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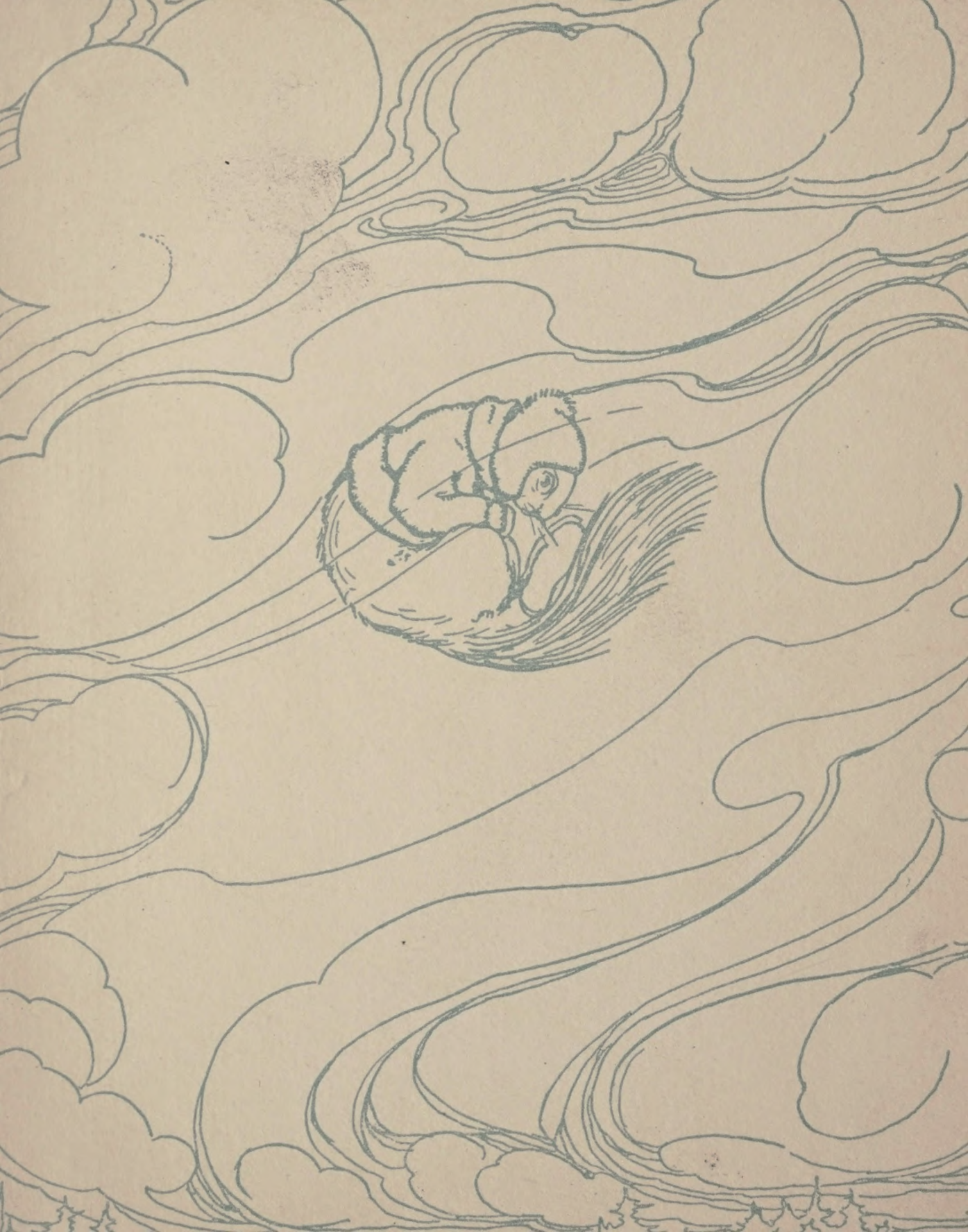
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THE FLOWING AWAY OF MR. BUSHY TAIL



BY EDITH B. DAVIDSON





The Blowing away of
Mr. Bushy Tail



THE BLOWING AWAY OF MR. BUSHY TAIL

By
EDITH B. DAVIDSON

Pictures by
CLARA E. ATWOOD



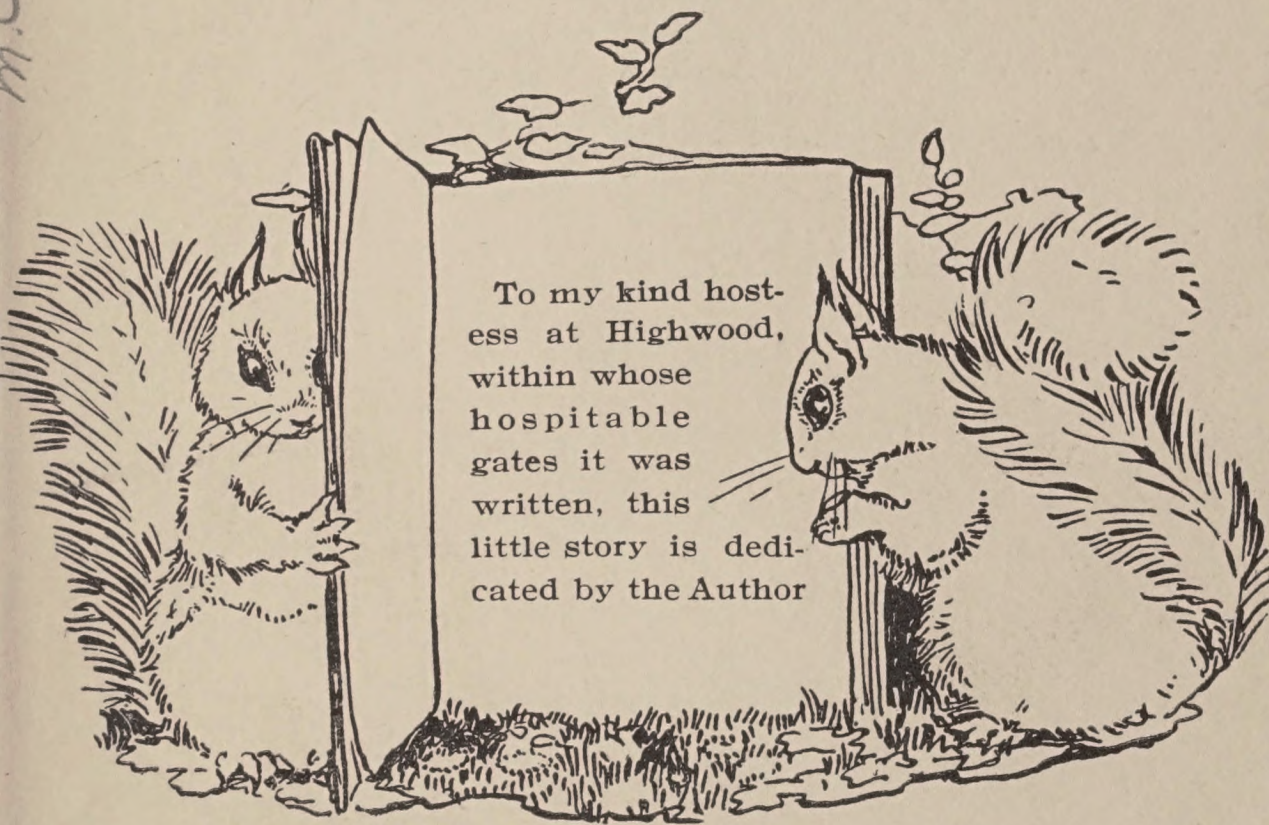
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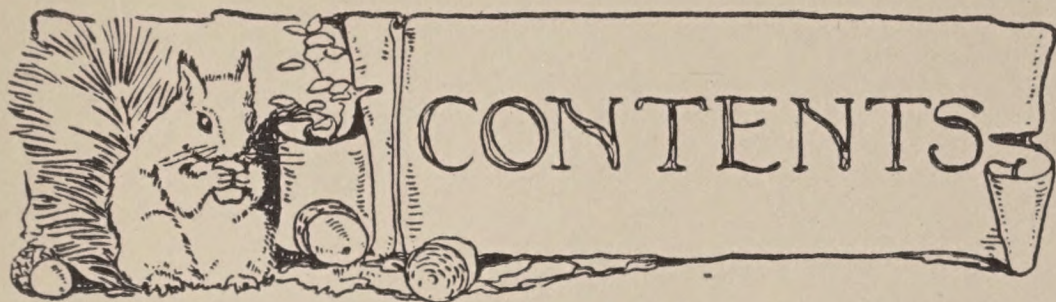
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M.C. W. Nov. 2



To my kind host-
ess at Highwood,
within whose
hospitable
gates it was
written, this
little story is dedi-
cated by the Author



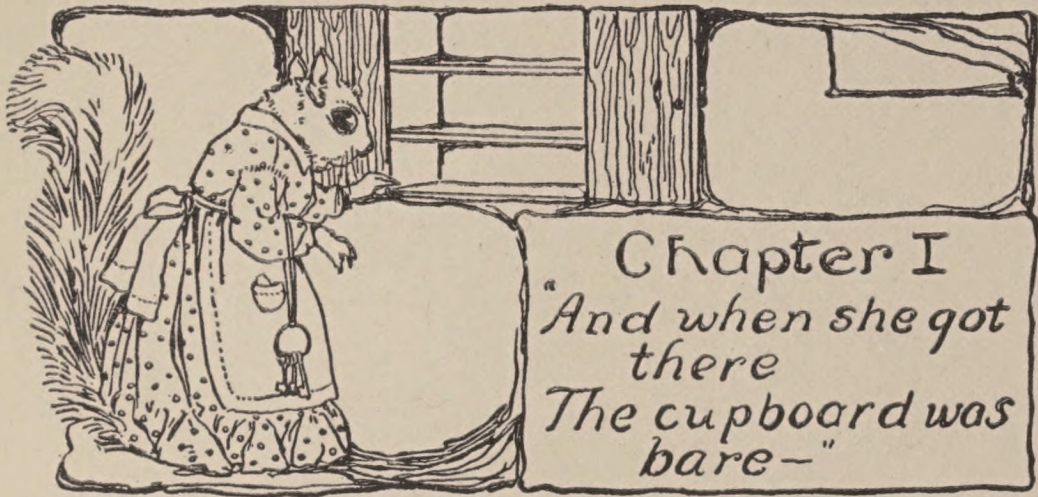


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And when she got
there

The cupboard was
bare





Chapter I
*"And when she got
there
The cupboard was
bare—"*

IT had been an exceptionally cold winter, and Mr. and Mrs. Bushy-Tail had found it very difficult to keep themselves and their two small children warm.

They had finally moved into



Grandmother Chipmunk's house-tree, which seemed to be more protected from the high winds and the heavy snow-storms, than their own pretty little nest. The rooms were rather small, however,

and Grandmother Chipmunk snored most awfully, so that for several nights Baby Bushy-Tail could not sleep.

One cold snowy day, Mrs. Bushy Tail came into the living-room with a very sober face.



“My dear,” she said to her husband, “the acorns and pine-cones are nearly gone, and with the exception of a few dried apples and lettuce leaves, there is nothing left in the cupboard.”

“Ttt, Ttt,” said Grandma Chipmunk, laying down her knitting, and looking over her spectacles.

“Whatever shall we do? Starve?”

Thereupon little Frisky, the oldest boy, set up a fearsome

squeaking, for he liked good things to eat, and did not want to starve.

Of course that started the baby off, and for a few moments no one could hear themselves think, much less talk.

Frisky having been sent out of the room, and the baby being pacified with an acorn-cup to play with, Mr. Bushy-Tail spoke :

“There’s only one thing to do;

said he, go across the frozen pond, and through the woods, to either my cousin Red-Squirrel's or else to the Chipmunks'. They will gladly lend me corn or oats enough to feed us for another month, and by that time let us hope that Spring will have come."

"You'll freeze in the deep snow said his wife, or else you will be blown to the North Pole by the fierce wind. Then I shall be a



widow, and what will the children do? Oh dear! Oh dear!" and she began to cry.

Mr. Bushy-Tail comforted her as best he could, saying that he knew the path well, that the trees would protect him from the fierce wind, and that he was too nimble and quick to sink and freeze in the deep snow.

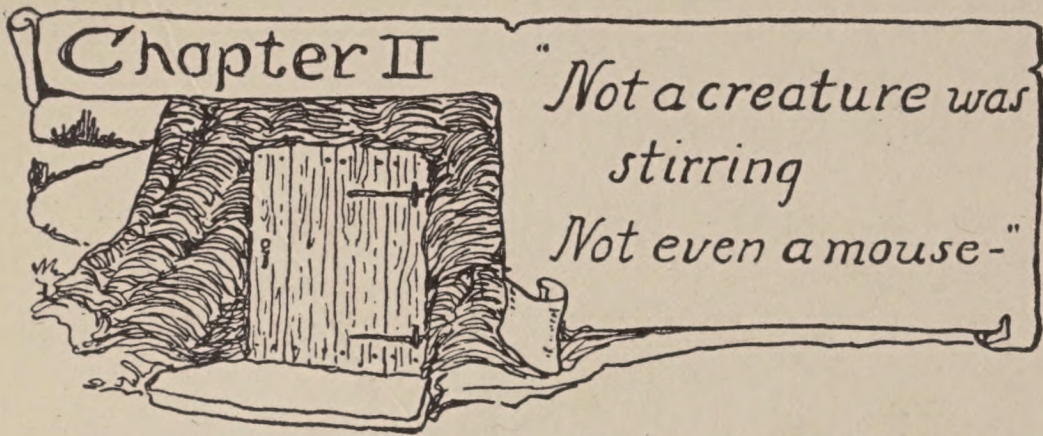
At last, he promised not to go the next morning, unless the wea-

ther was fine, so they all went to bed
in their soft mossy nests.



Not a Creature was
Stirring
Not Even a Mouse





BRIGHT and early the next morning, Mr. Bushy Tail was up, had washed his little face and paws, and brushed out his pretty soft fur, of which he was justly a trifle vain. The sun was shining, and although the air was very cold, he decided

it was best for him to start for his cousin Red Squirrel's.

His wife bundled him up in a warm sweater and socks, which she had made him for a Christmas present. Over his shoulder he slung a bag for the corn, and promising surely to be back in two days time, he trotted away, after having kissed the entire family three times all around.

The traveling was much better



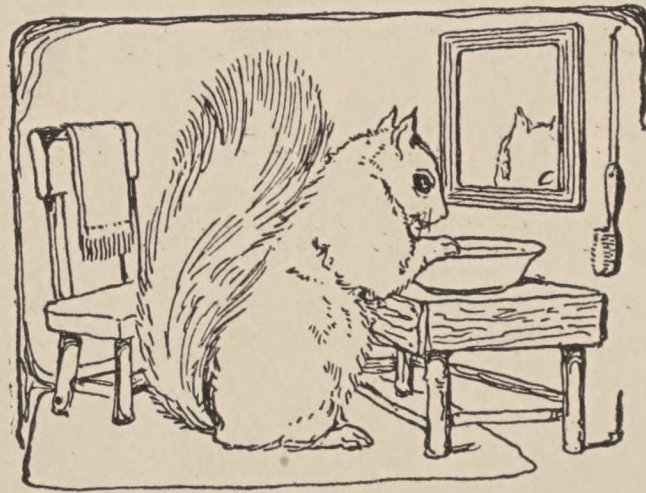
than he had feared it would be; and he was fortunate enough to find a bush full of late rose-hips, from which he made a good dinner.

Just as it was growing dark, he reached his cousin Red Squirrel's house tree, and knocked on the door. Receiving no answer, he went in, for the neighborhood was a very honest one, and nobody locked their front doors, or their back ones either.



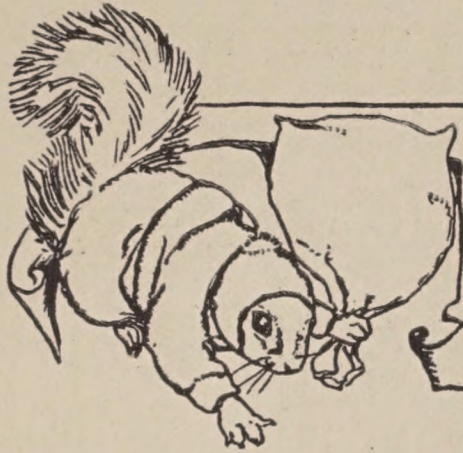
Poor Mr. Bushy Tail went from room to room, but to his sorrow he found no one, not even a mouse. There were some acorns and dried apples stowed away in one corner, so he made a passable supper, but he was worried by the thought, that the next day he must go on to the Chipmunk's for the corn, and so might be unable to reach home the same night, as he had promised his little wife.

However, there was no use in borrowing trouble, so he curled himself up in a warm corner, covered his back with his broad bushy tail, and was soon fast asleep, and dreaming that he had carried home a whole barrel full of food.



Mr. Bushy Tail goes
Tobogganing



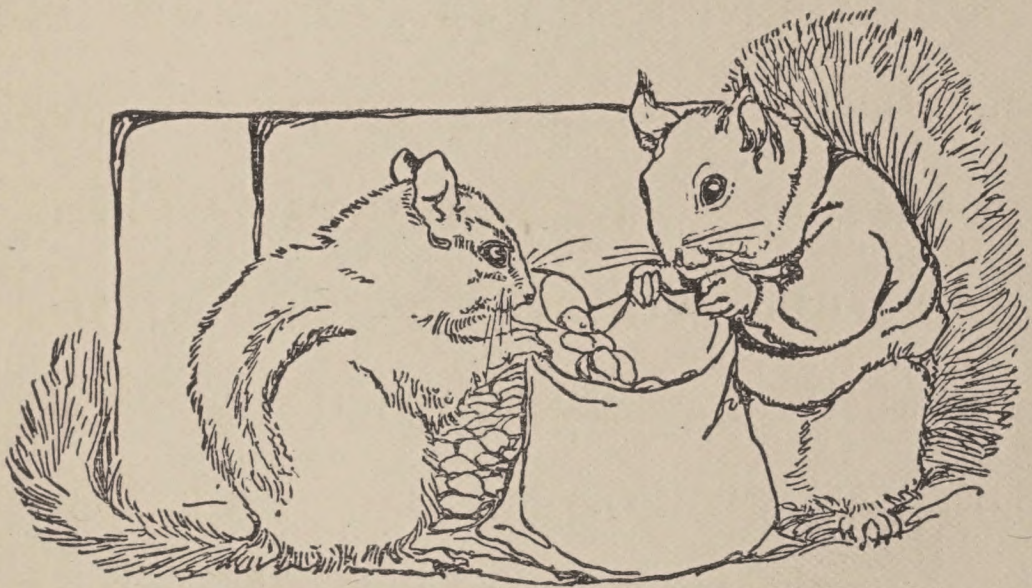


Chapter III
*Mr. Bushy-tail
goes Tobogganing*

THE next morning as soon as it was light enough to start, Mr. Bushy Tail set off through the woods to the Chipmunks' house. He arrived long before dinner time, and found to his amazement, that his cousin Red Squirrel with his

wife and children, were making the Chipmunks' a visit.

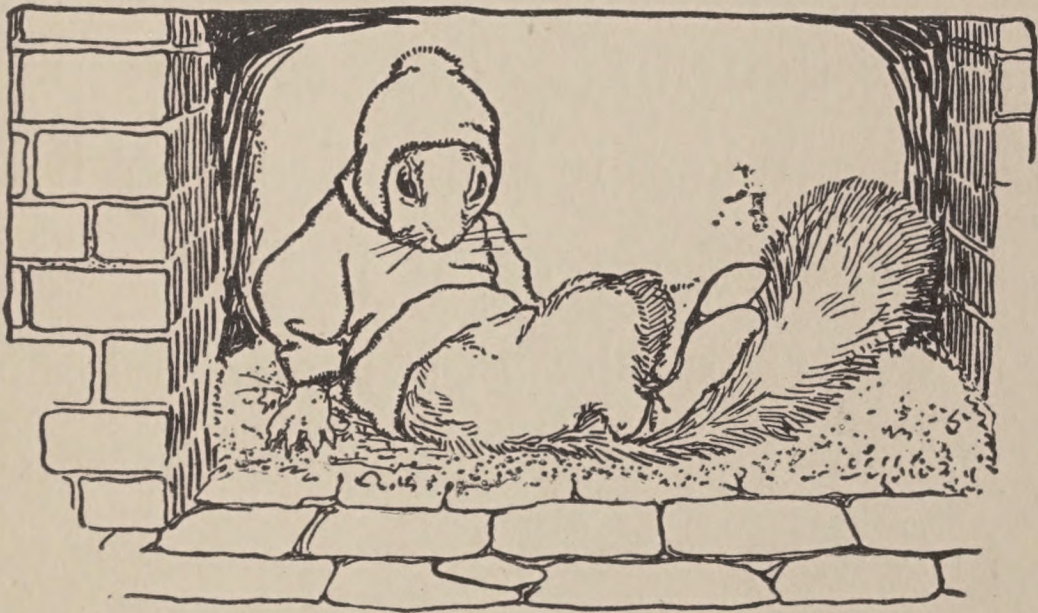
They were all delighted to see Mr. Bushy Tail but very sorry to hear that his winter provisions had given out. However Mr. Chipmunk had a very large supply, and he at once filled his friend's bag full of corn, rolled oats and dried peas. Willingly would he have given him twice as much, had Mr. Bushy Tail been able to carry it.



The family urged him to stay to dinner, but the sky looked grey and threatening, and Bushy Tail had a long journey before him, so he ate a hasty luncheon, thanked Mr. Chipmunk once more for his kindness, and with his heavy bag over his shoulder, he scurried off as fast as he could go.

Very soon the snow began to fall, first, in large single flakes, and then faster and thicker. Scarcely

could Mr. Bushy Tail see the way;
and after bumping into first a tree,
and then a big bush, he lost his
footing, scrambled about for a min-
ute in the deep snow, and then sank



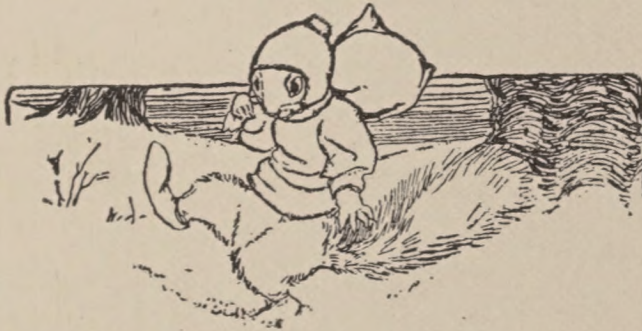
down, DOWN, **DOWN**, and landed
kerplunk !

For an instant he was half-stunned, then he sat up and looked about him.

“Thank goodness, my bag is safe,” thought he, as he spied it in a corner, where it had rolled. “What should I have done if I had lost that? I could not possibly have walked up that toboggan slide to find it.”

Then he saw that he was sitting in a bed of soft ashes, and realized that he had fallen down somebody's chimney.

“Lucky there wasn't a fire,” said he, to himself, “or there would have been toasted squirrel for supper.”



On the Wings of the
North Wind



Chapter IV

On the Wings of the North Wind-



WHEN Mr. Bushy Tail scrambled out of the fire-place, he found himself in a strange little underground room, from which low passage ways branched out in every direction.

He ran down one of the passage ways, but finding no one, he came

back and tried another. At the end of this one, in a cosy little room, he came unexpectedly upon an old acquaintance, Mrs. Mole, who was taking a comfortable afternoon nap.

She awoke with such a start of surprise at seeing Mr. Bushy Tail, that she nearly fell out of her rocking-chair.

“I did not hear you knock,” said she.



“I did not knock, I dropped,”
said he.

Then he told her of his accident,
and apologized most politely, for
falling so unceremoniously down
her chimney.

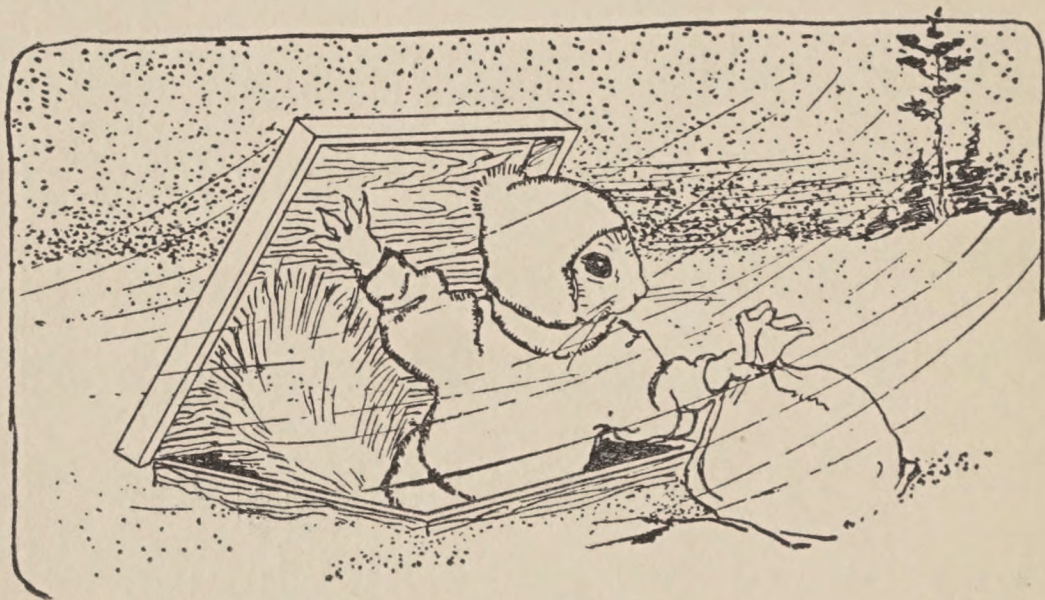
Mrs. Mole assured him that he
was a welcome visitor at any time,
and only regretted that her chimney
had tripped him up.

She was very sorry that her hus-
band and sons were away on busi-

ness, but urged him strongly to stay to supper.

With many thanks Mr. Bushy Tail was obliged to decline her polite invitation, but he assured her that, considering his hungry family, he must hurry home with his bag of food as soon as possible, and begged her to kindly show him the nearest way out of her maze-like house.

When, after following Mrs. Mole through a number of long, winding,



Handwritten signature or text, possibly "H. G. Wells" or similar, located below the illustration.

passages, Mr. Bushy Tail came at last to the surface of the ground, it was snowing hard, and the dreaded North wind was blowing half a gale.

He found himself outside the shelter of the woods, on a broad plain, and he felt that his only safety lay in getting back among the trees.

He started off at full speed, and had gone some distance, when sud-

denly the North wind struck him, and lifted him completely off his four little paws.

There was no use in struggling, so he lay quite still, and was whirled away, faster and faster. *Miles and miles was he blown*, until finally he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion and fright.

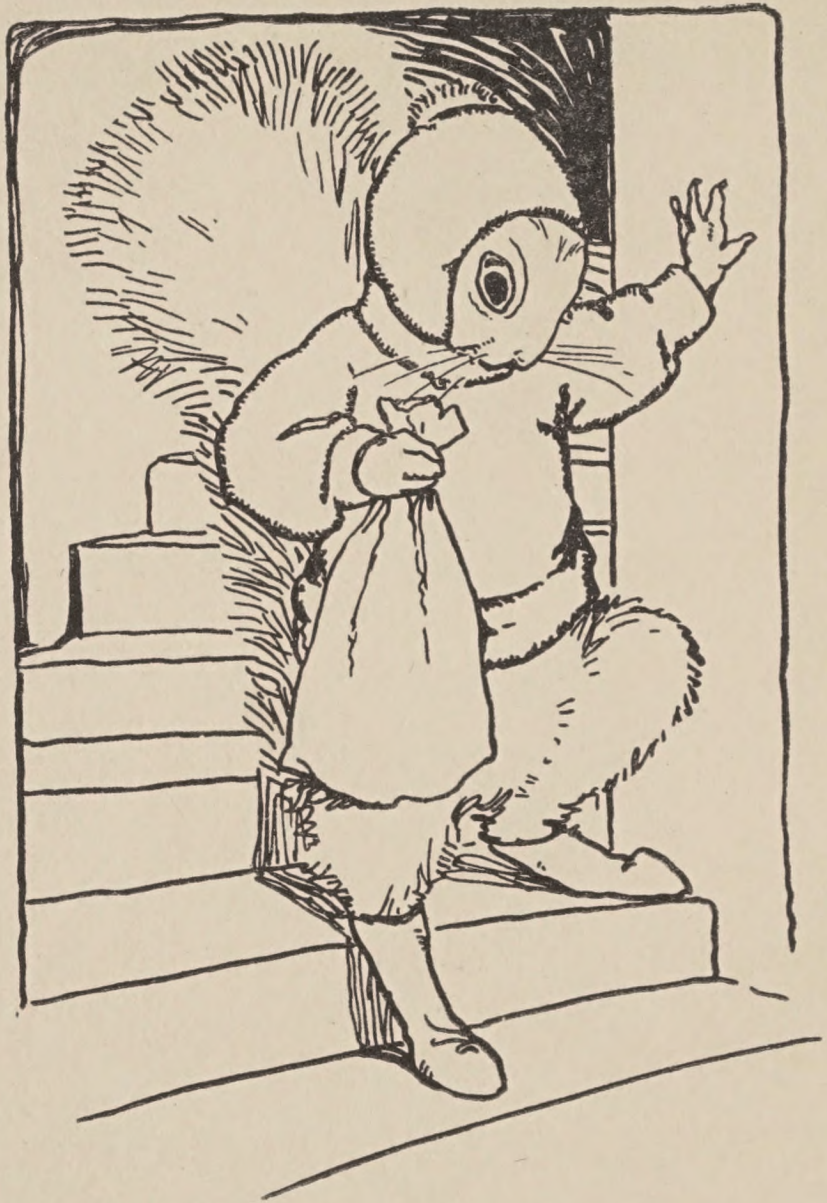
When he awoke it was night, and still the wild wind was carrying him far, far away.

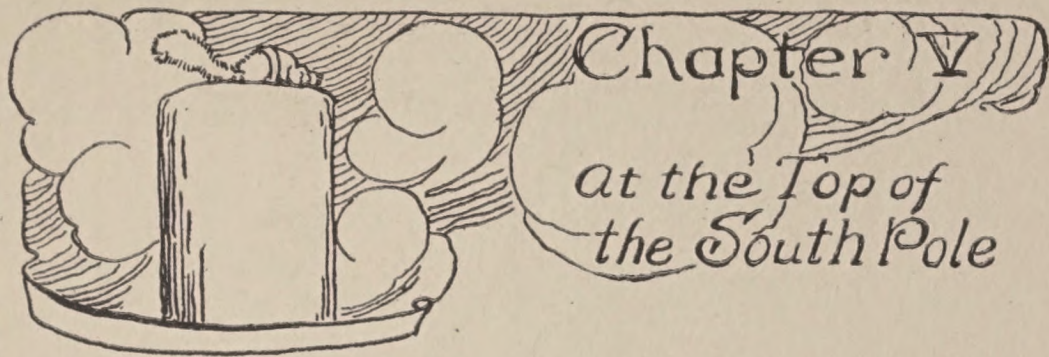
His precious bag was still on his shoulder, for he had clung to it even in his terror, but the string had become untied, and most of the food had been blown away.

He ate a little of the corn, but he was too frightened to be hungry, and very soon, numb and dazed with the cold, he fell asleep again.



At the Top of the
South Pole





ALL the next day and night, the fierce North wind kept on blowing a gale, but towards morning of the third day, it seemed to Mr. Bushy Tail that he was going more slowly, and just as the sun rose, he was suddenly dropped.

What he rested on he could not

tell, but in a few minutes, as it grew lighter, he looked about him, and saw it was a very high wooden post. Then he knew he was sitting



on top of the South Pole, where the North wind *has* to stop blowing, or else it becomes a South wind.



It was beautifully warm, and poor Bushy Tail stretched himself most comfortably in the sunshine, and thawed out his half-frozen little paws.

He felt very much shaken-up and alone in the world, and, with tears in his eyes, he thought of his little wife and hungry babies, and wondered if he should ever get home to them.

In the first place, he could not

see any possible way of getting down from his lofty perch. The sides of the Pole were very smooth and slippery, and the Pole itself was much too high for comfort or safety, if you tried jumping off.

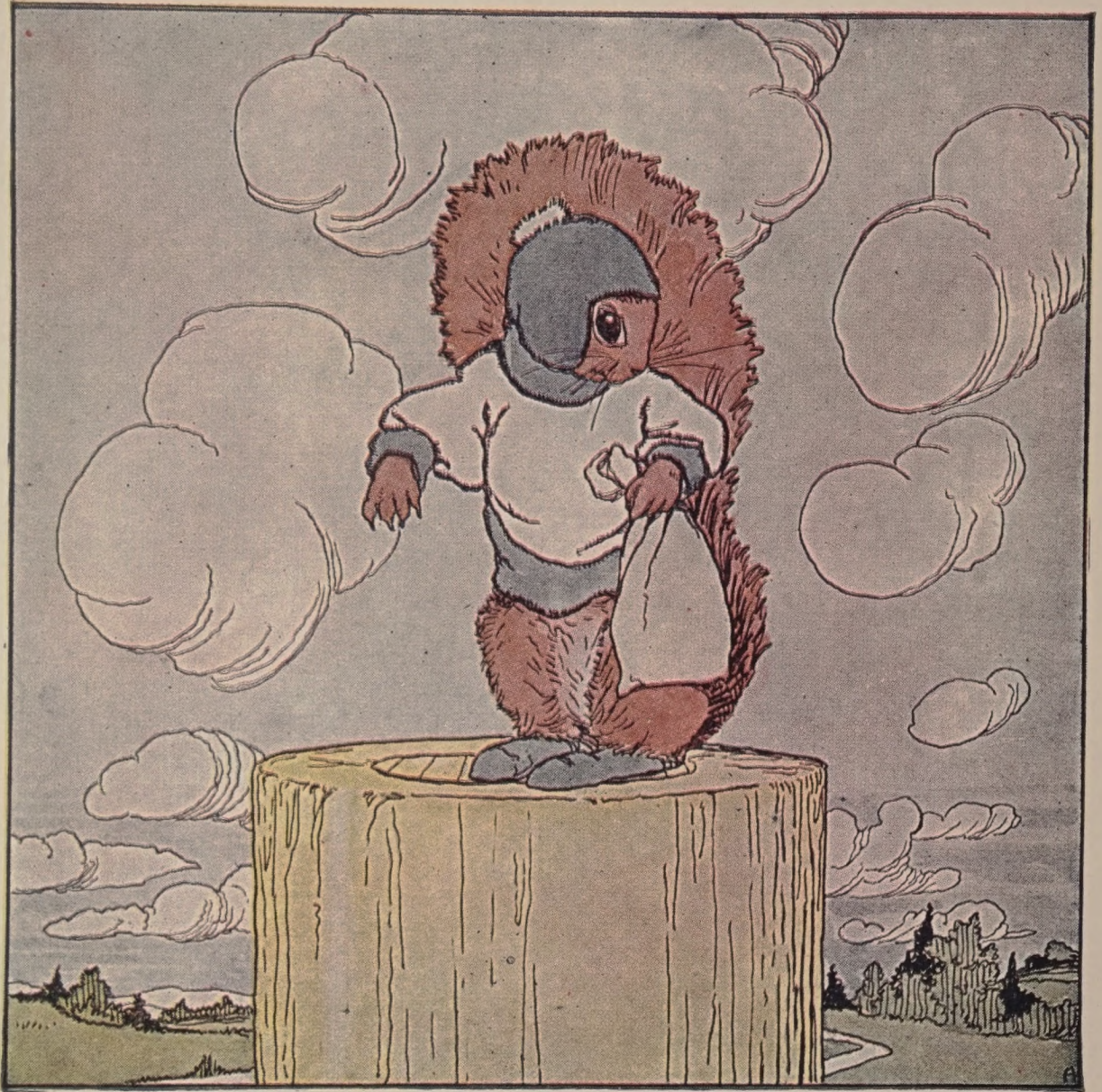


While he was pondering ways and means of descent, he heard a high squeaky voice say:

“Try the middle course.”

Peering over the edge of the Pole, Mr. Bushy Tail espied on the ground, far below, a funny little creature, such as he had never seen before. It was covered with long blue quills, and moved slowly, and with much dignity.

“What is the middle course?”



asked Mr. Bushy Tail, timidly.

“Why the middle of the Pole, you goose!” replied the squeaky voice.

Mr. Bushy Tail thought this mode of address not strictly polite, especially to a stranger, but he said nothing, and looked about him on top of the Pole.

Sure enough, right in the middle was a little winding staircase, down which he scrambled into darkness.

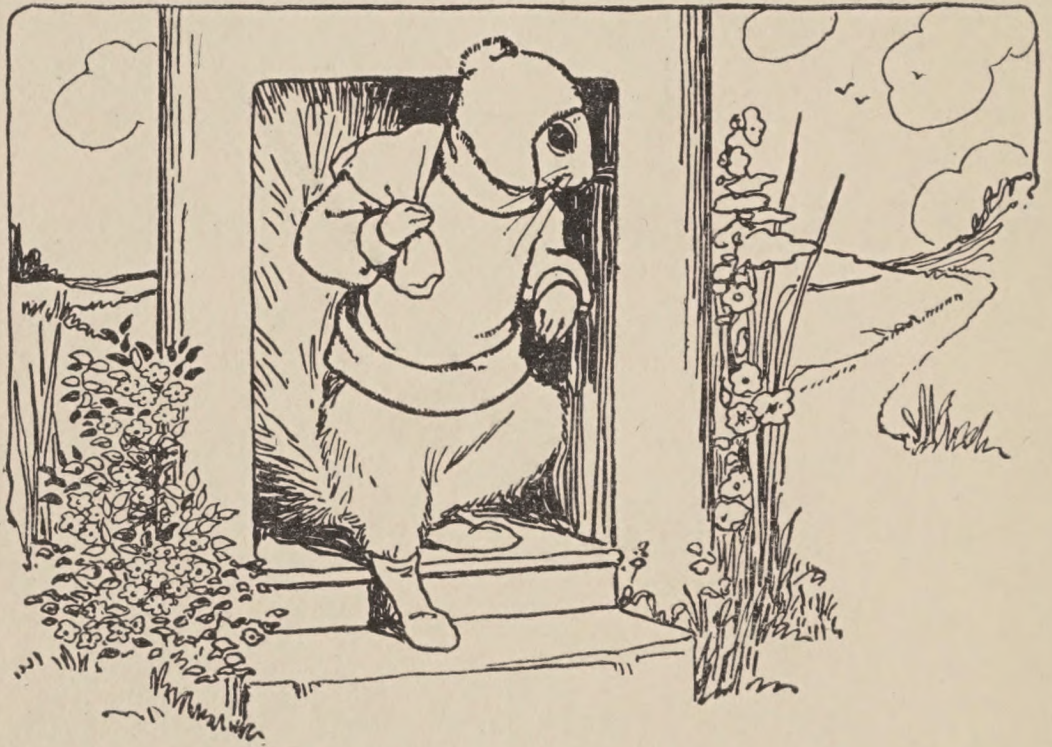
A Quilly Acquaintance





THE little staircase seemed very dark and pokey to Mr. Bushy Tail, and he devoutly hoped that nothing would jump out and bite him.

After a number of windings, however, he saw a faint light below



him, and a few moments later, he stepped through a low doorway, and found himself close beside his quilly acquaintance.

“How do you do, and where did you drop from?” asked Squeaky Voice.

“I am sure I don't know where I dropped from,” replied Mr. Bushy Tail, “but I came a long distance, at a very high rate of speed.”



“Have a few ants for luncheon?” inquired Mr. Quills.

“Have a few what?” asked the astonished Mr. Bushy Tail.

“Ants,” replied the Quilly One. “Red ants! White ants! Black ants! Speckled ants!—just any kind of ants. They are all excellent, both as food and appetizers.”

“No, thank you,” said Mr. Bushy Tail, in rather a disgusted voice. “I do not care for ants.”

Do you eat nothing else ?”

“Nothing!” answered the other proudly. “I am the world famous Quilly Ant-Eater, of whom you have doubtless heard.”

Now Mr. Bushy Tail had never heard of this celebrated personage, but he was too wise to say so. He only inquired where he could find a few nuts, for he was half starved, and also the nearest way to the North.

The squeaky Mr. Quilly Ant-Eater led him to a charming wood, where nuts grew in abundance, (as well as ants) for here at the South



Pole it was summer, and the flowers and trees were in full bloom.

Mr. Bushy Tail's winter coat felt much too

warm, and as he could not shed it until Spring came in the North, he concluded that he had better travel home as speedily as possible, or he might melt away entirely.

Mr. Quills did not know the way North, but he directed Mr. Bushy Tail to an intimate friend of his, Mr. Ring-Tailed Snorter, who was a great traveller, and would undoubtedly be able to help him.

Mr. Bushy Tail felt rather timid

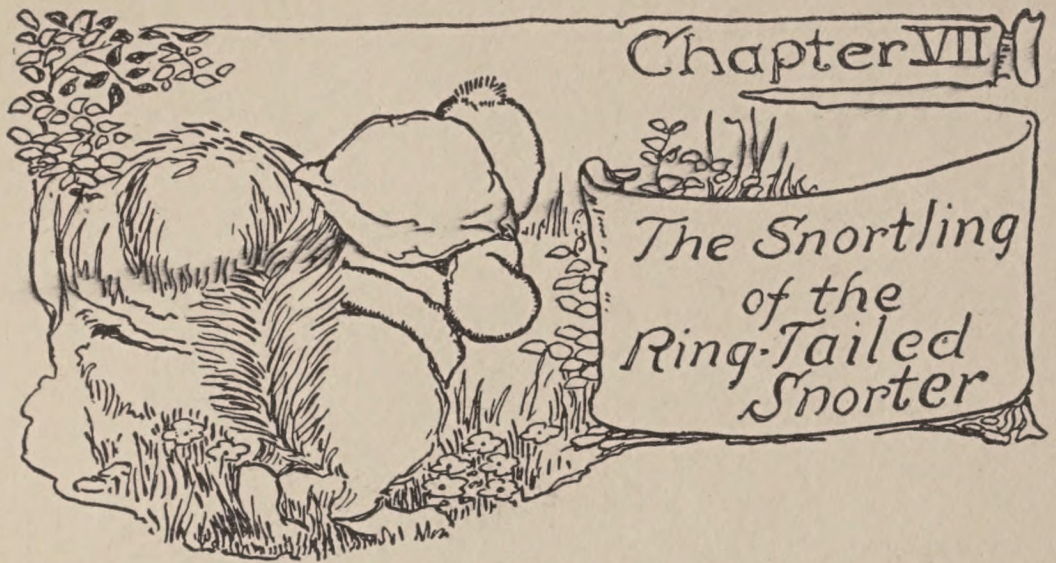
about meeting a person with such a fearsome name, but he felt that he *must* hurry home to his perchance starving family.

So, after thanking Mr. Quilly Ant-Eater for his kindness, he took his courage in his paws, and started off to find Mr. Snorter.



The Snortling of the
Ring-Tailed Snorter





Chapter VII

The Snortling of the Ring-Tailed Snorter

AFTER travelling for several miles, Mr. Bushy Tail entered a lovely glade full of flowers and ferns.

He had heard, as he approached, a most peculiar noise, such as he

had never heard in his life. As he drew nearer, the sounds grew much louder, and finally he saw the strangest looking object seated on a tree trunk.

It had the body and legs of a kangaroo, and the head of a monkey. Its tail was extremely long, with furry rings around it, and was tasseled at the end; and to keep it out of the dust, it had been tied in a bow-knot around the animal's neck.



The noise, which Mr. Bushy Tail had heard, proceeded from this person.

“Who are you?” he inquired, as Mr. Bushy Tail approached. “I am the celebrated Ring-Tailed Snorter, and you may now have the privilege of hearing me snortle,” which he proceeded to do most vigorously.

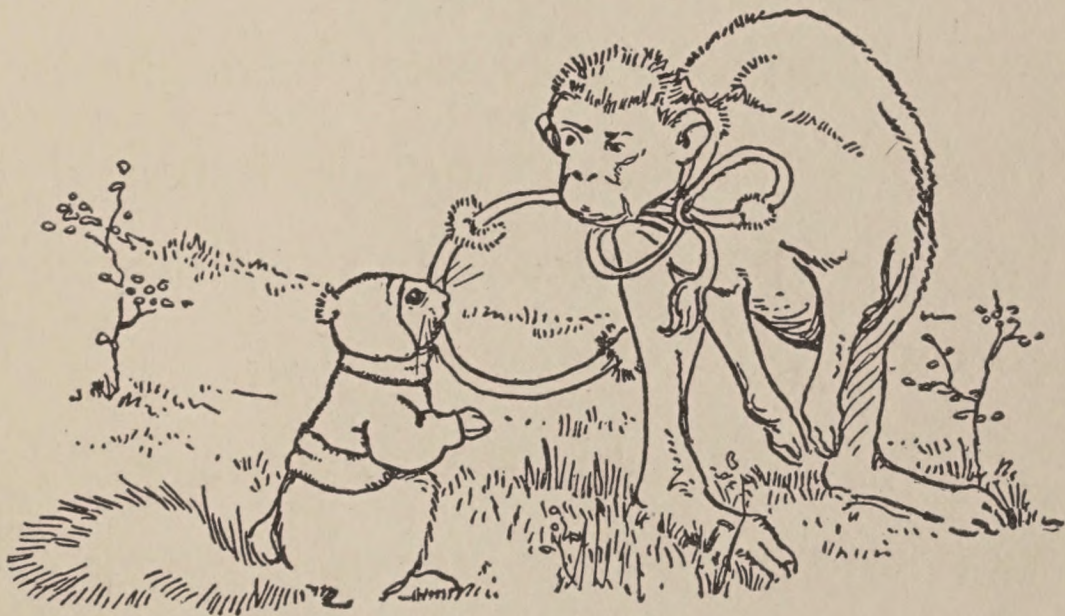
Poor Mr. Bushy Tail was scared almost out of his wits, for never had

he heard such terrible sounds.

After a few minutes the Snorter stopped snortling, and said:

“Now, *what* do you think of that?”

“*Never* have I heard anything to



equal it," replied the tactful Mr. Bushy Tail, and he certainly never had.

"If you'll stay with me, I'll do it for you every day," said Mr. Ring Tail.

"Thank you kindly," said Mr. Bushy Tail, "but much as I should enjoy it, I must go home as soon as I can to my starving family.

He then told Mr. Snorter what had befallen him, and of his great



Sp... ..
... ..

desire to travel back to the North, in the speediest manner.

“Come on!” said Mr. Ring Tail. “Just jump on my back, and I will take you to a friend of mine, who can whisk you there in no time.”

“Hadn’t I better fill my bag first with these fine nuts?” asked Mr. Bushy Tail.

“No, no, don’t bother about that; you’ll find nuts all the way

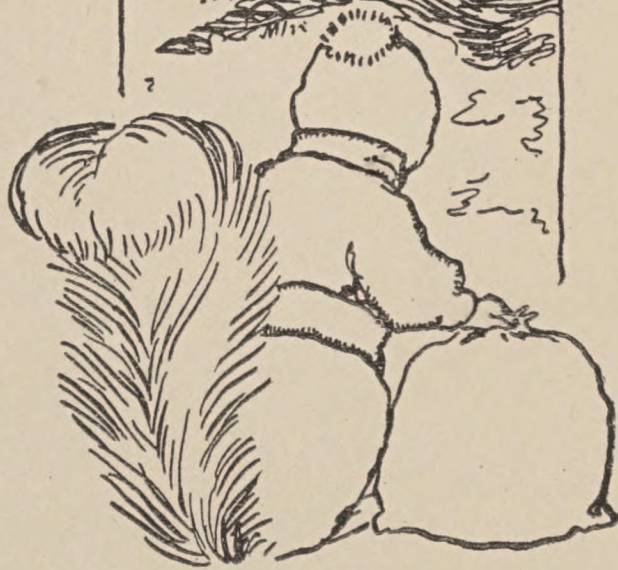
home," answered the other. So on jumped Mr. Bushy Tail, and away they went.

"Hang on tight to my tail," said the Snorter, as he leaped along.

Never had Mr. Bushy Tail travelled at such a peculiar gait. It was like leap frog, only more so, and he felt as though he were on a ship at sea. However, he held on tight, and hoped for the best.



The Gentle South
Wind





TOWARDS evening, they reached the top of a high hill, where Mr. Ring-Tailed Snorter stopped leaping, and gazed towards the South.

“Here comes my friend,” said he. “Good bye,” and without a “by your leave,” or the chance



of a "Thank you again," the South wind had caught up Mr. Bushy Tail and was whirling him rapidly Northwards.

For nearly a week they travelled on, but much more pleasantly than with the fierce North wind.

At times the wind would stop blowing, and Mr. Bushy Tail would be gently dropped in some pretty wood or meadow, where he could find plenty to eat and to drink.

He filled his bag to overflowing with the most delicious squirrel's food, and only regretted that the bag was not bigger.

At last one evening, the wind softly dropped him, and blew on alone. Mr. Bushy Tail looked about him, and saw that he was in his own woods, only a short distance from home.

How fast he scampered toward his house tree. He scarcely noticed



that since he had gone away Spring had come, and the first soft green shoots were covering the trees. The grass was full of flowers, and the birds were singing merrily.

Quickly he ran up into his nest, and there they all were, the dear wee family; Mrs. Bushy Tail, the children, and dear old Grandmother Chipmunk.

How delighted they were to see him. Poor little Mrs. Bushy Tail



quite broke down and cried with joy, for she had never expected to see her husband alive again.

Mr. Chipmunk and Mr. Red Squirrel had come over, a few days after Mr. Bushy Tail's visit, to inquire if he had reached home safely, and to bring great bags of provisions. When they heard that their friend was still missing, they had looked very anxious and sad.

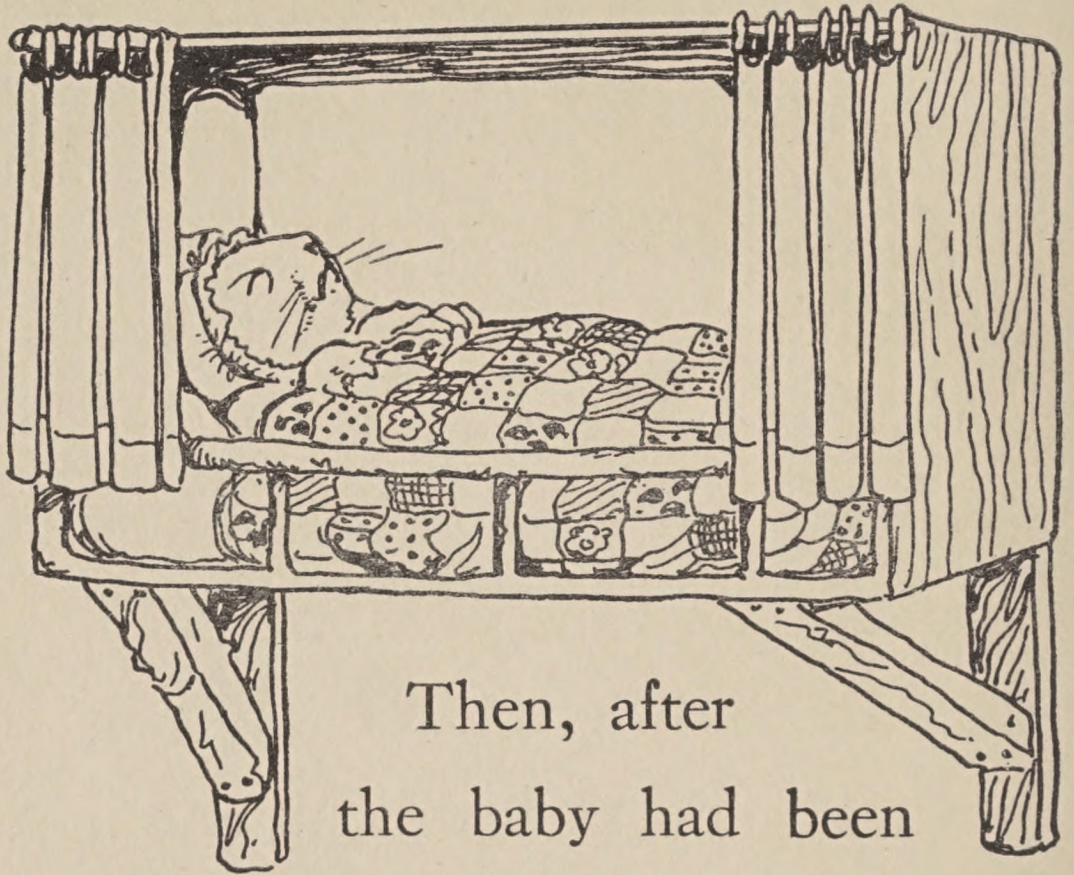
The snow storm, in which Mr.



Bushy Tail was blown away, had turned into such an awful blizzard, that every one thought he had been buried in the deep snow and frozen.

What a fine supper Mrs. Bushy Tail cooked from the wonderful bag, and how much they all ate.

Mr. Bushy Tail was told what a good boy Frisky had been, and how the baby had cut a new tooth, with which he had accidentally bitten Grandma Chipmunk.



Then, after
the baby had been
tucked away in his soft nest, they all
sat down close to the fire, while Mr.
Bushy Tail, taking Frisky on his



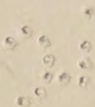
knee, told them of all his wonderful adventures. Of Mr. Quilly Ant-Eater and the Ring-Tailed Snorter; of that surprising slide down Mrs.

Mole's chimney, and of the terrible North wind.

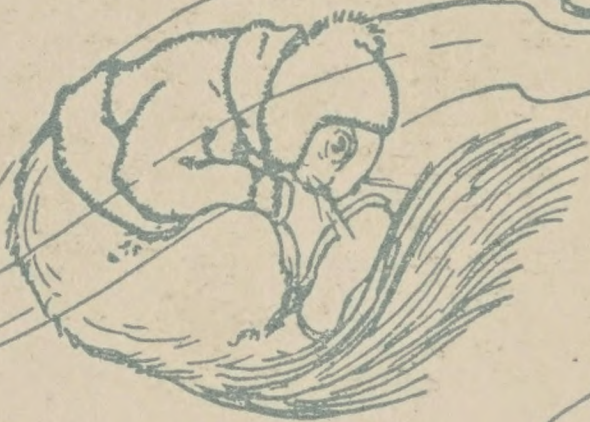
And there we will leave them, a happy and contented little family.

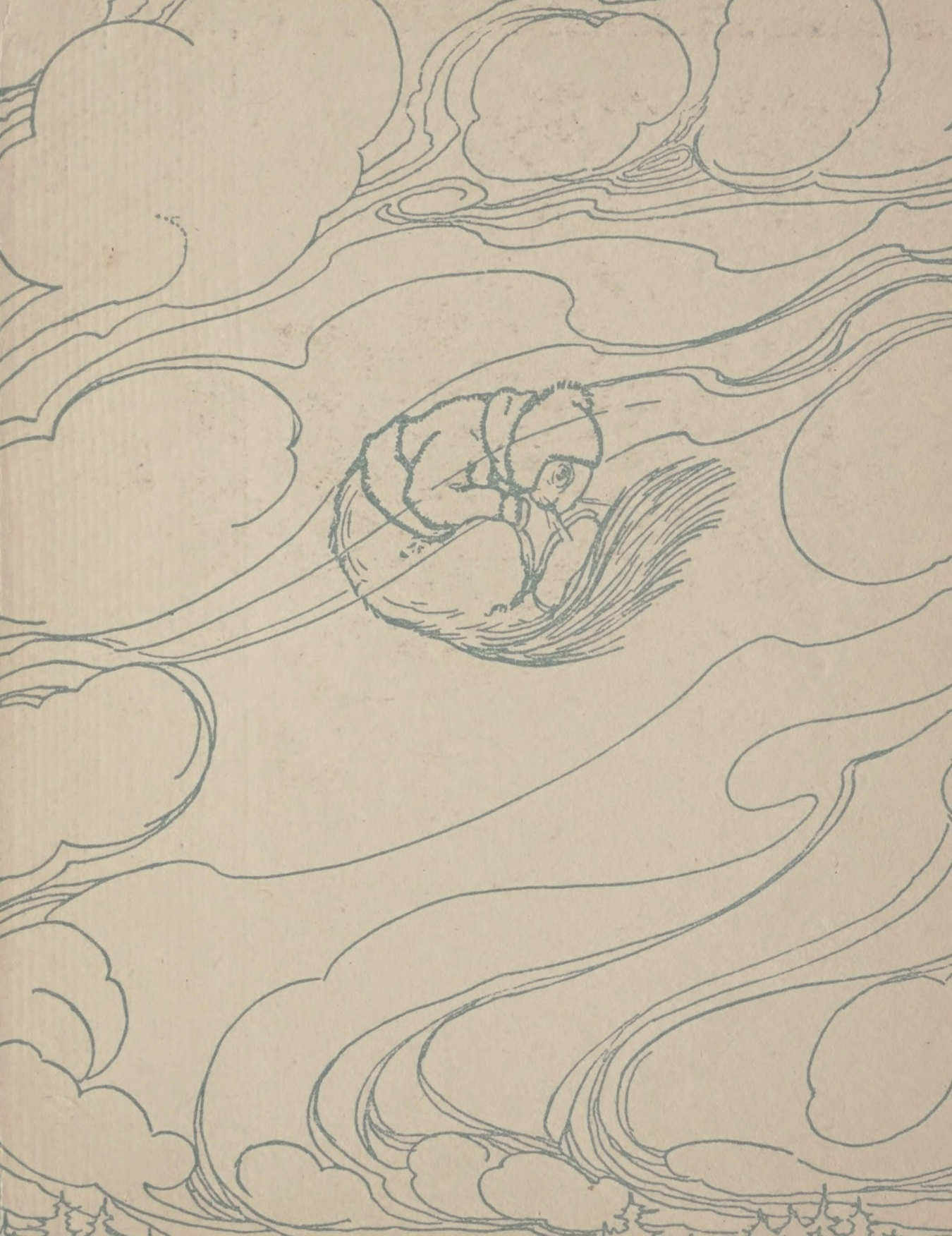


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