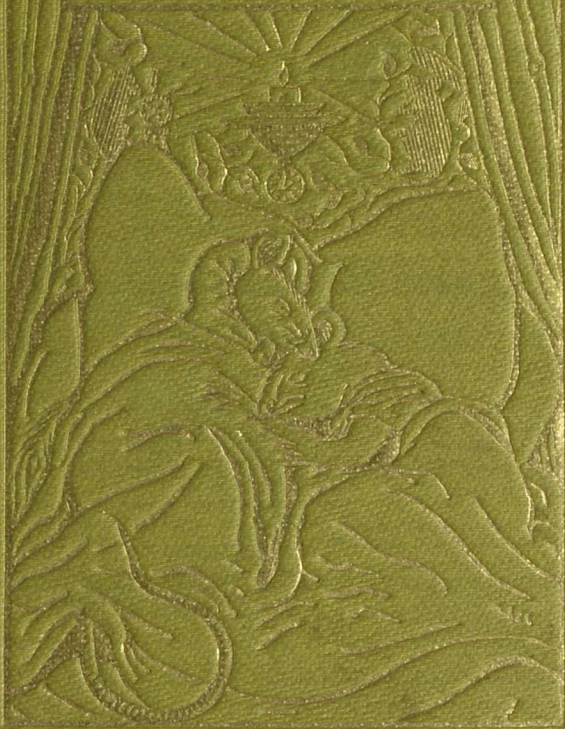
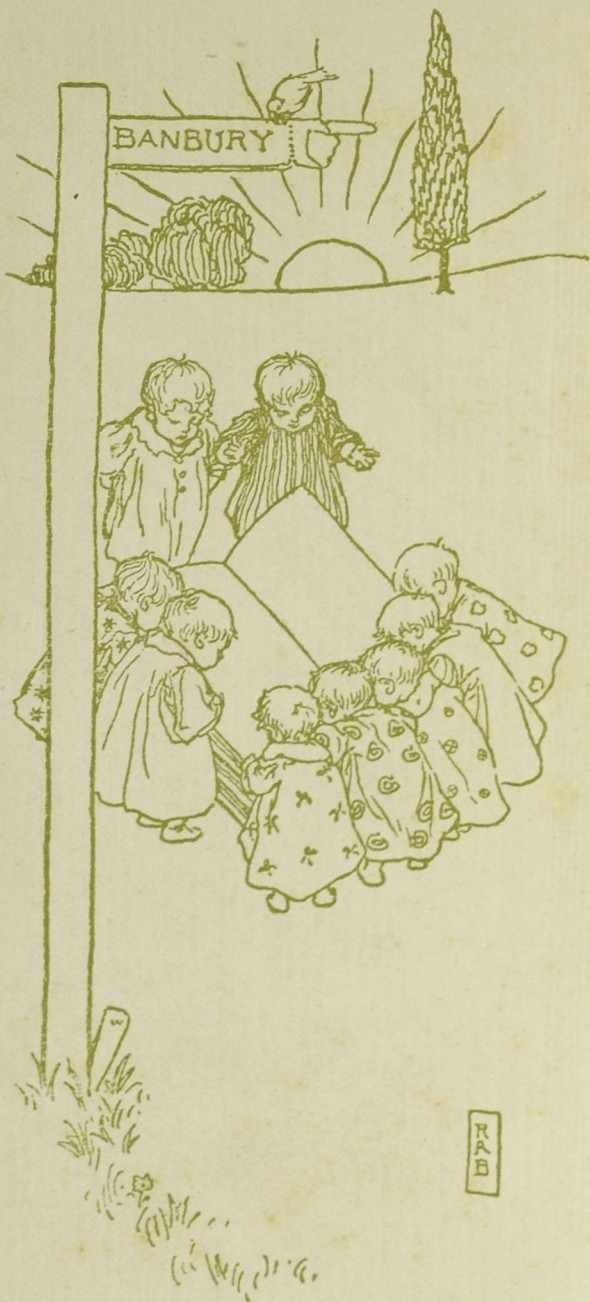


FIRESIDE
STORIES





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THE
BANBURY CROSS
SERIES

PREPARED FOR CHILDREN BY GRACE RHYS

FIRESIDE STORIES

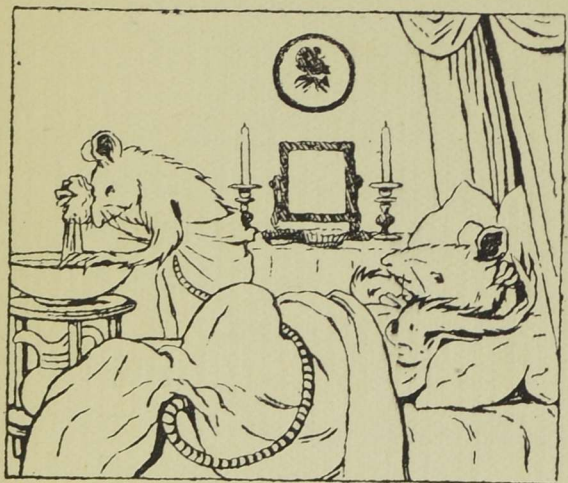
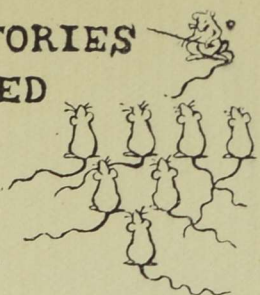
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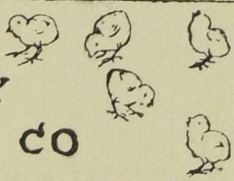
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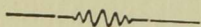
FIRESIDE STORIES
ILLUSTRATED
BY
ALICE M.
MITCHELL.



LONDON
PUBLISHED BY
J. M. DENT & CO
AT ALDINE HOUSE IN
GREAT EASTERN STREET.
1895.

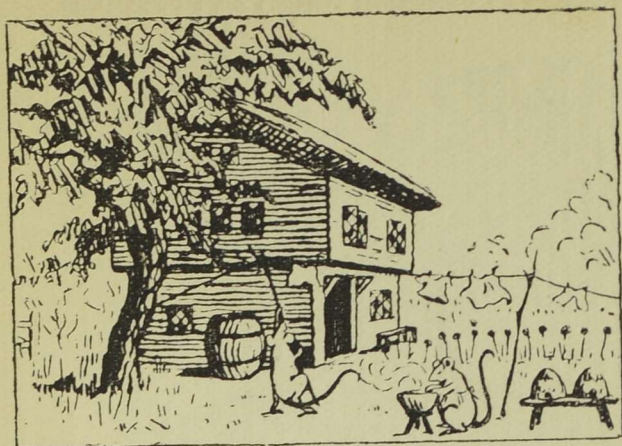


To Hope and Grace.

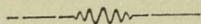


When you all sit round the fire, and
Christmas time comes back,
You may read many a worse tale than
that of Lazy Jack!
And here are Chicken-Licken and other
old friends,
And Lazy Jack begins where Chicken-
Licken ends!

G. R.

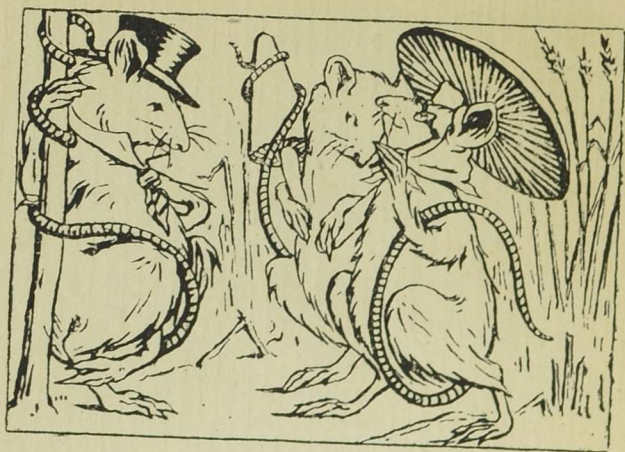


Titty Mouse and Tatty Mouse.



TITTY Mouse and Tatty Mouse both
lived in a house,
Titty Mouse went a-gleaning, and Tatty
Mouse went a-gleaning,
So they both went a-gleaning.

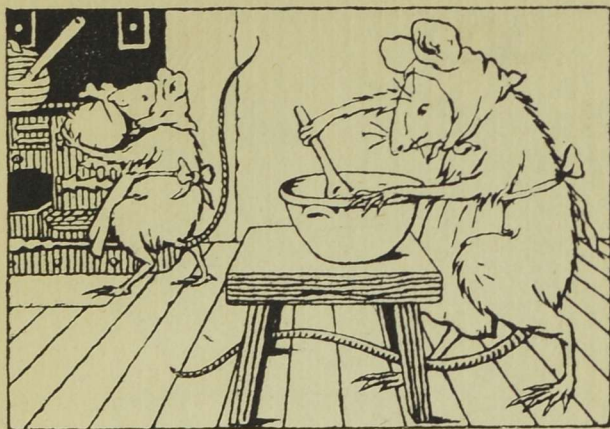
Titty Mouse gleaned an ear of corn, and
Tatty Mouse gleaned an ear of corn,
So they both gleaned an ear of corn.



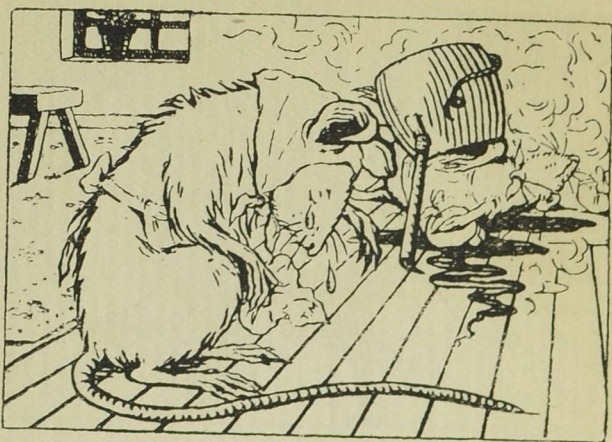
Titty Mouse made a pudding, and Tatty
Mouse made a pudding,
So they both made a pudding.

And Tatty Mouse put her pudding into
the pot to boil,
But when Titty went to put hers in the
pot, it tumbled over, and scalded her
to death.

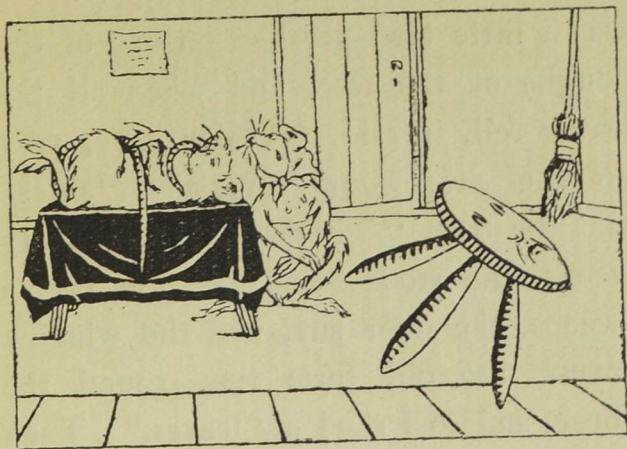
Then Tatty sat down and wept. Then
a three-legged stool said, "Tatty, why
do you weep?" "Titty's dead," said



Tatty, "and so I weep." Then said the stool, "I'll hop;" so the stool hopped. Then a besom in the corner of the room said, "Stool, why do you hop?" "Oh!" said the stool, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and so I hop." Then said the besom, "I'll sweep;" so the besom began to sweep. Then said the door, "Besom, why do you sweep?" "Oh!" said the besom, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and so I sweep." Then said the door, "I'll jar;" so the door



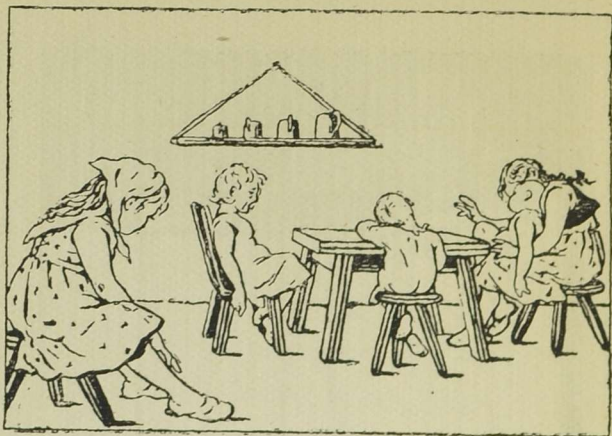
jarred. Then said the window, "Door, why do you jar?" "Oh!" said the door, "Titty's dead and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and the besom sweeps, and so I jar." Then said the window, "I'll creak;" so the window creaked. Now there was an old form outside the house, and when the window creaked, the form said, "Window, why do you creak?" "Oh!" said the window, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and the besom sweeps, the door jars, and so I creak." Then said



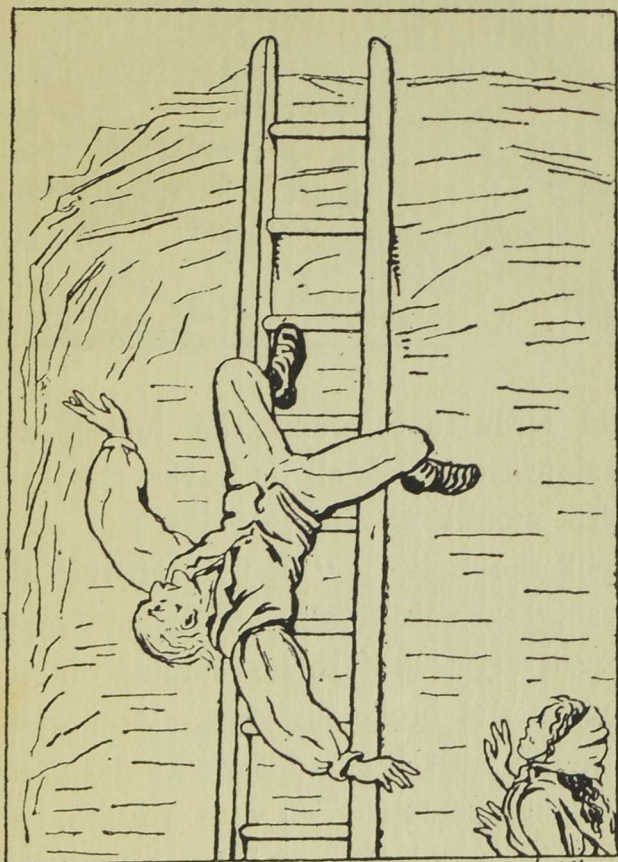
the old form, "I'll run round the house;" then the old form ran round the house. Now, there was a fine large walnut-tree growing by the cottage, and the tree said to the form, "Form, why do you run round the house?" "Oh!" said the form, "'Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and the besom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, and so I run round the house." Then said the walnut-tree, "I'll shed my leaves;" so the walnut-tree shed all its beautiful green leaves. Now there

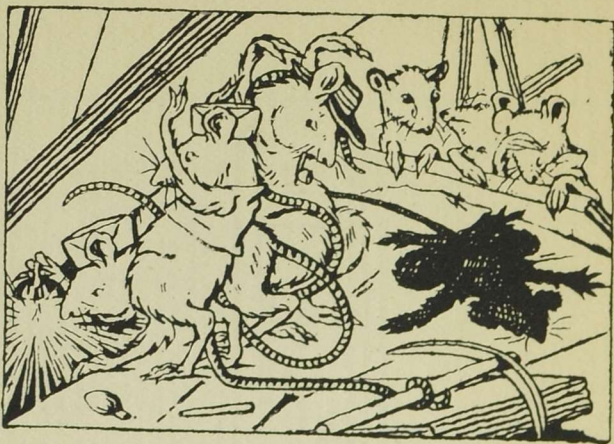
was a little bird perched on one of the boughs of the tree, and when all the leaves fell, it said, "Walnut-tree, why do you shed your leaves?" "Oh!" said the tree, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, the stool hops, and the besom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, the old form runs round the house, and so I shed my leaves." Then said the little bird, "I'll moult all my feathers;" so he moulted all his pretty feathers. Now there was a little girl walking below, carrying a jug of milk for her brothers' and sisters' supper, and when she saw the poor little bird moult all its feathers, she said, "Little bird, why do you moult all your feathers?" "Oh!" said the little bird, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, the stool hops, and the besom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, the old form runs round the house, the walnut-tree sheds its leaves, and so I moult all my





feathers." Then said the little girl, "I'll spill the milk;" so she dropped the pitcher and spilt the milk. Now there was an old man just by on the top of a ladder thatching a rick, and when he saw the little girl spill the milk, he said, "Little girl, what do you mean by spilling the milk? Your little brothers and sisters must go without their supper." Then said the little girl, "Titty's dead and Tatty weeps, the stool hops, and the besom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, the





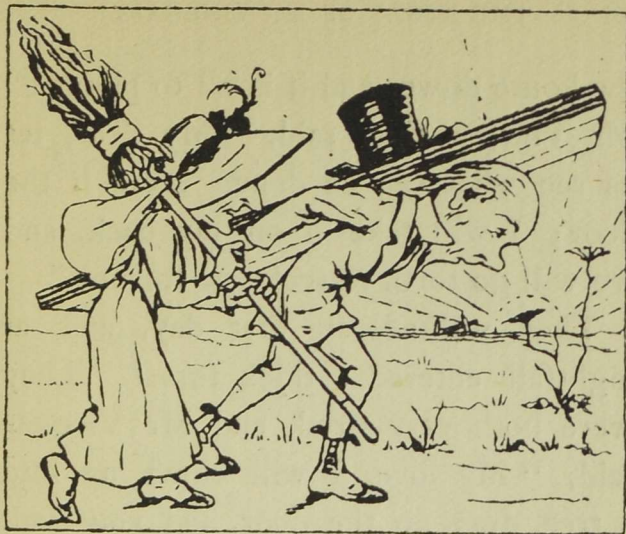
old farm runs round the house, the walnut-tree sheds all its leaves, the little bird moults all its feathers, and so I spill the milk." "Oh!" said the old man, "then I'll tumble off the ladder and break my neck;" so he tumbled off the ladder and broke his neck. And when the old man broke his neck, the great walnut-tree fell down with a crash, and upset the old form and house, and the house falling knocked the window out,

and the window knocked the door down,
and the door upset the besom, the besom
upset the stool, and poor little Tatty
Mouse was buried beneath the ruins.



The Story of Mr. Vinegar.





MR and Mrs Vinegar lived in a vinegar-bottle. Now one day, when Mr Vinegar was from home, Mrs Vinegar, who was a very good housewife, was busily sweeping her house, when an unlucky thump of the broom brought the whole house clitter-clatter, clitter-clatter about her ears. In floods of tears she rushed forth to meet her husband. On seeing him she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr Vinegar, Mr Vinegar, we are ruined, we are ruined! I have knocked

the house down, and it is all to pieces !” Mr Vinegar then said, “ My dear, let us see what can be done. Here is the door ; I will take it on my back, and we will go forth to seek our fortune.”

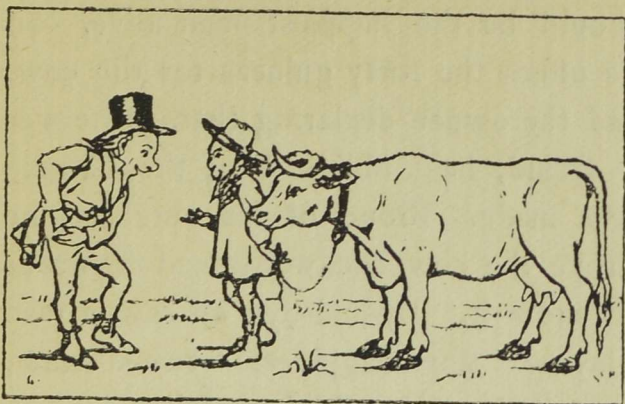
They walked all that day, and at nightfall entered a thick forest. They were both very tired, and Mr Vinegar said, “ My love, I will climb up into a tree, drag up the door, and you shall follow.” This he did, and they both stretched their weary limbs upon the door, and fell fast asleep. In the middle of the night Mr Vinegar was disturbed by the sound of voices beneath, and to his great dismay perceived that a party of thieves were met to divide their booty. “ Here, Jack,” said one, “ here’s five pounds for you ; here, Bill, here’s ten pounds for you ; here, Bob, here’s three pounds for you.” Mr Vinegar could listen no longer ; his terror was so intense that he trembled most violently,





and shook down the door on their heads. Away scampered the thieves, but Mr Vinegar dared not quit his retreat till broad daylight.

He then scrambled out of the tree, and went to lift up the door. What did he behold but a number of golden guineas! "Come down, Mrs Vinegar," he cried, "come down, I say; our fortune's made, our fortune's made! come down, I say." Mrs Vinegar got



down as fast as she could, and saw the money with equal delight. "Now, my dear," said she, "I'll tell you what you shall do. There is a fair at the town hard by; you shall take these forty guineas and buy a cow. I can make butter and cheese, which you shall sell at market, and we shall then be able to live very comfortably." Mr Vinegar joyfully agrees, takes the money, and goes off to the fair. When he arrived, he walked up and down, and at length saw a beautiful red cow. Oh! thought Mr Vinegar, if I had but that cow I

should be the happiest man alive. So he offers the forty guineas for the cow, and the owner declaring that, as he was a friend, he'd oblige him, the bargain was made. Proud of his purchase, he drove the cow backwards and forwards to show it. By-and-bye he saw a man playing the bagpipes, — tweedledum, tweedledee; the children followed him about, and he appeared to be pocketing money on all sides. Well, thought Mr Vinegar, if I had but that beautiful instrument I should be the happiest man alive—my fortune would be made.

So he went up to the man. "Friend," says he, "what a beautiful instrument that is, and what a deal of money you must make." "Why, yes," said the man, "I make a great deal of money, to be sure, and it is a wonderful instrument." "Oh!" cried Mr Vinegar, "how I should like to possess it!" "Well," said the man, "as you are a

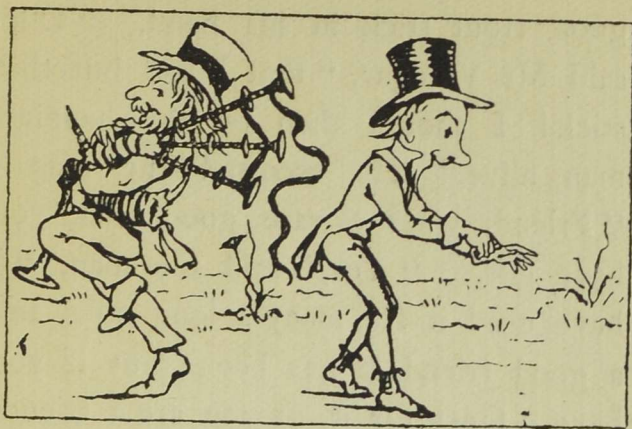


friend, I don't much mind parting with it; you shall have it for that red cow."
"Done," said the delighted Mr Vinegar; so the beautiful red cow was given for the bagpipes. He walked up and down with his purchase, but in vain he attempted to play a tune, and instead of



pocketing pence, the boys followed him hooting, laughing, and pelting.

Poor Mr Vinegar, his fingers grew very cold, and, heartily ashamed and mortified, he was leaving the town, when he met a man with a fine thick pair of gloves. "Oh, my fingers are so very cold," said Mr Vinegar to himself; "if I had but those beautiful gloves I should be the happiest man alive." He went up to the man, and



said to him, "Friend, you seem to have a capital pair of gloves there." "Yes, truly," cried the man; "and my hands are as warm as possible this cold November day." "Well," said Mr Vinegar, "I should like to have them." "What will you give?" said the man; "as you are a friend, I don't much mind letting you have them for those bagpipes." "Done," cried Mr Vinegar. He put on the gloves, and felt perfectly happy as he trudged homewards.

At last he grew very tired, when he saw a man coming towards him with a

good stout stick in his hand. "Oh," said Mr Vinegar, "that I had but that stick! I should then be the happiest man alive." He accosted the man—"Friend, what a rare good stick you have got." "Yes," said the man, "I have used it for many a long mile, and a good friend it has been; but if you have a fancy for it, as you are a friend, I don't mind giving it to you for that pair of gloves." Mr Vinegar's hands were so warm, and his legs so tired, that he gladly exchanged.

As he drew near to the wood where he had left his wife, he heard a parrot on a tree calling out his name—"Mr Vinegar, you foolish man, you blockhead, you simpleton! you went to the fair, and laid out all your money in buying a cow; not content with that, you changed it for bagpipes, on which you could not play, and which were not worth one-tenth of the money. You

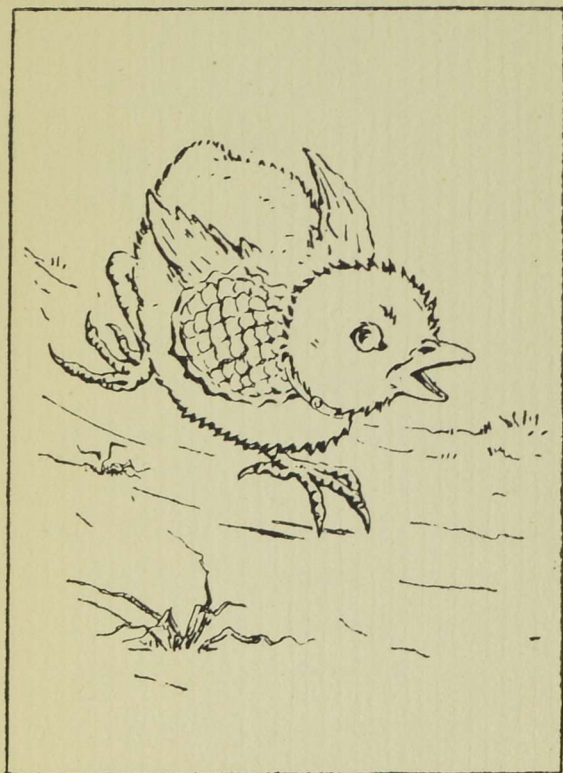


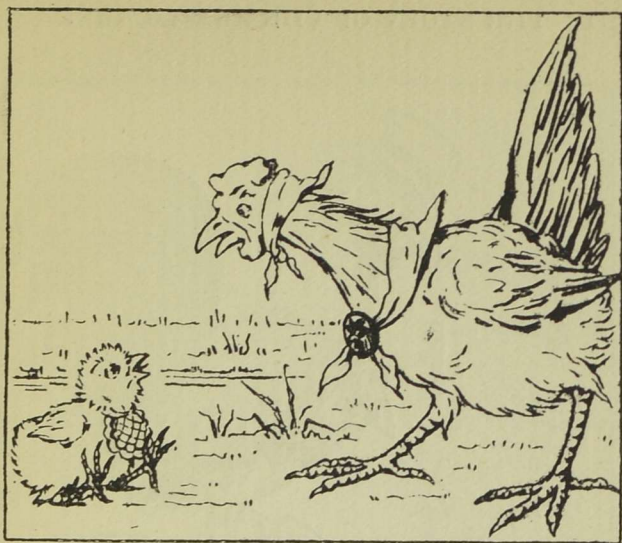
fool, you! You had no sooner got the bagpipes than you changed them for the gloves, which were not worth one-quarter of the money; and when you had got the gloves, you changed them for a poor, miserable stick, and now for your

forty guineas, cow, bagpipes, and gloves, you have nothing to show but that poor miserable stick, which you might have cut in any hedge." On this the bird laughed immoderately, and Mr Vinegar, falling into a violent rage, threw the stick at its head. The stick lodged in the tree, and he returned to his wife without money, cow, bagpipes, gloves, or stick, and she instantly gave him such a sound cudgelling that she almost broke every bone in his skin.

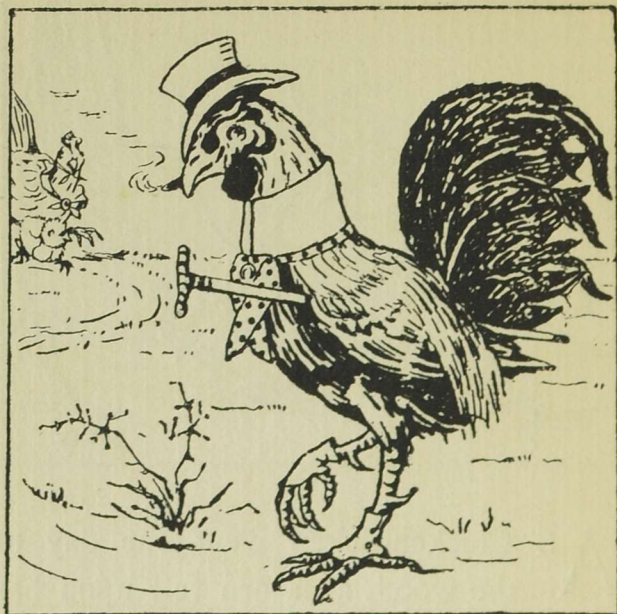


The Story of Chicken-Licken.

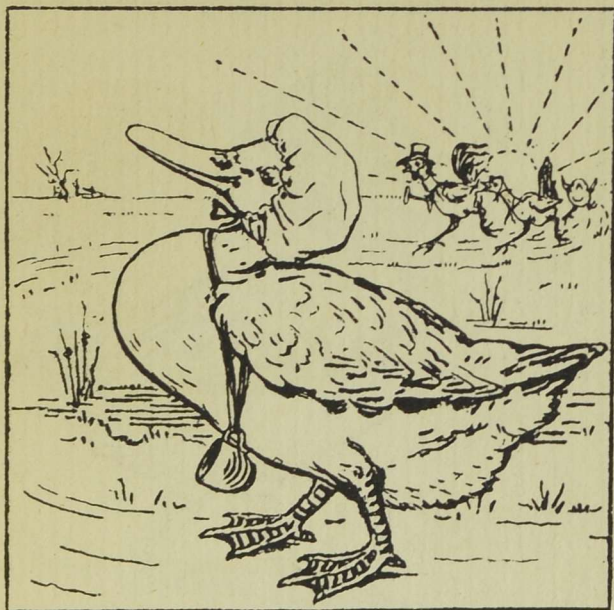




AS Chicken-licken went one day to the wood, an acorn fell upon her poor bald pate, and she thought the sky had fallen. So she said she would go and tell the King the sky had fallen. So Chicken-licken turned back, and met Hen-len. “Well, Hen-len, where are you going?” And Hen-len said, “I’m going to the wood for some meat.” And Chicken-licken said, “Oh! Hen-len, don’t go, for I was going, and the sky fell upon my poor bald pate, and I’m going to



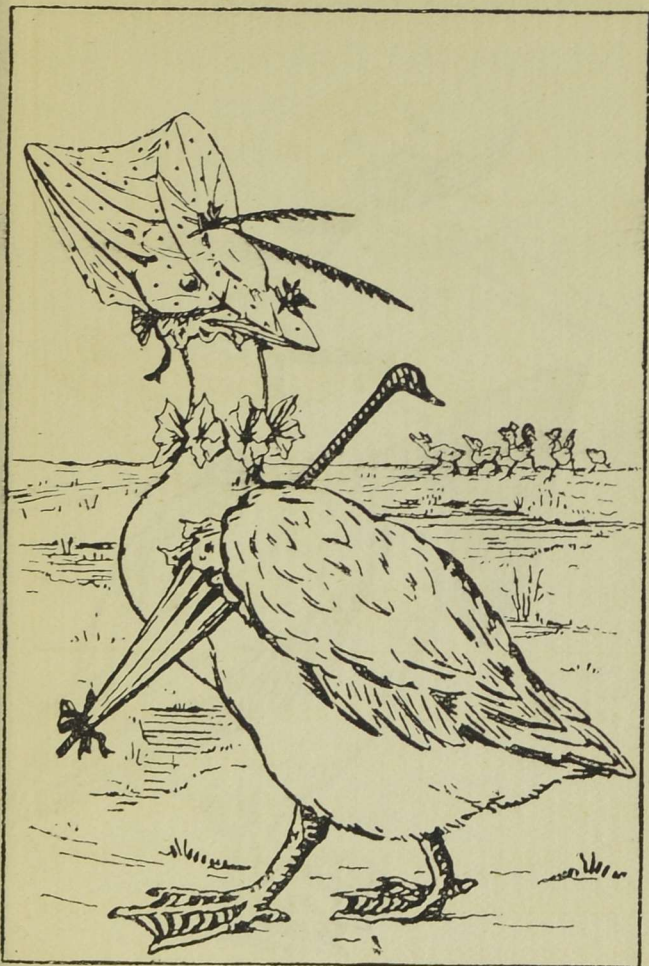
tell the King." So Hen-len turned back with Chicken-licken, and met Cock-lock. "Oh! Cock-lock, where are you going?" And Cock-lock said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat." Then Hen-len said, "Oh! Cock-lock, don't go, for I was going, and I met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the King."



So Cock-lock turned back, and met Duck-luck. "Well, Duck-luck, where are you going?" And Duck-luck said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat." Then Cock-lock said, "Oh! Duck-luck, don't go, for I was going, and I met Hen-len, and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the King."

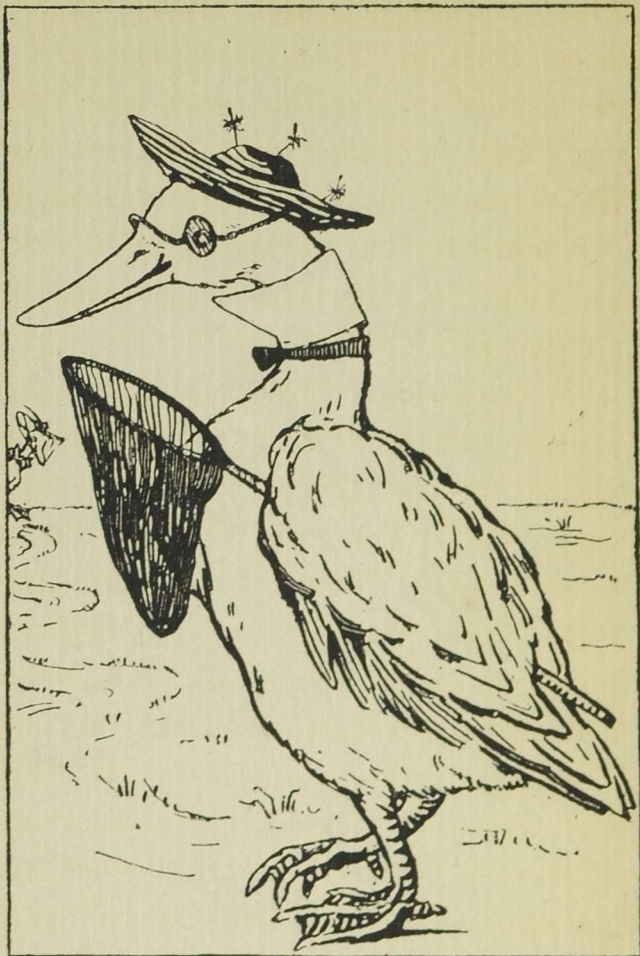


So Duck-luck turned back, and met Drake-lake. "Well, Drake-lake, where are you going?" And Drake-lake said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat." Then Duck-luck said, "Oh! Drake-lake, don't go, for I was going, and I met Cock-lock, and Cock-lock met Hen-len, and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood,



and the sky had fallen on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the King.”

So Drake-lake turned back, and met

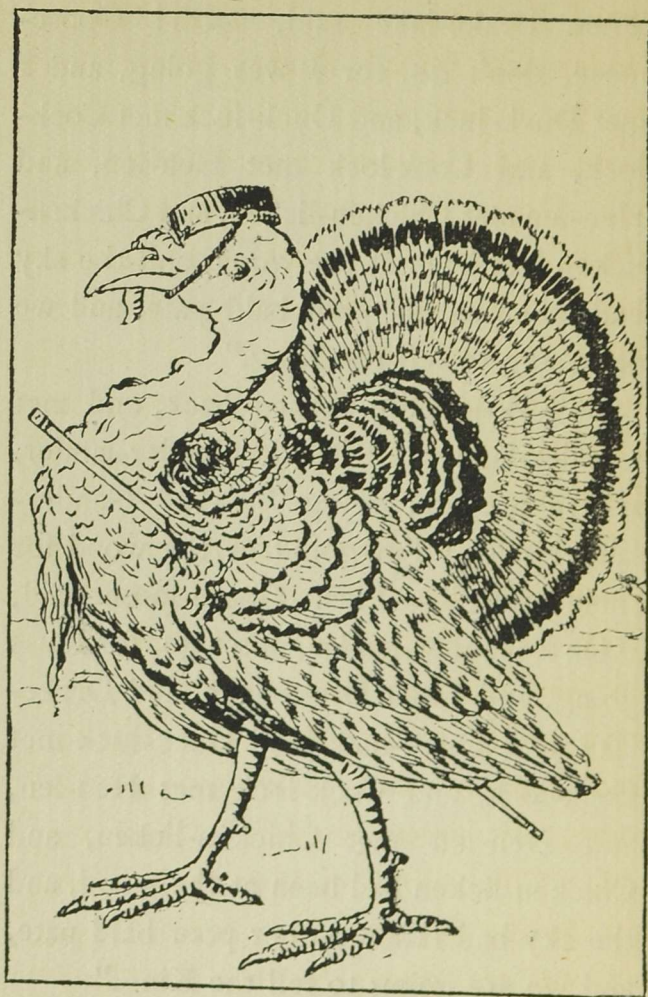


Goose-loose. "Well, Goose-loose, where are you going?" And Goose-loose said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat."

Then Drake-lake said, "Oh! Goose-loose, don't go, for I was going, and I met Duck-luck, and Duck-luck met Cock-lock, and Cock-lock met Hen-len, and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the King."

So Goose-loose turned back, and met Gander-lander. "Well, Gander-lander, where are you going?" And Gander-lander said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat." Then Goose-loose said, "Oh! Gander-lander, don't go, for I was going, and I met Drake-lake, and Drake-lake met Duck-luck, and Duck-luck met Cock-lock, and Cock-lock met Hen-len, and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the King."

So Gander-lander turned back, and met Turkey-lurkey. "Well, Turkey-



lurkey, where are you going?" And Turkey-lurkey said, "I'm going to the

wood for some meat." Then Gander-lander said, "Oh! Turkey-lurkey, don't go, for I was going, and I met Goose-loose, and Goose-loose met Drake-lake, and Drake-lake met Duck-luck, and Duck-luck met Cock-lock, and Cock-lock met Hen-len, and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the King."

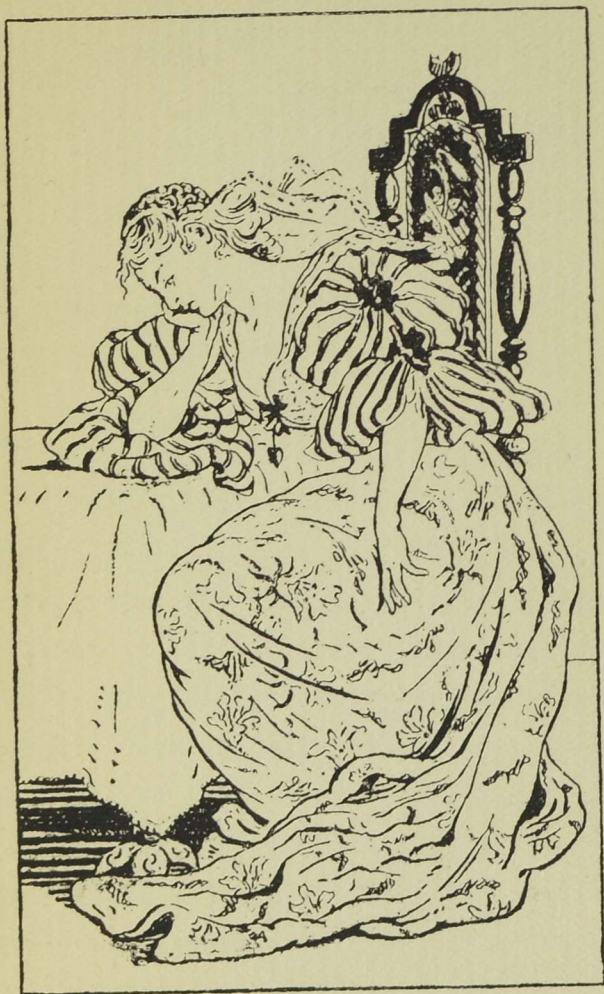
So Turkey-lurkey turned back, and walked with Gander-lander, Goose-loose, Drake-lake, Duck-luck, Cock-lock, Hen-len, and Chicken-licken. And as they were going along, they met Fox-lox. And Fox-lox said, "Where are you going, my pretty maids?" And they said, "Chicken-licken went to the wood, and the sky fell upon her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the King." And Fox-lox said, "Come along with me, and I will show you the way." But

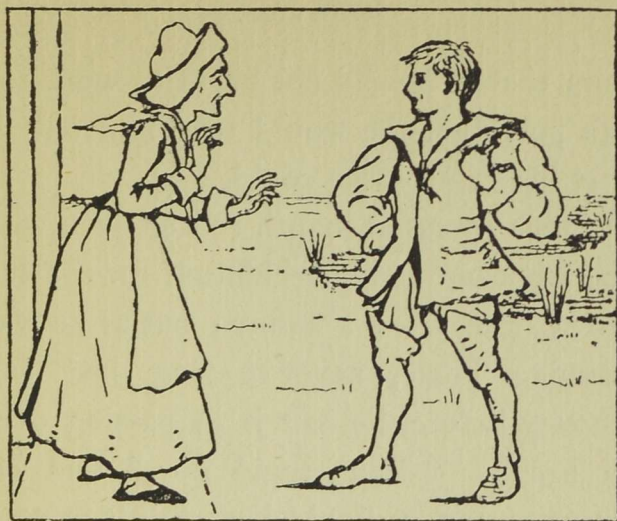


Fox-lox took them into the fox's hole, and he and his young ones soon ate up poor Chicken-licken, Hen-len, Cock-lock, Duck-luck, Drake-lake, Goose-loose, Gander-lander, and Turkey-lurkey, and they never saw the King to tell him that the sky had fallen.



Lazy Jack.





A STORY WITHOUT A MORAL.

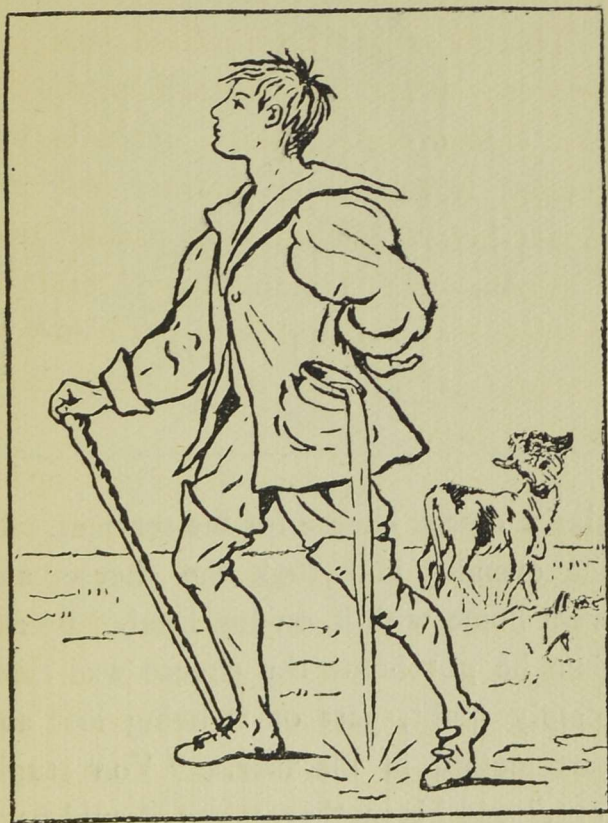
ONCE upon a time there was a boy whose name was Jack, and he lived with his mother upon a dreary common. They were very poor, and the old woman got her living by spinning; but Jack was so lazy that he would do nothing but bask in the sun in the hot weather, and sit by the corner of the hearth in the winter-time. His mother could not persuade him to do anything for her, and was obliged at last to tell

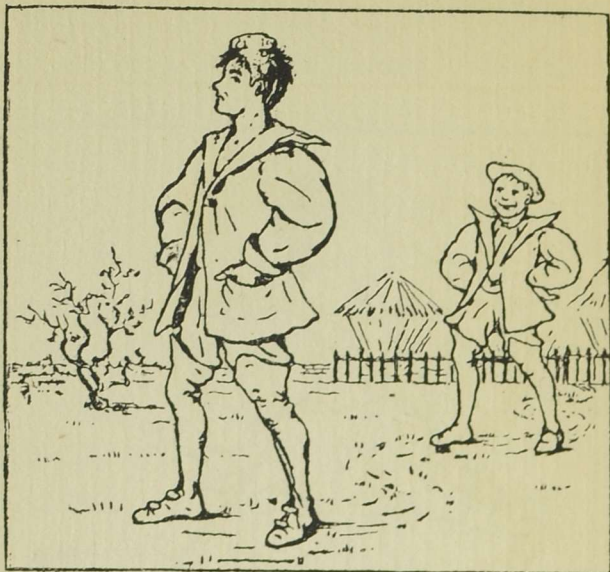
him that if he did not begin to work for his porridge, she would turn him out to get his living as he could.

This threat at length roused Jack, and he went out and hired himself for the day to a farmer for a penny ; but as he was coming home, never having had any money before, he lost it in passing over a brook. " You stupid boy," said his mother, " you should have put it in your pocket." " I'll do so another time," replied Jack.

The next day Jack went out again, and hired himself to a cowkeeper, who gave him a jar of milk for his day's work. Jack took the jar and put it into the large pocket of his jacket, spilling it all long before he got home. " Dear me !" said the old woman, " you should have carried it on your head." " I'll do so another time," replied Jack.

The following day Jack hired himself again to a farmer, who agreed to give





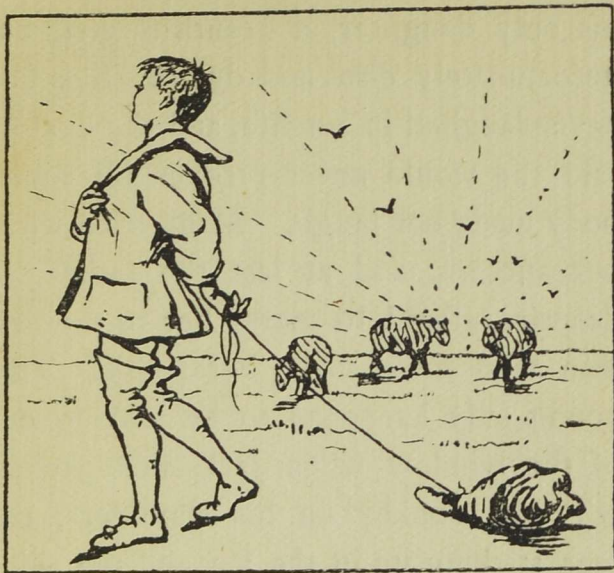
him a cream cheese for his services. In the evening Jack took the cheese, and went home with it on his head. By the time he got home the cheese was completely spoilt, part of it being lost and part melted in his hair. "You stupid lout," said his mother, "you should have carried it very carefully in your hands." "I'll do so another time," replied Jack.

The day after this Jack again went



out, and hired himself to a baker, who would give him nothing for his work but a large tom cat. Jack took the cat, and began carrying it very carefully in his hands, but in a short time Pussy scratched him so much that he was compelled to let it go. When he got home his mother said to him, "You silly fellow, you should have tied it with a string and dragged it along after you." "I'll do so another time," said Jack.

The next day Jack hired himself to a butcher, who rewarded his labours with a handsome present of a shoulder of mutton. Jack took the mutton, tied it to a string, and trailed it along after him in the dirt, so that by the time he got home the meat was completely spoilt. His mother was this time quite out of patience with him, for the next day was Sunday, and she was obliged to content herself with cabbage for her dinner. "You ninnyhammer," said she to her son, "you

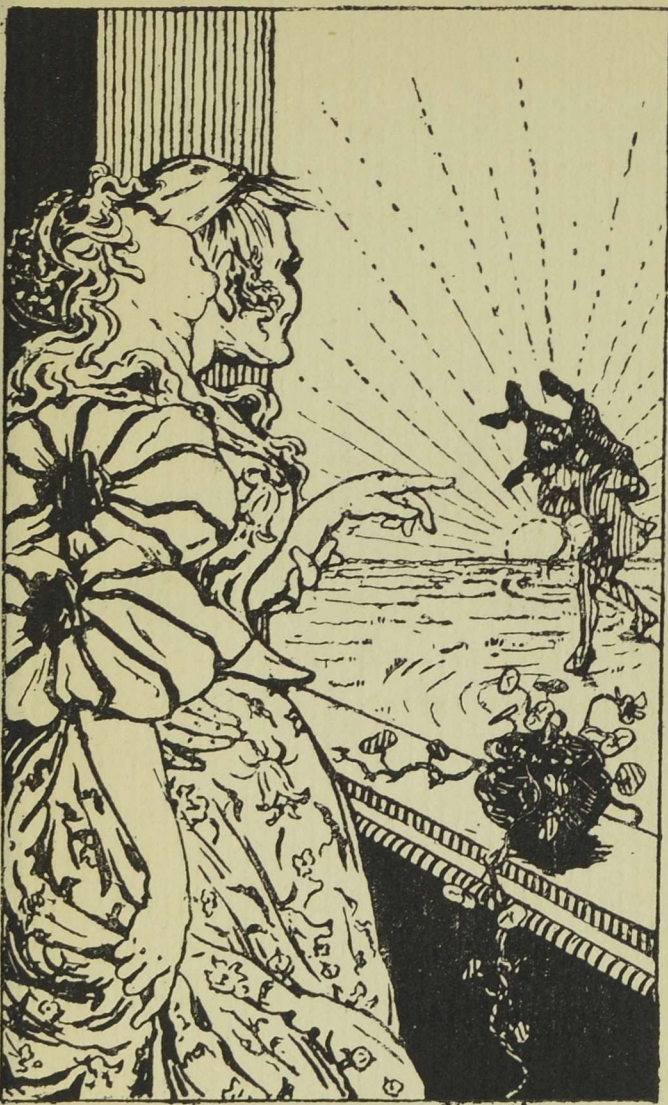


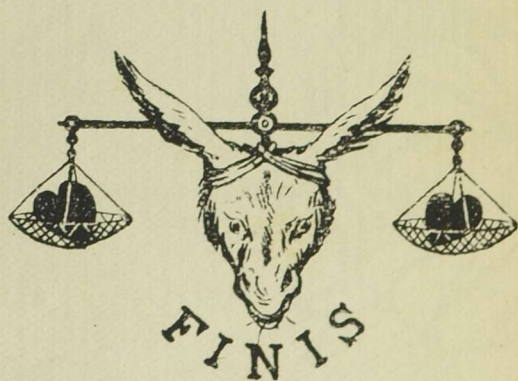
should have carried it on your shoulder.”

“I’ll do so another time,” replied Jack.

On the Monday Jack went once more, and hired himself to a cattle-keeper, who gave him a donkey for his trouble. Although Jack was very strong, he found some difficulty in hoisting the donkey on his shoulders, but at last he managed it, and began walking home with his prize. Now, it happened that in the course of his journey there lived a rich man with

his only daughter, a beautiful girl, but unfortunately deaf and dumb. She had never laughed in her life, and the doctors said she would never recover till somebody made her laugh. Many tried without success, and at last the father, in despair, offered to marry her to the first man who could make her laugh. This young lady happened to be looking out of the window when Jack was passing with the donkey on his shoulders, the legs sticking up in the air, and the sight was so comical and strange, that she burst out into a great fit of laughter, and immediately recovered her speech and hearing. Her father was overjoyed, and fulfilled his promise by marrying her to Jack, who was thus made a rich man for life. They lived in a large house, and Jack's mother lived with them in great happiness until she died.





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