

PLEASURE BOOKS



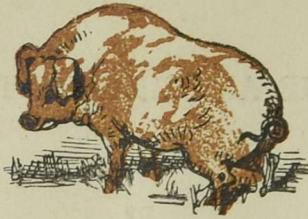
THE
OLD WOMAN
AND
HER PIG.



CHILDREN

THE AMUSING HISTORY
OF
THE OLD WOMAN
AND
HER PIG.

ILLUSTRATED
WITH SEVEN PICTURES BY
JOHN ABSOLON AND HARRISON WEIR.



THE HISTORY OF
THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG.

ONCE upon a time an old Dame was sweeping out her cottage, when, to her great joy, she found a silver sixpence. The good Dame sat down to think what she should do with such a good piece of luck, for you must know that in days gone by a silver sixpence was worth much more than it is now-a-days ; and first of all she thought she would buy a fat duck, and then she

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thought she would buy a hen that laid eggs well, but after thinking and thinking for a long, long time, she thought at last she would buy a pig! So the old Dame put up her broom in the closet, and then got out her best high-heeled shoes, and her best cap, and her steeple-crowned hat, and made herself very smart, and then taking her good old stick, the old Dame set out for the market-town close by.

The way to the town was through green lanes and across large meadows, and as the old Dame clambered over the stile at the end of the meadow, she sat on the top to rest herself and to think again on her good luck. Then she went on again till she came to the town, and she went straight to the market-place, and there she found a boy with a nice white pig to sell; so, after a little bargaining, she gave the boy the silver six-pence for the white pig, and then she tied a piece of string to one of the pig's hind-legs, and began to drive him home.



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Piggy went through the streets very well, only grunting sometimes and running into the gutter when he saw anything he could eat, until at last they came to the stile into the meadow. The old Dame tried to lift the pig over the lower bar of the stile, but he squeaked, and grunted, and wriggled about till the old Dame was quite tired, and then piggy laid down and would not stir. Just then a little dog came trotting up, so the old Dame said to him,—

“ Good dog, bite pig ;
Pig will not get over the stile ;
And I shan't get home to-night.”

But the dog would not.



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So the old Dame held up her stick and said,—

“ Good stick, beat dog ;
Dog will not bite pig ;
Pig will not get over the stile ;
And I shan't get home to-night.”

But the stick would not.

So the old Dame gathered some bits of wood together, and set them on fire, and then threw her stick into the fire, and said,—

“ Good fire, burn stick ;
Stick will not beat dog ;
Dog will not bite pig ;
Pig will not get over the stile ;
And I shan't get home to-night.”

But the fire would not.

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So the old Dame fetched a pail of water that was standing near, and said,—

“ Good water, quench fire ;
Fire will not burn stick ;
Stick will not beat dog ;
Dog will not bite pig ;
Pig will not get over the stile ;
And I shan't get home to-night.”

But the water would not.

So the old Dame turned round in a passion, and then she saw a great ox with two big horns coming along the field, so she said,—

“ Good ox, drink water ;
Water will not quench fire ;
Fire will not burn stick ;
Stick will not beat dog ;
Dog will not bite pig ;



THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG.

Pig will not get over the stile ;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the ox would not.

So the old Dame turned round to the stile again,
and then she saw a jolly butcher leaning on the stile ;
so she said to him,—

"Good butcher, kill ox ;
Ox will not drink water ;
Water will not quench fire ;
Fire will not burn stick ;
Stick will not beat dog ;
Dog will not bite pig ;
Pig will not get over the stile ;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the butcher would not.



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So the old Dame took a rope out of her pocket,
and said,—

“ Good rope, hang butcher ;
Butcher will not kill ox ;
Ox will not drink water ;
Water will not quench fire ;
Fire will not burn stick ;
Stick will not beat dog ;
Dog will not bite pig ;
Pig will not get over the stile ;
And I shan't get home to-night.”

But the rope would not.

So the old Dame was in despair ; but just then a
large brown mouse ran across the meadow, and she
said,—

“ Good mouse, gnaw rope ;
Rope will not hang butcher ;



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Butcher will not kill ox ;
Ox will not drink water ;
Water will not quench fire ;
Fire will not burn stick ;
Stick will not beat dog ;
Dog will not bite pig ;
Pig will not get over the stile ;
And I shan't get home to-night."

"Yes," said the mouse, "I will, if you will give me some cheese."

So the old Dame put her hand in her pocket and brought out a nice piece of cheese, and gave it to the mouse ; and when he had nibbled at it, then —

The mouse began to gnaw the rope ;
The rope began to hang the butcher ;
The butcher began to kill the ox ;
The ox began to drink the water .



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The water began to quench the fire ;
The fire began to burn the stick ;
The stick began to beat the dog ;
The dog began to bite the pig ;
The pig he rushed right through the stile,

And so the old Dame got home that night in
time to boil her dumplings.

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*Illustrated with One Hundred and Forty Pictures from Drawings by
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