

THE TRIBULATIONS

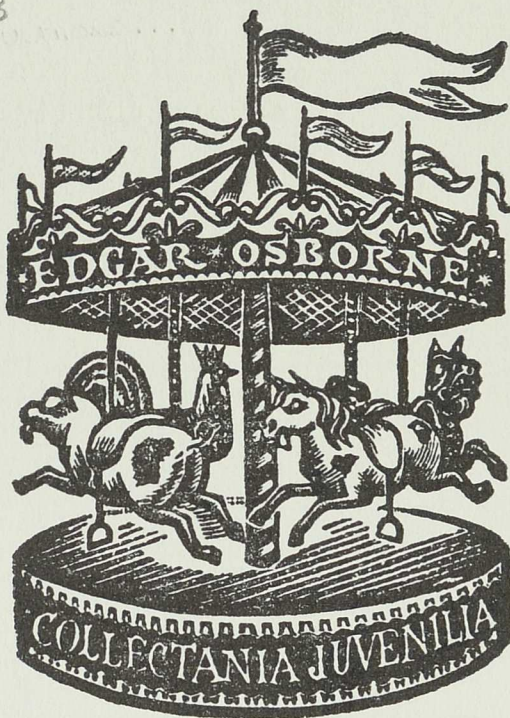
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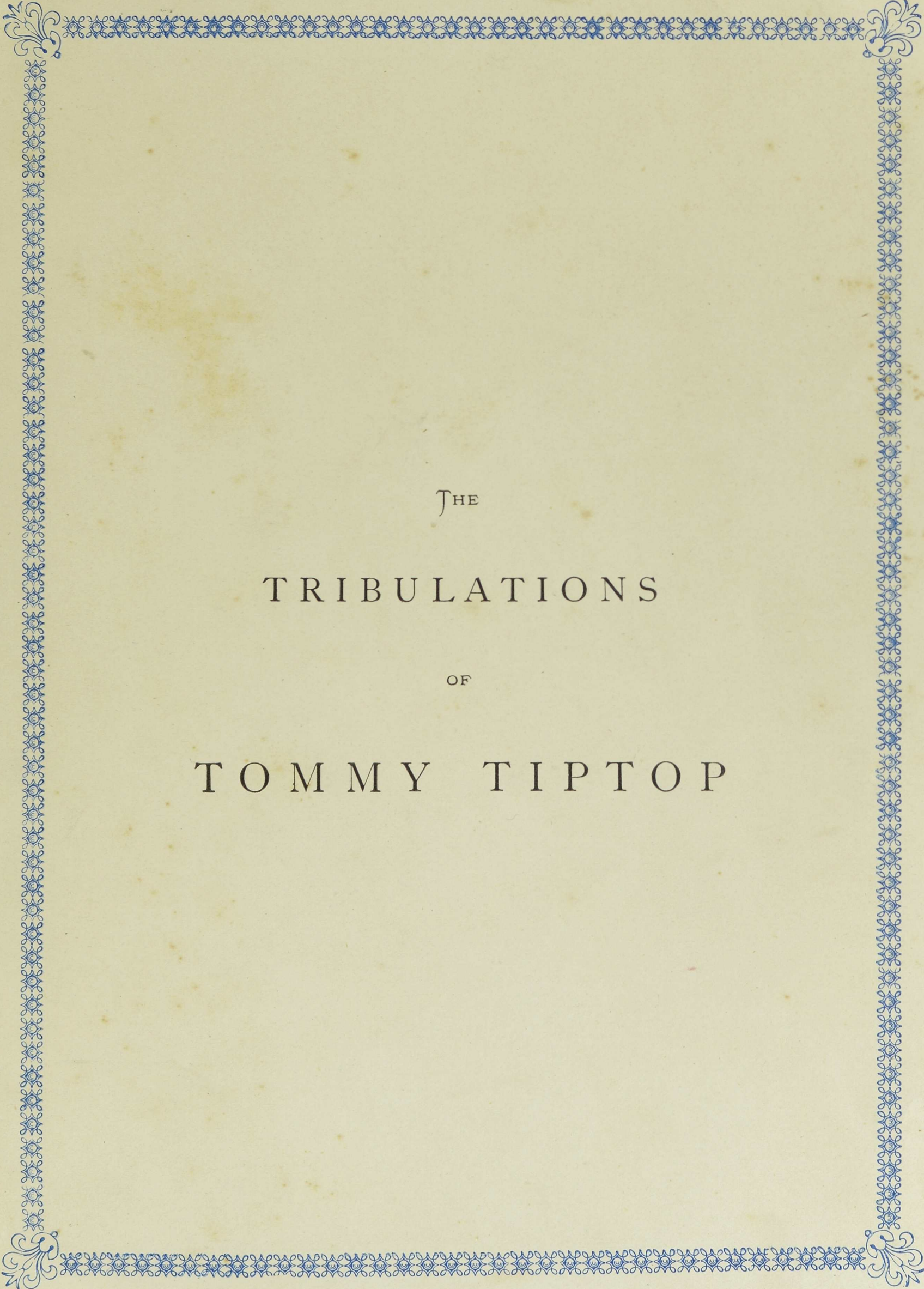
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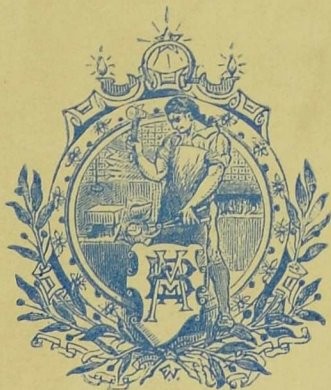
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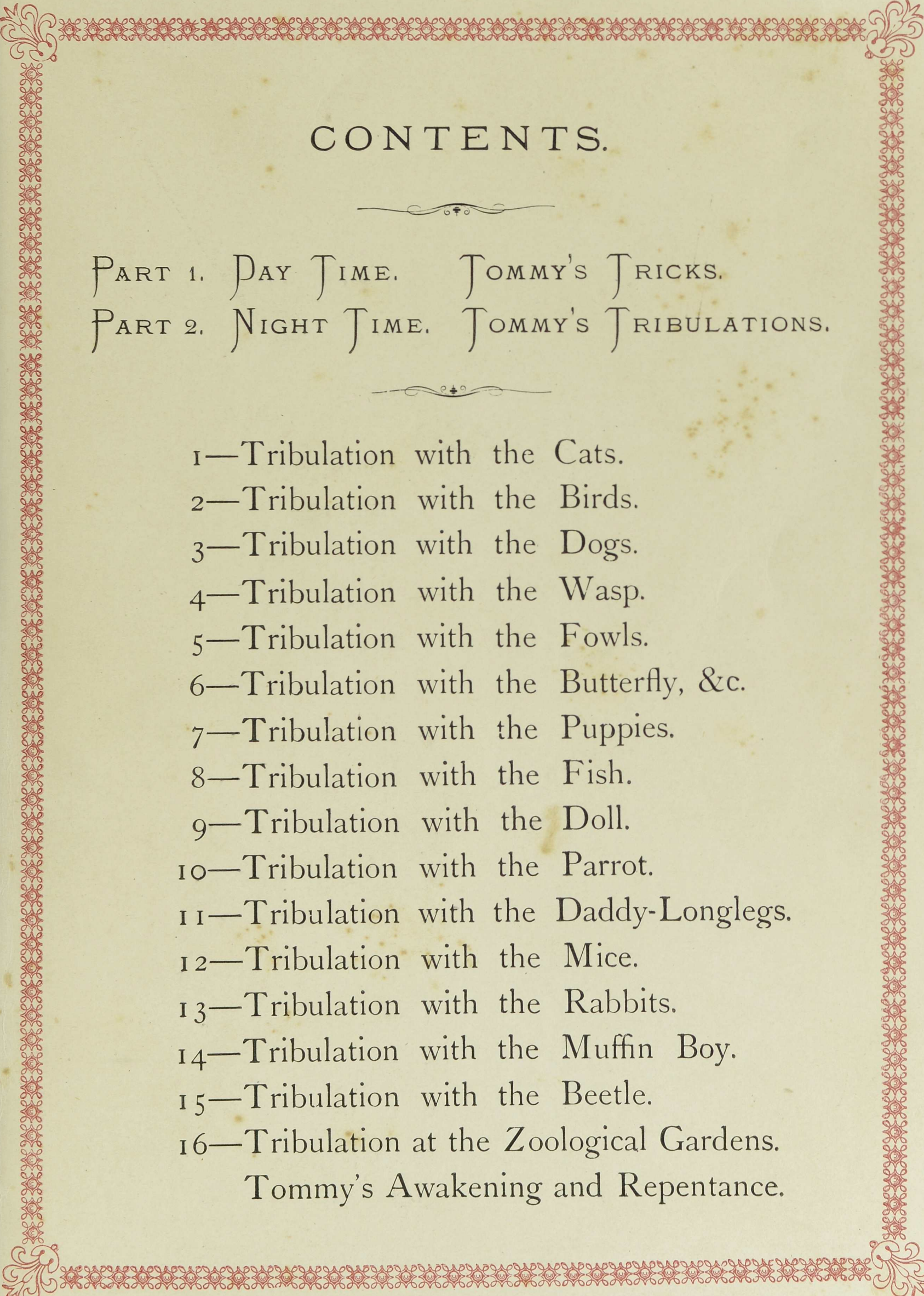
THE TRIBULATIONS
OF
TOMMY TIPTOP.

“HE PRAYETH BEST WHO LOVEST BEST,
ALL THINGS BOTH GREAT AND SMALL.”

Coleridge.



LONDON:
MYRA & SON, 39 & 40, BEDFORD STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.



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PREFACE.



Our duty towards others, and especially towards animals is now so seldom insisted on, that little apology is needed for bringing an old fashioned principle before our readers. The object of this book is to show that all unkindness towards the animal creation merits — if it does not at once receive — punishment, and that to obey the law of kindness is our duty as well as our happiness.

M. B.



THE TRIBULATIONS

OF

TOMMY TIPTOP.

CHAPTER I. *DAY TIME.*

HE was not a really Bad Boy, our Tommy Tiptop, he was only full of mischief, full of fun, and very thoughtless of any body but himself. Mrs. Tiptop was a little bit to blame for this, for she had petted and spoiled Tommy until he was, as the maids said, "a dreadful trouble and worse than any plague of Egypt," but that remark was made the day he tried to poach eggs on a gridiron, which, as you know, is not very well adapted for that purpose.

Tommy was her eldest child and he had no little brothers or sisters until he was four years old, so that he had more toys, more play, and more goodies, and a great deal more indulgence and treats than most little boys get, which is a little excuse for some of his naughty ways.

Then too, he was always really sorry when his much too kind mother showed him how naughty he was, but when she was not there, he too often forgot her gentle words of advice and only thought of fun and frolic, and did not think of the mischief he did, or of the pain he caused to others. His little sisters ran from him and hid their pretty little faces in nurse's gown; Nurse herself, though very fond of Tommy, put all the best dolls and toys well out of his reach for she said she could not answer for the safety of Miss Victoria and Ethereda's favourites

when Master Tommy was "in high spirits," which was understood by all in the house to mean that Tommy was in one of his very naughty fits of mischief. I dare not tell my dear little readers one half of the naughty things which Tommy did, although I feel quite sure that they would not copy him in one of them, but it is so bad for little people, or indeed for big people, to have naughty companions, that I know they would be sorry to even look at Tommy's pictures in this book, or to read all about the dreadful things which happened to him, and which quite cured him at last of all his tricks.

Mrs. Tiptop often told him in her gentle words that nothing was more displeasing to the great God who made us than to be cruel to his creatures, and yet this thoughtless boy was constantly hurting some insect or animal. Mr. Tiptop was very fond of pets, and kept a nice Tabby cat and several nice large dogs in his stable yard; this yard was a great amusement to Tommy, who was delighted to see some dear little kittens one fine morning. He played for some time with the dear little kittens, and gave them names, Spot and Bob, Jet and Snow. The kittens were more pleased to see Tommy than their mother was, as she well knew how very cruel he could be when he was inclined to be naughty, but the little kits purred and rubbed against his hands, and jumped over his shoes, and gambolled round him quite prettily. Presently he trod on one and it squeaked so funnily that he trod on another just to hear it again. Their mother began to be cross, and Tommy thought it best to retreat, but he said as he went, "there are too many of you kits, some of you must be drowned; why not this one? His eyes are blue, a very ugly colour," and off he ran to find his playmate Johnny, who was older and much stronger than Tommy.

When the two little lads returned together, the poor little kittens felt uneasy; they did not understand what their little master had said, but they very well remembered he had hurt them. The boys first shut up Mrs. Tabby in the stable, and



then put all the kittens into a basket some distance away from their mother, who mewed and cried bitterly; they then got a pail of quite cold water, and began to drown the poor little kits. Jet was the first victim; her poor pretty little black head went under the cold water, and though she struggled hard, down she went and soon all her sufferings were over, and poor little Jet was dead. When Spot saw this, he struggled so when Tommy caught him up, that he slipped out of his cruel arms and ran mewing to the stable door. "We had better not drown all," said Tommy. "No; we'll keep two for fighting," Johnny replied, "one is no good," so that one poor little kitten was saved for this cruel purpose, and Snow being gentle and peaceable, was drowned on the spot, while Bob, after being well bathed in the pail, was allowed to run shivering back to his miserable mother, who sprang out as soon as the stable door was opened. She ran to the pail crying so sadly that John said they had better take the dead kittens away and bury them, so they agreed to play at funerals, of which sport, however, they soon got very tired, and fought a little to settle a small quarrel as to which of the two naughty boys was to be the clergyman. This fight together, with the fact that Johnny was so much stronger than Tommy, and that he hurt most, reminded them that they meant to have a cat fight, but on their return to the stable-yard, pussy had carried her kittens up to the loft to a place of safety where the wicked boys could not find her, and there she hoped to bring up her sadly reduced family in peace.

These naughty boys then thought of the puppies, which were now about six months old, and were very intelligent and friendly.

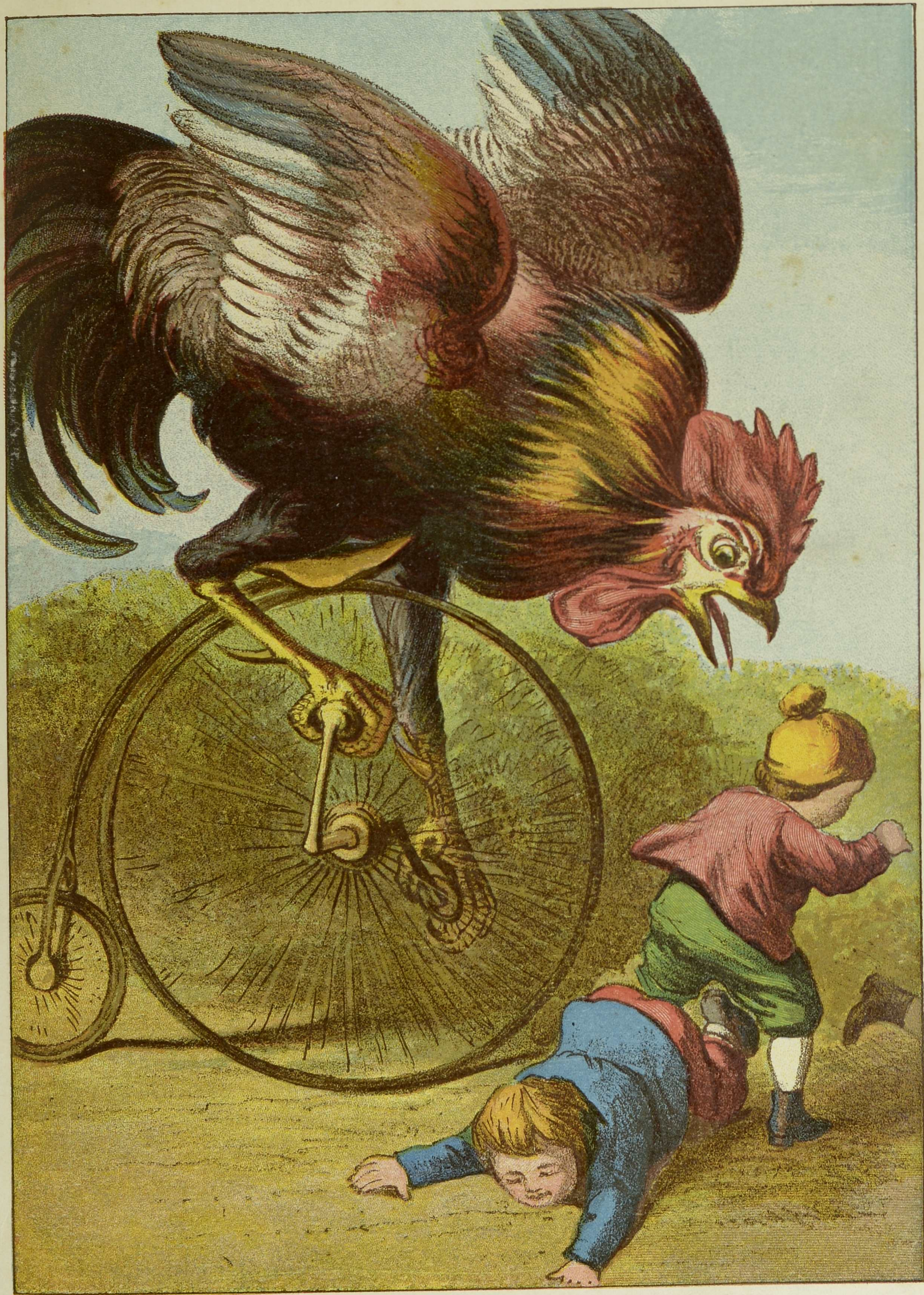
It was easy enough to decoy them away from their mother, but far more difficult to make them fight, for they were dear good-natured little pet things, who were always playing together. However, each boy took a puppy, and by holding the little creatures and making them scratch each other with their little claws, the boys made them cross and savage, and they bit

and snarled for the first time in their innocent lives. Nor was the mischief ended when the fight was over, for they went growling and snapping at each other all the way back to their mother, who wondered at their naughty tempers and scolded them well.

Johnny next showed Tommy what he called "a jolly way of catching flies and wasps" as they sunned themselves on the garden wall, or walked along it for fruit, of which there was plenty in that nice garden. Tommy soon learned the art, and after some half-dozen attempts, caught a bluebottle fly and then a wasp. Johnny, who was really a cruel boy, then pulled off the fly's wings, and when Tommy said, "How it must hurt them," replied, "They would squeak if it did," and foolish little Tommy believed him, and pulled several Daddy-Long-Legs to pieces because they are considered to be naughty insects by many little ones on account of the nursery rhyme :

"Daddy, daddy long legs,
Would not say his prayers,
Take him by the right leg,
Take him by the left leg,
And throw him down the stairs."

After which cruel sport, Johnny told Tommy all about birds' nesting, and climbing trees, and taking away eggs and little birds, and related how he had taken a nest with five little birds in it, and had fed them with bread, and how two choked at once, and the other three birds died in the night: for they cannot live without their dear mother's warm wings to cover them up, and they are tender and chilly until after they have all their feathers and can fly about and keep themselves warm, as well as find their own food. Johnny also spoke of shooting rabbits, and both these naughty lads fired off their toy guns into the rabbit hutches, frightening the poor rabbits, although they could not kill them, and causing some tiny rabbits, two days old, to die with fright. How the poor rabbits did scamper about! And how their little hearts went pit-a-pat!



Tired of this thoughtless sport, they rode Johnny's bicycle by turns through the chicken yard, terrifying the fowls, and causing them to fly in all directions. They disturbed an old hen who was leading her young chickens to some grits which had been thrown down for their benefit, and ran over several poor little chickens, killing two and quite laming several others. Round and round the yard they went in turn, frightening all the peaceful hens, chickens, and ducks who felt quite surprised to see the little boy who usually brought them food and was so kind to them, mounted on a big wheel, and actually running over them.

When Tommy saw the poor little chickens dead on the ground he felt sorry, and he knew quite well how naughty he had been, and he also thought how very sorry his dear mother would be to find her pretty brood injured, for Mrs. Tiptop was pleased to have a brood so late in the year, for the cold winds in spring had killed off nearly all the early broods.

Tommy well remembered how delighted his mother was when the gardener, who looked after the fowls, told her that eleven chicks were hatched out by the old brown hen, who was always a steady sitter, and how the chickens were brought in to the house in a basket, and Tommy was allowed to see them and to feed them with soft little seeds which his mother called "grits," and when Brownie had finished hatching two more chicks, they were all placed carefully under her, and every day Tommy was allowed to feed the chickens.

And now he had killed two, and hurt many, and what would his mother say? He could hardly bear to think of it, and the tears came in his eyes, for he was not naturally a wicked, cruel boy, but was so easily led astray by his companions, and he thought it was grown up, and grand, not to care, and was too thoughtless to mind how he hurt others in his amusements; all he thought of was Tommy Tiptop, and when either boys or girls think too much of themselves they

are certain to become selfish and cruel, for all selfishness is cruelty to others.

But now some words his mother had said came suddenly into his thoughts:—

‘ Evil is wrought,
By want of thought,
As well as want of heart ;’

and he began to look very sad.

When Johnny saw this, he asked Tommy what was the matter, and Tommy pointed to the dead chickens, and Johnny only laughed in his rude way.

“ Pooh,” he said, “ you are a baby.” Now Tommy dreaded of all things to be thought and called a baby, perhaps because he often behaved like one, and cried for nothing, and so he quickly wiped his eyes and said boldly, “ What shall we do next ?” as if all this naughty behaviour was not quite enough for one morning, and yet, (though both boys felt hungry), it was only half-past eleven o’clock, as they found when they went into the house for something to eat.

With a slice of plum cake in each hand, the little boys ran out again eagerly into the bright sunshine; the garden looked bright with flowers, and over head were butterflies, some white ones, and also a beautiful Peacock Butterfly. “ I must have that butterfly,” cried Tommy. “ I am collecting butterflies.”

“ So am I,” replied Johnny. Off the boys ran, cap in hand, after the lovely insect; Tommy’s hat soon held the captive which was roughly seized, and placed on a cork, the pretty wings were blown open, and a cruel pin ran through the quivering body, while the wings were spread open by bands of postage stamp paper.

“ It will look nice when ‘ set’ properly,” Johnny said, with a sigh of envy, for he longed for the butterfly.

“ I will give you a Stag Beetle for the Peacock Butterfly,



and a Sun Fly out of the roses, and, let me see, a lizard—as soon as I catch one. Only think of a lizard, Tommy!”

“Yes, but you have not caught it yet,” replied Tommy, who wished to keep his lovely “Peacock;” “and I don’t know that I shall collect lizards. I have never seen one yet in this garden.” By the time the poor Peacock Butterfly was pinned down and set, the boys found that the white butterflies had flown away, and so they had lost the pleasure of catching them.

Little Frisk, the black and tan terrier, ran up to Tommy at this moment, and was at once harnessed to a very large cart which had belonged to Tommy when he was younger, and which he still called his own. Poor Frisk was not big enough to pull the cart, but he had to submit, and a bit was put in his little mouth, and the reins were fastened, and he was well tied in to the cart, and made to draw it along the garden path, whether he liked doing so or no.

Frisk did not like this at all, but it was worse when Tommy got in the cart and Johnny ran alongside with a large stick and gave poor Frisk a blow every time he stopped running, which hurt him dreadfully. Luckily for the poor little dog, Nurse saw them from the nursery window, which overlooked the garden, and came down at once to relieve the poor little dog, and to scold the boys. She took Frisk indoors, after telling the little boys to wash their hands for dinner.

Mrs. Tiptop was extremely fond of plants and flowers of all kinds, and her pretty conservatory was full of flowering plants of great beauty. In the centre of the conservatory was a small fountain, surrounded by a large stone basin, in which lilies and other water loving plants grew. The water from the fountain fell into a smaller basin which overflowed into the large one and fell on the plants. In the large basin were gold and silver fish, which were very pretty and very tame.

“Oh, what jolly fish you have got!” said Johnny.

“They are so tame they will eat bread; they come up as soon as we throw crumbs in,” replied Tommy. “Stay, the cloth is laid, and there is sure to be bread cut in the dining-room, I will run and get some.”

On Tommy's return, Johnny proposed they should fish. Tommy did not like the idea of his poor mother's fish being taken out of the water, and said so, but Johnny burst out laughing, and again called him a baby and a coward, and said, “You are afraid! afraid! afraid! I dare you to fish!” and silly Tommy, who was so foolish as to mind being “dared,” at once consented. With a small hook which Johnny had in a pocketbook, and a crumb of bread, it was easy to catch the very tame gold fish, but how the poor fish wriggled and writhed when the hook was taken out! And oh! how soon the fish died, although Tommy held it in the water and tried in vain to restore it to life: it was dead, and Tommy reflected sadly that there was another dreadful thing to tell mother on her return from uncle Richard's house, where she was spending the day with his little sisters. He wondered what she would say, and if his father would know of it, and he wished he had not let Johnny “dare” him to fish.

Johnny in the meantime was fishing away without a word, and a long row of struggling, dying fish met Tommy's eye when he turned round.

Tommy flung as many as he could back into the water before Johnny could stop him, and the two little boys had a scuffle over the fish, which ended only when they were called to dinner by Nurse, who waited on them and kept order during the dinner. It was much too nice a dinner for such naughty children, hot roast chicken and roly jam pudding, with some lovely peaches for desert.

The little boys enjoyed it all immensely, and were quiet and good for some time afterwards; they went up into the nursery to take the peach stones to the parrot, but they teased that poor bird dreadfully, they poked sticks through the bars



of the cage, and pelted Polly with marbles, teasing her until she screamed for help, as well as annoying the poor bird by calling her "Ugly Polly! Nasty Polly! Horrid Polly! Polly is an ugly bird!" with other remarks of a similar nature. Then they took the dolls in hand and pulled off their hair, tore their pretty clothing, and banged their faces with a hair brush. Tommy pulled out the eyes of the lovely doll who opened them when she sat up, and closed them when she lay down, for he had often longed to see what made them act so well, and here was a good opportunity!

Poor Dolly, of course, made no remark, but she felt bitterly the loss of her two pretty blue eyes; she vowed vengeance, but could not shed a tear, for she had no eyes to cry with.

The naughty boys heard Nurse's footstep and hurried into a large cupboard, in which brooms and brushes, pails and dustpans were kept, so as to be handy for the maids, and here they found a mousetrap and a little mouse; they called "Puss, puss," to the terror of the little mouse, whose bright little eyes showed how dreadfully frightened he was of the boys, and still more so of the big cat which soon made an end of the poor little thing, for as soon as Johnny raised the door of the trap, out ran mousie, and snip-snap went the cat, and mousie lay dead on the floor.

The boys then ran down to see if Mrs. Tiptop was coming home, then they went down into the kitchen and teased cook by taking a beetle out of the blackbeetle trap and putting it on her neck. How she screamed and ran about and flung the beetle off. Tommy saw it run towards him, and so he stamped on it with his thick boot and killed it.

Cook drove the naughty boys away out of the kitchen; she was now very cross and angry, and they felt they had better run away, so up the kitchen steps they flew.

Just as they got up to the top, they met the baker's boy with his tray of muffins; they heard his bell tingle, and they asked him for a muffin.

Muffins are not good when raw and untoasted, and the baker's boy told them so, but they did not believe him. "We will have some, we shall have some," they cried, and rushed upon the lad who tried in vain to protect his tray from the sturdy little robbers. Johnny pulled the end of the green baize cloth, which kept the muffins hot, and down they fell in a shower of round white dabs, all on the garden gravel and then they went rolling down the kitchen steps.

The poor boy cried out, "My master will beat me, he will never believe two young gentlemen would behave so. Oh dear, oh dear! What shall I do!" Tommy and Johnny seized on the muffins, while the poor lad was thus lamenting, and began to eat them as hard as they could. The baker's boy, with tears, picked up the cleanest, and went back to his master and told him how Master Tiptop and his friend had thrown down all his muffins, eaten some, and spoilt others; but the baker could not believe that a child of that nice little Mrs. Tiptop would be so naughty, and told the poor boy he must pay for the loss, so he would have hardly any wages to take home to his mother, who was a very poor woman.

See what dreadful mischief these thoughtless boys did! The poor boy begged in vain to be believed, he cried and sobbed and asked the baker to see Mrs. Tiptop on the subject, but he refused, saying, "He must not risk offending a good customer, and that the boy must pay for his carelessness."

Meanwhile the two naughty boys had eaten the untoasted muffins till they were tired of them, or rather until they felt very uncomfortable, so that when tea time came they could eat nothing at all.

About half-past six o'clock Mrs. Tiptop returned with the dear little girls, and Tommy heard them run up to the nursery at once to tell Nurse all about the pleasant day they had passed at their uncle's house, while Mrs. Tiptop asked, "Where are the boys?" quite surprised at their absence.



“I expect they are quite ashamed to see you, ma'am,” the housemaid said; “they have been at mischief all day long.”

Mrs. Tiptop at once sent Johnny home to his mother, and made up her mind not to again invite him to spend the day; she ordered Tommy to go to her room, and when she had taken off her things and put them by, she called to Tommy to come to her, and asked him what he had done all day in her absence.

Tommy was a truthful child, and I am happy to say he never once thought of not owning his faults, so he began the sad list of wrong, of cruel, and of wicked things which he had done, and as he told her of—

His drowning the little kittens in the yard.

Of setting the poor puppies to fight.

Of catching the wasps and flies.

Of pulling the Daddy-long-legs to pieces.

Of running a pin through the lovely butterfly.

Of killing the chickens.

Of driving the dog and beating it.

Of fishing for the poor gold fish.

Of breaking the dolls.

Of teasing the parrot.

Of giving the mouse to the cat.

Of frightening the rabbits to death.

Of “squashing” the blackbeetle.

And of upsetting the baker's tray, and eating his muffins.

The tears come into Mrs. Tiptop's eyes for she felt that her own little son was a cruel, bad little boy, and that she could not love him again as she did before she knew how cruelly he could behave.

When Tommy saw his mother cry, his little heart was very sad, she was such a dear, kind, loving mother, and he felt so sorry that he cried too, and he promised her that he would never, never be cruel again, and that he would ask the baker's lad to forgive him, and would pay for the muffins,

and would bear any punishment if she would only kiss and love him once more.

"Ah, Tommy," his mother replied, "your sorrow will not restore the little creatures to life, the little creatures God has made for our pleasure and comfort, and which we keep for our own amusement. I must punish you, my boy, and I think the best way will be to send away all our animals, our dogs and cats, our birds and rabbits, our parrot, and our fish, and not let you have anything at all to teaze."

"Oh no, dear Mother, don't do that, you will punish every one for my fault, anything but that."

"Well, Tommy, then I think I must say you shall not go to the Zoological Gardens with us all on Wednesday. Your uncle has promised to take us, and has asked me if you like riding the elephants, and seeing the lions fed, watching the monkeys, and giving buns to the bears, and looking at all the curious birds and beasts which he knows all about, and can tell you of."

Poor Tommy felt this was indeed a punishment, but he also knew that he well deserved even a severer punishment than this for his wickedness, and so he said "Good night," and went off to bed at once, sobbing and really sorry for his faults.

As he was so truly sorry, Mrs. Tiptop gave him one kiss for good night in his little bed, but it was a very sad kiss, for she sighed and said, "Oh, Tommy, Tommy, who would have thought you could be so cruel; pray to God to forgive you, my boy," and then she said:

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All creatures great and small;
For the Great God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Poor Tommy sobbed himself to sleep.

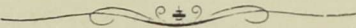


TOMMY'S DREAM.

CHAPTER II.

NIGHT TIME.

"My gentle boy, remember this is nothing but a dream."—*Eugene Aram*



OH dear! dear! What is this that is scratching me so and holding me so hard and tight! Oh, how you hurt me to be sure," cried Tommy, as he struggled in vain, for two large birds were perched on the iron railings of his crib, and were pulling him out of bed. "Come along with us at once," and they pulled and pulled until they got him out of the soft and cosy bed where he had been tucked up only an hour before. "No nonsense! Come along, it is not worse for Tommy than it is for Dicky to be pulled out of his nest; come along, your nest is not half full enough of feathers like our nests are, and we want you to play with and sing to us," and in a minute, they were flying along with poor Tommy, who was frightened and giddy, and worse than all, very unhappy at being taken away from his dear mother and his happy home. The Birds, however, were rejoicing, and put him into a box with bars in front, and placed worms and slugs and snails for him to eat, the very sight of which made him feel sick, and they came and worried him to eat, and worried him to sing, but all the time he tried to get out, and bruised his

arms and legs against the bars; all the while he felt very hungry and tired and weak, and then he remembered nothing more.

When next poor Tommy came to his senses, he found himself cuddling up to his dear mother and feeling extremely comfortable, when suddenly the door opened and an enormous cat, followed by two kittens, came in. Tommy nestled closer to his mother, but the cat rudely seized hold of him saying:

“There are too many of these children about; we must drown some.”

“Let us drown Tommy,” one of the kittens said, “he is ugly, he is rude, he is no good at all; oh what ugly blue eyes!” and the kitten scratched him.

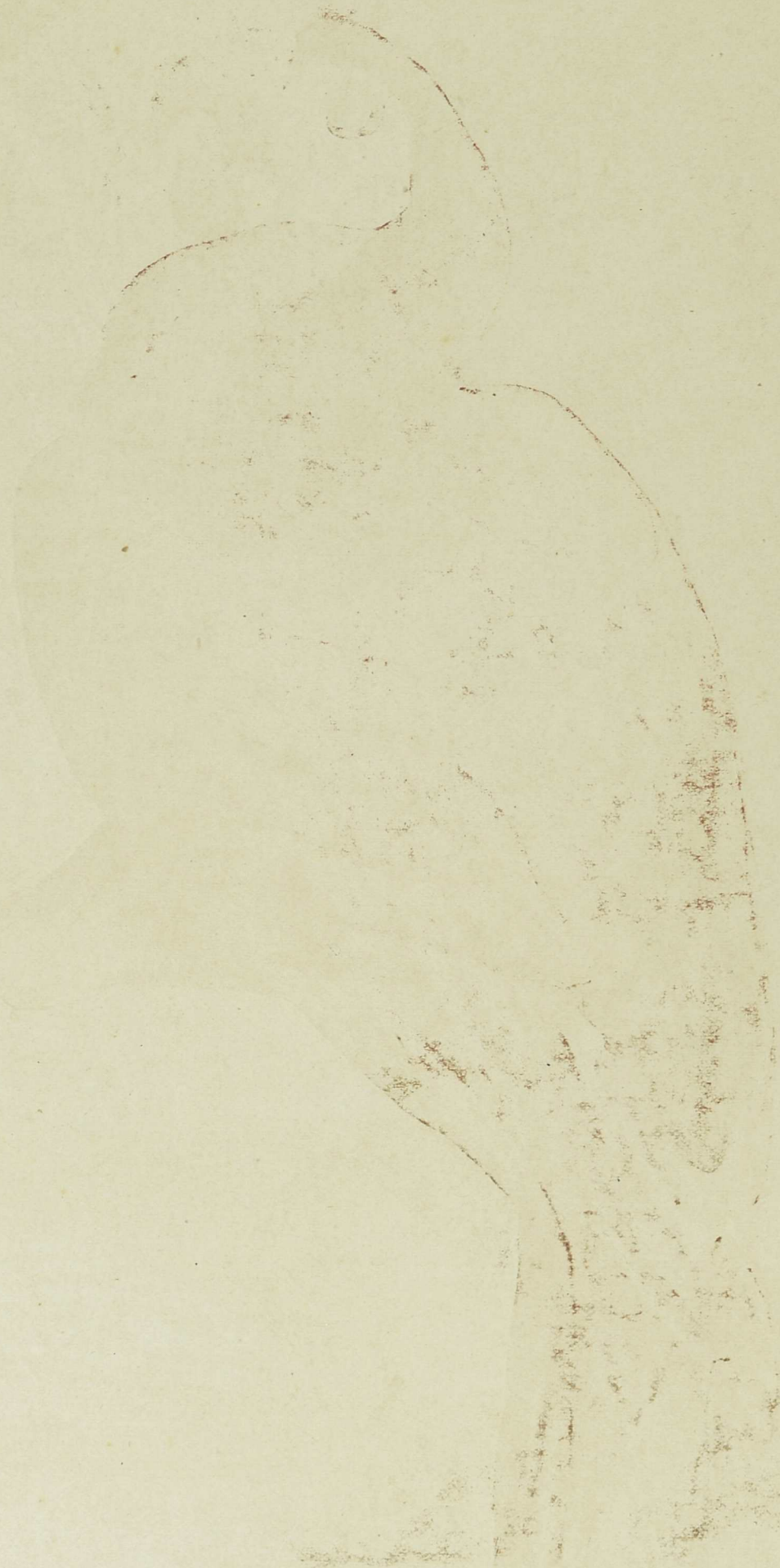
Poor Tommy was carried off away from his mother, who sobbed and cried, and was taken into the yard close to the waterbutt, where a pail of water stood which he recollected very well, much too well, for it was the same pail in which he had drowned the kittens.

The cat held him by the feet, and the little kittens helped to push him in, and down he went into the cold water, and in spite of screams and struggles, shrieks and tears, Tommy was held under the water until he lost his senses.

Suddenly he felt a sharp pain in his nose, and found himself hanging high out of the water, but in scarcely a better position than if he had still been under it, for it is anything but comfortable to be hanging by the nose from a fishing rod.

Much to his surprise Tommy found that the fishing rod was held by a large fish, who seemed delighted to have caught the poor struggling boy. Mr. Fish hurt him so much in taking out the fish hook, that Tommy struggled still more, and was at last flung into a fisher's basket with such a bang that he again became unconscious.





Aroused from this lethargy, Tommy found himself held by a big dog, and saw that his friend Johnny was in the arms of a very large bulldog; the two boys, being always very friendly, began to talk, but the two dogs did not allow this for one moment, but tried to make the little fellows fight; they knocked their hands together and made them scratch each other's faces with their nails, until the boys got cross with each other and began to call each other names, to double up their little fists, and to strike out in earnest at each other's face; Tommy felt red and angry, but he got the worst of it; his eyes were blackened, his nose bled, and he lost his dear little white front tooth.

Tommy's next adventure made him extremely uncomfortable; he was climbing a sunny wall in order to get some ripe and tempting pears, and had nearly got to the top when a large and fierce-looking wasp suddenly caught him in his hand, exactly as Tommy caught flies on the garden wall, or on the table cloth indoors; the wasp pinched his head hard and hurt him so much that he shrieked out, when two large Daddy-longlegs flew up to see what was the matter.

"Oh, this is the little wretch who pulled my sister's legs off, and my father's wings, and sang a rude song about 'Daddy, daddy longlegs,' instead of speaking of my respected parents as 'D. Longlegs, Esq.,' as a gentleman should be addressed."

"Let us pull him to pieces," they all shouted, and off went a leg, and between pain and fright Tommy knew no more—

Until he found himself in a wooden box with one slanting side, and iron bars at the top and on the other side. A strong smell of cheese pervaded the box.

"Hush, be quiet till I fetch puss, she will soon finish him." The cat which the mice brought was as big as a tiger, and Tommy had often seen tigers at the Zoological

Gardens and knew what he would do with him ; he shut his eyes, he felt the door of the trap open, and felt he was sliding out, down, down into the big mouth and hot breath, which seemed to smother him.

Tommy tried to run ; he started, got away for a moment, and found himself in the yard with Johnny and a lot of other boys ; their mothers were at a little distance, and called to the children to get out of the way of a large Cock-a-doodle-doo, which, mounted on a bicycle, was driving furiously round and round. The cock was flapping its wings, crowing and making a hideous and alarming noise. Tommy ran on, but he was not quite quick enough ; on came the bicycle, down fell Tommy, and both his poor little legs were cut off by the wheel.

It was a relief to find himself flying about his garden, well, and rejoicing in the sunshine ; he was again a happy, thoughtless little boy. " I must have dreamt of that cock," and he ran round and round the house, not looking where he went, he was caught in a large net of the same colour as the grass.

" Are you collecting boys only," said a big stag beetle close by him, " or do you collect girls as well ?"

" I prefer urchins," said the butterfly, who held the net ; " and this is a fine specimen. Tommy belongs to the small roguey poguey breed, and will look very nice when I ' set ' him on cork. At present I shall just pin him down comfortably ; where is my little mallet ? Oh, thank you," she said, taking it from a lizard who had kindly carried it for her. " One, two, three, there Tommy will do nicely for the present," and off they flew, leaving poor Tommy writhing in pain with a large pin stuck right through him.

Almost a relief to find himself able to move, although placed in the most unpleasant position of being tightly



fastened into a cart, with a bit in his little red mouth, and being driven with heavy blows by a dog very much like his own "Frisk," while a fat healthy puppy was holding the reins and driving poor Tommy on at a pretty fast pace.

"Oh dear, I cannot go any faster," sighed poor Tommy.

"Beat him harder," said the Puppy. "Gee up, Dobbin," and on and on they drove the miserable little boy.

Again a change, but not a change for the better. Oh dear no! Banging blows on the head, hair pulled, clothes roughly dragged about, Miss Dolly was taking her vengeance on Tommy for all the cruel tricks he had played her. What strong arms she had, and she hit him with a hair brush until her arms ran down with sawdust, which never happens, you know, unless a doll is quite worn out and exhausted. Just as Dolly was going to put Tommy's eyes out with the nursery scissors, he sprang away with a cry and crept into the parrot's cage, where he sat quietly for a time, too weary to speak.

Tommy's quiet was speedily disturbed by the arrival of the lawful owner of the cage—Pretty Polly herself.

"What fun!" she cried. "Teazing Tommy in my cage, sitting in my ring, and I have no doubt eating my Indian corn and sop;" but poor Tommy was only too glad to be quiet, and he had no wish to deprive Polly of any of her provisions, he only asked to rest and sit in peace in the large ring in Polly's cage. But quietness and comfort did not suit Miss Polly, she kept putting her claws in and scratching the child, and also bit him with her sharp, strong beak, she scolded at him in shrill tones which went through his head, and made herself extremely unpleasant in every way. Still he was too tired to mind much, but cuddled down with his little arm over his face, and went off to sleep as he had often

seen Polly herself do, when he had teased and tormented her too long.

When Tommy again awoke, it was to find himself hurrying along in front of two rabbits, one of whom held a gun just like his own toy gun, which kept popping away at him, while he ran wildly about here and there, to escape the shot which he felt certain would strike him sooner or later. Oh how much he wished he had never fired at his own dear little rabbits, and how frightened he was of these big ones!

Bang! Bang! And he rolled over and was seized and put in a bag by the biggest rabbit, who said, "He is fat, what a fine one. Shall we say curry or smothered in onions?" Poor Tommy felt smothered enough in the bag without any onions, and thought how good he would be if only once he got back to his dear and happy home.

Strangely enough he was at home, and in the kitchen too, he knew it well; he was just by the corner of the kitchen clock, and here there are generally some blackbeetles if you go late at night, or early in the morning, and even one or two in the afternoon, if the day is dull and dark.

Here was the place where Johnny and he had crushed the beetles in the afternoon, and now he saw a blackbeetle coming towards him. As it approached, it grew bigger and bigger, and at last it lifted up its foot, on which was a big boot, and said, "Suppose I stamp on you, young man!" Poor Tommy woke up with a start, thankful to have escaped such a fate, and resolving never to tread on any beetle or other insect again.

A bell ringing loudly in his ears, startled Tommy out of a quiet dose of a few minutes duration, and he saw before him the unfortunate baker's boy; the lad's eyes were swollen with tears, and he balanced a large tray of muffins on his



head. As he came near Tommy's bed, he upset the whole tray on the counterpane, all over Tommy, only a few muffins and crumpets remained on the tray, and these began to look like people, and to smile and laugh at him.

All the muffins and crumpets on the bed ran about all over Tommy, and danced round him without a word.

Tommy implored the baker's boy to take them off him, but the boy only said, "I wish I could get them back, but you upset them, and only you can get them back." Tommy tried in vain to catch the muffins and replace them on the tray. As soon as he got one up, down it ran on its quaint little black legs, and then they all laughed so loudly that Tommy woke with the noise.

"What a bad night I am having," he said, and longed for the morning. He thought of the next day, and of how lonely he would be without his mother and sisters, for he well knew that Johnny would not again be asked to spend the day with him, and he sadly thought that if he had but been good, he would have had a lovely ride on the elephant, and seen the lions fed, and given buns to the bears, and have passed a really delightful day with his dear mother and little sisters. Thinking of all this, he again fell off into a quieter sleep than he had yet enjoyed, and he dreamed that he was riding on the dear old elephant, and that the creature could talk, and that he said, "Why, Tommy, I can hardly believe you are a cruel child, you were so kind and pleasant to me last time you came to the Zoo."

Tommy hung his head and felt ashamed that the clever elephant should know of his bad conduct, he did not know what to say in reply; the elephant continued, "You ought to be punished, so that you would never forget your duty to dumb animals." "But you can talk, I have no duty to you," said Tommy. "You have duties towards all animal creation; every man and every boy has his duty to do to every living

thing he meets, and has to do with. You must be taught this if you do not know it," so saying, the elephant took Tommy up with his trunk and dropped him into the bear's den. In an instant he was surrounded by all the animals he remembered to have seen; bears, the brown and the white bear, the lion and the tiger, the wild boar and the monkey, the kangaroo, the hyena; the giraffe stretched his long neck down to him, and the elephant hung his head and trunk down, while the large owl and the pelican flew down with a great and hissing noise; thus he found himself completely surrounded by animals and birds who closed round him and asked him whether he was sorry for the past, and if he intended to be in future kind and merciful, or harsh and unkind to animals.

Tommy at once said, "I will be kind and good, do let me go home to my mother."

"No, Tommy," they all said; "you must show us you mean to be kind. What is that you have in that plate?"

"Cake," said Tommy, "and only a little bit, not enough for you all."

"Quite enough if given to me," they cried out, and came nearer and nearer, while Tommy in his fright began to scatter his cake eagerly among them.

"More cake, more cake," they shouted, and pressed so closely round Tommy that he shrieked with fright and woke.

He was in his own bed safe and sound, a light in the room, and both Mother and Nurse at his bedside

"Its those nasty muffins, mum," said Nurse. "Master Tommy has got a regular nightmare."

Tommy clung to his mother.

"I will be good and kind," he said, "I will never hurt anything again."

"That is right, Tommy," said his mother; "but now you must just take this little dose of medicine like a good boy."



Tommy drank down the medicine, which was very nasty, without a word; his head ached, he had a lump in his chest, and his hands were burning. His kind Mother carried him into her own bed and held him in her arms until he fell into a quiet sleep, and in the morning he woke up much better, but still a little pale and very quiet, for him.

The little girls were sent off with Nurse to the Zoological Gardens, and Mrs. Tiptop and Tommy passed the day alone. It was not a dull day to Tommy, for Mrs. Tiptop read to him and talked to him, and told much that was interesting about the habits of animals.

As Tommy gradually recovered from the effects of his naughty conduct, Mrs. Tiptop took him out with her into the garden; here he had the pain of seeing the rabbits frightened at his appearance, and it was a long time before he could coax them to eat the nice carrots he brought them. When he went into the poultry yard, the fowls flew before him; in the stable the dogs ran and hid themselves, while pussey looked out in alarm from the loft. One day's unkindness had frightened them, and they looked on their little master with terror instead of affection.

The tears were in poor Tommy's eyes: "When will they love me again?" he said, sadly.

"When you have again won their confidence," his mother replied; "but you must be patient and quiet, feed them regularly, and speak always very gently to them; and now let us try to find the poor muffin boy, and tell his master the whole truth."

Tommy felt in a great fright, but he knew that he must obey, and he felt that his mother would understand how he felt (for mothers always do feel for little boys and girls), and would help him out of his difficulty. So he held his mother's hand rather tightly, and they went off together to the baker.

Mrs. Tiptop entered the shop just as the baker was piling up the muffin tray with muffins and crumpets.

"None o' your tricks to-day," said the baker, roughly; "just you behave till your time is up on Saturday, or you'll be in gaol before you know where you are."

The poor boy was just beginning to defend himself, when he caught sight of Tommy and his mother, he crimsoned, and remained silent.

"My little boy has come to pay for the muffins he ate and destroyed yesterday, and to say how sorry he is for behaving so wrongly."

"Then it was true, Bob," said the baker, "that the young gentleman took your muffins, well I couldn't believe as how young gentlemen could have stole yer muffins. Oh, ma'am, I am sorry for you."

Tommy felt the colour rise up into his face and ears and neck, and felt hot all over.

"I am really sorry," he said, "Mr. Weighwell. I will pay for them all, and I hope you and Bob will forgive me," and he began to cry.

"Looky here," said the baker, "Master Tommy, what I feel so is that I've been that unjust to Bob, and nigh broke his mother's heart by sending him off with a bad character as a thief and a liar, and 'tis you as stole my muffins."

"I did not mean to steal them," said Tommy, sobbing.

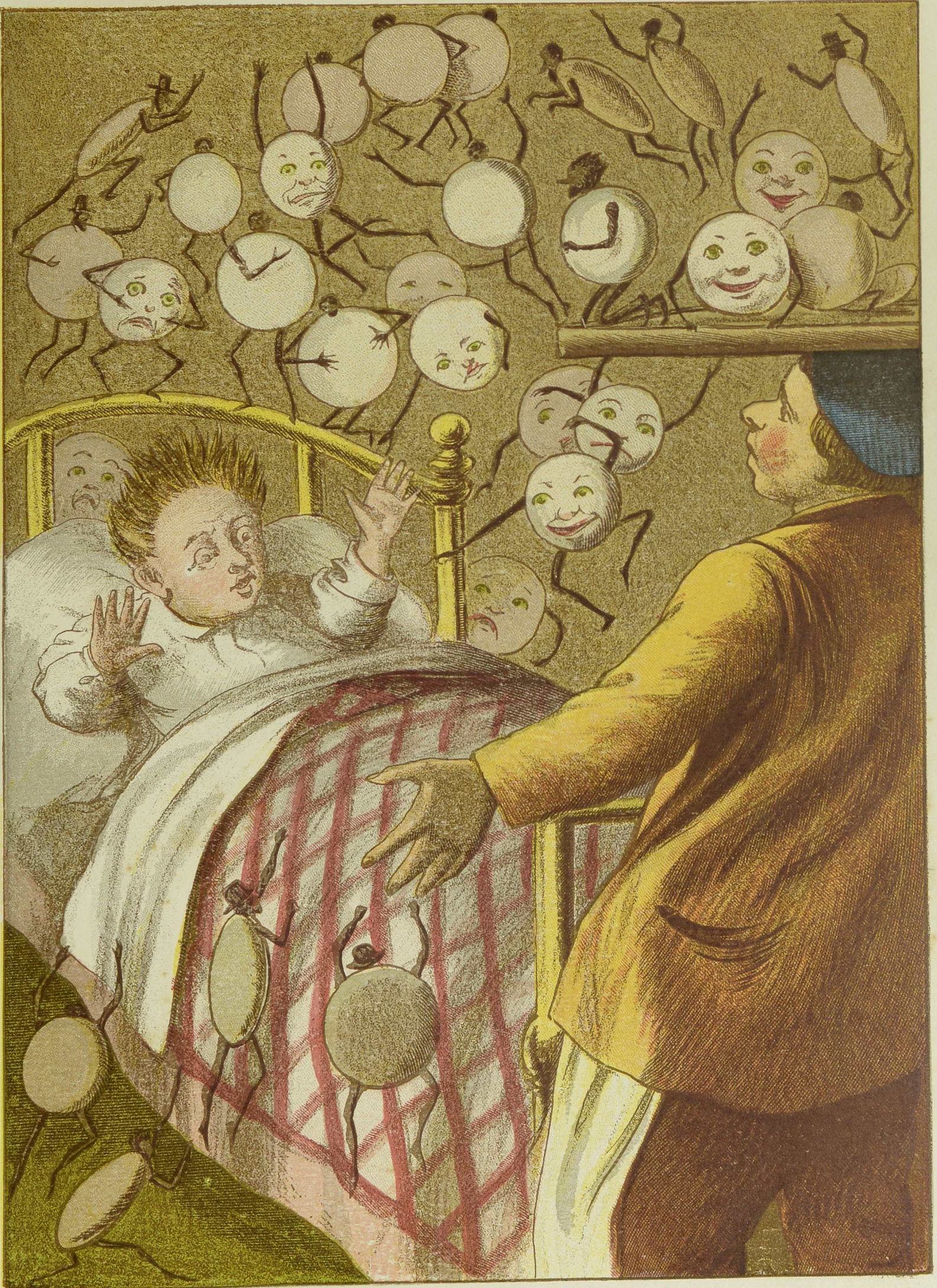
"If you take what don't belong to you its stealing, plain enough," replied Mr. Weighwell, "you can't alter that."

"It will be a lesson to Tommy for life," said his mother, gently; "but I should be glad to know what Tommy can do to make amends to Bob for the suffering he has caused him."

"Oh, I'm all right now, ma'am," said poor Bob, who looked bright enough. "Master won't send me off now, and I'm sure Master Tommy need need not cry so."

Tommy lifted his little face, all covered with tears, and said, "Mother, I could help Bob, I could ring the muffin bell for him, and perhaps carry the tray."

"No, Sir," said Mr. Weighwell, "but you could go some-



times and read to Bob's mother, who cannot read for herself, and she would be very glad of a visit from you. Ringing the bell is the best part of a muffin boy's work, and they never shirk that, but reading aloud is another thing, and if you read the Bible once a week to an old woman, you'll be helping her and yourself too."

"Thank you, Mr. Weighwell, for the suggestion; I am only too glad if my little boy can do a kindness," said Mrs. Tiptop; "and now let me know what my Tommy owes you for the muffins and crumpets, he has brought his money-box and will be glad to get out of debt."

After some calculation and talk between Bob and his master as to the number of muffins taken out and the few brought home, and the three-pennyworths and the six-pennyworths left at various homes before Bob had called at Mrs. Tiptop's house, and the result was that Tommy had to pay three shillings and tenpence, which he did cheerfully, although his little store of savings was nearly exhausted by this outlay, but he felt happier to see the baker put the money in his till, and to see Bob look cheerful.

"Now remember," said the baker, very solemnly, "that you took these muffins without paying for them, and you could have been sent to prison, and that you must never take anything which does not belong to you, nor use other people's things without asking them,

It is a sin,
To steal a pin,

and I hope, Master Tommy, that this is the last trouble your poor Ma will have with you."

"Will you forgive me, Bob," said Tommy, "I am so sorry?"

"Yes, my dear," said Bob, who felt quite happy, "of course I will, and Master Johnny too; it was all mischief and fun."

"It is no fun to do wrong, Bob, 'the way of transgressors is hard,' and Tommy has been very unhappy for many hours after his few minutes of 'fun.'"

Mrs. Tiptop then took Tommy home, and the little fellow was very silent and subdued, at last he said :

“ Mother, I don't think I read well enough for Bob's mother.”

“ No, dear, I do not think she would enjoy your reading yet, but I will go and see her and read to her till you can read well enough ; in the meantime you shall read out loud to me, and we will choose nice amusing books about animals, and you will see how much there is to learn about them if you will only make them love you.”

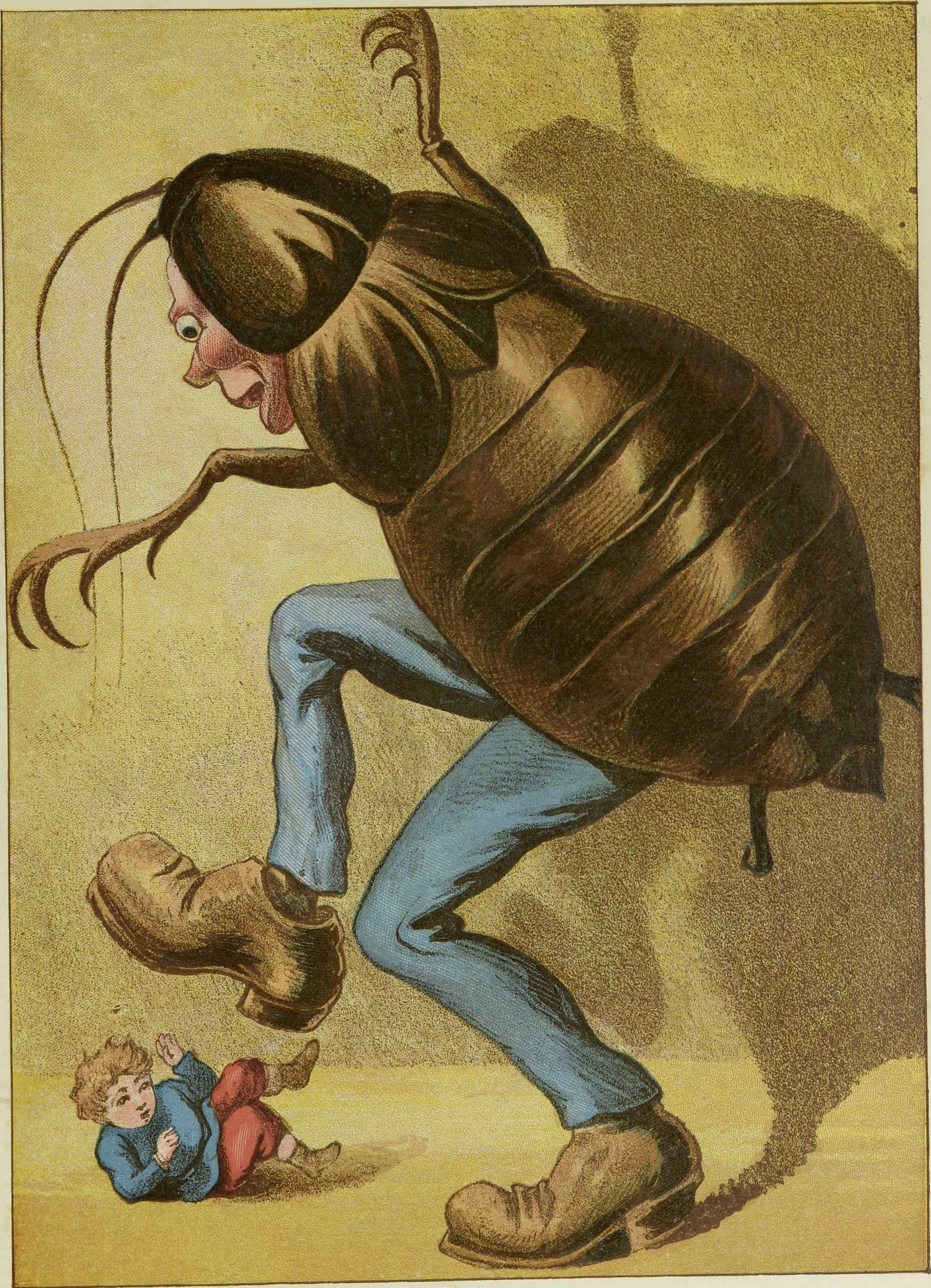
“ But how can I make amends to Bob, he was much kinder than Mr. Weighwell.”

“ Mr. Weighwell was your true friend, Tommy, for he showed you how very serious a matter a piece of mischief may become ; you thought nothing of destroying and taking Bob's muffins, but he knew perfectly well that had you come to his shop and taken a loaf, he would have sent for the police, and he wished to show you the danger as well as the wickedness of your conduct.”

“ Mother, I will never, never take a crumb that does not belong to me ; do believe me.”

“ My dearest boy, I always do believe you, for with all your faults you are always truthful, and now you promise I know I may trust you ; but you must think, Tommy, before you act, and consider others more and yourself less. For instance, you are always taking your sisters' toys and dolls and they do not belong to you ; all the animals, except your own rabbits and chickens and your own dog, are your father's and mine, and you treat everything as if it is yours.

“ When you want a sheet of paper you help yourself, you run to my pincushion for a pin, you use my brushes or your sisters' if they are handier than your own, you treat everything as if it is yours by right, and it is only now this dreadful thing has happened that I see how wrongly my darling child has acted, and how wrong Mother has been to allow Tommy's naughty ways.



“All the nursery toys were all your own for so long, that is the only excuse I can see for us both, Tommy, but we don't want to excuse ourselves, we must do right and we must pray to be guided in the right way; we must ask for a right judgment in all things, and by being kind and thoughtful for others, we shall cure our faults and avoid all the errors of the past.

“And now, my darling boy, cheer up and begin to put your good resolutions at once in practice to-day.”

“Mother,” said Tommy, squeezing her hand hard, “may I give Bob a pair of my rabbits?”

“Yes, dear, but they will be of no use to him without a rabbit hutch.”

“I will give him the hutch and all,” said Tommy; “or I will try to make one for him.”

Mrs. Tiptop smiled, but she was glad to see her boy really wish by a little self-sacrifice to make some amends, however small, to the boy he had injured.

When Tommy reached home he found his father was quite willing to help him in making a nice new rabbit hutch for Bob, and while they drew plans and made measurements, Mr. Tiptop talked to Tommy about his friend Johnny, whose father he had seen that evening, and who told him that Johnny was very ill indeed; the raw muffins had disagreed with him, and he was in a violent fever, and did not even know his mother when she spoke to him. It was many weeks before the little friends met, and they were both very much surprised at the change which had taken place in each other.

During the long weary hours when Johnny was recovering from his illness, his great amusement had been a little puppy who—thanks to his being kind and gentle with it—had learned many pretty little tricks and nice ways, and Johnny was proud to show Tommy that the puppy could beg, would walk on his hind legs, would catch a piece of biscuit or “trust” for it, and would pretend to be dead, and would

fetch and carry at the will of his little master, and did every trick of which a little dog is capable, Johnny had learnt patience in his illness, which was entirely brought on by his own fault, and both boys were not only truly sorry for what they had done, but firmly resolved to be kind and good to all around them, and especially to dumb animals who are unable to complain of those who inflict needless sufferings upon them.

That the two little boys were now much happier than when they were always in mischief and trouble, is hardly necessary to say. They were always delighted to see Bob, and to hear his account of the rabbits in which they were very much interested.

Time passed on, as time has a habit of doing, and the boys grew better and wiser and kinder as each day went by; they tried to do one kind action every day to some person, or to some thing, and soon they got into the habit of looking out for chances of helping others, so that they were loved by all, and they grew up good men and remained firm friends all their lives. Being kind to all around them, they took happiness with them wherever they went, and the world was happier and better for their existence. It was but a small world at first, just their home circle, then a larger world, that of school life, and then the largest world of grown up, manly life. They were quite happy, because they tried to make others happy, and never thought about themselves, which is the secret of being happy. To make others happy is our duty, and brings its own reward with it, and especially it is our duty to be kind and merciful to all animals.

THE END.





LEIGHTON BROS., DRURY LANE.