

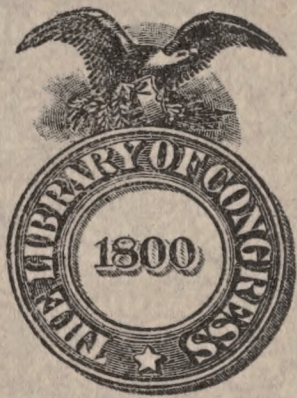
RANDMA'S



HYMES
AND



HIMES



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GRANDMA'S
RHYMES AND CHIMES
FOR CHILDREN

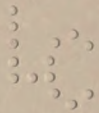


GRANDMA'S
RHYMES AND CHIMES

FOR

CHILDREN

Illustrated



BOSTON
ROBERTS BROTHERS

1889

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A Valentine	13
Sewing	14
The Little Mousie	17
Just as fat	19
The Falling Leaves	20
The Ice-King's Reign	22
The Orphan Turkeys	24
Mamma's Birthday	26
The Truants	28
What She said	30
Queen Bess	32
Fire-Flies	34
Telephoning	36
The Doll Show	38
"Hasn't got Time"	40
Catching the Bird	42
What Treasure?	44
The Empty Nest	46
The Nervous Dollie	48
A Troublesome Call	49
A Very Large Doll	51
Baby's Hour	52
The Fisher Boy	54
Roy's Wish	56
The Farm Breakfast	58
The Kite Ted made	60
Farewell to Summer	62

	PAGE
Bob White	65
The Man in the Moon	66
Noiseless Spinning-Wheel	68
The Chickadee-Dee	70
At Milking-Time	72
Her Fourth Birthday	74
A Chicken's Rights Appeal	76
Pansy Folk	78
Saucy Little Sparrows	81
What the Fly thinks	82
Two Little Cats	84
The Swallows	86
August and its Work	87
Little Sailors	88
Morning-Glories	90
Dilly Dally	92
As quickly as He could	94
The Peace Maker	96
Little Boy Blue	97
Cradle Song	100
The Kitten's Foe	102
Nutting Time	104
What the Old Hen said	106
The Mission of the Briars	108
Little Bettine : A Swinging Song	109
Mr. Wiry-Legs	111
" Brother Don "	113
Doll-House Troubles	115
The Rising Moon	118
If	120
Coasting	122
The Story of Mazie Popcorn	124
Frankie's Soldiers	126
A Cup of Tea	128
The Street Players	129
Baby's gone to Lapland	131
A May-Day Delusion	133
The War of the Katy-Dids	136
Buzz and Fuzz	138
One Old Hen	140
The New Year comes	142
Blue Watermelons	144
Little Nannie counts Her Babies	145

CONTENTS.

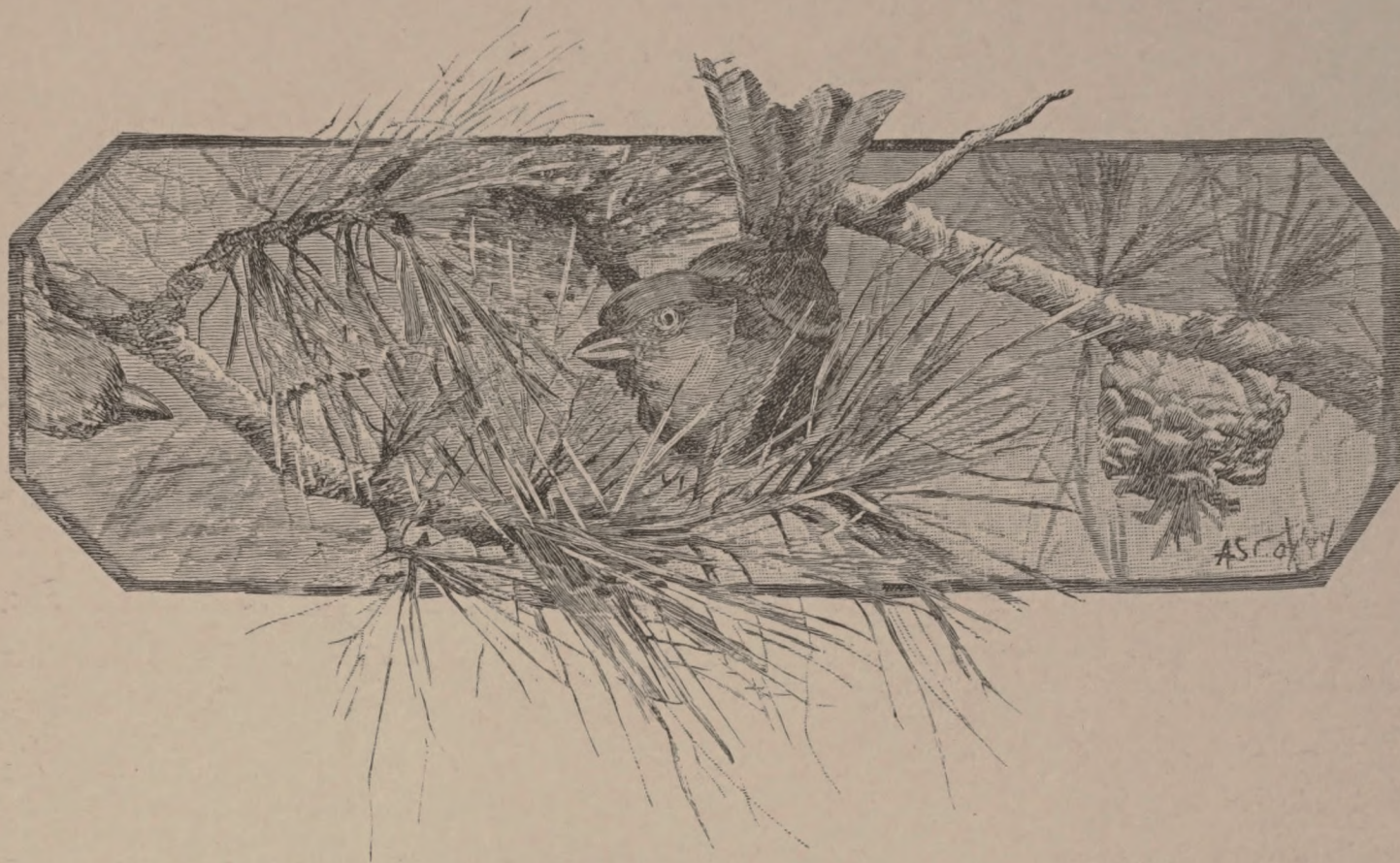
	PAGE
A Boastful Puss	147
Something which May lost	149
The Song of the Spring Rain	150
Driving the Cows	152
My Dandelion Girl	154
Florence May	156
The Good-for-Nothing	158
Cat-Tails	161
Content	162
The Roller-Skates	164
Boston Express	167
“The Air is rather chill, my Love”	169
Grandma’s Glasses	170
Just think	172
Too many	174
The Pop-Corn Man	177
The English Friends	179
The Deer-Mice	181
Dog Prince	183
The Wire House	185
An Order by Telephone	188
Nell Blye	190
Four Years’ Old	192
The Dipper	194
Betty B.	196
May’s Valentine to Papa	198
Little Miss Finch	200
Nobody knows	202
The Prairie Dog’s Story	203
Guessing at Shadows	204
Valentine to a Sick Doll	206
Wish you Merry Christmas	208





Their busy brains and happy hearts
Are full of crowding fancies;
From song and tale and "make believe"
A wondrous web of dreams they weave,
And airy child-romances.





A VALENTINE.

SHE is fairer than the light,
She is lovelier than the rose,
More precious in my sight
Than any flower that grows.

Her voice is sweeter, far,
Upon my listening ears,
Than the song of morning star,
Than the music of the spheres.

She is worth her weight in gold,
In rubies and in pearls, —
She is only two years old,
With a head of yellow curls.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.



SEWING.

“No, I am quite too busy
To go out-doors and play,
This hemming will keep me working
As hard as I can all day.

“I’d rather play in the sunshine
Than sit in the house and sew;
But people must think of duty
Before their pleasure, you know.

“To-morrow will be the party,
And Dorothy cannot go
Unless I finish this for her.
(I can’t disappoint her so!)



“ Sometimes I forget which finger
Goes under the little hem,
Or which one should have the thimble, —
It fits either one of them.

“Sometimes my thread gets tangled,
Or slips from the little eye;
Sometimes I prick my finger
Till I — well — almost cry.

“And how it makes my neck ache
To bend way down so low,
And be so careful — Oh, dear me!
It is dreadful work to sew.

“But there! — do you see the stitches
All in a little row?
My darling dolly’s handkerchief
Is finished, and she can go.”

SYDNEY DAYRE.





THE LITTLE MOUSIE.

I AM sitting at my papers,
As busy as busy can be,
When running across the carpet,
What do you think I see?

What but a little mouse so gray,
Running about in open day.

He runs beneath the table,
While I steal out the door,
And quietly bring the mouse-trap
I always keep in store.
And then I sit down again to write
And wait for the mousie to come in sight.

And soon poor mousie smells the cheese
And clambers on the trap,
He puts his little paw down through
The wires, — the cunning chap! —
But 'tis "no go," and in despair
He steals into "the lion's lair."



Down comes the door and he is caught, —
Poor, little, trembling one!
Too frightened now to eat the cheese
He ventured for in fun, —
From school the children come, and, lo!
We let the little mousie go.

KATE UPSON CLARK.



JUST AS FAT.

JUST as fat
Is my little man,
Who eats and sleeps
And does all that.
With dimpled chin,
And cheeks like bubbles,
He knows no care,
And has no troubles.

Yes, he's fat,
Is my little man,
Who winks and blinks
And does all that

With double chin
And cheeks like bubbles,
He's far too fat
For baby troubles.

Just as fat!
How pretty his cheeks!
So jolly plump,
And pink at that.
Tickle his chin
And touch those bubbles,
And you'll see why
He has no troubles.

WM. B. OLESON.

THE FALLING LEAVES.

A BLITHE red squirrel sat under a tree,
When the leaves were falling adown, adown;
Some were golden, and some were red,
And some were a russet-brown.
“If only these leaves were nuts,” thought he,
“What a rich little squirrel I should be!”

A sweet little baby sat under a tree,
When the leaves were falling adown, adown;
They fell in his lap, they danced on his toes,
And they tickled his little, bald crown.
He lifted his arms, and crowed with glee:
“They’re birdies, mamma, all flying to me.”

Some poor little flowers lay under a tree,
When the leaves were falling adown, adown;
And they thought of the cold, bleak, wintry days,
And the snow-king’s angry frown.
But the leaves called out, “We’re coming, you see,
To tuck you in as snug as can be.”

A shy white bunny sat under a tree,
But the snow-flakes were falling adown, adown;
The wise red squirrel had scampered away,
And the baby had gone to town.
So he lifted the cover a trifle to see,
And the flowers were sleeping as sound as could be.

GUSSIE PACKARD DuBOIS.







THE ICE-KING'S REIGN.

THE sun had gone down with promises sweet,
When, keen from the north, the wind
Came blustering along on its coursers fleet,
And left frozen tracks behind.

Maude stood at the window ; the moon shimmered down
On whirling leaves, stiff and dead,
All piteously driven ; she turned with a frown,
And soft to herself she said : —

“The old tyrant Winter leaves nothing to prize,
Leaves nothing that's bright or fair ;
He has stolen the blue from the bending skies,
The warmth from the earth and air.

“The summer’s dear blossoms are withered and dead;
 My garden is brown and bare;
 The chipper of birds in the nest
 overhead
 Is hushed, for no birdlings are
 here.

“The woodlands no longer are
 shady and sweet,
 Dry leafage encumbers the ground;
 The pathways, once verdant and soft
 to my feet,
 In fetters of ice are bound.

“The pride of the barn-yard sits
 humped with the cold,
 One frozen foot under his wing;
 And the sheep huddle closely, for
 warmth, in their fold;
 The ice tyrant reigns as king.”

She turns from this picture of ruin
 and death,
 And seeks the broad casement
 again;
 And, lo! from the dews of her
 wasted breath
 Great forests have grown on the
 pane.



Such beautiful trees! such ferns! and such flowers!
 Such rivers and mountains bold!
 Such charming cascades! she gazes for hours,
 And worships the ice king cold.

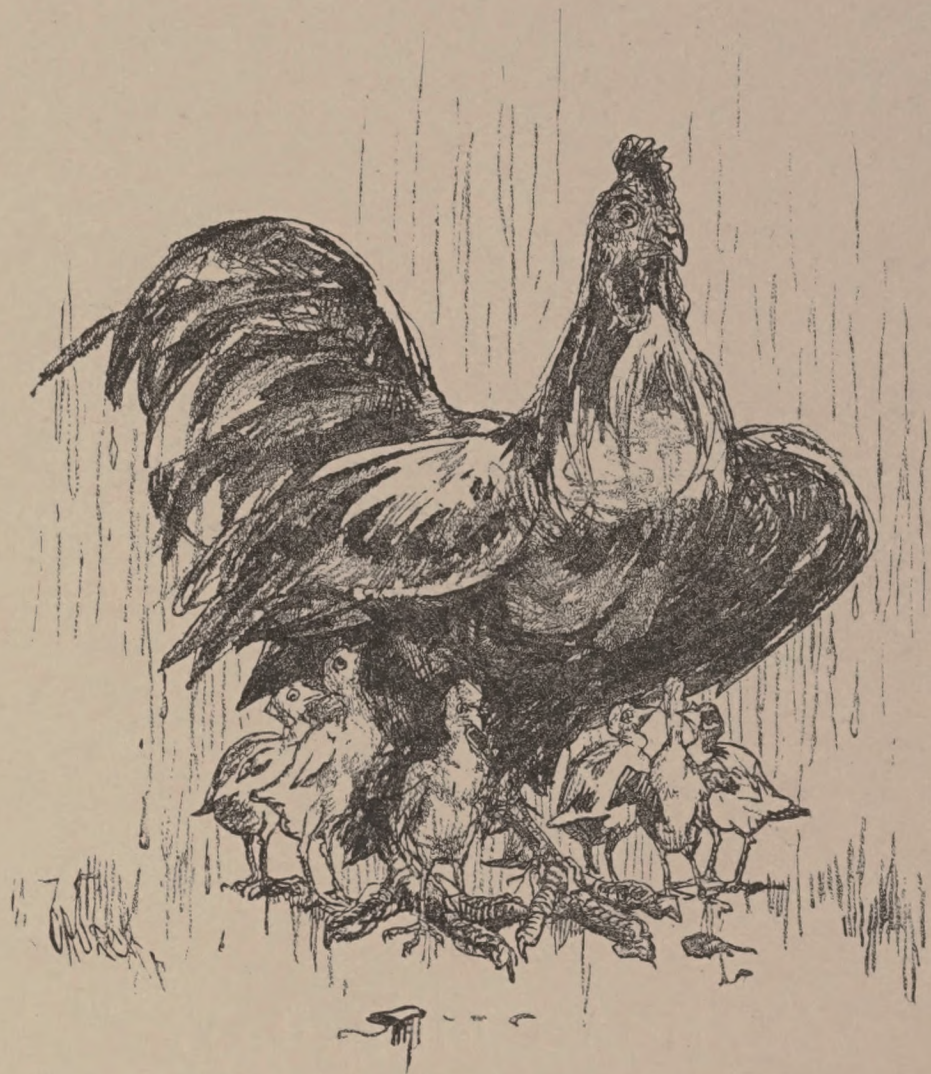


THE ORPHAN TURKEYS.

A TRUE STORY.

TWENTY-TWO little turkeys
Were hatched by two hens,
And, one by one, some of them
Came to bad ends ;
Till only six turkeys
Were shivering with cold.
The old hens had weaned them
When scarce a month old.
And now, when the rain comes,
Oh, where can they go, —
Each disconsolate turkey,
The picture of woe ?
It was time for a venture,
So the poor little things
Crept up for a shelter
'Neath the old rooster's wings.
That old Brahma rooster
Didn't say, "What a fix !"
But with his broad wings
He sheltered all six.

And not only then,
But the next rainy day,
He sheltered them all
In the same friendly way.



The farmer's wife saw it,
And said, "I declare,
Kind-hearted old fellow!
Your life I will spare.

I fully intended
To take off your head;
But those two old hens
Shall lose theirs instead."

My dear little children,
You always will find,
With folks or with fowls,
It pays to be kind.

MRS. H. E. JENKINS.



MAMMA'S BIRTHDAY.

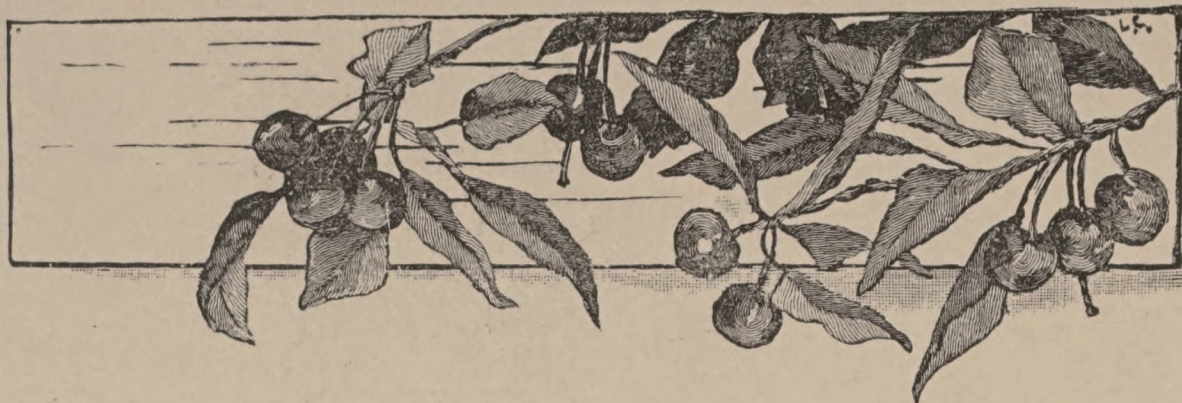
“THE latch is so high
On this great, big door,
And I've so many apples
In my pinafore!

“I got them for mamma, —
This is her birthday, —
And I know when she sees them
Just what she will say.

“Oh, what shall I do?
Hark! a step in the hall.
Hurry, oh, hurry!
My apples will fall.”



The door opens wide, —
'Tis mamma herself,
Who thanks, with sweet kisses,
Her dear little elf.



THE TRUANTS.

LITTLE John and his sister Nan, —

Sing heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho, —

Made in their little heads a plan, —

Sing heigh-ho! —

When tired of play they were, one day,

They set their hearts on running away;

And with no regard for this or that,

One would carry the old white cat,

And one would carry the small white kit,

That sometimes scratched and sometimes bit,

And they would run so far, so fast,

They would come to the end of the world at last;

So fast and far they would fly and fly,

They could touch the blue edge of the sky.

So, little Nan and her brother John, —

Sing heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho, —

With neither a hat nor a bonnet on, —

Sing heigh-ho! —

He with his arms shut close and tight

Round the neck of old pussy white,

She with her arms around the kit,

Carrying, hugging, squeezing it,

Started to run so far and fast

They should reach the end of the world at last;

Started so fast and far to fly

They could touch the blue edge of the sky;

But cat and kitten proved such a weight,

They got no further than the gate.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.



WHAT SHE SAID.

“WHEN I am a grown-up lady” —
(Yes, this is what she said) —
“I mean to sit up every night,
And never go to bed!



“When I am a grown-up
lady
I won't have any curls,



For they were made on purpose
To bother little girls.



“When I am a grown-up lady
I'll have a candy store,
And keep such heaps of goodies
As you never saw before.

“ Ill give away my aprons,
 And wear the dress I choose,
 And make mud-pies, play in the rain,
 And wear my best new shoes.

“ And when I am a grown-up lady
 I mean to find the way,



Wherever 'tis, that Santa Claus
 lives,
 And have Christmas every
 day!

“ When — I — am — a grown-
 up — lady —
 How funny the lamps do
 look!
 O mamma! won't you rock
 me,
 And read from my Nursery
 book? ”





QUEEN BESS.

SHE'S a beauty, so she is, —
'Tis a fact no one denies, —
With her rosy-red cheeks,
And her beaming hazel eyes.
She is pretty and she's sweet,
From her dainty, dancing feet
To the curl on her forehead that lies.

She's a little elfin queen ;
She's a charming princess,
In a blue ribboned cap
And a Mother Hubbard dress.
When I met her in the lane,
And begged to know her name,
She said her father called her Queen Bess.



"Of what country, then?" said I,
 Expecting on my part,
 From the moss at her feet,
 To see fairy people start.
 But she lifted her sweet eyes,
 And said, with grave surprise,
 "I'm the Queen of my papa's heart."

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.



FIRE-FLIES.

“THE stars have all gone crazy ;
The stars have lost their wits ;
They’ve fallen in the swamp-lot,
And broken into bits.
They’re dancing over yonder ;
Come see them, and admire !
What shall we do, I wonder,
If they set the swamp afire !”

“ The stars are up above us,
All in the sky they glide ;
But those are not the stars, child,
That dart and gleam and hide ;
With dancing rays unsteady,
They gather, one and all, —
The fire-flies, getting ready
To light the fairy ball.”

F. E. GEORGE.



FIRE-FLIES.



TELEPHONING.

MINNIE Midget, on the floor,
Puts the dumb-bell to her ear:
“Hallo, Central! don’t you hear?
Give me Forty-Twenty-Four!”

“Mamma’s house; halloo! halloo!
Mamma lives at Rocking Chair.
That you, mamma? Stay right there!
I’ve a message all for you.”

Mamma answers, far away,
With a big spool at her ear:
“All right, baby! I can hear;
What would Midget like to say?”

“Mamma, are you truly, true,
Hearing every single thing, —
What I think, and say, and sing, —
As if I were close to you?”

“Yes, I hear, my little one.
Every word’s so plain and clear
I might almost think you here,
Speaking with no telephone!”



“ Well, you please to tell the doctor
 Dolly has the stomach-ache;
 Wants some peppermints to take.
 All the day I’ve sat and rocked her.

“ And please, mamma, I love you ! ”
 “ All right, baby, here is one
 Doctor sends by telephone,
 And a kiss for Midget, too.”

“ Thank you, mamma ; now I’ll try
 To get Seventy-One-Two-Nine, —
 Aunty’s house, — to talk with mine;
 All through, mamma dear ! Good-by.”

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

The Doll Show.

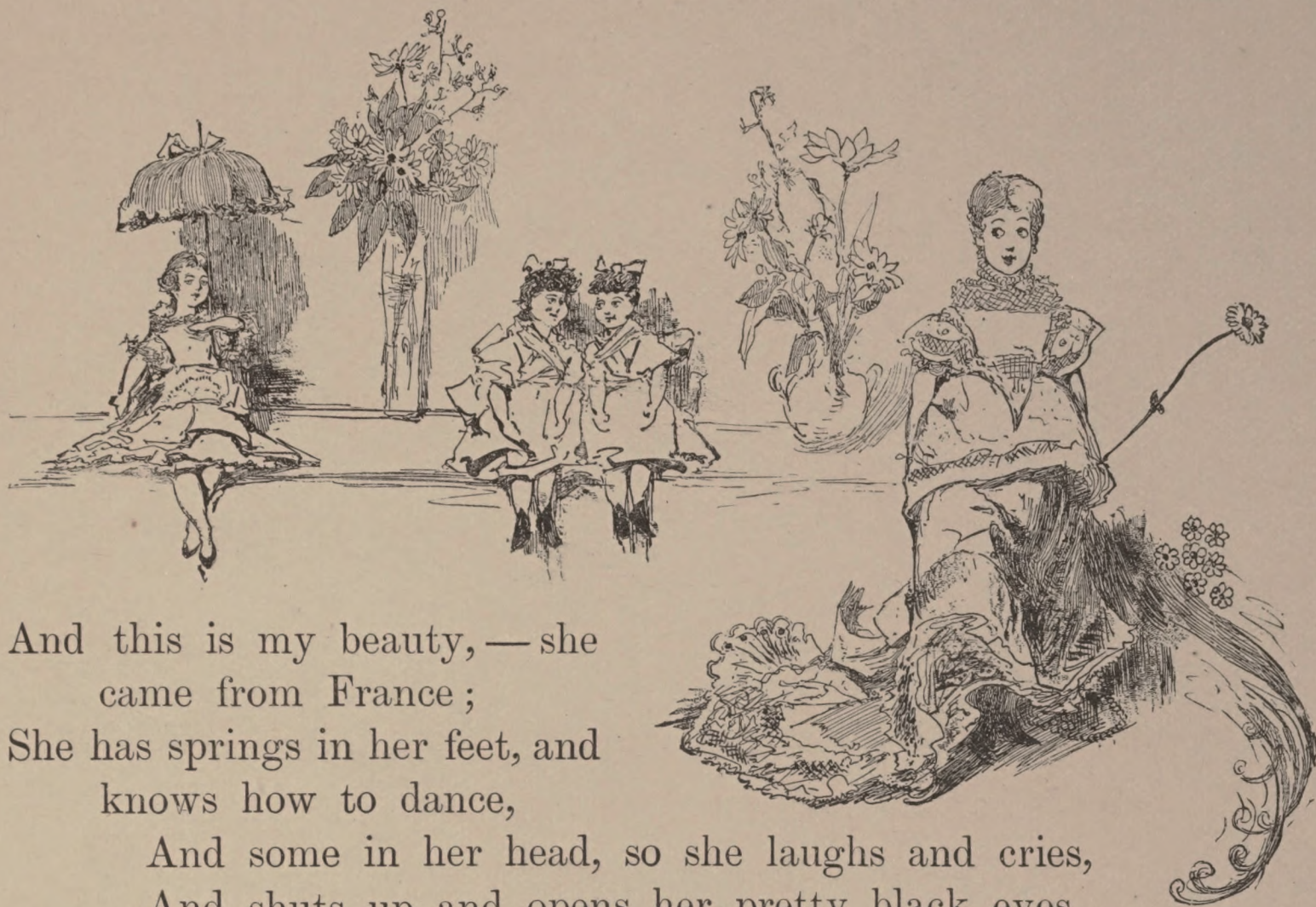
by M. E. N. Hatheway.
pictures,
Brennan



THIS is my oldest dolly, you know,
That grandma gave me a long time ago,
When I was only a very small girl, —
She was the grandma that named me Pearl.

I had that one in the sweet blue suit
Because I was good not to cry for fruit
Once, when I was sick; and I had the next
Because I was good to remember the text.

That one with the parasol, over there,
Uncle John bought at the last Ladies' Fair;
And here are my twins, and both of these
Santa Claus hung on the Christmas-trees.



And this is my beauty, — she
came from France ;
She has springs in her feet, and
knows how to dance,

And some in her head, so she laughs and cries,
And shuts up and opens her pretty black eyes.

But I don't love her any more than the rest, —
I believe I love my old dolly the best ;
We've been together so long, you see,
I know all about her ; she knows all about me.





“HASN'T GOT TIME.”

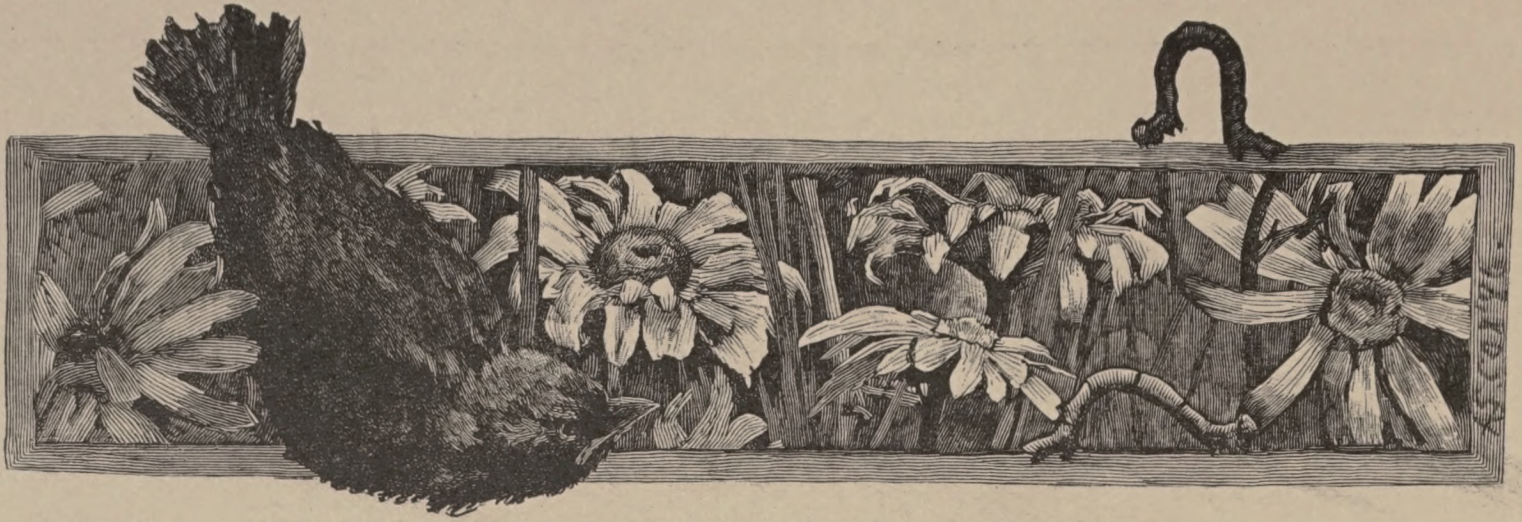
SHE'S the busiest little one ever was known ;
With her dolly and tea-set she plays all alone.
First the table she spreads, then they sit down to tea ;
Then she sweeps up the room just as nice as can be.
Now, there's dolly to wash, and to comb, and to dress ;
Then a few calls to make, — lots to do, you may guess.
When I ask for a kiss, with an air that's sublime
She quietly says, “ Oh ! I hasn't got time.”

With a neat little basket to market she hies, —
That's in the next room, — funny things there she buys :
A bonnet for dolly, some chops and some “ 'goric,” —
It's “ lovely,” she says, “ for the headache and colic ! ”
So busy she is that I'm quite in the way,
And I get but short answers to all that I say ;
But I'll cunningly wait till the day's closing chime
For hugs and for kisses. Ah ! then she'll have time !

GEORGE COOPER.

H. W. ...





CATCHING THE BIRD.

SHORT time has little Tudic lived ;
Not much she has to tell ;
Of what she has she makes the most,
For she the gift of tongues can boast ;
A listener suits her well.

She gives, with vividness intense,
Brief tales of her experience, —
The yellow kitten's mournful loss,
The frightful dog, that looked so cross,
Her wrongs from Tommy's hands endured,
The bruise her mother's kisses cured.

The one-armed doll she loves the best,
The three eggs in the chipbird's nest ;
“ And oh,” she says, “ I caught a bird,
My very self, one day,
But, just before he touched my hand,
That bird he flew'd away ! ”

I kiss the pretty face that glows
Beneath her brown hair like a rose.
“It was a naughty bird,” said I,
“That would from little Tudic fly!”



But you, my dear, must understand,
Unless you have it in your hand,
That in this world you never ought
To speak of anything as caught!”

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

WHAT TREASURE?

Lady.

A SHIP she comes a-sailing,
A-sailing o'er the sea ;
Do you long to know the treasures
She brings for you and me ?

Little Girl.

Oh, tell me what she bringeth,
A-bringeth then to me,
As, wind and waves obeying,
She sails across the sea ?

Lady.

Perchance 'twill be a sunbeam,
Or a fairy baby's smile,
Or a root of four-leaved shamrock
From Erin's Emerald isle.

Little Girl.

That ship may go a-sailing,
A-sailing *back* for me,
If she hath not brought the treasure
I look for from the sea.

Lady.

Then tell me what you long for,
My little maiden wise,
A-gazing out to seaward,
With longing, wistful eyes ?

Little Girl.

I want my own sweet father
To come sailing o'er the sea ;
He's just a rough old skipper,
But — he's all the world to me !
That's why I look with longing
Across the stormy sea.

MRS. A. M. GOODHART.





THE EMPTY NEST.

WE found it under the apple-tree,
Torn from the bough where it used to swing,
Softly rocking its babies three,
Nestled under the mother's wing.

This is a leaf, all shrivelled and dry,
That once was a canopy overhead;
Doesn't it almost make you cry
To look at the poor, little, empty bed?

All the birdies have flown away:
Birds must fly, or they wouldn't have wings;
Don't you hope they'll come back some day?—
Nests without birdies are lonesome things.

Deep in the mother's listening heart
Drops the prattle with sudden sting,
For lips may quiver and tears may start;
But birds must fly, or they wouldn't have wings.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.






The
Ner-
vous
Dollie:

By
Frank M Stauffer




 Fred, you noisy fellow!
 Stop that racket with
 your drum!
 My dollie's got a head-
 ache,
 And her nerves are all
 unstrung!



A TROUBLESOME CALL.

WE were going, on Saturday, ever so far, —
My mamma and I, — to the Dollies' Bazaar,
Where fifty wax dollies, — the loveliest show, —
Went walking about when they wound 'em, you know.

You wouldn't believe half the things they could do :
Why, one said "Good morning," as plainly as you.
One played the piano, and one, dressed in lace,
Walked up to a mirror and powdered her face.

Well, when we were ready we stepped in the hall,
 And there was a lady a-coming to call.
 She said she just chanced to be passing that way,
 And she really had only a minute to stay.

We waited and waited, and hoped she would go,
 Till I saw it was almost the time for the show,
 For I heard the clocks striking all over the town,
 And I knew that the dollies would all be run down.



And so I just said, "I should s'pose, Mrs. Black,
 Your little girl wonders why don't you come back."
 That's all that I spoke, every 'dential word;
 But she said, "Little girls should be seen and not heard."

I guess that's a proverb, so maybe 'tis true;
 But, if people won't see, what can little girls do?
 My mamma looked queer, but that ended the call,
 And we went to the Dollies' Bazaar, after all.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

A VERY little Girlie and
a VERY LARGE Doll
Went out to see a Lady
and make a formal Call,
But the Girlie was so small
and the Dollie was so TALL
that the Waiter saw no girl
when he met them in the hall
So he showed them in the Parlor
as "A VERY LARGE
DOLL"!



A VERY LARGE DOLL.



BABY'S HOUR.

Two wee hands to clap together,
“Patticake, patticake, baker’s man;”
Two eyes bright as sunny weather,
“So I do, master, fast as I can;”
Patticake, patticake.

One sweet tongue, that follows after,
“Roll it, prick it, and mark with B;”
One glad heart o’erflows with laughter,
“Toss it in the oven for Baby and me;”
Patticake, patticake.

Seed-cake, plum-cake, angel, lady’s;
Not to-day, thanky, sir, none for me;
Well I know the best cake made is
Patticake, on a mother’s knee;
Patticake, patticake.

LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.



PAT. A-CAKE. PAT. A-CAKE - BAKER'S MAN



THE FISHER BOY.

LITTLE Boy Blue, come blow your horn ;
The fishermen folks have been out since the dawn ;
'Tis time they came home to their steaming-hot tea,
With a boat-load of fishes for you and for me.

High over our heads see the black fish-hawk fly,
Like a tiny dark speck against the blue sky.
The little birds watch from their nest in the tree
Their fishermen coming from over the sea.

Then heigh-ho ! for the sand-dunes ; Heigh-ho ! for the sea,
No children on earth are as happy as we.

KAY BEE.





THE FISHER BOY.

ROY'S WISH.

"I WISH I was a little dog,"

Roy, pouting, said one day
To mamma, who'd refused him leave
Out in the rain to play, —

"'Cause little dogs don't have to ask
Their mammas if they may,
But go just where they wants to go,
And always have their way!"

And then he pouted all the more,
Stamped loud, and kicked against the door.

Mamma looked grieved, yet no reply
Her naughty boy she made;
But when 'twas supper-time Roy's plate
At table was not laid;
Yet on the hearth he saw it placed,
With scraps of meat and bread,
His pretty silver cup, with milk
Close by, where Jip was fed.

A moment more, two chubby arms
'Round mamma's neck were pressed, —
A little boy with golden hair
Was sobbing on her breast.

"I — don't — don't — want — to — be — to — be —
A — dog — gie — any — more!"

Sobbed little Roy, as though his heart
Were smitten to the core.

Then mamma said, "I'm glad to find
My little boy has changed his mind!"

And gently kissed the tears away,
While Roy was soon absorbed in play.



ROY'S WISH.



THE FARM BREAKFAST.

OFF went the hired maid ;
Off went the hired man ;
The busy farmer and his wife
Must do the best they can.

One, two, three, four !
Loud strikes the kitchen clock ;
“I must,” the farmer says, “get up
At once and feed my stock.”
He gives the cow some timothy,
The steers, some meadow-hay,
The pair of working oxen grain,
And so begins the day.



He brings some turnips for the sheep,
 The dappled colt some barley,
 And gets a measure full of oats
 For good old Dan and Charley.

He throws the flock of hens some corn;
 He gives the calves some meal;
 The pigs he had forgotten quite
 Until he heard them squeal.
 Within the house, "Bow wow! Bow wow!"
 Old Towser begs for meat;
 "Mew! mew!" The yellow kitten asks
 For something she can eat;
 And down the stairs come hungry Tom,
 And hungry Rose and Neddy,
 And ask, with one united voice,
 "Oh, isn't breakfast ready?"

MARION DOUGLAS.



THE KITE TED MADE.

THE sticks he used were light ;
He tacked them into place,
And he bound a strong cord tight
From end to end for a brace ;
And he covered it over with paper white,
And on that drew a face.

Then twisted bits he tied
In a long and jagged trail,
And held aloft with pride,
For that was the kite's tail ;
A length of string was all beside
He needed for a sail.

This found, he took it out
Into a vacant lot,
Ordering the boys about,
As, pray, why should he not ?
While they, with eager whoop and shout,
Gathered about the spot.

But the kite, alas! it lagged,
And would not lift nor fly;
Ted tried to run — it dragged,
However he might try.
And the long tail of which he bragged
Trailed broken and awry.



“What ails the thing?” cried Ted.
Piped little Jo, “I know” —
Black face and kindly head,
And black, bare feet had Joe —
“The reason it don’t go ahead
Is ’cause the wind don’t blow.”

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.



FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

ALL day I hear a singing,

My little love.

The cricket's faint knell ringing,

My little love.

The yellow leaves are flying,

And Lady Wind is sighing ;

Ah, me! The summer's dying,

My little love.

Her sweet soul has departed,

My little love,

The birds are broken-hearted,

My little love.

She was so fair and smiling,

Our inmost hearts beguiling,

The long hours sweetly whiling,

My little love.

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FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

Our arms she filled with flowers,

My little love.

And sent us healing showers,

My little love,

Even in fullest measure.

Nay, shared your childish pleasure,

And lavished all her treasure

On my little love.

Farewell is sad, sad saying,

My little love.

When winter flees, I'm praying,

My little love,

We may together meet her.

Ah! nothing could be sweeter

Than, hand in hand, to greet her,

My little love.

GRACE WINTHROP OLIVER.





BOB WHITE.

THERE'S a plump little chap, in a speckled coat,
And he sits on the zigzag rails remote,
Where he whistles at breezy, bracing morn,
When the buckwheat is ripe, and stacked the corn :
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Is he hailing some comrade as blithe as he?
Now, I wonder where Robert White can be?
O'er the billows of gold and amber grain
There is no one in sight; but, hark again!
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Ah! I see why he calls: in the stubble there
Hide his plump little wife and babies fair!
So contented is he, and so proud of the same,
That he wants all the world to know his name :
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

GEORGE COOPER.



THE MAN IN THE MOON.

THERE'S an ugly Old Man in the Moon to-night,
He scowls and he frowns till he frightens me quite;
I know why he looks in that terrible way, —
It's because I have been so naughty to-day.

I've broken my drum, and put burrs on the cat;
Went down to the brook and lost my new hat;
I felt pretty mean when my ma fished it out, —
And a lot more things, I'll not tell you about.

I did not intend so naughty to be,
But the mischief was all in my head, you see;
To-morrow I'll try to do something quite right,
And the Man in the Moon can but smile at night.

There's a jolly Old Man in the Moon to-night,
With a merry face and a smile so bright;
He looks down on me in a comical way, —
Don't you think he knows that I've been good to-day?

MRS. A. D. BELL.



• The •
Man in the
Moon



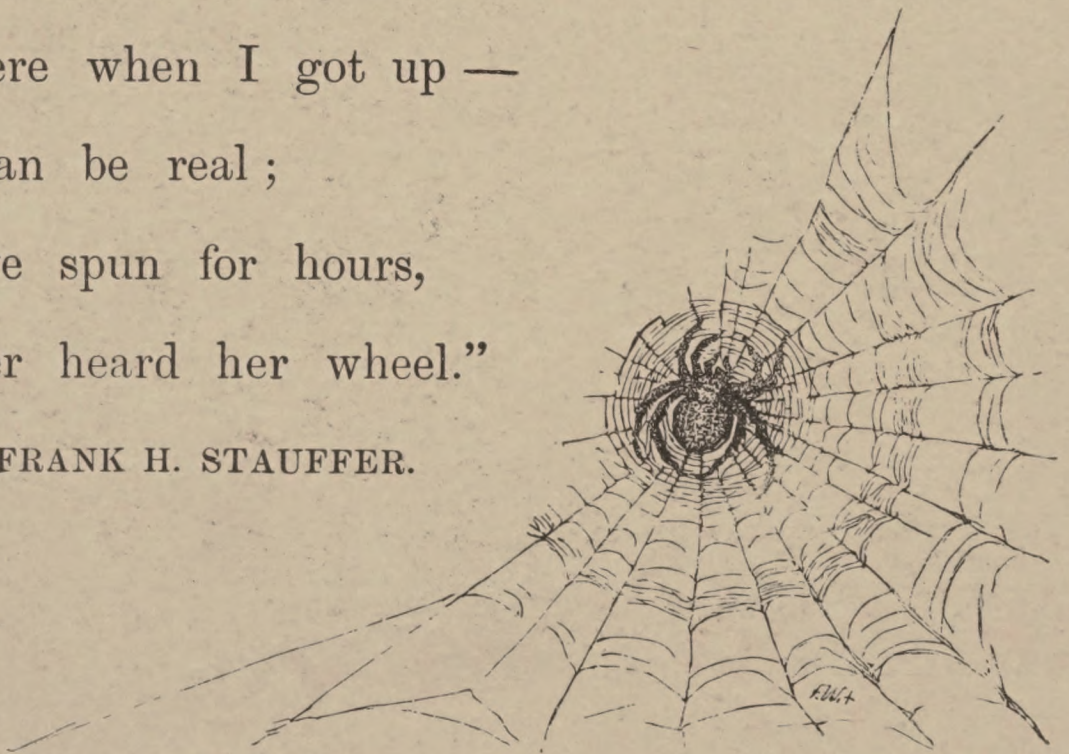
NOISELESS SPINNING-WHEEL.

“Tell me, mamma, what is this,
Like web of finest lace?
It swings across the window,
Just here beside my face.

“You say a spider spun it;
Where did she get the floss?
How many others helped her
To carry it across?

“It wasn't here when I got up —
It hardly can be real;
She must have spun for hours,
And I never heard her wheel.”

FRANK H. STAUFFER.





A NOISELESS SPINNING-WHEEL.



THE CHICKADEE-DEE.

LITTLE darling of the snow,
Careless how the winds may blow,
Happy as a bird can be,
Singing, oh, so cheerily,
Chickadee-dee! Chickadee-dee!

When the skies are cold and gray,
When he trills his happiest lay,
Through the clouds he seems to see
Hidden things to you and me.
Chickadee-dee! chickadee-dee!

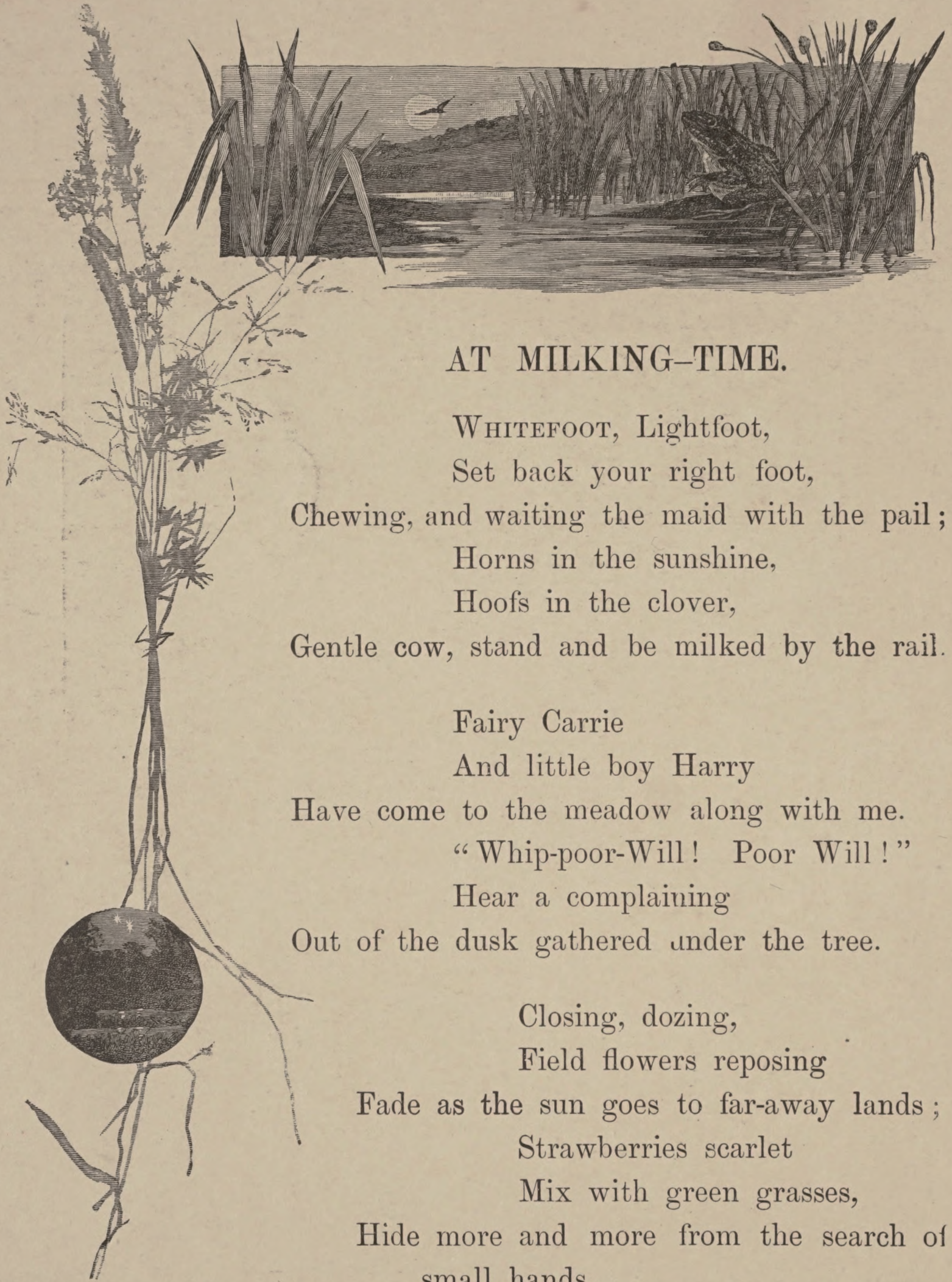
Very likely little birds
Have their thoughts too deep for words.
But we know, and all agree,
That the world would dreary be
Without birds, dear chickadee!

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.



Parker
Hayden

THE CHICKADEE-DEE.



AT MILKING-TIME.

WHITEFOOT, Lightfoot,
Set back your right foot,
Chewing, and waiting the maid with the pail;
Horns in the sunshine,
Hoofs in the clover,
Gentle cow, stand and be milked by the rail.

Fairy Carrie
And little boy Harry
Have come to the meadow along with me.
“Whip-poor-Will! Poor Will!”
Hear a complaining
Out of the dusk gathered under the tree.

Closing, dozing,
Field flowers reposing
Fade as the sun goes to far-away lands;
Strawberries scarlet
Mix with green grasses,
Hide more and more from the search of
small hands.



AT MILKING-TIME.

Glancing, dancing,
Fire-flies romancing,
Light, tiny lamps in the dewy-damp vines ;
Frogs are a-crooning ;
Forth hops a rabbit ;
High flies the night-hawk that peeps while he dines.

Whitefoot, Lightfoot,
Have now your right foot,
Full to the brim is my pail with white foam ;
Looks the round moon so,
Over the hill yonder, —
Guess there, too, a milkmaid's on her way home.

Fairy Carrie
And little man Harry
Skip from the field, but look back through the bars ;
Sings lone whippoorwill ;
Folds her limbs Whitefoot ;
Shine in the pasture-brook two early stars.

LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.





Her Fourth Birthday—

Poor 'ittle baby sister May,
I's sorry now for you,
For, while I's four great big years
old,
You's only just turned two.

Now stand up on your tip-tip toes,
And don't you let it fall,
I'll give you some of my dessert
Although you are so small.


KAY BEE.



A CHICKEN'S RIGHTS APPEAL.

A QUEER little chicken went out for a walk,
And, meeting another, both stopped for a talk.
“Don't you think,” said the first, “we're dreadfully used?
I, for one, am quite tired of being abused.
Now to-day, when I stepped in a neighboring yard,
Such a cry as was raised! I declare it seemed hard;
Just a few little seeds from the edge of a bed,
And a stone was aimed straight at my poor little head.

“I know,” said the second; “t'was just so with me, —
Such a fuss about nothing I never did see.
Now, for instance, one day I saw on the ground
Some bright scarlet fruit, so tempting and round,
I thought I'd just try to see if t'was sweet,
Or anyway fit for a chicken to eat.
So I scratched around, pecking at one here and there,
When a dozen came flying like balls through the air.
Then I hurried away as fast as I could,



And hid myself close in a neighboring
wood,
While the farmer's wife said, 'Let me
once catch that hen, —
She'd never peck my nice tomatoes again.'
Now imagine the state a chick's mind
must be in
When the least little trifle can raise
such a din.
I think human beings are far from
polite.
Don't they know we must
live? Isn't that a
chick's right?"

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

A.S. COX '86.



I FREIGHT my swan with pansies,
And a motley crowd they make,
As I set them afloat, in their royal boat,
On the fern-fringed, mimic lake.

There are stately lords and ladies,
And maidens with yellow hair,
And a monk in a cowl, with a bit of a scowl
And a discontented air.

And one is a king in purple,
With a splendid crown of gold;
And his lovely queen, with her graceful mien,
Is a lady rare to behold.

And near them stands my darling,
With the hair of wondrous hue ;
And her great black eyes, in their glad surprise,
Look up at me, brave and true.



There are nuns in blackest of bonnets,
And knights, stern-visaged all ;
And blue-eyed girls, with tawny curls,
Fit for a duchess' ball.

But, alas! when next I see them,
A rueful sight they make,
Though still afloat, in their royal boat,
On the fern-fringed, mimic lake.



The king looks old and jaded ;
He has lost his golden crown ;
And his lovely queen, so grieved, I ween,
Stands with her head bent down.

They hide their sorrowful faces,
That company, once so bright,
And none looked fair but my darling there,
And a handsome dark-browed knight.

EMMA C. DOWD.



Saucy little Sparrows!

Plump as they can be.
Tugging at a big worm
Big enough for three!
Fie! you greedy fellows
How you peck and fight
Guess no one has taught you
How to be polite!

Tessie B McClure

Irene E Jerome



What the Fly thinks.

by Gertrude E. Heath

A fly went buzzing over my head:
Buzz! Buzz!
And what do you think the little fly said!
Buzz! Buzz!

I saw two babies as I flew by,
Begin to quarrel and then to cry;
Pretty children their Grandma thinks
Calls them her "rosy-posy-pinks."
What does it mean when babies cry?



Isn't it better to be a fly?
Babies laugh though coo and smile,
Shriek with laughter once in a while.
Wonder what creatures with two legs do,
I never could live with so very few!
How do they ever get about?
Wonder who pulled their other legs out!
There! they're going! How queer they crawl!
Funny world! said the fly on the wall.



A fly went buzzing over my head:
Buzz! Buzz!
And these are the words the little fly said:
Buzz! Buzz!





TWO LITTLE CATS.

We are two little cats,
Two good little cats,
Two small white cats are we ;
We take sweet milk for our early morning meal,
But we must have cream for tea.

We have nice little claws,
Nice, sharp little claws,
That shine as they come and go ;
But we never, never scratch till our tails are pulled,
When we want our tails to grow.

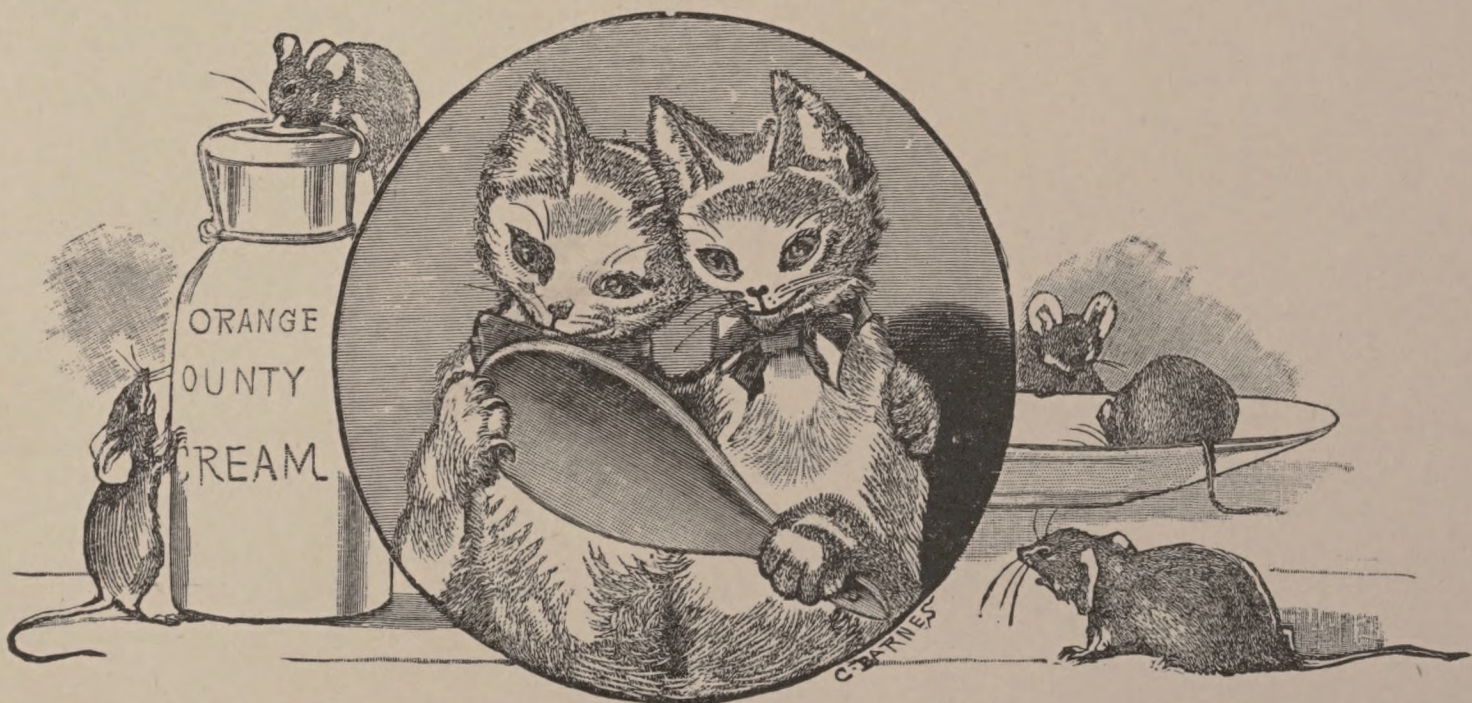
We have dear little teeth,
White, sound little teeth ;
But we are so polite,
If people just behave as they ought to behave,
We never attempt to bite.

We have round little eyes,
 Such mild blue eyes ;
 But, though they close in sleep,
 They can see the whisk of the shadow of a tail,
 If a mouse should dare to creep.



We have fine snowy coats,
 And bows at our throats!
 Oh, how lovely it must be
 For other folks to live in the very same house
 With two such cats as we!

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.



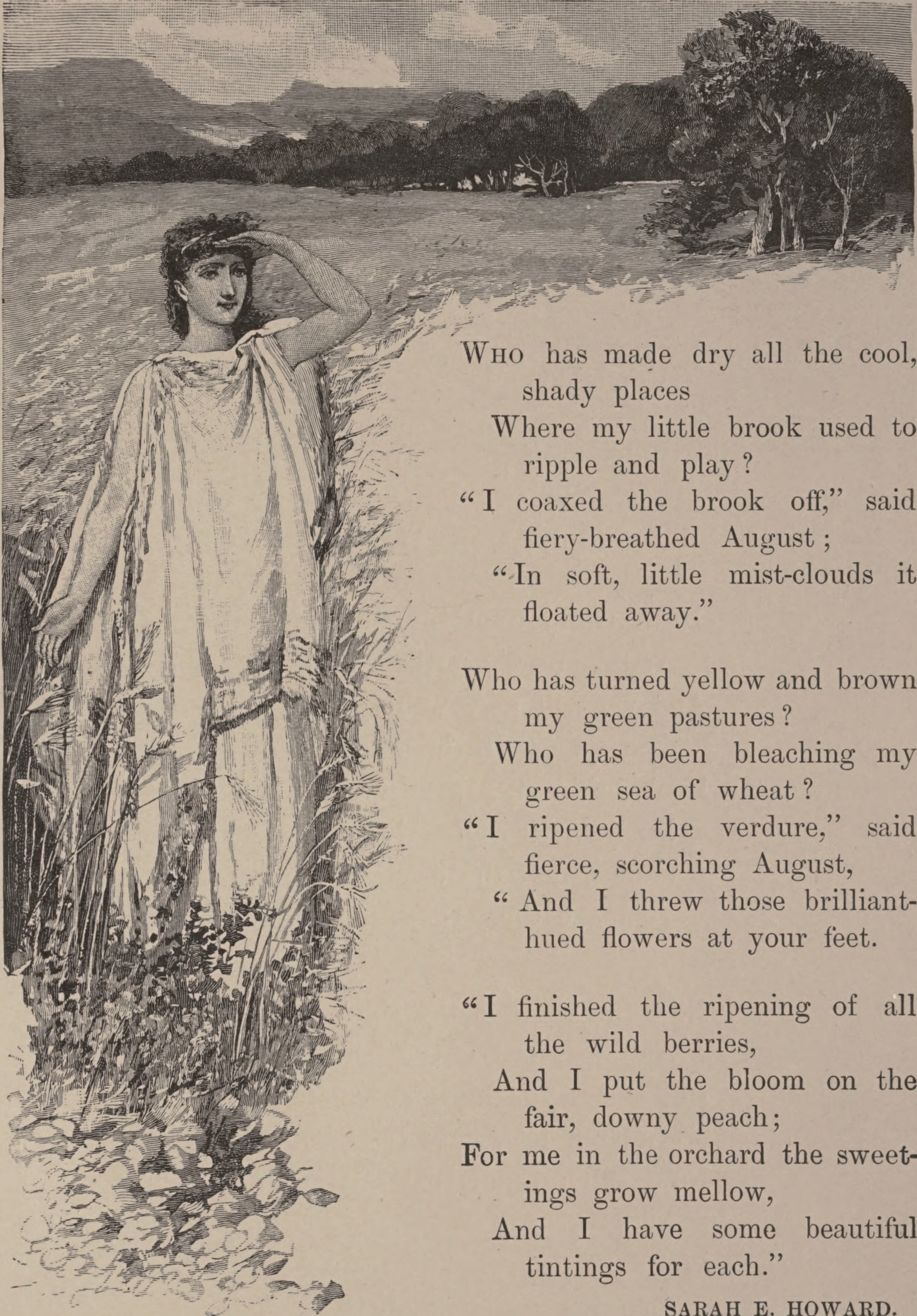


THE SWALLOWS.

LITTLE Teddy above the lake
Saw the swallows skimming,
Their white breasts beaming, glancing and gleaming,
And while he was watching their fly-catching,
He cried, "Oh, see! Oh, see the birds, —
The little birds in swimming!"

C. D. B.

AUGUST AND ITS WORK.



Who has made dry all the cool,
shady places

Where my little brook used to
ripple and play?

“I coaxed the brook off,” said
fiery-breathed August;

“In soft, little mist-clouds it
floated away.”

Who has turned yellow and brown
my green pastures?

Who has been bleaching my
green sea of wheat?

“I ripened the verdure,” said
fierce, scorching August,

“And I threw those brilliant-
hued flowers at your feet.

“I finished the ripening of all
the wild berries,

And I put the bloom on the
fair, downy peach;

For me in the orchard the sweet-
ings grow mellow,

And I have some beautiful
tintings for each.”

SARAH E. HOWARD.



LITTLE SAILORS.

Now, Harry, pull the chairs up,
And, Fanny, get the shawl,
And we will play we're sailors,
And that we're in a squall.
Don't be in such a hurry,
I'll fix it if you wait ;
I want to get the hassocks
To make the "Golden Gate."

Now this chair is the ship's stern
And that one is the bow ;
But there, you must be careful
And not lean hard, you know.
Now, sailors, pull that sail up
And tuck the corners in.
Well — if you want it tighter
Ask mamma for a pin !

Now couldn't you sing something
About the ocean blue?
Well, never mind, "By-baby,"
Or anything will do!
See here, you careless sailors,
You mind what you're about;
You know that water'll drown you
If you should tumble out!



There, now you've gone and done it;
I knew just how 'twould be.
I told you to be careful,
And now you're hurt, you see.
Well, never mind; we won't play
We're sailors any more,
But get the blocks, and build up
A playhouse on the floor.

MRS. GENEVIEVE LYNCH.



MORNING-GLORIES.

WAKE, baby, I'll sing you a ballad;
Come, open your eyes and hear
Of the gay, painted ladies, so fresh and so fair,
Who lean at the lattice near.



Their gowns have the hues of the rainbow, —
 Violet, crimson, and pink;
 And their faces are fair as the morning
 When the sun first rises, I think.

See, on their hearts glisten dew-drops, —
 Jewels more precious and rare
 Than any queen-lady can boast of
 At her bridal or crowning to wear.

Gay-painted ladies and bonnie,
 Out at the lattice there,
 Lean from their bower and beckon to you:
 “Good-morning, my baby fair!”

J. K. LUDLUM.





DILLY DALLY.

As sweet a child as one could find,
If only she were prompt to mind:
Her eyes are blue, her cheeks are pink,
Her hair curls up with many a kink, —
She says her name is Allie;
But, sad to say,
Ofttimes a day
We call her Dilly Dally.

If sent on errands, grave or gay,
She's sure to loiter by the way;
No matter what her task may be,
"I'll do it by and by," cries she.
And so, instead of Allie,
We, one and all,
Have come to call
This maiden Dilly Dally.

I think, if she could only know
How wrong it is to dally so,
Her tasks undone she would not leave,
Nor longer mother's kind heart grieve;
And then, for Dilly Dally,
We'd gladly say,
Each well-spent day,
"This is our own sweet Allie."

M. K. BUCK.



H. W. Thompson Peirce.

DILLY DALLY.

As Quickly as He Could:

By Marion Douglas.

I know a little round faced boy
 His name is Richard Hill,
 A pretty good boy on the whole,
 And still—

I said to him, the other day,
 "As quickly as he could,
 To bring up from the kitchen
 yard,
 A basket full of wood."

He had an apple in his hand
 He bit it on each cheek;
 "Please wait till I have finished
 this;"
 He asked when he could
 speak.

But you must go at once," I said.
 "When you have eaten that"
 He gnawed it to the very core,
 Then went to find his hat

He looked around upstairs & down,
 For fifteen minutes more;
 He found the cat in it asleep,
 Upon the woodshed floor.
 He stopped & stroked poor Pussy's
 And then he came to me,
 "Where is the basket for the wood
 He said "I cannot see."



"Is where you left it," I replied
And so, in doors & out,
For five & twenty minutes more
He wandering, searched about.

"Now I know!" at last he cried;
"It all this time has been
Down by the garden; I forgot
To bring the melons in!"

"It was full of melons when it
came;
When they were stowed away
Now Richard bring the wood
at once,"
I said "without delay."



Out in the yard he whistling went,
But there, red, white & blue,
A circus-poster decked the wall,
What could a fellow do,

But snatch, at least, one stolen look
At such a bright display?
When hark! a voice called o'er the
"Will you trade knives today?" (fence.)

It was Tommy Brown his tones
were like

The syrens song of old;
The last coal had to ashes turned,
The stove throughout was cold,



When back came Richard bringing in
His basket full of wood
And said (should you have thought?)
"he'd been
As quickly as he could!"



THE PEACE-MAKER.

SAMMIE had two roosters, a white one and a gray ;
They fell into a quarrel, and began to fight one day,
And Sammie — oh! it grieves me to say — he thought it fun!
And stopped his play to watch till the rooster-fight was done.

Oh, fiercely fought the roosters, and flapped their heavy wings!
(Had they learned to quarrel, think you, from boys who do such things?)
But Sammy only laughed, and clapped his hands to see
How the gray attacked the white, and the white fought savagely.



But along came Gobbler, with proud, majestic mien,
And, ruffling up his feathers, gazed disgusted at the scene,
Lifted high his stately head, and looked at Sam
a minute ;
But Sam was only thinking, "I guess old White'll
win it."

No longer paused the gobbler, but onward swiftly flew,
And thrust his portly body at once between the two ;
Gave a peck to Mr. White, and a nip at Mr. Gray,
Till they hung their tails at last, and withdrew
in sore dismay.



Then the gobbler strutted after and gobbled in
the ear
Of each most silly fighter. What he said I did
not hear ;
But no doubt he gave advice that was sensible
and true,
And he taught young Sam a lesson that was
sadly needed, too.



MARY D. BRINE.



LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Down in the meadow the cows are calling,
The robin's sweet song comes home from afar,
And the apple blooms softly are falling;
Little Boy Blue, how sleepy you are!

Over the hills gray shadows are creeping,
Swift to her nest the mother-bird flies;
Little Boy Blue, in my fond arms sleeping,
Cradled and soothed with tender lullabies.



LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Little Boy Blue, when the months
you number
Shall grow into years in your
life's young day,
You will scorn your sweet baby-
hood's slumber,
And boyhood's wild sports will
lure you away.

On your sweet lips I will press
softest kisses ;
For still you are mine, though
years swiftly glide.
Little Boy Blue, the world never
misses
One from its ranks, —oh, then,
stay at my side!



MRS. A. D. BELL.

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CRADLE SONG.

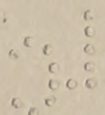
THE sunbeams are smiling above the green meadows,
And dropping their gold from the heart of the sky;
But here is my sunshine, my golden-haired laddie, —
Then rock-a-by, baby, oh, rock-a-by-by.

The daisies go nodding and dancing together
Among the tall grass as the breezes come nigh;
But here is my own little frolicsome daisy, —
Then rock-a-by, baby, oh, rock-a-by-by.

And under the sunbeams, and over the blossoms,
The blue-birds are weaving their songs as they fly;
But here in its nest is my chirruping birdling, —
Then rock-a-by, baby, oh, rock-a-by-by.

And down in the hollows, a-weary with playing,
The winsome young lambs by the sheep-mothers lie;
But here is my bonny wee lambkin beside me, —
Then rock-a-by, baby, oh, rock-a-by-by.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.





CRADLE SONG.



THE KITTEN'S FOE.

So slyly and carefully old Pussy Gray
Was hiding her three pretty kittens away,
For, one at a journey, she carried them all
Way under the steps leading into the hall.

“Why, tell me, dear Pussy, what foe do you fear
To menace with danger your children so dear?
Your families safely you’ve nurtured before,
Nor hidden them under the steps by the door.”

But, while I was speaking, a patter I heard,
And a carolling sound like the voice of a bird;
And old Pussy Gray, in a tremor of fright,
With kitten the third quickly vanished from sight.

“Ah, now I shall see it,—the enemy dread
To the peace of poor Pussy,” I silently said;
For the sounds so peculiar were drawing more near,
Which the poor little mother had noticed with fear.

And there, to be sure, was our own baby-boy, —
His mother's delight and his father's best joy,
His grandmother's comfort, his grandfather's pride,
The darling of aunties and uncles beside!

O mischievous baby, I'm really afraid
That you for our Pussy this trouble have made;
Your dear little fingers, so fat and so fair,
Must fondle more gently and handle with care.

MARY C. CLARK.





FOUR little sisters lay in bed till noon,
Where October breezes sang a sleepy tune.

Jack Frost so early, funny friend of theirs,
Unlatched their door as he softly came down stairs.

Sly Jack waited what they would do or say,
But when the sun rose he had to flee away.

Pale yellow lay the leaves on the moist ground,
When from the chamber high came a creaking sound.

Brown burr on the branch open threw its door,
Chestnut sisters, wide awake, down slid the four.

Two little sisters from the farm-house filled
Gayly checkered baskets till they overspilled.

Laughed as the brown hail hit their bonnets blue,
And a squirrel mocked them; he was nutting too.



Deftly he cut the stem with his wisdom teeth,
Ran down to gather nuts shaken from their sheath.

“Sir, what if too soon you had harvested?”

“Whir-r! I’ve an almanac in my little head.”



“Luck to you, Graycoat, we are going now,”
Said the girls; squirrel whirred, with a comic bow.

LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.

WHAT THE OLD HEN SAID.

INTO the house he came running,
And begged me to cut off his curls,
Over his head richly clustered,
As bright and as fair as a girl’s.

“Why would you lose them, my darling?”

“Because our old hen,” pouted he,

“Screams, when we meet, ‘Get-your-hair-cut!

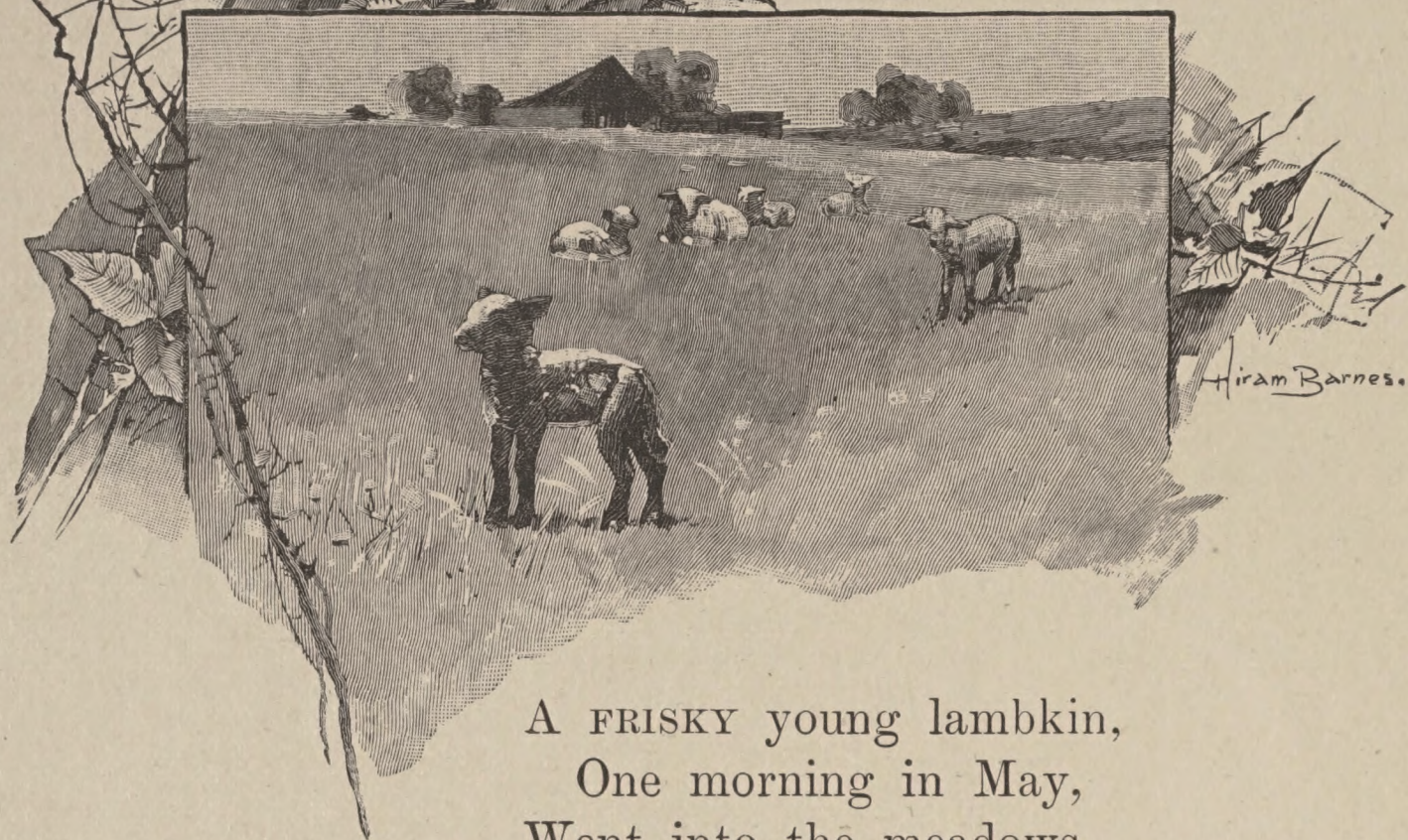
Get-your-hair-cut!’ — I know she means me.”

GEORGE COOPER.



WHAT THE OLD HEN SAID.

THE MISSION OF THE BRIARS.



A FRISKY young lambkin,
One morning in May,
Went into the meadows
To nibble and play ;
And, jumping too gaily,
He happened to fall
Against a rough thorn-bush
That grew by the wall.

“Oh, what ugly briars,”
He cried, with a pull,
“To tangle me up so,
And tear out my wool !”
But he cleared himself soon
With a vigorous bound,
And went skipping away
Through the meadows around.

That very same morning,
A thrifty young thrush
Came hopping along
By that very same bush ;

And when hanging there
On the thorn she espied
Some locks from the fleece
Of the lambkin she cried:—

“Oh, you are good briars
To get wool for me!”
And she carried it off
To the old apple-tree,
And lined her nest with it
In daintiest way;
As happy at work
As the lambkin at play.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.



LITTLE BETTINE: A SWINGING SONG.

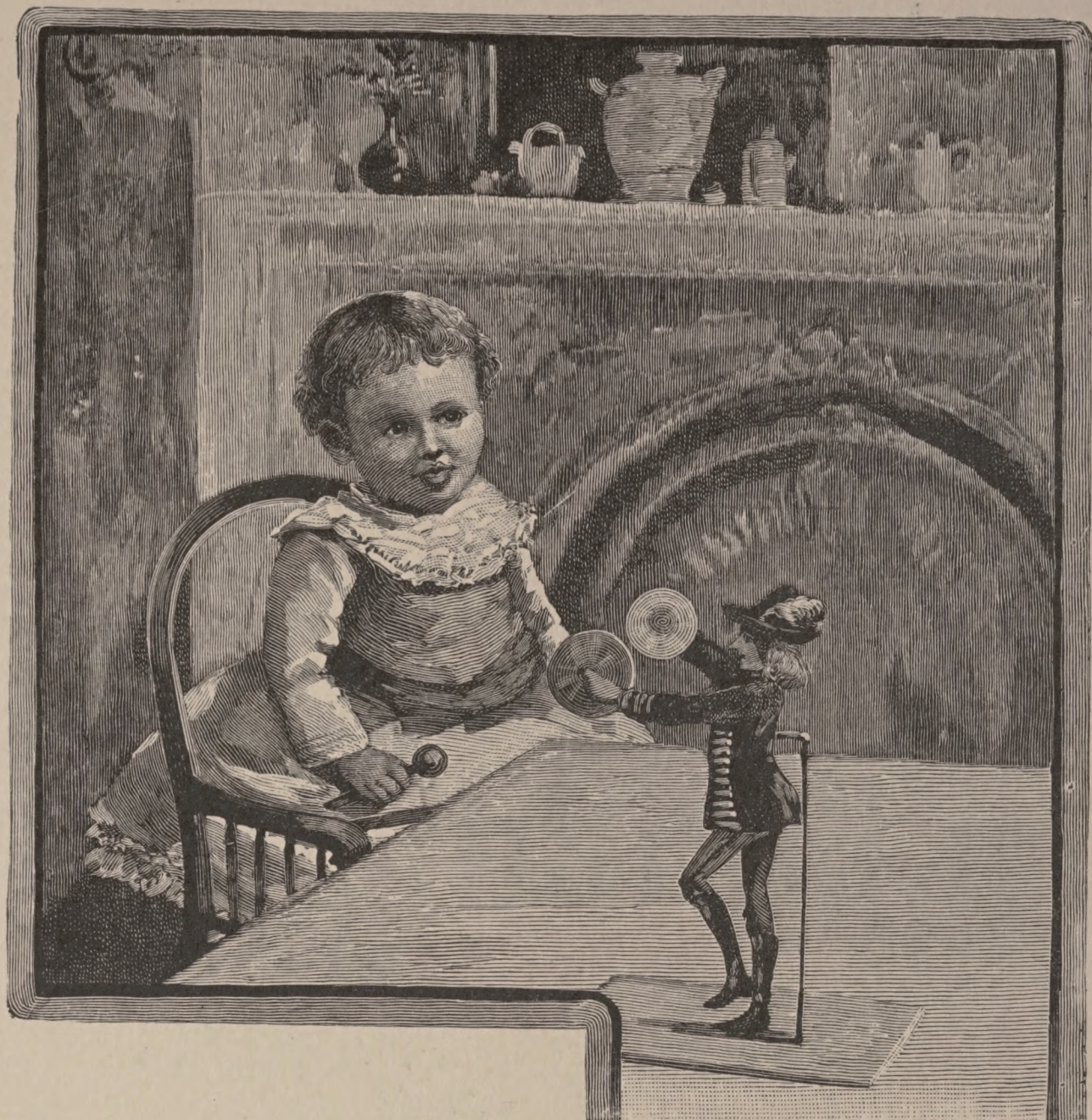
SWINGING, swinging, little Bettine,
Prettiest lassie that ever was seen;
Swinging, swinging,
Up where the long, lithe branches blow,
Down where the white, swaying lilies grow;
Swinging, swinging, little Bettine,
Under the larches cool and green.

Swinging, swinging, little Bettine,
Blossom-crowned, like a summer queen;
Swinging, swinging!



Up where the robin hides his nest,
Down where the brown bee keeps her quest;
Swinging, swinging, little Bettine,
Under the larches cool and green.

EMMA C. DOWD.



MR. WIRY-LEGS.

MY name is Mr. Wiry-legs,
I came from Dolly-land,
I'm dressed in red and blue, and hold
A cymbal in each hand.
Clip, clap, clippetty, clap,
Clip, clap, clat!
Oh! I am Mr. Wiry-legs, and wear a soldier's hat.

I have a long and crooked nose,
I nod my head and grin,
And every time I go bob, bob,
Oh, then I do begin

To clip, clap, clippetty, clap,

Clip, clap, clat!

Oh! I am Mr. Wiry-legs, and wear a soldier's hat.

I have a long and yellow wig,

All neatly curled behind;

My hollow chest is full of springs,

My legs are wire you'll find.

Clip, clap, clippetty, clap,

Clip, clap, clat!

Oh! I am Mr. Wiry-legs, and wear a soldier's hat.

I nod my head at baby Dan;

His dimples come and go,

And when I dance, and clap, and grin,

Oh, then he'll laugh and crow

At clap, clip, clippetty, clap,

Clap, clip, clat.

Oh! I am Mr. Wiry-legs, and wear a soldier's hat.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.





“BROTHER DON.”

SUCH a queer little carriage, well-nigh ev'ry day,
Takes its stand 'neath the chestnut tree over the way,
And the same little lady rides alway within,
Looking smiling and bright, and as neat as a pin.

Such a carriage as this you're not likely to pass,
But I think it belongs to the village-cart class,
For it has but two wheels, and goes bumpyty bump,
In much the same way that young kangaroos jump.

It is drawn by a pony, who travels unshod,
And he has but two legs, which may strike you as odd;
While the harness is fashioned from stray bits of rope,
And the cart from a box that was made to hold soap.

I am sure that the secret by this time is out,
And if I should ask you, you'd reply, without doubt,
"The carriage is home-made; a small boy is the horse,
And the lady his own little sister, of course."

Rightly guessed, little reader, and yet, do you know,
This remarkable equipage, clumsy and low,
Has more charm in my eyes, and seems finer, I ween,
Than the grandest court carriage that ever was seen?

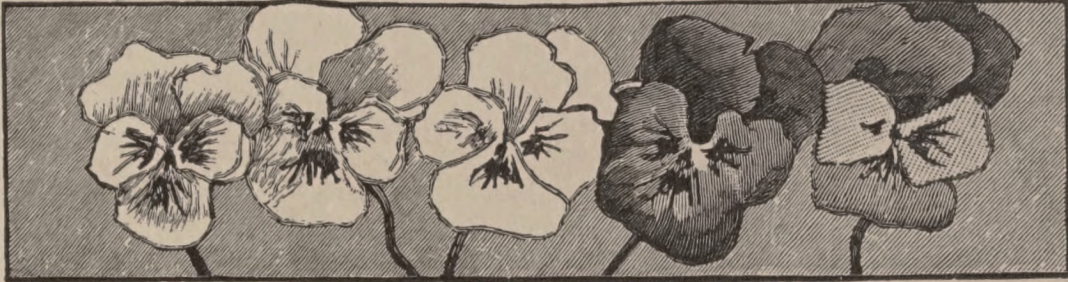
And whenever I glance out my window and see
The quaint turnout drive under the shade of the tree,
To my pantry I run, and then over the street
With some trifle or other that children may eat.

They are shy little folk; over forehead and cheek
Crimson blushes fly fast, if I coax them to speak;
But to some of my questions brief answers I've won,
And the boy one day whispered, "My name's brother Don."

"Brother Don!" I should think so; not many could tell
Of a boy who deserves just that title so well;
Ever patient and ready to do and to dare
For the dear little sister consigned to his care.

And much lighter of heart, were there more such as he,
 The great army of dear little sisters would be.
 I believe they'd march always with banners unfurled,
 If there only were more "Brother Dons" in the world.

RUTH OGDEN.



DOLL-HOUSE TROUBLES.



dear sister Nina:

You'll find here a letter
 From Sister Regina;
 I wish it were better.

Arabella Anastatia

Is a very naughty doll.
 I really can't take care of her;
 She won't behave at all.

This morning, when I called her
 And told her she must dress,
 She began to cry for mamma;
 You must come back, I guess.

I don't see what possessed her
 To act in such a manner;
 She nearly drove me crazy;
 In fact, I had to fan her!

I couldn't put her shoes on ;
She kicked !—the naughty girl,
She wouldn't let me wash her,
Or put her hair in curl.



I told her that I loved her ;
But she would not mind a bit ;—
So I put her in the corner,
And there I made her sit.



You know when one is naughty
 The others act so, too;
 And Mary Ann, Aunt Nancy,
 And Pansy cried for you.

Oh, dear! I cannot stand it,
 They're making such a noise;
 They're tearing up their dresses,
 And breaking all the toys.

Don't stay another minute,
 But pack your trunk, my dear,
 And hasten to your dollies;
 They'll all be sick, I fear!



THE RISING MOON.

ONE evening, just at twilight hour,
Our Freddie, at the window-pane
Stood gazing, in a thoughtful mood,
O'er meadow, orchard, field, and lane.

The moon had climbed above the hill,
And now came peeping through the trees,
When Freddie quickly turned to me,
And cried, "Papa, do come here, please!

"The moon was trying to come up —
I think you'll have to help it, — see!
'Tis caught right fast among the limbs
Of that great bushy apple-tree."

H. L. CHARLES.



THE RISING MOON

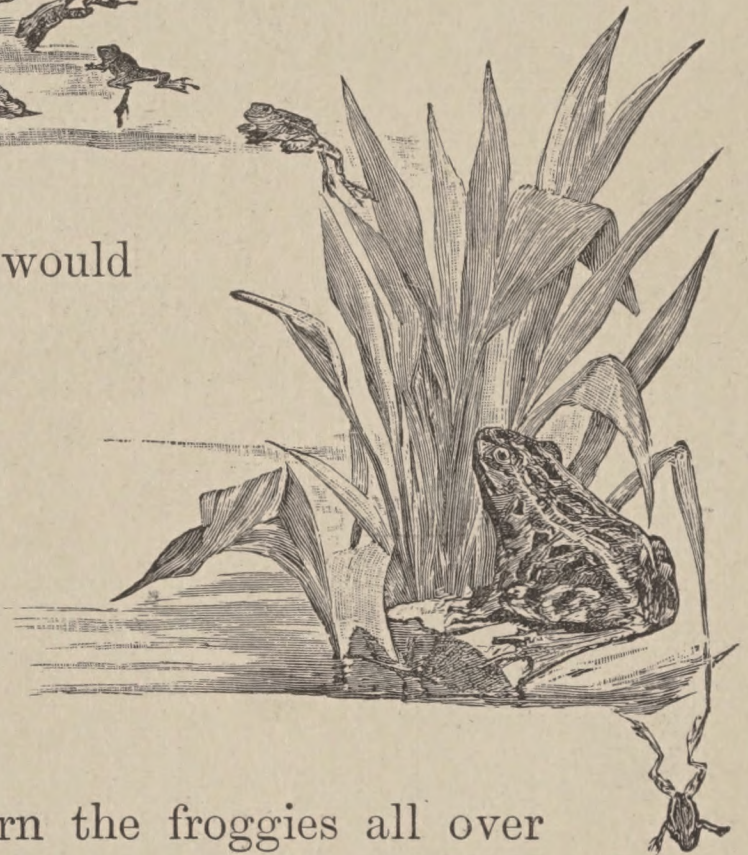


IF I were a snake,
what joy I would
take,
Lying all day in the
sun to bake!

For music my rattle, my tongue to do battle —
Oh my, what a nice little row I could make!



If I were a frog I would
sit on a log,



And govern the froggies all over
the bog.

With a skip and a
dash, a slip and
a splash,—

Somersault, down I dive, long-legged frog!

If I were a bee — well, now let me see,
A bee can be happy as happy can be —

I would flit every hour
 from flower to flower,
 And make mother honey,
 sweet honey, for tea!



If I were a loon,
 I would whoop
 to the moon
 Over the waters of lake
 and lagoon ;
 With the break of
 the day I would
 take me away,
 And would not come
 back until long after noon !

If I were a man, oh, what would I
 do ?
 Labor and plan for the good and the
 true,
 Making the best of laws, good and
 just ;
 And helping my mother ! Now say,
 would not you ?



COASTING.

THE winter twilight in the sky
Pales all its red and gold,
And still the children linger there
Ruddy with cold.

Down the long hill the flying sleds
Speed black against the snow,
Although that means a journey back
Both long and slow.

Like swallows on the wing they come,
Swift sweeping to the plain,
To crawl more like a line of ants
Upward again.

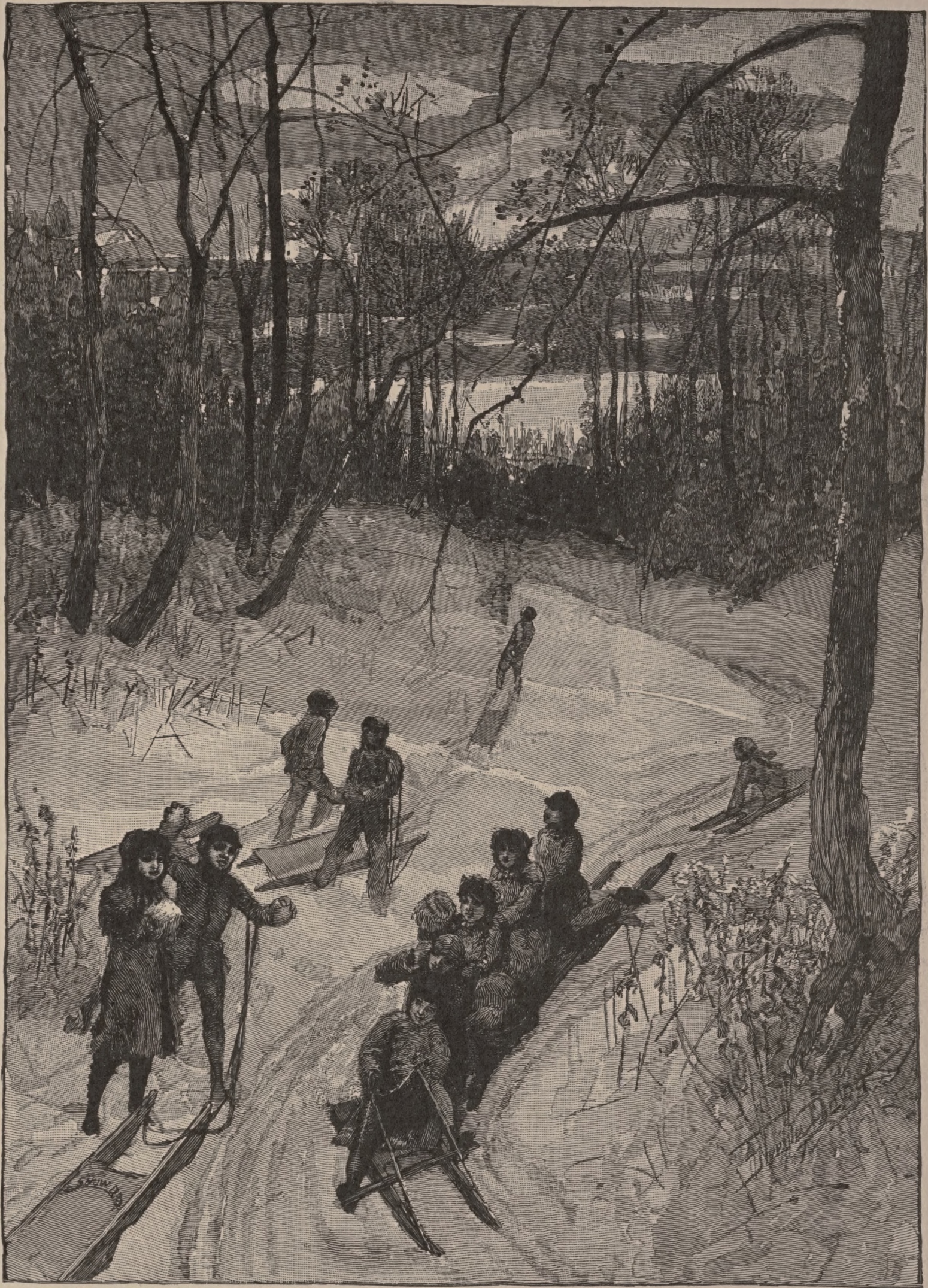
The glistening track is icy smooth;
The dark has come too soon;
And, lo, just peeping from the east,
Behold the moon!

Must they go home? Indeed they must;
They hear their father's call,
Not willing yet to leave their sport,
Nor tired at all.

They know the kettle on the hob
Is singing cosily,
Ready, as soon as they come in,
To make the tea.

An hour later the white hill
Lies in the chill moonlight,
Hushed, lonely, with not anywhere
A child in sight.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.





THE
STORY OF
MAZIE
POPCORN.

LITTLE Maizie Popcorn, dressed in fleecy white,
Danced on the cottage hearth, in the firelight;
Tripping, skipping, whirling, — what a merry sight!

Silly Maizie Popcorn, — vainer none could be, —
Holding out her skirts, cried, “Where is one like me?”
Then came a troop of them just as fine as she.

Yes ; a whole assembly, ready to begin,
Scalloped to each dainty foot, ruffled to the chin,
Courtesied in Paris style ; now away they spin.

All the hearth a dancing-floor ; every maid a belle ;
Joyful every one to see how her mates excel ;
While a waltz, the fire played, gently rose and fell.

Jealous Maizie Popcorn, sulking, drew aside,
Would not dance another step, in her foolish pride.
“Mixed society,” she said, “she could not abide.”

Angry little Popcorn stood too near the blaze,
Did not see how brown she grew, lived out all her days,
Turned to flame an instant ; passed away in haze :

Vanished from that happy hearth — and the fire hissed ;
In that melancholy way ceasing to exist ;
Naughty, punished Popcorn, hardly was she missed.

LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.





FRANKIE'S SOLDIERS.

LITTLE Frankie has an uncle,
And he thinks him great and grand ;
Surely never was a better
In the land.

He has sent a camp of soldiers
To him, — guns and cannon, too ;
Some wear light gray caps and jackets,
Some wear blue.

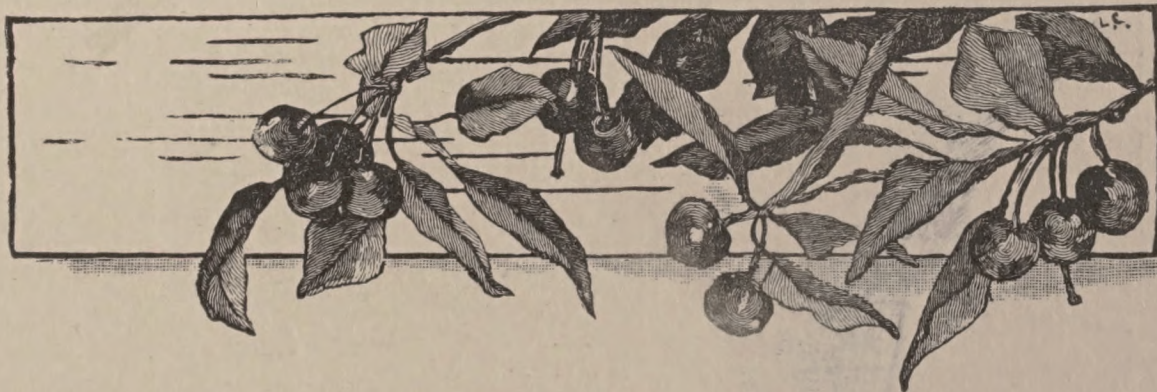
And his soldiers fight such battles,
Have so many gallant wars,
That already all are wearing
Dreadful scars.



One has lost an arm, another
Has no legs, or has no head ;
You would think so badly wounded
They'd be dead.

But they face the loaded cannon
Boldly yet ; and 'tis a sight
Even now to see how bravely
They can fight.

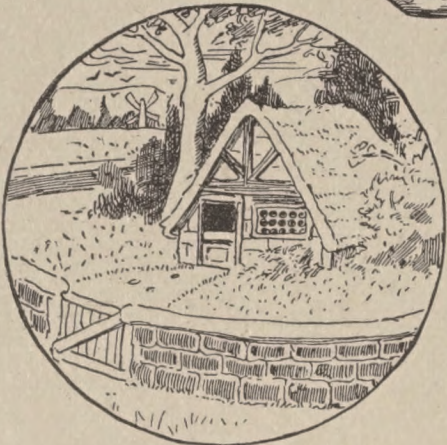
MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.





A Cup of Tea

By A. H. Hardy



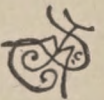
A very old dame,
 In a very small cot,
 Made tea in a blue & white Chinese tea-pot;
 She drank it so black
 I'm sure you would think
 'Twas the very worst thing an old lady
 could drink.

She never drank water,
 Nor coffee, nor wine;
 But said her black tea was exceedingly *fine*
 She'd draw it at morn,
 And at night drank it up,
 From an old-fashioned blue & white china teacup

And she lived long ago,
 Yet I have heard say,
 She's making & drinking her tea to this day



"And at night drank it up"



THE STREET PLAYERS.

A VOICE comes from the pavement,
And the twang of a fiddle string;
Scarce louder they both together are
Than when the crickets sing.
Would insects serenade me,
I wonder, and are these
The sounds of minstrels from
the grass —
Mosquitoes, locusts, bees?

Ah, no, beneath my window
I see two children stand,
A quaint, red-kerchiefed little girl,
A tin cup in her hand.
I get a glimpse of her brown cheek
As children in pictures look
When, with down-dropping lids, they
chant
Out of a sacred book.

And the little boy beside her,
So active with his bow,
And brown as she, has worked so hard
He has found no time to grow.
He is only a trifle taller
Than his own violin,
And not much broader; and, ah me!
Is very, very thin.



My heart aches that the tender
 Young things must sing and play,
 Early and late, about the town,
 From weary day to day.
 And I toss them down some pennies
 To put in their shabby cup,
 And smile to see how eagerly
 They haste to pick them up.



These gained, they quite forget me,
 And soon, far down the street,
 More like the crickets than at first
 I hear their music beat.
 And I hope a rain of pennies
 And nickels and bright dimes
 Will shower into their asking hands,
 And fill them many times.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.



BABY'S GONE TO LAPLAND.

BABY'S gone to Lapland, on her mother's knee;
Baby's gone to Napland, sound as she can be;
Bring the baby's nighty, little sister, run;
She is Queen and mighty, — rules us every-one.

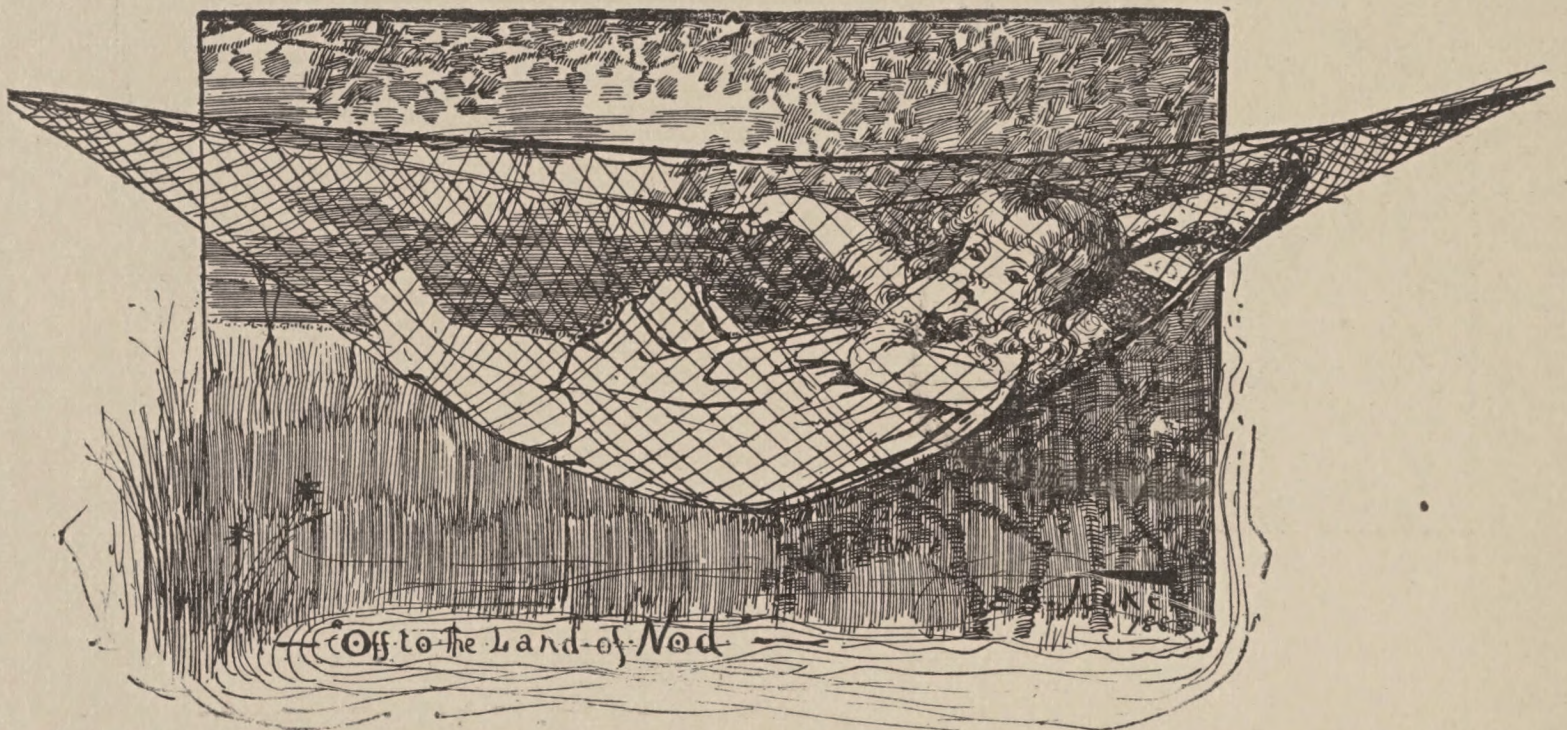
Breath is like the posies; teeth are like the pearls;
Lips are pretty roses; golden are her curls;
Roguish baby's eyes are; ears are dainty shells;
How she's growing wiser everybody tells.

Dimples on her shoulders; say just what you may,
Baby's getting older every blessed day.

Fingers all so slender; toes so white and pink;
Babies are so tender — wonder what they think?

Baby's gone to Lapland, on her mother's knee,
Baby's gone to Napland, sound as she can be;
Bring the baby's nighty, little sister, run;
She is Queen and mighty, — rules us every-one.
Lay her on the pillow, soft as soft can be —
Sailor on the billow of the Silent Sea.

R. W. LOWRIE.





A MAY-DAY DELUSION.

ONE winter night, when trees were bare,
And falling snow-flakes filled the air,

Our children asked us if we knew
Some pleasant thing for them to do.

The rattle-brain of all the fold
Was Dick, a sturdy four-year-old.

“Do sumfin,” said Dick,
“That will make a noise;
For I’m drefful sick
Of my wooden toys.”

The sticks upon the hearth had burned
Till they to glowing coals had turned.

“Be careful now and shake it well;
Give every grain a chance to swell.”

A moment more, with snap and bang,
From popping corn, the fireside rang.



A MAY-DAY DELUSION.

Dick said it was fun
To hear the corn snap:
'Twas loud as a gun,
Or percussum-cap.

.
A May-day morning, bright and fair,
And sweetest odors fill the air.

Buds, changed to blooms in one short night,
Had robed the apple-trees in white.

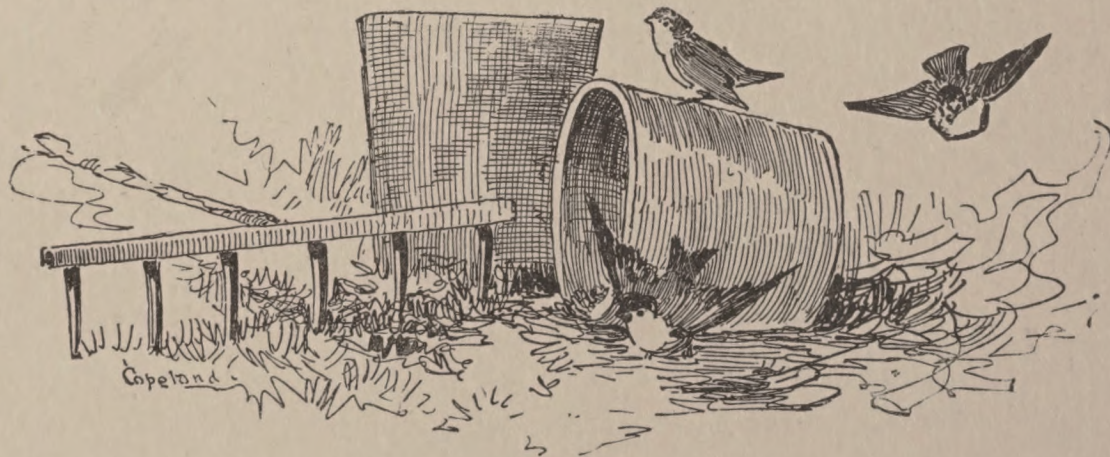
Dick stood amazed
At this strange sight,
And upward gazed
With wild delight;

Then said, "As sure as I was born,
These trees is covered with popped corn."

We smile at fancies such as these,
And yet these sweet delusions please,

Though we have learned that blossoms fall,
And ofttimes yield no fruit at all.

EGBERT L. BANGS.



THE WAR OF THE KATY-DIDS.

WHEN the purple shadows fall
And the flowers in dusk are hid,
From every tree-top comes a call, —
“Katy didn't! Katy did!”

When the fire-flies swing their lamps,
Flitting, flitting, to and fro,
Then from out their leafy camps
Hosts of little warriors go.

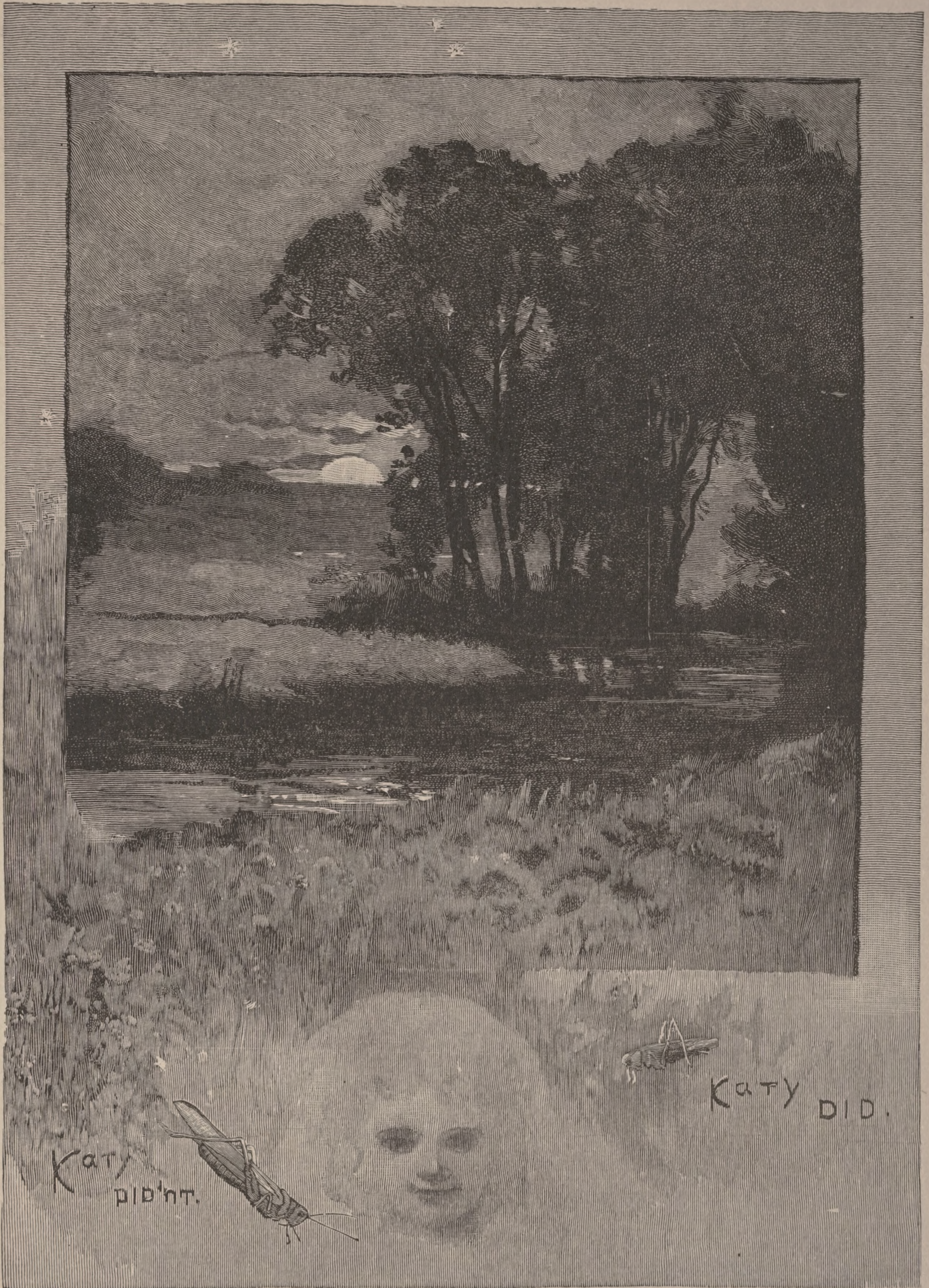
All day long in ambushade
Unseen and silently they lay,
But at night each dewy glade
Echoes with their battle-cry.

“Katy didn't! Katy did!”
Fierce and shrill they shout in turn,
'Till the moon her face has hid,
And the stars all dimly burn.

In the rosy morning light
We will seek, but all in vain,
Where the conflict raged all night,
For the wounded and the slain.
Long ago, I know not when, —
'Twas so long ago, you see, —
This tribe of little green-dressed **men**
All agreed to disagree.

So 'tis not with guns and swords
That they fight with in the glade, —
It is but a war of words,
All about a little maid.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.



THE WAR OF THE KATY-DIDS.



BUZZ AND FUZZ.

“THE mean old thing!” said Buzz;
“She’s covered the sugar and cheese;
She’s hidden the bread, and with her brush
She made a terrible breeze.
But you see I was snugly hidden,
And she didn’t drive me out;
If I’m only a fly,
I have a sharp eye:
I know what I am about.”

“But there’s not a crumb,” said Fuzz;
“Still, we can look at the cheese,
And run all over the tablecloth,
And fly about as we please.
But, oh, what is this she’s forgotten?”
And they pause in the greatest surprise,
For a terrible feast,
At the very least,
Glistens before their eyes.



They cautiously crawl around ;
They smell — it is soft and sweet ;
They venture to taste — alas, poor flies !
Ensnared are their little feet.
On the treacherous paper they struggle and buzz,
But the sweetness holds them fast.
“Aha !” said the maid,
“A nice trap I’ve laid ;
And I’ve caught you both at last.”

AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

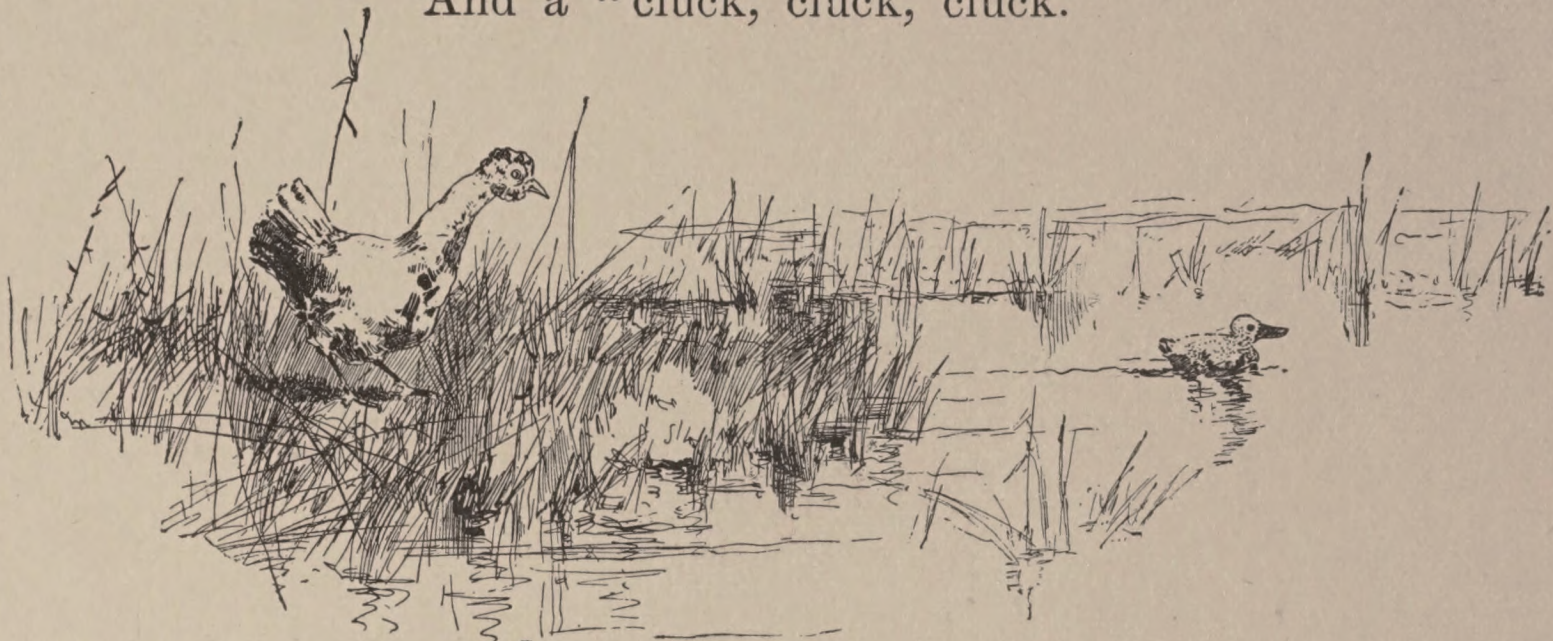


ONE old hen and one little duck,
She keeps saying, "cluck, cluck, cluck;"
But the dear little duck has a queer little knack
Of not saying "cluck," but "quack, quack, quack."
One old hen and one little duck,
With a "quack, quack, quack,"
And a "cluck, cluck, cluck."



One old hen ruffled up on land,
Making queer tracks on the dry, safe sand,
But duckie's gone to swim along with the geese,
For ducks will swim till ducks shall cease.
One old hen and one little duck,
With a "quack, quack, quack,"
And a "cluck, cluck, cluck."

The old hen scolds, but the duckling, — alack! —
 Is having such sport that it won't come back.
 And she scolds like a hen, but she scolds to a duck;
 "Cackle, cackle, cackle, cluck, cluck, cluck,"
 One old hen and one little duck,
 With a "quack, quack, quack,"
 And a "cluck, cluck, cluck."



"Your feathers are wet, and you will take cold,
 For water's not dry!" says the old hen-scold.
 But a hen talks hen, and a duck talks duck.
 Can a hen say "quack," or a duck say "cluck?"
 One old hen and one little duck,
 With a "quack, quack, quack,"
 And a "cluck, cluck, cluck."

MARION MANVILLE.





THE NEW YEAR COMES.

THE happy New Year gayly comes,
'Mid ice and snow and cold,
Attended by the Frost Queen's elves,
And Winter's heralds bold.

Jack Frost has wrought a fairy arch
O'er each turn in the way,
And snowy banners wave above
The long procession gay.

The heralds blow a noisy blast;
All join the merry din.
The march turns to a happy dance,
Ushering the New Year in.

O gay New Year, we welcome you!
We celebrate with cheer,
As our best winter holiday,
The birthday of the year.

L. A. FRANCE.



Elizabeth B. GOMINS



BLUE WATERMELONS.

THERE is no child, I do believe,
But likes a watermelon.
That luscious fruit might tempt the best
Of men to be a felon!
Its dark-green rind, all lined with white;
Seeds black as night in winter;
And the sweet pinkness of the core!—
No pink was ever pinker!

Our Max, a funny boy of six,
Wears never aught but azure.
He leaves the red for little Bob,
Our darling younger treasure.
Bob's suits and hose are cardinal,
Or shading into scarlet,
While Max wears never aught but blue—
The funny little varlet!

And watermelons Max won't eat!
What do you think the reason?
I fear 'twill sound to every boy
Like veritable treason.
But Max looks very serious,—
No eyes were ever truer,—
He says it is because they're pink;
He "wishes they were bluer!"

KATE UPSON CLARK.



How many babies have you, little mother?

Tell me how many, and what are their names?

“One, two, five, four, seven, and another, —
Little Bess, big Bess, Belle and her brother,
Pussy and Kittykin, Annie and James.

“Annie is me; and the two pretty Bessies
Are dollies that wink, and both very nice;
And Jamie is mamma’s true baby she dresses,
And lets me rock him and feed him with kisses;
And Pussy and Kittykin run and catch mice!”

And Belle? “Why, she was picked from a corn-hill:
Her hair is the silk, and the husks her dress;
My papa guesses she must have been born ill,
Toes in the air, and skirts that are worn ill!
But I’ve set her right, and she hugs little Bess.”

And the brother of Belle? “Dear me! I suppose
You’d call him a squash! but he’s real bright, —

A little hump-backed, and I guess his nose
Is a kind of wart; and he wears long clothes,
For, you see, his figure is not just right!



“But I love him as well as I love the Bessies, —
I love them all, and they all love me;
And the very best of all, I guess, is
The true, live baby that mamma dresses;
And here we are, all now, just as you see!”

GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

A BOASTFUL PUSS.



LITTLE black cat

And a little white cat

With their small gray brother in a window sat.

They had nothing to do
The whole day through
But to purr one minute and the
next one mew.

To mew and purr,
And lazily stir

As they washed each
other's silk-soft fur.



One day came by,
With big round eye,
A bumping, buzzing blue-bottle fly.

The little black cat
To the little white cat
And their small gray brother cried,
“What’s that?”





“Upon my word,”
The brother averred,
“That is what our
mother would call
a bird,—

“A robin, maybe;
Now wait and see,
I’ll catch him; we’ll
eat him up, we
three!”

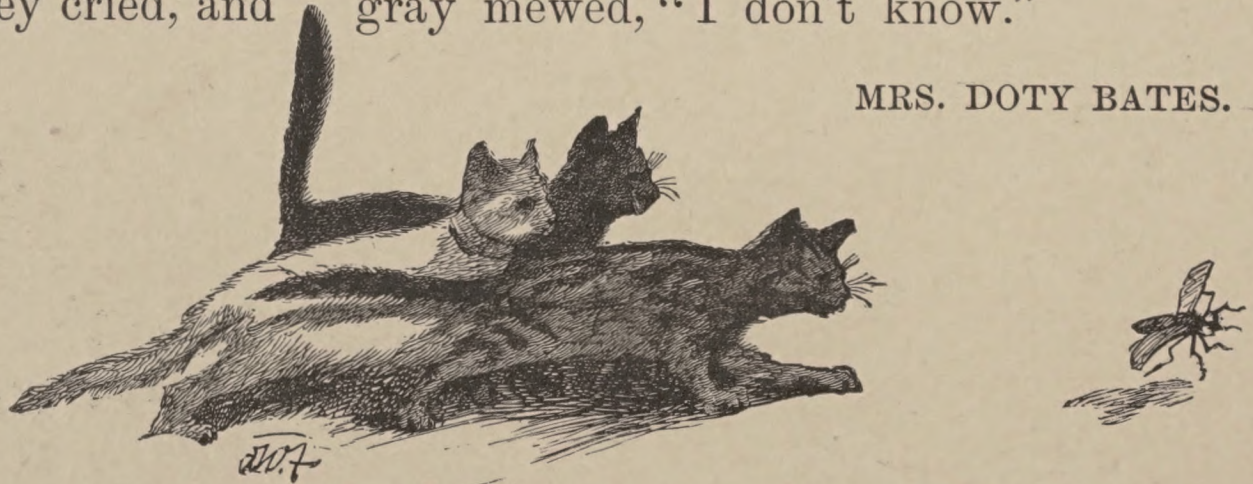
Such a stroke of paw,
Such a flourish of claw,
Neither black nor white pussy ever saw.



But the blue-bottle fly,
With big, round eye,
Buzzed away, without even saying “Good-by.”

“What made him go,
In a hurry so?”
They cried, and gray mewed, “I don’t know.”

MRS. DOTY BATES.



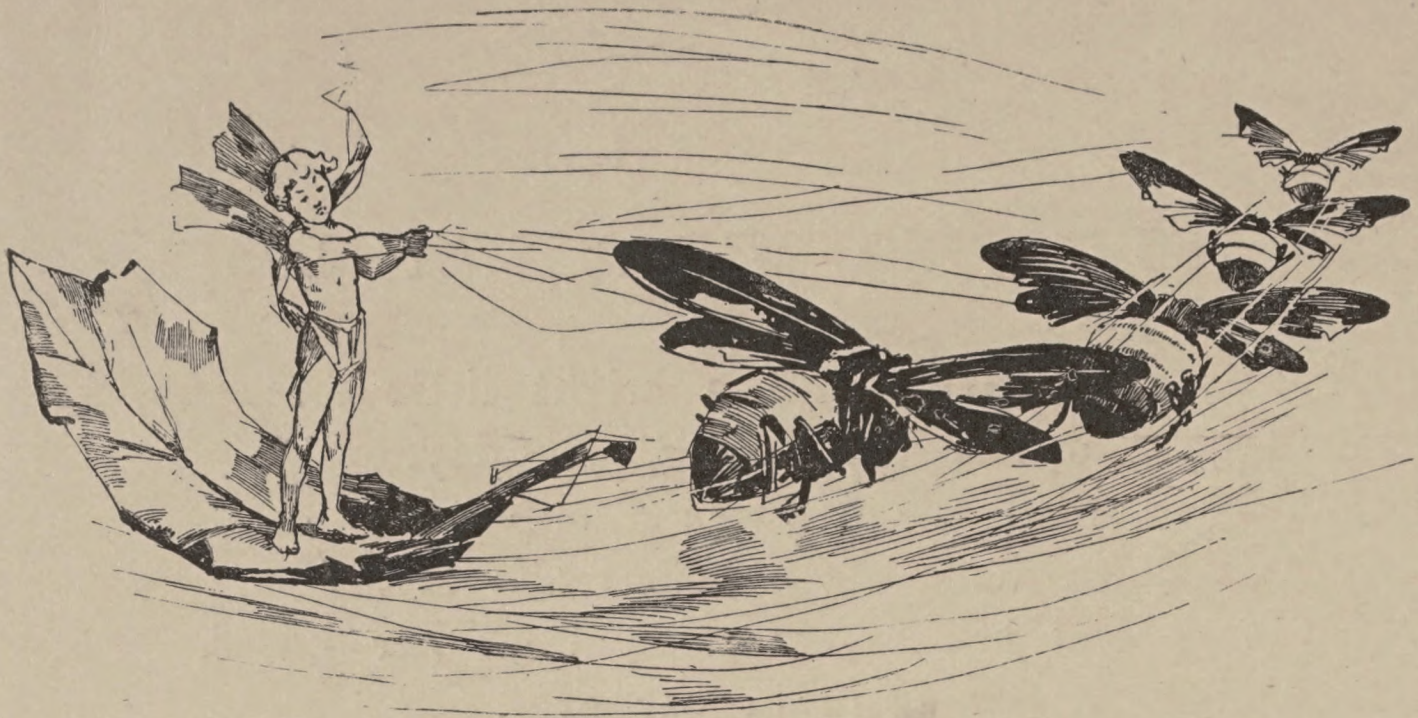
SOMETHING WHICH MAY LOST.

A WEE little maid, with a bright little face,
Climbed up on the railing, one day,
Which guarded the pansies; a slip and a fall,
And down 'mid the blossoms she lay.
No very bad bruises were found on her knees,
And very few tears in her eyes.
"The child lost her balance," her Grandma declared;
May listened in wondering surprise.



They missed her, and down in the pansies she knelt,
Now peering first this way and that;
"Tis gone, some one stealed it!" she calmly announced,
Looking up from the depths of her hat.
"And what did you drop?" asked her mamma, surprised,
And kissing the cheeks all aglow;
Then laughed at her answer, and kissed her again:
"My balance; I lost it, you know."

MAY M. ANDERSON.



THE SONG OF THE SPRING RAIN.

HERE I come! Here I come! And the grasses peep;
The little white daisies, too, wake from their sleep;

The soft pussy-willows, in velvet and fur,
By the brook-side are nodding and making a stir;

And the meadow-lark is singing a song full of cheer,
For his happiest time is the spring of the year.

He sings of the beautiful things we shall see:
Of bees, and of birds, and of blossoms to be;

Of nests in the meadows, of fruits by and by,
And long sunny days that so surely are nigh.

The crocus her sweetness begins to unfold;
The daffodil raises her banner of gold,

And the clovers are hasting to join the glad throng,
And keep to the tune of my pit-a-pat song.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

The
Season
of
the
Spring
Rain



of the Spring Rain

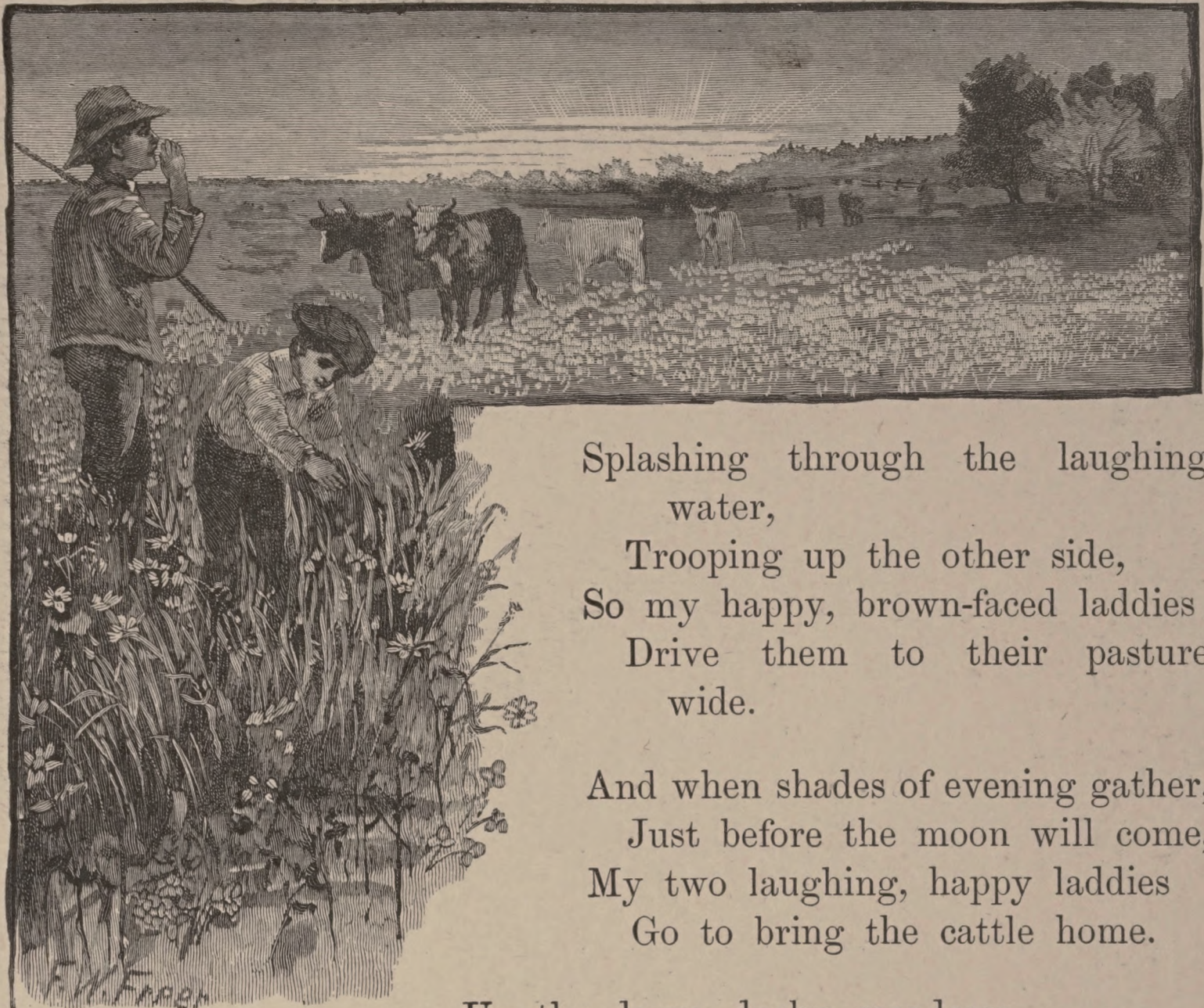


DRIVING THE COWS.

In the morning, fresh and dewy,
When old Nature's children wake,
My two boys the lumbering cattle
To the distant pasture take.

Down the path through blooming clover,
Nodding grasses, to the brink
Of a brook whose waters gurgle
Round their hoofs as slow they drink.





Splashing through the laughing
water,
Trooping up the other side,
So my happy, brown-faced laddies
Drive them to their pasture
wide.

And when shades of evening gather,
Just before the moon will come,
My two laughing, happy laddies
Go to bring the cattle home.

Up the dewy, dusky meadows,
Through the daisies and the grass,
Where the bobolinks are hidden,
Lingering, whistling, slow they pass.

And my little farmer, Freddie,
And my little artist, Lou,
Call: Co'e boss, co'e boss,
co'e bossie!"
Standing in the grass and dew.

Soft the bells sound o'er the
meadows,
Tinkling, as the slow cows roam
Here and there along the roadside,
As my laddies drive them home.



J. K. LUDLUM.



MY DANDELION GIRL.

WITH hands too small to hold
All her sweet eyes could see
Of April's early gold,
Her frock uplifted she
In many a filmy fold,
And then like a white bee
She hither, thither, sped,
The sunlight on her head
Gilding each fine-spun thread
Yellow as dandelions.

She could not bear to pass
One single flower by,
Each disk, so like bright brass,
Was lovely to her eye,
Strewn on the carpet grass
As thick as they could lie.
But, ah, her tears fell down,
When the lap of her white gown
Got stains of green and brown
From her dear dandelions.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.



MY DANDELION GIRL.



FLORENCE MAY.

I.

TELL me, I pray,
Where *is* Florence May?—

Up in the garret, choking the parrot,
Down in the basement, half out the casement,

Drenched at the faucet, or running away!
 Under the currant-bush fast asleep,
 O'er her white bonnet the black ants creep,
 Her warm baby-kitten asleep in her pocket;
 Were she awake I am sure she would rock it,
 And scold it for being so naughty all day.

II.

Tell me, I pray,
 What is Florence May?—

A wee bit of gladness to chase away sadness,
 But changing her mood like an April day.
 The sunshine that's in her bright, glad eyes
 After a brief, but hot tempest of tears
 Teaches the wrong of brooding so long
 Over my insignificant fears;—
 A little lay preacher, to be my teacher,
 A questioner who can but make one wise.

JASPER BARNETT COWDIN.





THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

THERE was once a lad who really hated
Whatever he had to do,
So, idle-hearted, away he started
To roam the wide world through.
With hands in his pockets, whistle, whistle,
He strolled through field and town,
And was sometimes fed on good white bread,
And sometimes fed on brown.

The wood-thrush, when she saw him coming,
Straightway became distressed,
Fearing that he in the white-thorn tree
Would find her hidden nest.
The little red squirrel whisked and scampered
Up in the topmost limb ;
And the crow, when he saw, called out, "Caw ! caw !
I'll keep my eye on him !"



THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

The bees worked blithely about the clover;
And on their way to school
Went children, singing, and gaily bringing
Of flowers their hands full.
Creatures active, busy, and happy
He saw at every hand;
And he was the only idle and lonely
One in all the land.

He mused: "Why should the thrush and squirrel
Dread even a sight of me?
And why does the crow gaze at me so
From the top of his high tree?
Though of work I tired, and it was hateful,
Yet this is quite as bad;
For no one cares where goes, how fares,
A good-for-nothing lad!"

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES



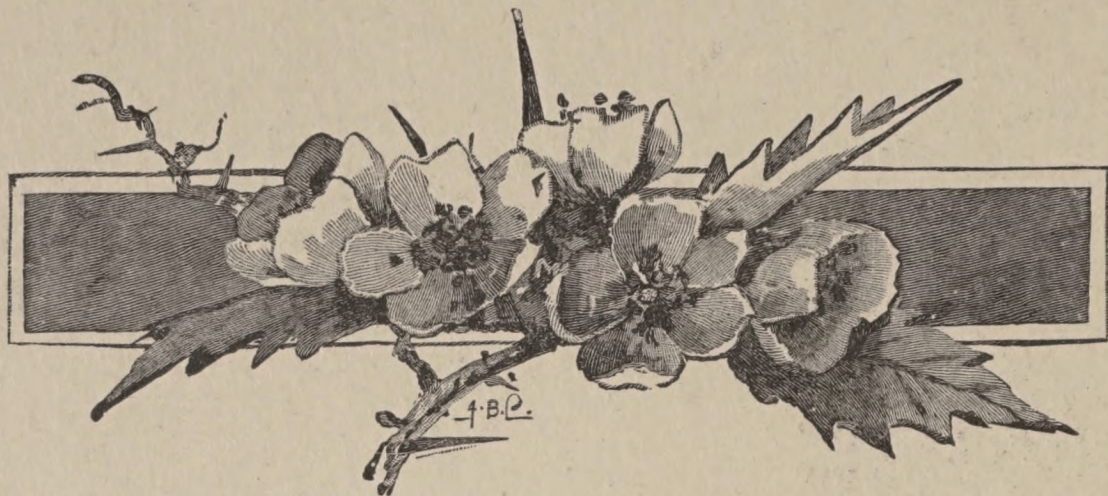


CAT-TAILS.

'Twas a group of merry children,
And, the marshes going by,
One boy shouted: "See the cat-tails!
See the cat-tails, nice and high!"

Then a wee tot, from the city,
Said, with brimming eyes of blue:
"What a shame it was to drown them!
Did they drown the kittens too?"

GEORGE E. COOPER.



CONTENT.

“LITTLE Herb Robert, what makes you so pink?
The Elder is taller and whiter.” —

“The sun came along, and, what do you think?
It kissed me, and so I grew brighter.”

“Grasshopper, why are you merry to-day?” —

“I always am glad, if you please, sir,
Because I can hop on the clover and hay,
Nor have to fly up in the trees, sir.”

“Sea-weed, poor creature! you’re left high and dry,
The tide has gone out; you are dying!” —

“Ah, no, I am sure ’twill come back by and by.
I shall live, never fear; I’ll keep trying.”

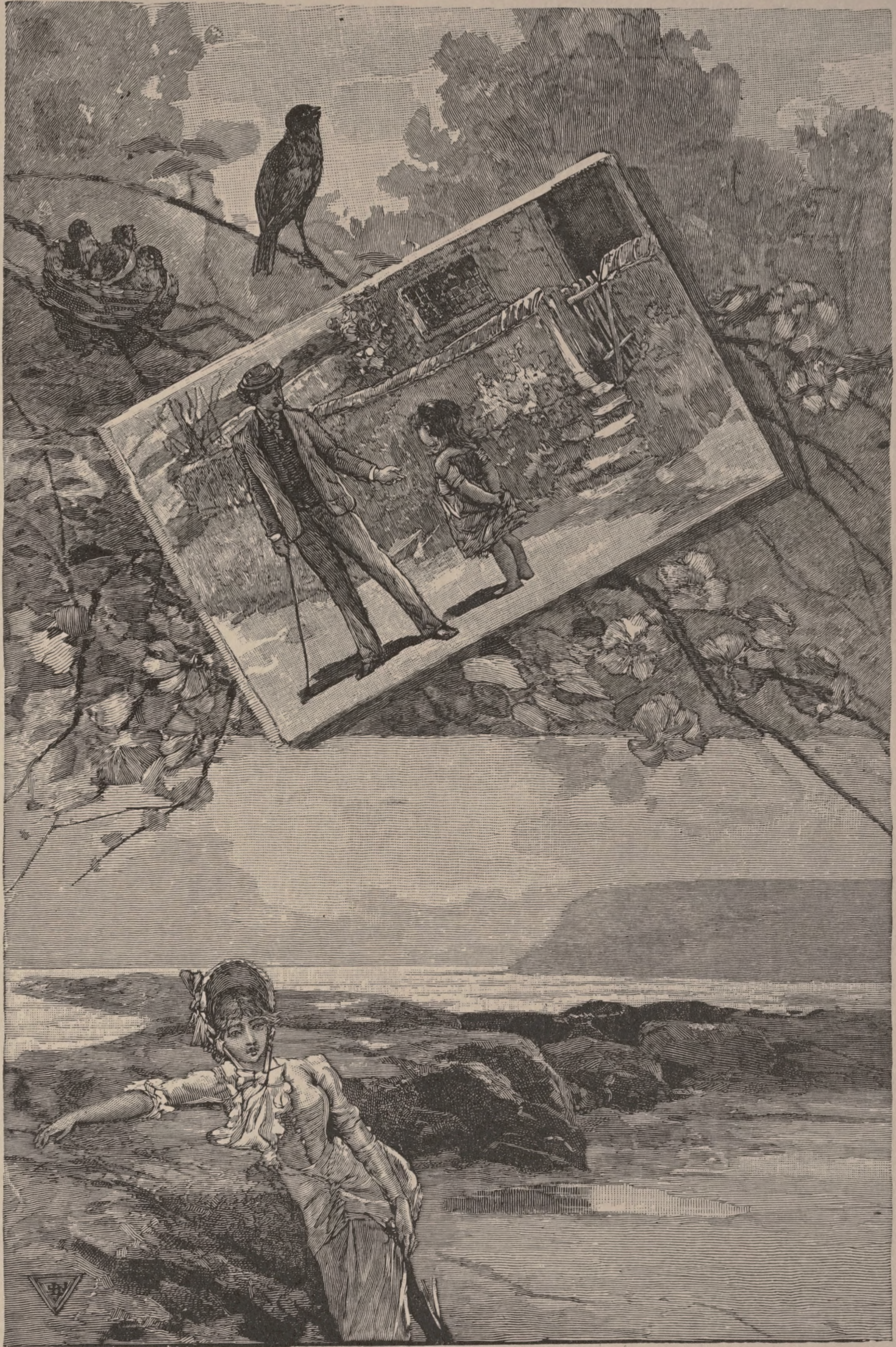
“Song-sparrow, how can you sing all the day?” —

“Sweet food to my young I am bringing,
And when I am working for them, in this way,
Of course I can never help singing.”

“Child, leave the hot, dusty roadside, and come.” —

“I’d go, for I know that you love me;
But, please, I had rather stay here, near my home,
For papa’s in there, just above me.”

WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.



CONTENT.



THE ROLLER-SKATES.

SOME one has roller-skates,

Who do you think? —

Cunning little Dinah,

Hair all a-kink.

Such a way she has of running,

Heels in the air, —

This is new and very funny,

I declare.



First, she stands still, of course, —
That is all right.
But, alas for tumbles,
When she takes flight!
Neither foot seems to know
What the other's at,
So the right goes this way, and the
Left goes that.

All the idle girls and boys
Playing hereabout
Think it so amusing
They begin to shout.
And what does Dinah do,
Poor little elf?
Why, she laughs as loud as any
At herself.

Up she gets and tries again,
Though down again she goes;
Bruises on her fingers,
Bruises on her toes.



Bumps she has of every sort,
But, at any rate,
It is very plain she means to
Learn to skate!

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.



BOSTON EXPRESS.

OUT in the garden
Such a dreadful noise!
Sounds like an engine,
But must be the boys.

Puffing down the garden walk,
And puffing back again,
Choo! choo! choo! choo!
Comes a little train.

Stopping at a station
By the barn-yard gate,—
Hurry and get on there;
Haven't long to wait!

Get your ticket ready ;
Conductor's coming round.
Choo ! choo ! choo ! choo !
Off for Boston bound.

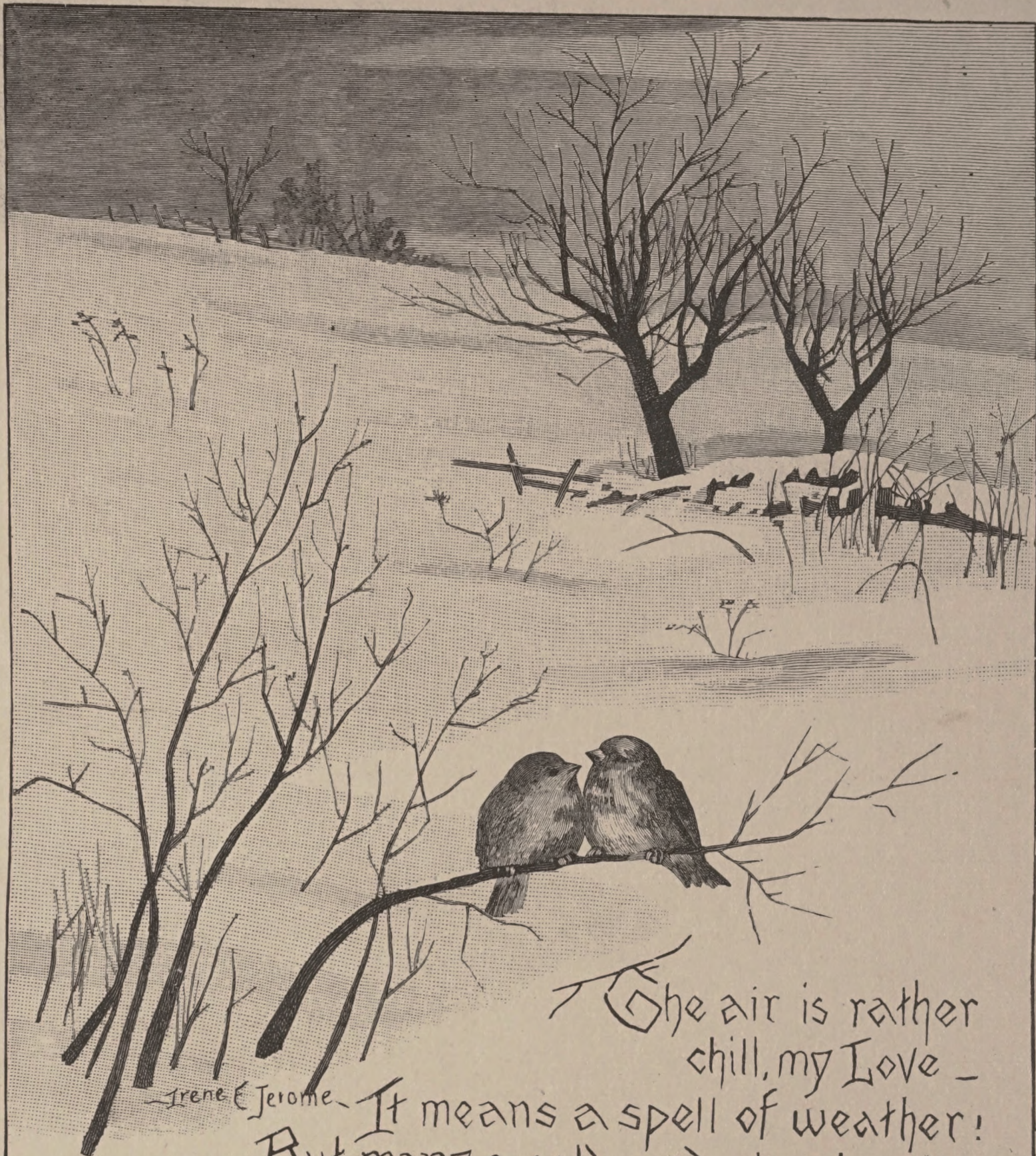
Pull away to Boston.
What a slow express !
Have to change our engines
Pretty soon, I guess.
Ding-dong ! ding-dong !
Choo—oo—oo !
Just hear me whistle
The way real engines do !

Change cars for Boston !
Journey's nearly done.
Can't take any passengers, —
Only room for one !

So, the livelong morning,
Runs the little train,
Puffing down the garden walk,
And puffing back again.

MRS. GENEVIEVE LYNCH.





Irene E. Jerome

The air is rather
chill, my Love -
It means a spell of weather!
But many a cold and cheerless day
We've braved - Dear Heart - together
So storms may come and winds may blow
The sky will soon be clearer
And every wintry blast you know
But brings the springtime nearer!

Jessie B. McClure



GRANDMA'S GLASSES.

“WHEN grandma puts her glasses on
And looks at me — just so —
If I have done a naughty thing
She's sure somehow to know, —
How is it she can always tell
So very, very, very well ?

“She says to me : ‘ Yes, little one,
'Tis written in your eye ! ’
And if I look the other way,
Or turn and seem to try
To hunt for something on the floor,
She's sure to know it all the more.

“If I should put the glasses on
And look in grandma's eyes,
Do you suppose that I should be
So very, very wise ?
Now, what if I should find it true
That grandma had been naughty, too ?

“But, ah! — what am I thinking of? —
To dream that grandma could
Be anything in all her life
But sweet and kind and good!
I'd better try, myself, to be
So good that when she looks at me
With eyes so loving all the day,
I'll never want to turn away.”

SYDNEY DAYRE.



GRANDMA'S GLASSES.

JUST THINK.



Now what would you
think,
If the rose so pink,
On low branch or tall,
Should turn up its nose,
And be a bad rose,
And blossom not at all?

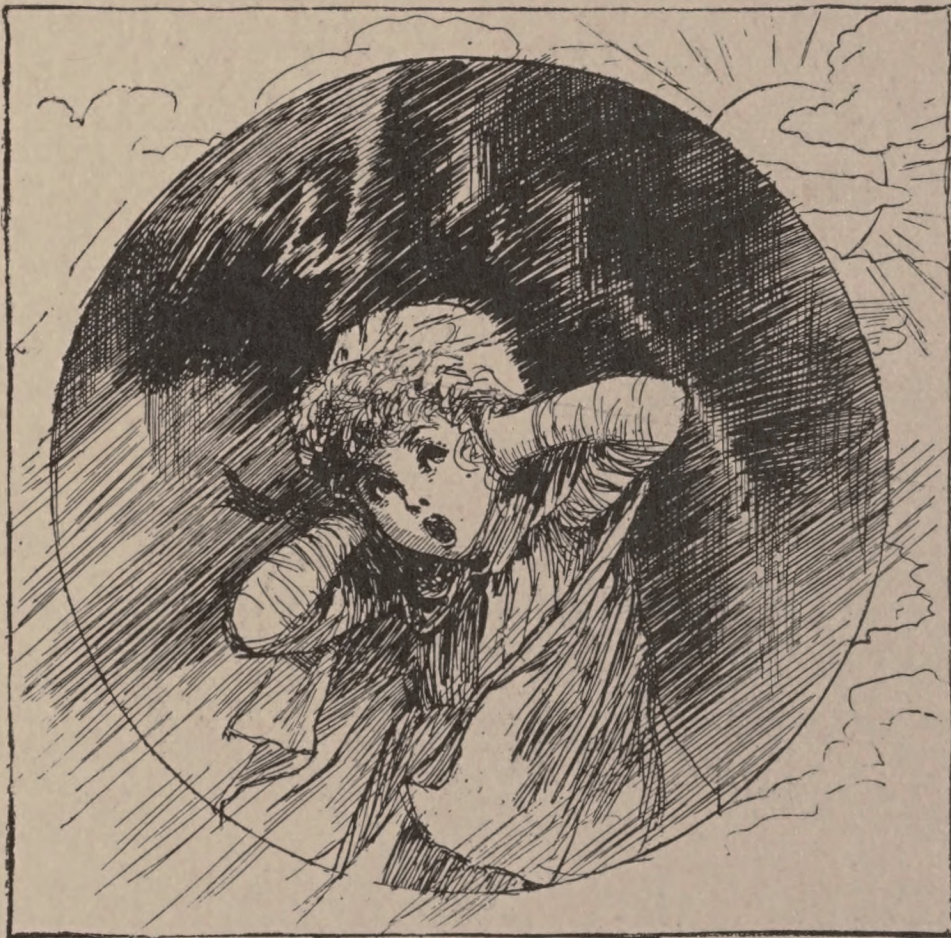
And what would you
say,
If the robins gay,
That come to us in
spring,
Should get in a pout,
And flounce about,
And, say "We will not
sing"?





Or what would you do,
If the apples, too,
In dainty green and
 stripe,
Should mutter and
 frown,
On their branches
 brown,
And say, "We won't
 get ripe"?

Think how we should
 feel
If the sun were to steal
Under a cloud of black,
And say, in a huff,
"I've shone long
 enough,
I think I'll not come
 back"?



Too Many.



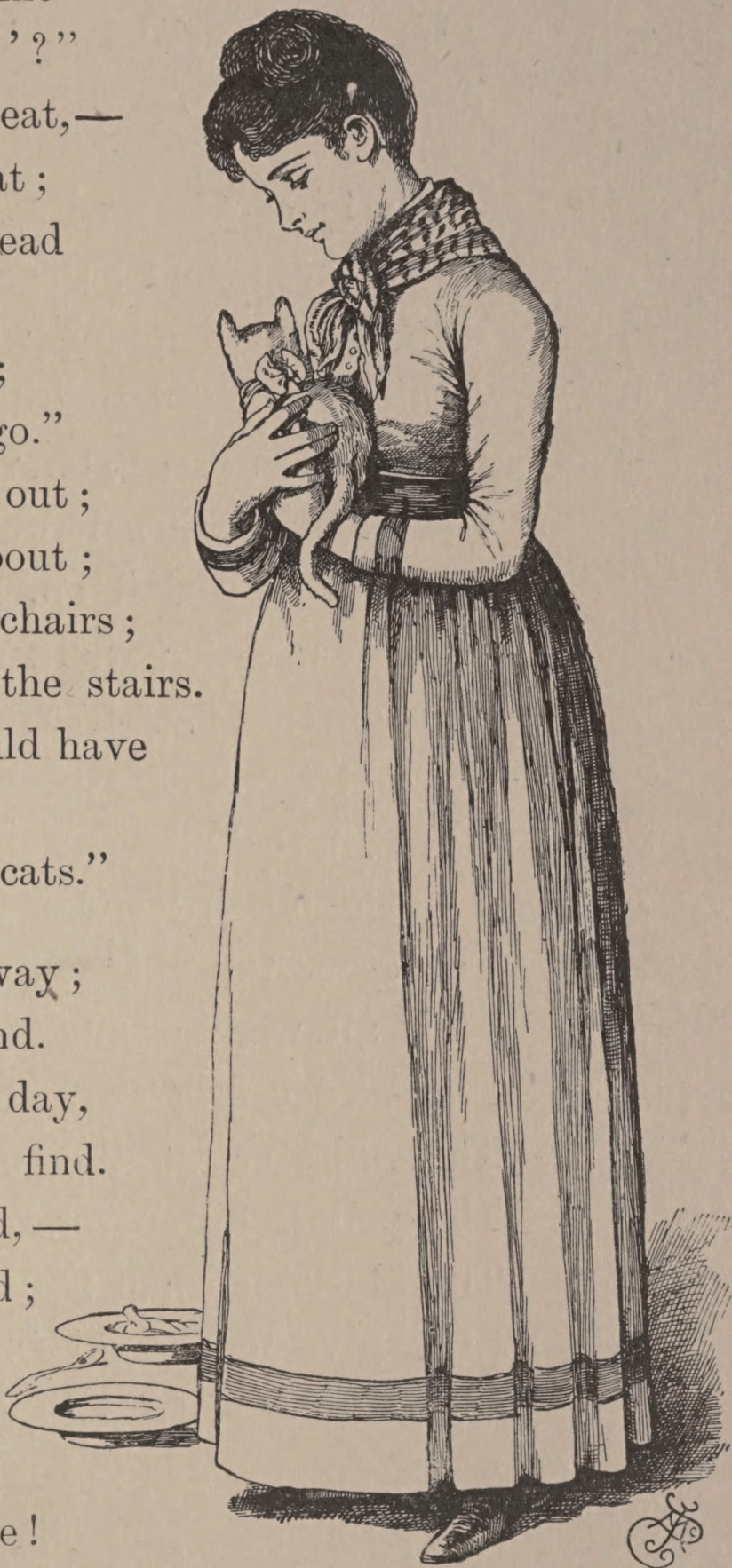
By Marian Douglas.



WE wanted something for a pet;
Dick brought a kitten home to me,—
Snow-white, a prettier little thing
I thought there could not be.
I fed it on the very best,—
Sweet yellow cream, and chicken breast;
New ribbons round its neck I tied,
And showed it to my guests with pride;
To meet them in the parlor kept,
She on a satin cushion slept.
We fondled her the long day through,
And waited on her slightest mew;
“And then,” said Dick, “we may have rats,
And very useful things are cats.”

My dearest friend sailed o'er the sea,
 And, parting, wrote, "Till I come back,
 Say, will you kindly keep for me
 My petted kitten, 'Jetty Black'?"
 I gave her what was good to eat,—
 A dish of milk, a plate of meat;
 And, in my sitting-room, I spread
 A bit of carpet for her bed;
 But in my pretty parlor, "No;
 I could not have two kittens go."
 The other one soon found her out;
 They both went frisking all about;
 They tore the tidies from the chairs;
 We stumbled o'er them down the stairs.
 "Suppose," said Dick, "we should have
 rats,
 We shall not really need two cats."

My nearest neighbor moved away;
 Her yellow kitten stayed behind.
 He came into my house, next day,
 And seemed to ask a home to find.
 A hungry creature must be fed,—
 I gave to him a piece of bread;
 I could not drive him quite
 away,
 I let him in the kitchen stay;
 "But in the other room, dear me!
 So many kittens must not be."
 The other two soon found him out;
 The three went frolicking about;
 The black one stole the white one's milk;



The white one tangled up my silk;
The yellow tipped the inkstand down,
And spilt it on my Sunday gown.
“We really need,” said Dick, “some rats,
To occupy so many cats!”

“Mew! mew!” — a sound outside the door.
Half-starved, and as a shadow thin,
Its gray fur dripping with the rain,
A kitten wanted to come in.
Unless a heart of stone had I,
How could I turn it out to die?
And yet to feed it on, alone,
I found a single well-gnawed bone.
In a dark corner of the shed
Some straw, where he could sleep, I spread;
“But in the house itself, O me!
I would not have four kittens go!”
The other three soon found him out;
They all went wandering about:
The shed cat in the parlor slept;
The white cat in the coal-bin crept;
The yellow kitten scratched and bit;
The black one had a frightful fit.
“Oh, give me peace! Oh, give me rats,
And let me rest,” said Dick, “from cats!”





THE POP-CORN MAN.

FIRST SCENE.

HE'S coming round the
corner now, —
I hear his trumpet blow ;
There isn't a man in all
the town
Who goes so slow.

'Tis only half a tune at best
That he knows how to play.
Does he think it fun to make us wait
For him all day ?

His pony is so poor and old, —
See, he can hardly crawl ;
'Tis quite as much as he can do
To move at all !

SECOND SCENE.

Five cents a bag! how very nice!
I like this pop-corn man!
And, of course, the pony tries to go
As fast as he can.



Sit down by me! I like to hear
His bugle blow,—don't you?
You shall have half the corn, and I
Will have half, too.

CLARA DOTY BATES.



TWO ENGLISH FRIENDS.

HERE are two little English friends, —
I do not know their names, —
Who live in famous London town,
Beside the river Thames.
And seated in right royal state,
Upon a soft fur rug,
Behold the little English prince,
Beside the English pug.

The little prince, from top to toe,
Is beautifully dressed,
And seems determined to appear
His very, very best;
While doggie, with his nose in air,
Is very much put out,
And says he'd really like to know
What that strange man's about.

The little prince says, "Doggie dear,
You mustn't fidget so,
For we're to have our pictures sent
To grandmamma, you know;
So look as pleasant as you can,
And do not make me laugh,
Or have a naughty frown, because
'Twill spoil the photograph."

The little prince, upon his throne,
Is very much at ease,
And this sweet photograph of him
Can hardly fail to please;
While the English pug, beside him there,
Who stays because he must,
Expresses in a funny way
His very great disgust.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.





THE DEER-MICE.

A BEAUTIFUL deer-mouse lived in the rye,
Fawn-colored and velvet-furred his skin;
And his tail was long enough to tie
In a dandy bow-knot under his chin;
He did not wear it so, it is true,
But carried it just as other mice do!

He rented a rye-rick for his house,
After the reapers had cut the grain,

And there he lodged with his lady mouse
And four pink babies, out of the rain;
His rent was never paid up, it's true,—
He just forgot it, as other mice do.

Then came the farmer and raised that rick
And tumbled it, sheaf by sheaf, in his cart,
And Bose, the dog, was eager and quick
When he saw the beautiful deer-mice start;
They would make him a slender meal he knew,
If they went the way some other mice do.

But Bose, good Bose, I am pleased to say
You must dine to-day on the master's beef;
The pretty deer-mice went not the way
You opened for them; but snug in a sheaf
They rode, well-stowed, and took lodgings new
In the farmer's barn, as other mice do.

GEO. S. BURLEIGH.



DOG PRINCE.

“SHAKE hands, Prince!”

Black as a coal, and curly too,
Is the dog I introduce to you.
He gives at once his right-hand paw,
None a softer one ever saw.



“Beg, Prince!”

Up he rises on his hind legs,
Flies both little fore-feet, and begs,
Not for money, nor food, nor clothes,
But merely to show how much he knows.

“Speak, Prince!”

You'd think, from that first growling note,
He'd a bumble-bee inside his throat;
'Tis not a bee, but only a bark;
For answer, shrill and eager, hark!



“Roll over, Prince!”

He'll do all other things you ask ;
But this is a task, a dreadful task.
He hates the dust on his silky hide
And in the fringe of his ears beside.

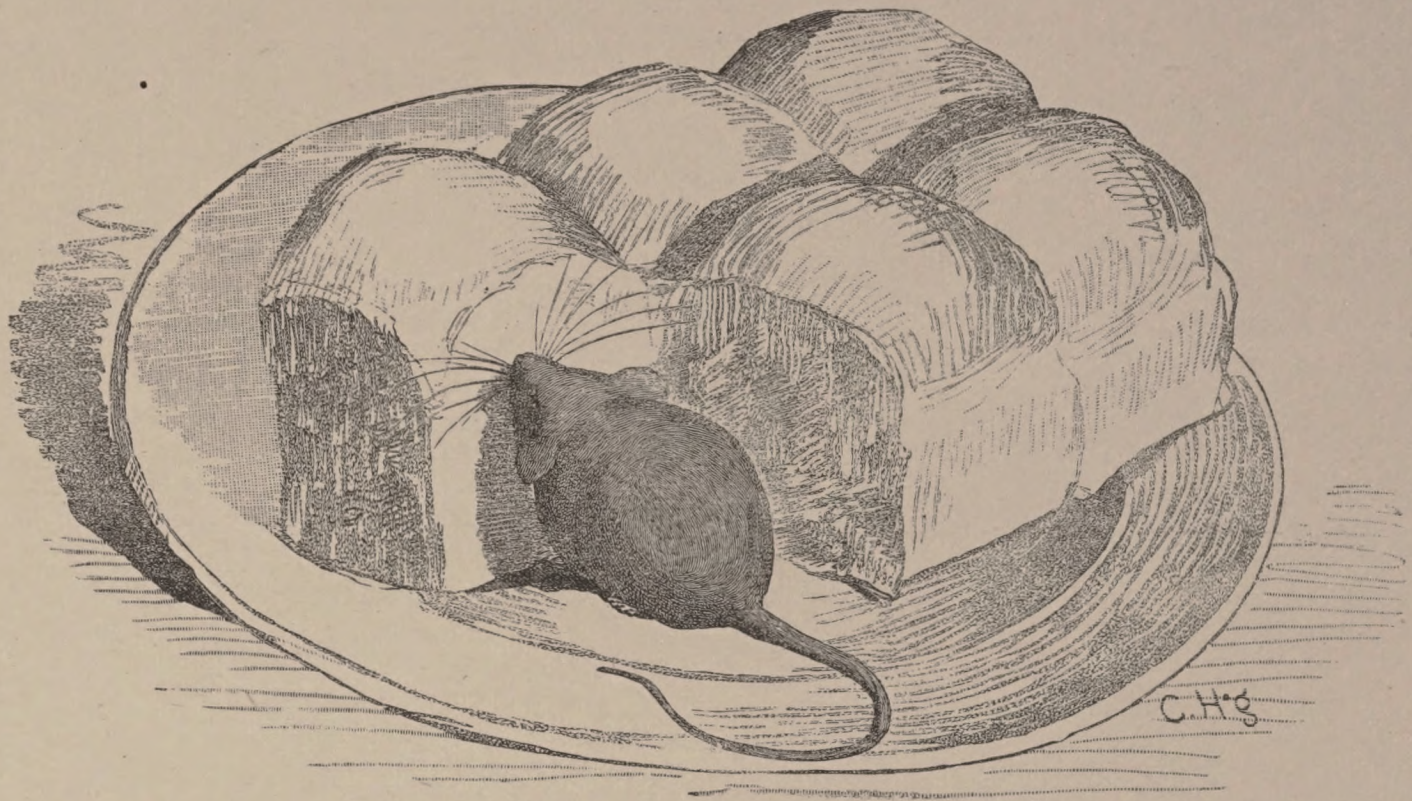
“Roll over, I say!”

Such a struggle as he goes through ;
He wants to do it, and don't want to!
He rubs one black ear on the floor,
Rubs a little, and nothing more.

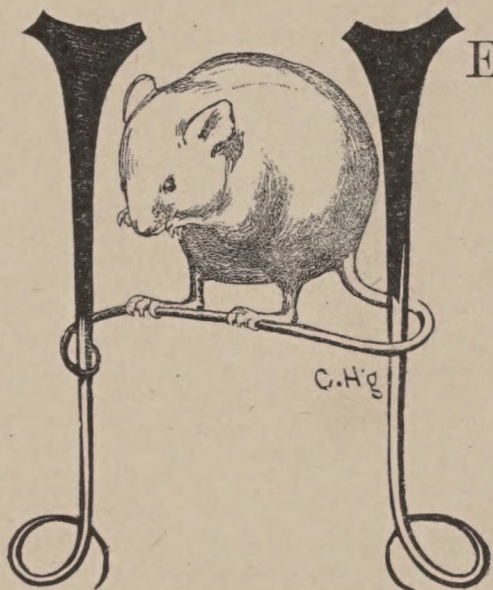
“Ah, Prince! Ah, Prince!”

Do you call that minding? Yet I find
Yours is a common way to mind:
Willing to do what you like to best,
And only half-way doing the rest.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES



THE WIRE HOUSE.



HE would have liked a house,
And yet he hadn't any,
But always lived — poor little mouse! —
In nook and chink and cranny.

Scurried from cranny to chink,
And hid in crevice or hole,
And what he had to eat and drink
I'm sorry to tell — he stole!

One day, as, hungry and cold,
He searched the cupboard through
For a bit of meat or bread, behold,
He found there something new, —

A little house of wire,
With a woven wire dome,
A king of mice, even, might desire
So beautiful a home.



And, oh! such a whiff of cheese
 As came through the lattice door
 In all those barren premises
 No mouse had smelt before!



He crawled upon the peak,
 And the skylight window tried,
 And, after many an anxious squeak,
 At last he got inside.

And there was the cheese, ah me!
 Toasted a lovely brown;
 And at once, so nearly starved was he,
 He gobbled it all down.

Nibbled up every crumb;
 And then he suddenly thought
 He ought to have given his brothers
 some,
 Indeed, indeed he ought!



He would hurry and tell them so;
 But the door was locked he found,
 And all that was left him was to go,
 Terrified, round and round!



His pretty wire house
Was a wicked trap — ah, well!
What then became of the little mouse
I do not like to tell!

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.





AN ORDER BY TELEPHONE.

“NUMBER Twenty wants number Twenty-two.
Ah there, Mr. Grocer! Is that you?
There is so much for me to do
I'm half afraid I can't pull through.

“My doll has visitors to-day, —
Some friends of hers from o'er the bay;
They sent no word, — I'm free to say, —
And probably intend to stay.

“Please send quick as you can to me
Some coffee, chocolate, and tea;
Cheese, dry-beef, and — let me see;
Well — just the things for company!”

FRANK H. STAUFFER.



AN ORDER BY TELEPHONE.



NELL BLYE.

NELL BLYE is a winsome, wee coquette,
With lashes long and eyes of jet,
Whose witching wiles
And dimpling smiles
Would stir a heart like flint-rock set.



As to her home one night she
 went,
 After an eve in gladness spent
 With cousins sweet,
 Whose flying feet
 To grandma's house bright music
 lent,

She silent walked a little space,
 Then said, with arch and laughing grace,
 To Walter tall,
 Who with each fall
 Of her fairy foot-steps kept apace,—

“If you was a teensey dirl like me,
 An' dus' as tired as you could be,
 An' I was long,
 Like you, an' strong,
 I'd say, 'I ought to carry she.'”

“Then, little rogue, come here,” laughed he,
 As he caught her up in merry glee;
 “With many a kiss
 You'll pay for this,
 As sure, Nell Blye, as sure can be.”

And so you see, from the lines here set,
 That sometimes Nell is a wee coquette.

JENNIE S. JUDSON.



FOUR YEARS OLD.

How many times to-day, I wonder,
Have I been told
I must be a lady now, because
I am four years old?



Mamma keeps saying, "Little ladies
Are always quiet."
So just one minute, more or less,
I'll sit and try it.

CLARA DOTY BATES.



"APRIL SHOWERS BRING
MAY FLOWERS!"



“WHERE is the big dipper?” And Rose’s brown eyes
Looked wonderingly up to the star-sprinkled skies.
“You say there’s a dipper, and long handle, too.
I wish I could see it, dear mamma, don’t you?”

“Come into the house, dear, your slate I will take;
And here, in their order, the stars I will make.
There — four for the dipper; the handle has three, —
I am sure you can see it as plain as can be.

“Now, let’s go out-doors, and once more I will try
To find that big dipper way up in the sky.
Four stars in the dipper, the handle has three.
Oh! yes, I can see it as plain as can be.”

“But what’s in the dipper? Do you s’pose it can be
Milk, water, or coffee, or chocolate, or tea?
Is it full of rain-water? If so, where’s the pail?
Is it full in the winter of ice, snow, or hail?”

“Perhaps in that dipper, so wide and so deep,
The silver moon waters her little star sheep.
Or it may be that angels, through long summer hours,
Store up in the dipper sweet dew for the flowers.”



“O mamma! I know. You once told me that there,
Close, close to the dipper, is found the great bear,
And when he is thirsty, as quick as a wink
He takes the big dipper and has a good drink.”

MARY A. ALLEN.



Along the sunny
garden-path
Comes pretty
Betty B.
As fair and gay
a little maid,
As one
would wish to
see.

And here she picks a lily white,
And there she picks a rose,
For pretty little Betty, B.
Loves every flower that grows.



But suddenly her sunny smiles
 Are changed
 to looks of fright,
 And dropping every
 single rose
 She screams with
 all her might.



Some frightful monster
 must be there,
 O haste! be brave and firm:
 Why no, she sees
 upon her frock
 A harmless little worm.



O silly, silly
 BETTY B.
 Go hang
 your
 head in shame
 And walk
 away
 with
 grateful heart,



That
 I've not told
 your
 name

May's Valentine To Papa



“This is from your little
May;
There — it says as plain
as day,

BERT and Nell and Caroline
Sit a-choosing valentines,
Laugh and whisper, nod and wink,—
Got a secret, s’pose they think.
Call me baby! Sakes alive!
They forget I’m almost five.
Guess I know whom I love best
Well as Bert and all the rest.
Here’s a pencil on the shelf,
Now I’ll write one all myself.

Loves you more than tongue can
tell
(That’s what Charlie wrote for
Nell) —
Loves you all the day and night,
All the dark and all the bright,—
More than candy, pink and nice,
Frosted cake, or choc’late mice.
Now I know your eyes will shine
’Cause you’re choosed my Valentine.”

HERE'S to my little maid,
 Whom I love well;
 All her sweet, winsome ways
 I cannot tell;

New graces she puts on
 Each day and hour,
 She grows within my heart,—
 My precious flower!



Here's to my little maid,
 Who loves me well;
 All my fond thoughts for her
 No tongue can tell.

I am her sweetheart true,
 And she is mine;
 She is the girl I choose
 My Valentine.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.



Little Miss Finch.



“I THINK 'tis good weather, and I mean to stay,”
Said little Miss Finch, one bright autumn day,
When her kindred and friends, on the left and the right,
Were meeting in flocks for their annual flight.


“Now, listen to me,” said a civil old crow,
“Though I winter here, I advise you to go.
I like the bleak hills, and the rocks rough and bold,
I can fare without dainties, and don't mind the cold.

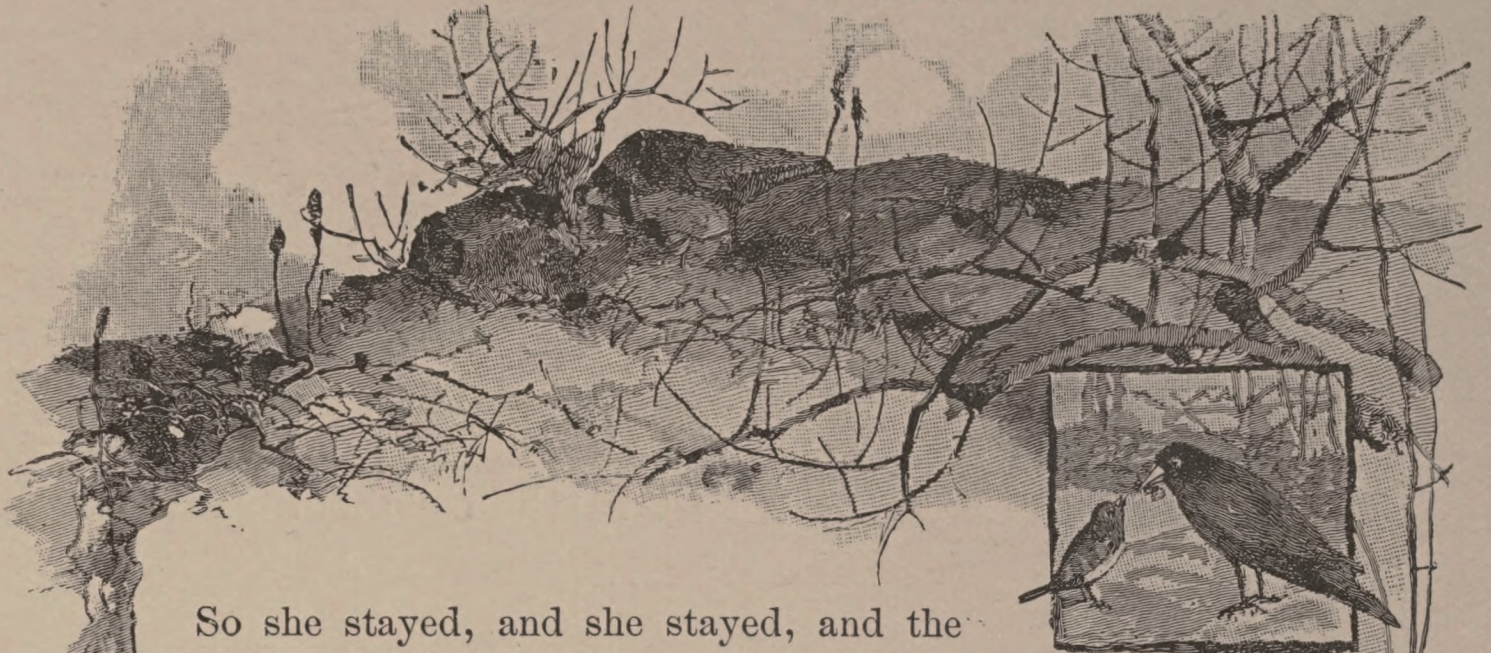
“But what will you do when the biting winds blow,
And the woods and the meadows are covered with snow?

The seeds will be scattered on which you have fed,
And the berries and buds will be frozen and dead.”

Then little Miss Finch gave the crow a smart stare,
And tossed up her head with a gay, saucy air,
And said, as she fluttered away through the trees,

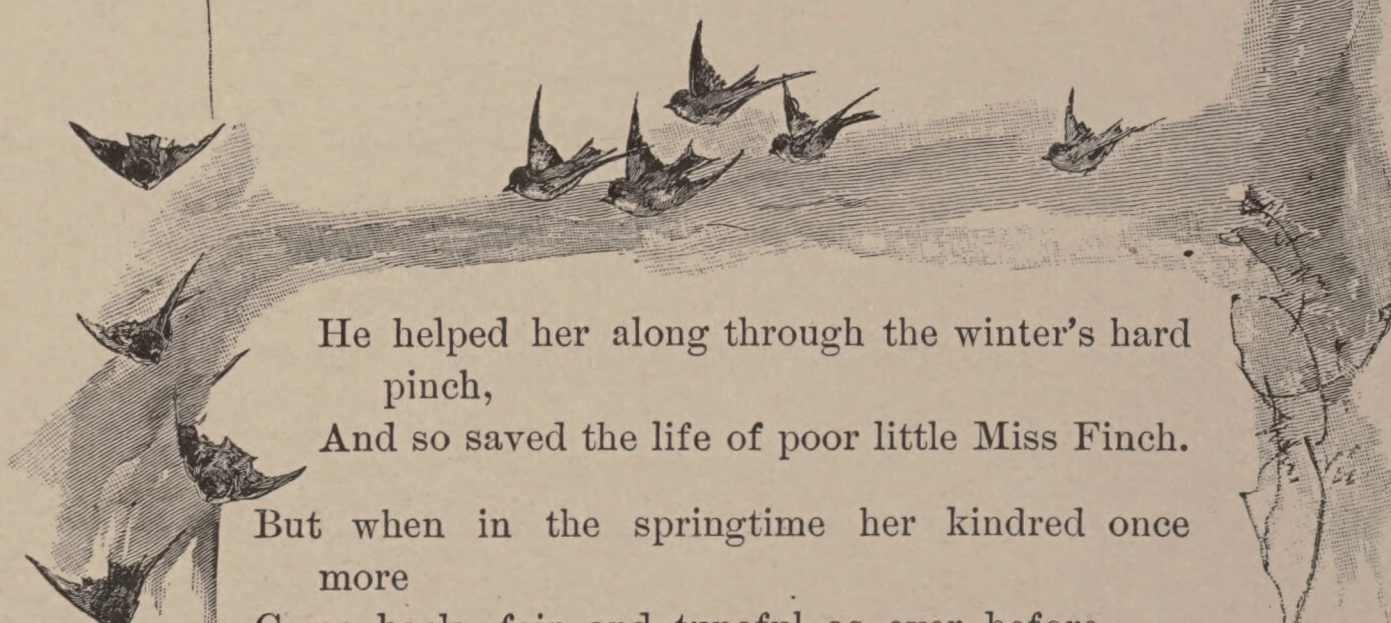
“Oh, I can take care of myself,
if you please!”





So she stayed, and she stayed, and the
biting winds blew,
And shook her frail body with chills through
and through;
And with hunger for company, early and late,
She soon was reduced to a pitiful state.

Now she found a true friend in the civil old crow,
Who was kind, without saying, "Well, I told you
so!"



He helped her along through the winter's hard
pinch,
And so saved the life of poor little Miss Finch.

But when in the springtime her kindred once
more
Came back, fair and tuneful as ever before,
She was rusty in plumage, and weary in wing,
And through the whole season was too hoarse to
sing.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.



NOBODY KNOWS.



DEAR little Lilian! where has she
gone?—

Up in the attic, or out on the
lawn?

There, in the cornfield, she's watching
the crows;

What she is thinking of nobody
knows.

Now in the garden and now in the
park,

Singing and chatting from morning
till dark;

Stopping to talk to the flowers as
she goes,

What she is telling them nobody
knows.

Dear little Lilian, busy and bright,
Happy and smiling from morning till
night,

Fair as a lily and sweet as a
rose:

How we all love her nobody knows.

MRS. SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

The Prairie Dog's Story

OURS is a town of prairie dogs;
We dig our palaces in the ground;
And pop! we enter, like leaping frogs;
Beside each door a mound,
Where we can watch and bask in the sun,
Chatting together till day is done,
Neighborly, merry, every one.



The galloping Indian reins aside
From the pitfalls of the wish-ton-wish;
Owls and rattlesnakes with us abide.
("Pretty kettle of fish!")
Antelope feed on our grass dew-pearled,
Wild horses stampede with manes unfurled,
And hunted buffalo shake our world.



But a stranger thing has come at last, —
An iron horse, that would make you quail,
With fiery breath goes raging past,
All eyes along his tail.
I am a hero, I brave the train,
Bark at the monster with might and main,
And send him snorting over the plain.



BY ILLUSTRATED
BY
Geo. Copeland.

GUESSING at Shadows...



SUSPEND a sheet across the room,
And place a lamp not far behind it;
Yes, we must sit here in the gloom,
But we are grown-up and shall not mind it;
Now pass between the sheet and light,
And see if we shall guess
aright.

First comes Louise,
with merry
smile, —

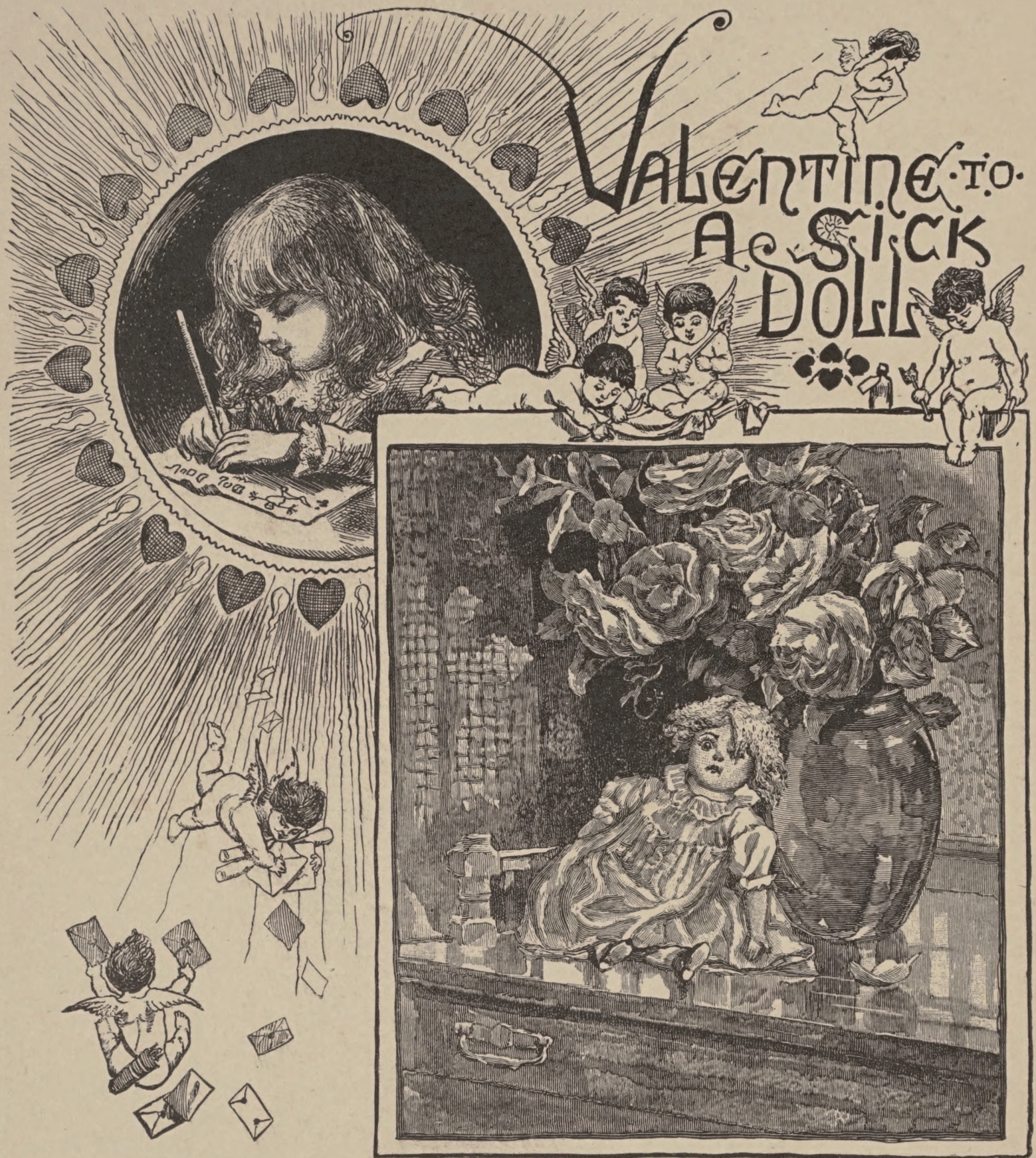


We'd know our darling in a
minute;
Now Jack draws past, in prince-
ly style,
The carriage with the baby
in it;
And here is Jim, with sword
and gun, —
Why, we can guess you every
one!

But who is this, in cap and frill,
With grandpa's clumsy, big umbrella?
It is not May; it must be Lil, —
No, two stray curls announce 'tis Ella;
Ah now, our frolic's well begun!
Guessing at shadows is rare fun.

EMMA C. DOWD.





Oh, what shall I write to my dolly?

I love her so much,

Though she sprained her poor foot in the autumn,

And goes with a crutch.

I'll say — let me think! — “Darling deary,
 Your eyes are so blue,
 Of winking them never I'm weary,—
 Though one is askew.

“Your cheek is so smooth and so pinky,
 It looks like a rose.
 I'm sorry I dropped you last summer,
 And broke off your nose.

“Your hair is so yellow and glossy —
 Your dress was so fine,
 Before it was torn by Puss Flossy,
 You sweet Valentine!

“But my birthday is coming next Monday,
 You poor little elf!
 I'll have a new dolly, and you, dear,
 Can sleep and get well on the shelf.”

UNCLE FELIX.





WISH YOU MERRY CHRISTMAS.

TELL me the story old and true,
That each glad Christmas makes so new,
How Christ was born in Bethlehem,
 And cradled in a manger;
One bright star, like a diadem,
Shone o'er the holy stranger.

Say, did the Christ-child light that star,
As he came down from Heaven far?
The wise men followed where it led,
 With costly myrrh, sweet-smelling;
And kneeling, gave him gifts and said,
 " Our King, all kings excelling!"

On that, the first of Christmas days,
The angels sang a song of praise,
And on this happy Christmas, they
 The same sweet song are singing,
" Good-will from God to men!" they say;
Set all the joy-bells ringing.

LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.





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