

STORY OF 3 LITTLE  
BOYS



GOING TO MARKET.



*Price One-Halfpenny.*



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**THE STORY**

**OF THE**

**Three Little Boys,**

**AND**

*Their Three Cakes.*

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**ORNAMENTED WITH CUTS.**

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# THE STORY

OF

## *The three Little Boys.*

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**T**HERE was a little boy whose name was Harry; and his papa and mamma sent him to school. Now Harry was a clever fellow, and loved his book; and he got to be first in his class.



So his mamma got up one morning very early, and called Betty the maid, and said, "Betty, I think we must make a cake for Harry, for he has learned his book very well." And Betty said, "Yes, with all my heart." So they made a nice cake. It was very large, and stuffed full of plums and sweetmeats, orange and citron; and it was iced all over with sugar: it was white and smooth on the top like snow. So this cake was sent to the school.

When little Harry saw it he was very glad, and jumped a-

bout for joy, and he hardly stayed for a knife to cut a piece, but gnawed it like a little dog.



So he ate till the bell rang for school, and after school he ate again, and ate till he went to bed; nay his bed-fellow told me that he laid his cake under

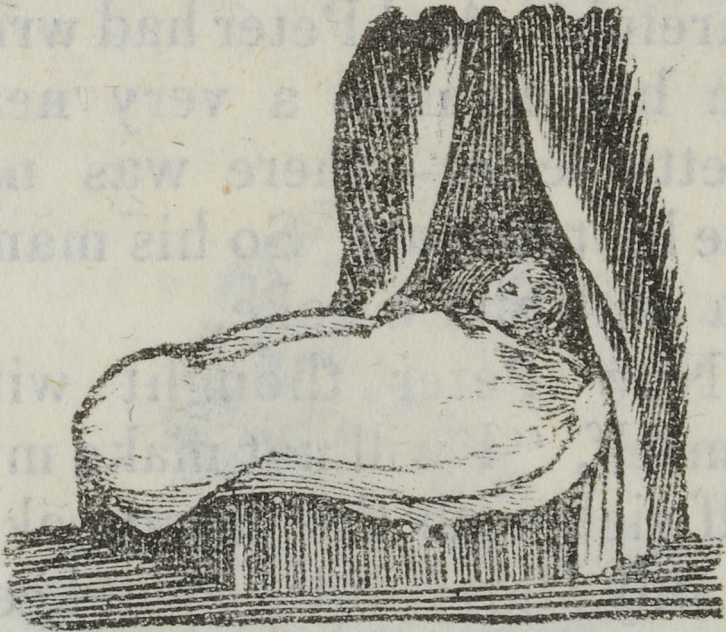


his pillow, and sat up in the night to eat some. So he ate till it was all gone.

But presently after, this little boy was very sick and ill; and every body said, "I wonder what is the matter with Harry? he used to be so brisk, and play about more nimbly than any of the boys; and now he looks pale, and is very ill."

And somebody said, "Harry has had a rich cake, and ate it all up very soon, and that has made him ill." So they sent for Dr. Camomile, and he gave him I do not know how much bitter stuff.

Poor Harry did not like it at all; but he was forced to take it, or else he would have died,



you know. So at last he got well again; but his mamma said she would send him no more cakes.



Now there was another boy, who was one of Harry's school-fellows: his name was Peter; the boys used to call him Peter Careful. And Peter had written his mamma a very neat pretty letter—there was not one blot in it all. So his mamma sent him a cake.

Now Peter thought with himself, "I will not make myself sick with this good cake, as silly Harry did; I will keep it a great while." So he took the cake, and tugged it up stairs. It was very heavy; he could hardly carry it.

And he locked it up in his



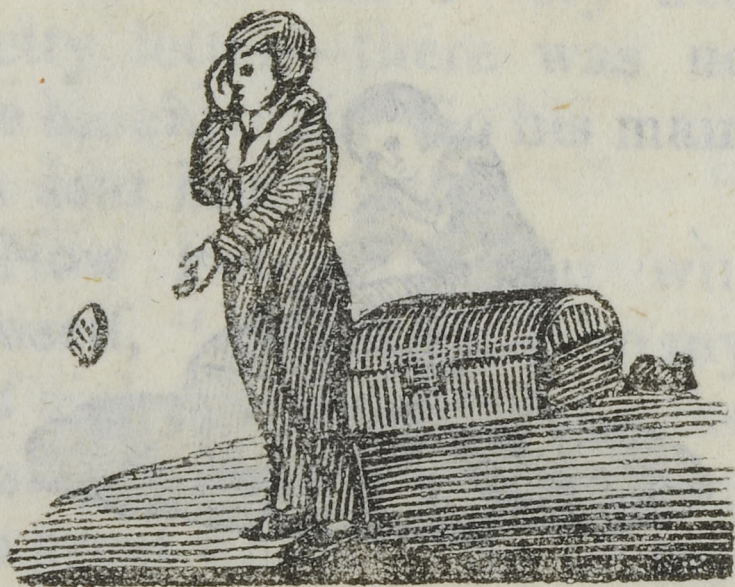
box, and once a-day he crept  
slily up stairs, and ate a very  
little piece, and then locked  
his box again. So he kept it



several weeks, and it was not  
gone, for it was very large;  
but, behold! the mice got into



his box and nibbled some. And the cake grew dry and mouldy, and at last was good for nothing at all. So he was



obliged to throw it away, and it grieved him to the very heart, and nobody was sorry for him.



Well; there was another little boy at the same school, whose name was Billy. And one day his mamma sent him a cake, because she loved him dearly, and he loved her dearly.

So when the cake came, Billy said to his school-fellows, "I have got a cake; come, let us go and eat it." So they came about him like a parcel of bees; and Billy took a slice of cake himself, and then gave a piece to one, and a piece to another, till it was almost gone.

Then Billy put the rest by,





and said, "I will eat it to-mor-row." So he went to play; and the boys all played together very merrily. But presently after, an old blind fiddler came into the court. He had a long white beard; and because he was blind, he had



a little dog in a string to lead him. So he came into the court, and sat down upon a stone, and said, "My pretty lads, if you will, I will play you a tune." And they all left off their sport, and came and stood round him.

And Billy saw that while he played, the tears ran down his cheeks. And Billy said, "Old man, why do you cry?" And the old man said, "Because I am very hungry—I have nobody to give me any dinner or suppers—I have nothing in the world but this little dog; and I cannot work. If I could



work, I would." Then Billy went, without saying a word, and fetched the rest of his cake which he had intended to have eaten another day; and he said, "Here, old man! here is some cake for you." The man said, "Where is it? for I am





blind, I cannot see it." So Billy put it into his hat. And the fiddler thanked him; and Billy was more glad than if he had eaten ten cakes.

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