

THE TRADESPEOPLE.

“What have you?” asks auntie.

“Cod, haddock, and wolabut,” says Fred.

“But I would like a whale. Don’t you carry them?” asks auntie with a smile.

The little peddler leaves his cart in Gertie’s care, and runs to his mother.

“Mamma, Aunt Jennie says she wants a whale. Do fishmen *ever* carry whales?”

“Why, no, darling! Whales are very, very large. One of them would fill this room,” was the reply.

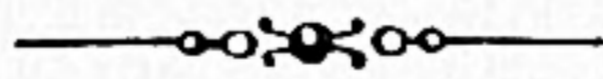
“But don’t they carry little baby-whales?” asks Fred.

“No. Auntie was only joking when she asked for one,” said his mother.

Fred stood still a moment. He did not like to give it up: so he went to his mother’s work-basket, and hunted until he found a long whalebone. Then he walked into the kitchen, and said, “I haven’t any whales this morning; but here’s one of their *bones* to make you a soup.”

You may wonder what little Gertie has to do with the business. Well, she *holds the horse*, and carries the whip, and trots behind Fred with her doll in her arms, feeling sure that he could not get along without her.

L. A. S.



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HE swallow is a mason;

And underneath the eaves

He builds a nest, and plasters it

With mud and hay and leaves.