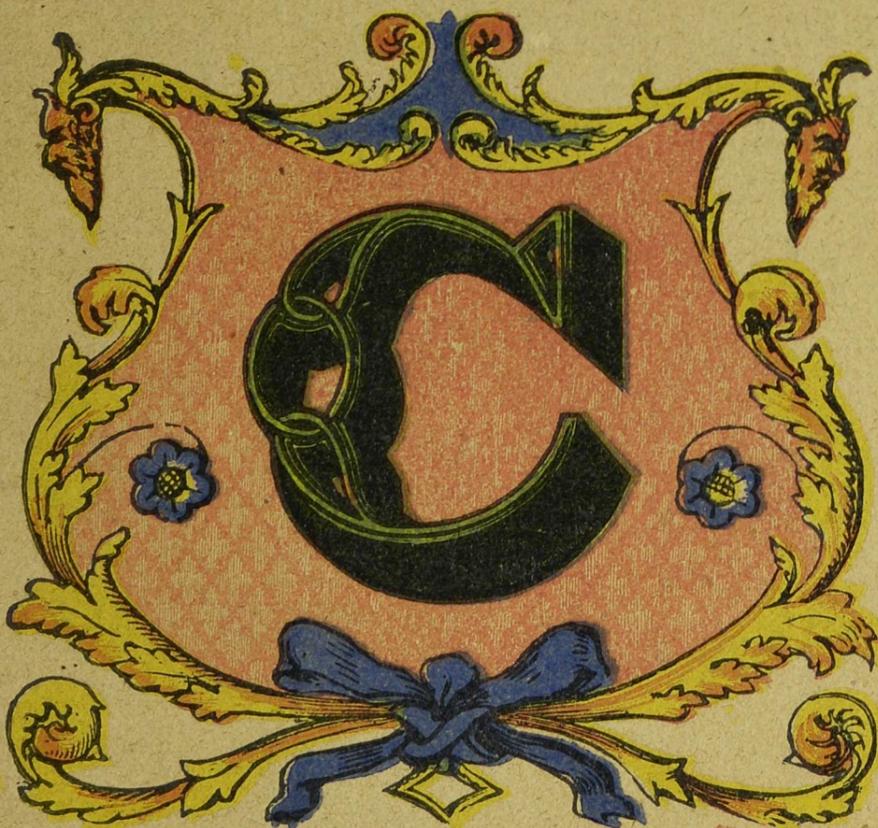




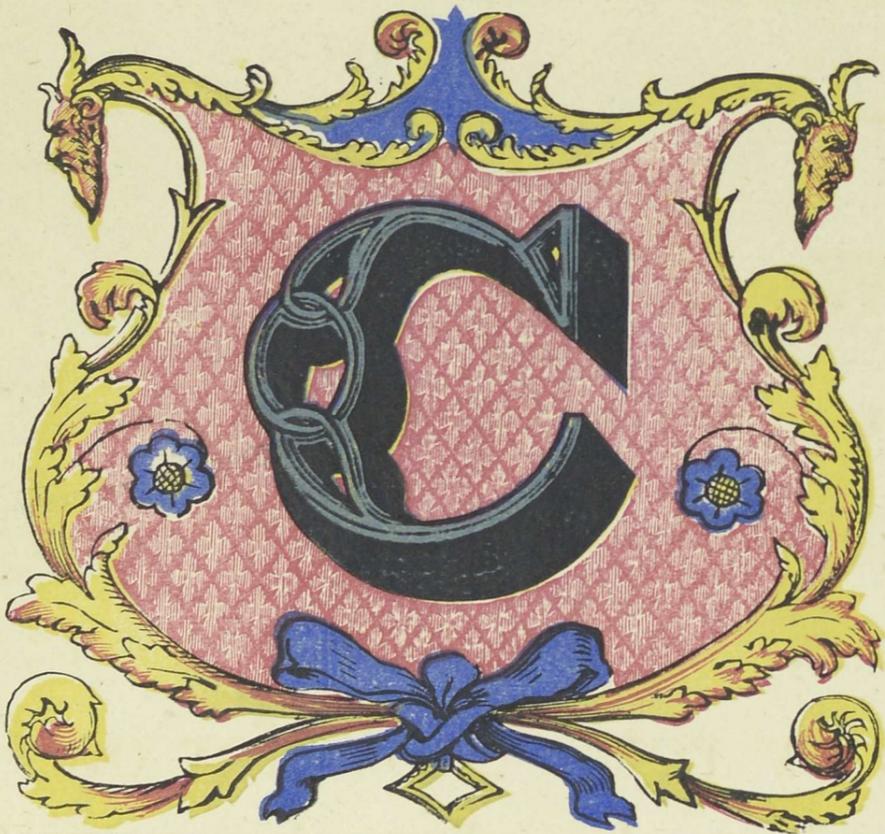
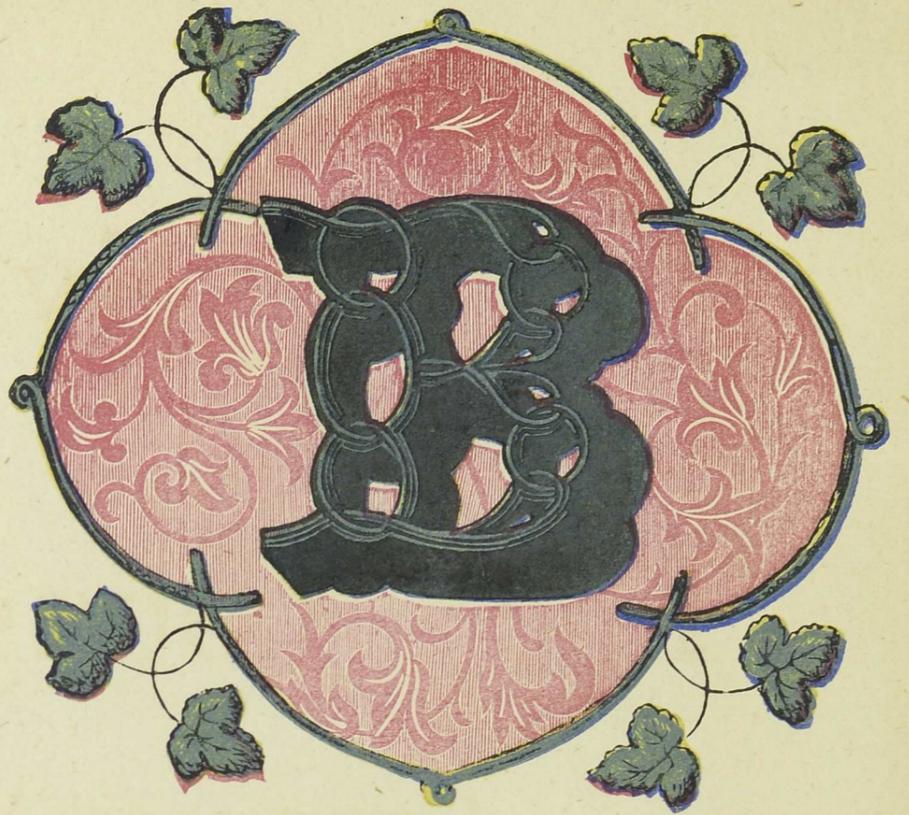
THE ALPHABET,  
WITH  
ONE SYLLABLE TALES



LONDON: DEAN & SON, Printers and Publishers, 65, LUDGATE-HILL, E. C.



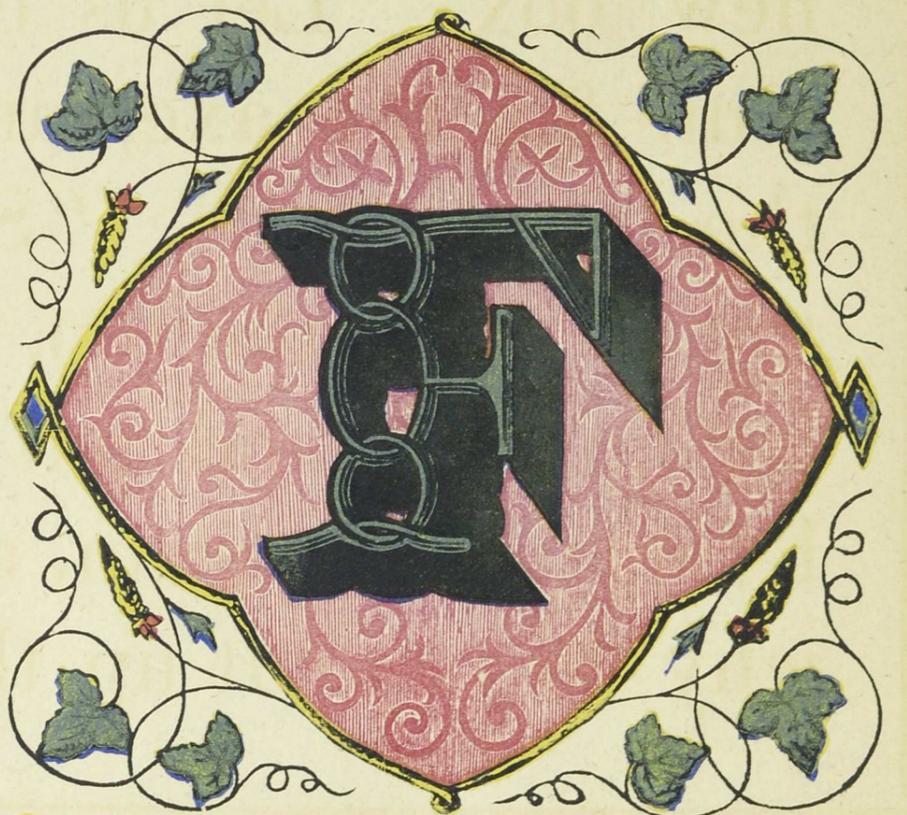
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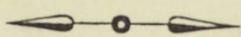


# One Syllable Tales,

FOR

## The Young and Good:

Commencing with Words of Three Letters.



### The New Box.

“May I buy a new box for my top?”  
“No, ask Tom to saw you off a log of the old elm tree. The log is wet, for the sap is in it; dry it in the sun, or it may rot. Now for our new box. Let us cut the elm log in two. Run for the axe, and the awl. How big is the box to be?” “So big as to fit my peg-top.” “Get the top, and let us see how big it is; now try and put it in. It is a fit. Now let us mix the gum, and fix on the lid. Sam, why do you cut up the old toy-box?” “It is

of no use to me now.” “Oh! do not say so, you may see the use of it one day, and say, ‘Oh! if I had an old toy-box, to put my tin men in; but I cut up my old one.’”

I saw an odd box one day. It was all in zig-zag,—a bit of oak, and of yew, and of elm, and of box, and of ash, and of fir. It was a tea box. Was it not an odd box?

## Sly Joe.

“Who ate the pie out of the tin? Joe, did you?” “No, I saw Dot, the cat, eat it. May I get the rod, and hit her?” “Yes, it is fit for Dot to be hit, as it was bad of her to rob us of our pie; but tie her to the bed, or she may be off.” So Joe got the rod and hit the cat. Oh! how she did mew.

Now Ann ran in and did say, Oh! do not use the cat so ill as to hit her, for she did not eat the pie, but Joe ate it. I saw him go

to the pan on tip-toe, and eat it all up, and he hid the tin in the box." "Oh! fie! Joe, how red you get! You sad bad boy, to say the cat ate the pie. Say not it was a fib, for a fib is a lie, and a lie is a bad sin. Ann had her eye on you, and God saw you too. Now, Ann, tie him to the bed, and get the rod, and hit him *as oft* as he hit the cat." Oh! let me off, let me off." "Nay, do not let him off one rap. Hit him *as oft* as he hit the cat, for if he is let to be a bad boy, he may be a bad man. Now go out of my way, you bad boy. Ann, put Joe to bed, and let no one go to him. A boy who can do so ill an act, may not sit by us at tea; but let Dot be fed, and pat and pet her, and let her sit by you on the rug."

So Joe had the rod, and was put to bed in the day, and got no tea. See how sad it is to tell a lie!



## Bad Bet.

Bet was bid to sew her cap. A pin was put in it, to fix it for her, but she let the cat lie on her lap, and get at the wax in her box, and so the pin got out, and she did her cap so ill, she had to un-do it, and hem it up. Now Tom ran in to ask Ann to put on his new hat, for he was to go out in the gig, and Bet too. But Ann did not let Bet go,—so she had to sit and sew all day in the sun, and did not go out in the gig.

**Do not ask for all you see.**

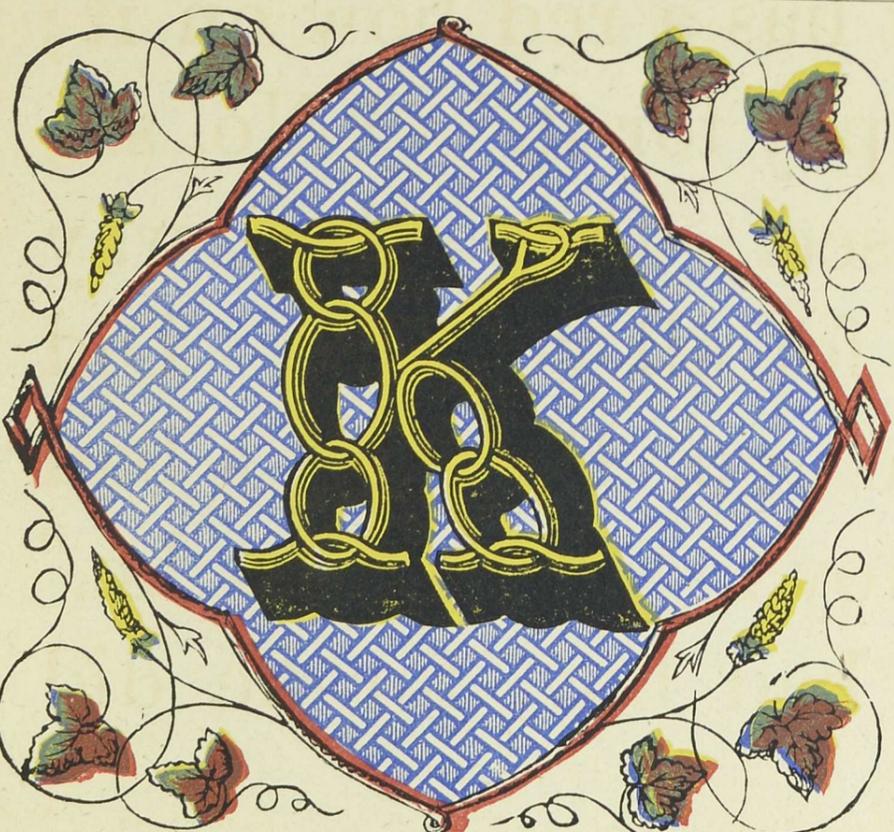
“I see a new hat. It has a red bow on it; Ann, buy it for me, and pay for it.” “No, sir, do not ask for all you see. It is a bad way for you to get in, to ask for all you see. Did you not say, a day or two ago, Bob was a bad boy, to ask for a new toy? Be not as he.” “Yes, Ann, Bob was a bad boy, for he did



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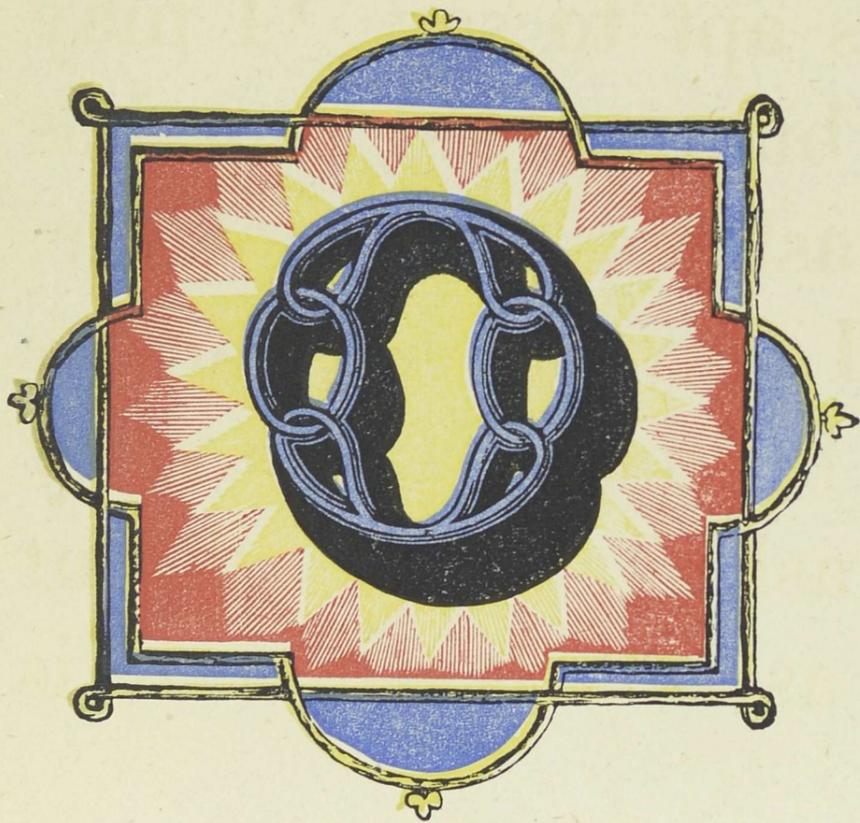
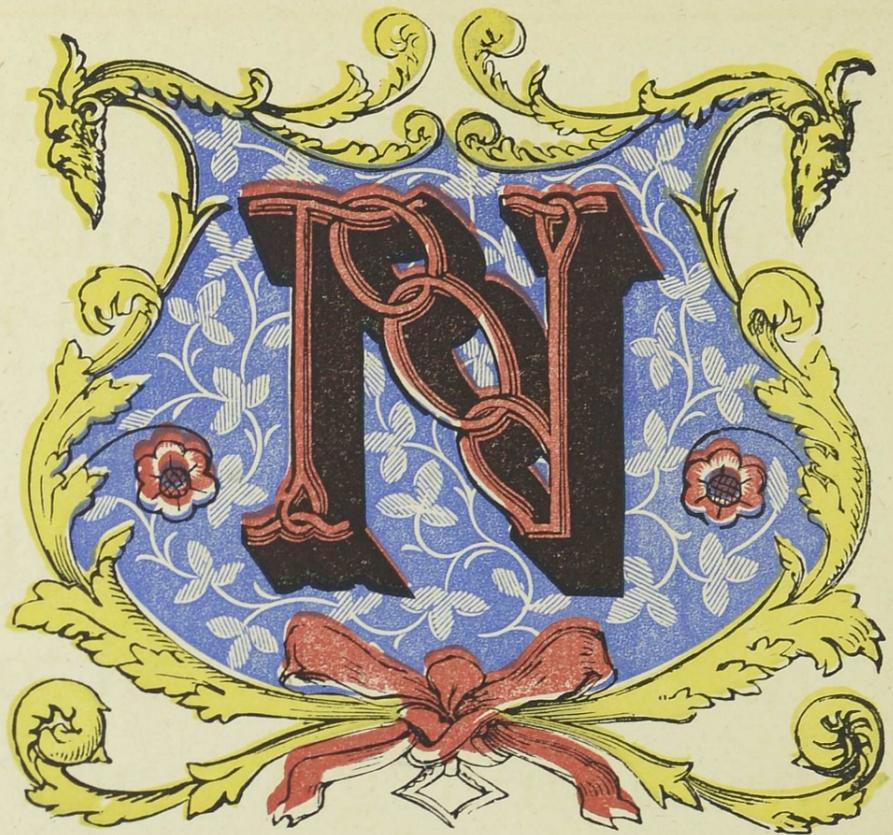




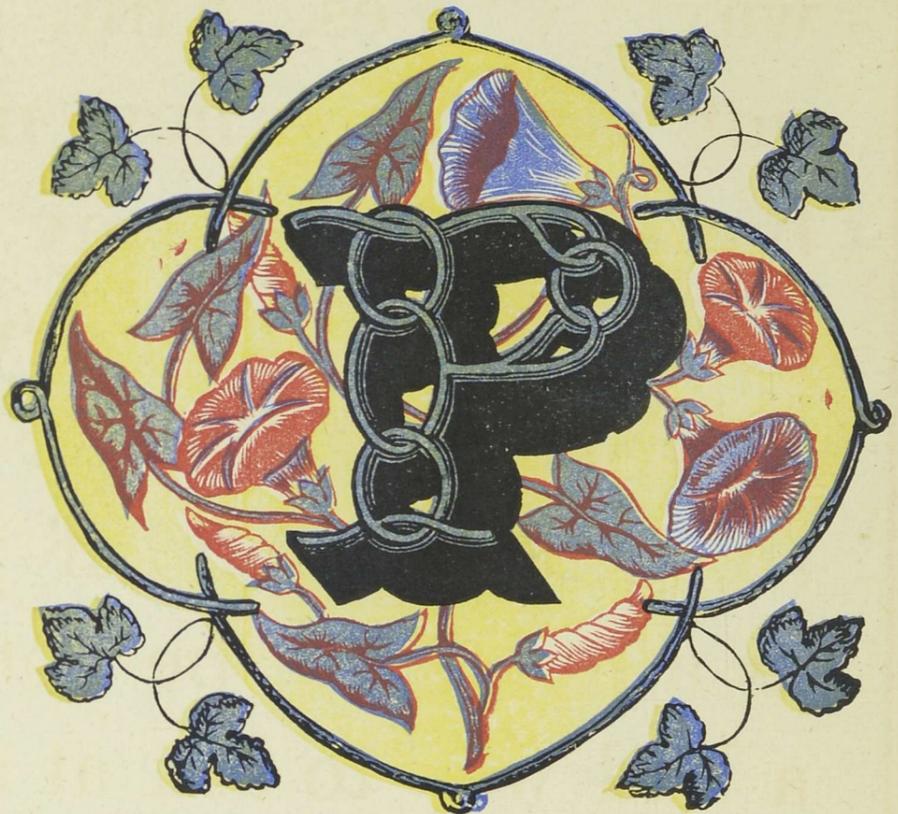




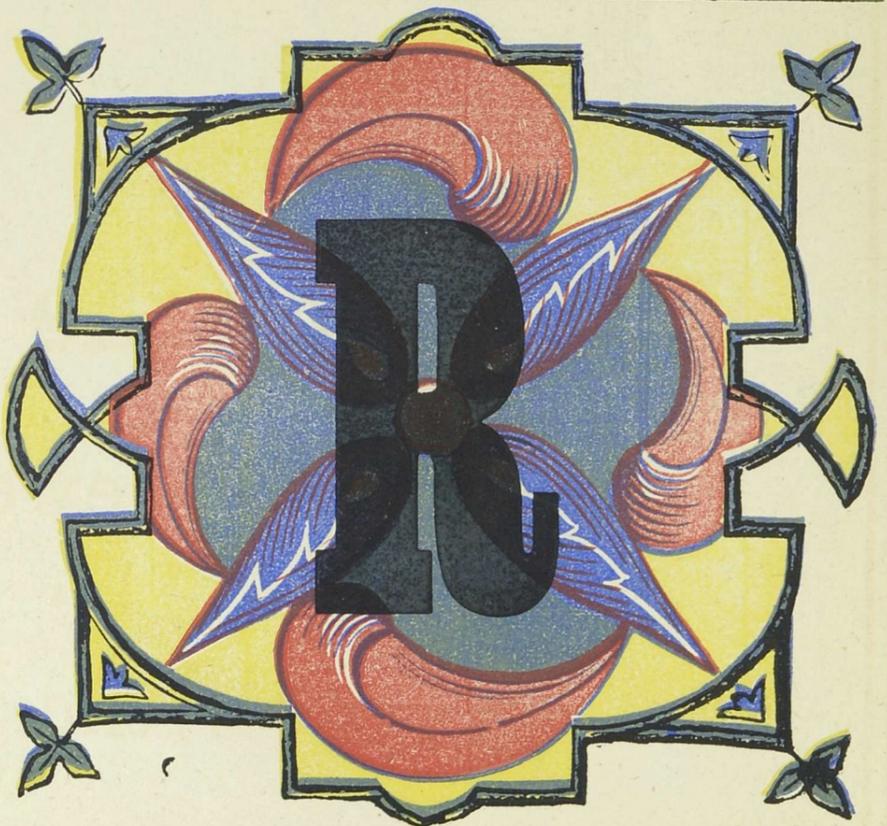
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sob and cry for a new gun ; but may I not ask for a new hat to put on, if I go out in the gig, for my cap is so old ?” “It is not too old yet, and, if it is fit, I can get you a new one to put on if you go out in the gig, but do not ask for it. Bob is bid not to ask, but he has a way of his own to get a new toy, and it is a sly bad way.” “Yes, Ann, he is apt to say, ‘I may not ask for a new nag, but my old nag has but one leg. I may not ask for a mug of ale, but I am hot and dry. I may not ask for the new hat, but I see it can fit me.’ Now to say so, *is* to ask, and if you ask for a toy, ask out as a man, and be not sly as Bob is,—but it is a bad way to ask at all.”

## **The Ram, the Ewe, and the Kid.**

A ram and a ewe one day met a kid, who had no dam. The ewe was sad for the kid, who did beg of the ram to let her be her own

kid. "Are we not oft put to the end of our wit, to get a bit to eat?" the ram did say. "May she not be in our way?" "Nay, do not say so. One day she may be of use to us; and, if not, yet we are bid to aid all who are in woe." "It is all one to me," the ram did say; "do as you see fit, but I do not see how a kid can be of use." So the ram let the ewe get her own way, and the kid was to her as her own pet Nan.

Now, one day, an asp got on the ewe, as she lay on a bed of hay for a nap. But ere the asp bit her leg, the kid did butt it off, so the ewe did not die. "Ah!" the ewe did say to the ram, "do not you *now see the use of the kid?*"

## The Good Dog.

Tiny was a small black dog. He was often to be seen on a mat, at the door.

Tiny was kept to lead a poor blind girl, and he was such a good dog; he was a pet with all who knew him.

One day, I met the blind girl and her dog Tiny in the lane. She said, "I do not know what I should do if I had not Tiny to lead me; he keeps on, trot, trot, not too fast, nor yet too slow; and he will not go out of the path, so that I feel safe under his care."

Are you not glad to hear the poor girl had such a good dog as Tiny to lead her?

## The Fire.

"Bring your stool, James, my love, and come and sit by the fire. You are cold, the fire will warm you. It is the gas in the coal that makes the bright blaze."

"Where does coal come from, mamma?"

"Coal is dug out of the earth. It is of great use to us; it keeps us warm, and we

cook our food with the fires which are made from coal.

“In some parts of the world, wood is used for fires. Wood was much used for fires at one time in our land. At that time there was more wood in our land than there is now.

“Some wood fires are made on the hearth, not in iron grates, like coal fires are.

“When we were out to-day, did you see those poor boys in the lane. They live in the cots there, and pick up bits of stick to make a fire with, for they are too poor to buy coals. You ought to thank God for the nice warm fire you have; and do all you can to help poor folks who can-not get any.”

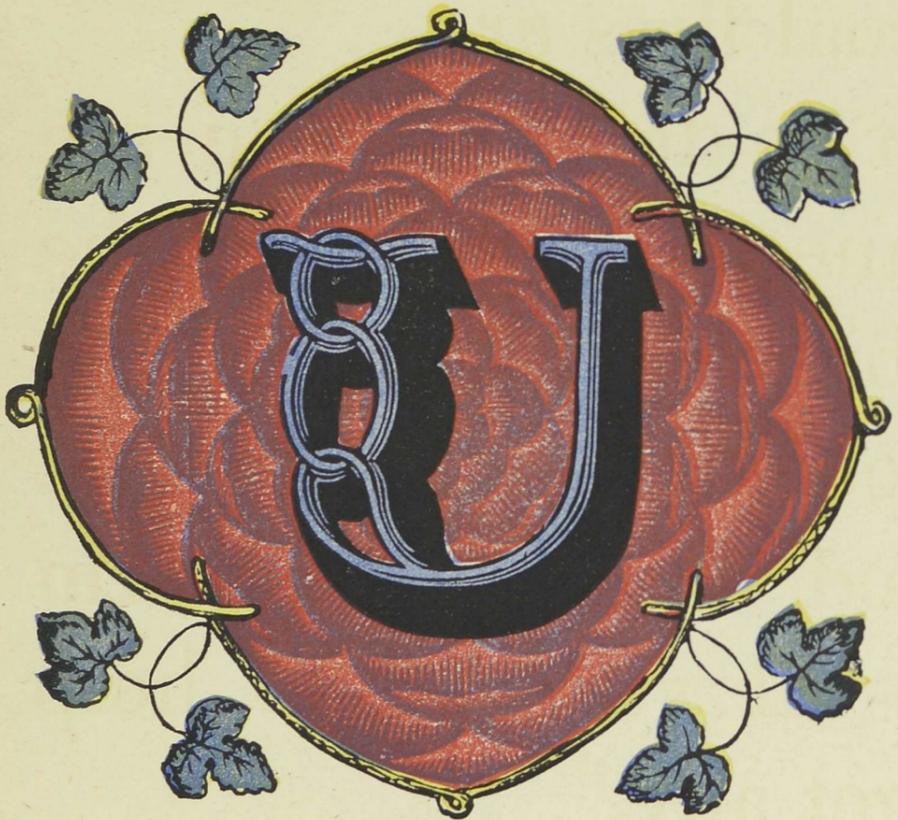
## **The Blind Man**

“Look at that poor blind man, and his dog. Open the gate and let him in.”

“Do you know him?”



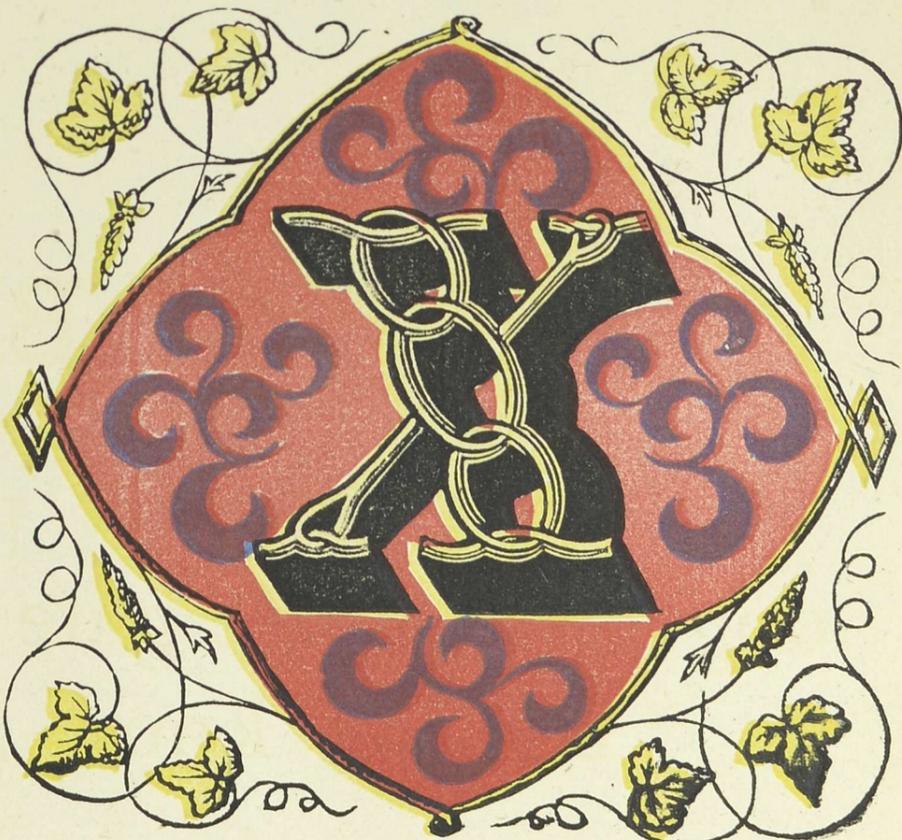
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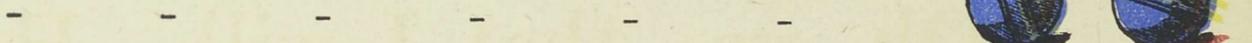


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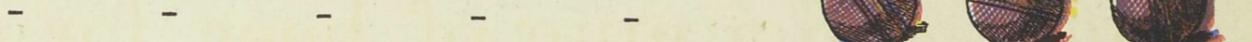
Here is ONE black ball



Here are TWO blue balls



Here are THREE brown balls



Here are FOUR red apples



Here are FIVE golden pippins



Here are SIX blue plums



Here are SEVEN pretty flower-pots



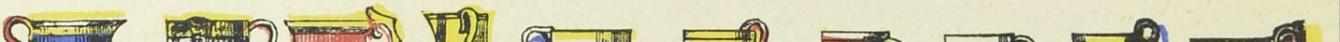
Here are EIGHT royal crowns



Here are NINE elegant bird cages



And TEN handsome mugs



“Yes; I went to his house one day. It is a long way from here.”

“Ask him to sit down, and have some food.”

“Here, poor man, rest on this seat by the tree; then you can be in the shade, and your dog can lie by your side.”

“Thank you,” said the poor blind man. “I shall be glad to sit and rest, for I have come a long way.”

“Here is a nice bone for your dog. He is a good dog, and will like a bone, I am sure.”

“May I ask you to fill this can with water? if you will be so good.”

“Oh, yes, that I will. Here is bread and meat, and a mug of beer, for you.”

“Oh, thank you!”

## **A Ride in the Boat.**

“Come, Fred, papa says we may have a row in the boat.”

“Oh! that will be nice this warm day.”

“I see a boy with a pole and a long line. Look, he has got a fish. How glad he is.”

“Here is papa. Now we are off. How fast we go. May I try and row?”

“No; you can not hold the oar.”

“Can you get me that li-ly near the bank?”

“Yes; here it is. It has made my hand wet. Now Fred, mind you do not fall in. I will get one for you.”

“I can smell some hay. Let us go on, and we shall soon see the boys and girls toss the hay from side to side in the sun.”

“May we get out of the boat and help them?”

“Yes, if you like; it will be fine fun.”

“Will you put some hay on me, if I lie down?”

“Yes, I will; and you may hide in the hay, if you like.”

“It is now time to get in the boat, and go home.”

## The Fly.

“A poor fly has got in-to my milk, Ann.”

“Help it out with your spoon. You would like to save its life, I am sure.”

“Oh, yes! Here, poor fly, get on the bowl of my spoon. There, you are safe now. See how busy he is, he rubs the milk off his head with his fore legs, and then he rubs his hind legs one on to the o-ther. Look! he will fly to the lamp; and if he does not take care, he will get burnt.”

“I have seen some bad boys hurt poor flies, and laugh when they see them try to walk or fly. Such boys, I think, will make bad men, when they grow up.

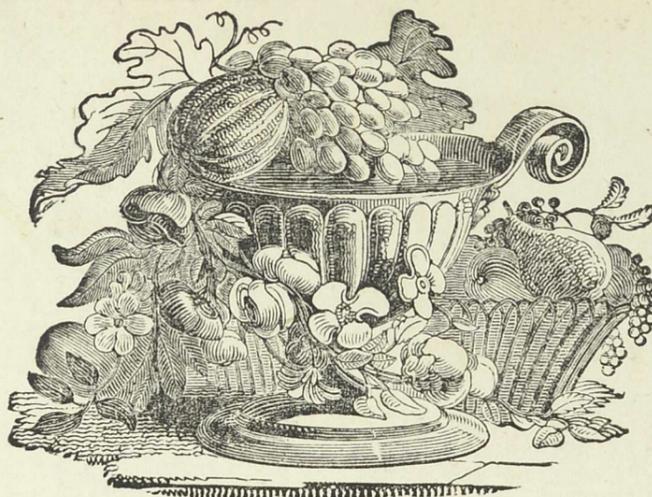
“There, James, the poor fly you saved has flown off. It has not got hurt, and it seems ve-ry glad. If it could speak, it would thank you, I dare say. It is best to be kind; no one likes cru-el boys. I hope you think so, James.”

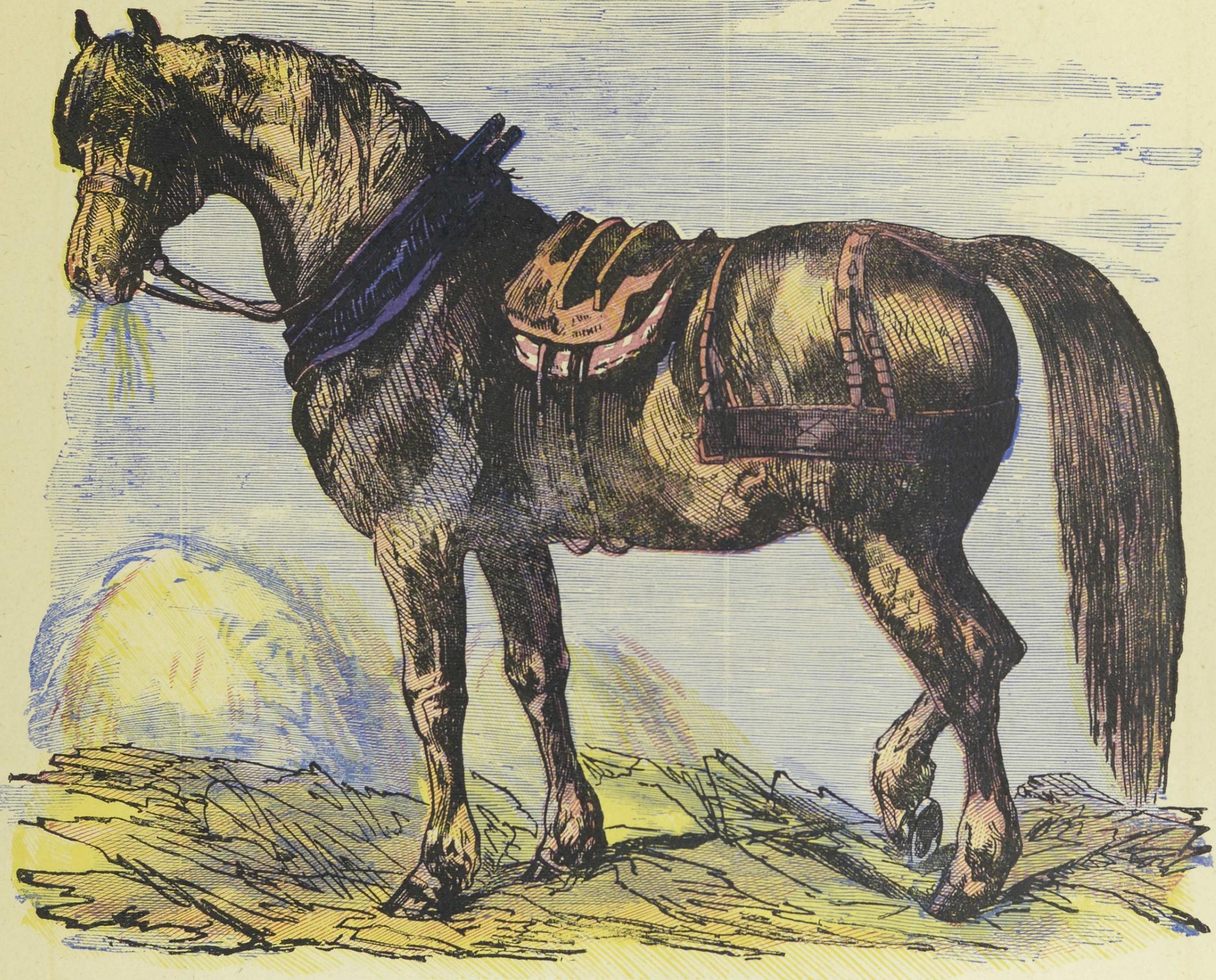
“Yes, Ann, I do; we feel so glad when we have been kind.”

“True; and when you think of that, you will feel glad that you did that kind act. If you had hurt the poor thing, you could not be glad; no, I think you would feel it was wrong.

“God bids us to be kind. He is kind to us. He it is who gives us all that we have; and He it is who can take all from us.

“Now, my dear child, rise up and thank Him for the meal you have just eat-en.”





### THE HORSE.

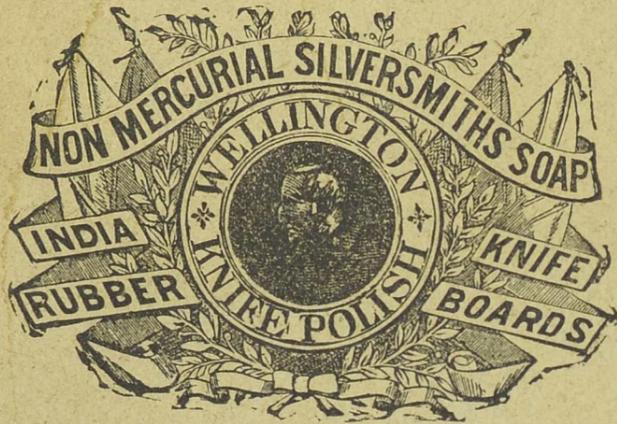
HERE you see a very strong Horse; he looks hardy, and willing to do any work he may be put to, whether to draw the cart or the plough. Horses are found in all parts of the world, and are very useful to man. The rider governs his horse by signs, which he makes with the bit, the foot, or the knee. The hair of the tail is woven into a kind of cloth, called horse-hair. After death, the Horse can be turned into use;—their skins are tanned and made into leather, glue is made from their hoofs, and their flesh furnishes food for dogs and cats. What a pity it is that cruel men should ever illuse or overwork such a noble and useful beast.

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(Signed) { EDWIN LANKESTER, THOMAS HILLIER, C. H. F. ROUTH, GEORGE BUCHANAN, CHARLES STEELE, J. BRAXTON HICKS,  
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