

**GETTING WELL:  
TALES FOR LITTLE  
CONVALESCENTS**

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Getting Well: Tales for Little Convalescents by Mrs. S. H. Bradford & Edward N. Marks

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**MRS. S. H. BRADFORD & EDWARD N. MARKS**

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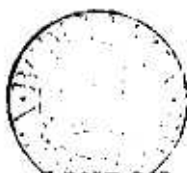
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BY  
**MRS S. H. BRADFORD**  
AND OTHERS.

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## P R E F A C E.

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**D**EAR Little Children, from whose pretty faces  
Illness has chased the rose of health away,  
Making a stillness in the halls and places  
Where you have loved to ramble in your play ;  
Sweet would it be to gather you about me,  
Feeling your arms around my neck entwine,  
Knowing you could not ever fear or doubt me,  
With your sweet eyes fixed eagerly on mine.

Then I would tell you many a queer old story,  
Sing you the songs and hymns of olden time  
Which once I sang to others, who before me  
Long sat to listen to my tale or rhyme ;  
But they are gone ; and you—you are so many,  
I cannot ever hope to see you all,  
And so I send you, Willie, Sue, and Fanny,  
And all the rest, these tales for great and small.

When of your play you now begin to weary,  
Running to mother with a fretful look,  
She'll lay her work down, and with voice so cheery,  
Read you a story from my little book.  
Well will it pay me, though I never meet you,  
If you'll regard me as a friend most true,  
And if my book, whene'er it comes to greet you,  
Wins one kind thought from mother and from you.

**M**Y DEAR LITTLE READERS,—

I feel as if I must explain to you something about the little piece in this book called "Katie's Dream." The first time I ever heard that story it was told (not in rhyme) by my minister to the Sunday-school children. I thought it was such a lovely story that the next day I wrote it in rhyme. And when I was making up the book for the half-ill and half-well little children, I put that little piece in it. After I had sent the book to the publishers, a little girl one day brought me a tiny little book. It was this same story, in much prettier verse than mine. So you see this lady had written her story in verse; my minister had read or heard it, and told it to the children in prose; and I had turned it into verse again for you.