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PAUL PRESTON'S
New and Entertaining
PENNY BOOKS.



THE HISTORY OF
FRANK FAIRPLAY,
AND HIS
LITTLE BROTHER TOM.

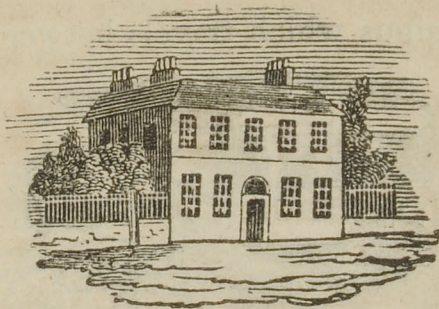
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THE HISTORY OF
FRANK FAIRPLAY

AND HIS
LITTLE BROTHER TOM;



TELLING OF ALL THE
WONDERFUL THINGS THEY SAW,
AND ALL THE
Wonderful Things they Did.



FRANK FAIRPLAY

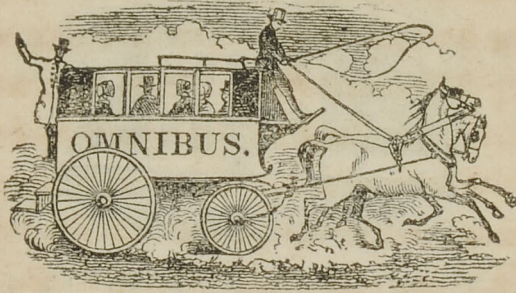
AND

HIS BROTHER TOM.

IN the genteel little house above, Mrs. Fairplay has lived as long as I can remember, and there both Frank and Tom first saw the light of day. You shall hear of some of their adventures; for, though they are not yet higher than a Newfoundland dog, they have travelled many hundreds of miles, and seen many hundreds of remarkable sights. Having an uncle in London, the youthful sons of Mrs. Playfair received a pressing invitation to go and spend a few weeks with their cousins; so Frank, by his mother's permission, wrote back a very pretty note, in which he politely said how delighted he and Tom were with

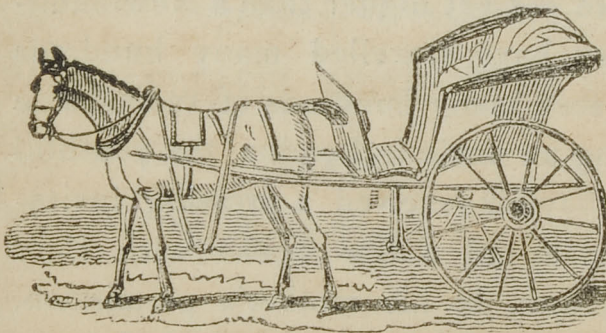
the idea, and that they hoped to be with them the week following. On a certain morning, therefore, the omnibus which travels between the town

and the stations be seen at the Frank's and the



railway was to waiting door of abode ; hilarity

of the little travellers as each gave mamma a parting kiss, made the lobby of the house ring again. Precisely at ten minutes past seven in the evening, the door of the train was opened, and the brothers were informed by the railway guard that they had now reached the end of their journey. Now Mr. Brown, which was the name of Frank's uncle, was too thoughtful to allow his nephews to enter London without proper attention ; he therefore came to meet them in the gig, which they found in



readiness to carry them at once to Tulip Hall. And such a sweet old gentleman is

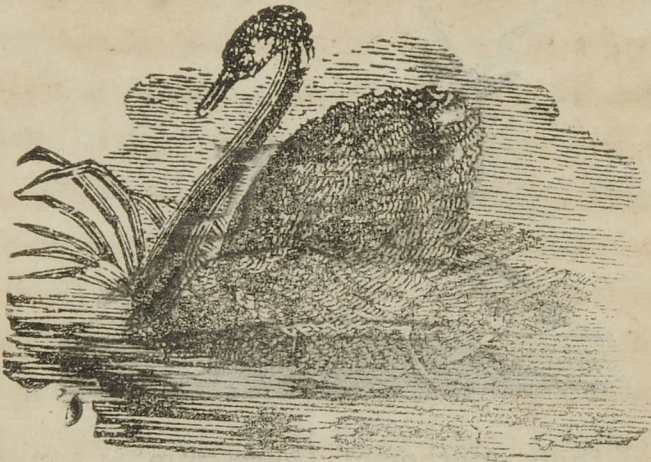
Mr. Brown ! He took their little hands in his.

and shook them till they fairly ached again. He then lifted them gently into the vehicle, sprang in by the side of them, and away they went, pell-mell, through the beautiful streets of the largest city in the world. Uncle Brown's house was a little out of London, on the road to Windsor, and was surrounded by a large park, which the stag and the hind traversed with the speed of the wind. As they glided along through this rich domain, first



one and then another of those nimble creatures would dart past with playful rapidity, until the house at length appeared in view, and Frank and Tom were soon borne into one of its handsomest rooms in the arms of their cousins and Mrs. Brown. Everything was delightful! There were three little Miss Browns, with cheeks like the sunny side of a ripe apple; and then there was curly-headed Eugene who had completed his tenth year

a fortnight before, and was as fine a fellow as ever leaped a brook or strode a pony. Frank and Tom were at home in no time. The second day they all strolled into the park together, and went to see the large swan which carried itself so proudly on the surface of the pond. It was so tame that they could entice it very near them by throwing crumbs of bread upon the water, to which it would dart gracefully, and then retire. I had almost forgot to



tell you that while little Ellen Brown was leaning over the edge of the pond, watching the motions of the swan, she overbalanced herself, and tumbled headlong in. Her sisters shrieked with all their might, and away ran Tom and Eugene with the sad news to Tulip Hall. But Ellen would drown before her father could arrive : something must be done there and then, for the child was all

out gone : Frank threw off his jacket in an instant, plunged into the water, and grasped his senseless cousin in his arms, bringing her safely to land just as Mr. Brown came up. Ellen was borne home, and soon recovered ; while Frank was loaded with caresses, and from that time forward became the favourite of everybody.

Mr. Brown took them all to see the Queen and Prince Albert one fine afternoon, and sure enough they did see them. Here you have the portraits



of them, as they were drawn by Frank and his uncle, during the time

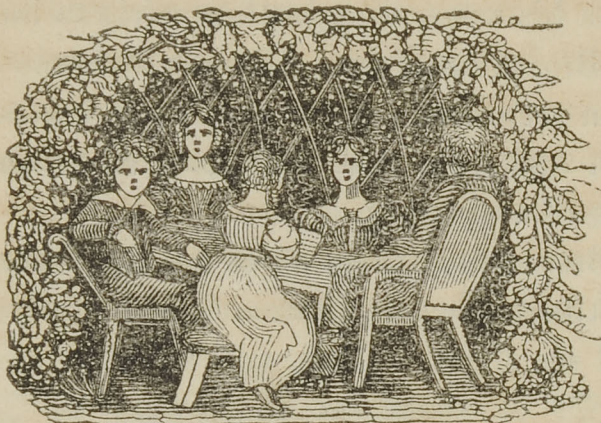


that the glittering carriage of Her Majesty moved slowly past. The sight was magnificent. Imagine eight cream-coloured horses, yoked to a superb coach, gilded in the richest style. The little people were in raptures, and they returned home in high glee.



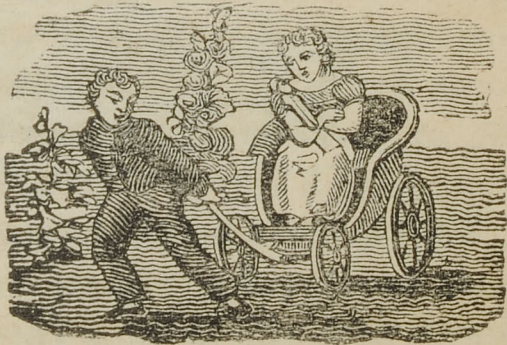
The day was finished by a short excursion in the boat, and in order to prevent any accident, Mr. Brown went with them. They had an excellent

trip, and were allowed to go upon the island in the centre of the lake, where each had a cup of

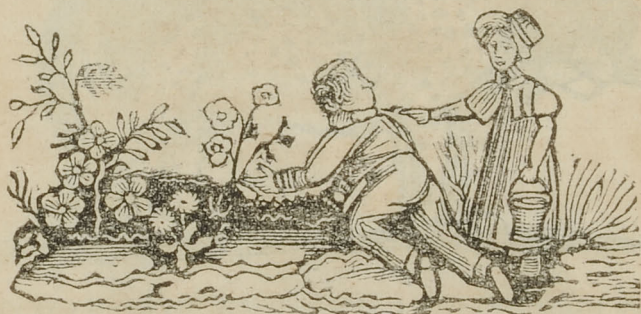


milk and a biscuit. On the island Eugene built a small arbour, over which the honeysuckle and the rose had thrown their fragrant clusters. To all his sisters and cousins Eugene presented a rose, which each of them placed in his bonnet or cap; and retired with three hearty cheers for the Queen.

Tom sometimes amused himself by drawing his cousin Kate in the hand-carriage through the park; but one day while he was thus engaged, a huge bull came rushing toward them, roaring as though he would shake the very sky, and tearing up the grass in



his angry flight. The beast ought to have been grazing in an adjacent field, but he had forced his passage through the fence. What was Tom to do? The bull was yet a great distance off, so away he ran back with the carriage as fast as he could get along, shouting for help all the way. Frank, who was at work in the garden, came out with a fork in his hand, met the bull face to face, and sent him back to his own pasture bleeding in



the head and roaring with rage. Tom and Kate gathered flowers, and gave them to Frank in token of his victory, while his Uncle Brown presented him with a shilling for his heroism.

Mrs. Playfair now wrote for her sons to return home, as they had already been away a month. Mr. Brown resolved to comply with the request, but obtained a few days' longer absence for them, so that they might visit the wild beasts at the Zoological gardens. What an enjoyment that was! There were monkeys, which perched upon the

boughs of trees, and caught nuts in their paws : there was an elephant, that permitted Frank, and Tom, and his cousins, to mount its broad back, and then marched with them round its little prison-house—took gingerbread at their hands, and with its trunk struck a rude boy who had several times proffered it sweets, and then withdrew them. There was a leopard, with its glossy



skin and piercing eye : there were birds of every feather, and reptiles of every form ; and, what seemed as interesting to the cousins as anything, they saw a beautiful zebra, of whose speed in its native plains we have all surely read. In every portion of the Gardens fresh beauties struck the eye, and the last day of Frank and Tom's



visit slipped away like a midnight dream dispelled by the morning light.

With heavy hearts, lightened, however, by the hope of soon repeating their journey to London, the Fairplays bade adieu to uncle, aunt, and all their dear cousins, except Kate, whom they took with them to Yorkshire, where they arrived in perfect safety long before evening had set in. Mrs. Fairplay received her children with a kiss; and as



Kate advanced towards her, she was welcomed with all the fervour of a little favourite.

We promise our youthful readers that when next Frank and Tom leave home in search of adventures, we will not fail to go with them, and print the particulars without delay.



M. Cozdo — The Game
Whall