

**STORIES OF  
MOTHER  
GOOSE VILLAGE**

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Stories of Mother Goose village by Madge A. Bigham

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**MADGE A. BIGHAM**

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MOTHER GOOSE  
VILLAGE

*.by.*

*Madge A. Bigham.*



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TO  
WILLETTE ALLEN  
WITH  
THE LOVE OF THE AUTHOR



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ONCE upon a time there was a little girl with sunny hair and merry eyes, and she lived in a house with a great big man, who was her father.

Now, the great big man had merry eyes, too, just like the little girl's, but he was always very busy and would sit for days and days at his study-table reading and writing. But the little girl went in to see him every day and the great big man was never too busy to tell her a story. And sometimes he would romp with her until the little girl laughed and laughed and laughed, and then he would say, "Run away, my dear, and play."

Of course the stories were very short ones, because the great big man did not have time to tell long ones, you know. One the little girl liked was:

"See-saw, Margery Daw,  
Jenny shall have a new master;  
She shall have but a penny a day  
Because she can't work any faster."

She liked that one because the great big man always rode her on his knee when he told it. But there were others that she liked just as well—all about little Bo-Peep and little Miss Muffet and Jack Sprat and Humpty Dumpty and Peter Piper and Jack and Jill and little Boy Blue and Polly Flinders and Tommy Tucker and the Crooked Man and—oh, many others that you have heard

about in the Mother Goose book. But the last one that the great big man always told was this—because the little girl always said “Tell one more,” you know:

“I’ll tell you a story  
About Jack-a-Manory,  
And now my story’s begun,  
I’ll tell you another  
About Jack and his brother,  
And now my story is done.”

Then he would chuck the little girl under her chin and she would smile and run away and play, and tell the very same stories over and over to her dolls about Jack-a-Manory and all the rest. But one day something happened, for, when the great big man came home from town, why, he brought a present to the little girl, all tied up with a blue cord, and when she opened it—why, it was a story book, quite full of all those stories the little girl loved so well, and there were most beautiful colored pictures, too—one for every story—Bo-Peep and Tommy Grace and Boy Blue and all the rest! And do you know, the little girl could read those stories almost as well as the great big man could. He would only show her the pictures and she would do the rest—whether he held the book upside down or not! Now wasn’t that queer?

So for many days the little girl read her Mother Goose book—read and read and read until she almost wore it out, she read it so much, and *then* she was sorry because there wasn’t any more of it to read. She asked the great big man, when he went to town, to see if Mother Goose had not written another book, but when the great big man came back, he shook his head and said, “No, my dear; the old lady wrote only the one.” And then when the little girl looked sad, he said, “But never mind, when you grow into a great big girl, my dear, you may write another one and tell some more about Humpty Dumpty and Jack-be-Nimble and little Miss Muffet and all the rest.” And so the little girl did, and these are the stories she wrote. Wouldn’t you like to read them?

MADGE BIGHAM.



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