

**THE NURSERY; A
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
FOR THE YOUNGEST
READERS; VOL. XI**

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THE
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A Monthly Magazine

FOR YOUNGEST READERS.

VOLUME XI.

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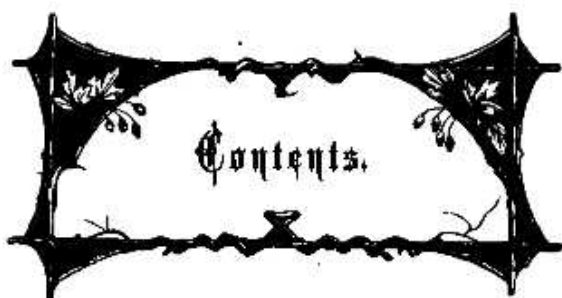
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IN PROSE.

PAGE.		PAGE.
1	Grandmother's Puzzle.....	78
4	My Mouse.....	80
5	Kitty and his Bottle.....	83
6	The Unbending Doll.....	84
9	A Letter from Papa.....	87
11	Stories about Apes.....	88
15	Grandfather and the Fox.....	90
16	On the Pond.....	92
18	Mamma's Story.....	94
21	About Umbrellas.....	95
23	A Box on the Ear.....	97
25	"I didn't think".....	100
26	Daisy's Rabbit.....	102
30	George and the Apples.....	105
33	The Old Bowling-Alley.....	107
37	What became of the Five-Cent Pieces.....	108
41	The Lazy Sled.....	111
44	Going over the Mountains.....	112
46	The Fox and the Geese.....	114
48	The Little Hostler.....	118
54	Rules for Dolls.....	120
56	Box at Home.....	121
57	The House-Mouse and the Wood-Mouse.....	124
60	Dogs that work.....	126
62	What I saw from my Window.....	130
65	Our Auction.....	132
68	Henry's Voyage to Greenland.....	134
73	A Bird Story.....	137
74	What the Cat saw.....	139
	The Dog and the Goose.....	141
	A Stormy Day at Home.....	
	The Wise Swans.....	
	How Barefoot was found out.....	
	The Skaters.....	
	Willy and Nilly.....	
	Birdie's Bad Dream.....	
	Baby Beth.....	
	Lazy Dick.....	
	Allyn and his Daisy.....	
	Emily's Story.....	
	A Talk about the Moon.....	
	The Duck and her Family.....	
	The Watcher of the Keys.....	
	My Neighbor's Goat.....	
	Willy's Horse.....	
	The Gannet.....	
	The Children's Day-Dream.....	
	Mabel and her Grandmother.....	
	What I saw in the City.....	
	The Dredgers.....	
	The Dinner-Party.....	
	The Goldfinch and its Master.....	
	Our Cat Muffy.....	
	Why Pop staid behind.....	
	How a Boy learnt to Paint.....	
	Brownie.....	
	A Game of Leap-Frog.....	
	Our Pigeons.....	
	Story of Little Boy-Blue.....	

CONTENTS.

PAGE.	PAGE.
Guess where they are going.....144	Caught at last.....170
Sights in the City.....148	How the Birds drove off the Dog.....172
The Polite Rooster.....153	Sister and Brother.....174
The Horse that knew her Master.....155	Freddy and his Pony.....178
The Little Runaway.....157	The Rooster and the Kitten.....180
Having a Good Time.....159	The Ostrich and her Eggs.....184
Alice and her Kittens.....161	The Great Bell in Russia.....185
Feeding the Fishes.....163	France and Germany.....186
Captain Jinks.....166	

IN VERSE.

PAGE.	PAGE.
Christmas Eve.....3	The Bird and the Stag.....104
The Cat and the Milk.....7	Contentment.....106
The Sleepy Boy.....8	The Proud Doll.....110
If I were you.....10	March.....117
The Guinea-Hen.....13	April-Fool.....123
What is the Matter?.....19	Old Mother Hubbard (<i>with music</i>).....128
Jack and Jill.....29	Rain-Drops.....131
Christmas Stockings.....32	Tiz-a-ring.....136
A January Thaw.....36	Robin's Breakfast.....138
Winter.....40	The Bee's Wisdom.....146
The Snow-Ball.....42	Carol for Spring.....147
Little Miss Muffet.....45	Flower-Talk.....151
Tommy and the Woodchuck.....51	The Sisters at Work.....154
Kiod Mamma.....53	Get up Early.....158
The Merry Birds (<i>with music</i>).....64	May.....160
Wishes.....67	Pop-Corn! Who'll Buy?.....165
It's very Best.....71	The First Pocket.....168
The Nursery Elf.....72	June Weather.....176
Learning to Count.....77	Spring Rain.....182
Baby's Fall.....86	The Bear and the Bee-Hive.....183
The Ride.....93	A Child's Song.....188
Tot's Almanac.....101	



Dr. L. B. Stone 2/9



GRANDMOTHER'S PUZZLE.

GRANDMOTHER'S PUZZLE.



OME, now, grandmother," said Robert, "measure us fairly. Which is the taller,—Jenny, or I? We stand in our stocking-feet, you see.

"I should not wonder if you found me the taller of the two: for I have been living on chowder at the seaside, not to speak of pumpkins and milk; and you know how that kind of food makes one grow.

"When I left home six weeks ago, Jenny and I were just of a height. Poor Jenny! She has been taking care of her sick doll all summer; and that, I'm afraid, has worn her down, and prevented her from shooting up like me."

"I'm not afraid to measure heights with you, sir!" said Jenny. "My doll has not been sick, and I have taken her out in her carriage every day, fair or foul; and I have eaten a good dinner every day too, as grandmother knows."

"Well, children," said grandmother, "stand up, and let me see how you compare in height."

"You'll find it's just as I tell you," said Robert: "chowder and pumpkin have done the work for me. Why! the people at the beach used to place me up against a wall, and then stand and see me grow; and they didn't have to wait long. It was amazing the way I shot up."

"Well, well, Robert, stand up now, back to back, with Jenny, and let me be the judge. Is it possible?" cried grandmother. "This boy has grown with a vengeance. Why, Jenny! he's a full head taller than you are."

"Didn't I tell you so?" cried Robert, trying to slip away.

"Stop, sir!" said Jenny, seizing him, and pulling him back. "Now, sir, stand flat on your feet, and not on tiptoe. He was cheating you, grandmother, all the time."

"That was the way of it; was it, Master Robert?" said grandmother, laughing. "Well, I ought to have known you were playing me a trick."

So grandmother made the two stand up once more, and looked at their feet to see that they stood right; and she found that Robert had not grown so much, after all.

"If I were to put a newspaper under Jenny's feet, I think she would be about as tall as you are, Master Robert," said grandmother. "Now, are you not ashamed of yourself, sir, to try to cheat an old lady like me?"

"It was only in fun, grandmother," said Robert; "and I shall stop your scolding with a kiss. There!"

Then Robert ran off to his sled, and Jenny took up her doll, and grandmother looked round for her knitting.

DORA BURNSIDE.

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

STARS are shining everywhere
Through the frosty Christmas air;
Jack Frost sketches on the pane
Hints of fern and waving grain;
All the nests are filled with snow;
Hidden is the tall hedge-row,
Where wild brambles used to run
In the happy summer sun;
Star-beams touch the ice-clad trees
Into splendid jewelries,
Till the world appears to shine
In a halo half divine.

Sleepy eyes now wait to catch
Good Saint Nicholas lifting the latch.

M. N. PRESCOTT.