THE FAIRY'S PIE
"ALL THE GOODIES IN ONE BITE"
Do you remember the gay troop of children that hied after the Pied Piper of Hamelin, charmed by his wonderful music? They wandered for years through the Valley of Childhood, rushing along without stopping to think of the goodies they had left behind them.

One day Mother Goose was flying by on her broom-stick and stopped to listen to the piper's playing. She loved music, and children too; and when she remembered how long the little ones had been journeying with not a bite to eat she shook her old head and said, "Music! yes, that's all well enough, but those children need something else besides music and scenery. They must have victuals and drink."

As the children caught sight of the old lady they set up a loud cry, beseeching her to steal them away from the piper. The dear old soul turned her broom-stick downward and dipped up every little tot and left the old piper to wander alone.

"Squeak-i-ty-squeak," went the old broom, for the load was all it could carry. Now, where should they go? Mother Goose headed her stick to the North—every youngster shivered. She turned to the South—they all squirmed with the heat. They had come from the East, so away to the West they started.

"Now, children, what do you want most of all? Whatever you say, you shall have," said Mother Goose; and again they shouted all together, "Something that has every goody in the whole, wide world in a single bite."

Mother Goose was puzzled. "Vicuals and drink, all in one bite! I didn't suppose they would ask for so much." The dear old lady had swept cobwebs out of the sky all her life, now she must sweep them out of her memory, for where would she find that rare dainty which would hold every goody in a single bite. She wrinkled her forehead and thought, and thought, and finally, snapping her fingers, she said, "I have it! ha! ha!"

Away they flew, on to the West, over the ocean, through the clouds, now up, now down, and at last the broom-stick began to drop, drop, lower and lower, and suddenly—what a beautiful country they saw! Mother Goose had brought them back to the real world again, and she told them that they were now in New England, where she lived when she first came to America years and years ago. Soon they came to a New England home, and in they sailed through an open pantry window. The whole load of children were dumped, and Mother Goose and her good stick were gone.

And what do you think they saw? And what did they smell? And what did they taste? Surely, every goody in the world in a single bite, for they scrambled around a real New England mince pie, and a beautiful pair of Fairy Hands with a bright silver knife cut the pie just to fit each waiting mouth. It was fairly bursting with spices and sweets and fruits and meats, and they ate, and they ate, and they ate, and then they began to grow. And what do you think they grew into? Why, just what all good children grow into who eat mince pie made from Dougherty's New England condensed Mince Meat—splendid American citizens.

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