

**LITTLE PRUDY'S
FLYAWAY SERIES. LITTLE
GRANDFATHER; PP. 13-221**

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Little Prudy's flyaway series. Little grandfather; pp. 13-221 by Sophie May

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LITTLE GRANDFATHER.

BY

SOPHIE MAY,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE PRUDY STORIES," "DOTTY DIMPLE
STORIES," "THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED.

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a very large woman as her mother, or that Mrs. Parlin had once been thin and delicate, like Love.

There was another, besides these two, who petted Willy; and that was "Liddy," the housemaid. Lydia was a Quaker woman, and every "First Day" and "Fifth Day" — that is, Sunday and Thursday — she went off to a meeting, which was held over the river, three miles away, in a yellow "meeting-house" without any steeple. It was not always convenient to spare Lydia on "Fifth Day," for Mr. Parlin kept a country hotel, or, as it was called in those days, a "tavern," and there was plenty of work to be done; but no matter how much company came, "Liddy" would leave her pies half rolled out on the board, or her goose half stuffed, and walk off to the

Quaker settlement to meeting. But when she came back, she went steadily to work again, and was such a good, honest, pious woman, that nobody thought of finding any fault with her.

She was all the "regular help" Mrs. Parlin had; but Mrs. Knowles did the washing, and often Siller Noonin came in to help Lydia with an extra baking.

Caleb Cushing — or, as the country people called him, "Kellup" — was the man of all work, who took care of the sheep and cattle, and must always be ready to "put up" the horses of any traveller who happened to stop at the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Parlin, the four children, and Caleb and Lydia, made up the household, with the addition of great shaggy Fowler, the dog, and speckled Molly, the cat, with double fore-paws.

Grandfather Cheever, with his hair done up in a queue, came sometimes from Boston, and made a long visit; but you could hardly say he belonged to the family.

Now, my story is to be about Willy, and I would like to describe him; but how can I, when I have heard such various accounts of the child? I suppose, if you had questioned the family about him, you would have heard a different story from every one. His father would have shaken his head, and said, Willy was a "singular child; there was no *regulation* to him." Seth would have told you he was "impudent." Stephen would have called him "a cry-baby," and Caleb, "the laziest little chap he ever came across;" though "grandf'ther Cheever" thought him "very bright and stirring." Love would have said, "He is so affection-

ate!" which his father very much doubted. Lydia might possibly have called him a "rogue," because he would spy out her doughnuts and pies, no matter where **she** hid them away for safe keeping.

But I know very well how his *mother* would have answered your question about Willy. She would have said, "Don't talk of his faults; he is my own little darling."

And then she would have opened her arms wide, and taken him right in: that is the way it is with mothers.

Thus you see our Willy was not the same to everybody; and no child ever is. To those who loved him he was "sweet as summer;" but not so to those who loved him not.

I suspect Willy was rather contrarily

made up ; something like a mince pie, perhaps. Let us see.

Short and crusty, now and then ; rich, in good intentions ; sweet, when he had his own way ; sour, when you crossed him ; well-spiced, with bright little speeches. All these qualities made up Willy's " points ; " and you know a mince pie is good for nothing without points.

Some people brought out one of these " points," and some another. Seth expected him to be as sharp as cider vinegar ; and so I am afraid he was, whenever Seth corrected him. But his mother looked for sweet qualities in her little darling, and was never disappointed.

Willy slept in the bedroom, in a trundle-bed which had held every one of the children, from the oldest to the youngest. After he