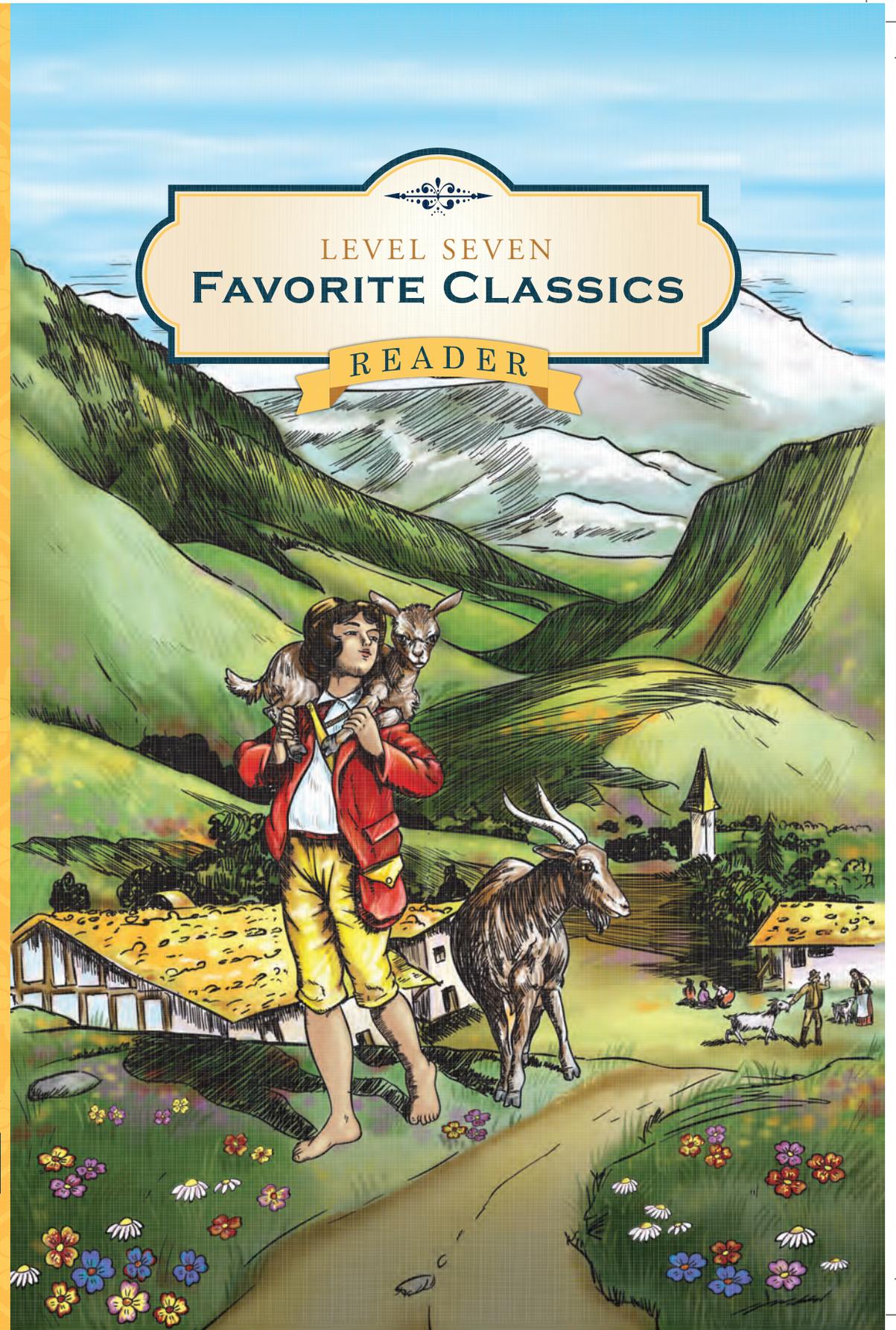


FAVORITE CLASSICS READER



LEVEL

7



LEVEL SEVEN  
FAVORITE CLASSICS

READER



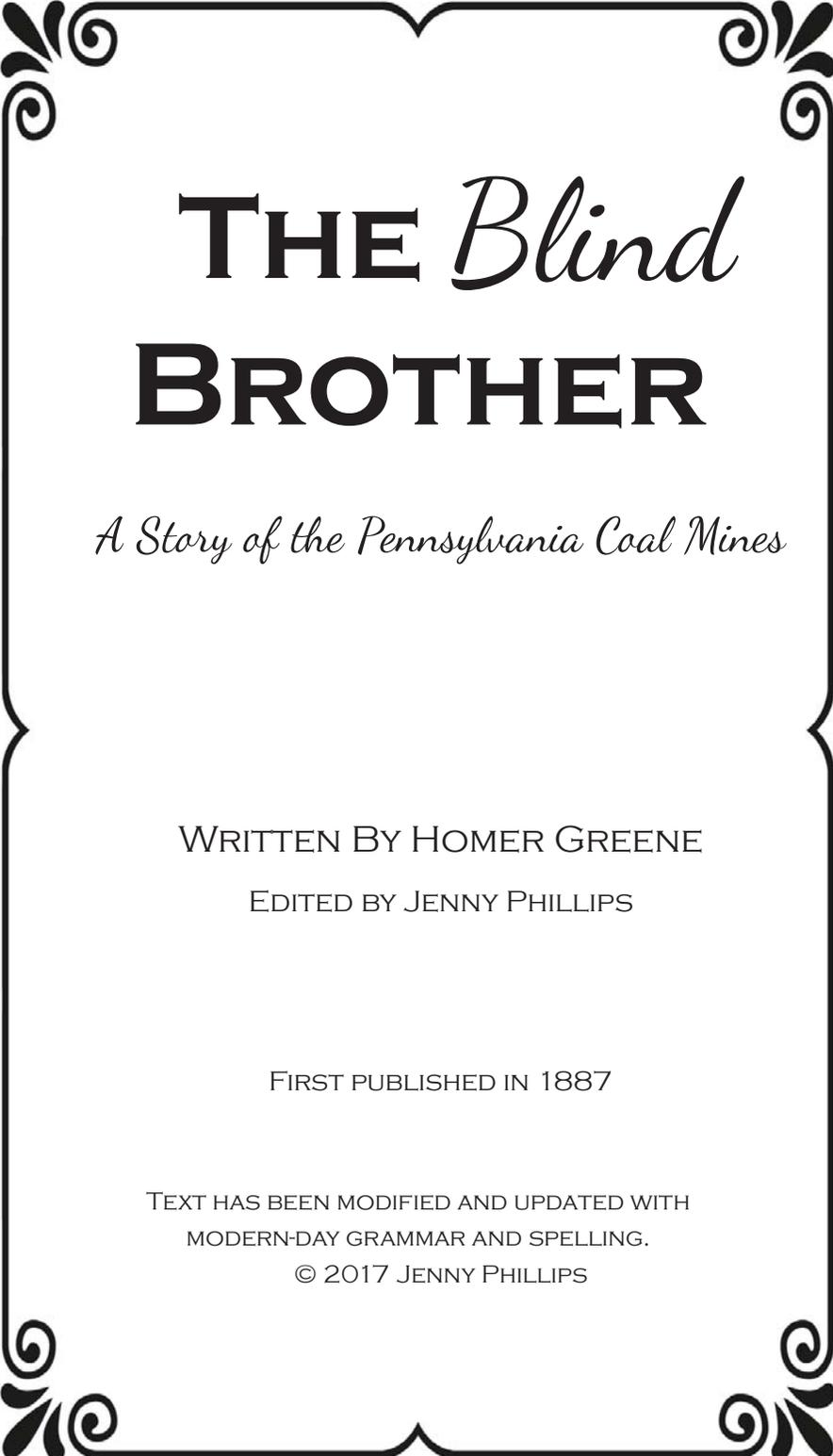


LEVEL SEVEN  
**FAVORITE CLASSICS**

READER

*Table of Contents*

THE BLIND BROTHER.....	3
MARY JONES AND HER BIBLE.....	81
TONI THE WOODCARVER .....	125
RUDI.....	159
SHORT STORIES BY LEO TOLSTOY .....	196
MONI THE GOAT BOY.....	225
DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.....	252



# THE *Blind* BROTHER

*A Story of the Pennsylvania Coal Mines*

WRITTEN BY HOMER GREENE

EDITED BY JENNY PHILLIPS

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1887

TEXT HAS BEEN MODIFIED AND UPDATED WITH  
MODERN-DAY GRAMMAR AND SPELLING.

© 2017 JENNY PHILLIPS

would have been awful.”

“I wish it had been one of us alone,” answered Tom, “for Mommie’s sake. I wish it had been only me. Mommie couldn’t ever stand it to lose—both of us—like—this.”

For their own misfortune, these boys had not shed a tear; but at the mention of Mommie’s name, they both began to weep, and for many minutes the noise of their sobbing and crying was the only sound heard in the desolate heading.

Tom was the first to recover.

A sense of the responsibility of the situation had come to him. He knew that strength was wasted in tears. And he knew that the greater the effort towards physical endurance, towards courage and manhood, the greater the hope that they might live until a rescuing party could reach them. Besides this, it was his place, as the older and stronger of the two, to be very brave and cheerful for Bennie’s sake. So he dried his tears, and fought back his terror, and spoke soothing words to Bennie, and even as he did so, his own heart grew stronger, and he felt better able to endure until the end, whatever the end might be.

“God can see us down in the mine just as well as He could up there in the sunlight,” he said to Bennie. “And whatever He’d do for us up there He’ll do for us down here. And there are those that won’t let us die here, either, while they’ve got hands to dig us out; and I shouldn’t wonder—I shouldn’t wonder a bit—if they were digging for us now.”

After a time, Tom concluded that he would pass up along the line of the fall, through the old chambers, and see if there was not some opening left through which escape would be possible.

So he took Bennie’s hand again and led him slowly up through the abandoned workings, in and out, to the face of the fall at every point where it was exposed, only to find, always, the masses of broken and tumbled rock reaching from floor to roof.

Yet not always! Once, as Tom flashed the lamplight up into a blocked entrance, he discovered a narrow space between the top of the fallen rock and the roof; and releasing Bennie’s hand, and climbing up to it, with much

difficulty, he found that he was able to crawl through into a little open place in the next chamber.

From here he passed readily through an unblocked entrance into the second chamber; and at some little distance down it, he found another open entrance. The light of hope flamed up in his breast as he crept along over the smooth, sloping surfaces of fallen rock, across one chamber after another, nearer and nearer to the slope, nearer and nearer to freedom, and the blessed certainty of life. Then, suddenly, in the midst of his reviving hope, he came to a place where the closest scrutiny failed to reveal an opening large enough for even his small body to force its way through. Sick at heart, in spite of his self-determined courage, he crawled back through the fall, up the free passages, and across the slippery rocks to where Bennie stood waiting.

“I didn’t find anything,” he said in as strong a voice as he could command. “Come, let’s go on up.”

He took Bennie’s hand and moved on. But, as he turned through an entrance into the next chamber, he was startled to see, in the distance, the light of another lamp. The sharp ears of the blind boy caught the sound of footsteps.

“Somebody’s coming, Tom,” he said.

“I see the lamp,” Tom answered, “but I don’t know who it can be. There wasn’t anybody in the new chambers when I started down with the load. All the men went out quite a bit ahead of me.”

The two boys stood still as the strange light approached, and, with the light, appeared, to Tom’s astonished eyes, the huge form and bearded face of Jack Rennie.

## Chapter 7

---

### THE SHADOW OF DEATH

Why, lads!" exclaimed Rennie. "Lads!" Then, flashing the light of his lamp into the boys' faces, he exclaimed, "What, Tom, is it you—you and the blind brother? Ah! But it's very bad for you, brothers, very bad—and worse yet for the poor mother at home."

When Tom first recognized Rennie, he could not speak for fear and amazement. The sudden thought that he and Bennie were alone, in the power of this giant whose liberty he had sworn away, overcame his courage. But when the kindly voice and sympathizing words fell on his ears, his fear departed, and he was ready to fraternize with the convict as a companion in distress.

"Tom," whispered Bennie, "I know his voice. It's the man that talked so kindly to me on the day of the strike."

"I remember you, laddie," said Jack. "I remember you right well." Then, turning to Tom, "You were coming up the fall; did you find any opening?"

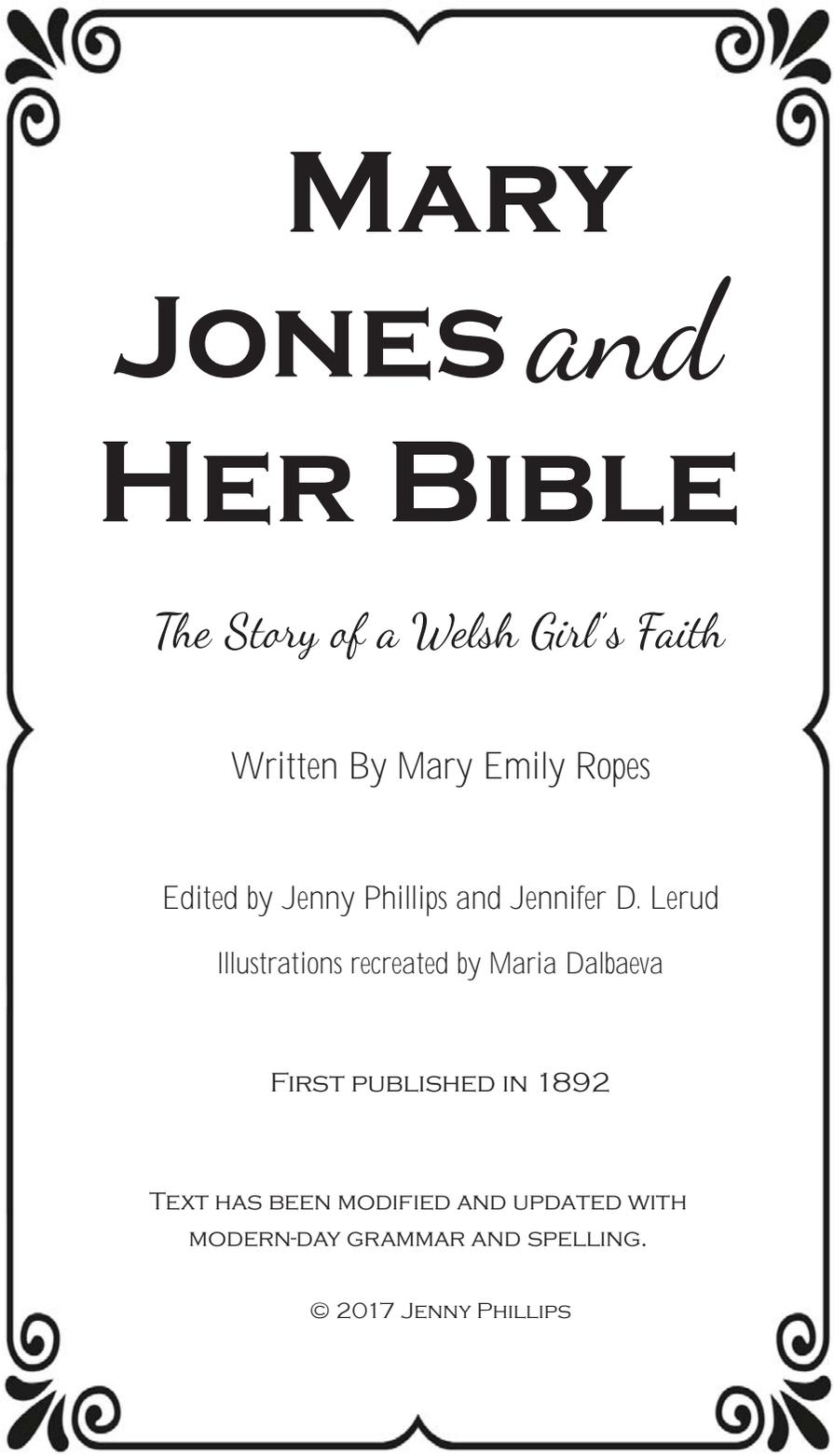
"No," said Tom, speaking for the first time since the meeting. "None that's any good."

"And there's nothing above either," replied Jack, "so we've little to do but wait. Sit you down, lads, and tell me how you got caught."

Seated on a shelf of rock, Tom told in a few words how he and Bennie had been shut in by the fall. Then Jack related to the boys the story of his escape from the sheriff and how his comrades had spirited him away into these abandoned workings and were supplying him with food until such time as he could safely go out in disguise and take ship for Europe.

There he was when the crash came.

"Now you must wait with patience," he said. "It'll not be for long; they'll



# MARY JONES *and* HER BIBLE

*The Story of a Welsh Girl's Faith*

Written By Mary Emily Ropes

Edited by Jenny Phillips and Jennifer D. Lerud

Illustrations recreated by Maria Dalbaeva

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1892

TEXT HAS BEEN MODIFIED AND UPDATED WITH  
MODERN-DAY GRAMMAR AND SPELLING.

© 2017 JENNY PHILLIPS

## Chapter 1

---

# At the Foot of the Mountain

*O Shepherd of all the flock of God,  
Watch over Thy lambs and feed them;  
For Thou alone, through the rugged paths,  
In the way of life can lead them.*

It would be hard to find a lovelier, more picturesque spot than the valley where nestles the little village of Llanfihangel. Above the village towers the majestic mountain with its dark crags, its rocky precipices, and its steep ascents; while stretching away in the distance to the westward, lie the bold shore and glistening waters of the bay, where the white waves come rolling in and dash into foam.

And now as, in thought, we stand upon the lower slopes of the valley and look across the little village of Llanfihangel, we find ourselves wondering what kind of people have occupied those rude grey cottages for the last century. What were their simple histories, their habits, their toils and struggles, their sorrows and pleasures?

To those then who share our interest in this place and events connected with them, we would tell the simple tale which gives Llanfihangel a place among the justly celebrated and honored spots of the country of Wales.

In the year 1792, over two hundred years ago, the night shadows had fallen around the little village of Llanfihangel. The season was late autumn, and a cold wind was moaning and sighing among the trees, stripping them of their changed garments, lately so green and gay, whirling them round in eddies, and laying them in shivering heaps along the narrow valley.



her kind friends and set off on her homeward journey, her mind full of the one great longing, out of which a resolution was slowly shaping itself until it was formed at last.

“I must have a Bible of my own!” she said aloud, in the earnestness of her purpose. “I must have one if I have to save up for it for ten years!” And by the time this was settled in her mind, the child had reached her home.

Christmas had come, and with it some holidays for Mary and the other scholars who attended the school at Abergynolwyn, but our little heroine would only have been sorry for the cessation of lessons, had it not been that during the holidays she had determined to commence carrying out her plan of earning something towards the purchase of a Bible.

Without neglecting her home duties, she managed to undertake little jobs of work, for which the neighbors were glad to give her a trifle. Now it was to mind a baby while the mother was at the wash tub, now to pick up sticks and brushwood in the woods for fuel or to help to mend and patch the poor garments of the family for a worn, weary mother who was thankful to give a small sum for this timely welcome help.

And every halfpenny, every farthing (and farthings were no unusual fee among such poor people as those of whom we are telling) was put into a rough little money box with a hole in the lid, which Jacob made for the purpose. The box was kept in a cupboard on a shelf where Mary could reach it, and it was a real and heartfelt joy to her when she could bring her day's earnings—some little copper coins, perhaps—and drop them in, longing for the time to come when they would have swelled to the requisite sum—a large sum, unfortunately—for buying a Bible.

It was about this time that good Mrs. Evans, knowing the child's earnest wish and wanting to encourage and help her, made her the present of a fine cock and two hens.

“Nay, nay, my dear, don't thank me,” said she, when Mary was trying to tell her how grateful she was. “I've done it, first, to help you along with that Bible you've set your heart on, and then, too, because I love you and like to give you pleasure. So now, my child, when the hens begin to lay, which will be early in the spring, you can sell your eggs, for these will be your very own to do what you like with, and you can put the money to any use you please. I

Charles from London had been sold or promised months ago.

This was discouraging news, and Mary went home downcast indeed, but not in despair. There was still a chance that one copy of the Scriptures yet remained in Mr. Charles's possession; and if so, that Bible should be hers.

The long distance—over twenty-five miles—the unknown road, the far-famed, but to her, strange minister who was to grant her the boon she craved—all this, if it a little frightened her, did not for one moment threaten to change her purpose.

Even Jacob and Molly, who at first objected to her walking to Bala for the purchase of her Bible on account of the distance, ceased to oppose their will to hers. "For," said good Jacob to his wife, "if it's the Lord answering our prayers and leading the child as we prayed He might, it would be ill for us to go against His wisdom."

And so our little Mary had her way. And, having received permission for her journey, she went to a neighbor living near, and telling her of her proposed expedition, asked if she would lend her a wallet to carry home the treasure should she obtain it.

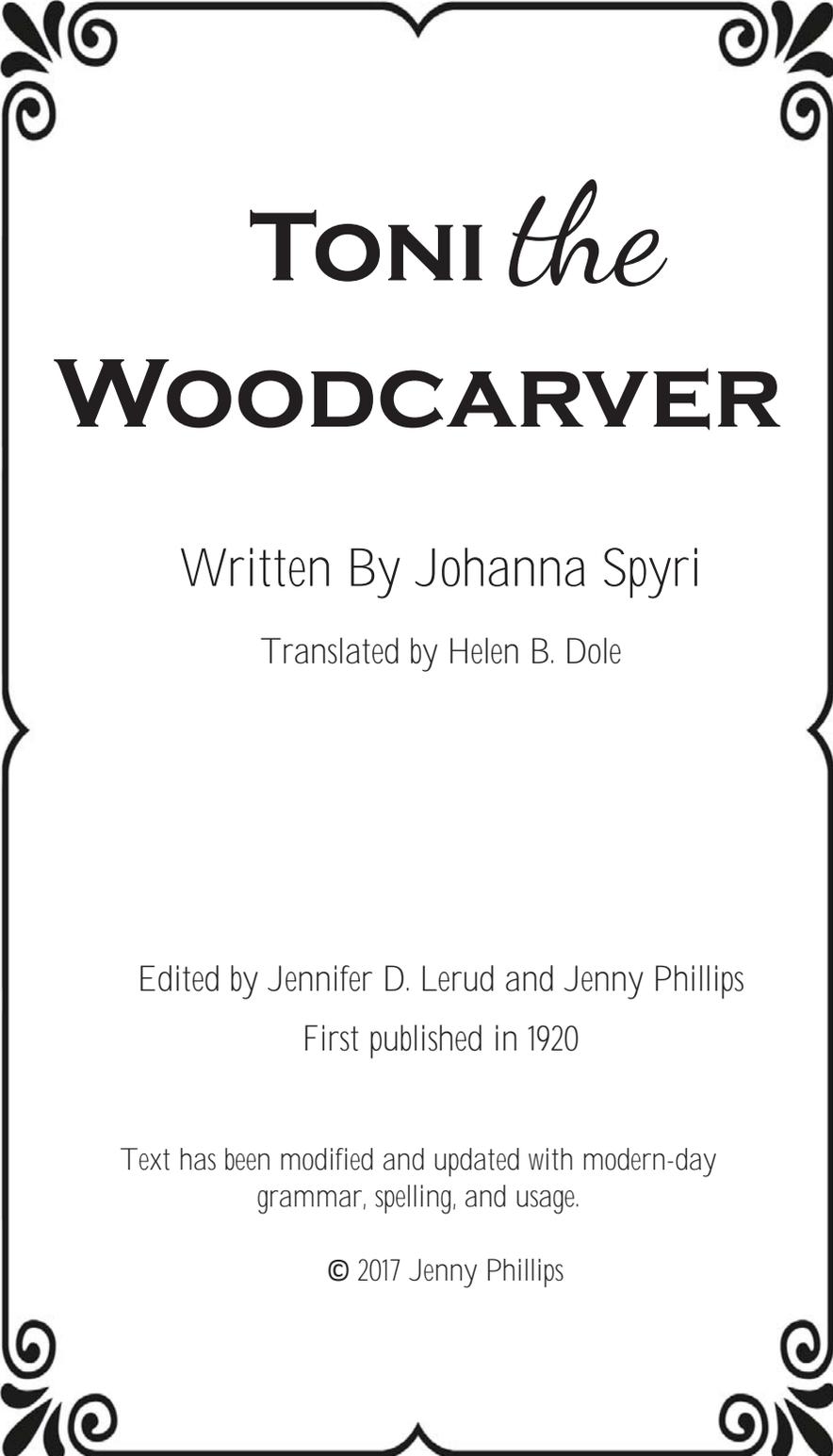
The neighbor, mindful of Mary's many little acts of thoughtful kindness towards herself and her children, and glad of any way in which she could show her grateful feeling and sympathy, put the wallet into the girl's hand and bade her goodbye with a hearty "God speed you!"

The next morning, a fresh breezy day in spring, in the year 1800, Mary rose almost as soon as it was light and washed and dressed with unusual care; for was not this to be a day of days—the day for which she had waited for years, and which must, she thought, make her the happiest of girls, or bring to her such grief and disappointment as she had never yet known?

Her one pair of shoes—far too precious a possession to be worn on a twenty-five mile walk—Mary placed in her wallet, intending to put them on as soon as she reached the town.

Early as was the hour, Molly and Jacob were both up to give Mary her breakfast of hot milk and bread and have family prayer, offering a special petition for God's blessing on their child's undertaking, and for His





# **TONI** *the* **WOODCARVER**

Written By Johanna Spyri

Translated by Helen B. Dole

Edited by Jennifer D. Lerud and Jenny Phillips

First published in 1920

Text has been modified and updated with modern-day  
grammar, spelling, and usage.

© 2017 Jenny Phillips

*Chapter 1*  
.....

# At Home in the Little Stone Hut

High up in the Bernese Oberland, quite a distance above the meadow-encircled hamlet of Kandergrund, stands a little lonely hut under the shadow of an old fir tree. Not far away, the wild brook rushes down from the wooded heights of rock. In times of heavy rains, it has carried away so many rocks and boulders that when the storms are ended, a ragged mass of stones is left through which flows a swift, clear stream of water. Therefore the little dwelling near by this brook is called the stone hut.

Here lived the honest day laborer Toni, who conducted himself well in every farmhouse where he went to work; for he was quiet and industrious, punctual at his tasks, and reliable in every way.

In his home he had a young wife and a little boy who was a joy to both of them. Near the hut in the little shed was the goat, the milk of which supplied food for the mother and child, while the father received his board through the week on the farms where he worked from morning until night. Only on Sunday was he at home with his wife and little Toni. The wife, Elsbeth, kept her little house in good order. It was narrow and tiny, but it always looked so clean and cheerful that everyone liked to come into the sunny room; and the father, Toni, was never so happy as when he was at home in the stone hut with his little boy on his knee.

For five years the family lived in harmony and undisturbed peace. Although they had no abundance and little worldly goods, they were happy and content. The husband earned enough, so they did not suffer want, and they desired nothing beyond their simple manner of life, for they loved each

work to manage to make two ends meet.”

It was a hard blow for Toni. All his hopes for many years lay destroyed before him; but he knew how his mother worked, how little good she herself had, and how she always tried to give him a little pleasure when she could. He said not a word and silently swallowed his rising tears, but he was very much grieved that all his hopes were over, since for the first time he had seen what wonderful things could be made out of a piece of wood.



Then Toni was all alone. He put his jug of milk in the hut and came out again. He looked around on every side. He looked over to the big mountain. Between that and his pasture was a wide valley so one had to descend in order to climb up to the big one. But all around both pastures, great dark masses of mountains looked down, some rocky, gray and jagged, others covered with snow, all reaching up to the sky, so high and mighty and with such different peaks and horns, and some with such broad backs, that it almost seemed to Toni as if they were enormous giants, each one having his own face and looking down at him.

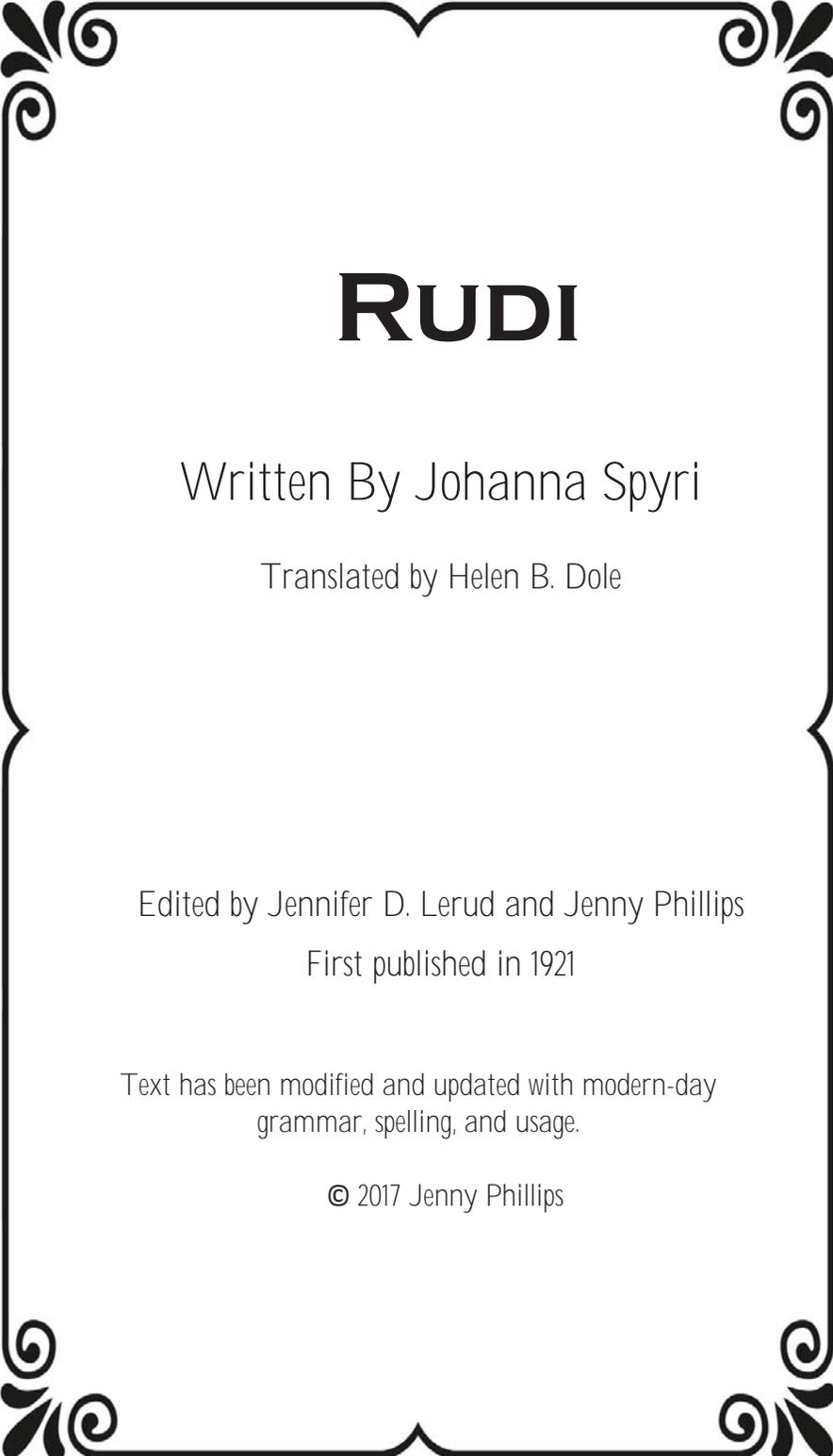
It was a clear evening. The mountain opposite was shining in the golden evening light, and now a little star came into sight above the dark mountains and looked down at Toni in such a friendly way that it cheered him very much.

He thought of his mother, where she was now and how she was in the habit of standing with him at this time in front of the little cottage and talking so pleasantly. Then suddenly there came over him such a feeling of loneliness that he ran into the hut, threw himself down on the cot, buried his face in the hay and sobbed softly, until the weariness of the day overcame him and he fell asleep.

The bright morning lured him out early. The man was already outside. He milked the cows, spoke not a word and went away.

Now a long, long day followed. It was perfectly still all around. The cows grazed and lay down around in the sun-bathed pasture. Tom went into the hut two or three times, drank some milk and ate some bread and cheese. Then he came out again, sat down on the ground, and carved on a piece of wood he had in his pocket. For although he no longer dared to cherish the hope of becoming a woodcarver, yet he could not help carving for himself as well as he could. At last it was evening again. The man came and went. He said not a word, and Toni had nothing to say either.

Thus passed one day after another. They were all so long! So long! In the evening when it began to grow dark, it always seemed terrible to Toni, for then the high mountains looked so black and threatening, as if they would suddenly do him some harm. Then he would rush back into the hut and crawl into his bed of hay.



# RUDI

Written By Johanna Spyri

Translated by Helen B. Dole

Edited by Jennifer D. Lerud and Jenny Phillips

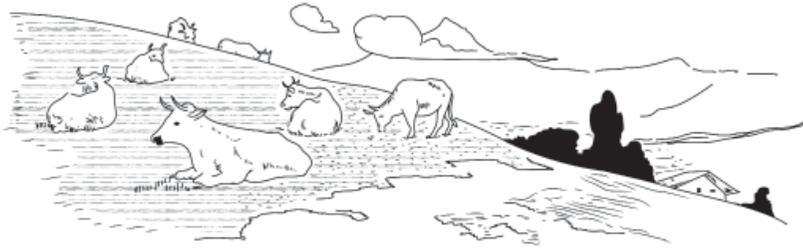
First published in 1921

Text has been modified and updated with modern-day  
grammar, spelling, and usage.

© 2017 Jenny Phillips

*Chapter 1*

## Without a Friend



The traveler who ascends Mt. Seelis from the rear will presently find himself coming out upon a spot where a green meadow, fresh and vivid, is spread out upon the mountain side. The place is so inviting that one feels tempted to join the peacefully grazing cows and fall to eating the soft green grass with them. The clean, well-fed cattle wander about with pleasant musical accompaniment; for each cow wears a bell, so that one may tell by the sound whether any of them are straying too far out toward the edge, where the precipice is hidden by bushes and where a single misstep would be fatal. There is a company of boys, to be sure, to watch the cows, but the bells are also necessary, and their tinkling is so pleasant to hear that it would be a pity not to have them.

Little wooden houses dot the mountain side, and here and there a turbulent stream comes tumbling down the slope. Not one of the cottages stands on level ground; it seems as though they had somehow been thrown against the mountain and had stuck there, for it would be hard to conceive of their being built on this steep slope. From the highway below you might think them all equally neat and cheery, with their open galleries and little wooden stairways, but when you came nearer to them you would notice

safely hidden. All around him was great silence; no sound came up from below; only the little bird was still whistling its merry tune. The sun was setting; the high snow peaks began to glimmer and to glow, and over the whole green alp lay the golden evening light. Rudi looked about him in silent wonder; an unknown feeling of security and comfort came over him. Here he was safe; there was no one to be seen or heard in any direction.

He sat there a long time and would have liked never to go away again, for he had never felt so happy in his life. But he heard heavy steps coming from the hut behind him. It was the herdsman; he was coming along carrying a small bucket; he was probably going to the stream to fetch water. Rudi tried to be as quiet as a mouse, for he was so used to having everyone scold and ridicule him that he thought the herdsman would do the same, or at least would drive him away. He huddled down under the bushes; but the branches crackled. Franz Martin listened, then came over and looked under the fir trees.

“What are you doing in there, half buried in the ground?” asked the herdsman with smiling face.

“Nothing,” answered Rudi in a faint voice that trembled with fear.

“Come out, child! You need not be afraid, if you have done nothing wrong. Why are you hiding? Did you creep in here with your cheese roll so that you could eat it in peace?”

“No; I had no cheese roll,” said Rudi, still trembling.

“You didn’t? And why not?” asked the herdsman in a tone of voice that no one had ever used toward Rudi before, arousing an altogether new feeling in him,—trust in a human being.

“They pushed me away,” he answered, as he arose from his hiding place.

“There, now,” continued the friendly herdsman; “I can at least see you. Come a little nearer. And why don’t you defend yourself when they push you away? They all push each other, but everyone manages to get a turn, and why not you?”

“They are stronger,” said Rudi, so convincingly that Franz Martin could offer no further argument in the matter. He now got a good look at the boy,



who stood before the stalwart herdsman like a little stick before a great pine tree. The strong man looked down pityingly at the meager little figure, that seemed actually mere skin and bones; out of the pale, pinched face two big eyes looked up timidly.

“Whose boy are you?” asked the herdsman.

“Nobody’s,” was the answer.

“But you must have a home somewhere. Where do you live?”

“With Poor Grass Joe.”

Franz Martin began to understand. “Ah! So you are that one,” he said, as if remembering something; for he had often heard of Stupid Rudi, who was of no use to anybody and was too dull even to herd a cow.

“Come along with me,” he said sympathetically. “If you live with Joe, no wonder you look like a little spear of grass yourself. Come! The cheese roll is all gone, but we’ll find something else.”

Rudi hardly knew what was happening to him. He followed after Franz Martin because he had been told to, but it seemed as though he were going to some pleasure, and that was something altogether new to him.

Franz Martin went into the hut, and Rudi followed. A large black pot hung in the fireplace, and Rudi could instantly smell the savory-smelling stew simmering within. To Rudi’s amazement, Franz Martin took a bowl, dipped it into the pot, and handed Rudi the bowl. Then, taking down a round loaf of bread from an upper shelf, Franz Martin cut a big slice across the whole loaf. He went to the huge ball of butter, shining like a lump of gold in the corner, and hacked off a generous piece. This he spread over the bread and then handed the thickly buttered slice to Rudi. Never in all his life had the boy had anything like it. He looked at it as though it could not possibly belong to him.

“Come outside and eat it; I must go for water,” said Franz Martin, while he watched with twinkling eyes the expression of joy and amazement on the child’s face. Rudi obeyed. Outside he sat down on the ground, and while the herdsman went over to Clear Brook he took a big bite into his bread, and then another and another, and could not understand how there could be

get strong again. I have brought fresh eggs and wheat bread, and I will go and start the fire. Take your time about coming down"; which Franz Martin found that he was really obliged to do, for he was still weak and trembling. But he finally succeeded. When he got down he beckoned to Rudi, who had been looking in through the door all this time, to come and sit at the table beside him.

"Rudi," he said, smiling into the boy's eyes, "do you want to grow up to be a dairyman?"

A look of joy came over Rudi's face, but the next moment it disappeared, for in his ears rang the discouraging words that he had heard so many, many times. "He will never amount to anything," "He can't do anything," "He will never be of any use,"—and he answered despondently, "I can never be anything."

"Rudi, you shall be a dairyman," said Franz Martin decisively. "You have done very well in your first undertaking. Now you shall stay with me and carry milk and water and help me in everything, and I will show you how to make butter and cheese, and as soon as you are old enough you shall stand beside me at the kettle and be my helpmate."

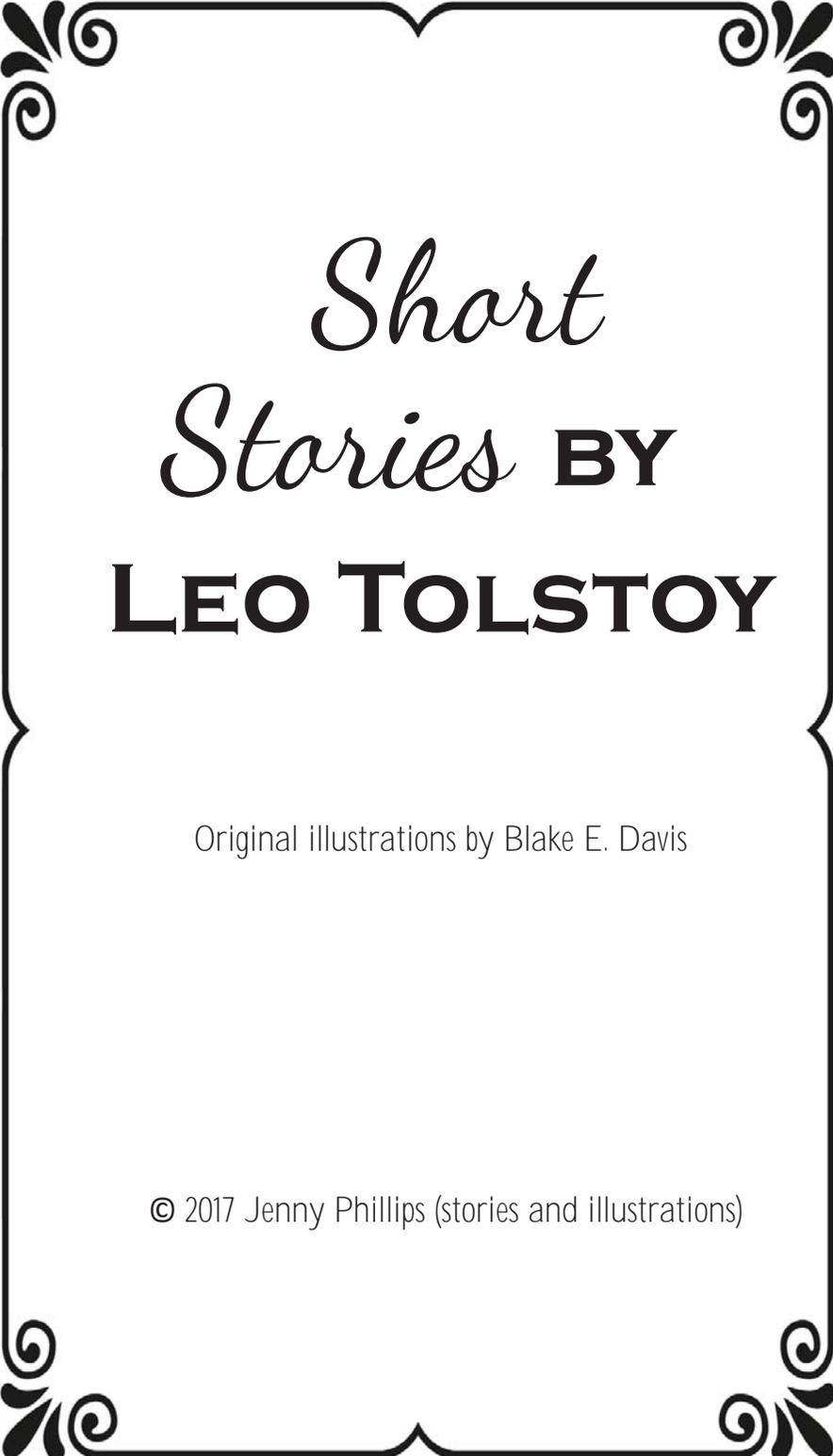
"Here, in your hut?" asked Rudi, to whom the prospect of such happiness was almost incomprehensible.

"Right here in my hut," declared Franz Martin.

In Rudi's face appeared an expression of such radiant joy that the herdsman could not take his eyes from him. The boy seemed transformed. The mother, too, noticed it, as she set on the table before them the big plate of egg omelet that she had just prepared. She patted the boy's head and said, "Yes, little Rudi, today we will be happy together, and tomorrow, too; and every day we will thank the good God that he brought you to Franz Martin at just the right time, although no one may know why it was that you came up here."

The happy feast began. Never in his life had Rudi seen so many good things together on a table; for besides the omelet the mother had set out fresh wheat bread and a big, golden ball of butter and a piece of snow-white cheese, while in the middle of the table stood a bowl of creamy milk. Of





*Short*  
*Stories* **BY**  
**LEO TOLSTOY**

Original illustrations by Blake E. Davis

© 2017 Jenny Phillips (stories and illustrations)

## A JUST JUDGE

---

An Algerian king named Bauakas wanted to find out whether or not it was true, as he had been told, that in one of his cities lived a just judge who could instantly discern the truth, and from whom no rogue was ever able to conceal himself. Bauakas exchanged clothes with a merchant and went on horseback to the city where the judge lived.

At the entrance to the city a cripple approached the king and begged alms of him. Bauakas gave him money and was about to continue on his way, but the cripple clung to his clothing.

“What do you wish?” asked the king. “Haven’t I given you money?”

“You gave me alms,” said the cripple, “now grant me one favor. Let me ride with you as far as the city square, otherwise the horses and camels may trample me.”

Bauakas sat the cripple behind him on the horse and took him as far as the city square. There he halted his horse, but the cripple refused to dismount.

“We have arrived at the square, why don’t you get off?” asked Bauakas.

“Why should I?” the beggar replied. “This horse belongs to me. If you are unwilling to return it, we shall have to go to court.”

Hearing their quarrel, people gathered around them shouting:

“Go to the judge! He will decide between you!”

Bauakas and the cripple went to the judge. There were others in court, and the judge called upon each one in turn. Before he came to Bauakas and the cripple he heard a scholar and a peasant. They had come to court over a



woman: the peasant said she was his wife, and the scholar said she was his. The judge heard them both, remained silent for a moment, and then said:

“Leave the woman here with me, and come back tomorrow.”

When they had gone, a butcher and an oil merchant came before the judge. The butcher was covered with blood, and the oil merchant with oil. In his hand the butcher held some money, and the oil merchant held onto the butcher's hand.

“I was buying oil from this man,” the butcher said, “and when I took out my purse to pay him, he seized me by the hand and tried to take all my money away from me. That is why we have come to you-I holding onto my purse, and he holding onto my hand. But the money is mine, and he is a thief.”

on the ground moaning feebly. The King and the hermit unfastened the man's clothing. There was a large wound in his stomach. The King washed it as best he could, and bandaged it with his handkerchief and with a towel the hermit had. But the blood would not stop flowing, and the King again and again removed the bandage soaked with warm blood, and washed and rebandaged the wound. When at last the blood ceased flowing, the man revived and asked for something to drink. The King brought fresh water and gave it to him.



Meanwhile the sun had set, and it had become cool. So the King, with the hermit's help, carried the wounded man into the hut and laid him on the bed. Lying on the bed the man closed his eyes and was quiet; but the King was so tired with his walk and with the work he had done, that he crouched down on the threshold, and also fell asleep—so soundly that he slept all through the short summer night. When he awoke in the morning, it was long before he could remember where he was, or who was the strange bearded man lying on the bed and gazing intently at him with shining eyes.



He sat down, and ate some bread and drank some water; but he did not lie down, thinking that if he did he might fall asleep. After sitting a little while, he went on again. At first he walked easily: the food had strengthened him; but it had become terribly hot, and he felt sleepy; still he went on, thinking: "An hour to suffer, a life-time to live."

He went a long way in this direction also, and was about to turn to the left again, when he perceived a damp hollow: "It would be a pity to leave that out," he thought. "Flax would do well there." So he went on past the hollow, and dug a hole on the other side of it before he turned the corner. Pahóm looked towards the hillock. The heat made the air hazy: it seemed to be quivering, and through the haze the people on the hillock could scarcely be seen.

"Ah!" thought Pahóm, "I have made the sides too long; I must make this one shorter." And he went along the third side stepping faster. He looked at the sun: it was nearly half way to the horizon, and he had not yet done two miles of the third side of the square. He was still ten miles from the goal.

"No," he thought, "though it will make my land lop-sided, I must hurry back in a straight line now. I might go too far, and as it is I have a great deal of land."

So Pahóm hurriedly dug a hole, and turned straight towards the hillock.

## PART IX

Pahóm went straight towards the hillock, but he now walked with difficulty. He was done up with the heat, his bare feet were cut and bruised, and his legs began to fail. He longed to rest, but it was impossible if he meant to get back before sunset. The sun waits for no man, and it was sinking lower and lower.

“Oh dear,” he thought, “if only I have not blundered trying for too much! What if I am too late?”

He looked towards the hillock and at the sun. He was still far from his goal, and the sun was already near the rim

Pahóm walked on and on; it was very hard walking, but he went quicker and quicker. He pressed on, but was still far from the place. He began running, threw away his coat, his boots, his flask, and his cap, and kept only the spade which he used as a support.

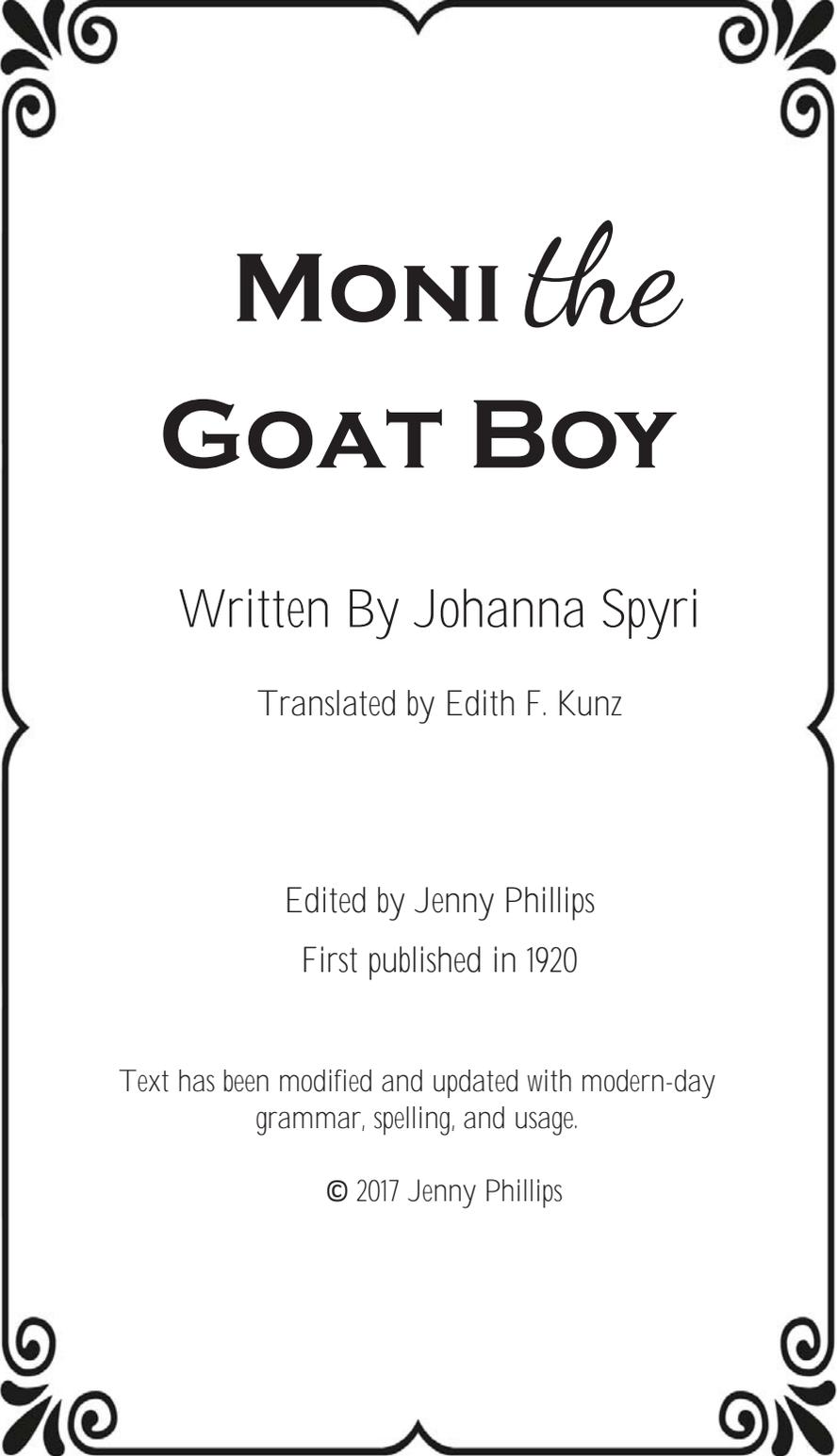
“What shall I do,” he thought again, “I have grasped too much, and ruined the whole affair. I can’t get there before the sun sets.”

And this fear made him still more breathless. Pahóm went on running, his soaking shirt and trousers stuck to him, and his mouth was parched. His breast was working like a blacksmith’s bellows, his heart was beating like a hammer, and his legs were giving way as if they did not belong to him. Pahóm was seized with terror lest he should die of the strain.

Though afraid of death, he could not stop. “After having run all that way they will call me a fool if I stop now,” thought he. And he ran on and on, and drew near and heard the Bashkírs yelling and shouting to him, and their cries inflamed his heart still more. He gathered his last strength and ran on.

The sun was close to the rim, and cloaked in mist looked large, and red as blood. Now, yes now, it was about to set! The sun was quite low, but he was also quite near his aim. Pahóm could already see the people on the hillock waving their arms to hurry him up. He could see the fox-fur cap on the ground, and the money on it, and the Chief sitting on the ground holding his sides. And Pahóm remembered his dream.

“There is plenty of land,” thought he, “but will God let me live on it? I



# **MONI** *the* **GOAT BOY**

Written By Johanna Spyri

Translated by Edith F. Kunz

Edited by Jenny Phillips

First published in 1920

Text has been modified and updated with modern-day  
grammar, spelling, and usage.

© 2017 Jenny Phillips

Here he took out his little horn and blew so vigorously into it that it resounded far down into the valley. From all the scattered houses the children now came running out. Each rushed upon his goat, which he knew a long way off; and from the houses nearby, one woman and then another seized her little goat by the cord or the horn, and in a short time the entire flock was separated, and each creature came to its own place. Finally Moni stood alone with the brown one, his own goat, and with her he now went to the little house on the side of the mountain, where his grandmother was waiting for him in the doorway.

“Has all gone well, Moni?” she asked pleasantly, and then led the brown goat to her shed and immediately began to milk her. The grandmother was still a robust woman and cared for everything herself in the house and in the shed, and everywhere kept order. Moni stood in the doorway of the shed and watched his grandmother. When the milking was ended, she went into the little house and said, “Come, Moni, you must be hungry.”

She had everything already prepared; Moni had only to sit down at the table. She seated herself next him, and although nothing stood on the table but the bowl of cornmeal mush cooked with the brown goat’s milk, Moni hugely enjoyed his supper. Then he told his grandmother what he had done through the day; and as soon as the meal was ended, he went to bed, for in the early dawn he would have to start forth again with the flock.

In this way Moni had already spent two summers. He had been goat boy so long and become so accustomed to this life and grown up together with his little charges that he could think of nothing else. Moni had lived with his grandmother ever since he could remember. His mother had died when he was still very little; his father soon after went with others to military service in Naples, in order to earn something, as he said, for he thought he could get more pay there. His wife’s mother was also poor, but she took her daughter’s deserted baby boy, little Solomon, home at once and shared what she had with him. He brought a blessing to her cottage, and she had never suffered want.

Good old Elizabeth was very popular with everyone in the whole village, and when, two years before, another goat boy had to be appointed, Moni was chosen with one accord, since everyone was glad for the hard-working Elizabeth that now Moni would be able to earn something.

The pious grandmother had never let Moni start away a single morning without reminding him:

“Moni, never forget how near you are up there to the dear Lord, and that He sees and hears everything, and you can hide nothing from His eyes. But never forget, either, that He is near to help you. So you have nothing to fear, and if you can call upon no human being up there, you have only to call to the dear Lord in your need, and He will hear you immediately and come to your aid.”

So from the very first Moni went up, full of trust, to the lonely mountains and the highest crags, and never had the slightest fear of dread, for he always thought, “The higher up, the nearer I am to the dear Lord, and so all the safer whatever may happen.”

So Moni had neither care nor trouble and could enjoy everything he did from morning till night. It was no wonder that he whistled and sang and yodeled continually, for he had to give vent to his great happiness.

## Chapter 4

---

# Moni Can No Longer Sing

On the following morning Moni came up the path to the Bath House, just as silent and cast down as the evening before. Moni could no longer be merry; he didn't know himself exactly why. He wanted to be glad that he had saved Mäggerli, and he wanted to sing, but he couldn't do it. Today the sky was covered with clouds, and Moni thought when the sun came out it would be different and he could be happy again.

When he reached the top, it began to rain quite hard. He took refuge under the Rain-rock, for it soon poured in streams from the sky.

Moni thought over what he had promised Jörgli, and it seemed to him that if Jörgli had taken something, he was practically doing the same thing himself, because Jörgli had promised to give him something or do something for him. He had surely done what was wrong, and the dear Lord was now against him. This he felt in his heart, and it was right that it was dark and rainy and that he was hidden under the rock, for he would not even have dared look up into the blue sky, as usual.

But there were still other things that Moni had to think about. If Mäggerli should fall down over a steep precipice again, and he wanted to get it, the dear Lord would no longer protect him, and he no longer dared to pray to Him about it and call upon Him, and so had no more safety. And what if he should then slip and fall down with Mäggerli deep over the jagged rocks, and both of them should lie all torn and maimed! Oh, no, he said with anguish in his heart, that must not happen anyway. He must manage to be able to pray again and come to the dear Lord with everything that weighed on his heart; then he could be happy again, that he felt sure of. Moni would throw off the weight that oppressed him. He would go and tell the landlord everything—but then? Then Jörgli would not persuade his father, and the landlord would slaughter Mäggerli. Oh, no! Oh, no! He couldn't bear that, and he said: “No, I will not do it! I will say nothing!”



would do what was right in His sight. If you had done right at once, and trusted in God, all would have gone well at first. Now the dear Lord has helped you beyond all you deserved, so that you will not forget it your whole life long.”

“No, I will surely never forget it,” said Moni, eagerly assenting, “and will always truly think, the first thing: I must only do what is right before the dear Lord. He will take care of all the rest.”

But before Moni could lie down to sleep, he had to look into the shed once more to see if it was really possible that the little kid was lying out there and belonged to him.

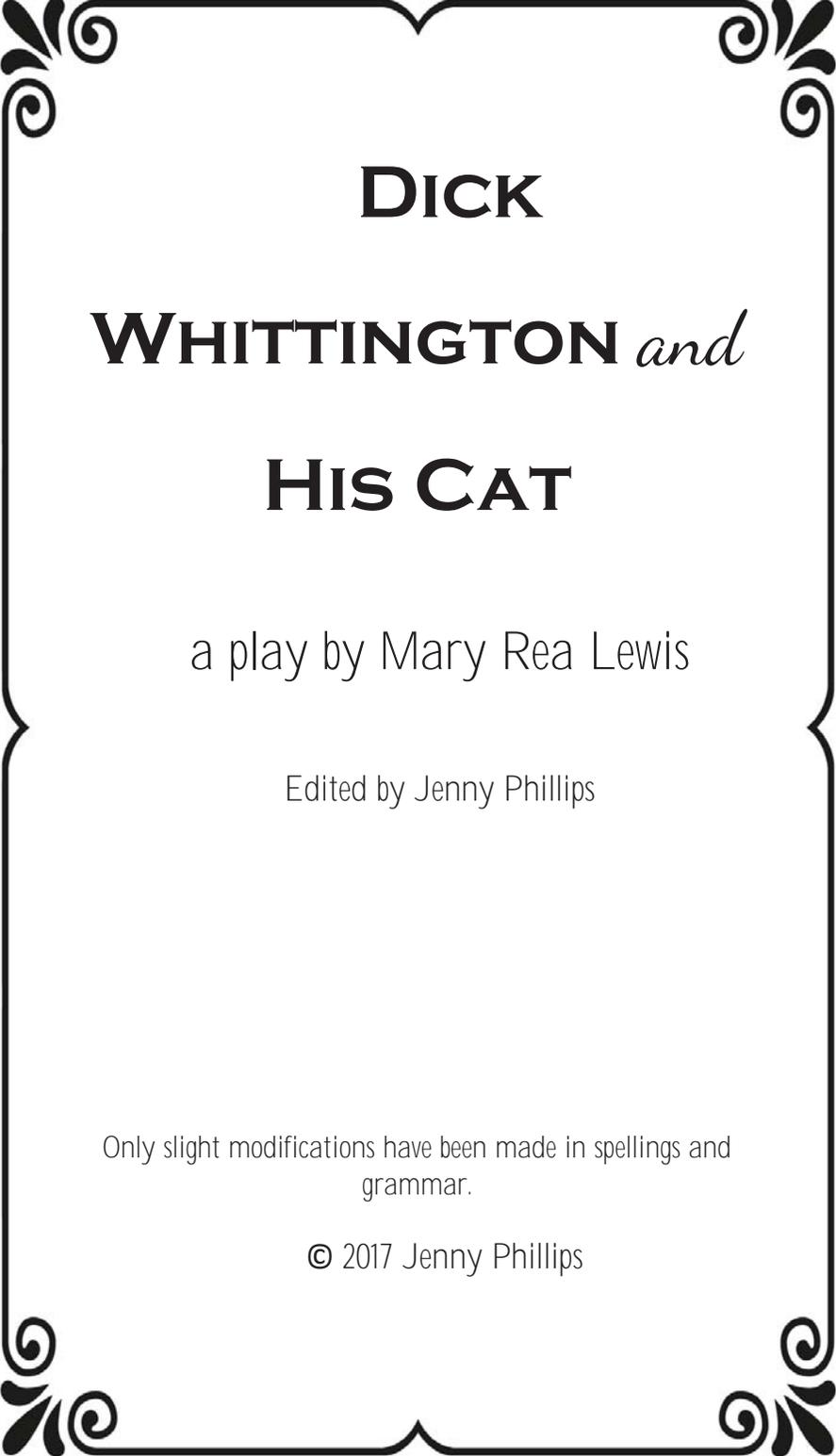
Jörgli received the ten francs according to the agreement, but he was not allowed to escape from the affair so easily as that. When he returned to the Bath House, he was brought to the landlord, who took the boy by the collar, gave him a good shaking, and said threateningly:

“Jörgli! Jörgli! Don’t you try a second time to bring my whole house into bad repute! If anything like this happens a single time again, you will come out of my house in a way that will not please you! See, up there hangs a very sharp willow rod for such cases. Now go and think this over.”

Moreover, the event had other consequences for the boy. From this time on, if anything was lost anywhere in the Bath House, all the servants immediately exclaimed, “Jörgli from Küblis has it!” And if he came afterwards into the house, they all pounced on him together and cried, “Give it here, Jörgli! Out with it!” And if he assured them he had nothing and knew nothing about it, they would all exclaim, “We know you already!” and “You can’t fool us!”

So Jörgli had to endure the most menacing attacks continually, and had hardly a moment’s peace any more, for if he saw anyone approaching him, he at once thought he was coming to ask if he had found this or that. So Jörgli was not at all happy, and a hundred times he thought: “If only I had given back that cross immediately! I will never in my whole life keep anything else that doesn’t belong to me.”

But Moni never ceased singing and yodeling the whole summer long,



**DICK**  
**WHITTINGTON** *and*  
**HIS CAT**

a play by Mary Rea Lewis

Edited by Jenny Phillips

Only slight modifications have been made in spellings and  
grammar.

© 2017 Jenny Phillips

it's used to pave the streets. Even the wayfarer can fill his purse as he goes about the city.

DICK: The apple-man has just told me about it; but I know that such a report lacks truth. If it were true, then all the world would go to London, and there would be too little left for another fortunate.

WAGONER: 'Tis the way I'm thinking, too, lad. But if it's not a fortune you seek, why go you there?

DICK: 'Tis a fortune I seek, sir, but not by picking it from the streets. I seek work and a chance to grow into useful manhood.

WAGONER: I hear that London's a busy mart: many may find work there. But you—why you're but a lad. What can you do?

DICK: Many tasks, sir, if I have the opportunity to prove myself. That is all I ask. But I must be on my way now. [Turns to APPLE-MAN.] Many thanks, sir, to you. I shall not forget our bargain. [To WAGONER.] Could you direct me, sire, to the shortest way?

WAGONER: Follow this road to the edge of the clearing—that's the high road ahead. Follow it. London's at the end.

DICK: Thank you, sir. [Starts off, stops and turns to the two men talking together.] And the distance, sire? Is it less than one day's journey?

WAGONER: Not unless you have wings. I'd say that, if you walk fast and waste not time along the wayside, you'd be in London Town by tomorrow night. [Continues conversation with APPLE-MAN.]

DICK: [Disappointed.]: Tomorrow night! [Stops thoughtfully.] "tis much further than I thought. I'm already exhausted— [Looks in knapsack.] and I have but little food— [Stops.] I can't go. I'll return! I'll find some way— [In whisper.] There are those bells again—what are they saying? Listen! [Slowly.] "Turn again, Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London!" What do they mean? Why do they echo my name? [Turns again to WAGONER and APPLE-MAN.] Pardon, sirs, those bells, sirs, what do they say?

APPLE-MAN [Listening]: Night—again; —night's come again—night—

DICK: Oh, sir, you are so kind—I'm so excited that I've forgotten my hunger.

MR. FITZ: Cook will soon attend to that. Come, Alicia, we must continue on your way. Cook, attend to the lad's needs at once.

[Exeunt ALICIA and MR. FITZWARREN.]

COOK [Gingerly holding DICK'S shoulder]: So you want to work hard? Well, I'll see to it that you do. Come along, now.

[Exit.]

## *Act 2, Scene 2*

*In the kitchen*

[COOK is busy. DICK cleans floor.]

COOK: Hurry, you rascal. All day you've dawdled over your work. [DICK yawns.] That's right! Yawn in my face! Rudeness-base rudeness is what I call that! [Rushes toward DICK, who begins to scrub furiously.]

DICK: Cook, I've done all my work except this corner of the kitchen, and it'll be finished before you finish the pudding.

COOK: Finish your work! [Inspects kitchen.] Why it's only half done. What about the scullery?

DICK: I cleaned every inch of it.

COOK: Humpf! And the pans—I suppose they're all scoured?

DICK: Pans scoured and kettles polished until you can see yourself in them!

COOK: Be nimble then, and hurry, too, for I want you to fetch more wood for the fires.

DICK: [Muttering to himself]: Nimble! Fetch! Carry! That's all she knows.

COOK: And what are you grumbling about now? I'll teach you respect.