

Vera Lowe

With best love & good

Christmas wishes

from Cousin Nellie.

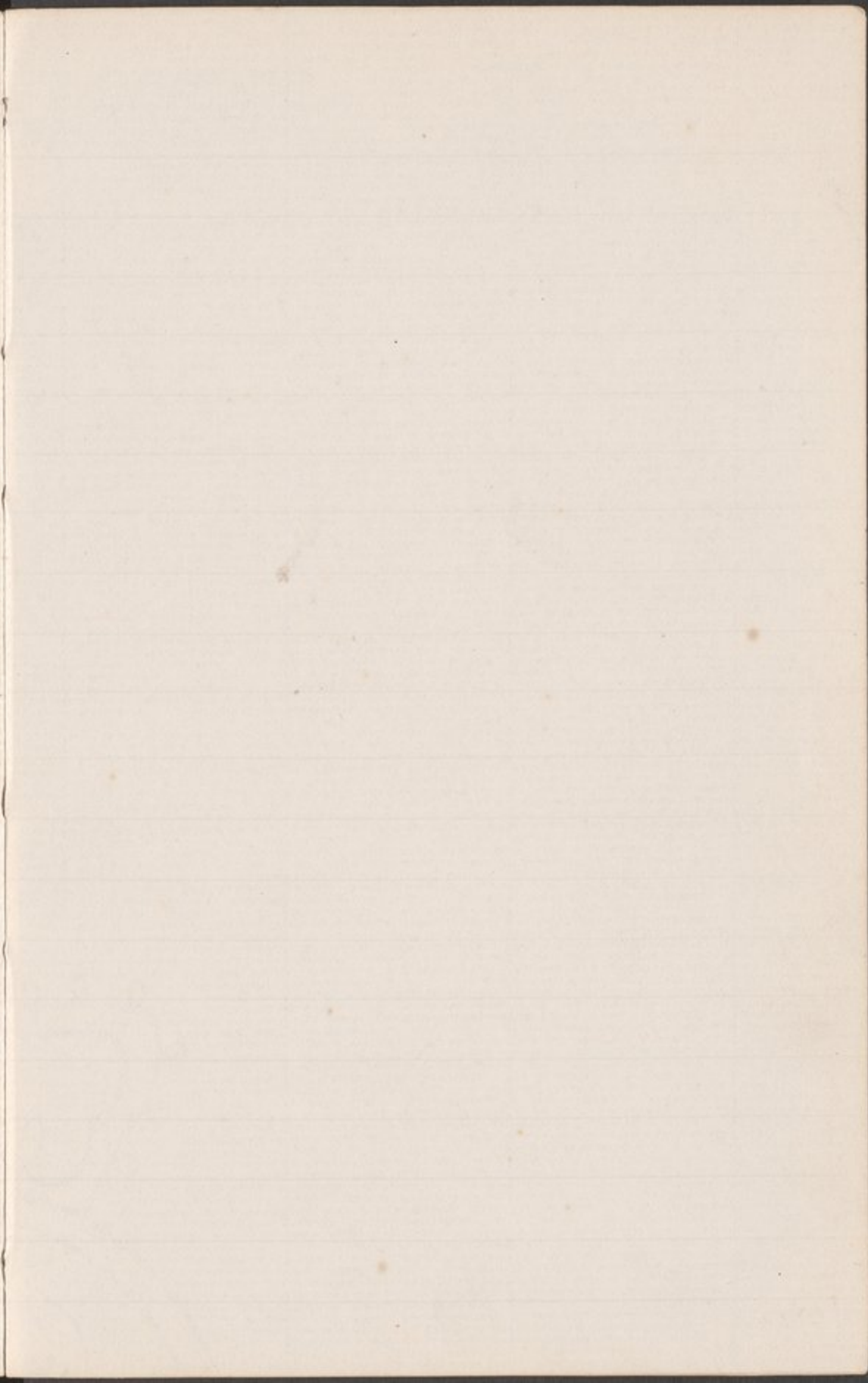
Xmas 1888-

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From the
of the
the
the

1878



WALTER

STONER

1914

DWARF

STORIES

— III —

BY

EMP.

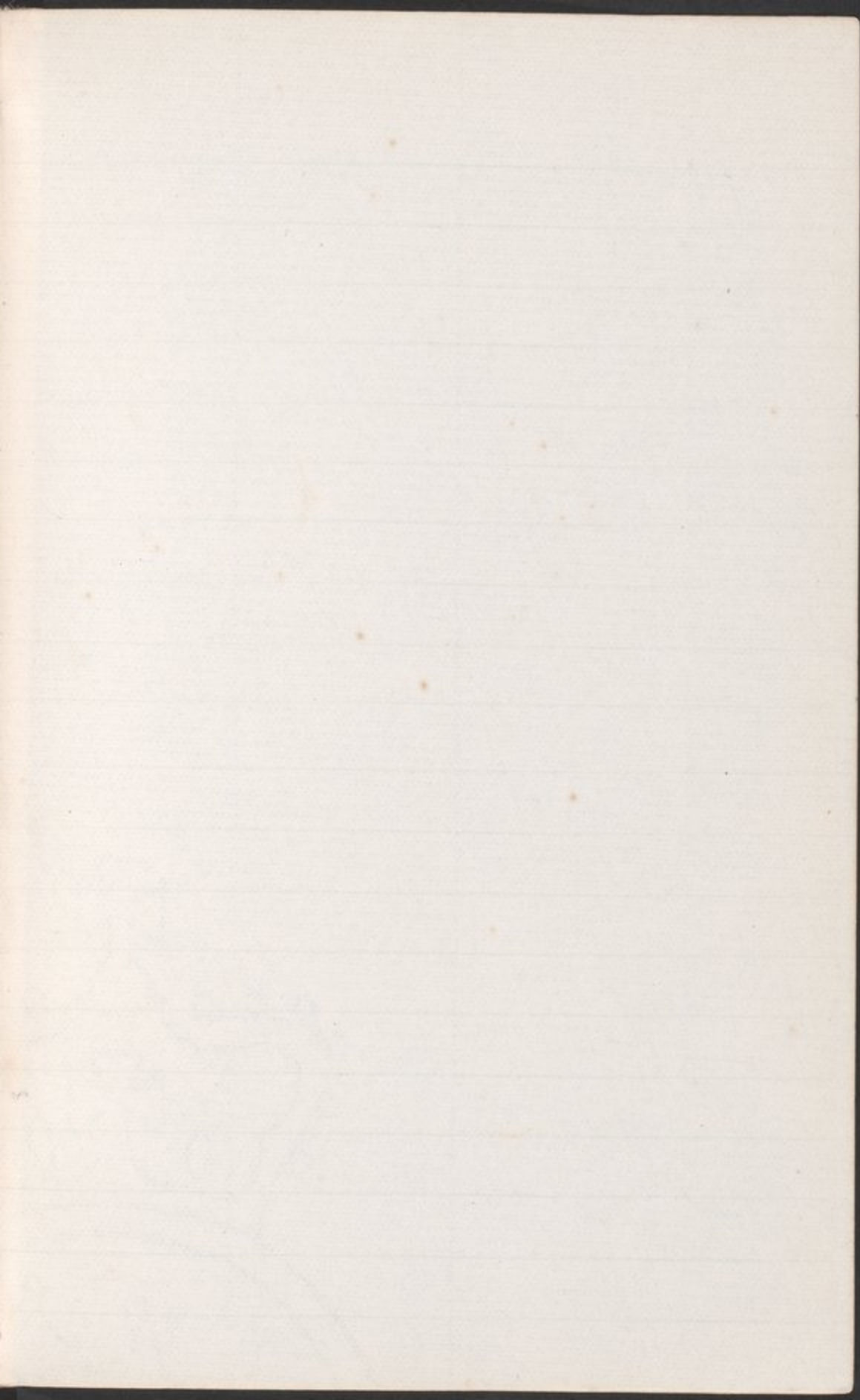
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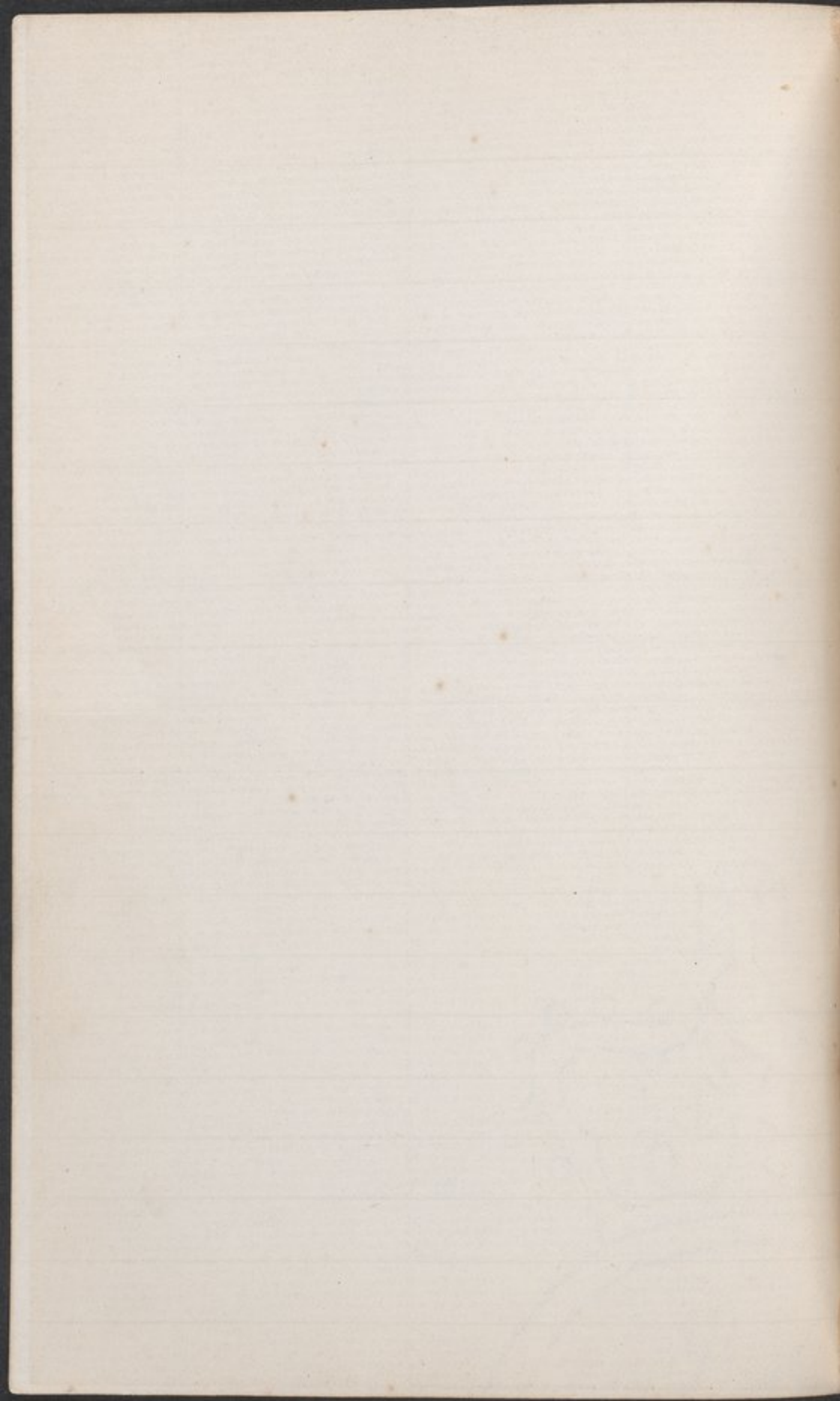
DWARF

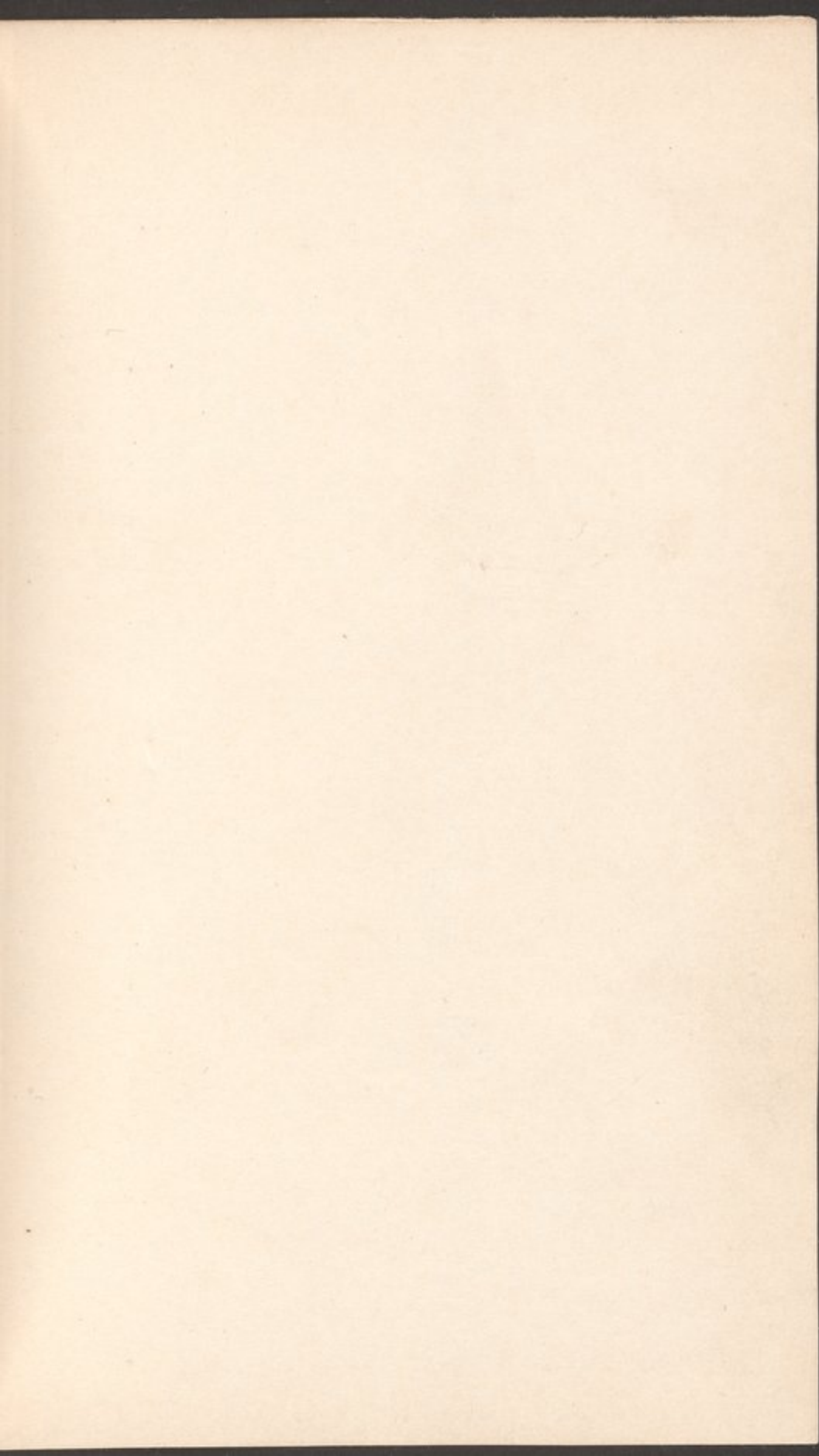
STORIES

BY

EMIL









CHP
1858

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 was 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.

More over 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 posting 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 wavy 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 noiseless-
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 whom she 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 crisis 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,
& spoiled a new carpet, un-
broidered (in touching allusion
to the Infants' dental achieve-
ments) with a double dogtooth

patron, 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 infalibly 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 nose 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 step 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 lowest step of the Dais, & made sport for the people: but he was often sad. & his work was repugnant to him for in his ugly body he carried a beautiful 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 King's garden should be
bleached, 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 someday
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 be-
came a reality, & this was how
it happened.

He was leaning over the rim
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 beautiful 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 shoulder-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 him self 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 onore!

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 she 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
wring 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 foun

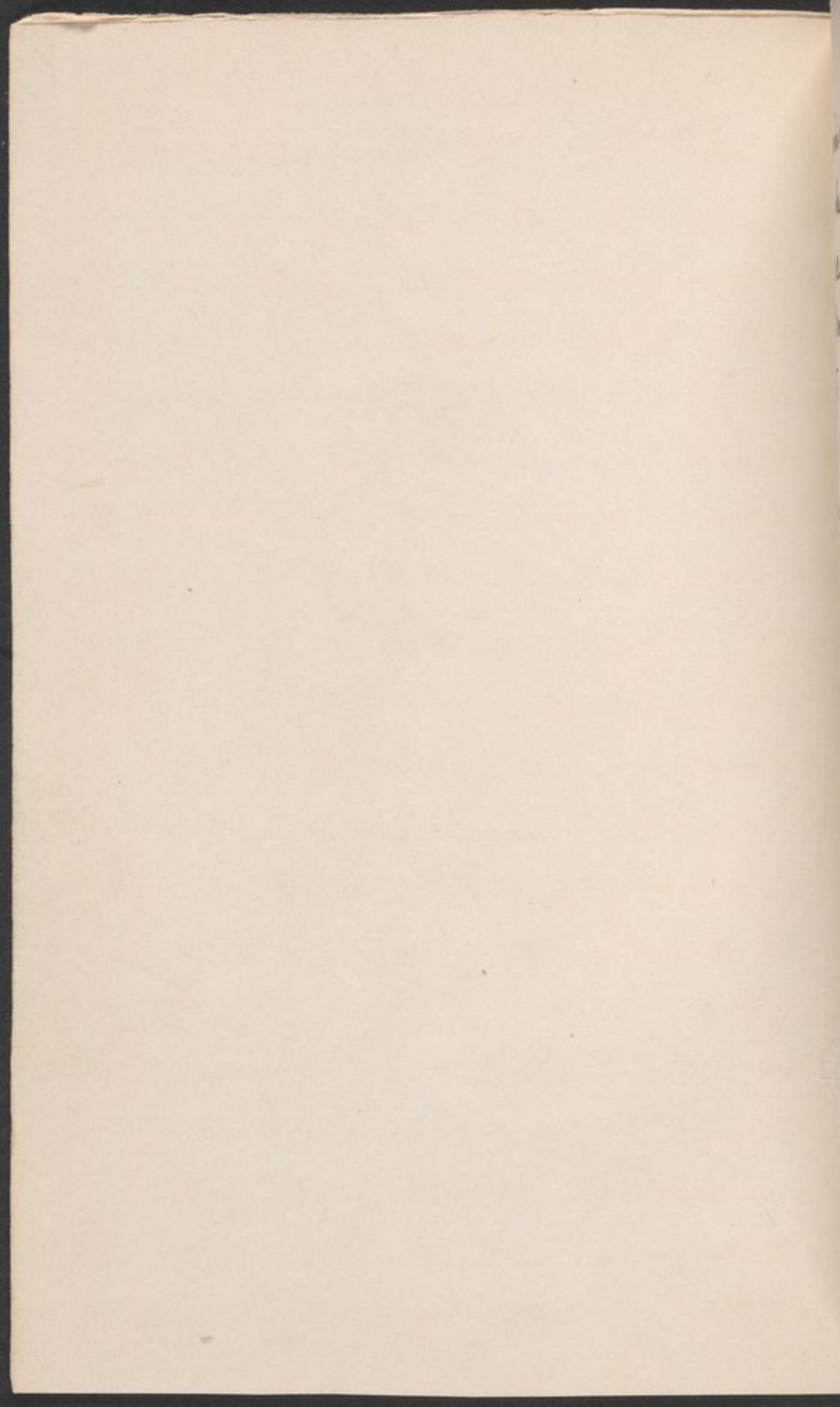
of her whom he loved stretched
on a bed of moss by the fount-
-ain's edge. For he loved her!
Yes, he knew it now; loved her
as never sister was loved by
brother, loved her so that the
Princess must be forgotten &
he must have her for his Bride.

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 nose with a splash & a gurgle fell into the fountain, & a hand came up from below, & flourishing thrice in the air, drew in under the water, & disappeared.

Instantly a coal black charger & with flowing mane & tail stood by the side of the Prince, while a milk white palfrey stood by the side of the





Princeess, & 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 Princeess was born.

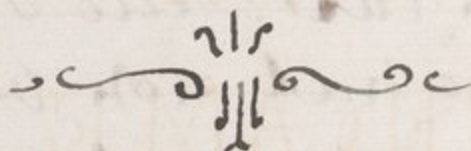
The horses stopped of them-
selves at the Castle gates, & the
Prince & Princeess entering in
hand in hand found the
empty throne within the empty
Hall, & mourning the Dais,

They sat them down, the people thronging with acclamations around the 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 & garnishing the state apartments, for as they had a shrewd suspicion that some Kings were fools, they 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 mar-
red 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
ignominy. and I strongly
suspect; (don't you?) that
it was some good fairy after
all who sent her fish to the
fountain's brim; & I almost
think that it may have been

that same good fairy who
gave her the fly push 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

WHEAT

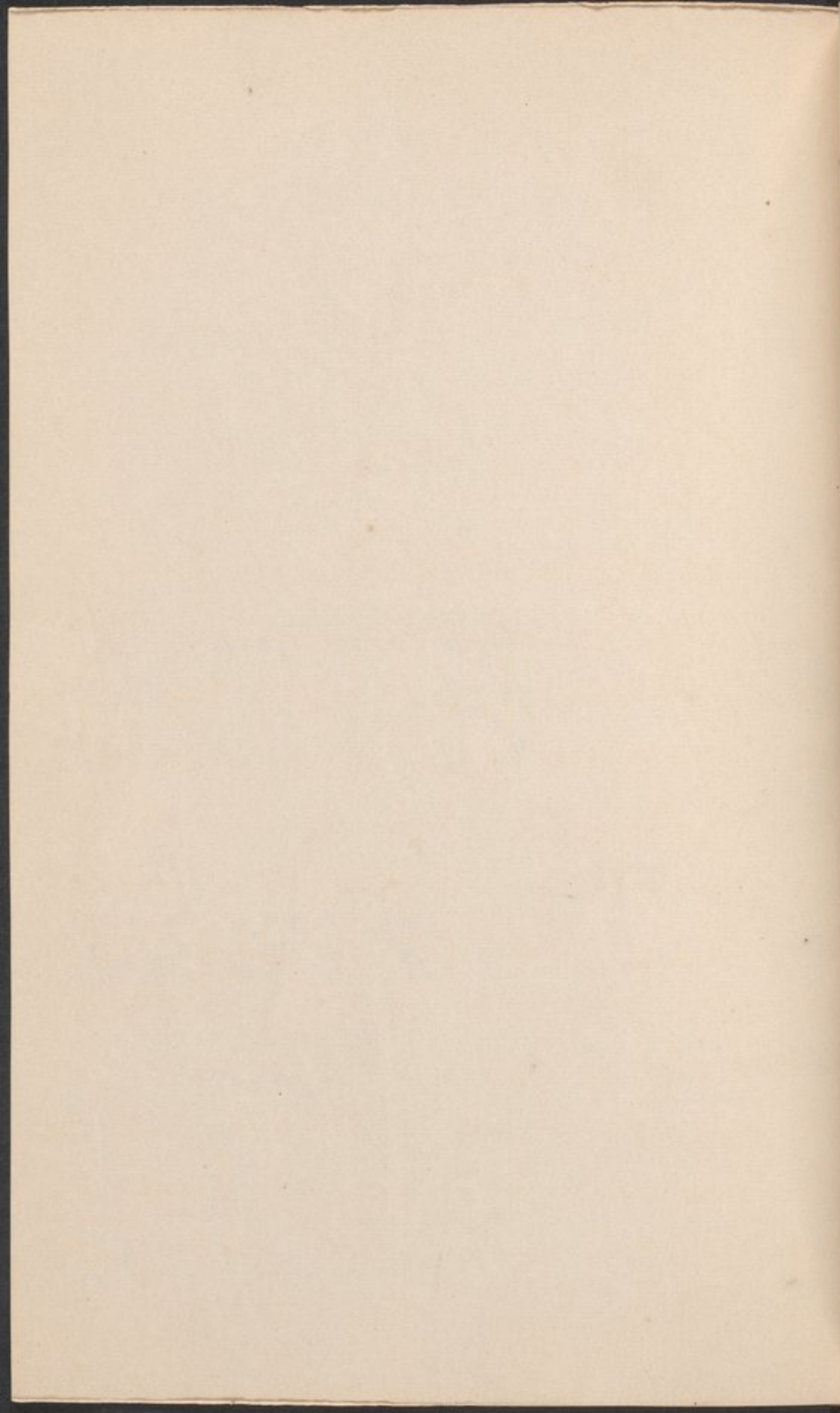
BECAME

YELLOW

MOON



W. M. P.
1875



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
love 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, & the Blacksmith dealt a sturdy 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 as
white the nose was the yellow
nose.

Then he blew up his fire to
an extra heat & the Fairy
laid her nose on the red hot
anvil 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

& melted out of shape, & there was nothing for it but for the Fairy to muffle herself 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 before, appeared in the Carpenter's Shop.

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

"I should rather think I have ma'am" said the Carpenter.

"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 assurance 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 lady ship'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 these 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.

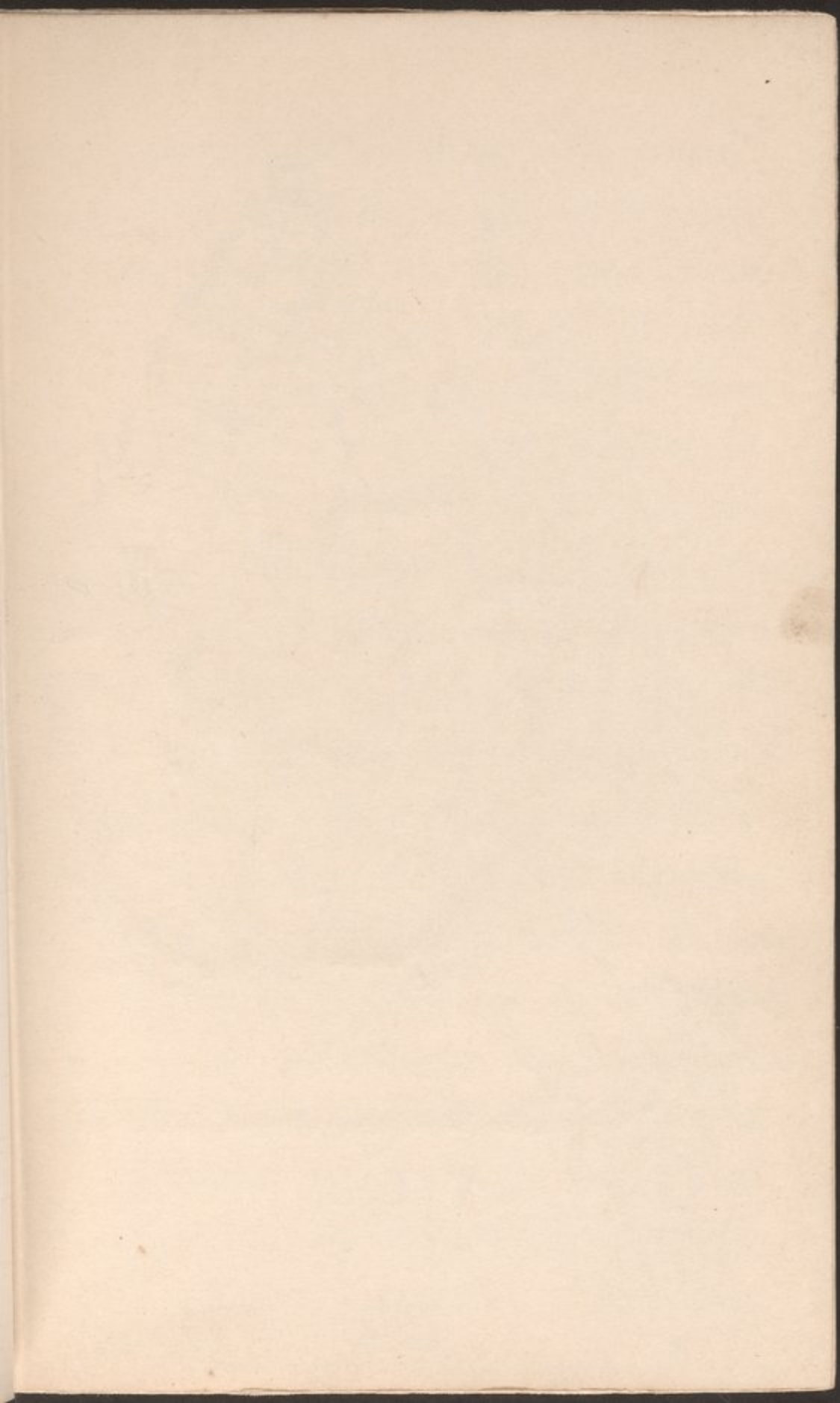


THE

STORY

OF

STORY DIVINE





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 distance followed by the rushing of a shower.

There seemed to me something
so 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, it's only
the Storm Dwarf bemoaning
himself."

I looked down, & seated on a

toad stood 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 hands. He put up a pair of
eye glasses 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 eye glasses & 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,

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.

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 "Iveltreehundredand-fiftyfiveburdensto 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!

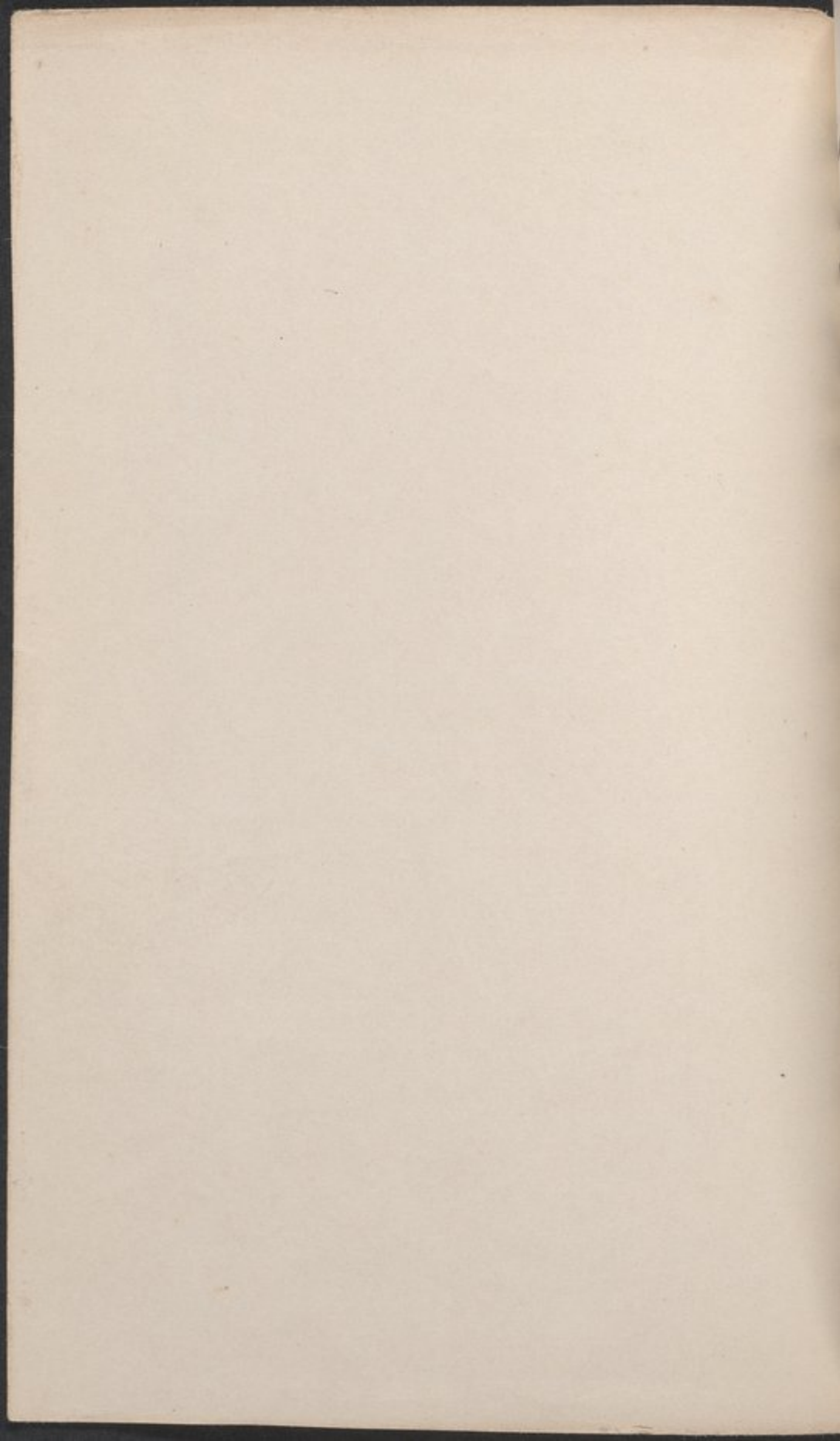
I had no time to argue with
the Imp, for the poor little Duay
was contorting himself in the
most wonderful way, twisting
& writhing now this way now
that, & with every movement

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 untee 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, & our crawling the miserable creature, ironed perfectly flat, so that





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

As soon as this was accom-
plished, the rain & thunder
ceased, but the day contin-
ued cloudy & dull, & the poor
little Dwarf didn't brighten
up much -

And now I had time to ex-
amine 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 cumbersome 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

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

December 1st 1888.

All the parcels of whatever shape or kind were dcketted 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" and the "Perhaps it may" and

dated "somewhere between
Feb: 6th & March 12th au=
:Thu" may be in will, & on 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 & load a
poor little creature with the
whole burden at once." The
Dwarf laughed so immoderate=
:ly that he fell backwards off
the reed, & broke his eye glass=
:en which silenced him for
a moment. However when I
next looked up, he was com=

pondly 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 discern-
:table 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 could 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 extraordinary 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

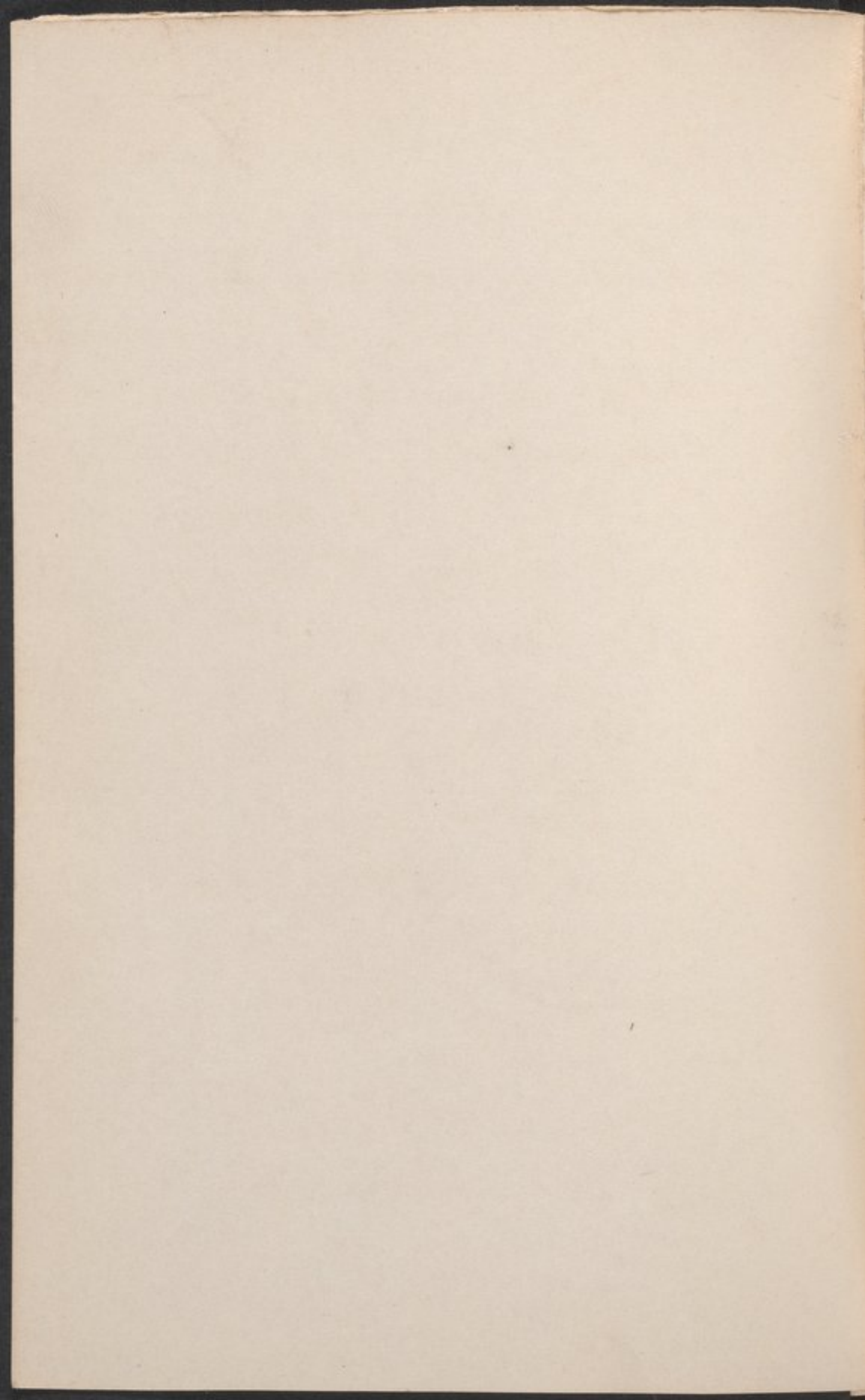
to a stone at his feet. at which the Imp raised his hand to his head with a gesture of despair, and tucked his head into his pocket.

I confess that I was by this time rather out of patience with the Dwarf; so I proceeded to pick out from the pile ~~at~~ 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" & "Probabilities", which I invariably found exploded as soon as they were brought into the light of day. There then remained only those from Aug^r 31st to Dec: 30th, each one of which was clearly dated, & intended to be carried on its own day alone.

After a few cheerful remonstrances with the Duxy, & 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 pittering raindrops
up 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 some-
times I still see an ineli-
-gation 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-

very little fruit found from
old lot it was found in the
of other the whole of
at present into one number
a number the water
1884 no change was
Nov. 1884

