

The Dreadful Story of Pauline and the Matches

Mamma and Nurse went out one day,
And left Pauline alone at play;
Around the room she gayly sprung,
Clapp'd her hands, and danced, and sung.,
Now, on the table close at hand,
A box of matches chanced to stand,
And kind Mamma and Nurse had told her,
That if she touched them they would scold her;
But Pauline said, "Oh, what a pity!
For, when they burn, it is so pretty;
They crackle so, and spit, and flame,
And Mamma often burns the same.
I'll just light a match or two
As I have often seen my mother do."

When Minz and Maunz, the pussy-cats, heard this
They held up their paws and began to hiss.
"Meow!!" they said, "me-ow, me-o!
You'll burn to death, if you do so,
Your parents have forbidden you, you know."
But Pauline would not take advice,
She lit a match, it was so nice!
It crackled so, it burned so clear,-
Exactly like the picture here.
She jumped for joy and ran about,
And was too pleased to put it out.

When Minz and Maunz, the little cats, saw this,
They said, "Oh, naughty, naughty Miss!"
And stretched their claws,
And raised their paws;
"Tis very, very wrong, you know;
Me-ow, me-o, me-ow, me-o!
You will be burnt if you do so,
Our mother has forbidden you, you know. "
Now see! oh! see, what a dreadful thing
The fire has caught her apron-string;
Her apron burns, her arms, her hair;
She burns all over, everywhere.

Then how the pussy-cats did mew
What else, poor pussies, could they do?
They screamed for help, 'twas all in vain,

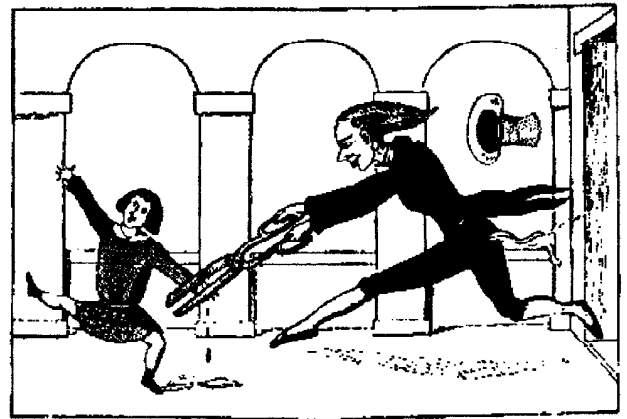
So then, they said, "We'll scream again.
 Make haste, make haste! me-ow! me-o!
 She'll burn to death, - we told her so."
 So she was burnt with all her clothes,
 And arms and hands, and eyes and nose;
 Till she had nothing more to lose
 Except her little scarlet shoes;
 And nothing else but these was found
 Among her ashes on the ground.
 And when hen the good cats sat beside
 The smoking ashes, how they cried!
 "Me-ow me-o! ! Me-ow, me-oo! !
 What will Mamma and Nursy do?"
 Their tears ran down their cheeks so fast.
 They made a little pond at last.



The Story of Little Suck-a-Thumb

One day, Mamma said, "Conrad dear,
 I must go out and leave you here.
 But mind now, Conrad, what I say,
 Don't suck your thumb while I'm away.
 The great tall tailor always comes
 To little boys that suck their thumbs.
 And ere they dream what he's about
 He takes his great sharp scissors out
 And cuts their thumbs clean off, - and then
 You know, they never grow again."

Mamma had scarcely turn'd her back,
 The thumb was in, alack! alack!
 The door flew open, in he ran,
 The great, long, red-legged scissorman.
 Oh! children, see! the tailor's come
 And caught our little Suck-a-Thumb.
 Snip! Snap! Snip! the scissors go;
 And Conrad cries out - Oh! Oh! Oh!
 Snip! Snap! Snip! They go so fast;
 That both his thumbs are off at last
 Mamma comes home; there Conrad stands,
 And looks quite sad, and shows his hands;-
 "Ah!" said Mamma "I knew he'd come
 To naughty little Suck-a-Thumb."



The Story of Johnny Look-in-the-Air

As he trudg'd along to school,
It was always Johnny's rule
To be looking at the sky
And the clouds that floated by;
But what just before him lay,
In his way,
Johnny never thought about;
So that every one cried out
"Look at little Johnny there,
Little Johnny Head-In-Air!"

Running just in Johnny's way,
Came a little dog one day;
Johnny's eyes were still astray
Up on high,
In the sky;
And he never heard them cry -
"Johnny, mind, the dog is nigh!"
What happens now?
Bump!
Dump!
Down they fell, with such a thump,
Dog and Johnny in a lump!
They almost broke their bones
So hard they tumbled on the stones

Once, with head as high as ever,
Johnny walked beside the river.
Johnny watch'd the swallows trying
Which was cleverest at flying.
Oh! what fun!
Johnny watch'd the bright round sun
Going in and coming out;
This was all he thought about.
So he strode on, only think!
To the river's very brink,
Where the bank was high and steep
And the water very deep;
And the fishes, in a row,
Stared to see him coming so.
One step more! Oh! sad to tell!
Headlong in poor Johnny fell.

The three little fishes, in dismay,
Wagged their tails and swam away

There lay Johnny on his face;
With his nice red writing-case;
But, as they were passing by,,
Two strong men had heard him cry;
And, with sticks, these two strong men
Hook'd poor Johnny out again.

Oh! you should have seen him shiver
When they pull'd him from the river
He was in a sorry plight,
Dripping wet, and such a fright!
Wet all over, everywhere,
Clothes, and arms, and face, and hair
Johnny never will forget
What it is to be so wet.

And the fishes, one, two, three,
Are come back again, you see;
Up they came the moment after,
To enjoy the fun and laughter.
Each popp'd out his little head,
And, to tease poor Johnny, said,
"Silly little Johnny, look,
You have lost your writing-book!"
Look at them laughing and do you see?
His satchel is drifting, far out to sea!

