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FRANKIE IN HIS JUMPER.

LITTLE

FRANKIE AND HIS MOTHER.

BY

MRS. MADELINE LESLIE,

AUTHOR OF "THE HOME LIFE SERIES;" "MRS. LESLIE'S
JUVENILE SERIES," ETC.



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LITTLE FRANKIE AND HIS MOTHER.

CHAPTER I.

FRANKIE'S SILVER CUP.

Do you wish to know who little Frankie was, and where he lived? Come and sit down in your pretty chair by my side, and I will tell you. Frankie was not the real name of this little boy. When he was a tiny

baby, not much larger than black Dinah, his father came home one night from his store, and asked, "Have you named the baby yet, mamma?"

"No," she answered, "I have not; but I have been thinking that if you are pleased, I should like to call him Frank."

"Frank, Frank, Frankie," said his father, repeating it over and over again, to hear how it would sound. "Yes, I like the name;

and then my friend, Mr. Wallace, is called Frank. Yes, Frank it shall be."

"While he is a baby, we will call him Frankie," said his mamma. So that was the way he obtained so pretty a name.

About a week after this, there came one day a man on horseback riding up to the front door. He jumped briskly down upon the wide stone step, and rang the bell with a loud, quick jerk,

which seemed to say, I am in a hurry. Margie, the errand girl, ran to the door, when the man gave her a box wrapped nicely in a piece of yellow paper, and tied with a small red cord. Then he sprang upon the saddle, and galloped away down the avenue into the road.

Margie carried the box into the parlor, and gave it to her mistress. Mamma looked at the name on the paper, and her

bright, loving eyes grew still brighter. She took her scissors and cut the cord which held the paper around the box, then pulled off the cover, and what do you think was there? Why, a large piece of pink cotton nicely folded about a beautiful silver cup, on one side of which was marked the name *Little Frankie*.

Mamma laughed as she read it, and felt sure the pretty present came from Mr. Wallace. She

ran gayly up stairs into the nursery, where the baby was sitting in the lap of his nurse, shaking his coral bells. "Here, my darling," she said; "see what a nice cup has come for you; look! it is so bright I can peep at your rosy face in it."

Baby crowed and stretched out his tiny hands, but he could not quite reach it; and if he could he would have tried to crowd it into his mouth. So mamma took

him in her arms, and squeezed him very tight, and kissed him ever so many times, until the little fellow was quite astonished. Then she held him off a little to look at him; and her eyes were so brimful of love that Frankie was never tired of gazing into them.

By and by, mamma carried the baby and the new cup down to the parlor; for papa had just come in, and was already calling for them.

Papa admired the present very much, and said that his friend, Mr. Wallace, was a noble fellow, and he should be glad if their little Frankie made as good a man. Then papa danced around the room, "to give his boy a little exercise," he said, "and make him grow." But mamma screamed, and was afraid so much shaking would take away her baby's breath.

"Come, then," said papa, "we

will sit down and trot a little. He seated the little fellow on his knee, and began, "This is the way the lady rides, trot, trot, trot, trot. This is the way the gentleman rides, de canter, de canter, de canter, de canter. This is the way the huntsman rides, de gallop, de gallop, de gallop."

Frankie laughed and cooed, and as soon as his papa stopped, kicked his little feet to have it go again.

CHAPTER II.

FRANKIE'S LITTLE NURSE.

FRANKIE lived in a quiet, pleasant village about twenty miles from the city. His home was a pretty cottage with a steep roof rising above the windows of the second story. In front there was a smooth, green lawn, and at the side a lovely flower garden, with nicely gravelled walks leading through it. Then back of

the house there were beds of peas, and beans, and turnips, and beets, and all kinds of good things for the table.

Frankie had a brother whose name was Willie, and who was five years older than he. There had been a dear sister, too, but when she was only one year old, the Saviour called her home to heaven ; and she went with a sweet smile upon her lip.

Beside his father, and mother,

and Willie, there were in Frankie's home, Jane, the cook, Sally, the nurse, and Margie, a little girl seven years of age, who loved dearly to dance about and amuse the baby boy. She was the daughter of Jane, and her father had been dead many years. She had begun to go to school; but as soon as the teacher rang the bell for the scholars to go home, Margie caught her bonnet from the hook, and ran away as fast

as she could go, she was so impatient to see little Frankie.

Early in the morning, long before his mamma was ready to awake, the little fellow would open his eyes and crow, and sing his morning song. Then he would try to get his tiny toes into his mouth. As soon as Margie heard him, she would knock softly at the door, and ask, "May I come in and play with Frankie?"

- If you were to see her, you would think she was quite an old lady ; she went around so steadily, and not at all like a school girl. First, she took all the pillows from the cradle, and shook them up. Then she laid them back so that the baby could sit up and see her play to him. When all was ready, she would go to the side of the bed, and Frankie's papa would put him carefully into her arms,

and then turn over to take another nap.

It was very strange that with all Margie's singing and laughing, and crying "catchee, catchee, now catch baby;" and with Frankie's happy shouts of delight, papa and mamma could sleep quite soundly. But the instant the little fellow cried, as he sometimes did when he hurt his gums against his coral ring, and Margie said, "O dear! has he hurt him?"

Margie's sorry," mamma would spring from bed and be wide awake in a minute.

There was one other member of the family whom I have not yet mentioned. It was not a brother, nor a sister, but a large black dog, whose name was Ponto. He was a very handsome fellow, with his shining black hair, and his white ring about his neck; and he held his head up and looked you right in

the face, as if he knew that he was above common dogs. Ponto liked to run in the garden with Willie, and catch the sticks his young master threw to him between his teeth. But best of all he liked to follow him to the nursery, and watch the motions of the new comer. Frankie's eyes grew very large the first time he felt Ponto's cold nose on his arm ; and he cried, when the great, black creature began

to lick his hands and face. Mamma tried to push Ponto away, and Willie laughed most merrily.

This, you know, was Ponto's way of showing that he was fond of the dear baby; and from this time a strong affection sprang up between them. While Frankie slept, the dog lay down by the cradle, to be sure that no harm came to his precious charge; and when he awoke.

Ponto made a noise, meaning,
“I’ll take care of you, baby.”



CHAPTER III.

FRANKIE'S JUMPER.

FRANKIE was now six months old. He had begun to sit upon the floor. First he could only sit there by having pillows placed all about him. Then one day nurse took away the pillows, and said the little fellow must learn to do without them. She set him up very straight, and put a large book outside his clothes

between his feet, so that he could not easily fall over. Then she took her sewing and sat down on the floor beside him.

Frankie laughed, and thought this was very fine; but in one minute he reached a little too far, and over he went right on to his nose.

Nurse caught him up before he had time to cry, and tossed him up and down until he had forgotten his trouble; then she

set him down again. So that by the time mamma came home from a long walk, he had almost learned to sit alone.

O, how much pleased mamma was! She took off her bonnet and shawl, laughing all the time, and then she stopped ever so many times while she was giving the little fellow his dinner, and squeezed him closer to her side, and told him he was getting to be a brave boy indeed.

Hearing so much that was merry, Ponto roused himself from his sleep, and began to rap with his tail on the floor. Then, when Frankie crowed out a pretty sound, he sprang upon his feet, and looked around a minute with his great, black eyes, when he gave a loud bark, "*bow, wow, wow.*" Little boy, I say, "*bow, wow, wow.*"

One day Willie went with his mother to call upon a lady who

had a baby girl just about as old as Frankie. The servant asked them to go to the nursery and see the baby in her jumper. O, what a funny sight that was! How the two mammas, and the nurse, and Willie laughed, to see the little creature dance about from one side of the room to the other. Frankie's mamma said her little boy must have a jumper too.

The lady, whose name was

Ida Mills, gave her the pattern of the little jacket her baby wore when she jumped ; and Mrs. Gray said she would ask her husband to call and see the jumper, so that he could tell the carpenter how to make one.

In two days Frankie's jacket was ready, and his jumper too. His mamma had told him all about it. But he only laughed and cooed the same as ever,

and did not seem at all to understand it.

When papa came home to dinner that day, he heard such a loud noise from the nursery, that he ran quickly up there to see what was the matter.

When he opened the door he saw his little boy fastened to a long pole, which swung about the room like a crane, and mamma on her knees trying to teach him to touch his little toes.

to the floor, and make himself dance. There, too, were Jane, the cook, and Sally, the nurse, laughing, while Margie and Willie were clapping their hands every time Frankie gave a spring.

Just then Ponto came running up the stairs, and as soon as he saw his little master, he began to bark most furiously. He did not like to see him hung up so, and he meant to give his opinion about it.

Frankie had for a long time been fond of using his feet, and had often done so in his mother's lap, until he almost sprang out of her arms ; but at first he did not know what mamma wanted him to do. But presently he began to jump ; and when he found how easily he could set himself to dancing, he was so much pleased that he gave a scream of delight.

Willie ran to the other side

of the room, and put his coral bells in a chair, and called out, "Come, Frankie, come to brother;" and the little dancer jumped across the room as briskly as if he had done it every day of his life.

O, what laughing there was then! What shouting! What clapping of hands! Mamma ran to kiss her baby, and call him her darling boy.

All this time the dinner was

on the table ; and at last, Jane said, " O, dear, the dinner will be as cold as a stone ! " But papa and mamma said they had rather see Frankie learn to jump, than to eat the best dinner that ever was cooked.

CHAPTER IV.

FRANKIE'S BROTHER WILLIE.

It was a long time before Ponto became reconciled to see Frankie in his jumper. He barked loud and long, as if he was afraid his little friend would hurt himself, tied up in so strange a manner. But baby grew every day more fond of this exercise; and as soon as he saw his mother take the jacket, he would spring

so that she could hardly hold him still enough to fasten the buttons tightly to the wooden frame. One day, when he and his mamma were alone in the nursery, he grew very sleepy, and at last his little head nodded down, down, quite upon his breast. Mamma laughed softly, and she waited a minute to see what he would do. Presently he awoke a little, and touched his toes to the floor to make the jumper

spring, and get himself to sleep again. Then she took him in her arms, and after loosening the buttons to his jacket, laid him in his cradle for a nice nap.

One day Willie came running into the room when mamma was singing to the baby, who was not well. He was a good boy, and knew that he must not make a noise ; so he took a cricket, and sat down by her side. He loved to hear the gentle lullaby; but

now he wondered why mamma looked so sober. Pretty soon he saw one, two, three, tears drop right upon Frankie's head. Her face was always so full of smiles that he knew not what to make of it. She got up to put the baby in the cradle, and then she saw Willie looking at her as if he wondered what this meant.

“Come here, my dear,” she said softly, laying his head on her shoulder. “Mamma has been

praying the good God for you and your little brother.”

“Are you afraid Frankie is going to die, as sister did?” asked Willie; “I saw some tears on your cheeks.”

“No, dear,” said mamma. “I was thinking how kind God was to give me two such dear boys. Then I looked at Frankie’s hands, such pretty little fingers and thumbs, and I asked God never to let them do that which

was naughty, never to allow them to strike or take what did not belong to them."

Willie gazed a moment at his hands; I suppose he was trying to think whether they had been naughty hands or good hands. Presently he said, "Toes can't do wrong, I think, mamma, as hands can."

"Ah, yes, my dear," said his mother. "Only yesterday I knew a little boy whose feet were very

naughty, and walked away where he had been forbidden to go."

Willie's face grew very red. "I forgot about that," he said in a whisper.

"Do you remember," asked his mother, "the lady who visited here with her little girl, and how she used to kick and stamp her feet when she could not do exactly as she wished? Were those good feet, and do you think her heavenly Father

was pleased to see how she was using them?"

"O, no, indeed, mamma! But I guess God liked it when I used my feet to carry James Wells's ball home, because he would have lost it if I had not given it to him."

"Yes, dear, your feet and your hands, too, were good then; and beside that, there was a kind feeling in your heart, which made you wish to carry the ball to the poor boy.

“I'm glad I did it,” said Willie, smiling in his mother's face. “Did you think any thing about Frankie's mouth?”

“Yes, indeed, I prayed that my darling baby might use his sweet little mouth to praise God, and that never, no, never might a naughty word come out of it. O, how dreadful it is to think that little boys or little girls should use the gifts of the good God to disobey his holy laws!”

CHAPTER V.

FRANKIE'S NEW LESSONS.

WHEN Frankie was a year old, his mamma thought it quite time for him to learn to go to bed by himself. So she took him up in her chamber, and shut the blinds, to keep out all the flies. Then she gave him his luncheon, and laid him on Willie's trundle-bed. This was low; and she thought, if he tried to get off, it would

not hurt him as much as if it were higher. "Now," said she, "my darling must be good, and shut his eyes, and go to sleep; and then mamma will come and put on his pretty cap and shoes, and take him to ride in his little wagon." She kissed him, and went into the dressing room, to see what he would do.

But Frankie did not like this at all, and he began to cry as loud as he could, and call for his

mamma to come back. When he found this did no good, he stuck up his stomach, and kicked his feet, and at last he held his breath until his mamma was frightened, and ran to hold him up.

“Frankie is naughty,” she said; “mamma can’t kiss a naughty boy.” Then she laid him down again, and started to go away. But he cried as loud as ever, until mamma was obliged to pat

his dear little hands until they looked quite red. She went away, and stood where she could look through the crack of the door. He called "mamma," two or three times, and then, tired with his crying, he fell asleep.

"Dear little Frankie!" she said, coming to the bed and kissing the tears off his rosy cheeks. "It made mamma's heart ache to whip him."

In a few days the little fellow

had learned this new lesson ; and though he missed his mother's arms folded tenderly about him, and the sweet smiles which mingled with the hushaby in his infant dreams, yet he grew reconciled to it at last, and became a very good baby.

Every day now he learned something new ; first to say, "Wee," for Willie ; then to hide his tiny head behind a handkerchief, as Margie did when she

played peep a-boo with him. Another time he held out his hand for the brush, and tried to smooth Willie's hair; but instead of that he tangled the close curls most terribly, so that the poor boy could hardly keep from crying when mamma combed them out again.

One morning Sally was ill, and obliged to stay in bed. Margie wished to play with Frankie while her master, and

mistress, and Willie were at prayers; but mamma said, "No; Frankie may come to prayers too."

Papa took the large Bible, and Willie stood close by his side, his little finger pointing to the verses as the reading went on; and the baby sat on his mother's knee, his eyes very wide open, to see all that was going on. He looked first at mamma, and wondered, I suppose, that she did not

smile. Then he turned to papa, who was reading serious words in a solemn tone. He gazed next in Willie's face ; but Willie was intent upon the book. At last he caught a glimpse of Margie's laughing eyes, and he spoke right out. The little girl had not heard one word of the reading. She had been watching Frankie, to see how he would behave ; and now, before she thought where she was, she

laughed aloud. But when she saw that her laughing had made Willie smile and turn from his book, and that her mistress looked very sorry, she was sorry too, and covered her blushing face with her little apron.

Frankie sat very still while they sang a pretty hymn beginning:—

“Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour’s brow.”

But when papa and mamma

kneeled down, he tried to kneel too; and seeing that mamma shut her eyes, he closed his, but opened them again in a minute, and tried to get away to run to Willie.

“Frankie is now a year and a half old,” said papa, “and must learn to be still at prayers.”

“Can't he come to dinner, too, papa?” asked Willie. “I am almost sure he will be good.”

“I am willing, if mamma is”
said papa.

“We will try him,” said
mamma.

In the middle of the forenoon
a man came to the door bringing
a new high chair for Frankie to
sit at dinner. Papa had been to
the store and bought it for his
baby boy. “O, what a kind
papa!”

Frankie was very good the
first day and the second day

he came to dinner; but after that he did not behave as well. He pushed away the plate on which mamma had mashed a nice potato for him, and tried to reach a dish in which Jane had put some squash. His little fingers were covered with squash, and mamma had to ring the bell for Margie to bring the sponge and wash them.

The next day, when papa held down his head to ask God to

bless the food, Frankie bent his face down to the table, and muttered over something. I suppose he thought he too was praying.

“Will God care?” asked Willie. “Baby don’t know that it is naughty to pray so.”

“God never expects children to behave any better than they know how,” replied mamma.

CHAPTER VI.

FRANKIE'S TEETH.

FRANKIE'S brother Willie had never been to school, but had learned to read and spell at home, reciting his lessons to his mamma. Papa said he was now old enough to recite with other boys. So mamma bought him a little satchel, with a strap to put over his shoulder. Then she put in it his slate, with a pencil and

sponge tied to it, his reading book, and a new arithmetic with pictures of marbles, and birds, and boys in it. She washed his face and hands very clean, and curled his hair, which was so long it hung over his shoulders; then she dressed him in his new suit, with his nice shining collar basted into the neck, so as to have him quite ready when his young companion called for him to go to the new school.

Willie felt very happy this bright morning. He liked the idea of going with the other boys to school. He thought it would be fine fun to play ball at recess. There was another reason for his feeling happy. Can you guess what it was? It was not that his clothes were new, and, as he could see in the glass, fitted him very well. No, it was because he had two pockets in his pantaloons. Before

this time he had never had but one, and now he felt smart indeed to be able to place both hands in his pockets. He walked backwards and forwards before the long mirror in his mother's chamber, admiring himself exceedingly.

Mamma laughed heartily at the airs he put on; but before he went out, she told him no persons but rowdies walked with their hands in their pockets; that

papa never did, and she should be very sorry to see her Willie walk so.

For a few days Frankie's cheeks had been very red indeed, so that Sally said he looked as handsome as a picture; but mamma was afraid it was because he was not well. He had a large tin bath tub in the form of a boat, and one morning, when she put him in it, she found his flesh was very

hot. She took him out into the flannel blanket, which she always spread in her lap, and rubbed him quickly, that he should not become chilled; then she coaxed him to let her put her finger into his mouth to feel whether he had any teeth which troubled him and made him look so feverish.

He had already quite a mouth full of teeth; but she soon found that there were two large back

teeth trying to force their way through the gums.

“Poor little fellow,” she said ;
“mamma is sorry his teeth ache.”
She laid his aching head on her bosom, and passed her soft hand soothingly over it, back and forth, a great many times, chanting his favorite little song, until at length he fell asleep.

“Once there was a little man,
Where a little river ran ;
And he had a little farm,
And a little dairy, O!

And he had a little plough,
And a pretty dapple cow,
Which he often called
His pretty little Pharaoh.

“And the little maiden, Ann,
With her pretty little can,
Went a milking when the
Morning sun was beaming, O!
But she fell, — I don't know how, —
And she stumbled o'er the plough,
And the cow was much astonished
At her screaming, O!

“Then the funny little man
To the little river ran,
To procure a little shiner.
For his dinner, O!

Then he brought it on a hook
To the pretty little cook,
And she placed it on the table
With his ladle, O!

“Then the little maiden ran
With her pretty little can,
And brought some nice sweet milk from
Good Mooley, Mrs. Pharaoh!
And she poured it in a bowl
For the clever little soul;
And she placed it by his dish,
While he sat at table, O!”

Then she went and laid him
in her own bed, and took her
sewing to sit down beside him
till he awoke.

Presently nurse came in with mamma's bonnet in her hand, and mamma's shawl on her arm, as the lady had told her she was going to walk. But now she said, "Frankie is ill, and I shall not leave him to-day."

"I thought he was not very well this morning," said nurse, "for he was very worrisome, and would not eat his breakfast."

Mamma sat with her sewing

for nearly an hour, while Frankie slept, only once in a while he would moan as if he was in pain ; and then she put her hand on his head again.

When he awoke his eyes were heavy, and instead of jumping out of her lap to play, he laid his head down on her shoulder.

“ Does Frankie want some breakfast ? ” asked mamma.

He nodded his head ; but when nurse brought him some nice

bread and milk in his silver porringer, he only took one taste of it, and then said, "Patty want water." He could not well say Frankie, but always called himself Patty.

For several days the poor boy was quite sick, and his mamma never left him except to run for a few moments to her meals. When he was in great pain, she soothed him, rocked him, and carried him about the chamber.

Then, when he felt a little better, she sang him pretty songs, or told him stories, or showed him the pictures in his little books.

There was one little song he always loved to hear; and once, when papa and mamma were singing at prayers, he made them laugh by saying, "Mamma, sing Patty tune, pitty tee." He could not talk plain; but he meant "pretty tree."

Perhaps you have never heard

this song ; and I will repeat it
for you :—

“ Out in a beautiful field
There stands a pretty pear tree,
Pretty pear tree with leaves.

What is there on the tree ?

A very pretty branch.

Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground.

“ Out in the beautiful field
There stands a pretty pear tree,
Pretty pear tree with leaves.

What is there on the branch ?

A very pretty bough.

Bough on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground.

“ Out in the beautiful field
There stands a pretty pear tree,
Pretty pear tree with leaves.
What is there on the bough ?
A very pretty nest.
Nest on the bough,
Bough on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground.

“ Out in a beautiful field
There stands a pretty pear tree,
Pretty pear tree with leaves.
What is there in the nest ?
A very pretty egg.
Egg in the nest,
Nest on the bough,
Bough on the branch,

Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground.

“Out in a beautiful field.

There stands a pretty pear tree,
Pretty pear tree with leaves.

What is there in the egg?

A very pretty bird.

Bird in the egg,
Egg in the nest,
Nest on the bough,
Bough on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground.”

CHAPTER VII.

FRANKIE'S BREAKFAST.

FRANKIE was now old enough to like to hear stories, and almost every day he asked, "Pease tell me tory, mamma." Sometimes, when he did not feel like playing, he would ask her a great many times in a day.

One morning she went into the nursery, after she had eaten her own breakfast, and found

Sally feeding him with his bread and milk.

“He spits it out, ma’am,” she said, “and won’t let it down his throat.”

“Patty want pig, mamma,” said the little boy. He meant that he wanted a fig.

“Has he had a fig this morning?” asked mamma.

“Yes, ma’am,” said nurse. “Willie came in eating one, and Frankie cried for it. So Willie

gave it right up to him, though he had only taken one mouthful. I think he is the generousesst boy, ma'am, that I ever see."

Mamma smiled, and seemed very happy when she heard this. You know nothing makes mammas so happy as to know that their little boys and girls are good. She said to herself, "Dear child, I will give him another when he comes in. Then she

took Frankie in her arms, and told nurse to go and eat her own breakfast. She tucked the bib nicely around his neck, and then she began to feed him. But, as Sally said, he would not let it down, but spit it all over his clothes and mamma's hand. "Patty want pig," he said again.

"No, darling, you must eat your breakfast now," said mamma. "Though it is not so sweet as a fig, it is very good, and will

make my little boy grow and be strong, so that he can run out to play like Willie."

"Patty want pig, mamma," said the baby, putting up his hand to pat mamma's face.

"Patty want pig vely much."

"Frankie shall have a fig by and by," said mamma; "now I will tell him a little story.

"Once there was a little boy; his name was Harry. He had no kind mamma to give him

good breakfasts. His mamma had gone to heaven to live with God.

“Little Harry was poor, and often when he woke up he was very hungry. But he could not lay his head on his mamma’s breast, because she was dead, you know. Poor little Harry used to cry for somebody to come and take care of him. All babies need some person to hold them and rock them.”

“Patty got mamma,” cried the little boy.

“Yes, darling, Frankie has a mamma who loves him dearly, and tries to take good care of him, and makes him nice warm clothes. But Harry had none. The woman who let him live in her house was too busy to attend to him; so, when he was cold, or hungry, or tired, and wanted to lay his poor, weary head in her lap, she had no time

to let him do so. Dear little fellow, it would have done him so much good to have some kind mamma take him in her lap and squeeze him close to her breast, as mamma does Frankie, and call him her darling, dear little Harry. I think he would have stopped crying at once, and he would have looked up in her face and smiled his thanks."

Frankie was so much pleased with the story, that he put up

his little mouth to kiss mamma; and when he had done so, he patted her face softly, and said, "Patty love oo." He could not say "you."

"One day," said mamma, "a kind lady called at the poor-house where Harry lived. He was sitting on a little bed in the corner, crying; but he stopped when the lady went in. His hair had not been combed for many days; his face was very

dirty where the tears had run down over his thin, pale cheeks; his clothes were soiled and torn; but the lady pitied him very much. When she found he had no mamma, and that his papa was at work a great way off, she wrapped her shawl about the poor baby, and took him home in her carriage.

“First of all she gave him a cup of milk to drink, and then she told nurse to bring some

warm water in a tub, and some soap and towels, for she was going to wash the poor baby. She did not wonder then that the poor little fellow cried, for he was all sore, because he had had no kind mamma to wash him and put on nice powder. She kept him in the water a long time, and washed him very clean ; and then she told the nurse to go up garret and bring a small trunk with some baby

clothes in it. She had a little baby once, and these were his clothes. Then she tried to get the snarls out of his hair, and by this time Harry was so tired, he was glad to go to sleep.

“When he woke up he began to cry again, for he thought he was back in his old home; but as soon as he saw the kind lady, he smiled very sweetly. He held out his arms for her to take him. She had some warm bread and

milk all ready, and she took him in her lap and put a towel round his neck and fed him.

He did not spit it out on his clean clothes, but he ate it all, and liked it very much; and then he looked up in the kind face that was bending over him so fondly, and smiled, and tried to stroke her cheek. This was all the way he knew how to thank her for his good breakfast."

When mamma had told the

story, she took Frankie's cup and began to feed him, and he did not spit out one mouthful, but ate the whole, even the last drop.

CHAPTER VIII.

FRANKIE'S DOLLY.

WHEN Willie was a little boy about two years old, a good lady came to see his mother. Her name was Bryant, but Willie could not speak such a very hard word; so, after trying a long time, he called her Bear. Papa and mamma laughed heartily, and said that was a funny name; but in a few days they began to

call her Bear too; and after a while they thought it was a very pretty name. Do you know why they liked it so much? Because good Bear was fond of Willie, and very kind to him, and because Willie said it in such a cunning way. One day mamma folded up a little blanket for Willie to carry to bed for a baby, and Bear said, "I will make him a pretty dolly, and dress it all up, so that he can have it to play with."

That very day she began to work upon it. Mamma gave her nice pieces of cloth, and she made a black face, and curly hair, and red lips, and a very flat nose, and white eyes. Papa laughed when they showed it to him, and said, "he hoped Willie wouldn't be afraid of it."

Then Bear made arms, and hands, and legs, with red shoes, on the feet. Then she made a skirt, and a dress, and a sack for

Dinah to put on when she was cold, and a bonnet for her to wear when she went to walk. She did not let Willie see it until it was all ready for him to play with, and then she, and mamma, and nurse stood looking to see what he would do with it.

“Pretty Dinah,” said mamma, kissing the dolly, and then putting it into Willie’s arms.

At first the little fellow looked

and looked, but did not touch his new baby or smile at all; but presently, when mamma said, "Willie got two babies," and putting the one made of a blanket by the side of it, he began to understand what it was for. When Willie was four years old, Bear made some new clothes for Dinah, a jacket and pantaloons, and changed her name to John. This, Willie did not like; and one day hung dolly by a

string to the nob of the shutter, because he was not good, he said.

When Frankie was old enough to play with a baby, dear kind Bear had gone away where they could never see her pleasant smile again; but mamma made a new dress, and put it on over the pantaloons, and called dolly Dinah again. While she was sewing on it, the tears ran out of her eyes and dropped on her work. Willie ran to ask her

what was the matter, and she said, softly, "I am thinking of Bear, my dear, and how she would have loved our little Frankie if she had lived."

"I am going to heaven some day," said Willie; "and I'll ask her to come back. I know she will, when I tell her you cry so."

"If we are good, my dear boy," said mamma, wiping her eyes, "and try to please the Saviour, and to obey all his holy

commands, we shall go to live with her in heaven; but she can never come back to us."

"I'm trying to grow good every day, mamma," said Willie.

This was a long time before. Now Frankie loved Dinah dearly; and when he went to ride, she had to go too. He used to hug her and kiss her just as mamma did him; and in all his plays with Margie, Dinah was set up in a chair, and had to play too.



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