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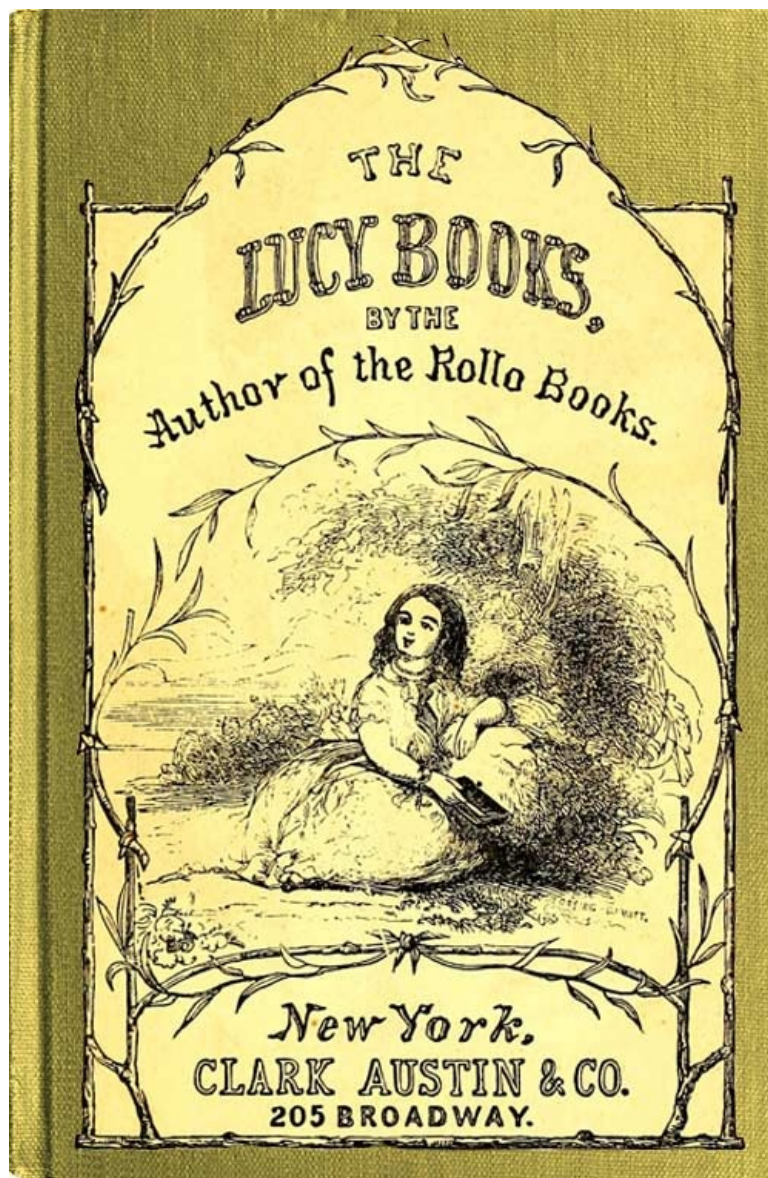
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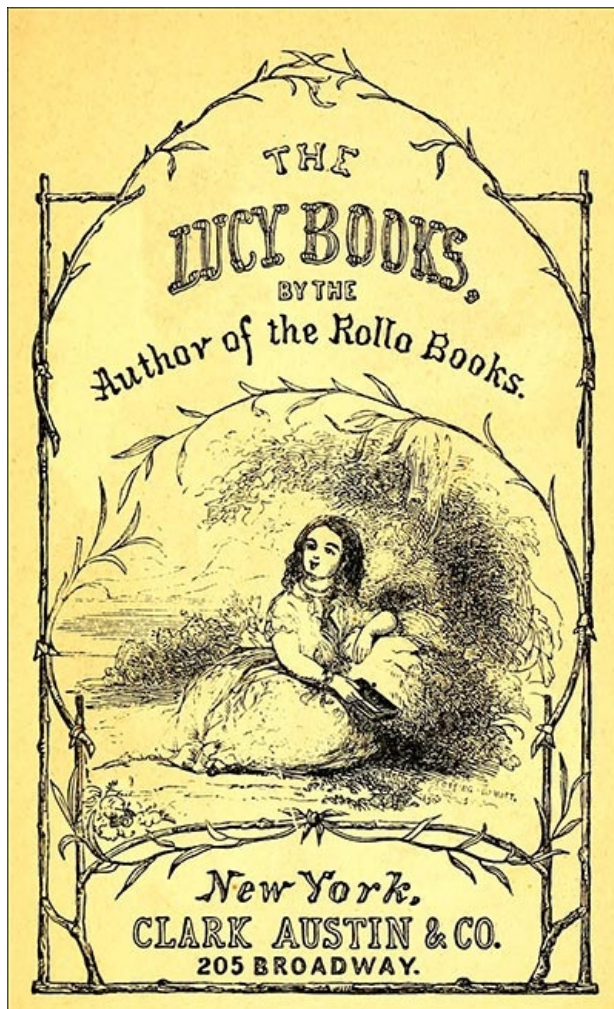
# **COUSIN LUCY'S CONVERSATIONS.**

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THE LUCY BOOKS.  
BY THE  
Author of the Rollo Books.

*New York,*  
CLARK AUSTIN & CO.  
205 BROADWAY.

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# COUSIN LUCY'S CONVERSATIONS.

BY THE  
AUTHOR OF THE ROLLO BOOKS.

A NEW EDITION,  
REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.

NEW YORK:  
CLARK, AUSTIN & SMITH,  
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## NOTICE.

THE simple delineations of the ordinary incidents and feelings which characterize childhood, that are contained in the Rollo Books, having been found to interest, and, as the author hopes, in some degree to benefit the young readers for whom they were designed,—the plan is herein extended to children of the other sex. The two first volumes of the series are LUCY'S CONVERSATIONS and LUCY'S STORIES. Lucy was Rollo's cousin; and the author hopes that the history of her life and adventures may be entertaining and useful to the sisters of the boys who have honored the Rollo Books with their approval.

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## LUCY'S CONVERSATIONS.

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### CONVERSATION I.

#### THE TREASURY.

ONE day in summer, when Lucy was a very little girl, she was sitting in her rocking-chair, playing keep school. She had placed several crickets and small chairs in a row for the children's seats, and had been talking, in dialogue, for some time, pretending to hold conversations with her pupils. She heard one read and spell, and gave another directions about her writing; and she had quite a long talk with a third about the reason why she did not come to school earlier. At last Lucy, seeing the kitten come into the room, and thinking that she should like to go and play with her, told the children that she thought it was time for school to be done.

Royal, Lucy's brother, had been sitting upon the steps at the front door, while Lucy was playing school; and just as she was thinking that it was time to dismiss the children, he happened to get up and come into the room. Royal was about eleven years old. When he found that Lucy was playing school, he stopped at the door a moment to listen.

"Now, children," said Lucy, "it is time for the school to be dismissed; for I want to play with the

kitten.”

Here Royal laughed aloud.

Lucy looked around, a little disturbed at Royal’s interruption. Besides, she did not like to be laughed at. She, however, said nothing in reply, but still continued to give her attention to her school. Royal walked in, and stood somewhat nearer.

“We will sing a hymn,” said Lucy, gravely.

Here Royal laughed again.

“Royal, you must not laugh,” said Lucy. “They always sing a hymn at the end of a school.” Then, making believe that she was speaking to her scholars, she said, “You may all take out your hymn-books, children.”

Lucy had a little hymn-book in her hand, and she began turning over the leaves, pretending to find a place.

“You may sing,” she said, at last, “the thirty-third hymn, long part, second metre.”

At this sad mismatching of the words in Lucy’s announcement of the hymn, Royal found that he could contain himself no longer. He burst into loud and uncontrollable fits of laughter, staggering about the room, and saying to himself, as he could catch a little breath, “*Long part!—O dear me!—second metre!—O dear!*”

“Royal,” said Lucy, with all the sternness she could command, “you *shall not* laugh.”

Royal made no reply, but tumbled over upon the sofa, holding his sides, and every minute repeating, at the intervals of the paroxysm, “*Long part—second metre!—O dear me!*”

“Royal,” said Lucy again, stamping with her little foot upon the carpet, “I tell you, you shall not laugh.”

Then suddenly she seized a little twig which she had by her side, and which she had provided as a rod to punish her imaginary scholars with; and, starting up, she ran towards Royal, saying, “I’ll soon make you sober with my rod.”

Royal immediately jumped up from the sofa, and ran off,—Lucy in hot pursuit. Royal turned into the back entry, and passed out through an open door behind, which led into a little green yard back of the house. There was a young lady, about seventeen years old, coming out of the garden into the little yard, with a watering-pot in her hand, just as Royal and Lucy came out of the house.

She stopped Lucy, and asked her what was the matter.

“Why, Miss Anne,” said Lucy, “Royal keeps laughing at me.”

Miss Anne looked around to see Royal. He had gone and seated himself upon a bench under an apple-tree, and seemed entirely out of breath and exhausted; though his face was still full of half-suppressed glee.

“What is the matter, Royal?” said Miss Anne.

“Why, he is laughing at my school,” said Lucy.

“No, I am not laughing at her school,” said Royal; “but she was going to give out a hymn, and she said——”

Royal could not get any further. The fit of laughter came over him again, and he lay down upon the bench, unable to give any further account of it, except to get out the words, “*Long part! O dear me! What shall I do?*”

“Royal!” exclaimed Lucy.

“Never mind him,” said Miss Anne; “let him laugh if he will, and you, come with me.”

“Why, where are you going?”

“Into my room. Come, go in with me, and I will talk with you.”

So Miss Anne took Lucy along with her into a little back bedroom. There was a window at one side, and a table, with books, and an inkstand, and a work-basket upon it. Miss Anne sat down at this window, and took her work; and Lucy came and leaned against her, and said,

“Come, Miss Anne, you said you would talk with me.”

“Well,” said Miss Anne, “there is one thing which I do not like.”

“What is it?” said Lucy.

"Why, you do not keep your treasury in order."

"Well, that," said Lucy, "is because I have got so many things."

"Then I would not have so many things;—at least I would not keep them all in my treasury."

"Well, Miss Anne, if you would only keep some of them for me,—then I could keep the rest in order."

"What sort of things should you wish me to keep?"

"Why, my best things,—my tea-set, I am sure, so that I shall not lose any more of them; I have lost some of them now—one cup and two saucers; and the handle of the pitcher is broken. Royal broke it. He said he would pay me, but he never has."

"How was he going to pay you?"

"Why, he said he would make a new nose for old Margaret. Her nose is all worn off."

"A new nose! How could he make a new nose?" asked Miss Anne.

"O, of putty. He said he could make it of putty, and stick it on."

"Putty!" exclaimed Miss Anne. "What a boy!"

Old Margaret was an old doll that Lucy had. She was not big enough to take very good care of a doll, and old Margaret had been tumbled about the floors and carpets until she was pretty well worn out. Still, however, Lucy always kept her, with her other playthings, in her *treasury*.

The place which Lucy called her treasury was a part of a closet or wardrobe, in a back entry, very near Miss Anne's room. This closet extended down to the floor, and upwards nearly to the wall. There were two doors above, and two below. The lower part had been assigned to Lucy, to keep her playthings and her various treasures in; and it was called her *treasury*.

Her treasury was not kept in very good order. The upper shelf contained books, and the two lower, playthings. But all three of the shelves were in a state of sad disorder. And this was the reason why Miss Anne asked her about it.

"Yes, Miss Anne," said Lucy, "that is the very difficulty, I know. I have got too many things in my treasury; and if you will keep my best things for me, then I shall have room for the rest. I'll run and get my tea things."

"But stop," said Miss Anne. "It seems to me that you had better keep your best things yourself, and put the others away somewhere."

"But where shall I put them?" asked Lucy.

"Why, you might carry them up garret, and put them in a box. Take out all the broken playthings, and the old papers, and the things of no value, and put them in a box, and then we will get Royal to nail a cover on it."

"Well,—if I only had a box," said Lucy.

"And then," continued Miss Anne, "after a good while, when you have forgotten all about the box, and have got tired of your playthings in the treasury, I can say, 'O Lucy, don't you remember you have got a box full of playthings up in the garret?' And then you can go up there, and Royal will draw out the nails, and take off the cover, and you can look them all over, and they will be new again."

"O aunt Anne, will they be really *new* again?" said Lucy; "would old Margaret be new again if I should nail her up in a box?"

Lucy thought that *new* meant nice, and whole, and clean, like things when they are first bought at the toy-shop or bookstore.

Miss Anne laughed at this mistake; for she meant that they would be *new* to her; that is, that she would have forgotten pretty much how they looked, and that she would take a new and fresh interest in looking at them.

Lucy looked a little disappointed when Anne explained that this was her meaning; but she said that she would carry up some of the things to the garret, if she only had a box to put them in.

Miss Anne said that she presumed that she could find some box or old trunk up there; and she gave Lucy a basket to put the things into, that were to be carried up.

So Lucy took the basket, and carried it into the entry; and she opened the doors of her treasury, and placed the basket down upon the floor before it.

Then she kneeled down herself upon the carpet, and began to take a survey of the scene of

confusion before her.

She took out several blocks, which were lying upon the lower shelf, and also some large sheets of paper with great letters printed upon them. Her father had given them to her to cut the letters out, and paste them into little books. Next came a saucer, with patches of red, blue, green, and yellow, all over it, made with water colors, from Miss Anne's paint-box. She put these things into the basket, and then sat still for some minutes, not knowing what to take next. Not being able to decide herself, she went back to ask Miss Anne.

"What things do you think I had better carry away, Miss Anne?" said she. "I can't tell very well."

"I don't know what things you have got there, exactly," said Miss Anne; "but I can tell you what *kind* of things I should take away."

"Well, what kind?" said Lucy.

"Why, I should take the bulky things."

"Bulky things!" said Lucy; "what are bulky things?"

"Why, *big* things—those that take up a great deal of room."

"Well, what other kinds of things, Miss Anne?"

"The useless things."

"Useless?" repeated Lucy.

"Yes, those that you do not use much."

"Well, what others?"

"All the old, broken things."

"Well, and what else?"

"Why, I think," replied Miss Anne, "that if you take away all those, you will then probably have room enough for the rest. At any rate, go and get a basket full of such as I have told you, and we will see how much room it makes."

So Lucy went back, and began to take out some of the broken, and useless, and large things, and at length filled her basket full. Then she carried them in to show to Miss Anne. Miss Anne looked them over, and took out some old papers which were of no value whatever, and then told Lucy, that, if she would carry them up stairs, and put them down upon the garret floor, she would herself come up by and by, and find a box to put them in. Lucy did so, and then came down, intending to get another basket full.

As she was descending the stairs, coming down carefully from step to step, with one hand upon the banisters, and the other holding her basket, singing a little song,—her mother, who was at work in the parlor, heard her, and came out into the entry.

"Ah, my little Miss Lucy," said she, "I've found you, have I? Just come into the parlor a minute; I want to show you something."

Lucy's mother smiled when she said this; and Lucy could not imagine what it was that she wanted to show her.

As soon, however, as she got into the room, her mother stopped by the door, and pointed to the little chairs and crickets which Lucy had left out upon the floor of the room, when she had dismissed her school. The rule was, that she must always put away all the chairs and furniture of every kind which she used in her play; and, when she forgot or neglected this, her punishment was, to be imprisoned for ten minutes upon a little cricket in the corner, with nothing to amuse herself with but a book. And a book was not much amusement for her; for she could not read; she only knew a few of her letters.

As soon, therefore, as she saw her mother pointing at the crickets and chairs, she began at once to excuse herself by saying,

"Well, mother, that is because I was doing something for Miss Anne.—No, it is because Royal made me go away from my school, before it was done."

"Royal made you go away! how?" asked her mother.

"Why, he laughed at me, and so I ran after him; and then Miss Anne took me into her room and I forgot all about my chairs and crickets."

"Well, I am sorry for you; but you must put them away, and then go to prison."



So Lucy put away her crickets and chairs, and then went and took her seat in the corner where she could see the clock, and began to look over her book to find such letters as she knew, until the minute-hand had passed over two of the five-minute spaces upon the face of the clock. Then she got up and went out; and, hearing Royal's voice in the yard, she went out to see what he was doing, and forgot all about the work she had undertaken at her treasury. Miss Anne sat in her room two hours, wondering what had become of Lucy; and finally, when she came out of her room to see about getting tea, she shut the treasury doors, and, seeing the basket upon the stairs, where Lucy had left it, she took it and put it away in its place.

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## CONVERSATION II.

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### DEFINITIONS.

A FEW days after this, Lucy came into Miss Anne's room, bringing a little gray kitten in her arms. She asked Miss Anne if she would not make her a rolling mouse, for her kitten to play with.

Miss Anne had a way of unwinding a ball of yarn a little, and then fastening it with a pin, so that it would not unwind any farther. Then Lucy could take hold of the end of the yarn, and roll the ball about upon the floor, and let the kitten run after it. She called it her rolling mouse.

Miss Anne made her a mouse, and Lucy played with it for some time. At last the kitten scampered away, and Lucy could not find her. Then Anne proposed to Lucy that she should finish the work of re-arranging her treasury.

"Let me see," said Miss Anne, "if you remember what I told you the other day. What were the kinds of things that I advised you to carry away?"

"Why, there were the *sulky* things."

22

"The what!" said Miss Anne.

"No, the big things,—the big things," said Lucy.

"The bulky things," said Miss Anne, "not the *sulky* things!"

"Well, it sounded like *sulky*," said Lucy; "but I thought it was not exactly that."

"No, not exactly,—but it was not a very great mistake. I said *useless* things, and *bulky* things, and you got the sounds confounded."

"Con— what?" said Lucy.

"Confounded,—that is, mixed together. You got the *s* sound of *useless*, instead of the *b* sound of *bulky*; but *bulky* and *sulky* mean very different things."

"What does *sulky* mean? I know that *bulky* means *big*."

"Sulkiness is a kind of ill-humor."

"What kind?"

"Why, it is the *silent* kind. If a little girl, who is out of humor, complains and cries, we say she is fretful or cross; but if she goes away pouting and still, but yet plainly out of humor, they sometimes say she is *sulky*. A good many of your playthings are bulky; but I don't think any of them are sulky, unless it be old Margaret. Does she ever get out of humor?"

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"Sometimes," said Lucy, "and then I shut her up in a corner. Would you carry old Margaret up garret?"

"Why, she takes up a good deal of room, does not she?" said Miss Anne.

"Yes," said Lucy, "ever so much room. I cannot make her sit up, and she lies down all over my cups and saucers."

"Then I certainly would carry her up garret."

"And would you carry up her bonnet and shawl too?"

"Yes, all that belongs to her."

"Then," said Lucy, "whenever I want to play with her, I shall have to go away up garret, to get

all her things.”

“Very well; you can do just as you think best.”

“Well, would you?” asked Lucy.

“I should, myself, if I were in your case; and only keep such things in my treasury as are neat, and whole, and in good order.”

“But I play with old Margaret a great deal,—almost every day,” said Lucy.

“Perhaps, then, you had better not carry her away. Do just which you think you shall like best.”

Lucy began to walk towards the door. She moved quite slowly, because she was uncertain whether to carry her old doll up stairs or not. Presently she turned around again, and said,

“Well, Miss Anne, which would you do?”

“I have told you that *I* should carry her up stairs; but I’ll tell you what you can do. You can play that she has gone away on a visit; and so let her stay up garret a few days, and then, if you find you cannot do without her, you can make believe that you must send for her to come home.”

“So I can,” said Lucy; “that will be a good plan.”

Lucy went immediately to the treasury, and took old Margaret out, and everything that belonged to her. This almost made a basket full, and she carried it off up stairs. Then she came back, and got another basket full, and another, until at last she had removed nearly half of the things; and then she thought that there would be plenty of room to keep the rest in order. And every basket full which she had carried up, she had always brought first to Miss Anne, to let her look over the things, and see whether they had better all go. Sometimes Lucy had got something in her basket which Miss Anne thought had better remain, and be kept in the treasury; and some of the things Miss Anne said were good for nothing at all, and had better be burnt, or thrown away, such as old papers, and some shapeless blocks, and broken bits of china ware. At last the work was all done, the basket put away, and Lucy came and sat down by Miss Anne.

“Well, Lucy,” said Miss Anne, “you have been quite industrious and persevering.”

Lucy did not know exactly what Miss Anne meant by these words; but she knew by her countenance and her tone of voice, that it was something in her praise.

“But perhaps you do not know what I mean, exactly,” she added.

“No, not exactly,” said Lucy.

“Why, a girl is industrious when she keeps steadily at work all the time, until her work is done. If you had stopped when you had got your basket half full, and had gone to playing with the things, you would not have been industrious.”

“I did, a little,—with my guinea peas,” said Lucy.

“It is best,” said Miss Anne, “when you have anything like that to do, to keep industriously at work until it is finished.”

“But I only wanted to look at my guinea peas a little.”

“O, I don’t think that was very wrong,” said Miss Anne. “Only it would have been a little better if you had put them back upon the shelf, and said, ‘Now, as soon as I have finished my work, then I’ll take out my guinea peas and look at them.’ You would have enjoyed looking at them more when your work was done.”

“You said that I was something else besides industrious.”

“Yes, persevering,” said Miss Anne.

“What is that?”

“Why, that is keeping on steadily at your work, and not giving it up until it is entirely finished.”

“Why, Miss Anne,” said Lucy, “I thought that was *industrious*.”

Here Miss Anne began to laugh, and Lucy said,

“Now, what are you laughing at, Miss Anne?” She thought that she was laughing at her.

“O, I am not laughing at you, but at my own definitions.”

“Definitions! What are definitions, Miss Anne?” said Lucy.

“Why, explanations of the meanings of words. You asked me what was the meaning of

*industrious* and *persevering*; and I tried to explain them to you; that is, to tell you the definition of them; but I gave pretty much the same definition for both; when, in fact, they mean quite different things."

"Then why did not you give me different definitions, Miss Anne?" said Lucy.

"It is very hard to give good definitions," said she.

"I should not think it would be hard. I should think, if you knew what the words meant, you could just tell me."

"I can tell you in another way," said Miss Anne. "Suppose a boy should be sent into the pasture to find the cow, and should look about a little while, and then come home and say that he could not find her, when he had only looked over a very small part of the pasture. He would not be *persevering*. Perhaps there was a brook, and some woods that he ought to go through and look beyond; but he gave up, we will suppose, and thought he would not go over the brook, but would rather come home and say that he could not find the cow. Now, a boy, in such a case, would not be *persevering*."

"I should have liked to go over the brook," said Lucy.

"Yes," said Miss Anne, "no doubt; but we may suppose that he had been over it so often, that he did not care about going again,—and so he turned back and came home, without having finished his work."

"His work?" said Lucy.

"Yes,—his duty, of looking for the cow until he found her. He was sent to find the cow, but he did not do it. He became discouraged, and gave up too easily. He did not *persevere*. Perhaps he kept looking about all the time, while he was in the pasture; and went into all the little groves and valleys where the cow might be hid: and so he was *industrious* while he was looking for the cow, but he did not *persevere*."

"And so you see, Lucy," continued Miss Anne, "a person might persevere without being industrious. For once there was a girl named Julia. She had a flower-garden. She went out one morning to weed it. She pulled up some of the weeds, and then she went off to see a butterfly; and after a time she came back, and worked a little longer. Then some children came to see her; and she sat down upon a seat, and talked with them some time, and left her work. In this way, she kept continually stopping to play. She was not industrious."

"And did she *persevere*?" asked Lucy.

"Yes," said Miss Anne. "She persevered. For when the other children wanted her to go away with them and play, she would not. She said she did not mean to go out of the garden until she had finished weeding her flowers. So after the children had gone away, she went back to her work, and after a time she got it done. She was *persevering*; that is, she would not give up what she had undertaken until it was finished;—but she was not *industrious*; that is, she did not work all the time steadily, while she was engaged in doing it. It would have been better for her to have been industrious and persevering too, for then she would have finished her work sooner."

As Miss Anne said these words, she heard a voice out in the yard calling to her,

"Miss Anne!"

Miss Anne looked out at the window to see who it was. It was Royal.

"Is Lucy in there with you?" asked Royal.

Miss Anne said that she was; and at the same time, Lucy, who heard Royal's voice, ran to another window, and climbed up into a chair, so that she could look out.

"Lucy," said Royal, "come out here."

"O no," said Lucy, "I can't come now. Miss Anne is telling me stories."

Royal was seated on a large, flat stone, which had been placed in a corner of the yard, under some trees, for a seat; he was cutting a stick with his knife. His cap was lying upon the stone, by his side. When Lucy said that she could not come out, he put his hand down upon his cap, and said,

"Come out and see what I've got under my cap."

"What is it?" said Lucy.

"I can't tell you; it is a secret. If you will come out, I will let you see it."

"Do tell me what it is."

"No," said Royal.

"Tell me something about it," said Lucy, "at any rate."

"Well," said Royal, "I will tell you one thing. It is not a bird."

Lucy concluded that it must be some curious animal or other, if it was not a bird; and so she told Miss Anne that she believed she would go out and see, and then she would come in again directly, and hear the rest that she had to say. So she went out to see what Royal had got under his cap.



"So she went out to see what Royal had got under his cap."—Page 30.

Miss Anne suspected that Royal had not got anything under his cap; but that it was only his contrivance to excite Lucy's curiosity, and induce her to come out.

And this turned out to be the fact; for when Lucy went up to where Royal was sitting, and asked him what it was, he just lifted up his cap, and said, it was that monstrous, great, flat stone!

At first, Lucy was displeased, and was going directly back into the house again; but Royal told her that he was making a windmill, and that, if she would stay there and keep him company, he would let her run with it, when it was done. So Lucy concluded to remain.

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## CONVERSATION III.

### THE GLEN.

BEHIND the house that Lucy lived in, there was a path, winding among trees, which was a very pleasant path to take a walk in. Lucy and Royal often went to take a walk there. They almost always went that way when Miss Anne could go with them, for she liked the place very much. It led to a strange sort of a place, where there were trees, and high, rocky banks, and a brook running along in the middle, with a broad plank to go across. Miss Anne called it the glen.

One morning Miss Anne told Lucy that she was going to be busy for two hours, and that after that she was going to take a walk down to the glen; and that Lucy might go with her, if she would like to go. Of course Lucy liked the plan very much. When the time arrived, they set off, going out through the garden gate. Miss Anne had a parasol in one hand and a book in the other. Lucy ran along before her, and opened the gate.

They heard a voice behind them calling out,

"Miss Anne, where are you going?"

They looked round. It was Royal, sitting at the window of a little room, where he used to study.

"We are going to take a walk,—down to the glen," said Miss Anne.

"I wish you would wait for me," said Royal, "only a few minutes; the sand is almost out."

He meant the sand of his hour-glass; for he had an hour-glass upon the table, in his little room, to measure the time for study. He had to study one hour in the afternoon, and was not allowed to leave his room until the sand had all run out.

"No," said Lucy, in a loud voice, calling out to Royal; "we can't wait."

"Perhaps we had better wait for him," said Miss Anne, in a low voice, to Lucy. "He would like to go with us. And, besides, he can help you across the brook."

Lucy seemed a little unwilling to wait, but on the whole she consented; and Miss Anne sat down upon a seat in the garden, while Lucy played about in the walks, until Royal came down, with his hatchet in his hand. They then walked all along together.

When they got to the glen, Miss Anne went up a winding path to a seat, where she used to love to sit and read. There was a beautiful prospect from it, all around. Royal and Lucy remained down in the little valley to play; but Miss Anne told them that they must not go out of her sight.

"But how can we tell," said Royal, "what places you can see?"

"O," said Miss Anne, "look up now and then, and if you can see me, in my seat, you will be safe. If you can see me, I can see you."

"Come," said Royal, "let us go down to the bridge, and go across the brook."

The plank which Royal called a bridge, was down below the place where Miss Anne went up to her seat, and Royal and Lucy began to walk along slowly towards it.

"But I am afraid to go over that plank," said Lucy.

"Afraid!" said Royal; "you need not be afraid; it is not dangerous."

"I think it *is* dangerous," said Lucy; "it bends a great deal."

"Bends!" exclaimed Royal; "the bending does no harm. I will lead you over as safe as dry ground. Besides, there is something over there that I want to show you."

"What is it?" said Lucy.

"O, something," said Royal.

"I don't believe there is anything at all," said Lucy, "any more than there was under your cap."

"O Lucy! there was something under my cap."

"No, there wasn't," said Lucy.

"Yes, that great, flat stone."

"*In* your cap, I mean," said Lucy; "that wasn't *in* your cap."

"*In!*" said Royal; "that is a very different sort of a preposition."

"I don't know what you mean by a preposition," said Lucy; "but I know you told me there was something in your cap, and that is what I came out to see."

"*Under*, Lucy; I said *under*."

"Well, you meant *in*; I verily believe you meant *in*."

Lucy was right. Royal did indeed say *under*, but he meant to have her understand that there was something *in* his cap, and lying upon the great, flat stone.

"And so you told me a falsehood," said Lucy.

"O Lucy!" said Royal, "I would not tell a falsehood for all the world."

"Yes, you told me a falsehood; and now I don't believe you about anything over the brook. For Miss Anne told me, one day, that when anybody told a falsehood, we must not believe them, even if they tell the truth."

"O Lucy! Lucy!" said Royal, "I don't believe she ever said any such a word."

"Yes she did," said Lucy. But Lucy said this rather hesitatingly, for she felt some doubt whether she was quoting what Miss Anne had told her, quite correctly.

Here, however, the children arrived at the bridge, and Royal was somewhat at a loss what to do. He wanted very much to go over, and to have Lucy go over too; but by his not being perfectly

honest before, about what was under his cap, Lucy had lost her confidence in him, and would not believe what he said. At first he thought that if she would not go with him, he would threaten to go off and leave her. But in a moment he reflected that this would make her cry, and that would cause Miss Anne to come down from her seat, to see what was the matter, which might lead to ever so much difficulty. Besides, he thought that he had not done exactly right about the cap story, and so he determined to treat Lucy kindly.

"If I manage gently with her," said he to himself, "she will want to come across herself pretty soon."

Accordingly, when Royal got to the plank, he said,

"Well, Lucy, if you had rather stay on this side, you can. I want to go over, but I won't go very far; and you can play about here."

So Royal went across upon the plank; when he had got to the middle of it, he sprang up and down upon it with his whole weight, in order to show Lucy how strong it was. He then walked along by the bank, upon the other side of the brook, and began to look into the water, watching for fishes.

Lucy's curiosity became considerably excited by what Royal was constantly saying about his fishes. First he said he saw a dozen little fishes; then, going a little farther, he saw two pretty big ones; and Lucy came down to the bank upon her side of the brook, but she could not get very near, on account of the bushes. She had a great mind to ask Royal to come and help her across, when all at once he called out very eagerly,

"O Lucy! Lucy! here is a great turtle,—a monster of a turtle, as big as the top of my head. Here he goes, paddling along over the stones."

"Where? where?" said Lucy. "Let me see. Come and help me across, Royal."

Royal ran back to the plank, keeping a watch over the turtle, as well as he could, all the time. He helped Lucy across, and then they ran up to the place, and Royal pointed into the water.

"There, Lucy! See there! A real turtle! See his tail! It is as sharp as a dagger."

It was true. There was a real turtle resting upon the sand in a shallow place in the water. His head and his four paws were projecting out of his shell, and his long, pointed tail, like a rudder, floated in the water behind.

"Yes," said Lucy. "I see him. I see his head."

"Now, Lucy," said Royal, "we must not let him get away. We must make a pen for him. I can make a pen. You stay here and watch him, while I go and get ready to make a pen."

"How can you make it?" said Lucy.

"O, you'll see," said Royal; and he took up his hatchet, which he had before laid down upon the grass, and went into the bushes, and began cutting, as if he was cutting some of them down.

Lucy remained some time watching the turtle. He lay quite still, with his head partly out of the water. The sun shone upon the place, and perhaps that was the reason why he remained so still; for turtles are said to like to bask in the beams of the sun.

After a time, Royal came to the place with an armful of stakes, about three feet long. He threw them down upon the bank, and then began to look around for a suitable place to build his pen. He chose, at last, a place in the water, near the shore. The water there was not deep, and the bottom was sandy.

"This will be a good place," he said to Lucy. "I will make his pen here."

"How are you going to make it?" said Lucy.

"Why, I am going to drive these stakes down in a kind of a circle, so near together that he can't get out between them; and they are so tall that I know he can't get over."

"And how are you going to get him in?" said Lucy.

"O, I shall leave one stake out, till I get him in," answered Royal. "We can drive him in with long sticks. But you must not mind me; you must watch the turtle, or he will get away."

So Royal began to drive the stakes. Presently Lucy said that the turtle was stirring. Royal looked, but he found he was not going away, and so he went on with his work; and before long he had a place fenced in with his stakes, about as large round as a boy's hoop. It was all fenced, excepting in one place, which he left open to get the turtle through.

The two children then contrived, by means of two long sticks, which Royal cut from among the bushes, to get the turtle into his prison. The poor reptile hardly knew what to make of such

treatment. He went tumbling along through the water, half pushed, half driven.

When he was fairly in, Royal drove down the last stake in the vacant space which had been left. The turtle swam about, pushing his head against the bars in several places; and when he found that he could not get out, he remained quietly in the middle.

"There," said Royal, "that will do. Now I wish Miss Anne would come down here, and see him. I should like to see what she would say."

Miss Anne did come down after a while; and when the children saw her descending the path, they called out to her aloud to come there and see. She came, and when she reached the bank opposite to the turtle pen, she stood still for a few minutes, looking at it, with a smile of curiosity and interest upon her face; but she did not speak a word.

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## CONVERSATION IV.

### A PRISONER.

AFTER a little while, they all left the turtle, and went rambling around, among the rocks and trees. At last Royal called out to them to come to a large tree, where he was standing. He was looking up into it. Lucy ran fast; she thought it was a bird's nest. Miss Anne came along afterwards, singing. Royal showed them a long, straight branch, which extended out horizontally from the tree, and said that it would be an excellent place to make a swing.

"So it would," said Miss Anne, "if we only had a rope."

"I've got a rope at home," said Royal, "if Lucy would only go and get it,—while I cut off some of the small branches, which are in the way."

"Come, Lucy," he continued, "go and get my rope. It is hanging up in the shed."

"O no," said Lucy; "I can't reach it."

"O, you can get a chair," said Royal; "or Joanna will hand it to you; she will be close by, in the kitchen. Come, Lucy, go, that is a good girl; and I'll pay you."

"What will you give me?" said Lucy.

"O, I don't know; but I'll give you something."

But Lucy did not seem quite inclined to go. She said she did not want to go so far alone; though, in fact, it was only a very short distance. Besides, she had not much confidence in Royal's promise.

"Will you go, Lucy, if I will promise to give you something?" said Miss Anne.

"Yes," said Lucy.

"Well, I will," said Miss Anne; "I can't tell you *what*, now, for I don't know; but it shall be something you will like."

"But, Royal," she added, "what shall we do for a seat in our swing?"

"Why, we must have a board—a short board, with two notches. I know how to cut them."

"Yes, if you only had a board; but there are no boards down here. I think you had better go with Lucy, and then you can bring down a board."

Royal said that it would take some time to saw off the board, and cut the notches; and, finally, they concluded to postpone making the swing until the next time they came down to the glen; and then they would bring down whatever should be necessary, with them.

As they were walking slowly along, after this, towards home, Royal said something about Lucy's not being willing to go for *his* promise, as well as for Miss Anne's,—which led to the following conversation:—

*Lucy.* I don't believe you were going to give me anything at all.

*Royal.* O Lucy!—I was,—I certainly was.

*Lucy.* Then I don't believe that it would be anything that I should like.

*Royal.* But I don't see how you could tell anything about it, unless you knew what it was going to be.

*Lucy.* I don't believe it would be anything; do you, Miss Anne?

*Miss Anne.* I don't know anything about it. I should not think that Royal would break his promise.

*Lucy.* He does break his promises. He won't mend old Margaret's nose.

*Royal.* Well, Lucy, that is because my putty has all dried up. I am going to do it, just as soon as I can get any more putty.

46

*Lucy.* And that makes me think about the thing in your cap. I mean to ask Miss Anne if you did not tell a falsehood. He said there was something in his cap, and there was nothing in it at all. It was only on the great, flat stone.

*Royal.* O, *under*, Lucy, *under*. I certainly said *under*.

*Lucy.* Well, you meant *in*; I know you did. Wasn't it a falsehood?

*Miss Anne.* Did he say *in*, or *under*?

*Royal.* *Under*, *under*; it was certainly *under*.

*Miss Anne.* Then I don't think it was exactly a falsehood.

*Lucy.* Well, it was as bad as a falsehood, at any rate.

*Royal.* Was it as bad as a falsehood, Miss Anne?

*Miss Anne.* Let us consider a little. Lucy, what do you think? Suppose he had said that there was really something *in* his cap,—do you think it would have been no worse?

*Lucy.* I don't know.

*Miss Anne.* I think it *would* have been worse.

*Royal.* Yes, a great deal worse.

*Miss Anne.* He *deceived* you, perhaps, but he did not tell a falsehood.

47

*Lucy.* Well, Miss Anne, and isn't it wrong for him to deceive me?

*Miss Anne.* I think it was unwise, at any rate.

*Royal.* Why was it unwise, Miss Anne? I wanted her to come out, and I knew she would like to be out there, if she would only once come. Besides, I thought it would make her laugh when I came to lift up my cap and show her that great, flat stone.

*Miss Anne.* And did she laugh?

*Royal.* Why, not much. She said she meant to go right into the house again.

*Miss Anne.* Instead of being pleased with the wit, she was displeased at being imposed upon.

Royal laughed.

*Miss Anne.* The truth is, Royal, that, though it is rather easier, sometimes, to get along by wit than by honesty, yet you generally have to pay for it afterwards.

*Royal.* How do we have to pay for it?

*Miss Anne.* Why, Lucy has lost her confidence in you. You cannot get her to go and get a rope for you by merely promising her something, while I can. She confides in me, and not in you. She is afraid you will find some ingenious escape or other from fulfilling it. Wit gives anybody a present advantage, but honesty gives a lasting power; so that the influence I have over Lucy, by always being honest with her, is worth a great deal more than all you can accomplish with your contrivances. So I think you had better keep your wits and your contrivances for turtles, and always be honest with men.

48

*Royal.* Men! Lucy isn't a man.

*Miss Anne.* I mean mankind—men, women, and children.

*Royal.* Well, about my turtle, Miss Anne. Do you think that I can keep him in his pen?

*Miss Anne.* Yes, unless he digs out.

*Royal.* Dig?—Can turtles dig much?



*Miss Anne.* I presume they can work into mud, and sand, and soft ground.

*Royal.* Then I must get a great, flat stone, and put into the bottom of his pen. He can't dig through that.

*Miss Anne.* I should rather make his pen larger, and then perhaps he won't want to get out. You might find some cove in the brook, where the water is deep, for him, and then drive your stakes in the shallow water all around it. And then, if you choose, you could extend it up upon the shore, and so let him have a walk upon the land, within his bounds. Then, perhaps, sometimes, when you come down to see him, you may find him up upon the grass, sunning himself.

49

*Royal.* Yes, that I shall like very much. It will take a great many stakes; but I can cut them with my hatchet. I'll call it my *turtle pasture*. Perhaps I shall find some more to put in.

*Lucy.* I don't think it is yours, altogether, Royal.

*Royal.* Why, I found him.

*Lucy.* Yes, but I watched him for you, or else he would have got away. I think you ought to let me own a share.

*Royal.* But I made the pen altogether myself.

*Lucy.* And I helped you drive the turtle in.

*Royal.* O Lucy! I don't think you did much good.

*Miss Anne.* I'll tell you what, Lucy; if Royal found the turtle and made the pen, and if you watched him and helped drive him in, then I think you ought to own about one third, and Royal two thirds.

*Royal.* Well.

*Miss Anne.* But, then, Royal, why would it not be a good plan for you to let her have as much of your share as will make hers half, and yours half, to pay her for the trouble you gave her by the cap story?

50

*Royal.* To pay her?

*Miss Anne.* Yes,—a sort of damages. Then, if you are careful not to deceive her any more, Lucy will pass over the old cases, and place confidence in you for the future.

*Royal.* Well, Lucy, you shall have half.

Lucy clapped her hands with delight at this concession, and soon after the children reached home. The next day, Royal and Lucy went down to see the turtle; and Royal made him a large pasture, partly in the brook and partly on the shore, and while he was doing it, Lucy remained, and kept him company.

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## CONVERSATION V.

51

### TARGET PAINTING.

ON rainy days, Lucy sometimes found it pretty difficult to know what to do for amusement,—especially when Royal was in his little room at his studies. When Royal had finished his studies, he used to let her go out with him into the shed, or into the barn, and see what he was doing. She could generally tell whether he had gone out or not, by looking into the back entry upon his nail, to see if his cap was there. If his cap was there, she supposed that he had not gone out.

One afternoon, when it was raining pretty fast, she went twice to look at Royal's nail, and both times found the cap still upon it. Lucy thought it must be after the time, and she wondered why he did not come down. She concluded to take his cap, and put it on, and make believe that she was a traveller.

She put the cap upon her head, and then got a pair of her father's gloves, and put on. She also found an umbrella in the corner, and took that in her hand. When she found herself rigged, she thought she would go and call at Miss Anne's door. She accordingly walked along, using her umbrella for a cane, holding it with both hands.

52

When she got to Miss Anne's door, she knocked, as well as she could, with the crook upon the

handle of the umbrella. Miss Anne had heard the thumping noise of the umbrella, as Lucy came along, and knew who it was; so she said, "Come in."

Lucy opened the door and went in; the cap settled down over her eyes, so that she had to hold her head back very far to see, and the long fingers of her father's gloves were sticking out in all directions.

"How do you, sir?" said she to Miss Anne, nodding a little, as well as she could,—“how do you, sir?"

"Pretty well, I thank you, sir; walk in, sir; I am happy to see you," said Miss Anne.

"It is a pretty late evening, sir, I thank you, sir," said Lucy.

"Yes, sir, I think it is," said Miss Anne. "Is there any news to-night, sir?"

"No, sir,—not but a few, sir," said Lucy.

Lucy looked pretty sober while this dialogue lasted; but Miss Anne could not refrain from laughing aloud at Lucy's appearance and expressions, and Lucy turned round, and appeared to be going away.

"Can't you stop longer, sir?" said Miss Anne.

"No, sir," said Lucy. "I only wanted to ask you which is the way to London."

Just at this moment, Lucy heard Royal's voice in the back entry, asking Joanna if she knew what had become of his cap; and immediately she started to run back and give it to him. Finding, however, that she could not get along fast enough with the umbrella, she dropped it upon the floor, and ran along without it, calling out,

"Royal! Royal! here; come here, and look at me."

"Now I should like to know, Miss Lucy," said Royal, as soon as she came in sight, "who authorized you to take off my cap?"

"I'm a traveller," said Lucy.

"A traveller!" repeated Royal; "you look like a traveller."

He pulled his cap off from Lucy's head, and put it upon his own; and then held up a paper which he had in his hands, to her view.

There was a frightful-looking figure of a man upon it, pretty large, with eyes, nose, and mouth, painted brown, and a bundle of sticks upon his back.

"What is that?" said Lucy.

"It is an Indian," said Royal. "I painted him myself."

"O, what an Indian!" said Lucy. "I wish you would give him to me."

"O no," said Royal; "it is for my *target*."

"Target?" said Lucy. "What is a target?"

"A target? Why, a target is a mark to shoot at, with my bow and arrow. They almost always have Indians for targets."

Lucy told him that she did not believe his target would stand up long enough to be shot at; but Royal said, in reply, that he was going to paste him upon a shingle, and then he could prop the shingle up so that he could shoot at it. And he asked Lucy if she would go and borrow Miss Anne's gum arabic bottle, while he went and got the shingle.

The shingle which Royal meant was a thin, flat piece of wood, such as is used to put upon the roofs of houses.

The gum arabic bottle was a small, square bottle, containing some dissolved gum arabic, and a brush,—which was always ready for pasting.

Before Lucy got the paste, Royal came back with his shingle, and he came into Miss Anne's room, to see what had become of Lucy; and Miss Anne then said he might paste it there if he pleased. So she spread a great newspaper upon the table, and put the little bottle and the Indian upon it; and Royal and Lucy brought two chairs, and sat down to the work. They found that the table was rather too high for them; and so they took the things off again, and spread the paper upon the carpet, and sat down around it. Lucy could see now a great deal better than before.

"Miss Anne," said Lucy, "I very much wish that you would give me your gum arabic bottle, and then I could make little books, and paste pictures in them, whenever I pleased."

"Yes," said Miss Anne, "and that would make me ever so much trouble."

"No, Miss Anne, I don't think it would make you much trouble."

"Why, when I wanted a little gum arabic, to paste something, how would I get any?"

"O, then I would lend you mine," said Lucy.

"Yes, if you could find it."

"O, Miss Anne, I could find it very easily; I am going to keep it in my treasury."

"Perhaps you might put it in once or twice, but after that you would leave it about anywhere. One day I should find it upon a chair, and the next day upon a table, and the next on the floor;—that is the way you leave your things about the house."

56

"I used to, when I was a little girl," said Lucy, "but I don't now."

"How long is it since you were a little girl?" asked Miss Anne.

"O, it was before you came here. I am older now than I was when you came here; I have had a birthday since then."

"Don't you grow old any, except when you have a birthday?" asked Miss Anne.

Lucy did not answer this question at first, as she did not know exactly how it was; and while she was thinking of it, Miss Anne said,

"It can't be very long, Lucy, since you learned to put things in their places, for it is not more than ten minutes since I heard you throw down an umbrella upon the entry floor, and leave it there."

"The umbrella?—O, that was because I heard Royal calling for his cap; and so I could not wait, you know; I had to leave it there."

"But you have passed by it once since, and I presume you did not think of such a thing as taking it up."

Lucy had no reply to make to this statement, and she remained silent.

"I have got a great many little things," continued Miss Anne, "which I don't want myself, and which I should be very glad to give away to some little girl, for playthings, if I only knew of some one who would take care of them. I don't want to have them scattered about the house, and lost, and destroyed."

57

"O, I will take care of them, Miss Anne," said Lucy, very eagerly, "if you will only give them to me. I certainly will. I will put them in my treasury, and keep them very safe."

"If I were a little girl, no bigger than you," said Miss Anne, "I should have a great cabinet of playthings and curiosities, twice as big as your treasury."

"How should you get them?" asked Lucy.

"O, I know of a way;—but it is a secret."

"Tell me, do, Miss Anne," said Lucy.—"You would buy them, I suppose, with your money."

"No," said Miss Anne, "that is not the way I meant."

"What way did you mean, then?" said Lucy. "I wish you would tell me."

"Why, I should take such excellent care of everything I had, that my mother would give me a great many of her little curiosities, and other things, to keep."

58

"Would she, do you think?"

"Yes," said Miss Anne, "I do not doubt it. Every lady has a great many beautiful things, put away, which she does not want to use herself, but she only wants to have them kept safely. Now, I should take such good care of all such things, that my mother would be very glad to have me keep them."

"Did you do so, when you were a little girl?" said Lucy.

"No," said Miss Anne; "I was just as careless and foolish as you are. When I was playing with anything, and was suddenly called away, I would throw it right down, wherever I happened to be, and leave it there. Once I had a little glass dog, and I left it on the floor, where I had been playing with it, and somebody came along, and stepped upon it, and broke it to pieces."

"And would not your mother give you things then?" asked Lucy.

"No, nothing which was of much value.—And once my uncle sent me a beautiful little doll; but my mother would not let me keep it. She kept it herself, locked up in a drawer, only sometimes she would let me have it to play with."

"Why would not she let you keep it?" said Lucy.

"O, if she had, I should soon have made it look like old Margaret."

Here Royal said he had got his Indian pasted; and he put away the gum arabic bottle, and the sheet of paper, and then he and Lucy went away.

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## CONVERSATION VI.

### MIDNIGHT.

ONE night, while Miss Anne was undressing Lucy, to put her to bed, she thought that her voice had a peculiar sound, somewhat different from usual. It was not hoarseness, exactly, and yet it was such a sort of sound as made Miss Anne think that Lucy had taken cold. She asked her if she had not taken cold, but Lucy said no.

Lucy slept in Miss Anne's room, in a little trundle-bed. Late in the evening, just before Miss Anne herself went to bed, she looked at Lucy, to see if she was sleeping quietly; and she found that she was.

But in the night Miss Anne was awaked by hearing Lucy coughing with a peculiar hoarse and hollow sound, and breathing very hard. She got up, and went to her trundle-bed.

"Lucy," said she, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Lucy, "only I can't breathe very well."

Here Lucy began to cough again; and the cough sounded so hoarse and hollow, that Miss Anne began to be quite afraid that Lucy was really sick. She put on a loose robe, and carried her lamp out into the kitchen, and lighted it,—and then came back into her room again. She found that Lucy was no better, and so she went to call her mother.

She went with the lamp, and knocked at her door; and when she answered, Miss Anne told her that Lucy did not seem to be very well,—that she had a hoarse cough, and that she breathed hard.

"O, I'm afraid it is the croup," she exclaimed; "let us get up immediately."

"We will get right up, and come and see her," said Lucy's father.

So Miss Anne put the lamp down at their door, and went out into the kitchen to light another lamp for herself. She also opened the coals, and put a little wood upon the fire, and hung the tea-kettle upon the crane, and filled it up with water; for Miss Anne had observed that, in cases of sudden sickness, hot water was one of the things most sure to be wanted.

After a short time, Lucy's father and mother came in. After they had been with her a few minutes, her mother said,

"Don't you think it is the croup?"

"No, I hope not," said her father; "I presume it is only quinsy; but I am not sure, and perhaps I had better go for a doctor."

After some further consultation, they concluded that it was best to call a physician. Lucy's mother recommended that they should call up the hired man, and send him; but her father thought that it would take some time for him to get up and get ready, and that he had better go himself.

When he had gone, they brought in some hot water, and bathed Lucy's feet. She liked this very much; but her breathing seemed to grow rather worse than better.

"What is the *croup*?" said Lucy to her mother, while her feet were in the water.

"It is a kind of sickness that children have sometimes suddenly in the night; but I *hope* you are not going to have it."

"No, mother," said Lucy; "I think it is only the quinsy."

Lucy did not know at all what the quinsy was; but her sickness did not seem to her to be any thing very bad; and so she agreed with her father that it was probably only the quinsy.

When the doctor came, he felt of Lucy's pulse, and looked at her tongue, and listened to her breathing.

"Will she take *ipecacuanha*?" said the doctor to Lucy's mother.

"She will take anything you prescribe, doctor," said her father, in reply.

"Well, that's clever," said the doctor. "The old rule is, that the child that will take medicine is half cured already."

So the doctor sat down at the table, and opened his saddle-bags, and took out a bottle filled with a yellowish powder, and began to take some out.

"Is it good medicine?" said Lucy, in a low voice, to her mother. She was now sitting in her mother's lap, who was rocking her in a rocking-chair.

"Yes," said the doctor; for he overheard Lucy's question, and thought that he would answer it himself. "Yes, *ipecacuanha* is a very good medicine,—an excellent medicine."

As he said this, he looked around, rather slyly, at Miss Anne and Lucy's father.

"Then I shall like to take it," said Lucy.

"He means," said her mother, "that it is a good medicine to cure the sickness with; the *taste* of it is not good. It is a very disagreeable medicine to take."

Lucy said nothing in reply to this, but she thought to herself, that she wished the doctors could find out some medicines that did not taste so bad.

Miss Anne received the medicine from the doctor, and prepared it in a spoon, with some water, for Lucy to take. Just before it was ready, the door opened, and Royal came in.

"Why, Royal," said his mother, "how came you to get up?"

"I heard a noise, and I thought it was morning," said Royal.

"Morning? no," replied his mother; "it is midnight."

"Midnight?" said Lucy. She was quite astonished. She did not recollect that she had ever been up at midnight before, in her life.

"Is Lucy sick?" said Royal.

"No, not very sick," said Lucy.

Royal came and stood by the rocking-chair, and looked into Lucy's face.

"I am sorry that you are sick," said he. "Is there anything that I can do for you?"

Lucy hesitated a moment, and then her eye suddenly brightened up, and she said,

"Yes, Royal,—if you would only just be so good as to take my medicine for me."

Royal laughed, and said, "O Lucy! I guess you are not very sick."

In fact, Lucy was breathing pretty freely then, and there was nothing to indicate, particularly, that she was sick; unless when a paroxysm of coughing came on. Miss Anne brought her medicine to her in a great spoon, and Royal said that he presumed that the doctor would not let him take the medicine, but that, if she would take it, he would make all the faces for her.

Accordingly, while she was swallowing the medicine, she turned her eyes up towards Royal, who had stood back a little way, and she began to laugh a little at the strange grimaces which he was making. The laugh was, however, interrupted and spoiled by a universal shudder which came over her, produced by the taste of the *ipecacuanha*.

Immediately afterwards, Lucy's mother said,

"Come, Royal; now I want you to go right back to bed again."

"Well, mother,—only won't you just let me stop a minute, to look out the door, and see how midnight looks?"

"Yes," said she, "only run along."

So Royal went away; and pretty soon the doctor went away too. He said that Lucy would be pretty sick for about an hour, and that after that he hoped that she would be better; and he left a small white powder in a little paper, which he said she might take after that time, and it would make her sleep well the rest of the night.

It was as the doctor had predicted. Lucy was quite sick for an hour, and her father and mother, and Miss Anne, all remained, and took care of her. After that, she began to be better. She breathed much more easily, and when she coughed she did not seem to be so very hoarse. Her mother was then going to carry her into her room; but Miss Anne begged them to let her stay where she was; for she said she wanted to take care of her herself.

"The doctor said he thought she would sleep quietly," said Miss Anne; "and if she should not be so well, I will come and call you."

"Very well," said her mother, "we will do so. But first you may give her the powder."

So Miss Anne took the white powder, and put it into some jelly, in a spoon; and when she had covered the powder up carefully with the jelly, she brought it to Lucy.

"Now I've got some good medicine for you," said Miss Anne.

"I am glad it is good," said Lucy.

"That is," continued Miss Anne, "the jelly is good, and you will not taste the powder."

Lucy took the jelly, and, after it, a little water; and then her mother put her into her trundle-bed. Her father and mother then bade her good night, and went away to their own room.

Miss Anne then set the chairs back in their places, and carried out all the things which had been used; and after she had got the room arranged and in order, she came to Lucy's bedside to see if she was asleep. She was not asleep.

"Lucy," said Miss Anne, "how do you feel now?"

"O, pretty well," said Lucy; "at least, I am better."

"Do you feel sleepy?"

"No," said Lucy.

"Is there any thing you want?" asked Miss Anne.

"Why, no,—only,—I should like it,—only I don't suppose you could very well,—but I should like it if you could hold me a little while,—and rock me."

"O yes, I can," said Miss Anne, "just as well as not."

So Miss Anne took Lucy up from her bed, and wrapped a blanket about her, and sat down in her rocking-chair, to rock her. She rocked her a few minutes, and sang to her, until she thought she was asleep. Then she stopped singing, and she rocked slower and slower, until she gradually ceased.

A moment afterwards, Lucy said, in a mild and gentle voice,

"Miss Anne, is it midnight now?"

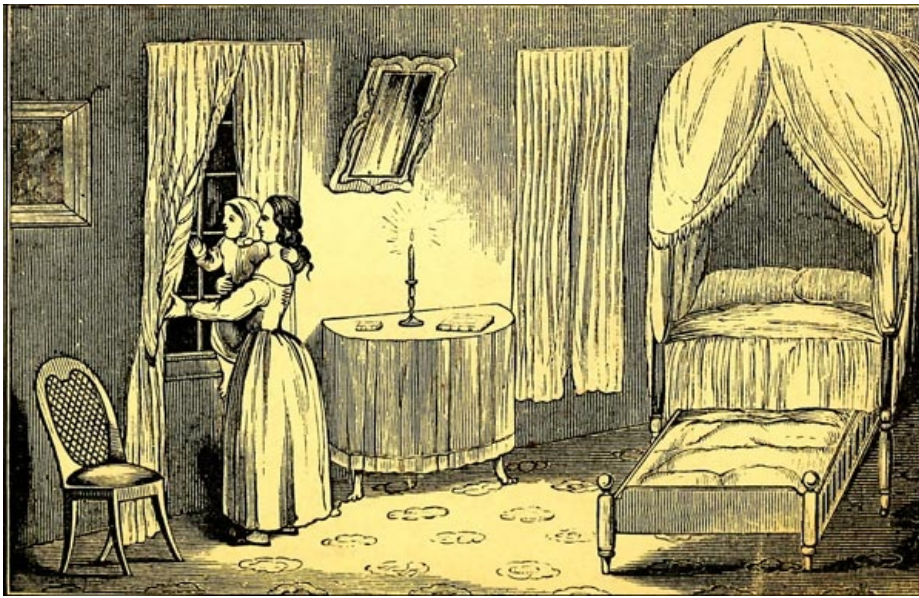
"It is about midnight," said Miss Anne.

"Do you think you could just carry me to the window, and let me look out, and see how the midnight looks?—or am I too heavy?"

"No, you are not very heavy; but, then, there is nothing to see. Midnight looks just like any other part of the night."

"Royal wanted to see it," said Lucy, "and I should like to, too, if you would be willing to carry me."

When a child is so patient and gentle, it is very difficult indeed to refuse them any request that they make; and Miss Anne immediately began to draw up the blanket over Lucy's feet, preparing to go. She did not wish to have her put her feet to the floor, for fear that she might take more cold. So she carried her along to the window, although she was pretty heavy for Miss Anne to carry. Miss Anne was not very strong.



“Why, Miss Anne,” said Lucy, “isn’t it any darker than this?”—Page 71

Lucy separated the two curtains with her hands, and Miss Anne carried her in between them. There was a narrow window-seat, and she rested Lucy partly upon it, so that she was less heavy to hold.

“Why, Miss Anne,” said Lucy, “isn’t it any darker than this?”

“No,” said Miss Anne; “there is a moon to-night.”

“Where?” said Lucy. “I don’t see the moon.”

“We can’t see it here; we can only see the light of it, shining on the buildings.”

“It is pretty dark in the yard,” said Lucy.

“Yes,” said Miss Anne, “the yard is in shadow.”

“What do you mean by that, Miss Anne?” asked Lucy.

“Why, the moon does not shine into the yard; the house casts a shadow all over it.”

“Then I should think,” said Lucy, “that you ought to say that the shadow is in the yard,—not the yard is in the shadow.”

Miss Anne laughed, and said,

“I did not say that the yard was in *the* shadow, but in *shadow*.”

“And is not that just the same thing?” said Lucy.

“Not exactly; but look at the stars over there, beyond the field.”

“Yes,” said Lucy, “there’s one pretty bright one; but there are not a great many out. I thought there would be more at midnight.”

“No,” said Miss Anne, “there are no more stars at midnight than at any other time; and to-night there are fewer than usual, because the moon shines.”

“I don’t see why there should not be just as many stars, if the moon does shine.”

“There *are* just as many; only we can’t see them so well.”

“Why can’t we see them?” said Lucy.

But Miss Anne told Lucy that she was rather tired of holding her at the window, and so she would carry her back, and tell her about it while she was rocking her to sleep.

“You see,” said Miss Anne, after she had sat down again, “that there are just as many stars in the sky in the daytime, as there are in the night.”

“O Miss Anne!” exclaimed Lucy, raising up her head suddenly, as if surprised; “I have looked up in the sky a great many times, and I never saw any.”

“No, we cannot see them, because the sun shines so bright.”

“Did you ever see any, Miss Anne?”

"No," said she.

"Did any body ever see any?"

"No," said Miss Anne, "I don't know that any body ever did."

"Then," said Lucy, "how do they know that there are any?"

"Well—that is rather a hard question," said Miss Anne. "But they do know; they have found out in some way or other, though I don't know exactly how."

"I don't see how they can *know* that there are any stars there," said Lucy, "unless somebody has seen them. I guess they only *think* there are some, Miss Anne,—they only *think*."

"I believe I don't know enough about it myself," said Miss Anne, "to explain it to you,—and besides, you ought to go to sleep now. So shut up your eyes, and I will sing to you, and then, perhaps, you will go to sleep."

Lucy obeyed, and shut up her eyes; and Miss Anne began to sing her a song. After a little while, Lucy opened her eyes, and said,

"I rather think, Miss Anne, I should like to get into my trundle-bed now. I am rather tired of sitting in your lap."

"Very well," said Miss Anne; "I think it will be better. But would not you rather have me bring the cradle in? and then you can lie down, and I can rock you all the time." 74

"No," said Lucy; "the cradle has got so short, that I can't put my feet out straight. I had rather get into my trundle-bed."

So Miss Anne put Lucy into the trundle-bed, and she herself took a book, and sat at her table, reading. In a short time, Lucy went to sleep; and she slept soundly until morning.

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## CONVERSATION VII.

### JOANNA.

THE next morning, when Lucy waked up, she found that it was very light. The curtains of the room were up, and she could see the sun shining brightly upon the trees and buildings out of doors, so that she supposed that it was pretty late. Besides, she saw that Miss Anne was not in the room; and she supposed that she had got up and gone out to breakfast.

Lucy thought that she would get up too. But then she recollected that she had been sick the night before, and that, perhaps, her mother would not be willing to have her get up.

Her next idea was, that she would call out for Miss Anne, or for her mother; but this, on reflection, she thought would make a great disturbance; for it was some distance from the room which she was in to the parlor, where she supposed they were taking breakfast.

She concluded, on the whole, to wait patiently until somebody should come; and having nothing else to do, she began to sing a little song, which Miss Anne had taught her. She knew only one verse, but she sang this verse two or three times over, louder and louder each time, and her voice resounded merrily through all that part of the house. 75

Some children *cry* when they wake up and find themselves alone; some call out aloud for somebody to come; and others sing. Thus there are three ways; and the singing is the best of all the three;—except, indeed, for very little children, who are not old enough to sing or to call, and who, therefore, cannot do anything but cry.

They heard Lucy's singing in the parlor, and Miss Anne came immediately to see her. She gave her a picture-book to amuse herself with for a time, and went away again; but in about a quarter of an hour she came back, and helped her to get up and dress herself.

Her mother told her that she must not go out of doors that day, but that she might play about in any of the rooms, just as she pleased.

"But what shall I do for my breakfast?" said Lucy.

"O, I will give you some breakfast," said Miss Anne. "How should you like to have it by yourself, upon your little table, in the kitchen?" 76



"Well," said Lucy, "if you will let me have my own cups and saucers."

"Your cups won't hold enough for you to drink,—will they?"

"O, I can fill them up two or three times."

Miss Anne said she had no objection to this plan; and she told Lucy to go and get her table ready. So Lucy went and got her little table. It was just high enough for her to sit at. Her father had made it for her, by taking a small table in the house, which had been intended for a sort of a light-stand, and sawing off the legs, so as to make it just high enough for her.

Lucy brought this little table, and also her chair; and then Miss Anne handed her a napkin for a table-cloth, and told her that she might set her table,—and that, when it was all set, she would bring her something for breakfast; and so she left Lucy, for a time, to herself.

Lucy spread the napkin upon her table, and then went and got some of her cups and saucers, and put upon it. Joanna was ironing at the great kitchen table, and Lucy went to ask her how many cups and saucers she had better set.

"I should think it would take the whole set," said Joanna, "to hold one good cup of tea."

"But I am going to fill up my cup three times, Joanna; and if that isn't enough, I shall fill it up four times."

"O, then," said Joanna, "I would not have but one cup,—or at most two. I think I would have two, because you may possibly have some company."

"I wish you would come and be my company, Joanna."

"No, I must attend to my ironing."

"Well," said Lucy, as she went back to her table, "I will have two cups, at any rate, for I may have some company."

She accordingly put on two cups and a tea-pot; also a sugar-bowl and creamer. She placed them in various ways upon the table; first trying one plan of arrangement, and then another; and when at last they were placed in the best way, she went and called Miss Anne, to tell her that she was ready for her breakfast.

Miss Anne came out, according to her promise, to give her what she was to have to eat. First, she put a little sugar in her sugar-bowl; then some milk in her cream-pitcher; then some water, pretty hot, in her tea-pot.

"Could not you let me have a little real tea?" said Lucy.

"O, this will taste just as well," said Miss Anne.

"I know it will taste just as well; but it will not *look* just right. Real tea is not white, like water."

"Water is not white," said Miss Anne; "milk is white; water is very different in appearance from milk."

"What color is water, then?" said Lucy.

"It is not of any color," said Miss Anne. "It is what we call colorless. Now, you want to have something in your tea-pot which is colored a little, like tea,—not perfectly colorless, like water."

Lucy said yes, that that was exactly what she wanted. So Miss Anne took her tea-pot up, and went into the closet with it, and presently came out with it again, and put it upon the table. The reason why she took all this pains to please Lucy was, because she was so gentle and pleasant; and, although she often asked for things, she was not vexed or ill-humored when they could not be given to her.

Miss Anne then cut some thin slices of bread, and divided them into square pieces, so small that they could go on a small plate, which she brought from the closet. She also gave her a toasting-fork with a long handle, and told her that she might toast her own bread, and then spread it with butter. She gave her a little butter upon another plate.

When all these things were arranged, Miss Anne went away, telling Lucy that she had better make her breakfast last as long as she could, for she must remember that she could not go out at all that day; and that she must therefore economize her amusements.

"Economize? What do you mean by that, Miss Anne?" said Lucy.

"Why, use them carefully, and make them last as long as you can."

Lucy followed Miss Anne's advice in making the amusement of sitting at her own breakfast table last as long as possible. She toasted her little slices of bread with the toasting-fork, and poured out the tea from her tea-pot. She found that it had a slight tinge of the color of tea, which

Miss Anne had given it by sweetening it a little, with brown sugar. Lucy enjoyed her breakfast very much.

While she was eating it, Joanna, who was much pleased with her for being so still, and so careful not to make her any trouble, asked her if she should not like a roasted apple.

"Yes," said Lucy, "very much indeed."

"I will give you one," said Joanna, "and show you how to roast it, if you will go and ask your mother, if she thinks it will not hurt you."

Lucy accordingly went and asked her mother. She said it would not hurt her at all, and that she should be very glad to have Joanna get her an apple.

Joanna accordingly brought a large, rosy apple, with a stout stem. She tied a long string to the stem, and then held the apple up before the fire a minute, by means of the stem. Then she got a flat-iron, and tied the other end of the string to the flat-iron. The flat-iron she then placed upon the mantle shelf, and the string was just long enough to let the apple hang down exactly before the fire.

When it was all arranged in this way, she took up the apple, and twisted the string for some time; and then, when she let the apple down again gently to its place, the weight of it began to untwist the string, and this made the apple itself turn round quite swiftly before the fire.

Joanna also put a plate under the apple, to catch any of the juice or pulp which might fall down, and then left Lucy to watch it while it was roasting.

Lucy watched its revolutions for some time in silence. She observed that the apple would whirl very swiftly for a time, and then it would go slower, and slower, and slower, until, at length, she said,

"Joanna, Joanna, it is going to stop."

But, instead of this, it happened that, just at the very instant when Lucy thought it was going to stop, all at once it began to turn the other way; and, instead of going slower and slower, it went faster and faster, until, at length, it was revolving as fast as it did before.

"O no," said she to Joanna; "it has got a going again."

It was indeed revolving very swiftly; but pretty soon it began to slacken its speed again;—and again Lucy thought that it was certainly going to stop. But at this time she witnessed the same phenomenon as before. It had nearly lost all its motion, and was turning around very slowly indeed, and just upon the point of stopping; and in fact it did seem to stop for an instant; but immediately it began to move in an opposite direction, very slowly at first, but afterwards faster and faster, until it was, at length, spinning around before the hot coals, as fast as ever before. Pretty soon, also, the apple began to sing; and Lucy concluded that it would never stop,—at least not before it would have time to be well roasted.

"It goes like Royal's top," said Lucy.

"Has Royal got a top?" said Joanna.

"Yes," said Lucy, "a large humming-top. There is a hole in it. It spins very fast, only it does not go first one way and then the other, like this apple."

"I never saw a top," said Joanna.

"Never saw one!" exclaimed Lucy. "Did not the boys have tops when you were little?"

"No boys that I ever knew," answered Joanna.

"Did you have a tea-set when you were a little girl?" asked Lucy.

"No," said Joanna, "I never saw any such a tea-set, until I saw yours."

"What kind of playthings did you have, then, when you were a little girl?"

"No playthings at all," said Joanna; "I was a farmer's daughter."

"And don't the farmers' daughters ever have any playthings?"

"I never did, at any rate."

"What did you do, then, for play?"

"O, I had plenty of play. When I was about as big as you, I used to build fires in the stumps."

"What stumps?" said Lucy.

"Why, the stumps in the field, pretty near my father's house. I used to pick up chips and sticks, and build fires in the hollow places in the stumps, and call them my ovens. Then, when they were all heated, I used to put a potato in, and cover it up with sand, and let it roast."

"I wish I had some stumps to build fires in," said Lucy. "I should like to go to your house and see them."

"O, they are all gone now," said Joanna. "They have gradually got burnt up, and rotted out; and now it is all a smooth, green field."

"O, what a pity!" said Lucy. "And an't there any more stumps anywhere?"

"Yes, in the woods, and upon the new fields. You see, when they cut down trees, they leave the stumps in the ground; and pretty soon they begin to rot; and they rot more and more, until, at last, they tumble all to pieces; and then they pile up the pieces in heaps, and burn them. Then the ground is all smooth and clear. So I used to build fires in the stumps as long as they lasted. One day my hen laid her eggs in a stump."

"Your hen?" said Lucy; "did you have a hen?"

"Yes," replied Joanna; "when I was a little older than you are, my father gave me a little yellow chicken, that was *peeping*, with the rest, about the yard. I used to feed her, every day, with crumbs. After a time, she grew up to be a large hen, and laid eggs. My father said that I might have all the eggs too. I used to sell them, and save the money."

"How much money did you get?" asked Lucy.

"O, considerable. After a time, you see, I let my hen sit, and hatch some chickens."

"Sit?" said Lucy.

"Yes; you see, after hens have laid a good many eggs, they sit upon them, to keep them warm, for two or three weeks; and, while they keep them warm, a little chicken begins to grow in every egg, and at length, after they grow strong enough, they break through the eggs and come out. So I got eleven chickens from my hen, after a time."

"Eleven?" repeated Lucy; "were there just eleven?"

"There were twelve, but one died," replied Joanna. "And all these chickens were hatched in a stump."

"How did that happen?" asked Lucy.

"Why, the hens generally used to lay their eggs in the barn, and I used to go in, every day, to get the eggs. I carried a little basket, and I used to climb about upon the hay, and feel in the cribs; and I generally knew where all the nests were. But once I could not find my hen's nest for several days; and at last I thought I would watch her, and see where she went. I did watch her, and I saw her go into a hollow place in a great black stump, in the corner of the yard. After she came out, I went and looked there, and I found four eggs."

"What did you do then?" said Lucy.

"Why, I concluded, on the whole, to let them stay, and let my hen hatch her eggs there, if she would. And I told my brother, that, if he would make a coop for me, around that stump, I would give him one of the chickens."

"A *coop*? What is a coop?"

"O, a small house for hens to live in. My brother made me a coop. He made it immediately after the hen had hatched her chickens. I will tell you how he made it. He drove stakes down all around the stump, and then put some short boards over the top, so as to cover it over. My hen staid there until her chickens got pretty well grown, and then we let her run about the yard."

"That is pretty much the way that Royal made his turtle-pen," said Lucy; "but I should rather have a hen-coop, because of the chickens."

"Yes, I had eleven. I gave my brother one, and then I had ten. These all grew up, and laid more eggs; and at last I got money enough from my eggs and poultry to buy me a new gown."

"I wish I was a farmer's daughter," said Lucy.

"Farmers' daughters have a very good time," said Joanna, "I think myself."



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## CONVERSATION VIII.

### BUILDING.

IN one of the yards belonging to the house that Lucy lived in, was a border for flowers; and in this border Royal had an apple-tree, which had grown up from a seed which he had planted himself. It was now nearly as high as his head, and Royal said that he meant to graft it the very next spring.

At the end of this border, near one corner of the yard, there was a vacant place, where some flowers had been dug up, and Lucy had it to plant beans in. She used often to dig in it, and plant, when she had nothing else to do. Miss Anne gave her several different kinds of flower seeds in the spring, and she planted them. Generally, however, she had not patience enough to wait for them to come up; but dug the ground all over again, with her little hoe, before the flowers, which she had planted, had had time to show themselves above the ground.

She was digging, one day, in this garden, and Royal was hoeing up the weeds around his apple-tree. Royal said that his apple-tree was growing crooked, and that he was going to get a stake, and drive it down by the side of his tree, and tie a string to it, and so straighten the tree up.

Lucy came to see Royal stake up his tree. He made the stake very sharp, and when he got it all ready to drive, he said that he must go and get the iron bar to make a hole.

"O, you can drive it right in," said Lucy, "without making any hole."

"Not far enough," said Royal. "It must be driven in very deep and strong, or else the string which ties the apple-tree to it, will pull it over to one side."

So Royal went and got the small crowbar, and came back dragging it along. He made a deep hole by the side of the apple-tree, but not very near it, for he did not want to hurt the roots. Then he took out the bar, and laid it down upon the grass, and inserted the point of the stake into the hole which he had made.

While he was doing this, Lucy took hold of one end of the iron bar, and tried to lift it.

"O, what a heavy bar!" said she.

"I don't think it is very heavy," said Royal. So saying, he drove down his stake with repeated blows of his hatchet.

"You are a great deal stronger than I am," said Lucy. "You can drive the stake down very hard indeed. I don't believe but that you could make a hen-coop."

"Who told you anything about a hen-coop?" said Royal.

"Joanna," said Lucy. "She said that she was a farmer's daughter when she was a little girl, and that she had a hen and some chickens; and that her brother made her a hen-coop pretty much like the turtle-pen you made down by the brook."

"I could make a hen-coop," said Royal, "I know,—and I mean to. Perhaps I can get some hens to put into it. At all events, I shall have a hen-coop."

"If I was a farmer's daughter," said Lucy, "I should have hens."

"But you can have hens without being a farmer's daughter," said Royal.

"How?" said Lucy.

"Why, you and I could buy some hens with our own money, if mother would let us; and then I could make a coop."

"Well," said Lucy, "I mean to go and ask her this very minute."

"No; stop," said Royal. "That won't do any good. She will tell you to ask father, and then he won't believe that we can make a coop, and he won't want to take the trouble to have one made for us, and so he will say no. I'll tell you what we must do. We must make the coop first, and then, when it is all ready, we can ask father if we may buy some hens."

"Well," said Lucy, in a tone of great satisfaction, "let us go and make it now."

"But *you* can't help make it, Lucy. I shall have to make it myself, all alone; and so the hens must be mine."

Lucy did not like the plan of giving up all the hens to Royal; but Royal insisted upon it that he should have to do all the work, and, of course, that he must have the hens himself. At last, Lucy said that, if he did not let her have a share, she should not stay with him, but should go into the house.

But Royal did not like at all to stay and work alone. He tried to get Lucy to remain, and at last he said that, if she would, he would make her a garden in the corner,—a beautiful garden, full of flowers.

"Real flowers?" said Lucy.

"Yes, real flowers,—all in blossom."

"How shall you get the flowers to grow?" said Lucy.

"O, I shall get them already grown, in the gardens, and in the fields, and stick them down in the beds. I shall make beds and little alleys just like a real garden."

"And how long will the flowers keep bright?" said Lucy.

"O, as long as you take the trouble to water them. You will have to water them, you know,—and Miss Anne will lend you her watering-pot."

Lucy was pleased with this proposal. She liked the plan of having such a garden very much; and as to watering it, she said that it would be no trouble at all; she should like to water it. So it was agreed that Lucy should stay and keep Royal company, while he was making the coop, and help him all she could; and that he should make her a flower-garden, and stock it well with real flowers,—and so have all the hens himself.

They then walked along together, to look out a place for a coop. Lucy said that she wished there was an old hollow stump in their yard, but there was nothing like one. Royal said that he had heard of a barrel for a hen-coop; and he just then recollected that there was a corner round behind the barn, where there were several old boxes and barrels; and he and Lucy went there to see if they could find one which would do. He found one that would answer the purpose very well.

Lucy wanted to help Royal roll it along, and Royal allowed her to do it, though he could roll it very easily himself alone; for it was empty and light. It seemed to please Lucy to help him, and so Royal allowed her to push it with him.

They were, for some time, in doubt where it would be best to put their coop; but at last they concluded to put it under the trees, by the side of the great, flat stone. Lucy said that this was an excellent place, because she could sit at Miss Anne's window, when it was rainy, so that she could not go out, and see the hens and chickens.

Royal placed the barrel down upon its side, near the great stone, and drove down stakes on each side of it, to keep it from rolling. Then he made a great many other stakes out of narrow pieces of board, which he found around a pile of lumber behind the barn.

As fast as these stakes were finished, Lucy wheeled them along, upon a little wheelbarrow, to the place where the coop was to be made. So Royal found that, besides keeping him company, Lucy could really assist him, much more than he had at first supposed she could.

Royal drove the stakes down into the ground, in such a way as to enclose a square place. The fence formed the back side of this enclosure, and it was big enough to hold several hens, and to give them room to walk about a little. When it was nearly done, Lucy said that she meant to go and ask Joanna to come out and see it, to tell them if it would do.

Royal said that he should like to have her go, very much; though he was pretty sure that the coop would do very well. Lucy ran off into the house, and after a little while she appeared again leading Joanna.

"Yes," said Joanna,—after she had looked at the coop a minute or two, with a smile upon her countenance,—"yes, that is quite a coop, really."

"Isn't it a *good* coop?" said Royal. "See how strong these stakes are driven into the ground."

"It is a great deal better than I thought you could make," said Joanna.

Joanna's commendations were not quite so unqualified as Royal wished them to be.

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"Well, don't you think," said he, "that it will do very well to keep hens in?"

"Why, it is an excellent coop for you and Lucy to play with," said Joanna; "but as to keeping hens in it, there are two objections."

"What are they?" said Royal.

"Why, the foxes and cats can get in, and the hens and chickens can get out."

"How?" said Royal. "How can the hens get out?"

"They can jump over," said Joanna.

"Well, the chickens can't jump over, at any rate," said Lucy; "how can they get out?"

"They can creep through," said Joanna, gravely.

Royal and Lucy both looked rather blank at these very serious objections to their work. After a moment's pause, Royal said,

"Do foxes and cats kill hens and chickens?"

"They kill chickens," said Joanna, "and that is one great reason for making a coop."

"Is there any other reason?"

"Yes; sometimes they want to keep the hens from straying away to the neighbors', or getting into the garden, and scratching up the seeds and flowers."

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"There are no seeds in our garden now," said Royal.

"No," added Lucy, "but I don't want to have them scratch up my flowers."

"But, Joanna," said Royal, "is not this just such a coop as your brother made for you? Lucy said it was."

"It is like it in the stakes; but mine had a cover over the top of it."

"I can put a cover over this," said Royal.

"O, very well; if you can do that, I think it will answer."

After Joanna went into the house, Royal tried to contrive some way to put a cover over his coop; but he found that it would be very difficult to fasten it on. The tops of the stakes were not steady enough to nail any thing to; and besides, they were not all of the same height; and, of course, if he should put boards over across, they would not be steady. At last he said,

"O Lucy, I have thought of another plan."

"What is it?" said Lucy.

"Why," said he, "you remember those great boxes around behind the barn, where we got our barrel."

Lucy said that she remembered them very well.

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"Now," continued Royal, "I will get one of those great boxes for the roof of my coop. There is one large, flat box, which will be just the thing I will pull up all these stakes, and drive them down again, so as to make a square, just as big as the box."

"I don't understand, exactly," said Lucy.

"Never mind," said Royal, "it is not necessary to explain it. You shall see how I will do it; let us go and get the box."

Royal and Lucy went together to get the box. They found one there which Royal said would do very well; the bottom of it was about as large as a common tea table; but the sides were narrow, so that, when it was placed upon the ground, with the open part up, it was not very deep.

Royal attempted to roll this box out; but he found it much harder to move than the barrel was. This was partly because it was larger and heavier, and partly because it would not roll, on account of its square form.

However, they contrived to get it out, and to work it along through a gate which led into a large

outer yard. By this time, however, they both got tired, and Royal said that he meant to get some rollers, and roll it along.

So he brought some round sticks of wood from the wood pile, for rollers; and with a bar of wood, which he found also upon the wood pile, he pried the box up, and Lucy put two rollers under it, one at each end. They also placed another roller a little way before the box. Royal then went behind the box, and with his bar of wood for a lever, he pried the box along; and he found it moved very easily upon the rollers.

Lucy wanted a lever too,—and she went and got one; and then they could both pry the box along, one at each corner, behind. They had to stop occasionally to adjust the rollers, when they worked out of place; but, by patience and perseverance, they gradually moved the box along until they came to the gate leading into the inner yard, where the place for the coop had been chosen.

They found some difficulty in getting it through the gate, because it was too large to go through in any way but by being lifted up upon its side. Royal, however, succeeded in lifting it up, and then in getting it through; and after that it was but a short work to move it along upon its rollers to its place of destination.

Royal sat down upon the great, flat stone, and said that he was tired, and that he had a great mind not to make a coop after all,—it was such hard work.

“Then,” said Lucy, “I don’t think you will be very persevering.”

“I don’t believe you know what *persevering* means,” said Royal.

“Yes, I do,” said Lucy; “Miss Anne told me. It is when you begin to make a coop, and then give up before you get it done.”

Royal burst into a fit of laughter.

“No,” said Lucy; “not that, exactly. I mean it is when you don’t give up—and I think you ought not to give up now—making this coop.”

“Well,” said Royal, “I believe you are right. It would be very foolish to give up our coop now, when we have got all the hardest part of our work done. I’ll go and get the corner stakes.”

Royal then went and made four strong stakes for the four corners, and brought them to the place, and drove them down into the ground. He took care to have them at just such a distance from each other, as that they should come as near as possible to the four corners of the box, when it should be placed over them.

Then he drove a row of stakes along where the sides of the box would come, between the corner stakes on each side; and he drove these all down a little lower than the corner stakes, so that, when the box should be placed over them, it would rest upon the corners, and not upon the sides. Before he closed the last side, he rolled the barrel in, and placed it along by the fence. Then he put a roller under it, on the outer side,—so that thus the barrel was confined, and could not move either way.

“Now, Lucy, we are ready for a raising,” said Royal; “but we shall never be able to get the box up, by ourselves, if we work all day.”

They concluded to ask Joanna to come out again, and help them get the box up. She came very willingly, and all three of them together easily succeeded in putting the heavy box into its place; and Royal had the satisfaction of perceiving that it fitted very well. Joanna then said that, for aught she could see, their structure would make a very safe and convenient coop.

When their father and mother came to see their work that evening, their father said that it would do very well for a coop, but that it was too late in the year to get hens.

“If I get some hens for you,” said he, “it will be several weeks before they lay eggs enough to hatch; and then the chickens would not have grown enough to get out of the way of the cold of the winter. It is full as late now as any brood of chickens ought to come out.”

Royal and Lucy looked greatly disappointed at this unexpected announcement. It was a difficulty that had not occurred to them at all. Their father was always very much pressed with his business, and could seldom give much time or attention to their plays; but they thought that, if they could make all the arrangements, so that they could take care of the hens without troubling him, there would be no difficulty at all. They did not know but that hens would lay and hatch as well and as safely at one time as at another.

Lucy had some corn in her hand. Her father asked her what that was for. She said it was to put into the coop for the hens. She had asked Joanna for some, and she had given it to her, because she said she wanted some corn all ready.

Here her mother whispered something to her father, which Lucy and Royal did not hear.

“Yes,” said he, in a low tone, in reply, speaking to her mother, “perhaps I can; very likely.”

Royal wondered what they were talking about, but he did not ask.

"Well, Lucy," said her father, "throw your corn into the coop, and about the door; perhaps you can catch some hens in it. Who knows but that it will do for a trap?"

"O father," said Royal, "you are only making fun of us."

"Why, you have caught squirrels, haven't you, time and again? and why not hens?"

"Nonsense, father," said Royal; "there are no hens to come and get caught in traps."

"Perhaps, Royal," said Lucy, as she scattered her corn into the coop, "Perhaps.—We will put in the corn, at least,—and leave the door open."

So Lucy put the corn in and about the door; and then the party all went away laughing. Lucy forgot her disappointment in the hope of catching some hens, and Royal in the amusement excited by such an idea as setting a trap for poultry.



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## CONVERSATION IX.

### EQUIVOCATION.

IMMEDIATELY after breakfast, the next morning, Lucy went out to look at the coop, to see if any hens had been caught; and when she came back, and said that there were none there, her father said that she must not despair too soon,—sometimes a trap was out several nights before anything was taken.

That day, after Royal had finished his lessons, Lucy called upon him to fulfil his promise of making her a garden.

"Why, Lucy," said Royal, "I don't think I am under any obligation to make you any garden."

"Yes, Royal," said Lucy, "you promised me that you would, if I would help you make the coop."

"Well, that was because I expected that we could have some hens; but, now that we cannot have any hens, the coop will not do us any good at all; and I don't see that I ought to make you a garden for nothing."

Lucy did not know how to answer this reasoning, but she was very far from being satisfied with it. She, however, had nothing to say, but that he had agreed to make her a garden, and that she thought he ought to do it.

Royal said that he meant if they got any hens to put into the coop; and Lucy said she did not believe that he meant any such thing.

Royal was wrong in refusing thus to fulfil his agreement. And the reason which he gave was not a good reason. He did, indeed, expect, when he made the promise, that he should have some hens to put into his hen-coop; but he did not make his promise *on that condition*. The promise was absolute—if she would help him make his coop, he would make her a garden. When she had finished helping him make the coop, her part of the agreement was fulfilled, and he was bound to fulfil his.

At last Lucy said,



"If you don't make me a garden, I shall go and tell Joanna of you."

"Very well," said Royal; "we will go and leave it to Joanna, and let her decide."

They went in and stated the case to Joanna. When she heard all the facts, she decided at once against Royal.

"Certainly you ought to make her a garden," said Joanna. "There being no hens has nothing to do with it. You took the risk. You took the risk."

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Lucy did not understand what Joanna meant by taking the risk, but she understood that the decision was in her favor, and she ran off out of the kitchen in great glee. Royal followed her more slowly.

"Well, Lucy," said he, "I'll make you a garden. I'd as lief make it as not."

He accordingly worked very industriously upon the garden for more than an hour. He dug up all the ground with his hoe, and then raked it over carefully. Then he marked out an alley through the middle of it, for Lucy to walk in, when she was watering her flowers. He also divided the sides into little beds, though the paths between the beds were too narrow to walk in.

"Now," said he, "Lucy, for the flowers."

So they set off upon an expedition after flowers. They got some in the garden, and some in the fields. Some Royal took up by the roots; but most of them were broken off at the stem, so as to be stuck down into the ground. Lucy asked him if they would grow; and he said that he did not know that they would grow much, but they would keep bright and beautiful as long as she would water them.

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Miss Anne lent Lucy her watering-pot, to water her flowers, and she said that, after dinner, she would go out and see her garden. Accordingly, after dinner, they made preparations to go. While Miss Anne was putting on her sun-bonnet, Royal waited for her; but Lucy ran out before them. In a moment, however, after she had gone out, she came running back in the highest state of excitement, calling out,

"O Royal, we have caught them! we have caught them! O, come and see! come, Miss Anne, come quick and see!"

And before they had time to speak to her, or even to ask what she meant, she was away again, calling, as she passed away from hearing, "Come, come, come!"

Royal left Miss Anne, and ran off after Lucy.

Miss Anne herself walked along after them, and found them looking through the bars of the hen-coop, and in a state of the highest delight at the sight of a hen and a large brood of chickens, which were walking about within.

"O, look, Miss Anne!" said Lucy, clapping her hands as Miss Anne came up. "A real hen, and ever so many chickens!"

"Where *could* they have come from?" said Miss Anne.

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"O, we caught them," said Lucy; "we caught them. I told you, Royal, that perhaps we should catch some."

"How did they get here?" said Royal. "It is some of father's sly work, I know. Do you know, Miss Anne, how they came here?"

"Let us see how many chickens there are," said Miss Anne. "One, two, three,"—and so she went on counting up to thirteen.

"Thirteen," said Lucy; "only think! More than Joanna's, isn't it, Royal? Thirteen is more than eleven, isn't it?"

"Yes, two more," said Royal; "but, Miss Anne, don't you know how they came here?"

Miss Anne looked rather sly, but did not answer. She said to Lucy,

"Well, Lucy, let us go and see your garden."

Lucy did not now care so much about her garden; she was more interested in the chickens; however, they all went to look at it, and Miss Anne praised it very highly. She said the flowers looked beautifully.

"And now, Miss Anne," said Lucy, "whenever I want any flowers, I can come out here and gather them out of my garden."

"Yes," said Miss Anne, "as long as they last."

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"O, they will last all the time," said Lucy.

"Will they?" said Miss Anne, rather doubtfully.

"Yes," said Lucy; "I am going to water them."

"That will help," replied Miss Anne, "I have no doubt."

"I can keep them fresh as long as I want to, in that way," said Lucy. "Royal said so."

"Did you, Royal?" asked Miss Anne.

"No," said Royal. "I said that they would keep fresh as long as she watered them."

"That wasn't quite honest, was it, Royal? for they won't keep fresh more than two days."

"Well," said Royal, "and she won't have patience to water them more than *one* day."

"That's equivocation," said Miss Anne.

"Equivocation?" repeated Royal; "what do you mean by that?"

"It is when anything you say has two senses, and it is true in one sense, and not true in another; and you mean to have any person understand it in the sense in which it is *not* true."

"What do you mean by that?" said Lucy.

"Why, I will give you an example. Once there was a boy who told his brother William, that there was a black dog up in the garret, and William ran up to see. His brother came up behind him, and, when they opened the garret door, he pointed to an old andiron, such as are called dogs, and said, 'See! there he is, standing on three legs.'" 109

Royal laughed very heartily at this story. He was much more amused at the waggery of such a case of equivocation, than impressed with the dishonesty of it.

"Miss Anne," said he, "I don't see that there was any great harm in that."

"Equivocation is not wrong always," said Miss Anne. "Riddles are often equivocations."

"Tell us one," said Royal.

"Why, there is your old riddle of the carpenter cutting the door. He cut it, and cut it, and cut it, and cut it too little; then he cut it again, and it fitted."

"Is that an equivocation?" said Royal.

"Yes," said Miss Anne; "the equivocation is in the word *little*. It may mean that he cut too little, or that he cut until the door was too little. Now, when you give out that riddle, you mean that the person whom you are talking with, should understand it in the last sense; that is, that he cut until the *door* was too little, and then that he cut it more, and it was just right. But it cannot be true in that sense. It is true only in the other sense; that is, that he did not cut it enough, and then, when he cut it more, he made it fit. So that he cut it too little, has two senses. The words are true in one sense; but you mean to have them understood in the other sense, in which they cannot be true. And that is an *equivocation*." 110

"But, then," continued Miss Anne, "equivocations in riddles are certainly not wrong; but equivocations in our *dealings* with one another certainly are."

"I don't think that the boy that said there was a dog up garret did any thing wrong," said Royal.

"I do," said Lucy, putting down her little foot with great emphasis. "I think he did very wrong indeed."

"O no, Lucy," said Miss Anne, "not very wrong indeed. Perhaps it was not quite right. But it is certainly wrong to gain any advantage from any person in your dealings with them, by equivocation."

"Did I?" said Royal.

"Yes, I think you did, a little. You told Lucy that the flowers would keep fresh as long as she would water them. You meant her to understand it absolutely; but it is true only in another sense." 111

"In what sense?" said Royal.

"Why, as long as she *would be likely* to water them; which is a very different thing. Perhaps she would not have been willing to make the bargain with you, if she had understood that she could not keep them fresh by watering them, more than a day or two."

While they had been talking thus, they had gradually been walking towards the house, and they had now reached the door. Miss Anne went in, and Lucy and Royal went to the hen-coop to see the hen and chickens.

Lucy went to get some corn, but Joanna told her that crumbs of bread would be better, and then the old hen could break them up into small pieces, and feed her chickens with them. She accordingly gave her some small pieces of bread, which Lucy carried back; and she and Royal amused themselves for a long time, by throwing crumbs in through the spaces between the sticks.

While they were talking about them, Royal happened to speak of them as *his* hen and chickens, and Lucy said that she thought he ought not to have them all. She wanted some herself,—at least some of the chickens.

“O no,” said Royal; “they are altogether mine; it is my coop.”

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“No,” replied Lucy; “I helped you make the coop, and I mean to have some of the chickens.”

“Yes, but, Lucy, you promised me that I should have the coop and the hens, if I would make you a garden.”

“Yes, but not the chickens,” said Lucy; “I did not say a word about the chickens.”

“O Lucy, that was because we did not expect to have any chickens; but it is all the same thing.”

“What is all the same thing?” said Lucy.

“Why, hens and chickens,” said Royal.

“O Royal,” said Lucy, “they are very different indeed.” Lucy looked through the bars of the hen-coop, at the hen and chickens, and was quite surprised that Royal could say that they were all the same thing.

“In a bargain, Lucy, I mean; in a bargain, I mean. If you make a bargain about hens, you mean all the chickens too.”

“I didn’t, I am sure,” said Lucy; “I never thought of such a thing as the chickens; and besides, you did not make me such a garden as you promised me.”

“Why, yes I did,” said Royal.

“No,” said Lucy, “you told me an equivocation.”

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Royal laughed.

“You did, Royal; you know you did; and Miss Anne said so.

“I think it was a falsehood, myself,” continued Lucy, “or almost a falsehood.”

“O no, Lucy; I don’t think you would water them more than one day, and I knew that they would keep fresh as long as that.”

Lucy was silent. She did not know exactly how to reply to Royal’s reasoning; but she thought it was very hard, that out of the whole thirteen chickens, Royal would not let her have any to call hers.

She told Royal that she only wanted two; if he would let her have two, she should be satisfied;—but Royal said that he wanted them all; that she had the garden, and he must have the hen and chickens.

Lucy might very probably have said something further on the subject; but at that moment she spied a little chicken, with black and yellow feathers, just creeping through between the bars of the coop. A moment more, and he was fairly out upon the grass outside.

“O Royal!” exclaimed Lucy, “one is out! one is out! I can catch him.”

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“No,” said Royal, “let me catch him. You will hurt him.”

They both started up, and ran after the chicken; while he, frightened at their pursuit, and at his strange situation in the grass, ran off farther and farther, *peeping* with great earnestness and noise. Royal caught at him, but did not catch him. He darted off towards where Lucy was, and at that instant Lucy clapped her hand over him, and held him a prisoner.

The poor hen was much alarmed at the cries of the lost chicken; and she pushed her head through the bars of the cage, trying to get out, and apparently in great distress.

“Give him to me,” said Royal, “and I’ll put him back again.”

“No,” said Lucy, “I am going to carry him in, and show him to Joanna.”

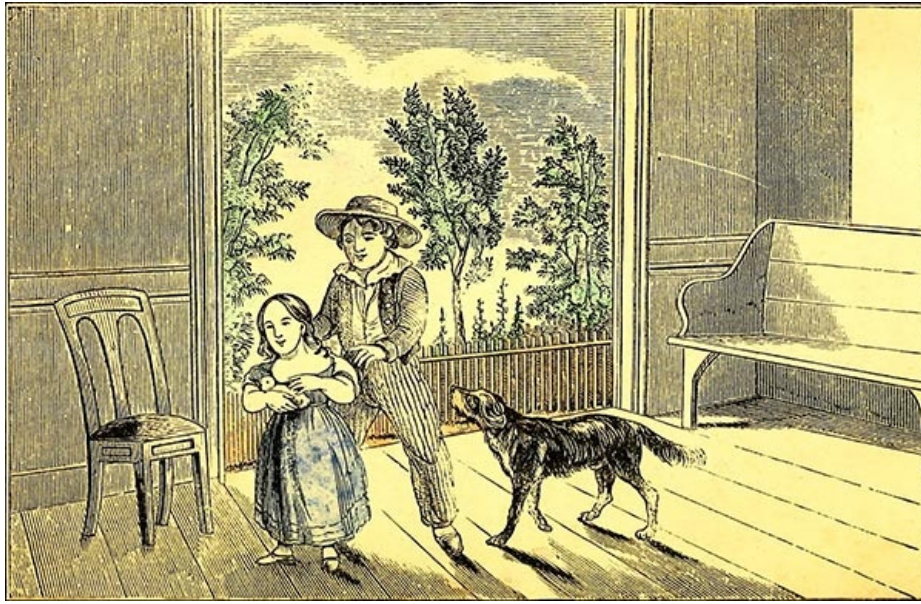
"O, well," said Royal, "only give him to me, and let me carry him. You will hurt him."

"No, I won't hurt him," said Lucy; "I will be very careful indeed."

So she put the tender little animal very gently in one of her hands, and covered him with the other.

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"Give him to me," said Royal, "and I'll put him back again."—Page 114.

"O, what soft feathers!" said Lucy.

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"Yes," said Royal; "and see his little bill sticking out between your fingers!"

Thus they went into the house,—first to Joanna, and afterwards to Miss Anne; and the hen, when the lost chicken was out of hearing, soon regained her composure. She had a dozen chickens left, and as she could not count, she did not know but that there were thirteen.



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## CONVERSATION X.

### JOHNNY.

MISS ANNE was very much pleased to see the little chicken. She sent Royal out after a small, square piece of board. While he was gone, she got a small flake of cotton batting, and also an old work-basket, from the upper shelf of her closet. Then, when Royal came in with the board, she put the cotton upon it, shaping it in the form of a nest. She put the chicken upon this nest, and then turned the basket down over it, which formed a sort of cage, to keep the little prisoner from getting away. Royal and Lucy could look through the open-work of the basket, and see him.

But Miss Anne, though pleased with the chicken, was very sorry to find that Royal had so monopolizing a spirit. A monopolizing spirit is an eager desire to get for ourselves, alone, that which others ought to have a share of. Royal wanted to own the hen and chickens himself, and to exclude, or shut out, Lucy from all share of them. He wished to monopolize them. Too eager a

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desire to get what others have, is sometimes called *covetousness*. Miss Anne resolved to have a conversation with Royal about his monopolizing and covetous disposition.

She did not, however, have a very good opportunity until several days after this; but then a circumstance occurred which naturally introduced the subject.

The circumstance was this.

The children were taking a walk with Miss Anne. They went to a considerable distance from the house, by a path through the woods, and came at length to the banks of a mill stream. The water tumbled over the rocks which filled the bed of the stream. There was a narrow road along the bank, and Miss Anne turned into this road, and walked along up towards the mill, which was only a short distance above.

They saw, before them, at a little distance, a boy about as large as Royal, cutting off the end of a long, slender pole.

"O, see what a beautiful fishing-pole that boy has got!" said Royal.

"Is that a fishing-pole?" said Lucy.

Just then the boy called out, as if he was speaking to somebody in the bushes.

"Come, George; ain't you most ready?"

"Yes," answered George, "I have got mine just ready; but I want to get a little one for Johnny."

"O, never mind Johnny," said the other boy; "he can't fish."

By this time, the children had advanced so far that they could see George and Johnny, in a little open place among the bushes. George was about as large as the other boy; and he was just finishing the trimming up of another pole, very much like the one which the children had seen first. There was a very small boy standing by him, who, as the children supposed, was Johnny. He was looking on, while George finished his pole.

"I would not get Johnny one," said the boy in the road. "He can't do any thing with it."

"No," said George, "but he will like to have one, so that he can make believe fish; shouldn't you, Johnny?"

"Yes," said Johnny; or rather he said something that meant *yes*; for he could not speak very plain.

"Well," said the boy in the road, "I am not going to wait any longer." He accordingly shut up his knife, put it into his pocket, and walked along.

George scrambled back into the bushes, and began to look about for a pole for Johnny. Miss Anne and the children were now opposite to them.

"Johnny," said Miss Anne, "do you expect that you can catch fishes?"

Johnny did not answer, but stood motionless, gazing upon the strangers in silent wonder.

Miss Anne smiled, and walked on, and the children followed her. Presently George and Johnny came up behind them,—George walking fast, and Johnny trotting along by his side. When they had got before them a little way, they turned out of the road into a path which led down towards the stream, which here was at a little distance from the road. The path led in among trees and bushes; and so Miss Anne and the children soon lost sight of them entirely.

"George seems to be a strange sort of a boy," said Miss Anne.

"Why?" asked Royal.

"Why, he cannot be contented to have a fishing-pole himself, unless little Johnny has one too."

"Is that very strange?" asked Royal.

"I thought it was rather unusual," said Miss Anne. "Boys generally want to get things for themselves; but I did not know that they were usually so desirous to have their brothers gratified too."

"I do," said Royal; "that is, I should, if I had a brother big enough."

"You have a sister," said Miss Anne.

"Well," said Royal, "if I was going a fishing, and Lucy was going too, I should want to have her have a fishing-pole as well as I."

"It is not always so with boys, at any rate," said Miss Anne. "And that makes me think of a

curious thing that happened once. A little boy, whom I knew, had a beautiful picture-book spoiled by a little gray dog, in a very singular way."

"How was it?" said Royal.

"Tell us, Miss Anne," said Lucy; "tell us all about it."

"Well, this boy's father bought him a very beautiful picture-book, with colored pictures in it, and brought it home, and gave it to him. And the next day the little gray dog spoiled it entirely."

"How?" said Lucy.

"Guess."

"Why, he bit it, and tore it to pieces with his teeth, I suppose," said Lucy.

"No," said Miss Anne.

"Then he must have trampled on it with his muddy feet," said Royal.

"No," said Miss Anne, "it could not be in any such way, for it was not a *live* dog."

"Not a *live* dog!" said Lucy.

"No, it was a little glass dog,—gray glass; only he had black ears and tail."

"I don't see how he could spoil a book," said Royal.

"He did," answered Miss Anne.

"The book gave Joseph a great deal of pleasure before the dog came, and after that, it was good for nothing to him."

"Joseph?" said Royal; "who was he?"

"Why, he was the little boy that had the book. Didn't I tell you his name before?"

"No," said Royal; "but tell us how the dog spoiled the book."

"Why, you must understand," said Miss Anne, "that Joseph had a little sister at home, named Mary; and when their father brought home the book to Joseph, he had nothing for Mary. But the next day, he was in a toy-shop, and he saw this little glass dog, and he thought that it would be a very pretty little present for Mary. So he bought it, and carried it home to her."

"Well, Miss Anne, tell on," said Lucy, when she found that Miss Anne paused, as if she was not going to say anything more.

"Why, that is about all," said Miss Anne, "only that he gave the dog to Mary."

"But you said that the dog spoiled Joseph's book."

"So it did. You see, when Joseph came to see the dog, he wanted it himself, so much that he threw his book down upon the floor, and came begging for the dog; and he could not take any pleasure at all in the book after that."

"Is that all?" said Royal; "I supposed it was going to be something different from that."

"Then you don't think it is much of a story!"

"No," said Royal.

"Nor I," said Lucy.

"Well, now, *I* thought," said Miss Anne, "that that *was* rather a singular way for a dog to spoil a picture-book."

There was a moment's pause after Miss Anne had said these words; and then, an instant afterwards, the whole party came suddenly out of the woods; and the mill, with a bridge near it, crossing the stream, came into view.

"O, there is a bridge," said Lucy; "let us go over that bridge."

"Well," said Royal, "so we will."

They walked on towards the bridge; but, just before they got to it, Royal observed that there were ledges of rocks below the bridge, running out into the water; and he said that he should rather go down upon those rocks.

Miss Anne said that she should like to go down there too, very much, if she thought it was safe; and she concluded to go down, slowly and carefully, and see. They found that, by exercising great

caution, they could advance farther than they had supposed. Sometimes Royal, who was pretty strong, helped Miss Anne and Lucy down a steep place; and sometimes they had to step over a narrow portion of the torrent. They found themselves at last all seated safely upon the margin of a rocky island, in the middle of the stream, with the water foaming, and roaring, and shooting swiftly by, all around them.

"There," said Royal, "isn't this a good place?"

"Yes," said Lucy; "I never saw the water run so much before."

"Children," said Miss Anne, "look down there!"

"Where?" said Royal.

"There, upon the bank, under the trees, down on that side of the stream,—a little below that large, white rock."

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"Some boys," said Royal. "They're fishing."

"I see 'em," said Lucy.

"Yes," said Royal, "they are the same boys we saw in the road."

"Yes," said Miss Anne; "and don't you see Johnny running about with his pole?"

"Where?" said Lucy; "which is Johnny?"

"That's he," said Royal, "running about. Now he's gone down to a sandy place upon the shore. See, he's reaching out with his pole, as far as he can, upon the water; he is trying to reach a little piece of board that is floating by. There, he has got it, and is pulling it in."

"I am glad George got him a pole," said Miss Anne.

"So am I," said Royal.

"And so am I," said Lucy.

"It seems George is happier himself, if Johnny has something to make him happy too; but the other boy isn't."

"How do you know that he isn't?" asked Lucy.

"Why, he did not want George to stop. He had got a pole himself, and he did not care any thing about Johnny's having one."

"Yes," said Royal, "so I think."

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"Some children," said Miss Anne, "when they have anything that they like, always want their brothers and sisters to have something too; and George seems to be one of them."

"And that makes me think," continued Miss Anne, "of the story of the *horse* and the picture-book."

"What *is* the story?" said Royal.

"Why, it is a story of a little wooden horse, which, instead of spoiling a picture-book, as the dog did, made it much more valuable."

"Tell us all about it," said Lucy.

"Very well, I will," said Miss Anne. "There was once a boy named David. His uncle sent him, one new year's day, a picture-book. There was a picture on every page, and two on the cover. He liked his picture-book very much indeed; but one thing diminished the pleasure he took in looking at it."

"What do you mean by *diminished*?" asked Lucy.

"Why, made it smaller," said Royal.

"Yes," said Miss Anne; "and the circumstance which made his pleasure in the picture-book less than it otherwise would have been, was, that his little brother Georgie had no new book or plaything. David showed Georgie his book, and sometimes let him have it by himself; but he would have liked it better, if Georgie had had a present of his own."

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"And now about the horse?" said Royal.

"Well,—that evening, when these boys' father came home to supper, he brought something tied up in a paper, which, he said, was for Georgie. David took it, and ran to find Georgie,—hoping that it was some present for him. Georgie opened it, and found that it was a handsome wooden

horse, on wheels,—with a long red cord for a bridle, to draw him about by. David was very much pleased at this; and now he could go and sit down upon his cricket, and look at his book, with a great deal more pleasure; for Georgie had a present too. So, you see, the horse made the picture-book more valuable.”

The children sat still a short time, thinking of what Miss Anne had said; and at length Royal said,

“Are these stories which you have been telling us *true*, Miss Anne?”

“No,” said Miss Anne, quietly.

“Then you made them up.”

“Yes,” said Miss Anne.

“What for?” said Lucy.

“Why, to show you and Royal,” said Miss Anne, “the difference between a monopolizing and covetous spirit, and one of generosity and benevolence, which leads us to wish to have others possess and enjoy, as well as ourselves.”

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Royal, pretty soon after this, proposed that he and Lucy should find some sticks upon the little island, where they were sitting, and throw them upon the water, and see them sail down; and they did accordingly amuse themselves in this way for some time. Lucy was very much amused to see the sticks shoot along the rapids, and dive down the little cascades among the rocks. Miss Anne helped them throw in one piece of plank, which had drifted down from the mill, and which was too large and heavy for them to lift alone. They watched this for some time, as it floated away far down the stream.

At last, it was time to go home; and they all went back, very carefully, over the stones, until they got back to the shore; and then they walked home by a new way, over a hill, where they had a beautiful prospect.

That night, just before sundown, when Royal and Lucy went out to see their chickens, Royal told Lucy that she might have the little black chicken and two others for her own.

“Well,” said Lucy, clapping her hands, “and will you let me keep them in your coop?”

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“Yes,” replied Royal; “or I will let you own the coop with me;—you shall have a share in the coop, in proportion to your share of the chickens.”

“In proportion?” said Lucy; “what does that mean?”

“Why, just as much of the coop as you have of the chickens,” said Royal.

“Well,” said Lucy, “how much of the coop will it be, for three chickens?”

“O, I don’t know,” said Royal.

“So much?” said Lucy, putting her hand upon the side of the coop, so as to mark off a small portion of it.

“O, I don’t mean,” said Royal, “to divide it. We will own it all together, in partnership; only you shall have a small share, just in proportion to your chickens.”

Lucy did not understand this very well, but she thought more about the chickens than about the coop; and she began to look at them, one by one, carefully, to consider which she should have for hers. She chose two, besides the black one; and she said that she meant to get Miss Anne to name them for her.

Royal took a great deal of pleasure, after this, every time that he came out to see his chickens, in observing how much interest Lucy took, every day, in coming to see *her* chickens, and how much enjoyment it afforded her to be admitted thus to a share in the property.

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## CONVERSATION XI.

### GETTING LOST.

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ONE afternoon, a short time after dinner, Lucy was sitting upon a seat under a trellis, near the door which led towards the garden, when her mother came out.

"Lucy," said she, "I have got some rather bad news for you."

"What is it?" said Lucy.

"I am rather afraid to tell you, for fear it will make you cry."

"O no, mother; I shall not cry," said Lucy.

"Well," said her mother, "we shall see. The news is, that we are all going away this afternoon, and are going to leave you at home."

"What, all alone?" said Lucy.

"Not quite alone; for Joanna will be here," said her mother.

"Where are you going?" said Lucy.

"We are going away, to ride."

"Why can't I go too?" said Lucy.

"I can explain the reason better when we come back," answered her mother.

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Lucy did not cry; though she found it very hard to refrain. Her father and mother, and Miss Anne and Royal, were all going, and she had to remain at home. They were going, too, in a kind of barouche; and when it drove up to the door, Lucy thought there would be plenty of room for her. She found it hard to submit; but submission was made somewhat easier by her mother's not giving her any reasons. When a mother gives a girl reasons why she cannot have something which she is very strongly interested in, they seldom satisfy her, for she is not in a state of mind to consider them impartially. It only sets her to attempting to answer the reasons, and thus to agitate and disturb her mind more than is necessary. It is therefore generally best not to explain the reasons until afterwards, when the mind of the child is in a better condition to feel their force.

After the barouche drove away, Lucy went out into the kitchen to see Joanna; and she asked Joanna what she should do. Joanna advised her to go out and play in the yard until she had got her work done, and then to come in and sit with her. Lucy did so. She played about in the grass until Joanna called from the window, and told her that she was ready.

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Then Lucy came in. She found the kitchen all arranged in good order, and Joanna was just sitting down before a little table, at the window, to sew. Lucy got her basket of blocks, and began to build houses in the middle of the floor.

"Joanna," said she, after a little while, "I wish you would tell me something more about when you were a farmer's daughter."

"Why, I am a farmer's daughter now," said Joanna.

"But I mean when you were a little girl, and lived among the stumps," said Lucy.

"Well," said Joanna,—“what shall I tell you about? Let me see.—O, I'll tell you how I got lost in the woods, one day.”

"Ah, yes," said Lucy, "I should like to hear about that very much indeed."

"One day," said Joanna, "my father was going a fishing, and my brother was going with him."

"The same one that made your hen-coop?" asked Lucy.

"No, he was a bigger one than that. I asked my father to let me go too. At first he said I was too little; but afterwards he said I might go."

"How big were you?" said Lucy.

"I was just about your age," said Joanna. "My mother said I could not possibly walk so far; but father said I should not have to walk but a little way, for he was going down the brook in a boat."

"So father concluded to let me go, and we started off,—all three together. We went across the road, and then struck right into the woods."

"Struck?" said Lucy.

"Yes; that is, we *went* right in."

"O," said Lucy.

"We walked along by a sort of cart-road a little while, until we came to a place where I just began to see some water through the trees. Father said it was the brook."

"When we got down to it, I found that it was a pretty wide brook; and the water was deep and pretty still. There was a boat in the brook. The boat was tied to a tree upon the shore; my brother got in, and then my father put me in; and afterwards he untied the boat, and threw the rope in, and then got in himself. Then there were three of us in."

"Wasn't you afraid?" said Lucy.

"Yes, I was afraid that the boat would tip over; but father said that it wouldn't. But he said that I must sit still, if I didn't want the boat to upset. So I sat as still as I could, and watched the trees and bushes, moving upon the shore."

"I wish I could go and sail in a boat," said Lucy.

"It is very pleasant," said Joanna, "when the water is smooth and still. The branches of the trees hung over the water where we were sailing along, and one time we sailed under them, and my brother broke me off a long willow stick."

"After a time, we came to the end of the brook, where it emptied into the pond."

"Emptied?" said Lucy.

"Yes; that is, where it came out into the pond."

"Do brooks run into ponds?" asked Lucy.

"Not always," said Joanna; "sometimes they run into other larger brooks, and sometimes into rivers, and sometimes into ponds. This brook ran into a pond; and when we came to the end of the brook, our boat sailed right out into a pond. This pond was the place where they were going to catch the fishes."

"Why didn't they catch the fishes in the brook?" asked Lucy.

"I believe they could not catch such large fishes there," said Joanna. "At any rate, they went out into the pond. There was a point of land at the mouth of the brook, and when my father had got out around this point, he began to fish."

"Did he catch any?" asked Lucy.

"He caught one, and my brother caught one; and after that, they could not catch any more for some time. At last, my father said it was not worth while for them both to stay there all the afternoon, and that my brother might go back home by a road across through the woods, and he would stay and see what luck he should have himself. He said, too, that I might stay with him, if I chose."

"And did you?" asked Lucy.

"No," replied Joanna. "At first, I thought I should like to stay with father; but then I had already become pretty tired of sitting in the boat with nothing to do, and so I concluded to go with my

brother. Besides, I wanted to see what sort of a road it was across through the woods.

"My father then took his line in, and paddled the boat to the shore, to let me and my brother get out. Then he went back to his fishing-ground again, and let down his line. As for my brother and myself, we went along a little way, until we came to a large pine-tree, which stood not very far from the shore of the pond; and there we turned into the woods, and walked along together."

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"And was it in these woods that you got lost?" said Lucy.

"Not exactly," said Joanna; "but I will tell you all about it. We went along a little way without any difficulty, but presently we came to a bog."

"What is a bog?" asked Lucy.

"Why, it is a low, wet place, where wild grass and rushes grow. The path led through this bog, and brother said he did not think that I could get along very well."

"I should not think that he could get along himself," said Lucy.

"Yes," answered Joanna, "*he* could get along by stepping upon the stones and hummocks of grass; and he tried to carry me, at first; but he soon found that it would be a great deal of work, and he said that I had better go back to my father, and get into the boat, and stay with him."

"I said, 'Well;' and he carried me back as far as to hard ground; and then he told me to go back by the path, until I came to the pine-tree; and then he said I should only have to follow the shore of the pond, a short distance, when I should come in sight of father's boat."

"Yes, but how could you get into the boat," said Lucy, "without getting wet, when it was so far from the shore?"

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"O, I could call to my father, and he would come to the shore and take me in," said Joanna.

"Well," said Lucy, "tell on."

"I walked along the path, without any trouble, until I came to the great pine-tree, where I saw a woodpecker."

"A woodpecker?" said Lucy.

"Yes; that is, a kind of a bird which pecks the bark and wood of old trees, to get bugs and worms out of it, to eat."

"I should not think that bugs and worms would be good to eat," said Lucy.

"They are good for woodpeckers," said Joanna. "This woodpecker was standing upon the side of the great pine-tree, clinging to the bark. He has sharp claws, and can cling to the bark upon the side of a tree. I looked at him a minute, and then went on."

"I followed the shore of the pond, until I came to the place where we had left my father fishing; but when I looked out upon the water there, the boat was nowhere to be seen. I was very much frightened."

"Where was he gone?" said Lucy.

"I did not know then," said Joanna; "but I learned afterwards that he had found that he could not catch any fishes there, and so he concluded to go up the brook again, and see if he could not catch any there. I did not know this then, and I could not think what had become of him. I was frightened. I did not see how I could ever find my way home again. What do you think I did first?"

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"I don't know," said Lucy. "What was it?"

"I called out, *Father! Father! Father!* as loud as I could call; and then I listened for a reply,—but I could not hear any."

"Then what did you do?" asked Lucy.

"Why, I began to consider whether I could not go home the way that my brother had gone, by walking along through the mud, even if it was deep. I thought I had better get my feet wet and muddy than stay there in the woods and starve."

"Well, did you go that way?" asked Lucy.

"No," said Joanna; "on thinking more of it, I was afraid to go. I did not know but that the mud would be deep enough somewhere to drown me; and then, besides, I did not know that I could find the way, any farther than I had gone with my brother."

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"The next plan I thought of, was to follow the shore of the brook up. You remember that we came down the brook, in the boat; and of course I knew that, if I went *up* the brook, either on the water or close to it, upon the shore, I should be going back towards home. I tried this way, but I found that I could not get along."

"Why couldn't you get along?" asked Lucy.

"Because," said Joanna, "the trees and bushes were so thick, and the ground was so wet and swampy, in some places, that I couldn't get through. Then I came back, and sat down upon a log, near the shore of the pond, and began to cry."

"And didn't you ever get home?" said Lucy.

"Certainly," said Joanna, laughing, "or else how could I be here now to tell the story?"

"O!—yes," said Lucy. "But how did you get home?"

"Why, pretty soon I thought that the best plan would be for me to stay just where I was, for I thought that as soon as my father and brother should both get home, and find that I was not there, they would come after me; and if they came after me, I knew they would come, first of all, to the place where my brother had told me to go, near the mouth of the brook. So I concluded that I would wait patiently there until they came."

"I waited all the afternoon, and they did not come; and at last the sun went down, and still I was there alone."

"Why did not they come for you sooner?" asked Lucy.

"Why, the reason was, that my father did not get home until night. When he went up the brook, he found a place where he could catch fishes quite fast; and so he staid there all the afternoon. He thought I was safe at home with my brother. And my brother, who was at home all this time, thought that I was safe in the boat with my father."

"When it began to grow dark, I thought I should have to stay in the woods all night; but then I thought that, at any rate, they would come for me the next morning; and I began to look around for a good place to lie down and go to sleep. But, just then, I heard a noise, like a noise in the water, through the woods; and I looked that way, and saw a light glancing along through the trees. It was my father and brother coming down the brook in the boat. I called out to them as loud as I could, and they heard me and answered. They came round the point of land, and then up to the shore where I was, and took me in. And so I got home."

Here Lucy drew a long breath, very much relieved to find that Joanna was safe home again.

"What did you do when you got home?" said she.

"I don't recollect very well," said Joanna, "only I remember that my mother let me sit up pretty late, and eat some of father's fishes, which she fried for supper."

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When Miss Anne came home that night, Lucy told her the story which Joanna had related to her. She told her while Miss Anne was putting her to bed. Lucy said that she should like to be lost in the woods.

"O no," said Miss Anne, "you would not like the reality. It makes an interesting story to relate, but the thing itself must be very distressing."

"Well, at any rate," said Lucy, "I should like to sail under the trees in a boat."

"Yes," said Miss Anne, "that would be pleasant, no doubt."

"And to see a woodpecker," said Lucy.

"Yes, very likely," said Miss Anne.

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## CONVERSATION XII.

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### LUCY'S SCHOLAR.

AFTER this, Lucy often "played boat" for amusement. She built her boat of chairs and crickets, and had the hearth brush for a paddle.

One evening, just after tea, when she was playing in this way, in the parlor, Royal looking on, she said to Miss Anne,

"I wish we had a real boat."

"A real boat," said Miss Anne, "would do no good, unless you had a place to sail it in."

"Couldn't we sail it in our brook?" asked Lucy.

"No, indeed," said Royal; "there is scarcely water enough in our brook to float my turtle."

"O Royal," said Lucy, "it is a great deal too deep for your turtle."

"In some places," said Miss Anne; "but to sail a boat, you must have a long extent of deep water. I should think, however, that you might have a better boat than you can make of chairs and crickets."

"How could we make it?" said Lucy.

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"Why, Royal might find a long box, out behind the barn; or two common boxes, and put them together, end to end, out in the yard. You might put two boards across for seats, and have poles for paddles."

"But it would not sail any," said Royal.

"If you want it to sail, you must put some rollers under it, and then you can push it along a little."

Royal said that that was an excellent plan, and that he meant to go and make such a boat the very next day. He said he did not believe but that he could put a mast in, and hoist up a sail; or at least a flag or a streamer.

"Well," said Lucy, "we will."

"I mean to go now and see if there is a box," said Royal; "it is just light enough."

So Royal went off out of the room.

"Miss Anne," said Lucy, "how much does a real boat cost?"

"I don't know, exactly, how much," said Miss Anne.

"I don't suppose I should have money enough to buy a boat, even if we had a deep brook to sail it in," added Lucy.

"I don't know," said Miss Anne; "how much money have you got?"

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"I have not got but a little; it is a dollar, or else a half a dollar; or a sixpence; I don't know exactly. Royal has got more than I."

Miss Anne merely said, "Has he?" and then the conversation dropped. She had just taken her seat at her work table, and began to be busy.

"I wish I knew of some way that I could earn money," said Lucy. "Do you know of any way, Miss Anne?"

"What did you say?" asked Miss Anne.

"Don't you know of some way that I could earn money?"

"Why, I don't know; earning money is rather hard work, as I've heard people say. I believe young ladies generally earn money by teaching."

"Well," said Lucy, "if I could only get any scholars."

"Why, you must be your own scholar; teach yourself to read. Come, I think that will be an excellent plan."

"Can I earn any money so?" said Lucy.

"Yes, I should think so. It would take you three months, at a school, to learn your letters, and three months is twelve weeks. Now, I suppose that your father would have to pay about sixpence a week for you to go to school, and that would make twelve sixpences; and I presume he would be willing to give you as much as eight of the sixpences, if you would learn to read yourself."

"Why not all the twelve?" asked Lucy.

"Because you would not do quite all yourself. Somebody would have to answer your questions, and show you what the letters were, at first; so that you could not do it all yourself. I should think that perhaps you might earn eight out of the twelve sixpences. That would be one sixpence for every three letters."

"Well," said Lucy, "I mean to try."

"If you think you would like to try," said Miss Anne, "I'll form a plan for you, so that you can begin to-morrow."

Lucy said she should like to try, and accordingly Miss Anne reflected upon the subject that evening, endeavoring to contrive some plan by which Lucy might sit down by herself and study her letters, half an hour every day, until she had learned them all. She thought of a plan which she hoped might answer pretty well; and the next morning she made preparations for carrying it into execution.

First she got Lucy's little table, and set it near one of the windows in her room; she also put her little chair before it. Then she got a large flat pin-cushion, and put upon the table.

"Why, Miss Anne!" said Lucy, who stood by looking at all these preparations, "what is the pin-cushion for? I never heard of studying with a pin-cushion."

"You'll see," said Miss Anne. "I am going to have you learn to read on the *pin-cushion method*."

Then Miss Anne opened an ebony box, which she had upon her table, and took out a very large pin, and also a stick of red sealing-wax. She carried these into the kitchen, Lucy following her; then she lighted a lamp, and melted some of the sealing-wax, and stuck it upon the head of the pin, turning it round and round, and then warming it, and pressing it with her fingers, until at last she had made a little ball of sealing-wax, about as big as a pea, which covered and concealed the original head of the pin.

"There," said Miss Anne, "that is your *pointer*."

"Let me take it, Miss Anne," said Lucy. "I want to take it."

Miss Anne handed the pointer to Lucy, and she looked at it carefully, as she walked slowly along back into Miss Anne's room. When she got there, Miss Anne took it, and stuck it into the pin-cushion, and requested Lucy not to touch it.

Then she went and found some of the scattered leaves of an old picture-book, which had once been Royal's, but was now nearly worn out and almost destroyed. She took one of these leaves, and spread it out upon the pin-cushion. Then she seated Lucy before it, and put the pointer in her hands.

"Now, Lucy," said she, "what letter do you know?"

"I know *o* the best," said Lucy.

Then Miss Anne pointed to the upper line, and in the third word there was an *o*.

"There," said she—"prick it with your pointer."

Lucy pricked through the *o* with great force, so as to sink the pin for half its length into the pin-cushion.

"That will do," said Miss Anne. "Now look along until you find another *o*."

Lucy found one about the middle of the line.

"Now," said Miss Anne, "prick *him* too,—only do it gently, so as just to put the point in a little way; and when you are doing it, say, *o*."

Lucy did so. She pressed the point of the pin through the letter, and at the instant that it went through, she said, *o*.

"Now," said Miss Anne, "the plan is for you to go on in that way. Look all through that line, and prick every *o* you can find. Then take the next line, and the next, and so on regularly through the whole, and prick every *o*. After you have done, put the pointer into the pin-cushion, and the pin-cushion into your drawer. Then set your chair back, and bring the paper to me."

Lucy was very ready to go on with this work. In fact, while Miss Anne was speaking, she had found another *o*, and was just going to prick; but Miss Anne stopped her, and told her that it was not ruable to begin to obey her orders until she had finished giving them.

At last, Miss Anne went out of the room, and left Lucy at her work. Lucy pricked away, very industriously, for nearly half an hour. She had then got almost to the bottom of the page. There she found a capital *o*, thus, *O*, at the beginning of a sentence; and she did not know whether she ought to prick such a one as that or not. While she was considering, she heard Royal's voice in the entry way, calling her.

Lucy answered, in a loud voice,

"Here I am, Royal,—here, in Miss Anne's room."

Royal advanced to the door of Miss Anne's room, and looked in. He had his cap on, and seemed to be in haste.

"Come, Lucy," said he, "let's go and make our boat."

"Well," said Lucy, "just wait till I have pricked two more lines."

"Pricked," said Royal,— "what do you mean by pricking?"

Royal came up to the little table where Lucy was at work, and looked over her shoulder, while she explained to him what she was doing.

"I am going to find every *o* there is on this page, and prick them all. I have pricked down to here already, and now I have got only two lines more to prick, and then I shall come out."

"O, come out now," said Royal, "and let the pricking go."

"No," said Lucy, "I must wait and finish my work."

"That isn't work," said Royal; "it is nothing but play. It does not do any good."

"Yes it does," said Lucy; "I am doing it to earn money."

"To earn money!" repeated Royal; and he began to laugh aloud at the idea of earning money in any such way as that.

Lucy explained to Royal that this was a way which Miss Anne had contrived for her to learn her letters herself, without troubling other people, and that she had told her that she should have sixpence for every three letters.

Royal then perceived that the plan was at least worthy of being treated with more respect than he had at first supposed;—but then he told Lucy that, in his opinion, she was beginning wrong.

"You ought to begin with some letter that you don't know, Lucy," said he; "you know *o* now, as well as I know my own thumb; and of course it's of no use to prick it."

Lucy did not know what to reply to this reasoning,—only that Miss Anne had told her to prick *o*, and Miss Anne knew best.

"At any rate," said Royal, "you can finish it another time; so come out with me now, and help me get out the boxes for our boat."

Lucy concluded that she would go out a few minutes with Royal, and then come back again, and finish her work. They accordingly went out together.

They found one long box, which Royal said would do very well indeed for a boat. The box was made to pack bedsteads in, and of course it was more than six feet long; but it was narrow, like a boat, and Royal said it was just the thing.

The children got this down upon a place where the ground was smooth and hard; and Lucy got

so much interested in playing boat, that she entirely forgot her pricking for two hours; and then the first bell rang, to call them in to dinner.

The first bell always rang ten minutes before the second bell. This was to give Royal and Lucy time to come in and get ready. Lucy thought that she should just have time to finish the two lines, and she ran in to Miss Anne's room to sit right down to her work. To her surprise, however, as soon as she got in, she saw that her chair was not before the little table, but had been set back; and the pin-cushion, pointer, and paper, had all entirely disappeared.

Lucy went into the parlor, and found Miss Anne placing the chairs around the dinner table.

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"Miss Anne," said she, in a tone of complaint, "somebody has taken away all my things."

"That is some of *my* mischief, I suppose," said Miss Anne.

"Did you take them away?" said Lucy.

"I *put* them away," replied Miss Anne. "I went into my room, about an hour after I left you there, and found that you had gone away to play, and had left your work all out upon the table; and so I had to put it away."

"Why, I was coming right back again," said Lucy.

"And did you come right back?"

"Why, no," said Lucy. "Royal wanted me to stay with him so much!"

"I thought you'd find it rather hard to earn money. You ought to have waited until you had finished your work, and then you could have gone out to play.—But I don't mean that you did wrong. You had a right, if you chose, to give up the plan of earning money, and have your play instead."

"Why, Miss Anne, I almost finished the work. I pricked all but two lines."

"Yes, but then you left the work of putting the things away to me; and that gave me about as much trouble as all your pricking did good. So you did not *earn* any thing."

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"Well," said Lucy, "I will try this afternoon, while Royal is at his studies; and then he won't want me to go out and play."

She took *s* for her letter that afternoon, and she pricked all that she could find on the page. Then she put her work carefully away, all except the page itself, which she brought to Miss Anne, so that she might examine it. Miss Anne found that she had done it very well. She had pricked almost every one. Miss Anne looked it over very carefully, and could only find two or three which Lucy had overlooked.

After this, Lucy persevered for several weeks in pricking letters. She took a new letter every day, and she generally spent about half an hour at each lesson. She learned to be very still while she was thus engaged, saying nothing except to pronounce aloud the name of the letter when she pricked it, which Miss Anne said was a very important part of the exercise.

In this way, in process of time, she learned all the letters of the alphabet; and her father paid her the eight sixpences. With one of these sixpences she bought a fine black lead pencil, to draw with, and a piece of India rubber, to rub out her marks when they were made wrong.

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Miss Anne also taught her how to make a purse to keep the rest of her money in; and when the purse was done, Lucy put the money into it, and got Miss Anne to let her keep it in one of her drawers. She was afraid it would not be quite safe in her treasury.





## CONVERSATION XIII.

### SKETCHING.

LUCY asked Miss Anne if she would let her go with her the next time that she went out to make sketches, and let her try to see if she could not make sketches too, with her new pencil. Miss Anne had two or three pencils, which she kept in a little morocco case, and some small sheets of drawing paper in a portfolio. Sometimes, when she went out to walk, she used to take these drawing implements and materials with her, and sit down upon a bank, or upon a rock, and draw, while Lucy was playing around.

But now, as Lucy herself had a pencil, she wanted to carry it out, so that she could make sketches too.

Miss Anne said that she should like this plan very much; and accordingly, one pleasant summer afternoon, they set off. Miss Anne tied Lucy's pencil and India rubber together, by a strong silk thread, so that the India rubber might not be so easily lost. The other necessary materials—namely, some paper, some pencils for Miss Anne, and two thin books with stiff covers, to lay their paper upon, while drawing—were all properly provided, and put in a bag, which Miss Anne had made, and which she always used for this purpose.

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Lucy observed, also, that Miss Anne put something else in her bag. Lucy thought, from its appearance, that it was a square block; but it was folded up in a paper, and so she could not see. She asked Miss Anne what it was, and Miss Anne told her it was a secret.

They walked along without any particular adventure until they came to a bridge across a stream. It was the same stream where they had sat upon the rocks and seen George and the other boys fishing; but this was a different part of the stream, and the water was deep and still. Lucy and Miss Anne stopped upon the middle of the bridge, and looked over the railing down to the dark water far below.

"O, what deep water!" said Lucy.

"How could we get over this river if it were not for this bridge?"

"Not very conveniently," said Miss Anne.

"We could not get over at all," said Lucy.

"Perhaps we might," said Miss Anne; "there are several ways of getting over a river besides going over upon a bridge."

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"What ways?" said Lucy.

"One is by a ferry."

"What is a ferry?" said Lucy.

"It is a large boat which is always ready to carry persons across. The ferry-man generally lives in a house very near the bank of the river; and if any body wants to go across the river, they call at his house for him, and he takes them across in his boat. Then they pay him some money."

"But suppose they are on the other side," said Lucy.

"Then," said Miss Anne, "they have to call or blow a trumpet. Sometimes they have a trumpet for people to blow when they want the ferry-man to come for them. But sometimes, where there are a great many travellers on the road that leads to the ferry, the boats are coming and going all the time; and then people don't have to call or to blow any trumpet."

"How much money do they have to pay," said Lucy, "for carrying them across?"

"That depends upon circumstances," said Miss Anne. "If a man goes alone, he does not have to pay so much as he does if he is in a chaise; and if he has a carriage and two horses, he has to pay more still."

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"Why, Miss Anne," said Lucy, "can they carry over a carriage and two horses in a boat?"

"Yes," said Miss Anne, "a stage-coach and six horses, if necessary. They have large, flat-bottomed boats for the carriages and carts, and small, narrow boats for men, when they want to go alone."

While this conversation had been going on, Miss Anne and Lucy had walked along to some distance beyond the bridge. They took a road which led to an old, deserted farm-house, and some other buildings around it, all in a state of ruin and decay. The man who owned it had built himself a new house, when he found that this was getting too old to be comfortable to live in. The new house was upon another part of his farm, and it was another road which led to it; so that these

old buildings had been left in a very secluded and solitary position. Miss Anne liked very much to come to this place, when she came out to make sketches, for she said that in all the views of the buildings, on every side, there were a great many beautiful drawing lessons.

The roof of the house in one place had tumbled in, and the shed had blown down altogether. There was one barn, however, that was pretty good; and, in fact, the farmer used it to store his surplus hay in it.

Lucy sat down, with Miss Anne, under the shade of some trees, at a little distance from the buildings, and they began to take out their drawing materials.

"Now, Miss Anne," said Lucy, "what shall I draw?"

"I think that the *well* will be the best lesson for you."

There was an old well at a little distance from the house, upon the green, with a group of venerable old lilac bushes near it. The water had been raised by a well-sweep, but the sweep itself had long since gone to decay, though the tall post with a fork at the top, which had supported the sweep, was still standing.

So Miss Anne recommended that Lucy should attempt to draw the well.

"But, Miss Anne," said Lucy, "I want to draw the same thing that you do."

"Very well," said Miss Anne; "then we will both draw the well."

"So we will," said Lucy; "but, Miss Anne, you must tell me how. I don't know how to draw, myself."

Miss Anne gave Lucy some instructions, according to her request. She told her that she must mind the shape of the things more than anything else. "All depends upon the proportions," said Miss Anne.

"What is proportion?" said Lucy. "Royal told me something about it, but I could not understand him very well."

"Suppose you look over me a few minutes, and see how I do it," said Miss Anne.

Lucy liked this proposal very much; and she stood very still, for some time, while Miss Anne, with her paper upon her book, and her book upon her knee, began to make her drawing, talking all the time as follows:—

"First, there is the post; I will draw that first. I must make it look just as long upon the paper as it does in reality. And do you think it stands quite upright?"

"No," said Lucy, "it leans."

"Which way does it lean?" asked Miss Anne.

"It leans towards the well, I think," said Lucy.

"So it does; and I must draw a line for one side of the post, and make this line lean over towards the place where my well is going to be, just as much as the post really leans."

Miss Anne then drew the line, and asked Lucy to look at it carefully, and see whether it leaned any more, or any less, than the real post did.

Lucy looked at it very carefully, but she could not see that there was any difference.

"Now," continued Miss Anne, "I must begin to draw the well; and I must have it at just the right distance from the post."

Then Miss Anne put down her pencil very near to the post, and asked Lucy if she thought that that was about right.

"O no," said Lucy, "that is a great deal too near."

Miss Anne then moved the point of her pencil off almost to the end of the paper.

"Would that be right?" said Miss Anne.

"O no; that is too far."

"But it is not so far as it is in reality, on the ground, from the post to the well."

"No," said Lucy, "but you are not going to have the picture so large as the real well."

"That is it, exactly," said Miss Anne. "The picture itself is all going to be smaller than the reality; and the drawing of the well must be just as much smaller than the real well, as the

drawing of the post is than the real post. Then it is all in proportion.”

“Now,” said Miss Anne, “I will move my pencil up nearer, and you may tell me when it is too far off, and when it is too near, for the proper place for me to draw the side of the well. Is *that* right?” she added, after placing the point of the pencil in a new position.

“That is too near,” said Lucy.

“And *that*?” said Miss Anne.

“That is about right,” said Lucy.

“Look again, carefully.”

“Hark! what’s that?” said Lucy.

“It sounds like thunder,” said Miss Anne; “but I rather think it is only a wagon going over the bridge.”

A few minutes afterwards, however, the sound was repeated, louder and more distinct than before, and Miss Anne said it *was* thunder, and that they must go home, or that they should get caught in a shower. They looked around, and saw that there were some large, dark-looking clouds rising in the west; and Miss Anne said that they must put away their things, and go home as fast as they could.

“But, Miss Anne,” said Lucy, “it is a great way home. I am afraid it will rain on us before we get there.”

“Why, if we can get across the bridge,” said Miss Anne, “we can go into some of the houses.”

“Are there no houses before we come to the bridge?” asked Lucy.

“No,” said Miss Anne; “but I think we shall have time to go farther than that.”

By this time they had put up their drawing materials, and began to walk along towards the main road. Miss Anne said that she presumed that they should have ample time to get home; for showers seldom came up so very suddenly as to prevent their getting home from a walk.

But when they had gone about half way to the bridge, Miss Anne began to be afraid that they should not get home. There was a large, black cloud spreading along the western sky, and the low and distant peals of thunder came oftener, and grew gradually louder and louder. Miss Anne walked very fast, leading Lucy, who ran along by her side.

Just as they came to the bridge, the great drops of rain began to fall.

“There!” said Lucy,—“it’s beginning.”

“Yes,” said Miss Anne, “and I have a great mind to go under the bridge.”

Miss Anne had just time to say “under the bridge,” when there came another heavy clap of thunder, which sounded louder and nearer than any which they had heard before. This decided Miss Anne at once. She turned off from the entrance to the bridge, and began to walk down the steep bank, leading Lucy. When they had descended to the margin of the stream, they found a narrow strip of sand between the water and the foundation of the bridge.

“Yes,” said Miss Anne, “here is plenty of room for us to stand.”

They found a good place to stand, with the water of the stream before them, and the great wall, which the bridge rested upon, behind them. There were also some large, smooth stones lying there, which they could sit down upon. A very few minutes after they had fixed themselves in this place of shelter, the rain began to come down in torrents. The thunder rolled and reverberated from one part of the heavens to another, and once or twice Lucy saw a faint flash of lightning.

Lucy was very much amused at the curious effect produced by the drops of rain falling upon the water. They covered the water all over with little bubbles. She kept calling upon Miss Anne to see; but Miss Anne looked anxious and afraid. By and by, the rain began to come down through the bridge, and they had to move a little to keep from getting wet. But they succeeded in getting a dry place, and keeping pretty comfortable.

“But what shall we do,” said Lucy, “if it rains all night? We can’t stay here all night.”

“Thunder showers don’t last long,” said Miss Anne. “I presume it will be pleasant by and by, only we shall get our feet wet going home; for the roads will be very wet, and full of pools of water.”

Just then they heard the noise of wheels in the road, as if a chaise or carriage of some sort were coming along towards them. The horse travelled very fast, and soon came upon the bridge, and went along over it, passing directly above their heads with great speed, and with a noise which

sounded louder to them than any clap of thunder which they had heard. Lucy was sure that they would break through, and come down upon their heads; and even Miss Anne was a little frightened. They little knew who it was in the chaise. It was Royal going to find them, to bring them home. He thought it probable that they had gone into the old, ruined buildings, to be sheltered from the rain, and that he should find them there.

After looking there for them in vain, he came back, and he happened to come to the bridge just as Miss Anne and Lucy were coming out from under it. They were very glad to see him. The shower was over. The sun had come out; the grass and trees were glittering with the reflection of the bright light from the drops of rain; and there were two great rainbows in the east, one bright, and the other rather faint. Royal said that he would have the faint rainbow, and Lucy might have the bright one for hers. Lucy's rainbow lasted until some time after they got home.

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## CONVERSATION XIV.

### DANGER.

LUCY often had singular adventures with Royal and her father; but one, which interested her as much as any, was an adventure she once met with in crossing a river. The circumstances were these:—

They were on a journey; Lucy and Royal were travelling with their father and mother.

One evening, after they had reached the end of the journey for the day, the party stopped in a village, built upon an eminence, which overlooked a broad and very fertile-looking valley. It consisted of extensive intervals, level and green, and spotted with elms, and with a river winding through them, until its course was lost among the trees, a few miles below. After tea, Royal wanted to go down, across the intervals, to the bank of the river, to see the water.

"O yes," said Lucy, "and let me go too, father."

"O no," said Royal, "you must not go."

"Why not?" said Lucy.

"Because," said Royal, "we may find a boat there, and want to take a sail in it; and you couldn't go."

"Why not?" said Lucy.

"Because," said Royal, "you wouldn't dare to go."

"Yes I should," said Lucy.

"No," said Royal, "you don't dare to sleep in a room alone at night, in a hotel."

"But I think she will not be afraid to go in the boat," said her father. "At any rate, we will let her go with us."

Lucy then went to get her bonnet; and when they were all ready, she and Royal went out together; their father followed immediately afterwards. Their mother, being fatigued, preferred to remain at home.

From the principal street of the village, they passed out, through a pair of bars, into a cart road, which led through the mowing fields down towards the intervals.

They walked on together, until they came down to the intervals, which were level fields of grass and flowers, very beautiful, and extending on each side of them very far. The road gradually grew narrower, until at length it became a mere path, which finally conducted them to the bank of the river. Royal and Lucy stood upon the bank, and looked down into the water.

The bank was quite high and steep, formed of earth, which seemed to be, from time to time, caving into the water. It was green to the very brink, and some large masses of turf lay down below at the water's edge, and partly in the water, where they had apparently fallen from above. The shore on the opposite side of the river was, however, very different. It was a low, sandy beach, with the water rippling along the pebbles, which lay upon the margin of it.

"O father," said Royal, "I wish we could get over to that beach."

"Yes," said Lucy, "and then we could get down and throw stones into the water."

"If we had a boat," said Royal, "we could get across."

"O no," said their father, "this river is too shallow for a boat."

"How do you know, father?" said Royal.

"Why, I can see the bottom all the way; and then I know by the rapidity of the current, that it must be quite shallow."

Just then they observed some men coming down towards them, on the bank of the river. Royal's father asked them, when they came up to where he was standing, if there were any boats on the river.

"Yes," said the men, "there is a small boat just above here, which you can have if you want. Only bring it safe back again."

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"I am very much obliged to you," said Lucy's father; "are there any oars?"

"There are some paddles," replied one of the men. "They're hid in the bushes, just opposite the boat. There is a padlock on the boat, and it looks as if it was locked, but it is not. You can take the padlock right off."

The men then went on their way down the river, and Lucy and Royal ran along the bank to see if they could find the boat. Their father followed them more slowly. Presently, however, they all came to the place where the boat was lying.

It was a very small boat indeed. It was drawn up partly upon the bank, which was here not quite so steep as where the children had first stood, but was yet considerably precipitous. The boat was fastened, by a chain, to the root of a large elm-tree, which was growing upon the bank, the roots having been laid bare by the action of the water. There was a padlock passing through a link of the chain in such a way as to give the boat the appearance of being fastened; but Lucy's father found that the padlock would open easily, without any unlocking, and so they soon got the boat at liberty.

Royal then went to look around among the grass and bushes near, to see if he could find the paddles. Presently he called out, "Here they are!" and in a few minutes he brought them to his father.

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"Now, Lucy," said her father, "do you want to get in and sail across the river?"

"Isn't there any danger?" said Lucy.

"Yes," said her father, "I think there is considerable danger."

"What! that we shall get drowned?" exclaimed Lucy.

"No," replied her father; "only that we shall get upset."

"Well, father," said Lucy, "if we get upset, we shall certainly be drowned."

"O no," replied her father; "the water isn't deep enough to drown us anywhere, if we stand upright upon the bottom. And then, besides, there is no danger that we shall be upset, unless where it is very shallow indeed. The current may sweep us away down the stream, so that we shall lose command of the boat, and then, if we strike a large stone, or a sunken log, the boat might fill or go over; but, then, in the places where the current is so rapid, the water is nowhere more than knee deep. Now you may go with us or not, just as you please."

"Royal, what would you do?" said Lucy.

"O, I'd go," said Royal, "by all means."

"Would you, father?" asked Lucy.

"Yes," said her father, "unless you are very much afraid."

Lucy said she was a little afraid, but not much; and she cautiously stepped into the boat. Royal got in after her, and when the two children had taken their seats, their father followed them, and took his place in the stern, with one of the paddles. Royal had the other. The stern is the hinder part of a boat. The forward part is called the *bows*. There was a chain attached to the bows of the boat, by which it had been fastened to the shore.

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"Now, Royal," said his father, when they were all seated, "you must remember that, if you go with us, you must obey my orders exactly."

"Yes, father, I will," said Royal.

"And suppose," said his father, "that I order you to jump into the river."

"Then I'll jump right in," said Royal.

"Well," said his father, "we shall see."

Royal was seated forward, at the bows of the boat. The boat was flat-bottomed, and square at both ends, so that there was very little difference between the bows and the stern, and there was a place to sit at each. Royal put his paddle into the water, and began to paddle a little; but they made no progress, until his father was ready to work his paddle at the stem of the boat; and then it began slowly to glide up the river, keeping, however, all the time near the bank from which they had set out. The water appeared to be much deeper on this side than on the other, and the current was not so rapid. Lucy, however, by looking over the side of the boat, could plainly see the gravel-stones upon the bottom.

They went along very smoothly and prosperously, but yet very slowly, for some time; and at length Royal asked his father to put out more into the stream. So his father turned the head of the boat out, and in a very few minutes they found themselves in the middle of the river. Now, however, instead of moving up, they found, by looking upon the stones at the bottom, that they were drifting down. Royal observed, too, that the water had become much more shallow, and the current was stronger. He looked at his father, and found that he was exerting himself, with all his strength, to force the boat against the current, and keep it from being carried away.

But the water was so shallow, that the end of his paddle rubbed upon the bottom, and prevented his keeping the boat under command. Then he thought that he would use his paddle for a setting-pole, instead of a paddle; that is, that he would plant the lower end of it firmly into the gravel at the bottom, and then push against it, and so force the boat to go up the stream.

In attempting to do this, however, he lost the command of his boat still more. The current, setting strong against the bows, swept that end of the boat round, so as to bring her broadside to the stream; and then she was entirely at the mercy of the water, which here seemed to pour over the stones in a torrent. The boat went flying along over the rippling waves, within a very few inches of the pebble-stones below. Royal began to be seriously afraid.

"Can't you stop her, father?" said he.

His father did not answer, he was so intent upon the effort which he was making. He had thought of one more plan. He planted the foot of his paddle into the gravel on the bottom, opposite the middle of the boat, and then, letting the middle of the boat press against it, he endeavored to hold it by main force; but the force of the water was so great, that the boat was crowded over until it just began to let in water; so that he was obliged to release his hold, and the boat drifted away again. He then took his seat once more in the stern of the boat.

"Now, Royal," said he, "stand up and take hold of the painter."

"What is that?" said Royal.

"The chain," replied his father—"the chain fastened to the bows."

Royal did so.

"Now," said his father, "stand up steadily upon the bows, and then step down carefully into the water."

Royal obeyed his father's command with much firmness. The water was about up to his knees. He staggered a little at first, as he carried with him the motion of the boat; but he soon regained a firm footing.

"Now stand still," said his father, "and hold on."

Royal braced himself, by his position in the water, against the action of the boat, which pulled hard upon the painter, and this immediately brought the boat round, into a position parallel with the direction of the current. By holding on firmly a moment longer, he stopped the boat, and the current swept swiftly by it, dashing the rippling waves almost over the bows. Lucy sat all this time very quietly on the middle seat, without saying a word.

"Now, Royal," said his father, "see if you can draw us in towards the shore."

Royal found, that although it had been so difficult for his father to push the boat by the head, yet that he himself could draw it pretty easily with the chain. So he walked along through the water towards the shore, drawing the boat after him. In a few minutes, he had the bows safely drawn up upon the sand.

His father then stepped out upon the beach, telling Lucy to sit still. He took his stand back a little, where the gravel was dry, while Royal remained just in the edge of the water.

"Now, Royal," said his father, "you may see if you can draw Lucy up the river. Keep just far enough from the shore to make the water half knee deep."

Royal was much pleased with this arrangement; and as for Lucy, she was delighted. She sat upon the middle seat, balancing herself exactly, so as not to upset the boat; while Royal waded along, drawing her through the water, which curled and rippled on each side.

"O Lucy," said Royal, stopping to look round, "we can play this is a canal-boat, and that I am the horse."

"So we can," said Lucy; and she began immediately to chirup to him, to make him go faster.

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Royal dragged the boat along, while his father walked upon the shore. Presently they came to a place where the water began to be deeper, and the bottom more sandy; and Royal perceived that the current was not nearly as rapid. He looked up to see how the water appeared before him, and he found that it was smooth and glassy, instead of being rippled and rough, as it had been below. His father noticed this difference in the appearance of the water too; and he told Royal that it was a sign that there was no current there. So he directed Royal to come in to the shore, and they would all get in again.

Royal accordingly drew the boat up to the shore, and they all got in. Now they found that they could paddle the boat very easily. It glided over the smooth water with a very gentle and pleasant motion. Lucy looked over the side, and watched the change in the sandy bottom far below. Sometimes she saw a great log lying across the bed of the stream, then a rock, half imbedded in the sand, and next a school of little fishes. The land, too, looked beautiful on each side, as they passed along. There were willows here lining the bank, and now and then a great elm, with branches drooping over almost into the water.

After sailing about in this smooth water a little while, their father said that it was time for them to go home; and so he brought the boat round, turning her head down the stream. After going down in that direction for a little while, Royal said,

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"Why, father, you are going right upon the ripples again."

"Yes," said his father, "we are going over them."

"O father," said Lucy, "we shall upset."

"No," said her father, "there is no danger, going down."

"Why not?" said Royal.

"Because," said his father, "I shall keep her head down, and then, if we strike a snag, it will do no harm."

"What is a snag?" said Lucy.

"It is a log sunk in the water," replied her father.

By this time they had begun to enter the rippling water, and the boat shot swiftly along, bounding over the little billows very merrily. Lucy was at first a little afraid, but she soon began to feel safe, and to enjoy the rapid motion. They soon reached the place where they had taken the boat, and, leaving it there, fastened securely as they had found it, they all went back across the intervals towards home.

THE END.

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#### Transcriber's note:

Punctuation has been standardised; spelling and hyphenation have been retained as in the original publication except as follows:

Pages [70](#) and [71](#)  
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