

out his master's knowledge. However, he still did not love to think ill of his own relations.

They came a third time. Keeper received them rather coldly, and hinted that he should like better to see them in the day time, but they excused themselves for want of leisure. When they took their leave, he resolved to follow at some distance and watch their motions. A litter of young pigs happened to be lying under a hay-stack without the yard. The wolf seized one by the back, and ran off with him. The pig set up a most dismal squeal; and Keeper, running up at the noise, caught his dear cousin in the fact. He flew at him and made him relinquish his prey, though not without much snarling and growling. The fox, who had been prowling about the hen roost, now came up, and began to make protestations of his own innocence, with heavy reproaches against the wolf for thus disgracing the family. "Begone, scoundrels, both," cried Keeper, "I know you now too well. You may be of my blood, but I am sure you are not of my spirit. Keeper holds no kindred with villains." So saying, he drove them from the premises.

### LESSON VIII.

#### THE COTTAGE GARDEN.

flour-ish-ing	cle-ma-tis	snow-drop
em-ploy-ment	prim-ro-ses	ground-sel
neigh-bour-ing	goose-ber-ries	ve-ge-ta-ble
tra-vel-ling	cab-bag-es	plea-sant-est

A neat and flourishing cottage garden is one of the pleasantest sights in the world. and I wish it