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MARY'S LITTLE LAMB

A PICTURE GUESSING STORY
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

BY
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WITH 500 PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

SALEM, MASS
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TO

LITTLE AUNT HANNAH

(ON HER

NINETY FIRST BIRTHDAY.)
MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

WHEN little Mary Moffett's mother asked her to go up to the Clover Farm for some fresh
Mary felt a little sorry, for she was very busy making her a dress, but she laid down her work and tied on her pink shoes, and set off up the hill, with her little basket on her head. As she was coming home she heard a queer little patter, patter, behind her. She looked back and saw something white! She felt a wee bit afraid, and began to run—but her shoes struck a stone, and down she tumbled on her back! Before she could get up something soft and woolly was rubbing gently against her face, saying "Ba-a-a!" "Oh you darling lamb!" cried Mary, hugging it—and the little lamb snuggled close, and said "Ba-a-a! Take me home with you, little Mary." She was astonished.
“Whose lamb is it?” she asked. “Oh Mother, I think it’s just a wild lamb! Mayn’t I keep it?” begged she. But Mother said she must ask Farmer Clover if it was one of his, first. So back they went, and found Farmer Clover mending his shoes and Mary asked him. But there were two big tears in her eyes — she did so want that dear — and the kind old man saw them. “Well, yes,” he said, “that’s my lamb — but it’s an extra one, that I haven’t any room for. If I knew anybody who would be willing to take it and treat it well —” “Oh, Mr. Clover!” cried she, her eyes dancing now, and her feet dancing, too. “I’d be willing! I’d treat it well! May I have it?” So Mary and the little lamb went dancing home together. And kind old man watched them and laughed till his in his shoe, and his danced on his foot.
How
they
washed
him.
MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

"MOTHER! Mother!"

cried little Mary, running into the "Mr. Clover says he doesn't need this — it's extra — and I may have it for my very own!" Yes, now it was Mary's little lamb — and how they loved each other! They went together everywhere — in the and the , and over to Grandfathers, to play with little Aunt Hannah. Mary's Aunt Hannah was only three years older than herself, and they played together all the time. The two little thought the was beautiful, but it was not very clean. "I don't want a dirty, dusty little lamb," said Mary: "I want a nice, clean, white lamb." "Then we must wash it," said little . "Father washes all his in the , every spring." Out by the stood the with the big wooden
where the drank. The was full of water, standing in the. Mary leaned over the edge and dipped her. It's nice and warm she said. "Now, dear little jump right in!" But the lamb wouldn't jump—so Mary and little Aunt Hannah lifted him, and dropped him into the. Then they rubbed him with, and squeezed his with their. The poor little lamb didn't like it, and kept trying to get out—till, as tried to hold him her slipped and in she fell. first! Oh, how she screamed! And screamed, too, and the cried "Ba-a-a-a!" as loud as he could. Little Aunt Hannah's mother came running from the fished them out of the water, and carried them into her one under each. There she rubbed them dry, wrapped them both in and set them by the, to get warm.
How they fed him.
MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

Mary's lamb was too young to eat as old do. He wanted milk, but he did not know how to drink from a . He was just a baby sheep, you see. So Mary's found an old tin and filled it with warm new milk. Then she tied a over the , and held it while the little sucked up every drop of the milk. Three times a day they filled the , and he drank it all, while Mary tilted it up for him. One day and little went up Clover to pick for their mothers to put in . They took their luncheon in the berry- and each had a tin to pick into. Mary's went too, and of course he would want his luncheon, so carried the old in a . When the and were full
of , they started home. Along the roadside grew white , and they made a for the lamb's . Then Mary said "The shines so, he must be hot. He shall wear my ." So they tied it snugly over his . Then they sat under a to finish their luncheon, and afterward Mary gave the the rest of his milk. Two came past, in a low , and they laughed to see the little lamb drinking from the teapot. Mary did not notice that one held up a little black leather and pointed it at her. But next week a flat, square came from the postoffice marked "For the Little Girl and Lamb who live near Clover Hill."

But next week a flat, square came from the postoffice marked "For the Little Girl and Lamb who live near Clover Hill." cut the with her , and un- folded the - and what did she find inside it? A beautiful photograph of herself, feeding her by the roadside!
How He Went to School
MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

Mary didn't like to go to school and leave her lamb at home. She knew he would not be happy all alone; and how could she study her sums on her "flannel" without his dear little woolly close beside her? But schooltime came, and she had to start. If she had looked back, she would have seen the lamb trotting along behind, all so pretty, with a blue bow on his wool. He loved to follow little Mary, and he didn't know mustn't go to school. Before he caught up with her, the school bell rang, the children all ran in, and the door was shut; but he stood on the door step and heard them singing. Then the arithmetic class began, and the teacher said: "Mary, if you had three apples, and gave one to Hannah, how many would you
have left?" Mary was not thinking of "Four," she said, "but please teacher, did you know I had a ?" and the lamb heard her voice and called "Baa!" outside the , as loud as he could. "Why, there he is!" cried . "He must go home." said the teacher; and she opened the to send him away. But the little came right in, and ran to , so glad to see her again! "Oh, please let him stay!" said she: "I am sure he will be good!" But all the other laughed — it was so funny to see a lamb in school — and the had to turn him out. But the would not go home. He wanted to stay near Mary; so he waited on the and every time he heard her voice he cried "Ba-a-a-a!" At last the said must take him home; so she put away her , and the little jumped and danced, he was so happy, as they ran home together.
MARY'S LITTLE LAMB

All the week the little lamb had to stay at home while Mary went to school; but on Saturday they had such good times! First, Mary had her tasks to do. She wiped all the plates and bowls, and made her own dinner. Then she went out to play. The nicest place to "play house" was the potato box by the door. Mary and little Aunt Hannah climbed up by the ladder, with their dolls and trinkets, but the lamb couldn't climb. They tried to carry him, but he was too heavy—and he kicked, too. So they took him up on the back in the box and dropped him out of a window onto the ground. Then they all had a good time playing "party," with some caraway seeds and a little bit of milk. But at noon, when
Mary's Mother blew the dinner-\[\] the lamb couldn't get down! They couldn't lift him up to the \[\] and he was afraid to jump to the ground. Little Aunt Hannah stood on the \[\], but could not reach him. Then they brought out armfuls of \[\] and made a big soft \[\] and stood on the \[\] and tried to push him off into the \[\] but he wouldn't budge. "Come to dinner, children," called Mary's. 

"It is getting cold." "Oh dear!" said little Mary, almost crying. "He'll have to stay up here and starve! But he's had three \[\] anyway." At last \[\]'s big brother came out to find them. He laughed when he saw the \[\] and the \[\], but he went for a \[\] and very quickly brought the little \[\] safely down to the ground. Then they all went in and had their dinner together.
HOW LITTLE MARY SPUN.
MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

When my lamb is big enough" said Mary to little Aunt Hannah, "my father will shear him with the , like the old and Mother will teach me to spin, and knit the wool; and so my little lamb will give me my and ." "Let's shear him now," said . I can teach you to knit." "Well," said Mary, "He is very little—but we will only take a little of his ." So she got the , and they cut some wool from his . But they found it must first be spun into — and they didn't know how: so they went to ask Mary's . She laughed at the poor little with the big bare spots in his pretty white .

"If you are in such a hurry for and ," she said, "we will begin them
at once. *First, you must learn to spin*.” So she brought out the big and some tiny soft of wool and showed her how to spin the rolls into . Mary liked to walk backward and forward, and twirl the great with a ; but her yarn was all uneven, and kept snarling and breaking. Soon she grew tired—and cross, too, and then the snarled worse than ever. At last gave the a great whirl, as hard as she could, and ran off to the . There she hid in the and cried, until the little found her and rubbed his against her . Then she stopped crying to laugh, his ragged looked so funny! Pretty soon she went back to the , and said she was sorry for being cross. Then gave her a nice of yarn and some , and taught her to knit a .
MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

When the time really came to wash and shear the, Mary's said the lamb wasn't big enough to spare any more—but he did get washed in the Mary and little Aunt Hannah went down in the meadow to gather cowslips—not for the pretty but to boil in a for dinner. They took off their and and splashed about in the wet, filling their with. They picked some tall blue too, and pulled sweet-flag to eat. To get the sweet they had to cross a little over the brook. The followed them, but he stepped on a loose, and it tipped him off into the water! It wasn't deep enough to be over his, but he waded the wrong way and scrambled out on a little in the
middle of the. They couldn't coax him to wade ashore;—he didn't like water, and
would only shake his and say "Ba-a-a! No-o-o!"
“We must build a for him,” said No. “No,” said
“we will get the boat. The keep it at the mill.” They followed the brook up to the and untied the. There were no, but they found a long and pushed it along to the. The little was very glad to jump in with them. But they could not push the ashore, for the water ran too fast. So they floated along, dipping their in the water, and watching the little swimming below, till they ran into a across the brook. Then they climbed ashore and went back for their and. Oh, you funny lamb!” said Mary.
What good times you do make us have!”
MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

Dollabella, Mary's biggest doll, had had the measles, but she was getting better. "When people get better" said she, "they always go to ride." So she tried to give her a ride on the lamb's back, but he danced up and down and she fell off. Then Mary took a stool and tied her on, so when the lamb danced again he couldn't shake her off. He didn't like that, so he thought he would run away from her, and off he went! The door was shut, but he squeezed through a gap in the curtain, and tore Dollabella's skirt on a lamb. Mary squeezed through the gap, too, and her petticoat caught on the lamb, and tore a great big three-cornered hole. The lamb ran across a field and jumped over a wall into the village, and Mary ran after him, laughing.
Dollabella's and so did Mary's. The caught and tangled them and almost pulled them from the lamb's back. At last they came out into a field and saw Farmer Clover at work with his plow. "Hello!" said he. "Who's running away—you or your lamb?" "Oh, we aren't running away," said they, all out of breath. "We are just giving my pet a ride. She is sick!" "Well, that's a pretty fast ride for anybody that's sick!" said Farmer Clover. "Now I am going to the store to get a barrel of molasses. Don't you want to ride home in my wagon?" Mary and the lamb were tired, and glad to have a ride—and I think the poor lamb must have been just as glad. But when they got home they had to take a bath and mend her ears, and Dollabella's, too.
HOW
BOSSY
BUNTED
HIM
MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

As the lamb grew big and strong he got very frisky, too. He found out that when he ran at things with his hard little down and bunted them, the things would fall down. He thought that was funny, so he bunted everything. In the he bunted over and the and , and nobody dared set a or on the floor. Outdoors, he ran at the , to see them flutter and scream. Once he bunted little Aunt Hannah's — but she didn't fall down; she stood up and cuffed him with her , and scratched his ! But fell down when he bunted her, and so did , although they were bigger than the. One night he ran at Mary's father, bringing in the and spilled all the milk over his . Then Mary's said
if the       didn't stop bunting he must be tied up. So tried to teach him better, but he didn't understand it was naughty, and kept right on bunting. At last one day, he bunted the which was tied to the by a long. Now Bossy liked to bunt, too; so when the ran at her she put her down and ran at him! And she was the biggest, so it was the little himself that fell down that time! First he flew right over the and fell on his — then he rolled over and over into the duck. All the began to flap their and quack, and the big gray hissed at him and chased him. The poor naughty little was so frightened that he ran to , all wet and muddy, and hid his in her. After that, he didn't bunt things any more!
HOW THEY PLAYED HIDE AND SEEK.
MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

One day Mary and her lamb were playing in the. He would lie still as a while she buried him in the, but when she clapped her he jumped up and ran to her like a. Then began to pull out from the mow, and made a deep hole where they could both creep in out of sight. After supper they played hide-and-seek with. So many nice hiding-places—under the bushes, behind the rain, and around the by the. At last remembered her hole in the and crept in, with the which followed her everywhere. Then they waited, keeping very still, till by and by grew sleepy—for it was almost time. She laid her on the's soft neck, as they cuddled down together in their, and before they
knew it they were fast asleep! Hunted and hunted, till she thought she must have gone in the {house} to play a trick on her; so she went into her own {house} a little vexed. Time came and her mother came to the {house} to call Mary in. "I guess she's gone home with Hannah," said she, as he came from the {field} with his {sheep}. The {children} often slept together, and Mary's mother didn't hear the "I guess," so she only said "It is naughty to go without telling me. She mustn't again." So nobody knew where she was, all night! But next morning she didn't come home—she was not at {school}—and how frightened everybody was! They hunted everywhere, and at last started to drive to the neighbor's {farm}. The noise of the {cows} and of the {horses} trampling on the {field} waked Mary—and how astonished everybody was, when she and the {sheep} came creeping out of the {cave}!
HOW HE SAVED MARY
MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

Once little Mary and her lamb really did get lost—and something dreadful almost happened! They had been picking * in the up Clover, and couldn't find the way out. The sun was setting, and thought of * and *! She was tired and hungry, too. She was eating * from her * , and crying, and the * who would not eat * and wanted his milk in the old * was crying, too—"Ba-a-a!"—when a big, tall * with a * in his * broke through the bushes behind them. He sat down on a * and stared at them, looking so white and scared that * felt sorry for him. "Did a * chase you?" she asked. "Oh no, said he, "It's only I'm so glad you are alive!" He didn't dare tell her he had mistaken her little brown * bobbing among the
for a bird, and raised his to shoot it when he saw a little white bobbing beside it and stopped to look closer! So her little had saved Mary's life — but she never knew it.

"Now how came you up here?" the boy asked. "Are you lost?" "Oh no," said , winking away the and smiling; "We aren't exactly lost — only we can't just find our . And we want our supper, too." "You shall have it!" said the . "You are little Mary — I know your — and I'm going to carry you there, quicker than a can trot!"

So he took in one and the in the other, and the he left hidden in the under a . Then he quickly found the (it was close by, after all,) and in ten minutes they were safe home again; and Mary's thanked the big , and gave them all some supper.
HOW
HE
WON
THE
PRIZE!
MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

Now Mary and the big goat became great friends. He used to bring her in his coat; once he took her out in his shoes to gather flowers; and he promised to take her to the County Fair. Early on that day he came for her with his dog and Mary was all ready, in her new hat, with flowers on her head. "Where is the goat?" he asked. "He says he mustn't go," said Mary sadly, "so I shut him up in the barn." "Oh but he must go!" cried the boy. "He's entered the fair - they expect him." She didn't understand that, but she was very glad to take her dear goat with her. They walked about the Fair grounds and saw the horses and cows and sheep in the barn; and visited the animal tent, where the goats and sheep were, in their cages. And everywhere...
that kept close beside her; and all the looked at them and smiled. At last the said “Now we are going into the so we will leave our in this nice little beside all the other to wait for us.” They looked at the and and the and in the. Then they found Marys and and had dinner together; and afterward they saw the race, and the go up, and heard the play. It was a long time before they went for the. Some were looking at him; and just as Mary ran up they fastened a blue on his. “Oh, thank you! How pretty!” she said. “Hurrah!” cried the. “Our has won first prize! That means he’s the best in town!” “Of course!” said little. “He’s the best in the whole!”