

# The Nursery, Number 164 eBook

## The Nursery, Number 164

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# Page 1

## THE

Child's Monthly Reader.

The third volume of "THE CHILD'S MONTHLY," a magazine which has been used with great success in many primary schools, was completed with its March issue. It is now consolidated with "THE NURSERY," which will embody all its most prominent features. We can supply back numbers of "The Child's Monthly" and "Monthly Reader" at the above low rate.

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THE NURSERY PUBLISHING CO.,

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[Illustration: THE LITTLE TEACHER.]

## THE LITTLE TEACHER.

I know of a little girl, who, like Mozart, shows a great talent for music, though she is not yet ten years old. Before she could walk, it seemed to be her delight to creep along the floor to the piano, draw herself up so as to touch the key-board, and then strike the different keys.

Some of the sounds were pleasing to her, and from some she would start and draw back, as if she were hurt. A false note in music seemed to inflict pain, while she would show great pleasure when the harmony was perfect.

This little girl, whose name is Laura, has been so faithful in studying the rules of music, that, young as she is, she is employed to teach it to children still younger than herself. As her parents are poor, she is paid well for this service. In the picture you may see her standing, while Emma Dean, one of her little pupils, occupies the music-stool.

"Oh, I shall never learn to play like you, Miss Laura," says Emma.

"Pray don't call me *Miss*," says Laura; "for I am but a little girl like yourself."



“But then you know so much more than I do, that I like to call you *Miss*,” says Emma. “Are you not my teacher?”

“I try to be,” says Laura; “but, if we talk instead of work, we shall not make much improvement. Now let me hear you play over this exercise once more.”

“But I have played it a dozen times,” says Emma. “Let us try something new.”

“You have played it a dozen times; but you must play it two hundred times more, if you expect to be perfect in it,” says Laura.

“Two hundred times! Oh, I can’t think of it,” exclaims Emma. “Let us try something new.”

Here Mrs. Dean, who from a room near by had overheard the conversation, came in, and said, “If you cannot obey your teacher, Emma, you must stop taking music-lessons. Miss Laura is quite right; and I am glad to see that she does not yield to your whims. The best way in learning is always to learn one thing thoroughly before passing to another.”

## Page 2

Emma gave up the point, and began to play the exercise with a good grace. She did so well, that, when she had played it over thirty times, Miss Laura said to her, "That will do for to-day. We will take it up again in our next lesson. Now we will pass to a new piece."

But Mrs. Dean said, "You have done enough to-day, my children. Now go and pick some strawberries for yourselves in the garden, and then we will take a walk in the grove."

And this is what they did. Dora Burnside.

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

## THE ANT'S DAIRY.

Do ants keep cows? Let us see. A little insect named an aphid is found on the leaf of most every plant. This little parasite lives on the sweet juice called honey-dew. Now the ants are very fond of this honey-dew, and know that they can obtain a supply from the body of the *aphid*.

The ants, therefore, climb up trees on whose leaves the *aphides* have collected. Then an ant goes close to one of these insects for a drop of the sweet juice. If this be not soon given out, the ant will gently tap the body of the aphid, and thus obtain a supply of the sweet fluid. After feasting on this, the ant will pass to another little aphid and treat it in the same manner for another drop.

But the ant has sense enough to treat the aphid as we treat our cows. Our farmers, you know, keep the cows in enclosed meadows, and supply them with hay and turnips when the grass fails. The ants also take a number of aphides close to their nests, and there keep them secure and supply them with suitable food.

Now the lady-birds are also fond of the aphides, and eat them up by hundreds. But the ant has sense enough to keep the aphid for a supply of honey-dew instead of killing it as the lady-bird does. Is not the ant, therefore, entitled to be regarded as a cow-keeper, and are not the tiny little aphides his milch-cows?

T.C.

\* \* \* \* \*



## BABY JEAN.

Eyes as bright as diamonds,  
Mouth all sweet and clean,  
Cheeks with tempting dimples  
That's my baby Jean!"

Hands as soft as rose-leaves,  
Teeth like glistening pearls,  
Little sunbeams woven  
On her heads for curls.

Little feet that patter  
Here and everywhere,  
Little mind that's busy,  
Filled with childish care.

Lips from which the kisses  
Bubble all day long,  
Tongue that's ever singing  
Some sweet cradle-song.

How I love my baby  
Words can never tell;  
And she—she loves papa  
Just as much and well.

She's the dearest fairy  
That was ever seen;  
And from Heaven I'm certain  
Came my baby Jean!

F.E. HAMILTON.

[Illustration: ]



## Page 3

### THE FRIENDLY DOG.

Poor Old Whitey! He fell lame, and was turned out in a little field to starve. And he would have starved, if it hadn't been for Milo.

And who was Milo? He was a dog who had lived in the stable with Old Whitey. They had become great friends. Each had found the other trusty and kind.

And I think Milo must have reasoned in this way: "Is it not sad to see my old friend shut up in that barren little field with nothing to eat? He has nibbled all the grass, and there is nothing left for him. It is too bad; and I can't stand it."

In the cellar of the stable were some turnips and beets. What does Milo do but take a long beet in his mouth, and carry it to Old Whitey, who neighs, as if to say, "Thank you, old friend."

Then he gobbles it up, and looks at Milo, as if to say, "Another, if you please." Milo trots off, and brings him a turnip. Oh, how it does relish! Old Whitey begins to caper, in spite of his lame legs.

Milo kept running to and fro for half an hour, till Old Whitey had made a good dinner. Then the man who had shut up the old horse found out what was going on.

He seized a whip, and ran at Milo to punish him. But it happened that the lady who owned the farm, and who did not know how Old Whitey had been treated, came back from the city just at that time to pass a month in the country.

She saw what was going on, asked what was the matter, and, when she learned it, said to the man, "The dog is a better Christian than you are. He shall stay, and you shall go. Come into the house, and let me pay you your wages."

[Illustration]

Thenceforth Old Whitey was well taken care of; and, as for Milo, he was petted and praised to his heart's content. Cruelty to animals is an act which no good man or child can be guilty of. I was not sorry to learn that the man who had tried to starve Old Whitey was dismissed from his place.

Uncle Charles.



## CARLO'S BONNET.

Of course Carlo was a dog, and I'll tell you how he came to us. As my father was walking up Arch Street, Philadelphia, one day, with his hands clasped behind him, something cold and damp was pushed against his fingers. He turned round quickly, and a beautiful brown-and-white pointer came to his side, and looked up at him with such a pleading look in his soft brown eyes, that my father said, as he patted him on the head, "Poor fellow, are you lost?"

That was enough for Carlo, as we named him. He had found a kind master, and my father a faithful friend. Of course it wouldn't do to keep the dog without trying to find his owner: so the next day he was advertised; and, for several days after, every ring at the bell would make us children start, and feel afraid that somebody had come to take him away. But nobody came for him; and we loved and petted our new-found treasure to the neglect of wooden horses and dolls, and all our other toys.



## Page 4

Sometimes he would come to the parlor-door with his feet very wet and muddy from running through the street-gutters. Then we would say, "O Carlo! what dirty boots!" He would hang down his head, and go off to the back-yard, and lick his feet until they were clean, when, with a bound, and a wag of the tail, he would rush back to the parlor, quite sure that he would be let in.

But the month of June was coming,—a sorrowful time for dogs; for the city had ordered that all dogs found on the streets without muzzles on must be destroyed. At five o'clock every morning, the wagons used to go through the streets, and take up all dogs that were not muzzled. So we had to get a "bonnet," as we called it, for our pet.

It was made of bright red leather, and really he looked so handsome in it, that we thought he ought to like to wear it when he went out for a walk; but he didn't one bit. He used to rub his head on the sidewalk, and fuss and squirm, and, when he didn't get rid of his bonnet in that way, the cunning fellow used to hide it when he got home.

[Illustration]

We kept it hung up on a high nail in the dining-room; but one day, when we called Carlo to have his bonnet put on before he went out, there was no bonnet to be found. Who could have taken it? I must say Carlo acted very much like the thief; for he hung his head, and looked sheepish, when we asked him about it.

We hunted under the chairs and the lounge, in the closets, in parlor and dining-room, Carlo fussing round with us, just as if he wanted dreadfully to find it; but it couldn't be found. So we went out, and shut the street-door after us, saying, "Well, Carlo, you can't go out to walk, that's all."

Those who hide know where to find. When Carlo saw, that, without his bonnet, there was no walk for him, he scampered into the basement-kitchen, got out the muzzle from a pile of old papers in one of the closets, carried it up stairs, and laid it down on the dining-room floor.

But this was not the last time Carlo hid his red bonnet and found it again. In all sorts of places he would stow it away when he came in from his walks. And at last he got so used to it that when we said, "Now, Carlo, go fetch your bonnet," he would dash off and pull it from its hiding-place, and quietly stand to have it buckled on.

He behaved so well in the streets, that before the dog-season was over, we used to take his bonnet off, and let him carry it home in his mouth. One rainy day, when the water was pouring down the open gutters, and I was hurrying home, I happened to look round, and there was Carlo coming along behind me; but his pretty red bonnet was bobbing along in the gutter, where the sly rascal had thrown it, hoping, I suppose, that it would be carried down to the Delaware River.



BOOKRAGS

B.P.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CHARLEY GOES A-FISHING.



## Page 5

Will Charley go a-fishing?  
Yes, of course he will;  
Fix him out with hook and line,  
And let him try his skill.

[Illustration]

“Shall I fish for mackerel?  
Shall I fish for shad?”  
“Pull up any fish that bites,  
That’s a jolly lad!”

A.B.C.

## WHAT WE SAW IN THE WOODS.

We were camping out in the woods, not far from the Canada line. In the party were my brother Tom, Mr. Brisk, who was a sportsman of fame, and uncle Ralph, who hated the sound of a gun.

[Illustration]

One day, as I was roaming through the thick wood, what should I see but a male deer, with branching horns, looking up at the blue sky!

I crept back softly to our tent, and told Mr. Brisk what I had seen. He seized his gun. “What’s that you say, Tom?” asked uncle Ralph. “Only this,” said I; “there is a fine fat deer down by the brook; and, as we are all fond of venison, I think it’s a good chance for Mr. Brisk to get a good shot at him.”

“Oh! that’s it, is it?” said uncle Ralph, while his eyes flashed with mischief. “By all means let us kill the deer. Come, Brisk, where’s your gun?”

Mr. Brisk was looking at the barrels and the caps of his gun to see if all was right; then he said to uncle Ralph, “You and Tom had better stay here; for too many of us may startle the deer.”

“Go on,” said uncle Ralph. “Be quick, or you will lose your chance.”

Mr. Brisk started for the brook, treading carefully, so as not to make a noise. No sooner was he gone than uncle Ralph seized me by the collar, and said, “Now, you young scapegrace, come along with me, and help me save the life of that deer.”



The old gentleman was in earnest. He could not bear to see life destroyed, whether of bird or beast. He lived on vegetables and fruits, and believed that the lower animals have souls. We took a by-path to the brook, and there found the deer quietly grazing.

Just as Mr. Brisk was preparing to fire, uncle Ralph threw a stone at the deer, and sent him off on a fast gallop through the woods.

“Hallo! What did you do that for?” asked Mr. Brisk.

“I did it so that you should not have a venison dinner,” said uncle Ralph, laughing.

Mr. Brisk was pretty mad at first; but at last he joined in the laugh, and we all had a good feast on strawberries instead Of Venison.

THOMAS STAFFORD.

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

## **BABY READING TO HER MOTHER.**

She is tired of her dolly, and tired of her play,  
And she thinks she will read to her mother to-day.

So, seated on the carpet, this little Kitty Brown  
Reads story after story, though the book is upside down.

M.D.B.

## **NOW, AND THEN.**



## Page 6

“Well, well, well!” said grandmamma,  
“Only to see the toys,—  
The marvels of skill and of beauty,  
That are made for these girls and boys!—  
Velocipedes, acrobats, barrows,  
And a dozen kinds of ball,  
And the beautiful bows and arrows,  
With quivers and belts and all;  
And dolls, with an outfit from Paris,  
With eyes that open and shut,  
With jewelry worth a small fortune,  
And six several bonnets,—*tut, tut!*”

“My goodness! If Polly and Rachel,  
Who played in old times with me,  
In the corner down by the smoke-house,  
These wonderful dolls could see!  
Rachel’s doll had a round head whittled  
From a bit of soft pine wood;  
And Polly’s was only a corn-cob,  
With a calico slip and hood.  
My doll was a lovely rag-baby,  
With badly-inked eyes and nose;  
Her cheeks were painted with cherry-juice;  
And I made every stitch of her clothes.

“Nathan’s bow was a pliant whalebone,  
And his arrow a white-pine stick;  
Such a life as his archery practice  
Led the cats and each wretched chick!  
Our tea-sets were bits of dishes  
That mother had thrown away,  
With chincapin saucers and acorn-cups;  
And our dolls slept on moss and hay.  
With a May-apple leaf for a parasol  
We played ‘Lady-come-to-see,’  
Polly’s house was the kitchen door-step,  
And mine was the apple-tree.

“We never saw ‘Germans’ and ‘Matinees,’  
And we played good romping plays;  
And, somehow, I think we were happier far  
Than the children are nowadays.  
Our swing was an old, wild grape-vine;



We waded and climbed and ran,  
And never were weary, nor sick, nor 'bored'  
From the minute that day began.  
Well, well, well!" said grandmamma,  
"In spite of their wonderful toys,  
I do believe we had merrier times  
Than these little girls and boys!"

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

[Illustration]

[Illustration: DRAWING-LESSON.]

## **THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.**

Amy Cooper lived in a little fishing-village, not far from the cliffs of Dover, in England. She was the daughter of a poor fisherman, who worked hard for his family. Mr. Cooper was such a good, kind man, that no one could help loving him. His children loved him dearly; and no one loved him quite so dearly as his daughter Amy.

She was a thoughtful little girl, and at the time of my story was twelve years old. She saw that her father's health was failing through hard work; and the one great thought in her mind was, "How can I help my dear father to earn money for us all?"

This was a hard question, and it was long before Amy could find an answer. But one day, with her aunt, she took a long walk to Dover. Here she saw a large hotel, and many well-clad persons in a pleasant park near by. It was on this visit to Dover that Amy formed a plan about which I am going to tell you.



## Page 7

Now it had happened three years before, that a poor young man of the name of Simpson had been saved from drowning by Amy's father. I fear that the young man had thrown himself into the water because he was sick of life, but I dare say he was glad enough to be pulled out.

Mr. Cooper took him home, gave him a room and a bed, and there Mr. Simpson staid for some time. He was what is called an artist. He had a great talent for drawing with a pen and ink. He taught Amy to do this. She soon did it so well, that he said to her, "Keep on trying, my dear, and it may be a great help to you by and by."

Sure enough she did keep on trying. Her one thought was to do so well that she could make money by her art. Poor Mr. Simpson died after he had staid with the honest fisherman two years; and his last words to Amy were, "Keep on practising, my dear: don't let a day pass without it. I am sure you will make an artist."

Amy had followed his advice; and now, when her father was ill, she resolved to see if she could riot, turn her art to account. She made twenty sketches with pen and ink. They were sketches of fishermen—drawn from life; and they were done with a spirit and skill that struck every one with surprise.

[Illustration]

Taking the specimens with her, she went to Dover, and showed them to the ladies and gentlemen. At last one gentleman, a Mr. Ritson, who was rich, and fond of art, said to her, "Don't try to humbug me, little girl. Yon never did this work. Come in, and let me test you."

"Do it," said Amy, bravely and confidently.

He took her into the reading-room of the hotel, and in a few minutes she produced a likeness of Mr. Ritson, which made him cry out, "Bravo, bravo, little girl! You have done it! Forgive my suspicions. Here is a guinea for what you have done. Come here to-morrow at this time, and I will see what I can do to help you."

Amy, wild with joy, took the money home to her father. The prosperity of the family was now assured. Mr. Ritson proved to be a true friend. He showed Amy's sketches to a great many persons, and praised them so highly, that she soon began to have orders.

She continued to improve, and in time became quite a successful artist. She had as much work as she could do, and earned more in a month than her father could earn in a year. He soon got well, and lived to take great comfort in the fame of his dear little girl.

ALFRED SELWYN.

\* \* \* \* \*



## JOHNNY AND THE TOAD.

### JOHNNY.

I want to go to school,  
And he won't let me pass;  
I think that a toad  
Ought to keep on the grass.  
I don't want to cry;  
But I'm afraid I'm going to:  
Oh, dear me!  
What am I to do?

### TOAD.



## Page 8

[Illustration]

Here's a dreadful thing!—  
A boy in the way,  
I don't know what to do:  
I don't know what to say.  
I can't see the reason  
Such monsters should be loose:  
I'm trembling all over;  
But that is of no use.

### JOHNNY.

I must go to school,  
The bell is going to stop:  
That terrible old toad,—  
If he only would hop!

### TOAD.

I must cross the path,  
I can hear my children croak;  
I hope that dreadful boy  
Will not give me a poke.

A hop and a start, a flutter and a rush,  
Johnny is at school, and the toad in his bush.

H.A.F.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE HEN WHO HELPED HERSELF.

In a city not far from Boston, there once lived a stout little fellow named Willie Wilkins. He was six years old, had red cheeks and blue eyes, and such curly hair that it was always in a tumble, no matter how much it was brushed.

One summer his mamma took him into the country to spend a few weeks at a farmhouse. The farmer's wife, Mrs. Hill, was very glad to have him come, for she had no girls or boys of her own, to make the house pleasant. She liked to see Willie running about, and hear his shrill voice calling after the great house-dog Bruno.



One morning Willie had been as busy as ever at his play: he had been in the orchard, hunting for ripe apples; he had been in the barn, looking for hen's eggs in the sweet hay; he had been down to the brook, sailing his boat; and he had played market-man, with Bruno harnessed for a horse.

[Illustration]

After all this, the little boy was both tired and hungry: so he went back to the house, and sat down on the broad stone steps outside the kitchen-door to rest. Mrs. Hill was busy in the kitchen, frying doughnuts, and, when Willie saw what she was doing, he was more hungry than ever. The doughnuts looked very brown and nice; but Willie was too bashful to ask for one.

At last Mrs. Hill looked up, and, seeing Willie's blue eyes fixed upon her with such an eager gaze, she guessed at once what he wanted. She gave him a doughnut and a kiss, and he sat down on the doorstep with the doughnut in his hand. But he had hardly taken two bites of it, when a strange thing happened.

Some hens were scratching around in the yard to find food for themselves and their chickens. Now one old Bidy, who had a large family to provide for, and who was almost tired out with hunting for worms, looked at Willie's doughnut with a longing eye. She walked close up to the doorstep, arched her neck, and clucked, asking as plainly as she knew how for a piece of doughnut. But Willie was too busy even to look at her.

At last Bidy became impatient. As no notice was taken of her civil request, she made up her mind to take, without further asking, what Willie did not seem inclined to give. She was a little afraid to do it; but her chickens were teasing for more food, and she was determined to get enough for them.



## Page 9

So she stepped up beside Willie, snatched the doughnut out of his hand, and ran away with it as fast as she could. Her chickens ran after her, screaming for the fine feast which their mother had stolen for them.

And there sat Willie on the doorstep, his eyes bigger and bluer than ever, amazed to find himself robbed in this way by a respectable looking old hen. He did not know what to do, and was half inclined to cry.

But, when little children are in trouble, there is always one thing they can do: they can go to their mamma, and ask her help. Willie thought of this, and trotted off with a very sober face to tell his mamma this wonderful story of the hen who helped herself.

L.R.

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

## THE GREAT JOURNEY.

“Come, my baby, all alone!”  
Was so long a baby-journey ever known?  
All the way, so wide and bare,  
From the table to the chair;  
'Tis no wonder he should linger,  
Holding on to papa's finger,  
Though his mother beckons there  
From her throne,  
With, “Come, baby, all alone!”

“Come, my baby, all alone!”  
Were such mingled doubt and daring ever shown?  
Now he drops his hold, and then  
Closer clings to it again;  
Now he steps out with a shiver,  
As one tries a rapid river,  
And shrinks back, and wonders when,  
Taller grown,  
Baby shall go all alone.

“Here comes baby, all alone!”  
Was a more victorious bravery ever known?  
Right across the trackless space  
The small feet have won their race;



And he tosses back thereafter  
Such a peal of ringing laughter!  
It laughs out from every face,  
Proud to own  
“Baby has gone all alone!”

Back goes baby all alone.  
Oh what inches, all at once, has baby grown!  
Back and forth, with merry cries,  
Like a little bird he flies;  
First to father, then to mother,  
Then to sister, then to brother,  
Greeting each with laughing eyes.  
Bravely done!  
Shout for baby, every one!

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

## **A WOFUL TALE.**

[Illustration]

### **CHAPTER I.**

MAKING FRIENDS.

Jane has on a clean apron. In her hand she has a piece of cake. She has just taken one bite when she meets a dog.

“Good dog,” says Jane, “come let me pat you.” He looks up, and whines, as much as to say, “I am glad to see you, Jane.”

### **CHAPTER II.**

RATHER TOO INTIMATE.

[Illustration]

“You like me, don’t you?” says Jane. “You are a sweet little pet. I wonder what your name is. I shall name you Skip. Come up here, Skip, and let me smooth your silken hair.”

So Skip springs up, and puts both of his front paws on little Jane’s clean apron. Jane is startled. Does he want to kiss her, or does he want the cake? Ah, it is the cake that the sly rogue wants!



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### CHAPTER III.

THE END.

Jane is seated on the ground. She is in tears. Her friend Skip has left her. Her cake has gone too. Did Skip snatch it away from her?

Yes, he did, without giving her a chance to take a second bite. And he pushed her down besides. And he ran away and left her. Poor little girl! Ungrateful little dog!

JANE OLIVER.

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

### THE BROKEN KITE.

It was a splendid great kite, almost as tall as George himself. It was a birthday-gift from his grandfather.

George had never owned a kite before; and there never was a happier boy than he when he went out to fly it for the first time.

But he came back looking quite sad.

“Why, what is the matter my boy?” said his grandfather.

George held up his kite. There was a large hole in it. In trying to raise his kite, the little boy, being perhaps rather clumsy, had got it entangled in a tree. Its beauty was spoiled, and George had brought it home without having had the pleasure of seeing it up in the sky.

“Well, well,” said his kind old grandfather, “we will have it mended and try it again. Better luck next time!”

Carlo, the dog, looked up, as much as to say, “If there is anything I can do for you, George, call on me.”

But George’s bright little sister Susan, without saying a word, ran into the house and brought a pot of paste and some paper. “I’ll mend it for you, George,” said she, “in three minutes.”



And sure enough, she mended it so neatly that it was as good as new the next morning, and George took it out again with a face as merry as ever. He got it up in fine style this time, and had a grand time flying it.

It went up higher and pulled harder than any kite on the play-ground. Susan, who often went out with George to have a share of the fun, was hardly strong enough to hold it.

[Illustration]

One day when Susan was trying to wind up the string, the stick slipped out of her hands, and away went the kite. George got it back after a hard chase, but it was torn to shreds. Susan now looked sad in her turn.

But George only laughed, and said, "Never mind, Susie. Bring out the old paste-pot again."

IDA FAY.

## SUMMER GAMES.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

[Illustration: Music]

1. "Pretty birds, pretty birds, what do you play,  
Flying about in the leafy spray!"  
"Little maid, little man, can't you guess?  
Every one comes in a tidy dress;  
Everyone cheerfully keeps the rule;  
We merry birds are playing school."
2. "Butterflies winging from rose to rose,  
What are you playing? there, no one knows."  
"Little maid, little man, oh! 'tis fun,  
Roaming and sporting till set of sun:  
Roses and lilies so white and neat,  
'Mong these we play at hide and seek."



## Page 11

3. "Gay breezes tossing the leaves about,  
 What are you playing at when you're out?"  
 "Little maid, little man, come and see:  
 Here we go racing from tree to tree;  
 Oh, it is jolly! we never flag;  
 This is our merriest game of tag."

4. "Grasshoppers out in the meadow so sweet,  
 What do you play with your nimble feet?"  
 "Little maid, little man, one, two, three;  
 Hipperty, hopperty, can't catch me!  
 Oh, such a merry, delightful game!  
 Hop-scotch you young folks call its name."

\* \* \* \* \*

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