

PETTER AND GALPIY, BELLE SAUVAGE PRINTING WORKS, LUDUATE HILL DEPON, E.C.

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FANNY'S VISIT TO HER GRANDMAMMA.

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LITTLE FANNY liked to go and visit her grandmamma. She used to sit by



the old lady, and read to her, and tell her about the town where she lived. And grandmamma was never tired of hearing little Fanny's voice talking to her. Grandmamma lived in the country, in a pretty little house, with a porch covered with roses. And grandpapa kept sheep, and two cows and hens, and also little chickens which would come when they were called to be fed with bread crumbs. Then there was a big barn near the house, where heaps and heaps of wheat

were stored up; and sometimes there were men to be seen there threshing out the corn with great sticks called flails.



But of all the animals at grandpapa's, there was none Fanny liked so much as the old dog Pincher.

He knew her quite well; he would come jumping and running up as soon as he saw her coming,—and all the time Fanny was at her grandmamma's, Pincher would follow her about from place to place, like the good, careful dog he was. So it was no wonder that Fanny loved Pincher.

Well, one day Fanny was playing in the little garden in front of her

father's house; all at once the old postman rode up on his white pony. He had in his hand a letter, which he

gave to Fanny. It was from grandmamma, who asked the little girl to come and see her the next day at her pretty house. You can fancy how glad little Fanny was. She did not know what to do with herself for joy, and it seemed to her that the next day would never come, so anxious was she to be going. And when she went to bed at night, she could hardly sleep for thinking of the pleasure of seeing grandmamma the next day. And the very first thing in the morning, little Fanny was up, and looking at the sky to see if the day seemed likely to be a fine one. There was not a single cloud to be seen. All was fair and bright, and Fanny felt very happy. Aunt Jane had promised to come with the pony to fetch her; and just at eight o'clock aunt Jane rode up to the door.



It was a very pleasant ride to grandmamma's house. Aunt Jane walked by the side of the pony, and

talked to Fanny all the way to grandmamma's. The pony was very gentle and good. At first Fanny felt rather afraid to ride him, but he went so softly and slowly, that her courage soon came back again, and she even allowed the pony to trot quite fast with her before they got to grandmamma's house. Their breakfast was waiting for them. Fanny enjoyed her basin of bread and milk very much, for her ride had made her hungry. When she had done she began to look about for her cousin Kate, whom she had not seen for a long time.



Fanny's cousin Kate was staying with grandmamma. Poor Kate had

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no father or mother, so grandmamma had taken her home, and took care of her. When breakfast was done, Kate and Fanny went out for a walk together. It was a beautiful walk. When they were tired, they rested



beside the clear stream. They plucked the bright flowers as they went along. And all at once Kate cried out, "Fanny, Fanny,

come here." Fauny came running up as fast as she could, and in a bush by the wayside she saw a goldfinch's nest, with four speckled eggs in it. They were quite tired when they got home again. By this time dinner was ready.



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After dinner grandpapa asked Ellen if she would like to come and see the sheep. She was very glad to

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do so, and grandpapa took her out into a field where there were a great many of these pretty creatures. Grandpapa had a box with him, with some salt in it. This salt he strewed about on the ground, and the sheep ate it up, and seemed to like it very much.

Grandpapa told her that in summer the wool was cut from the sheep, and that of this wool clothes were made. He also told her that the fat of the sheep was called tallow, and was made into candles.



There was a beautiful little pony in the field with the sheep. He was so tame and gentle, that he would eat out of any one's hand. His name was Tom. Fanny got some long grass for him, and as soon as she called "Tom," the pony came trotting up as fast as ever he could, and ate it out of her hand, and let her stroke and pat him as much as ever she liked. Fanny asked her grandpapa what made the pony so tame. He told her that this pony had always been very kindly treated, and never beaten or teased: and he said that nearly all animals, if they are kindly treated, will learn to love the people that feed them, and will become gentle.



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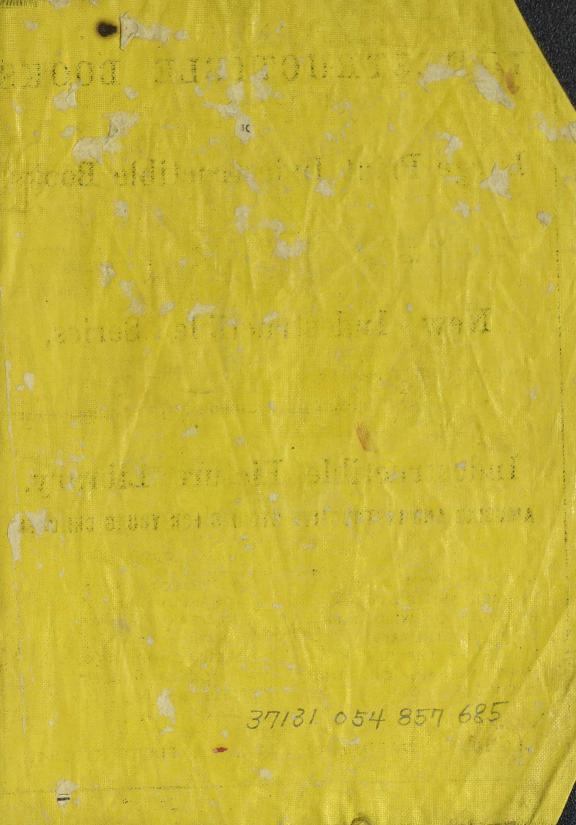
All day it had been fine; but when evening came, it began to rain very much. Fanny did not know how she should get home, for it rained faster and faster every minute. So at last grandpapa said, "Fanny, if you will write a letter to your mamma, and say that you are with us, you can stay all night, and I will take you home in my covered cart in the morning. Old John, the farm servant, will take the letter." Fanny was very glad of this, and she wrote the letter at once, and gave it to old John to take.

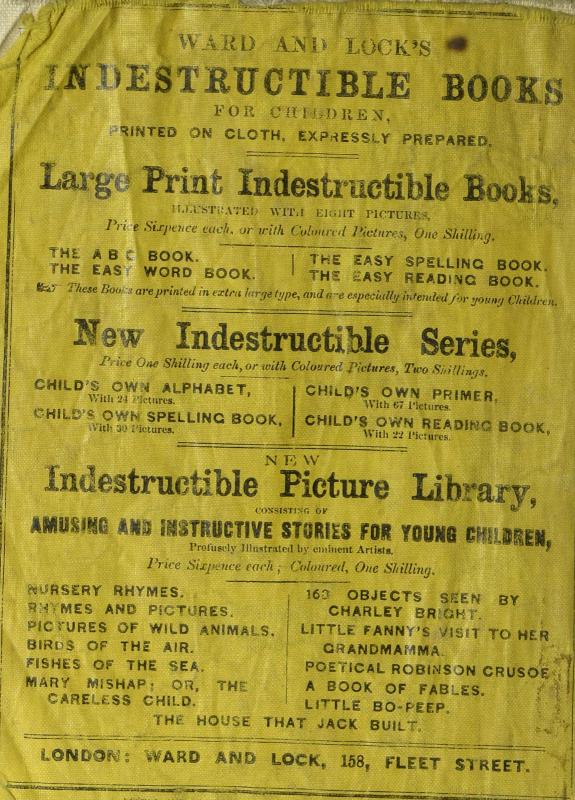
What a good thing it was that Fanny had taken pains, and learned to read and write.



The next day grandpapa took her home in his nice covered cart, as he had promised.

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