

VARIOUS

THE NURSERY,
MAY 1873,
VOL. XIII.

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Readers:*

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MABEL'S COW

THE cow nearest to you in the picture is Mabel's cow; and Mabel Brittan is the taller of the two girls on the bridge. I will tell you why the cow is called Mabel's cow.

Her family live in a wild but beautiful part of New Hampshire, where it is very cold in winter, and pretty warm in summer. There are only two small houses within a mile of her father's. He keeps cows, and makes nice butter from the cream.

Not long ago he bought a cow at a great bargain, as he thought; for she was a fine-looking young cow, and the price he paid for her was only twenty-five dollars.

But, before he had got through the first milking of her, he began to think she was dear at any price. She would kick over the pail, make vicious plunges, and try to hook him. Indeed, he grew afraid of her, she was so violent.

He took down a heavy whip, and was about to strike her in

great anger, when his little daughter Mabel caught his arm, and said, "She will never be good for any thing if you strike her. Let me try to manage her."

And, before Mr. Brittan could prevent her, Mabel had her arm round the cow's neck, and was calling her all the sweet pet names she could think of.

"All that is very well," said her father; "but just you try to milk her: that's all. No, you sha'n't venture. It would be as much as your life is worth."

"I am very sure she will let me milk her," said Mabel. "Do not forbid my trying. She looks at me out of her big eyes as if she thought me her friend."

So Mabel took the tin pail, and sat down on the little low milking-stool; and soon, to her father's astonishment, she finished milking, the cow having stood all the while as quiet as a lamb.

It was found that the cow had been badly treated by the man who had owned her, and who had been in the habit of milking her. Being a high-spirited beast, she then gave him so much trouble, that he was soon glad to be rid of her.

She would now let no one touch her but Mabel: so Mr. Brittan finally said that the cow should be Mabel's cow, and that all the butter which the cow yielded should be hers. But Mabel is a generous girl; and so she shares the money she earns. Her mother, her sister Emily, and her brothers Oliver and Frank, all get a part of it.

Mabel has given the cow a name; and the cow will come to her when she calls her by name. The name is a very pretty one for a cow, I think. It is Dido.

Emily Carter.

HARRY AND THE BIG "POP-CORNER."

Little Harold was delighted, one winter morning, to hear that he could go to his grandpapa's with his mother, for a few days. He had often been there in summer, when the grass was green, and flowers were blooming around the old homestead; but this was his first *winter* visit.

A pleasant ride of forty miles by the railway, then a short ride in an old-fashioned stage-sleigh, and the sober old horses, with their jingling bells, stopped before grandpa's pleasant home.

Harry ran up to the door, shouting, "We've come, grandpa! We've come!" The door opened; the little fellow rushed into his grandpa's arms; and golden curls and thin gray locks were mingled for an instant. Then the young arms were thrown around dear Aunt Susie; and such a welcome was given as little boys love to have.

Harry then trotted off to the kitchen to find his friend Patty, the cook. In a few minutes he came running back, exclaiming, "O mamma! do come and see what a big *pop-corner* Patty has in the kitchen."

"Corn-popper, I suppose you mean," said his mamma, laughing, as she and Aunt Susie followed him to the kitchen. There, hanging behind the stove, was a large brass pan, as bright

as gold: it had a cover full of holes, and a long handle. This was what Harry took for a corn-popper.

"Oh! that is a warming-pan," said his mother. "A what kind of a pan?" said Harry with great surprise. "What *do* you mean, mamma?"

"Well, Harry, if you can be quiet a minute, I will tell you. When your Aunt Susie and I were little girls, and your uncles little boys, grandpapa's house was not warmed all over, as it is now. Furnaces were not used in those days; and the bed-rooms up stairs were very cold.

"So, on the coldest nights of winter, grandma would have this pan filled with hot coals, and the beds all nicely warmed. Sometimes the boys would have great frolics; for dear grandmamma would have their bed so very warm, that, as soon as they had jumped in, *out* they would come, saying they were burned.

"But they would spring back again, and cuddle down, and laugh, and tell stories, and sing, until grandpapa would have to come to the foot of the stairs, and call out, 'Boys, boys, I must have less noise!'"

"Well," said Harry after hearing this story, "I should like to try it, and see how my little uncles felt so long ago. Will you warm my bed to-night, Patty?"—"Oh, yes! indeed I will. Master Harry," said Patty.

Harry wanted to go to bed earlier than usual that night; and, before seven o'clock, he ran to the kitchen to ask Patty to put the

coals in the pan. Patty took a shovel, and first put in some hot ashes. "What is that for?" said Harry.

"So the sheets will not be burned," said Patty. Then she put in some glowing coals, and told Harry that the warming-pan was ready.

Harry called his mamma; and they went up to the square front-room. Patty gave the cold sheets a good warming while mamma was unbuttoning the little shoes and clothes; and, when Harry had got on his night-gown, he said, "Now for a good jump,—one, two, three, four, and away!"

Then he sprang into the warm nest; and such a shout as the little fellow gave made even grandpa start from his rocking-chair. "Oh, goody! oh, how *jolly*! oh, how splendid!" said Harry. "I thought grandpapa's house was splendid in the summer; but it is a great deal *splendid* in the winter.

"But, mamma," continued he, "won't I have a nice story to tell Charlie and Susie when I get home, about this big pop-corner?"

Mamma.

WHAT DEMPSEY IS PROUD OF

"What are you proudest of?" said Mattie to Bertie. "I'm proudest of my new red-top boots," said Bertie. "*I'm* proudest of my new black hat," said Clay. Mattie was proudest of her muff and boa. Little Bell was proudest of her wax doll.

But Dempsey had the queerest pride of all. He had no boots or mittens; and his clothes were coarse and worn. What had he to be proud of? This is what he said, "I'm proudest of my papa's wooden leg." The other little people were too polite to laugh at him; but they looked at him with wonder.

"Let me tell you," said he, "why I'm proud of my papa's wooden leg. One time when there was a war, and men were wanted to help fight the battles, my papa took his gun, and went into the army. And when there was a great battle, and men were shot down all around him, my papa stood beside the man that held the flag. And, when the man was killed, my papa would not let the flag fall, but took it in his own hands. Then the soldiers on the other side fired at the flag with a big cannon; and the ball took off my papa's leg. He was sick a long time; but he got a letter from his commander that said he was a brave man, and had done his duty nobly. This is why I am proud of my papa's wooden leg."

Mattie and Bertie and Clay and Bell all thought that this was a pretty story; and Clay said, "Dempsey is right. He has something more to be proud of than any of us."

Fannie.

JENNY AND TIMOTHY WREN

Sweet little, neat little Miss Jenny Wren,
On a white hawthorn spray,
In the bright month of May,

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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