Beauty and the Beast

And Other Stories

ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

Philadelphia:
HENRY ALTEMUS COMPANY

World eBook Library

Beauty and the Beast and Other Stories

World eBook Library Consortia
P.O. Box 22687
Honolulu, Hawaii 96823
info@WorldLibrary.net

Frontispiece—Beauty and the Beast.

"SHE SAW AT HER FEET A HANDSOME YOUNG PRINCE."

See page 21.

CONTENTS

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

ONCE upon a time there was a very rich merchant who had six children—three boys and three girls. As he was a kind father, he spared no pains in bringing them up, and had them taught everything that was good. His daughters were very pretty, but the youngest was prettiest of all; while she was little, she was always called Beauty, and when she grew up she still kept the name, so that her sisters were full of jealousy. But Beauty was not only lovelier than her sisters, she was also more virtuous than they; for they were proud of their riches, and aping the doings of the great, they would only know people of better condition than themselves. Every day they went to balls and theatres, and laughed at Beauty, who spent a great part of her time in study. As it was well known that these sisters were very rich, many great merchants wished to marry them; but the two eldest always said that they would never marry any one but a duke, or at least an earl. Beauty, however, thanked those who wished to marry her, saying that she was too young to leave her father, whose companion she hoped to be for some years longer.

All at once the merchant lost his whole fortune, and nothing was left him but a little house in the country, a great way from town. Weeping, he told his children that they must go and live there and work for their living. The two eldest daughters answered that they would not leave town, and that they had several lovers who would be glad to marry them, though they had no fortune; but in this they were mistaken, for their lovers slighted and forsook them in their poverty. As they were not beloved, on account of their pride, everybody said—

"A VERY RICH MERCHANT"

"They do not deserve to be pitied; we are glad to see their pride humbled; let them go and give themselves quality airs in milking the cows and minding their dairy. But," added they, "we are very sorry for Beauty, she was such a good girl, she spoke so softly to poor folk, and was gentle and kind." Nay, several gentlemen would have married her, although they knew she had not a penny; but she told them she could not think of leaving her poor father in his trouble, but was determined to go with him into the country, to comfort him and give what help she could.

"WEEPING, HE TOLD HIS CHILDREN"

Poor Beauty at first was sadly grieved at the loss of her fortune. "But," said she to herself, "were I to cry ever so much it would make things no better, so I must try to make myself happy without a fortune."

When they came to their cottage the merchant and his sons spent their time in tilling the ground. Beauty rose at four in the morning

and made haste to have the house clean and dinner ready for them all. At first she found it very difficult, for she had not been used to hard work; but in less than two months she grew stronger and healthier than ever. After she had done her work she read, played on the harpsichord, or else sang whilst she spun. Her two sisters, on the contrary, were wretched; they got up at ten o'clock, and did nothing but saunter about the whole day and complain of the loss of their fine clothes and acquaintance.

"BEAUTY ROSE AT FOUR IN THE MORNING"

"Do but see our youngest sister," said one to the other, "what a poor, stupid, mean-spirited creature she is, to be contented with such a miserable lot." The good merchant, however, thought quite differently: he knew very well that Beauty was as much fairer than her sisters as she was wiser, and admired her humility, her industry, and, above all, her patience; for her sisters not only left her all the work of the house to do, but insulted her every minute.

"MADE HASTE TO HAVE THE HOUSE CLEAN"

For about a year they lived together in this loneliness, when the merchant received a letter with an account of how a ship, on board of which he had some goods, was safely arrived. This news had liked to have turned the heads of the two eldest daughters, who thought that here was a chance of their leaving the country where they were so wretched; and when they saw their father ready to set out they begged of him to buy

them new gowns, caps, rings, and all manner of trifles; but Beauty asked for nothing for she thought to herself that all the money her father was going to receive would scarce be enough to buy everything that her sisters wanted. "What will you have, Beauty?" said her father. "Since you are so good as to think of me," answered she, "pray bring me a rose, for we have none in our garden." The good man went on his journey; but when he reached town they went to law with him about his goods, and after a great deal of trouble and pains to no purpose he came back as poor as before.

"THEY INSULTED HER EVERY MINUTE"

He was within thirty miles of his own house, thinking on the pleasure he would have in seeing his children again, when, going through a great forest, he lost his way. It was snowing hard, and, besides, the wind was so high it blew him twice off his horse; and night coming on, he began to fear of being starved to death with cold and hunger, or else eaten by the wolves whom he heard howling all around him. Suddenly, looking down a long avenue of trees, he saw a bright light some way off, and going a little farther found that it came from a palace which was lit up from top to bottom. The merchant thanked God for the help he had sent, and made haste to reach the castle, but was greatly surprised not to meet anyone in the courtyards.

His horse followed him, and seeing a large stable open went in, and finding both hay and oats the poor beast, who was almost famished, fell to eating very heartily. The merchant tied him up to the manger and walked toward the house, where he saw no one; but entering into a large hall he found a good fire, and a table plentifully set out with but one cover laid. As he was wet quite through with the rain and snow, he drew near the fire to dry himself. "I hope," said he, "the master of the house or his servants will excuse the liberty I take; I suppose it will not be long before some of them appear."

"A TABLE PLENTIFULLY SET"

He waited a considerable time, till it struck eleven, and still nobody came; at last he was so hungry that he could stay no longer, but took a chicken and ate it in two mouthfuls, trembling all the while. After this he drank a few glasses of wine, and, growing more courageous, he went out of the hall and crossed through several grand apartments with magnificent furniture, till he came into a chamber which had an exceeding good bed in it, and, as he was very much fatigued, and it was past midnight, he concluded it was best to shut the door and go to bed.

It was ten the next morning before the merchant waked, and as he was going to rise, he was astonished to see a good suit of clothes in the room of his own, which were quite spoiled. "Certainly," said he, "this palace belongs to some kind fairy, who has seen and pitied my distresses." He looked through a window, but, instead of snow, saw the most delightful arbors, interwoven with the most beautiful flowers that ever were beheld. He then returned to the great hall, where he had supped the night before, and found some chocolate ready made on a little table. "Thank you, good Madam Fairy," said he, aloud, "for being so kind as to think of my breakfast."

The good man drank his chocolate, and then went to look for his

horse; but, passing through an arbor of roses, he remembered Beauty's request, and gathered a branch on which were several; immediately he heard a great noise and saw such a frightful beast coming toward him that he was ready to faint away. "Ungrateful man," said the Beast to him in a terrible voice, "I have saved your life by receiving you into my castle, and in return you steal my roses which I love better than anything in the world; but you shall die for it; I give you but a quarter of an hour to prepare yourself and to say your prayers." The merchant fell on his knees and lifted up both his hands: "My Lord," said he, "I beseech you to forgive me, indeed I had no intention to offend in gathering a rose for one of my daughters, who had asked me to bring her one." "My name is not My Lord," replied the monster, "but Beast. I don't like compliments, not I; I like people to speak as they think; and so do not expect to move me by any of your flatteries. However, you say you have got daughters; I will forgive you on condition that one of them comes willingly and suffers for you. Let me have no words, but go about your business, and swear that if your daughters refuse to die in your stead you will return within three months." The merchant had no mind to sacrifice his daughters to the ugly monster, but he thought that at least he might have the pleasure of seeing them once more. So he promised to return, and the Beast told him he might

"HE GATHERED A BRANCH"

set out when he pleased; "but," added he, "you shall not depart empty handed. Go back to the room where you lay, and you will see a great empty chest; fill it with whatever you like best, and I will send it to your home," and with that the Beast went away.

"'TAKE THESE ROSES, BEAUTY'"

"Well," said the good man to himself, "if I must die I shall have the comfort, at least, of leaving something to my poor children."

He returned to the bedchamber, as he was told, and finding a quantity of broad pieces of gold he filled the great chest the Beast had told him of, locked it, and then took his horse out of the stable, leaving the palace with as much grief as he had entered it with joy.

The horse, of his own accord, took one of the roads of the forest, and in a few hours the good merchant was at home. His children came around him, but instead of receiving their caresses with pleasure, he stood weeping, and looked at them. Then holding out the rose-branch he carried to Beauty, he said to her, "Take these roses, Beauty; little do you think how dear they will cost your poor father;" and so he told them all the sad adventure he had fallen in with. Immediately the two eldest set up a most dolorous outcry, and spoke unkindly to Beauty, who, however, did not cry at all. "See what comes of the little wretch's pride," said they, "she would not ask for fine clothes, as we did; no indeed, miss wished to be uncommon; and now that she is going to be the death of our

"'I WILL GO AND GIVE MYSELF UP'"

poor father, she will not shed a tear." "Why should I?" answered Beauty; "it would be very needless, for my father shall not suffer on my account. Since the monster will accept one of his daughters, I will go and give myself up to him, and happy am I to think that my death will save my father's life and be proof of my love for him." "No, sister," said her three brothers, "that shall not be; we will go and find the monster, and either kill him or die ourselves." "Do not imagine any such thing, my sons," said the merchant, "Beast's power is so great that I have no hopes of your getting the better of him. I am touched by Beauty's kindness of heart, but I cannot do as she would have me; I am old and have but little longer to live; so at most I lose a few years, which I regret for your sakes, my dear children." "Indeed, father, you shall not go to the palace without me," said Beauty, "you cannot hinder me from following you." In spite of all they could say, Beauty still insisted on setting out for the palace, and her sisters were not sorry, for her goodness had filled them with jealousy.

The merchant, however was grieved at the thought of losing his daughter that he had quite forgotten the chest full of gold. But at night, as soon as he had shut his chamber door, what was his astonishment to find it by his bedside! he determined, however, not to tell his children that he had grown rich, as his two elder daughters would have wanted to return to town, and he was resolved not to leave the country; but he trusted Beauty with the secret, who then told him that two gentlemen came in his absence, and courted her sisters; she begged her father to consent to their marriage and give them fortunes; for she was so good that she loved them, and forgave them heartily for all their ill usage. These wicked creatures rubbed their eyes with an onion to force some tears when they parted with their sister, but her brothers were really concerned. Beauty was the only one who did not shed tears at parting, for she would not increase their grief.

The horse took the direct road to the palace, and towards evening they saw it all lit up as at first; the horse went of himself into the stable, and the good man and his daughter came into the great hall, where they found a table magnificently spread, with two covers laid. The merchant had no heart to eat, but Beauty, trying to appear cheer-

ful, sat down to table and helped him. Afterwards, thought she to herself, "Beast surely has a mind to fatten me before he eats me, since he provides such a good supper." When they had supped they heard a great noise, and the merchant, in tears, bid his poor child farewell, for he thought Beast was coming. Beauty was sadly terrified at his horrid form, but she took courage as well as she could, and the monster having asked her if she came willingly, "Y-e-s," said she, trembling. "You are very good, and I am grateful to you. Honest man, go your ways to-morrow morning, but never think of returning here again. Farewell, Beauty." "Farewell, Beast," answered she, sighing, and immediately the monster turned to go away. "Oh, daughter," said the merchant, embracing Beauty, "I am almost frightened to death; believe me, you had better go back and let me stay here." "No, father," said Beauty, firmly, "do you go and leave me to the protection of Providence." They went to bed and thought they should not close their eyes all night; but scarce had they lain down than they fell fast asleep; and Beauty dreamed a fair lady came and said to her, "I am pleased with your brave heart, Beauty; this good action of yours in giving up your own life to save your father's shall not go unrewarded." Beauty waked and told her father her dream, and though it helped to comfort him a little, yet he could not help crying bitterly when he took leave of his dear child, as he feared he might never see her again.

"'YES,' SAID SHE, TREMBLING"

As soon as he was gone, Beauty sat down in the great hall and fell a-crying likewise; but as she was mistress of a great deal of spirit, she recommended herself to God, and resolved not to be uneasy the little time she had to live; for she firmly believed Beast would eat her up that night. She made up her mind then to walk about and see this great castle, which she could not help admiring. It was a delightful, pleasant place, and she was extremely surprised to find a door, over

which was written, "Beauty's Room." She quickly opened the door, and was dazzled by the splendor that she saw within. There, among other things, was a great library, a harpsichord, and many books of music. "Ah," thought Beauty, "had they thought of eating me at once they would surely not have made such provision for my amusement." So, taking heart, she opened the library, and there saw written in gold letters, "Wish or command, you are queen and mistress here." "Alas," said she, sighing, "I want nothing but to see my poor father again, and to know what he is now doing." Scarce had she thought it, when, what was her surprise on looking at a great mirror near by, to see there her own home, where her father was just arriving with a most sad face; her sisters came out to meet him, and in spite of the grimaces which they made so as to seem in grief, the joy they felt at their sister's loss was plain to see. One moment after, all had vanished, and Beauty could not but think it had been a proof of the Beast's kindness, and that she had nothing to fear from him.

'THERE WAS A GREAT LIBRARY"

Towards evening she returned to the great hall, where she found dinner ready prepared. The most delightful music played during the whole of dinner. When Beauty had finished the table was cleared and the choicest wines and most delicious fruits were then laid. At the same hour as on the day before she heard the noise of Beast's coming, and he entered and advancing toward Beauty, who dared not look up, he said: "Will you permit me to sit with you?" "That is as

"'DO YOU THINK ME VERY UGLY?'"

you please," replied she. "Not so," said Beast, "for you are mistress here; and if my company is disagreeable I will be gone; but tell me, Beauty, do you think me very ugly?" "I do, indeed," said she, "to speak the truth; but I think you are very good." "You are right," said the monster; "but that is not all, for I am stupid as well as ugly; I know well that I am nothing but a beast." "No one is really stupid who thinks that he has little wit," answered Beauty; "no fool ever thought that." "Ah, well," said the Beast, "try to make yourself happy here, Beauty; I should be sorry if you were unhappy." "You are very kind, Beast," said she; "indeed, when I think of your good heart you no longer seem to me so ugly." "Dear me, yes," said he, "my heart is good, but for all that I am a monster." "There are many who are really more of monsters than you," answered Beauty, "and I like you better with that face than many who under an appearance of beauty hide a cruel heart." "Ah," said Beast, "if I were not so stupid I would know how to thank you." So Beauty talked to him, gaining courage the while; but she had liked to have fainted with fright, when, taking hold of her hand, Beast said in a gentle voice: "Beauty, will you marry me?" She hastily withdrew her hand, but made no reply; at which the Beast sighed deeply and withdrew. On his next visit he appeared sorrowful and dejected, but said nothing. Some weeks after he repeated the question, when Beauty replied: "No, Beast, I cannot marry you, but I will do all in my power to make you happy." "This you cannot do," replied he, "for unless you marry me I shall die." "Oh, say not so," said Beauty, "for it is impossible that I can ever marry you." The Beast then went away more unhappy than ever. Then Beauty was seized with compassion. "Alas," sighed she, "'tis a thousand pities anything so good-natured should be so ugly."

One morning Beauty decided to amuse herself in the garden, for the sun shone, and all the fountains were playing. When she was tired she went back to the palace, and found a new room full of materials for every kind of work—ribbons to make into bows, and silks to work into flowers. Then there was an aviary full of rare birds, which were so tame that they flew to Beauty as soon as they saw her, and perched upon her shoulders and her head.

There were more birds in a room further on, parrots and cockatoos that could talk, and they greeted Beauty by name; indeed, she found them so entertaining that she took one or two back to her room, and they talked to her while she was at supper; after which Beast paid his usual visit and asked the same questions as before, and then saying "good night," he took his departure.

"PARROTS AND COCKATOOS THAT COULD TALK"

Amidst all this, Beauty did not forget her father. One day she felt a strong desire to know how he was, and what he was doing; at that instant she cast her eyes on a mirror and saw her father had pined himself ill and lay in his bed, whilst her sisters were trying on some fine dresses in another room. At this sad sight poor Beauty wept bitterly.

When Beast came as usual he saw her grief and asked the cause. She told him what she had seen and how much she wished to go and nurse her father. He asked her if she would promise to return at the end of a week if she went. Beauty gave him her promise. "Well, then," said Beast, "you will find yourself there to-morrow; but, ah! do not forget to return; you will only have to place your ring on a table when you go to bed if you wish to come back. Farewell, Beauty." Beast sighed as he spoke and Beauty went to bed very sad because she must give him pain.

When she waked in the morning she found herself in her father's cottage, and on ringing a little bell she found by her bed, the servant entered and cried out on seeing her. The good man hastened to her on hearing the noise, and had almost died of joy when he saw his dear daughter, and for more than a quarter of an hour they forgot all else. Then Beauty remembered that she had no gown to put on, but the servant told her that she had just found in the next room a great chest full of golden gowns sewn with diamonds. Beauty thanked the good Beast in her heart, and choosing the simplest dress she told the maid to lock away the others, as she would give them to her sisters. But hardly had she said so when the chest disappeared. Her father told her that Beast wished her to keep them for herself; when immediately the dresses and the chest came back to the same place.

Then Beauty put on her gown, and when she had done so her sisters, who had been sent for, came with their husbands.

They were both very unhappy. The eldest had married a young gentleman as handsome as the day; but he was so much in love with his own face that he thought of nothing else from morning till night, and never noticed the beauty of his wife. The second had married a man who had very pretty wit, but he only used it to annoy everyone, beginning with his wife.

The two sisters were very much annoyed at Beauty's return, for they had hoped that the Beast would have have destroyed her. They were greatly annoyed to see her dressed like a queen and as lovely as a flower. In vain did Beauty caress them; nothing could check their jealousy, which only increased when Beauty told them of her happiness.

So these two went down to the garden, where they could talk as they pleased. The eldest said to the other, "Why should this minx be better off than we are? Let us try to keep her here beyond the time; the monster will then be so enraged with her for breaking her promise that he will destroy her at once when she returns." "That is well thought of," replied the sister. "We will keep her."

In order to succeed they treated Beauty with the greatest affection, so that she almost wept with joy. When the week had passed the

two sisters tore their hair and made as though they would die of grief if Beauty were to go, so that she easily promised to remain another week.

Nevertheless, Beauty fretted at the grief she must be causing to her poor Beast, whom she loved with all her heart and longed to see again. The tenth night that she spent at her father's house she dreamed that she was in the palace garden, and that she saw the Beast lying on the grass and like to die, and that he reproached her for her ingratitude. Beauty awoke weeping. "Ah!" said she, "Am I not ungrateful to grieve a Beast who is so kind to me? What fault is it of his that he is ugly and stupid? He is good, and that is better than all the rest. Why did I not marry him? I should, at any rate, be happier than my sisters, who are no better off for the beauty and wit of their husbands. No, I will not make Beast unhappy; all my life long I should have to reproach myself for such ingratitude."

"BEAUTY KNELT BY HIS SIDE"

So Beauty got up, and placing her ring on the table, fell again into a sound sleep, from which she woke to find herself in the palace. Everything was just as she had left it; but the sweet sounds of music which used to greet her were now hushed, and there was an air of apparent gloom hanging over everything. She herself felt very sad, but she knew not why.

At the usual time she expected a visit from Beast, but no Beast appeared. Beauty, wondering what all this could mean, now reproached

herself for her ingratitude in not having returned as she promised. She feared the poor Beast had died of grief, and she resolved to seek him in every part of the palace, and ran through every apartment, but no Beast could be seen. Then, remembering her dream, with a sorrowful heart she hastened into the garden, going towards the little canal, beside which she had seen him in her sleep.

At that moment she arrived at a plot of grass where the poor Beast lay as if dead. Beauty ran towards him, and knelt by his side, and finding that he still lived, she flung some water from the canal over his head.

He opened his eyes and said: "Beauty, you forgot your promise, and therefore I must die."

"No, dear Beast," exclaimed Beauty, weeping, "no, you shall not die, you will live to be my husband; I thought, indeed, that I had only friendship for you, but now I know that I love you with my whole heart."

"THE GREAT HALL WAS THRONGED"

No sooner had these words passed her lips than the Beast disappeared, and she saw at her feet a handsome prince, who thanked her for having broken his enchantment. At the same moment the whole castle was lit up, the sweetest music was heard, and bells rang in all their cheering melody. Beauty, however, could think of nothing but her dear Beast, and asked the prince where she could find him. "You see him at your feet," answered he; and then he told her that a wicked

magician had condemned him to wear the form of a beast until a beautiful maiden should consent to marry him. "But," added he, "you were the only one in the world good enough to be touched by my kind heart and unhappy state, so that this palace and all that belongs to me is but a poor return for your sweet goodness." So saying, he led Beauty to the great hall of the palace, which was now thronged, for at the same instant that the Beast was changed the whole palace became full of courtiers, all of whom had been rendered invisible when the prince was enchanted. But what was Beauty's joy to find there her father and sisters, transported there by the kind fairy who had appeared to her in her sleep. "Beauty," said she, "here is the reward of your wise choice; you have chosen goodness, and you shall have beauty and wisdom as well." Then turning to the frowning sisters, she punished them by turning them into two statues, to stand by the door of their sister's palace, until their hard hearts should change and become soft. So the prince married Beauty, and they lived happily together for many, many years.

DECEMBER.

Who is this jolly looking man
Who drives at such a pace?
And who this pretty little boy
With brightly smiling face?

The boy is young December;
He seems as if he'd say,
"You know that queer old fellow
Who's coming in that sleigh."

Of course all children know him,
Come, shout his name right quick,
Give three good cheers of welcome
For our dear friend, St. Nick.

HELEN.

It began by Georgie's running away. Helen was sure nothing else could have induced her to talk to a stranger, for she was a shy little girl and afraid of most strangers; but Georgie *had* run away, and, just as Helen missed him from the yard, she saw a young lady walking past the gate and called to her.

"Oh, please, ma'am," said Helen, "if you see a real little boy anywhere down the road, will you tell him to come back quick? It's my little brother Georgie and he's run away."

"Can't you come with me to find Georgie?" asked the young lady, smiling, "I might not know him, you know, and I'd like to have you walk with me, anyway, if you can."

"Oh, thank you, I can't!" exclaimed the little girl. "You see, my papa is blind and sick and can't do any work, and my mamma works up at the college taking care of the young men's rooms. My oldest brother is married and lives ever so far away, and he's got the *sweetest* little baby; and my next brother works for Mr. Gray, and the next one for Mr. Morrison, and the next one for Mrs. Wilbur, and the next one — that's Charlie — has gone away on an errand, and now Georgie has run away and I can't go for I haven't finished my dishes yet." And

Helen pulled at her sleeves which were rolled up above the elbows of her thin little arms.

"What a lot of brothers!" laughed her new friend. "Have you any sisters?"

"No, ma'am, I'm all the girl mamma has," sighed Helen. "I'm thirteen. I used to go to school; but after papa was sick and mamma had to work, I had to stay home. I do 'most all the work. I can make bread and cook potatoes and all the plain things. Mamma doesn't get home till late. I wish I *had* a sister! I wish I had even a dolly, but I haven't. Once I had a pretty china doll, just a little one. Oh, she was so sweet, and her red dress was so nice! I had her five years. Then one day I was playing at another girl's house and we were swinging our children in a hammock and mine fell out and broke. That was ever so long ago, and I've never had any other dolly since."

There was a sigh and a short silence, then Helen began again.

"Once I mended a pair of trousers for a young man at the college, and he gave me twenty-five cents. *Then* I thought I'd buy a doll, but my stockings were all worn out and mamma said she hadn't any money to buy more, so I'd have to stay home from Sunday school or go barefoot. Of course I couldn't do *that* — not in town — so I bought these stockings. Once my grandma (she's dead now) gave me a dollar, but mamma bought me a dress with it, and *one* time I had a penny of my very own. I was going to school then, so I bought a lead-pencil. That's all the money I've ever had. Mamma always says sometime she'll buy me a dolly, but there are so many of us, and we're so poor she never has had money enough yet."

As Helen paused for breath, a spotted dog ran by the gate and she began afresh.

"I wouldn't want a doll so much if I had *anything* else. Once I had a little black puppy. I'd had him ever since he was *just* as tiny, and he grew to be a big dog. But he killed the neighbor's chickens, and a man shot him. That was the only little puppy I ever had. I've got some chickens now, though," she went on with a brighter face, "sixteen of them; soft, round ones, and so funny! Oh, must you go now? Wait a minute; here are some lilies of the valley just open. Good-by and please tell Georgie if you see him."

Helen's new friend walked on with the lovely flowers. She was thinking of her own home far away, and her dear little sisters there and their many dolls, especially the beautiful one Patty had last Christmas — and then of poor little hard working Helen with her one broken "child." The little girl should have a doll, but she had not much money of her own. How should she get it? Suddenly she had a plan.

"I'll write Helen's story in her own words," she said, "and if an editor will pay me for it, the money shall buy Helen a doll."

So she did.

And this is the story.

"HILLY-HO! what jests and joys, my most merry little boys?
Now, whither are you going on this snowy, blowy day?"

"Why, we're off to try a coast; we're as warm as tea and toast,
And we never care a feather for the weather," sang they.
"But the long and slippery hill, though you work with all your will,
It is dreary and it's weary a-crawling to the crown."

"Oh, we cannot mind the climb, though we're at it half the time,
For, you see, it is so jolly to go down, down, down."

"Hilly-ho! what trials then, my most mournful little men?
Now wherefore are you leaving all the lightsome, brightsome play?"
"Oh, the hill's very hilly and the air's very chilly,
And every one's a-sneezing and a-freezing," grumbled they.
"Ah, now, twinkle off your tears, for you'll soon forget your fears,
When you're sliding and you're gliding on the smooth, shining track."
"No, that's never any fun, for each time the journey's done,
It is such a bore and bother to toil back, back, back!"

I THOUGHT I'd give a party
To seven friends of mine;
My own dear niece and nephew
Would make the party nine.

It was the baby's birthday—
The baby is my niece;
She's just the sweetest birdie,
A very dove of peace.

The baby's name is Mildred,
Her brother's name is Jim,
His little baby sister
Is all the world to him.

But 'twas about the party
That I began to tell;
I was so glad I gave it,
For all went off so well.

I bought some toys most funny,
The kind that makes a sound,
Or jump like living creatures
When with a key they're wound.

There was a long-eared rabbit
Who smoked a big cigar;
A woolly lamb who wagged his head,
And plaintively said bah!

A funny, bright-green froggy,
Who crossed the room hop, hop!
We really thought his hopping
Would never, never stop.

And, oh, a jolly darkey
In such a funny rig,
When he was wound began to dance
A first-class darkey-jig.

A monkey tried a cocoanut
From off a tree to pick;
And all the children shouted
To see him do the trick.

And there were other playthings
Which I can't now recall,
Although I do remember
They were enjoyed by all.

About the Baby Party
I cannot tell you more,
Except that all the babies
Went home at half past four.

WHO IS HE?

Who is that man in the field? How still he is! What is he pointing at? Does he see us?

"Good-morning, sir!"

He does not move. Perhaps he did not hear us.

Oh, look! A robin is perched on his hat. I do not believe it is a man at all. Let us go up to him.

No, it is not a man. "How do you do, Mr. Stick-dressed-up? Your hat has a great hole in it, sir. And you have a bird's nest in your pocket. Did you know it?"

There are three little birds in it. How sweetly they chirp!

If you do your duty, Mr. Stick, and scare the crows away, I hope the little birds will sing to you some day.

The crows pull up the farmer's young corn, but the little birds will catch insects for him.

Good-by, Mr. Stick! You are not handsome, but I hope you will be useful.

2—*Beauty and the Beast.*

AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTERWARDS.

THE VAIN CAT.

I ONCE did know a great gray puss,
The very dude of cats;
He was the laughing-stock of mice,
The jest of all the rats.

He often dressed in coat and vest,
Wore glasses on his nose,
And even scorned to catch young mice
When sporting his "best clo'es."

So silly was he that he thought
It made him look most wise
To never seem astonished, or
Be taken by surprise.

One day, when feeling prouder than
He'd ever felt before,
He chanced to see a curious thing
Upon the pantry floor.

A mousey watched him as he eyed
The thing of wood and steel,
And, laughing in her sleeve, exclaimed,
"It's fangs I'll make him feel."

"Oh, sir," she said with modest air,
"On music do I dote,
But am so stupid that I can't
Play e'en a single note.

"But you, from out that instrument
Sweet tunes, I'm sure, can bring,
And as you play the notes, oh, sir,
A love song won't you sing?

"Of course the violin you use
Is of a finer tone;
Yet, put your paws within those holes
'Twill thrill you to the bone."

The silly cat, too vain and proud
His ignorance to show,
Obeyed at once. What happened? Well,
The picture'll let you know.

"A WINTER MAID."

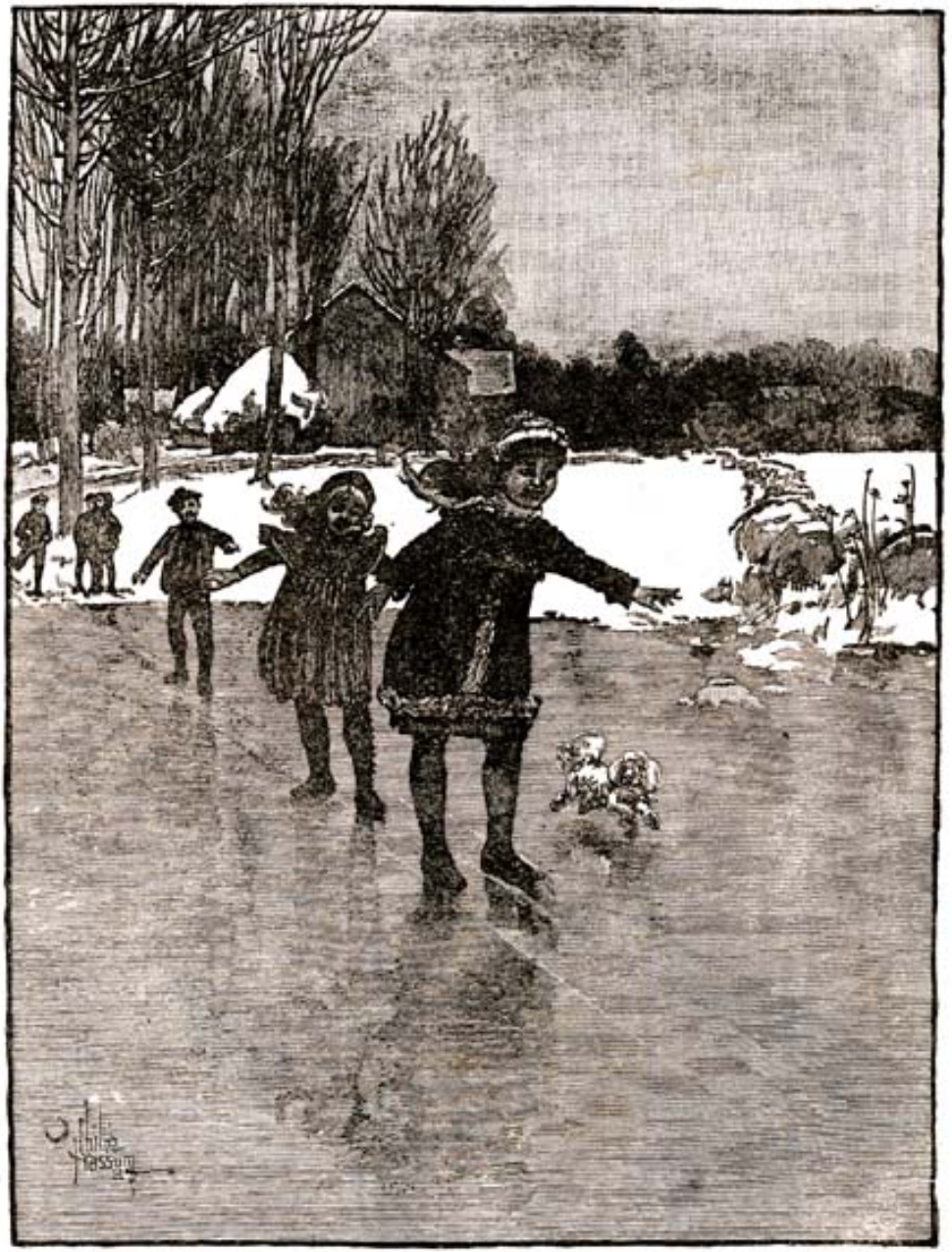
THE FOOLISH BOY.

HERE'S a prize, here's a prize
To the first who will slide
Across the big pond
To the opposite side.

See! 'tis Dora who leads,
And dear Polly comes next,
But because she can't win,
She will never be vexed.

She will toss her bright curls,
Not because she is vain,
And will laughingly vow
She will try it again.

But that boy who comes third
Cannot bear to be beat,
Whether lessons or sport
Form the aim of the feat.



"ACROSS THE BIG POND."

Yes, already his face
  Wears a look that is sour,
And I'm sure he'll be cross
  And will sulk for an hour.

Let us hope he'll grow wise,
  And learn that there's fun
Even when in the race
  He is not number one.

A BROTHER AND SISTER.

ANNY GORHAM had gone to ride with her father, and her brother Harold was left all alone. Poor Harold! he had sprained his ankle, and had to lie on the lounge. He had been obliged to lie there a great many days, and the doctor was afraid he might have to do so for many weeks to come. Harold was a boy who was very fond of all kinds of active games. When he was well he did not like to keep still a single minute, and it seemed to him he could not bear to stay on that lounge another day. Sometimes he grew very impatient; but on the whole, however, for a boy who hated to be in the house, he had done very well. He had complained very little of the pain he had suffered, and he often did suffer a good deal, but keeping still was very, very hard work.

His sister Fanny was two years younger than Harold. She was the kind of a girl a boy likes. She could shovel snow, slide, coast, skate, run, leap, climb trees just as if she were not a girl with long, wavy hair. She, too, liked to be out-of-doors from morning until night. When Harold sprained his ankle, however, she seemed to forget about all outside fun, and did everything she could think of that would amuse her brother.

It seemed to her very dreadful that he should have to lie so still, and have his leg covered with hard plaster. One day her mother met her walking through the entry in a very strange way. She was dragging one foot after her, as if it could not move, while she hitched along with the other.

"Why, Fanny," said her mother, "what are you doing? Why do you walk that way?"

"Mamma," said Fanny, "I feel so sorry for Harold because he can't walk that I am making believe I am lame."

"My dear little girl," replied her mother, "that will not do Harold

any good, and may do you harm. Now run away as fast as you can scamper, and ask Harold to read you a story out of the book I have just given him."

This happened the morning I am writing about. That afternoon Fanny's papa noticed that his little girl looked pale and tired. He spoke to mamma about it. Mrs. Gorham said the trouble was that the child needed the fresh air. She stayed in the house too much with Harold. So Mr. Gorham had taken Fanny for a long, long drive in the country.

At first Harold was glad to have her go, but after she had gone he began to feel very lonely. A lady came to call on Mrs. Gorham, so that Harold was left to himself. He tried to read, but the stories in his book did not seem so amusing as when Fanny sat by, listening to them.

Harold became restless; he tossed about on the lounge, and that made the pain come back in his ankle. Then he began to think he was a very miserable boy, with nothing to do and no one to amuse him.

He looked at the table beside the lounge. On it Fanny had arranged a number of things for him to look at while she was gone. A birch-bark canoe, a knife, a big ball, her own little stuffed owl, some pictures and some apples. At the last moment she had brought him two lovely roses. The roses had been given her by a lady who had a green-house. Fanny had put the roses into a glass vase that she loved better than almost anything she owned. As Harold looked at all these things on the table, instead of feeling pleasanter he felt crosser than ever.

"What do I want of them?" he cried to himself. "She knew I couldn't play with them all alone."

As he said these words he threw out his hand in an angry way. There was a splash, a crash, and Fanny's pet vase lay in pieces on the floor.

Poor Harold! at that instant he heard Fanny's voice down-stairs. In another moment she was in the room. She rushed to her brother's side, so eager to see him that she did not notice the broken vase.

"Oh, Fanny, Fanny!" cried Harold," I've broken it, I've broken it! I was cross and I threw out my arm and" — he burst into tears, for he felt truly sorry and ashamed.

Fanny looked at the broken vase. For a moment she did not speak,

and she looked very sober. Then suddenly she seemed to see all at once, as if they were right before her, all the delightful things she had seen in her long, beautiful drive, the things Harold could not see shut up here alone. Quicker than I can write about it a bright smile flashed into her face, and she threw her arms round her brother's neck as she cried, "See! I've brought you some dear little white snowdrops. I guess I can find just as good a vase to put them in."

PIGS AND SHEEP.

White pigs has baby, ten,
For each little pig is a toe;
Five on this foot, five on that,
All drawn up in a row:
Eight white pigs are dainty and small,
And the two big toes are the parents of all.

White sheep has baby, ten,
And each little finger's a sheep;
How the shepherd folds his lambs
When Baby's sound asleep:
Eight white sheep are dainty and small,
And the two great thumbs are the parents of all.

EAR, dear, what a pity, I've nothing but legs,
For legs are such stupid slow things;
Now why wasn't I made like those beautiful birds
Who are flying up there on their wings?

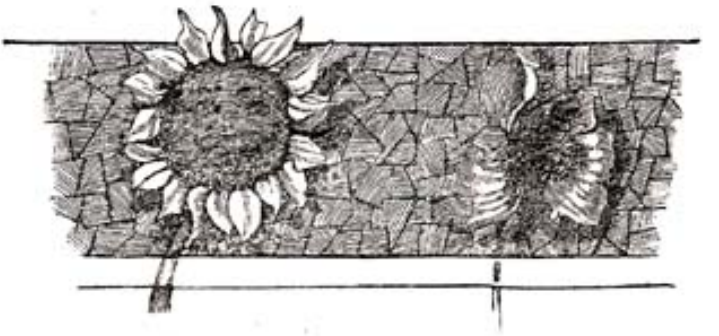
Now when I go home I must trudge up the hill,
And then I must climb the stone-wall,
And as likely as not I shall scratch both my knees,
And perhaps get a terrible fall.

But then, I suppose, if God made me a bird
I should have to eat worms for my food;
And I think that I'd really like bread and milk best,
For I don't believe worms taste as good.

And then in a nest I suppose I should sleep,
And give up my pretty white bed,
And, oh, for a pillow, just feathers and hairs
Would be all I'd have under my head.

And when in the morning I got up to bathe,
Why, what should I do for a tub?
And, what should I do for coarse towels and soap
When I needed to have a good scrub?

Well, really, I'm glad that God made me a child,
I guess it's the best thing to be;
And perhaps now those birds are all looking down here,
And wishing, each one, he was me.



MRS. SEDGWICK'S STRANGE CALLER.

MRS. MARIA SEDGWICK lived, many years ago, on a farm in a wild part of Illinois. Mrs. Sedgwick and her husband, Robert Sedgwick, and two men, who worked on the farm, all lived together. No woman could be hired to help Mrs. Sedgwick with the housework. No woman would live in such a lonely place just for money. At night the cries of wolves and other wild animals could be sometimes heard near the house. Maria Sedgwick lived there because she was happier with Robert than she would have been away from him with a dozen women to wait on her. She was busy from morning until night. She always sang at her work, and that showed she was happy.

One morning her husband told her he was obliged to go to the next town. The two men would have to go with him. The town was so many miles away that they could not get back until the next day. Mr. Sedgwick wanted his wife to go also.

"No," she said, "I had better stay home and take care of the house."

"The house will not run away if we lock it up," replied Mr. Sedgwick.

"No," said his wife; "but the Indians might come and burn it." She laughed because her husband looked so sober at her words.

"There is no real danger of that," said he, "or you know I would not leave you. But some wild animal might come and frighten you."

"If there is any danger of that," said Mrs. Sedgwick, "some one ought to be here to drive it away."

At last it was decided that Mr. Sedgwick and the men must go, and Maria did what she thought best. She remained all alone.

She was so busy during the day that she was not very lonely. At twilight she went out into the cow-yard to milk the cows. They all seemed nervous and excited. At last one of them kicked up her heels and ran off so wildly that Maria looked round to see what had frightened the animal. Over in a dark corner of the yard Mrs. Sedgwick

saw a dark object moving. Without stopping to think she caught up a milking-stool and threw it at the object. She heard a strange growl, and knew in a moment that the sound came from a bear. She was so frightened she could not move, yet she expected the bear would rush at her. Instead of doing that he jumped over the fence and ran away. Then Mrs. Sedgwick ran for the house as fast as she could. She did not go to bed or to sleep that night.

When Robert and the men came back the next morning they found the tracks of the bear, and the place where he had sat on his hind legs in the cow-yard.

Robert Sedgwick looked very grave. After dark he went out of the house, taking his gun with him. In a moment Maria heard a sharp report. She ran to the door. "Come here, Maria," called her husband, "the caller you had last evening will not trouble you again." There at Robert Sedgwick's feet lay a big, brown bear stretched out dead.

MRS. HOWARD'S VIOLET-BED.

BARRY HOWARD stood with his hands in his pockets, looking down at his feet with a very sober face. But he was not thinking of his feet at all. Yet there he stood, perfectly still, the rope of his fine new sled over his arm, the sled which had been given him the night before.

Suddenly he exclaimed aloud, "Oh, dear, I forgot all about them! I wonder if they would freeze if I waited until I got back."

I am sure the children who read this want to know what Barry was talking about. "What was it he had forgotten?" I hear somebody ask, "What was it that might freeze?" "Were they little puppy dogs?" No. "Were they young kittens in the barn?" No; neither kittens nor puppies, yet they were alive. Alive, but in a very different way from either puppies or kittens. They were violets — beautiful, fresh violets, blooming in what is called a cold-frame out of doors.

Barry's mother was very fond of flowers. On the bank outside of the dining-room windows she had had a cold-frame placed. In it she had planted a great many roots of violets, and now, in January, they were in full bloom.

Perhaps I had better tell you what a cold-frame is. It is a large box without any bottom. It is sunk in the ground, rich earth is put in it, and then seeds or roots are planted in it. It's cover is formed of frames set with glass like window-sashes. This glass draws the sun, so that the air inside the frame is as warm as summer. During the middle of the day it is so hot that the plants would die if they did not have fresh air. The frames have to be propped up with bits of wood at one end, to let the cooler air in. If the sun is very warm, as sometimes happens, even in midwinter, the frames are taken off in the middle of the day. At night they must always be shut down tight, however, or the plants would freeze. Then over the sashes heavy mats of straw are laid to keep the little plants warm and comfortable in their snug bed.

Now it was Barry's duty to see that his mother's violet-bed had its cold-frame made tight and warm for the night. Early every afternoon he was to attend to it, and so far he had not forgotten it once. The coasting was very fine this beautiful Saturday afternoon, and Barry had been so eager to try his new sled that he had rushed off from the table as soon as he had finished his lunch. Now he was a good mile from home, on the way to a famous coast, where all his school friends met. Suddenly he remembered that the sashes were off his mother's violets.

If he should go back, cover the plants properly, and start again, how much time it would take. He hesitated, moved on a little; the new sled slipped and bumped against his heels. That bump was just what he needed. It seemed to wake him up, to make him the plucky, honest, first-class boy he generally showed himself to be. Back he went. The violets were covered up properly, with no shirking on Barry's part. It took a little longer than usual, for the sashes were off and set one side. But he put them back carefully, spread the matting over them nicely, put a stone on each corner, so that if the wind blew it would stay in place, and then he was off again.

Did he have a good time when he reached the coasting hill? I should say he did. Everybody was there! everybody was so glad he had come, and the coast was never finer! Down and up, up and down went the merry party, until the sun had set in the west, and all the branches of the trees seemed to stretch their hands up to get its last rays.

3—*Beauty and the Beast.*

TAKING DOLLY FOR A RIDE.

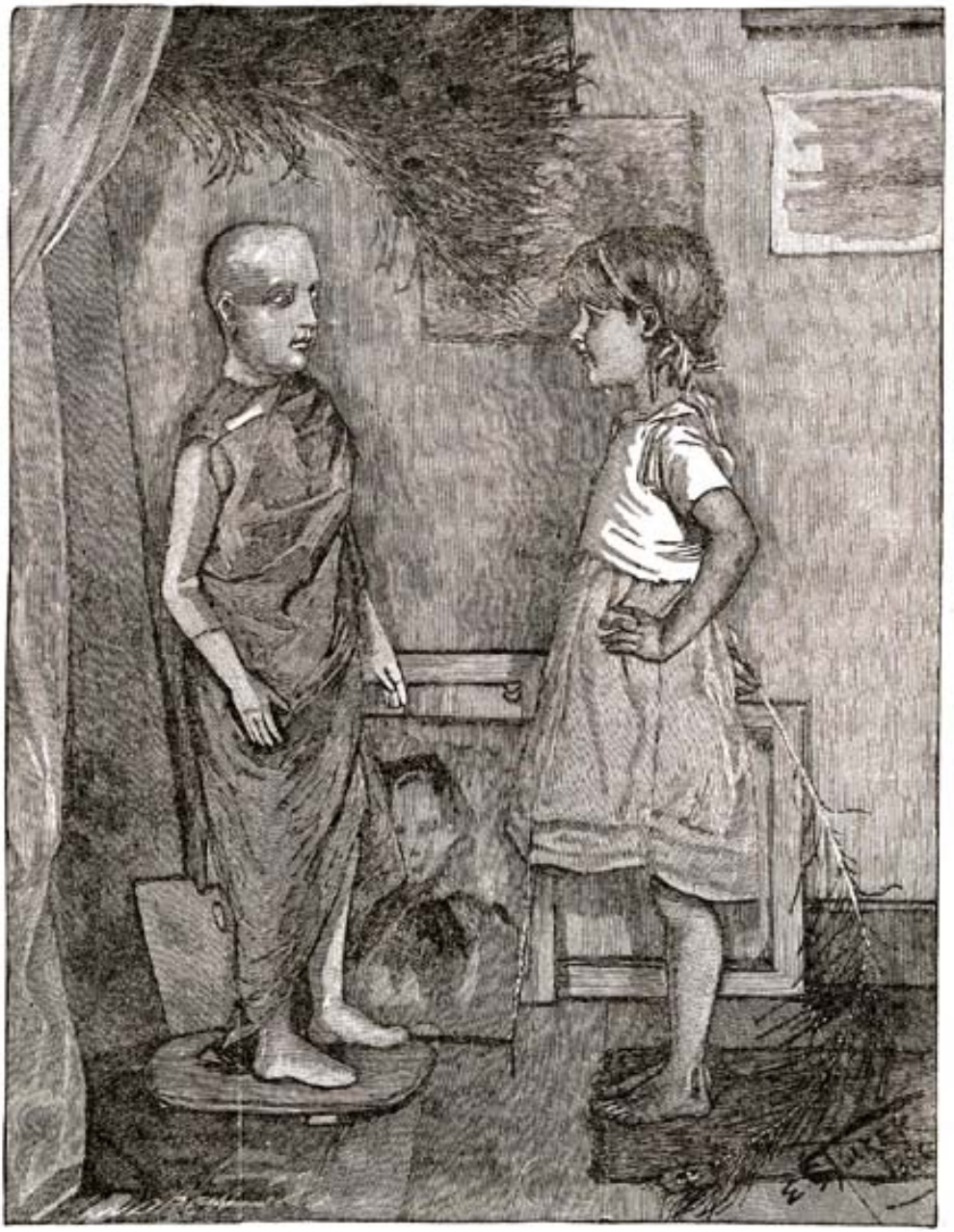

PUSSY AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.
BY Mrs C. D. BATES.
I DON'T SEE WHY I'M NOT TO EAT
WHEN OTHER PEOPLE DO.
I'VE WASHED MY HANDS & WASHED MY FACE
AND BRUSHED MY WHISKERS TOO.
MEW.
LITTLE GIRL GOLD-LOCKS MEW!
"BE PATIENT PUSS." YOU ALWAYS SAY.
BUT YOU SHOULD TEACH ME HOW.
I'M SURE I COULD BE MORE POLITE
IF YOU WOULD FEED ME NOW.
MEOW.
LITTLE GIRL GOLD-LOCKS. M-E-O-W!
OAT-MEAL? THAT'S NOT A BREAKFAST DISH.
I CARE MUCH FOR 'TIS TRUE.
BUT I'LL BE GLAD TO TAKE THE CREAM.
AND LEAVE THE MEAL TO YOU.
MEW.
LITTLE GIRL GOLD-LOCKS. M-E-W!

IN THE STUDIO.

OU are the strangest looking thing
That ever I did see,
Come, open those red lips of yours;
Why don't you talk to me?
You stand for pictures, so do I,
Come, tell me how you feel,
Sometimes I wish that I, like you,
Were made of wood and steel."

But here Bianca paused, for, lo!
The manikin, the doll
To which she spoke, began to wink
And shake its hairless poll.
Bianca, much astonished, sank
In silence on a seat,
As slowly toward her moved the doll
Upon its wooden feet.

"Shame! shame! Bianca, shame!" it cried,
"For jeering in my face,
Think, think how tired *you* would be
Did *I* not take your place.



IN THE STUDIO.

And even if the attitude
Is painful or severe,
'Sit down, my child,' or 'rest awhile,'
Are words *I* never hear.

"The artist right before my eyes
Treats you to fruit and cake;
Such gentle words she speaks to you,
They make my poor heart ache.
But there, at last you understand,
For tear-drops dim your eyes,
Perhaps the fact that *I* can feel
Has filled *you* with surprise."

"Indeed, indeed," Bianca cried,
"I never dreamed that you
Could think, and speak, and walk, and *ache*,
As other children do.
Forgive me, if I've been unkind,
Be friends with me, I pray,—"

And then she stopped, and never knew
What she had meant to say.

She heard a merry laugh, and saw
The artist standing near,
Exclaiming, "Rise, my little one,
There's nothing here to fear."
And in its usual place the doll
Stood stiffly as before,—
Bianca found *she'd* been asleep
Upon the studio floor.

TOO LATE.

"COME, Harold," said the mother of a little boy I once knew, "get up in your chair, lunch is ready."

"I'm not coming to lunch until Prince has eaten what I have given him," replied Harold.

Mrs. Harrisson looked up in surprise; it was a very unusual thing for her little boy to answer her in such a rude way. She saw at once that he was in one of his obstinate moods. Did you ever see a donkey refuse to go any farther? Donkeys are apt to have obstinate fits when they will not drag the little cart to which they are attached. Sometimes their owners find that the best thing to do is to *distract their attention*. In simpler words, to give them some-

thing new to think of so that they will forget that they meant to be obstinate. When Mrs. Harrisson saw what was the trouble with Harold, she got up quietly, and went round the other side of the table. "Let me see what you have given Prince to eat?" Then when she saw the plate on the floor she could not help laughing. "Why, my dear child," she said, "Prince will never eat banana skins, why should he?"

"Because I want him to," said Harold, sulkily.

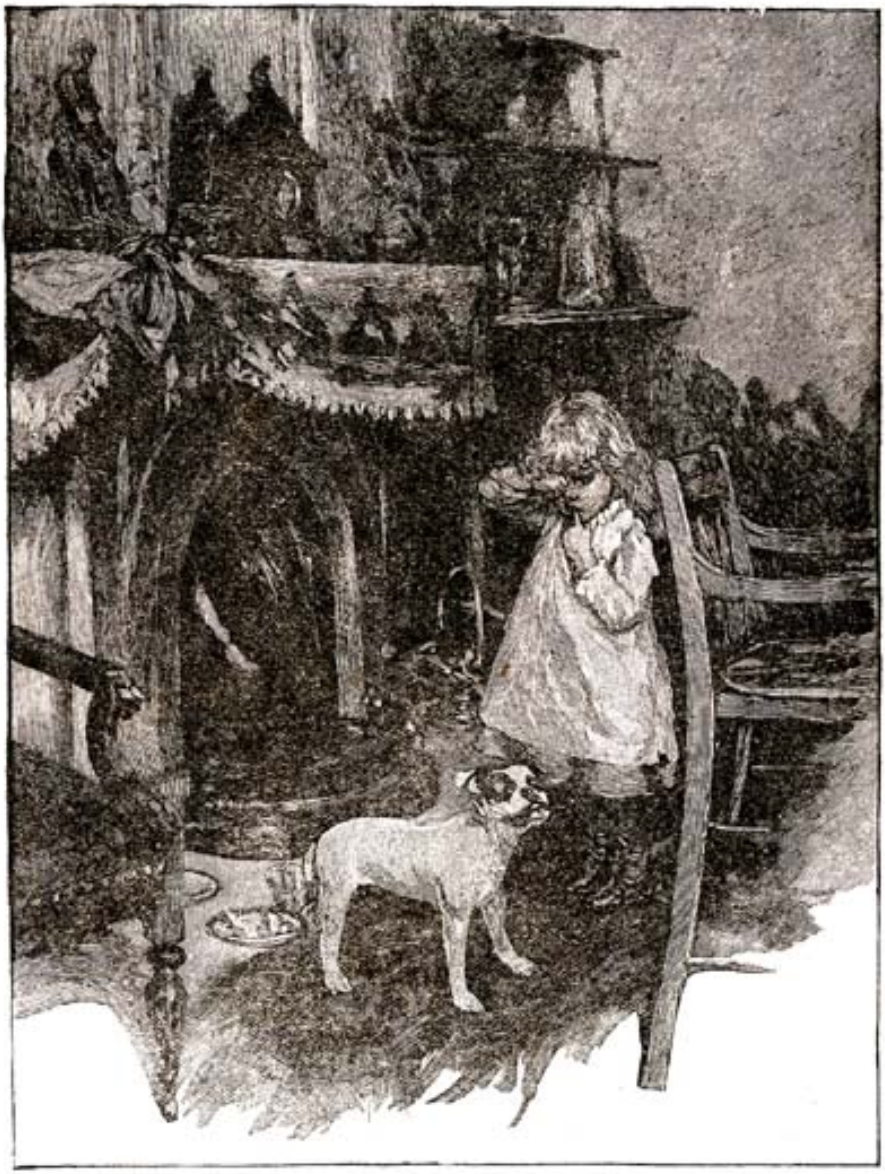
"Harold, don't be so silly," said Mrs. Harrisson. "for—" then she stopped. She knew that now was the time to give Harold something else to think of; he must be treated just like the little donkeys. Without any more words she seated herself at the table, and began pouring herself a cup of cocoa. Pretty soon she said to the maid, "Sarah, you may tell cook this is the best cocoa she has made." As she said the words Harold looked at her slyly out of the corner of his eye. He was very fond of cocoa.

"Sarah," said Mrs. Harrisson again, "tell Boynton to put the horses into the victoria; I am going to drive to Milton as soon as I have finished lunch." Then she turned to Harold and said: "Mama would be happy to have her little boy go with her, if, when he has eaten his lunch, it is not too late." But Harold said never a word.

At last Mrs. Harrisson rose. As she was leaving the room she could not help saying, "My dear Harold, you know as well as I do that if you stand there all day Prince will not eat those banana skins." Still obstinate little Harold never moved or spoke.

Mrs. Harrisson began to dress for her drive, the prancing horses came round to the door, and still the little fellow did not stir. His mother dressed as slowly as possible, but at last came down-stairs. As she appeared in the door, Harold threw himself into her arms. "Mama, mama," he cried, "I do want to go awfully. I wanted to go all the time."

"My dear boy," said his mother, very gently, "your lunch is not eaten,—you cannot go,—it is too late."



"PRINCE WILL NEVER EAT BANANA SKINS."

A SAD LITTLE MAID.

OU dear little maid, come tell me why,
Though you walk so straight with head held high,
There 's not e'en a trace
Of smiles on your face?
And I fear there 's a tear in your eye.

"Oh, my mother," she said, "is so poor,
She can scarce keep the wolf from the door,
So I, and dear Dan,
We do all we can,
And sell berries we pick on the moor.

"But the town is so far, far away,
That no longer with you can we stay,
Or nothing we 'll sell,
A sad tale to tell
To our mother at close of the day."

"You sha' n't go to the town, dear," I said,
As I lifted the pail from her head,
"For I 'm sure that to you,
And to little Dan, too,
By the luckiest chance I was led."

Then I bought all the berries they had,
And they looked, oh, so happy and glad,
While the little maid's eyes,
Showed such joyous surprise
That it seemed they could never be sad.

"I BOUGHT ALL THE BERRIES THEY HAD."

AN OLD ENGLISH GAME.

HUNDREDS of years ago, even before any people but Indians lived in America, the children used to play games, just as they do now. In England they had plays for the little ones at Christmas, Michaelmas, and other holidays. The young folks had "good times," just as they do now, though not always in the same way.

Oliver Goldsmith wrote a great many poems, histories, and stories, which are read now. One of them was the story called "The Vicar of Wakefield," which the little ones ought to read when they grow up. On Michaelmas eve the vicar's family played "Blindman's Buff," "Hunt the Slipper," "Hot Cockles," and, very likely, "Snapdragon," for this last game was used on all such occasions.

The picture of Snapdragon, on another page, will almost explain itself. A quantity of brandy is put in a shallow dish on the table. Then they set the brandy on fire, for the alcohol in it will burn. From the pan will rise a bluish blaze, into which some one drops raisins, almonds, or sweetmeats. The game is to pick out the raisins, or other eatables, and put them into the mouth. It is quite exciting, and the little ones scream and laugh with delight. Of course they do not burn their fingers very badly, or they would not laugh.

You may learn from the picture how people dressed in England one or two hundred years ago. Perhaps you will be glad that you don't have to wear such great, stiff collars as the children who are playing the game. In those days the men did not wear trousers, as they do now, but "tights" and "trunks," like the man-servant who is bringing in the refreshments.

Papa and mamma in these times will not think that "Snapdragon" is a very pretty game, for they all teach the little ones not to play with fire. It is not a safe game, and it is just as well that it is not used now in our homes.

AN OLD ENGLISH GAME.

THE GOOD GIANT.

GIANT lives in the forest old,
When leaves have turned to red and gold;
He waves his broad arms in the sun,
He shakes his head with hearty fun,
And a merry song he seems to sing,
While the summer birds are taking wing.
"Oh! it's winds blow east, or winds blow west,
Four little brown eggs in one nest."

"I give to all!" he seems to say;
"So gather, gather, all who may.
Though rough outside, yet peep within,
The treasure of my gift to win!"
Then patters, patters to the ground
His bounty, while the squirrels bound.
"Oh! it's winds blow east, or winds blow west,
Four little brown eggs in one nest!"

Before the wintry winds blow keen,
His rugged hands are empty seen;
His head is bare; he is bent and old,
And his jolly days are past and told;
But the ruddy children shout with glee,
And thank the kind old chestnut-tree,
With it's winds blow east, or winds blow west,
Four little brown eggs in one nest!

THE TOAD'S NEW COAT.

"GRANDMA, O Grandma, come here," called Glenn from the back kitchen.

"Yes, dear," said grandma coming as fast as her slow feet would allow.

On reaching the door she saw a brown toad sitting on her velvet-topped foot-stool, as much at home as though he had always lived there.

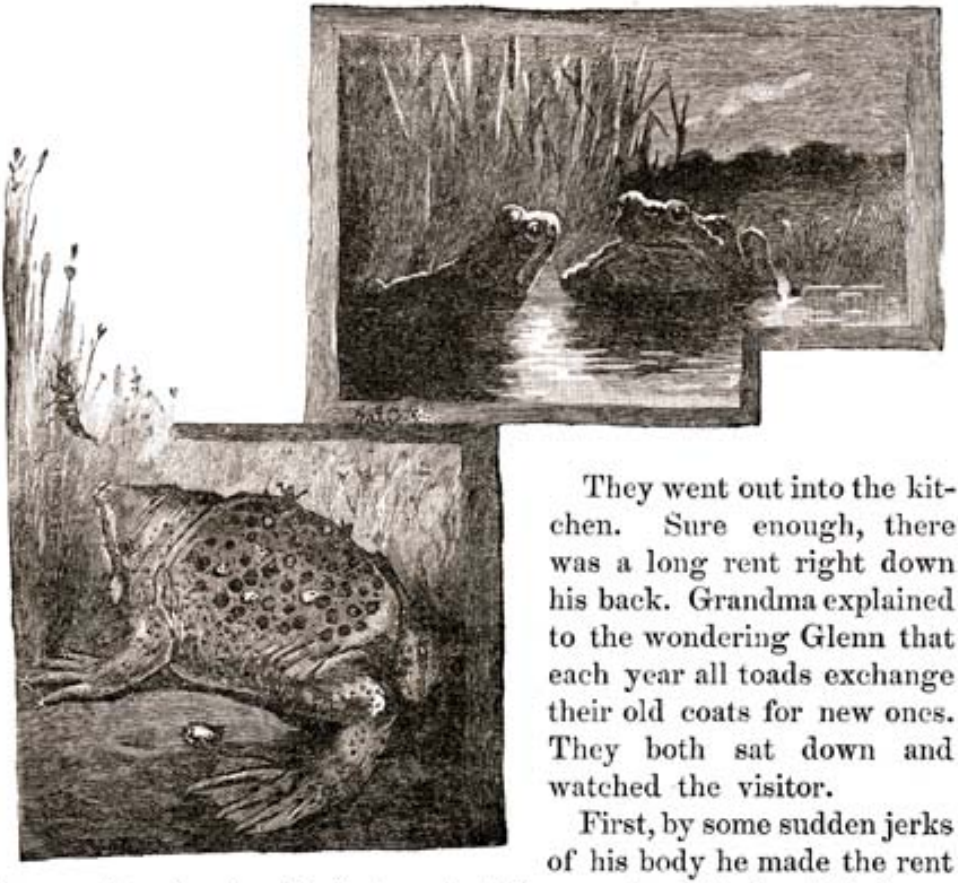
"Is n't that cunning," said Glenn. "See him, how he winks first one eye and then the other. Why do you suppose he sits on the stool?"

"I do n't know, Glenn," replied grandma.

They soon discovered why he chose that seat. It was near a low window-sill where the few flies in the house gathered to buzz and circle about in the sunlight. When one came too near, out would dart the toad's tongue and the poor fly would soon disappear out of sight.

Strange to say, after this, the toad came in almost every day to catch flies and became known as grandma's visitor.

One day Glenn rushed into the room and said, "Grandma, I believe the visitor has eaten so many flies that he has burst his coat."



They went out into the kitchen. Sure enough, there was a long rent right down his back. Grandma explained to the wondering Glenn that each year all toads exchange their old coats for new ones. They both sat down and watched the visitor.

First, by some sudden jerks of his body he made the rent larger, then bracing his feet against his arms he pulled out his long, hind legs. Next were his sleeves; these he pulled off one by one, much as Glenn does his coat sleeves.

A sudden thought came to Glenn, "Grandma, will he give his old coat away to some poor toad as I gave mine to that little boy?"

"Wait a moment and see," said grandma.

Slowly the visitor slid the coat over his head. He carefully rolled it in a nice ball and then stuffed the whole thing down his throat.

Glenn clapped his hands so loudly that it frightened the visitor off the stool, and he hopped down in the corner.

They both thought he looked much fresher in his new brown coat which had grown just beneath his old one.

Florence and Walter had come with their mother to spend the winter in their uncle's family. They stayed out of doors a great deal when the weather was pleasant. They had all sorts of games with their cousins, George and Lucy, and Karl, the Newfoundland puppy.

One afternoon in the middle of December the girls thought their dolls were looking pale and nervous. They wrapped Victorine and Samantha together in a thick woollen shawl, and took them into the garden to get the air.

In a short time George and Walter came for them to go to the woods after Christmas evergreens. The dolls were left in a cosey place on the piazza, and the children went away, leaving Karl at home feeling very lonely. He soon caught sight of the dolls, and then began to behave in a most mischievous manner.

He dragged them off the piazza and pulled them along to a corner of the garden where he had seen the little girls playing at housekeeping. By that time the two dolls had slipped down into the big shawl where Karl could not see their pretty faces. He was tired of his frolic, and he covered them up in a pile of leaves before he went to the gate to bark at a strange dog.

Towards night a cold snow-storm came on which sent the boys and girls hurrying home from the woods. Lucy and Florence went at once to get their dolls. They could not find them anywhere,

though they looked and looked. It soon grew dark, and they had to give up the search. Then they went to bed, and wet their pillows with tears.

When the storm was over the snow was very deep, and in many places there were high drifts. Other deep snows came, so that the ground was not quite clear again till the last of February. Then, one pleasant day, Florence and Lucy went out of doors and ran

down to the corner of the garden. There they spied some fringe of the shawl among the leaves, and in another minute they had their dear dolls in their arms. They ran back to the house to tell the wonderful news.

Victorine and Samantha had been so snugly wrapped up that no harm had come to them; and everybody guessed that Karl was the rogue that had carried them off.

4—*Beauty and the Beast.*

THE ORPHAN TURKEYS.

A TRUE STORY.

TWENTY-TWO little turkeys
Were hatched by two hens,
And, one by one, some of them
Came to bad ends;
Till only six turkeys
Were shivering with cold.
The old hens had weaned them
When scarce a month old.
And now, when the rain comes,
Oh, where can they go,—
Each disconsolate turkey,
The picture of woe?
It was time for a venture,
So the poor little things
Crept up for a shelter
'Neath the old rooster's wings.
That old Brahma rooster
Didn't say, "What a fix!"
But with his broad wings
He sheltered all six.

And not only then,
But the next rainy day,
He sheltered them all
In the same friendly way.

The farmer's wife saw it,
And said, "I declare,
Kind-hearted old fellow!
Your life I will spare.

I fully intended
To take off your head;
But those two old hens
Shall lose theirs instead."

My dear little children,
You always will find,
With folks or with fowls,
It pays to be kind.

FRANKIE'S SOLDIERS.

LITTLE Frankie has an uncle,
And he thinks him great and grand;
Surely never was a better
In the land.

He has sent a camp of soldiers
To him, — guns and cannon, too;
Some wear light gray caps and jackets,
Some wear blue.

And his soldiers fight such battles,
Have so many gallant wars,
That already all are wearing
Dreadful scars.

One has lost an arm, another
Has no legs, or has no head;
You would think so badly wounded
They'd be dead.

But they face the loaded cannon
Boldly yet; and 'tis a sight
Even now to see how bravely
They can fight.

HERBERT'S BAD HABIT.

"I THINK it is time you began your hen-coop," said Herbert Crandall's mama to him, one Saturday in May.

"Oh, I don't think I'll begin it to-day," said Herbert.

"The chickens will be hatched very soon," suggested Mrs. Crandall. "You want to be ready for them."

"Oh, I'll be ready in time," answered Herbert.

"But why not begin it now, at once?" asked Mrs. Crandall.

"I don't know," replied Herbert.

"I do," said his mother.

Herbert laughed. He was a good-natured boy, but he had a very bad habit. He was always putting off everything. He knew that that was what his mother meant. She often said to him, "Oh, Herbert, do not put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day." And Herbert would sometimes laugh and say, "But, mama, dear, why should I do to-day what I can just as well do to-morrow?"

Out in the barn his big brown hen was sitting on twelve eggs. As his mother had said, the chickens might be hatched any day. He was to build a coop to keep the hen in when her little ones were running about the yard.

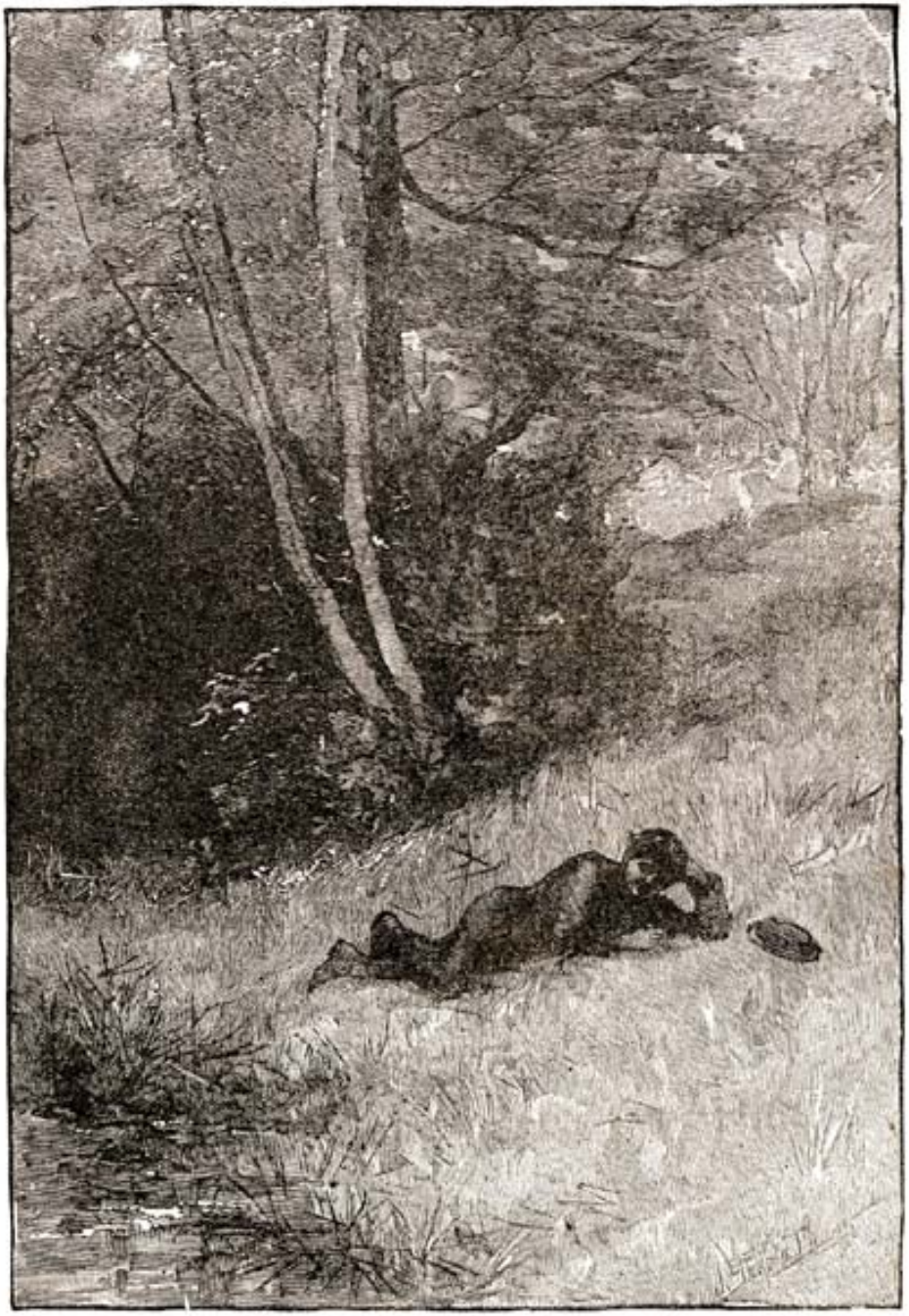
"Perhaps I will begin it to-day," said Herbert, and then he went out-of-doors. It was a lovely morning in June, almost as warm as July. It looked so cool and pleasant over by the pond, that Herbert thought

he would stroll over there before he began his work. When he got there, the walk across the fields had made him very warm. "I guess I will take a nap first," said Herbert; "I shall work all the better for it." So he stretched himself on the grass and went to sleep. He did not wake until almost dinner-time. After dinner he said to his mother, "I think I won't begin my hen-coop to-day. If I wait until next Saturday I shall have a whole day before me. I can do it all in a day." His mother said nothing.

When next Saturday came, several things had happened. All the chickens had been hatched; every egg had had a dear live chicken inside. There was no coop ready to put the anxious mother in. She tried to run after her chickens as they ran this way and that, over the stable floor. One ran into the horse's stall; the hen ran after it. The horse raised his great hoof; the hen was nervous, she did not get out of the way quick enough; down came the hoof on her head. All the twelve little chicks were left motherless, for the hen fell dead.

As Herbert stood looking at the poor hen, his eyes filled with tears. His face grew very red. "Oh, dear," he said to himself, "if I had only made that coop, this would n't have happened."

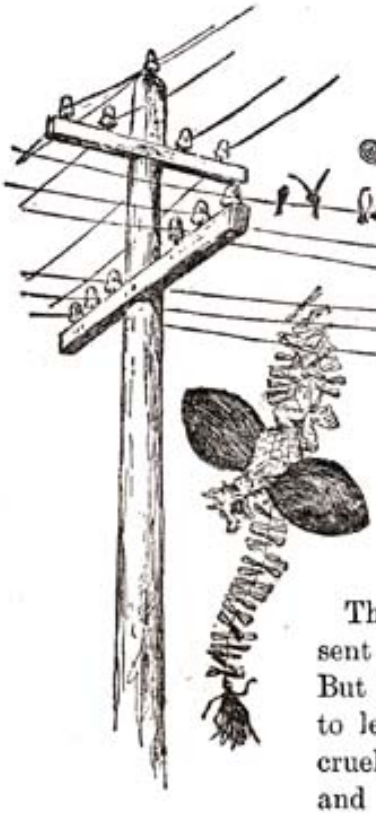
I hope the lesson did him good.



"HE STRETCHED HIMSELF ON THE GRASS." 71

SIX YEARS OLD:

THE SCHOOLGIRL.



The Red Dragon.

JACK'S brother Tom gave him a Chinese-Dragon kite, with wings like a great red bird. The boys all said that nothing like it had ever been seen in town.

They sent him up, and pulled him in, and sent him up again, just for the fun of it. But just the last time, when they were going to let him sail away as far as he would, a cruel telegraph wire caught him by the tail and held him fast. Jack tugged at the string until it broke. Then the boys said it was of no use trying any more. One by one they went off, leaving poor Jack standing in the street alone, gazing up at his dear Dragon, flapping helplessly so far above him. He tried hard not to cry, but he could not help a vagrant tear that slipped out of his eye, and stole down the side of his nose. He put his arms round the pole with some wild idea of climbing it. Then he got a lath from a new building, and tried to reach the captive. He put that down and wiped the tear, which was now very cold, off the end of his nose, and swallowed a great lump that would come in his throat.

Just then a man came along, crying, "Tins to mend!" It sounded like "Hings to bings!" but everybody knew what he meant.

"Hullo, boy!" he said. "Is that your kite?"

Jack nodded; he couldn't speak for the lump in his throat.

The man looked up at the Dragon, then down at Jack. Perhaps he thought of some other little boy, or of himself as a child in his poor home far away across the seas. At any rate his face looked very kind.

He took the long lath over to the new building and nailed it to a still longer one; with this he reached the Dragon.

The tail was now twisted many times around the wire; and it took time and patience to uncurl it, but at last the pride of kites was released.

As it came fluttering to the ground, the man picked up his little furnace and was off, crying, "Hings to bings!" before Jack could even thank him.

LITTLE ANNIE COUNTS HER BABIES.

HOW many babies have you, little mother?
Tell me how many, and what are their names?
"One, two, five, four, seven, and another,—
Little Bess, big Bess, Belle, and her brother,
Pussy and Kittykin, Annie and James.

"Annie is me; and the two pretty Bessies
Are dollies that wink, and both very nice;
And Jamie is mamma's true baby she dresses,
And lets me rock him and feed him with kisses;
And Pussy and Kittykin run and catch mice!"

And Bell? "Why, she was picked from a corn-hill:
Her hair is the silk, and the husks her dress;
My papa guesses she must have been born ill,
Toes in the air, and skirts that are worn ill!
But I've set her right, and she hugs little Bess."

And the brother of Belle? "Dear me! I suppose
You'd call him a squash! but he's real bright,—

A little hump-backed, and I guess his nose
Is a kind of wart; and he wears long clothes,
For, you see, his figure is not just right!

"But I love him as well as I love the Bessies,—
I love them all, and they all love me;
And the very best of all, I guess, is
The true, live baby that mamma dresses;
And here we are, all now, just as you see!"

THE PANSIES' SECRET.

BRIGHT-FACED darlings, here you are,
Looking up so fresh and gay,
Why purse your pretty lips so tight,
Won't you tell your secret, pray?

The rare bright secret of your bloom,
Wondrous tints and matchless dyes,
Did you draw it from earth's gems,
Or was it lent by sunset skies?

Nod your heads together close,
Whisper fast as e'er you please,
Well you know I can't translate,
Naughty, mocking, gay heart's-ease!

Little blue-eyed summer maid,
Standing straight upon your stem,
You look gentle, shy, and sweet,
I'll ask you instead of them.

Whisper, darling, do not fear;
Oh! indeed I'll never tell.
Can it be you, too, refuse?
How hard-hearted! Fare you well!

DILLY DALLY.

As sweet a child as one could find,
If only she were prompt to mind:
Her eyes are blue, her cheeks are pink,
Her hair curls up with many a kink,—
She says her name is Allie;
But, sad to say,
Ofttimes a day
We call her Dilly Dally.

If sent on errands, grave or gay,
She's sure to loiter by the way;
No matter what her task may be,
"I'll do it by and by," cries she.
And so, instead of Allie,
We, one and all,
Have come to call
This maiden Dilly Dally.

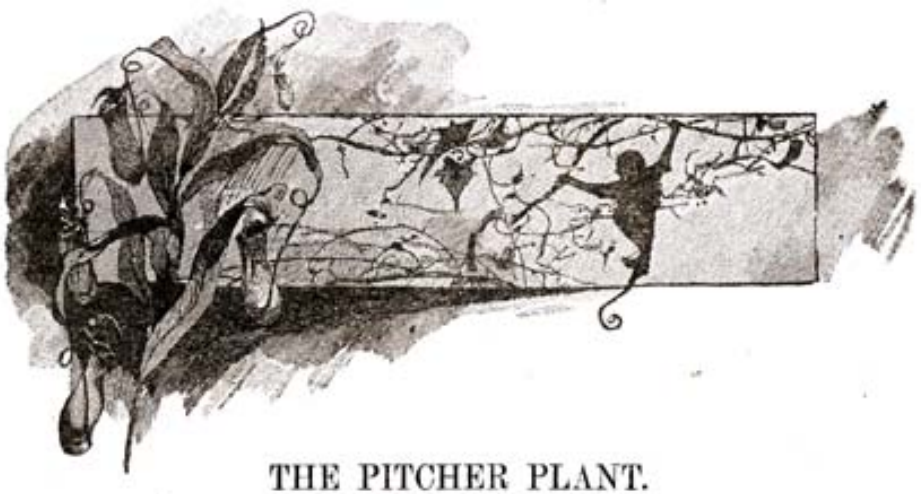
I think, if she could only know
How wrong it is to dally so,
Her tasks undone she would not leave,
Nor longer mother's kind heart grieve;
And then, for Dilly Dally,
We'd gladly say,
Each well-spent day,
"This is our own sweet Allie."

A VERY LARGE DOLL.

WHAT THE CLOCK SAYS.

WHAT does the clock say, loud and clear,
Upon the mantle high?
Hark! only two wee words I hear,
While snug in bed am I.
The whole day long it sang "tick, tock!"
Now it has changed its tune, this clock.
"You're good! you're good!" it seems to say,
When I have been quite good all day.

What does the clock say, loud and clear,
When lips have learned to pout?
How it should know I'm bad is queer,
I'm puzzled to find out.
And yet when all the house is still,
A voice the whole room seems to fill.
"You're bad! quite bad!" I hear it say:
Who told it I was bad all day?



THE PITCHER PLANT.

Among all the curious leaves that grow, the Chinese "pitcher plant" is the most singular. It is just in the shape of a pitcher, and has a little lid to it, too. This is usually closed tight, so that, of course, the rain can never get in, and yet it is always filled with water. If you were to measure it you would find about a tumbler-ful in it.

How do you think the water gets there? Well, it is a part of the sap, of which we have talked before, that comes to the leaf through the thousands and thousands of little mouths on the inside of the pitcher, and so it is kept filled. If the leaf was spread out all this moisture would go off into the air. God knew that, where it was to grow, men often had a hard time to get water to drink, and so he provided these little cupfuls of it by the wayside, to quench their thirst.

In the island of Ceylon it is called the "monkey cup," because these mischievous creatures know just how to open the lid, and drink the water.

FAR away from here, on the wild west coast of Africa, the sea-shore shines white like silver. When you stoop down and take up a handful of the shining sand you find it is just little shells, ever so many, it would be impossible to count them. Many of them are broken into tiny bits of pearl that have been washed clean and smooth by the great waves breaking upon them day and night. That is why they glisten so brightly when the sun shines upon them.

I am going to tell you about the shell called the cowry, which the black people of Africa use for money. It is a beautiful little shell, covered with shining enamel, with yellow rings upon it. The young negro girls sometimes wear them round their neck on a string. When they want to buy anything they have only to undo their necklace and slip off one or two of the shells. Now, you would like to know how much they are worth. I will tell you.

If a cent could be cut up into thirty-six pieces, one piece would be worth one cowry. One cent is worth thirty-six cowries. But these shells are not to be picked up easily on the shore. They have to be searched for on reefs, and under rocks at low water. When these cowries have the real live shell-fish in them they move about a great deal from place to place.

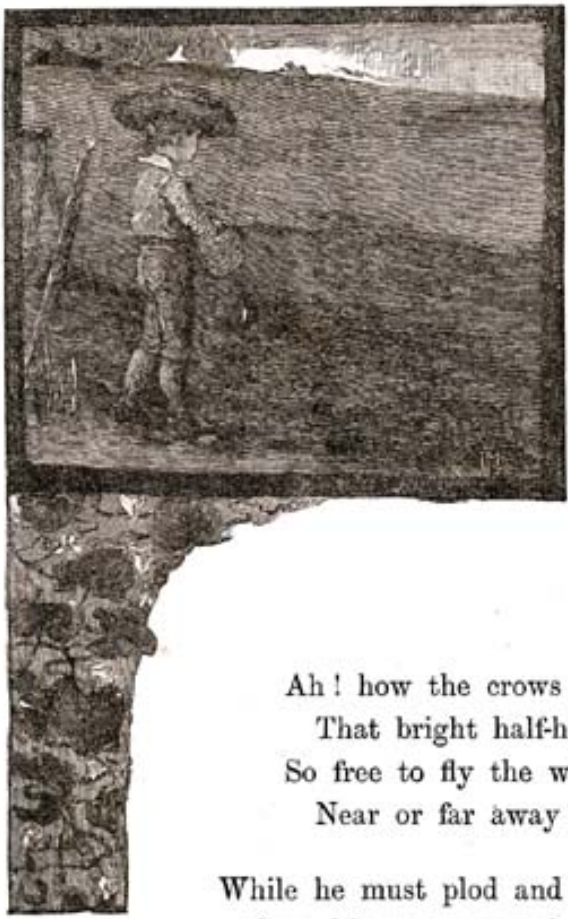
Then there is the cone shell, smaller still and prettier. These inhabit warm and shallow pools inside coral reefs. The spout shell is very curiously shaped and curly-looking. Then there is the large one called the hungry shell, because it has such a big, open mouth, and is so very greedy, eating all day among the sea-weeds and sea-grasses that grow in the clefts of the rocks.

If you take these large shells and hold them up to your ear, and listen, you can here a gentle, rushing sound, that is called the sound of the sea. It is just like the little waves in the distance breaking upon the shore. However long the shells have been away from their homes they never forget it. Even if you have had them in your house for years you can always hear them singing the song of their sea-homes if you will only hold them up and listen for it.

A poet once wrote a verse about it in honor of a beautiful young girl whom he knew. The words are so pretty that I will tell them to you: —

"Her mouth is sweet, about her lips
A song forever dwells,
Like the sweet music of the sea
Upon the lips of shells."

Do not forget when you go to the beach in the summer months to look for the large shells. Hold them up to your ear, and listen for the music of the sea.



'Twas April, balmy, bright,
And men, from early morn
To night, had worked to turn the furrows
Ready for the corn.

And now 'twas planting time,
And Tim knew well indeed,
His part would be in every hill to
Drop a pumpkin-seed.

Ah! how the crows did caw
That bright half-holiday;
So free to fly the whole land over,
Near or far away;

While he must plod and stoop
Over his weary round,
Tucking the seeds, hill-top by hill-top,
Safely in the ground.

He sighed: "Who'd ever tell,
Or who would ever know,
If just so many seeds ain't really
Planted in each row?"

No one! And so he
dug
Out a great hollow
space,
And heaped the whole
field's future pumpkins
Together in one place.

Who did tell? No one. But
When sun and sweet,
warm rain
Had made the corn-
field's long brown furrows
Green with growing grain,

In one far corner grew
A most amazing mass
Of stems and leaves, that told the story
Only too well, alas!

Rank, twisted stems, and broad,
Coarse leaves in tangles grew;
And how they came there, who had
done it,
All the people knew.

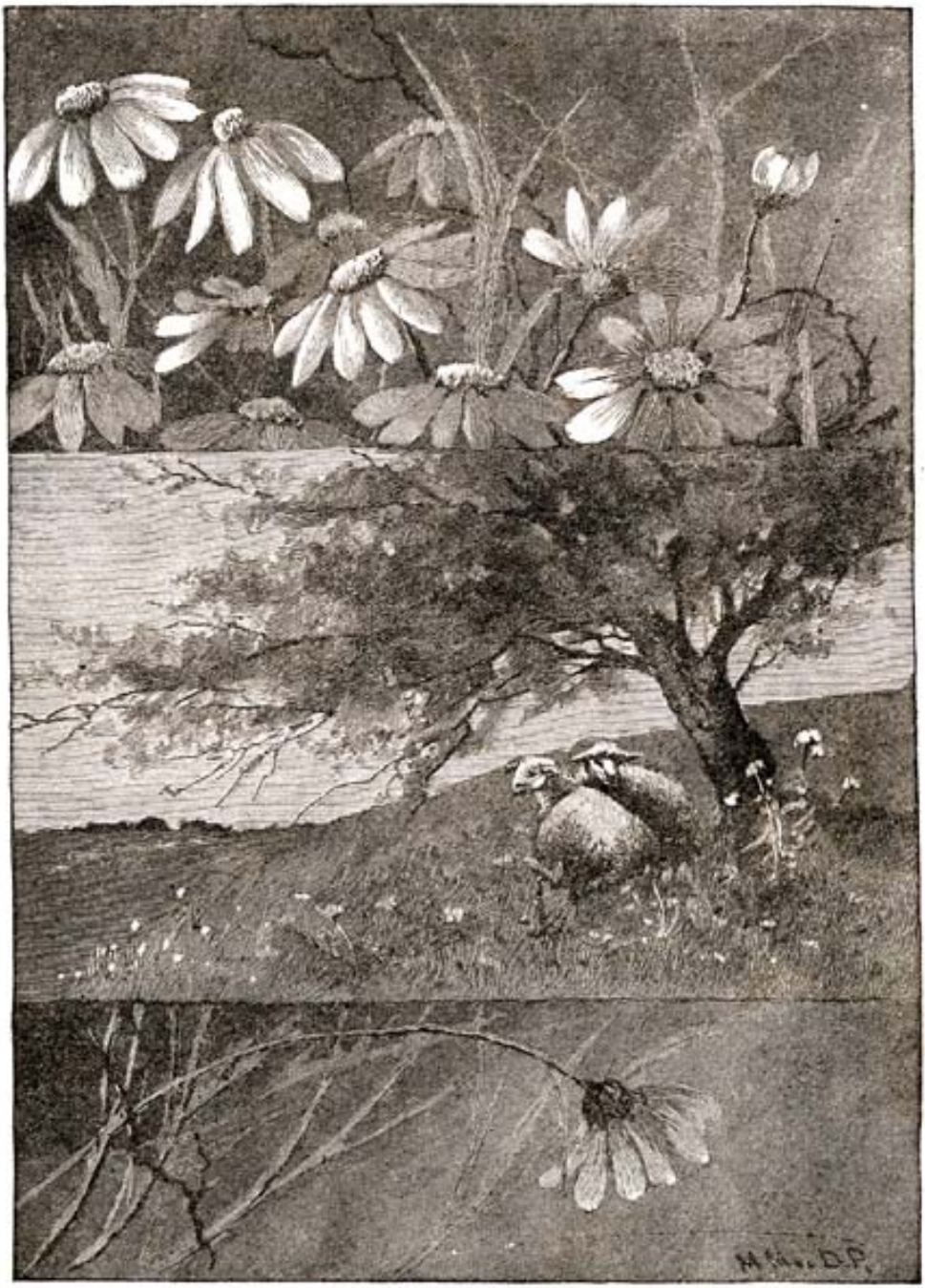
They knew and laughed. To him
It was a dreadful spot,
And how even seeds can talk, he
never
In all his life forgot.

FLOWERS THAT LOVE THE SUN.

THERE are some flowers that love the sunlight as much as you do. See the sunflower, with its great, honest face, always looking towards the west until it has gone out of sight. The next morning you will find that same flower gazing towards the east, all ready and waiting for it to rise. This is why this flower has often been called the "Sun Worshipper."

The little white daisy is a great lover of the open light of day. This is why it used to be called "day's eye." And the marigold mourns its going so much that it solemnly closes just at night-fall.

So does the oxalis, and you will not only find its flowers closed, but the leaves, too, folded all up into three pretty divisions, like a heart. And our sweet pond-lily always hides away under the water when the sun is gone, only to appear when it comes up in the morning.



MY DANDELION GIRL.

With hands too small to hold
  All her sweet eyes could see
Of April's early gold,
  Her frock uplifted she
In many a filmy fold,
  And then like a white bee
She hither, thither sped,
The sunlight on her head
Gilding each fine-spun thread
  Yellow as dandelions.

She could not bear to pass
  One single flower by,
Each disk, so like bright brass,
  Was lovely to her eye,
Strewn on the carpet grass
  As thick as they could lie.
But, ah, her tears fell down,
When the lap of her white gown
Got stains of green and brown
  From her dear dandelions.

THE DRAGON-FLY.

THE dragon-fly does not carry a lantern or a torch about with him like the fire-fly and the lantern-fly, but he is a very beautiful creature, and you will not need to go to tropical countries, like China and India and Brazil, to see him. It must be a very fine thing to have one pair of wings, so as to fly through the air, from garden to garden and from field to field, and to take very long trips without being obliged to go on a train or a boat or in a carriage. But what do you think of two pairs of wings? And yet the graceful dragon-fly has two pairs and he uses both pairs at the same time, just as you use your two feet. These wings, too, are often painted in colors of red and black and brown and yellow, and sometimes a delicate, shining blue, which looks like the precious stone called sapphire. They love the sun, and so they come in great numbers in the summer season. Have you never seen them flying around the tall tiger-lilies in the garden? And away they go sometimes into the forests, and they can be seen on the hedges and very often about the fruit trees in the orchard. But to these places they only make short visits, because they love to live near the water, skimming over the lake and the pond and the river. They are lighter than feathers, and when you are near a pond in the summer, you can find a great deal of pleasure in watching them as they fly here and there over the water. Their beautiful wings are as thin as gauze. You can easily see through them, and when you look at them closely, you wonder how such frail, delicate wings can support even as light a

body as the slender dragon-fly; but these four wings do a great deal of flying. Watch him on the pond, and see how seldom he rests; he loves to go all the time.

The front wings and the hind wings differ in coloring so he is all the handsomer for that. His legs are black with reddish thighs, and when he flies, the colors of his four wings and his legs and his bright brown eyes shine in the sunlight, till you might almost believe that a very beautiful piece of jewelry was flying about. But although he is a handsome fellow, he is a great tyrant on the water, and the poor little insects, like the gnats and midges, he devours without a grain of salt. Some of them carry a sting too, and poor animals dread them very much. Indeed the dragon-fly devours smaller insects so greedily that he is called dragon for that reason. In olden times which you will read about when you are older, there were a great many stories about the terrible dragons who devoured people. These stories were fables or untrue stories, but the dragon-fly got his name from these cruel monsters that devoured everything that came within their reach.

A FIDDLER.

The End