

# **PROVERB STORIES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649172924

Proverb stories by Louisa M. Alcott

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**LOUISA M. ALCOTT**

**PROVERB  
STORIES**



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# PROVERB STORIES.

BY

LOUISA M. ALCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "SILVER PITCHERS," "LITTLE WOMEN," "AN OLD-FASHIONED  
GIRL," "LITTLE MEN," "BRIGHT COUSINS," "ROSE IN BLOOM,"  
"UNDER THE LILACS," "JACK AND JILL," "WORK, A  
STORY OF EXPERIENCE," "MOODS, A NOVEL,"  
"HOSPITAL SKETCHES," "AUNT JO'S  
SCRAP-BAG."

10041



BOSTON:  
ROBERTS BROTHERS.

1888.

## PREFACE.

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BEING forbidden to write anything at present I have collected various waifs and strays to appease the young people who clamor for more, forgetting that mortal brains need rest.

As many girls have asked to see what sort of tales Jo March wrote at the beginning of her career, I have added "The Baron's Gloves," as a sample of the romantic rubbish which paid so well once upon a time. If it shows them what *not* to write it will not have been rescued from oblivion in vain.

L. M. ALCOTT.

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"Miss Alcott has a faculty of entering into the lives and feelings of children that is conspicuously wanting in most writers who address them and to this cause, to the consciousness among her readers that they are hearing about people like themselves, instead of abstract qualities labelled with names, the popularity of her books is due." — Mrs. SARAH J. HALE.

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## PROVERB STORIES.

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### KITTY'S CLASS DAY.

"A stitch in time saves nine."

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"O PRIS, Pris, I'm really going! Here's the invitation — rough paper — Chapel — spreads — Lyceum Hall — everything splendid; and Jack to take care of me!"

As Kitty burst into the room and performed a rapturous *pas seul*, waving the cards over her head, sister Priscilla looked up from her work with a smile of satisfaction on her quiet face.

"Who invites you, dear?"

"Why, Jack, of course, — dear old cousin Jack. Nobody else ever thinks of me, or cares whether I have a bit of pleasure now and then. Is n't he kind? May n't I go? and, O Priscilla, what *shall* I wear?"

Kitty paused suddenly, as if the last all-important question had a solemnizing effect upon both mind and body.

"Why, your white muslin, silk sacque, and new hat, of course," began Priscilla with an air of surprise. But Kitty broke in impetuously, —

"I'll never wear that old muslin again; it's full of darns, up to my knees, and all out of fashion. So is

my sacque; and as for my hat, though it does well enough here, it would be absurd for Class Day."

"You don't expect an entirely new suit for this occasion, — do you?" asked Pris, anxiously.

"Yes, I do, and I'll tell you how I mean to get it. I've planned everything; for, though I hardly dreamed of going, I amused myself by thinking how I could manage if I *did* get invited."

"Let us hear." And Pris took up her work with an air of resignation.

"First, my dress," began Kitty, perching herself on the arm of the sofa, and entering into the subject with enthusiasm. "I've got the ten dollars grandpa sent me, and with eight of it I'm going to buy Lizzie King's organdie muslin. She got it in Paris; but her aunt providentially — no, unfortunately — died; so she can't wear it, and wants to get rid of it. She is bigger than I am, you know; so there is enough for a little mantle or sacque, for it is n't made up. The skirt is cut off and gored, with a splendid train —"

"My dear, you don't mean you are going to wear one of those absurd, new-fashioned dresses?" exclaimed Pris, lifting hands and eyes.

"I do! Nothing would induce me to go to Class Day without a train. It's been the desire of my heart to have one, and now I *will*, if I never have another gown to my back!" returned Kitty, with immense decision.

Pris shook her head, and said, "Go on!" as if prepared for any extravagance after that.

"We can make it ourselves," continued Kitty, "and trim it with the same. It's white with blue stripes and

daisies in the stripes ; the loveliest thing you ever saw, and can't be got here. So simple, yet distinguished, I know you 'll like it. Next, my bonnet," — here the solemnity of Kitty's face and manner was charming to behold. "I shall make it out of one of my new illusion undersleeves. I've never worn them ; and the puffed part will be a plenty for a little fly-away bonnet of the latest style. I've got blue ribbons to tie it with, and have only to look up some daisies for the inside. With my extra two dollars I shall buy my gloves, and pay my fares, — and there I am, all complete."

She looked so happy, so pretty, and full of girlish satisfaction, that sister Pris could n't bear to disturb the little plan, much as she disapproved of it. They were poor, and every penny had to be counted. There were plenty of neighbors to gossip and criticise, and plenty of friends to make disagreeable remarks on any unusual extravagance. Pris saw things with the prudent eyes of thirty, but Kitty with the romantic eyes of seventeen ; and the elder sister, in the kindness of her heart, had no wish to sadden life to those bright young eyes, or deny the child a harmless pleasure. She sewed thoughtfully for a minute, then looked up, saying, with the smile that always assured Kitty the day was won, —

"Get your things together, and we will see what can be done. But remember, dear, that it is both bad taste and bad economy for poor people to try to ape the rich."

"You're a perfect angel, Pris ; so don't moralize. I'll run and get the dress, and we'll begin at once, for there is much to do, and only two days to do it in." And Kitty skipped away, singing "*Lauriger Horatius*," at the top of her voice.