

STORIES  
POETRY

## The Inglenook

SKETCHES  
TRAVEL

## WHEN MAMMA RAN AWAY.

By Frances Jones Hadley.

It had been such a beautiful morning that mamma told the twins they could go over and spend the day with grandma, only they must be sure to come home before dark, as she did not wish to have them out late on the long, lonely road between their house and grandma's.

The twins joyfully promised—and what would they not have promised, I wonder?—for they dearly loved to go to grandma's house. There were the coziest little corners there for their playhouses, where Dolly and Polly—these were the twins—could play they were Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones to their heart's content, visiting and returning each other's calls without waiting long, for the houses were so close together.

Then, there were the funny little dolls that grandma used to play with—oh, ever and ever so long ago—and there were the queer, old-fashioned dresses that she let them wear, when they wanted to dress up and pretend they were grand ladies, making calls. And just back of the house there was the dearest little brook, hidden by a thick clump of bushes, where they could wade for an hour, if they wished, and there would be no one to see.

But best of all were the dear little cakes that grandma always had ready for the children who might chance to visit her—such soft, brown, crumbly cakes, with raisins or caraway seeds so thick in them that you could not set your teeth in them without biting a whole lot of them.

And, now, after they had arrived at grandma's and were trying to decide what they should do first, it began to rain—not a hard shower that would end in a little while, but a slow, drizzling rain that might last all day. It was too bad, and it really seemed, for awhile, as if blue eyes and brown might add their drops to the rain—only they were too big to cry, for they were six years old, and everyone knows that people of that age are too big to cry.

They did not want to play with the funny dolls, and they did not want to dress up in the queer old dresses—they were tired of both plays. So grandma must think of something new, for it would never do to let her little visitors feel their visit had been spoiled.

So she brought out a plate of the very nicest cakes—the kind that was all wrinkly with raisins—and putting them on its tiny table, told the twins to help themselves. My, wasn't that the nicest kind of an invitation, and didn't grandma know just how to treat the company? Then, when they were examining the cakes, and trying to decide which ones had the most raisins in, grandma asked them if they would like to hear a story.

"What kind of a story?" asked Polly, her mouth full of cake.

"Is it a good story, or is it a story about some good little girls?" asked Molly, the suspicious, for she did not like very well to hear about good little girls who never did anything naughty.

Grandma laughed, and patting the little girl's rosy cheek, said, "I'm afraid it is about a little girl who was not very good—at least one particular time, anyway. Do you want to hear it?"

Both nodded, their eyes shining, for they did like to listen to grandma.

"Well, once on a time," began grandma (for all stories for the twins must always begin in this way), "there was a little girl who lived in a snug little house, just big enough for papa and mamma and grandma, with this little girl and her baby sister who did not take up much room, you see. Now, this little girl—let's call her Florrie—liked pretty well to have her own way, and never could see why mamma always thought she knew best. So, one day, mamma told her that she and papa were going to the city to be

gone all day, and that she must be a good girl and stay with baby sister, and mind grandma, and they would bring her home something nice from the city.

"Florrie promised, for she had not thought, at the time, of any reason why she should not be good, and was very patient while grandma washed her and combed out her curls and put on a clean apron. She played around for awhile, then the time seemed to be passing so slowly, that she wondered what she could do to amuse herself.

"Suddenly it occurred to her that it had been a long time since she had seen Aunt Mary—dear Aunt Mary, who always was so good to little girls, and never made them promise to be good—and she decided that she must go at once and make her a visit.

"Now, Aunt Mary lived about three miles away, in a small village, and Florrie had often been there with papa and mamma, driving there with old Jane, the family horse, who seemed to enjoy going to Aunt Mary's almost as much as Florrie herself. It was a very pretty road, going up hill and through the woods and over the cunningest little stream, and it always seemed too short to the little girl, unless she was in very much of a hurry to see Aunt Mary.

"The more Florrie thought of going the more she wished to go, and she decided to start at once. Grandma and little sister were taking a nap, and, of course, she did not want to disturb them, so she slipped out, very softly, without waiting to put on her warm little coat and hood, for it was snowing and, while not cold, yet it was not warm enough for a little girl to go three miles without a wrap.

"She walked very fast, being afraid that grandma would wake and find out that one of her little girls was missing. But no one called her back, and she began to walk more slowly, looking at the big bare trees and the little nests swinging in the breeze, watched the squirrels as they jumped and swung and chattered until, almost before she knew it, she was at Aunt Mary's.

"And oh, how surprised that dear auntie was, and how glad she was to see little Florrie, until she found that she had run away. Then, oh, dear me, she began to talk about good little girls—that seemed to live somewhere very far away—and to say things about naughty little girls that, somehow, seemed to live not so far away. But she took the tired Florrie in her arms until she was rested, then gave her some cookies and a glass of milk, which, for some reason, tasted so much better than they did at home.

"Then Aunt Mary said that she was much afraid that a certain grandma she knew would be frightened to find one of her little girls missing, and that Florrie must go back at once, for it would soon be time for papa and mamma to return from the city.

"So cousin John hitched up old Betty and after saying good-bye to Aunt Mary, they started to the little house that held poor, frightened grandma and lonesome little sister. Oh, how glad they were to see Florrie safe and well, and grandma tried to say something about good little girls who never ran away, but she was too happy to say much.

"But when papa and mamma came home and were told how Florrie had forgotten her promise to be a good girl—then, indeed, the poor little girl felt that it was not so much fun to run away, for the pretty book and the new toys were not to be hers, for they were meant for only a very good girl, and the only good girl in that house was little sister, who could only look at the pictures in the book and who did not understand the toys at all. So the book and the toys were put away in a deep, dark and high drawer, to be kept until some time when a certain little girl should be very good. Indeed

it was too bad, wasn't it?" and grandma looked at the twins soberly.

"Was she a good little girl sometimes, and did she get her book?" asked Molly, who loved a book next to her doll, Alice Imogene.

"I think she was a very, very bad girl and she ought never to have her book, never," and Polly looked like a very good little girl, indeed, as she nodded her curly head.

"I think she earned her book later on, and it always helped her to remember the day when she was naughty and ran away."

"I don't think I like her one bit," and Polly looked at grandma for approval.

"What was the little girl's name, grandma?" This from Molly, who did not entirely agree with Polly as to the naughtiness.

"Her name was—Florrie Stone—and it is now Florrie Vernon," and grandma smiled into the little faces so near her own.

"Why, it was—it was our own mamma," and Polly looked very much surprised and grieved.

"Oh, it was mamma—that bad little girl," and Molly laughed gleefully at the thought of her good mamma being naughty, once on a time, just like other little girls.

## IN CLOVER.

"Oh!" said Jamie, one day, "I wish I was a little bird or a bee!"

How mamma laughed! "Why do you wish that?" she said. "Do you want to fly to the top of a tree?"

"No, but I was just thinking how good it would feel to live in clover all the time."

It was June, and Jamie was in the country. He was enjoying it, and felt as if he could not get enough of it. All around him were acres and acres of clover, and the air was sweet with the perfume of many blossoms.

Hundreds of bees and butterflies were flying here and there sipping the sweet white and red blossoms. And Jamie, too, enjoyed drawing the sweet from the little tubes. But he was always very careful not to interfere with the flower the bees had selected.

Every morning Jamie went to the field and brought a nice basketful of the clover with the dew on it for Burny Wee, going again late in the afternoon to get it fresh for his supper.

Bunnies are very fond of clover, and ponies, too. Prince was, Jamie said when he went to the stable and asked him if he wanted some clover, Prince just "sniggered and laughed," he was so happy.

And Jamie felt very happy, too, as Prince cantered off with him on his back to the clover field.

Did you ever find a nicer place, children, than a big clover field?

What good times!

Can you find any sweeter place to play hide and seek?

By the way, did you ever look at clover leaves after dark? The two side leaves, which are its "hands," are folded together, while the third leaf turns over and clasps them.

Some one said, "The clover was asleep and had folded its hands to say its prayers. Clovers usually have three leaves. But when you find four leaves in a cluster, it is said to bring 'good luck.'"

When you hear people say "they are living in clover," that means they are having a splendid time.

And Jamie certainly "lived in clover," all that summer, for he had the most splendid vacation he had ever had.

Man is at his greatest when he bends and worships; he is never so high as when he is on his knees.