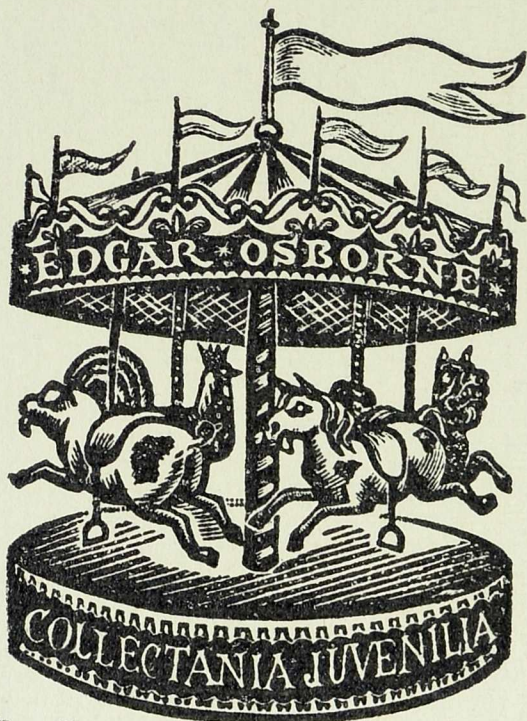


# G RANNIE'S YOUNG DAYS



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AT THE FARM





# GRANNIE'S YOUNG DAYS



BY

MABEL.

ILLUSTRATED

WITH 24 PICTURES IN COLOURS

BY

GEORGE LAMBERT

Kind Grannie told her little friends  
A Story which was true :  
You'll find that little Story here,  
And pretty Pictures too.

LONDON :  
FREDERICK WARNE & CO.  
BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.



Emick and Berger, Chromo  
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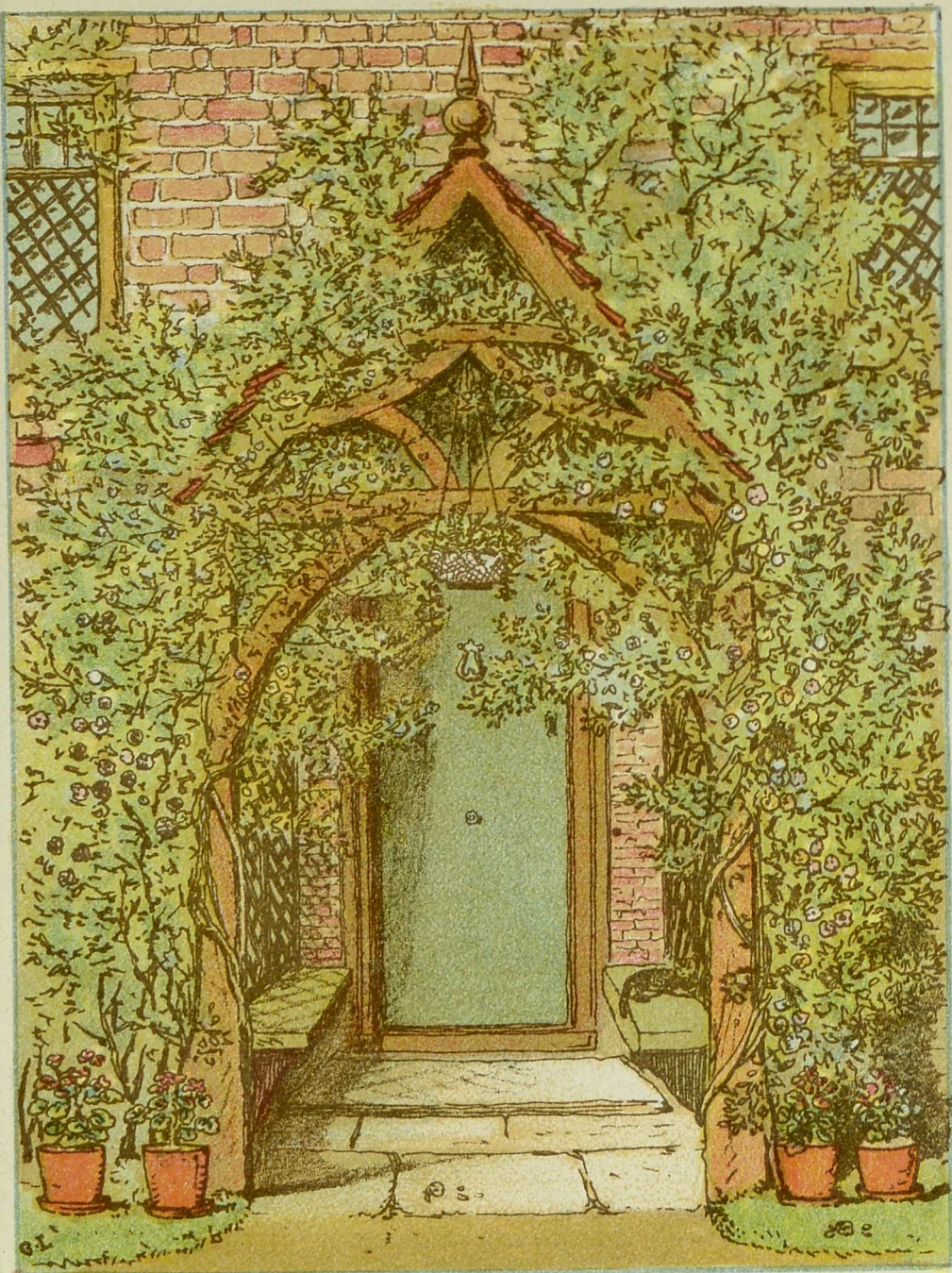
**I**t was nearly seven o'clock one winter's evening when Daisy and Bertie romped into their Grandmama's room, and begged her to tell them a story before they went to bed.

Grandmama, who was always very kind, told them to sit beside her, and

she would tell them the story of her home at the farm,



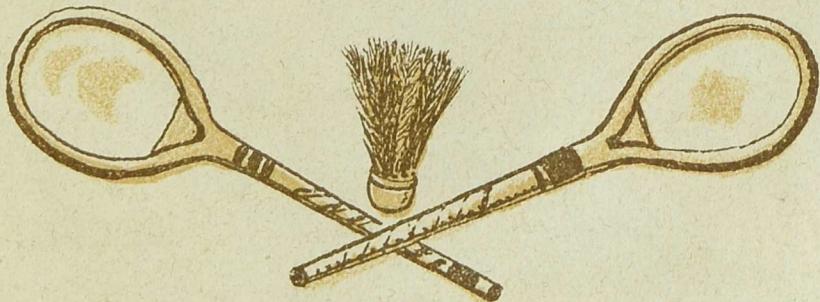
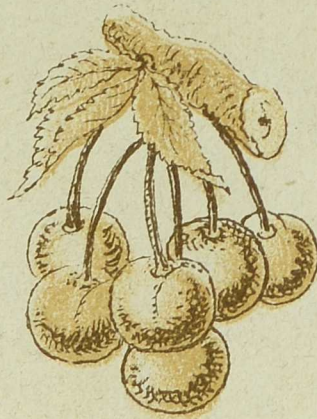




when she and her brother were young. When they had brought their hassocks near the fire and seated themselves at her feet, she began:—"Our house was built of red bricks, and had a tiled roof, which went up in points, just as churches are built.



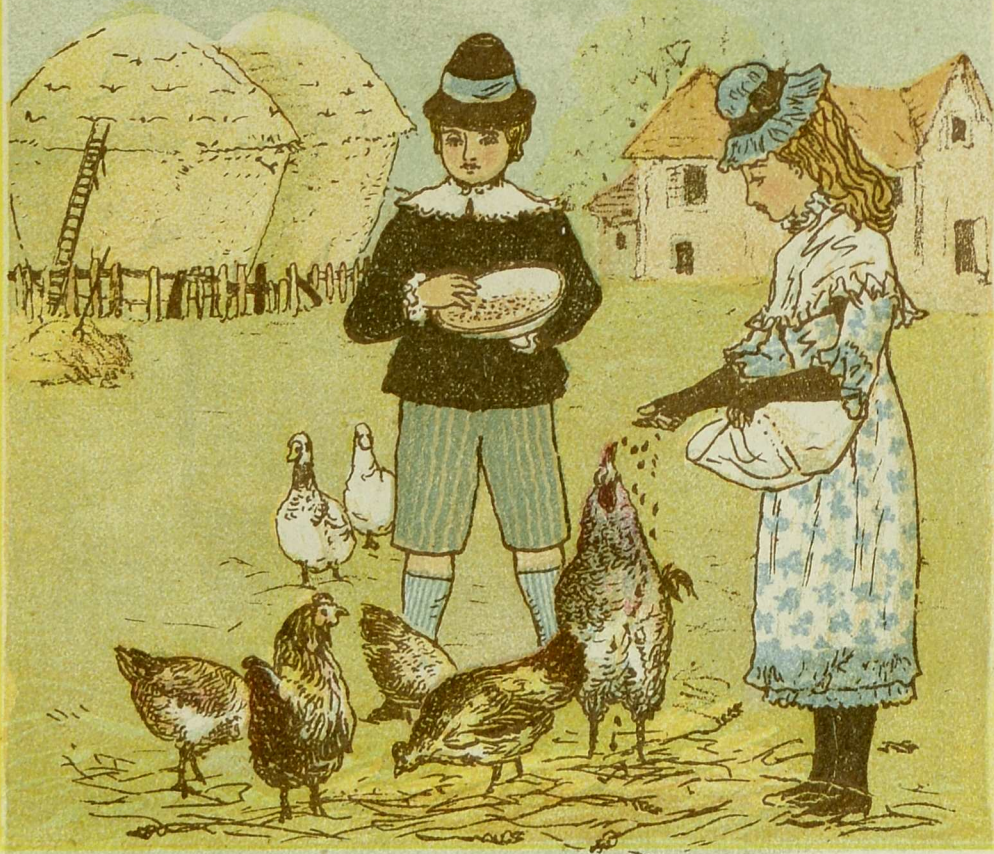
Over the door was a porch, and there were seats on each side, and roses and honeysuckles grew over it. There was a lawn in front of the house, in the centre of which was a fine old chestnut-tree, with seats placed round the trunk, where I used to sit and read in the summer; and when it was used to play shuttlecock Bobby. At house was a full of all kinds and I was in the cherries Bobby would steps up the ladder, and gather the lowest ones, while I held the basket for him to drop them into.



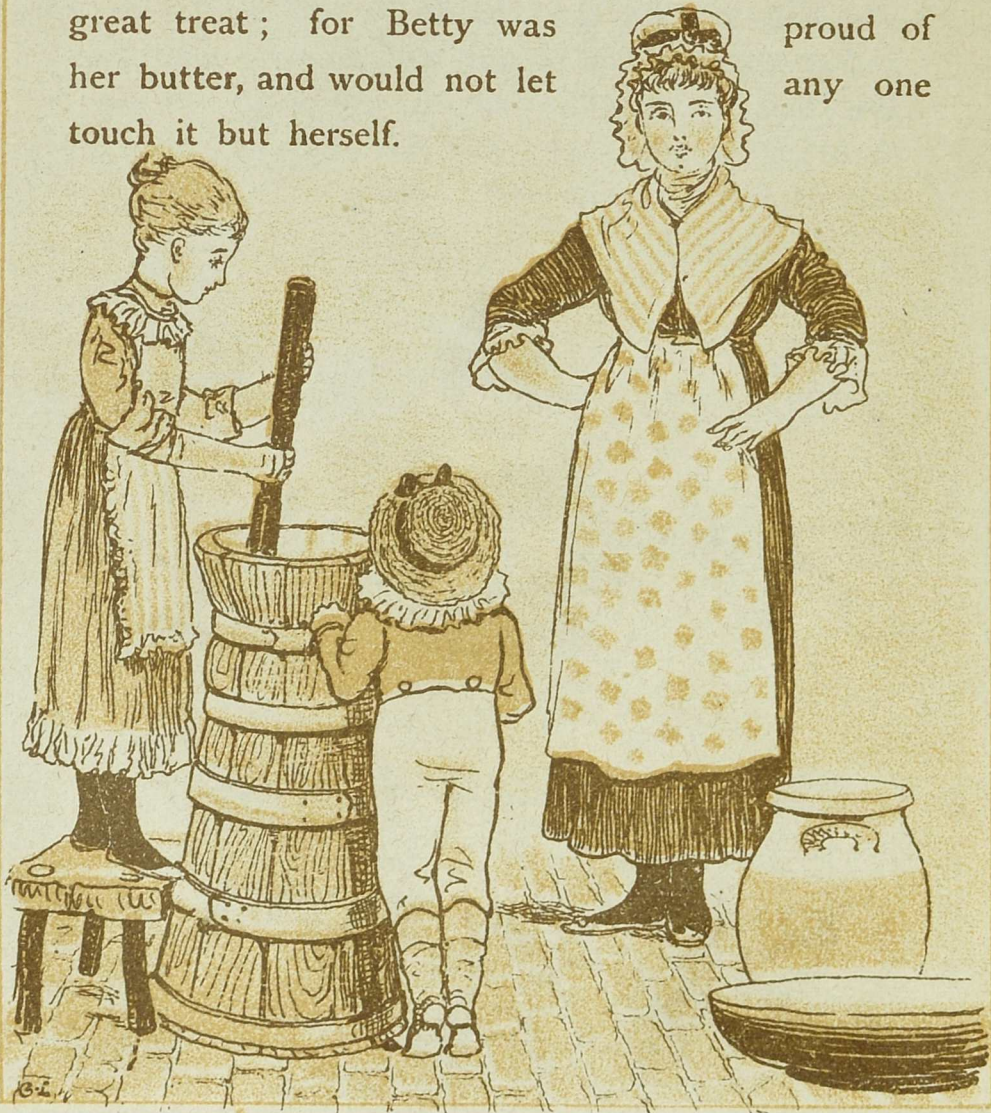


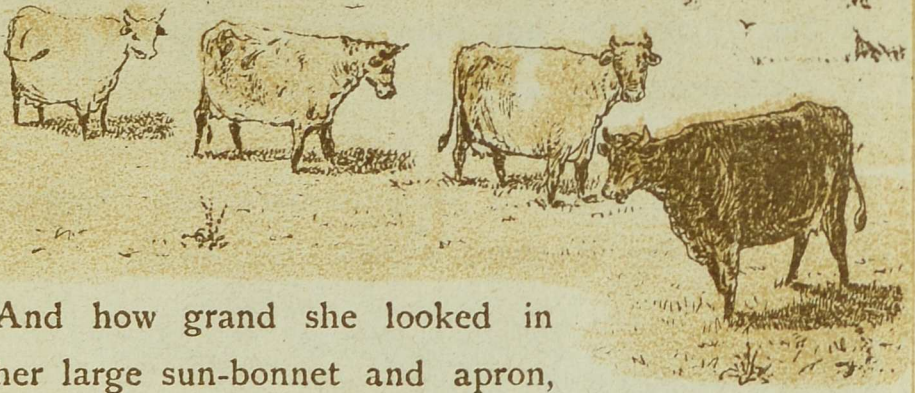


We had a great deal to do in the yard, for we had a lot of fowls of our own to feed every day. We had to pay a visit to the nests, to see if there were any eggs, and we had to take our rabbits some carrots and cabbages.

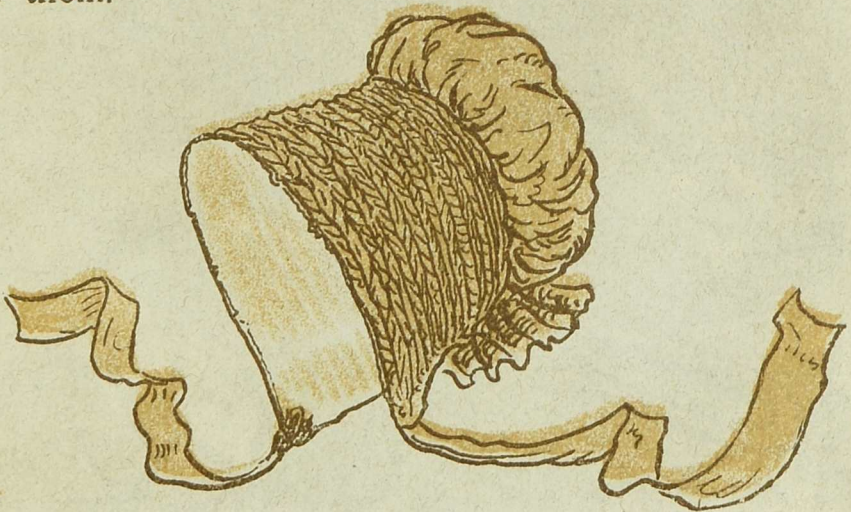


Then we would go into the dairy, and ask Betty to let us try and churn the cream to make butter, and if she would let us, it was a great treat; for Betty was proud of any one her butter, and would not let touch it but herself.

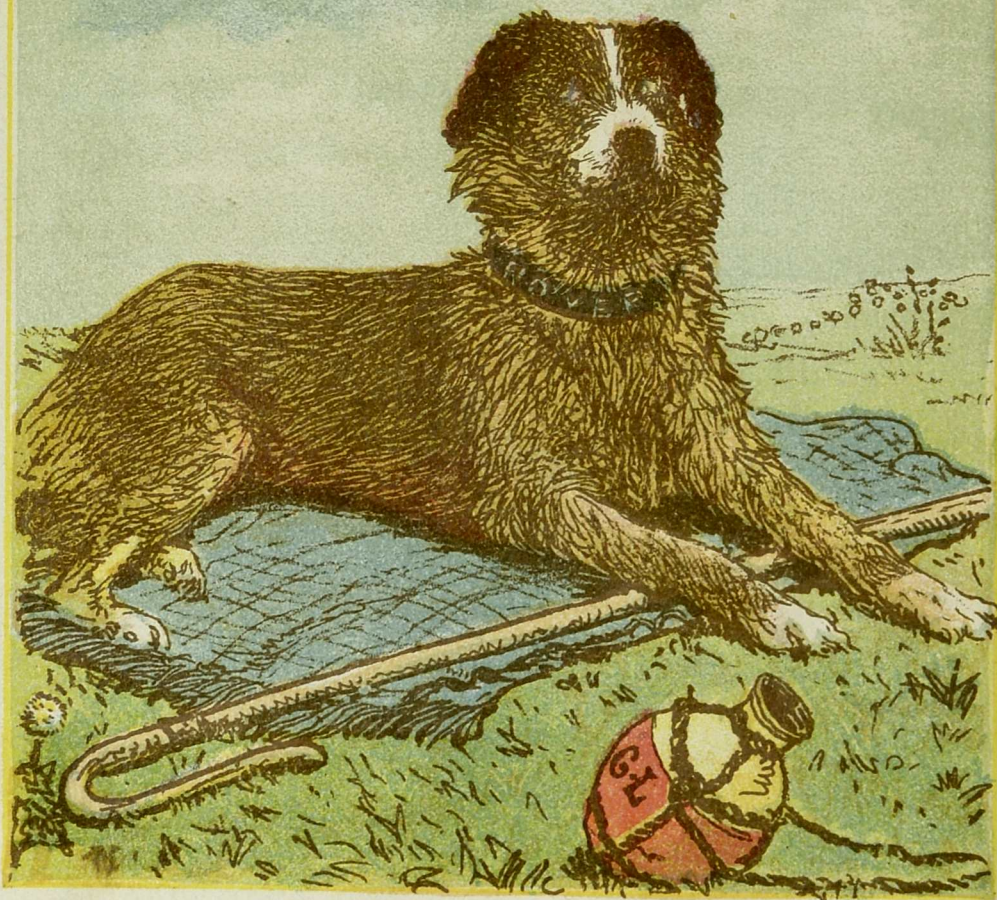




And how grand she looked in her large sun-bonnet and apron, with her pail on her head and her stool on her arm, when milking-time came! At the sound of her footsteps, a troop of cows would gather round the doors of the shed, waiting their time to be milked, and eating the mangold-wurzel which had been scattered about the yard for them.



But they did not like to be disturbed by the shepherd's dog, who came home about that time ; for although they knew Rover would not hurt them, they were afraid at his loud bark, and were glad to hear the shepherd whistle him away.



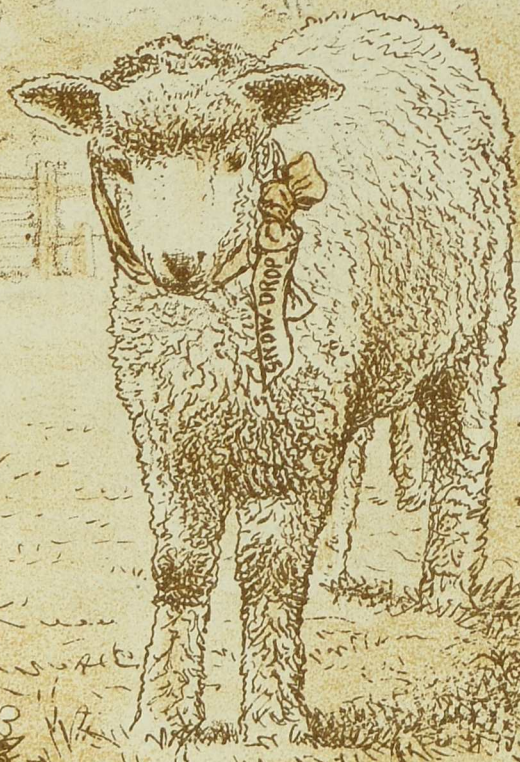


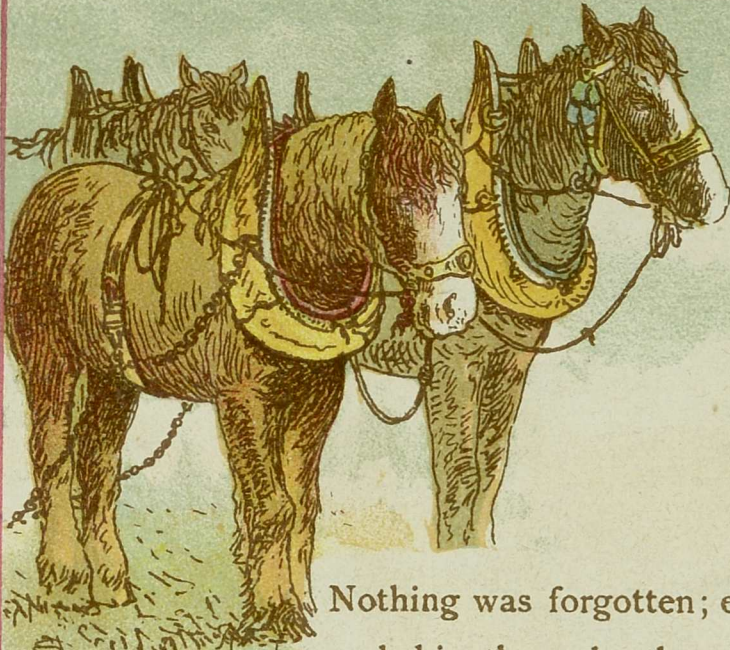


In the Spring we loved to watch the little lambs  
play with each other in the meadow, by the  
orchard.



We once had a pet lamb, which we called "Snow."  
We were very fond of all the animals that we  
had.

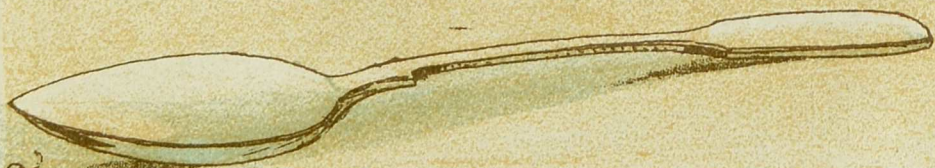
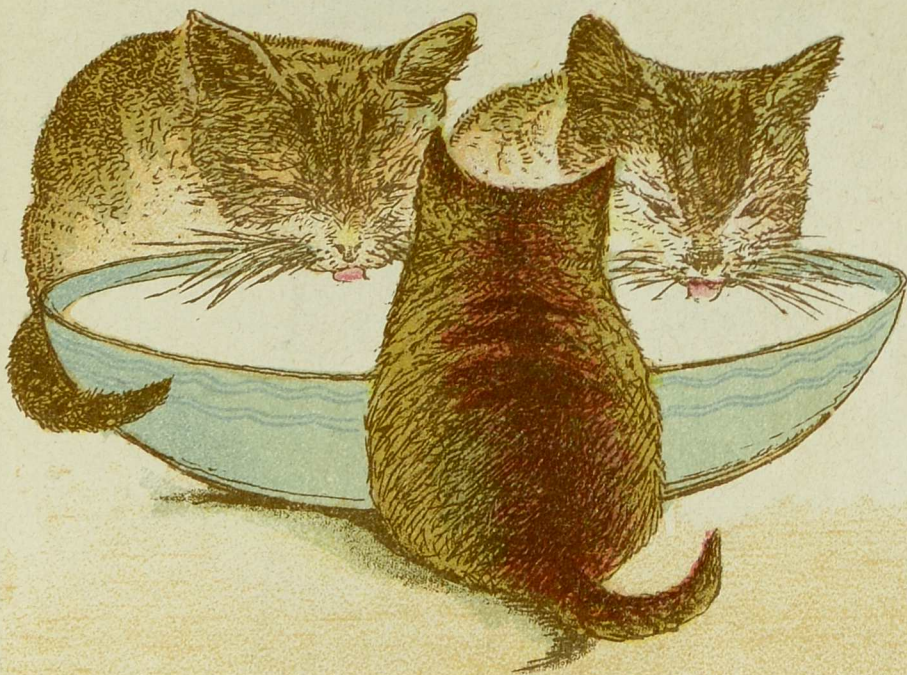




Nothing was forgotten; even Dobbin and his three brother horses were greeted by us on their return from the fields; and if it were haymaking - time, they were treated to a mouthful of nice fresh hay, for which Dobbin would let us ride home on his back, while Jones the waggoner held us on.

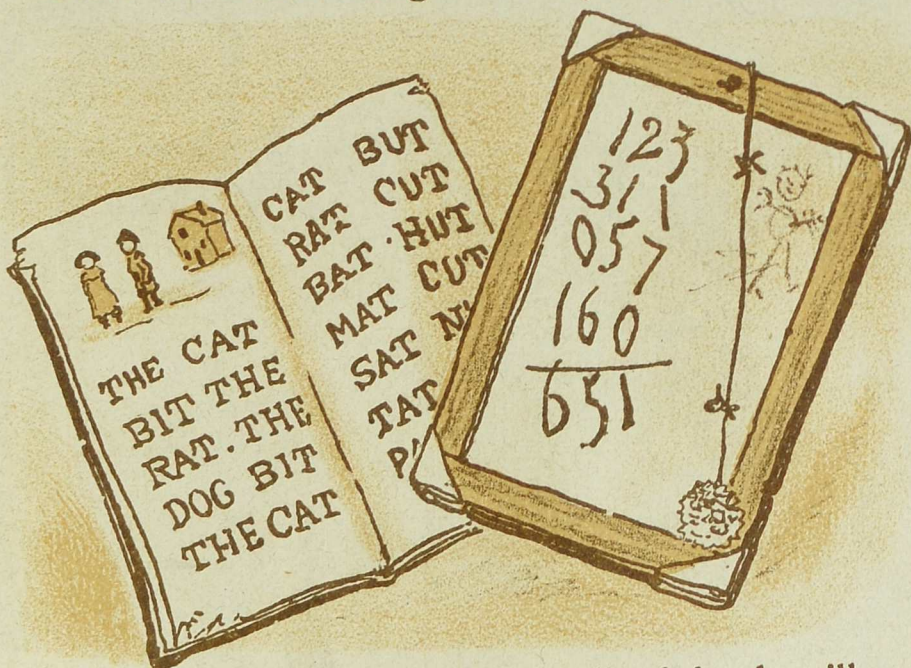


Then there were the pigeons and jackdaw  
to visit, and every morning we gave  
Catherine — for Pussie was too old  
to be called Kitty— a large saucer of new  
milk, which she shared with the other cats.





But you must not think we were always playing and never learnt any lessons, for we went to school at Dame Bridget's every day, with some



other little boys and girls who lived in the village not far from the farm.

Dame Bridget was an old lady very strict with her pupils. She used to wear a large mob cap with a bow of some bright ribbon, a dress of dark cotton,



and a large white apron; and as her sight was not very good, she wore a large pair of horn spectacles. But the most dreadful thing she



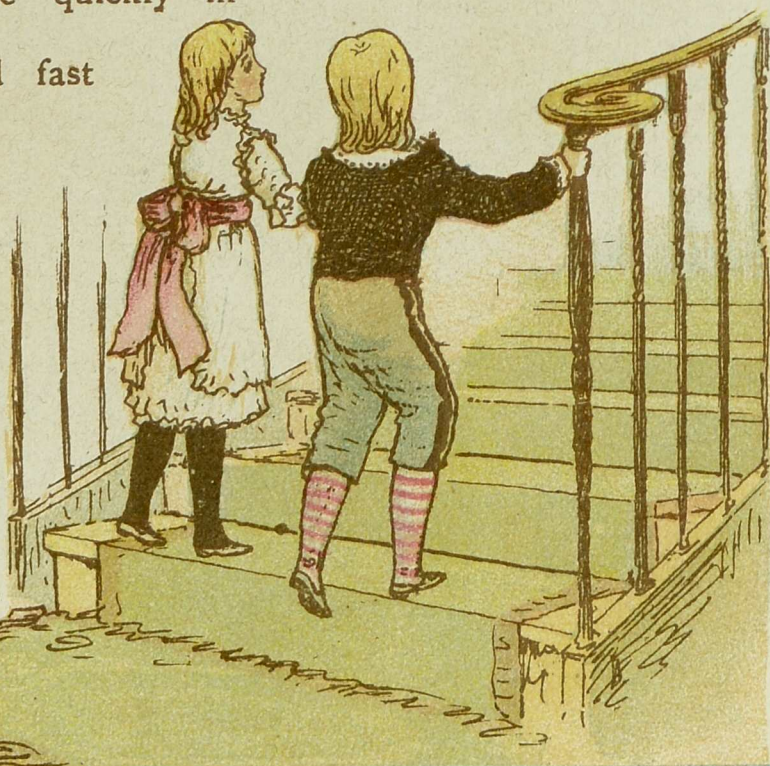
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had was a long cane, which stood in one corner of the room, with which she used to beat the naughty children.



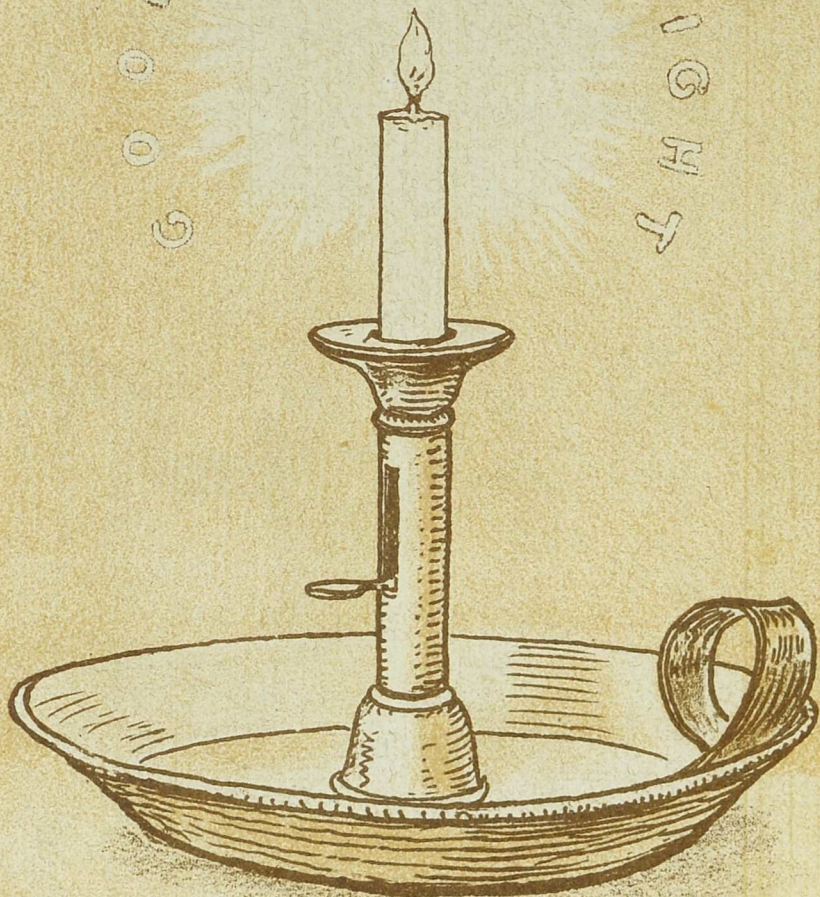
I will tell you more about her another time ;  
for I am tired now, and you ought to be in bed.  
So run off at once."

Daisy and Bertie thanked their Grandma for her  
story, and after they had coaxed her to let them  
come again, they kissed her, bade her good night,  
and were quickly in  
bed and fast  
asleep.



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