

## The Project Gutenberg eBook of My Treasure, by Thomas W. Handford

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\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK MY TREASURE \*\*\*





JUMBO BROKEN LOOSE.

MY  
TREASURE.



EDITED BY  
THOMAS W. HANDFORD,  
("ELMO.")

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.

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1888.**

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1887.

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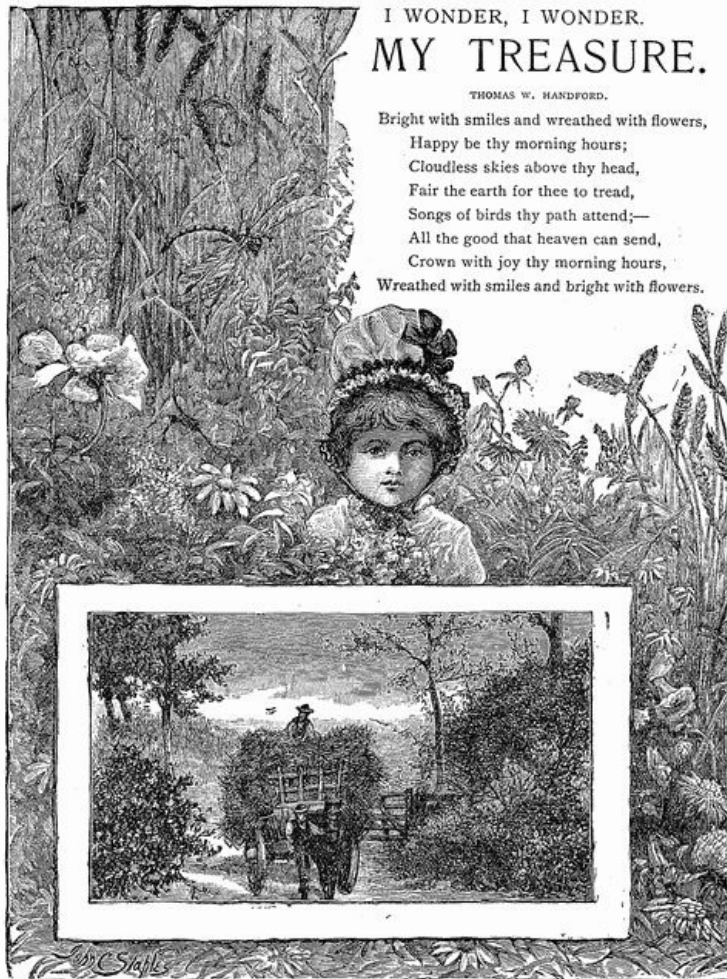
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**A RECKLESS RIDE.**



RECKLESS Ina, she was called, because she did so many reckless things. But her name was Ina Bradford. She had no brothers, so she used to tell her father that she would be his boy. And it was no trial to Ina do boy's work.

Dish-washing she particularly disliked. And as to sewing—why, she had rather go ragged any time than sew up the rents in her dress.

The one thing that Ina enjoyed more than anything else in the world, was riding on horseback. Her father kept several horses. And he was perfectly willing she should use any of the farm horses whenever she liked. But Black Jupiter she must never touch. He was a large, high-spirited horse, very unsafe for a young girl. But oh! how Ina longed to get on Jupiter's back.

One day when her father had gone away Ina resolved to try. She put bridle and saddle on without trouble. But the moment Black Jupiter felt her weight on his back, he started on a run up the street. At first Ina thought it great fun, but by and by her arms ached so she could scarcely hold the bridle. And when Jupiter jumped at the cackling of a goose, Ina would have fallen if a strong, brave boy had not caught the bridle. Ina did not care to ride Black Jupiter again.



A RECKLESS RIDE.

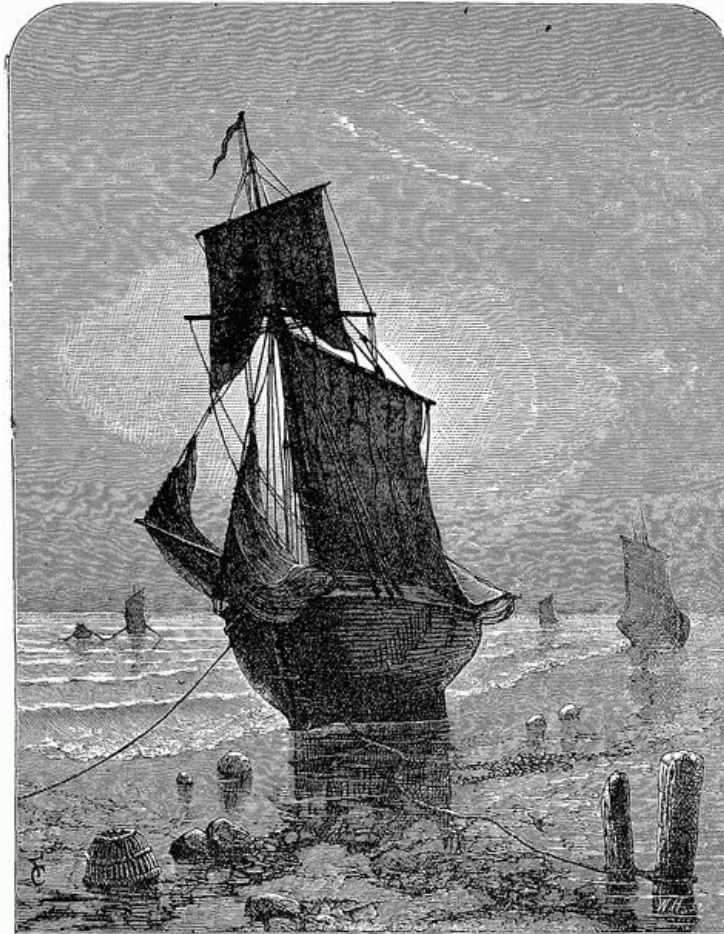
### THE FISHING BOAT NANCY.

Here is the fish-ing boat Nan-cy. But where is the fish-er-man? Oh! he has gone up the beach to his house to see his wife and his lit-tle daugh-ter. He was in a great hur-ry, for he did not wait to take down



his sails, but on-ly made the boat fast to an old pile.

The rea-son of his haste was that his lit-tle daugh-ter Bess is quite ill. He had to go to sea this morn-ing, for he is a poor man, and must work ev-er-y day, but when he left Bess was in a fe-ver. All day long he has been ve-ry anx-ious. But now good news is wait-ing him. At four o'clock the fe-ver left her, and she is much bet-ter, and is wait-ing for her pa-pa to come in. How glad he will be! But he can-not stop long now, on-ly just to give her a kiss, for the boat must be ta-ken care of, and the fish that he has caught must be sent to mar-ket; so back he will go, but he will work now with a light-er heart, for his fear is gone.



**THE FISHING BOAT NANCY.**

### **THE LITTLE RILL.**

Drop by drop the lit-tle rill  
Feeds the lim-pid stream be-low,  
Gleam-ing, spark-ling down the hill,  
Till it joins the riv-er's flow.

----

Drop by drop the whole night long;  
Drop by drop the long night through,  
Sing-ing low and soft its song;  
Leaps the rill, in meas-ure true.

----

Drop by drop like gems of light,  
Danc-ing where the sun-beams play,  
Grows the stream-let clear and bright,  
Where the sweet ferns line the way.

----

Like a mol-ten sil-ver tide  
Led by fai-ries, here and there;  
Now by rug-ged moun-tain side;  
Now by pas-ture green and fair.



THE LITTLE RILL.

### THE ROBIN.

LIT-TLE rob-in, wild bird,  
Sing-ing sweet and blithe,  
Care-less of Time's hour glass  
And his crook-ed scythe,  
Prod-i-gal of pleas-ure  
In a harm-less way,  
Greet-ing in the sun-shine  
This thy hol-i-day.

When the or-phan chil-dren  
Wan-dered in the wood,  
We shall stillre-mem-ber  
Thou wert kind and good;  
As their cheeks grew pa-ler,  
And with tears were wet,  
Thou didst sprin-kle o'er them  
Man-y a vi-o-let.

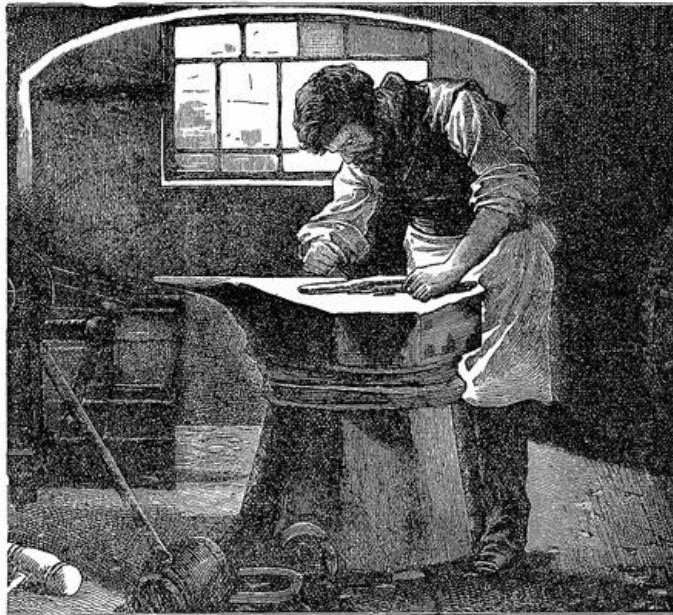
Cheer us in the au-tumn,  
When the rains be-gin,  
While the gay flow-ers with-er,



And the woods grow thin.



### **THE BLACKSMITH.**



CLANG, cling, clang, cling!  
Bel-lows, you must roar; and, an-vil, you must ring;  
Ham-mer, you and I must work, for ding, dong, ding!  
Must dress my Kate and ba-by, and bread for us must bring.

### **COWSLIPS.**

Yel-low, yel-low cow-slip,  
Grow-ing in the grass,

Thou dost bloom so bright-ly,  
Thou dost smell so sweet-ly,  
That the ve-ry cat-tle  
Light-ly o'er thee pass.

---

Yel-low, yel-low cow-slip,  
Chil-dren gath-er thee  
In the ear-ly sum-mer,  
In the dew-y morn-ing,  
When his nest be-side thee,  
Leaves the lark so free.

---

Yel-low, yel-low cow-slip,  
Shin-ing in the sun,  
When the tall grass mead-ows  
Yield un-to the mow-ers,  
Then thy life is end-ed,  
Pen-sive lit-tle one.



**COWSLIPS.**

**GOING TO BED.**



May and Kate and Lou and wee Tom-my have been sit-ting by the fire in the nur-se-ry for the last hour look-ing through their books. But now the books have all been put on the shelf and nurse has made them ready for bed. Mam-ma has come up, as she al-ways does, to hear their pray-ers and have a short chat with them af-ter they are tuck-ed up in their cribs. The chat has to be short, for these lit-tle peo-ple fall a-sleep in no time.

### MAY DAY.

One day, all  
in the sweet  
spring weath-er,  
Two lit-tle folk  
went out to-geth-er.  
Oh the bright May-day!  
Sun was shin-ing,  
birds were  
sing-ing,  
Flow-ers bloom-ing,  
May-bells ring-ing!  
Oh the glad May-day!



So they two went forth a May-ing,  
Laugh-ing, dan-cing, sing-ing, say-ing  
"Oh the bright May-day!  
What care we for moth-er's warn-ing?  
Who would bide at home this morn-ing?  
Oh the glad May-day!"

### PLAYING AT SOLDIER.

"SHOUL-DER arms!" said Dick. "For-ward, march!" If you had been in the room next to the hall where the chil-dren were play-ing that rain-y day, you would have thought that an ar-my was march-ing back and forth, they made such a noise. Then, all at once, the noise stopped. "The ar-my will lie down, and go to sleep for the night," said Dick.



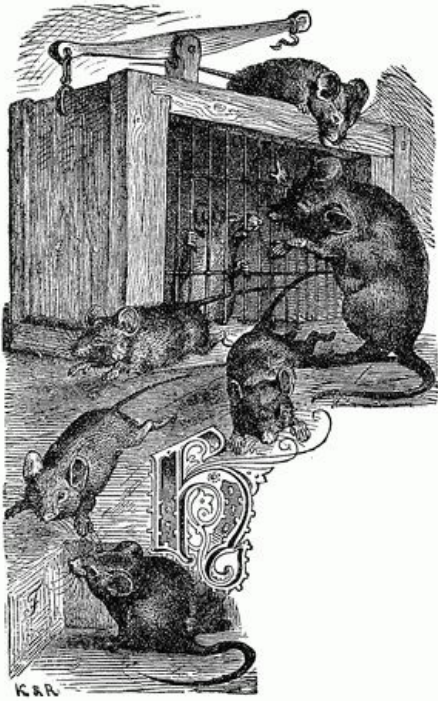
The ar-my lay down to play sleep, and in a twin-king it fell in-to a real sleep. Ev-er-y man was in the land of Nod. Jane, who had been out to the barn for a bas-ket of ap-ples, was so sur-prised at the sight, that three great red ones fell out on the floor be-fore she could catch them. Just at that mo-ment the boys' eyes o-pened, and they had the ap-ples in less than no time.

### **THE DISOBEDIENT MOUSE.**

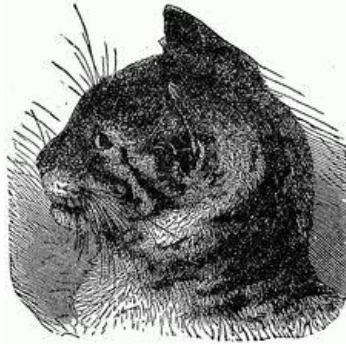
SAD is the tale  
I have to tell,  
Of what a lit-tle  
mouse be-fell.  
"My dar-ling child,"  
His moth-er said,  
"There are two things  
That you must dread.  
One is the mon-ster  
called a cat;  
And one a trap.  
Ne'er go  
near that,  
No mat-ter how the cheese may smell:  
You'll rue the day. Mark  
my words well."

And mous-ey lis-tened to her say.





Had he but heed-ed! Well-a-day!  
That ver-y night he smelled some cheese.  
Quoth he, "What o-dors sweet are these?  
I'll go and see: per-chance the cook  
Has dropped a bit. Here's for a look!"  
A-las! a-las! dear chil-dren all,  
He dis-o-beyed. Be-hold his fall.  
He saw the trap, with bits of cheese.  
"I'll on-ly take just one of these,—  
A sin-gle one, not an-y more."  
Click went the spring; down fell the door!



How sleek looks puss-y! How well fed!  
Poor mous-ey's moth-er weeps in bed.

### **BERTIE AND ROVER.**

"O Ro-ver! I love you,"  
Young Mas-ter Ber-tie said.  
To prove his words were true,  
He hugged the dog's rough head.

---

Ro-ver knew not one half  
His lit-tle mas-ter said;  
But when he heard him laugh,  
He quick-ly raised his head.

---

He loved to run a-bout  
A-mong the lambs and sheep,  
Which lay in groups a-bout,  
Ap-pa-rent-ly a-sleep.

---

He'd leap a five-barred gate,  
And then, with con-scious pride,  
For Bertie's com-ing wait  
Up-on the oth-er side.

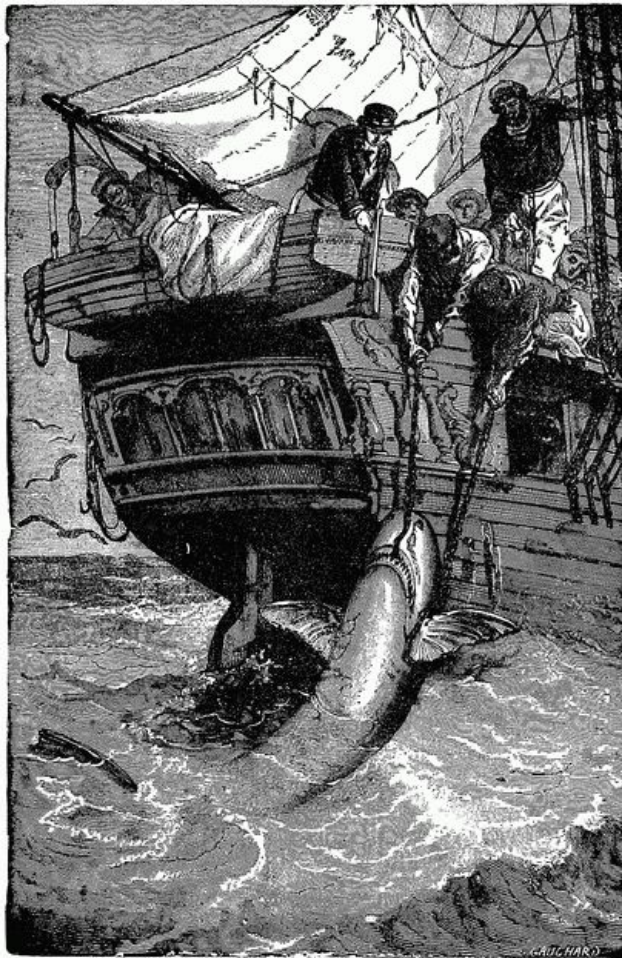


**BERTIE AND ROVER.**

### **THE SHARK.**

What great fish is this? It is a shark. He is fast now, and the men will soon have him up on the ship's deck, where they will make an end of him.

Sharks are ve-ry fierce. They are so large, too, that they can eat up a man with-out a-ny trou-ble. In some parts of the world peo-ple nev-er dare go in bath-ing, be-cause of them. You can see in the pic-ture what great teeth they have. This fel-low has been at ma-ny a bad piece of work, I have no doubt; but now all his pranks are at an end. He has fol-lowed the ship mile af-ter mile to pick up a-ny scraps that were thrown o-ver, and they have tast-ed so well, that when he saw a great piece of pork come splash in-to the wa-ter, he swal-lowed it down with-out stopping to think that there might be a hook in it. Then all at once he found that he was fast. Strug-gle as hard as he could, it was of no use; he was held fast.



**THE SHARK.**

### **BABY BOY.**

"Ho! mas-ter ba-by boy.  
Where are you go-ing?  
Dark are the win-try skies:  
Soon 'twill be snow-ing.  
Back to the nur-se-ry,



Where the fire's  
glow-ing."

-----  
"I doe back"—  
stamps his foot.

"No! I are doe-ing  
Down to my busi-ness.  
A big boy I'm drow-ing.  
Just where my pa-pa does,  
Dat's where I'm doe-ing."



## JACK AND JILL.



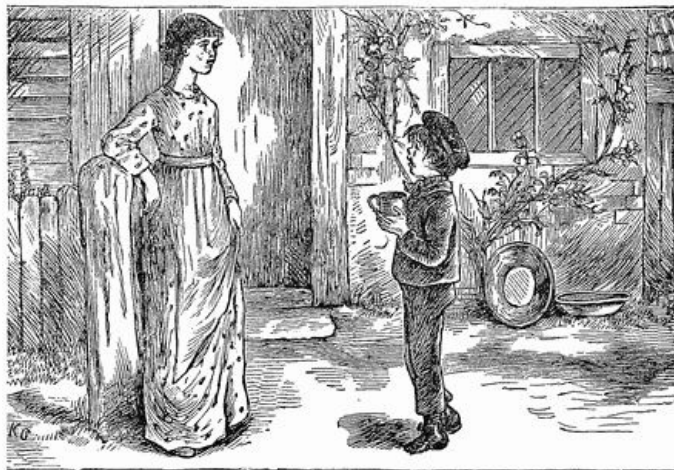
THESE are Jack and Jill. Do you not see their pail? They fill it with salt wa-ter.



"WHAT a sweet lit-tle lamb!" said May. "No: it is a wolf. I must run: he will eat me."

## MILK FOR BABY'S SUPPER.

"PLEASE, Mrs. Wright, moth-er would like to bor-row a cup of milk for ba-by's sup-per. Our cow has strayed a-way, and Tom has gone to find her."—"Of course she shall have it, Tom," said Mrs. Wright. "How is ba-by?"



Tom's lit-tle ba-by sis-ter had been ver-y ill, and they had all been a-fraid that she would not live. But now she was much bet-ter. Tom told Mrs. Wright this, and then ran home.

## TAD AND THE LOBSTER.



THERE was a lit-  
tle lad  
Whose name was  
Tad,  
Down by the sea.  
"A-ha! a-ha!"  
cried he:  
"A play-fel-  
low I see,  
Com-ing to play  
with me."



But soon he  
changed his cry:  
The tears came  
in his eye.  
"Let go!" he  
cried; "let go!  
You don't play  
fair, you know.  
O mam-m-y,  
quick! Boo-hoo!  
He'll bite my  
finger through!"

### MEG AND LITTLE BELL.

MEG and her lit-tle sis-ter Bell went for a walk in the mea-dow. A cow came down to the brook to drink. Bell was pick-ing some flow-ers, and did not see her un-til she was close up-on her. Then she gave a loud cry, and ran to Meg, and clutched tight hold of her dress.



Meg soon set her fears to rest; and the cow looked on with wide o-pened eyes, as much as to say, "What a fool-ish child this is! I give her milk ev-er-y day."

### BETTY AND POLLY.

BET-TY came to make a call on Pol-ly. So Pol-ly got out all her toys, and put them on the floor in a

great heap, and they each sat down be-side them. Bet-ty liked best of all a stuffed rab-bit that squeaked when you squeezed it; and she tucked it un-der her arm, and took it all a-bout from room to room with her.



Pol-ly at last, when she saw how much she liked it, gave it to her for her ver-y own; and Bet-ty went home hap-py, with the rabbit on her arms.

### "FLY LITTLE BIRD AWAY."



A LIT-TLE girl  
Read in her book,  
How a wick-ed boy  
A wild bird took  
From out its nest  
In the green-wood tree.  
A cap-tive now  
'Tis forced to be,  
And flut-ters its poor  
wings all day long,

And beats the bars of its cage so strong.

"Poor lit-tle bird!"  
She soft-ly cried;  
Then on her head  
Her hood she tied,  
Took down the cage  
Of her own bird,  
Opened the door,  
With joy-ous word.  
"Fly, lit-tle bird, a-way,"  
quoth she,

"Back to your home in the green-wood tree."





A-way, a-way,  
The glad bird flew,  
Far out of sight,  
In heav-ens blue.  
The wee girl watched  
With won-der-ing eye,  
Till it had fad-ed  
In the sky,

Then sat her down, and cried, "Boo-hoo!  
My bird is gone! What shall I do?"

Her pin-a-fore  
With tears was wet:  
"My bird a-gain,  
"I'll nev-er get."  
At last she raised  
Her weep-ing eye,  
And there at hand,  
What should she spy  
But bird-ie hop-ping in  
his door,  
Tired of his free-dom,  
back once more.



### LITTLE MAY'S PET.



"Come in, puss," said lit-tle May, "and you shall have a nice cup of milk for your break-fast. And I will put a fresh rib-bon on your neck, too." Puss walked in at once, for he was ve-ry hun-gry. For more than an hour she had been watch-ing at a mouse-hole, but the mouse would not come out and be caught. So at last she had grown tired of wait-ing.

### TOM, GRACE AND LOU.

TOM and Grace and Lou had been down to the brook the day be-fore, and had caught three frogs. They got one of pa-pa's old ci-gar box-es, and lined it with leaves, and cut small holes in it, that the air

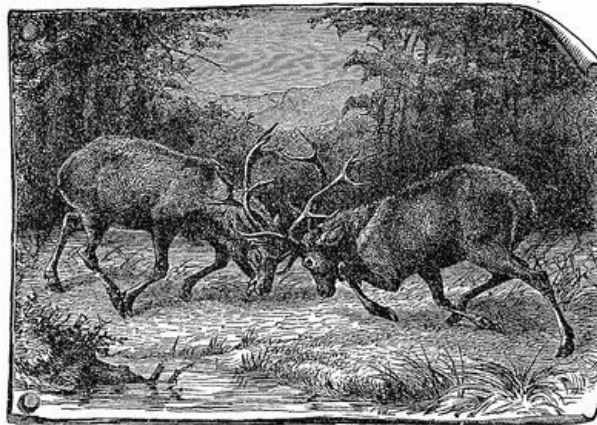


might pass in and out.



The next morn-ing they o-pened the box, and put them on the grass: they looked ver-y ill. "Let's take them back to the brook," said Lou. As soon as the frogs saw the wa-ter, they jumped, and were seen no more.

### **THE TWO STAGS.**



HERE we are out in the wild woods. What a pret-ty lit-tle glade it is, with a spring of fresh wa-ter in it! But see, there are two stags here, fight-ing as if they were bit-ter foes. Their great wide-spread ant-lers are locked in-to each oth-er's. It some-times hap-pens in these fights that the ant-lers get so fast-ened to-geth-er that the stags can-not get them a-part. Then they both die. This will show you how quar-rels of-ten have ve-ry sad ends.

### **THE PET RABBIT.**





TOM and Grace hurried through their breakfast, and ran out to feed their pet rabbit. Grace did not even wait to put on her hat. But, when they came to the hutch, there was no rabbit there.

"We must tell John to look for him," said Grace. "There he is! Let's run." So they ran down the path to meet the gardener's boy. John said that he would look just as soon as he took the basket of lettuce to the cook.

### DOLL AND I.



"OH, dear! Oh, dear!  
'Tis almost nine.  
The birds all sing,  
The sun does shine.  
Poor Doll and I  
To school must go:  
I don't see why,  
We hate it so.

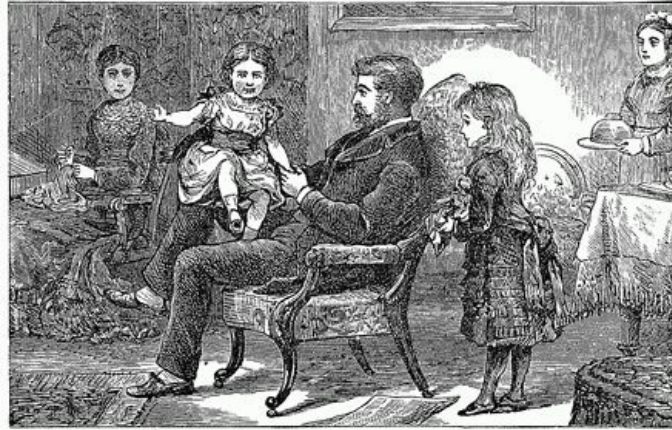
I hate those letters. They twist and turn.  
There's no use trying: I'll never learn.

Hur-rah! hur-rah!  
At last it's two!  
I am so glad!  
What shall we do?  
Come, Doll, let's run.  
I'll never go,  
When I get big,  
To school, I know;  
But every minute of the day  
I'll spend just as I like, in play."



### MAY AND HER PA-PA.

PA-PA and mam-ma will soon have sup-per; for I see Jane bring-ing it in on a tray. But, un-til they do, May is to ride a cock-horse on her pa-pa's knee. Pa-pa goes to town to business ev-er-y day, and, when he comes back, May and her sis-ter Fan run to meet him. They take his hat, and bring his slip-pers, and put him in the big chair in front of the fire; and then they climb up in-to his lap, and play with him. He rath-er seems to like it.



### **BELL AND HER PET DOG.**

This dog's name is Puck, and a ve-ry wide-a-wake dog he is, as you may see from the pic-ture. His mis-tress is a lit-tle girl named Bell, and he is ve-ry fond of her. At night he sleeps coiled up at the foot of her bed. Some-times when she wakes she finds him ly-ing on the pillow, with his head close to her cheek, and one ve-ry cold night he man-aged to get in bed un-der the clothes. He is a ve-ry clever dog. If you tell him to beg, he will sit on his hind paws and wave his fore paws in the air. If he is thirs-ty, he will bring his cup for you to fill it with wa-ter for him.

The first time Bell ev-er saw her dog was in the street. He had lost his mas-ter, and came to her for help. She could not find his home for him, so she took him home with her, and there he has lived ev-er since. Now he has for-got-ten his old mas-ter en-tire-ly, and cares for on-ly Bell.



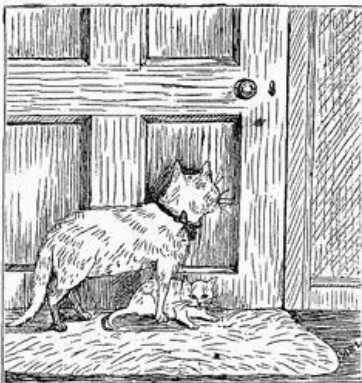
### THE THREE KITTENS.

"MEW-MEW!" said two lit-tle wee black kit-tens. Grace stooped down, and picked one of them up. "Mew!" it said, and then tried to play with the neck-lace she had on. The oth-er kit-ten did not like this at all. She pulled at Grace's dress with her small black paw. So then she was tak-en up too, and both soon snug-gled down in Grace's lap, and went fast a-sleep. But where was the mam-ma cat all this time? She had gone back to the barn, where all her kit-tens were born, to bring an-oth-er one to the house, to show her mis-tress what a fine fam-i-ly she had. She had hard work to get in; for John, the man, had closed the doors. She walked a-round the barn, and at the back she found a win-dow o-pen. Ned, the don-key, had his head out of it; but she scam-bled in be-side him, and took up an-oth-er kit-ten in her mouth, and ran back to the house a-gain.



When she reached it, she found that Jane had closed the front-door.

She mewed as loud as she could; but it was some time before any one heard her, and o-pened it. But at last she reached her mis-tress safe-ly with her third child. She her-self was white, and so was one of the kit-tens. The other two were as black as coals.



### JANE AND ROB.

KATE was ver-y un-hap-py. She had left her best doll in the path in front of the house the night be-fore; and some one had stepped on it in the dark, and it was crushed in-to bits.





So Kate was cry-ing; for poor Ar-a-min-ta Jane was her pride and joy. Just then her broth-er Rob came in. "Why, you poor lit-tle girl!" he said. "I am so sor-ry! If you will come out with me, I will show you how to play crick-et; and you shall use my new bat." Kate cheered up ver-y much at this, and ran to put on her hat. Rob was so kind to her that she had a ver-y good time, and for-got all a-bout Ar-a-min-ta Jane in the fun of the game.



### REBIE'S NEW HOME.



-----  
S she coming to-night, mamma?" asked Marion.

"Yes, dear, I think so. We shall know very soon now. Papa will be here in about ten minutes."

Marion and Elvie Reade ran to the window. They were very anxious to see this little cousin who was coming home with papa.

"Rebie'll be our new sister; won't she?" said Elvie.

"Yes. And papa said we must be real kind to her, for she hasn't any papa or mamma now."

"Yes, we will. I guess—Oh! there's papa, now. And—oh! Marion! Rebie's crying. Let's go kiss her."

Out ran the two little girls, while mamma stood in the doorway with little Ernest, and aunt Maria stood on the steps.

Little Rebie couldn't help crying, yet she liked her new home for all that. But her cousins kissed her



so lovingly, that Rebie soon smiled through her tears.

And when baby Ernest said, "Ernie love oo, tousin Rebie," she laughed a soft little laugh. Then they thought Rebie wouldn't feel lonely any more.

"I think your papa *most* as good as my papa," Rebie whispered to Elvie after they had gone to bed that night. Elvie thought him a *little* better, but she was too polite to say so.



**REBIE'S NEW HOME.**

### **A QUEER PLAY-HOUSE.**



-----

HARRY and little Violet thought it the very best play-house in the world. And I don't think Gyp would have enjoyed any other half so well. It was papa's big boat.

They could sit in it and see mamma when she came to the door of the little house near by, where they lived. And they could watch papa as he went out in his small boat, or dory, as he called it. Harry could see him far out on the water by standing up on the side of the boat. Little Violet was afraid to climb up so high.

Sometimes Harry and Violet took their dinner and ate it in the boat. Then Gyp always shared it with them. He would sit beside them in the boat, or perhaps lie on the sand and wait for Harry to throw him his share bit by bit.

The children liked to make Gyp speak for his dinner. But best of all, they liked to toss it up, and see Gyp spring and catch it in his mouth.

One day, when they were playing near the water, Violet's sun-bonnet blew off, and a wave washed it out beyond her reach. Then Gyp was ready to help his little mistress. He swam out, seized it in his mouth, and soon laid it at Violet's feet. She was so glad she hugged him, wet as he was. And he repaid her, by shaking himself and sprinkling her all over.



A QUEER PLAY HOUSE.

### WHO IS TO BLAME?

---



FOR little Carlos stood thinking. He did not know what to do. He wanted to tell the truth, yet he didn't like to have mamma blame him for breaking Sylvia's doll. And he didn't think he was all to blame either. The butterfly and Dandy both helped, he thought.

This was the way it happened. A beautiful large butterfly came through the open window into the dining-room, then flitted out into the hall. Carlos and his dog Dandy gave chase.

Once, in his eagerness, he stumbled over Dandy. And in trying to escape a fall he knocked the doll to the floor. There was the body in one place, the head in another. Why did Sylvia leave it right in his way?

At last Carlos decided to do the best thing—go and tell mamma all about it.

Mamma listened patiently. Then she told Carlos that it would have been better not to try to catch the butterfly. The pretty thing would die if he caught it and shut it up.

Mamma told Carlos that Sylvia was partly to blame for leaving her doll in such a place. But Carlos must be more careful next time.

Carlos felt very happy as he ran out of doors with Dandy. And he thought it the nicest way in the world, to go and tell mamma everything.



#### WHO IS TO BLAME?

#### ONLY A BIRD.



CAN you see the old man behind his rows of cages? In them are many poor little birds. They cannot fly about in the pure sweet air. The old man sells them. That is the way he earns his money.

Then why does he look so displeased? The young man, with the empty cage in his hand, has just bought a bird and laid the money on the counter.

The young man loves birds so well that he bought one on purpose to set it free.

The old man is wishing he could get the bird and sell it again. He thinks it foolish to throw away money. And he tells the young man so.

"Not thrown away, my friend," says the young man. "It is well spent if it gives pleasure even to the smallest creature."

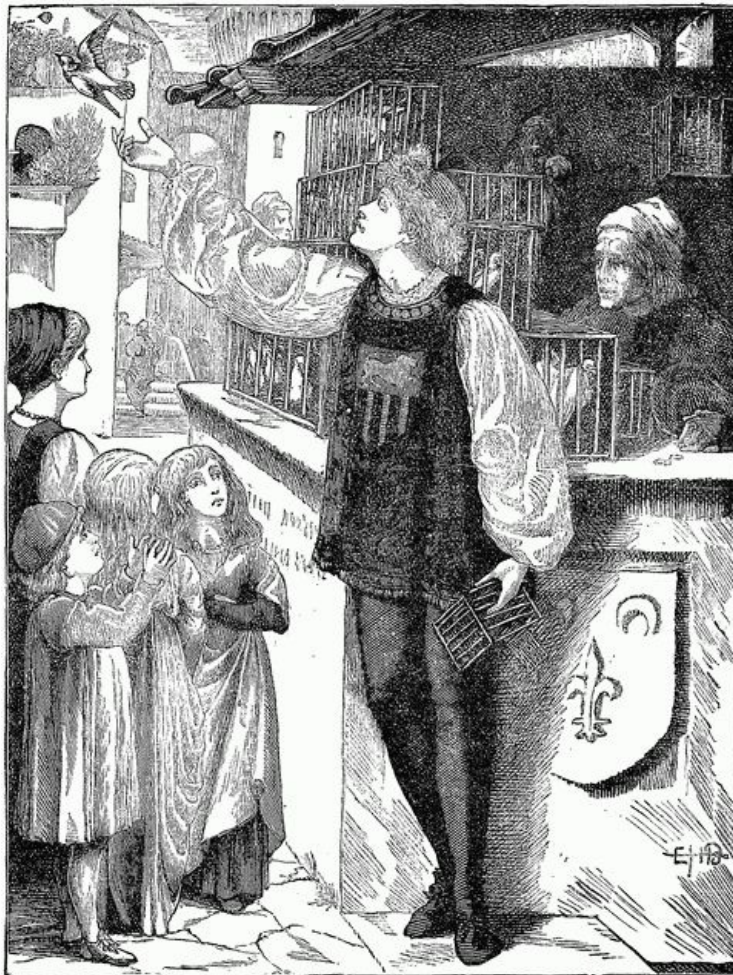
"'Twas only a bird," insists the old man.

"But God made the birds. And not one falls to the ground without his notice. I think we shall have to give an account of the way we treat his birds."

"Well, I wish I had that one again."

"And I wish I could open all these cages."





ONLY A BIRD.

### WHAT A KISS DID.



ABY Bell thought she could do just as she pleased everywhere, and with everybody. And she generally did. She even trotted into Mrs. Burnett's, a sad, lonely woman, who lived all alone by herself in the next house.

One day she came pattering into the room where Mrs. Burnett sat. She clung to her dress. She looked up lovingly into the sad face. Then she lisped forth,—

"*Miss Nett*, Baby Bell tiss you."

Then she put up her sweet lips to give a kiss. Who could resist such a baby? Not even Mrs. Burnett. She took the child on her lap, and covered her face with kisses and tears. Baby Bell looked on wonderingly.

When papa came for her she said, "*Miss Nett* tryin', Baby Bell tiss her lots."

Mrs. Burnett explained. "I lost a baby just her age. I felt since that I had no one to love me. But Baby Bell loves me, I am sure. I hope she will come often."

"As often as you and she wish," said papa.

"Baby Bell tum ev'y day—tum see *Miss Nett*. Baby Bell love *Miss Nett*," added the baby, looking back over papa's shoulder.





WHAT A KISS DID.

### FRANKIE MINDS MAMMA.



UNCLE SOL was going to take a party of boys out in his boat. All had scrambled in but one little fellow, the smallest of the party.

"Tumble in, Frankie," said Uncle Sol. But still Frankie hesitated.

"Don't you want to go?" asked the old sailor.

"Yes, sir," answered Frankie, slowly, "but mamma doesn't like to have me go on the water."

"Why?"

"She's afraid since papa was drowned."

"Don't go, then, my boy. Don't worry your mother. She's had trouble enough already;" and Uncle Sol began to push the boat out into the water.

"Pooh! Come on!" shouted Horace, the tallest boy in the boat. "Your mother'll never know. We'll keep dark."

"Don't you go to learnin' Frankie any bad ways," said Uncle Sol, sternly. "Boys never come to much in the world unless they mind their mother. I've always noticed that."

Horace sat down rather ashamed of his bold words. And little Frankie looked at Uncle Sol gratefully, saying, "I know mama'll be glad to have me come home:" and with a happy laugh he ran away from the boat.



**FRANKIE MINDS MAMMA.**

### **POOR JOE.**



-----  
"YOU may put on your coat now, Hugh, and take these things to Mrs. Larry. You have barely time before school, you must hurry."

"Must I go this morning, mother, why can't I go to-night, or this noon?"

"There'll not be time at noon. And before night Joe may want some of these things. You may do, however, just as you think you would like to have Joe do, if he was in your place and you in his. Poor Joe needs better food than his mother is able to buy. You wouldn't have him suffer for the sake of skating, would you?"

Hugh thought a minute. At last he said, "I know if I was in Joe's place, I should want somebody to bring me a heap of things. Guess I'll go, mother."

His mother smiled to hear him whistle as he ran from the yard. Just before school he rushed in.

"Say, mother, can I buy Joe some oranges? He's white—he's white as your ruffled apron. I've fifty cents. I'll spend half for Joe."

Hugh's mother kissed him before she said yes. And her eyes filled with glad tears as he ran out whistling more merrily than before.



**POOR JOE.**

### **SICK MOLLY.**



UESS I'll hurry home," said the rough miner when some of his mates urged him to go to the saloon, "Molly'll miss me."

Nothing seemed so pleasant at night as to see his little Molly standing in the doorway to greet him when he came home. But to-night she was not in her usual place.

"Where's Molly?" he quickly asked, entering the kitchen. Before his wife could speak, he saw Molly in her mother's arms with her eyes closed.

"What is it?" he asked, in a hushed voice.

"I—don't—know," sobbed the poor mother. "She complained—of being tired. And she wanted—me to hold her. I've held her—nearly all day. I'm *so* glad—you've come, Jake. Do run for the doctor."

"Yes, I will;" and without another word he hurried to the village.

"Will she live?" were his first words after the doctor entered the house.

"I hope so," was the cheery answer. "Put her feet in warm water as soon as possible. And here is a powder for her. I'll come over in the morning. Think she'll be better then."

To the miner's great delight, Molly's blue eyes opened the next morning. But if he had gone to the saloon, it might have been different.





SICK MOLLY.

### BABY RALPH'S LETTER.



OLDEN-HAIRED, blue-eyed, sweet-mouthed Baby Ralph lay, a cunning little white heap, in his willow cradle.

While he slept, papa and mamma came softly into the room—dropped the lightest and sweetest of kisses on the dear baby face, then stole quietly out and away to the big city. Did Baby Ralph like this? You will hardly think so when you read his letter. Here it is:

"MY OWN PAPA AND MAMMA,—Does you want to hear 'bout me? You thinked I didn't know you runned way off and left your little baby boy all 'lone. But I did. And I waked up and cried—and cried. And Auntie May looked sober—and grandma looked sober—and grandpa whistled—and I cried hard. Then Auntie May put something in my bottle. 'Twas good, and I didn't cry. But Auntie May bringed water, and put some on my face, and I didn't like it. And I cried awful—so awful Auntie May stopped. Wish you's here, 'cause I don't feel good. If my papa and my mamma's here I'd feel gooder—wouldn't fuss any bit. Wish you's here, I do, to kiss your own

BABY RALPH."

Did this bring Baby Ralph's papa and mamma? Yes, indeed. And they took him and Auntie May back to the big city.



**BABY RALPH'S LETTER.**

### **OUR LITTLE HAND-ORGAN MAN.**



NEARER and nearer the sitting-room door came the patter of little feet. And this queer song was heard over and over:

"Herbie—is—*organ*-hand man!"

Then in pranced our little three-year-old Herbie, his eyes bright, his right hand going round and round to imitate the hand-organ man. Under his left arm was a cricket.



"Look here!" said papa, laughing heartily, "you've got the cart before the horse. It's hand-organ, not organ-hand." "Herbie—is—*organ*-hand-man!"

His eyes only shone the brighter as he persisted in his funny mistake.

## GOING TO BOSTON.



HERE let's go to-day?" asked Elsie, as the three children ran out of doors.

"Guess we'll go to Boston," answered Abe. And little Andy echoed, "Boston—Boston to-day."

So all three ran to the trunk of a large tree, lying on the ground. Tip, their dog, followed. They never went anywhere without Tip.



Andy held the whip, so he sat nearest the horse and drove. Careful Abe sat next. He had to hold Andy for fear of a fall. Elsie had nothing else to do so she held her hat up on a stick. "So folks'll see we're comin'," she told Abe.

## MR. FOX IS SURE.



OXES are very sly. If they want a tender chicken for dinner, they don't walk into the poultry yard in broad daylight. Our Mr. Fox knows better than that. He waits till all is still at night. Then he steals across the yard, and peeps into the hen-house.

All is quiet, so he steps in. Now he stops a moment to listen. He wants to be sure that the big dog asleep near the house isn't after him. He hears nothing, so he looks around for the hens.

There they are, asleep on a high roost. Can he get them? His eyes shine. His mouth waters. He must have one somehow.

He is careful not to make a bit of noise—the sly fellow.

Mr. Fox is sure he can get one now. He reaches up till his black nose nearly touches the rooster's long tail-feathers.

He is all ready for a spring, when a rush and a loud barking is heard. The dog has scented the fox. So, instead of getting a nice, fat chicken for dinner, Mr. Fox has to run for his life. And the dog is close behind. So close that Mr. Fox fears that he himself may make a dinner for the dog. But he reaches his hole safely.





MR. FOX IS SURE.

### DOLLY KNITS, THEN HIDES.



UNNING little Dolly often gets into mischief. She thinks she can do just what grandma and mamma do. One day grandma fell asleep and her knitting dropped to the floor.



Dolly soon spied it, and the spectacles, too. She picked both up and climbed into a big chair. Before beginning to knit she thought of something else.

"Dess Dolly'll put on drandma's tean tap."

So she got the clean cap from the table, and climbed into the big chair again. After putting on cap and spectacles, Dolly tried to knit. But she only pulled the needles out, and tangled the yarn. And grandma was stirring, too. What would she say to Dolly when she woke up?



Dolly was afraid grandma wouldn't like it, so she slipped from the chair and hid behind the clock.

"Where's my work?" asked grandma. "Has Dolly been here?"

"Dolly's done 'way," answered a voice behind the clock.

### **HATTIE AND THE BUTTERFLY.**



-----

LITTLE Hattie Vaughn was playing in the back yard, when she saw a beautiful butterfly light on a clover blossom just outside the gate. She wished she could catch it. So she opened the gate and walked softly the butterfly.

Her hand was almost on it, when the butterfly rose lightly in the air and sailed away toward the woods.

Hattie watched it. Soon it settled down on a wild lily the other side of a rail fence. Hattie crawled through the fence and came close to the pretty butterfly again.

But just as her hand came near, away it flew further into the woods. Hattie followed. By and by she lost sight of the butterfly. She was tired, and wanted to go home. But she did not know the way. She was lost. She began to cry, and cried herself to sleep.

Brother Dick found her sleeping under a large tree. Dick and his father had been looking for Hattie some time. He sat down beside her and thought he would not wake her till his father came. But the moment his father spoke, Hattie opened her eyes. She was not afraid with her father and Dick near.



**HATTIE AND THE BUTTERFLY.**

### **THE GYPSY CAMP.**



HE camp was not near the village. It was near the woods. The Gypsies chose the place because they could get plenty of dry brush to burn. And there was a brook near by where they could get good water. Some of the village children thought at first that it would be fine sport to live so: never to go to school—never to learn lessons—never to dress up clean—always run about as they pleased and where they pleased.

But after the Gypsies had been there a long time, they thought differently. They saw the dirty, ragged children carrying big kettles of water from the brook, or large bundles of brush from the woods. They learned that the women and children did all the work. Perhaps the men stole many of the things they had to eat. And one day when two or three boys ventured into the camp, they saw, in one of the tents, a poor, sick child lying on the bare ground. No one was near it.

They went to their pleasant, comfortable homes, feeling that it was better to have a good father and mother to care for them, even if they did send them to school and require them to learn lessons.





THE GIPSY

### WALTER'S BUTTERFLIES.



-----  
AUNTIE," said Walter, "is't naughty to catch butterflies?"

"I think if I was a little boy, I'd rather see them flying about in the sunshine, than shut up in a box or under a glass."

"But is't *wicked* to kill them?" persisted Walter.

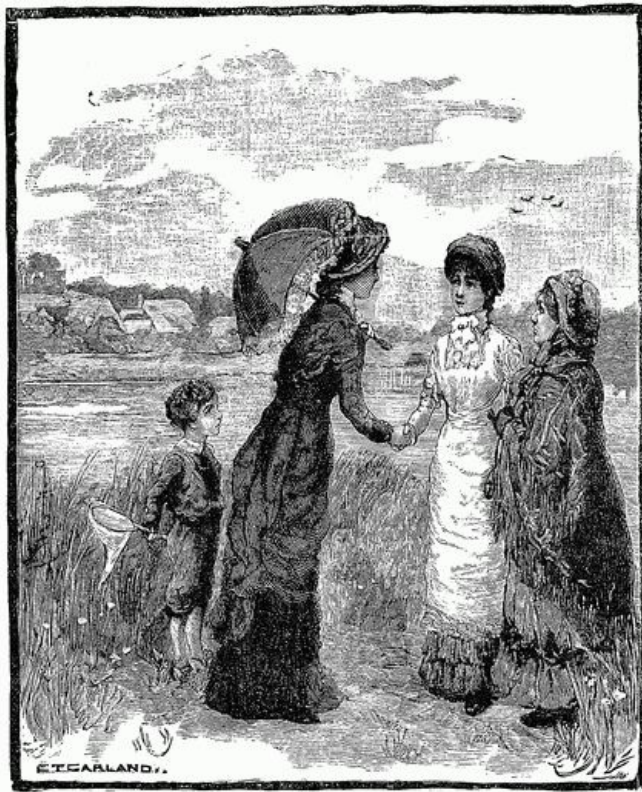
"I think if a little boy caught and killed them because he enjoyed seeing them suffer, it would be very wrong. God made all the birds and insects to be happy. He don't want us to treat them cruelly."

"But, auntie, there's a great big house in Boston, not far from papa's house, and it's most full of dead birds, and spiders, and bugs, and butterflies, and everything."

"Yes, Walter, I have been there. But the men who caught the birds and insects did not kill them just for the sake of killing something. They wished to learn all about the birds and insects in different countries."

"But, auntie," said Walter eagerly, "I saw some ladies when I was out yesterday, with birds stuck in their hats. Guess they's wicked."

"Yes, Walter, it's wrong, I think, to kill the pretty little birds to wear as ornaments. We should let them live as long as they will."



WALTER'S BUTTERFLIES.

### DOT'S NEW FRIEND.



DOT didn't care for such playthings as little girls generally liked. She wanted to play out of doors with the boys. And poor little Dot's mother didn't care where she played, if she was only out of her way so she could get her washing along.

She was a poor washerwoman, and had to work very hard to get something for her three children to eat. So Dot had full liberty to go and come as she pleased. And it pleased her to play with her brothers. They generally went out near the water.

One day Dot was digging in the sand with Ivan's little shovel. "Le's have that," said Ivan. "I want to use it now."

"No. Dot wants it," replied the child stoutly.

"Well, you can't have it. So hand it along."

"Dot will have it," was her answer. Then she disappeared behind a large boat. Ivan ran after her, and, like Dot, came near running against a lady who sat on the sand with a book in her lap. She was talking to Dot.

"Le's have my shovel," interrupted Ivan.

"Give it to him, dear, and I will get you another," said the lady. Dot was charmed by the gentle voice, and gave up the shovel without a word. Dot saw the lady many times after that.



**DOT'S NEW FRIEND.**

### **BRAVE HAL.**

-----



HERE I am, all right, little mother! I'll save you all," said brave Hal, as his head appeared at the window. He had been out to see how deep the water was.

They were all alone in the old house by the river. Father was away, and the water was rising fast. What should they do? All depended on little Hal.

"I'll take Annie first, she's so afraid. And you hold baby till I get the rest over."

It was but a short distance to higher ground, but he had to step carefully. So it seemed a long time to the waiting mother before she saw him again.

"Jamie this time, 'cause he's lame," Hal said when his wet face appeared. "Then he can see to the little ones."

It was some trouble to get lame Jamie on Hal's back. But at last he too was safe beside little Annie. Then Jesse and Lida were carried by the same willing though tired arms.

"Now, mother, let me take the baby, and you follow me." The little mother's face was pale, but she followed her brave boy, and soon they were all safe. Even then it was some trouble to guide the little party through the storm and darkness to the nearest neighbor. But Hal was brave to the end.





### AT THE SHORE.

---

**V**ERY one of us are here, Aunt Kate. Are you ready?"

"Yes, Lizzie, all ready. Just as soon as the boat comes we will start. Where are the other girls?"

"Out with Dan."

"It's very kind of Azzie to amuse her little cousins so much. Agnes and Dan would be lonely here without her, I fear. And Amy had rather stay with Sister Azzie than any one else. That shows that Azzie is a good sister. I'm afraid my niece, Lizzie, is the least bit selfish. She doesn't like to help amuse her cousins very well."

Lizzie pouted a little. She preferred to talk with Aunt Kate. But she wanted to please her aunt, so she resolved to follow her kind advice.

They had a pleasant sail in the boat. And it was delightful eating lunch on the cliff which overlooked the bay. But best of all to Lizzie, was the story which Aunt Kate told while they sat on the grass after lunch. And Aunt Kate did not forget to say an encouraging word to Lizzie for doing her part so well through the day.



### LITTLE MOTHER HUBBARD.

-----



'M in here, Ruby," said Chester to his little sister, when he heard her call his name. "Well, what now? You look like a little old woman."

"Pomp and I are going to take a walk."

"If you were only dressed in old clothes, and Pomp was poor instead of sleek and fat, you would do for a Mother Hubbard. I guess if your cupboard was almost bare, however, you'd share your last crust with Pomp; wouldn't you, sis?"

"Of course, Chester, when Pomp saved my life when I was a baby."

"Why, Ruby, you seem only a big baby to me now. Or else you are the real Mother Hubbard come to life again in a new style. Which is it—which shall I call you, my big baby or my little Mother Hubbard?"

"Mother Hubbard, for I ain't a baby."

"Mother Hubbard it shall be then. Remember this, Ruby, when I'm miles away. I hear the stage now. So give me a kiss before I go."

Ruby gave her brother many kisses, and then stood and waved her handkerchief till he was out of sight. And then she sat down and cried a little and talked a good deal to her old friend Pomp.



### NEW EYES.

---



"ONLY see my dolly's eyes," said Dell to her twin sister Dora. "Wish we could get some new ones put it. Let's go and ask Mr. Thomas."

"Yes, we will. We'll go right off now." So Dora and Dell took their dolls and went over to see Mr. Thomas. His paints and brushes were all out of doors when pleasant. When a rainy day came they were under cover. But they were not in a shop then. They were under a great boat.

It was a pleasant day when Dora and Dell took their dolls to be mended. So they found Mr. Thomas sitting out of doors in his shirt sleeves. He was an old sailor. He liked to be where he could see the water all the time.

Mr. Thomas liked children, especially little girls, so he was very willing to mend their dolls.

"What color do you want the eyes?" asked Mr. Thomas, after fixing in some round beads.

"Blue," answered Dell.

"Mine blue, too," added Dora. "We always have everything just alike."

"There, now they can see just as well as ever."

"Thank you ever so much!" exclaimed both girls at once.





### ROSE AND THE LITTLE BEGGAR.

ROSE was out in the garden with mamma. Rose ran here and there, gathering the prettiest flowers to make into a bouquet for her. Rose thought her mamma the loveliest and best mamma in the world. Nothing was too good for her.

"O Mamma!" she cried breathlessly, running up after a long absence, "there's a poor girl—outside the fence—over by the rustic chair. She looks as though she wanted—something. She won't speak—Oh! come and see here, mamma!"

"Poor child! Perhaps she is hungry," said mamma, rising quickly.

They found the child still looking wistfully through the fence. "Would you like something to eat?" asked mamma kindly.

The bareheaded and barefooted little girl looked up into the sweet face a moment, then said timidly, "Please, lady, give me some flowers."

"I'll give her mine," whispered Rose.

With a hurried, "Thanks, lady," she took the flowers and ran swiftly away before another question could be asked.

"I wish I knew where she lived," said Rose.

"I will inquire. We may be able to help her."



**ROSE AND THE LITTLE BEGGAR.**

**OLD CHARLIE RUNS.**



EE old Charlie run. Do you suppose he is afraid of the children or the constables? You see old Charlie gets into mischief sometimes when papa is away. He gets into the garden where there are a few young fruit trees. Old Charlie likes apples and pears. So papa told Neddie he must watch, and if old Charlie got into the garden he must drive him out.



One day old Charlie thought he wouldn't mind such a little boy. Then Neddie asked Bess and little Effie to help. Each took a cornstalk. How old Charlie ran when he saw them coming.





**SOLID COMFORT.**

OUT of the wild north-east  
The snow comes fly-ing;  
O-ver our chim-ney tops  
The wind goes sigh-ing.



Up, lag-gard birds, a-way,  
On swift wings go-ing,  
To where, on south-ern hills,  
A-far from win-ter's chills,  
Soft winds are blow-ing.



## **POLLY AND HER DEAD BIRD.**

SOME one gave lit-tle Pol-ly a bird. It sang all day long, and made the nurs-er-y ring with its mer-ry notes. Pol-ly was so fond of it, and al-ways fed it her-self. One day when the children had come in from a walk, they found the bird dead in its cage. A wick-ed cat had killed it. The chil-dren all cried a great deal; and they bur-ied it in a small white box in the garden, and plant-ed flow-ers o-ver the grave.



## **MOLL AND JANE'S PICNIC.**



MOLL and Jane had a pic-nic. They first begged the cook to give them some sand-wich-es and gin-ger-bread. Then Moll stole down stairs, and got an a-pron-ful of po-ta-toes, while Jane got some match-es. They were go-ing to roast their po-ta-toes; and this is the way they did it. They dug a shal-low hole, put them in, cov-ered them with dirt, and then built a fire a-bove them. They were ver-y good when they were cooked, I can tell you.

## **BELLE AND HER BROTHERS.**



THE same day that Moll and Jane had their pic-nic, Belle and her two small brothers had one. They did not have a fire: but their cook put up a much better lunch for them, and they took it to their favorite spot, packed in a basket on their donkey's back; and, while they ate their lunch, he nibbled the soft grass. They had a good time, and were not sent to bed without supper, as Moll and Jane were, for making a fire when it was forbidden.

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