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SHORT STORIES

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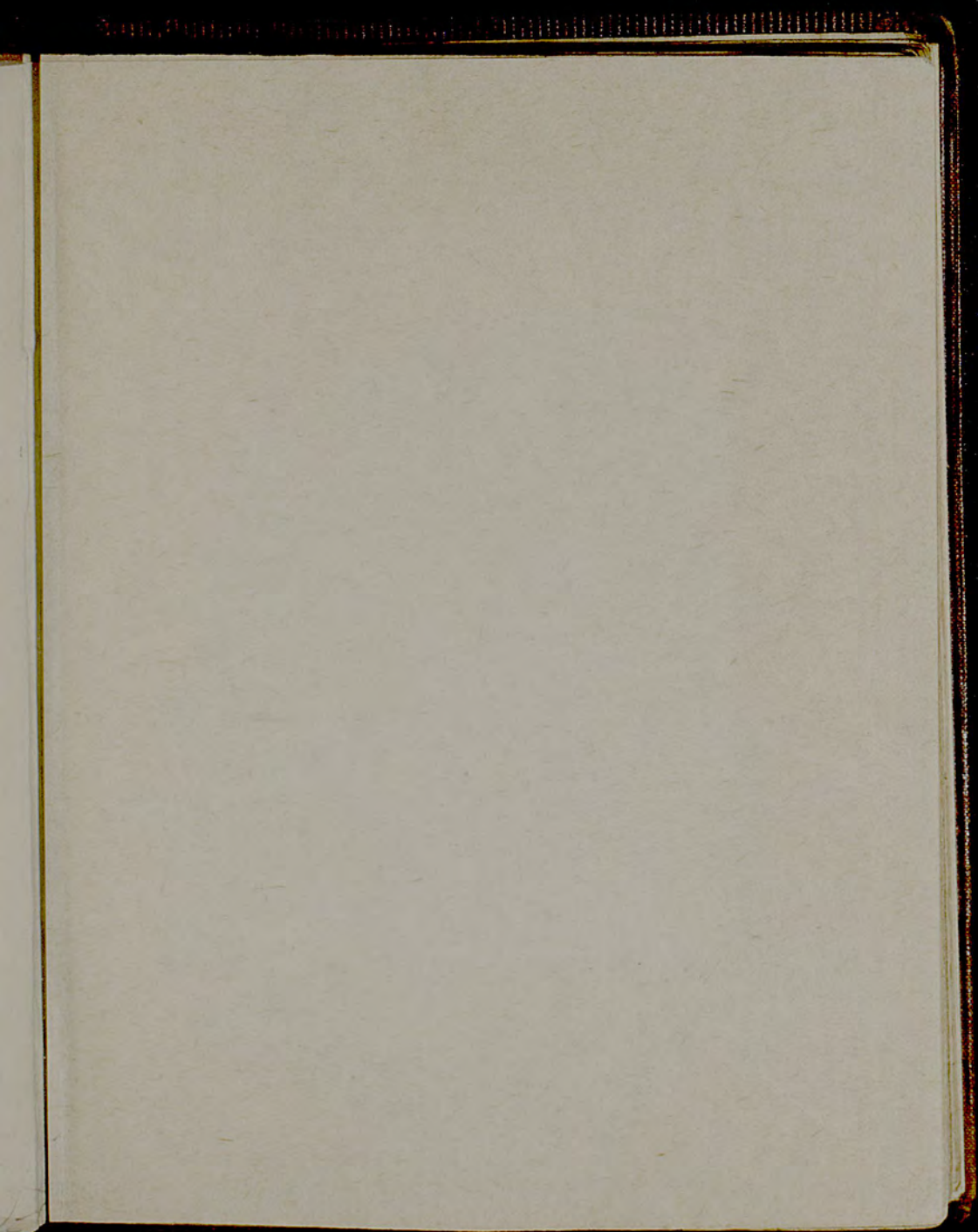
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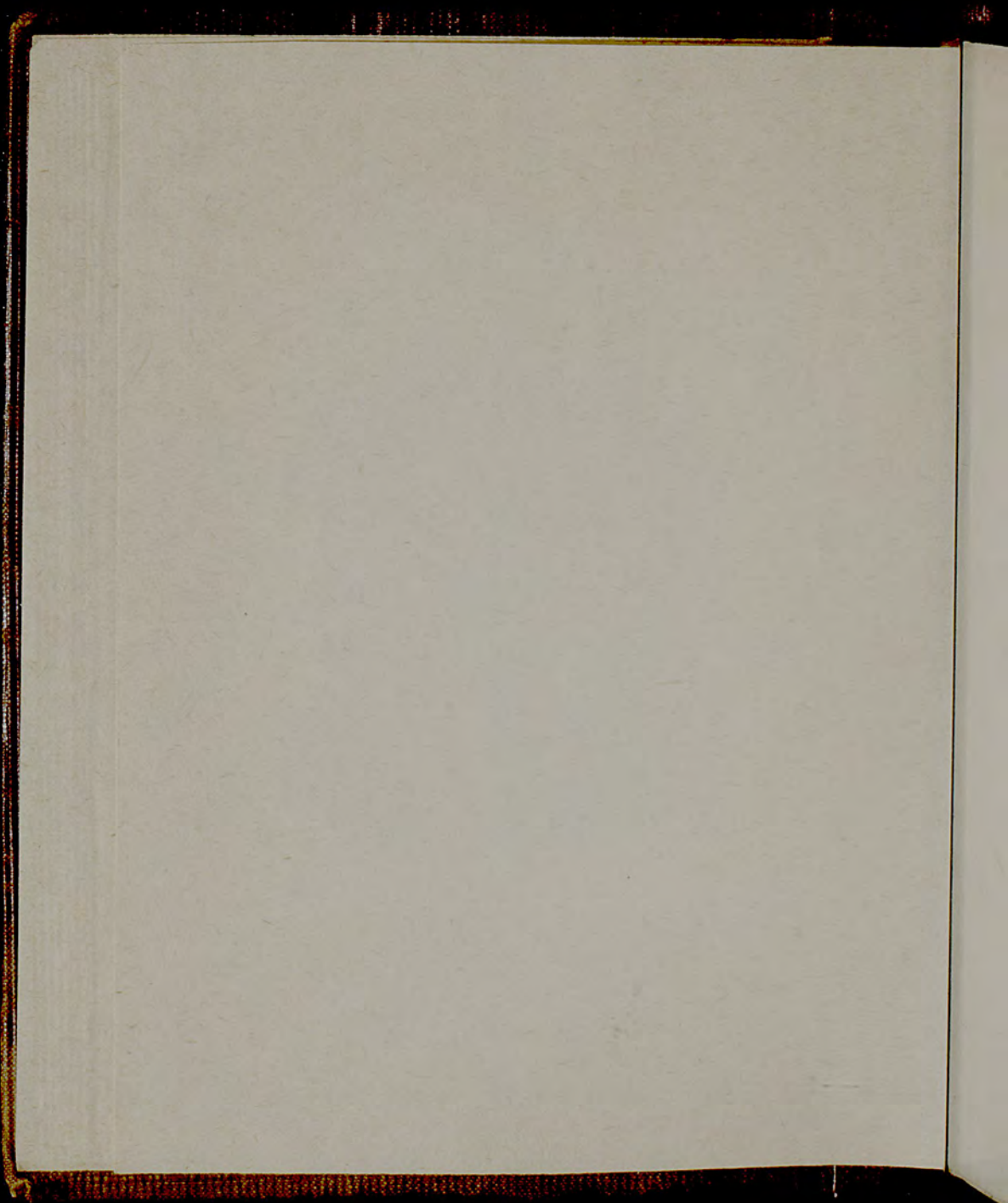
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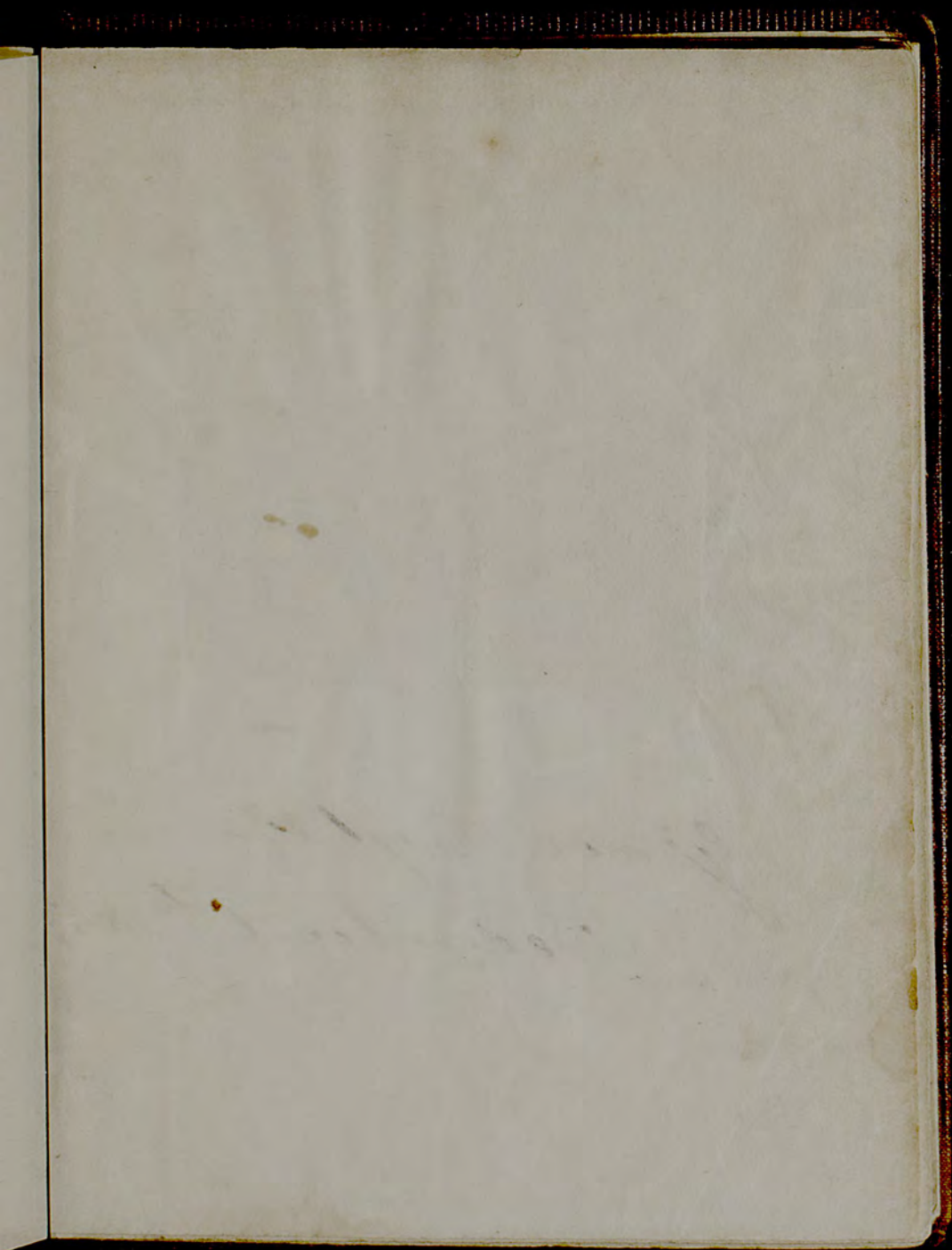
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Henry Taylor.

Stanford Rivers.

Grace Taylor  
December 6<sup>th</sup> 1847

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THE GOOD BOY AND GIRL.



**SHORT STORIES**  
**IN SHORT WORDS:**

ABOUT

THE DOG AND THE CAT,  
THE KIND OLD MAN AND THE POOR BOY,  
AND  
THE GOOD BOY AND GIRL.

By Mrs. BURDEN.

LONDON:

DEAN AND MUNDAY, THREADNEEDLE-STREET;  
AND  
A. K. NEWMAN & Co. LEADENHALL-STREET.

THE HISTORY OF THE  
REIGN OF  
THE GREAT KING  
OF GREAT BRITAIN  
AND IRELAND  
BY  
SAMUEL JOHNSON  
ESQ;  
IN TEN VOLUMES.  
LONDON:  
PRINTED BY A. MILLAR, IN ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD.  
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THE  
*DOG AND THE CAT.*

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THERE was once a cat that dwelt in a fine large farm house, where all were very kind to her. She had a cup of good rich milk twice each day, and a soft bed to lie and sleep on at night.

All day long she would sit still in the house, or play with the boys and girls, for they were fond of a

game with puss; and she did not try to scratch them, as some cats do.

At times, when the sun shone, she tried to find out a spot where she could sit and bask, with her eyes half shut; but she did not care for any one but herself.

In the same house there was a dog, and he was a good, wise dog, and took great care of the house at night. He would bark, if any one came near, till he found that it was a friend; then he would

cease to bark, and run to meet him, and show great signs of joy that he was come.

All day long he would watch the yard, that no one might steal the fowls or ducks out of it, for they were fed near the back door, and did not go far from the house at any time; this dog's name was Guess. He was left to live in the yard, and got some bones to pick, and coarse food.

And two or three times a day, the cook would turn him out of the

house, and beat him; she did not then know that she might trust him with nice meat of all kinds, for Guess would not steal, but was glad to pick a bone, if she threw him one, or to eat any cold thing she chose to give him.

One night, when all were in bed, a light that had been left too near a clothes-horse, fell, and set it on fire, and so the house was soon in flames. Poor Guess did not know what the great blaze meant; so he

set to to bark till he woke all in the house.

As soon as they found the house was on fire, they tried to get out; and most of them were soon safe in the yard. As soon as the door was open, Guess ran in to see what he could do, and he made his way up stairs to a room where the child and its nurse slept, though the flames were on all sides of him.

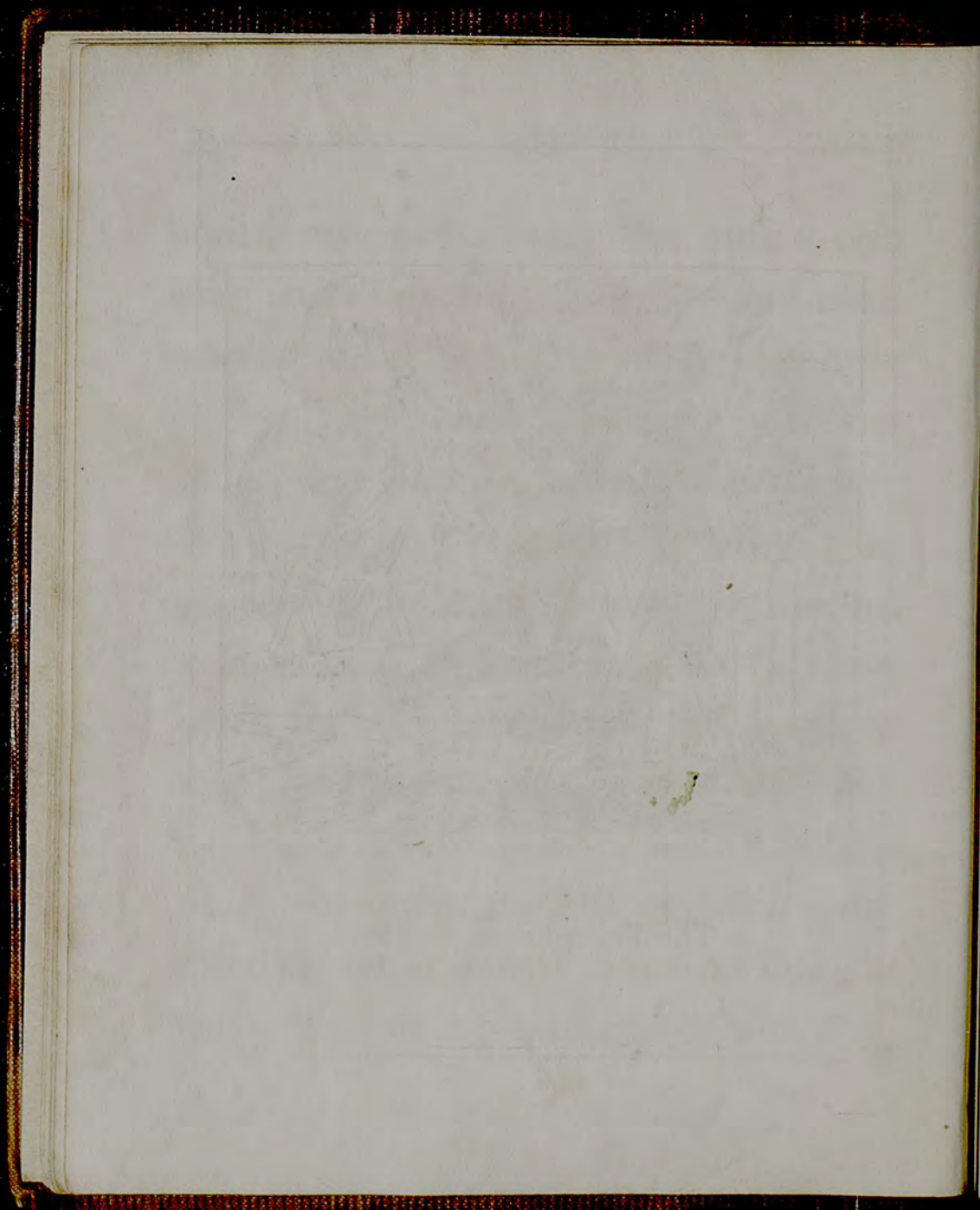
The nurse did not know what to do with the poor child, for she

could not get down the stairs, as they were on fire, so she stood and cried with the child in her arms; at last she saw the dog, for he came to pull her to the door, and she thought, "If I could trust this good dog to take the child down, it might save his life." So she tied it up in a shawl, which she first made wet, that it might not take fire, and laid it down on the floor; when she was glad to see the dog take up the shawl in his mouth with great care, and go out of the





The Farm-house on fire.



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door, but by that time the stairs were quite gone, and the dog just made one spring, and came down with the child quite safe.

Those who were near, and saw him, ran to the place, and found the child was not hurt in the least, but the dog did not cease to howl and whine, and bark, till the nurse was safe too.

All those who had been burnt out, went to live in a house which was near, and the dog went with

them, for they would not part with him, now they knew his worth.

But where was the cat, all this time? oh, Miss Puss, at the first smell of fire, ran off and left the house and all those who had been so kind to her, and went to a barn where she lay down to sleep on some hay.

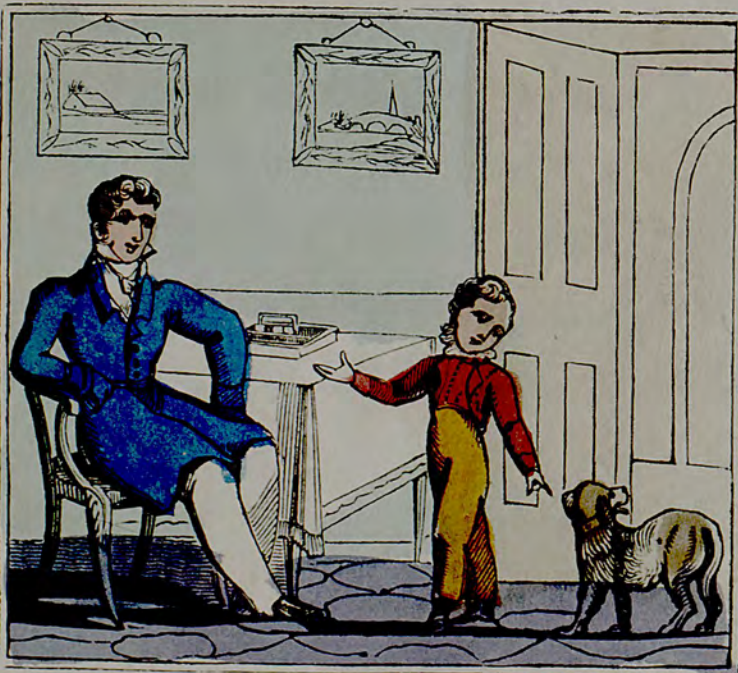
When it was day, the cat went to the house to try to get some food to eat, or some milk to drink; but she could not find the least thing that was fit to eat or drink,

and all who had been in the house were gone, and puss could not find them; now she had no home, so she went through the fields, but no one would take her to live in their house, for they did not want a cat who laid down to sleep, and let the mice run round the room, and did not keep the house clear of them.

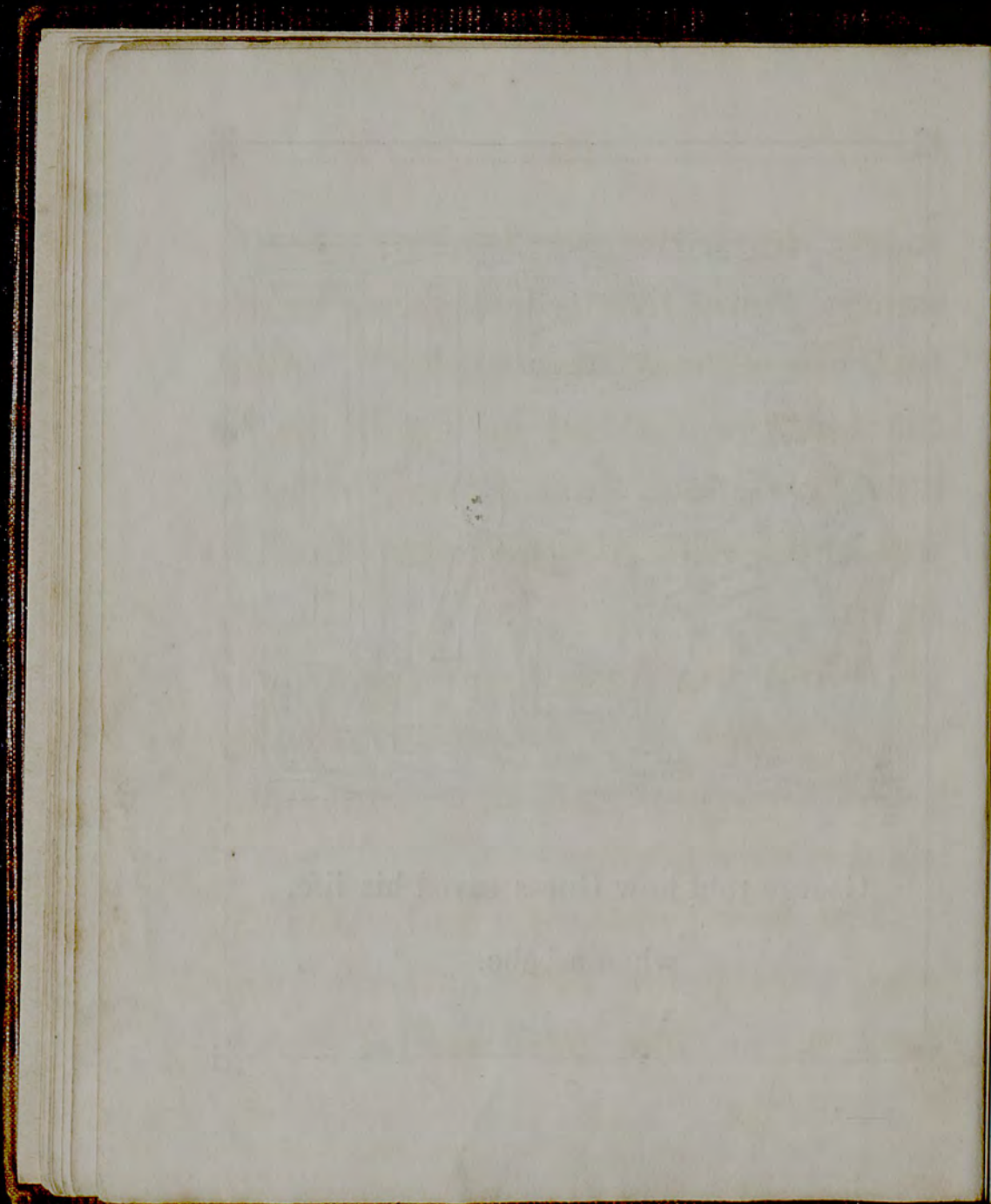
The young child that the dog had brought through the fire with such care, was a boy whose name was George; and when he was so

old as to know what was meant by life and death, he was told that the dog Guess had done him a great good, which was no less than to save his life; as soon as he heard this of Guess, he put his arms round the neck of the dog, and gave him a kiss and said, "Good Guess, dear Guess, I love you so much, I wish you may not die till I die, and that you would live with me still."

Then he was told that dogs do not live so long as men, but that



George told how Guess saved his life,  
when a babe.



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most dogs die at ten or twelve years, some live a few years more, but Guess was now eight or nine. So George did all he could to be kind to Guess, that he might have joy and peace in the years he had to live.

When the time came for school to be done, Guess would run to meet George, and play and jump all the way home.

The boy grew up: and when he was nine years old, and the dog twelve, he had lost all his teeth,

and day after day he grew more and more weak, and soon his eyes were so dim that he could not see, and at last he died.

Poor George cried all that day, and could not eat nor do any thing; at last some one said, "Do not cry so much, dear George, you cannot bring back life to poor Guess, and you grieve all who love you, to see you in such grief." So George dried his eyes, and tried not to cry any more.

There was a young dog that

Guess had liked, and let lie near him, and play with him. George thought he would be kind to this dog, and call him young Guess; he was a good dog, and fond of George, who was a kind boy, and did all he could to make his pet glad; so the boy and his dog were the best of friends.



# *THE KIND OLD MAN*

AND THE

## *POOR BOY.*

AN old man had a house at the side of the road. It was a small house, with one door, and two holes with a pane of glass in each, to let in the light. There was a room for his bed, and a fire-place, where he had a fire of coals or peat, or some

times sticks. When he could not buy coals or peat, he went out to look for some dry bits of stick on the roads, or on a piece of waste land that was near, where some old thorns grew; that with them he might make a fire to cook his food; for he had to cook for himself, poor old man, and to make his own bed.

One day he had no coals in the house, so he put on his hat and took his staff, and went out to try if he could find some thing which

would do to make him a fire. As he went on he heard a great noise, and in a short time a mad bull ran at him and threw him down. But as some men came up and drove the beast off, the poor old man was not much hurt. When they had all gone, a lady who had been out for a walk with her child, came up to him and said, "Poor man, I hope you are not hurt?"

"Not much, lady," said the old man; "if you will please to help me up, I will try to get home."

So the lady did help him up, and he went home, and was quite well in a short time.

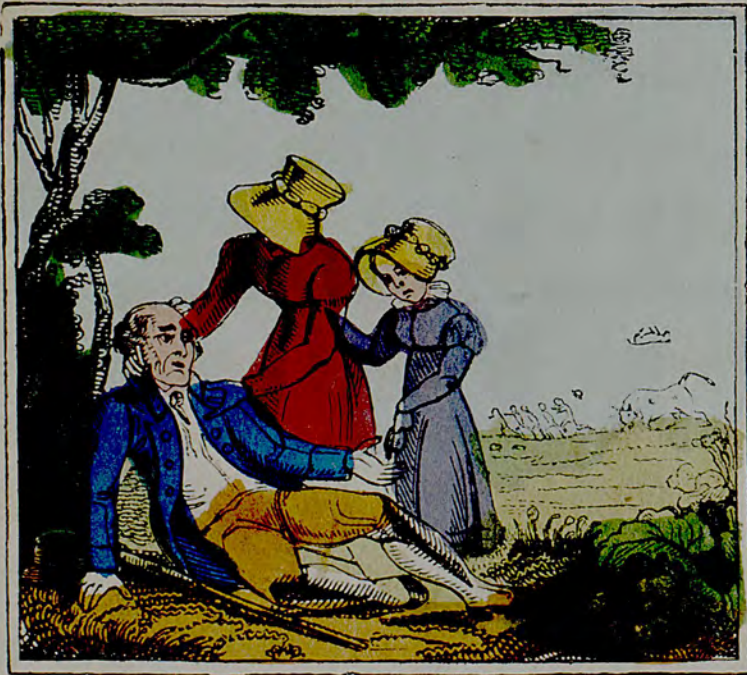
It was well for the poor old man was not more hurt, for if he had been, he could not have done the work by which he got the bread he ate.

In a few days time the old man went out to look for some more pieces of stick to make a fire. On his way he saw a poor boy, who sat and cried by the road side. Now the old man was kind and

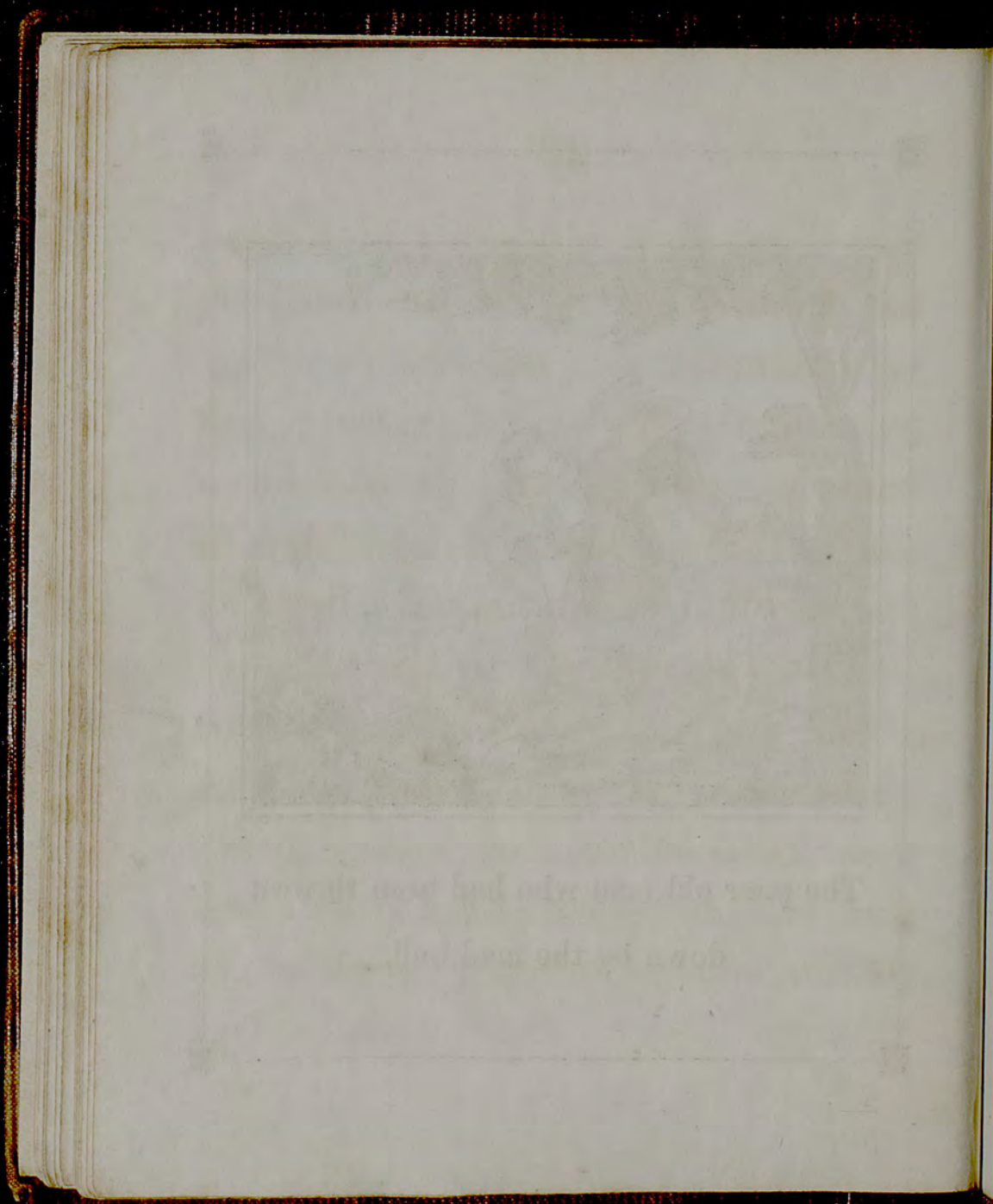
good, and he said, "Poor boy, why do you cry? have you no food to eat? or has some one hurt you? or have you lost your way? If you want bread, I will give you some of mine; but I have not much, for I am poor."

The boy said, "I thank you; for I have not had any food the whole day: I have no house to sleep in, nor any one to take care of me: will you take me home? and I will try to be a good child, and be of some use to you."





The poor old man who had been thrown  
down by the mad bull.



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“Pray, how old are you?” said the man, “And tell me what is your name?”

“I am eight years old, and my name is Tom; and I can spin a top and fly a kite. I had such a fine one before my friends died.”

The old man gave a smile, but shook his head and said, “Poor child, they are not what will get you bread to eat, or clothes to put on; but come with me, and I will do for you as much as a poor old

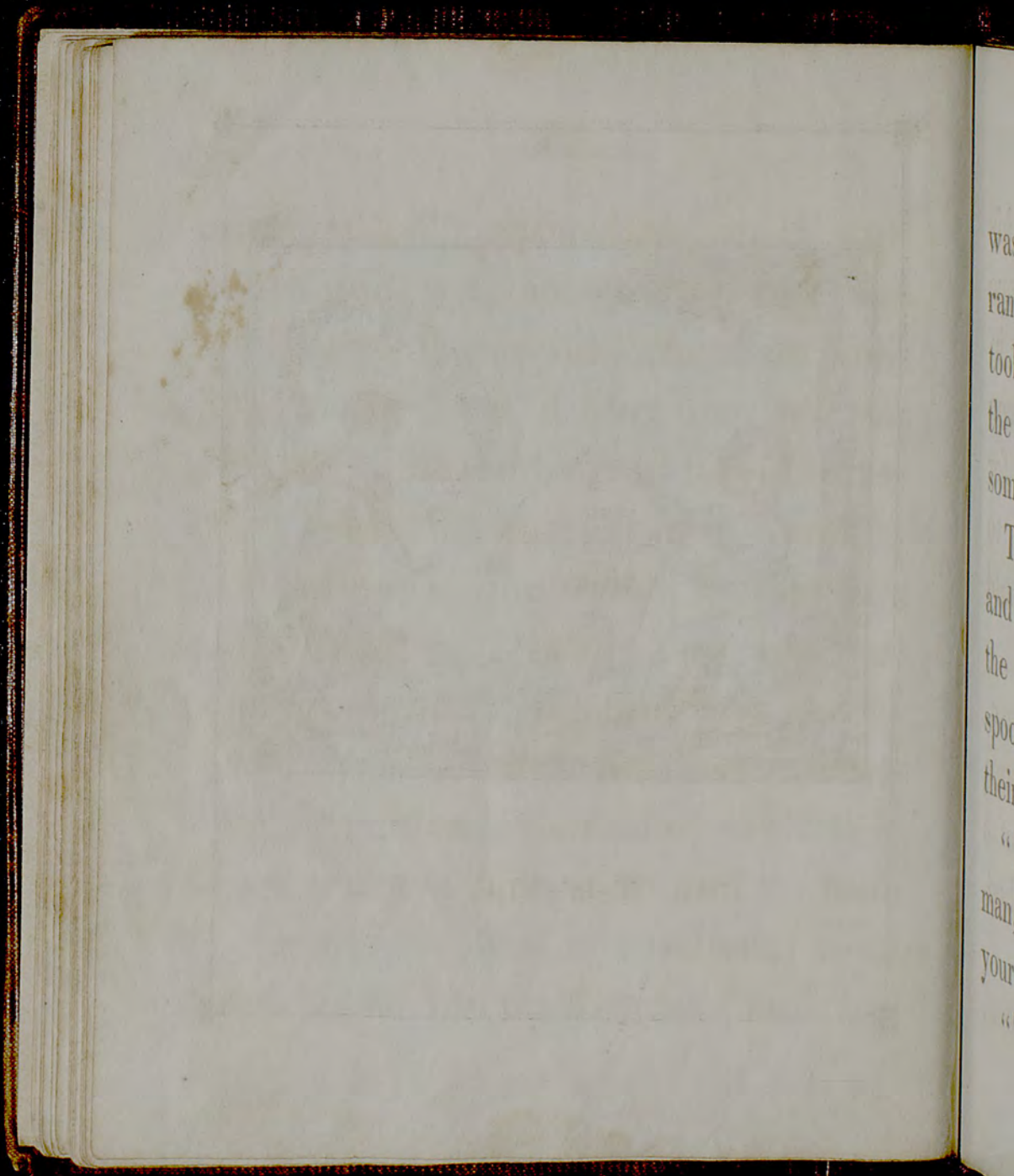
man can, if you will do as I tell you, and try to be good."

When the boy heard this, he felt great joy that he was to go and live with the old man, and he said he would do all he was bid, as well as he could. "Then," said the man, "help me to find some sticks to make a fire."

Tom ran on, and soon found some, and took them to their house; the old man came as fast as he could, but it was not fast, for he was old and weak, and he



Tom's kite.



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was lame with one foot. Tom ran and got a seat for him, and took his staff, and put it by; then the old man told him where to get some bread and some milk.

Tom did all that he was bid, and got a bowl and a spoon for the old man, and a bowl and a spoon for himself; and they ate their bread and milk.

“Now tell me,” said the old man, “how it is that you have left your friends?”

“They are all dead,” said Tom,

and the tears fell fast from his eyes; “and as soon as they were laid in the church-yard, the man in whose house we used to live, came and told me to go and work for my bread, as some others were to come and live there, who could pay the rent.”

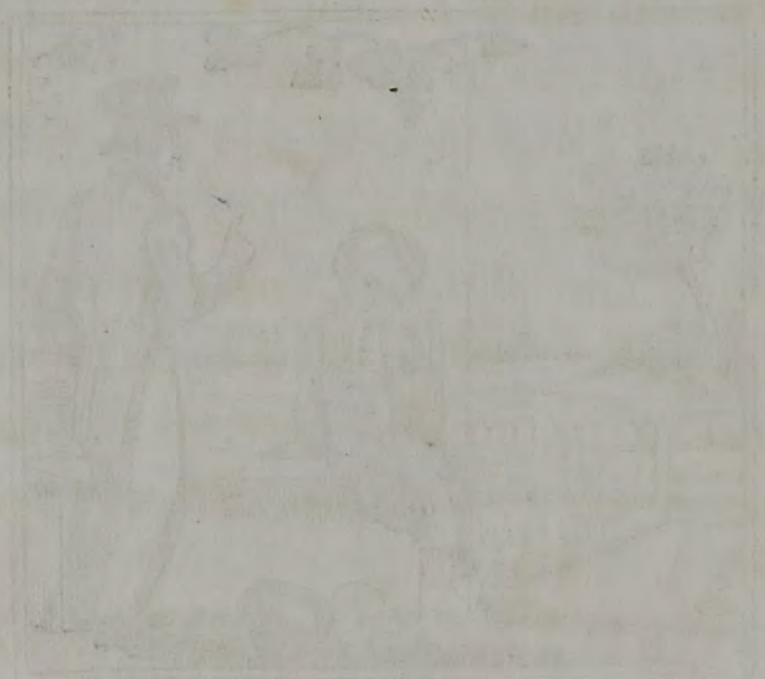
“Poor child!” said the old man, “yours is a hard case; but I hope you will never be in a want of a hom. Come, we will go to bed, nowe.”

The next day, Tom rose soon,





Tom told to leave the house after his  
friends had died.



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and did not wake the old man, but went out to find some more sticks for the fire; he then tried to make a fire, but could not, for he had no light, and did not know where to get one. So he swept the house with a broom he saw there, and get it ready for use, as he did not like to stand still.

While Tom was at work, a man came up with a large flock of geese, and as they came near, he saw some of the geese run to the gate of a corn-field which had not been shut;

so he put down his spade, and ran fast, and got first to the gate, and shut it, to keep them out; then he made them turn back on the road.

As soon as the man who drove the geese came up to him, he said, "Thank you, good boy; I saw what you did to keep my geese out of the corn-field; I should have had to pay a fine if they had got in and run through the corn, so here are two-pence for you."

Tom at first thought he would not take the two-pence, for he well



Tom at work in the garden.



Foot at work in the garden

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knew he ought to do all the good he could, and not wish to be paid for it. Then he thought that the poor old man who gave him food would want the pence to buy some bread, so he took the two-pence, and said, "Thank you, sir; I would not take this, but I am poor, and so is the old man who gives me some of his bread, when I have none of my own; and I wish to give these pence to him."

The man went on, and the boy came back to his work. Soon the

old man got up, and went to the next house and got a light, and made a good fire. When Tom came in, he gave the old man the two-pence, and told him how he got them. And when they had ate some bread, and drank some milk, they went to get some of a strong kind of grass that was fit to make mats of, which grew in some of the lanes near their house; for this was the work the old man did, and he sold his mats for six-pence each. He taught Tom to cut the



grass for him, and he said he would soon try to teach him to plait the mats, and to sew them. "But," said he, "you must take time, and learn one part of the work well, first, and then the next part, and so on; and you will soon learn to make mats as well as I can, if you take pains.

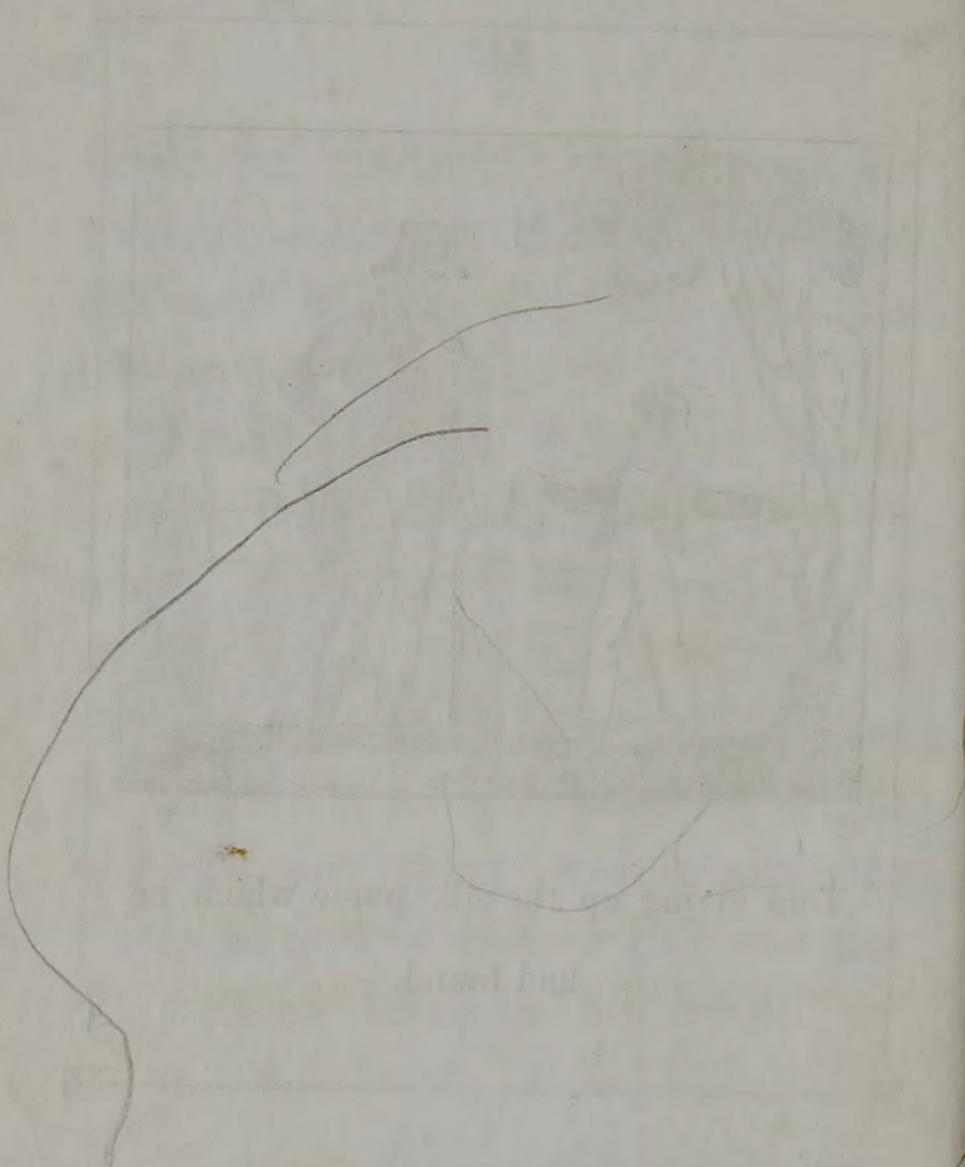
So Tom cut the grass, and the old man made the mats. He also taught Tom to read and to spell: and he took such pains, that he soon could read to the old man

while he made the mats; but he took care first to have some grass cut and laid by the old man, for him to work with.

One day, while Tom was out to cut grass, he found a silk purse, in which there was some gold, but as no one else was in sight, he did not know what to do with it, and he had been taught that he might not use any thing which was not his own, and of course this was not his; so he thought he would try



Tom giving up the silk purse which he  
had found.



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to find out those who had a right to it.

As he went on, he met a man who said to him, "My good lad, do you know if any one has found a purse, to-day? for I have lost mine."

"What sort of one is it, sir?" said Tom; for he thought he must take care and not give it to any one but to him who ought to have it.

"It is of green silk, and has some gold in it; have you seen one of this sort?"

“Yes, sir, I have; and I am glad you came to me. Here it is; please to count the gold, and see that it is right.”

The man said, “As you have been such a good boy, I will be your friend; and if the old man you live with, will let me, I will take you to work for me. Come, let us go and see what he says to this.”

When they had come to the cot, Tom told the old man what he had done, and that the man said he

would take him to work at his farm, for he kept a cider mill, and said Tom should pick the fruit for the men to use; and should have good pay, and food, and clothes.

The old man looked at Tom, and said, "Well, will not that be a good thing for you, my boy?"

When Tom looked in the kind old man's face, and saw how sad he was, he said, "You were kind to me when I had no friend in the world but you, and I will not leave

you, if you will let me stay and be of use to you.”

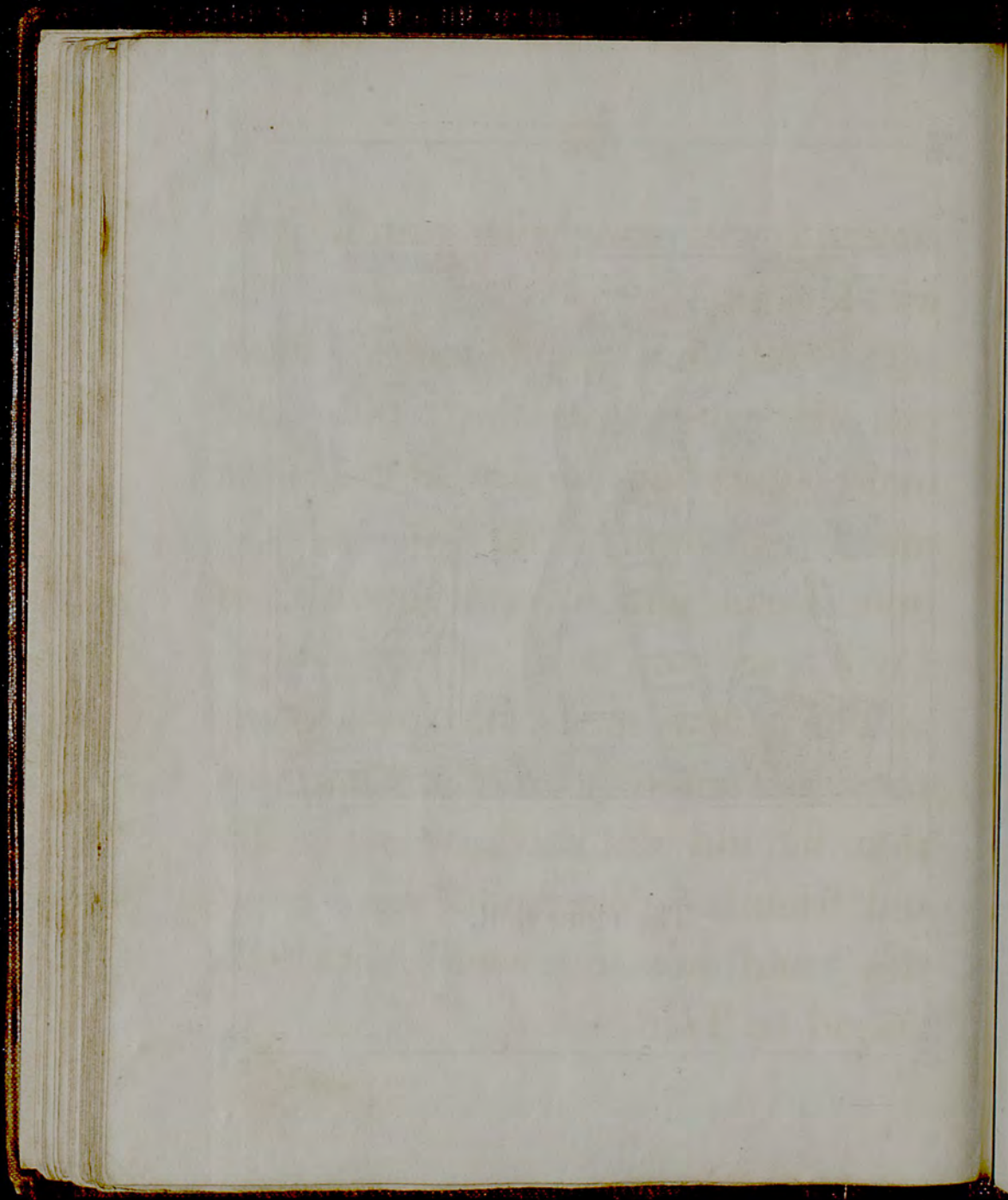
Then the old man said, “But you can be paid if you go with this good man, and you will have good food and clothes, which you have not with me, and you can come and see me some times.”

“But,” said Tom, “who will cut the grass for you to make mats with? for you can not stoop, now; and who will read to you, and who will take care of you, if you are





The cider mill.



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sick? I will stay with you, if you will let me."

"Well, my good child, bless you for your love to a poor old man; since you choose to stay with me I will try to do you all the good I can, which is not much; but I will teach you all I know my self."

The good man who had come to ask Tom to work for him, saw that he did not wish to leave his old friend, so he bade them good day, and said he would yet be a friend to Tom.

“I thank you, with all my heart, for what you were so good as to say you would do for me,” said Tom; “but this was my first friend, and I should like to be with him, best.”

From this time, Tom took more pains than he had ever done, to please the old man. At last the old man grew ill; he was so sick, that he had to lie in bed, and Tom took care of him, and fed him, and made mats and sold them, to get

as good food as he could, for the old man.

One night, the old man was worse, and his eyes grew dim, and he could not see; he put his hand out of the bed, and Tom took it in his, and wet it with his tears, for he knew his kind friend had not long to live. The man put his hand on the boy's head, and said, so low that Tom could scarce hear it, "God bless you, my good, kind boy, I must soon leave you; try to do as I have taught you, all your

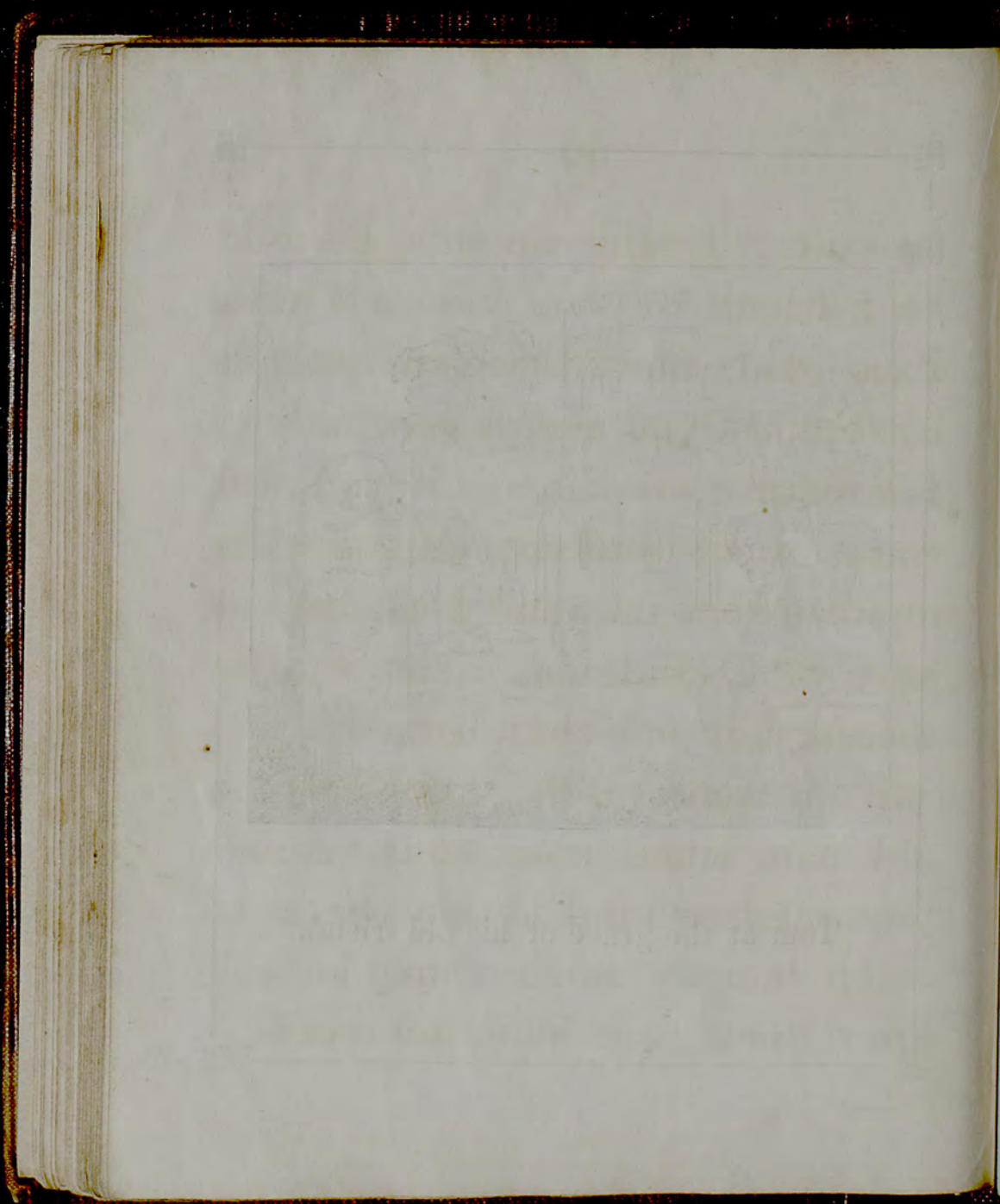
life: do what good you can to all men; be just, and tell the truth at all times; I do not say, love God, for I know you will love him, while you love all that is good; and when you die, it will be in peace and hope.”

So the old man died, and Tom sat by him till it was day; then he went to the man whose purse he had found, and told him that his friend was dead, and that he would be glad to serve him, now.

When the good man heard this,



Tom at the grave of his old friend.



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he said, "I told you that I would be a friend to you, and so I will. I am glad, now, that you did not leave him; you are so good a boy, I will take you home, if you will come, now; and you shall live as my own sons do; and I will pay to have your kind old friend laid in the earth in our church-yard.

Tom went to the grave of the old man, some times, and sat and thought how kind he had been to teach him so much; for he well knew that if he had not been a

good lad, he should not have been so well off now.

Tom dwelt with his new friend on the best terms; and when he grew to be a man, he still was glad to help a poor child that would try to work, and be good; for he said, "If the good old man had not let me live with him, and taught me to be of use, I might have died for want of food and care."

THE  
*GOOD BOY AND GIRL.*

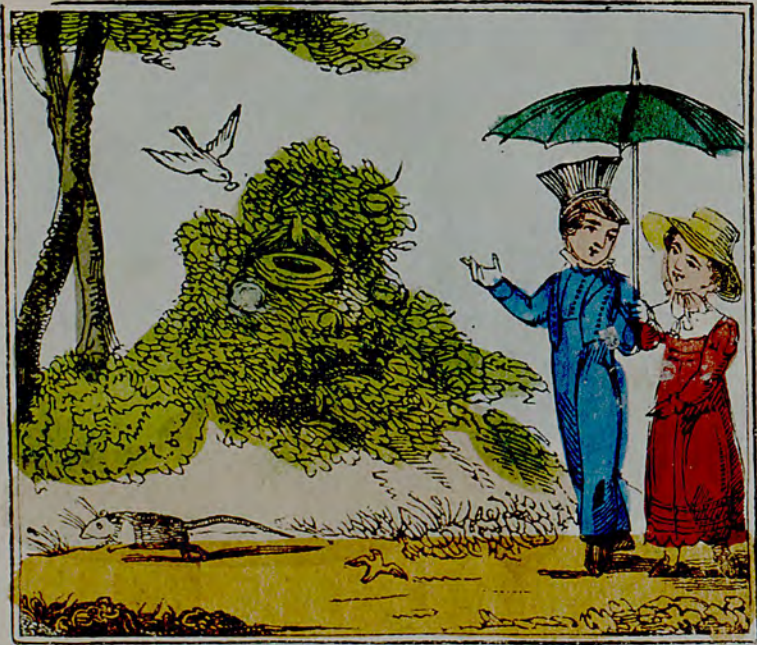
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ONE day, James and Ann went out to play in a fine large green field at the back of their house. It was in the month of May: the air was mild, the sun shone, and made the hills look bright, and the fields look gay; the birds sung in the trees, and flew to their nests with food for their young ones; the sheep

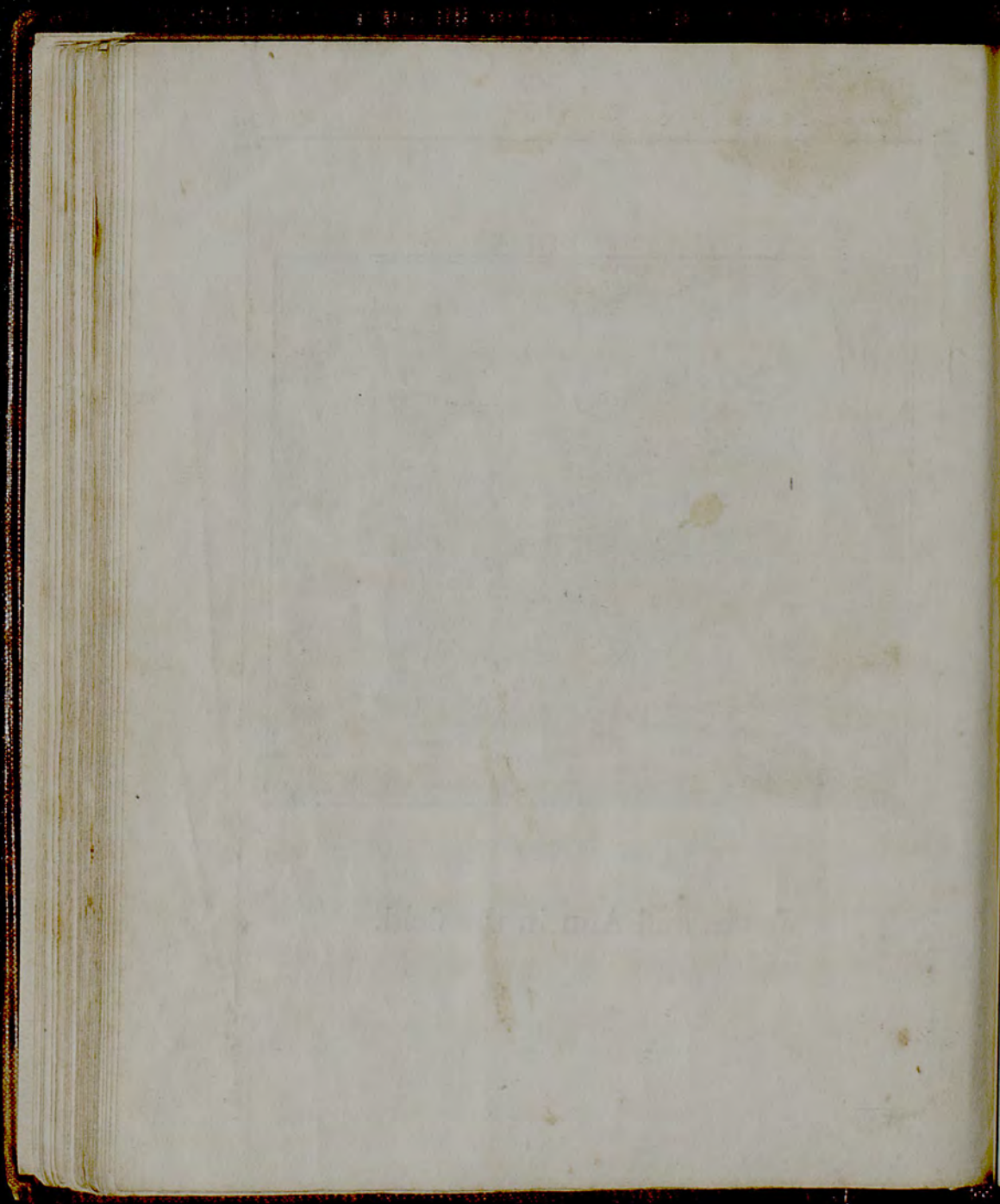
and lambs, the cow and calf, the goat and kid, the horse and foal, all ate the fresh young grass that grew there for their food.

When James and Ann saw all these things, they were glad, and felt that spring was a sweet time of the year; they ran round the field, and sung with joy.

James had a kite, which he tried to fly, but the wind would not raise it, the day was too calm; so he said to Ann, Let us go into the house and have some play there.



James and Ann in the field.



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Ann was a kind girl, and was glad to please James when she could, so they went in doors, and soon thought of a game to play at, which was push-pin.

While they were at play, Dash, a fine large dog, which was kept to guard the house, came in the room. He rose up on his hind legs, and gave James such a pat on the back, that it made him start. When he saw what it was, he could not help a smile, and he said, "Fie, Dash, you should not

do so: there, now, you have made me lose my game."

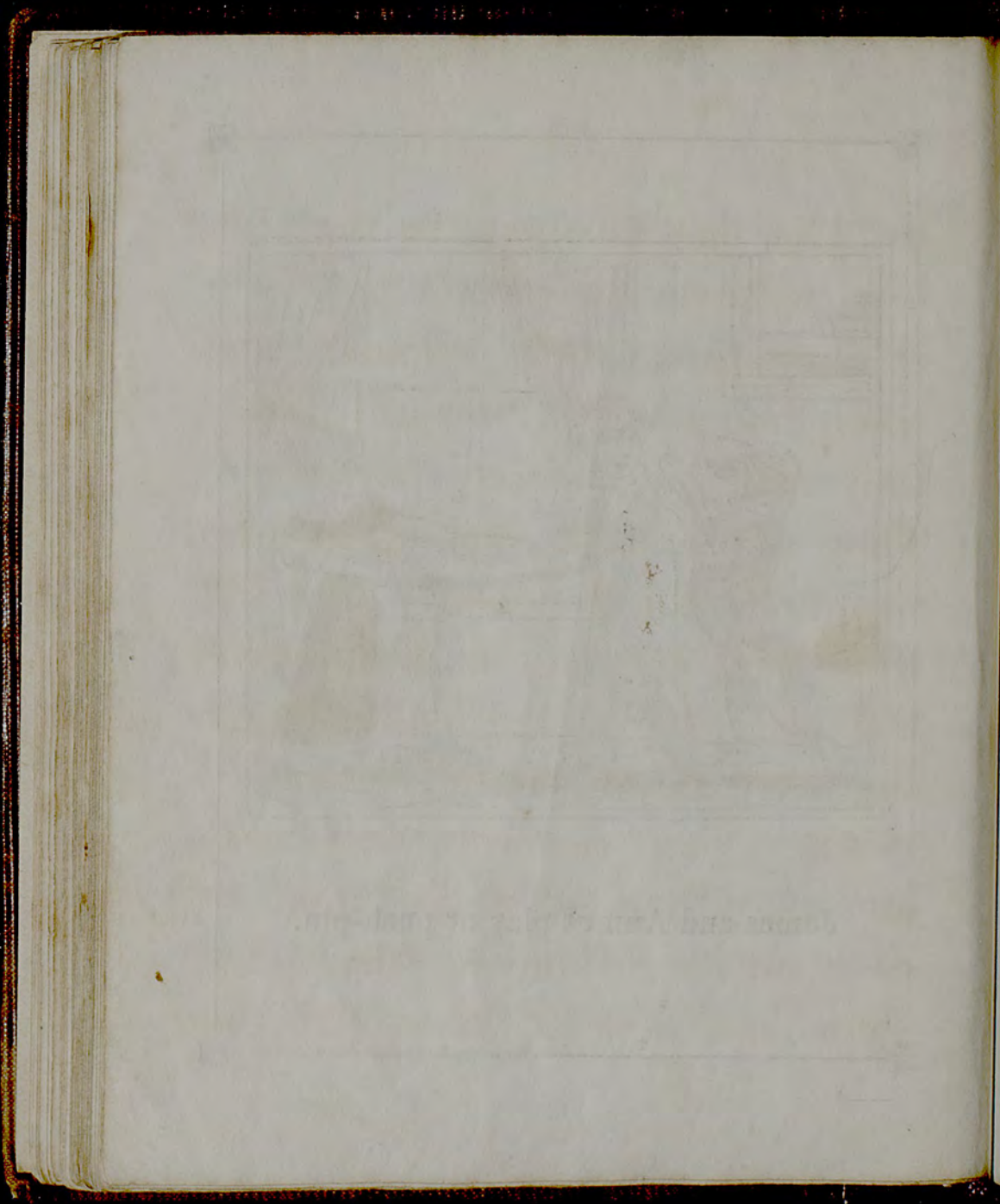
After this, James said to Ann, "Will you run a race with me?" And she said, "Yes, I will; but I can not run so fast as you, so do you stand here at the gate, and I will go to that tree; and then we will run to the stile which is across the field."

James said that would do very well; and "When I say one, two, three, now off! you must start,





James and Ann at play at push-pin.



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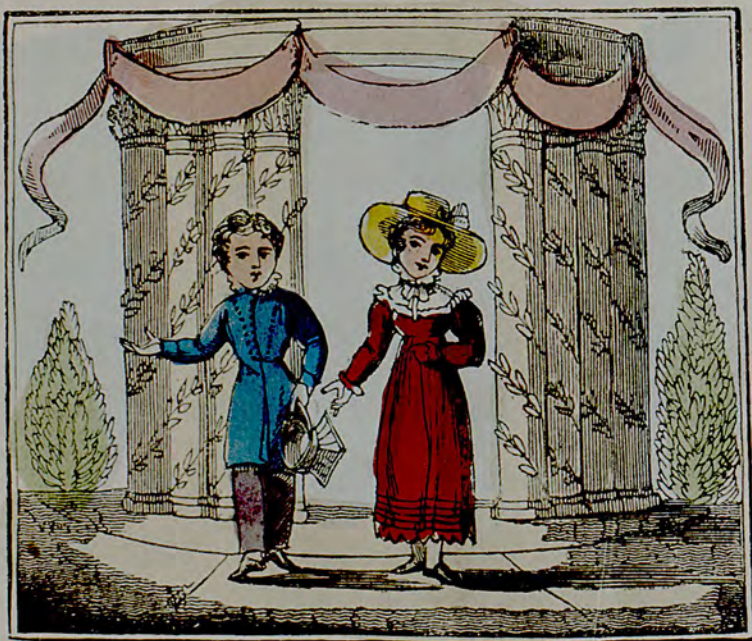
and the one who gets to the stile first, will win the race.”

They took their stands, and when James said “Now off!” away they ran, as fast as they could. They ran so fast, that Ann, who was first, could not stop her self when she came to a drain which had been dug in the field, though she tried; so, in she fell.

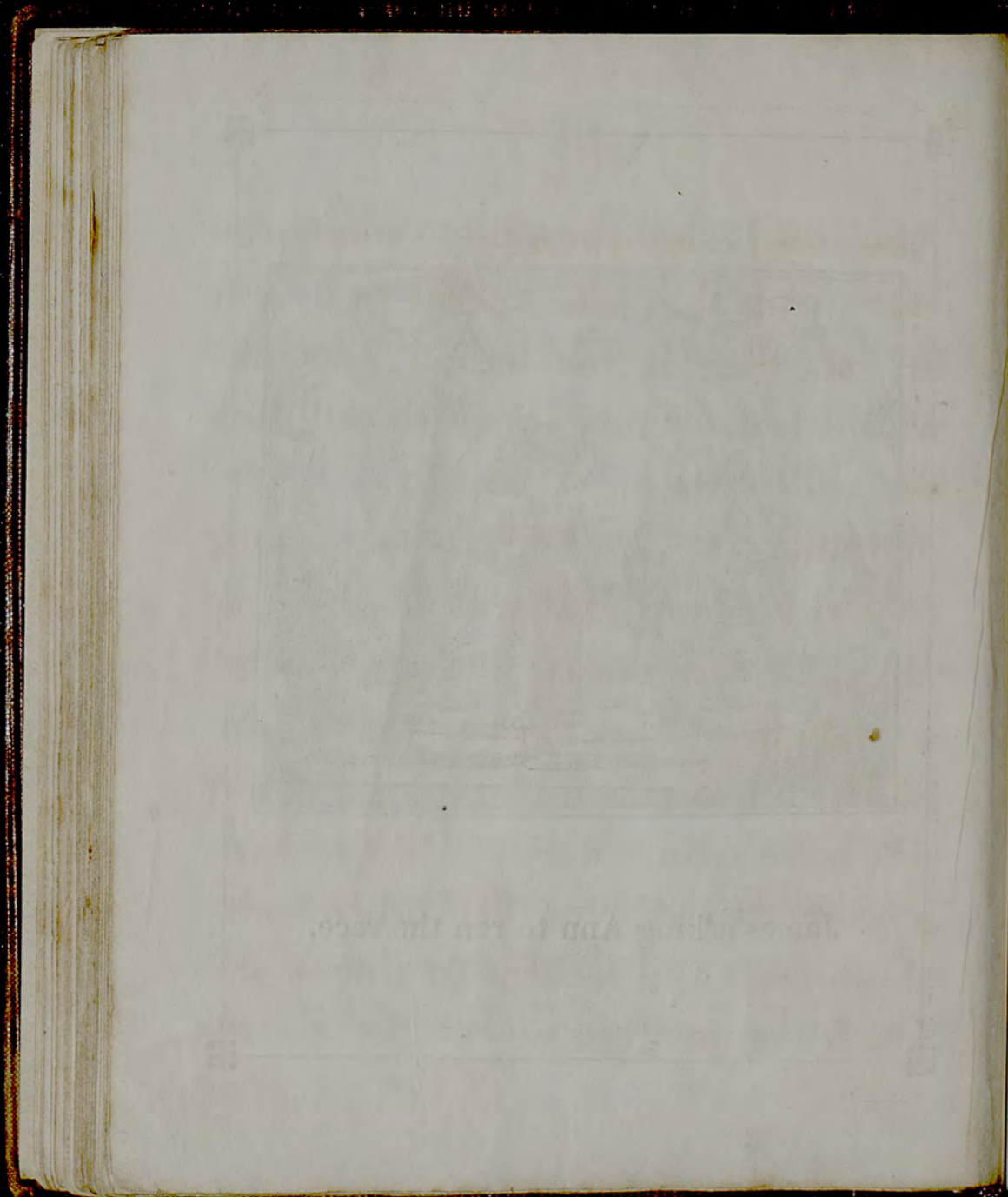
The drain was wide and deep, and more than half full of mud, or of a soft, wet kind of black clay. Poor Ann sunk in this so far, that

she could not get her feet out; so she stood there, and tried to hold by the side of the deep drain, and to pull out first the right and then the left foot. But she could not get one foot out, with all she could do, and she told James that she felt her feet sink more and more in the soft clay.

James was in a fright, and did not know what to do for the best; but he gave her both his hands, and tried with his whole strength to pull her out; but he could not.



James asking Ann to run the race.



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Ann said she thought there was more fear that she might pull him in; so she let his hands go, and would not try any more to pull her self up by them.

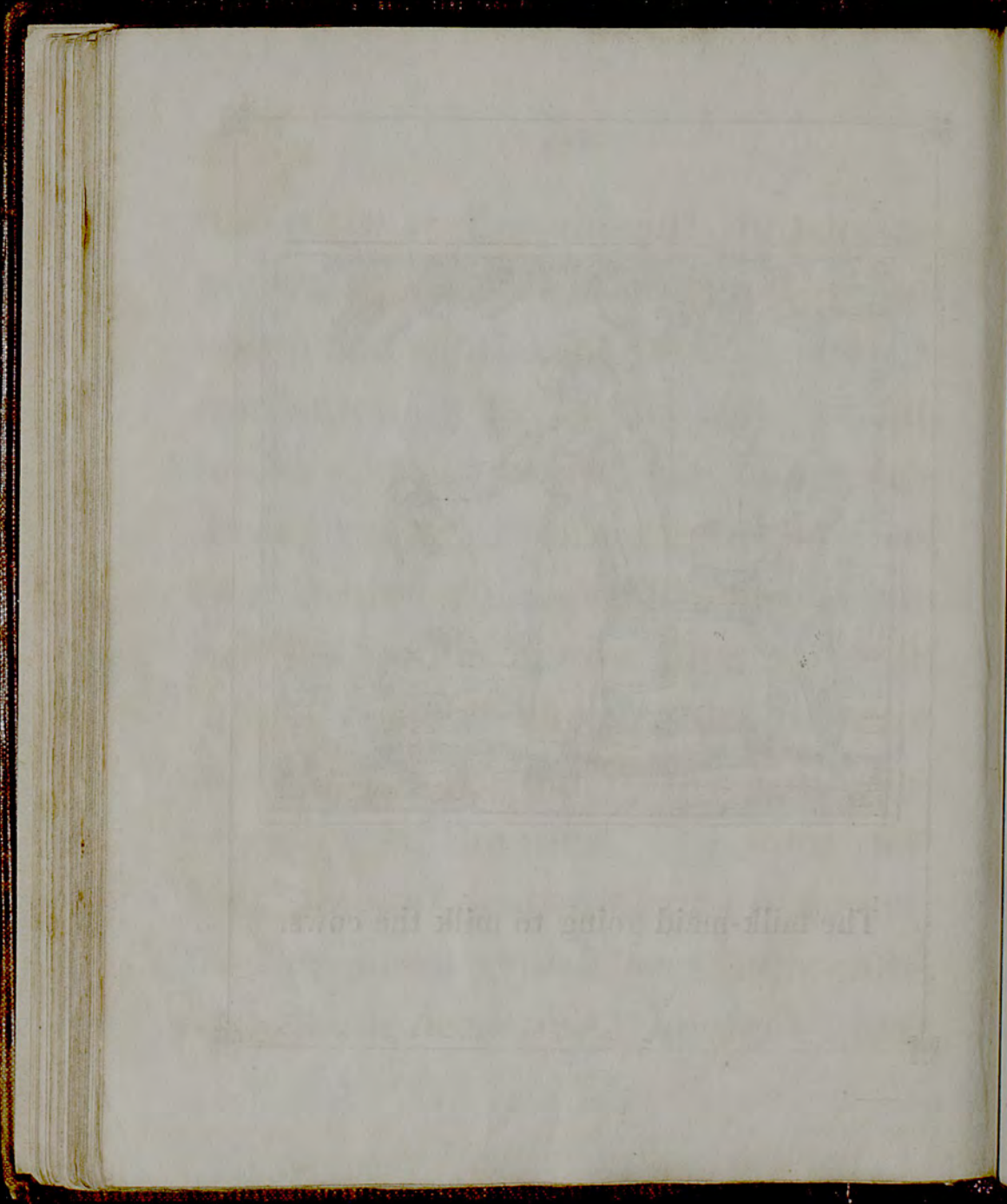
James did not like to leave her, to run for help, lest she should sink more in the mud; and they were so far from the house, that if he had tried to call for help, he could not have been heard. But he saw, a long way off, the maid go to milk the cows, and he was in hopes she would come that way. So he sat

down, near the side of the drain, and stuck his heels into the ground as well as he could, that he might not slip; he then took the cord of his kite, and gave it three folds, to make it more strong; and he gave one end to Ann to hold, while he held an end in his own hands; and by this means Ann did pull out one foot, but her shoe and sock were left in the mud. She put the foot she had just got out on a part of the drain which was not soft, and then drew out the foot that





The milk-maid going to milk the cows.



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was yet in the clay, but with the loss of the shoe of that foot, too.

James could then help her quite out of the drain; but both her shoes and one of her socks were lost, and there was a great deal of mud on her clothes; and she knew that her aunt would blame her for want of care, and say she should not have run to the drain, or near the drain.

When Ann came near the house, she sat down and cried; and she said, "Oh, how shall I go

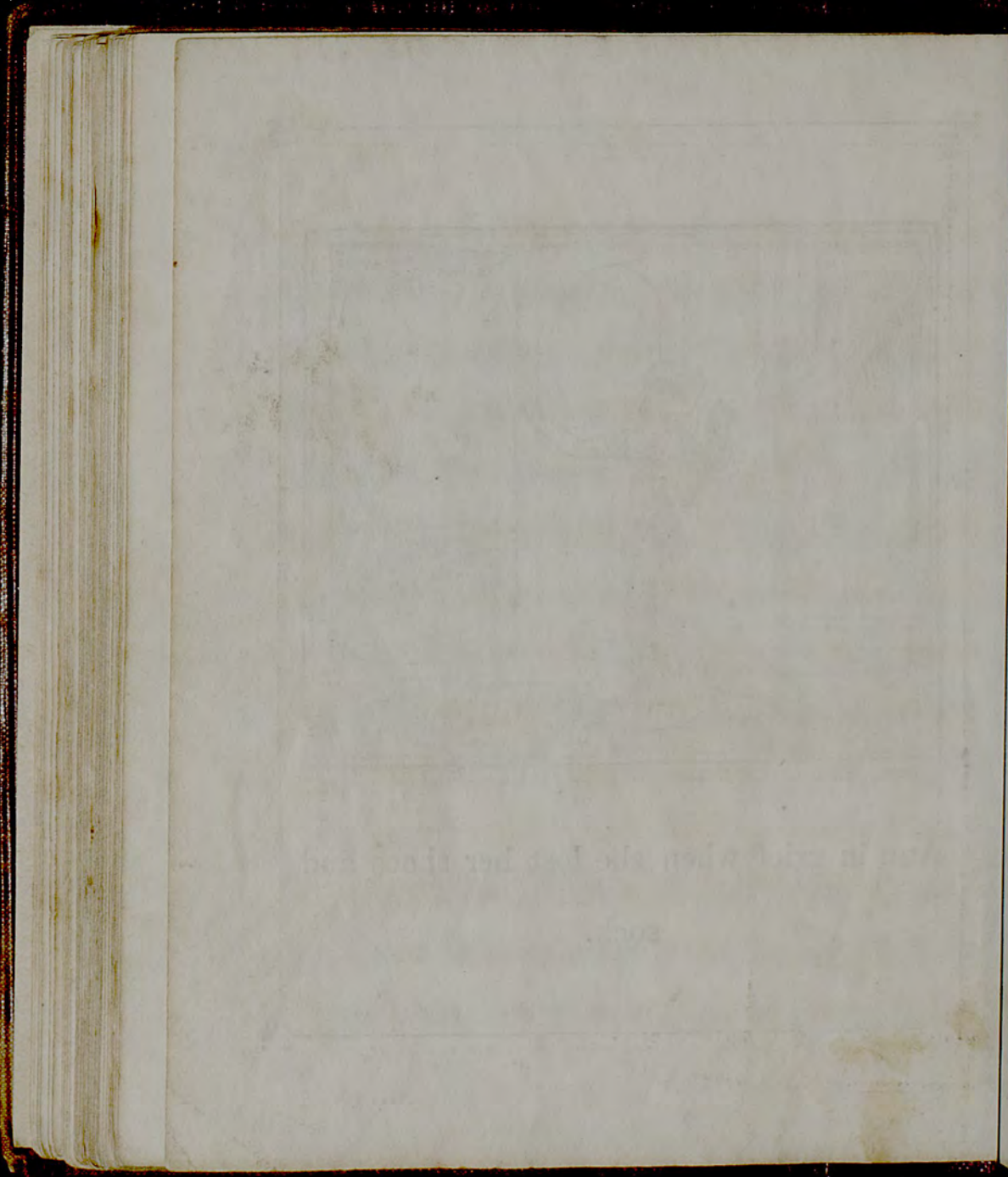
in and meet my aunt, in this state, with such a frock, and but one sock, and no shoe?"

And as she sat, a young girl, whose name was Jane, who did some work in the house, came past the place where she and James were, and saw her in tears, and said, "What is wrong? Miss Ann; you have not your shoes on; where are they?"

Ann told her how she fell in the drain, and how she got out and left her shoes and her sock in the mud.



Ann in grief when she lost her shoes and  
sock.



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The girl was so good as to say she would try to get them out; and took a spade to dig them up out of the clay, and James went with her to show her the place where they had been left. And she did find the shoes and the sock; but the shoes were much the worse: they were wet and out of shape.

“Oh!” said Ann, “what will my aunt say to me; the last time she took me for a walk in the fields she told me not to go too near the edges of the ditches or drains, for

she said I might sink in the clay, if I did."

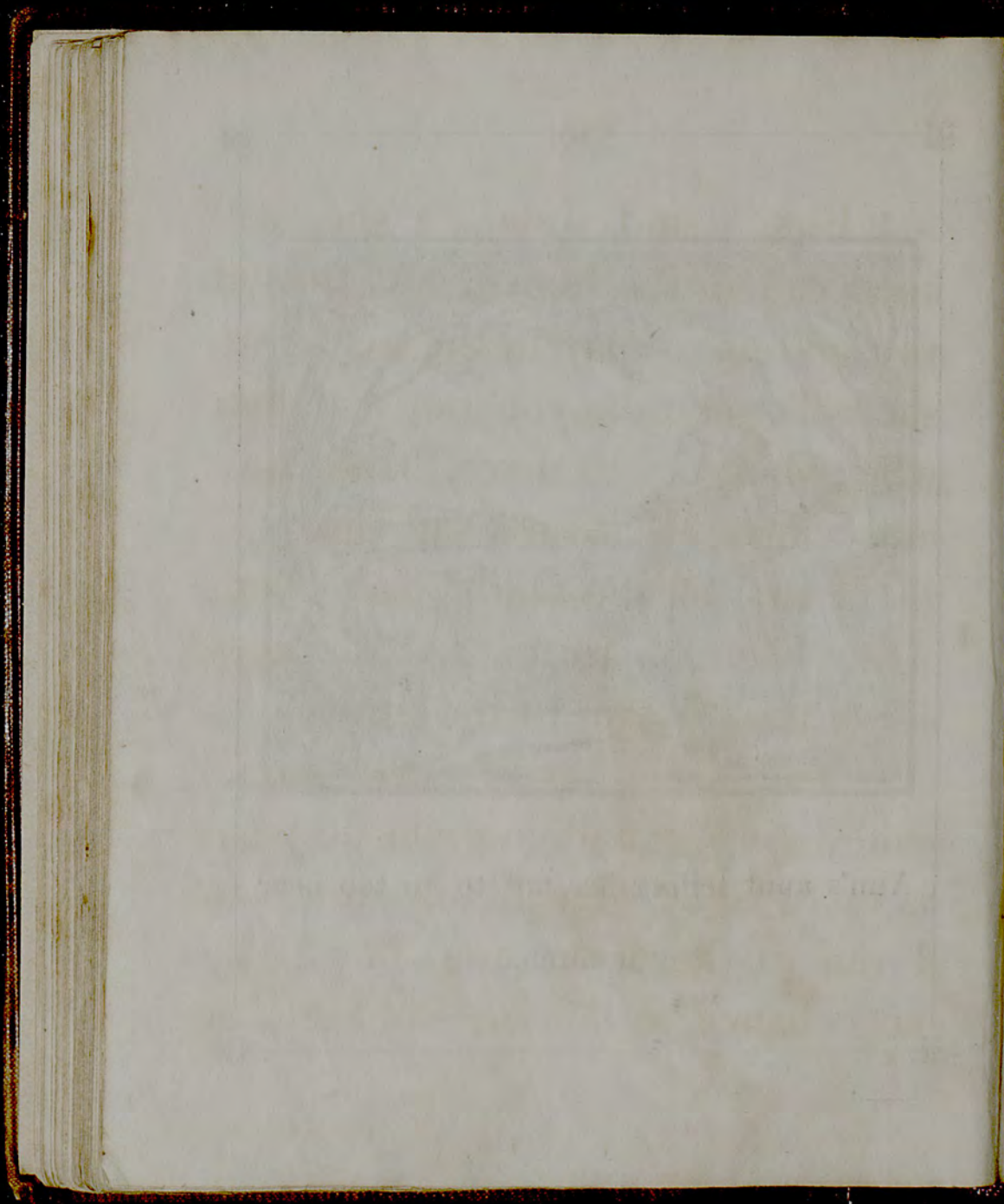
Jane told her she would clean the shoes, and make them look as well as she could; and that she would wash the spots of clay out of her frock. "And then," said she, "you need not say you fell in the drain; just say it was the wet grass."

"No, no," said Ann, at once; "you are wrong, Jane, to wish me to tell my good aunt what is not true."





Ann's aunt telling her not to go too near  
the ditch.



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“But,” said Jane, “she will keep you in the house, and not let you go out to play in the field; or, she will not take you out with her when she goes to drive, Miss Ann; and will not that be a sad thing?”

“I will tell the truth,” said Ann; “for I ought to have had more sense than to run to the drain.”

“You are a good girl, Ann,” said James, “and you will do what is quite right; I will tell aunt that I ran to the drain, too, but I did not chance to fall in; so I am as

much to blame as you. But you are a bad girl, Jane, to wish Ann to tell her aunt what is not true."

"Oh, no, James," said Ann; "do not call Jane a bad girl, for she went and found my shoes and sock; I am sure, if she knew how wrong it was, she would not wish me say what is not true."

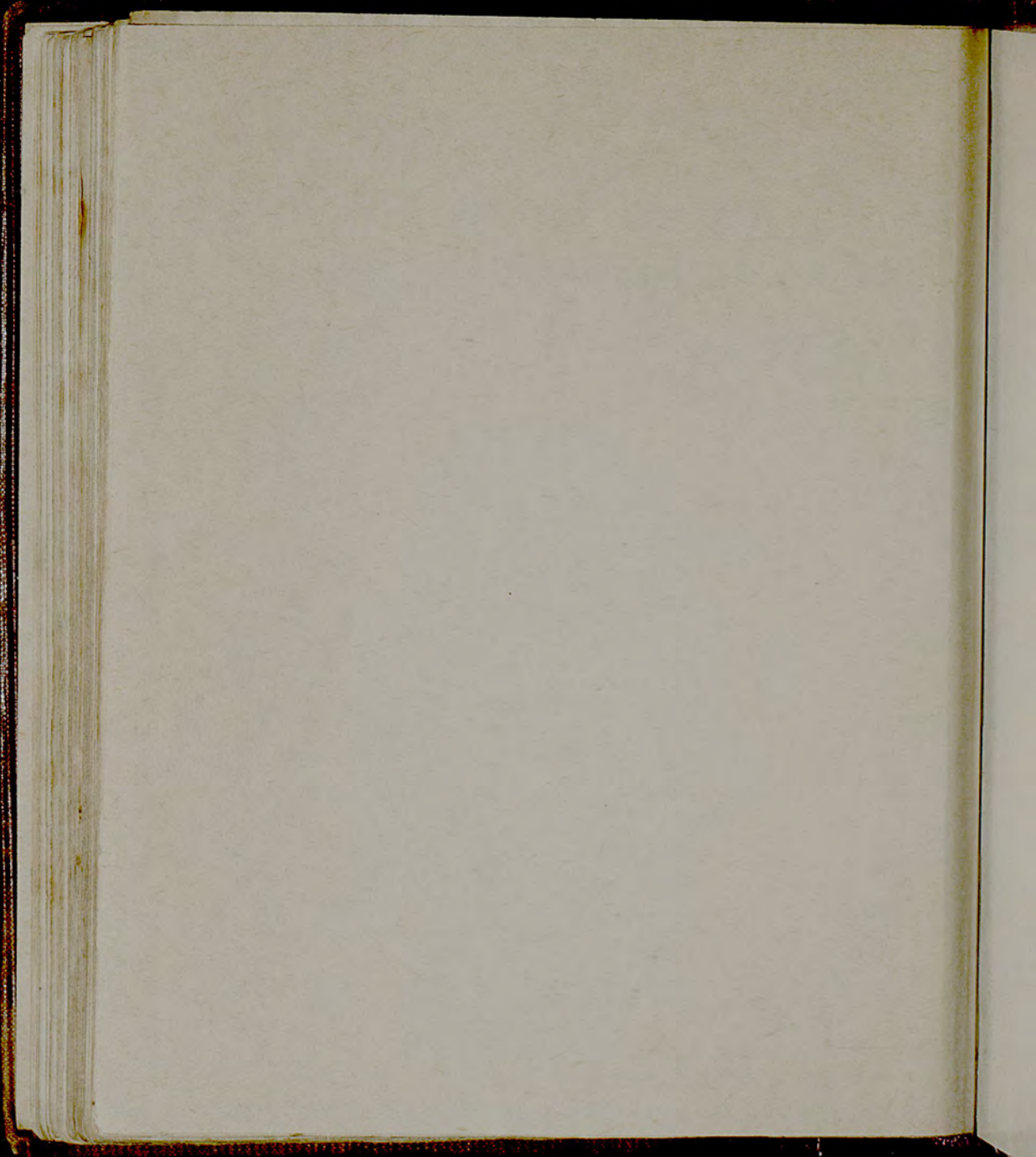
Jane said that Ann was right, and she felt great shame for what she had said. James and Ann then went in doors, and told their aunt what they had done. She

was so glad to hear that they had told the truth, that she put her arm round Ann's neck, and gave her a kiss, and said, "My dear, good Ann, though I may not trust to your sense as much as I could wish, I find I can trust to your truth, and that is worth more, a great deal. I will say no more of the fall you had; and I think you will take care, from this time, not to spoil your clothes, and still more, not to risk your life in such

a way, again; and do not fear, my dear Ann, at all times to tell me the truth, and I will trust to all you say."

THE END.

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R/a/a

