

ON THE WING

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On the wing by Nellie Eyster

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NELLIE EYSTER

ON THE WING



SUNNY HOUR STORIES.

ON THE WING.

BY

NELLIE EYSTER

AUTHOR OF "SUNNY HOURS; OR, CHILD LIFE OF TOM AND
MARY," "ORINCAPIN CHARLES," ETC.

Illustrated by White.

PHILADELPHIA

DUFFIELD ASHMEAD

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1868

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J. FAGAN & SON, STEREOTYPERS.
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P R E F A C E.

To the young friends of Tom and Mary, who were told that the third volume offered for their perusal, would complete the "Sunny Hour Stories," an apology is due for the necessity which will compel the reading of a fourth book. That is, if they would follow them through their wanderings and adventures in the South, back to the sweet, simple home where their life's morning, with its sunny hours, dawned.

Fiction has a fairy land, beautiful at times to the *fancies* which wander through it, but offering no foundation on which the smallest foot can stand. Truth is as wide as the universe, firm as a mountain, real as God himself, and is a mine of untold wealth to all who will delve for it. In this little book, I offer you a share of the golden grains which Mary gathered in her first flight from the home nest, pledging you, in a short time, "pick and choice" from Tom's more valuable hoard.

Yours, in full sympathy,

N. E.

HARRISBURG, July, 1867.

SUNNY HOUR STORIES.

BY NELLIE EYSTER.

VOLUME 1.—SUNNY HOURS; OR, THE CHILD
LIFE OF TOM AND MARY.

" 2.—CHINCAPIN CHARLIE.

" 3.—ON THE WING.

" 4.—*In Preparation.*

git roused up, git awake, we's a-trabelin, don you know?" Giving Mary's head a most unnecessary jerk as she adjusted her cap to its proper position, slipping her arm through the handle of the lunch-basket, and taking in her other hand the bird-cage, which was her special charge, she followed cousin Madge and Mary out of the car, grumbling as the poor bird fluttered a little uneasily, "Be still wid you. Dis yaller mite more trouble to me than all de children I ever riz."

It was nine o'clock. All day there had fallen a cold drizzling rain, and now the night was dark and chilly. As they stood for an instant upon the platform, they would not have known just what to do, but for the approach of a large man, holding above his head a lantern. Recognizing cousin Madge as the mistress of the little party, he asked to see their tickets, examined them, took the checks, and giving her his arm, led the way to the boat-side.

"Let me carry the umbrella, Maum Sarah," said Mary; "see, my hands are empty, and yours are full.

10 THE FIRST STEAMBOAT RIDE.

"Now jis git along wid you, chile; I guess I toted things afore you war born, and whar 's de sense in gwine trabelin if you don't get used to bein' discomfortable. But dis is a heathenish road, an' I wish we was dar."

After passing the cars at the depot, their route lay over cinder paths and across various railroad tracks, while the flickering rays from the swinging lantern only made the objects near them darker and more mysterious-looking, but in a short time they reached the lake-side, and stepped upon the stercage of the new steamboat *Water-Wolf*. Mary, who was now wide awake, began to look around her with the keenest curiosity. Her eyes, like little ferrets, ran into every nook of the curious place, and in one minute she had decided that the upper deck, upon which she stood, had no other use than to be a big storehouse for the baggage of the numerous passengers. Maum Sarah, to whom a steamboat was as great a novelty as to Mary, and who was as much excited as her young nursling, had arrived at the