

The Nursery, No. 106, October, 1875. Vol. XVIII. eBook

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Page 1

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

With this number we begin on the last quarter of the year 1875; and we have the pleasure of informing our host of readers, young and old, that the prospects of "The Nursery" were never so encouraging as now. It has not only held its own during these hard times, but gone on increasing. Canvassers may take hold of it with the assurance that future numbers will be improvements even on the past.

"Playing the King," in our present number, will be a good piece for humorous declamation at school. Both the artist and the poet have done their work well.

For the coming holidays, there will be no juvenile work equal in attraction to the "NURSERY PRIMER," which will now soon be ready. It will be the best book for beginners ever got up. Already we have received numerous orders for it, to which we shall soon respond.

"The Easy Book" and "The Beautiful Book" ought to be remembered by dealers ordering for the holidays. These books have only to be seen to be appreciated. The Nursery series of books is allowed to be the best for the purpose designed, namely, the teaching of children to read, *chiefly by their own efforts*, that has ever appeared.

Unaccepted articles will be returned to the writers *if stamps are sent with them* to pay return postage. Manuscripts not so accompanied will not be preserved, and subsequent requests for their return cannot be complied with.

[Hand—>] ==New Subscribers for 1876, whose names and money are sent us before November next, will receive the last three numbers of 1875 FREE.==

[Hand—>] We want a special agent in every town in the United States. Persons disposed to act in that capacity, are invited to communicate with the publisher.

[Illustration]

THE DELIGHTS OF THE SEASIDE.

Oh merry, merry sports had we, last summer on the beach,—
Lucy and Oliver and I, with Uncle Sam to teach!
At times, clad in our bathing-suits, we'd join our hands, all four,
And rush into the water, or run along the shore.

The wet sand, how it glistened on the sunny summer day!
And how the waves would chase us back, as if they were in play!
And when, on the horizon blue, a sail we would espy,
How "Ship ahoy!" or "Whither bound?" we all of us would cry!



The white, white sand, so smooth and hard, oh what a place for fun!
With no one by to check our screams, or say, "Now, pray, have done!"
The sea-birds, not at all disturbed by all our mirthful noise,
Would cry to us, as if they said, "Shout on, shout on, my boys!"

Sometimes we'd seek for flattened stones, and skim them o'er the waves;
Then go where, in the piled-up rocks, the sea had hollowed caves;
Or sit and feel the cooling breeze in silent happiness;
Or hunt for seaweed in the clefts, and take it home to press.



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And well do I remember there a little shallow creek,
Where we would go and sail our ships, at least three times a week:
We loaded them with cargoes rich, and sent them all to Spain;
And back they came with heavy freights, by which we made much gain.

Oh! pleasant pastimes on the beach, how often I recall
The ocean grand, the distant sails, the rocks, the lighthouse tall!
They do not fade, these pictures bright, from memory's inner view;
And age itself shall never dim their colors ever new.

EMILY CARTER.

[Illustration]

MABEL AND HER FRIEND CARLO.

Mabel lives on a hill, quite near a beautiful lake, and is very fond of going with her papa to take a row on the water. Sometimes they visit the woods on the other side of the lake, and pick wild flowers, or go where the water-lilies grow, near the shore, and gather a bunch of the pretty white blossoms.

But I must tell about Mabel's friend Carlo. He is a large shaggy dog, owned by a gentleman who lives near. Although quite a young dog, he knows a great deal. He is very fond of water, and is wild with delight at the prospect of a swim.

His master owns a large sail-boat, and, as the water near the shore is not deep, he has to use a small boat to reach it. When Carlo sees him take down the oar from its place in the yard, he runs up, and takes it in his mouth, as much as to say, "Let me carry that for you, master." Then he trots down the hill with the oar, feeling very proud that he is allowed to carry it.

One day, Carlo took hold of the rope with his teeth, and drew the small boat to the shore; so that his master, who was in it, did not have to use the oar.

Mabel loves Carlo very much; and, although he is a large dog, he knows that he must play very gently with little boys and girls, and not hurt them with his great paws.

NED

PLAYING KING.

Ho! I'm a king, a king! A crown is on my head;
A sword is at my side; and regal is my tread:



Ho, slave! proclaim my will to all the people round,—
The schools are hereby closed; henceforth must fun abound.

Vacation shall not end; all slates I order smashed;
The man who says “arithmetic”—he must be soundly thrashed;
All grammars shall be burnt; the spellers we will tear;
The boy who spells correctly—a fool’s cap he shall wear.

No dolls shall be allowed, for dolls are what I hate;
The girls must give them up, and learn to swim and skate;
Confectioners must charge only a cent a pound
For all the plums and candy that in the shops are found.

That man who asks a dime for any pear or peach—
I’ll have him hung so high, that none his feet can reach;
No baker is allowed hereafter to bake bread;
He must bake only pies and cake and ginger-snaps instead.

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All lecturers must quit our realm without delay;
The circus-men and clowns, on pain of death, must stay;
All folks who frown on fun, at once must banished be:
Now, fellow, that you know my will, to its fulfilment see!

ALFRED SELWYN.

[Illustration]

A TRUE ANTELOPE STORY.

Some time ago, I told the readers of "The Nursery" about catching a buffalo-calf. I will now tell them about a young antelope which we caught, and another which we almost caught.

Tip and I were in that part of Western Kansas which is left blank on the maps. Two hunters, Thompson and Hughes, had joined us; and we were coming back from a buffalo-chase. We had been crawling lazily along, over prairie, through valley, up and down hill, since sunrise, and it was now nearly noon.

All of a sudden, from a clump of tall grass near us, up sprung an antelope and a pair of beautiful fawns. Like a flash, the old one and one of the fawns started over the brow of the ridge on which they were lying; while the other little fellow began running around in a circle, as you have seen ponies do at the circus, bleating as hard as he could.

The boys leaped from the wagons in an instant, while I remained to hold the horses. Ranging themselves around the circle, the three hunters every now and then, dashed headlong after the fawn as he flew past; but missed him by a rod or more every time.

Our dog Landy, also, was on hand for the fun; and it was a laughable sight to see the great awkward fellow straining every nerve to overtake the little streak of animated lightning that flashed before him. Landy was a Newfoundland shepherd, and I knew that nothing could induce him to hurt the fawn if he should catch him.

While I was watching the sport, and laughing at the drollery of it, all at once I heard a stamping on the other side of the wagon, and, stepping quickly around the horses' heads, I saw the old doe, and a buck and doe with her.

[Illustration]

As the fawn came bounding along the circle, the buck and does, bleating anxiously, darted in ahead of him, rushing right by the men and dog. Never stopping an instant, the big buck led the way, the does and fawn followed; and, before you could say "Jack Robinson," they were "over the hills, and far away."



This was the antelope that we *almost* caught. The boys came back to the wagons, thoroughly fagged out, and looking painfully silly.

Again we drove along, but had not proceeded more than a mile or two, when up sprung another old doe, and ran toward Landy, stamping her fore-foot fiercely. Of course the foolish dog took after her as hard as he could go,—just as she wanted him to do; and a fine chase she led him, always taking care not to leave him so far behind as to discourage him, and make him turn back.

We knew at once by her actions that she had a fawn near there; and so, while she was leading Landy away from it, we set about hunting it up. In a few minutes, I came across the little slender-legged beauty, snugly curled up under a tuft of grass. As I came upon him, he dashed out of cover with a shrill, plaintive little “baa-baa, baa-baa,” and, as fawns always do in such cases, began running in a small circle.



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Landy, disgusted with his hopeless chase, came trotting back, and at once struck in after the fawn. This one was not so fleet as the other; and by and by Landy overtook him, and tried to stop him by pushing him over with his nose. This frightened the fawn so badly, that he made direct for Tip, who was squatting in the long grass in wait for him, and rushed joyfully into his arms.

We took the bright-eyed little thing into the wagon, and by night he was so tame, that he would follow us around; and, when we lay down to sleep on the ground, I gave him a corner of my blanket for a bed. At last we got back to Thompson's log-house, which stood near the timber; and, when we went away we gave the fawn to his two little girls. I would really like to know what ever became of it.

PERRY, O. LLOYD WYMAN.

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

The Apple Tree.

Up in the apple-tree
See the rosy cheeks;
See the balls that look like gold;
See the crimson streaks.
In the lovely autumn day,
Bright as in the bloom of May,
Filled with fruit, and fair to see,
Is the apple-tree.

Under the apple-tree
See the rosy cheeks:
Little Ginx, the baby,
What is it he seeks?
Ah! his tiny teeth are white,
And are eager for a bite,—
Such a tempting store to see
Is the apple-tree.

Under the apple-tree,
Other rosy cheeks,—
Edith, Mabel, Gold-Locks,
Full of happy freaks.
Here they run, and there they run,
Shouting merrily, if one



Fallen in the grass they see
From the apple-tree.

CLARA DOTY BATES.

A COUNCIL OF HORSES.

On the large plains of South America, horses run wild in great numbers. They are caught by means of a lasso, which is a rope with a noose at one end. This is thrown with great dexterity over the neck of the wild horse.

The artist has called the picture which we here present "A Council of Horses." Do they not look as if they were taking advice of one another? The white horse, with his erect neck and head, seems to be the leader, or chief. He is willing to hear what the others may have to say; but he means that they shall follow him, after all.

And can horses really make known their wishes to one another? It would almost seem so, though we cannot prove it. Wild horses choose their own chiefs, and these give the signal of departure. If any extraordinary object appears, the chief commands a halt. He goes to discover what it is, and, after his return, gives, by neighing, the signal of confidence, of flight, or of combat.

Five sorts of neighing may be noticed: that of joyfulness, of desire, of anger, of fear, and of sorrow. A feeling peculiar to the horse is emulation. Whoever has witnessed a horse-race can understand the ardor, vehemence, and struggle for victory, which excite the energies of both horses and men. The animals have often tried to hold their rivals back by the teeth. This has been known to happen when the horses are left entirely to themselves, as on some of the Italian race-courses, where the horses run without riders.



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The horse has a strong memory. Franklin relates, that he had a horse that conducted him through a hilly country where it was difficult to find the road. Every time Franklin himself was unable to tell which road to take, he would leave the reins on the horse's neck, and the good beast, left to itself, never failed to go right.

[Illustration]

The noblest conquest that man ever made over the animal creation is that of the horse. Every thing in him breathes out vivacity and energy. That need of continual movement, that impatience during repose, that nervous motion of the lips, that stamping of the feet, all indicate a pressing need of activity.

UNCLE CHARLES.

THE PET OF THE SHIP.

PART III.

One day when the ship was at anchor in one of the ports on the western coast of South America, a number of sheep were brought on board. Whether Dennis regarded them as intruders, or not, I cannot say; but his treatment of them was anything but kind.

[Illustration]

The poor sheep stood in great fear of him, and fled in alarm whenever he made a charge at them. One by one they began to disappear; and, at last, only one—a little fellow whom the sailors afterward named Billy—was left.

He was greatly distressed when the last of his companions was taken away, and ran bleating about the deck in search of him. To add to his troubles, that dreadful bully Dennis, who had been watching him for some time, was now coming towards him. He was frightened nearly to death.

What must have been his delight when he saw in Dennis's eyes a look of pity, and heard his friendly grunt! I don't know what Dennis said; but I do know, that, half an hour afterwards, Billy had forgotten all about his troubles, and was lying down with his head resting in Dennis's fat neck.

Even the rough sailors were pleased; and as they looked at Dennis, who was fast asleep, they said, "Now that was a fine thing, and Dennis was the pig to do it. He was willing to fight with a flock of sheep; but, when it came to quarrelling with one little fellow, he was too noble for that."



[Illustration]

Thenceforth Dennis and Billy were inseparable, and no pair ever agreed better. There were times, however, when Dennis seemed a little vexed with Billy, though he was always as kind as possible. I will tell you of an instance.

Billy would always watch the crowd about Dennis, when the latter was taking his bath, with a great deal of anxiety; and, if Dennis did not appear very shortly, he would begin bleating loudly.

This would disgust Dennis immensely; but he couldn't bear to think that Billy's feelings were hurt: so he would leave his nice bath, and push his way through the men, until Billy could see him. Then he would return to the pump, grunting in a manner that plainly showed his feelings.



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He was certainly saying, "I do wish that sheep had a little more of the pig about him. If I am out of his sight for a moment, he begins to cry, and take on in such a manner, that I must show myself to him; and then I have all the trouble of making the sailors pump again."

But the sailors only waited to make Dennis beg a little. They had no idea of not pumping again. They were always pleased when he showed so much good feeling for Billy; and generally he got a larger allowance of water to pay for it.

I believe that Dennis was not living when the ship reached California. That ever he became food for his sailor friends no one can imagine. Therefore his fate must remain a mystery, unless some of my readers happen to know one of the crew of "The Vanderbilt," and can learn from him something on the subject.

If they can, there are many, no doubt, who would be glad to hear from them in the pages of "The Nursery." My little girls would, at least. But, probably, Dennis has more of a place in their thoughts than he can have in those of others.

C.E.C.

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

THE UNMOTHERLY HEN.

Now, my dear children, if you will be very quiet, I will tell you a true story, which I sometimes tell my little daughter Fanny and her cousin Grace, when they climb up on my knees just before going to bed.

On a farm near Fishkill, where Fanny's Aunt Jane lives, they raise a great many chickens, turkeys, ducks, and geese. When I was a boy, ever so many years ago, I used to have great fun hunting for eggs through the hay and straw in the barns.

Well, last year one of the hens, instead of laying her eggs in the hen-house or barn, like a well-mannered hen, stole off under a wood-pile, and was not seen for three weeks, when she made her appearance with a fine brood of chickens. To keep her from straying away again, she was put into a coop. For several days, she was a good mother to her children; but, after a week or so, she began to act very strangely, and, when her children came near her, she would peck and abuse them.

Would you believe it, children? in one day, this unmotherly hen had pecked all but one of her chickens to death; and, when Aunt Jane found this poor chap, he had but one eye, and all the toes were gone from one foot; so that he had to stand on the other. At



first, Aunt Jane thought it would be a mercy to kill the little fellow, and put him out of pain; but she finally determined that she would try to cure him.

So she took him into the kitchen, and made him quite comfortable in a box half filled with cotton-batting, and placed near the stove. She gave him cracked-corn to eat, and plenty of water to drink, and, after a while, he got so strong, that he hopped out of the box, and was just as jolly a chicken as he could be, with only one eye to see with, and only one foot and the stump of another to walk on.



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Still he would not go out and play with other chickens of his age, but persisted in hanging around the kitchen. One morning, when Aunt Jane went into the breakfast-room, she found him on the table, helping himself from a dish of stewed potatoes. Such impudence could no longer be tolerated: so the saucy little cripple was banished to the barnyard to learn manners.

And what do you think became of the unmotherly hen? She lost all her friends. She was despised and hated by everybody on the farm. She was pointed at as "that cruel, speckled hen," until life became a burden to her. She was not permitted to have any more chickens. When the cold weather came, she was sent to a poor woman for a thanksgiving dinner; and it is to be hoped that all the hens in the barnyard took warning from her fate.

&nb
sp; C.R.W.
LANSINGBURGH. N.Y.

[Illustration: Outline Drawing by MR. HARRISON WEIR, as a drawing lesson.]

THE CHILDREN'S VISIT TO THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Charlie and Georgie were staying at Appledore, one of the Isles of Shoals, and, with two other little children, had many nice times fishing and sailing.

The lighthouse is on White Island, which, as you see in the picture, is a lonely and rocky place. It would be very dangerous for any ship to come in from sea on that part of the coast, if it were not for the friendly warning of the brilliant light.

One warm, sunny morning, Charlie and Georgie, with their papa and mamma, and their two little friends, rowed across from Appledore, and landed on the pebbly beach of White Island. Here the children ran about, and picked up stones until they were tired; and then the whole party seated themselves on some shaded rocks, and ate their lunch of crackers and bananas.

While they were eating, an old white dog, belonging to the lighthouse keeper, came up and made their acquaintance. Georgie shared his cake with him; and it was amusing to see the old dog watching with eager eyes every piece that went into any mouth but his own.

When lunch was over, the two older children, Charlie and Anna, led the way; and all were soon climbing the winding stairs in the lighthouse tower. When they reached the top, they found themselves in a small room with windows on every side, and the great lamp in the centre. The lantern is made of red-and-white glass, and turns around, so that first a red, and then a white, light may be seen far out at sea.



The keeper explained how, after lighting the lamp, he wound up the machinery which caused the lamp to revolve; and told them of the lonely hours he had spent in the little room below the lamp, while the waves dashed, and the storm beat outside.

[Illustration]

For many weeks in the winter he lives there all by himself, and sees no one; but, in the summer time, there is hardly a day when he does not have a boat full of visitors. He always gives them a hearty welcome, and makes himself very agreeable. I suppose he feels as though he must make the most of society while he can get it.



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The children listened to his talk with great interest. With many thanks for his kind attentions, they bade him "Good-by," and, intent on collecting shells on another island near, stepped into their boat, and were rowed away, leaving the man and his friendly dog to enjoy each other's company.

CHARLIE'S MAMMA.

GOING AFTER COWS.

When Edward was eight years old, his mother told him he might go with John, the hired man, to drive the cows from the pasture. How happy the little boy was!

Every day he would be ready as soon as John gave the word; and off they would go, through the woods, over hills and rocks, and gurgling brooks, wherever the ding-dong of the distant cow-bells pointed the way.

Sometimes they had a long search before they could find all the cows; for the pasture was very large, and the cows would wander about in every part of it, to find the best feeding-places.

[Illustration]

On the way home, Edward would run ahead of the cows, and open the bars; and sometimes he would sit on the wall, and pat each cow as she came through.

When the cows reached the barnyard, Edward would help milk. There was one old cow which he called his own, and which he named Carrie. She always stood very still while being milked, and that was one reason why he liked her better than any of the rest.

After milking, he helped John to carry in the milk, and his mother often gave him a mug full. Oh, how nice it was!

W.T.O.

[Illustration]

ROLY-POLY.

Roly-Poly is three years old,
Three years old, and a trifle over:
Roly-Poly is round as a ball,
Jolly as larks, and sweet as clover.



Roly-Poly has stars for eyes,
A heavenly chin with a dimple in it,
Peaches for cheeks, the bud of a nose,
And a tongue that is never still a minute.

Roly-Poly gets up in the morning,—
Morning, quoth I? it's the crack of the dawn!—
Dresses himself in a boot and a stocking,
Flies to his sister as swift as a fawn.

Pulls at her eyes with his fat little fingers,—
Crazy for stories, that's all the matter!—
"Oh! I am sleepy and cross," she cries;
"You, Roly-Poly, disperse and scatter!"

But Roly-Poly's a resolute tyrant;
Father and mother are captives wholly:
So what can a poor big sister do
But yield to a king like Roly-Poly.

Roly-Poly's a man of business:
He canters to market on grandpa's cane,
Orders a breakfast of peppermint-candy,
And gallops his pony home again.

Roly-Poly's a man of pleasure:
Sorrow and care are for grown-up stupid:
Pictures and kisses, toys and caresses,
Fondling and fun, for dimpled Cupids.

After the sun has gone out of the south,
The night comes down on his eyelids slowly;
He topples asleep with his thumb in his mouth,—
What an iniquity, Roly-Poly!



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OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

ELSIE'S DUCKS.

Elsie was the daughter of poor parents, who lived on the borders of a lake. Once, when she was very ill with a fever, a good neighbor made her a present of three young ducks. Elsie was much pleased, and she soon began to get well.

Her mother would bring a large tub of water into the room where the little invalid lay; and the three ducks would swim about, and swallow the crumbs which Elsie threw to them.

As soon as she got well, she would drive the ducks down to the lake, and let them swim. They were so tame, that they would come out of the water at her call.

Sometimes her father and the rest of the family would get into a boat, and he would row across the lake to the opposite side, where some families lived who employed Elsie's mother to wash clothes for them.

[Illustration]

At these times, the three ducks would follow the boat. Perhaps they did not like to trust their dear Elsie on the water, unless they were by to help her in case of need.

Sometimes old and young would join in a song; and then far over the lake would be heard the words:

"Come to the sunset tree, the day is past and gone,
The woodman's axe lies free, and the reaper's task is done."

It was a very pretty sight, on a summer evening, when the bright clouds over the setting sun threw their tints on the water, to see the ducks swimming by the side of the little boat which contained Elsie and the rest of the family. It was so pretty a sight, that a good artist made a picture of the scene. We give you a copy of it here.

IDA FAY.

[Illustration]

FISHING FOR TROUT.

The trout belongs to the salmon family. Its flesh is generally of a pale pink or yellow color. It is one of the handsomest fish to be found in our waters. The variations of its tints are very beautiful; and the red spots on its skin distinguish it from common fish.



I never had much luck in catching trout. One summer I went from the city to try the trout-streams in Northern New York. I had a handsome rod, and a line nicely baited with an artificial fly; but, though I was very persevering, my success was small.

I remember sitting for hours on the slender bridge just below the Upper Cascades of Buttermilk Fall, represented in the picture; but my patience was not rewarded by the capture of a single trout. I was sorry for this; for I had depended on getting one for my dinner.

As I was about retiring, a little barefoot fellow, about twelve years old, came along with a common fishing-pole, and hook baited with a worm, and said, "Mister, I'll catch a trout for you."—"Do it, then," said I.

He threw his line over a smooth spot in the pool below; and, before he had been at it five minutes, he pulled up a noble trout, large enough for a good dinner. Another and another were pulled up in quick succession. I did not know what to make of it; for I thought I had fished in a very scientific way.



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“Teach me the knack,” said I. “Oh, it can’t be taught,” replied the boy. “Well, here is a dime for your trouble,” said I, putting the fish into my pail. “Do you suppose I take pay for what I do for sport, mister?” said little barefoot, waving back my hand with the air of a prince.

After that we became good friends, and met often at the bridge; but I never could learn his knack of catching trout.

ALFRED SELWYN.

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

WE THREE.

What fine times we have together!—Carlo, John, and Bella; by which last I mean myself. Carlo has the advantage of the other two of us sometimes; for he has four legs, and can run faster than either John or I. But then we can do a great many things that Carlo cannot do.

For example, John and I sometimes take our books, and sit down on the rocks in the wood, under the thick trees, and read stories. And then Carlo will lie down at our feet, and go to sleep; for he cannot understand the nice stories which the other two friends enjoy so much.

But wait till we go into the swamps after berries, or into the wood-borders after hazelnuts. Then Carlo is wide awake, you may be sure. If he sees a snake, what a noise he makes! We can always tell by the tone of his bark when he has found a snake.

And, when John climbs a tree after nuts, how anxiously Carlo will stand underneath and watch him, so afraid is he that the little boy will get a fall! And how the good dog will jump and show his pleasure when he sees John once more safe on the firm ground!

Oh! we have fine times together, we three, both in summer and winter; for Carlo likes to see us skate on ice, and is fond of a snowballing frolic. In all our sleigh-rides he goes with us, and takes great care of us. We are dear friends, we three, and I should no more think of striking Carlo than of striking John.

BELLA.



PET, THE CANARY.

A little girl by the name of Agnes, who lives in Maine, and who much enjoys “The Nursery,” has a beautiful, bright canary, which her papa brought her one day in a paper-box. Agnes named him Pet.

The little fellow has become so tame, that he is allowed to stay out of his cage as long as he wishes, always going to it of his own accord when bedtime comes. One day I found no pins on my pin-cushion; and, seeing them scattered around on the bureau, I wondered who could have done the mischief. I soon found, by watching, that it was Pet’s work.

Every day he took his stand on the pin-cushion, in front of the glass, to pull out all the pins. I saw him once work a long time trying to stick one back by tipping his head, first one side and then the other, holding the pin tightly in his bill; but he soon gave it up.

Little Fannie, Agnes’s two-year-old sister, often shares her lunch with him; he sitting on the edge of the saucer, and helping himself while she is eating. As I write, he is sitting on the tassel of the shade, looking out of the window. Some day I’ll tell you more of Pet’s pranks.



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MAMMA.

[Illustration]

THE CAT SHOW.

It was at the Crystal Palace, in Sydenham, England. I wish all the readers of "The Nursery" could have seen it.

There were over three hundred cats in cages. Each one had a nice red cushion in the front-part of the cage, and in the back part a dish of water or milk. Each one had a ribbon around the neck, to which was attached a medal with the number of the cage. The ribbons were of all colors.

The cats that had taken the first prize were known by a little blue flag suspended over the front of the cage, and were the largest cats. Very many of them were lazily sleeping on their cushions, as happy as if they were in their own homes. They took little notice of the people who were looking at them; and, as a placard on each cage ordered spectators to "move on," no one could spend much time in trying to attract their attention.

I can hardly tell you about all the cats, there were so many,—some all white, some all black, and some all yellow; black-and-yellow, black-and-white, black-and-gray, gray-and-white, black-and-yellow-and-white; cats with long hair, and cats with short; cats with tails, and cats without. One large Russian cat, called the "Czar," was brown, with smooth, short, shining fur, which looked like seal-skin.

Then there were kittens of all sizes and colors. In one cage was a black mother-puss, with four perfectly white kittens, their eyes not yet open. Another black mother had two kittens,—one black, and one gray. A black-and-yellow puss had one black, and one yellow kitten.

In some of the cages were two or three large kittens having a good time together. Some of them had balls to play with; some were climbing on the sides of the cage or frolicking with one another; and others were running around after their tails, in real kitten fashion.

Just before five o'clock, the baskets in which the cats were brought were placed on the tops of the cages. Some of the cats reached up and tried to get hold of them. They all seemed to know that the show was over, and that they would soon be able to run and jump about, with plenty of air and space.

I must not forget to tell you how quiet all these cats were. Not one "Me-ow" was to be heard. When, out of sight of the cages, one would never have known there was a cat in the building.



SALLIE'S MAMMA.

[Illustration: sheet music]

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[Illustration: Colgate & Co. New York]



Page 12

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