

Mean' Teddy



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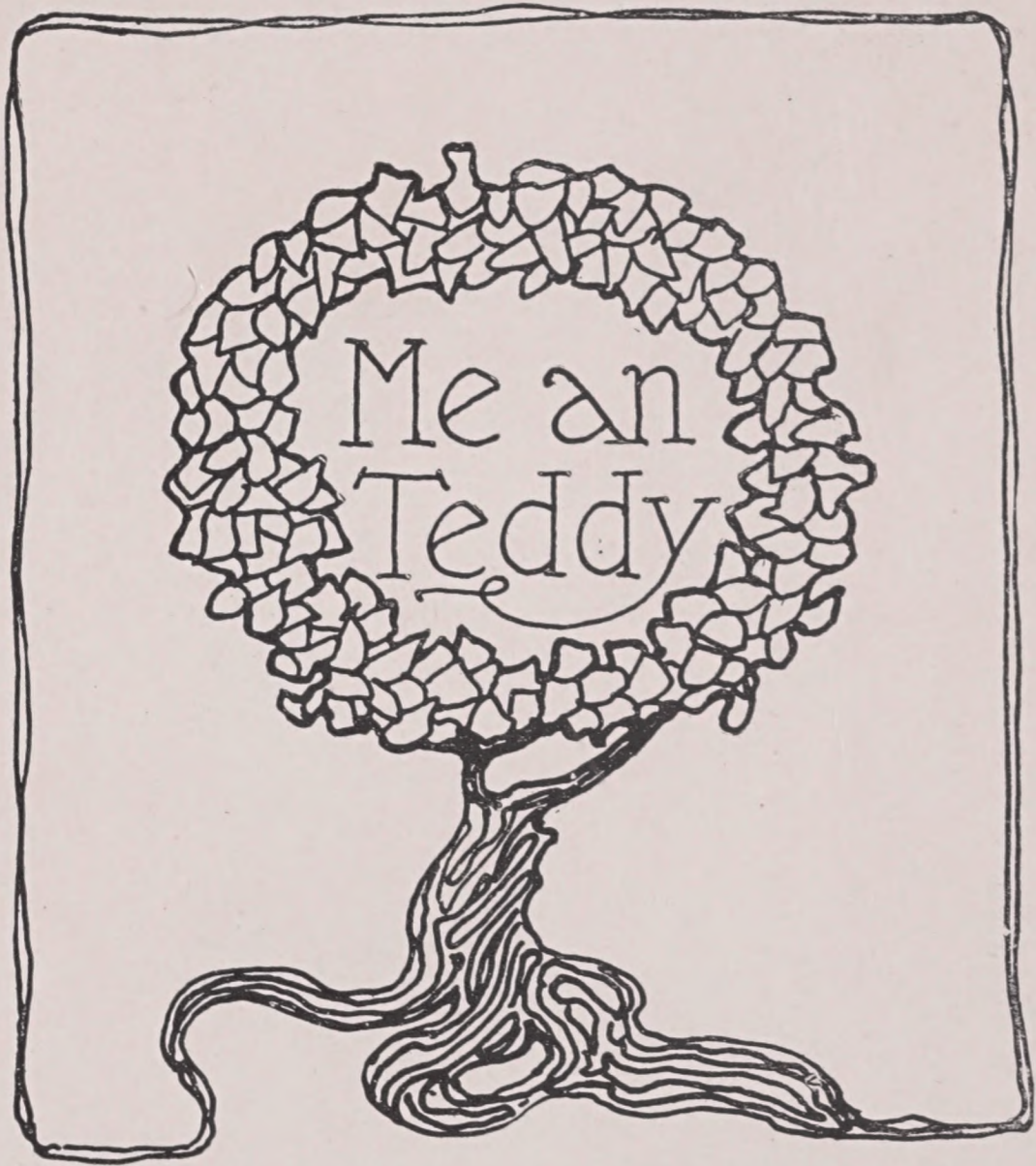


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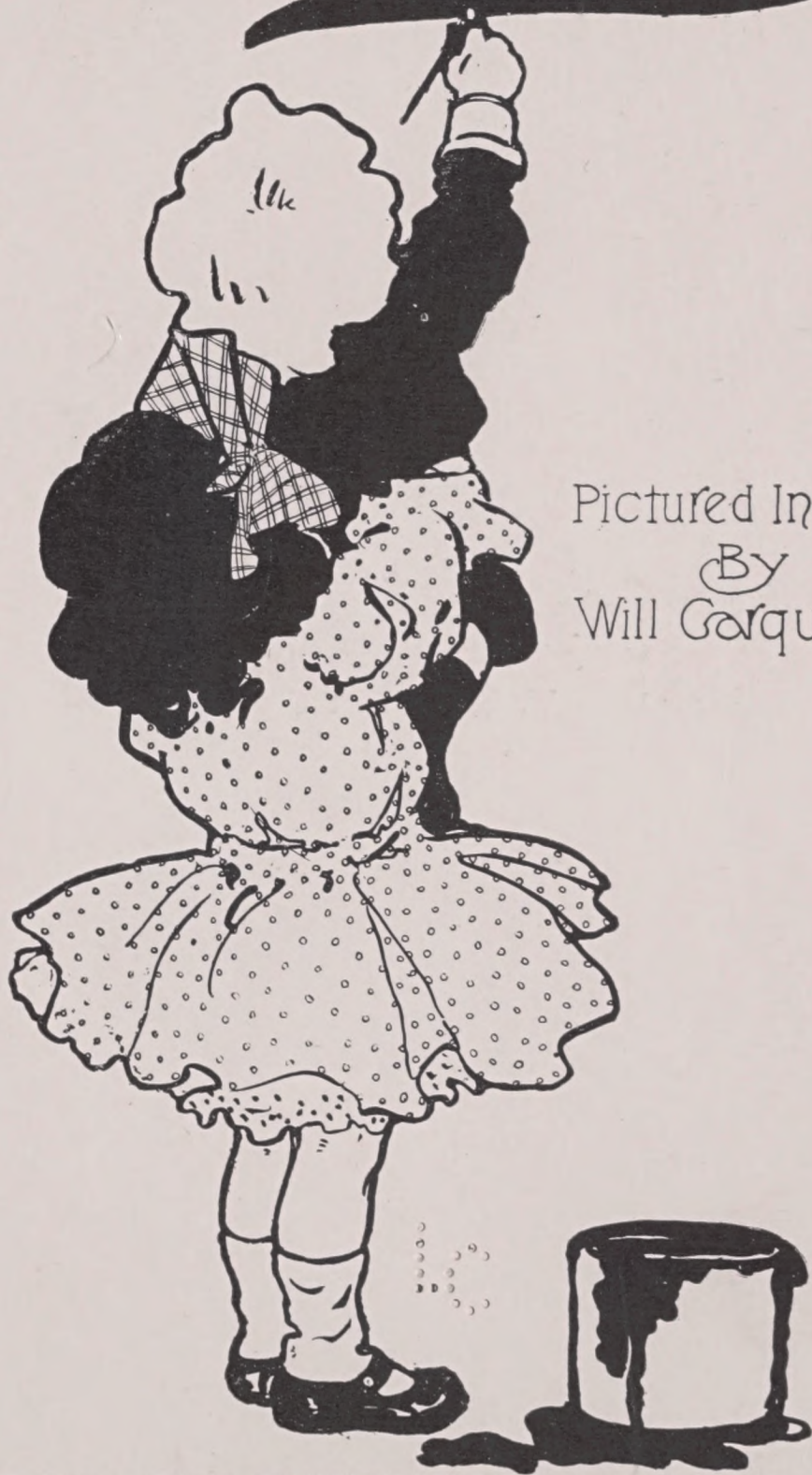


McAnTeddy

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ME AN' TEDDY

I

MAMMA LOSES HER BABIES

My mamma's just bin tellin' us sumfin. Us, you know, is me and Teddy. Teddy's my twin brother, an' I'm his twin sister, an' my name's Sue.

When we've been naughty our names is, oh, ever so much longer. My mamma has to look cross, then; an' she says, "Susan Amelia Worthington!" when it's me; an' "Theodore Frederick Worthington!" when it's Teddy. But when we're good she's just as nice an' smily as she can be, an' calls us "Sue" an' "Teddy."

I like my short name best, an' I don't know what I'd do if I got my long one as often as Teddy gets his'n. I guess boys is badder than girls, anyway.

Say, what you s'pose it was, my mamma just said to me an' Teddy?

"Childurn," says she, "this is the last day for you to be babies! Tomorrow Sue will be a girl, an' Teddy will be a boy—you won't be mamma's babies any more! You'll be five years old, an' start to kindergarten!"

Then Teddy looked scairt, an' he said, "Maw" (I can't break him of sayin' maw, an' it ain't half as nice as mamma)—but he most cried when he said, "Maw, if we ain't goin' to be Sue an' Teddy any more, who will we be, an' who'll be our maw, an' where'll we stay?" An' then he went "Boo! hoo!" right out, 's if he meant to be a baby as long as ever he could.

Mamma just took us in her arms an' kissed us; an' she said, "Yes, I'm goin' to lose my babies tomorrow, but you'll be mamma's boy an' girl, an' you'll be mamma's Sue an' Teddy, always."

I don't know, a bit, what made her cry, but she did, an' her voice was all trembly. I s'pose it was 'cause she thought there never would be any more such nice babies as me an' Teddy had bin.

I was real sorry for mamma, an' I said, "You may have my two best dollies, an' dress one of 'em in baby boy's clothes; an' you can play that one of 'em is me an' the other is Teddy. Then you'll have babies that'll stay babies f'ever 'n ever, cause dolls don't grow into boys an' girls."

Then mamma laughed, an' kissed us again, an' said, "Run out into the garden an' tell nurse all about it."

We've got the nicest nurse that ever was. Her truly name is Isabella Melissa Buell, but we never call her that, for she's never bin naughty since that time she took our mamma away from us, an' give us bottles to get our dinner out of. We just call her "Nurse Bell."

While we was lookin' for her in the garden, I seen Teddy's hands, an' they was just offle! So, I played I was cross, like mamma is sometimes, an' I said:

"Theodore Frederick Worthington, look at them hands! An' you a growin' up to be a boy, an' soon to be a man! Go scwait an' clean your finger-nails!"

What you s'pose he said? W'y, he just laughed, an' that was all he said—for a while. Then he spoke as though he didn't care one bit: "Huh," says he, "men's hands is always dirty. If I was growin' up to be nothin' but only a girl, course I'd scrub my hands, but boys don't never clean their finger-nails, cause they wouldn't stay clean."

I meant to scold him some more, but just then we come to Nurse Bell, where she was pickin' currants, an' I had to tell her how me an' Teddy was goin' to quit bein' babies an' be boys an' girls, an' go to school tomorrow.

I thought nurse would cry a little, dest as mamma did; but she didn't; she seemed glad to lose her babies, an' said:

"Well! well! won't that be nice! You'll learn to spell, an' read, an' write, an' to do lots of things. An' you'll keep right on growin' bigger, an' soon Sue will be a young lady, an' Teddy will be a big, big man like his papa, an' have whiskers, an'——."

My! You should 'ave seen Teddy when she said that 'bout whiskers! He rubbed his chin to see if they was growin'. Then he made hisself as tall as ever he could, an' went up an' down the path, tryin' to walk like papa—but he stepped high an' lifted his head way up, so he made me think of his banty Rooster—he did so! Then he jumped up an' down an' yelled like a injun, an' run to Nurse Bell and held up his chin to her face an' said, "Say, can't you see 'em now? Ain't they most growed out?"

Nurse Bell laughed an' laughed; an' then she wiped her eyes—I *thought* she'd be a little sorry for losin' her babies. But I had to get cross an' scold Teddy some more; so I says:

"Theodore Frederick Worthington, how can you be so silly! You won't be done bein' a baby till tomorrow mornin', an' it'll take more 'n a week for your whiskers to grow so they can be seen!"

I guess Teddy felt bad, an' cross, too, for he sticked out his tongue at me, an' said:

"Susan Amelia Worthington! you just shut up! you're nothin' but a girl, anyway! You can't have any whiskers, ever; so, there, now!"

Nurse Bell seemed to feel sorry that Teddy spoke so to me—an' me most a young lady! So she says, "There! There! Let's talk about sumfin else. Sue," says she, "I'm sorry you can't write."

"I can write, some," says I.

"Oh, I don't mean that kind of writin'," says she. "That's baby writin'. But I wish you could make words. Then you could write down for me all you can think of about your baby lives right up to this time when you're goin' to stop bein' babies."

"Oh, nurse," says I, "I can think of such lots an' lots of things 'bout me an' Teddy! Let me *talk* 'em to you, an' you write 'em!"

Nurse Bell just clapped her hands when I said that; an', says she:

"That's it, Sue! Every day you'll tell me sumfin, an' I'll write it just as you talk it, an' bymeby we'll have the story of Baby Sue an' Baby Teddy for mamma an' papa to read."

So, it wasn't me a tall, you know, that wried; it was Nurse

Bell, an' I only told her what to write. When we was goin' back to the house Teddy ast me to promise that I wouldn't tell some things that he done while we was babies, an' I told him I wouldn't if he'd be a better boy an' keep his hands clean.



II

HOW I COME TO BE ME

The very firstest thing Nurse Bell wanted me to tell her, so 's she could write it, was when I got to be me, an' come here to be with mamma an' papa an' Teddy.

Ain't it funny? I don't know a bit, where I was, nor who I was, nor how I come to be me, an' to be here! The very firstest thing I knowed, me an' Teddy was mamma's babies, an' had been ever so long!

Say, I don't b'lieve anybody knows. I ast mamma one day, an' what do you think she said? She didn't say a word for ever so long; she just hugged me up close, an' kissed me, an' looked so sweet an' rosy! Bymeby she said, "Sue, you an' Teddy was God's gift to me an' papa. Don't you think he was very good to us?"

"Ye-e-es, I gue-e-ess so," says I.

"Ain't you quite sure, Sue?" says she.

"Well," says I, "I would 'a' bin, but Teddy went and took my Black-eyed Susie doll, an' set her straddle of the cat, an' tied her feet so 's she couldn't fall, an' the cat runned away an' broke Susie's head right off—he did so! an' I think he'd 'ave bin gooder to you and papa if he'd 'a' give you a nother little girl baby an' kept Teddy!"

I guess I won't tell what mamma said next. She'd feel *so* sorry she said it when she'd see it in the book. Most always she says nice things to me, but—well, I don't care, Teddy *was* real naughty to my dollie! I wonder what mamma 'd say 'bout any one that 'd done such a thing to one of *her* twins!

Oh, I can tell now, the very firstest folks I ever seen, an' what they was doin' to me. It was e-e-ver so long ago, when me an' Teddy was little.

I was layin' in the cradle; an' there was a nother me there, too; an' I was lookin' at him, an' he was lookin' at me. Course, I didn't know it was Teddy then, but it was; an' after that we just

kept right on seein' one a nother; an' we begun to play, an' hyme-by we talked.

But that ain't what I was goin' to tell. That time when I seen Teddy first, he did look so funny. You know Uncle Ben's head is all bare an' shiny—well, Teddy's head was just like that, an' mine wasn't, but I didn't think 'bout it then, for I couldn't talk, an' I hadn't never seen Uncle Ben.

An' it was that day that Teddy done sumfin to me that made me cry. I guess he was cross cause I had lots of nice hair, an' he hadn't any, for he just took hold of mine an' pulled an' pulled, an' I cried an' cried.

Bymeby mamma she come in an' took Teddy's hand away. Then she fixed us up all nice in the cradle, an' kissed us, and went away.

How did I know it was mamma?

'Cause it was! Course, I couldn't talk then; but I just feeled that she was my mamma. An' I kept right on seein' her, an' talked to her the firstest one. Yes! I knowed my mamma a long, long time afore I could talk a bit; 'cause she had such sweet mamma eyes an' mamma kisses.

One day when she was goin' away, mamma stood in the door an' looked at us, an' she seemed, oh, so sorry 'bout sumfin. Then she went out. I guess it was the sorry in her eyes that made me always think of that time.

Then you come, Nurse Bell, an' that was the firstest time I seen you. You hadn't bin with us always, like mamma. Now, nurse, you shouldn't say that you'd bin with us most two years! If you was, where'd you stay so 's I couldn't see you?

Any way, you come in just after mamma went out, an' you had sumfin in each hand, an' you put one of 'em down by me an' tother one by Teddy. They was bottles with milk in 'em, an' a long string to drink with.

Course, we couldn't talk then, an' didn't know an' couldn't say what a mean thing you was doin' to us, Nurse Bell. But we was offle hungry, an' you took mamma away, an' put them nasty things by us, an' put the ends of the strings in our mouths, an' coaxed us to take our dinner that way!

You needn't write it, nurse, if you don't want to—I wouldn't, if I was you—for it was as mean as mean, so there, now!

I cried, an' cried, for mamma. An' Teddy, he cried too, for a while, an' then he got oh, so cross, an' throwed the bottle an' it falled on the floor an' broke all to smash, an' spilt the milk.

Teddy's bin like that, always. I can't make him stop gettin' cross so easy; it makes me 'fraid he'll do sumfin offle, when he gets bigger.

Well, you brought a nother bottle for Teddy, an' watched so 's he wouldn't break it. An' mamma she come an' hushed us an' cried over us; and bymeby we drinked the milk; but, oh my! it wasn't nice like our other dinner.

Teddy got used to it right off, an' I did, too, after a while; but we never, never got over thinkin' how mean you was—just that one time, you know.

What makes you cry, nurse? Well, if you're real sorry, an' won't neyer do it again, I'll play you didn't do it a tall; an' I'll make Teddy play you didn't, too.



III

AUNT BEN'S BABY

One day Uncle Ben an' A'nt Ben come to our house, an' brought their baby. Oh, it was the weentie, teentiest little thing, not a bit bigger 'n my Black-eyed Susie doll was afore Teddy went an' made the cat break her head off.

I thought it *was* a doll; an' ast A'nt Ben to let me have it to play with. What you s'pose she said? W'y she looked all scairt, an' she said, "W'y, you offle child! This ain't a rag doll for little girls to play with, it's a baby—mamma's boo'ful itsy baby!"—an' she hugged it up 's if it was sumfin offle nice.

I tell you, I was cross as cross, an' so was Teddy, when she said that humbly little mite of a thing was *mamma's* baby. If I'd 'a' knowed her long name I'd 'a' called her that—sure's you live—but I didn't know it; so I said:

"Ain't you a wicked thing to tell such a story! Mamma ain't got any babies but just me an' Teddy—an' she ain't goin' to have, ever—is she, Teddy?"

A'nt Ben an' mamma begun to laugh; but Teddy he just yelled an' said, "No, she ain't!" an' he runned up to A'nt Ben's lap an' pinched the little thing on one of its legs.

Say, it was a truly baby—made of meat! for when Teddy pinched it, it cried an' cried.

Yes; I was sorry, then, that Teddy done so; he does do things that make me sorry every little while. An' I guess Teddy was sorry, too—he looked like he was when mamma brought him back out of the bedroom.

Course, I know now that A'nt Ben meant that *she* was that baby's mamma, but me an' Teddy was little then, an' we thought she meant that it was *our* mamma's baby.

When A'nt Ben was goin' home, mamma brought her one of Teddy's long baby dresses, an' said she might have it for her baby to wear. Then Teddy was badder'n ever. You should 'ave heard

him! He just howled an' said, "No! no! she shan't have it! It's mine!" An' he tried to snatch it an' run away.

Mamma talked real nice to him—just like I do when he's naughty. "Now, Teddy," says she, "you can't wear this dress any more, an' you ought to be glad to give it to your cousin."

"But I want to keep it! I won't give it to anybody!" says Teddy; an' he cried louder'n ever.

I tell you, mamma was pritty near cross, then, for she called him by his long name, Theodore Frederick Worthington! That made Teddy hush up, some; an' mamma got smily again, an' she ast him, "What do you want to do with it? It's too little for you to wear."

"W'y," says he, "ain't I goin' to have a wife when I get married—sometime?"

Then mamma laughed right out loud, an' said, "Yes, I hope so; but it'll be too little for her."

"Yes," says he, "but won't she want to put it on *her* baby?"

I don't know one bit what made A'nt Ben an' mamma laugh so—but they did, till they had to set down an' laugh, an' A'nt Ben nearly dropped her baby.

Bymeby mamma said, "See here, Teddy, I've got a new suit for you—pants and coat, just like a man's. Now if you'll be good, an' give the dress to the baby, I'll put them on you tomorrow, an' you'll be my own little man."

Teddy was that glad that he took the dress an' runned up to A'nt Ben an' give it to her his own self. I didn't say one word 'bout it; but I tell you I felt bad; 'cause it seemed as if me an' Teddy 'd have to quit bein' twins if he put on boy's clothes an' I didn't

IV

TEDDY SEES AN ANGEL

It was Sunday when Teddy wore his boy's clothes the firstest time. My, wasn't he proud, though? He capered, an' frisked an' jumped like Ponto does when he gets us out in the back field.

Ponto's our dog, you know. He goes with us, oh, everywheres! An' he takes care of us so 's the lions an' the bears can't eat us up. Say, we ain't never seen one, once, when Ponto was with us. He knows just as much as folks; an' he's lot's nicer'n most of 'em.

When Ponto come in that Sunday, an' seen Teddy in his new clothes, he didn't know what little boy it was till he'd looked at him a long time. Then he barked as though he wanted to say, "W'y it's Teddy!" An' he wagged his tail, an' laughed in his eyes, an' licked Teddy's hands an' face—that's his way of kissin,' you know.

Teddy was bad enough afore; but when papa come in an' said, "W'y, how d'ye do, Mr. Worthington?" an' said he was goin' to be papa's little man, he was just offle. He give a whoop like Injun Bill in the circus, and runned out into the hall an' got papa's cane an' come back walkin' like a old, big man.

Then he says, "Paw" (I wish he'd say papa, but he never does—spite of all me an' mamma can say), "Paw," says he, "ain't you sorry for Sue? She's nothin' but a girl, an' can't never be a man, an' wear men's pants an' coats like me 'n you, can she, paw?"

Teddy ain't like that, much, an' I'm glad he ain't. I most cried when he talked so. An' I was just goin' to tell mamma that she'd haf to make Teddy a girl like me, or make me a boy like Teddy, so's we could go on bein' twins like we ust to be. But I didn't say it; 'cause Teddy got his legs twisted up with papa's cane, an' falled down an' made his nose bleed. Then I had to love him good, so 's he stop cryin', for mamma wasn't there, then.

When we got done eatin' breakfus' what you think? W'y, Teddy had stole away, an' we couldn't find him no wheres! He



wasn't in the house, nor in the barn, nor in the yard, nor in the back field—he wasn't no wheres!

Mamma was scairt; an' I cried, hard; an' papa was most crazy. He started folks out all over the village to look for Teddy, an' he went his own self. Uncle Ben and A'nt Ben come, an' they said they guessed somebody had stole Teddy. We waited hours an' hours, but nobody could find him.

Then I went up to Ponto an' put my arms 'round his neck, an' cried on his face; an' I said, "Ponto, Teddy's lost! Mebbe the bears an' lions 'll get him an' eat him up! Ponto, dear old Ponto, you must go an' find Teddy, an' bring him home—quick!"

What you think? W'y, Ponto went right out into the village, an' bymeby he come back a waggin' his tail an' laughin' in his eyes, 'cause he had Teddy a walkin' by his side!

My! wasn't we all glad? I kissed Teddy first, an' then I kissed Ponto all over his face; an' I let him kiss me all he wanted to,—good old Ponto!

Mamma she just laughed an' cried both to once, an' most choked Teddy a huggin' him. Papa looked 's if he was offle glad, an' oh, a teenie bit cross, too, 'cause Teddy runned away. I guess he was cross more'n that; for bymeby he called Teddy by part of his long name. "Theodore Frederick," says he, "come here an' tell papa where you bin, an' what you bin doin'."

Teddy didn't seem to care one bit for makin' us all so scairt an' sorry. He just capered 'round, an' prouded his new clothes 's if he hadn't bin naughty a tall. An' when papa ast him that, he said:

"W'y, papa, I went out to see all the folks. I walked, an' I runned, an' I didn't tear my new clothes a bit. Bymeby I didn't know where I was. Then I sot down by the fence an' cried, 'cause I was 'fraid. Then I got up an' runned some more.

"Bymeby I seen, oh, such a lot of folks, an' they was all goin' into a big, big house. So I went in, too, an' they was all singin'; but there wasn't none of 'em had on such nice clothes as me!

"An' say, I seen a angel in there; an' he hadn't a thing on him but a long white nighty! Then I was scairt; an' I runned out, an' there was Ponto by the door, an' we come home."

Then they all laughed at Teddy; but I didn't know if it was

'cause he was 'fraid of a angel, or 'cause he was so proud of wearin' boy's clothes.

A'nt Ben spoke up an', says she, "For the land sake! The child has bin to church an' seen a minister the first time in his life! an' he had to go all alone."

Then she looked hard at papa; I guess she felt pritty cross 'bout sumfin, for she said, "Abraham Worthington, have you never had them lovely twins of yourn christened?" Papa said he hadn't; an' he looked 's if he was sorry he hadn't.

So, they made it up that the next Sunday A'nt Ben an' Uncle Ben would take their little baby, an' papa an' mamma would take me an' Teddy, an' go to church an' have us all christened.

V

TEDDY REBELS

I'm so sorry to have to tell what Teddy done when he went to church to be christened; but I've got to do it. It ain't one of the things I said I wouldn't tell if he'd be a better boy an' keep his hands clean.

Mamma fixed us up real nice. If I didn't have on boy's clothes, like Teddy, I had a new white dress that was just lovely, with pink bows on it, an' white stockin's, an' slippers that shined, oh, ever so bright.

When we got there, there was such a lot of people! An' sure 'nough there was a angel, just as Teddy said! An' he had on a long white nighty that come clear down to his feet; an' he had whiskers on his face, but his head was all bare an' shiny, like Teddy's was when he was little.

An' say, Ponto, don't you b'lieve, wanted to go into church just like he was folks! I guess he was 'fraid Teddy 'd get lost some more; but papa sent him home.

When he got ready to christen us, the angel made Uncle an' A'nt Ben, an' papa an' mamma, stand up in a row. A'nt Ben held her baby, an' mamma held me, an' papa held Teddy.

The angel readed in a book; an' he talked to us; an' he talked to all the folks; an' he talked to some one we couldn't see, an' he couldn't see neither, 'cause he shut his eyes, but he talked to him real nice; an' some of the folks that was there said amen, but none of 'em said a women.

Then, all to once, that angel went an' got cross! He just took A'nt Ben's baby right out of her mamma's arms, an' looked straight at her, an' what you think? W'y, he called her by her long name! "Caroline Margaret," says he, 's if she 'd bin real naughty; an' he throwed some water on her head—he did so! What you think of that for a angel?

Course, the baby cried. An' I most cried my own self when



he took me an' looked hard at me an' said, 'Susan Amelia,' an' throwed water on me—an' I'd bin as good all the time!

I guess Teddy had got real scairt hearin' him call A'nt Ben's baby an' me by our long names; for when the angel reached out for him he just throwed his arms round papa's neck an' screamed. "No! No! He shan't! Don't let him wash me, papa!"

Say, I never knowed, afore that time, that papa had a angel for a brother, but he had. When Teddy just wouldn't let him christen him the angel said, "Never mind, *brother*; I'll come tomorrow an' make friends with the boy at home; then he'll let me christen him all right."

I don't know one bit why the angel was nicer in our house than he was in church, but he was—ever so much. I guess it must a bin 'cause he didn't have on his long white nighty; w'y, he had men's clothes on, an' me an' Teddy found out that he was just a man, like papa, an' not a angel a tall!

Teddy wouldn't go up to him for a long time; but I did, an' he talked to me real nice 'bout my Black-eyed Susie doll, an' Ponto, an', oh, lots of things. Bymeby he ast me, "What made your little brother cry in church?"

So, I up an' told him. Says I, "It was 'cause you called A'nt Ben's baby an' me by our long names, like mamma does when she's real cross; an' Teddy got 'fraid you was cross, too, for you looked 's if you was; so he cried, an' I most cried my own self."

My, you should 'ave seen how red mamma's face got when I was tellin' him that! "Susan Amelia!" says she; an' then she stopped, an' bited her lips, an' got redder'n ever. I guess I must 'ave bin naughty 'bout sumfin—but I didn't mean to. I heard mamma tellin' papa, bymeby, that she'd never call us by our long names any more; an' she never did—only sometimes when we'd bin very bad.

Well, the man an' Teddy got to be real good friends; an' mamma brought some water in a silver dish, an' he christened him just like he did A'nt Ben's baby an' me. Teddy didn't cry any, but he kind o' dodged, an' went "Ouch!" when the man throwed water on him.

VI

THE TWIN DOLLS ARE CHRISTENED

One day we was all out in the back field—me an' Teddy an' Ponto—a havin' such fun!

We played Ponto was a bear, an' runned away! an' he runned after us an' barked just like a bear, 's if he was goin' to eat us right up! Then we played we was lions an' chased Ponto, an' he played he was scairt an' runned away from us. But say, if we'd a bin truly lions do you think Ponto 'd bin 'fraid? W'y, he'd a killed a thousan' million lions in one minute!

All to once Teddy stopped an' looked hard at me, like A'nt Ben looked at papa that time! an' says he, "Susan Amelia Worthington, have you ever had them lovely twins of yourn christened?"

I most cried when he ast me that. I had only two dollies, then. One was Black-eyed Susie, an' tother was Blue-eyed Beauty, an' they was twins like me an' Teddy; an' they'd never bin christened, once.

Then, says Teddy, "Les' go right in an' christen them twins. One's a girl like you—that's Black-eyed Susie; tother's a boy like me, an' we'll call him Sailor Jack, 'cause I'm goin' to be a sailor when I'm big enough. An' say, Sue, you an' Nurse Bell must make him sailor clothesto be christened in, for he hasn't a stitch of boy's clothes to his back."

"All right, Teddy says I; "but who'll christen 'em?"

"That's just like a girl," says Teddy. "Course, I'll do it. Wasn't it a man that christened us? Come right in, an' we'll do it now."

So, we went in, an' Nurse Bell helped me make some sailor clothes for Blue-eyed Beauty, an' we put 'em on her. My, she was just the nicest lookin' boy you ever seen!—only we had to cut her hair short, an' I didn't like to, 'cause she had such lovely long curls when she was a girl.

When we got the twins ready, Nurse Bell went away an' left

us alone. Teddy was for christenin' 'em just like he was, in his every-day clothes, an' his hands was most black—they was so dirty. So, I says to him:

“Theodore Frederick, you go an' wash your hands, an' then come with me; you've got to be fixed some afore you can christen my twins.”

Teddy went an' washed; an' then I took him to the bedroom an' begun to cut the hair off the top of his head. He didn't want me to do it, but I had to; for how could he christen my twins right if he didn't look like the man that christened me an' him an' A'nt Ben's baby?

So, I just went right on an' cutted all the hair off the top of his head, most down to his ears; an' I took the hair and stuck it on his chin for whiskers with some molasses. Then I put my long white nighty on him, an' papa's old spectacles; an' say! he looked just like a man, only he wasn't as big as him.

When I'd got Teddy all fixed up, we took a high chair an' put it in the middle of the floor for him to stand on, an' the back of the chair was like what was afore the man when he christened us.

Teddy climbed up on the chair, an' I put a big bowl of water right by his feet, an' I give him my Mother Goose picture book to read out of. Then I went after the twins; an' I brought in the cat an' Ponto to be folks, an' we played they said amen when Teddy was a talkin' with his eyes shut.

Say, you should 'ave seen Teddy, when we all come in together! He just made hissself as tall as ever he could, an' he tried to look cross, an' opened Mother Goose an' played he was readin' out of it; then he shut it up an' put it under his arm an' talked to us a while; then he shut his eyes an' talked like the man did in the church—he did so!

Bymeby he was ready to call the twins by their long names, an' throw water on 'em. So, I tried to reach Black-eyed Susie up to him; but he was so high on the chair that I couldn't. Then Teddy leaned way over, so's he could reach her; an' what you think? W'y, that nasty chair just tipted over, an' Teddy an' the bowl of water an' the chair all falled on me an' my poor little twins! An' we all falled down on the floor! It hurted Teddy, oh,



so bad; an' it hurted me, too; an' we was all wetty with the water; but I was real glad that my twins wasn't killed.

Ponto barked, an' Teddy an' me cried an' cried till mamma come in. She was offle scairt, at first, an' loved us good, an' hushed us till we quit cryin'.

Bymeby she looked at my white nighty on Teddy, an' at the top of his head, an' at the pieces of the bowl. Then she got, oh, so cross, an' ast me what us childurn had bin at.

So, I had to tell her. My, but she was cross! She went an' fixed Teddy where he was hurted, an' washed off all the nice whiskers I'd put on his chin. Then she took me into the bedroom an' talked to me 'bout cuttin' Teddy's hair off. An' she done sumfin else that I ain't goin' to tell, 'cause it'd make her feel bad when she'd read 'bout it in the book that me an' Nurse Bell is makin'—it would so!

VII

PLAYING PILGRIMS

Mamma wouldn't let Teddy go out any more till his hair growed where I cutted it off. So we had to stay in a long while. Nurse Bell was real good to us, then, an' told us such lovely stories 'bout fairies, an' brownies, an' things.

One was a long story 'bout pilgrims; an' what you think? W'y, me an' Teddy made it up that we'd be pilgrims like the folks nurse told us 'bout, an' find the lovely place they went to—just as soon as his hair growed out.

So, one day we got ready. We didn't know where the place was, but Teddy said it must be way over in the back field under a apple tree.

We played that Teddy was the pilgrim an' I was his wife. He was to go there alone, like the other pilgrim did, an' wait for me to come with our childurn—my twin dollies, you know. We got papa's cane for the pilgrim's staff; an' cook give us some bread an' butter an' cake an' pie in a basket. I made Teddy promise that he wouldn't eat one bite till I got there.

I'm 'fraid I was naughty, but we just *had* to have a pack for Teddy to carry on his back, 'r else he wouldn't be a truly pilgrim, a tall. So, I took a pillow off mamma's bed—most as big as he was—an' tied it on his shoulders. Then he went off, an' I waited by the gate, with the twins an' Ponto, till he'd get there.

Say, what you s'pose? W'y, when Teddy'd got most there, there was a truly old, big giant, like it was in the story! He was layin' down under the apple tree; an' when he seen Teddy he got up, with a big stick in his hand, an' went up to him, an' Teddy tried to run away. But the giant catched him, an' was takin' the bread an' butter an' pie an' cake out of the basket.

I tell you, I was scairt! An' I said to Ponto, "That nasty old giant is goin' to hurt Teddy; Ponto, you must go an' eat him up—quick!"

Ponto runned, oh, ever so fast! I guess if he'd kept still he'd 'ave had that giant for his dinner. But he barked, an' the giant dropped the basket an' runned most as fast as Ponto did. He got away, but Ponto catched hold of his pants when he was gettin' over the fence, an' come back with a great big piece of 'em in his mouth.

I was that scairt I didn't know a bit what to do. An' I says to Teddy, 'I don't b'lieve the good place we was lookin' for is under the apple tree, a tall! I guess it's right in our mamma's room; let's go there this minute!'

But Teddy wasn't 'fraid—just like a lion an' a bear. An' says he, "Don't you cry, Sis!" That made me so cross I wasn't scairt any more; 'cause I don't like to be called *Sis*! But that's what he said: "Don't you cry, Sis! Me an' Ponto'll take care of you."

So we went under the apple tree an' played it was the place, an' there was angels up in the branches. Bymeby Teddy got tired of his pack, an' he ast me how nurse said the pilgrim got it off. But I couldn't think of what she said so I just took it off of Teddy's back my own self, an' we put it up by the tree.

Bymeby, when we played a long time, we was hungry, an' looked in the basket; an' what you think? W'y, that big giant had took a lot of our things! There was just one piece of bread an' butter an' one piece of cake an' one piece of pie!

Teddy's a real nice boy—sometimes. That time he looked at Ponto; an' Ponto was a lookin' at him 's though he wanted to say, "I'm hungry, too! Didn't I chase that giant good? Don't you think I ought to have some of that dinner?"

Then, says Teddy, "See here, Sue, Ponto's got to have some. There's only three pieces, Ponto's the biggest, an' the bread an' butter's the biggest; let's give it to him. Then there'll be the pie an' cake for you'n me, an' you shall have the cake, 'cause it's bigger'n the pie."

What you think of that, for a boy? I just kind o' smiled an' said, "Good old Ponto! Good old Teddy!"

When I give Ponto his piece he opened his big mouth an' took it at one bite—he did so! Then I ast Teddy for his knife, an' took it an' cut the cake an' the pie in two, so's we could both have pie



an' cake. You should 'ave seen Teddy when I done that! He laughed an' laughed an' then he said, "Good old Sue!"

While we was eatin' our pieces, Ponto was chasin' a bird, playin' it was a lion an' he was a goin' to catch it; an' he come to the place where the giant took our things away from Teddy—an' what you think? He found the rest of the bread an' butter an' cake an' pie right where the giant had dropped 'em when he was after him! Ponto eated 'em up, quick; an' I guess he laughed some at me an' Teddy 'cause he got so much more'n we did.

Bymeby we went home, an' I run into the house to get sumfin more to eat for me an' Teddy. My, but the cook was scairt! She said mamma had bin lookin' all over the house for the pillow we took for Teddy's pack. I tell you, I was scairt, too, 'cause we had left it under the apple tree. I runned right out an' told Teddy to get it, quick, an' come in by the back door, so's we could steal into mamma's room an' put it back on her bed.

But when we got into her bedroom, there was mamma! Then we had to tell her 'bout our bein' pilgrims, an' how I took her pillow for the pack; an' 'bout the giant, and how Ponto chased him away. She wasn't very cross, that time; but she made us promise we'd never, never do it again.

VIII

ANGELINA PRISCILLA WORTHINGTON

When me an' Teddy was most five years old our mamma said we might have a party on our birthday. An' she said she'd ask Uncle Jim an' A'nt Jim that lives in Boston to come an' bring their little girl, Angelina Priscilla Worthington.

Say, I just knowed afore she come that Angelina wasn't much of an angel, 'cause she had such a long name, an' everybody called her by it. But I ain't goin' to tell all she done. Mamma said I must play she was nice if she wasn't, 'cause she was our comp'ny; an' I said I would, as much as ever I could.

Me an' Teddy was offle glad to have a party, an' we ast five girls an' five boys, so's there'd be twelve of us. There was Aggie an' Mary an' Robbie Smith, an' Petie an' Andy an' Polly Jones, an' Mandy Lewis, an' Johnny an' Jimmy Russell, an' Angelina Priscilla Worthington.

When we'd got all of 'em ast, Teddy says to me, "Say, Sue, who's goin' to ast us to this party?"

"W'y, you silly boy," says I, "that's easy. It's my birthday, an' I'll ask you to come; an' it's your birthday, an' you'll ask me to come. But I don't know, a tall, what we'd 'ave done if we hadn't bin twins."

Well, the party was to be on Monday, so A'nt an' Uncle Jim come on Saturday. They had lots of nice things, an' they was nice, too—all but their little girl.

Uncle Jim brought Teddy a rockin' horse, an' a pair of ridin' boots that come clear up to his knees, an' the tops was red, an' the heels had spurs on to make the horse go. A'nt Jim brought me a new dollie most as big as my own self, an' a new dress, an' a ring—she did so!—an' it was real nice of her.

But, say, did you ever see a little girl that was five years old an' only four years big? 'S true as you live, Angelina Priscilla Worthington (I can't ever think of any short name to call her) but she

was five years old an' not a bit bigger'n me, an' I was only four. But I tell you, she felt big—she did so!

Say, her hair was most as red as fire, an' such lots of it! An' her face was all whity where it didn't have little brown spots on it. An' her nose looked 's if she'd falled down on it when she was little an' turned the end of it up.

She didn't look like all that at first—not till me an' Teddy an' her went out into the yard to play, an' what you think? W'y, she whispered to me, an' says, "Less run away from Teddy, 'cause he's a boy, an' my nurse says young ladies shouldn't play with boys."

I guess it was then that I seen how ugly an' red her hair was, an' the spots on her whity face, an' her nose. An' says I, right out loud, so 's Teddy could hear it, says I:

"Angelina Priscilla Worthington, me an' Teddy is twins, an' you ain't. You can run away if you want to, an' play with your own self, but Teddy's better'n all the girls in Boston, or anywheres!"

When Teddy heard me say that he just sticked his tongue out at her, an' he whooped like a Injun, an' he rolled an' tumbled on the ground. My, but she was cross! She got whiter'n ever an' she primped up her mouth, an' said, "What a rude boy!"

Bymeby she looked up at the house, an' says she, "How ever do you live in such a small house? Our'n is twice as big, an' twice as nice."

An' that's the way she talked, all the livin' time, till we went to bed. She said her clothes was better'n mine, an' that her dollies was prittier'n mine; yes, an' she ast me if I didn't think her mamma was nicer'n my mamma—she did so.

It was when I told mamma how she talked that she said I must play she was nice if she wasn't, 'cause she was our comp'ny; but I tell you it wasn't any fun playin' that.

The next day was Sunday, an' we all went to church. Uncle an' A'nt Jim, an' Angelina Priscilla, an' papa set in one seat; an' me an' Teddy, an' mamma, an' Nurse Bell set in the next one; an' Teddy was right behind Angelina Priscilla.

While the man was a talkin' to us, all to once he got red in the



face, an' looked 's though he wanted to laugh at sumfin, real bad, and dassent. Then I looked round, an' there was, oh, ever so many folks right close by us that was red in their faces, an' their mouths was jerkin' 's though they wanted to laugh an' dassent; an' they was all lookin' at Teddy.

Then I looked at Teddy, too, an' what you s'pose he was doin'? He was playin' he was a blacksmith, an' Angelina Priscilla's hair was a fire, an' his finger was a iron; an' he was a pokin' the iron into the fire, like he'd seen the blacksmith do, till it got hot; an' then he'd take it out an' lay it on his knee, an' pound on it with his other fist for a hammer. Then he'd stick it into the fire to heat it some more, an' pound on it again.

Oh, it was just offle funny! The man that was talkin' to us had to quit, an' set down an' laugh with his hank'shif to his face. An' the folks all laughed—some of 'em right out loud!

Angelina Priscilla Worthington didn't know that they was all a laughin' at her red head. An' Teddy didn't know a thing 'bout it, he was so busy playin' blacksmith, till mamma snapped his head with her finger, an' took him out of the church.

I guess papa must 'ave talked to Teddy some when we got home, for he never played blacksmith with Angelina's hair any more. I wanted him to, but he wouldn't.

IX

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

We'd 'ave had the bestest time that ever was at our birthday party, if it hadn't bin for what that Angelina Priscilla done, an' what a boy done that got mad 'cause he wasn't ast. Some folks is always doin' sumfin naughty.

We had turkey an' cranberry, an', oh, such lots of nice things. Papa come in an' cutted up the turkey. Nurse Bell an' mamma played they was waiters, an' put bibs on us so 's we wouldn't muss our nice dresses, an' passed us our plates, an' done lots of things.

An' what you think? W'y, that Angelina Priscilla Worthington, from Boston, she just wouldn't let 'em put a bib on her, an' kept sayin' that bibs was for babies, an' she wasn't goin' to be a baby for nobody—she did so!

When she begun to cry, an' fighted so 's they couldn't put a bib on her, they let her be, an', oh, my!—when she was eatin' her turkey an' cranberry she made her nice white dress all spotty an' red like her hair! An' then she was cross 'cause it was that way an' ourn wasn't!

Bymeby we all went into the parlor, an' mamma played a tune while we marched 'round an' 'round the room. Teddy had to march with Angelina Priscilla, 'cause she was our comp'ny from Boston, but he looked 's though he was cross, an' didn't like to. Her dress was just offle!

Then we played "Pussy wants a Corner," an' "Blindman's Buff," an' "Ring around a Rosy." While we was playin' "Ring around a Rosy," somebody on the outside raised the window an' shouted "Rats!"—an' shook a offle big rat out of a bag, an' runned away!

I tell you, we was all scairt—only Teddy wasn't. I never seen such a boy as Teddy! Mamma jumped up on the stool, an' then clear up onto the top of the piano. Nurse Bell climbed onto the sofa an' setted down on her feet so 's the rat couldn't bite 'em.

An' all us girls, an' the boys, too, got onto chairs an' screamed, we was so 'fraid he'd eat us up.

What did Teddy do? W'y, he just whooped like Injun Bill, an' chased that rat round an' round the room, an' made him do like "poor pussy wants a corner." When Teddy couldn't catch him, he runned out an' got Ponto, an' I tell you they soon got that rat! Teddy chased him out of a corner, an' Ponto just taked him in his mouth an' shaked him up an' down, then carried him out into the yard.

Then, we all jumped down off the chairs, an' Nurse Bell off of the sofa, but it took mamma ever so much longer to come down off of the piano than it did to go up.

Who'd you s'pose it was that put that rat in through our window? It was that Sam Lovell that lives on our street.

We see him sometimes, an' he wants to play with us, but we don't like him a bit. He's a bad boy, any way; an' then he's got a big wart on his nose; an' his eyes is so funny—they don't look straight, but act 's if they was tryin' to see one a nother right through his nose. They make me 'fraid; but Teddy laughs at 'em.

Well someone went an' told Sam Lovell that me an' Teddy was goin' to have a party, an' what you think? W'y, he wanted us to ast him! I was just goin' to tell him that we couldn't do no such a thing, but Teddy spoke up an' said: "We'll do it, Sammy, if you'll promise—hope you may die!—that you won't bring your wart."

Say, that was the crossest boy you even seen. He wanted to hit Teddy, but he waited till he got off a piece, an' picked up a stone an' throwed it at us. An' that's why he tried to spoil our party with a rat.

But he didn't spoil it a bit. When we got over bein' 'fraid I told 'em all how Sam Lovell got mad 'cause Teddy didn't want him to bring his wart, an' you should 'ave heard 'em laugh—only mamma she said Teddy shouldn't 'ave twitted the boy about that, for he couldn't help havin' it.

Well, the nicest part of all was next. Mamma made twin birthday cakes, 'cause me an' Teddy was twins, an' each one had five white wax candles on it, 'cause we was five years old. An'



she made a little verse for Teddy to say afore we passed the cakes to the folks. Yes, I can tell you the verse, an' how that offle Teddy said it. Mamma made it say:

“I'm five today, an' so is Sue;
Not quite so old as some of you.
We thank our friends for coming here,
And hope they'll come again next year.
Before you go, be sure to take
A piece of our nice birthday cake.”

Teddy was to say that verse, an' then me an' him was to pass the cake. Nurse Bell an' me tried our very best to learn it to him so 's he'd say it right. But what you s'pose? W'y, he went an' said it this way:

“I'm *five* today, an' *so* is *Sue*;
Not *quite* so old as *some* of *you*.
We *thank* our *friends* for *comin'* here,
And *hope* they'll *come* again, next *year*.
Be *sure* to go before you *take*
A *piece* of *this 'ere* birthday *cake*.”

They all laughed but Angelina Priscilla. I s'pose it was 'cause she come from Boston that she didn't know Teddy must 'ave said it wrong. Anyway, she just turned up her nose more'n it was always turned up, an' she says:

“You needn't be scairt! I'll be sure to go so 's you can have your old cake to your own selves, if you want it so bad! We've nicer cake 'n that to our house every day—so there, now!” An' she was goin' to run away, but mamma wouldn't let her. She told her that Teddy was only a little boy an' hadn't said it right. If I'd a bin mamma I'd let her go; but she told her Teddy should 'ave said:

“*Before* you go be sure to take
A piece of our nice birthday cake.”

Then Angelina Priscilla quit bein' cross an' stayed; an' what you think? W'y, she et up her piece in two or three bites, an' then got a nother, an' then a nother!

After we'd passed the cake mamma took us all back into the dinin' room; an' the table was just covered with the nicest presents the childurn had brought for us, an' give 'em to mamma when me an' Teddy wasn't lookin'.

X

HE KISSED HER

Say, I've got to tell you somefin 'bout A'nt Nell that comes to our house, oh, such lots of times; an' she's as nice as nuts an' candy. She isn't our truly A'nt, you know, but we call her that 'cause we like her so.

An' there's a young man that always comes to our house when A'nt Nell's there. His name is John, an' we call him Uncle John 'cause we call her A'nt Nell. He's, oh, such a big man! He's taller'n papa, an' looks most as nice as papa does. I guess A'nt Nell thinks he's nicer'n anybody else in the world.

What makes me guess that! 'Cause, one day they was in the garden, an' they didn't know that me an' Teddy was there, close by 'em. When they'd talked a long time, an' she'd said "Yes" to sumfin 'cause he wanted her to so bad, an' he was just goin' away, what you think? W'y, he kissed her! an' she kissed him! An' then they kissed one a nother six or five times—they did so! Teddy was goin' to yell so 's to scare 'em, but I hushed him up, an' they never knowed that we was there.

Uncle John come to our house the very next day, an' we was all in the parlor—him an' A'nt Nell, an' papa an' mamma, an' me an' Teddy. Bymeby Uncle John begun to play with me, but I just knowed he'd rather play with A'nt Nell. Then he ast me to give him a kiss, an' I didn't want to, one bit, 'cause I knowed he'd rather have A'nt Nell kiss him. So I told him I hadn't any kisses made up. Then he looked 's if he was goin' to cry if I didn't kiss him; an' he said he was, too.

I felt real sorry for Uncle John, but I just couldn't kiss him, then: sumfin wouldn't let me. So I runned up to A'nt Nell, an' I says, "A'nt Nell, you must kiss Uncle John, right off, like you did yesterday in the garden!—if you don't he'll cry!"

I don't know one bit what made papa an' mamma laugh so, but they did! An' A'nt Nell an' Uncle John they got red as red—they



did so! An' A'nt Nell runned away 'a' holdin' her hank'shif to her face.

I guess A'nt Nell must'a'bin cross 'bout sumfin; for she went right home, an' didn't come back to our house for a long, long time. An' Uncle John didn't come any more when she did, neither. I didn't know why she got so red, an' runned away; so I ast mamma what made A'nt Nell act so.

"W'y," says she, "mebbe she was sorry she kissed Uncle John, an' felt bad 'cause you told of it."

"No, mamma, that just couldn't be it," says I, "for she kissed him 's if she liked to offle well—she did so!"

Then mamma laughed, an' says she, "Mebbe it was 'cause you ast her to kiss Uncle John in the parlor—right before us all."

"Well," says I, "he ast me to kiss him right before all the folks, an' why shouldn't she do it, when she just knowed that he'd rather she'd kiss him ten times than me once?"

Mamma laughed some more when I said that, an' told me that little girls didn't know 'bout such things, an' that I mustn't never tell how she kissed Uncle John again. So I didn't, only this one time; for Nurse Bell couldn't write it in the book if I didn't tell her.

XI

SUE IS JEALOUS

I've just got to tell sumfin 'bout Teddy that I wish I hadn't. It ain't one of the things I said I wouldn't tell if he'd be a better boy an' keep his hands clean. But I hate to tell it, for it made me *so* sorry. I knowed the little girl was goin' away, an' I hoped she never, never come back. But I was so 'fraid Teddy'd see a nother one, an' act so some more.

You see Nurse Bell told us such a lovely story 'bout a fairy that met a ragged boy, an' the boy was cryin', hard. The fairy said, "Little boy, what makes you cry?" An' he told her that he was hungry, an' cold, an' hadn't a mother, nor any home.

Then that good fairy reached out her finger an' touched a stone the boy had in his hand, an' what you think? W'y, it turned into a plum cake as big as his head! An' she touched his rags, an' they turned into bran new silk an' satin clothes with gold lace on 'em, an' a velvet cap, an' shiny shoes. Then she waved her hands, an' up drove a carriage to take him to a palace where he was goin' to live always; an' he rode away eatin' that plum cake.

Nurse Bell said that the fairy was like a angel with a sky-blue dress, an' white silk stockin's an' goldy slippers, an' long goldy curls hangin' way down her back, an' big blue eyes. An' she said the fairy's name was Angeletta.

You should 'ave seen Teddy while nurse was tellin' that story! His eyes shined like mamma's dimuns, an' he seemed to be lookin' right at the fairy an' the boy; an' when she come to the plum cake he smacked his lips 's if he was eatin' it his own self—he did so!

Bymeby, when we was playin' in the yard, Teddy says to me, "Sue, I'll bet" (we've told that boy, me an' mamma, not to say *I'll bet*, 'cause it isn't nice, but it don't do any good) so, he says, "I'll bet a cookie that that fairy comes to the apple tree where we seen the giant when we was playin' pilgrims. Less go an' see!"

"Oh, Teddy, mebbe she does!" says I; "but we'll never find

her in these clothes. You go right off an' put on your old clothes an' shoes, an' I'll put on mine; an' we'll play we're poor childurn. Then, mebbe, she'll come an' be good to us. But Teddy," says I, "you bring your knife, an' I'll bring mamma's scissors, for I'm goin' to do sumfin with 'em when we get out there."

We stole out of the back door; an' when we got most to the tree I made Teddy stop, an' went at his clothes to make him look like a poor boy. He didn't want to let me at first; but I told him that he must, 'r else the fairy wouldn't have nothin' to say to him, an' wouldn't give him one bit of plum cake. So he give up; an' I tell you I made him look ragged!

When I got done his pants was all in strings, an' his blouse was full of holes. I turned his cap wrong side out, an' cutted holes in his shoes an' stockin's. Then I made him fix my clothes that way, too, so 's I'd look like a poor girl.

But somehow we didn't look right yet, an' I didn't know why. So I ast Teddy what was the matter. "W'y," says he, "we're ragged, but we ain't dirty." Then we went to a water-hole an' got mud an' made our clothes dirty, and daubed some on our hands an' faces. My, we looked all right then! I was dirtier'n Teddy, an' he was dirtier'n me!

We thought we'd stole away from Ponto. We didn't want him that time, 'cause we was 'fraid he'd scare the fairy so she wouldn't come.

But just when we'd made ourselves nice an' dirty Ponto come runnin' up, an' what you think? W'y, he didn't know us a bit! He stopped an' barked, an' acted 's though he was goin' to eat us right up!

After he'd looked at us some, an' Teddy'd spoke to him, he knowed us; but he seemed to feel real bad 'bout sumfin. He quit barkin', an' let the end of his tail drop right down on the ground 's though he was offle 'shamed of us. Then he turned and runned home as fast as ever he could—he did so!

I felt kind o' bad when Ponto done that; but Teddy just danced an' whooped, an' clapped his hands; an', says he, "We're all right, Sue! Ponto didn't know us, an' the fairy won't! Come on!" So we started for the tree.



When we got there I ast Teddy what he was goin' to do when the fairy come.

"W'y," says he, "I'll begin to cry as hard 's ever I can, an' you must cry, too. Then she'll ask me that what makes us cry, an' I'll say, 'cause we're hungry, an' ain't got any mother, nor any home! An' say, I'm goin' to have a *big* stone in my hand, so's it'll turn into a great big plum cake."

I was so 'stonished I didn't know what to do. I just stood an' looked at Teddy real hard, a long while, like mamma does sometimes when she's offle cross; an' I said:

"Theodore Frederick Worthington! Do you mean to say that you're goin' to tell that good fairy such fibs? Oh, you bad, bad boy! Just as sure 's you do, mebbe you truly won't have any mother, nor any home; for mebbe she'll be dead, an' the house burnt up, 'cause you told lies!"

I most cried while I was sayin' that, an' Teddy did, too; an' he promised me that when the fairy come he'd only say that he was hungry. Well, we waited a long, long time, but the fairy didn't come a tall, an' we got real tired.

We played hop-sotch, an' tag, an' hide-an'-seek; but it wasn't any fun, for Ponto wasn't there, an' we had to keep watchin' out for the fairy, 'cause we didn't want her to catch us playin' like childurn that wasn't poor an' hungry.

Bymeby Teddy says, "Sue, I guess she's gone somewhere else, today. Less go home by the road, an' mebbe we'll meet her out there." So we climbed over the fence an' started home that way.

When we'd went only a little ways on the road, there was the sure-enough fairy, in her sky-blue dress an' goldy slippers an' hair! An' she was comin' towards us!

Teddy picked up a big stone, so 's to have it ready to be turned into a plum cake. An' we both begun to cry, an' went towards the fairy. But when we'd got most up to her, what you think? W'y, it wasn't a fairy a tall!

She was nothin' but a little girl that was visitin' at the Green's on our street. We didn't know her truly name, but Teddy always called her Angeletta, 'cause that was the fairy's name; an' he ust to sing 'bout "Angeletta" when he was alone, he thought she was so nice—he did so.

When she heard us cry, an' seen us comin' towards her in our rags an' tatters, an' Teddy carryin' a big stone, she got scairt an' screamed, an' runned away as fast as she could.

My, but Teddy was cross! An' it wasn't at the girl for not bein' a fairy like we thought she was, an' like she should 'a' bin, but at me! An' says he:

"Susan Amelia Worthington, you've done it now! Course, she'd be 'fraid of such a scarecrow as you—all rags an' dirt! She's a thousan' million times nicer'n you be, an' I'm goin' to have her for my wife! Less go an' clean up."

No, I didn't get cross—not quite. I was that sorry I couldn't do anything but cry. Teddy liked that girl better'n he did me; an' I was 'fraid he always would! But I did think he was mean to go an' say it was me that scairt the girl away, when he was as ragged an' dirty as I was, an' had a big stone in his hand.

When we stole into the kitchen cook thought we was beggars till we told her we was only me an' Teddy. We ast her to help us wash the dirt off of our hands an' faces, an' she was just goin' to—for she's ever so good to us; but mamma come in for sumfin, an' when she seen us, says she:

"Bridget Flannigan, I tell you for the last time that you're not to have such people in my kitchen! If these little beggars are hungry give 'em sumfin to eat, an' send 'em away, an' don't ever let 'em into the house again!"

Then I cried harder'n ever I did in my life, an' I says, "Oh mamma, don't you know your own twins? It's me an' Teddy!"

I guess I won't tell what she said an' done to us that time, either. It wasn't one bit nice. But I was real glad when that girl went away, an' Teddy quit singin' 'bout her. I hoped she'd never come back, for I didn't want Teddy to like any one as much as he did me.

XII

KEEPING HOUSE

One day just after we didn't see the fairy, papa an' mamma went away right after breakfus', an' wasn't comin' back till dark. So they talked to me an' Teddy, an' said how good we must be while they was gone, an' how we must mind Nurse Bell.

I said, "Course we will; we'll act like you an' mamma does." Papa seemed kind o' scairt when I said that. "No, no," says he, "I just want you to act like Sue an' Teddy when they 're real good."

So they went away in the carriage; an' then I says to Teddy, "Now we're goin' to play we're papa an' mamma all day long! It'll be such fun!"

"That's so!" says Teddy. "Let me see—right after breakfus' papa goes to old Zekel, the black man, an' gets shaved. I know he does, 'cause I went with him lots of times. Then he goes some wheres till lunch. I don't know where that is, but after I get shaved I'll play I went there, an' I'll get home for lunch at noon, an' you'll meet me in the hall an' kiss me, like mamma does papa when he comes in. What you goin' to do, Sue?"

"Oh," says I, "I'll go out to the meat shop, like mamma does every morning, an' tell the man what to send in for dinner; an' then I'll go to the groc'ry an' tell the man there to send in cakes an' things, an' a whole pound of candy; an' then I guess I'll go to the store an' buy some new clothes for Sue an' Teddy, 'cause they're gettin' so they ain't fit to be seen."

We stole out the back way so 's Nurse Bell wouldn't see us; for she'd tell us not to go, an' we'd promised to mind her.

When I got to the meat shop the man knowed me, 'cause I'd bin there with mamma. An' he says to me, "You're Missis Worthington's little girl, ain't you? How d'ye do?"

An' I says, "No, sir; mamma's gone a visitin', an' *I'm* her



today. You must send 'round for dinner a turkey, an' a goose, an' a chicken, an' a ham, an' some sausage, an'—I guess that's all."

The man laughed in his eyes, like Ponto does sometimes, an' he made 's if he wried it down, but I dest b'lieve he didn't write it a tall, for he never sent the things.

Then I went to the groc'ry man, an' he knowed me, too; an' I told him that I was mamma, an' that he must send to our house some soap, an' some cheese an' some cookies, an' some bluein', an' a pound of nice candy for Sue an' Teddy.

He looked all smily round his mouth, but he didn't laugh out loud like he wanted to; an' he said, "All right; I'll do the candy up now, so 's you can take it with you, Missis Worthington. The other things 'll be all right."

So he done it up, an' I took it in my hand. Wasn't he a nice man?

When I got to the store there was ever so many strange folks, an' none of 'em knowed that I was mamma, nor even that I was her little girl; so I was 'fraid, an' went away home.

I tell you I had a good time eatin' candy while I was waitin' for Teddy; but he stayed away so long that there was only one piece left for him when he come. It was all his fault; 'cause he should 'ave come back sooner.

Bymeby I seen him comin', an' opened the front door an' was goin' to kiss him; but, oh, my! His face was thick with taffy an' dirt, an' he'd bin cryin'!

"Theodore," says I, "where ever have you bin? An' what you bin doin'?"

"Oh, you shut up!" says he; "an' mind your own business!" says he.

But I didn't shut up a bit—that ain't the way when twin brothers is cross, an' won't tell what you want 'em to. I told him that wasn't the way papa acted; an' I helped him to wash his face an' hands; an' I give him the stick of candy I'd saved for him. Then he hushed up his own self, an' quit bein' cross, an' told me where he'd bin.

"I went to old Zekel's," says he, "an' he called me Mister

Teddy, an' said, 'How d'ye do?' Then I told him I wasn't Teddy today—I was papa; an' that I'd come in to get shaved."

"'I clar to goodness,' says he, 'I thought I'd shaved Mister Worthington once this mornin'; but I must a bin mistook! Climb right up into the chair, sir, an' I'll tend to you in three shakes.'

"I climbed up; an' he put a apron on me—right round my throat! An' he made a big cup of lather, an' all the time he was a snickerin' to his self, as though sumfin tickled him offle. Then he took a brush and daubed the lather all over my face an' mouth an' nose, so 's I couldn't hardly breathe. When he'd done that, what you think? W'y, he set down in a nother chair an' begun to read.

"I guess I waited most a hour, an' then I got tired; an' I ast him when he was goin' to shave me.

"'Wal, Mister Worthington,' says he, 'I was waitin' for that lovely baird o' yourn to grow out a leetle mite, so 's the razor'd ketch a better holt of it. I guess it's growed enough now, sir!'

"Then he rubbed his razor up an' down a strap, an' begun to shave me. Say, Sue, I b'lieve he shaved me with the *back* of the razor! It didn't rattle like it does when he shaves papa; an' it didn't pull a bit! Papa often says that it pulls his'n."

"W'y, you silly boy," says I, "why didn't you look an' see whether he was a foolin' you with the back of his razor?"

"That's all girls know 'bout shavin'!" said Teddy. "Papa always sets with his eyes shut when Zekel's shavin' him, an' course, I had to, too.

"When he was done, I started to go out; but Zekel said, 'Genlum always pays as soon as they gets shaved.' I hadn't thought of that; an' I only had a nickel. So I ast him how much it was.

"'Wal,' says he, 'when genlum brings a baird along all ready to be shaved, it's a dime; but when I has to wait for it to grow after I've lathered 'em, it's a quarter of a dollar.'

"I didn't know what to do; but I ast him to take my nickel an' let me go. He said he couldn't take less'n a quarter. Then I started to run out, an' he snatched my cap an' said he keep that an' sell it for what I owed him.

“That made me mad. I couldn't call him by his long name, 'cause I didn't know it. So I says, 'If you don't give me that cap this minute, I'll go an' get Ponto, an' a p'liceman, an' a fireman, an' a burglar, an' we'll—'

“Say, he was that scairt he didn't wait to hear what we'd do to him! He give me the cap, quick; an' he said, 'Mister Worthington, I was only a jokin'. You come in here an' get shaved when you want to, an' it shan't cost you a cent. But please don't tell your paw 'bout me teasin' of you.' So I promised him I wouldn't tell papa anything 'bout him if he wouldn't tell him anything 'bout me. Then I went out.

“I didn't know a bit where to go till lunch time, so I took that nickel an' bought a hunk of taffy bigger'n my hand. I was walkin', I don't know where, an' a big dirty boy come up to me. He stood right front of me for a while, lookin' hard at me an' at the taffy. Then says he, 'Don't ye know it ain't good fer yer 'ealth?—gim me that!' An' he snatched the taffy an' started to run.

“I just yelled like Injun Bill does, an' got him by the hair, an' we had a big fight. I had him down, an' was rubbin' the taffy an' dirt all over his face an' into his hair, but I had to quit, 'cause a old man come an' took us apart, an' told us how naughty it was to fight.

“Course it was naughty—just as mamma says; but I guess a boy has got to be naughty sometimes, 'r else lose his taffy.

“Well, that's all. The old man stood there till the boy got away, an' then I come home to lunch. Say, what did you do, Sue?”

When I got done tellin' Teddy all I'd bin doin', cook rung the bell, an' we had to go to lunch. There was two plates an' two chairs, an' what you think? W'y, when I set down in one of em, an' Teddy set down in the other, there wasn't any place left for my lovely twins, a tall!

So I made cook fix two more plates, an' two more chairs. While she was doin' it, I went an' got Black-eyed Susie an' Blue-eyed Beauty, an' I set 'em in the chairs, an' we played they was me an' Teddy.

Say, I didn't have to scold 'em once for bein' naughty at table

like mamma does Teddy when he takes big bites, an' gets the jam on his fingers an' wipes 'em on the table cloth—not once! They was the bestest childurn you ever seen!

An' Teddy—he done pritty well, too; only he bited his tongue so 's it hurted him when he et, an' he dropped his knife an' fork on the floor, an' he would spread his elbows on the table, an' he upset his jam an' his glass of milk on the cloth; an' he just wouldn't say please.

Course, I couldn't scold him, then, for he was papa, you know, an' I was mamma an' they *never* scold one a nother. They always say, “my love,” an' “my dear,” an' “please.” I do wonder if they're ever the leastest bit naughty.

It took Teddy a offle long time to eat his lunch—I s'pose it's 'cause he's a boy; but I didn't scold any; I just talked an' talked to him, real nice.

I called him “my love,” an' “my dear;” an' I ast him 'bout goin' to call at Mister Smi's, an' if we hadn't better take Sue an' Teddy to see the show; an' I ast him if he couldn't give me some money to buy me a new bonnet 'cause Misis Smi's was ever so much nicer'n mine.

But Teddy didn't talk to me like papa does to mamma a tall!—he just went on an' et an' et till he was full!

When he got done I says, “Now, I must go an' take a nap, 'cause the ladies'll be comin' to call on me bymeby. An' you must steal into papa's study when Nurse Bell isn't lookin', an' set down at his desk an' write sumfin—I guess it's for the paper—that's what papa always does after lunch. An' you must light a cigar an' smoke it while you're writin', like he does.”

I went an' played I was asleep on mamma's couch; an' Teddy stole into the study. I hadn't bin layin' down more'n a little while, an' what you think? W'y, Teddy come walkin' in smokin' one of papa's cigars; an' he was a steppin' high an' proud like a old turkey gobbler!

“W'y, papa,” says I, “have you got all your writin' done a-ready?”

“Oh, shoot the writin',” says he, “I ain't goin' to write any more. I come to a hard word—it was that hard it just wouldn't be

writed, an' it broke the pen, an' it spilt the ink all over papa's desk. Less go out on the vrandy an' talk while I smoke."

"Yes, less do!" says I; an' I jumped right up. But all to once Teddy's cigar falled right out of his mouth onto the floor, an' he begun to cry.

"Oh! Oh! I'm sick!" says he. He got all paly round his lips; an' he just hollered, "Oh! Oh! Sue, I'm goin' to die!"

Then he falled right down on the floor; an' he was *so* sick—all over mamma's nice carpet.

I was offle scairt, an' runned after Nurse Bell; an' I told her how sick Teddy was—most dead a'ready. When she come in where Teddy was she looked at him, an' at the carpet; then she seen the cigar, an' she said, "Ah, indeed!" just 's if she knowed all 'bout it—an' I guess she did, too.

Nurse Bell is the bestest girl! She didn't scold a bit. She just picked Teddy up in her arms an' took us to our own room, an' give him sumfin that made him feel better.

Then I told her how we was playin' that we was papa an' mamma, an' Teddy had to smoke a cigar to be like papa. She just laughed, an' promised that she'd clean the rooms up, an' wouldn't tell—that time, if we'd never do it any more.

I tell you we promised quick; an' we hain't never smoked a cigar, once, since then.

XIII

FINDING THE FAIRY

Now, Nurse Bell, you just take your pen an' write all 'bout that time when we went down to Boston a visitin' at A'nt an' Uncle Jim's—papa an' mamma an' me an' Teddy.

Say, that red-headed Angelina Priscilla Worthington was just as offle there as she was here to our house. Her hair was redder, an' her face was speckleder, an' her nose was—was—was stuck upper than ever!

I don't care, nurse; I couldn't make myself like her a little bit; an' I tried real hard—I did so! What you s'pose she went an' said to me when she took me upstairs to her room—the firstest thing? W'y, says she, "Is them clothes the best you've got to go a visitin' in? Wait till you see mine!—bran' new; an' ever so much better'n yourn."

I was goin' to tell her sumfin, but I just wouldn't do it, then—what my mamma had packed away in her trunk. W'y, she had my new velvet dress with goldy braid on it, an' my new seal-skin cap, an' silk stockin's, an' kid gloves, an' kid shoes that I hadn't wore once—none of 'em! An' that Angelina Priscilla—she didn't know one thing 'bout 'em!

So, I just let her go on thinkin' that I had my bestest clothes on, an' I says:

"Well, I don't haf to wear as nice clothes as some folks do. *My* nose ain't turned up. *My* face ain't spotty. *My* hair is a lovely brown—I heard your own mamma say so; an' she said she wished yourn was the same color."

My, but she was cross when I said that! Her eyes looked 's if they were afire.

"You mean thing!" says she. "Anyhow," says she, "*I* hain't got to have a rude boy taggin' round after me all the time, like you have. He's made a tomboy, ticky-ticky-tomboy, out of you a'ready, an' you'll never be a nice young lady like me—for my nurse said so!"

“W’y, you poor thing,” said I, “I won’t be cross at you any more, ever!”

“Why?” says she.

“‘Cause you don’t know one single thing,” says I, “till some one tells it to you, an’ then you don’t know if it ain’t so. I’d rather have Teddy, an’ be like Teddy, an’ act like Teddy, than to be six or seven nice young ladies like you—I would so! For they’re nothin’ but sissy girls that ain’t any good.”

After we’d talked like that some more we kind o’ quit bein’ cross, an’ made up friends—for a while.

A’nt Jim she made a party for us on Hallowe’en. Did we have any fun? I should just say that we did! We pulled taffy; we popped corn; we roasted ches’nuts; an’ we ducked for apples—the bestest fun of all, only Teddy done sumfin that scairt us all most to death.

When we was ready to duck, they brought in a big washtub with a lot of water in it, an’ the apples was in the water. Teddy tried first, an’ there was a offle big apple that he was bound to get. He tried an’ tried, ever so many times; then he leaned way over the side of the tub, an’ what you think? W’y, he falled into the water—every bit of him, an’ got most drowned! But when mamma pulled him out his teeth was hangin’ on to that big apple, an’ he wouldn’t let go of it.

That was just like Teddy. He always does things, even if he gets drowned at it. Mamma took him upstairs an’ changed his clothes, an’ dried his hair, an’ he come back all right, eatin’ that big apple.

Next day was Sunday an’ we all went to church with A’nt Jim’s folks.

You should ’ave seen that Angelina Priscilla Worthington when I come downstairs in my new clothes!—that I was goin’ to tell her ’bout an’ didn’t when she talked so mean. She just give one straight look at ’em, an’ then walked off with her mamma’s if she’d seen better clothes lots of times, an’ didn’t care one bit, anyway. But I knowed she felt offle cut up, for she kept lookin’ out of the corner of her eye when she thought I didn’t see.

When we got into A’nt Jim’s seat in church, who’d you s’pose



was right in front of us? W'y, it was the little girl we took for a fairy, an' called her Angeletta' cause that was the fairy's name! She was with her papa an' mamma, real nice folks, an' her brother—an' he was nice, too. He was only a little bigger'n me an' Teddy.

Say, the big folks was all tellin', when they got home, how much they liked the talk an' the singin'. But I didn't know whether I liked 'em or not—I couldn't think of one thing but Teddy an' that little girl. I kept lookin' at her an' then at him; but he looked at her all the time!—just 's if he'd never seen anything half so pritty in all his life—an' me, his own twin sister, right by his side!

Bymeby Teddy whispered an' said, "Sue, will she know that we're the ones that scairt her that time with our rags an' dirt?"

"Course she won't!" I whispered back. "Our own mamma didn't know us! An' Ponto didn't know us! An' how could she, when she's never seen us but that once?"

Then mamma snapped Teddy's head for whisperin'; so he went to lookin' at the little girl again.

An' I tell you, she was nice!—as pritty as a pink, an' a rose, an' a daisy; an' so sweet! If Teddy hadn't had me always, I wouldn't 'ave blamed him for lookin' at her. She had long goldy curls, an' blue eyes, an' her face was all smily 's if she liked everybody, an' wanted everybody to like her. An' her clothes, too, was—was—was most as nice as mine.

When it was time to go home, an' all the people started to go out, A'nt Jim she told us who the folks in that pew was, an' she told them who we was. What you think their names was? W'y, they were Gracie Truman an' Johnnie Truman! Their papa an' mamma promised to bring 'em to see us at A'nt Jim's, an' ast us to go an' see them at their own house—they did so!—an' it was real nice of 'em, too.

We had such a good time when Gracie an' Johnnie come to see us. We went up into the big play-room an' played "Hide-an'-Seek," an' "Pussy wants a Corner;" an' we got like 's if we'd knowed one another always.

But I was s'prised at Angelina. You know she made fun of me

for always bein' with Teddy, 'cause he'd make a ticky-ticky-tomboy of me. Well, what you think? W'y, she just tagged round after Johnnie Truman all the livin' time! An' when he kept with me, all 'at ever he could, she got as cross as a old cat—she did so!

An' it was such fun to see Teddy an' Gracie Truman. They acted 's if they was the twins their own selves—not me an' Teddy. He was that nice to her, an' careful not to hurt her! I just made up my mind that, sometime, I'd call him by his long name an' tell him that he ought to be so to his own twin sister.

XIV

A NEW NOAH'S ARK

When Johnnie and Gracie Truman was goin' away, Johnnie said, "Now, you be sure to come to our house tomorrow. I've got such a Noah's Ark as never was, an' I want you to see it. My papa helped me to make it, an' there ain't a nother like it in the world."

So we went; an' when we'd played some other things, Johnnie took us up to the bathroom to see his Noah's Ark. My, but it was nice! An' every single thing was like what Nurse Bell told us 'bout Noah, an' the ark, an' the animals, an' the flood, when most everybody was drowned.

Johnnie's ark was layin' on the bottom of the big bathtub. It was a boat as long as my arm; an' it had a house on it with windows in the sides, an' a door in one end.

There was a nother little house on a board that was acrost the top of the bathtub at one end. An' there was a lot of little people, made of stuff like teacups, standin' all round the ark on the bottom of the bathtub.

Johnnie said, "Now, you watch out, for its goin' to rain bymeby; an' all them people 's goin' to be drowned 'cause they laughed at Noah when he said there'd be a flood, an' 'cause he built this ark."

Then Johnnie put a long, narrow board, with sides to it, so's it went from the door of the little house on the top of the bathtub right down to the door in the end of the ark. Then he leaned over an' wound up sumfin in the ark—it went click! click! like the clock does when papa winds it.

An' then what you think? W'y, the door in the ark went wide open! An' there stood Noah, with a long white baird! An' he was a swingin' his arms, like he wanted somebody to come right into the ark, quick!

Then Johnnie runned to the little house on the top of the bathtub an' opened the door, an' folks an' animals begun to come out



an' slide down the board into the ark;—an' Noah kept swingin' his arms for 'em to come on.

There was two together on a piece of wood that had four little wheels, an' the pieces of wood was all tied together in a string, like they was a train of cars. Johnnie made 'em go down slow so 's they wouldn't run off the track nor get broke.

The firstest ones was a man, an' a woman right by him; an' just as they popped into the ark Johnnie said, "That's Shem an' Missis Shem!" When the next two went in he said, "That's Mister an' Missis Ham!" An' when the last two folks went in, says he, "That's Mister Japhet an' his wife!" An' Noah he went on swingin' his arms 's if he wanted some one else to come. An' then there was a old little woman, all alone, an' Johnnie said, "That's Misses Noah, a scarin' her childurn into the ark so 's they won't get drowned!"

After the folks had all got in, there was a elephant an' a nother elephant; then there was two lions; then two bears, an' oh, ever so many animals.

Bymeby they was all in, an' Noah's arms quit swingin', an' the door of the ark went shut; an' Johnnie took away the slide an' the little house. Then there was only the ark on the bottom of the bathtub, an' the little people standin' round it, lookin' 's if they was laughin' at Noah an' his big boat.

Say, I'm offle glad I'm not Angelina Priscilla Worthington! What you think she went an' said to Johnnie, just then, when he was bein' so nice? W'y, says she, "Aha! Mister Johnnie Truman!" says she, "We've catched you in a great big fib! Hain't we, Sue? He said it was goin' to rain an' make a flood; an' it can't rain in here; an' it ain't rainin' one bit out of doors, neither!"

I was that shamed I didn't know what to do; an' Teddy was, too; but Johnnie acted real nice. He didn't seem to get very cross, but his face was red, like it was afire. He only said, "You wait a minute an' you'll see whether I've told a lie or not!"

Then he jumped up onto the bathtub an' turned sumfin in a thing that hung right over the ark—it looked like the end of the spout on mamma's sprinkler—an' what you think? W'y, it begun to rain right down on the ark, an' on the little people that was in

the bathtub! An' it rained an' rained, like it did in the flood; an' the water got deep so 's the ark was swimmin' on top of it; an' them poor people that laughed at Noah was all drowned—every one!

Bymeby the bathtub was full, an' the ark a floatin' round on the top of the water. Then Johnny turned the thing in that sprinkler the other way, an' it stopped rainin' right off! An' he pulled on a chain that went right down to the bottom of the water, an' the chain lifted up a little cork, an' the cork left a hole so's the water begun to run out.

"We won't wait for the flood to go down," says Johnnie. 'Papa said it took Noah's truly flood a hundred an' fifty days to sink so 's the ark rested on the top of a big mountain. But I guess we've got a bigger leak in the bottom of our pond than Noah had in his'n, or else his pond was the biggest.

"Anyway, I haven't got my mountain done, yet. Next time I'll have it, an' a raven, an' a dove, an' let you see the folks an' the animals comin' out of the ark like they went in; an' I'll have a truly rainbow, too."

I never did see such a smart boy as that Johnnie Truman! He could do anything he'd a mind to!

When it was time to go home to A'nt Jim's, Johnnie's mamma called us into the dinin' room an' give us nice sandwiches an' cake an' milk. Then we went home.

There ain't any more 'bout the visitin' at A'nt Jim's that I want to tell, 'cause that Angelina was in all of it, an' she always makes things so crissy-crossy that I can't talk of 'em without gettin' cross my own self.

When we was on the cars goin' to our own home, Teddy snugged up to me an' said, "Sue, as true as you live, I'm goin' to have Gracie Truman for my twin wife. You're my twin sister, an' always will be; but I want her, too."

"Well, Teddy," says I, "if you do, I'll haf to have Johnnie; an' I guess I will, anyway, 'cause he's the nicest an' the smartest boy I ever did see—all but you."

"Hooray! That's it, Sue!" says Teddy. "You'll be Johnnie's twin wife; an' Gracie'll be my twin wife. An' next week we'll

build a big, big house out in the back field up as high as the sky, an' lots of room, so 's we can all live in it!"

"Yes," says I, "An' we'll have silk carpets, an' gold dishes. An' we'll have a fairy of our own to live with us always an' turn things into plum cake, an' mince pie, an' new clothes whenever we want 'em, won't we, Teddie?"

"Yes, we will," says he, "An' papa'll give us Ponto to keep off the lions, an' bears an' giants; an' mamma'll give us Nurse Bell to take care of us nights. An' I'll have a 'spress wagon, an' a fire injun; an' Johnnie'll bring along a Noah's ark."

Say, we talked 'bout it all the way home; an' we made it up that we'd ask papa an' mamma to let us get married the next week, an' build a big house in the back field.

But we didn't ask 'em right away, 'cause mamma told us we was all goin' to see some other folks married in church the next week, an' that I was to be the flower girl.

Who'd you think it was that was goin' to be married? W'y, it was that A'nt Nell an' Uncle John that kissed one a nother in our garden, an' then wouldn't kiss afore folks!

So me an' Teddy said we'd wait, an' see how they done it, an' how we liked it.

XV

A'NT NELL'S WEDDING

I was offle glad that A'nt Nell didn't stay cross at me for tellin' what me an' Teddy seen her an' Uncle John do that time. It ain't nice for any one to keep cross always, is it?—only when its Angelina you're cross at.

My, we had the bestest time a gettin' ready to get married. A'nt Nell come to our house every day, an' her an' mamma an' the dressmaker kept fixin' my things so 's I'd look pritty.

I was to be all in white, an' carry a big bunch of roses. My dress, an' my stockin's, an' my kid shoes an' gloves an' ribbons was all white like the snow. An' Uncle John he come one day, an' what you think? W'y he brought me a long string of white beads to wear round my neck—he did so!—an' mamma said they were pearls. Say, if he'd ast me to kiss him then, I do b'lieve I'd a done it.

One day we all had to go to church an' play we was gettin' married so 's we'd do it right at the truly weddin'. It was so funny!—Uncle John an' the young men lookin' 's if they'd seen a bear an' was scairt; an' the ladies actin' 's though they wasn't 'fraid of gettin' married a tall.

We done it all over 'n over till the minister that was goin' to marry us said it was all right—but Uncle John an' A'nt Nell didn't play they was kissin' one a nother like they had to at the truly weddin'. I s'pose they thought they knowed how to do that without playin' it first—an' they did, too; 'cause me an' Teddy seen 'em!

It was such a lovely day when we all went to church with A'nt Nell to be married. There was the prittiest clean snow on the ground; an' the sky was blue; an' the sun shined as if it was glad like the rest of us.

An' Ponto, he barked an' frisked an' laughed in his eyes, like he wanted to say, "I know what you're all dressed up for! I'm goin'

to this weddin' my own self! An' if any old giants, or bears, or lions, or rats, come round to scare A'nt Nell an' Sue an' Teddy I'll eat 'em up, quick!"

I never did see any one look so sweet as A'nt Nell did when she come up the church with her papa, to where Uncle John an' all of us was standin'. Uncle John's face was paly, like he was 'fraid; but A'nt Nell's was like the rose on the front of her dress. An' she had a great big veil on that went most down to her feet, an' made her look like a angel. An' she had a ring of white orange blossoms round her head.

When Uncle John took A'nt Nell from her papa, an' we all stood together in a row to be married the minister readed some out of a book, an' then, all to once he seemed to get cross. He looked right at 'em, hard, an' begun to call 'em by their long names an' ask 'em questions, 's if they bin doin' sumfin naughty that he wanted to find out so 's he could scold him for it—he did so!

"John Thomas William!" he said, when he spoke to Uncle John; an' he said, "El'nor Gertrude Josephine!" when he spoke to A'nt Nell. I guess he must 'a' forgot that he was marryin' us, an' thought he had to do some more christenin'—only he hadn't a bit of water to throw on us.

Anyhow, when they both said they'd do sumfin that he ast 'em to, he quit bein' cross, an' made 'em take hold of hands; an' he made Uncle John put a nice goldy ring onto her finger. an' then what you think? W'y, he went an' said that only Uncle John an' A'nt Nell was "man an' wife!"—so the rest of us wasn't married at all! Wasn't that kind o' mean?

But we hadn't any time to talk to him 'bout it; for Teddy was there, an' he done sumfin offler than anything he ever done afore in all his life! I did think that when I couldn't be with Teddy, 'cause I had to be flower-girl, mamma might 'ave stopped him.

You see, when the minister got done marryin' 'em, an' I was goin' to give A'nt Nell my bunch of red roses, Uncle John put his arm 'round her an' kissed her, real nice;—an' then Teddy jumped up on the seat where he was, an' yelled:

"Hooray! That's how ye done it that time in the garden! Me an' Sue seen ye—we did so!"



Papa was most sick a tryin' not to laugh when he wanted to be cross an' couldn't.

Mamma was sure 'nough cross, an' snapped Teddy's head so 's I heard the crack where I was; an' she pulled him down, quick; but Teddy had said it all afore she got him hushed up.

The minister looked 's if he couldn't help it—like he did when Teddy played he was a blacksmith heatin' a iron in Angelina's red hair—so he set down an' held his book afore his face, an' shook an' shook!

Poor Uncle John an' A'nt Nell! I felt *so* sorry for 'em;—they most cried when they seen all the folks a snickerin' behind their hank'shiffs. So I says:

“Don't you mind it one bit! Teddy's nothin' but a boy, an' don't know any better. Next time we get married we won't let him come a tall, will we?”

Bymeby they aīl quite laughin' an' come round A'nt Nell an' just took her right away from Uncle John; an' they kissed her, an' they kissed him, oh, such a lot!—I guess it was so 's they wouldn't have to kiss one a nother again when folks was a lookin' for a long, long time.

We had a nice dinner at A'nt Nell's papa's house, but I didn't have any fun, for Teddy wasn't there.

I know he was a naughty boy—but he's Teddy, an' no one else is. Mamma wouldn't let him come to the dinner, 'cause he acted so in church. So she took him home in the sleigh, an' left him with Nurse Bell. I guess I know what he got in mamma's bedroom afore she left him, but Teddy never would tell.

When we got home from the dinner Teddy had Ponto hitched up to his sled, an' was havin' a good time, all by his own self.

XVI

BUSY BEING SICK

A'nt Nell's weddin' was such a good time that me an' Teddy meant to ask if we couldn't be married to Johnnie an' Gracie Truman right off. But the very next day Teddy went an' got sick, an' then we couldn't. We was busy bein' sick—for I got sick too—a long, long time, days an' days.

Teddy got sick first. His head ached some, so that he was pritty cross, an' one side of his face got, oh, so big!

When the doctor-man come he said Teddy had the mumps, an' told mamma to put a red flannel round his neck, an' keep him in the house. Course, I stayed in, too, when Teddy had to; an' I tried to play with him, but, oh dear; it's real hard to be nice to a boy that's got the mumps.

An' that boy!—he was just as proud of what ailed him 's if he'd got new shoes an' stockin's! What you think he said to me? W'y, he come up an' held the big side of his face to me, an' said:

“Aha, Miss Sue! Don't you wish you had that? Don't you wish you was a boy so's you could have the mumps, an' wear a red flannel 'round your neck?”

“Mumps,” says I; “if I was a boy, an' couldn't have but one mump, I wouldn't brag any 'bout havin' the mumps! A real smart boy 'd have six or five of 'em all to once—he would so!”

“Huh!” says he; “you wait a while. The doctor-man said there'd be another on tother side. An' then I'll have two mumps; an' you won't have *one*—nor anything else, so there, now!”

I tell you, we was pritty near bein' cross; an' I just couldn't stand it to have mamma tendin' to Teddy all the livin' time—a givin' him things to take, an' a lovin' him up to her 'cause he was sick.

So I went away by my own self an' played that Black-eyed Susie an' Blue-eyed Beauty—they're my twins, you know—was both sick with the mumps. I put red flannel on their necks; an' I stole into

the room where it was an' got the bottle an' give 'em a lot of the stuff the doctor-man left for Teddy.

I had to pour it on their stomachs an' let it soak into 'em, 'cause their mouths wouldn't open—they was that bad with the mumps. Say, it was offle good meddie; for in a little while them twins was just as well as ever!

Next day, what you think? W'y, Teddy had a nother mump, an' was prouder'n ever! An' I had sumfin, too. My head ached right on top, real hard, an' I was all hotty an' sick all over. When the doctor-man come he said I had the measles.

Teddy wasn't proud any more after that. Mamma tended to me, then, an' give me things, an' loved me up good. An' Teddy only had two mumps, but I had *lots* of measles right on my face where he could see 'em, an' count 'em, an' a lot more in my throat that he couldn't see a tall!

That night everything was so funny! Mamma she stayed with me all night—I know she did, 'cause when I seen things, an' talked, she come to me an' hushed me up, an' give me my meddie.

Say, there was three bottles on the stand; an' all to once one of 'em was Angelina Priscilla. She stood there with her red head an' spotty face, an' sticked out her finger at me; an' said "Ticky-ticky-tomboy" at me!

Then right off a nother bottle was Sam Lovell, with his big wart, an' his eyes tryin' to look at one a nother through his nose. An' he had a great big rat that he was goin' to throw onto my bed.

I was cross at Angelina; but when I seen the rat I just screamed, I was that scairt! An' then the other bottle was the fairy that Nurse Bell told me an' Teddy 'bout. I wasn't sure whether it was the fairy or Gracie Truman till she waved her hand an' turned Angelina an' Sam Lovell back into bottles again—then I knowed it was the truly fairy.

An' then, what you think? W'y, the fairy turned into mamma!—an' she was puttin' sumfin cooly an' nice on my head. I didn't see things any more; an' bymeby I went to sleep.

While we was gettin' well me an' Teddy had some pritty good times, an' some that was pritty bad. I s'pose boys is crosser than girls, when they're sick.



Just 'cause I said his big face was like a puff-ball, an' like a chipmunk with his cheeks full of wheat, Teddy went an' said that my face was speckled worse 'n Angelina's! If he hadn't bin sick I'd 'ave called him by his long name—sure's you live!—an' I'd 'ave told him that a nice fairy girl like Gracie Truman wouldn't never look at a boy with a great fat face like his'n. But I only said:

“I don't care, anyway! My speckles 'll come off—mamma said they would—an' Angelina's won't—ever! An', mebbe, if you speak so to your twin sister, mebbe your hair'll turn red like Angelina's, an' mebbe a wart 'll grow on the end of your nose!”

Teddy cried when I said that, an' I had to pet him, an' we made up frien's; but he never said any more 'bout me lookin' worse 'n Angelina.

Course, my twin dollies had to go an' have the measles right when I had 'em my own self. I had Nurse Bell bring 'em into my room so 's I could take care of 'em.

One night I just knowed that they was goin' to be real sick an' hotty like I'd bin, an' see things that would scare 'em. So I made up my mind that I'd stay up with 'em all that night an' put cooly things on their heads an' hush 'em when they cried.

I told mamma what I was goin' to do, an' she says, “All right, Sue; but you must rest a while, now; then you won't be tired an' sleepy when you're takin' care of your childurn in the night.”

So I went an' laid down, an' what you think? W'y, when I woke up the sun was shinin', an' I was in bed with my nighty on! It was tomorrow!

I most cried when I thought of my poor twins, but Nurse Bell said they was all right, an' hadn't seen a thing, nor woke up once all night.

When we was most well the doctor-man told papa that he ought to take me an' Teddy somewheres, so 's we'd get strong, an' papa said he would. That's what I'm goin' to tell 'bout, next. We was so glad that we was goin' way off, an' so busy gettin' ready, that we forgot all 'bout askin' if we might get married till we got back.

XVII IN SUMMERLAND

When me an' Teddy got good an' well, so 's he didn't have one mump nor me one measles, we all went away somewheres. I don't know a bit where it was, now; but I did when I was there. Papa called it Summerland, 'cause it was sunshiny an' warm. There was a lake with hills 'most all 'round it, an' woods, an' wild flowers, an' everything that was nice.

Me an' Teddy, an' papa an' mamma, an' Nurse Bell an' cook, an' Jack the black man that works for us always, an' Ponto, too, was all there.

We didn't have our own house where we'd always lived, 'cause it was too big to bring along—papa said it was when I ast him why we didn't have it. But we had a nother one that was pritty good.

I was sorry, though, that our new house was so little. There was no place in it where me an' Teddy could hide an' talk when we meant to do things, an' didn't want any one to know what we was goin' to do.

You see, Nurse Bell had bin tellin' us a lovely, long story 'bout a man that lived alone, for ever so long, on a nisland, an' had a dog 'most as good as Ponto, an' a bird that talked to him. An' bymeby an Injun come to his nisland an' was his man Friday—an' every other day. Oh, it was such a nice story!

I just knowed by Teddy's eyes that he wanted to play that offle bad; an' I did my own self, too. But we couldn't find a single place where we could talk 'bout how we'd do it; an' we was 'fraid if anybody knowed we was goin' to play it they wouldn't let us.

We didn't know one bit what to do. Mamma wouldn't let us go near the lake, nor out into the woods by our own selves, for fear we'd get drowned an' lost.

Bymeby we thought of sumfin. There was a little old woman lived, oh, a long ways from our house; an' cook ust to go there every day for milk, an' butter, an' eggs, an' things. One day we ast mamma to let us go with cook, an' she did.

When her an' the woman was talkin', lots, an' me an' Teddy

was playin' in the yard, we stole away an' runned down the road home till we come to a place where there was a big rock; an' we hid behind it till cook would come along. We knowed she'd be scairt when she couldn't find us, an' hunt a long time afore she'd dare go home an' tell mamma that she'd lost us.

"Now," says Teddy, "we've got to play that 'bout the man on a nisland, an' his dog an' his bird, an' his man Friday. I'll be the man. Ponto 'll be the dog; an' you'll be my man Friday."

"Yes, le's so," says I, "I'd like to real well, Teddy. But where'd we get a nisland to play it with?"

Teddy looked 's though he was offle sorry for me 'cause I was a girl, an' didn't know things. "W'y," says he, "a nisland 's nothin' but a little field out in the water—there's one right here in this lake. Jack showed it to me this very mornin'; an' he said it was a nisland that no one lived on—the very kind of a one that the man in the story got onto, but I didn't tell him that. I b'lieve we could see it if we was on top of this rock. Le's try."

So we got up on top of the rock to look, an' sure 'nough, there it was in the lake!—a trully nisland like what we wanted. Then we got down off the rock an' talked 'bout how we was goin' to play man Friday.

Bymeby we heard cook comin' down the road. We peeked out an' there she was with a pail of milk in one hand an' a basket of eggs in tother; an' she was cryin' an' sayin' things to her own self 'bout whatever she'd do a tall, a tall.

Then she stopped, right close by us, but she didn't know we was there. She put the things down in the road an' called us as loud as ever she could. "Ss-u-u-!" says she; an' "Te-e-e-dee!" says she. An' we snuggled close behind the rock, an' never said a word—but we did laugh to our own selves, a lot.

When she thought she couldn't make us hear, she cried worse'n ever; an' she said things that I didn't know a bit what some of 'em meant.

"Bad scran to ye, anyway," says she, like she was cross. "If ye've gone an' got yer selves drowned in the water," says she, "or ate up wid wild beasts," says she, "I'll niver let ye go any wheres wid me again, so I won't!"



An' then she said sumfin 'bout us bein' imps o' Satan, or somebody that I didn't know--she did so! I tell you I was pritty cross, then; for me an' Teddy ain't anybody's imps—we're mamma's twins! I was goin' to speak right out an' call cook by her long name—it's Bridget Flannigan, you know—an' I was goin' to scold her hard for callin' us names; but she quit bein' cross, an' cried some more, an' talked a lot nicer'n she did when she called us imps.

"Dade," says she, "it isn't imps they are a tall, a tall, but the swatest an' the purtiest darlin's that ever was; an' I've lost 'em, so I have; an' maybe they're dead be this time! Su-u-u! Te-e-e-dee!"

Then she picked up the things an' started down the road, cryin' real hard. We stole out 'round the rock, an' when she'd got a good ways off Teddy runned out into the road an' yelled like he was two Injuns.

My, you should 'ave seen how glad cook was when she seen us! She runned back, an' hugged us up to her, an' called us her purty darlin's. An' she said what nice pie an' cake she'd give us, soon's we got home, if we'd never tell how she'd lost us.

"Well," says I, "we'll never, never tell if you'll let us come tomorrow, an' let us play by this rock till you come back from the little old woman's house. An' you must promise," says I, "that you'll hide some things that we want to play with, in the bottom of your basket under the towel, an' leave 'em here with us."

So she promised she would, quick, an' then we all went home.

XVIII

PLAYING MAN FRIDAY

Next mornin' me an' Teddy made cook give us a big piece of plum cake—'r else we'd tell how she lost us;—an' we took the cake an' went out where black Jack was workin', an' we give it to him.

“W'y, bress yer dear hearts, honies,” says he, “w'at makes ye be so good to ole Jack?”

“It's 'cause you're the bestest old Jack that ever was!” says I. “An' then, we want you to do sumfin for us byneby—today.”

“You jist tell dis ole man w'at it is, honey,” says he, “an' it'll be did!”

So I told him how we was goin' to play man Friday that day. An' I told him that when he seen us start away with cook, he must take papa's boat an' go along the lake to a tree that I showed him, an' wait there till Teddy an' Ponto come down from the big rock. An' he was to take 'em over to the nisland; 'cause Teddy was to be the man that lived alone on a nisland with just his own self, an' a dog, an' a bird that talked.

“I kin do dat ar,” says Jack, “but it's de 'sprisinst play dis ole man ever heerd on. W'at next, honey?”

“W'y,” says I, “you're to come back to the tree an' take me over to be the man Friday; an' then you're to go home an' wait till we're done playin' it. Then you're to come an' take us back to the tree, so 's we can go up to the rock an' put on our right clothes an' go home.”

“Wal, if dat doan' beat ole Jack!” says he. “How you goin' to play man Friday w'en its Tooseday? An' how'm I fer to know, 'way off dar to de house, w'en yer done playin' it? Hadn't ye best lem me stay right dar, in de boat, till yer done?”

“No, Jack,” says I, “that'll never do a tall! The man—that's Teddy—has got to be there all alone by his own self, an' must stay hid, after I'm there, till you get clear home—he must so! An' I'll not stir one step from the sand as long as I can see you—that's the way it's got to be!”

Teddy got 'fraid it wouldn't be right, an' said we'd best wait till Friday, so 's I'd be a truly man Friday like it was in the story. But I just wouldn't; for we'd got most ready. So I said we'd make b'lieve it was Friday, an' that would do.

When we went in from Jack, cook told me that the basket she was goin' to take was in the pantry with a towel in it. "You an' Master Teddy can take the things ye want me to carry an' put 'em in, an' ye'll be sure to cover 'em up good wid the towel," says she.

What you think we put in that basket? W'y, there was an old flour bag, an' two pieces of rope, an' Teddy's hatchet, an' a butcher knife, an' a long feather from mamma's duster, an' a pair of scissors, an' mamma's little red shawl that I was goin' to wear 'cause I was goin' to be a Injun.

After lunch cook an' me an' Teddy started for the place where the little old woman lived; an' I see black Jack stealin' down to the boat.

When we got to the big rock cook left our playthings, an' we made her promise she wouldn't hurry back, 'cause we wanted to play a long time.

She wanted us to tell her "what in the name o' common sinse we was agoin' to play wid thim things;" but we wouldn't, 'cause then we couldn't play it a tall. So she went on an' I begun to fix Teddy.

In the story, the man was dressed in skins; but we hadn't any. So I took the flour bag an' cut a piece off the bottom; an' I cut holes for his arms; then I drewed it over Teddy's head, an' put his arms through the holes. An' I tied a piece of rope 'round his waist, an' sticked his hatchet in one side, an' the butcher knife in tother for a sword. The bag was all loosy 'round his neck, so I took tother piece of rope an' tied it up close, so 's it done first rate.

Teddy looked just like a man that lived alone on a nisland when I got done—for the flour that was in the bag come off all over his face an' hands an' feet, an' his cap was all whity, too.

"There," says I, "you're all right, now, Teddy. Go 'way down to Jack; an' while he's takin' you over I'll fix my own self."



“No, I ain't,” says Teddy. “The man in the story had two guns, an' I hain't got any! How'm I to shoot things to eat, an' shoot Injuns, without a gun? An' I hain't got any bird that talks!”

I knowed I had to do sumfin to make him all right, so I said:

“Well, Teddy, you know the man hadn't any guns, nor any bird, when he got onto the nisland. You must get onto it just that way, too, to have it right; an' while you're waitin' for me to come, an' for Jack to get away home, you can hunt 'round for some guns. If you can't find any, you must take two sticks an' play they're guns. An' mebbe you'll find a bird that talks.”

Teddy thought that was all right; an' him an' Ponto went off down to the tree where Jack was waitin'. Say, you should 'ave seen Ponto! He looked at Teddy, an' he whined 's though he was offle sorry for him. But I said, “Now, Ponto, you must be good, an' go with Teddy, an' take care of him.” He went, but he didn't frisk an' play like he does most times. I do b'lieve that dog is proud!

When Teddy an' Ponto was gone I tried to fix my own self like a Injun. Course, I took off my dress, an' my shoes an' stockin's, 'cause Injuns don't ever wear them things—Nurse Bell said so. I tried to put on the shawl for a blanket, but I hadn't any pin, nor a single thing, to make it stay where it ought to be. So I took the scissors an' cut a hole right in the middle of it, an' put my head through the hole—then it was just lovely! An' I stuck the long feather in my hair—way down in the braid, an' I guess it looked pritty well.

When I'd got all ready I went down to the tree, an' there was Jack a comin' back from the nisland to bring me over.

I don't know a bit what Jack said to Teddy when he seen him first—Teddy never would tell. Sumfin made him not want to tell, an' I guess I know what it was. But Teddy's that way lots of times—when he gets laughed at, or anything else that he don't like, he just won't tell!

When Jack seen me he looked 's if he was scairt yet; an' he said:

“Fo' de lan' sake, Missie Sue!—w'at you an' Mars Teddy done gone an' did to yer own selfs? You's look 's ef some hoodoo'd bin

at ye, an' made ye over into folks that ole Jack never seen afore! W'at ye s'pose yer mammy'd say ef she knowed?"

I was scairt worse'n Jack, when he said that, an' I said:

"We had to fix up just that way, 'cause we're playin' man Friday. An', Jack," says I, "you must promise—wish you may die!—that you'll never, never tell any one, ever! 'r else I'll not speak to you again, nor give you a single thing as long as I live! An' cook's got a whole big pan full of doughnuts in the pantry."

"All right, Missie Sue," says Jack, "but doan yer do it no mo'." An' I said I wouldn't—not till next time, anyway.

As soon as we got over to the nisland I made Jack go away home, an' I waited there on the sand a long, long while; 'cause the man found his man Friday right down by the water—nurse said he did.

I got offle lonesome when I couldn't see Jack any more, an' Teddy didn't come down to find me. An' I thought, "Mebbe he's a huntin' for guns, an' a bird that can talk, an' won't come till he finds 'em."

Then I waited some more, an' thought, "Oh, mebbe there's lions an' bears on this nisland, an' they've got Teddy! But, no, they ain't, either, for Teddy's got Ponto, an' Ponto 'd kill 'em all in one minute!—an' I telled Ponto that he must take care of Teddy."

An' then I waited a nother long while, an' what you think? W'y, there was a great big snake 's long 's my arm!—an' it crawled on the ground, right at me! I jumped up an' runned away as hard 's I could; an' the stones hurted my feet 'cause I hadn't my shoes on; an' then I cried, hard, an' called Teddy.

Bymeby I heard sumfin comin' through the bushes, an' I was 'fraid it was a bear; but it wasn't—it was good old Ponto; an' Teddy he come, too; an' he had two sticks, most as big as his own self, for guns; but he hadn't any bird.

I tell you, I was glad! an' I says, "Teddy, come here, quick, 'cause I'm 'fraid!"

But he said, "No! I ain't Teddy. I'm the man what lives alone on this nisland. Ain't you my man Friday that I've bin lookin' for?"

"Ye-e-es," says I, "I'm him; an' I've bin waitin' for you to come, a long while—ever since Jack went away."

“Well, then,” says Teddy, “why don’t you do like it is in the story?”

“How is it, Teddy?” says I; “for I’m scairt of a snake, an’ can’t think a tall.”

“W’y, you’re to run right up to me, an’ fall down on the ground, an’ take up my foot an’ put it on your neck, ’cause you’re goin’ to be my man Friday f’rever’n ever.”

Course! That was what I was to do the firstest thing when he come up with his guns, an’ his hatchet, an’ his sword. So I runned up to him, an’ falled down, an’ went to put his foot on my neck.

But I s’pose I lifted his foot too high, for he tumbled over on his back, an’ hurted his head real bad, so ’s he cried, hard; an’ Ponto begun to bark; an’ then what you think? W’y, papa stood there a lookin’ down at us as though he never was so s’prised in all his life! I guess he wouldn’t ’ave knowed that we was his own twins if Ponto hadn’t bin with us.

You see, papa had took the boat when Jack got home, an’ come over to the nisland to fish—an’ there he was. We was ’fraid, an’ we was sorry; but we was offle glad, too, when we seen papa.

No, I ain’t goin’ to tell what they said an’ done to us that time. They’re the nicest papa an’ mamma that ever was;—most always, they are; an’ I ain’t goin’ to have anything writed in this book that’d make ’em feel bad ’bout what they’d done to me an’ Teddy for playin’ man Friday.

When we got home, mamma was just givin’ it to cook—she was so. She called her by her long name; an’ she said she was a careless, good-for-nothin’ thing; an’ she said if her childurn was ever found she’d send cook away, an’ if they was killed she’d have her sent to jail!

You see cook had come back to the rock an’, course, she couldn’t find us a tall. An’ when she found my dress, an’ my shoes an’ stockin’s, she thought the lions an’ bears had killed us dead an’ et us up—every single bit of us, an’ our clothes, too, all but what she found. Then she runned home an’ telled mamma.

Papa an’ me an’ Teddy come up to ’em while mamma was scoldin’ cook, an’ they didn’t see us. Cook was just sayin’, “Dade,

mum, if them darlin's is lost or kilt ye may do what ye like wid me, for—"

Then I just couldn't stand it any longer. So I ketched holt of Teddy's hand, an' we runned into the kitchen where they was, just as we was—me barefooted an' in my petticoat, with my head stucked through mamma's shawl, an' the long feather in my hair; an' Teddy tied up in the flour bag, an' his hatchet an' butcher knife stucked in the rope that was round him, an' him all floury off the bag.

You never seen any one so s'prised as mamma was; an' she was glad, too; I know she was, 'cause she took us right into her arms—just as we was—an' she kissed us good!

As soon as ever I could—for I had to cry some—I said, "Please, mamma, don't scold cook any more—nor Jack, for we coaxed 'em to do what they done—'cause we wanted to play man Friday on a nisland; an' cook didn't know what we was goin' to do anyway."

There ain't any more to tell 'bout that time, if I don't tell what we got for playin' man Friday that way; an' I won't tell it a tall. Pritty soon we went back home to our own house.

XIX

WAITING FOR WHISKERS

When we got back home it was warm an' sunshiny, like it was where we'd bin. The grass was all greeny, an' there was, oh, such lovely lots of dand'lions an' vi'lets in our back field!

Me an' Teddy had plenty of good times, but he never wanted to play man Friday any more—not once! He said it was 'cause we couldn't play it right without guns, an' a talkin' bird; but I guess there was sumfin else.

There wasn't anything to tell 'bout till just before that time when mamma said we was to quit bein' babies, an' be six years old, an' be boys an' girls, an' go to school. There was sumfin that made her say that, an' I guess I'd better tell it.

You see, one day Teddy, all to once, thought of what we'd said that time 'bout askin' papa an' mamma if we might get married to Gracie an' Johnnie Truman. He seemed to feel real bad, an' so did I, that we'd forgot all 'bout it so long. Course, it was 'cause we'd bin sick, an' had to go away.

I guess it was the dand'lions that put Teddy in mind of Gracie Truman's goldy hair, an' the vi'lets that made him think of her eyes. I know they did me; an' thinkin' of Gracie made me think of Johnnie—wasn't that funny?

Anyway, Teddy stopped playin' with me an' Ponto; an' he looked hard at me, ever so long, 's if he kind o' wanted to say sumfin an' was 'fraid I'd laugh at him. Bymeby he says, "Say, Sue, when 'r we goin' to get married?"

I tell you I was glad when he said that, for I wanted to talk 'bout it my own self, real bad.

"Yes, Teddy," says I, "it's time we was gettin' ready for that. We've had to put it off a long time, 'cause we was sick; folks never get married, you know, when they've got the mumps an' the measles. But we're well now, an' mustn't wait any longer."

"But we can't do it," says Teddy, "till we build that big house, an' get our nice weddin' clothes, like Uncle John an' A'nt Nell had."



"No," says I; "so, the firstest thing, we'll build the house, an' get the silk carpets an' gold dishes, an' find the fairy that's goin' to live with us always, an' turn the things into just what we want—cake an' mince pie, an' jam, an' nice clothes with goldy braid on 'em. But we'll want some money, Teddy. How much you got?"

"Oh, I've got lots," says Teddy; an' he pulled out a dime an' a nickel.

"Well," says I, "that's a lot; but it isn't lots. I guess it'll take more'n we've both got to build the house an' buy the carpets an' things. I've only got a dime."

"Tell you what," says Teddy; "we'll ast papa for some more money; an' we'll keep it all to our own selves till we've got the house built—a great big house, bigger'n A'nt Jim's down to Boston, an' got all the things in it, won't we, Sue? An' I'll get old Jack to help us."

"Yes," says I, "we will so! An' you'll build it tomorrow—you an' Jack; an' while you're doin' it I'll hunt al! over an' see if I can't catch a fairy, so 's to have her ready to put into the house soon's you're done!"

"Hooray! That's it, Sue!" says Teddy; "an' who'll we ask to the weddin'?"

"I'll tell you who we won't ask," says I, "an' that's Angelina Priscilla Worthington! But we'll ask everybody else—papa an' mamma, Nurse Bell an' cook an' Ponto, an'—an'—course we'll have to ask Gracie an' Johnnie Truman, 'r else they won't be there to be married to us."

So we made it up—just what we'd do; an' then we runned all the way home to ask papa for some money. When we got into the parlor, who you s'pose was there with papa an' mamma? W'y, there was Uncle Ben an' A'nt Ben, an' Uncle John an' A'nt Nell!

But we just couldn't wait for the vis'ters to go away. I went right up to papa an' said, "Won't you please give me an' Teddy a dollar, an' not ask us what for?"

Papa looked like he was puzzled so he didn't know what to do; an' he laughed in his eyes 's though he was thinkin', "These twins of mine are up to some more mischief."

Then he said, "I'd give you a dollar, Sue, if I knowed what

you meant to do with it, an' thought it was all right. But I can't give you the money if I mustn't ask you what it's for."

I felt bad 'nough to cry when he said that; an' Teddy whispered, "Tell him, Sue, 'bout the house, but not the other."

So I said, "Papa, me an' Teddy's goin' to build a big, big house out in the back field—way up in the sky—with lots of rooms in it, an' silk carpets, an' gold dishes, an' a good fairy that'll turn things into what we want to eat an' drink an' wear. We haven't got quite money enough—Teddy's got a dime an' a nickel an' I've got a dime—an' we want to build it tomorrow. Do, please, give us a dollar so 's we'll have lots of money to do it with!"

I don't see what made all the big folks laugh so, but they did—all but papa. He said, ' Sue, you must tell me more. What do you an' Teddy want of such a house? Who's to live in it?"

Then I knowed that I must tell him everything 'bout it 'r else we wouldn't get the money, so I says:

"Me an' Teddy want to get married to Johnnie an' Gracie Truman next week, an' we want the house to live in, an' we want Ponto to keep off the lions an' the bears, an' Nurse Bell to take care of us nights."

You should 'ave heard them big folks laugh! Me an' Teddy never could tell what they laughed at, for every single one of 'em had got married their own selves; but they acted 's if it was offle funny for us to want to get married—they did so!

Papa talked to us some—as well as he could for laughin'—an' he said he guessed we'd haf to wait till Teddy's whiskers growed out, an' I'd got to be a young lady. An' they all talked, an' laughed, an' hugged us up, an' said our turn to get married would come bymeby—after years an' years.

It was the very next mornin' that mamma said that 'bout losin' her babies the next day, 'cause we'd be six years old an' begin bein' boys an' girls.

Me an' Teddy made it up that we'd haf to wait, as papa said; an' that we'd be truly married to Gracie an' Johnnie Truman when we'd waited long enough.

I guess there ain't any more to tell; mebbe there will be when me an' Teddy gets growed up, though; but for now, that's all.

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