

OUR LITTLE ONES

AND

THE NURSERY:

ILLUSTRATED STORIES AND POEMS

FOR

LITTLE PEOPLE.

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(OLIVER OPTIC),

Editor.

WITH 370 ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.



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OUR LITTLE ONES

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THE NURSERY,

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

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BY

GRIFFITH AND FARRAN,

ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,

London, Eng.

A horse must have something more than good looks to be of much value to its owner. As he was not a fast horse, Morton decided that he must draw the plough. A harness of twine was made, and he was driven out to the field.



He proved to be very steady and patient. He never did anything worse than to lose his head off, and such a good creature deserved to be well taken care of. Morton made a stall in the corner of the barn, and nailed up an old starch-box for a manger, filling it with oats and hay.

Above it was the little scaffold. It was full, and showed very plainly that the little farmer had a good grass-crop that year.

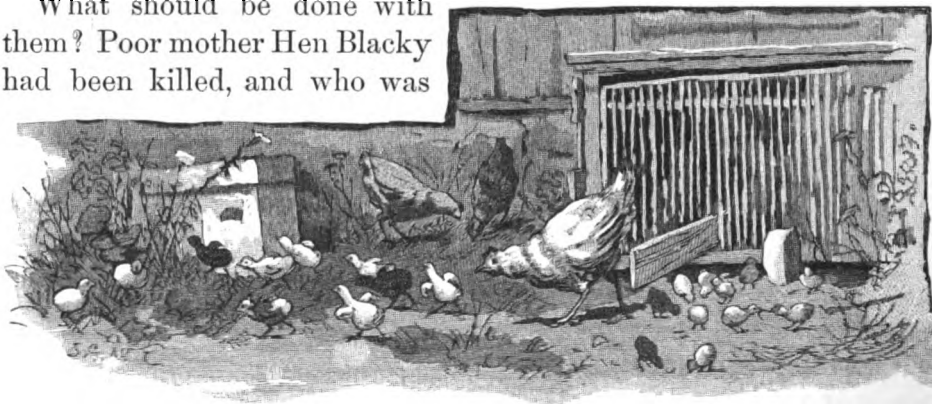
Every night, when the tired horse was brought in, he was covered with a bright red blanket, and tied in the stall, which had been nicely bedded down for him.

J. A. M.

A FUNNY LITTLE MOTHER.

PEEP! Peep! Peep! Ten little orphan babies all crying at once, and each one trying to cry louder than the other.

What should be done with them? Poor mother Hen Blacky had been killed, and who was



to take care of her ten baby-chickens? Hen Speckle had twelve children of her own,—as many as she could cover. No room for the

orphans there. Hen Whitey's eight children were so large and so ill-natured they would not let the downy little new-comers so much as look in their coop.

Hen Topknot, who had but four in her brood, would not hear of adopting any more, and taking care of the little strangers. She pecked at them so sharply that the poor things ran off, and stood in a group by themselves in a corner of the chicken-yard, crying as loud as they could cry.

Susie felt like crying too. She was so sorry for the motherless ones. She took up the chickens in her apron,



where they cuddled down, glad to get warm, and glad to hide away from cross Hen Topknot.

"I'll be your mother, myself," said Susie.

And a good mother she was, too. She soon taught the ten little black and white and speckled chickens to scratch for worms. She put them to bed every night in an old basket, and covered them up warm. In the morning how glad they were to see their new little mother! They ran to her wherever she was when they were tired. And such a funny sight it was to see those ten chickens fly into Susie's lap, creep under her apron, and cuddle against her neck with little cooing sounds!

They never knew any other mother, and they never wanted a better one. Susie never forgot to feed her babies, and they grew as fast and were as fine-looking as the other chickens, who had hen-mothers to take care of them. And Susie learned how to be thoughtful and kind to helpless things. But one does not often find a little girl who is mother to ten little chickens.

LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING.

WHO GOT THE CRUST ?

I WENT out of doors with a nice crust of bread,
And before I had scattered a crumb,
The chickens, who thought it was time to be fed,
Began from all quarters to come.

First Johnny, the rooster; then pretty Miss Brown,
Who in that one color was drest,
With Ellie, and Jackson, and Speckle the clown,
And I don't know the names of the rest.

And as on the step of the porch I sat down,
And smiled at the trick I had planned,
Behind me stole cautiously saucy Miss Brown
And snatched the crust out of my hand!

Away she ran with it, but hotly pursued
By all her companions, until
The great greedy Johnny, who always was rude,
Snatched boldly the crust from her bill!

Then after him went every chicken and hen,
Determined that he should let drop
The nice tempting morsel he carried, and then
There might be a crumb for each crop.