

ROSALINA

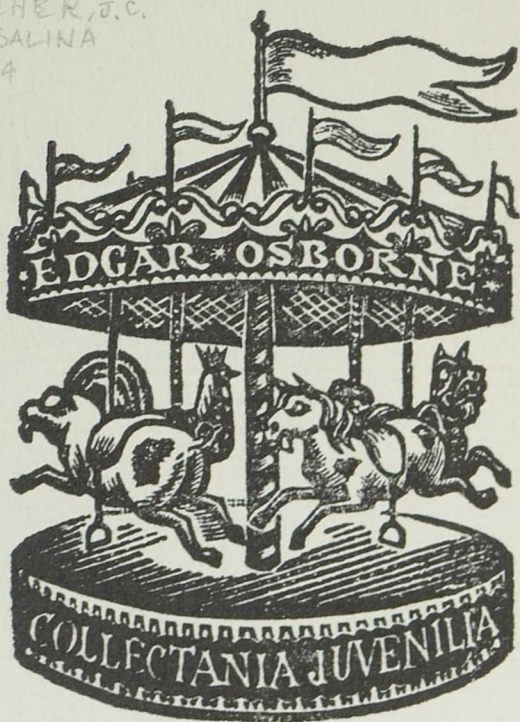
JEAN C.
ARCHER

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ROSALINA

1904



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J.C.A.

Rosalina

By Jean C. Archer

Author of "Samuel and Selina," etc

ILLUSTRATED
IN COLOURS

London :

GRANT RICHARDS

1904

CHAPTER I.

OLD friends again! You know
them well—

SELINA and her SAMUEL!

I hope you love them; if you
do,

Of course, you'll love the
Babies too!

The WRIG, upon his horse
astride,

Is fond Selina's joy and pride.



While ROSALINA, with her toy,
Is dear old Sammy's pride and
joy.





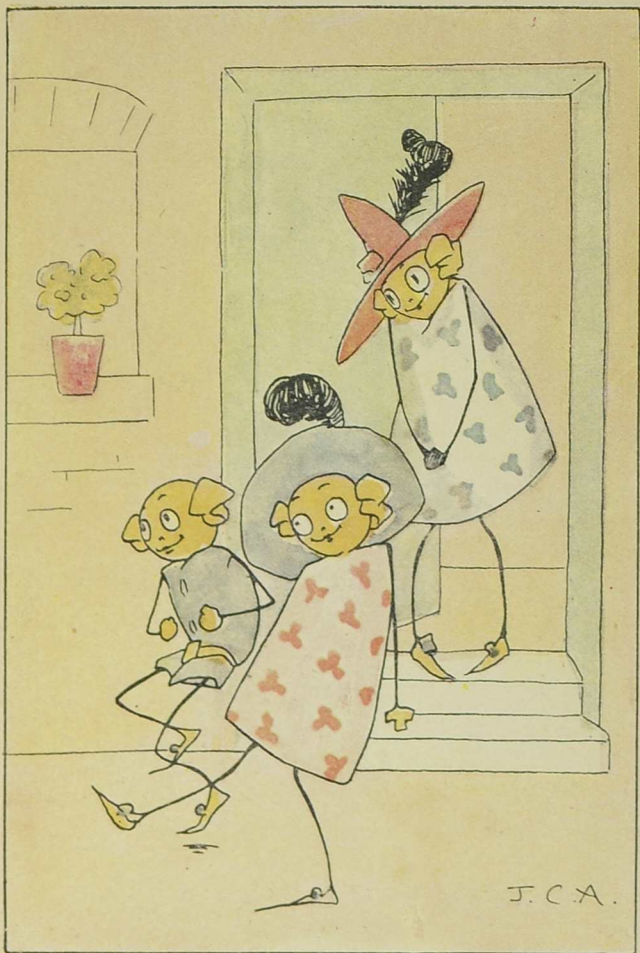
JCA.

CHAPTER II.

ONE happy, sunny day in June,
Sam hurried home to tea ;
He waved a letter in his hand,
And cried, “ Selina, see ! ”

“ I’ve bought the dearest little
farm,
All nice and fresh and new ;
I hope that you will like it,
dear—
I bought it all for you.”

The staid Selina skipped for
joy,
The Babies danced like mad,
And shrieked with disrespectful
glee,
“ You *are* a dear old Dad! ”

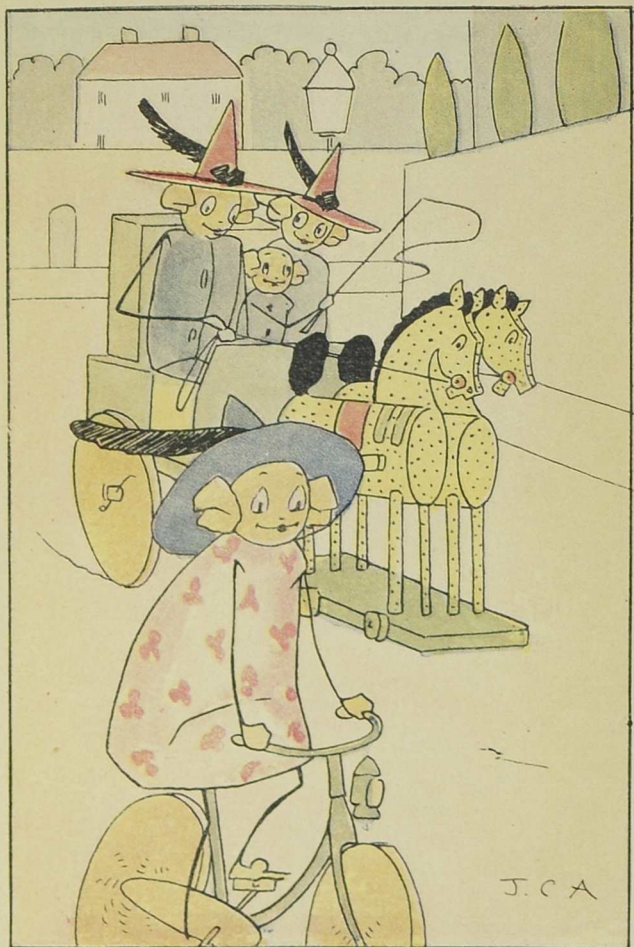




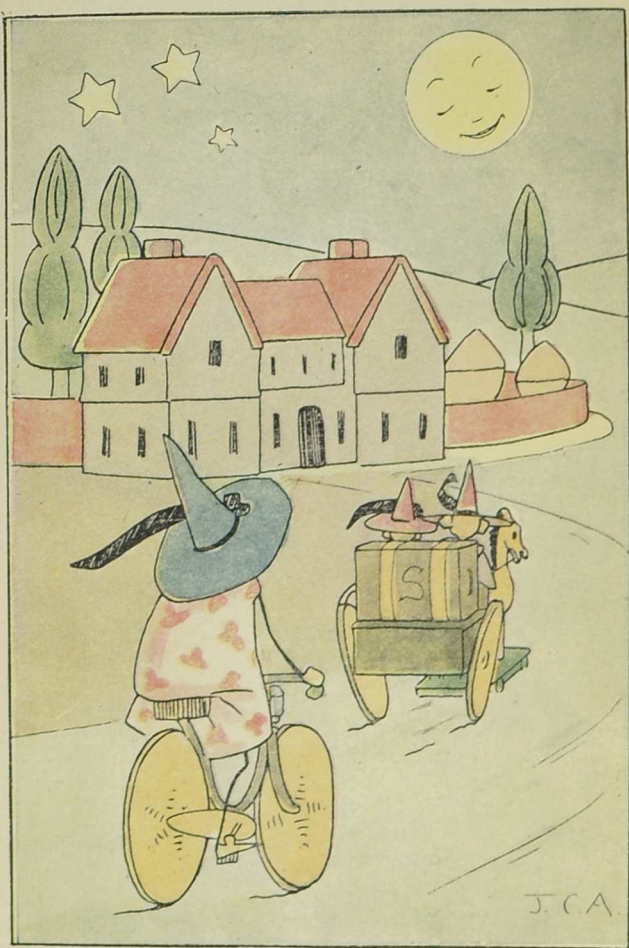
That night Selina packed their
clothes,
All folded neat and nice.
The Babes, meanwhile, sat on
the bed,
And gave her good advice.

As soon as they had break-
fasted

They started off next day,
With Rosalina on her bike
The others in the shay.



J. C. A



The night had come ere they
arrived,

The silvery moon had riz.

“Is this *our* farm?” the Babies
cried;

And Sam replied: “It is.”

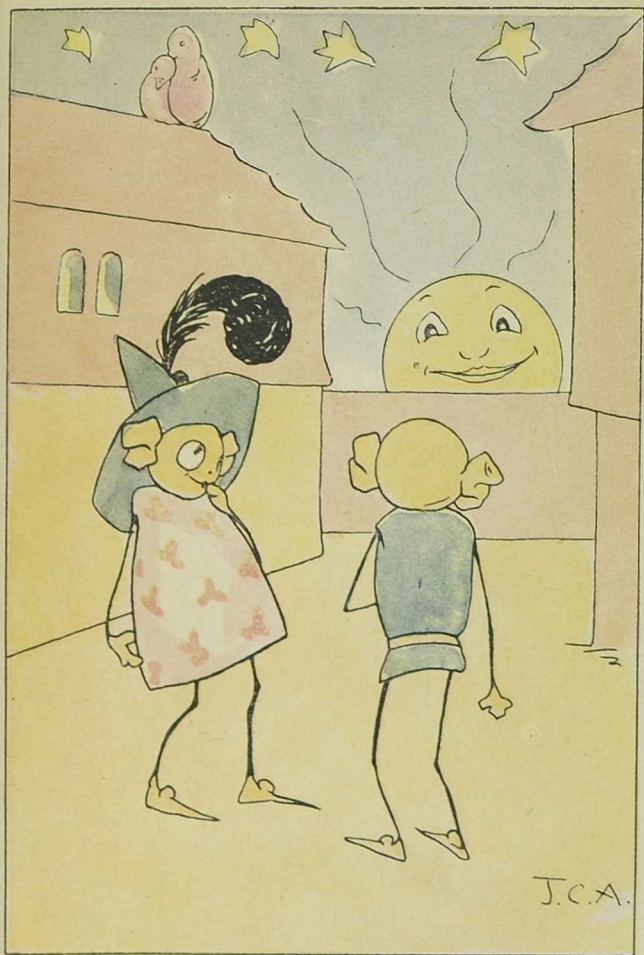
“Be off to bed, and everything
To-morrow you shall see,

And, if you’re good, perhaps
you may

Go marketing for me.”

The rising sun beholds, next
day,
With ill-concealed surprise,
Two Sammy-Babes, who gaze
at him
With large and trustful eyes.

“Whatever *are* you laughing
at,
You great big Mister Sun?”
“I laugh with glee,” said he,
“to see
The little starlets run!”





Just then Selina's voice is
heard ;

The Sun shuts up his eye :

He *never* condescends to speak
When grown-up folks are by.

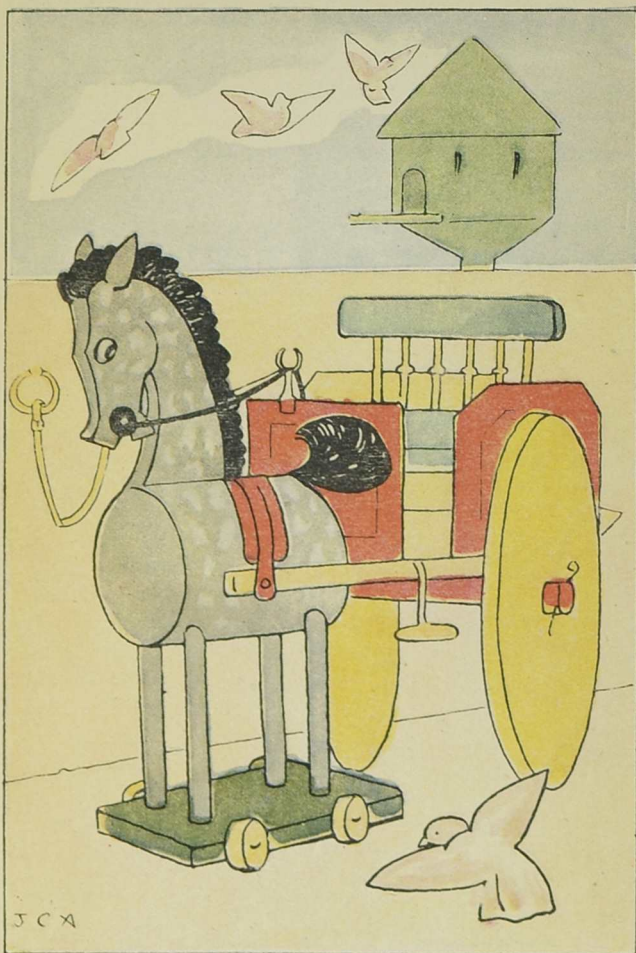
“ Come, children, come,” they
heard her cry,

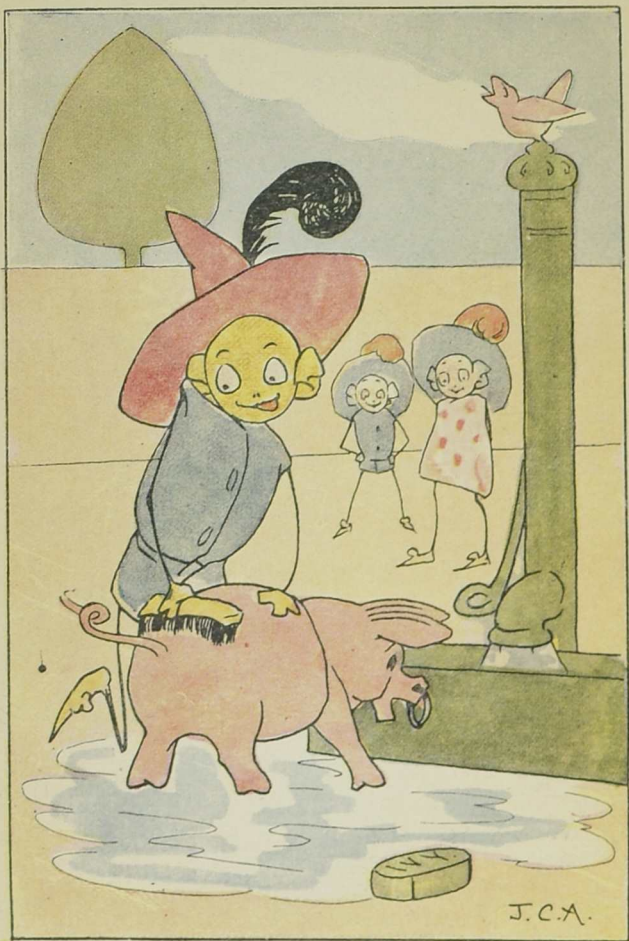
“ It's market day, you know ;
So you must eat your breakfast
quick

If you intend to go.”

CHAPTER III.

THERE stands the gig, all
spandy new,
With yellow wheels and
cushions blue ;
The horse, a handsome dapple-
grey,
Is called ABDULLAH HASISH
BEY !





Behold the Babes, completely
dressed

From top to toe in Sunday
best,

A-waiting for the little pig
Who's coming with them in
the gig.

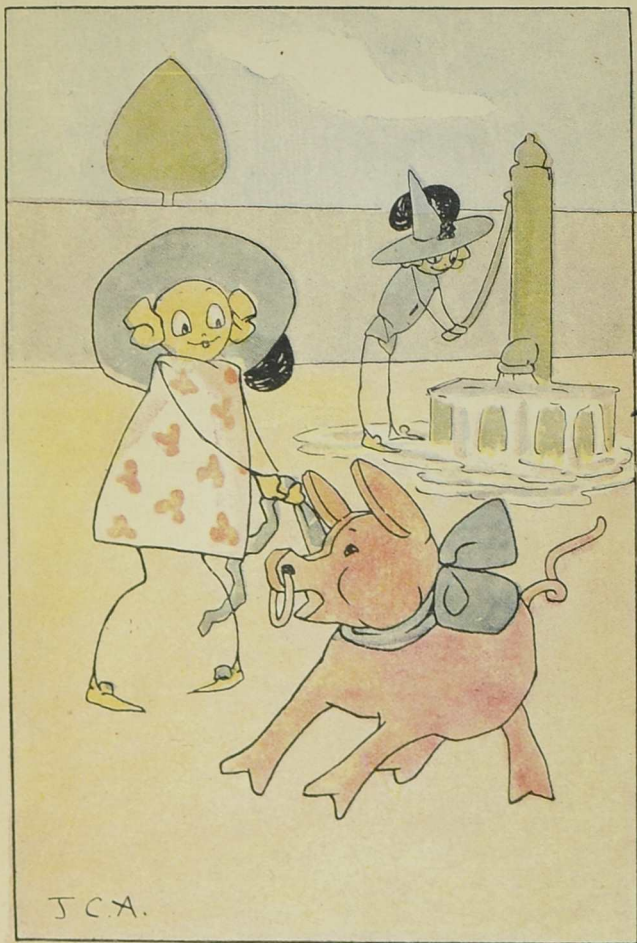
They're going to drive him into
town,

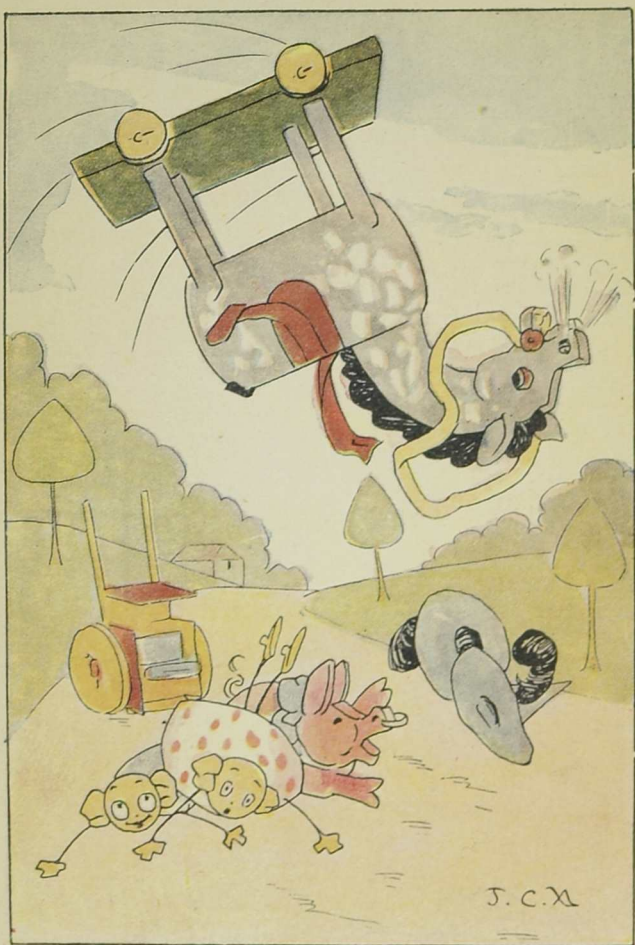
And sell him to old GOODY
BROWN;

So Sam, to Piggy's great
disgust,

Is scrubbing off the dirt and
dust.

Poor Piggy squeals with might
and main,
He pulls and tugs—but all in
vain ;
For Rosalina holds him fast,
And hoists him in the gig at
last.





See! scarcely have they made
a start,
When Piggy's weight upsets
the cart.
Out shoot the Babes, and
through the sky
Observe the proud Abdullah
fly!

The Babies watch his airy
flight

With shrieks of unconcealed
delight.

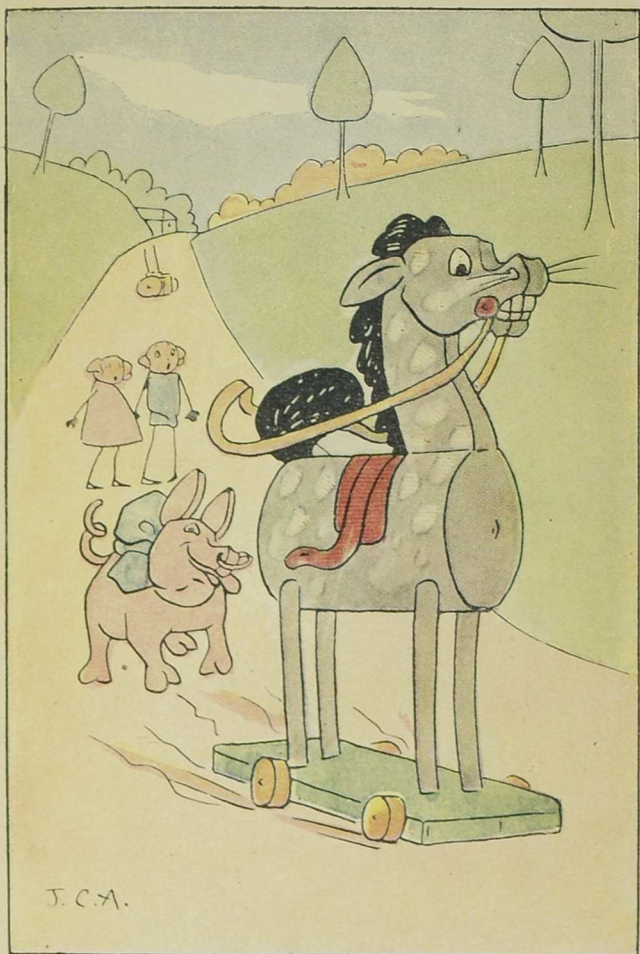
Un-for-tu-nate-ly, A. H. B.

The humour of it fails to see.

He dashes off with head in air,
And leaves the darlings
stranded there.

“Oh!” cry the Babes, “what
shall we do?

Boohoo, *Boohoo!* BOOHOO!!
BOOHOO!!!”



J.C.A.

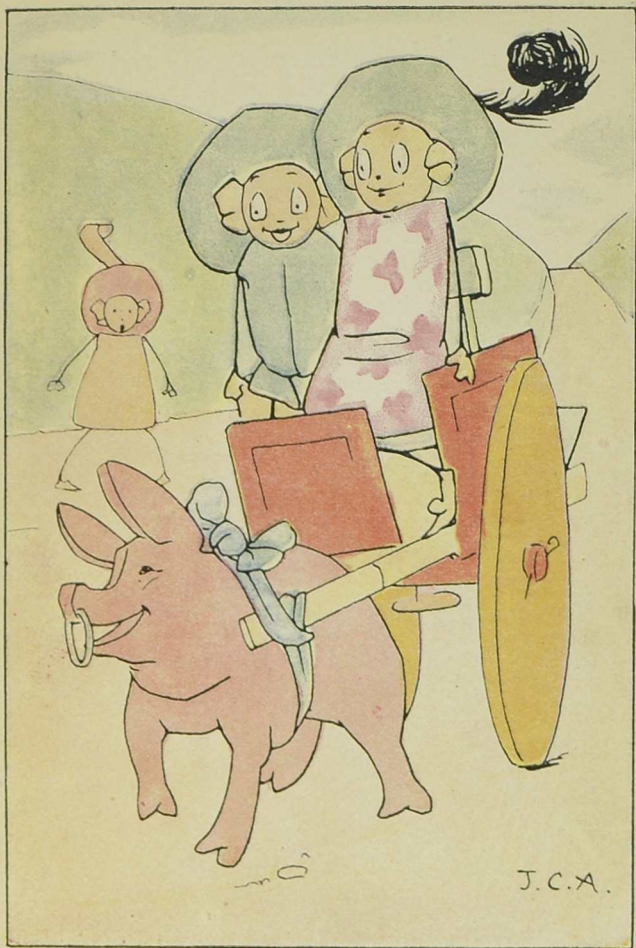


Kind Mr. Piggy calms their
fears,
And says to them: "Don't fret,
my dears;
Just let Abdullah have his
head,
And put *me* in the shafts
instead."

Imagine, pray, the Babes'
delight ;
They soon forget their sorry
plight,
And bustle round with happy
haste
To fix Pig's neck-tie round his
waist.

The people all along the road
Do stare at Piggy and his
load.

The Babies think it mighty
fun,
And feel quite sad when it is
done.







J.C.A.

Old Goody Brown exclaims,
“MY HAT!

Whoever see'd the likes o'
that?

Really I haven't got the heart
To eat a pig what draws a
cart!”

It overjoys the Babes to find
That Mistress Brown has
changed her mind;
And Piggy's happy tears just
rain
To hear he will go home again.

“ But come your ways,” says
Goody Brown ;

“ Ye must be hungry—sit ye
down.

The kettle boils, the cakes are
done ;

I’ve got a mug for every one.”

She gives them marmalade and
jam,

And sandwiches of tongue and
ham ;

She gives them honey, which
sticks to

Their fingers like Le-Page’s
Glue !





She sends them out to wash it
off

With water from the cattle
trough,

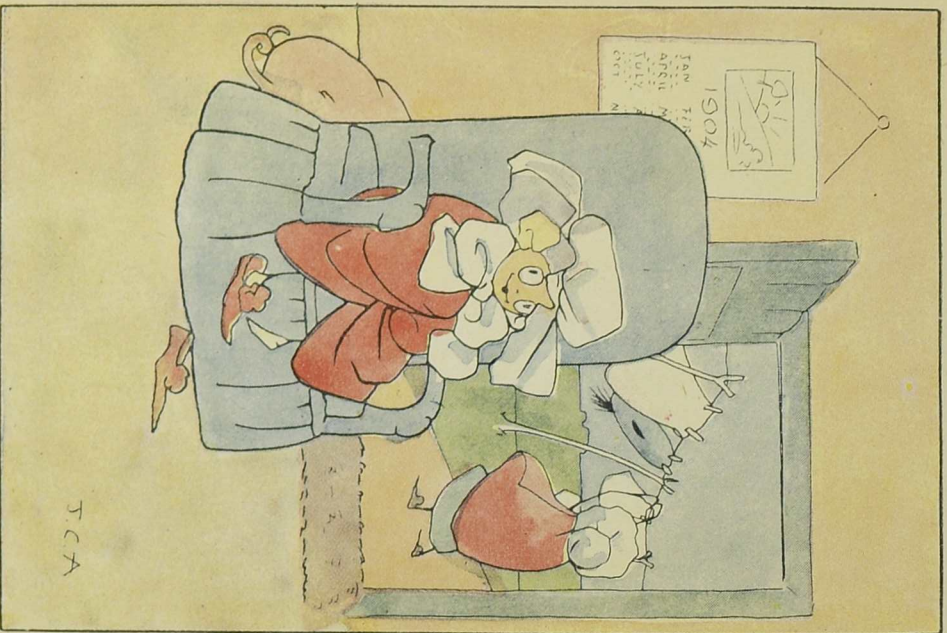
And what must Rosalina do,
But *tumble in*, and get wet
through.

They fish her out, and rub her
toes ;

They take her in, and change
her clothes.

You would have laughed to see
her there,

Installed in Goody's great arm
chair !



T.C.A.



J.C.A.

But now the sun is sinking low,
The Babies feel that they must
go ;
To Mistress Brown farewell
they say,
And start upon their homeward
way.

Safe home again, and free from
harm,

Selina's ears the Babies charm
With anecdotes of Mr. Pig
And their adventures in the
gig.

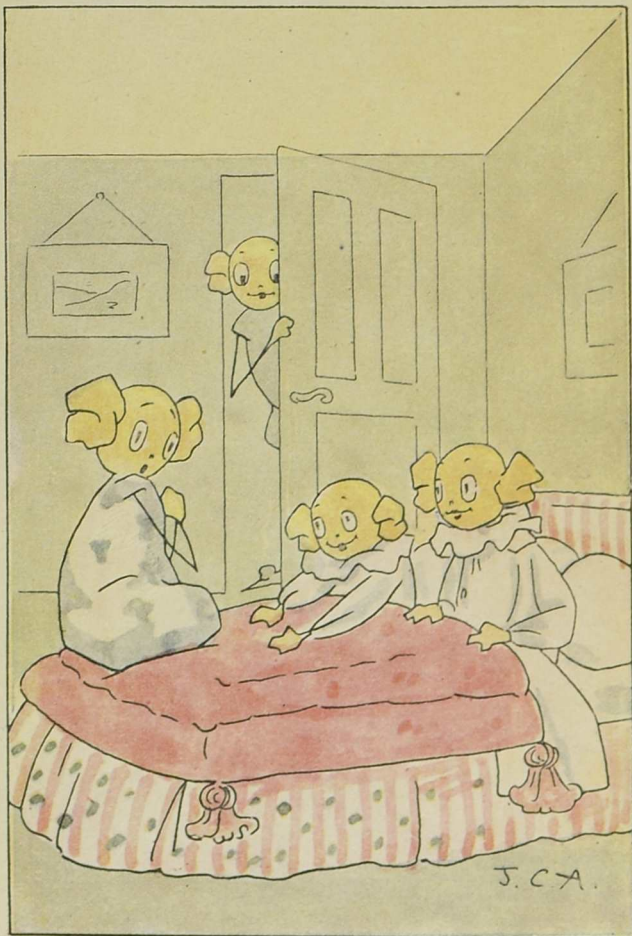
Her gentle heart goes pit-a-
pat.

"Oh! Sam," she cries, "just
think of that!

This Piggie has a heart of
gold:

He never, NEVER, must be
sold!"





And now each weary little head
Is safely snuggled down in
bed ;

Selina takes away the light,
And bids the Babes a fond

“ GOOD NIGHT ! ”

