BOY'S
PICTURE
BOOK.

CONCORD, N. H.:
J. A. MERRIAM,
RUFUS MERRILL.
THE INDIAN.

Come, Henry, I will tell you a story of the Indians, whom we call red men. They have black hair and dark eyes. They once dwelt where we now live.

When first found, they had no tool made of steel. Each man had a stone axe, a stone knife, and a bow to shoot with. With these they would kill game for food. No one knows where the red men came from.
Railroad Cars.

Ship.  Steamboat.

The steamboat will carry over five hundred people.
Zebra.

Horse and Boy.
NOTHING BUT BAA!

Little Fanny and Lucy,
One sunshiny day,
Went to walk in the meadow,
And have some play.

They said to a sheep,
‘Pray, how is your mama?’
But the lazy sheep answered
Them nothing but ‘baa!’
GOOD CHILDREN.

What a pretty sight to see
A little brother, every day,
As he travels to the school,
Lead his sister in the way.

Travel on, my little dears,
Lovingly your hours employ,
And lead each other to that way
Where children live in endless joy.
Father is calling,
The cook is bawling.
I’m most crazy with the noise!

Nabby is churning,
The grindstone turning,
John is sawing,
Charles hurrahing,
Goody Dobson preaching,
The peacock screaching.
Who can live in such a noise?
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