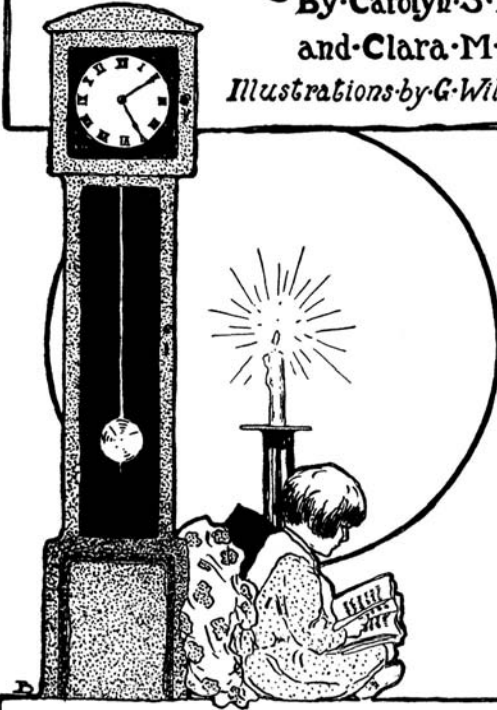


FOR THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

FOR THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

By Carolyn S. Bailey
and Clara M. Lewis.

Illustrations by G. William Breck.



YESTERDAY'S CLASSICS

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

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“Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day’s occupations
Which is known as the children’s hour.”

Dedicated
To
Our Kindergarten Children

PREFACE

FOR *THE CHILDREN'S HOUR* is the result of an effort to collect and edit as many as possible of the stories referred to in the story lists of the daily Program of Gift and Occupation work. Through the courtesy of authors and publishers, a longer list is presented, and a book of stories is offered containing material which has not appeared heretofore in one volume.

The scheme of compiling has been to gather from many sources; old myths, folk-tales, magazines now out of print, and the best of literature, old and latter-day, such stories as relate to the child's everyday experience, and find a place in his education because of this point of contact.

In nearly every case it has been found necessary to adapt the stories to the immediate use of the storyteller, whether kindergartner or mother. They have been shortened, and only such salient facts retained as will result in clear mental concepts, and make the stories easily told without undue taxing of the child's attention.

A large place has been given to the fanciful tale, which has a direct educational value in the

training of the imagination; and the accumulative repetition story, which develops the child's sense of humor, and appeals to his instinctive love of rhyme and jingle.

The book is offered to kindergartners, teachers, and mothers who realize the large part the story plays in the development of the little child, mentally and morally.

NOTE

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THE LITTLE GRAY GRANDMOTHER

NOBODY knew whence she came, nor whither she went. All the children could have told you about her was that sometimes they looked up from their play, and there she stood in her soft, misty cloak and shadowy gray veil, which reminded them of thin smoke. Sometimes they could scarcely see her face behind this veil, but if any one of them had been brave, and unselfish, there would be the Little Gray Grandmother, her face quite clear and distinct, smiling down on them.

There was a large family of them, and they had sharp eyes, too, but none of them ever saw her coming until there she stood in the midst of them. They lived near the great sea, and the mist often covered the coast for miles and miles. Their city cousins laughed at them, and said the Little Gray Grandmother was only a bit of sea fog, left behind after a damp day; but they knew better.

She never spoke to them, but sometimes she looked sad when she came upon one of them doing a mean or greedy thing. Oh, how stern her eyes were the day she found Wilhelm telling a lie! No one

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could make them believe she was only a dream, or a bit of sea fog. Had she not left the thimble for Mai, which pushed the needle so fast that a long seam was finished before you could say “Jack Robinson”? Who else brought the boots for Gregory, which helped him run so quickly on an errand that even his dog, Oyster, could not keep up with him?

They were all as certain as certain could be that she had given Doodle, when he was a baby, those soft, warm mittens that somehow grew as he grew, and always just fitted his hands. Such wonderful mittens! On the coldest day all Doodle had to do was to reach out his hand in his hearty, cheery way to any one—no matter how cold—and they were sure to feel a warm glow at once. That was the way that Doodle got into the way of looking out for all the lame dogs and sick cats; and why all the old people liked him so much. They said he made them feel young again. And Tom, and Wilhelm, and the rest; the Little Gray Grandmother had left a gift for each.

Oh, they were a happy family! What if they did have to eat herring and dry bread, with a few potatoes thrown in, all the year round—and live in a hut? Didn't they have a Little Gray Grandmother?

So, you may know how eagerly they were all looking one day at something the Little Gray Grandmother had left for them in the sand. What could it be? It glittered like the surface of a pool of water when the sun touches it. They could see their faces in it—oh, so clearly! They decided to take it to

THE LITTLE GRAY GRANDMOTHER

the dear-mother. Ah, the dear-mother—who cooked, and sewed for them, and nursed them when they were ill, and was always ready to answer their questions—she would know. So they took the glittering thing in to her.

She thought it was pretty. She always liked anything they brought in, if it were only a bit of seaweed, or a star fish. She said it was made of precious metal, and perhaps the sea had washed it up. But the children said, “Oh, no; the Little Gray Grandmother left it.”

At last they hung it up on the wall where every one might use it for a mirror; but, oh, such strange sights as the children saw in it! It had a queer way of turning itself about toward the east or the west window, so the children could see as easily in the evening as in the morning light. And one day when Mai was tired, and spoke crossly to the little brother, she looked up and saw the face of a grizzly bear reflected in the wonderful mirror.

Gregory had a way of boasting about the things he was going to do, and he often caught a glimpse of a rooster in the mirror, strutting about as if he owned the whole barnyard. Once little Beata came in ahead of the others, and, finding some rosy apples the father had brought home, she took the very biggest and began to eat it. But the mirror swung quickly around and showed her a greedy little pig, eating a whole pile of apples, and the picture made her so ashamed that she laid the apple down again.

MOTHER AND THE CHILDREN

The pictures in the mirror were not all disagreeable ones. Sometimes they were beautiful. One bright summer day, when Mai had given up her play to stay indoors and help the dear-mother, there, in the mirror, was the vision of a Saint with a golden light about her head, smiling down on Mai. Once Gregory rowed little Beata across the bay, and did without his dinner that he might use his penny and pay for letting her climb the lighthouse stairs. When they came home at night Beata looked in the mirror and she saw the good Saint Christopher wading a dark stream with the little Christ Child on his shoulders. Somehow the face looked like Gregory's, but when Beata cried, "Look!" the picture was gone at once.

Again and again, when the children did a kind, or a truthful, or a loving thing, the mirror shone with a beautiful picture which disappeared if it were spoken of. Somehow it made them think of the glad look in the face of the Little Gray Grandmother when she found them playing happily together. And, strange to say, the Little Gray Grandmother never came again after the small, silver mirror was hung on the wall. Perhaps she thought they did not need her any more.

GRANDMOTHER'S CURTAINS

EVER so many years ago, there was a little girl named Polly who lived out on a beautiful farm, where there were plenty of cows, and pigs, and chickens, and apple trees, and daisies.

Polly's grandmother lived in the town, in an old house—older than you ever saw, maybe, for it had been built more than two hundred years.

It had the great fireplace and chimney that used to be the fashion; and a great square parlor, with a wonderful fireboard; it had a pantry, where there were sure to be plenty of pies and seed-cookies; and it had, best of all, a nice, sunny "keeping-room," with deep-seated windows, where a little girl could play house all day, and with grandmother's bed in the corner, hidden by great flowering chintz curtains that reached from the tester to the floor.

Polly loved the curtains more than anything else at grandmother's, for they were covered with bunches of roses, and little boy-angels sitting on clouds and playing on harps.

Once a week the farm horse was harnessed, and Polly and her mother went to see grandmother.

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But Polly never felt that she stayed long enough. She would just have started housekeeping in the window, perhaps; or have just reached the middle of a cooky; or have just caught the kitten, when her father would come in to say that his business was done, and they must go home before dark.

“O, mother, do let me stay all night!” Polly would say, but she never did stay, until one particular afternoon that I am going to tell you about.

“Where’s Polly?” asked father, when he came in to hurry them off.

“Where’s Polly?” asked mother, getting her little shawl and hood all ready.

“Why, here she is on my bed,” said grandmother, as she looked behind the curtains, “and she’s fast asleep! It is too bad to wake the lamb up. Do let her stay for once, Ann!”

Mother came to look, and she smiled a bit as she noticed a twitch in the eyelids, but it was snowing out-of-doors, and she thought, maybe, Polly would better stay, after all; so she said, cheerfully:

“Very well; we’ll leave her, and her father can come for her to-morrow night.”

So they went, and no sooner had the wagon fairly started than there was a shout, and a great peal of laughter, and a rush, as Polly jumped off the bed, and flew to grandmother to give her a big hug.

“You’re a little rogue,” said grandmother, giving her a kiss.

GRANDMOTHER'S CURTAINS

“May I have jelly for supper?” asked Polly.

Of course she had jelly, and everything else she wanted, and after supper grandmother held her in her lap, and told her an old, old fairy story. Then grandmother undressed her, and loaned her one of her own nightgowns to sleep in, and Polly settled down in the great feather-bed, and knew no more until morning.

When she awoke, there were all the little angels looking at her, and the sun was shining in, and she could hear grandmother in the kitchen. In a minute Polly was there, too, watching the biscuit in the tin baker before the fire.

After breakfast she had a splendid time. First she went up to the garret with grandmother after the quilting-frame, and she hid inside the old clock for as much as five minutes, just for fun; and then she got a whole handful of dried peppermint to nibble.

While grandmother was getting her quilt in, downstairs, Polly kept house in the small window, and had all the broken bits of an old saucer for a tea set. By and by she moved to a new house, and where do you suppose it was? Under the great flower-basket quilt that was stretched upon the frame, and you haven't any idea, unless you have tried it, what a lovely house it makes. There Polly gathered her dishes, her rag baby and the cat, and was as happy as a queen.

Presently Mrs. Clark and Miss Avery came in with their thimbles to help grandmother to get her

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quilt done, and they all three talked and stitched, and forgot all about Polly.

For a long time she watched the pretty diamonds as they appeared, one after another, on the roof of her house; and when she was tired of that there were Miss Avery's scissors, which she had dropped on the floor, and never missed. Now, Polly's mother scarcely ever let her take scissors, because Polly wasn't quite five yet, and might do mischief. But this time there was nobody to say "No, no!"

Those dear little boy-angels! How often she had wished she might take one home to play with! She crept out from under the quilting-frames, and no one noticed, for they were all too busy talking about the best way to wash feathers.

At last Miss Avery needed her scissors, and she pushed back her chair to look for them. "Where can they be?" she asked, and then she exclaimed, "Why, there they are—and Polly's in mischief!"

"Why, Polly!" said grandmother, getting up as quickly as she could. Polly had just finished cutting out the second angel, and there they were, smiling in her lap.

"Your nice chintz curtains," said Mrs. Clark, "and you've had them only a year!"

"She's cut them all zig-zag," said Miss Avery.

"Why, Polly!" said grandmother, and she really could not think of anything else to say.

GRANDMOTHER'S CURTAINS

So Polly gave back the dear little boy-angels, and Mrs. Clark and Miss Avery went to work laying pieces under, and darning down till, at last, you would never have known, unless you had looked twice, that the little winged boys had ever left the clouds.

“I know they wanted to go home and play with me,” said Polly, when she told her mother all about it that night.

Well, they did come to live with her at last, but not until many years after, when grandmother had gone to live with the real angels. Sometimes Polly, who is a grown-up mother, now, takes them out of their box and unfolds them, and looks at them, and the two mended places make her feel as if she were a little girl again.

HANS AND THE WONDERFUL FLOWER

A LONG way from here, in Germany, flows a wonderful river called the Rhine. The waters are so clear and pure that one can almost see the bottom, where the mermaids live in their palaces of coral and shell. The Rhine hurries on through valleys sweet with flowers, and past mountains and hills. The fields are full of fairies, and the hills swarm with little people, dwarfs, and pixies, and elves, and gnomes. Not every one may see the fairies and the little men, but they often play the queerest tricks upon the people they do not like, and sometimes they are good and kind.

This is the story of how they once helped a little boy.

It was little Hans, the shepherd boy, who tended the king's sheep. Hans lived with his mother in a wee house, with a tiny garden about it—and all they owned in the world was the white goat that gave them milk to drink. Every day Hans drove the king's herds to the Rhine valley, and watched them, and tended the lambs, and when night came he drove them back to the fold again. Then, do you

HANS AND THE WONDERFUL FLOWER

think he played? No, indeed. All day the good mother had been busy spinning, and cooking, and sweeping; so Hans, when his day's work was done, cut the wood, and milked the white goat, and weeded the garden. They were busy and happy—Hans and his mother—but they were also very poor.

And one day, when it was winter, the good mother grew so ill she could not lift her head up from the pillow.

There was an old, old woman who came to take care of her, and she shook her head when she saw her. "There is only one thing that will cure her," she said; "the little brown herb that grows at the top of the mountain—and it is covered with ice and snow."

"But I will find it," cried Hans; "I don't mind the snow." So Hans kissed the good mother, strapped on his snow-shoes, took his stout stick, and started out to find the brown herb. Oh, but it was cold! The wind whistled through the tree-tops and the sleet blew in Hans's face. The drifts of snow were so deep in some places that they nearly covered him—but on he tramped, pushing and poking about with his stick.

"I must find the brown herb," he said over and over to himself.

Up the mountain he climbed to the very top, until he could see the river down below him. The crust on the snow was thick and hard, and his fingers ached, but he pounded with his stick, and stamped. All at once he came upon the most beautiful flower

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you ever saw, growing up through the snow. It was so white that it sparkled like a hundred snow crystals, and you seemed to be able to look deep down into its very heart. It had the sweetest perfume, like the breath of all the flowers in summer. It seemed to say, "Pick me, pick me, little boy."

Now, Hans loved flowers more than anything. He reached out his hand for this beautiful one, and then he seemed to see, quite plainly, the poor mother, waiting so ill at home. A little voice inside him said: "No, no, Hans; wait until you come back. Find the brown herb first."

So Hans left the beautiful flower and trudged on farther, poking about under the snow. Just as it was nearly dark he found the brown herb, and he put it fast in his pocket. He was hurrying home, down the mountain side, when he remembered the white flower.

"Now I may pick it," he said to himself, but when he went back to the place where the wonderful flower had been it was not there at all. In its place stood a wee little brown dwarf bowing and scraping, and taking off his hat to Hans.

"Don't be afraid," he said to Hans, smiling all over his wrinkled little face. "Come right in."

Then the strangest thing happened. The side of the mountain opened wide like a door, the little dwarf skipped along in front to show the way, and Hans found himself in the most beautiful castle you ever saw. It was all so bright that it dazzled his eyes.

HANS AND THE WONDERFUL FLOWER

From room to room they went, and in every room were piles and piles of precious stones—emeralds, and rubies, and pearls!

“Help yourself, Hans,” said the dwarf, as he brought out a stout sack. “Take home as many as you like. A little boy who is as good to his mother as you are deserves a present.”

So Hans filled his bag with the most precious of all the stones, and, however many he put in, the dwarf urged him to take more. But at last the sack was full, and suddenly Hans found himself in the snow again, without so much as a crack in the ice to show where the little dwarf had stood.

Hans felt in his pocket. There was the brown herb—safe. The bag of precious stones, which he had slung over his shoulder, was still heavy; so he went home as fast as his snow-shoes would carry him.

“Mother, mother!” he cried, as he ran in and threw his arms about her. “See!” and he emptied the sack upon the floor. “We are not poor any more! And see!” he went on, as he pulled the brown herb from his pocket.

So they brewed the brown herb, and so soon as the good mother tasted it she was quite well again. And the wonderful sack of jewels stayed always full.

THE MINCE PIE

MOTHER was going to make the mince pie. She was very busy, and her mind was full of other things, for Kitty and Jack were in bed with the measles, and Maggie, the cook, had just scalded her hand, and Aunt Kate and Uncle Ebenezer and Cousin Timothy and Grandmother Simpkins were all coming on the afternoon train to spend Thanksgiving.

Still, it would never do to have a Thanksgiving dinner without a mince pie; so mother tied on her blue-checked apron, took out the paste board and rolling pin, and went to work. She mixed the paste and rolled it out thin, and put bits of butter all over it; then she folded it over and rolled it out again and put more bits of butter on it. When she had done this a good many times, it began to puff up in places and make bubbles; and mother stopped rolling it and cut out a nice round piece which she laid in the pie dish, trimming the edges neatly all around.

Just then a man came to the back door and asked would the lady please give him a piece of bread, as he "hadn't had anything to eat since the day before yesterday"; so mother got a great piece of

THE MINCE PIE

bread and some corned beef, and while he was eating it she went back to the pie and began cutting another round piece. But before she had it half done she heard Kitty calling, and she ran upstairs to see what was the matter. Kitty wanted a glass of water, and Jack wanted his pillow turned, and it was time for them both to take their medicine. Mother did everything they wanted, and then went back to her pie. She put in the mince meat, and then she began to put on thin layers of crust around the edge; and then a book agent came to the door and said he had a most interesting book he would like to show her, and it was in nineteen volumes, at two dollars a volume, and no person of education could afford to be without it.

So mother said she was not a person of education, and the book agent went away, looking very cross. Then mother put the cover on the pie, and marked it with three crosses for Faith, Hope and Charity, as she always did; and then the doorbell rang, and she put the pie on the shelf in the closet, and took off her checked apron, and went to the door. It was the doctor, who had been called to set a broken leg for a boy who had climbed on a shed to find his ball and had fallen off, so the doctor could not come before to see Kitty and Jack.

By the time the doctor's visit was over, the afternoon train had come in, and Aunt Kate and Uncle Ebenezer and Cousin Timothy and Grandmother Simpkins were at the door. They had brought Cousin Almira Jane with them as a surprise for mother, and it was a surprise. She took them all

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upstairs and showed them their rooms, and put Cousin Almira Jane in her own room, because there was no other. Then she went down to get tea, and poultice Maggie's hand, and make milk toast for Kitty and Jack, and iron father's collars, and press out Aunt Kate's mantilla, which had got crumpled in the carriage.

So it was tea-time, and in a little while it was morning again, and Thanksgiving Day. Mother was so glad to think that the mince pie was all ready, for she had the turkey to dress and roast, and the cranberry sauce to make, and the vegetables to cook, and the pudding to make. At last dinner-time came, and the turkey was done to a turn and smelled so good; and the pudding was ready, and so was everything else; and then mother went to the closet and took out the mince pie—and she found that she had forgotten to bake it! Poor mother!

THE FAIRY WHO CAME TO OUR HOUSE

THERE was once a dear little girl who lived in our house. She was quite loving, and sweet and truthful. She would have been a dear, *dear* little girl, but for one thing—she was a wee bit careless. It was just about little things, you know. Perhaps it might be drying the cups until they shone. Perhaps it might be dusting the undermost places, like the rungs of the chairs and the piano legs. Perhaps it might be giving fresh milk to Taffy, the black pussy-cat. Perhaps it might be leaving the old rag doll out in the weather all night. The old rag doll had rheumatism, and a night out in the dew made it worse. A dear, *dear* little girl would have remembered these things, but our dear little girl forgot.

One morning she woke very early, but the sun was behind a cloud, and the fog crept into the nursery. She began to forget things before breakfast.

“Oh, where is my red hair ribbon?” she said. “And where is my shoe string?”

After breakfast she wanted to make a little saucer pie with mother in the kitchen. Just as she put it in the oven she thought about her unmade bed

MOTHER AND THE CHILDREN

upstairs. Before she had half finished the bed she remembered that grandmother was waiting to have her spectacles found. Then the doorbell rang, and she just had to run and see who it was. It was such a short way to the end of the garden she really had to run to the gate and see if next-door Helen were at home.

Ah, the broken shoe string was in the way! The dear little girl tumbled down in the garden path and bumped her poor little nose. And the saucer pie burned black in the oven, the bed was not made, and grandmother had no spectacles.

As she sat up in the garden path, crying two big tears, whom should she see on the stone beside her (there had been no one there before) but a tiny old woman. I think she was just three inches high, and she wore a long red cloak and a little red hood, and she carried a crooked little cane. Her face was as brown and wrinkled as a last fall's oak-leaf. She rapped on the stone with her cane, as she said: "What are you crying about, little girl?"

"Oh," sobbed the dear little girl, "I want to not forget so many things."

"Run right into the house," said the fairy—for she was a fairy. "I am going to help you all day long."

The dear little girl rubbed her eyes. There was no fairy upon the stone—only two wee footprints—so she jumped up and ran into the house.

THE FAIRY WHO CAME TO OUR HOUSE

The first thing she spied was a pair of shiny spectacles under the hall rack. Grandmother was so pleased to have them. As the little girl came downstairs again she heard a squeaky laugh. There was a whisk of a red cloak on the staircase and some one said:

“Hurry, hurry; kitchen trouble,
Kettle wants to boil and bubble.”

So the little girl ran down to the kitchen and filled the old copper tea-kettle who sat fussing upon the stove, because he was empty. As she put on the cover, whom should she see standing upon the spout but a little figure in a red cloak, and this is what she heard:

“Run and set the plates for lunch,
Knives and forks are in a bunch.”

Yes, the table did need setting. When it was all done, there was the fairy on the sideboard, twirling around like a Japanese top and saying:

“Dolly’s things are such a sight!
Put the bureau drawers to right.”

So the little girl flew upstairs to the nursery. She packed the doll’s dresses in the trunk. She folded all the hair ribbons in the top drawer, and there was the lost red one at the very bottom.

MOTHER AND THE CHILDREN

All day long, the fairy kept reminding her of things to do. After lunch there she was sitting on the edge of mother's darning-basket, looking like a red Dutch cheese, and saying:

“Holes to be mended, and darning begun;
Find mother's needles and pins, every one.”

Toward evening there she was on the arm of father's easy-chair, saying:

“Father is coming. Now, quick as can be,
Lay out his slippers and book before tea.”

The little girl was very tired by bedtime, but it had been a busy, happy day. She sat in her little chair by the nursery fire, and rocked, and wondered if it could all have been a dream; when—pop—there was the little old woman in the red cloak, dancing upon a red coal, and saying:

“Look in the box on the bureau, my dear;
And try to remember as long as a year.”

So the dear little girl looked in the box on the bureau, and there, inside, was a little gold wishing-ring, and it said on the bow: “From all the family in our house, for a dear, *dear* little girl who tries to remember.”

THE FAIRY WHO CAME TO OUR HOUSE

And the queer little fairy never came again;
but that was because she did not need to.

SELLING TIMOTHY TITUS

“DEAR me,” said mother, “I can’t think of having four cats in the house all winter.”

“I should say you couldn’t,” laughed father; “you will have to give them away.”

But there was the old kitty—father himself couldn’t think of giving her away. She had been in the house ever since it was built, and there was not a better mouser anywhere. Then there were Toots and Jingle—it did seem a pity to part them, mother could but admit to herself.

They were black and white, and so near alike that you couldn’t tell them apart unless you looked at their noses. Toots’s nose was black, and Jingle’s nose was white.

And then there was Timothy Titus. He was black and white, too, but a good deal more white than black.

“He is an odd one,” laughed mother. “We might give him away first.”

But Caroline made a grieved lip, and caught up Timothy Titus. “O-oh,” said she, cuddling him

SELLING TIMOTHY TITUS

close to her neck; “he is so cunning and sweet, mother, I can’t bear to part with him.”

By and by, when the kittens were taking their after-dinner nap by the fire, in came Mr. Davis. Mr. Davis lived on the other side of the river and peddled apples. He looked down at the little furry heap, and laughed. “Seems to me you have more than your share of cats,” said he. “We haven’t got any.”

“Caroline may give you one of hers,” said mother.

Caroline looked down at her shoes. Mr. Davis could tell which way the wind blew.

“Suppose we make a trade,” he said to Caroline. “I’ll give you a peck of sweet apples for one of these,” and he picked up Timothy Titus.

Caroline looked up. A peck of sweet apples did not grow on every bush. Besides, maybe four cats were too many.

“I—I will, if mother will let me keep Toots and Jingle,” she said.

Mother laughed; she did not like to promise. “We will see about it,” she said; “three cats are less than four, anyway.”

So Mr. Davis measured out a peck of sweet apples, and gave them to Caroline. And Caroline hugged and kissed and cried over Timothy Titus, and gave him to Mr. Davis, who put him in a basket and tied a bag over him.

MOTHER AND THE CHILDREN

“I guess he’ll be all right,” said Mr. Davis. “Good day,” and away rumbled the apple cart.

But as soon as the apple cart was out of sight, Caroline began to mourn. She stood at the window with a very doleful face, looking across the river at Mr. Davis’s big, white house. The sky had all at once grown cloudy, and the wind began to blow. And, as if to make a bad matter worse, Toots woke up and flew around the room in a fit.

“It is all because he knows that Timothy Titus is gone,” sobbed Caroline, running to hide her head in her mother’s lap. “How would I feel if Teddy were given away, where I’d never see him any more? And the apples are bitterish, too, and I don’t like them. Oh, dear!”

But mother said that perhaps Timothy Titus would come home again. “I’ve heard of such things,” she said. And then she told Caroline a story about a cat who traveled forty miles back to her old home.

“But I don’t believe Timothy Titus can,” sighed Caroline, but brightening up a little, “because he’s over the river, and there isn’t any bridge—only the ferry-boat. I ’most know he can’t.”

“Oh, stranger things than that have happened,” said mother, hopefully.

But she was as surprised as Caroline was the next morning. When the kitchen door was opened—what do you think? In walked Timothy Titus, as

SELLING TIMOTHY TITUS

large as life, if he were a little bit draggled as to his fur and muddy around his paws!

“Hello!” said father.

“Well, well!” said mother. “Why, Timothy Titus!”

Just at that minute Caroline came running out in her nightgown. She gave one look, and then she snatched Timothy Titus up in her arms.

“Oh, oh!” she screamed, too full of joy to do anything else for a minute. “Oh, you darling cat! How did he get here, mother?”

“I am sure I can’t tell,” said mother.

Neither could any one else, unless it was the ferryman, who, when father questioned him, said he did think he remembered seeing a little black and white cat sitting under the seat the night before. But he wasn’t sure of it, and so Caroline couldn’t be.

“Well, Timothy Titus has come back,” she said, “and he is going to stay, isn’t he, mother?” We can give Mr. Davis back his apples.”

But Mr. Davis said a trade was a trade, and he wasn’t going to take back the apples. And Timothy Titus stayed!

THE TOP AND THE BALL

A Top and a Ball lay together in a drawer with some other toys. The Top said to the Ball: "Why should we not be the very best of friends, and play together, as we are lying here in the same drawer?"

But the Ball, who was covered with Morocco leather, and thought she was very fine, would not reply.

The next day the little boy to whom the Top belonged painted it in red and yellow, and drove a brass nail into the head. This looked really beautiful when the Top spun around.

"Just look at me," he said to the Ball. "Am I not pretty, too? Let us be companions. We should be very happy, for you jump and I dance, and there would be no happier playmates than we two."

"Do you think so?" said the Ball. "Perhaps you do not know that I am made of Morocco, and have a cork in my body!"

"Yes; but I am made of mahogany," said the Top. "The Mayor himself turned me, for he has a turning-lathe of his own. He enjoys making tops to please the children."

THE TOP AND THE BALL

“Is that really so?” asked the Ball.

“Just as true as that I can spin,” said the Top.

The Ball looked at the pleasant, happy little Top and said: “But I want to be the swallow’s playmate. Whenever I fly up into the air, he calls from the tree-top: ‘Will you, will you?’ and I have said ‘Yes,’ but I will always remember you, Top.”

“Oh, very well,” said the Top, “but you can’t play with the swallow, and you can come with me; still, do as you wish.”

The next day the Ball was taken out of the drawer, and the Top saw her flying high up in the air—she seemed almost like a bird. Whenever she returned to the earth, she gave a little jump just as she touched the ground. Perhaps that was because she wanted to fly again, or because she had a cork in her body.

But one time, when she was sent flying in the air, she did not come back; and, although the little boy hunted and hunted, she could not be found—she was lost.

“I know where she is,” thought the Top. “She has gone to the swallow’s nest; she has gone to stay with the swallow.”

The Top was very lonely. He thought and thought about the Ball, and, although he spun around and hummed his pretty song, he was always wanting her. Many days and weeks passed by, and the Top was growing old. His red and yellow paint had worn off, and the little boy did not play with

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him as much as he used to. One day the Top was gilded all over. He looked like a gold top. The little boy thought him more beautiful than ever before. The Top spun and hummed and jumped about, but all at once he went too high, and was lost. They searched everywhere, but no one could find the gold Top. Where had he gone?

He had jumped into the dust bin, where all sorts of dust and rubbish had fallen from the roof. "Well, well," said the Top; "this is a queer place! All my gilding will be spoiled, and I cannot even spin down here in the dark. And the little boy will be lonely."

Just then he saw something round and dirty, like a withered apple—but the round thing began to talk!

"Oh, dear," it said; "I have been lying here in this dirty place for weeks, with no one good enough for me to play with. I wanted to live with the swallow, but I fell in here, and I am very beautiful, for I am made of Morocco and I have a cork in my body."

Then the Top knew it was the Ball, lost so long ago. Just then came a maid to clear out the dust bin. The first thing she saw was the Top. She took it to the little boy again, and both the Top and the little boy were happy. But the Ball was thrown away. The Top never spoke of the Ball. He thought her a silly little Ball, after all—for it is better always to think of others, and not of yourself.

THE LONG PROCESSION

Did you ever happen to think, when dark
 Lights up the lamps outside the pane,
And you look through the glass on that wonderland,
 Where the witches are making their tea in the rain,
Of the great procession that says its prayers
All the world over, and climbs the stairs,
And goes to a wonderland of dreams,
Where nothing at all is just what it seems?

All the world over, at eight o'clock,
 Sad and sorrowful, glad and gay,
These with their eyes as bright as dawn,
 Those almost asleep on the way;
This one capering—that one cross,
Plaited tresses or curling floss,
Slowly the long procession streams
Up to the wonderland of dreams.