

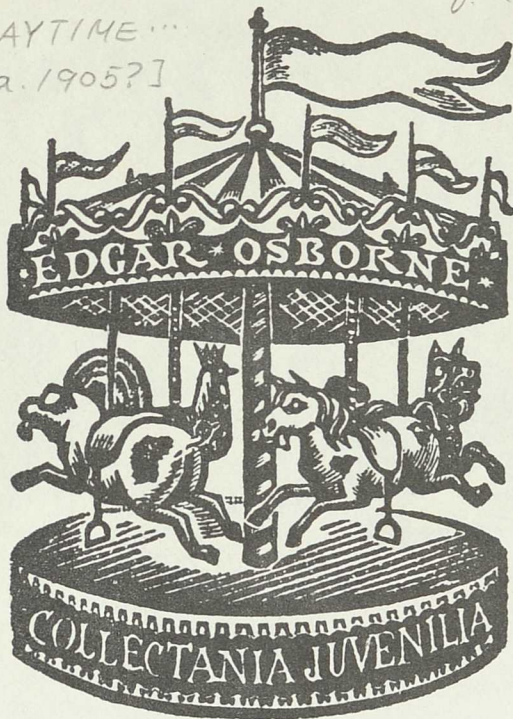
Playtime Pictures



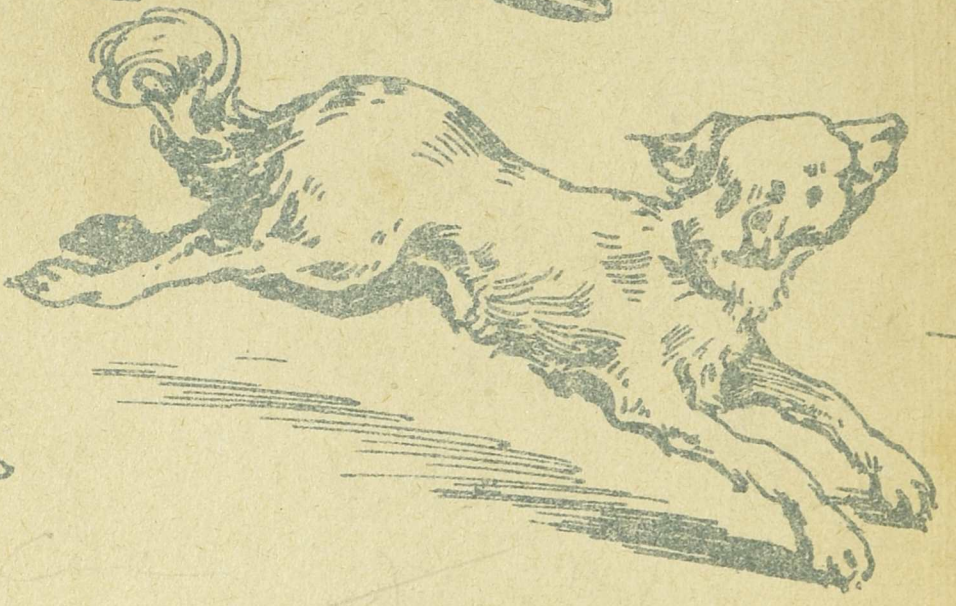


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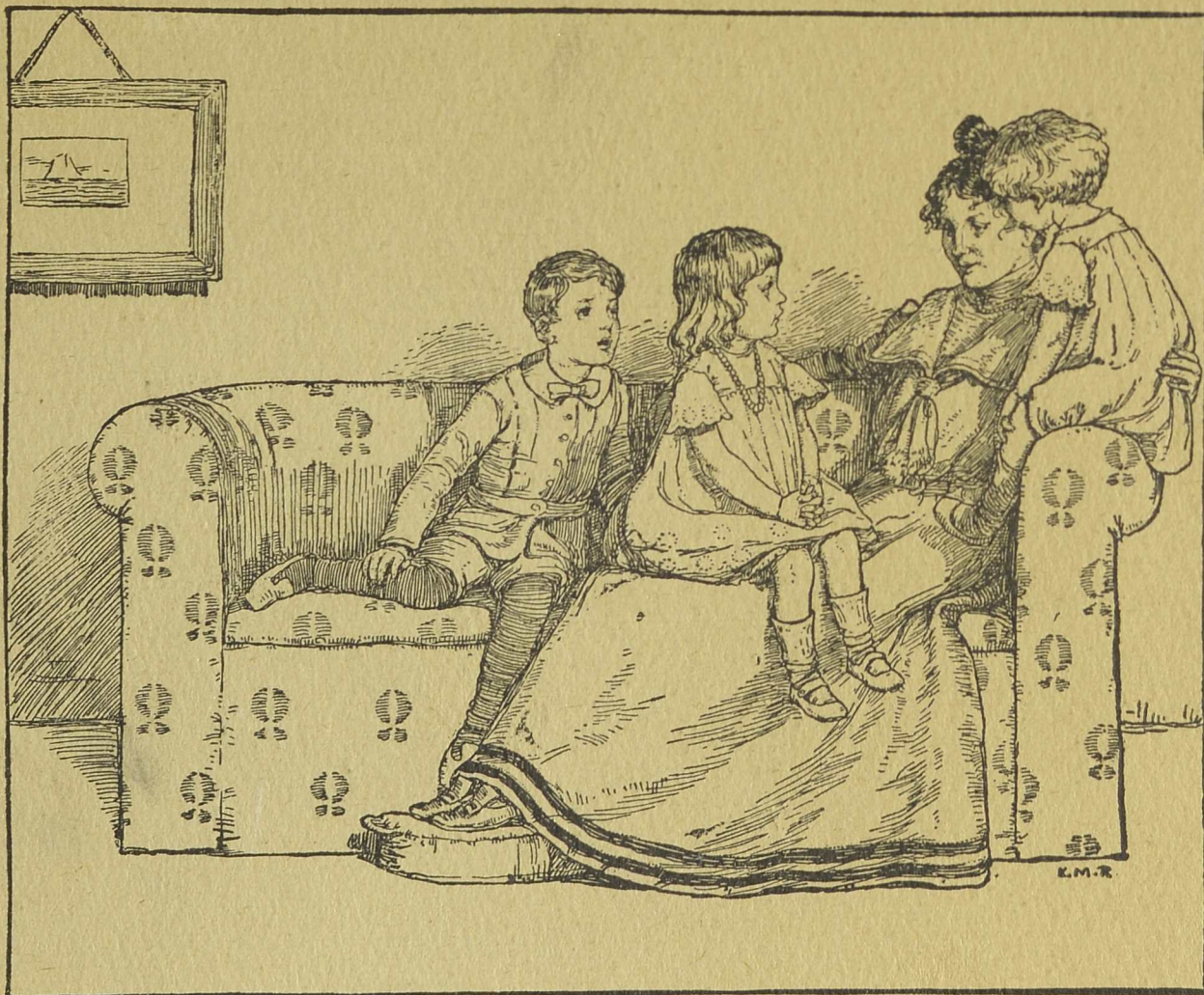




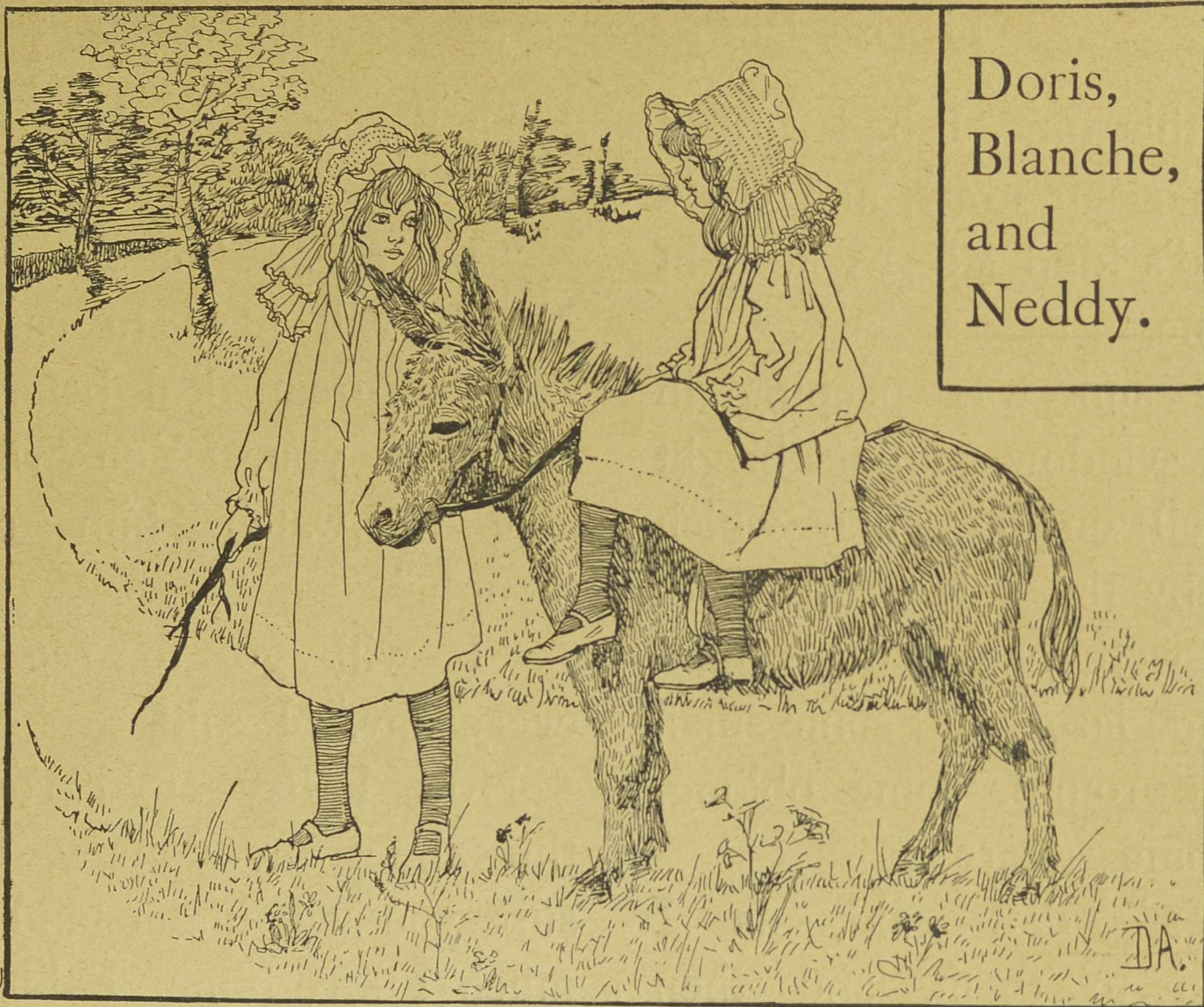
A Jolly Ride.

Playtime Pictures

For Little Bright Eyes



LONDON & GLASGOW
COLLINS' CLEAR TYPE PRESS



Doris,
Blanche,
and
Neddy.

DORIS, Blanche, and Neddy! Yes, those are our names, and you see us all three in the picture.

I am the oldest, and Neddy is the youngest.

Blanche, my dear little sister, is six years old. She comes just in the middle, for I am eight, and Neddy is only four.

You would not think that Neddy was the youngest though, would you? He is so big and strong. Blanche is quite a light weight for

him to carry. I cannot lift her without a great deal of trouble, and yet I am twice as old as Neddy!

On my fourth birthday, dad came into my room very early.

“Are you awake, Doris?” he said softly.

“Yes, dad,” I replied, sitting up, and trying very hard to open my eyes. “May I look at my presents now?”

“No, dear. Mother will come in by and by, and then you shall have them.”

Doris, Blanche, and Neddy.

By this time, I had rubbed all the sleep away, and could see dad's kind face as he bent over me.

The sun was peeping in at the window, and its bright rays fell on the chair which stood by the side of my bed. There were many parcels upon it—some large, and some small—some round, some oblong, and some square.

“Yes,” dad said, as I pointed to them, and then clapped my hands with joy, “they are very nice, Doris; but I have something still better to give you.”

“Oh, what?” I cried. “Do tell me quickly, please!”

“A dear little baby donkey. It was born early this morning, and you shall have it for your very own. When it gets strong enough to carry you——”

“I shall ride on its back, through the park,” I cried. “You will walk near me, and hold me very tightly, so that

I shall not fall, dad, won't you?”

“Yes, dear, but you know Neddy will have to eat and sleep a great deal before he can bear you. You will be able to watch him grow, though.”

“I will go to see him every day,” I said.

Now I have told you all this about my donkey, I am sure you will understand how much I love him. I think he is as fond of me, and Blanche, too, as we are of him.

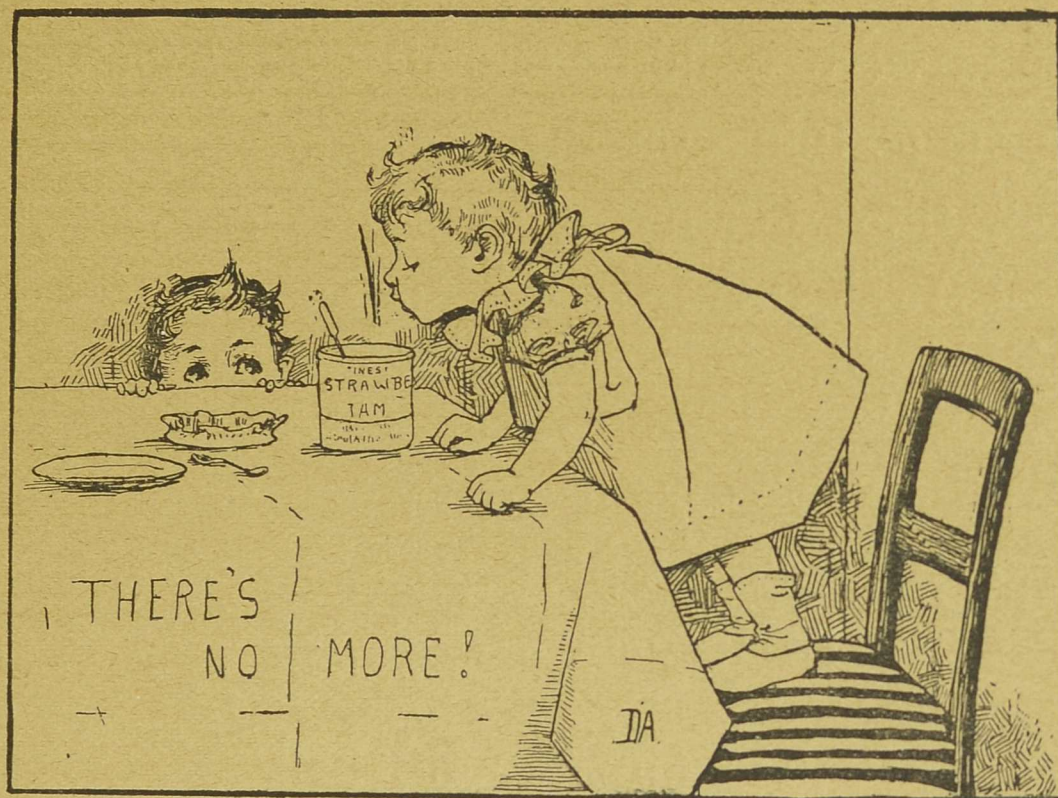
At first, dad, or mother, or nurse, always walked by my side while I was riding on Neddy, but I can take care of myself now, and, also, of Blanche.

Mother said she would come to meet us, so we must say good-bye, and make haste home.

Gee-up, Neddy! Off we go!

Sit firmly, Blanche, and I will run by your side.

The Wrong Spoon.



Dick looked at the two spoons lying on the table. One was small, and the other large.

He took up the large one, and began to use it.

When Mrs. Forest came downstairs, a quarter of an hour later,

she placed Bertie at the table, and told him he could have all the jam that was left.

Baby peeped into the jam-pot, and then cried loudly: "Pot empty, mudder. Bad Dick has had it all. Dere's no more left."

"Dick," said Mrs. Forest, "did you take more than I told you?"

"No," answered the little boy. "The spoon was not quite full."

Mrs. Forest looked at the jam-pot.

"But, my dear, you chose the wrong spoon," she said with a smile.

DICK FOREST was drawing his little cart up and down the garden paths one day, when he heard his mother call to him from the house.

He ran in at once.

"I am going upstairs now, to change my dress," she said. "Baby is asleep in the cradle, and I want you to sit by his side, and rock him if he stirs."

"See! there is a little strawberry jam left in this pot. You may take a spoonful, and Bertie can have the rest when he wakes up."

As his mother went out,

What is It?

AS Kitty and Babette were walking one day,
They spied a strange thing on the ground,
And called to a school-fellow ('cute Tommy Gray),
To tell them what 'twas they had found.

“You're clever and wise, dear Tommy,” Kate said,
“So, if you will please leave your game,
And make this queer animal lift up its head,
We think you'll remember its name.”

'Cute Tommy went close to the funny, round ball,
For he was a brave, little man,
And just touched its back—then, “Prickles! That's all!”
He said, while, in haste, off he ran.

Her bonny blue eyes Babette opened quite wide,
And clung to her sister, with fear.

“If you are called Prickles, strange creature,” Kate cried,
“We are certain we don't want you here!”

But Mr. Hedge-hog only
smiled
At all that he had heard,
For 'twas his way to
listen,
And never speak one
word ;
Yet, after all, it was a
shame,
To give him “Prickles”
for a name!



Poor Granny.



ONE bright July day, Beryl and Clifford Elliot stood by the door of their father's coach-house.

"You needn't trouble to bring out my bicycle, Cliff," said Beryl, in a sad tone. "Mother thinks it is too hot

Poor Granny.

for me to ride, so I can't go to the picnic."

"Oh, what a bother!" answered Clifford. "I wish you were strong again. Who would have thought that a Christmas tumble would prevent you from using your bike in July! Hallo! here they are!"

Two boys and two girls came cycling down the avenue.

"Hurry up, Beryl!" cried Ernest Vere, as he brought his machine to a full stop by her side. "We must start at once or we shan't be able to play many games at the Castle."

"I am not going," said Beryl.

"Not going!" all repeated.

Beryl turned her head, so that they should not see her tears, and her brother made haste to explain why she could not join them.

Of course her four friends were very sorry, and Winnie

and Alice Smith said her absence would spoil their pleasure completely.

When Beryl was left alone, she dried her eyes, and made up her mind to be as cheerful as possible.

Her mother was very kind to her, and the hours passed rapidly by, until the clock struck seven.

"They will be coming back now," said Beryl. "I will go to the lodge-gate."

On her way, she stopped to speak to poor old Granny Baker.

Just then, a whizzing sound was heard, and before poor old Granny could get off the path, the cyclists were upon them.

Beryl ran to her help, and drew her out of danger.

"Sakes alive!" cried Granny, as she held her little friend's hand tightly, "them bikuses will be the death o' me. I can't abear the nasty things!"

The Triplets' Race.

MERRILY skipping, tiny feet tripping—racing all down
the green lane!

Maidens so lithesome, maidens so blithesome—Bessie, shy
Gladys, and Jane.

“’Tis holiday time! ’Tis holiday time! No trouble or
sorrow we know!

In fine summer weather, we skip altogether, and off to the
meadows we go!”

“Hurrah! I am first!” cries light-hearted Jane,
As forward she darts, in great pride;
But, ere she has taken five steps down the lane,
A sister is close at each side.



“It is no use to try,” laughs Gladys, in glee,
“Although to be first each would choose!”
“It is no use, that’s true!” sing loudly the three,
“As triplets, we all win or lose!”

With eyes gaily gleaming, with golden locks streaming, they
hasten adown the green lane;

Smiling so brightly, moving so lightly, singing their happy refrain:
“’Tis holiday time! ’Tis holiday time! No trouble or
sorrow we know!

In fine summer weather, we skip altogether, and off to the
meadows we go!”

Waiting.

WAITING for Uncle Ned. That is what Mabel and Amy Masters are doing, as they stand at the gate.

Little Amy has her hoop, and is looking down at her dog Rex.

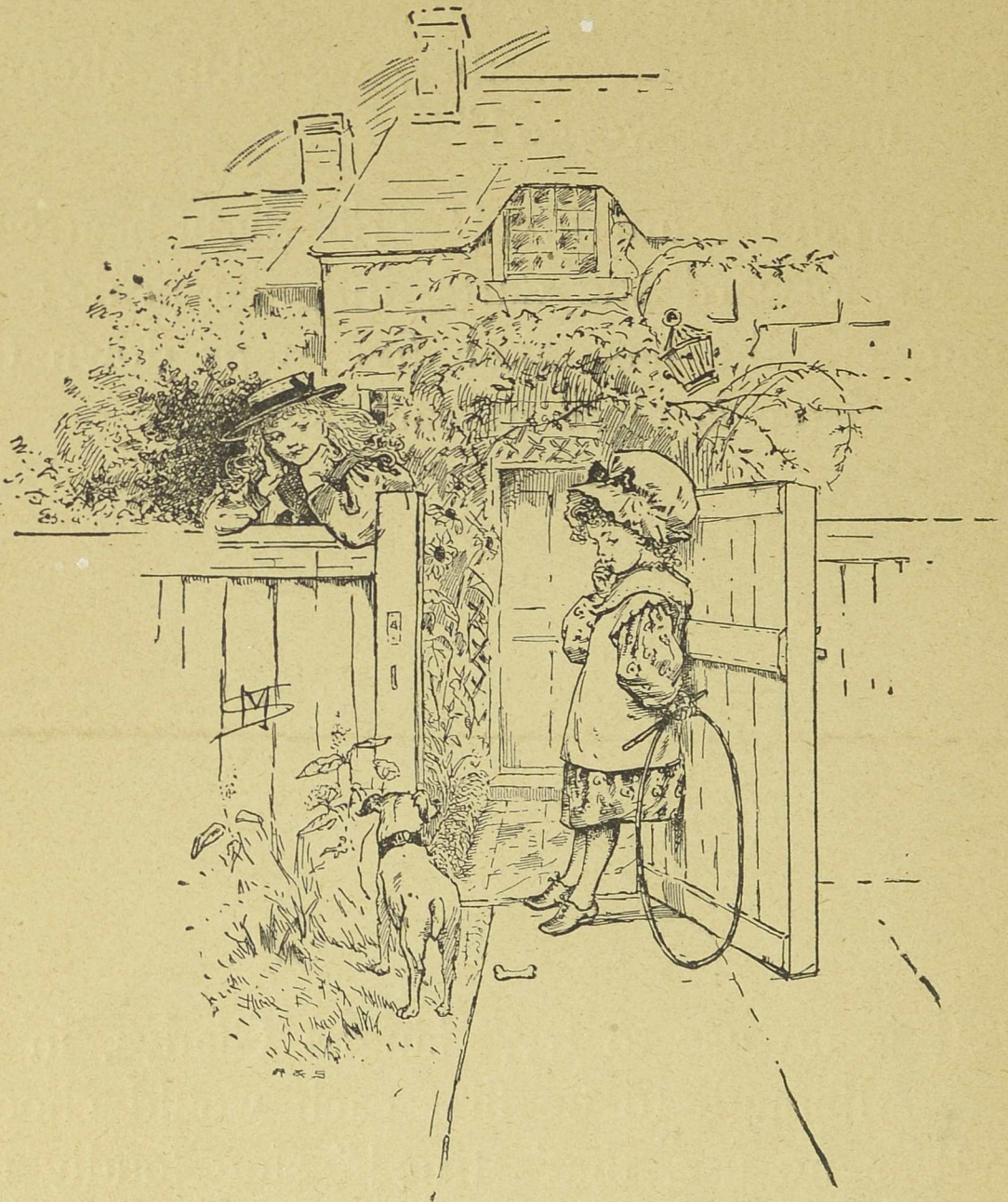
Mabel is much older than Amy. She is so tall and strong that she can play tennis, and even cricket, with Uncle Ned, who has come to spend his summer holidays with them.

Amy sometimes feels rather lonely when her uncle and sister are playing together, but she never grumbles, for she does not wish to spoil their enjoyment.

This morning she is very happy, because Uncle Ned is going to take them to the town. They have long

wished to possess a gramophone, and he has promised to buy them one.

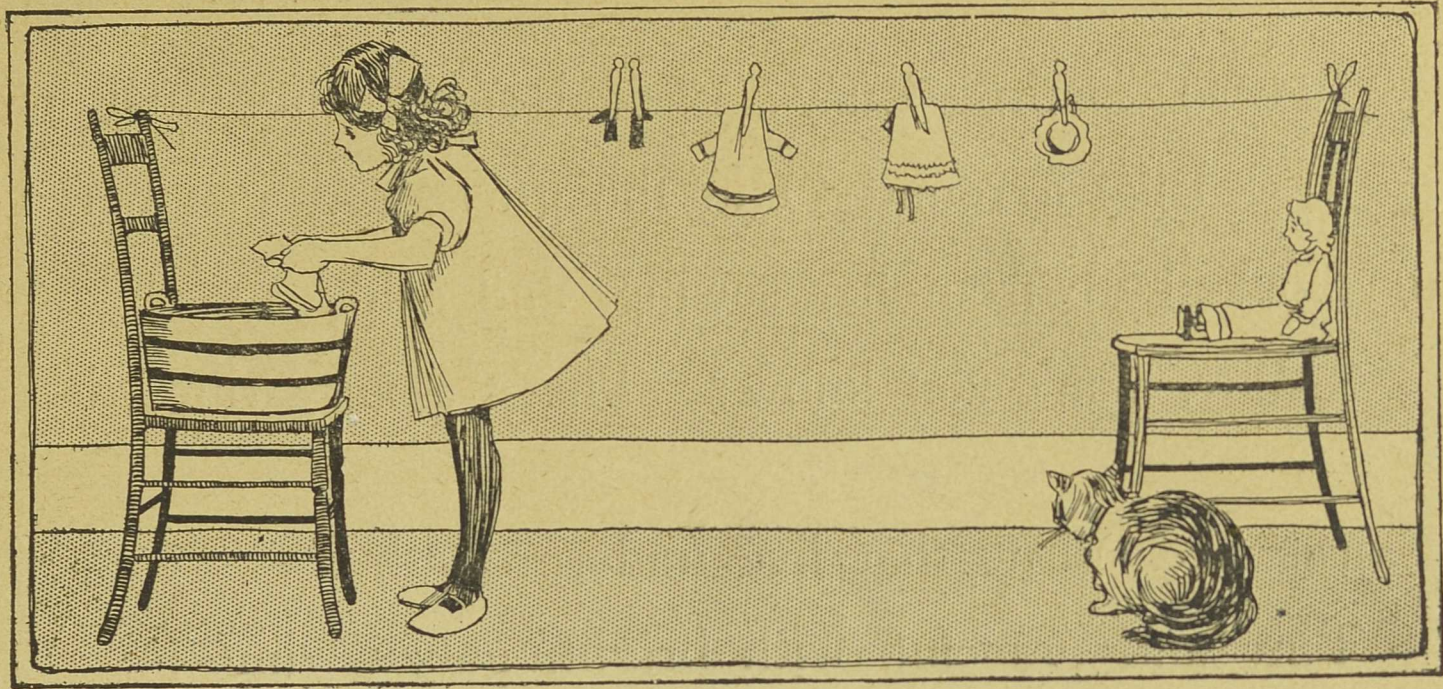
But how Rex is barking!



Ah! Uncle Ned is coming at last.

“Now for a race!” he cries, and the girls and the dog fly down the lane, glad that their time of waiting is ended.

The Little Mother.



NOW, Dollie dear, you must sit quite still and not worry me, for this is washing-day, and I am very busy you know.

Just look at this heap of clothes! They are all yours, and all as dirty as can be.

What have I done with the line? Oh, here it is on your chair. I must fasten each end of it very firmly, for if it falls, all my morning's work will have to be done over again.

When I have filled the tub with hot water, I shall be able to begin.

Rub! rub! rub! Look at me, my dear child, and tell me whether you think I look pretty with such a red face!

How my arms ache, to be sure. See! what a lovely lather I have made! If you are good, you shall make bubbles with some of it.

Now your frock is ready to be hung up. This clothes-peg will keep it from blowing off the line. I will put your socks on one side of it, and your skirt and hat on the other.

Can you hear Kitty purring? She is pleased because your garments are clean. Cats do not like dirt, and wash their coats very often.

Have you been good, do you ask? Yes, you have been very quiet; I have not heard you speak once.

The Fairy Ring.

“WHAT is this, Lucy?” asked small, chubby Tom,

“Like a round O in the grass, see, just here!”

Lucy looked up from her sewing, and said:

“Why, don’t you know? That’s a fairy ring, dear.

“Fairies are spirits that live underground,

Tiny and graceful, with bright, gauzy wings;

If we could find one, my wishes she’d grant,

And give you fine toys and other nice things.

“When we are sleeping, they dance in this field;

Blithely their feet made that circle last night,

O’er the grass tripping, to musical sounds,

While the kind moon shed around its soft light.

“Now it is dinner-time! Home we must go!

Carry my basket—walk close by my side.”

Tommy took hold of his sister’s brown hand,

And down the long lane together they hied.

All through the day, Tom made wonderful plans

Of going that night the fairies to find;

But when it grew dark, he went off to bed,

Drowsily saying he’d quite changed his mind.

Playing at Indians.

“OH, Hilda, we can't go out again. Just see how the rain is pouring down!” cried Muriel Grove.

“I hate wet holidays!” said Jack. “I almost wish it was time to go back to school.”

“Nonsense!” said Hilda, who was the eldest of the three. “We can enjoy ourselves in the house, if we try. Come up to the nursery, and play at being Indians.”

“Whoop!” shouted Jack, “I belong to an unfriendly tribe, and your scalps will be off in a jiffy!”

“I am going to fetch some shawls and cloaks, so that we can dress up,” exclaimed Muriel.

While she was away, Hilda draped the table-cloth round her shoulders,

letting it hang in a long train. Then she stuck some feathers in her hair, and dressed up her dolls in the same way.

It was now the turn of the other two. With the help of the things Muriel brought they were soon turned into quite charming Indians.

Jack said they ought to have a tent, but as they could not get this they seated themselves on the floor instead.

Then Hilda walked about with a doll thrown over her shoulder, and had such a jolly time that they forgot all about the rain.



When Mother's Away.

THERE was a great bustle and stir one morning at Claremont House. Mother was going away to the seaside for a fortnight, and all

of questions there was, to be sure!

"Where shall I put these sandwiches, mother?" cried Ethel, the eldest, in her clear, high voice, when there was a little lull in the storm.

"Oh, bother the sandwiches!" said Mrs. Craven, with a merry laugh. "Really, I don't think I will take them at all, Ethel! I shall do nothing but sleep during my six hours' ride in the train, for it will be so nice to be quiet."

Little Freddie laid a tiny hand on his mother's arm.

"Mammy, are you glad to leave us?" he asked.

"No, my pet. And I should not go if your father did not insist on it."

"Hurry up, mother! The cab is coming down the



her six children were in the dining-room helping her to get ready for the journey.

But what a noise they made! And what an amount of needless running about, moving of parcels, and asking

When Mother's Away.

street," shouted Frank, who was now at the front door.

The children rushed out to the hall bearing various bundles, while Fanny, the maid, saw to the boxes.

Soon Mrs. Craven took her seat, and the cab rattled down the street.

Freddie's mouth began to twitch as he turned to go into the house, but Ethel put her hands round his waist, and playfully jumped him up the steps.

"Listen, Freddie!" she said; "we are going to have a lovely time now mother's gone. Molly and Dolly have planned out different games for each day. They have told only Frank about them yet, but the rest of us are to go up to the nursery now, to hear what they are."

The enjoyment of Mrs. Craven's visit to Brighton would have been troubled by anxious thoughts about her six children, had not a letter

from her husband set her fears at rest.

"The chicks are behaving splendidly," he wrote. "Ethel is looking after them well, for they are quieter than I have ever known them before."

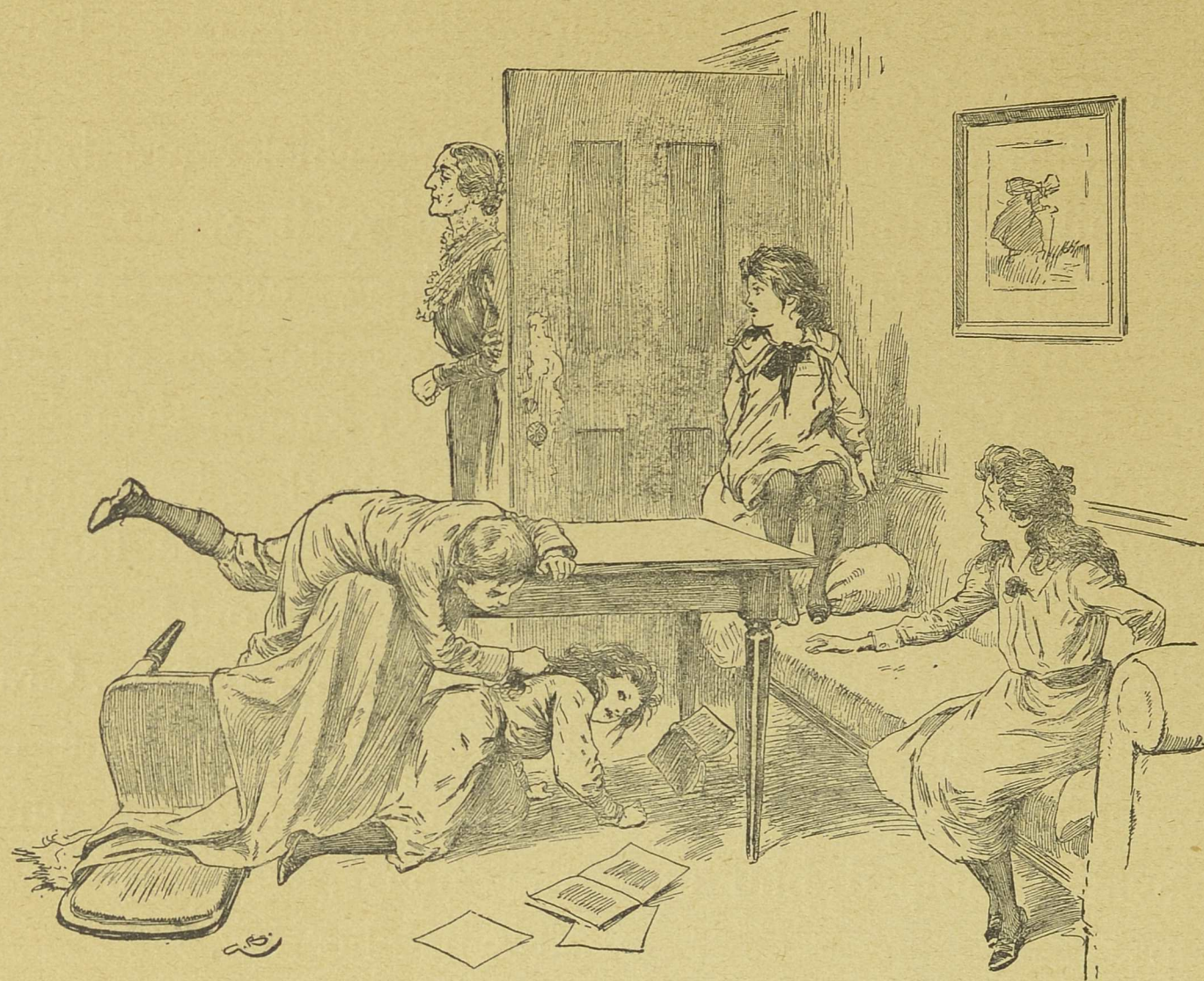
But, oh dear! Father did not hear the noise they made when he was out!

The day before Mrs. Craven's return, he came home earlier than usual, and on entering the house, stood in wonder at what he saw.

Molly and Frank were sliding down the rail of the hall-stairs; Ethel, with her back towards him, was just mounting it, ready to take her turn; Dolly was running up to follow her eldest sister; while Muriel and Freddie sat on the top step, clapping and cheering.

"So this is what you do when mother's away!" cried their father. "How thankful I am she is coming home to-morrow!"

A Surprise.



THE noon-day sun was sending its light and heat through the window of a little room in an ivy-covered villa.

It lit up the fair faces of three girls who were sitting at a table doing lessons with their governess.

“Twelve o’clock!” said Maud, closing her French book with a bang, as the church-clock chimed forth the hour. “Lessons are over for to-day, Miss White!”

“Do try to be more lady-like in your behaviour, Maud!” said her governess. “See what a bad example you are setting your sisters.”

“Well, I suppose we can go now,” said Maud, pushing her chair back.

“I think not,” said Miss White. “You have all been very careless and idle this morning, so, as a punishment, you will remain here doing French until one o’clock.”

“Oh, that’s too bad!”

A Surprise.

cried Barbara. "We promised Alick we would play tennis with him till lunch. It is our last chance, for he goes back to school to-morrow, and this afternoon father is to drive him to Warley."

"Pray let us off this time, Miss White," pleaded Maud humbly.

But Miss White was deaf to all their prayers, even to those of her little favourite, Jessie.

"She's an old cat!" exclaimed Barbara, when the governess had set them their tasks and left the room.

"Hush, Barbara!" said Maud. "It is a shame though!"

"I say," said a voice from without, "unfasten the door."

Barbara ran to let Alick in, but all her efforts to turn the handle were vain.

"Miss Cross-patch has locked us in, Alick," she

cried. "We are to stay here until one o'clock."

"Well," answered the voice, "you shall open the window and let me in to bear you company."

The girls shrieked with delight as Alick vaulted lightly into the room. And, then, what harum-scarum tricks they played! Cushions were sent flying, books were strewn over the floor, and the ink was upset.

In the midst of the uproar, just as Alick was fishing Barbara, who had stolen his knife, from under the table, Miss White entered.

She raised her hands in horror at what she saw. But, the next moment she dropped them, and said sweetly, "Your father has asked me to release you now, young ladies, for he has hired a wagonette and is going to drive us all to Warley."

On the See-Saw.

“NOW I am going to London town!

Pray, pretty maid, will *you* come with me?”

She was so dainty, winsome, and neat;

Only a village laddie he.

Perched on the see-saw, her bright curls she shook:

“We can't go together to London town,

For trains travel *up* that city-ward speed,

And when I ascend, you always go *down*.”

Creak! creak! went the see-saw, in regular time;

When next to the ground the village lad came,

He rested his weight on the end of the plank,

And said, with a laugh, “We'll finish this game!

“By the up-express train, the city you've reached;

Step carefully out—straight home take your way.

Farewell, pretty maid! We'll ne'er meet again—

Content in my village I always will stay.”

She clung to the see-saw, and screamed in affright:

“Oh, oh, I shall fall! Please, please let me down!

I know I was rude, but if you'll forgive,

We'll journey together to London town.”



Off for a Spin.

Little Busybodies.

“I SHALL send nurse for you at seven o'clock, Clarice. Now give me a kiss, and set out at once, or Ida will think you are not coming. Good-bye, dear.”

she found four little people waiting for her—Ida herself, and the three younger children, Daisy, Arthur, and the baby.

They all set up a shout of



Clarice Bell kissed her mother, and ran down the lane with a happy look on her face.

It was holiday time, and she was going to spend nine whole hours with her friend, Ida Russell.

At Mrs. Russell's gate,

joy as she ran towards them.

“Come to the nursery, Clarice,” cried Arthur, taking her hand, “and I will give you a ride on my rocking-horse.”

“You must wait a few minutes, Arthur,” said Ida.

Little Busybodies.

“I have to go to the kitchen to give cook a message from mother, and I want you all to come. Hang your hat on the hall-stand, Clarice.”

They found no one in the kitchen when they got there.

Cook had been called away just as she was making a pudding for dinner.

On the table stood the various things she had been using.

“How pleased cook would be if we finished her work for her!” exclaimed Clarice. “I know I could do it, for we have cookery lessons at school.”

This idea delighted the others greatly.

“We will all help you,” said Ida.

“Baby help, too!” cried dear little Leslie, seizing a plate. Crash! down it went on the floor the next moment; but the other children were too busy to notice a little matter like that.

Clarice put some flour in the mixing bowl, and while she was adding the salt, Ida began to stir the paste as hard as she could.

In the meantime, Daisy kept her promise of helping, by dipping her finger into the treacle, and then sucking it with great relish; Arthur made short work of the raisins, and Baby did his part by upsetting the milk and playing with the flour.

“Dear! dear! whatever are you children about?” cried cook, who had just come back.

“We are making the pudding for you, cook!” replied Clarice. “Sha’n’t we save you a lot of trouble?”

“You will give me a great deal!” cook said. “I don’t mind though, if you have enjoyed yourselves. But, clear out now, Little Busybodies, or you will have nothing nice for dinner.”

The Capture of Santa Claus.

IT was Christmas Eve. Large flakes of snow were falling steadily, wrapping the earth in a soft white mantle.

But four little sisters, seated beside a blazing fire, thought very little of the wintry scene without.

“I do not want to get too hot, or I shall feel sleepy,” said Minnie, the youngest, pushing her chair back.

“I think it is cosy to sit quite close to the fire,” said Violet, who was the third sister.

“So do I,” agreed Elsie, the eldest.

“Well, you see I wish to keep awake all through the night,” said Minnie.

“What for, you little goose?” asked Madge.

“To watch for Santa Claus!” was the reply. “I have never seen him yet! How jolly it would be if we could take him prisoner, and keep him with us all through the year. We would make him give us

a nice Christmas present every day then.”

The elder sisters laughed merrily.

“Time for bed, dears!” said mother, opening the door.

Minnie felt so comfortable when she was tucked up in her little cot, that, though she tried very hard to keep her eyes open, she was soon in dreamland.

It was still dark when she awoke, and her first thought was of Santa Claus. Had he come yet, or not?

Hark! The door was being softly opened. With a bound she was out of bed, but too late! Santa Claus had made his escape, and she was much too timid to follow him.

Poor little Minnie! There were no parcels to be found on her chair that Christmas morning, for she had disturbed the kind giver of presents in his work!

The child had a sad tale to tell at breakfast-time.

The Capture of Santa Claus.

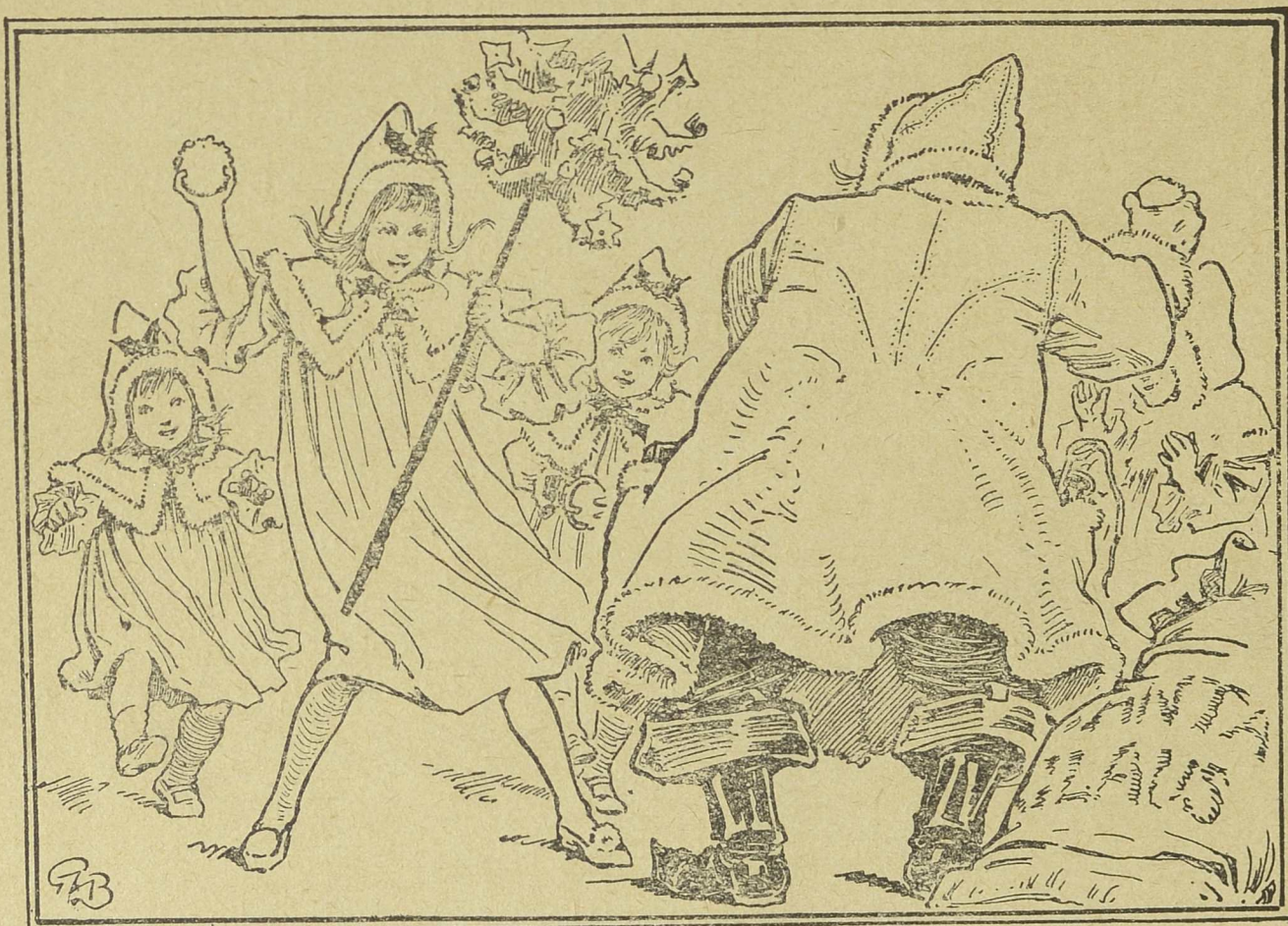
After much talking, the four sisters made up their minds that they would go in search of Santa Claus, and make him give Minnie the presents he had brought for her in the night.

“I would look round the

him, if he tries to escape again.”

Minnie opened the door very quietly, and then gave a scream, for there, sure enough, was Santa Claus! But, oh! how she laughed when she saw his face.

“Elsie! Madge! Violet!”



garden first,” said their father, with a twinkle in his eye. “I think you might find him in the tool-shed.”

So the girls put on their things, and hurried out.

“You go to the shed, Minnie,” said Madge. “We will stay here, and snowball

she called out loudly, “Santa Claus is our dear old dad, and I am going to get my presents, after all.”

But what a long snowball battle there was before Santa Claus would let them capture him, and take away his precious bag!

Playing with Fire.



OH I HAVE GOT SOMETHING



WHAT PRETTY LITTLE THINGS LETS HAVE
A LOOK - OPEN THE BOX LET ME TRY
LIKE THIS



OH OH! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FIRE FIRE!



WHEN YOU SEE A LITTLE BOX WITH LITTLE STICKS WITH RED TIPS INSIDE THINK OF THE
MONKEYS AT THE ZOO.

The Clever Clown.

HA! ha!—ha! ha!—ha! ha!—Such funny things I do,
That boys forget their school-day woes,
As plates I balance on my nose;
While tiny tots all shout with glee, and older people, too.
Will father please oblige? To me, his best watch lend?
Perhaps you'll think me somewhat rash,
For, first, the fragile glass I smash,
Then, firmly bear upon my heel, to make the gold case bend.
Poor father tries to laugh, but seems a trifle vexed;
Grave Charlie opens wide his eyes,
Though he so knowing is,
and wise;
And Alice stands upon the seat, atten-
tive but perplexed.

Ha! ha!—ha! ha!—ha
ha!—Such funny things
I do!

This damaged
watch I can
repair,
Without much
worry, time,
or care,
And put it back in father's
hand, as good as when
'twas new.



Arise, Sir Robert.



“**YOU** are not to go out of doors to-day, George,” said Mr. Ross to his elder son, one morning, before starting out for his office. “You have been coughing the greater part of the night, and you might make your cold worse.”

“All right, father!” replied George. “But it’s jolly hard to be shut up in holiday time, now that the weather is so fine.”

“Never mind,” said his sister Isabel. “The rest of us will stay in, too, and we will amuse ourselves in the nursery.”

“Of course we will,” cried Stanley, the younger brother.

“What shall we play at?” asked their cousin Robert, who had come from his home in London to spend the summer holidays with them.

“I have been reading several stories lately about the old times when there were strong castles in England,” was George’s answer. “Beautiful ladies were often shut up in them, and brave knights ran all sorts of risks to set them free.”

“Let us pretend that the nursery is a castle! I will be the king. You two boys shall go forth in quest of adventures, and Isabel shall be the damsel to be rescued.”

“What shall be the reward of the one who shows most bravery?” asked Robert.

“I will dub him knight,” said George. “Now put on

Arise, Sir Robert.

your armour, and call for your steeds. Lady Isabel, go and walk in the castle grounds, and if danger befalls you, bring me back a true report of the manner in which you escape it."

George went up the staircase with a kingly air, and the other three ran out of the front door.

Stanley, who was the first to come back, went straight to his brother in the nursery.

"Oh, King, live for ever!" he cried as he entered. "Your Majesty's dominions are in such excellent order that neither dragon, nor lady in distress is to be seen!"

"Tut! tut!" answered the king. "You are an arrant coward, and have closed your eyes, and run away, when peril has been at hand. Remain kneeling by my side in penance for your fault."

Robert next appeared, leading Isabel by the hand.

"This lovely lady was pursued by a monster, which would have killed her, but for my timely aid," he said.

"Such courage shall receive its reward!" cried King George.

The champion then knelt down, and his Majesty struck him smartly on the shoulder with his sword, saying, "I declare thee a knight. Arise, Sir Robert."

The Lady Isabel now asked leave to speak. On its being granted, she said: "This knight's statement is not quite true, your Majesty. The monster was only my little dog Fluffy, which ran by my side through the field."

"What have you to say to this, young man?" asked the king sternly.

"Nothing, your Majesty, saving that you have created me a knight, and Sir Robert I intend to remain to the end."

The Crafty Fox.

“**H**OW very hungry I am!” said Reynard to himself, one morning. “It is quite a long time since I had a nice, tasty bit of meat. I am feeling lonely, too! All my best friends seem, for some unknown reason, to shun me. Only last evening I paid a visit to Chicken-coop Cottage, and found each of the doors bolted and barred.

“There was a card in the window, with ‘Not at Home’ printed on it in big letters; yet I heard some cackling within.

Oh, dear! it is very unkind of everybody to refuse to see me when I always make myself so very pleasant in company!

“I will see if the postman brings me an invitation to dinner, and if he doesn’t,

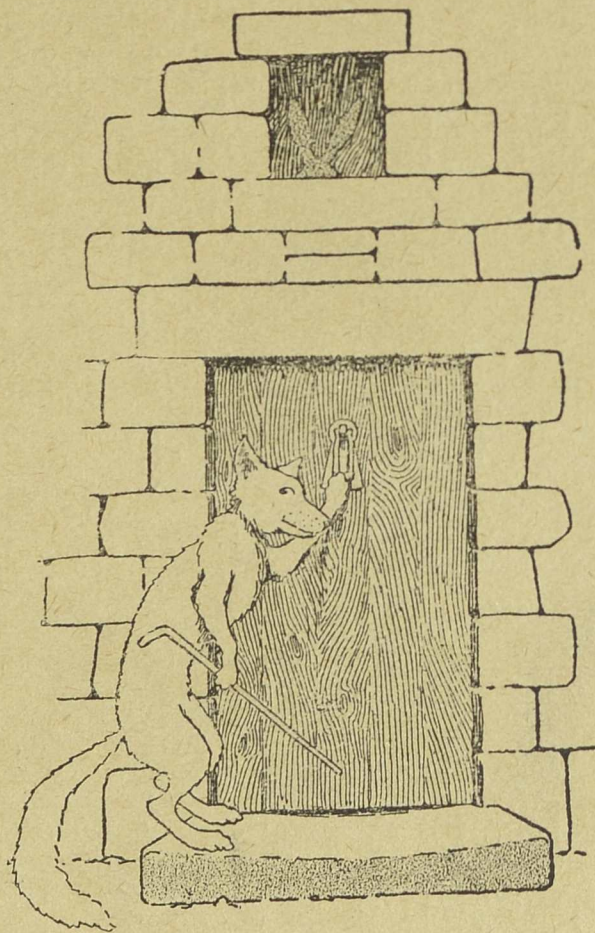
I will invite myself out somewhere. Mrs. Hare has a nicely furnished little house, I know, though she has never asked me in. Yes, I certainly think I will call on her.”

Thomas Drake, the postman, now hurried past, and Reynard, with a sigh, took his stick and went out.

Pretty little Mrs. Hare was watering the flowers in her neat front garden, when Reynard came mincing up the lane.

Directly she saw him, she threw up her hands, darted into her house, locked the door, put all the chairs and tables against it, and then glided softly upstairs. Once safe there, she went to the window to hear what her visitor had to say.

Mr. Fox lifted the knocker,



Stewart Orr

The Crafty Fox.

and gave a loud rat-tat ; after which he twirled his stick and hummed an air, to show how much at ease he was in the way of making calls.

Little Mrs. Hare laughed softly to herself, but did not go downstairs, for she knew better than that.

In a minute or two Reynard knocked again, louder than before, but still the door remained shut.

“Mrs. Hare! Mrs. Hare!” he then cried, in his smooth, crafty way—“Mrs. Hare! I have brought you such a nice present. A pink silk blouse, trimmed with the finest lace you ever saw! Pray make haste and open the door.”

But Mrs. Hare knew a trick worth two of that.

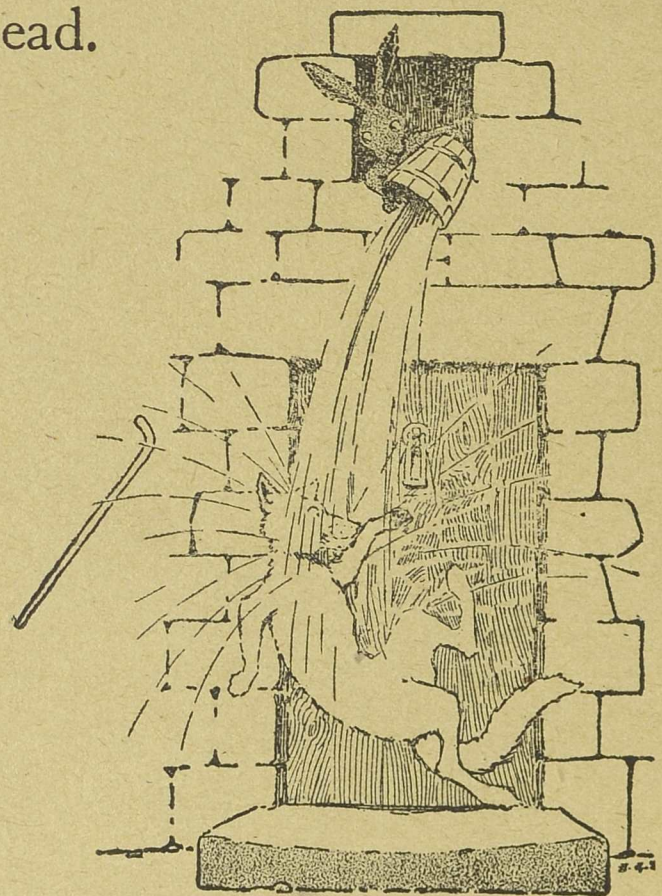
She crept downstairs, went into her tiny back kitchen, and seized a pail of water.

This she carried up to her bedroom. Then she put her head out of the window,

and listened awhile to hear what more Reynard had to say.

“Mrs. Hare!” he cried again ; “I have brought a looking-glass with me, so that you may see how charming you look in the handsome silk blouse. Pray make haste and open the door.”

As he said the last word, Mrs. Hare lifted her pail of water, and poured its contents through the window on to his head.



Wet and miserable, the crafty fox went off and never troubled sensible Mrs. Hare again.

Deserted.

MY brave soldier laddie, come back! oh, come back!

Don't leave me alone, thus, in tears;

We have lived in one home, happy, trusting, and true,

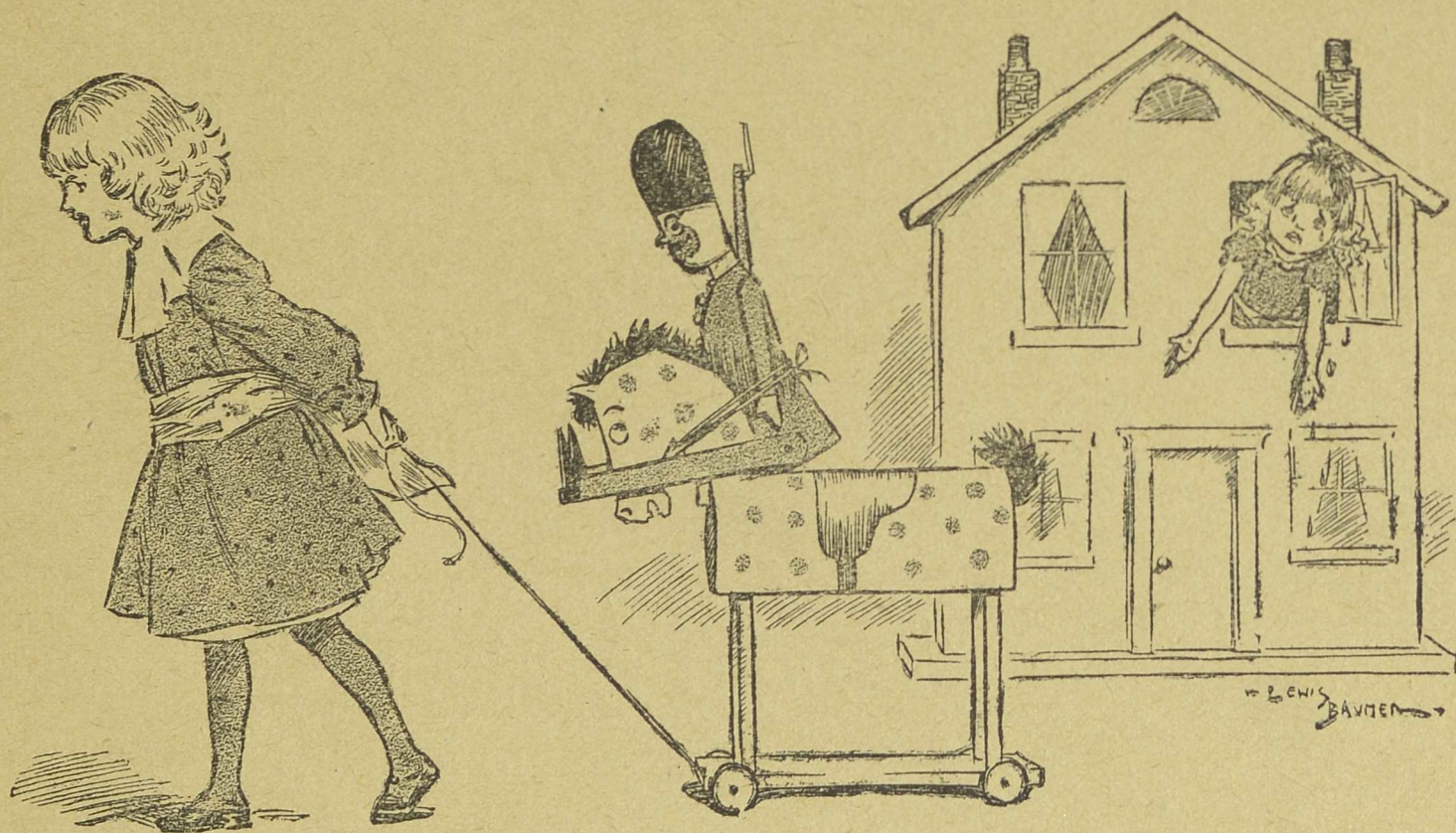
Since Mistress was five—two long years.

You've a smile on your face, I can see, wicked man,

As you ride away on your steed.

Is there never a shade of remorse in your mind,

At making my loving heart bleed?



The chairs I will dust, if you'll only return;

I never in bed late will lie;

The egg for your breakfast shall always be fresh;

To please you in all, I will try.

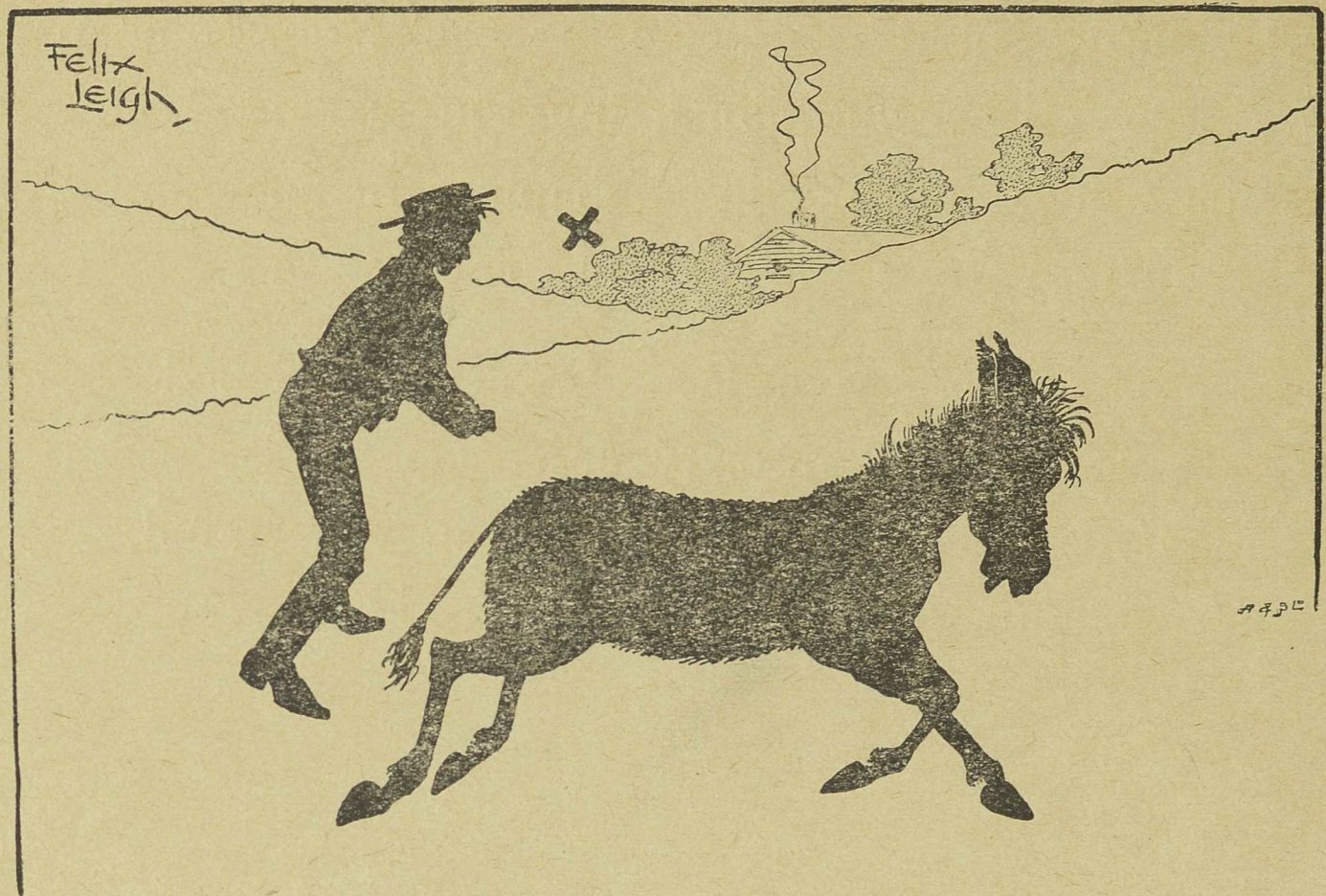
But alas! fair-faced Dolly may shout herself hoarse,

And sprinkle her tears round, like rain,—

The "brave soldier laddie" rides joyously off:

Her efforts to keep him are vain!

Off or On?



[Follow your nose until it touches the cross, and you will see that the boy takes a jump and alights on the donkey's back.]

MY name is Jack, and I am a very wise donkey.

I love to roam through the lanes, and scamper across the common ; but I do not like to carry heavy burdens, or to be teased by boys.

Do you know a boy called Will Jones, who lives in that cottage ?

No? Then, be thankful you do not, for he is the plague of my life.

Last week, I was browsing

on the hill-side, when I heard a loud shout.

I felt sure it was Will, so I scampered away.

Soon, I heard him running behind me, but I thought he would not catch me.

Just, however, when I fancied I had got free of him, he gave a jump, and though I moved quickly to one side, he sprang on my back, and made me gallop until I was so tired I did not know what to do.

A Collision.

GEORGIE and Rose together went walking,
Out in the rain, 'neath a frowning, black sky,
Holding, with pride, their mother's umbrella,
Close to their faces, to keep themselves dry.

While, from the east, these children were tripping,
Ernest and Dot sallied forth from the west,
Mindful of words, just uttered by sister:
"Shield well your coats, for they are your best!"



Four heads low bent, eight feet marching onward,
Two stout umbrellas not far from the ground;
Girlies and boys but smile at the weather,
Heed not the wind strewing dead leaves around.

Eight little feet trudge long bravely forward—
Four coming up, four down the wet street—
Bright eyes see naught save the sheltering umbrellas,
Till, with a sudden, swift shock, they both meet.

A Morning Ride.

“TRIXIE wants to take her doll, mother. May I go up to the nursery and fetch it?”

“Yes, if you like, darling.”

Mrs. Clare and her two little daughters were standing on the lawn in front of their house.

It was a fine summer morning. The sky was blue, and so cloudless that father said he felt sure there would be no rain all day.

“Then you can take us for a long ride in the motor-car!” Tom had exclaimed. “This is the last chance I shall have before I go back to school. Do say yes, dad.”

Mr. Clare agreed willingly enough, and wanted mother to go with them also. But she had some shopping to do.

“It is just nine o'clock,” she had told them. “Cook will have lunch ready by half-past one. I shall expect you back by that time.”

So father and Tom had gone to get the motor out.

When Hope returned with the doll, she gave it to her little sister.

Immediately after, a loud hissing noise was heard.

“It’s coming,” cried Trixie, dancing about, and the next moment the car came along.

Tom and Hope took the back seat, while Trixie was put in front with father.

Then the car rattled off mother waving her handkerchief, and the little girls waving theirs, until they could see each other no longer.

Past shops, houses, and churches, they flew on—on—until they left all these behind, and got out into the open country.

How green the grass was here—how leafy the hedges—how merrily the birds were singing in the trees!

Nip, Hope’s little dog, was wild with delight. He ran by the side of the car, and barked every now and then, as if to tell the children that

A Morning Ride.

he was enjoying himself as much as they were.

“Oh, what a nice lane this is!” said Tom.

They had just turned a corner, and a long, narrow road, with thick trees on each side, lay in front of them.

“Pitty flowers!” cried Trixie, pointing to a field of bright scarlet poppies.

Just then, a scream was heard, and they saw an old woman running to get out of their way as fast as she could.

There was plenty of room for the car to pass her, if she had only stepped aside a little; but she was not used to motors, and felt very much afraid of this one. So she tried to climb over a stile that led to the poppy-field.

But, in her hurry, she upset a basket of apples she was carrying on her arm, and the ripe rosy fruit rolled all about the lane.

Mr. Clare stopped his car, and got out.

“I am sorry we have alarmed you,” he said. “My little boy will pick up the



A Morning Ride.

apples.—Tom jump down, and put them back into the basket.”

“Thank you, sir; thank you kindly,” said the old woman, who was still trembling and frightened.

Mr. Clare took a shilling from his purse, and put it into her hand.

“There!” he said, “if you sit on the stile for a few minutes, you will soon get over your fright. Here is your basket. Except for a little dust, the apples are none the worse for their fall.”

He and Tom then went back to their seats, and the car sped away again, the children feeling much amused.

“Dad,” said Tom, by and by, “the fresh air is making me very hungry. I wish we had brought some biscuits.”

“Hope,” called out Mr. Clare, “hand me that basket I saw mother give into your charge.”

Hope did so, and father peeped into it.

“It contains two packets,” he cried. “Ah! sandwiches in this one, and Banbury cakes in the other!”

“Mother said the sandwiches were for you, and the cakes for us, father,” remarked Hope.

“Very well, my dear. We will get out and sit on the grass to have this first lunch, then.”

When the children had finished eating, they ran races with Nip, while father read a book he had brought.

At last, he told them it was half-past twelve, and they must start for home.

“I want to take some nice flowers to dear mother,” said his younger daughter.

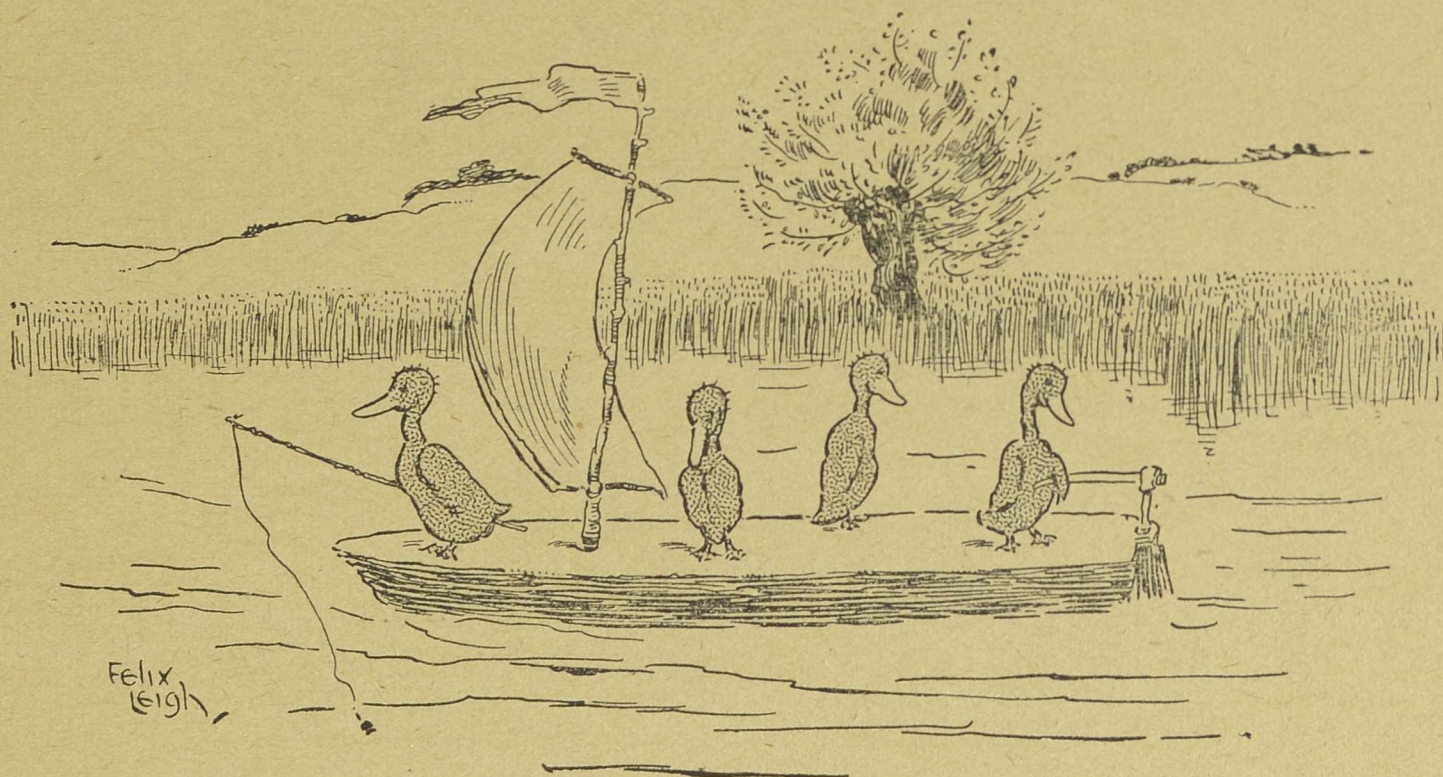
“You shall pick some of those you saw in the field, as we go back,” answered father.

So Trixie proudly carried home a great bunch of bright red poppies.

The Ducklings' Half-Holiday.

QUACK! quack! For a sail, we will set off at once,
Excepting poor Waddles, who is such a dunce,
That Gaffer has said in school he must stay,
And shell snails for supper whilst we are at play.

Quack! quack! A fresh breeze wafts our light bark along;
The way we beguile with jest and with song.
If tasks there were none, how happy we'd be,
In joy, gliding ever, light-hearted and free.



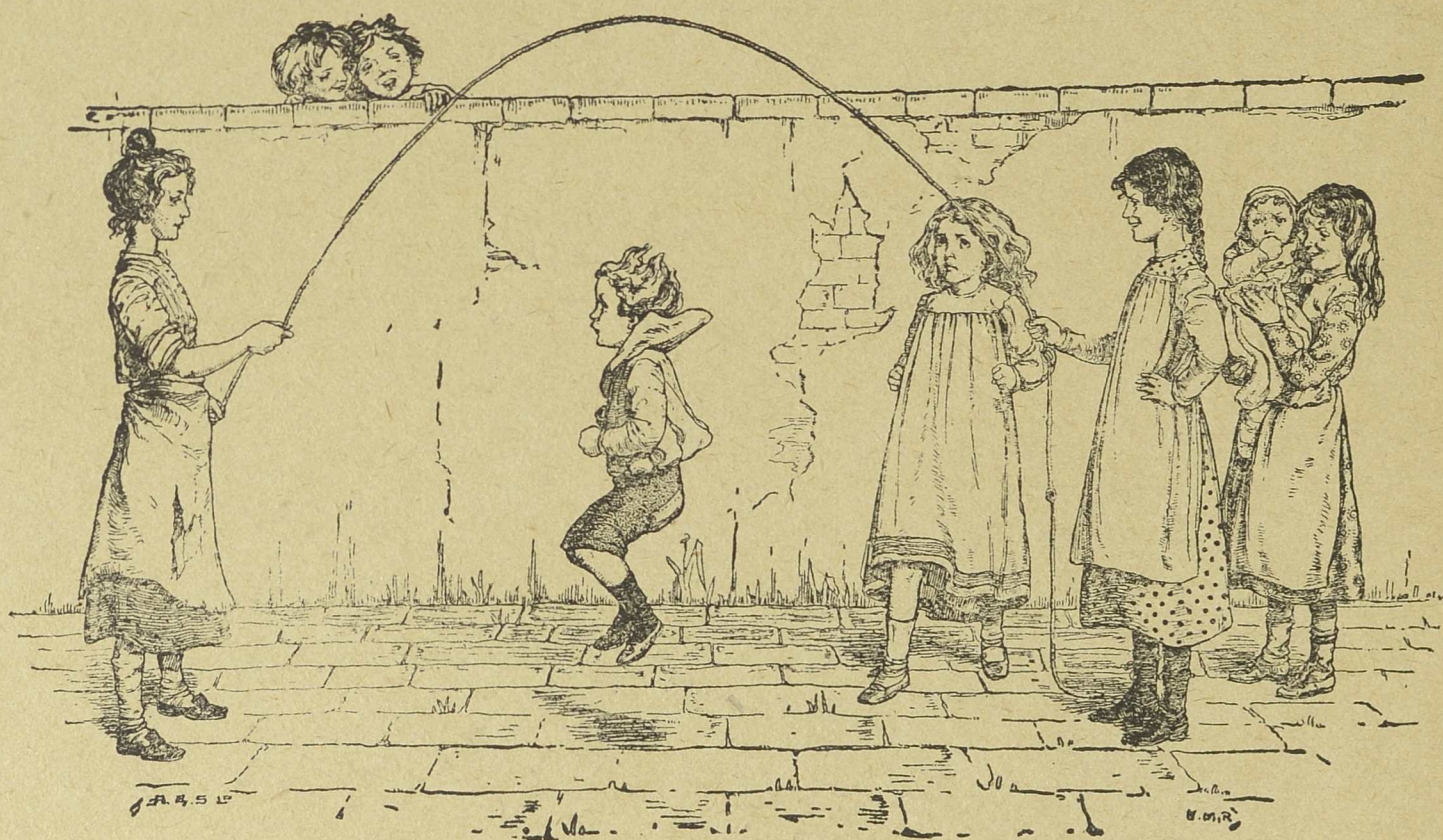
Grave Daddles is just as intent on his rod,
As if he were fishing for salmon or cod;
But, when he pulls in, he cries with a groan,
“At the end of my line, there is naught but a stone!”

Quack! quack! Turn the rudder, and steer for the shore;
The red sun now sets—our holiday's o'er.
Quite famished we land. But here's a to-do!
“Wad” has shelled all the snails, and eaten them, too!

Skipping.

TURN the rope merrily!—Walter is skipping!
Thirty-nine! forty!—A hundred's his aim.
Lizzie and Annie the feat have accomplished;
Girls can't do better than boys in this game.

Fifty-three! fifty-four!—Oh! how delightful,
Thus, at each moment, to leap from the ground,
Seeing friends' faces aglow with excitement,
Hearing gay words of cheer shouted around.



Seventy-one! seventy-two!—Limbs move more slowly!
No, Polly Moss; you are not to run in!
Just leave him alone! You'll spoil all his chances!
Let's give him fair play—he's so anxious to win.

Turn the rope carefully!—Walter is weary!—
Eighty-nine! ninety!—A hundred's his aim.
Alas! a false jump—his skipping is ended!
Girls can do better than boys at this game.

Trespassers.

TOM Clare had only been back at school a fortnight when measles broke out, and a further holiday had to be given.

The day after his return home, Mr. Clare got out his motor, and took the three children for a ride.

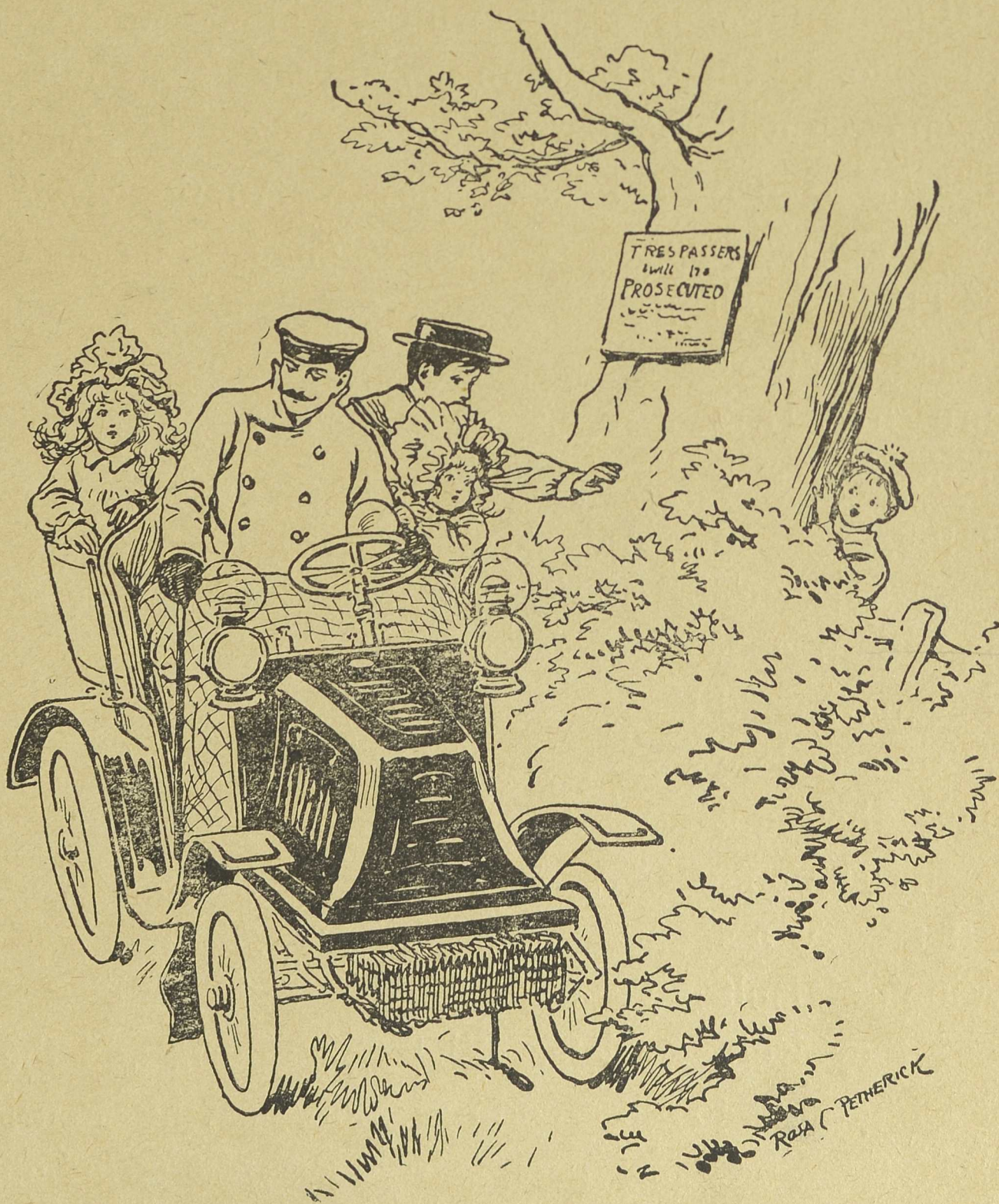
When they reached the poppy field, they found the flowers all gone; and fastened to a tree was this notice: "Trespassers will be Prosecuted."

Tom read it aloud, and Hope said: "Oh, Trixie! if we go into the field now, we shall be sent to prison."

"Then that boy must go to prison!" cried Trixie, pointing to a head peeping round the tree.

Father laughed. "Hollo, young man, what are you doing there?" he shouted.

The urchin stared at them in fear; and then ran off as fast as his legs could carry him.



Going Home.

HERBERT and Winnie Clark have been spending a month with grandpapa and Aunt Edith in their pretty farm-house at Penridge.

But the holidays are over now, and, to-day, they are returning home so as to be ready for school.

Grandpapa is going with them, for he thinks they are too young to travel alone; and Aunt Edith has driven them to the station in her pony-carriage.

They are all pleased to have caught this train, for grandpapa thought they would miss it; and, indeed, they have had no time to lose since they got to the station.

It was Winnie's fault that they were so late. She had forgotten to say good-bye to Nanny, the white goat, and

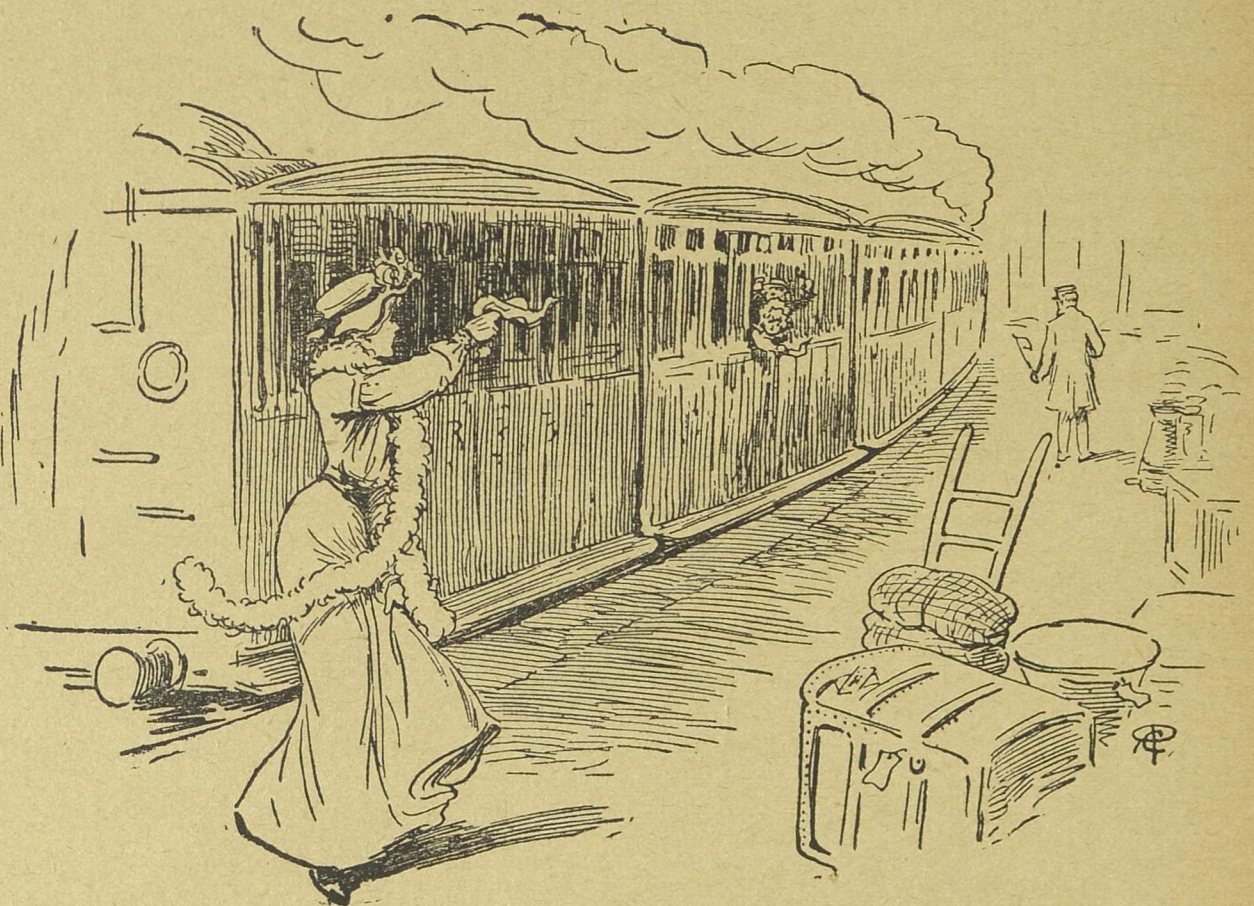
had slipped off at the last moment to do so.

Hark! the guard is blowing his whistle! The train begins to move!

"Good-bye, Aunt Edith! we will take good care of grandpapa," says Herbert.

"Good-bye, Aunt Edith; we will come back again next year," calls out Winnie's little voice.

Auntie waves her handkerchief. The children wave theirs



in return, and the train steams off, leaving Penridge and the dear old farm-house behind.

A Funny Yarn.

THE Elephant Fire Brigade had been slow in getting to work.

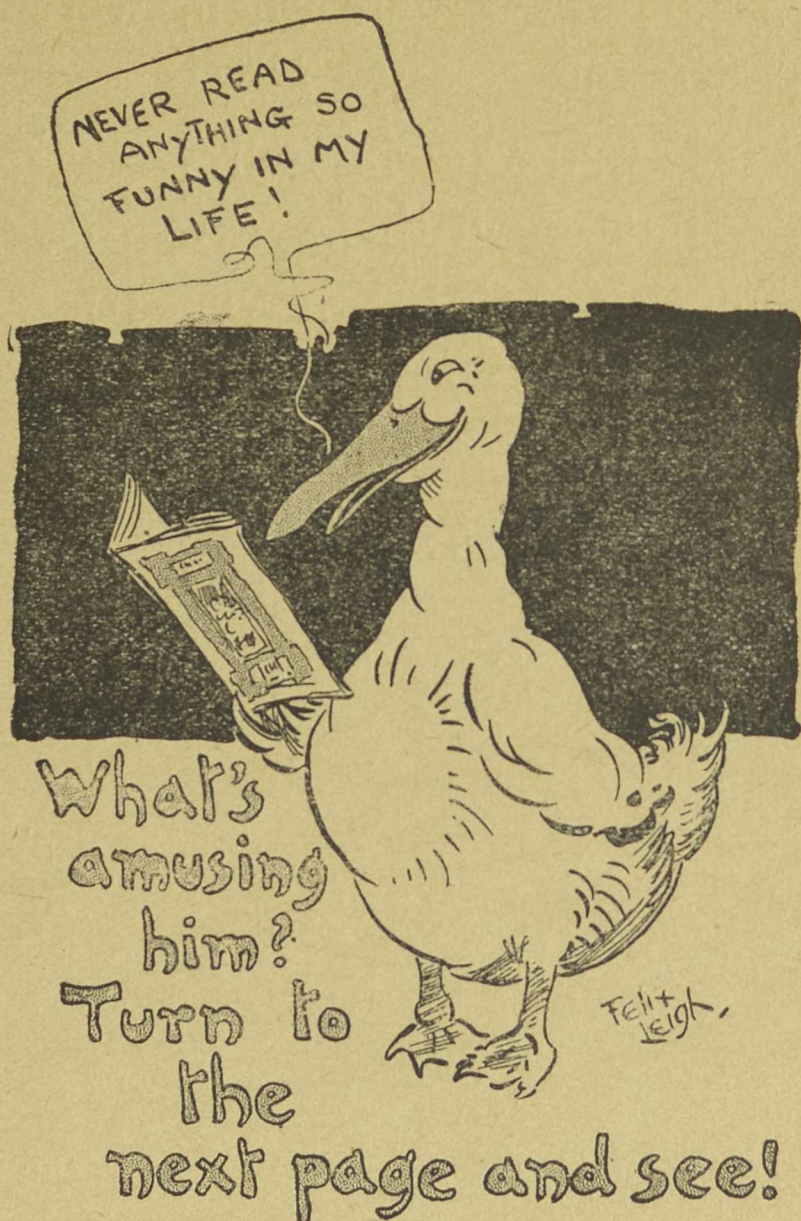
The scheme was a good one. Everybody agreed to that. Animals, capable of holding such a quantity of water in their trunks, would not fail to put out a fire easily, if they could only be trained to do so.

Yet one man after another begged to be excused from being a member of the brigade, after an hour or so spent in its service.

The matter caused great excitement, of course, in all quarters.

Poets made songs on the subject, which were sung and whistled by small boys in the streets.

Indeed, there was so much stir and talk about the matter, that, when two persons met in the street, they would greet each other with the words: "Can you ride an elephant?" instead of "How do you do?"



The Captain was a hero in public opinion. Nevertheless, at the end of six months, he began to feel uneasy, for although at least six hundred men had responded some time or other to his appeal, there was not one now left on whose aid he could reckon if a fire broke out.

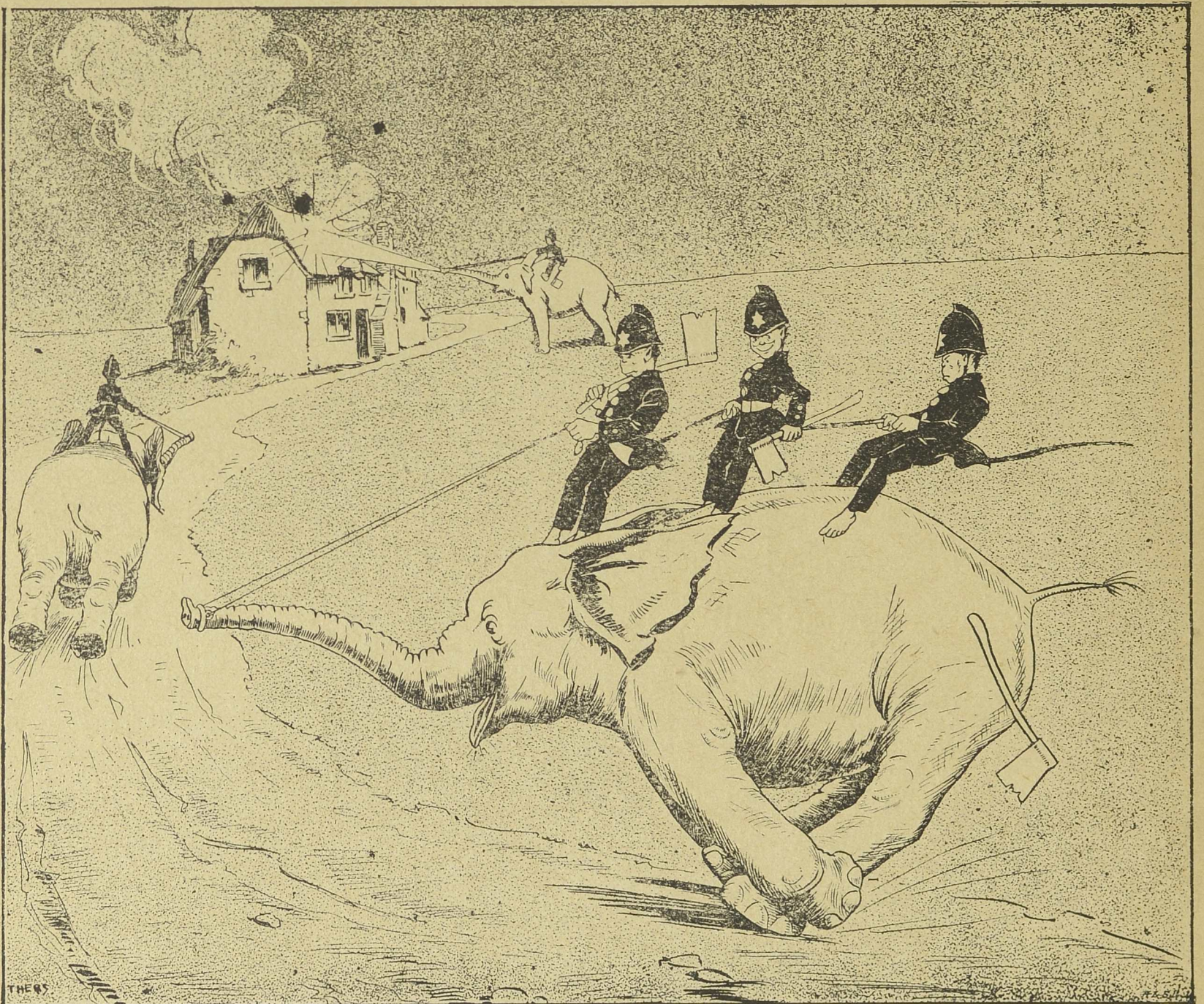
One morning, as he sat musing in his study, five comical-looking beings, more

A Funny Yarn.

like monkeys than men, were shown in.

“Plase, yer honour,” said the tallest of them, “we are come to help with yer Fire Brigade.”

In less than a week, it was announced that the Elephant Fire Brigade was in working order, and its chief declared that it would put out any and every fire under the sun.



There was such an earnest expression on each droll little face, that the Captain felt that fate had been kind to him at last.

After two days of restless anxiety on the part of the brigade, and hopes that a fire would break out, a messenger came in breathless haste to

A Funny Yarn.

the station, with the news that a fire had broken out in a lone cottage, some distance away.

“Thank goodness!” cried the Captain. “All things come to those who wait. Bestride your animals, boys. Forward is the word.”

So Snippit mounted the first elephant, and his brother Lippit the second, while Larry, Pat, and Mike together drove the third—Larry holding the reins, and Pat and Mike grasping the tail of the rider in front.

The Captain preceded them to the cottage, to direct their course and actions.

He managed affairs so well that he soon had Snippit plying his hose—excuse me, I mean the elephant’s trunk—on the burning building.

Then, after seeing that Lippit and his steed were plodding safely along the track, he turned his attention to the last elephant.

But, here, a surprise awaited him.

The huge creature had, somehow, got it into his stupid noddle that the Captain was to be his mark, and that he must squirt all the water in his trunk over him.

Talk about fires! You should have seen the Captain’s face! It was all ablaze with passion and fear!

He shouted, and stamped, but Mr. Elephant only clasped his hind legs with his fore feet, and refused to budge.

Larry, Pat, and Mike nearly pulled each other off his back, in trying to make him keep the water in his trunk.

At last, it came forth with such a burst that the poor Captain was lifted off his feet and carried right up to the door of the burning cottage.

He disbanded his brigade that very evening, and now, if you wish to make him angry, you have only to whisper the word elephant.

On the War Path.



“**C**OME, Cæsar! On the war-path! I have got my axe, and mean to use it before very long.”

Harry's big brothers had been telling him stories of the doings of Red Indians, in the great forests of North America; and his mind was so full of them that he could talk of nothing else.

Cæsar quickly came running at his call, and they set out together.

“Now, Cæsar, your work is to search for traces of white

men. You see, I want to carry some scalps home to our wigwam before the sun sets!”

Cæsar seemed to understand his little master, and trotted along before him, sniffing the ground.

Nothing very exciting happened as they went thus through the grove near Harry's home, but when they reached its further edge, the dog began to prick up his ears and bark.

“Ah!” cried the little boy,

On the War Path.

waving his axe, "the foe is at hand! Silence, good dog! Silence! Let us take them by surprise. If they see us they will run away."

He then stooped down, and crept slowly through the thick bushes, clearing the way with his axe.

Hark! what is making that strange sound?—Humph! humph! humph! humph! —Can it be Cæsar?

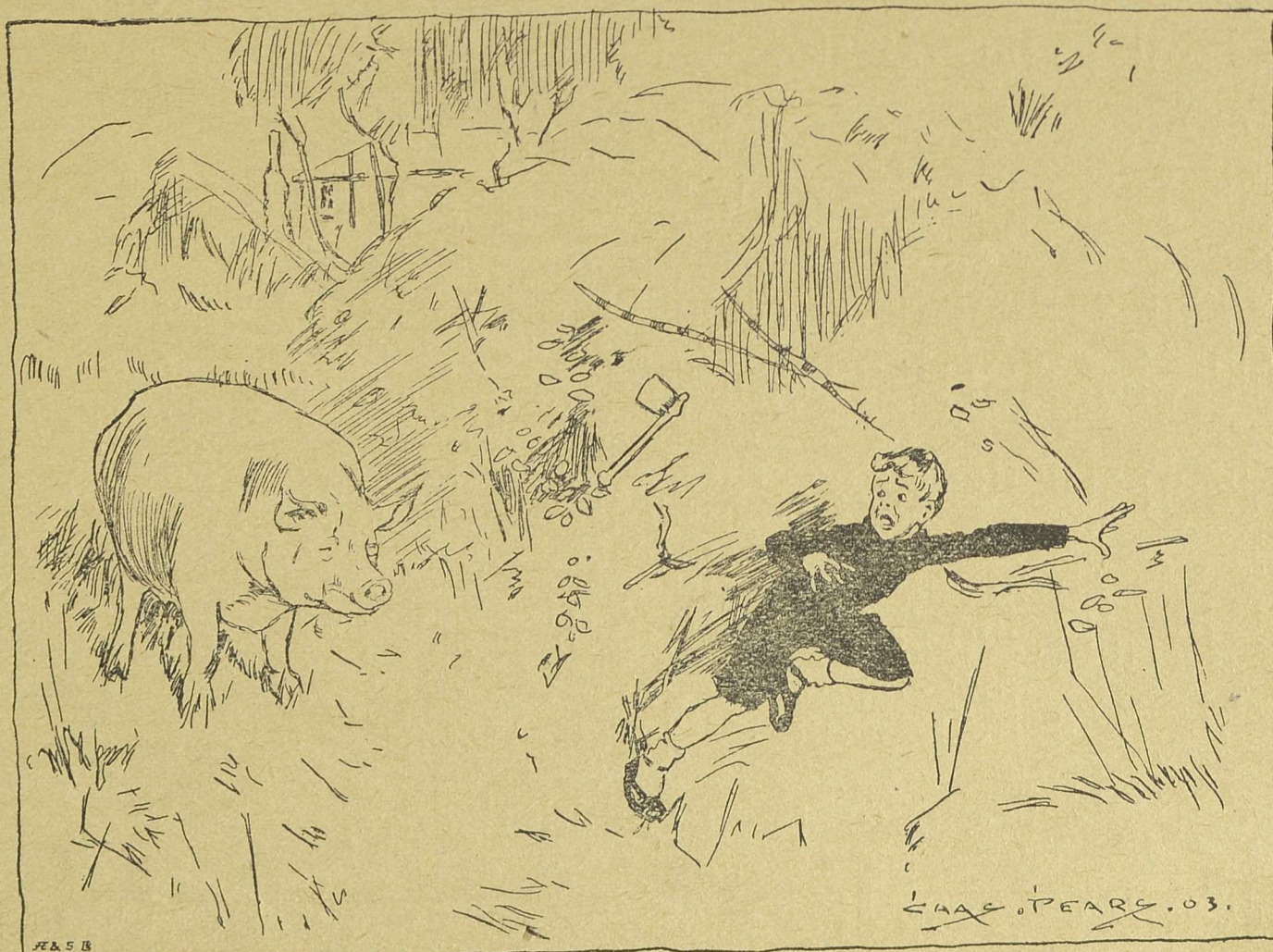
Sad to say, no! But a huge monster is bearing down upon him—an elephant, a

tiger, or, perhaps, the king of beasts himself.

Poor Harry quite forgot he was an Indian brave and turned very pale.

"Oh!" he screamed, almost wild with terror; "please spare me this time, Mr. Beast, and I promise you I will never come playing the Red Indian here any more."

Humph! humph! humph! mildly grunted the harmless pig, in questioning wonder, as the little boy made for his peaceful wigwam in breathless haste.



Hide and Seek.

HUSH! hush! Don't you tell! They're searching for me—

My cousins and friends—I'm hiding you see;

They're roaming, and looking, all over the lea.

Hush! hush! Don't you tell! They're searching for me.

What fun! Let me peep! There's no one in sight!

They've gone to the left, and that is not right.

I'll shout by-and-by, to give them a fright.

What fun! Let me peep! There's no one in sight!

“Hoy! hoy! You *are* slow! Come quickly this way,

Dear cousins and friends; 'twill take you all day

To find me, unless you heed what I say.

Hoy! hoy! You *are* slow! Come quickly this way.”

List! list! In the grove their voices I hear.

That shout gave the clue, and now they come near.

I've told of myself! They'll find me, I fear!

List! list! In the grove their voices I hear.

Hush! hush! Don't you tell if they ask about me—

To make them hunt long is clever, you see.

I won't speak again, or peep round the tree.

Oh! oh! I am found; but they've searched long for me.

Mother's Story.

A STORY, darlings, and not out of a book? Well, then, mother will tell you one about herself, when she was a little girl.

Yes, I was little once, and, at the time I am going to talk about, only a year older than you, Claude.

Your grandma had promised me that, on my sixth birthday, I should go for a walk to the copse quite alone.

Many a time I had begged for leave to do so before, but had always been refused.

How pleased I was, when early in the morning of the much-longed-for day, I saw the bright sun shining through my window!

Proud and happy, I set out after breakfast, dressed in white, carrying a pink parasol.

I fancied every one admired me, as I went down the village street.

After gathering some flowers in the wood, I walked on to a field just near, through which ran a little brook.

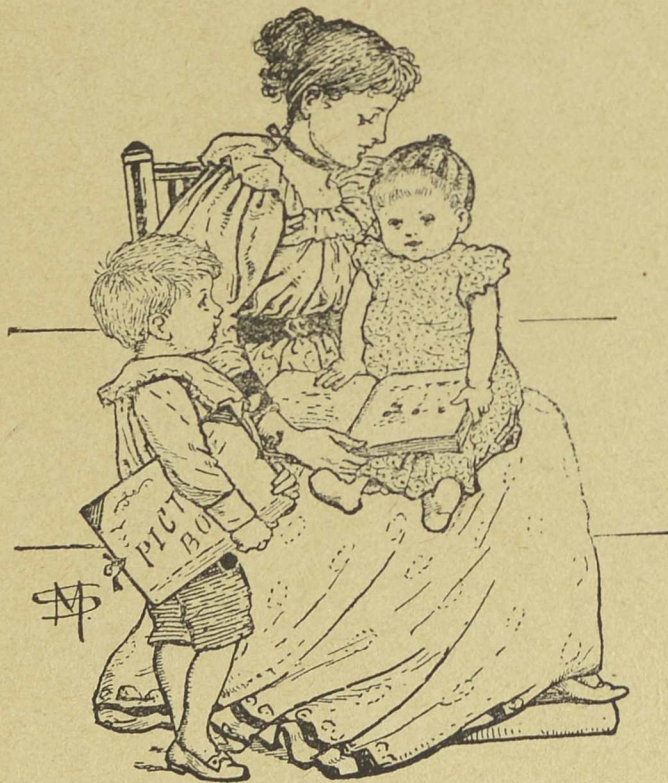
“Mother let me wade last year at the sea-side,” I thought. “Why should I not do so now?”

A few moments later, my slippers and socks were lying at the top of the bank, and I was paddling in

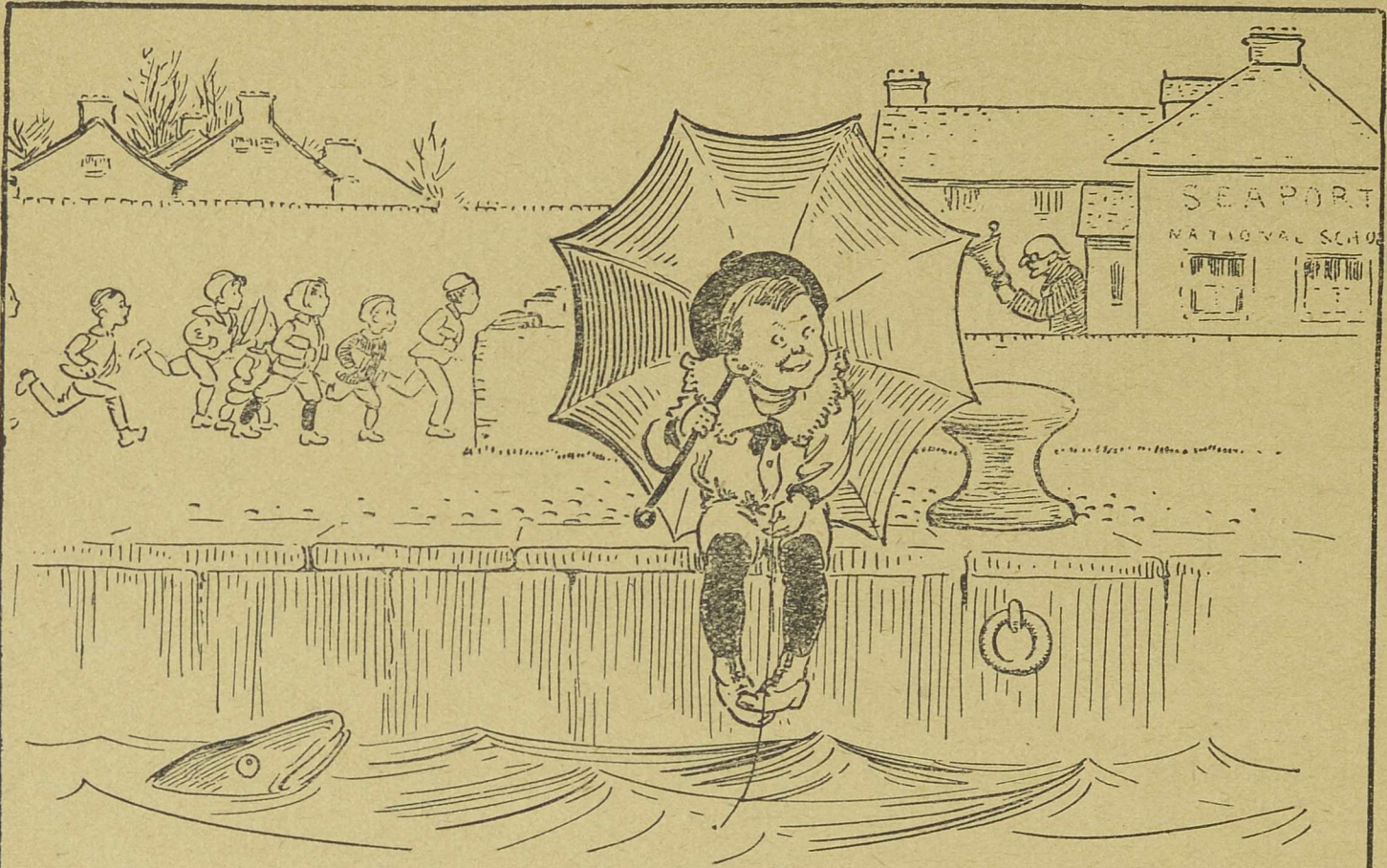
the cool water.

Grown tired at last of this sport, I looked round for my socks, but found, to my horror, that they were not there.

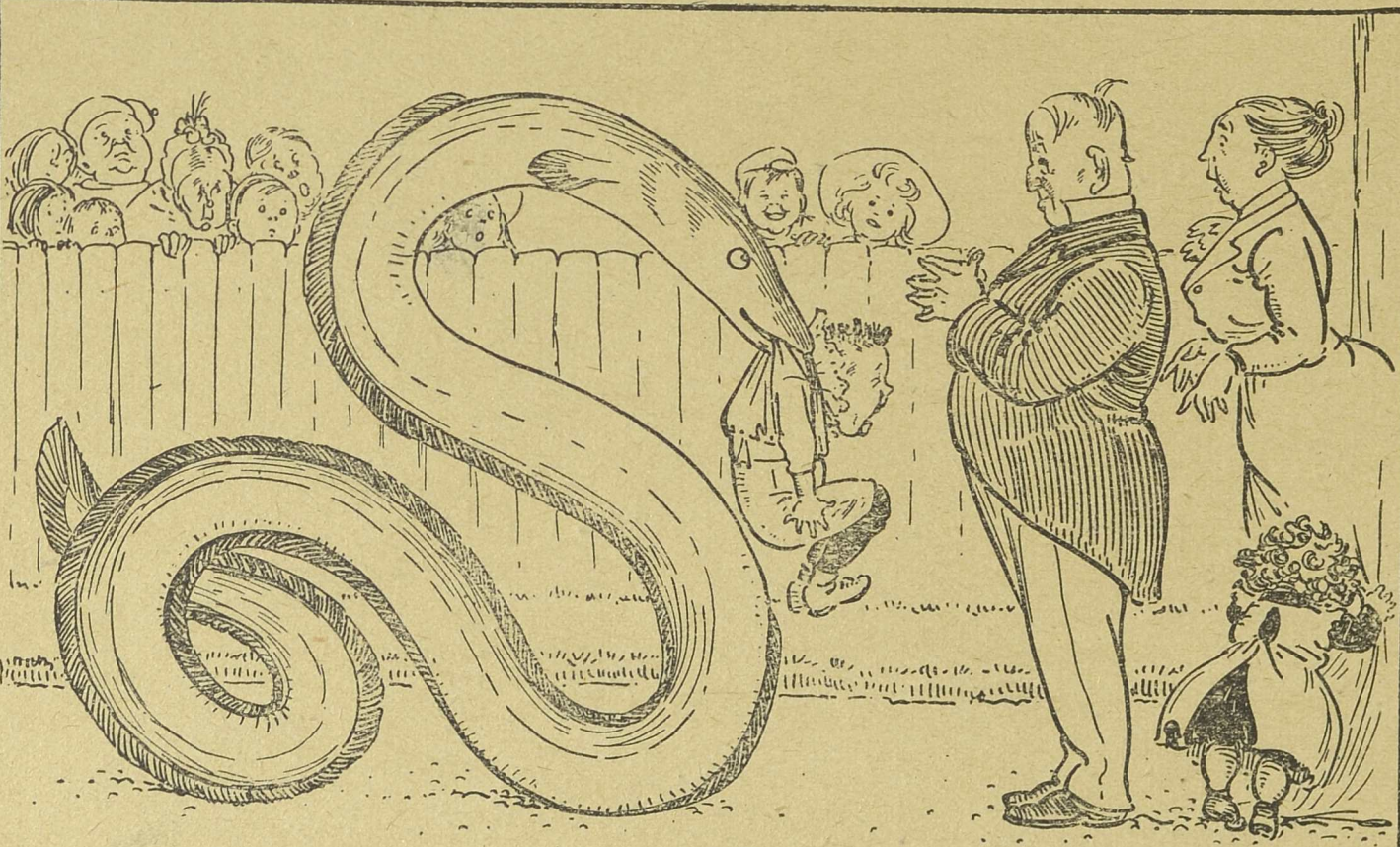
Some thief had stolen them, and the slippers also, so that I had to walk home through the village barefoot.



Famous Fishing.



S. R. P.



S. R. P.

TING-A-LING! Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling! Grave Mr. Birchum rings the school-bell loudly; and, at its summons, the children, who have been playing during

Famous Fishing.

lunch-time on the seashore, come flocking back to the play-ground.

All, save impudent Johnny Green, who is sitting, in great content, fishing; holding an umbrella at the back of his little round head, to shield it from the hot sun.

Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!
Ting-a-ling!

“Go ahead!” says Johnny with a wink. “I’m not coming this afternoon. You don’t suppose I mean to budge from this pleasant spot, do you, old man? If so, you are much mistaken. Oh, no! I’m going to catch a fish!”

So, while his companions are hastening to lessons in the dull school-room, the naughty little urchin swings his legs happily, and thinks how clever he is.

Splash-dash! Splash-dash!

Hurrah! here is the expected fish at last!

But why does Johnny scream

and turn pale? He has been so anxious for it to come, that it is very strange he should not welcome it now!

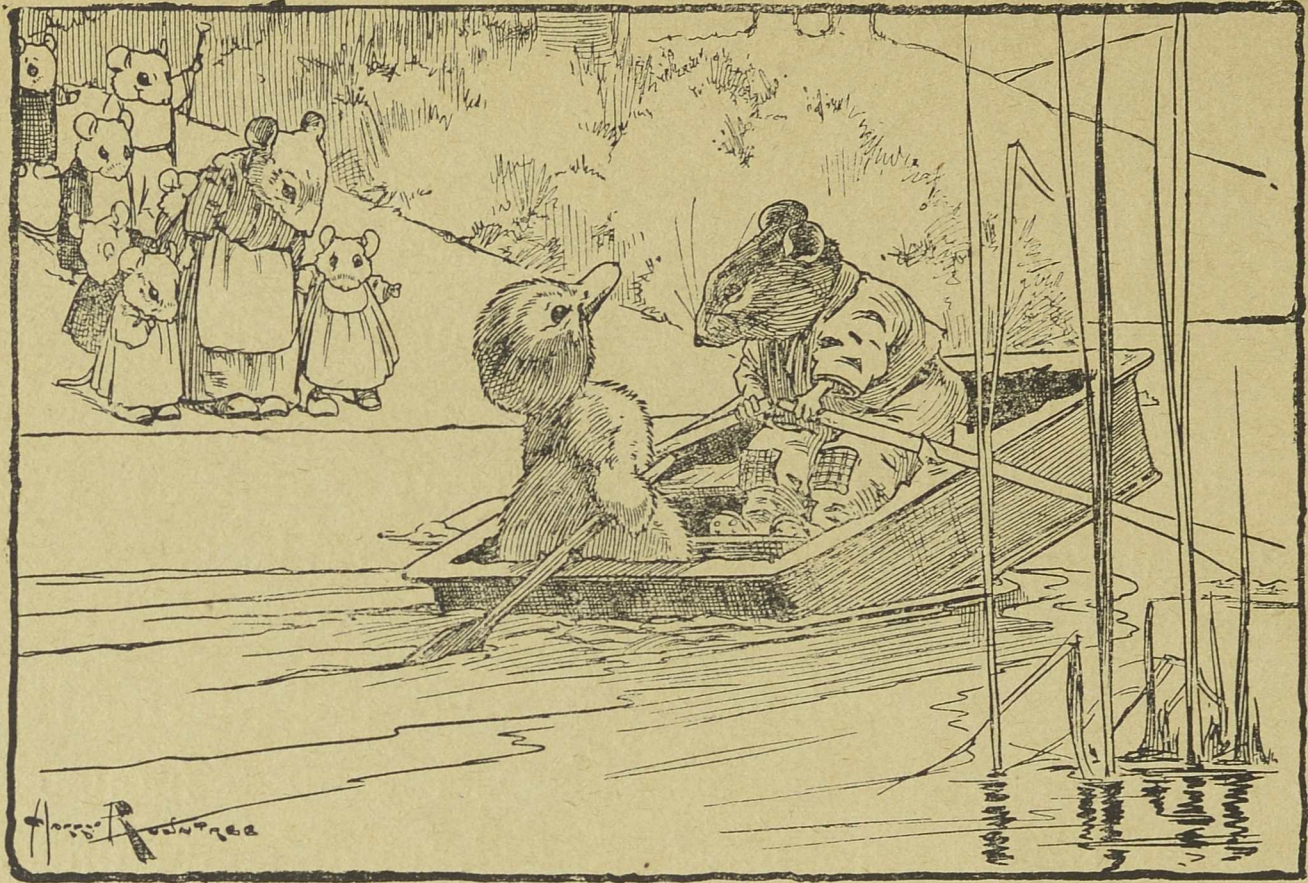
“But you are not a fish!” yells the child. “You are a great serpent, and will eat me up! Go away! go away!”

“Oh! ho! Master Johnny!” hisses the huge monster, “you are afraid of some one at last, are you? I will not eat you, however, little man. I am only going to teach you a lesson. I have been watching you for a long time, and know all about your playing truant.”

So saying, he seizes the collar of Johnny’s blouse with his mouth, and writhes his way through the play-ground, up to the porch where Mr. and Mrs. Birchum stand in great wonder.

Then, having delivered him safely into the school-master’s hands, he makes his bow, and smilingly returns to his watery home.

Off for a Sail.



“HERE I am at last!” exclaimed Master Duckling, as he neared the shore of Mouseland. “I have promised to take my poor old friend for a sail this morning. He will be pleased to see me.”

But all was quiet around. The natives disliked strangers, and never came out to receive them.

“Hollo! hollo! Is everybody asleep?” roared the new-comer.

“Oh, my dear sir, I didn’t know it was you!” said Mr. Mouse, running down to

the water’s edge in great haste. “Wife, bring all the children, and come and see me start. Master Duckling has kept his word.”

“Now do be careful!” said that young gentleman, as the craft nearly toppled over with Mr. Mouse’s weight. “Here! take the oars and I will steer.”

“Good-bye, good-bye! Wish me a safe return!” shouted the old gentleman, while Mistress Mouse and her family waved their hands, feeling proud and happy, though somewhat alarmed.

The Flowers' Moonlight Dances.

EDITH had a pretty garden,
Bright with buds of glowing hue:
Lilies, roses, purple pansies,
Side by side in beauty grew.

When the summer daylight faded,
Edith always went to bed,
But each rose she thought was sleeping
Quickly raised its drooping head.

Sweet, low whispers filled the garden:
"Wake up, daisy! no one's here!
Call your partner—he's so drowsy!
Blue-bells, ring! there's naught to fear!"

All the buds then left their places,
Danced in pairs upon the lawn;
Gliding, bowing, altogether,
Till the red sky spoke of dawn.

At that signal, each fair dancer
Took its stand where first it grew;
Thus, of these strange moonlight pastimes
Little Edith never knew.

Helping Mother.

“HUSH, baby, hush! You want me to nurse you, I know, but I shall have to put you in your cradle now, my pet, while I wash the children, and give them their breakfast.”

“Oh, mother, baby does look ill!” cried Janet, the eldest of Mrs. Murray’s girls.

“Yes, he has been fretful all night,” said her mother quietly, “I have scarcely been able to close my eyes.”

Mrs. Murray rose, and was going towards the cradle with the baby, when Janet stopped her.

“Sit still, mother,” she said, “and let me do things for you. I can wash and dress Maggie and Bella nicely, and when they are ready I will take them out for a long walk.”

“Let me rub myself with the towel,” cried Maggie, when she was washed, “I want to help mother, too.”

“So do I,” said Bella, running to her sister. “See

how good I am going to be. I won’t cry once.”

She held her chin up bravely while Janet washed her; and mother, from her chair in the corner, looked on with a happy smile.

When they were washed and dressed, Janet laid the table for breakfast, while Nellie and Bella carried the things, and did not let a single one fall.

Then Janet made the tea, and poured out a cup for her mother.

“You must put the sugar in for yourself,” she said, with a bright smile, “because I may make it too sweet.”

“Yes,” laughed Mrs. Murray, “most likely you will.”

As soon as breakfast was over, Janet washed the things and put them away, Maggie and Bella doing all they could to help her.

After that, they swept and dusted the room, and then put on their hats and jackets to go out.

The Picnic.

“WARTON! Warton!” sang out a porter, as the noon-day train came puffing up to the platform of a little village station.

“If you will take the hamper, Herbert, I will see to all the other things,” said a dark-haired young lady, who was standing up in a second-class carriage.

“All right, Frances,” came the ready answer from a bright-faced boy of thirteen, who quickly alighted and politely gave his hand to his four sisters one after the other as they followed him.

Frances, the eldest, was quite grown-up. Then came Dora, who was a year younger than Herbert; while Edith and Lily were aged seven and six respectively.

It was a glorious July day; but the weather had been dry for so long that the lanes leading from the station to the river were very dusty.

These left behind, however,

pleasant fields had to be crossed, and, by and by, the grassy, fern-covered bank that sloped to the edge of the water, was reached.

“See, Frances!” cried Herbert, pointing to an open space, where some trees had been felled, on the other side of the river; “if we could only get over there, that would be a capital spot for our picnic.”

“But we can’t!” said Edith, shaking her curly head wisely. “There is no boat, and we haven’t wings, like birds, to fly with, have we?”

“Well, then, we will walk across!” cried Frances.

Herbert gave a scornful whistle in reply to this speech. Matter-of-fact Dora quietly said, “Don’t be so silly, Fan!” and the younger sisters opened their eyes in great astonishment.

“I mean what I say,” continued Frances; “I was going to explain, if you had only given

The Picnic.

me time, that there is a bridge further down, and——”

“Oh, how jolly!” interrupted Herbert. “Hurry, all of you. I want to open this hamper.”

It did not take them long to get to the ivy-covered arch;

games; and at four o'clock made a fire, and boiled the kettle for tea.

“I really think this has been the most delightful picnic we have ever had,” remarked Dora.



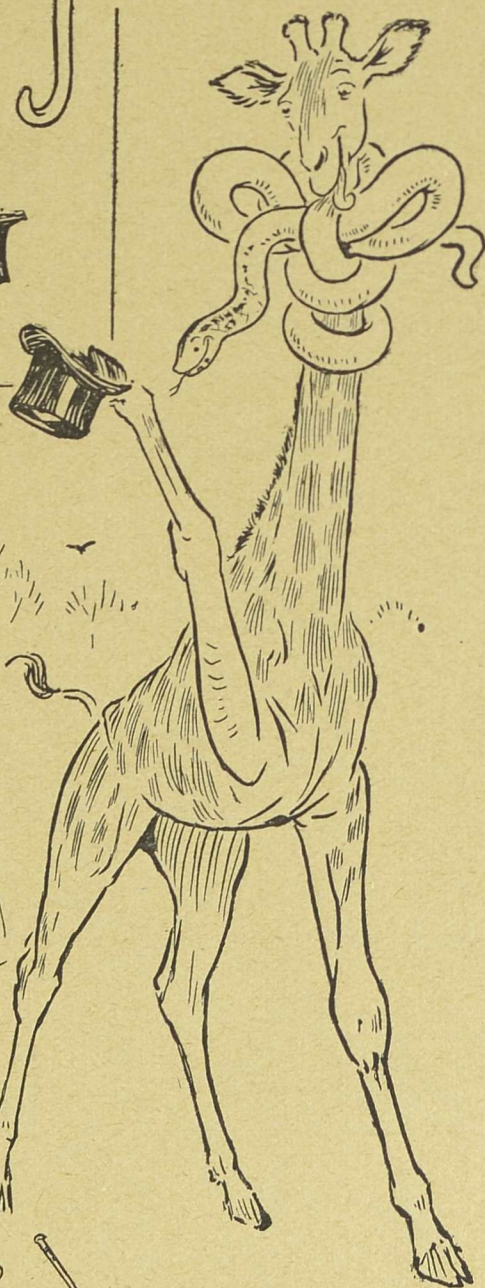
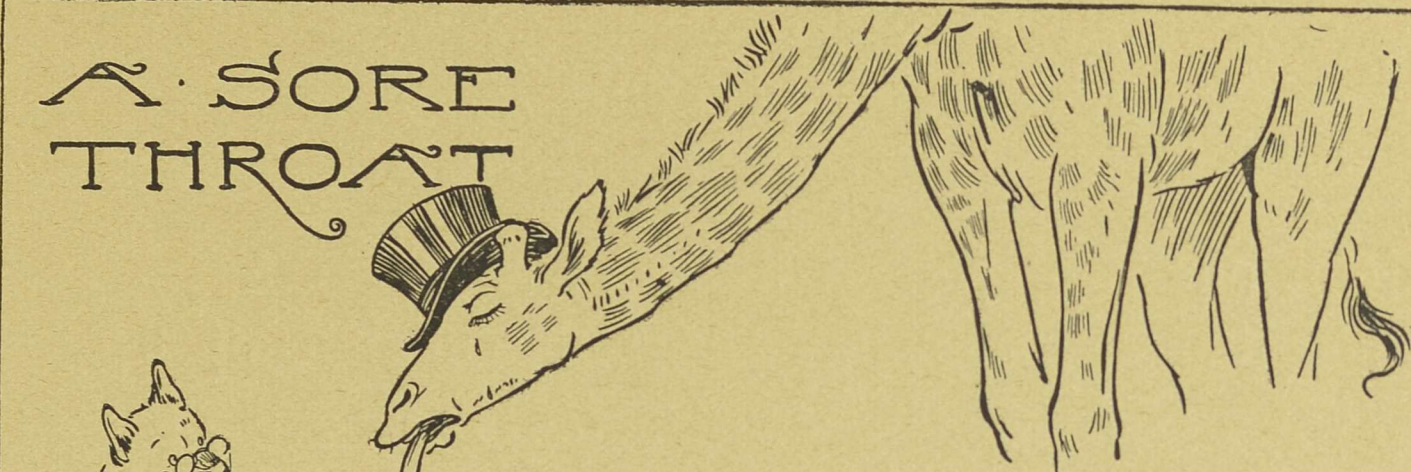
and in a short time they were seated on a fallen tree, enjoying the nice sandwiches, cakes, and other good things mother had provided for them.

When lunch was over they played at hide-and-seek, rounders, and many other

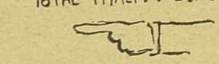
“So do I!” cried Herbert. “Let us come again soon, and get mother and father to come with us.”

Edith and Lily clapped their hands at this proposal, which the other sisters agreed was a splendid one.

A SORE THROAT



TO THE HYAENA DENS



I HAVE A SORE THROAT, SAID
THE DANDY GIRAFFE
AS HE WANDERED ABOUT
IN THE ZOO.

AND DOCTOR HYAENA DOES
NOTHING BUT LAUGH,
I AM QUITE AT A LOSS
WHAT TO DO.

I KNOW THE RESULT WILL
BE PERMANENT HARM

IF I CANNOT FIND SOME-
THING TO KEEP MY
NECK WARM."

A BOA CONSTRICTOR HE SPIED
ON THE GROUND

WHO HAD LAIN DOWN TO
SLEEP IN THE SHADE

HE PICKED UP THE MONSTER
AND COILED IT AROUND

HIS LONG NECK. A SWEET
NECKTIE IT MADE!

THEN HE WENT TO THE DOCTOR,
AND RAISING HIS HAT

ASKED, "WHAT DO YOU THINK
OF MY NOVEL
CRAVAT?"

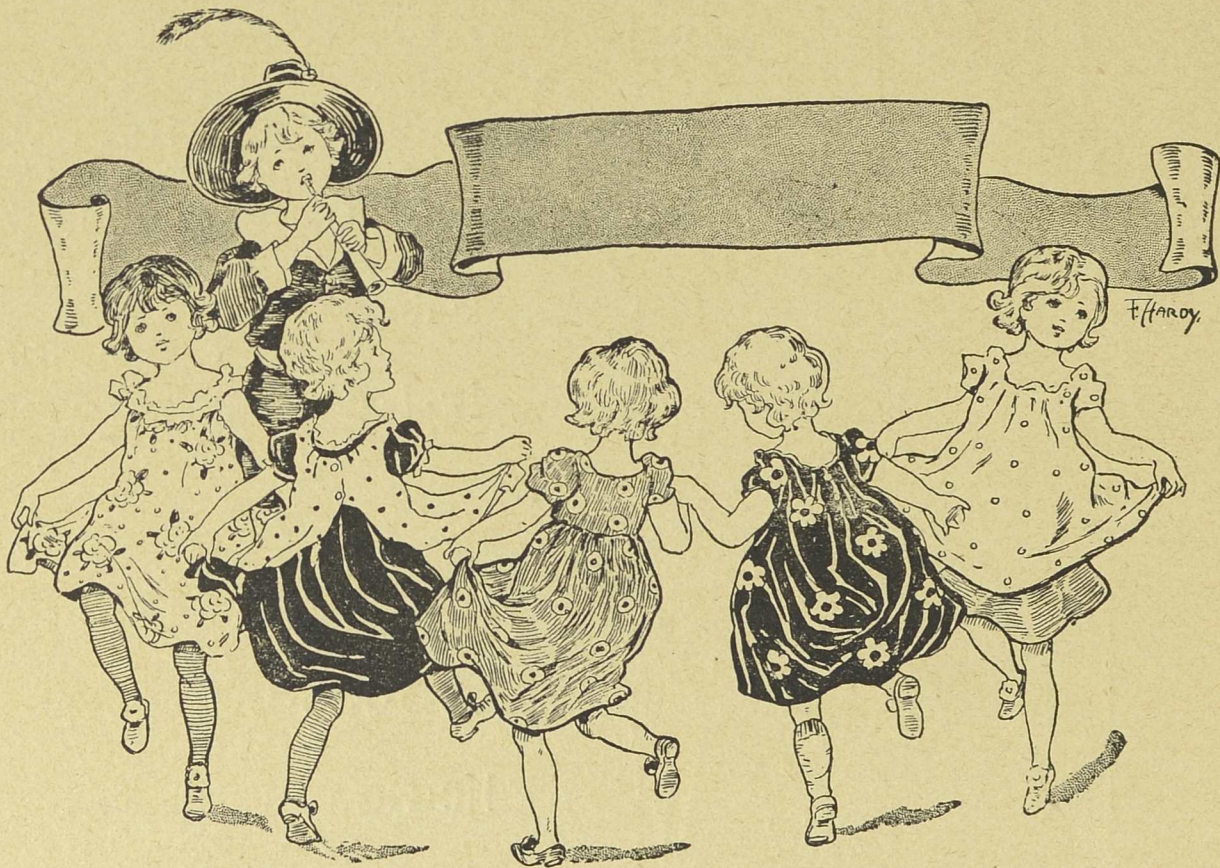
BY

M. V. MORRIS & CECIL ALDIN

On the Grassy Lea.

WHEN the sun is setting o'er the chestnut tree,
Children play, every day, on the grassy lea;
Dance and sing, in the spring,
Near the chestnut tree.

Colin pipes so blithely, making music sweet,
Faces fair, bright smiles wear, as trip the tiny feet.
All things sing, in the spring,
Making music sweet.



Swaying dainty garments, fairy-like they glide;
Slightly pass, o'er the grass, dancing side by side.
Swaying dainty garments,
Gracefully they glide.

When the sun is setting o'er the chestnut tree,
With us play, every day, on the flowery lea.
Come and sing, in the spring,
Near the chestnut tree.

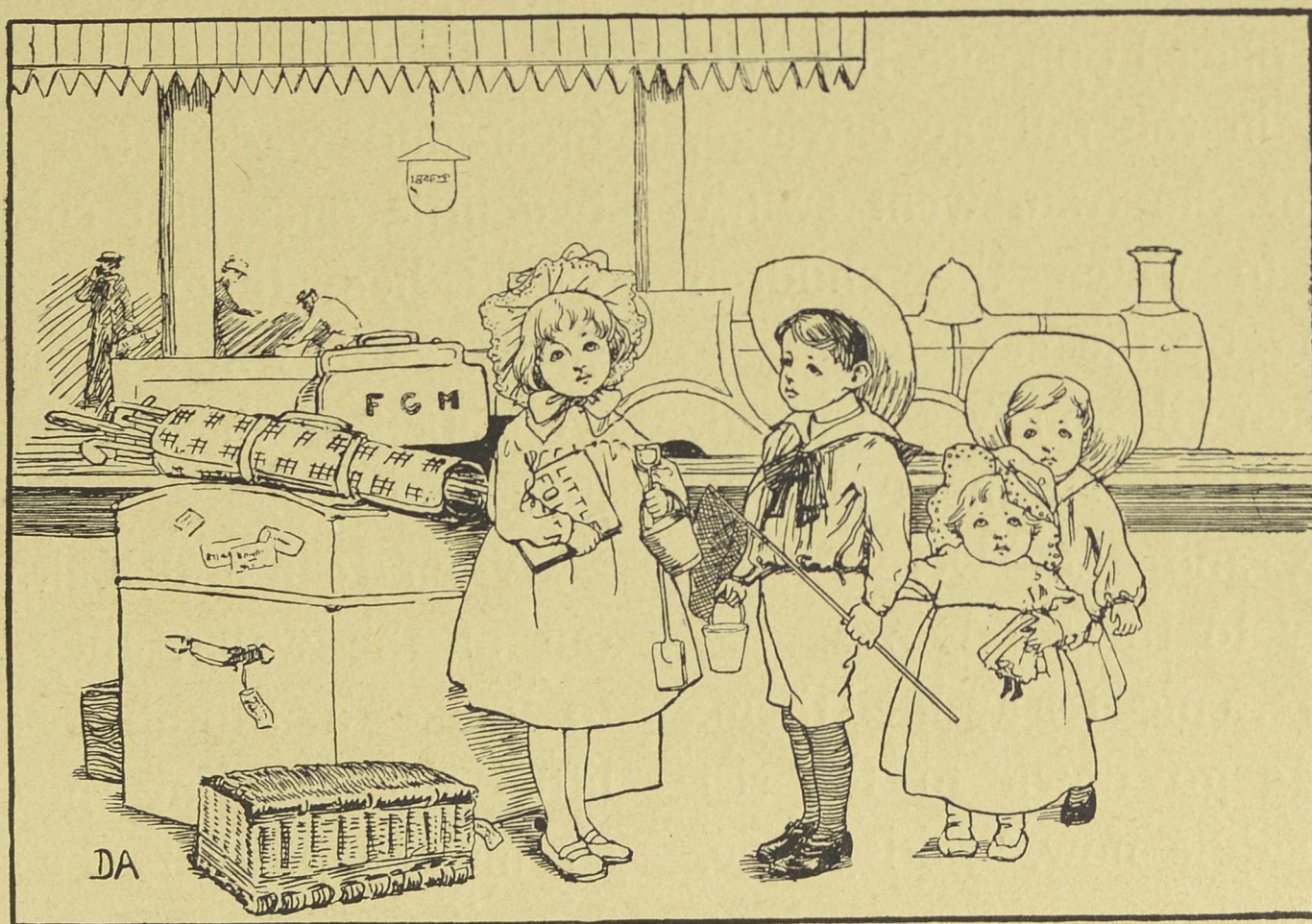
Off to the Sea.

“MOTHER’S coming!”

All the members of the little party gave a sigh of relief as Jean Miller uttered these words.

They were four tired little folks, standing on a railway

“Well, chicks!” said Mrs. Miller, when she got close to them, “I have found a kind porter, who has promised to put our things in the van for us. So now we need not worry.



platform by the side of their luggage.

Mrs. Miller and her family had just been hustled out of one train, in which they had travelled for four hours, to wait here for another, which would take them to the end of their journey.

We shall not have long to wait.”

“Let Jamie and Patty sit by the window, mother,” said Keith. “Then they will be able to see the sea and the sands long before we get to Glaston.”

“Yes,” answered Jean.

Off to the Sea.

“We came last year, and know exactly what the coast is like, but it will be all strange to the ‘babies,’ because they have never been to it before.”

“Me not a baby, Jean!” cried Jamie.

He was very glad, however, to be placed opposite his little sister, in the railway carriage, and, as the train went swiftly past, to watch the children playing by the sea.

When Glaston was reached, Mrs. Miller put them all into a cab, and they were driven rapidly to their lodgings.

Here, a nice tea awaited them.

“Me go down to the sea and paddle now,” said Jamie, toddling to open the door, as soon as ever he was allowed to leave the table.

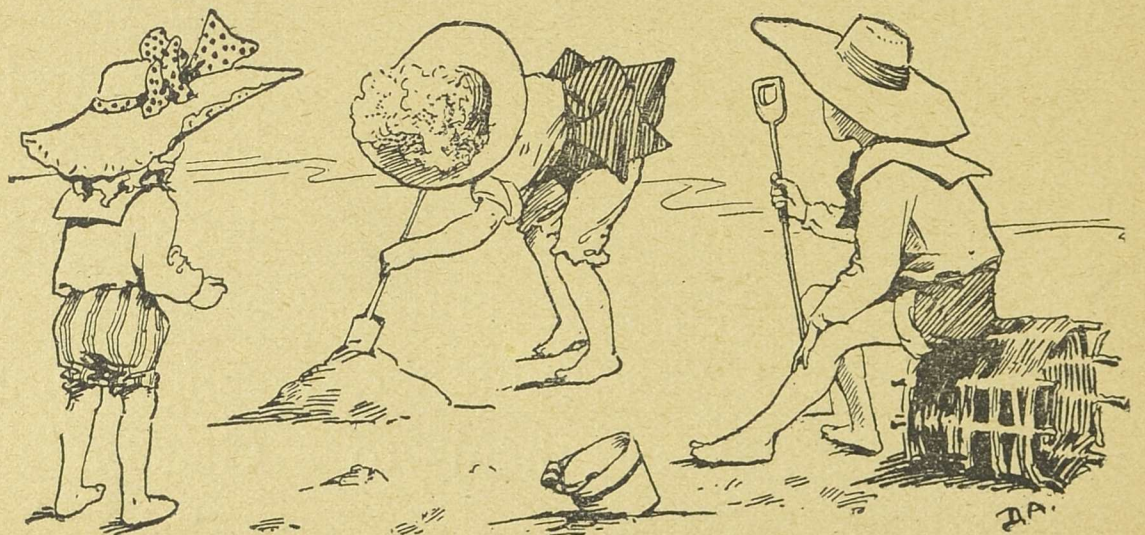
“Me, too!” shouted tiny Patty.

“No, no, dears; not to-night. You are very tired. I

must put you to bed at once. We are none of us going down to the beach until to-morrow morning.”

The sun was shining brightly when the children reached the sands next day, so Mrs. Miller said Jean and Keith might take off their shoes and stockings, and wade; but as the two little ones had colds, she would help them to pick up shells, and when their colds were better, they, too, might go and wade.

When Jean and Keith came out of the water, they began to make a sand-hill, and a little girl standing near was so interested, that she asked Jean if she, too, might join in the work.

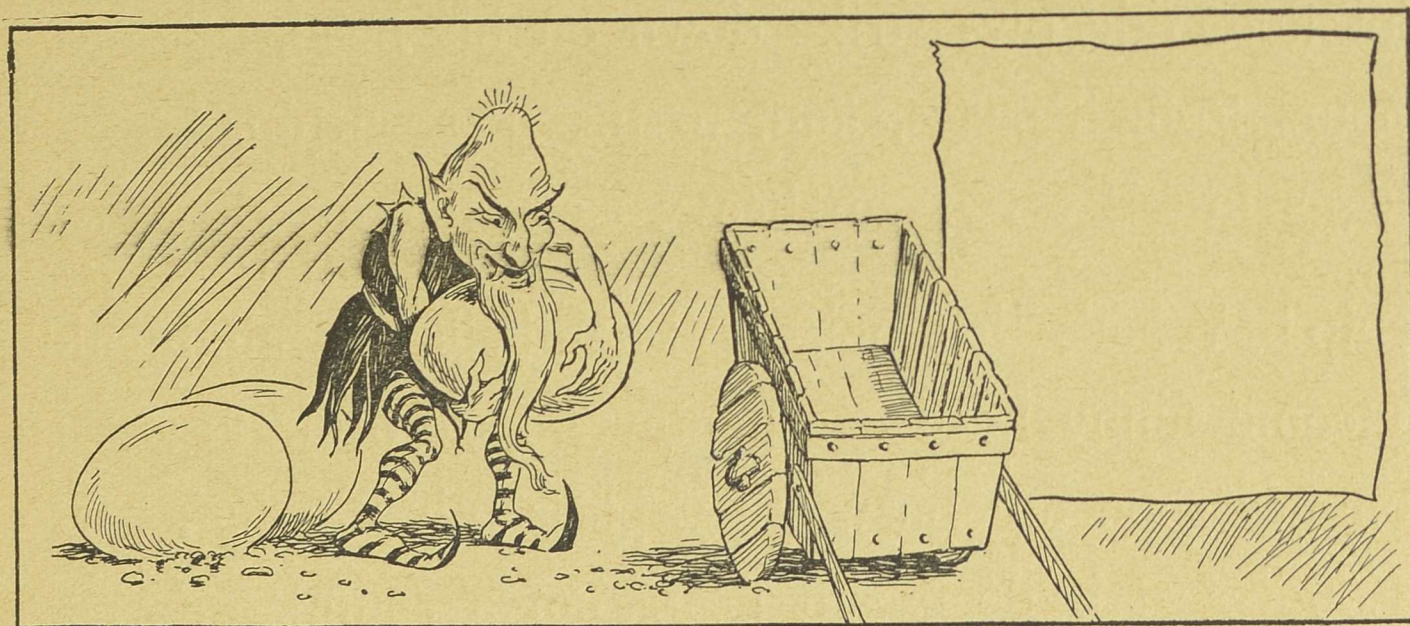


Longbeard's Find.

“OH, oh! here's a find!” cried Longbeard the Miser;

“I dreamt, Sunday morn, I was picking up gold—
Sure sign of good luck—and now comes fulfilment,
Since rare eggs like these for much can be sold.

“With interest keen, Squire Science will view them;
I'll tell him they dropped from the new moon, last night;
He'll give a big price, and gloat o'er his treasure,
Which soon, on that orb, will shed much new light.



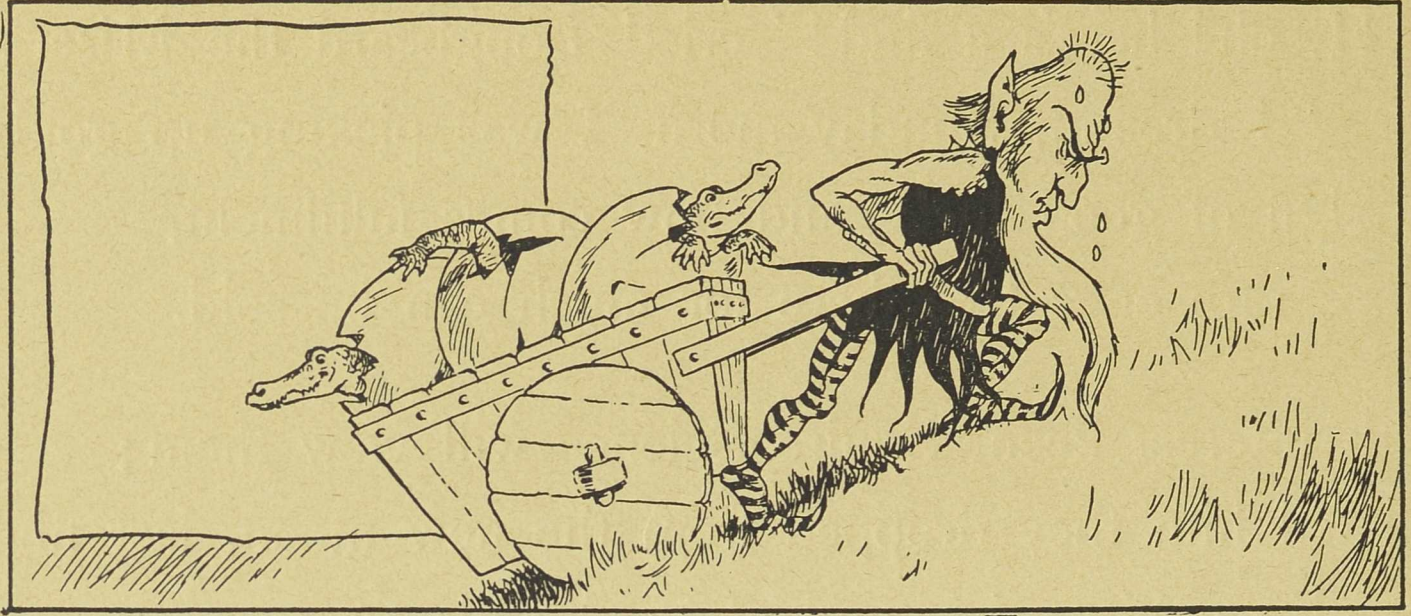
“So into this cart, go lightly, my beauties!

Not asking kind leave, I'll take you with me!
Come up, Number One!—I scarcely can lift you!
My arms are but thin: I'm old now, you see.

“Stay quietly there, or you will get broken,

When, close by your side, your brothers lie down.
Ah me! I am tired! Yet all are packed safely,
And off we must start for Hill-summit town.”

Longbeard's Find.



Oh, oh! what a climb for Longbeard the Miser!

As hot noon-tide rays strike down on his head,
Sweat pours from his face, and, to the poor victim,
The eggs in his cart seem heavy as lead.

Chip! chip! What's that noise? The shells are all breaking!

Forth come funny heads—eager eyes gaze around—
Lithe tongues soon are busy—they pleasantly chatter;
But Longbeard is deaf, and hears not a sound.

Up, up, see he goes, with courage undaunted;

His spare figure bent, his eyes on the track;
He sees not at all the wonders of nature,
But onward he strides, not once looking back.

His teeth now are set: the load is so heavy.

To cope with this weight, he hardly is fit;
But, whate'er his faults, old Longbeard the Miser
Has never yet shown himself lacking in grit.

Longbeard's Find.

Crack! crack! Out they slip—three long, slender bodies.

“Dear brothers, we're free now, as free as the air!”

The liveliest cries, in accents of pleasure;

And three droll, wide mouths, delighted smiles wear.

Old Longbeard toils on, still hopeful, though weary;

The brow of the hill is sighted at last;

A few more strong pulls!—The journey is ended!

His struggles and pains are things of the past.

He straightens his back, and mops his hot forehead;

Then turns himself round, joy lighting his eyes;

But, when he beholds the change in his burden,

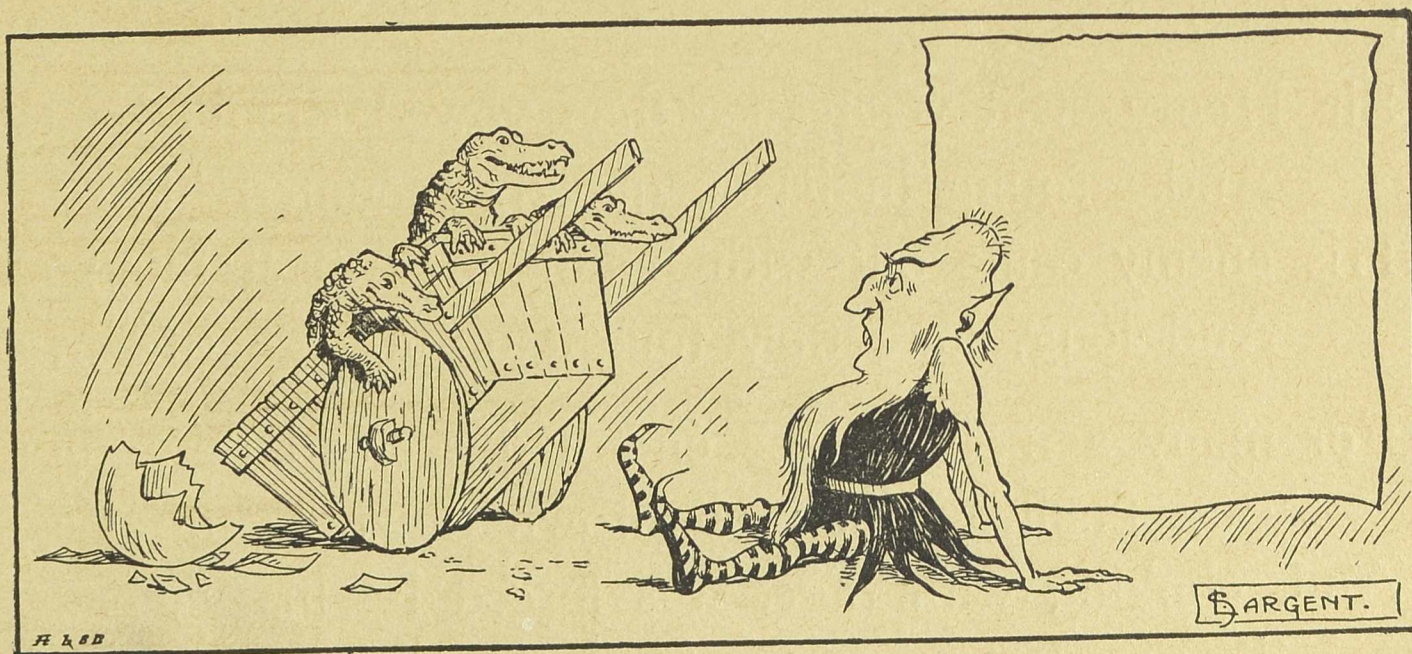
He sinks to the ground with wrath and surprise.

Ho! ho! here's a find for Longbeard the Miser!

Squire Science can't now be deceived, he knows well.

A scholar so wise won't believe that these creatures

E'er fell from the moon. Their name can you tell?



A Famous Fight.

THIS long, famous battle will ne'er be forgotten,
Though neither brave knight by the other was slain;
'Twas fought in the centre of Marguerite Meadow,
Which lies to the right of Buttercup Plain.

Sir William de Fat had insulted his comrade,
The graceful and lithe Sir Henry de Lean—
Had reported his gifts to the poor as but paltry,
And said that he and his wife were both mean.



Sir Henry swift vengeance then vowed should be taken,
And, arming in haste, quickly mounted his steed;
His enemy came out with boldness to meet him;
And long, long they fought on Marguerite Mead.

For many a moment, the end had seemed doubtful;
But, finally, Will was thrown down by de Lean,
And, choking with rage, was forced by his victor
To say he was sorry for calling him mean.

The Birthday Present.



“Yes,” said Howard. “Isn’t it a pretty little creature?”

But Lucy did not answer; neither did she offer to take the cage.

“Don’t you want it, Lucy?” asked her cousin. “Surely you are not afraid. It is quite harmless.”

Lucy went a step or two nearer.

“It will get to know you in time,” her cousin went on, “and be a very nice pet.”

Then Lucy tried to be brave, and took the cage into her own hands.

“I must give it a name, she said. “Will Tiny do, Howard.”

“Capitally!” was the answer. “Now, Miss Mouse, take notice! whenever your mistress cries ‘Tiny,’ you are to attend, and obey every one of her orders.”

“It is very kind of you

“**M**ANY happy returns of the day, Cousin Lucy. I have called on my way to school to bring you a birthday present.”

Lucy Vere looked between the bars of the strange-looking cage which Howard held in his hand, and saw a little white mouse with pink eyes.

“Is that for me?” she cried, in a tone of surprise and fear.

The Birthday Present.

to bring me a present," said Lucy. "You won't forget to come to my party this afternoon, will you?"

"Of course not," replied Howard. "But I must hurry off now, or I shall be late for school."

Lucy watched him down the street, and then went to show the white mouse to her mother, and ask her if she might keep it.

Mrs. Vere readily gave her consent. She was a widow, and was very kind to her only child.

On this her fourteenth birthday, Lucy was to have sixteen of her friends to tea.

Howard called again on his way home from school.

"Where have you put Tiny?" he asked.

"In my room," Lucy replied, and left him to go and look at it by himself.

At three o'clock she was ready to receive her guests.

Julia Simpson was the first to arrive, and Lucy took her to see Tiny.

"Why, it is not here!" exclaimed Lucy. "Mother, have you seen my white mouse?"

"No, darling," Mrs. Vere replied.

Other visitors now made their appearance and Lucy forgot all about her loss.

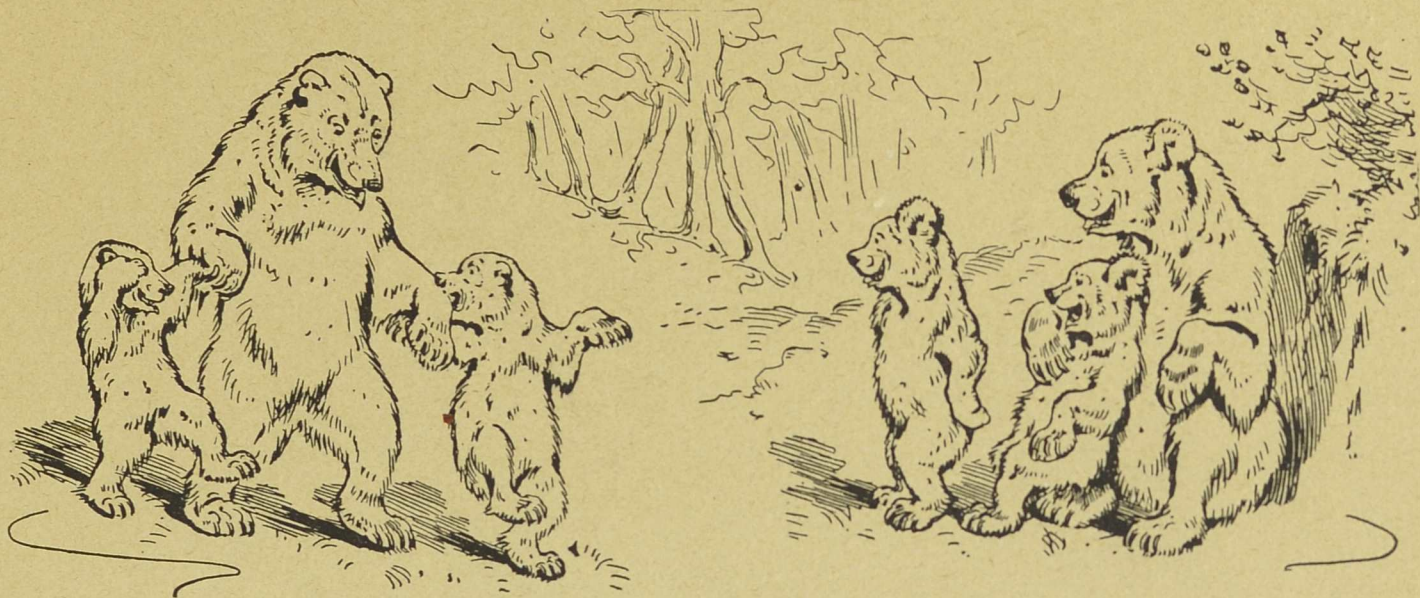
As the clock struck four, Howard marched in, carrying a pretty little King Charles spaniel.

He went straight up to Lucy, and put it in her arms.

"I am sorry I made a mistake this morning," he said. "I have found out that girls like dogs better than mice, so I am going to keep Tiny, and give you this new pet!"

"Oh, what a lovely little animal!" cried Lucy. "But, Howard, I shall come often and see the white mouse."

The Greedy Little Bears.



“I REALLY must sit down and rest!” said Mrs. Jolly-bear to her two little sons, Mischief and Fun.

The three had left home early that morning, and were now well on their way to Pinely Forest, where Mrs. Jolly-bear’s brother lived.

He had invited them all to come and spend a few days at his house, and the little ones were very well pleased to go.

“Look, mother! isn’t this uncle?” asked Mischief, waking Mrs. Jolly-bear up from her short nap, and pointing down the road.

Mrs. Jolly-bear rubbed her eyes. “Why, bless me, yes!”

she exclaimed. “And your two cousins — Shaggy and Frisky, also. How kind of them to come and meet us.”

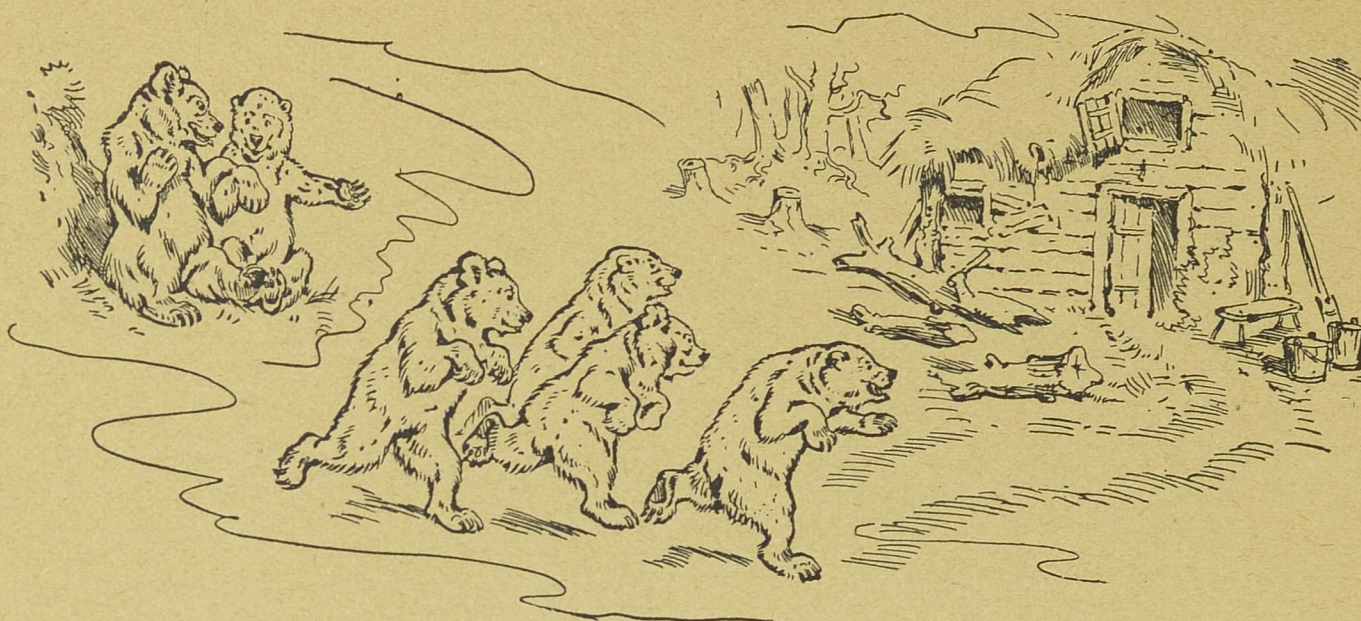
Mr. Bruin’s face was wreathed in smiles as he approached, holding his children tightly by the hand.

He had some difficulty in making them behave properly, however.

Frisky wanted to walk on all fours, which would not have been very polite; while Shaggy, who was bashful, tried to hide behind his father’s back, and bit Mr. Bruin’s hand, half in jest and half in earnest, when he would not permit this.

When they had shaken

The Greedy Little Bears.



hands, the brother and sister sat down side by side, to have a quiet chat, while the four little ones looked around in search of amusement.

“I think there’s something nice in those tubs yonder,” said Mischief. “Follow me.”

It did not take them long to reach the tubs, which were full of sugar syrup.

The four little tongues began to lap greedily. Then, Shaggy, in his haste, fell into his tub head-foremost, causing it to upset, and all four were covered with the sticky stuff.

Mr. Bruin and his sister had to give each a good licking before they could start anew on their journey.



R. F. Elmer

MIXED PICKLES

On the Seashore.

“BRAVO, Robinson Crusoe!” exclaimed Cecil. “Your boat is getting ahead splendidly now.”

“Oh, I do hope he will win!” said Lottie. “I was afraid he would topple over, because he is rather heavy, you know; but with his arms bent upwards, he keeps his balance nicely, doesn’t he? I am glad he is a jointed doll.”

“I can’t think why you are so fond of him, Lottie,” said Kenneth. “He is such an ugly little fellow!”

“Robinson Crusoe ugly!” cried Lottie. “Oh, Kenneth, I am sure he is not. He has a most charming face.”

Both her brothers laughed heartily at this speech.

“Well, anyhow, I think his boat is going to be first,” said Cecil. “Wait a moment,

though. The big ship is shooting forward. Don’t give in yet, little man. Hurrah! you’ve got your wish, Lottie. Robinson Crusoe has won the race.”

Let’s make a castle now,” said Kenneth.

“The very thing,” cried Cecil and Lottie together; and soon, the three were heaping up the sand, ready for the work.

July and August were the happiest months in the year to these children, for then their mother always brought them to this pretty town on the seashore.

Their father could not be with them the whole of the time, for he had his business to attend to, but he came every week-end to Seacliffe.

It was he who had taught



On the Seashore.

them how to build sand-castles, and they were very proud of their doings in this direction, you may be sure.

A crowd of admiring children quickly gathered round the one they were now making. The boys did not mind having onlookers, but Lottie, who was somewhat shy, felt glad to go down to the sea for a change.

Here she found some of her friends.

"We are enjoying ourselves very much, Lottie," they said.

"We have been wishing you would come."

"I have been helping my brothers to sail boats and make castles," answered Lottie. "But they are trying to catch fish now. They

wanted me to go with them, but I thought I would rather come and play with you."

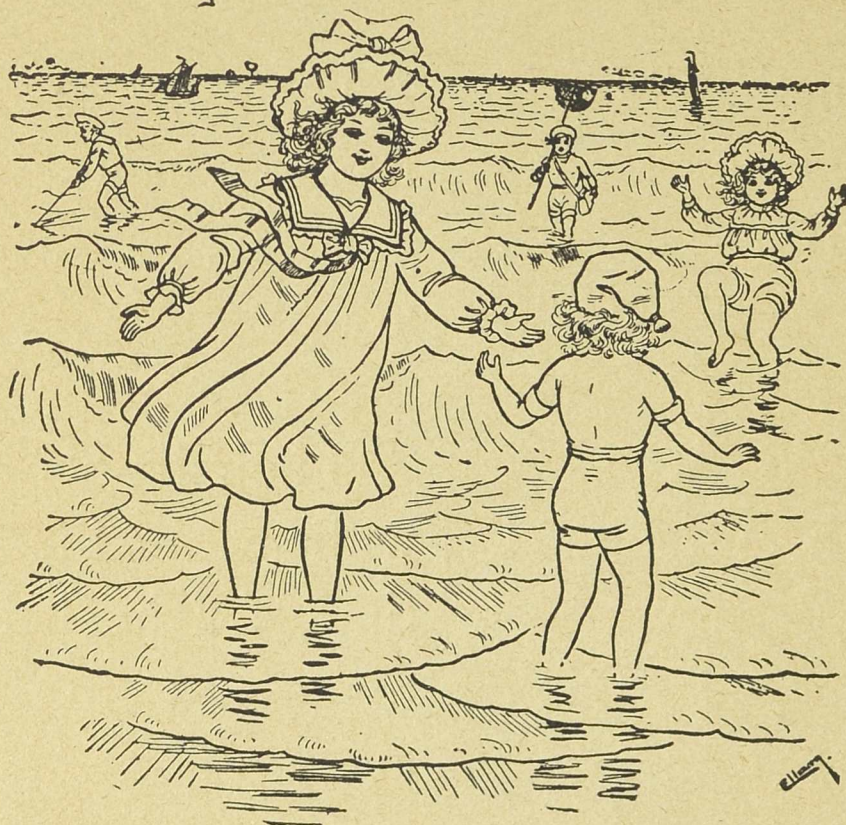
"Look! there is Cecil," cried little Harry Blake. "What a nice net he has got."

"You will see Kenneth in a moment," said Lottie. "He is not far off."

"Oh! there he is!" said Harry. "Let me go and meet him."

"No, the water is deeper there, and might carry you off your feet. Take my hands and we will have a dance."

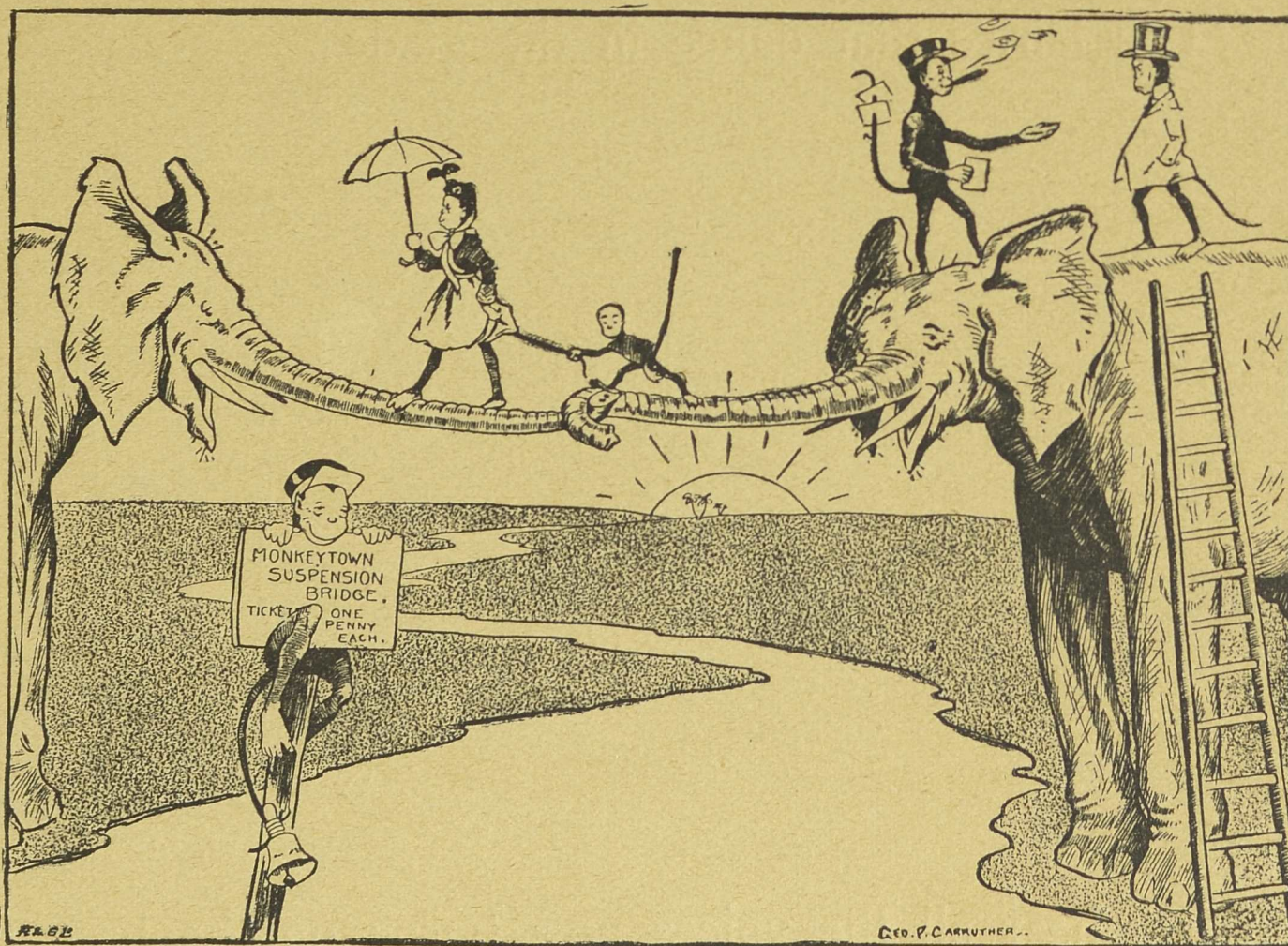
Little Harry laughed as the waves lifted him up and down, while Lottie was careful to keep him out of danger.



A Famous Bridge.

YOU cannot pass this way unless you pay!
If you've no money, come another day!
This famous bridge is made of trunks so strong,
That people never fear to walk along.

An elephant supports it on each side;
Two patient beasts, with large mouths opened wide;
Silent they stand, but in each half-shut eye,
As near you go, you see a twinkle sly.



Young dandies, children, well-dressed ladies too,
Ascend the ladder and admire the view—
That water clear, those green banks sloping down—
As they walk o'er, to get to Monkey Town.

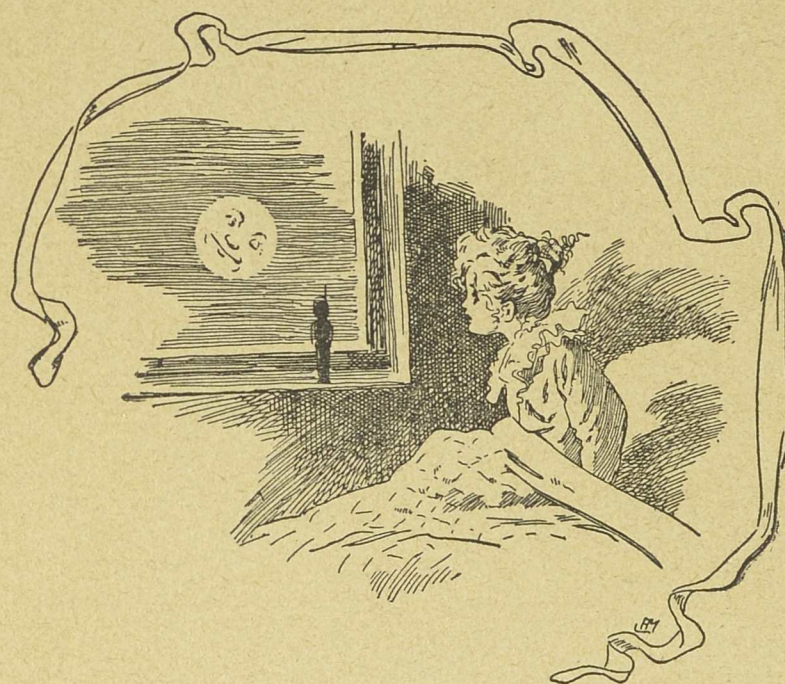
One ticket, sir? A penny, if you please!
You'd better go without your bread and cheese,
Than fail this New Suspension Bridge to cross,
That leads to Monkey Town, and spans the Floss.

The Man in the Moon.

PRAY what are you thinking of, Man in the Moon,
High up in the heavens so bright?

I wish you would tell me, dear Man in the Moon,
As I sit here and watch you to-night.

Can you see all Earth's rivers, and valleys, and hills—
The cities which men's hands have made,
Tall wood-ferns, wild-roses, and silvery rills,
The fairies that dance in the glade?



Can you hear all the voices now borne on the breeze—
The chirp of the bird in its nest?

Do you know what the gentle dove coos in the trees,
Ere it quietly settles to rest?

Pray what are you thinking of, Man in the Moon,
High up in the heavens so bright?

I wish you would tell me, wise Man in the Moon,
As I sit here and watch you to-night.

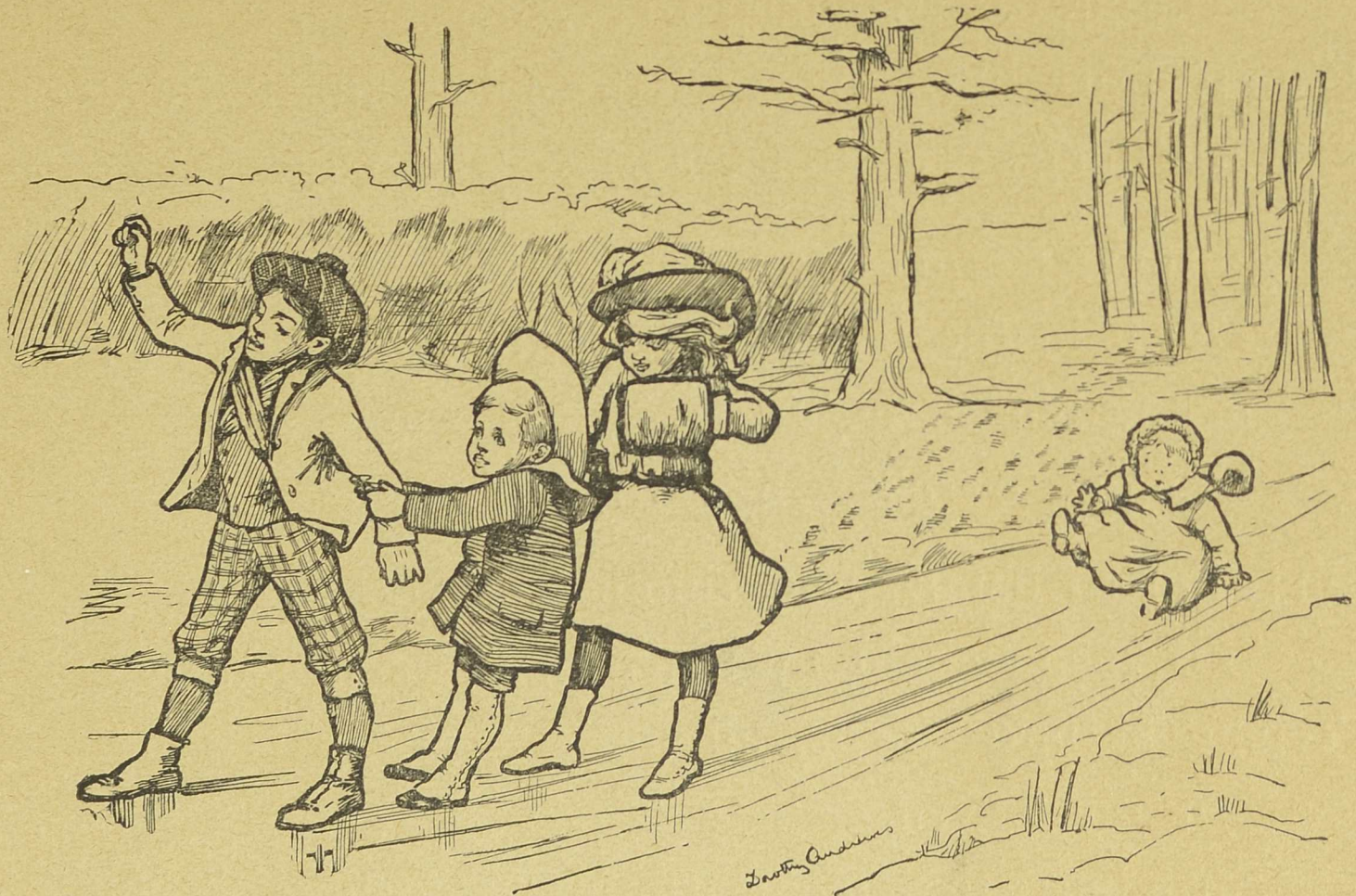
The Slide.

“**HOLD** my arm tightly, Mark, and then you’ll be sure that you won’t fall. Now, keep close behind, Clara. Off we go!”

And bravely down the long

the great slide was, and put her tiny feet on the slippery surface.

But, to the little maid’s surprise, they would not stop there.



slide the children went, their toes and fingers tingling with the exercise.

Little Mattie, who had been told to stand on the path out of danger, thought as she watched the others, that it was a pity for her to miss all the fun.

So out she toddled into the middle of the road where

Up they went in the air, and down she sat on the ground, with a shock, that sent her muff spinning round on its cord to the back of her neck.

“This is a very poor game!” thought Mattie, “I can’t see any fun in it, at all!”

Where am I Going?

WHERE am I going? With Duncan and Debbie,
Through the bright corn-fields, to see the old mill;
Hoops we are taking, and, on the way thither,
Races we'll run down the slope of each hill.

Birds are all singing and honey-bees humming,
Sunshine is streaming o'er valley and lea,
Flow'rets are blooming, and streamlets are flowing,
All things are joyous, as joyous can be.

No warning storm-clouds disturb us this morning;
Down in the meadows, the grass is quite dry;
Far in the blue haze, a gay lark is singing,
Hanging o'erhead, like a speck in the sky.

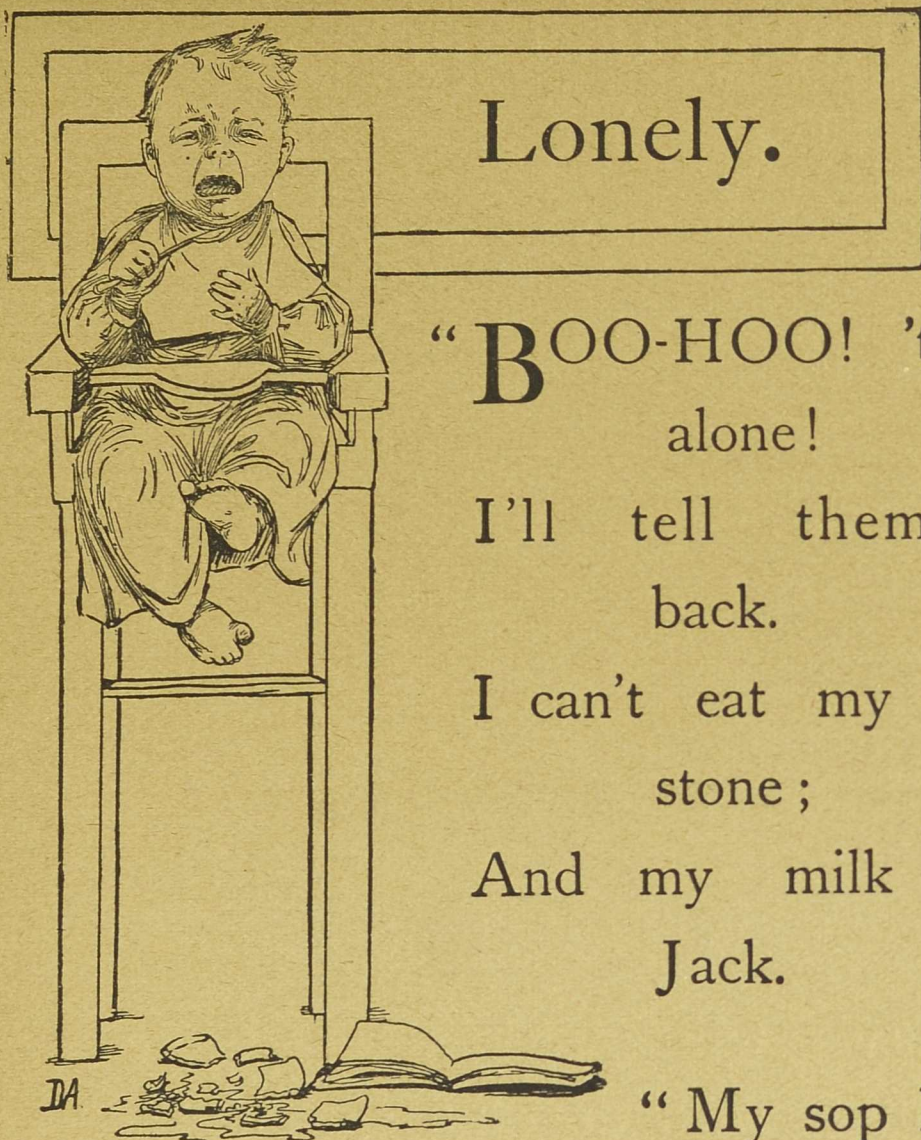
Oh! I'm so happy, now summer is with us;
'Tis such delight by the hedgerows to stray,
Peeping at birds' nests, all most
neatly woven,
Spending the moments in
light-hearted play.

Listen! that's Duncan so cheerily
calling—

Calling to me, as he swings
on the gate:

“Sister, we're starting! You've
found your new hoop-stick?
Come along quickly, or we
shall be late.”





Lonely.

“**B**OO-HOO! 'tis a shame to leave me
alone!

I'll tell them so when they come
back.

I can't eat my spoon: 'tis as hard as a
stone;

And my milk is all spilt!” cried wee
Jack.

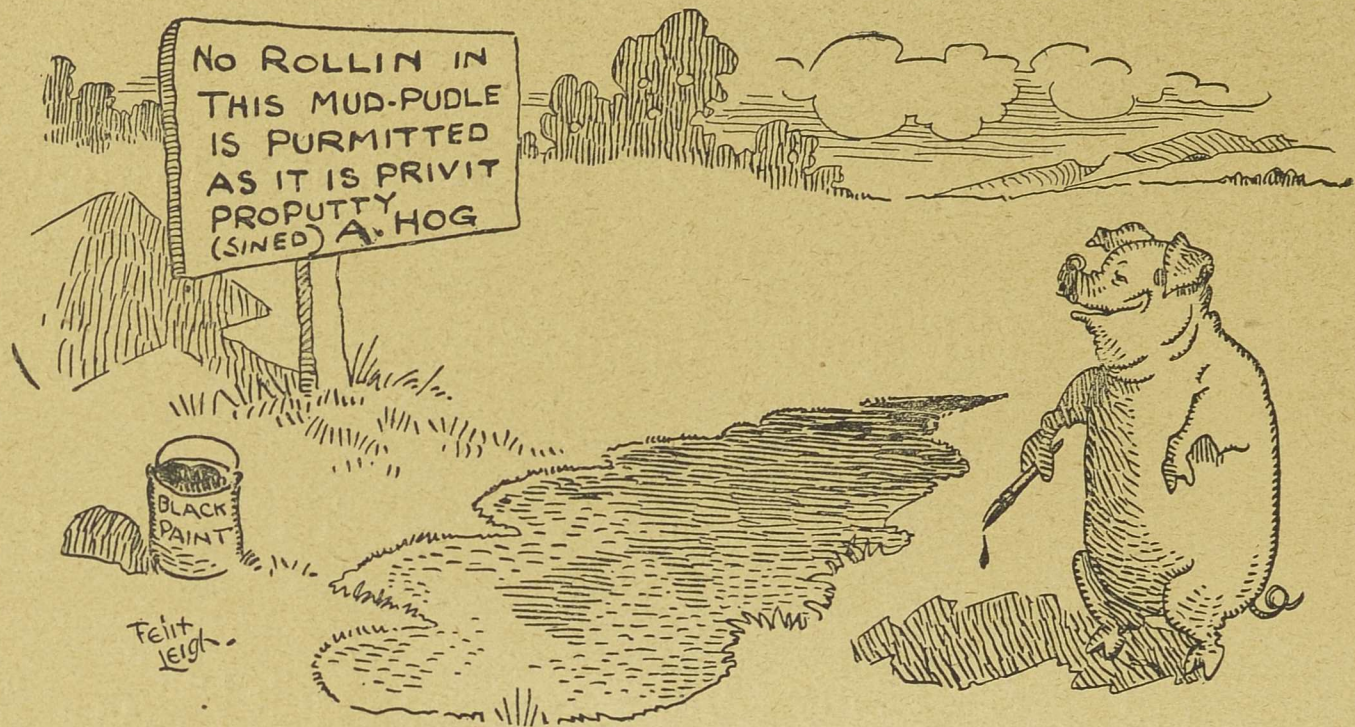
“My sop looked so nice when nurse
brought it in,

My brecksup I thought I'd enjoy;
Dear mother stood by, and said, 'Now, begin,
You must eat it all up, darling boy.'

“Then she, and nurse too, went into the hall,
And down fell my mug on the floor;
So my brecksup is gone, but though loudly I call,
They won't come and bring me some more.

“Boo-hoo! 'tis a shame to leave me alone!
There's no one who cares about me!
I've shouted and screamed till sleepy I've grown,
And I've cried till I scarcely can see.”

The Educated Pig.



“THERE!” cried Piggy Wiggy. “I flatter myself that will cause a sensation. It will be very pleasin’ to ’ear theremarks which will be passed on my cleverness. Supposin’ I hide behind a tree and listen.”

This idea pleased him so much, that, very soon, he had found a place of concealment.

“What’s this?” cried Mr. Owl, who was the first to come up, as he looked at the notice-board.

Then he put on his spectacles and gravely read every word.

“Hum!” said he; “this is the work of some very ignorant

fellow. I never before saw such dreadful spelling!”

Mrs. Tabby now arrived on the scene.

“Privit proputty, indeed!” said she. “I don’t bear A. Hogg any grudge for keeping a bath like that to himself, I am sure. Thank goodness, some people wash themselves nicely, if he doesn’t!”

When Mr. Owl and Mrs. Tabby had gone, Piggy Wiggy came from behind the tree.

“Oh, dear!” he said. “I’m a dunce, so I will go to school. How glad the children will be to have me for a companion.”

Sunshine Land.



OUT of Clouldville all the little people came flocking: rosy-cheeked boys and golden-haired girls, smiling infants and dimpled babies—so many in number, that the sentinel lost count of them as they passed through the high leaden gates, which were thrown back to their utmost width.

They carried open umbrellas, for it was always wet in their native town, and no one dared go out without one.

Tiny feet splashed into the mud, and clean garments were soon soiled; but on they went, singing in sweet chorus:—

Farewell, farewell, to Clouldville,

Where rain pours down all day;

We're bound for the Land of Sunshine,

And there we mean to stay.

By and by, the procession reached the end of the long, straight road from the city.

Here the road went off in four different ways, and the children hardly knew which one to take.

“Let us take that on the right,” said Faith, one of the leaders, pointing that direction.

Sunshine Land.

“We must make no mistake,” said blue-eyed Felix, her companion. “That leafy road is certainly the nicest of the four ways. But how sad it would be, if, after walking for a mile or two, we found we were going away from Sunshine Land instead of towards it. No, Faith, we must wait here till some one comes by, who can help us.”

As the boy spoke, a man with a lamb in his arms came out from the leafy road.

“What do you want to know, children?” he asked kindly.

“The way to Sunshine Land,” came the answer, from many high, clear voices.

With a smile the shepherd pointed out the roughest path, and then went on his way to Cloudville, while the children started off again.

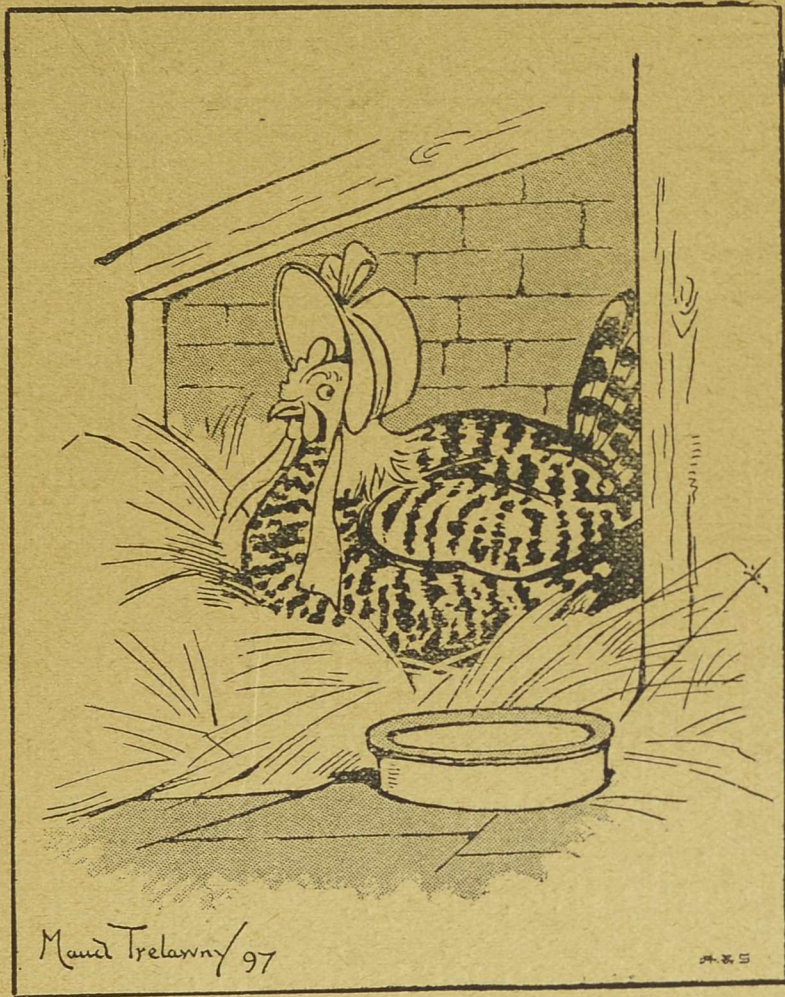
But the babies were growing weary, and now needed to be helped as they toddled along.

Soon, however, the road grew wider, and the hard stones gave place to soft grass. Pretty ferns and flowers of lovely hue bordered the way. The sky became bright, and the air warm. Best of all, there was a gleam of golden gates in the distance.

“Sunshine Land!” they all cried, and waving their closed umbrellas, danced joyfully onward.



Offended Dignity.



“AUNTIE, auntie! where are you?” cried Gwennie, as she ran down the garden-path.

“Here, dear!” answered a gentle voice from the summer-house.

“Oh, auntie!” said the little girl, upsetting the contents of a work-basket which stood on a round table just inside, “do come and see old Dignity. She looks so funny. Please don’t stop to pick up those reels now.”

“I think some one else

ought to stop to pick them up,” said auntie, smiling at the child’s eagerness. “But I suppose I must forgive you, since this is holiday-time, and you are only to stay with me a few days longer. So Dignity looks funny, does she?”

“Oh, yes,” answered Gwennie. “I found an old bonnet up in the attic, and I have just put it on her head.”

Auntie laughed till the tears came into her eyes when she saw the old turkey dressed so.

“I must make a drawing of her,” she exclaimed. “Fetch my sketch-book, Gwennie.”

Dignity was good enough to sit still for some time longer. Then, with a loud “cluck!” she flew to some distance.

“Oh!” cried Gwennie, “what a pity!”

But auntie said, “I have made the sketch, dear, and you may have it to show your friends.”

So, that is why, little reader, it is here for you to see.

In Father's Study.



OH, what funny little people!

Here they are, shut up in father's study, turning over the pages of heavy, dusty books.

And, out of doors, the sun is shining, the birds are chirping, and the strawberries are saying, "Come and pick us; we are ripe and red, and you will find us very sweet and good."

How has it all come about?

Well, I will tell you.

Maisie, the eldest of the four, heard mother ask father at breakfast-time, where a gentleman lived, whom she had been reading about.

"I am not quite sure," answered father. "But I will go to my study and find out."

Maisie followed father, and

watched him as he took down a volume.

"Does that book tell you where people live, dad?" she asked.

"Yes, dear; it gives their addresses, and tells many other things about them."

Father then went back to his breakfast, and Maisie called the three children into the study, and told them what he had said.

"We can find out now where Cinderella, Jack the Giant-Killer, and Goody Two-shoes live," she cried. "Oh, how nice it would be to visit them!"

So that is why they all turn over the pages of the dry volumes so eagerly.

Oh, what funny little people they are!

The Orchestra.

“ONE—two—three—four!—Minim, crotchet, rest!—
This night’s audience, brother, hears Croakie at his best.
How the strains come stealing, soft, and sweet, and low;
With what tender feeling handles he his bow.

“One—two—three—four!—Still another page!
Croakie’s style of playing soon will be the rage!
Over leaf, dear brother, we come in once more.
Watch those horrid Bunnies making for the door!



“Take care, Croakie! That G was too flat!
Horrors! Lord Fitz-Monkey is reaching down his hat!
To the other gentry he always gives the cue.
Now Squire Fox is going! Oh! what shall we do?

“Ready? Steady!—Minim, crotchet, rest!—
Courage, brother Slim-legs, we must do our best!”
Thus the brave musicians patiently plod on,
But, when they have ended, find their audience gone!

The Chorus.

COME hither, merry children! Our closing chorus hear!
We'll sing a song of holidays, that last throughout the
year.

So, with your balls and racquets, now haste, and gather
round;

But, if you bring your trumpets, make not a single sound.

CLOSING CHORUS.

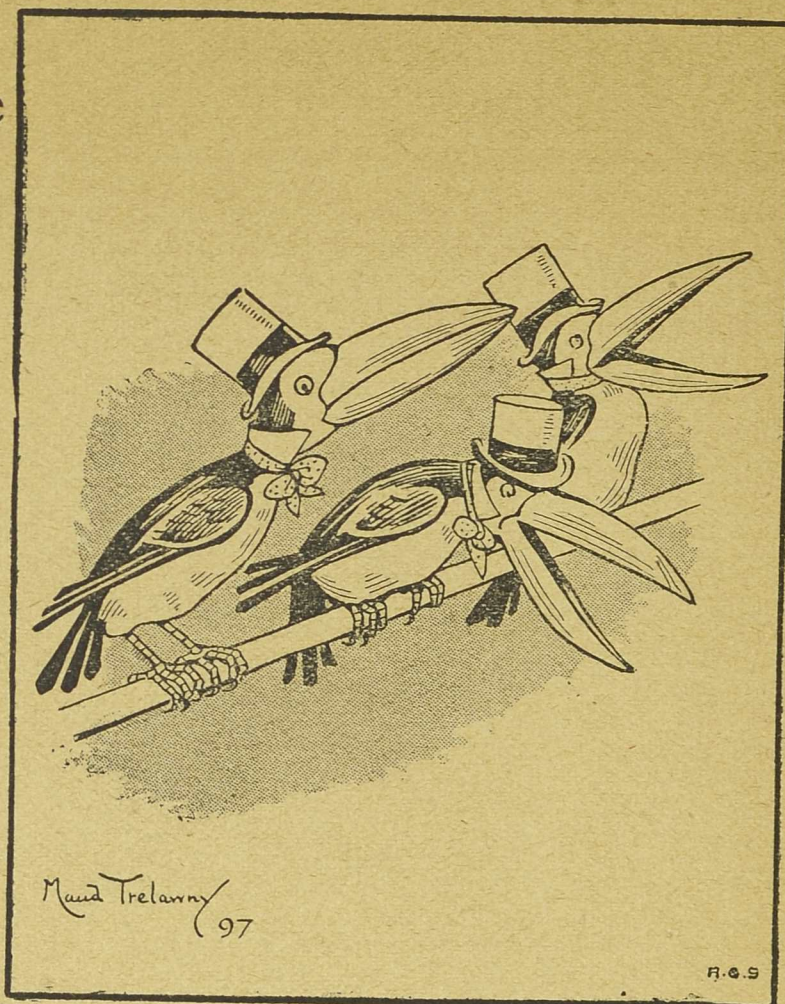
Don't feel dreary, though they're
ending,

Those bright days of sport and
fun;

You can live them o'er in spirit,
When vacation's course is
run.

Be brave-hearted, then, as gravely,
To the school you make your
way.

Think of all the sport and frolic,
You will have next holiday.



You can think, too, of the pleasures
You will have throughout the year.
Work hard then at all your lessons,
Till next holidays are near.

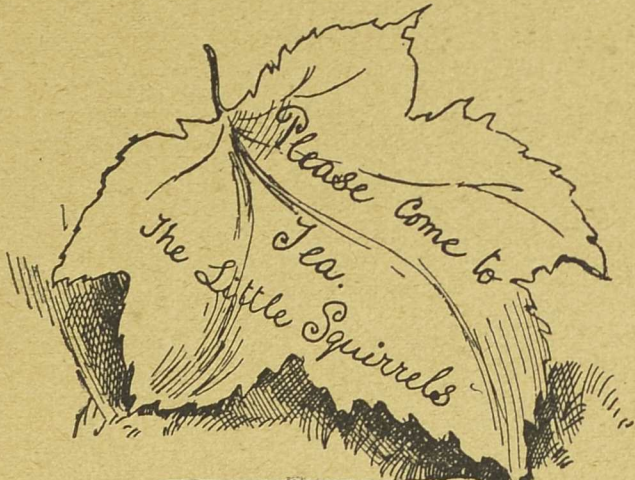
Thus, if gladly you look forward—
And recall the happy past—
You can quite enjoy the present,
Make life's sunshine always last.

THE SQUIRRELS TEA-PARTY



Betty was sitting under a tree

When a leaf fell down on her head



- The Leaf -



So Betty climbed up the tree



And found the little squirrels at home



They had rainwater-tea and nuts



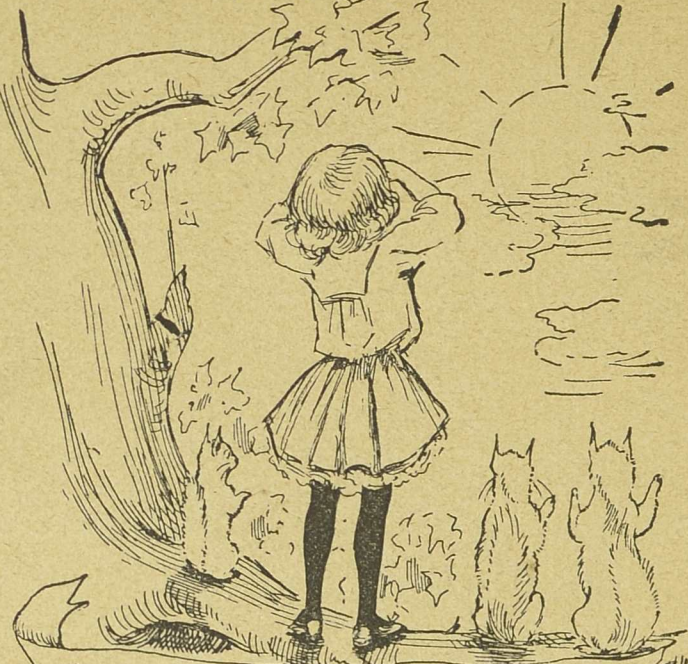
They had a game of touchwood.



hide
and seek.



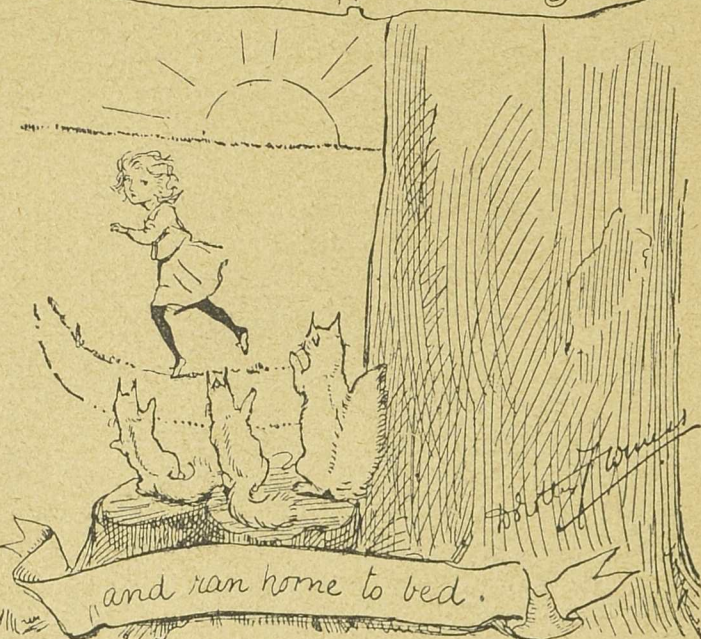
And here we come gathering nuts
and may.



But the sun was setting -



So Betty said good bye to the little squirrels.



and ran home to bed.

The Good Little Lark.

A LARK soared up from the dewy grass
To the sky of azure blue,
And sang, "Now I've lined my nest with moss,
I have nothing else to do."

Far down he cast his bright, keen eyes,
And saw, upon the ground,
Two thrushes fighting o'er a worm,
That each declared *he'd* found.

"Oh, dear!" cried out the little lark,
"I really must make peace!
If *I* pick up that fine, fat worm,
I'm sure the fight will cease."

The thrushes did not see their friend
Come near and nearer still,
Till right before them both he hopped,
The fat worm in his bill.

He quickly ate it all, then chirped,
As to his nest he flew:
"I'll always try to put wrong right,
When I've nothing else to do!"

DEAR baby on the wheel,
Now tell us how you feel,
With father's arm so strong
To help you all along;

With mother's loving eye
To follow you near by;
With brother, too, to guide,
And sister by your side.

Ah! though you do not speak,
That smiling mouth and cheek,
Far more than words, to me,
Tell of delight and glee.

So happy seem you all,
No danger of a fall.
May life bring joy as real,
Dear baby on the wheel.

