

**LITTLE PITCHER  
STORIES: CHARLEY'S  
CALICO ROOSTER**

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Little Pitcher Stories: Charley's Calico Rooster by Sophie May

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**SOPHIE MAY**

**LITTLE PITCHER  
STORIES: CHARLEY'S  
CALICO ROOSTER**





**The last of the Calico Rooster.**

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LITTLE PITCHER STORIES.

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CHARLEY'S CALICO ROOSTER.

BY  
*John L.*  
MRS. MAY.

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BOSTON:  
WM. H. HILL, JR., & CO.  
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# CHARLEY'S CALICO ROOSTER.

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## CHAPTER I.

### UNDER THE BIG ELM.



THE Little Pitchers were all together under the shade of the big elm. The big elm was very, very old, and it had wide-spreading branches, thickly covered with green leaves, which rustled, when the wind stirred them, with a sound very pleasant to hear. The sun's rays could not penetrate this dense foliage, and so underneath the tree was a wide, circular space of shade, which the Little Pitchers liked very much. I do not mean pitchers of stone or earthenware, but those Little Pitchers with great ears of

whom you have so often heard. If I were speaking of boxes, I should say there was a nest of them, and there were four sizes. There was Flora, the baby pitcher, who nestled right in the heart of the nest, surrounded by all the other pitchers, who clustered lovingly about her. There was Bertie, a size larger, then came Charley, and last of all Amy, who was the biggest pitcher of the lot, and who kept all the others together, as the outside box holds the little ones. Pitcher number one, I suppose you would call her. She was endeavoring to soothe Flora, who seemed to be in great affliction.

"I have cried and cried," said the baby pitcher, shaking her shaggy mane, and stamping her foot, "and it don't do any good."

"I have not found out yet that crying ever did any good," said Charley, who never let slip an opportunity for teasing the little one.