

KITTIE

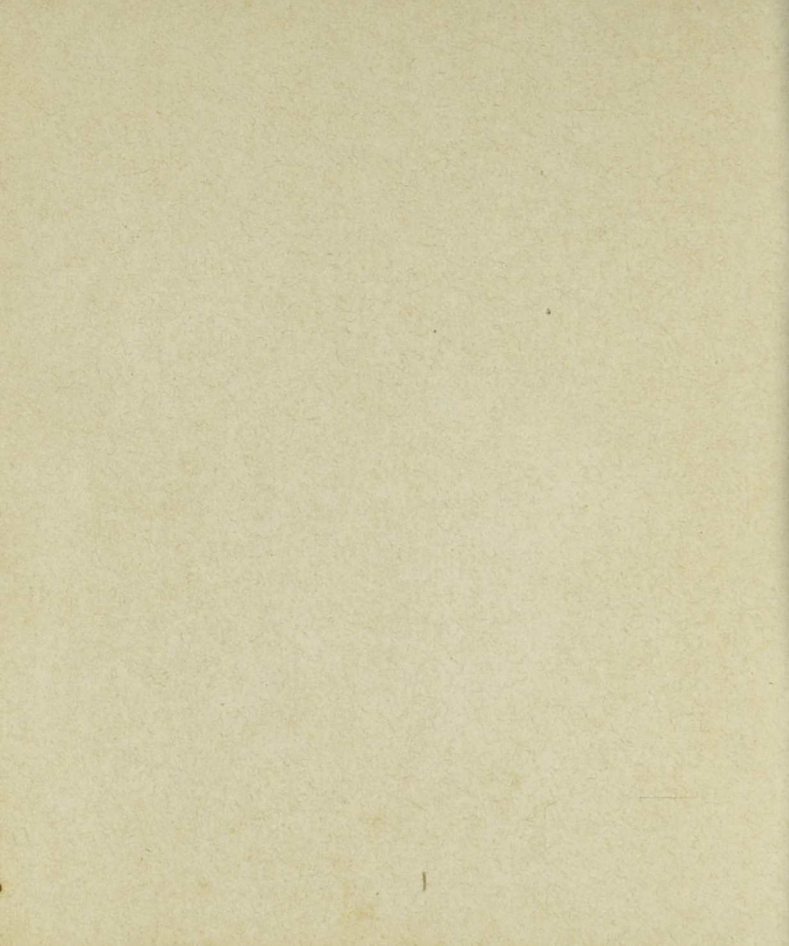


London:
Ernest Nister

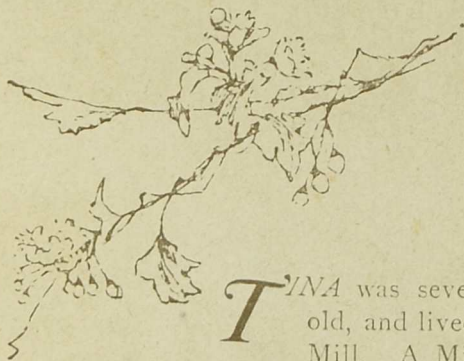
816

New York:
E.P. Dutton & Co.

Merry Christmas
to
Maril.

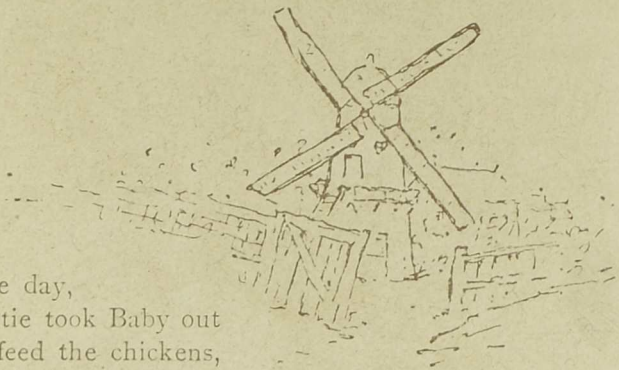


KITTIE.



TINA was seven years old, and lived at the Mill. A Mill is a delightful place, where corn is ground into flour that the baker makes bread with. Tina had a nice big sister, whose name was Kittie, and the sweetest little baby sister.

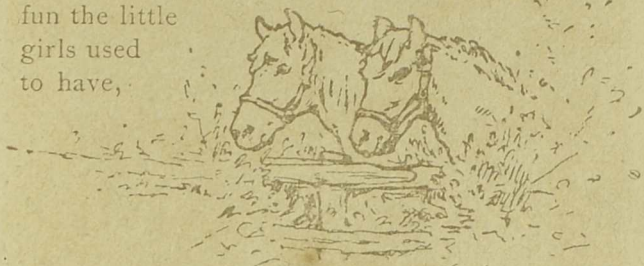




One day,
Kittie took Baby out
to feed the chickens,
but it began to rain, so they
had to come in again; and Baby didn't like that
and began to cry; so to make her good, Tina and
Kittie showed her Pussy's picture in the book,
and then Tina let Pussy see it, and the baby
was as good as could be; and when Father and
Mother came in, they wanted to see it too. And
they all thought it very pretty, and just like
Pussy; and Pussy said, "Miow, miow, miow;
thank you very much."



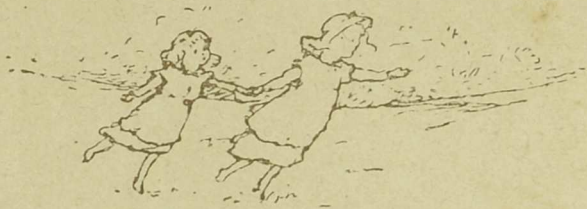
On wet days, Father would catch them up in his arms and carry them up the long ladder that stood outside the Mill, into the sack-room. The sack-room was a great place, like a barn, filled with corn and big sacks of flour, and where everything and everybody was covered with fine white dust, from Father and Bob, the foreman, down to the tabby cat, who was kept there to keep away the mice. Rare fun the little girls used to have,



scampering from end to end of it, with Tab running at their heels.

Sometimes Bob would let them stand at the little hole in the wall to watch the sacks of corn

being wound up by the pulleys. Sometimes he took them to the stables, and let them feed Dobbin and Gipsy and Joan, the miller's pet horses. What with the Mill, and the stream, and the lovely buttercups in the meadow, Tina and Kitty thought their own dear home was the loveliest place in the world.



"It's Mother's birthday to-morrow," whispered Kitty to Tina one afternoon, as they sat side by side in the Mill parlour. "What shall we give her?"

"Suppose we go up to the Hall and ask them to give us some of that beautiful white May that grows just inside the Park gates, and to-morrow we'll put it in a jug on the breakfast-table."

“So we will,” said Kitty. “Come along, Tina. But mind, we must not tell anybody!” And off they scampered.

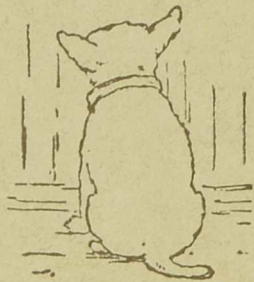
“Goodness me!” said Bob, the foreman, “what are the young rogues up to, I wonder?”

“I’ll give it the Miller’s children, tramping through my long grass!” said Farmer Turniptop to Joe the ploughboy.

But on they went, over the stile, past the church, and the turnpike, and the post-office, and up the hill, till they came to Stone Park gates.

“Bow, wow, wow!” cried Sancho, the Squire’s little white terrier. “Bow, wow, wow!” poking his nose through the rails, and looking very important indeed.

“Oh, Kitty!” said Tina, beginning to cry.





OUR

QUEENIE.

“He'll never let us into the park, we shall have nothing for Mother's birthday after all.”

“What is the matter, little girl?” cried Queenie, the Squire's little daughter, running towards them. “Down, Sancho! down, you naughty dog!” But Sancho would not obey, only stood growling and showing his teeth.

“Oh, please,” said Kitty, “we wanted a bit of your pretty white May, and have run up from the Mill to ask if we might gather some, because it's Mother's birthday to-morrow.”

“Oh, how funny,” said Queenie; “I've come to get some, too—it's Baby May's birthday to-morrow, and Nurse says she will make a little

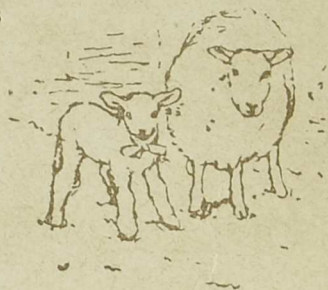


crown for her." Queenie opened the gate and let the little girls through. "Wouldn't you like to come to the house," she said, "and see Sancho and me play hide-and-seek, and Gip's little pups, and dear little Baby May?"

"Oh, we should!" cried Tina and Kittie both together.

So, hand-in-hand, the three little girls ran on through the Park. Queenie stopped now and then to show them the swans and the peacocks, the pony, and her own pet lamb. When they reached the house, the Squire's

lady came to meet them, and took them to see Baby May and Gip and the pups. And then Queenie made Sancho go through all his



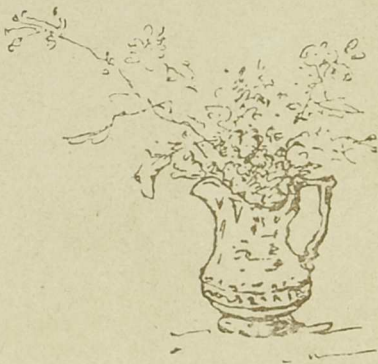


tricks, and Queenie's Mother filled their pockets with cakes and chocolates, and gave them a branch of lovely white May, and some flowers, too, for Mother's birthday.

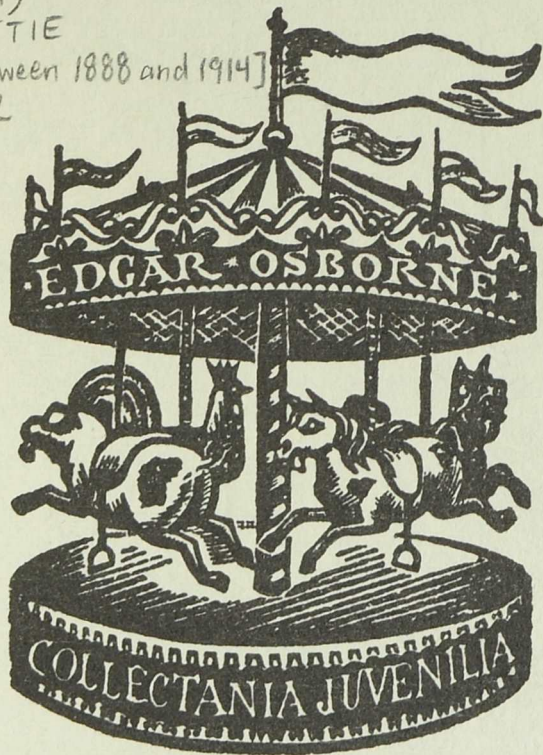
"Oh, dear! we must go now," said Kittie.

"But come again, won't you?" said Queenie.
Good-bye, dear little Tina and Kittie."

And home they ran through the meadow



(SA)
KITTIE
[between 1888 and 1914]
c. 2



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