Vera Lowe
With best love & good
Christmas wishes
from Cousin Nellie.

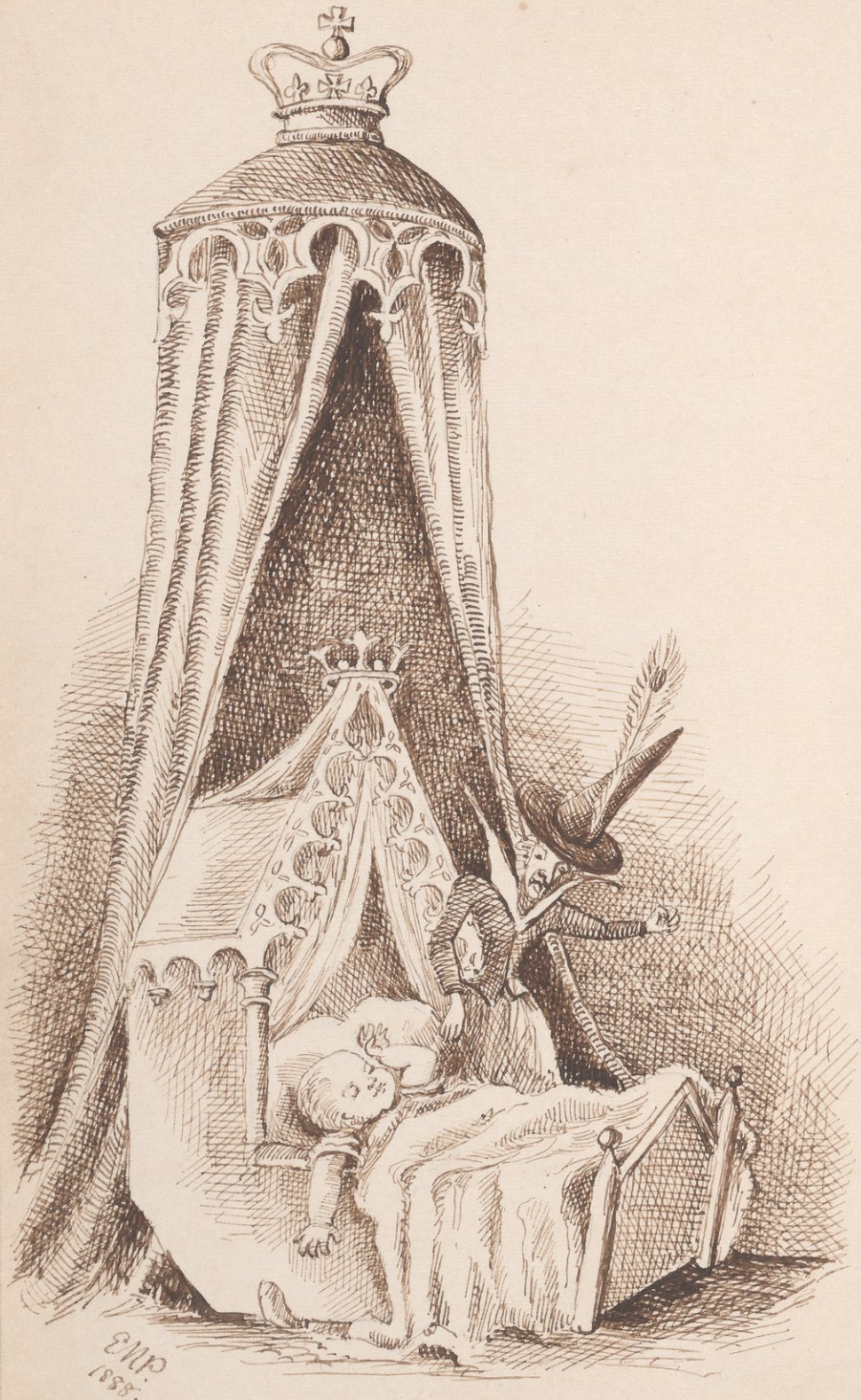
Xmas 1888.

DWARF STORIES

BY

EMP.

— II —


EMP
1888.

THE DWARF
with the
YELLOW NOSE

Many thousand years ago, in a land far away from England, there lived a King & Queen who needed but one thing to make their happiness complete, & that was a son to cheer them in their old age, & to inherit the kingdom at their death.

When at length a little son was born to them, everybody went nearly mad with joy. "The Court Chronicle" declared him to be the loveliest child that ever

was born, while the "Court Circular" remarked that he seemed subject to none of the ills of Childhood. & Called him "a Radiant Being," a "Star of Beauty," & a "Pearl of Perfection." and really he was a very pretty boy, & would have been so whether he had been born a Prince or a Cobbler.

Moreover his nature was as sweet as his face, & in spite of everything that everybody could do to spoil him, nobody could succeed in spoiling him a bit.

Everything that the child did, or did not do, was considered by the "Chronicle" & the "Circular" to be remarkable, even to the cutting of his first tooth; Indeed when that

small piece of ivory appeared, telegrams were sent to all the most important personages in the Realm, & what is more, to all the Principal Cities of Europe to announce the fact. After which all the important personages in the Realm, felt still more important, & all the principal cities added a fresh letter to their names to commemorate the event, & to prove to all future generations that they were Principal cities.

With the cutting of his first double tooth, a new ornament in Architecture came in, which was named after the event & keeps its name to this day; & the telegrams which were sent out to announce the fact, were

written on a new issue of paper woven for the occasion, the colour of which was bright blue instead of orange.

As on this unfortunate tooth hangs all the rest of my tale, I must be particular in telling you what happened –

The Telegraph-boy, finding his legs rather tired after running at the top of his speed for a hundred & twenty miles without stopping, took the liberty of <u>posting</u> the telegram instead of delivering it in person, &, in the dusk of a summer evening, mistaking a common pump for one of His Majesty's Pillar Posts, the letter was dropped thro: the mouth

of the pump, & affecting the colour of the water, turned all the milk in the neighbourhood sky blue.

The telegram of course never reached its destination, & as nobody likes to be the one person left out when others are remembered (especially when to be left out implies that you are not a person of consequence) and as in this case the person omitted was an old, influential, & irritable Fairy, who had as it happened been gathering gooseberries that very morning & had pricked her finger rather badly (a circumstance which had not improved a temper to say the least of it "short" at the best,) the consequences

to the young Prince, & indeed to the kingdom at large, were disastrous. For that very night as the infant Prince was sleep=ing sweetly in his ivory cot, the Fairy made her way un=seen into the nursery, as Fairies have a habit of doing sometimes, & touching his Infant Majesty's bewitching little turned up nose left the room as noiselen=ly as he had entered it. The nurse was soon afterwards a=wakened by a sound as though a hundred pigs were grunting & squeaking together, & starting up in affright to see what danger threatened her Princely charge, saw lying in the cradle a hideous mis-shapen thing upon the took

to be a changeling, snoring through a huge yellow nose, that filled the cradle & was obliged to accommodate some of its superfluous length on the floor.

Her cries raised the house-hold, everybody, from the King to the little boy who blacked his Majesty's boots, rushed into the nursery, & the scene that follow-ed was heart rending. The King & Queen died of grief on the spot: the nurse went into hys-terics, the boot boy dropped his blacking pot on the floor, & spoilt a new carpet, em-broidered (in touching allusion to the Infants' dental achiev-ments) with a double doglooth

pattern, which had only been laid down the day before: & the whole Palace was in confusion -

When at last the Court Physician could gain any attention, a search for the missing Prince was instituted, while the real child lay in his cradle, crying tears of hunger & loneliness down his long nose, till, having exhausted himself in this fashion, he discovered with the ingenuity of Childhood what a capital plaything might be made of it: & began to stroke & caress that part of it which was within his reach -

In the meantime everybody

had cleared out of the Palace to search for the missing child, while the poor little Prince for whom they were searching, would infallibly have died of hunger & neglect, had not a poor Herdsman who stole into the empty rooms to see how "the Quality" live when they are at home, found him fast asleep, & snoring, in his cot, & out of compassion taken him home to his wife, who being a motherly woman took the child (nose & all) to her heart, & treated him as her own son.

That night a dream came to the old Herdsman & his wife, the same dream to each, in which it was

made known to them, that only by marrying a beautiful Princess could the spell which was cast over the child be broken. But what chance was there of such good fortune happening to one who was brought up in a Herdsman's cot, & who snored through three feet of yellow nose!

Nevertheless the Herdsman & his wife being sensible people believed in the dream, & being discreet ones, kept silence about it: but for all their sense, & all their discretion they did not know how to accomplish the feat of prevailing upon a beautiful Princess to fall in love with the yellow nose.

Years passed away, &

the yellow rose grew no shorter, & unfortunately the young Prince grew but little taller, so that the proportion between the two was but little decreased. His appearance too, though not taking in private life, attracted the attention of an Ambassador from a foreign Court, who was sent in search of a Court Fool, & so it came to pass that our young friend the Prince found himself one day adorned with a cap & bells, & seated on the lowest steps of the King's throne to make sport for the King & his nobles.

His foster parents nearly broke their hearts at parting

with ~~them~~ him, but they comforted themselves with the thought, "Now at any rate he will be in the company of beautiful Princesses, & if by good luck one might be born blind!" - - - - -

So the Prince sat on the low-est step of the Dais, & made sport for the people: but he was often sad. & his work was re-=pugnant to him for in his ugly body he carried a beau-=tiful soul.

Lovely children sported on the velvet lawns, graceful Princesses paced the pleached alleys of the Palace gardens, (my little friends do you know what pleached alleys are? I do not,

but it is fitting that the alleys of a Kings garden should be pleached, so we may be sure that these were so.) but no one cast a glance of affection or sympathy on the Dwarf with the yellow nose. The kind-:est glance that was ever bestowed upon him was one of pity or compassion, but love & sym:-:pathy were unknown to him.

And being lonely, he would wander away from the crowd of courtiers who surrounded the throne, to a lovely fountain which sent up diamond drops into the sunshine, to be caught in a crystal basin below, & throwing himself down upon the grass by its side, he would

dream away half his days, forgetting in the beauty of nature the hardness of his lot; & cherish=ing a wild hope that some day that within him which he knew to be beautiful, would break through the shell which hid it from the world; & ever the image of a lovely face, pure & bright, the face of his Princess, floated before the eyes of his soul.

And one day that image became a reality, & this was how it happened.

He was leaning over the brim of the fountain, his heart filled with longing, & his eyes with tears that slowly & painfully found their way down his long

nose; when a radiantly beauti:
:ful face looked over his shoulder
into the crystal depths below;
& in those depths he saw reflected
the image of his dreams. The
face was fair as a lily, the
cheek downy as a peach, & the
little ear was curved like a
transparent shell, while the
hair that flowed down below
the waist, shone like threads
of gold –

But the rounded shoulder
escaped from the tattered shoul-
:der-strap, & the rosy tipped toes
peeped out from the torn shoe,
– for she was a beggar maiden.

The vision was so bright that
it might have been sent by
some good fairy to cheer his

loneliness.

If she had only been a Princess, — But she was a Beggar girl. —

And being a beggar girl, she did not turn away from his deformity; & being like himself lonely, she often sought the fountain, & having a gentle & loving heart, she saw by some strange insight only given to the pure in spirit, the beauty of his soul shine through its outer shell: & they grew to be friends. And he loved her: but only as his sister, he would say to himself. only as his dear sister. For if he married a beggar girl he would never regain his original form, & — horrible thought, — he would

always more!

And so day after day they met at the fountain, & day after day they grew to love each other more, & day after day he reminded himself that his only chance of release was to marry a Princess: — and the Princess did not come.

And one day as the Prince & the Beggar girl leant side by side over the brim of the fountain, there was a sudden cry & a splash, & the little Beggar girl fell over the side into the water. How it happened nobody ever knew, but he always thought that some unseen hand had pushed her into the water. And Oh! terrible fate for the Prince

he was not tall enough to climb over the side of the fountain to her rescue. He wrung his hands in despair as he saw the beautiful face disappear under the water; when a thought struck him, & climbing up as far as he could reach, he dropped his nose over the side of the basin, the child with a great effort contrived to grasp it, & in another moment she had climbed up it, & was lying dripping & exhausted on the ground at his feet.

How he thanked his nose that day, how heartily he forgave it for being long & even yellow! as he saw the four

of her whom he loved stretched on a bed of moss by the fount-ain's edge. For he loved her! Yes, he knew it now; loved her as never sister was loved by brother, loved her so that the Princess must be forgotten & he must have her for his Bride.

He knelt down by her side & solemnly blessed his nose! — determining to take it with him to his dying day, rather than part with her whom he loved. Then raising her in his arms, he kissed her passionately & cried, "Child, child, will you be my wife?" and looking past the yellow nose, into the kindly eyes, he gravely answered, "I will."

No sooner had she said the words, than with a shock like that from an electric battery ran through them, & he stood by her side a beautiful Prince in black velvet & rubies, while she stood by his side a lovely Princess in grey satin and pearls: while the yellow rose with a splash & a gurgle fell into the fountain, & a hand came up from below, & flourishing thrice in the air, drew it under the water, & disappeared.

Instantly a coal black charger st with flowing mane & tail stood by the side of the Prince, while a milk white palfrey stood by the side of the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Princess, & as he stooped to kiss her upturned face, she placed her dainty foot on the palm of his hand, & sprang into the saddle; then, grasping his Charger's mane, with one bound he seated himself on its back, & immediately large wings like those of a swan grew out of the shoulders of the horses. Side by side, away they flew over land & sea, till they reached the far country where the Prince was born.

The horses stopped of themselves at the Castle gates, & the Prince & Princess entering in hand in hand found the empty throne within the empty Hall, & mounting the dais,

they set them down, the people thronging with ac=
=clamations around their Prince for whom they had kept the throne vacant for all these years. And the first of all that surging crowd to welcome back the Prince, were his good old Foster-parents, who had spent their time in nothing else but in sweeping & garnish-
-ing the state apartments; for as they had a shrewd suspicion that some Kings were fools, the did not see why the reverse should not hold good, & some fools be Kings,— especially if they were Court Fools.—

But I have an idea that

it was not because he was a fool, even a Court-Fool, but because he was wise, & gentle, & humble, & loving, & carried a beautiful soul in his marred body, that he came to his throne at last: and I am sure that if she had not been all these, she would not (as she did) have submitted to the life of a beggar maiden that she might save one whom at that time she did not even know, from his life of sorrow and ignomany. and I strongly suspect; (don't you?) that it <u>was</u> some good fairy after all who sent her first to the fountain's brim; & I almost <u>think</u> that it may have been

that same good fairy who gave her the fly-paper which she always declared that she felt, that threw her into the water, & brought the Prince to the knowledge of his love.

"And what became of the yellow nose?" asked my little Nephews & Niece when I first told them this story.

Turn over to the next page and you shall hear—

WHAT BECAME of the YELLOW NOSE


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When the wicked Fairy found that the spell was broken, & that the Prince had regained his original shape, & married the beautiful Princess, she was in a great rage: & one thing at least she determined, & that was to get hold of the yellow nose. "For, said she to herself, "it will be odd if I should live for another thousand years without wanting the nose for somebody." So she betook herself

in no very amiable frame of mind, to the Fountain, and leaning over it murmured some strange fairy words, and sprinkled a few grains of salt into the water. In a moment the water began to heave & bubble & fizz, & suddenly up came the yellow nose. But something happened that the old fairy had by no means bargained for, for just as she had stretched out her hand to take it, with a spring & a wriggle it jumped out of the water & fixed itself on to her own face, & do what she would she could not get it off again. She spoke to it in very ill-sounding fairy language,

she pronounced every spell that she could think of. She even tried to tear it off, but she only succeeded in making the skin round it very sore, the nose remained as firm as ever.

I can fancy that when a fairy is frightened, she is more so than other people. We are so used to finding things beyond our control, that if we have tried our best to get ourselves out of a difficulty & don't succeed we sit down with a good grace, & submit. But a fairy is so used to ruling Fate that when on some occasion, Fate rules her, she is pretty sure to lose her presence of mind as

well as her temper & be thoroughly scared.

It was so in this case, and it was not long before the Fairy learnt a lesson never to be forgotten, on the danger of playing with yellow noses.

So afraid was she of the jeers of her fellow fairies, that she now never dared to venture out by daylight, & she was not fond even of a full moon, but she would creep out in the dark, wrapping a shawl carefully over the hated feature, lest some ray of light from a cottage window should flicker upon it, & betray its presence, she would pace up & down in a wild state of terror & dismay.

At length one night, muffling her face up as usual, she went to the Blacksmith's Smithy, & stood for a few minutes watching the boy at work upon the bellows.

"Blacksmith" she said at last "Can you melt Copper?"

"Well mum," said the Blacksmith "I should be ashamed of my furnace if I couldn't."

"Blacksmith, can you use your hammer & your anvil well?"

The man's answer was to bare his arm & taking up a bar of iron to lay it on his anvil & split it at a blow.

"Blacksmith", said the Fairy lowering her shawl, "could you

get rid of this for me?"

The Blacksmith started back several yards when he saw the yellow nose, but he did not lose his presence of mind. "Well mum" he remarked "it will be a toughish job, but a blow or two from my hammer will settle it I think, & if not we can melt it off, but it will be a bit painful for you mum."

"Never mind me" said the Fairy "I can bear it" So she laid her nose on the ~~anvil~~ anvil, & the Blacksmith dealt a stirdy blow. The nose leaped upon the anvil but it did not break. Again & again the hammer descended till the Blacksmith wiped the sweat

from his brow; but not a whit the worse was the yellow nose.

The he blew up his fire to an extra heat & the Fairy laid her nose on the red hot ashes while the Blacksmith worked at the bellows with might & main.

The nose got red hot, but it did not melt; the nose got white hot, but it did not melt. Then the Blacksmith took his pincers, & seizing the end of it tried to wrench it off, but he only succeeded in drawing it out a little longer; the nose remained as firmly fixed as ever; only it was battered & pulled

v melted out of shape, & there was nothing for it but for the Fairy to muffle her-self up in her shawl and take herself off nose and all.

I do not know how long it takes for a yellow nose to recover from such rough treatment; but after a time the Fairy, muffled up as be-fore, appeared in the Carpenter's shop.

"Carpenter" said she "have you got a grindstone?"

"I should rayther think I have ma'am" said the Carpen-ter.

"Carpenter," she continued, "have you ever held anyone's

nose to the grindstone?"
"Well no ma'am, I can't say as ever I did, but I've often longed to do it."
"Then have your wish" exclaimed the Fairy throwing off her shawl & displaying the yellow nose in all its deformity.
The Carpenter gasped for breath for he had never seen such a nose before; but being a man of few words he kept silence & pumped upon the stone.
The fairy with her own hands held her nose to the grindstone. Whizz, whizz, whizz, round went the stone, & sparks flew out in all directions, but except for a long scratch down the bone of it, it had no effect

upon the nose.

The Carpenter paused to take breath, & I am told that finding it hopeless to part with the nose after this fashion the Fairy (very sensibly) produced a bottle of vaseline, & put some on the raw, after which, again muffling herself up in her shawl she disappeared.

One more attempt the Fairy made to get rid of the troublesome appendage, & this time she went to the Doctor.

"Doctor," she said, "have you ever cut off a nose?"

"Madam" replied the Doctor with a low bow "I have never had the privilege of performing that operation on a personage

of your distinction, but there are certain maiden ladies whose noses are in every body's business but their own, on whom I should have great pleasure in operating.

The Fairy felt too low in her mind to resent this speech, so she only dropped her shawl & said "Can you take off this for me?"

The Doctor quite unprepared for such a sight, paused before he replied, then, with less assur=ance he added "Madam the operation would be both painful & difficult to perform, indeed I doubt whether any instrument in my possession would be found capable of removing such a

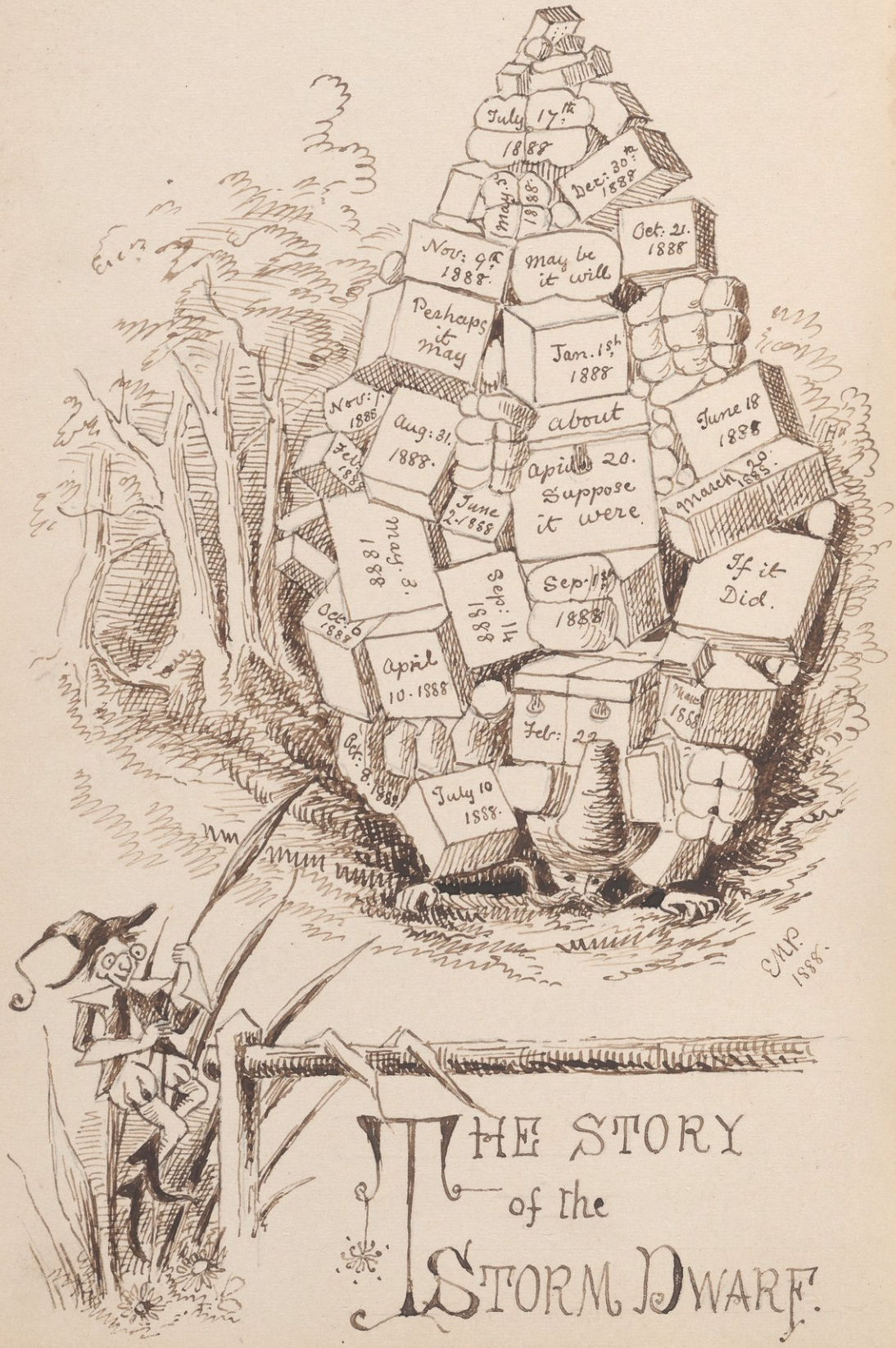
a-hem.. such an ornament, without too much distress to your Ladyship's feelings." (you see the nose whatever else it did, commanded respect, & the Fairy had risen from "Madam" to "My Lady" in consequence of the possession of it) "but," continued he, "I think perhaps other measures might succeed, & the skillful application of Carbolic acid might in time remove it."

So saying he produced a large bottle, & plunging a brush as big as that of a Bill-sticker into the liquid, he proceeded to paint the nose. Large blisters rose all over it & the skin of the nose turned brown. Then

he painted it again, & the skin of the nose turned red; then he painted it a third time, & the skin of the nose turned pink. But nothing that he could do to it would have any further effect; & the Fairy kept a pink nose to her dying day.

And if you don't believe that that is the effect of carbolic acid, ask Aunt Judy.

THE STORY of the STORM DWARF.


July 17th 1888
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may be it will
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If it Did.
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Mar 1888
Oct. 8. 1888
July 10 1888.
C.M.P. 1888.
THE STORY of the STORM DWARF.

It was a bright august morning when I started for a walk thro: a thick wood feeling glad of the shade which the trees afforded I had not gone far however when the wind rose & began to chafe in the tops of the trees, sighing & moaning as though it was in distress. Soon a few heavy drops of rain fell, & by & bye a growl of thunder sounded in the dis-tance followed by the rushing of a shower.

There seemed to me something strange in the sudden gathering & breaking of the storm, for the sky had been cloudless when I started but half an hour before, & I could not get rid of the idea that in the sighing of the wind, the growl of the thunder, & the rush of the rain was mingled the sound of a human voice. While I was straining my ears to catch the words that seemed mingled with the storm, I heard a voice from the ground at my feet call out in a squeaky treble, "Never mind stranger, its only the Storm Dwarf bemoaning himself."

I looked down, & seated on a

toad stool close by, I saw an Imp about the size of a grass-hopper, & with such a green skin, such thin legs, & such an impudent air, that I was not quite sure that it was not really a grasshopper till I saw that he wore a pointed cap, & carried a gold headed cane in his hand. He put up a pair of eyeglasses too, & gave me a knowing wink through them as who should say "you don't know the Storm Dwarf don't you? What an ignorant fellow you are to be sure". Then he dropped his eyeglasses & added "Eh!". The interjection was said so sharply that I started, & must have jumped a foot

from the ground.

"If you don't know him already, you'd better make his acquaintance" added the Imp with a curious chuckle.

I was now getting out of the woodland path, & for some minutes the words which I had seemed to hear muttering in the storm had been growing clearer, & now they sounded like this,

Ivthrhndrddsxtfvbrdnstbr,

Ivethreehundredandsixtyfive burdenstobear,

Ive-three-hundred-and-sixty-five-burdens-to-bear,

Ive three hundred and sixty five burdens to bear,

Ive three hundred and

sixty five burdens to bear.

IVE THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY FIVE BURDENS TO BEAR.

As these words were shouted in my ears the path suddenly ended, & I came out upon a smooth piece of lawn, where a most curious sight met my eye. A huge pile of boxes bags, parcels & bundles of every conceivable shape & size, bound together on to the back of a poor little Dwarf who was lying panting & struggling beneath their weight, upon the ground, only his head and hands being visible. Now & then he would give a convulsive heave, while

his eyes poured down tears like rain, his sighs went up like the wind, his laboured breath like the clouds, & his constant moan of distress "I've three hundred and sixty five burdens to bear," like the mutterings of the thunder, & I soon discovered that the storm from which I had been suffering arose entirely from the tribulation of this overladen Dwarf.

I rushed to his rescue at once & began with all my might to strain & tug at the knot that tied them together, seeing at a glance that this would be the quickest way to deliver the poor little Dwarf from his burden.

A jibing voice at my side

exclaimed with a chuckle "He won't thank you for your interference, Eh!" and as I started at the sharp "Eh!" with which the sentence concluded I recognised my grasshopper friend who had followed me unobserved, & having climbed up a reed was peep=ing out at me from behind its leaves with a derisive laugh; & I thought — I only thought — with his first finger laid on the side of his nose!

I had no time to argue with the Imp, for the poor little Dwarf was contorting himself in the most wonderful way, twisting & writhing now this way now that, & with every movement

the whole burden heaved & swayed & the knot tightened under my very hands.
"If you could bear it just a moment without moving I gasped, I could untie the cord, but every time you wiggle you make the knot tighter."
"I told you he wouldn't thank you, Eh!" exclaimed the jibing voice at my side: & certainly the Dwarf did not seem to try to second my efforts. However at length with great difficulty I loosened the cord. The huge burden fell apart, & out crawled the miserable creature, ironed perfectly flat, so that


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his stomach touched his back.' It was a relief after he had been released for a few minutes to see him swelling out like an India-rubber ball.

As soon as this was accomplished, the rain & thunder ceased, but the day continued cloudy & dull, & the poor little Dwarf didn't brighten up much —

And now I had time to examine the separate parcels of which this mountainous burden was composed.

They were a most curious medley. Here a box, there a bundle, & there again a parcel; & not only were they of all shapes

but also of all sizes and weights; & I soon discovered that every separate parcel had its own date affixed. For instance one was dated Jan: 1st 1888. & this was a fair sized box which if it had to be carried all day, would certainly make one's arm ache a little. Next to that however I picked up an ostrich feather round the quill of which was wrapped a label dated Jan: 2nd 1888. Then came a shapeless bundle more cumbrous than heavy with the date March 10th & then a tiny, tiny, tiny parcel wrapped up in silver paper which held only an atom of dust off a butterfly's

ving. It required a magnifying glass to read the date, which was

December 1st 1888.

All the parcels of whatever shape or kind were docketted but some were in a different handwriting from others, & all in this handwriting were loose, untidy, & very large. and invariably when I opened them they proved to be either actually empty, or filled with a light powdery dust that flew up with a little puff - ff - ff the moment they were opened. Their date too was generally very vague & lengthy. One was lettered "Suppose it does" & dated "about april 20th" another "Perhaps it may" and

dated "somewhere between Feb: 6th & March 12th an=
=Thu" may be in will, & so on.

While I was examining the parcels & arranging them in order according to their dates, the Dwarf watched my opera=
=tions with a depressed, not to say sulky air: and when I exclaimed "Who on earth can have been so cruel as to tie all these together & lade a poor little creature with the whole burden at once." the Imp laughed so immoderate=
=ly that he fell backwards off the reed, & broke his eye glas=
=ses which silenced him for a moment. However when I next looked up, he was com=

posedly taking a pair of ~~the~~ tortoise shell spectacles out of a shagreen case & fitting them on to his nose.

As I had received no an=
=swer to my question from the world in general, I turned to the Dwarf himself, & addressing him with the re=
=spect due to one who had suffered much said, "Tell me, my friend who was the wretch who so cruelly bound this heavy burden upon your back?"

The Dwarf turned his shoulder to me, and putting one finger into his mouth with a diseon=
=solate air muttered "I don't know."

"Eh?" squeaked the Imp at my side.

But cannot you tell me" I asked, "who tied them together?"

Very unwillingly the Dwarf mumbled "I did".

"My good friend" I exclaimed in amazement "what <u>could</u> make you do that?"

I don't know" muttered the Dwarf again.

"Speak up" shouted the Imp, after which he did that with his tongue which it is very rude to do, & shut his mouth with a snap.

The Dwarf looked exceedingly uncomfortable, & shuffling uneasily from one foot to the other said, "It was such a

bother taking one every day."

"And where did these extra-ordinary empty parcels come from?" I asked.

"He made 'em himself, Eh!" shouted the Imp, laughing till the tears streamed down his face, & he had to take off his spectacles & wipe them before he could see through them.

"Impossible!" I cried.

"Ask him," said the Imp, "he knows its true." Then he tumbled head over heels & "took an observation." (He was not a well mannered Imp!)

"Is this so?" I asked.

The Dwarf muttered something inaudible, & gave a sulky kick

to a stone at his feet. at which the Imp raised his hand to his head with a gesture of despair, and tucked his head into his pocket.

I confess that I was by this time rather out of patience with the Dwarf: so I proceeded to pick out from the pile ~~all~~ the burden for the day (Aug: 31st) & to strap it on to his back, with the remark that it seemed to me he chiefly made his own burdens.

I then begged him to help me to dispose of the rest. putting by once & forever those of the past year with the exception of the Ostrich feather (which giving a cheerful aspect to

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affairs I stuck into his hat;)
& sorting out the shapeless
masses of "Supposes", "Perhapses"
& "Probables", which I invariably
found exploded as soon as
they were brought into the
light of day. There then re-
mained only those from
Aug.st 31st to Dec. 30th, each
one of which was clearly dated,
& intended to be carried on
its own day alone.

After a few cheerful re-
monstrances with the Dusky
& a promise to help him in
the future to tie each burden
on as comfortably as possible
I contrived to get a smile out
of the poor little peevish face:
instantly the clouds rolled

away & when I looked round for my queer little friend the Imp. he was gone: only I saw hanging on a blade of grass the tortoiseshell spectacles. but when I stooped to pick them up they turned into two glittering raindrops left by the shower—

I have contrived to see something of the Dwarf every day since we first made acquaintance, and each day I help him on with his burden: but sometimes I still see an inclination to take two or more at once, & I shall have I fear, to keep a good look out on Jan: 1st 1889. lest

my little friend should from old habit, proceed to tie together the whole year's allowance into one burden & so make the weather of 1889, as cloudy and dull as that of 1888 –