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RUN AWAY NANNY

BY CLARA J. DIXON



ILLUSTRATED BY
JOSEPH EUGENE DASH





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Runaway Nanny

No one is so Wise that He Cannot Become Wiser.

From Book of Maxims



DASH

"Please Grandmother pull my tooth!"

(From Doctor Puss)

RUNAWAY NANNY

AND OTHER

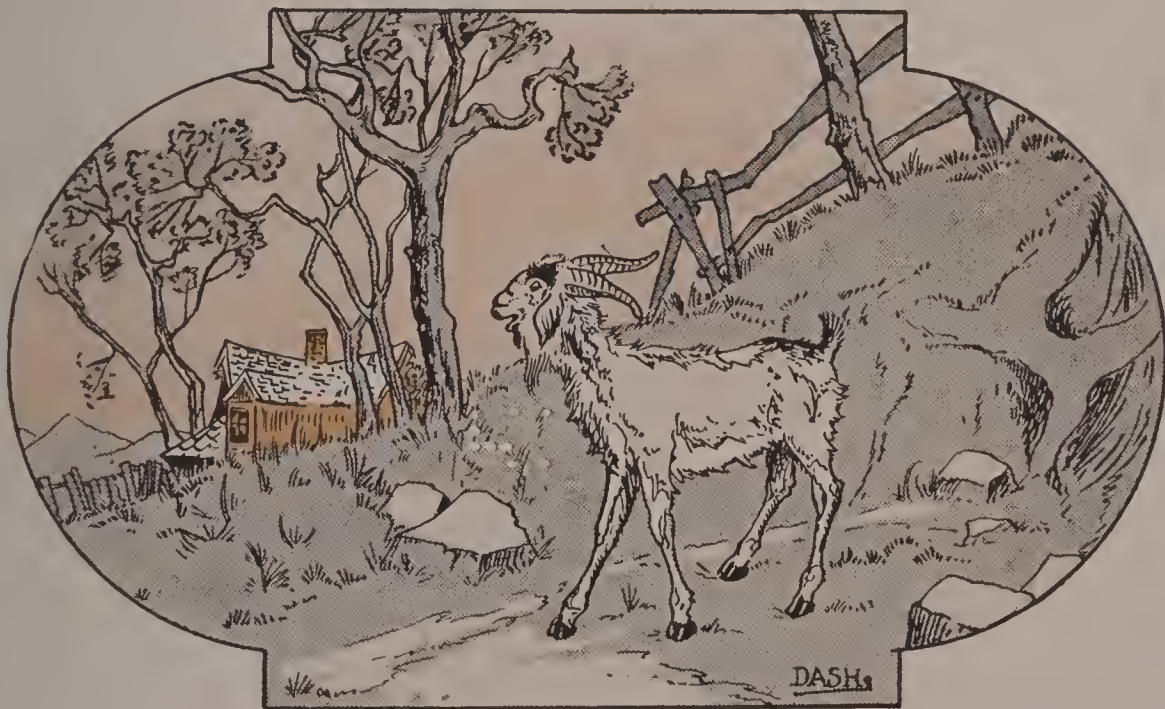
DELIGHTFUL STORIES

BY

CLARA J. DENTON

AUTHOR OF "BUSY LITTLE BIRDS"

"HOME-SPUN STORIES" ETC.



ILLUSTRATED BY

JOSEPH EUGENE DASH

"A JUST RIGHT BOOK"

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BUSY LITTLE BIRDS

New Knowledge Book of Mr. and Mrs. Redbreast and their orchard home.

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Natural told tales that will linger in children's minds.

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FOREWORD

Children are always most appreciative of action, humor, adventure and mystery in a story. When we consider that a child is born without reasoning power or the faculty of thinking constructively, it is not at all strange that action has a very strong appeal.

It is true that a child will employ every waked hour at some play or task. This is the natural results of instinctively reaching out for knowledge. To the child mind, each fresh undertaking is mystery, adventure, and the thrill of seeing the outcome of a task. By this process with help and guidance, the child gradually accumulates the values, and the mistakes of action.

*The Little Goat of this story will establish herself very firmly in the child reader's mind, for Run-away Nanny "after a day out" is returned with an accumulation of knowledge, of unusual humor, good people met and the beautiful moral of: **There is no place like Home,**" firmly established in her goat mind.*





Story of Runaway Nanny.

RUNAWAY NANNY



CHAPTER I

NANNY BREAKS THE ROPE

It was a hot summer day, but pretty Nanny, the Goat, lying asleep on the grass in the shade of a great oak tree, did not mind it at all.

Should we like to sleep on the grass in the shade of a big tree? Some people would not, because the ants and bugs of all kinds might crawl into their ears and into their noses, and if they were sleeping with their mouths open, as some foolish people do, the insects might even walk or fly into their mouths. Then too, some children would think the ground hard to lie on, not a bit like

their own nice, little beds. So if little people want to rest in the shade of a big tree it would be better for them to lie in a hammock. But Nanny liked the grass, because she was of the goat family and not a little child at all.

There are many stories about goats, how cross they often are and that they sometimes harm little children and even grownups, but Nanny was not that kind of a goat. She was a dear, kind, gentle, mother goat and had never harmed anyone in all her goat life, and so, of course, no one had ever hurt her.

As she was lying there on the grass that warm afternoon, sleeping quietly, Tom, the big family cat, came stepping so softly over the grass that Nanny did not hear him, but kept right on sleeping. By and by Tom must have grown tired of having everything so quiet, so he said right out, just as loud as he could, "Meow, meow!"

Now, it is true that cats, and dogs and goats cannot talk as we do, but we can believe that the sounds they make to each other are their ways of talking. So, it must be that Tom's "meow" meant this to Nanny. "I am hungry, my mistress has gone away and shut all the doors so that I cannot get to my saucer of milk which



She Opened her eyes and Listened

stands in a corner of the woodshed. If she must go away so much, I think she might make a cat hole in the woodshed door, she seems to forget all about my comfort."

When Nanny heard Tom's first "meow" she opened her eyes and listened to him, at last she said very gently, "Baa-a, ba-a-a," and, we can suppose, that meant, "What is a cat hole?" Because Nanny had never heard of such a thing before.

It may be that some folks have never heard of one either, so we may tell them that it is a little hole cut in a door, through which friend kitty may crawl into the house, or barn, or shed, whenever she is cold or hungry. In these days we don't often see cat-holes. But there used to be a great many of them and when there were, cats had much better care than they sometimes have now.

Nanny closed her eyes again when the cat stopped meowing, but very soon he began again, and this is what he was telling her, "My, but I am hungry! I tried to catch a big fat gopher, but he ran away from me."

"Ba-a-a," said Nanny, which was her way of saying, "I don't know what a gopher is, but I'm glad he got away."

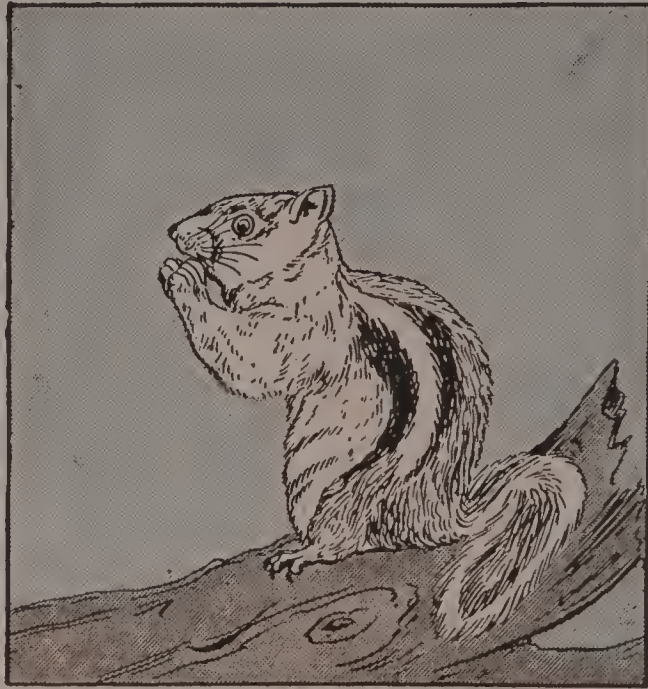
At this Tom was very angry and he gave a great many sharp “meows,” which said to Nanny, “You are a sleepy, lazy old goat, if you weren’t you would run all over this fine meadow.”

“Ba-a-a,” said Nanny again, “how can I get away when I’m tied up tight with this rope?”

Tom gave a great many meows after that, and this is what he told Nanny, “That rope is old and rotten and if you pull on it hard enough it will break and you will be free. But I can’t stay here and talk to you, I must go hunt up something to eat, that bad gopher has pushed up a great heap of dirt in my mistress’ garden, I know she won’t like this, so to please her I’ll go and catch one,” and away Tom went.

“Ba-a-a,” said Nanny softly to herself many times. She was wondering what gophers were like and was thinking if she could get away from that one little corner, she could find out something about gophers and see the rest of the world. So she gave one gentle little tug on the rope, another and a harder one, still harder and harder and then—there she was, free.

“Ba-a-a, ba-a-a,” Nanny said very loud. “Now I’ll find out all about gophers.”



Spend most of their time underground.

But Nanny soon began to eat of the long, green grass of the meadow, and she was so happy that she forgot all about the gophers. As goats are not like the cats, Nanny did not want a gopher to eat, for her food was only nice, green grass, or meal mixed with water. All she wanted was to see something she had never seen before.

When she had eaten so much grass that she just did not want any more she began to look around a little, just to see what was going on.

Not a creature was in sight. She heard the locusts buzzing away—some people call it singing, but they

make the noise by rubbing their legs over their wings—and from away off in the woods came the shrill call of the little gray Pe-wee.

Then Nanny thought about the gopher again, but the reason she did not see any was because these pretty little creatures spend most of their time under ground.

They look something like squirrels and something like the rats except that they have soft, furry striped coats. They come up out of the ground so seldom that only a patient, watchful cat or dog would be able to see them. They sometimes do a great deal of harm to the lawns and gardens over which people work so hard. Nanny did not find out all this for herself, for she did not see any gophers, and indeed, things soon began to happen so fast that she forgot all about the little animals.

As Nanny stood there looking around she noticed for the first time that a smooth, white road ran along in front of the meadow, and off she trotted to reach it. She knew all about green grass and about the soft, brown earth in her goat pen, but she had never seen anything like this wide, white sandy road, so she

trotted along very happily, glad to find something new.

By and by she came to something big and black lying in the fence corner. Now goats are always curious and when they come to something which they have never seen before, instead of keeping away from it and letting it alone, they run right to it and try to find out everything about it, and this trait, which we call curiosity, often leads them into mischief.



CHAPTER II

NANNY BEGINS TO SEE THE WORLD



Runaway Nanny ran up to the big black thing lying in the fence corner and looked at it a long time with her queer yellow eyes.

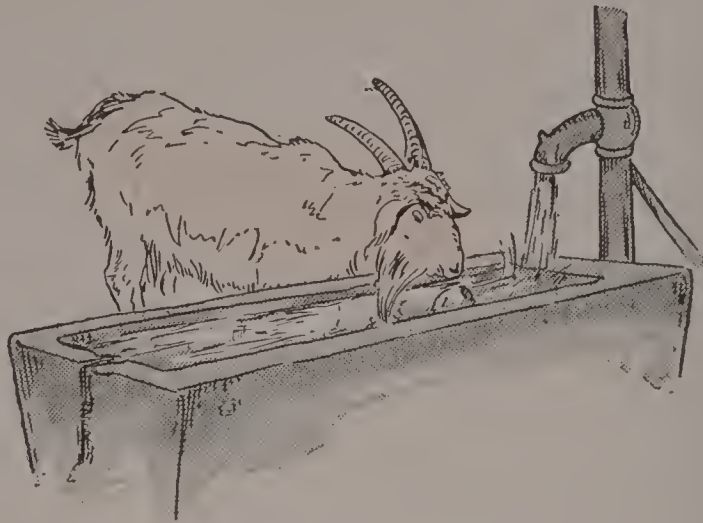
When we look closely at a goat's eyes we can see that the center part, or pupil, as it is called, is not round as is in other animal's eyes, that means human eyes also, but it is long and narrow.

After a while Nanny seemed satisfied that the big black thing would not hurt her so she went closer to it, put her little black nose against it and found that it was soft, then she set her little teeth in it and began to chew. The strange thing about all goats is that they like to chew rags and paper as well as we like to chew bread and meat and other good things. So Nanny was happy indeed. All her short life she had been tied up under a tree, or in a barn, so she had never had any fun

of this kind before and now she was making the most of it. While she was chewing away with all her might, her mouth suddenly touched something cold and hard, which she did not like at all and just as she was wondering what this queer thing could be, she heard a voice shouting at her most loudly. She looked up and there was a man climbing the fence close beside her shouting, "Eat up my coat will you? My watch in it, too!" Then, as he came to the top rail, he threw a heavy club at her. This caused Nanny to jump—and the big club just missed her head. So she ran on, and on, as fast as her little feet could go, until she was far away from the man with his club. Then she stopped and said "Ba-a-a," as loud as she could, but there was no one in sight to hear her or to answer her. Poor little Nanny, she had lived only one short year, and she had never had but one kind mistress, and so a club had never been thrown at her before, and she must have wondered very much why the man had been so angry as to stop her eating his coat.

After looking behind her to make certain that she was safe, she went on again more quickly, for there was no grass beside the road and nothing to see but a few birds flying around. Nanny had

almost made up her Goat mind to turn about and run back to her home, when she came in front of a big and very fine house, which stood in the middle of a wide lawn. There was a handsome iron fence around the lawn which Nanny did not like to see at all for the grass inside the fence was sweet, green clover and it made Nanny hungry just to look at it, even though she had already eaten a great deal of plain meadow grass. She went along close to the fence very slowly, her eyes fixed on the green clover. "Ba-a-a," she said softly, which meant, "It's good to look at, but I wish I had some of it in my mouth." Just then she came to a big gate which some careless person had left wide open. In a minute she was on the inside of the fence and was eating the tender clover. She filled her little stomach as full as it could hold, and then she began to look around. The window shades were down in the big house and not a sound was heard anywhere. So Nanny thought she would go a little closer and see what she could find. She wanted a drink very much and she thought there might be water somewhere near. So she went around



Ran Straight up to the Trough

the house and there she found a big windmill pumping water out of a well. The water was running into a sort of trough which carried it into a field near by, but Nanny did not stop to see where the water went, she just ran straight up to the trough and drank all she wanted. Then she was ready for something else. So she trotted on and soon came, beyond the windmill, to a little house not much bigger than her stable. Still very curious, she went up to it. She then saw that a big wooden latch held the door fast. She put her stubby nose under the latch, lifted it up and then with her nose still under the latch she pushed the door open and trotted inside the little room. A man lay asleep on a cot and beside him on the floor lay an old clay

pipe and a package of tobacco. This was the first time Nanny had ever seen any tobacco but she knew at once that the paper was something which she could chew. She took the package in her mouth and as it was only half full she chewed away on the soft paper until she came to the tobacco. When she had taken a mouthful of that, it made her cough out loud, just like a horse's cough. This queer sound waked the sleeping man who was the gardener, and who ought to have been at work. Although he was a very kind man and usually wouldn't hurt a fly, he was so surprised to see his package of tobacco hanging from the mouth of a goat, that he shouted as loud as he could, and picking up one of his heavy shoes, which lay on the floor near the couch, he aimed it at Nanny's head. But Nanny was away like a flash, so that when the shoe fell, it hit the floor instead of Nanny. The door which she had pushed open had not swung shut again and she did not stop running until she was safely on the other side of the handsome iron fence.

Nanny should have been so frightened by this time that she should have turned about and trotted

home. But no, indeed, she had seen so many queer things that she longed to see more. She ran on very fast for some time, until she came to a pretty little white house standing in the center of a green lawn, around which there was no fence. This made Nanny very happy, for although she had eaten so much that the grass no longer looked good to her, she was glad that she could run right up to the house and look around for more mischief, although, of course, she didn't know that it was mischief.

Everything was so still and quiet that Nanny kept on going nearer and nearer to the house. On the porch was a large rocking-horse which was made to look so much like a real horse that at first she really thought it was alive. She had seen horses, of course, and was not at all afraid of them. In fact, at one time in her short life, her master had kept a handsome bay horse, that had been given a little corner in Nanny's own stable. She had liked the bay horse very much, so she was glad when she thought the horse on the porch was a live one. She trotted up the steps of the porch and went close

to it saying, "Ba-a-a, ba-a-a," in her softest tones. But this was a queer horse, for it did not turn its head and look at her as the other horse she knew had done. What could be the matter with it? Nanny put her nose up close to smell of it and then her mouth touched the real horse-hair of which its mane was made. Upon finding that the horse was not real, in a moment her mouth was full of the soft horse-hair, and she was chewing up the long black mane as fast as she could.



CHAPTER III

IN A BARN AND OUT



We cannot think that Nanny chewed on the horse-hair because it tasted good, neither does it seem as if she could have been hungry when she'd had so much nice fresh grass to eat. No, she just chewed away on it because it was her nature to like to keep her jaws going on something, just as a puppy will chew on an old shoe. So, Nanny's fun went merrily on. She chewed away on the mane until there was nothing left of it. Then she pushed her little black nose along the wooden sides of the rocking horse until she came to its long, black tail, which was also made of real horse-hair. She quickly took that into her mouth and had begun to chew on it when the door of the house near her opened and a woman came quickly at her, loudly calling "Go away, Go away." Again naughty Nanny

had to run, for, although it was only a woman this time and not an angry man, this woman acted as though she would like to punish Nanny for spoiling the nice horse. Nanny made her four little feet fly down the lawn just as fast as ever they could go and the woman ran after her scolding her with every jump. When she had chased the naughty little goat into the road she went back to the house and just at this moment Nanny came to a big oak tree near the road. Since the woman was not to be seen, Nanny seemed to think this was a good place to rest so she lay down in the shade, drew a long breath and began to chew her cud, just like a cow.

Some animals have two stomachs. Into the first one all the food goes without having had much chewing, then when that stomach is full, the animal can bring the food up into its mouth and chew it all over again, this time making the food very fine. It is then swallowed again and goes into the second stomach where it makes over to help the animals to live and grow.

All animals do not chew the cud. Dogs, cats, horses, pigs and many other animals have but one stomach. But goats, sheep and cattle all chew the cud and they all seem to enjoy doing so.

So Nanny lay under the trees and with her eyes half shut chewed away, thinking to herself, no doubt, that even though she had been scolded and chased she was having a very good time after all, "seeing the world." Just how long she would have lain there we never can tell, for right in the midst of her contentment she heard that sound which she feared more than anything else in the world, the bark of a dog. Twice in her short life she had been chased by a dog and she had not forgotten her fright at those times.

In an instant she was on her four nimble feet and looked around to see which way she should run. Just then a soft, kind voice called, "Nanny, Nanny, come Nanny." Then Nanny saw a lady not far away and she thought at first it was her mistress, so she trotted toward her very quickly. When she came close to the woman she saw that it was not her mistress, but as she put her hand on Nanny and petted her gently, while she called her name in soft, kind tones, she stayed close beside her, for the dog was now passing along the road and with him were three or four big boys carrying big sticks. Nanny felt very safe with the lady, so she did not resist when the lady led her by the collar to a big cool barn. She led her up to one corner where there was

same nice fresh hay on which Nanny lay down at once. Then the lady patted her on the head, spoke to her very kindly and went out and shut the big barn doors. So Nanny knew that she was safe from the dog for a while anyway. When the lady had gone away Nanny curled herself up on the hay and was soon sound asleep.

She had a nice long nap from which she was awakened suddenly by the sound of men's heavy voices quite near her. Nanny jumped up in a second and looked at the men as they kept on talking. She did not know what they were talking about, but she said the only thing she knew, which was, "Ba-a-a, ba-a-a!"

This was what the men said, "Where could that pretty Nanny goat have come from? She must have strayed away from her home and," one of them said, "I suppose my wife took her in, she always takes care of all the stray animals. But we have no need for a goat, so I'll just let her out. She can be trusted, I think, to find her way home."

Then he stepped to the big barn door and pushed it wide open.

Although Nanny did not know what the men had been talking about she did know what the open door meant, so she trotted out at once. It had been nice and



"Nanny, Nanny, Come Nanny"

cool in the big barn, but Nanny thought it was much nicer and cooler in the open air, and as she was quite rested after her long nap, she was ready to go on her way "seeing the world."

At first she looked all around to be sure that the big dog had gone away, for Nanny would very much rather be shut up than to be chased by a dog. But neither dog nor boys were any where in sight, so she trotted on again up the road so fast that the white house and barn were soon far behind her.

As the man's wife did not find out that he had opened the door and let Nanny out, until several hours had passed away, there was no one to chase after Nanny and bring her back. When the woman did find out she was very sorry, and even went down to the road and called, "Nanny, Nanny, come Nanny," in kind coaxing tones. But Nanny was too far away to hear her and just at that time she was eating some fresh grass which grew beside the road and as she was having a very good time, it may be that she would not have come to the lady even if she had heard her calling.

CHAPTER IV

IN A BAG



If Nanny had been let alone she would no doubt, have kept right on eating grass until she had enough and then, as there was nothing to see right there, she might have turned her little gray and white body around and have trotted back to her own home. But before she had eaten all the grass she wanted, something else happened.

A horse and wagon came clattering along and in the wagon, driving alone, was a big strong man. He spied Nanny long before he reached her.

“My,” he said to himself, “what a nice little Nanny goat, and as she’s away off here so far from any house, I don’t believe she has any home. How fine it would be to have some goat’s milk for my little children to drink. I’ve heard it’s very good for children.”

He stopped the horse, climbed down from his seat and went slowly toward the goat. Nanny stopped eating when she heard the man coming, raised her head and looked him over. She did not see men very often, except as they passed along the road. Her master was away from home nearly all the time. True, he came home, now and then, for a day or two, but as he never took any care of Nanny, she saw very little of him. More than that, since she had been taking this fine trip, “seeing the world,” two men had hollered and thrown things at her, and though she was only a goat, she remembered something about these things. She did not like to see another man coming toward her. He said, “Nanny, Nanny,” to her in a very kind tone, but she did not feel very sure of his kindness and as he came nearer to her, she began to move away from him, he

coaxed and coaxed, but still she kept on moving away just about as fast as he came toward her. By and by, he thought he was close enough to catch Nanny, so he made a quick jump and almost caught her by the collar, but she was too quick for him and she started up the road at a lively trot, for now she was really frightened.

Then the man remembered his horse and wagon standing in the middle of the road. He knew it would not do to leave them there while he chased after the goat, because the horse might be started to run away too, and the horse and wagon were worth more to him than several goats. So the man went back to his wagon. The good horse stood resting on three legs, for one of his feet was a little hurt and his eyes were shut so he didn't look as if he would run away, no matter what happened. However, the man led the good old horse to a fence corner, tied him fast to one of the posts, and then went off after Nanny again. But Nanny gave him quite a chase, he could not get even as close to her as he had been before. Then he thought of something. He put his hand in the pocket of the blue blouse he was wearing, and brought out a big, red apple, which he had meant to eat by and by. Nanny sniffed her little snub nose and said, "Ba-a-a, ba-a-a," which to the



Brought out a big apple

man meant, "Yes, I'd like that apple."

"Come on," coaxed the man, "come on, and you may have it."

So little Nanny came closer and closer, thinking of nothing but the beautiful red apple, the smell of which was a great delight to her, and at last, she took the apple in her mouth. Then, a quick dash, and the man had his hands on Nanny's collar.

Saying to himself, "Now, she is mine, she is mine," he took Nanny up in his arms and went toward the

wagon with her. Of course, she tried her best to get away, but she was such a little goat and the man was big and strong, so, of course, she couldn't get away.

In the back of the wagon were some big canvas bags in which the man had carried potatoes to town, so he pulled one of these big bags over poor Nanny's head and down over her body and feet, then he tied the bag up tight, and said, "Now, Miss Nanny, I think you are safe."

Then he quickly untied his horse, climbed into the back of the wagon, took up the reins, said, "Giddap," to the horse and away they went.

Of course Nanny tried to kick herself out of the bag, but as it was so big she was not able to kick often in the same spot.

The man drove standing up in the back of the wagon for a long time, so that he could watch poor Nanny and see that she did not get out of the bag. After a while he felt certain that she never could get out, so he climbed into the seat and left Nanny alone in the back of the wagon.

We know by this time that the man was not doing right. In the first place, he had no right to the goat, and besides, he knew down deep in his heart, that it was not

right to tie up the poor little creature in an old potato-bag. But he drove on, just the same, trying to quiet his conscience by telling himself that when he got the goat safely home he would always be good to her and give her plenty of good feed.

Every few minutes he looked over his shoulder to see if the poor animal was still moving about in the bag. He knew she could not die for want of air, for the bag was woven of coarse, thick thread through which the air came freely. He had only a little over a mile to go before he would reach his home and he kept saying to himself, that he hadn't hurt Nanny any, and, as she seemed to have no home, he was really a good friend to her.

When the man had picked out one of the bags to pull over Nanny he had not noticed that there was a big hole near the bottom of the bag. As Nanny kicked and tumbled around in her queer prison, her little stub nose had found this hole. Then her love for chewing things, which the man had forgotten all about, helped her, for she began to chew right around that hole. How she did chew, and chew, and chew. Pretty soon, it was a very big hole, big enough for Nanny's head to go through, but still she kept on chewing and by and by,

when the man turned around for another look at Nanny, he was just in time to see her jump out of the back end of the wagon and as she struck the ground, away went the bag in one direction and the goat in another.



CHAPTER V

NANNY FINDS A FRIEND



You may be certain, the man was much surprised when he saw the goat and his bag both getting away from him at once. He shouted "Whoa!" to his horse at the very top of his voice and the good beast stopped very sudden. It had been trotting along slowly, limping a little on its lame foot, and must have been very glad of a chance to rest. The man did not wait this time to tie the horse, he did not even stop to throw the lines around the dash-board. His only thought seemed to be to get hold of the "Runaway Nanny."

But as he turned around after climbing out of the wagon, he had another surprise.

Not far from the road, in front of a pretty little cottage, there was a beautiful flower garden and in this garden was a lady pulling weeds from a bed of petunias. She was sitting on the ground and as soon as Nanny caught sight of her she ran straight to her, bleating with all her might. The lady opened her arms and Nanny ran right into them.

“Why, you poor little thing,” said the lady, as she hugged Nanny close in her arms, “you are trembling like a leaf.”

At this moment, the lady saw the man coming toward them.

“Come Nanny, Nanny,” he called, but at the first sound of his voice Nanny stuck her little head under the woman’s arms and trembled more than ever.

“I am much obliged to you, Madam,” said the man, in a tone which he tried to make polite, “for catching my goat for me.”

“Well, you needn’t be,” said the lady quickly, “for it isn’t your goat.”

“What do know about that?” said the man meanly.

“I know all about it.” was the answer, “Nanny and



"I am much obliged to you, Madam"

I are old friends, she belongs to a friend of mine who lives not very far up this road, and I'd like to know how you have come by her? I suppose, by the looks of things, you had her in your wagon out there, and she got away?"

"Yes," said the man quickly, "I bought her today, and was taking her home."

"Now, I know you are not telling the truth, because I know how much my friend thinks of Nanny and that she wouldn't sell her to any one."

"Well, she did sell her anyway," said the man firmly.

"I know this is not true," said the lady, "you couldn't have bought the goat today, because I saw my friend yesterday and she said she was to be at the dentist's in the city all day today, so how could she have sold you the goat?"

"I don't care what she told you yesterday, people change their minds sometimes, don't they?"

As he said this he came a little closer and reached out his hand to take hold of Nanny.

"Go away," said the lady, "don't you try to take her, my husband is a constable, he is in the barn with two other men and if you come an inch closer I will

call him.” So when the man heard this he stepped back a little.

“Now,” said the lady, kindly, “I want to know if you are telling the truth, so I’ll go into the house and call my friend on the ’phone. If she has come home and tells me that she has sold the goat to a tall, brown-haired, blue eyed man, wearing over-alls and blouse, then you may have the goat, but if she is there and says she didn’t sell Nanny to anyone, OR, if she isn’t at home, then I will call my husband.”

The man looked very cross, but he did not seem able to say anything against this very good plan. So, the lady stood up and, taking Nanny by the collar, led her away. She went to the back porch, which was screened in and after fastening the screen door, she left Nanny there alone and went into the hall to telephone.

Just as she had expected, there was no answer to her ring on the telephone although she rang several times. Then she went to the front window and looked out, the man and his horse and wagon were nowhere in sight. The lady’s next move was to unlock the screen door, then taking Nanny by the collar, she went to the barn to tell her husband all about it.

Her husband laughed when he heard the story.

“Well,” he said, “my dear, you were a little too right for him, and he knew that he was not honest.”

“But now,” said the good lady, “don’t you think it would be best to shut Nanny up and ’phone her mistress when she comes home that she is here?”

“No indeed,” answered her husband, “that would give her mistress the trouble of coming after her. I think the best thing to do is just to turn Nanny loose. I think we can be sure that she will go home, for it is getting along toward the time for her warm bran mess. Chickens always go home to roost and, I suppose goats go home to sleep in their stables.”

“But what if another bad man comes along and picks her up again?”

“That is not likely to happen, bad men are not quite so plenty as that,” said her husband with a laugh.

“Perhaps you are right,” answered the woman, “but I will not turn her loose until I take her to the road. I know her too well.”

“Why,” asked the husband, “what harm can she do between here and the road?”

“She can eat up all my flowers,” answered his wife.



A big, black dog came bounding

“Eat your flowers? Who ever heard of such a thing?” said the surprised husband.

“I have, she is very fond of flowers, and that is one reason why she is always shut in her stable, or tied to a post.”

“All right,” said the husband, “I suppose you know then, the safest thing to do is to lead her down to the road, head her toward home and then let her go.”

The lady turned away and led Nanny out to the road.

“Now you must be a good little Nanny and go straight home,” she said as she headed the goat toward her own home.

She let loose of Nanny’s collar expecting to see her trot gladly towards her home. But that is the very thing which did not happen.

At that moment a big black dog came bounding along from the way in which Nanny was looking and the scared little goat gave one loud "ba-a-a" and bounded off in the other direction as fast as her four feet could carry her.



CHAPTER VI

NANNY GOES TO SCHOOL



The good lady felt very very sorry when she saw the goat running down the road, instead of going up the road toward her own home, as she should have done. But it was not safe to spend a minute calling Nanny, because the dog that had made all the trouble was the lady's own dog. She knew very well that if she didn't call him back he would run after Nanny and perhaps hurt her. So she called very loud and sharp,

“Carlo, Carlo, come here, Carlo!”

Now if Carlo had been like some dogs, he would have paid no attention to the call of his mistress, but would have kept right on after Nanny. But he was a well-trained dog and when he was spoken to he always obeyed. So he stopped running at the first call, and when his mistress said, “Come here, Carlo,” he turned around and came running up to her, wagging his tail and looking as if he had never seen a goat in his life. His mistress patted him on the head, called him “good Carlo,” and then gave him a cracker which she took out of her apron pocket, she had put it there for Nanny, but had forgotten to give it to her because she was thinking so much about what she should do with her. It was too bad that the dog should have happened along just at that time, because when Nanny came to the corner where the road crossed another one she turned onto the other one and so the lady lost sight of her. She was very much worried about Nanny, as she thought Nanny could never find her way home, so she took Carlo by the collar and went to the barn to talk to her husband. She thought he ought to get on his bicycle and go after Nanny, but he said,

“Oh, it is all right, let her wander around, she’ll come trotting back after a while and go home, like Bo Peep’s sheep.”

The lady did not think this, but as she could not change her husband’s mind, and was not strong enough to chase after Nanny herself, she shut Carlo up in the cow stable and went back to pulling weeds out of her petunia bed.

Meanwhile Nanny was running as fast as she could along the cross road into which she had turned when she was so badly scared by the dog. She was sure the big fellow was coming after her yet, and so without stopping for even one second to look behind her, she ran on and on until she was very tired and almost out of breath. Then suddenly she saw right ahead of her, a pretty little house which stood not far from the road. It was so very quiet all around the house and no one was in sight anywhere that she thought it would be quite safe to stop a few moments and look at it. She then saw that it had two front doors, both of which were open, and in front of the doors was a neat little porch. Without wasting any more time, Nanny ran up on the porch, and as her little hoofs sounded on the boards, she heard a soft voice saying,

“Come, Nanny, Nanny,” and there in one of the doorways stood a young lady. Nanny liked her looks at once, and as the young lady backed away from the door, Nanny trotted after her into the middle of the room. In another minute the young lady held a big red apple in her hand and she said again, “Come, Nanny, Nanny.”

Nanny was only a little goat, not a very wise one at that, and as she dearly loved apples, she quite forgot that she had been caught a little while before with a big, red apple. So she trotted quickly up to the white hand that held the apple and was soon munching away on it as if she had not had either breakfast or dinner.

She did not look around until she had eaten the apple, peeling, core, seeds and stem. Then she began to notice things. No doubt she was surprised to find that the little house, which seemed to have but one room, was nearly full of boys and girls of all sizes. The fact was, though, of course, Nanny did not know it, she was in a school room. The teacher thought this was a good time to talk to the children about goats, so while Nanny was munching her apple, she bade them notice her eyes, her little feet with the funny hoofs, and so on. She also asked all the children who had ever

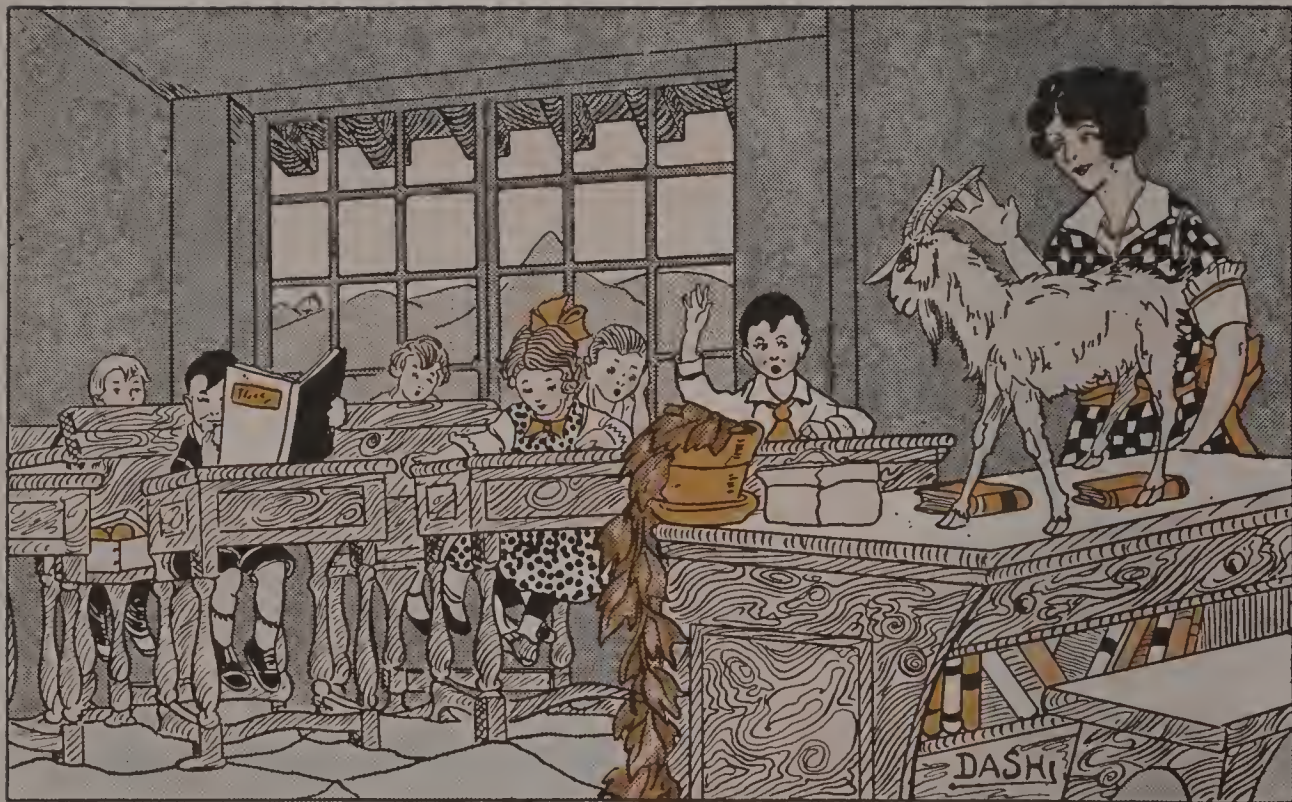
seen a goat before to raise their hands and only two hands went up. The children had all been very quiet and still until their hands were raised. But these two hands seemed to frighten Nanny. She gave a sudden jump and landed in the middle of the teacher's desk. This made the children laugh, but the teacher quieted them at once, telling them they must not frighten Nanny.

The goat stood a moment looking around as if wondering what she should do next. She didn't seem to see anything worth doing, for she stood very still for a few seconds; then she happened to look down at the desk on which she was standing. An open book was lying there near her feet, and as soon as her eyes fell on that she knew just what to do. She took some of the leaves in her mouth and began to chew them.

"Oh, Nanny, you mustn't do that," said the teacher gently, and moved toward her. Then a sudden new thought came to the teacher.

"John and Jane," she said to the boy and girl nearest the doors, "run and shut the doors quickly!"

They sprang to the doors and closed them shut just as Miss Runaway Nanny reached the door with the



Landed in the middle of the teacher's desk

book still in her mouth. But the teacher went to her, meaning to take the book away from her, when away went Nanny to the other end of the room. One of the boys put out his hand to catch her, but the teacher said, "No, don't frighten her; she is such a gentle little thing I can coax the book away from her."

Then the chase began. The teacher was kind and patient, but Nanny was full of play, so 'round and 'round the room they went, the handsome book dangling from the goat's mouth. Finally the teacher, at a loss to know what to do, picked up a book which was lying on a desk, and with it gave Nanny a gentle blow on the haunches. Immediately the goat dropped the book, gave a sudden leap upon a desk near an open window, and then, with another leap, disappeared into the open.

The teacher did not look to see where Nanny went; she was too busy with the book. It was an expensive one which she had bought to use in her school work. She found that Nanny had destroyed one of the fine pictures and also several pages of the reading matter.

Outside the schoolhouse there stood a tall pole, on the top of which was fixed a bell, and from it hung a long rope which nearly reached the ground.

“Well,” said the teacher, as she discovered all that Nanny had done to her book, “I shall never allow a goat in my schoolroom again. I didn’t suppose they would eat books.”

Just at that moment a boy who sat near the window called out: “Teacher, that goat is eating up our bell rope!”

Perhaps we will wonder now why she had never tried chewing in two the rope with which she had been tied. Well, she never had. The reason is, no doubt, that there was no loose end to attract her attention, as there was on the bell rope.



CHAPTER VII

ON THE ROOF



The teacher was still looking her book over, and when she heard the boy's call she said quickly, without even looking up:

“Run out and chase her away.”

The children seemed to think this meant that they should all go, so in a minute the school house was empty, and in another minute Nanny was racing down the road at her very best speed, chased by twenty laughing, shouting children

The chase had not gone on very long before the children knew that Runaway Nanny's four nimble feet were able to keep her safely out of their way, but they still ran on just for the fun of the chase.

By and by they came to another road. Nanny made a quick turn into this road, and just as she did so a big automobile turned the corner and barely missed hitting Nanny.

The man stopped the car at once and called sharply

to the children, who all stood still at the sound of his high, sharp tones.

“What do you mean,” he asked, “chasing that poor little goat? I’ve a good mind to have every one of you arrested!”

One of the larger boys answered in a quick tone:

“She was eating up the bell rope at the school house and the teacher told us to chase her away.”

“Well, you didn’t need to chase her clear down here to get her away from the bell rope, did you?” he asked, still sharply. “I came very near hitting her with the car, and if she had been killed you would have had to pay for her. I am going past the school house and I’ll stop and tell the teacher just what you have done. And now don’t you try to chase the goat another step, do you hear?”

The children made no answer, but backed away behind the car as much out of the man’s sight as possible.

Suddenly he called out:

“You’ll have to go back to the school house, I suppose, after your hats and things, for it must be time for school to be out, so jump in, all of you, and I’ll give you a ride back.”

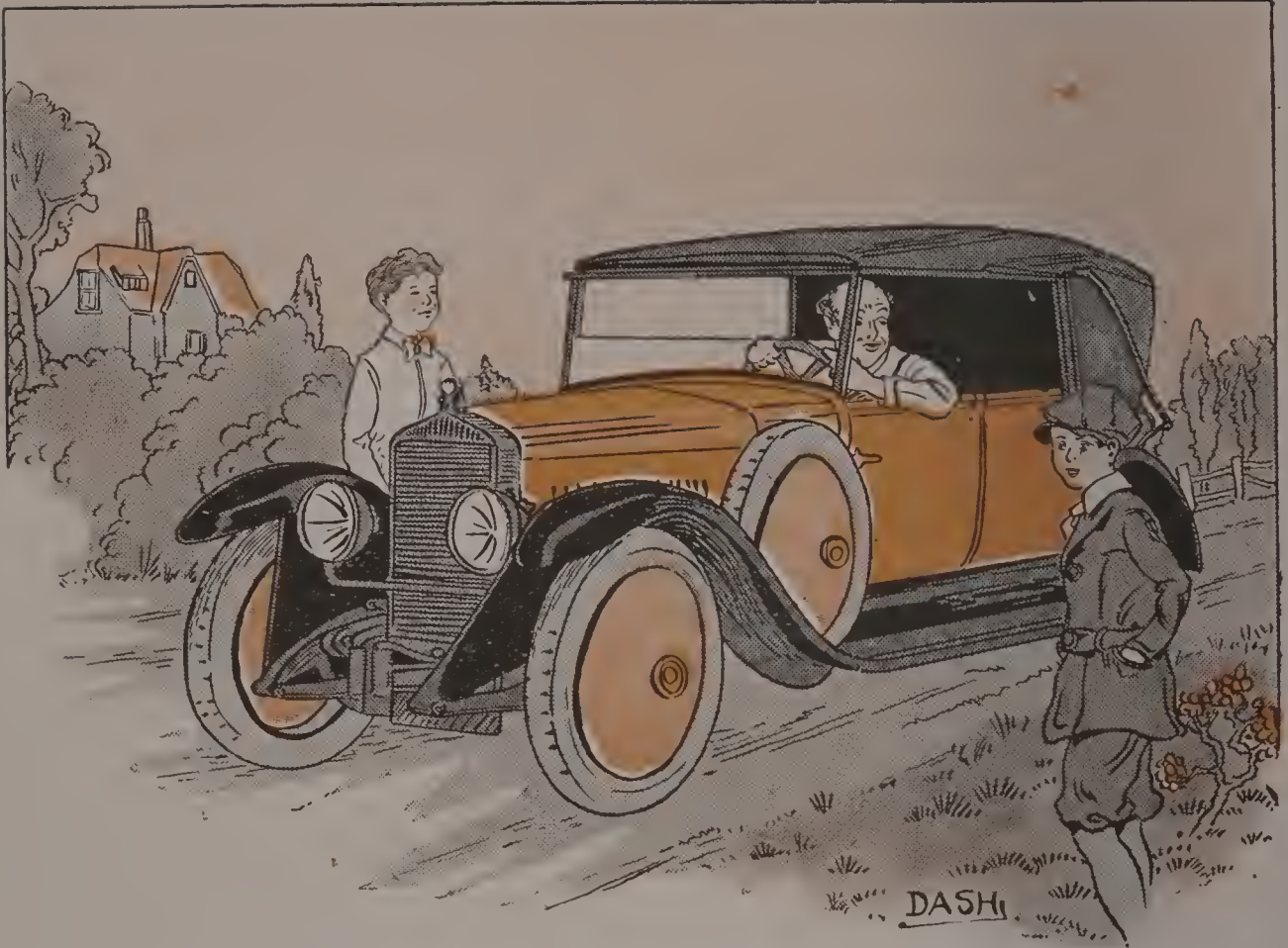
The children, however, made no answer, but backed farther and farther away from the big car and its driver.

“Oh,” he said, with a laugh; “I see; you are afraid of me. You think maybe I’ll carry you into town and turn you over to the city police. So perhaps you do well not to trust yourselves with me.” And with another laugh he was gone.

The children by this time were well within the middle of the crossroad, and as soon as the man was out of hearing they began to wonder what had become of Nanny. For as far as their eyes could see up the straight, level road there was no sign of the little creature. So they turned around and went back to the school house.

Meanwhile, where was Nanny? She had run on far and fast, until she no longer heard the children’s voices. Then, as she was a very tired little goat, she stopped for a few minutes’ rest.

Everything was quiet, but right in front of her were some bright red and yellow flowers, blooming behind a tall picket fence. Nanny wanted these flowers at once, not for a bouquet, as you might have wished, but to eat.



"Oh," he said, with a laugh; "I see; you are afraid of me"

She knew she couldn't jump over the high fence with the points all along the top, but she went up to it and walked along beside it very slowly, sniffing the sweet air as she went. Soon she came to an iron gate, and as that was different from the rest of the fence, it made Nanny very curious, as usual. So to find out more about it, she pushed her little black nose against it, and as it was a gate without a latch it opened a little way. Seeing this, Nanny pushed harder and harder until it opened far enough to let her little body through; then there she was, right in the midst of a beautiful flower garden.

The house, which was large and handsome, stood on a corner where two roads crossed. Nanny had come in at the side gate, but it was here that the most beautiful flowers grew. There were some large shrubs, thick with flowers, in the front yard and also some flowers in the back yard; but the choicest ones were right here close to Nanny's hungry little mouth.

Everything was very quiet, so Nanny lost no time, but began at once biting off the lovely flowers and chewing them up, having about as good a time as a little goat could have.

After a while she had to stop swallowing the blossoms, for her stomach was so full it could hold no more; then she began snipping them off and dropping them on the ground, but she didn't mean to stop as long as there was a flower in sight.

When she was at some distance from the side gate and was close to a low building at the back of the house she heard again that strong bark, of which we now remember she was more afraid than of anything else in the world—the bark of a dog.

Nanny looked around as if intending to run to the gate, but alas! the gate was not only far away, but that strong dog stood close beside it; and on the other side of the gate, coming rapidly toward it, were more dogs and boys, so there was no safety that way. Then she looked straight in front of her and this is what she saw: First, there was an overturned washtub; near that was an empty rain barrel with a board in it, and the board led up to the low roof of the woodshed.

Nanny jumped upon the tub, ran up the board and jumped to the low roof; then the run from the low roof to the roof of the house was very quickly made. Her little feet did not stop for one second until she had reached the peak of the roof of the tall house.

Then she turned around in her narrow standing room and looked to see what was going on down on the ground. The sight which met her eye set her poor little goat heart beating with joy, for she was so high and safe from all harm.

There were three big dogs down there and they were barking with all their might. With the dogs were several boys, and they were throwing sticks and clubs at Nanny, and calling and shouting to her at the top of their lungs.



CHAPTER VIII

SAFE AT LAST



Poor little Nanny! We can be certain that she was very frightened. One dog was enough, as we have found out, to scare her nearly out of her senses, and here were three.

But there was one good thing about it all. The boys were little fellows, none of them more than ten years old, so as their arms were not strong enough to throw sticks and stones very far, not even one of them had hit Nanny. She stood still on the peak of the house looking at them, and now and then giving a soft little "Ba-a-a."

In the midst of all the noise and fuss a big boy came riding along on a motorcycle. He stopped opposite the gate and called as loudly as he could:

“Hello! What’s going on here?”

The dogs at once stopped barking at Nanny and ran toward the gate, barking at the boy. The little boys, however, stayed near the house, and one of them called out:

“Can’t you see? We’re trying to make that goat come down off the roof.”

“What for?” asked the boy. “Can’t you let her stay on the roof if she enjoys it?”

“No,” was the answer. “We want her to come down so we can shut her up and keep her safe until her owner comes after her.”

“Who is her owner?”

“Don’t know.”

“Well, do you know what’s going to happen to you?”

“I don’t think that anything will happen to me for trying to get a goat down off of my own house roof.”

“Do you know what the ‘S. P. C. A.’ is?”

“Well, I think I do. It’s a lot o’ long words that I can’t remember. Our teacher’s told us about it several times.”



"Come down off the roof"

“But don’t you know part of those long words are about cruelty to animals?”

“Oh, is that so? This is no cruelty.”

“Well, that’s just what it is. You have scared that poor goat out of the little wit it had in the first place, and if someone should happen along here who belongs to that society you boys would be arrested very quick.”

At this another boy called out: “You don’t know what you’re talking about. There is no such society. It’s just a lot of words to scare folks with.”

“I don’t care whether it is or not,” said the first boy; “that goat has to come down off my roof!” And with these words he threw up another stick which fell on the woodshed roof.

“All right,” said the boy on the motorcycle, “I know a lot of people who belong to the ‘S. P. C. A.’ and if I happen to meet any of them as I go on toward town I’ll tell them what’s going on back here and they’ll come on lively to arrest every one of you.”

Just at this moment a pleasant-faced lady came through the gate and called out sharply:

“Charles, what are you doing there?”

One of the boys, who had just picked up another stick to throw at Nanny, answered quickly:

“Why, mother, just see what that naughty goat has done. It has eaten up all your beautiful flowers!”

The woman then looked around and after a minute she gave a little gasp. “My!” she said. “Did one goat do all that?”

“Yes, mother,” said the boy called Charles, “and now we are trying to make her come down from the roof so that we can shut her up.”

Charles’ mother laughed. “Why, you naughty boy!” she said. “Do you think she will ever come down as long as she sees you boys and the dogs here? All of you boys take your dogs and go home; and you, Charles, go into the house.”

“But if she is not watched,” said Charles, “she will come down and eat the rest of your flowers in the back yard.”

“I will stay here and watch her,” she said. “So now be off, all of you. You, Charles, bring me an apple from the kitchen and when she comes down we will catch her and shut her up until we find out where she belongs.”

The boys started through the gate, with the dogs making a great noise, and at that moment a man riding along in a motor car stopped his machine and said to the lady:

“Isn't that Mrs. Green's goat up there on your roof?”

“I don't know, I'm sure. She strayed into the yard and then ran upon the roof to get away from the dogs.”

Then the man said he was going right by Mrs. Green's house, and he would stop and tell her about the goat.

“She must be very anxious about her by this time,” he said, “for she thinks a great deal about her little goat. If Mrs. Green isn't there, I will leave word at the neighbors; if she is there I will bring her back in my car. It's only about a mile.”

So the man in the car and the boy on the motorcycle both went away, and in a few minutes everything was quiet inside the picket fence. The woman sat on a bench under a big tree and took out her embroidery. Nanny stayed on the roof, although she looked down now and then at the lady sitting there so quietly as if she almost had a notion to come down. After a long time had passed in this way, Nanny suddenly gave a “Ba-a-a”

which was so truly joyful that the lady looked up the road, and there was the man coming back in the motor car and beside him sat a young lady who, as they came near, called out coaxingly:

“Come, Nanny, Nanny.”

Then Nanny turned herself about and trotted down from the roof as fast as she had gone up, and by the time her mistress had reached the gate Nanny was there to meet her.

“Ah!” said her mistress, looking around, “I see the mischief my runaway goat has done. You must let me pay you for it.”

“No,” was the answer; “that will not bring the flowers back, so we will just let it go.”

Nanny’s mistress snapped a bright new chain into her collar as she said to the other lady:

“I was afraid she’d break that rope, you see, but if I had only bought this chain yesterday you would not have lost all of your flowers.”

The man with the motor car went on, because Mrs. Green said that she knew Nanny would not like to ride, and so, leading her by the chain, she started on her long

walk back to her home, Nanny trotting along by her side as quietly as anyone could wish.

Now we would like to know, wouldn't we, how many of Runaway Nanny's "Ba-a-a's" it took to tell old Tom, the house cat, all about *her "day out"*.



BOOK TWO

FAN'S VANITY



She was a beautiful black horse, with gray mane and tail. Her smooth sides shone like two mirrors and her neck arched with that proud curve which needed no "overcheck."

She was that rare thing, a perfectly sound horse, with no bad habits or tricks of temper, and with wonderful powers of speed. No touch of whip or rein was needed to urge her on, but at a soft word from her master or mistress away she went, her shapely feet twinkling in the air.

She had known but one owner, who brought her up from a colt, and she had been petted and played with by the whole family.

From the time she was six months old she had been in the habit of coming to the house, whenever the way was open, to be fed on sugar. She also dearly loved



DASH

A Beautiful Black Horse

warm doughnuts, and when they were frying, her delicate scent never failed to discover it, and if she was loose in the barnyard and the gates were open, she would come trotting up to the kitchen door and ask for one with her gentle whinny.

One beautiful summer morning her owner, on going to the field, found a handsome little bay colt lying by Fanny's side, so after that she was allowed to run in the pasture lot that adjoined the barnyard. From this barnyard a long lane, with a gate at either end, led down to the road. These gates were usually kept closed, but one day the men carelessly left them open, and by an odd chance the gate which led into the yard in front of the house was also left open.

Fan's mistress was very busy in the kitchen when she heard footsteps enter the front hall and pass into the parlor. She hastily wiped her hands and started to see who her visitor was, for she remembered she had left the front door open so that the cool breeze might come in, and she feared that a tramp might also have entered, for the footfalls sounded very heavy. When she came into the parlor, to her great surprise, there stood Fan and her colt before the long mirror. Fan was holding her nose close up against the glass as

though she thought the image there was another horse, but her mistress said:

“Oh, Fan, are you growing vain?”

She whinnied softly as if to say, “Have I not reason to be?”

Now, what can we suppose she was thinking about? Perhaps she thought:

“That is a very handsome horse in there, but the colt looks very much like my own.”





THE CHICK AND THE CRUMB

A Short Tale in Short Words



An old hen in our yard has some chicks and we love to watch them at play and at work, for though we may not think it is much work to scratch, I'm certain if they could speak with our words they would tell us that it is.

Today one of these chicks found a big crumb of bread. Then all the rest of the chicks ran at him to take it from him, but he ran, too; so the old hen chased them all.

When she came up to the chick that had the crumb she gave him a sharp peck on the head, as if to say:

“There, take that, since you are so bad.”

The bad chick dropped the crumb, of course, and she took it up in her strong bill and broke it into small



bits. Then she called with her shrill voice, “Cluck, cluck, cluck!” to all the chicks, and so each one had some of the crumb. Did the bad chick have some, too?

No, I think he was too naughty to eat with his mates, for he just stood far off and looked at them. He seemed to think, “No, if I can not have all the crumb, I will have none of it.”

Now, we must not be like him when we have some nice bit to eat. If we should be, though we may not get a sharp peck on the head, we will get what is much worse—a bad spot in our hearts.



BILLY'S ROAD



Billy was not a boy, but a pet goat, with a great many funny ways. He followed the Clayton children everywhere, even to school. When the children were called in, he would lie down in the sun, or crop the grass that grew in the school yard. At the noon recess he made a good dinner, for every child in the school had something nice for Billy. He had never been in the school room. One day when the school house door was closed, there was a loud tapping on the door, and

the teacher hastened to answer the call. When she opened the door, in walked Billy. The knocking had been made by his two strong horns. The teacher jumped back; she had always been a little timid of him. Billy knew this and presented his horns as if about to give her a ride on them. She called to Billy's master, who left his books and, calling "Billy," started out the door and the goat obediently followed.

"Take him home at once," the teacher said, and Clinton obeyed.

The road to this school house lay across a rickety old bridge which spanned a narrow, rushing creek. One morning when the children came to the stream they found the old bridge torn up and some men working to build a new one. One of the new sleepers was already down. As it made a very safe foot bridge, Clinton and his sister started to walk across it, thinking that Billy would follow them as he always did.

Before they were half-way across the sleeper they heard Billy's piteous bleat behind them, so they turned around and there he stood, his forefeet on the sleeper, while he bleated and looked doubtfully down at the swiftly rushing water. He did not fear to walk the

sleeper, for goats are very sure-footed animals, but he did fear very much the noisy water below.

When the children reached the other side of the creek they called him anxiously, but he still kept up his pitiful "Ba-a-a" and his steady gaze at the water. Then they took from their lunch baskets the tidbits of which Billy was fond, but all in vain. He stood still and kept up his mournful bleating.

Then one of the men (in a joking manner) proposed to throw him into the water, laughing at the children's screams and declaring a cold bath would be good for him.

This threat seemed too real for Clinton, and fearing some harm might come to Billy, he came dashing across the sleeper and, taking his pet by the collar, he pushed his forefeet back off from the sleeper onto the ground. Then off he went on a swift run through the bushes calling loudly, "Come, Billy, Billy."

"I declare," said the man, who had threatened the cold bath, "if that boy isn't making a path for the goat through the oak grubs clear around the creek."

Emma went on alone and when she had nearly reached the school house Clinton came through the oak bushes out upon the road, with Billy at his heels.

The bridge was left with only the sleepers in place throughout the summer. Clinton and Billy soon had quite a road trodden around the creek, for the contrary goat would not go alone. Teamsters passing this way found this new path convenient, much easier than driving through the creek, and soon the oak grubs were all trodden down and the new road received the name of "Billy's Road," but many people think it should have been called Clinton's road.





SOME OF BOB'S TRIALS



“Here, Bob, Bob,” called Frank loudly, “here’s a nice bone for you!”

In answer to this call, a small brown-eyed Scotch terrier came bounding around the corner of the house..

He ran eagerly up to the bone, sniffed at it a moment, and then with his funny black nose held close to the tidbit, he rolled his eyes cautiously from side to side. He was evidently not hungry, yet quite unwilling to resign all claims to the bone.

“Fido will get it,” said Frank, warningly.

Fido was a neighbor’s dog whom Bob hardly noticed, and at the mention of his name Bob began to bark furiously, putting his nose now and then, between the barks, against the bone.

“I will bury it for you,” said Frank, coming down from the porch, on the floor of which he had been sitting.

With a sharp stick he made a little hollow in the sand and placed the bone therein. He then carefully covered it up, Bob meanwhile watching his movements with great interest.

Frank then returned to the porch, most certain that Bob would immediately dig up the bone and bury it himself.

To Frank's great surprise, however, he smelled the little mound all over carefully. Then, pushing some loose sand over it with his short, black nose, he came up the porch steps to Frank, wagging his stubby tail. He looked up into his master's face, and his large brown eyes seemed to say:

"Very well done for a boy, even if it did need a further touch or two."

But his trials with that bone were only just begun, for during all the sunny morning he kept his position on the porch in full view of the treasure-holding mound.

First the grocer's boy appeared with the day's supplies for the house. He was at once forbidden approach in the choicest language known to dog lore.

Then came an old hen with a brood of chickens. She was soon put to flight and her brood widely scattered.



"Here's a bone for you."

The next intruder was a wandering old horse that was allowed to pick its living as best it could on the commons. His approach to the guarded mound sent Bob scurrying down the steps with fierce and loud barking.

Then came an Italian vender of images, who almost planted his large feet on the precious spot.

He had no sooner been disposed of than two boys from the school house across the street came to the pump for water. Bob's special aversion at all times was boys; his patience was taxed to the utmost by their appearance at this time.

But the anxiety which he had undergone, united to the vocal and physical exertion, seemed to have aroused Bob's appetite, for when he was once more alone he dug up the bone and gnawed away at it with great satisfaction. When his meal was ended, he went to the house door and scratched the wire fly-screen with his yellow little paw.

He was promptly admitted, and after the usual wag of tail, by way of things, he climbed to his favorite nook on the couch and was soon sound asleep.

In the winter time Bob usually accompanies his master's cutter on its trips down town. At that time,



An Italian venter of images.

as everyone knows, small boys are continually flinging snow-balls. Bob, of course, makes a very good and desirable target, but he has learned to elude his tormentors. The moment his quick eyes discern a group of boys on the sidewalk he shifts his position so that the cutter is between him and the boys, and he is thus safe from their flying snow-balls. The unfailing promptness with which he retreats to the safe side of the cutter certainly seems very much like reasoning.

Another of Bob's trials is embodied in that little pest, the "sand burr." These burrs attach themselves to the bottoms of his paws, thus causing pain at every step. During the early part of his experience with them he would dislodge them by rubbing his paws over his head, where they would fasten in his shaggy hair and so could not be felt. He soon learned, however, that his master or mistress could remove the burrs quite quickly, and now, like any other spoiled baby, he declines to do for himself what can be done by another. So when a sand burr lodges in his paw he comes hopping on three legs, and with pleading looks and down-cast tail he asks for relief. When it is given he always returns a wag of his tail before he trots happily away.

A record of Bob's trials that did not touch upon his

sufferings upon the Fourth of July would not be complete. He evidently thinks that although patriotism may be good enough for boys, it is not at all suitable to the Scotch terrier nature.

At the first snap of the cracker he retreats under the bed of his mistress and there remains in hiding throughout the day, not even coming forth to ask for his meals.

Last year there was a fine display of fireworks in the village which is Bob's home, and the family was to motor to the place of exhibition.

As the ladies were making their final preparations, one of them said, "Poor Bob; I suppose he will prefer to stay at home all alone."

From his position under the bed in an adjoining room, Bob, hearing his name mentioned in a kindly tone, came slowly out, his face still wearing a most forlorn expression. He looked around upon his two mistresses equipped for their ride, and his face immediately changed. His wise little head understood that an excursion was at hand, while his lively frisking and his wagging tail said as plainly as words could have done:

"In spite of dangers, seen and unseen, I am going, too."

Under ordinary circumstances Bob is very much offended when put into any sort of a vehicle. On this occasion, however, he showed very plainly that he craved the shelter of the car. He came up while his friends were taking their places, and by standing on his hind feet, whining loudly, and wagging his tail vigorously, he succeeded in prevailing upon them to lift him to their level. He immediately pushed his way under the pile of lap robes and remained there during the long drive and the brilliant display of fireworks that followed.

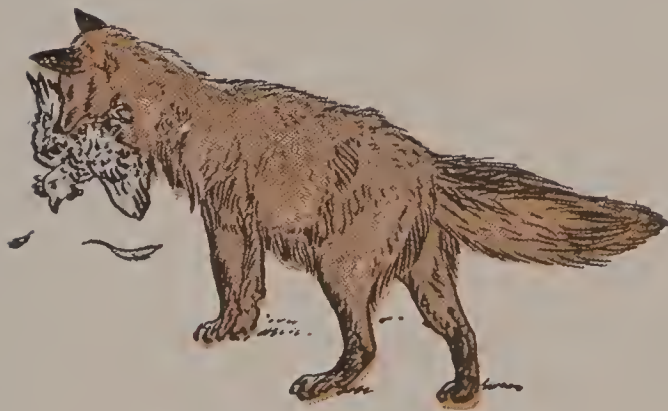
It was late when the car was turned homeward, and when the heart of the little town was passed the streets gradually grew quiet. Bob, with his usual shrewdness, soon discovered this improved condition and emerged from his covers. He looked eagerly about him, sniffed the air anxiously, listening apparently for the sound of the crackers, and then, satisfied that the danger was over, he made a sudden plunge out of the car and landed safely on the ground. The car was stopped at once, and Bob, looking up into the face of his master (it was a bright moonlight night), gave a wag of his tail which seemed to say:

“Yes, I know it’s all over—for a while at least.”

Despite these trials of Bob's life, I am sure his pleasures quite overbalance them. So that, although leading only a "dog's life," he is, on the whole, a very comfortable happy fellow.



NELLIE'S ORPHANS



And carried her off.

An old hen hid her nest far from the house and the barn. In due time she hatched out five fluffy, yellow balls with sharp, black eyes and little white legs.

But the very next night while she was asleep under a low bush and warmly brooding her chicks, a sly fox came along and carried her off.

In the morning, when the farmer was passing that way, he saw the five helpless little balls running about



in the wet grass and calling piteously for their mother's warm wings.

He caught them, put them into his hat, and took them to his wife, telling her the story. She said at once that she would not bother with them; he must take them out and kill them. But Nellie, who was a neighbor's little girl, was there and heard what was said.

“Oh, give them to me,” she begged; “I am certain mother will let me keep them, for we haven't any chickens.”

So she took them home in her apron. She fed them well, and then put them into an old basket and covered them with some woolen cloths. They cuddled up together and were soon sound asleep.

“They are my orphans,” said Nellie, and she soon had each one properly named.

The next day they were too active to stay in the basket, so Nellie let them run out of doors in the warm sunshine.

They grew finely, but whenever they were hungry or wanted to go to sleep, they would come up on the back steps, cuddle all in a heap close to the door, and call in their plaintive way until Nellie came and with her soft little hands put each one separately into the basket. When they outgrew the little basket, Nellie gave them a box to sleep in, and as the nights were cold the box was carried into the house every night, and this was done until they were full-grown chickens.

“Now,” said Nellie, “you must go to the barnyard and sleep with the cow; you are not babies any longer.” So she carried them off to the stable and shut them in.

But although they learned to roost like any well-regulated chickens, they kept coming to the back door every night in the same old way.

It was no use to drive them off, which Nellie did most faithfully. They would only come back and call and call, until Nellie, taking one under each arm, carried them to the stable, making three trips to do so.

After a long time they learned to go to the stable alone, but when the warm weather came and the stable doors were not shut they went to roost on the window ledge of Nellie's room. Although night after night they were carried away and put in a tree to roost, they immediately flew down and went back to the window ledge.

After a while they laid eggs and raised some beautiful chicks, but she always called them her orphans."



RINKTUM



Poor Rinktum! Through the long, beautiful month of June he was turned out to pick his living as best he could. To be sure, he could hardly be cold and there was always the shelter of the porch when the days were rainy. But he was very often hungry.

When his mistress had gone away for a long visit the hired girl next door, who seemed very fond of Rinktum, had promised that she would feed him regularly. But, like everybody else in this topsy-turvy world, she had troubles of her own, and so she didn't always remember to feed poor Rinktum. Sometimes in the midst of her hurrying work she would think of him, but as she couldn't feed him then, she would quiet her conscience by saying to herself:

“Well, there are birds and mice and bugs in plenty for Mr. Rinktum to catch, so he needn't starve if he's smart.”

But alas! although Rinktum was exceedingly smart, the birds, mice and bugs were often even smarter than he; and besides all that, his smartness couldn't coax milk away from the cow, and how could any poor cat be happy without an occasional drink of milk?

So one hot day, when the family came trooping up the veranda steps and the mistress unlocked the door Rinktum was so happy that, as he climbed into his mistress' lap, his loud purrings filled the room.

For several days thereafter life flowed on very delightfully until one morning, as he lay sleeping on his own particular cushion, his mistress picked him up and set him gently down on the porch while the daughter of the house locked the door.

Now, Rinktum immediately realized what was coming, and what do you suppose he did? Just gave the most pleading "Me-ouw" you ever heard and looked up beseechingly into their faces.

They both pitied him and petted him and told him in the kindest tones that they would soon be at home again.

Rinktum, of course, understood their kind tones, but he could hardly comprehend their words. Although he was only a cat, he remembered well what had hap-



Rinktum

pened before when he was put out of the house and the doors locked, and then he did a strange thing, which looked very much like reasoning.

As the two ladies started down the grassy path, he ran a short distance in front of them, then crouched down on their feet and uttered the most forlorn cries. He said just as plainly as though he possessed human speech, "Oh, don't go, please don't go and leave me so!"

They tried to drive him back, but in vain, he kept up his crying and rolling at their feet, until a big dog happened along, and then, as there was nothing he feared so much as a dog, he retreated hurriedly to his shelter under the porch.

When, a few hours later, the two ladies came home, Rinktum came with bounds and leaps to meet them, rolled at their feet just as he had done before, but this time he was purring instead of wailing.

It makes us glad to tell, that Rinktum was never left alone again, without someone to look after him. And so we now know his rolling and "meowing" were not all in vain.

THE SILVER THIMBLE



“This is a miserable world,” croaked Jack, “I almost wish I had never come into it. Here I am tugging and working as hard as any *man*, to lay up treasures, but in some mysterious way, they leave as fast as I gather them,” and he stood on the edge of an old pump, whose top was broken off, and looked disconsolately into its half-filled depths.

He was a comfortable looking fellow. His coat was black, smooth and glossy, and judging from his round, plump body, it was evident his trouble did not affect his appetite.

While he stood gazing down at his depleted stores, a fair, good-natured looking lady went out of the front door of the house, at the rear of which the old pump stood. Before she descended the steps she appeared to remember something, and turning about, she opened the door and called out,

“Frank, I wish you would go find Jack and shut him up. I don’t want that crow following me up to Mrs. Smith’s.”

“Yes, mother,” answered a voice from within, and then the door closed and the farmer’s wife went down the steps and up the road on her way to pay a neighborly visit.

A few moments after, a boy came out the back door of the house, within a few feet of the old pump, and called “Jack, Jack!” but there was no responsive “Caw, caw!” and after looking about a few moments for him, and calling loudly all in vain, the boy returned to the house.

The order to shut Jack up had come too late, for the crow’s sharp eyes had caught sight of his mistress’ figure as she came around the corner of the house, and, having gained wisdom from experience, he promptly sought a place of safety and refused to respond to the call, which he could not have helped hearing.

When all was quiet again, a small black figure went swiftly out from the top of the tall oak tree which stood behind the barn.

When the farmer’s wife had nearly reached the neighbor’s house, she chanced to look over her shoulder.



"Caw, caw," cried the crow.

and discovered the same little black figure trotting demurely behind her.

"Jack!" she exclaimed, standing still and looking at him sternly.

"Caw, caw!" cried the crow, opening his wide mouth and spreading his black wings.

The farmer's wife laughed in spite of herself.

"You are a spoiled baby," she said, "I wish Frank had left you in the nest, or else that the man who shot your father and mother had missed his mark, then you would have been brought up like a respectable crow."

She went on again, the crow keeping closely by her side. When she went into the neighbor's house, her

singular escort perched himself on the window sill and looked in at the open window as if listening intelligently to the conversation.

After a while he ventured into the house, was duly noticed, laughed at, and fed by the hostess, and then no further attention was paid to him.

The afternoon wore away, and when tea was served, the visitor missed Jack, who was accustomed to sit on the back of her chair during meal time.

“He must have grown homesick and returned without me,” said his mistress, feeling very much relieved.

But her relief gave place to anxiety when, a few moments after tea, her hostess said,

“Why, where is my silver thimble? I put it here on the window sill when I went out to make the biscuits.”

“Ah, I’m afraid that explains Jack’s absence,” said her visitor, “he has taken it and carried it home.”

“Oh,” exclaimed the lady, “I am so sorry, I have had it twenty years.”

“Never mind, you are likely to have it twenty years more, Jack puts all his collections into an old pump back of the house, and we always know where to look for things that are missing, especially bright things.”

When she reached home it was after sun down and Jack had gone to his usual roosting place in the barn. She took a pair of tongs and had no trouble in getting the thimble, for the pump stood flat on the ground, and as there were but a few things in it, she saw the thimble plainly. She gave it to Frank, who at once restored it to its delighted owner.

People sometimes ask Jack's mistress why she doesn't take the old pump away, so that Jack cannot have so convenient a place in which to hide his treasures. A very silly and short sighted question, and she always answers it in the same way. "What for? So that he will get another hiding place, which may not be so accessible. You must remember it is quite as convenient for us as it is for him. When a friend who was visiting here took off her diamond ring to help me with the dishes, and Jack carried it off, we were pretty glad that we knew just where it was. Since that time we do all we can to have Jack keep this hiding place, and we never take anything away from it unless it is something that we must have, like the silver thimble or the diamond ring."

“DOCTOR PUSS”



“Grandmother, please, please, pull my tooth.”

The grandmother frowned a little as she answered, “Pull your tooth, child, why, I never did such a thing in my life.”

“It’s nothing to do, Grandmother, it’ll come easy, it’s just as loose, and see, here is a string tied around it all ready.”

“Well if it’s so easy, why not pull it yourself?”

“Oh, I don’t know, I cannot make up my mind to do it.”

“Well neither can I,” said grandmother with a laugh.

“But see, Grandmother, all you have to do it to take hold of this string,” and she tried to place the ends of the strong thread in her grandmother’s hand, “then I’ll run away and the tooth will come out.”

“No, no, I can’t hang on to that bit of thread, as soon as you run I’ll let go, so please don’t ask me any more. Wait until you go home, and your Father will pull it for you.”

“Didn’t you ever pull his teeth when he was a little boy?” persisted the child.

“No, indeed, his father did that for him.”

Nellie walked away without another word, but like many another little girl, she did not enjoy waiting, she did not intend to go home until the following day, and the tooth troubled her, it was loose and sore and she wanted to be rid of it more than she could tell. In a few minutes she was again at her grandmother’s side. The string was still dangling from her mouth, but on its end was fastened a big, brass button.

“Now Grandmother,” she said coaxingly, “you can hang onto the button when I run away from you.”

But her grandmother was beginning to be troubled at the child’s persistence.

“I will not pull your tooth, Nellie,” she said firmly.

“If you haven’t the courage to pull it yourself, it must just stay in your mouth until you go home, and now as my head is aching badly, don’t trouble me any more, for I want to take a nap.”

Nellie went off out of doors, very much put out. Her grandmother’s neighbors were old like herself, and she knew it would be quite useless to appeal to them.

“If my own grandmother won’t do it for me, I will not bother any one else, she thought, as she threw herself into the hammock.

It was cool and quiet out there, and the hammock swayed gently to and fro, so she presently found herself growing drowsy.

“I’ll take a nap too,” she thought, “and maybe when I wake up I’ll feel like pulling the tooth myself.”

So she fell asleep, and the long string with the button on the end, hung over the side of the hammock. It was a breezy day, and the button swung gently back and forth in the wind.

Nellie had been sound asleep for several minutes, when her grandmother’s pet kitten came that way stepping daintily through the grass. Suddenly, she espied the swaying, shining button. She sprang at it joyously, knocking it this way and that in her own playful fashion

but not making the slightest sound, so Nellie still slept on sweetly.

But finally the kitten seemed to change her methods. She drew away several feet from the swaying button and crouching low, watched it intently for a few minutes. Perhaps she was thinking that she just must have that shining thing which swayed about as if it were alive. She had caught her first mouse only the day before and, as she was not very wise in the things of this queer world, perhaps she thought it was something which would taste as sweet and juicy as that delicious bit, so after several minutes spent in making ready for the final spring, she gave a sudden fierce pounce, and caught the shining, swinging thing firmly between her two strong little paws.

At this Nellie gave a little groan and sat up. Something hurt her. The first thing she saw was the big brass button in the kitten's paws, and there on the end of the string was the little white tooth, dangling. "Why, kittie, you darling, you have pulled my tooth," she said and she put her finger in her mouth. Yes, it was really and truly gone.

Nellie was of course very happy, but the kitten? She was disappointed of course to discover that she had

caught only a hard, shining thing into which she could not even set her white, little teeth.

Nellie was so pleased with what she had done for her that she carried her into the house and gave her all the nice, sweet milk that she could drink.

After that she always called the kitten "Dr. Puss."

When her grandmother waked up, Nellie told her all about it and added,

"Whenever I have a loose tooth I am coming over here to take a nap in the hammock and have Doctor Puss pull my tooth."



GRANDFATHER'S WALKING STICK



Bring Grandfather his walking stick

“Harold, run into the hall and bring Grandfather his walking stick.”

Harold ran off willingly, enough, for nothing delighted him more than to mount his grandfather's cane and go prancing across the floor as though he were riding a fiery run-away horse.

Presently he piped up from the hall,
“Where is it, Grandfather?”

“On the hall table,” was the answer.

“But Grandfather, your cane isn’t on the table, and I don’t see it anywhere else around here, either.”

“Who said anything about a cane?” called Grandfather, with well pretended impatience, “Did I tell you to bring my cane?”

“I don’t believe you did say ‘cane,’” was the slow answer, “but you said ‘walking stick,’ and they are the same, aren’t they? And there isn’t a single thing on the table, but a big limb with leaves all over it. I wonder who put it there? Bridget scolds like everything when I bring limbs full of leaves into the house.”

“Bring the limb here; if you carry it very carefully. the leaves will not drop off,” commanded the grandfather.

“But don’t you want your cane?” asked Harold, who was most unwilling to lose his ride on the make-believe horse.

“Who said anything about a cane?” asked his grandfather the second time, “if you can’t find the walking stick bring the limb with the leaves on it, and keep your eye on it so that you will scatter none of the leaves on the floor.”

Harold obeyed, walking slowly and carefully with his eyes on the pointed leaves. When he was nearing his grandfather's chair, he suddenly called out,

"Why isn't that queer? There is a pretty little green stick on one of the leaves; I wonder why it doesn't fall off?" He shook the limb very gently and then he exclaimed,

"Oh Grandfather, it has legs, such funny ones too, and now, why Grandfather, it's walking, really and truly, the stick is walking!" and he gave a call of delight. "Oh, now I see, this is your walking stick," and in his excitement he thrust the limb into his grandfather's face.

"Here, you lively youngster," exclaimed the old gentleman with a laugh, as he caught the limb in both hands. "do you want to put my eyes out and lose my walking stick too?"

"But what is it doing on that leaf, and where did you get it?" were the little boy's next questions.

"He is eating the leaf, don't you see? Just watch him a few minutes."

"Some way, I don't like to watch him very well," said Harold, "he has such big, bright eyes, that stare at me so. Will he hurt me?"

“No indeed,” Grandfather answered, “there is not in the whole insect world a more harmless creature than this walking stick, or stick insect, or to give him his right name, *Diapheromera femorata*.”

“O my,” said the little boy, with a wry face, “why his name is longer than he is, and I know that I can never learn to say it.”

“Oh yes, you can, and when you have learned the name, I will tell you something about the queer creature.”

Harold said the name over and over until he was able to pronounce it correctly, for although it is a long name it is not, as we will see, at all difficult to speak.

“Now, said his grandfather, “you have learned one thing about the little fellow, which is that he eats the walnut leaves. I think his next choice is the oak leaves, for I have often found one on them. The insect books tell us that there are not so many walking sticks to be found as there were some years ago, and I have thought it might be because the walnut forests have been cleared away. I remember, many years ago, in the year 1878, these insects came in such numbers in a certain walnut forest, that in the fall of the year when the females were dropping their eggs upon the ground, which was cov-

ered with the fallen leaves, they made a sound just like a shower of rain."

"What a strange way to lay eggs," said Harold. "It's a good thing that they haven't any shells on them."

"If they had shells on them, you may depend upon it that they would not drop them around in that way."

"And do the eggs live all through the cold winter?"

"Yes, the cold does not affect them, and in May they hatch out."

"Are they like some of the other insects that you have told me about, that have to change two or three times in their looks?"

"No, these creatures belong to what are known as the orthoptera, a kind of insect whose form does not change, except in size and color. When they are first hatched they are much smaller than this one, and of a much paler green. In about six weeks after hatching they reach their full size, but their color does not change until late in the fall, about the time that the leaves change, then they become brown just like the leaves, so they are as hard to find then as they are now."

"What funny joints he has in each one of his six long legs."

“Yes, and if it should be so unlucky as to break one of those legs, below the joint, the leg would grow on again, although it would be smaller than it was before, but should it break off above the joint it would never grow again. When I was a boy I found one with but five legs, so I thought I would watch the leg grow again, as I had heard they did, so I put the insect in a glass jar with plenty of walnut leaves, and I watched it every day to see the new leg grow on, but it did not appear, and so I let it out, thinking maybe it would not grow because the insect was shut up. The little thing was around there all summer, we had a whole row of walnut trees in the field near the house, but the leg did not grow out. I did not find out why until many years later.”

“How did you find it out?” asked Harold, “did you see that same walking stick again, after that long time?”

“No,” laughed his grandfather, “but I read in an insect book the law in the matter, and then I remembered that the stick which I had watched had its leg broken off above the joint, so, of course, the poor thing could never have had a new leg.”

“Have you ever seen any of their eggs?”

“Yes, and they look just like little seeds. Each female lays about one hundred, which makes it seem

strange that we don't see more of the walking sticks than we do."

"Maybe," said the child slowly, with his eyes on the queer-looking insect, "most people are like I was, they don't know what to look for."

"Very likely; most of us, I fancy, go through the world missing a great deal just because we don't know what to look for."

"But I'll not forget," said the boy, "that a walking stick is not always a cane, but is sometimes a stick that really does walk."



A MORNING BATH



Harry was sitting on the lawn close beside the back porch, where the grass grew green and long.

The postman had just brought the latest copy of his favorite magazine, and he was lost to everything but its stories and pictures.

Suddenly the rain came pattering on his face and on his book in a perfect shower. He jumped up quickly and then found that the rain was falling only where he stood.

He ran away from the showery spot, and looked up at the sky. It was as blue as his own eyes, without a single cloud on its fair surface.

As he looked back to where he had been sitting he saw that the drops of water came from the roof of the porch. It looked very funny indeed. The water was coming down in a lively sprinkle, yet Harry could not see whence, or why, it came.

He stood gazing up with a very puzzled face, when suddenly he heard the familiar sound,

“Chicker, chicker, chicker;

Then the glossy head of an English sparrow appeared above the edge of the porch, in a moment the body belonging to the head followed.

Harry stood very still and watched the bird as it preened its wet feathers with its little black bill.

Soon other little heads came up and in a twinkling there was a row of dripping little bodies ranged on the edge of the cornice.

“Oh, I see,” thought Harry, “their bath-tub is the deep gutter which runs around the top of the porch. It rained last night, and so it is full of water. No wonder they made a lively shower on my face.”

Presently they began to fly away. But before the very last one was gone, others came, and flew straight down to the bathing-place, as if they knew just where they were going.

“It must be,” thought Harry, “that the first ones told the others where there was a fine place to take a morning bath.”



Chicker, Chicker, Chicker

A SENSIBLE HORSE



He belongs to a baker. His master went into a restaurant at noon to deliver some pies. He stayed so long in the place eating and talking that it appeared he had forgotten his faithful horse's noon meal. After a while he came out carrying a great mug full of coffee. There were two other men with him, and they were laughing at the baker's jokes. Then the baker went up to the beautiful horse and offered him the coffee to drink.

Must we suppose he took it? No indeed! He gave it one sniff from his smooth, brown nostrils. Then he turned his head away with a jerk so sudden that he knocked the coffee and all, upon the pavement. He looked at his master as if to say, "Don't you think I know what is good for me."

So his joking master had to pay for both the coffee and the glass.

Wise old horse, he was not afraid to give his opinion of a foolish joke.



A sensible horse

“COONIE”



Maizie was perfectly happy, she had reached grandfather's at last. As she sat before the fire munching an apple she heard a soft, purring sound behind her.

“Oh kitty,” she said, turning hastily, for she and the great white cat were old friends. But instead of the cat there stood beside her a creature so strange that Maizie cried “Oh!” very loud.

“What is the matter?” asked grandmother, coming into the room just then.

Maizie said nothing, but pointed to the funny creature beside her.

“That is a raccoon,” said grandmother laughing, “he will not hurt you, he's kind and gentle, give him some of your apple, his name is ‘Coonie.’ ”

Maizie held toward Coonie a tempting piece of fruit. He took it in his funny little paws, which looked as if they were covered with fine black gloves. He then sat up on his hind legs like a squirrel, until the apple was



DASH

"That is a Raccoon"

eaten. When the last crumb had disappeared he jumped into Maizie's lap and purred softly while she soothed his soft dark fur.

Later in the day Maizie found him in the kitchen standing on his hind legs before the milk-safe. He was turning the button on the door with his naughty black paws, which were just like hands, and quite as deft. He was about to treat himself to a fine feast of cream which he could skim off the tops of the pans.

Coonie was a sad thief. Maizie soon found that if she watched all his pickings, she would be kept pretty busy. One day he climbed up on a chair and snatched a loaf of bread from the table.

Maizie saw him backing down the steps of the kitchen porch with the loaf hugged up to him, under one of his fore legs.

We may be certain he was not allowed to go very far with one of grandmother's nice loaves of bread.

Another time Maizie found him carrying off in the same way, a large and sharp butcher knife. She called and ran after him, he dropped the knife at once and disappeared in his hole which was under the woodshed floor.

One day he followed Maizie to one of the neighbors. The lady took down a box to give him a cooky, and, as she bent over him with the box in her hand, Coonie jumped at it and pulled it to the floor, then seating himself in it he ate his fill, growling and showing his teeth, if anyone, even Maizie, came near him. After that, when Maizie went calling, Coonie was left at home.

But he had one excellent trait. He would not come into the house until he had carefully cleaned his feet, using his rough tongue, just as a cat does. He would sit on the door step and make himself very neat and spotless, then he would shake his head and rattle the little silver bell which was fastened to the leather collar around his neck. This was his way of saying "Let me in, please."

Someone would always open the door at this sound, if it was evening Coonie would curl up in a little heap beneath grandfather's chair. There he would lie purring softly, until he was put out in the woodshed at bedtime.



RABBITS



A bright quarter of a dollar was snuggling safe in Harry's pocket. As it was the first one which he had ever been able to call his own, we may be certain he was very proud of it. How did it happen to get into his pocket? Well in the first place, he found a nickel in the middle of the street crossing.

"I'll save this nickel," he said until I find out just what I want most."

Then his uncle gave him a dime, and so he decided to wait until he thought of something costing fifteen cents.

The next day as he was coming home from school the grocer gave him ten cents for carrying some goods to a lady who was in a great hurry for them, and as she was a very good customer, the grocer didn't like to ask her to wait until the wagon came back to the store.

Harry was afraid he might lose the three coins, as he had no purse in which to carry them, so he asked

the grocer to give him a quarter for them. "Because," he told the grocer, "I can keep track of one coin more easily than I can of three."

His mother thought he would better put the quarter into his bank. But he said, "No, I want to keep it in my pocket until I see something that I want more than anything, then I'm going to spend it right away quick." He carried it about with him two or three days, every once in a while taking it out and looking at it to be sure that it was really there. As he was coming home from school, one day, when he had owned his quarter almost a whole week, he met a neighbor boy carrying home a pair of beautiful white rabbits.

"Oh, where did you get them?" Harry asked at once. The boy told him and then added, "I bought them for a quarter, and the man has a lot more at the same price." In an instant Harry knew just what he wanted to do with his beloved quarter; and without saying a word to any one he was off like a flash to the place where the rabbits were sold.

The next day was Saturday, so Charlie the older brother made a hutch in which the rabbits could live, and Harry was probably never any happier in his life than when he was watching that hutch grow into a home

for his pets. Charlie first dug a hole five feet square and two feet deep. This hole he curbed like a well by laying boards up the sides and fitting them together at the corners. The lowest tier of boards was sunk three inches in the ground so that the rabbits could not dig their way out of their comfortable home.

Charlie's next care was to give them a shelter from the storms. He sawed an old kerosene oil barrel into halves, and making a hole in one of the halves large enough for a rabbit to pass through he turned it over a heap of clean straw, then he sawed a hole in the pen opposite the hole in the barrel, and in this way the rabbits could run into the barrel and sleep on the straw whenever they felt like it. He next made a rack to hold their food so that it would not be scattered all over their pen. This rack was made like those from which horses eat hay, but it was so small and light that Harry could carry it in one hand, and as soon as it was finished he ran off to fill it with clover leaves, dock leaves, and the leaves of the plant you call "cheeses."

The bunnies seemed very happy in their new home. The pen was so large that Harry could jump into it and play with his pets and as he spent every moment



The Bunny seemed very happy

there, when he was not in school or doing things for his mother, the rabbits soon became very fond of their young master, would eat out of his hand, climb on his shoulder, and show in every way that he was a good master, and that they loved him with all their rabbit hearts.

One morning when Harry turned over the half barrel to put some clean straw under it, he was delighted to find four baby rabbits lying in one corner. Although

he was so pleased he was forced to own up to himself that the little creatures were not at all pretty.

He took one of them in his hand to show his sister, but first turned the barrel back again and unstopped the hole from the pen so that the mother could get to her babies while he was away.

When his sister saw the funny little thing in his hand she screamed and ran away, thinking he was carrying a young rat.

“It might be pretty,” she said, “if it had some fur on it and had its eyes open.”

When the time came for the little creatures to open their eyes, they saw that one of them was blind, its eyes did not open.

Many people told Harry to kill it, but Harry would not do it. He said very sensibly, “He doesn’t know he’s blind, and I can take care of him, he’ll be just as happy.”

Which was very true. Shakespeare says in one of his plays

“He that is stricken blind cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.”

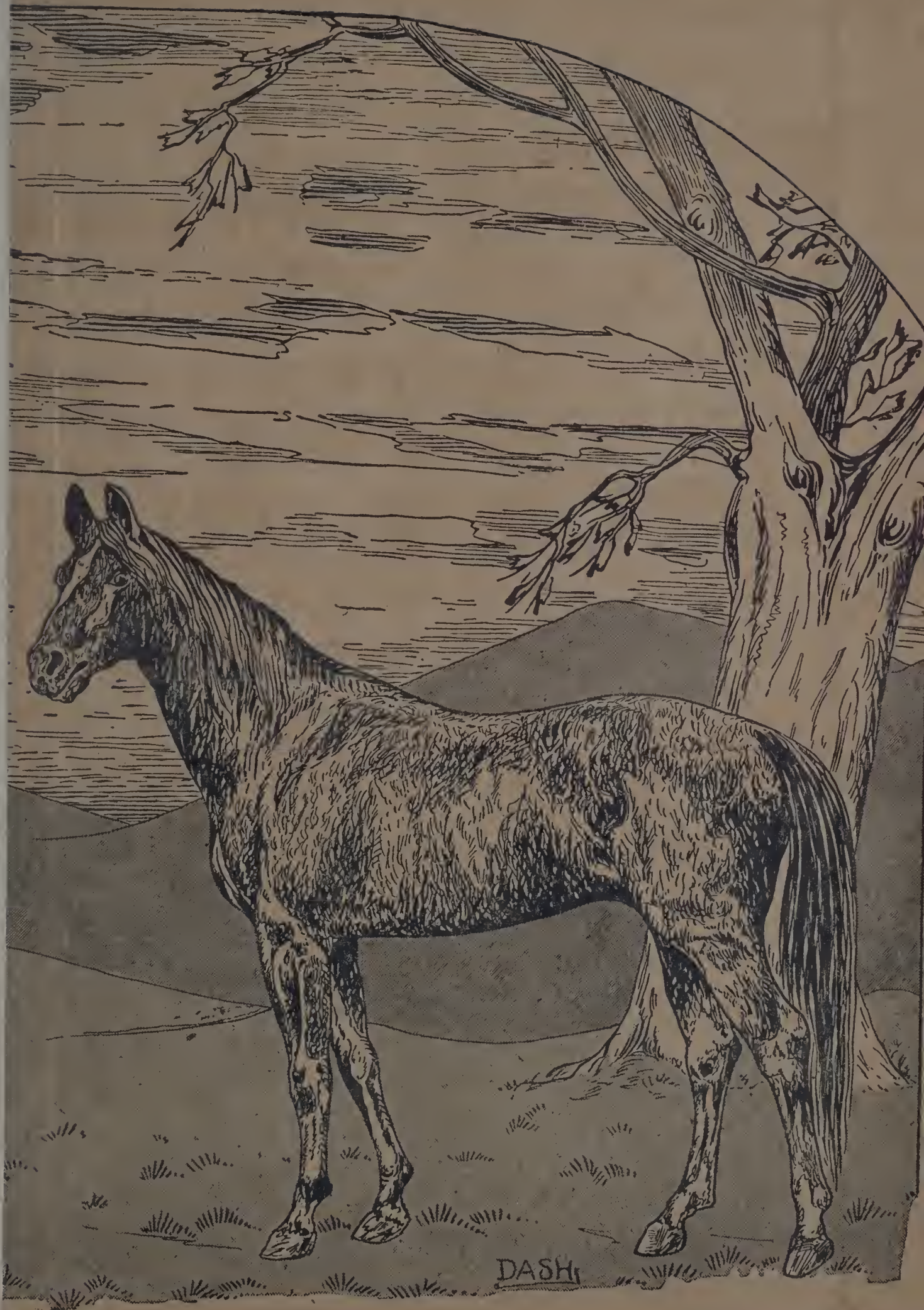
But we know this rabbit had never known eyesight, so he could not lose it, and as he could not understand

human speech, he did not know there was a sense called "sight."

Harry supposed he would always have to show him where his food was, and might perhaps, even have to feed him, but he soon found out that the blind rabbit could smell just where the food was, and could get to it more quickly than the other rabbits did. He could also hear his master's footstep sooner than the others. So though one sense was taken away the other four were quicker and keener. Wasn't that wonderful? So after all, he is just as happy as his brothers and sister.

—*Finis*—





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