

**SOAP-BUBBLE  
STORIES.  
FOR CHILDREN**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649109609

Soap-bubble stories. For children by Fanny Barry

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**FANNY BARRY**

**SOAP-BUBBLE  
STORIES.  
FOR CHILDREN**





**Soap-Bubble Stories.**





# Soap = Bubble Stories.

FOR CHILDREN.

BY

*FANNY BARRY,*

AUTHOR OF "THE FOX FAMILY," "THE OBSTINATE ELM LEAF," "THE BEARS  
OF WUNDERMERK," ETC.

New York :

JAMES POTT & CO., 14 & 16, ASTOR PLACE.

1892.

W11

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
591762B  
ASTOR LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS  
# 1951 J



To  
VERA, ELSIE,  
OSKAR, OLGA, ERIK,  
NEVA, JESSIE,  
LEO, DOROTHY, CLAUDE,  
AND  
HERBERT.





**I**T was twilight, and the children, tired of playing, gathered round the fire.

Outside, the snow fell softly, softly; and the bare trees shook their branches in the keen air. The pleasant glow of the blazing logs lighted up the circle of happy faces, and peopled the distant corners with elfin shadows.

All the afternoon the children, pipe in hand, with soap suds before them, had been blowing airy bubbles that caught the gleams of a hundred flying rainbows—but now in the fading daylight, the pipes were put aside, and they threw themselves down on the fur rug, and looked with thoughtful eyes into the caverns of the fire.

“What can we do now?” they cried, “Won’t *you* make us some bubbles?”

And someone sitting in the shadow, who had watched and admired their handiwork; whipped up some white froth in a fairy basin, and taking a pipe, she blew them some bubbles.

Not so beautiful as the children’s own, with their pure reflections of the light and sunshine—but the best she could fashion with the materials she had at hand; for the only soap she could find was Imagination, and her pipe was a humble black pen.

