JESSIE'S ACQUISITION; OR, A SUMMER AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD

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Jessie's Acquisition; Or, A Summer at the Old Homestead by Luana E. Burgess

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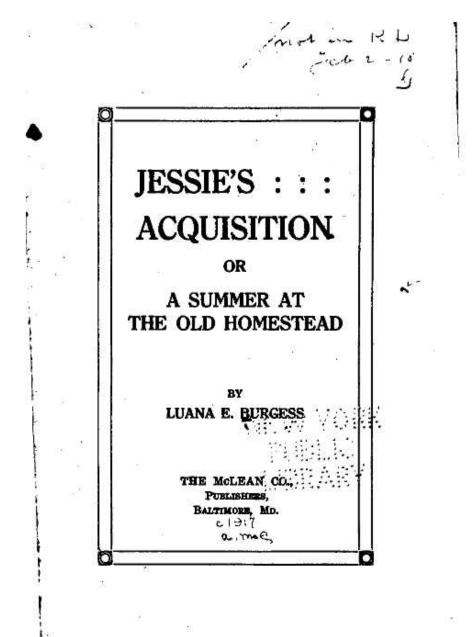
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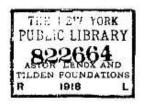
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Trieste



"Come along, Chad. Put up your book; we're going a-fishing."





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This little book is lovingly Dedicated to my childhood's mate—my dear twin sister

Louise,

from whom I have been many years separated, but whose presence was felt in Memory's chamber with an intense realization, while writing this little narrative.



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CHAPTER I.

A round rosy face, subject to many changes like the moods of its owner, eyes that shaded from blue to gray, auburn hair whose possessor stoutly averred was not red, and a plump form. This was Jessie Attwood.

Her oldest brother Alfred with whom she frequently quarreled one minute and made up the next, said, "Jet is all right, except a little too much pepper in her composition."

Amy often regretted that her younger sister was so much of a tomboy, and wished she could be more ladylike, while Jessie's twin brother Chadsworth, said, "She is the very best one of our entire outfit, and worth a dozen of your ladylike girls, and as for pepper, it is needed once in awhile hereabouts."

On this June morning the Attwood young people were assembled in the library and as Jessie expressed it "a storm seemed to be brewing," though to all appearances she did not fear it, for she was whistling little melodies and rounding them up with θ

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series of bird-calls; Alfred nervously drumming his fingers; Amy sat serenely at some light fancy work, while Chadsworth with a book, was curled up in the window seat. At Jessie's feet sat a large maltese cat, which was industriously scrubbing up his white nose with a great white velvety paw.

"For pity sake Jet, do stop that whistle!" said Amy, "it goes through one's head like a penny trumpet. I'm glad you're going to Uncle John's this summer. When you get there, take your whistle out into one of Uncle's broad fields, and let it run. There will be plenty of room there for you to whistle and romp to your entire satisfaction."

"I hope so, really; in the meantime your nerves, Miss Prim, will get a good rest, but how you will miss me and my whistle Amy dear."

"I shall miss you Jet," said Alfred. "I do think this splitting up of our family for the summer, is the craziest plan I ever heard of, anyway," and Alfred gave the piano stool an angry whirl, and reached down to pick up the cat, but Barstow's mis-

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