



66

K./Ü. „LOODUSE“

INGLISE KIRJANDUS KOOLIDELE

66

F. H. BURNETT

SARA CREWE

EDITED BY

HENRY C. C. HARRIS, B. A.

K./Ü. „LOODUS“, TARTU, 1936

K.Ü. „LOODUSE“ eesti ja võõr-kirjandus koolidele:

- 1) Rudyard Kipling: **The Cat that Walked by Himself.** 36 lk. 2 joonist. Hind 35 senti.
- 2) Karl Schönherr: **Der Ehrenposten.** 12 lk. Hind 15 senti.
- 3) Bertha Mercator: **Von dem Fuhrmann ohne Zorn und der weissen Blume im Korn.** 16 lk. Hind 20 senti.
- 4) W. H. Riehl: **Der stumme Ratsherr.** 32 lk. Hind 30 senti.
- 5) K. Ecke: **Murr.** 20 lk. Hind 20 senti.
- 6) F. Treller: **Ein Abenteuer im Urwalde.** 16 lk. Hind 20 senti.
- 7) W. Jacobs: **Der Bücking.** 20 lk. Hind 20 senti.
- 8) Grimm: **Hans im Glück.** 16 lk. 3 joonist. Hind 20 senti.
- 9) H. Scharrelmann: **Hexe Kaukau.** 16 lk. Hind 20 senti.
- 10) A. Vilmar'i ja Weinland'i järel: **Das Nibelungenlied. Ein Ostarafest.** 32 lk. Hind 40 senti.
- 11) W. Hauff: **Das Märchen vom falschen Prinzen.** 36 lk. H. 40 s.
- 12) P. Rosegger: **Als ich das erste Mal auf dem Dampfwagen sass.** 16 lk. Hind 20 senti.
- 13) M. Jakobson: **Aschenbrödel.** 16 lk. 3 joonist. Hind 20 senti.
- 14) H. Seidel: **Jorinde.** 20 lk. Hind 25 senti.
- 15) P. Rosegger: **Ein Mann von 5 Jahren.** 16 lk. Hind 20 senti.
- 16) H. Seidel: **Leberecht Hühnchen.** 20 lk. Hind 25 senti.
- 17) P. Rosegger: **Auf der Wacht.** 16 lk. Hind 20 senti.
- 18) L. Ganghofer: **Das Geheimnis der Mischung.** 16 lk. H. 20 s.
- 19) **Dick Whittington and his Cat.** 28 lk. Hind 35 senti.
- 20) E. von Wildenbruch: **Die Landpartie.** 24 lk. Hind 30 senti.
- 22) M. v. Ebner-Eschenbach: **Krambambuli.** 23 lk. H. 25 senti.
- 23) Max Nordau: **Die Brille des Zwerges.** 24 lk. Hind 25 senti.
- 24) **Beauty and the Beast. Tattercoats.** 31 lk. Hind 35 senti.
- 25) K. F. Meyer: **Das Amulett.** 40 lk. Hind 45 senti.
- 26) **Till Eulenspiegels Streiche.** 30 lk. 4 joonist. Hind 30 senti.
- 27) J. Grimm: **Sechse kommen durch die ganze Welt.** 16 lk. H. 20 s.
- 28) E. v. Wildenbruch: **Archambauld.** 24 lk. Hind 25 senti.
- 29) R. Kipling: **The Elephant's Child.** 18 lk. Hind 25 senti.
- 30) Louisa M. Alcott: **Little Women.** 96 lk. Hind 80 senti.
- 31) André Theuriet: **La pipe.** 24 lk. Hind 35 senti.
- 32) P. Rosegger: **Dreihundert vierundsechzig und eine Nacht.** 16 lk. Hind 20 senti.
- 33) W. Hauff: **Der Zwerg Nase.** 44 lk. Hind 45 senti.
- 34) Paul Keller: **Der angebundene Kirchturm.** 15 lk. H. 20 senti.

SARA CREWE

by

F. H. Burnett

Simplified & Abridged for the Use of Estonian Schools

by

Henry C. C. Harris, B. A.,

Lector in English in the University of Tartu

K.Ü. „LOODUS“, TARTU, 1936



Rf. 218031

K. Mattieseni trükikoda o.-ü., Tartu 1936.

P r e f a c e.

This is the third book in the series of simplified English books for Estonian schools. The other two are "Ivanhoe" and "The Deerslayer".

Only those words of the third and following thousands according to Prof. Thorndike's list have been explained in the vocabulary on page 51.

The People in this Story.

- Sara Crewe ('sɛərə kru:) — The chief person
Miss Minchin ('mintʃin) — Her teacher
„ Amelia Minchin (ə'mil:ljə) — Miss Minchin's sister
Ermengarde St. John ('ə:minga:d 'sindʒən) — A pupil
Mrs Brown ('braun) — The baker woman
Anne (æn) — The beggar-child
Mrs Carmichael ('ka:maikl) — The mother of the
Large Family
Captain Crewe (kru:) — Sara's father
Mr Carrisford ('kærisfəd) — The Gentleman from
India
Mr Carmichael ('ka:maikl) — Mr Carrisford's lawyer
and father of the Large Family
The Lascar ('læskə) — Mr Carrisford's Indian servant.
-

The story takes place in London in Miss Minchin's boarding-school and the houses near it.

SARA CREWE;
or
WHAT HAPPENED AT MISS MINCHIN'S.

PART 1.

Miss Minchin lived, in London. Her home was a large, dull, tall one, in a large, dull square, where all the houses were alike, and all the sparrows were alike, and the doors made the same heavy sound when one knocked. On Miss Minchin's door there was a plate made of a yellow metal. On this plate there was written in black letters,

| |
|--|
| Miss Minchin's Select Seminary for Young Ladies |
|--|

Little Sara Crewe never went in or out of the house without reading that plate and thinking about it. Before she was twelve years old, she had decided that all her trouble arose because, in the first place, she was not "Select", and in the second, she was not a "Young Lady".

When she was eight years old, her father had brought her to Miss Minchin as a pupil and left her. He had brought her all the way from India. Her mother had died when she was a baby, and her father

had kept her with him as long as he could. Then, because it is very hot in India and she became ill, he had brought her to England and left her with Miss Minchin to be part of the Select Seminary for Young Ladies. Sara, who had always been a sharp little child, remembered that he said he had not a relative in the world whom he knew of, and so he was obliged to put her in a boarding-school, and he had heard people speak of Miss Minchin's school very highly.

The same day he took Sara out and bought her very many beautiful clothes — clothes so grand that only a very young man who did not know very much would have bought them for such a little child. But the fact was that he was very sad at the thought of leaving his little girl. He had loved her mother very much and when he looked at Sara he remembered his wife. So he bought everything he could for her. The result was that she had dresses of silk and velvet, and her hats were covered with bows and feathers, and she returned to Miss Minchin's with a doll almost as large as herself. The doll was also dressed grandly.

Then her father gave Miss Minchin some money and went away. For several days Sara would not touch the doll, nor her breakfast, nor her dinner, nor her tea, and did nothing but sit in a corner by the window and cry. She cried so much that she made herself ill.

She began to hate Miss Minchin from the moment she had come into the house, and she also did not like Miss Amelia Minchin, who was smooth and short and fat, and was afraid of her elder sister. Miss Minchin herself was tall and had large, cold eyes like those of a fish, and large cold hands which seemed fishy too,

because they made Sara feel cold on her back when Miss Minchin touched her.

For the first year Sara was a favourite pupil; Miss Minchin let her do what she liked and this was not good for her. When the Select Seminary went for a walk, Sara always dressed in her grandest clothes and walked at the head of the procession, holding Miss Minchin's hand. When people came to the Seminary, Miss Minchin always called Sara in and told them that her father was a great officer in India and that some day Sara would get very much money. Sara had heard before that somebody had left her father very much money and she had also heard that it would come to her some day. Her father had also said that he would not remain long in the army, but would come to live in London. Every time a letter came Sara hoped it would say that he was coming and that they would live together again.

About the middle of her third year at Miss Minchin's a letter did come, but it brought very different news. Sara's father did not know how to look after money, so he had given all his money to a friend who said he would look after it for him. The friend had deceived and robbed him. All the money was gone, no one knew where. The poor young officer felt so sad that a short time after he became ill and died. Sara now had no one to take care of her.

Miss Minchin's cold and fishy eyes had never seemed so cold and fishy as they did when Sara went into her room a few days after the letter had arrived.

Sara had put on a black dress and she looked thinner and stranger than ever. She fixed her eyes

on Miss Minchin as she slowly advanced into the room, holding her doll tight.

"Put your doll down!" said Miss Minchin.

"No," answered Sara, "I will not put her down. I want her with me. She is all I have. She has stayed with me all the time since my father died."

Miss Minchin looked angrily at Sara.

"You will have no time for dolls in future," she said; "you will have to work and improve yourself, and make yourself useful."

Sara kept her big, strange eyes on her teacher and said nothing.

"Everything will be very different now," said Miss Minchin. "I sent for you to talk to you and make you understand. Your father is dead, you have no friends, you have no money, you have no home, and no one to take care of you."

The little pale face made a quick motion, but the green-grey eyes did not move from Miss Minchin's, and still Sara said nothing.

"What are you looking at?" demanded Miss Minchin sharply. "Are you so stupid that you don't understand what I say? I tell you that you are quite alone in the world, and have no one to do anything for you unless I choose to keep you here."

The truth was that Miss Minchin was in her worst mood. To lose so suddenly a large sum of money every year and a pupil about whom she could boast, and to find herself with a little beggar on her hands was more than she could bear.

"Now, listen to me," she continued, "and remember what I say. If you work hard and prepare to make yourself useful in a few years, I shall let you stay here.

You are only a child, but you are a sharp child, and you learn very quickly. You speak French very well, and in a year or two you can begin to help with the younger pupils. By the time you are fifteen years old you ought to be able to do that."

"I can speak French better than you now," said Sara. "I always spoke it with my father in India."

It was not polite of her to say so, but it was true, because Miss Minchin could not speak French at all, and, indeed, was not at all a clever person. But she thought that she could prepare this clever little child to be very useful to her. Sara would be able to teach the other girls French and Miss Minchin would not have to pay so much to teachers of languages.

"Don't be so rude," said Miss Minchin, "or I shall punish you. You must improve your manners if you expect me to let you live here and feed you. You are not a boarder now. Remember, that if you don't please me, and I send you away, you have no home but the street. You can go now."

Sara turned away.

"Stay!" commanded Miss Minchin. "Don't you intend to thank me?"

Sara turned towards her. Her face again made a quick little motion and she seemed to be trying to control it.

"What for?" she asked.

"For my kindness to you," replied Miss Minchin. "For my kindness in giving you a home."

Sara went two or three steps nearer to her. She was very angry and she spoke in a strange voice.

"You are not kind," he said, "you are not kind." And she turned again and went out of the room, leav-

ing Miss Minchin gazing after her strange, small figure in anger.

The child walked upstairs, holding tightly to her doll. She meant to go to her bedroom, but Miss Amelia met her at the door.

"You are not to go in there," she said. "That is not your room now."

"Where is my room?" asked Sara.

"You are to sleep in the attic next to the cook."

Sara walked on. She mounted two flights more, and reached the door of the attic room, opened it, and went in, shutting it behind her. She stood against the door and looked about her. It was a dirty room; the furniture was old. It had been sent up from the better rooms below. Under the skylight in the roof, through which she could see a piece of dull, grey sky, there was an old red footstool.

Sara went to it and sat down. She seldom cried and she did not cry now. She put her doll Emily on her knees, and put her face down on her and her arms round her, and sat there, her little black head resting on the doll, not saying one word, not making one sound.

From that day her life changed entirely. She had to work very hard. She had no time to learn but had to go where Miss Minchin, Miss Amelia or the cook sent her. She was often kept busy all day and then sent into the school-room with a heap of books to learn her lessons without a teacher, or to practise. Her clothes soon became very old and the other pupils, looking at her strange clothes and her strange ways, soon began to think that she was from another world. The fact was that Miss Minchin's pupils were rather

dull young people, accustomed to be rich and comfortable, and they could not understand Sara.

"She always looks as if she were finding you out," said one girl who was sly and given to making trouble among the others.

"I am," said Sara when she heard of it. "That's what I look at them for. I like to know about people. I think about them afterwards."

She never made trouble among the others herself or mixed in their affairs. She talked very little, did as she was told, and thought very much. Nobody cared whether she was happy or unhappy, unless, perhaps, it was Emily, who lived in the attic and slept in Sara's bed. Sara thought Emily understood her feelings, though she was only a doll. Sara used to talk to her at night.

"You are the only friend I have in the world," Sara used to say to Emily. "Why don't you say something? Why don't you speak? Sometimes I'm sure you could, if you would try. It ought to make you try to know that you are the only thing I have. If I were you I should try. Why don't you try?"

Sara was so much alone that she pretended to believe that Emily understood and felt for her, that she heard her even though she could not say a word in answer. Sara imagined and pretended things until she almost believed them, and she would hardly have been surprised at anything unusual that might have happened. So she thought to herself that Emily understood all about her troubles, and was really her friend.

"I don't answer very often," Sara used to say. "I never answer if I can. When people are saying unpleasant things to you, there is nothing so good for

them as not to say a word — just to look at them and *think*. Miss Minchin turns pale when I do it. Miss Amelia looks frightened, and so do the girls. They know you are stronger than they are, because you are strong enough to hold in your anger, and they are not, and they say stupid things that they wish they had not said afterwards. There's nothing so strong as anger, except that which makes you hold it in — that's stronger. It's a good thing not to answer your enemies. I hardly ever do. Perhaps Emily is more like me than I am like myself. Perhaps she would rather not answer her friends even. She keeps it all in her heart."

But though she tried to satisfy herself in this way, Sara did not find it easy. When, after a long hard day, in which she had been sent here and there through wind and cold and rain in her poor clothes, she came in wet and hungry and tired, Sara did not find Emily all that her sore, proud little heart needed as the doll sat in her old chair and gazed at her.

One night, when she came up to her attic, cold, hungry and tired, Emily's look seemed to be so empty, her legs and arms so limp and wooden, that Sara could not control herself.

"I shall die!" she cried.

Emily gazed at her.

"I can't bear this!" said the poor child. "I know I shall die. I'm cold, I'm wet, I'm starving to death. I've walked a thousand miles to-day, and they have done nothing but blame me from morning till night. And because I could not find the last thing they sent me for they would not give me anything to eat. Some men laughed at me because my shoes are so old, and



Sara hid her face in her hands and wept.

I slipped down in the mud. I'm covered with mud now. And they laughed! Do you hear?"

She looked at the glass eyes and the empty face, and suddenly she became very angry. She lifted her little hand and knocked Emily off the chair, bursting into a storm of weeping.

"You are nothing but a doll!" she cried. "Nothing but a doll — doll — doll! You care for nothing. You have no heart. Nothing could ever make you feel. You are a doll!"

Sara hid her face in her hands and wept. But she was not a girl who wept much, and soon she stopped. She bent and picked up Emily. She was sorry.

"You can't help being a doll," she said, "any more than those girls downstairs can help being stupid. We are not all alike. Perhaps you do your best."

Miss Minchin's pupils were rather dull, and Sara very often made fun of them to herself. But some of them had books, which she had not and she was hungry for something to read. She liked stories, and history and poetry; she would read anything. There was a fat, dull pupil, whose name was Ermengarde St. John, who was a help to her. Ermengarde had a very clever father who often sent her very interesting books. But these books were a cause of great sorrow to his daughter. Sara had once found her crying over a big package of them.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked her.

"My father has sent me some more books," answered Ermengarde weeping, "and he expects me to read them."

"Don't you like reading?" asked Sara.

"I hate it!" replied Ermengarde. "He will ask me

questions when he sees me; he will want to know how much I remember; how would you like to read all these?"

"I should like it better than anything else in the world," answered Sara.

Ermengarde wiped her eyes to look at such a wonder.

"Oh!" she cried.

Sara returned the look with interest. A sudden plan formed itself in her sharp mind.

"Look here!" she cried. "If you will let me read those books, I'll tell you everything that's in them, and I'll tell it to you so that you will remember it. I know I can. The A B C children always remember what I tell them."

"Oh!" cried Ermengarde, "do you think you could?"

"I know I could," answered Sara. "I like to read and I always remember. I'll take care of the books, too; they will look just as new as they do now when I give them back to you."

Ermengarde put her handkerchief in her pocket.

"If you'll do that," she said, "and if you'll make me remember, I'll give you — I'll give you some money."

"I don't want your money," said Sara, "I want your books — I want them." Her eyes grew big and she breathed quickly.

"Take them, then," said Ermengarde! "I wish I wanted them; I am not clever, but my father is and he thinks I ought to be."

Sara took the books and marched off with them. But when she was at the door, she stopped and turned round.

"What are you going to tell your father?" she asked.

"Oh," said Ermengarde, "he need not know; he'll think I've read them."

Sara looked down at the books; her heart really began to beat fast.

"I won't do it," she said rather slowly, "if you are going to tell him lies about it. I don't like lies. Why can't you tell him that I read them and told you about them?"

"But he wants me to read them," replied Ermengarde.

"He wants you to know what's in them," said Sara; "and if I can tell it to you in an easy way and make you remember, I think he would like that."

"He would like it better if I read them myself," answered Ermengarde.

"He will like it if you learn anything in any way," said Sara. "I should, if I were your father."

Although this was not a very nice way of saying it, Ermengarde had to admit that it was true, and, after a little more argument, agreed. So after that she would give her books to Sara, and Sara would read them and she would tell Ermengarde about them in such an interesting way that Ermengarde learnt more from Sara than she would have learnt from the books.

"It sounds nicer than it seems in the book," she would say. "You make it all seem like a story."

"It is a story," Sara would answer. "They are all stories. Everything is a story — everything in this world. You are a story — I am a story — Miss Minchin is a story. You can make a story out of anything."

"I can't," said Ermengarde.

Sara looked at her for a minute.

"No," she said at last. "I think you can't. You are a little like Emily."

"Who is Emily?" asked Ermengarde.

"Emily is — a person — I know," replied Sara.

"Do you like her?" asked Ermengarde.

"Yes, I do," said Sara.

Ermengarde looked at Sara again. She did look strange in her odd clothes. Ermengarde wondered how she could speak French and German so well and tell you things so that they did not make you tired. One had to feel interested in her, especially one to whom the simplest lesson was a trouble.

"Do you like me?" said Ermengarde at last, after she had looked at Sara for a long time.

Sara did not answer at once; then she said:

"I like you because you are not ill-natured — I like you for letting me read your books — I like you because you do not make fun of me for what I can't help. It's not your fault that —"

She stopped quickly. She had been going to say, "that you are stupid."

"That what?" asked Ermengarde.

"That you can't learn things quickly. If you can't, you can't. If I can, why, I can — that's all." She paused a minute, looking at the round face before her, and then rather slowly one of her wise thoughts came to her.

"Perhaps," she said, "to be able to learn things quickly isn't everything. To be kind is worth a good deal to other people. If Miss Minchin knew everything on earth, which she doesn't, and if she was like what she is now, she would still be an unpleasant woman,

and everybody would hate her. Lots of clever people have done harm and been wicked —" and she began to think of what she had read in one of Ermengarde's books.

She stopped and looked at Ermengarde's face.

"Do you remember that book about the French?" she demanded. "I'm sure you've forgotten."

"Well, I don't remember all of it," said Ermen-garde.

"Then I'll tell it to you again," said Sara and began.

She made it so interesting and told Ermengarde such stories that the latter was afraid to go to bed that night.

Everything was a story to Sara, and the more books she read, the fuller her head became of stories. One of the things she liked best to do was to sit in her attic or walk about it and "suppose" things. Sometimes, on a cold night when she was hungry, she would draw the red footstool up before the empty fireplace and suppose there was a great red fire there, and nice things to eat for her and Emily and a big, soft, warm bed for them. At other times she would suppose she was a princess and that if she liked she could wave her hand and her servants would cut Miss Minchin's head off. This used to please her more than anything else. Sometimes she would go about the house with such thoughts in her head and then she would look very strange.

Once when such thoughts were passing through her head, Miss Minchin became so angry with her that she boxed Sara's ears.

Sara awoke from her dream, started a little, and then laughed.

"What are you laughing at, you bold child?" demanded Miss Minchin.

It took Sara a few seconds to remember that she was a princess. Her cheeks were red and paining from the blows she had received.

"I was thinking," she said.

"Beg my pardon immediately," said Miss Minchin.

"I will beg your pardon for laughing, if it was rude," said Sara, "but I won't beg your pardon for thinking."

"What were you thinking?" demanded Miss Minchin. "How dare you think? What were you thinking?"

This happened in the schoolroom and all the girls looked up from their books to listen. It always interested them when Miss Minchin was angry with Sara, because Sara always said something strange, and never seemed frightened. She was not frightened now, though her ears were red and her eyes were as bright as stars.

"I was thinking," she answered, quite politely, "that you did not know what you were doing."

"That I did not know what I was doing!" gasped Miss Minchin.

"Yes," said Sara, "and I was thinking what would happen if I were a princess and you boxed my ears — what I should do to you. And I was thinking that if I were one, you would never dare to do it, whatever I said or did. And I was thinking how surprised and frightened you would be if you suddenly found out—"

She had the picture so clearly before her eyes and she spoke in a manner which had an effect even on Miss

Minchin. It almost seemed to her narrow mind that there must be some real power behind this daring child.

"What?" she cried; "found out what?"

"That I really was a princess," said Sara, "and could do anything — anything I liked."

"Go to your room," cried Miss Minchin, "this moment. Leave the schoolroom. Attend to your lessons, young ladies."

Sara made a little bow.

"Excuse me for laughing," she said and walked out of the room, leaving Miss Minchin white with anger and the girls whispering over their books.

PART II.

That same afternoon Sara had a chance of proving to herself whether she really was a princess or not. It was a terrible afternoon. For several days it had been raining without a stop and the streets were cold and wet; there was mud everywhere — sticky London mud — and over everything a cover of fog. Of course there was plenty to do — there always was on days like this — and Sara was sent out again and again, until her old clothes were wet through. Her shoes were so wet that they could not hold any more water. Added to this, Miss Minchin had given her no dinner because she wanted to punish Sara. The little girl was very hungry. She was so cold and hungry and tired that her little face looked quite thin, and now and then some kind person passing her in the street looked at her with sympathy. But she did not know that. She hurried on, trying to comfort herself by supposing that she had dry clothes on. "Suppose I had good shoes, and a long, thick coat, and warm stockings and an umbrella. And suppose — suppose, just when I was near a baker's where they sold hot buns, I should find a sixpence which belonged to nobody. Suppose, if I did, I should go into the shop and buy six of the hottest buns and should eat them all without stopping."

Some very odd things happen in this world sometimes. It was certainly an odd thing that happened to Sara. She had to cross the street just as she was saying this to herself. She picked her way as care-

fully as she could through the mud, but she could not save herself much; only, in picking her way she had to look down at her feet and the mud, and in looking down — just as she reached the pavement — she saw something shining. A piece of silver — a tiny piece walked upon by many feet but still shining a little. It was not quite a sixpence, but something almost as good — a four-penny piece. In one second it was in her cold, little red and blue hand.

“Oh!” she cried, “it’s true!”

And then, if you will believe me, she looked straight before her at the shop in front of her. And it was a baker’s, and a cheerful, fat, motherly woman, with red cheeks, was just putting into the window a large plate of lovely, hot buns — large, fat, shiny buns, with currants in them.

It almost made Sara feel faint for a few seconds — the sight of the buns and the delightful smell of warm bread coming through the baker’s cellar window.

She knew that she need not think twice about using the little piece of money. It had been lying in the mud for some time and the person to whom it belonged was quite lost in the stream of passing people who moved to and fro on the street the whole day.

“But I’ll go and ask the baker’s woman if she has lost a piece of money,” she said to herself.

So she crossed the pavement and put her wet foot on the step of the shop; and as she did so she saw something which made her stop.

It was a little figure much sadder than her own — a little figure which was dressed in rags from which small, bare, red and muddy feet peeped out because the rags were not long enough to cover them. Above the

rag was a nest of neglected hair and a dirty face with big, hungry eyes.

Sara knew they were hungry eyes the moment she saw them and she felt sorry.

"This girl," she said to herself, "is hungrier than I am."

The child looked up at Sara and moved aside a little so as to give her more room. She was used to make room for everybody. She knew that if a policeman saw her he would tell her to move on.

Sara held her four-penny piece tightly and thought a few seconds. Then she spoke to the little girl.

"Are you hungry?" she asked.

The child shook herself and her rag a little.

"Of course I am," she said in a whisper, "of course I am."

"Haven't you had any dinner?" asked Sara.

"No dinner," came the whisper, "nor any breakfast, nor any supper — nothing at all."

"Since when?" asked Sara.

"Don't know. Got nothing to-day. I've asked and asked."

Just to look at her made Sara more hungry and faint. But her mind was working and she was talking to herself as if she was sick at heart.

"If I'm a princess —" she said, "if I'm a princess —! When princesses are driven from their homes they always share with anybody poorer and hungrier. They always share. Buns are a penny each. If it had been sixpence! I could have eaten six. It won't be enough for either of us — but it will be better than nothing."

"Wait a minute," she said to the beggar-child.

She went into the shop. It was warm and there was a very pleasant smell. The woman was just going to put more buns in the window.

"If you please," said Sara, "have you lost fourpence — a silver fourpence? And she held out the little piece of money to her.

The woman looked at it and at her — at her poor pale face and her old clothes.

"No," she answered. "Did you find it?"

"Yes," replied Sara.

"Keep it, then," said the woman. "It may have been there a week. Nobody knows who lost it. You could never find out."

"I know that," answered Sara, "but I thought I would ask you."

"Not many would," answered the woman, looking interested and good-natured all at once. "Do you want to buy something?" she added as she saw Sara look at the buns.

"Four buns, if you please," said Sara; "those at a penny each."

The woman went to the window and put some in a paper bag. Sara noticed that she put in six.

"I said four, if you please," said Sara. "I have only fourpence."

"I'll throw in two more," said the woman with her good-natured look. "I suppose you can eat them. Aren't you hungry?"

"Yes," she answered, "I'm very hungry, and I am much obliged to you for your kindness." She was going to add that there was a child outside much hungrier than she was, but at that moment two or three



Sara opened the paper bag and took out one of the hot buns.

people came in together and each one seemed in a hurry, so she could only thank the woman again and go out.

The child was still curled up on the corner of the steps. She looked terrible in her wet and dirty rags. She was gazing straight before her with a look of suffering on her dirty face. Sara saw her suddenly draw the back of her hand across her eyes to rub away the tears which were forcing their way from under her eyelids. She was speaking to herself in a low tone.

Sara opened the paper bag and took out one of the hot buns, which had already warmed her cold hands a little.

"See," she said, putting the bun in the child's hand, "that is nice and hot. Eat it and you will not be so hungry."

The child started and gazed up at her; then she seized the bun quickly and began to stuff it into her mouth in great pieces.

"Oh! Oh!" Sara heard her say in wild delight.

Sara took out three more buns and put them down.

"She is hungrier than I am," she said to herself. "She's starving." But her hand trembled when she put down the fourth bun. "I'm not starving," she said — and she put down the fifth.

The little starving London savage was still eating like a wolf when Sara went away. The little girl was too hungry to give thanks, even if she had learnt to be polite — which she had not. She was only a poor little wild animal.

"Good-bye," said Sara.

When Sara reached the other side of the street she looked back. The child had a bun in each hand, and had stopped in the middle of her eating to watch her.

Sara gave her a little nod, and the child after another look — a strange look — shook her head in answer, and until Sara was out of sight she did not take another bite nor even finish the one she had begun.

At that moment the baker-woman looked out of her shop-window.

"Well!" she cried, "if that young girl hasn't given her buns to a beggar-child. It wasn't because she didn't want them herself — she looked hungry enough. I would give something to know why she did it." She stood before her window for a few moments and thought. Then she went to the door and spoke to the beggar-child.

"Who gave you these buns?" she asked her.

The child nodded her head towards Sara's disappearing figure.

"What did she say?" continued the woman.

"Asked me if I was hungry," said the girl in her whispering voice.

"What did you say?"

"Said I was!"

"And then she came in and got buns and came out and gave them to you, did she?"

The child nodded.

"How many?"

"Five."

The woman thought it over. "Left just one for herself," she said in a low voice. "And she could have eaten the whole six — I saw it in her eyes."

She looked after the little figure fast disappearing, and felt more troubled in her usually comfortable mind than she had felt for many a day.

"I wish she hadn't gone so quickly," she said. "I would have given her a dozen buns."

Then she turned to the child.

"Are you hungry still?" she asked.

"I'm always hungry," was the answer; "but it isn't so bad as it was."

"Come in here," said the woman, and she held open the shop-door.

The child got up and walked in. To be asked to come into a warm place seemed to be something more than she could believe. She did not know what was going to happen; she did not even care.

"Make yourself warm," said the woman, pointing to a fire in a tiny room at the back. "And look here — when you haven't a piece of bread, you can come here and ask for it. I'll give it you for the sake of that young girl."

* * *

Sara found some comfort in her last bun. It was hot; it was a great deal better than nothing. She broke off small pieces and ate them slowly to make the bun last longer.

It was dark when she reached the square where Miss Minchin's Seminary was; the lamps were lit, and in most of the windows the glow of light was to be seen. She liked to imagine things about the people who sat before the fires in houses, or who bent over books at the tables. There was, for example, the Large Family opposite. She called these people the Large Family — not because they were large, for indeed most of them were little, but because there were so many of them. There were eight children in the Large

Family, and a stout, rosy mother, and a stout, rosy father, and a stout, rosy grandmother, and many servants. The children were always going out to walk with their nurses, or going out to drive with their mother, or they were flying to the door in the evening to kiss their father and dance round him and pull off his overcoat and look for packages in its pockets; or they were standing at the windows of their rooms and looking out and pushing one another and laughing — in fact, they were always doing something which they enjoyed. Sara liked then very much and had given them all names out of books.

Next door to the Large Family lived the Maiden Lady, who had a companion and two parrots and a dog; but Sara was not fond of her because she did nothing but talk to the parrots and drive out with the dog. The most interesting person of all lived next door to Miss Minchin herself. Sara called him the Gentleman from India. He was a rather old man. People said he had lived in India and was very, very rich, and rather ill. He was very yellow and he did not look happy; when he went out in his carriage he was dressed in many overcoats as if he were cold. He had an Indian servant who looked even colder than himself, and he had a monkey which looked colder than the servant. Sara had seen the monkey sitting on a table in the sun, and he always had such a sad look on his face that she felt very sorry for him.

"I suppose," she used sometimes to say to herself, "he is thinking all the time of cocoa-nut trees and of swinging by his tail under a hot sun. He might have had a family, too, poor thing!"

The Indian servant, whom she called the lascar,

looked sad too, but he seemed to be very faithful to his master.

"Perhaps he saved his master's life in India," she thought. "They look as if they might have had all kinds of adventures. I wish I could speak to the lascar. I remember a little Hindustani."

One day she really did speak to him and his start at the sound of his own language showed a great deal of surprise and delight. He was waiting for his master to come out to the carriage, and Sara, who was going out to do something as usual, stopped and spoke a few words. She had a gift for languages and had remembered enough Hindustani to make him understand. When his master came out, the lascar spoke to him quickly, and the Gentleman from India turned and looked at her, and afterwards the lascar always greeted her with deep bows. Sometimes he and Sara spoke a little. She learned that it was true his master was very rich — that he was ill — and also that he had no wife or children, and that England did not agree with the monkey.

"He must be just as much alone as I am," thought Sara. "Being rich does not seem to make him happy."

That evening as she passed the window, the lascar was closing the shutters and she glanced into the room inside. There was a bright fire glowing and the Gentleman from India was sitting before it in a comfortable chair. The room was richly furnished and looked very, very comfortable, but the Indian Gentleman was sitting with his head resting on his hand and looked as unhappy as ever.

"Poor man!" said Sara to herself. "I wonder what you are thinking?"

When she went into the house she met Miss Minchin in the hall.

"Where have you wasted your time?" asked Miss Minchin. "You have been out for hours!"

"It was so wet and muddy," Sara answered. "It was so hard to walk because my shoes are so bad and slipped about so."

"Make no excuses," said Miss Minchin, "and tell no lies."

Sara went downstairs to the kitchen.

"Why didn't you stay away all night?" asked the cook.

"Here are the things," said Sara, and put what she had bought on the table.

The cook looked over them angrily. She was in a very bad temper indeed.

"May I have something to eat?" Sara asked, rather faintly.

"Tea's over and finished," was the answer. "Did you expect me to keep it hot for you?"

Sara was silent a second.

"I had no dinner," she said, and her voice was quite low. She made it low, because she was afraid it would tremble.

"There's some bread," said the cook. "That's all you'll get at this time of day."

Sara went and found the bread. It was old, and hard, and dry. The cook was in too bad a temper to give her anything to eat with it. Miss Minchin had just spoken sharply to her and she found it easy to work off her bad temper on Sara.

Really, it was hard for the child to climb the three long flights of stairs up to her attic. To-night it

seemed as if she would never reach the top. Several times she had to stop and rest.

"I can't pretend anything more to-night," she said to herself. "I'm sure I can't. I'll eat my bread and drink some water and then go to sleep, and perhaps a dream will come and pretend for me. I wonder what dreams are!"

Yes, when she reached the top there were tears in her eyes and she did not feel like a princess — only like a tired, hungry, lonely, little child.

"If my father had lived it would not have been like this. If he had lived, he would have taken care of me."

Then she turned the handle and opened the door.

Can you imagine it — can you believe it? I find it hard to believe it myself. And Sara did not find it possible. For the first few moments she thought something strange had happened to her eyes — to her mind — that the dream had come before she had had time to fall asleep.

"Oh!" she cried, "Oh, it isn't true! I know, I know it isn't true." And she slipped into the room and closed the door and locked it, and stood with her back against it, gazing straight before her.

In the fire-place which had been empty and cold when she had left it, there was a blazing fire. There was a little brass kettle on the side, hissing and boiling; upon the floor was a warm, thick rug; before the fire was a comfortable chair; by the chair was a small table, covered with a white cloth, and upon it were small covered dishes, a cup and saucer and a tea-pot; on the bed were new, warm coverings, a silk robe, and some books. The little cold room seemed

changed into Fairyland. It was really warm and glowing.

"It can't be true!" cried Sara again. "I only think I see it all; but if I keep on thinking it, I don't care — I don't care if I can only keep it up!"

She was afraid to move, for fear it would disappear. She stood with her back against the door and looked and looked. But soon she began to feel warm, and then she moved forward.

"A fire that I only *thought* I saw surely wouldn't *feel* warm," she said "It feels real — real."

She went to it and fell on her knees. She touched the chair, the table; she lifted the cover of one of the dishes. There was something hot and nice in it — something delightful. The tea-pot had tea in it, ready for the boiling water from the little kettle. One plate had bread on it, another some butter.

"It is real," said Sara. "The fire is real enough to warm me. I can sit in the chair; the things are real enough to eat."

It was like a fairy story come true. She went to the bed and touched the coverings and the silk robe. They were real too. She opened one book and found written on the first page in a strange hand, "To the little girl in the attic."

Suddenly — was it a strange thing for her to do — Sara put her face down on the robe and burst into tears.

"I don't know who it is," she said, "but somebody cares about me a little — somebody is my friend."

That thought warmed her more than the fire. She had never had a friend since those happy days when she had had everything; and those days had seemed



The delightful comfort of putting on the soft, warm robe.

such a long way off — so far away as to be only dreams — during those long years at Miss Minchin's.

She really cried more at this strange thought of having a friend — even though an unknown one — than she had cried over many of her worst troubles.

But these tears seemed different from the others, for when she had wiped them away they did not seem to leave her eyes and her heart so hot and full of pain.

And then imagine, if you can, what the rest of the evening was like. The delightful comfort of taking off the wet clothes and putting on the soft, warm robe before the fire — of putting her cold feet into the warm little slippers she found near her chair. And then the hot tea and the tasty dishes, the comfortable chair and the books!

It was just like Sara, that, once having found the things real, she should enjoy them to the very utmost. She had imagined so many things, and had found her pleasure in things that were not real for so long that she was able to accept any wonderful thing that happened. After she was quite warm and had eaten her supper and enjoyed herself for an hour or so, it almost ceased to be surprising to her. She knew she could not find out who had done all this for her. She did not know anybody by whom it might have been done.

"There is nobody," she said, "nobody." She talked about it to Emily, of course, but more because it was pleasant to talk about it than because she wanted to make discoveries.

"But we have a friend, Emily," she said, "we have a friend."

PART III.

Sara could not even imagine a person grand enough to fill her idea of her secret friend. If she tried to make in her mind a picture of him or her, it ended by being something shining and strange — not like a real person at all, but something like an eastern person with long robes. And when she fell asleep, beneath the soft, white covering she dreamed all night of this splendid person, and talked to him in Hindustani, and made deep bows to him.

But of one thing she was quite sure. She would not speak to any one of her good fortune — it should be her own secret; in fact, she thought that if Miss Minchin knew, she would take all her nice things away from her or in some way spoil her pleasure. So when she went down the next morning she shut her door very tight, and did her best to look as if nothing unusual had happened. And yet this was rather hard, because she could not help remembering every now and then with a start, and her heart would beat quickly every time she said to herself, "I have a friend!"

It was a friend who meant to keep on being kind, for when she went to her attic the next night — and she opened the door it must be admitted with a wildly beating heart — she found that the same hands had been again at work and had done even more than before. The fire and the supper were again there, and beside them a number of other things which so changed the look of the attic that Sara quite lost her breath.

A piece of bright, strange, heavy cloth covered the mantel and on it some pretty things had been placed. All the bare, ugly things which could be covered had been hidden and made to look quite pretty. Some odd materials in rich colours had been fixed to the walls. Some brightly coloured fans had also been placed on the walls, and there were several large, soft cushions. A long old wooden box was covered with a rug, and some cushions lay on it, so that it looked quite like a sofa.

She just sat down and looked and looked again.

"It's just like something fairy come true," she said, "there isn't the smallest difference. I feel as if I might wish for anything — diamonds and bags of gold — and they would appear. That couldn't be any stranger than this. Is this my attic? Am I the same, cold, wet Sara? And to think how I used to pretend, and pretend, and wish there were fairies! The one thing I always wanted was to see a fairy story come true. I am living in a fairy story. I feel as if I might be a fairy myself, and be able to turn things into anything else!"

It was like a fairy story, and, what was best of all, it continued. Almost every day something new was done to the attic. Some new comfort appeared in it when Sara opened her door at night, until really, in a short time, it was a bright little room, full of all sorts of odd and comfortable things. And the unknown friend had taken care that the child should not be hungry, and that she should have as many books as she could read. When she left her room in the morning, what was left of the supper was on the table, and when she returned in the evening, her friend had

taken it all away and left another nice little meal. Downstairs Miss Minchin was as cruel as ever, Miss Amelia was as ill-tempered, and the servants were as bad as ever. Sara was sent out and blamed and driven here and there, but in some way it seemed as if she could bear it all. The delightful feeling of romance lifted her above the cook's bad temper. The comfort she enjoyed and could always expect was making her stronger. If she came home wet and tired, she knew she would soon be warm after she had climbed the stairs. In a few weeks she began to look less thin. A little colour came into her cheeks, and her eyes did not seem much too big for her face.

It was just when this was beginning to be so clear that Miss Minchin sometimes gazed at her with a question in her eyes, that another wonderful thing happened. A man came to the door and left several packages. All were addressed in large letters to "The little girl in the attic." Sara herself was sent to open the door and she took them in. She laid the two largest packages down on the hall table, and was looking at the address, when Miss Minchin came downstairs.

"Take the things upstairs to the young lady to whom they belong," she said. "Don't stand there gazing at them."

"They belong to me," answered Sara quietly.

"To you!" cried Miss Minchin. "What do you mean?"

"I don't know where they came from," replied Sara, "but they're addressed to me."

Miss Minchin came to her side and looked at them with wondering eyes.

"What's in them?" she asked.

"I don't know," said Sara.

"Open them!" she demanded still more eagerly.

Sara did as she was told. They contained pretty and comfortable clothes of different kinds — shoes and stockings and gloves, a warm coat and even an umbrella. On the pocket of the coat was fixed a paper on which was written: "To be worn every day — others will take its place when necessary."

Miss Minchin was very troubled at this. It made her think strange things. Was it possible that she had made a mistake after all, and that the child, so neglected and toward whom she had acted so badly, had some strong friend behind her? It would not be pleasant if there should be such a friend, and he or she should learn all the truth about the thin, old clothes, the food which was hardly enough, the hard work. She felt very bad indeed and not sure of herself, and she looked at Sara quietly from the corners of her eyes.

"Well," she said in a voice such as she had never used since the day the child lost her father, "well, someone is very kind to you. As you have the things and are to have new ones when they have become old, you may as well go and put them on; and after you are dressed, you may come downstairs and learn your lessons in the schoolroom."

So it happened that about half an hour afterwards Sara filled the entire schoolroom of pupils with amazement by making her appearance in a costume such as she had never worn since her change of fortune after her father died. She hardly seemed to be the same Sara. She was nicely dressed in a pretty dress, and even her stockings and shoes were beautiful.

"Perhaps some one has left her a fortune," whispered one of the girls. "I always thought something would happen to her. She is so odd."

That night when Sara went to her room, she carried out a plan which she had been making for some time. She wrote a little letter to her unknown friend. It ran as follows:

"I hope you will not think it not polite that I should write this letter to you when you wish to keep yourself a secret, but I do not mean to be rude, or try to find out, only I want to thank you for being so kind to me — so beautifully kind and making everything like a fairy story. I am so thankful to you, and I am so happy! I used to be so lonely and cold and hungry, and now, oh, just think what you have done for me! Please let me say just these words. It seems as if I ought to say them. Thank you — thank you — thank you! THE LITTLE GIRL IN THE ATTIC."

The next morning she left this on the little table, and it was taken away with the other things; so she was sure the unknown friend had received it, and she was happier for the thought.

A few nights afterwards a very odd thing happened. She found something in her room which she certainly never expected. When she came in as usual, she saw something small and dark in her chair — an odd, tiny figure, which turned toward her a little strange-looking face.

"Why, it's the monkey," she cried. "It's the Indian Gentleman's monkey! Where can he have come from?"

It was the monkey, sitting up and looking so like

a little child that it really was quite sad to see it; and very soon Sara found out how he happened to be in her room. The skylight was open, and it was easy to guess that he had crept out of his master's attic window, which was only a few feet away, and quite easy to get in and out of, even for a climber not so good as a monkey. He had probably crept out of his attic on a tour, and, getting out upon the roof and seeing the light in Sara's window, had crept in. Well, there he was, and when Sara went to him, he put out his odd little hands, caught her dress and jumped into her arms.

"Oh, you poor, ugly, strange, little thing!" said Sara. "I can't help liking you; you have such a lost look in your face. Perhaps you are sorry you are so ugly, and it's always on your mind. I wonder if you have a mind?"

The monkey sat and looked at her while she talked, and seemed much interested in what she said if one could judge by his eyes and his forehead, and the way he moved his head up and down and held it and scratched it with his little hand. Upon the whole, he seemed pleased with Sara.

"But I must take you back," she said to him, "though I'm sorry to have to do it." She lifted him from her shoulder, put him on her knee and gave him a bit of cake. He ate it with great pleasure. "But I must take you home," she said and took him in her arms to carry him downstairs. Nobody saw her on her way out, and soon she was standing on the Indian Gentleman's front steps and the lascar had opened the door for her.

"I found your monkey in my room," she said in

Hindustani. "I think he got in through the window."

The man began to thank her, but just as he was in the middle of his thanks, a voice was heard through the open door of the nearest room. The moment he heard it the lascar disappeared and left Sara holding the monkey.

It was not many moments, however, before he came back. His master had told him to bring Sara into the library. His master was very ill but he wished to see the little girl.

Sara thought this odd, but she had read stories of gentlemen from India who were very cross and liked to have everything as they wished. So she followed the lascar.

When she entered the room, the Indian Gentleman was lying on a long chair with many cushions under him. He looked very ill. His yellow face was thin and his eyes had sunk into his head. He gave Sara a strange look — as if he felt some great interest in her.

"You live next door?" he said.

"Yes," answered Sara, "I live at Miss Minchin's."

"She keeps a boarding-school?"

"Yes," said Sara.

"And you are one of her pupils?"

Sara did not know what to say for a moment.

"I don't know really what I am," she replied.

"Why not?" asked the Indian Gentleman.

"At first," she said, "I was a pupil and a boarder; but now —"

"What do you mean by 'at first'?" asked the Indian Gentleman.

"When I was first taken there by my father."

"Well, what has happened since then?" said the sick man, looking at her as if he did not quite understand.

"My father died," said Sara. "He lost all his money, and there was none left for me — and there was no one to take care of me or pay Miss Minchin, so —"

"So you were sent up into the attic, and neglected, and made into a half-starved little slave!" said the Indian Gentleman. "That's about it, isn't it?"

Sara's cheeks became red.

"There was no one to take care of me, and no money," she said. "I belong to nobody."

"What did your father mean by losing his money?" said the gentleman.

The red in Sara's cheeks grew deeper, and she fixed her odd eyes on the yellow face.

"He did not lose it himself," she said. "He had a friend he liked very much, and it was his friend who took his money. I don't know how. I don't understand. He trusted his friend too much."

She saw the man start — the strangest start — as if he had been suddenly frightened. Then he spoke very quickly.

"That's an old story," he said. "It happens every day, but sometimes those who are blamed — those who do the wrong — don't mean it and are not so bad. It may happen through a mistake; they may not be so bad."

"No," said Sara, "but the suffering is just as bad for the others. It killed my father."

The Indian Gentleman pushed aside some of the bright coverings he had on his legs.

"Come a little nearer, and let me look at you," he said.

His voice sounded very strange; it sounded louder than before. Sara had an odd idea that he was afraid to look at her. She came and stood nearer, the monkey still holding tight to her and watching the lascar over her shoulder.

The Indian Gentleman's restless eyes fixed themselves on her.

"Yes," he said at last. "Yes; I can see it. Tell me your father's name."

"His name was Ralph Crewe," said Sara. "Captain Crewe. Perhaps," — a sudden thought came quickly into her mind — "perhaps you may have heard of him? He died in India."

The Indian Gentleman fell back upon his cushions. He looked very weak, and seemed to have lost his breath.

"Yes," he said, "I knew him. I was his friend. I meant no harm. If he had only lived he would have known. It turned out well after all. He was a fine young man. I was fond of him. I will make it right. Call — call the man."

Sara thought he was going to die. The lascar stood by his master's side in a moment. He seemed to know what to do. He lifted the gentleman's head and gave him something to drink from a small glass. The Indian Gentleman lay breathing hard for a few moments, and then he spoke in a very tired voice to the lascar in Hindustani.

"Go for Carmichael," he said. "Tell him to come here at once. Tell him I have found the child."

When Mr. Carmichael arrived — it turned out that

he was no other than the father of the Large Family across the street, — Sara went home, taking the monkey with her. She did not sleep very much that night. Her thoughts kept her awake. She wondered what the Indian Gentleman meant when he said, "Tell him I have found the child." "What child?" Sara kept asking herself. "I was the only child there; but how had he found me, and why did he want to find me? And what is he going to do, now that he has found me? Is it something about my father? Do I belong to somebody? Is he one of my relatives? Is something going to happen?"

But she found out the very next day in the morning, and it seemed that she had been living in a story even more than she imagined. First Mr. Carmichael came and saw Miss Minchin. And it appeared that he was not only the father of the Large Family but was also a lawyer and looked after the business of Mr. Carrisford — which was the Indian Gentleman's name. As Mr. Carrisford's lawyer, Mr. Carmichael had come to explain something strange to Miss Minchin. But, as the father of a large family, he had a very kind and loving feeling for children, and so, after seeing Miss Minchin alone, what did he do but go and bring across the square his motherly, rosy, warm-hearted wife, so that she herself might talk to the lonely little girl and tell her everything in the best and most motherly way.

Then Sara learned that a great change had come in her fortunes, for all the lost money had come back, and a great deal had even been added to it. It was Mr. Carrisford who had been her father's friend and who had caused what seemed to be the loss of his money.

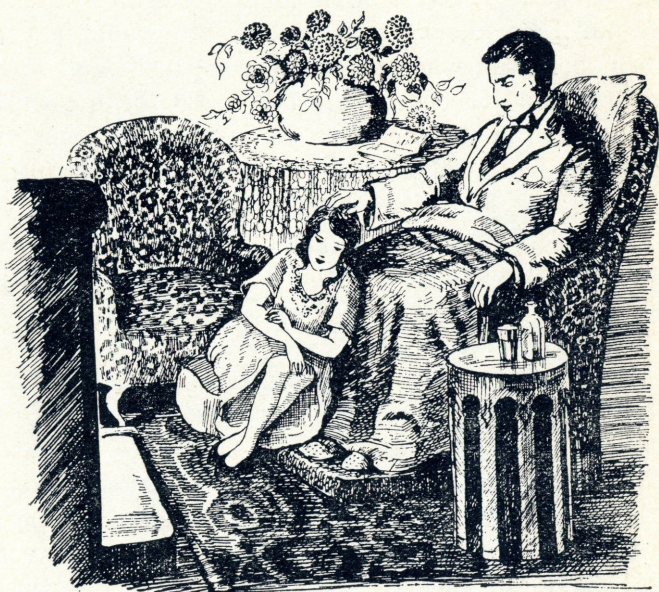
But it so happened that after poor young Captain Crewe's death, business had become better and proved to be so good that the Captain's money had become more than double what it was. But Mr. Carrisford had been very unhappy. He had truly loved his poor, handsome, young friend, and the thought that he had caused his death had always troubled him and broken both his health and spirit. The worst of it had been that, when he first thought that he had lost both his and Captain Crewe's money, he had gone away because he was not brave enough to tell the young man, and so he had not even known where the young soldier's little girl had been placed. When he wanted to find her and pay the money back, he could discover nothing about her and he felt worse than ever. When he had taken the house next to Miss Minchin's he had been so ill that he had for some time given up looking for Sara. His troubles and the climate of India had brought him almost to death's door — indeed, he had not expected to live for more than a few months. Then one day the lascar had told him about Sara's speaking Hindustani, and little by little he had begun to take a sort of interest in the child, though he had only seen her once or twice; he had not connected her with the child of his friend, perhaps because he was too weak to think much about anything. But the lascar had found out something about Sara's unhappy life and about the attic. One evening he had really crept out of his attic window and looked into hers, which was very easy for him to do, because, as I have said, it was only on few feet away — and he told his master what he had seen, and in a moment of pity the Indian Gentleman had told him to take into the little

room such comforts as he could carry from one window to the other. And the lascar had been pleased with the work and had made his evening journeys across the few feet of roof, from attic window to attic window, without any trouble at all. He had watched Sara until he knew exactly when she would not be in her room and when she came back to it, and so he had been able to choose the best time for his work. His pleasure in what he was doing and his reports to his master had awakened the sick man's interest in the little girl. It had given him, something to think of, which made him almost forget his pain. And at last, when Sara brought home the monkey, he had felt a wish to see her, and then her likeness to her father had done the rest.

"And now, my dear," said good Mrs. Carmichael, "all your troubles are over, I am sure, and you are to come home with me, and I shall look after you as if you were one of my own girls; and we are so pleased to think that you will stay with us until everything is settled, and Mr. Carrisford is better. He was very weak last night, but we really think he will get well, now that all the trouble has been taken from his mind. And when he is stronger, I am sure he will be as kind to you as your own father would have been. He has a very kind heart and he is fond of children — and he has no family at all. But we must make you happy and rosy, and you must learn to play and run about, as my little girls do —"

"As your little girls do?" said Sara. "I wonder if I could. I used to watch them and wonder what it was like. Shall I feel as if I belonged to somebody?"

"Ah, my love, yes! — yes!" answered Mrs. Car-



They sat by the fire together.

michael; "dear me, yes!" And her motherly eyes grew quite wet, and she suddenly took Sara in her arms and kissed her. That very night, before she went to sleep, Sara had made friends with all the Large Family and they had a very pleasant time together. The girls wished to be with her all the time, and the little boys wished to be told about India; the second baby, with the short round legs, just sat and gazed at her and the monkey.

"I shall certainly wake up in a little while," Sara kept saying to herself. "This one must be a dream. The other one turned out to be real; but this couldn't be. But, oh! how happy I am!"

And even when she went to bed, in the bright, pretty room not far from Mrs. Carmichael's own, and Mrs. Carmichael came and kissed her and put the coverings round her, she was not sure that she would not wake up in the attic in the morning.

Mr. Carrisford did not die but got well, and Sara went to live with him; and no real princess could have had a better life than she had. It seemed that the Indian Gentleman could not do enough to make her happy and to pay her back for the trouble she had had, and the lascar was her slave. As her odd little face grew brigther, it grew so pretty that Mr. Carrisford used to sit and watch it many an evening, as they sat by the fire together.

They became great friends, and they used to spend hours reading and talking together; and in a very short time there was no pleasanter sight to him than Sara sitting in her big chair on the opposite side of the fire, with a book on her knee, and her soft dark

hair falling over her cheeks. She had a pretty way of looking up at him suddenly, with a bright smile, and then he would often say to her:

"Are you happy, Sara?"

And then she would answer:

"I feel like a real princess, Uncle Tom."

He had told her to call him Uncle Tom.

"There doesn't seem to be anything left to 'suppose'," she added.

The children of the Large Family were always coming to see Sara and the lascar and the monkey. Sara was as fond of them as they were of her. She soon felt as if she were one of the family and the companionship of the healthy, happy children was very good for her. They all thought her the cleverest of people, especially after they found out that she not only knew stories of every kind, and could make new ones at any moment, but that she could help with lessons, and speak French and German, and talk with the lascar in Hindustani.

It was rather unpleasant for Miss Minchin to see Sara doing so well and to feel that she had made a very bad mistake in acting toward Sara as she had done. She had even tried to make matters better by asking Sara to continue coming to her school.

"I have always been very fond of you," she said.

Then Sara fixed her eyes upon her and gave her one of her odd looks.

"Have you?" she answered.

"Yes," said Miss Minchin. "Amelia and I have always said that you were the cleverest child we had with us, and I am sure we could make you happy."

Sara thought of the attic and the day her ears were boxed, and of that other day, that dreadful day when Miss Minchin had told her she belonged to nobody, and she kept her eyes fixed on Miss Minchin's face.

"You know why I would not stay with you," she said.

And it seems that Miss Minchin did, for after that simple answer she did not say anything. She only sent in a bill for teaching and feeding Sara, and she made it large enough. And because Mr. Carrisford thought Sara would like to pay it, he paid.

She had been a month with Mr. Carrisford when he saw one evening that she sat a long time with her cheek on her hand looking at the fire.

"What are you thinking of, Sara?" he asked.

"I was remembering that hungry day and a child I saw," she answered.

"But there were great many hungry days," said the Indian Gentleman, with a rather sad tone in his voice. "Which hungry day was it?"

"I forgot you didn't know," said Sara; "it was the day I found the things in my attic."

And then she told him the story of the buns and the four-pence, and the child who was hungrier than herself.

"I was supposing a kind of plan," said Sara when she had finished; "I was thinking I would like to do something."

"What is it?" he asked in a low tone. "You may do anything you like to do."

"I was wondering," said Sara. "You know, you



say I have a great deal of money, and I was wondering if I could go and see the baker-woman and tell her that if, when hungry children come and sit on the steps or look in at the window, she would just call them in and give them something to eat, she might send the bills to me and I would pay them. Could I do that?"

"You shall do it to-morrow morning," said he.

"Thank you," said Sara; "you see, I know what it is to be hungry, and it is very hard when one can't even pretend it away."

The next morning a carriage stopped before the door of the baker's shop, and a gentleman and a little girl got out, oddly enough, just as the baker-woman was putting a plate of hot buns into the window. When Sara entered the shop, the woman came forward and for a moment looked at her very hard.

"I'm sure I remember you, Miss," she said, "and yet —"

"Yes," said Sara, "once you gave me six buns for four-pence, and —"

"And you gave five of them to a beggar-child," said the woman. "I've always remembered it. I couldn't understand it at first. There are not many young people who notice a hungry face in that way, and I've thought of it many a time. Excuse me, Miss, but you look rosier and better than you did that day."

"I am better, thank you," said Sara, "and — and I am happier, and I have come to ask you to do something for me."

"Me, Miss!" cried the woman, "why, yes, Miss! What can I do?"

Then Sara told her plan to her and the woman listened with a very surprised look on her face.

"Why, of course; it will be a pleasure to me, Miss," said she.

Then the woman told Sara how she often used to see the hungry little girl and how the little girl told her how hungry she used to be.

"Oh, have you seen her since then?" asked Sara. "Do you know where she is?"

"I know," said the woman. "She's in that back room, now, and has been for a month, and a very good girl she's going to turn out, and she's a great help to me in the shop and in the kitchen."

She stepped to the door of the little back room and spoke and the next minute a girl came out. And really it was the beggar-child, cleanly and neatly dressed, and looking as if she had not been hungry for a long time. She knew Sara at once and stood and looked at her as if she could never look enough.

"You see," said the woman, "I told her to come when she was hungry, and when she came I gave her some work to do, and I found she was a good worker, and I began to like her, and so I've given her a place and a home, and she helps me and is as thankful as a girl can be. Her name's Anne."

The two children stood and looked at each other for a few moments. A new thought came into Sara's head.

"Perhaps Mrs. Brown will let you give the buns and bread to the children," said she; "perhaps you

would like to do it, because you know what it is to be hungry, too."

"Yes, Miss," said the girl.

Sara felt as if the girl understood her, though Anne said nothing more, and only stood and looked, and looked after her as she went out of the shop and got into the carriage and drove away.

Vocabulary.

Page 5.

Dull [dʌl] — igaw
square [skwɛə] — aivalif plats
alike [ə'laɪk] — farnane, ühe-
fugune
sparrow ['spærou] — warb-
lane
select [si'lekt] — wäljawalitud
arose [ə'rouz] — tõusis

Page 6.

sharp [ʃa:p] — terane
relative ['relätiv] — fugalane
obliged [ə'blaɪdʒd] — sunnitud
boarding-school ['bɔ:diŋsku:l]
— internaat
highly ['haili] — kõrgelt, hästi
grand ['grænd] — tore, suure-
pärase
result [ri'sʌlt] — tulemus
bow [bou] — pael, seos
feather [feðə] — sulg
doll [dɒl] — nukk
fishy [fi/i] — kala-farnane

Page 7.

favourite [feiv(ə)rit] — soositud
pailaps
procession [prə'seʃn] — rongi-
käik
officer ['ɒfisə] — ohwitser
look after, to [luk] — hoolit-
sema

deceive, to, [di'si:v] — petma
rob, to, [rɒb] — warastama,
rööwima

Page 8.

advance, to [əd'va:ns] —
lähenema, astuma
slowly ['slouli] — pakkamisi,
aeglaselt
tight [taɪt] — kõvasti
angrily ['æŋgrili] — wihaselt
improve, to [im'pru:v] —
täiendama
stupid ['stju:pid] — rumal
mood [mu:d] — tuju, meeleolu
suddenly ['sʌdnli] — äkitselt
beggar ['begə] — kerjus

Page 9.

quickly ['kwikli] — kiiresti
French [frentʃ] — prantsuse
feel
polite [pə'lait] — wiisakas
rude [ru:d] — harimatu, jäme
punish, to [pʌniʃ] — karistama
manners ['mænəz] — kombed
boarder ['bɔ:də] — panfionär

Page 10.

gaze, to [geɪz] — tungiwalt
waatama
upstairs ['ʌp'steəz] — ülemi-
sel korral, trepist üles

meant [ment] — fawatʃəs
 bedroom [ˈbedrʊm] — maga-
 mištuba

attic [ˈætɪk] — pööning
 flight [flaɪt] — trepp
 furniture [fəˈnɪtʃə] — mööbel
 skylight [ˈskailaɪt] — fatuʃe-
 aʃen

footstool [ˈfʊtstuːl] — jala-
 pɪnf, järg

entirely [ɪnˈtaɪəli] — täiesti

school-room [ˈskuːlruːm] —
 foolituba

practise [ˈpræktɪs] — harju-
 tama

Page 11.

accustomed to, to be [əˈkʌs-
 təmd] — millegagi harju-
 nud olema

comfortable [ˈkʌmfətəbl] —
 mugav

find out [ˈfaɪndaʊt] — auaš-
 tama, paljastama

sly [slai] — fawal

afterwards [ɑːftəwədʒ] — hil-
 jemini

affairs [əˈfeəz] — asjad, äri
 used to, to be [juːzdtə] —

millegagi harjunud olema
 pretend [prɪˈtend] — teesklema

Page 12.

sore [sɔː] — walutaw, tundlik
 limp [lɪmp] — lõtv

starve [staːv] — nälgima

mile [maɪl] — miil (1609
 meetrit)

Page 14.

mud [mʌd] — pori

wept [wept] — nuttis

pick up, to [ˈpɪkʌp] — üles
 tõstma

downstairs [ˈdaʊnˈsteəz] —
 alumisel korral

make fun of, to — kellegi üle
 nalja heitma

poetry [ˈpoɪtri] — luule, luu-
 letis

package [ˈpækɪdʒ] — pakk

Page 15.

wipe, to [waɪp] — pühkima

ABC children — esimese alg-
 kooliklassi õpilased

handkerchief [ˈhæŋkətʃɪf] —
 taskurätik

breathe, to [briːð] — hin-
 gama

Page 16.

really [riəli] — tõesti

admit [ədˈmɪt] — tunnistama

argument [ɑːɡjʊmənt] —
 väide, vaidlus

Page 17.

odd [ɒd] — išeäralik, imelik

especially [ɪsˈpeʃ(ə)li] — eriti

at once [ætˈwʌns] — otsekohe
 ill-natured [ɪlˈneɪtəd] — kuri,
 pahatahtlik

fault [fɔːlt] — wiga, süü, efitus

pause [pɔːz] — peatuma

unpleasant [ʌnˈpleznt] — eba-
 meeldiv

Page 18.

wicked [ˈwɪkɪd] — kuri, halb
 fire-place [ˈfaɪə-pleɪs] — kamin
 princess [ˈprɪnˈses] — printseß
 box one's ears, to [bɒks] —
 kõrwakiiisu andma

Page 19.

immediately [iˈmiːdʒətli] —
 otsekohe, siimapiltselt
 gravely [ˈgreɪvli] — tõsifelt
 politely [pəˈlaɪtli] — viisakalt
 gasp [ɡaːsp] — ähstama
 manner [ˈmænə] — viis
 effect [iˈfekt] — mõju

Page 20.

daring [ˈdɛərɪŋ] — julge
 attend to, to [əˈtend] — tähele
 panema

Page 21.

sticky [ˈstɪki] — kleepuv
 fog [fɒɡ] — udu
 of course [ˈəvˈkɔːs] — mui-
 dugi
 sympathy [ˈsɪmpəθi] — kaas-
 tunne
 umbrella [ʌmˈbrɛlə] — vii-
 matvari
 baker [ˈbeɪkə] — pagar
 bun [bʌn] — väike sai, kuffel
 sixpence [ˈsɪkspəns] — kuus
 penni
 certainly [ˈsɜːtnli] — kindlasti
 pick, to [pɪk] — välja valima

Page 22.

save [seɪv] — päästma

pavement [ˈpeɪvmənt] —
 kõnnitee

four-penny piece — a piece
 of money worth four pence
 cheerful [tʃiːf(ə)l] — rõõmus
 motherly [ˈmʌðəli] — emalik
 shiny [ˈʃaɪni] — läikiv
 currants [ˈkʌr(ə)nts] — kirsin-
 did

faint [feɪnt] — nõrk, jõuetu
 delightful [dɪˈlaɪt(ə)l] — üli-
 mõnus

cellar [ˈselə] — kelder
 stream [striːm] — vool
 to and fro [tu(:) ənˈfrou] —
 edasi-tagasi

rag [ræg] — kals, räbal
 bare [beə] — paljas, alasti
 muddy [ˈmʌdi] — porine
 peep, to [piːp] — piuksuma,
 piiluma

Page 23.

neglected [niˈɡlektɪd] — hoo-
 letusse jäetud
 policeman [pəˈliːsmən] —
 politseinik
 share, to [ʃə] — jagama

Page 24.

good-natured [ˈɡʊdˈneɪtəd] —
 heasüdamlik, helde
 to be obliged to — tänulik
 olema

Page 26.

curl up, to [kɜːl] — rõngas-
 tõmbuma
 suffering [ˈsʌf(ə)rɪŋ] — kan-
 natuš

tears [ti:əz] — piſarab
 eye-lid [ˈaɪlɪd] — ſilmaſaug
 ſtuff [stʌf] — toppima
 ſavage [ˈsævɪdʒ] — meſſini-
 mene
 good-bye [ɡʊdˈbaɪ] — juma-
 laga, head aega

Page 27.

whisper, to [hwiſpə] — ſoſiſ-
 tama
 uſually [ju:ʒu(ə)li] — tawa-
 liſelt

Page 28.

tiny [tʰaɪni] — tiſſufe
 ſtout [staut] — tüſe
 roſy [ˈrouzi] — rooſiline, rooſa

Page 29.

overcoat [ˈouvəkout] — palitu
 parrot [ˈpærət] — papagoi
 India [ˈindɪə] — India
 monkey [ˈmʌŋki] — ahw
 cocoa-nut [ˈkɒkənʌt] — foo-
 ſoſpähfel

ſwing, ſwung, to [swɪŋ,
 swʌŋ] — ſiifuma, ſöifuma
 laſcar [ˈlæskə] — hindu tee-
 nija
 faithful [ˈfeɪθf(ʊ)l] — tru

Page 30.

adventure [ədˈventʃə] — ſeiſluſ
 Hinduſtani [ˈhinduˈstæni] —
 hinduſtani ſeel
 greet, to [gri:t] — terwitama
 bow [bau] — ſummarduſ
 ſhutter [ˈʃʌtə] — afnaſuuf

glance, to [ɡla:ns] — waata-
 ma, piſtu heitma
 furniſhed [ˈfə:ni/t] — ſiſuſ-
 tatud

Page 31.

temper [ˈtempə] — halb tuju
 ſharply [ˈʃa:pli] — terawalt
 work off, to [wə:k] — lahu-
 tama

Page 32.

lonely [ˈlounli] — üſſildane
 blazing [ˈbleɪziŋ] — leegitſew
 braſſ [ˈbra:s] — waſt
 kettle [ˈketl] — ſatel
 hiſſ [hi:s] — ſiſiſema
 boil, to [bɔil] — ſeetma
 rug [rʌɡ] — pörandawaip
 ſaucer [ˈsɔ:sə] — aluſtaſ
 tea-pot [ti:pət] — teeſann
 robe [roub] — hommiſukuub
 fairyland [ˈfæərɪlənd] — mui-
 naſmaa

Page 33.

ſurely [ˈʃʊəli] — findlaſti,
 tingimata
 fairy [ˈfæəri] — halbjas
 fairy-story — muinaſjuft

Page 35.

ſlipper [ˈslɪpə] — böſking, tuhwel
 taſty [ˈteɪſti] — maitſew
 utmoſt [ˈʌtmouſt] — äärmu-
 ſeni, wiimſe wöimaluſeni
 enjoy, to [inˈdʒɔi] — nautima
 ceaſe [si:s] — laſſama

discovery [dis'kʌv(ə)ri] —
arwaštus

Page 36.

eastern ['i:stən] — idamaine
unusual [ʌn'ju:ʒu(ə)] — eba-
tawaline
to keep on — jātŋama
wildly ['waildli] — metŋifult

Page 37.

mantel [mæntl] — ŋamina-
ŋimš
fan [fæn] — leŋwiŋ
cushion ['ku/in] — ŋohwa-
padi
sofa ['soufə] — diiwan, ŋohwa
diamond [daiəmənd] — teemant

Page 38.

cruel [kruil] — armutu, ŋel
romance [ro'mæns] — ro-
mantika
addressed [ə'drest] — adreš-
ŋeeritud

Page 39.

eagerly ['i:gəli] — innuŋalt
stocking [stəkiŋ] — ŋuff
glove [glʌv] — finnaš
badly ['bædli] — haštwašti
amazement [ə'meizmənt] —
imeštus, hāmnaštus
nicely ['naisli] — ŋenašti

Page 40.

beautifully ['bju:təf(u)li] —
iŋuŋašti
thankful ['θæŋkf(u)l] — tā-
nuliŋ

Page 41.

crept [krept] — roomaš, roo-
maŋid
tour [tuə] — ringreiš
judge, to [dʒʌdʒ] — arwuš-
tama, oŋŋuštama
scratch [skrætʃ] — fratŋima

Page 42.

cross [krəs] — paŋane
sunk [sʌŋk] — wajuš, langes

Page 43.

aside [ə'said] — ŋorwal, ŋor-
wale
slave [sleiv] — ori

Page 44.

restless ['restlis] — raŋutu

Page 45.

lawyer ['lɔ:jə] — adwokaat
warm-hearted ['wɔ:m-ˈhɑ:tɪd]
— haŋŋidamliŋ

Page 46.

prove, to [pru:v] — oŋutuma
spirit ['spirit] — ŋing, waim
give up, to — loobuma
climate ['klaimit] — ilmaŋtiŋ,
kliima
little by little — wāŋhehaawal
connect, to [kəˈnekt] — ŋihen-
dama

Page 47.

likeness ['laiknis] — ŋarnaŋuš
settle, to [setl] — ŋorraaldama

Page 50.

companionship [kam'pænjən-
ʃip] — ſelts, ſðprus
healthy ['helθi] — terwe

Page 51.

dreadful ['dredf(u)] — føle,
ðudne

Page 52.

oddly [ɔdli] — imelifult

Page 53.

neatly ['ni:tli] — fenašti,
førralifult
worker ['wə:kə] — tðötaja

Contents.

| | Page |
|----------------------|------|
| Preface | |
| People in the Story | |
| Part I. | 5 |
| Part II | 21 |
| Part III | 36 |
| Vocabulary | 55 |

- 35) L. Ganghofer: **Der Santrigel**. 24 lk. Hind 30 senti.
- 36) Theodor Fontane: **Drei von dem dritten Garde-Ulanen-Regiment**. 12 lk. Hind 20 senti.
- 37) J. Grimm: **Frau Holle**. 12 lk. Hind 20 senti.
- 38) Fr. Gerstäcker: **Germelshausen**. 44 lk. Hind 50 senti.
- 39) L. Kreymann: **Die Exzellenz in Zivil**. 20 lk. Hind 25 senti.
- 40) Joh. W. Jannsen: **Uus variser ehk ilma kõrtsita ja kõrtsiga küla**. 40 lk. Hind 45 senti.
- 41) Fr. Gerstäcker: **Der Schiffszimmermann**. 35 lk. Hind 45 senti.
- 42) Detlev v. Liliencron: **Der Narr**. 16 lk. Hind 25 senti.
- 43) R. Kipling: **Stories from the Jungle Book**. 88 lk. Hind 80 senti.
- 44) Jakob Pärn: **Oma tuba, oma luba**. 76 lk. Hind 80 senti.
- 45) Jakob Mändmets: **Katkiraiutud kaljas**. 39 lk. Hind 40 senti.
- 46) Anton Pichler: **Die Neue Kunst**. 24 lk. Hind 20 senti.
- 47) M. Jakobson: **Friedrich Rotbart oder Barbarossa**. 12 lk. H. 20 s.
- 48) Paul Keller: **Der Ausflug**. 32 lk. Hind 40 senti.
- 49) **Les trois ours. Les trois petits cochonnets**. 24 lk. Hind 35 senti.
- 50) Oscar Wilde: **The Devoted Friend**. 40 lk. Hind 45 senti.
- 51) Thomas Hardy: **The Three Strangers**. 69 lk. Hind 75 senti.
- 52) Friedebert Tuglas: **Popi ja Huhuu**. 36 lk. Hind 40 senti.
- 53) **Oliver Cromwell**. From Gardiner's History of England. 70 lk. Hind 75 senti.
- 54) Waldemar Bonsels: **Die Biene Maja**. 110 lk. Hind 95 senti.
- 55) Eduard Mörike: **Mozarts Reise nach Prag**. 72 lk. Hind 70 s.
- 56) Eduard Wilde: **Külmale maale**. 114 lk. Hind 135 senti.
- 57) Theodor Storm: **Pole Poppenspärer**. 80 lk. Hind 125 senti.
- 58) Hermann Sudermann: **Frau Sorge**. 160 lk. Hind 150 senti.
- 59) Waldemar Bonsels: **Bilder aus Indien**. (Indienfahrt). 64 lk. Hind 90 senti.
- 60) Jonathan Swift: **Gulliver's Travels**. 40 lk. Hind 60 senti.
- 61) P. Rosegger: **Als dem kleinen Maxel das Haus niederbrannte**. 32 lk. Hind 45 senti.
- 62) C. F. Meyer: **Gustav Adolfs Page**. 112 lk. Hind 150 senti.
- 63) M. Hunnius: **Aus Heimat und Fremde**. 75 lk. Hind 120 senti.
- 64) **Reineke Fuchs**. 47 lk. 9 joonist. Hind 50 senti.
- 65) Walter Scott. **Ivanhoe**. 76 lk. Hind 80 senti.
- 66) F. H. Burnett: **Sara Crew**. 60 lk. 4 joonist. Hind 60 senti.

Hind 60 senti.