

LESSON LXXVII.

HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

fer-ret-ing	gal-lant-ly	pro-vince
shriek-ed	roast-ed	France
Ro-bin-et	on-i-ons	draught
trudg-ed	Lor-rain	di-o-cese

Robinet, a peasant of Lorraine, a province of France, after a hard day's work at the next market-town, was running home with a basket in his hand. "What a delicious supper shall I have," said he to himself. "This piece of kid, well stewed down, with my onions sliced, thickened with my meal, and seasoned with my salt and pepper, will make a dish for the bishop of the diocese. Then I have a good piece of barley loaf at home to finish with. How I long to be at it!"

A noise in the hedge now attracted his notice, and he spied a squirrel nimbly running up a tree, and popping into a hole between the branches. "Ha!" thought he, "what a nice present a nest of young squirrels will be to my little master! I'll try if I can get it." Upon this, he sat down his basket in the road, and began to climb up the tree. He had half ascended, when casting a look at his basket, he saw a dog with his nose in it, ferreting out the piece of kid's flesh. He made all possible speed down, but the dog was too quick for him, and ran off with the meat in his mouth. Robinet looked after him—"Well," said he, "then I must be contented with soup-meagre—and no bad thing neither."