

*Twinkling  
Stars.*

By  
*Theodosia Abdy*

LONDON  
Jarrold & Sons, 10 & 11, Warwick Lane, E.C.

Clara B. Miller

1910.

Billy Hight





\* TWINKLING \* STARS \*



# TWINKLING STARS

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BEING THE TRUE ACCOUNT  
OF A JOURNEY THROUGH STARLAND  
WITH ITS MANY  
FUNNY INCIDENTS AND HAPPENINGS

\* \* \*

BY

\* THEODOSIA \* ABDY \*

SANS PEUR ET  
SANS REPROCHE

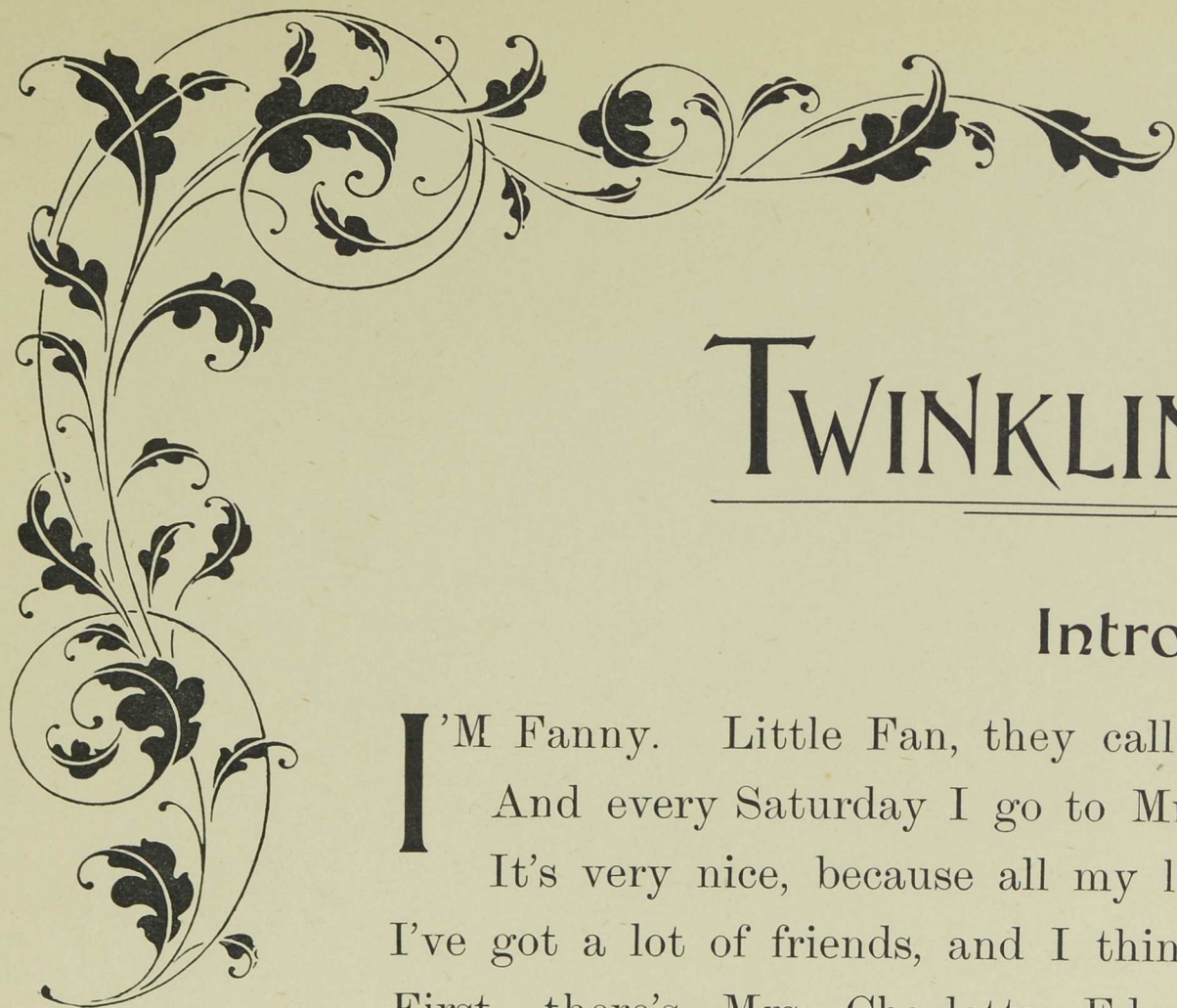


LONDON

JARROLD AND SONS, 10 AND 11, WARWICK LANE, E.C.

DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND, H. G.





# TWINKLING STARS.

## Introduction.

I'M Fanny. Little Fan, they call me. I'm such a little thing, you see,  
And every Saturday I go to Mrs. Edmonton's Sewing and Knitting Bee ;  
It's very nice, because all my little friends go too.  
I've got a lot of friends, and I think I ought to introduce them all to you.  
First, there's Mrs. Charlotte Edmonton. She's not my bosom friend, of  
course ;  
She's too old and wonderful, and sometimes I think she's a little cross.  
Mrs. Edmonton's got such a dear little Goat, and sometimes, when we're  
good, you know,  
She lets us ride in the goat carriage up and down the Parade, and then  
don't we make him go !  
Another friend of mine is called Dora, and there's the M'Gregor. He's quite  
a little chap ;  
So little he can't talk plain, but he's a great pet, and at the Sewing Class  
he always sits on Mrs. Edmonton's lap.

Dear old Steve comes next. He's a plumber—doing good business, they say, He's so clever. He can play draughts and do sums, and is so jolly and gay. I very nearly forgot to mention Lord Henry. Mrs. Edmonton likes him, and so do I.

He's rather poor, I think ; his allowance is only 2d. a week, and that's not much, is it, when you've everything to buy?

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CHAPTER I.

**Choosing the Balloons.**

**Y**ESTERDAY was my birthday, and Mrs. Edmonton sent me a delightful letter. It began, "My dear little Birthday Bee, Will you open your wings and merrily hum over here to tea?" Each of my little friends had the same invitation. The Goat brought them round in a sponge-bag, and he said : "She's got a surprise for you." And when I asked, "Is it nice?" he only winked and nodded his head.



Mrs. Edmonton ordering the Balloons from the Balloon-Man.

I was dreadfully excited, and when I got to Mrs. Edmonton's, I found the most splendid tea ;

There was enough bread-and-butter for everyone—the grandest feast I ever did see.

There was a beautiful cake, too, only Mrs. Edmonton said, “It's too pretty to cut it, don't you think, little people, eh?”

So she didn't cut it, which rather disappointed me, I must say.

Of course the Goat didn't have tea and bread-and-butter like us,

He had mashed grass in a tin dish, and Mrs. Edmonton made a great fuss, because he clattered the dish about with his nose ; so she took it from him before he'd half done,

Though he said, “I'm truly sorry—I only clattered the dish just for fun.”

Then Mrs. Edmonton told us the surprise. “You've been good children,” she said,

“And I half thought of taking you all to the Zoo; but it's too expensive, so instead

I have decided to take you all with me on a visit to the Sun, Moon, and Stars!”

It was a beautiful surprise. We had been wanting to go for a long, long time. You should have heard our hurrahs!

The Goat whispered to me behind his hoof, "It's my idea, not hers. Hush! don't say a word."

But Mrs. Edmonton looked so hard at us, that I'm dreadfully afraid she heard.

She went on loftily, "It's quite my own idea. And I've decided to go by Balloon,

"It's quicker and less expensive than the Railway; besides, there are no tunnels, which is always a boon."

So that was settled. And just then the Balloon-Man, who lives on the Parade, came in, and Mrs. Edmonton said,

"I'll buy six large Balloons from you, my man, at a farthing each." But the Balloon-Man shook his head.

"No you won't, mum," he said. "You'll pay me 6d. for each Balloon you have, and that's cheap at the price."

Mrs. Edmonton was very snappy about it, so the Goat—who really is very nice, whispered to the Balloon-Man, who's a great pal of his, "Never mind, old chappie,

Let her have them at 5½d. the lot. I'll make it right—anything to make the lady happy"

## CHAPTER II.

## The Milk-Man.

**T**HIS evening after tea the Balloons came home, and we made ready to start.

The Milk-Man, he's a great friend of mine, and so nice—he came to see us off; and he said, “It's a grand treat, and I wish I were going with all my heart.”

So little M'Gregor jumped up and down, crying gleefully, “Milky-Man tummin', Milky-Man tummin' too!”

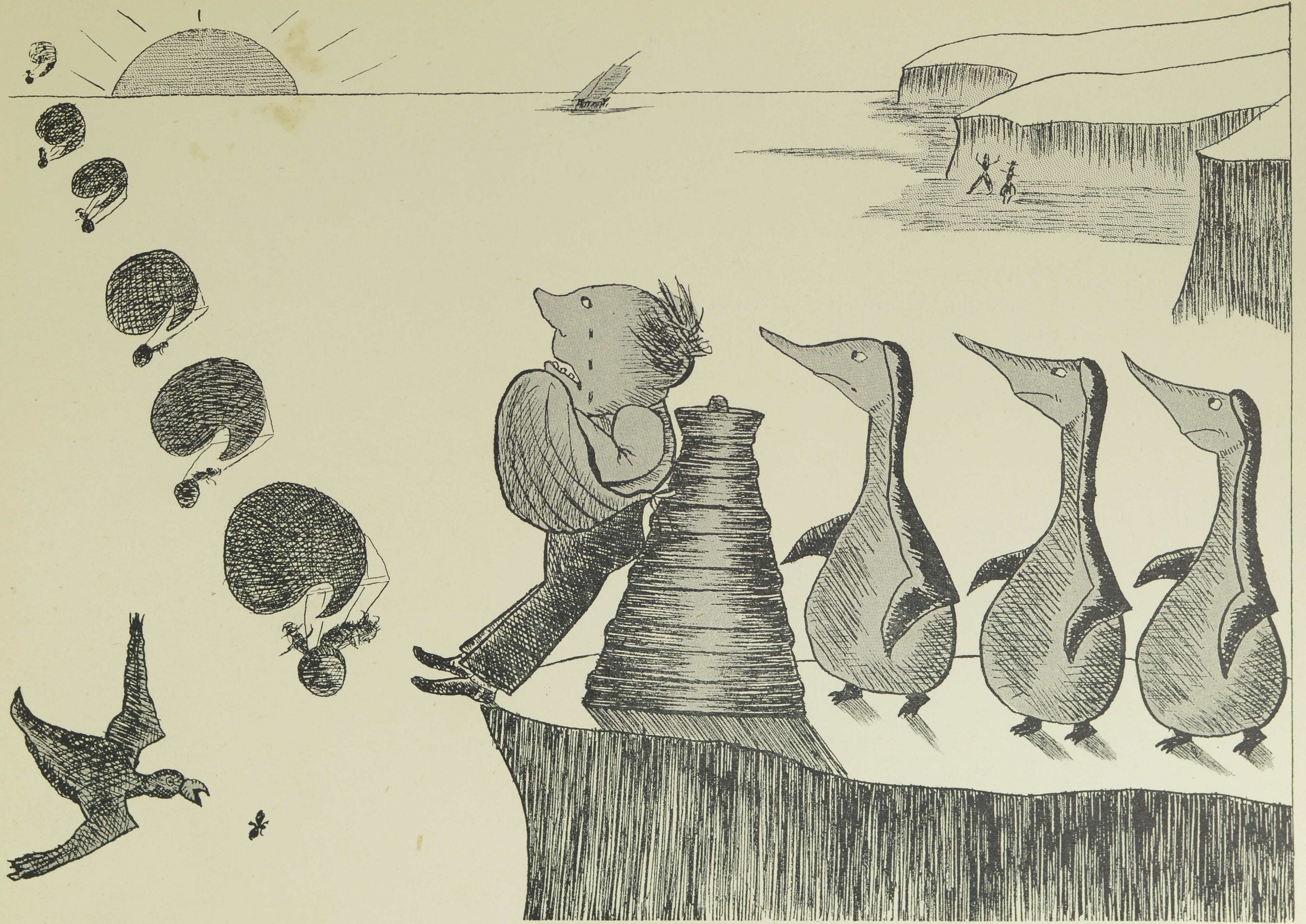
But Mrs. Edmonton said sharply, “He's not coming, child—sit still, and don't fidget with your feet, whatever you do.”

The Milk-Man looked disappointed, and wiped his eyes on his apron; but he tried to smile, and said cheerily, “It's all right. Never mind.”

But dear little M'Gregor wept bitterly, and kept on saying, “Poor, poor Milky-Man!” until Mrs. Edmonton boxed his ears, which I thought very unkind.

There was a fair wind when we set off, and the Balloons made straight for the sea,

Which made me feel nervous, for I thought they would tumble in—splash!—and that rather frightened me.



The Milkman and the Penguins watching the Balloons pass over the ocean at sunset.

## TWINKLING STARS.

But they went beautifully, and far away on the shore  
I could see the Milk-Man and his cans, nimbly mounting a peak, and I wept  
to think I should see his sweet face no more.  
Then at the last I saw him, attended in respectful sympathy by three Penguins,  
and glorious in manly beauty,  
And as he leaned in melancholy grace upon his milk-can, I knew that he was  
a good, good man, and would always do his duty.

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## Song of the Milk-Man.

PASS, bold men, those rosy portals,  
Wing your flight to worlds afar;  
Soar above yon golden vapour,  
Till you reach the Evening Star.

You shall tread the Moon's black surface,  
Shiv'ring 'neath her icy kiss.  
You shall read the mighty secrets  
Hidden in the starr'd abyss.



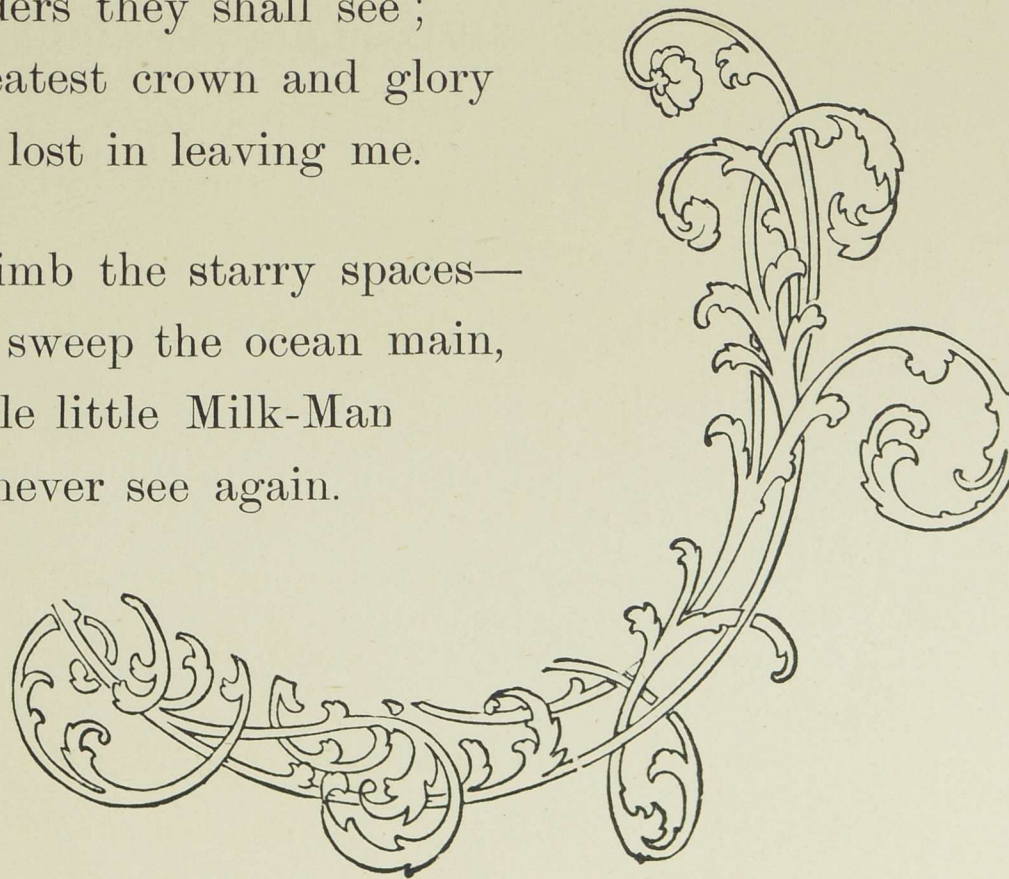
TWINKLING STARS.

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Like a string of wild birds flying  
White-wing'd through the evening air,  
They are gone! and I am weeping  
On my cliff-side, lone and bare.

Yes—they go to scenes of splendour,  
Many wonders they shall see ;  
But their greatest crown and glory  
They have lost in leaving me.

True, they climb the starry spaces—  
True, they sweep the ocean main,  
But the gentle little Milk-Man  
They will never see again.



## CHAPTER III.

## The Collision.

**T**HE first evening when it grew dark, we all felt a little frightened, and I wished I hadn't come, And poor little M'Gregor began wailing. "Oh, I are so tired, I are so tired. I want to go home."

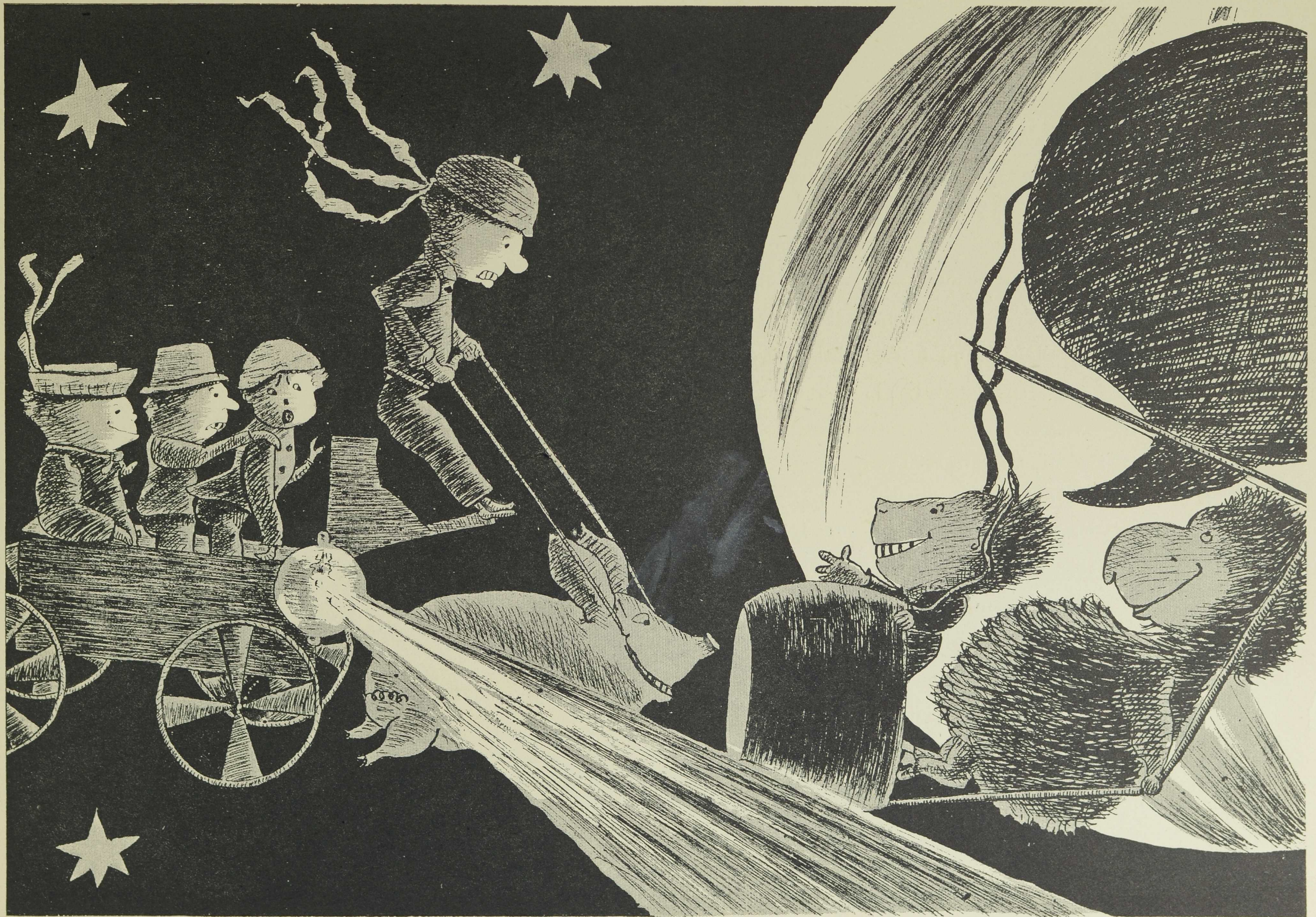
Mrs. Edmonton was going to slap him, but the Goat and Steve, who were sharing a Balloon,

Said good-naturedly, "Oh, let him come to us." And the poor little man sobbed himself to sleep very soon.

At nine o'clock Mrs. Edmonton got out the black bag with the buns and milk for supper in it,

And we crowded eagerly round, when she said pleasantly, "Wait a minute; I've got another surprise for you, little people. Every Saturday you must pay me your weekly allowances, and you'd better begin now or you won't get anything to eat;

For you don't suppose, I should hope, that I am going to pay all the expenses of this treat."



Collision between Mrs. Charlton-Mayfew's Pig Waggonette and Steve's Balloon at midnight.

Well, it *was* a surprise, and I didn't seem able to enjoy myself any more. And honest old Steve said warmly, "You old fraud! why didn't you tell us before?"

Dora, who is always very contradictory, said scornfully, "Rubbish! I shan't pay!"

And Mrs. Edmonton said, "Very well, don't. But get out of my Balloon, please, for I shall take it away."

Lord Henry said sadly, "I can't pay. I've spent my twopence. I had to get a pair of boots and a comforter, you see."

So Mrs. Edmonton said graciously, "Very good, my lord. I'll trust you to owe it to me."

Well, of course, we all had to pay, and Steve, who is a most honourable man, said to me, "We've been let in shamefully. But never mind. We'll get even with her somehow, if we can."

In the middle of the night, when we were fast asleep and close to the Moon, we were suddenly woke up by a frightful row—gruntings and squealings and yells from Steve's Balloon.

It seems that in turning a corner of the Moon, Steve and the Goat had dashed—plam—slam! into Mrs. Charlton-Mayfew's pig-waggonette.

I don't think I have introduced Mrs. Charlton-Mayfew to you yet.

She is a lady we know a little at home—one of the greatest ladies in the land. Mrs. Edmonton would like to know her better, but Mrs. Charlton-Mayfew is too grand.

She had just taken a house for the summer holidays in the Morning Star, and was driving her young people there—travelling for fun, like we are. She was very angry with Steve, and said, “You should never drive without lamps. It’s a most careless thing to do.”

Steve touched his hat, and said respectfully, “Balloons don’t carry lamps, madam. Very sorry we’ve inconvenienced you.”

Mrs. Charlton-Mayfew glanced at Mrs. Edmonton, who was smiling and curtsying, and coolly said,

“Your nurse ought to look after you better,” and away she drove with a curt nod of the head.

## CHAPTER IV.

## The Christmas Turkeys.

**H**AD a great day and a most exciting time. I must relate it all:  
We reached the Moon yesterday morning amid a heavy snowfall,  
And so we didn't notice that in the very spot where we meant to land  
A number of Christmas Turkeys were taking up their stand.  
The Christmas Turkey is savage, with an immense appetite—a most dangerous  
bird,  
And the cautious traveller should avoid all places where his fierce gobbling  
note is heard.  
They hid themselves in a mince-pie thicket, until we were all safely landed  
on the Moon,  
And then they rushed suddenly out and surrounded each Balloon.  
We were frozen with terror—we couldn't escape—there was simply no chance,  
They formed an immense circle around us, and began a savage war-dance.

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The Christmas Turkeys put the travellers into coops on the Moon to fatten them for Christmas.

## War-Chant of the Christmas Turkeys.

A MERRY lot! A merry lot!  
A merry lot of Turkeys we.  
A merry lot! A merry lot!  
A merry lot of Turkeys see.  
Turkeys! Turkeys! Turkeys! T!  
A merry lot of Turkeys we.

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It was an awful moment. The Christmas Turkeys were pressing closer, and then

The biggest one seized Mrs. Edmonton and thrust her into a coop just as if she were an old Hen.

I was so flustered I really didn't know what to do ;

But there was simply no time to do anything, for in a second the rest of us were shut up in coops too.

The only one of us who escaped this awful fate was the Goat,

The Christmas Turkeys deciding that he wouldn't be good to eat because of his furry coat.



And little M'Gregor heard him advising the Chief Turkey to have Mrs. Edmonton for dinner to-night ;

And poor Mrs. Edmonton was in a fearful state when she heard the Turkey say, "Yes, I believe you're right!"

They gave us the proper fattening things for chickens—meal, and mush, and rice ;

But, of course, we weren't real chickens, and so it didn't taste very nice.

In the middle of the night, when all was dark and still,

And we were weeping in our coops upon the windy hill,

A kind and cheery voice came whispering at my door :

"Rise up and fly. You are saved—so weep no more."

It was the dear old Goat. He had stolen the keys. He was true to us still.

And now he unlocked each little trap-door, bidding us fly from the hill,

"The Balloons," he said, "were waiting for us close at hand."

We were just climbing into them when I noticed that Mrs. Edmonton was missing from our little band.

I mentioned this to the Goat, who said coolly, "Yes, I know ; I've left her behind,

We can get on without her. Jump in!" But I refused to do anything so unkind.

So he went back very reluctantly and let her out, and at last we got away, With Mrs. Edmonton in such an awful temper, that I almost wished I had let her stay.

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## CHAPTER V.

## Accident to the Goat.

**W**E got off just in time. The Christmas Turkeys were awake, and came rushing down to the edge of the Moon.

They very nearly caught the Goat, who was in the last Balloon. He was wildly excited, waving his hat to the Turkeys, and leaning out ever so far,

Until suddenly he overbalanced himself and fell out of his car.

His best hat went overboard too. Good old Goat!

I was sorry to see the last of his cheerful face and shaggy coat.

But he's such a volatile creature, you never know what next he'll be at.

He disappeared into space, cheery and jolly to the last, singing, "Then hey! for freedom and my gay top-hat!"



Accident to Goat Edmonton on leaving the Moon.

Steve anxiously tried to save either him or the hat, for he saw the frown Mrs. Edmonton had on her face. But it was no use, the poor old Goat went tumbling down.

And at tea-time it was very sad to see his empty chair.

We all looked grave, except Mrs. Edmonton, and I could see she didn't care; But she was very much annoyed at the loss of the top-hat, for it was a new and expensive one.

"Tiresome creature!" she exclaimed; "he knows he is *never* allowed his best hat except on Sundays. However, thank goodness, he's gone!"

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CHAPTER VI.

The Dog-Star.

**A**LL of us, except Mrs. Edmonton, missed the Goat—he was so merry and gay,  
And little M'Gregor kept on saying, "I are sorry that nice Goatie gone away!"

Till at last Mrs. Edmonton said angrily, "If you say that again I shall send you to bed!"

So the poor little chap came to me to be comforted. "That horrid Charlotte so cross," he said.

We reached the Dog-Star safely on Wednesday afternoon, And very glad we were to run about again, for one gets cramped after sitting long in a Balloon.

It was a lovely country, with a hayfield and haycocks and rakes lying about,

So when Mrs. Edmonton said, "You may all go and play in the hay," just didn't we run and shout!

There was the usual board put up about biting trespassers if they were found. But travellers soon get used to trespassing on other people's ground.

So we didn't pay much attention to it. There was a hay-cart, too, and a kind white horse.

Mrs. Edmonton said she was too busy to join us, and Steve whispered to me, "No great loss."

So while we raked the hay, she sat under a haycock and read a wise book.

We did enjoy ourselves. We were talking and laughing, when Steve suddenly cried, "Look!"

Of course I turned round to see what he was pointing at,  
And there was the dear little Dog himself, standing on his hind legs behind  
Mrs. Edmonton's haycock, looking down on her hat.

I stared. Little M'Gregor jumped up and down, saying, "Oh, a bow-wow!"  
But Steve said, "She hasn't seen him yet. Hush! don't make a row!  
She's been so jolly mean about our allowances that she deserves a good  
fright.

She's such a coward, she'll be afraid even of that jolly little terrier, and  
think he's going to bite.

There! he's showing his teeth. He'll pin her in a minute if she don't look  
up and give him the slip."

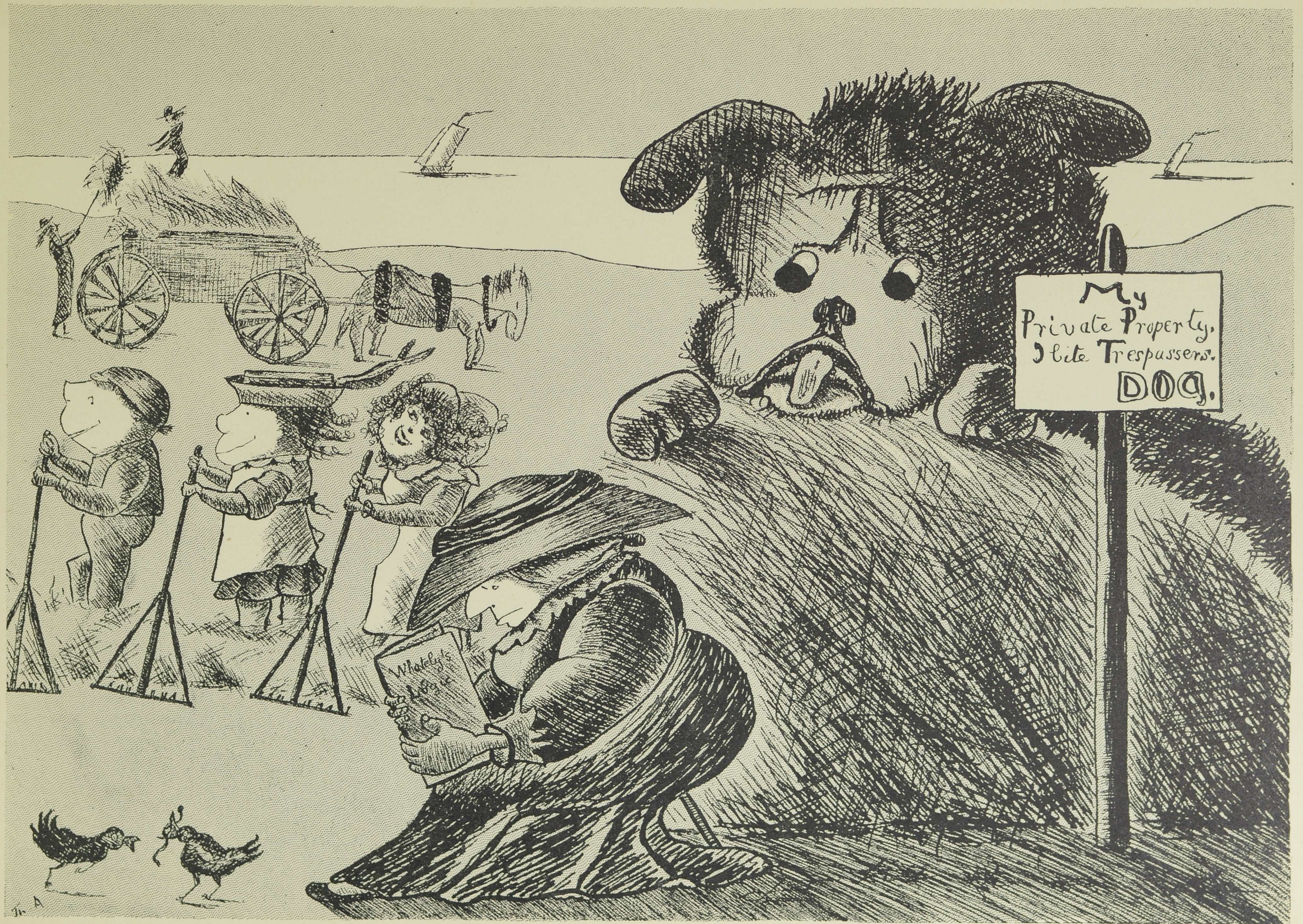
Little M'Gregor sucked his thumb, saying contentedly, "I are glad that horrid  
Charlotte going to get a good nip."

At that moment Mrs. Edmonton looked up and saw the Dog. Her face went  
perfectly white,

And she jumped up and began running round the haycock, screaming, which  
was the very way to make him bite.

Naturally the Dog ran after her. Any playful little Dog would, of course.

Mrs. Edmonton was very silly. First she threw her book at him with all her  
force,



Haymaking in the Dog-Star. Mrs. Edmonton surprised by the Dog.

And then she tore off her shady hat, and flung that at him too.

Steve was awfully amused, and shouted, "Hi! then, good Dog—after her!"

but I didn't know what to do.

Suddenly Lord Henry, with great presence of mind, seized a large gooseberry turnover which we were to have had for lunch,

And threw it to the Dog, who immediately sat down, and smilingly began to munch.

Then we all took hands and ran swiftly away,

And clambered into our Balloons, which were anchored close by in the bay.

Mrs. Edmonton was excessively put out when she found that the turnover was gone.

"You should have thrown him a bag of poisoned meat," she said angrily,

"or an old bone!"



## CHAPTER VII.

## The Milky Way.

IT was a most unfortunate thing, but directly we left the Dog-Star  
The bottle of milk gave out, and there were discontented mutterings in  
every car.

Poor little M'Gregor was very naughty, for he slapped Henry, and was put  
in the corner in disgrace.

And as nobody could possibly tell whose turn for the corner might come  
next, depression sat on every face.

Fortunately the Balloons happened to sail that very day  
Over a whitish-bluish river, which Steve immediately pronounced to be the  
Milky Way.

Dora, who must always be contradicting, said, "No, it isn't, so there!"  
Steve is a perfect little gentleman, so he didn't contradict back, but only  
said gently, "I think I am right, Dora, dear."

Mrs. Edmonton looked up with a frown. "You are both exceedingly tiresome,"  
she said,

"And if I hear another word from either, I shall send you both to bed."

So they were silent, while Mrs. Edmonton took out the milk-jug and prepared to descend,

Ordering Steve to come with her, and then the rest of us followed our kind friend.

When Mrs. Edmonton got down close to the Milky Way,

She perceived a little boat, with a familiar figure in it, waving his hat, and shouting, "Good-day!"

She turned to Steve, and he told me afterwards that he shall never forget the look of pain

Which contracted her fine countenance as she exclaimed, "That odious Goat again!"

There was another gentleman, very pleasant-looking, seated in the boat,

Introduced to us as "My friend, Mr. Porker," by the Goat.

It seems that Pink Porker had been butler for 99 years to a gentleman, who has a villa on the banks of the Milky Way.

But that he now wished to be a courier, and hearing of us had given warning that very day,

As he had excellent references, and would look well in livery, Mrs. Edmonton said, "Very well, I agree ;

Wages: Two hog-washes weekly, a daily bran mash, and an occasional cabbage-leaf for tea."



Mrs. Edmonton finds the Goat again in the Milky Way with his friend, Pink Porker.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## The Great Bear.

YESTERDAY, as we were sailing peacefully through the balmy air,  
A telegram was brought in for Mrs. Edmonton from the Great Bear.  
It said, "Come and eat your mutton with me to-night."

We all clapped our hands in the greatest delight,  
And said, "Oh, please do let us go." And little M'Gregor shouted, "Me too."  
But Mrs. Edmonton looked perplexed, and said, "I really don't know what  
to do.

The telegram most particularly says, 'Eat your *mutton*,'—so he evidently  
means us to bring a sheep with us.

And where am I to find a sheep before dinner-time?" But Dora said con-  
temptuously, "You always make a fuss ;

There's the Goat—who would know him from a sheep, on a hot dish with  
some nice onion sauce?"

Mrs. Edmonton looked angrily at Dora, but it was such a capital thought,  
she could only agree, of course.



"Blind Man's Buff" with the Great Bear. Fanny caught. Guess who it is!

So we telegraphed back, "Delighted to come!" And then we got out our pink sashes and white frocks.

We arrived at the Great Bear's front door just as the hour of six was striking on all the clocks.

The Great Bear received us smilingly. We were a little nervous of him at first, but in a very little while

We all loved him dearly. He was so gentle with us, and had such a winning smile.

We had a beautiful supper—soup and wine, and jellies and fish.

And the Great Bear never even asked us if we had brought a sheep, which was lucky, as I don't believe the Goat would have liked lying on a hot dish.

After supper we played games—"Puss in the Corner," and "Blind Man's Buff," such fun!

I never laughed so much in my life! How we did scamper and run!

Even Mrs. Edmonton smiled and said it was a very pleasant evening. And when the Great Bear was Blind Man

He caught me by my curls, and pretended he couldn't guess who it was, until at last he cried merrily, "Why, it's my little Fan!"

## CHAPTER IX.

## The Comet.

**M**RS. EDMONTON had ordered the Balloons to be at the gate  
Punctually at nine o'clock, for she said she didn't think it good for  
little people to sit up late.

So we all said "Good-bye" to the Great Bear, and each got into his Balloon,  
And away we sailed, cosy and happy, by the light of the Moon.

Most of us were soon asleep—we had eaten such good suppers, you see,  
And when Mrs. Edmonton was safely asleep and snoring, the Goat and Pink  
Porker and me

All climbed into one Balloon, and had the most delightful feast. It was ever  
so jolly.

I do like making a feast, don't you? But Mrs. Edmonton says it is childish  
folly.

We had saved a lot of things from dessert, and the Goat divided them. We  
did have such fun!

Pink Porker had helped himself to three bottles of real wine from the side-  
board, which I don't think he ought to have done.

We had almonds and raisins, and figs and macaroons ;  
We feasted as quietly as possible so as not to awake the other Balloons.  
But unfortunately the Goat got excited and silly. "I'll sing you a song,"  
he said to me,  
"Just one little song—entirely in honour of Charlotte. Only think how  
pleased she'll be."  
I didn't think she would, and I begged Pink Porker to stop him ; but he  
only shook his head  
And shrugged his shoulders. "Best not to interfere. We shall catch it,  
anyhow," he said.  
So the Goat rose up briskly, and began his song the next minute.  
I thought it very silly, and there was nothing at all about Mrs. Edmonton  
in it.

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#### The Goat's Song.

OH, my Hat! my Hat!  
My jolly old Hat.  
Sing rat-a-tat-tat  
To the crown of my Hat.





Steve trying to catch the Comet, trips overboard, and is carried away into space.

## TWINKLING STARS.

Oh! rat-a-tat-tatty!

Have you crushed him quite flatty?

My good old Top Hatty!

Oh! tattaty-tattaty, rat-tat-tat!

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Here Pink Porker, who had been gravely listening, suddenly became silly too, For he began repeating "Rat-tat-tat," and laughing foolishly, and really I didn't know what to do.

Suddenly I heard dear old Steve's voice in a warning shout,

"Ahoy! you three! there's a Comet coming—look out!"

We all looked out, and perceived the most enormous Comet. "My word!"

Pink Porker said, "that's a oner!"

Steve made a clutch to try and stop it, but unfortunately fell out of his car, when the Goat gravely observed, "Poor old man; he's a goner!"

I was dreadfully shocked. Poor old Steve! I shall never forget the piteous look on his face,

As clinging desperately to the Comet, he was rapidly carried away into space.

## CHAPTER X.

## The Three Happy Lions.

**A**FTER this sad disaster we were in disgrace—all three,  
We got our ears boxed and had dry bread for tea.  
Mrs. Edmonton said there was no trusting the Goat, and she was  
ashamed of all of us.  
She went on scolding till at last the Goat said pettishly, “Good gracious!  
what a fuss!  
I don’t know where old Steve is—and what’s more, I don’t care.  
Anyhow, I daresay he’s right enough, and jolly glad not to be here!”  
This was very impertinent, and made Mrs. Edmonton angrier than ever; but  
just then a note  
Was brought in on a silver salver, addressed to the Goat.  
“The idea of anyone writing to you,” she said; “open it, sir, this minute!”  
For, of course, she was naturally curious to know what was in it.

## The Note.

“The Three Happy Lions of Jupiter present their compliments to Mr. Goat Edmonton, Esq., and will be pleased to see him and all the children at a Garden Party, from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., to-morrow, in Jupiter.

“ R. S. V. P.

“Balloons ordered when you like to order them.”

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You should have seen how important the Goat looked. He smiled proudly.

“I shall accept for myself and the children,” he said loudly.

“You’re not mentioned, I see,” he went on, turning to Mrs. Edmonton, laughingly ;

“Sensible animals, those Lions. They must have seen you somewhere,” he added, chaffingly.

Mrs. Edmonton’s face was a sight to be seen ;

She was so jealous and mortified, that positively she looked green.

I said, soothingly, “Evidently it is only a children’s party, so, of course, they didn’t like to beg you to come.”

“All right,” said the Goat, “she’s not a child, so she can stop at home.”



Pleasant afternoons in Jupiter, the home of the Three Happy Lions.

But of course he was only chaffing, because we children could never have gone alone to a big party,

For I don't think the Goat is very steady, though he is so jolly and hearty. So we set off for Jupiter, arriving there in time for breakfast and dinner and tea.

The Lions are the nicest people in the world. The biggest one had a skipping-rope, and skipped with Pink Porker and me.

He skips beautifully. We spent a most agreeable day.

Only unfortunately one of the Lions took a dislike to Mrs. Edmonton, and kept on growling at her in a very ominous way.

And I heard him say grumblingly to the smiling Lion, "I wish you'd tell that woman to go!"

So the jolly old fellow came to me and said, "I think the lady had better be off—my pal's got a rather awkward temper, you know."

## CHAPTER XI.

## Crossing the Rope.

**F**ORTUNATELY at that moment the post came in, bringing the letters and papers.

There was only one letter for us, and actually for the Goat again—you should have seen his capers!

The good-tempered Lion said, "Oh, I know who that's from. She's taken a house in the Morning Star.

Mrs. Charlton-Mayfew—I often go there. Nice people; good cooking, and not at all far."

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**The Letter.**

"DEAR MR. GOAT,

"Will you and all your little friends come here to-morrow to play with my young people? We are getting up a cricket match. Tommy and Alfie are vastly eager about it. I think my Tommy and Alfie are about your age. How do you like the Lions? Charming

rogues, are they not? Please do not bring them with you. Pray be so good as to ask the serious Lion if he has seen my Tommy's left leg anywhere. He borrowed it, Tommy says, the last time he came over here, and if he has quite done with it Tommy would like to have it again. Tommy says on *no account* to trouble the good Lion to bring it back in person, but to send it, either by Parcel Post or Carter Paterson.

“Yours sincerely,

“LUCY CHARLTON-MAYFEW.

“P.S.—I shall be happy to see your nurse come with you.”

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Here was an invitation! “Charming!” the big Lion said, heartily. “You will accept, of course?”

The only drawback was Mrs. Edmonton, who looked extremely cross.

For she thought Mrs. Charlton-Mayfew ought to have written to her. So she boxed Pink Porker's ears,

Though he was quite meek and inoffensive. He was a very timid Pig, and melted at once into tears.





Fanny and the Goat crossing the rope from Jupiter to the Morning Star. Mrs. Edmonton cuts the rope.

Mrs. Edmonton sharply ordered him to get out the Balloons, and be useful for once, instead of idling about all day.

Poor old Pink Porker wept again, and trotted off to fetch the Balloons, looking about him in a dazed sort of way.

Unfortunately all the Balloons were broken—the Balloons that had been our pride.

One of the Lions was very inquisitive, and he cut them open with the nursery scissors to see what was inside.

So the only thing to be done now was to throw a rope across from Jupiter to the Morning Star,

Which was easily done, of course, as the distance was only nineteen billion miles—not at all far.

Mrs. Edmonton said the Goat and me were to go across first, and to start that afternoon.

I felt a little nervous, but the Lions lent us a wheelbarrow, and said, “You’ll be as safe in that as if you were in your own Balloon.”

We didn’t get off until dark as the wheelbarrow had to be re-painted, and as soon as we were well away, Mrs. Edmonton, with a black and awful frown, Cut the rope with the bread-knife, which she had concealed up her sleeve, in order that we might fall down.

She SAID the rope broke; but Pink Porker, who had kept his eye on her all the time,

Whispered behind his trotter to Lord Henry, "My lord, I saw her cut it.

A most heartless crime!"

Happily for us two we did not fall very far,

For dear little Tommy and Alfie were standing watching us on the edge of the Morning Star,

And each happened to be holding his new green butterfly net in his hand.

So they fished us up safely, and very glad we were to reach their hospitable land.

## CHAPTER XII.

## The Cricket Match.

THE rest of the party came by railway, which I thought good sense, And safer than the wheelbarrow, but Mrs. Edmonton grumbled dreadfully at the expense.

Directly she landed, I saw what a bad temper she was in, and Mrs. Charlton-Mayfew made it worse

By saying graciously, "I really must apologize for supposing you to be the little people's nurse."

When all the party had arrived, and each been given an orange and a bun,

Mrs. Charlton-Mayfew said brightly, "Now shall we have some fun?"

So she clapped her hands at us, and cried, "All take hands, if you please,"

And then we began dancing "Round the mulberry-bush," for Mrs. Charlton-Mayfew said she saw we were shy, and a good game would put us at our ease.



Cricket Match in the Morning Star. A hit for fifty! O well done, Goat Edmonton.

The ill-tempered Lion had come over in the train. He would come, though Mrs. Edmonton told him not.

He said, "The train's as much mine as yours," and then they had a scuffle, which made Mrs. Edmonton very cross and hot.

So here he was, and they made him Umpire when we began our cricket.

We had such a jolly game—just like real grown-up people, with double wicket.

The Lion wasn't much use as Umpire, in fact, he was no good,

For as soon as the tea and cake appeared, he went and sat down close to the food.

The dear old Goat and I were in together, and he made a very fair score,

About nine thousand and fifty runs ; but he was out of practice, or else he'd have made more.

At five o'clock Mrs. Charlton-Mayfew yawned, and remarked, "This is getting rather slow,

And as I have a large ball to-night, and have asked all the people I mean to ask, I think you had better go."

We were obliged to take the hint, of course, so we rose and said "Good-bye,"

But I was dreadfully disappointed, as I had had no tea, and felt ready to cry.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## The Shooting Star.

I WAS not the only disappointed one. Mrs. Edmonton had reckoned on getting her supper at least,

So she was in an awful temper, and I think she forgot herself so far as to call Mrs. Charlton-Mayfew a "beast."

But there was no use in arguing with Mrs. Charlton-Mayfew, for she remarked that if we didn't go,

She would set the Lion on us, and even Mrs. Edmonton was afraid of HIM you know.

So Mrs. Edmonton merely observed that Mrs. Charlton-Mayfew was no lady, she saw,

And then she swept her little party away, banging, but not shutting the door.

Mrs. Charlton-Mayfew only laughed scornfully, and went in to attire herself for her fine ball.

The Goat remarked gloomily, "There were to be scrambles for sweets, Tommy told me, and we shan't get any at all."

This was too much for poor little M'Gregor. He cried and sobbed, and became quite wild.

Mrs. Edmonton shook him violently, exclaiming, "Grant me patience, I never saw such a tiresome child!"

Of course he cried louder; but Pink Porker, who is as kind a Pig as ever trotted, lifted him up, and begged him to stop,

While I searched in my pocket and luckily found a peppermint drop.

"There!" I said, triumphantly, "what's that? And I'll tell you what—

The very next time I find a ha'penny, I'll buy you a raspberry tart—the biggest to be got."

Mrs. Edmonton said gloomily, "How you do spoil that child!" and then she thumped the Goat,

For she was obliged to thump somebody, and, luckily for him, it can't hurt much through his shaggy coat.

"*I've* not done anything," the Goat said indignantly. "It's most unjust the way you bang me about."

Mrs. Edmonton hit him again, and she would have gone on, only suddenly we all gave such a shout!

"Steve and the Milk-Man! Steve and the Milk-Man! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Yes, there they were, coming swiftly towards us on a Shooting Star.





Return of Steve on a Shooting Star, bringing with him the Milk-Man.

That was a meeting! Such a shaking of hands all round,  
Such joyous smiles on each face, for the dear lost ones were found.  
Such a merry babel of voices! Of course, they were both very much grown,  
For we had not seen Steve for a week, and the Milk-Man for more than  
two, which is a long time, as you must own.

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CHAPTER XIV.

The Sun.

**W**E had rather a disturbed night, as we had no nice white beds, but  
camped out in the open air.

I didn't like it at all because the damp took all the curl out of  
my hair.

Besides, there were so many wild insects and animals about—elephants and  
hornets and that sort of thing,

And though they are amusing in a menagerie, they get tiresome, especially  
at dawn, when they begin to sing.

In the morning we all looked perfect wrecks, we had had so little sleep, you see ;  
But we soon revived after bread and butter and a cup of hot tea.

Then the post came in, bringing lots of letters from home,  
And most delightful of all—an invitation from the Sun King to his palace,  
asking us all to come.

He said, “You’d better come in the Milk-Man’s Shooting Star.  
You’ll be a little crowded, but that’s no matter, and it’s cheap and suited  
to poor people such as you are.”

It was extremely fortunate that the Milk-Man had moored his Shooting Star  
to a post close by.

So we got in, only just in time, because Mrs. Charlton-Mayfew and the Lion  
trotted up, with mischief in each eye.

And we didn’t want to see anything more of *them*. At last we were off.  
Swift and delicious motion !

We travelled forty-nine billion million miles, and were getting bored, when at  
last we came in sight of a great ocean.

The Shooting Star said, “You’ll have to get out here. I reckon the King  
will have sent over some boats.”

So we landed on the sandy shore, and began to put on our comforters and  
thick coats ;

For it was a chilly evening, and sure to be cold on the water, sailing across  
to the Sun.

He was just upon setting then, and as I gazed upon the fiery orb I wept to  
think that our happy journey was done.

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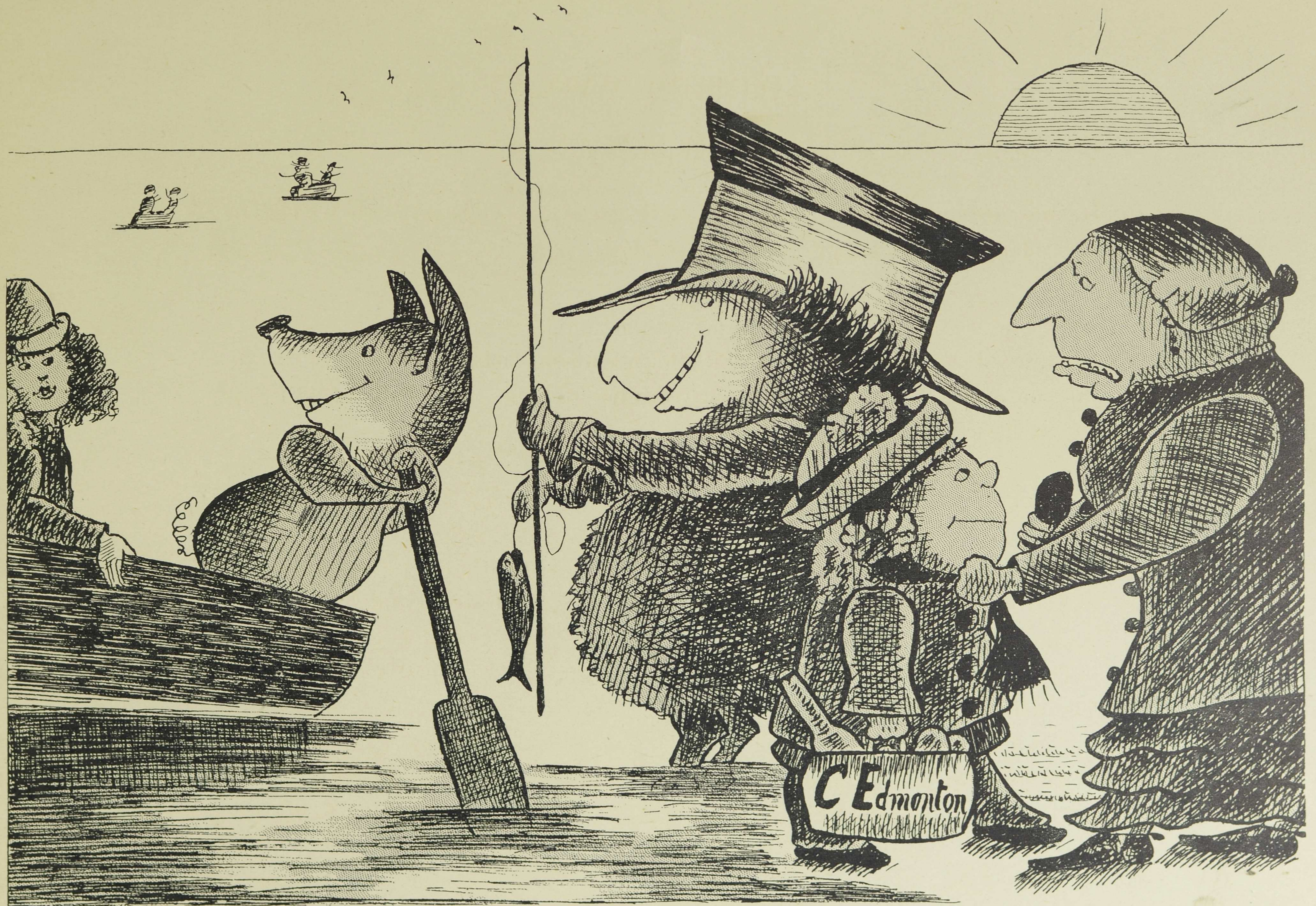
We are entering the boats. A thick mist is rising fast,  
Our journey is over; Moon and Stars are left behind. We shall see the Sun  
at last.

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### Epilogue.

WE watched them on their journey,  
And followed them afar,  
As, mounting ever upwards,  
They passed from Star to Star.  
The tedious days are ended,  
The long, long journey done,  
With ever bright'ning faces  
They reach the radiant Sun.

The tender haze enwraps them,  
Oh, that we too might be  
With them behind that curtain,  
Upon the golden sea.  
The dark clouds hover o'er us,  
The night winds rise and sigh,  
As mournfully we whisper  
The sad—the last good-bye.



Crossing the ocean, to reach the Palace of the Sun King.

## TWINKLING STARS.

The clouds will part and vanish,  
The night must pass away,  
The Sun will come in glory  
When dawns another day.  
Then weep not. This is certain,  
There is no lasting night,  
Wait, then, in hope and patience—  
Wait for the coming light.



FINIS.



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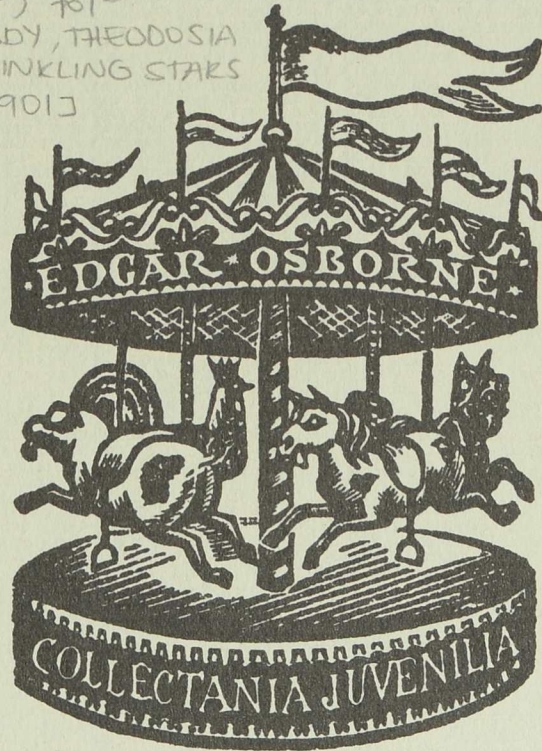








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TWINKLING STARS  
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Poor little Milkman,  
O how he cries!  
To cheer up and smile again  
Vainly he tries.  
No one to love him now,  
None to be kind;  
Poor little Milkman,  
He's left behind.

