stand. After about twenty minutes, he was hauled out and soused a couple of times in the ice-cold mountain stream. This operation was repeated several times while he drank strong doses of "horse mint." This "robust" treatment so limbered up the patient that the next morning he was free from pain and very soon was as spry as ever.

b) The same day three Indians came in waith an invalid chief. He had entirely lost the use of his limbs and had been completely useless for three years. The amateur doctors thought the case hopeless. "Why not give him the sweat cure?" someone suggested. After the first application, he was able to use his hands and arms. When he was given another treatment he could move his toes and legs. In a few days he was healed. Captain Clark was now a very great medicine man among the Indians.

Part 5

Riding over the plains, they had been overtaken by a thunderstorm, and made camp, picketing the horses as usual. When they awoke next morning, not one of the horses was to be found. They followed the tracks of the Indian thieves for miles on foot. It was impossible to overtake them. The miserable adventurers strapped their baggage on their backs and trudged gloomily toward the river, knowing that without horses in that vast and naked land they were in a bad fix. Coming out on the Yellowstone near Pompey's Pillar, Pryor suddenly remembered "bull boats." He had watched the Mandans on the Missouri making them from buffalo hide. He soon shot a great black bull and the men with their butcher knives deftly peeled off his shaggy hide. They made a round frame and stout ribs of willow rods on which they snugly secured the bull's hide with thongs, applying a final calking of buffalo fat. When launched, she floated light as a cork.

Part 5

On the way back to camp, they saw four Indians driving off their horses on the other side of the

river. Lewis ordered his men to pursue. They must recover the horse even if they had to shoot to kill. Lewis now ran after the Indian who had stolen his gun. Together with another Indian he was running off with Lewis's horse. As Lewis raised his gun, one of the Indians jumped behind a rock, calling to his companion. Lewis fired. The Indian fell, shot through the belly, rolled over, and fired from his elbow, grazing Lewis's head. Lewis, who had no more ammunition, started toward camp, meeting Drewyer who had run up on hearing the shooting to assist the captain. The Fields brothers now came back with four horses which they had recovered.

Part 5

Sacajawea was only a squaw and so received nothing. She said a brief farewell to her captains and stepped out of the story to resume her anonymous place in the life of her tribe. The silent little squaw had patiently toted her baby on her back up rivers and over mountains, guiding and leading, sharing the hunger, cold, and danger without complaint, always to be counted on, asking nothing except to see the great fish and the big salt lake; unrewarded, unforgotten, of courage undaunted.

Part 5

Every stroke of the paddles was bringing them nearer home. Some days they made sixty or seventy miles, where they had dragged the barge wearily upstream only twenty miles a day. They now met small parties of trappers canoeing up the river to hunt and trade with the Indians. They asked eager questions and listened hungrily to the news from the States that they had not heard for two years. Along the frontier and back in the eastern cities the expedition had long been given up for lost by all except the President. Now its members had suddenly come back from the dead. Their magnificent adventure had been accomplished. They had charted the path of American destiny across the continent. Suddenly they realized that they themselves were the biggest news in all the States.

Part 5

The President paused and his eyes lifted from the page and out through the tall south windows across the Potomac to the Virginian hills, golden in the autumn haze. He was a connoisseur of men, and those two young Virginians whom he had chosen were the choice vintage of the living vine, the first fruits of the Republic. They were the first but not the last of a long line of pathfinders of the West. They were samples of the true breed, of what the new nation could be and do; he could trust the future to such as these.....

***Oliver Twist by Charles Dickens**

Chapter 1

Wrapped in the blanket which had hitherto formed his only covering, he might have been the child of a nobleman or a beggar; it would have been hard for the haughtiest stranger to have assigned him his proper station in society. But now that he was enveloped in the old calico robes which had grown yellow in the same service, he was badged and ticketed, and fell into his place at once – a parish child – the orphan of a workhouse – the humble, half-starved drudge – to be cuffed and buffeted through the world – despised by all, and pitied by none.

Chapter 2

The gentleman who spoke last was unconsciously right. It would have been very like a Christian, and a marvellously good Christian, too, if Oliver had prayed for the people who fed and took care of him. But he hadn't, because nobody had taught him.

Chapter 3

'My boy!' said the old gentleman, leaning over the desk. Oliver started at the sound. He might be excused for doing so: for the words were kindly said: and strange sounds frighten one. He trembled violently, and burst into tears.

Chapter 4

I wish some well-fed philosopher, whose meat and drink turn to gall within him; whose blood is ice, whose heart is iron; could have seen Oliver Twist clutching at the dainty viands that the dog had neglected. I wish he could have witnessed the horrible avidity with which Oliver tore the bits asunder with all the ferocity of famine. There is only one thing I should like better; and that would be to see the Philosopher making the same sort of meal himself, with the same relish.

Chapter 5

This affords charming food for contemplation. It shows us what a beautiful thing human nature may be made to be; and how impartially the same amiable qualities are developed in the finest lord and the dirtiest charity boy.

Chapter 6

But his spirit was roused at last; the cruel insult to his dead mother had set his blood on fire. His breast heaved; his attitude was erect; his eye bright and vivid; his whole person changed, as he stood glaring over the cowardly tormentor who now lay crouching at his feet; and defied him with an energy he had never known before.

Chapter 7

The blessing was from a young child's lips, but it was the first that Oliver had ever heard invoked upon his head; and through the struggles and sufferings, and troubles and changes, of his after life, he never once forgot it.

Chapter 8

Oliver was just considering whether he hadn't better run away, when they reached the bottom of the hill. His conductor, catching him by the arm, pushed open the door of a house near Field Lane; and, drawing him into the passage, closed it behind them.

Chapter 9

There is a drowsy state, between sleeping and waking, when you dream more in five minutes with your eyes half open, and yourself half conscious of everything that is passing around you, than you would in five nights with your eyes fast closed, and your senses wrapped in perfect unconsciousness.

Chapter 10

Although Oliver had been brought up by philosophers, he was not theoretically acquainted with the beautiful axiom that self-preservation is the first law of nature. If he had been, perhaps he would have been prepared for this. Not being prepared, however, it alarmed him the more; so away he went like the wind, with the old gentleman and the two boys roaring and shouting behind him.

Chapter 11

Little Oliver Twist lay on his back on the pavement, with his shirt unbuttoned, and his temples bathed with water; his face a deadly white; and a cold tremble convulsing his whole frame.

Chapter 12

As he spoke, he pointed hastily to the picture above Oliver's head, and then to the boy's face. There was its living copy. The eyes, the head, the mouth; every feature was the same. The expression was for the instant, so precisely alike, that the minutest line seemed copied with startling accuracy!

Chapter 13

It is due to the young lady to say that she did not positively affirm that she would not, but that she merely expressed an emphatic and earnest desire to be 'blessed' if she would; a polite and delicate evasion of the request, which shows the young lady to have been possessed of that natural good breeding which cannot bear to inflict upon a fellow-creature, the pain of a direct and pointed refusal.

Chapter 14

The persons on whom I have bestowed my dearest love, lie deep in their graves; but, although the happiness and delight of my life lie buried there too, I have not made a coffin of my heart, and sealed it up, for ever, on my best affections. Deep affliction has but strengthened and refined them.

Chapter 15

In another moment, he was dragged into a labyrinth of dark narrow courts, and was forced along them at a pace which rendered the few cries he dared to give utterance to, unintelligible. It was of little moment, indeed, whether they were intelligible or no; for there was nobody to care for them, had they been ever so plain.

Chapter 16

The night was dark and foggy. The lights in the shops could scarcely struggle through the heavy mist, which thickened every moment and shrouded the streets and houses in gloom; rendering the strange place still stranger in Oliver's eyes; and making his uncertainty the more dismal and depressing.

Chapter 17

'He was a dear, grateful, gentle child, sir,' retorted Mrs. Bedwin, indignantly. 'I know what children are, sir; and have done these forty years; and people who can't say the same, shouldn't say anything about them. That's my opinion!'

Chapter 18

In short, the wily old Jew had the boy in his toils. Having prepared his mind, by solitude and gloom, to prefer any society to the companionship of his own sad thoughts in such a dreary place, he was now slowly instilling into his soul the poison which he hoped would blacken it, and change its hue for ever.

Chapter 19

The boy was lying, fast asleep, on a rude bed upon the floor; so pale with anxiety, and sadness, and the closeness of his prison, that he looked like death; not death as it shows in shroud and coffin, but in the guise it wears when life has just departed; when a young and gentle spirit has, but an instant, fled to Heaven, and the gross air of the world has not had time to breathe upon the changing dust it hallowed.

Chapter 20

In a paroxysm of fear, the boy closed the book, and thrust it from him. Then, falling upon his knees, he prayed Heaven to spare him from such deeds; and rather to will that he should die at once, than be reserved for crimes, so fearful and appalling.

Chapter 21

He was about to throw himself on the ground, and make one struggle for his young life, when he saw that they stood before a solitary house: all ruinous and decayed. There was a window on each side of the dilapidated entrance; and one story above; but no light was visible. The

house was dark, dismantled; and, to all appearance, uninhabited.

Chapter 22

And now, for the first time, Oliver, well-nigh mad with grief and terror, saw that housebreaking and robbery, if not murder, were the objects of the expedition. He clasped his hands together, and involuntarily uttered a subdued exclamation of horror. A mist came before his eyes; the cold sweat stood upon his ashy face; his limbs failed him; and he sank upon his knees.

Chapter 23

Bleak, dark, and piercing cold, it was a night for the well-housed and fed to draw round the bright fire and thank God they were at home; and for the homeless, starving wretch to lay him down and die. Many hunger-worn outcasts close their eyes in our bare streets, at such times, who, let their crimes have been what they may, can hardly open them in a more bitter world.

Chapter 24

Alas! How few of Nature's faces are left alone to gladden us with their beauty! The cares, and sorrows, and hungerings, of the world, change them as they change hearts; and it is only when those passions sleep, and have lost their hold for ever, that the troubled clouds pass off, and leave Heaven's surface clear.

Chapter 25

Bill had him on his back, and scudded like the wind. We stopped to take him between us; his head hung down, and he was cold. They were close upon our heels; every man for himself, and each from the gallows! We parted company, and left the youngster lying in a ditch. Alive or dead, that's all I know about him.

Chapter 26

Cunning, ferocity, and drunkenness in all its stages, were there, in their strongest aspects; and women: some with the last lingering tinge of their early freshness almost fading as you looked: others with every mark and stamp of their sex utterly beaten out, and presenting but one lonesome blank of profligacy and crime; some mere girls, others but young women, and none past the prime of life; formed the darkest and saddest portion of this dreary picture.

Chapter 27

And now that we have accompanied him so far on his road home, and have made all necessary preparations for the old woman's funeral, let us set on foot a few enquiries after young Oliver Twist, and ascertain whether he be still lying in the ditch where Toby Crackit left him.

Chapter 28

He looked about, and saw that at no great distance there was a house, which perhaps he could reach. Pitying his condition, they might have compassion on him; and if they did not, it would be better, he thought, to die near human beings, than in the lonely open fields. He summoned all his strength for one last trial, and bent his faltering steps towards it.

Chapter 29

The doctor seemed especially troubled by the fact of the robbery having been unexpected, and attempted in the night-time; as if it were the established custom of gentlemen in the housebreaking way to transact business at noon, and to make an appointment, by post, a day or two previous.

Chapter 30

The boy stirred, and smiled in his sleep, as though these marks of pity and compassion had awakened some pleasant dream of a love and affection he had never known. Thus, a strain of gentle music, or the rippling of water in a silent place, or the odour of a flower, or the mention of a familiar word, will sometimes call up sudden dim remembrances of scenes that never were, in this life; which vanish like a breath.

Chapter 31

Meanwhile, Oliver gradually throve and prospered under the united care of Mrs. Maylie, Rose, and the kind-hearted Mr. Losberne. If fervent prayers, gushing from hearts overcharged with gratitude, be heard in heaven – and if they be not, what prayers are! – the blessings which the orphan child called down upon them, sunk into their souls, diffusing peace and happiness.

Chapter 32

It was a happy time. The days were peaceful and serene; the nights brought with them neither fear nor care; no languishing in a wretched prison, or associating with wretched men; nothing but pleasant and happy thoughts.

Chapter 33

We need be careful how we deal with those about us, when every death carries to some small circle of survivors, thoughts of so much omitted, and so little done – of so many things forgotten, and so many more which might have been repaired! There is no remorse so deep as that which is unavailing; if we would be spared its tortures, let us remember this, in time.

Chapter 34

Such is the influence which the condition of our own thoughts, exercises, even over the appearance of external objects. Men who look on nature, and their fellow-men, and cry that all is dark and gloomy, are in the right; but the sombre colours are reflections from their own jaundiced eyes and hearts. The real hues are delicate, and need a clearer vision.

Chapter 35

There were tears in the eyes of the gentle girl, as these words were spoken; and when one fell upon the flower over which she bent, and glistened brightly in its cup, making it more beautiful, it seemed as though the outpouring of her fresh young heart, claimed kindred naturally with the loveliest things in nature.

Chapter 36

Tears are signs of gladness as well as grief; but those that coursed down Rose's face, as she sat pensively at the window, still gazing in the same direction, seemed to tell more of sorrow than of joy.

Chapter 37

He had a decided propensity for bullying; derived no inconsiderable pleasure from the exercise of petty cruelty, and, consequently, was (it is needless to say) a coward. This is by no means a

disparagement to his character; for many official personages, who are held in high respect and admiration, are the victims of similar infirmities.

Chapter 38

Monks drew the little package from his breast, where he had hurriedly thrust it; and tying it to a leaden weight, which had formed a part of some pulley, and was lying on the floor, dropped it into the stream. It fell straight, and true as a die; clove the water with a scarcely audible splash; and was gone.

Chapter 39

It might be that her tears relieved her, or that she felt the full hopelessness of her condition; but she turned back; and hurrying with nearly as great rapidity in the contrary direction: partly to recover lost time, and partly to keep pace with the violent current of her own thoughts: soon reached the dwelling where she had left the housebreaker.

Chapter 40

When such as I, who have no certain roof but the coffin-lid, and no friend in sickness and death but the hospital nurse, set our rotten hearts on any man, and let him fill the place that has been a blank through all our wretched lives, who can hope to cure us? Pity us, lady – pity us for having only one feeling of the woman left, and for having that turned, by a heavy judgement, from a comfort and a pride, into a new means of violence and suffering.

Chapter 41

Disturbed by these different reflections; inclining now to one course and then to another, and again recoiling from all, as each successive consideration presented itself to her mind; Rose passed a sleepless and anxious night. After more communing with herself next day, she arrived at the desperate conclusion of consulting Harry.

Chapter 42

Noah Claypole's mind might have been at ease after this assurance, but his body certainly was not; for he shuffled and writhed about, into various uncouth positions: eyeing his new friend

meanwhile with mingled fear and suspicion.

Chapter 43

In fact, Mr. Fagin had so well humoured his young friend's eccentric disposition, that Master Bates, who had at first been disposed to consider the imprisoned Dodger rather in the light of a victim, now looked upon him as the chief actor in a scene of most uncommon and exquisite humour, and felt quite impatient for the arrival of the time when his old companion should have so favourable an opportunity of displaying his abilities.

Chapter 44

Her fears for Sikes would have been more powerful inducements to recoil while there was yet time; but she had stipulated that her secret should be rigidly kept, she had dropped no clue which could lead to his discovery, she had refused, even for his sake, a refuge from all the guilt and wretchedness that encompassed her – and what more could she do! She was resolved.

Chapter 45

She looked nervously round, twice or thrice, and once stopped to let two men who were following close behind her, pass on. She seemed to gather courage as she advanced, and to walk with a steadier and firmer step. The spy preserved the same relative distance between them, and followed: with his eye upon her.

Chapter 46

Rose Maylie lingered, but the old gentleman drew her arm through his, and led her, with gentle force, away. As they disappeared, the girl sank down nearly at her full length upon one of the stone stairs, and vented the anguish of her heart in bitter tears.

Chapter 47

a) She staggered and fell: nearly blinded with the blood that rained down from a deep gash in her forehead; but raising herself, with difficulty, on her knees, drew from her bosom a white handkerchief – Rose Maylie's own – and holding it up, in her folded hands, as high towards Heaven as her feeble strength would allow, breathed one prayer for mercy to her Maker.

b) It was a ghastly figure to look upon. The murderer staggering backward to the wall, and shutting out the sight with his hand, seized a heavy club and struck her down.

Chapter 48

Every object before him, substance or shadow, still or moving, took the semblance of some fearful thing; but these fears were nothing compared to the sense that haunted him of that morning's ghastly figure following at his heels. He could trace its shadow in the gloom, supply the smallest item of the outline, and note how stiff and solemn it seemed to stalk along.

Chapter 49

Every word that has passed between you and this detested villain is known to me. Shadows on the wall have caught your whispers, and brought them to my ear; the sight of the persecuted child has turned vice itself, and given it the courage and almost the attributes of virtue. Murder has been done, to which you were morally if not really a party.

Chapter 50

Staggering as if struck by lightning, he lost his balance and tumbled over the parapet. The noose was on his neck. It ran up with his weight, tight as a bowstring, and swift as the arrow it speeds. He fell for five-and-thirty feet. There was a sudden jerk, a terrific convulsion of the limbs; and there he hung, with the open knife clenched in his stiffening hand.

Chapter 51

Let the tears which fell, and the broken words which were exchanged in the long close embrace between the orphans, be sacred. A father, sister, and mother, were gained, and lost, in that one moment. Joy and grief were mingled in the cup; but there were no bitter tears: for even grief itself arose so softened, and clothed in such sweet and tender recollections, that it became a solemn pleasure, and lost all character of pain.

Chapter 52

A great multitude had already assembled; the windows were filled with people, smoking and playing cards to beguile the time; the crowd were pushing, quarrelling, joking. Everything told

of life and animation, but one dark cluster of objects in the center of all – the black stage, the cross beam, the rope, and all the hideous apparatus of death.

Chapter 53

a) And now, the hand that traces these words, falters, as it approaches the conclusion of its task; and would weave, for a little longer space, the thread of these adventures.

b) I would fain linger yet with a few of those among whom I have so long moved, and share their happiness by endeavouring to depict it.

***Our/An Island Story by Charles Dickens (Chp. 97-114)**

Chapter 97

The French were led by Napoleon Bonaparte. He was one of the most wonderful men who have ever lived. Beginning life as a poor unknown soldier, he soon rose to be a leader of the French army. He rose and rose until the people made him Emperor of France. His one desire was to be great and powerful, and he did not care how others suffered or how many people were killed so long as he had what he wanted.

Chapter 97

Every captain in the fleet had received his orders and knew exactly what to do. But Nelson felt there was still something wanting, and, from the top-gallant mast of his own ship the Victory, a message was signaled through all the fleet, "England expects that every man will do his duty."

Chapter 98

Then Napoleon made one more desperate struggle for victory. The soldiers of his Old Guard, who had been kept in reserve, were ordered forward, but they broke and fled before the British charge. Napoleon, as he watched, became deadly pale. "All is lost," he said, turning to his officers, who surrounded him, "we must save ourselves." And he rode from the field.

Chapter 99

a) George IV. was called “the gentleman in Europe,” because he was handsome, and had fine manners, very different from those of his homely father. He tried to make friends with all his people through his fine manners.

b) But it was merely acting, for George IV. only cared for himself, and was not in the least a good king.

Chapter 100

But some people were quite determined they should be altered, and two men called Lord Grey and Lord John Russell, brought into Parliament what is called the Reform Bill. This Bill took the right of sending any one to Parliament away from the bare and lonely hillsides, and gave the right to the new and busy towns, so that the people should really be represented, that is, should have someone in Parliament to act and speak for them.

Chapter 101

This was very interesting. The little girl read the page carefully, then, looking up into the face of her governess, she said gravely, “So I shall be Queen of Britain one day.” Then slipping her hand into that of her governess, “I will be good,” she added, “I will be good. I see now why I have to learn so many lessons.”

Chapter 102

That is what happened to corn in Britain. There was not enough for all, and it became so dear that only the rich people could buy it, and the poor people starved. Bread was so dear that, however hard men worked, they could not earn enough to feed themselves and their children.

Chapter 103

The Exhibition was a great success. Never before had there been so many people from strange countries gathered together in London. Never before had so many beautiful and curious things been seen all at once. When it was over, the Crystal Palace was not destroyed, but was taken down and built up again at another place. There it has remained ever since, and is still one of the sights of London.

Chapter 104

Since Florence Nightingale worked among the soldiers in the Crimea, army nurses have worn red crosses upon their sleeves, as the crusaders did long ago. But those who wear the cross today do not go to battle to fight, but to help the wounded and the dying. Over the hospitals on the battlefields too flies the red cross flag, and no enemy ever fires at it or injures any one who wears the red cross badge.

Chapter 105

There are still wonderful things to be learned in the cold, white north, and there have been many Arctic expeditions since the death of Sir John Franklin, but I have told you about him because he was one of the most famous Arctic explorers. He really discovered the North-West Passage, and his death in the far north caused many other expeditions to be sent out, and, although they did not find Sir John, they learned much that was new about the Arctic regions.

Chapter 106

The Mutiny first broke out at a place called Meerut. There the native soldiers one day suddenly fired upon their officers, and killed some of them. Then they murdered many of the white people in the town, broke open the gaols and freed the prisoners, who joined in rioting and plundering

Chapter 107

Jessie stirred and muttered in her sleep, then, suddenly springing up and turning her startled eyes on her mistress, she cried, "Dinna ye hear them? Dinna ye hear them?"

The lady thought that Jessie had gone mad. "Jessie dear, lie down," she said, "you are not well."

"No, no," cried Jessie, "I'm well, I'm well, it's the Campbells I'm hearin'. Dinna ye hear them? Dinna ye hear them?"

It was indeed the sound of the pipes.

Chapter 108

While America was a British colony, wicked people, instead of being sent to prison for punishment, as they are now, were sent to work on the cotton plantations or farms there. After America was lost, convicts, as these wicked people are called, could no longer be sent there, and British statesmen began to look round for some other country to which they could be sent.

Then it was that Australia was thought of.

Chapter 109

For many years no white people settled in New Zealand, for it was peopled by a wild and warlike race of savages called Maoris. These Maoris were cannibals, that is, people who eat human beings. After a battle, those who were killed would be roasted and eaten by the victors.

Chapter 110

From the very beginning of our story you have seen how Britons have fought for freedom, and how step by step they have won it, until at last Britons live under just laws and have themselves the power to make these laws. For it is now acknowledged that the Briton who pays taxes has the right to help to frame the laws under which he lives.

Chapter 111

King Edward used his power towards peace and a better understanding among the nations of Europe. In the spring of 1903 he visited King Carlos of Portugal, then going on to Rome, he visited both the King of Italy and the Pope. At Paris he was warmly welcomed by the President of France. Later he visited both the Emperor of Austria and the Czar of Russia. Everywhere he charmed the people, and left behind a better understanding.

Chapter 112

George V came to the throne in a time of peace and good will. We were at peace within our own borders, we lived in greater friendship with our neighbors on the Continent, and our understanding with the United States of America, the greatest power of the New World, was far better than it had ever been.

George V came to the throne in a time of peace, but soon the peace not of Great Britain alone, but of the whole world was shattered.

Chapter 112

As a first fruit of her folly on the 4th of August, 1914, Great Britain declared war against Germany. When the German Chancellor heard it he was filled with consternation. "What," he cried, "Britain will go to war for a mere word like 'neutrality' – for a scrap of paper?"

The whole world gave him his answer. "Not for a scrap of paper, but that treaties may be held sacred, that the world may be made safe for small nations, that the power of the mailed fist may be broken."

Chapter 113

The war affected the whole world. Through three continents, Europe, Asia and Africa, the battle line was flung. In every clime from arctic snows to burning desert sands, upon the sea, under the seas, in the air, there was strife. On each continent there were campaigns which in themselves were great wars.

Chapter 113

During these years, because of her watchful navy, no foreign foe landed on British soil. But although saved from the awful devastation of war, our island became a changed land. In a few months from being manufacturing nation we were changed into a nation of soldiers, the whole country becoming one huge camp.

Chapter 114

Have we to fear that all these lives have been given in vain, that all this agony has been suffered in vain? Are we sure that the ends for which the war was fought are won? Has the world been made safe for small nations, are treaties more sacred and more binding than before?

We are not sure but we have hope.

***Passion for the Impossible by Miriam Huffman Rockness**

Chapter 1

When, in 1851, thirty-five-year-old Isabella Strange married the thirty-seven-year-old widowed stockbroker, she was initiated into the first-time roles of wife, homemaker, and mother to six children all under the age of fourteen. Lily's birth in 1853, followed respectively by Alexander and Margaret four and seven years later, brought the additional challenge of blending the children from two marriages into one strong family unit, a feat accomplished "most harmoniously."

Chapter 2

Lily's father, Alexander Trotter, emerges from his wife's many letters as a man of high principles, strong character, and steady temperament. A large man, standing six-feet three-inches tall, he must have seemed a tower of security to his children. His personality won the trust and affection of others, eliciting this tribute from Isabella's sister: "I can not name my dear brother-in-law without dwelling on his charming character of love, gentleness, generosity, unselfishness."

Chapter 3

Number 40 Montagu Square, like each of the adjoining houses lining both sides of the square, was a tall four-story terrace built of brown brick with a façade of white stone on the ground level, with brick steps leading to the landing and the handsome black wooden door capped by a fanlight.

Chapter 4

Before long, Smith's rest was interrupted by invitations to speak in drawing-room meetings in London, followed by a series of breakfast meetings in the city for Christian workers, eventually reaching more than 2,400 preachers. His unique ability to present abstract religious concepts in a practical manner led to more speaking engagements in London, as well as in other parts of England and on the Continent.

Chapter 5

Nonetheless, he scrupulously avoided battlefields of doctrinal controversy, keeping to the basics, or what he called The Three R's of Scripture: Ruined by the Fall; Redeemed by the Blood; Regenerated by the Spirit. His focus on essentials of the Christian faith allowed him the range to establish a broad base of interdenominational church support.

Chapter 6

But what had Lily to offer John Ruskin? First, she provided the one essential for any teacher: an able student. She had a rare innate talent. “I pause to think how—anyhow—can convince you of the marvelous gift that is in you,” he wrote her in a letter. Furthermore, she had a teachable spirit, that mark of humility often missing in the very talented.

Chapter 7

Her 1878 sketchbook from a Cromwell vacation in July and a trip to Wales in September record the scenery as well as her growing skill as a colorist: golden skies bathe rocks and hills in radiant glow, and purple slopes of Snowdon in Wales rise above waters of delicate eggshell blue.

Chapter 8

The rest is best related in Lily’s words: “In that first sentence God’s call had sounded. If Algeria was so near as that, I could spend half the year there, and the other half at home, then it was for me and before morning there remained no shadow of doubt that it was His plan.”

Chapter 9

The French Navy, in 1830, seized the port city of Algiers, deposed the Turkish bey or governor, then occupied the abandoned houses and buildings. When the native Algerians who had fled the city later returned to their homes, they found them occupied and chose to “sell” the property to their occupants rather than contest their seizure.

Chapter 10

In July of that year Lily prepared for a three-month break in England. Although sorely in need of physical and emotional respite, she felt torn at leaving “just as we have got down to the place we have so longed for among the people.” But she could leave this time with the encouragement that God was opening the doors and the hearts of the people in Algiers and now beyond in the interior of Algeria.

Chapter 11

The adventures of the fearless twosome (recorded in a 186-page illustrated journal) could easily make an epic movie. They were two English ladies dressed in long woolen skirts, mounted on camels, in caravan hugging the mountain edge by day, or camped by night in a tent pitched on the outskirts of a village.

Chapter 13

Lilias pondered that question, fearing it to be blocked by some grievance of their own, but in the end she concluded, "I am coming to see that our own 'experience' so far as a conscious emotional thing, matters nothing, if He is free in His working all round."

Chapter 14

When the women finally passed through the huge chasm at El Kantara, the gateway between the desert and the plain, quite inexplicably, from a human point of view, they found a time "full of a triumph of joy" in God. "We felt how difficult it would be for man even to shut that gate- & it will be just as difficult for him to close the soul door of access as long as God holds it open."

Chapter 16

The first surprise was the closing of the house of opposition across the street from Rue du Croissant, "so sudden as to be manifestly divine," after three and a half years of antagonism. With such concrete changes locally as well as in the overall political scene, there was freedom again in Algiers.

Chapter 18

They also made advances in their work through the new technology. Using a printing press given to them by their friends at Sister Eva's Training Home in Friedenshort, they printed their own tracts and mass quantities of the round-robin journals, hence speeding the distribution of the hand-illustrated, hand-bound booklets.

Chapter 19

Lilias had long believed that they could minister most effectively to individuals through the family. She viewed this as an opportunity to gain “fresh leverages” with Zehour’s family and envisioned a future ministry to entire families where, away from cultural pressures, they could daily receive spiritual nurture.

Chapter 20

The weeks sped by as Lilias assisted two of the band with the classes of eager-faced small boys and earnest young men; read with the groups of seekers who came in and out of their native house, listening with serious thoughtfulness; and visited nearby Nefta, walking down about the streets with what she described as “the loveliest sense of God’s leading & weaving links among the various seekers with whom we talked.”

Chapter 21

The printed journal at this time reflects the missionaries’ steps toward a “new era.” As Lilias summed it up, “It is time we should make a new beginning.” The new format actually returns to the old handwritten version in Lilias’s script, delicately illustrated with line drawings in her unmistakable style, numbers being set in geometric design of Arabic origin.

Chapter 23

The place touched her heart as it had so many years before: “Everywhere in the streets there are hands stretched out in welcome—gaunt hands of old men who were in their prime then, strong brown hands of middle-aged men who were but lads when we saw them last.”

Chapter 24

During this time, the long low room with black-beamed ceiling white-washed walls, what Lilias called “the garden that is my room,” became the epicenter of the Algiers Mission Band, strategically and spiritually. She continued to receive reports from the various stations, and itinerations, as well as flowers from the many sites.

Chapter 25

As well, Liliias directs Dorothy to assist Mme. Cook (a partial invalid) in “practice matters, which would also be part of the essential training for the life out here, where we have to be able to turn our hand to everything, cooking, sewing, etc., leaving plenty of time for study.”

Chapter 26

Yet, for all her accomplishments in organization, strategy, and literature, perhaps her most palpable legacy was, in fact, intangible: a “wideness and lavishness of love that transformed even trivial gifts till they became akin to a sacrament.”

***Physics Lab in a Housewares Store by Robert Friedhoffer**

No copywork available yet

Prince and the Pauper by Mark Twain

No copywork available yet

Puck of Pook's Hill by Rudyard Kipling

They were fishing, a few days later, in the bed of the brook that for centuries had cut deep into the soft valley soil. The trees closing overhead made long tunnels through which the sunshine worked in blobs and patches. Down in the tunnels were bars of sand and gravel, old roots and trunks covered with moss or painted red by the irony water, foxgloves growing lean and pale towards the light; clumps of fern and thirsty shy flowers who could not live away from moisture and shade. In the pools you could see the wave thrown up by the trouts as they charged hither and yon, and the pools were joined to each other--except in flood time, when all was one brown rush--by sheets of thin broken water that poured themselves chuckling round the darkness of the next bend.

This was one of the children's most secret hunting-grounds, and their particular friend, old Hobden the hedger, had shown them how to use it. Except for the click of a rod hitting a low willow, or a switch and tussle the hot pasture could have guessed what game was going on among the trouts below the banks.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm by Kate Douglas Wiggin

No copywork available yet

Rifles for Watie by Harold Keith

No copywork available yet

Rilla of Ingleside (7 of the Anne series) by Lucy Maud Montgomery

No copywork available yet

***Story of King Arthur and His Knights by Howard Pyle**

(Second set of copywork below the first)

Prologue

So Merlin caused by magic that a huge marble stone, four square, should suddenly appear in an open place before the cathedral door. And upon this block of marble he caused it to be that there should stand an anvil and into the anvil he caused it that there should be thrust a great naked sword midway deep of the blade.

Prologue

And about the sword were written these words in letters of gold:--

Whoso Pulleth Out this Sword from the Anvil

That same is Rightwise King: Born of England

Part One: The Winning of the Kingdom

Chapter First

So Sir Kay departed with very great joy and immediately went to that congress of heralds and submitted his pretensions unto them.

Chapter First

So when his name had been enrolled upon the list of combatants, Sir Kay chose his younger brother Arthur for to be his esquire-at-arms and to carry his spear and pennant before him into the field of battle, and Arthur was also made exceedingly glad because of the honor that had befallen him and his brother.

Chapter First

Then all those who gazed down upon that meadow gave loud acclaim with great joyousness of heart, for such a noble and glorious contest at arms in friendly assay had hardly ever been beheld in all that realm before.

Chapter Second

A) But all this while Sir Kay had stood like unto one struck by thunder, and he wist not whether to be uplifted unto the skies or to be cast down into the depths, that his younger brother should thus have been passed by him and exalted unto that extraordinary altitude of fortune. Wherefore he stood like one bereft of life and motion.

B) And let it here be said that Arthur fulfilled all that he had thus promised to his father--for, in times after, he made Sir Kay his Seneschal, and Sir Ector was to him a father until the day of his death, which the same befell five years from that time.

Chapter Third

Now when the people who were congregated at that place beheld this miracle performed before their faces, they lifted up their voices all together, and shouted so vehemently and with so huge a tumult of outcry that it was if the whole earth rocked and trembled with the sound of their shouting.

Chapter Third

But these high and mighty lords would not be satisfied, but with angry and averted faces, they went away from that place, filled with wrath and indignation.

Conclusion

So it fell out that, from all parts, by little and little, there began to gather together such a court of noble, honorable knights about King Arthur as men had never beheld before that time, and

shall haply never behold again.

Part Two: The Winning of a Sword

Chapter First

"I do consider it great shame that in my Kingdom and so near to my Court strangers should be so discourteously treated as Sir Myles hath been served.

Chapter Second

Then those two noble steeds rushed forth like lightening, coursing across the ground with such violent speed that the earth trembled and shook beneath the, an it were by cause of an earthquake.

Chapter Third

For lo! In the midst of the expanse of water there as the appearance of a fair and beautiful arm, as of a woman, clad all in white samite.

Part Three: The Winning of a Queen

Chapter First

Thus she spake openly, mocking at him; but privily he bade her damsels to say naught concerning these things, but to keep unto themselves all those things which had befallen.

Chapter Second

For when a man is a king among man, as was King Arthur, then is he of such a calm and equal temper that neither victory nor defeat may cause him to become either unduly exalted in his own opinion or so troubled in his spirit as to be altogether cast down into despair.

Chapter Third

Now Sir Geraint knew not King Arthur because he wore no crest upon his hem and no device upon his shield, wherefore as he saluted him he made his speech to him in this wise...

Chapter Fourth

So those four lords went unto the sewer of the castle, and they asked for the best of that food which was to be served unto the Lady Guinevere--meats and bread and sweetmeats and wine.

Chapter Fifth

So those four good knights did as he commanded, and they went forth straightway against those other four, much encouraged that their King looked upon their endeavor. And King Arthur sat with the butt of his spear resting upon his instep, and looked upon the field with great content of spirit and a steadfast countenance.

Chapter Sixth

And when he had thus kissed her upon the cheek, all those who were there lifted up their voices in great acclaim, giving loud voice of joy that those two noble souls had thus met together.

The Book Of Three Worthies

Prologue

Upon this news, King Arthur smote his palms together with great vehemence and cried out, "Alas! Who would be a king! Will the time never come when these wars and disturbances shall cease and we shall have entire peace in this land!"

Part One: The Story of Merlin

Chapter First

Now as they all sat in that feast, their spirits greatly expanded with mirth and good cheer, there suddenly came into the hall a very beautiful young damsel, and with her a dwarf, wonderfully

misshapen and of a very hideous countenance.

Chapter Second

Then she caused it that, by means of her magic, there should be placed a huge slab of stone upon that coffer such as ten men could hardly lift, and Merlin lay beneath that stone like one who was dead.

Chapter Third

So they immediately sat themselves down at that table and ate and drank with great heartiness, and whiles they did so some of those damsels served them with food, and others held them in pleasant discourse, and others made music upon lutes and citterns for their entertainment. So they feasted and made very merry.

Chapter Fourth

Upon this she arose and went back into that curtained recess from which she had come, and thence she presently returned, bringing a certain thing wrapped in a scarlet cloth.

Conclusion

And the hand of the arm caught the sheath of Excalibur and drew it underneath the water and no one ever beheld that sheath again. So the sheath of Excalibur was lost, and that was a grievous thing for King Arthur in after time, as you may some time read.

Part Two: The Story of Pellias

Chapter First

Therewith, so saying, she immediately took from about her neck a collar of opal stones, of emeralds and gold, and hung it about the shoulders of Sir Pellias, so that it hung down upon his breast with a very wonderful glory of variegated colors.

Chapter Second

And all those who were liberated made great rejoicing and gave Sir Pellias such praise and acclaim that he was greatly contented therewith.

Chapter Third

So that Green Knight rode forward toward Sir Pellias, and Sir Pellias rode forward unto the Green Knight, and when they had come together they gave salute with a great deal of civility and knightly courtesy.

Chapter Fourth

So the lady of the Lake brought them by many devious ways out from that part of the forest; and she brought them by sundry roads and paths until they came out into an open country, very fruitful and pleasant to behold; and she brought them to very high hill, and from the top of the hill they looked down upon a fruitful and level plain as upon a table spread out before them.

Chapter Fifth

At this Sir Gawaine was greatly troubled in his conscience, for he knew that he was not dealing honorably by Sir Pellias, and he pondered whether or not this black friar might be a messenger from his friend.

Chapter Sixth

So the Lady of the Lake went out, and presently returned, bearing in her hand an earthen crock filled with water from the fountain near at hand. And when Sir Pellias had drunk the water he felt, of a sudden, his strength come altogether back to him.

Part Three: The Story of Sir Gawaine

Chapter First

Then when the lord of the castle heard that, he fell to weeping in great measure from pure joy; for now that he knew that his lady was alive he could not contain himself for joy.

Chapter Second

At this King Arthur was filled with very great joy that the old woman should know the answer to that riddle, and he was filled with doubt of what she would demand of him, wherefore he said, "What is it thou must have in return for that answer?"

Chapter Third

The Sir Gawaine said, "So be it. For since I have taken thee for my wife, so must I show thee respect in all matters; wherefore thou shalt have thy will in this and in all other things." Then that lady fell a-laughing beyond all measure...

This is additional copywork submitted for this book by a separate volunteer:

Bk. 1 Ch. 1 pg. 5

In the middle of the service, there arose suddenly a murmur of wonder outside the abbey: for there was seen, though no man saw it come, a great square slab of marble-stone in the churchyard, and on the stone an anvil of iron, and set point downwards a great, shining sword of steel thrust deeply into the anvil.

Bk. 1 Ch. 2 pg. 50

Merlin left the scabbard of Balyn's sword in the castle, where Galahad should find it. But the sword with the new blade he set with its point in a great stone which floated by magic upon the water: and no one knew whither it went until on the day appointed it should come to Camelot.

Bk. 1 Ch. 3 pg. 67

'This shame is mine,' said King Pellinore; 'when I rode out from Camelot to bring back the Lady Nimue, I was so eager in my quest that I would not stay for any. As I came past the well, this Lady called to me: "Help me, knight, help me for Christ's sake!" But I would not stay. And now she has slain herself, for grief as I perceive, for this knight who has died of his grievous wounds.'

Bk. 2 Ch. 1 pg. 93

But year by year the fame of his court grew, and spread far and wide, and the bravest and noblest knights in the world came to his court and strove by their deeds of courage and gentleness to win a place at the Round Table.

Bk. 2 Ch. 3 pg. 156

'I marvel greatly who you are,' said the Lady Linnet, ceasing suddenly from her usual tone of mockery. 'Surely you must come of noble and gentle blood - for never did woman rail and insult a knight as I have done you, and still you answer me courteously and depart not from my service.'

Bk. 2 Ch. 6 pg. 221

'You are but a dead man, King Arthur!' he cried. 'Pomp, state, fine clothes, mirth, love, luxury, idleness, and the rest of the nonsense you have been reading of me – none is the true answer. Come now, bow down your head that I may strike it from your shoulders and carry it to my lady, Queen Morgana le Fay!'

Bk. 2 Ch. 8 pg. 250

In this way the first shadow of a great evil crept into Logres, so silently and so innocent in seeming that no one observed it, nor did either Launcelot or Guinevere dream whither it would lead. But the powers of evil, seeking now more and more desperately to find some tiny loophole through which to climb into the stronghold of good, saw it, and set a cunning snare for Launcelot.

Bk. 3 Ch. 1 pg. 276

'Now I have the sword that struck the Dolorous Stroke. Once it hung at Sir Balyn's side, and with it he slew his brother Balan. But Merlin set it thus in the stone that it might come to my hand on the day appointed, and shine there to the glory of God.'

Bk. 3 Ch. 4 pg. 305

'For God's love, fair sweet brother, forgive me my trespass,' sobbed Lionel; and Sir Bors rose slowly to his feet and embraced his brother, saying: 'May God forgive you, as I do gladly.'

Bk. 3 Ch. 6 pg. 326

'I have seen great marvels,' said Sir Launcelot, 'and no tongue can tell of them, nor can my heart remember them clearly. And had it not been for my sin I would have seen much more. But now that may never be.'

Bk. 3 Ch. 7 pg. 331

'Sir Galahad, good Knight of Logres and my grandson, you are right welcome and long have I desired your coming. For such pain and such anguish have I endured these many years as surely no man ever suffered. But now I trust to God that the end of my pain is at hand, and so I shall pass out of this world and be at peace.'

Bk. 4 Ch. 2 pg. 355

'Take twelve knights and do what must be done,' said King Arthur when he had heard all the tale. 'But woe to you if you have come to me with lies and slanders in your mouths – for this is the saddest night's work that ever has been in this land.'

Bk. 4 Ch. 3 pg. 374

So Sir Bedivere departed, carrying the sword Excalibur. And as he went he looked at the sword, admired the precious jewels in the handle, and said to himself: 'If I throw this valuable sword into the water no good will come of it, only harm and loss.' So, when he came to the dark lake in the mountain pass he hid the sword amongst the rushes and hastened back to King Arthur, saying he had thrown it into the water.

***Story of Mankind by Hendrick Van Loon (Chp. 53-71)**

Chapter 53

Napoleon was born in the year 1769, the third son of Carlo Maria Buonaparte, an honest notary public of the city of Ajaccio in the island of Corsica, and his good wife, Letizia Ramolino. He therefore was not a Frenchman, but an Italian whose native island (an old Greek, Carthaginian and Roman colony in the Mediterranean Sea) had for years been struggling to regain its independence, first of all from the Genoese, and after the middle of the eighteenth century from the French, who had kindly offered to help the Corsicans in their struggle for freedom and had then occupied the island for their own benefit.

Chapter 54

For almost a generation they had lived in retirement. At last the danger was over. They were very eloquent upon the subject of the terrible hardships which they had suffered. And they expected to be recompensed for every penny they had lost at the hands of the unspeakable Jacobins who had dared to kill their anointed king, who had abolished wigs and who had discarded the short trousers of the court of Versailles for the ragged pantaloons of the Parisian slums.

Chapter 55

Poland had hoped for great things because a Pole, Prince Adam Czartoryski, was one of the most intimate friends of Tsar Alexander and had been his constant advisor during the war and at the Congress of Vienna. But Poland was made a semi-independent part of Russia with Alexander as her king. This solution pleased no one and caused much bitter feeling and three revolutions.

Chapter 56

The first half of the nineteenth century was the era of the great historical discoveries. Everywhere historians were busy publishing mediaeval charters and early mediaeval chronicles and in every country the result was a new pride in the old fatherland. A great deal of this sentiment was based upon the wrong interpretation of historical facts. But in practical politics, it does not matter what is true, but everything depends upon what the people believe to be true. And in most countries both the kings and their subjects firmly believed in the glory and fame of their ancestors.

Chapter 62

I do not mean to say that they are wrong. But I hold that we know by far too little of this entire

period to re-construct that early west-European society with any degree (however humble) of accuracy. And I would rather not state certain things than run the risk of stating certain things that were not so.

Chapter 63

The Marquis de Condorcet was one of the noblest characters among the small group of honest enthusiasts who were responsible for the outbreak of the great French Revolution. He had devoted his life to the cause of the poor and the unfortunate. He had been one of the assistants of d'Alembert and Diderot when they wrote their famous Encyclopedia. During the first years of the Revolution he had been the leader of the Moderate wing of the Convention.

Chapter 64

Irony and Pity are both of good counsel; the first with her smiles makes life agreeable; the other sanctifies it with her tears.

Chapter 65

The treaty of Versailles was writ with the point of a bayonet. And however useful the invention of Colonel Fuysegur may have been in a close scrimmage, as an instrument of peace it has never been considered a success.

Chapter 66

Just as it takes a long time for a person or a nation to build up a reputation, so it also takes a long time for them to live one down.

Chapter 67

With American prestige at a low ebb and most of Europe in a state of financial and political turmoil, Japan chose 1931 as the year in which to send her troops across the Korean border into Manchuria.

Chapter 68

One of the surest signs of our growing maturity was the fact that, for the first time in its history, the United States began to take an interest in the vast continent in the southern hemisphere to which ours is linked by name, history and geography.

Chapter 69

On December 7, while the Japanese peace envoy Saburo Kuruso was in Washington to continue negotiation, Japanese planes made a surprise attack on Pearl Harbor in the Hawaiian Islands.

Chapter 70

This was indeed the "year of agony" for those who opposed the Axis. Yet in one respect it was a year of triumph too. Twenty-six nations, many of them represented by "government-in-exile," committed themselves to the principles of the Atlantic Charter and thereby formed the nucleus of what was to become the United Nations.

Chapter 71

Oscar Wilde once quipped, "As long as war is regarded as wicked it will always have its fascination. When it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease to be popular."

Story of My Life by Helen Keller

Chapter 1

Even in the days before my teacher came, I used to feel along the square stiff boxwood hedges, and, guided by the sense of smell, would find the first violets and lilies. There, too, after a fit of temper, I went to find comfort and to hide my hot face in the cool leaves and grass. What joy it was to lose myself in that garden of flowers, to wander happily from spot to spot, until, coming suddenly upon a beautiful vine, I recognized it by its leaves and blossoms, and knew it was the vine which covered the tumble-down summer house at the farther end of the garden!

Chapter 2

- a) Martha Washington had as great a love of mischief as I.
- b) We were busy cutting out paper dolls; but we soon wearied of this amusement, and after cutting up our shoestrings and clipping all the leaves off the honeysuckle that were within reach, I turned my attention to Martha's corkscrews. She objected at first, but finally submitted. Thinking that turn and turn about is fair play, she seized the scissors and cut off one of my curls, and would have cut them all off but for my mother's timely interference.

Chapter 3

- a) Child as I was, I at once felt the tenderness and sympathy which endeared Dr. Bell to so many hearts, as his wonderful achievements enlist their admiration. He held me on his knee while I examined his watch, and he made it strike for me. He understood my signs, and I knew it and loved him at once. But I did not dream that that interview would be the door through which I should pass from darkness into light, from isolation to friendship, companionship, knowledge, love.
- b) Thus I came up out of Egypt and stood before Sinai, and a power divine touched my spirit and gave it sight, so that I beheld many wonders. And from the sacred mountain I heard a voice which said, "Knowledge is love and light and vision."

Chapter 4

As the cool stream gushed over one hand she spelled into the other the word *water*, first slowly, then rapidly. I stood still, my whole attention fixed upon the motions of her fingers. Suddenly I felt a misty consciousness as of something forgotten – a thrill of returning thought; and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me. I knew then that "w-a-t-e-r" meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand. That living word awakened my soul, gave it light, hope, joy, set it free! There were barriers still, it is true, but barriers that could in time be swept away.

Chapter 5

- a) It was the sweet allurements of the mimosa tree in full bloom that finally overcame my fears.
- b) I made my way through a shower of petals to the great trunk and for one minute stood irresolute; then, putting my foot in the broad space between the forked branches, I

pulled myself up into the tree. I had some difficulty in holding on, for the branches were very large and the bark hurt my hands. But I had a delicious sense that I was doing something unusual and wonderful, so I kept on climbing higher and higher, until I reached a little seat which somebody had built there so long ago that it had grown part of the tree itself. I sat there for a long, long time, feeling like a fairy on a rosy cloud.

Chapter 6

“Love is something like the clouds that were in the sky before the sun came out,” she replied. Then in simpler words than these, which at that time I could not have understood, she explained: “You cannot touch the clouds, you know; but you feel the rain and know how glad the flowers and the thirsty earth are to have it after a hot day. You cannot touch love either; but you feel the sweetness that it pours into everything. Without love you would not be happy or want to play.”

The beautiful truth burst upon my mind—I felt that there were invisible lines stretched between my spirit and the spirits of others.

Chapter 7

It was my teacher’s genius, her quick sympathy, her loving tact which made the first years of my education so beautiful. It was because she seized the right moment to impart knowledge that made it so pleasant and acceptable to me. She realized that a child’s mind is like a shallow brook which ripples and dances merrily over the stony course of its education and reflects here a flower, there a bush, yonder a fleecy cloud; and she attempted to guide my mind on its way, knowing that like a brook it should be fed by mountain streams and hidden springs, until it broadened out into a deep river, capable of reflecting in its placid surface, billowy hills, the luminous shadows of trees and the blue heavens, as well as the sweet face of a little flower.

Chapter 8

That night, after I had hung my stocking, I lay awake a long time, pretending to be asleep and keeping alert to see what Santa Claus would do when he came. At last I fell asleep with a new doll and a white bear in my arms. Next morning it was I who waked the whole family with my first “Merry Christmas!” I found surprises, not in the stocking only, but on the table, on all the chairs, at the door, on the very window sill; indeed, I could hardly walk without stumbling on a bit of Christmas wrapped up in tissue paper. But when my teacher presented me with a canary, my cup of happiness overflowed.

Chapter 9

- a) We had scarcely arrived at the Perkins Institution for the Blind when I began to make friends with the little blind children.
- b) I remember the surprise and the pain I felt as I noticed that they placed their hands over mine when I talked to them and that they read books with their fingers. Although I had been told this before, and although I understood my own deprivations, yet I had thought vaguely that since they could hear, they must have a sort of “second sight,” and I was not prepared to find one child and another and yet another deprived of the same precious gift. But they were so happy and contented that I lost all sense of pain in the pleasure of their companionship.

Chapter 10

- a) Suddenly my ecstasy gave place to terror; for my foot struck against a rock and the next instant there was a rush of water over my head.
- b) The good, firm earth had slipped from my feet, and everything seemed shut out from this strange, all-enveloping element-life, air, warmth and love. At last, however, the sea, as if weary of its new toy, threw me back on the shore, and in another instant I was clasped in my teacher’s arms. Oh, the comfort of the long, tender embrace! As soon as I had recovered from my panic sufficiently to say anything, I demanded: “Who put salt in the water?”

Chapter 11

The rest of the mountain was thickly wooded. Here were great oaks and splendid evergreens with trunks like mossy pillars, from the branches of which hung garlands of ivy and mistletoe, and persimmon trees, the odor of which pervaded every nook and corner of the wood—an illusive, fragrant something that made the heart glad. In places the wild muscadine and scuppernong vines stretched from tree to tree, making arbors which were always full of butterflies and buzzing insects. It was delightful to lose ourselves in the green hollows of that tangled wood in the late afternoon, and to smell the cool, delicious odors that came up from the earth at the close of day.

Chapter 12

Our favorite amusement during that winter was tobogganing. In places the shore of the lake rises abruptly from the water's edge. Down these steep slopes we used to coast. We would get on our toboggan, a boy would give us a shove, and off we went! Plunging through drifts, leaping hollows, swooping down upon the lake, we would shoot across its gleaming surface to the opposite bank. What joy! What exhilarating madness! For one wild, glad moment we snapped the chain that binds us to earth, and joining hands with the winds we felt ourselves divine!

Chapter 13

- a) It was in the spring of 1890 that I learned to speak.
- b) "My little sister will understand me now," was a thought stronger than all obstacles. I used to repeat ecstatically, "I am not dumb now." I could not be despondent while I anticipated the delight of talking to my mother and reading her responses from her lips. It astonished me to find how much easier it is to talk than to spell with the fingers, and I discarded the manual alphabet as a medium of communication on my part; but Miss Sullivan and a few friends still use it in speaking to me, for it is more convenient and more rapid than lip reading.

Chapter 14

Miss Canby herself wrote kindly, "Some day you will write a great story out of your own head, that will be a comfort and help to many." But this kind prophecy has never been fulfilled. I have never played with words again for the mere pleasure of the game. Indeed, I have ever since been tortured by the fear that what I write is not my own. For a long time, when I wrote a letter, even to my mother, I was seized with a sudden feeling of terror, and I would spell the sentences over and over, to make sure that I had not read them in a book. Had it not been for the persistent encouragement of Miss Sullivan, I think I should have given up trying to write altogether.

Chapter 15

It seems strange to many people that I should be impressed by the wonders and beauties of Niagara. They are always asking: "What does this beauty or that music mean to you? You cannot see the waves rolling up the beach or hear their roar. What do they mean to you?" In the most evident sense they mean everything. I cannot fathom or define their meaning any more than I can fathom or define love or religion or goodness.

Chapter 15

I also went on board a Viking ship which lay a short distance from the little craft. I had been on a man-of-war before, in Boston, and it interested me to see, on this Viking ship, how the seaman was once all in all-how he sailed and took storm and calm alike with undaunted heart, and gave chase to whosoever reechoed his cry, "We are of the sea!" and fought with brains and sinews, self-reliant, self-sufficient, instead of being thrust into the background by unintelligent machinery, as Jack is today. So it always is- "man only is interesting to man."

Chapter 16

At first I was rather unwilling to study Latin grammar. It seemed absurd to waste time analyzing every word I came across-noun, genitive, singular, feminine-when its meaning was quite plain. I thought I might just as well describe my pet in order to know it-order, vertebrate; division, quadruped; class, mammalia; genus, felinus; species, cat; individual, Tabby. But as I got deeper into the subject, I became more interested, and the beauty of the language delighted me. I often amused myself by reading Latin passages, picking up words I understood and trying to make sense. I have never ceased to enjoy this pastime.

Chapter 17

But although these disappointments caused me great depression at times, I pursued my other studies with unflagging interest, especially physical geography. It was a joy to learn the secrets of nature: how-in the picturesque language of the Old Testament-the winds are made to blow from the four corners of the heavens, how the vapors ascend from the ends of the earth, how rivers are cut out among the rocks, and mountains overturned by the roots, and in what ways man may overcome many forces mightier than himself. The two years in New York were happy ones, and I look back to them with genuine pleasure.

Chapter 17

Before I left New York, these bright days were darkened by the greatest sorrow that I have ever borne, except the death of my father. Mr. John P. Spaulding, of Boston, died in February, 1896. Only those who knew and loved him best can understand what his friendship meant to me. He, who made every one happy in a beautiful, unobtrusive way, was most kind and tender to Miss Sullivan and me. So long as we felt his loving presence and knew that he took a watchful interest in our work, fraught with so many difficulties, we could not be discouraged. His going away left a vacancy in our lives that has never been filled.

Chapter 18

That year I finished arithmetic, reviewed my Latin grammar, and read three chapters of Caesar's "Gallic War." In German I read, partly with my fingers and partly with Miss Sullivan's assistance, Schiller's "Lied von der Glocke" and "Taucher," Heine's "Harzreise," Freytag's "Aus dem Staat Friedrichs des Grossen," Riehl's "Fluch Der Schonheit," Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm," and Goethe's "Aus meinem Leben." I took the greatest delight in these German books, especially Schiller's wonderful lyrics, the history of Frederick the Great's magnificent achievements and the account of Goethe's life.

Chapter 18

At the Cambridge school, for the first time in my life, I enjoyed the companionship of seeing and hearing girls of my own age. I lived with several others in one of the pleasant houses connected with the school, the house where Mr. Howells used to live, and we all had the advantage of home life. I joined them in many of their games, even blind man's buff and frolics in the snow; I took long walks with them; we discussed our studies and read aloud the things that interested us. Some of the girls learned to speak to me, so that Miss Sullivan did not have to repeat their conversation.

Chapter 19

a) In October, 1898, we returned to Boston. For eight months Mr. Keith gave me lessons five times a week, in periods of about an hour.

b) But even mathematics Mr. Keith made interesting; he succeeded in whittling problems small enough to get through my brain. He kept my mind alert and eager, and trained it to reason clearly, and to seek conclusions calmly and logically, instead of jumping wildly into space and arriving nowhere. He was always gentle and forbearing, no matter how dull I might be, and believe me, my stupidity would often have exhausted the patience of Job.

Chapter 20

A potent force within me, stronger than the persuasion of my friends, stronger even than the pleadings of my heart, had impelled me to try my strength by the standards of those who see and hear. I knew that there were obstacles in the way; but I was eager to overcome them. I had taken to heart the words of the wise Roman who said, "To be banished from Rome is but

to live outside of Rome.” Debarred from the great highways of knowledge, I was compelled to make the journey across country by unfrequented roads-that was all; and I knew that in college there were many bypaths where I could touch hands with girls who were thinking, loving and struggling like me.

Chapter 20

Many scholars forget, it seems to me, that our enjoyment of the great works of literature depends more upon the depth of our sympathy than upon our understanding. The trouble is that very few of their laborious explanations stick in the memory. The mind drops them as a branch drops its overripe fruit. It is possible to know a flower, root and stem and all, and all the processes of growth, and yet to have no appreciation of the flower fresh bathed in heaven’s dew.

Chapter 20

While my days at Radcliffe were still in the future, they were encircled with a halo of romance, which they have lost; but in the transition from romantic to actual I have learned many things I should never have known had I not tried the experiment. One of them is the precious science of patience, which teaches us that we should take our education as we would take a walk in the country, leisurely, our minds hospitably open to impressions of every sort. Such knowledge floods the soul unseen with a soundless tidal wave of deepening thought. “Knowledge is power.” Rather, knowledge is happiness, because to have knowledge-broad, deep knowledge-is to know true ends from false, and lofty things from low.

Chapter 21

a) From “Little Lord Fauntleroy” I date the beginning of my true interest in books.

b) I read them in the intervals between study and play with an ever-deepening sense of pleasure. I did not study nor analyze them-I did not know whether they were well written or not; I never thought about style or authorship. They laid their treasures at my feet, and I accepted them as we accept the sunshine and the love of our friends. I loved “Little Women” because it gave me a sense of kinship with girls and boys who could see and hear. Circumscribed as my life was in so many ways, I had to look between the covers of books for news of the world that lay outside my own.

Chapter 21

a) Great poetry, whether written in Greek or in English, needs no other interpreter than a responsive heart.

b) But with all their wide and comprehensive knowledge, they cannot measure their enjoyment of that splendid epic, nor can I. When I read the finest passages of the Iliad, I am conscious of a soul-sense that lifts me above the narrow, cramping circumstances of my life. My physical limitations are forgotten-my world lies upward, the length and the breadth and the sweep of the heavens are mine!

Chapter 21

But how shall I speak of the glories I have since discovered in the Bible? For years I have read it with an ever-broadening sense of joy and inspiration; and I love it as I love no other book. Still there is much in the Bible against which every instinct of my being rebels, so much that I regret the necessity which has compelled me to read it through from beginning to end. I do not think that the knowledge which I have gained of its history and sources compensates me for the unpleasant details it has forced upon my attention. For my part, I wish, with Mr. Howells, that the literature of the past might be purged of all that is ugly and barbarous in it, although I should object as much as any one to having these great works weakened or falsified.

Chapter 21

There is something impressive, awful, in the simplicity and terrible directness of the book of Esther. Could there be anything more dramatic than the scene in which Esther stands before her wicked lord? She knows her life is in his hands; there is no one to protect her from his wrath. Yet, conquering her woman's fear, she approaches him, animated by the noblest patriotism, having but one thought: "If I perish, I perish; but if I live, my people shall live."

Chapter 21

I must have made the acquaintance of Shylock and Satan about the same time, for the two characters were long associated in my mind. I remember that I was sorry for them. I felt vaguely that they could not be good even if they wished to, because no one seemed willing to help them or to give them a fair chance. Even now I cannot find it in my heart to condemn them utterly. There are moments when I feel that the Shylocks, the Judases, and even the Devil, are broken spokes in the great wheel of good which shall in due time be made whole.

Chapter 21

In a word, literature is my Utopia. Here I am not disfranchised. No barrier of the senses shuts me out from the sweet, gracious discourse of my book friends. They talk to me without embarrassment or awkwardness. The things I have learned and the things I have been taught seem of ridiculously little importance compared with their “large loves and heavenly charities.”

Chapter 22

I also enjoy canoeing, and I suppose you will smile when I say that I especially like it on moonlight nights. I cannot, it is true, see the moon climb up the sky behind the pines and steal softly across the heavens, making a shining path for us to follow; but I know she is there, and as I lie back among the pillows and put my hand in the water, I fancy that I feel the shimmer of her garments as she passes. Sometimes a daring little fish slips between my fingers, and often a pond lily presses shyly against my hand.

Chapter 22

I have many tree friends in Wrentham. One of them, a splendid oak, is the special pride of my heart. I take all my other friends to see this king-tree. It stands on a bluff overlooking King Philip's Pond, and those who are wise in tree lore say it must have stood there eight hundred or a thousand years. There is a tradition that under this tree King Philip, the heroic Indian chief, gazed his last on earth and sky.

Chapter 22

The sun and the air are God's free gifts to all, we say; but are they so? In yonder city's dingy alleys the sun shines not, and the air is foul. Oh, man, how dost thou forget and obstruct thy brother man, and say, “Give us this day our daily bread,” when he has none! Oh, would that men would leave the city, its splendor and its tumult and its gold, and return to wood and field and simple, honest living! Then would their children grow stately as noble trees, and their thoughts sweet and pure as wayside flowers.

Chapter 22

a) Sometimes, it is true, a sense of isolation enfolds me like a cold mist as I sit alone and wait at life's shut gate. Beyond there is light, and music, and sweet

companionship; but I may not enter. Fate, silent, pitiless, bars the way. Fain would I question his imperious decree; for my heart is still undisciplined and passionate; but my tongue will not utter the bitter, futile words that rise to my lips, and they fall back into my heart like unshed tears.

b) So I try to make the light in others' eyes my sun, the music in others' ears my symphony, the smile on others' lips my happiness.

Chapter 23

a) Only those who knew Bishop Brooks can appreciate the joy his friendship was to those who possessed it.

b) Once, when I was puzzled to know why there were so many religions, he said: "There is one universal religion, Helen-the religion of love. Love your Heavenly Father with your whole heart and soul, love every child of God as much as ever you can, and remember that the possibilities of good are greater than the possibilities of evil; and you have the key to Heaven." And his life was a happy illustration of his great truth. In his noble soul love and widest knowledge were blended with faith that had become insight.

Chapter 23

I have already written of my first meeting with Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Since then I have spent many happy days with him at Washington and at his beautiful home in the heart of Cape Breton Island, near Baddeck, the village made famous by Charles Dudley Warner's book. Here in Dr. Bell's laboratory, or in the fields on the shore of the great Bras d'Or, I have spent many delightful hours listening to what he had to tell me about his experiments, and helping him fly kites by means of which he expects to discover the laws that shall govern the future airship. Dr. Bell is proficient in many fields of science, and has the art of making every subject he touches interesting, even the most abstruse theories. He makes you feel that if you only had a little more time, you, too, might be an inventor.

Chapter 23

I read from Mark Twain's lips one or two of his good stories. He has his own way of thinking, saying and doing everything. I feel the twinkle of his eye in his handshake. Even while he utters his cynical wisdom in an indescribably droll voice, he makes you feel that his heart is a tender Iliad of human sympathy.

***Talking Wire by O.J. Stevenson**

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These Happy Golden Years by Laura Ingalls Wilder

Chapter 1

Only yesterday she was a schoolgirl; now she was a schoolteacher. This had happened so suddenly. Laura could hardly stop expecting that tomorrow she would be going to school with little Sister Carrie, and sitting in her seat with Ida Brown. But tomorrow she would be teaching school.

Chapter 1

“You’ve tackled every job that ever came your way,” Pa said. “You never shirked, and you always stuck to it till you did what you set out to do. Success gets to be a habit, like anything else a fellow keeps doing.”

Chapter 1

“That’s the way to tackle things!” Pa said. “Have confidence in yourself, and you can lick anything. You have confidence in yourself, that’s the only way to make other folks have confidence in you.”

Chapter 1

When they were done, Mrs. Brewster threw out the dishwater and hung the pan on its nail. She sat in the rocking chair and rocked idly, while Johnny crawled under the stove and dragged the cat out by its tail. The cat scratched him and he bawled. Mrs. Brewster went on rocking.

Chapter 2

As she floundered on, plunging into the deep snow, she suddenly laughed aloud. “Well!” she thought. “Here I am. I dread to go on, and I would not go back. Teaching

school can not possibly be as bad as staying in that house with Mrs. Brewster. Anyway, it cannot be worse.”

Then she was so frightened that she said aloud, “I’ve got to go on.”

Chapter 2

Clarence glanced back at Laura with a saucy look. Rapidly he wrote large and sprawling letters that covered his half of the blackboard with only six words. Then turning toward Laura, and not even raising his hand for permission to speak, he said, “Teacher! The board’s too small.”

He was making a joke of punishment for failing in his lesson. He was defying Laura.

Chapter 3

When she woke in the morning she thought: “I have only to get through one day at a time.”

It was hard to stay where she was not wanted. She took care to make no work for Mrs. Brewster, and to help her all she could. Politely she said, “Good morning,” and smiled, but she could not keep on smiling. She had not known before that it takes two to make a smile.

Chapter 3

It seemed to her that the wind had a strange silvery sound. She listened; they all listened. She did not know what to make of it. The sky was not changed; gray, low clouds were moving fast above the prairie covered with blowing snow. The strange sound grew clearer, almost like music. Suddenly the whole air filled with a chiming of little bells. Sleigh bells!

Chapter 4

How right Pa’s advice had been; she should always, always, think before she spoke. She thought: “After this, I shall always think before I speak,” and she said, without thinking how rude it would sound, “Oh, you needn’t bother. Pa will bring me back.”

Chapter 4

The low clouds raced backward overhead, the blown snow smoked backward on either side, and swiftly onward went the glossy brown horses, streaming music from their strings of bells. There was not a jolt nor a jar; the little cutter skimmed the snow as smoothly as a bird in air.

Chapter 4

Ma smiled when Laura entered the kitchen, and Pa came in with the milk and said, "Good morning, flutterbudget!" Laura had never noticed before that saying, "Good morning," made the morning good. Anyway, she was learning something from that Mrs. Brewster, she thought.

Chapter 5

Slowly the week dragged by, the longest and most miserable week that Laura had ever known.

On Thursday, when Laura said, "Third arithmetic class, rise," Clarence stood up quickly and Charles began to move languidly, but Martha half rose and yelled, "Ow!" and sat down as if she were jerked.

Clarence had driven his knife through her braid and pinned it to his desk.

Chapter 5

Laura was in despair. They were all against her; she could not discipline them. Oh, how could they be so mean! For an instant she remembered Miss Wilder, who had failed to teach the school in town. "This is the way she felt," Laura thought.

Then suddenly she was very angry. She yanked the knife up, and clicked it shut in her fist. She did not feel small as she faced Clarence. "Shame on you!" she said, and he stopped laughing. They were all still.

Chapter 5

Laura's coat was buttoned and her hood tied when Prince and Lady passed the window with dancing bells. She snatched up her books and dinner pail, and then the worst thing of all happened.

Clarence opened the door, thrust his head in, and shouted, "Teacher's beau's here!"

Chapter 6

"Brute force can't do much. Everybody's born free, you know, like it says in the Declaration of Independence. You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink, and good or bad, nobody but Clarence can ever boss Clarence. You better just manage."

Chapter 6

"If I were you," Ma began, and Laura remembered that Ma had been a schoolteacher, "I'd give way to Clarence, and not pay any attention to him. It's attention he wants; that's why he cuts up. Be pleasant and nice to him, but put all your attention on the others and straighten them out. Clarence'll come around."

"That's right, Laura, listen to your Ma," said Pa. "Wise as a serpent and gentle as a dove."

"Charles!" said Ma.

Chapter 6

When the history class came forward to recite, Clarence said, "You may hear me recite as far as Martha and Charles. I've caught up with them."

Laura was amazed. she exclaimed, "But how could you, Clarence?"

"If you can study at night, I can," Clarence said.

Chapter 7

Laura sat straight up. Moonlight was streaming over her bed from the window. Mrs. Brewster screamed again, a wild sound without words that made Laura's scalp crinkle.

"Take that knife back to the kitchen," Mr. Brewster said.

Chapter 7

Laura peeped through the crack between the curtains. The moonlight shone through the calico, and thinned the darkness so that Laura saw Mrs. Brewster standing there. Her long white flannel nightgown trailed on the floor and her black hair fell loose over her shoulders. In her upraised hand she held the butcher knife. Laura had never been so terribly frightened.

"If I can't go home one way, I can another," said Mrs. Brewster.

Chapter 7

All day the snow was blown low across the prairie, and through the schoolroom's walls. Ice froze thick on the water pail, and at noon they set their dinner pails on the stove to thaw the frozen food before they ate it.

Chapter 8

When she ran into the house, Mr. Brewster said, "You aren't thinking of such a thing as driving in this cold?"

"Yes," she answered. She lost no time. In the bedroom, she buttoned on her other flannel petticoat, and pulled over her shoes her other pair of woolen stockings. She doubled her thick black woolen veil and wrapped it twice around her face and hood, and wound its long ends around her throat. Over that she put her muffler, crossed its ends on her chest, and buttoned her coat over all. She ran out to the cutter.

Chapter 8

Prince and Lady started swiftly into the wind. It struck through all the woolen folds and took Laura's breath away. She bent her head into it, but she felt it flowing like icy water on her cheeks and chest. Her teeth clenched to keep from chattering.

Chapter 8

She was growing more used to the cold. It did not hurt so much. Only the pain in her middle kept tightening, but it was duller. The sound of the wind and the bells and the cutter's runners on the snow all blended into one monotonous sound, rather pleasant. She knew when Almanzo left the cutter to thaw the ice from the horses' noses again but everything seemed like a dream.

Chapter 8

"What do you take me for?" he asked. "Do you think I'm the kind of fellow that'd leave you out there at Brewster's when you're so homesick, just because there's nothing in it for me?"

Chapter 8

"The mercury was all down in the bulb, below forty, and the wind blowing colder every minute. Just then Cap Garland came by. He saw me there, ready to go out to Brewster's for you, and looking at the thermometer. So he looked at it, and you know how he grins? Well, as he was going on into Fuller's, he just said to me over his shoulder, 'God hates a coward.'"

"So you came because you wouldn't take a dare?" Laura asked.

"No, it wasn't a dare," Almanzo said. "I just figured he was right."

Chapter 9

Just before noon, Mr. Williams said that he must go. Then Laura must ask him if he wished to speak to the school.

"Yes, I do," he answered grimly, and as he rose to his full height of six feet, Laura's heart stood still. Desperately she wondered what she had done that was wrong.

With his head nearly touching the ceiling he stood silent a moment, to emphasize what he intended to say. Then he spoke.

"Whatever else you do, *keep your feet warm.*"

Chapter 10

"I hope that each of you can get more schooling, but if you cannot, you can study at home as Lincoln did. An education is worth striving for, and if you can not have much help in getting one, you can each help yourself to an education if you try."

Chapter 10

School was out. She was going home to stay! Her heart was so light that she felt like singing with the sleigh bells, and as fast as the horses trotted, they seemed slow.

"You won't get there any faster, pushing," Almanzo said once, and she laughed aloud to find that she was pushing her feet hard against the cutter's dashboard.

Chapter 10

He had not said, "I'll see you Sunday afternoon," as he had always said before. He had said, "Good-by."

Of course, she thought. It was good-by. This had been the last sleigh ride.

Chapter 11

She was busy all that morning, helping with Saturday's work. Though usually she disliked the dryness of flour on her hands, today she enjoyed kneading the bread, thinking happily that she would be home to eat the fresh, brown-crust loaves. Her heart sang with the song on her lips; she was not going back to the Brewsters' ever again.

Chapter 11

She tried not to mind being forgotten and left out. She tried not to hear the sleigh bells and the laughter, but more and more she felt that she could not bear it.

Suddenly, a ringing of bells stopped at the door! Before Pa could look up from his paper, Laura had the door open, and there stood Prince and Lady with the little cutter, and Almanzo stood beside it smiling.

“Would you like to go sleigh riding?” he asked.

Chapter 12

“Oh, Pa! It was worth it,” Laura said breathlessly. “Forty dollars!”

She had known that she was earning forty dollars, but the bills in her hand made the fact seem real for the first time. She looked at them, hardly able to believe it even now. Four ten-dollar bills; forty dollars.

Chapter 12

But best of all were the mornings and the evenings at home. Laura realized that she had never appreciated them until now. There were no sullen silences, no smoldering quarrels, no ugly outbreaks of anger.

Instead there was work with pleasant talk, there were happy jokes and evenings of studying and reading, and the music of Pa’s fiddle. How good it was to hear the old familiar tunes as the fiddle sang them in the warm, lamplighted room of home.

Chapter 13

“It’s nice on the claim,” Laura said. She thought of the new calves and the baby chicks and the garden growing, of lettuces and radishes and spring onions, and violets and the wild roses in June, and of Mary’s coming home from college.

Chapter 13

From the floor of it, strange formations of bare earth towered up all around them, hundreds of feet high. Their sides were steep, sometimes overhanging, cut and whittled by the winds that blew forever. No vegetation grew on them, not a tree nor a bush nor a blade of grass. Their surface looked like dry caked mud, except in places where it was stained with different and brilliant colors. The floor of this sunken land was scattered thick with petrified shells and skulls and bones.

It was a heathenish place to be in, Uncle Tom said.

Chapter 13

Looking back over it, an old prospector told Uncle Tom that it must be the Bad Lands of which he had heard tales from the Indians. And he added, "I think that when God made the world He threw all the leftover waste into that hole."

Chapter 13

Laura saw how desperate the situation was, for she alone knew that Mary wore a switch. Cap must be stopped, for if Mary lost any more hairpins, her beautiful large knot of hair would come off.

Just at that instant, a bit of snow flung from Prince's foot and fell into Laura's lap. Cap's shoulder was turned to her as he struggled with Mary. Laura nipped up the bit of snow and neatly dropped it inside his collar at the back of his neck.

Chapter 14

He picked up his whip and shouted to the horses. They went fast, and faster, till urged on by his shouts and the whip they broke into a run. Water rose up like wings from the jouncing wagon wheels, while Laura hung onto the ropes and to Mattie with all her might.

Then all was quiet. Safe on the other side of the slough, the teamster stopped the horses to rest.

Chapter 14

A partition cut the shanty into two tiny rooms. Mrs. McKee and Laura set up a bedstead in the room with the cook-stove, and another in the other room. With the table, four small wooden chairs, and the trunk, they filled the small house.

"I'm glad I didn't bring anything more," said Mrs. McKee.

"Yes, as Ma would say, enough is as good as a feast," Laura agreed.

Chapter 14

As twilight came over the prairie, coyotes began to howl and Mrs. McKee locked the door and saw that the windows were fastened.

"I don't know why the law makes us do this," she said. "What earthly good it does, to make a woman stay on a claim all summer."

"It's a bet, Pa says," Laura answered. "the government bets a man a quarter-section of land, that he can't stay on it five years without starving to death."

Chapter 15

Laura was so glad to be at home again, out on Pa's claim. It was good to milk the cow, and to drink all she wanted of milk, and to spread butter on her bread, and eat again of Ma's good cottage cheese. There were lettuce leaves to be picked in the garden, too, and little red radishes. She had not realized that she was so hungry for these good things to eat. Mrs. McKee and Mattie could not get them, of course, while they were holding down their claim.

Chapter 15

What excitement there was when at last the wagon came up from the slough, with Mary sitting on the seat between Pa and Ma. Laura and Carrie both talked at once and Mary tried to talk to both at the same time. Grace was in everyone's way, her hair flying and her blue eyes wide. Kitty went out through the doorway like a streak, with her tail swelled to a big brush. Kitty did not like strangers, and she had forgotten Mary.

Chapter 16

After the Sunday dinner, when the work was done, Carrie sat down to read the *Youth's Companion*, Grace went to play with the kittens in the clean grass near the door, Ma rested in her rocking chair by the open window, and Pa lay down for his Sunday nap. Then Laura said, "Come, Mary, let's go for our walk."

They walked across the prairie to the south, and all along their way the wild June roses were blooming. Laura gathered them until she filled Mary's arm with all she could hold.

Chapter 16

Then as they walked on together in the rose-scented warm wind, she talked of her studies in literature. "I am planning to write a book some day," she confided. Then she laughed. "But I planned to teach school, and you are doing that for me, so maybe you will write the book."

"I, write a book?" Laura hooted. She said blithely, "I'm going to be an old maid schoolteacher, like Miss Wilder."

Chapter 16

It was at the supper table that Ma reminded them that tomorrow was the Fourth of July. "What are we going to do about it?"

"I don't see that we can do anything, Caroline. No way that I know of, to prevent tomorrow's being the Fourth," Pa teased.

"Now, Charles," Ma reproached him, smiling.

Chapter 17

"It's a queer thing," said Pa. "People always moving west. Out here it is like the edge of a wave, when a river's rising. They come and they go, back and forth, but all the time the bulk of them keep moving on west."

Chapter 17

Laura said no more as the colts tried again to run. They were headed toward home and wanted to get there quickly. It took all Almanzo's attention and muscle to hold them to a fast trot. Main Street flashed by in a blur, and far out on the prairie to the north Almanzo quieted the colts and turned them again. Then Laura laughed, "If this is breaking them, I'm glad to help!"

Chapter 17

"I am afraid to have you ride behind those horses," Ma said as Laura came in.

Pa looked up from his paper. "Does seem like Wilder is trying to get you killed. But I'd say you are enjoying it from the way your eyes are shining," he added.

Chapter 18

"Now I will tell you the rest of the good news," Pa smiled. "I thought I'd save it as a reward, for after the examination. Perry says the school board will pay you twenty-five dollars a month for a three months' school, April, May, and June."

Laura was nearly speechless. "Oh!" she exclaimed. Then, "I didn't expect. . .Why! Why, Pa. . .that will be a little more than a dollar a day."

Grace's blue eyes were perfectly round. In solemn awe she said, "Laura will be rich."

Chapter 18

Then Pa said, "Here is one for you girls." And softly he sang with the fiddle,

Golden years are passing by,
Happy, happy golden years,
Passing on the wings of time,
These happy golden years.
Call them back as they go by,
Sweet their memories are,
Oh, improve them as they fly,
These happy golden years.

Laura's heart ached as the music floated away and was gone in the spring night under the stars.

Chapter 19

At supper Ma said again that this was not a claim shanty any more. The kitchen was so spacious now, with only the stove, the cupboard, the table and chairs in it.

"This won't be a claim, either, by year after next," Pa reminded her. "Another eighteen months, and I'll be able to prove up; it will be our land."

Chapter 19

“You do have beautiful hair, Laura,” she said.

“It isn’t golden, like Mary’s,” Laura answered. But in the sunshine as she brushed it, her hair was beautiful. It was fine, but very thick, and so long that the shimmering brown length of it, unbraided, fell below her knees. She brushed it back satin-smooth, and coiled and pinned the mass of braids.

Chapter 19

Then Carrie said, “When I’m a young lady, I’m going to earn me a dress just exactly like that.”

“Likely you’ll have a prettier one,” Laura answered quickly, but she was startled. She had not thought that she was a young lady. Of course she was, with her hair done up and her skirts almost touching the ground. She was not sure she liked being a young lady.

Chapter 19

They drove a long way that afternoon, all the way to Lake Henry and around it. Only a narrow tongue of land separated it from Lake Thompson. Between the sheets of blue water there was width enough only for a wagon track. Young cottonwoods and choke-cherry trees stood slim on either side, above a tangle of wild grapevines.

Chapter 20

Laura bent to tuck the dust robe more closely in at her feet, and as she straightened up again, she carelessly let the end of the robe flutter out on the strong prairie wind. The colts left the ground in one leap and ran.

Nellie screamed and screamed, clutching at Almanzo’s arm, which he very much needed to use just then. Laura quietly tucked down the end of the lap robe and sat on it.

Chapter 21

The horses went on mile after mile at a swift trot on the road across the open prairie. Rain had fallen the night before and water stood in pools wherever the road dipped, but Barnum and Skip refused to get their feet wet. They jumped across every puddle, taking the buggy flying over it with them and not a spatter fell on Laura's poke bonnet.

Chapter 21

All through August the weather was hot, and there were many thunderstorms. Several times Ma roused Laura and Carrie in the night to go down cellar with her and Grace while Pa watched the storm clouds. The wind blew with terrible force, but it was always a straight wind; and the worst of it passed to the west.

Frightened as she was in these terrifying nights, Laura felt a strange delight in the wild strength of the wind, the terrible beauty of the lightning and the crashes of thunder.

Chapter 22

"I wonder why Nellie Oleson isn't coming to school," Laura wondered, and Ida said, "Oh, hadn't you heard? She's gone back to New York."

"Not really!"

"Yes, she's gone back there to stay with some relatives. You know what I bet, I bet she talks all the time about how wonderful it is in the West!" Ida laughed. They all laughed.

Chapter 22

They practiced singing scales. Mr. Clewett gave the pitch with his tuning fork again and again. When almost all of them managed to sound very nearly the same note, they were off, up and down the scale, singing, "do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do." Exhausted from climbing so high, the voices all gladly came down again, "Do si, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do!"

Chapter 22

Then Laura began to sing softly.

In the starlight, in the starlight,
Let us wander gay and free,

For there's nothing in the daylight
Half so dear to you and me.
Like the fairies in the shadow
Of the woods we'll steal along,
And our sweetest lays we'll warble,
For the night was made for song.
When none are by to listen,
Or to chide us in our glee,
In the starlight, in the starlight,
Let us wander, gay and free.

Chapter 23

Next Sunday Barnum was a bad as he had ever been. He refused to stand, and Laura had to wait for a third stop before she could leap into the buggy. Then he reared and tried to run, pulling so hard that after a time Almanzo complained, "He is pulling this buggy by the bit and my arms."

Chapter 23

Barnum was walking. Almanzo was silent and hardly breathed. A little by a tiny little she eased on the lines. Barnum went on walking. The wild horse, the runaway, who never before had been seen to walk when hitched to a buggy, walked the whole length of Main Street. He reached out twice, feeling the bit with his mouth and finding it to his liking, arched his neck and walked proudly on.

Chapter 23

"I was wondering. . ." Almanzo paused. Then he picked up Laura's hand that shone white in the starlight, and his sun-browned hand closed gently over it. He had never done that before. "Your hand is so small," he said. Another pause. Then quickly, "I was wondering if you would like an engagement ring."

"That would depend on who offered it to me," Laura told him.

"If I should?" Almanzo asked.

"Then it would depend on the ring," Laura answered, and drew her hand away.

Chapter 23

Pa laid down his fiddle when Laura came in. He looked at her hand where the ring sparkled in the lamplight.

"I see it is settled," he said. "Almanzo was talking to me yesterday and I guess it's all right."

"If only you are sure, Laura," Ma said gently. "Sometimes I think it is the horses you care for, more than their master."

"I couldn't have one without the other," Laura answered shakily.

Chapter 24

"With this house sided outside and good thick building paper inside, we'd be snug here. We can put up the coal heater in the sitting room and get our winter's supply of coal. There's a cellarful of vegetables from the garden, pumpkins and squashes from the field. Even if the winter's so bad I can't get to town often, we won't need to worry about being hungry or cold."

Chapter 25

In the kitchen Laura was popping corn in the iron kettle set into a hole of the stove top from which she had removed the stove lid. She put a handful of salt into the kettle; when it was hot she put in a handful of popcorn. With a long-handled spoon she stirred it, while with the other hand she held the kettle's cover to keep the corn from flying out as it popped.

Chapter 25

Laura remembered the Christmas in the Verdigris River in Indian territory, when Mr. Edwards had walked eighty miles to bring her and Mary each one stick of candy. Wherever he was tonight, she wished him as much happiness as he had brought them. She remembered the Christmas Eve on Plum Creek in Minnesota, when Pa had been lost in the blizzard and they feared he would never come back. He had eaten the Christmas candy while he lay sheltered three days under the creek bank. Now here they were, in the snug warm house, with plenty of candy and other good things.

Chapter 25

A gust of wind swirled snow into the room when Laura opened the door; it blinded her for a moment and when she could see she could not believe her eyes. The wind swirled around Almanzo as, speechless, she stood holding the door open.

“Come in!” Pa called, “Come in and shut the door!”

Chapter 26

With shaking fingers Laura tore the envelope and took out a teacher’s certificate. It was a second-grade one.

“It’s better than I expected,” she told Ma. “The most I hoped for was third grade. Now if I can only have the good luck to get the right school!”

“A body makes his own luck, good or bad,” Ma placidly said. “I have no doubt you will get as good as you deserve.”

Chapter 27

The twilight deepened into night. Stars came out in the vastness of the sky and the prairie stretched dim and mysterious far away. The buggy wheels turned softly on the grassy road.

Chapter 27

In the stillness Laura began to sing:

The stars are rolling in the sky,
The earth rolls on below,
And we can feel the rattling wheel
Revolving as we go;
Then tread away my gallant boys,
And make the axle fly!
Why should not wheels go round-about,
Like planets in the sky?

Chapter 28

“Now whatever can that be?” Ma said to Laura. They waited. As soon as possible, Pa came hurrying back. He lifted the blanket away, and there stood a shining new sewing machine.

“Oh, Charles!” Ma gasped.

“Yes, Caroline, it is yours,” Pa said proudly.

Chapter 28

In an open space at a safe distance they sat in the buggy and waited until a streak of fire rose in the darkness above the crowd and exploded a star.

At the first flash Barnum reared and Skip leaped. They came down running, and the buggy came down and ran after them. Almanzo swung them in a wide circle, bringing them to face the fireworks again just as another star exploded.

Chapter 29

Almost overhead now, the tumbling, swirling clouds changed from black to a terrifying greenish-purple. They seemed to draw themselves together, then a groping finger slowly came out of them and stretched down, trying to reach the earth. It reached, and pulled itself up, and reached again.

Chapter 29

When this man and his family came up from their cyclone cellar, two bare spots were all that were left of stable and house. Oxen, wagon, tools, chickens, everything was gone. They had nothing but the clothes they wore, and one quilt that his wife had snatched to wrap around the baby in the cellar.

This man said to Pa, “I’m a lucky man; I didn’t have a crop to lose.”

Chapter 30

Reverend Brown was preaching earnestly and Laura was wishing that with so much sincerity he could say something interesting, when she saw a small plump kitten straying up the aisle. Idly she watched it pounce and play, until it wandered onto the platform and stood arching its back and rubbing against the side of the pulpit. As its round, kitten eyes looked at the congregation, Laura believed she could hear its purring.

Chapter 30

The kitten had taken refuge under her hoops, and now it began climbing up inside of them, clutching and clawing its way from wire to wire. Laura felt an impulse to laugh, but she controlled it and sat solemn as a judge. Then the little dog passed anxiously, peering and sniffing in search of the kitten, and a sudden vision of what would happen if he found it made Laura shake from head to foot with suppressed laughter.

Chapter 31

As always, Mary's going away made an emptiness in the house. The next morning Ma said briskly, "We will get at your sewing now, Laura. Busy hands are a great help to being cheerful."

So Laura brought the muslins, Ma cut them out, and the airy sitting room filled with the sewing machine's hum and the busy cheerfulness of Ma's and Laura's sewing together.

Chapter 31

"I have an idea for making the sheets," said Laura. "I'm not going to sew those long seams down the middle with over-and-over stitch by hand. If I lap the edges flat and sew with the machine down the center, I do believe they'll be smooth enough and even more serviceable."

"It may well be," said Ma. "Our grandmothers would turn in their graves, but after all, these are modern times."

Chapter 31

Laura was silent again. Then she summoned all her courage and said, "Almanzo, I must ask you something. Do you want me to promise to obey you?"

Soberly he answered, "Of course not. I know it is in the wedding ceremony, but it is only something that women say. I never knew one that did it, nor any decent man that wanted her to."

Chapter 31

"I do not like to think of your being married in black," said Ma. "You know what they say, 'Married in black, you'll wish yourself back.'"

"It will be new. I will wear my old sage-green poke bonnet with the blue silk lining, and borrow your little square gold pin with the strawberry in it, so I'll be wearing something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue," Laura said cheerfully.

"I don't suppose there's any truth in these old sayings," Ma consented.

Chapter 32

"I will be ready," Laura promised, but as she stood watching Almanzo drive away, she was unable to realize that tomorrow she would leave home. Try as she would, she could not think of going away tomorrow as meaning that she would not come back, as she had always come back from drives with Almanzo.

Chapter 32

The fiddle sang on in the twilight.

It sang the songs that Laura knew in the Big Woods of Wisconsin, and the tunes that Pa had played by the campfires all across the plains of Kansas. It repeated the nightingale's song in the moonlight on the banks of the Verdigris River, then it remembered the days in the dugout on the banks of Plum Creek, and the winter evenings in the new house that Pa had built there. It sang of Christmas on Silver Lake, and of springtime after the long, Hard Winter.

Chapter 33

The kitchen door opened, and a tall, thin young man quietly slipped into a chair. Laura supposed he was Elmer but she did not see him, for Reverend Brown came from the

bedroom, thrusting his arms into his coat sleeves. He settled the coat collar to his neck and asked Laura and Almanzo to stand before him.

So they were married.

Chapter 33

It was one of Ma's delicious dinners, but all the food tasted alike to Laura. Even the wedding cake was dry as sawdust in her mouth, for at last she realized that she was going away from home, that never would she come back to this home to stay. They all lingered at the table, for they knew that after dinner came the parting, but finally Almanzo said that it was time to go.

Chapter 33

When Almanzo was lifting his reins, Grace came running with Laura's old slat sunbonnet. "You forgot this!" she called, holding it up. Almanzo checked the horses while Laura took the sunbonnet. As the horses started again, Grace called anxiously after them, "Remember, Laura, Ma says if you don't keep your sunbonnet on, you'll be as brown as an Indian!"

Chapter 33

It was a silent drive until almost the end, when for the first time that day Laura saw the horses. She exclaimed, "Why, you are driving Prince and Lady!"

"Prince and Lady started this," Almanzo said. "So I thought they'd like to bring us home. And here we are."

Chapter 33

When they had eaten supper and washed the few dishes, they sat on the front doorstep as evening came. They heard Prince blow out his breath, whoof! as he lay down on his bed of clean hay in the stable. They saw the dim bulk of Fawn on the grass, where she lay chewing her cud and resting. Shep lay at their feet; already he was half Laura's dog.

Chapter 33

Twilight faded as the little stars went out and the moon rose and floated upward. Its silvery light flooded the sky and the prairie. The winds that had blown whispering over the grasses all the summer day now lay sleeping, and quietness brooded over the moon-drenched land.

“It is a wonderful night,” Almanzo said.

“It is a beautiful world,” Laura answered, and in memory she heard the voice of Pa’s fiddle and the echo of a song,

Golden years are passing by,
These happy, golden years.

***This Country Of Ours by H.E. Marshall (Chp. 64-99)**

Chapter 64

Of this Convention, as it was called, Washington was chosen President. It was no easy post, nor was the business for which the members of the Convention were called together a simple business. They had, indeed, a very great task to perform, the task of forming a new constitution or mode of government, which all states would accept.

Chapter 65

Thus peace was kept, but the people were angry with Adams. They declared that he had all sorts of mean reasons for his action. He was sure he had done right. “When I am dead,” he said, “write on my tomb, ‘Here lies John Adams, who took upon himself the responsibility of peace with France.’” He felt he could have no better epitaph.

Chapter 66

The Americans, however, would not pay so much, and at length after some bargaining the price of fifteen million dollars was agreed upon, and the whole of Louisiana passed to the American Government, and the territory of the United States was made larger by more than a million square miles.

Chapter 67

- a) Other travelers and explorers trod fast upon the heels of Lewis and Clark. Hunters, and fur-traders, and settlers followed them, and bit by bit the West became known and peopled.
- b) But in the story of that growth the names of Merriwether Lewis and William Clark will always be first, for it was they who threw open the door into the Far West.

Chapter 68

The trial was long and exciting. Most people believed Burr guilty of treason, but it was difficult to prove. So in the end he was set free.

Chapter 69

The Prophet sent back a message of peace. But the outrages still went on, and through friendly Indians the Governor learned that the Prophet was constantly urging the Indians to war.

Chapter 70

The Constitution was scarcely hurt, and after this she got the name of Old Ironsides. She sailed the seas for many a long day, and is now kept as a national memorial in the navy yard at Portsmouth, Mass.

Chapter 70

Eagerly he waited for dawn. And when at last the sun rose he saw with joy that the Stars and Stripes still floated over the fort. There and then on the back of an old letter he wrote "The Star Spangled Banner." People hailed it with delight, soon it was sung throughout the length and breadth of the States, and at length became the National Anthem.

Chapter 71

So the President at length sent General Jackson, who had won great fame in the War of 1812, to bring the Indians to order. Jackson marched into Florida, and in three months' time had subdued the Indians, brought order out of the wild disorder, and in fact conquered Florida.

Chapter 71

In 1821 Monroe was chosen President for a second time and it was during this second term that he became famous throughout all the world. He became so through what is known as the Monroe Doctrine.

Chapter 72

- a) Manufacturers also began to flourish. For during the 1812 war it had been very difficult to get manufactured goods from foreign countries. So Americans had begun to make these things for themselves.
- b) And after the war was over, they went on manufacturing them. At length people began to be proud of using only American-made things. And when Adams was inaugurated everything he wore had been manufactured in the States.

Chapter 73

Jackson was a man of the people, but he was an autocrat too, and he had a will so unbending that even in his soldiering days he had been called Old Hickory.

Chapter 73

In 1837 Martin Van Buren became President. He had been Secretary of State and then Vice-President, and had been a great favourite with Jackson who was very anxious that he should become President after him.

Chapter 74

- a) Harrison was a kindly old man, and he would gladly have given offices to all who asked. It grieved him that he could not. But he was honest, too, and he tried to be just in making these new appointments.
- b) So his days were full of worry and anxious thought. Soon under the heavy burden he fell ill. And just a month after his inauguration he died.

Chapter 75

So the settlers made a treaty with the Indians by which the Indians agreed to accept lands in the West instead of their Florida lands. But when the time came for them to go they refused to move, and a war which lasted seven years was begun.

Chapter 75

The war ended soon after Tyler became President. Then land was offered free to settlers who would promise to remain at least five years. Many were glad to get land on such easy terms, and soon the country which had been a refuge for escaped slaves and a haunt for desperadoes became the home of orderly people.

Chapter 76

Texas now declared itself a republic, and of this new State General Sam Houston—"Old Sam Jacinto," as he was affectionately nicknamed—was chosen President. The Flag chosen for the Republic was blue with a single yellow star in the middle, and from this flag Texas came to be called the Lone Star State.

Chapter 76

But Polk's land hunger was not yet satisfied. He had half of Oregon, he had the whole of Texas, but he wanted more. He wanted California, but California belonged to Mexico.

Chapter 77

But in spite of all mischances hundreds and thousands reached the gold fields, and all over the Sacramento Valley, or whatever gold was found, little towns sprang up.

Chapter 77

Some men made fortunes almost in a day, many returned home well off. But by far the greater number returned poorer than they came, and with their health shattered by the hardships of the life. Many more never returned at all, but found a nameless grave among the lonely valleys.

Chapter 78

Because of the discovery of gold, thousands and thousands of people flocked to California. And although many returned to their homes again, many also remained in California, and made their homes in the new-found sunny land.

Chapter 78

- a) But before it was admitted a fierce battle had to be fought, for the Californians wanted the state to be admitted as a free state.
- b) Now part of California lay south of the Missouri Compromise Line, so the Southerners were angry, and declared that California must be divided into two, and that the Southern part must come into the Union as a slave state.

Chapter 79

The Underground Railroad was not a railroad, and it was not underground. It was simply a chain of houses about twenty miles or so apart where escaped slaves might be sure of a kindly welcome.

Chapter 79

One of the most daring of these was Harriet Tubman. She helped so many of her countrymen to escape that they called her "Moses" because she had led them out of the land of bondage.

Chapter 80

In Kansas there was an old man named John Brown. He was a fierce old Puritan, and he believed that God had called him to fight slavery. And the only way of fighting it that he thought possible was to slay the slave-holders.

Chapter 80

- a) The President was ready to use all his power to force the admission of Kansas as a slave state. Douglas warned him to beware, and when the President persisted he rose in his place, and made such a wonderful speech that the bill introduced by the slave-holders were defeated.
- b) And when at length Kansas was admitted to the Union, it was admitted as a free state.

Chapter 81

Beside Kansas, two more states were admitted into the Union during Buchanan's term of office. These were Minnesota in 1858 and Oregon in 1859. They both became states while the struggle over Kansas was going on.

Chapter 81

The Mormons now laid claim to a great tract of land and called it the State of Deseret. And over this state Brigham Young ruled supreme.

Chapter 82

"A house divided against itself," he said, "cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure half-slave, half-free. I do not expect the Union to be divided. I do not expect the House to fall. But I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other."

Chapter 82

- a) He had no bitterness against the South, for he loved his whole country, South as well as North. It was slavery he hated, not the slave holders. But the slave-holders hated him and his ideas.
- b) So when in November, 1860, Lincoln was chosen President the Southern States declared that they would not submit to be ruled by him.

Chapter 83

- a) The war which had now begun was the most terrible ever fought on American soil. For far more even than the War of Independence it was a war of kindred.
- b) It made enemies of comrades and brothers. Men who had been dear friends suddenly found themselves changed into ruthless enemies, families even were divided against each other.

Chapter 83

Grant's answer was short and sharp. "No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted," he said.

Chapter 84

There was fighting too on sea as well as on land. The South sent out privateers to catch the merchant vessels of the North, and so bring ruin on their trade. But Lincoln replied by proclaiming a blockade of all Confederate ports.

Chapter 84

A tremendous duel now began which lasted three hours. The lumbering Merrimac tried to run down her enemy, but the quick little Monitor danced round and round turning the turret now this way, now that, and firing how she pleased, like a terrier yapping at a maddened bull. And at length the Merrimac gave up the tussle, and sailed away.

Chapter 85

At daybreak the Federal camp was astir. Men were washing and dressing, some were cooking or eating breakfast, most of the officers were still abed, when suddenly the sound of shots broke the Sunday stillness, and the wild "rebel yell" rent the air.

Chapter 85

The Confederates fought bravely still. To and fro rode General Beauregard cheering on his men, but step by step they were driven backward, and by noon were in full retreat. Then as the Federals realized that the day was theirs cheer after cheer went up from their lines.

Chapter 86

Lee came of a soldier stock, being the youngest son of "Light Horse Harry Lee," who had won

fame during the War of the Revolution. He was a noble, Christian gentleman, and when he made his choice, and determined to fight for the South, he believed he was fighting for the right.

Chapter 86

a) But victory was slow in coming. At length the great battle was fought at Antietam. It was scarce a victory, for the Federals had lost more men than had the Confederates. Yet it had to pass for one. And a few days after it Lincoln issued his Proclamation of Emancipation.

b) In this he declared that in every state which should be in arms against the Government on the 1st of January, 1863, the slaves should be free forever more. This gave the rebel states more than three months in which to lay down their arms and return to their allegiance.

Chapter 87

General Hooker's movements had been quick and sure, his plans well laid. But he had expected the enemy to "flee ingloriously" before him.

Chapter 87

Stonewall Jackson was a true Christian and a great soldier, and his loss to the Confederate cause was one which could not be replaced. He believed to the end that he was fighting for the right, and mistaken although he might be, his honour and valour were alike perfect. Both North and South may unite in admiration for him as a soldier, and in love for him as a Christian gentleman.

Chapter 88

The fighting began on the first of July when the Federal army was still widely scattered through the country, and Meade himself far in the rear, and again the Confederates triumphed.

Chapter 88

Yet the victory was not very great nor in any way decisive, and the cost of life and been frightful. Indeed, so many brave men had fallen upon this dreadful field that the thought came to the Governor of the state that it would be well to make a portion of it into a soldier's burial place and thus consecrate it forever as a holy ground.

Chapter 89

a) Vicksburg was now completely surrounded. On the river the fleet kept watch, so that no boats carrying food, ammunition, or relief of any kind could reach the fated city. On land Grant's army dug itself in, daily bringing the ring of trenches closer and closer to the Confederate fortifications.

b) They were so close at last that the soldiers on either side could hear each other talking, and often friendly chat passed between the "Yanks" and the "Johnnies" or Southerners.

Chapter 89

It was a grievous sight for Sheridan. But he refused to accept defeat. Rising high in his stirrups he waved his hat in the air, and shouted cheerily, "Face the other way, boys. We are going back to our camp. We are going to lick them into their boots."

Chapter 90

All hope of success now utterly vanished for the Confederates. Even Lee knew it, and he might have advised the South to lay down arms, but Jefferson Davis, the Southern President, doggedly refused to own himself beaten. So the war continued.

Chapter 90

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and for his orphan-to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Chapter 91

"There is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant," said Lee, "and I would rather die a thousand deaths." But like the brave soldier he was, he faced what seemed to him worse than death rather than uselessly sacrifice gallant lives.

Chapter 91

The kind gray eyes were closed never to open again, the gentle voice was stilled forever. All night he lay moaning softly, then as morning dawned a look of utter peace came upon his face and the moaning ceased.

Chapter 92

a) President Johnson had a very hard task before him. He had “to bind up the nation’s wounds” and re-unite the North and South. But he had neither the tact nor the strength needed for this great task.

b) At first it was thought he would be too hard on the South, Then it was thought he would be too lenient, and soon he was at loggerheads with Congress.

Chapter 92

But now peace had come, and the subject was taken up again, and at length the matter was settled. Russia received seven million two hundred thousand dollars, and Alaska became a territory of the United States.

Chapter 93

a) In 1869 General Grant, who had made such a great name for himself during the Civil War, became President. Grant was a brave and honest soldier, became President. Grant was a brave and honest soldier.

b) He knew little however about politics. But now that Lincoln was gone the people loved him better than any other man. So he became President.

Chapter 93

a) Grant was twice chosen as President and it was during his second term that Colorado was admitted to the Union as the thirty-eighth state.

b) The new state was formed partly out of the Mexican Concession, partly out of the Louisiana Purchase, and was named after the great river Colorado, two branches of which flow through it. It was admitted as a state in August, 1876.

Chapter 94

President Hayes also tried to lessen the evil of the “spoils system.” In this he met a good deal of opposition. But the system of passing examinations was begun for some posts.

Chapter 94

Garfield’s sad death made many people who had not thought of it before see that the “spoils system” was bad. For it had been a disappointed seeker of spoils who killed him. So as last in 1883 a law was passed which provided that certain appointments should be made by competitive examinations, and not given haphazard.

Chapter 95

And as President, Cleveland was just as fearless and honest as before. During the four years of his presidency he used his power of veto more than three hundred times.

Chapter 95

One very interesting thing about Idaho is that it was the second state to introduce women’s suffrage. That is, women within the state have the same right of voting as men.

Chapter 96

Now there was no holding the people, and very shortly war was declared. It was short and sharp. In less than four months it was all over. On land and sea the Spaniards were hopelessly beaten, while in the whole campaign the Americans lost scarcely five hundred men in battle, although more than twice that number died of disease.

Chapter 96

There was such a shining goodness and honesty about President McKinley that all who came

near him loved and respected him. Now he went to his last resting place mourned not only by his own people but by Great Britain and nearly every other country in Europe besides.

Chapter 97

Mr. Roosevelt was the youngest of all presidents, and he brought to the White House a youthful energy and “hustle” such as no President had before. He had strong opinions to which he never hesitated to give voice, and perhaps since Lincoln no President had been so much a dictator.

Chapter 97

In 1909 William H. Taft became president. Mr. Taft had been Governor of the Philippines, and had shown great tact and firmness in the post. He and President Roosevelt were friends, and Roosevelt did all he could to further his election.

Chapter 98

a) President Wilson held these opinions strongly, and during the first year of his presidency a bill was passed by which mere luxuries, things which only rich people bought, were heavily taxed, while the taxes on foodstuffs and wool, things which the poorest needed, were made much lighter.

b) These changes in the tariff brought in much less income for the government, and to make up for the loss an Income Tax was levied for the first time, every one who had more than 4,000 dollars a year having to pay it. In this way again the burden of taxes was shifted from the poor to the rich.

Chapter 98

“Shall we deny to Mexico,” he asked, a little later, “because she is weak, the right to settle her own affairs? No, I say. I am proud to belong to a great nation that says, ‘this country which we could crush shall have as much freedom in her own affairs as we have in ours.’”

Chapter 99

In August, 1914, while the Mexican trouble was still grave, the Great War broke out in Europe. This, strange to say, was to prove a far greater menace to the peace of the United States than the war and bloodshed in the turbulent republic on her borders.

Chapter 99

Who can say what days of terror and splendour the future may hold? As I write it lies before us a blacker sea of darkness and adventure than that Columbus crossed. But it would seem that for the great Republic it can hold no diviner hour than this. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Treasure Island by Robert Louis Stevenson

To the Hesitating Purchaser

If sailor tales to sailor tunes,
Storm and adventure, heat and cold,
If schooners, islands, and maroons,
And buccaneers, and buried gold,
And all the old romance, retold
Exactly in the ancient way,
Can please, as me they pleased of old,
The wiser youngsters of today:
—So be it, and fall on! If not,
If studious youth no longer crave,
His ancient appetites forgot,
Kingston, or Ballantyne the brave,
Or Cooper of the wood and wave:
So be it, also! And may I
And all my pirates share the grave
Where these and their creations lie!

Part I

Chapter 1

I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, his sea-chest following behind him in a hand-barrow; a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man; his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulders of his soiled blue coat; his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails; and the sabre cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white.

Chapter 1

Suddenly he—the captain, that is—began to pipe up his eternal song:

“Fifteen men on the dead man’s chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!”

Chapter 2

It was one January morning, very early—a pinching, frosty morning—the cove all grey with hoar-frost, the ripple lapping softly on the stones, the sun still low and only touching the hilltops and shining far to seaward. The captain had risen earlier than usual and set out down the beach, his cutlass swinging under the broad skirts of the old blue coat, his brass telescope under his arm, his hat tilted back upon his head. I remember his breath hanging like smoke in his wake as he strode off, and the last sound I heard of him as he turned the big rock was a loud snort of indignation, as though his mind was still running upon Dr. Livesey.

Chapter 3

As he was thus speaking, he had risen from bed with great difficulty, holding to my shoulder with a grip that almost made me cry out, and moving his legs like so much dead weight. His words, spirited as they were in meaning, contrasted sadly with the weakness of the voice in which they were uttered.

Chapter 4

The neighbourhood, to our ears, seemed haunted by approaching footsteps; and what between the dead body of the captain on the parlour floor, and the thought of that detestable blind beggar hovering near at hand, and ready to return, there were moments when, as the saying goes, I jumped in my skin for terror.

Chapter 4

They say cowardice is infectious; but then argument is, on the other hand, a great emboldener; and so when each had said his say, my mother made them a speech. She would not, she declared, lose money that belonged to her fatherless boy; “if none of the rest of you dare,” she

said, "Jim and I dare. Back we will go, the way we came, and small thanks to you big, hulking, chicken-hearted men. We'll have that chest open, if we die for it. And I'll thank you for that bag, Mrs. Crossley, to bring back our lawful money in."

Chapter 5

Pew was dead, stone dead. As for my mother, when we had carried her up to the hamlet, a little cold water and salts and that soon brought her back again, and she was none the worse for her terror, though she still continued to deplore the balance of the money.

Chapter 5

I went back with him to the "Admiral Benbow", and you cannot imagine a house in such a state of smash; the very clock had been thrown down by these fellows in their furious hunt after my mother and myself; and though nothing had actually been taken away except the captain's money-bag and a little silver from the till, I could see at once that we were ruined.

Chapter 6

I had never seen the squire so near at hand. He was a tall man, over six feet high, and broad in proportion, and he had a bluff, rough-and-ready face, all roughened and reddened and lined in his long travels. His eyebrows were very black, and moved readily, and this gave him a look of some temper, not bad, you would say, but quick and high.

Chapter 6

The supervisor stood up straight and stiff, and told his story like a lesson; and you should have seen how the two gentlemen leaned forward and looked at each other, and forgot to smoke in their surprise and interest. When they heard how my mother went back to the inn, Dr. Livesey fairly slapped his thigh, and the squire cried "Bravo!" and broke his pipe against the grate.

Chapter 6

The paper had been sealed in several places with a thimble by way of seal; the very thimble, perhaps, that I had found in the captain's pocket. The doctor opened the seals with great care, and there fell out the map of an island, with latitude and longitude, soundings, names of hills,

and bays and inlets, and every particular that would be needed to bring a ship to a safe anchorage upon its shores. It was about nine miles long and five across, shaped, you might say, like a fat dragon standing up, and had two fine land-locked harbours, and a hill in the centre part marked "The Spy-glass". There were several additions of a later date; but, above all, three crosses of red ink—two on the north part of the island, one in the south-west, and beside this last, in the same red ink, and in a small, neat hand, very different from the captain's tottery characters, these words: "Bulk of treasure here."

Part II

Chapter 7

I brooded by the hour together over the map, all the details of which I well remembered. Sitting by the fire in the house-keeper's room, I approached that island in my fancy, from every possible direction; I explored every acre of its surface; I climbed a thousand times to that tall hill they call the Spy-glass, and from the top enjoyed the most wonderful and changing prospects. Sometimes the isle was thick with savages, with whom we fought; sometimes full of dangerous animals that hunted us; but in all my fancies nothing occurred to me so strange and tragic as our actual adventures.

Chapter 8

As I was waiting, a man came out of a side room, and, at a glance, I was sure he must be Long John. His left leg was cut off close by the hip, and under the left shoulder he carried a crutch, which he managed with wonderful dexterity, hopping about upon it like a bird. He was very tall and strong, with a face as big as a ham—plain and pale, but intelligent and smiling.

Chapter 9

The Hispaniola lay some way out, and we went under the figureheads and round the sterns of many other ships, and their cables sometimes grated underneath our keel, and sometimes swung above us. At last, however, we got alongside, and were met and saluted as we stepped aboard by the mate, Mr. Arrow, a brown old sailor with earrings in his ears and a squint. He and the squire were very thick and friendly, but I soon observed that things were not the same between Mr. Trelawney and the captain.

Chapter 10

I am not going to relate that voyage in detail. It was fairly prosperous. The ship proved to be a good ship, the crew were capable seamen, and the captain thoroughly understood his business. But before we came the length of Treasure Island, two or three things had happened which require to be known.

Mr. Arrow, first of all, turned out even worse than the captain had feared. He had no command among the men, and people did what they pleased with him. But that was by no means the worst of it, for after a day or two at sea he began to appear on deck with hazy eye, red cheeks, stuttering tongue, and other marks of drunkenness. Time after time he was ordered below in disgrace. Sometimes he fell and cut himself; sometimes he lay all day long in his little bunk at one side of the companion; sometimes for a day or two he would be almost sober and attend to his work at least passably.

Chapter 11

By this time I had begun to understand the meaning of their terms. By a 'gentleman of fortune' they plainly meant neither more nor less than a common pirate, and the little scene that I had overheard was the last act in the corruption of one of the honest hands—perhaps of the last one left aboard.

Chapter 11

Just then a sort of brightness fell upon me in the barrel, and, looking up, I found the moon had risen, and was silvering the mizzen-top and shining white on the luff of the foresail; and almost at the same time the voice of the look-out shouted "Land ho!"

Chapter 12

Long John's eyes burned in his head as he took the chart; but, by the fresh look of the paper, I knew he was doomed to disappointment. This was not the map we found in Billy Bones's chest, but an accurate copy, complete in all things—names and heights and soundings—with the single exception of the red crosses and the written notes. Sharp as must have been his annoyance, Silver had the strength of mind to hide it.

Chapter 12

“Jim here,” said the doctor, “can help us more than anyone. The men are not shy with him, and Jim is a noticing lad.”

“Hawkins, I put prodigious faith in you, “ added the squire.

I began to feel pretty desperate at this, for I felt altogether helpless; and yet, by an off train of circumstances, it was indeed through me that safety came.

Part III

Chapter 13

The appearance of the island when I came on deck next morning was altogether changed. Although the breeze had now utterly failed, we had made a great deal of way during the night, and were now lying becalmed about half a mile to the south-east of the low eastern coast. Grey-coloured woods covered a large part of the surface. This even tint was indeed broken up by streaks of yellow sandbreak in the lower lands, and by many tall trees of the pine family, out-topping the others—some singly, some in clumps; but the general colouring was uniform and sad. The hills ran up clear above the vegetation in spires of naked rock. All were strangely shaped, and the Spy-glass, which was by three or four hundred feet the tallest on the island, was likewise the strangest in configuration, running up sheer from almost every side, and then suddenly cut off at the top like a pedestal to put a statue on.

Chapter 14

I now felt for the first time the joy of exploration. The isle was uninhabited; my shipmates I had left behind, and nothing lived in front of me but dumb brutes and fowls. I turned hither and thither among the trees. Here and there were flowing plants, unknown to me; here and there I saw snakes, and one raised his head from a ledge of rock and hissed at me with a noise not unlike the spinning of a top. Little did I suppose that he was a deadly enemy, and that the noise was the famous rattle.

Chapter 15

From the side of the hill, which was here steep and stony, a spout of gravel was dislodged, and fell rattling and bounding through the trees. My eyes turned instinctively in that direction, and I saw a figure leap with great rapidity behind the trunk of a pine. What it was, whether bear or man or monkey, I could in no wise tell. It seemed dark and shaggy; more I knew not. But the terror of this new apparition brought me to a stand.

I was now, it seemed, cut off upon both sides; behind me the murderers, before me this lurking

nondescript. And immediately I began to prefer the dangers that I knew to those I know not.

Part IV

Chapter 16

There was a sudden scuffle, a sound of blows, and out burst Abraham Gray with a knife-cut on the side of the cheek, and came running to the captain, like a dog to the whistle.

"I'm with you, sir," said he.

Chapter 17

Even the ripples were a danger to our overloaded craft; but the worst of it was that we were swept out of our true course, and away from our proper landing-place behind the point. If we let the current have its way we should come ashore beside the gigs, where the pirates might appear at any moment.

Chapter 18

We began to rejoice over our good success, when just at that moment a pistol cracked in the bush, a ball whistled close past my ear, and poor Tom Redruth stumbled and fell his length on the ground. Both the squire and I returned the shot; but as we had nothing to aim at, it is probable we only wasted powder.

Chapter 19

For a good hour to come frequent reports shook the island, and balls kept crashing through the woods. I moved from hiding-place to hiding-place, always pursued, or so it seemed to me, by these terrifying missiles. But towards the end of the bombardment, though still I durst not venture in the direction of the stockade, where the balls fell oftenest, I had begun, in a manner, to pluck up my heart again; and after a long detour to the east, crept down among the shore-side trees.

Chapter 19

“Flag of truce!” I heard someone say; and then, immediately after, with a cry of surprise, “Silver himself!”

Chapter 20

Silver had terrible hard work getting up the knoll. What with the steepness of the incline, the thick tree-stumps, and the soft sand, he and his crutch were as helpless as a ship in stays. But he stuck to it like a man in silence, and at last arrived before the captain, whom he saluted in the handsomest style. He was tricked out in his best; an immense blue coat, thick with brass buttons, hung as low as to his knees, and a fine laced hat was set on the back of his head.

Chapter 21

“We’re outnumbered, I needn’t tell you that, but we fight in shelter; and, a minute ago, I should have said we fought with discipline. I’ve no manner of doubt that we can drub them, if you choose.”

Chapter 21

Our position was utterly reversed. A moment since we were firing under cover, at an exposed enemy; now it was we who lay uncovered, and could not return a blow.

Part V

Chapter 22

I have never seen the sea quiet around Treasure Island. The sun might blaze overhead, the air be without a breath, the surface smooth and blue, but still these great rollers would be running along all the external coast, thundering and thundering by day and night; and I scarce believe there is one spot in the island where a man would be out of earshot of their noise.

Chapter 23

The coracle — as I had ample reason to know before I was done with her — was a very safe boat for a person of my height and weight, both buoyant and clever in a seaway; but she was

the most cross-grained, lop-sided craft to manage. Do as you please, she always made more leeway than anything else, and turning round and round was the manoeuvre she was best at.

Chapter 23

On shore, I could see the glow of the great camp fire burning warmly through the shore-side trees. Someone was singing, a dull, old, droning sailor's song, with a droop and a quaver at the end of every verse, and seemingly no end to it all but the patience of the singer. I had heard it on the voyage more than once, and remembered these words:

“But one man of her crew alive
What put to sea with seventy-five.”

And I thought it was a ditty rather too dolefully appropriate for a company that had met such cruel losses in the morning.

Chapter 24

There was a great, smooth swell upon the sea. The wind blowing steady and gentle from the south, there was no contrariety between that and the current, and the billows rose and fell unbroken.

Chapter 25

“Well,” said I, “I’ve come aboard to take possession of this ship, Mr. Hands; and you’ll please regard me as your captain until further notice.”

He looked at me sourly enough, but said nothing. Some of the colour had come back into his cheeks, though he still looked very sick, and still continued to slip out and settled down as the ship banged about.

Chapter 26

We must both have cried out aloud when our eyes met; but while mine was the shrill cry of terror, his was a roar of fury like a charging bull's. At the same instant he threw himself forward, and I leapt sideways towards the bows. As I did so, I left hold of the tiller, which sprang sharp to leeward; and I think this saved my life, for it struck Hands across the chest, and stopped him, for the moment, dead.

Chapter 26

Just forward of the mainmast I stopped, drew a pistol from my pocket, took a cool aim, though he had already turned and was once more coming directly after me, and drew the trigger. The hammer fell, but there followed neither flash nor sound; the priming was useless with sea water. I cursed myself for my neglect. Why had not I, long before, reprimed and reloaded my only weapons? Then I should not have been, as now, a mere fleeing sheep before this butcher.

Chapter 27

Sometimes, by the quivering of the water, he appeared to move a little, as if he were trying to rise. But he was dead enough, for all that, being both shot and drowned, and was food for fish in the very place where he had designed my slaughter.

Chapter 27

I clung with both hands till my nails ached, and I shut my eyes as if to cover up the peril. Gradually my mind came back again, my pulses quieted down to a more natural time, and I was once more in possession of myself.

Chapter 27

The sun was within so few degrees of setting that already the shadow of the pines upon the western shore began to reach right across the anchorage, and fall in patterns on the deck. The evening breeze had sprung up, and though it was well warded off by the hill with the two peaks upon the east, the cordage had begun to sing a little softly to itself and the idle sails to rattle to and fro.

Part VI

Chapter 28

The red glare of the torch, lighting up the interior of the blockhouse, showed me the worst of my apprehensions realized.

Chapter 28

The parrot sat, preening her plumage, on Long John's shoulder. He himself, I thought, looked somewhat paler and more stern than I was used to. He still wore the fine broad-cloth suit in which he had fulfilled his mission, but it was bitterly the worse for wear, daubed with clay and torn with the sharp briers of the wood.

Chapter 29

And he cast down upon the floor a paper that I instantly recognized—none other than the chart on yellow paper, with the three red crosses, that I had found in the oilcloth at the bottom of the captain's chest. Why the doctor had given it to him was more than I could fancy.

But if it were inexplicable to me, the appearance of the chart was incredible to the surviving mutineers. They leaped upon it like cats upon a mouse. It went from hand to hand, one tearing it from another; and by the oaths and the cries and the childish laughter with which they accompanied their examination, you would have thought, not only they were fingering the very gold, but were at sea with it, besides, in safety.

Chapter 30

Silver was roundly accused of playing double—of trying to make a separate peace for himself—of sacrificing the interests of his accomplices and victims; and, in one word, of the identical, exact thing that he was doing. It seemed to me so obvious, in this case, that I could not imagine how he was to turn their anger. Be he was twice the man the rest were; and his last night's victory had given him a huge preponderance on their minds.

Chapter 31

They had lit a fire fit to roast an ox; and it was now grown so hot that they could only approach it from the windward, and even there not without precaution. In the same wasteful spirit, they had cooked, I suppose, three times more than we could eat; and one of them, with an empty laugh, threw what was left into the fire, which blazed and roared again over this unusual fuel. I never in my life saw men so careless of the morrow; hand to mouth is the only word that can describe their way of doing; and what with wasted food and sleeping sentries, though they were bold enough for a brush and be done with it, I could see their entire unfitness for anything

like a prolonged campaign.

Chapter 32

All of a sudden, out of the middle of the trees in front of us, a thin, high, trembling voice struck up the well-known air and words:

“Fifteen men on the dead man’s chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!”

I never have seen men more dreadfully affected than the pirates. The colour went from their six faces like enchantment; some leaped to their feet, some clawed hold of others; Morgan groveled on the ground.

“It’s Flint, by—!” cried Merry.

The song had stopped as suddenly as it began—broken off, you would have said, in the middle of a note, as though someone had laid his hand upon the singer’s mouth.

Chapter 33

“John Silver,” he said, “you’re a prodigious villain and impostor—a monstrous impostor, sir. I am told I am not to prosecute you. Well, then I will not. But the dead men, sir, hand about your neck like millstones.”

Chapter 33

Before a big fire lay Captain Smollett; and in a far corner, only duskily flickered over by the blaze, I beheld great heaps of coin and quadrilaterals built of bars of gold. That was Flint’s treasure that we had come so far to seek, and that had cost already the lives of seventeen men from the Hispaniola. How many it had cost in the amassing, what blood and sorrow, what good ships scuttled on the deep, what brave men walking the plank blindfold, what shot of cannon, what shame and lies and cruelty, perhaps no man alive could tell.

Chapter 34

The bar silver and the arms still lie, for all that I know, where Flint buried them; and certainly they shall lie there for me. Oxen and wain-ropes would not bring me back again to that

accursed island; and the worst dreams that ever I have are when I hear the surf booming about its coasts, or start upright in bed, with the sharp voice of Captain Flint still ringing in my ears: "Pieces of eight! pieces of eight!"

Treasure Seekers by Edith Nesbit

Chapter 1

We are the Bastables. There are six of us besides Father. Our Mother is dead, and if you think we don't care because I don't tell you much about her you only show that you do not understand people at all. Dora is the eldest. Then Oswald – and then Dicky. Oswald won the Latin prize at his preparatory school – and Dicky is good at sums. Alice and Noël are twins: they are ten, and Horace Octavius is my youngest brother. It is one of us that tells this story – but I shall not tell you which: only at the very end perhaps I will. While the story is going on you may be trying to guess, only I bet you don't.

Chapter 2

Well, when we had agreed to dig for treasure we all went down into the cellar and lighted the gas. Oswald would have liked to dig there, but it is stone flags. We looked among the old boxes and broken chairs and fenders and empty bottles and things, and at last we found the spades we had to dig in the sand with when we went to the seaside three years ago. They are not silly, babyish, wooden spades, that split if you look at them, but good iron, with a blue mark across the top of the iron part, and yellow wooden handles.

Chapter 2

'So you were digging for treasure,' said Albert-next-door's uncle, wiping his face again with his handkerchief. 'Well, I fear the your chances of success are small. I have made a careful study of the whole subject. What I don't know about buried treasure is not worth knowing. And I never knew more than one coin buried in any one garden – and that is generally – Hullo – what's that?'

He pointed to something shining in the hole he had just dragged Albert out of. Oswald picked it up. It was a half-crown. We looked at each other, speechless with surprise and delight, like in books.

Chapter 3

Presently we got down, creeping past Father's study and out at the glass door that leads on to the veranda and the iron steps into the garden. And we went down very quietly and got into the chestnut-tree, and then I felt that we had only been playing what Albert's uncle calls our favorite instrument – I mean the Fool. For the house next door was as dark as dark.

Chapter 3

At first he could see little, because the hole had unfortunately been made a little too high, so that the eye of the detective could only see the Prodigal Son in a shiny frame on the opposite wall. But Oswald held on to the window-frame and stood on tiptoe and then he saw.

There was no furnace, and no base metal, no bearded men in leathern aprons with tongs and things, but just a table with a table-cloth on it for supper, and a tin of salmon and a lettuce and some bottled beer. And there on a chair was the cloak and the hat of the mysterious stranger, and the two people sitting at the table were the two youngest grown-up daughters of the lady next door.

Chapter 3

And all the time Oswald was looking Dicky was pulling at his jacket to make him get down and let Dicky have a squint. And just as she said 'I almost,' Dicky pulled too hard and Oswald felt himself toppling on the giddy verge of the big flower-pot. Putting forth all his strength our hero strove to recover his equi-what's-its-name, but it was now lost beyond recall.

'You've done it this time!' he said, then he fell heavily among the flower-pots piled below. He heard them crash and rattle and crack, and then his head struck against an iron pillar used for holding up the next-door veranda. His eyes closed and he knew no more.

Chapter 4

There was a lady in spectacles in the corner. She was writing with a pencil on the edges of long strips of paper that had print all down them.

When the train started she asked –

'What was that he said?'

So Oswald answered –

'It was "Good hunting" – it's out of the Jungle book!'

'That's very pleasant to hear,' the lady said; 'I am very pleased to meet people who know their Jungle book. And where are you off to – the Zoological Gardens to look for Bagheera?'

We were pleased, too, to meet some one who knew the Jungle book. So Oswald said –

'We are going to restore the fallen fortunes of the House of Bastable – and we have all thought of different ways – and we're going to try them all. Noël's way is poetry.'

Chapter 4

'That's a nasty one,' said the lady – she didn't talk a bit like a real lady, but more like a jolly sort of grown-up boy in a dress and hat – 'a very nasty one! But don't you think as Noël and I are both poets I might be considered a sort of relation? You've heard of brother poets, haven't you? Don't you think Noël and I are aunt and nephew poets, or some relationship of that kind?'

I didn't know what to say, and she went on –

'It's awfully straight of you to stick to what your Father tells you, but look here, you take the shillings, and here's my card. When you get home tell your Father all about it, and if he says No, you can just bring the shillings back to me.'

So we took the shillings, and she shook hands with us and said, 'Good-bye, and good hunting!'

Chapter 5

'The Editor says, please will you step up?'

We stepped up. There were a lot of stairs and passages, and a queer sort of humming, hammering sound and a very funny smell. The boy was now very polite, and said it was the ink we smelt, and the noise was the printing machines.

After going through a lot of cold passages we came to a door; the boy opened it, and let us go in. There was a large room, with a big, soft, blue-and-red carpet, and a roaring fire, though it was only October; and a large table with drawers, and littered with papers, just like the one in Father's study. A gentleman was sitting at one side of the table; he had a light moustache and light eyes, and he looked very young to be an editor – not nearly so old as Father. He looked very tired and sleepy, as if he had got up very early in the morning; but he was kind, and we liked him.

Chapter 5

'Well, would a guinea meet your views?' he asked.

I have read of people being at a loss for words, and dumb with emotion, and I've read of people being turned to stone with astonishment or joy, or something, but I never knew how silly it looked till I saw Noël standing staring at the Editor with his mouth open. He went red and he went white, and then he got crimson as if you were rubbing more and more crimson lake on a palette. But he didn't say a word, so Oswald had to say –

'I should jolly well think so.'

Chapter 6

She was like a china doll – the sixpenny kind; she had a white face, and long yellow hair, done up very tight in two pigtails; her forehead was very big and lumpy, and her cheeks came high up, like little shelves under her eyes. Her eyes were small and blue. She had on a funny black frock, with curly braid on it, and button boots that went almost up to her knees. Her legs were very thin. She was sitting in a hammock chair nursing a blue kitten – not a sky-blue one, of course, but the colour of a new slate pencil.

Chapter 6

Then we all came away, and when we got outside Dora said, 'So she was really a Princess. Fancy a Princess living there!'

'Even Princesses have to live somewhere,' said Dicky.

'And I thought it was play. And it was real. I wish I'd known! I should have liked to ask her lots of things,' said Alice.

H. O. said he would have liked to ask her what she had for dinner and whether she had a crown.

I felt, myself, we had lost a chance of finding out a great deal about kings and queens.

Chapter 7

'There will be no violence,' said Oswald – he was now Captain of the Bandits, because we all

know H. O. likes to be Chaplain when we play prisoners – ‘no violence. But you will be confined in a dark, subterranean dungeon where toads and snakes crawl, and but little of the light of day filters through the heavily mullioned windows. You will be loaded with chains. Now don’t begin again, Baby, there’s nothing to cry about; straw will be your pallet; beside you the gaoler will set a ewer – a ewer is only a jug, stupid; it won’t eat you – a ewer with water; and a mouldering crust will be your food.’

But Albert-next-door never enters into the spirit of a thing. He mumbled something about tea-time.

Chapter 8

When it was done Albert-next-door’s uncle had it copied for us in typewriting, and we sent copies to all our friends, and then of course there was no one left that we could ask to buy it. We did not think of that until too late. We called the paper the Lewisham Recorder; Lewisham because we live there, and Recorder in memory of the good editor. I could write a better paper on my head, but an editor is not allowed to write all the paper. It is very hard, but he is not. You just have to fill up with what you can get from other writers. If I ever have time I will write a paper all by myself.

Chapter 8

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And the way he came down was awful, I’m told;
But it’s nothing to the way one of the Editors comes down on me,
If I crumble my bread-and-butter or spill my tea.

Chapter 9

The room had velvet curtains and a soft, soft carpet, and it was full of the most splendid things. Black and gold cabinets, and china, and statues, and pictures. There was a picture of a cabbage and a pheasant and a dead hare that was just like life, and I would have given worlds to have it for my own. The fur was so natural I should never have been tired of looking at it; but Alice liked the one of the girl with the broken jug best. Then besides the pictures there were clocks and candlesticks and vases, and gilt looking-glasses, and boxes of cigars and scent and things littered all over the chairs and tables. It was a wonderful place, and in the middle of all the splendor was a little old gentleman with a very long black coat and a very long white beard and a hookey nose – like a falcon. And he put on a pair of gold spectacles and looked at us as if he knew exactly how much our clothes were worth.

Chapter 10

We were all crying except Oswald, and the others say he was; and Lord Tottenham went on –

‘Well, well, I see you’re sorry. Let this be a lesson to you; and we’ll say no more about it. I’m an old man now, but I was young once.’

Then Alice slid along the bench close to him, and put her hand on his arm: her fingers were pink through the holes in her woolly gloves, and said, ‘I think you’re very good to forgive us, and we are really very, very sorry. But we wanted to be like the children in the books – only we never have the chances they have. Everything they do turns out all right.’

Chapter 11

‘Oh dear, oh dear – I do try, I do. And when Mother died she said, “Dora, take care of the others, and teach them to be good, and keep them out of trouble and make them happy.” She said, “Take care of them for me, Dora dear.” And I have tried, and all of you hate me for it; and today I let you do this, though I knew all the time it was silly.’

Chapter 11

I hope you will not think I was a muff but I kissed Dora for some time. Because girls like it. And I will never say again that she comes the good elder sister too much. And I have put all this in though I do hate telling about it, because I own I have been hard on Dora, but I never will be again. She is a good old sort; of course we never knew before about what Mother told her, or we wouldn’t have ragged her as we did. We did not tell the little ones, but I got Alice to speak to Dicky, and we three can sit on the others if requisite.

Chapter 12

It was rather jolly while Noël had that cold. He had a fire in his bedroom which opens out of Dicky’s and Oswald’s, and the girls used to read aloud to Noël all day; they will not read aloud to you when you are well. Father was away at Liverpool on business, and Albert’s uncle was at Hastings. We were rather glad of this, because we wished to give all the medicines a fair trial, and grown-ups are but too fond of interfering. As if we should have given him anything poisonous!

Chapter 12

'Let's have a look at you, young man,' said Albert's uncle, and he sat down on the edge of the bed. It is a rather shaky bed, the bar that keeps it steady underneath got broken when we were playing burglars last winter. It was our crowbar. He began to feel Noël's pulse, and went on talking.

'It was revealed to the Arab physician as he made merry in his tents on the wild plains of Hastings that the Presence had a cold in its head. So he immediately seated himself on the magic carpet, and bade it bear him hither, only pausing in the flight to purchase a few sweetmeats in the bazaar.'

He pulled out a jolly lot of chocolate and some butter-scotch, and grapes for Noël. When we had all said thank you, he went on.

'The physician's are the words of wisdom: it's high time this kid was asleep. I have spoken. Ye have my leave to depart.'

Chapter 13

Now what I am going to tell you is a very strange and wonderful thing, and I hope you will be able to believe it. I should not, if a boy told me, unless I knew him to be a man of honour, and perhaps not then unless he gave his sacred word. But it is true, all the same, and it only shows that the days of romance and daring deeds are not yet at an end.

Alice was just asking Noël how he would deal with the robber who wouldn't go if he was asked politely and quietly, when we heard a noise downstairs – quite a plain noise, not the king of noise you fancy you hear. It was like somebody moving a chair. We held our breath and listened – and then came another noise, like some one poking a fire. Now, you remember there was no one to poke a fire or move a chair downstairs, because Eliza and Father were both out.

Chapter 13

Of course, we had often talked about robbers before, but it is very different when you sit in a room and listen and listen and listen; and Oswald felt somehow that it would be easier to go down and see what it was, than to wait, and listen, and wait, and wait, and listen, and wait, and then perhaps to hear It, whatever it was, come creeping slowly up the stairs as softly as It could with Its boots off, and the stairs creaking, towards the room where we were with the door open in case of Eliza coming back suddenly, and all dark on the landings. And then it would have been just as bad, and it would have lasted longer, and you would have known you were a

coward besides.

Chapter 13

Oswald was so pleased to see the light, knowing that burglars prefer the dark, or at any rate the dark lantern, that he felt really sure it was the cat after all, and then he thought it would be fun to make the others upstairs think it was really a robber. So he cocked the pistol – you can cock it, but it doesn't go off – and he said, 'Come on, Dick!' and he rushed at the study door and burst into the room, crying 'Surrender! you are discovered! Surrender or I fire! Throw up your hands!'

And, as he finished saying it, he saw before him, standing on the study hearthrug, a Real Robber. There was no mistake about it.

Chapter 14

So we dug – that is, we got the loose board up. And Alice threw up her arms and cried –

'See the rich treasure – the gold in thick layers, with silver and diamonds stuck in it!'

'Like currants in cake,' said H. O.

'It's a lovely treasure,' said Dicky yawning. 'Let's come back and carry it away another day.'

But Alice was kneeling by the hole.

'Let me feast my eyes on the golden splendor,' she said, 'hidden these long centuries from the human eye. Behold how the magic rod has led us to treasures more – Oswald, don't push so! – more bright than ever monarch – I say, there is something down there, really. I saw it shine!'

Chapter 14

'My hero's folly has involved him in a difficulty,' he said. 'It is his own fault. I will leave him to meditate on the incredible fatuity – the harebrained recklessness – which has brought him to this pass. It will be a lesson to him. I meantime, will give myself unreservedly to the pleasures of your conversation.'

That's one thing I like Albert's uncle for. He always talks like a book, and yet you can always understand what he means. I think he is more like us, inside of his mind, than most grown-up

people are. He can pretend beautifully. I never met any one else so good at it, except our robber, and we began it, with him. But it was Albert's uncle who first taught us how to make people talk like books when you're playing things, and he made us learn to tell a story straight from the beginning, not starting in the middle like most people do.

Chapter 15

So we at once showed the Uncle how to be a dauntless hunter. The rabbit was the deer we had slain in the green forest with our trusty yew bows, and we toasted the joints of it, when the Uncle had carved it, on bits of firewood sharpened to a point. The Uncle's piece got a little burnt, but he said it was delicious, and he said game was always nicer when you had killed it yourself. When Eliza had taken away the rabbit bones and brought in the pudding, we waited till she had gone out and shut the door, and then we put the dish down on the floor and slew the pudding in the dish in the good old-fashioned way. It was a wild boar at bay, and very hard indeed to kill, even with forks.

Chapter 16

'Here comes the coach of the Fairy Godmother. It'll stop here, you see if it doesn't!'

So they all came to the window to look. Oswald had only said that about stopping and he was stricken with wonder and amazement when the cab really did stop. It had boxes on the top and knobby parcels sticking out of the window, and it was something like going away to the seaside and something like the gentleman who takes things about in a carriage with the wooden shutters up, to sell to the drapers' shops. The cabman got down, and some one inside handed out ever so many parcels of different shapes and sizes, and the cabman stood holding them in his arms and grinning over them.

Dora said, 'It is a pity some one doesn't tell him this isn't the house.' And then from inside the cab some one put out a foot feeling for the step, like a tortoise's foot coming out from under his shell when you are holding him off the ground, and then a leg came and more parcels, and then Noël cried –

'It's the poor Indian!'

And it was.

Chapter 16

This ending is like what happens in Dickens's books; but I think it was much jollier to happen

like a book, and it shows what a nice man the Uncle is, the way he did it all.

Think how flat it would have been if the Uncle had said, when we first offered him the one and threepence farthing, 'Oh, I don't want your dirty one and three-pence! I'm very rich indeed.' Instead of which he saved up the news of his wealth till Christmas, and then told us all in one glorious burst. Besides, I can't help if it is like Dickens, because it happens this way. Real life is often something like books.

***Trial and Triumph by Richard Hannula (Chp. 36-44)**

Chapter 36

Carey put most of his time into Bible translations so the people could read God's Word for themselves. He stayed up late, rose early, and often skipped meals as he worked. One of his Indian translation helpers asked, "What kind of body has Mr. Carey? I cannot understand him. He never seems hungry nor tired and never leaves a thing until it's finished."

Chapter 37

The most difficult thing Livingston faced in his travels was not lack of water or attack from wild animals but seeing the horrors of the slave trade. "It is impossible to overstate the evils of the slave trade," he said. "The sights I have seen are so sickening that I always strive to drive them from my memory. But the slavery scenes come back unbidden and make me start up at the dead of night, horrified by their vividness." He prayed, "O almighty God, help! Help! And leave not these wretched people to the slave dealer and Satan."

Chapter 38

That very day the old chief and many of his people rounded up their idols, burned them, and came to Paton, eager to learn about God. In the following years, most of the people of Aniwa believed in Jesus Christ. Paton translated the Bible into their language and taught them to read. John Paton never returned as a missionary to Tanna, but he lived to see others restart the work there, and he rejoiced to hear that some on that dark island had turned to the Lord.

Chapter 39

"Why, yes," the people joined in, "what about the buttons in the middle of the honorable back!" Hudson Taylor could not give them a good reason for the three useless, decorative buttons on

the back of his coat. As the crowd slipped away, the words – “in the middle of the honorable back” – rang in his ears. It was clear, his English clothing hindered his message.

Not long before, while he sat cross-legged, eating a bowl of duck eggs and fried rice with chopsticks, several Chinese men looked on.

Chapter 40

But then Amy was powerfully struck by the image of Christ wrapping himself in a towel and stooped to wash the disciples' feet. The Savior did not view humble service as small or unimportant. So Amy Carmichael willingly let her “feet be tied” for the love of Him whose feet were pierced. They called her Amma (mother) and she called them “Lotus Buds.” They built a school and medical clinic as the number of children grew.

Chapter 41

Yet despite being raised in a Christian home and church where the good news of Christ was clearly taught, Charles Spurgeon had not been given a new heart by the Spirit. “The light was there,” Spurgeon wrote later, “but I was blind.” When Charles Spurgeon was fifteen years old, his lost state before God and the guilt of his sin weighed heavily upon him. One Sunday morning in the midst of a snowstorm, he popped into a little Methodist chapel, brushed off the snow from his coat and boots, and sat down with the few other worshippers.

Chapter 42

Ti-to went on to study at a Christian academy and prepare for the ministry. Later, he returned to his hometown and discovered that nearly all of his family were murdered by the Boxers. “I am not sad or lonely,” he said. “How could I have thought a few months ago during the terror that I would so soon be with our Christian friends; that I would have a chance to study; that I could go to church every Sunday with hundreds of God’s people who had escaped from the Boxers? God has been very good to me.”

Chapter 42

Mrs. Kao looked into Jessica’s eyes and asked, “Are you afraid?”

“Mother,” she answered, “Jesus is with us, there isn’t anything to fear.”

“Let’s pray together,” Mrs. Kao told Jessica. With their hands tied behind their backs, surrounded by a jeering crowd, they knelt in the dust and prayed. When they arose, Mrs. Kao smiled; she turned to her daughter and said, “Jessica, I see Jesus has come; do you see Him?”

Chapter 43

Fed up with the theological liberals who controlled all the Dutch universities and seminaries, Kuyper spoke out, not mincing the words on what he believed the liberals did. “They destroy the church’s theology,” he said, “they rob the church of her Bible and destroy her liberty in Christ.” So Abraham Kuyper, with the help of like-minded men and women, founded the Free University. It was called free because it was not under the control of Parliament or the liberal state church.

Chapter 44

Machen’s strong arguments in Christianity and Liberalism opened the eyes of many Christians to the true nature of liberalism and encouraged them to stand up for the faith. But liberalism had already spread rapidly. Even the new president of Princeton wanted to change the seminary to make it more agreeable to the liberals. For several years, the president worked to convince church leaders that Machen and the other professors were wrong and that Princeton would be better if it were more open to liberal views of the Bible.

***What Everyone Should Know About the 20th Century by Axelrod & Phillips**

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***Wild Animals I Have Known by Ernest Thompson Seton**

Chapter 1

Old Lobo, or the king, as the Mexicans called him, was the gigantic leader of a remarkable pack of gray wolves, that had ravaged the Currumpaw Valley for a number of years. All the shepherds and ranch-men knew him well, and, wherever he appeared with his trusty band, terror reigned supreme among the cattle, and wrath and despair among their owners. Old Lobo was a giant among wolves, and was cunning and strong in proportion to his size. His voice at night was well-known and easily distinguished from that of any of his fellows. An ordinary wolf might howl half the night about the herdsman’s bivouac without attracting more than a passing

notice, but when the deep roar of the old king came booming down the cañon, the watcher bestirred himself and prepared to learn in the morning that fresh and serious inroads had been made among the herds.

Chapter 1

A lion shorn of his strength, an eagle robbed of his freedom, or a dove bereft of his mate, all die, it is said, of a broken heart; and who will aver that this grim bandit could bear the three-fold brunt, heart-whole? This only I know, that when the morning dawned, he was lying there still in his position of calm repose, but his spirit was gone—the old king-wolf was dead.

Chapter 2

How many of us have ever got to know a wild animal? I do not mean merely to meet with one once or twice, or to have one in a cage, but to really know it for a long time while it is wild, and to get an insight into its life and history. The trouble usually is to know one creature from his fellow. One fox or crow is so much like another that we cannot be sure that it really is the same next time we meet. But once in awhile there arises an animal who is stronger or wiser than his fellow, who becomes a great leader, who is, as we would say, a genius, and if he is bigger, or has some mark by which men can know him, he soon becomes famous in his country, and shows us that the life of a wild animal may be far more interesting and exciting than that of many human beings.

Chapter 2

Crows are, as you must know, our most intelligent birds. -'Wise as an old crow' did not become a saying without good reason. Crows know the value of organization, and are as well drilled as soldiers—very much better than some soldiers, in fact, for crows are always on duty, always at war, and always dependent on each other for life and safety. Their leaders not only are the oldest and wisest of the band, but also the strongest and bravest, for they must be ready at any time with sheer force to put down an upstart or a rebel. The rank and file are the youngsters and the crows without special gifts.

Chapter 2

There is only one time when a crow is a fool, and that is at night. There is only one bird that terrifies the crow, and that is the owl. When, therefore, these come together it is a woful thing for the sable birds. The distant hoot of an owl after dark is enough to make them withdraw their

heads from under their wings, and sit trembling and miserable till morning. In very cold weather the exposure of their faces thus has often resulted in a crow having one or both of his eyes frozen, so that blindness followed and therefore death. There are no hospitals for sick crows.

Chapter 3

The low rasping went past close at hand, then to the right, then back, and seemed going away. Rag felt he knew what he was about; he wasn't a baby; it was his duty to learn what it was. He slowly raised his roly-poly body on his short fluffy legs, lifted his little round head above the covering of his nest and peeped out into the woods. The sound had ceased as soon as he moved. He saw nothing, so took one step forward to a clear view, and instantly found himself face to face with an enormous Black Serpent.

Chapter 3

As soon as Rag was big enough to go out alone, his mother taught him the signal code. Rabbits telegraph each other by thumping on the ground with their hind feet. Along the ground sound carries far; a thump that at six feet from the earth is not heard at twenty yards will, near the ground, be heard at least one hundred yards. Rabbits have very keen hearing, and so might hear this same thump at two hundred yards, and that would reach from end to end of Olifant's Swamp. A single thump means 'look out' or 'freeze.' A slow thump thump means 'come.' A fast thump thump means 'danger'; and a very fast thump thump thump means 'run for dear life.'

Chapter 3

And Rag still lives in the Swamp. Old Olifant died that winter, and the unthrifty sons ceased to clear the Swamp or mend the wire fences. Within a single year it was a wilder place than ever; fresh trees and brambles grew, and falling wires made many Cottontail castles and last retreats that dogs and foxes dared not storm. And there to this day lives Rag. He is a big strong buck now and fears no rivals. He has a large family of his own, and a pretty brown wife that he got I know not where. There, no doubt, he and his children's children will flourish for many years to come, and there you may see them any sunny evening if you have learnt their signal code, and choosing a good spot on the ground, know just how and when to thump it.

Chapter 4

Early in the spring I had begun Bingo's education. Very shortly afterward he began mine.

Midway on the two-mile stretch of prairie that lay between our shanty and the village of Carberry, was the corner-stake of the farm; it was a stout post in a low mound of earth, and was visible from afar.

I soon noticed that Bingo never passed with-out minutely examining this mysterious post. Next I learned that it was also visited by the prairie wolves as well as by all the dogs in the neighborhood, and at length, with the aid of a telescope, I made a number of observations that helped me to an understanding of the matter and enabled me to enter more fully into Bingo's private life.

The post was by common agreement a registry of the canine tribes. Their exquisite sense of smell enabled each individual to tell at once by the track and trace what other had recently been at the post.

Chapter 4

As I lay there the red sun went down over the spruce swamp west of the plain, and a shorelark on a gopher mound a few yards off twittered his evening song, just as one had done the night before at our shanty door, and though the numb pains were creeping up my arm, and a deadly chill possessed me, I noticed how long his little ear-tufts were. Then my thoughts went to the comfortable supper-table at Wright's shanty, and I thought, now they are frying the pork for supper, or just sitting down. My pony still stood as I left him with his bridle on the ground patiently waiting to take me home. He did not understand the long delay, and when I called, he ceased nibbling the grass and looked at me in dumb, helpless inquiry. If he would only go home the empty saddle might tell the tale and bring help. But his very faithfulness kept him waiting hour after hour while I was perishing of cold and hunger.

Chapter 4

Night came slowly on. A prairie wolf howled, the pony pricked up his ears and walking nearer to me, stood with his head down. Then another prairie wolf howled and another, and I could make out that they were gathering in the neighborhood. There I lay prone and helpless, wondering if it would not be strictly just that they should come and tear me to pieces. I heard them calling for a long time before I realized that dim, shadowy forms were sneaking near. The horse saw them first, and his terrified snort drove them back at first, but they came nearer next time and sat around me on the prairie. Soon one bolder than the others crawled up and tugged at the body of his dead relative. I shouted and he retreated growling. The pony ran to a distance in terror. Presently the wolf returned, and after two or three of these retreats and returns, the body was dragged off and devoured by the rest in a few minutes.

Chapter 5

The hens had been mysteriously disappearing for over a month; and when I came home to Springfield for the summer holidays it was my duty to find the cause. This was soon done. The fowls were carried away bodily one at a time, before going to roost or else after leaving, which put tramps and neighbors out of court; they were not taken from the high perches, which cleared all coons and owls; or left partly eaten, so that weasels, skunks, or minks were not the guilty ones, and the blame, therefore, was surely left at Reynard's door.

Chapter 5

We boys had often used this tree in playing Swiss Family Robinson, and by cutting steps in its soft punky walls had made it easy to go up and down in the hollow. Now it came in handy, for next day when the sun was warm I went there to watch, and from this perch on the roof, I soon saw the interesting family that lived in the cellar near by. There were four little foxes; they looked curiously like little lambs, with their woolly coats, their long thick legs and innocent expressions, and yet a second glance at their broad, sharp-nosed, sharp-eyed visages showed that each of these innocents was the makings of a crafty old fox.

Chapter 5

For each kind of prey they were taught a way to hunt, for every animal has some great strength or it could not live, and some great weakness or the others could not live. The squirrel's weakness was foolish curiosity; the fox's that he can't climb a tree. And the training of the little foxes was all shaped to take advantage of the weakness of the other creatures and to make up for their own by defter play where they are strong.

Chapter 6

Antelope Springs is in the middle of a great level plain. When the water is high it spreads into a small lake with a belt of sedge around it; when it is low there is a wide flat of black mud, glistening white with alkali in places, and the spring a water-hole in the middle. It has no flow or outlet and is fairly good water, the only drinking-place for many miles.

Chapter 6

At the first streak of dawn he was up, and within a short half-mile, thanks to the snowy mare, he found the band. At his approach, the shrill neigh of the Pacer bugled his troop into a flying squad. But on the first mesa they stopped, and faced about to see what this persistent follower was, and what he wanted. For a moment or so they stood against the sky to gaze, and then

deciding that he knew him as well as he wished to, that black meteor flung his mane on the wind, and led off at his tireless, even swing, while the mares came streaming after.

Chapter 6

Terror lent speed and double strength for a moment, but the end of the rope was reached, and down he went a captive, a hopeless prisoner at last. Old Tom's ugly, little crooked form sprang from the pit to complete the mastering of the great glorious creature whose mighty strength had proved as nothing when matched with the wits of a little old man. With snorts and desperate bounds of awful force the great beast dashed and struggled to be free; but all in vain. The rope was strong.

Chapter 7

Wully was a little yaller dog. A yaller dog, be it understood, is not necessarily the same as a yellow dog. He is not simply a canine whose capillary covering is highly charged with yellow pigment. He is the mongrelest mixture of all mongrels, the least common multiple of all dogs, the breedless union of all breeds, and though of no breed at all, he is yet of older, better breed than any of his aristocratic relations, for he is nature's attempt to restore the ancestral jackal, the parent stock of all dogs.

Chapter 7

Day after day, week after week Wully watched and waited for his master, who never came. The ferry men learned to respect Wully's fidelity. At first he scorned their proffered food and shelter, and lived no one knew how, but starved to it at last, he accepted the gifts and learned to tolerate the givers. Although embittered against the world, his heart was true to his worthless master.

Chapter 7

By the flickering fire-light Huldah could see a strange, wild gleam in his eye, and his jaws and snowy breast were dashed with fresh blood. The dog ceased his slight panting as he scrutinized the girl. Then, as she did not move, he lay down, and began to lick his paws and muzzle, growling lowly once or twice as though at the remembrance of some recent occurrence.

Chapter 8

Their start in life was a good mother, good legs, a few reliable instincts, and a germ of reason. It was instinct, that is, inherited habit, which taught them to hide at the word from their mother; it was instinct that taught them to follow her, but it was reason which made them keep under the shadow of her tail when the sun was smiting down, and from that day reason entered more and more into their expanding lives.

Chapter 8

The ruff is to the partridge what the train is to the peacock—his chief beauty and his pride. A hen's ruff is black with a slight green gloss. A cock's is much larger and blacker and is glossed with more vivid bottle-green. Once in a while a partridge is born of unusual size and vigor, whose ruff is not only larger, but by a peculiar kind of intensification is of a deep coppery red, iridescent with violet, green, and gold. Such a bird is sure to be a wonder to all who know him, and the little one who had squatted on the chip, and had always done what he was told, developed before the Acorn Moon had changed, into all the glory of a gold and copper ruff—for this was Redruff, the famous partridge of the Don Valley.

Chapter 8

The deeper snow was still quite soft, and Redruff bored his way to the top, but there the hard, white sheet defied his strength. Hammer and struggle as he might he could make no impression, and only bruised his wings and head. His life had been made up of keen joys and dull hardships, with frequent sudden desperate straits, but this seemed the hardest brunt of all, as the slow hours wore on and found him weakening with his struggles, but no nearer to freedom. He could hear the struggling of his family, too, or sometimes heard them calling to him for help with their long-drawn plaintive 'p-e-e-e-e-e-t-e, p-e-e-e-e-e-t-e.'

Wouldbegoods by Edith Nesbit

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Adventures of Huckleberry Finn by Mark Twain

Chapter I

Now the way that the book winds up, is this: Tom and me found the money that the robbers hid in the cave, and it made us rich. We got six thousand dollars apiece – all gold. It was an awful sight of money when it was piled up. Well, Judge Thatcher, he took it and put it out at interest, and it fetched us a dollar a day a piece, all the year round – more than a body could tell what to do with. The widow Douglas, she took me for her son, and allowed she would sivilize me; but it was rough living in the house all the time, considering how dismal regular and decent the widow was in all her ways; and so when I couldn't stand it no longer, I lit out.

Chapter II

We went tip-toeing along a path amongst the trees back towards the end of the widow's garden, stopping down so as the branches wouldn't scrape our heads. When we was passing by the kitchen I fell over a root and made a noise. We scrouched down and laid still. Miss Watson's big nigger, named Jim, was setting in the kitchen door; we could see him pretty clear, because there was a light behind him. He got up and stretched his neck out about a minute, listening. Then he says, "Who dah?"

Chapter III

We played robber now and then about a month, and then I resigned. All the boys did. We hadn't robbed nobody, we hadn't killed any people, but only just pretended. We used to hop out of the woods and go charging down on hog-drovers and women in carts taking garden stuff to market, but we never hived any of them. Tom Sawyer called the hogs "ingots," and he called the turnips and stuff "julery" and we would go to the cave and pow-wow over what we had done and how many people we had killed and marked.

Chapter IV

I went down the front garden and clumb over the stile, where you go through the high board fence. There was an inch of new snow on the ground, and I seen somebody's tracks. They had come up from the quarry and stood around the stile a while, and then went on around the garden fence. It was funny they hadn't come in, after standing around so. I couldn't make it out. It was very curious, somehow. I was going to follow around, but I stooped down to look at the tracks first. I didn't notice anything at first, but next I did. There was a cross in the left boot-heel made with big nails, to keep off the devil.

Chapter V

He was most fifty, and he looked it. His hair was long and tangled and greasy, and hung down, and you could see his eyes shining through like he was behind vines. It was all black, no gray; so was his long, mixed-up whiskers. There warn't no color in his face, where his face showed; it was white; not like another man's white, but a white to make a body sick, a white to make a body's flesh crawl – a tree-toad white, a fish-belly white.

Chapter VI

He kept me with him all the time, and I never got a chance to run off. We lived in that old cabin, and he always locked the door and put the key under his head, nights. He had a gun which he had stole, I reckon, and we fished and hunted, and that was what we lived on. Every little while he locked me in and went down to the store, three miles, to the ferry, and traded fish and game for whisky and fetched it home and got drunk and had a good time, and licked me. The widow she found out where I was, by-and-by, and she sent a man over to try to get hold of me, but pap drove him off with the gun, and it warn't long after that till I was used to being where I was, and liked it, all but the cowhide part.

Chapter VII

It was about dark, now; so I dropped the canoe down the river under some willows that hung over the bank, and waited for the moon to rise. I made fast to a willow; then I took a bite to eat, and by-and-by laid down in the canoe to smoke a pipe and lay out a plan. I says to myself, they'll follow the track of that sackful of rocks to the shore and then drag the river for me. And they'll follow that meal track to the lake and go browsing down the creek that leads out of it to find the robbers that killed me and took the things. They won't ever hunt the river for anything but my dead carcass. They'll soon get tired of that, and won't bother no more about me.

Chapter VIII

I set there behind a clump of bushes, in about six foot of him, and kept my eyes on him steady. It was getting gray daylight, now. Pretyy soon he gapped, and stretched himself, and hove off the blanket, and it was Miss Watson's Jim! I bet I was glad to see him. I says:

"Hello, Jim!" and skipped out.

He bounced up and stared at me wild. Then he drops down on his knees, and puts his hands together and says:

"Doan' hurt me – don't! I hain't ever done no harm to a ghos'. I awluz liked dead people, en done all I could for 'em. You go en git in de river agin, whah you b'longs, en doan' do nuffn to Ole Jim, 'at' uz awluz yo' fren'."

Chapter IX

This place was a tolerable long steep hill or ridge, about forty foot high. We had a rough time getting to the top, the sides was so steep and the bushes so thick. We tramped and clumb around all over it, and by-and-by found a good big cavern in the rock, most up to the top on the side towards Illinois. The cavern was as big as two or three rooms bunched together, and Jim could stand up straight in it. It was cool in there. Jim was for putting our traps in there, right away, but I said we didn't want to be climbing up and down there all the time.

Chapter X

I started across to the town from a little below the ferry landing, and the drift of the current fetched me in at the bottom of the town. I tied up and started along the bank. There was a light burning in a little shanty that hadn't been lived in for a long time, and I wondered who had took up quarters there. I slipped up and peeped in at the window. There was a woman about forty year old in there, knitting by a candle that was on a pine table. I didn't know her face; she was a stranger, for you couldn't start a face in that town that I didn't know. Now this was lucky, because I was weakening; I was getting afraid I had come; people might know my voice and find me out. But if this woman had been in such a little town two days she could tell me all I wanted to know; so I knocked at the door, and made up my mind I wouldn't forget I was a girl.

Chapter XI

Well, you're innocent, ain't you! Does three hundred dollars lay round every day for people to pick up? Some folks thinks the nigger ain't far from here. I'm one of them – but I hain't talked it around. A few days ago I was talking with an old couple that lives next door in the log shanty, and they happened to say hardly anybody ever goes to that island over yonder that they call Jackson's Island. Don't anybody live there? Says I. No, nobody, says they. I didn't say any more, but I done some thinking. I was pretty near certain I'd seen smoke over there, about the head of the island, a day or two before that, so I says to myself, like as not that nigger's hiding over there; anyway, says I, it's worth the trouble to give the place a hunt. I hain't seen any smoke sence, so I reckon maybe he's gone, if it was him; but husband's going over to see – him and another man. He was gone up the river; but he got back to-day and I told him as soon as he got here two hours ago."

Chapter XII

The fifth night below St. Louis we had a big storm after midnight, with a power of thunder and lightening, and the rain poured down in a solid sheet. We stayed in the wigwam and let the raft take care of itself. When the lightning glared out we could see a big straight river ahead, and high rocky bluffs on both sides. By-and-by says I, "Hel-lo, Jim, looky yonder!" It was a steamboat that had killed herself on a rock. We was drifting straight down for her. The lightning showed her very distinct. She was leaning over, with part of her upper deck above water, and you could see every little chimblly-

guy clean and clear, and a chair by the big bell, with an old slouch hat hanging on the back of it when the flashes come.

Chapter XIII

The door slammed to, because it was on the careened side; and in a half second I was in the boat, and Jim come a tumbling after me. I out with my knife and cut the rope, and away we went!

We didn't touch an oar, and we didn' speak nor whisper, nor hardly even breath. We went gliding sift along, dead silent, past the tip of the paddle-box, and past the stern; then in a second or two more we was a hundred yards below the wreck, and the darkness soaked her up, every last sign of her, and we was safe, and knowed it.

Chapter XIV

I read considerable to Jim about kings, and dukes, and earls, and such, and how gaudy they dressed, and how much style they put on, and called each other your majesty, and your grace, and your lordship, and so on, 'stead of mister; and Jim's eyes bugged out, and he was interested. He says:

"I didn' know dey was so many un um. I hain't hearn 'bout none un um, skasely, but ole King Sollermun, onless you counts dem kings dat's in a pack er k'yards. How much do a king git?"

"Get?" I says; "why, they get a thousand dollars a month if they want it; they can have just as much as they want; everything belongs to them."

"Ain' dat gay? En what dey got to do, Huck?"

"They don't do nothing! Why how you talk. They just set around."

"No – is dat so?"

Chapter XV

I threwed the paddle down. I heard the whoop again; it was behind me yet, but in a different place; it kept coming, and kept changing its place, and I kept answering, till by-and-by it was in front of me again and I knowed the current had swung the canoe's head down stream and I was all right, if that was Jim and not some other raftsmen hollering. I couldn't tell nothing about voices in a fog, for nothing don't look natural nor sound natural in a fog.

The whooping went on, and in about a minute I come a booming down on a cut bank with smoky ghosts of big trees on it, and the current throwed me off to the left and shot by, amongst a lot of snags that fairly roared, the current was tearing by them so swift.

Chapter XVI

I dived – and I aimed to find the bottom, too, for a thirty-foot wheel had got to go over me, and I wanted it to have plenty of room. I could always stay under water a minute; this time I reckon I staid under water a minute and a half. Then I bounced for the top in a hurry, for I was nearly busting. I popped out to my arm-pits and blowed the water out

of my nose, and puffed a bit. Of course there was a booming current; and of course that boat started her engines again ten seconds after she stopped them, for they never cared much for raftsmen; so now she was churning along up the river, out of sight in the thick weather, though I could hear her.

I sung out for Jim about a dozen times, but I didn't get any answer; so I grabbed a plank that touched me while I was "treading water," and struck out for shore, shoving it ahead of me.

Chapter XVII

"Why bless you, Saul, the poor thing's as wet as he can be; and don't you reckon it may be he's hungry?"

"True for you, Rachel – I forgot."

So the old lady says:

"Betsy" (this was a nigger woman), "you fly around and get him something to eat, as quick as you can, poor thing; and one of you girls go and wake up Buck and tell him – Oh, here he is himself. Buck, take this little stranger and get the wet clothes off from him and dress him up in some of yours that's dry."

Buck looked about as old as me – thirteen or fourteen or along there, though he was a little bigger than me.

Chapter XVIII

It was just dark, now. I never went near the house, but struck through the woods and made for the swamp. Jim warn't on his island, so I tramped off in a hurry for the crick, and crowded through the willows, red-hot to jump aboard and get out of that awful country – the raft was gone! My souls, but I was scared! I couldn't get my breath for most a minute. Then I raised a yell. A voice not twenty-five foot from me, says – "Good lan'! is dat you, honey? Doan' make no noise."

It was Jim's voice – nothing ever sounded so good before.

Chapter XIX

The duke done it, and Jim and me was pretty glad to see it. It took away all the uncomfortableness, and we felt mighty good over it, because it would a been a miserable business to have any unfriendliness on the raft; for what you want, above all things, on a raft, is for everybody to be satisfied, and feel right and kind towards the others.

It didn't take me long to make up my mind that these liars warn't no kings nor dukes, at all, but just low-down humbugs and frauds. But I never said nothing, never let on; kept it to myself; it's the best way; then you don't have no quarrels, and don't get into no trouble.

Chapter XX

“Now,” says the duke, “after to-night we can run in the daytime if we want to. Whenever we see anybody coming, we can tie Jim hand and foot with a rope, and lay him in the wigwam and show this handbill and say we captured him up the river, and were too poor to travel on a steamboat, so we got this little raft on credit from our friends and are going down to get the reward. Handcuffs and chains would look still better on Jim, but it wouldn’t go well with the story of us being so poor. Too much like jewelry. Ropes are the correct thing – we must preserve the unities, as we say on the boards.”

Chapter XXI

All the stores was along one street. They had white-domestic awnings in front, and the country people hitched their horses to the awning-posts. There was empty dry-good boxes under the awnings, and loafers roosting on them all day long, whittling them with their Barlow knives; and chawing tobacco, and gaping and yawning and stretching – a mighty ornery lot. They generly had on yellow straw hats most as wide as an umbrella, but didn’t wear no coats nor waistcoats; they called one another Bill, and Buck, and Hank, and Joe, and Andy, and talked lazy and drawly, and used considerable many cuss-words.

Chapter XXII

”You didn’t want to come. The average man don’t like trouble and danger. You don’t like trouble and danger. But if only half a man – like Buck Harkness, there – shouts “Lynch him, lynch him!” you’re afraid to back down – afraid you’ll be found out to be what you are – cowards – and so you raise a yell, and hang yourselves onto that half-a-man’s coat tail, and come raging up here, swearing what big things you’re going to do. The pitifulest thing out is a mob; that’s what an army is – a mob; thy don’t fight with courage that’s born in them, but with courage that’s borrowed from their mass, and form their officers. But a mob without any man at the head of it, is beneath pitifulness. Now the thing for you to do, is to droop your tails and go home and crawl in a hole. If any real lynching’s going to be done, it will be done in the dark, Southern fashion; and when they come they’ll bring their masks, and fetch a man along. Now leave – and take your half-a-man with you” - tossing his gun up across his left arm and cocking it, when he says this.

Chapter XXIII

I went to sleep, and Jim didn’t call me when it was my turn. He often done that. When I waked up, just at day-break, he was setting there with his dead down betwixt his knees, moaning and mourning to himself. I didn’t take notice, nor let on. I knowed what it was about. He was thinking about his wife and his children, away up yonder, and he was low and homesick; because he hadn’t ever been away from home before in his life; and I do believe he cared just as much for his people as white folks does for their’n. It don’t seem natural, but I reckon it’s so.

Chapter XXIV

Well, the men gathered around, and sympathized with them, and said all sorts of kind things to them, and carried their carpet-bags up the hill for them, and let them lean on them and cry, and told the king all about his brother's last moments, and the king he told it all over again on his hands to the duke, and both of them took on about that dead tanner like they'd lost the twelve disciples. Well, if ever I struck anything like it, I'm a nigger. It was enough to make a body ashamed of the human race.

Chapter XXV

"I was your father's friend, and I'm your friend; and I warn you as a friend, and an honest one, that wants to protect you and keep you out of harm and trouble, to turn your backs on that scoundrel, and have nothing to do with him, the ignorant tramp, with his idiotic Greek and Hebrew as he calls it. He is the thinnest kind of an impostor – has come here with a lot of empty names and facts which he has picked up somewheres, and you take them for proofs, and are helped to fool yourselves by these foolish friends here, who ought to know better. Mary Jane Wilks, you know me for your friend and for your unselfish friends, too. Now listen to me; turn this pitiful rascal out – I beg you to do it. Will you?"

Chapter XXVI

"Your head's level, agin, duke," says the king; and he come a fumbling under the curtain two or three foot from where I was. I stuck tight to the wall, and kept mighty still, though quivery; and I wondered what them fellows would say to me if they caught me; and I tried to think what I'd better do if they did catch me. But the king he got the bag before I could think more than about a half a thought, and he never suspicioned I was around. They took and shoved the bag through a rip in the straw tick that was under the feather bed, an crammed it in a foot or two amongst the straw and said it was all right, now, because a nigger only makes up the feather bed, and don't turn over the straw tick only about twice a year, and so it warn't in no danger of getting stole, now.

Chapter XXVII

The king he visited around, in the evening, and sweetened every body up, and made himself ever so friendly; and he give out the idea that his congregation over in England would be in a sweat about him, so he must hurry and settle up the estate right away, and leave for home. He was very sorry he was so pushed, and so was everybody; they wished he could stay longer, but they said they could see it couldn't be done. And he said of course him and William would take the girls home with them; and that pleased everybody too, because then the girls would be well fixed, and amongst their own relations; and it pleased the girls, too – tickled them so they clean forgot they ever had a trouble in the world; and told him to sell out as quick as he wanted to, they would be ready. Them poor things was that glad and happy it made my heart ache to see them getting fooled and lied to so, but I didn't see no safe way for me to chip in and change the general tune.

Chapter XXVIII

I see I had spoke too sudden, and said too much, and was in a close place. I asked her to let me think a minute; and she set there, very impatient and excited, and handsome, but looking kind of happy and eased-up, like a person that's had a tooth pulled out. So I went to studying it out. I says to myself, I reckon a body that ups and tells the truth when he is in a tight place, is taking considerable many resks, though I ain't had no experience, and can't say for certain; but it looks so to me, anyway; and yet here's a case where I'm blest if it don't look to me like the truth is better, and actuly safer, than a lie. I must lay it by in my mind, and think it over some time or other, it's so kind of strange and unregular. I never see nothing like it. Well, I says to myself at last, I'm agoing to chance it; I'll up and tell the truth this time, though it does seem most like setting down on a kag of powder and touching it off just to see where you'll go to. Then I says:

"Miss Mary Jane, is there any place out of town a little ways, where you could go and stay three or four days?"

Chapter XXIX

So, in two seconds, away we went, a sliding down the river, and it di seem so good to be free again and all by ourselves on the big river and nobody to bother us. I had to skip around a bit, and jump up and crack my heels a few times, I couldn't help it; but about the third crack, I noticed a sound that I knowed mighty well – and held my breath and listened and waited – and sure enough, when the next flash busted out over the water, here they come! – and just a laying to their oars and making their skiff hum! It was the king and the duke.

So I wilted right down onto the planks, then, and give up; and it was all I could do to keep from crying.

Chapter XXX

Honest, I'll tell you everything, just as it happened, your majesty. The man that had aholt of me was very good to me, and kept saying he had a boy about as big as me that died last year, and he was sorry to see a boy in such a dangerous fix; and when they was all took by surprise by finding the gold, and made a rush for the coffin, he lets go of me and whispers, "Hell it, now, or they'll hang ye, sure!" and I lit out. It didn't seem no good for me to stay – I couldn't do nothing, and I didn't want to be hung if I could get away. So I never stopped running till I found the canoe; and when I got here I told Jim to hurry, or they'd catch me and hang me yet, and said I was afeard you and the duke wasn't alive, now, and I was awful sorry, and so was Jim, and was awful glad when we see you coming, you may ask Jim if I didn't."

Chapter XXXI

It made me shiver. And I about made up my mind to pray; and see if I couldn't try to quit being the kind of a boy I was, and be better. So I kneeled down. But the words wouldn't come. Why wouldn't they? It warn't no use to try and hide it from Him. Nor from me, neither. I knowed very well why they wouldn't come. It was because my heart warn't right; it was because I warn't square; it was because I was playing double. I was letting on to give up sin, but away inside of me I was holding on to the biggest one of all. I was trying to make my mouth say I would do the right thing and the clean thing, and go and write tot hat nigger's owner and tell where he was; but deep down in me I knowed it was a lie – and He knowed it. You can't pray a lie – I found that out.

Chapter XXXII

Now I was feeling pretty comfortable all down one side, and pretty uncomfortable all up the other. Being Tom Sawyer was easy and comfortable; and it stayed easy and comfortable till by-and-by I hear a steamboat coughing along down the river – then I says to myself, spose Tom Sawyer come down on that boat? – spose he steps in here, any minute, and sings out my name before I can throw him a wink to keep quiet? Well, I couldn't have it that way – it wouldn't do at all. I must go up the road and waylay him. So I told the folks I reckoned I would go up to the town and fetch down my baggage. The old gentlemen was for going along with me, but I said no, I could drive the horse myself, and I druther he wouldn't take no trouble about me.

Chapter XXXIII

On the road Tom he told me all about how it was reckoned I was murdered, and how pap disappeared, pretty soon, and didn't come back no more, and what a stir there was when Jim run away; and I told Tom all about our Royal Nonesuch rascallions, and as much of the raft-voyage as I had time to; and as we struck into the town and up through the middle of it – it was as much as half-after-eight, then – here comes a raging rush of people, with torches, and an awful whooping and yelling and banging tin pans and blowing horns; and we jumped to one side to let them go by; and as they went by, I see they had the king and the duke astraddle of a rail - that is, I knowed it was the king and the duke, though they was all over tar and feathers, and didn't look like nothing in the world that was human – just looked like a couple of monstrous big soldier-plumes. Well, it made me sick to see it; and I was sorry for them poor pitiful rascals, it seemed like I couldn't ever feel any hardness against them any more in the world. It was a dreadful thing to see. Human beings can be awful cruel to one another.

Chapter XXXIV

When we got in, we couldn't hardly see anything, it was so dark; but Jim was there, sure enough, and could see us; and he sings out
“Why, Huck! En good lan'! ain't dat Misto Tom?”
I just knowed how it would be; I just expected it. I didn't know nothing to do; and if I had, I couldn't a done it; because that nigger busted in and says:
“Why de gracious sakes! Do he know you genlmen?”

We could see pretty well, now. Tom he lookeded at the nigger, steady and king of wondering, and says:

“Does who know us?”

“Why, dish-yer runaway nigger.”

“I don’t reckon he does; but what put that into your head?”

“What put id dar? Didn’ he jis’ dis minute sing out like he knowed you?”

Tom says, in a puzzled-up kind of way:

“Well, that’s mighty curious. Who sung out? When did he sing out? What did he sing out?” And turns to me, perfectly c’am, and says, “Did you hear anybody sing out?”

Chapter XXXV

“What do we want of a saw?”

“What do we want of it? Hain’t we got to saw the leg of Jim’s bed off, so as to get the chain loose?”

“Why, you just said a body could lift up the bedstead and slip the chain off.”

“Well, if that ain’t just like you, Huck Finn. You can get up the infant-schooliest ways of going at a thing. Why, hain’t you ever read any books all? – Baron Trenck, nor Casanova, nor Benvenuto Chelleeny, nor Henri IV., nor none of them heroes? Whoever heard of getting a prisoner loose in such an old-maidy way as that? No; the way all the best authorities does, is to saw the bed-leg in tow, and leave it just so, and swallow the sawdust, so it can’t be found, and put some dirt and grease around the sawed place so the very keenest seneskal can’t see no sign of its being sawed, and thinks the bed-leg is perfectly sound.

Chapter XXXVI

Jim had plenty corn-cob pipes and tobacco so we had a right down good sociable time; then we crawled out through the hole, and so home to bed, with hands that looked like they’d been chewed. Tom was in high spirits. He said it was the best fun he ever had in his life, and the most intellectual; and said if he only could see his way to it we would keep it up all the rest of our lives and leave Jim to our children to get out; for he believed Jim would come to like it better and better the more he got used to it. He said that in that way it could be strung out to as much as eighty year, and would be the best time on record. And he said it would make us all celebrated that had a hand in it.

Chapter XXXVII

We took and lined her with dough, and set her in the coals, and loaded her up with the rag-rope, and put on a dough roof, and shut down the lid, and put hot embers on top, and stood off five foot, with the long handle, cool and comfortable, and in fifteen minutes she turned out a pie that was a satisfaction to look at. But the person that et it would want to fetch a couple of kags of toothpicks along, for if that rope-ladder wouldn’t cramp him down to business, I don’t know nothing what I’m talking about, and lay him in enough stomach-ache to last him till next time, too.

Nat didn't look, when we put the witch-pie in Jim's pan; and we put the three tin plates in the bottom of the pan under the vittles; and so Jim got everything all right, and as soon as he was by himself he busted into the pie and hid the rope-ladder inside of his straw tick, and scratched some marks on a tin plate and threwed it out of the window-hole.

Chapter XXXVIII

Making them pens was a distressed-tough job, and so was the saw; and Jim allowed the inscription was going to be the toughest of all. That's the one which the prisoner has to scabble on the wall. But we had to have it; Tom said we'd got to; there warn't no case of a state prisoner not scabbling his inscription to leave behind, and his coat of arms.

"Look at Lady Jane Grey," he says, "look at Gilford Dudley; look at old Northumberland! Why, Huck, spose it is considerble trouble? – what you going to do? – how you going to get around it? Jim's got to do his inscription and coat of arms. They all do."

Jim says: "Why, Mars Tom, I hain't got no coat o'arms; I hain't got nuffin but dish-yer ole shirt, en you knows I got to keep de journal on dat."

Chapter XXXIX

Next night we stuck a picture which Tom drewed in blood, of a skull and crossbones, on the front door; and the next night another one of a coffin, on the back door. I never see a family in such a sweat. They couldn't a been worse scared if the place had a been full of ghosts laying for them behind everything and under the beds and shivering through the air. If a door banged Aunt Sally she jumped, and said "ouch!" if anything fell, she jumped and said "ouch!" if you happened to touch her, when she warn't noticing, she done the same; she couldn't face noway and be satisfied, because she allowed there was something behind her every time – so she was always a whirling around, sudden, and saying "ouch," and before sh'd get two-thirds around, she'd whirl back again, and say it again; and she was afraid to go to bed, but she dasn't set up. So the thing was working very well, Tom said; he said he never see a thing work more satisfactory. He said it showed it was done right.

Chapter XL

We was all as glad as we could be, but Tom was the gladdest of all, because he had a bullet in the calf of his leg.

When me and Jim heard that, we didn't feel so brash as what we did before. It was hurting him considerble, and bleeding; so we laid him in the wigwam and tore up one of the duke's shirts for to bandage him, but he says: "Gimme the rags, I can do it myself. Don't stop, now; don't fool around here, and the evasion booming along so handsome; man the sweeps, and set her loose! Boys, we done it elegant! – 'deed we did. I wish we'd a had the handling of Louis XVI., there wouldn't a been no 'Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven!' wrote down in his biography:

no, sir, we'd a whooped him over the border – that's what we'd a done with him – and done it just as slick as nothing at all, too. Man the sweeps – man the sweeps.

Chapter XLI

“The door ain't going to be locked, Tom; and there's the window and the rod; but you'll be good, won't you? And you won't go? For my sake.”
Laws knows I wanted to go, bad enough, to see about Tom, and wall intending to go; but after that, I wouldn't a went, not for kingdoms.
But she was on my mind, and Tom was on my mind; so I slept very restless. And twice I went down the rod, away in the night, and slipped around front, and see her setting there by her candle in the window with her eyes towards the road and the tears in them; and I wished I could do something for her, but I couldn't, only to swear that I wouldn't never do nothing to grieve her any more. And the third time, I waked up at dawn, and slid down, and she was there yet, and her candle was most out, and her old gray head was resting on her hand, and she was asleep.

Chapter XLII

Aunt Sally she was one of the mixed-upset looking persons I ever see; except one, and that was Uncle Silas, when he come in, and they told it all to him. It kind of made him drunk, as you may say, and he didn't know nothing at all the rest of the day, and preached a prayer-meeting sermon that night that give him a rattling rputation, because the oldest man in the world couldn't a understood it. So Tom's Aunt Polly, she told all about who I was, and what; and I had to up and tell how I was in such a tight place that when Mrs. Phelps took me for Tom Sawyer – she chipped in and says, “Oh, go on and call me Aunt Sally, I'm used to it, now, and 'tain't no need to change” – that when Aunt Sally took me for Tom Sawyer, I had to stand it – there warn't no other way, and I knowed he wouldn't mind, because it would be nuts for him, being a mystery, and he'd make an adventure out of it be perfectly satisfied. And so it turned out, and he let on to be Sid, and made things as soft as he could for me.

Chapter the last

And then Tom he talked along, and talked along, and says, le's all three slide out of here, one of these nights, and get an outfit, and go for howling adventures amongst the Injuns, over in the Territory, for a couple of weeks or two; and I says, all right, that suits me, but I ain't got no money for to buy the outfit, and I reckon I couldn't get none from home, because it's likely pap's been back before now, and got it all away form Judge Thatcher and drunk it up.

“No he hain't,” Tom says, “it's all there, yet – six thousand dollars and more; and your pap hain't ever been back since. Hadn't when I come away, anyhow.”

Jims says, kind of solemn:

“He ain't a comin' back no mo', Huck.”

I says:

“Why, Jim?”

“Nemmine why, Huck – but he ain’t comin’ back no mo’.”

***Age of Fable by Thomas Bulfinch (Chp. 29-end)**

Chapter 29

From Troy the vessels first made land at Ismarus, city of the Ciconians, where, in a skirmish with the inhabitants, Ulysses lost six men from each ship. Sailing thence, they were overtaken by a storm which drove them for nine days along the sea till they reached the country of the Lotus-eaters. Here, after watering, Ulysses sent three of his men to discover who the inhabitants were. These men on coming among the Lotus-eaters were kindly entertained by them, and were given some of their own food, the lotus-plant, to eat. The effect of this food was such that those who partook of it lost all thoughts of home and wished to remain in that country. It was by main force that Ulysses dragged these men away, and he was even obliged to tie them under the benches of his ships.

Chapter 29

Their next adventure was with the barbarous tribe of Laestrygonians. The vessels all pushed into the harbour, tempted by the secure appearance of the cove, completely land-locked; only Ulysses moored his vessel without. As soon as the Laestrygonians found the ships completely in their power they attacked them, heaving huge stones which broke and overturned them, and with their spears despatched the seamen as they struggled in the water. All the vessels with their crews were destroyed, except Ulysses’ own ship, which had remained outside, and finding no safety but in flight, he exhorted his men to ply their oars vigorously, and they escaped.

Chapter 30

Ulysses had now been away from Ithaca for twenty years, and when he awoke he did not recognize his native land. Minerva appeared to him in the form of a young shepherd, informed him where he was, and told him the state of things at his palace. More than a hundred nobles of Ithaca and of the neighbouring islands had been for years suing for the hand of Penelope, his wife, imagining him dead, and lording it over his palace and people, as if they were owners of both. That he might be able to take vengeance upon them, it was important that he should not be recognized. Minerva accordingly metamorphosed him into an unsightly beggar, and as such he was kindly received by Eumaeus, the swine-herd, a faithful servant of his house.

Chapter 31

We have followed one of the Grecian heroes, Ulysses, in his wanderings on his return home from Troy, and now we propose to share the fortunes of the remnant of the conquered people, under their chief Aeneas, in their search for a new home, after the ruin of their native city. On that fatal night when the wooden horse disgorged its contents of armed men, and the capture and conflagration of the city were the result, Aeneas made his escape from the scene of destruction, with his father, and his wife, and young son. The father, Anchises, was too old to walk with the speed required, and Aeneas took him upon his shoulders. Thus burdened, leading his son and followed by his wife, he made the best of his way out of the burning city; but, in the confusion, his wife was swept away and lost.

Chapter 30

“Unhappy, Dido, was thy fate
In first and second married state!
One husband caused thy flight by dying,
Thy death the other caused by flying.”

Chapter 31

“Like those Hesperian gardens famed of old,
Fortunate fields and groves and flowery vales,
Thrice happy isles.”

Chapter 31

“If future fate she plans 'tis all in leaves,
Like Sibyl, unsubstantial, fleeting bliss;
At the first blast it vanishes in air.
As worldly schemes resemble Sibyl's leaves,
The good man's days to Sibyl's books compare,
The price still rising as in number less.”

Chapter 32

Aeneas, having parted from the Sibyl and rejoined his fleet, coasted along the shores of Italy and cast anchor in the mouth of the Tiber. The poet, having brought his hero to this spot, the destined termination of his wanderings, invokes his Muse to tell him the situation of things at that eventful moment.

Chapter 33

It was the custom of the country, when war was to be undertaken, for the chief magistrate, clad in his robes of office, with solemn pomp to open the gates of the temple of Janus, which were kept shut as long as peace endured. His people now urged the old king to perform that solemn office, but he refused to do so. While they contested, Juno herself, descending from the skies, smote the doors with irresistible force, and burst them open. Immediately the whole country was in a flame. The people rushed from every side breathing nothing but war.

Chapter 34

Pythagoras considered numbers as the essence and principle of all things, and attributed to them a real and distinct existence; so that, in his view, they were the elements out of which the universe was constructed.

Chapter 34

“From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This everlasting frame began;
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The Diapason closing full in Man.”

Chapter 35

The Allegorical theory supposes that all the myths of the ancients were allegorical and symbolical, and contained some moral, religious, or philosophical truth or historical fact, under the form of an allegory, but came in process of time to be understood literally.

Chapter 35

Homer, from whose poems of the “Iliad” and “Odyssey” we have taken the chief part of our chapters of the Trojan war and the return of the Grecians, is almost as mythical a personage as the heroes he celebrates.

Chapter 36

There is a set of imaginary beings which seem to have been the successors of the “Gorgons, Hydras, and Chimeras dire” of the old superstitions, and, having no connection with the false gods of Paganism, to have continued to enjoy an existence in the popular belief after Paganism was superseded by Christianity. They are mentioned perhaps by the classical writers, but their chief popularity and currency seem to have been in more modern times. We seek our accounts of them not so much in the poetry of the ancients as in the old natural history books and narrations of travellers.

Chapter 37

Our knowledge of the religion of the ancient Persians is principally derived from the Zendavesta, or sacred books of that people. Zoroaster was the founder of their religion, or rather the reformer of the religion which preceded him. The time when he lived is doubtful, but it is certain that his system became the dominant religion of Western Asia from the time of Cyrus (550 B.C.) to the conquest of Persia by Alexander the Great. Under the Macedonian monarchy the doctrines of Zoroaster appear to have been considerably corrupted by the introduction of foreign opinions; but they afterwards recovered their ascendancy.

Chapter 37

“Yes! I am of that impious race,
Those slaves of Fire, that morn and even
Hail their creator’s dwelling-place
Among the living lights of heaven;
Yes I am of that outcast crew
To Iran and to vengeance true,
Who curse the hour your Arabs came
To desecrate our shrines of flame,
And swear before God’s burning eye
To break our country’s chains or die.”

Chapter 38

According to the Eddas there was once no heaven above nor earth beneath, but only a bottomless deep, and a world of mist in which flowed a fountain. Twelve rivers issued from this fountain, and when they had flowed far from their source, they froze into ice, and one layer accumulating over another, the great deep was filled up.

Chapter 39

On hearing these words Thor in a rage laid hold of his mallet and would have launched it at him, but Utgard–Loki had disappeared, and when Thor would have returned to the city to destroy it, he found nothing around him but a verdant plain.

Chapter 40

One cannot travel far in Denmark, Norway, or Sweden without meeting with great stones of different forms, engraven with characters called Runic, which appear at first sight very different from all we know. The letters consist almost invariably of straight lines, in the shape of little sticks either singly or put together. Such sticks were in early times used by the northern nations for the purpose of ascertaining future events. The sticks were shaken up, and from the figures that they formed a kind of divination was derived.

Chapter 41

The Druids taught the existence of one god, to whom they gave a name “Be’ al,” which Celtic antiquaries tell us means “the life of everything,” or “the source of all beings,” and which seems to have affinity with the Phoenician Baal. What renders this affinity more striking is that the Druids as well as the Phoenicians identified this, their supreme deity, with the Sun. Fire was regarded as a symbol of the divinity. The Latin writers assert that the Druids also worshipped numerous inferior gods.

Chapter 42

In his boyhood Beowulf gave evidence of the great feats of strength and courage which in manhood made him the deliverer of Hrothgar, King of Denmark, from the monster,

Grendel, and later in his own kingdom from the fiery dragon which dealt Beowulf a mortal blow.

PROVERBIAL EXPRESSIONS

□ No. 1

MATERIEM superabat opus.- Ovid.
The workmanship surpassed the material.

□ No. 2.

Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum.- Ovid.
Their faces were not all alike, nor yet unlike, but such as those of sisters ought to be.

□ No. 3.

Medio tutissimus ibis.- Ovid.
You will go most safely in the middle.

□ No. 4.

Hic situs est Phaeton, currus auriga paterni,
Quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis.- Ovid.
Here lies Phaeton, the driver of his father's chariot, which if he failed to manage, yet he fell in a great undertaking.

□ No. 5.

Imponere Pelio Ossa.- Virgil.
To pile Ossa upon Pelion.

□ No. 6.

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.- Virgil.
I fear the Greeks even when they offer gifts.

□ No. 7.

Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget.- Virgil.
Not such aid nor such defenders does the time require.

□ No. 8.

Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim.
He runs on Scylla, wishing to avoid Charybdis.

□ No. 9.

Sequitur patrem, non passibus aequis.- Virgil.
He follows his father with unequal steps.

□ No. 10.

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.- Virgil.
A horrible monster, misshapen, vast, whose only eye had been put out.

□ No.11.

Tantaene animis coelestibus irae?- Virgil.
In heavenly minds can such resentments dwell?

□ No. 12.

Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.- Virgil.
Not unacquainted with distress, I have learned to succour the unfortunate.

□ No. 13.

Tros, Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur.- Virgil.
Whether Trojan or Tyrian shall make no difference to me.

□ No. 14.

Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.- Virgil.
Yield thou not to adversity, but press on the more bravely.

□ No. 15.

Facilis descensus Averni;
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis;
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.- Virgil.
The descent to Avernus is easy; the gate of Pluto stands open night and day; but to retrace one's steps and return to the upper air, that is the toil, that the difficulty.

□ No. 16.

Uno avulso non deficit alter.- Virgil.
When one is torn away another succeeds.

□ No. 17.

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.- Virgil.
Then struck the hoofs of the steeds on the ground with a four-footed trampling.

□ No. 18.

Sternitur infelix alieno vulnere, coelumque
Adspicit et moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos.- Virgil.
He falls, unhappy, by a wound intended for another; looks up to the skies, and dying remembers sweet Argos.

***Albert Einstein and the Theory of Relativity by Robert Cwiklik**

Chapter 1

When Albert was a little boy in Munich, electric power had already been brought to many of the world's cities, and electric devices – some of them quite strange— were becoming very chic. Besides electric lights and appliances, which were of course quite useful, people were selling and buying all sorts of electric oddities. There were electric garters to improve posture, electric cigarettes that could be lit without matches, electric combs to control stubborn hair, and even electric necktie lights to give a fashionable glow to a suit of clothes.

Chapter 2

In later life, he would say that "love is the best teacher," meaning that if you love a thing, you will be eager to learn about it, and the work will not seem hard. Even though Albert didn't love practicing the violin, he loved his mother, so he stayed with his music lessons. It paid off, for Albert eventually became a very good violinist. Music, to him, became something of a beloved friend with whom he stayed in touch all of his long life.

Chapter 3

Albert was far too curious about things to let his schooling hamper his education. He had long ago acquired the habit of thinking for himself. His parents always encouraged him to ask questions about things he didn't understand. As he grew older, Albert got into the habit of reading beyond the books that he was assigned to read in school. His reading opened up a vast new range of ideas to him that he would never tire of exploring.

Chapter 4

Ever since Albert had begun to read books on physics, he had been fascinated by light. Physicists had shown in many experiments that light travels through space as a wave. In many ways, it was like a sound wave. Albert told his uncle that he tried to imagine himself chasing after a beam of light. He tried to imagine what the wave would look like if he could catch up with it.

Chapter 5

Isaac Newton was born in 1642, the year that Galileo died. In 1687, Newton published a now famous book, *The Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy*, which formed the foundation of modern physical science. Newton adopted Galileo's ideas, added some of his own, and provided mathematical explanations for them all. The result was that for the first time scientists had a comprehensive theory of the behavior of the physical universe.

Newton's theories were written in the form of several basic laws which govern the way the universe behaves.

Chapter 6

Albert, with his reclusive ways, had never really charmed any of his professors. Not one of them was willing to write him a recommendation, though many saw how bright he was. They felt his arrogance overshadowed his obvious ability in physics.

Chapter 7

a. Scientists always search for things that are "constant", things that don't change. Constants make it easier to measure things that do change.

b. In his theories, Albert employed a new constant that solved many difficulties. He said that the speed of light is a universal constant...it is the universal speed limit.

Chapter 7

Light does not obey Newton's law of the addition of velocities – it always moves at the same speed. This was the first of the gear's to be removed from Newton's clock.

Chapter 7

The concept of mass is like that of weight, but more specifically, mass refers to an object's resistance to changes in motion. Einstein showed that the enormous energy needed to make an electron move very fast also makes its mass increase; that is, it makes its resistance to motion greater.

Chapter 7

The increase in the mass of the electron seemed to be the action of a kind of universal traffic cop. It enforced the universe's speed limit, the speed of light.

Chapter 7

Einstein did not invent relativity, Galileo did, centuries before.

Chapter 7

Albert Einstein's theory opened a window on another aspect of the universe. It showed the complex and often bizarre results of super-high-speed motion in the universe. Such speeds take place in the miniscule world of the atom, and in the expansive world of the stars, planets and galaxies that hurtle through space. These speeds show us that measurements of time, space and mass are relative to the person doing the measuring...

Chapter 7

Scientists following Newton had invented the ether as a framework for space. To them, an object was "at rest" when it was not moving with respect to the ether. In many experiments, they were unable to find out exactly what kinds of properties this ether had. Einstein solved the problem by getting rid of ether altogether. There is no framework in space, he said. There is no such thing as being "at rest" in the universe.
Chapter 7

Light, he said, has two kinds of properties: it is both wave and particle.

Chapter 7

$E=mc^2$: The formula says that energy and mass are just two different aspects of the same thing. All mass is energy, and all energy is mass. A hot potato has more energy than a cold one, and therefore it also has more mass. You could never measure this....energy only has an obvious effect on mass when large quantities are involved.

Chapter 8

Besso's main advice was, "My dear Einstein, couldn't you have said all of that more simply?"

"I am indebted, for many invaluable suggestions, to my friend and colleague, M. Besso."

Chapter 9

a. It was hard for many to accept some of the results of the theory, such as the fact that the length of an object that was moving near the speed of light would appear shorter to a stationary observer. Or that to the stationary observer, time on a fast-moving vehicle would look as if it had slowed down.

b. The latter case suggested the "twin paradox".

Chapter 9

This is why acceleration is said to be absolute motion. One does not have to judge it relative to any other reference points.

Chapter 10

Planck maintained that Einstein was a modern Copernicus, for Albert had shown people once again that their point of view, their perspective on the universe, must be altered. In Copernicus' time, it meant looking at the Earth as a small speck in an immense universe, not as the center of the universe. In Einstein's modern world, it meant not relying absolutely on measurements taken from one perspective. Planck felt it was a great achievement.

Chapter 11

Since German technology and research led the world, Germany had built more of these new weapons than any other nation on earth. In the newspapers Albert read with horror of the ingenuity of the Germans when it came to killing. How could his fellow scientists justify their researches into these new engines of destruction and death? He had supposed them to be on the side of the angels, seekers after truth – thinkers of God's

thoughts, like himself. But they, like most men, were only too glad to respond to Germany's call for violence on an international scale.

Chapter 12

Albert's theory was a whole new way to look at gravity. He thought that it need no longer be thought of as a force. Rather, gravity should be explained as a curvature in the geometry of space.

Chapter 12

a. When people couldn't understand how the idea applied to scientific measurements, they tried to apply it to life in general, where it seemed easier to understand. The phrase, "everything is relative" became very popular. It was thought to mean that nothing is better than anything else, that one person is as good as another; that one idea, one style of music, or one plate of food, is just as good as another, since, as everyone now knew, "everything is relative. But this sort of relativism was the furthest thing from Albert's mind when he created his theory.

b. Albert had not sought, in this theory of relativity, to prove that everything is relative. Rather, in the words of the great philosopher, Bertrand Russell, he sought to "conclude what is relative and arrive at a statement of physical laws that shall in no way depend upon the circumstances of the observer." Albert tried to find absolutes in science by getting rid of things that were relative.

Chapter 13

Albert had redrawn the map of space. It was now seen to be curved around planets and stars, due to the force of gravity of those objects, which creates a sort of cosmic suction that bends the very fabric of space.

Chapter 14

a. Albert was the most visible and outspoken of the hated Jews and intellectuals in Berlin. As it was, Hitler's troops raided Albert's vacant house, rifled his papers and belongings, and seized his bank accounts and financial assets. Hitler charged Albert with being a spy, and many say he put a price on Albert's head. To many Germans during that horrible time, Albert Einstein was worth more dead than alive.

b. Albert soon realized that he could not return to Germany. He therefore publicly renounced his German citizenship once again, and scolded his colleagues in the Prussian Academy of Sciences for standing idly by while their Jewish colleagues were cruelly persecuted by the insane Nazi regime.

Chapter 14

a. A few days after Hiroshima was destroyed, the Americans dropped another atomic bomb on Nagasaki. The destruction was just as swift and horrible. When Albert heard of these ghastly events on the radio, he turned to his secretary and caretaker, Helen Dukas, and said wearily, "Alas....My God. That is that."

b. Albert felt that mankind had finally found a way to destroy itself. It saddened him, but what ate away at his soul even more was that he felt responsible.

Chapter 14

Albert was a scientist with the temperament of an artist. He brought to his scientific work the love of the quest for truth for its own sake, as well as a sense of the beauty of nature. He always felt that a good theory was one that possessed at least some of the beauty and symmetry he found in the world around him.

***America and Vietnam: The Elephant and the Tiger by Albert Marrin**

Chapter_____

Weapons alone do not win wars; soldiers do. Unless the soldiers believe in their cause, their weapons are little more than expensive junk.

Chapter_____

a. An (OSS) officer told a reporter ten years later, "If I had to pick out one quality about the little old man sitting on his hill in the jungle, it was his gentleness".

b. Was this an act? That is a big question. For if Ho was sincere, then Washington's later actions were both foolish and unnecessary; indeed, next to the Civil War, they produced the worst tragedy in our nation's history.

Chapter_____

The day after the (French) surrender, U.S. Marine drill sergeants at Quantico, Virginia, lined up their men and announced: "Dien Bien Phu just fell. Your rifles had better be clean."

Chapter_____

President Dwight D. Eisenhower saw Vietnam as the first "domino" in a row that contained all the nations of Southeast Asia. If the Communists won in Vietnam, according to the domino theory, the other nations would topple. Rather than see this happen, Eisenhower hinted that he might send troops to Vietnam. This was no idle threat.

Chapter_____

Ho Chi Minh could win any free election with 80 percent of the vote, according to experts. Yet elections were a one-way street; once elected, no Communist government had ever been "un-elected". Ho might take power democratically, but he would never be bound by the will of the people.

Chapter_____

An army detachment, Unit 559, was formed to extend the old Laotian supply trail southward through eastern Cambodia and into South Vietnam. Never mind that Laos and Cambodia were neutral under the Geneva agreements; the trail mattered more than any scrap of paper. Begun in secrecy, the Ho Chi Minh Trail, as it came to be known, would play a key role in the coming war. In 1959 alone, at least 5,000 southern-born Viet Minh used it to return to their homeland. Their mission was not to fight; there would be plenty of that later.

Chapter_____

a. "Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the

survival and success of liberty." And who would do all this paying, bearing, meeting, supporting, opposing, and assuring? Kennedy was blunt. "My fellow Americans, ask not what your country can do for you – ask what you can do for your country."

b. These were more than mere words. They were a warning to the Communist leaders.

Chapter_____

"LBJ" was a complicated person – kind and cruel, generous and selfish, gentle and coarse. Growing up had not been easy for him. Raised in the poverty of the Texas hill country, he believed his mission in life was to help those who could not help themselves. As President, he gave America the "Great Society", a series of programs to help the unfortunate....Had there been no Vietnam War, he might have been remembered as one of our greatest presidents.

Chapter_____

LBJ was the only President of the United States to go to war without having any intention of winning.

Chapter_____

Never before had so many Americans seen the enemy's cause as just and hoped for his victory. How this came about is a complicated matter that still stirs angry debate. We cannot join the debate here. All we can do is present the basic facts and allow readers to judge for themselves.

Chapter_____

We have met the enemy, and they are us.

Pogo (this is a comic strip character)

Chapter_____

On April 23, 1971, two thousand Vietnam Veterans Against the War marched on Washington. They dressed not in civilian clothes, but in the remnants of combat-worn uniforms. At the head of the column were amputees and grunts in wheelchairs... Policemen, no admirers of protestors, watched silently, some with tears in their eyes.

***Animal Farm by George Orwell**

Chapter 1

Beasts of England, Beasts of Ireland,
Beasts of every land and clime,
Hearken to my joyful tidings
Of the golden future time.

Chapter 2

Now, as it turned out, the Rebellion was achieved much earlier and more easily than anyone had expected.

Chapter 3

The birds did not understand Snowball's long words, but they accepted his explanation.

Chapter 4

This had long been expected, and all preparations had been made. Snowball, who had studied an old book of Julius Caesar's campaigns which he had found in the farmhouse, was in charge of the defensive operations.

Chapter 5

The animals listened first to Napoleon, then to Snowball, and could not make up their minds which was right; indeed, they always found themselves in agreement with the one who was speaking at the moment.

Chapter 6

Curiously enough, Clover had not remembered that the Fourth Commandment mentioned sheets; but as it was there on the wall, it must have done so. And Squealer, who happened to be passing at this moment, attended by two or three dogs, was able to put the whole matter in its proper perspective.

Chapter 7

Such were her thoughts, but she lacked the words to express them.

Chapter 8

But in the morning a deep silence hung over the farmhouse....Comrade Napoleon was dying!

Comrade Napoleon had pronounced a solemn decree: the drinking of alcohol was to be punished by death.

Chapter 9

If there were hardships to be borne, they were partly offset by the fact that life nowadays had a greater dignity than it had had before. There were more songs, more speeches, more processions.

Chapter 10

a. As the animals outside gazed at the scene, it seemed to them that some strange thing was happening.

b. His visitors might have observed, too, the green flag which flew from the masthead. If so, they would perhaps have noted that the white hoof and horn with which it had previously been marked had now been removed. It would be a plain green flag from now onwards.

***Archimedes and the Door of Science by Jeanne Bendick**

Chapter 1

A famous scientist once said that he was able to see so far because he stood on the shoulders of giants. Archimedes was one of the giants. He was one of the first.

Chapter 2

The Greeks argued about everything. They argued in the streets and in the market, at meetings and on the docks, in the theater, at home, and in the baths. But they didn't argue angrily with each other, and they listened as much as they talked – and that is the sensible way to argue. They were quick to respect a reasonable argument and to laugh at a silly one.

Chapter 3

a. Sometimes he worked in the quiet rooms of the great library, helping to copy by hand the famous books that were there. Some had grown old and tattered.

Some had been badly copied and were hard to read.

b. Did you think a machine depended on a motor? Long before there were motors or engines, Archimedes was building wonderful machines.

Chapter 4

Archimedes pretended to scorn the idea of reducing the pure science of mathematics to the more practical science of mechanics, but he must have enjoyed it because he contrived some wonderful things.

Chapter 5

"Well," he thought. "How interesting! The tub was filled to the brim. So, when I stepped in, the amount of water I displaced spilled over the edge. I wonder if the water I displaced..." A light leaped into his eyes. He gave a shout and splashed up out of the tub.

Chapter 6

Do you know that word *cosmos*? We use it today when we are talking about the universe, but it began as a Greek word, *kosmos*, which meant an "orderly and harmonious arrangement."

Chapter 7

(Archimedes) worked with arithmetic, which studies numbers...he worked in trigonometry, which relates distances to directions....he laid the groundwork for the development of the calculus, which deals with motion and change.

Archimedes particularly loved geometry, which is the study of shapes in space.

Chapter 8

If you were trying to figure out the area of a circle, and you did not know the formula, $a = \pi r^2$, how would you do it?

Archimedes devised a way.

Chapter 9

No end to numbers? That seemed impossible!

Why, everyone (or almost everyone) knew that even the number of grains of sand on all the beaches of Sicily was infinite, or "without end". But Archimedes proved that you could number them all, and still have numbers left over.

Chapter 10

One of the best ways to learn about centers of gravity is to make a mobile.

Archimedes discovered methods for finding the centers of gravity of many kinds of plane figures – triangles, parallelograms, parabolas, and more.

You can too, if you cut them out of cardboard and find their balancing points.

Chapter 11

Archimede's *Method*, the way he set his problems down and then proved them, has been very important to all the mathematicians who followed him. It gave them a logical way to start and problem, and an orderly way of setting things down, one by one, discarding false statements and proving true ones, until they had reached a conclusion.

Chapter 12

"Think what you will be doing for the cause of science, Archimedes," he pleaded. "Think what it would mean if a man of science could provide the means to defend a city when the men of arms could not."

Finally Archimedes agreed.

Chapter 13

(Archimedes') mind and his eyes were on his problem, and when a Roman soldier appeared and spoke to him, he heard his voice as if from a long way off.

"I command you, old man, " the soldier shouted roughly, "to follow me instantly to the general, Marcellus."

Archimedes hardly glanced at him, "Leave me, leave me," he said impatiently. "Can't you see that I am working?"

Chapter 14

Some people's minds are like that. The things they think and the ideas they have and the discoveries they make never stop triggering other people's minds and other ideas, until the world is filled with them.

Appendix

Some (of Archimede's writings) are lost; we know about them only because he refers to them in other writings, or because other mathematicians and historians of his time mention them. There may be still others that we don't know about at all, but that may be rediscovered in the translation of ancient manuscripts.

Ark by Margo Benary-Isbert

No copywork available yet

***Augustus Caesar's World by Genevieve Foster**

Under a Lucky Star

Out over the graying waters of the Adriatic, a single bright star, the planet Venus, shone in a pale pink evening sky. Inside a house, whose windows faced the sea, young Octavius was curiously but cautiously following his friend Agrippa up a flight of dusty, winding stairs that led to the studio of a Greek astrologer.

It was a winter day, one of the first in that year now known to us as 44 B.C.

The Ides of March

But this great-uncle Julius! Never could he remember when his grandmother's bold, brilliant, fascinating brother had not been his hero! As a small boy, long before he had ever seen him, he knew how Caesar had conquered Gaul, invaded Britain, built the bridges over the Rhine, and fought back the wild Germans. How later he had dared to cross the Rubicon River with an army, though as Governor of Gaul he was forbidden to do so. How he had then marched against his enemies, defeated them all, and become the most powerful man in Rome.

Cleopatra and Her Son

Cleopatra smiled down at him. How much he looked like Caesar. Strange that a child of barely three could so resemble a man of fifty-eight! Yet even his walk, as he trudged off with his nurse across the sunny deck was like his father's. There seemed to be no Ptolemy in him—none of her family in his make-up. He was all Julius Caesar's son. Seated now among the cushions of a golden couch, she watched him play, reliving in memory the summer he was born.

Caesar's Adopted Son

"Brutus! That Brutus!" Octavia repeated the name with sadness in her gentle voice. "To think that Brutus, who always seemed so noble and good, should have taken part in that dreadful plot. And Caesar was so fond of him. No wonder he was shocked when Brutus stabbed him. 'Et tu, Brute' was what he said. 'And you, too, Brutus!'"

So, either that day, or the next, Octavius went to call on Cicero, the old Roman orator, who, as it happened, had made his most famous oration the year Octavius was born.

Cicero

Cicero had no appetite. It was the day after Octavian's visit, and he was a perplexed and baffled man. He took one disinterested peck at the luncheon before him, then nervously took up his pen and scratched off the first words of a letter. "Oh, my dear Atticus," he wrote, "I fear that the Ides of March have brought me no gain."

Conspirators without a Plan

First of all, there was Brutus, a very serious man in his late thirties, who seemed to guard his honor and virtue with a rigid dignity. It was plain to see that he carefully weighed his every act, and hoped never to be found guilty of evil.

Mark Antony

Antony was proud of his likeness to Hercules. And since Hercules was a son of almighty Zeus, that gave a divine ancestor to Mark Antony. It put him almost in the class with Julius Caesar, if not quite equal to that most delightful goddess-woman, Cleopatra, to whom, by the way, he wished he could have given even more help than he had, before she left Rome to return to Egypt.

Why is July?

March, April, May – those months of 44 B.C. had now sped by, filled with danger, change, uncertainty for everyone. Liberals and conservatives, democrats and

aristocrats, friends of Caesar and Caesar's enemies, had all been shaken by the upheaval. All had had their lives greatly changed by Caesar's sudden and violent death.

Gauls, Geese and Black Vultures

For the past two hundred years Italian settlers from southern Italy had been sent up here to Cisalpine Gaul, to form a strong pioneer colony between Rome and the barbarians. Chopping down the tall trees for their fields and vineyards, these pioneers had cut great squares of sunshine into the deep wooded valley of the Po.

Octavian Plays the Game

War was not declared until more than six months later, but this final struggle for control of the Roman State actually began in that newly named month of July, 44 B.C., when Octavian had celebrated the games in Julius Caesar's honor, and Antony was Consul. It was amazing what changes were to take place in a single year.

Bloody Fingerprints

It would be a happier thing, if we could skip this black page in the story of that young emperor to be, and recall only his later years known as the great Augustan Age. But that would be to write propaganda and not history. For the sake of truth, the whole story of his rise to power must be told. Signing his name to this proclamation is part of that story.

Candles and Holly Berries

And now, on this Saturnalia, Octavia also had a darling baby boy. Little rosy cheeked Marcellus, in the cradle beside her, was almost a year old. This would be his first Saturnalia. He was too little to enjoy it, but it might be fun to make him a wee red pointed cap out of a scrap of wool or silk.

The Festival of Lights

Judas Maccabeus was the great hero who had defeated the Greeks and won back the Temple. He was an ancestor in whom the two royal children felt great pride, though just how they were related to him Aristobulus never could remember.

Herod, Future King of the Jews

When he was twenty-five, Herod's father had given him the northern province of Galilee to govern. There Herod had found his first opportunity to gain the friendship of the Romans, on his own account. But in doing so, Herod had also earned the everlasting hatred of the Jews.

Philippi and the Ghost

Far above, the sky was bright with stars; at their feet, the brook gurgled. Occasionally someone spoke, then relapsed into silence. Brutus made a quiet request of one and then another, which each seemed to refuse. He sat silent for a time, leaning on his hand. At length he spoke. He thanked them for their loyalty. He said he was angry at Providence only for his country's sake.

Antony and Octavian Divide the World

Sicily was one of the islands which had fallen to Octavian's share when the Triumvirate first divided up the Roman lands, but he had never been able to get control of it. When he left for Philippi, it was still in the hands of a half-pirate by the name of Sextus Pompey. This Sextus was the son of a Roman general who had been an enemy of Julius Caesar. When his father had died, after being defeated by Caesar, Sextus had turned pirate. Seizing Sicily, he had since then used it as headquarters for his pirate fleet. With that as a base, he raided the shores of Italy.

Horace and the Country Mouse

Horace thought back to that first day when Brutus had arrived in Athens and how he and all the other young Roman students there at school had greeted him, and cheered him as the "liberator" of their country. How Brutus had roused their enthusiasm, until they had all enlisted under him to fight for the cause of the Republic.

Antony and Cleopatra

They had been expecting Cleopatra. They had known that she was coming to meet Antony, there in the city of Tarsus. They had been prepared to see a gorgeous Egyptian galley, with purple sails, and oars of silver, even a golden stern, but no such ship as this. This was one of such unearthly beauty, as to have come only from that immortal cloudland of the gods.

Herod, the Fugitive

Rome was no place to go now, everyone in Alexandria told him. Did he not know that civil war had broken out again in Rome? Antony would have no time to see him: Antony now had war on his hands against Octavian or else a peace to patch up.

Virgil and Isaiah

“They shall beat their swords into ploughshares
And their spears into pruning hooks.
Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
Neither shall they learn war any more.
The wolf also shall lie down with the lamb,
And the leopard shall lie down with the kid;
And the calf and the young lion and the fatling together
And a little child shall lead them.
And the cow and bear shall feed;
Their young ones lie down together;
They shall not hurt nor destroy
In all my holy mountain:
For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord
As the waters cover the sea.”

Octavia Weds Antony

To marry again, so soon after the death of the husband Marcellus, had not been Octavia's desire, but when her brother had explained how important it was for the peace of Rome, she had willingly consented. So they had been married, Octavia and Antony.

Herod, King of the Jews!

And now to Rome, came Herod, fugitive from Jerusalem. Despite shipwreck and delay, some months after leaving Egypt, Herod arrived in Rome, and turned up one spring morning in Antony's ever popular vestibule. An important visitor, a well tried and useful friend to Rome, he was admitted at once to the tablinum. There, after presenting himself, with proper compliments to this, his most important friend, Herod reviewed the serious situation that existed in Jerusalem.

To Athens and Return

Antony was looking very handsome that day, wearing the short white gown and white shoes of the Greeks. He was also in the highest of high spirits. Good news had come from one of his generals left in Palestine of a successful battle against the Parthians, who had now been driven out of Jerusalem and back to their own borders. So he was happy, and, therefore, Octavia was happy.

The Future Empress

Marriage not being looked upon as a sacred bond, but merely an arrangement to be made convenient and pleasing to all parties concerned, no difficulty was encountered. Seeing that the desire of his young wife coincided with that of her admirer, Tiberius Nero obligingly gave her a divorce, and the new nuptials were celebrated.

The Siege of Jerusalem

In that same dusty valley, almost 1,000 years before, David, the warrior king, had stood gazing up at that rocky fortress, then the last unconquered stronghold in the land of Canaan. From the top of their thick walls, the native Canaanites had looked scornfully down upon the Jewish army and mocked at them, but David's men had scaled the heights, slaughtered the defenders and taken for their own the primitive city of crude huts. Thus old Jebus-salem of the Canaanites had become the City of David.

A Turning Point

Four hundred, almost half of the Senate, packed up and left Italy. All were firmly determined to persuade Antony to break away from Cleopatra. It was the only way, they agreed, that he could save himself from ruin. They found Antony in Athens, but

with no desire to be saved. Newly wed to Cleopatra, he was spending his honeymoon, carefree and deliriously happy.

The Love Story Ends

Cleopatra was still busy trying to prepare for the emergency in case Alexandria should fall and the capital have to be moved to a port on the Red Sea. She was having a number of Egyptian battleships dragged through some ancient canals on the Isthmus of Suez, or, where the channels were filled up with sand, hauled overland from the Nile to the Red Sea.

Herod and Mariamne

Nine years had passed since Herod had been crowned in Rome. But from his recollection of the younger man Herod judged that Caesar Octavian, as he now called himself, was one with whom plain facts and simple bearing would be most effective.

Triumph and Peace

But, a little apart, on the fringe of the Forum, there was seen something that indicated the true importance of that day—a great gate, no longer standing open. Solemnly, and for but the third time in the history of Rome, the Temple of Janus had been closed.

Augustus Caesar!

“Consuls elected every year are far safer for a country than a king,” said Agrippa. The son of a good king often turns out to be a tyrant. Rome had begun with kings, he continued—six of them. But the seventh had been such a tyrant that the kingdom had had to be overthrown. The Republic had then been established, and as a Republic Rome had flourished and grown strong.

The Druids

Centuries later, when Christian priests were to bring a new religion into Gaul, they would find it wise to nail the cross or image of the Virgin to the trunk of the sacred oak, that the new belief might blend into the old, and the old be gradually forgotten.

Tales of the Wild Northwest

The Germans were never to be conquered and brought under the rule of Rome. Yet while he was still young, Drusus was to lead many expeditions through the swamps and into the dark forests of Germany. And for his daring and bravery, he would be given the honorary title of "Germanicus".

A Wedding

Julia and Marcellus were married while Augustus was in Gaul. It was a typical Roman wedding, held in the atrium of the bride's home, with Julia in wedding veil of red and a woolen girdle tied with the "knot of Hercules", and Marcellus wearing a wreath of flowers on his head.

The Pantheon

For years past, the religious rites had been neglected, the temples allowed to fall into ruin and decay. And it was for that very reason, Augustus believed, because their bargain with the gods had not been properly fulfilled, that the Roman state had grown so weak and so corrupt. Now that he had restored the state, he wished also to restore the old religion.

A Bible for the Romans

Virgil, the gentle poet, was writing the poem that was intended for the Roman Bible. Long before he left for Gaul, Augustus had conceived of the idea and convinced Virgil of the need for it. It was well known, he had pointed out, that the Roman people had degenerated. The early Romans had been hard working, law abiding and god fearing. Now they had grown soft and immoral. Something was needed to bring them back to the sturdy virtues of their forefathers. Some great poem should be written, Augustus felt, that would inspire them with pride in their race, their history and their old religion.

The Story of Aeneas

Augustus was deeply moved, and gratified by the entire poem. He was sure that when the next six books had rounded out the story, all that he had hoped for would be accomplished.

Virgil was not satisfied. Though he was to work on it for eleven years conscientiously and devotedly and finish the twelve books, its author was never satisfied with the Aeneid.

Who Were the Roman Gods?

Just how this came about—how Romulus came to be a god—it told by Livy in his history. For now, while Virgil was writing the Aeneid, Livy was at work on his famous history of Rome. He began it with his long loved story of Aeneas, even though he now knew it to be legend or myth, rather than actual history. Livy began where Virgil ended his sixth book.

Golden Eagles Come Home

In the summer of 19 B.C. the imperial family were on their journey home. Stopping in Athens on the way, they found Virgil, still working on his poem. Since he was not feeling well, Augustus urged him to return with them to Rome. The poet only reached Brundisium. There, on September 22, Virgil died, after making a request which was not to be granted. His request was that the Aeneid, on which he had spent eleven years, should be destroyed and never published.

Out of Persia

For in years to come, when the early Christian fathers were uncertain on which day of the year to celebrate the birth of Jesus, it was to be decided that it would be wise to use that day, long held sacred to the sun.

We Still Call it Sunday

On the year's shortest day, when the Persians were celebrating the victory of their sun god over the darkness of winter, the people of the far north were feasting and revelling in honor of Frey, who had defeated the Frost Giants again. Filling their drinking horns,

they tossed off the foaming mead, and then feasted on a wild boar, carried in by the hunters with shouts and cheering, roasted whole, and carved by the bravest man.

Herod and the Temple

Upon his arrival in Syria, Agrippa was looking forward to seeing the many beautiful new buildings which had been erected by Herod in Palestine and also in Syria. They were said to rival in number and magnificence those which he and Augustus had been building in Rome. Especially beautiful, visitors said, was the new Temple in Jerusalem.

Hillel, The Great Pharisee

Passing the Hall of Hewn Stone, behind the Temple, where the Sanhedrin met, that Court of which he was a member, Hillel crossed the viaduct which bridged the deep valley separating the Mount of the Temple from the Mount of Zion and the upper City. And there on a stone step at the foot of the street, he saw a small boy waiting for him. At sight of his grandfather, the little boy ran to meet him, eager to tell how much of the Torah, or Law of Moses, he had memorized that day, for he, too, was to become a rabbi. He was Gamaliel, the future teacher of the Apostle Paul.

The Law of Moses

The Torah, or Law of Moses, the law which the Pharisees studied day and night, was the only law which the Jews had ever had. It is found in the first five books of the Bible. This sacred book was already old when Virgil began writing the Aeneid. Most of this ancient tradition was put into written form about four or five hundred years before—or shortly after that unhappy time when the Jews had been taken to exile in Babylon.

Divus, Augustus, the God

In all his world, one people only refused to worship at his altars. They were the Jews. They would pray for him if they must but they would not pray to him. Proud and intense in their obedience to the law of Moses, they worshipped but one God, Javeh, God of their nation, and they would have “no other gods before him.”

A Roman Pharaoh

In this August of 12 B.C., just eighteen years had passed since that morning in August when Cleopatra had fled in terror to her tomb near the temple of Isis, Antony had died in her arms and young Octavian had entered Alexandria conqueror of Egypt and master of the Roman world.

Remember Akhenaton

As he studied the sun and pondered and thought about it, it came to this young Egyptian that just as there was only one sun in the world, there could be but one God! And as the sun did not shine upon any one land alone, but warmed and lighted the whole world, so God must not belong to any one race or nation.

Philo and the Lighthouse

Pharos, the giant lighthouse in the harbor of Alexandria, was one of the “seven wonders” of the ancient world and a sight to be marvelled at by visitors. But it was an old friend to Philo. Every morning he looked out upon its tall white tower. Every night, with sleepy eyes, he watched its light shining in the dark square of his window while he whispered over once more to himself the verses of the Torah he had had to memorize that day.

Questions and Answers

Beginning almost six hundred years before this Age of Augustus, there had been a Golden Age in Greece, when Athens became so full of these great thinkers as to be a veritable “thinking shop.” All were trying to discover the true answer to at least one, if not all, of the puzzling questions. But as they searched for the Truth, their ideas of it varied, just as pure sunlight appears to be red, green, blue or violet when seen through different colored windows.

Stepsons and Stars

Tiberius found life in Rhodes suited to him perfectly. He was away from Rome, but still in touch with the world. Almost all of the Roman officials in the East stopped there on the way back and forth. Ships from Alexandria often put in at the port made famous still by the remains of a once gigantic statue, known as the Colossus of Rhodes (and one of the world’s “seven wonders”).

Strabo and the World

Once in most ancient days, according to a tradition handed down by those old Egyptian priests, there had been a continent in the Atlantic Ocean, west of Africa, known as Atlantis. But an upheaval had occurred in the bed of the ocean, and the continent had sunk completely and disappeared beneath the surface of the sea.

Of Calendars and the Mayans

Though the Spanish conquerors who followed Columbus knew of the Mayans, Christopher Columbus did not. On his first voyage in 1492 Columbus was to land on nearby islands where the Indians were primitive and uncivilized. But, on his second voyage, if he had steered less to the south and more to the west, he might have landed on the peninsula of Yucatan where the Mayans built their many beautiful cities, the most beautiful of them all the sacred city of Cheechan Itza.

Children of the Sun

The people of Peru were Indians. In time to come, about twelve centuries later, there were to arise among these Indians of Peru ambitious lords or chiefs who, in their language, were called INCAS. These Incas, or lords, were to unite all the surrounding Indian tribes into a great empire which they were to organize and rule so well as to be likened to that of the Romans.

Herod is Dead

There was now NO King of the Jews. And there would never be another. But that the Jewish people did not nor could not believe. Had they not long been promised a King, a ruler anointed by God, a descendent of David?

The Old Silk Road

So the way to the west had been opened – the slender trail across the plains, deserts and mountain passes of Asia. Over it silk spun in far off Chinese courtyards was now being carried westward to be worn by unknown ladies of Rome. Along that trail

caravans were continually traveling, and would continue to travel for another two hundred years.

Land of the Dragon

The teaching of Confucius, being exact rules of behavior, easily understood, and not so easily changed, had become the rule of life in China. That was good, for they taught self-control, order and honest living. But, at the same time, those hard and fast rules, the worship of ancestors and the past, discouraged change and growth. Thus China, which had been for thousands of years a leader in civilization, was eventually to fall behind.

Of India and the Hindus

“Don’t believe all the accounts you hear about India,” said Strabo, the geographer. “Most of those who repeat them have not been to India, and what they tell you is from hearsay. Many merchants from Egypt sail to India every year, but only a very small number of them have ever gone as far as the Ganges River.”

Pater Patriae

His eyes were filled with tears, but only in part with tears of happiness. Mingled with them must have been tears of grief. They had wished for the happiness of himself and his family! As father of his country, he had been honored and successful. But as father of his family—what disgrace had been brought upon him! In that same year—and by his only child—his daughter Julia!

Buddha and the Kingdom of Truth

The palace which the king had given the prince was resplendent with all the luxuries of India. All sorrowful sights and knowledge of misery were kept away from him, for the king desired that his son be happy and not know that there was evil in the world.

December 25, Year 1

Midnight in China was sunset in Palestine, the beginning of a new day in the Festival of Lights. From Jerusalem to the Sea of Galilee, little oil flames had been set burning in the Hanukkah lampstands. In the village of Nazareth, those little lights might have been reflected in the shining dark eyes of a small boy who, in years to come, was also to be spoken of as the "Prince of Peace."

Tiberius

The traveler was Tiberius. Augustus had finally relented, possibly because Livia would give her husband no peace until he had forgiven her son. Whatever the reason, Tiberius had received the welcome word that he might return to Rome!

A Boy of Nazareth

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills!" The words of the old psalm were in his heart, as he went swinging along through the cool wet grass of early morning. He climbed to the top of the hill and to a ledge of smooth white rock that caught the first rays of the rising sun.

The Hebrew Prophets

Like a whirlwind out of the desert came Elijah, out of the wilderness beyond the Jordan River. Dressed only in a hairy skin, held about him with a leather girdle, he came stalking into the city of Bethel. There he bespoke the judgment of the Lord upon the wicked king. For the king and people of Israel had now deserted the God of their fathers for the gods of the Canaanites.

On the German Border

This has grown out of a plan of dealing with the Germans which had seemed good at first, but was now proving to be dangerous. Since the days of Julius Caesar, who had brought back from Gaul a legion of 6,000 Germans, there had always been young German soldiers in the Roman Army. The Romans paid well, and the young Germans loved to fight.

The Passover

Early April of the year 6, Nazareth and all the villages of Galilee were abustle with excitement—but only in preparation for the annual journey to Jerusalem to celebrate the Passover. There was no rebellion. Although the decree of Caesar Augustus had been received that a census was to be taken for collecting taxes, there was no uprising against the Romans in that year 6, either in Jerusalem or in Galilee.

My Dear Tiberius

If the rebellion continued over many months, he was thinking, Tiberius's need for soldiers would become very critical. It might be necessary to require every man and woman in Rome to free a certain number of their slaves to be enrolled in the army and sent to the front. ...Ten days' marching time from Rome! That was bringing rebellion dangerously close to the heart of his empire!

Hermann, The German Hero

Hermann's ambition was to unite German tribes, but this was never to be accomplished. They continued to disagree and fight with one another. Only part of Hermann's own tribe ever stood behind him, and even members of his own family were against him. He was to die, ten years later, stabbed in the back by one of his own kinsmen.

Farewell Augustus!

Thus ended the life of the man who had reorganized the Roman empire so soundly, and so established it in the way of peace and order, that the time in which he ruled was to be known to future generations as the great Augustan Age—the "Golden Age" of Rome.

The Kingdom of Heaven

And Jesus answered him, The first of all commandments is, Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one. And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and with all thy strength. And the second is: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is no other commandment greater than these.

A New Religion for Rome

Slaves, freedmen—all the poor and oppressed—eagerly accepted the new religion, for they had need for it. Finding in it hope and courage, they clung to it through torture and persecution. Nero ordered the Christians (who like the Jews would not worship the emperor) to be thrown to the lions in the arena. Still the numbers continued to grow—on through the next two centuries—until finally they included the emperor himself.

***Black Ships before Troy by Rosemary Sutcliff**

Chapter 1

a. Slaves met them, as they met all strangers, in the outer court, and led them in to wash off the salt and the dust of the long journey. and presently, clad in fresh clothes, they were standing before the king in his great hall, where the fire burned on the raised hearth in the center and the king's favorite hounds lay sprawled about his feet.

b. Welcome to you, strangers," said Menelaus. "Tell me now who you are and where you come from, and what brings you to my hall."

c. "I am a king's son, Paris by name, from Troy, far across the sea," Paris told him.

Chapter 2

a. Then the last of the girls, still closely veiled, who had held back as though waiting all the while, swooped forward and caught it up, as one well used to the handling of such weapons. And at the familiar feel of it, the spell that his mother had set upon him dissolved away.

b. "This is for me!" said Prince Achilles, pulling off his veil.

Chapter 3

Achilles, who despite his youth was the proudest and hottest-hearted of all the Greek leaders, called Agamemnon a greedy coward with the face of a dog and heart of a deer. "It is a small part you play in the fighting, but you take other men's prizes from them when the fighting is over, robbing them of the reward and the honor that is rightfully theirs – for this one reason, that you have the power to do it, because you are the High King!"

Chapter 4

a. They checked, fronting each other in two long, menacing battle lines; and out from the Trojan mass, into the clear space between, swaggered Paris himself, a spotted panther skin across his shoulder and in his hands two bronze-headed spears and his great bow. He shouted a challenge to the Greek lines: to any warrior who would come out and meet him in single combat.

b. Then Menelaus, the rightful husband of Helen, was glad as a lion is glad on his kill, and leapt from his chariot, his armor flashing in the sun.

Chapter 5

The two great war-hosts broke forward across the open space between, the Trojans and their allies loud as a flock of birds, shouting in all their different tongues, the Greeks in grim and deadly silence.

Chapter 5

They charged together, crashing shield against shield, as when mountain torrents coming down in spate rush together and set the crags ringing and echoing. This way and that the battle lines swayed as thrust answered thrust, and the long ranks began to separate into whirlpools and back=eddies, such as form when the torrents meet, each eddy a smaller battle of its own in which men fought each other, eye to eye and bald to blade, on foot or from chariots.

Chapter 5

Through it all, Diomedes of the Loud War Cry, with his battle drunkenness upon him, went raging up and down the plain, leaving dead men behind him as a flooded river leaves the torn-off limbs of trees.

Chapter 6

The first time the High King had spoken to them of abandoning the siege, the blood of the war-host had been cold and wary, but now the bitter brightness of battle flared within

them and changed all that. They were not for leaving the thing unfinished, nor for shaming their comrades who had died in the fighting. And the warriors set up a great shouting that they were with Diomedes and would fight on until the thing that they had come to do was done.

Chapter 6

a. And he kicked at a spitting pine log that had rolled half out of the fire. "I care nothing for the High King's gifts, and if ever the time comes, I will win for myself a wife of my own choosing."

b. Then Phoenix spoke up, and the old man was near to tears. "When you were a child, I tried to reach you to be a man great enough to master your own anger; indeed, honor demanded it. But now the High King is ready to make amends; now he asks your forgiveness and sends words of peace to you by men who are your dearest friends."

Chapter 7

a. "A fine thing it would be," Menelaus said at last, "if one of our young men, lacking sleep like ourselves, were to make his secret way over to the Trojan camp and listen to the talk around the fires, and bring us word of what to expect when dawn comes and the fighting light returns."

b. The High King was much struck with this. "A fine thing indeed, and we will bring it about, my brother."

Chapter 8

Soon the helmets of the bravest Trojans shone deep in the ranks of the Greeks, and Greek swords were slashing and stabbing deep among the Trojans. And all the while the overarching arrows fell like a dark and hissing rain.

At noon, the drowsy time when shepherds in the hills make no noise for fear of rousing goat-legged Pan, Agamemnon led the front-fighters in a savage charge.

Chapter 9

a. Then they were among the ships, wielding sword and ax, while the Greeks crowding their galley decks sought to drive them back with the long pikes used in sea fighting.

b. And all the while, in the foremost and fiercest of the struggle, there was Hector with the power of the god still within him. The battle frenzy shone red behind his eyes, foam like a ram's fleece gathering at the corners of his mouth, the hero light blazing like a torch above his head.

Chapter 10

The Greeks saw him coming, like a storm cloud coming up against the wind, and fear of him such as they had never known before came upon them. Nevertheless, Ajax and the other front-fighters formed themselves into a great shield of men, to hold him while their comrades fell back on the ships. But Hector, with the Trojan chariots thundering behind him, crashed through their scarce-formed ranks like a flung spear piercing through a hunting buckler.

Chapter 11

a. But with his last breath he spoke to great Hector, standing over him. "Death stands close to you also, here in this same gate, and at the hand of the lord Achilles, whose armor I wear."

b. And there was a breath of silence all about them, for it was known that dying men see far.

Chapter 12

With the grief tearing at him like a wild beast Achilles went out, unarmored as he was, and climbed up to the highest rampart and took his stand there against the red flare of the sunset. Fire seemed to spring up from the crown of his head, like the beacon blaze that summons help for a town attacked at night. And there he stood and shouted aloud in defiance of the Trojans, clear as men raise the battle cry when they race to the attack on a city wall.

Chapter 13

And at the end of that time, the gods in anger agreed that the great Achilles was dishonoring himself, his friend, and the earth itself in his madness and the thing must cease.

Chapter 14

Achilles was in his hall, surrounded by his companions with the remains of supper in their midst. The old king went in and knelt down at the prince's feet and took and kissed his hands, according to the custom, hands that seemed to him crimson and terrible with the death of so many of his sons besides the beloved Hector.

Chapter 15

It had long seemed to Odysseus that it would be a fine thing to steal the Luck of Troy from its guarded temple in the midst of the city. Surely, the Trojans would take its loss as a terrible omen and lose whatever heart was still in them. He began to think how the thing might be done; and soon he had worked out a plan.

Chapter 16

Next day an aged beggar appeared in the Greek Camp, leaning on a staff and clad in filthy rags with a half-bald stag skin by the way of a cloak. He came crouching and grinning to the hut of Diomedes, and squatter in the doorway.

Chapter 17

Penthesilea lay in the churned dust, like a young poplar tree that the wind has overthrown. Her helmet had fallen off, and the Greeks who gather round marveled to see her so young and so fair to look upon, with her bright hair spilled about her. And the heart of Achilles, who had killed her, was pierced with grief and pity, and he wept over her, now that she was dead.

Chapter 18

a. Then the Trojan captives agreed among themselves that Odysseus was the greater of the two who stood before them, and awarded him the armor of Achilles.

b. And the dark blood flew to Ajax's face, and he could speak no word, but stood rigid and unmoving, until his friends led him away to his own hall.

c. There he sat to the day's end and would not eat or drink or speak...

Chapter 19

a. And they burned and buried Ajax's body and lamented over him as they had lamented over Achilles.

b. They knew that, though they had slain Hector and defeated the Amazons and the dark army of Memnon, and had the Luck of Troy in their keeping, they had lost too many of their own champions and were no nearer to taking to city and Helen that they had been ten years ago.

Chapter 20

Then his friends laid him on a litter, and carried him up through the steep woods by the path that he had followed so often when he was young and going to visit his love, but had not followed for many a long year. At last his bearers came to Oenone's cave, and smelled the sweet smoke of her cedar wood fire, and heard the sad low notes of the song that she was singing.

Chapter 21

"Now therefore, let us learn from the hawk, and since by strength we can do nothing more against Troy, let us turn to cunning."

b. Then Athene planted in Odysseus' mind the seed of an idea: one of the cunning ideas for which he was famous. And he stood up and unfolded it to the listening Greeks.

c. Let them fashion a horse of wood; an enormous horse with a hollow body.

Chapter 22

- a. And as they stood there Laocoon, the high priest of Poseidon, came hurrying down from the city, his two young sons and a great company of citizens with him.
- b. While he was still far off, he shouted to them in warning, "O my friends, leave that thing untouched! Do you think that the Greeks would leave us a gift without treachery in it? Either they have left men of their own shut within it, ready to come forth against us at the right time, or there is some evil magic in the creature itself to do us harm!"
- c. And he flung the spear he carried at the horse's rounded belly.

Chapter 23

- a. Odysseus raised his head. "Earlier today you swore to give me the thing that I asked for. Whatever it might be."
- b. "Ask then, and the thing is yours," Menelaus said. "I am not an oath breaker, though now is surely not the time —"
- c. Odysseus said, "I ask for the life of Helen of the Fair Cheeks, that I may give it back to her in payment for my own life, which she saved for me when I came here seeking the Luck of Troy."

Blue Willow by Doris Gates

Chapter 1

At that very instant there had come over her the distinct feeling that something fine had happened. Not just the feeling she always had when looking at the willow plate that something fine was about to happen. This time it actually had. Lupe had said she hoped they would stay! It was the first time anyone had ever said that to Janey. A new warmth was encircling her heart, the kind of warmth that comes there only when one has found a friend. She stood perfectly still to let the full joy of the discovery travel all through her.

Chapter 2

When they got inside, they found supper ready for them. By moving the table over to the bed, there were seats enough for all three. After the dishes were washed, they sat on the front steps until bedtime. The little breeze had strengthened, and the moon was lighting earth and sky with a radiance that was like balm to eyes still smarting from too

brilliant sunlight. From the top of a pole at the road's edge, a mockingbird dropped three notes as silvery as the moon's own light.

"While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease," Janey remembered thankfully.

Chapter 3

She had been there perhaps fifteen minutes when all at once she felt Lupe's hand squeezing her shoulder and Lupe's voice saying into her ear: "I won the brass ring. It's good for a free ride, and I want you to have it."

It took Janey fully thirty seconds to understand what Lupe meant, but when she did, her face flushed a bright crimson and her eyes flashed as cold as blue ice.

"Thank you," said Janey, minding her manners in spite of her humiliation, "but I don't want it. It's your ride, and besides I have my own nickel. I don't need to be beholden to anyone."

Chapter 4

"Now what more could a body want than this?" Mr. Larkin asked of no one in particular. "We've enough food in our stomachs, a little money in our purse, and a roof to go home to. I don't know when I've liked a place as well as this one."

Janey had been tracing patterns in the moist earth. But at Dad's words she stiffened with attention, listening with her heart as well as with her ears. Was he going to say they would stay?

Chapter 5

"Hello," called the woman. "No ten-o'clock-scholar about you, is there?"

Janey felt increasingly hopeful as she rose to meet this stranger who was undoubtedly the teacher. Surely no one who quoted Mother Goose to you before she had asked your name would call a horned toad a horned lizard. More than that, she would know what to do with you if you were good in reading and poor in arithmetic. Suddenly the whole tone of the day changed. But the final test was yet to come.

Chapter 6

Though it was barely six o'clock in the morning, the Larkin shack was in a fever of activity. Most of it was caused by Janey, who kept running out to peer at the sky and to rush back with the report that "There isn't a cloud as big as my hand anywhere. It isn't going to rain after all, and I'm glad, I'm glad, because rain would spoil everything."

"You'd better calm down and eat your breakfast or we won't get around in time to go with your father," Mrs. Larkin warned her, and Janey finally paused at the table long enough to eat her portion of fried salt pork and corn bread.

Chapter 7

Janey sank back on her heels and looked happily around her. The greasewood was higher than her head, shutting off the horizon. But the ducks and tules were still there in plain sight, while above her, arching over it all and making everything vast and complete, was the cloudless sky. For the moment this was all the world there was, and it belonged exclusively to her, Janey Larkin. The ducks, the sunlight, even the farthest inch of sky was hers. Just the world and Janey Larkin. This is what it meant to inherit the earth, she thought, folding her hands contentedly in her lap and closing her eyes.

Chapter 8

Bounce Reyburn knew the Larkins held receipts for every payment of rent they had made. He knew, too, that not one dollar of that money had ever found its way to Mr. Anderson in whose name it had been collected, that he was completely ignorant of Bounce's business dealings with this family. Now Bounce held in his hands the one treasure they possessed. Perhaps if he kept it a while, long enough to make them feel its loss, they would be willing, when he should make the offer, to trade the tell-tale receipts for the willow plate. Then he could send them on their way and nobody, least of all Mr. Anderson, would be the wiser.

Chapter 9

Deciding she had nothing to fear and glad that at last she could put her trust in this man just as she had wanted to do that day under the willows, Janey once more perched herself on the edge of her chair and began her story. She told it straightforwardly and simply without any emphasis on any particular part. Except when Dad won second prize in the contest and then a note of pride did creep into her voice.

“We got this coat with some of the money,” she said in an aside to Mrs. Anderson.

“And a very pretty one it is,” was her reply.

They exchanged knowing smiles with each other, quite ignoring Mr. Anderson, since no man could be expected to appreciate a thing like that.

Chapter 10

One day Janey, scouting around the dooryard, found some China lilies blossoming behind a screen of genista. Dropping to her knees, she brushed her cheek against their brittle petals and was rewarded by a fragrance which held the authentic odor of spring. Beyond the fact that the fog had gone, she had been too taken up with her own affairs to notice that winter was passing.

But spring was on its way, there could be no doubt about it. At the river's edge, pussywillows were creeping along their stems, and the water was rising as the warm sun melted the snows of the Sierra Nevada Mountains away to the east.

***Boy Scientist by John Lewellen**

Preface:

Science means different things to different people. To some it is the magic which produces radio, jet engines, television and the hydrogen bomb. To others it is a body of tested knowledge which explains the world in which we live. Science, however, is not magic. It is not solely tested knowledge. It is also a method of thinking; a way of solving problems. Science has made the progress it has because it has invented and perfected a method of solving problems by experimentation.

Preface:

The story starts with the first scientist, Galileo. It describes the battle between those who believed the explanations of the early philosophers, based solely upon reasoning, and those who believe that reasons should be supported by proof—which in turn can only be supplied by thorough experimentation.

Preface:

When one looks at one of our complex machines such as a printing press or a locomotive one wonders how it would be possible for anyone to conceive of such complex mechanism, of course, the answer is, no one person did. It is a product of the thinking of the best scientific brains for hundreds of years.

Chapter One

If you hold a heavy stone in one hand and a light stone in the other and drop them both at the same time, which will hit the ground first?

And suppose you do know the answer to that question, what difference does it makes? Who cares?

Well, that simple question once made a lot of difference to the future of all mankind. Its solution very much affects your life today. It founded the science of mechanics – started the understanding of natural laws that have enabled us to create a machine age.

The genius who solved it was Galileo Galilei – Galileo for short.

Chapter One

For 2,000 years prior to Galileo any one of millions of school boys in ancient Europe, Africa, or Asia could have solved the problem. He could have dropped two stones, one heavy and one light, and he could have used his ears to listen to the sound when they struck the ground. His ears would have told him that the stones hit the ground at the same time.

Chapter One

Young Galileo was a brilliant and talented lad. He gained a reputation in school for being “smart” (despite his dislike of science, as it then was taught). He also showed a great ability to work with his hands – to make things well, as one would today in a modern “manual training” or “shop” course. In addition, he was able to invent improvements for mechanical devices then in use.

In addition to this, he became an excellent musician and a good artist.

Chapter Two

No scientist would say, "This is true for all time – black is black and white is white." There might be something wrong with his eyes. Or there might be something wrong with the eyes of everyone else on earth who says, "black is black and white is white." What is "black" and what is "white"? How would they look to other people in the universe, if there be such? --- and we do not even know that for sure.

Chapter Two

If you started down a level road and there were no such things as friction or air resistance to stop you, you could give one push to your bicycle and coast from then on to the end of time. When your time ran out, when you died an old man in the saddle, the bike would be rolling along still at the same speed it acquired when you gave that one push as a boy.

Chapter Three

Many people seem to believe that Newton watched that apple fall (some say it fell on his head) and immediately proclaimed that he had discovered gravity. But Newton neither discovered gravity nor found out what it is. What he discovered was the *law* of gravity.

Chapter Three

Force is required to keep a body moving in a curved path. You can test that for yourself merely by swinging a weight tied to a string around your head. You can feel the pull on the string as the weight tries to go in a straight line. You have to apply force to the string to keep the weight curving.

Chapter Four

To summarize, Newton's greatest contributions to the physics of mechanics can be expressed in four laws:

The Law of Universal Gravitation. Every particle in the universe attracts every other particle with a force that is directly proportional to the product of the masses of the two particles and inversely proportional to the square of the distance between them.

First Law of Motion. A body at rest remains at rest and a body in motion continues to move at constant speed in a straight line unless acted upon by an external force.

Second Law of Motion. A force acting on a body produces an acceleration in the direction of the force, an acceleration that is directly proportional to the force and inversely proportional to the mass of the body.

Third Law of Motion. To every action there is an opposite and equal reaction.

Chapter Five

Galileo had to quit school because of no money and Newton's father was a farmer not noted for his wealth. You may think by now you have to be poor to become a scientist. That may help, but if you are rich do not despair. Think of Robert Boyle.

Chapter Five

Young Robert was a Quiz Kid of his day. Born in a castle in Ireland in 1627, Robert learned to speak Latin and French almost as soon as he could speak English. He went off to Eton College at the age of 8. By the age of 11 he was off for an extended tour of Europe with one of his teachers, a Frenchman. The year 1641, when he was 14, found him in Italy and that was the year that determined his future.

Boyle's Law concerned the behavior of gases.

A gas, as we know now, is a substance just as real as iron or grass or water. It is made up of molecules, just as everything else is. It is one of the three forms which everything in the world assumes. Everything solid, like iron; a liquid, like water; or a gas, like air, which, as you may know, is a mixture of a number of different gases.

Chapter Five

Boyle's Law had a great effect on the progress of science. Little bits of knowledge often unlock greater mysteries in seemingly unrelated fields. Boyle's Law was used by

Newton as support for his wave theory of sound and by its use he actually calculated mathematically what the speed of sound should be in different materials. His calculation on the speed of sound in air later was proved correct by actual experiment.

Chapter Six

Gases and liquids are alike in some ways. Both are fluids. They have no rigid surfaces and will assume the shape of any vessel containing them. Some laws apply both to gases and liquids.

One great difference, of course, is that gases can be greatly compressed (pressed into a smaller space) under pressure, but liquids can be compressed so little that we can almost ignore the amount. Thus Boyle's Law applies to gases but it does not apply to liquids. It is not difficult to squeeze a gallon of air into a half-gallon bottle (under Boyle's Law you just double the pressure), but you can't squeeze a gallon of water into a half-gallon bottle. You could break the strongest bottle ever built trying, and tear up the strongest pump.

But the basic law governing liquids at rest applies also to gases. This is the law that fluids transmit pressure equally in all directions. This was proved by Pascal, the invalid French physicist we mentioned in the last chapter, who proved that the air pressure on a mountain top was less than in the valley.

Chapter Six

Pascal discovered this mathematical relationship between a force applied to a liquid to the force expended against the container. He also saw that here was an opportunity to create a new kind of lever to help man lift heavy loads.

Your barber uses this principle to lift you and the barber chair. Airplane manufacturers use it in many planes to lift the heavy landing gear, and to operate the flaps. Many filling stations use it to lift automobiles several feet into the air so that the undersides of the car can be lubricated easily.

Chapter Six

Instead of water, most hydraulic jacks use oil. The principle is the same. In an airplane the pilot merely pushes a small lever that opens a valve, putting the hydraulic system to work. The pressure to force the small stream of oil into the cylinder comes from the engine-operated pump that also forces oil to parts of the engine that need lubricating.

Chapter Six

All of this – including the hydraulic brakes on your car and hydraulic steering – comes from Pascal's Law that pressure applied to any portion of an enclosed fluid is transmitted with equal force to every other equal area of the container. In the cylinder of a hydraulic jack as much pressure is exerted against the bottom and sides of the cylinder as against the piston -- but the piston can move.

Chapter Six

Pascal's experiments with fluids help explain another basic discovery made almost 2,000 years earlier by Archimedes, an ancient Greek who was better at physics than Aristotle. His discovery was that a body floating in water or immersed in water is pushed upward with a force equal to the weight of the water displaced by the body.

A submarine in neutral buoyancy. The sub, plus water in its tanks, weighs 3,000 tons and displaces 3,000 tons of water but the water pressure pushing up has 3,000 tons' more force than the water pushing down, balancing the sub's weight of 3,000 tons.

Chapter Six

Pascal's Law that fluids transmit pressure equally in all directions and Archimedes' principle that a body is buoyed up by a force equal to the weight of the fluid displaced, both apply equally to liquids and gases. So does a basic principle concerning fluids in motion – Bernoulli's theorem.

Chapter Six

One might say the Bernoulli discovered why airplanes fly almost 200 years before airplanes were invented. It also is true that the men who invented and developed the airplane did not know why their planes flew until years afterward, when someone went back and read up on Bernoulli's theorem.

Chapter Seven

Could a man totally deaf tune a piano? Back in 1636, only shortly after the Pilgrims landed in this country, a French Catholic Friar said that this was quite possible. Well, he did not exactly say that a deaf man could tune a *piano*, because there were no pianos as yet. But he did say, "A deaf man may tune a lute, a viol, or a spinet and other stringed instruments" if he followed certain "rules for the deaf," and he was right.

Chapter Seven

In his own right, Mersenne was a noted mathematician, and he applied mathematics to music. He wrote 12 volumes on the subject.

His rules for the deaf man (which still hold good) took into account the fact that sound made by a vibrating string depends on its length (the longer it is, the deeper the tone), its mass (the heavier it is per foot, the deeper the tone), and how much it is stretched (the more the tension, the higher the tone).

Chapter Seven

Thousands of years before either Mersenne or Newton, men learned a great deal about sound. Pythagoras and his followers in southern Italy, 500 years before Christ, discovered the mathematical relationship between the lengths of strings and some of the notes they produced. Thus two strings of the same thickness and under the same tension would produce one note and its octave if the length of one string were twice that of the other.

Chapter Seven

Every boy has heard his voice bounce back at him from a cliff, a distant hill, or the other end of a long gymnasium, but no one ever hears an echo bounced back from an obstruction less than 55 feet away.

The reason is this. When you "hear" a sound, the sensation of "hearing" lingers in your ear, nerves, and brain for about one-tenth of a second. It takes sound about one-tenth of a second to travel 55 feet to an object and reflect back again to your ear. If the distance to the reflecting surface is less than 55 feet, the echo enters your ear while you still are "hearing" the original sound. Therefore, the original sound and the reflected

sound blend together and you hear them as one sound. You can't hear the echo as a separate thing.

Chapter Seven

Why do some tones sound musical, or pleasing, while others, such as the sounds of a boiler factory, drive us crazy? The difference is that sound waves hitting the ear drum with regular frequencies sound "pleasant" to us, while those that hit irregularly sound "unpleasant." Just why this is so is a function of the brain and not completely understood.

Chapter Eight

Huygens believed that light travels slower through water than through air (and this later was proved beyond doubt). Now we imagine a light beam, a "bundle of rays," striking the water at an angle. The rays at the bottom of the beam hit first, and start wavelets traveling through the water, but these wavelets travel slower than they did in air. Meanwhile the rays at the top of the beam are still traveling through air, and therefore faster. Then they hit the water and set up slower wavelets. Where these wavelets reinforce one another—that is the new wave front in water. But it is now bent from its original position in air, because the top rays traveled longer faster.

Chapter Eight

The spectrum – the bands of colored light that Newton experimented with – has turned out to be one of the most important tools of science. It was discovered that each element, when heated hot enough to make a light, had a spectrum all its own. For example, sodium chloride, common table salt, when sprinkled on a flame, creates a spectrum consisting only of two closely spaced yellow bands. No other element makes yellow only. Each of the other elements also produces its own peculiar pattern of colored light.

Chapter Nine

It was while heading the military in Bavaria that Count Rumford made his greatest contributions to science.

He invented dozens of things, from a drip coffee pot to an improved stove, but greatest

of all was an experiment that went far toward answering the question, "What is heat?" In this experiment he used a cannon, a machine for boring cannons, teams of horses, etc. What scientist other than the minister of war of Bavaria could so easily utilize such equipment?

Chapter Ten

Finally, whereas Benjamin Thompson, alias Count Rumford, rendered science a great service by knocking in the head the theory that heat is a weightless, invisible fluid, Benjamin Franklin rendered science a great service by advancing the theory that electricity is a weightless, invisible fluid, which it isn't.

Strange as it seems, this wrong idea of Franklin's so well explained the behavior of electricity that it enabled other scientists to make further great strides in adding to our knowledge of electricity. One might say that "for all practical purposes" of the time, he was right.

Chapter Ten

Not until the 16th century did William Gilbert, English physician to Queen Elizabeth and James I, lay the foundation for modern scientific research on magnetism. He discovered the basic properties of magnets, including the fact that every lodestone (and every magnet) has two poles, which he called the north pole and the south pole, and that like poles repel one another, while unlike poles attract.

Chapter Ten

Another interesting fact about lightning is that so-called "heat lightning" is just ordinary lightning, but so far away that we see only reflections of the flash and do not hear the thunder. Thunder itself, of course, is merely the sound of air cracking back into the partial vacuum created by the lightning flash. The vacuum occurs when the lightning heats the air through which it passes, causing the air to expand rapidly.

Chapter Ten

It is interesting that Franklin made his lightning rods pointed. He was one of the first to discover that exceptionally heavy electrical charges occur in sharp points, and that electricity easily escapes into the air from a sharp point.

Chapter Ten

Actually, we all use electricity to such an extent these days that the subject almost seems “old hat,” despite the excitement Franklin’s lightning rods caused only a little more than two centuries ago. Yet any approach to the wonders of the universe leads back to electricity, for electricity seems to be at the basis of all matter and energy.

Chapter Eleven

The modern scientific methods, starting with Galileo, had produced such amazing results by 1890 that many scientists really felt that there was nothing of major importance left to discover.

Chapter Eleven

Then everything started falling apart. It turned out that there were indeed many great discoveries yet to be made. Furthermore, suspicion grew that some of the most important scientific laws were greatly wrong or a little wrong. They explained old observations beautifully, but they failed to explain new discoveries made with better instruments and through improved research technique and through just plain accident.

Chapter Eleven

The first bombshell to hit the complacency of the early ‘90’s was the discovery of X rays. This was a new kind of radiation no one had expected. A German professor of physics, Wilhelm Roentgen, made the discovery by accident. In the course of an experiment concerning the discharge of electricity into gases at low pressure, he covered the discharge tube with black paper in a darkened room. A fluorescent screen happened to be nearby. To his surprise, the screen started to glow. What kind of thing was this that could pass through black paper, pass invisibly through a dark room, and light up a fluorescent screen? The fact that Roentgen did not know led him to the name “X ray,” for in algebra “x” usually stands for an unknown.

Chapter Eleven

Could all materials give off X rays when struck by cathode rays, and what was the connection between X rays and fluorescent materials that would glow when struck by X rays? A French scientist, Henri Becquerel, was one of the physicists who started experimenting as soon as Roentgen announced his discovery.

Chapter Eleven

Further research showed that the radiation from these materials was of three kinds. They were named after the first three letters of the Greek alphabet – alpha, beta, and gamma.

Chapter Eleven

Scientists throughout the world attacked the problem of the elusive atom. With contributions from many men (and women) from several different countries, including our own, basic discoveries multiplied and basic theories took form. With the coming of World War II the atomic science of the free world was concentrated in the U.S.

Chapter Eleven

In the atomic explosion that wiped our Hiroshima, it is probable that all the energy of that explosion came from the complete conversion into energy of a part of the bomb materials weighing less than half as much as a dime.

Chapter Eleven

Advantages of atomic power for submarines, surface ships, giant airplanes, locomotives and central power plants to supply homes and factories with electricity are great. They include silent operation without fumes or smoke and the fact that enough fuel to last for years could be stored in a very small space. Great power plants could operate in remote areas heretofore short of or devoid of power, and fuel needs could be supplied by a single airplane. Nuclear fuels also promise power for that date far ahead when coal and oil supplies are used up.

Chapter Twelve

Some of the consequences of Einstein's theories are so fabulous you will have to leave "common sense" behind to believe them possible at all. In fact, Einstein said that is how we got off the right track in the first place – we trusted our common sense and our senses too far. Common sense is based on what our senses tell us, but our senses are not always right.

Chapter Twelve

So Einstein assumed that the velocity of light is a universal constant. It really matters little whether it actually is constant or whether it merely always appears to be, as we measure it with our instruments and read our instruments with the aid of our senses – our eyes and brains. We have no other means of judging the matter.

Chapter Twelve

Einstein's name is associated with "the fourth dimension," a term which sounds most confusing. Actually this concept, in essence, is simple. We always have used three dimensions – height, breadth and length. The fourth dimension is time, and we use time as a dimension every day.

Chapter Twelve

This Einstein universe is limited in size, but it has no boundaries. What is beyond it? Nothing. Space is nothing except something for bodies to be arranged in, and so if there are no bodies there is no space. So you see how simple it is. Beyond the space with bodies in it there is nothing.

If all this makes you dizzy, a couple of comparisons may or may not calm you. Man once thought the earth flat and ants probably still "think" so, but now it's natural for us to think of the earth as curved.

Chapter Thirteen

So "what is anything?" What is matter? What are little boys and little girls made of?

In all my research for this book, I found no modern scientist contending it is quite so easily understood as the poetic contention that boys are made of “snips and snails and puppy dog tails” and that girls are made of “sugar and spice and everything nice.”

Chapter Thirteen

You will be pleased that you live in an age and country in which scientists are free to attack old scientific laws without fear of persecution from church or state, and that they have as their objective the discovery of new laws which will explain more and more of what we observe.

Chapter Thirteen

What is matter?

At the very least through your reading, you will want to follow the progress made as science continues the search for an answer on a thousand fronts. You may find the question so challenging you will want to join the search yourself. You may want to prepare yourself for science as a career.

You know now that there is room for more great discoveries.

Bronze Bow by Elizabeth George Speare

Chapter 1

A boy stood on the path of the mountain overlooking the sea. He was a tall boy, with little trace of youth in his lean, hard body. At eighteen Daniel bar Jamin was unmistakable a Galilean, with the bold features of his countrymen, the sun-browned skin, and the brilliant dark eyes that could light with fierce patriotism and blacken with swift anger. A proud race, the Galileans, violent and restless, unreconciled that Palestine was a conquered nation, refusing to acknowledge as their lord the Emperor Tiberius in far-off Rome.

Chapter 2

In the still air Joel's breathing was loud. The boy's eyes, fixed on Daniel's face, were feverish. Daniel felt his own heart begin to pound. This was Rosh for you, he wanted to

say. You could never be sure what would happen next. Days on end with no excitement, and then all of a sudden, Rosh would see something he needed or wanted, and like a hawk he would pounce. Daniel began to feel the crawling in his stomach, half fear and half pleasure. Only recently had he been allowed a part. He wasn't used to it yet, especially the waiting.

Chapter 3

Under the midday sun the rock would blister one's fingers. The air over the smelting oven quivered. When Daniel bent over it to poke at the doughy mass of red-hot ore, the fumes scorched his nostrils. He glanced at Samson, who for a full half-day had been kneading the bellows without ceasing. Perhaps Samson, wherever he had lived, had learned early to endure the heat of the sun. Daniel had had enough for this day.

Chapter 3

"Daniel?" Could that quavering voice belong to his grandmother? "Is that you, Daniel?"

"Yes, Grandmother," he stammered. "Peace be with you." As he spoke he heard the second call of the horn across the village.

"My boy! It is time you came home!" Her eyes pale and clouded, peered up into his face. Her hands clutched at him.

At the door he hesitated, and the strong habit of his childhood reaching out to him, scarcely aware of what he did, he touched his finger to the mezuzah, the little niche in the doorframe that contained the sacred verses of the Shema. Then he stepped over the threshold.

Chapter 4

The Sabbath morning was very still. Not a grindstone rumbled, not a voice was upraised. No puff of smoke rose from the clay ovens. No women passed on their way to the well. Descending the ladder to the house, Daniel found a handful of olives and a cold crust of bread waiting for his breakfast. The little goat wandered in the small garden patch behind the house.

Chapter 4

a) He walked through the narrow streets and struck off toward the hills. He walked swiftly, his feet sure on the rocky trail. Toward midnight he came to the foot of the steep ascent that led to the cave. His heart began to beat strongly and joyfully. As he started up the last climb a dark shape moved out from the boulders above, loomed for an instant against the sky, and then came soundlessly down toward him. In the dim light he could see the white gleaming arc that split the shadowy face.

b) "Ho, Samson!" he called out. "I've come back."

Chapter 5

He wandered through the streets, taking in great gulps the busyness, the color and sound and smell of them. In the marketplace the farmers were heaping squashes and cucumbers and melons, and merchants jabbered in outlandish tongues as they set up booths of cloth or baskets or pottery. He saw four elders of the Pharisees, the phylacteries bound to the proud foreheads, walking with great care that their tasseled robes did not brush the passers-by, lest the merest touch might make them unclean. Once he saw a black slave scurrying about his master's business. Did he, if Daniel could understand, speak the same language as Samson?

Chapter 6

Daniel turned his face toward the mountain. He intended to leave this city and never set foot in it again. Instead, smarting from Hezron's dismissal, dreading to face Rosh, smoldering with resentment against himself and the world, he blundered straight into trouble. At a crossroads he came to a well and seeing a broken bowl nearby, he went down on his knees to scoop up water. Before he could even cool his tongue, a shadow fell across his bent shoulders. He saw close beside him the dark wet flanks of a horse, and looked straight into the face of a Roman.

Chapter 7

Daniel leaned back, his face hidden in the shadows. The words were like the wine that Thacia brought to him every evening. He could feel them like fire in his veins. And tonight for the first time he was conscious of his own strength stirring within him. Five days and nights he had spent in this narrow passage, while the fever burned itself out and the pain in his side gradually eased. Soon now he must leave this place, and he must store up these words to take back with him to the cave.

Chapter 8

Suddenly it seemed to his wavering right that one of the dark boulders high on the cliff detached itself from the rest and rolled toward him. Samson came leaping down the trail to kneel at his feet. Then, when Daniel tried to speak and no sound would come, the big man rose swiftly, lifted the boy in his great arms, and carried him gently up the trail to the cave.

Samson did not allow Daniel to get on his feet again for three days. Like a vast shadow he sheltered him. He brought water mixed with wine in which he steeped roots of the mountain lilies. He snatched the choicest bits of roasting game from beneath the very nose of Rosh to feed his patient.

Chapter 8

Daniel stood face to face with the carpenter. The man's eyes, looking straight into his, blocked out every other thought. Filled with light and warmth, those eyes, welcoming him with friendship, yet searching too, disturbing, demanding.

"I am glad you have come," Jesus said. Daniel could say nothing at all. For a moment he was afraid. Only when the man turned away and his eyes no longer held his own, could he breathe freely again.

Chapter 9

Suddenly words were echoing in his mind. "For each one of you is precious in His sight." Not scripture, but the words of the carpenter. That was what had confused him. Rosh looked at a man and saw a thing to be used, like a tool or a weapon. Jesus looked and saw a child of God.

Chapter 10

Ebol, the sentry, brought the message to Daniel one sultry August morning, a single sentence scratched on a fragment of broken pottery, "Your grandmother is dying," signed "Simon." The message had been in Ebol's pocket for three days; no knowing how many times it had changed hands before reaching him. Better if it had never reached him at all, Daniel thought fiercely, thrusting it deep into his girdle pocket. For half the day he carried it about with him, saying nothing, the bit of clay weighing heavier

and heavier till it dragged at him like a stone. Finally he showed the message to Rosh and set off down the mountain to the village.

Chapter 10

“You were the one who told me the story of Daniel, the prophet I was named for. How when Daniel refused to stop praying to his God, Darius cast him into a den of lions, and how God sent an angel and shut the lions’ mouths and Daniel was not hurt. And about the three men who walked in the fiery furnace and not a hair of their heads was singed. I can remember their names still— Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. I used to like the sound of them. You made me feel proud of being named Daniel.”

Chapter 11

“That’s the way the queens travel,” he told her. “The way the Queen of Sheba came to visit King Solomon. You will sit inside it and we’ll pull the curtains tight around you. In no time at all we’ll be at the new house.”

She shook her head. He did not hurry her. He could see that her curiosity was piqued. From time to time the blue eyes slanted toward the door.

Chapter 12

Presently Nathan stopped by on his way home from the field, as he had formed a habit of doing. Already Nathan had lost his resentful air. At first awkward in the presence of the city boys, he soon surrendered to Joel’s friendliness. Daniel disconnected the bellows, banked the fire for the night, bolted the door, and the band of four held its first meeting. Certain of Simon’s approval, Daniel offered the smithy as a gathering place. They agreed to meet on the third day of each week.

Chapter 13

It was a confusing place, the kind a man did well to stay away from. The booths of the weavers were surrounded by women, chattering like a woods full of sparrows, fingering the lengths of scarlet and purple, bargaining with sharp, accusing screams. He gathered his courage and approached, trying to ignore their derisive glances. Presently he found what he wanted, a length of smooth cotton the clear fresh blue of the ketzah blossoms.

Chapter 14

Without warning, Leah's childish questions had unleashed all the rebellion he had kept so carefully chained. All day at the forge he thought of the mountain. Twice he laid down the hammer and went to stand in the doorway of Simon's shop, looking up at the line of hills shimmering in the heat against the unbroken blue of the sky. Up till now he had been able to deal with his restlessness, push it down out of sight, hammer it out with great blows on the anvil. Today it seized him with the strength of a hundred demons.

Chapter 15

It was harder to explain to himself why he sometimes was drawn to Bethsaida at night, when he could not expect to meet Joel, and when he could only sit in the little garden of Simon's house and listen to the words of Jesus. He did not always understand the words, and often he walked home puzzled and impatient, but a few nights later, almost against his will, he would go again. He was still not sure what Jesus intended to do, but day after day the hope and promise in Jesus' words drew him back.

Chapter 15

One sultry afternoon when the work was slack, he picked from the floor a bit of bronze, which had dropped from a molten mass. Seeing its dull shine between his fingers, he had an idea. He heated it carefully, pulled it from the fire with the smallest tongs, and tapped it gently with Simon's finest hammer. After several tries he achieved a stroke delicate enough so that it would not flatten the small lump, and presently he managed to beat out a fine wire. He heated it again, and twisted it between his fingers, and watched it slowly take the shape of a tine slender bow, no longer than his little finger. For a moment he stared at it with pure pleasure.

Chapter 16

a) "I'll do anything, Daniel. You know that—anything." Joel's voice shook with earnestness. His eyes in the flickering lamplight were fixed on his friend's face. The three sat crouched in the narrow passageway of Joel's home.

b) Earlier that day Daniel had received a summons by messenger from Rosh. He had climbed to the cave, and then, after a brief conference, had gone straight to the city. Shortly before dark Joel and Thacia had crept through the passageway to join him.

Chapter 17

The relay of messages, which had succeeded so well, was now intensified. Joel threw himself into the role of fish peddler, and with experience he grew more shrewd in interpreting the bits of gossip, the signs of activity that he picked up in the doorways and kitchens of the city. Because he could not often leave home in the evening, other members of the band brought the messages to Daniel's shop. At night Joktan crept down the slopes like a jackal, across the cucumber field to the watchtower, and back to Rosh with the day's report. A mounting excitement filled the watchtower, where boys met nearly every night in the week. Here at last was something to do.

Chapter 18

"Before we go on," said Daniel, "we must have a leader. Up till now we have all been equal."

"We have already chosen," said another boy. "You have always been the leader."

"Not by a vote."

"There's no need to vote," said Nathan. "Does anyone here question who is our leader?" Not a whisper challenged him.

"Then you will obey my orders," said Daniel sternly. He felt no pride or glory that he was their leader, as he had once dreamed. Only a cold heaviness.

Chapter 18

"Take all the weapons you have," he ordered. "We'll start now and find our place." He hesitated, feeling awkward but compelled to speak. "Joel is the one who has always read us the scriptures. Now we'll have to remember the things he has read. Judas and Jonathan and Simon went out with a few against the enemy. We can do it too. The same God will strengthen us."

Chapter 19

Before dawn the boys had found their position. In the darkness they had followed the shore road south past Magdala, striking inland to a place where the Via Maris, the road

the Romans must follow to the coast, wound between steep, almost unscalable banks. There they worked their way painfully upward and hid behind rocky projections to rest. With the first light they ventured out, only one boy showing himself at a time, to collect the stones that would be their weapons. A very few carried spears and daggers. By the time the sun was fully risen, every boy was well fortified and concealed.

Chapter 20

a) During the next endless hour, twelve more slowly wriggled their way to the meeting place. Finally they were all together, all but Nathan. They lay in hiding till sundown, not talking much.

b) After the darkness fell, four of them went down to the crevice for Nathan's body. They could not hope to take him home with them, so they made a grave on the cliff and left him there. Then slowly, wearily, one at a time, they crept down to the road and made their way north like ordinary travelers. They shared a deep thankfulness that Joel was with them.

Chapter 20

Soon, they whispered as they passed, they would begin to meet again. They would build up once more their store of weapons. They would make ready for the day to come. But there was no eagerness in the whispers. They knew in their hearts that the day would not be soon. They had lost faith in the mountain.

Chapter 21

Annoyed, Daniel looked back at Simon. He had walked all the way from the village at the end of a long day's work. Twice a slanting rush of rain had drenched him to the skin, and the night air, heavy with fog, had only chilled him and not dried the clothing that clung to his body. He had fought his way through the tattered crowd in the garden, and now that he had reached the door they refused to let him approach Jesus. The teacher, they explained, was conferring with important men who had come all the way from Jerusalem to question him. Now Simon brushed off Joel's urgent warning with no more than a shrug.

Chapter 22

“Go ahead then,” said Daniel, “There’ll be little business today.” When Joktan had scampered off, he turned back to his forge. Through the morning hours he stuck dourly at his work, trying to ignore the tug of restlessness in the air. Once temptations had come from the distant mountain. This time it came from the city in the plain below.

Chapter 23

Could he ask anything of Jesus, when he had refused to follow him? And did he dare to ask Jesus to help Leah, when he knew in his heart that he himself was to blame that the demons had come back? Yet he remembered how Jesus, in a way he had never understood, had somehow lifted from him the terrible weight of Samson’s death. If only he could take to Jesus this heavier burden of guilt. In the sleepless hours he forgot the doubts that had confused him that night on the rooftop. He remembered only the infinite kindness of the teacher’s eyes. He did not think that Jesus would turn him away.

Chapter 23

“Listen to me, Daniel,” he went on. “You’ve seen him caring for those people—the ones so low that no one, not I or anyone else, cared what happened to them. When I see that, I know that the God of Israel has not forgotten us. Or why would He have sent Jesus to them, instead of to the rich and the learned? Like a shepherd, he says, who will not let any of his sheep be lost. I’m a poor man, and ignorant, but I know now that with a God like that I am safe.”

Chapter 23

“Free? In chains? Simon—you know what they could do to you! How could you possibly not be afraid?”

“I don’t say I am not afraid,” said Simon. “But Jesus is not. And he is the hope of Israel.”

“What has he done to prove it? How do you know you’re not risking our life for nothing?”

“We can never know,” Simon answered slowly. “God hides the future from man’s eyes. We are forced to choose, not knowing. I have chosen Jesus.”

Chapter 24

Although he held his breath and made no sound, Jesus raised his head, and his eyes met Daniel's. There was no need to speak. Jesus knew. He understood about Leah. He knew that Daniel had rejected him. His eyes, searching and full of pity, looked deep into the boy's and saw the bitterness and the hatred and the betrayed hopes and the loneliness. And then he smiled.

Chapter 24

Was it possible that only love could bend the bow of bronze?

He sat trembling, glimpsing a new way that he would never see clearly or understand. We can never know, Simon had said. We have to choose, not knowing.

To know Jesus would be enough.

Almost with the thought the terrible weight was gone.

In its place a strength and sureness, and a peace he had never imagined, flowed around him and into his mind and heart.

Call of the Wild by Jack London

No copywork available yet

Cricket on the Hearth by Charles Dickens

Chirp the First

The Kettle began it! Don't tell me what Mrs. Peerybingle said. I know better. Mrs. Peerybingle may leave it on record to the end of time that she couldn't say which of them began it; but I say the kettle did. I ought to know, I hope?

It appeared as if there was a sort of match, or trial of skill, you must understand, between the kettle and the Cricket. And this is what led to it, and how it came about.

"I say! A word with you," murmured Tackleton, nudging the Carrier with his elbow, and taking him a little apart. "You'll come to the wedding? We're in the same boat, you know."

Chirp the Second

The care imprinted in the lines of Caleb's face, and his absorbed and dreamy manner, which would have sat well on some alchemist or abstruse student, were at first sight an odd contrast to his occupation, and the trivialities about him.

"It's much the same as usual," said Caleb. "Homely, but very snug. The gay colors on the walls; the bright flowers on the plates and dishes; the shining wood, where there are beams or panels; the general cheerfulness and neatness of the building, make it very pretty."

Chirp the Third

With wonder? No. It was his first impression, and he was fain to look at her again, to set it right. No, not with wonder. With an eager and inquiring look; but not with wonder. At first it was alarmed and serious, then it changed into a strange, wild, dreadful smile of recognition of his thoughts; then there was nothing but her clasped hands on her brow, and her bent head, and falling hair.

The whole party would have experienced great difficulty in finding words for their astonishment, even if they had had ample time to seek them. But they had none at all; for the messenger had scarcely shut the door behind him when there came another tap, and Tackleton himself walked in.

Endless Steppe: Growing Up in Siberia by Esther Hautzig

No copywork available yet

***Galileo and the Magic Numbers by Sidney Rosen**

Chapter 1

Galileo lay on his back, hands under his head, and stared up at the crack that zigzagged across the ceiling. There was just enough moonlight coming through the bedroom window to follow the dark line in the plaster. Outside, all about his house, the city of Pisa slept peacefully. Somewhere far away, Galileo could hear the faint clumping of horses' feet on cobblestones. It was probably the night watch riding through the streets.

Chapter 2

Galileo blinked. Coming from the bright sun into the cool gloom of the monastery corridor, it was difficult to see for a moment. Then, the blurry figure before him focused into an elderly man, dressed in a long brownish robe belted with a rough piece of rope. On his shoulders, the rope ended in a great cowl that could cover his head, which was quite bald and shiny.

Chapter 3

“The body with more earth in its composition,” said the candidate, “will surely rush toward its natural resting place more quickly and will therefore strike the ground first. In fact, the speeds of falling are in proportion to the weights of the bodies. It is written in Aristotle that a stone weighing ten times more than another will fall ten times as fast.”

Chapter 4

Galileo was filled with joy. He valued the opinion of Ricci very highly. After a few months, he received a letter from Rome. It was from the great astronomer Father Clavius, the scientist who had reformed the calendar at the request of Pope Gregory XIII. Galileo enjoyed his correspondence with fellow mathematicians. They sent each other problems and solutions through the mails. It was a way of conversing pleasantly with many widespread friends.

Chapter 5

Eyes gleaming with excitement, Galileo told his friends how the mathematical laws of motion could accomplish deeds that would stagger the imagination. He had already discovered one use for the new science of motion. He could predict the path of a cannon ball from the gun to the target. All that had to be known was the angle at which the gun was aimed!

Chapter 6

“We’ll all come with you and lend you moral support,” put in Sagredo. Brother Sarpi led the way to the door, where they were bowed out by a liveried footman. In a few

moments, they had all boarded Pinelli's gondola and were threading their way through the canal traffic.

Chapter 7

It was a hot day during Galileo's first summer in Padua. The fierce rays of the sun seemed to scorch everything they touched. Even just sitting in the house was very uncomfortable. Two young university instructors, new acquaintances, came by Galileo's house and invited him to accompany them on a picnic into the nearby countryside.

Chapter 8

"No," murmured Galileo, "never." Suddenly he sat up, his eyes sparked by a new interest. "But there's no reason why I can't make one. In fact, there's no reason I can't make a better one! It's only a question of optical geometry and the laws of perspective. Let me fetch some paper and pencil."

Chapter 9

Galileo looked up at the constellation of Taurus the Bull. A cluster of six stars gleamed faintly. Galileo laughed, "It has always amused me that they are called the Pleiades, after the name given by the ancient Greeks to the seven daughters of the god Atlas. Yet, there are only six stars visible. Men are so in the habit of accepting ancient authority that they even see things that aren't there!"

Chapter 10

His entry into Rome was a minor triumph. The Tuscan ambassador had made his visit known to the public, and a large crowd was on hand to greet Galileo when he arrived. As in Venice and Florence, the telescope that Galileo carried was the focus of attention. Everyone ooh'd and ah'd, and all fingers pointed toward it. This was the magic tube that showed the wonders in the sky!

Chapter 11

“Pope Urban cannot wait for your arrival,” Cesi assured him. “He keeps asking over and over, ‘When is Galileo coming?’ He is extremely flattered by your dedication. Oh, you will find things different in Rome from what they were eight years ago.”

Chapter 12

As usual, the Inquisition moved slowly. Back on his farm on the hillside of Arcetri, Galileo worried. He knew something was in the wind, but had no idea of how serious matters were. Waiting and anxiety affected his health. The fever returned to sap his strength. To make matters worse, his eyesight began to fail. Years of peering through his telescopes at the sun had taken their toll.

***Genesis, Finding Our Roots by Ruth Beechick**

Unit 1

Why did Christianity give birth to science? Because Christians believed in creation by a rational God – that is, a God who thinks and reasons.

Unit 1

Many of the world's myths contain memories of the creation week. Pagan myths scramble the true story, and they add false gods, yet we can see bits of the original story in them.

Unit 2

Genesis was not passed down as oral history, according to the evidence; it had to be written.

Unit 2

Praise for the Tree of Life

Jesus, thy glory fills the skies,
Plant of renown thou art,

A tree desired to make one wise
And cheer a drooping heart.

Upon this fruit whoever feeds
No want nor care he knows.
No other fruit he seeks nor needs;
This healeth all his woes.

Unit 2

Even before Adam sinned, God gave him the work of tilling the ground and having dominion over the earth and the creatures in it. God ordained work from the beginning.

Unit 2

Old tales are sometimes called "fairy tales" or "folktales". Many of these are descended from ancient mythology, which in turn are descended from original true stories from the books of God, Adam and Noah.

Unit 3

The name Adam means man or, as we might say today, mankind.

Unit 4

In literature books, Beowulf is always called fiction, but characters in the story are actual historical figures, and Beowulf himself was a king in Denmark from A.D. 533 to A.D. 583. He killed the monster Grendel as a young man in A.D. 515.

Unit 5

More and more historians are deciding that Genesis 10 is an important and useful ancient document. They call it the Table of Nations.

Unit 6

We could think of literature as having a genealogy. First, came the real happenings and ideas. Then those descended into mythology. And later those descended into folktales.

Unit 6

So many thousands (of cuneiform tablets) have been dug up that people haven't translated them all yet. After cuneiform writing was discovered, it took about 100 years to figure out how to read it, and then, not many people wanted to learn it. So, if you do, you could discover something that nobody knows yet.

Unit 6

Evolution could well be called a myth, since there is no evidence for it; it is simply a basic assumption that most scientists believe in.

God's Smuggler by Brother Andrew

Chapter 1

From beginning to end he would play the songs Papa had played that night. But not as Papa played them -- hesitantly, clumsily, full of discords. Bas played them perfectly, without mistake, with such surpassing beauty that people would stop in the street outside to listen.

Chapter 2

Before long I was strutting through Witte in my new uniform, oblivious to the fact that the pants were too small, the jacket too big, the whole effect quite top-heavy.

Chapter 3

I read the story of creation and of the entrance of sin into the world. It did not seem nearly as farfetched to me now as it had when our schoolteacher read aloud a chapter each afternoon, while outside canals waited to be jumped.

Chapter 4

Suddenly she laughed." I think you're like one of your own lumps of clay, Andy. God has a plan for you, and He's to get you into the center of it, and you keep dodging and slithering away."

Chapter 5

With a sigh, Kees and I walked down the long aisle to the front of the meeting hall where we knelt, as if in a dream, to hear Mr. Donker say a prayer over us. As he prayed, all I could think of was what Thile would say. " Really Andrew!" She would be shocked and hurt. " Your are going down the sawdust trail, aren't you?"

Chapter 6

I was up with the first bird song, dressed, and out in the garden with two books in my hand. One was an English Bible; the other was a dictionary. It was doubtless an excellent technique, but it did have some disadvantages. My English during that period was filled with thees, thous, and verilys. One time I passed on a request for butter by saying, " Thus sayeth the neighbor of Andrew, that thou wouldst be pleased to pass the butter."

Chapter 7

Rather aimlessly I boarded a public bus and suddenly, as we wove our way through traffic, I knew what I was supposed to do. I had learned a little German during the occupation, and I knew that that there was a large German-speaking minority in Poland. So, taking a deep breath, I said aloud in German: "I am a Christian from Holland." Everyone near me stopped talking. I felt horribly foolish. "I want to meet some Polish Christians. Can anyone help me?"

Chapter 8

Just before we stopped the tour director spoke her first words. " You have held the group up a day. We have called every hospital, every police station. We finally called the morgue. Unfortunately, you were not there! Where have you been?"

Chapter 9

That afternoon I sat behind the wheel of a motor vehicle for the first time since that disastrous morning eleven years earlier when I had driven the Bren carrier full speed down the company street. Mr. de Graaf returned again and again, and so skilled a teacher was he that a few weeks later I took my driving test and passed it the first time around – a rare thing in Holland.

Chapter 10

"Lord, in my luggage I have Scripture that I want to take to Your children across this border. When You were on earth, You made blind eyes see. Now I pray, make seeing eyes blind. Do not let the guards see those things You do not want them to see."

Chapter 11

It wasn't until September that anything happened that I could interpret as an answer. And then one morning in the middle of my prayer time, a face suddenly floated in front of me. Long blond hair. A smile that made the sun come out. Eyes never twice the same shade.

Corrie.

Corrie van Dam.

Chapter 12

So we didn't have a kitchen. So there was no plumbing in our home. So the roof did leak a bit here and there, and never two nights in the same place. What did it matter as long as we were together?

Chapter 13

It was soon apparent that the police knew all about my former trip to Yugoslavia. They were courteous enough, but they informed us that we would have to leave the country immediately. My visa had been canceled. There was no redress. Would I please hand over my passport then and there.

Chapter 14

Petroff called the old man Abraham the Giant-Killer, because he was always setting out to find his "Goliath" — some high-ranking Party official or army-man to whom he could bring his witness. "Abraham is always seeking a new Goliath," Petroff said. "He finds him, too, and then there is a fight. Only Goliath wins, and Abraham ends up in jail. But on many occasions Abraham wins, and a new soul is added to Christ's Church."

Chapter 15

The clerk in the hotel eyed me a little dubiously when I asked for a church. "We don't have many of those, you know," he said. "Besides you couldn't understand the language."

"Didn't you know?" I said, "Christians speak a kind of universal language."

"Oh, what's that?"

"It's called 'agape.'"

Chapter 16

She ran from room to room, touching, planning, seeing in the neglected house the home that was to be. "Joppie in here, Andy. And look, a whole room for the clothes, with the laundry tub right there! Did you see the see the room upstairs where your desk will just fit?" On she went, face flushed, eyes aglow, and I knew at last that she and I had come home.

Chapter 17

They were making paper airplanes and sailing them forward from the rear of the church and down from the balconies over the heads of the congregation below. No one

seemed a bit disturbed by this bizarre behavior. The planes were captured and passed forward until finally they were collected by one of the men on the platform.

Chapter 18

Ivanhoff looked around. "My friends," he said, "at each service there are secret police. We count on it. They saw you and this man talking, and so he cannot come. He has been 'spoken' to. But you have brought something for him?"

Chapter 19

And of course again they were right. I had learned to count on the Lord for toothpaste and shaving cream. But when it came to such a staggering sum as \$15,000, I had trouble believing that the same principle held.

Chapter 20

Below my plane lay the great rock called Hong Kong, capital of the British crown colony that sits like a fragile butterfly on the tail of the not-so-sleepy dragon that is Communist China. Beyond it was the China mainland stretching off as far as the eye could see.

Chapter 21

"Where would it end?" I asked Corrie. "Where would such a flood of caring be stopped?"

"I don't know," she said—and then she laughed. "We don't know what lies ahead. Remember?" We don't know where we're going but—"

"But we're glad we're going together."

Together, the two of us. The twelve of us. The thousands of us. None of us knows where the road will lead. We only know it is the most exciting journey of them all.

***Hobbit by J. R. R. Tolkien**

Chapter 1

In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit. Not a nasty, dirty, wet hole, filled with the ends of worms and an oozy smell, nor yet a dry, bare sandy hole with nothing to sit down on, or to eat; it was a hobbit-hole, and that means comfort.

Chapter 1

“That would be no good,” said the wizard, “not without a mighty Warrior, even a Hero. I tried to find one, but warriors are busy fighting one another in distant lands, and in this neighborhood, heroes are scarce, or simply not to be found. Swords in these parts are mostly blunt, and axes are used for trees, and shields as cradles, or dish-covers; and dragons are comfortably far off (and therefore legendary). That is why I settled on burglary--especially when I remembered the existence of the side-door. And here is our little Bilbo Baggins, *the* burglar, the chosen and selected burglar. So now let’s get on and make some plans.

Chapter 2

Three very large persons sitting round a very large fire of beech logs. They were toasting mutton on long spits of wood, and licking the gravy off their fingers. There was a fine toothsome smell. Also there was a barrel of good drink at hand, and they were drinking out of jugs. But they were trolls. Obviously trolls. Even Bilbo, in spite of his sheltered life, could see that: from the great heavy faces of them, and their size, and the shape of their legs, not to mention their language, which was not drawing room fashion at all.

Chapter 3

They asked him where he was making for, and he answered: “You are come to the very edge of the Wild, as some of you may know. Hidden somewhere ahead of us is the fair valley of Rivendell where Elrond lives in the Last Homely House. I sent a message by my friends, and we are expected.” That sounded nice and comforting, but they had not got there yet, and it was not so easy as it sounds to find the Last Homely House west of the Mountains.

Chapter 4

The crack closed with a snap, and Bilbo and the Dwarves were on the wrong side of it! Where was Gandalf? Of that neither they nor the goblins had any idea, and the goblins did not wait to find out. It was deep, deep, dark, such as only goblins that have taken to living in the heart of the mountains can see through. The passages there were crossed and tangled in all directions, but the goblins knew their way, as well as you do to the nearest post-office; and the way went down and down, and it was most horribly stuffy. The goblins were very rough, and pinched unmercifully, and chuckled and laughed in their horrible stony voices; and Bilbo was more unhappy even than when the troll had picked him up by his toes. He wished again and again for his nice, bright hobbit-hole. Not for the last time.

Chapter 5

Deep down here by the dark water lived old Gollum, a small slimy creature. I don't know where he came from, nor who or what he was. He was Gollum--as dark as darkness, except for two big round pale eyes in his thin face. He had a little boat, and he rowed about quite quietly on the lake; for lake it was, wide and deep, and deadly cold. He paddled it with large feet dangling over the side, but never a ripple did he make. Not he.

Chapter 5

He must stab the most foul thing, put its eye out, kill it. It meant to kill him. No, not a fair fight. He was invisible now. Gollum had no sword. Gollum had not actually threatened to kill him, or tried yet. And he was miserable, alone, lost. A sudden understanding, a pity mixed with horror, welled up in Bilbo's heart: a glimpse of endless unmarked days without light or hope of betterment, hard stone, cold fish, sneaking and whispering. All these thoughts passed in a flash of a second.

Chapter 6

All of a sudden they heard a howl away down hill, a long shuddering howl. It was answered by another away to the right and a good deal nearer to them; then by another not far away to the left. It was wolves howling at the moon, wolves gathering together! There were not wolves living near Mr. Baggins' hole at home, but he knew that noise. He had had it described to him often enough in tales. One of his elder cousins (on the Took side), who had been a great traveler, used to imitate it to frighten him. To hear it out in the forest under the moon was too much for Bilbo.

Chapter 6

So ended the adventure of the Misty Mountains. Soon Bilbo's stomach was feeling full and comfortable again, and he felt he could sleep contentedly, though really he would have liked a loaf and butter better than bits of meat roasted on sticks. He slept curled up on a hard rock more soundly than ever he had done on his featherbed in his own house and wandered in his sleep into all his different rooms looking for something that he could not find nor remember what it looked like.

Chapter 7

The next morning, Bilbo woke up with the early sun in his eyes. He jumped up to look at the time and to go and put his kettle on--and found he was not home at all. So he sat down and wished in vain for a wash and a brush. He did not get either, nor tea nor toast nor bacon for his breakfast, only cold mutton and rabbit. And after that he had to get ready for a fresh start.

Chapter 7

Soon they reached a courtyard, three walls of which were formed by a wooden house and its two long wings. In the middle there was lying a great oak-trunk with many lopped branches beside it. Standing near was a huge man with a thick black beard and hair, and great bare arms and legs with knotted muscles. He was clothed in a tunic of wool down to his knees, and was leaning on a large axe. The horses were standing by him with their noses at his shoulder.

Chapter 7

"It was a good story, that of yours," said Beorn, "but I like it better now that I am sure it is true. You must forgive my not taking your word. If you lived near the edge of Mirkwood, you would take the word of no one that you did not know as well as your brother or better. As it is, I can only say that I have hurried home as fast as I could to see that you were safe, and to offer you any help that I can. I shall think more kindly of dwarves after this. Killed the Great Goblin, killed the Great Goblin!" he chuckled fiercely to himself.

Chapter 8

There was the usual grey light of the forest day about him when he came to his senses. The spider lay dead beside him, and his sword blade was stained black. Somehow the killing of the giant spider, all alone by himself in the dark without the help of the wizard or the dwarves or of anyone else, made a great difference to Mr. Baggins. He felt a different person, and much fiercer and bolder in spite of an empty stomach, as he wiped his sword on the grass and put it back into its sheath.

Chapter 8

After a good deal of creeping and crawling they peered round the trunks and looked into a clearing where some trees had been felled and the ground levelled. There were many people there, elvish looking folk, all dressed in green and brown and sitting on sawn rings of felled trees in a great circle. There was a fire in their midst, and there were torches fastened to some of the trees round about; but most splendid sight of all: they were eating and drinking and laughing merrily.

Chapter 8

The feasting people were Wood-elves, of course. These are not wicked folk. If they have a fault it is distrust of strangers. Though their magic was strong, even in those days they were wary. They differed from the High Elves of the West, and were more dangerous and less wise. For most of them (together with their scattered relations in the hills and mountains) were descended from the ancient tribes that never went to Faerie in the West.

Chapter 8

The spiders saw the sword, though I don't suppose they knew what it was, and at once the whole lot of them came hurrying after the hobbit along the ground and the branches hairy legs waving, nippers and spinners snapping, eyes popping, full of froth and rage. They followed him into the forest until Bilbo had gone as far as he dared. Then quieter than a mouse he stole back.

Chapter 9

So they sang as first one barrel and then another rumbled to the dark opening and was pushed over into the cold water some feet below. Some were barrels really empty, some were tubs neatly packed with a dwarf each; but down they all went, one after

another, with many a clash and a bump, thudding on top of ones below, smacking into the water, jostling against the walls of the tunnel, knocking into one another, and bobbing away down the current.

Chapter 10

“Who are you and what do you want?” they shouted leaping to their feet and groping for weapons. “Thorin son of Thrain son of Thrór King under the Mountain!” said the dwarf in a loud voice, and he looked it, in spite of his torn clothes and draggled hood. The gold gleamed on his neck and waist: his eyes were dark and deep. “I have come back. I wish to see the Master of your town!”

Chapter 10

The Master and his councillors bade them farewell from the great steps of the town-hall that went down to the lake. People sang on the quays and out of windows. The white oars dipped and splashed, and off they went north up the lake on the last stage of their long journey. The only person thoroughly unhappy was Bilbo.

Chapter 11

“There lies all that is left of Dale,” said Balin. “The mountain’s sides were green with woods and all the sheltered valley rich and pleasant in the days when the bells rang in that town.” He looked both sad and grim as he said this: he had been one of Thorin’s companions on the day that the Dragon came.

Chapter 12

There he lay, a vast red-golden dragon, fast asleep, a thrumming came from his jaws and nostrils, and wisps of smoke, but his fires were low in slumber. Beneath him, under all his limbs and his huge coiled tail, and about him on all sides stretching away across the unseen floors, lay countless piles of precious things, gold wrought and unwrought, gems and jewels, and silver red-stained in the ruddy light.

Chapter 12

But fairest of all was the great white gem, which the dwarves had found beneath the roots of the Mountain, the Heart of the Mountain, the Arkenstone of Thrain. "The Arkenstone! The Arkenstone!" murmured Thorin in the dark, half dreaming with his chin upon his knees. "It was like a globe with a thousand facets; it shone like silver in the firelight, like water in the sun, like snow under the stars, like rain upon the Moon!"

Chapter 13

"Mr. Baggins!" he cried. "Here is your first payment of your reward! Cast off your old coat and put on this!" With that he put on Bilbo a small coat of mail, wrought for some young elf-prince long ago. It was of silver steel, which the elves call mithril, and with it went a belt of pearls and crystals. A light helm of figured leather, strengthened beneath with hoops of steel, and studded about the brim with white gems, was set upon the hobbit's head.

Chapter 14

With a shriek that deafened men, felled trees and split stone, Smaug shot spouting into the air, turned over and crashed down from high in ruin. Full on the town he fell. His last throes splintered it to sparks and gledes. The lake roared in. A vast steam leaped up, white in the sudden dark under the moon. There was a hiss, a gushing whirl, and then silence. That was the end of Smaug and Esgaroth, but not of Bard.

Chapter 15

"Behold! The birds are gathering back again to the Mountain and to Dale from South and East and West, for word had gone out that Smaug is dead!" "Dead! Dead?" shouted the dwarves. "Dead! Then we have been in needless fear--and the treasure is ours!" They all sprang up and began to caper about for joy.

Chapter 16

"This is the Arkenstone of Thrain," said Bilbo, "the Heart of the Mountain, and it is also the heart of Thorin. He values it above a river of gold. I give it to you. It will aid you in your bargaining." Then Bilbo, not without a shudder, not without a glance of longing, handed the marvellous stone to Bard, and he held it in his hand, as though dazed.

Chapter 17

Bilbo's eyes were seldom wrong. The eagles were coming down the wind, line after line, in such a host as must have gathered from all the eyries of the North. "The Eagles! The Eagles!" Bilbo cried, dancing and waving his arms. If the elves could not see him they could hear him. Soon they too took up the cry, and it echoed across the valley.

Chapter 18

"No!" said Thorin. "There is more in you of good than you know, child of the kindly West. Some courage and some wisdom, blended in measure. If more of us valued food and cheer and some above hoarded gold, it would be a merrier world. But sad or merry, I must leave it now. Farewell!" Then Bilbo turned away, and he went by himself, and sat alone wrapped in a blanket, and, whether you believe it or not, he wept until his eyes were red and his voice was hoarse.

Chapter 18

There far away was the Lonely Mountain on the edge of eyesight. On its highest peak snow yet unmelted was gleaming pale. "So snow comes after fire, and even dragons have their ending!" said Bilbo, and he turned his back on his adventure. The Tookish part was getting very tired, and he Baggins was daily getting stronger. "I wish now only to be in my own armchair!" he said.

Chapter 19

His magic ring he kept a great secret, for he chiefly used it when unpleasant callers came. He took to writing poetry and visiting the elves; and though many shook their heads and touched their foreheads and said "Poor old Baggins!" and though few believed any of his tales, he remained very happy to the end of his days, and those were extraordinarily long.

***Iliad by Homer**

No copywork available yet

Jack and Jill by Louisa May Alcott

Chapter 1

So full were they of this important question, that they piled on hap-hazard, and started off still talking so busily that Jill forgot to hold tight and Jack to steer carefully. Alas, for the candy-scape that never was to be! Alas, for poor "Thunderbolt" blindly setting forth on the last trip he ever made! And oh, alas, for Jack and Jill, who wilfully chose the wrong road and ended their fun for the winter! No one knew how it happened, but instead of landing in the drift, or at the fence, there was a great crash against the bars, a dreadful plunge off the steep bank, a sudden scattering of girl, boy, sled, fence, earth, and snow, all about the road, two cries, and then silence.

Chapter 2

Jack and Jill never cared to say much about the night which followed the first coasting party of the season, for it was the saddest and the hardest their short lives had ever known. Jack suffered most in body; for the setting of the broken leg was such a painful job, that it wrung several sharp cries from him, and made Frank, who helped, quite weak and white with sympathy, when it was over. The wounded head ached dreadfully, and the poor boy felt as if bruised all over, for he had the worst of the fall. Dr. Whiting spoke cheerfully of the case, and made so light of broken legs, that Jack innocently asked if he should not be up in a week or so.

Chapter 2

"Everybody is so good to me I can't help making a noodle of myself. "You are not a noodle!" cried Mamma, resenting the epithet. "One of the sweet things about pain and sorrow is that they show us how well we are loved, how much kindness there is in the world, and how easily we can make others happy in the same way when they need help and sympathy. Don't forget that, little son."

Chapter 3

"It's those children at their pranks again. I thought broken bones wouldn't keep them out of mischief long," said the old lady, watching with great interest the mysterious basket traveling up and down the rope from the big house to the cottage. If she had seen what came and went over the wires of the "Great International Telegraph," she would have laughed till her spectacles flew off her Roman nose. A letter from Jack, with a large orange, went first, explaining the new enterprise:--

Chapter 4

But Jill did not mind her loneliness now, and sang like a happy canary while she threaded her sparkling beads, or hung the gay horns to dry, ready for their cargoes of sweets. So Mrs. Minot's recipe for sunshine proved successful, and mother-wit made the wintry day a bright and happy one for both the little prisoners.

Chapter 5

The look and tone with which the last words were uttered effectually turned Jack's thoughts from the great secret, and started another small one, for he fell to planning what he would buy with his pocket-money to surprise the little Pats and Biddies who were to have no Christmas tree.

Chapter 5

After the merry din the house seemed very still, with only a light step now and then, the murmur of voices not far away, or the jingle of sleigh-bells from without, and the little girl rested easily among the pillows, thinking over the pleasures of the day, too wide-awake for sleep. There was no lamp in the chamber, but she could look into the pretty Bird Room, where the fire-light still shone on flowery walls, deserted tree, and Christ-child floating above the green. Jill's eyes wandered there and lingered till they were full of regretful tears, because the sight of the little angel recalled the words spoken when it was hung up, the good resolution she had taken then, and how soon it was broken.

Chapter 6

After the merry din the house seemed very still, with only a light step now and then, the murmur of voices not far away, or the jingle of sleigh-bells from without, and the little girl rested easily among the pillows, thinking over the pleasures of the day, too wide-awake for sleep. There was no lamp in the chamber, but she could look into the pretty Bird Room, where the fire-light still shone on flowery walls, deserted tree, and Christ-child floating above the green. Jill's eyes wandered there and lingered till they were full of regretful tears, because the sight of the little angel recalled the words spoken when it was hung up, the good resolution she had taken then, and how soon it was broken.

Chapter 6

THE BLESSED DAY

"What shall little children bring
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
What shall little children bring
On Christmas Day in the morning?
This shall little children bring
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
Love and joy to Christ their king,
On Christmas Day in the morning!

"What shall little children sing
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
What shall little children sing
On Christmas Day in the morning?
The grand old carols shall they sing
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
With all their hearts, their offerings bring
On Christmas Day in the morning."

Chapter 7

"You had better stick it in your book to remind you of the bad consequences of disobedience, then perhaps _this_ lesson will leave a 'permanent' impression on your mind and memory," answered Mrs. Minot, glad to see her natural gayety coming back, and hoping that she had forgotten the contents of the unfortunate letter. But she had not; and presently, when the sad affair had been talked over and forgiven, Jill asked, slowly, as she tried to put on a brave look,--

Chapter 8

Twilight came before it was done, and a great pile of things loomed up on her table, with no visible means of repair,--for Molly's work-basket was full of nuts, and her thimble down a hole in the shed-floor, where the cats had dropped it in their play. "I'll ask Bat for hooks and tape, and papa for some money to buy scissors and things, for I don't know where mine are. Glad I can't do any more now! Being neat is such hard work!" and Molly threw herself down on the rug beside the old wooden cradle in which Boo was blissfully rocking, with a cargo of toys aboard.

Chapter 9

By this time the boys were rolling about in fits of laughter; even sober Frank was red and breathless, and Jack lay back, feebly squealing, as he could laugh no more. In a moment Ralph was as meek as a Quaker, and sat looking about him with a mildly astonished air, as if inquiring the cause of such unseemly mirth. A knock at the door produced a lull, and in came a maid with apples. "Time's up; fall to and make yourselves comfortable," was the summary way in which the club was released from its sterner duties and permitted to unbend its mighty mind for a social half-hour, chiefly devoted to whist, with an Indian war-dance as a closing ceremony.

Chapter 10

Jill laughed, but the fancy pleased her, and she straightened herself out under the gay afghan, while she sang, in a plaintive voice, another little French song her father taught her:--

"J'avais une colombe blanche,
J'avais un blanc petit pigeon,
Tous deux volaient, de branche en branche,
Jusqu'au faite de mon dongeon:
Mais comme un coup de vent d'automne,
S'est abattu l'□, l'épervier,
Et ma colombe si mignonne
Ne revient plus au colombier."

Chapter 10

The boys' costumes were not yet ready, but they posed well, and all had a merry time, ending with a game of blind-man's-buff, in which every one caught the right person in the most singular way, and all agreed as they went home in the moonlight that it had been an unusually jolly meeting.

So the fairy play woke the sleeping beauty that lies in all of us, and makes us lovely when we rouse it with a kiss of unselfish good-will, for, though the girls did not know it then, they had adorned themselves with pearls more precious than the waxen ones they decked their Princess in.

Chapter 11

But it was long before Frank forgot that costly prank; for he was a thoughtful boy, who honestly wanted to be good; so he remembered this episode humbly, and whenever he felt the approach of temptation he made the strong will master it, saying to himself "Down brakes!" thus saving the precious freight he carried from many of the accidents which befall us when we try to run our trains without orders, and so often wreck ourselves as well as others.

Chapter 12

"'America!' We must have 'America!' Pipe up, Ed, this is too good to end without one song more," cried Mr. Burton, who had been singing like a trumpet; and, hardly waiting to get their breath, off they all went again with the national hymn, singing as they never had sung it before, for somehow the little scenes they had just acted or beheld seemed to show how much this dear America of ours had cost in more than one revolution, how full of courage, energy, and virtue it was in spite of all its faults, and what a privilege, as well as duty, it was for each to do his part toward its safety and its honor in the present, as did those brave men and women in the past.

Chapter 13

When he came, it was evident that he had found it harder to refuse his mother than all the rest. But she trusted him in spite of appearances, and that was such a comfort! For poor Jack's heart was very full, and he longed to tell the whole story, but he would not break his promise, and so kept silence bravely. Jill asked no questions, affecting to be anxious for the games they always played together in the evening, but while they played, though the lips were sealed, the bright eyes said as plainly as words, "I trust you," and Jack was very grateful.

Chapter 14

"It won't do to have such a sharp young person round if we are going to have secrets. You'd make a good detective, miss." "Catch me taking naps before people again;" and Jack looked rather crestfallen that his own words had set "Fine Ear" on the track. "Never mind, I didn't _mean_ to tell, though I just ached to do it all the time, so I haven't broken my word. I'm glad you all know, but you needn't let it get out, for Bob is a good fellow, and it might make trouble for him," added Jack, anxious lest his gain should be the other's loss.

Chapter 14

"Well, it seems rather like a tempest in a teapot, now it is all over, but I do admire your pluck, little boy, in holding out so well when every one was scolding at you, and you in the right all the time," said Frank, glad to praise, now that he honestly could, after his wholesale condemnation.

"That is what pulled me through, I suppose. I used to think if I had done anything wrong, that I couldn't stand the snubbing a day. I should have told right off, and had it over. Now, I guess I'll have a good report if you do tell Mr. Acton," said Jack, looking at his mother so wistfully, that she resolved to slip away that very evening, and make sure that the thing was done.

Chapter 15

A short answer, but it satisfied Jill to her heart's core, and that night, when she lay in bed, she thought to herself: "How curious it is that I've been a sort of missionary without knowing it! They all love and thank me, and won't let me go, so I suppose I must have done something, but I don't know what, except trying to be good and pleasant."

That was the secret, and Jill found it out just when it was most grateful as a reward for past efforts, most helpful as an encouragement toward the constant well-doing which can make even a little girl a joy and comfort to all who know and love her.

Chapter 16

As she spoke, Merry cut the stem, and, adding two or three of the great green leaves, put the handsome flower in his hand with so much good-will that he felt as if he had received a very precious gift. Then he said good-night so gratefully that Merry's hand quite tingled with the grasp of his, and went away, often looking backward through the darkness to where the light burned brightly on the hill-top--the beacon kindled by an unconscious Hero for a young Leander swimming gallantly against wind and tide toward the goal of his ambition.

Chapter 17

So the little missionaries succeeded better in their second attempt than in their first; for, though still very far from being perfect girls, each was slowly learning, in her own way, one of the three lessons all are the better for knowing--that cheerfulness can change misfortune into love and friends; that in ordering one's self aright one helps others to do

the same; and that the power of finding beauty in the humblest things makes home happy and life lovely.

Chapter 18

All agreed at once, and several people were made very happy by a bit of spring left at their doors by the May elves who haunted the town that night playing all sorts of pranks. Such a twanging of bells and rapping of knockers; such a scampering of feet in the dark; such droll collisions as boys came racing round corners, or girls ran into one another's arms as they crept up and down steps on the sly; such laughing, whistling, flying about of flowers and friendly feeling--it was almost a pity that May-day did not come oftener.

Chapter 18

"I wonder what that means," and Merry read over the lines again, while a soft color came into her cheeks and a little smile of girlish pleasure began to dimple round her lips; for she was so romantic, this touch of sentiment showed her that her friendship was more valued than she dreamed. But she only said, "How glad I am I remembered him, and how surprised he will be to see mayflowers in return for the lily."

He was, and worked away more happily and bravely for the thought of the little friend whose eyes would daily fall on the white flower which always reminded him of her.

Chapter 19

Mamma spoke warmly, for she heartily believed in young people's guarding against this dangerous vice before it became a temptation, and hoped her boys would never break the pledge they had taken; for, young as they were, they were old enough to see its worth, feel its wisdom, and pride themselves on the promise which was fast growing into a principle. Jack's face brightened as he listened, and Frank said, with the steady look which made his face manly,--

Chapter 19

Boyish talk and enthusiasm, but it was of the right sort; and when time and training had fitted them to bear arms, these young knights would be worthy to put on the red cross and ride away to help right the wrongs and slay the dragons that afflict the world.

Chapter 20 (take several days)

"We will all sing, music is good for us now," said Mamma; and in rather broken voices they did sing Ed's favorite words:--

"Not a sparrow falleth but its God doth know,
Just as when his mandate lays a monarch low;
Not a leaflet moveth, but its God doth see,
Think not, then, O mortal, God forgetteth thee.
Far more precious surely than the birds that fly
Is a Father's image to a Father's eye.
E'en thy hairs are numbered; trust Him full and free,
Cast thy cares before Him, He will comfort thee;
For the God that planted in thy breast a soul,
On his sacred tables doth thy name enroll.
Cheer thine heart, then, mortal, never faithless be,
He that marks the sparrows will remember thee."

Chapter 21

After that she felt better, and wiped away the drops that blinded her, to look out again like a shipwrecked mariner watching for a sail. And there it was! Close by, coming swiftly on with a man behind it, a sturdy brown fisher, busy with his lobster-pots, and quite unconscious how like an angel he looked to the helpless little girl in the rudderless boat.

Chapter 22

"It's lucky we are going home to-morrow, or that child would be the death of himself and everybody else. He is perfectly crazy about fish, and I've pulled him out of that old lobster-pot on the beach a dozen times," groaned Molly, much afflicted by the mishaps of her young charge.

Chapter 23

"No danger of that, for I never sent my children to school to get rid of them, and now that they are old enough to be companions, I want them at home more than ever. There are to be some lessons, however, for busy minds must be fed, but not crammed; so you boys will go and recite at certain hours such things as seem most important. But there is to be no studying at night, no shutting up all the best hours of the day, no hurry and fret

of getting on fast, or skimming over the surface of many studies without learning any thoroughly."

Chapter 24

There are many such boys and girls, full of high hopes, lovely possibilities, and earnest plans, pausing a moment before they push their little boats from the safe shore. Let those who launch them see to it that they have good health to man the oars, good education for ballast, and good principles as pilots to guide them as they voyage down an ever-widening river to the sea.

Jungle Pilot by Russel T. Hitt

No copywork available yet

Letters from Rifka by Karen Hesse

No copywork available yet

Little Brother to the Bear by William J. Long

No copywork available yet

Little Men by Louisa Mae Alcott

Chapter 1

Don't think of those sad times any more, but get well and happy; and be sure you shall never suffer again, if we can help it. This place is made for all sorts of boys to have a good time in, and to learn how to help themselves and be useful men, I hope. You shall have as much music as you want, only you must get strong first. Now come up to Nursey and have a bath, and then go to bed, and tomorrow we will lay some nice little plans together.

Chapter 2

These were the boys, and they lived together as happily as twelve lads could, studying and playing, working and squabbling, fighting faults and cultivating virtues in the good old-fashioned way. Boys at other schools probably learned more from books, but less of that better wisdom which makes good men. Latin, Greek, and mathematics were all very well, but in Professor Bhaer's opinion, self-knowledge, self-help, and self-control were more important, and he tried to teach them carefully.

Chapter 3

When the church-goers came back and dinner was over, everyone read, wrote letters home, said their Sunday lessons, or talked quietly to one another, sitting here and there about the house. At three o'clock the entire family turned out to walk, for all the active young bodies must have exercise; and in these walks the active young minds were taught to see and love the providence of God in the beautiful miracles which Nature was working before their eyes.

Chapter 4

No one said a word about the scene of the morning, but its effect was all the more lasting for that reason, perhaps. Nat tried his very best, and found much help, not only from the earnest little prayers he prayed to his Friend in heaven, but also in the patient care of the earthly friend, whose kind hand he never touched without remembering that it had willingly borne pain for his sake.

Chapter 5

While the nursery was empty something dreadful happened. You see, Kit had been feeling hurt all day because he had carried meat safely and yet got none to pay him. He was not a bad dog, but he had his little faults like the rest of us, and could not always resist temptation. Happening to stroll into the nursery at that moment, he smelt the cakes, saw them unguarded on the low table, and never stopping to think of consequences, swallowed all six in one mouthful.

Chapter 6

Dan heard Mrs. Bhaer sigh, and he wanted to ask for one more trial himself, but his pride would not let him, and he came out with the hard look on his face, shook hands

without a word, and drove away with Mr. Bhaer, leaving Nat and Mrs. Jo to look after him with tears in their eyes.

Chapter 7

Mr. Bhaer suggested that they should see who would study best, and Nan found as much pleasure in using her quick wits and fine memory as her active feet and merry tongue, while the lads had to do their best to keep their places, for Nan showed them that girls could do most things as well as boys, and some things better.

Chapter 8

As there is no particular plan to this story, except to describe a few scenes in the life of Plumfield for the amusement of certain little persons, we will gently ramble along in this chapter and tell some of the pastimes of Mrs. Jo's boys. I beg leave to assure my honoured readers that most of the incidents are taken from real life, and that the oddest are the truest; for no person, no matter how vivid an imagination he may have, can invent anything half so droll as the freaks and fancies that originate in the lively brains of little people.

Chapter 9

A short pause of intense suspense, and then Nat, Demi, and Tommy marched forth, each bearing a new kite, which they presented to the three young ladies. Shrieks of delight arose, but were silenced by the boys, who said, with faces brimful of merriment, 'That isn't all the surprise'; and, running behind the rock, again emerged bearing a fourth kite of superb size, on which was printed, in bright yellow letters, 'For Mother Bhaer'.

Chapter 10

a) Ragged, dirty, thin, and worn-out he looked; one foot was bare, the other tied up in the old gingham jacket which he had taken from his own back to use as a clumsy bandage for some hurt. He seemed to have hidden himself behind the old haycock, but in his sleep had thrown out the arm that had betrayed him. He sighed and muttered as if his dreams disturbed him, and once when he moved, he groaned as if in pain, but still slept on quite spent with weariness.

b) But after the evening talk was done, the evening song sung, and the house grew still with beautiful Sunday silence, Dan lay in his pleasant room wide awake, thinking new thoughts, feeling new hopes and desires stirring in his boyish heart, for two good angels had entered in: love and gratitude began the work which time and effort were to finish; and with an earnest wish to keep his first promise, Dan folded his hands together in the darkness, and softly whispered Teddy's little prayer.

Chapter 11

a) I've been thinking that it would be a good plan for you fellows to have a museum of your own; a place in which to collect all the curious and interesting things that you find, and make, and have given you. Mrs. Jo is too kind to complain, but it is rather hard for her to have the house littered up with all sorts of rattletraps – half-a-pint of dor-bugs in one of her best vases, for instance, a couple of dead bats nailed up in the back entry, wasps' nests tumbling down on people's heads, and stones lying around everywhere, enough to pave the avenue.

b) There is one thing I'd like to suggest, boys, and that is, I want you to get some good as well as much pleasure out of this. Just putting curious or pretty things here won't do it; so suppose you read up about them, so that when anybody asks questions you can answer them, and understand the matter.

Chapter 12

a) Such a happy afternoon as they had, in spite of the mishaps which usually occur on such expeditions! Of course Tommy came to grief, tumbled upon a hornets' nest and got stung; but being used to woe, he bore the smart manfully, till Dan suggested the application of damp earth, which much assuaged the pain. Daisy saw a snake, and in flying from it lost half her berries; but Demi helped her to fill up again, and discussed reptiles most learnedly the while.

b) Ned fell out of a tree, and split his jacket down the back, but suffered no other fracture. Emil and Jack established rival claims to a certain thick patch, and while they were squabbling about it, Stuffy quickly and quietly stripped the bushes and fled to the protection of Dan, who was enjoying himself immensely.

Chapter 13

Like a swarm of bees about a very sweet flower, the affectionate lads surrounded their pretty playmate, and kissed her till she looked like a little rose, not roughly, but so enthusiastically that nothing but the crown of her hat was visible for a moment. Then her

father rescued her, and she drove away still smiling and waving her hands, while the boys sat on the fence screaming like a flock of guinea-fowls, 'Come back! Come back!' till she was out of sight.

Chapter 14

a) He paused a moment, and one might have heard a pin drop, the room was so still; then slowly and impressively he put the question to each one, receiving the same answer in varying tones from all. Every face was flushed and excited, so that Mr. Bhaer could not take colour as a witness, and some of the little boys were so frightened that they stammered over the two short words as if guilty, though it was evident that they could not be.

b) The lie was wrong, but the love that prompted it and the courage that bore in silence the disgrace which belonged to another, made Dan a hero in their eyes. Honesty and honour had a new meaning now; a good name was more precious than gold; for once lost money could not buy it back; and faith in one another made life smooth and happy as nothing else could do.

Chapter 15

a) Fritz, I see what we can do for that child. She wants something to live for even now, and will be one of the sharp, strong, discontented women if she does not have it. Don't let us snub her restless little nature, but do our best to give her the work she likes, and by and by persuade her father to let her study medicine. She will make a capital doctor, for she has courage, strong nerves, a tender heart, and an intense love and pity for the weak and suffering.

b) His heart clung to his possessions, and he groaned inwardly at the thought of actually giving away certain precious things. Asking pardon publicly was easy compared to this; but then he began to discover that certain other things, invisible, but most valuable, were better property than knives, fishhooks, or even money itself. So he decided to buy up a little integrity, even at a high price, and secure the respect of his playmates, though it was not a saleable article.

Chapter 16

A daring fancy to try the experiment took possession of the boy as he sat on the topmost rail with the glossy back temptingly near him. Never thinking of danger, he obeyed the impulse, and while Charlie suspectingly nibbled at the apple he held, Dan quickly and quietly took his seat. He did not keep it long, however, for with an astonished snort, Charlie reared straight up, and deposited Dan on the ground.

Chapter 17

'My composition has three morals, my friends.' Some body groaned, but no notice was taken of the insult. 'First, is keep your faces clean – second, get up early – third, when the ether sponge is put over your nose, breathe hard and don't kick, and your teeth will come out easy. I have no more to say.' And Miss Nan sat down amid tumultuous applause.

Chapter 18

a) The great garret was full of the children's little stores, and for a time was one of the sights of the house. Daisy's flower seeds in neat little paper bags, all labelled, lay in the drawer of a three-legged table. Nan's herbs hung in bunches against the wall, filling the air with their aromatic breath. Tommy had a basket of thistledown with the tiny seeds attached, for he meant to plant them next year, if they did not all fly away before that time.

b) Emil had bunches of popcorn hanging there to dry, and Demi laid up acorns and different sorts of grain for the pets. But Dan's crop made the best show, for fully one half of the floor was covered with the nuts he brought. All kinds were there, for he ranged the woods for miles round, climbed the tallest trees, and forced his way into the thickest hedges for his plunder.

Chapter 19

This made him very happy, and, though he often forgot his responsibilities for a time, the desire to help was still there, strengthening with his years. He always uttered the words 'my father' with an air of gentle pride, and often said, as if he claimed a title full of honour, 'Don't call me Demi any more. I am John Brooke now.' So, strengthened by a purpose and a hope, the little lad of ten bravely began the world, and entered into his inheritance – the memory of a wise and tender father, the legacy of an honest name.

Chapter 20

With the October frosts came the cheery fires in the great fireplaces; and Demi's dry pine-chips helped Dan's oak-knots to blaze royally, and go roaring up the chimney with a jolly sound. All were glad to gather round the hearth, as the evenings grew longer, to play games, read, or lay plans for the winter. But the favourite amusement was story-telling, and Mr. and Mrs. Bhaer were expected to have a story of lively tales always on hand.

Chapter 21

With the last words the circle narrowed till the good Professor and his wife were taken prisoner by many arms, and half hidden by the bouquet of laughing young faces which surrounded them, proving that one plant had taken root and blossomed beautifully in all the little gardens. For love is a flower that grows in any soil, works its sweet miracles undaunted by autumn frost or winter snow, blooming fair and fragrant all the year, and blessing those who give and those who receive.

Miracles on Maple Hill by Virginia Sorensen

No copywork available yet

***Missionary Travels by David Livingstone**

No copywork available yet

***Never Give In by Stephen Mansfield**

Reserved

Winston Churchill entered the world during one of the most breathless times of change and upheaval in the history. To understand how sweeping this change was, remember that the American Civil War, which occurred less than a decade before Churchill's birth, was fought with rifles, sabers, cavalry charges, and cannon. That war ended in 1865. Less than fifty years later, in 1914, World War I began. Amazingly, this war was fought with tanks, airplanes, machine guns, mustard gas, telephones, trucks, and submarines. In half a century the world had changed a millennium.

Number the Stars by Lois Lowry

Chapter 1

“Halte!” the soldier ordered in a stern voice.

The German word was as familiar as it was frightening. Annemarie had heard it often enough before, but it had never been directed at her until now.

Chapter 1

She knew what Resistance meant. Papa had explained, when she overheard the word and asked. The Resistance fighters were Danish people—no one knew who, because they were very secret—who were determined to bring harm to the Nazis however they could. They damaged the German trucks and cars, and bombed their factories. They were very brave. Sometimes they were caught and killed.

Chapter 2

How the people of Denmark loved King Christian! He was not like fairy tale kings, who seemed to stand on balconies giving orders to subjects, or who sat on golden thrones demanding to be entertained and looking for suitable husbands for their daughters. King Christian was a real human being, a man with a serious, kind face.

Chapter 2

Mama and Papa never spoke of Lise. They never opened the trunk. But Annemarie did, from time to time, when she was alone in the apartment; alone, she touched Lise's things gently, remembering her quiet, soft-spoken sister who had looked forward so to marriage and children of her own.

Chapter 3

“Jews?” Annemarie repeated. “Is Mrs. Hirsch Jewish? Is that why the button shop is closed? Why have they done that?”

Peter leaned forward. “It is their way of tormenting. For some reason, they want to torment Jewish people. It has happened in other countries. They have taken their time here—have let us relax a little. But now it seems to be starting.”

Chapter 3

Now she was ten, with long legs and no more silly dreams of pink-faced cupcakes. And now she—and all the Danes—were to be bodyguard for Ellen, and Ellen’s parents, and all of Denmark’s Jews.

Would she die to protect them? Truly? Annemarie was honest enough to admit, there in the darkness, to herself, that she wasn’t sure.

Chapter 4

Annemarie grinned and walked her Scarlett toward the chair that Ellen had designated as Tivoli. She loved Tivoli Gardens, in the heart of Copenhagen; her parents had taken her there, often, when she was a little girl. She remembered the music and the brightly colored lights, the carousel and ice cream and especially the magnificent fireworks in the evening: the huge colored splashes and bursts of lights in the evening sky.

Chapter 4

“We couldn’t take all three of them. If the Germans came to search our apartment, it would be clear that the Rosens were here. One person we can hide. Not three. So Peter has helped Ellen’s parents to go elsewhere. We don’t know where. Ellen doesn’t know either. But they are safe.”

Chapter 5

Annemarie finished brushing her long hair and handed her hairbrush to her best friend. Ellen undid her braids, lifted her dark hair away from the thin gold chain she wore around her neck—the chain that held the Star of David—and began to brush her thick curls.

Chapter 5

“Hold still,” Annemarie commanded. “This will hurt.” She grabbed the little gold chain, yanked with all her strength, and broke it. As the door opened and light flooded into the bedroom, she crumpled it into her hand and closed her fingers tightly.

Terrified, both girls looked up at the three Nazi officers who entered the room.

Chapter 6

Mama reached over quickly and took Ellen’s hand. “You have beautiful hair, Ellen, just like your mama’s,” she said. “Don’t ever be sorry for that. Weren’t we lucky that Papa thought so quickly and found the pictures? And weren’t we lucky that Lise had dark hair when she was a baby? It turned blond later on, when she was two or so.”

Chapter 6

“This will only be vacation, Ellen. For now, your safety is the most important thing. I’m sure your parents would agree. Inge?” Papa called Mama in the kitchen, and she came to the doorway with a teacup in her hand and a questioning look on her face.

“Yes?”

“We must take the girls to Henrik’s. You remember what Peter told us. I think today is the day to go to your brother’s.”

Chapter 7

The little red-roofed farmhouse was very old, its chimney crooked and even the small, shuttered windows tilted at angles. A bird’s nest, wispy with straw, was half hidden in the corner where the roof met the wall above a bedroom window. Nearby, a gnarled tree was still speckled with a few apples now long past ripe.

Chapter 7

Annemarie didn’t have an answer for her. She patted Ellen’s hand and they sat together silently. Through the window, they could see a thin, round slice of moon appear through the clouds, against the pale sky. The Scandinavian night was not very dark yet, though

soon, when winter came, the night would be not only dark but very long, night skies beginning in the late afternoon and lasting through morning.

Chapter 8

Although Uncle Henrik no longer raised crops on the farm, as his parents had, he still kept a cow, who munched happily on the meadow grass and gave a little milk each day in return. Now and then he was able to send cheese into Copenhagen to his sister's family. This morning, Annemarie noticed with delight, Mama had made oatmeal, and there was a pitcher of cream on the table. It was a very long time since she had tasted cream. At home they had bread and tea every morning.

Chapter 8

"Well, girls," he said, "it is a sad event, but not too sad, really, because she was very, very old. There has been a death, and tonight your Great-aunt Birte will be resting in the living room, in her casket, before she is buried tomorrow. It is the old custom, you know, for the dead to rest at home, and their loved ones to be with them before burial.

Chapter 9

a) Annemarie frowned. She wasn't sure. What did bravery mean? She had been very frightened the day—not long ago, though now it seemed far in the past—when the soldier had stopped her on the street and asked questions in his rough voice.

b) And she had not known everything then. She had not known that the Germans were going to take away the Jews. And so, when the soldier asked, looking at Ellen that day, "What is your friend's name?" she had been able to answer him, even though she was frightened. If she had known everything, it would not have been so easy.

Chapter 9

Tonight Peter went first to Mama and hugged her. Then he hugged Annemarie and kissed her on the cheek. But he said nothing. There was no playfulness to his affection tonight, just a sense of urgency, of worry. He went immediately to the living room, looked around, and nodded at the silent people there.

Ellen was still outside. But in a moment the door opened and she returned—held tightly, like a little girl, her bare legs dangling, against her father’s chest. Her mother was beside them.

Chapter 10

The male, accented voice from the kitchen was loud. “We have observed,” he said, “that an unusual number of people have gathered at this house tonight. What is the explanation?”

“There has been a death,” Mama’s voice replied calmly. “It is always our custom to gather and pay our respects when a family member dies. I am sure you are familiar with our customs.”

Chapter 10

With a swift motion the Nazi officer slapped Mama across the face. She staggered backward, and a white mark on her cheek darkened.

“You foolish woman,” he spat. “To think that we have any interest in seeing the body of your diseased aunt! Open it after we leave,” he said.

With one gloved thumb he pressed a candle flame into darkness. The hot wax spattered the table. “Put all these candles out” he said, “or pull the curtains.”

Chapter 11

“I want you to deliver this. Without fail. It is of great importance.” There was a moment of silence in the hall, and Annemarie knew that Peter must be giving the packet to Mr. Rosen.

Annemarie could see it protruding from Mr. Rosen’s pocket when he returned to the room and sat down again. She could see, too, that Mr. Rosen had a puzzled look. He didn’t know what the packet contained. He hadn’t asked.

Chapter 11

Annemarie realized, though she had not really been told, that Uncle Henrik was going to take them, in his boat, across the sea to Sweden. She knew how frightened Mrs. Rosen was of the sea: its width, its depth, its cold. She knew how frightened Ellen was of the soldiers, with their guns and boots, who were certainly looking for them. And she knew how frightened they all must be of the future.

Chapter 12

“It’s very dark,” Mama whispered as they stood in the yard with their blankets and bundles of food gathered in their arms, “and we can’t use any kind of light. I’ll go first—I know the way very well—and you follow me. Try not to stumble over the tree roots in the path. Feel carefully with your feet. The path is uneven.”

“And be very, very quiet,” she added, unnecessarily.

Chapter 12

After a second she saw a shape there: something unfamiliar, something that had not been there the day before. A dark shape, no more than a blurred heap, at the beginning of the path. Annemarie squinted, forcing her eyes to understand, needing to understand, not wanting to understand.

The shape moved. And she knew. It was her mother, lying on the earth.

Chapter 13

She reached for Annemarie’s arm. “Here, let me lean on you. I think if you support me on this side, I can make my way up to the house. Goodness, what a clumsy fool I am! Here, let me put my arm over your shoulders. You’re such a good, strong, brave girl. Now—very slowly. There.”

Chapter 13

Annemarie took the packet from her mother’s hand and stood. “I will take it,” she said. “I know the way, and it’s almost light now. I can run like the wind.”

Mama spoke quickly, her voice tense. “Annemarie, go into the house and get the small basket on the table. Quickly, quickly. Put an apple into it, and some cheese. Put this packet underneath; do you understand? Hurry.”

Chapter 14

The path curved, and she could no longer look behind her and see the clearing with the farmhouse outlined against the pale sky and the lightening meadow beyond. Now there were only the dark woods ahead; underfoot, the path, latticed with thick roots hidden under the fallen leaves, was invisible. She felt her way with her feet, trying not to stumble.

Chapter 14

But she had heard something else. She heard bushes rustling ahead. She heard footsteps. And—she was certain it was not her imagination—she heard a low growl.

Cautiously, she took a step forward. And another. She approached the turn in the path, and the noises continued.

Then they were there, in front of her. Four armed soldiers. With them, straining at taut leashes, were two large dogs, their eyes glittering, their lips curled.

Chapter 15

The soldier reached forward and grabbed the crisp loaf of bread from the basket. He examined it carefully. Then he broke it in half, pulling the two halves apart with his fists.

That would enrage Kristi, she knew. “Don’t!” she said angrily. “That’s Uncle Henrik’s bread! My mother baked it!”

The soldier ignored her. He tossed the two halves of the loaf to the ground, one half in front of each dog. They consumed it, each snapping at the bread and gulping it so that it was gone in an instant.

Chapter 15

He looked inside, then glared at Annemarie. "Stop crying, you idiot girl," he said harshly. "Your stupid mother has sent your uncle a handkerchief. In Germany the women have better things to do. They don't stay home hemming handkerchiefs for their men."

He gestured with the folded white cloth and gave a short, caustic laugh. "At least she didn't stitch flowers on it."

Chapter 16

Annemarie was startled. "Peter is in the Resistance? Of course! I should have known! He brings Mama and Papa the secret newspaper, *Di Frei Danske*. And he always seems to be on the move. I should have figured it out myself!

He is a very, very brave young man." Uncle Henrik said. "They all are."

Chapter 16

"Did they bring dogs to your boat this morning?"

"Yes. Not twenty minutes after you had gone. I was about to pull away from the dock when the soldiers appeared and ordered me to halt. They came aboard, searched, found nothing. By then, of course, I had the handkerchief. If I had not, well—" His voice trailed off, and he didn't finish the sentence. He didn't need to.

Chapter 17

Peter Neilsen was dead. It was a painful fact to recall on this day when there was so much joy in Denmark. But Annemarie forced herself to think of her redheaded almost-brother, and how devastating the day was when they received the news that Peter had been captured and executed by the Germans in the public square at Ryvangen, in Copenhagen.

Chapter 17

a) Carefully she spread open the skirt of the dress and found the place where Ellen's necklace lay hidden in the pocket. The little Star of David still gleamed gold.

“Papa?” she said, returning to the balcony, where her father was standing with the others, watching the rejoicing crowd. She opened her hand and showed him the necklace. “Can you fix this? I have kept it all this long time. It was Ellen’s.”

b) Her father took it from her and examined the broken clasp. “Yes,” he said. “I can fix it. When the Rosens come home, you can give it back to Ellen.”

“Until then,” Annemarie told him, “I will wear it myself.”

***Ordinary Genius by Stephanie McPherson**

Chapter 1

The more people learned, the more it seemed there was yet to learn. Sometimes Albert thought the whole world was like a giant riddle. He longed to find some answers.

Chapter 2

For such an intelligent person, Albert could be surprisingly absentminded. He skipped meals; he dressed carelessly. Often he forgot the key to his lodging.

Chapter 3

Soon he learned to go to the very heart of an idea and express it in short, clear sentences. This was a skill that also helped him with the scientific papers he was trying to write.

Chapter 4

Albert came to his first lecture poorly dressed in pants that were too short. His only notes were on a single small scrap of paper. But within minutes, the students knew they had a very special teacher- one who cared about physics and cared about them.

Chapter 5

He wanted to prove that light doesn't always travel in a straight line, but can be bent by gravity. It was a remarkable claim.

Chapter 6

All over the world, Einstein's strange and wonderful theory made headlines. Light bent by gravity? Time and space curved around the sun? The incredible ideas captured the public's imagination.

Chapter 7

Before their ship landed, the 1921 Nobel Prize in physics was announced. Albert had won the award for his work on the photoelectric effect, completed almost fifteen years earlier. (Both relativity theories were still considered too controversial to serve as the basis for the Nobel Prize.)

Chapter 8

Playing his violin at benefit concerts, he raised money for refugee musicians driven from their homelands by political unrest. In a way, Albert was a refugee too.

Chapter 9

A new historical era, the atomic age, had been born, and no one knew better than Albert the threat it posed to human survival. For the rest of his life, he worked to make sure the bomb would never be used again.

Penrod by Booth Tarkington

No copywork available yet

Rob Roy by Sir Walter Scott

Chapter 1

Throw, then, these sheets into some secret drawer of your escritoire till we are separated from each other's society by an event which may happen at any moment, and which must happen within the course of a few – a very few – years. When we are parted in this world, - to meet, I hope, in a better, - you will, I am well aware, cherish more than it deserves the memory of your departed friend, and will find in those details which I am now to commit to paper, matter for melancholy, but not displeasing reflection.

Chapter 2

My father, you must recollect, as a man of business, looked upon the labour of poets with contempt; and as a religious man, and of the dissenting persuasion, he considered all such pursuits as equally trivial and profane. Before you condemn him, you must recall to remembrance how too many of the poets in the end of the seventeenth century had led their lives and employed their talents. The sect also to which my father belonged, felt, or perhaps affected, a puritanical aversion to the lighter exertions of literature.

Chapter 3

I trouble you with this detail of the man's disposition, and the manner in which I practised upon it, because, however trivial in themselves, these particulars were attended by an important influence on future incidents which will occur in this narrative. At the time, this person's conduct only inspired me with contempt, and confirmed me in an opinion, which I already entertained, that of all the propensities which teach mankind to torment themselves, that of causeless fear is the most irritating, busy, painful, and pitiable.

Chapter 4

'Upon my faith, sir,' said Campbell, 'I cannot render you the service you seem to desiderate. I am,' he added, drawing himself up haughtily, 'travelling on my own private affairs; and if ye will act by my advisement, sir, ye will neither unite yourself with an absolute stranger on the road, nor communicate your line of journey to those who are asking ye no questions about it.'

Chapter 5

She threw me the rein as if we had been acquainted from our childhood, jumped from her saddle, tripped across the court-yard, and entered at a side-door, leaving me in admiration of her beauty, and astonished with the over-frankness of her manners, which seemed the more extraordinary at a time when the dictates of politeness, flowing from the court of the Grand Monarque, Louis XIV., prescribed to the fair sex an unusual severity of decorum.

Chapter 6

The sons were, indeed, heavy unadorned blocks as the eye would desire to look upon. Tall, stout, and comely, all and each of the five eldest seemed to want alike the Promethean fire of intellect and the exterior grace and manner which, in the polished world, sometimes supply mental deficiency. Their most valuable moral quality seemed to be the good humour and content which was expressed in their heavy features, and their only pretence to accomplishment was their dexterity in field sports, for which alone they lived.

Chapter 7

I attached myself to Miss Vernon as the only person in the party whom I could regard as a suitable companion. By her side, therefore, we sallied forth to the destined cover, which was a dingle or copse on the side of an extensive common. As we rode thither, I observed to Diana that I did not see my cousin Rashleigh in the field; to which she replied: 'Oh, no; he's a mighty hunter, but it's after the fashion of Nimrod, and his game is man.'

Chapter 8

Morris's eyes brightened up at this suggestion, and he began to hesitate forth an assurance that he thirsted for no man's blood, when I cut the proposed accommodation short by resenting the justice's suggestion as an insult that went directly to suppose me guilty of the very crime which I had come to his house with the express intention of disavowing. We were in this awkward predicament, when a servant, opening the door, announced, 'A strange gentleman to wait upon his honour,' and the party whom he thus described entered the room without farther ceremony.

Chapter 9

Oh, Mr. Osbaldistone, if you but knew – if any one knew – what difficulty I sometimes find in hiding an aching heart with a smooth brow, you would indeed pity me. I do wrong, perhaps, in speaking to you thus far on my own situation; but you are a young man of sense and penetration. You cannot but long to ask me a hundred questions on the events of this day, - on the share which Rashleigh has in your deliverance from this petty scrape; upon many other points which cannot but excite your attention.

Chapter 10

Rashleigh sate down and filled his glass, glancing his eye from Diana to me with an embarrassment which his utmost efforts could not entirely disguise. I thought he appeared to be uncertain concerning the extent of confidence she might have reposed in me, and hastened to lead the conversation into a channel which should sweep away his suspicion that Diana might have betrayed any secrets which rested between them.

Chapter 11

There was something, I was sensible, of truth, as well as good sense, in all this; it seemed to be given as a friendly warning, and I had no right to take it amiss: yet I felt I could with pleasure have run Rashleigh Osbaldistone through the body all the time he was speaking.

Chapter 12

My English feelings, however, were too many for my French education, and I made, I believe, a very pitiful figure when Miss Vernon, seating herself majestically in a huge elbow chair in the library, like a judge about to hear a cause of importance, signed to me to take a chair opposite to her (which I did, much like the poor fellow who is going to be tried), and entered upon conversation in a tone of bitter irony.

Chapter 13

I have already said that there is a mystery connected with Rashleigh, of a dangerous and fatal nature. Villain as he is, and as he knows he stands convicted in my eyes, I cannot – dare not – openly break with or defy him. You also, Mr. Osbaldistone, must bear with him with patience, foil his artifices by opposing to them prudence, not violence; and, above all, you must avoid such scenes as that of last night, which cannot but give him perilous advantages over you.

Chapter 14

'Silly, romping, incorrigible girl!' said I to myself, 'on whom all good advice and delicacy are thrown away! I have been cheated by the simplicity of her manner, which I suppose she can assume just as she could a straw bonnet, were it the fashion, for the mere sake of celebrity. I suppose, notwithstanding the excellence of her understanding, the society of half a dozen of clowns to play at whisk and swabbers would give her more pleasure than if Ariosto himself were to awake from the dead.'

Chapter 15

a) This led me involuntarily to recollect that the intercourse between Miss Vernon and the priest was marked with something like the same mystery which characterised her communications with Rashleigh. I had never heard her mention Vaughan's name, or even allude to him, excepting on the occasion of our first meeting, when she mentioned the old priest and Rashleigh as the only conversible beings, besides herself, in Osbaldistone Hall.

b) Yet although silent with respect to Father Vaughan, his arrival at the hall never failed to impress Miss Vernon with an anxious and fluttering tremor, which lasted until they had exchanged one or two significant glances.

Chapter 16

'Ask no questions,' she said; 'but, believe me, Rashleigh's views extend far beyond the possession or increase of commercial wealth. He will only make the command of Mr. Osbaldistone's revenues and property the means of putting in motion his own ambitious and extensive schemes. While your father was in Britain this was impossible; during his absence, Rashleigh will possess many opportunities, and he will not neglect to use them.'

Chapter 17

'Well,' said Diana, 'in that case my little Pacolet may be of use to you. – You have heard of a spell contained in a letter. Take this packet; do not open it until other and ordinary means have failed: if you succeed by your own exertions, I trust to your honour for destroying it without opening or suffering it to be opened. But if not, you may break the

seal within ten days of the fated day, and you will find directions which may possibly be of service to you. – Adieu, Frank; we never meet more, - but sometimes think on your friend Die Vernon.’

Chapter 18

That the spirit of Rashleigh walked around me, and conjured up these doubts and difficulties by which I was surrounded, I could not doubt for one instant; yet it was frightful to conceive the extent of combined villainy and power which he must have employed in the preparation of his designs. Let me do myself justice in one respect: the evil of parting from Miss Vernon, however distressing it might in other respects and at another time have appeared to me, sunk into subordinate consideration when I thought of the dangers impending over my father.

Chapter 19

Situated in a populous and considerable town, this ancient and massive pile has the appearance of the most sequestered solitude. High walls divide it from the buildings of the city on one side; on the other it is bounded by a ravine, at the bottom of which, and invisible to the eye, murmurs a wandering rivulet, adding, by its gentle noise, to the imposing solemnity of the scene. On the opposite side of the ravine rises a steep bank, covered with fir trees closely planted, whose dusky shade extends itself over the cemetery with an appropriate and gloomy erect.

Chapter 20

a) My plan succeeded. I had not resumed the appearance of attention to the preacher for five minutes, when the same voice whispered, ‘Listen, but do not look back.’ I kept my face in the same direction. ‘You are in danger in this place,’ the voice proceeded; ‘so am I. Meet me to-night on the Brigg, at twelve preceesely; keep at home till the gloaming, and avoid observation.’

b) Here the voice ceased, and I instantly turned my head. But the speaker had, with still greater promptitude, glided behind the pillar, and escaped my observation. I was determined to catch a sight of him, if possible, and, extricating myself from the outer circle of hearers, I also stepped behind the column. All there was empty; and I could only see a figure wrapped in a mantle, whether a Lowland cloak or Highland plaid I could not distinguish, which traversed like a phantom, the dreary vacuity of vaults which I have described.

Chapter 21

'I do not,' he said, 'carry you there as a prisoner. I am,' he added, drawing himself haughtily up, 'neither a messenger nor a sheriff's officer; I carry you to see a prisoner from whose lips you will learn the risk in which you presently stand. Your liberty is little risked by the visit; mine is in some peril, - but that I readily encounter on your account, for I care not for risk, and I love a free young blood that kens no protector but the cross o' the sword.'

Chapter 22

Thus possessed of the alarming outline of facts, the question remained, What was to be done? and it was not of easy determination. I plainly perceived the perils with which we were surrounded, but it was more difficult to suggest any remedy. The warning which I had already received seemed to intimidate that my own personal liberty might be endangered by an open appearance in Owen's behalf.

Chapter 23

'Ten days?' I answered, and instinctively drew out Diana Vernon's packet; and the time being elapsed during which I was to keep the seal sacred, I hastily broke it open. A sealed letter fell from a blank enclosure, owing to the trepidation with which I opened the parcel. A slight current of wind, which found its way through a broken pane of the window, wafted the letter to Mr. Jarvie's feet, who lifted it, examined the address with unceremonious curiosity, and, to my astonishment, handed it to his Highland kinsmen, saying, 'Here's a wind has blown a letter to its right owner, though there were ten thousand chances against its coming to hand.'

Chapter 24

We had not hitherto made the least allusion to the transactions of the preceding night, - a circumstance which made my question sound somewhat abrupt, when, without any previous introduction of the subject, I took advantage of a pause when the history of the tablecloth ended, and that of the napkins was about to commence, to inquire, 'Pray, by the by, Mr. Jarvie, who may this Mr. Robert Campbell be whom we met with last night?'

Chapter 25

By degrees I became exasperated at the rancour with which Rashleigh sought my life, and returned his passes with an inveteracy resembling in some degree his own; so that the combat had all the appearance of being destined to have a tragic issue. That issue had nearly taken place at my expense. My foot slipped in a full lunge which I made at my adversary, and I could not so far recover myself as completely to parry the thrust with which my pass was repaid. Yet it took but partial effect, running through my waistcoat, grazing my ribs, and passing through my coat behind.

Chapter 26

Through the combined operation of these motives he at length arrived at the doughty resolution of taking the field in person, to aid in the recovery of my father's property. His whole information led me to believe that if the papers were in possession of this Highland adventurer, it might be possible to induce him to surrender what he could not keep with any prospect of personal advantage; and I was conscious that the presence of his kinsman was likely to have considerable weight with him.

Chapter 27

I made various inquiries of my friend Mr. Jarvie respecting the names and positions of these remarkable mountains; but it was a subject on which he had no information, or did not choose to be communicative. 'They're the Hieland hills, the Hieland hills; ye'll see and hear eneugh about them before ye see Glasgow Cross again. I downa look at them; I never see them but they gar me grew. It's no for fear, no for fear, but just for grief for the puir blinded, half-starved creatures that inhabit them.'

Chapter 28

As, however, she lighted me towards the miserable hovel into which they had crammed our unlucky steeds, to regale themselves on hay, every fibre of which was as thick as an ordinary goose-quill, she plainly showed me that she had another reason for drawing me aside from the company than that which her words implied. 'Read that,' she said, slipping a piece of paper into my hand as we arrived at the door of the shed; 'I bless God I am rid o 't. Between sogers and Saxons, and caterans and cattle-lifters, and hership and bluidshed, an honest woman wad live quieter in hell than on the Highland line.'

Chapter 29

a) The officer commanded me to be disarmed and searched. To have resisted would have been madness. I accordingly gave up my arms, and submitted to a search, which was conducted as civilly as an operation of the kind well could. They found nothing except the note which I had received that night through the hand of the landlady.

b) 'This is different from what I expected,' said the officer; 'but it affords us good grounds for detaining you. Here I find you in written communication with the outlawed robber, Robert MacGregor Campbell, who has been so long the plague of this district. How do you account for that?'

Chapter 30

He quickened his pace into a run, followed by the six soldiers; but as they attained the first traverse of the ascent, the flash of a dozen of firelocks from various parts of the pass parted in quick succession and deliberate aim. The sergeant, shot through the body, still struggled to gain the ascent, raised himself by his hands to clamber up the face of the rock, but relaxed his grasp, after a desperate effort, and falling, rolled from the face of the cliff into the deep lake, where he perished. Of the soldiers, three fell, slain or disabled; the others retreated on their main body, all more or less wounded.

Chapter 31

a) He fell prostrate before the female chief with an effort to clasp her knees, from which she drew back as if his touch had been pollution, so that all he could do in token of the extremity of his humiliation was to kiss the hem of her plaid. I never heard entreaties for life poured forth with such agony of spirit. The ecstasy of fear was such that, instead of paralysing his tongue, as on ordinary occasions, it even rendered him eloquent;

b) and with cheeks pale as ashes, hands compressed in agony, eyes that seemed to be taking their last look of all mortal objects, he protested, with the deepest oaths, his total ignorance of any design on the person of Rob Roy, whom he swore he loved and honoured as his own soul. In the inconsistency of his terror he said he was but the agent of others, and he muttered the name of Rashleigh.

Chapter 32

I know not why it is that a single deed of violence and cruelty affects our nerves more than when these are exercised on a more extended scale. I had seen that day several of my brave countrymen fall in battle: it seemed to me that they met a lot appropriate to humanity; and my bosom, though thrilling with interest, was affected with nothing of that sickening horror with which I beheld the unfortunate Morris put to death without resistance, and in cold blood.

Chapter 33

At length, tears rushed to my eyes, glazed as they were by the exertion of straining after what was no longer to be seen. I wiped them mechanically, and almost without being aware that they were flowing; but they came thicker and thicker. I felt the tightening of the throat and breast, the hysterica passio of poor Lear; and, sitting down by the wayside, I shed a flood of the first and most bitter tears which had flowed from my eyes since childhood.

Chapter 34

His passions were obviously irritated; but without noticing the rudeness of his tone, I gave him a short and distinct account of the death of Morris. He struck the butt of his gun with great vehemence against the ground, and broke out, 'I vow to God such a deed might make one forswear kin, clan, country, wife, and bairns! And yet the villain wrought long for it. And what is the difference between warsling below the water wi' a stane about your neck, and wavering in the wind wi' a tether round it? It's but choking, after a'; and he drees the doom he ettled for me.'

Chapter 35

'MacGregor,' she replied, 'I have forgotten nought that is fitting for me to remember. It is not such hands as these,' and she stretched forth her long, sinewy, and bare arm, 'that are fitting to convey love-tokens, were the gift connected with aught but misery. – Young man,' she said, presenting me with a ring, which I well remembered as one of the few ornaments that Miss Vernon sometimes wore, 'this comes from one whom you will never see more. If it is a joyless token, it is well fitted to pass through the hands of one to whom joy can never be known. Her last words were: "Let him forget me for ever."' "

Chapter 36

We spent, accordingly, one hospitable day with the Bailie, and took leave of him, as this narrative now does. He continued to grow in wealth, honour, and credit, and actually rose to the highest civic honours in his native city. About two years after the period I have mentioned, he tired of his bachelor life, and promoted Mattie from her wheel by the kitchen fire to the upper end of his table, in the character of Mrs. Jarvie.

Chapter 37

a) Andrew's news proved but too true in the main. The great rebellion which agitated Britain in the year 1715 had already broken out, by the unfortunate Earl of Mar's setting up the standard of the Stewart family in an ill-omened hour, to the ruin of many honourable families both in England and in Scotland.

b) The treachery of some of the Jacobite agents (Rashleigh among the rest), and the arrest of others, had made George the First's Government acquainted with the extensive ramifications of a conspiracy long prepared, and which at last exploded prematurely, and in a part of the kingdom too distant to have any vital effect upon the country, which, however, was plunged into much confusion.

Chapter 38

There was a deep sigh from the opposite side of the room, which seemed to reply to my reflections. I started up in amazement: Diana Vernon stood before me, resting on the arm of a figure so strongly resembling that of the portrait so often mentioned that I looked hastily at the frame, expecting to see it empty. My first idea was, either that I had gone suddenly distracted, or that the spirits of the dead had arisen and been placed before me.

Chapter 39

'Torment me not,' said the wounded man; 'I know no assistance can avail me. I am a dying man.' He raised himself in his chair, though the damps and chill of death were already on his brow and spoke with a firmness which seemed beyond his strength. 'Cousin Francis,' he said, 'draw near to me.' I approached him as he requested. 'I wish you only to know that the pangs of death do not alter one iota of my feelings towards you. I hate you!' he said, the expression of rage throwing a hideous glare into the eyes which were soon to be closed for ever – 'I hate you with a hatred as intense, now while I lie bleeding and dying before you, as if my foot trod on your neck.'

Roll of Thunder, Hear My Cry by Mildred D. Taylor

Chapter 1

I watched little Man as he scooted into his seat beside two other little boys. He sat for a while with a stony face looking out the window; then, evidently accepting the fact that the book in front of him was the best that he could expect, he turned and opened it. But as he stared at the book's inside cover, his face clouded, changing from sulky acceptance to puzzlement. His brows furrowed. Then his eyes grew wide, and suddenly he sucked in his breath and sprang from his chair like a wounded animal, flinging the book onto the floor and stomping madly upon it.

Chapter 2

The man was a human tree in height, towering high above Papa's six feet two inches. The long trunk of his massive body bulged with muscles, and his skin, of the deepest ebony, was partially scarred upon his face and neck as if by fire. Deep lifelines were cut into his face and his hair was splotched with gray, but his eyes were clear and penetrating. I glanced at the boys and it was obvious to me that they were wondering the same thing as I: Where had such a being come from?

Chapter 3

Later that evening the boys and I sat at the study table in Mama and Papa's room attempting to concentrate on our lessons; but none of us could succeed for more than a few minutes without letting out a triumphant giggle. More than once Mama scolded us, telling us to get down to business. Each time she did, we set our faces into looks of great seriousness, resolved that we would be adult about the matter and not gloat in our hour of victory. Yet just one glance at each other and we were lost, slumping on the table in helpless, contagious laughter.

Chapter 4

The Wallace store stood almost a half mile beyond Jefferson Davis, on a triangular lot that faced the Soldiers Bridge crossroads. Once the Granger plantation store, it had been run by the Wallaces for as long as I could remember, and most of the people within the forty-mile stretch between Smellings Creek and Strawberry shopped there. The other three corners of the crossroads were forest land, black and dense. The store consisted of a small building with a gas pump in front and a storage house in back. Beyond the store, against the forest edge, were two gray clapboard houses and a small garden. But there were no fields; the Wallaces did not farm.

Chapter 5

"Is this it?" I cried, a gutting disappointment enveloping me as we entered the town. Strawberry was nothing like the tough, sprawling bigness I had envisioned. It was instead a sad, red place. As far as I could see, the only things modern about it were a paved road which cut through its center and fled northward, away from it, and a spindly row of electrical lines. Lining the road were strips of red dirt splotched with patches of brown grass and drying mud puddles, and beyond the dirt and the mud puddles, gloomy store buildings set behind raised wooden sidewalks and sagging verandas.

Chapter 6

The morning was gray as we stepped outside, but the rain had stopped. We followed the path of bedded rocks that led to the barn, careful not to slip into the mud, and got into the Packard, shining clean and bright from the washing Uncle Hammer and Mr. Morrison had given it after breakfast. Inside the Packard, the world was a wine-colored luxury. The boys and I, in the back, ran our hands over the rich felt seats, tenderly fingered the fancy door handles and window knobs, and peered down amazed at the plush carpet peeping out on either side of the rubber mats. Mr. Morrison, who was not a churchgoing man, waved good-bye from the barn and we sped away.

Chapter 7

By the dawn, the house smelled of Sunday: chicken frying, bacon sizzling, and smoke sausages baking. By evening, it reeked of Christmas. In the kitchen sweet-potato pies, egg-custard pies, and rich butter pound cakes cooled,; a gigantic coon which Mr. Morrison, Uncle Hammer, and Stacey had secured in a night's hunt baked in a sea of onions, garlic, and fat orange-yellow yams; and a choice sugar-cured ham brought from the smokehouse awaited its turn in the oven. In the heart of the house, where we had gathered after supper, freshly cut branches of long-needled pines lay over the fireplace mantle adorned by winding vines of winter holly and bright red Christmas berries. And in the fireplace itself, in a black pan set on a high wire rack, peanuts roasted over the hickory fire as the waning light of day swiftly deepened into a fine velvet night speckled with white forerunners of a coming snow, and the warm sound of husky voices and rising laughter mingled in tales of sorrow and happiness of days past but not forgotten.

Chapter 8

Papa rubbed his moustache and looked up at the trees standing like sentinels on the edge of the hollow, listening. "But the way I see it, the Bible didn't mean for you to be no fool. Now one day, maybe I can forgive John Andersen for what he done to these trees, but I ain't gonna forget it. I figure forgiving is not letting something nag at you – rotting you out. Now if I hadn't done what I done, then I couldn't've forgiven myself, and that's the truth of it."

Chapter 9

I was eager to be in the fields again, to feel the furrowed rows of damp, soft earth beneath my feet; eager to walk barefooted through the cool forest, hug the trees, and sit under their protective shadow. But although every living thing knew it was spring, Miss Crocker and the other teachers evidently did not, for school lingered on indefinitely. In the last week of March when Papa and Mr. Morrison began to plow the east field, I volunteered to sacrifice school and help them. My offer was refused and I trudged wearily to school for another week.

Chapter 10

On the third Sunday of August the annual revival began. Revivals were always very serious, yet gay and long-planned-for affairs which brought pots and pans from out-of-the-way shelves, mothball-packed dresses and creased pants from hidden closets, and all the people from the community and the neighboring communities up the winding red school road to Great Faith Church. The revival ran for seven days and it was an occasion everyone looked forward to, for it was more than just church services; it was the year's only planned social event, disrupting the humdrum of everyday country life. Teenagers courted openly, adults met with relatives and friends they had not seen since the previous year's "big meeting," and children ran almost free.

Chapter 11

Mr. Morrison's song faded and I guessed he was on his way to the rear of the house. He would stay there for a while, walking on cat's feet through the quiet yard, then eventually return to the front porch again. Unable to sleep, I resigned myself to await his return by counting states. Miss Crocker had had a big thing about states, and I sometimes found that if I pretended that she was naming them off I could fall asleep. I decided to count the states geographically rather than alphabetically; that was more of a challenge. I had gotten as far west as the Dakotas when my silent recitation was disturbed by a tapping on the porch. I lay very still. Mr. Morrison never made sounds like that.

Chapter 12

When the dawn came peeping yellow-gray and sooted over the horizon, the fire was out and the thunderstorm had shifted eastward after an hour of heavy rain. I stood up stiffly, my eyes tearing from the acrid smoke, and looked out across the cotton to the slope, barely visible in the smoggy dawn. Near the slope where once cotton stalks had stood their brown bolls popping with tiny puffs of cotton, the land was charred, desolate, black, still steaming from the night.

***School of the Woods by William J. Long**

Chapter 1

Most people think that the life of a wild animal is governed wholly by instinct. They are of the same class who hold that the character of a child is largely predetermined by heredity.

Personally, after many years of watching animals in their native haunts, I am convinced that instinct plays a much smaller part than we have supposed.

Chapter 2

They were but a few days old when I found them. Each had on his little Joseph's coat; and each, I think, must have had also a magic cloak somewhere about him; for he had only to lie down anywhere to become invisible.

Chapter 3

I soon found out that there is just as much difference in fawns as there is in folks. Eyes, faces, dispositions, character,--in all things they were as unlike as the virgins of the parable. One of them was wise, and the other was very foolish.

Chapter 4

Suddenly, with one clear, sharp whistle to announce his intention, (Ismaques) would drop like a plummet for a thousand feet, catch himself in mid-air, and zigzag down to the nest in the spruce top, whirling, diving, tumbling, and crying aloud the while in wild, ecstatic exclamations.

Chapter 5

(T)he little fellow, too hungry to wait, shoots down like an arrow. He is a yard above the surface when a big whitecap jumps up at him and frightens him. He hesitates, swerves, flaps lustily to save himself. Then under the whitecap is a gleam of silver again. Down he goes on the instant,--ugh! boo!--like a boy taking his first dive. He is out of sight for a full moment, while two waves race over him, and I hold my breath waiting for him to come up. Then he bursts out, sputtering and shaking himself, and of course without his fish.

Chapter 6

A moment's intent listening; then the leader stepped slowly down from his log and came towards me cautiously, halting, hiding, listening, gliding, swinging far out to one side and back again in stealthy advance, till he drew himself up abruptly at sight of my face peering out of the underbrush.

Chapter 7

There are always two surprises when you meet a bear. You have one, and he has the other.

Chapter 8

I had to go round the tree at this point for a standing on a larger branch; and when I looked up, there was another eye watching down over another long bill. So, however I turned, they watched me closely getting nearer and nearer, till I reached up my hand to touch the nest. Then there was a harsh croak. Three long necks reached down suddenly over the edge of the nest on the side where I was; three long bills opened wide just over my head; and three young herons grew suddenly seasick, as if they had swallowed ipecac.

I never saw the inside of that home.

Chapter 9

However you take him, Unk Wunk is one of the mysteries. He is a perpetual question scrawled across the forest floor, which nobody pretends to answer; a problem that grows only more puzzling as you study to solve it.

Chapter 10

So the queer thing tumbled past my feet, purring, crackling, growing bigger and more ragged every moment as it gathered up more leaves, till it reached the bottom of a sharp pitch and lay still.

I stole after it cautiously. Suddenly it moved, unrolled itself. Then out of the ragged mass came a big porcupine. He shook himself, stretched, wobbled around moment, as if his long roll had made him dizzy; then he meandered aimlessly along the foot of the ridge, his quills stuck full of dead leaves, looking big and strange enough to frighten anything that might meet him in the woods.

Chapter 11

At the first sudden motion he leaped; the red fire blazed out in his eyes, and he plunged straight at the canoe—one, two splashing jumps, and the huge velvet antlers were shaking just over me and the deadly fore foot was raised for a blow.

I rolled over on the instant, startling the brute with a yell as I did so, and upsetting the canoe between us. There was a splintering crack behind me as I struck out for deep water. When I turned, at a safe distance, the bull had driven one sharp hoof through the bottom of the upturned canoe, and was now trying awkwardly to pull his leg out from the clinging cedar ribs. He seemed frightened at the queer, dumb thing that gripped his foot, for he grunted and jumped back, and thrashed his big antlers in excitement; but he was getting madder every minute.

Chapter 12

I stood motionless behind a tree, grasping a branch above, ready to swing up out of reach when the bull charged. A vague black hulk thrust itself out of the dark woods, close in front of me, and stood still. Against the faint light, which showed from the lake

through the fringe of trees, the great head and antlers stood out like an upturned root; but I had never known that a living creature stood there were it not for a soft, clucking rumble that the bull kept going in his throat,—a ponderous kind of love note, intended, no doubt, to let his elusive mate know that he was near.

Chapter 13

While I was watching the eagle a little turtle found the twig and laid himself across it, one flipper clinched into a knot to hold him steady, the others hanging listlessly and swinging to keep the balance perfect as he teetered up and down, up and down, with the great, purring river to do his work for him and join his silent play. And there he lay for half the morning—as long as I stayed to watch him—swinging, swaying, rising, falling, glad of his little life, which was yet big enough to know pleasure, glad of light and motion, and, for aught I know, glad of a music in the stream below, the faint echo of the rustling, rippling, fluting music that filled the air and the woods all around me.

Life is a glad thing for the wood folk; that is what the great eagle was saying, far over head; that is what the little turtle said, swaying up and down on his twig at my feet; that is what every singing bird and leaping salmon said, and every piping frog along the shore, and every insect buzzing about my ears in the warm sunshine.

Chapter 14

At twilight I found him hanging head down from a spruce root, his feet clinched in a hold that would never loosed, his bill just touching the life-giving water. He had fallen asleep there, in peace, by the spring that he had known and loved all his life, and whose waters welled up to his lips and held his image in their heart to the last moment.

How do the animals die? —quietly, peacefully, nine tenths of them, as the eagle died in his own free element, and the little wood warbler by the spring he loved. For these two are but types of the death that goes on in the woods continually. The only exception is in this: that they were seen by too inquisitive eyes.

***Sea Around Us by Rachael Carson**

Chapter 1

Imagine a whole continent of naked rock, across which no covering mantle of green had been drawn -- a continent without soil, for there were no land plants to aid in its

formation and bind it to the rocks with their roots. Imagine a land of stone, a silent land, except for the sound of the rains and winds that swept across it.

Chapter 2

To the human senses, the most obvious patterning of the surface waters is indicated by color. The deep blue water of the open sea far from land is the color of emptiness and barrenness; the green water of the coastal areas, with all its varying hues, is the color of life. The sea is blue because the sunlight is reflected back to our eyes from the water molecules of from very minute particles suspended in the sea.

Chapter 3

The face of the sea is always changing. Crossed by colors, lights, and moving shadows, sparkling in the sun, mysterious in the twilight, its aspects and its moods vary hour by hour. The surface waters move with the tides, stir to the breath of the winds, and rise and fall to the endless, hurrying forms of the waves. Most of all, they change with the advance of the seasons.

Chapter 4

a. We know that light fades out rapidly with descent below the surface. The red rays are gone at the end of the first 200 or 300 feet, and with them all the orange and yellow warm of the sun. Then the greens fade out, and at 1000 feet only a deep, dark, brilliant blue is left. In very clear waters the violet rays of the spectrum may penetrate another thousand feet. Beyond this is only the blackness of the deep sea.

b. In a curious way, the colors of marine animals tend to be related to the zone in which they live.

Chapter 5

a. As the hidden lands beneath the sea become better known, there recurs again and again the query: can the submerged masses of the undersea mountains be linked with the famed "lost continents"? Shadowy and insubstantial as are the accounts of all such legendary lands – the fabled Lemuria of the Indian Ocean, St. Brendan's Island, the lost Atlantis – they persistently recur like some deeply rooted racial memory in the folklore of many parts of the world.

b. Best known is Atlantis, which according to Plato's account was a large island or continent beyond the Pillars of Hercules.

Chapter 6

The sediments are a sort of epic poem of the earth. When we are wise enough, perhaps we can read in them all of past history. For all is written here. In the nature of the materials that compose them and in the arrangement of the successive layers the sediments reflect all that has happened in the waters above them and on the surrounding lands. The dramatic and the catastrophic in earth history have left their trace in the sediments – the outpourings of volcanoes, the advance and retreat of the ice, the searing aridity of desert lands, the sweeping destruction of floods.

Chapter 7

The birth of a volcanic island is an event marked by prolonged and violent travail: the forces of the earth striving to create, and all the forces of the sea opposing. The sea floor, where an island begins, is probably nowhere more than about fifty miles thick – a thin covering over the vast bulk of the earth. In it are deep cracks and fissures, the results of unequal cooling and shrinkage in past ages. Along such lines of weakness the molten lava from the earth's interior press up and finally bursts forth into the sea.

Chapter 8

The ocean waters have come in over North America many times and have again retreated into their basins. For the boundary between sea and land is the most fleeting and transitory feature of the earth, and the sea is forever repeating its encroachments upon the continents. It rises and falls like a great tide, sometimes engulfing half a continent in its flood, reluctant in its ebb, moving in a rhythm mysterious and infinitely deliberate.

Chapter 9

It is a confused pattern that the waves make in the open sea – a mixture of countless different wave trains, intermingling, overtaking, passing, or sometimes engulfing one another; each group differing from the others in the place and manner of its origin, in its

speed, its direction of movement; some doomed never to reach any shore, others destined to roll across half an ocean before they dissolve in thunder on a distant beach.

Chapter 9

As long as there has been an earth, the moving masses of air that we call winds have swept back and forth across its surface. And as long as there has been an ocean, its waters have stirred to the passage of the winds. Most waves are the result of the action of the wind on water. There are exceptions, such as the tidal waves sometimes produced by earthquakes under the sea. But the waves most of us know best are wind waves.

Chapter 10

The conflict between opposing water masses may, in places, be one of the most dramatic of the ocean's phenomena. Superficial hissings and sighings, the striping of the surface waters with lines of froth, a confused turbulence and boiling, and even sounds like distant breakers accompany the displacement of the surface layers by deep water. As visible evidence of the upward movement of the water masses, some of the creatures that inhabit the deeper places of the sea may be carried up bodily into the surface.

Chapter 11

The tides are enormously more complicated than all this would suggest. The influence of sun and moon is constantly changing, varying with the phases of the moon, with the distance of moon and sun from the earth, and with the position of each to north or south of the equator. They are complicated further by the fact that every body of water, whether natural or artificial, has its own period of oscillation. Disturb its waters and they will move with a seesaw or rocking motion, with the most pronounced movement at the ends of the container, the least motion at the center. Tidal scientists now believe that the ocean contains a number of "basins," each with its own period oscillation determined by its length and depth.

Chapter 12

For the globe as a whole, the ocean is the great regulator, the great stabilizer of temperatures. It has been described as a "savings bank for solar energy, receiving

deposits in seasons of excessive insolation and paying them back in seasons of want." Without the ocean, our world would be visited by unthinkably harsh extremes of temperature. For the water that covers three-fourths of the earth's surface with an enveloping mantle is a substance of remarkable qualities. It is an excellent absorber and radiator of heat.

Chapter 13

Of all the elements present in the sea, probably none has stirred men's dreams more than gold. It is there – in all the waters covering the greater part of the earth's surface – enough in total quantity to make every person in the world a millionaire. but how can the sea be made to yield it?

Chapter 14

So here and there, in a few out-of-the way places, the darkness of antiquity still lingers over the surface of the waters. But it is rapidly being dispelled and most of the length and breadth of the ocean is known; it is only in thinking of its third dimension that we can still apply the concept of the Sea of Darkness. It took centuries to chart the surface of the sea; our progress in delineating the unseen world beneath it seems by comparison phenomenally rapid. But even with all our modern instruments for probing and sampling the deep ocean, no one now can say that we shall ever resolve the last, the ultimate mysteries of the sea.

***Secrets of the Universe by Paul Fleisher**

Chapter 1

a. That means that a scientific law is not something that can be changed whenever we choose....we cannot change it, we can only describe what happens. A scientist's job is to describe the laws of nature as accurately and exactly as possible.

b. The laws that you will read about in this book are *universal laws*. That means they are true not only here on Earth, but elsewhere throughout the universe too.

Chapter 2

(Archimedes) was so excited about his new idea that he jumped out of the tub. Forgetting to put on his clothes, he ran through the streets shouting, "Eureka!" which means *I found it!* Archimedes had been thinking about why some things float while others sink.

Chapter 3

- a. In 1609 (Kepler) published his First Law of Planetary Motion: Planets travel around the sun in elliptical orbits, with the sun at one focus of the ellipse.
- b. Kepler's Second Law is a mathematical way of saying the closer a planet is to the sun, the faster it moves in its orbit.
- c. (The Third Law) is a mathematical way of saying that the farther away from the sun a planet is, the more slowly it travels in its orbit.

Chapter 4

- a. The fact that Galileo used experiments was very unusual in the 1500s. Scientists, or *natural philosophers*, as they were known at that time, didn't use experiments to answer scientific questions. They used thought instead. If their idea seemed logical and sensible, they were satisfied that they had the correct answer. Galileo was the first great scientist to use experiments to test his ideas.
- b. The law (of Uniform Acceleration) says that falling objects accelerate at a uniform rate.

**A quote of interest here, not from The Secrets of the Universe:*

If reasoning were like hauling I should agree that several reasoners would be worth more than one, just as several horses can haul more sacks of grain than one can. But reasoning is like racing and not like hauling, and a single Barbary steed can outrun a hundred dray horses.

Galileo Galilei

Chapter 5

- a. Newton understood that an object will change its motion only if acted upon by a force. Otherwise, its motion will be unchanged.
- b. Isaac Newton's great discovery was that gravitation is a *universal* force. The force of gravity exists in every corner of the universe. It works the same way everywhere.

Chapter 8

The branch of physics that studies light is called *optics*.

The Greek philosophers didn't know what light was, but they did know that it travels in straight lines.

Chapter 10

The study of the behavior of liquids is known as *hydrodynamics*. The prefix *hydro-* means *water*, and *dynamics* is the study of motion.

Chapter 12

Bernoulli's Principle tells us that when a gas moves faster, it has less pressure. Since gas moves faster, it has less pressure. Since air is moving faster over the wing than under it, there is less pressure above and more pressure below. That gives the wing lift.

Chapter 13.

The elements combine only in certain, regular proportions by weight.

Chapter 14

Mendeleev arranged the elements according to their atomic weight. He then grouped them according to their valences. When he arranged the elements this way, he discovered that their chemical and physical properties showed a *periodic*, or repeating, pattern.

Chapter 15

Scientists have discovered that energy is *conserved*. Energy may change forms, but it is neither created nor destroyed.

Chapter 16

a. In any energy transformation, heat always flows from areas of higher concentration to areas of lower concentration.

That means that heat always moves from hotter areas to cooler ones.

b. In any energy transformation some useful energy will be lost and turned into unrecoverable heat.

Heat is the least useful form that energy can take.

Chapter 17

a. The Law of Conservation of Charge says that for every negative charge created, there must be an equal amount of positive charge.

b. Coulomb's results were surprising and exciting. He discovered that electrical force is directly proportional to the amount of charge in the two objects and inversely proportional to the square of their distance.

c. A moving electrical charge creates magnetic force.

d. Faraday was a brilliant experimenter. He knew from Oersted's experiment that a moving current could create magnetic force. He wondered if the opposite was also true? Could a magnet cause an electric current to flow in a wire?

His answer has turned out to be one of the most useful discoveries in the history of science.

e. Because magnetism and electricity are just different aspects of the same force, scientists usually refer to that force as *electromagnetic force*.

f. In 1897 J.J. Thomson discovered the existence of a negatively charged particle smaller than an atom. This particle became known as the electron. Scientists realized that it is the motion of electrons that carries electrical energy.

Chapter 18

a. Ohm's Law tells us that when there is a lot of resistance, less current will flow. If there is less resistance, more current will flow. That explains why people receive the most dangerous electric shocks when their skin is wet.

b. Joule found that the amount of power in an electric circuit depends on two things: the voltage of the circuit and the amount of current flowing in it.

Chapter 19

a. Relativity means that what you observe and measure about an event depends on your own point of view as well as the event itself.

b. The part of Einstein's law that tells us that the speed of light is constant for any observer is known as *special relativity*.

c. General relativity tell us that there is no difference between gravity and acceleration.

The effects of gravity are exactly like the effects of uniform (perfectly smooth, constant) acceleration.

d. In our century Einstein's laws have "replaced" Newton's laws of motion and gravitation....that doesn't mean that Newton was wrong....but Einstein showed us that objects and energies behave differently when they travel at or near the speed of light.

Chapter 20

a. The laws of *classical mechanics* include Newton's three laws of motion and Galileo's Law of Uniform Acceleration. These laws all seem sensible to us. That's because they tell us about the motions of ordinary objects of familiar size. Whenever we see the objects in our world move, they follow the laws of classical mechanics.

Atoms and atomic particles, however, follow a different set of rules as they move and therefore need a different set of laws. The branch of physics that studies the motion of atoms is known as *quantum mechanics*.

Chapter 21

Scientists now use the Law of Conservation of Mass/Energy. It says that the total amount of mass and energy in any reaction must remain the same. Mass may be converted to energy or energy may be converted to mass, but no mass or energy can be created or destroyed.

Chapter 22

a. X-rays are so very powerful that when one of these light waves hits an electron, it knocks it completely off course. It totally changes the electron's speed and direction. The X-ray may bounce back to a camera and tell us where the electron *was* at the moment when it was hit. But there is no way to predict where it is now and where it's going.

b. In fact, atomic particles cannot be observed without disturbing them. That means there must always be some uncertainty about where atomic particles are and what they are doing. We will never be able to know *everything* about an electron or a proton or a neutron. They will always look fuzzy to us. This rule is known as the Uncertainty Principle.

Appendix

In all inverse square laws, the strength of the force that the law describes is inversely proportional to the distance from the source of the force. When two quantities are inversely proportional, one measurement decreases as the other one increases. In these laws the intensity of the force decreases as the distance increases. In all inverse square laws, however, the intensity decreases in proportion to the *square* of the distance from the center of force.

Snow Treasure by Marie McSwigan

No copywork available yet

***Story of Mankind by Hendrick Van Loon**

Chapter 62

I do not mean to say that they are wrong. But I hold that we know by far too little of this entire period to re-construct that early west-European society with any degree (however humble) of accuracy. And I would rather not state certain things than run the risk of stating certain things that were not so.

Chapter 63

The Marquis de Condorcet was one of the noblest characters among the small group of honest enthusiasts who were responsible for the outbreak of the great French Revolution. He had devoted his life to the cause of the poor and the unfortunate. He had been one of the assistants of d'Alembert and Diderot when they wrote their famous Encyclopedia. During the first years of the Revolution he had been the leader of the Moderate wing of the Convention.

Chapter 64

Irony and Pity are both of good counsel; the first with her smiles makes life agreeable; the other sanctifies it with her tears.

Chapter 65

The treaty of Versailles was writ with the point of a bayonet. And however useful the invention of Colonel Fuysegur may have been in a close scrimmage, as an instrument of peace it has never been considered a success.

Chapter 66

Just as it takes a long time for a person or a nation to build up a reputation, so it also takes a long time for them to live one down.

Chapter 67

With American prestige at a low ebb and most of Europe in a state of financial and political turmoil, Japan chose 1931 as the year in which to send her troops across the Korean border into Manchuria.

Chapter 68

One of the surest signs of our growing maturity was the fact that, for the first time in its history, the United States began to take an interest in the vast continent in the southern hemisphere to which ours is linked by name, history and geography.

Chapter 69

On December 7, while the Japanese peace envoy Saburo Kuruso was in Washington to continue negotiation, Japanese planes made a surprise attack on Pearl Harbor in the Hawaiian Islands.

Chapter 70

This was indeed the "year of agony" for those who opposed the Axis. Yet in one respect it was a year of triumph too. Twenty-six nations, many of them represented by "government-in-exile," committed themselves to the principles of the Atlantic Charter and thereby formed the nucleus of what was to become the United Nations.

Chapter 71

Oscar Wilde once quipped, "As long as war is regarded as wicked it will always have its fascination. When it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease to be popular."

Chapter 72

The continued position of the United State as the world's greatest power has been on the realities of the world picture since the capitulation of the Axis partners in 1945.

Chapters 73

In the sixties men and women of this century had grappled with old problems and had met with some success. Yet, during these years, mankind became aware of some very grave problems that had been scarcely noticed at the start of the decade.

Chapters 74

In a sense, the whole story of mankind has been the story of how man has been changing his surroundings to suit his growing physical and spiritual needs.

Chapters 75

Perhaps it is best to remember that people have always thought that no previous generation had ever seen so many awful or wonderful events as they did. We are no different from our ancestors in this respect. We believe that we are living in a world whose threats are more terrible and whose promises are greater than any that have existed before.

Chapter 76

People living in any age probably insist that their era is the most dramatic, exciting and challenging in the long story of mankind.

Chapter 77

The last two decades of the twentieth century have been marked by dramatic political changes, most notable for their peaceful character, that have brought freedom to many nations that previously had authoritarian governments.

***Story of the Greeks by H. A. Guerber**

Publisher's Preface

Herodotus further states that "the Pelasgians originally spoke a non-Greek language" (*The History*, 1.57). This would only make sense if the Pelasgians were originally of Ham, while the Greeks were of Japheth.

Chapter 1

The beginning of Greek history is therefore like a fairy tale; and while much of it cannot, of course, be true, it is the only information we have about the early Greeks.

Chapter 2

They were very glad to find that some of their thickest walls had resisted the earthquake and flood, and were still standing firm.

Chapter 3

Cadmus also taught the people many useful things, among others the art of trade (or commerce) and that of navigation (the building and using of ships); but, best of all, he brought the alphabet to Greece, and showed the people how to express their thoughts in writing.

Chapter 4

Each part of the country claimed that its first great man was the son of a god.

Chapter 5

- a) To compliment Daedalus, the people declared that he had given their vessels wings, and had thus enabled them to fly over the seas.
- b) Many years after, when sails were so common that they ceased to excite any wonder, the people, forgetting that these were wings which Daedalus had made, invented a wonderful story.

Chapter 6

These young men were so brave that they well deserved the name of heroes, which has always been given them; and they met with many adventures about which the people loved to hear.

Chapter 7

(This festival) proved a great success, and was a bond of union among the people, who thus learned each other's customs and manners, and grew more friendly than if they had always stayed at home.

Chapter 8

In those days the people thought they could learn about the future by consulting the oracles, or priests who dwelt in the temples, who pretended to give messages from the gods.

Chapter 8

When the queen saw that the child's ankles were swollen by the cord with which he had been hung on the tree, she tenderly cared for him, and called him Oedipus, which means, "the swollen-footed."

Chapter 9

This creature had the head of a woman, the body of a lion, and the wings of an eagle; and, as it ate up all those who could not guess its riddle, the people were very frightened.

Chapter 10

The air grew dark, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, the tress bent and twisted in the wind; and, although Antigone called her father again and again, she heard no answering cry.

Chapter 11

The misfortunes of Thebes had not come to an end with the banishment of Oedipus, and fate was still against the unhappy city.

Chapter 12

Such was the end of the race of Oedipus – a king who has been considered the most unhappy man that ever lived.

Chapter 13

When Menelaus came home and found that his guest had run away with his wife, he was very angry, and vowed that he would not rest until he had punished Paris and won back the beautiful Helen.

Chapter 14

To make sure that the waters should touch every part of him, the mother plunged him into the rushing tide, holding him fast by one heel.

Chapter 15

Nine years thus passed in continual warfare, but even then the Greeks were as far from taking the town as on the first day; and the Trojans, in spite of all their courage, had not been able to drive their enemies away.

Chapter 16

While Achilles sat thus sulking day after day, his companions were bravely fighting.

Chapter 17

The two young men, each the champion warrior of his army, were not fighting with the courage of despair; for, while Achilles was thirsting to avenge his friend, Hector knew that the fate of Troy depended mostly upon his arm.

Chapter 18

Deep down under the ground he found the remains of beautiful buildings, some pottery, household utensils, weapons, and a great deal of gold, silver, brass, and bronze. All these things were blackened or partly melted by fire.

Chapter 19

The return of the Heraclidae into the Peloponnesus is the last even of the Heroic Age, and now real history begins.

Chapter 20

Instead of spending all his time in weeping over his troubles, Homer tried to think of some way in which he could earn his living, and at the same time give pleasure to others.

Chapter 21

As (Lycurgus) was one of the wisest men who ever lived, he knew very well that men must be good if they would be happy.

Chapter 22

The laws which Lycurgus drew up for the Spartans were very strict.

Chapter 23

This style of speaking, where much was said in few words, was so usual in the whole country of Laconia, that it is still known as the *laconic* style.

Chapter 24

The girls and women never came to these public tables; but the boys were given a seat there as soon as they had learned their first and most important lesson, obedience.

Chapter 25

Then, knowing that great wealth is not desirable, Lycurgus said that the Spartans should use only iron money. All the Spartan coins were therefore bars of iron, so heavy that a yoke of oxen and a strong cart were needed to carry a sum equal to one hundred dollars from one spot to another.

Chapter 26

When the Spartans found out that the Messenian fields were more fruitful than their own, they longed to have them.

Chapter 27

The Spartans were very angry when he placed himself at their head with a lyre instead of a sword.

Chapter 28

Although the Spartans thought that Aristomenes was dead, they were greatly mistaken.

Chapter 29

Between the games, therefore, the poets recited their poems, the musicians sang their songs, the historians read their histories, and the story-tellers told their choicest tales, to amuse the vast crowd which had come there from all parts of Greece, and even from the shores of Italy and Asia Minor.

Chapter 30

Milo was very proud of his great strength, which, however, proved unlucky for him.

Chapter 31

As it was usual in Greece to hold judgment over lifeless as well as over living things, the statue of Theagenes was brought into court, and accused and found guilty of murder.

Chapter 32

It must have been a pretty sight to see all those healthy, happy girls running around the stadium, as the foot-race course was called.

Chapter 33

Draco was chosen to draw up these new laws (602 BC); and he made them so strict and cruel that the least sin was punished as if it had been a crime.

Chapter 34

Solon was a studious and thoughtful man, and had acquired much of his wisdom by traveling, and by learning all he could from the people he visited. He knew so much that he was called a sage, and he loved to meet and talk with wise people.

Chapter 34

Solon changed many of Draco's severe laws.

Chapter 35

The first plays, as already stated, were very simple, and consisted of popular songs rudely acted.

Chapter 36

As Pisistratus ruled just as he pleased, without consulting the Tribunal, or people, he has been called a tyrant. This word in those days meant "supreme ruler"; but as many of those who followed him made a bad use of their power, and were cruel and grasping, its meaning soon changed, and the word now means, "a selfish and unkind ruler".

Chapter 37

These young men were very careful at first to follow their father's good example; but they soon began to neglect business for pleasure, and, instead of thinking of the people's good, they spent much of their time in feasting and drinking.

Chapter 38

She was buried in a beautiful tomb, over which her friends put the image of a lioness without a tongue, to remind the people of her courage.

Chapter 39

- a. Each voter received a shell (ostrakon) and dropped it into a place made for that purpose. All in favor of banishment wrote upon their shells the name of the man they wished to exile.
- b. If six thousand bore the name of the same man, he was driven out of the city, or ostracized.

Chapter 40

The Great King generally dwelt at Ecbatana, a city surrounded by seven walls, each painted in a different but very bright color. Inside the seventh and last wall stood the palace and treasure house, which was fairly overflowing with gold and precious stones.

Chapter 41

On a beautiful throne of ivory and gold, all over-shadowed by a golden vine bearing clusters of jeweled grapes, sat the Persian king.

Chapter 42

When Darius heard this, he was very much pleased; and then, sending for his bow, he shot an arrow in the direction of Athens, to show that the punishment of the Athenians would be his next care.

As he was afraid of forgetting these enemies in the pressure of other business, he gave orders that a slave should appear before him every day while he sat at dinner, and solemnly say, "Master, remember the Athenians!"

Chapter 43

They consulted together, hoping to find a plan by which their small army could successfully oppose the Persian host, which was twelve times greater.

Chapter 44

- a. One Greek soldier even rushed down into the waves, and held a Persian vessel which was about to push off.
- b. The Persians, anxious to escape, struck at him, and chopped off his hand; but the Greek, without hesitating a moment, grasped the boat with his other hand, and held it fast.

Chapter 45

Miltiades, who had been the idol of the people, was now buried hurriedly and in secret, because the ungrateful Athenians had forgotten all the good he had done them, and remembered only his faults.

Chapter 46

Aristides had never done anything wrong, but had, on the contrary, done all he could to help his country. His enemies, however, were the men who were neither honest nor just, and who felt that his virtues were a constant rebuke to them.

Chapter 47

Instead of accepting their offer, he loaded them with rich gifts, and sent them home unharmed, telling them he would not injure the innocent.

Chapter 48

The king was soon comforted, however, and crossed the bridge first, attended by his bodyguard of picked soldiers, who were called the Immortals because they had never suffered defeat.

Chapter 49

- a. This was a very small army; but it was impossible to get more soldiers at the time, as all the Greeks were more anxious to attend the Olympic games, which were just then being celebrated, than to defend their country and homes.
- b. Many of them said they were afraid the gods would be angry...

Chapter 50

As a Spartan never drew back, he made up his mind to die on the field of battle, and bade his warriors comb their hair, don their choicest armor, and dress themselves in their richest attire, as was the custom when some great danger threatened them and they expected to die.

Chapter 51

"Go, passer-by, at Sparta tell,

Obedient to her law we fell."

Chapter 52

At this, the brave Athenian neither drew back nor flew into passion: he only cried, "Strike if you will, but hear me!"

Chapter 53

a. When both meals were ready, they made the greatest contrast. The Persian tent was all decked with costly hangings, the table was spread with many kinds of rich food served in dishes of solid gold, and soft couches were spread for the guests.

b. The Spartan supper, on the contrary, was of the plainest description, and was served in ordinary earthenware.

Chapter 54

As soon as the Athenians had secured shelter for their families, they began to restore the mighty walls which had been the pride of their city. When the Spartans heard of this, they jealously objected, for they were afraid that Athens would become more powerful than Sparta.

Chapter 55

Artaxerxes, having thus provided for all Themistocles' wants, and helped him to pile up riches, fancied that his gratitude would lead him to perform any service the king might ask. He therefore sent for Themistocles one day, and bade him lead a Persian army against the Greeks.

Chapter 56

The Athenians, touched by his virtues, gave him a public burial, held his name in great honor, and often regretted that they had once been so ungrateful as to banish their greatest citizen, Aristides the Just.

Chapter 57

Day by day the two parties became more distinct, and soon the Athenians sided either with Pericles or with Cimon in all important matters. The two leaders were at first very good friends, but little by little they drifted apart, and finally they became rivals.

Chapter 58

- a. During these thirty years of peace, Pericles was very busy, and his efforts were directed for the most part toward the improvement of Athens. By his advice a magnificent temple, the Parthenon, was built on top of the Acropolis, in honor of Athene.
- b. This temple, one of the wonders of the world, was decorated with beautiful carvings.

Chapter 59

Now, Anaxagoras had never heard of the true God, the God whom we worship. He had heard only of Zeus, Athene, and the other gods honored by his people; but he was so wise and so thoughtful that he believed the world could never have been created by such divinities as those.

Chapter 60

- a. They imagined that the darkening of the sun at midday was the sign of some coming misfortune, and hardly dared to fight against the Athenians.
- b. Thanks to this superstitious fear, Pericles laid waste the fields of the Peloponnesus, and came back to Athens in triumph.

Chapter 61

When the Athenians were in the greatest distress, Pericles heard that there was a Greek doctor, named Hippocrates, who had a cure for the plague; and he wrote to him, imploring help.

Chapter 62

Socrates believed that everybody should be as good and gentle as possible, and freely forgive all injuries. This belief was very different from that of all ancient nations, who, on the contrary, thought that they should try to avenge every insult, and return evil for evil.

Chapter 63

His shield was also inlaid with gold and ivory, and on it was a picture of Cupid throwing the thunderbolts of Jove. All his flatterers, instead of telling him frankly that such armor was ridiculous, admired him greatly, and vowed that he looked like the god of the sun.

Chapter 64

Alcibiades was shrewd enough, in spite of all his vanity, to understand that the people of Athens loved him principally because he was handsome and rich. He also knew that they delighted in gossip, and he sometimes did a thing merely to hear them talk about it.

Chapter 65

The first of the Greek colonies in southern Italy was the city of Sybaris.

Chapter 66

This ingratitude on the part of his people so angered Alcibiades, that he told the Spartans all the Athenian plans, and showed how to upset them.

Chapter 67

Thus ended the life of the brilliant Alcibiades, who died at the age of forty, far away from his native land, and from the people whose idol he had once been, but whom he had ruined by his vanity.

Chapter 68

The Spartans, in the mean while, had been changing rapidly for the worse; for the defeat of the Athenians had filled their hearts with pride, and had made them fancy they were the bravest and greatest people on earth. Such conceit is always harmful.

Chapter 69

Although Socrates was so wise and good and gentle, he was not at all conceited, and showed his wisdom by never pretending to know what he did not know, and by his readiness to learn anything new, provided one could prove it to be true.

Chapter 70

The philosopher's friends begged him to use his eloquence to defend himself and confound his accusers; but he calmly refused, saying, "My whole life and teaching is the only contradiction, and the best defense I can offer."

Chapter 70

- a. "Master, will you then remain here, and die innocent?"
- b. "Of course," replied Socrates, gravely. "Would you rather I should die guilty?"

***Story of the Romans by H. A. Guerber**

Chapter I

Although each family at first lived by itself, they soon discovered that if several families joined together, they could cultivate the ground better, they could hunt more successfully, and that in time of danger they could more easily defend themselves.

Thus several families would form a tribe under the strongest and cleverest man among them, whom they chose as their leader. These leaders selected the best place for them to settle in, told them what to do in time of war, and thus became chiefs or kings over their own tribes.

There were a number of such little kingdoms scattered throughout Italy, and as the people grew richer, wiser, and more numerous, they occupied more and more land.

Now it was from some of these tribes that the Romans descended.

Chapter II

The brave Trojans were attacked by night, and only a few among them managed to escape death.

Among these few, however, there was a prince named Æneas. His father was Anchises, the cousin of the King of Troy, and his mother was Venus, the goddess of beauty. As Venus did not want her son to die with the rest of the Trojans, she appeared to him during the fatal night when the Greeks had secretly entered Troy, and were plundering and burning the houses. She showed him that resistance would be useless, and bade him flee from the city, with all his family.

Chapter III

The wind was so high, the darkness so great, and the lightning flashes so blinding that Æneas had lost his bearings. When the storm was over, he sailed for the nearest land, and came to the coast of what is now Tunis; but he had no idea where he was. He therefore bade his companions remain on the ships, while he went ashore with only one man, - the faithful Achates, who always went with him, and was his devoted friend. So these two men started out and began cautiously to explore the country where they had landed, trying to find some one who could tell them where they were.

Chapter IV

The men all sat down around the fire; and Iulus, who was very hungry indeed, quickly ate his share of meat, and then devoured the cake on which it had been placed. As he swallowed the last mouthful he cried: "Just see how hungry I was! I have eaten even the boards on which my meal was served!"

At these words Æneas sprang to his feet, and cried that the prophecy was fulfilled at last, and that now they could settle in the beautiful country they had reached. The next day they were welcomed by Latinus, King of Latinum, who, after hearing their story, remembered his dream, and promised that Æneas should have his daughter Lavinia in marriage.

Chapter V

The kings thought that the babes would float out to sea, where they would surely perish; but the cradle drifted ashore before it had gone far. There the cries of the hungry children were heard by a she-wolf. This poor beast had just lost her cubs, which a cruel hunter had killed. So instead of devouring the babies, the she-wolf suckled them as if they were the cubs she had lost; and the Romans used to tell their children that a woodpecker brought the twins fresh berries to eat.

Thus kept alive by the care of a wolf and a bird, the children remained on the edge of the river, until a shepherd passed that way. He heard a strange sound in a thicket, and, on going there to see what was the matter, found the children with the wolf. Of course the shepherd was greatly surprised at this sight; but he took pity of the poor babies, and carried them home to his wife, who brought them up.

Chapter VI

They had decided that they would settle in the northern part of Latium, on the banks of the Tiber, in a place where seven hills rose above the surrounding plain. Here the two brothers said that they would build their future city.

Before beginning, however, they thought it would be well to give the city a name. Each wanted the honor of naming it, and each wanted to rule over it when it was built. As they were twins, neither was willing to give up to the other, and as they were both hot-tempered and obstinate, they soon began to quarrel.

Their companions then suggested that they should stand on separate hills the next day, and let the gods decide the question by a sign from the heavens. Remus, watching the sky carefully, suddenly noticed that he saw six vultures. A moment later Romulus exclaimed that he could see twelve; so the naming the city was awarded to him, and he said that it should be called Rome.

Chapter VII

The Sabines promised to give her all she asked, and Tarpeia opened the gates. As the warriors filed past her, she claimed her reward; and each man, scorning her for her meanness, flung the heavy bronze buckler, which he also wore on his left arm, straight at her.

Tarpeia sank to the ground at the first blow, and was crushed to death under the weight of the heavy shields. She fell at the foot of a steep rock, or cliff, which has ever since been known as the Tarpeian Rock. From the top of this cliff, the Romans used to hurl their criminals, so that they might be killed by the fall. In this way many other persons came to die on the spot where the faithless girl had once stood, when she offered to sell the city to the enemy for the sake of a few trinkets.

Chapter VIII

The Sabine army had taken the citadel, thanks to Tarpeia's vanity; and on the next day there was a desperate fight between them and the Romans who lived on the Palatine hill. First the Romans and then the Sabines were beaten back; and finally both sides paused to rest.

The battle was about to begin again, and the two armies were only a few feet apart, threatening each other with raised weapons and fiery glances, when all at once the women rushed out of their houses, and flung themselves between the warriors.

In frantic terror for the lives of their husbands on one side, and of their fathers and brothers on the other, they wildly besought them not to fight. Those who had little children held them up between the lines of soldiers, and the sight of these innocent babes disarmed the rage of both parties.

Instead of fighting any more, therefore, the Romans and Sabines agreed to lay down their arms and to become friends.

Chapter IX

We are told that Romulus reigned over the Romans for thirty-seven years. Although he was at first a very good ruler, he soon grew proud and cruel. As he was king, he wanted to have his own way in everything; and as soon as he ceased to care whether what he wished would be good for the Romans, they began to dislike him.

A man who thinks only of himself can have no real friends, and Romulus soon stood alone. But although the people hated him, they feared him too much to defy him openly and show him their displeasure.

One day, when Romulus and all the people had gone to the plain beyond the citadel, a sudden storm arose. The darkness became so great that the people fled in terror, leaving the senators and king to look out for themselves.

Chapter X

The other company of priests were called Augurs. They watched the changes in the weather, the flight of the birds, and the behavior of the geese which they kept in the temple. By observing these things carefully, they thought they could tell the future; and the people often asked them the meaning of certain signs, such as the sudden appearance of some bird or animal on their right or left side when they were starting out on a journey.

Of course all this was mere nonsense; yet some people still believe in these foolish things. You have all heard the saying, "See a pin and pick it up, all the day you'll have good luck," and "If your left ear burns, someone is talking ill of you." It was such signs as these that the Romans believed in; and the augurs were supposed to know all about them, and to explain them to the people.

Chapter XI

Numa Pompilius had no son to take his place on the throne, so the senators elected Tullus Hostilius, a patrician, as the third king of Rome. Unlike the former king, the new ruler was proud and quarrelsome; and, as he enjoyed fighting, the Romans were soon called to war.

Tullus first quarreled with his neighbors in Alba, the city where Amulius and Numitor had once reigned. Neither people was willing to yield to the other, and yet each disliked to begin the bloodshed; for they saw that they were about equally matched, and that their fighting would end only with their lives. As they could not wait forever, the two parties finally decided to settle their quarrel by a fair fight between three picked warriors on either side.

The Albans selected as their champions three brothers name Curiatius, all noted for their strength, their courage, and their great skill in handling arms. The Romans made an equally careful choice, and selected three brothers from the Horatius family. These six men are called the Curiatii and the Horatii, because these are the plural forms of their names in Latin, which was the language of both Rome and Alba.

Chapter XII

The Romans had seen two of their champions fall, and the third take refuge in what seemed to be cowardly flight; and they fancied that their honor and liberty were both lost. Imagine their joy, therefore, when they saw Horatius turn, kill one enemy after another, and remain victor on the field! Shout after shout rent the air, and the Romans were almost beside themselves with pride and gladness when the Alban king came over and publicly said that he and his people would obey Rome.

Leaving the Albans to bury their dead and bewail the loss of their liberty, the Romans led their young champion back to the city, with every sign of approval and joy, Compliments and praise were showered upon the young man, who, in token of victory, had put on the embroidered mantle of one of his foes.

Chapter XIII

Among these strangers was a very wealthy Greek, who had lived for some time in a neighboring town called Tarquinii. This man is known in history as Tarquinius Priscus, or simply Tarquin, a name given to him to remind people where he had lived before he came to Rome.

As Tarquin was rich, he did not come to Rome on foot, but rode in a chariot with his wife Tanaquil. As they were driving along, and eagle came into view, and, after circling for a while above them, suddenly swooped down and snatched Tarquin's cap off his head. A moment later it flew down again, and replaced the cap on Tarquin's head, without doing him any harm.

This was a very strange thing for an eagle to do, as you can see, and Tarquin wondered what it could mean. After thinking the matter over for a while, he asked his wife, Tanaquil, who knew a great deal about signs; and she said it meant that he would sometime be king of Rome. This prophecy pleased Tarquin very much, because he was ambitious and fond of ruling.

Chapter XIV

To last so long, a road had to be made in a different way from those which are built today. The Romans used to dig a deep trench, as long and as wide as the road they intended to make. Then the trench was nearly filled with stones of different sizes, packed tightly together. On top of this thick layer they laid great blocks of stone, forming a strong and even pavement. A road like this, with a solid bed several feet deep, could not be washed out by the spring rains, but was smooth and hard in all seasons.

Little by little the Romans built many other roads, which ran out of Rome in all directions, From this arose the saying, which is still very popular in Europe, and which you will often hear, "All roads lead to Rome."

The most famous of all the Roman roads was the Appian Way, leading from Rome southeast to Brundisium, a distance of three hundred miles. This road, although built about two thousand years ago, is still in good condition, showing how careful the Romans were in their work.

Chapter XV

The chief of these augurs, Attus Navius, was one of the most clever men of his time; and Tarquin knew that if he could only once prove him wrong, he would be able to disregard what any of them said. The king therefore sent for the augur one day, and asked him to decide whether the thing he was thinking about could be done or not.

The augur consulted the usual signs, and after due thought answered that the thing could be done.

“But,” said Tarquin, drawing a razor and a pebble out from under the wide folds of his mantle, “I was wondering whether I could cut this pebble in two with this razor.”

“Cut!” said the augur boldly.

We are told that Tarquin obeyed, and that, to his intense surprise, the razor divided the pebble as neatly and easily as if it had been a mere lump of clay. After this test of the augurs' power, Tarquin no longer dared to oppose their decisions; and although he was king, he did nothing without the sanction of the priest.

Chapter XVI

To prevent Servius from ever being king, they resolved to get rid of Tarquin and to take possession of the crown before their rival had any chance to get ahead of them. A murderer was hired to kill the king; and as soon as he had a good chance, he stole into the palace and struck Tarquin with a hatchet.

As the murderer fled, Tarquin sank to the ground; but in spite of this sudden attempt to murder her husband, Tanaquil did not lose her presence of mind. She promptly had him placed upon a couch, where he died a few moments later. Then she sent word to the senate that Tarquin was only dangerously ill, and wished Servius to govern in his stead until he was better.

She managed so cleverly that no one suspected that the king was dead. The sons of Ancus Martius fled from Rome when they heard that Tarquin was only wounded, and during their absence Servius Tullius ruled the Romans for more than a month.

He was so wise and careful in his dealings with the people that they elected him as the sixth king of Rome, when they finally learned that Tarquin was dead. It was thus that the two wicked princess lost all right to the kingdom which they had tried to obtain by such a base crime as murder.

Chapter XVII

According to the plan which they had made, Tarquin drove off to the senate one day; and there, walking boldly up to Servius Tullius, he publicly claimed the crown. He said that he had the best right to it because he was the true heir of Tarquin the Elder.

Servius paid no heed to this insolent demand, and Tarquin, seeing that his father-in-law did not move, suddenly caught him by the feet, dragged him from the throne, and flung him down the stairs into the street.

This terrible fall stunned the king, and for a while every one thought that he was killed. His friends were about to carry him away, when he slowly opened his eyes. Tarquin, seeing that Servius was not dead, now gave orders to his servants to kill the king, and loudly proclaimed that any one who ventured to interfere should die too.

Frightened by this terrible threat, none of the Romans dared to move, and Servius was killed before their eyes.

Chapter XVIII

Tarquinius Superbus had partly finished the Capitol, when he received a very strange visit. The Sibyl, or prophetess, who dwelt in a cave at Cumae, came to see him. She carried nine rolls, or books, which she offered to sell him for three hundred pieces of gold.

Tarquin asked what the books contained, and she replied that it was prophecies about Rome. He wished to see them, but the Sibyl would not let him look at a single page until he had bought them. Now, although the king knew she was a prophetess, he did not want to pay so much; and when he told the woman so, she went away in anger.

Chapter XIX

Tarquinius Superbus, the seventh king of Rome, was not only a builder, but also a great warrior. During his reign he made war against the Volscians, and he also besieged the city of Gabii, where the patricians who did not like him had taken refuge.

This city was so favorably situated, and so well fortified, that Tarquin could not make himself master of it, although his army was unusually well trained.

Seeing that he could not take it by force, he soon decided to try to win it by fraud. He therefore directed his son, Sextus Tarquinius, to go to Gabii, and win admittance to the city by saying that the king had ill-treated him, and that he had come to ask protection. Sextus was as wicked as his father, so he did not scruple to tell this lie; and he set out immediately for Gabii.

Chapter XX

The young men now asked the Pythoness the question which all three had agreed was the most important. This was the name of the next king of Rome. The priestess, who rarely answered a question directly, replied that he would rule who first kissed his mother on returning home.

Tarquin's sons were much pleased by this answer, and each began to plan how to reach home quickly, and be the first to kiss his mother. Brutus seemed quite indifferent, as usual; but, thanks to his offering, the priestess gave him a hint about what he should do.

Their mission thus satisfactorily ended, the three young men set out for Rome. When they landed upon their native soil, Brutus fell down upon his knees, and kissed the earth, the mother of all mankind. Intent upon their own hopes, the sons of Tarquin hurried home, kissed their mother at the same moment on either cheek.

Chapter XXI

During the siege of a town called Ardea, the king's sons and their cousins, the Collatinus, once began to quarrel about the merit of their wives. Each one boasted that his was the best, and to settle the dispute they agreed to leave camp and visit the home of each, so as to see exactly how the women were employed during the absence of their husbands.

Collatinus and the princes quickly galloped back to Rome, and all the houses were visited in turn. They found that the daughters-in-law of the king were idle and frivolous, for they were all at a banquet; but they saw Lucretia, the wife of Collatinus, spinning in the midst of her maidens, and teaching them as she worked.

This woman, so usefully employed, and such a model wife and housekeeper, was also very beautiful. When the princes saw her, they all said that Collatinus was right in their dispute, for his wife was the best of all the Roman women.

Chapter XXII

When Tarquin heard that the Romans had found out what he wanted to do, and that he could expect no help from his former subjects, he persuaded the people of Veii to join him, and began a war against Rome.

Tarquin's army was met by Brutus at the head of the Romans. Before the battle could begin, one of Tarquin's sons saw Brutus, and rushed forward to kill him. Such was the hatred these two men bore each other that they fought with the utmost fury, and fell at the same time never to rise again.

Although these two generals had been killed so soon, the fight was very fierce. The forces were so well matched that, when evening came on, the battle was not decided, and neither side would call itself beaten.

The body of Brutus was carried back to Rome, and placed in the Forum, where all the people crowded around it in tears. Such was the respect which the Romans felt for this great citizen that the women wore mourning for a whole year, and his statue was placed in the Capitol, among those of the Roman kings.

Chapter XXIII

As you have probably never yet heard of a triumph, and as you will see them often mentioned in this book, you should know just what they were, at least in later times.

When a Roman general had won a victory, or taken possession of a new province, the news was of course sent at once to the senate at Rome. If the people were greatly pleased by it, the senate decided that the victorious commander should be rewarded by a grand festival, or triumph, as soon as he returned to Rome.

The day arrived when such a general arrived was a public holiday, and the houses were hung with garlands. The Romans, who were extremely fond of processions and shows of all kinds, put on their festive attire, and thronged the streets where the returning general was expected to pass. They all bore fragrant flowers, which they strewed over the road.

Chapter XXIV

Of course all the spectators cheered the victorious general when he thus marched through Rome in triumph; and they praised him so highly that there was some danger that his head would be turned by their flattery.

To prevent his becoming too conceited, however, a wretched slave was perched on a high seat just behind him. This slave wore his usual rough clothes, and was expected to bend down, from time to time, and whisper in the conqueror's ear:

“Remember you are nothing but a man.”

Then, too, a little belle was hung under the chariot, in such a way that it tinkled all the time. This ringing was to remind the conqueror that he must always be good, or he would again hear it when he was led to prison, or to gallows; for the passage of a criminal in Rome was always heralded by the sound of a bell.

Chapter XXV

Valerius, as you have seen, received the honors of the first triumph which had ever been awarded by the Roman Republic, By the death of Brutus, also, he was left to rule over the city alone. As he was very rich, he now began to build himself a new and beautiful house.

The people of Rome had never seen so handsome a dwelling built for a private citizen; so they began to grow very uneasy, and began to whisper that perhaps Valerius was going to try to become king in his turn.

These rumors finally came to the ears of the consul; and he hastened to reassure the people, by telling them that he loved Rome far too well to make any attempt to change its present government, which seemed to him very good indeed.

Chapter XXVI

The man sank lifeless to the ground, but Mucius was caught and taken in to the presence of Porsena. The king asked him who he was, and why he had thus murdered one of the officers. Mucius stood proudly before him and answered:

“I am a Roman, and meant to kill you, the enemy of my country.”

When Porsena heard these bold words, he was amazed, and threatened to punish Mucius for his attempt by burning him alive. But even his threat did not frighten the brave Roman. He proudly stepped forward, and thrust his right hand in to a fire that was blazing near by. He held it there, without flinching, until it was burned to a crisp; and then he said:

“Your fire has no terrors for me, nor for three hundred of my companions, who have all sworn to murder you if you do not leave Rome.”

Chapter XXVII

Tarquin had now made two unsuccessful attempts to recover the throne. But he was not yet entirely discouraged; and, raising a third army, he again marched toward Rome.

When the senate and consuls heard of this new danger, they resolved to place all the authority in the hands of some one man who was clever enough to help them in this time of need. They therefore elected a new magistrate, called a Dictator. He was to take command of the army in place of the consuls, and was to be absolute ruler of Rome; but he was to hold his office only as long as the city was in danger.

The first dictator immediately took command of the army, and went to meet Tarquin. The two forces came face to face near Lake Regillus, not very far from the city. Here a terrible battle was fought, and here the Romans won a glorious victory. Their writers have said that the twin gods, Castor and Pollux, came down upon earth to help them, and were seen in the midst of the fray, mounted upon snow-white horses.

Chapter XXVIII

The discontent had reached such a pitch that it was very evident some outbreak would soon take place. One day an unhappy debtor escaped from prison, and, rushing out into the forum, showed his bruises to the people, and began to tell them his pitiful tale.

He said that he was a plebeian, and that he had run into debt because, instead of cultivating his farm, he had been obliged to leave home and go with the army. Scarcely was one war over than another began, and at that time the Roman soldiers received no pay. Although he fought hard, and could show the scars of twenty battles, he had gained nothing for it all except a little praise.

Chapter XXIX

“All the other parts of the body had some complaint to make about the stomach, and all agreed that they would not work any more to satisfy its wants. The legs ceased walking, the hands and arms stopped working, the teeth did not grind any more, and the empty stomach clamored in vain for its daily supply of food.

“All the limbs were delighted at first with their rest, and, when the empty stomach called for something to eat, they merely laughed. Their fun did not last very long, however, because the stomach, weak for want of food, soon ceased its cries. Then, after a while, the hands and arms and legs grew so weak that they could not move. All the body fell

down and died, because the stomach, without food, could no longer supply it with strength to live.

“Now, my friends,” continued Menenius, “this is just your case. The state is the body, the patricians are the stomach, and you are the limbs. Of course, if you refuse to work, and remain idle, the patricians will suffer, just as the stomach did in the story I told you.

“But, if you persist in your revolt, you will soon suffer also. You will lose your strength, and before long the body, our glorious Roman state, will perish.”

Chapter XXX

The Romans were in despair. They thought their last hour had come, but they made a final effort to disarm the anger of Coriolanus, by sending his mother, wife, and children, at the head of all the women to Rome, to intercede for them.

When the banished Coriolanus saw his mother, Veturia, and his wife, Volumnia, heading this procession, he ran forward to embrace them. Then the women all fell at his feet, and begged him so fervently to spare their country that the tears came to his eyes.

He would not yield, however, until his mother exclaimed: “My son, thou shall enter Rome only over my dead body!”

These words almost broke his heart, for he was a good son, and dearly loved Veturia. He could no longer resist her prayers, in spite of his oath and promises to the Volscians that he would make them masters of Rome. Bursting into tears, he cried: “Mother, thou hast saved Rome and lost thy son.”

Chapter XXXI

After thus rescuing the Roman army from certain death, Cincinnatus brought them back to the city, and enjoyed the honors of a triumph. Then, seeing that his country no longer needed him, he laid aside the title of dictator, which he had borne for only a few days. Joyfully hastening back to his farm, he took up his plowing where he had dropped it; and he went on living as quietly and simply as if he had never been called upon to serve as dictator, and to receive the honors of a grand triumph.

This man is admired quite as much for his simplicity and contentment as for his ability and courage. He was greatly esteemed by the Romans, and in this country his memory has been honored by giving his name to the thriving city of Cincinnati.

Chapter XXXII

One day, while sitting in the Forum, he saw a beautiful girl, called Virginia, pass by on her way to school. She was so pretty that Appius took a fancy to her, and made up his mind to have her for his slave, although she was the daughter of a free Roman citizen.

After making a few inquiries, he found that Virginius, the girl's father, was away at war. Thinking that Virginia would have no one to protect her, he called one of his clients, said that he wanted to the girl, and gave the man the necessary directions to secure her. The client of Appius Claudius promised to do exactly as he was told. When Virginia crossed the Forum, on the next day, he caught her and claimed her as one of his slaves.

The girl's uncle, however, sprang forward, and said that his niece was not a slave. He appealed to the law, and finally succeeded in having the girl set free, on the condition that she should appear before Appius Claudius on the next day, when the matter would be decided in court.

Chapter XXXIII

The next day, at the appointed hour, the client appeared before Appius Claudius, and claimed Virginia as his property, saying that her mother had once been his slave. Now this was not true, and Virginia's uncle protested against such a judgement; but Appius declared at once that the girl must go with the client. He said this because he had arranged that the man should give Virginia to him; and he fancied that no one would guess his motive or dare to resist.

Chapter XXXIV

One of the rich patricians of Rome, Spurius Mælius, thought that this would be a good chance to wind the affections of the people; and, in hopes of doing so, he began to give grain to them. He kept open house, invited everybody to come in and sit at table with him, and spent his money freely.

Of course all this seemed very generous; but Spurius Mælius had no real love for the people, and was treating them so kindly only because he wanted them to help him overthrow the government and become king of Rome.

Many of the plebeians now ceased to work, as they preferred to live in idleness and on charity. People who do nothing are never very happy, and before long these plebeians were more discontented than ever, even though they now had plenty to eat.

Chapter XXXV

Camillus was surprised to see the strange party coming from the city, but his surprise was soon changed to indignation, for the faithless schoolmaster offered to give up the children confided to his care. He said the their parents would be quite ready to make peace on any terms, as soon as they found that their sons were prisoners. Instead of accepting this proposal, Camillus sent the children back to their parents; and he gave each of them a whip with directions to whip the dishonest schoolmaster back into the city.

When the parents heard that their children owed their liberty to the generosity of the enemy, they were deeply touched. Instead of continuing the war, they offered to surrender; and Camillus not only accepted their terms, but made them allies of Rome.

Chapter XXXVI

One of the Gauls, wishing to find out by sense of touch whether they were real, slowly stretched out his hand and stroked the beard of the priest nearest him. This rude touch was considered an insult by the Roman, so he raised his wand of office, and struck the barbarian on the head.

The spell of awe was broken. The Gaul was indignant at receiving a blow, however weak and harmless, and with one stroke of his sword he cut off the head of the offender. This was the signal for a general massacre. The priests and senators were all slain, and then the plundering began.

Chapter XXXVII

When they brought the precious metal and began to weigh it, they found that the barbarians had placed false weights in the scales, so as to obtain more gold than they were entitled to received. The Romans complained; but Brennus, instead of listening to them flung his sword also into the scales, saying, scornfully, "Woe to the vanquished!"

While the Romans stood there hesitating, not knowing what to do, the exiled Camillus entered the city with an army, and came to their aid. When he heard the insolent demands of the barbarians, he bade the senators take back the gold, and proudly exclaimed:

"Rome ransoms itself with the sword, and not with gold!"

Chapter XXXVIII

In their distress, the people went to consult their priests, as usual, and after many ceremonies, the augurs told them that the chasm would close only when the most precious thing in Rome had been cast into its depths.

The women now flung in their trinkets and jewels, but the chasm remained as wide as ever. Finally, a young man named Curtius said that Rome's most precious possession was her heroic men; and, for the good of the city he prepared to sacrifice himself.

Chapter XXXIX

We are told that another Roman, also, showed great patriotism during the wars against the Samnites. This was the consul Decius, who overheard the augurs say that the victory would belong to the army whose commander was generous enough to sacrifice his own life for his country's sake.

As soon as the signal was given, therefore, Decius rushed into the very midst of the foe. Without attempting to strike a blow, or to defend himself, he sank beneath the blows of the enemy.

The soldiers, fired by the example of Decius, fought so bravely for their country's sake that they soon won a brilliant victory, and could return home in triumph.

Chapter XL

The Romans had never seen any elephants before, and they were terrified when they heard these animals trumpet, and saw them catch the soldiers up with their trunks, dash them down, and crash them under their huge feet.

In spite of their fear the Romans fought with the utmost valor, but they were finally forced to retreat. They lost fifteen thousand men on this disastrous day, and eighteen hundred were made prisoners.

Pyrrhus won a victory, but he was obliged to pay for it very dearly, and lost so many soldiers that he was heard to exclaim: "One more victory like this, and I shall have to go home without any army."

Chapter XLI

Eloquence, bribery, and intimidation having all three failed, Pyrrhus again made ready to fight. The Romans, in the mean while, had collected another army. They were now accustomed to the sight of the fighting elephants, and their trumpeting no longer inspired them with fear. They met Pyrrhus once more at Asculum, and were again defeated; but their loss was not so great as that of the enemy.

The Romans were not ready to despair, in spite of their defeat. Of course they one and all hated Pyrrhus, yet they knew that he was an honorable foe, and they would therefore meet him in fair fight. So, when a doctor wrote to Fabricius, offering to poison his master, Pyrrhus, the honest Roman was indignant.

Chapter XLII

The ships in olden times were very different from many of those which you see now. They were not made to go by stream, but only by sails or by oars. As sails were useless unless the wind happened to blow in a favorable direction, the people preferred to use oars, as a rule.

Even large ships were rowed from one place to another by well-trained slaves, who sat on benches along either side of the vessel, and plied their oars slow or fast according to the orders of the rowing master. These vessels with many rowers were called galleys. When the men sat on three tiers of benches, handling oars of different lengths, the boat they manned was known as a trireme.

Chapter XLIII

One day, shortly after their arrival, the camp was thrown in to a panic by the appearance of one of the monster snakes for which Africa is noted, but which the Romans had never seen. The men fled in terror, and the serpent might have routed the whole army, had it not been for their leaders presence of mind.

Instead of fleeing with the rest, Regulus bravely stood his ground, and called to his men to bring one of the heavy machines with which they intended to throw stones into Carthage. He saw at once that with a ballista, or catapult, as these machines were called, they could stone the snake death without much risk to themselves.

Reassured by his words and example, the men obeyed, and went to work with such good will that they snake was soon slain. Its skin was kept as a trophy of this adventure, and sent to Rome, where the people gazed upon it in wonder; for we are told that the

monster was one hundred and twenty feet long. Judging by this account, the “snake story” is very old indeed, and the Romans evidently knew how to exaggerate.

Chapter XLIV

Hannibal was a born leader, and his dignity, endurance, and presence of mind made him one of the most famous generals of the ancient times. The Carthaginians had not yet had much chance to try his skill, but they were not at all ready to give him up. When the Roman ambassador, Fabius, saw this, he strode into their assembly with his sword drawn together, as if it concealed some hidden object.

“Here I bring you peace or war!” he said. “Choose!” The Carthaginians, nothing daunted by his proud bearing, coolly answered: “Choose yourself!”

Chapter XLV

Fabius soon perceived that the Romans were not able to conquer Hannibal in a pitched battle, and, instead of meeting him openly, he skirmished around him, cutting off his supplies, and hindering his advance. On one occasion, by seizing a mountain pass, Fabius even managed to hedge the Carthaginians in, and fancied that he could keep them prisoners and starve them into submission; but Hannibal soon made his escape. By his order, the oxen which went with the army to supply it with food, and to drag the baggage, were all gathered together. Torches were fastened securely to their horns; and then lighted. Blinded and terrified, the oxen stampeded, and rushed right through the Roman troops, who were forced to give way so as not to be crushed to death. The Carthaginians then cleverly took advantage of the confusion and darkness to make their way out of their dangerous position, and thus escaped safely.

Chapter XLVI

Archimedes made use of his great talents to invent all sorts of war engines. He taught the Syracusans how to fashion stone catapults of great power, and large grappling hooks which swung over the sea, caught the enemy’s vessels, and overturned them in the water. He is also said to have devised a very clever arrangement of mirrors and burning glasses, by means of which he could set fire to the Roman ships. To prevent the Syracusan ships from sinking when they had water in their holds, he invented a water screw which could be used for a pump.

Chapter XLVII

You might think that the Romans had all they could do to fight the Carthaginians in Spain, Italy, and Africa; but even while the Second Punic War was still raging, they were also obliged to fight Philip V., King of Macedon.

As soon as the struggle with Carthage was ended, the war with Philip was begun again in earnest. The army was finally placed under the command of Flaminius, who defeated Philip, and compelled him to ask for peace. Then he told the Greeks, who had long been oppressed by the Macedonians, that they were free from further tyranny.

The announcement was made by Flaminius himself at the celebration of the Isthmian Games; and when the Greeks heard that they were free, they sent up such mighty shouts of joy that it is said that a flock of birds fell down to earth quite stunned.

Chapter XLVIII

Such was the love of the people for their city that the inhabitants gave all their silver and gold for its defense, to make the walls stronger.

Not content with giving up their jewelry, the Carthaginian women cut off their long hair to make ropes and bowstrings, and went out with their oldest children to work at the fortifications, which were to be strengthened to resist the coming attack. Every child old enough to walk, fired by the example of all around him, managed to carry a stone or sod to help in the work of defense.

The siege began, and, under the conduct of Hasdrubal, their general, the Carthaginians held out so bravely that at the end of five years Carthage was still free. The Romans, under various commanders, vainly tried to surprise the city, but it was only when Scipio Æmilianus broke down the harbor wall that his army managed to enter Carthage.

The Romans were so angry at the long resistance of their enemies that they slew many of the men, made all the women captives, pillaged the town, and then set fire to it. Next the mighty walls were razed, and Carthage, the proud city which had rivaled Rome for more than a hundred years, was entirely destroyed.

Chapter XLIX

When a gladiator fell after a brave resistance, the people sometimes wished to save his life, so that he could recover and come and amuse them again. As a signal to his opponent to spare him, they clapped their hands and waved their handkerchiefs. But if the poor gladiator had failed to please them they ruthlessly turned and their thumbs

down, and thus condemned him to instant death, which they viewed with great indifference.

Androclus, a slave, was once sent into the arena to fight a lion. The people were surprised to see the beast fawn upon, instead of attacking, him. But when Androclus explained that once when he was in the desert he had drawn a thorn out of the lion's paw, they were so pleased they bade him go free, and gave him the lion.

Chapter L

Tiberius Gracchus, the champion of the poor, belonged to one of the most noted families of Rome. His father was a noble plebeian, and his mother, Cornelia, was the daughter of Scipio Africanus, the great general who had defeated the Carthaginians in the Second Punic War.

Cornelia, we are told, was a noble woman and an excellent mother. She brought up her two sons herself, and felt very proud of them. A noble Roman lady once asked her to show her ornaments, after she had displayed her own; and Cornelia called her boys, and said: "These are my jewels!"

Chapter LI

Tiberius Gracchus knew how the rich men hated him; so when he appeared on the next day, he was surrounded by hundreds of his friends, who stood on the steps of the Capitol, ready to defend him at any risk. The voting began again, but the rich men and their followers raised such a clamor that not a single word could be heard. Then, seeing that Tiberius stood firm, they began to march against him with threats.

Tiberius, fearing for his life, raised his hands to his head, a signal which it was agreed he should use to warn his friends that his life was in danger. The senators, however, pretended to misunderstand the sign which Tiberius had made, and exclaimed that he was asking for the crown and therefore deserved to be put to death.

Chapter LII

Caius saw that he would fall into the hands of his cruel foes if he did not flee; so he made a desperate effort to escape, with two of his friends and a faithful slave.

They were soon overtaken, however, and fought like tigers; but their foes were so numerous that the two friends fell. Caius then rushed away into a grove, on the other

side of the Tiber. Here he made his slave put him to death, so that he should not fall alive into the enemy's hands.

Chapter LIII

Jugurtha came, pretended to be very sorry for what he had done, put on mourning, and secretly gave so many presents that none of the senators would condemn him. But, even while he was thus making believe to repent, he was planning a new crime.

Before he left Rome, he sent an assassin to kill the last relative he had left. Then, as he passed out of the Eternal City,—as the Romans boastfully call their town,—he is said to have scornfully cried: "Venal city, thou wouldst sell thyself to any one rich enough to buy thee!"

When Jugurtha reached home, all his pretended sorrow and repentance vanished. He felt such contempt for the Romans, who had accepted his presents, that he no longer thought it necessary to keep friends with them, and soon openly declared war against them.

Chapter LIV

An army was immediately sent out to meet the Cimbri, but it was badly routed. When the tidings of the defeat came to Rome, the senate ordered Marius — who had been elected consul five times — to go and stop the invaders.

By quick marches and good generalship, Marius first led his troops into Gaul, where he met and defeated the Teutons. Next, he returned quickly to Italy, where he arrived just in time to stop the Cimbri as they came pouring over the Alps.

Chapter LV

Not all the Romans were blind, however, and one named Metellus openly refused to obey a law which Marius had persuaded the people to pass, but which was not for the good of the state. To punish Metellus for daring to oppose the law, Marius sent him into exile, but he was soon recalled, and every one honored him greatly because he had had the courage to do what he felt was right, even though he brought down upon himself the anger of so powerful a man as Marius.

By and by the people grew tired of this man's tyranny, and treated him so badly that he left Rome in anger, and went to visit Mithridates, a king in Asia Minor.

Chapter LVI

Marius, the man who had enjoyed two triumphs, and had six times been consul of Rome, was now thrust into a dark and damp prison. A slave— one of the vanquished Cimbri— was then sent to his cell to cut off his head. But when the man entered, the prisoner proudly drew himself up, and, with flashing eye, asked him whether he dared lay hands upon Marius.

Terrified by the gaunt and fierce old man, the slave fled, leaving the prison door open. The governor, who was very superstitious, now said it was clear that the gods did not wish Marius to perish; so he not only set the prisoner free, but helped him find a vessel which would take him to Carthage.

Chapter LVII

The cries and groans of the dying could be plainly heard by the senators. They trembled and grew pale, but they did not dare oppose Sulla, and only shuddered when he said: "I will not spare a single man who has borne arms against me."

Then, for many days, long lists were made, containing the names of all the citizens whom Sulla wished to have slain. These lists were posted in public places, and a proclamation was made, offering a reward for the killing of each man whose name was marked there, and threatening with death any one—even a relative—who should give such a man shelter.

Chapter LVIII

Although the civil war at home was now stopped, there was no peace yet, for it still raged abroad. Sertorius, one of the friends of Marius, had taken refuge in Spain when Sulla returned. Here he won the respect and affection of the Spaniards, who even intrusted their sons to his care, asking him to have them educated in the Roman way.

The Spaniards, who were a very credulous people, thought that Sertorius was a favorite of the gods, because he was followed wherever he went by a snow-white doe, an animal held sacred to the goddess Diana. This doe wandered in and out of the camp at will, and the soldiers fancied that it brought messages for the gods; so they were careful to do it no harm.

LIX

The armies of Crassus and Spartacus met face to face, after many of the slaves had deserted their leader. The Thracian must have felt that he would be defeated; for he is said to have killed his war horse just before the battle began. When one of his companions asked him why he did so, he replied:

“If I win the fight, I shall have a great many better horses; if I lose it, I shall need none.”

Although wounded in one leg at the beginning of the battle, Spartacus fought bravely on his knees, until he fell lifeless upon the heap of soldiers whom he had slain. Forty thousand of his men perished with him, and the rest fled. Before these could reach a place of safety, they were overtaken by Pompey, who cut them all to pieces.

LX

All the western part of Asia was now under Roman rule; and, when Pompey came back to Rome, he brought with him more than three million dollars' worth of spoil.

Wealth of all kinds had been pouring into Rome for so many years that it now seemed as if these riches would soon cause the ruin of the people. The rich citizens formed a large class of idlers and pleasure seekers, and they soon became so wicked that they were always doing something wrong.

LXI

This Julius Caesar was one of the greatest men in Rome. He was clever and cool, and first used his influence to secure the recall of the Romans whom Sulla had banished. As Caesar believed in gentle measures, he had tried to persuade the senate to spare the young men who had plotted with Catiline. But he failed, owing to Cicero's eloquence, and thus first found himself opposed to this able man.

Caesar was fully as ambitious as any of the Romans, and he is reported to have said, “I would rather be the first in a village than the second in Rome!” In the beginning of his career, however, he clearly understood that he must try and make friends, so he offered his services to both Pompey and Crassus.

LXII

As Crassus liked gold more than anything else, he joyfully hastened off to Syria, where he stole money wherever he could, and even went to Jerusalem to rob the Temple. Shortly after this, he began an unjust war against the Parthians. They defeated him, killed his son before his eyes, and then slew him, too.

We are told that a Parthian soldier cut off the Roman general's head and carried it to his king. The latter, who knew how anxious Crassus had always been for gold, stuffed some into his dead mouth, saying:

"There, sate thyself now with that metal of which in life thou wert so greedy."

You see that even a barbarian has no respect whatever for a man who is so base as to love gold more than honor.

LXIII

The Rubicon was a small river which flowed between the province of Gaul and the territory of the Roman republic. For this reason, it was against the law for the governor of Gaul to cross it without laying down his arms. As Caesar did not obey this law, he plainly showed that he no longer intended to respect the senate's wishes, and was ready to make civil war.

Caesar's crossing of the Rubicon was a very noted event. Ever since then, whenever a bold decision has been made, or a step taken which cannot be recalled, people have exclaimed: "The die is cast!" or "He has crossed the Rubicon!" and, when you hear these expressions used you must always remember Caesar and his bold resolve.

LXIV

Pompey's soldiers were mostly young nobles, proud of their fine armor and good looks, while Caesar's were hardened veterans, who had followed him all through his long career of almost constant warfare. Caesar, aware of the vanity of the Roman youths, bade his men aim their blows at the enemies' faces, and to seek to disfigure rather than to disable the foe.

The battle began and raged with great fury. Faithful to their general's, Caesar's troops aimed their weapons at the faces of their foes, who fled rather than be disfigured for life. Pompey soon saw that the battle was lost, and fled in disguise, while Caesar's men greatly enjoyed the rich banquet which their foes had prepared.

LXV

Among the staunch Roman republicans were Cassius and Brutus. They were friends of Caesar, but they did not like his thirst for power. Indeed, they soon grew so afraid lest he should accept the crown that they made a plot to murder him.

In spite of many warnings, Caesar went to the senate on the day appointed by Cassius and Brutus for his death. It is said that he also paid no attention to the appearance of a comet, which the ancient Romans thought to be a sign of evil, although, as you know, a comet is as natural as a star. Caesar was standing at the foot of Pompey's statue, calmly reading a petition which had been handed to him. All at once the signal was given, and the first tried to defend himself, but when he saw Brutus pressing forward, dagger in hand, he sorrowfully cried: "And you, too, Brutus!" Then he covered his face with his robe, and soon fell, pierced with twenty-three mortal wounds.

LXVI

With Caesar dead, and Cassius and Brutus away, Mark Antony was the most powerful man in Rome. He soon discovered, however, that Octavius and the ex-consul Lepidus would prove his rivals. After fighting against them for a short time, without gaining any advantage, he finally made peace with them.

These men then formed what is known in history as the Second Triumvirate (43 B.C.). They agreed that Antony should rule Gaul, Lepidus Spain, and Octavius Africa and the Mediterranean; but Rome and Italy were to be held in common.

LXVII

The soldiers pursued the orator, and soon overtook him. Knowing that all resistance would be useless, Cicero thrust his head meekly out of the litter, and it was struck off with a single blow. The men also carried away his right hand, because Antony had said that he would like to have the hand which had written such angry speeches against him.

Antony and his wife, Fulvia, are said to have received these ghastly presents with lively tokens of joy. Fulvia even pierced the dead orator's tongue with her golden hairpin, in revenge for his having ventured to speak ill of Antony. But this unfeeling woman was soon punished for her cruelty. Her husband, who had not scrupled to kill a friend, soon deserted her, and she finally died of grief and loneliness.

More than two thousand Roman citizens were murdered at this time to satisfy the cruelty of the triumvirs.

LXVIII

Antony, in the mean while, had wended his way eastern again; and, instead of attending to his business in Asia, he once more joined Cleopatra in Egypt. In spite of his wife's letters and of the threats of Octavius, Antony lingered there year after year. Such was the influence which Cleopatra won over him that he even divorced his wife Octavia, and married the Egyptian queen.

Octavius had been longing for a good excuse to make war against Antony; for, as you know, he wished to be only head of the government. He therefore pretended to be very angry because Antony had divorced Octavia, and he made ready a large army.

Forced at last to meet Octavius, who was coming with a large fleet, Antony and Cleopatra sailed to Actium, where a great naval battle took place. The combined fleets of Antony and Cleopatra were very large indeed; but Octavius won a glorious victory.

LXIX

After obtaining permission to bury Antony, and assuring herself that there was no hope of escape, Cleopatra lay down upon her couch to die. Taking as asp – a very poisonous serpent – from a basket of fruit in which it was hidden, is allowed it to bite her till she died.

By the death of his rival, Octavius now found himself sole ruler; and with Antony the old Roman Republic ends, and the story of the Roman Empire begins.

LXX

About twenty-five years after Augustus became emperor, and during the peace, Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judea. This country was then a Roman province governed by Herod, whom Antony had made king.

With the birth of Christ a new era epoch begins. Until now, in telling when anything happened, we have always told how many years it was before Christ (B.C.); but from this time on we simply give the number of the year after the birth of Christ, or add to this number the letter A.D., which mean "In the year of our Lord."

LXXI

Not very long after this event, Augustus became so ill that he knew he would die. He called all his friends around his bed, and asked them whether they thought he had played his part well. "If so," said he, "give me your applause."

Augustus died at the age of seventy-six, leaving the title of emperor to his stepson Tiberius. There was great sorrow in Rome when he died, and all the women wore mourning for a whole year. Temples were erected in his honor, and before long sacrifices were offered up to him as if he had been a god.

Tiberius, the stepson and successor of Augustus, was already a middle-aged man. He had received an excellent education, but was unfortunately a very bad man.

LXXII

Tiberius had been summoned to Rome several years before the emperor's death, for Augustus little suspected what a bad man his stepson really was. He even adopted Tiberius as his own son and successor, and gave him the titles of Caesar and emperor. These were given to him, however, only upon condition that he would, in his turn, adopt his nephew Germanicus.

This young man was as good and true as Tiberius was bad and deceitful. As he was very brave indeed, he was given the command of the Roman legions stationed on the Rhine; and here he soon won the affections of all of his soldiers.

Tiberius was jealous of the victories won by Germanicus, and of the affection which his soldiers had for him; so the young commander was summoned home soon after his victory over Arminius. Germanicus returned as a victorious general, and the senate awarded him a magnificent triumph, in which, Thusnelda, the wife of Arminius, preceded his car with her children.

LXXIII

Soon after the return of Germanicus from the north, the news came that the Parthians were threatening an invasion. Tiberius at once bade his adopted son go to Asia and fight them; but he still felt very jealous of Germanicus, and it was said that he sent secret orders to his agent, Piso, to kill the young prince.

Poor Germanicus, who little dreamed of these evil intentions, took the cup of poison which Piso offered him, and died soon after drinking it. His soldiers were so furious at his death that they would have killed the traitor had he not fled.

All the people of Antioch, where the noble prince had died, mourned him. A solemn funeral was held, and his ashes were placed in an urn, and given to Agrippina, so that she might carry them back to Italy. Even the enemies of Germanicus were sorry when they heard that he had perished, and they showed their respect for his memory by not fighting for several days.

LXXIV

As old age came on, Tiberius began to suffer much from ill health, and became subject to long fainting fits. While he was thus unconscious one day, the people fancied that he was dead, and began to rejoice openly. They even proclaimed Caligula, the son of Germanicus, emperor in his stead.

In the midst of their rejoicings, they suddenly learned that Tiberius was not dead, but was slowly returning to his senses. The people were terrified, for they knew that Tiberius was so revengeful in spirit that he would soon put them all to death.

The chief of the pretorian guard, however, did not lose his presence of mind. Running into the sick emperor's room, he piled so many mattresses and pillows upon the bed that Tiberius was soon smothered.

LXXV

Among his many failings, Caligula was very vain. Not content with adopting all the pomp of an Eastern king, he soon wished to be worshiped as one of the gods; and he struck off the heads of their statues, so as to have them replaced by copies of his own. Sometimes, too, he stood in the temple, dressed as Mars or even as Venus, and forced the people to worship him. He often pretended to hold conversations with the gods, and even to threaten and scold them whenever things did not suit him.

Sometimes he went out to woo the full moon, as if he had been its lover, and he treated his horse far better than any of his subjects. The animal, whose name was Incitatus, lived in a white marble stable, and ate out of an ivory manger; and sentinels were placed all around to see that no sound, however slight should disturb him when asleep.

Caligula often invited Incitatus to his own banquets, and there the horse was made to eat oats off a golden plate and drink wine out of the emperor's own cup. Caligula was on the point of sending the name of Incitatus to the senate, and of having him elected as consul of Rome, when this favorite horse died, and thus put a stop to his master's extravagance.

LXXVI

When Messalina had been killed, her enemy, Narcissus, imagined that he would be allowed to govern as he pleased. He was greatly disappointed, therefore, when Claudius married Agrippina, the sister of Caligula; for she was fully as wicked and fond of power as her brother had ever been.

Agrippina had been married before; and, as her husband died very suddenly, it was whispered in Rome that she had poisoned him. The new queen brought into the palace her son Nero, whom she hoped to see on the throne before very long, although the real heir was Britannicus, the son of Claudius.

Nero was carefully educated, under the care of the philosopher Seneca, and Burrhus, the chief of the pretorian guard. Both of these men were devoted to Agrippina, and by her orders they bestowed all their care upon Nero, while Britannicus was neglected and set aside. Then as soon as Nero was old enough, Agrippina persuaded Claudius to give him the princess Octavia as a wife.

LXXVII

Having killed his brother, Nero next began to plan how he might kill his mother. He did not wish to poison Agrippina, so he had a galley built in such a way that it could suddenly be made to fall apart.

As soon as this ship was ready, he asked his mother to come and visit him. Then, after treating her with pretend affection, he sent her home on the treacherous galley. As soon as it was far enough from the shore, the bolts were loosened, and the ship parted, hurling Agrippina and her attendants into the sea.

One of the queen's women swam ashore, and cried out that she was Agrippina, in order to secure prompt aid from some men who stood there. Instead of helping her, the men thrust her back into the water, and held her under until she was drowned; for they had been sent there by Nero to make sure that no one escaped.

The real Agrippina, seeing this, pretended to be only a waiting maid, and came ashore safely. The emperor was at table when the news of his mother's escape was brought to him. He flew into a passion on hearing that his plans had failed, and at once sent a slave to finish the work that had been begun.

In obedience to this cruel order, the slave forced his way into Agrippina's room. When she saw him coming with drawn sword, she bared her breast and cried: "Strike here

where Nero's head once rested!" The slave obeyed, and Nero was soon told that his mother was dead.

LXXVIII

The Christians, who had been taught to love one another, and to be good, could not of course approve of the wicked Nero's conduct. They boldly reprov'd him for his vices, and Nero soon took his revenge by accusing them of having set fire to Rome, and by having them seized and tortured in many ways.

Some of the Christians were beheaded, some were exposed to the wild beasts of the circus, and some were wrapped up in materials which would easily catch fire, set upon poles, and used as living torches for the emperor's games. Others were plunged in kettles of boiling oil or water, or hunted like wild beasts.

All of them, however, died with great courage, boldly confessing their faith in Christ; and because they suffered death for their religion, they have ever been known as Martyrs.

LXXIX

As Nero's crimes were daily increasing in number, a new conspiracy was soon formed against him. This time, the soldiers revolted. The legions in Spain elected their general, Galba, as emperor, and marched toward Rome to rid the world of the tyrant Nero.

The emperor was feasting when the news of Galba's approach reached him. He was so frightened that he fled in haste, carrying with him a little box which contained some of Locusta's poisonous drugs. He rushed from door to door, seeking asylum, which was everywhere denied him; but finally one of his freedmen led him to a miserable little hut, where he was soon followed by his pursuers.

Nero was only a little over thirty when he died; and he had reigned about fourteen years. He was the last Roman emperor who was related to Augustus, the wise ruler who had done so much to further the prosperity of Rome.

LXXX

Otho, a favorite of Galba, had hoped to be adopted as heir; but when he saw that another would be selected, he bribed the soldiers to uphold him, with money he stole from Galba's treasury. The mob believed all that Otho told them, and declared that he should be emperor in Galba's stead.

After a very brief reign, Otho heard that the Roman legion on the Rhine had elected their commander Vitellius as emperor, and were coming to attack him. He bravely hastened northward to meet them, and in the first encounters his army had the advantage.

In the great battle at Bedriacum, however, his troops were completely defeated, and two days later Otho killed himself to avoid falling into the enemy's hands. Soon Vitellius entered Rom as emperor, and as the successor of Galba and Otho, whose combined reigns had not lasted even one year.

LXXXI

While Vespasian was thus occupied at home, his son Titus had taken command of the army which was besieging the city of Jerusalem. As the prophets had foretold, these were terrible times for the Jews. There were famines and earthquakes, and strange signs were seen in the sky.

In spite of all these signs, Titus battered down the heavy walls, scaled the ramparts, and finally took the city, where famine and pestilence now reigned. The Roman soldiers robbed houses, and then set fire to them. The flames thus started soon reached the beautiful temple built by Herod, and in spite of all that Titus could do to save it, this great building was burned to the ground.

Amid the lamentations of the Jews, the walls of the city were razed and the site plowed; and soon, as Christ had foretold, not one stone remained upon another. Nearly one million Jews are said to have perished during the awful siege, and the Romans led away one hundred thousand captives.

LXXXII

But one day they began to feel earthquakes, and air grew hot and very sultry, smoke began to come out of the crater, and all at once, with an awful noise, a terrible eruption took place. Red-hot rocks were shot far up into the air with frightful force; great rivers of burning lava flowed like torrents down the mountain side; and, before the people could escape, Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried under many feet of ashes and lava.

Thousands of people died, countless homes were burned or buried, and much land which had formerly been very fertile was made barren and unproductive. Pliny, the naturalist, had been told of the strange, rumbling sounds which were heard in Vesuvius, and had journeyed thither from Rome to investigate the matter. He was on a ship at the

time, but when he saw the smoke he went ashore near the mountain, and before long was smothered in the foul air.

Sixteen hundred years after the two cities were buried, an Italian began to dig a well in the place where Pompeii had once stood. After digging down to a depth of forty feet, he came across one of the old houses in a remarkable state of preservation.

LXXXIII

Domitian was never so happy as when he could frighten people, or cause them pain. You will therefore not be surprised to hear about the strange banquet, or dinner party, to which he once invited his friends.

When the guests arrived at the palace, they were led to a room all hung in black. Here they were waited upon by tiny servants with coal-black faces, hands, and garments. The couches, too, were spread with black and before each guest was a small black column, looking like monument, and bearing his name. The guests were waited upon in silence, and given nothing but "funeral baked meats," while mournful music, which sounded like a wail, constantly fell upon their ears.

LXXXIV

Although the soldiers had failed to get rid of Domitian, the cruel reign of that emperor was soon ended. He had married a wife by force, and she was known by the name of Domitia. Of course she could not love a husband who had taken her against her will. Domitian therefore grew tired of her, and wrote her name down upon the tablets where he was wont to place the names of the next persons to be slain.

Domitia found these tablets. Seeing her own name among several others, she carried the list to two pretorian guards who were to die also, and induced them to murder Domitian. Under the pretext of revealing a conspiracy against him, these men sent a freedman into the imperial chamber.

While Domitian was eagerly reading a paper upon which the names of the conspirators were written, this freedman suddenly drew out a dagger, which he had hidden beneath his robe, and dealt the emperor a mortal wound.

LXXXV

This Trajan was the Roman general who was in command of the troops in Germany. He had recently become the adopted son of Nerva, but he had staid at his post, and was still in Germany when he heard that Nerva was dead, and that he was now emperor in his turn.

The Romans were very eager to have Trajan return, that they might welcome him; but the new emperor knew that duty comes before pleasure, so he remained on the frontier until the barbarians were all reduced to obedience.

Then, only, did he march southward. He entered Rom, on foot, not as a conqueror, but as a father returning to his waiting children. The people cheered him wildly, and all approved when they heard him say, as he handed a sword to the chief of the pretorian guard, "Use this for me if I do my duty; against me if I do not."

Trajan was so gentle and affable that he won the hearts of all the people. This kindness never changed as long as he lived; and it won for him the title "Father of his Country," which has never been given to any except the very best of men.

Chapter LXXXVI

Such was the respect that the Romans felt for Trajan that during the next two hundred years the senators always addressed a new emperor by saying; "Reign fortunately as Augustus, virtuously as Trajan!" Thus, you see, the memory of a man's good deeds is very lasting; even now Trajan's name is honored, and people still praise him for the good he did while he was emperor of Rome.

Chapter LXXXVII

Instead of continuing to enlarge the Roman Empire, as Trajan had done, Hadrian now said that it was large enough; so he did all the he could to have it governed properly. He did not always remain at Rome, but made a grand journey through all his realm.

Accompanied by able men of every kind, he first visited Gaul, Germany, Holland, and Britain. Everywhere he went he inspected the buildings, ordered the construction of new aqueducts, temples, etc., and paid particulate attention to the training of his armies. He shattered the soldiers' fatigues, marched at their head twenty miles a day in the burning sun, and lived on their scanty fare of bread, lard, and sour wine; so one of his men ever dared complain.

Chapter LXXXVIII

Hadrian, as we have seen, had been gentle and forgiving during the first part of his reign; but he now began to suffer from a disease which soon made him cross and suspicious. He therefore became very cruel, and, forgetting that he had once quite approved of the Christians, he ordered a fourth persecution, in which many were put to death.

To make sure that the Romans would be governed well after his death, Hadrian selected as his successor a very good and wise man named Antoninus. Then, feeling that his sufferings were more than he could bear, he implored his servants to kill him. They all refused, so he sent for many doctors and took all the medicines that they prescribed.

Chapter LXXXIX

Antoninus once read the works of a philosopher named Justin, who had been converted to Christianity. From them he learned that the Christians, whom the Romans despised and illtreated, taught their disciples nothing but good; and he therefore put an end to the persecutions against them.

Although the emperor himself was not a Christian, he allowed the new sect to practice their religion openly. Before this, the Christians had been obliged to hide in the Catacombs, long, underground passages, where they had held their meetings in constant terror for their lives.

When Antoninus died, at the age of seventy-four, the people all mourned for him as for a father; and they erected a column in his honor, of which nothing but the base can now be seen. We are told that his monument bore the emperor's favorite maxim, which was; "I would rather save the life of one citizen, then put to death a thousand enemies."

Chapter XC

The joy of the Romans at his return, however, was soon changed to mourning, because the troops brought back from the East as horrible disease, which caused the death of hosts of people.

The Romans were almost wild with terror, owing to this disease and to the floods of famines which took place at about the same time; but Marcus Aurelius showed great courage, and went among them, trying to relieve their sufferings, and exhorting them to be patient.

Hoping to put an end to such scourges, the people made great offerings to the gods; and when these failed to bring any relief, the pagan priests accused the Christians of causing all their woes. On the strength of such accusations, the Christians were again persecuted; and the only fault which can be found with Marcus Aurelius is that he allowed them to be tortured during his reign.

Chapter XCI

Commodus was passionately fond of all kinds of gladiatorial shows, in which he liked to take part himself, as he was very vain. But he was as cowardly as vain; so he always used the best of weapons, while his opponents were armed with leaden swords which could do him no harm.

The emperor also delighted in fighting against wild beasts, from a very safe place, where they could not possibly come to him. When he had killed them all, he boastfully called himself the Roman Hercules, and insisted that his people should worship him.

XCII

For the sake of the people, who had loved Pertinax, the new emperor ordered that he should be placed among the gods, and that a ceremony called an Apotheosis should take place for this purpose.

A waxen image of the dead Pertinax lay in state for a whole week upon a golden bed, and was then publicly burned on a huge pyre. When the flames rose up around it, an eagle, purposely hidden in the pyre, was set free, and flew up into the sky in terror. The ignorant spectators were then told that the eagle had carried the soul of Pertinax up to heaven, and that they must henceforth worship him.

XCIII

Although the new emperor was only fourteen years of age, he had already acted as high priest of the Syrian god Elagabalus, whose Greek name he had taken as his own. The beauty of Heliogabalus was remarkable, and he delighted in wearing magnificent robes, and in taking part in imposing ceremonies.

He is noted in history chiefly for his folly and his vices, and is said to have married and divorced six wives before he was eighteen years old. Elagabalus was made principal god in Rome, and the emperor, we are told, offered human sacrifices to this idol in secret, and danced before it in public.

Either to make fun of the senators, or to satisfy a fancy of his mother and grandmother, Heliogabalus made a senate for women. His mother was made chief of the new assembly, and presided at every meeting with much pomp and gravity.

XCIV

The new emperor Maximinus, was of peasant blood, and was a native of Thrace. He was of uncommon strength and size, and very ambitious indeed. As he found the occupation of herdsman too narrow for him, he entered the Roman army during the reign of Severus, and soon gained the emperor's attention by his feats of strength.

We are told that he was more than eight feet high, that his wife's bracelet served him as a thumb ring, and that he could easily draw a load which a team of oxen could not move. He could kill a horse with one blow of his fist, and it is said that he ate forty pound of meat every day, and drank six gallons of water.

A man who was so mighty an eater and so very tall and strong, was of course afraid of nothing; and you will not be surprised to hear that he was winner in all athletic games, and that he quickly won the respect of the Roman soldiers.

XCV

The next emperor was Valerian, who was the choice of the Roman legions in Raetia. This last named prince was both brave and virtuous. He arrived in Rome to find both Gallus and Aemilian dead, and took possession of the throne without dispute.

Although already of very old man, Valerian directed his son Gallienus to attend to the wars in Europe, while he went off to Asia to fight Sapor, King of Persia. The monarch had overrun much Roman territory, and had surprised the city of Antioch while the inhabitants were at the theater.

Valerian recovered Antioch from the enemy, but was finally defeated and taken prisoner.

XCVI

They also stared in wonder at Zenobia, the proud eastern queen, who was forced to walk in front of Aurelian's car. The unhappy woman could scarcely carry the weight of the priceless jewels with which she was decked for this occasion.

When the triumph was over, Zenobia was allowed to live in peace and great comfort in a palace near Tibur; and here she brought up her children as if she had been only a Roman mother. Her daughters married Roman nobles, and one of her sons was given a small kingdom by the generous Aurelian.

XCVII

It seems that a northern priestess had once foretold that Diocletian would gain the Roman throne when he had "killed the boar." All the people at this time were more or less superstitious, so Diocletian spent much time hunting. But, although he killed many boars, he was not for a long time named Emperor.

Now the two emperors who came before Diocletian were murdered by a burly soldier named Aper, a Latin word meaning "boar." Some of the legions then elected Diocletian to this office; and he, wishing to punish the murderer for his double crime, struck Aper down with his own hand.

His soldiers were familiar with the prophecy of the priestess, and they now cried that he would surely gain the throne, because he had killed the Boar. True enough, Diocletian's only rival was soon slain, and he was declared emperor by all the Romans.

XCVIII

The vow which Constantine had made was duly kept, to the great satisfaction of his mother, Helena, who was a very devout Christian. Constantine ordered that the Christians should have full liberty to worship as they pleased; and after a time he himself was baptized. He also forbade that criminals should be put to death on a cross, as it had been sanctified by Christ; and he put an end to all gladiatorial shows.

Constantine at first shared the power with Licinius, but he and his colleague quarreled on matters of religion. They soon came to arms, and we are told that when they stood opposed to each other they loudly called upon their gods.

As Constantine won the victory, he declared that his God was the most worthy of honor; and he established the Christian Church so securely that nothing has ever been able to overthrow it since then.

XCIX

As Julian had appointed no successor, the army at once gave the empire to one of his officers, named Jovian.

A good man and a fervent Christian, Jovian quickly reestablished the Christian religion. His reign, however, was very brief, and he was succeeded by two brothers, Valentinian and Valens, who again divided the Roman world into two parts, intending to make a final separation between the empires of the East and the West (A.D. 364).

Valentinian kept back the northern barbarians as long as he lived, but after his death Valens was forced to allow the Goths to settle in Thrace. Here they found some of their brothers who had been converted to Christianity by the efforts of Ulfilas, a learned man, who wrote a translation of the Bible for them in their own Gothic language.

C

The people of that city once revolted, because the soldiers had arrested one of their favorite chariot drivers, who had failed to obey the laws. In his rage at hearing of this revolt, Theodosius commanded that all the inhabitants of Thessalonica should be killed. Men, women, and children were accordingly butchered without mercy; but when the deed was done, the emperor repented sorely of his cruelty.

He then went to St. Ambrose, a priest who had vainly tried to disarm his anger. Humbly begging pardon for his cruelty, he asked permission to come into the Church once more. St. Ambrose, however, would not grant him forgiveness until Theodosius had done public penance for his sin.

CI

The Huns, in the mean while, had seized the lands once occupied by the Goths; and they now became a united people under their king, Attila, who had been called the "Scourge of God." By paying a yearly tribute to these barbarians, the Romans managed for a time to keep them out of the empire, and induced them thus to pursue their ravages elsewhere.

But after becoming master of most of the territory beyond the Danube and the Rhine, Attila led his hordes of fierce Huns and other barbarians, numbering more than seven hundred thousand men, over the Rhine, and into the very heart of France. There, not far from the Chalons, took place one of the fiercest and most important battles of Europe.

CII

The people were very superstitious in those times; and, as their troubles increased, someone suddenly remembered that Romulus, the founder of Rome, had seen twelve vultures. The report was soon spread all over the country that these twelve vultures represented as many centuries, and that, as Rome had been founded about twelve hundred years before, its rule would soon be at an end.

The empire of the West then came to an end (A.D. 476) and Rome, which had been founded one Romulus, was shorn of its glory under another emperor of the same name, after having ruled nearly all the known world for a year.

The Roman senate, seeing that the Western empire was ended, now sent the tiara and purple robes to Constantinople, where the Eastern empire continued until the city fell into the hands of the Turks in 1453.

Swiss Family Robinson by Johann Wyss

Chapter 70

For many days we had been tempest-tossed. Six times had the darkness closed over a wild and terrific scene, and returning light as often brought but renewed distress, for the raging storm increased in fury until on the seventh day all hope was lost. We were driven completely out of our course; no conjecture could be formed as to our whereabouts. The crew had lost heart, and were utterly exhausted by the incessant labour.

Chapter 70

The riven masts had gone by the board, leaks had been sprung in every direction, and the water, which rushed in, gained upon us rapidly.

Chapter 70

Instead of reckless oaths, the seamen now uttered frantic cries to God for mercy, mingled with strange and often ludicrous vows, to be performed should deliverance be granted.

***Tales of Troy by Andrew Lang**

The Boyhood and Parents of Ulysses

If there were no horses in Ithaca, there was plenty of cattle. The father of Ulysses has flocks of sheep, and herds of swine, and wild goats, deer and hares lived in the hills and in the plains. The sea was full of fish of many sorts, which men caught with nets, and with rod and line and hook.

How People Lived in the Time of Ulysses

The dagger blades had pictures of fights with lions, and of flowers, inlaid on them, in gold of various colours, and in silver; nothing so beautiful is made now.

The Wooing of Helen of the Fair Hands

Icarius, admiring the strength and wisdom of Ulysses, gave him his daughter Penelope to be his wife, and Ulysses loved her very dearly, no man and wife were ever dearer to each other.

The Stealing of Helen

Then her father prayed to Apollo that the plague might cease, and it did cease – when the Greeks had cleansed their camp, and purified themselves and cast their filth into the sea.

Trojan Victories

But Hector answered that he would never shrink from battle, “yet I know this in my heart, the day shall come for holy Troy to be laid low, and Priam and the people of Priam. But this and my own death do not trouble me so much as the thought of you, when you shall be carried as a slave to Greece, to spin at another woman’s bidding, and bear water from a Grecian well. May the heaped up earth of my tomb cover me ere I hear thy cries and the tale of thy captivity.”

Battle at the Ships

The armies rushed on each other and hewed each other down, as reapers cut their way through a field of tall corn. Neither side gave ground, though the helmets of the bravest Trojans might be seen deep in the ranks of the Greeks; and the swords of the bravest Greeks rose and fell in the ranks of the Trojans, and all the while the arrows showered like rain.

Battle at the Ships

Ulysses was now the only Greek chief that still fought in the centre. The Greeks all fled, and he was alone in the crowd of Trojans, who rushed on him as hounds and hunters press round a wild boar that stands at bay in a wood. "They are cowards that flee from the fight," said Ulysses to himself; "but I will stand here, one man against a multitude."

The Slaying and Avenging of Patroclus

Then the Greeks drew the body of Patroclus out of the dust and the arrows, and laid him on a bier, and Achilles followed weeping, for he had sent his friend with chariot and horses to the war, but home again he welcomed him never more.

The Cruelty of Achilles, and the Ransoming of Hector

So Helen lamented, but now was done all that men might do; a great pile of wood was raised and Hector was burned, and his ashes were placed in a golden urn, in a dark chamber of stone, within a hollow hill.

How Ulysses Stole the Luck of Troy

So two of the sentinels guarded Ulysses to the hut of Agamemnon, where he and Achilles and all the chiefs were sitting at a feast. They all leaped up, but when Ulysses took the Luck of Troy from within his mantle, they cried that this was the bravest deed that had been done in the war, and they sacrificed ten oxen to Zeus.

The Battles with the Amazons and Memnon – The Death of Achilles

The Amazons were a race of warlike maids, who lived far away on the banks of the river Thermodon. They had fought against Troy in former times, and one of the great hill-graves on the plain of Troy covered the ashes of an Amazon, swift-footed Myrine.

Ulysses Sails to Seek the Son of Achilles – The Valour of Eurypylus

But their hope was not to be fulfilled, for though next day Eurypylus met Neoptolemus in the battle, and was slain by him, when the Greeks chased the Trojans into their city so great a storm of lightning and thunder and rain fell upon them that they retreated again to their camp. They believed that Zeus, the chief of the Gods, was angry with them, and days went by, and Troy still stood unconquered.

The Slaying of Paris

But OEnone was roaming in the dark woods, crying and calling after Paris, like a lioness whose cubs the hunters have carried away. The moon rose to give her light, and the flame of the funeral fire shone against the sky, and then OEnone knew that Paris had died—beautiful Paris—and that the Trojans were burning his body on the plain at the foot of Mount Ida.

How Ulysses Invented the Device of the Horse of Tree

Then Ulysses stood up and described a trick which it is not easy to understand. The Greeks, he said, ought to make an enormous hollow horse of wood, and place the bravest men in the horse. Then all the rest of the Greeks should embark in their ships and sail to the Isle of Tenedos, and lie hidden behind the island. The Trojans would then come out of the city, like the dove out of her hole in the rock, and would wander about the Greek camp, and wonder why the great horse of tree had been made, and why it had been left behind.

The End of Troy and the Saving of Helen

When dawn came Troy lay in ashes, and the women were being driven with spear shafts to the ships, and the men were left unburied, a prey to dogs and all manner of birds. Thus the grey city fell, that had lorded it for many centuries.

The End of Troy and the Saving of Helen

The women, too, were given to the princes, and Neoptolemus took Andromache to his home in Argos, to draw water from the well and to be the slave of a master, and Agamemnon carried beautiful Cassandra, the daughter of Priam, to his palace in Mycenae, where they were both slain in one night. Only Helen was led with honour to the ship of Menelaus.

***Trial and Triumph by Richard Hannula (Chp. 45-46, 1)**

Chapter 45

Lewis began to realize that his favorite authors were Christians. They wrote about a life full of wonder and joy. Christianity, at least for some, was not merely a set of rules. Then he befriended some bright Oxford men who believed the Bible and who showed him there were strong historical facts to support Christianity.

Chapter 46

Greco, swinging his torture club, picked up Wurmbrand's confession and began reading it, and as he did so his stern expression softened. He set aside his club, and his jaw dropped as a troubled look swept over his face. "Why do you say that you love me? I know this is one of our Christian commandments, but I don't believe anyone could keep it. I couldn't love someone who shut me up for years in prison, who starved and tortured me."

Wurmbrand smiled and answered, "It's not a matter of keeping a commandment."

Chapter 1

- a. The governor tempted Polycarp a second time, "Swear the oath to Caesar and I will release you. Deny Christ!"
- b. Polycarp stood straight and answered in a clear voice, "For eighty-six years I have been His servant, and He has done me no wrong. How then can I blaspheme my King who saved me?"
- c. "Swear by Caesar!" the governor shouted.
- d. "You try in vain to get me to swear by Caesar. Hear me plainly, I am a

Christian."

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea by Jules Verne

No copywork available yet

Von Trapp Family Singers by Maria Von Trapp

No copywork available yet

***What Everyone Should Know About the 20th Century by Axelrod & Phillips**

No copywork available yet

Where the Red Fern Grows by Wilson Rawls

Chapter 1

Twisting and slashing, he fought his way through the pack and backed up under the low branches of the hedge. Growling and snarling, they formed a half-moon circle around him. A big bird dog, bolder than the others, darted in. The hedge shook as he tangled with the hound. He came out so fast he fell over backwards. I saw that his right ear was split wide open. It was too much for him and he took off down the street, squalling like a scalded cat.

Chapter 2

Papa set me on his lap and we had a good talk. He told me how hard times were, and that it looked like a man couldn't get a fair price for anything he raised. Some of the farmers had quit farming and were cutting railroad ties so they could feed their families. If things didn't get better, that's what he'd have to do. He said he'd give anything if he could get some good hounds for me, but there didn't seem to be any way he could right then.

Chapter 3

I remembered a passage from the Bible my mother had read to us: “God helps those who help themselves.” I thought of the words. I mulled them over in my mind. I decided I’d ask God to help me. There on the banks of the Illinois River, in the cool shade of the tall white sycamores, I asked God to help me get two hound pups. It wasn’t much of a prayer, but it did come right from the heart.

Chapter 4

Some time that night, I crossed the river on a rifle somewhere in the Dripping Springs country. Coming out of the river bottoms, I scatted up a long hogback ridge, and broke out on top in the flats. In a mile-eating trot, I moved along. I had the wind of a deer, the muscles of a country boy, a heart full of dog love, and a strong determination. I wasn’t scared of the darkness, or the mountains, for I was raised in those mountains.

Chapter 5

- a) I wanted so much to step over to pick them up. Several times I tried to move my feet, but they seemed to be nailed to the floor. I knew the pups were mine, yet I couldn’t move. My heart started acting like a drunk grasshopper. I tried to swallow and couldn’t. My Adam’s apple wouldn’t work.
- b) I knelt down and gathered them in my arms. I buried my face between their wiggling bodies and cried. The stationmaster, sensing something more than just two dogs and a boy, waited in silence.

Chapter 6

It was then I realized it was all too perfect. Here in this fisherman’s camp, I had found the magazine and the ad. I looked over at the old sycamore log. There I had asked God to help me get two hound pups. There were the pups, rolling and playing in the warm sand. I thought of the old K.C. Baking Powder can, and the fishermen. How freely they had given their nickels and dimes.

I looked up again to the names carved in the tree. Yes, it was all there like a large puzzle. Piece by piece, each fit perfectly until the puzzle was complete. It could not have happened without the help of an unseen power.

Chapter 7

At first they were afraid of the water. I never would admit it even to myself. I always said that they just didn't like to get wet. They would follow the trail to the stream and stop. Sitting down on their rears, they would cry and beg for help. With a pup under each arm, I'd wade out into the stream and set them down in the cool water. Nine times out of ten, one pup would swim one way and the other one would go just the opposite way. I had a time with this part of their training, but my persistence had no bounds.

Chapter 8

With a whipped-dog look on her face and with her tail between her legs, Little Ann came over. She wouldn't even look at me. Old Dan walked slowly around behind the tree and hid himself. He peeped around the big trunk and looked at me. The message I read in his friendly eyes tore at my heart. He seemed to be saying, "You told us to put one in a tree and you would do the rest."

With tears in my eyes, I looked again at the big sycamore. A wave of anger came over me. Gritting my teeth, I said, "I don't care how big you are, I'm not going to let my dogs down. I told them if they put a coon in a tree I would do the rest and I'm going to. I'm going to cut you down. I don't care if it takes me a whole year."

Chapter 9

As our buggy wound its way up through the bottoms, Grandpa started talking. "You know, Billy," he said, "about this tree-chopping of yours, I think it's all right. In fact, I think it would be a good thing if all young boys had to cut down a big tree like that once in their life. It does something for them. It gives them determination and will power. That's a good thing for a man to have. It goes a long way in his life. The American people have a lot of it. They have proved that, all down through history, but they could do with a lot more of it."

Chapter 10

Feeling just about as smart as Sherlock Holmes, I headed for the store. I was walking along singing my lungs out when they came tearing out of the underbrush, wiggling and twisting, and tickled to death to be with me. At first I was mad but one look at dancing Little Ann and all was forgiven. I sat down on my bundle of fur and laughed till I hurt all over. I could scold them a little, but I could no more have whipped one of them than I could have kissed a girl. After all, a boy just doesn't whip his dogs.

Chapter 11

I knew something had happened to Little Ann. I called her name. She answered with a pleading cry. Although I couldn't see her, I guessed what had happened. The coon had led them to the river. Running out on the ice, he had leaped across the trough. My dogs, hot on the trail, had followed. Old Dan, a more powerful dog than Little Ann, had made his leap. Little Ann had not made it. Her small feet had probably slipped on the slick ice and she had fallen into the icy waters. Old Dan, seeing the fate of his little friend, had quit the chase and come back to help her. The smart old coon had pulled his trick, and a deadly one it was.

Chapter 12

A bird in a canebrake on our right started chirping. A big swamp rabbit came running down the riverbank as if all hell was close to his heels. A bunch of mallards, feeding in the shallows across the river, took flight with frightened quacks. A feeling that only a hunter knows slowly crept over my body. I whooped to my dogs, urging them on.

Little Ann came in. Her bell-like tones blended with Old Dan's, in perfect rhythm. We stood and listened to the beautiful music, the deep-throated notes of hunting hounds on the hot-scented trail of a river coon.

Chapter 13

Arriving home, I awakened my mother and father. Starting at my grandfather's mill, I told everything that had happened. I left nothing out. My mother had started crying long before I had completed my story. Papa said nothing, just sat and listened. When I had finished, he kept staring down at the floor in deep thought. I could hear the sobbing of my mother in the silence. I walked over to her. She put her arms around me and said, "My poor little boy."

Chapter 14

Even Old Dan felt the pleasant atmosphere. His long red tail fanned the air. Once he raised his head and bawled. I stood still and listened to the droning tones of his deep voice. The sound seemed to be trapped for an instant in the thick timber. It rolled around under the tall white sycamores, beat its way through the wild cane, and found freedom out over the clear blue water of the river. The sound, following the river's course, rolled like the beat of a jungle drum.

Chapter 15

It was my turn. Three times I tried to call to Little Ann. Words just wouldn't come out. My throat was too dry. The vocal cords refused to work, but I could snap my fingers. That was all I needed. She started toward me. I held my breath. There was silence all around me.

As graceful as any queen, with her head high in the air, and her long red tail arched in a perfect rainbow, my little dog walked down the table. With her warm gray eyes staring straight at me, on she came. Walking up to me, she laid her head on my shoulder. As I put my arms around her, the crowd exploded.

Chapter 16

Hitting the ground with a loud grunt, he ran past us. Everyone whooped to him. Ahead was a deep washout about ten feet wide. On the other side was a canebrake. His long red body, stretched to its fullest length, seemed to float in the air as he sailed over it. We could hear the tall stalks rattling as he plowed his way through them. A bunch of sleepy snow birds rose from the thick cane, flitted over, and settled in a row on the old rail fence.

Chapter 17

Kneeling down, I put my arms around Little Ann. I felt the warm heat from her moist tongue caressing my ear. Closing my eyes, I said, "Please, Dan, bawl one more time, just one more time."

I waited for my plea to be answered.

With its loud roaring, the north wind seemed be laughing at us. All around, tall stalks of cane were weaving and dancing to the rattling rhythm of their knife-edged blades.

My father tried to talk above the wind, but his words were lost in the storm. Just before another blast, clear as a foghorn on a stormy sea, Old Dan's voice rang loud and clear. It seemed louder than the roar of the wind or the skeleton-like rustling of the tall swaying cane.

Chapter 18

“Men,” said Mr. Kyle, “people have been trying to understand dogs ever since the beginning of time. One never knows what they’ll do. You can read every day where a dog saved the life of a drowning child, or lay down his life for his master. Some people call this loyalty. I don’t. I may be wrong, but I call it love – the deepest kind of love.”

After these words were spoken, a thoughtful silence settled over the men. The mood was broken by the deep growling voice I had heard back in the washout.

“It’s a shame that people all over the world can’t have that kind of love in their hearts,” he said. “There would be no wars, slaughter, or murder; no greed or selfishness. It would be the kind of world that God wants us to have – a wonderful world.”

Chapter 19

I called to him. In a stiff-legged trot he came to me. I caught hold of his collar and gave him another inspection. In the lantern light I could see the mud-caked wounds clearly. The bleeding had almost stopped. I felt much better.

Little Ann came over. I knelt down and put my arms around them. I knew that if it hadn’t been for their loyalty and unselfish courage I would have probably been killed by the slashing claws of the devil cat.

“I don’t know how I’ll ever pay you back for what you’ve done,” I said, “but I’ll never forget it.”

Chapter 20

As I stood looking at the two graves, I noticed things I hadn’t seen before. Wild violets, rooster heads, and mountain daisies had completely covered the two little mounds. A summer breeze gushed down from the rugged hills. I felt its warm caress as it fanned my face. It hummed a tune in the underbrush and rustled the leaves on the huge red oak. The red fern wavered and danced to the music of the hills.

Taking off my cap, I bowed my head. In a choking voice, I said, “Good-bye, Old Dan and Little Ann. I’ll never forget you; and this I know – if God made room in heaven for all good dogs, I know He made a special place for you.”

Winged Watchman by Hilda Van Stockum

Chapter 1

Farmer Schenderhans lived in the Noorderaar polder. Father and the boys took the short way: along the broad drainage canal which was cupped between two dikes, as it was much higher than the fields on either side. Cattle grazed below them, swishing their tails at dancing midges; frogs croaked in the ditches and birds twittered in the willow trees that lined the road. The Noorderaar polder was a large one. It had two windmills. One, the far one at the other end of the polder, had been pulled own and replaced by an electric pump. This did the work of two, and the other windmill, the "Giant," stood wingless and idle. Father and the boys passed on their way to the Schenderhans farm. Joris felt sorry for it, and Father seemed sad, too.

Chapter 2

"Hmph!" grunted Father. "You women always judge people by what they do in church. I judge them by what they do outside. Farmer Schenderhans is getting rich in the black market."

Mother was silenced, but she felt sorry for the Schenderhans parents all the same. After the family rosary that night she added a Hail Mary for them. Mother added so many Hail Marys that Joris sometimes thought he'd get holes in his knees. Mother prayed for Queen Wilhelmina in England and the princesses in Canada. She prayed for the Pope and for the Allies, but at first she would not pray for the Germans, though Father said that was wrong.

"We have to pray for our enemies," he said. "What sort of Christian are you?"

So then Mother prayed for the Germans too.

Chapter 3

Hendrik followed reluctantly. The wings fascinated him. He looked with a distracted eye at the gauge Joris showed him, just in front of the arch where the ditchwater was drawn into the mill. Joris explained that you could read on that gauge how high the water was in the polder and whether the mill should work.

"Where does the water come out again?" asked Hendrik.

“First it goes through the gallery, under the mill, and there it is scooped up on the scoopwheel and thrown into the canal. The canal is too high for the water to flow in by itself. Come, I’ll show you...”

Chapter 4

“They’ve taken Mr. Poot and Ernst, “ he cried. “The S.S. men! This morning!” Seeing the incredulous horror on the faces before him, he elaborated.

“The aviators have been hiding in Mr. Poot’s barn. The Germans came this morning blowing their sirens. They banged on the door; we could hear it from our farm. I saw everything from the window of our hayloft.”

Chapter 5

“The Dutch policemen bowed subserviently and led the way to the cells. In a twinkling, they were robbed of their keys, pushed into the cells and locked up by the S.S. officers, who turned out to be Kees Kip and a friend. The so-called prisoners were also Underground workers, and they helped destroy every document in the place. They also took all the weapons and ration coupons and anything else they could use. They didn’t finish till three in the morning and managed to get away safely.”

Chapter 6

“The Germans are dangerous,” he said seriously. “They can do terrible things to you and to all of us, because they have all the weapons. We have nothing.”

Charles stopped pacing and looked down at Dirk Jan.

“Yes, you have,” he said quietly. “You have right on your side. That’s the biggest weapon.”

Chapter 7

“But what did he do when he escaped?”

“He dressed up as a woman,” said Reina, suddenly dimpling. “I had to put on his lipstick. He looked lovely! He even sprayed perfume on himself! You would never have recognized him!”

“A woman! Dirk Jim and Joris looked at each other. Of course... the perfect thing! A woman wouldn't be so easily arrested; the Germans wanted men.

Chapter 8

Then he saw he was near the moving wings of the mill, dark and vague but unmistakable. He grabbed one of them and jumped on it, melting into its shadow. He had to move fast to keep his head up as the wing carried him higher and higher, far out of the reach of his pursuer. Joris felt a momentary exhilaration, but he hadn't time to think about it. He had to keep changing his position. A wrong move might send him plummeting to the ground with a broken neck, but that danger seemed nothing compared to the thought of Schenderhans.

Chapter 9

Joris woke up to the sound of church bells tolling over the fields, summoning people to church. Sunday, of course. According to Mother, the bells were saying: “Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you....” The roaring bombers and anti-aircraft guns tried to drown out the music of the bells, but Joris knew, as he lay listening, which of the two sounds would win. The war noises came and went. Often they stopped, too violent to last. The bells went steadily on, like breathing: bim, bam, bim bam....

Chapter 10

The day after was “Mad Tuesday.” Dutch people will forever remember that crazy, improbable first Tuesday in September, 1944, when rumors flew around that the war was over and the liberators were marching into Holland. Whence those rumors came, no one knew, but even the Germans believed them. They hastily packed and left, and landwatchers and other traitors disappeared from the streets. Housewives searched their trunks for flags and orange streamers which they hung out of their windows. But it was a false alarm. The Germans returned and the landwatchers strutted about again, determined to enjoy their power while it lasted.

Chapter 11

Mother dipped into the paper again. "Listen to all these recipes for cooking bulbs," she said. "Tulip soup, tulip mash, fried tulip, roasted tulip, tulip savory, tulip cookies.... What do they think we are? Garden plots?"

"It's only a slight difference," said Father. "Flower instead of flour."

People will get ill, eating that food," worried Mother. "See, here is say: 'Using flower bulbs is not without danger. Don't eat crocus, hyacinth, daffodil or gladioli bulbs.' "

"Thanks, I won't," said Father.

Chapter 12

The German soldiers laughed and let us through. Everywhere we were cheered; there aren't as many St. Nicholas figures around now, with so many people in hiding, though it's a perfect disguise. We even got a lift out of the city on a German soldiers lorry. The soldiers made all sorts of jokes, and when they found that the bag of Pieterbaas was empty, they filled it with chocolate from their own rations.

Chapter 13

Now I want you to go to my friend, Gerardus van Manen, with a message which you are to learn by heart. It will seem nonsense to you because it is in code. The less you know, the better for all of us. If van Manen says the new plan is feasible, you'll have to let me know as soon as possible, by mill telegraph. I must make arrangements here."

"Couldn't you just write a letter?" asked Dirk Jan, frightened at the idea of garbling the message.

Chapter 14

Van Loo had to give a push to the lowest wing before it began to mount slowly. When the next wing had almost reached the bottom, Dirk Jan let the catchrope go again. The brakes were pushed back, and the mill had been put into joy. Van Loo and Dirk Jan watched the mill of Hoogmade, which stood up faintly in the darkening fields beyond the city, to see if it noticed the signal. Dirk Jan was nervously biting his knuckles, but van Loo reassured him.

Chapter 15

Now the truck had to pass the wreckage of the lorry, and the German guards would undoubtedly stop it and requisition the truck for their wounded. One of the guards already stood in the middle of the road, signaling Mr. Gerrits to stop. Mr. Gerrits wanted to make a spurt for it, so he decided on a ruse. He began to slow down obviously, until he had reached the guard, who stepped aside, convinced that the truck would stop. As soon as he was out of the way, Mr. Gerrits stepped on the accelerator and the truck leaped forward like an exploding shell. The guard was too taken aback even to shoot, and the truck sped past the flaming lorry and on along the road, which was bare of people, everyone having fled the bullets.

Chapter 16

He said he was a student of philosophy. Joris wanted to know what that was.

“It’s the love of wisdom,” said Hildebrand.

“Don’t you get that out of the Bible?” asked Joris.

“Yes, indeed,” said Hildebrand. “But there is wisdom in other books, too.”

“What’s the difference between wisdom and knowledge?” asked Joris.

Chapter 17

As soon as he had seen the little parachutes falling from the plane, he’d run out of the house and across the meadows, climbing fences and jumping ditches. In his excitement he was not looking where he was going either, and so he collided with Joris. The two foreheads bumped together and the boys groaned and rubbed the sore spots. Then they laughed.

“Did you see that?” asked Hendrik.

“See what?” Joris was cautious.

“The weapon-dropping, of course,” said Hendrik.

Chapter 18

“They voted to help the Noorderaar farmers, but it was a tight squeak. Many were against it, and I can’t altogether blame them. The argument was that the others had chosen electricity for better or worse, and why should we now suffer, to help them out?”

“What did you say, Father?” asked Dirk Jan.

“I told them it was their duty,” said Father, “that this nation had been built by Dutchmen cooperating against their enemy, water, and they could not abandon the Noorderaar people.”

Chapter 19

All night long the Watchman worked while the family slept, rocked by the sing-song of the wings, the lullaby of streaming water, and the trembling of the mill. Father and Hildebrand took turns watching.

And gradually, the waters receded. The mill no longer stood like an ark among inundated fields. Grass and shrubbery appeared. Wet and untidy-looking, with stray straws and twigs and displaced objects, the polders emerged, like people who have had a ducking.

Father laughed triumphantly. “We’ve done it,” he said on the third day, after another sleepless night, and he rubbed his hands.

Chapter 20

There were negotiations going on in the East of Holland between the Allied commander and the Dutch authorities. Food had to be brought to Holland quickly; people were dying everywhere.

On Sunday afternoon, April twenty-ninth, two four-motor bombers roared over the cities, dropping food parcels in the near-by polders. The population of Holland went wild. Heedless of the protestations of the Germans, they ran into the streets, climbed roofs, hung out of windows. They waved sheets, flags, kerchiefs; they shouted greetings, embraced one another, wept.

Chapter 21

Father stretched out his big hand and put it over Mother's. "Boys," he said, "I want you to look at this wonderful, brave little mother of yours. Do you know who suffered most during the war? The mothers. Do you know who worked the hardest? The mothers. And you know who will get the least praise? Again, the mothers. You haven't any idea, and you never will have, what it cost your mother to keep going, never daunted, never giving up, taking each new blow in her stride and keeping you all happy under the worst possible conditions. Come on, boys, let's give her a cheer. To Mother! Hip, hip, hurrah!"

Copy Work for House of Education Year 7

1.

This voyage of eight hundred miles was a perilous venture, on a craft of twenty tons, and at that season of the year. The Chinese seas are usually boisterous, subject to terrible gales of wind, and especially during the equinoxes; and it was now early November.

~Jules Verne, *Around the World in Eighty Days*

2.

As long as there has been an earth, the moving masses of air that we call winds have swept back and forth across its surface. And as long as there has been an ocean, its waters have stirred to the passage of the winds. Most waves are the result of the action of the wind on water. There are exceptions, such as the tidal waves sometimes produced by earthquakes under the sea. But the waves most of us know best are wind waves.

~Rachel Carson, The Sea Around Us

3.

One day, many years ago, someone wanted to borrow a great deal of money. In return he offered the money-lender or "banker" some "shares of stock" in his business. The banker, being a bit of a gambler, decided to auction off these stocks to the highest bidder. Thus he became a "stock-broker." Such stock markets, of which the Bourse in Paris is one of the oldest, at first did business on a small local scale. Then a broker got the idea of employing couriers to carry "quotations" from one town to another. Finally, with the coming of the telegraph, stock market transactions became international. Today every important bid made on Wall Street sets the ticker tape machines going in London, Cape Town and Buenos Aires.

~Hendrik Villem Van Loon, The Story of Mankind

4.

Nobody is really sure what gravity is. We only know how it acts. We usually think that the first real understanding of the laws of gravitation began in the seventeenth century, with

Sir Isaac Newton. But two thousand years before Newton, Greek scientists had the first glimmerings of the idea of gravity and the effect it had on everything on earth. They even suspected that everything they could see in the universe followed some similar law.

~Jeanne Bendick, Archimedes and the Door of Science

5.

The spiders saw the sword, though I don't suppose they knew what it was, and at once the whole lot of them came hurrying after the hobbit along the ground and the branches hairy legs waving, nippers and spinners snapping, eyes popping, full of froth and rage. They followed him into the forest until Bilbo had gone as far as he dared. Then quieter than a mouse he stole back.

~J. R. R. Tolkien, The Hobbit

6.

There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

~Charles and Mary Lamb,

Tales from Shakespeare

7.

Summer or winter, day or night,

The woods are ever a new delight;

They give us peace, and they make us strong,

Such wonderful balms to them belong;

So, living or dying, I'll take my ease

Under the trees, under the trees.

~Richard Henry Stoddard

8.

I can almost fancy myself in Spain, the morning is so soft and beautiful. The tessellated shadow of the honeysuckle lies motionless upon my study floor, as if it were a figure in the carpet; and through the open window comes the fragrance of the wild brier and the mock orange. The birds are caroling in the trees, and their shadows flit across the window as they dart to and fro in the sunshine, while the murmur of the bee, the cooing of the doves from the eaves, and the whirring of the little hummingbird that has its nest in the honeysuckle, send up a sound of joy to meet the rising sun.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

9.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man.

~William Shakespeare

10.

We were not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily; neither is it to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.

~John Ruskin

11.

To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to covet nothing that is your

neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors. These are the little guideposts on the footpath to peace.

~Henry Van Dyke

12.

Zero is the first of ten symbols--the digits--with which we are able to represent any of an infinitude of numbers. Zero is also the first of the numbers which we must represent. Yet, zero, first of the digits, was the last to be invented; and zero, first of the numbers, was the last to be discovered.

~Constance Reid, From Zero to Infinity

13.

The boy stood on the path of the mountain overlooking the sea. He was a tall boy, with little trace of youth in his lean, hard body. At eighteen Daniel bar Jamin was unmistakably a Galilean, with the bold features of his

countrymen, the sun-browned skin, and the brilliant dark eyes that could light with fierce patriotism and blacken with swift anger. A proud race, the Galileans, violent and restless, unreconciled that Palestine was a conquered nation, refusing to acknowledge as their lord the Emperor Tiberius in far-off Rome.

~Elizabeth George Speare, *The Bronze Bow*

14.

Ever since he could remember, Robin had been told what was expected of him as son of his father. Like other sons of noble family, he would be sent away from his mother and father to live in the household of another knight, where he would learn all the ways of knighthood. He would learn how to be of service to his liege lord, how to be courteous and gentle, and, at the same time, strong of heart.

~Marguerite De Angeli, *The Door in the Wall*

15.

It is necessary to know this rifle.

In 1768, west of Philadelphia, a man named Cornish McManus established a new gunsmithing business. He was thirty-five years old and had been an apprentice and then an assistant to a master gunsmith named John Waynewright for nearly fourteen years. Waynewright had spent much of his life perfecting the concept of rifling--putting a set of spiral grooves down the bore of a rifle to spin and thereby stabilize the patched ball as it sped on its way--and it was said that his rifling was unique. He used a twist of one turn in forty inches, slightly faster than others who made rifled barrels, and this slight increase made the ball spin faster and become more stable, or fixed, on its trajectory.

~Gary Paulsen, The Rifle

16.

The children had seen the Phoenix egg hatched in the flames in their own nursery grate, and had heard from it how the carpet on their own nursery floor was really the wishing carpet, which would take them anywhere they chose. The carpet had transported them to bed just at the right moment, and the Phoenix had gone to roost on the cornice supporting the window curtains of the boys' room.

~E. Nesbit, The Phoenix and the Carpet

17.

Huckleberry came and went at his own free will. He slept on doorsteps in fine weather and in empty hogsheads in wet; he did not have to go to school or to church, or call any being master or obey anybody; he could go fishing or swimming when and where he chose, and stay as long as it suited him; nobody forbade him to fight; he could sit up as late as he pleased; he was always the first boy that went barefoot in the spring and the last to resume leather in the fall; he never had to wash, nor put on clean clothes; he could swear wonderfully. In a word, everything that goes to make life precious that boy had. So thought every harrassed, hampered, respectable boy in St. Petersburg.

~Mark Twain, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer

18.

Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

~George Washington

19.

Upon the ground where the brave Harold fell, William the Norman afterward founded an abbey, which under the name of Battle Abbey, was a rich and splendid place through many a troubled year, though now it is a gray ruin overgrown with ivy. But the first work he had to do was to conquer the English thoroughly; and that, as you know by this time, was hard work for any man.

~Charles Dickens, Child's History of England

20.

Zog's face was the face of a man, except that the tops of his ears were pointed like horns and he had small horns instead of eyebrows, and a horn on the end of his chin. In spite of these deformities the expression of the face was not unpleasant, or repulsive. His hair was carefully parted and brushed, and his mouth and nose were not only perfect in shape, but quite handsome.

~L. Frank Baum, *The Sea Fairies*

21.

The sunset of the forest had given the signal to robin and tanager to begin their vesper song. The sunset of the mount had issued the dew-time call that conjures out of caves and hollow trees the smallest of the winged Brownie folk, whose kingdom is the twilight and whose dance hall is high above the treetops.

~Ernest Thompson Seton, *Wild Animal Ways*

22.

Winston Churchill entered the world during one of the most breathless times of change and upheaval in the history. To understand how sweeping this change was, remember that the American Civil War, which occurred less than a decade before Churchill's birth, was fought with rifles, sabers, cavalry charges, and cannon. That war ended in 1865. Less than fifty years later, in 1914, World War I began. Amazingly, this war was fought with tanks, airplanes,

machine guns, mustard gas, telephones, trucks, and submarines. In half a century the world had changed a millennium.

~Stephen Mansfield, Never Give In: The Extraordinary Character

of Winston Churchill

23.

Richard's crown, which he wore to the last, was picked out of a bush and placed upon the victor's head. The Duke of Norfolk

was slain fighting bravely; his son, Lord Surrey, was taken prisoner; Ratcliffe was killed; Catesby, after being allowed to make his will, was executed on the field; and Henry Tudor became King of England. Richard's corpse, naked, and torn by wounds, was bound across a horse, with his head and long hair hanging down, bloody and hideous, and in this condition borne into Leichester for all men to see.

~Winston S. Churchill, The Birth of Britain

24.

They were fishing, a few days later, in the bed of the brook that for centuries had cut deep into the soft valley soil. The trees closing overhead made long tunnels through which the sunshine worked in blobs and patches. Down in the tunnels were bars of sand and gravel, old roots and trunks covered with moss or painted red by the irony water, foxgloves growing lean and pale towards the light; clumps of fern and thirsty shy flowers who could not live away from moisture and shade. In the pools you could see the wave thrown up by the trouts as they charged hither and yon, and the pools were joined to each other--except in flood time, when all was one brown rush--by sheets of thin broken water that poured themselves chuckling round the darkness of the next bend.

This was one of the children's most secret hunting-grounds, and their particular friend, old Hobden the hedger, had shown them how to use it. Except for the click of a rod hitting a low willow, or a switch and tussle the hot pasture could have guessed what game was going on among the trouts below the banks.

~Rudyard Kipling, Puck of Pook's Hill

25.

Four days later I was on my way to America. Exactly five weeks later, I was back in Veere. Nothing had happened. Outwardly everything was as it had always been. But a change had come over the world, and neither Frits nor I felt in the mood to go on with our dinner parties. At least, not for the moment. Some other day perhaps, but not now.

~Hendrik Willem Van Loon, *Van Loon's Lives*

26.

In the presence of others sing not to yourself with a humming voice, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

~George Washington

27.

America the Beautiful

O beautiful for spacious skies,

For amber waves of grain,

For purple mountain majesties

Above the fruited plain!

America! America!

God shed His grace on thee

And crown thy good with brotherhood

From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for Pilgrim feet,

Whose stern, impassioned stress

A thoroughfare for freedom beat

Across the wilderness!

America! America!

God mend thine every flaw,

Confirm thy soul in self-control,

Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
 In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
 And mercy more than life!
America! America!
 May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness
 And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
 That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
 Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
 God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
 From sea to shining sea!

~Katherine Lee Bates

28.

After his father's death Beowulf king of the Danes governed his stronghold and was for a long time famous among nations. Then the great Healfdene was born. Healfdene, a fierce old veteran, ruled the Danes all his life. To him four children in all were born - Heorogar, Hrothgar, Halga the Good, and a daughter who, we are told, became the consort of Onela, the Swedish king.

~Beowulf

29.

We are so accustomed to maps that it is almost impossible for us to imagine a time when there were no maps, when the notion of travelling according to a map was as foreign to man's conception of ultimate possibilities as the idea of traversing space in the form of a mathematical formula would be to us today.

~Hendrik Willem Van Loon, Van Loon's Geography

30.

Chaucer

An old man in a lodge within a park;
The chamber walls depicted all around
With portraitures of huntsman, hawk, and hound,
And the hurt deer. He listeneth to the lark,
Whose song comes with the sunshine through the dark
Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound;
He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound,
Then writeth in a book like any clerk.
He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
The Canterbury Tales, and his old age
Made beautiful with song; and as I read

I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odors of ploughed field or flowery maid.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

31.

In the meantime, I fitted myself up for a battle, as before, though with more caution, knowing I had to do with another kind of enemy than I had at first. I ordered Friday also, whom I had made an excellent marksman with his gun, to load himself with arms. I took myself two fowling-pieces, and I gave him three muskets. My figure, indeed, was very fierce. I had my formidable goat-skin coat on, with the great cap I have mentioned, a naked sword by my side, two pistols in my belt, and a gun upon each shoulder.

~Daniel Defoe, Robinson Crusoe

32.

Before you can understand inflation and recession, you must understand money. So don't read any farther until you get a penny, nickel, dime, quarter, half-dollar, and dollar bill. Lay them in front of you and look at them carefully.

Notice the penny and nickel have no grooves on the edges like the other coins do. Those grooves are called reeding and, believe it or not, they play a part in inflation and recession.

~Richard J. Maybury, Whatever Happened to Penny Candy

33.

The Wart rubbed his sore ear and sighed.

"What are you grieving about now?" asked Merlyn.

"I wasn't grieving. I was just thinking."

"What were you thinking?"

"Oh, it wasn't anything. I was thinking about Kay learning to be a knight."

~T. S. White, *The Sword in the Stone*

34.

While he was riding out on business, a summoner once met the Devil doing just the same thing. At first he tried to make out to the Devil that he was a bailiff, knowing how people despise summoners. But the Devil knew straight off what he was. "What are you ashamed of? You and I are in the same line of work! I carry off whatever people give me: their souls, their wives, the weeds in their garden ... You go around persuading people that if they give you five shillings you won't get them into trouble with the Bishop." Before long, the two were swearing lifelong friendship.

~Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, Retold by Geraldine McCaughrean

35.

Shimmering white against the dark trees stood the stag not far away. He seemed to float on the rolling mist, to move with it slowly, silently away.

"Follow him!" whispered Magyar and his words echoed from the trees in the suddenly friendly forest: "Follow him!"

"Follow him," whispered the leaves.

"Follow him," gurgled a hidden spring.

"Follow him," sighed the wind.

~Kate Seredy, *The White Stag*

36.

Caesar met them outside his camp on a knoll from which a wide view of the river could be seen, its banks on our side unfortified and entirely bare of defenders. There was a stretch of the Rhone some twenty miles long which could quite easily be crossed by a bridge of boats wherever the banks were low. Beyond that point the mountains called the Jura came down to meet the stream and close that path. So far, all Caesar had done was to break down the bridge by Geneva. This, however, could not stop the host from pouring over the river almost at will where it was not defended.

~Olivia Coolidge, *Caesar's Gallic War*

37.

Then there came a single call on the sea-pipe, and that was the signal. A knot of them made one rush of it, cutlass in hand, against the door; and at the same moment, the glass of the skylight was dashed in a thousand pieces, and a man leaped through and landed on the floor. Before he got his feet, I had clapped a pistol to his back, and might have shot him, too; only at the touch of him (and him alive) my whole flesh misgave me, and I could no more pull the trigger than I could have flown.

~Robert Louis Stevenson, Kidnapped

38.

Maria's uncle lived in a small village in a dusty corner of Spain. He was a bony man of about fifty, the sort of old-fashioned gentleman who decorates his study with a rusty lance and a worm-eaten shield to help him live in the past. He had no wife, of course, but he had given his niece a home. She was a sensible girl, aged about eighteen. A motherly housekeeper looked after them both. His friends in the village were the two educated men: Thomas the priest and Nicholas the barber.

~Cervantes's Don Quixote, Retold by Michael Harrison

39.

I was assured that we were all as safe as if we were on board the ship, to which I answered nothing; but, like Jack's parrot, I did some powerful thinking. Every little wave that came along swept clean over our heads, sometimes coming so suddenly as to cut a breath in half. If the wind should increase--but no--I wouldn't face the possibility of such a disagreeable thing. I was cool enough now in a double sense, for although we were in the tropics, we soon got thoroughly chilled.

~Frank T. Bullen, The Cruise of the Cachalot

40.

It is only when he is a baby that you could guess our robin is really a thrush, for then the dark speckles on his plump little yellowish-white breast are prominent thrush-like markings, which gradually fade, however, as he grows old enough to put on a brick-red vest like his father's.

The European Cock Robin--a bird as familiar to you as our own, no doubt, because it was he who was killed by the Sparrow with the bow and arrow, you well remember, and it was he who covered the poor Babes in the Wood with leaves--is much smaller than our robin, even smaller than a sparrow, and he is not a thrush at all. But this hero of the story books has a red breast, and the English colonists, who settled this country, named our big, cheerful, lusty bird neighbour a robin, simply because his red breast reminded them of the wee little bird at home that they had loved when they were children.

~Neltje Blanchan, *Birds Every Child Should Know*

41.

To a Skylark

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!

Bird thou never wert,

That from heaven, or near it

Pourest thy full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher

From the earth thou springest

Like a cloud of fire;

The blue deep thou wingest,

And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning

Of the sunken sun,

O'er which clouds are brightning.

Thou dost float and run;

Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even

Melts around thy flight;

Like a star of heaven,

In the broad daylight

Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight--

Keen as are the arrows

Of that silver sphere

Whose intense lamp narrows

In the white dawn clear,

Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

43.

One of our best playgrounds was the famous old Dunbar Castle, to which King Edward fled after his defeat at Bannockburn. It was built more than a thousand years ago, and though we knew little of its history, we had heard many mysterious stories of the battles fought about its walls, and firmly believed that every bone we found in the ruins belonged to an ancient warrior. We tried to see who could climb highest on the crumbling peaks and crags, and took chances that no cautious mountaineer would try. That I did

not fall and finish my rockscrambling in those adventurous boyhood days seems now a reasonable wonder.

~Edited by Edwin Way Teale, The Wilderness World of John Muir

44.

Speak not when others speak, sit not when others stand, wand walk not when others stop.

~George Washington

45.

The Trillium

It would be well for the designer of tapestries to study the carpets of our forests for his patterns, for he would find there a new carpet every month, quite different in plan and design from the one spread there earlier or later. One of the most

beautiful designs from Nature's looms is a trillium carpet, which is at its best when the white trilliums are in blossom. It is a fine study of the artistic possibilities of the triangle when reduced to terms of leaves, petals, and sepals.

~Anna Botsford Comstock, Handbook of Nature Study

46.

Book I, Chapter 4

In the year of our Lord 156 Marcus Antoninus Verus was made emperor together with his brother Aurelius Commodus. He was the fourteenth after Augustus. In their time, while a holy man called Eleutherius was bishop of the church of Rome, Lucius, a king of Britain, sent him a letter praying him that he might be made a Christian by rescript from him. His pious request was quickly granted and the Britons preserved the faith which they had received, inviolate and entire, in peace and quiet, until the time of the Emperor Diocletian.

~Bede, The Ecclesiastical History of the English People

47.

Meanwhile, the following dialogue took place between the two leaders of the banditti.

"It is time thou shouldst leave us, Sir Maurice," said the Templar to De Bracy, "in order to prepare the second part of thy mystery. Thou art next, thou knowest, to act the Knight Deliverer."

"I have thought better of it," said De Bracy. "I will not leave thee till the prize is fairly deposited in Front-de-Boeuf's castle. There will I appear before the Lady Rowena in mine own shape, and trust that she will set down to the vehemence of my passion the violence of which I have been guilty."

"And what has made thee change thy plan, De Bracy?" replied the Knight Templar.

"That concerns thee nothing," answered his companion.

Sir Walter Scott, *Ivanhoe*

48.

After our visit to the railroad platform, Uncle Roger took us to a restaurant and treated us to a glorious tea. I suspect that the scones and cream cakes were as much a treat for him as for the children, at least he acted as though they were. But then, he attacked everything in life with such zest that we found ourselves caught up in the same spirit. I do not know when we have laughed so hard. I am convinced that every child should have an English bachelor uncle. Married tend to have a reasonable, responsible, well-adjusted way of looking at life. But a bachelor uncle is like Mr. Wiggs in the Mary Poppins book (remember the laughing scene?), and Captain Flint in Swallows and Amazons, and Great Uncle Matthew in Ballet Shoes. There is a touch of Bertie Wooster and Edward Lear and Professor Dodgson about him. Such uncles are not to be confused with contemporary playmates, but neither are they like parents. They are a breed apart. By very definition, bachelor uncles should be dying out, but let us hope that even unto our children's children there will be a hard core of ebullient eccentrics who answer to the name.

~Joan Bodger, How the Heather Looks

49.

The Spider has a bad name: most of us think her a horrid animal, and hasten to crush her under our feet. Nevertheless, any one who observes her knows that she is a

hard worker, a talented weaver, a wily huntress, and very interesting in other ways. Yes, the Spider is well worth studying, apart from any scientific reasons; but she is said to be poisonous, and that is her crime and the main reason why we hate her. She is poisonous, in a way, if by that we understand that the animal is armed with two fangs which cause the immediate death of the little victims that she catches; but there is a great difference between killing a Midge and harming a Man. However quickly the Spider's poison kills insects, it is not as a rule serious for us and causes less trouble than a gnat-bite. That, at least, is what we can safely say about the great majority of Spiders.

~J. Henri Fabre, *Insect Adventures*

50.

XI

The evening was fair, the sun shone brightly. Charles commands his servants to stable the ten mules. He orders them to pitch a tent in the broad orchard, and he lodges the ten messengers there, sending twelve sergeants to wait upon them. There they have stayed through the night, until the coming of the bright day. The Emperor rises in the morning, hears mass and matins, and then goes under a pine and calls his barons together to council. He wants

whatever he does to be in keeping with the advice of his Franks.

~Translation by W. S. Merwin, The Song of Roland

51. CHAPTER VI

HOW KING ARTHUR PULLED OUT THE SWORD
DIVERS TIMES

Now assay, said Sir Ector unto Sir Kay. And anon he pulled at the sword with all his might, but it would not be. Now shall ye essay, said Sir Ector to Arthur. I will well, said Arthur, and pulled it out easily. And therewithal Sir Ector knelt down to the earth, and Sir Kay. Alas, said Arthur, my own dear father and brother, why kneel ye to me? Nay, nay, my lord Arthur, it is not so, I was never your father nor of your blood, but I wot well ye are of an higher blood than I weened ye were. And then Sir Ector told him all, how he was bitaken him for to nourish him, and by whose commandment, and by Merlin's deliverance. Then Arthur made great doole when he understood that Sir Ector was not his father. Sir, said Ector unto Arthur, will ye be my good and gracious lord when ye are king? Else were I to blame, said Arthur, for ye are the man in the world that I am most beholden to, and my good lady and mother your wife, that as well as her own hath fostered me and kept. And if ever it be God's will that I be king as ye say, ye shall desire of me what I may do, and I shall not fail you, God forbid I should fail you. Sir, said Sir Ector, I will ask no more of you, but that ye will make my son, your foster brother, Sir Kay, seneschal of all

your lands. That shall be done, said Arthur, and more, by the faith of my body, that never man shall have that office but he, while he and I live. Therewithal they went unto the Archbishop, and told him how the sword was achieved, and by whom; and on Twelfth-day all the barons came thither, and to essay to take the sword, who that would essay. But there afore them all, there might none take it out but Arthur; wherefore there were many lords wroth, and said it was great shame unto them all and the realm, to be overgoverned with a boy of no high blood born, and so they fell out at that time that it was put off till Candlemas, and then all the barons should meet there again; but always the ten knights were ordained to watch the sword day and night, and so they set a pavilion over the stone and the sword, and five always watched. So at Candlemas many more great lords came thither for to have won the sword, but there might none prevail. And right as Arthur did at Christmas, he did at Candlemas, and pulled out the sword easily, whereof the barons were sore agrieved and put it off in delay till the high feast of Easter. And as Arthur sped before, so did he at Easter, yet there were some of the great lords had indignation that Arthur should be king, and put it off in a delay till the feast of Pentecost. Then the Archbisop of Canterbury by Merlyn's providence let purvey then of the best of knights that they might get, and such knights as Uther Pendragon loved best and most trusted in his days. And such knights were put about Arthur as Sir Baudwin of Britain, Sir Kay, Sir Ulfius, Sir Brastias. All these with many other, were always about Arthur, day and night, till the feast of Pentecost.

~Sir Thomas Malory, Le Morte d'Arthur

52.

Brendan's ability to maneuver past these dangers was so limited that virtually every floe had to be skirted on its leeward side. This meant sailing directly at the floe, putting over the helm at the last moment and skidding around the lee of the ice where the scud and foam sucked and spread as the floe rocked in an endless see-saw motion to the swell. Our advance was a cross between bumper cars at a fairground and a country square dance, except that our dancing partners were leviathans of ice as they dipped, circled, and curtsied. Again and again we slithered past floes, listening to the bump and crunch as ice brushed the leather hull, the sharper tremor and rattle as we ran over scraps of small ice, the shudder as ice fragments the size of table tops and weighing a couple of hundred pounds ricocheted off the blade of the steering paddle.

~Tim Severin, *The Brendan Voyage*

53.

Sir Patrick Spens

(Ballad)

The king sits in Dumferline town,

Drinking the blood-red wine;

"O whar will I get a guid sailor

To sail this ship of mine?"

Up and spoke an ancient knight

Sat at the king's rich knee:

"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor

That sails upon the sea."

The king has written a broad letter

And signed it wi' his hand,

And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,

Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick read,

A loud laugh, laughed he;

The next line that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his eye.

"O who is this has done this deed,
This ill deed done to me,
To send me out this time o' the year,
To sail upon the sea?"

"Make haste, make haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid ship sails the morn."

"O say not so, my master dear,
For I fear a deadly storm."

"Late late yestre'en I saw the new moon
Wi' the auld moon in her arm,
And I fear, I fear, my dear master,
That we will come to harm."

O our Scots nobles were rich loath
To wet their cork-heeled shoes,
But lang ere a' the play were played
Their hats they swam above

O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Or e'er they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
Wi' their gold combs in their hair,
Waiting for their own dear lords,
For they'll see thame na more.

Half o'er, half o'er to Aberdour
It's fifty fathoms deep,

And there lies guid Sir Patrick Spens,

Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

54.

[1] First, We have granted to God, and by this our present Charter have confirmed, for us and our Heirs for ever, That the Church of England shall be free, and shall have her whole rights and liberties inviolable. We have granted also, and given to all the freemen of our realm, for us and our Heirs for ever, these liberties underwritten, to have and to hold to them and their Heirs, of us and our Heirs for ever.

~A translation of Magna Charta

55.

2. THE WEB. - Literature, although it stands apart by reason of the great destiny and general use of its medium in the affairs of men, is yet an art like other arts. Of these we may distinguish two great classes: those arts, like sculpture, painting, acting, which are representative, or, as used to be said very clumsily, imitative; and those, like architecture, music, and the dance, which are self-sufficient, and merely

presentative. Each class, in right of this distinction, obeys principles apart; yet both may claim a common ground of existence, and it may be said with sufficient justice that the motive and the end of any art whatever is to make a pattern; a pattern, it may be, of colours, of sounds, of changing attitudes, geometrical figures, or imitative lines; but still a pattern. That is the plane on which these sisters meet; it is by this that they are arts; and if it be well they should at times forget their childish origin, addressing their intelligence to virile tasks, and performing unconsciously that necessary function of their life, to make a pattern, it is still imperative that the pattern shall be made.

~Robert Louis Stevenson, The Art of Writing

56.

Exactly where we encountered our first field of daffodils I cannot say. We were, I should judge, about ten miles north of the center of the forest. I had become confused on side roads and we were wandering over a rolling, soggy landscape, with lush green meadows and here and there a low willow tree. In many parts of southern England, daffodils became casualties of the war. In the battle to produce more food, fields were plowed up and bulbs destroyed. Our expectations were fading minute by minute when our road, glistening in the rain, curved down into a small dip that was threaded by a tiny stream. Suddenly green became gold. Meadows became fields of flowers. Daffodils were

everywhere around us. Hedges ran like dark frames around the pictures of these floral displays.

~Edwin Way Teale, Springtime in Britain

57.

I

When the siege and the assault had ceased at Troy,
and the fortress fell in flame to firebrands and ashes,
the traitor who the contrivance of treason there fashioned
was tried for his treachery, the most true upon the earth--
it was AEneas the noble and his renowned kindred
who then laid under them lands, and lords became
of well-nigh all the wealth in the Western Isles.
When royal Romulus to Rome his road had taken,
in great pomp and pride he peopled it first,

and named it with his own name that yet now it bears;

Tirius went to Tuscany and towns founded,

Langaberde in Lombardy uplifted halls,

and far over the French flood Felix Brutus

on many a broad bank and brae Britain established

full fair

where strange things, strife and sadness,

at whiles in the land did fare,

and each other grief and gladness

oft fast have followed there.

~Translation by J. R. R. Tolkien, Sir Gawain and the Green Knight

58.

"I shall be ready, Donald," Archie replied, "and I hope we shall have good sport."

"I can't see what pleasure you take, Sir Archie," the young Douglas said, when the fisherman had left, "in being tossed up and down on the sea in a dirty boat, especially when the wind is high and the sea is rough."

"I like it best then," Archie replied; "when the men are rowing against the wind, and the waves dash against the boat and the spray comes over in blinding showers, I feel very much the same sort of excitement as I do in a battle. It is a strife with the elements instead of with men, but the feeling in both cases is akin, and I feel the blood dancing fast through my veins and my lips set tightly together, just as when I stand shoulder to shoulder with my retainers, and breast the wave of English horsemen."

~G. A. Henty, In Freedom's Cause: A Story of Wallace and Bruce

59.

"You know me perfectly well," replied Bigwig, "and I know you, Holly. What do you want?"

"You're under arrest."

"Under arrest? What do you mean? What for?"

"Spreading dissension and inciting to mutiny. Silver, you're under arrest too, for failing to report to Toadflax this

evening and causing your duty to devolve on a comrade. You're both coming with me."

~Richard Adams, Watership Down

60.

All living matter is basically alike; a single atom differentiates animal blood from plant chlorophyll. Yet the body senses infinitesimal differences with an unfailing scent; it knows its hundred trillion cells by name. The first heart transplant recipients died, not because their new hearts failed, but because their bodies would not be fooled. Though the new heart cells looked in every respect like the old ones and beat at the correct rhythm, they did not belong. Nature's code of membership had been broken. The body screams "Foreigner!" at imported cells and mobilizes to destroy them. This conundrum of the immune reaction keeps organ transplant science in its kindergarten phase.

~Dr. Paul Brand, Fearfully and Wonderfully Made

61.

Villes de France

La France est un pays. L'Europe est un continent. La France est un pays d'Europe. La capitale de la France est Paris. L'Europe est un continent, la France est un pays, et Paris est une ville.

Calais est aussi une ville. C'est un port dans le nord de la France. Le Havre et Cherbourg sont des ports situés sur la Manche. Brest est situé sur l'Océan Atlantique. Marseille, sur la mer Méditerranée, est aussi un port très important.

Lyon, Tours et Orléans sont des villes de l'intérieur de la France. Rouen est au nord; Strasbourg est à l'est; Avignon est au sud; Rennes et Nantes sont à l'ouest. Les villes de France ont un charme tout particulier.

~Arsène Croteau, Premières Lectures Culturelles

62.

Oliver dozed off again soon after this; when he awoke, it was nearly twelve o'clock. The old lady tenderly bade him good night shortly afterwards, and left him in charge of a fat old woman who had just come, bringing with her, in a little bundle, a small Prayer Book and a large nightcap. Putting

the latter on her head and the former on the table, the old woman, after telling Oliver that she had come to sit up with him, drew her chair close to the fire and went off into a series of short naps, checkered at frequent intervals with sundry tumblings forward and divers moans and chokings. These, however, had no worse effect than causing her to rub her nose very hard, and then fall asleep again.

~Charles Dickens, Oliver Twist

63.

For many days we had been tempest-tossed. Six times had the darkness closed over a wild and terrific scene, and returning light as often brought but renewed distress, for the raging storm increased in fury until on the seventh day all hope was lost.

We were driven completely out of our course; no conjecture could be formed as to our whereabouts. The crew had lost heart, and were utterly exhausted by the incessant labour.

The riven masts had gone by the board, leaks had been sprung in every direction, and the water, which rushed in, gained upon us rapidly.

Instead of reckless oaths, the seamen now uttered frantic cries to God for mercy, mingled with strange and often

ludicrous vows, to be performed should deliverance be granted.

~J. D. Wyss, *The Swiss Family Robinson*

64.

Muggles hesitated, dreading to be engulfed by that blackness, but the small gleam of Gummy's candle was bobbing farther and farther away, and there seemed nothing to do but follow. Fearfully, Muggles started forward, clutching her cloak around her to keep from brushing against the chill damp stone of the narrow passage. What slithery creatures might live here she dared not think, and she started at every scuttering sound, real or imagined. Ahead, the candle stopped its bobbing. She hurried faster to come up with Gummy, but when she reached him with the others close on her echoing heels, he merely grunted and started on again.

~Carol Kendall, *The Gammage Cup*

65.

Arthur. The wall is high, and yet will I leap

down:--

Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt my not!--

There's few or none do know me: if they did,

This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me

quite.

I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.

If I get down, and do not break my limbs,

I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:

As good to die and go, as die and stay.

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:--

Heaven take my soul, and England keep my

bones!

~William Shakespeare, King John

66.

Prologue

As soon as April pierces to the root
The drought of March, and bathes each bud and shoot
Through every vein of sap with gentle showers
From whose engendering liquor spring the flowers;
When zephyrs have breathed softly all about
Inspiring every wood and field to sprout,
And in the zodiac the youthful sun
His journey halfway though the Ram has run;
When little birds are busy with their song
Who sleep with open eyes the whole night long
Life stirs their hearts and tingles in them so,
Then people long on pilgrimage to go,
And palmers to set out for distant strands
And specially in England people ride

And Canterbury from every countryside
To visit there the blessed martyred saint
Who gave them strength when they were sick and faint.

~Chaucer's Canterbury Tales Translated by Theodore
Morrison

67.

"Who is our conqueror?"

"Prince Marvel," answered Nerle.

"And what army assisted him?" inquired Wul-Takim,
curiously gazing upon the prince.

"He conquered you alone and single-handed," said Nerle.

Hearing this, the big king began to weep bitterly, and the
tear-drops ran down his face in such a stream that Prince
Marvel ordered Nerle to wipe them away with his
handkerchief, as the thief's hands were tied behind his back.

~L. Frank Baum, The Enchanted Island of Yew

68.

In the days that followed his crowning the King sat on his throne in the Hall of the Kings and pronounced his judgements. And embassies came from many lands and peoples, from the east and the South, and from the borders of Mirkwood, and from Dunland in the west. And the King pardoned the Easterlings that had given themselves up, and sent them away free, and he made peace with the peoples of Harad; and the slaves of Mordor he released and gave to them all the lands about Lake Nurnen to praise and reward for their valour; and last the captain of the Guard brought to him Beregonde to be judged.

~J. R. R. Tolkien, *The Return of the King*

69.

"I don't hear any music," said Milo.

"That's right," said Alec; "you don't listen to this concert--you watch it. Now, pay attention."

As the conductor waved his arms, he molded the air like handfuls of soft clay, and the musicians carefully followed his every direction.

~Norton Juster, *The Phantom Tollbooth*

70.

Fully as flowerlike as hydroids is the sea-anemone, whose short stem is as thick as the face of the "blossom" itself. This stem or trunk is the animal's rubbery stomach and the petals around the top (often several rings of them) are, as with the jellyfish, its arms. These are hollow and can be inflated with sea water, and extended or shrunk to merest nubs, as the creature pleases. The mouth in their midst is a most stretchable slit which will open to accommodate victims so large as to bulge the trunk all out of shape when they are swallowed.

~W. Maxwell Reed, *The Sea for Sam*

71.

Hearing a Source of Joy.--There is a great deal of joy, again, to be had out of listening--joy which many people miss because Hearing is, in their case, an idle servant who does not attend to his business.

Have you ever been in the fields on a spring day, and heard nothing at all but your voice and the voices of your companions, and then, perhaps, suddenly you have become silent, and you find a concert going on of which you had not heard a note? At first you hear the voices of the birds; then, by degrees, you perceive high voices, low voices, and middle voices, small notes and great notes, and you begin to wish you knew who sang each of the songs you can distinguish.

~Charlotte M. Mason, *Ourselves*

72.

You see my kind of loyalty was loyalty to one's country, not to its institutions or its office-holders. The country is the real thing, the substantial thing, the eternal thing; it is the thing to watch over, and care for, and be loyal to; institutions are extraneous, they are its mere clothing, and clothing can wear out, become ragged, cease to be comfortable, cease to protect the body from winter, disease, and death. To be loyal to rags, to shout for rags, to worship rags, to die for rags--that is a loyalty of unreason, it is pure animal; it belongs to monarchy, was invented by monarchy; let monarchy keep it.

I was from Connecticut, whose Constitution declares "that all political power is inherent in the people, and all free governments are founded on their authority and instituted for their benefit; and that they have at all times an undeniable and indefeasible right to alter their form of government in such a manner as they may think expedient."

~Mark Twain, A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court

73.

Caesar. The cause is in my will,--I will not
come;

This is enough to satisfy the senate.

But for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know,--

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:

She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,

Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,

Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans

Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it:

And these does she apply for warnings and

portents,

And evils imminent; and on her knee

Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

~William Shakespeare, Julius Caesar

74.

The archaic smile which we find on very old statues all over the world was not really meant as a smile. Quite often it was intended as an expression of profound grief. But the poor sculptor did not quite know how to handle his problem and as a result all his statues have a slight grin. If you have ever tried to draw portraits you will know what I mean. The nose is easy. The eyes are difficult, but not too difficult. The mouth is by far the hardest part of all. Indeed, it takes an artist of the very first rank to draw or paint a good mouth. If he is not of the first rank, he will invariably achieve that slightly futile grin which all of us know from the Mona Lisa.

"Look at her lovely smile!" so the visitors to the Louvre tell each other. "The smile of the eternal woman. So full of meaning! So wistful, yet so wise!"

Wistful--alas and alack! The wistfulness is there, but quite unintentionally. Old Leonardo was a great architect and an excellent draftsman, but, like many first-rate black and white artists, not a great painter. That wistful smile of his "eternal woman" was a piece of pictorial clumsiness. Leonardo did the best he could, but like the sculptors of the early Egyptian epoch and the Greek Middle Ages (and our own children), his technique did not quite come up to his ambitions.

~Hendrik Willem Van Loon, The Arts

75.

To this purpose, not doubting the Scottish earl's acceptance of such a son-in-law, on the very day that Wallace marched towards the coast De Valence sent to request an hour's private audience of Lord Mar. He could not then grant it; but at noon next day they met in the governor's apartments.

The Southron, without much preface, opened his wishes, and proffered his hand for the Lady Helen. "I will make her the proudest lady in Great Britain," continued he, "for she shall have a court in my Welsh province little inferior to that of Edward's queen."

"Pomp would have no sway with my daughter," replied the earl; "it is the princely mind she values, not its pageantry. I shall repeat to her what you have said, and to-morrow deliver her answer."

~Jane Porter, *The Scottish Chiefs*

76.

On the morning of the last day Frodo was alone with Bilbo, and the old hobbit pulled out from under his bed a wooden box. He lifted the lid and fumbled inside.

"Here is your sword," he said. "But it was broken, you know. I took it to keep it safe but I've forgotten to ask if the smiths could mend it. No time now. So I thought, perhaps, you would care to have this, don't you know?"

He took from the box a small sword in an old shabby leathern scabbard. Then he drew it, and its polished and well-tended blade glittered suddenly, cold and bright. "This is Sting," he said, and thrust it with little effort deep into a wooden beam. "Take it, if you like. I shan't want it again, I expect."

Frodo accepted it gratefully.

~J. R. R. Tolkien, The Fellowship of the Ring

77.

So, after supper, when the lads flocked into the schoolroom for more "high jinks," Mrs. Jo appeared with a violin in her hand, and after a word with her husband, went to Nat, who sat in a corner watching the scene with intense interest.

"Now, my lad, give us a little tune. We want a violin in our band, and I think you will do it nicely."

She expected that he would hesitate; but he seized the old fiddle at once, and handled it with such loving care it was plain to see that music was his passion.

~Louisa May Alcott, Little Men

78.

Down at the camp a new surprise was awaiting me. Br'er Rabbit was under the tent fly, tugging away at the salt bag, which I had left there carelessly after curing a bearskin. While he was absorbed in getting it out from under the

rubber blanket, I crept up on hands and knees, and stroked him once from ears to tail. He jumped straight up with a startled squeak, whirled in the air, and came down facing me. So we remained for a full moment, our faces scarcely two feet apart, looking into each other's eyes. Then he thumped the earth soundly with his left hind foot, to show that he was not afraid, and scurried under the fly and through the brakes in a half circle to a bush at my heels, where he sat up straight in the shadow to watch me.

~William J. Long, *Beasts of the Field*

79.

Definitions.

1. A point is that which has no part.
2. A line is breadthless length.
3. The extremities of a line are points.

4. A straight line in a line which lies evenly with the points on itself.

5. A surface is that which has length and breadth only.

6. The extremities of a surface are lines.

~Euclid Translated by Sir Thomas L. Heath

80.

HELMETS

The helmet was composed of two parts: the headpiece, which was strengthened within by several circles of iron; and the visor, which, as the name implies, was a sort of grating to see through, so contrived as, by sliding in a groove, or turning on a pivot, to be raised or lowered at pleasure. Some helmets had a further improvement called a bever, from the Italian *bevere*, to drink. The *ventayle*, or "air-passage," is another name for this.

To secure the helmet from the possibility of falling, or of being struck off, it was tied by several laces to the meshes of the hauberk; consequently, when a knight was overthrown, it was necessary to undo these laces before he could be put to death; though this was sometimes effected by lifting up the skirt of the hauberk, and stabbing, him in the belly. The instrument of death was a small dagger, worn on the right side.

~Thomas Bulfinch, *Bulfinch's Mythology*

81.

William the Norman ruled England. Norman knights and nobles filled all the posts of honor at court, all the great places in the land. Norman bishops and abbots ruled in church and monastery. The Norman tongue was alone the speech in court and hall, Latin alone was the speech of the learned. Only among the lowly, the unlearned, and the poor was English heard.

It seemed as if the English tongue was doomed to vanish before the conquering Norman, even as the ancient British tongue had vanished before the conquering English. And, in truth, for two hundred years it might have been thought that English prose was dead, "put to sleep by the sword." But it was not so. It slept, indeed, but to awake again. For England conquered the conqueror. And when English

Literature awoke once more, it was the richer through the gifts which the Norman had brought.

~H. E. Marshall, The History of English Literature
for Girls and Boys

82.

"Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind"

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,

Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:

Then, heigh-ho, the holly!

This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

That dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friends remember'd not.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:

Then, heigh-ho, the holly!

This life is most jolly.

~William Shakespeare, As You Like It

83.

Johannes Kepler, Keppler, Khepler, Kheppler, or Keplerus, the founder of modern astronomy, was conceived on May 16, A.D. 1571, at 4:37 a.m., and was born on December 27 at 2:30 p.m., after a pregnancy lasting 224 days, 9 hours, and 53 minutes. The five different ways of spelling his name are all his own, and so are the figures relating to conception, pregnancy, and birth, recorded in a horoscope which he cast for himself. The contrast between his carelessness about his name and his extreme precision about dates reflects, from the very outset, a mind to which all ultimate reality, the essence of religion, of truth and beauty, was contained in the language of numbers.

~Arthur Koestler, *The Watershed: A Biography of Johannes Kepler*

84.

This is a book for readers and for those who wish to become readers. Particularly, it is for readers of books. Even more particularly, it is for those whose main purpose in reading books is to gain increased understanding.

By "readers" we mean people who are still accustomed, as almost every literate and intelligent person used to be, to gain a large share of their information about and their understanding of the world from the written word. Not all of it, of course; even in the days before radio and television, a

certain amount of information and understanding was acquired through spoken words and through observation. But for intelligent and curious people that was never enough. They knew that they had to read too, and they did read.

~Mortimer J. Adler & Charles Van Doren, How to Read a Book

85.

Connla of the Fiery Hair was son of Conn of the Hundred Fights. One day as he stood by the side of his father on the height of Usna, he saw a maiden clad in strange attire coming towards him.

"Whence comest thou, maiden?" said Connla.

"I come from the Plains of the Ever Living," she said, "there where there is neither death nor sin. There we keep holiday alway, nor need we help from any in our joy. And in all our pleasure we have no strife. And because we have our homes in the round green hills, men call us the Hill Folk."

The king and all with him wondered much to hear a voice when they saw no one. For save Connla alone, none saw the Fairy Maiden.

~Connla and the Fairy Maiden from Celtic Fairy Tales
collected by Joseph Jacobs

86.

He exhibited a daguerreotype miniature in a morocco case. Phoebe merely glanced at it, and gave it back.

"I know the face," she replied, "for its stern eye has been following me about all day. It is my Puritan ancestor, who hangs yonder in the parlor. To be sure, you have found some way of copying the portrait without its black velvet cap and gray beard, and have given him a modern coat and satin cravat, instead of his cloak and band. I don't think him improved by your alterations."

~Nathaniel Hawthorne, The House of the Seven Gables

87.

The symmetry of form attainable in pure fiction cannot so readily be achieved in a narration essentially having less to do with fable than with fact. Truth uncompromisingly told will always have its ragged edges; hence the conclusion of such

a narration is apt to be less finished than an architectural finial.

~Herman Melville, *Bully Budd*

88.

I became an oracle among my schoolmates on account of my superior erudition, and soon imparted to them the contagion of my infected fancy. Often in the evening, after school hours, we would sit on the trunk of some fallen tree in the woods, and vie with each other in telling extravagant stories, until the whippoorwill began his nightly moaning, and the fire-flies sprinkled in the gloom. Then came the perilous journey homeward. What delight we would take in getting up with wanton panic in some dusky part of the wood; scampering like frightened deer; pausing to take breath; renewing the panic, and scampering off again, wild with fictitious terror!

~Washington Irving, *Mountjoy*

89.

Yan was much like other twelve-year-old boys in having a keen interest in Indians and in wild life, but he differed from most in this, that he never got over it. Indeed, as he grew older, he found a yet keener pleasure in storing up the little bits of woodcraft and Indian lore that pleased him as a boy.

His father was in poor circumstances. He was an upright man of refined tastes, but indolent--a failure in business, easy with the world and stern with his family. He had never taken an interest in his son's wildwood pursuits; and when he got the idea that they might interfere with the boy's education, he forbade them altogether.

~Ernest Thompson Seton, *Two Little Savages*

90.

Rome as a Republic.--When the Romans determined to have no kings, they seem first to have given the position of king to one man, who held it for a year only, and was called Dictator. Then, thinking this power was still too much for one man, they made two yearly officers, who were at first called Praetors (or leaders), and afterwards Consuls (or deliberators). They still, however, kept the office of Dictator in reserve, and when the state was in great danger a Dictator was specially appointed, who for six months might be sole magistrate and exercise the old kingly power over the state. The ordinary magistrates, however, were the

Consuls, who presided over the Senate, and also led the army to battle. Of course under yearly magistrates the Senate had more power than it had had under the kings: also, the assembly of the people, who were called together in their centuries according to their military array, became more important, and their consent was necessary in making laws.

~M. Creighton, History of Rome

91.

Tolly woke early next morning, still excited with the knowledge that the world into which he was born had once produced a Feste. He lay for a moment with his eyes shut, listening for any sound there might be in the room. The slow tick-tock came out of the silence, and then a soft whirring followed by the little tap of a bird perching, and lastly, sounding very loud because it was near his ear, a scratching of bird-claws on his sheet and the tiny bump of a bird's hop on his chest. When he opened his eyes he looked straight into the round black eye of the chaffinch.

~L. M. Boston, The Children of Green Knowe

92.

Sophie had started biting her nails again.

Alberto continued: "According to Berkeley, my soul can be the cause of my own ideas--just as when I dream--but only another will or spirit can be the cause of the ideas that make up the 'corporeal' world. Everything is due to that spirit which is the cause of 'everything in everything' and which 'all things consist in,' he said."

"What 'spirit' was he talking about?"

"Berkeley was of course thinking of God. He said that 'we can moreover claim that the existence of God is far more clearly perceived than the existence of man.'"

"Is it not even certain that we exist?"

~Jostein Gaarder, *Sophie's World*

93.

She must have walked on almost in a trance, instinct alone keeping her up, and guiding her in the wake of the enemy, when suddenly her ears, attuned to the slightest sound, by that same blind instinct, told her that the cart had

stopped, and that the soldiers had halted. They had come to their destination. No doubt on the right, somewhere close ahead, was the footpath that led to the edge of the cliff and to the hut.

Heedless of any risks, she crept quite close up to where Chauvelin stood, surrounded by his little troop: he had descended from the cart, and was giving some orders to the men. These she wanted to hear: what little chance she yet had, of being useful to Percy, consisted in hearing absolutely every word of his enemy's plans.

~Baroness Orczy, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*

94.

Eomer and Aragorn leant wearily on their swords. Away on the left the crash and clamour of the battle on the Rock rose loud again. But the Hornburg still held fast, like an island in the sea. Its gates lay in ruin; but over the barricade of beams and stones within no enemy as yet had passed.

Aragorn looked at the pale stars, and at the moon, now sloping behind the western hills that enclosed the valley. "This is a night as long as years," he said. "How long will the day tarry?"

~J. R. R. Tolkien, The Two Towers

95.

About the river of human life there is a wintry wind, though a heavenly sunshine; the iris colors its agitation, the frost fixes upon its repose. Let us beware that our rest become not the rest of stones, which, so long as they are tempest-tossed and thunderstricken, maintain their majesty; but when the stream is silent and the storm passed, suffer the grass to cover them, and are plowed into dust.

~John Rushin

96.

Farmer Giles had a dog. The dog's name was Garm. Dogs had to be content with short names in the vernacular: the Book-latin was reserved for their betters. Garm could not talk even dog-latin; but he could use the vulgar tongue (as could most dogs of his day) either to bully or to brag or to wheedle in. Bullying was for beggars and trespassers, bragging for other dogs, and wheedling for his master. Garm was both proud and afraid of Giles, who could bully and brag better than he could.

~J. R. R. Tolkien, Farmer Giles of Ham

97.

Coriolanus

The patrician house of Marcii in Rome produced many men of distinction, and among the rest, Ancus Marcius, grandson to Numa by his daughter, and king after Tulus Hostillus. Of the same family were also Publius and Quintus Marcius, which two conveyed into the city the best and most abundant supply of water they have at Rome. But Caius Marcius, of whom I now write, being left an orphan, and brought up under the widowhood of his mother, has shown us by experience, that, although the early loss of a father may be attended with other disadvantages, yet it can hinder none from being either virtuous or eminent in the world, and that it is no obstacle to true goodness and excellence. Those who saw with admiration how proof his nature was against pleasure, hardships, and the allurements of gain, while allowing to that universal firmness of his the respective names of temperance, fortitude, and justice, yet, in the life of the citizen and the statesman, could not but be offended at the severity and ruggedness of his deportment, and with his overbearing, haughty, and imperious temper.

~Edited by John S. White, LL.D., The Boys' and Girls'
Plutarch

98.

Revolving this project in my mind, as to be undertaken hereafter, when my circumstances should afford me the necessary leisure, I put down from time to time on pieces of paper such thoughts as occurred to me respecting it. Most of these are lost; but I find one purporting to be the substance of an intended creed, containing, as I thought, the essentials of every known religion, and being free of everything that might shock the professors of any religion. It is expressed in these words, viz.,

"That there is one God, who made all things.

"That he governs the world by his providence.

"That he ought to be worshiped by adoration, prayer, and thanksgiving.

"But that the most acceptable service of God is doing good to man.

"That the soul is immortal.

"And that God will certainly reward virtue and punish vice, either here or hereafter."

~Benjamin Franklin

99.

You have requested me, my dear friend, to bestow some of that leisure, with which Providence has blessed the decline of my life, in registering the hazards and difficulties which attended its commencement. The recollection of those adventures, as you are pleased to term them, has indeed left upon my mind a checkered and varied feeling of pleasure and of pain, mingled, I trust, with no slight gratitude and veneration to the Disposer of human events, who guided my early course through much risk and labor, that the ease with which he has blessed my prolonged life, might seem softer from remembrance and contrast. Neither is it possible for me to doubt, what you have often affirmed, that the incidents which befell me among a people singularly primitive in their government and manners, have something interesting and attractive for those who love to hear an old man's stories of a past age.

~Sir Walter Scott, Rob Roy

100.

King Edward IV had made good his right to the Crown upon the field. He was a soldier and a man of action; in the teeth of danger his quality was at its highest. In war nothing daunted or wearied him. Long marches, hazardous decisions, the marshalling of armies, the conduct of battles, seemed his natural sphere. The worse things got the better he became. But the opposite was also true. He was at this time a fighting man and little more, and when the fighting stopped he had no serious zest for sovereignty. The land was fair; the blood of youth coursed in his veins; all his blood debts were paid; with ease and good will he sheathed his sharp sword. It had won him his crown; now to enjoy life.

~Winston S. Churchill, *The Birth of Britain*

Copywork for House of Education Year 8

1.

If reasoning were like hauling I should agree that several reasoners would be worth more than one, just as several horses can haul more sacks on grain than one can. But reasoning is like racing and not like hauling, and a single Barbary steed can outrun a hundred dray horses.

Galileo Galilei

2.

Death: Yea, sir, I will show you;
In great haste I am sent to thee
From God out of his majesty.

Everyman: What, sent to me?

Death: Yea, certainly.
Though thou have forget him here,
He thinketh on thee in the heavenly sphere,
As, or we depart, thou shalt know.

Everyman

3.

"But of such captains as Franky Drake, Heaven never makes but one at a time; and if we lose him, good-bye to England's luck, say I, and who don't agree, let him choose his weapons, and I'm his man." He who delivered this harangue was a tall and sturdy personage, with a florid black-bearded face, and bold restless dark eyes, who leaned, with crossed legs and arms akimbo, against the wall of the house; and seemed in the eyes of the schoolboy a very magnifico, some prince or duke at least.

Westward Ho!

4.

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

Christopher Marlowe

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

Sir Walter Raleigh

5.

The heart of a Christian, like the moon, commonly suffers an eclipse when it is at the full, and that by the interposition of the earth.

John Flavel

6.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Hamlet

7.

He plucked a bough; out of whose rift there came
Small drops of gory blood, that trickled down the same.
Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,
Crying, "O spare with guilty hands to tear
My tender sides in this rough rind embarred,
But flee, oh flee far hence away, for fear
Lest to you hap, that happened to me here."

The Faerie Queene

8.

The carnal mind sees God in nothing, not even in spiritual things. The
Spiritual mind sees Him in everything, even in natural things....

Robert Leighton

9.

At last the golden Oriental Gate
Of greatest heaven 'gan to open fair,
And Phoebus fresh, as bridegroom to his mate,
Came dancing forth, shaking his dewy hair.
And hurled his glistering beams through gloomy air.
Which when the wakeful Elf perceived, straight way
He started up, an did himself prepare,
In sun-bright arms, and battilous array
For with that Paynim proud he combat will that day.

The Faerie Queene

10.

The end of all learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love and
imitate Him.

John Milton

11.

At last she chanced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, fair marching by the way
Together with his Squire, arrayed meet.
His glittering armor shined far away,
Like glancing light of Phoebus brightest ray,
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steele endanger may.
Athwart his breast a baldrick brave he wore,
That shined, like twinkling stars, with stones most precious rare.

The Faerie Queene

12.

Aye me, how many perils do enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall?
Were not, that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And steadfast truth acquite him out of all.
Her love is firm, her care continual,
So oft as he through his own foolish pride,
Or weakness is to sinful bands made thrall.
Else should this Redcross knight in bands have died,
For whose deliverance she this Prince doth thither guide.

The Faerie Queene

13.

We who are strong have an obligation to bear with the failings of the weak, and not to please ourselves. Let each of us please his neighbor for his good, to build him up. For Christ did not please himself, as it is written, "The reproaches of those who reproached you fell on me."

Romans 15:1-3

14.

“Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, “ Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did “; and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.”

The Compleat Angler

15.

And that ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands, as we commanded you;
That ye may walk honestly toward them that are without, and that ye may have lack of nothing.

Thessalonians 4:11-12

16.

From that first tree forth flowed, as from a well,
A trickling stream of Balm, most sovereign
And dainty dear, which on the ground still fell,
And overflowed all the fertile plain,
As it had dewed been with timely rain.
Life and long health that gracious ointment gave,
And deadly wounds could heal, and rear again
The senseless corse appointed for the grave.
Into that same he fell, which did from death him save.

The Faerie Queene

17.

Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death?
Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.

For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection:

Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin.

Romans 6:3-6

18.

She (Suor Maria Celeste) approved of his (Galileo's) endeavors because she knew the depths of his faith. She accepted Galileo's conviction that God had dictated the Holy Scriptures to guide men's spirits but proffered the unraveling of the universe as a challenge to their intelligence.

Galileo's Daughter

19.

A repetition of recollected identities echoed through the Galilei family like the sound of chanting, with its most melodic expression in the poetic rhythm of the great scientist's full name.

Galileo's Daughter

20.

Imagination is more important than knowledge.

Albert Einstein

21.

Copernicus saved the enormous Sun the trouble of traipsing all the way around the smaller Earth from morning till evening. Likewise, the vast distant realm of the stars could now lie still, instead of having to wheel overhead even more rapidly than the Sun every single day. Copernicus could even explain the way Mars, for example, occasionally reversed its course, drifting backward (westward) against the background of the stars for months at a time. The Earth

occupied an inside track among the paths of the planets and could thus overtake the slower, more distant Mars every couple of years.

Galileo's Daughter

22.

Naught there under heaven's wild hollowness,
That moves more dear compassion of mind,
Than beauty brought to unworthy wretchedness
Through envy's snares or fortune's freaks unkind:
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all woman kind,
Feel my heart pierced with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.
And now it is empassioned so deep,
For fairest Una's sake, of whom I sing...

The Faerie Queene

23.

I discovered in the heavens many things that had not been seen before our own age. The novelty of these things stirred up against me no small number of professors – as if I had placed these things in the sky with my own hands in order to upset Nature and overturn the sciences.

Galileo Galilei

24.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Psalms 90:12

25.

To go into a country unknown to them, where they must learn a new language, and get their livings they knew not how, it being a dear place, and subject to the miseries of war, it was by many thought an adventure almost desperate, a case intolerable, and a misery worse than death. Further, they were not acquainted with trade, which was the chief industry of their adopted country, having been used to a plain country life, and the innocent pursuit of farming. But these things did not dismay them (though they did sometimes trouble them) for their desires were set on the ways of God, to enjoy his ordinances; they rested on His providence, and knew Whom they had believed.

Of Plimoth Plantation

26.

Pray often; for prayer is a shield to the soul.

John Bunyan

27.

The difference Suor Maria Celeste discerned between this vale of tears and the harmony of Paradise precisely echoed Aristotle's distinction between corruptible Earthly matter and the immutable perfection of the heavens. This consonance was the fruit of the labors of Saint Thomas Aquinas, who grafted the fourth-century B.C. writings of Aristotle onto thirteenth-century Christian doctrine. (These works) helped the word of Aristotle gain the authority of holy writ, long before Galileo began his book about the architecture of the heavens.

Galileo's Daughter

28.

The first symptom typically erupted as a swelling of the lymph nodes under the arms or between the thighs. These large, painful pus-filled lumps, called buboes, gave the pestilence the name "bubonic plague". (They) ranged in size from almonds to oranges.

29.

Equally, I want them to consider my honor and reputation against the slanders of those who hate me.

Galileo

30.

The little mule has become so haughty that she refuses to carry anyone, and has several times thrown poor Geppo so as to make him turn somersaults, but gently, since he was not hurt.

I also want to know how much straw to buy for the little mule, because La Piera fears she will die of hunger, and the fodder is not good enough for her, as she is a most original animal.

Galileo's Daughter

31.

I console myself and cling to the expectation of a happy and prosperous triumph, with the help of blessed God, to Whom my heart never ceases to cry out, commending you with all of the love and trust it contains.

Galileo's Daughter

32.

We say, pronounce, sentence, and declare that you, Galileo, by reason of the matters which have been detailed in the trial and which you have confessed already, have rendered yourself in the judgment of this Holy Office vehemently suspected of heresy.

33.

The conjectures of Copernicus are all removed by that most sound argument, taken from the omnipotence of God. He being able to do in many, or rather in infinite ways, that which to our view and observation seems to be done in one particular way, we must not pretend to hamper God's hand and tenaciously maintain that in which we may be mistaken.

And just as I deem inadequate the Copernican observations and conjectures, so I judge equally, and more fallacious and erroneous those of Ptolemy, Aristotle, and their followers, when without going beyond the bounds of human reasoning their inconclusiveness can be very easily discovered.

Galileo Galilei

34.

If to this you add what Solomon says of Scoffers, that they are an abomination to mankind, let him that thinks fit scoff on, and be a Scoffer still; but I account them enemies to me and all that love Virtue and Angling.

Compleat Angler

35.

A poet is a crow. Shiny words, rag and button words catch his eye.

The Roar on the Other Side

36.

But there are sound reasons for studying the anatomy of a poem. By doing so, you will be aided in your discovery of its inner dynamics—its spirit, so to speak—and this insight fits you for your apprenticeship as a writer.

The Roar on the Other Side

37.

Couplets do not always appear as separate stanzas but may simply be paired lines that form a complete thought as in the final two lines of a Shakespearian sonnet.

The Roar on the Other Side

38.

Writing a formal poem is like filling a bathtub with water. The water fills and fits the shape. But writing free verse is like turning on a shower. The water rivets and runs as it will.

The Roar on the Other Side

39.

Our emotional response to a work of art is influenced by what is called "tone". Is the voice in the poem sad, angry, amused, approving, cynical, sassy? Is the point of view ironic—that is, do we the readers know more about the speaker than he knows about himself?

The Roar on the Other Side

40.

The nights were comfortless and chill, and they did not dare to sing or talk too loud, for the echoes were uncanny, and the silence seemed to dislike being broken—except by the noise of water and the wail of wind and the crack of stone.

The Hobbit

41.

Let me fall, let me climb,
There's a moment when fear and dream must collide.
Someone I am is waiting for courage,
The one I want, the one I will become
Will catch me.

Theme from Cirque du Soleil

42.

Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them: for the LORD thy God, he it is that doth go with thee; he will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.

Deutromony 31:6

43.

That's what it means by treasure. And the men who hid it got killed—ah, them was unsafe times to be alive in, I tell you—and nobody never knew where the treasure was hid.

The House of Arden

44.

"Are you," said Elfrida, thrilling with surprise and fear, and pleasure and hope, and wonder, and a few other things which, taken in the lump, are usually called "a thousand conflicting emotions"—"are you the 'badge of Arden's house'?"

The House of Arden

45.

As when a weary traveler that strays
By muddy shore of bread seven-mouthed Nile,
Unweeting of the perilous wandering ways,
Doth meet a cruel crafty Crocodile,
Which in false grief hiding his harmful guile,
Doth weep full sort, and sheddeth tender tears.
The foolish man, that pities all this while
His mournful plight, is swallowed up unwares,
Forgetful of his own, that minds another's cares.
So wept Duesse until eventide....

The Faerie Queene

46.

Get up into the gate tower and look out, and when you see the great clock face,
come down and once, and sit on the second hand. That'll stop it, if anything
will.

The House of Arden

47.

Few of the country gentlemen sitting in the Commons had any deep knowledge
of Parliamentary history, or could produce any coherent theory to justify the
claims of Parliament. They simply felt a smouldering injustice at the
arbitrary conduct of the king.

The New World

48.

The old capital sentence was now revived against Sir Walter Raleigh. His death, on October 29, 1618, was intended to mark the new policy of appeasement and prepare the way for good relations with Spain. This deed of shame set a barrier for ever between King James and the English people.

The New World

49.

Even such is time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust!

Sir Walter Raleigh Written the night before his death.—Found in his Bible in the Gate-house at Westminster

50.

By the 1640's Barbados, St Christopher, Nevis, Montserrat, and Antigua were in English hands and several thousand colonists had arrived. Sugar assured their prosperity, and the Spanish grip on the West Indies was shaken. There was much competition and warfare in the succeeding years, but for a long time these island settlements were commercially much more valuable to England than the colonies in North America.

The New World

51.

The following four resolutions were passed unanimously: that no freeman ought to be restrained or imprisoned unless some lawful cause was expressed; that the writ of 'habeas corpus' ought to be granted to every man imprisoned or restrained even though it might be at the command of the King or of the Privy Council; that if no legal cause for imprisonment were shown the party ought to be set free or bailed; that it was the ancient and undoubted right of every freeman to have a full and absolute property in his goods and estate, and that no tax, loan, or benevolence ought to be levied without common consent by Act of Parliament.

The New World

52.

"Come, come," concluded Oliver Cromwell, "I will put an end to your prating." He called in the musketeers to clear the House and lock the doors. That night a Cockney wit scribbled on the door of St. Stephen's, "This House to let—unfurnished." To this halt then had come that famous effort (Parliament) in which Selden and Coke had pleaded, and Pym and Hampden had consumed their lives. Here sank for the moment all the constitutional safeguards and processes built and treasured across the centuries. One man's will now ruled.

The New World

53.

IN The Name of God, Amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread Sovereign Lord King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, etc. Having undertaken for the Glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and the honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia; do by these presents, solemnly and mutually in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; And by virtue hereof do enact, constitute, and frame, such just and equal Laws, Ordinances, Acts, Constitutions, and Offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the Colony; unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In WITNESS whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names at Cape Cod the eleventh of November, in

the Reign of our Sovereign Lord King James of England, France, and Ireland, the eighteenth and of Scotland, the fifty-fourth. Anno Domini, 1620

The Mayflower Compact

54.

“Take away that fool’s bauble, the mace”

Oliver Cromwell at the dissolving of Parliament, April, 1653.

55.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the v
ground of truth.

Of Truth

56.

Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more man
runs to, the more ought law to weed it out.

Of Revenge.

57.

There is a wisdom in this beyond the rules of physic.
own observation, what he finds good of and what he
of, is the best physic to preserve health.

Of Regimen of Health

58.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to s
agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to :
good words or in good order.

Of Discourse

59.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man,
an exact man.

Of Studies

60.

Knowledge is power.—*Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est.*

Francis Bacon

61.

Be ruled by time, the wisest counsellor of all.

Life of Pericles.

62.

Third Fish: Master, I marvel how the fishes live i
First Fish: Why, as men do a-land: the great ones
little ones.

Pericles. A

63.

Moral good is a practical stimulus; it is no sooner seen
inspires an impulse to practise.

Life of Pericles

64.

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue

Measure for Measure. .

65.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might
By fearing to attempt.

Measure for Measure. Act i. Sc. 4

66.

A man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense.

Measure for Measure. Act i. Sc. 4.

67.

What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.

Measure for Measure. Act v. 1

68.

The mirror of all courtesy.

King Henry VIII. Act ii. Sc. 1.

69.

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself.

King Henry VIII. Act i. Sc. 1.

70.

Here I stand; I can do no otherwise. God help me. A

Luther's speech at the Diet of Worms

71.

For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith: as it is written. The just shall live by faith.

Romans 1:17

72.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams:
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.

Sir Walter Raleigh

73.

Frailty, thy name is woman!

Hamlet

74.

The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

Hamlet

75.

The lady doth protest too much, me thinks.

Hamlet

76.

The fool doth think he is wise, but
The wise man knows himself to be a fool.

Twelfth Night

77.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm I' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And with green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

Twelfth Night

78.

Shall we (saith Job) take good at God's hands and not be content to take evil also?

Of Revenge

79.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.

As You Like It

80.

Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they may be many times more charitable, because their means are less exhaust, yet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hardhearted (good to make severe inquisitors), because their tenderness is not so oft called upon.

Of Marriage and Single Life

81.

And Solomon, I am sure, saith, "It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence".

Of Revenge

82.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till on greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, Heav'nly Muse.

Paradise Lost

83.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.

Paradise Lost

84.

Soft she withdrew, and like a wood-nymph light,
Oread or Dryand, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves....
So glistered the dire Snake, and into fraud
Led Eve our credulous mother, to the tree
Of prohibition.

Paradise Lost

85.

They sat them down to weep, not only tears
Rained at their eyes, but high winds worse within
Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,
Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook sore
Their inward state of mind, calm region once
And full of peace, now tossed and turbulent.

Paradise Lost

86.

For if by one man's offense death reigned by one; much more they which receive abundance of grace and of the gift of righteousness shall reign in life by one, Jesus Christ.

Therefore as by the offense of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation; even so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life.

For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous.

Romans 5:17-19

87.

"Oh! It is only a novel!" replies the young lady, while she lays down her book with affected indifference, or momentary shame. "It is only Cecilia, or Camilla, or Belinda"; or, in short, only some work in which the greatest powers of the mind are displayed, in which the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineation of its varieties, the liveliest effusions of wit and humour, are conveyed to the world in the best-chosen language.

Northanger Abbey

88.

"But you never read novels, I dare say?"

"Why not?"

"Because they are not clever enough for you — gentlemen read better books."

"The person, be it gentleman or lady, who has not pleasure in a good novel, must be intolerably stupid.

Northanger Abbey

89.

She had not been brought up..... to know how many idle assertions and impudent falsehoods the excess of vanity will lead.

Northanger Abbey

90.

Lady Middleton could no longer endure such a conversation, and therefore exerted herself to ask Mr. Palmer if there was any news in the paper. "No, none at all," he replied, and read on.

Sense and Sensibility

91.

To look almost pretty is an acquisition of higher delight to a girl who has been looking plain the first fifteen years of her life than a beauty from her cradle can ever receive.

Northanger Abbey

92.

"To be always firm must be to be often obstinate."

Henry Tilney, Northanger Abbey

93.

With such a reward (sugar plums) for her tears, the child was too wise to cease crying.

Sense and Sensibility

94.

"A man who has nothing to do with his own time has no conscience in his intrusion on that of others."

Sense and Sensibility

95.

It is not time or opportunity that is to determine intimacy: -- it is disposition alone. Seven years would be insufficient to make some people acquainted with each other, and seven days are more than enough for others.

Sense and Sensibility

96.

Like half the rest of the world, if more than half there be that are clever and good, Marianne, with excellent abilities and an excellent disposition, was neither reasonable nor candid. She expected from other people the same opinions and feelings as her own, and she judged of their motives by the immediate effect of their actions on herself.

Sense and Sensibility

97.

But he (Lilburne) did not want much for himself; he did not want revenge. He knew that if he divided the army and undermined Cromwell he would merely strengthen the power of Parliament, which, in his own words, stood for "nothing worth praising or liking."

A Coffin for King Charles

98.

"I would know by what power I am called hither," he began, with cold amazement, "I would know by what authority, I mean lawful. There are many unlawful authorities in the world, thieves and robbers by the highway...."

King Charles I

99.

"He must die," he (Cook) said, "and monarchy must die with him".

A Coffin for King Charles

100.

Then the effort which I make, the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought.

Alexander Hamilton

101.

America was founded foremost on the belief that there is a Higher Authority than any human authority and a Higher Law than any human law.

Whatever Happened to Justice?

102.

After much thought, the judges came up with two fundamental laws on which all major religions and philosophies agree: 1) do all you have agreed to do and 2) do not encroach on other persons or their property.

Whatever Happened to Justice?

103.

American founder Thomas Paine wrote, "Man cannot make principles, he can only discover them." This is crucially important. It explains exactly the premise of both science and the common law.

Whatever Happened to Justice?

104.

Master, which is the great commandment in the law?

Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

Matthew 22:36-40

Shakespeare Quotes

last updated 9/30/04

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All's Well That Ends Well

Act I, Scene I

Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father
In manners as in shape! Thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few
Do wrong to none. Be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key. Be checked for silence
But never taxed for speech. What heaven more will
That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck down
Fall on thy head! Farewell.

Antony and Cleopatra

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As You Like It

Act _____, Scene _____

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.

Act _____, Scene _____

The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.

Comedy of Errors

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Coriolanus

Act I, Scene I

Menenius: There was a time when all the body's members rebell'd against the belly, thus accused it: That only like a gulf it did remain I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive, Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing like labour with the rest, where the other instruments did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel, and, mutually participate, did minister unto the appetite and affection common of the whole body. The belly answer'd—...--it tauntingly replied to the discontented members, the mutinous parts that envied his receipt; even so most fitly as you malign our senators for that they are not such as you. ... Note me this, good friend; Your most grave belly was deliberate, not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd: 'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he, 'That I receive the general food at first, Which you do live upon; and fit it is, because I am the store-house and the shop of the whole body: but, if you do remember, I send it through the rivers of your blood, even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain; and, through the cranks and offices of man, the strongest nerves and small inferior veins From me receive that natural competency whereby they live: and though that all at once, You, my good friends,'--this says the belly, mark me,-- ... 'Though all at once cannot see what I do deliver out to each, yet I can make my audit up, that all from me do back receive the flour of all, and leave me but the bran.' ... The senators of Rome are this good belly, and you the mutinous members; for examine their counsels and their cares, digest things rightly touching the weal o' the common, you shall find no public benefit which you receive but it proceeds or comes from them to you and no way from yourselves. What do you think, You, the great toe of this assembly?

First Citizen: I the great toe! why the great toe?

Menenius: For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest, of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost: Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run, Lead'st first to win some vantage. But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs: Rome and her rats are at the point of battle; the one side must have bale."

Act I, Scene I

"What's the matter, you dissentious rogues, that, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion, make yourselves scabs?" Marcius

Act I, Scene I

"He that will give good words to thee will flatter beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs, that like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you, the other makes you proud. He that trusts to you, where he should find you lions, finds you hares; where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no, than is the coal of fire upon the

ice, or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is to make him worthy whose offence subdues him and curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness deserves your hate; and your affections are a sick man's appetite, who desires most that which would increase his evil. He that depends upon your favours swims with fins of lead And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust Ye? With every minute you do change a mind, and call him noble that was now your hate, Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter, that in these several places of the city you cry against the noble senate, who, under the gods, keep you in awe, which else would feed on one another? What's their seeking?" - Marcius

Act III, Scene III

"You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate as reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize as the dead carcasses of unburied men that do corrupt my air, I banish you; And here remain with your uncertainty! Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts! Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes, fan you into despair! Have the power still to banish your defenders; till at length your ignorance, which finds not till it feels, making not reservation of yourselves, still your own foes, deliver you as most abated captives to some nation that won you without blows! Despising, for you, the city, thus I turn my back: There is a world elsewhere." --Coriolanus

Act IV, Scene I

"Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell: the beast with many heads butts me away. Nay, mother, where is your ancient courage? you were used to say extremity was the trier of spirits; that common chances common men could bear; that when the sea was calm all boats alike show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows, when most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves a noble cunning: you were used to load me with precepts that would make invincible the heart that conn'd them." – Coriolanus

Act IV, Scene IV

"O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn, whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart, whose house, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise, are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love unseparable, shall within this hour, on a dissension of a doit, break out to bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes, whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep, to take the one the other, by some chance, some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends and interjoin

their issues. So with me: my birth-place hate I, and my love's upon this enemy town. I'll enter: if he slay me, He does fair justice; if he give me way, I'll do his country service." – Coriolanus

Act V, Scene III

"Think with thyself how more unfortunate than all living women are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts, constrains them weep and shake with fear and sorrow; making the mother, wife and child to see the son, the husband and the father tearing his country's bowels out. And to poor we thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort that all but we enjoy; for how can we, alas, how can we for our country pray. Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory, whereto we are bound? alack, or we must lose the country, our dear nurse, or else thy person, our comfort in the country. We must find an evident calamity, though we had our wish, which side should win: for either thou must, as a foreign recreant, be led with manacles thorough our streets, or else triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin, and bear the palm for having bravely shed thy wife and children's blood." Volumnia

Act V, Scene III

"Speak to me, son: thou hast affected the fine strains of honour, to imitate the graces of the gods; to tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air, and yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt that should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak? Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man still to remember wrongs?" Volumnia

Act V, Scene IV

SICINIUS: "Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man!

MENENIUS There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing."

Act V, Scene IV

“The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in.” Menenius

Cymbeline

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Hamlet, Prince of Denmark

Act II, Scene II

“I have of late--but wherefore I know not--lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me.” – Hamlet

Act I, Scene II

“O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt, thaw and resolve itself into a dew! Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God! How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable, seem to me all the uses of this world! Fie on't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden, that grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature possess it merely.” – Hamlet

Act I, Scene III

“And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station 75
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine ownself be true, 80
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!" – Polonius

Act III, Scene I

"To be, or not to be: that is the question: whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them? To die: to sleep; No more; and by a sleep to say we end the heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep; to sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub; For in that sleep of death what dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil, must give us pause: there's the respect that makes calamity of so long life; For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the pangs of despised love, the law's delay, the insolence of office and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes, when he himself might his quietus make with a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear, to grunt and sweat under a weary life but that the dread of something after death, the undiscover'd country from whose bourn no traveller returns, puzzles the will and makes us rather bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of? Thus conscience does make cowards of us all; and thus the native hue of resolution Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, with this regard their currents turn awry, and lose the name of action".- Hamlet

Act III, Scene I

“O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown! The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword; The expectancy and rose of the fair state, the glass of fashion and the mould of form, the observed of all observers, quite, quite down! And I, of ladies most deject and wretched, that suck'd the honey of his music vows, Now see that noble and most sovereign reason, like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh; that unmatched form and feature of blown youth blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me, To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!” – Ophelia

Act IV, Scene III

KING CLAUDIUS Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

HAMLET At supper.

KING CLAUDIUS At supper! where?

HAMLET Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.

KING CLAUDIUS Alas, alas!

HAMLET A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and cat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

KING CLAUDIUS What dost you mean by this?

HAMLET Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

KING CLAUDIUS Where is Polonius?

HAMLET In heaven; send hither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

KING CLAUDIUS Go seek him there.

HAMLET He will stay till ye come.

Act V, Scene II

“We defy augury. There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will

come: the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?" - Hamlet

Act V, Scene II

"O good Horatio, what a wounded name, things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me! If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart, absent thee from felicity awhile, and in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain to tell my story." - Hamlet

Act V, Scene II

"Now cracks a noble heart. Good night sweet prince:
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!" - Horatio

Julius Caesar

Act _____, Scene _____

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. The evil that men do lives after them, The good is oft interred with their bones.

Act _____, Scene _____

Caesar: The cause is in my will,--I will not come;
This is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know,--
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

King Henry VIII

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King Lear

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Love's Labor Lost

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Macbeth

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Measure for Measure

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Merchant of Venice

Act I, Scene II

“If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple.” --
Portia

Act I, Scene III

“Mark you this, Bassanio, The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose. An evil soul producing holy witness is like a villain with a smiling cheek, a goodly apple rotten at the heart: O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!” –Antonio

Act IV, Scene I

“The pound of flesh, which I demand of him, is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it. If you deny me, fie upon your law! There is no force in the decrees of Venice. I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?” -- Shylock

Act IV, Scene I

“The quality of mercy is not strain'd, it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath: it is twice blest; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes: 'tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes the throned monarch better than his crown; his sceptre shows the force of temporal power, the attribute to awe and majesty, wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings; but mercy is above this sceptred sway; it is enthroned in the hearts of kings, it is an attribute to God himself; and earthly power doth then show likest God's when mercy seasons justice.” – Portia

Act IV, Scene I

“Tarry a little; there is something else. This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood; The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh:' take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh; but, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed one drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate unto the state of Venice.” – Portia

Act V, Scene I

“How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank! Here will we sit and let the sounds of music creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night become the touches of sweet harmony. Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold: there's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st but in his motion like an angel sings, still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins; such harmony is in immortal souls; but whilst this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.” – Lorenzo

Act V, Scene I

“The man that hath no music in himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils; the motions of his spirit are dull as night and his affections dark as Erebus: Let no such man be trusted.” – Lorenzo

Act V, Scene I

“How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world.” – Portia

Act V, Scene I

“The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark, when neither is attended, and I think the nightingale, if she should sing by day, when every goose is cackling, would be thought no better a musician than the wren. How many things by season season'd are to their right praise and true perfection!” – Portia

Merry Wives of Windsor

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Midsummer Nights Dream

Act _____, Scene _____

Fairy Lullabye

You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen;

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;

So, good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence;
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offense.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady night;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Act I, Scene I

LYSANDER: How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale? How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

HERMIA: Belike for want of rain, which I could well betem them from the tempest of my eyes.

LYSANDER: Ay me! for aught that I could ever read, could ever hear by tale or history, the course of true love never did run smooth;

Act II, Scene I

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows, where oxlips and the nodding violet grows, quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine, with sweet musk-roses and with eglantine: There sleeps Titania sometime of the night, lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight; and there the snake throws her enamell'd skin, weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:" – Oberon

Act II, Scene I

"Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou loe of spirits; I'll be gone:
Our queen and all our elves come here anon." A Fairy

Act II, Scene I

"Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania" –Oberon

Act III, Scene II

"Lord, what fools these mortals be!" – Puck

Act III, Scene II

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne? Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow! That pure congealed white, high Taurus snow, Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow when thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss this princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!" - Demetrius

Act II, Scene I

The king doth keep his revels here to-night: take heed the queen come not within his sight; for Oberon is passing fell and wrath, because that she as her attendant hath a lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king; she never had so sweet a changeling; and jealous Oberon would have the child Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild; but she perforce withholds the loved boy, crowns him with flowers and makes him all her joy: and now they never meet in grove or green,

by fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen, but, they do square, that all their elves for fear creep into acorn-cups and hide them there. – Puck

Much Ado About Nothing

Act I, Scene I

“A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!” – Leonato

Act I, Scene I

“Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.” - Leonato

Act I, Scene I

“My love is thine to teach: teach it but how, and thou shalt see how apt it is to learn any hard lesson that may do thee good.” – Don Pedro

Act I, Scene II

“O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill.” - Leonato

Act I, Scene III

“I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime let me be that I am and seek not to alter me.” – Don John

Act II, Scene I

“For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.” - Beatrice

Act II, Scene I

“Friendship is constant in all other things save in the office and affairs of love: Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues; let every eye negotiate for itself and trust no agent; for beauty is a witch against whose charms faith melteth into blood.” - Claudio

Act II, Scene I

“Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.” - Claudio

Act II, Scene II

“Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.” – Don John

Act II, Scene III

“I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God.” - Benedick

Act II, Scene III

“If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.” - Leonato

Act II, Scene III

“ When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.” – Benedick

Act III, Scene I

“But Nature never framed a woman’s heart of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice: Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes, misprizing what they look on; and her wit values itself so highly, that to her all matter else seems weak: she cannot love, nor take no shape nor project of affection, she is so self endeared.” – Hero

Act III, Scene I

“And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee; taming my wild heart to thy loving hand: If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee to bind our loves up in a holy band.” – Beatrice

Act III, Scene III

“All this I see: and see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man.” – Conrade

Act III, Scene III

“Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls, down-sleeves, side-sleeves, and skirts round, underbourne with blueish tinsel.” – Margaret

Act III, Scene III

“When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us!” – Dogberry

Act III, Scene IV

“But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! Farewell, thou pure impiety and impious purity!” – Claudio

Act IV, Scene I

“But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: but he is now as valiant as Hercules that tells only a lie and swears it.” – Beatrice

Act V, Scene I

“.....men can counsel and speak comfort to that grief which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it, their counsel turns to passion, which before would give precipital medicine to rage, fetter strong madness in a silken thread, charm ache with air, and agony with words.” – Leonato

Act V, Scene III

“Done to death by slanderous tongues,
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.” – Claudio

Act V, Scene IV

“Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife.” - Benedick

Othello the Moor of Venice

Act I, Scene I

“We cannot all be masters, nor all masters cannot be truly follow’d.” - Iago

Act I, Scene I

“For when my outward action doth demonstrate the native act and figure of my heart in compliment extern, ‘tis not long after but I will wear my heart upon my sleeve for daws to peck at: I am not what I am.” - Iago

Act I, Scene II

“Though in the trade of war I have slain men, yet do I hold it very stuff o’ the conscience to do no contriv’d murder.” - Iago

Act I, Scene II

“Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.” - Othello

Act I, Scene III

“Rude am I in my speech, and little bless’d with the soft phrase of peace....and little of this great world can I speak, more than pertains to feats of broil and battle; And therefore little shall I grace my cause in speaking for myself.” - Othello

Act I, Scene III

“My story being done, She gave me for my pains a world of sighs: She swore, - in faith, ‘twas strange, ‘twas passing strange; ‘twas pitiful, ‘twas wondrous pitiful: She wish’d she had not heard it; yet she wish’d that heaven had made her such a man.” – Othello

Act I, Scene III

“She lov’d me for the dangers I had pass’d; and I loved her that she did pity them.” - Othello

Act I, Scene III

“To mourn a mischief that is past and gone is the next way to draw new mischief on.” – Duke of Venice

Act I, Scene III

“But words are words; I never yet did hear that the bruis’d heart was pierced through the ear.” - Brabantio

Act II, Scene I

“Hail to thee, lady! And the grace of heaven, before, behind thee, and on every hand, enwheel thee round!” - Cassio

Act II, Scene I

“If it were now to die, ’twere now to be most happy; for, I fear, my soul hath her content so absolute that not another comfort like to this succeeds in unknown fate.” - Othello

“The heavens forbid but that our loves and comforts should increase even as our days do grow!” - Desdemona

Act II, Scene III

“Come Desdemona: ’tis the soldier’s life, to have their balmy slumbers wak’d with strife.” - Othello

Act II, Scene III

“O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!” - Cassio

Act II, Scene III

“How poor are they that have not patience!” - Iago

Act III, Scene I

“And the general so likes your music that he desires you, for love’s sake, to make no more noise with it.” - Clown

Act III, Scene III

“Good my lord, if I have any grace or power to move you, his present reconciliation take; For if he be not one that truly loves you, that errs in ignorance, and not in cunning, I have no judgment in an honest face.” - Desdemona

Act III, Scene III

“Let him come when he will; I will deny thee nothing.” - Othello

Act III, Scene III

“Men should be what they seem; or those that be not, would they seem none!” - Iago

Act III, Scene III

“But he that filches from me my good name robs me of that which not enriches him, and makes me poor indeed.” – Iago

Act III, Scene III

“O, beware my lord, of jealousy; it is the green-ey’d monster which doth mock the meat it feeds on.” - Iago

Act III, Scene III

“If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!” - Othello

Act III, Scene III

“Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump, the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, the royal banner, and all quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war! Othello’s occupation’s gone!” – Othello

Act III, Scene IV

“The hearts of old gave hands; But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.” – Othello

Act III, Scene IV

“So help me every spirit sanctified, as I have spoken for you all my best, and stood within the blank of his displeasure for my free speech!” – Desdemona

Act IV, Scene I

“No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.” – Othello

Act IV, Scene I

“If that the earth could teem with woman’s tears, each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.” – Othello

Act IV, Scene II

Those that do teach young babes do it with gentle means and easy tasks: He might have chid me so; for, in good faith, I am a child to chiding." – Desdemona

Act IV, Scene III

"If I do die before thee, pr'thee, shroud me in one of those same sheets." – Desdemona

Act V, Scene II

"Put out the light, and then put out the light: If I quench thee, thou flaming monster, I can again thy former light restore, should I repent me." – Othello

Act V, Scene II

"When I have pluck'd thy rose, I cannot give it vital growth again, it needs must wither." – Othello

Act V, Scene II

"It is the very error of the moon; she comes nearer than she was wont, and makes men mad."

Act V, Scene II

"This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven than thou wast worthy her." Emilia

Act V, Scene II

"I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: - no way but this, killing myself, to die upon a kiss." - Othello

Pericles Prince of Tyre

Act I. Prologue.

It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.

Act I. Scene I.

Pericles.- Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must;
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.

Act I. Scene II.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life.

Act I. Scene III.

We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

Act I Scene IV

That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.

Act II Scene I

Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you:
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Act II Scene II

It's fit it should be so; for princes are
A model which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renowns if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight in his device.

Act II Scene III

Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great nor do the low despise.

Act II Scene IV

But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

Act II Scene V

To you as much, sir! I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Act III Scene II

But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Act III Scene III

I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord.

Act III Scene IV

Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine

Shall there attend you.

Act IV Scene I

My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried 'Good seaman!' to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands, haling ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Act IV Scene II

Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a
sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom.
When nature flamed this piece, she meant thee a good
turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou
hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Act IV Scene III

And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

Act IV Scene V

No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she
being once gone.

Act IV Scene VI

What would you have me do? go to the wars, would

you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss
of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to
buy him a wooden one?

Act V Scene I

You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Act V Scene III

This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Richard III

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Romeo and Juliet

Act _____, Scene _____

What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as
sweet.

The Taming of the Shrew

Induction, Scene I

“Take him up gently and to bed with him; and each one to his office when he
wakes.” – Lord

Induction, Scene I

“Well, well see't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.” – Sly

Act I, Scene I

“Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life, puts my apparel and my countenance on, and I for my escape have put on his; for in a quarrel since I came ashore I kill'd a man and fear I was descrid: Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes, while I make way from hence to save my life” - Lucentio

Act I, Scene II

“Such wind as scatters young men through the world, to seek their fortunes farther than at home where small experience grows.” - Petruchio

Act I, Scene II

“I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife with wealth enough and young and beauteous, brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman: Her only fault, and that is faults enough, is that she is intolerable curst and shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure that, were my state far worser than it is, I would not wed her for a mine of gold.” – Hortensio

Act I, Scene II

“Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en, that none shall have access unto Bianca till Katharina the curst have got a husband.” - Hortensio

Act II, Scene I

“And, Will you, nill you, I will marry you. Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn; for, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty, thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well, thou must be married to no man but me; for I am he am born to tame

you Kate, and bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate conformable as other household Kates.” - Petruchio

Act II, Scene I

“Though little fire grows great with little wind, yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all: So I to her and so she yields to me; for I am rough and woo not like a babe.” – Petruchio

Act II, Scene I

“If that be jest, then all the rest was so.” – Katharina

Act II, Scene I

“Believe me, sister, of all the men alive I never yet beheld that special face which I could fancy more than any other.” – Bianca

Act III, Scene II

“To me she's married, not unto my clothes.” – Petruchio

Act III, Scene II

“I will be master of what is mine own.” - Petruchio

Act IV, Scene I

“This is a way to kill a wife with kindness; and thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.” – Petruchio

Act IV, Scene II

"Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks, shall win my love" – Hortensio

Act IV, Scene II

"The taming-school! What, is there such a place?" - Katharina

"Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master; that teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long, to tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue." – Tranio

Act IV, Scene III

"What, did he marry me to famish me? Beggars, that come unto my father's door, upon entreaty have a present aims; if not, elsewhere they meet with charity: But I, who never knew how to entreat, nor never needed that I should entreat, am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep, with oath kept waking and with brawling fed: And that which spites me more than all these wants, he does it under name of perfect love..." - Katharina

Act IV, Scene III

"Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love, will we return unto thy father's house and revel it as bravely as the best, with silken coats and caps and golden rings, with ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things; with scarfs and fans and double change of bravery, with amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery. What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure, to deck thy body with his ruffling treasure." - Petruchio

Act IV, Scene III

"Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak; and speak I will; I am no child, no babe: Your betters have endured me say my mind, and if you cannot, best you stop your ears. My tongue will tell the anger of my heart, or else my heart concealing it will break, and rather than it shall, I will be free even to the uttermost, as I please, in words." - Katharina

Act IV, Scene III

“Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor; for 'tis the mind that makes the body rich...” - Petruchio

Act IV, Scene III

“What is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his fathers are more beautiful?” - Petruchio

Act IV, Scene V

“Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself, it shall be moon, or star, or what I list, or ere I journey to your father's house. Go on, and fetch our horses back again. Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!” – Petruchio

Act V, Scene I

“Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.” – Biondello

Act V, Scene I

“Love wrought these miracles.” – Lucentio

Act V, Scene I

“Better once than never, for never too late.” – Petruchio

Act V, Scene II

“Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio! The wager thou hast won; and I will add unto their losses twenty thousand crowns; another dowry to another daughter, for she is changed, as she had never been.” – Baptista

Act V, Scene II

“Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper, thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee, and for thy maintenance commits his body to painful labour both by sea and land, to watch the night in storms, the day in cold, whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe; and craves no other tribute at thy hands but love, fair looks and true obedience; too little payment for so great a debt. Such duty as the subject owes the prince even such a woman oweth to her husband; and when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour, and not obedient to his honest will, what is she but a foul contending rebel and graceless traitor to her loving lord?” – Katharina

Act V, Scene II

Fie, fie, unknit that threatening unkind brow and dart not scornful glances from those eyes to wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor. It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the mead...A woman moved is like a fountain troubled, muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty, and while it is so, none so dry or thirsty will deign to sip or touch one drop of it. - Kate

Act V, Scene II

“Come on, and kiss me, Kate.” – Petruchio

This is a way to kill a wife with kindness, and thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humor. - Petruchio

Tempest

ACT I, SCENE I

BOATSWAIN

Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

BOATSWAIN

You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you

cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say.

BOATSWAIN

Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course.

MARINERS

All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

GONZALO

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

ACT I, SCENE II

MIRANDA

If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.

MIRANDA

More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PROSPERO

Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.

PROSPERO

My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio--
I pray thee, mark me--that a brother should
Be so perfidious!--he whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved and to him put
The manage of my state...

MIRANDA

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

MIRANDA

I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

PROSPERO

By Providence divine.
Some food we had and some fresh water that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

PROSPERO

Now I arise.
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princesses can that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

PROSPERO

Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ARIEL

I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

CALIBAN

You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

MIRANDA

I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

PROSPERO

At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this.

MIRANDA

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

FERDINAND

Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

ACT II, SCENE I

ANTONIO

Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

ADRIAN

The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

GONZALO

That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in
the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and
glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with
salt water.

ALONSO

O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

GONZALO

It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

GONZALO

I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty;--

ALONSO

What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclined to do so.

GONZALO

Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place; let's draw our weapons.

ACT II, SCENE II

STEPHANO

Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster!
His forward voice now is to speak well of his
friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches
and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will
recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! I
will pour some in thy other mouth.

ACT III, SCENE I

FERDINAND

O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

FERDINAND

No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you--
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers--
What is your name?

MIRANDA

I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

ACT III, SCENE II

CALIBAN

Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.

STEPHANO

He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

CALIBAN

Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

ACT III, SCENE III

ALONSO

I will stand to and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to and do as we.

ALONSO

O, it is monstrous, monstrous:
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie mudded.

ACT IV, SCENE I

PROSPERO

If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love and thou
Hast strangely stood the test here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.

IRIS

Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more but play with sparrows
And be a boy right out.

JUNO

Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings upon you.

CERES

Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines and clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

PROSPERO

You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Ye all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

PROSPERO

A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

ACT V, SCENE I

PROSPERO

Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

PROSPERO

But this rough magic
I here abjure, and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,

Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

ARIEL

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

FERDINAND

Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have cursed them without cause.

MIRANDA

O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

FERDINAND

Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

GONZALO

Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set

Act V, Scene I

Merrily, merrily shall I live now, Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Timon of Athens

No copywork available yet

Triolus and Cressida

No copywork available yet

Twelfth Night or, What You Will

Act I, Scene I

“If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o’er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon the bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.” – Count Orsino

Act I, Scene I

“O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn’d into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E’er since pursue me.” – Count Orsino

Act I, Scene V

“Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.” – Feste

Act I, Scene V

“Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent, or be turned away—is that not as good as a hanging to you?” – Maria

“Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.” – Feste

Act I, Scene V

“Wit, and’t be thy will, put me into good fooling: those wits that think they have thee, doe very oft prove fools: and I that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus? ‘Better a witty fool, then a foolish wit.’” – Feste

Act I, Scene V

a) "God bless thee, lady." – Feste

"(To attendants) Take the fool away." – Olivia

"Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady." – Feste

"Go to, you're a dry fool. I'll no more of you. Besides, you grow dishonest." – Olivia

"Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend, for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Anything that's mended is but patched with sin, and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so. If it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool, therefore I say again, take her away." – Feste

b) "Good madonna, why mournest thou?" – Feste

"Good fool, for my brother's death." – Olivia

"I think his soul is in hell, madonna." – Feste

"I know his soul is in heaven, fool." – Olivia

"The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul, being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen." – Feste

Act I, Scene V

"Good madam, let me see your face." – Viola

"Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text. But we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. (She unveils) Look you, Sir, such a one I was this present. Is't not well done?" -- Olivia

"Excellently done, if God did all." – Viola

"'Tis in grain, Sir, 'twill endure wind and weather." -- Olivia

"'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive
If you will lead these graces to the grave.
And leave the world no copy." – Viola

"O Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted. I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried and every particle and utensil labelled to my will, as, item- two lips, indifferent red; item- to gray eyes, with lids to them; item- one neck, one chin, and so forth." -- Olivia

Act I, Scene V

"Get you to your lord.
I cannot love him. Let him send no more,
Unless, perchance, you come to me again
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well.
I thank you for your pains. (Offering a purse) Spend this for me." -- Olivia

"I am no fee'd post, lady. Keep your purse.
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt. Farewell, fair cruelty." – Viola

Act II, Scene 1

"Let me yet know of you whither you are bound." – Antonio

"No, sooth, sir. My determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in. Therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, would we have so ended. But you, sir, altered that, for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned." – Sebastian

Act II, Scene II

“Were you ev’n now with the Countess Olivia?” – Malvolio

“Even now, sir, on a moderate pace, I have since arrived but hither.” – Viola

“(Offering a ring) She returns this ring to you, sir. You might have saved me my pains to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him. And one thing more: that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord’s taking of this. Receive it so.” – Malvolio

“She took the ring of me. I’ll none of it.” – Viola

“Come, Sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is it should be so returned. (He throws the ring down) If it be worth stooping for, there it lies, in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.”

Act II, Scene III

“Approach, Sir Andrew. Not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes, and diliculo surgere, thou knowest.” – Sir Toby

“Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know to be up late is to be up late.” – Sir Andrew

“A false conclusion. I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then is early; so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our lives consist of the four elements?” – Sir Toby

“Faith, so they say, but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.” – Sir Andrew

“Thou’rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say, a stoup of wine.” – Sir Toby

Act II, Scene III

a) “’Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man’s a-hungry to challenge him the field and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.” – Sir Andrew

“Do’t, knight. I’ll write thee a challenge, or I’ll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.” – Sir Toby

“Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight. Since the youth of the Count’s was today with my lady she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him. If I do not gull him into a nayword and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.” – Maria

b) “The div’ll a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser, an affection’d ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swaths. The best persuaded of himself: so cram’d (as he thinks) with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all that look on him, love him: and on that vice in him, will my revenge find notable cause to work.” – Maria

“What wilt thou do?” – Sir Toby

“I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gate, the expression of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.” – Maria

c) “Excellent, I smell a device.” – Sir Toby

“I hav’t in my nose too.” – Sir Andrew

“He shall think by the letters that thou wilt drop that they come from my niece, and that she’s in love with him.” – Sir Toby

“My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.” – Maria

d) “Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him, I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it: for this night to bed, and dream on the event: farewell.” – Maria

Act II Scene IV

“Give me some music; now good morrow friends.
Now good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and ancient song we heard last night;
Me thought it did release my passion much,
More then light airs, and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verse.” – Count Orsino

(song) “Come away, come away death,

And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fie away, fie away breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid:
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, O prepare it.
My part of death no one so true did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin, let there be strewn:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save, lay me o where
Sad true lover never find my grave, to weep there” – Feste

Act II Scene IV

“Here comes the little villain: How now, my mettle of India?” – Sir Toby

“Get ye all three into the box tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk, he has been yonder i'the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him for the love of mockery: for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close in the name of jesting, lie thou there: for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.” – Maria

Act II Scene IV

(seeing the letter) “What employment have we here?” -- Malvolio

“Now is the woodcock near the gin.” – Sir Toby

“Oh peace, and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him.” – Fabian

“By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her V's, and her T's, and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand!” – Malvolio

Act II Scene IV

a) ““To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes:” Her very phrases: by your leave, wax? Soft, and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?” -- Malvolio

“This wins him, liver and all.” – Sir Toby

““Jove knows I love,” but who? “Lips do not move, no man must know.” No man must know. What follows? The numbers alter’d: “No man must know”... if this should be thee, Malvolio?” – Malvolio

“Marry, hang thee, brock.” – Sir Toby

““I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lucrece knife:
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore,
M.O.A. I. doth sway my life”” – Malvolio

“A fustian riddle!” – Fabian

“Excellent Wench, say I!” – Sir Toby

““M.O.A. I. doth sway my life.” Nay, but first let me see, let me see, let me see” “
– Malvolio

“What dish a poison has she dressed him?” – Fabian

“And with what wing the stallion checks at it?” – Sir Toby

“I may command, where I adore: Why she may command me: I serve her, she is my Lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this, and the end: What should that alphabetical position portend, if I could make that resemble something in me? Softly, M.O.A. I...” -- Malvolio

“O I, make up that, he is now at a cold sent” – Sir Toby

“Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a Fox.” – Fabian

b) “‘M’. Malvolio, ‘M’. Why, that begins my name!” – Malvolio

“Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults.” – Fabian

“‘M’. But then there is no consonance in the sequel that suffers under probation: ‘A’. should follow, but ‘O’ does.” – Malvolio

“And O shall end, I hope” – Fabian

“I, or I’ll cudgel him, and make him cry O” – Sir Toby

“And then ‘I’. comes behind” – Malvolio

"I, and you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you." -- Fabian

Act II Scene IV

"M,O,A, I'. This simulation is not as the former: and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft, here follows prose:

"If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness: some are become great, some achieves greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to inure thy self to what thou art like to be: cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thy self into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross garter'd: I say remember, go too, thou art made if thou desir'st to be so: If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers farewell."

She that would alter services with thee, the fortunate unhappy daylight and champion discovers not more: This is open, I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point devise, the very man. I do not now fool my self, to let imagination aide me; for every reason excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd, and in this she manifests her self to my love, & with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy: I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised. Here is yet a postscript.

"Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee."

Jove, I thank thee; I will smile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me." – Malvolio

Act II Scene IV

"If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and

cross garter'd, a fashion she detests: and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy, as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it follow me." – Maria

Act III, Scene I

"Foolery sir, does walk about the orb like the Sun, it shines every where."
– Feste

Act III, Scene I

"Will you encounter the house? My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her." – Sir Toby

"I am bound to your niece Sir, I mean she is the list of my voyage." – Viola

"Taste your legs Sir, put them to motion!" – Sir Toby

"My legs do better understand me Sir, then I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs." – Viola

"I mean to go Sir, to enter." – Sir Toby

Act III, Scene I

"Love sought is good, but giv'n unsought is better" .

Act III Scene II

"If you desire the spleen, and will laugh you selves into stitches, follow me; yon gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings!" – Maria

"And cross garter'd?" – Sir Toby

"Most villainously: like a Pedant that keeps a School i'the Church: I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the Letter that I dropt, to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines then is in the new Map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis: I can hardly forbear hurling things at him; I know my Lady will strike him: if she doe, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour!" – Maria

Act III Scene III

"... Where is Malvolio?" – Olivia

"He's coming Madam: But in very strange manner. He is sure possessed, Madam." – Maria

"Why what's the matter, does he rave?" – Olivia

"No Madam, he does nothing but smile: your Ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits" – Maria

"Go call him hither." – Olivia

(Enter Malvolio, smiling, cross-gartered, and in yellow stockings.)

"I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.
How now Malvolio?" – Olivia

"Sweet Lady, ho, ho" – Malvolio

"Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion." – Olivia

"Sad Lady, I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering, but what of that? If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: please one, and please all." – Malvolio

"Why, how doest thou man? What is the matter with thee?" – Maria

"Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand." – Malvolio

"Wilt thou go to bed Malvolio?" – Olivia

"To bed? Aye, sweet heart, and I'll come to thee." – Malvolio

“God comfort thee: Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?” – Olivia

“How do you Malvolio?” – Maria

“At your request. Yes, nightingales answer daws.” – Malvolio

“Be not afraid of greatness’: ’twas well writ.” – Malvolio

“What meanst thou by that Malvolio?” – Olivia

“Some are borne great,” – Malvolio

“Ha?” – Olivia

“Some achieve greatness,” – Malvolio

“What sayst thou?” – Olivia

“And some have greatness thrust upon them.” – Malvolio

“Heaven restore thee.” – Olivia

“Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,” – Malvolio

“Thy yellow stockings?” – Olivia

“And wish’d to see thee cross garter’d.” – Malvolio

“Cross garter’d?” – Olivia

“Go too, thou art mad, if thou desir’st to be so,” – Malvolio

“Am I mad?” -- Olivia

“If not, let me see thee a servant still.” – Malvolio

“Why, this is very Midsummer madness.” – Olivia

Act III Scene III

“Oh ho, do you come near me now: no worse man then Sir Toby to look to me. This concurs directly with the Letter, she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him: for she incites me to that in the Letter. ‘Cast thy humble

slough,' says she: 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants, let thy tongue languor with arguments of state, put thy self into the trick of singularity', and consequently sets down the manner how, as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have learned her, but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful. And when she went away now, let this Fellow be look'd too: Fellow? not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance: What can be said? Nothing that can be, can come between me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked." – Malvolio

Act III Scene III

Take him away, he knows I know him well." – 1st Officer

"I must obey. (To Viola) This comes with seeking you.

But there's no remedy, I shall answer it.
What will you do now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Then what befalls my self. You stand amaz'd,
But be of comfort." -- Antonio

Act III Scene III

"He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass: even such, and so
In favour was my Brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love." – Viola

Act IV Scene I

"I prithee gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion sway
In this uncivil, and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby

May'st smile at this: Thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine, in thee." – Olivia

"What relish is in this? How runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep,
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep." – Sebastian

"Nay, come, I prithee; would thou'dst be rul'd by me" – Olivia

"Madam, I will." – Sebastian

"O say so, and so be." – Olivia

Act IV Scene II

"Madman, thou errest: I say there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art
more puzzl'd then the Egyptians in their fog." – Feste (as Sir Topas)

"I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell;
and I say there was never man thus abus'd, I am no more mad then you are,
make the trial of it in any constant question" – Malvolio

Act IV Scene II

"Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused. I am as well in my wits, fool,
as thou art." – Malvolio

"But as well? Then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a
fool." -- Feste

Act IV Scene III

"This is the air, that is the glorious sun.
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't,
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant,
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,

That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service,
For though my soul disputes well with my sense
That this may be some error but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad. Yet if 'twere so
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does. There's something in't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes." -- Sebastian

Act IV Scene III

"Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me.
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither.
That most ungrateful boy there by your side
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem. A wreck past hope he was.
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love without retention or restraint,
All in his dedication. For his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town,
Drew to defend him when he was beset,
Where being apprehended, his false cunning—
Not meaning to partake with me in danger—
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years' removed thing
While one would wink, denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before." – Antonio

Act IV Scene III

“For the love of God, a surgeon – send one presently to Sir Toby.” – Sir Andrew

“What’s the matter?” – Olivia

“He’s broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb, too. For the love of God, your help! I had rather that forty pound I were at home.” – Sir Andrew

“Who has done this, Sir Andrew?” – Olivia

“The Count’s gentleman, one Cesario. We took him for a coward, but he’s the very devil incarnate.” – Sir Andrew

“My gentleman, Cesario?” – Olivia

“Od’s lifelings, here he is. (To Viola) You broke my head for nothing, and that that I did I was set on to do’t by Sir Toby.” – Sir Andrew

“Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you.
You drew your sword upon me without cause,
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.” - Viola

Act IV Scene III

(Enter Sebastian)

“I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman,
But had it been the brother of my blood
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you.
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.” -- Sebastian

“One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural perspective, that is and is not.” – Orsino

“Antonio! O, my dear Antonio,
How have the hours racked and tortured me
Since I have lost thee!” – Sebastian

“Sebastian are you?” – Antonio

“Fear’st thou that, Antonio?” – Sebastian

“How have you made division of yourself?
An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?” – Antonio

“Most Wonderful!” – Olivia

Act IV Scene III

(Seeing Viola) “Do I stand there? I never had a brother,
Nor can there be that deity in my nature
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? What name? What parentage?” – Sebastian

“Of Messaline. Sebastian was my father.
Such a Sebastian was my brother, too.
So went he suited to his watery tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit
You come to fright us.” – Viola

“A spirit am I indeed,
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek
And say ‘Thrice welcome, drownèd Viola.’” – Sebastian

“My father had a mole upon his brow.” – Viola

“And so had mine.” – Sebastian

“And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had numbered thirteen years.” – Viola

“O, that record is lively in my soul.
He finishèd indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.” – Sebastian

“If nothing lets to make us happy both
But not this my masculine usurped attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune do cohere and jump

That I am Viola, which to confirm
I'll bring you to a captain in this town
Where lie my maiden weeds, by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord." – Viola

Act IV Scene III

a) "(To Olivia) So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived.
You are betrothed both to a maid and a man." – Sebastian

(To Olivia) "Be not amazed. Right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
(To Viola) Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me." – Orsino

"And all those sayings will I overswear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night." – Viola

"Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds." – Orsino

Act IV Scene III

"Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong." – Malvolio

"Have I, Malvolio? No." – Olivia

(Showing a letter) "Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand.
Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase,
Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention.
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modesty of honour

Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-gartered to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people,
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention played on? Tell me why?" – Malvolio

"Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though I confess much like the character,
But out of question, 'tis Maria's hand." – Olivia

Act IV Scene III

"Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wondered at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him. Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance,
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was followed
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge
If that the injuries be justly weighed
That have on both sides passed." – Fabian

(To Malvolio) "Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!" – Olivia

"Why, 'Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness
thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude, one Sir Topas, sir; but that's
all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad' – but do you remember, 'Madam, why
laugh you at such a barren rascal, an you smile not, he's gagged' – and thus the
whirligig of time brings in his revenges." – Feste

"I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you." – Malvolio

Act IV Scene III

(song) "When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

"But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

"But when I came, alas, to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

"But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day." - Feste

Two Gentlemen of Verona

Winter's Tale

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