

***AUNT
FANNY***



***THE TWO STORY
MITTENS AND
THE LITTLE
PLAY MITTENS***

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Aunt Fanny

The Two Story Mittens and the Little Play Mittens

Being the Fourth Book of the Series

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THE LITTLE PLAY MITTENS.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

D. Appleton & Company's Juvenile Works.

MORE ABOUT THE MITTENS.

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THE mittens were coming bravely on. Some evenings, Aunt Fanny could not send a story; and then the little mother read an entertaining book, or chatted pleasantly with her children.

There had been twelve pairs finished, during the reading of the third book, and several more were on the way. George had written the most delightful letters, each of which was read to his eagerly-listening sisters and brothers several times, for they were never tired of hearing about life in camp.

This evening, the mother drew another letter, received that day, out of her pocket. The very sight of the envelope, with the precious flag in the corner, caused their eyes to sparkle, and their fingers to fly at their patriotic and loving work.

"Attention!" said the mother in a severe, military tone. Everybody burst out laughing, choked it off, immediately straightened themselves up as stiff as ramrods, and she began:

"DEAR MOTHER, CAPTAIN, AND ALL THE BELOVED SQUAD:—Our camp is splendid! We call it Camp Ellsworth. It covers the westward slope of a beautiful hill. The air is pure and fresh, and our streets (for we have real ones) are kept as clean as a pin. Not an end of a cigar, or an inch of potato peeling, dare to show themselves. Directly back of the camp strong earthworks have

been thrown up, with rifle pits in front; and these are manned by four artillery companies from New York. Our commissary is a very good fellow, but I wish he would buy pork with less fat. I am like the boy in school, who wrote home to his mother, his face all puckered up with disgust: "They make us eat p-h-a-t!!" When I swizzle it (or whatever you call that kind of cooking) in a pan over the fire, there is nothing left of a large slice, but a little shrivelled brown bit, swimming in about half a pint of melted lard, not quarter enough to satisfy a great robin redbreast like me; but I make the most of it, by pointing my bread for some time at it, and then eating a lot of bread before I begin at the pork. The pointing, you see, gives the bread a flavor."

The children screamed with laughter at this, and wanted to have some salt pork cooked immediately to try the "pointing" flavor. Their mother promised to have some for breakfast, and went on reading:

"We are very busy at drills. I give the boys plenty of field exercise, quick step, skirmishes, double quick, and all manner of manœuvres. After drill, we sing songs, tell jokes, and *play* jokes upon each other, but we don't forget, in doing this, that we are *gentlemen*.

"Oh dear mother, I am crazy to be in action! I am afraid, if we don't have a battle soon, I shall get motheaten. Our General is a glorious fellow, and is just as anxious as we are to have it over; peace will come all the sooner. Hollo! Here comes "Tapp," and I

must blow out my half inch of tallow candle, and go to bed.

"Good-by, all my dear ones. Love and pray for your affectionate son and brother,
GEORGE."

"Ah!" sighed the children, as the mother folded up the letter. Then they were silent, thinking of the dear brother who wanted so much to be in the dreadful battle; and the little mother was looking very mournful when there came a ring at the bell.

The servant handed in a package, which proved to be a story from "Aunt Fanny." It came very fortunately; and the mittens grew fast, as the little mother read the interesting history of—

THE PARTY LILLIE GAVE FOR MISS FLORENCE.

THE PARTY LILLIE GAVE FOR MISS FLORENCE.

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"OH, mamma, please *do* buy me a new doll," said Lillie, one day in June.

"Why, how you talk!" answered her mother. "What has become of your large family?"

"Oh, mamma! Minnie, the china doll, has only one leg, and my three wax dolls are no better. Fanny has only one arm; both Julia's eyes are out; and the kitten scratched off Maria's wig the other day, and she has the most dreadful-looking, bald pate you ever saw! Instead of its being made

of nice white wax, it is nothing but old brown paper! I think it is very mean not to make dolls' bald heads like other people's! Then I could have dressed Maria up in pantaloons, and made a grandfather of her. But now she is fit for nothing but to be put in a cornfield to scare away the crows."

Lillie's mother laughed, and kissed her lovely daughter, who had not met with any of the terrible misfortunes that had befallen her wax and china family. *She* had both her round and chubby white arms; and two pretty and active legs, that made themselves very useful in skipping and jumping from morning till night; and just the prettiest golden brown wig you ever saw. It was fastened on so tight, that the kitten, with all her scratchings, could never twitch it off; in fact, every single hair was fastened by a root in her dear little head, and fell in soft, natural curls over her dimpled cheeks.

That very afternoon, her mother went out shopping; and looking in at a toy shop window, she saw a splendid wax doll nearly three feet long. It was dressed up in all manner of furbelows, but the dress did not look half so fresh and lovely as the doll. The arms and hands were all wax, round, pinky-white, and beautifully shaped, with two cunning dimples in the elbows, and four little dimples in the back of each hand. She had dark curling hair, large blue eyes, and very small feet.

"Well," said the loving mother to herself, "I really *must* try to get this splendid doll for my darling Lillie." Her own gentle blue eyes quite sparkled at the thought of the happiness such a present would bring with it. So she walked quickly in, and asked the price.

Oh dear! It was twenty dollars!

This was more than the mother thought right to give for the doll; and she told the man so, very politely. He was a very wise man, and what is more and better, kept a toy shop, because he loved children dearly; so he put his head on one side, and thought; then he looked out of the corner of his eye at the lady, and saw what a pleasant, sweet expression was on her face; then he thought again—this time, how disappointed the sweet little girl at home would be, if she knew her mother was out looking for a doll for her, and came home without one; and then he said, "What do you think the doll is worth?"

Lillie's mother told him what she considered a fair price, and the darling, good toyman spoke up as quick as a flash, "You shall have it, ma'am! Here, John, put this doll in paper, and take it to 'No. 13 Clinton Place.'"