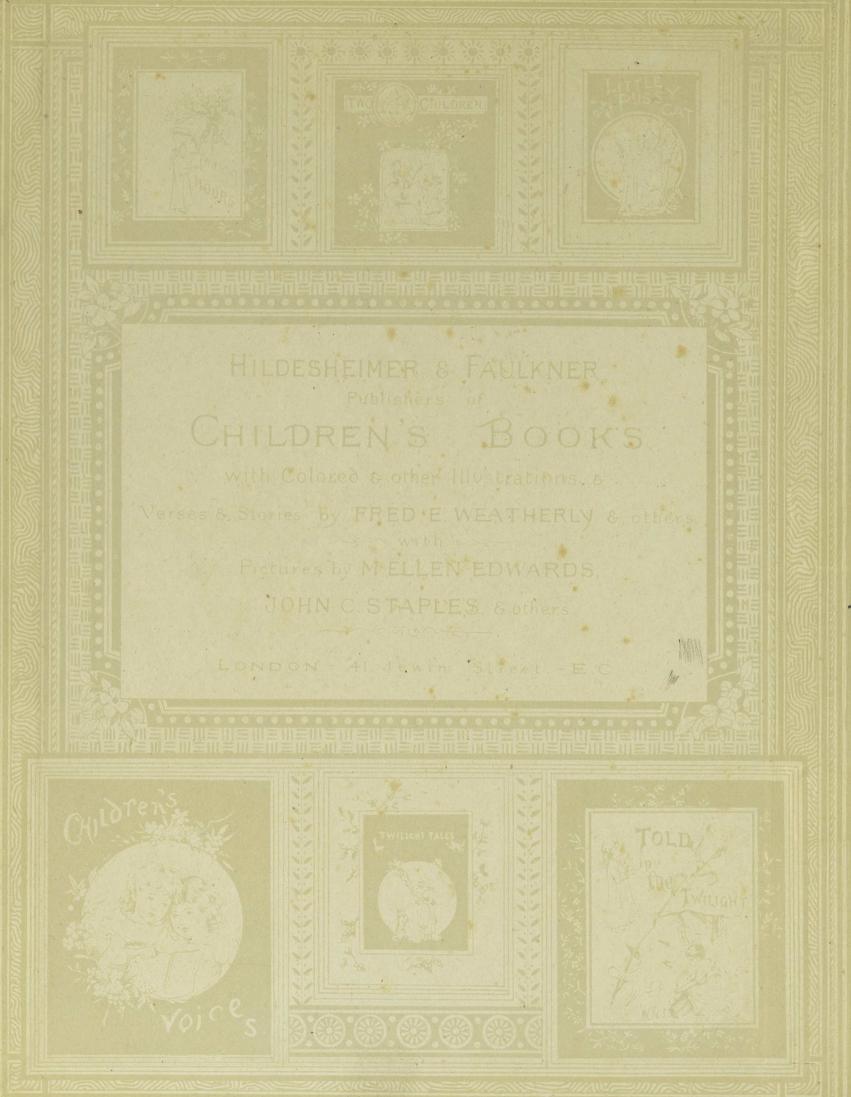
# OUTOFITOWN

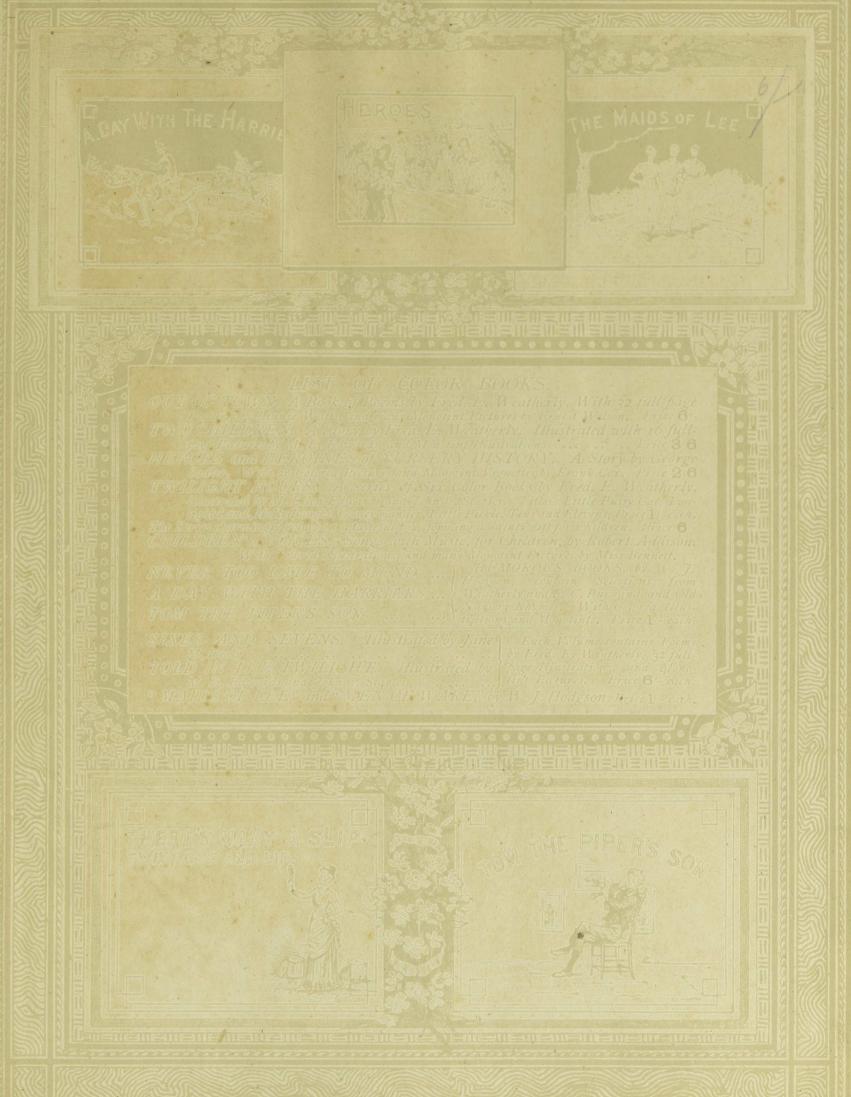


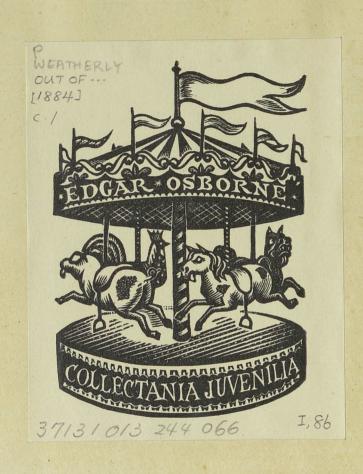
BY

F.E. WEATHERLY & LINNIE WATT

HILDESHEIMER AND FAULKNER 44, Jewin Street E. C.

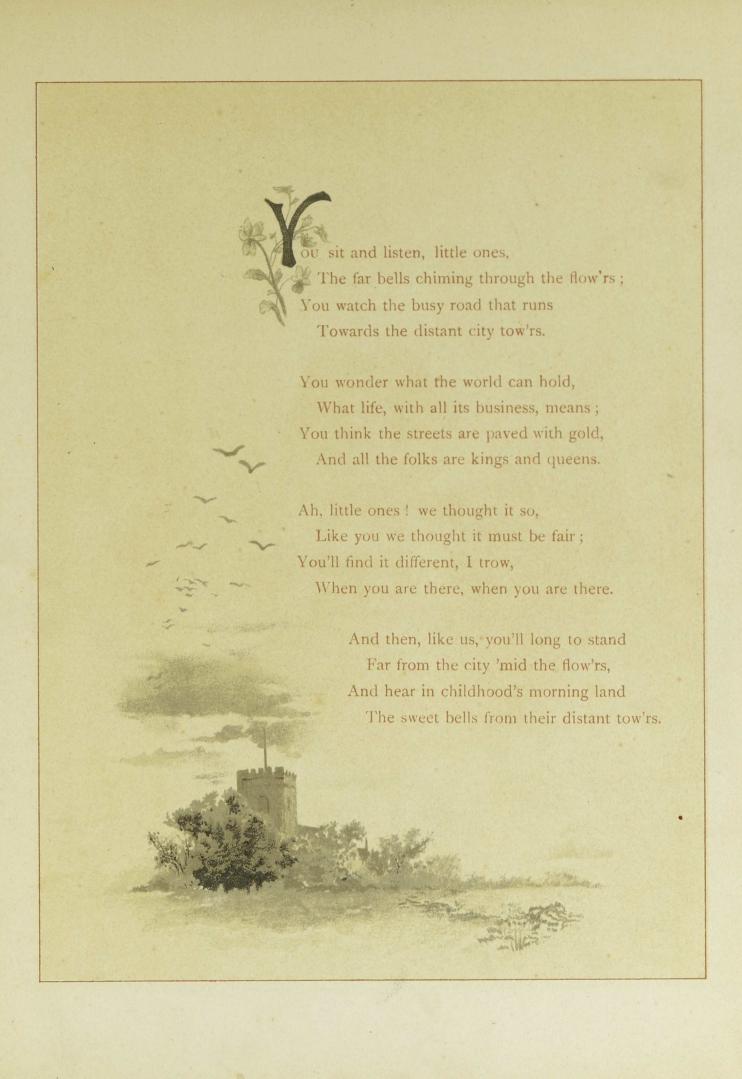




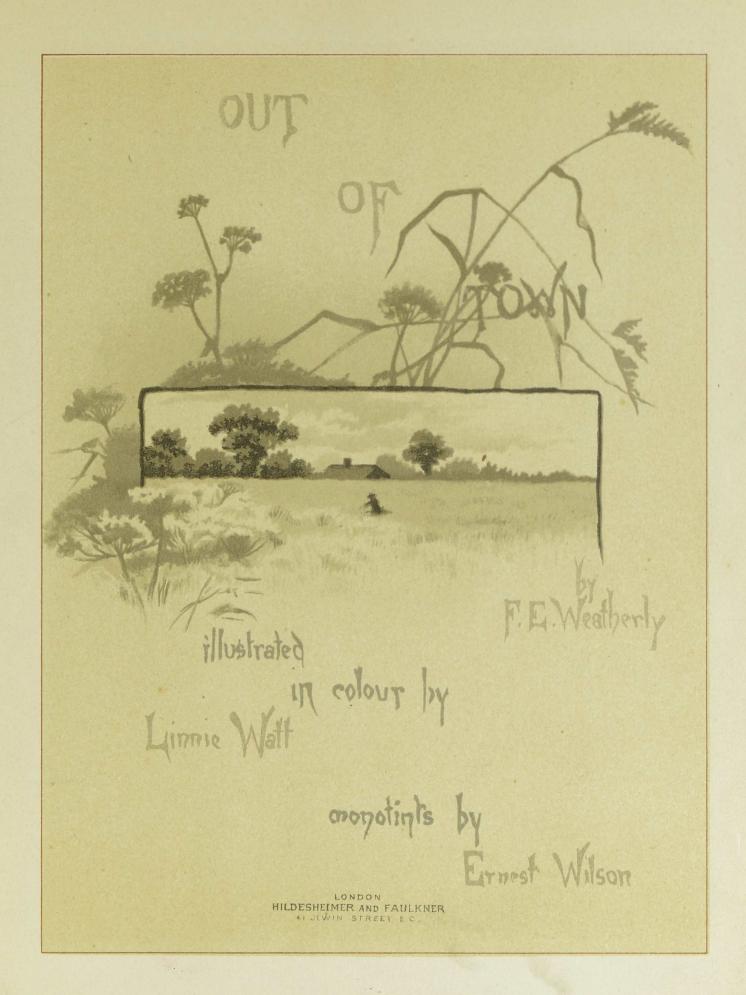


with H. Smith's Love. Der # 1884 out of TOWN













When the pavements are baking, the streets all aglare, And every one panting and gasping for air, When the last patch of grass is all dusty and brown, O to be anywhere out of the town:

Away from the bustle, the jostle, and jams,

The bands and the 'busses, the cabs and the trams,

The bawling and calling, the rush up and down—

Anywhere, anywhere out of the town.

Just to lie all the day in the grass by a stream,
With the noises of town like a far-away dream;
With the low of the cows, and the hum of the flies,
(That is, if they keep from your nose and your eyes),
With some nice little children to sing and to play,
At a suitable distance, three meadows away;
While the sole morning callers (O freedom from ills)
Are the dicky-bird-duns with their dear little bills.

When the summer is over and rain has begun,
And there's plenty of fog, and but little of sun;
When the grass is too damp and the leaves at their fall,
And the dicky-birds' songs are beginning to pall;
When Mudie's last volume is closed with a sigh,
And there's much that you're wanting, and nothing to buy;
Don't fancy you like it, don't stay there and frown,
But pack your portmanteau, and go back to town.

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# MY LADY'S CLOTHES.

"Now what do you think of my lady's clothes,

My lady's clothes,

My lady's clothes,

What do you think of my lady's clothes,

For a summer day in the morning?"

My grandmother once wore clothes like those,

Clothes like those,

Clothes like those,

My grandmother once wore clothes like those,

When she went out in the morning.

"Did ever you see such frills and bows,
Frills and bows,
Frills and bows,
Did ever you see such furbelows
For a summer day in the morning?"

O my grandmother once was drest like that,

Drest like that,

Drest like that,

With a very short waist and a coal-box hat,

When she went out in the morning.







"Now what do you think of her parasol,

Her parasol,

Her parasol?

Is it really meant to protect her poll

On a summer day in the morning?"

O it comes, I think, from far Japan
Far Japan,
Far Japan,
Made by a Japanese young man,

For a summer day in the morning.

And what is the reason that thus she goes,

Thus she goes,

Thus she goes,

All in her grandmother's furbelows

On a summer day in the morning?"

Because whatever is odd and old,

Odd and old,

Odd and old,

Is quite the fashion, as I've been told.

For any day in the morning.

# · SUCK · THUME ·

· WHO · STANDS · HERE ·

· LITTLE · SAMMY · SUCK HIS THUMB ·

WITH . A . NAIL, . I . FEAR .

HE . SURELY . MUST . HAVE .

·STUCK · HIS · THUMB ·

· OR · WHEN · HES · GOT ·

· NICE · PUDDING · HOT ·

· HE · SURELY · WOULD · NOT ·

· SUCK · HIS · THUMB ·

· NO, SIR, NO, .

· 17 · 15 · NOT · 50 ,

· HE · HAS · NOT · HURT · OR ·

· STUCK-HIS THUMB

· HE · SIMPLY · 15 ·

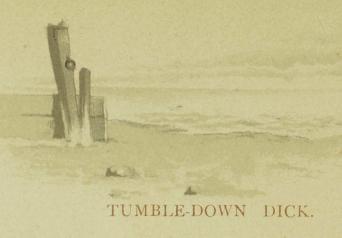
· A · SULKY · BOY

· WHO · REALLY · LIKES ·

· To · SUCK · HIS ·

· THUMB ·





Tumble down Dick he could not go straight,
Brushed his hair with a coal-box and always was late,
Put his head thro' the windows and sat in the doors,
Thought the ceiling to walk on far better than floors.

So some one suggested this odd little elf
Had better go build him a house to himself,
Where his head might be broken, his fingers be squeezed,
And the doors be as crooked as ever he pleased.

So he took his wheelbarrow and spade in his hand, And built him a tumble-down house on the sand; And Tumble-down Dick in his tumble-down house, For five minutes at least, was as still as a mouse.

O Tumble-down Dick, alack! well-a-day, The tide came in quickly and washed it away, And all that was left there, was one little stick To tell the disaster of Tumble-down Dick.





BUT · SOMEBODY · TELLS · ME ·

HE'S . TURNED . UP . AGAIN .

· As · Restless · As · Ever, ·

. 1 · NEED · NOT · EXPLAIN,

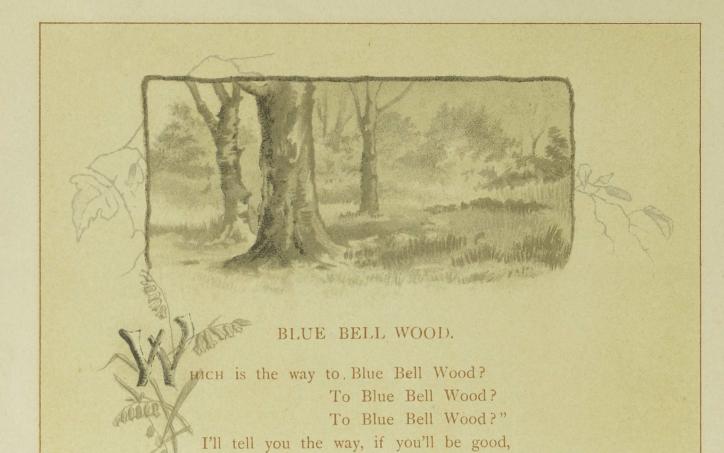
· BUT · HE'S · FAST · GROWING · FAMOUS ·

· AND · WEALTHY · AND · GRAND ·

· FOR · THEY'VE · MADE · HIM · THE ·

· BUILDER · OF ·

TUMBLE . DOWN . LAND .



If you will simply see next page,

See next page,

See next page,

You'll find the blue bells, I'll engage,

In Blue Bell Wood in the morning.

To Blue Bell Wood in the morning.

"If you please, kind sir, and how do you know?

How do you know?

How do you know?

Because the children told me so

As I came by in the morning.

"And will the children be there still?

Be there still?"

Be there still?"

I cannot tell, but I think they will,

In Blue Bell Wood in the morning.





# ANGELICA AP-JONES.

"Good evening, little miss," said he, and offered her his hand.
"I'm not a little miss," she said, in most indignant tones;
"My name is Miss Angelica—Angelica Ap-Jones."

With that, a dark, deep hole she made upon the shining strand, And put the crab in with her spade, and covered him with sand; She put him in, she piled it high and heaped it up with stones, And danced upon it furiously—Angelica Ap-Jones.

"O let me out," the crab did pray, "I die, if here I stop;"
But wildly still Angelica kept dancing on the top.

"O let him out," a lobster said, "you'll rue it if you don't;"
She only whacked him with her spade, and shouted, "No, I won't."

And fainter grew the pleading tones, and higher rose the sea, While Miss Angelica Ap-Jones kept dancing heedlessly; It rose, it rose above her toes, it rose up to her chin, Alack, alack, the piteous plight Angelica was in.





· THE · MORAL · OF · THIS ·

STORY . 15 . NOT .

· HARD · TO · UNDERSTAND · DON'T · BURY · CRABS · AND · LOBSTERS · WHEN · YOU · MEET ·

· THEM · OP · THE · SAND, ·

· DON'T · DANCE · UPON ·

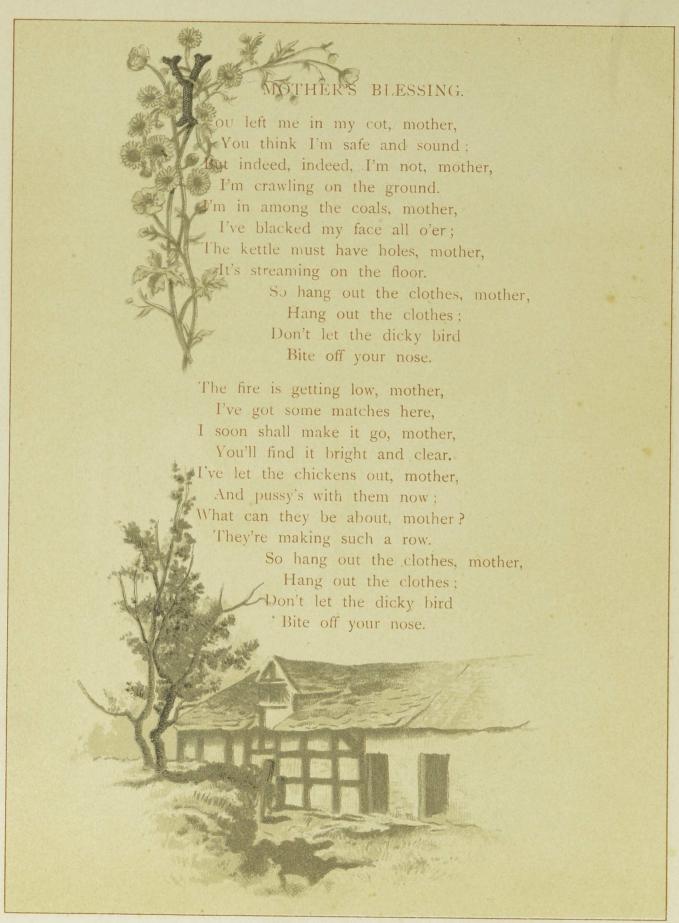
· THEM · FURIOUSIX. · DON'T · COVER · THEM ·

· WITH · STONES,

· OR · YOU ·

· MAY · GET · A · DUCKING ·

· LIKE · ANGELICA · APJONES ·





#### RAGGED ROBIN.

TRAMP! tramp! tramp!

Till his feet are weary and sore,

He is only a little scamp,

Driven from door to door.

Curled in a barn at night,

Kicked from the barn at morn,

Staggering, faint, and white,

Ragged, and cold, and torn.

The eagle to his lofty nest,

The eagle to his lofty nest,

The sea-gull to the foam;

But the world is Ragged Robin's rest,

The wide, wide world his home.

You that call him a scamp,

And drive him away from your door

How would you like to tramp

Till your feet were weary and sore?

Why is it he must roam?

Why is it you can rest? You with your happy home, He with a ditch at best.

The eagle to his lofty nest,
The sea-gull to the foam;
But the world is Ragged Robin's rest,
The wide, wide world his home.



· AH, · WHO · CAN · TELL · US · WHY ·

WE MUST LEAVE THE RIDDLE ALONE

· BUT · DO · NOT · LET · HIM · GO · BY ·

· HE · HAS · A · HEART · LIKE · YOUR · OWN ·

· GIVE · HIM · A · LITTLE · LOVE ·

· AND · HIS · LIFE · WILL · BE · LESS · SORE ·

. TIS . THE . SAME . HEAVEN . ABOVE .

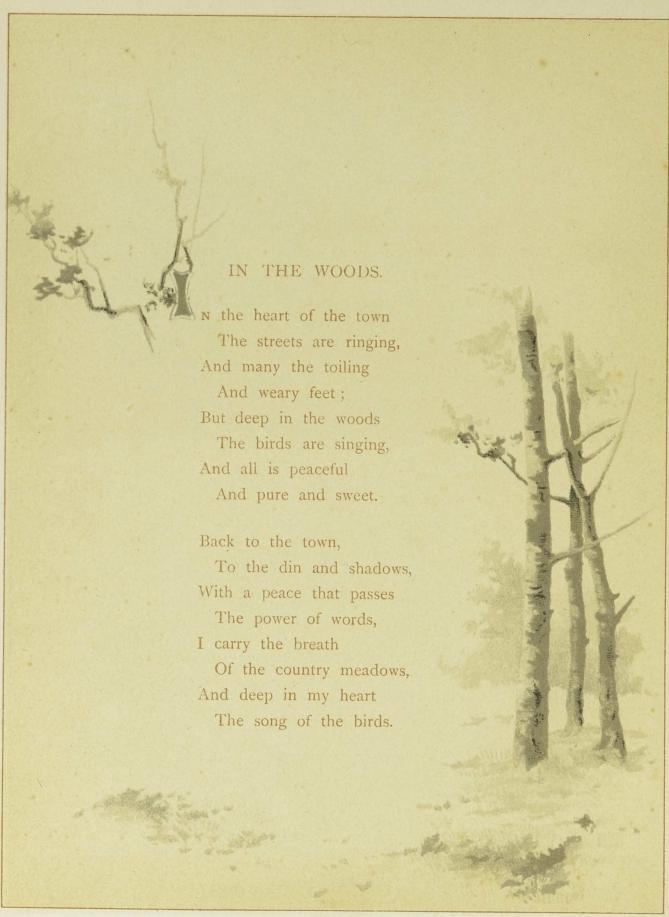
·LIES · FOR · YOU · BOTH · IN · STORE ·

· THE · EAGLE · TO · HIS · LOFTY · NEST ·

· THE · SEA-GULL · TO · THE · FOAM ·

· THIS · WORLD · IS · RAGGED · ROBINS · REST ·

· BUT · NOT ; · BUT · NOT · HIS · HOME ·



#### THE LONG AVENUE.

Down the long avenue, down the long avenue,
Children at play in the morning sun;
They have no fear for the fast-coming years,
Not a sigh of regret for what is gone.

Down the long avenue, down the long avenue, Striving of labour and rush of feet, While hand in hand the young lovers stand, Unheeding it all in their dreamings sweet.

Down the long avenue, down the long avenue,
Slowly together the old folks roam,
Life it is sweet to their tottering feet,
For it tenderly leads to a peaceful home.

Life is an avenue, life is an avenue,
Strife in it, peace in it, shade and sun;
Heav'n give us rest in the land that is best,
When all of our wearyful days are done.





# TIMOTHY TOMKINS TUCK.

(That is, if you'll "see next page"),
A British youth of excellent pluck,
If not of very great age.

O Timothy Tomkins Tuck,
I sincerely admire your pluck;
I wish we'd a few
More fellows like you,
Timothy Tomkins Tuck!

Now in spite of Timothy's innocent looks,

He is fond of annoying a fly,

And of tying a string round a cockchafer's wing,

And poking a pussy-cat's eye.

O Timothy Tomkins Tuck,
I sincerely admire your pluck
The world has so few
Brave fellows like you,
Timothy Tomkins Tuck.

A couple of ducks came over a field,
A very fat couple were they;
Said Timothy Tuck 'twere excellent luck
To have them for dinner to-day.

But Timothy Tomkins Tuck,
You never will shoot a duck,
Unless you have got
A gun and some shot,
Timothy Tomkins Tuck.

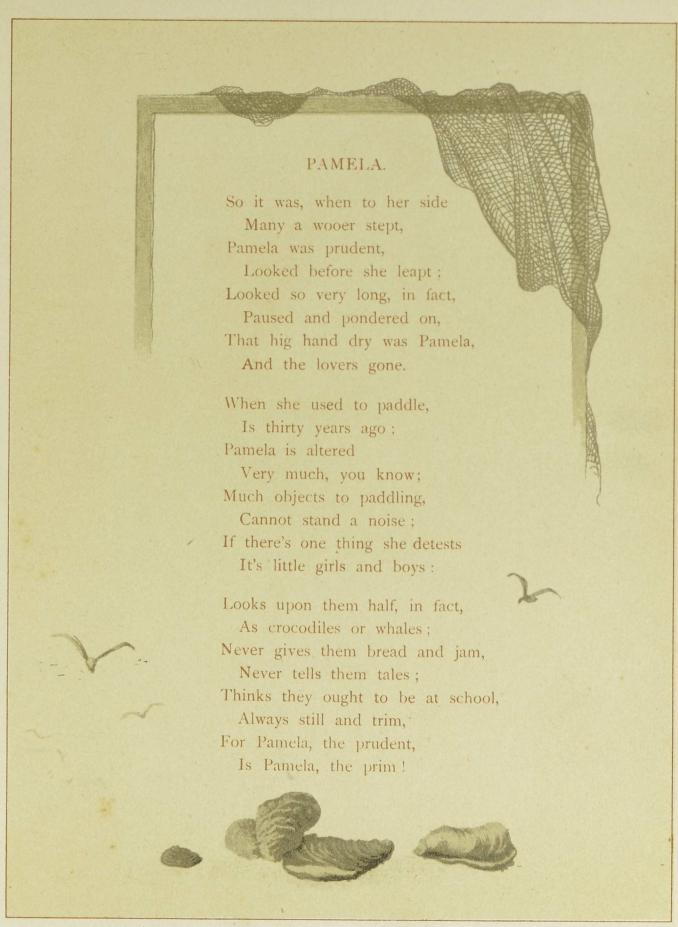
Said the ducks with a wink, "I really don't think Master Tomkins will catch us to-day,"
And all he could do was just to say "Shoo, While they merrily waddled away.

So Timothy Tomkins Tuck
Went home without a duck,
And as for the rest,
He'll tell it you best,
Timothy Tomkins Tuck!



# · PAMELA ·

PRETTY · LITTLE · PAMELA , ·
PAUSING · ON · THE · BRINK , ·
PEARS · TO · WET · HER · PETTICOATS , ·
STOPS · AWHILE · TO · THINK ;
MEDITATES · AND · PONDERS , ·
TURNS · AND · TURNS · ABOUT , ·
TILL · HIGH · AND · DRY · IS · PAMELA , ·
AND · THE · TIDE · IS · OUT . ·





· CLIMB · ALONG · TIME · ALONG · SWEET · DAISY · DILL ·

·You'll · soon · BE · All · SAFE · AT · THE · · · TOP · OF · THE · HILL ·

## DAISY DILL.

LIMB along, time along, sweet Daisy Dill,
'Tis a long way to the top of the hill,
And the road is so rough, and the sun in the skies
Makes little Daisy Dill blink her blue eyes.
But climb along, time along, sweet Daisy Dill,
You'll soon be all safe at the top of the hill.

Climb along, time along, sweet Daisy Dill,
Now she's at last at the top of the hill;
Tired! yes, of course she is; glad just to rest,
And look back to the valley she's left in the west
Tired! but it's worth it, my sweet Daisy Dill,
To be really at last at the top of the hill.

And life, like your journey, my sweet Daisy Dill,
Is a very long pull up a very steep hill,
And some reach the top and some of us never,
Although we go toiling and struggling for ever;
Never mind; we'll still struggle; 'tis far better so
Than to die in a ditch in the valley below.



### THE CHILDREN'S VOICES.

Homeward from the hills they go,
Bearing many a flower to brighten
Yonder nestling homes below.

Breast high thro' the waving bracken,
Gaily down the fields they run,
Like a band of dancing fairies
Floating from a morning sun.

Came the children to the churchyard,

Little lips no more can sing,

For they stood where one was lying

Who had played with them last Spring.

Then they twined their flowers together,
Gazed, and kissed them o'er and o'er;
Laid them on the little headstone,
Saying, "We can gather more!"





· BLOW, · WIND, · BLOW ·

· MOTHER'S · CAP'S · AWRY, ·

SHIPE, SHIPE, BABY . MINE, .

SUNSHINE . BY AND BY.

## WIND AND SUNSHINE.

Blow, wind, blow!

Wind across the shore;
Father's waiting,

Baby mine,

Waiting at the door!

Blow, wind, blow!

All the world's awry;

Soon or late

'Twill all be straight,

Sunshine by-and-by.

Nothing hurts,

Nothing harms,

All in vain

The world's alarms.

Need we fear

For rain or shine?

God above and father near,

Baby mine!





# GENTLEMAN JOHN.

Ou've only a fustian coat, my lad,
You sleep upon straw, maybe;
When my lord goes by, it makes you sad,
You want to be rich as he.
You hate to be called a son of the soil,
You'd like to be gentleman born;
Never to want and never to toil,
And never go tattered and torn.
But broadcloth or fustian, what you've got on,
Never will make you a gentleman, John.

'Tis not the honest brown dirt, my lad,

Makes a man's hand unclean;

'Tis what he does that is base and bad,

'Tis what is cruel and mean.

Don't be ashamed of your coat or your toil,

Each has his work to do,

Loyally, faithfully stick to the soil,

And you'll be a gentleman too

'Tis what you have in you, not what you have on,

That ever will make you a gentleman, John.



### MY TURN NEXT.

'Tis sad, but oh, 'tis true indeed,
When Alec swings he will not heed
Two little eyes and lips that plead—
"My turn next."

When Doctor Whackem gets his cane,
And calls up little Tommy Payne,
Augustus knows—the truth is plain—

His turn next.

When baby has some jam at night,
With something from a packet white,
Miss Mabel understands it quite—

Her turn next.

Ah, little ones! with us 'tis so,
We know that soon we all must go:
And so we wonder, whispering low—
"Whose turn next?"





# · RIPE · STRAWBERRIES ·

· THREE · LITTLE · MAIDENS ·

· As · I'VE · HEARD · TELL ·

· THEY · WENT · TO · MARKET ·

STRAWBERRIES . TO . SELL .

WHEN . THEY . CAME . TO . MARKET .

· THEY · HADN'T · MUCH · TO · SELL ·

· BECAUSE · THEY'D · EATEN · EVERY · ONE ·

As . I'VE HEARD . TELL .



# · GARLAND · DAY ·

· THE · FIRST · OF · MAY ·

· Is · GARLAND · DAY ·

· PLEASE · TO · REMEMBER ·

· THE · GARLAND ·

· WE · DON'T · COME · HERE ·

· BUT · ONCE · A · YEAR, ·

· PLEASE · TO · REMEMBER ·

· THE · GARLAND ·

### FATHER'S BOAT.

Sea-gull, answer me, Have you seen father's boat at sea?

How should I know your father's boat From all the many I see affoat?

Sea-gull, sea-gull, 'tis easy quite,
There's mother's name on the bows in white;
And whether her sails are set or furled,
She's the smartest craft in all the world.

Sea-gull, sea-gull, answer me, Have you seen father himself at sea?

O, how should I your father know From all the folk in your world below?

Sea-gull, sea-gull, 'tis easy quite,
There's a lock of his hair just turning white.
You'd find his face 'mid fifty score,
'Tis the dearest face the whole world o'er.







### RAKE'S CONFESSION.

DIDN'T take it, indeed, not I;
I'll tell you the story; I'll tell you why.

I passed by the larder, Miss, all by myself, And I saw a fowl on the larder shelf.

. I peeped thro' the door, and I said to Myself, "Don't you think that's a fowl on the larder shelf?"

"There's not the least doubt of it," answered Myself;
"It's a very fat fowl on the larder shelf."

"Well there, never mind it," said I to Myself; "Come away, and don't look at the larder shelf."

So I ran off at once, Miss; but somehow Myself, When I wasn't looking, climbed up to the shelf.

But I caught-him and scolded that wicked Myself; "Come down, sir," I told him, "come down from the shelf.

But he would not obey me, that wicked Myself, For he eat all the fowl on the larder shelf.



· BUT · HE · WOULD · NOT ·

· OBEY · ME, · THAT · WICKED ·

MYSELF .

· FOR · HE · EAT · ALL ·

· THE · FOWL · ON · THE ·

· LARDER · SHELF ·

## "BO" TO A GOOSE.

ADOLPHUS JONES had once been told, And thought it proper, too, "Whene'er maybe a goose you see, Say, 'Bo, goose, Bo to you.'"

Adolphus Jones he took a walk
Upon a summer's day,
When Farmer Spruce's biggest goose
Ventured to stop the way.

Adolphus Jones, that clever child,
Remembered what to do;
In valiant haste the goose he faced,
And shouted, "Bo to you"



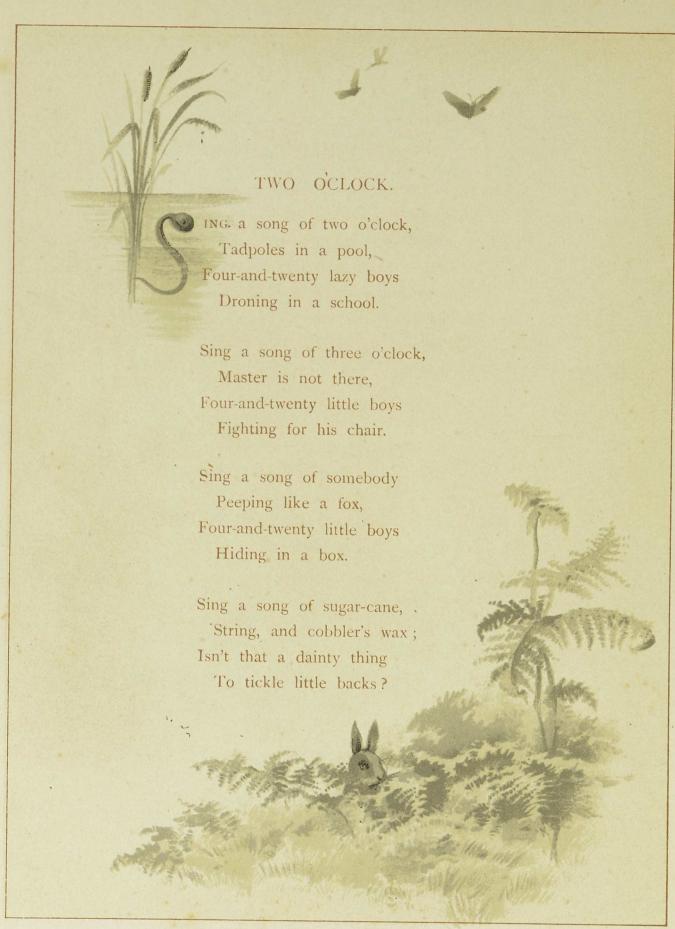
Adolphus Jones, that dauntless child, Cried "Bo" with might and main; But as the goose stood still and smiled, He shouted. "Bo" again.

"You are I don't know who;
But if, you know, it comes to 'Bo'
I can say 'Bo' to you.

"For all I care you are a hare,
A monkey, or emu;
But this I know, I can say 'Bo'
As easily as you."

Adolphus soon will wiser be,
And learn this truth to tell;
That folks whom you call geese, you see
May think you geese as well.





GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR.

As he sits in his old oak chair.

Two on his knees, and three at his feet,
Tenderly stroking their hair.

Holding their little fat hands in his own,
Smiling so soft and mild,
Telling them stories of years long flown,
When he was a child.

Grandfather's chair is empty now,

In the churchyard grandfather lies,
Cold and still is his gentle brow,
Closed are his sweet blue eyes.
The little ones stand with a wistful air,
Round the fire as eve draws on,
And whisper and point to his empty chair,
"Grandfather's gone!"

Grandfather's chair is empty still,

Empty is each one's heart;

Changed is the old home under the hill,

And the children are far apart.

And all are grown, and some are asleep,

For swift have the years fled on,

But the words have their old fond yearning deep,

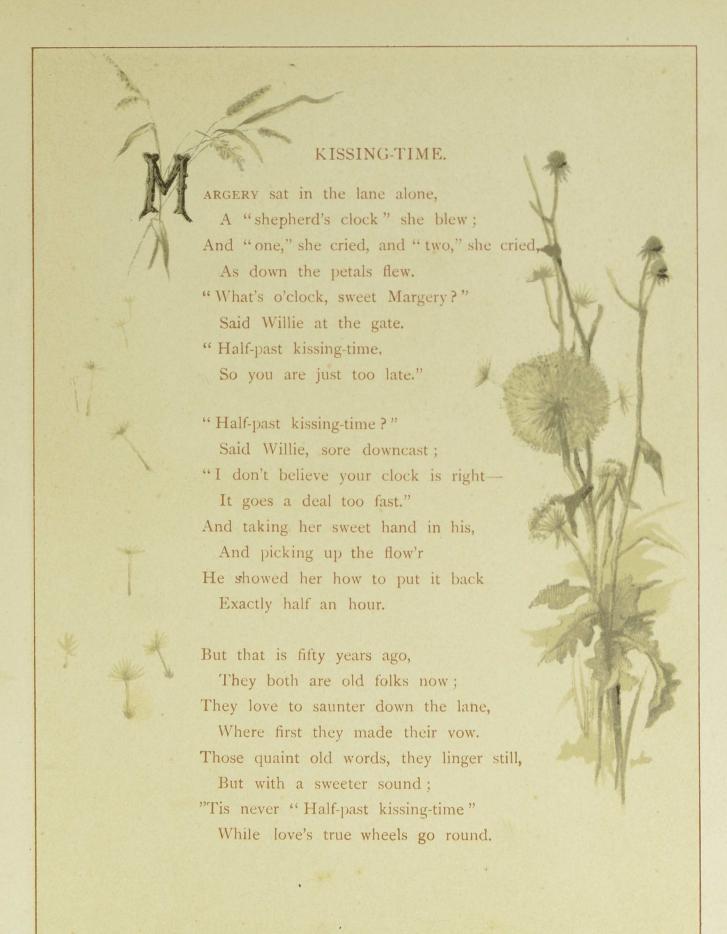
"Grandfather's gone!"



· "WHAT'S · O'CLOCK, SWEET · MARGERY?".

· SAID · WILLIE · AT · THE · GATE, ·

· "HALF - PAST · KISSING - TIME, · · SO · YOU · ARE · JUST · TOO · LATE." ·





"WILL · YOU · WALK · INTO · MY · BASKET?"

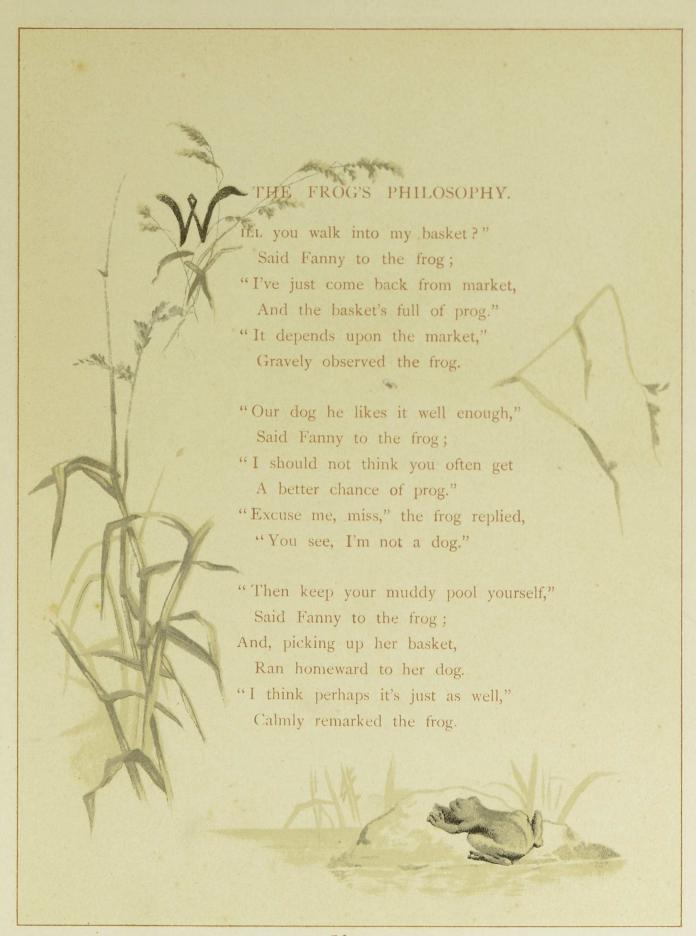
· SAID · FANNY · TO · THE · FROG;

"I'VE · JUST · COME · BACK · FROM · MARKET;

· AND · THE · BASKET'S · FULL · OF · PROG."

"IT · DEPENDS · UPON · THE · MARKET,"

· GRAVELY · OBSERVED · THE · FROG.





### DOROTHY DUNN.

Who will marry me, who's the man?

Timothy, Zachary, Peter, or Dan?

Timothy's forward, and Zachary shy,

And Peter's nose it goes all awry;

While as for Dan, I don't think I can

Marry an ugly and elderly man.

But somehow or other the lovers don't come,

And Dorothy twiddles her finger and thumb;

Zachary swings all the day on a gate,

And Peter is trying to make his nose straight;

While as for Dan, he is off to Japan,

Where the ladies declare he's a charming old man.

And Timothy courts all the ladies but one,

And that one is particular Dorothy Dunn;

If you asked him the reason, he'd say 'twas because Miss Dorothy is not as sweet as she was;

While as for Miss D., she says with defiance,

That in man she had ne'er put the slightest reliance.



# · DAISIES ·

· I · HAVE · A · FRIEND · WHOM · I · DETEST ·

· HE · DRIVES · ME · NEARLY · CRAZY ·

· HE · ASKS · ME · WHICH · I · LIKE · THE · BEST ;

· A · BUTTERCUP · OR · DAISY ·

· AND · AM · I · FOND · OF · CRUST · OR · CRUMB ;

· A · MARRIED · MAN · OR · SINGLE ;

AND · DO · I · LIKE · A · THUNDERING · DRUM ·

· OR · LOVE · A · PLAINTIVE · JINGLE ·



· BUTTERCUPS ·

· AND · AM · I · POOR; OR · AM · I · RICH ·

· A · RADICAL · OR · TORY ·

· I · REALLY · DON'T · KNOW · WHICH · 15 · WHICH ·

· AND DARE NOT TELL A STORY.

"GOOD SIR", - 1.5AY, . "DO . LET . ME . REST,

· YOU · PESTER · AND · YOU - BORE · 50, ·

· I · LOVE · THEM · EVERY · ONE · THE · BEST, ·

· AND · EACH · A · LITTLE · MORE · 50.

THE DOLLS' SEASON.

o! set the bells ringing,"
The dollies were singing;
"We are all of us going to town,
With roses, and lilies,
And daffydowndillies,
And each in a silken gown.

"Of the woods we are weary,
The country is dreary,
'Tis desolate, dusty, and brown;
We long for society's
Charming varieties,
We are sure to be first in the town.

"The style of our dresses
Is fit for princesses;
"Twill make the folks jealous in town,
With our roses and lilies,
And daffydowndillies,
And each in a silken gown.

"O, my sawdust is beating,"
They all kept repeating;
Our lovers will love at first sight;
I feel in my stitches
The sweetest of twitches;
Am melting with rapture and light."

The season was closing,
The dolls lay reposing
In tears on a lumber-room floor;
No voices, no laughter
From basement to rafter,
And shut was each window and door.



· IN · THE · DUST · AND · THE · SHADOWS ·

· THEY · LONGED · FOR · THE · MEADOWS ·

· AND · THE · WOODS · WHERE · THEY · ONCE · WERE · AT ·

· PLAY ·

· BUT · NO · ONE · RELENTED ·

· IN · VAIN · THEY · REPENTED ·

· FOR · THEIR · SAWDUST · WAS · EBBING AWAY ·

# THE TALE OF THE SEA.

HAT is the tale of it, mother, mother?

What is the tale of the wide, wide sea?

Merry and sad are the tales, my darling,

Merry and sad as tales must be.

Those ships that sail in the happy mornings,

Full of the lives and the souls of men,

Some will never come back, my darling,

Some will never come back again.

Where are they gone, O mother, mother?

Why is it cruel, the wide, wide sea?

Tears and smiles are our lot, my darling,

Shadow and sun in the world must be.

They hear no longer the loud waves beating,

They feel no longer the cold, cold foam,

They sleep as sweet in the sea, my darling,

As you in your little bed at home.

Will it be so for ever, mother,

That friends must sever and tears must fall?

Not for ever, my child, for ever,

This world is not the end of all.

All will be changed, the earth and ocean,

We know not how and we know not when,

But those who have loved in this world, my darling,

Will meet in that world and be happy then!





· WHAT · 15 · THE · TALE · OF · IT. · MOTHER,

· MOTHER.

· WHAT : IS THE TALE OF THE WIDE,

· WIDE · SEA ·

· MERRY · AND · SAD ·

· ARE · THE · TALES , · MY · DARLING ·

· MERRY · AND · SAD · AS · TALES ·

· MUST · BE ·

### REST.

THERE was sunlight falling through old green trees,
Where the birds sang all day long;
And the flow'rs were trembling in ecstasies,
—There is no joy but song.

There were two that wandered the woods along,
Where the green boughs waved above,
And their hearts gave back to the birds their song,
—There is no joy but love.

There was moonlight over the silent sea,

There was calm on vale and hill;

But the old graveyard slept peacefully

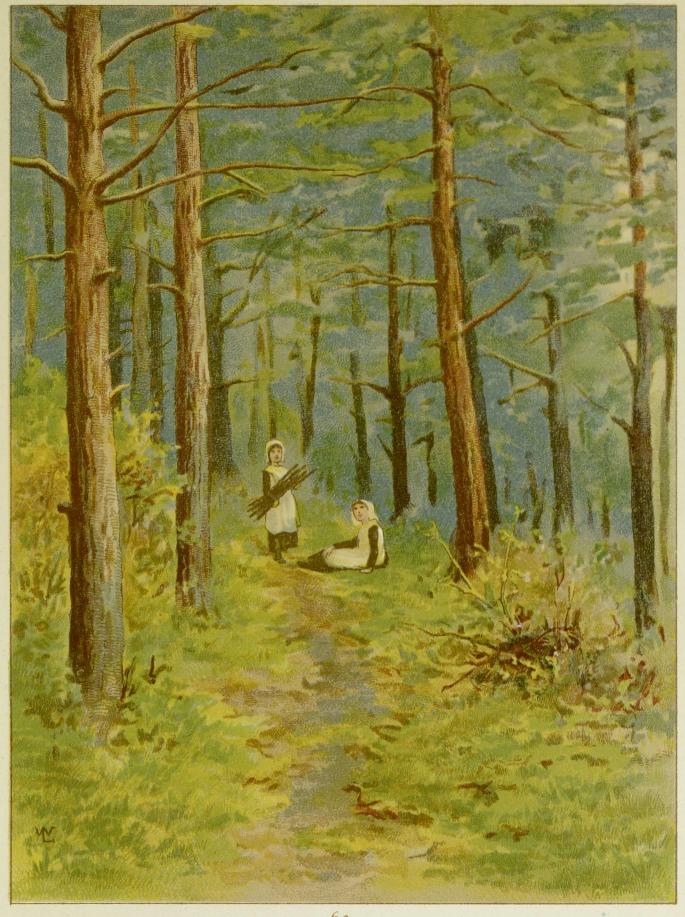
In a hush that was deeper still.

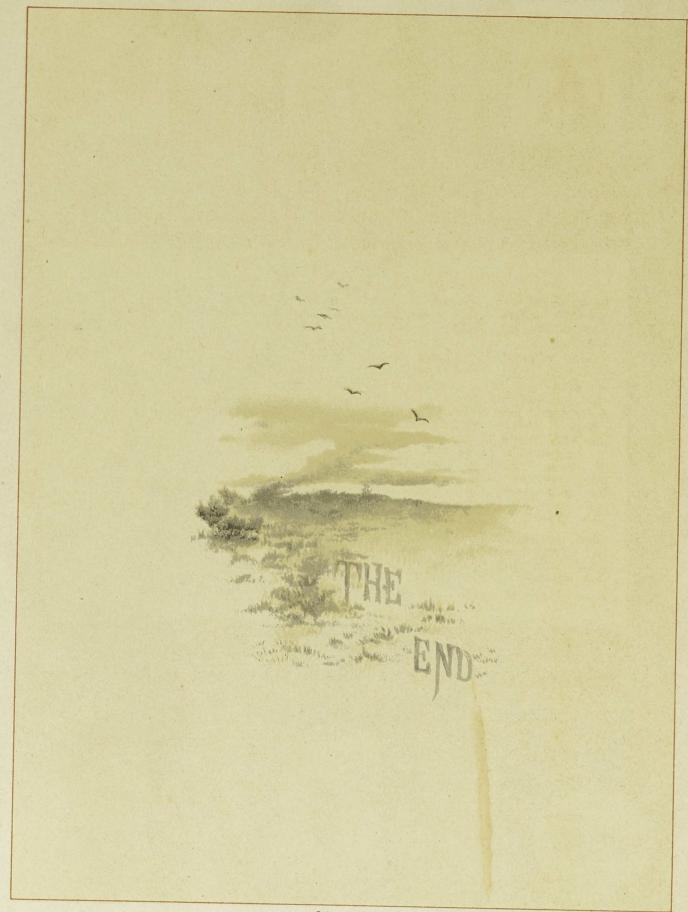
There were closéd eyes in the quiet earth,

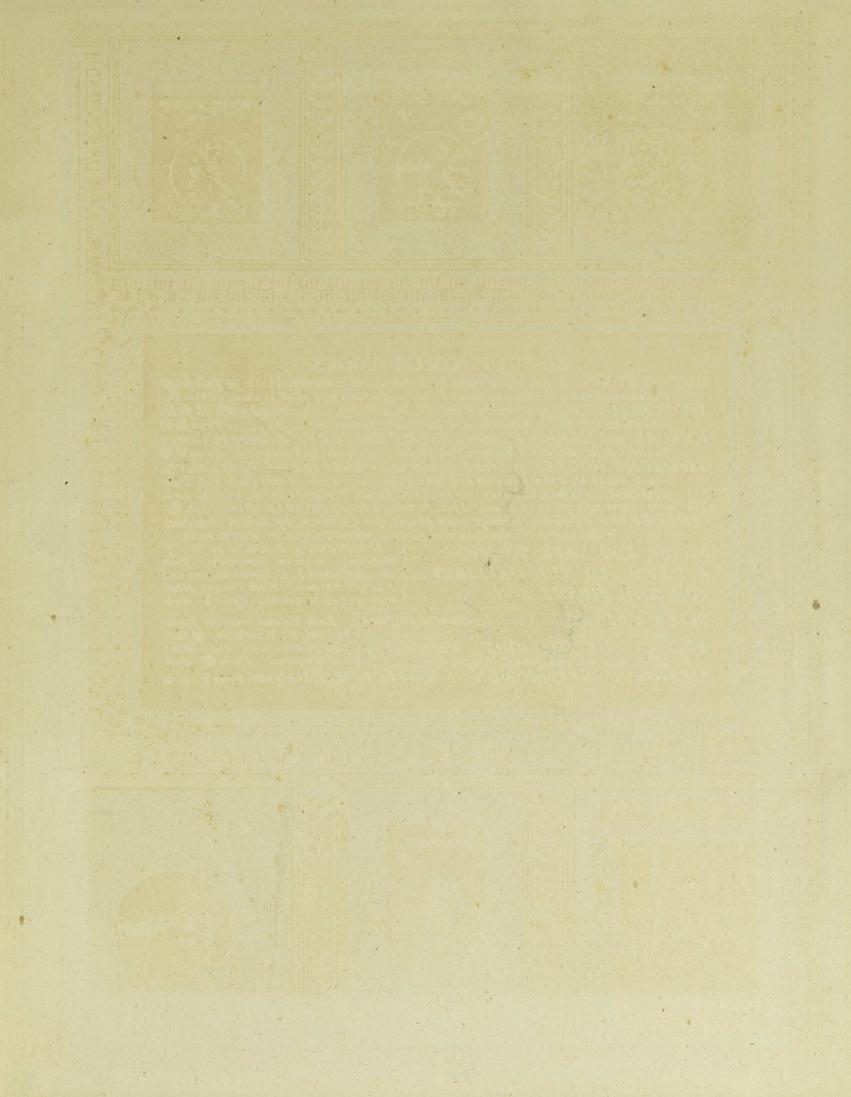
There were hands on the sleeping breast;

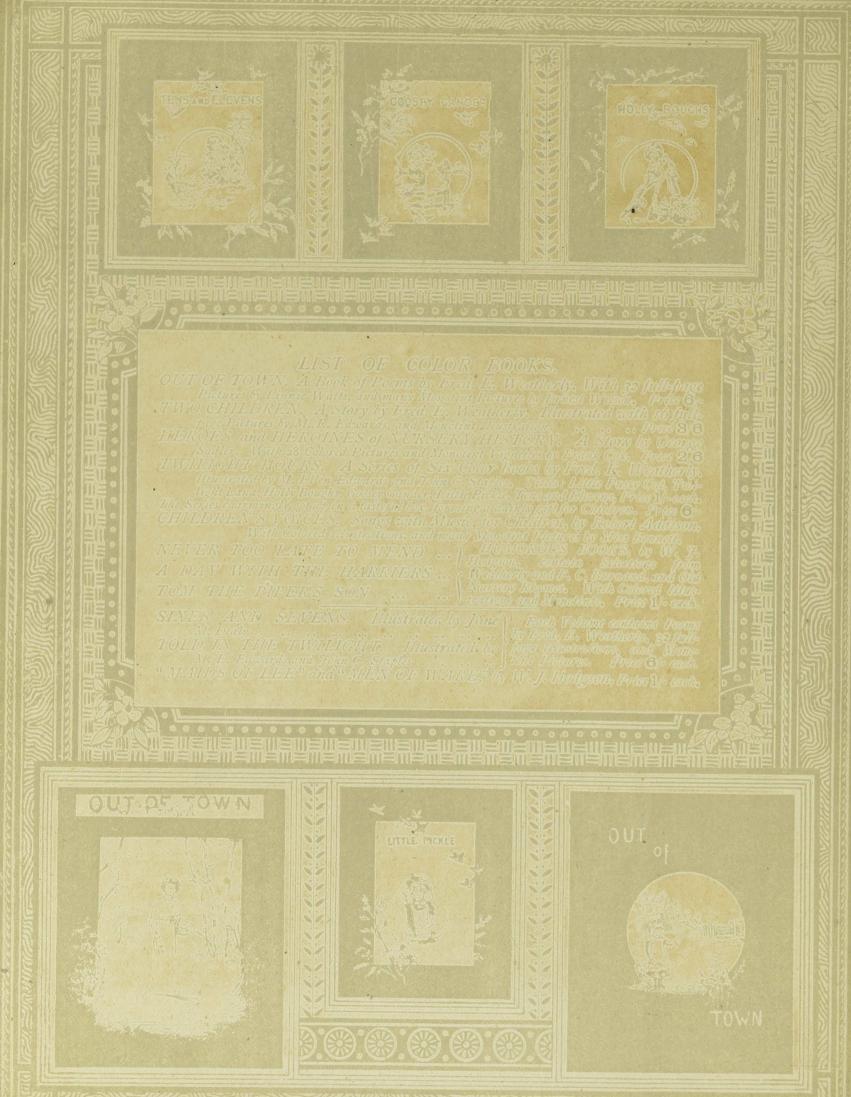
No more sorrow, and no more mirth,

—There is no joy but rest.











# OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

# UPON HILDESHEIMER & FAULKNER'S CARDS & ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

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"Surprisingly beautiful and decidedly bear the palm

"All are excellently designed and executed

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"The collection is a superb one, comprising many nove

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"We can hardly conceive of anything more exquisitely beautiful in design or more highly finished in execution.

They are indeed gens of art "—The Unristian Acc.

"All are excellently designed and executed." - The

"Every taste can be satisfied, as the subjects chosen are of great variety, and are certain to find favour on account

"The collection as a whole well sustains Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner's high reputation, much good taste being shown in the selection of the designs."—The Artist.

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"The illustrations are full of fun and co, and the prin

"Will provide hearty amusement for the little people."—

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Spectator

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"One of the most charming of children's books," - Lady's

A prettie

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"A charming little volume for children, worthy of being called an 'art publication,' and does credit to author,

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- Daily Chronicle.
"A complete book of beauty. Charming verses." Charm-

"Books that one can look through again and again

with fresh interest each time."—The Christian World.
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"All is very refined and innocent. Altogether one of the most genuine children's books of this season."—

"One of the prettiest boo's for children that has passed

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OUT of



TOWN