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Large Print

FOR

LITTLE READERS



D. LOTHROP & CO., BOSTON.

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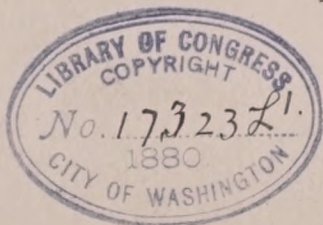
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



LARGE PRINT

FOR LITTLE READERS.



BOSTON:

D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers,
30 AND 32 FRANKLIN STREET.

(1880)

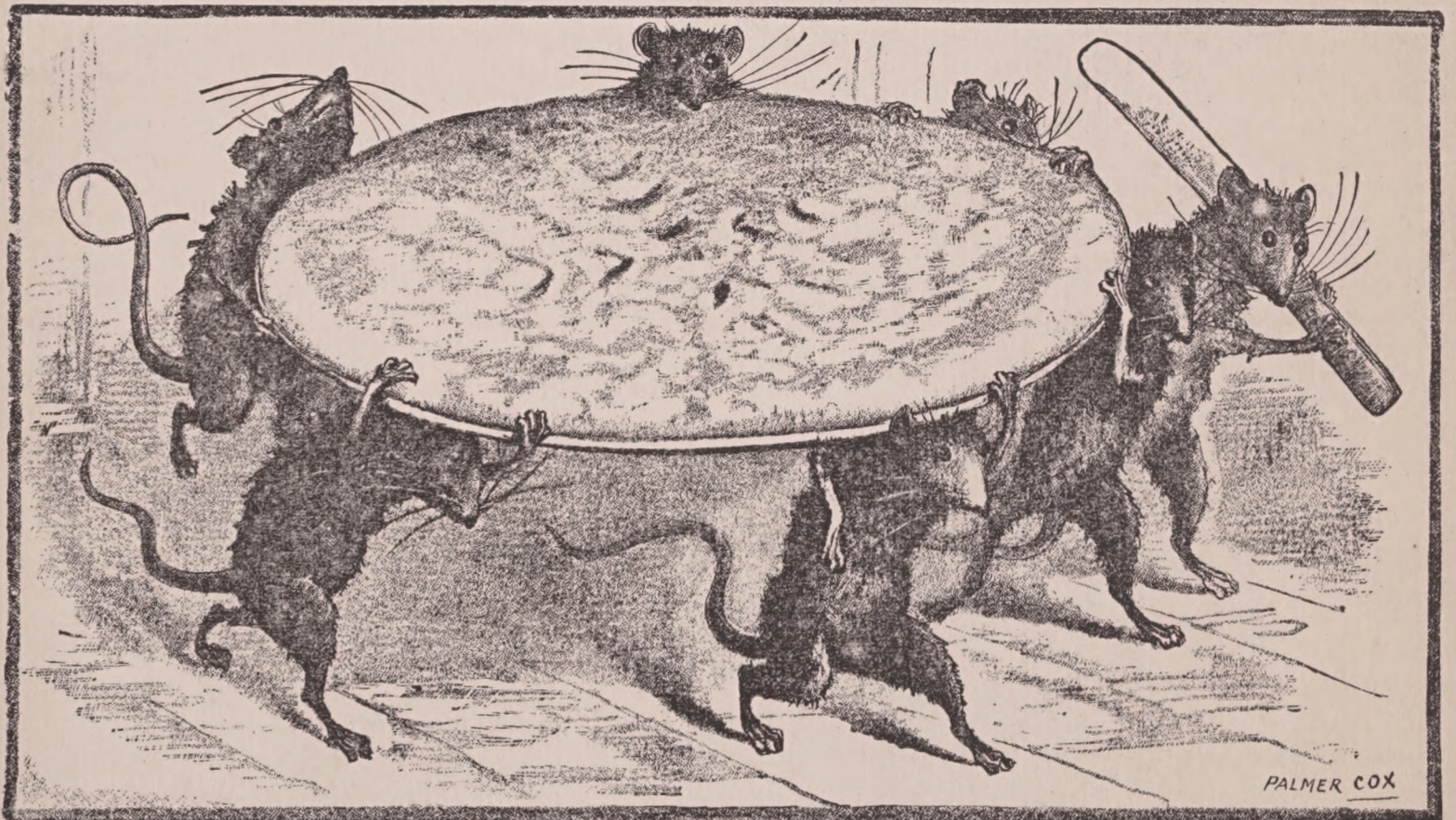
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A CHRIST-MAS PIE.

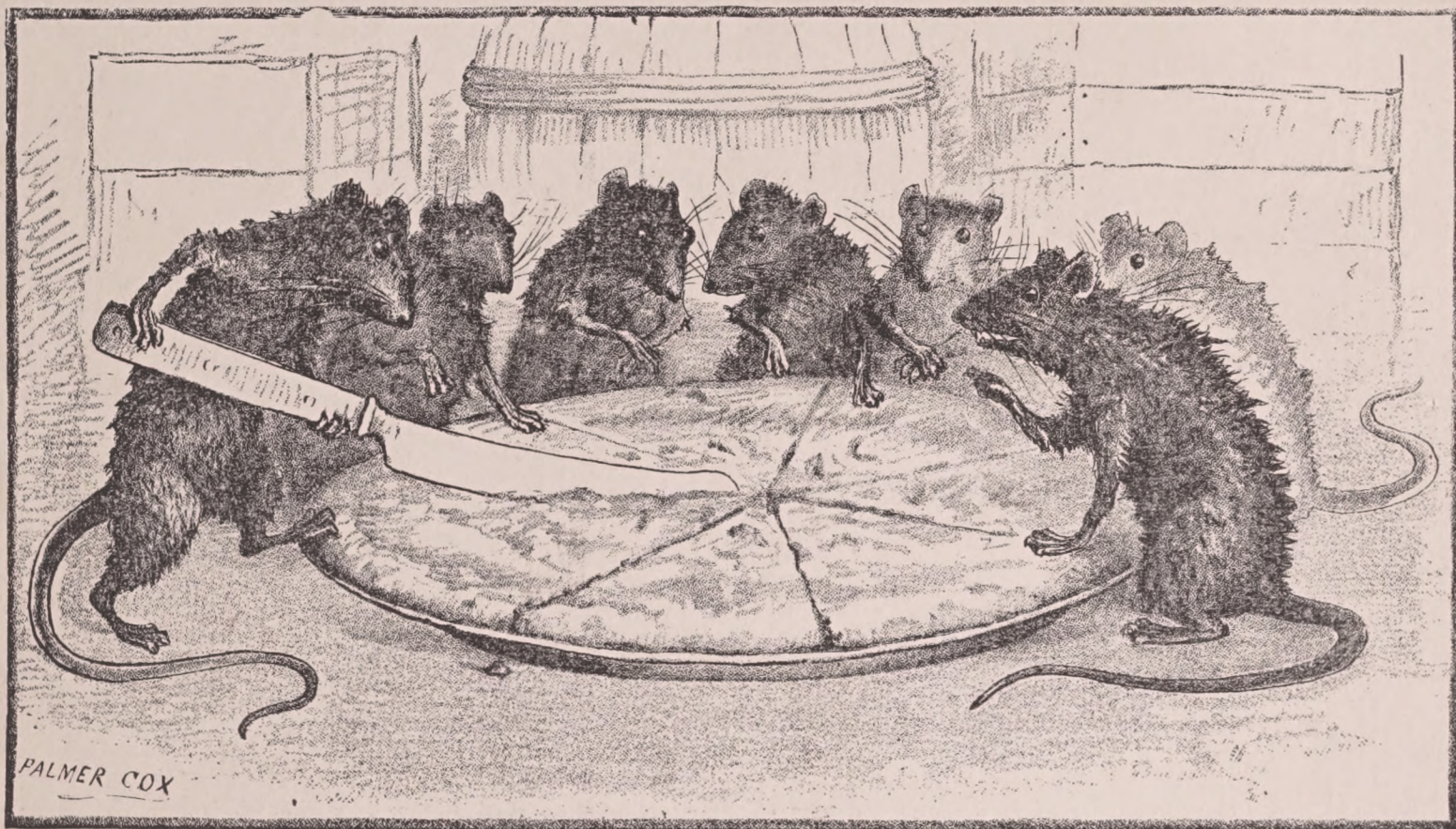
BY PALM-ER COX.



A SUCCESSFUL RAID.

ONE night, while people were a-sleep,
And not a pussy-cat was nigh,
Some rats ran through the pan-try door
And carried off the Christ-mas pie.

And he who stood to carve the feast
Had all and more than he could do,



NOT SO EASY!

To cut the pie in sev-en parts,
And please each hun-gry part-ner too.



A PIECE OF PATCH-WORK.

THE BA-BY-BIRD.



BOOR little baby-bird
Has fallen from a tree,
And down in the long grass
Is crying, "Chee! Chee!"
Silly little baby-bird!
Oh, what made you try
To follow after mamma
Before you could fly?
Stupid little baby bird
All dripping with the rain,
Now go to your nest and wait
Until mamma comes again.



SEV-EN LIT-TLE COOKS.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

SING a "song of sev-en"—
Of sev-en lit-tle cooks,
Who made a feast at Christ-
mas
With-out their cook-er-y-
books.
Be-fore the feast was end-ed
The guests cried out for
more,
And ev-er-y lit-tle cook put on
Her lin-en pin-a-fore
And served the aunts and
un-cles,
Till all be-gan to sing :
"Isn't this a din-ner fit
To set be-fore a king!"
When the feast was o-ver,

The aunts be-gan to cry :
"O lit-tle cooks, pray give us
The rec-i-pes to try!"
List-en then, and cop-y them ;



Ba-by Bess can make,
With her dar-ling, dimpled
hands,
This de-li-cious *cake* :

*“Pat a cake—pat a cake—
pat a cake, man!*

*So I will, mas-ter, as fast as I
can.*

*Roll it, and prick it, and mark
it with B,*

*And toss it in the ov-en for Bes-
sie and me.”*

Lil and Fan-ny, mer-ry cooks,
Stir-red the pot of *peas*,
With a rid-dle-rhyme that ran
In-to words like these:



*“Pease por-ridge hot—
Pease por-ridge cold—
Pease por-ridge bet-ter still
Nine days old!”*

Kate and Car-rie made the
bread:

How they tum-bled ov-er,
Sing-ing like a hap-py pair
Of bob-o-links in the clov-er:

*“My fa-ther and moth-er have
gone to bed,
And left me a-lone to mak- co-
coa-nut bread.*

*So, ov-er I go, and when they
a-wake*

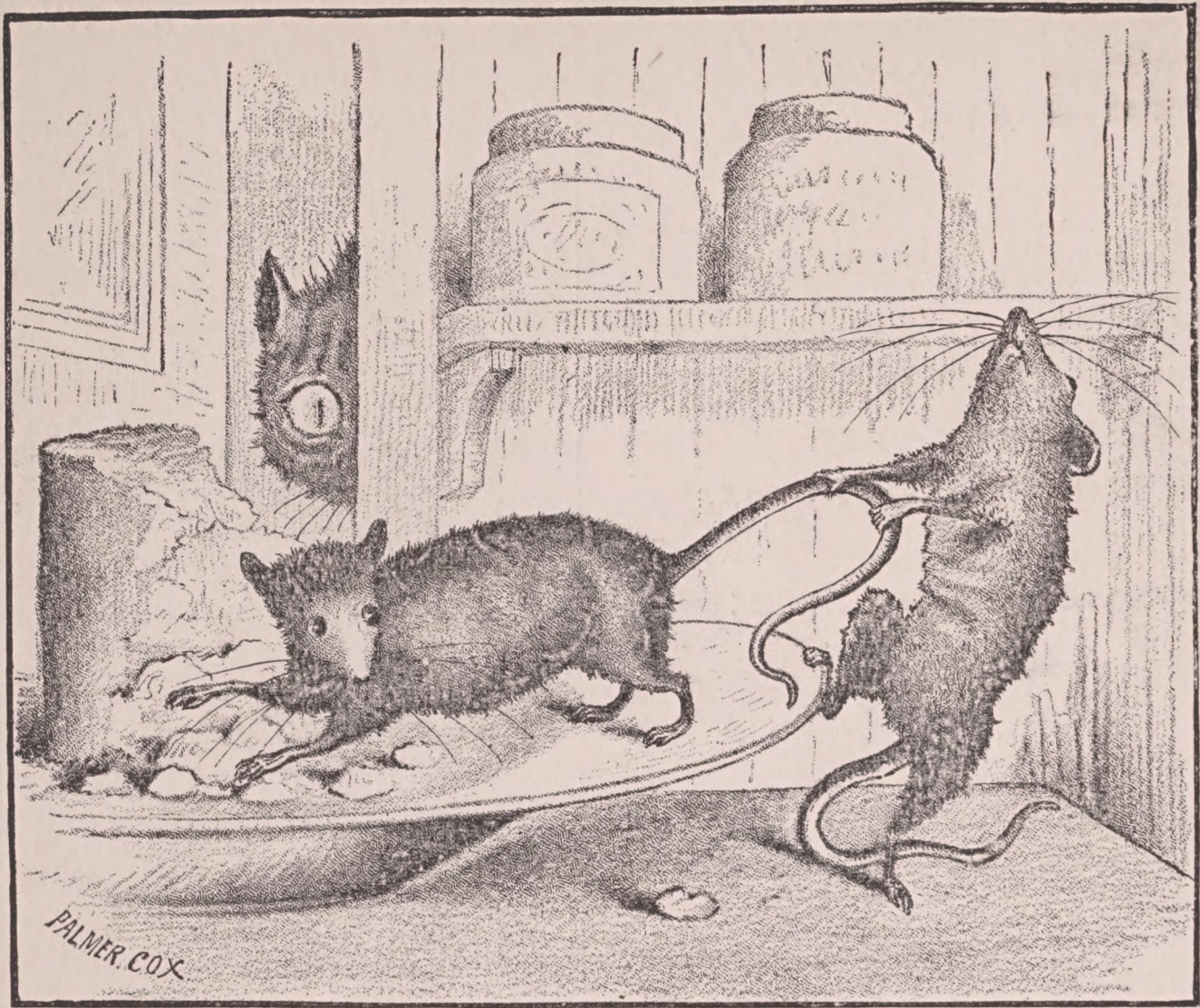
*They’ll see what nice co-coa-nut
bread I can make.”*



Here are two young der-vish-es
Whirl-ing on their toes ;
When the puff is light e-
nough,
Down the der-vish goes!
Nell and Ber-tha sing no
song—
Qui-et lit-tle mice—



But the aunt-ies call their
cheese
Ver-y, ver-y nice.



A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

THE WISE AND THE FOOL-ISH MOUSE.

BY PALM-ER COX.

ONE night two hun-gry mice entered a pan-try, and, to their great de-light found a large piece of cheese.

“If there is one thing I like more than an-oth-er it is cheese,” whis-pered one.

“Just so,” mum-bled the

oth-er, as they closed in up-on the cheese, and be-gan to make up for their long fast.

Af-ter they had been nib-bling for some time, one of them drew back as though sat-is-fied.

“What!” ex-claimed his com-

panion. "You are not going to quit yet, I hope! Why, this is the best feast we have had for many a night."

"I admit that," replied the other. "The cheese is certainly very nice. But you must remember that in coming here we entered through a very, very small hole indeed; and if we should eat too freely we will not be able to pass back in case a cat should pop in upon us."

"Hum-bug!" squeaked the first. "I never saw such a mouse as you are! When I find anything good to eat I always make the most of it and take my chances."

So he nibbled at the cheese again, while the wise mouse, fearing for the safety of his friend, tried to pull him away before it was too late.

While they were thus engaged, a pussy, that had been watching their movements for some time, now pounced in without knocking, and of

course there was a hasty scampering for the hole on the part of the mice. The wise mouse, who had eaten moderately, reached the hole first, and escaped without any difficulty. The silly mouse, however, who had eaten without any regard for the future, was rather slow in getting to the hole, and even after he reached it he was too full to squeeze through, but stuck fast until two great paws were upon him, and before long he was delivered over to the tender care of a whole family of kitties, who were soon crying out:

"O mam-ma! Go get us some more mouse. It's so nice!"

"Dear me!" said the wise mouse, a few minutes afterwards, poking up his head to seek for his friend:

"Dear me! What a great moral lesson has been illustrated to-night!"



"DEAR ME—GONE!"



THE FOX AND THE BEAR.

—
BY PALMER COX.
—

A BIG bear who did not like to work, was sitting by the road-side one day. He saw a sly fox trudging past with the materials for a good dinner in his bag.

“Hal-lo, neighbor!” said

he, calling out to the fox. “You are not a very social fellow; hardly a day passes but you sit down to a good meal, and you never invite a friend to take a bite with you, it seems no matter to you

at all how hun-gry he may be.” to my bag of their own free
 “I would of-ten go hun-gry will. When tur-keys roost low-
 too,” said the fox, “if I sat er than they do at pres-ent,
 wait-ing for the fowl to run in- there is no know-ing how gen-



er-ous I may be, but un-til then a big, la-zy fel-low like you.”
 I shall find it hard e-nough And off he tramped, leav-
 work to pro-vide for my-self ing the la-zy bear to sit there
 and fam-i-ly with-out feast-ing as hun-gry as ev-er.

LIT-TLE SAR-LEY.

BY RAY A. BEAM-IS.



SARLEY LISTENS

LIT-TLE Charlotte was ver-y small, not two years old. She called her-self “Sar-ley,” but she was so fat that her pa-pa called her “But-ter-ball,” and “Dumpling.”

One day Sar-ley saw a drove of pigs; and she was ver-y much pleased, for she had nev-er seen a-ny be-fore; all day she talked about them; “Dey is funny, an’ dey is fat, and dey say ‘grn-grn-grn!’”

That even-ing Un-cle Will came to see Sar-ley’s pa-pa. Un-cle Will had come a long way and he was ver-y tired.

When they were all round the fire in the even-ing, Un-cle Will lay down on a so-fa in

the bay-win-dow and said he could talk to them just as well; but soon an odd grunt-ing sound came out of the cor-ner.

Sar-ley was in her pa-pa’s lap, and her eyes were shut; but as soon as she heard that sound her lit-tle head popped up, and her eyes o-pened wide.

“Pa-pa! pa-pa! pigs! pigs!”

Ev-ery one laughed, which woke up Un-cle Will, who stopped snor-ing and asked what the joke was.

Sar-ley ran up be-hind the cur-tain and lis-tened a lit-tle while; she came back to her pa-pa with a puz-zled air.

“Pigs all dorn now, pa-pa,” said she, sad-ly, so they laughed a-gain; but Sar-ley nest-led down and went to sleep so fast, she wouldn’t have waked if a real pig had come.



BROWN-IE.

BY SA-RAH.

No broth-er, no sis-ter lives
near,
Lit-tle Brown-ie must play
quite a-lone ;

Do you won-der her dol-lies
are dear,
Or Brown-ie her fate should
be-moan ?

She knocks at the door, and
makes calls,
And is al-ways some-bod-y
new ;

Wears a muff of pa-per, and
towels for shawls,
With a sash of red, white
and blue ;

She will but-ton her a-pron in
front,
And call it an "el-e-gant
coat ;"

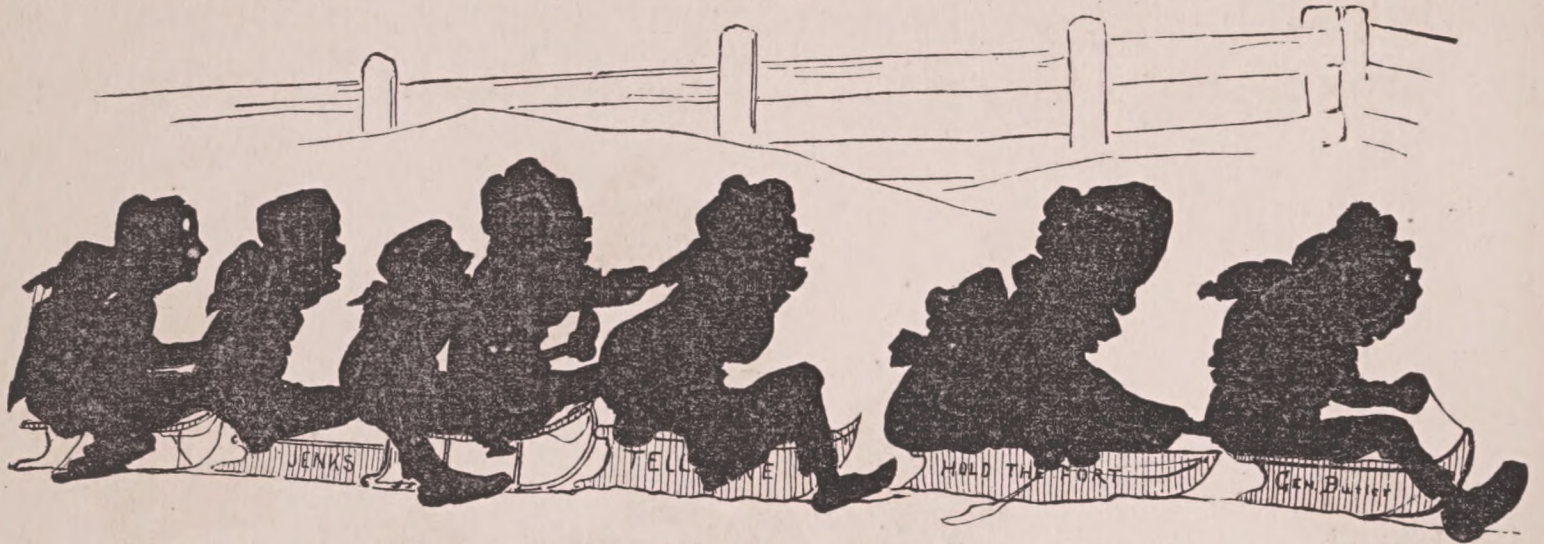
With man-y a pull and a
grunt
Will drag out the bath-tub,
her boat ;

Then a-way she will sail in the
tub,
Her aunt-ies and gran'-ma
to see ;

Then with whis-tle and song,
"rub-a-dub-dub,"
She mer-ri-ly sails back to
me.

ONE WIN-TER DAY.

IT was a grand "slid-ing place." Hard had they toiled ev-er-y one. The boys and girls met at each oth-er's gates



to get it, too—the Black children, the Brown children, the Green children and the White children. Please, now, don't think the little folks these colors—they were Mr. Brown's children, Mr. Green's children, and so on.

These children—the Blacks and the Browns and the Greens and the Whites—all had had new sleds at Christmas; gaily painted, fine-named—the "Tel-e-phone," and "Gen. Butler," and "Hold the Fort," and so on—splendid runners,

and bragged; they might have quarrelled had not little Amy Green observed that there was no snow.

No, none; and none came until next week. Then there was a storm. The side hill was well covered by noon. When the storm ceased the children came out and fixed the hill. They trod up and down and up and down, and poured on ever so much water to freeze over night.

Next morning the "slid-ing place" looked grand, though

the snow was blown o-ver it a lit-tle; and the Black chil-dren, the Browns, the Whites and Greens, in their muf-flers and mit-tens, got on their sleds in breath-less haste. A beau-ti-ful pro-ces-sion they were,

the glo-ri-ous hill. He steered swift-ly — right in-to a tree-branch which had been blown down and fro-zen in o-ver-night. “Hold the Fort” ran right o-ver “Gen. But-ler,” and “Gen. But-ler” drove right



Tom-my Black a-head on the “Gen. But-ler,” naugh-ty John Green hold-ing on to Dick Brown’s hair; and a brave whoop it was when the steers-man lay back and start-ed down

in-to a snow-bank, and each sled and its rid-er was thrown right o-ver the fel-low in front, and the girls screamed, and it was “O DEAR ME!” gen-er-al-ly.

SOL-O-MON.

BY C. L. K.

"*Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!*"

"What does Sol-o-mon want?" asks moth-er; "I never heard him cry so pit-e-ous-ly be-fore."

And Min-nie brings him a sau-cer of milk; but he looks at it with per-fect dis-dain.

I a-lone un-der-stand him. He is cry-ing for me to tell the chil-dren of the WIDE A-WAKE of some of his wise do-ings.

"Sol-o-mon, you are a con-ceit-ed old puss, but you are wise, cun-ning, and beau-ti-ful, and if you will dic-tate, I will write."

He seats him-self on my ta-ble, and while watch-ing al-ter-nate-ly my face and my pen we pro-ceed.

In the first place, he wish-es his pict-ure tak-en, that the chil-dren may see that he is come-ly as well as wise.

And now he would like me to tell you of a se-vere ill-ness which he had, and how by his own wis-dom he was cured.

Well, one morn-ing, Sol-o-mon, on a-ris-ing and stretch-



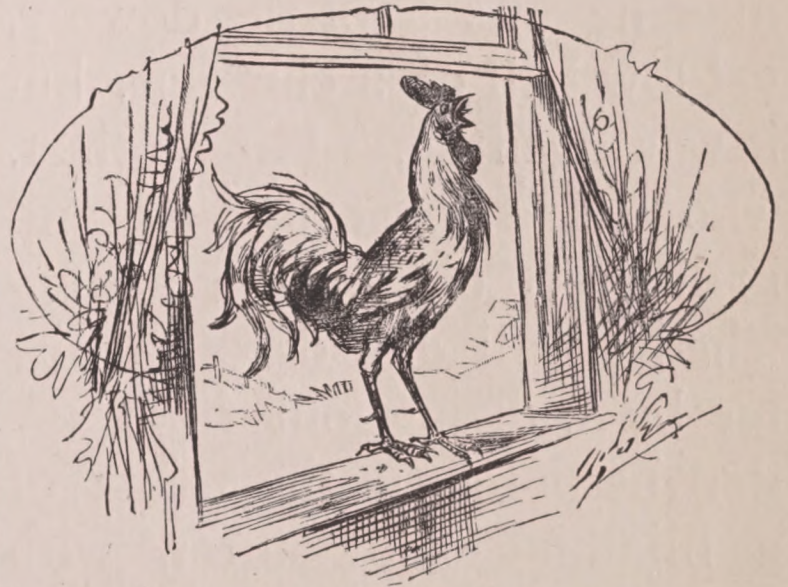
POR-TRAIT OF SOL-O-MON.

ing him-self af-ter his us-u-al cus-tom, found that he was lame, and stiff, and weak, and sick. Lan-guid-ly he sank back a-gain on his bed. His eyes were dim, and his whole coun-te-nance be-spoke weak-ness and suf-fer-ing. We were ad-vised by a phy-si-cian re-sid-ing in the fam-i-ly to give him

sul-phur. Sol-o-mon re-belled, and we re-sort-ed to force; he swal-lowed the vile mix-ture, but with-out the de-sired re-sult, for the next day he was e-ven weak-er and sick-er than be-fore. He would not par-take of a mor-sel of food, and re-al-ly seemed sick un-to death. We tried an-oth-er pre-scrip-tion from our phy-si-cian, but Sol-o-mon still grew worse, and his fee-ble cries, as he looked at us so be-seech-ing-ly, were re-al-ly pit-i-ful. At length, when we felt that our poor old friend must sure-ly die, what was our sur-prise to see him crawl from his bed, and drag his al-most help-less limbs out of the door in-to the back yard. There he lay down per-fect-ly ex-haust-ed, but soon start-ed on a-gain. He was evi-dent-ly search-ing for some-thing, for he kept smell-ing of the dif-fer-ent weeds as he crept a-long. At length, a-way down in the gar-den, back of the cur-rant bush-es, he found what

he want-ed. It was a lit-tle low plant, with a dark-col-ored, point-ed leaf. He ate quite free-ly of it, and then crawled back to his bed. He be-gan im-me-di-ate-ly to im-prove, and the next morn-ing ate his break-fast with a rel-ish, and be-fore night was en-tire-ly well.

“Cock a doodle doo-oo-oo.” Oh my! how that did start-le us! It was George Fran-cis Train, and he gave this tre-mend-ous crow right in our o-pen win-dow, and not four



GEORGE FRAN-CIS AP-PEARS.

feet from our ver-y ears. Sol-o-mon jumped and ran as though he was shot; and I, too, dropped my pen and up-set my ink-stand. But there

was no oc-ca-sion for our be-ing fright-ened. George Fran-cis is a pet roost-er of ours, and in this shrill crow of his he was on-ly ex-press-ing his wish-es to be al-so in-tro-duced in this sketch.

George Fran-cis is the mon-arch of the barn-yard; in-deed, he is a might-y roost-er, full two feet in height, and with spurs that are the terror of all the fowls of the neigh-bor-hood. To see him now, no one would sup-pose that on-ly last Christ-mas he was a lit-tle down-y, yel-low ball of a chick-en; but it was e-ven so. His moth-er, who was a most un-wise and in-dis-creet old bid-dy, as-ton-ished us all one day last win-ter by walk-ing out from un-der the porch, in the midst of a blind-ing snow-storm, with two ten-der, new-ly-hatched chick-ens in her rear; one of which was the pres-ent George Fran-cis.

Proud-ly she clucked, and pit-e-ous-ly they piped and peeped, as they shiv-er-ing-ly fol-lowed through the snow and sleet.

“Poor lit-tle things,” said Min-nie, “they will sure-ly die out there.” So she brought them in, and fed and tend-ed them care-ful-ly. But it was Sol-o-mon who proved a true



SOL-O-MON COMES TO THE RES-CUE.

fos-ter par-ent to the un-time-ly lit-tle chicks. He brood-ed them all through the cold, win-ter nights, washed them and cared for them with true par-en-tal so-lic-i-tude; and when one of them was ac-ci-dent-al-ly killed, poor Sol-o-mon seemed real-ly to grieve and mourn o-ver his loss.

WHAT JOHN-NY SAW AT THE SHOW.

WHY, he saw a tall squirrel pole, and five little fellows from the woods, dressed in cunning cloth suits, red and yellow and blue, running up it and down it. How nimble the little woods-men were! and Johnny just *could-n't* clap his hands enough at their tiny coats and sashes and trim pantaloons.

Up and down, up and down, they all went; but there was one squirrel who always reached the top first, and waved a little flag and struck a ring of bells like mad with his flag-staff and almost shouted "Hur-rah!"

Then all the little boys at the show clapped their



hands, and all the little girls hopped on one foot, and the squirrels came down pell-mell, and then turned round and ran back up again like a chain of lightning, holding on by each other's tails, and the flag-man flung his little flag higher than ever, just hanging on by one paw — the lions and the elephants and the camelo-pards were of no account at all compared with the squirrel-pole and its little racers!

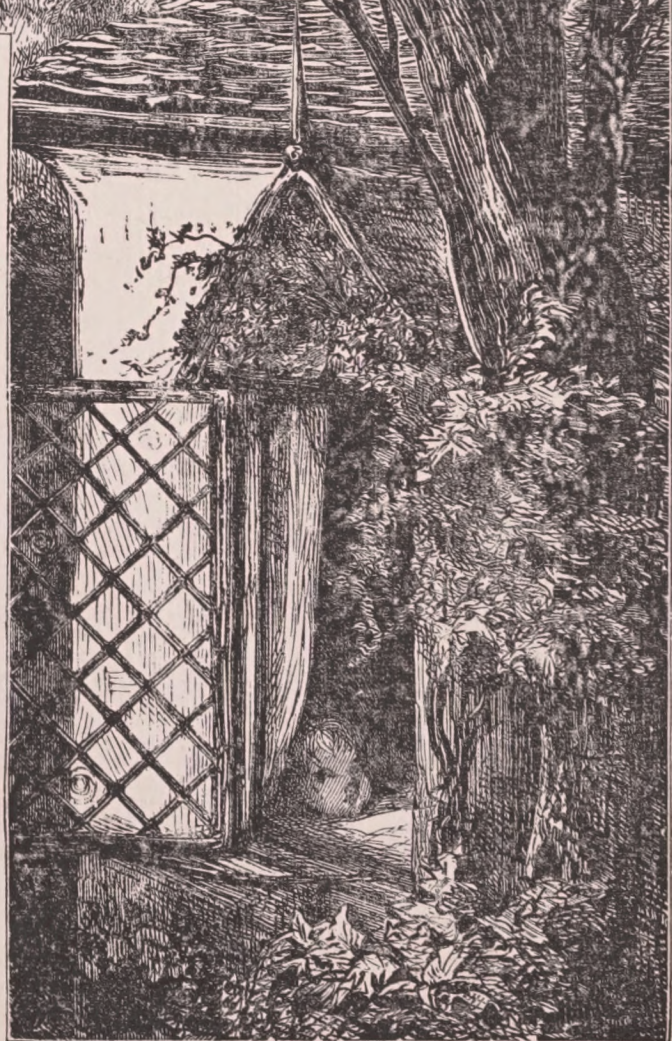
Johnnie waited until they came down to stay and had their supper and went to bed. Their bed-room was a big glass globe; and how Johnny wished *he* had that globe!

A MEM-O-RY.

BY MRS. L. C. WHI-TON.



Creep! peep!
Ba-by is go-ing to sleep!
Lulled by the soft-no-ted song
of a bird,
Hear-ing the leaves by the
sum-mer air stirred,
Dream-i-ly list'-ning to hum-
ming of flies,
Drow-si-ly shut-ting his vi-o-let
eyes,
Won-der-ing, won-der-ing which
would be best,
A ba-by a-wake, or a ba-by at
rest;



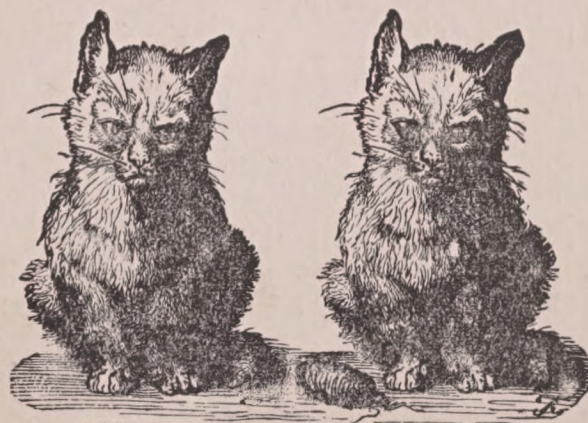
Gent-ly coo-ing and sing-ing, un-til
Arms that were rest-less are al-most still —

Creep! peep!
Ba-by is go-ing to sleep!

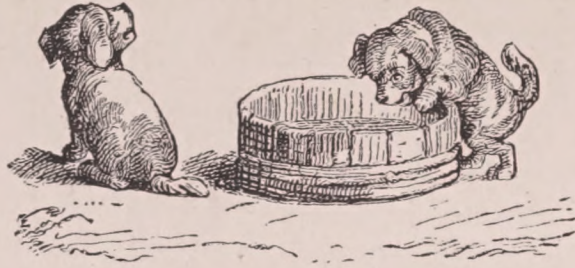
Creep! peep!
Ba-by is go-ing to sleep!

Laid on his down-y white pil-low to rest —
Look-ing like rose leaf on lil-y's pure breast —
Coax-ing the down-droop-ing eye-lids to wait,
Smil-ing, as cher-ub might smile to his mate —
Watch-ing the sun-light stream through the door,
Stretch-ing to catch, till he sees it no more
And the small hands drop in-to mo-tion-less grace,
And a great hush falls on the beau-ti-ful face,
And we see, and we see, with a love most deep,
A child that is kissed by the "An-gel of Sleep" —

Creep! peep!
Ba-by is fast -asleep!



A VER-Y BAD AT-TACK OF "SULKS."



TWO DOGS AND THEIR TROU-BLES.

“Woof, woof, woof!”	“Pooh!” said Carlo,
Cried Tony first,	And “bow-wow-wow!”
“I wouldn’t drink if I died of thirst,	<i>I’m</i> not such a cow-ard, any- how!”
For as sure as I put the tip of my chin	Yet not so much as the tip of his chin
O-ver the edge, I should fall in!”	Could he touch un-less he <i>did</i> fall in!

WISH-ES.

BY MRS. LU-CY M. BLINN.

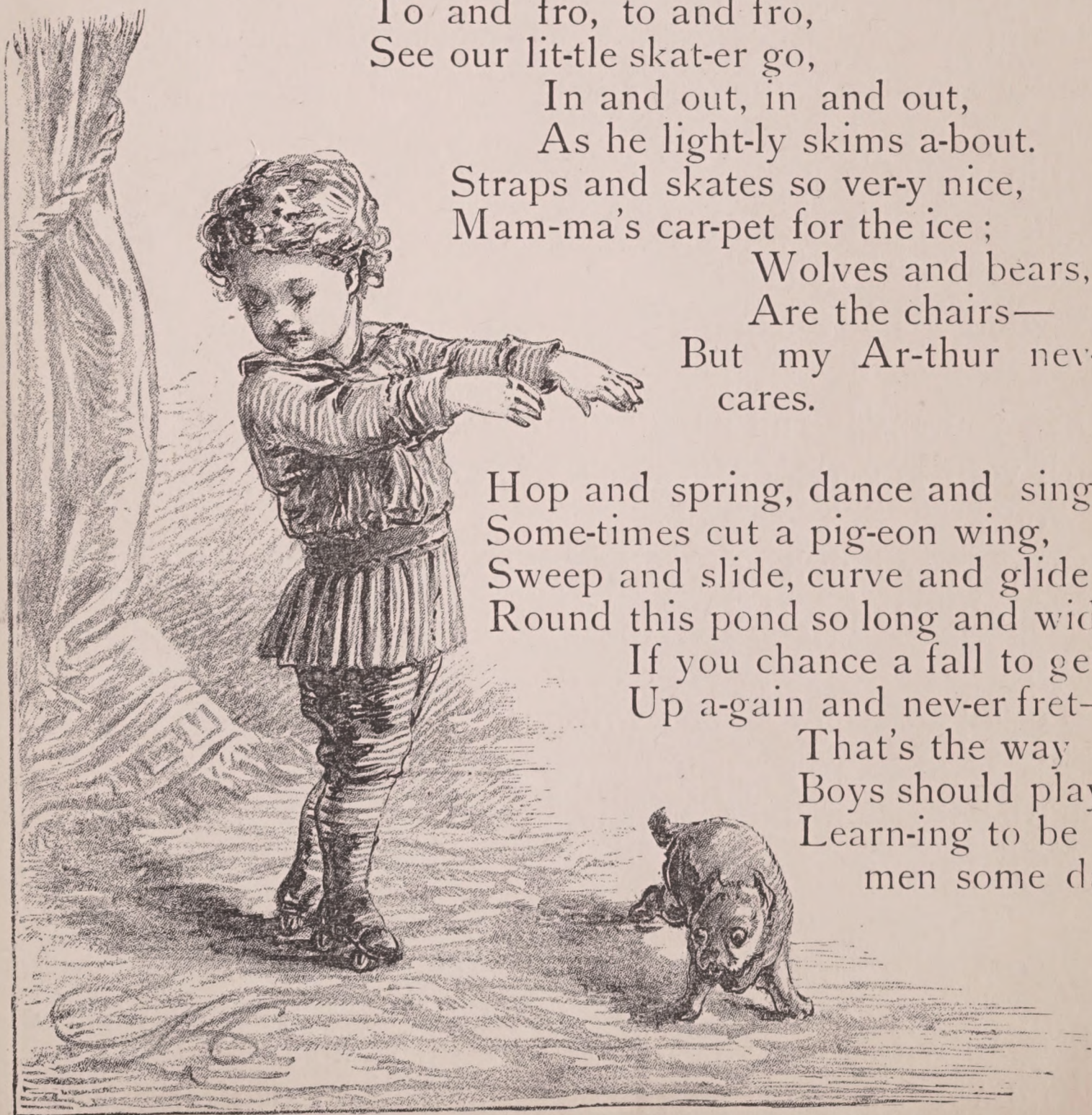
OH, John-ny if wish-es *would* on-ly come true,
 What worlds of rare fun I’d fur-nish for you!
 I’d wish you a house-ful of gay Christ-mas toys,
 Full of squeak-ing and spring-ing and all sorts of noise;
 Your teach-er should love you; your les-sons be plain;
 Your Sat-ur-days *nev-er* should have any *rain*;
 You should vis-it the cir-cus to laugh at the clown;
 You should ride the great el-e-phant all through the town;

You should swim in the lake when the no-tion might seize you,
And skate on the pond when *that* pas-time would please you;
And I'd wish, and I'd wish, and I'd wish — just to see
How hap-py my dear lit-tle John-ny could be!

THE LIT-TLE SKAT-ER.

To and fro, to and fro,
See our lit-tle skat-er go,
In and out, in and out,
As he light-ly skims a-bout.
Straps and skates so ver-y nice,
Mam-ma's car-pet for the ice;
Wolves and bears,
Are the chairs—
But my Ar-thur nev-er
cares.

Hop and spring, dance and sing,
Some-times cut a pig-eon wing,
Sweep and slide, curve and glide
Round this pond so long and wide;
If you chance a fall to get,
Up a-gain and nev-er fret—
That's the way
Boys should play,
Learn-ing to be
men some day.



DAD-DY LONG-LEGS.

BY M. E. B.

Da-ddy Long-legs, slim and fine,
Walk-ing up that nar-row line,
Tell me, pray, how soon you
dine —
Gen-tle Dad-dy Long-legs?

Tell me what you like to eat;
Thick or thin, or sour or sweet,
Cake or pie, or fish or meat?—
Do, good Dad-dy Long-legs.

When you shy-ly run a-bout,
With your gog-gle eyes stuck
out,
Do you ev-er laugh or shout,
Grave old Dad-dy Long-legs?

Can't you an-swer? Don't you
hear?
You're not list-en-ing—that is
clear.

How are all your chil-dren dear,
My poor Dad-dy Long-legs?
And your wife—in what dark
hole

Is she wait-ing, poor old soul,
Dressed in mourn-ing black as
coal,
Mis-tress Dad-dy Long-legs?



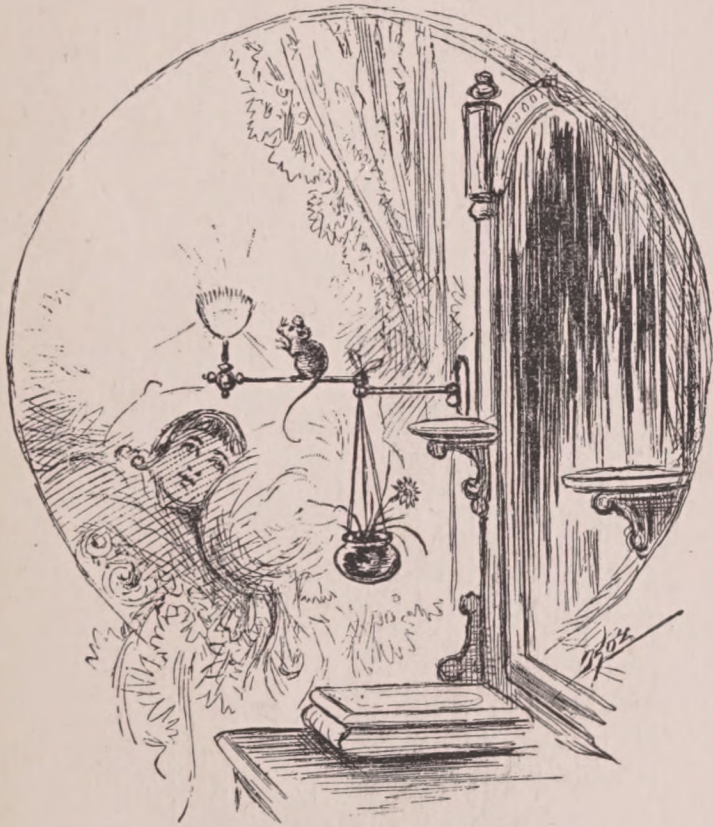
DAD-DY LONG-LEGS.

This is get-ting too ab-surd!
Won't you say a sin-gle word?
Then good-by, you queer old
bird —
Naugh-ty Dad-dy Long-legs!

THE CAR-NATION MOUSE.

BY L. DUYK-WOOD.

ONCE there was a lit-tle girl named Rose. She was ver-y fond of flow-ers, and al-most



HE WARMS HIS TOES.

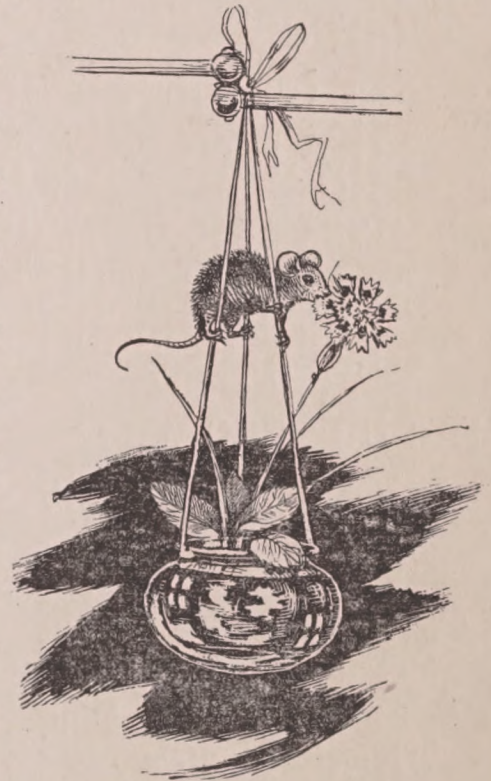
al-ways had a bou-quet in her room. In win-ter there were gen-er-al-ly a few car-na-tion pinks in a lit-tle glass globe hung from the gas fix-ture, or in a vase on her bu-reau. Rose did not like the dark, so the gas burned all night.

One night she heard a lit-tle

noise, and o-pen-ing her eyes quick-ly she saw on the gas fix-ture a lit-tle mouse run-ning back and forth as if he were on a tight-rope at a cir-cus.

Pres-ent-ly he walked away out to the end near the light and sat there as if to warm him-self.

Then he start-ed and ran half way back, then jump-ed to the side brack-et of the bu-reau, and from there down to the front where there was a very small vase hold-ing one car-na-tion pink. All the time he kept stop-ping and look-ing



HE NIBBLES THE PINK.

about him with his bright little eyes. When he reached the vase he sat up on his little hind legs and nibbled and bit at the sweet-smelling flower.

Then he ran back to the gas fixture, and climbed up. When he reached the bend in the fixture he let himself down the red ribbon that held the globe, and nibbled and bit at the other carnations there.

Stretch out your gas fixture and fancy how it would seem to see a little mouse running about and playing this sort of game in the night.

Night after night this little mouse came back and pulled off the petals of the carnations.

One night, when the vase on the bureau was too tall for him, he must have given a jump to reach the flower and pulled it roughly, for the vase upset with a crash, and woke Rose with a start just in time to see the mouse running away as hard as he could go.

Now Rose was sure she must lose the mouse to save

her dear flowers, so she got a trap and put a piece of cheese in it and set it on the bureau near a bunch of fresh carnations, for Rose thought a mouse must like nice toasted cheese better than a flower!

I don't know which this mouse liked best, but I think



HE IS GREATLY SURPRISED.

his appetite was spoiled for cheese, for Rose could not catch him however hard she tried. Perhaps if she had baited the trap with a pink she might have succeeded, but that she would not do.

The carnation mouse never came back.

THE COW THAT WENT TO SEA.

BY SOL-O-MON NO-BOD-Y.

ONE day, a man went in-to a big mead-ow, where were five or six cows.

It was just at noon, and the sun was shin-ing down on the green mead-ow and made it so warm that the cows, tired of eat-ing the sweet grass, had all gath-ered to-geth-er un-der one large tree, where they were hav-ing a real good time in the shade.

They did not get up or move one bit as the man walked straight up to the place where they were ly-ing, be-cause they all knew him. He was Mr. Brown, and he owned them. In his hand he car-ried a stout rope, and this rope he tied a-round the horns of one of the cows.

When he had made it all right, he said : "Get up, Cush-a, I want you!"

"It isn't milk-ing time," thought Cush-a, but she had to get up when he gave a lit-tle bit of a pull at the rope ; and, as she walked off, ev-er-y one of the cows looked af-ter her out of their sleep-y eyes and won-dered what Mr. Brown was go-ing to do with her ; but, if they had spent all the af-ter-noon in guess-ing, not one of them would have guessed right, for he led her out of the mead-ow in-to the long dust-y road and through it, un-til he came to a steep bank that Cush-a had nev-er seen be-fore, and she didn't like to go down it one bit. Af-ter a lit-tle soft coax-ing, she gave a jump, and jumped down in-to some sand that was al-most as white, and just as clean, as snow.

Then, she was led a-long,

un-til she came to the edge of the big sea, where the lit-tle bits of waves kept run-ning up, as though try-ing to catch each oth-er. By and by, the man and the cow came to a queer kind of a road that ran a-long right out in-to the waves, and Cush-a shook her head and tossed her horns, and said, "No! no!" just as well as she knew how to say it.

Mr. Brown stroked and petted her, and said, "Come Cush-a; there's nice, sweet clover out on this road," but Cush-a didn't be-lieve a word he said; for all that she could see was just brown stones and water.

"Come a-long, Cush-a, come a-long, or the tide will come up and car-ry us off;" and though the cow didn't know what "tide" meant, she went a-long, and fi-nal-ly they came to the small-est, queer lit-tle is-land that ever you saw, and it was all cov-ered with white clover.

The people who lived on this land in the sum-mer, came

down to the shore to meet the cow; they were so glad to see her, for they had been there two days with-out a drop of milk.

"Y'll have to keep her tied up for a day or two," said Mr. Brown, and then he hur-ried off to cross the road be-fore the sea should cov-er it a-gain.

The third day, Cush-a seemed so con-tent-ed, that the



THE RES-CUE OF CUSH-A.

rope was tak-en off her neck, and she was al-lowed to go just where she pleased.

By and by, some one cried out: "The cow! the cow is go-ing off!"

Then ev-e-ry bod-y be-gan to run down to the shore.

There was the cow, right out


in the wa-ter, try-ing to go back by the road she had come, and it was all cov-ered up un-der the sea.

Two men got in-to a boat and rowed and rowed, un-til they came near the cow. By that time, Cush-a was in wa-ter too deep to walk through, and she was swim-ming, first one way and then an-oth-er, just as lost as ev-er a poor cow could be. It was a long time, be-fore the men could get near e-nough to Cush-a to catch hold of one of her horns, but, at last, it was done, and the cow's nose was put in-side one end of the boat and held there by one

man, while the oth-er man rowed just as hard as he could for the lit-tle is-land. When they got there, Mis-tress Cush-a walked right up the bank and went to eat-ing white clo-ver, as though noth-ing un-us-u-al had hap-pened, and she lived on the is-land, a hap-py cow, all the rest of that sum-mer, and nev-er tried to go to sea again.

Poor thing! I sup-pose that day she was think-ing a-bout all the cows in the mea-dow, and want-ed to go and see them. In fact Cush-a was home-sick. She must have been, for this is an ev-er-y-bit true sto-ry.

THERE was a lit-tle lass
 Who looked in-to a glass,
 And fell in-to a troub-le most a-larm-ing;
 For when she saw her face,
 She ran and left the place —
 It fright-ened her to find her-self so charm-ing!



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