

The Nursery, No. 165. September, 1880, Vol. 28 eBook

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ROSA BONHEUR.

About forty years ago, at an exhibition of paintings in Paris, two small pictures attracted great attention. One was called "Goats and Sheep;" the other, "Two Rabbits."

They were wonderfully true to life; and what made them still more remarkable was, that they were the production of a girl only nineteen years old. That young French girl, Rosalie Bonheur, is now the famous artist known the world over as "Rosa Bonheur."

She was born in Bordeaux in 1822. Her father, Raymond Bonheur, was an artist of much merit, and he was her first teacher. From earliest youth she had a great fondness for animals, and delighted in studying their habits.

So, naturally enough, she made animals the subjects of her pictures, and it is in this peculiar department of art that she has become eminent. Her works are quite numerous and widely known. One of the most famous is her "Horse-Fair," which was the chief attraction of the Paris Exhibition in 1853.

She is still practising her art; and in addition to that she is the directress of a gratuitous "School of Design" for young girls. When Paris was besieged by the Prussians, the studio and residence of Rosa Bonheur were spared and respected by special order of the crown prince.

Auguste Bonheur, a younger sister of Rosa, and one of her pupils, has also gained a high reputation as an artist. She, too, excels as a painter of animals.

We give as a frontispiece to this number an engraving of one of her pictures, and we will let the picture tell its own story. It is a work that would do credit to the famous Rosa herself.

ALFRED SELWYN.

PIP AND POP.

[Illustration: Pip And Pop.]

Pip.—Well, cousin Pop, how goes the world with you? Do you find any worms?

Pop.—Not a sign of one! What is to become of the race of sparrows, I don't know. The spring is late and chilly. There is still frost in the ground.

Pip.—Not even a fly have I caught this blessed day.



Pop.—Just my luck, friend Pop! If it weren't for the crumbs a little girl throws out for me every day, I should starve.

Pip.—I should like to know that little girl. Where does she live?

Pop.—She is at school now. But come with me about two o'clock, and you shall be fed.

Pip.—Thank you, cousin. I'll do as much for you one of these days. I have heard of a little girl in Ohio, who feeds the birds so well, that they follow her into the house, light on her head, and play with her.

Pop.—A thought strikes me, cousin. The little girl who feeds me is just as good as the Ohio girl; but I am not as good as the Ohio birds. I have not trusted her as I ought to. I have not lighted on her head. I have not followed her into the house.



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Pip.—That was a fault, my dear Pop. I do not think she will put us in a cage. I think she will be good to us.

Pop.—Then I'll tell you what we'll do. After she has had her dinner, we'll fly in at the window, and light on the table.

Pip.—A good idea! I agree to it. Now, don't you be afraid, Pop, and back out.

Pop.—That I won't. First we'll go and have a good wash in the brook, so that our feathers shall be all clean.

Pip.—Another good idea! Hunger sharpens your wits, cousin.

Pop.—It sharpens my appetite: I know that.

Pip.—Come on, then! Let us see who will fly the faster to the brook. [*They fly off.*]

UNCLE CHARLES

[Illustration: Birds Drinking]

WHAT CAME OF A DIRTY FACE.

[Illustration: What Came of a Dirty Face.]

A little boy I used to know,
Who went to a district school.
He learned to read, and he learned to write,
And to whisper against the rule.
What fun it was with his marbles to play
When the teacher was busy, and looking away!

This little boy, one day, was sent
A pail of water to bring,
And like Jack and Jill away he ran,
And back he came with a swing.
But, just as he entered the schoolroom door,
Both he and the water went down on the floor.

Oh, then, what a noise there was in the room!
The school-ma'am fetched a mop;
But, the more she tried the water to check,
The more it wouldn't stop.



There never was such water to run:
It seemed, with the children, to like the fun.

What was it that made the little boy fall,
And show such a lack of grace?
I'll tell you all, for I happen to know:
It was only a dirty face!
He looked at himself in the water-pail,
And that made the little boy's footstep fail.

WATERING THE FLOWERS.

“Why is it that flowers always grow so nicely for Mary? I often plant seeds; but nothing comes from them. They won't grow for me. But blossoms seem to spring right up wherever she goes. They must have a particular liking for her.”

That's what Master Tom said, one day, as he saw Mary watering the flowers.

Well, it is no wonder, Tom, if flowers do have a liking for such a lovable little girl. There's nothing so very strange about that. How could they help liking her?

[Illustration: Watering the Flowers.]

But, after all, perhaps the secret of the matter is, that Mary loves the flowers, and never forgets to take care of them. She looks after them every day, and not by fits and starts, as some people do.



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So she has good luck with her flowers, and is always able to make up a nice bouquet. And she not only enjoys the flowers herself, but, what is better still, she takes delight in having others enjoy them with her.

She does not forget to send a liberal share to the Flower Mission; and many a poor sufferer has been cheered by the sight of Mary's flowers.

UNCLE SAM.

BABY TO HER DOLL.

[Illustration: Baby to Her Doll.]

I wonder what you are thinking about
While you look so smiling at me.
You never frown, and you never pout;
Your eyes are as clear as can be,
And though you are often hurt, no doubt,
Not a tear do I ever see!

W.G.

PETER AND TOMMY.

[Illustration: Peter and Tommy.]

Peter.—I say, Tommy, where did you get that new hat you have on your head?

Tommy.—What business is that of yours?

Peter.—Oh, I want to learn, that's all. I may be wanting to get a hat of that kind myself, you know. Is it the latest style?

Tommy.—Look here, young one: I sha'n't stand any of your chaffing. As soon as I get through with my bread and butter, I shall take hold of you.

Peter.—Your bark is worse than your bite, Tommy. I shouldn't wonder if you were to come off second best in a square fight.

Tommy.—Be off, Peter, and let me eat my bread and butter in peace.

Peter.—It seems to me it would be good manners to offer me a bite.

Tommy.—You'll provoke me, Peter, to give you a thrashing.



Peter.—My advice is that you don't try it on.

Tommy.—Peter, you are a little upstart. I should leave nothing of you, if I once took hold of you in earnest.

Peter.—It's a hot day, Tommy, and the wisest thing you can do is to share your slice with me. I am very hungry.

Tommy.—Oh, if you're hungry, that alters the case. Sit down, Peter, and you shall have a good bite.

Peter.—Ah! That tastes nice. Now, Tommy, explain about that hat of yours.

Tommy.—That's my secret, Peter. I sha'n't tell it.

Peter.—I can guess it. It's only a basket.

Tommy.—What a wise Peter you are! And to think you've had no schooling as yet!

UNCLE CHARLES.

IF I WERE A FAIRY.

If I were a fairy slight and small,
Say, about as tall
As a span-worm forming the letter O,
What do you think I would do? I know!
In the bell of the lily I'd rock and swing,
Twitter and sing;
And, taking the gold-dust under me,
I'd splash the hips



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of the buzzing bee,
That he might have meal to make his bread,
With honey spread,
For his thousand babies all in rows,
Each in a bandbox up to his nose.

I'd count the curls of the hyacinth
By the fallen plinth,
And make them glossy with morning dew
By sunrise tinted with purple and blue;
And out of the sunset sky I'd get
For the violet
Yellow and red, and dark marine,
And purples deep, and a tender green;
And all night long, as they lay in sleep,
I would paint and steep
Their velvet cheeks in a hundred dyes,
That well they might open great staring eyes.

Unseen I would come where the tired ants tug
At a heavy slug,
With my rye-beard lance I'd push it along,
And they'd think, "All at once we are wondrous strong!"
In the nest of the robin, under the eaves
Of the apple-leaves,
I'd drop a worm in the gaping throats
That answer my chirp of the mother's notes.
When bonny Miss Harebell thirsts in vain
For a drop of rain,
I would fill at the brook my shining cap,
And lay it all dripping in her lap.

Oh, what would I do as a fairy small?
I cannot tell all;
But I would do much with a right good will:
To all things good, and to nothing ill.
And I'd laugh and skip, like a bird on wing,
Twitter and sing,
And make boys and girls, and birds and flowers,
All say, "What a lovely world is ours!"



Well, what if I am not quite so small?
I can do it all
In my own sweet home by the same good will,
No fairy, but something nobler still.

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

[Illustration: If I Were a Fairy.]

A CHILD FASCINATING BIRDS.

[Illustration: A Child Fascinating Birds.]

There is a little girl in Ohio, five years old, who has the power of charming birds at will. Her mother was the first to notice the exercise of this strange power.

The little Girl was playing in the yard where some snowbirds were hopping about. When she spoke to them, they would come, twittering with glee, and light upon her shoulders.

On her taking them in her hands and stroking them, the birds did not care to get away. They seemed to be highly pleased, and, when let loose, would fly a short distance, and soon return to the child again.

She took several of them into the house to show to her mother. The mother, thinking the little girl might hurt the birds, put them out of doors. But the little birds were not to be cheated in this way. No sooner was the door opened than they flew into the room again, and alighted upon the girl's head, and began to chirp.

The birds staid about the house all winter. Whenever the door was opened, they would fly to the little girl. The parents feared that this might be a bad omen, and that the little girl would die.



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But she kept her health, and did not die. She still makes pets of the birds, and they come and play with her. She handles them so gently, that even a humming-bird has been known to come to her several times.

Last winter a whole flock of birds kept near the house all the season. She would feed them, and then play with them for hours at a time. Every morning the birds would fly to her window, and chirp, as much as to say, "Good-morning, little mistress! Wake up, wake up!"

I think the child must be a near relation of that "Little Bell," of whom the poet Westwood sang,—

"Whom God's creatures love," the angels fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care:
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm; love deep and kind
Shall watch around, and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee!"

EMILY CARTER.

DADDY FROG.

[Illustration: Daddy Frog & Children]

Old Daddy Frog lives in a bog,
And his coat is bottle-green;
Yellow his vest; handsomely dressed,
His pretty shape is seen.
Puffing with pride, there at his side
His dame is sure to be:
Smiling, she says, "No one could raise
A finer family!
Singing Coa, coa, coa, kerchunk!"

Old Daddy Frog leaps on a log
In a spry and jaunty way:
Calling his boys—oh, what a noise!
He joins them in their play.
Hippety hop! under they pop,
And Daddy Frog says he,
"Isn't it fine? How they will shine,



This polished family!
Singing Coa, coa, coa, kerchunk!"

Old Daddy Frog lives in the bog
Till the summer days are done:
Little boys grow; dressed like a beau
Now is each model son.
Daddy Frog's eyes wink with surprise,
Filled with delight is he;
Dame at his side chuckles with pride,
"There's no such family!
Singing Coa, coa, coa, kerchunk!"

GEORGE COOPER.

[Illustration: Daddy Frog]

THE FIRST CATCH.

One.
Two.
Three.
Four.
Five.

[Illustration: Fish in Hat]

I caught a fish alive. Why did You let him go?

[Illustration: Boy Bit]

He bit my little finger so.

TALKING WITH THE FINGERS.

No doubt, many of the little readers of "The Nursery" go to school; yet not many of them, I think, can ever have been in such a school as the one in which I am teaching. The walls of the room are hung with pictures of birds, animals, insects, fishes, and flowers. The blackboard is covered with drawings of many familiar objects.



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While I am writing this, seven little boys and nine little girls (how many does that make in all?) are busy writing on their slates. These children do not have any books to study. I tell them what I wish to teach them, and they write it down, and try to remember it. But I teach them without speaking a word. I talk to them with my fingers.

You have guessed already, I dare say, that these dear little children are deaf and dumb; that is, they can neither hear nor speak. They cannot go to school and live at home, and see papa and mamma night and morning, as you can; for there are no schools for them near their homes. They have to go a long way from home, and stay in school many long weeks without seeing father or mother, brother or sister. So, when vacation comes, how glad and happy they are! Some of them are even now writing on their slates, "In sixteen weeks we shall go home."

I have said that these children cannot speak; but that is not quite true, for many of them are learning to speak. When I talk to them, they look very closely at my lips, and so learn to tell what I am saying. Some of them have very sweet and pleasant voices, the sound of which they have never heard in all their lives.

And now let me say that I hope you will learn the finger-alphabet; so that, if you visit any of my little pupils, you can talk to them.

If you ask them, they will spell very slowly,—how fast they *can* spell!—so that you can read what they say. Perhaps you can get "The Nursery" to print the alphabet for you.

S.A.E.

ROCHESTER, N.Y., March, 1880.

A DAY ON GRANDPA'S FARM.

[Illustration: A Day on Grandpa's Farm]

"Arlington!" cried the conductor, as the train stopped at a little station in Central Wisconsin. We got out of the car just in time to see grandpa driving up in his big double wagon.

We climbed in, and grandpa said, "Get up, Bill! Go along, Jip!" and away we started for the farm.

When we got there, the first thing we saw was grandma making cookies with holes in them. She said she would give us some if we would be sure and not eat the holes.



After dinner, my sister Ally, cousin Johnny, and I, went out to take a ramble in the barn and hunt for eggs. Pretty soon we heard Johnny calling, "Oh, come quick, and see what I have found!"

We ran quickly to the place where he was, and there we saw a hen with a brood of chickens. One of the chicks was on its mother's back, one was on the floor in front of her, and the others were peeping out from under her wings. It was a pretty sight.

After naming each of the chickens, we all made a search for eggs. We found one nest with five eggs in it, another with three, and another with two. Johnny put the eggs in his cap, and carried them into the house.

He soon came running back, saying, "Now, let us go and have a swing." So we all went to the swing, and swung till we were tired. Then Ally said, "Oh, come and see the ducks swimming on the pond!" but Johnny said, "Wait till I get my boat, that uncle Sam made for me."



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So we all went to the pond, and Johnny put in his boat. It sailed right out among the ducks, and they were much afraid of it, and swam away as fast as they could, saying, "Quack, quack, quack!"

Johnny went to the other side of the pond to get his boat, which had sailed across, and he had just got back when we heard grandma calling, "Children, come in to supper." After supper, mamma read us a story from "The Nursery," and then tucked us snugly in bed, and we went to sleep to dream of cookies, and hunting eggs.

S.H.P.

EMMA AND ETTA.

[Illustration: Emma and Etta]

Emma and Etta are sisters. They have a doll whose name is Clara.

They are very fond of Clara, and it would be hard to tell which of the two Clara likes best. It is not often that one doll has two such mothers.

In the picture you may see Emma dressing the doll. She has curled the sweet little thing's hair, and Etta has a nice, clean gown all ready for her to put on.

It is to be hoped that this doll with two mothers will not be too much petted. It would be a pity if she should become a spoiled child.

A.B.C.

[Illustration: Child and Doll]

BROWNIE'S ADVENTURE.

[Illustration: Brownie's Adventure]

Grace and Willie named him Brownie, because all his brothers and sisters were white, and he was such a funny little brown puff-ball of a chicken.

Mrs. Speckle (that was his mother) was just as proud of him as she could be; but foolish Brownie thought her too strict. She would never consent to let one of the downy things out of her sight for a moment, and told them fearful stories of hawks and weasels, to say nothing of bad boys and big dogs.



But Brownie kept thinking that some day, when he was a little older and stronger, he would leave the yard, and see whether there were really such dangers in the fields and woods as his mother said there was.

After a while the pretty brown feathers all dropped out, one after another, until Brownie looked more like a chicken which had been plucked than any thing else. Grace could not keep from laughing at the sight of him; and it was very droll when he popped up on a log, and tried a weak, quavering crow.

To be sure, Mrs. Speckle did not keep a looking-glass, and I suppose poor Brownie had no idea how very absurd he looked. To tell the truth, he thought he was almost grown up, and began to watch for a chance to begin his journey to see the world. He had not the least doubt that he would see something fine, if he could only get out of the sight of his mother, who was so very strict, and had such foolish notions, as he thought.

So, one day, as Mrs. Speckle was having a friendly chat with Dame Top-Knot, he took the chance to creep slyly under the fence, and was off all alone.

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“How silly mothers are! And such cowards too!” he said to himself. “I am sure there’s nothing here to hurt me. I would like to see any one meddle with me!”

At this instant he felt a sharp peck; and a voice said close to his ear, “Halloo, little one, you had better start for home!”

He looked up, and saw young Green-Wing, who was two months older, and boasted a comb of good size, to say nothing of his sharp spurs.

Brownie thought it best to say nothing after the first “peep,” and hid, trembling with fright, under the first leaf he could find. But the sun shone, the sky was a lovely blue, the ground was bright with flowers, and there were many bugs crawling about. Brownie had quite a feast, and was beginning to regain his spirits, when something happened which turned all his thoughts topsy-turvy.

The sky grew dark all at once. Something caught hold of him, and Brownie felt himself going up, up, so swiftly, that it quite took his breath away. “It must be a thousand miles,” he thought.

Crack! went a gun. Then the hawk let go and Brownie went down, down to the ground, where he lay for a long time as if he were dead.

When he opened his eyes it was almost dark. The sun had set, and he had forgotten the way home. “I shall never see mamma again,” he sobbed. “I wish I had been good and not run away.”

“Why, here’s Brownie!” cried Grace’s voice. “The hawk did not get him after all. Come, Willie, and help me drive him to the hen-house.”

“I hope, my dear, you will never be so very naughty again,” said Mrs. Speckle, as he crept under her wing.

MRS. B.P. SIBLEY.

[Illustration: Hen and Chicks]

A MISJUDGED FRIEND.

The gardener shut the garden gate,
And went to weed the onion-bed:
The growing plants stood tall and straight;
“But what is this?” surprised he said.
Some broken bricks, some stones and sticks,
And underneath them, crushed and dead,



A large brown toad! “James, Martin, Fred!”
He called three little boys, who played
Near by, beneath a pear-tree’s shade,
And sternly asked, “What cruel play
Is this you’ve been about to-day?”

“’Tis very hard we should be blamed,
I’m sure!” poor little James exclaimed:
“We only killed the toad because
An ugly-looking thing he was,—
So very ugly, that we knew
He surely would some mischief do.
He had great warts upon his back,
And curious blotches, greenish black,
And darting tongue, and strange flat head”—
“And how he sprawled his legs!” cried Fred.
“His mouth,” said Martin, “was so wide,
It reached far round on either side;
And queer winks with his eyes he’d give:
We did not dare to let him live.
We had to kill that toad because
An ugly-looking thing he was.”



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The gardener gravely shook his head;
“It was a heartless act,” he said;
“And, more than that, you may depend
Upon my word, you’ve killed a friend;
For often, at my work, I’ve found
This same toad near me, hopping round,
And, watching him, I’ve learned that he
My constant helper used to be,—
A second gardener, with no pay,
Who still was busy every day.

“He killed the young potato-bugs,
The caterpillars, and the slugs,
The beetles striped with yellow lines,
That spoil the tender melon-vines,
And looked round with his blinking eyes
For cabbage-worms and turnip-flies,
Low-flying moths with downy wings,
And slimy snails in shady nooks.
It was the cruellest of things
To kill poor Hop Toad for his looks.

“And if, when you shall older grow,
You strangers judge by outward show,
You’ll be as foolish as unjust:
In worthless men you’ll put your trust,
And often sorrow, in the end,
For having wronged some honest friend.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

A CURE FOR THE TOOTHACHE.

Our Ned is a brave little fellow about eight years old. He is full of fun, and loves to play out of doors in all kinds of weather.

But what little boy can be merry when he has a raging toothache! Ned bore it like a hero; but he had to give up at last, and he was glad to take refuge in his mother’s lap, and be a baby again for a while.

With his head pillowed on his mother’s breast, the little boy found some relief; but still he was in great pain. His sister stood by, trying to think of some way to help him. Ned



could hardly keep from crying; but he said to his mother, "I should like to have you tell me a story."

"What shall it be, darling?" said his mother.

"Tell me about Harry and his dog Jack." This story had been told to Ned when he was a very, very little boy, and a good many times since then. It seemed odd to his mother that he had chosen such an old story. But he wanted to hear it; and so she told it all over again. This is the story:—

"There was once a little boy named Harry, and he had a little dog named Jack. Jack was a queer-looking dog. He was nearly all black; but he had a white tail, and his front-feet were white.

"Harry loved Jack very much, and as he never forgot to feed him, and never teased him, the dog loved Harry very much. When Harry went to school, Jack went too,—not into the schoolroom (for dogs can't learn to read, you know), but into the school-yard, where he played about till Harry came out again. At recess, he used to play with the boys, and have almost as much fun as if he were a boy too.

"The yard wasn't very large, and, when the boys played ball, they would often throw the ball over the fence. Then it was Jack's part of the play to run after the ball. The boys would call, 'Jack, Jack!' and Jack would run under the fence, seize the ball in his mouth, and bring it back to the boys.



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[Illustration: Mother, Son, & Daughter]

“But, one day, the ball rolled off the pavement out into the street. A wagon was passing just then; and Jack was in such a hurry to get the ball, that he ran right in its way, and the wheel went over his leg.

“The boys all ran out to help Jack; and one of them said, ‘O Harry! I’m afraid that he is badly hurt; for see, he runs on three legs, and lets the other one hang.’ Harry took Jack up in his arms, and said, ‘Poor Jack, poor little Jack.’ Then he felt very gently of the dog’s leg, and found that it was broken.

“Oh, how sorry Harry and all the other boys felt! Harry couldn’t keep from crying, and they all said that if little Jack got well they wouldn’t send him out after the ball any more.

“As soon as they were back in the yard, Harry ran into the school-house with Jack in his arms, and said to the teacher, ‘Please, sir, may I go home now? My poor little dog Jack has broken his leg, and I want to show him to my mother, and try and make it better.’ The teacher said, ‘Yes, Harry, you are a good boy, and Jack is a good little dog, and you may take him home.’ So Harry started at once.

“When Harry’s mother saw him coming home, she was afraid he was sick. She ran out to the gate, and said, ‘Why, Harry! What makes you come home so early to-day?’—‘O mamma!’ said Harry, ‘my poor little Jack has broken his leg!’ Then Harry’s mother looked at Jack, and, after thinking a minute said, ‘My dear Harry, I am very sorry; but I think we shall have to kill little Jack to save him from suffering. A dog’s broken leg cannot be made whole again.’

“Oh, how sad little Harry felt when his mother said that! It made him cry very hard. But in a little while something made him stop crying: and what do you guess it was? Why, he began to think that perhaps his mamma was mistaken when she said that dogs couldn’t have their legs mended; and he thought he would go to the doctor who cured him when he was sick, and ask about it.

“So he said, ‘Dear mamma, please let me go and ask Dr. Stratton if he won’t try to fix Jack’s leg.’ And his mother said, ‘Well, Harry, you may go; but I don’t think the doctor will do it.’

“So Harry put on his hat, and went over to Dr. Stratton’s. Harry knocked on the doctor’s door. ‘Come in!’ said the doctor. ‘Why, Harry! What do you want? Anybody sick at your house?’

“‘N-no, sir,’ said Harry, ‘not exactly anybody, but my little dog Jack has a broken leg, and mamma says you can’t mend it; but please try. My dear little dog is such a good dog, and mamma says he will have to be killed. Will you please try?’



“Now, the doctor was a very kind man. He smiled, and said, ‘Well, Harry, I never mended a dog’s leg; but I’ll try for your sake—but won’t he bite me?’

“‘Oh, no!’ said Harry. ‘My dog Jack always minds me, and he will do just as I tell him.’

“So the good doctor put on his hat, and went with Harry. When they were in Harry’s house, the doctor said that he must have some very smooth pieces of wood. Harry said, ‘I think the cover to my broken paint-box would do if it was whittled.’ So he brought it, and the doctor said it was just the thing.



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“Then the doctor said, ‘Now I must have some white cotton-cloth.’ Harry’s mother gave the doctor an old shirt, and he tore it into strips. Then he said, ‘Now, Harry, I am ready.’

“So Harry brought the little dog Jack, and said to him, ‘Now, Jack, lie still!’ And the good dog didn’t move or bite while the doctor set his leg, and bound it up with the pieces of wood and the cloth. Then the doctor said, ‘Now, Harry, you must take good care of Jack and keep him in the house till his leg is quite well.’

“‘I will,’ said Harry. Then he made a nice soft bed and laid Jack in it, and took good care of him, and in a few weeks, what do you think? Jack was well!

“I tell you, the boys were glad to see him back at school; and one of them made a rhyme about him that they used to sing every morning when they saw him coming,—

“‘Little dog Jack, he broke his leg;
But now he’s come back, peg-a-ty-peg!’”

This was the end of the story, and Ned was so quiet that his mother thought he was asleep. But, all of a sudden, he looked up, with a smile, and said, “I’m going out now to have a game of foot-ball.”

“Why, what has become of that toothache?”

“All gone,” said Ned.

“Why, that is a most wonderful cure. We will go and tell the dentist about it to-morrow.”

MRS. HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

[Illustration: Children Playing]

SONG OF THE BIRDS.

Words from the Nursery.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

[Illustration: Music]

1.

Chipper, chipper, chip! come, clear the way!
We must be at work to day.
See us swiftly fly along,



Hear outbursts of merry song;
Watch us in our busy flight
Glancing in your window bright;
Save your bits of yarn for me;
Just think what a help 'twould be!

2.

Chipper, chipper, chip! Hark, how he sings,
As he comes for threads and strings,
Which he is not slow to see,
From the budding lilac tree!
Now with cunning saucy pranks,
See him nod his hearty thanks:
"These are just the thing," says he;
"What a help they'll be to me!"

3.

Chipper, chipper, chip! Now see him go,
Now so fast and now so slow;
Working ever at the nest,
Never stopping once to rest,
Getting bits of straw and things
For his good wife, while he sings,
"Chip, chip, chip, so gay are we,
Singing in the lilac tree."

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[Illustration: Shot Gun]

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[Illustration: TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.]



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[Illustration: Invalid Rolling Chair]

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