

**THE BACKWARD
SWING, AND
OTHER STORIES**

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The backward swing, and other stories by Charlotte Maria Tucker

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CHARLOTTE MARIA TUCKER

**THE BACKWARD
SWING, AND
OTHER STORIES**



THE PARTY IN HAYLANDS MEADOWS.



THE BACKWARD SWING.

And Other Stories.

By

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Author of "*Fairy Frisket*," "*Fairy Know-a-bit*,"
"*The Giant-Killer*," &c., &c.



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The Backward Swing.

“**WHAT!** can my darling say that she is not happy, when I thought that I had left her nothing to wish for?” was the gentle reproof of Lady Millicent Brooks, as she fondly stroked the long hair of her spoilt little girl.

“No ; I’m not happy at all,” muttered Milly, pettishly, drawing back her head from the gentle caress of her mother.

“Why, you told me, my child, that if I would allow you to join the picnic party in Haylands Meadows, you would

be happy as a queen. Is not your friend Nora May to be there?"

"Yes; she's to be there," replied Milly Brooks, looking more out of humour than before; "and that's just the thing that vexes me. Nora is to wear her new jacket of sky-blue silk over a flounced scarlet skirt, and I have nothing to put on but the gray dress which I stained with the currants on Sunday. I'd rather not go to the picnic at all, than go in that horrid old gray!"

Had Lady Milicent been a sensible mother, she would have tried to laugh her silly little girl out of the folly of thinking that happiness could possibly depend on the colour or fashion of a dress. She might have reminded Milly of the verse which shows how absurd it is to be vain of what we share with insects and flowers.