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The Four Toys

Maud Lindsay

Once all the customers who had bought toys had gone home, and there was no one left in the Toy Shop but herself, the Toy-Lady selected a Christmas present to take to each of her four grandchildren.

One of them was a boy seven years old. He went to school and could read and write letters to his Grandmother, and do number work; so of course, he had to have a big boy's present.

"I'll take him marbles," said the Toy-Lady, and she picked out a handful of the very prettiest ones she had. Some of them were spotted yellow and brown, some were a beautiful blue, some were as clear as crystal, and one was half white and half grey.

Before she went to bed that night, the Toy-Lady made a stout little marble-bag with a good draw-string in it to fasten it tight.

"Now he'll not lose his marbles," she said.

Two of the grandchildren were little girls named Margie and Bess.

"Margie must have a doll," said the Toy-Lady. She looked at all the dolls in the shop to see which would suit the little granddaughter best, and chose a baby doll with a long white dress.

"She will like to sit in her tiny rocking-chair and sing this baby to sleep," the grandmother thought.

The Toy-Lady took a long time to make up her mind about a present for the other granddaughter, for she was a little sick girl. She could not run and play, at least not that Christmas. What would make her happiest on Christmas Day? A doll? A book? A music box?

"Yes, a music-box is the very thing that will please her most," said the Toy-Lady; and she selected one that played the sweetest tune of all. It sounded as if there were a real live bird singing inside the box.



The youngest grandchild was a baby who had just learned to walk.

“He must have something to take along with him wherever he goes,” said his grandmother, and she found a comical yellow duck on wheels and fastened a string on it all ready for Mr. Baby to pull. “I hope the children will like their presents,” she said as she wrapped them up. And of course they did. The Toy-Lady always knew how to please children. The boy who was seven years old thought so much of his bag of marbles that he put it under his pillow every night when he went to bed. The little granddaughter named Margie sat down in her rocking-chair and sang the baby-doll to sleep as soon as she got her.

Bess, the little sick girl, was never tired of hearing the tiny tinkling music-box; and the best thing about it was that she could play it for herself. Even when she got well, the music-box was her favorite toy.

As for the yellow duck-on-wheels, he went wherever the baby did; but it would take too long to tell where they traveled together!

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