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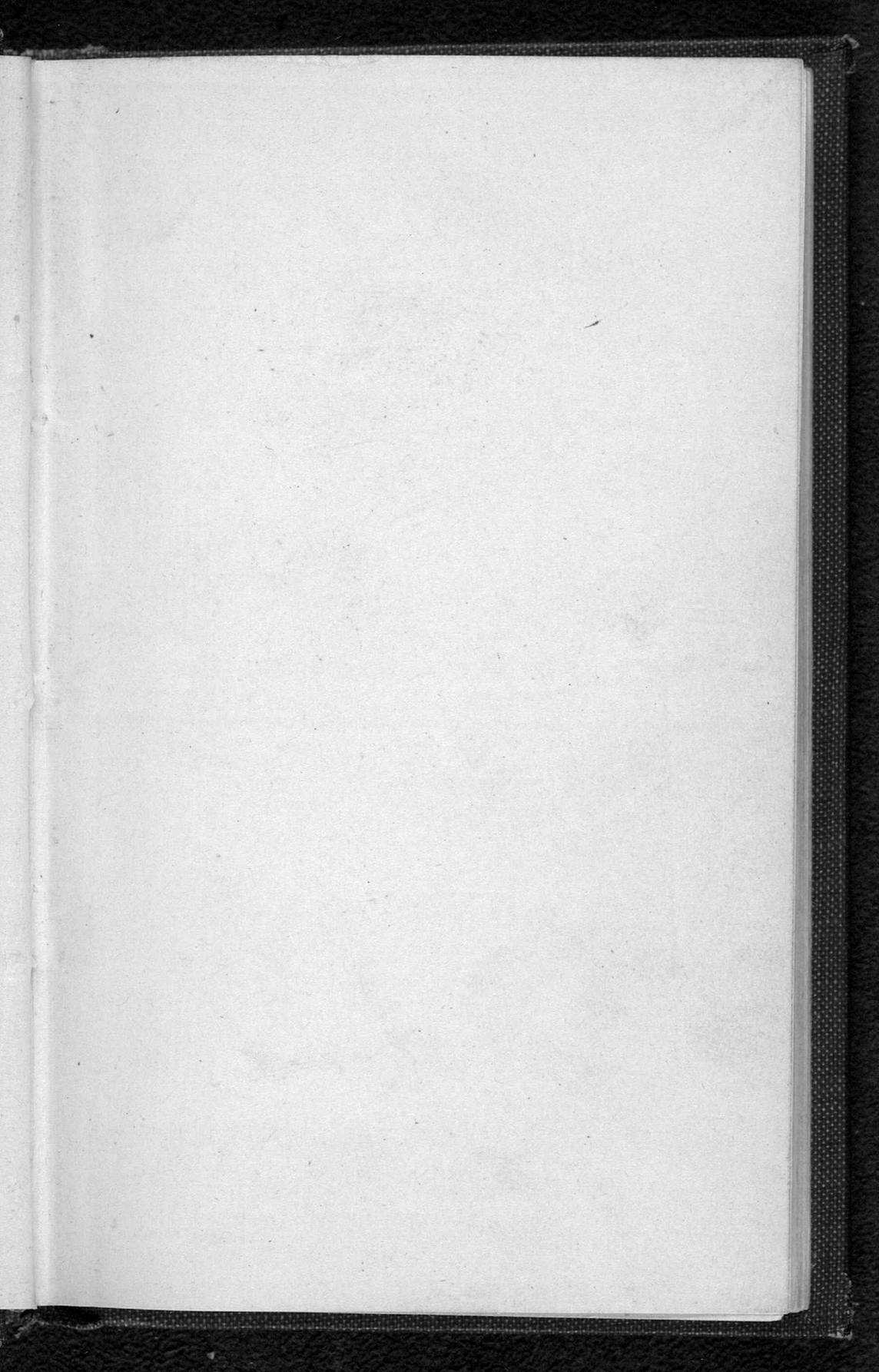


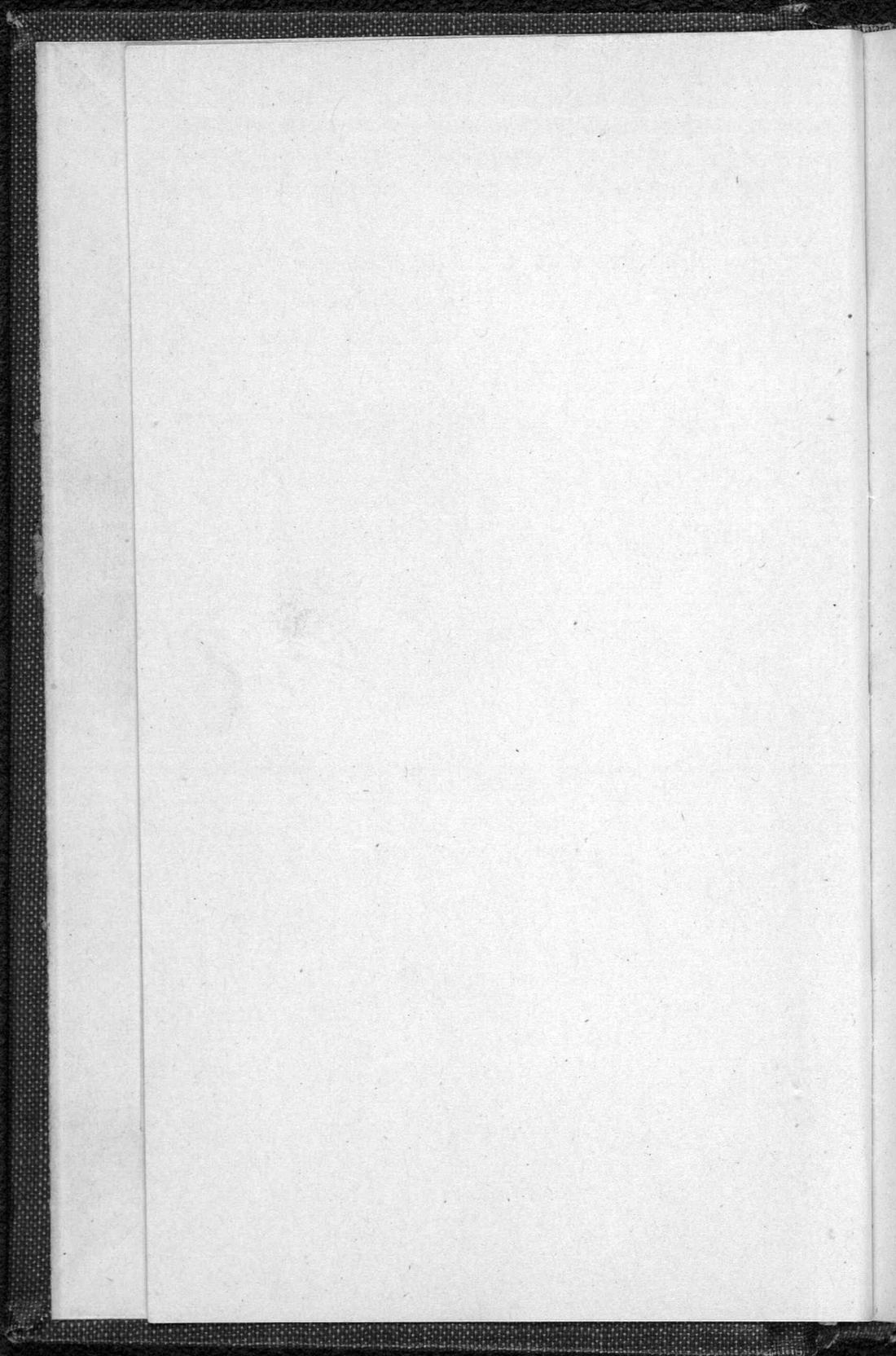
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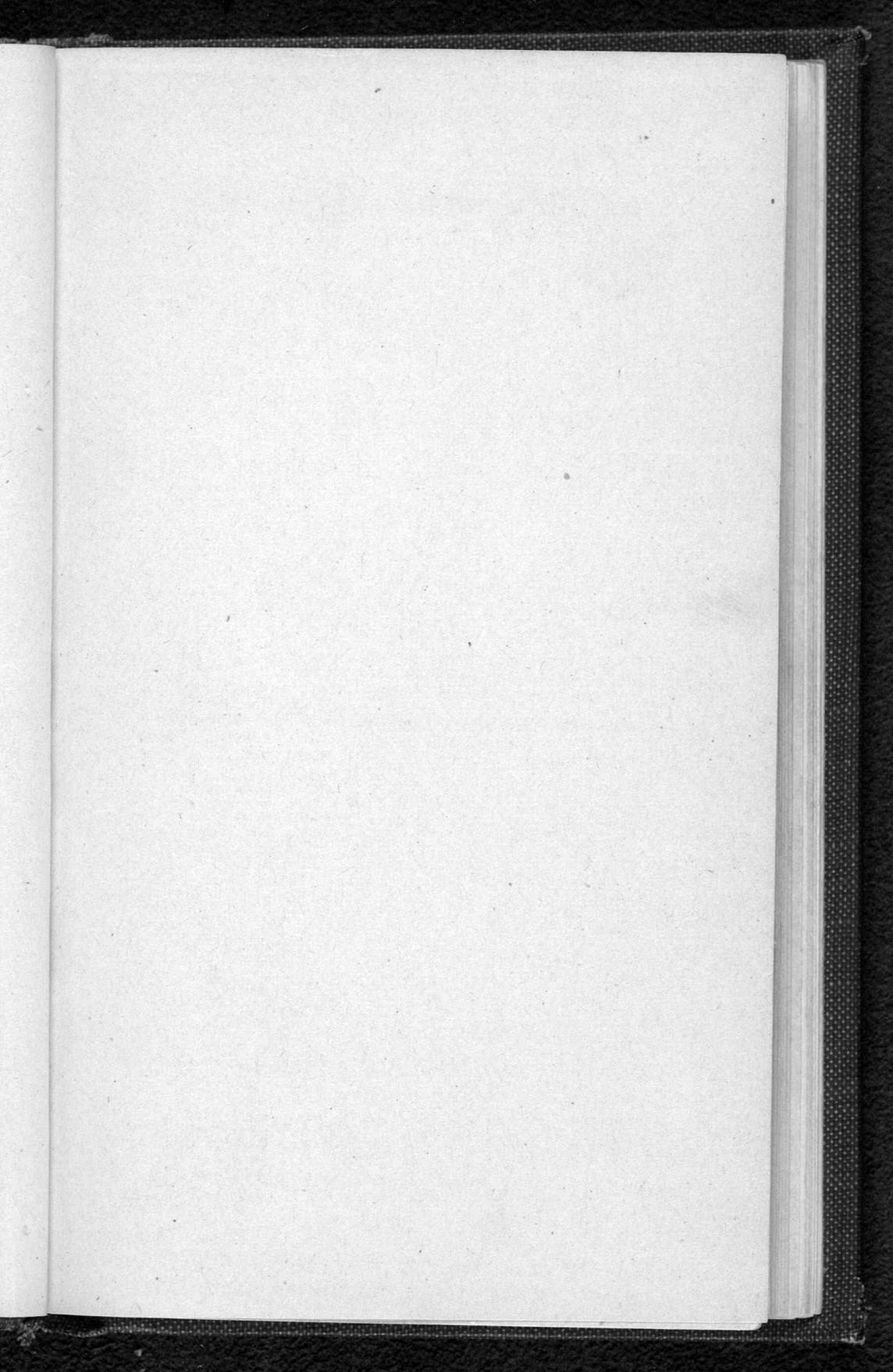
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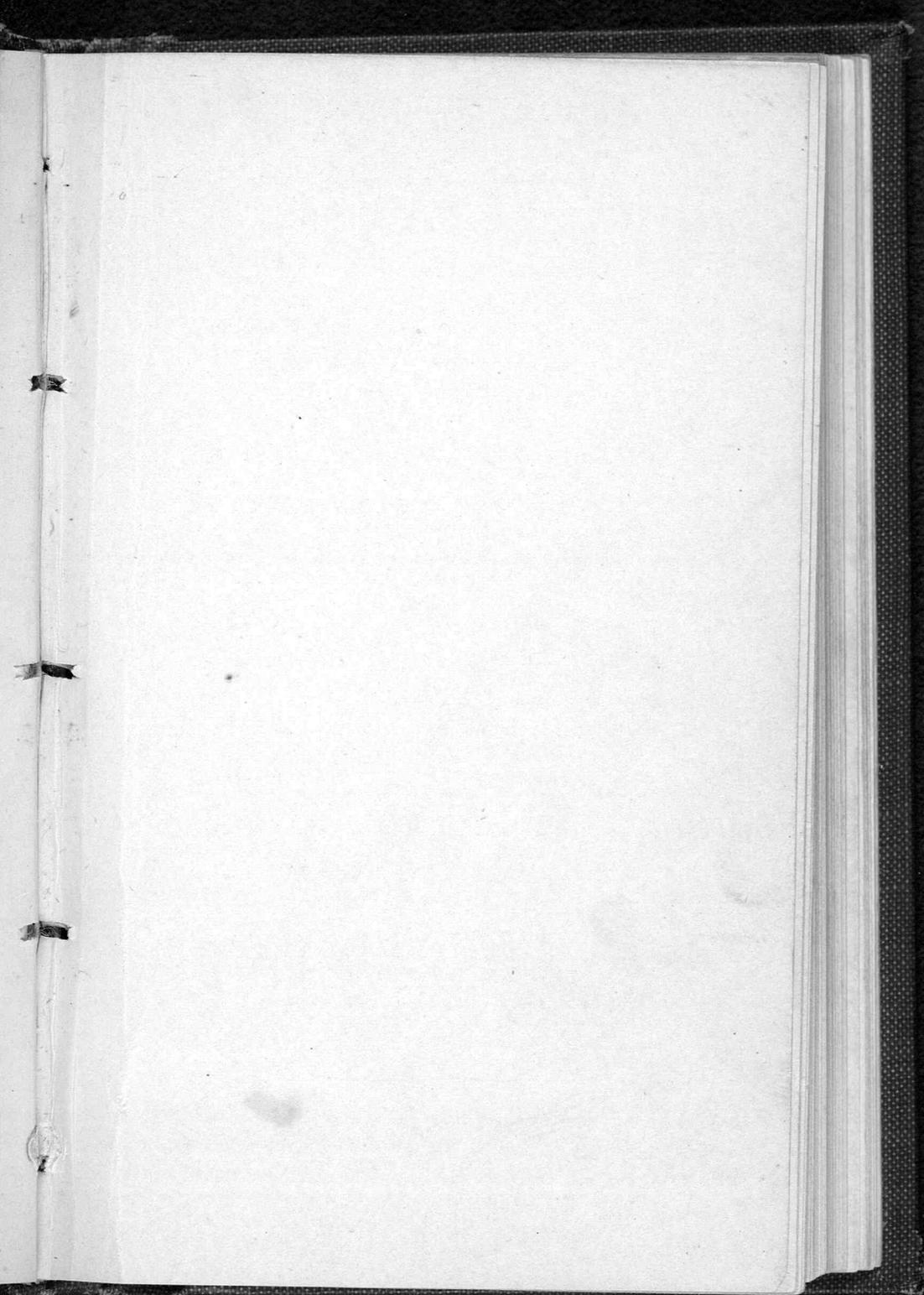
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The Bad Mrs. Ginger

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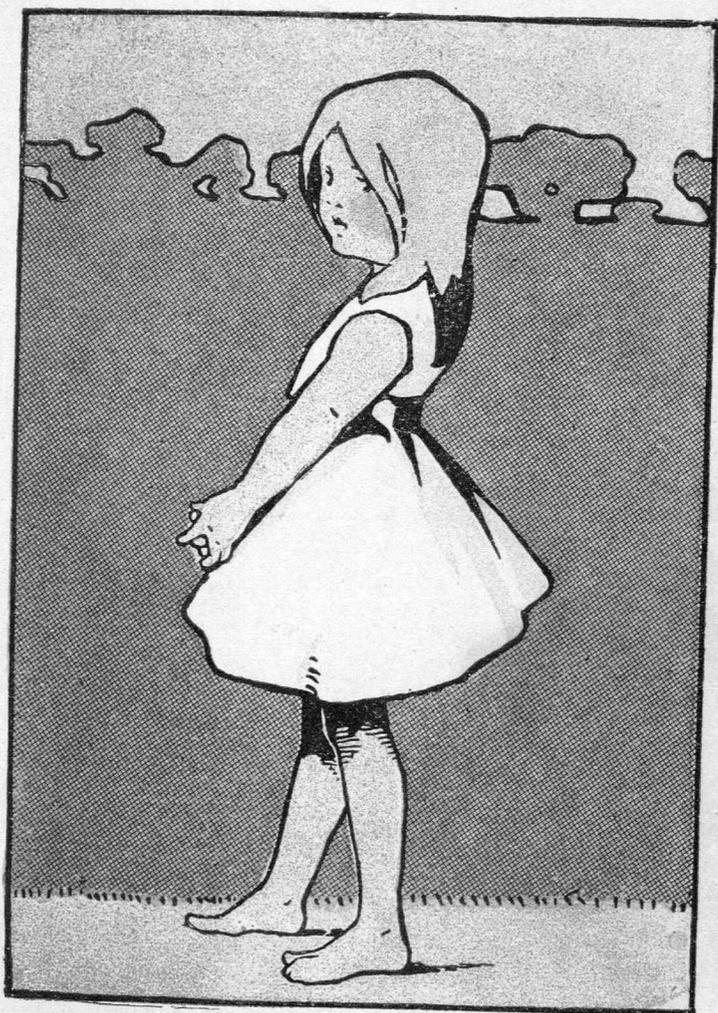
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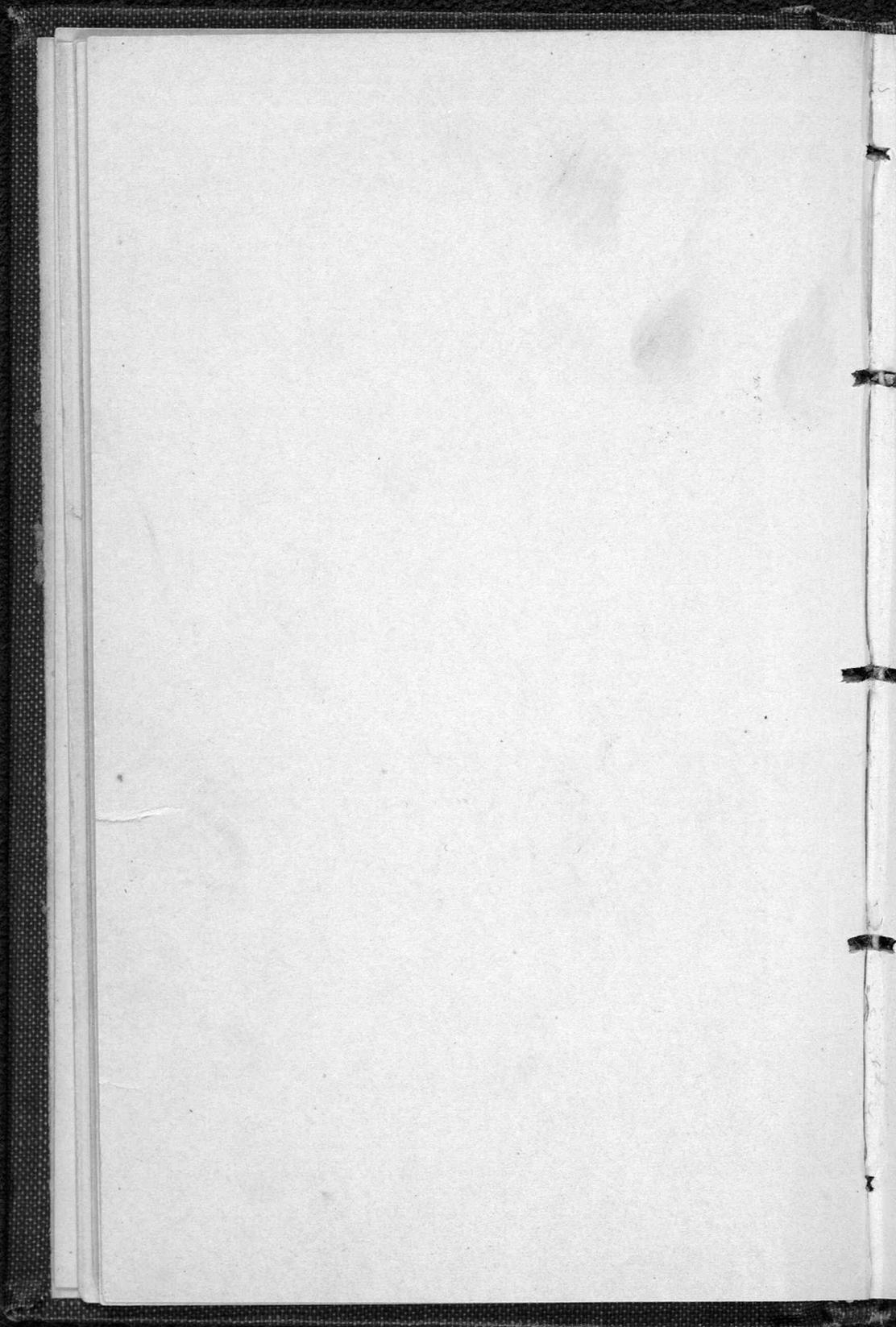
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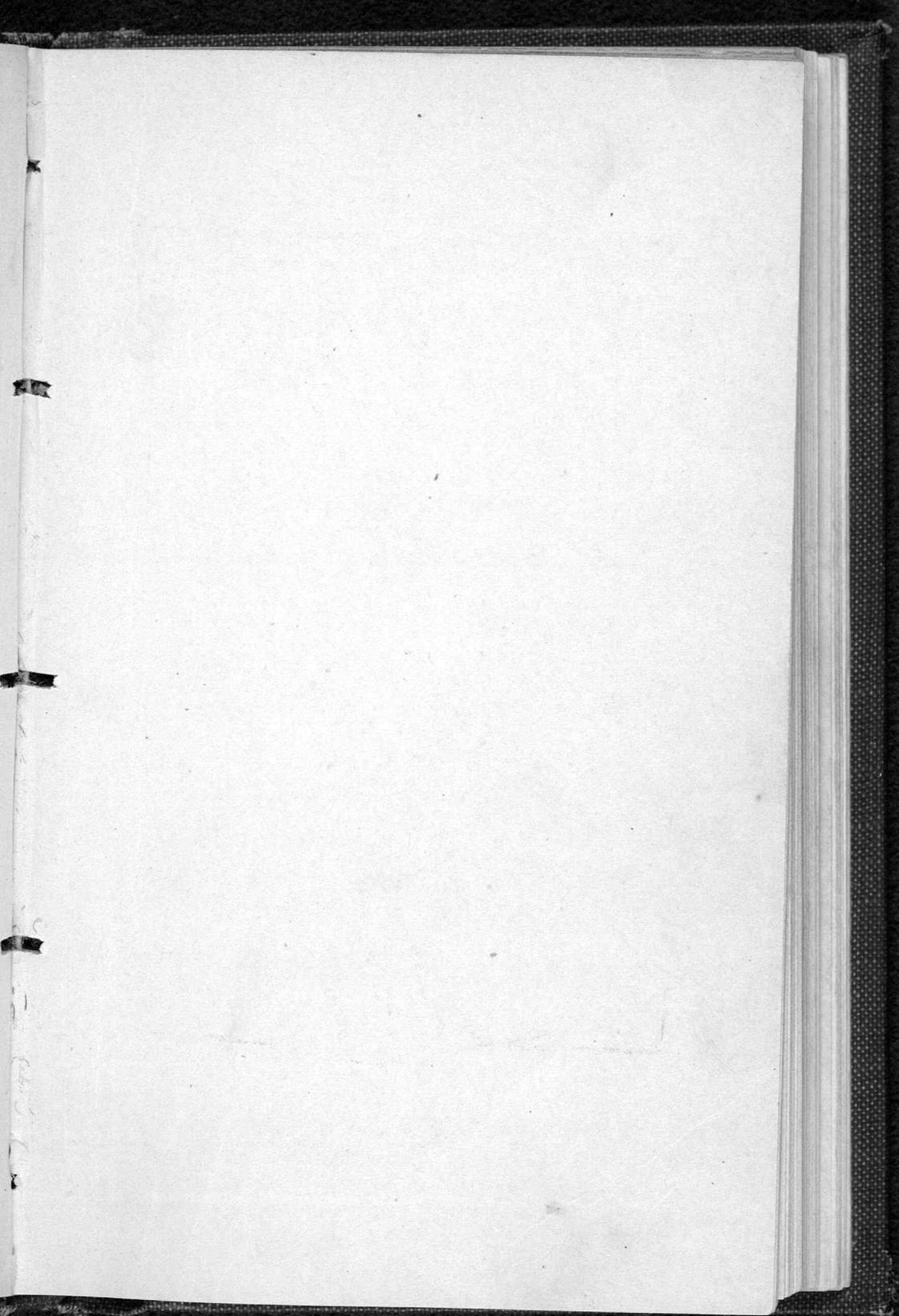
Apr. 20. 1857.

Mrs. Ginger.

ONCE upon a time there lived a little girl, whose name was Anne. She was only six inches high,

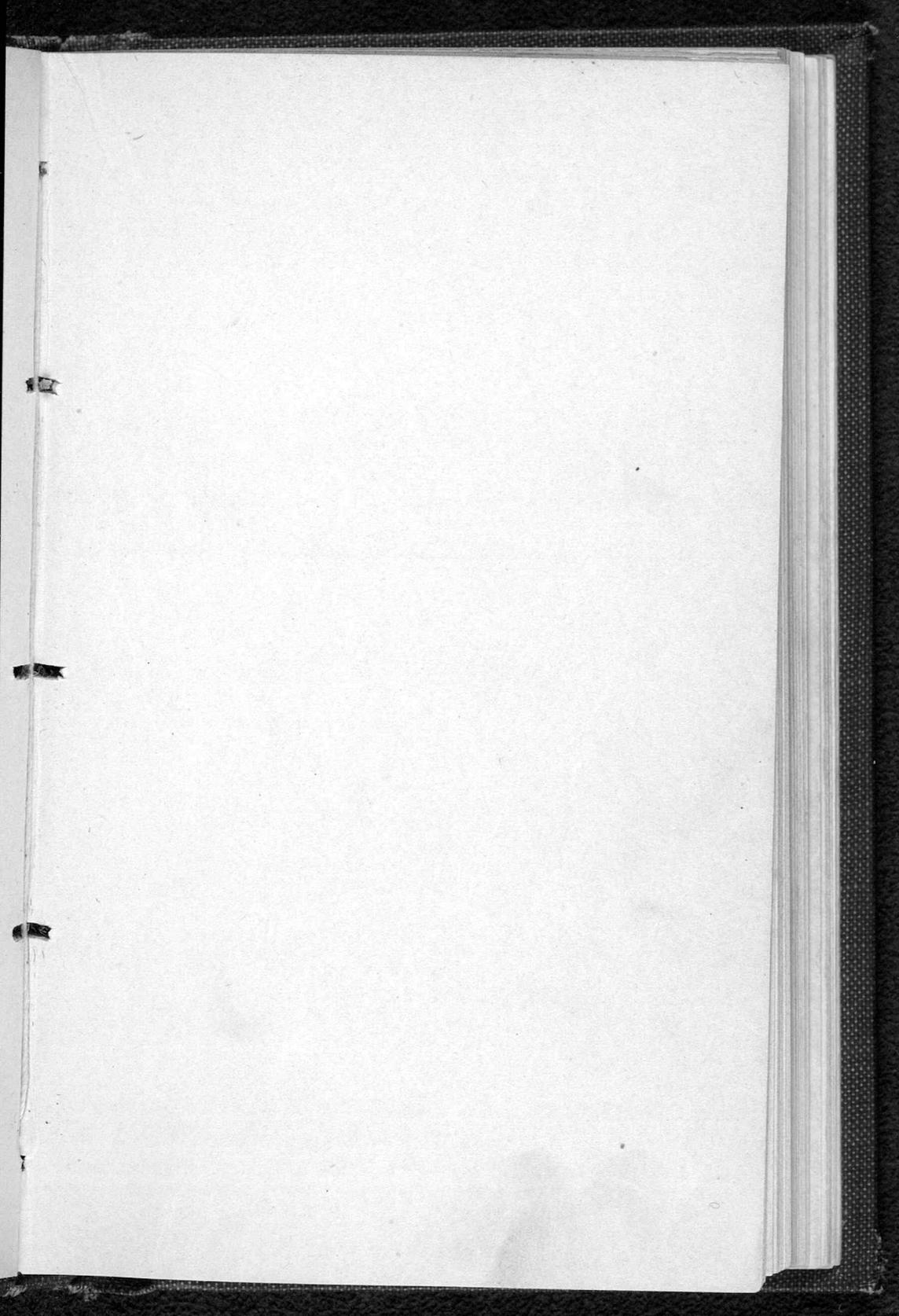




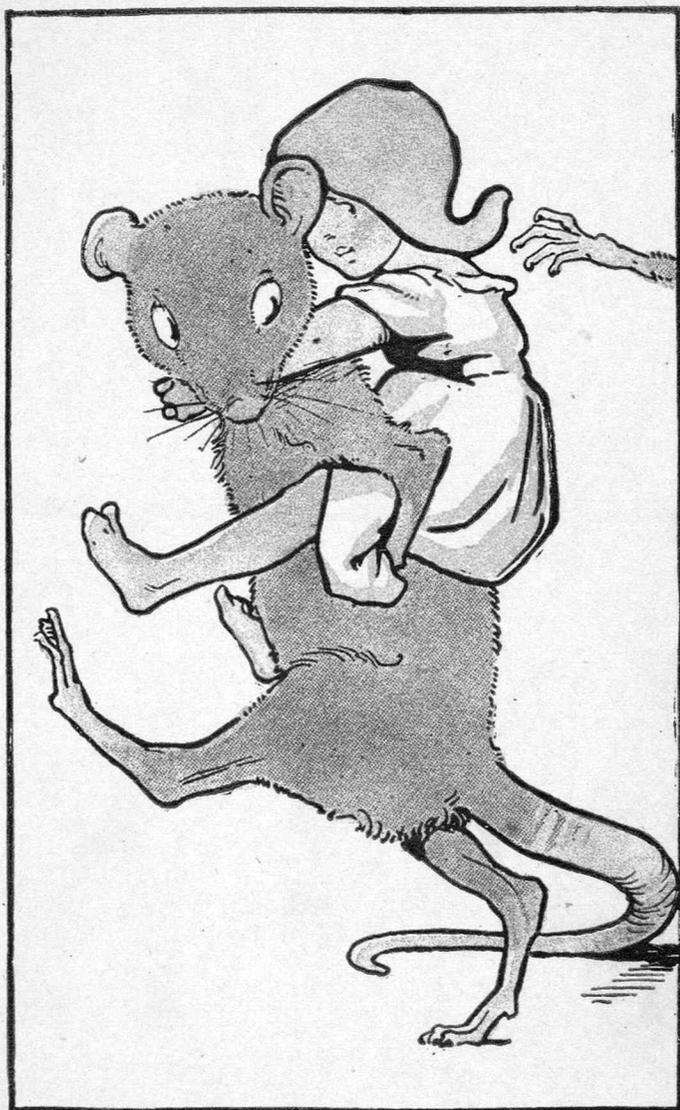


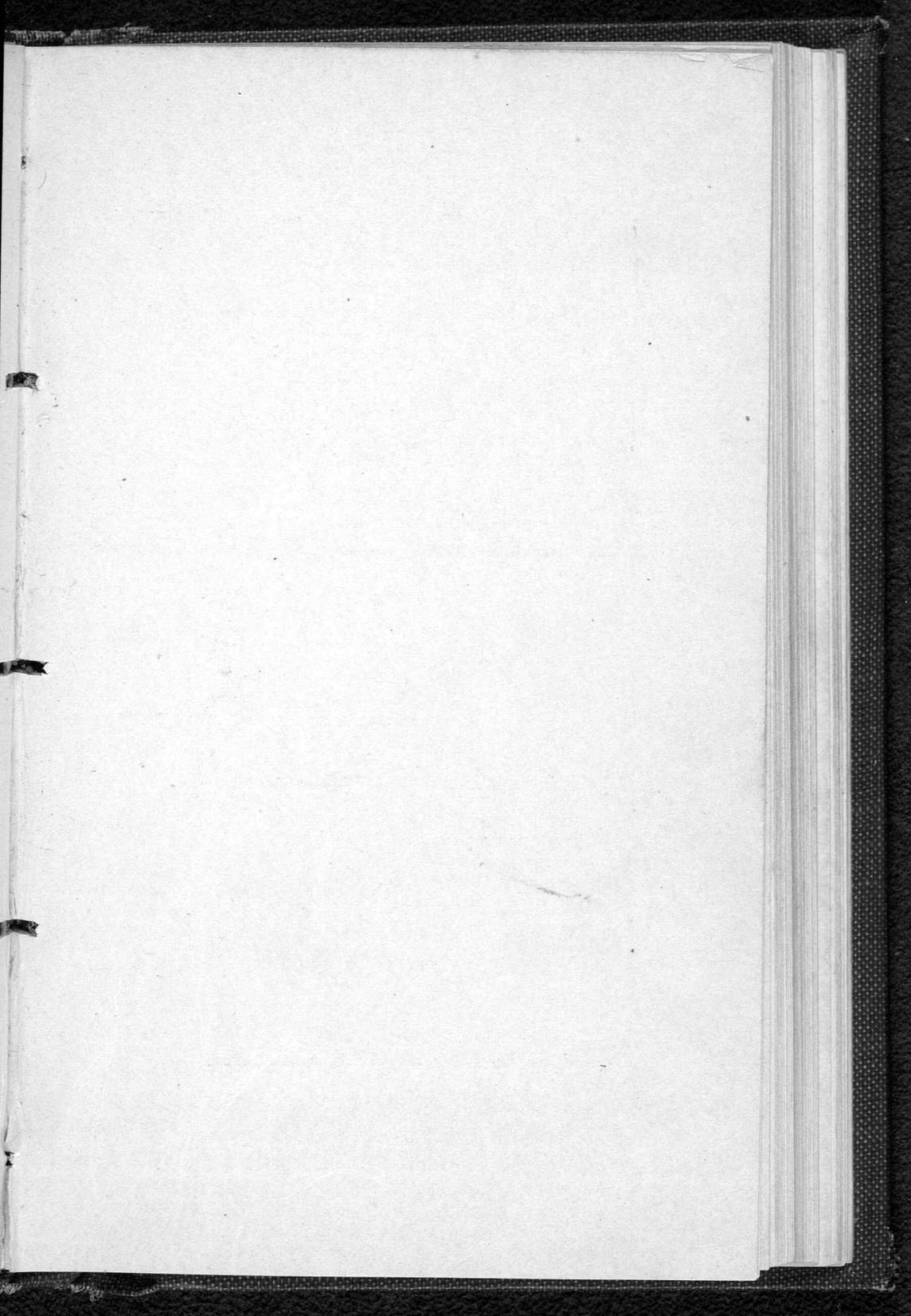


and she lived with a large yellow cat, whose name was Mrs. Ginger.



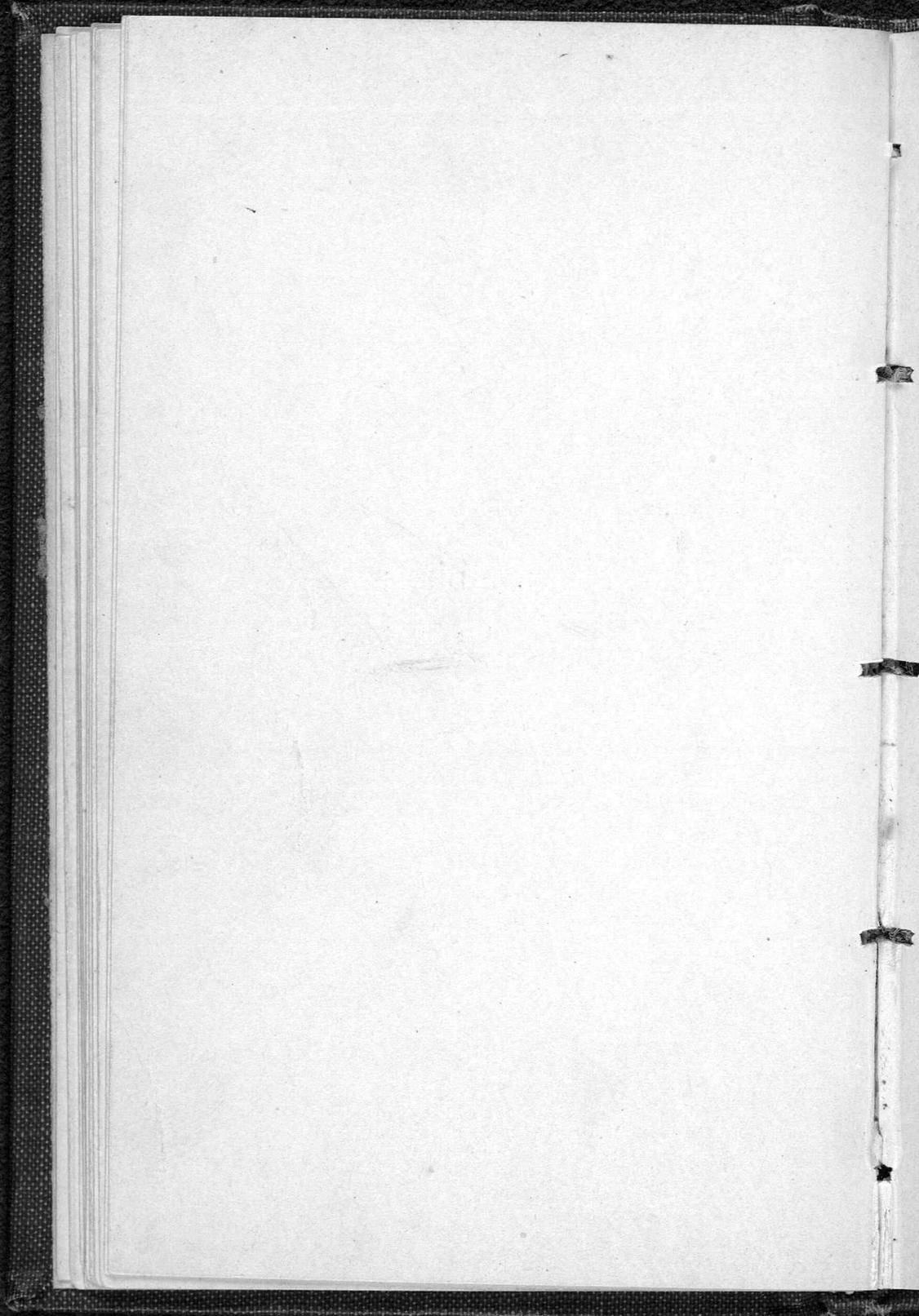
Now Anne was very happy,
playing with the mice.

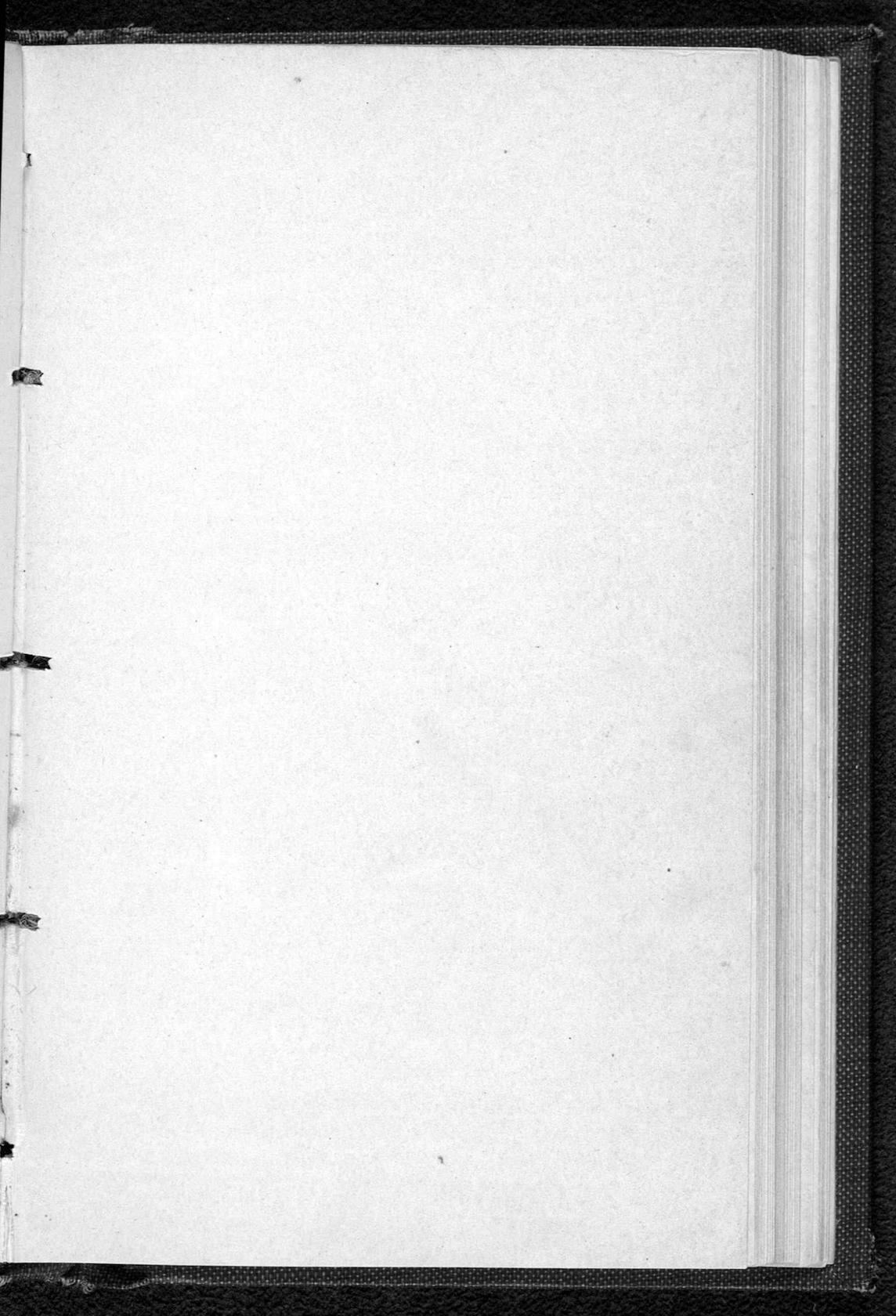




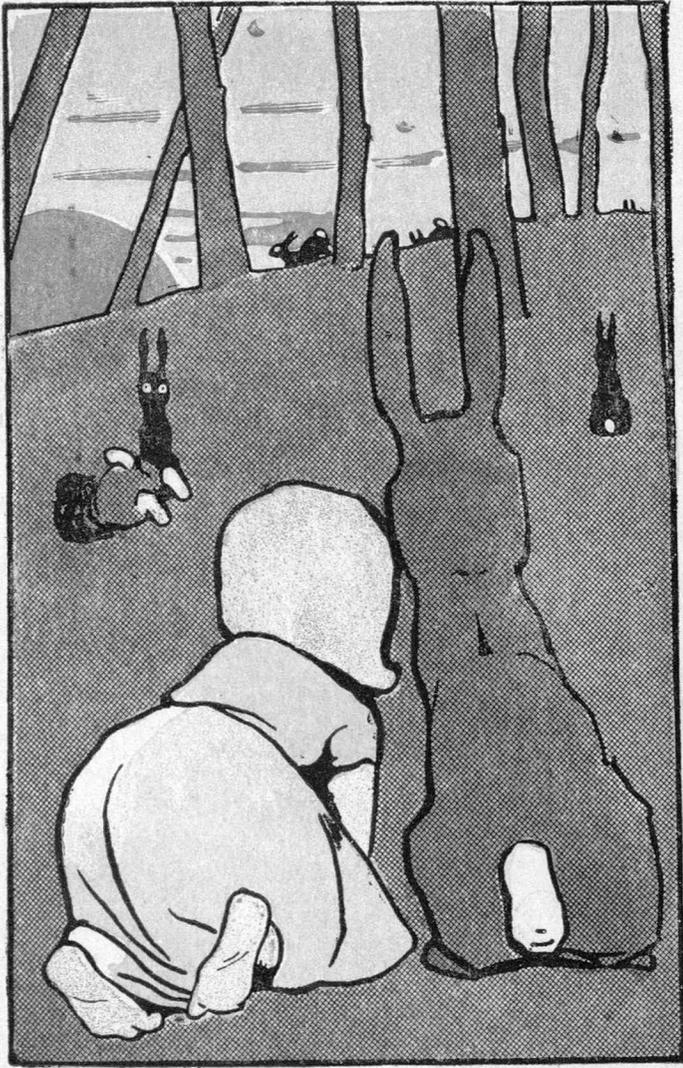


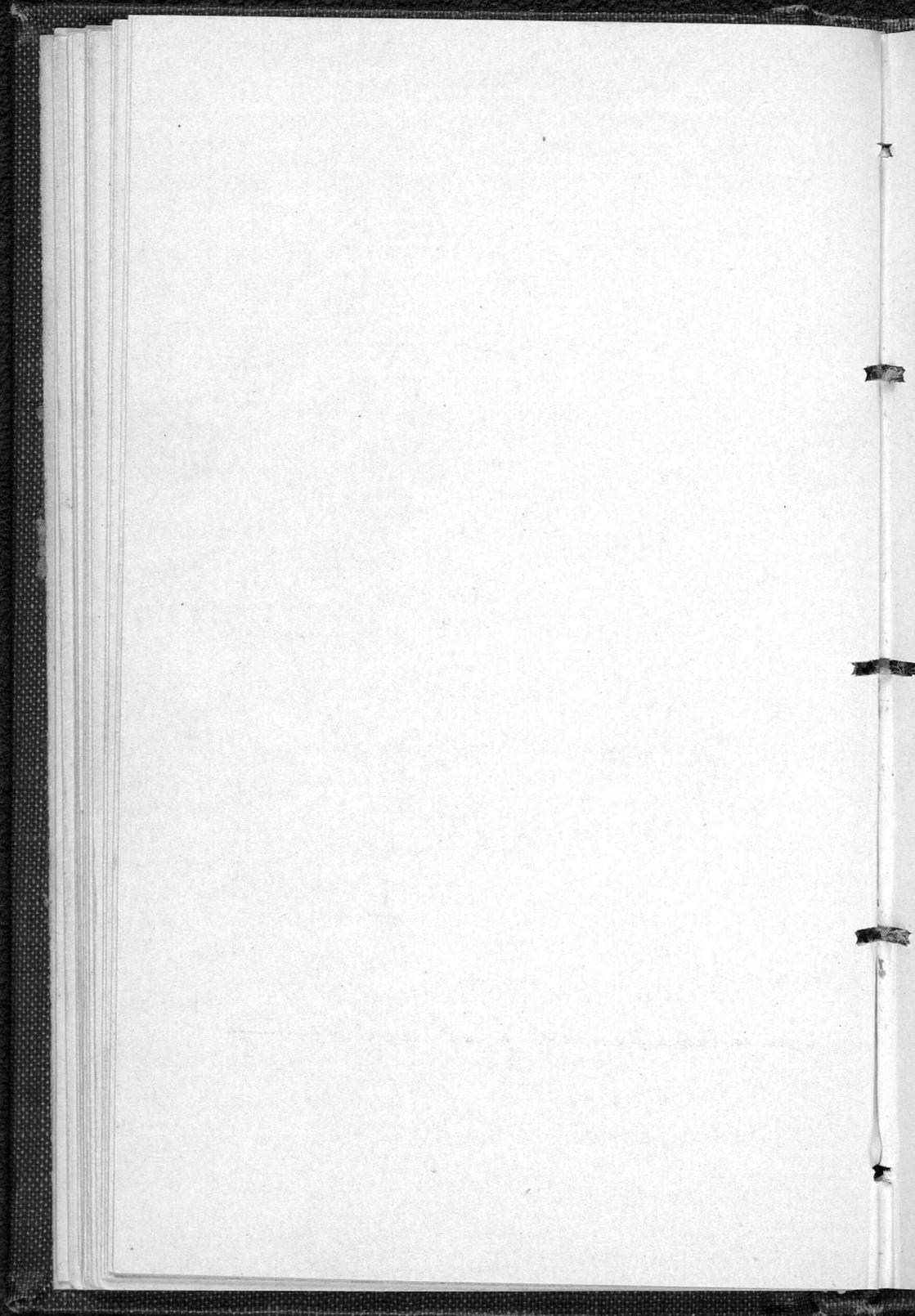
and the birds.

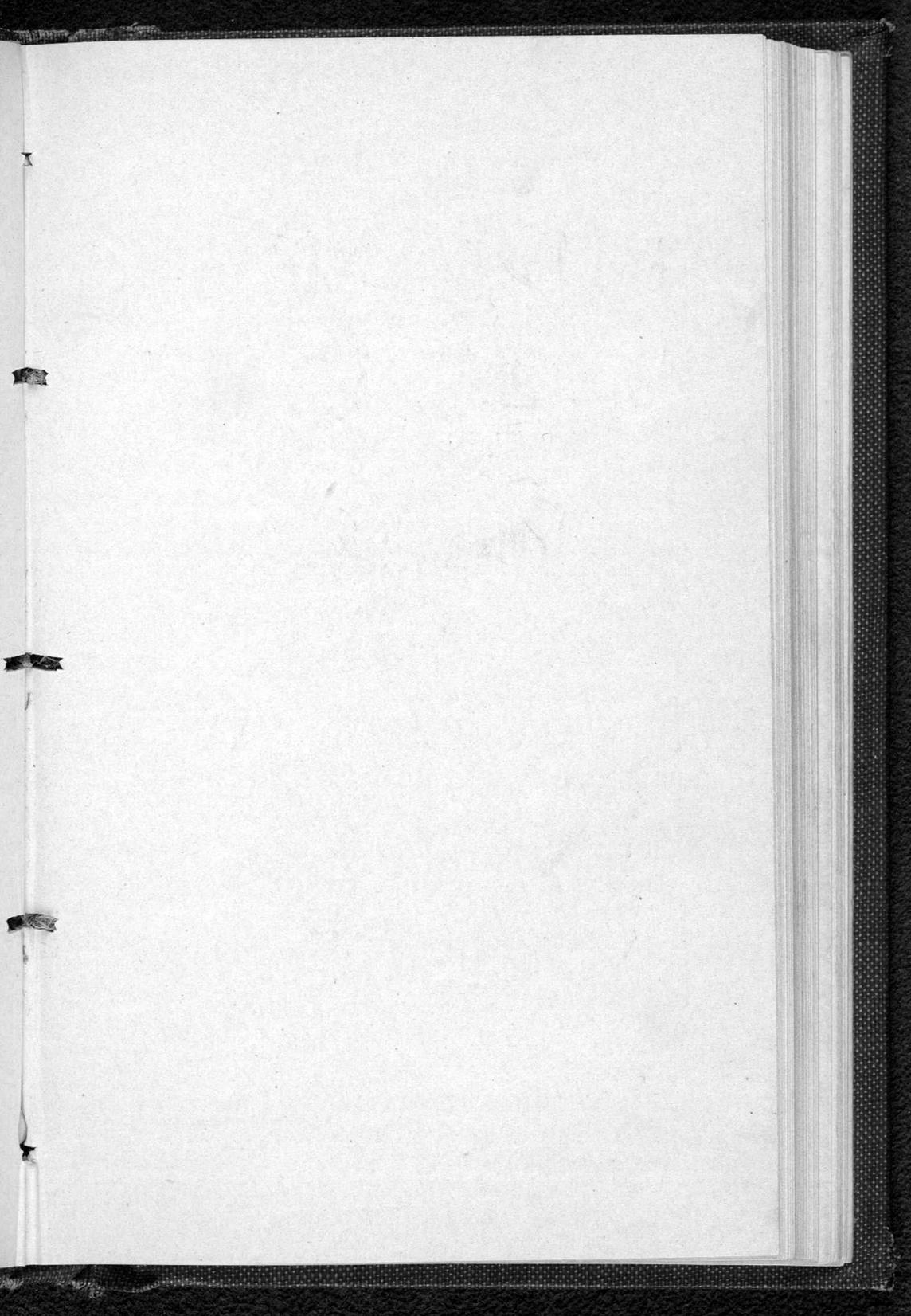




and the rabbits and the butterflies ; and they taught her where to find berries and nuts, and all sorts of green things to eat.

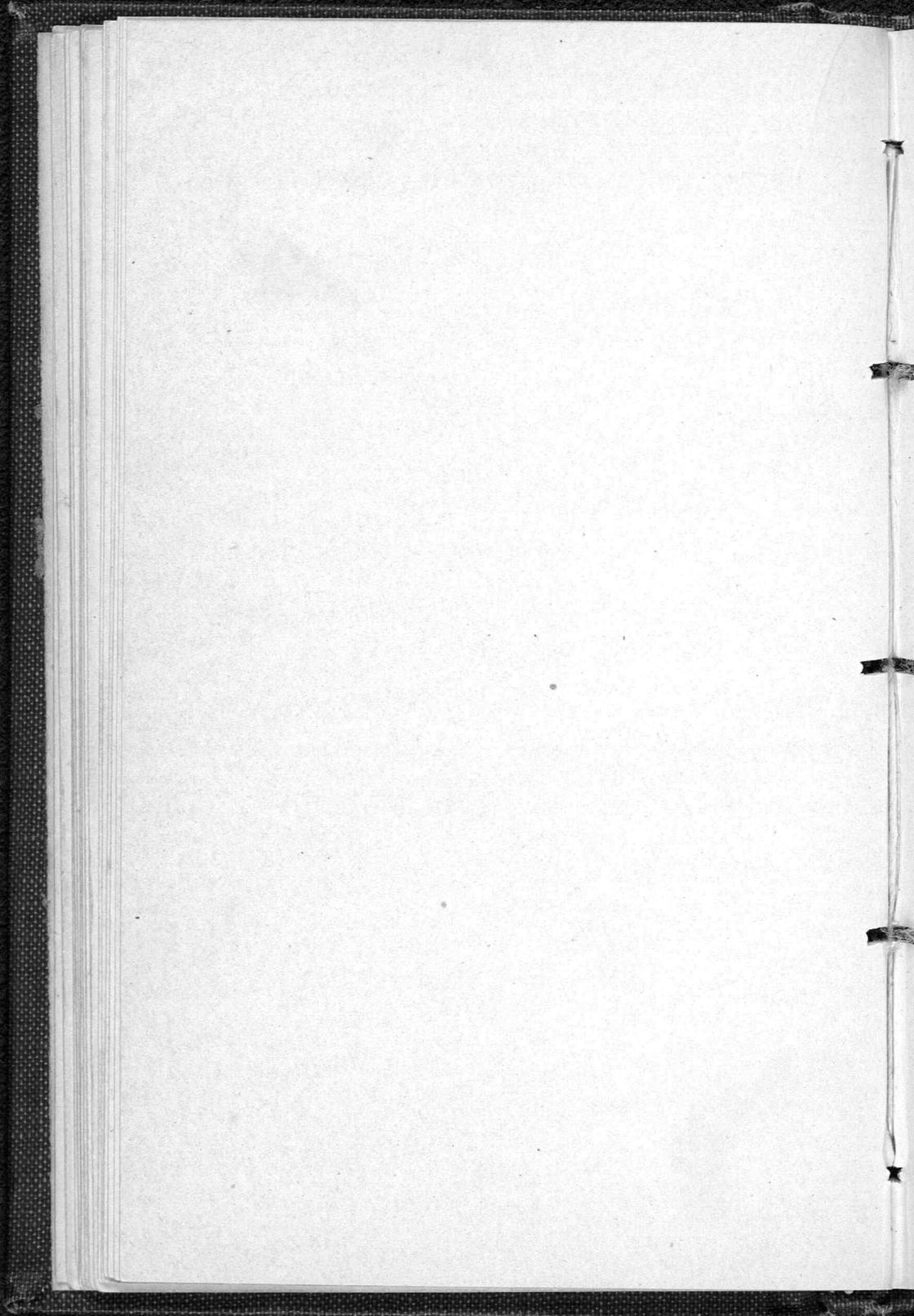








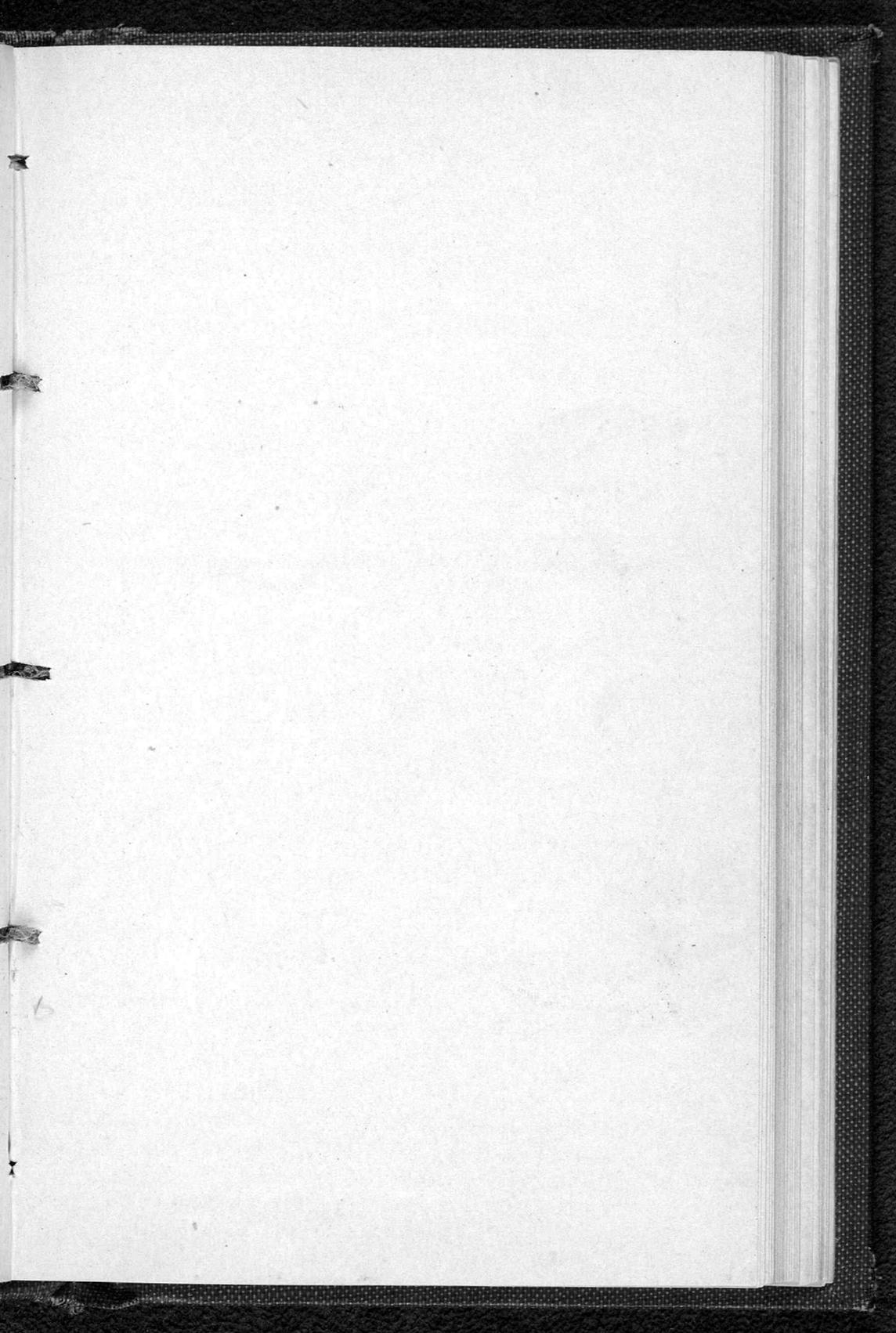
But when she was five years old Mrs. Ginger said to her, "I have a new family of kittens, and you are quite old enough now to help me to catch mice and birds so that the little kittens shall not starve."





Anne began to cry, and said to the old mother cat :
“ Oh ! don't catch the pretty birds and little mice ; berries and nuts are so much nicer to eat.” But Mrs. Ginger grew very cross and growled, “ Go and catch me some mice at once, and mind they are big and fat.”





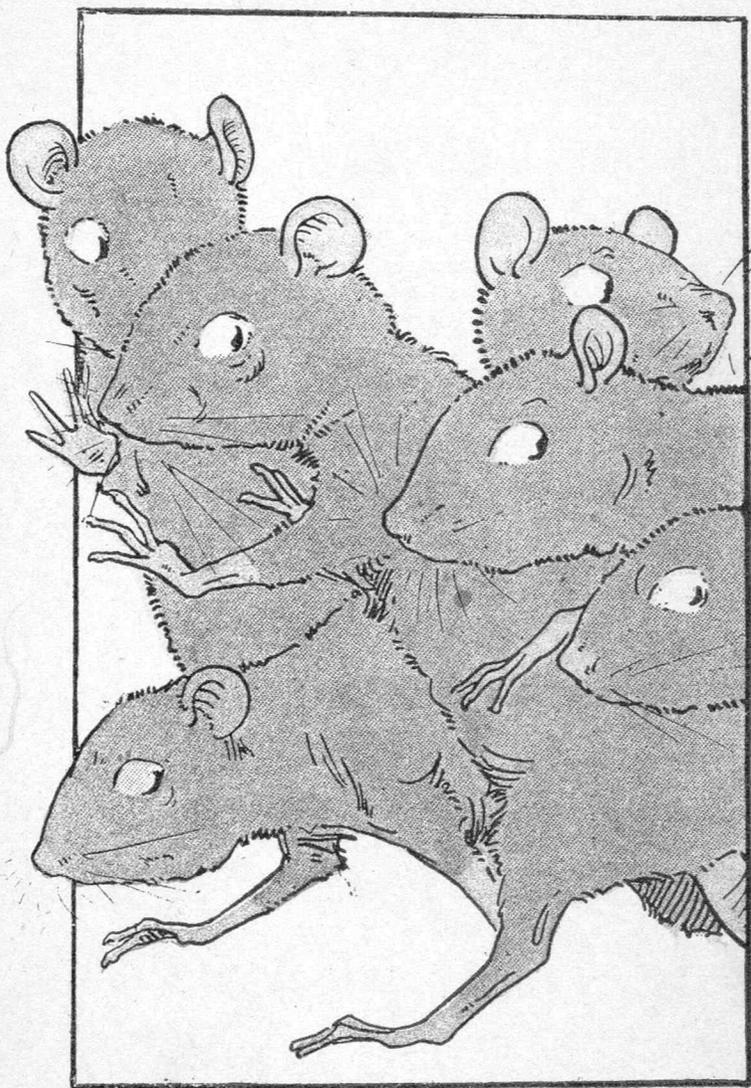


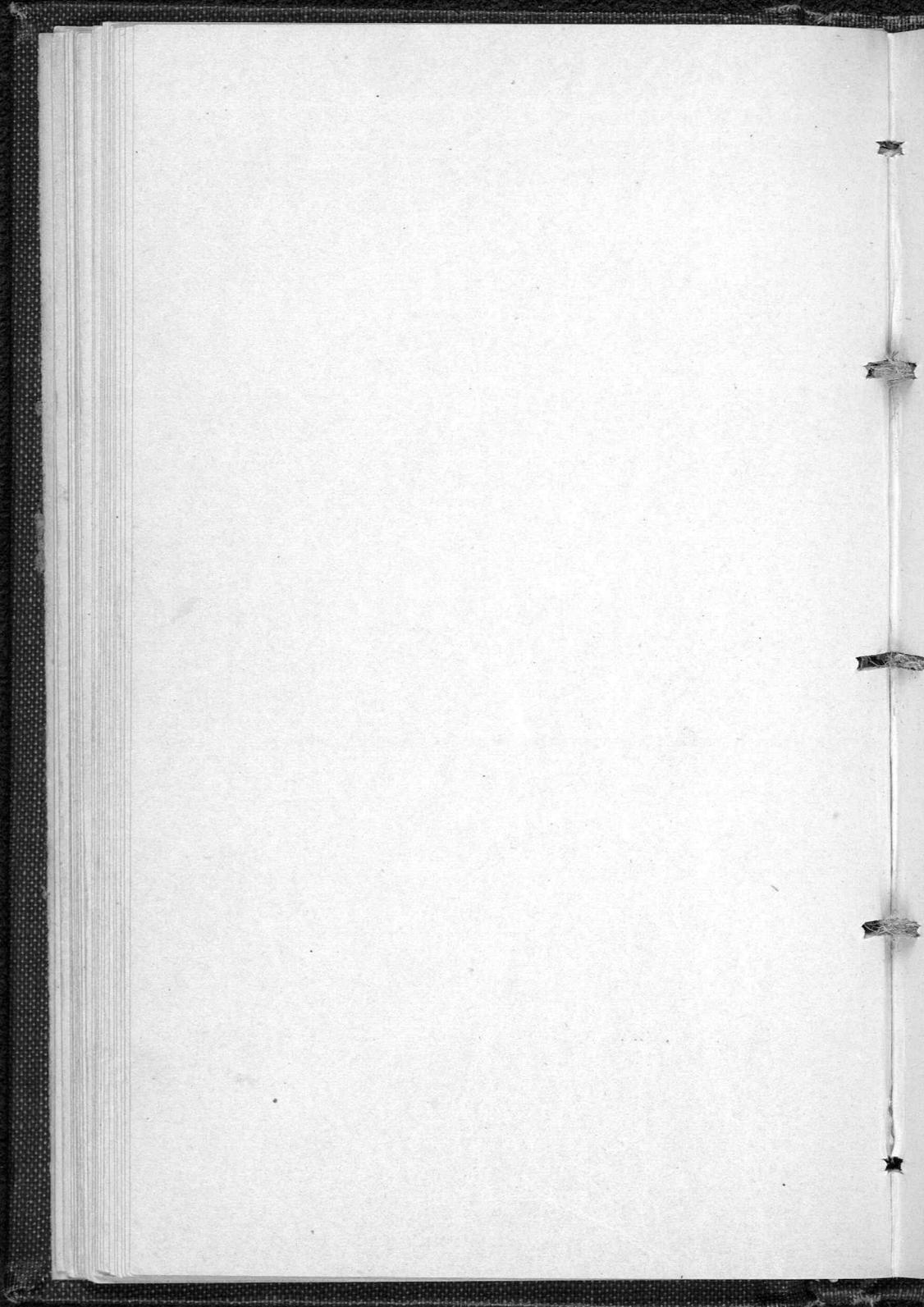
So Anne went and sat by the mouse-hole, and cried and cried.

Presently all the little mice came round her and asked, "Why do you cry, little Anne?" "Because Mrs. Ginger says I must catch you to feed her little kittens," sobbed Anne.

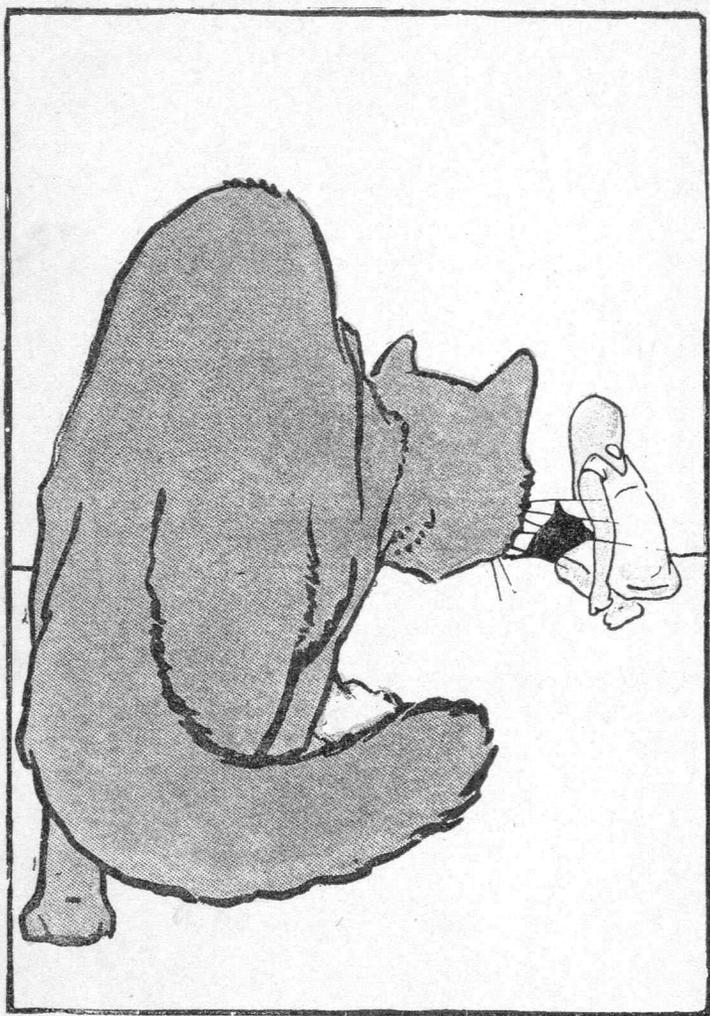


Then the mice were frightened and ran away to their holes, leaving her all alone.





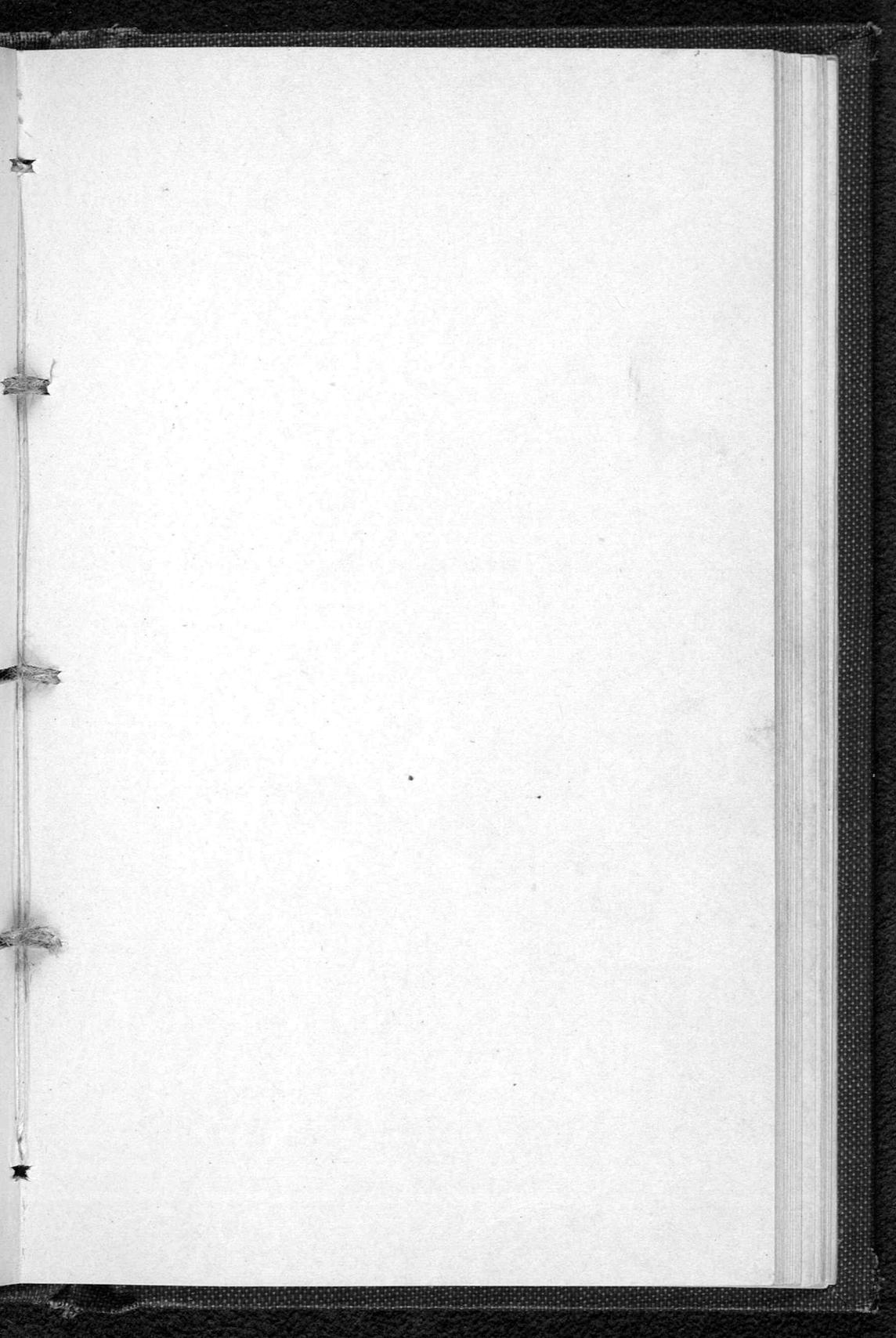




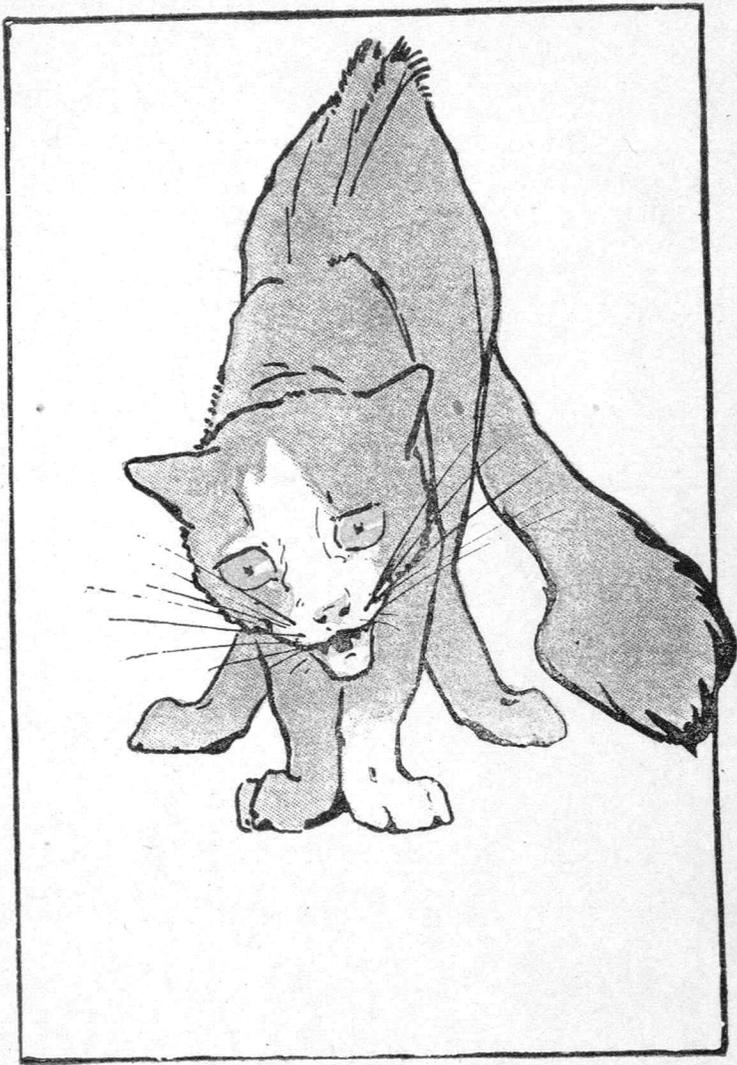
Soon Mrs. Ginger came by.

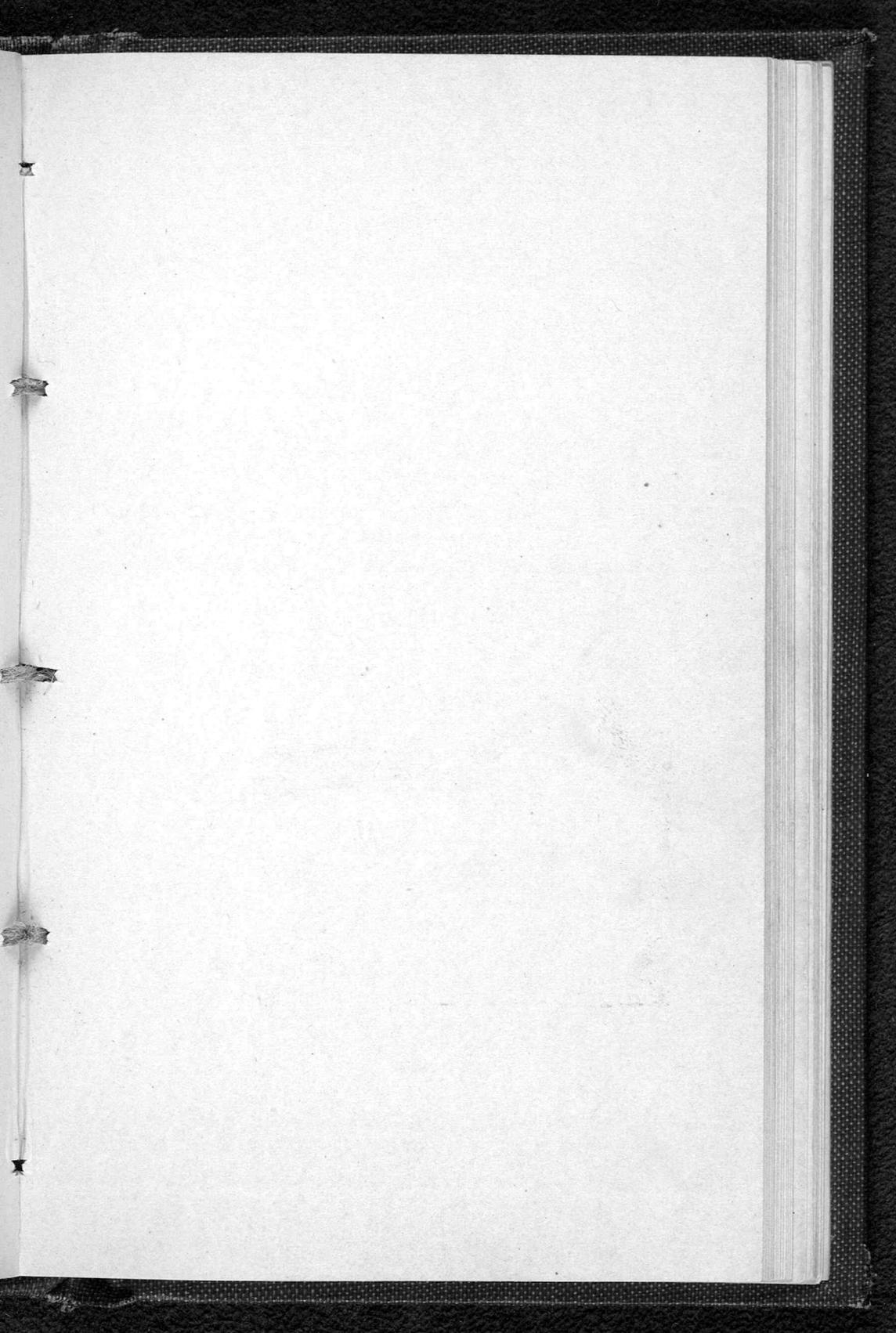
“Where is the mouse I told you to catch?” asked she.

“Oh! please, they have all run away to their holes,” answered Anne, “and they won’t come out again.”



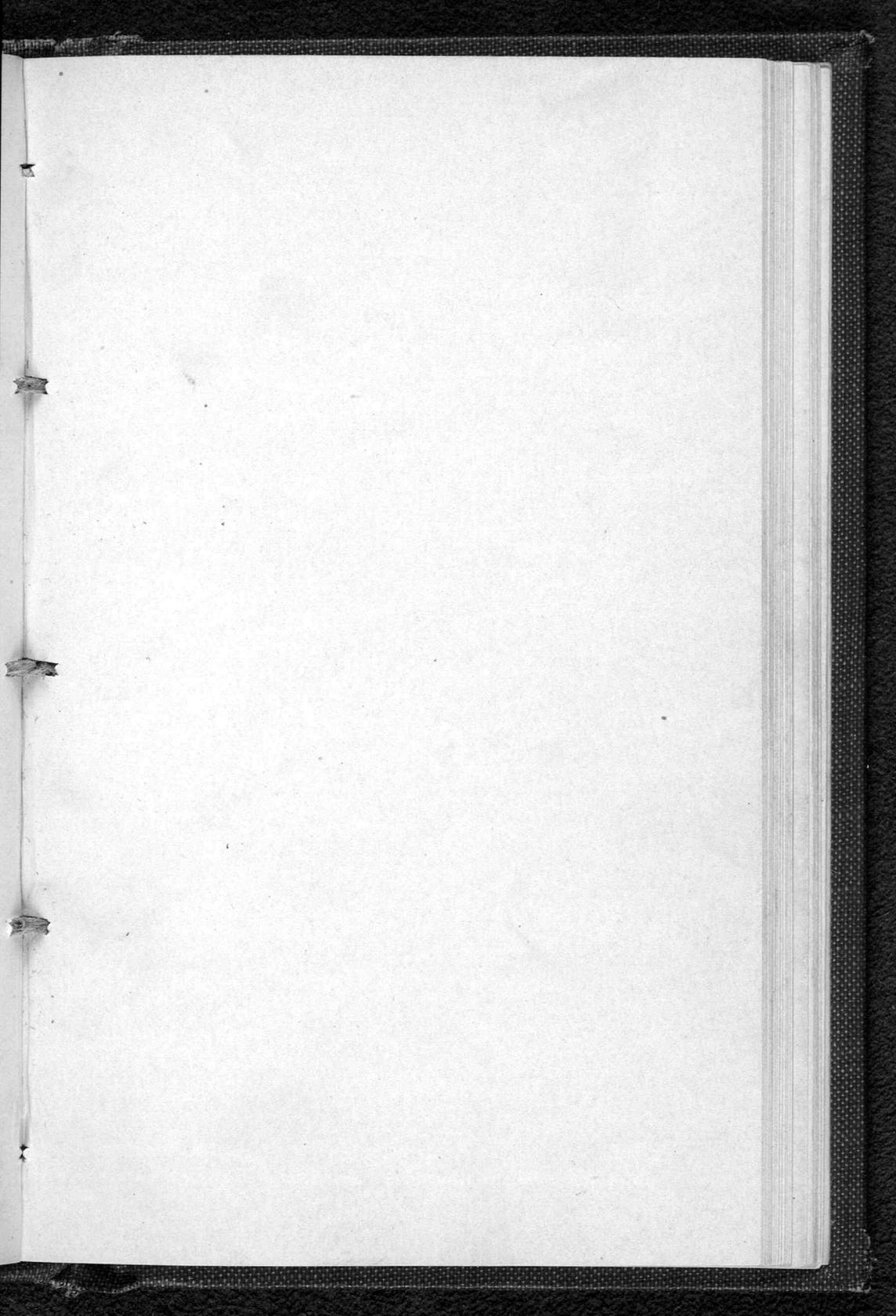
“As you can't catch mice,
go and get me some birds,”
said bad Mrs. Ginger very
crossly. “Mind you bring
me plump ones.”







So Anne went out, and,
climbing up a high tree, she
cried and cried.

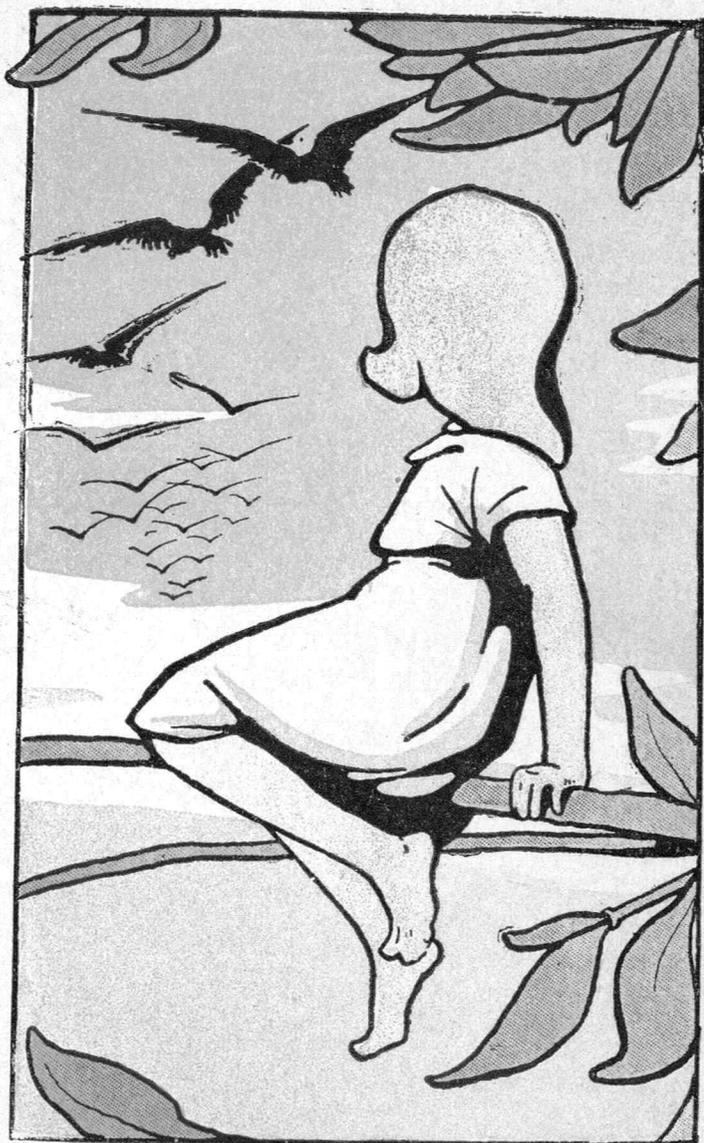


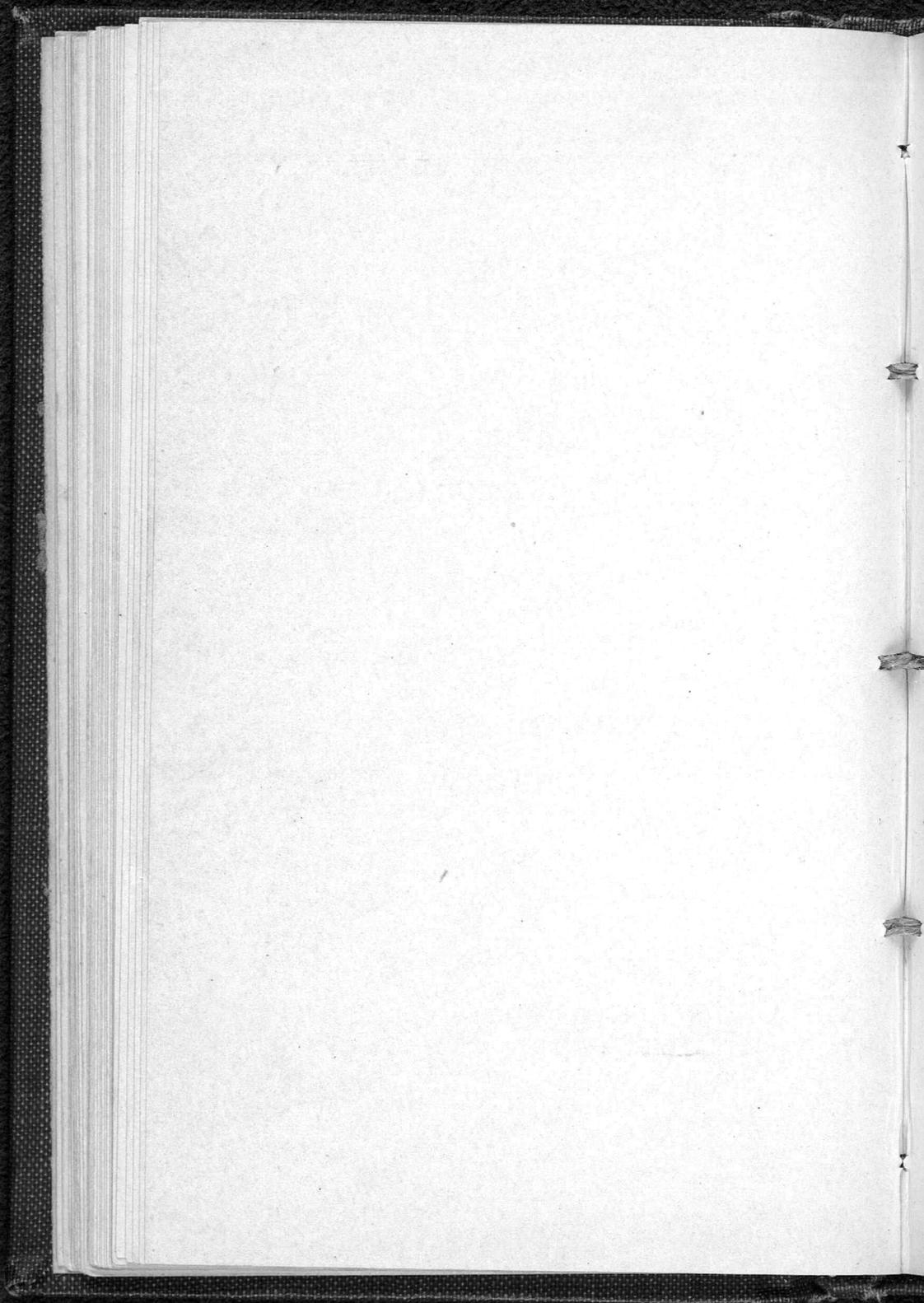
In a short time all her friends, the birds, came flying round her.

“Why do you cry, little Anne?” chirped they.

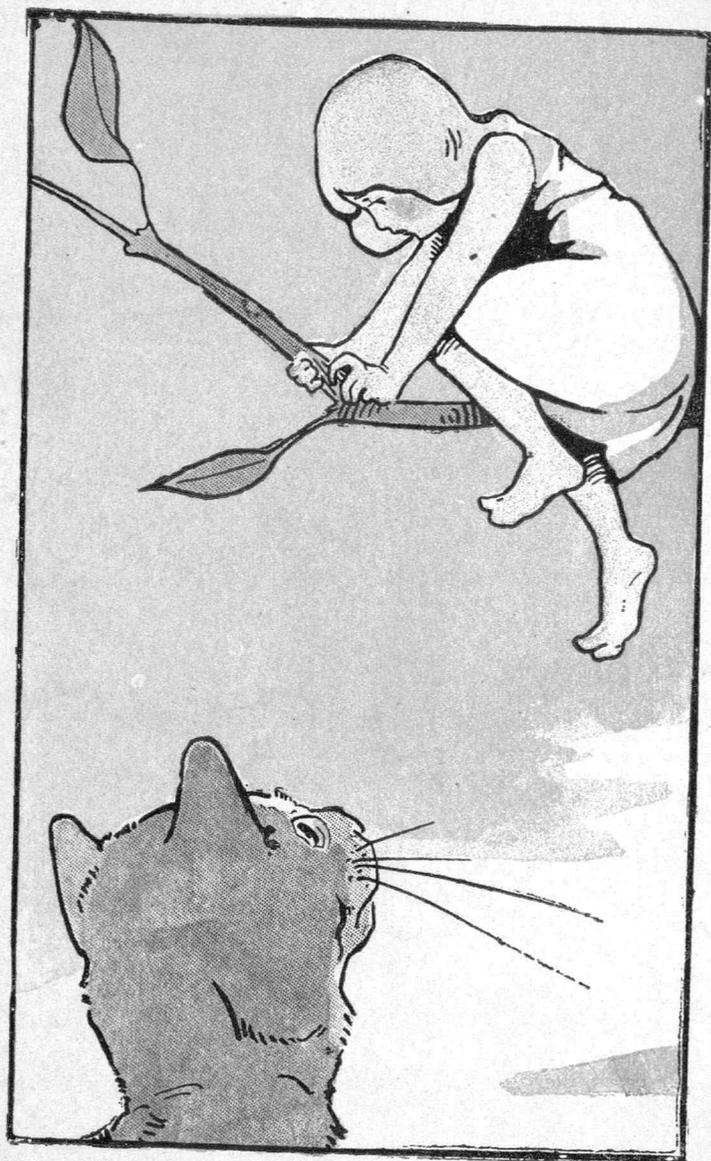
“Because cruel Mrs. Ginger says I am to catch you to feed her little kittens,” sobbed Anne.

Then away flew all the frightened birds to another tree, and would not come back.



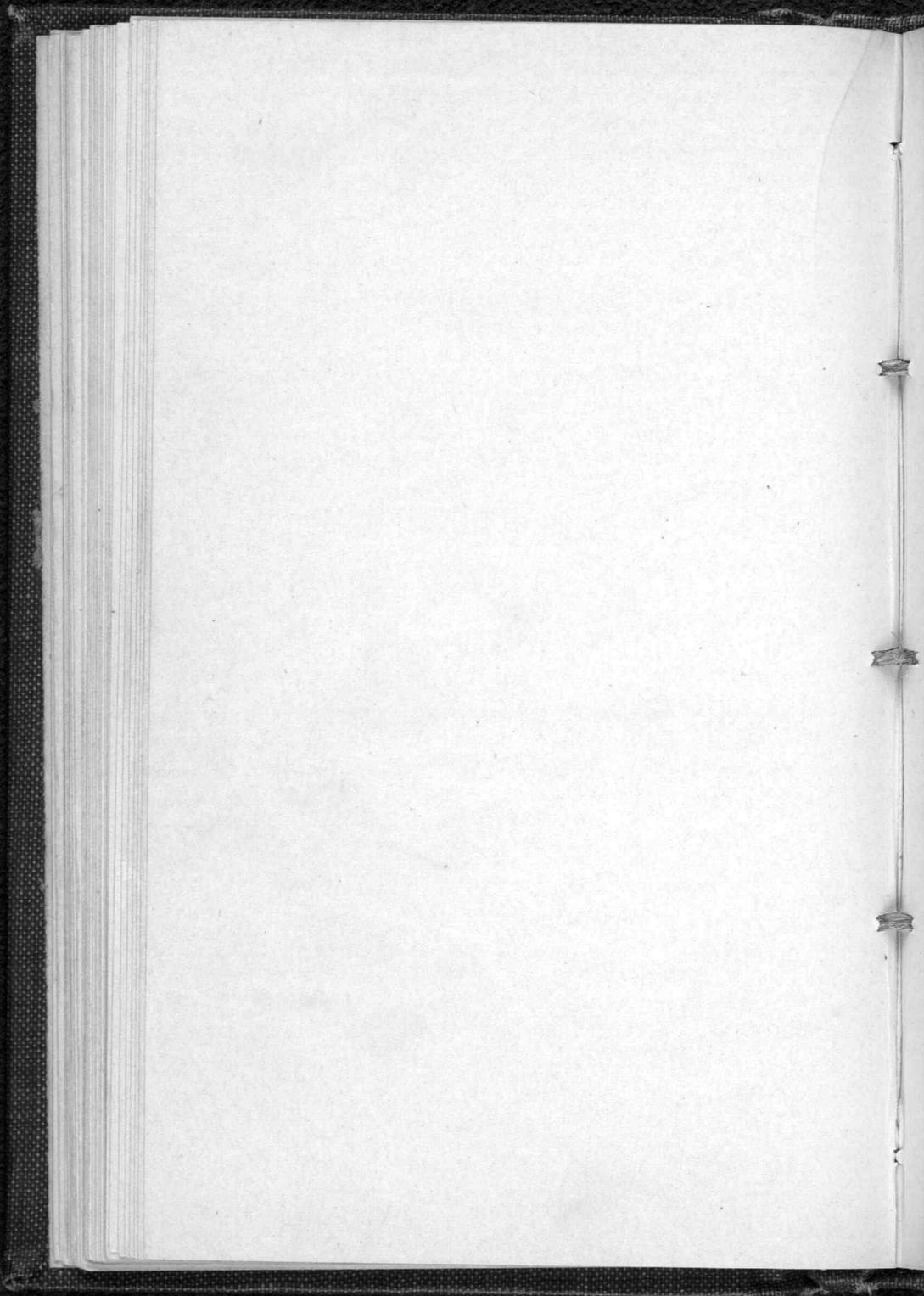


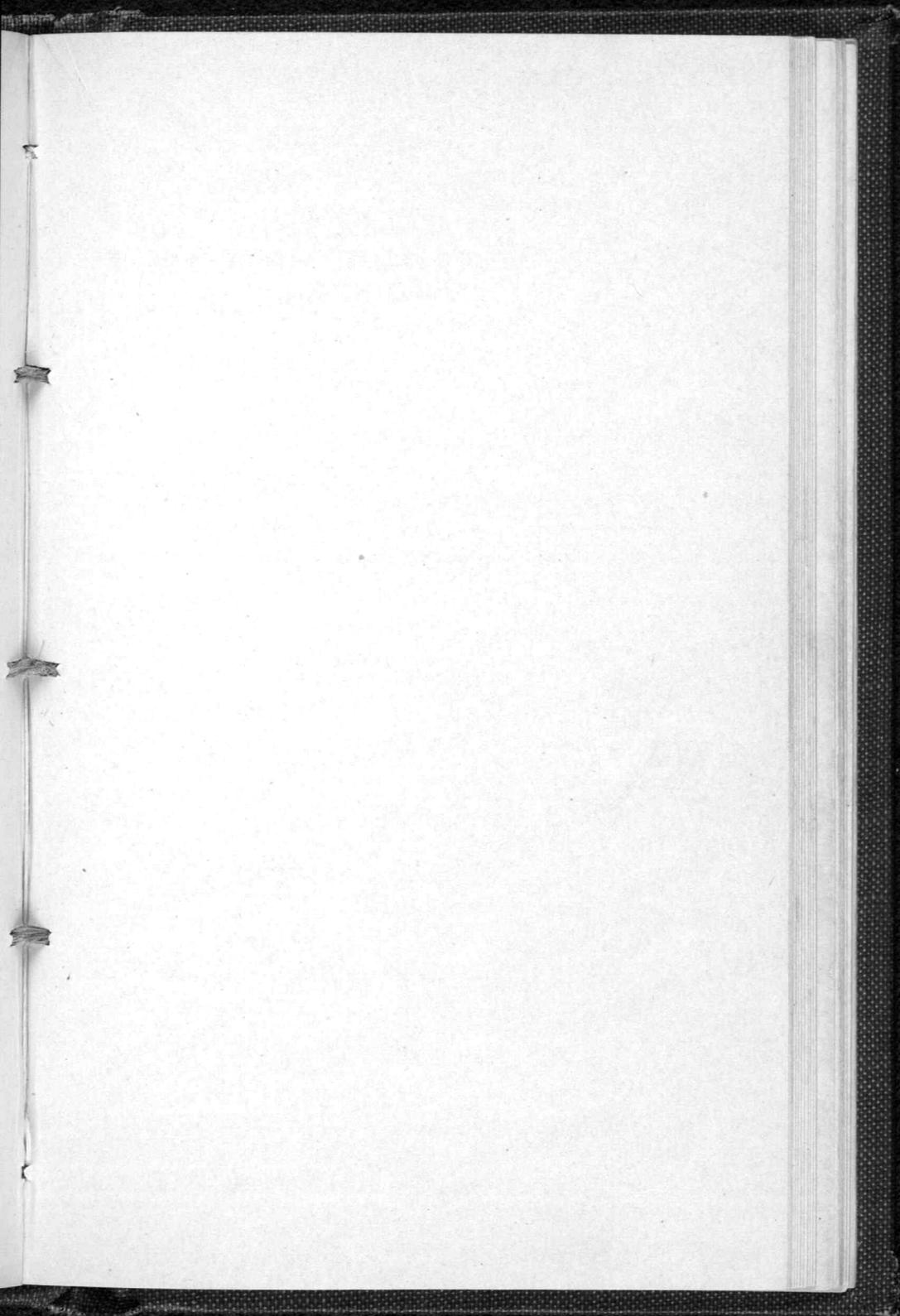




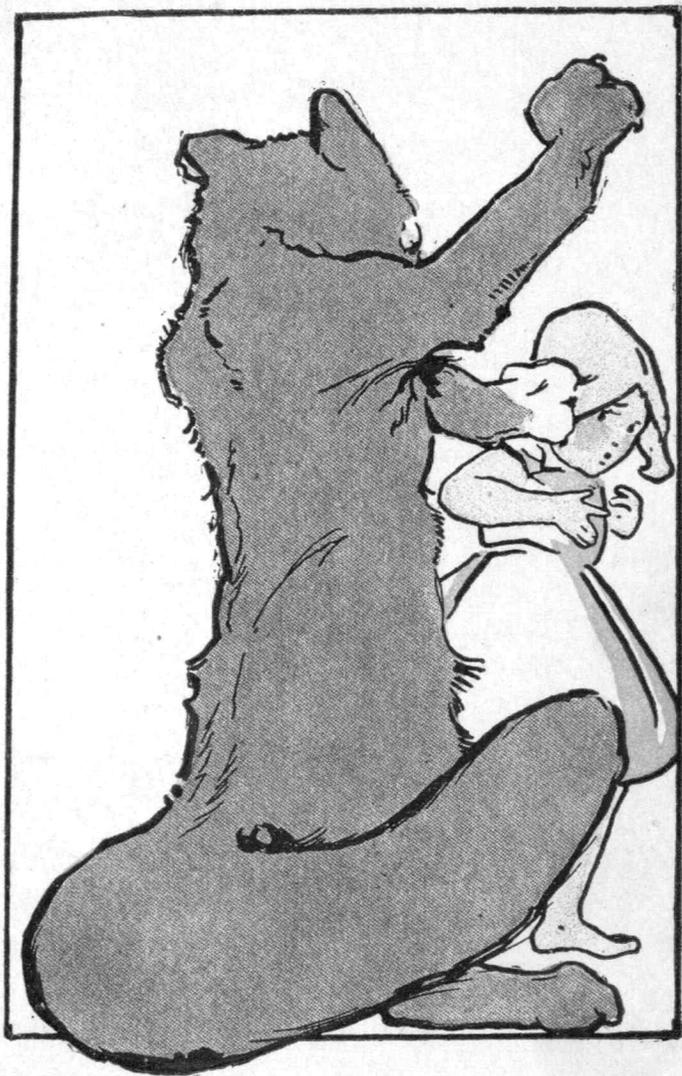
Again Mrs. Ginger came by, asking, "Where is the bird I told you to catch? I am waiting to cook the dinner."

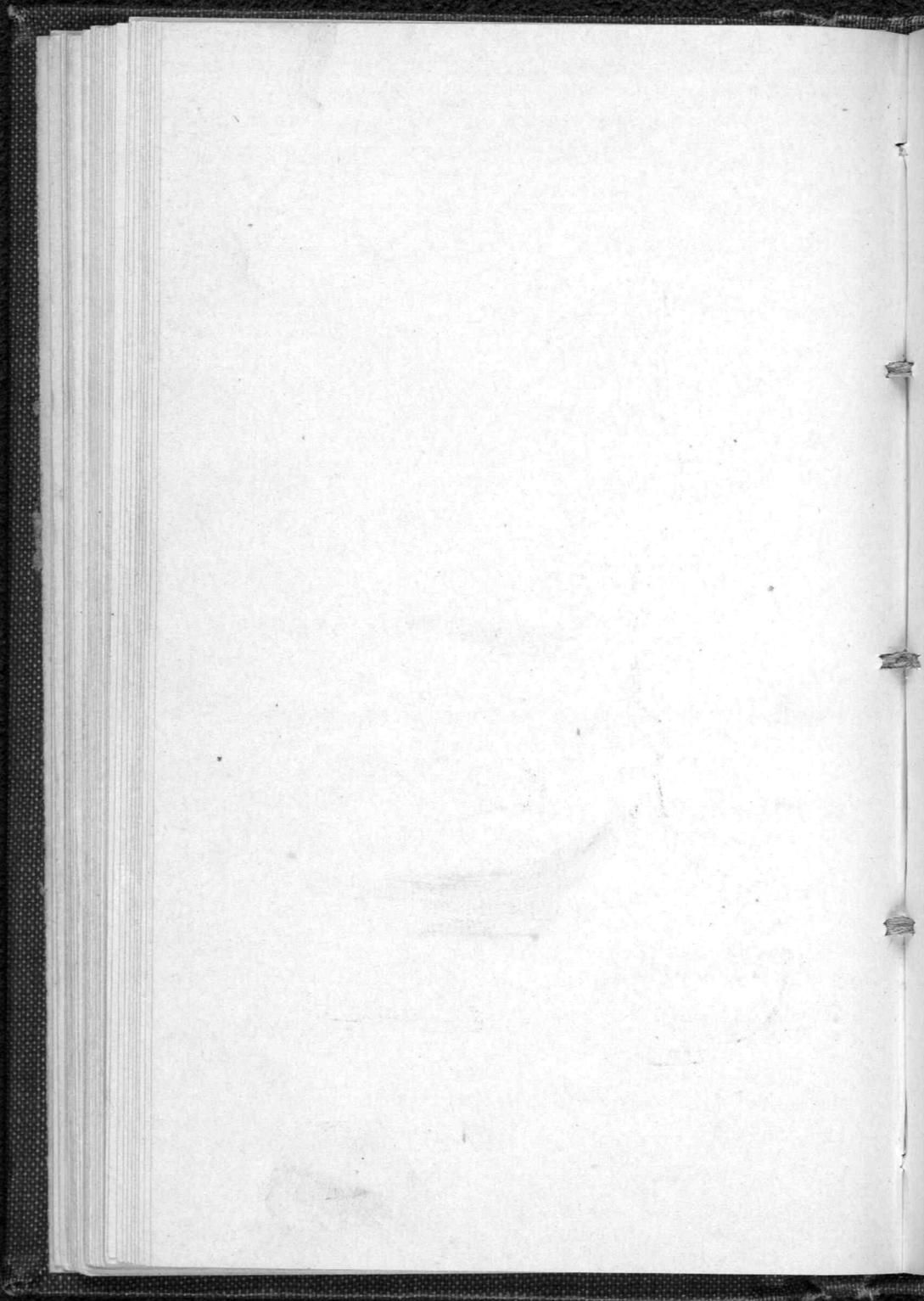
And the little girl answered, "They have all flown away, and I can't reach them."



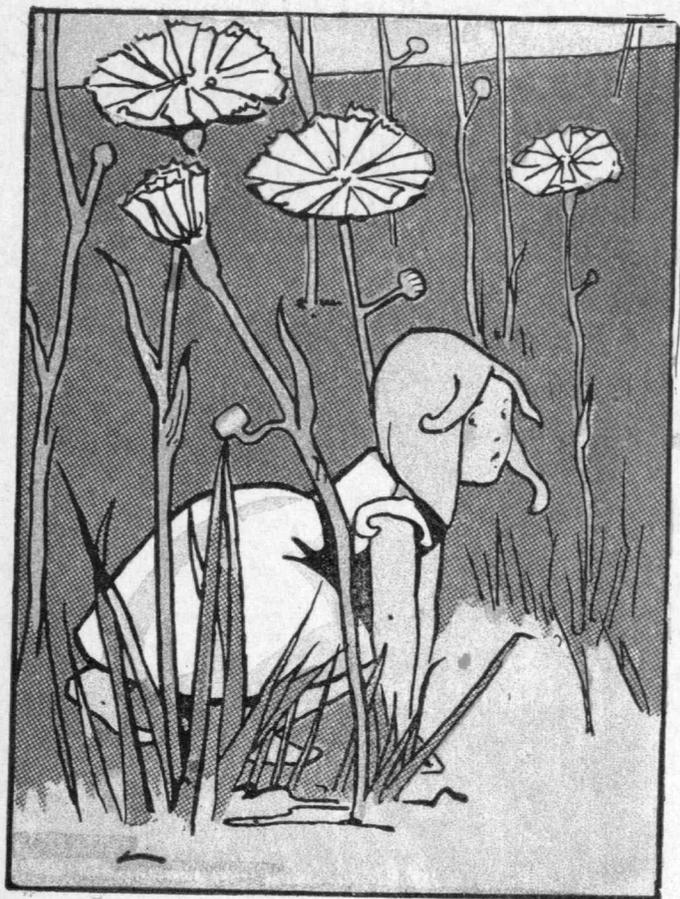


Then cruel Mrs. Ginger
was very angry and scratched
her and beat her ;









and the little girl ran away,
and, hiding among the flowers,
she cried and cried.

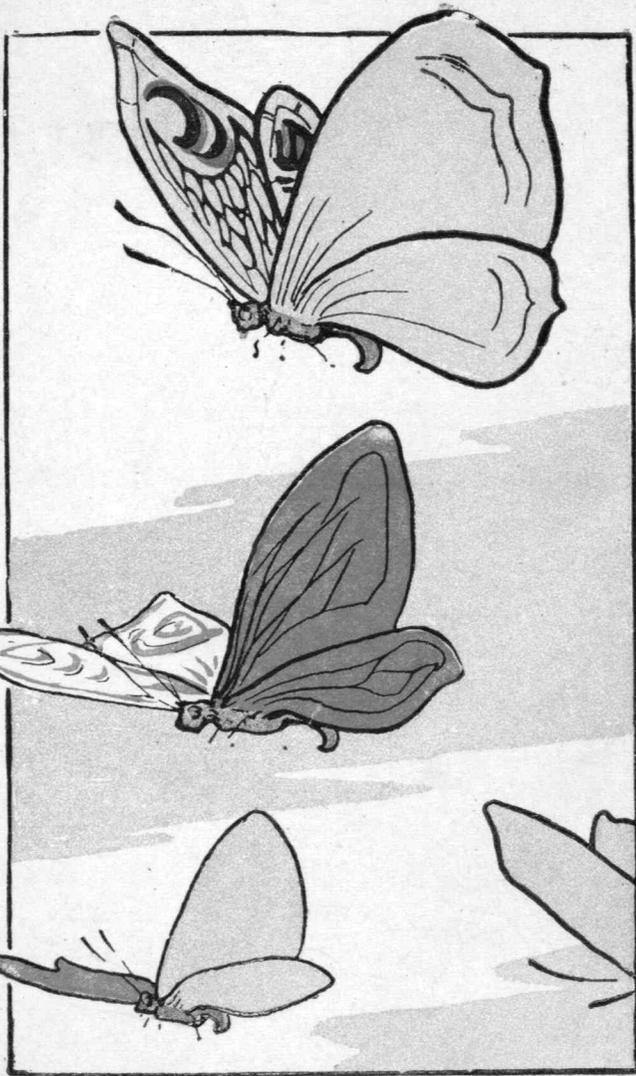


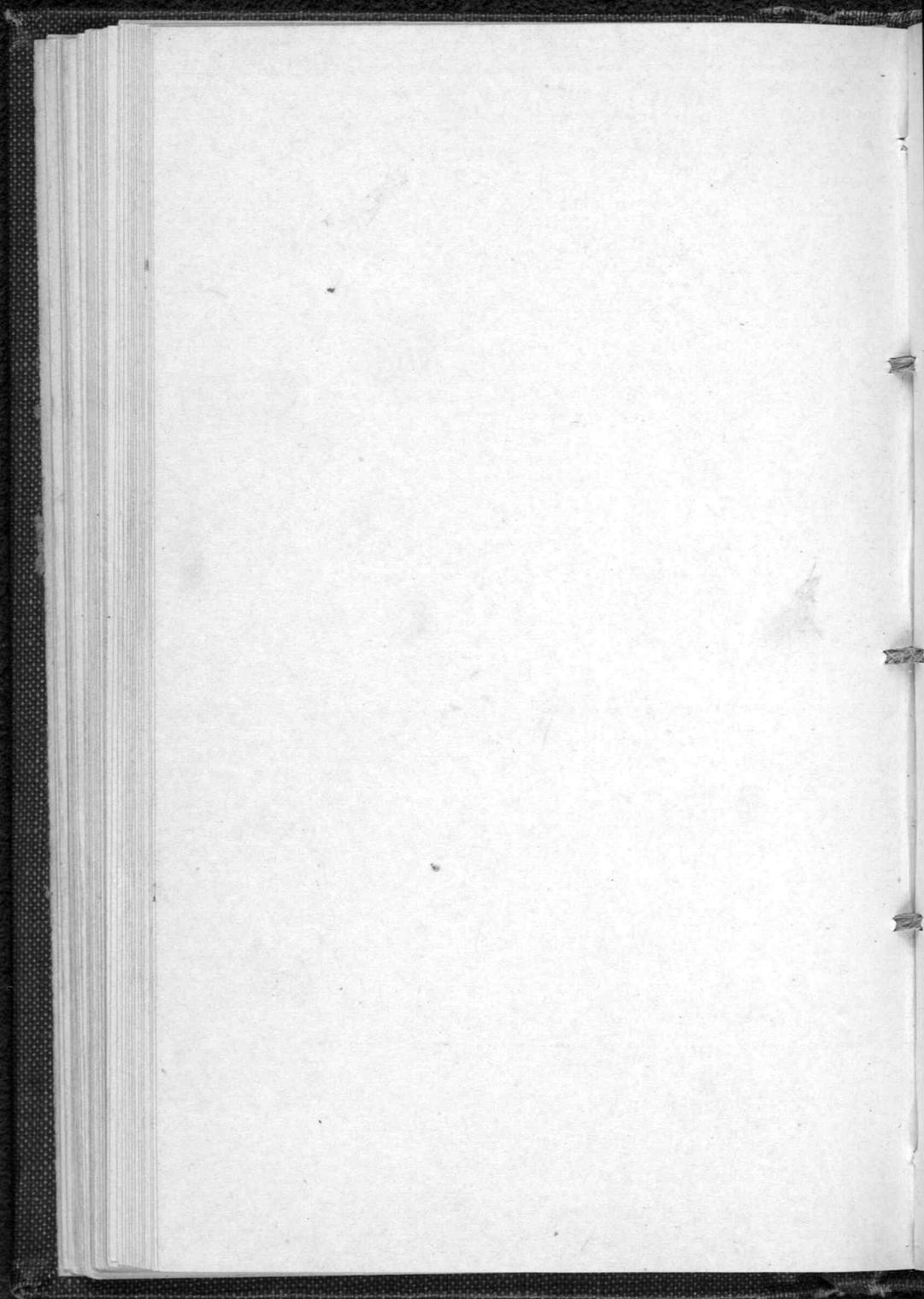


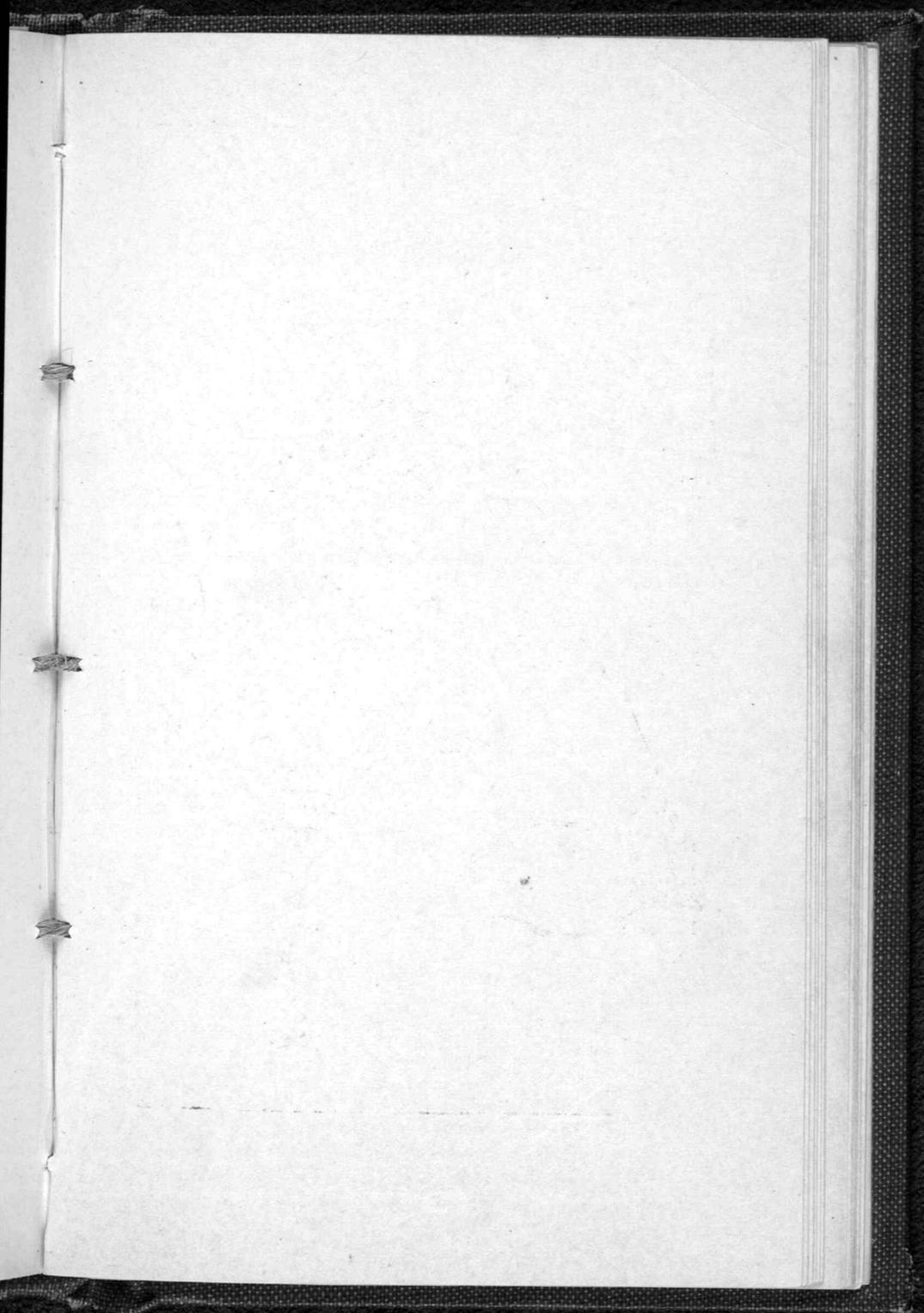
Soon the butterflies came flitting round her, asking why she cried; and she told them her sad story.

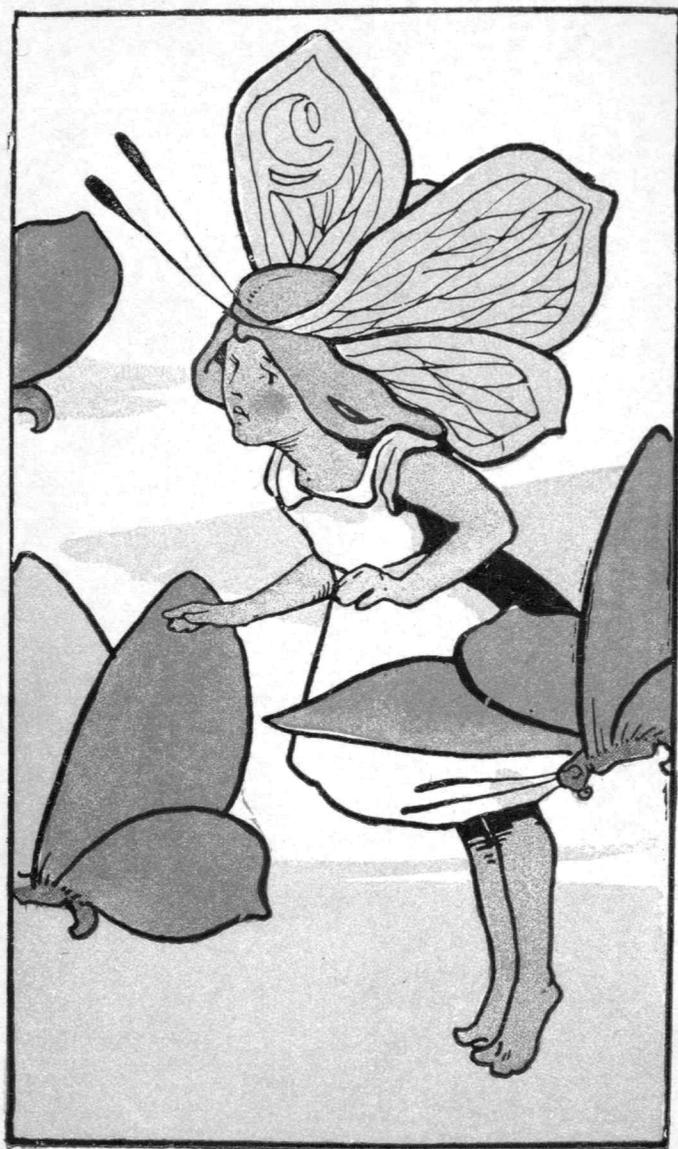
“Come away with us,” said the butterflies, and we will show you the way to Fairyland. There you will never have to be cruel or unkind.”

“Oh! thank you, please,” said Anne joyfully.





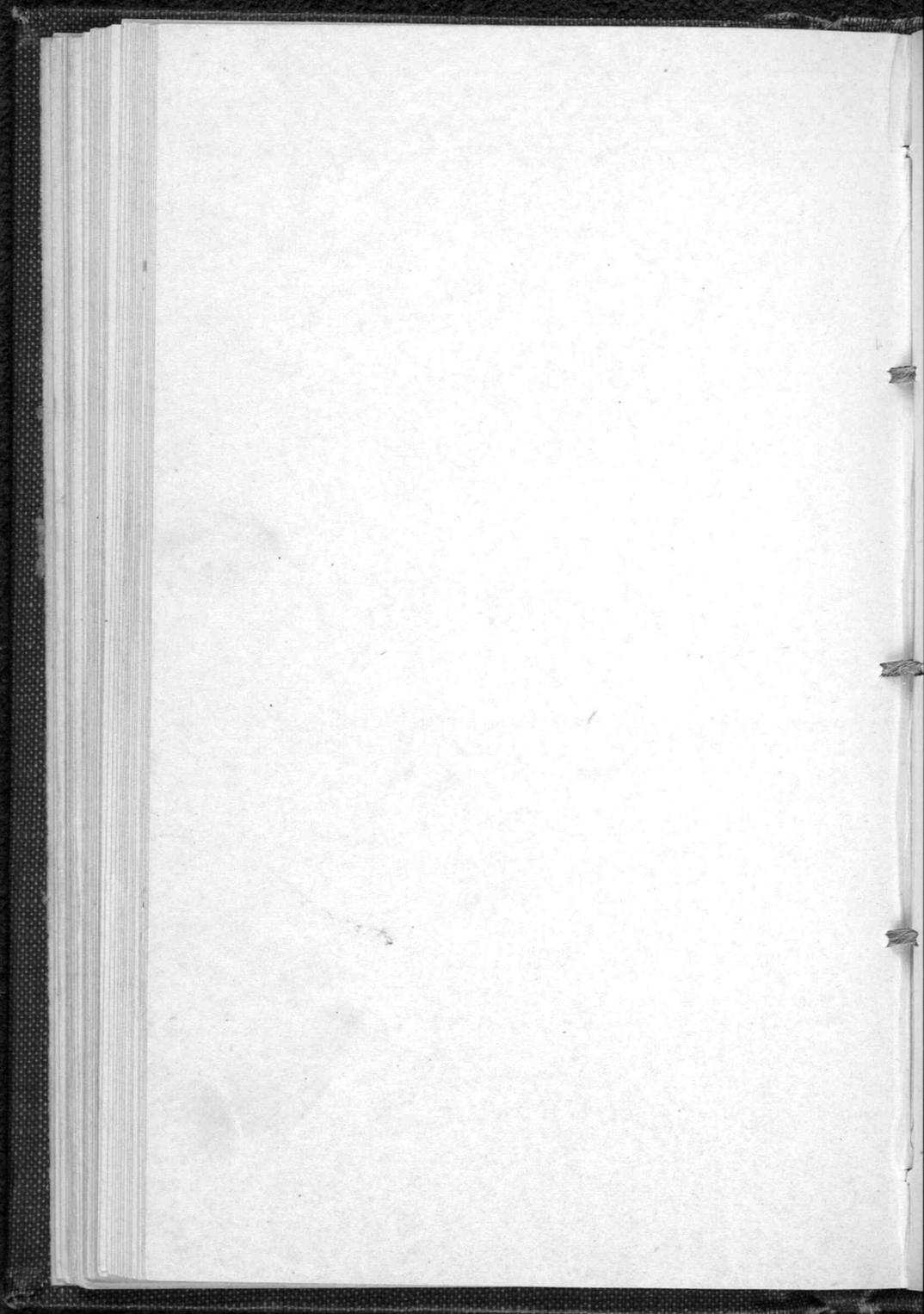




And they gave her two of their prettiest wings, and they fitted her exactly. And they flew and they flew till they came to a great sea.

“Here we must leave you,” said the butterflies. “Our wings are not strong enough to carry us or you over this great sea. You will have to go over in a boat.”

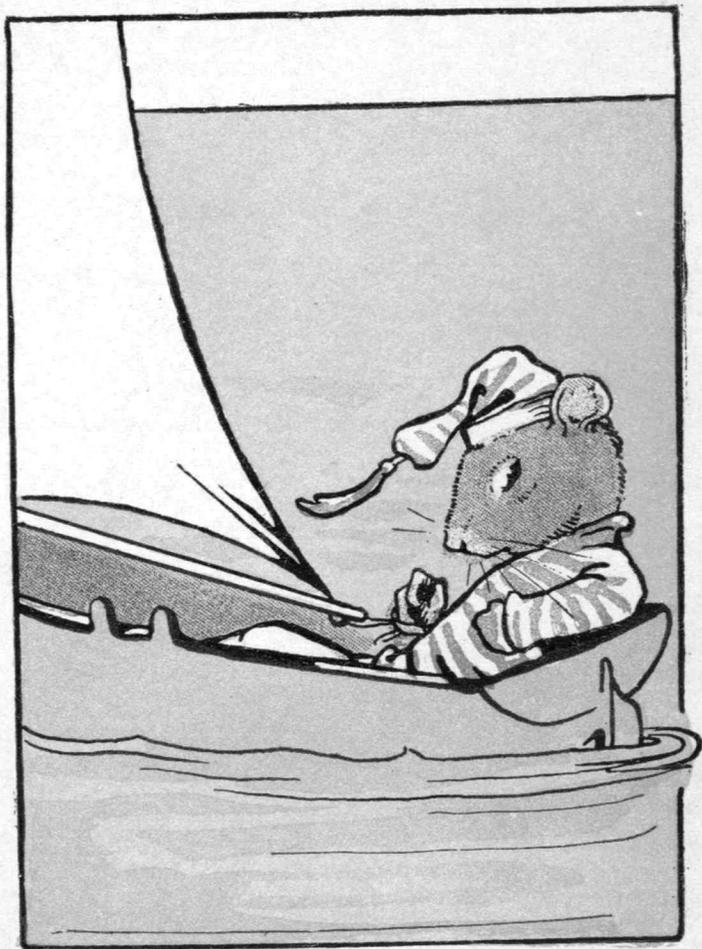
“But where shall I find a boat?” asked Anne.

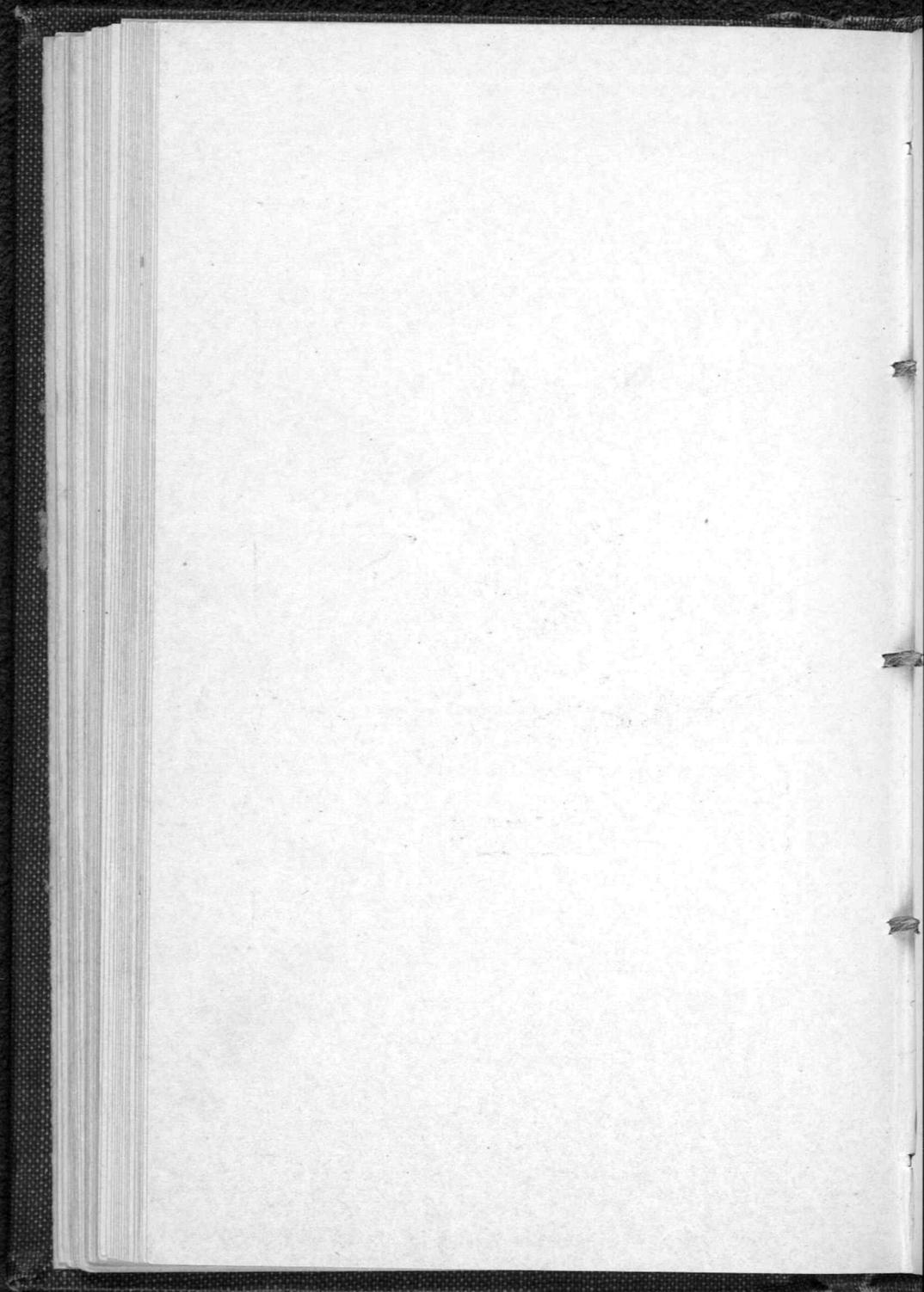


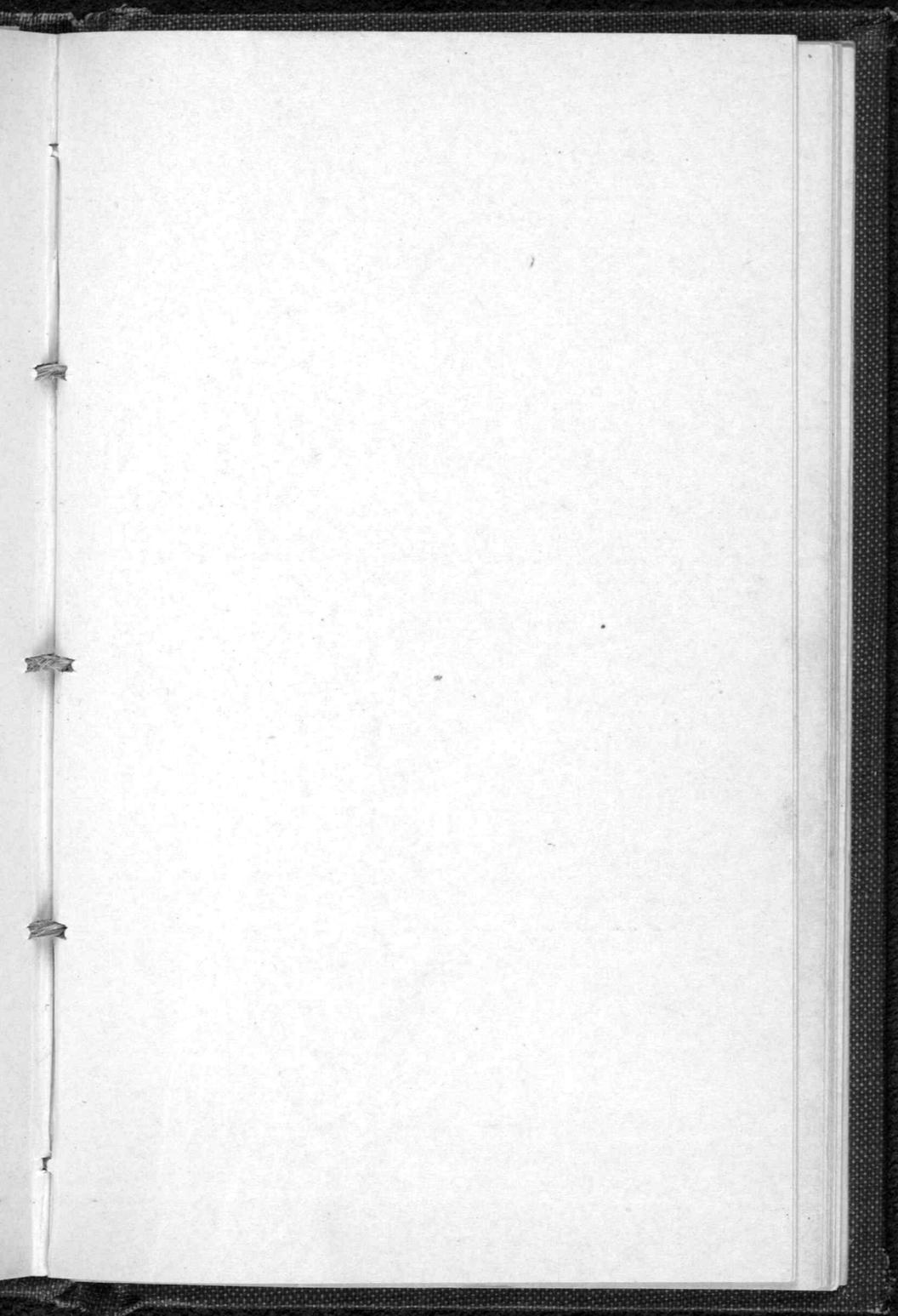


Here one comes," said the butterflies. And sure enough there, on the water, was a dear little boat sailing towards her with a little mouse steering it.

"The fairies told me to fetch you," said the mouse, when he came quite close, "because you were so kind as to tell us when bad Mrs. Ginger wanted to eat us."



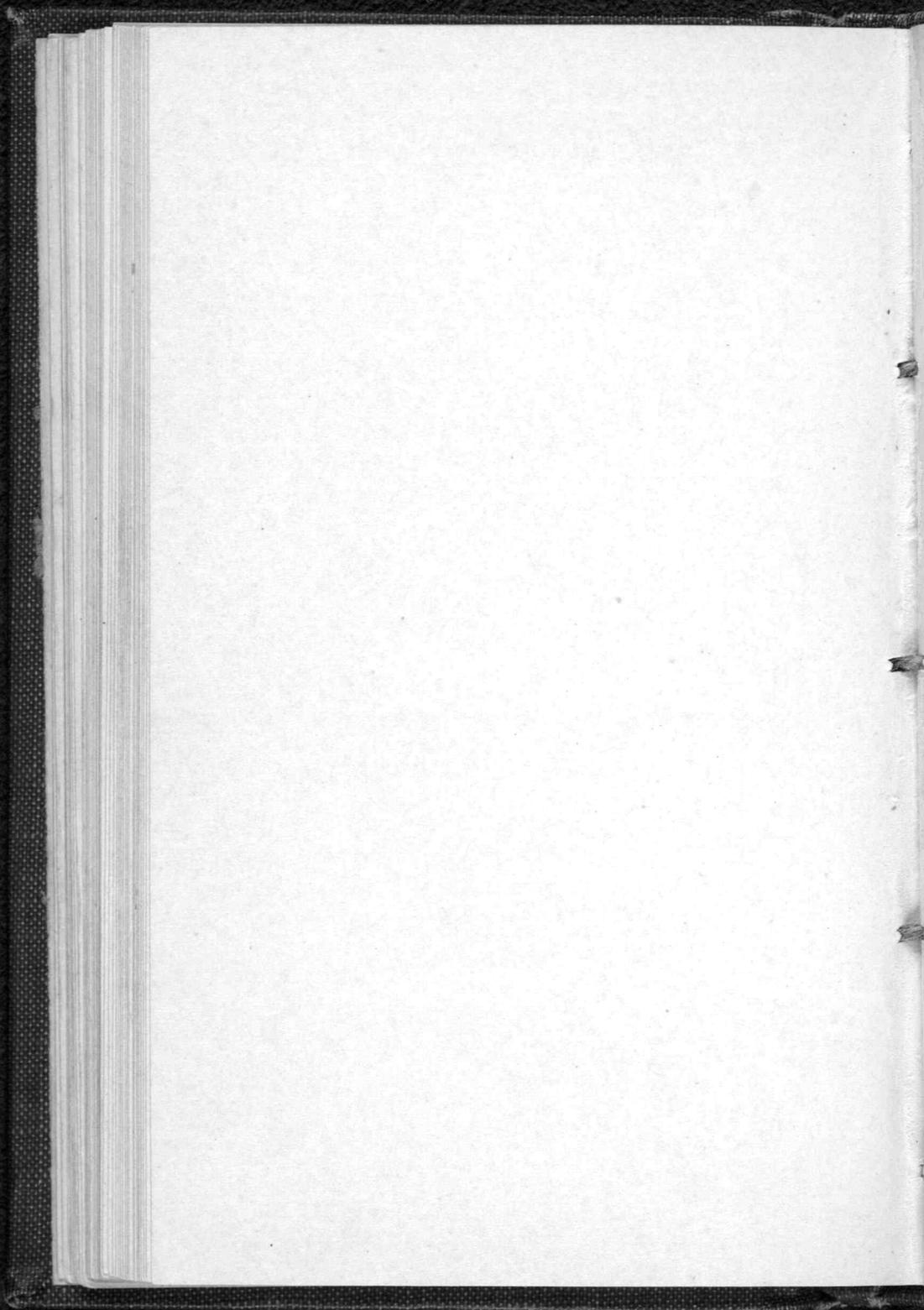


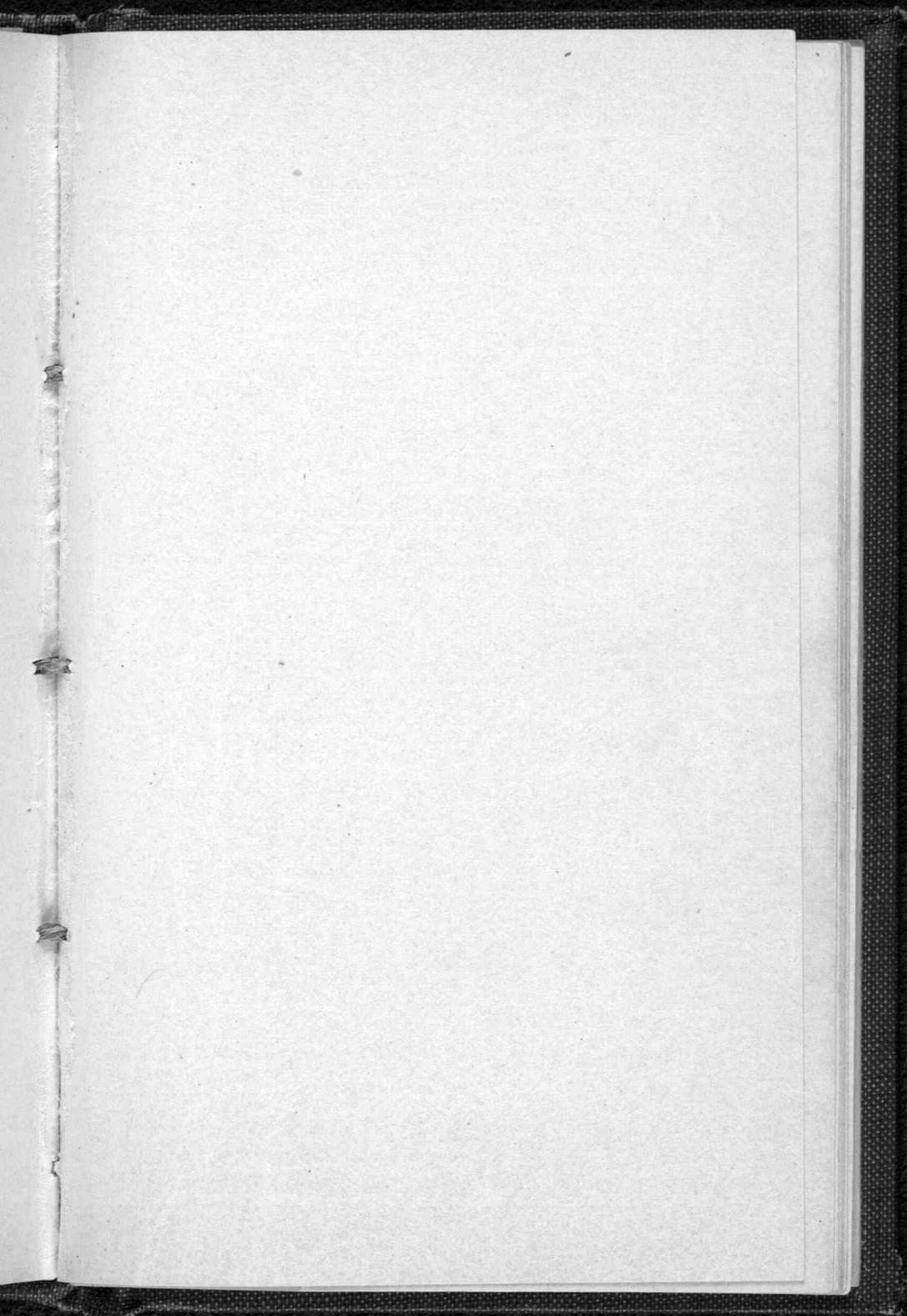




“Oh ! how kind of the fairies,” cried Anne ; and she jumped into the boat, and away they sailed very fast. They sailed and they sailed till they came to the other side of that great sea ; and the boat stopped when they came to land.

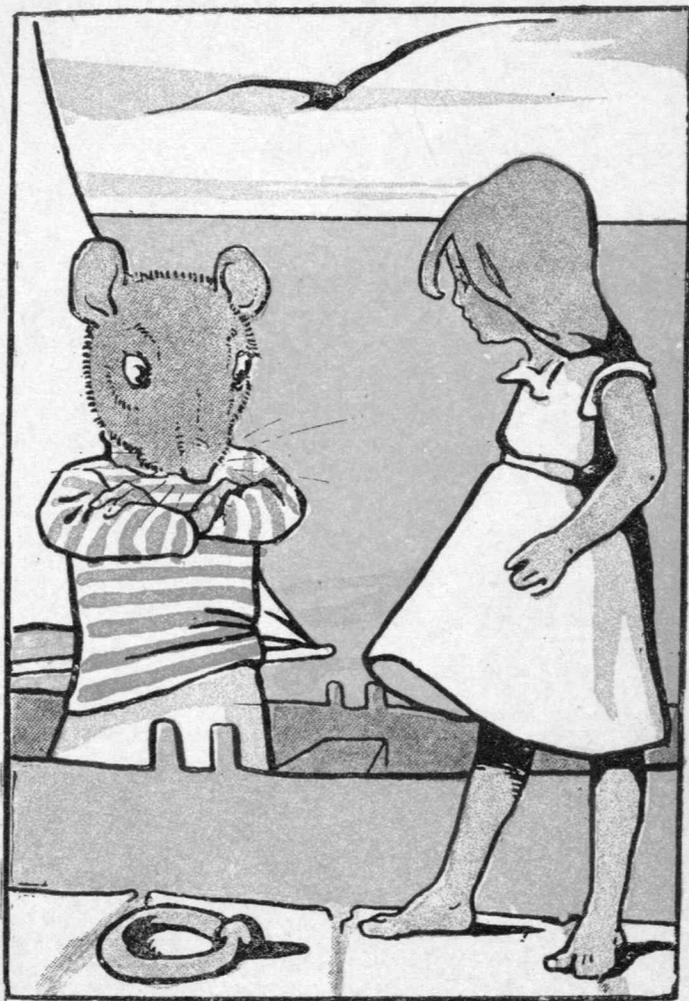
“I can go no further,” said the mouse.

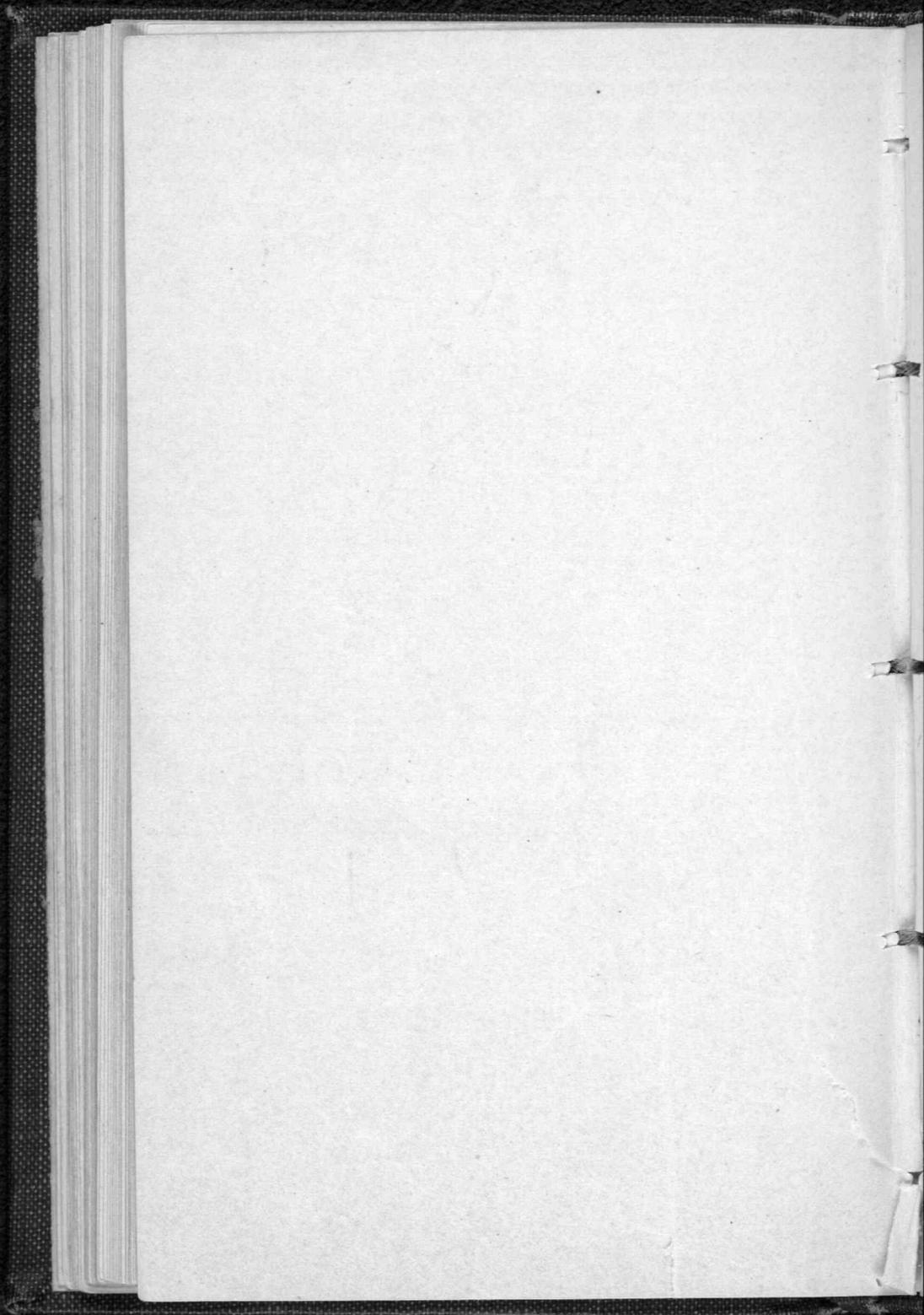


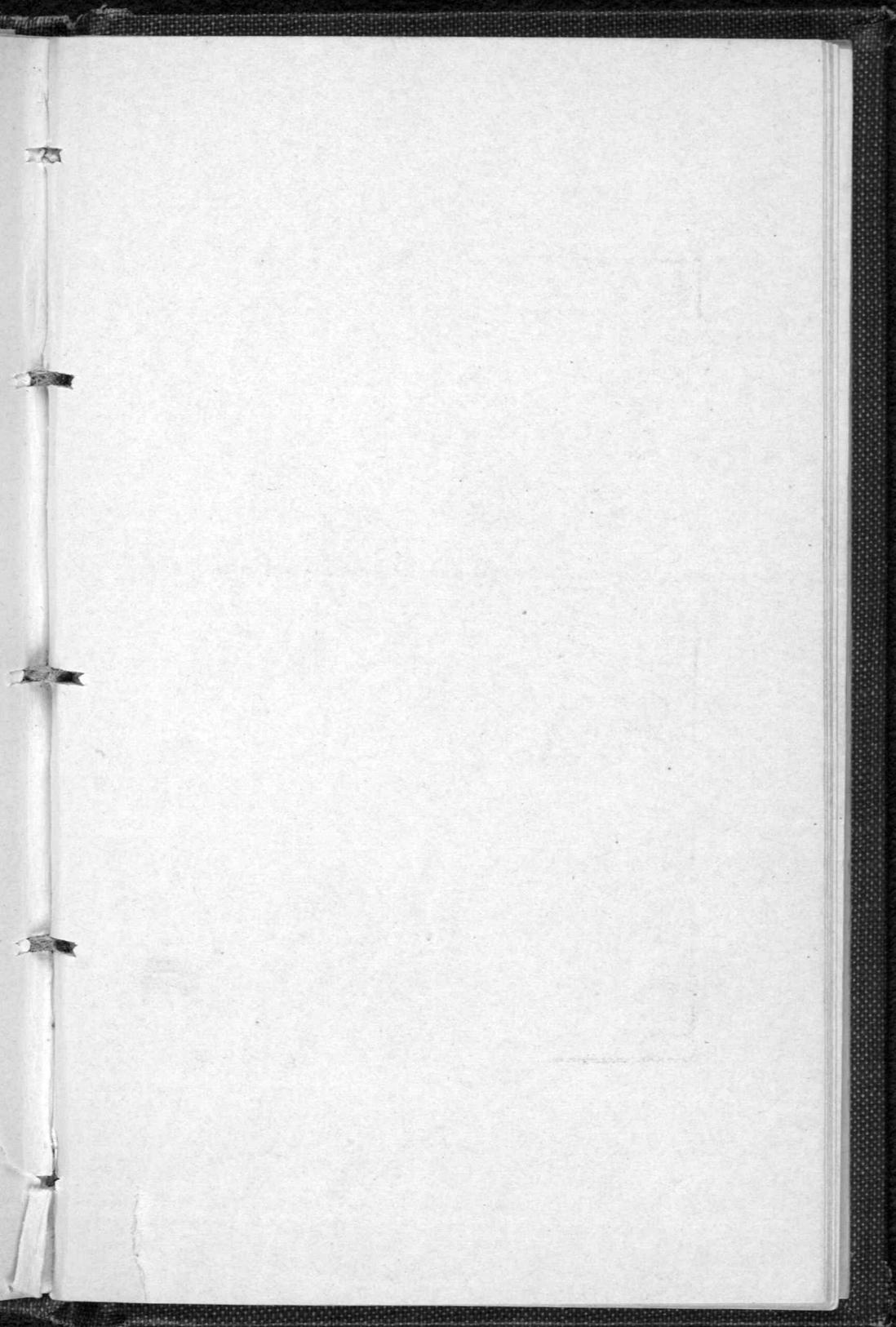


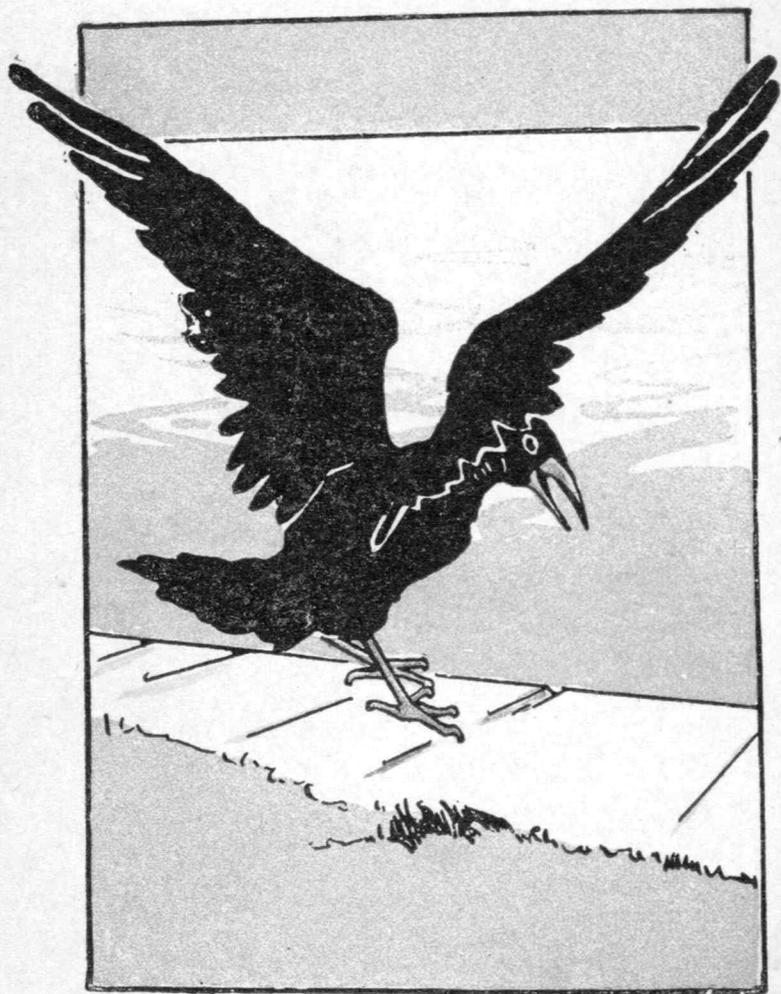
So Anne got out and thanked the mouse very prettily. "But how am I to go on?" she asked.

"There is a bird," said the mouse, and he put out to sea.







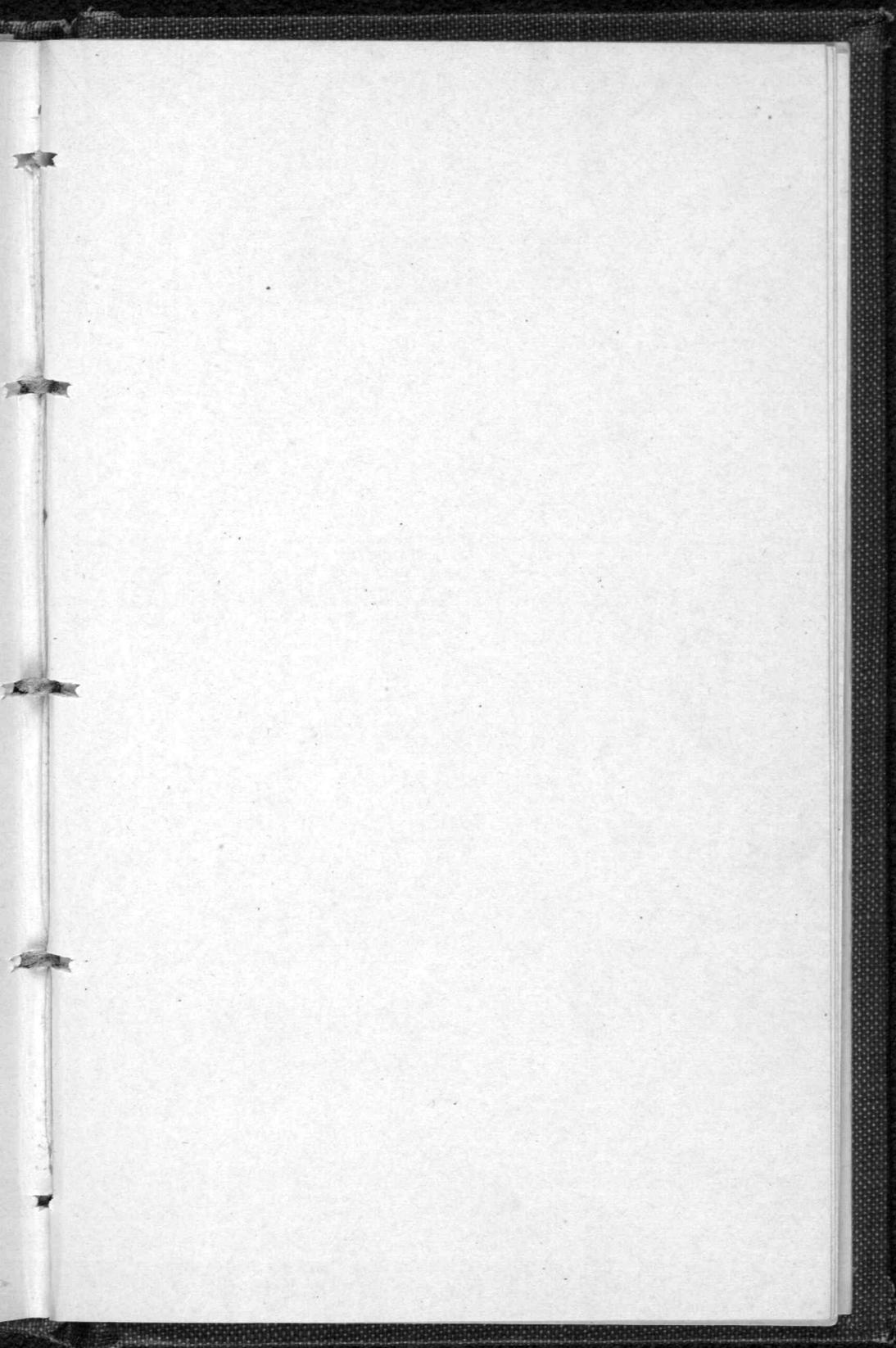


And Anne watched the bird coming nearer and nearer, till at last he alighted close beside her.

“The fairies told me to fetch you,” said he, “because you so kindly warned us when cruel Mrs. Ginger would have eaten us up. Jump on my back and I will carry you all the rest of the way to Fairyland.”

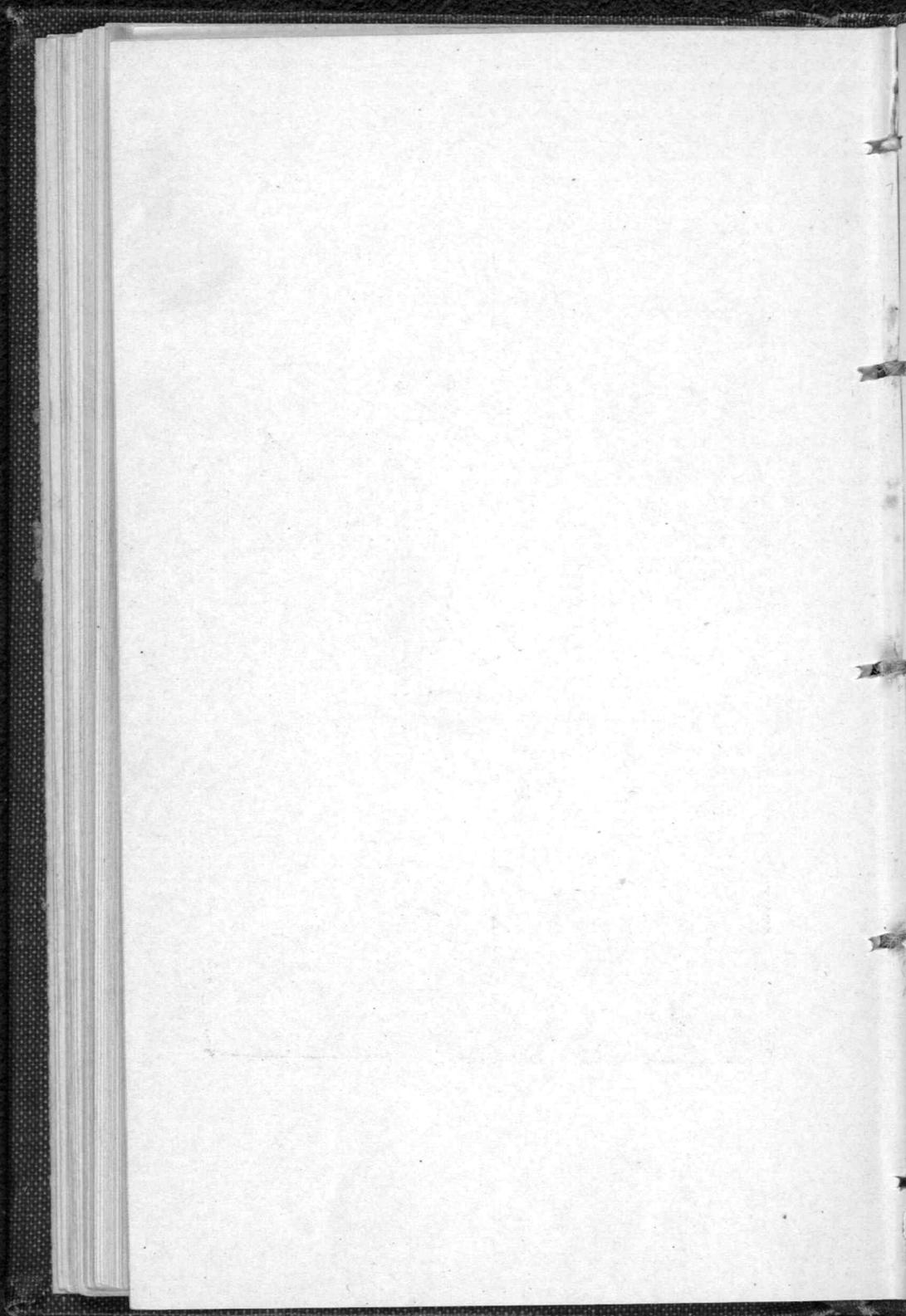
“Thank you so much,” said Anne,

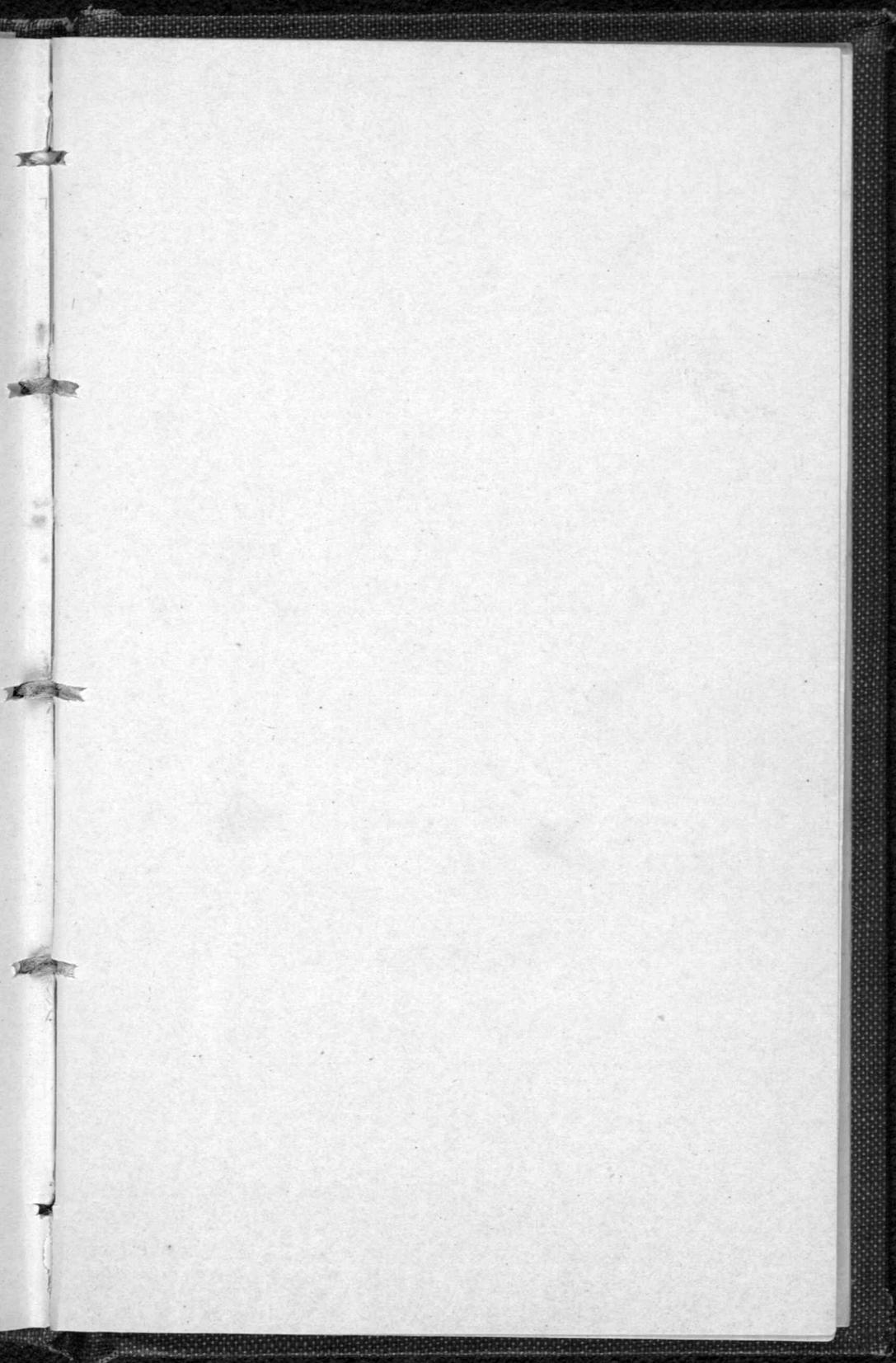
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and she climbed on his back,
and away they flew till they
came to Fairyland.









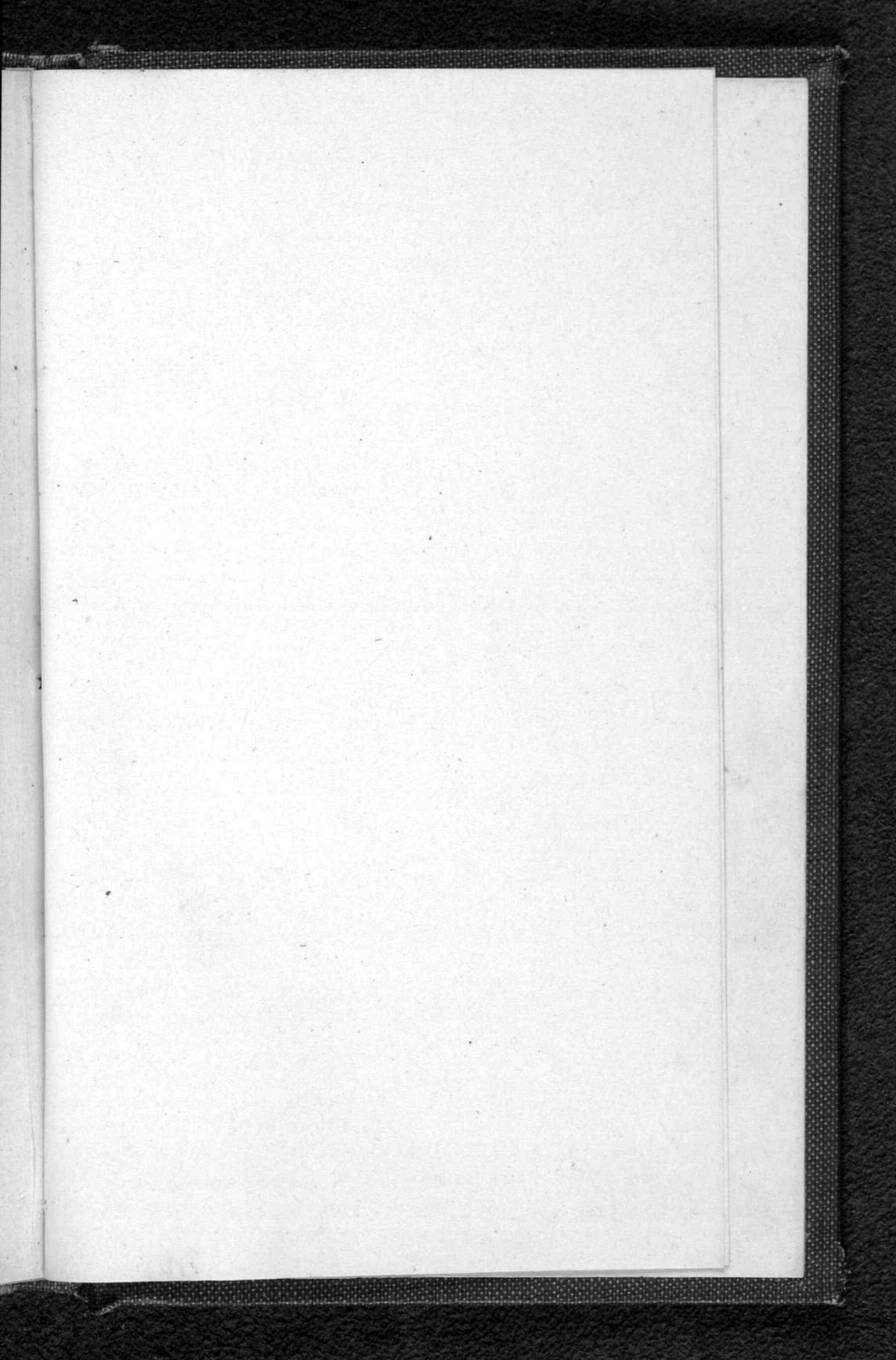
And in Fairyland she lived happily ever afterwards, because she had been so kind and good to the mice, and the birds, and the butterflies.

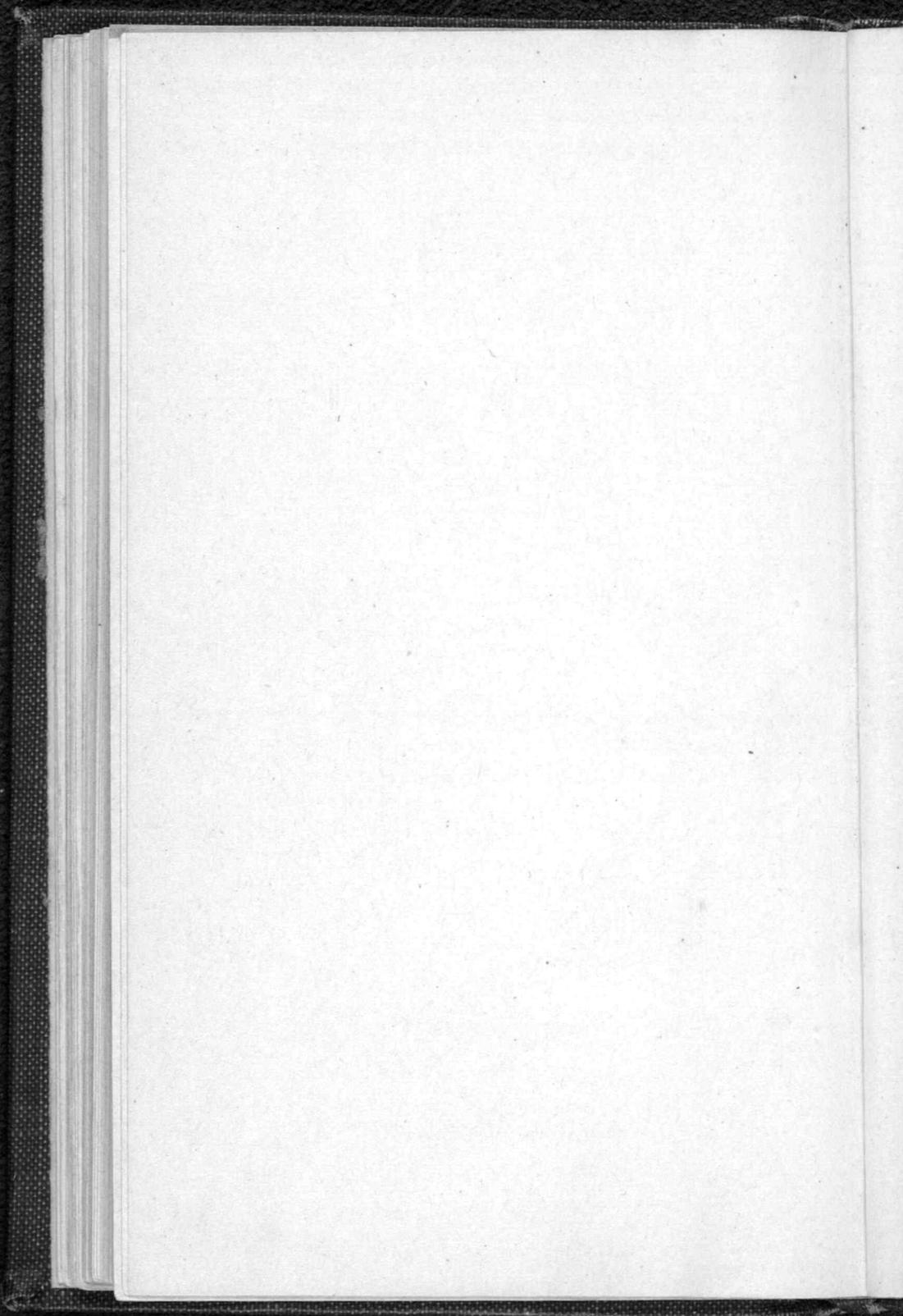
This is the end of this tale.

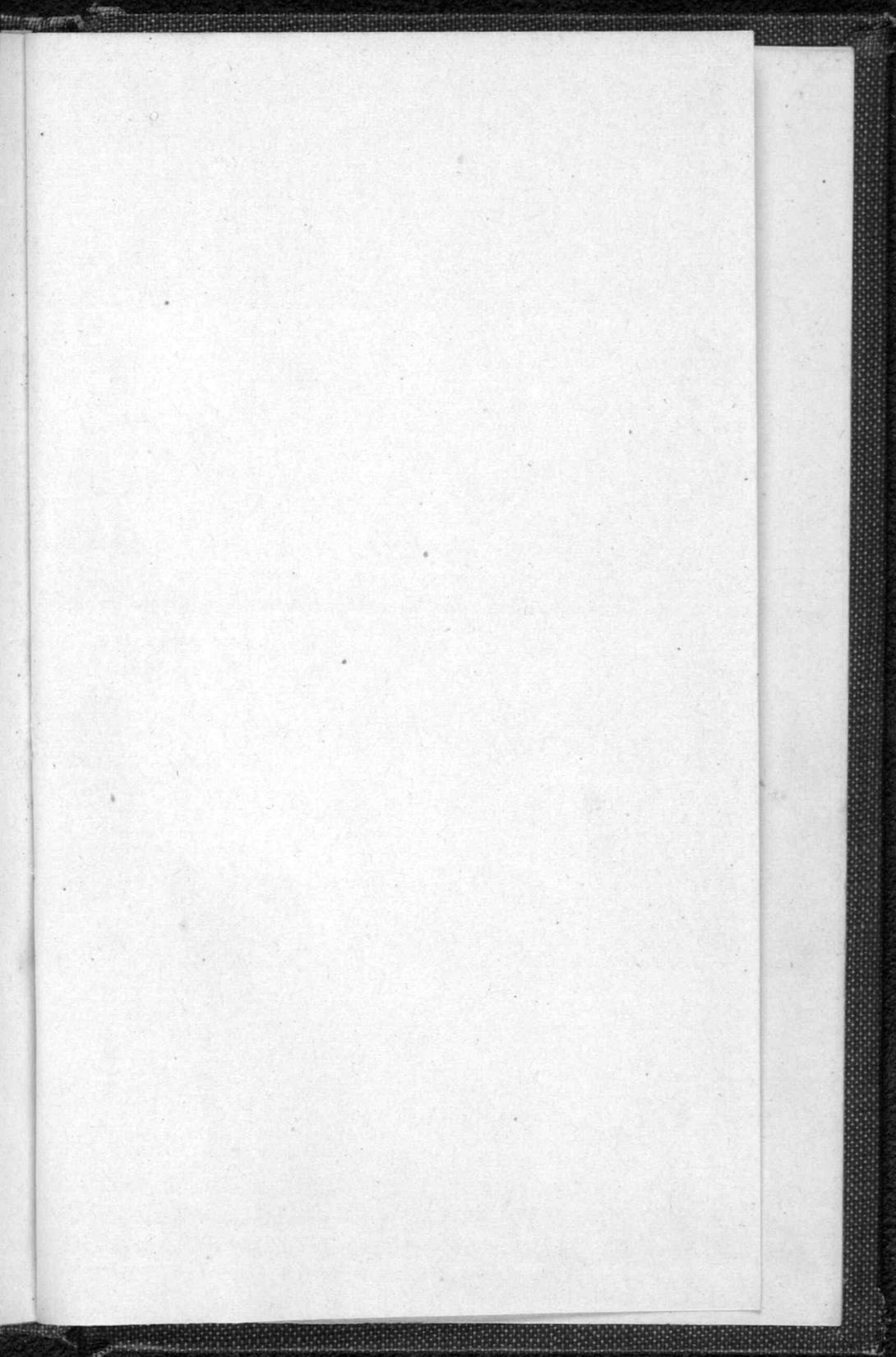
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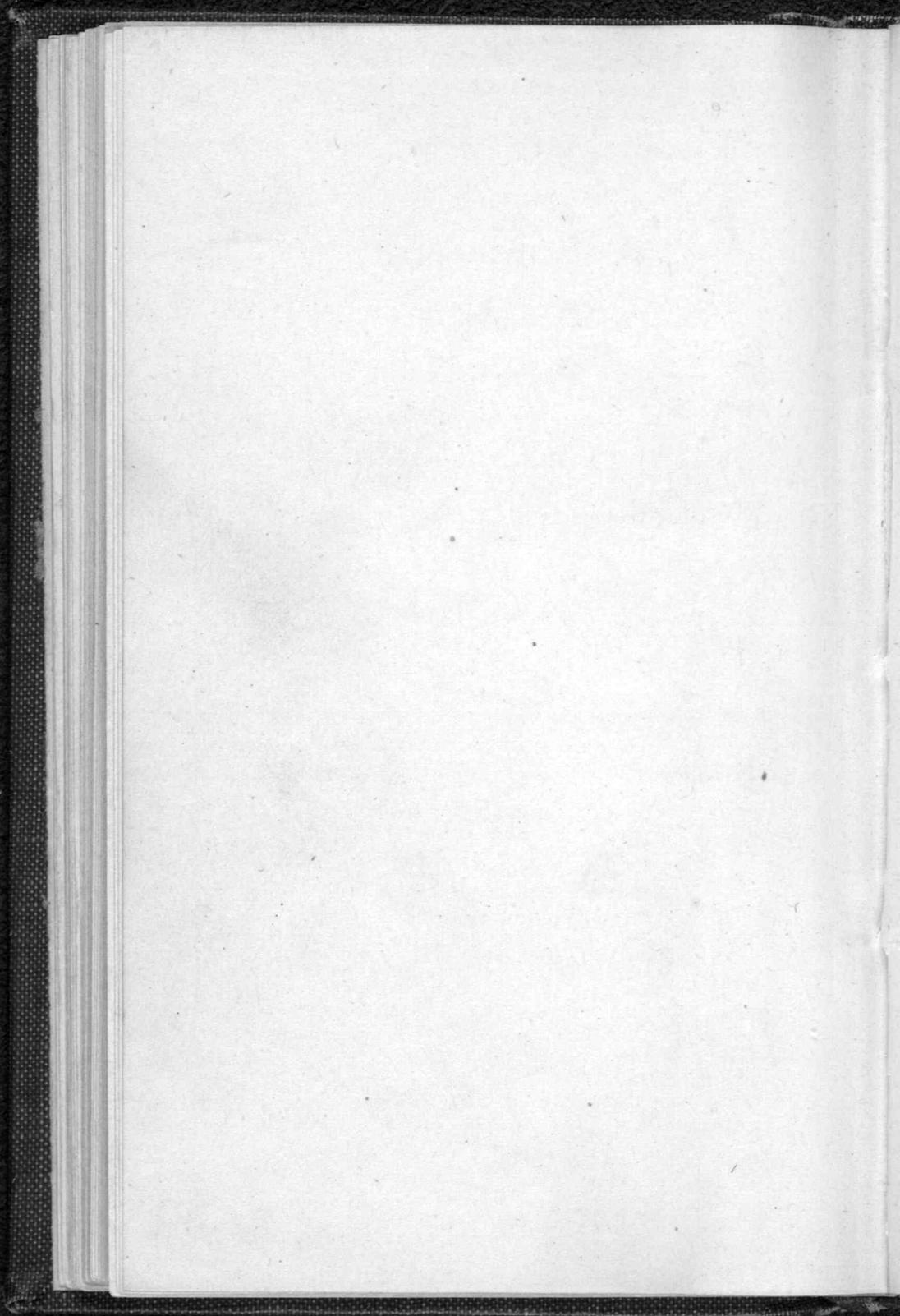
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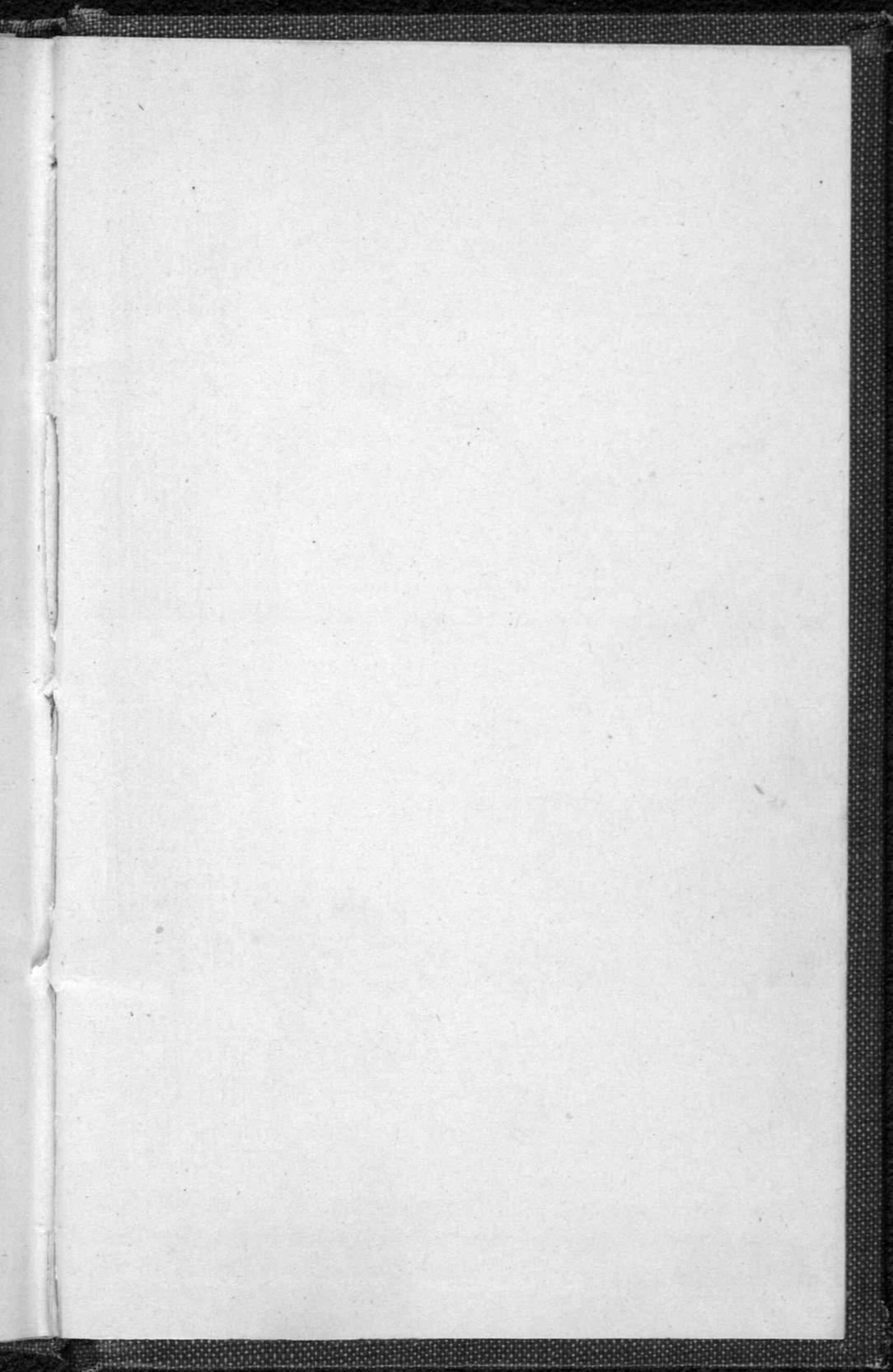
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