

**VARIOUS**

THE NURSERY,

JULY 1873,

VOL. XIV. NO. 1

Various

**The Nursery, July  
1873, Vol. XIV. No. 1**

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# Various

## The Nursery, July 1873, Vol. XIV. No. 1

### LOOK OUT FOR THE ENGINE!

SALLY and Bob were making a bonfire in the woods. They had come to spend the whole day, and had brought their dinner in a basket; and Carlo, their little dog, kept watch of it while they gathered sticks and leaves.

They soon had a large pile heaped up in the middle of the road which led through the forest. "For," said Bob, "we must make the fire where it won't do any mischief."

When all was ready, Bob lighted a match, and tucked it under the leaves. Then, getting down on his knees, he puffed and blew with his mouth, until first there rose a tiny stream of smoke; then a little flame crept out; and, in a moment more, the pile was blazing merrily.

The children got some large stones, and sat down on them to warm their hands; for Sally said her nose and fingers were so cold, she was sure Jack Frost must be somewhere around. They could not make Carlo come near the fire: he was afraid of it, it crackled and sputtered so. He liked better to lie under the bushes near the dinner-basket.

"What a splendid bonfire!" said Bob.

"Yes," said Sally; "but don't you wish we had some nice apples to roast in the coals?"

Just as she said this, they heard the whistle of a locomotive away in the distance. "Look out for the engine!" shouted Bob, jumping up. "Let's run and see the cars go by."

Away they ran down the road, to the edge of the woods, and climbed up on the fence. By leaning over, they could look far up the track, and watch the train come thundering down. First only a black speck was in sight; then the great lantern in front of the locomotive glittered in the sun; and soon the train was rushing by.

Bob balanced himself on the top rail, and shouted, "Hurrah!" Sally screamed, "Good-by, good-by!" at the top of her voice; and Carlo bristled up his hair, and barked loudly, wondering all the time what this strange creature could be, which made such a racket, and ran faster than he could.

The people in the cars heard the noise, and looked out to see where it came from. They saw a boy without his jacket perched on a fence, waving his hat; a little girl by his side, laughing so hard that she showed all her teeth; and a funny little yellow dog yelping with all his might: that was all. But they thought it a pretty picture, and opened the car-windows to wave their handkerchiefs.

As the last car rushed by, a lady at one of the windows tossed out two rosy apples. Down jumped Bob and Sally to pick them up. The apples had fallen in some thick grass, and were not bruised at all. "Just what we wanted," said Sally; "but, oh, dear! I'm so tired with shouting, that I don't believe I can eat my apple." She did eat it, though, every bit of it, except the seeds.

*Henry Baldwin.*

## HOW WILLY COAXED EDITH

The children who had "The Nursery" last year will remember the story called "Kindness is better than Blows," where the bookseller with an apple coaxed the horse to draw a heavy load up the hill. Little Willy Gay looked at that picture very carefully, and soon made practical use of it, as I will tell you.

Willy is very fond of playing horse, but has no brother to play with him. His sister Edith, three years old, does not like to play horse: she prefers to be with her dollies. Sometimes Willy gets cross, and scolds at her because she will not play horse as much as he wants her to.

A few days ago I saw Willy coming up from the cellar with a large red apple in his hand; and soon after I heard the two children racing through the rooms, having a merry time; and Willy called out, "O mamma! I gave Edie an apple, and she *did* play horse."

You see, he had thought about that story, and made up his mind to try to coax little sister, as the man did the horse: he soon found that kind words and deeds were better than scolding.

I hope he will not forget it very soon.

*L. W. Gay.*

## WORKS OF ART FOR CHILDREN

I have a little daughter who never returns from a walk in the woods without bringing a bunch of gay flowers. I have taught her to make of them many little works of art, which you may also like to learn, dear reader.

Here is the first. Certainly there must grow in your neighborhood some larch or spruce trees. If we look sharp, we shall soon find on them a handsome half-open cone. In the small openings of this cone we stick delicate flowers and grasses which we find in the meadows and fields.

When our nosegay is ready, we lay the cone with the flowers very carefully in a dish of water.

After an hour, the cone is so closely shut, that the flowers are held as fast in its scales as if they had always grown there. This makes a very nice present.

I will tell you how to make another pretty thing. You know what a burr is. Alas! it has often played you many a naughty trick,—woven itself provokingly into your clothes, or perhaps into your hair. I can teach you to make a better use of it.

Pluck an apron full: lay them one against another so that they shall stick fast together, and make in this manner the bottom of a small basket of any shape you like,—round, square, or oval.

Now build the burrs up around the edge to form the sides. When this is finished, make also the handle of burrs. A lovely little basket stands before you, which you can fill with flowers or berries from the fields, and carry home to your mother. Of course you know how to make wreaths and bouquets; but to make them tastefully is a true work of art, in which all children should try to become skilful.

*Anna Livingston.*

## MY CLOTHES-PINS

My clothes-pins are but kitchen-folk,  
Unpainted, wooden, small;  
And for six days in every week  
Are of no use at all.

But when a breezy Monday comes,  
And all my clothes are out,  
And want with every idle wind  
To go and roam about,

Oh! if I had no clothes-pins then,  
What would become of me,  
When roving towels, mounting shirts,  
I everywhere should see!

"I mean," a flapping sheet begins,  
"To rise and soar away."  
"We mean," the clothes-pins answer back,  
"You on this line shall stay."

"Oh, let me!" pleads a handkerchief,  
"Across the garden fly."  
"Not while I've power to keep you here,"  
A clothes-pin makes reply.

So, fearlessly I hear the wind  
Across the clothes-yard pass,  
And shed the apple-blossoms down  
Upon the flowering grass.

The clothes may dance upon the line,  
And flutter to and fro:  
My faithful clothes-pins hold them fast,  
And will not let them go.

My clothes-pins are but kitchen-folk,  
Unpainted, wooden, small;  
And for six days in every week  
Are of no use at all.

But still, in every listening ear,  
Their praises I will tell;  
For all that they profess to do  
They do, and do it well.

*Marian Douglas.*

## **KIT MIDGE**

Kit Midge was thought in the family to be a wonderful little cat. She enjoyed sitting in the sunshine; she liked to feast upon the dainty little mice; and, oh, dear me! now and then, she liked to catch a bird!

This was very naughty, of course; but the best trained cats have their faults. One morning Kit ate her breakfast with great relish, washed her face and paws, smoothed down her fur coat, and went into the parlor to take a nap in the big arm-chair.

The sun shone full in her face; and she blinked and purred and felt very good-natured; for, only the night before, she had caught her first rat, and for such a valiant deed had been praised and petted to her heart's content.

Well, Kit Midge fell asleep in the chair, with one little pink ear turned back, that she might wake easily, and a black tail curled round her paws. By and by one eye opened; and, peeping out, she saw her mistress walking across the room with a dear little yellow-bird in her hand, which she placed on a plant that stood on the top shelf of the plant-stand.

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

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