

# MY VERY BEST BOOK





**HANDSWORTH**  
*Education Committee.*

Rookery Road Council School

*Infants' Dept.*  
1905.

**PRIZE** awarded to

*Frank Stenson*

for *Attendance etc*

*C. Hill.*

Head Teacher.















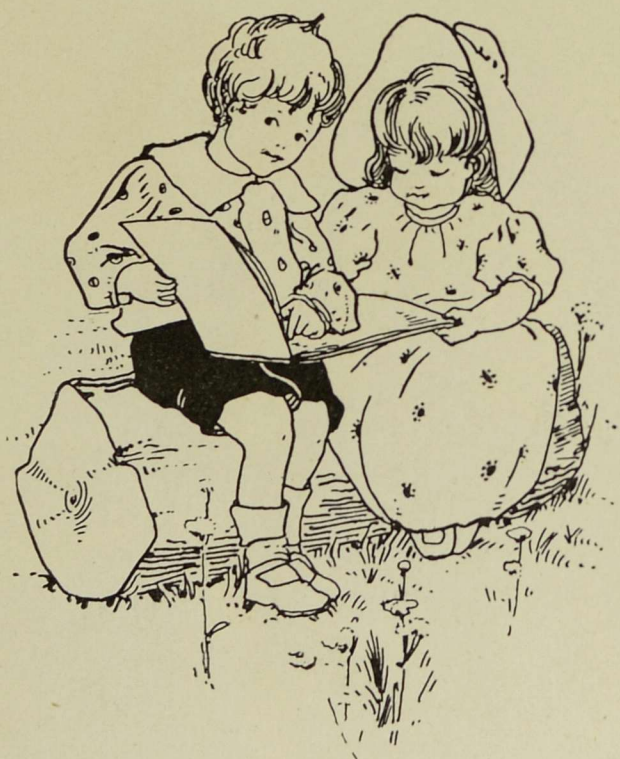


THREE LITTLE ROSEBUDS



# My Very Best Book

STORIES AND RHYMES FOR  
LITTLE FOLK



It was so full of pictures,  
And stories nice as well,  
And lots of pretty verses,  
With no hard words to spell;  
The printer wished to keep it,  
“My Very Best!” he said;  
But then he thought of you, dear,  
And sent it you instead!

**BLACKIE AND SON LIMITED**

LONDON GLASGOW AND DUBLIN







## THE FAIRY PRINCE.

**I**NSIDE the garden, Dora and Dolly and Dot sat on the cool grass telling fairy stories.

Outside, David walked to and fro in the hot, dusty lane. Every time he passed the gate, he peeped through the bars at the bright flowers, and at Dora and Dolly and Dot, and wished he had a garden to play in and someone to play with.

“At last the fairy prince came to the castle-gate,” said Dora. “Then the beautiful princess let him in, and they lived happily ever after.”

“Is that the end?” asked Dot with a sigh.

“Of course,” replied Dora. “What more could there be to tell?”

“I wish a fairy prince would come to our gate,” said Dolly.

“Someone is there now,” said Dora. “Let’s go and see who it is.” But when they reached the gate, David had moved away. So they went outside into the lane.

“Little boy!” cried Dora. “Come back!”

Then David came back, looking rather shy.

“Are you the fairy prince?” asked Dolly.

“I don’t know,” replied David, looking puzzled; “but I’m afraid not.”

“Perhaps if you come into the garden, we shall find out,” said Dora. So David went into the garden.

“And he must have been the fairy prince,” said Dot afterwards; “because we all lived happily, right up to bed-time.”





BUBBLES.



## A NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.



**I**T was New Year's Day, and the postman had brought a parcel for the children, from Auntie May.

There was a woolly lamb, which moved its head and baaed, for Robin. There was a battledore with a fine shuttlecock, for Elsie. And for Charlie there was a ball, and

also a pipe. "My battledore and shuttlecock are beautiful!" said Elsie. "Robin's lamb is as good as a real one. And your ball is nice, Charlie. But the pipe is a stupid present for a boy, for Mother won't let you smoke it."

But Charlie looked wise.

"My pipe is the best present of all," he said.

Then, while Elsie batted her shuttlecock to the ceiling, and the lamb baaed and nodded, as Robin dragged it round the nursery, Charlie filled a basin with soap-suds.

He sat upon the table, dipped his pipe in the suds, and blew gently. Away flew a bubble, and another, and another—many-coloured in the sunshine. Robin and Elsie ran to watch the bubbles.

"How lovely!" cried Elsie. "Look, Robin! I can see the window, and the table, and you, and me, in this bubble. And there is your lamb! and my battledore and the ball!"

"Did I not tell you," said Charlie proudly, "that my pipe was worth all the rest of the toys together?"



## MOTHER'S SURPRISE.

WHAT a horrid afternoon!" said Dolly.  
"There's nothing to do!" sighed Stella.

Then the two children stood hand in hand and looked sadly out of the window.

"Shall we take our dolls out?" said Stella.

"Mine's broken," said Dolly with a pout.

At this moment the door opened, and Mother looked in.

"Put on your bonnets, dears," she cried, "I've got a surprise for you. That's right," as the two stood ready before her. "Now, run down the garden, and look over the gate."

"What can it be?" panted Dolly, as they sped down the path.

"I expect it's something nice, because Mother's surprises always are," said Stella.

They reached the gate and peeped over, and there was their school-fellow May coming down the lane.

"It's May!" cried Dolly; and Stella added, "I believe she's coming to tea."

May, hearing voices, looked up, and when she saw the two watching she ran forward.

"I've come to tea," she cried.

"How lovely!" cried Dolly and Stella. "Come along!"

"How did you know I was coming?" asked May.  
"Mother said it was to be a surprise."

"So it was," said Stella. "We did not know what we should see over the gate."

"Well," said Mother that night, "was it such a horrid afternoon?"





MOTHER'S DARLINGS.



## MOTHER'S SURPRISE

"No, Mother, lovely!" they cried.

"Well, here's another surprise for you," said Mother. "It was horrid because you were doing nothing, and it was lovely as soon as you were busy. Don't you think that was the reason?"

And they both agreed that it was.

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### "WOULDN'T!"


SHE wouldn't have on her naughty bib;  
She wouldn't get into her naughty crib;  
She wouldn't do this, and she wouldn't do that!  
And she would put her foot in her Sunday hat!

She wouldn't look over her picture-book;  
She wouldn't run out and help the cook;  
She wouldn't be petted, or coaxed, or teased;  
And she would do exactly whatever she pleased!

She wouldn't have naughty rice to eat;  
She wouldn't be gentle and good and sweet;  
She wouldn't give me one single kiss—  
Pray, what could we do with a girl like this?

We tickled her up, and we tickled her down,  
From her toddling toes to her curling crown;  
And we kissed her and tossed her, until she was fain  
To promise she wouldn't say "wouldn't" again.





## ARTHUR AND THE RABBIT.

I'M a brave hunter," said Arthur, shouldering his new gun. "I'm afraid of nothing, and I'm going to shoot a lion." And he went out on the common, and hid himself in a furze-bush.

"I'm a brave bunny," said the little rabbit. "I'm afraid of nothing, and I'm going into the garden to eat lettuces." And he crept under the furze-bush, in which Arthur was lying.

"What is that rustling?" said Arthur, starting. "Can it be a lion?" And he scrambled hastily out of the bush.

"What is that noise?" said the rabbit, pricking up his ears. "Can it be the gardener?" And he scampered away to his burrow.



## THE BEGGARS.

PLEASE to help a homeless Tabby,  
And her kittens two;  
They are hungry, she is shabby,  
Got no work to do!

They've no home in all the city,  
So they beg, and mew,  
"Please to give us of your pity,  
And your pennies too!"

—C. B.



Henry B. Neilson





## A PICKABACK.

**C**OME here, my son, I'll give", said he,  
"A pickaback to you!"

The artist, when he saw the sight,  
Pulled out his pencil with delight,  
"Oh, here's a thing I didn't see,  
When I was at the Zoo!"

—C. B.



## MISCHIEVOUS MAGGIE.



OUT on the sands sat little Maggie, building up castles only to knock them down again, and wishing and wishing for something else to do, or someone to play with.

Presently hearing a footstep she looked up and saw old Dan the fisherman coming up from the sea, bearing in each hand a

pail brimful of sparkling water. These he stood down by the doors of two bathing-machines, ready for those who were bathing to dip their feet in and get rid of the sand.

Maggie watched him till he hobbled off again with fresh pails for more water.

Then, with her eyes dancing with fun, she sped across the sand, and *swish, swish* went the water, as mischievous Maggie tipped up the pails till they were quite empty. "Pretty water!" she cried in glee, as it flowed and trickled round her little pink toes.

Then she watched again as old Dan patiently toiled up to a couple of machines a little distance away, and once more left his full pails at their doors. He had only gone a few steps from them this time before Maggie was by them, and with vigorous pushes sent them rolling over.

Old Dan gave a start as he heard the noise, and turned quickly round. "You rogue!" he cried, as his eyes fell on little Maggie. "It's *you*, is it? What is the use of my bringing up water if you tip it all over?"





CAUGHT!



## *JIPPY AND JIMMY.*

Dan's voice was gruff, but as Maggie looked in his face she saw that he was laughing, and she burst into fresh peals of laughter herself, and began to scamper away.

But old Dan was too quick for her; taking a couple of strides he caught her, and, carrying her back to one of the bathing machines, set her on his knee.

"You little mischief!" he cried; "I'll have a kiss now for every pail you've knocked over!"

Maggie shrieked with laughter as she tried to wriggle away, but she had to give the kisses at last; and old Dan felt more than paid for his trouble in fetching the water, when he felt those chubby arms around his neck.

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## JIPPY AND JIMMY.

JIPPY and Jimmy were two little dogs:  
They went to sail on some floating logs.  
The logs rolled over, the dogs rolled in;  
And they got very wet, for their clothes were thin.

Jippy and Jimmy crept out again;  
They said, "The river is full of rain!"  
They said, "The water is far from dry!"  
Ky-hi! ky-hi! ky-hi! ky-hi!"

Jippy and Jimmy went shivering home:  
They said, "On the river no more we'll roam;  
And we won't go to sail until we learn how,—  
Bow-wow! bow-wow! bow-wow! bow-wow!"





## KISS IN THE RING.

WHAT'S the nicest game to play  
On a summer holiday?  
Hide and seek is rather rough,  
And we're tired of Blindman's-buff.  
Someone cries "Let Baby say!"  
"Kiss in the Ring," says Baby May.  
"Hip-hurrah!" cry all the rest,  
"That's the game we all like best!"



## THE NAUGHTY GOSLINGS.



MOTHER GOOSE was starting for market, in her green cloak and best bonnet, with pattens on her feet to keep her from the mud. "Good-bye, my dears," said she to her children. "Be good goslings, and make no noise to disturb the neighbours while I am away, and I will bring some sweets home for you in my basket."

"We will be quiet as mice," said the goslings, standing in a row on the doorstep to wave her good-bye.

When their mother was quite out of sight, the goslings looked at one another.

"It will be chocolate," said the eldest.

"Acid-drops are far nicer," said the second.

"There's nothing like peppermint," said the third.

"Barley-sugar for me," said the fourth.

"It's poor stuff beside candy," said the fifth.

"Toffy is worth all the rest," said the sixth.

"Bulls'-eyes are best of all," said the youngest.

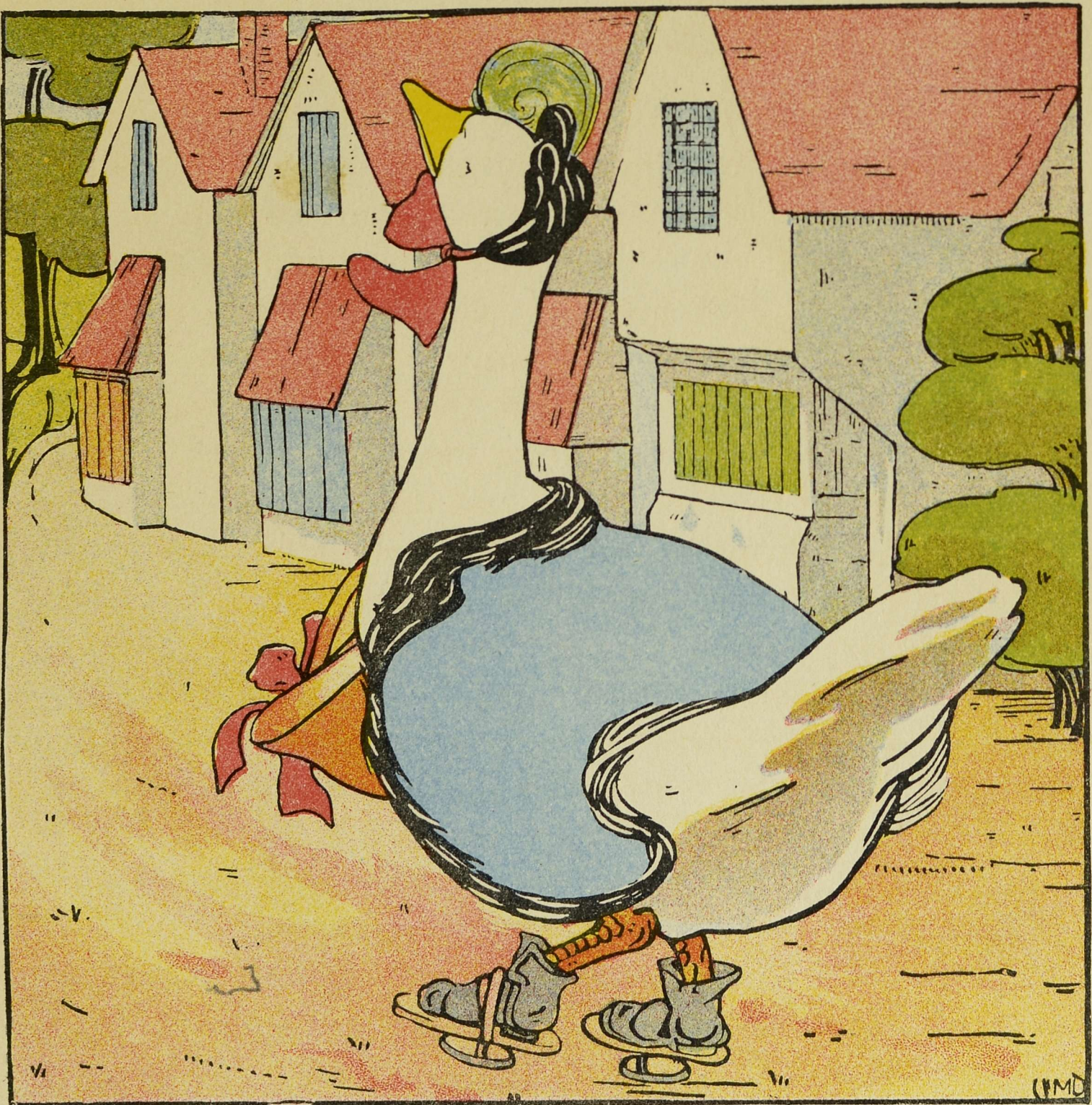
When Mother Goose returned from market, the seven goslings were pecking one another because they could not agree as to which kind of sweet was nicest.

"Have you brought chocolate, or acid-drops, or peppermint, or barley-sugar, or candy, or toffy, or bulls'-eyes?" cackled they all together, as soon as they saw her.



## THE NAUGHTY GOSLINGS

“I have brought all,” replied Mother Goose sternly. “And I have also brought some bitter medicine. As you are hoarse with screaming, each of you will have a dose of medicine and go to bed at once. The sweets will be kept until you have learned to behave as well-bred goslings should.”





## GRANNY'S VISITORS.

GRANNY had just gone upstairs when the door-bell rang. Mary popped Granny's spectacles on her nose, thrust a fat little arm into the stocking that Granny had been darning, and sat down quickly on the footstool, just as the door opened and two visitors came into the room.

"What a funny little old woman!" said one visitor, smiling.

"How do you do, Mrs. Gray?" asked the other.

"They think I really am Granny," thought the delighted Mary, and she beamed at them over the rims of her spectacles, while she replied, as she had heard Granny do: "Middling, thank you, for an old woman. Please sit down."

The visitors sat down, laughing.

"Is your little granddaughter quite well?" asked one.

Mary could hardly keep serious this time. But she nodded her head wisely, till the spectacles nearly slid off her little round nose, while she tried to think what Granny would have said.

She had just begun: "Mary is quite well, thank you; but she has a young head, and her shoulders are not very old," which did not sound quite right, when Granny came down-stairs.

"Why, what are you doing here, Mary?" asked she, laughing at the odd little figure on the footstool.

"Oh, Granny," cried Mary, "what a pity you said my name! I was having such fun. Your visitors thought I was you!"





GRANDMAMMA.

*Photo: H. W. Salmon, Winchester*



## HOW TO BE GOOD.

**B**E good while I am away," said Mother.

"How shall we be good?" asked the children.

"Be kind and cheerful," replied Mother.

"What is *teerful*?" asked four-year-old Hugh.

"Cheerful, not *teerful*," replied Mother, laughing. "It means that you must not be a cry-baby, but must be smiling and happy. Now good-bye. I shall come home by the five o'clock train. One of you can come with Father in the dog-cart to meet me."

"Which one?" they asked eagerly.

"You must decide that for yourselves," said Mother. "Let it be the one who most deserves it."

The sunny day passed smoothly away. At half-past four Father brought the dog-cart to the gate. "Who is to go with me?" asked he. The children looked at one another doubtfully.

"I'm afraid we don't know," said Tom, the eldest. "You see it has been such a fine day, and everything has been so jolly, that there was nothing to make us cross or unhappy."

"That is good news," said Father, smiling. "And perhaps it will be fairer if to-day I take no one with me." Then everyone looked round, for Hugh was making a strange, gurgling noise.





## HOW TO BE GOOD



“What is the matter, my child?” asked Father, in alarm.

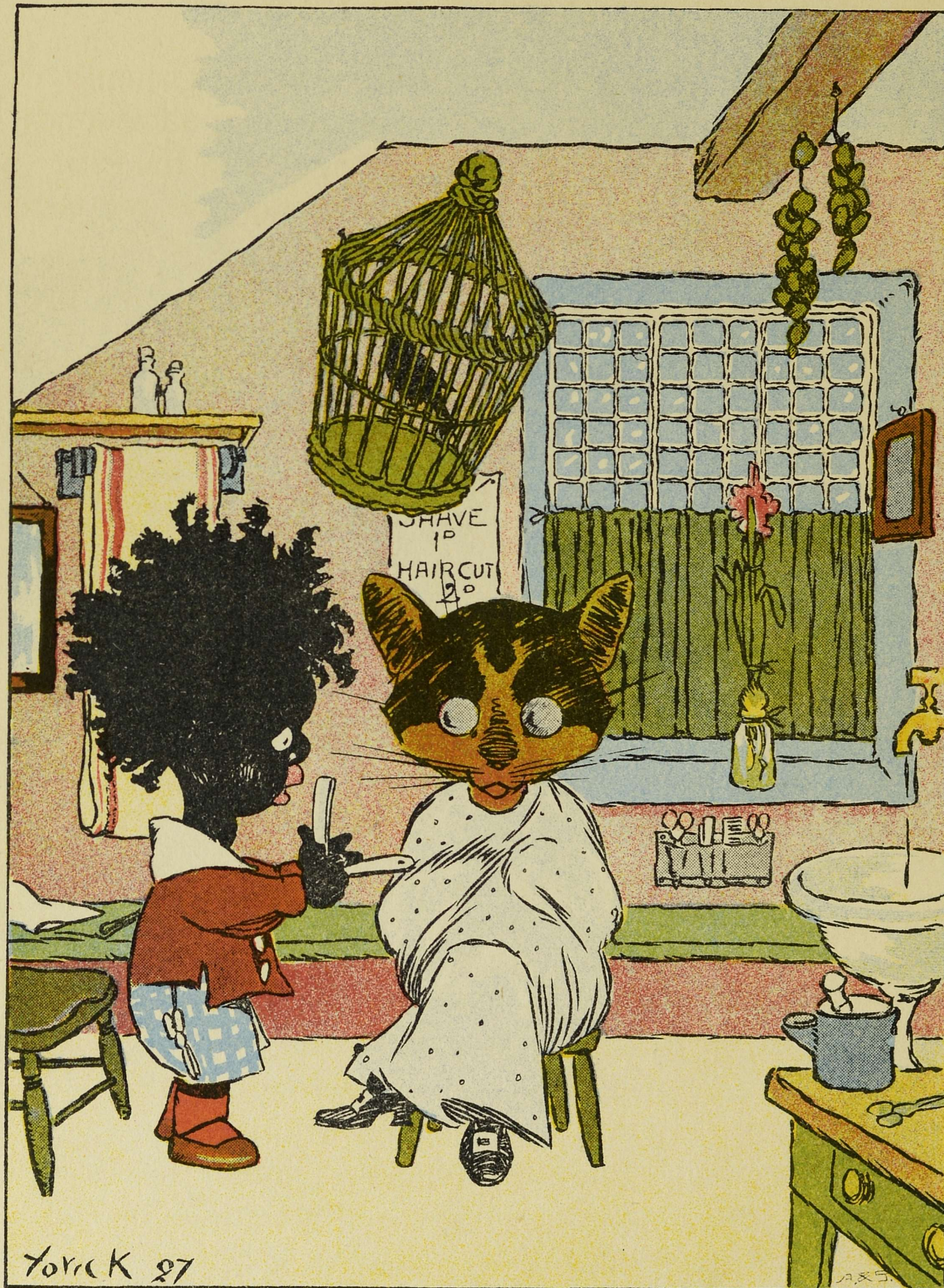
“Nuffin,” gasped Hugh, gulping down a sob. “I’m laughing, in course. I’m not a cry-baby ’cos I can’t go for a drive. I’m *teerful*.” Father patted his little son’s head.

“Perhaps,” said he, “since Hugh is so very cheerful, the rest of you might be very kind, and choose him to go.”

“Of course!” cried the other children eagerly. “Let Hugh go.”

So Father lifted him into the cart. And I don’t know who looked the happiest: Hugh seated beside his father, or Hugh’s brothers and sisters waving hats and handkerchiefs to him as he was whirled away down the road.





VERY SHARP.



## THE CATERPILLARS.

EIGHT great cabbages growing in the ground;  
Crowds of little caterpillars crawling all around;  
Caterpillars squirmed about, and wriggled in the sun;  
Said, "These cabbages look sweet: suppose we taste  
of one!"

Down flew a hungry bird, coming from the wood,  
Saw the caterpillars there, and said, "Won't those  
taste good!"

Up crept pussy-cat, hunting round for mice,  
Saw the bird, and smacked her lips, and said, "Won't  
he taste nice!"

Dog saw pussy there, and he began to run,  
Said, "Now I will frighten puss, and then there will  
be fun!"

So doggy barked; and pussy hid; and birdie flew away;  
And caterpillars lived to eat a cabbage up that day.

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## WHISKERS.

I N Darkey-land there lived a Cat,  
Who once a party gave,  
But first of all, put on his hat  
And went to have a shave;  
But oh! the razor looked so bright  
And keen, it frightened him—  
"I won't be shaved," said he, "to-night,  
My whiskers you shall trim!"



## A CLEVER BIRD.



WHAT'S that queer noise?" cried Susey to Katie, as she stopped to listen to a queer tapping noise.

She and all the other school children were out gathering nuts in Squire West's woods.

"What can it be?" she repeated. The sound seemed to come from a beech-tree not very far off. They all stood still to listen.

"It's a Nut-Hatch, I'm sure, by the sound!" said little Harry White, who was very clever at knowing the names of birds and beasts.

"There it is!" cried Katie, whose eyes were the keenest. She pointed to a tree at a little distance from where they stood, and there, clinging to the trunk, they saw the little bird whose tapping they had heard. In a crevice of the bark it had firmly fixed a hazel-nut, which it was now tapping with its strong beak.

Below the trunk of the tree lay quite a little pile of empty shells.

At this moment the Nut-Hatch managed to break the nut, and, seeing the children, it seized the kernel in its beak and flew away.

"What a clever bird to be able to break nuts without having any teeth or nut-crackers!" cried Susey. "It is as fond of nuts as I am!"





A DAY IN THE WOODS.



## DON'T BE TOO SURE.

**H**ODGE sat in the barn milking the new cow, and as he milked he said to himself:

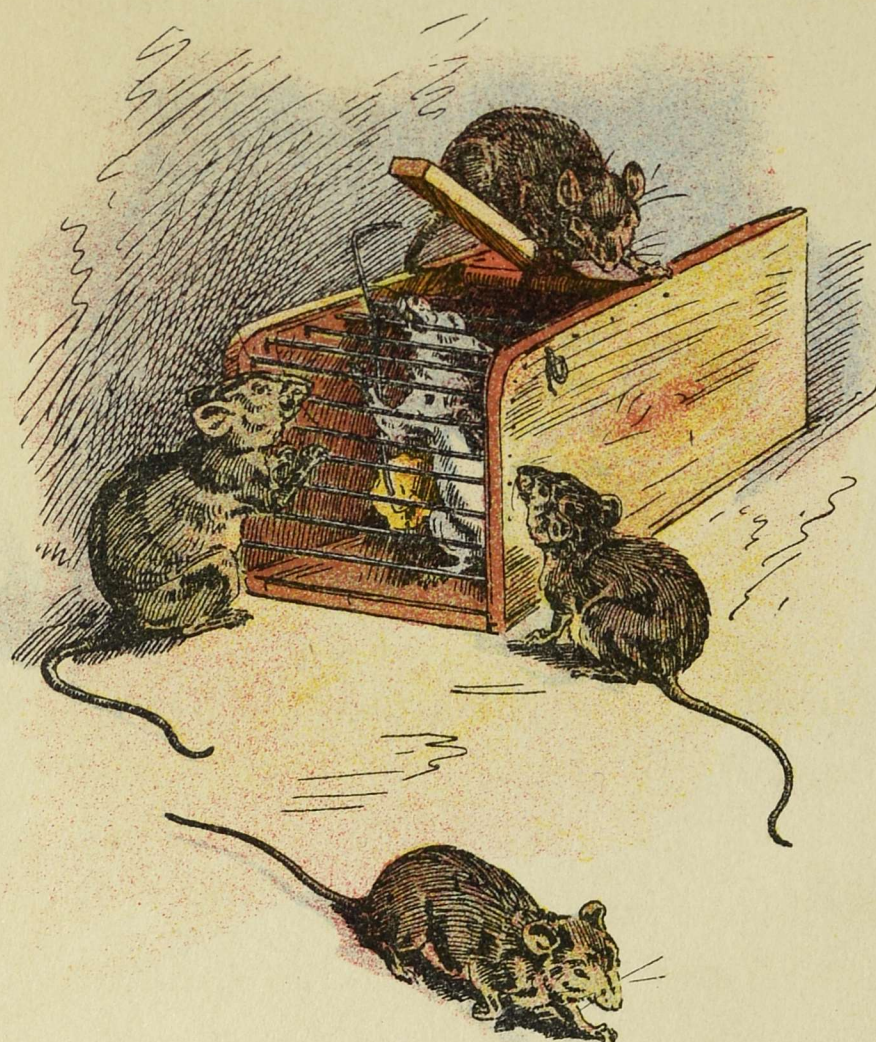
“Two pints, one quart; four quarts, one gallon. Three gallons in the morning, and two in the afternoon, at sixteenpence a gallon. That will fetch six-and-eightpence a day, and six-and-eightpence a day makes more than two pounds a week. Why, bless me! I shall be a rich man at the end of the year.”

And Hodge chuckled to himself, with much satisfaction. Then the Cat crept silently into the barn.

“Why, here’s a fine pailful of milk!” said she. “And splendid quality too! What luck! I’ll take a good sup, while I have the chance. There will be plenty of time afterwards to catch a couple of mice for breakfast.”

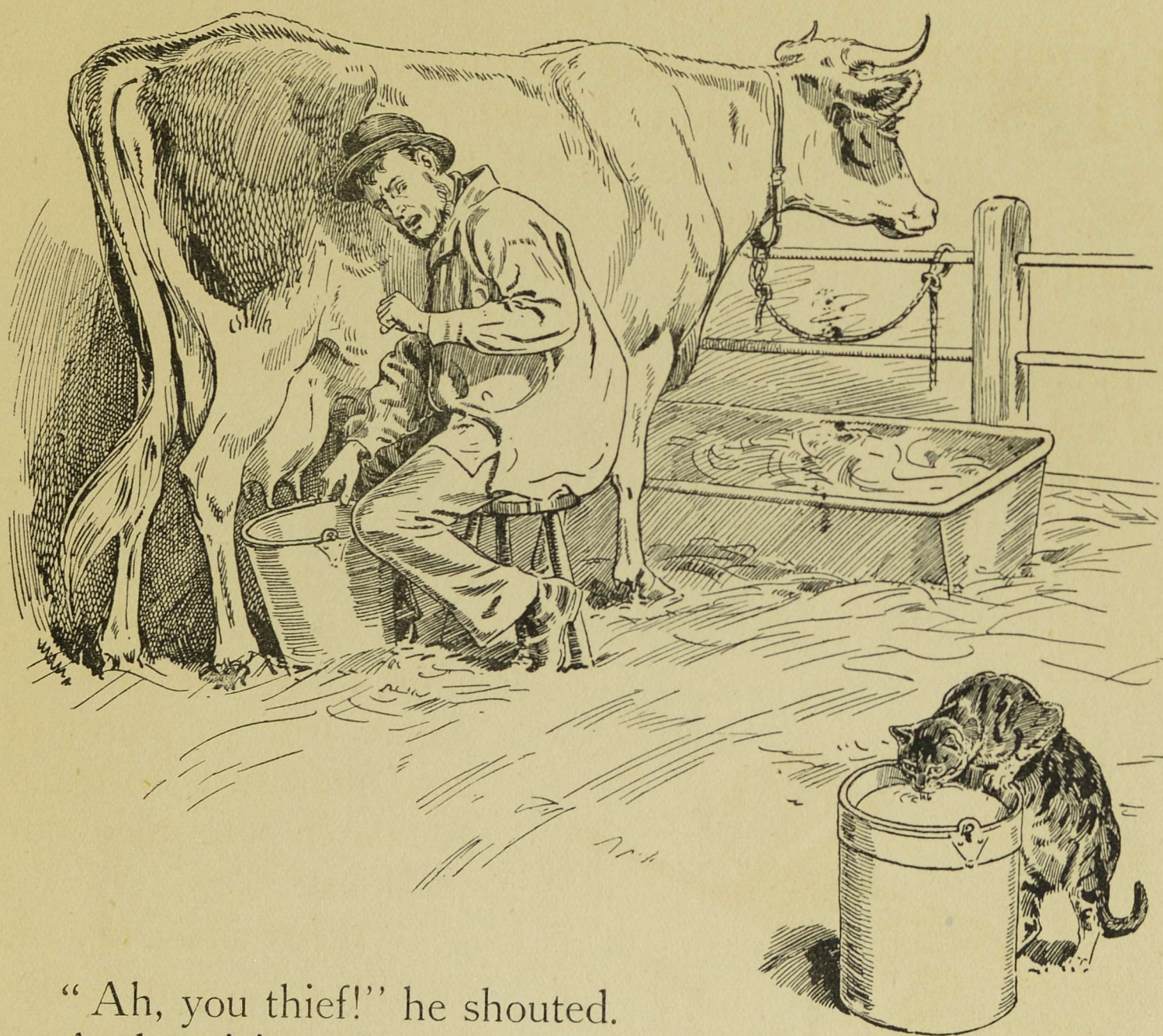
“What a savoury bit of cheese!” said Gray-mouse, sniffing at the bars of the trap. “I’ll just have a bite of that, and be off home, before the cat comes round this way to look for breakfast.”

Then Hodge looked behind him.





*DON'T BE TOO SURE*



“Ah, you thief!” he shouted.

And seizing his three-legged stool, he flung it with such good aim, that he knocked over the Cat and the pail of milk together.

Click! Down went the door of the trap with a snap. And away helter-skelter went Gray-mouse's brothers and sisters to their holes.

So Hodge did not earn his six-and-eightpence that day, the Cat lost her breakfast, and Gray-mouse lost his appetite, so he did not enjoy his.



## TROTTY'S ALMANAC.



**M**ONDAY to wash all the dolly's clothes,  
Lots to be done, as you may suppose.

Tuesday to iron, and put away:  
That takes a body the livelong day.

Wednesday to darn, and to fix and mend—  
Plenty of sewing, you may depend.

Thursday, if shiny, we visiting go:  
Then we are dressed in our best, you know.

Friday—oh! then we go out to shop:  
Once you get out, it is hard to stop.

Saturday, polish, and scrub, and bake;  
Tired out; hardly can keep awake.

Sunday—oh! that day, of all, is the best:  
Glad when it's here, for we take our rest.

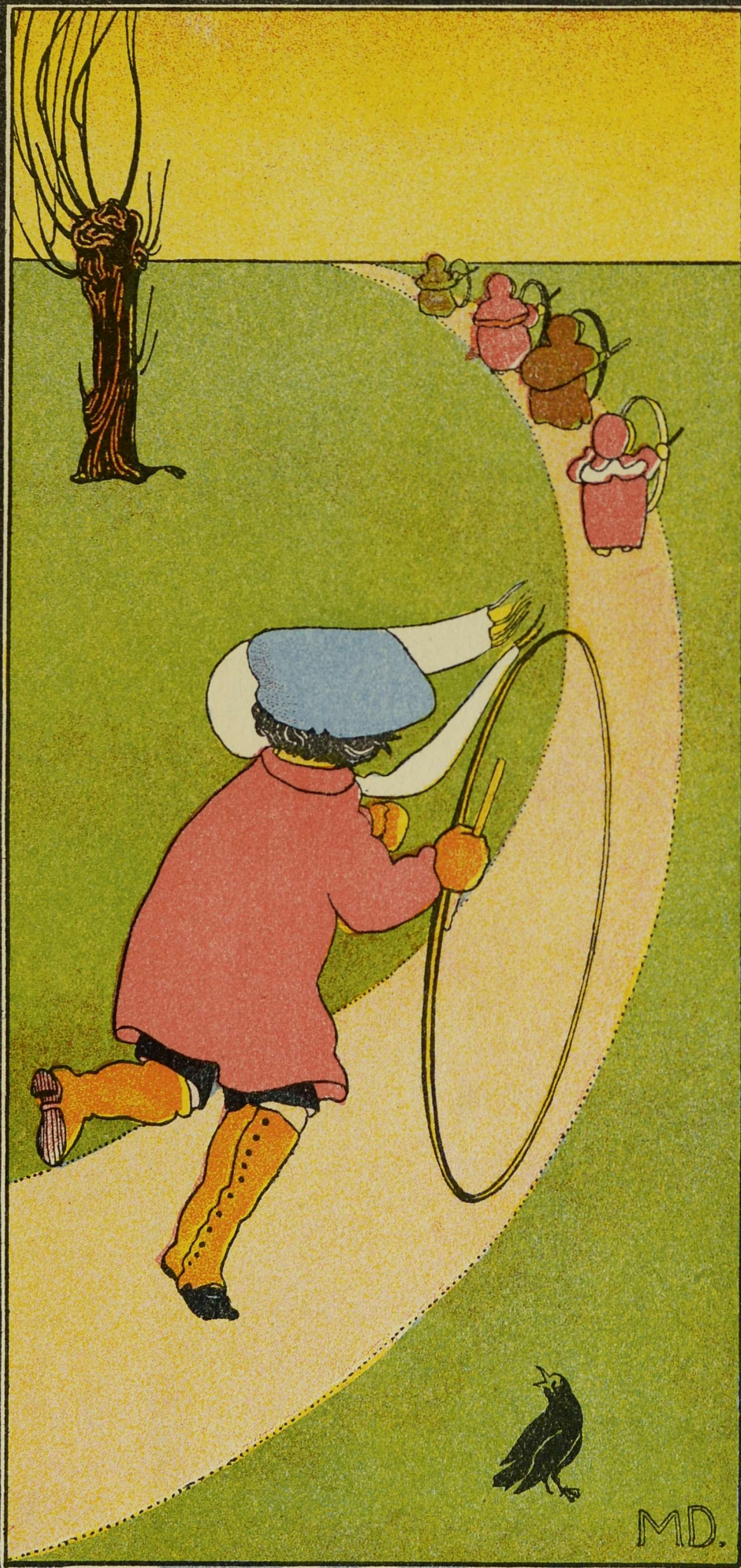
Fifty-two weeks to make up the year;  
But all the year round to love everyone here

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## HOOPS ARE IN!

**R**OWLEY-BOWLEY, hoops are in,  
Tops no longer hum and spin;  
Reins and horses now are out,  
Marbles no one cares about;  
Skipping-ropes aren't worth a pin—  
Rowley-bowley, hoops are in!





HOOPS ARE IN.



## THE LEOPARD.

**T**HE leopard is first cousin to the tiger. But while the tiger always wears stripes, the leopard, no matter what the weather or the fashions may be, is never seen without a spotted coat.

The leopard lives in Asia and in Africa.

His favourite home is some cave or overhanging rock, on a hill near a village. There he rests, securely sheltered, all day, and watches the sheep and cattle feeding on the plains below.

But when it grows dusk, and the shepherds drive their large flocks and herds home for the night, the leopard creeps swiftly and stealthily down the hill, keeping carefully under cover of rocks and bushes. Then, woe betide any animal which lags behind the rest for one more mouthful of grass.

The leopard springs upon it, and seizes it by the throat, before it can even cry to the shepherd for help. If he cannot eat it all for supper, he puts the part that is left up in the fork of some tree, to keep it from beasts which cannot climb. Then, next time he is hungry, he comes back to his larder for another meal.

The leopard also eats donkeys, and goats, and deer, and monkeys, as well as other animals which happen to come in his way. But his favourite dish is dog.

He will climb the wall of a yard at night, and carry off the poor watch-dog for his breakfast.

If we make our homes in countries where the leopard lives, we had better take our dog-friends to bed with us.





THE LEOPARD AT HOME.





OFF TO LONDON TOWN.



## TO LONDON-TOWN.



**I**T poured with rain. The children could not go for a walk that day.

“Never mind,” said Tom; “we will drive to London-Town instead. It will be ever so much more fun.”

So Tom was the coachman, Frank and Fred were the horses, and Baby, in his high-chair, was a passenger riding on the coach.

“Gee-up!” cried Tom.

And away they went; galloping up hill and down hill, across the hearth-rug, which was the common; past the window, which was the village; and down the high-road, which stretched for miles round and round the table.

The furniture rattled, and dust flew up from the carpet just as if it had been a real road.

Fred and Frank pranced and tossed their heads. Tom cracked his whip. And Baby shouted “Ga-ga!” from his seat. He meant it for hurrah, and it was the best he could do.

As they clattered on to the pavement of London-Town, and breathless Tom drew up his panting horses before the door, which was the inn, the clock struck one, and Nurse came, smiling, into the room. “Dinner-time, children,” said she. “Have you had a happy morning?”

“Splendid!” cried Tom. “And now please, will you fetch some meat and potatoes for me and my passenger, and give my horses a good feed of hay. I shall be driving home again this afternoon.”



## THE LITTLE GIRL NEXT DOOR.



NURSE declared twenty times a day that Nora and Phyllis were “just mischievous pickles”.

Then she would sigh, and wish that the village were not so far off, so that Nora and Phyllis might go up to the school, like the dear little girl next door.

Indeed, so much was said of this well-behaved child, that the “Pickles” were constantly peeping over the wall to see what their neighbour was doing. And whenever they did so she was reading, with a pile of school-books beside her, and never once looked up at the two inquisitive little girls.

At last, one day when she seemed busier than ever, they threw Almond Blossom, the Japanese dolly, right into her lap. “Cross thing! even that won’t make her speak,” said Nora and Phyllis.

But that afternoon, as they were looking out of their nursery window, they saw the “little girl next door” come scampering over the fields and squeeze herself through the hole in the hedge.

“Look!” she cried, holding up a bright red book. “Look at my lovely prize. Is it not beautiful? Oh, I’ve worked so hard to get it!”

It was certainly a lovely book, and when the sisters had finished looking at it, the little girl next door said: “And now may I come and play with you?—it will be such a treat!”





THE PICTURE BOOK.



## RUTH'S CARRIAGE.

**R**OY'S cousin Ruth was to spend Christmas-day with him.

"I will bring your carriage to fetch you in the morning," said Roy; "so don't start till I come."

"How many horses will there be to the carriage, and who will be the driver?" asked Ruth, hopping about the room in her excitement.

"When the carriage comes up to your house, there will be one horse and no driver," replied Roy. "And when it goes down to my house, there will be a driver but no horse."

"Whatever do you mean?" asked Ruth.

"Wait and see," said Roy. "It's a secret. Good-night!" And, buttoning his coat, he ran off whistling down the hill, over the hard snow, to his own home.

Ruth was dressed very early on Christmas morning. When she was quite ready, she went to the window and looked down the road.

"I can see no horse, and no carriage," said she.

"Wait a little longer," said her mother.

Then the door-bell rang loudly. Ruth ran into the hall. There, before the door, stood Roy, harnessed to a fine new sledge. The sledge was painted red, and on one side of it, in large white letters, was Ruth's own name.

"Your ladyship's carriage is waiting," said Roy.

"Oh, Roy! How lovely!" cried Ruth. "Is it really mine? And can we really ride on it?"

"Yes, it really is my Christmas present to you," said Roy, laughing to see her pleasure. "And if you will take



## RUTH'S CARRIAGE



the front seat, the horse will turn into a driver and sit behind you. Then you will soon see if we can really ride on it."

A few minutes later, the sledge with its two rosy-cheeked, laughing passengers shot quickly down the hill.

"A merry Christmas to you!" shouted the passers-by.

"The same to you all!" cried Ruth and Roy.



## WHAT A BOY!



WHISTLING and stamping from morning  
till night;

Wishing he had the full moon for a kite;  
Jaunty and careless—now spinning a top,  
Then playing at games with a skip and a hop;  
Chief engineer of a train made with chairs;  
Sliding down banisters; tumbling up stairs;  
Trying how much he can break and destroy:  
Everyone says, “What a boy! what a boy!”

Playing at soldiers, and charging the cat;  
Breaking the windows with ball and with bat;  
Sighing for ponies, and pistols, and powder;  
Shouting in accents that couldn't be louder;  
Bad enough, sometimes, to make Mother weep;  
Up to her softly the rogue then will creep—  
Hugging her till she is smiling with joy:  
Everyone says, “What a boy! what a boy!”

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## THE YUM-YUM BIRD.

YOU'VE heard of Darkey-land, no doubt,  
Where lives the great Pong-pong;  
To take a bath he once went out,  
He'd not been in it long,  
When came a big black yum-yum bird  
And bit his big black toe;  
The noise he made you should have heard—  
He's not washed since—oh no!





"WHO AM YOU?"



## JACK'S KINDNESS.



**J**ACK was fond of animals. But animals were not fond of Jack. This was because he tried only to amuse himself with them. He never tried to please them.

When his two cats were comfortably asleep, Jack tickled them to wake them up. He dragged them in from their romps in the garden, to sit with him in the nursery. And on wet days he drove them out into the rain, so that he might see how funny they looked when they came in again, dripping and shivering.

Jack's friends were not surprised when the cats ran away to the stables, where they lived on mice and rats instead of the cream and meat that Jack used to give them. But Jack said they were very ungrateful to go, when he was so kind to them.

After the cats went away, Jack amused himself with the washerwoman's donkey. When Neddy was not working, he was tethered on a common where many thistles grew. He was very happy, for he was fond of thistles.

"Nasty prickly things!" said Jack. "I should not like them."

So he picked, and threw away, all the thistles within Neddy's reach. And he did this for several days, till Neddy grew very angry.

Then, one day, Jack took his uncle and his little cousins to see Neddy. As usual, he began to pick the thistles growing near the donkey.



## JACK'S KINDNESS



“Don’t do that,” said his uncle. “Donkeys eat thistles.”

“They can’t be good to eat,” said Jack. “*I* don’t like them.”

And he went on picking. Then he screamed, for suddenly he felt himself lifted in the air and swung to and fro. Neddy had seized a piece of his pinafore in his teeth, and was shaking him to and fro. Suddenly the donkey dropped Jack on a prickly patch of thistles, and brayed loudly and angrily.

Jack picked himself up, and ran home crying.

“It serves you right,” said his uncle.

But Jack said Neddy was very ungrateful for his kindness.

What do you say?



## COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

**A** DOG and a cat disputed as to which of them was the wiser.

“I wag my tail when I am pleased, as all sensible creatures do,” argued the dog. “You wag yours when you are angry.”

“To show my satisfaction, I purr,” said the cat. “If I am annoyed, I hiss. You have one foolish bark to express both pleasure and displeasure.”

“I sleep at night and wake in the day,” continued the dog. “You, on the contrary, roam the world when all reasonable folk are in bed.”

“I rub my head against our master, if he pleases me,” said the cat. “You lick his hand if he caresses you, and lick it again if he beats you. Now, where’s the sense in that?”

“Our master shows his respect for my intelligence by making me his companion when he walks abroad,” said the dog. “You are but a plaything for the hours of idleness at home.”

“Our master’s confidence in me is such that he leaves me my freedom,” said the cat. “Your liberty is as long only as your chain.”

“Your arguments are but a proof of your foolishness,” growled the dog, much annoyed.

“Your reasons do not say much for your sense,” replied the cat, scornfully.

“Cock-a-doodle-doo!” crowed the cock, who had been listening. “It takes all sorts of fools to make a world.”





OUT OF REACH.





## TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR.

WHY must little bears do as they are told? And why do two and two make four?" asked Grunter.

"Those are truths I cannot explain," replied Grandfather Bruin. "Father Time says they are right."

"I don't believe them," grumbled Grunter. "Father Time doesn't know. I don't see why little bears should not do as they please. And in my sum two and two will make five."

So he wrote a large 5 at the bottom of the slate, making his pencil squeak, just to tease Grandfather Bruin.

"Wrong!" said Grandfather Bruin. "Try again."

"I sha'n't!" said Grunter. "Two and two make five now. And I am going to do as I please."

"Oh, are you?" replied Grandfather Bruin. "Then I will do as I please for a little while first."

And, tucking the birch under his arm, he took hold of Grunter's ear.



*TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR*

"I think p-perhaps I have made a m-mistake," sniffed Grunter.

"In that case you may like to try again," said Grandfather Bruin, releasing him.



It was a very meek little bear who brought up the slate next time, with a large 4 instead of the 5.

"Right!" said Grandfather Bruin, with a twinkle in his eye. "Father Time seems to know a thing or two after all."



## THE LATE BREAKFAST.

**W**ELL, to be sure!" cackled Gray Goose to a select crowd of relations and friends waddling sadly about the farmyard. "Past ten and no breakfast!"

"Yes, but what can have happened?" quacked little Mrs. Dilly-Duck. "Never since I was hatched has Betty forgotten us like this."

"Ah!" cried Gray Goose, slowly drawing up her left leg and looking very wise and mysterious, "we'd better go and find Jim the Wagoner. Perhaps *he* can tell what's become of Betty."

"But Jim's not at work either," said the Cochin-China Hen. "The stable door's fast shut, just as though 'twas Sunday."

"Oh, please, ma'am!" cackled Goosey Gander, excitedly flapping his wings to show that he wanted to speak.

"Well, what?" said Madam Gray Goose.

"P'raps Betty's still at roost."

"Hear him! Oh, the silly Goose!" screamed and hissed the assembled company. "Betty at roost! At this time o' day, with cows to milk, and butter to churn, and Master Geordie to help pack off to school!"

But at that very moment Geordie came striding towards them, laughing and flourishing a stick, and calling the ducks and geese to follow on to Furze Common, just as Betty called to them every fine sunny morning.

"Quack! quack! cackle! cackle!" cried the poor bewildered things. Certainly something unusual *must* have happened if Geordie was not at school.





"GOOSEY-GOOSEY GANDER, WHERE DO YOU WANDER?"



## THE LATE BREAKFAST

"Well," said Gray Goose, "we must just make the best of it as we go through Dew-drop Lane, and hunt up breakfast for ourselves." So, thinking this was very good advice, off they started, waddling from side to side of the road, picking up worms and snails, and sometimes a fat little green frog, while Geordie whistled on ahead.

All at once someone cried, "Lor, Master Geordie, be that you! Past ten o'clock and they ducks not on to Furze Bush Common!" And there stood Betty, blushing and smiling, in a sky-blue frock, and leaning on Jim the Wagoner's arm.

"'Twas real kind of you, Master Geordie, to mind they ducks while Betty and me got married," said Jim.

"Ah, but did 'ee give 'un the meal an' potatoes an' green stuff just as I told 'ee?" cried Betty.

"Whew!" whistled Geordie. "Why, no, Betty, I forgot."

"An' you kept from school on purpose!" laughed Betty good-humouredly. "Well, soon as ever I get back I'll feed 'un, wedding-day or not."

"There, I knew 'twas Jim's fault," cackled the Gray Goose.

"No, Geordie's!" said Goosey Gander. This time nobody said he was silly, for Goosey Gander was right.

## WHY?

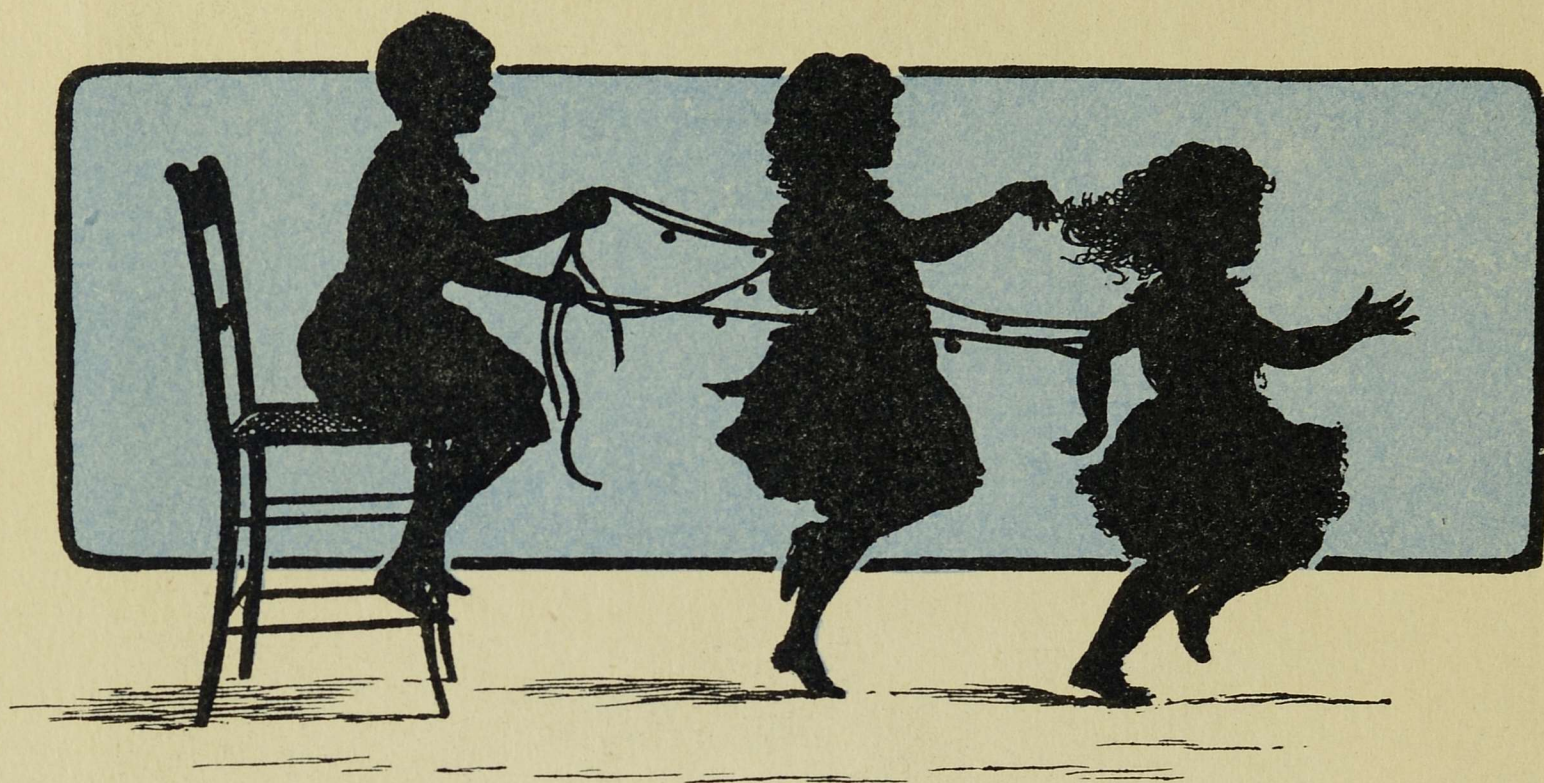
O H," thought Puss, "why haven't I  
Wings just like a butterfly;  
I can only purr and mew—  
If only I could fly like you!"





"IF ONLY I COULD FLY LIKE YOU!"





## A HANDSOME PAIR.

**M**Y Daddy has some horses,  
And so have I, a pair,  
With bells upon their harness,  
And curly manes of hair!

They make a handsome tandem,  
They never run away,  
I take them out a-driving  
On every rainy day.

And when the drive is over,  
To stable they are led,  
Then comes the groom—that's Nursie,  
And tucks them up in bed!



## PLAYING SHOPS.

**T**ING-A-LING!" now they have opened the store:  
Never was such an assortment before!  
Mud-pies in plenty, and parcels of sand,  
Pebbles for sugar-plums always on hand.

Plenty of customers coming to buy:  
"Brown sugar, white sugar; which will you try?"  
Paper for money; their wealth, too, is vast:  
In spite of the panic, they scatter it fast.

Sweet rosy cheeks, with your smiles of delight;  
Dear loving eyes, that are  
winsome and bright;  
Lips that are pure as the  
fair morning dew—  
Older hearts long to go  
shopping with you.

Red is the sun in the tops  
of the trees;  
Laden with sweets, home-  
ward wander the bees;  
Little feet now have grown  
weary with play;  
Little hands close up the  
store for the day.





## THE BOAT-RACE.



ONCE Jack, and Bertie, and Dollie, and May, and I played at having a boat-race.

The little stream in the meadow was the river. We had flowers for boats, and Mother gave us some odd pieces of bright ribbon and silk for flags. Jack and I tied these to a string, and stretched them across the stream.

We had two boats each. Mine were daisies. They looked so pretty floating down the stream, with their little yellow eyes staring at the sun.

Jack took buttercups, Dollie chose cuckoo-pint, and May ragged-robin. Bertie would have nothing but wild roses, and he climbed the bank and scratched his hands in getting the very biggest he could find.

We started the flowers all in a row, but they soon drifted apart.

Dollie and May thought their boats would be sure to win, because they were small and light. And we all expected Bertie's to be the last, because they were the heaviest. But, after all, the roses sailed better than any of the flowers. The lighter boats caught on pieces of floating weed and sticks, or drifted in to the bank; but both the roses sailed steadily on, and passed the corner of the fence, which was the goal-post, before any of the rest.

Bertie had all the flags given him, for a prize; and he was very proud when he went home with them hanging round his neck.

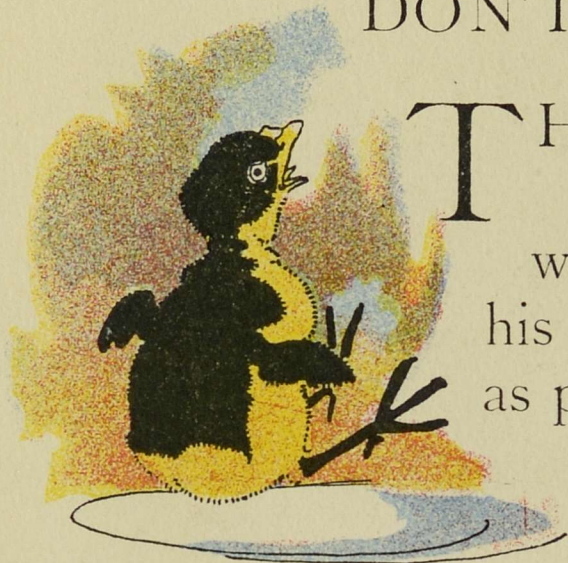




THE BOAT RACE.



## DON'T CROW TOO SOON.



THERE was once a very small chicken who thought himself very big. He walked about in the poultry-yard, lifting his feet high, and trying to look as much as possible like the next-door cock, who was a splendid bird, with a red comb and an arched tail.

One wet day, the next-door cock, having nothing better to do, flew on to the wall between the gardens.

The small chicken, who had been told by his mother to stay in the shelter of the yard, while she went down to the gooseberry-bed for worms, saw him there; and he tried to puff out his little yellow chest and arch his stump of a tail, just as the big bird did.

“Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo, I’m a fine fellow!” crowed the cock, standing on the tips of his toes, and stretching his neck.

The small chicken thought this was very grand; so he too stood on tiptoe, stretched his little neck, and tried to crow.

“Squeak-squeak-chirrup, I’m a fine fellow too!” chirped he.

The cock put his head on one side, and looked down into the yard.

“What’s that ridiculous little bird saying?” said he.

This made the small chicken very angry.

He swelled his yellow chest till it very nearly burst,



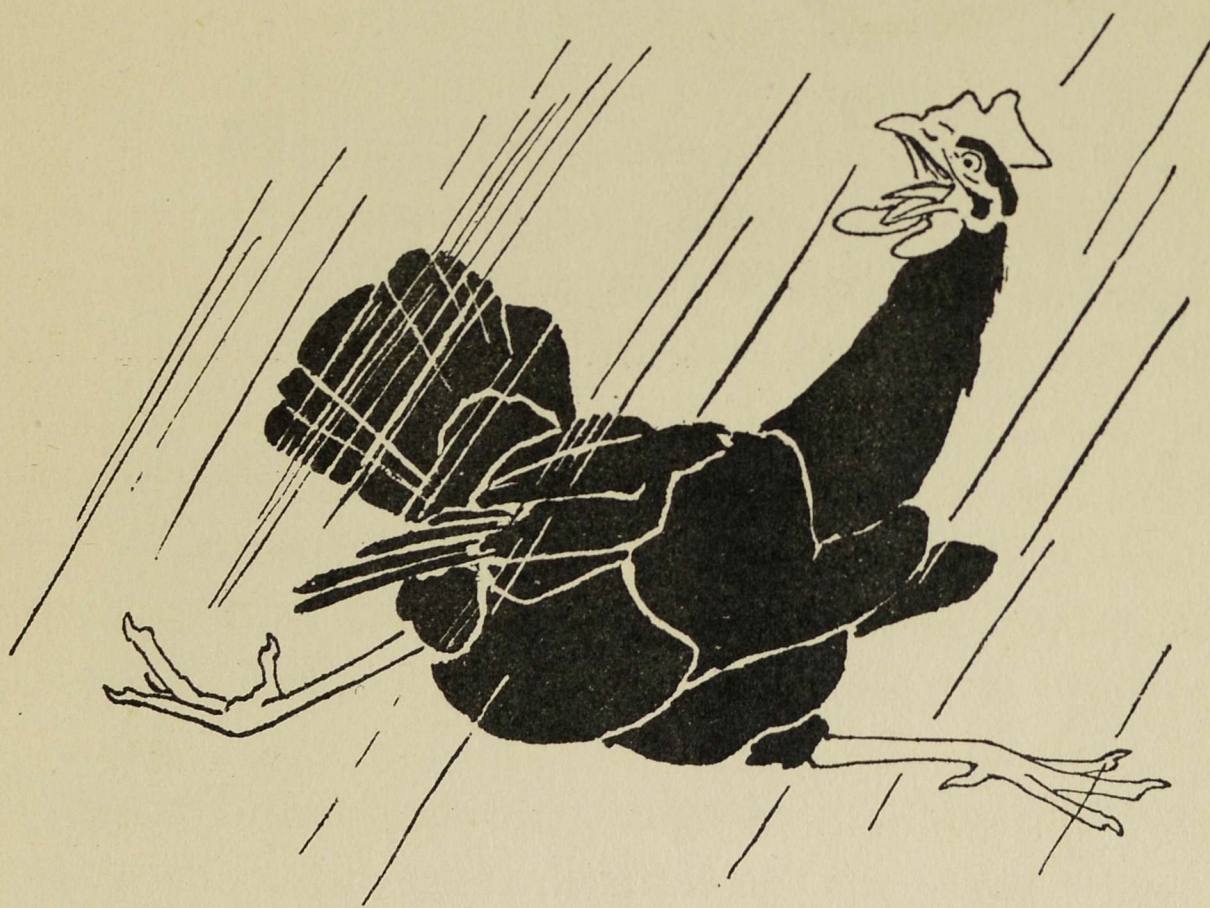
## *DON'T CROW TOO SOON*

stretched his neck out a little farther, and stood on the very tips of his claws.

"Cheep, cheep, squeak—!" he began, as loudly as he could.

Then he overbalanced himself, sat down in a puddle, and choked.

"My precious darling! It's the 'gapes'!" clucked the

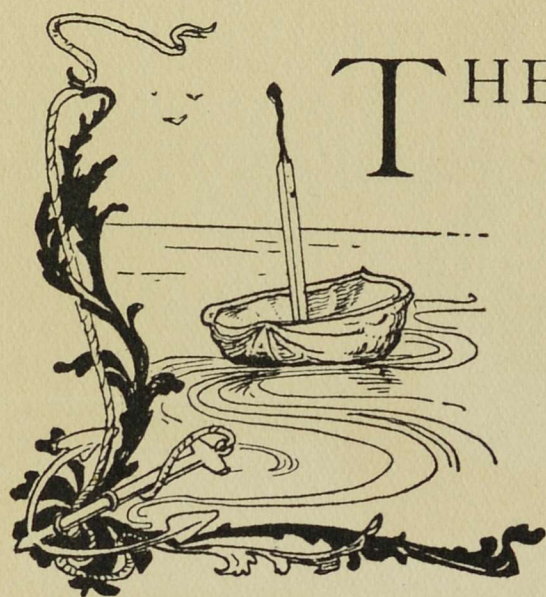


hen-mother, rushing through the pouring rain from the gooseberry-bed.

But when she found what was really the matter, she pecked her small son so severely that he made up his mind never more to try to crow, till he was big enough to peck back again.



## SHIPWRECK.



THE waves in our bath are exceedingly rough,  
And would smash up a vessel that wasn't built tough;  
But our ship in great whirlpools is always afloat,  
And there never was known such a tight little boat.

It is manned by a captain—no end of a swell—  
Who is only at home in his own walnut shell:  
He's a lucifer match, and Nurse says he is dead,  
For he's burnt himself out, and he hasn't a head.

When we throw in the sponges, our boat is surprised  
At the great rush of water, and nearly capsized,  
But she rights, and she sails on with scarce a mishap,  
Till, without any warning, Nurse turns the "waste" tap.

In an instant our ship is drawn down beyond hope,  
And Nurse takes up the flannel, determined to soap.  
She pays no attention to words or to cries,  
But she soaps and she soaps, and she dries and she dries.

And then, without asking, she lifts us out fast,  
And we stand on the mat in our night-shirts at last;  
But we feel we can never be happy again,  
For our ship and its captain have sailed down the drain!





BATH-TIME.



## FALLOW-DEER.

**F**ALLOW-DEER were brought to England many years ago, from North Africa and other countries on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea; and now they are quite at home in many of our parks and forests.

They are very graceful creatures. Their coats are generally of a light-brown colour, dotted with white spots.

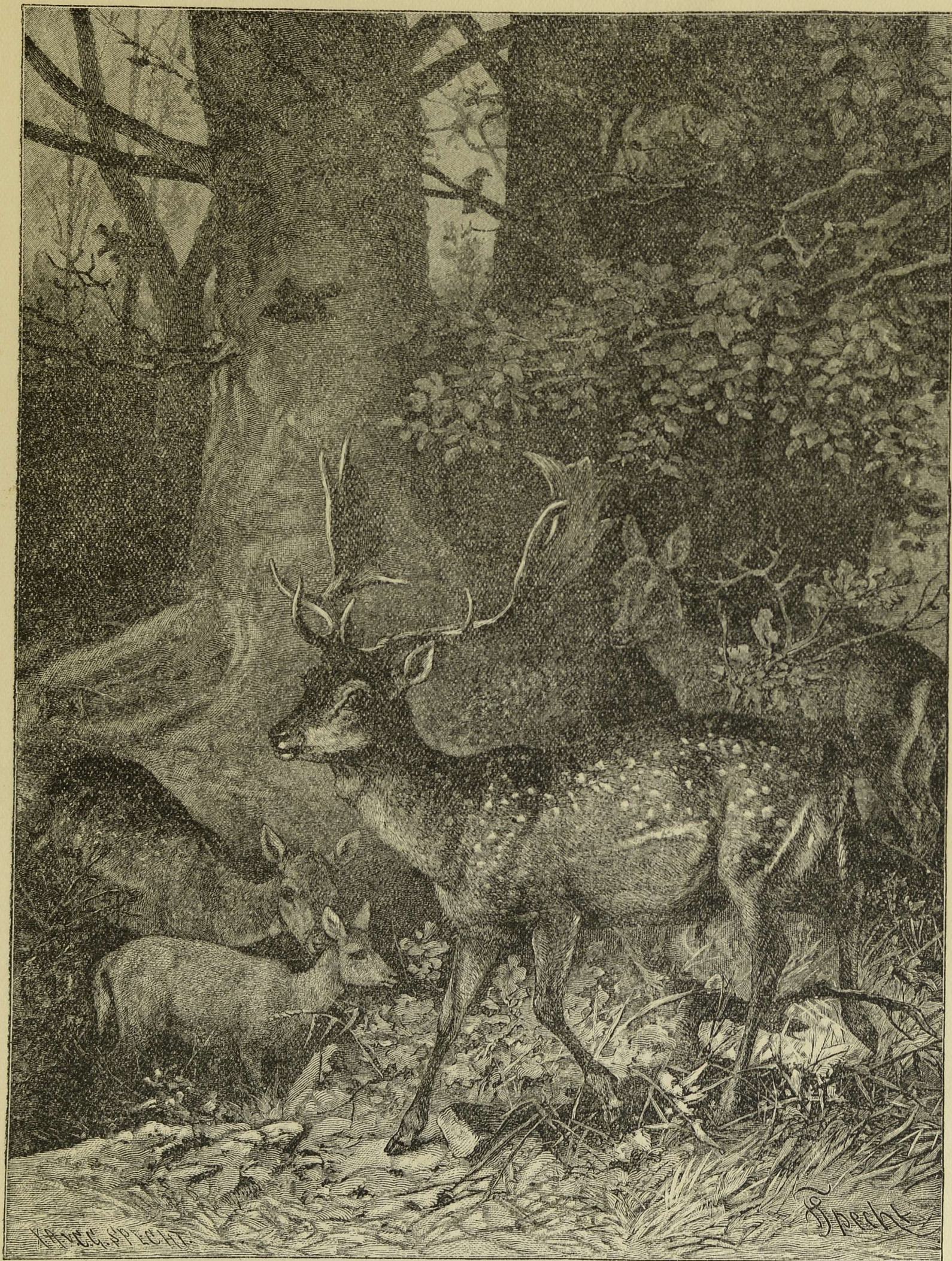
Fallow-deer are sociable animals. They wander about in large herds, feeding on grass, and on the leaves and berries of some kinds of trees, and they are specially fond of horse-chestnuts. If you go into a deer-park in the autumn, you may sometimes see a buck, standing with his fore-feet against the trunk of a tree, and knocking down chestnuts with his antlers, while the does and the little fawns pick up the fruit as it falls.

The bucks will also shake the branches of hawthorn bushes with their antlers, to bring a shower of berries to the ground for themselves and their families.

Fallow-deer are usually very gentle. But sometimes the bucks quarrel. Then they fight; and in these fights their fine antlers are often broken. Sometimes the antlers of one buck will become locked with the antlers of another. Then, if they cannot free themselves, and no one finds them to give them help, they die.

But I am afraid the rest of the deer do not learn, from the sad fate of their companions, to leave off quarrelling and fighting.





THE FALLOW-DEER.





BLINDMAN'S BUFF.



## BLINDMAN'S-BUFF.



NURSE moved the table and chairs out of the way, and told the children they might play at any game they liked till bed-time.

"Let us have Blindman's-Buff!" said Polly.

"I'll be Blindman first!" cried Arthur.

"You'll not catch me!" said May.

"No catch me!" lisped Baby.

Annie tied a handkerchief over Arthur's eyes, and they began. May opened the door a little way, and when Arthur came near, she quietly slipped into the passage.

Baby toddled and stumbled round the room, getting in everyone's way. Arthur caught him several times, but let him go again, as he was too small to be Blindman. Annie and Polly were very daring. They pinched the Blindman's arms, and pulled his hair, and tickled the back of his neck. But when he turned round quickly, with outspread arms, to catch them, they were already out of reach.

But Annie played one trick too many. She stooped and pulled the Blindman's sock. Arthur tripped and lost his balance, and before Annie could slip away, he fell against her, and the two rolled together on the floor.

"I've caught you this time," cried Arthur, laughing, as he pulled the handkerchief from his eyes. "And now it is your turn to be Blindman, and I am going to have the fun of teasing you!"



## FLUFFY AND FLEECY AND FLOSS.



THEY were the dearest little lambs you ever saw. They had lost their mothers. And they belonged to Bessie.

Bessie's Father, who was a shepherd, gave them to her.

"Take care of them," said he. "They will be fine playfellows for you by and by."

Bessie was very happy. She offered them some porridge, but the lambs turned their heads away from the saucer. Then she fetched them some grass, but they only sniffed at it, and baaed. "Oh, what shall I do?" cried Bessie. "My lambs will starve!"

Then Bessie's Mother filled a bottle with warm milk, and put a piece of flannel in the neck of it. She tilted the bottle till the milk soaked into the flannel, and held it to the lambs, one after another.

And one by one they sucked the milk through the flannel, till all had had a good breakfast. "That is the way we must feed your pets till they are older," said she.

Fluffy and Fleecy and Floss soon grew very fond of Bessie. When the warm days came, they played with her outside the cottage. And at breakfast-time, and dinner-time, and supper-time, Bessie's Mother came to the door with the bottle, and called them.

Then, frisking, and wagging their little tails, the lambs raced up for their milk.

And Bessie scampered after them and watched them as they drank it.





BREAKFAST-TIME.

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## THE RUNAWAYS.

LET us play with the rocking-horses," said May, who had come to tea with her cousin Frank.

"Very well," said Frank. "We will ride to Gretna Green, and I will marry you."

"What is Gretna Green?" asked May.

"I think it is a fairy place," replied Frank. "In old days true lovers rode there to be married. If they reached the place first, it was all right for them. But if other people caught them, or got there before them, then they could not be married. My grandfather and grandmother were true lovers and rode to Gretna Green, Nurse says."

"And did they get there first?" asked May.

"Of course!" replied Frank. "They did not let anyone catch them, and neither will we."

"Nobody is trying to catch us," said May.

"We must pretend that lots of people are riding after us," said Frank; "and we must gallop our horses if we are to reach Gretna Green before them."

Then the horses were rocked faster and faster, till the nursery floor creaked, and the furniture rattled, and Snap, the dog, woke up from his nap on the hearth-rug, and danced round the horses, barking loudly.

By and by, Frank stopped, almost breathless, and jumped off his horse.

"Here we are at Gretna Green," cried he. "And no one has caught us, so you are my wife. You cannot go to your own home now we are married. You must stay here with me."



## THE RUNAWAYS



"This is only a game," said May, tossing her curls. "I shall not be married till I am a grown-up woman, and then I shall marry a grown-up man."

"I shall be a grown-up man by that time," said Frank, "so you must promise to ride to Gretna Green again with me then."

But May laughed and shook her head.

"I will wait to see if you are a nice grown-up man before I promise," said she.



## THE NEW RED RIDING-HOOD.

WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"

"To see my grandmother, sir," she said.

"May I come with you, my dear?" said he.

"I'd rather that you did not," said she.

"Why not?" said he; "I'll show you the way."

"I know it," said Riding-Hood, "so, good-day!"

"I know you, too, though you've altered your looks—I've met you before in my picture books."







## THE PLAY HOUR.

**Y**OU should hear the scholars shout  
When the Elephant-school comes out;  
Each one brings her skipping-rope—  
No one gets kept in, I hope!  
Then they skip and hop and twirl,  
While their little trunks they curl,  
Skip and hop with might and main,  
Till the school-bell rings again!



## DOLLY'S MEMORIES.



I AM only a doll, and my name is Frederica. That is a long name for a ten-shilling dolly, isn't it? but I was named after Frederick, who bought me with his own money, for his little sister Ethel.

Ethel was delighted with my dark-blue eyes and glossy black hair, and Nurse sat up late to make me a blue silk frock and pink bonnet. Oh, how proud I was when they took me out in the go-cart the next day! Rosie, the old rag doll that went with us, only served to show up my beauty.

"Don't touch me, you sticky thing!" I kept saying. "Remember I'm new; I'm not accustomed to common people."

"I can't help being sticky," said Rosie. "It's Baby's fingers do that—he's always loving me so! But I'm not common, really!"

"Common or not, I hope the passers-by won't think you belong to me," I said. Then came a jolt that sent me flying out into the road, where I lay face downwards in the mud. Sarah was for leaving me where I fell, but Freddy saved me. "I can carry her," he said, "on the end of your umbrella!"

Oh dear, shall I ever forget the shame and disgrace! That night Freddy washed me in Baby's bath. Whether it was the soap, or the fright, I cannot tell, but I have never been rosy or pretty since.



## *DOLLY'S MEMORIES*

“Never mind, Frederica,” whispered the rag doll. “I shall like you just as well now, and so will Baby.”

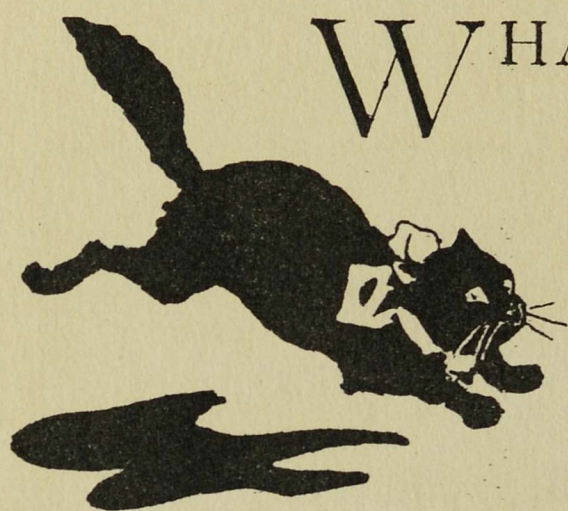


WASHING DOLLY.

The next morning my little mistress dressed me in a tissue-paper frock, and I never had a blue silk dress or pink bonnet again.



## THE BRAVE KITTENS.



“WHATEVER is it?”

“It can’t be a mouse!”

“Perhaps it’s a rat!”

“But it has only two legs!”

“I wonder if it bites?”

“It looks very fierce!”

“I’m not afraid!”

“Of course we’re none of us afraid!”

“But we had better be careful!”

Then the kittens took one step forward. But they all stopped, and stared again, with their eyes rounder than ever, when the ragged little bird, which had found its way into the barn, hopped on to the edge of the water-barrel.

“What is it going to do? It can’t drink with a mouth like that?”

“It is drinking though. Look at it dipping its head!”

“Where’s its tongue?”

“It hasn’t one.”

“What a ridiculous creature!”

Keeping close together, the four kittens took one more step forward. Then the bird spread its wings, and fluttered clumsily towards the open window.

Away scampered the kittens to the dark corner behind the meal-bags. Presently they peeped out.

“It’s gone!”

“That’s a good thing!”

“It was a dangerous creature!”

“It was very brave of us to drive it away!”





WHAT IS IT?





### POOR MARY-ANN.

**I**'LL never forgive you, never," cried Betty angrily, between her sobs, while Fido growled to show his sympathy.

"I — I'm very sorry," faltered Tom. "You see I had my new sword, and Arabella made a splendid Mary Queen of Scots, so I really couldn't help cutting off her head. But I'll stick it on again; I will, really and truly."

"You can't if she's killed," sobbed Betty.

"Yes I can, honour bright, with Father's glue," said Tom earnestly. "And, I say, Betty, if you leave off crying and come with me, we will have some real fun. Harry, and May, and Ada are playing at savages behind the summer-



## POOR MARY-ANN

house. Harry is a savage chief, and the girls are squaws. They have a victim tied to a stake, and Harry is going to kill her with his new dagger. We will be brave British soldiers and save the victim. She is Mary-Ann."

"Mary-Ann! my Mary-Ann!" cried Betty.

A minute later the party behind the summer-house was rudely disturbed. The war-songs ceased at once, for the squaws were rolling on the ground, entangled in their blankets. And the chief himself, dropping the dagger and hatchet, turned to flee from an angry little girl, who had seized hold of the spade to which her darling Mary-Ann was bound, and dared him to touch her.





## A BABY BROTHER.



NOW come along, Miss Margy," cried Jane the housemaid. "It's no use hankering after that big wax-doll."

"Oh, Jane, do stop!" cried Margy. "It *is* a beauty, isn't it? And such lovely long clothes! Oh, dear! I wish I'd a little baby—a *real* one of my very own!"

"Well, that *is* funny!" cried Jane mysteriously. "But come along, Miss Margy, or we shall be late for tea."

It was almost dark when the little girl reached home, but there was a nice bright fire in the nursery, and Margy could see her own dear old Nurse sitting in the rocking-chair beside it. But what was this soft white bundle in her arms?

"Oh, Nursey, tell me—what is it?" she whispered, as she tip-toed towards her.

"Just a beautiful live dolly!" said Nurse.

"A baby? A real one?"

"Yes, a real one!" And Nurse unrolled the bundle, and sure enough there was the dearest wee mite of a baby, as pink as a sea-shell, and doubling up its two fists in the queerest way possible.

Of course it was a long time before Margy's new brother was able to play with her, but as soon as he could crow and take notice Margy was the happiest little girl in the world.





BABY BROTHER.

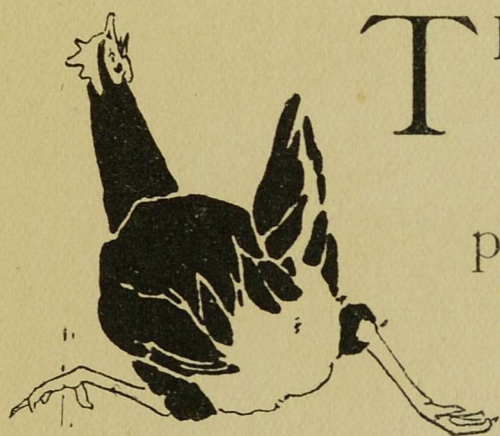




A RACE FOR DINNER.



## THE DIGNIFIED HENS.



THE hens were wearing their very best manners.

There was a new arrival in the poultry-yard. She was black, and she held her head high, because she had Spanish blood in her veins. So the other hens held their heads high too, to show that folk who come from Dorking are just as good as those who come from Spain.

When one of the Dorkings stooped to gulp down a fat slug, the new-comer looked scornful, and said that in Spain such things were eaten only by the lower classes. And when the Spaniard so far forgot herself as to snap at a passing beetle, the Dorkings remarked to one another that foreigners had strange habits.

Then all held their heads higher than ever.

At noon, the farmer's wife brought a dish of food into the yard. "Coop-coop! Chick-chick!" called she.

The hens looked anxious. They did not like to run to the food, lest they should appear ill-bred, so they began to walk very fast.

But the chickens, who had not learnt the best manners, rushed to the dish. And the cock flew down from the wall and picked up the tit-bits with a stately air.

This was too much for the dignity of the hens. "It will all be eaten!" shrieked they. And stretching their necks, their legs, and their wings, they raced for their dinner.

Pride does not fill an empty stomach.



## RIDE A COCK-HORSE.

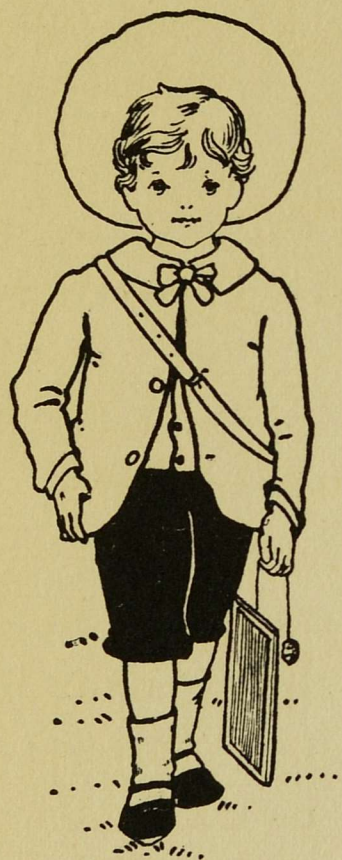
**R**IDE a Cock-horse, to Picture-Book Cross,  
As quickly as we are able;  
To find some new rhymes for holiday times,  
And then put our horse in the stable.

As soon as they're found, we'll read them, all round,  
Till Nursie of bedtime comes warning,  
Then off we will race, with a smile on each face,  
And dream of them all until morning!





## HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY.



**H**IGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY went to  
school,  
Looking so nice and neat;  
Clean little mittens on clean little hands.  
Clean little shoes on his feet.

Jacket and trousers all nicely brushed,  
Collars and cuffs like snow:  
See that you come home as neat to-night,  
Higgledy-piggledy, oh!

Higgledy-piggledy came from school,  
In such a woful plight,  
All the people he met in the road  
Ran screaming away with fright.

One shoe gone forever and aye,  
T'other one stiff with mud,  
Dirt-spattered jacket half torn from his back,  
Mittens both lost in the wood.

Higgledy-piggledy stayed in bed,  
All a long pleasant day;  
While his father fished for his other boot,  
In the roadside mud and clay.

All day long his mother must mend,  
Wash and iron and sew,  
Before she can make him fit to be seen,  
Higgledy-piggledy, oh!



## A CLEVER CAT.



AUNT MARY!" said Nelly, looking up from playing with her kitten. "Do you know where Pussy was born?"

"In the hayloft, perhaps."

"No, it wasn't! It was born in a jackdaw's nest! Now aren't you surprised?"

"Well! I never heard before of a kitten being born in a nest. How did it happen?" asked Aunt Mary.

"When we were staying with Grandmamma in the country, there was a nice old cat there, called Dumbleday. And every time Dumbleday had kittens, Grandmamma used to have them drowned, because she didn't want more than one cat. So this year Dumbleday thought she would find a safe place for her kittens, and when they were born, no one could find where they were, although Grandmamma looked everywhere for them.

At last, one day there was a great storm, and it rained very hard, and as Grandmamma was looking out of the window, she saw Dumbleday crawl along the top of the roof, climb up a chimney where the jackdaws used to build, and then come creeping back with a kitten in her mouth. She put it down in a safe place, and then went back for two more, and though she was nearly blown away, she managed to carry the kittens, one after the other, into the kitchen. And Grandmamma felt so sorry for Dumbleday, that she didn't drown the kittens, but kept them all, except this one, which she gave me for my very own."





PLAYMATES.



## THE TWINS' QUARREL.



DICK and Dot had quarrelled.

Dick began it by saying that he was bigger and stronger than Dot.

Dot said that when people are twins one ought not to grow faster than the other.

Then Dick said he could not help growing.

And Dot said that at least he could help talking about it.

That made Dick cross, and he went off by himself, while Dot stayed with Mary and me, and moped.

It spoiled our half-holiday, for you never can enjoy a game properly if everyone doesn't play. And Dot wouldn't even let me give her a jolly swing high in the air, which might have shaken her into a good temper. So the afternoon was very dull.

At first, the evening was very dull too; for, though anybody could see that the twins were just longing to be friends again, Dick would not say he was sorry un-



## THE TWINS' QUARREL

less Dot did so too, and Dot, of course, was waiting for Dick to begin.

Then Mary had a good idea. She fetched her new fairy-book, and began to read aloud. The twins are very fond of stories. Very soon they drew nearer and nearer to Mary, until they came up quite close, one on each side, and began looking at the pictures.

At the end of the story there is a picture of the tall, brave prince and the beautiful princess starting off together to be happy ever after.

When Mary reached it, Dick said it seemed just as good to be nice and pretty as to be big and strong.

And Dot said that after all, no doubt, it was the proper thing for boys to be bigger than girls.

And then, of course, everything was right again; and we all played blindman's-buff till bed-time.





## A MERRY ROMP.

WHEN Daddy Bruin's work is done,  
And finished for the day,  
That is the time when with his son  
He spends an hour in play.

Until the stars shine overhead,  
They cut their merry capers,  
Then Sonnie toddles off to bed,  
And Daddy reads the papers.

---

## HARRY'S DOG.

HARRY has a little dog,  
Such a pretty fellow!  
With a very shaggy coat,  
Streaked with white and yellow.

Harry's dog will never bark,  
Never bite a stranger;  
So he'd be of no account  
When there's any danger.

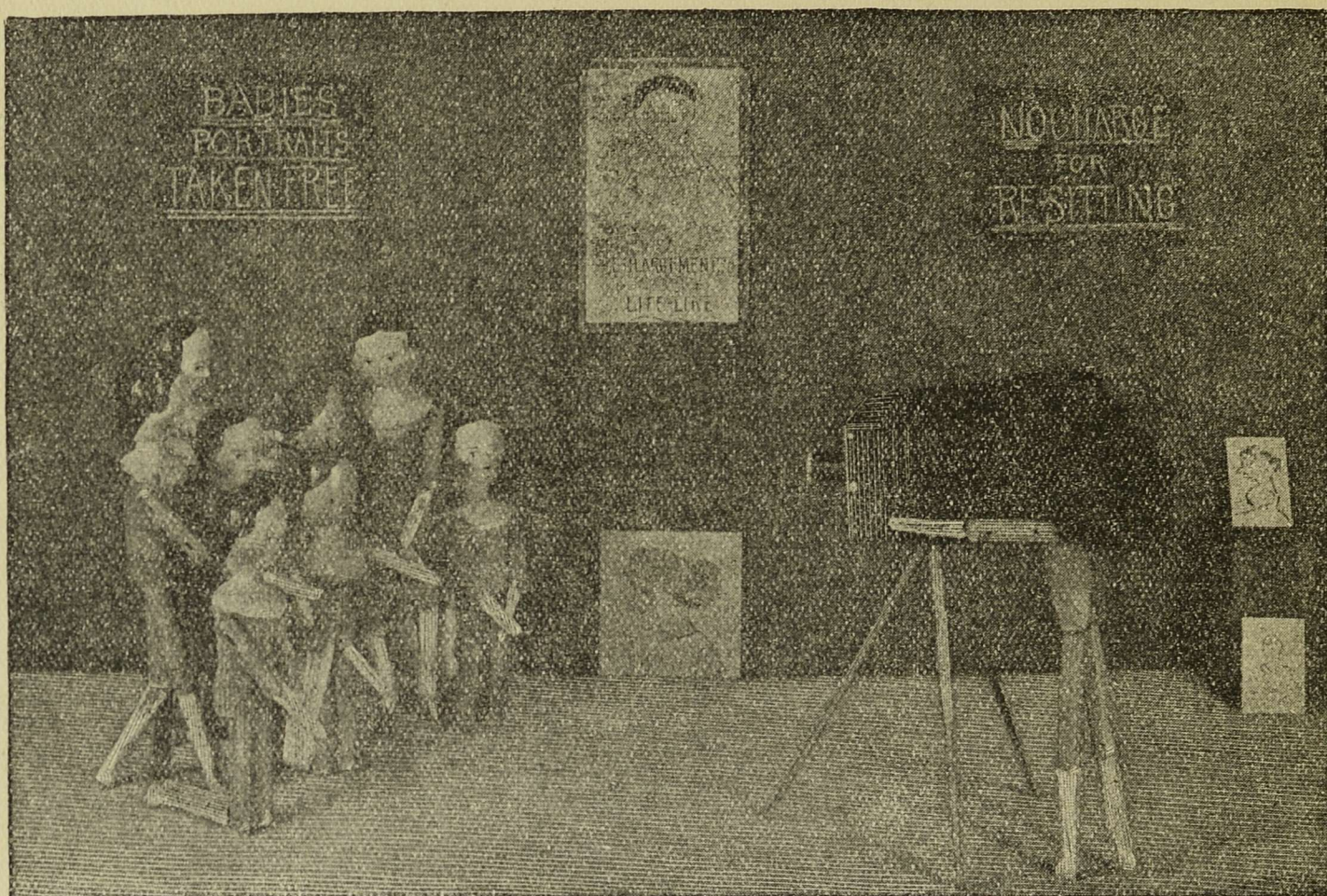
Harry has a little dog,  
Such a pretty fellow!  
But his dog is made of wood,  
Painted white and yellow.





OH, WHAT FUN!





## A CHARMING GROUP.

LOOK as pleasant as you can,  
Ladies," said the portrait-man;  
"Wear a smile, but do not laugh,  
That will spoil the photograph!

"Quite still, please—that's very good—  
Now, imagine you are wood;  
Thank you, nicely—that will do—  
Charming group I've made of you!"

—C. B.



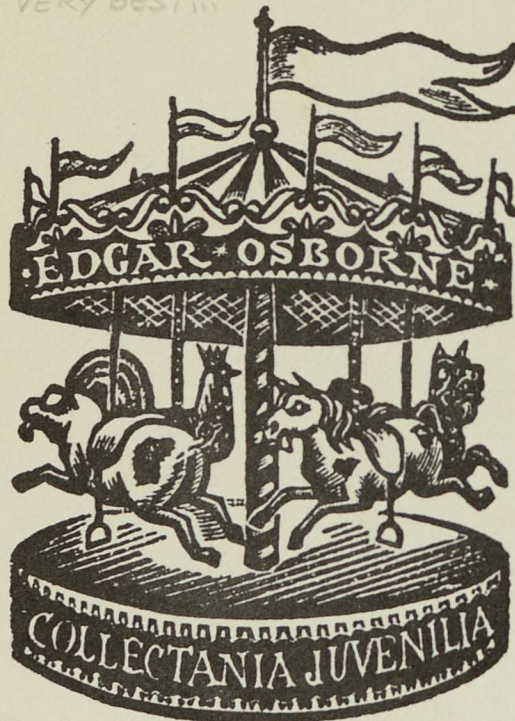








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