

with a tool which shows the grain. Last of all, we roll them with the roller to make them smooth.

“Then they are ready to be made into the soles of boots and shoes. We make the ‘upper’ leathers in a somewhat different way.

13. “That is enough for one morning. Give my respects to your grandmother, and say that I hope that the shoes which Mr. Last has made for her out of my leather are wearing well.”

16. THE SHIPS.

1. For many a year I've watched the ships a-sailing
to and fro,
The mighty ships, the little ships, the speedy and
the slow ;
And many a time I've told myself that some day
I would go
Around the world that is so full of wonders.
2. The swift and stately liners, how they run without
a rest !
The great three-masters, they have touched the
East and told the West !

The Ships.

The monster burden-bearers—oh, they all have
plunged and pressed
Around the world that is so full of wonders !

3. The shabby tramp that like a wedge is hammered
through the seas,
The little brown-sailed brigantine that traps the
lightest breeze—
Oh, I'd be well content to fare aboard the least of
these
Around the world that is so full of wonders.

4. The things I've heard, the things I've read, the
thing I've dreamed might be,
The boyish tales, the old men's yarns—they will
not pass from me ;
I've heard, I've read, I've dreamed. . . . But all
the time I've longed to *see*—
Around the world that is so full of wonders.

5. So year by year I watch the ships a-sailing to and
fro,
The ships that come as strangers and the ships I've
learned to know. . . .
Folk smile to hear me saying that *some* day I
will go
Around the world that is so full of wonders.

J. J. BELL.

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17. COUSIN DAISY.—I.

1. The storm was at its height, and we were sitting by the fire listening to the wind. There were five of us—father, mother, and we children, Alice, Johnny, and Barbara. Suddenly father said, “There’s a gun! Listen!”

2. We listened in silence, for even the youngest of us knew that a gun at sea meant a ship in danger. In another minute there was another “boom” from the gun. Father rose and put on his oilskins and his sou’-wester.

3. “Are you going out, Tom dear?” asked mother. “Do be careful; don’t be rash. Remember the wreck of the *Saucy Nell*.”

Father only smiled. He buttoned his coat up to the neck, kissed mother, waved his hand to us, and went out into the storm.

4. When he had gone Alice said, “What did you mean, mother, when you said, ‘Remember the wreck of the *Saucy Nell*’?”

“I was reminding Daddy of what hap-

Cousin Daisy.

pened a good many years ago, before we were married. You remember Cousin Daisy? Well, she was wrecked on the *Saucy Nell*, and your father saved her life."

5. "O mother! tell us all about it; please do," cried Johnny. "I love to hear shipwreck stories, especially if they are true."

Mother stopped knitting and began her story.

6. "It was a very rough night in the month of October. I was a young woman then, and I remember that when the sun went down the wind rose and blew a great gale. About eleven o'clock we heard guns firing, and knew that there was a ship in distress not far away.

7. "We could not go to bed and sleep while poor creatures were battling for their lives, so we sat dozing in our chairs, ready to spring up and help them if they should be brought ashore.

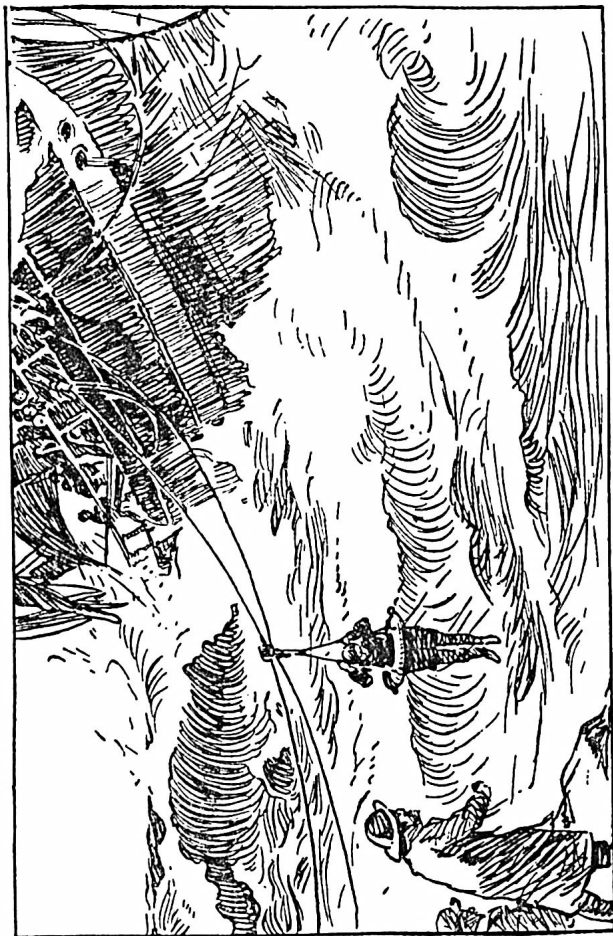
8. "Just at daybreak Uncle John and your father came to our house to call my father and my brother Jim to go with them to Green Bay, where a ship was driving on to the rocks. Father and Uncle Jim went

off with them at once, and I followed. The wind was so strong that I had hard work to make headway against it.

9. "When I reached Green Bay I found that a crowd of women, girls, and boys had gathered on the rocks. The coastguards had arrived with rockets and lines, and were trying to shoot a rocket over the ship. Every time they fired a rocket the wind blew it back again.

10. "It was a sad sight. We could see the vessel drifting towards the rocks, and we felt that nothing could save her. Every moment a great foaming wave would wash over the vessel and almost hide it from view. We could see the poor people clinging to the rigging, and once or twice the wind carried the sound of their cries to our ears.

11. "The ship was now so close to the rocks that we could see the people on board quite plainly. High on the rigging of the foremast was a woman holding her baby in her arms. My heart bled for her and for her little child. 'They must be saved,' I cried; 'they must be saved.'"



THE CRADLE AT WORK.

18. COUSIN DAISY.—II.

1. "At that moment there was a lull in the storm, and the coastguards fired a rocket which went right over the ship and dropped a line upon its decks. This line was hauled in by the crew of the ship, and at its end they found a pulley with an endless rope run through it. This pulley they made fast to the mast.

2. "Then by means of the endless rope the coastguards on shore hauled out to the ship a thick hawser which was firmly fixed to the mast. Upon this hawser they slung a 'cradle,' which went to and fro, and brought back the crew and passengers two at a time.

3. "The poor creatures in the cradle were dragged through the waves, and when they reached the shore many of them were half dead. Some did die, and were laid on the cliff. The rest were taken to the nearest houses, and were tenderly cared for.

4. "A fair number of persons had now been saved ; but the woman with the child

in her arms seemed to have been forgotten. Just then your father passed by me. I stopped him and said, 'If you love me, save that poor woman and her child.'

5. "He ran off, and I lost sight of him. Some time later I saw a man climb up the rigging of the foremast towards the woman and her child. Then a cloud of spray hid him from me. When it cleared I saw the man with the child in one arm. He was clinging to the rigging with the other. The woman had been washed away. She was never seen again.

6. "The man scrambled down to the sloping deck with the child, and got into the cradle. In a few minutes he and the little maid were hauled safely ashore."

"Who was the man, mother?" cried Johnny.

"Why, father, of course," said Alice.

7. "Yes, it was your father who had saved the baby's life. He was very white and weak when he came ashore. He had swum out through the surf to the ship, and had been badly knocked about by the waves."

8. "I suppose you were very proud of him," said I.

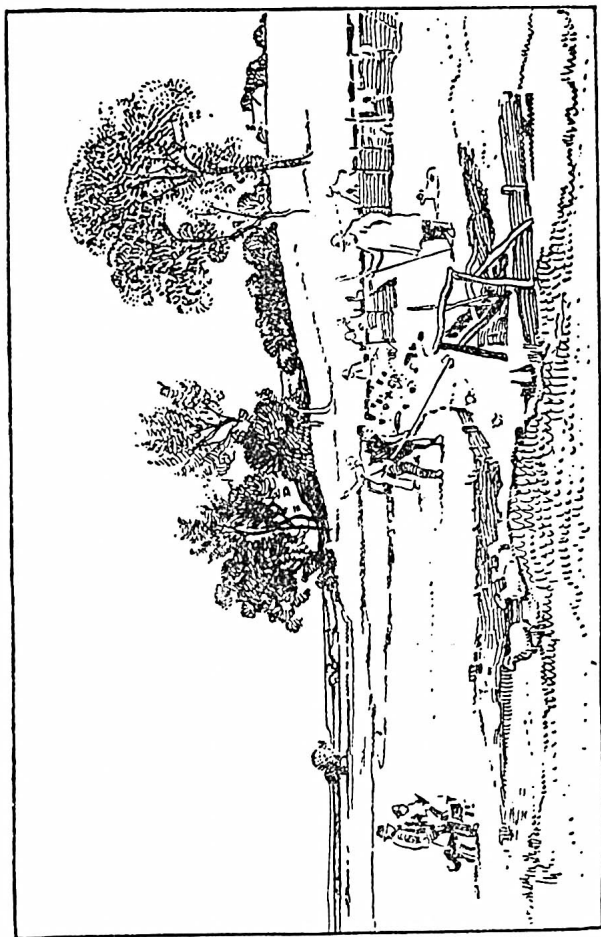
"Who could help it?" asked mother. "Your father had proved himself a hero. You must ask him to show you his medal."

9. "What about the baby?" said Johnny.

"She was a pretty little girl about three years of age. When your father and I were married we took her to live with us, and called her Cousin Daisy. When she was six years of age we found out who she was. Her grandfather was a rich man, and he took her home with him. As you know, she still comes to see us from time to time, and we all love her, don't we?"

19. A BOY'S SONG.

1. Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.
2. Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.



SHEEP-WASHING AT VALLEY FARM.

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3. Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to track the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.
4. Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadows fall the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG.

20. SHEEP-WASHING AND SHEEP-SHEARING.

(This Lesson continues the story told in Lessons 1, 3, 5, 6, 13, and 15.)

1. "Tony," said his grandmother one morning, "Mr. Lloyd is going to shear his sheep next week. I should run up to the farm, if I were you, and see them washed. It will interest you."

2. Tony was off like a hare. When he arrived at Valley Farm he found the flock of ewes and lambs all gathered in a meadow by the stream. Mr. Lloyd was there, and so were the shepherd and his dog and several farm hands.

3. A small pen formed of hurdles had

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been made close to a broad, deep pool in the stream. The sheep were driven into the pen, eighteen or twenty at a time. Then the men seized the sheep one by one and threw them into the pool.

4. The sheep were much frightened, and they swam round and round, trying to climb out on to the bank. As they did so the shepherd and another man scrubbed their wet fleeces with what they called "rowers." These "rowers" were like wooden hayrakes without teeth.

5. After about five minutes of this scrubbing the poor, frightened, dripping sheep were allowed to scramble up the bank and join their lambs, who were bleating for them.

6. "I know why you wash them," said Tony to Mr. Lloyd. "Their fleeces get very dirty in the fields. You are going to shear them soon, and you don't want dirty wool to sell to the dealer."

7. "Quite right," replied Mr. Lloyd. "You are getting on. Don't forget to come next Thursday and see the shearing. Good-bye till then."

8. As soon as he had swallowed his break-

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fast on Thursday morning Tony ran off to Valley Farm. The sheep were still in the meadow by the stream. Another little pen of hurdles had been made, and inside it the ground was covered with one of the large sheets used for covering ricks before they are thatched.

9. One by one the sheep were taken into this pen, where Whitcomb, the shepherd, stood ready for them. Gently but firmly he seized a sheep and made it sit on its tail. He held it with his left hand, and with the shears in his right hand he snipped the wool from its neck and shoulders.

10. Tony noticed that his shears were like a large pair of scissors, but, unlike scissors, they were kept open by a spring. Whitcomb worked the shears by simply squeezing them with his right hand.

11. When the sheep's head and neck were clear of wool, he laid the animal upon the ground and knelt across it, holding its neck down firmly with one leg. Most of the sheep lay quite still, but some of them struggled wildly for a time.

12. It was wonderful to see how quickly

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Whitcomb cleared the wool from one side of the sheep up to the middle of its back. Then he turned the animal over and worked in the same way upon the other side. At last, after a few snips around the tail, the white fleece lay by the side of the sheep.

13. Tony watched the stripped sheep as it bounded away into the field. "I suppose it is very glad the job is over," he said. "Doesn't it hurt?"

"Not a bit more than it hurts you to have your hair cut," replied Mr. Lloyd. "Sometimes the shepherd may prick the animal with the point of his shears, but he never really hurts it."

14. "Who will buy the wool?" asked the boy.

"I usually sell it to a wool dealer; but these fleeces are to go to the cloth mill in the village. You should look in at the mill one day and see the wool made into cloth."

"I will," said Tony.