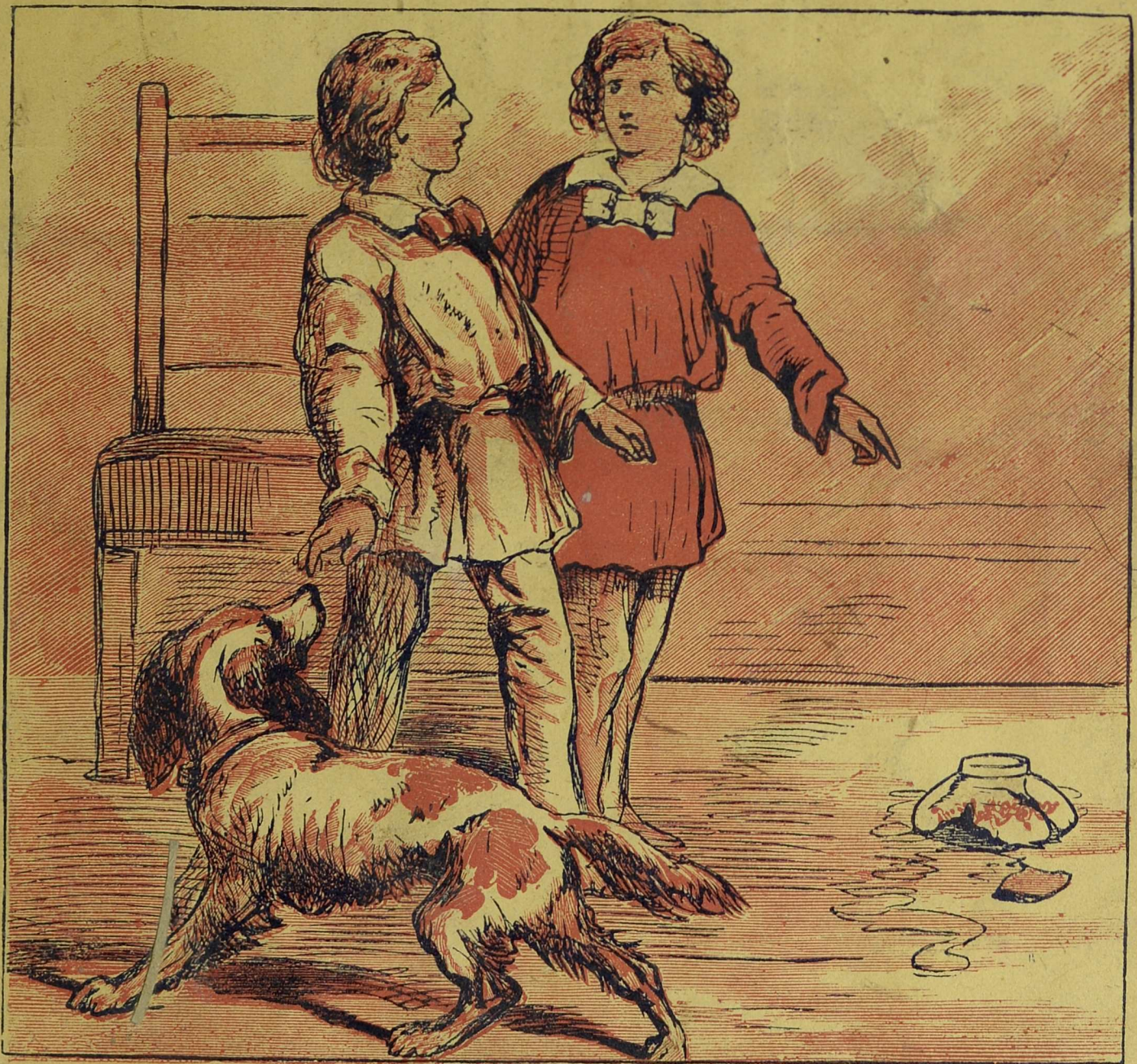


AUNT MAJOR'S TOY BOOKS.
PRICE SIXPENCE EACH.

BOO LITTLE DOG TRUSTY

BY MARIA EDGEWORTH.



LONDON
ROUTLEDGE, WARNE AND ROUTLEDGE.

THE LITTLE DOG TRUSTY.



TRUS-TY was a pret-ty, play-ful lit-tle dog, and Frank and Ro-bert were ve-ry fond of him. Frank and Ro-bert were two lit-tle boys, a-bout eight years old. When-e-ver Frank did any-thing wrong, he al-ways told his fa-ther and mo-ther of it, and when he was ask-ed a-bout any-thing which he had done or said, he al-ways told the truth, so that e-ve-ry one who knew him be-liev-ed him ; but no-bo-dy who knew his bro-ther Ro-bert, be-liev-ed a word he said, be-cause he used to tell false-hoods ; when he did any-thing wrong, he ne-ver ran to his fa-ther and mo-ther to tell them of it ; but if ask-ed a-bout it, he de-ni-ed it, and said he had not done the things which he had done. The rea-son that Ro-bert did not tell the truth was be-cause he was afraid of be-ing pu-nish-ed for his faults if he con-fess-ed them. He was a cow-ard, and could not bear the least pain ; but Frank was a brave boy, and could bear to be pu-nish-ed for his lit-tle faults ; his mo-ther ne-ver pu-nish-ed him so much for such lit-tle faults as she did Ro-bert for the false-hoods which he told and which she found out af-ter-wards.



One e-ven-ing these two lit-tle boys were play-ing to-ge-ther in a room by them-selves ; their mo-ther was i-ron-ing in the room next to them, and their fa-ther was out at work in the fields ; Trus-ty was ly-ing by the fire-side a-sleep, and there was a ba-sin of milk on the floor, in-tend-ed for their sup-per.

“Come,” said Ro-bert to Frank, “there’s Trus-ty by the fire a-sleep, let us go and wake him, and he will play with us.”

“Oh yes ! do let us,” said Frank ; so they both ran to the hearth to a-wa-ken the dog, and then they all three romp-ed to-ge-ther ; and Frank held up his hands and taught Trus-ty to jump, and Ro-bert threw a ball a-bout and taught him to bring it to him.

As they were thus play-ing, they for-got the milk which was stand-ing be-hind them, and by ac-ci-dent kick-ed the ba-sin with their feet and threw it o-ver ; the ba-sin broke, and all the milk ran o-ver the hearth and about the floor. When they saw this they were sor-ry and fright-en-ed, and did not know what to do. They stood for some time look-ing at the bro-ken ba-sin with-out speak-ing.



The young man had been thinking of the
in a way that was not to be
to the fact that the father was not
This was the first time that the
of talk to the man in the
"Young man, and the best of
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and the child up to the house
The boy then a ball without any
"I don't know that however they
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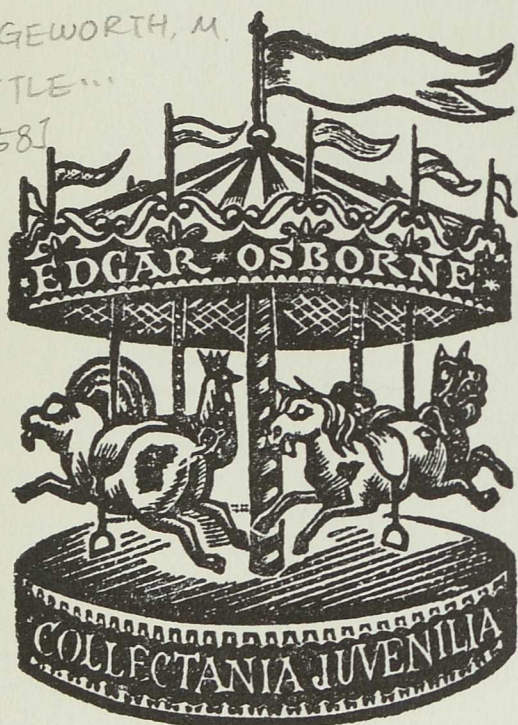
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At last Robert said, "So we shall have no milk for sup-per to-night;" and he sigh-ed.

"No milk for sup-per! Why not?" said Frank; "is there no more milk in the house?"

"Yes; but we shall have none of it, for don't you re-mem-ber last Mon-day, when we threw down the milk, my mo-ther said we were ve-ry care-less, and that the next time we did so, we should have no more; and this is the next time, so we shall have no milk for sup-per to-night."

"Well, then," said Frank, "we must do with-out it, that's all; we will take more care an-o-ther time; there's no great harm done; come, let's run and tell mo-ther; you know she al-ways bid us tell her di-rect-ly when we broke any-thing; so come a-long," said he, tak-ing hold of his bro-ther's hand.

"I will come pre-sent-ly," said Robert; "don't be in such a hurry, Frank, can't you stay a mi-nute?"



Frank stay-ed a lit-tle while, and then said, "Come now, Ro-bert, come at once." But Ro-bert an-swer-ed, pull-ing his bro-ther a-way from the door which he had reach-ed, "Stay a lit-tle lon-ger, I dare not go yet, I am a-fraid."

"But the lon-ger he stay-ed the more un-will-ing he was to go; at last he cri-ed, "I won't go at all; can't you go by your-self, Frank?"

"Yes!" said Frank, "I'm not a-fraid to go by my-self, I only wait-ed for you out of good na-ture, be-cause I thought you'd like to tell the truth too."

"Yes, so I will; I mean to tell the truth when I'm ask-ed, but I need not go now, when I don't choose it; and why need you go ei-ther. Can't you wait here? sure-ly my mo-ther can see the milk when she comes in."

Frank said no more; but as his bro-ther would not come, he went with-out him. Not find-ing his mo-ther in the next room, he thought she must be in the gar-den, so he went there.



Now, whilst Frank was gone, Robert was thinking of what excuses to make to his mother, and he said to himself, "If Frank and I were both to say we did not upset the basin, she would believe us. I wish Frank hadn't gone to tell her."

Just as he had said this, he heard his mother coming down stairs. "Oh! oh!" thought he, "my mother was not in the garden, and Frank can't have met her. So now I may say what I please."

When his mother came into the room, and saw the mischief that was done, she cried, "What a piece of work is here! who did this, Robert?"

"I don't know, mother," said Robert, in a very low voice.

"You don't know, Robert? tell me the truth; I shan't be angry, child. You will only lose your milk at supper; and as for the basin, I would rather have you break all the basins in the house than tell me one falsehood. So I ask you, Robert, did you break the basin?"



“No, mo-ther!” said Ro-bert, blush-ing.

“Then where’s Frank; did he do it?”—“No, mo-ther!”

“Then how was the ba-sin thrown down? did the dog do it?”—

“Yes,” said this wick-ed boy.

“Trus-ty! Trus-ty!” said the mo-ther, turn-ing round; Trus-ty jump-ed up and came to her. “Fie! fie! Trus-ty!” she said, point-ing to the milk. “Get me a switch out of the gar-den, Ro-bert; Trus-ty must be beat for this.”

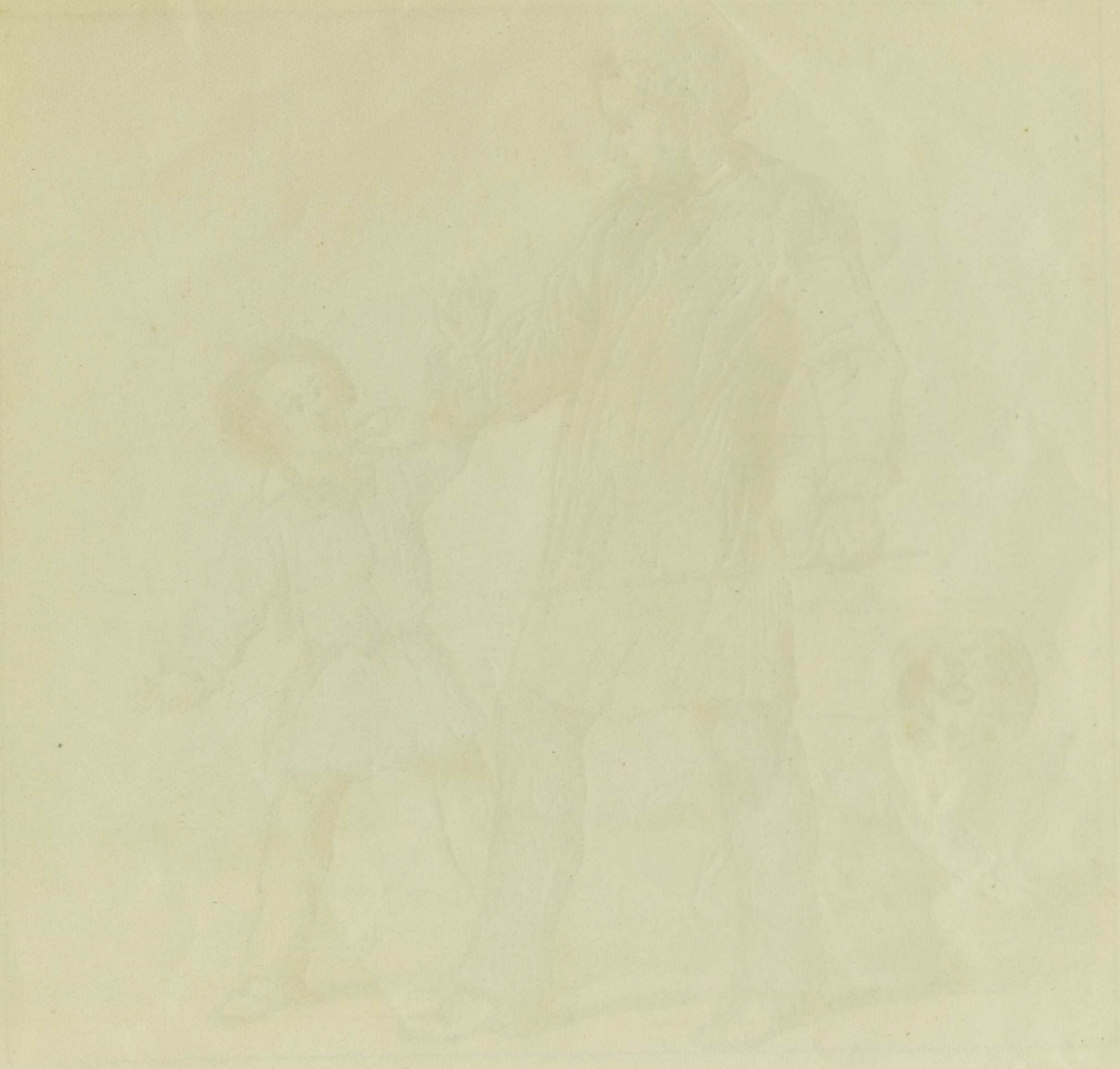
Ro-bert ran for the switch, and in the gar-den he met his bro-ther, and told him all he had said, beg-ging him to say the same as he had done.

“No! I will not tell a false-hood,” said Frank; “Trus-ty did not throw down the milk, and he shan’t be beat.”

They both ran to the house; Ro-bert got there first, and lock-ed the door, that Frank might not come in; then he gave the switch to his mo-ther. Poor Trus-ty look-ed up as it was lift-ed o-ver his head, but *he* could not speak to tell the truth.



The mother said to the children
Then answer Frank, did he do it?
Then boy with the hair down down did the dog do it?
Yes, said the mother.
The boy said, and the mother said to the boy
Jumped up and came to see the mother, the boy
pointing to the dog. Get up and see the dog's foot.
This is what he did for that.
He left me for the dog, and in the end he made his pro-
ther and said that all he did was to say the same
as he had done.
Now I will tell a little story, and I think it is very
not show how the mother and the dog's foot.
The mother said to the boy, the mother said to the boy
the dog, that is what the dog did, and the mother said
to him then, you see the dog's foot, it was the dog's
feet, but he could not speak to tell the truth.



I had an idea that if I could only find out how
you were getting on, I should be able to help you
in some way. I don't know if I can do anything
for you, but I don't want to see you suffer.
I don't know if I can do anything for you, but I
don't want to see you suffer. I don't know if I
can do anything for you, but I don't want to see
you suffer. I don't know if I can do anything
for you, but I don't want to see you suffer.



Just as the blow was fall-ing, Frank's voice was heard at the win-dow. "Stop! stop! mo-ther," he cri-ed, as loud as he could call; "Trus-ty did not do it, Ro-bert and I did it, but don't beat Ro-bert."

"Let us in," cri-ed an-o-ther voice, which Ro-bert knew to be his fa-ther's, and he turn-ed as pale as ash-es, for his fa-ther al-ways whip-ped him when he caught him in a false-hood.

"What's all this?" cri-ed the fa-ther when the door was o-pen-ed to him. The mo-ther told him all that had hap-pen-ed.

"Where's the switch with which you were go-ing to beat Trus-ty?" said the fa-ther.

Then Ro-bert, who saw what was com-ing, fell up-on his knees, and cri-ed for mer-cy, say-ing, "For-give me this time, and I will ne-ver tell a false-hood a-gain."

But his fa-ther said, "I will whip you now, and then I hope you will not." So Ro-bert was whip-ped till he cri-ed so loud with pain that the whole neigh-bour-hood could hear him.



“There!” said his father, when he had done, “now go to bed, and let that be a lesson to you.” Then turning to Frank, he said, “Come here, and shake hands with me, Frank; you will have no milk for supper, but that does not signify; you have told the truth, and every one is pleased with you. And now I will give you the little dog Trus-ty to be your own. You shall feed him, and take care of him, and he shall be your own dog. You have saved him a beating, and I’ll answer for it you’ll be a good master to him. Trus-ty, Trus-ty, come here.”

Trus-ty came; then Frank’s father took off Trus-ty’s collar, and said, “To-mor-row I’ll go to the bra-zi-er’s and get a new collar for your dog, and he shall always be called after you, *Frank!* And, wife, when-ever any of the neighbours’ children ask you why *Trus-ty* is to be called Frank, tell them this story of our two boys, and let them know the difference between a liar and a boy of truth.

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