



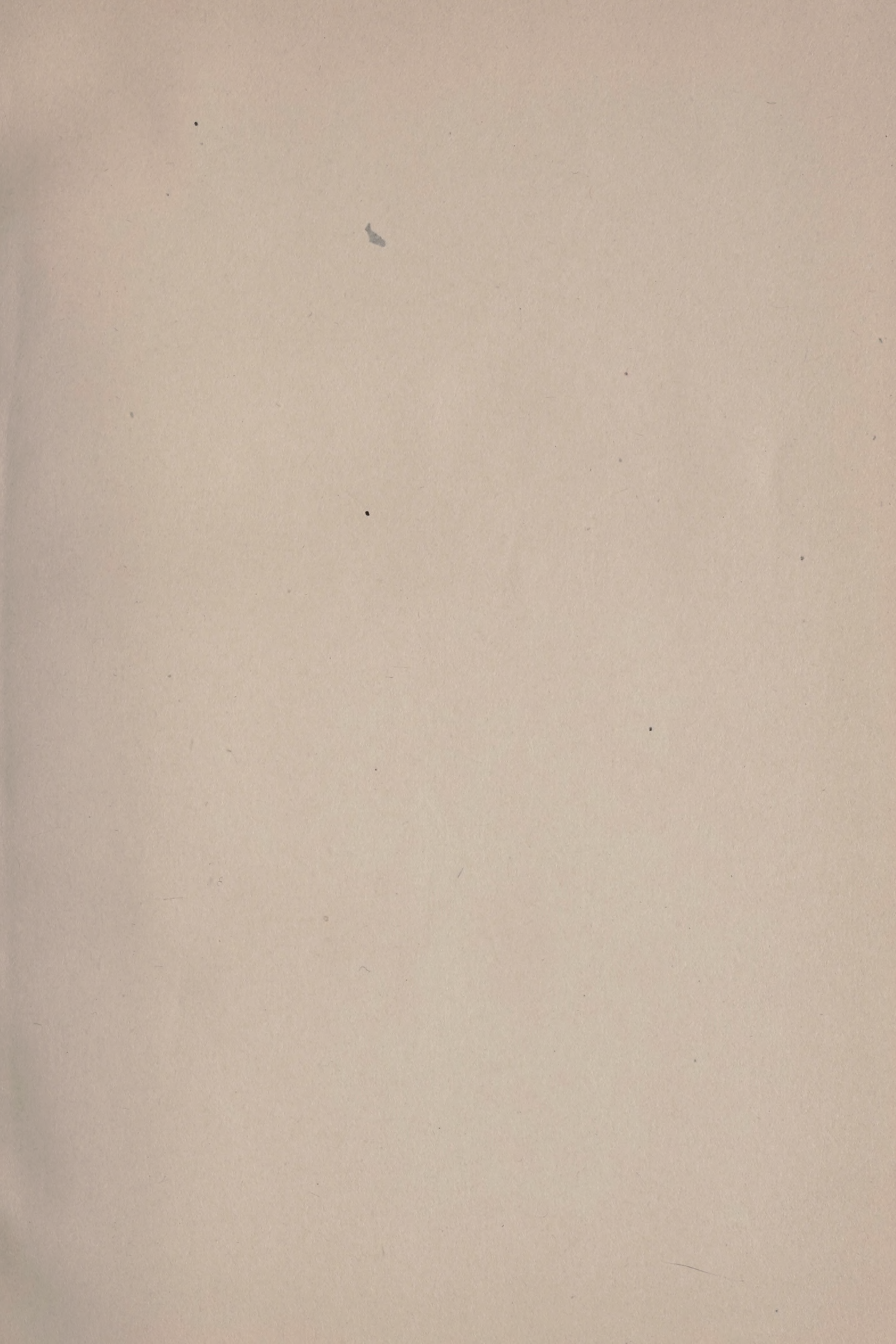
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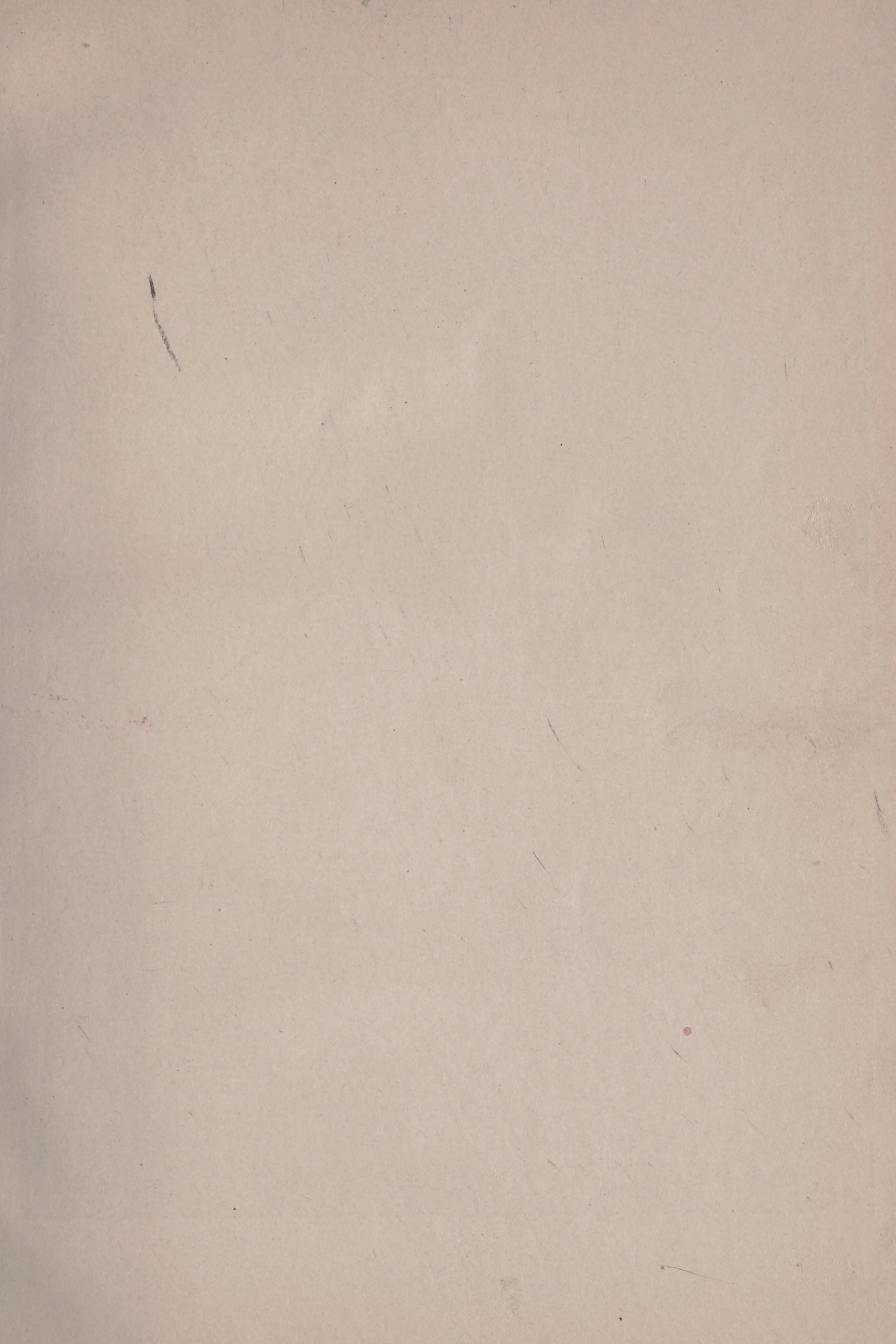
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All the Ducks, Geese and Chickens in the yard ran after the ugly Duckling whenever it appeared.

The Ugly Duckling.

THE UGLY DUCKLING

AND OTHER STORIES

193
1939



With 115 Illustrations and a Frontispiece in Colors.

A. L. BURT COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
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THE UGLY DUCKLING

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Ugly Duckling	I
Brave Baby	16
Pet in the Country—VIII.....	19
Talking Rain	21
Robin Boy's Riddles—II.....	22
New Santa Claus.....	24
Acrostic	27
Duke's Plaything	28
This is My Dolly.....	30
She Goes a Nutting.....	31
Sir John	35
Two Boys—Two Men.....	37
First Love	38
Dog That Did Not Speak English.....	42
How Charlie Bathed Alone.....	45
Fourth of July.....	49
Harry's Bug-a-Boo	51
Pet in the Country—VII.....	53
Thanksgiving Story	55
Party of Seventeen.....	57
Fairies' Gift	61
Queen of Puddings.....	64
Two Valentines	68
Cow that Cleared the Table.....	71
Mother Tree's Good-by.....	74
Cow in the Pantry.....	75
Rover's Story	77

	PAGE
Frightened Cow	79
Colonel's Bath	82
Four Years Old.....	84
Maple Candy	84
Baby's First Party.....	87
Pet in the Country—IV.....	89
Fate of a Squash Pie.....	92
Little Girl's Wedding Gift.....	95
Little Grandmother	97
Roy and Wonder.....	100
Rebecca and Isaac.....	103
Beauty and Pepper.....	105
Lady Bear	107
Uncle Phil's Story.....	109
Pet in the Country—V.....	112
P. G.'s Donkey Ride.....	115
Mother Hubbard's Christmas Cupboard.....	117
Happy Millwright	119
Snow-White Robin	120
Hal's Chestnuts	122

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

In the fields how beautiful, how fresh everything looked! It was summer, and the corn was yellow, the oats were green, the hayricks were standing in the verdant meadows, and the stork was walking about on his long, red legs, chattering away in Egyptian—the language he had learned from his lady mother. The cornfields and meadows were surrounded by large forests, in the middle of which lay deep lakes. Oh, it was lovely indeed to walk abroad in the country just then!

In a sunny spot stood an old country house, encircled by canals. Between the wall and the water's edge there grew huge burdock leaves, that had shot up to such a height that a little child might have stood upright under the tallest of them; and this spot was as wild as though it had been situated in the depths of a wood. In this snug retirement a duck was sitting on her nest to hatch her young; but she began to think it a wearisome task, as the little ones seemed very back-



ward in making their appearance; besides, she had few visitors, for the other ducks preferred swimming about in the canals, instead of being at the trouble of climbing up the slope, and then sitting under a burdock leaf to gossip with her.

At length one egg cracked, and then another. "Peep! peep!" cried they, as each yolk became a live thing, and popped out its head.

"Quack! quack!" said the mother, and they tried to cackle like her, while they looked all about them under the green leaves; and she allowed them to look to their hearts' content, because green is good for the eyes.

"How large the world is, to be sure!" said the young ones.

And truly enough, they had rather more room than when they were still in the egg-shell.

“Do you fancy this is the whole world?” cried the mother. “Why, it reaches far away beyond the other side of the garden, down to the parson’s field; though I never went to such a distance as that. But are you not all there?” continued she, rising. “No, faith! you are not; for there still lies the largest egg. I wonder how long this business is to last—I really begin to grow quite tired of it!” And she sat down once more.



“NOW BEND YOUR NECK AND SAY, QUACK.”

“Well, how are you getting on?” inquired an old duck, who came to pay her a visit.

“This egg takes a deal of hatching,” answered the sitting duck. “It won’t break; but just look at the others, are they not the prettiest ducklings ever seen? They are the image of their father, who, by the bye, does not trouble himself to come and see me.”

“Let me look at the egg that won’t break,” quoth the old duck. “Take my word for it, it must be a guinea-fowl’s egg. I was once deceived in the same way, and I bestowed a deal of care and anxiety on the youngsters, for they are afraid of water. I could not make them take to it. I stormed and raved, but it was of no use. Let’s see the egg. Sure enough, it is a guinea-fowl’s egg. Leave it alone, and set about teaching the other children to swim.”

“I’ll just sit upon it a bit longer,” said the duck; “for since I have sat so long, a few days more won’t make much odds.”

“Please yourself,” said the old duck, as she went away.

At length the large egg cracked. “Peep! peep!” squeaked the youngster, as he crept out. How big and ugly he was, to be sure! The duck looked at him, saying: “Really, this is a most enormous duckling! None of the others are like him. I wonder whether he is a guinea-chick after all? Well, we shall soon see when we get down to the water, for in he shall go, though I push him in myself.”

On the following morning the weather was most delightful, and the sun was shining brightly on the green burdock leaves. The mother duck took her young brood down to the canal. Splash into the water she went. “Quack! quack!” cried she, and forthwith one duckling after another jumped in. The water closed over their heads for a moment; but they soon rose to the surface again, and swam about so nicely, just as if their legs paddled them about of their own accord; and they had all taken to the water, even the ugly, grey-coated youngster swam about with the rest.

“Nay, he is no guinea-chick,” said she. “Only look how capitally he uses his legs, and how steady he keeps himself—he’s every inch my own child. And really he’s very pretty when one comes to look at him attentively. Quack! quack!” added she; “now come along, and I’ll take you into high society, and introduce you to the duck-yard; but mind you keep close to me, that nobody may tread upon you, and, above all, beware of the cat.”

They now reached the farmyard, where there was a great hub-bub. Two families were fighting for an eel’s head, which, in the end, was carried off by the cat.

“See, children, that’s the way with the world!” remarked the mother of the ducklings, licking her beak, for she would have been very glad to have had the eel’s head for herself. “Now move on!” said she, “and mind you cackle properly, and bow your head before that old duck yonder. She is the noblest born of them all, and is of Spanish descent, and that’s why she is so dignified; and look! she has a red rag tied to her leg, which is the greatest mark of dis-

inction that can be bestowed upon a duck, as it shows an anxiety not to lose her, and that she should be recognized by both beast and man. Now cackle—and don't turn in your toes; a well-bred duckling spreads his feet wide apart, like papa and mamma, in this sort of way. Now bend your neck, and say 'Quack!' "

The ducklings did as they were bid; but the other ducks, after looking at them, only said aloud: "Now, look! here comes another set, as if we were not numerous enough already. And, bless me! what a queer-looking chap one of the ducklings is, to be sure; we can't put up with him!" And one of the throng darted forward and bit him in the neck.

"Leave him alone," said the mother; "he did no harm to any one."

"No; but he is too big and uncouth," said the biting duck, "and therefore he wants a thrashing."

"Mamma has a sweet little family," said the old duck with the rag about her leg; "they are all pretty except one, who is rather ill-favored. I wish mamma could polish him a bit."

"I'm afraid that will be impossible, your grace," said the mother of the ducklings. "It's true, he is not pretty, but he has a very good disposition, and swims as well, or perhaps better than all the others put together. However, he may grow prettier, and perhaps become smaller; he remained too long in the egg-shell, and therefore his figure is not properly formed." And with this she smoothed down the ruffled feathers of his neck, adding: "At all events, as he is a male duck, it won't matter so much. I think he'll prove strong, and be able to fight his way through the world."

"The other ducklings are elegant little creatures," said the old duck. "Now, make yourself at home; and if you should happen to find an eel's head, you can bring it to me."

And so the family made themselves comfortable.

But the poor duckling who had been the last to creep out of his egg-shell, and look so ugly, was bitten, pushed about, and made game of, not only by the ducks, but by the hens. They all declared

he was much too big, and a guinea-fowl who fancied himself at least an emperor, because he had come into the world with spurs, now puffed himself up like a vessel in full sail and flew at the duckling, and blustered till his head turned completely red, so that



THE GIRL WHO FED THE POULTRY KICKED HIM.

the poor little thing did not know where he could walk or stand, and was quite grieved at being so ugly that the whole farmyard scouted him.

Nor did matters mend the next day, or the following ones, but rather grew worse and worse. The poor duckling was hunted

down by everybody. Even his sisters were so unkind to him that they were continually saying: "I wish the cat would run away with you, you ugly creature!" While his mother added: "I wish you had never been born!" And the ducks pecked at him, the hens struck him, and the girl who fed the poultry used to kick him.

So he ran away, and flew over the palings. The little birds in the bushes were startled, and took wing. "That is because I am so ugly," thought the duckling, as he closed his eyes, though he ran on further till he came to a large marsh inhabited by wild ducks. Here he spent the whole night, and tired and sorrowful enough he was.

On the following morning, when the wild ducks rose and saw their new comrade, they said; "What sort of a creature are you?" Upon which the duckling greeted them all round as civilly as he knew how.

"You are remarkably ugly," observed the wild ducks; "but we don't care about that so long as you do not want to marry into our family." Poor, forlorn creature! He had truly no such thoughts in his head. All he wanted was to obtain leave to lie among the rushes, and drink a little of the marsh water.

He remained there for two whole days, at the end of which there came two wild geese, or, more properly speaking, goslings, who were only just out of the egg-shell, and consequently very pert.

"I say, friend," quoth they, "you are so ugly that we should have no objection to you with us for a travelling companion. In the neighboring marsh there dwell some sweetly pretty female geese, all of them unmarried, and who cackle most charmingly. Perhaps you may have a chance to pick up a wife amongst them, ugly as you are."

Pop! pop! sounded through the air, and the two wild goslings fell dead amongst the rushes, while the water turned as red as blood. Pop! pop! again echoed around, and whole flocks of wild geese flew up from the rushes. Again and again the same alarming noise was heard. It was a shooting party, and the sports-



“WHAT’S THAT?” SAID THE WOMAN, LOOKING ROUND.

men surrounded the whole marsh, while others had climbed into the branches of the trees that overshadowed the rushes. A blue mist rose in clouds and mingled with the green leaves, and sailed far away across the water; a pack of dogs next flounced into the marsh. Splash, splash, they went, while the reeds and rushes bent beneath them on all sides. What a fright they occasioned the poor duckling! He turned away his head to hide it under his wing, when, lo! a tremendous-looking dog, with his tongue lolling out and his eyes glaring fearfully, stood right before him, opening his jaws and showing his sharp teeth, as though he would gobble up the poor little duckling at a mouthful; but splash, splash, on he went without touching him.

“Thank goodness!” sighed the duckling, “I am so ugly that even a dog won’t bite me.”

And he lay quite still, while the shot rattled through the rushes, and pop after pop echoed through the air.

It was not till late in the day that all became quiet, but the poor youngster did not yet venture to rise, but waited several hours before he looked about him, and then hastened out of the marsh as fast as he could go. He ran across fields and meadows, till there arose such a storm that he could scarcely get on at all.

Towards evening he reached a wretched little cottage, that was in such a tumble-down condition, that if it remained standing at all, could only be from not yet having made up its mind on which side it should fall first. The tempest was now raging to such a height that the duckling was forced to sit down to stem the wind, when he perceived that the door hung so loosely on one of its hinges that he could slip into the room through the crack, which he accordingly did.

The inmates of the cottage were a woman, a tom-cat, and a hen. The tom-cat, whom she called her darling, could raise his back and purr; and he could even throw out sparks, provided he was stroked against the grain. The hen had small, short legs, for which reason she was called Henny Shortlegs; she laid good eggs, and her mistress loved her as if she had been her own child.

Next morning they perceived the little stranger, when the tom-cat began to purr, and the hen to cluck.

“What’s that?” said the woman, looking round. Not seeing very distinctly, she mistook the duckling for a fat duck that had lost its way. “Why, this is quite a prize!” added she; “I can now get duck’s eggs, unless, indeed, it be a male! We must wait a bit and see.”

So the duckling was kept on trial for three weeks; but no eggs were forthcoming. The tom-cat and the hen were the master and mistress of the house, and always said: “We and the world”—for they fancied themselves to be the half, and by far the best half too, of the whole universe. The duckling thought there might be two opinions on this point; but the hen would not admit of any such doubts.

“Can you lay eggs?” asked she.

“No.”

“Then have the goodness to hold your tongue.”

And the tom-cat inquired:

“Can you raise your back, or purr, or throw out sparks?”

“No.”

“Then you have no business to have any opinion at all, when rational people are talking.”

The duckling sat in a corner very much out of spirits, when in came the fresh air and the sunshine, which gave him such a strange longing to swim on the water, that he could not help saying so to the hen.

“What’s this whim?” said she. “That comes of being idle. If you could either lay eggs or purr, you would not indulge in such fancies.”

“But it is so delightful to swim about on the water!” observed



THE DUCKLING SAT IN A CORNER VERY MUCH OUT OF SPIRITS.

the duckling, "and to feel it close over one's head when one dives down to the bottom."

"A great pleasure, indeed!" quoth the hen. "You must be crazy, surely! Only ask the cat—for he is the wisest creature I know—how he would like to swim on the water, or to dive under it. To say nothing of myself, just ask our old mistress, who is wiser than anybody in the world, whether she'd relish swimming and feeling the waters close above her head."

"You can't understand me!" said the duckling.

"We can't understand you? I should like to know who could. You don't suppose you are wiser than the tom-cat and our mistress—to say nothing of myself? Don't take these idle fancies into your head, child; but thank Heaven for all the kindness that has been shown you. Have you not found a warm room, and company that might improve you? But you are a mere chatter-box, and there's no pleasant intercourse to be had with you. And you may take my word for it, for I mean you well. I say disagreeable things, which is a mark of true friendship. Now, look to it, and mind that you either lay eggs or learn to purr and emit sparks."

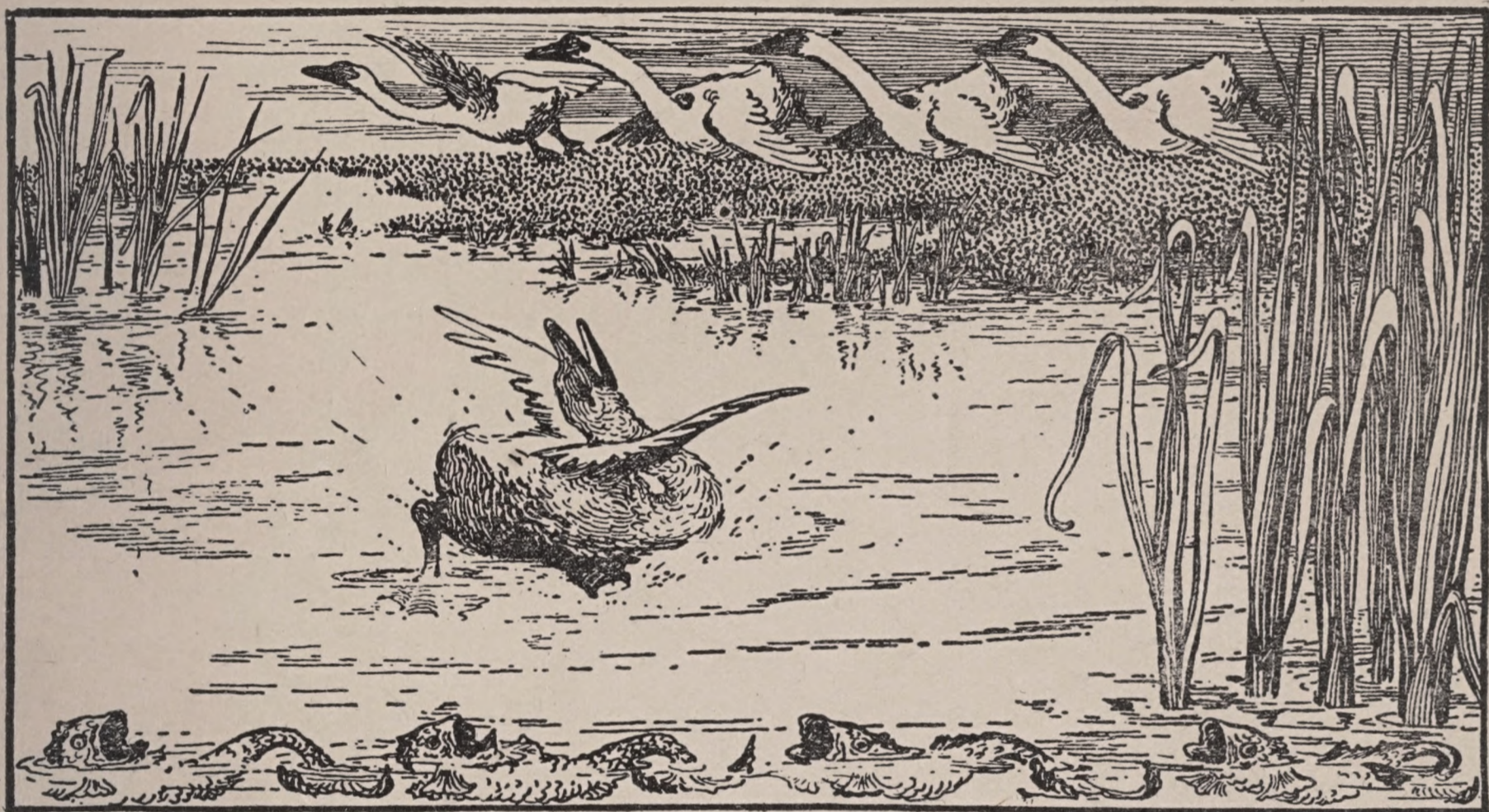
"I think I'll take my chance, and go abroad into the wide world," said the duckling.

"Do," said the hen.

And the duckling went forth, and swam on the water, and dived beneath its surface; but he was slighted by all other animals, on account of his ugliness.

Autumn had now set in. The leaves of the forests had turned first yellow and then brown; and the wind caught them up and made them dance about. It began to be very cold in the higher regions of the air, and the clouds looked heavy with hail and flakes of snow; while the raven sat on a hedge, crying "Caw! caw!" from sheer cold; and one began to shiver if one merely thought about it. The poor duckling had a bad time of it! One evening, just as the sun was setting in all its glory, there came a whole flock of beautiful large birds from a large grove. The duckling had never seen any

so lovely before. They were dazzlingly white, with long, graceful necks; they were swans. They uttered a peculiar cry, and then spread their magnificent wings, and away they flew from the cold country to warmer lands across the open sea. They rose so high—so high that the ugly duckling felt a strange sensation come over him. He turned round and round in the water like a wheel, stretched his neck up into the air towards them, and uttered so loud and strange a cry, that he was frightened at it himself. Oh! never could he again forget those beautiful, happy birds; and when they



HE TURNED ROUND AND ROUND IN THE WATER LIKE A WHEEL.

were quite out of sight, he dived down to the bottom of the water, and when he once more rose to the surface, he was half beside himself. He knew not how these birds were called, nor whither they were bound; but he felt an affection for them such as he had never yet experienced for any living creature. Nor did he even presume to envy them; for how could it ever have entered his head to wish himself endowed with their loveliness? He would have been glad enough if the ducks had merely suffered him to remain among them—poor ugly animal that he was!

And the winter proved so very, very cold! The duckling was obliged to keep swimming about, for fear the water should freeze entirely; but every night the hole in which he swam grew smaller and smaller. It now froze so hard that the surface of the ice cracked again; yet the duckling still paddled about, to prevent the hole from closing up. At last he was so exhausted that he lay insensible, and became ice-bound.

Early next morning a peasant came by, and, seeing what had happened, broke the ice to pieces with his wooden shoe, and carried the duckling home to his wife; so the little creature was revived once more.



THE CHILDREN WOULD HAVE PLAYED WITH HIM.

The children wished to play with him; but the duckling thought they meant to hurt him, and in his fright he bounced right into a bowl of milk, that was spirted all over the room. The woman clapped her hands, which only frightened him still more, and drove him first into the butter-tub, then down into the

meal-tub, and out again. What a scene then ensued! The woman screamed, and flung the tongs at him; the children tumbled over each other in their endeavors to catch the duckling, and laughed and shrieked. Luckily the door stood open, and he slipped through; and then over the faggots, into the newly-fallen snow, where he lay quite exhausted.

But it would be too painful to tell of all the privations and misery that the duckling endured during the hard winter. He



SOME OF THE CHILDREN THREW BREAD-CRUMBS AND CORN INTO THE WATER.

was lying in a marsh, amongst the reeds, when the sun again began to shine. The larks were singing, and the spring had set in in all its beauty.

The duckling now felt able to flap his wings; they rustled much louder than before, and bore him away most sturdily; and, before he was well aware of it, he found himself in a large garden, where the apple-trees were in full blossom, and the fragrant elder was steeping its long, drooping branches in the waters of a winding canal. Oh, how beautiful everything looked in the first freshness of spring! Three magnificent white swans now emerged from the thicket before him; they flapped their wings, and then swam lightly on the surface of the water. The duckling recognized the beautiful creatures, and was impressed with feelings of melancholy peculiar to himself.

“I will fly towards those royal birds, and they will strike me dead for daring to approach them, so ugly as I am! But it matters not. Better to be killed by them than to be pecked at by the ducks, beaten by the hens, pushed about by the girl that feeds the poultry, and to suffer want in the winter.” And he flew into the water, and swam towards these splendid swans, who rushed to meet him with rustling wings the moment they saw him. “Do but kill me!” said the poor animal, as he bent his head down to the surface of the water, and awaited his doom. But what did he see in the clear stream? Why, his own image, which was no longer that of a heavy-looking dark grey bird, ugly and ill-favored, but of a beautiful swan!

It matters not being born in a duck-yard, when one is hatched from a swan’s egg!

He now rejoiced over all the misery and the straits he had endured, as it made him feel the full depth of the happiness that awaited him. And the large swans swam round him, and stroked him with their beaks.

Some little children now came into the garden, and threw bread-crumbs and corn into the water; and the youngest cried:

“There is a new one!” The other children were delighted, too, and repeated: “Yes, there is a new one just come!” And they clapped their hands and capered about, and then flew to their father and mother, and more bread and cake was flung into the water; and all said: “The new one is the prettiest. So young, and so lovely!” And the elder swans bowed before him.

He then felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wings. He did not himself know what to do. He was more than happy, yet none the prouder; for a good heart is never proud. He remembered how he had been pursued and made game of; and now he heard everybody say he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds. Even the elder-bush bent its boughs down to him in the water; and the sun appeared so warm, and so mild! He then flapped his wings, and raised his slender neck, as he cried in the fulness of his heart: “I never dreamed of such happiness while I was an ugly duckling.”





A BRAVE BABY.



LITTLE HELEN saw her papa at work down in his garden one bright spring morning, and she left the window and begged to go to him.

Mamma put on her little hood and coat, and let her run. But when she was half-way across the lawn, Miss Baby stopped in sudden fear.

There was a big, fierce dog in the next yard, in plain sight over the low fence, and he was barking loudly.

Poor little Helen was afraid to move, and she began to cry. But papa saw her trouble, and called her.



“Come, Baby,” he said ; “the dog cannot hurt you.”

Helen had a great deal of faith in her papa ; so she summoned all her courage, and ran down the garden. Then papa took her in his arms to the fence, and showed her that the dog was fastened with a strong chain.

Then Helen laughed in great glee. She climbed upon her papa’s wheelbarrow, and began barking back.

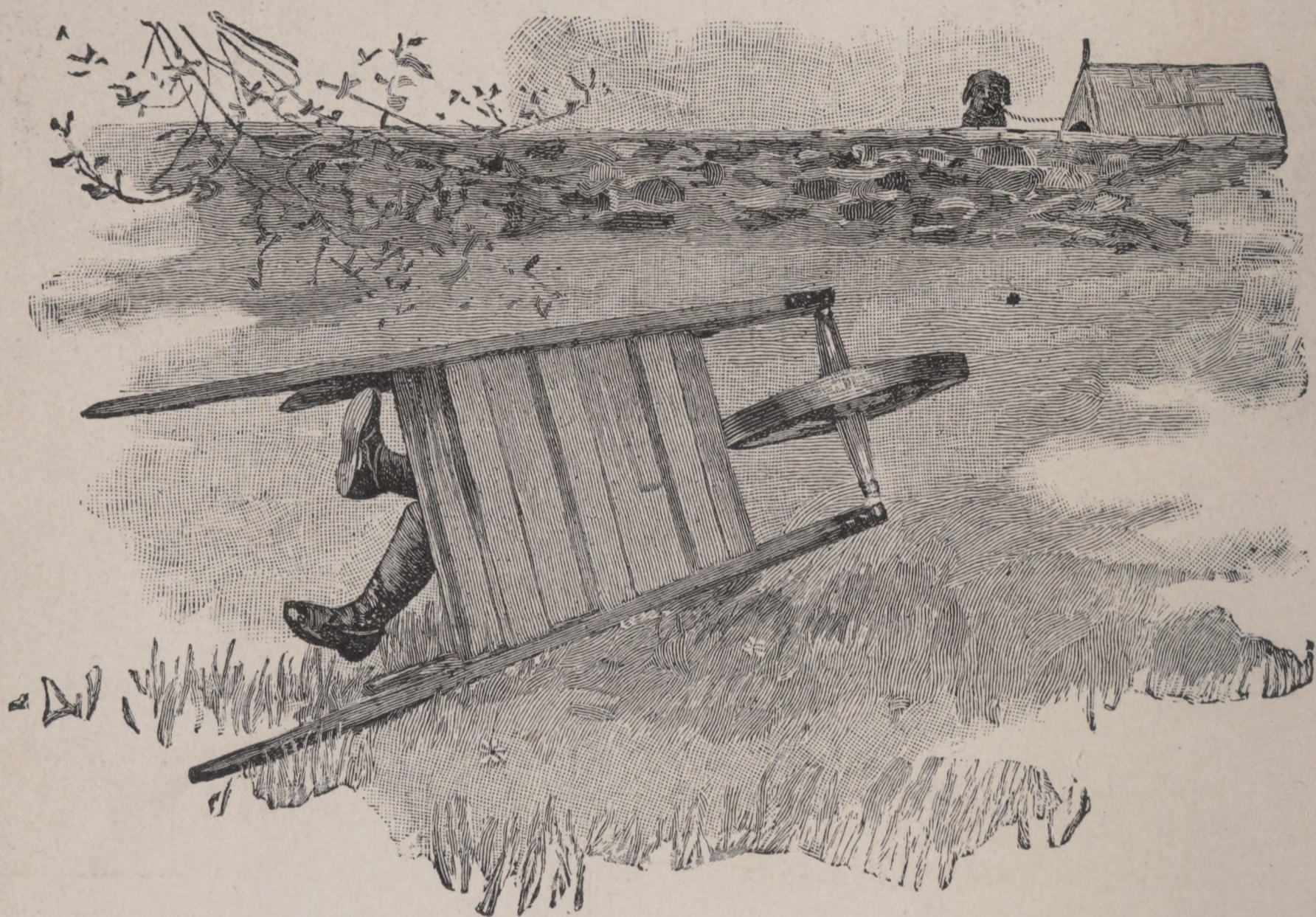
“Bow, wow, wow !” said the dog ; and,

“Wow, wow, wow !” answered Helen.

This was great fun. But suddenly Helen's voice was hushed, and the dog had it all his own way.

What had happened? Papa hurried forward, but all he saw was two little feet with rubber shoes on, sticking out from under the upset wheelbarrow.

Baby had been too much astonished to cry when she turned over



in this way. Papa set up the wheelbarrow and picked up his little girl.

He laughed as he did so, and Helen laughed too; and in a minute up she climbed on the barrow again, calling out, —

“Wow, wow, wow!”

It was such a funny picture that I want it copied in OUR LITTLE ONES for all the babies to see.

PET IN THE COUNTRY. — VIII.

SWEET TURTLES.



As the days grew longer and hotter Pet became more fond of staying out-of-doors. She and Sugar were seldom in the house except at meal-time. Grandpa would take the two "tots," as he called them, all about with him, and Pet began to be a regular little country girl.

She fed the chickens and ducks every night and morning, and even learned how to milk the cows. She helped grandma and Aunt Sally make butter and put up preserves, and was very busy and very happy.

One hot afternoon she and grandma were picking currants at the end of the orchard near the road. Presently Pet heard her name

called, and, looking up, saw a little black face peering over the fence. It was Milly Jackson. She beckoned to Pet, who left her pail and came up to her.

"Don't you want a turtle?" Milly asked.

Now, Pet did want a turtle very much.

Tommy had told her of one he kept under a flower-pot. Pet had a flower-pot, and she thought it would be nice to have the turtle to go under it. So she said yes to Milly's question.

"Then come down to the creek," said Milly, "and we'll find one."

"Grandma told me never to go near the creek," replied Pet.

"Just come for a moment," coaxed Milly. "You'll never get a turtle, you know, unless you do, because that's the only place they live."

"I can't, Milly," Pet said; "I promised not to."

“Oh, come,” urged Milly.

But Pet shook her head, though she wanted to go very much.

“Very well, then, you sha’n’t see my turtle when I get it,” said Milly, walking off down the road.

Pet went back to the currants rather slowly, while Sugar stood



still and gave two or three sharp little barks after Milly, as if to say he didn't think much of *her*.

That night at supper Pet found something very funny at her plate. All round the outside of it there was a procession of tiny turtles. Each turtle was made of a plump raisin. His head and legs were cloves, and the stem of the raisin made a very good tail.

“Oh, how cunning!” cried Pet, laughing.

Grandma was smiling too. "Well, deary," she asked, "do you think Milly's turtle will be any sweeter than yours?"

"O Grandma, did you hear?" said Pet.

But grandma only kissed her for an answer.

"Maybe grandpa will get you a live one, one of these days," she said presently; "and then you and Belle Paris can make turtle soup of what you have."

"Turtle soup!" cried Pet, popping a fat raisin in her mouth; "I like this kind of turtle soup."



"THERE is plenty to do," lisped the rain
 As it peeped from a cloud so dark,
 "I must wake up the flowers again.
 That's the song of the bluebird, — hark!
 To the roots of the trees I'll creep;
 Stir the squirrels from out their nap;
 Under dead and dried leaves I'll peep;
 At the windows of brooks I'll tap."



ROBIN BOY'S RIDDLES. — II.



UPSTAIRS and downstairs and in my lady's chamber" went Robin Boy, looking for the wonderful Thing his verses had told him about. There was a pin-cushion in mamma's basket that he seized upon first. It was round and red, and had a hole in the top where a button was sewed on.

"But would you like to bite my pin-cushion?" asked mamma, laughing. And Robin Boy made a wry face and said, "No, indeed!"

All day long, wherever he was, in the parlor, or the nursery, or the dining-room, his bright eyes were busy hunting for the Thing. But it was late in the afternoon before he found it.

"Please, Robin, go and see what time it is," said mamma. Robin had just learned to tell the time, and was very proud to be able to do this errand. He trotted downstairs as fast as he could, holding to the banister with his well hand.

"Five o'clock," he said, seeing the big hand at twelve and the little one at five. Then he turned to go away, when something made him stop and shout with delight. There It was, on top of the clock! He knew it in a minute, — a big, big, round, rosy apple!

Under the apple was another folded paper, and these were the verses printed on it: —

"Through the air, so fast and high,
Like an eagle, I can fly.
Yet I'm not like any bird
You have ever seen or heard.
Though I have a tail and wings,
Feathers have I none, but strings;



And unless you help me fly,
Helpless on the ground I lie.

“Look to-morrow, if it's fair,
You shall see me in the air.
Take me out upon the hill
Some fine morning, if you will,
Hold me tight, — I'm strong and gay,
And perhaps I'll fly away!”



A NEW SANTA CLAUS.

IF I were dear old Santa Claus,
So brave and kind and true,
I would not always come and go,
In such a rush, — would you ?

I would not ride upon the roofs,
With such a precious pack ;
Nor all night hurry up and down
The chimneys hot and black.

I'd drive my little reindeer team
Along the public road ;
And when I met a boy or girl,
I'd tarry and unload.

Or, if it happened to be late,
And small folk all abed,
I'd tap upon the window pane,
And nod my jolly head,



And cry, "Wake up, you sleepy thing;
Wake up, and let me in!
It does seem strange I cannot come,
Without this horrid din."

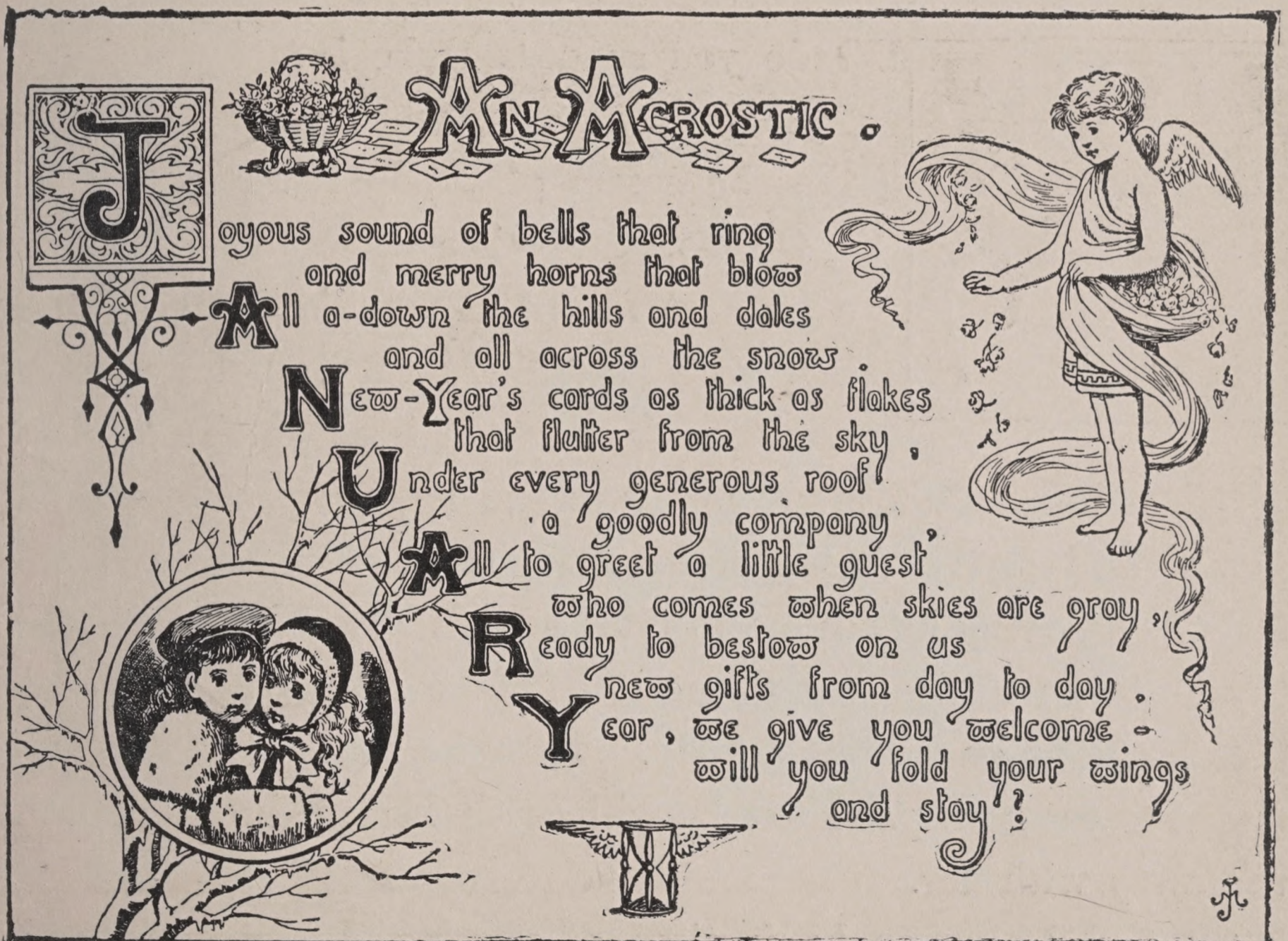


A NEW SANTA CLAUS.

And when the stockings all were filled,
 I'd sit and chat awhile,
 And crack a Christmas joke or two,
 To make the children smile.

But our dear Santa never comes
 When we are wide awake,
 That we may see his funny face,
 And hear the sleigh-bells shake.

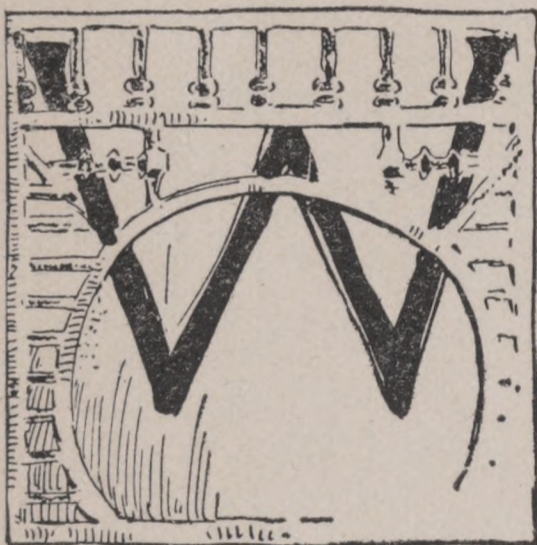
And though he's kind and wise and good,
 And generous as can be,
 It seems to me old Santa Claus
 Is fond of mystery.





DUKE'S PLAYTHING.

A TRUE STORY.



HO do you suppose Duke is?

Some nobleman, who has a crest showing that he comes of a proud old race of men?

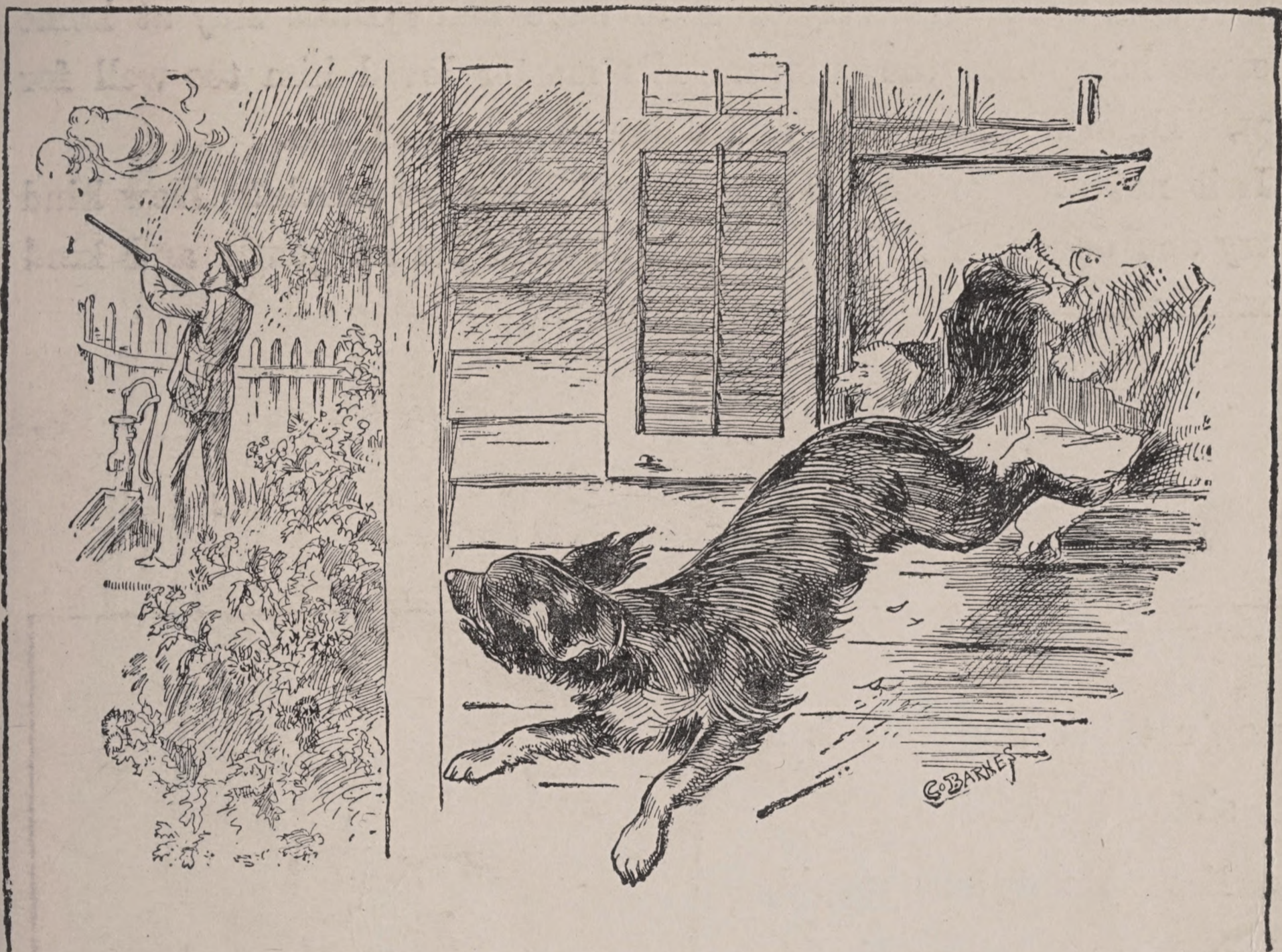
Oh, no. Duke is a noble, great dog, and not a man at all. But what do you think Duke has for a plaything? It is not a rubber ball, nor a stick, nor anything of the kind.

It is a doll. Duke's mistress says she has to give him a doll to play with, just the same as she does her little girl. When Duke feels like playing he will go to find the doll where he left it after his last frolic; then he will shake it as if he meant to shake all the breath out of poor dolly's body. Then he will chew her as if he meant to eat her up. Next he will catch her up in his mouth and run away with her.

By and by, when he is tired of playing, he will run and put

Dolly in some sly place, where he can get her the next time he wants to play.

I must tell you something else that is funny about Duke. He never makes it a habit to follow his master or mistress when they go away from the house except on Sunday. When the family starts for church, Duke always goes too. He trots merrily along until he



reaches a certain corner; then he stops, turns around, and trots home again. Do you not think him a very wise dog?

When Duke sees his master take down his gun, he goes nearly wild. He is in part what is called a "setter," a dog that is very fond of hunting.

One day, when his master was going out gunning, he shut Duke up in a room to see what he would do; then he shot off some powder from his gun.

There was a screen in the window covered with cloth in the room where Duke was, and when he heard the gun go off and saw the door was shut, he gave one great bound, burst through the screen, and was at his master's side in a moment.

I do not think Duke was to blame for bounding through the screen, do you? His master will not shut him up in a room again, and then fire off a gun to see what he will do. He has found out.

It would have been very cruel to have made Duke stay at home because he spoiled the screen. His master loved him too well for that. Duke went hunting, and a fine time he had, too.

Is it not strange that a dog should know so much? How kind every one ought to be to the animals who are so gentle and kind themselves.

THIS IS MY DOLLY.

I DON'T think my dolly is a

single bit of fun,

She lies so flat and stupid,

and can't talk or laugh

or run.

So kitty'll be my baby, for

she can walk and play,

And beg when she is hungry,

and cry to get away.

MRS. E. PECK.





SHE GOES A-NUTTING.

LITTLE Nannie rode thirty miles into the country, in the cars, and no friend with her. The conductor took charge of her, and when the train stopped at the station she was led out to the platform.

Instead of her grandpa a stranger spoke to her: "I guess you are the visitor that grandpa and grandma Reed expect," he said. "I am their neighbor Nutting and will take you to their house."

They rode in an open buggy. It was a lovely October afternoon. Nannie had been here only once, at Christmas. Then the days were cold and snow lay on the ground.

"I mean to play out-of-doors a great deal," she said, smiling to see the scarlet leaves fall from the trees by the roadside. "Wouldn't you, Mr. Nutting?"

"Yes, indeed. This air will do a city child good," replied the man. "You must come and call on me and Mrs. Nutting. We live

in that brown cottage at the end of the row of maples; it's but a little ways now to your grandpa's."



The next morning as Nannie looked out at a window she saw a boy and girl go by. "It is Henry and Lucy Lee," said grandma,

“going a-nutting, by the looks of their bag and basket. Chestnuts are very plenty this year.”

Near noon Henry and Lucy were seen returning home, with a bag and basket full of nuts. They had had good luck, grandma said.

After dinner Nannie thought she would go a-nutting. She asked her grandma for something to bring nuts home in. Grandma gave her a pretty Indian basket.

“Are you sure you know where to go?” she asked.

“Oh, yes,” answered Nannie, “for the man showed me as we rode from the station.”

The chestnut grove was in sight of the house. But instead of going out by the back way and through the orchard, Nannie went out at the front gate and down the road. The row of maples led her to the brown cottage.

“If you please, Mrs. Nutting, I have come for some, like the other children,” said Nannie, showing her basket.

“Some what, my dear?” the woman inquired.

“Chestnuts, ma’am; grandma let me come a-nutting.”

In a short time grandma, sitting by an open window, saw the child returning, her basket filled with shining brown nuts.

“See, I have had good luck!” called Nannie.

“But you cannot have picked up from the ground all those so soon?” said grandma.

“No, grandma. I went a-nutting to Mr. Nutting’s, of course. Mrs. Nutting was so pleased she laughed all the while she was filling my basket. But why are you laughing, grandma?”

Grandma explained that people commonly went nutting to the nut trees, and gathered for themselves.

“Oh!” said Nannie. “I made an odd mistake.”





SIR JOHN.



SIR JOHN.

“WHOSE chair is that, Jennie?”

“Why, don’t you know, Cousin Beth? It’s Sir John’s.”

“Sir John!” said Beth, in surprise. “Who is he?”

Beth had just come on a visit to her cousin Jennie. The family were taking their seats at the dinner-table. A high baby-chair was placed by Uncle Enoch’s side. This was the chair that puzzled Beth.

“There he comes now!” exclaimed Jennie, with a laugh.

A large and handsome cat bounded into the room. He leaped upon the chair, and sat down very gravely.

This was Sir John. The children called him so because John by itself was too small a name for so great a cat.

Uncle Enoch tied a napkin about Sir John’s neck. Sir John purred “Thank you,” very sweetly.

There was a little plate before him. A piece of fish was put into the plate, and Sir John began to eat. He did not use a knife or fork, but he handled one paw much more neatly than some children use a spoon.

When the fish was gone Sir John peeped over into Uncle Enoch's plate. Some bits of fish were left there.

"Want more fish, Sir John?" Uncle Enoch asked.

"Per-e-ow," replied Sir John, meaning "if you please." It was easy to understand, for Sir John spoke cat very plainly.

So he was helped to more fish. When he had eaten it his napkin was taken off, and he went out to stroll in the garden.

Beth was very much amused by Sir John. At tea-time she hurried to the table to see him come in and take his seat.

The clock ticked for five minutes, but no Sir John came.

"Perhaps he has gone to tea with Mrs. Skip-Jack," said Uncle Enoch.

Mrs. Skip-Jack kept cat-house a few doors down the street.

They began supper without Sir John, and they felt quite lonesome.

But all at once there was a scratching at the door. Jennie ran to open it.

In marched Sir John. He held his head right up, and did not dance at all. He leaped into his chair, and dropped into Uncle Enoch's plate —

Guess what!

A little mouse. And he had one for himself too.

"Oh, you grateful Sir John!" cried Uncle Enoch, laughing. "You are paying me back for my fish!"

Nobody wanted to eat the mouse, so it was given back to Sir John, and perhaps he put it into Mrs. Skip-Jack's Christmas stocking. At any rate, nobody ever saw it again. Now, was not Sir John a very well-bred and polite cat?





TWO BOYS — TWO MEN.

Two BOYS were travelling over a hill,
And they sang as they went, "Yee-hover,
Life is jolly, we'll both get rich,
And then we will live in clover."

One boy sang, as he went on his way,
"I can't," and "I won't," and "I sha'n't, sir;"
And the other, he carolled a better lay,
"I'll try," and "I'll hope," and "I will, sir."

So both trudged on and grew to be men,
And they sing no more, "Yee-hover,"
For "I can't" is a drunkard, gaunt and grim,
And "I'll try" is living in clover.



FIRST LOVE.

HE was a rollicking, handsome boy,
Regal in every vein ;
She was a maiden of lowly birth,
Modest, demure, and plain.

He wore a frock of daintiest hue,
With border of velvet bright ;
Hers was a gown of common stuff,
Figured in red and white.

His hands were dimpled and fair, and filled
With the gifts the graces send ;
She had straight arms, cut squarely off
Where a shapely hand should end.



He bore the royal, ringing name

Of "Philip, my King, my King!"

She was only "Dinah," unknown to fame,

Or the songs the minstrels sing.



And yet he loved her — this gentle maid —
With his heart's first love and best;
“Oh, Dinah, dear!” — Will she never speak,
Or sigh in her sawdust breast?

He calleth again, with all his soul

In his tender, love-lit eyes :

“Oh, Dinah, sweet!” and “Oh, Dinah, dear!”

No word the maid replies.

A quick thought flits through the baby brain

Whence hope had almost fled ;

He takes his love by her shapeless nose —

“Say, pudding!” he softly said.

We hear no sound nor guess the charm

Of the happy lover’s test ;

But know by the look on his upturned face,

His rapturous suit is blest.





THE DOG THAT DID NOT SPEAK ENGLISH.

LITTLE Eugénie came all the way from the south of France to make her home in this country with her uncle and aunt. After learning English she refused to speak French. This disturbed her aunt very much, but as the little girl had no French playmates she did not know any remedy for it.

One day an old Frenchman came in to see them, and in his pocket he carried a playmate for Eugénie. It was a little, curly-haired, black puppy, which had but just opened his eyes.

“Oh, may I have it? may I keep it?” questioned Eugénie, dancing about it with delight.

“On one condition,” promised her aunt; “that you always remem-



ber this is a French doggie, and that he does not understand one word of English.”

The little girl readily agreed, and took the little creature in her arms. She talked to it so volubly in French that it was fortunate it was the dog's native tongue, or he never could have understood a word she said.

They soon became excellent friends and were constantly together. When I first saw them, Fidèle, for so they named him, was quite an old dog.

“Come here, sir,” I said to the doggie, by way of making acquaintance with the little girl. I repeated my command several times as coaxingly as possible, but the dog did not move. Seeing my surprise, the little girl timidly explained: “Il ne parle pas l’anglais, madame. Viens ici, Fidèle.” (“He does not speak English, madam. Come here, Fidèle.”)

Immediately the dog responded to her request, and when I addressed him in French, he promptly came to me.

“Il est un chien français; il ne parle pas l’anglais” (“he is a French dog; he does not speak English”), again explained Eugénie, while Fidèle gravely wagged his tail, and looked up in a way to confirm what his little mistress had said.

I saw him many times afterwards, and tried to surprise him into the admission that he understood English, but never so much as by moving an eyelash did he respond. But with true French courtesy, he always tried to understand the very first word spoken in the French tongue, even when the pronunciation was no better than mine.





HOW CHARLIE BATHED ALONE.

“MAY I go in bathing, mamma?” asked Charlie, as he and his mother walked down to the beach.

“Why, no, dear; not this afternoon. I do not care to bathe, and you could not go in alone, you know.”

So Charlie, who was a wise little boy and had learned to make the best of things, began to play in the sand.

Pretty soon, however, his attention was attracted by a little boy

who was having a splendid time in the surf. It was not the regular bathing-hour, so the little fellow had the whole ocean to himself, and he was splashing about in grand style. Charlie could not understand it at all. Why would he be in danger, if another little boy could go in in safety?

“Mamma,” he said at last, “that little boy is lots littler than I am, and he is in all alone. See! there is a great big wave coming, and I should think his mamma would be afraid that he would be washed away.”



But the little fellow's mother did not seem to be in the least worried. She sat quietly on the beach, and watched her boy tumbling about in the water, as though he was not in the slightest danger.

In a minute more, Charlie understood the reason. On came the big wave, tumbling and tossing; but before it reached the little bather, whom Charlie watched very anxiously, he saw him suddenly skip backward. In another instant, he was lying high up on the sand. Then Charlie noticed that there was a small rope tied to a belt about his waist, by which his mother had pulled him in.

“O mamma!” he cried, “that is a very nice plan — oh, a very nice plan indeed! Don't you think that you would let me go in, in such a very safety way? Will you harness me to-morrow, mamma?”

Mamma was so much pleased with the “safety way” of bathing



that the next day two little boys might have been seen, harnessed, as Charlie expressed it, and tumbling about in the surf together. Of course they made each other's acquaintance immediately, and soon became firm friends.

They both decided that bathing at the end of a rope was by far the most enjoyable way.



FOURTH OF JULY,
48



FOURTH OF JULY.



YANKEE DOODLE Four-Year-Old

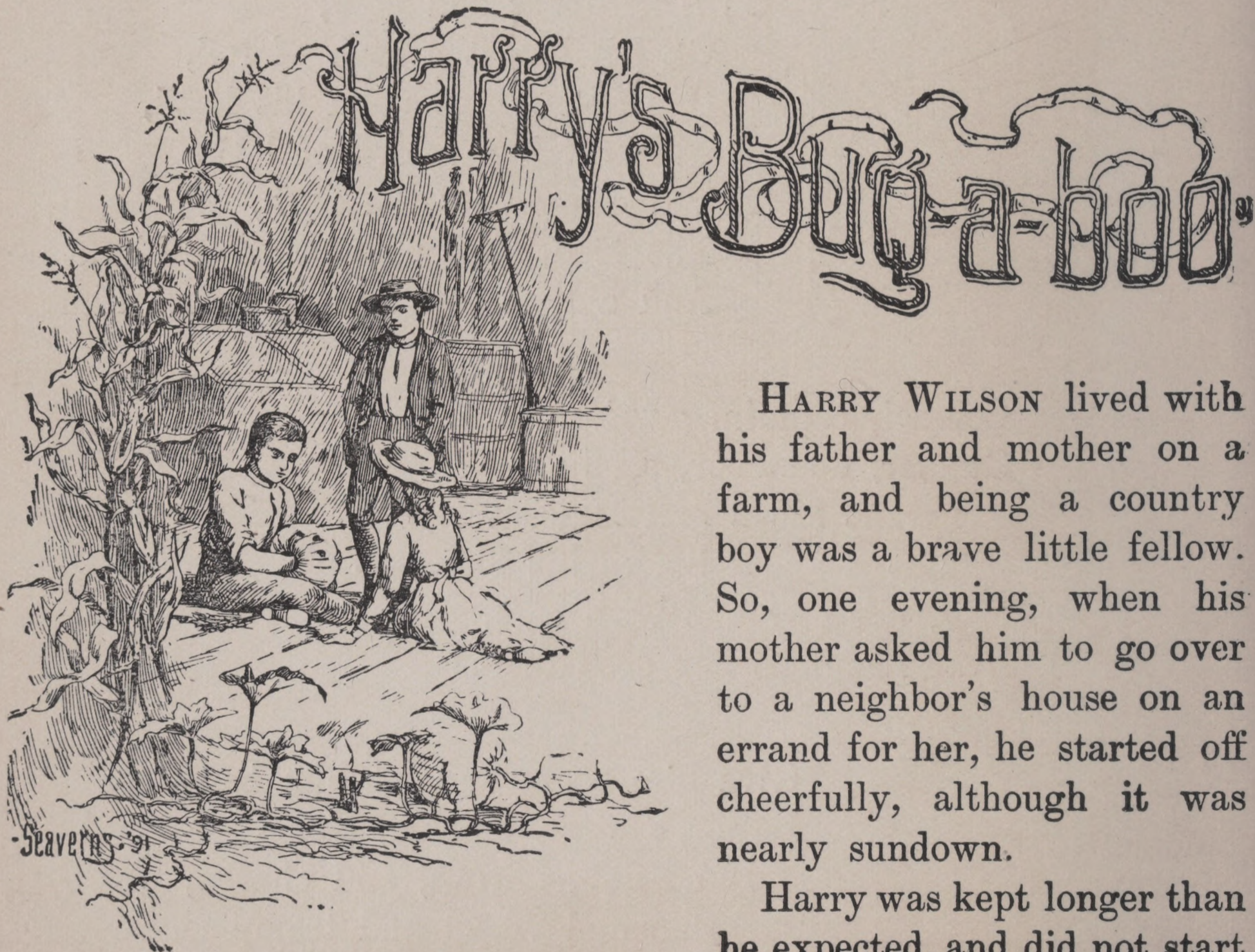
Is a hero big and bold,
On his breast a sash of red,
Cap and plume upon his head,
On his thigh a sword of lath,
A red cannon by the path,
The true, starry banner o'er him,
And a loud drum hung before him.

Colonel, captain, garrison,
Gunner, drummer, all in one;
Tyrant kings and Hessian foes
Cannot stand before his blows —
Nay, nor any one with ears,
Dear mammas nor grenadiers!

Give him room and let him bang,
Batter, clatter, crackle, clang,
Rub-a-dub, hurrah, and charge,
Strike and wheel and tramp at large,

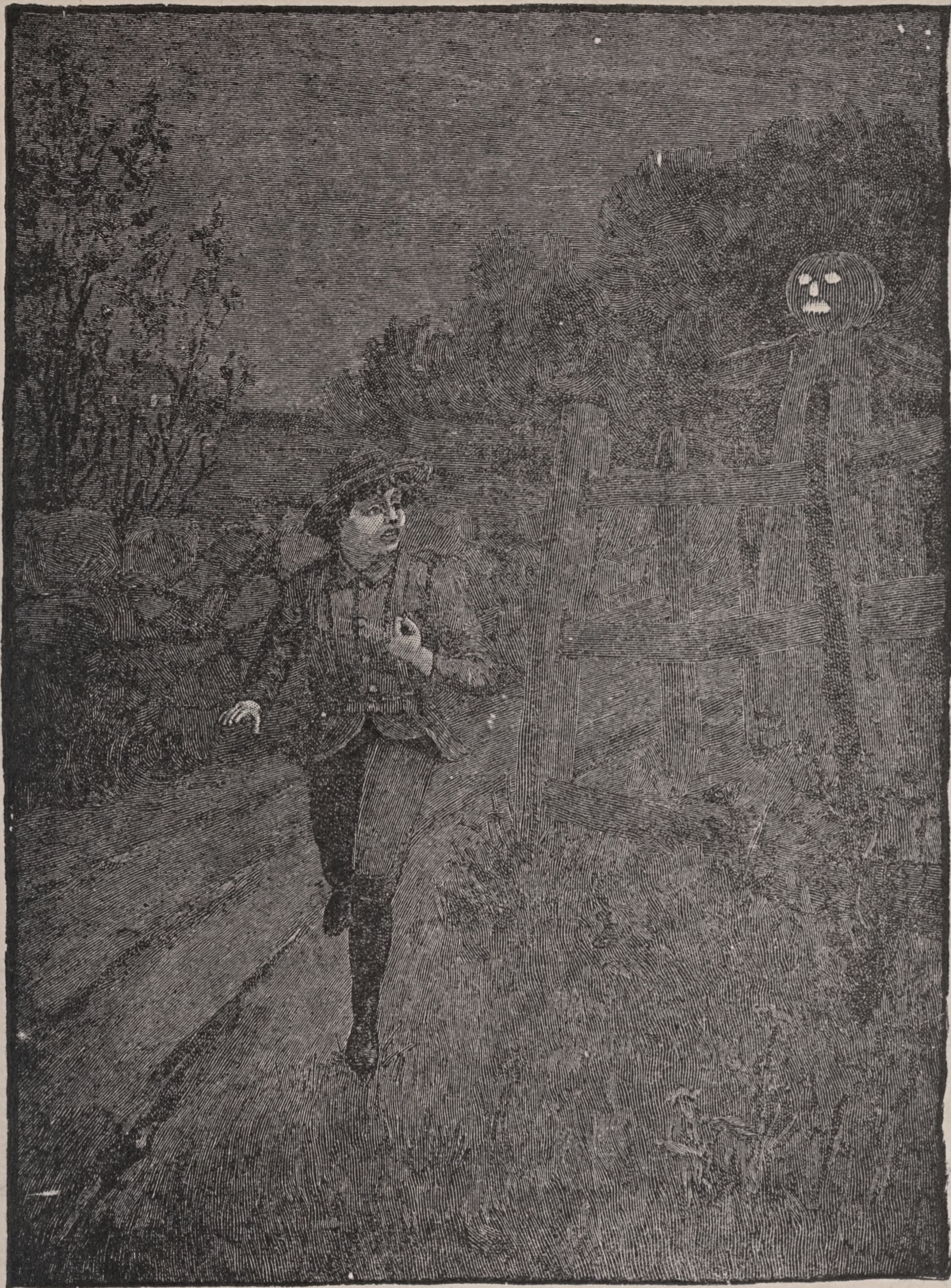
Fierce with valor, hewing down
 Mullein-head and thistle-crown ;
 'Tis the Fourth day of July,
 And his loyal heart beats high.

As the good Boy Washington,
 Slashing cherry-trees for fun,
 When to noble manhood grown
 Drove his hatchet through a throne ;
 So my Yankee Four-Year-Old,
 Now in fancy battles bold,
 Shall grow up in courage strong,
 To smite many a cruel wrong !



HARRY WILSON lived with his father and mother on a farm, and being a country boy was a brave little fellow. So, one evening, when his mother asked him to go over to a neighbor's house on an errand for her, he started off cheerfully, although it was nearly sundown.

Harry was kept longer than he expected, and did not start



back home until after dark. Then the shadows in the fence-corners and the bushes along the country road looked queer in the starlight, and the stillness was apt to make one nervous. But Harry whistled merrily as he trudged along, and looked straight ahead toward his home.

When he had gone about half-way he chanced to look over into a field on one side of the road. There he saw among the young corn,

which was just shooting up above the ground, a figure that looked very much like the giants which the fairy-books tell about. It had a great, big head, with wide eyes like coals of fire, and a terrible, square mouth that seemed to be eating fire.

How Harry did run toward his home! When he got there he was trembling like a leaf, and told his father he had seen a "bug-a-boo."

Mr. Wilson said there was no such thing as a "bug-a-boo." He went back with Harry, whose little legs shook with fright as he followed his father over into the cornfield.

"What is it, father?" Harry asked when they got nearly up to the "bug-a-boo."

"It's only a 'Jack-o'-Lantern,'" said Mr. Wilson, and he laughed heartily at Harry's fright.

Harry found that the "Jack-o'-Lantern" was a large pumpkin, which had been hollowed out, and eyes, nose, and mouth cut in the rind. A lighted candle stuck inside of it shone through them and made them look like fire, a short distance away. The neighbor's boys had made it and stuck it up on the top of a "scare-crow" which had been put in the field to keep the crows from stealing the young corn. The boys were very sorry when they heard how Harry had been frightened by it; but Harry said he was glad, because it taught him never to run from anything without knowing what it was.



PET IN THE COUNTRY. — VII.

A SWELLED UNDER LIP.



THE next morning Pet was waked by some one calling good-by outside her window. She jumped up and peeped through the curtain to see who it was. There was a wagon standing by the carriage-block. In it sat the two little cousins who had come the night before. Pet's head was out of the window in a minute.

“Oh, don't go away,” she cried; “just wait till I come.” Without stopping to dress, she pattered down the stairs with her little, bare feet and ran to the front door.

“Why, Helen!” said grandma, astonished.

But grandpa caught the little girl in his arms and carried her out to the wagon. “Uncle John is going to take the boys home,” said he. “Say good-by to them.”

“But I don't want them to go,” said Pet, beginning to cry.

“Oh, we'll come to see you again soon,” cried Tommy. “We have lessons to say in the morning, and have to get home early. Good-by; and look here, Pet, see if your ‘wishbone’ wish doesn't come true;” and Tommy nodded his head very wisely.

“Good-by,” called Uncle John, shaking the reins as he drove off.

The tears stood in Pet's eyes while she was dressed. She had meant to have such a nice time playing with the little boys. She felt cross and unhappy. If she had not been rather afraid of grandma, she would have stamped on the floor and been real naughty, as she was sometimes at home. Though grandma was always kind, she knew how to punish bad children, and Pet knew it.

“Isn't my little girl going to give me a kiss this morning?” asked

grandma, as they were going down to breakfast. Pet turned away a sullen little face without answering.

“Very well,” said grandma; “a little girl whose under lip is swollen as yours is must feel too badly to care for what is in the dining-room.”

“O grandma, is it Sugar?” cried Pet.

“How is the lip?” said grandma.



“It is all well, and I’m sorry I was cross, and I’ll kiss you a hundred times,” laughed Pet, jumping up and down with delight.

And there, sure enough, when the dining-room door was opened, stood Sugar. He ran to meet Pet, and she ran to meet him; and they came together, with a great deal of kissing and barking, right in the middle of the floor.

“Aunt Sally found him on the kitchen door-step this morning,” said grandma. “I think he is a clever little dog to find his way home.”

“And my ‘wishbone’ wish did come true,” cried Pet.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and Gracie and her mamma went out to make some calls.

They were not exactly calls. Mrs. Miller was trying to collect money for a poor family, and Gracie was always pleased to be her mother's companion.

She listened very attentively to the story about the poor man who had been hurt by a fall. He would not have much of a Thanksgiving dinner, unless kind people gave money enough to buy one for him.

In a short time money was given, and Gracie went with her mother to order the dinner. She longed to do something herself for the poor family, and as she listened to the order she heard nothing said about bread.

"Now, we always have bread at dinner," thought Gracie. "Mamma has forgotten it. I will buy it with my own money."

Gracie had ten cents that she had saved to buy a doll's hat, and without telling any one what she meant to do, bought a loaf of bread, and carried it to Vine street, where Mr. Jones lived. She was not quite sure of the house, but she knocked at the door of the poorest-looking one, and a girl of her own age came to the door.

"I've brought you some bread," said Gracie, shyly. "My mamma sent the turkey and other things for your sick papa, but she forgot the bread, and I have brought it."

"Oh, thank you ever so much," said the little girl; "I haven't any papa, or mamma either, and grandma has been too sick to get anything for to-morrow, but she will like this nice bread."

"Does Mr. Jones live here?" asked Grace.

"No, he lives on the corner. Oh, if this bread was for him we must not take it," and she handed it back to Grace.

"Yes, you must keep it," said Grace; "I bought it with my own money, and Mr. Jones has all the other things, you know."

When Gracie had told her mother what she had done, Mrs. Miller went out again with a little basket full of good things for the little girl and her grandmother.



Gracie enjoyed her Thanksgiving doubly when she thought of the poor families on Vine street.



A PARTY OF SEVENTEEN.

A HOT day in July — “hotter than pepper.” Aunt Joan’s two boys, John and Jimmie, were prisoners from eleven till four in two upper rooms of their boarding-house.

A saucer of cracked ice, story-books, and games helped to make the long hours pass till the clock should strike four. Then mamma always took them out for a drive or a walk.

Neighbors next door, moving out, have left a great case of shelves which lies on its back on the brick pavement below.

A short pull at the door-bell, then another and another were heard. Nora tapped at the prison door, and the sound of many voices came stealing up the stairway.

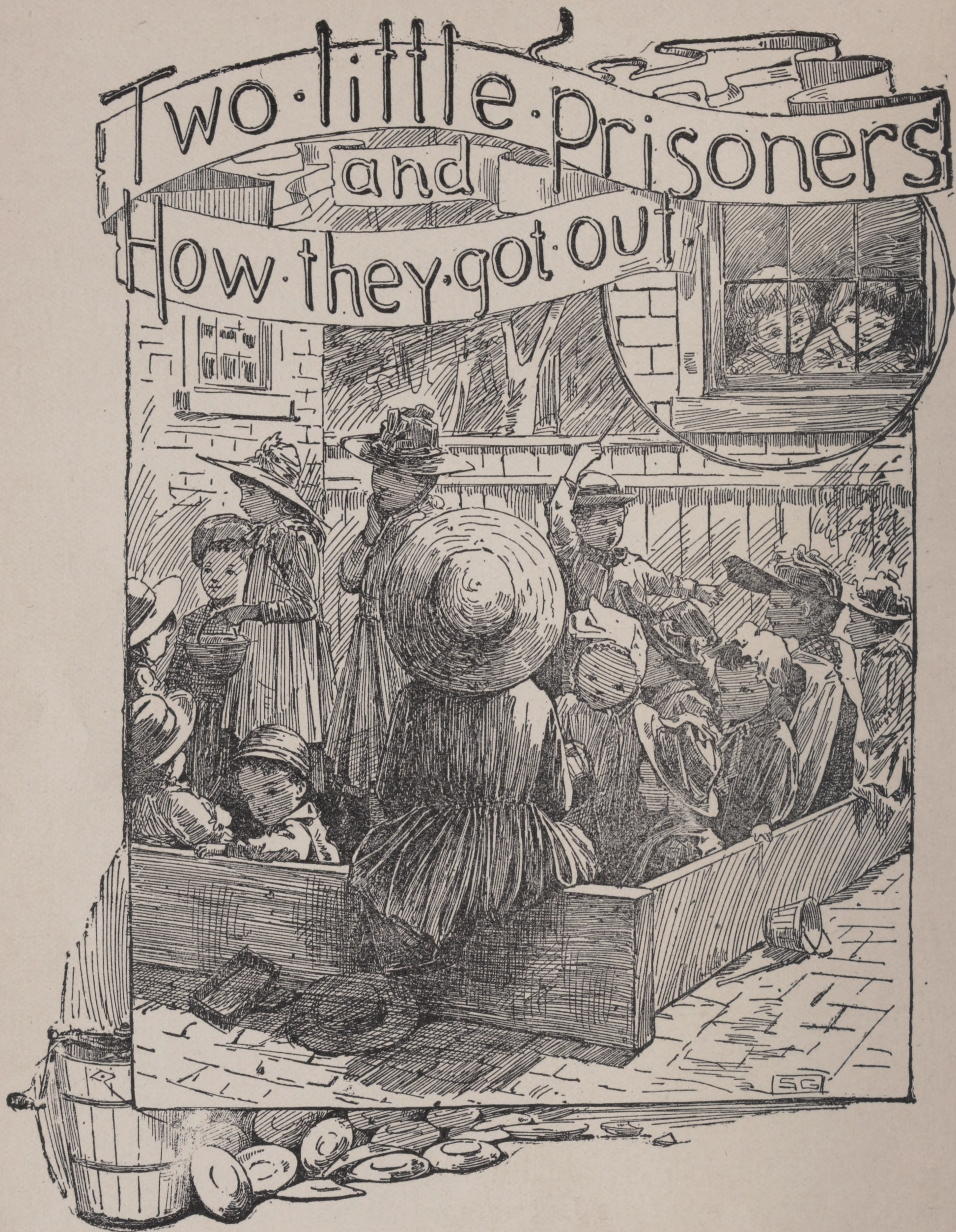
“It’s the party, ma’am; they were to come at four, they said, and it’s just strikin’ now. Where shall I put ’em, and what shall I say?”

“Oh, it’s our party!” cried the two boys at once. John, jumping with delight, explained still further: “You promised we might have a party sometime, and to-day’s ‘sometime,’ isn’t it? We just invited ’em, Jimmie and I, when we were out walking with Nora this morning. We asked all we saw, and told ’em to bring the rest. Now, mamma, can’t we have cake and ice-cream for supper?”

Aunt Joan hurried down to meet her unexpected guests, while Nora buttoned the boys into fresh waists. “There’s ten and a half o’ ten,” counted John.

“Aren’t you glad we’re come?” cried Carrie Howe, the leader of the band. “I was just tickled when I got my invitation, only I couldn’t bring any of the Joneses, for they’ve all got the measles, nor the Smarts, for their clean clothes hadn’t come home from the wash!”

Blessing her stars that the Jones family, likewise the Smart family, had been unable to accept, Aunt Joan led her column to the pave-



ment, for yard there was none. The old shelves were in the shade, and the children appropriated them in a twinkling.

Now the queer old frame became a boat, and its crew were tossed

up and down on the waves. Then it was a church, and Billy Bone preached a sermon on the text "Grin and bear it!" Then it was a circus, and John's joy was full when Carrie Howe chose him for the monkey. "Jimmie and the twins with white caps on shall be the happy family. If I catch any of you quarrelling before the audience, you won't be happy long."

"Now we'll vote for the flower we love best," cried the tireless manager when the animals, suddenly grown wild, had broken out of their cages. "All you 'daisy' girls, go up on the front seat; the hollyhocks next—I'm a hollyhock! The dandelions there—I wouldn't be a dandelion! Lilies over there, Johnny-jumps behind! Sit still, all of you, while I count!"

Such a good time as they had for an hour and a half. No one even thought of supper.

No one? I forgot Aunt Joan—she thought of nothing else. The mistress of the boarding-house could not be expected to supply supper for fifteen extra people at such short notice. What should she do?

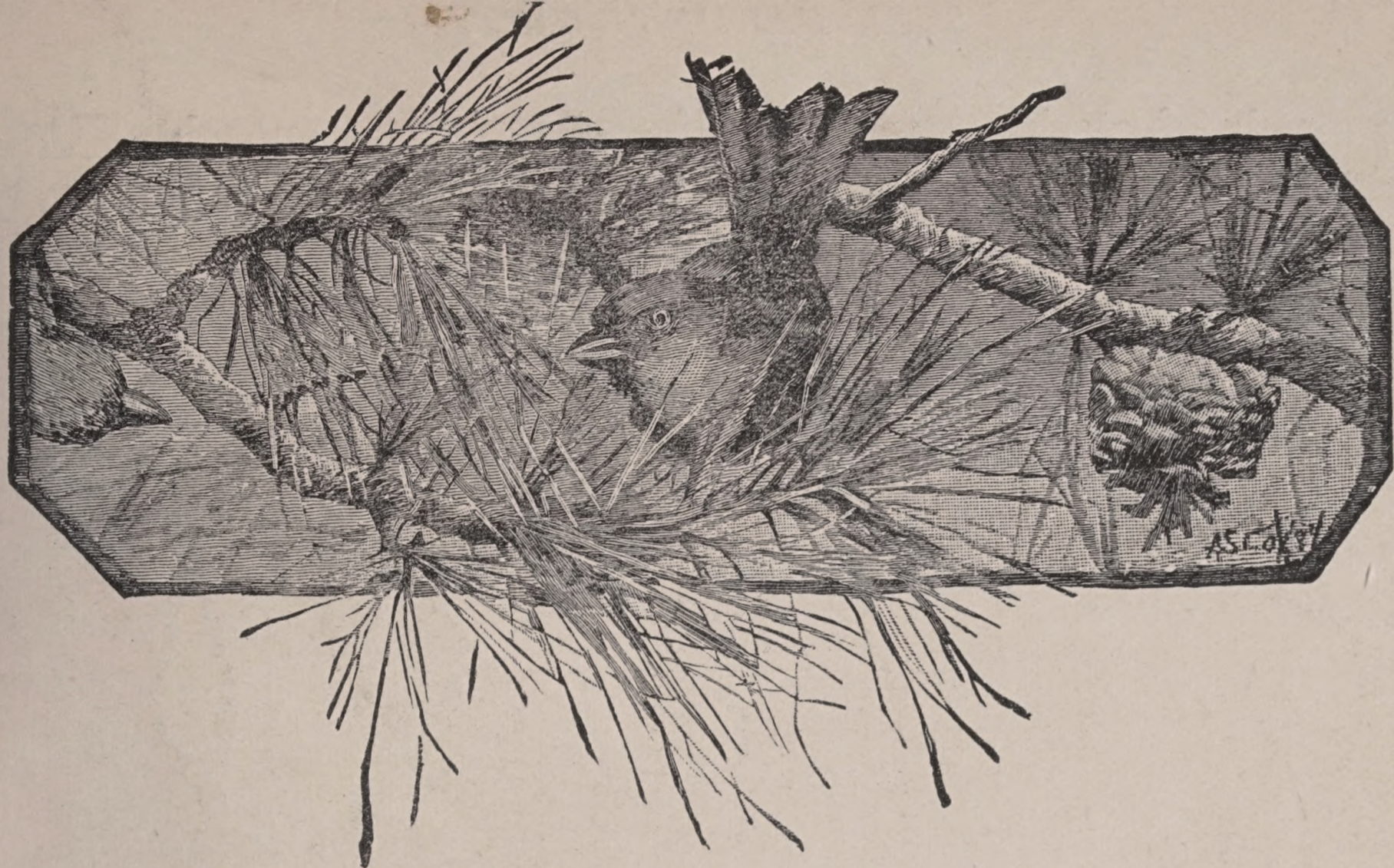
However, she found a way out of the trouble. Nora appeared with a tray on which seventeen tiny boxes of ice-cream stood up or tumbled over each other. Aunt Joan followed with a great basket of rolls and cakes. Dear, dear! how wild the children were! When Carrie Howe called out that Nora had forgotten the spoons, the "happy family," the "monkey," and Billy Bone, the preacher, rolled off on the pavement, forgetting all about their party clothes.

Seventeen children went to bed that night very tired. Seventeen children also went to bed that night very happy.





THE FAIRIES' GIFT.



THE FAIRIES' GIFT.

LAST Christmas Harriet's grandma came over to spend the day. She brought a red silk bag with a big ball of yarn in it, and a shining set of steel knitting-needles. They twinkled and glinted at Harriet from the top of the bag, as it hung in the sun on the tall post of grandma's chair.

"Dear me!" sighed Harriet. "I'm sure grandma means them for me. Hateful things! It makes me tired to look at them!"

"Yes, dear, it is for you," said grandma, as she saw Harriet looking at the bag. "You know your tenth birthday will come pretty soon."

"Just the same as General Washington's, grandma!" cried Harriet eagerly, thinking of a present she would like very much on that day. "But he didn't have to knit — not as ever I heard of."

"He did his duty, whatever it was, dear," said grandma kindly; "and it is yours to learn to be useful, and help mamma knit and sew."

"Wouldn't it be wise, grandma, if the fairies could bring our stockings and frocks all sewed and knit?"

Grandma laughed. "No, no, my dear! That would never do. But I believe in fairies, too, and if you take hold and knit this yarn

into a pair of stockings for yourself, — there's just enough, — these fairies I am thinking of will bring you something that you want very much."

"Are you sure, grandma?" queried Harriet.

"Certain and true!"



"But how can they, grandma? Tell me how!" insisted Harriet.

"You'll see." And grandma's eyes twinkled merrily.

A stocking was "set up," and the nimble fingers began their long journey, — "click, click!" The needles seemed to chuckle at the little girl's distress, and Harriet was almost tempted to throw her stocking, ball and all, into the well at the barn. Only the thought of the fairies kept her fingers going.

At the end of a month grandma "toed-off" the first stocking. Then the ball began to dwindle very fast, and the two big anxious wrinkles above Harriet's nose began to dwindle, too, till finally on her birthday there was but little left of either. She took her bag on her arm and went over to grandma's for another "toeing off."

Grandma was knitting a double mitten before the fire, and Harriet brought her little chair up to grandma's knee. Away went their needles, — click, click! clatter, clatter! The flames leaped and danced, the coals snapped, the teakettle sang a tune.

All at once there was a "chink" in Harriet's lap. With a shout the little girl hopped out of her chair and went dancing about the kitchen, holding high in her hand a tiny gold locket and a slender gold chain.

"And to think, grandma, 't was right in the middle of my ball all the time!" cried Harriet. "But you said the fairies would bring it, grandma."

"So they did, dear," laughed grandma, spreading Harriet's brown fingers on her knee. "See, here they are! And these ten little fairies will work greater wonders, if you will let them, than all the fairies in a whole shopful of story-books."

"Just my own fingers, after all!" thought Harriet, as she ran over the snow toward home, her red silk bag swinging on her arm and her "fairy" gift about her throat.





THE QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.

“WOULD you like some of this queen of puddings, dear?” asked Mrs. Reed.

“Queen of puddings!” replied Dora, tossing her head; “it’s only common bread-pudding with jelly and frosting on top. I don’t like it, and I don’t want any!” Dora pushed back her chair and started for the garden.

“We will excuse you, Dora.” Mrs. Reed spoke in a tone of gentle reproof. Dora was an only child, and had lately been very ill. Both papa and mamma “made allowances” for her.

She swung in her hammock, watching two busy ants running up and down a balsam stalk.

“We are looking for you,” said a voice.

The ants had suddenly grown big as she was. One stood on each side of her.

“They are as black as — funerals,” thought Dora.

“The Queen commands your presence,” said an ant.

“Dear me! What Queen can it be? It must be Queen Victoria. I suppose I must be very polite and ask her how the Prince of Wales is getting along. I ought to have a train”

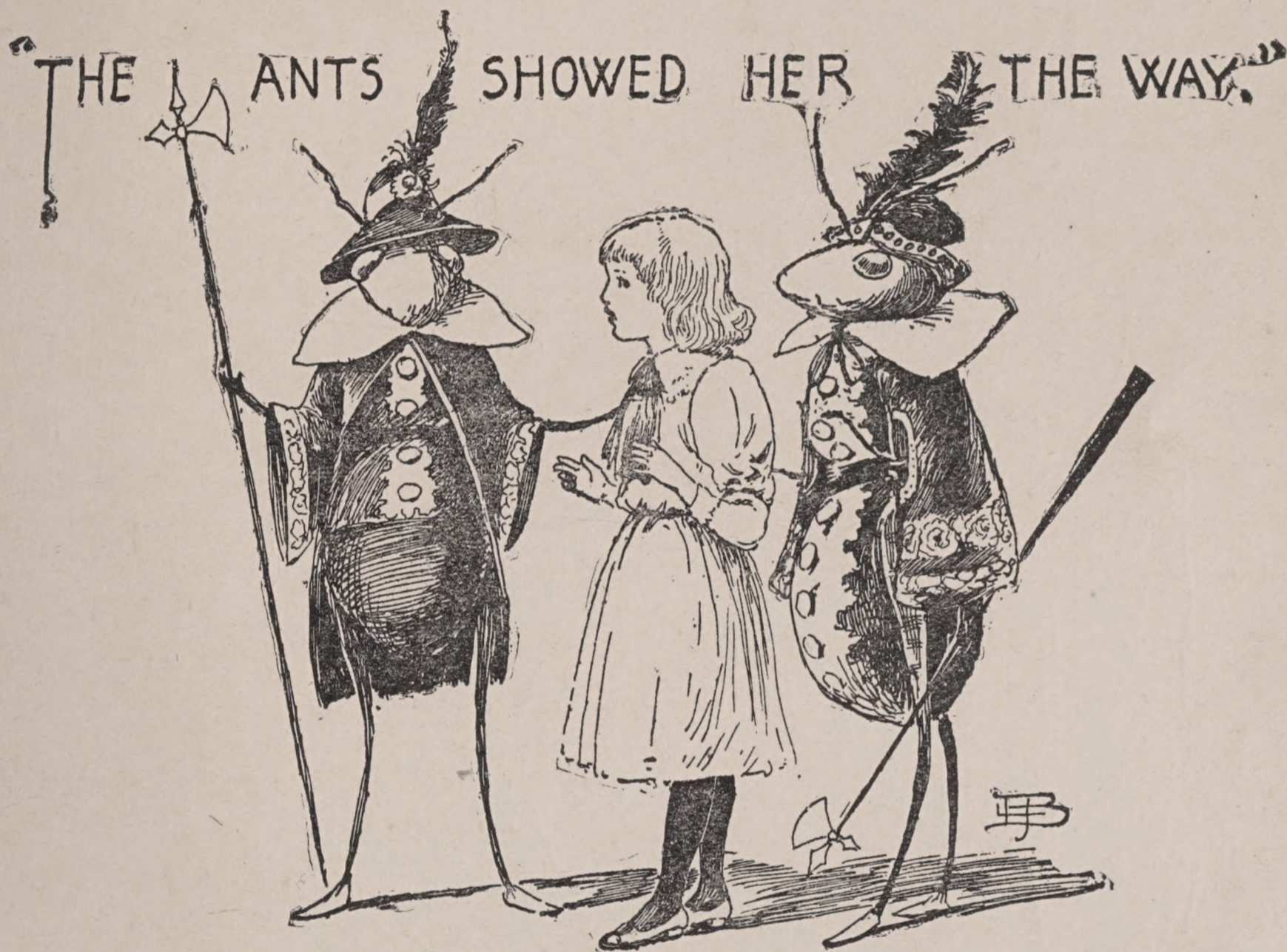
“It’s only a little way.”

“A train to my dress, and feathers, and a fan. She’ll think I’m not dressed up much.”

The ants showed her the way to the Queen’s palace.

“How funny it looks! It is made of bread, and the doors and windows are soda-crackers. I never” —

The doors flew open as they came near. The ants drew back. Dora was so interested in looking for what was to come next she did not notice that she was alone and standing right before the Queen on her throne! The Queen was fat and round, just pin-cushiony. Her skin was damp, a light buff in color. She had raisins for eyes, nose, and mouth, and her sceptre was a stick of cinnamon tipped with a clove. Her robe was bordered with



raisins. Her hair was the color of currant jelly, and she wore a white frothy-looking cap, under a crown of raisins.

Dora saw all this before she had winked twice.

“Don’t wink at me, little girl. You ought to know better.”

“Yes ’m.”

“Call me ‘Your Majesty.’”

“My — My Majesty,” stammered Dora, much scared.

“So you don’t like me. You think I am common. Look at me. Do I look common?”

The Queen’s voice echoed loudly through her cracker halls.

"I think you look very nice," faltered Dora.

"What ho, without!" A procession of queer-looking little folks



filed in, bowed low to the Queen, and ranged themselves in a half-circle behind her. They were made of crusts of bread; their jackets buttoned up to their chins with raisin buttons.



“Open your mouth,” ordered the Queen. “Your teeth are good. Why do you leave your crusts?”

“WHY?” demanded the funny, solemn little men, all together.

Dora jumped as if they had fired guns.

“Your teeth must be sharpened,” declared Her Majesty.

“MUST!” exploded the manikins again, marching forward together, each waving a saw made from a crust.

“Oh, I’ll eat them! Indeed I will! Every one, every teenty-tonty bit, Mrs. Queen! I mean, My — My Majesty.”

Dora knelt on the step to the throne, almost crying.

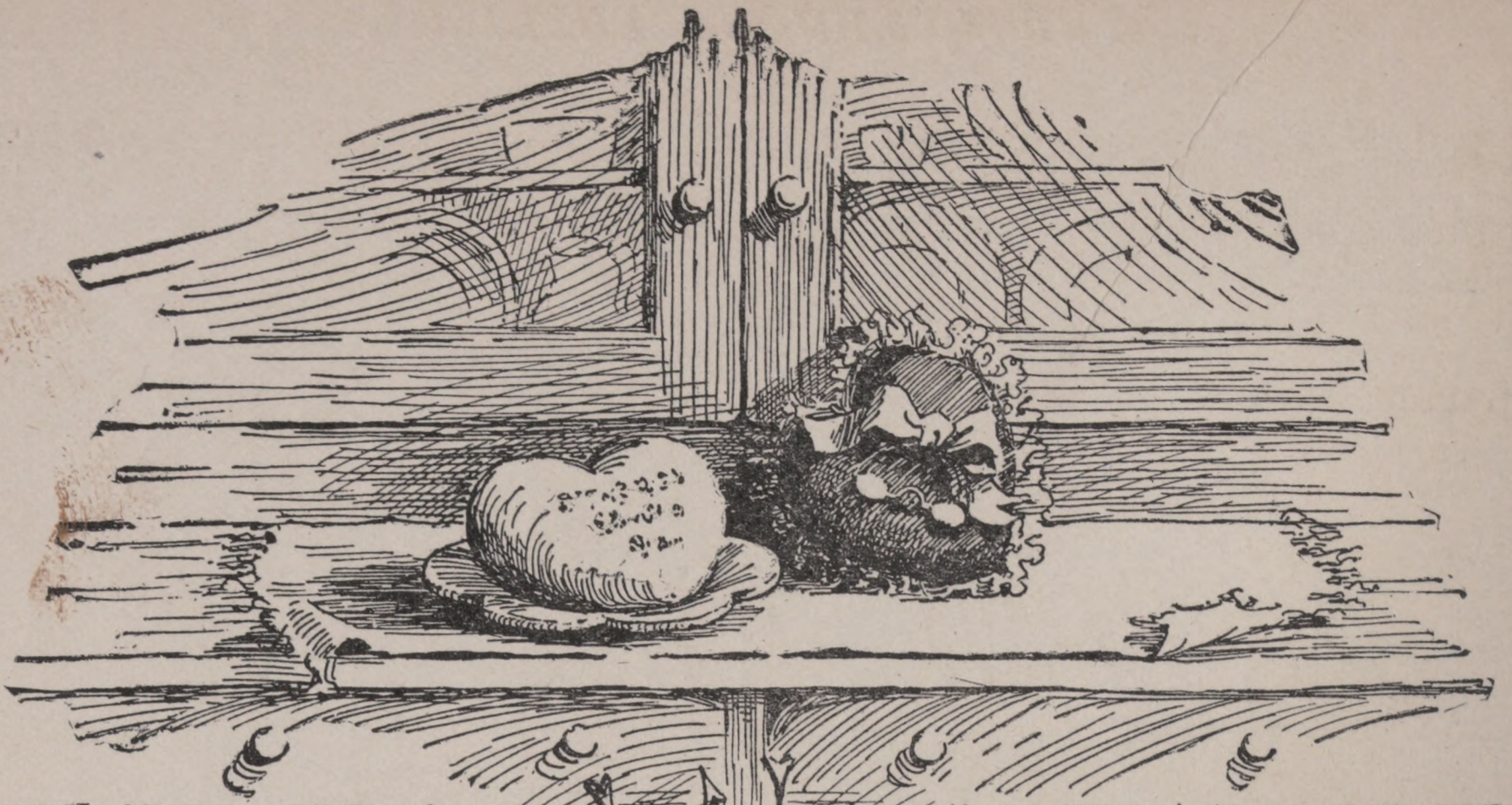
“Very well. Get up. But you shall be punished for turning up your nose at me and calling me common.”

“SHALL!” burst out the crusts together, as before.

“She shall be put in a prison, with walls six feet thick, made of bread pudding, there to stay and starve, or eat her way out.”

Dora fell in a faint. Then she heard a voice. Her mamma was saying: “Why, Dora, you went to sleep and almost rolled out of the hammock. I reached you just in time.”

“Oh!” Dora rubbed her eyes. There were the ants on that same balsam. “I’ll never go with you again to see such a hateful, homely Queen.”



THE TWO VALENTINES.

PATTY stood on mammy's door-step holding something in her apron with one hand, while she knocked with the other.

"Come in," said mammy, opening the door.

As soon as she was seated, with Patty on her knee, she asked, "What you got to show to mammy, honey?"

"Valentines I'm going to send to all my friends," answered Patty.

"Valumtimes? Let mammy see 'em." She put on a pair of heavy-rimmed spectacles, and together they peered at the valentines, the little yellow head resting lovingly against the gray one.

"Brother Charley says they are all about hearts and darts. Don't your specs show you that, mammy?" said Patty.

Mammy couldn't read a word with spectacles or without them; no more could Patty.

But mammy answered, "No, honey, somehow I can't make it out." Patty seized the spectacles, put them on, and tried to read. She shook her head and cried, "I don't believe these old specs are any account," and then ran laughing to the house.

All that day mammy was shut up in her house, busy with something. Patty was shut up in mamma's room, equally busy.

Valentine's morning came, and Patty started to mammy's house, bearing in her outstretched arms a great heart-shaped pin-cushion



made of crimson velvet and trimmed with lace. Tied in the centre, with a bow of ribbon, was a pair of brand-new silver spectacles. Below the bow, stuck in with the brightest of pins, were the words, "Mammy's valentine from Patty."

Just as she reached the corner of the house, she ran full tilt into mammy, who came from the opposite direction. In her hands she

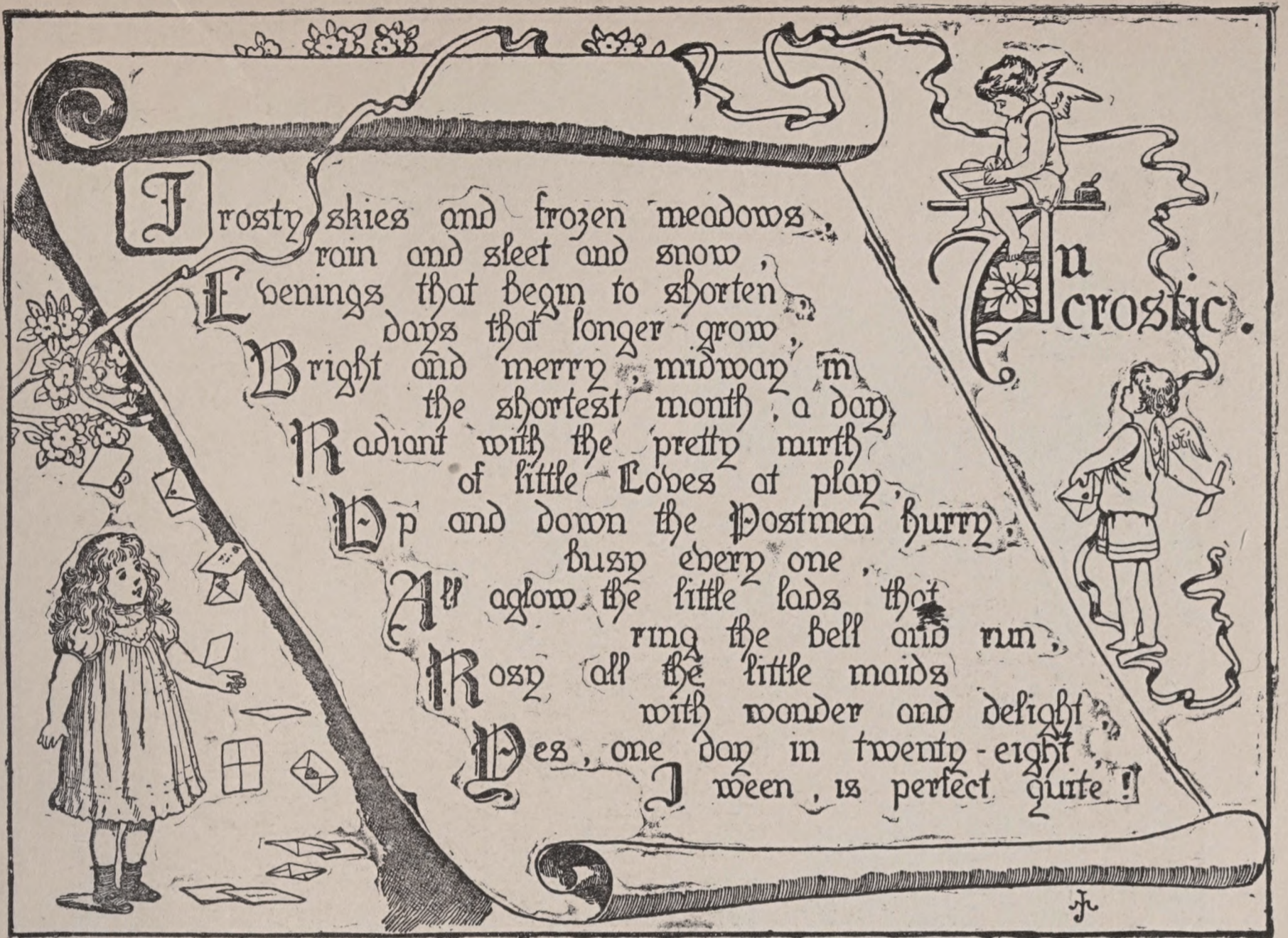
had an immense heart-shaped cake, snowy with frosting, while across it, in pink sugar-plums, was, "Patty's valentine from mammy."

Patty screamed, and mammy cried, "Bless me!"



After awhile, when Patty had explained the words mamma put upon the cushion, and mammy those Brother Charley put upon the cake, they examined the two valentines through the new spectacles. Both found they could now read very well.

"I think these are very good specs, indeed," said Patty; and mammy said she thought so too.



THE COW THAT CLEARED THE TABLE.

IN the first place, the man who raised the cow spoiled her, just as a great many boys and girls are spoiled. He let her have her own way in everything.

By the time she was a full-grown cow she had learned a great many bad tricks.

One day she was sold, and as her first owner was not an honest man he said nothing about her bad ways.

She was a very handsome cow. As she gave plenty of rich milk it was not strange that the people who bought her were very proud of her.

They turned her into the large door-yard, where the clover was up to her knees.

The house was built with a basement kitchen, the floor of which was on a level with the ground, so that there were no steps to climb.

When breakfast was over on the morning after the cow was brought home, the family went about their usual work.



The mother went upstairs, and the daughter was left to clear the table and wash the dishes.

But it was a beautiful summer morning, and the young girl had some flowers in the front yard of which she was very fond. She ran off to look at them, and left the kitchen door wide open.

She was soon so happy with her flowers that she forgot the work waiting in the kitchen. She went from blossom to blossom, looking at them and touching them gently; but suddenly, in the midst of her happiness, she heard a great crash that seemed to come from the kitchen.

She darted off, but when she came to the kitchen door her way was blocked. That precious cow was in the kitchen, and one side of her great body was straight across the door. It did no good to push her or to scream at her, for there she stood as stubborn as a mule. The frightened girl could not see her head, but she could hear her eating, and also heard the dishes fall.

It did not take the poor girl but a minute to make up her mind. She flew around the house, in at the front door, and down the stairs to the kitchen, thus getting in front of Madame Cow and driving her out the door.

But she had cleared the table indeed. She had eaten all the victuals left by the family, — potatoes, corn, bread, pie, crackers, and even pickles. But, worse than all, nearly every dish was on the floor. Some were broken, others cracked, and only a few were entirely safe.

Wasn't Madame Cow turned out of that nice, grassy yard in short order?

Indeed she was; but as that was not the last of her bad capers, she was soon shut up in the barn, fattened, and killed.

But she is still spoken of in that family as "the cow that cleared the table."





MOTHER TREE'S GOOD-BY

“GOOD-BY! little yellow and purple and red,”

Sighed old mother tree; and her little leaves said:

“Good-by! we’ve been happy the whole summer long,

While rocked in your arms, to the birds’ cheery song!”

“How mother shall miss you in nights lone and chill,

When stars glitter down over white vale and hill;

But birds fly away when they outgrow the nest,

So good-by, my birdies, that I love the best!”

They fluttered away, with the hurrying breeze,
 To dance and to play, as their fancies might please;
 A few took a sail in the shivering brook,
 And some hid from sight in a lone woodland nook.

Oh! when they had gone, how the old mother tree
 Repined that her darlings might back with her be.
 She reached out her arms in the eve's misty gray,
 And sighed, "Oh! my pretties, don't all from me stay."

But those that went sailing the brook, gay and free,
 Came back never more, — they were lost in the sea;
 And those that were dancing soon wearied of fun,
 And longed to see mother before set of sun!

"Oh, could we go back again!" whispering said
 Wee yellow and purple and bright, pretty red,
 "We'd sleep at the foot of our dear mother tree,
 For no home more loving and quiet could be!"

THE COW IN THE PANTRY.

BELLE, with her family of dolls, and mamma, with her mending-basket, sat on the bench under the big maple one lovely Indian summer day. Papa and the boys were away in the field digging potatoes, and the cows were eating the fall feed in the meadow back of the house.

Mamma mended and mended. Belle played and played. All at once they heard heavy steps in the kitchen.

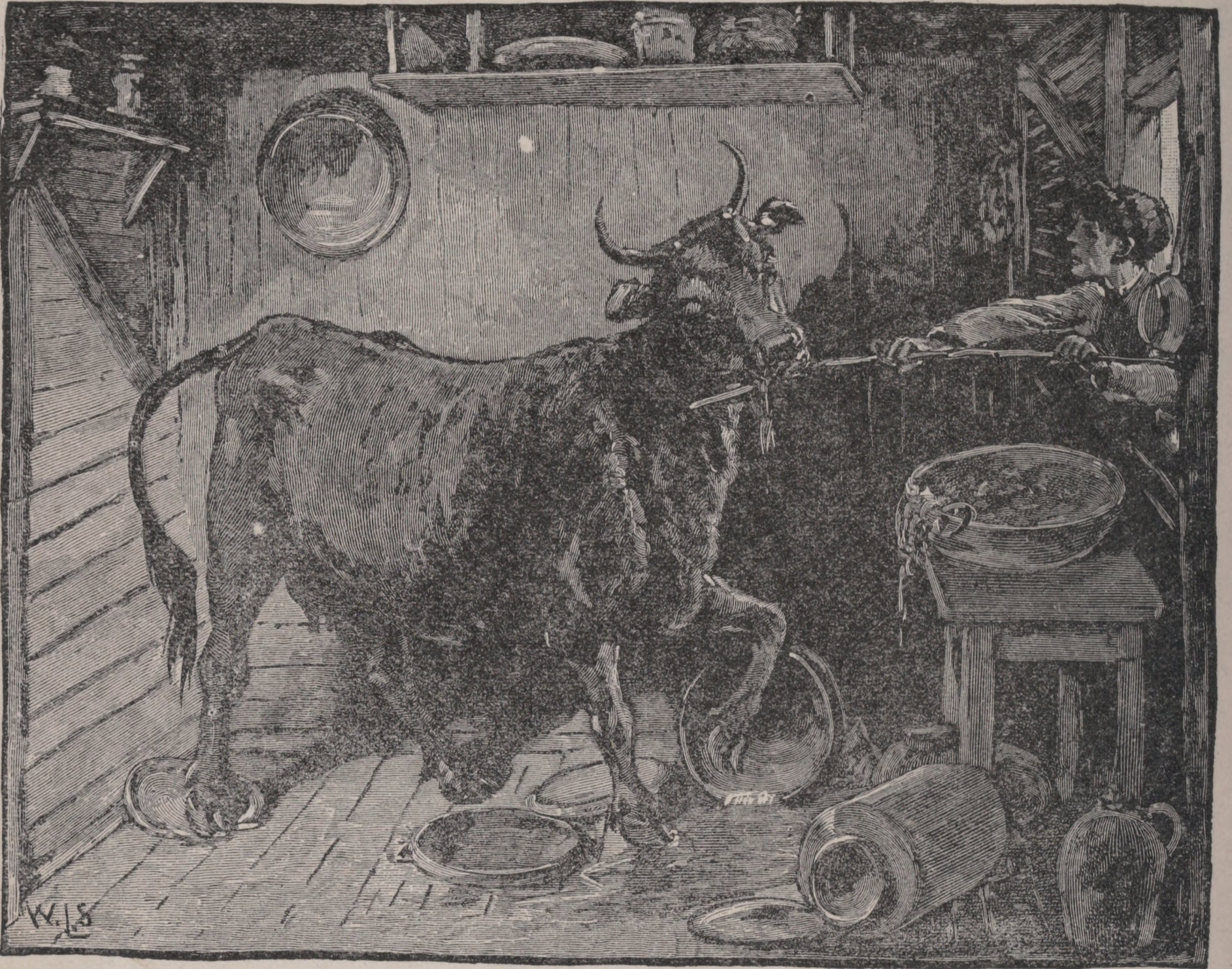
"Who can it be?" said mamma.

More steps, then crash! rattle! bang! Crockery and tin-ware seemed both going to smash together.

Mamma rushed into the house. There she found the black cow had come into the kitchen; then, smelling the cold boiled vegetables

in the pantry, had gone in there, knocked down the great platter of them, tipped over a pile of tin pans, and was soon feasting among the ruins.

Mamma stood behind her and shouted; but the pantry was too narrow for Old Black to turn around in, and she kept on with her feast.



“You might take hold of her tail and pull her out!” suggested Belle, peeping in at the door.

Mamma didn't try that, but went out-doors, and, opening the pantry window, thrust a long stick fairly into Old Black's face. She finally backed out, knocking down more pans, and tipping over a pail of buttermilk as she did so.

Mamma had a sweet time cleaning up, and Belle cried because they could have no hash for breakfast.



ROVER'S STORY.

MY name is Rover. I came from Newfoundland when I was a little puppy a year old. That was a long time ago,—as much as four years, I should think,—and now I am a big dog, and a good watch-dog, too.

When I came here I travelled a long time in a ship, to a city they called Boston, and then on a railroad to this place. How glad I was to get to my home at last!

I found some children to play with, and what good romps we used to have together!

The baby, Roy, was a great pet of mine. I would let him do whatever he liked to me, and never growl or snap at him at all.

He was only a baby two years old, and didn't know he was hurting me.

Every day, after dinner, he would sit down in front of me and pick my teeth with a sharp stick.

He would say, "Now, Rover, you must have 'our teeth cleaned, just like papa." If he hurt me with his sharp point I would get up and walk away.

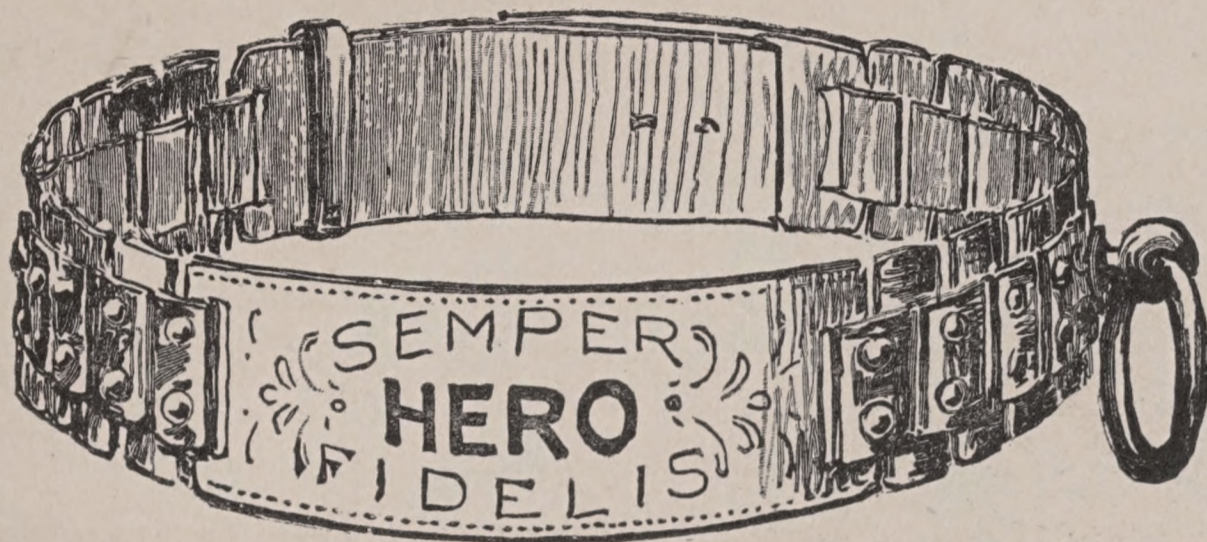
My master has trained me to help him in a great many ways. He sends me to the baker's for the daily supply of bread. The baker takes out the money from the basket, which I carry in my



mouth, and gives me the basket full of bread. I go for the milk every evening, and now my master is teaching me to go for the letters at the post-office.

One day I was out walking with the children, when my pet, Roy, now eight years old, fell into a little pond. His older brother tried to save him, but could not. I jumped in, and, catching the little fellow's jacket in my teeth, dragged him ashore.

My master calls me "Hero" now; and he gave me a silver collar, with my new name on it, with a fine Latin motto, which



I will explain to you. It was "Semper fidelis," or "Always faithful."

Don't you think it is a good motto for children, as well as for dogs?

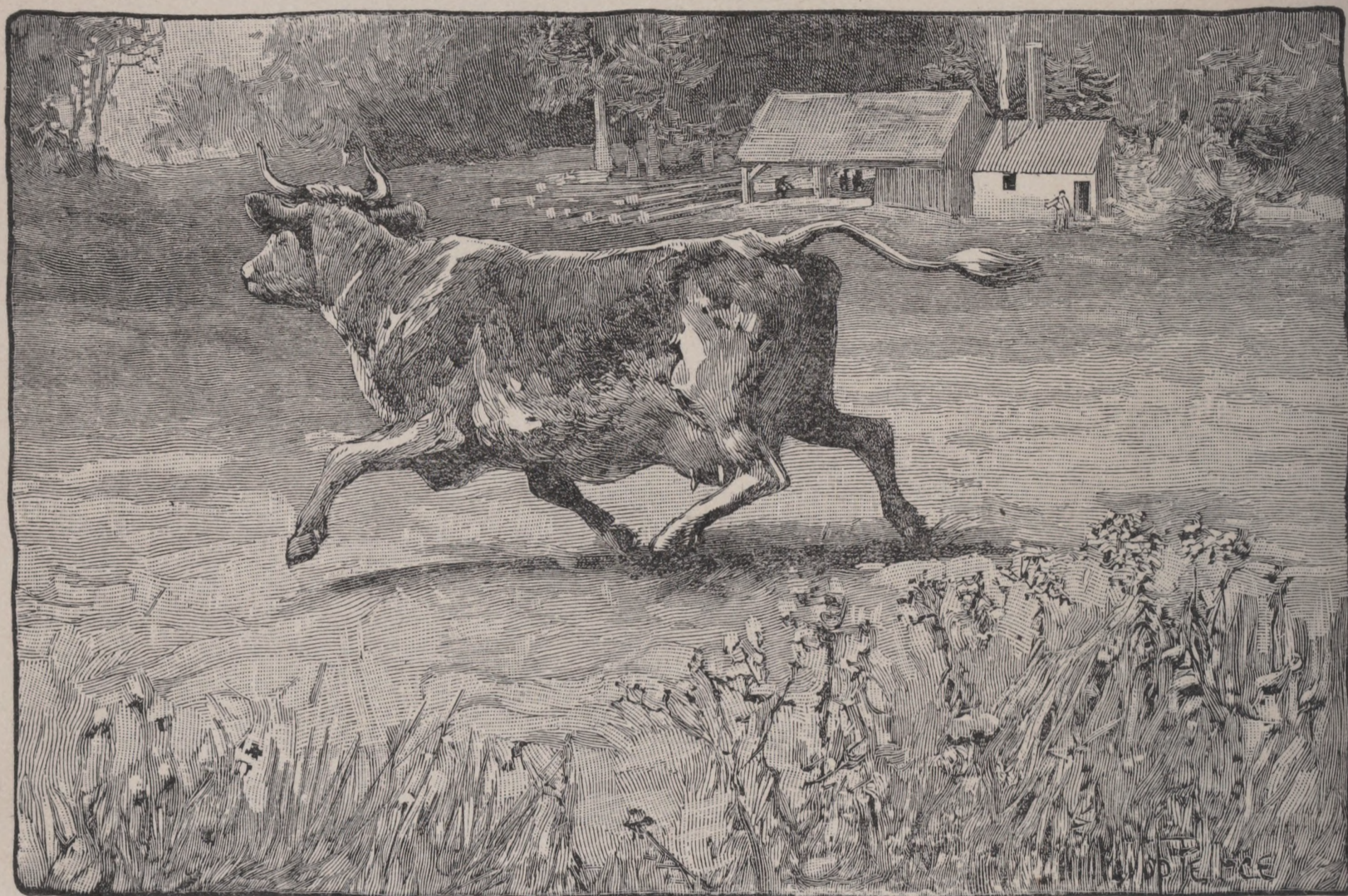
If you ever come to the place where I live, I hope you will call at my house. I should like to show you my collar.

THE FRIGHTENED COW.

THE gentle brown bossy
 Loves well on the mossy
 Green hillsides to rest and to feed;
 Or under warm shelter
 To have sweet hay dealt her
 When the snow lieth deep on the mead.

THE FRIGHTENED COW.

But a wonderful saw-mill
Built wise Mr. Dawhill,
Not far from our bossy's nice barn ;
And a screeching steam whistle,
As sharp as a thistle,
He purchased, his workmen to warn.



Upon the first morning
The whistle gave warning
Our bossy was terribly scared ;
Her nerves seemed quite shattered,
Her very teeth chattered,
When we went to see how she had fared.

And all of our soothing,
And patting and smoothing,

Would not calm the bossy so brown;
She jumped and she shivered,
She mooed and she quivered,
And none of her milk would come down.



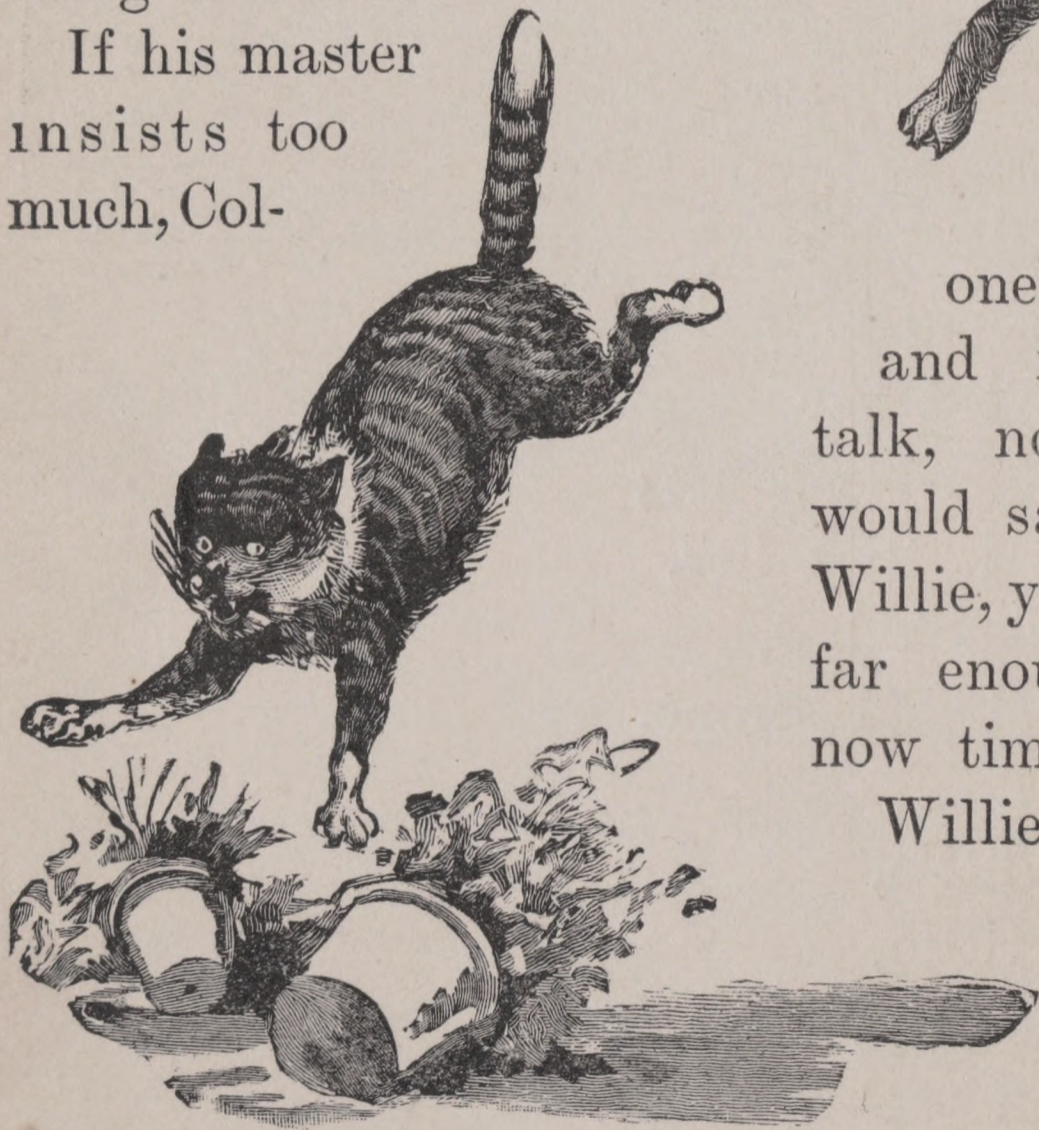
And naught could be fed her,
So kindly we led her
A mile from the terrible scene;
But two days it took her,
So sorely it shook her,
To grow again cool and serene.

But little by little,
A jot and a tittle,
We moved her each day near to it,
Till now when the whistle
Shrieks, sharp as a thistle,
Our bossy don't mind it a bit.

Colonel's Bath

COLONEL is Willie's dog, and he is very proud when his master hitches him to the cart; but he cannot be persuaded to carry anything on his back.

If his master insists too much, Col-



onel will growl, and if he could talk, no doubt he would say, "Master Willie, you have gone far enough. It is now time to stop."

Willie has trained Colonel to perform many cunning tricks.



He is generally very dignified, and never shows any disposition to hurt dogs that are smaller than himself.

If they annoy him, he will show his teeth occasionally, but that is all. Willie says he is then laughing at them; but the dogs act as if they understood it to be a hint to keep out of his way.

I am sorry to say that Colonel sometimes loses his temper. He cannot endure the presence of a cat.

One day Willie hitched him to the cart, and went down town for some kerosene. After getting the oil he hung it on the back of the cart, climbed in, and started for home.

Colonel trotted along as usual, until suddenly a cat came out of an alley just in front of him, and ran across the street.

This was too much for the dog, and he started after the cat, taking his load with him.

Willie tried to check him, but did not succeed.

The cat, in order to escape, jumped over the pickets.

The dog followed.

Willie got off just in time, but the can of oil remained.

The cart caught in the fence and held Colonel fast, tipping the can in such a way that his beautiful fur coat was thoroughly drenched with oil.

Poor Colonel was taught a double lesson: that it is undignified for a big dog to chase a cat, and that a shower of kerosene makes an exceedingly disagreeable bath.



ONCE upon a time,
Not very long ago,
I knew a little baby
Who had just begun to grow.

And what do you think about it?
She's been growing ever since,
Just like a pear or apple,
Or a strawberry, or a quince.

And so, you see, she isn't
A baby any more;
She has had one, two, three birthdays,
And now she will have four.



ETHEL was fond of maple candy. Once she spent a few weeks in sugar time at her Uncle John's. He had a large sugar orchard, and a house in the woods with every convenience for boiling sap. During the sugar season he was very busy making syrup, candy, and

sugar, which he sold in the city.

One day Ethel went to the sugar-house with her mother when Uncle John was "sugaring off," and had all the candy and sugar she could eat. It amused them all very much to see her try to make snowballs to dip into the boiling candy, just as the older ones did.

The next morning she was out giving her dolls a ride on the crust in her little sleigh, when all at once it occurred to her that her dolls ought to have some candy too.

Without waiting to tell mamma, she started off in the direction of the sugar-house. It was fully two miles away in the woods; but Ethel did not realize this. She was only three years old,



and did not understand that Uncle John did not make candy every day. When she went the day before, it was with her uncle's fast horse, and she was snugly tucked up in the warm robes, with the bells making merry music all the way. She found it quite a different thing to trudge up hill and down, dragging her sleigh after her.



Her courage was good, and her desire for more of the delicious candy was very strong, and so she kept on.

Uncle John found her more than half the distance. She was crying heartily, for she began to feel very tired, and to be lonely and afraid among the tall trees. Ethel with her sleigh and dolls were taken up on her uncle's big sled, and carried home, where they found mamma running and looking for her in every direction.



BABY'S FIRST PARTY.

SHE enters with a modest air,
My little débutante, so fair,
So full of childish graces.
'Tis Heaven's blue within her eyes,
Which look up with a shy surprise
To meet the unknown faces.

Of lovers brave, and true, and bold
She has her share, as I've been told,
All seeking for her favor.

She brings all true hearts to her feet,
 My little maid, so fair, so sweet —
 Heaven from all evils save her!




M.
L.
D.
W.
A.
S.

The white lids droop and shade her eyes
 Like fleecy clouds o'er summer skies.
 A sob that from her heart is —
 What grief to one so young can come?
 She only murmurs, "Take me home,
 I think I don't like parties."



PET IN THE COUNTRY.— IV.

A RUNAWAY.



GRANDMA!" cried Pet, running into the kitchen where grandma and Aunt Sally, the cook, were making something very nice out of strawberries and pie-crust, "may Milly Jackson come in the garden and help me harness Sugar to the baby-carriage?"

"But I thought you were not to play with Milly any more this week," said grandma, spreading big lumps of butter on a piece of dough.

"Oh, I forgot," said Pet. Then she stood quiet for a long time. "Grandma," she asked presently, "would it be just polite to tell Milly to go home?"

"Laws, yes, honey," said old Aunt Sally; "tell her to run right along."

But grandma wiped the flour off of her hands and went into the pantry. When she came back she had a big slice of gingerbread and a lemon cooky on a plate.

"Give these to Milly, deary," she said, "and tell her that grandma does not want you to play with her to-day, and she had better run home."

Pet took the plate and went slowly towards the front garden. She liked to play with little black Milly, though she knew she was

not always a good little girl. When one has no brothers or sisters what is one to do? Milly was very much pleased with the ginger-



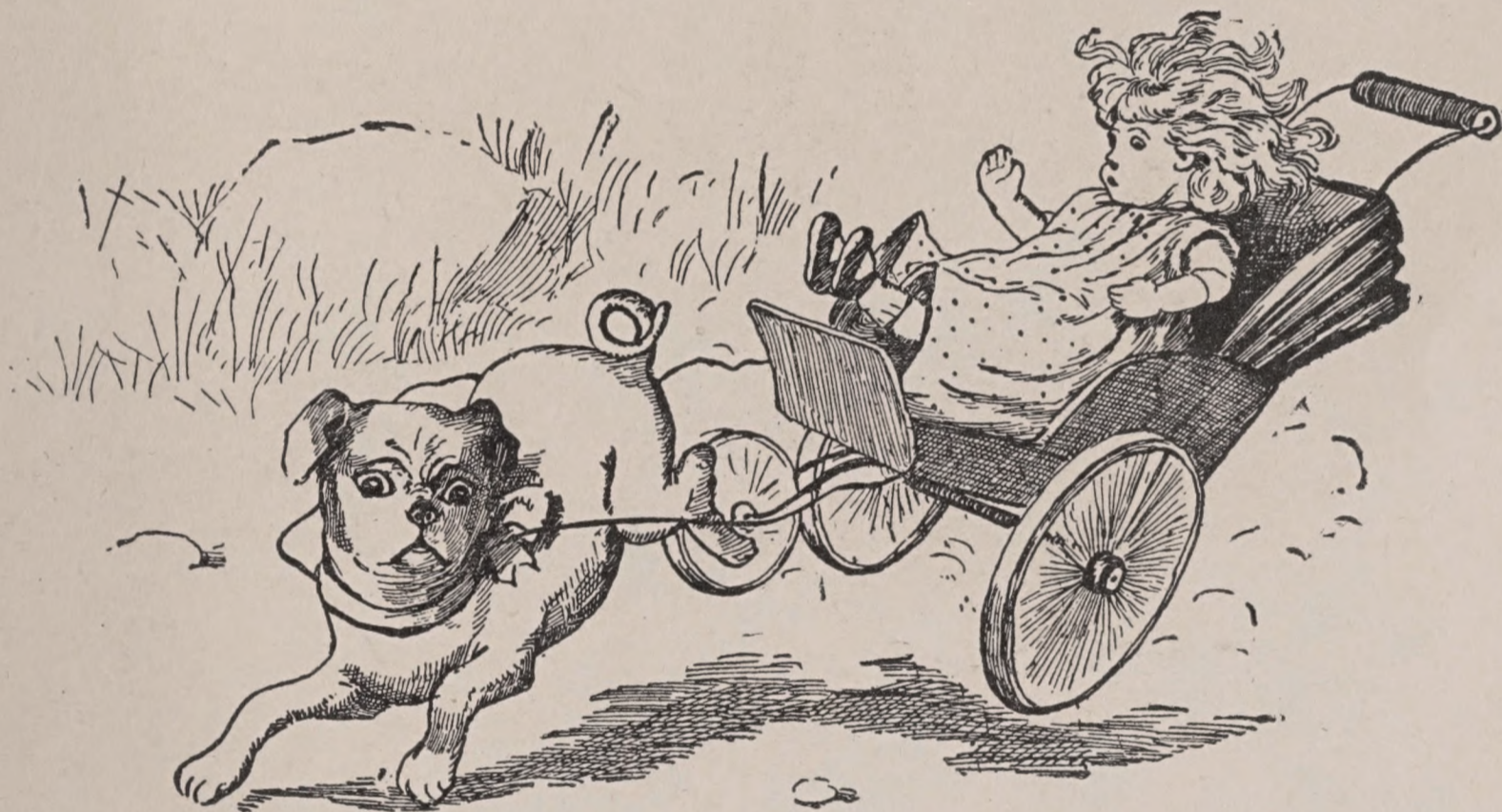
bread and the cooky, and her feelings were not at all hurt when Pet told her she must go home. "I've tied your little dog to the carriage," she said, pointing to Sugar; and then she ran away with her cake as fast as she could.

Pet leaned over the garden gate and watched her little black figure down the road until it was out of sight. Then she turned round feeling rather lonely. Why, where was Sugar? He was there a moment before! Where was the carriage? Where was Belle Paris? They were all gone.

“Sugar! Sugar!” called Pet, running up and down. She looked under every bush and behind every tree. There was no Sugar to be seen. He had run off with the carriage, and Belle was tied in it.

“Suga-a-r!” she called again, as loud as she could; but it was of no use. Pet sat down on the doorstep to think what she should do. While she sat there a man came to the gate. “Missy, is this yours?” he said, holding out a very dusty bundle of rags. It was poor Belle Paris.

“Oh, have you seen anything of my little dog?” cried Pet, as she caught her doll in her arms.



“I guess there’s been a runaway up the road,” said the man, smiling. “Your doll-baby’s horse was pretty well scared.”

“Oh, but where is he?” said Pet. “Why doesn’t he come back?”

“He’ll come home all right, little girl; don’t you fret,” said the man kindly. “But there isn’t much left of the carriage.”

Then he smiled and nodded as he walked off, and Pet tried to smile back at him, though she didn’t feel much like it.

“Anyway, you’re all right,” she said to Belle Paris, as she shook the dust out of her poor torn dress. “You’ll have to lie down all the afternoon, ’cause you’ve been so frightened.”

Hugging Belle tight in her arms, Pet ran off to tell grandma all about it.



THE FATE OF A SQUASH PIE.

POLLIE had come to grandma's for Thanksgiving! In New York, where Pollie lived, there was no Thanksgiving, — at least Pollie supposed not, — else why should they have come to grandma's for it?

Pollie was glad they had come, though, for grandma was the dearest old lady, with snow-white hair, and the kindest smile! Soon after they arrived she took Pollie into a delicious-smelling pantry, and showed her a tiny pie upon the lower shelf.

“There, Pollie,” said she, “grandma made that for you, herself!”

“What is it, grandma?” asked Pollie timidly.

“Bless the child!” exclaimed grandma. “Has she never seen a pie before? It's a squash pie, dearie, and you shall eat it to-morrow.

There are plenty more for the grown people, but this little one is all for you, and Betsy shall set it by your plate at dinner." Too happy to speak, Pollie squeezed grandma's hand silently.

After tea, grandma sat talking with mamma while Pollie was going to bed. "Uncle Jack will be here to-night," she said. "I am glad I've made so many squash pies. Last Thanksgiving he ate all I had, and begged for more. He said nothing tasted so good as mother's squash pies."

When they had gone downstairs, Pollie lay awake, thinking. So Uncle Jack wanted to eat all the squash pies! She was sure he wouldn't take the dear saucer-pie if he knew it was Pollie's. But suppose he should eat it before grandma could tell him! She resolved to put it in a safe place until she

could explain. Pulling on her little slippers, she crept down stairs.

No one saw her, and she easily found the pantry, and returned in triumph with the pie. She remembered hearing mamma say she always kept her watch under the pillow for safety. Lifting her little white pillow, Pollie tucked the precious pie carefully underneath, and jumping into bed, was soon sound asleep.



The next morning Pollie quite forgot the pie ; but while mamma was dressing her, grandma came in to say good-morning, and, as she stood by the little bed, happened to lift the pillow.

“Mercy !” she exclaimed, “what is this ?”

Pollie gave a little gasp, as she saw the ruins of her treasure. “My squash pie !” she faltered.



“Squash pie, I should say !” said grandma, smiling in spite of her dismay. “How came it here ?”

Pollie explained, through tears of disappointment.

“There, never mind !” said grandma, patting the curly head gently. “There’s plenty of time to make another before dinner.”

So Pollie had her pie after all, and thought she never had tasted anything half so good. But she never again put a squash pie under her pillow “for safety.”



IF I could choose a wedding gift,
I'd climb for you the rainbow stairs
And bring a star to bless
This day of happiness.

As I came down, a bird I'd lift
From off his nest, that his sweet airs
And songs might you delight
in rosy morn till night.

But rainbow stairs are hard to mount,
The birds hide in the trees' green shade,
And so I bring, dear friend, to you
The flowers wet with dew.



Take them, and then take me; please count
My eyes your stars; the little maid
Who offers flowers, your bird,
Whose heart with love is stirred.



May child love and the birds together
 Make all your life like summer weather;
 May flowers blossom in your sight,
 And golden stars bring peace at night.



MATTIE BIGELOW was called "Little Grandmother" because no one ever saw her in the daytime without her little French cap or ball of yarn and knitting-needles. And she was always knitting and counting stitches.

If any one asked her a question she was just as likely to say, "One, two, three, four, five, — in a minute, please;" and after answering, she would commence again, "six, seven, eight," and so on.

Mattie lived near the great Mississippi river. In the spring, when



the freshets came and the river overflowed its banks, Mr. Bigelow would often have to move his furniture and family before the flood came.

One day Mattie's father and mother went away from home, leaving her in charge of her little brother Stephe, who was only three years old.

There had been some signs of a freshet, but as Mattie's father expected to be back in an hour or two, he did not think there was any danger in leaving Mattie and Stephe in the house.

Several times on their way back Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow were told that the river had risen suddenly. When they got near home they found their house surrounded by water, which was up nearly to the second-story window.

Mr. Bigelow got a skiff and paddled over to the house, and before he got to the window he heard somebody saying:—

“One, two, three, four, — don't cry, Stephe; five, six, seven, eight, — papa will soon be here; nine, ten, eleven, twelve, — be a good boy.”

It was Mattie counting stitches and watching over her little brother.



When her father called her to the window and lifted her and Stephe into the skiff, Mattie said:—

“Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, — I am so glad you have come, papa; seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, — the water came in so fast downstairs I brought Stephe up here and we couldn't get down again.”



ROY AND WONDER.

WONDER was a little puppy and Roy was his master. Uncle Job gave Wonder to Roy on his birthday.

The puppy was a handsome little fellow, gray with black ears. Roy was very fond of him.

But Roy did like to play master. Worst of all, he was fond of being a severe master. When he played school with his sister Jane's dolls, he liked to punish them.

This was not good in Roy; but then, he could not make the dolls ache. He only broke their arms, and pulled out their curls.

When he tried to play horse with Wonder he whipped him hard. This made the puppy cry. He did not know why he should be whipped. Then Roy kicked him because he laid down. The poor dog only laid down because he was frightened.

Wonder began to yelp, and sister Jane ran out.

"What are you hurting poor Wonder for, naughty Roy?" she cried.

"It does not hurt him," said Roy; "he likes it."

Wonder did like playing horse, but it hurt him to be kicked. Perhaps Roy did not know any better than to say it did not hurt him. Roy was only four years old.

“I shall take Wonder away,” said Jane. And so she did. Roy was left alone.

He began at once to look for another horse to play with. Soon he



spied the wringer. Nurse Katy had been washing for the children, and the wringer stood on the piazza.

“Ah! There’s a horsey!” cried Roy. He went to the wringer, and climbed upon a stool which stood by it. He began to turn the handle. Around it went in fine style. “Get up!” shouted the little boy, and began to whip his horse.

But soon Roy grew careless. All at once his fingers slipped in between the teeth of the wringer’s wheels.



Oh, how hard those teeth did bite ! You would have thought so had you heard poor Roy scream. He could not get the finger out from the wheel. But sister Jane came and helped him.

Roy sobbed sadly, and asked to have a rag tied on his finger. He thought that was very grand. He had seen a grown-up man with his finger dressed like that.

“ Shall I put a rag on Wonder,” asked sister Jane, “ where you kicked him ? ”

“ Poor little Wonder ! ” sobbed Roy, putting his aching finger between his lips, “ I guess it did hurt him ! ”

“ And so you will be kind and sweet to him after this, won’t you, Roy, dear ? ”

“ I guess I will,” said Roy.

I hope Roy will not forget it. It is cruel to abuse weak animals, even in playing horse.

REBECCA AND ISAAC.

WHAT do you think they were? A couple of owls.

Bertie's big brother found them away up in the top of a tall tree. He climbed up and got them for him.

They named them Rebecca and Isaac, but everybody called them Becky and Ike.

Bertie made a little nest for them and tied their legs with a string so they could walk a little but could not fly away.

They grew very tame and would come to Bertie when he called them. They sometimes flew upon his shoulder or alighted on his curly head.

They looked very funny rolling their big, round eyes in the daytime, and blinking away at the light.

But when it grew dark they could see when Bertie could not.



After a time he let them go all over the house. Sometimes they went out-of-doors, but they always came back.

At last they grew very troublesome, and Bertie's mamma told him she thought they had better go into the woods again.

He felt very badly over it at first. But when Becky flew against a pan of milk his mother was carrying and spilled it all over her clean dress, and Ike broke sister Lucy's prettiest vase, knocking it off the organ with his long wings, he consented.

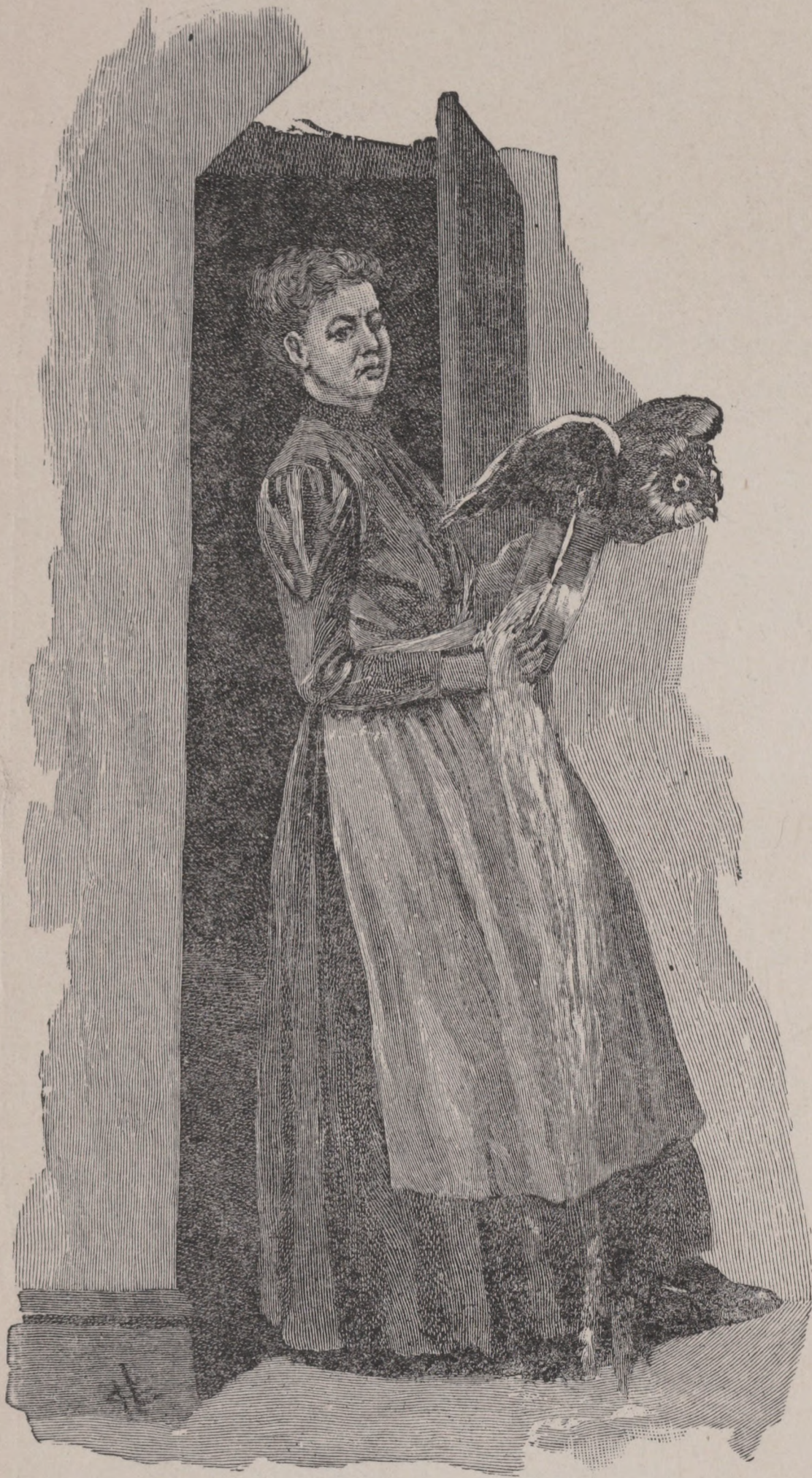
So his big brother went with him, and when they got away out in the woods they let them go.

Bertie cried a little, but knew it was best.

He never saw them again but once. That was when he and his brother and sister were in a boat on the river. Two owls

flew down from a tree on the bank and round and round their boat; and they seemed to know him when Bertie called them.

He thought it was Becky and Ike, and I think so, too; don't you?





I WILL tell you a story of two very intelligent dogs, one quite large and the other small, who are great friends. Beauty, the larger one, loves to romp with children, to swim, to run and fetch things thrown, to carry bundles for his master, and to play ball.

A dog play ball? Yes; Beauty owns a ball, which he keeps in a snug corner, and when he wants to play he drops it at some friend's feet, looks up and barks, as if to say, "Please throw it, and see me run and catch it."

Some boys were playing base-ball one day when Beauty joined them. He chased the ball all over the field and caught it oftener than his two-legged friends. But he insisted upon playing on both sides, which made trouble. They were obliged to take him by the collar and lead him home, for they could not drive him.

Beauty will catch a ball thrown swiftly a few feet away as easily as the best base-ball player.

One day Johnnie threw a stick on the stable roof several times, and Beauty would catch it as it came down. The stick lodged on the eaves, so that Beauty could see, but could not reach, it.

"Why don't you get it, Beauty?" said Johnnie.

Beauty thought a moment, and then went behind the stable and brought a long bean-pole for Johnnie to knock the stick down with. Then Beauty caught it and seemed much pleased.

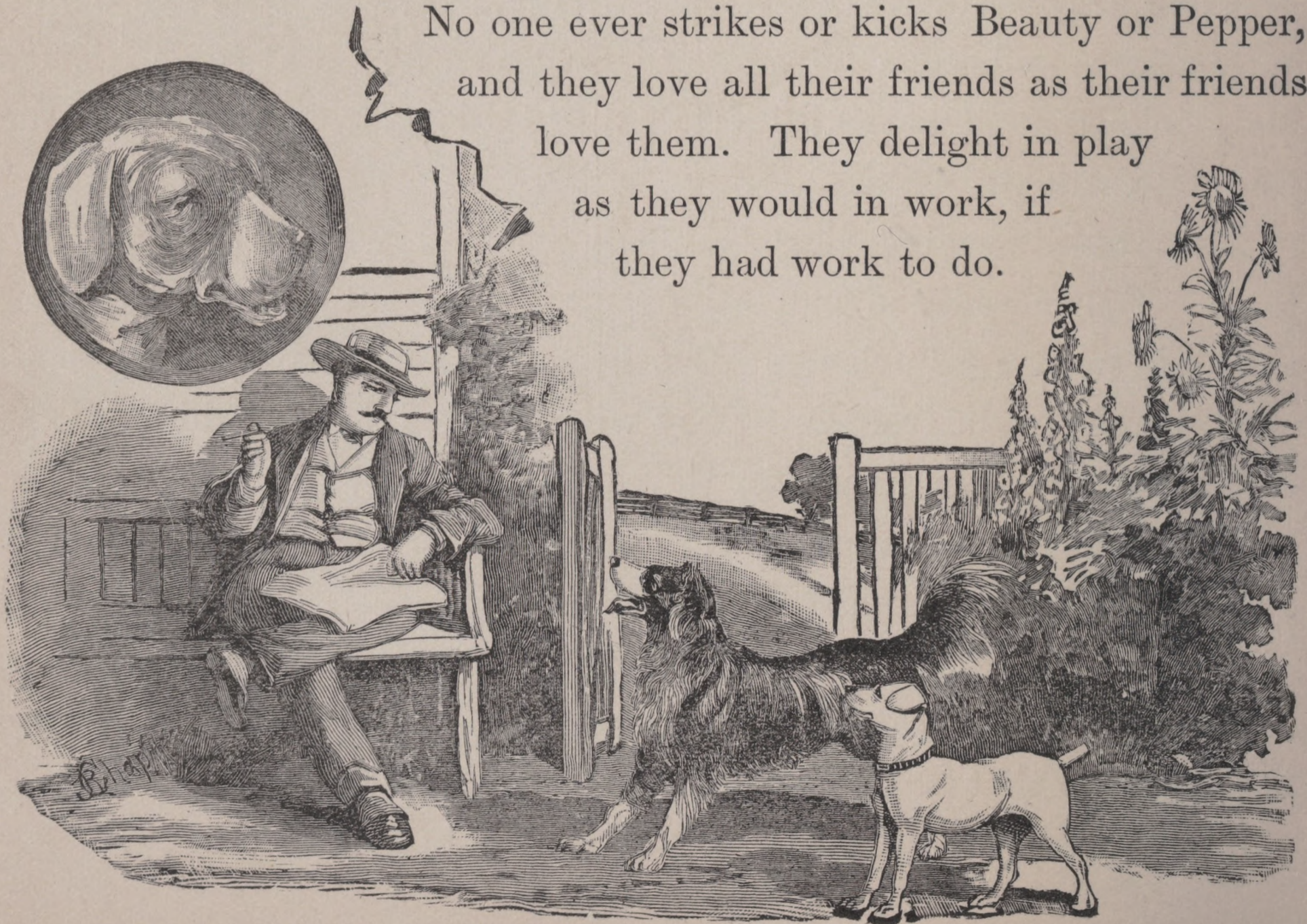
Pepper is Beauty's friend. He does not play ball, but spends much time in catching flies and other insects.

One day he caught a wasp and the wasp stung him. The picture shows how handsome Pepper looked before he caught the wasp, and how homely he appeared for three days afterwards.

When Pepper first came to Beauty's home, Beauty went with him around the neighborhood to show him the sights and introduce him to other good dogs.

One afternoon Beauty came home without his little friend. "Where is Pepper?" asked his master. Beauty looked up, wagged his tail, and barked. "Go and find him," said his master. Beauty barked again, and trotted off. In ten minutes he returned with Pepper, looked up in his master's face, as if to say, "Here he is," wagged his tail, and barked a third time.

No one ever strikes or kicks Beauty or Pepper, and they love all their friends as their friends love them. They delight in play as they would in work, if they had work to do.



The Lady

Bear



ONE day Lena's Uncle Charlie took her to a menagerie, where there were several well-trained animals.

Lena was most pleased with a bear dressed as a lady.

Two bears harnessed to a small wagon trotted briskly into the ring.

In the wagon sat the lady bear, holding the reins in one paw, and in the other a small parasol.

She looked very stylish indeed. Her dress was all ruffles and puffs, and a gay scarf was wound about her shoulders. Her bonnet was quite a flower-garden.

The clown stepped forward and politely gave her his hand, as the wagon stopped. She sprang out with more grace than one could expect of a bear. Taking the clown's arm she promenaded with him, holding her parasol over her head in a very comical manner.

After this she danced, fanned herself with the fan that hung by her side, and played several little games with the clown.



When the performance was over, she made a profound bow to the spectators, and was assisted into her wagon by the clown.

She gave the reins a shake, and rode out of the tent amidst such applause from the audience that it was a wonder the bear team did not run away and spill Madame Bear out of her wagon.





UNCLE PHIL'S STORY.

“TELL us a story, Uncle Phil,” said Rob and Archie, running to him.

“What about?” said Uncle Phil, as Rob climbed on his right knee and Archie on his left.

“Oh, about something that happened to you,” said Rob.

“Something when you were a little boy,” added Archie.

“Once when I was a little boy,” said Uncle Phil, “I asked my mother to let Roy and myself go and play by the river.”

“Was Roy your brother?” asked Rob.

“No; but he was very fond of playing with me. My mother said yes; so we went and had a good deal of sport.

“After a while I took a shingle for a boat, and sailed it along the bank. At last it began to get into deep water, where I couldn't reach it with a stick. Then I told Roy to go and bring it to me.

“He almost always did what I told him, but this time he did not. I began scolding him, and he ran towards home.



“Then I was very angry. I picked up a stone and threw **it at** him as hard as I could.”

“O Uncle Phil!” said Archie.

“Just then Roy turned his head, and it struck him right over his eye.”

“O Uncle Phil!” cried Rob.

“Yes, it made him stagger. He gave a little cry and lay down on the ground.

“But I was still angry with him. I did not go to him, but waded into the water for my boat.

“But it was deeper than I thought. Before I knew it I was in a strong current. I screamed as it carried me down stream; but no men were near to help me.

“But, as I went down under the deep waters, something took hold of me and dragged me towards shore. And when I was safe on the bank I saw that it was Roy. He had saved my life.”

“Good fellow! Was he your cousin?” asked Rob.

“No,” replied Uncle Phil.

“What did you say to him?” asked Archie.

“I put my arms around the dear fellow's neck and cried, and asked him to forgive me.”

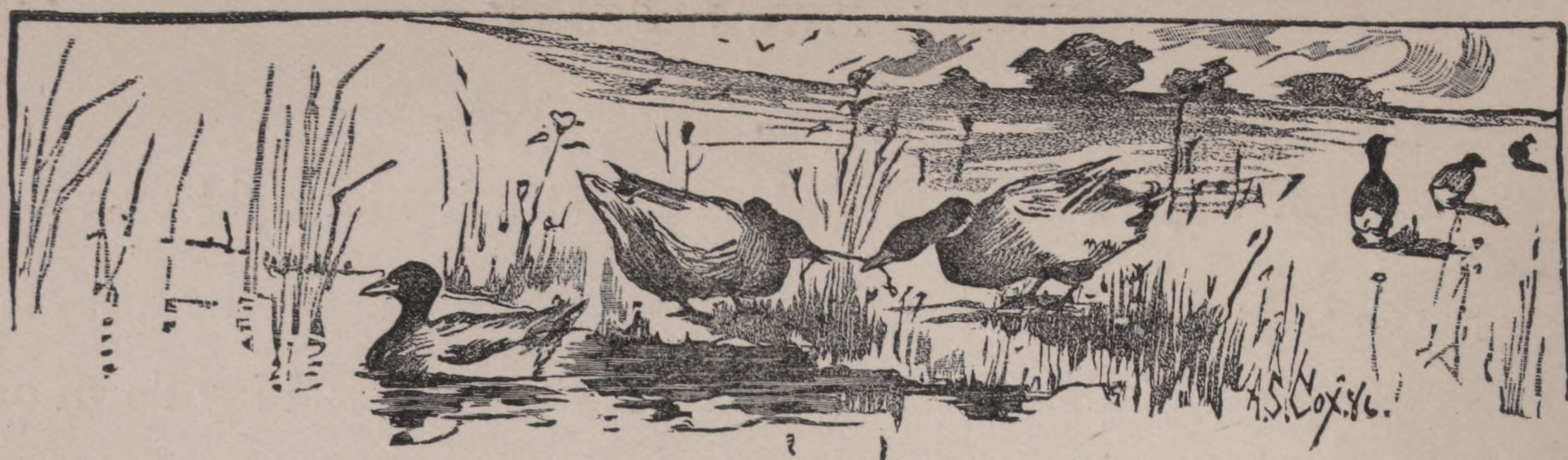
“What did he say?” asked Rob.

“He said ‘Bow, wow, wow!’”

“Why, who was Roy, anyway?” asked Archie, in great astonishment.

“He was my dog,” said Uncle Phil, — “the best dog I ever saw. I have never been unkind to a dog or to any other animal since, and I hope you never will be.”





PET IN THE COUNTRY.— V.

FRANKIE'S LETTER.



AFTER Pet had told grandma about the runaway, she asked if she had better not go down the road and look for Sugar.

“No,” said grandma, “Sugar will find his way home, I am almost sure. You can ask Sally for some warm water to bathe poor Belle with, and then you can put her to bed. She can sleep all the afternoon while you go to the village with me.”

Going to the village with grandma was always such fun that Pet jumped for joy, and almost forgot to feel bad about Sugar. She made Belle very comfortable in her little wooden bedstead. Her yellow hair lay over the pillow and made her look like the pictures of the “Sleeping Beauty” in the story Pet liked so much.

Soon after dinner the carriage came to the door, and Charles, the black coachman, in his coat with brass buttons, sat in the front seat and drove, while grandma and Pet sat behind. It was a beautiful afternoon. The fields looked very green, the sky very blue, and the far-off mountains very soft and hazy.

“I’m glad you’re a country grandma,” said Pet, after a while.

Grandma laughed. "I'm afraid it's the country that makes you like me then," she said.

"No," said Pet; because, don't you see, it's your being in the



country that makes the country so nice, and you are so nice because you live in the country."

"Oh, yes, I see," said grandma, and she laughed again.

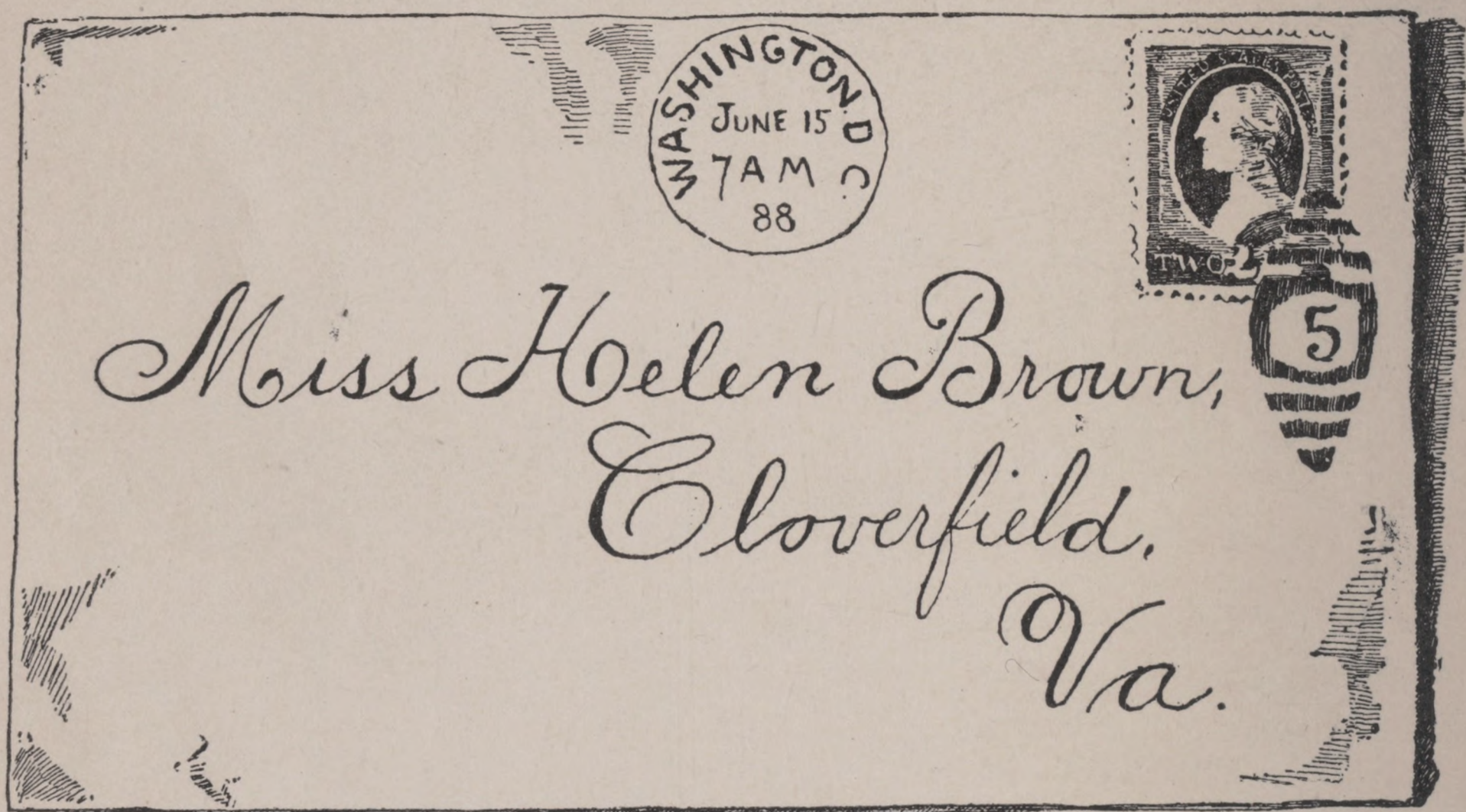
Pretty soon they came to the first houses of the long village street, and by and by Charles drew up at the grocery store. Pet liked this store. She jumped out of the carriage and went in with her grandmother to see the shopman put up the packages. There were big

bundles of sugar and of tea and coffee, and, what Pet thought nicer, a great box of raisins, and one of citron.

Grandma gave her a bunch of raisins and a stick of cinnamon. Then came bundles of soap and starch, and such things; but Pet did not care about those.

When they got in the carriage again grandma told Charles to drive to the post-office; and there something very nice happened. As grandma was looking over her package of letters she suddenly said, —

“Why, here is one for you, little girl,” and handed Pet an envelope, that looked just like this: —



“O grandma! it’s from Frankie, I know,” cried Pet, delighted.

“And who is ‘Frankie’?” asked grandma.

“He is a little boy who lives next door to us in Washington, and he said he would write to me. Shall I read it to you, grandma?”

Grandma said she should like to hear it; so Pet tore open the envelope and read it aloud. It was all printed, and easy to make out. In the next chapter we will see what Frankie said in his letter.



P. G.'S DONKEY RIDE.

P. G.'s real name was Percy Galbraith, but he was such a tiny fellow that his nurse thought it was much too long; so she shortened it into P. G., and P. G. he was called until he grew up to his name.

I want to tell you of a donkey ride P. G. had one day. Not in a little cart with a well-behaved donkey, but one so strange that he has never forgotten it. It happened in this way. When he was still in dresses his mother and father took a long journey to a country called Egypt, and of course P. G. went too.

They first took a vessel and sailed many days, and then a journey on land was followed by a second voyage. P. G. was very glad when they reached Alexandria, the city they were to visit first, for he was tired of the ship and wanted to be on dry land again.

How strange everything was! The dark faces and queer clothes and caps were not what he had been used to in America. When they got to the hotel he was told to look out of the window while his mamma took a nap.

Across the street from the hotel were rows of donkeys with boys

for drivers ; such funny-looking boys, with only a long dark-blue shirt to cover their bare legs !

P. G. thought of his own donkey at home, and concluded he would take a ride ; so he slipped out of the room and across the street. He was a little frightened at so many black faces crowding around him ; but he managed to climb on a donkey, and off they went, with the driver holding on to the donkey's tail.



P. G. tugged at the reins, but the donkey did not mind that a bit ; he only obeyed the boy who had hold of his tail, for that was the way they drove in that country.

Around the square they flew, so fast that P. G. lost his breath. When they stopped, it was so suddenly that he was thrown into a pile of sand. He was very glad to have his father run to pick him up and brush the dust out of his eyes.

P. G. soon got used to this odd way of riding, for he spent a good many weeks in this far-away land ; but he has always remembered his first donkey ride in Egypt.

MOTHER HUBBARD'S CHRISTMAS CUPBOARD.

OLD Mother Hubbard
Went to her cupboard
For citron, and raisins,
and spice, —
And, when she got there,
She said, "I declare!
Christmas will come in a
trice.

"Back to their old home
The children will come, —
Dear little grandchildren
too, —
Sammie and Sadie
And the new baby, —
Sweetest one ever you
knew!

"Now bright the fire
burns,
And brown, to a turn,
Pies, puddings, cakes large
and small.
Christmas is near, —
Blessed and dear, —
Christmas! the best time
of all!"

The old-fashioned clock
Said, "Tock! tick! tock!"
And held up its hands in delight
When old Mother Hubbard
Shut up her cupboard
With satisfied smile that night.

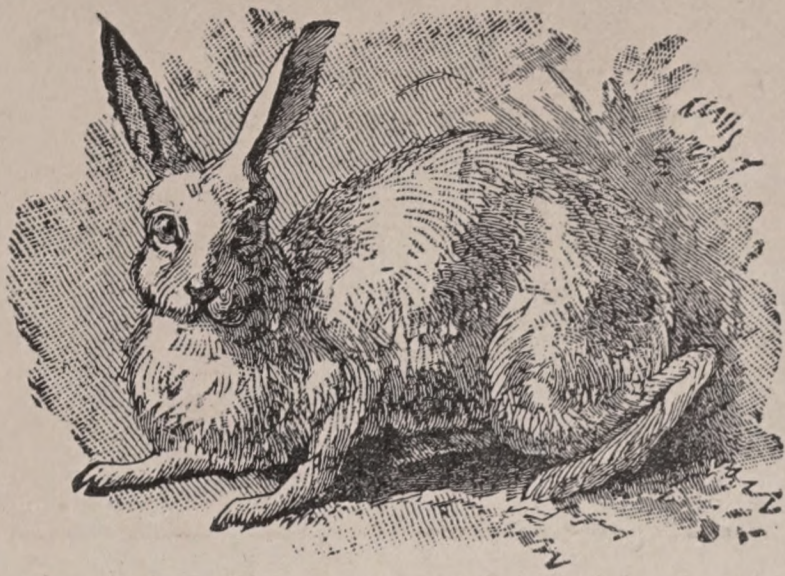




H. G. LOSREY. 90



THE HAPPY MILLWRIGHT.



THE HAPPY MILLWRIGHT.

STONY RUN is full of babble, with a tone for every pebble,
And a whole song for the mossy rock where swiftly down it
dashes.

Working like a little beaver, there my six-years' Willie Weaver
Built a dam with flume and gate, where to-day his mill-wheel
plashes.

Now, if ever boy was busy, happy in his work, it is he;
And his very water-wheel has, like himself, a jolly laughter!
On the sturdy oak above him squirrel laughs and seems to love
him,
And the birds pay merry music for the bath they come there
after.

Rabbit thinks that he's another—just a big two-footed brother—
And sits fearless by the mill-race, nibbling at the greener clover.
Muskrat, too, when all is quiet, slides into the pool to try it;
And he thinks—“Now there's a boy we wild things may glory
over!”

So the dwellers by the rill are happy with my happy miller,
All whose toll is just the gladness of the creatures that come
near him;
Fellow builder, and the gay mate of each winged or furry play-
mate;
These, that find him true and gentle, learn to love and never
fear him.



ONE summer morning Helen and Berta went out under the cherry-tree, to watch Mrs. Redbreast up in her nest. They listened, and thought they could hear a little "Peep, peep."

Running into the house they called Uncle Burr. He climbed the tree, and found four little featherless birdies, with four little wide-open mouths, calling for their breakfasts.

He only stayed in the tree a moment, for Mr. and Mrs. Redbreast came flying back with food for their babies.

Helen and Berta watched the nest every day, and it was not



long before they could see four little bald heads peering over the side of the nest. In a few more days they saw them sitting on the side of the nest, while Mr. and Mrs. Redbreast were trying to coax them to fly, but they were too timid to start out.

Soon Helen came running into the house calling: —

“Oh, mamma, mamma, something is the matter with one of our baby robins, he is all over flour!” Sure enough, when mamma went to look there were three brown birdies and one white one.

They could not account for it for some days. Uncle Burr fixed a sieve, and caught the little white fellow; and sure enough it was a real robin.

He was soon at home in a nice brass cage, happy and contented. He grew very tame, and was allowed to fly

around the room. He would eat dainties from the little girls' fingers, as they always fed him regularly, and never frightened him.

He grew very fast, and before winter had his full plumage; and a strange one it was for a robin redbreast. He was pure white all over, except his plump little breast, which had just the lightest shade of salmon on the tips of the feathers. His bright little eyes were pink like those of white mice.

He sang the same notes as his darker brothers and sisters, and seemed to enjoy himself just as much. He was certainly surer of having plenty to eat and of not getting hurt, than he would have been out-doors.



HAL'S CHESTNUTS.

HAL's mother sent him one morning to sell some chestnuts at the nearest store. He was to bring home some sugar in exchange.

Some boys at the roadside stopped him, and asked what he had in his bag. Hal took out a handful of the nice, brown nuts and began to play a game with the boys. In a little while all his chestnuts were gone, and Hal had no sugar for his mother. He was ready to cry, for he knew how wrong it was for him to throw away what did not belong to him.

"Let us get some black grapes," said one of the boys. "They are sweet now that the frost has fallen on them, and Hal can sell them instead of chestnuts."

The bag was soon filled, for plenty of grapes grew on the roadside, and Hal took them to the store.



“We do not buy grapes,” said the merchant; “but if you bring chestnuts, I will take them.”

Hal went away, and as soon as he was out of sight sat down on the



bank and began to cry. A lady, who was walking out, saw the little boy with his bag near him, and asked him what he was crying about.

Hal told his sad story, and the lady bought his grapes after making him promise to tell his mother the whole story when he went home. He also promised never again to take what did not belong to him, and went joyfully back to the store to buy the sugar for his mother.

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