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TWICE TWO.
& Other Stories

by Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods
edited by Dr. Bruess

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TWICE TWO & Other Stories



written by

Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods

edited by Dr. Bruess

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(MOM loves you)

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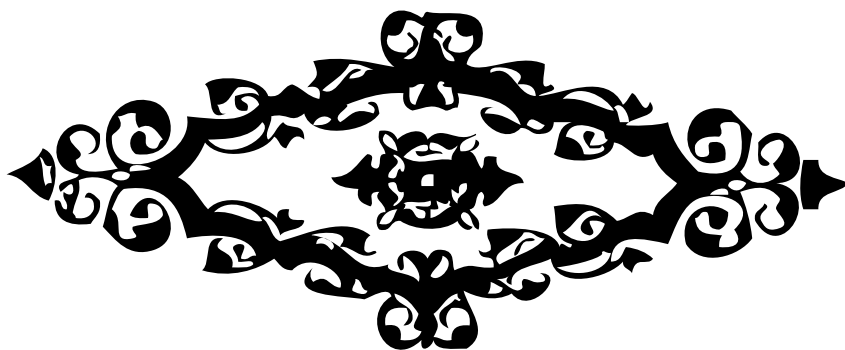
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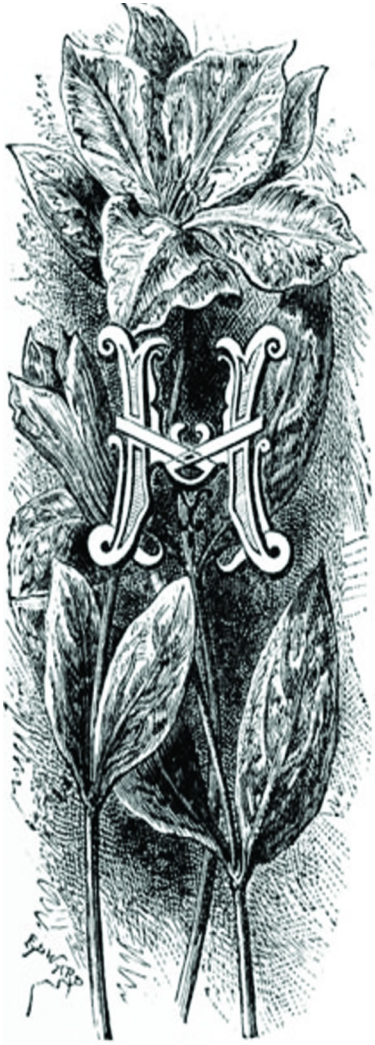
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"HAVE you sold any, Percy?" asked a pale girl of twelve, as her brother bounded into the room where she sat, trying in vain to mend some worn-out stockings.

"Sold heaps, Fifee, and now you shall have some breakfast. Where is Two?"

"Fast asleep, poor baby; she cried for milk and I had none to give her."

"Never mind, she shall have some now. You have been thinking about mother; I know you have. Don't do it, Fifee; it only makes you tired. Come, I'll make some fire and you shall set the table while I go out for bread and milk."

Fifee put away her work-basket and began to bring out the cups and saucers which her dear mother had so often told her

were of great value.

When Percy returned, both children sat down to their simple meal, while little Twice Two still slept on a bed in the corner.

"You were a silly puss to run away when he asked you. It was your hair he liked. Fifee; everybody thinks your hair is beautiful."

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"Mamma used to say so. Oh, Percy, I miss her more and more. At night when baby cries I want to cry with her, and I can never, never see why God took her away."

"What was it the gentleman said to you?" asked Percy, whose own eyes were getting moist.

"He asked if I would come to his studio and let him paint my hair, and he told me to run home and ask my mother; and then I cried and said, 'She is dead, sir; there is no one to ask;' and I thought of her, and how much she loved pictures, and then I ran home and I suppose he thought I was very rude."

A few days after this sad talk over their breakfast, Fifee and Percy were taking Twice Two out for a walk, when a handsome gentleman passed near them and said, "Ah, here you are, Spun Gold; I thought I should see you somewhere. Will you come up and let me paint your picture? My studio is close by."

"If Percy can come too, and you will pay us, as you said, for we are very poor, sir."

"How much can you pay us, sir?" asked Percy.

"Fifty cents today, my boy, and as much more if she will come tomorrow."

"We will go, Fifee," said the boy, resolutely; and they followed the artist to his work-room, where Percy wandered about while Fifee sat as the artist placed her.

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"Is that a copy of Guido's Victory of Samson?" asked the boy, suddenly.

The artist dropped his brush and looked at the lad in astonishment.

"Where did you ever hear of Guido, boy?"

"My mother told me, sir; I was born in Italy."

"And was your sister born there, too? "

"No, sir; Fifee was born at sea."

"Have you a father, my boy?"

"No, sir; he died abroad."

"Well, walk about and look at my pictures all you wish. I should like to have known your mother. I, too, once lived in Italy."

"We were happy there, very happy," said Percy with a wistful glance at his sister. "Mamma had many friends then, and she used to read to us, and Fifee went to a fine school."

"Do you live alone in the city?"

"Since mamma died we have stayed in the same room.

The sun shines in there sometimes, and the rent is cheap. I pay part by selling papers, and Fifee pays the rest by minding the landlady's children sometimes."

"I might get you some engravings to sell. Would you like that?"

"Anything that is honest, sir."

"Then you can try it. But what is the little one's name? I must paint her too, she has such a droll, curly pate."

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"Her name is Lou, sir, or Louise. She calls it Two, so we nicknamed her Twice Two."

"Why don't you put her into some home?"

"Put our baby away? Oh, sir, we couldn't! Mamma left her to us, and we love her dearly, and nights after she goes to sleep we study our German and French just as we did with mamma, and some day we shall teach her."

"You are a brave boy," said the artist.

"Oh, no," said Percy, "Fifee is the brave one. She has done everything for us since mamma died, and some day I mean to have her sing, for she has a guitar, and the dear mother taught her to play."

"Aha so my little sitter is a musician. Well, well. She must bring her guitar and sing for me while I paint little Two, and I will ask my good mother to look after you all. That mother of mine has a place in her heart for all motherless little ones."

Day after day the children went to the studio, and one fine day little Twice Two's picture hung on the walls of the Art Gallery. Hundreds of visitors admired it, and when a wealthy gentleman gave the artist a large sum of money for it he said half of it belonged to the little girl.

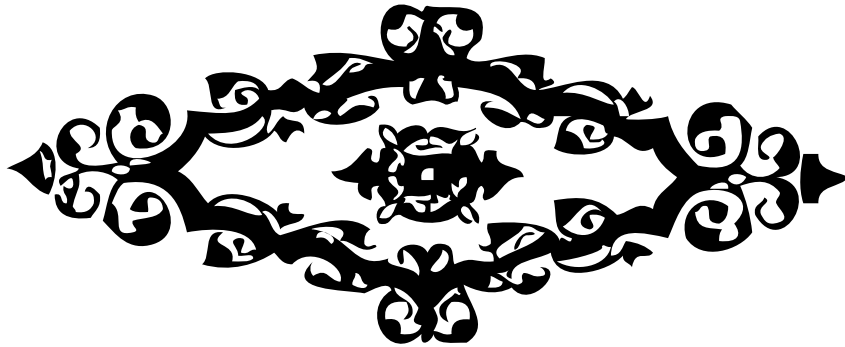
Twice Two goes to school now, and Fifee studies with the artist's mother, while Percy has a good salary for a boy, and is very proud and happy when he goes home at night to his dear sisters.

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JIM'S OLD HAT.



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O you really liked the old farm and the queer rooms where your mother used to play?" asked grandma when Floy came home from her trip to the country.

"It was just splendid, grandma You see 'Tudy— isn't 'Tudy a shocking name for Gertrude?—'Tudy and I went everywhere, and Jim and our Harry were devoted to each other."

Aunt Margie asked Harry if he was not ashamed of his brown-fisted, barefooted cousin, and I think he was a little, but he did not like to own it.

"One day we met the Marks family, and the Houghtons, when we went to the village, and they inquired for you all, and we said you were in Europe, and Miss Sallie wanted to know if we were boarding up there, and Harry said 'No!' but 'Tudy spoke up in her bright way and said, 'Oh, no, miss, they are my cousins.' Miss Sallie smiled and looked straight at Jim's bare feet, but Mrs. Marks said, very kindly

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'You must introduce me, Floy. I knew your uncle when he was in Harvard college, and these, I presume, are his children.' Then I introduced her, and she was very nice, but Miss Sallie was not."

"So my Harry was a little ashamed of his country cousin, was he?" said Mrs. Rutherford with a smile.

"Well! well, he will learn better in a few years. Worth, not wealth or dress, is the only just measurement."

"Perhaps he wasn't ashamed, exactly, but he used to say that Jim was a grand, good fellow, only so careless about his dress."

"How did you amuse yourselves for three long months?"

"Why, Grandma Rutherford, it all seemed like a week. We rode to market, and went berrying, and had picnics, and worked ever so much. I feel very lazy since I have seen 'Tudy at home. Why, grandma, she makes bread, and washes dishes, and amuses baby, beside getting her lessons and sewing a little every day, and then we had lovely trips to the woods, where we gathered ferns and clematis. Jim said you told him once that beautiful things in the home helped us to think beautiful things and lead better lives.

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