

**THE TWO HALF DOLLARS,
AND OTHER TALES: A
GIFT FOR CHILDREN**

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The Two Half Dollars, and Other Tales: A Gift for Children by Adeline Eunice Gould

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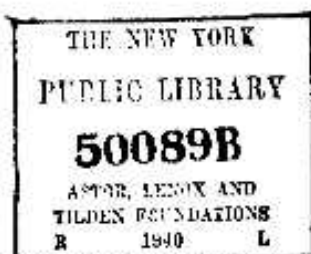
THE
TWO HALF DOLLARS,
AND OTHER TALES.

GIFT FOR CHILDREN.

WITH THIRTEEN ENGRAVINGS.

[By Mrs Adeline E. Gould.]

BOSTON:
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P R E F A C E .

MOST of the following stories and rhymes for children were found among the papers of Mrs. **ADELINE E. GOULD**, and are offered to her friends as a slight memorial of her, while they serve the purpose to which the amiable writer would have devoted them, the gratification of children. The engravings are from designs drawn in her album by a sister, while she wrote the lines which accompany them, to beguile the tedious hours of declining health.

One of the stories has been partly re-written to suit the present purpose, and others, which were adapted to a more advanced age, have been laid by, perhaps for future publication; in consequence of which the latter part of the volume is filled by another pen.

A. W. A.

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THE TWO HALF DOLLARS.

HENRY AND MARIANNE.

HENRY HAYWARD was three years and a half older than his little sister Marianne. Strangers who saw him, and observed his animated movements, his strong, tall figure, and his open countenance, often exclaimed, "What a fine boy!" His friends thought him a fine little fellow, indeed,—but not merely because he was healthy and bright. He was also sweet-tempered and generous, and did not take advantage of his strength to tyrannize over the weak. He would not hurt even a fly, or a spider, and so gentle was he in his treatment of animals, that the dog and cat had a special friendship for him, and would follow him all over the grounds; and the chickens would eat from his hand.

He would often prefer playing in the nursery, even in fine weather, that he might be near his little sister. Twenty times in an hour he would leave his play to rub his smooth plump cheek over hers, and kiss her, with some little expression of tenderness or admiration. Baby would wink and look puzzled, as his long curls swept over her eyes, but soon learned to reply to his endearments with a smile and a *cooing* note, and toss up her little arms whenever he approached. His name was the first word she tried to speak. It was Henry who steadied her wavering steps when she first began to walk; and even at this early age, he appeared to glory in the name of brother, and the natural right of being the especial protector and support of a sister. It cannot be denied that the little Marianne was rather disposed to abuse this sentiment; and if her eye chanced to fall upon some little toy which he had placed out of her reach, because her untaught grasp would spoil it, she would set up a passionate scream, which changed into laughter

or bird-like music, when he resigned to her the object of her desire, and calmly acquiesced in its ruin.

One day his grandfather brought him a gaily painted wagon. Henry took one eager look at it, before he bounded away to the nursery with a doll that had come for Marianne. It was made of cloth, and both strong and soft, and just the thing, he thought, for baby to delight in; but the capricious little lady received it with much indifference.

He returned to the parlor, and remained contentedly during his grandfather's visit; but no sooner had the old gentleman departed, than Henry was marching off to the nursery with his little wagon.

"Stop, stop—" cried his mother, "Don't let Marianne see that—she will insist on having it, and it is not strong. Amuse yourself with it a few days, at least, before you show it to her."

The little boy tried to look satisfied, and drew it across the carpet, took in a load of spoils from the work table, and sold them