

**GRANDMA AND
HER
GRANDCHILDREN**

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Grandma and Her Grandchildren by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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GRANDMA
AND HER
GRANDCHILDREN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THREE STREET ORPHANS," "THE CLOUDS," "HOPE: ITS LIGHTS
AND SHADOWS," ETC.



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GRANDMA
AND HER
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CHAPTER I.

ELLA VISITS HER GRANDMA.

WHAT a flutter of joy little Ella was in that morning she was taken away to see her grandma for the first time, and to be left with her for a few weeks! It was her first outing into the great world, and a very great world it seemed to her. There was no end of her wonderings and questionings by the way. It was rather late when the end of the journey was reached, and as grandma was in bed, and Ella much worn out, it was thought best that she should not see her till next

morning. The morning came, and Ella in her best dress was taken up to her grandma's chamber.

"Are you grandma?" she cried, as she ran forward to the bedside.

"Yes, darling. Shall I have a kiss from you?"

"O yes, but I can't get up."

She was lifted into the bed, and kneeling upon her knees, she looked down into her grandma's face.

"Are you afraid to kiss me, Ella?"

"No, but you are not so pretty as mamma."

"Not now, dear, but once I was."

"Pretty as mamma?"

"Yes, darling, so people say."

"Who are the people?"

"Anybody and everybody."

Ella was bewildered, and kept looking into her grandma's face.

"I see I am not to have a kiss."

"O yes, grandma; but isn't it so—so—"

"Strange, you mean."

"Yes, grandma," and she knelt down and kissed the old lady two or three times.

"What soft lips you have, grandma!"

"Are they too soft?"

"No, indeed; they are like my silk velvet cape, and papa's lips are so rough and sore, and he does kiss me so when he comes in, and mamma scolds him and calls him naughty. But what pretty hair you've got, grandma!"

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, it is so white—as white as anything," and she stroked it as she spoke, and thrust her little chubby fingers in amongst it.

"Would you like to have white hair, Ella?"

"O yes, grandma—can you make it white?—it is so pretty, just like my birthday dress. Can you, grandma?"

"No, dear."

"If I were putting snow on it would it not grow white?"

"No; the snow would just melt and leave it as black as ever."

"What shall I do, then?"

"You must wait till you grow old."

"And had you to wait, grandma?"

"Yes, when I was young like you, my hair was blacker than yours."

"O grandma! were you once young?"

"Yes, dear."

"And did you get your hair curled, and were you ever naughty?"

"Yes, both."

"And had you a mamma?"

"Yes."

"And did she ever scold you, and say you were naughty?"

"Yes."

Ella clapped her hands and laughed and laughed, and the old lady laughed along with her.

"It is so funny, grandma."

"I daresay it is, child."

"And did you ever scold mamma, and tell her to go to bed?"

"Yes, but not often—she was a good child."

"Scold mamma!—it is so funny, isn't it,