



DOT'S DUMPLING.

By EVELYN STUART HARDY.

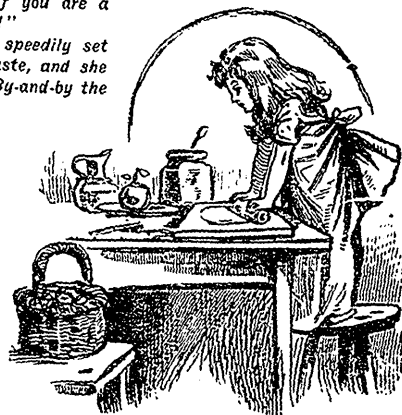
"SEE, Mammie, what lots of apples I've firded under the trees! Sall we make puddins wif dem?"

"Y-as, dearie," said Mammie; "and you shall make a big round dumpling for poor little Jacky Brown your very own self!"

"Hooray!" cried Dot. "How velly nice dat will be. 'Cos he telled me he was velly, velly tired of other puddins. I sall take it to him my own self, sha'n't I, Mammie dear?"

"Yes; if you are a good girl!"

So Dot speedily set to work. She had to stand on a stool to roll the paste, and she picked out the rosiest, roundest apple of the lot. By-and-by the dumpling was made, and Dot's mother popped it into the oven, and Dot trotted off to the nursery for her bonnet and red cloak, because, although Jacky Brown



only lived a few doors off, Dot said it would never do to go out in her garden hat, in case she should meet any one who might say, "Oh, what an untidy girl you are!"

When the dumpling was baked it was packed in Dot's basket, and she ran off with it, and Roger, her little dog, went with her for company.

Jacky was so pleased, and he enjoyed the dumpling so much, and told Dot he should soon get well again. And Roger—yes, Roger sat up and begged for a bit, and seemed delighted when Jacky tossed him a mouthful. Of course little girls cannot be expected to make apple dumplings for sick boys every day, but most little girls might easily do a kind act to somebody every day!