

# **THE JOYOUS STORY OF TOTO**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649120635

The joyous story of Toto by Laura E. Richards

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Cover @ 2017

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**LAURA E. RICHARDS**

**THE JOYOUS  
STORY OF TOTO**



THE JOYOUS STORY

OF

TOTO.

BY

LAURA E. [RICHARDS, *Laura Richards*  
*(Hawley)*]

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. H. GARRETT.



*15*  
BOSTON:  
*b* ROBERTS BROTHERS.

*7* 1885.

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University Press:  
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE.

*TO MY CHILDREN*

**This Story**

IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

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## THE JOYOUS STORY OF TOTO.

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### CHAPTER I.

TOTO was a little boy, and his grandmother was an old woman (I have noticed that grandmothers are very apt to be old women); and this story is about both of them. Now, whether the story be true or not you must decide for yourselves; and the child who finds this out will be wiser than I.

Toto's grandmother lived in a little cottage far from any town, and just by the edge of a thick



wood; and Toto lived with her, for his father and mother were dead, and the old woman was the only relation he had in the world.

The cottage was painted red, with white window-casings, and little diamond-shaped panes of glass in the windows. Up the four walls grew a red rose, a yellow rose, a woodbine, and a clematis; and they all met together at the top, and fought and scratched for the possession of the top of the chimney, from which there was the finest view; so foolish are these vegetables.

Inside the cottage there was a big kitchen, with a great open fireplace, in which a bright fire was always crackling; a floor scrubbed white and clean; a dresser with shining copper and tin dishes on it; a table, a rocking-chair for the grandmother, and a stool for Toto. There were two bedrooms and a storeroom, and perhaps another room; and there was a kitchen closet, where the cookies lived. So now you know all about the inside of the cottage. Outside there was a garden behind and a bit of green in front,

and three big trees; and that is all there is to tell.

As for Toto, he was a curly-haired fellow, with bright eyes and rosy cheeks, and a mouth that was always laughing.

His grandmother was the best grandmother in the world, I have been given to understand, though that is saying a great deal, to be sure. She was certainly a very good, kind old body; and she had pretty silver curls and pink cheeks, as every grandmother should have. There was only *one* trouble about her; but that was a very serious one, — she was blind.

Her blindness did not affect Toto much; for he had never known her when she was not blind, and he supposed it was a peculiarity of grandmothers in general. But to the poor old lady herself it was a great affliction, though she bore it, for the most part, very cheerfully. She was wonderfully clever and industrious; and her fingers seemed, in many ways, to see better than some people's eyes. She kept the cottage always

as neat as a new pin. She was an excellent cook, too, and made the best gingerbread and cookies in the world. And she knit—oh! how she *did* knit!—stockings, mittens, and comforters; comforters, mittens, and stockings: all for Toto. Toto wore them out very fast; but he could not keep up with his grandmother's knitting. Clickety click, clickety clack, went the shining needles all through the long afternoons, when Toto was away in the wood; and nothing answered the needles, except the tea-kettle, which always did its best to make things cheerful. But even in her knitting there were often trials for the grandmother. Sometimes her ball rolled off her lap and away over the floor; and then the poor old lady had a hard time of it groping about in all the corners (there never was a kitchen that had so many corners as hers), and knocking her head against the table and the dresser.

The kettle was always much troubled when anything of this sort happened. He puffed angrily, and looked at the tongs. "If *I* had legs,"