

Print Writing Practice

Name: _____ Date: _____

As soon as we had arrived at the rock my uncle

took the compass, laid it horizontally, and

questioned the needle, which, after a few

oscillations, presently assumed a fixed position.

My uncle looked, and looked, and looked again. He

rubbed his eyes, and then turned to me

thunderstruck with some unexpected discovery.

"What is the matter?" I asked.