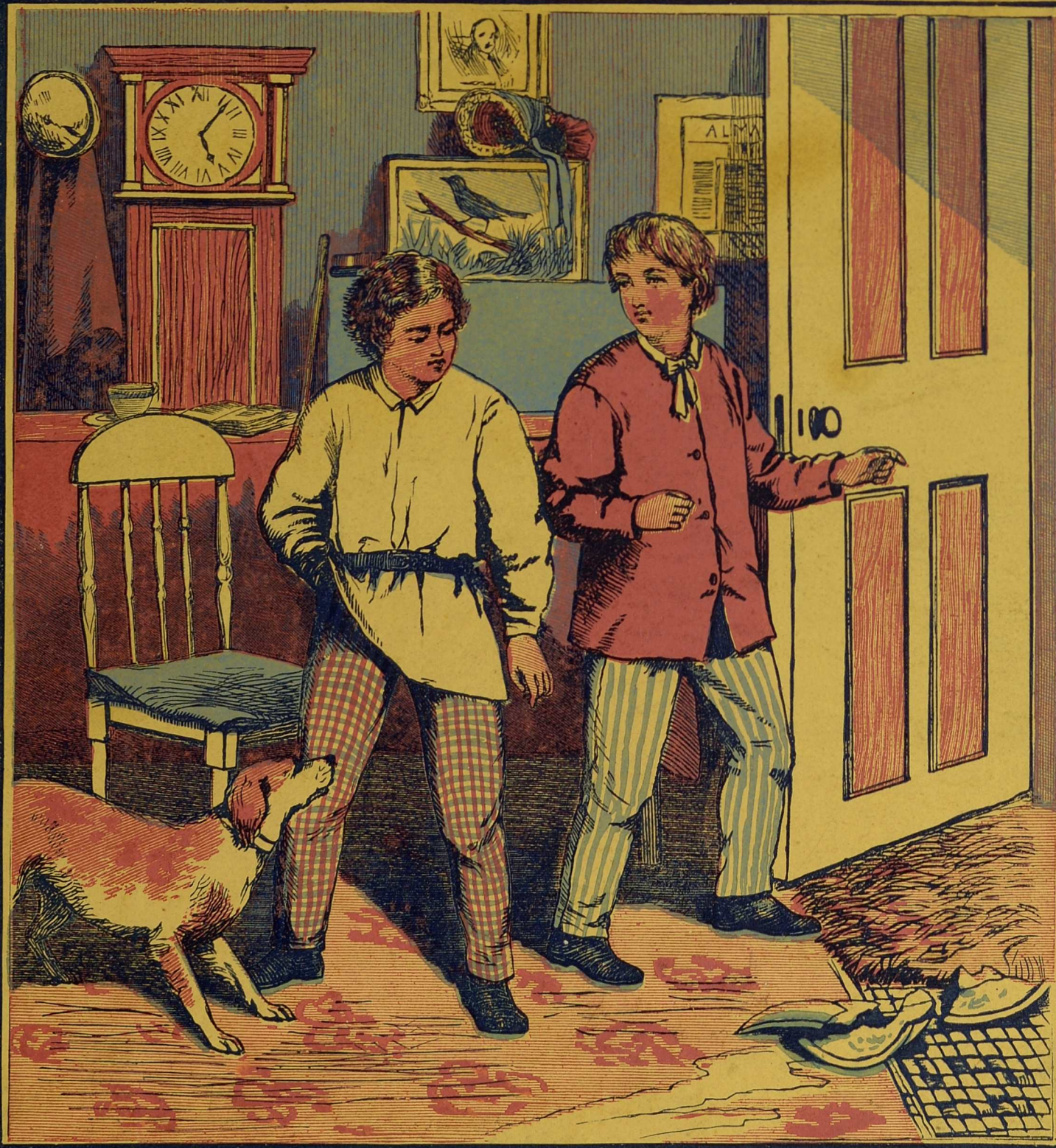


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AUNT MAJOR'S TOY BOOKS

LITTLE

DOG TRUSTY



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THE LITTLE DOG TRUSTY.



THERE are few boys who do not like dogs, for good dogs are such honest playful kind fellows. The dog that you see here was one of these. His name was Trusty, and Frank and Robert were both very fond of him. Frank and Robert were brothers, but they were not alike, for Frank was always ready to speak the truth, even if he had to confess that he had done wrong, while Robert was known to tell falsehoods, and would try to hide his faults by denying them.



One evening, after they had returned home from their school, these two little boys were at play in the kitchen by themselves. Their Father had gone out to look after some of the work on his farm, and their Mamma was busy in another room. Trusty was asleep before the fire, but now and then he opened one eye and wagged his tail, for Robert had a ball in his hand, and the dog knew that they would want him to join the fun. You may be sure that he was a good dog, for a basin of milk had been put on one side for supper for the boys, and he had not touched it.

(SB)
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DOG ...
[ca. 1870]

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They had a good game, but as they were running after the ball they upset the milk and broke the basin.

“Oh dear!” said Robert, “we shall have no milk for supper to night.”

“Never mind,” said honest Frank, “we will go and tell Mamma that we have broken the basin.”

But Robert thought that as their Mamma did not see them do it, they need not say anything about it. So he let Frank go alone.

“I am not afraid to go alone,” said Frank, “but why will you not come with me?”



“ I don’t mean to say anything about it, it will be quite soon enough when Mamma finds it out,” said cowardly Robert; and he tried to keep Frank from the door. Frank did not find his Mamma in the next room, for she had been out to the dairy to speak to the dairymaid, but presently she came into the kitchen where Robert was waiting with Trusty. She saw the milk that had been spilled and the broken basin on the floor, and said, “ you boys have been doing some mischief. How did this happen Robert ?”

“ I don’t know,” muttered Robert.



“I only wish you to tell me the truth, Robert,” said his Mamma. “Did you break the basin?”

“No,” said Robert, turning very red. “I did not.”

“Then how was it thrown down; did Trusty do it?”

“Yes,” said the bad boy, who knew that the poor dog could not deny it, and thought he would persuade Frank to say nothing, or to tell the same story. There sat poor Trusty, wondering what was the matter, but he ran to his mistress when she called him, and looked up into her face, knowing that he had done no harm and wishing to please her.



“ Robert, go into the garden and bring me a little stick,” she said, “ Trusty must have a whipping.”

Robert, like a coward as he was, went for the stick, and in the garden he saw Frank, and asked him to tell his Mamma the same story as he had told her, but Frank would not, so Robert ran back with the stick and locked the door to keep Frank out. He gave the stick to his Mamma, and she had just lifted it up to give poor Trusty a cut, when Frank called out through the window, “ Mamma, Mamma! Trusty did not throw over the milk, we did it.”



Just as he said this, and before the poor dog had a cut, his Father came into the garden from the farm, and called out,—“What is all this about. Let us in directly.” He began to knock at the door, and when Mamma opened it, and let him in Robert turned pale, for he knew who would have the whipping then, but his Father looked very sad, and said, “My boy it makes my heart ache to think that you should tell so many falsehoods, but I must make you remember it.” Then he whipped him with the stick that he had brought for Trusty, and sent him crying to bed.



“Frank,” said Papa, “always speak the truth, and try to help Robert to learn to do the same. I am glad that one of my boys is to be believed, and now as we called this good dog Trusty, because he is honest and faithful he shall be yours, and we will call him Frank, because he will be like his master.” So a new brass collar was bought for the dog, and he soon learned to know the name that was upon it, though he was called Frank instead of Trusty.

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