



# LIZZIE



THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL LIBRARY

MAY JUSTUS



# LIZZIE

Set in the Tennessee mountains, *Lizzie* is the story of a ten-year-old girl who lives with her grandfather. She grows flowers in her own garden and sells them to the local hotel to save money to buy a hat, dress, and shoes from the “wish book.” When her grandfather becomes ill, Lizzie unselfishly sacrifices all her earnings for his care.

*“But I don’t care. I don’t care a mite to give up the money,” thought Lizzie. She put her wish book dreams in the back of her head.*

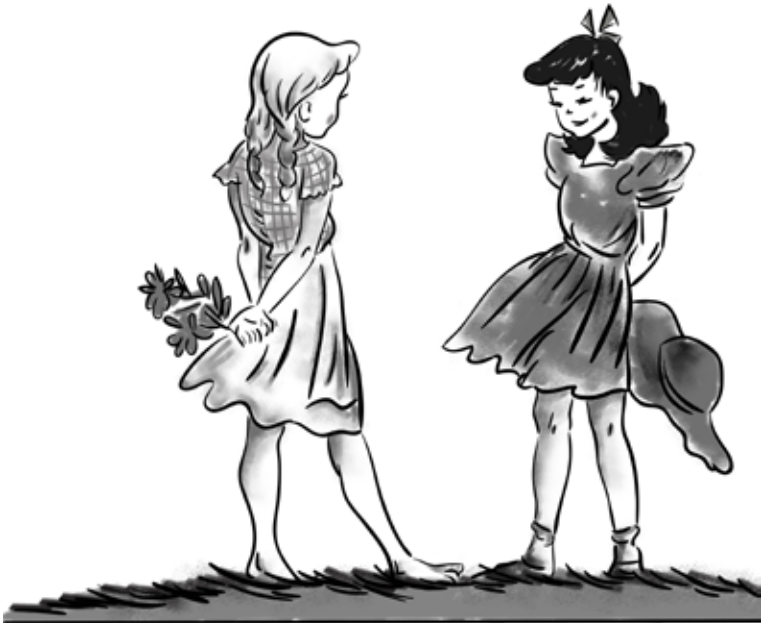
Lizzie’s kindness is rewarded ten-fold as neighbors and a new, special friend rally to help make her dreams come true.





# LIZZIE

*By May Justus*



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# 1

## *The Outlanders*

Lizzie Holloway squinched up her toes against the slippery pebbles covering the stretch of road to the hotel grounds. A fairly unfitten' way it was for barefoot folk, she was thinking. No worriment, though, to the outlanders who wore shoes all the time.

But never mind, Lizzie thought to herself. Before the summer was over, she too would have a pair of shoes, shiny-bright as a blackbird's wing. And that



wasn't all. She would have a new dress, blue or pink—she hadn't decided which—and a hat with a big bow to match. All were as yet a wish book dream. But Lizzie had high hopes that it was going to happen. She was doing her best to make her dream come true.

She pushed the raggedy bonnet brim and gave a glance at the posies packed in the splint basket slung across one arm. Better change to the other side of the road where it was less sunny, she thought.

It was another mile to the summer hotel; she'd better hurry along. The hotel lady would grumble again if the posy packs got wilted. She was mighty much particular about her table bouquets. Lizzie eyed the basket again. A pretty sight for certain it was now, with its marigolds, lady's fingers, touch-me-nots, old maids, spice pinks, and all the rest.

If the hotel lady should take all of these, the bright dream would come nearer. Lizzie's free hand felt in her pocket for her money bag. There were several dimes and nickels there—almost a dollar. She knew because she had counted her money the day before.

There had been a dollar and a half then. Part of it she had been obliged to spend at Cross Roads Store for a bottle of liniment to rub on Grampy's shoulder. Today he was better and able to plow Slow-Poke, the mule, in the late corn patch. Plowing made Grampy hungry. Lizzie must hurry back home and get his



Lizzie must hurry back home

dinner on time. The sunball over the mountain warned her that half the morning had already slipped away.

Lizzie was Grampy's housekeeper. He would often say she was a fairly good one for a gal-person her size and a wise-witted one for her years—she was ten, going on eleven—big enough, and old enough, to do some things very well.

She could make three kinds of bread: corn pone, hoecake, and dodgers. She could cook any mess in a kettle, from sallet to stirabout.

Hoecakes for dinner today, she planned. That kind of bread was quicker. She had left the bean pot simmering over a slow fire. For drink, there would be sassafras tea brewed till it was strengthy. Grampy would like two or three cups after his morning's work.

She had come now to the hotel grounds on the side of the mountain. The hotel itself, set back from the fence, was enough to dazzle the eye. Three stories high it was, painted yellow, with glass windows in the walls. She had never been inside the front yard fence. Folks with things to sell took them around to the kitchen.

As she was making the corner-turn, Lizzie heard someone say:

“Look, look. There she goes. It's Log Cabin Lizzie! She lives in that little old cabin that we passed yesterday.” Lizzie glanced up, and her blue eyes flashed





# SUSIE



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# SUSIE

When Step Along, the peddler, comes down with a cold, Susie and her family care for him in their little cabin in the Tennessee mountains. In return for their kindness and care, the children are rewarded with a look at the peddler's pack.

*The Linders looked and looked and looked till their eyes were fairly filled. They knew these treasures could not be theirs, not even the cheapest of them. There was never much money on hand, and none this time of year. Winter was always a long, lean time for the folks on Little Twin Mountain, and the Linders family was among the poorest of the poor.*

Despite their lack of money, the Linders happily share all they have and are blessed for their generosity and kindness.



The sunball was dropping low in the pocket of No-End Hollow as Susie Linders shouldered her herb sack and started up the homeward trail. Although the sack was nearly full, it wasn't heavy. Over the other shoulder, she toted a grubbing hoe.

She had been grub-hunting all afternoon for the dozen different kinds of herbs Mammy needed to make a certain tea. A brown, bittersome brew it was, for Mammy made it strong. She declared the more herbs that went into it, the better it would be.

Mammy was a wise-witted woman in her knowledge of mountain herbs. She could neither read nor write; in fact, she had never been to school. But she had sense a-plenty. Her ways of curing sick folks would have filled a big-sized book. She was doctoring somebody all the time, either her own folks or the neighbors.

“There’s hardly a thing that grows,” she would say, “but what is good for something. There’s pennyroyal—that’s good for colds.” The twins, Joe and Jim, who were forever having snuffles, got their share of this.

“There’s no better tonic than sourwood sprouts, leaves, twigs, and roots boiled together.” Pappy always groaned when she made him take a dose of it.

“And elderberry tea is mighty good when a young’un gets the colic.” The baby got a good deal of this.

As for Susie, she was seldom sick. If she ever felt a little dauncy, she usually thought it best not to mention it.

One thing, however, Susie couldn’t escape, and that was Mammy’s yearly dosing with the medicine which she called Spring Tea. It came along as regularly as corn planting, wake robins in the hollow, and dandelion greens. Spring Tea was good for folks, even if they weren’t ailing.

“It makes sick folks well and well ones better,” Mammy would say.





*Mammy was a wise-witted woman*

As a rule, Mammy liked to do her own herb-hunting, with some of the young ones tagging along, mostly for company. But for the last few days, the baby had been a mite puny and fretful. The twins, of course, couldn't be trusted to hunt herbs. They'd slip off with Lazybones, their dog, and go hunting some wild varmint.

Susie shifted the sack and hoe to opposite shoulders. It would be harder, she thought, to drink her share of Spring Tea than it had been to gather the herbs for its brewing.

On the whole, though, the afternoon had passed most pleasantly. She had found a batch of spring beauties 'way down in the hollow, a clump of bloodroot blossoms with petals as white as snow, and a cliff starred over with wind flowers. She had a few of these in her bonnet swinging down her back from the knotted strings. These would look nice in a little gourd bowl in the middle of the kitchen table, along about suppertime.

“Pretty as a posy—” She liked that old saying. She often wished she looked a little like some posy herself. But she couldn't, not with her straight black hair and skin like saddle leather. If she'd roll her hair on slim cornstalks or wear a bonnet on her head, she might improve a little. Some girls did. But all this was a sight of trouble for one who liked to romp and run and feel as free as the wind.





*She found a cliff starred over with wind flowers*



As Susie neared her cabin home, the twins ran down the trail to meet her, with Lazybones ducking and dodging between their legs.

“Guess what!” cried Joe, nearly out of breath.

“Guess what!” Jim echoed.

The boys were like two chestnuts in one burr. It was hard to tell them apart. Both had blue eyes and curly brown hair, and they took after Pappy. But Joe had some hair that stuck up, while Jim did not. They were nine years old. Susie was ten, but they were as big as she was.

“Guess what!” cried Joe again, and Jim added, “Guess. Guess what!”

Susie handed Joe the herb sack and Jim the grubbing hoe.