

**THE NURSERY, A  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
FOR YOUNGEST READERS,  
VOL. VI**

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**JOHN L. SHOREY**

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FOR YOUNGEST READERS.

VOLUME VI.

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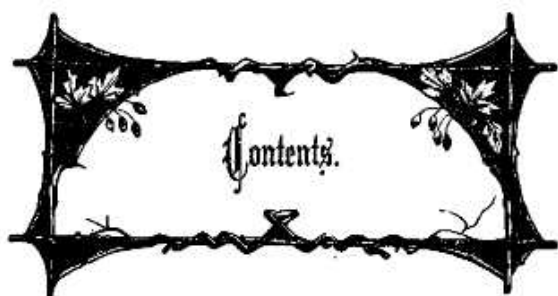
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*Dr Stone*



DORA.

## D O R A.



HERE was once a little girl, and her name was Dora. She was one of a family of five sisters and three brothers. Her father had been killed while blasting rocks; and her mother was left quite poor, and with eight mouths to fill, besides her own.

What could the poor mother do? She went out to day's work; she took in washing; she toiled as hard as she could: still the little ones at home did not have enough to eat.

So she said to Dora, "You must strap this big basket over your shoulders, and go round from door to door, and beg cold vict'uals."

Dora did not like to beg; but she loved her mother and her little brothers and sisters so much, that she said to herself, "It is better for me to beg than see them starve. I think it is not wrong for me to beg when I do it for love."

So Dora went round from house to house. One little girl, who was leaning over the wall of a garden, threw a large piece of cake into Dora's lap. At another house, they gave her a loaf of bread; and at another house, they gave her some cold meat.

Dora put all the things nicely into her big basket, and went home and fed the children, and then put by food enough for the next day; for her mother was out at day's work.

Soon Dora's brother Ned, who swept a crossing of one of the city streets, ran in with a shout. "Look here! See what I have found! Isn't this jolly?" he cried. He had found a pocket-book, with papers and notes in it, and I don't know how much money; but it was a good deal.

Dora said, "Give it to me, and I will take it to the man

who prints news'pa-pers, and he will ad-ver-tise it, so that the person who lost it will know that it is found."

Ned, who was a good, honest boy, gave up the pocket-book to Dora; and she took it to the news'pa-per-man, and he ad-ver-tised it: and the next day who should come to the house but an old gen'tle-man, who asked to see Dora and Ned.

"You have been of great service to me, my dear children," said the old gentleman. "Your mother must be a good woman to bring you up in the ways of hon'es-ty. I am rich; and I prom'ise you that this money you have brought back to me shall be spent in help'ing you all."

The old gentleman was as good as his word; and Dora did not have to go round beg'ging after that. She and her brothers and sisters were each taught some good trade; and soon their mother was so well off that she did not have to go out to day's work, or labor all day at the wash-tub.

IDA FAY.

