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DVCK'S
STORY

By AMY PRENTICE



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Aunt Amy's Animal Stories

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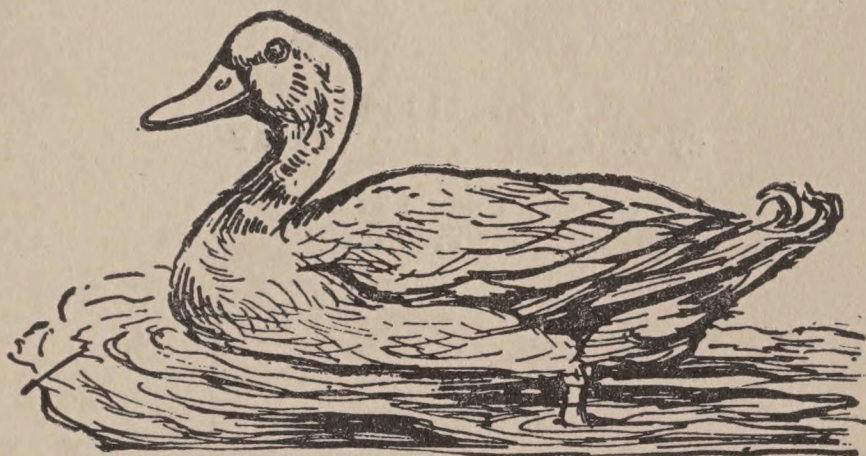
Brother Gray Goose flapped his wings in Mr. Fox's face,
and knocked him over backward into the pond.

Quacky Duck Story.

Aunt Amy's Animal Stories

QUACKY DUCK'S STORY

By **AMY PRENTICE**



**With Thirty-One Illustrations
and a Frontispiece in Colors
BY J. WATSON DAVIS**

**A. L. BURT COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK** ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

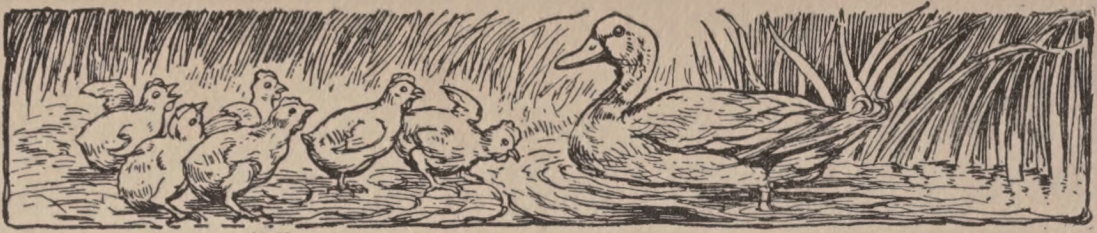
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By Amy Prentice

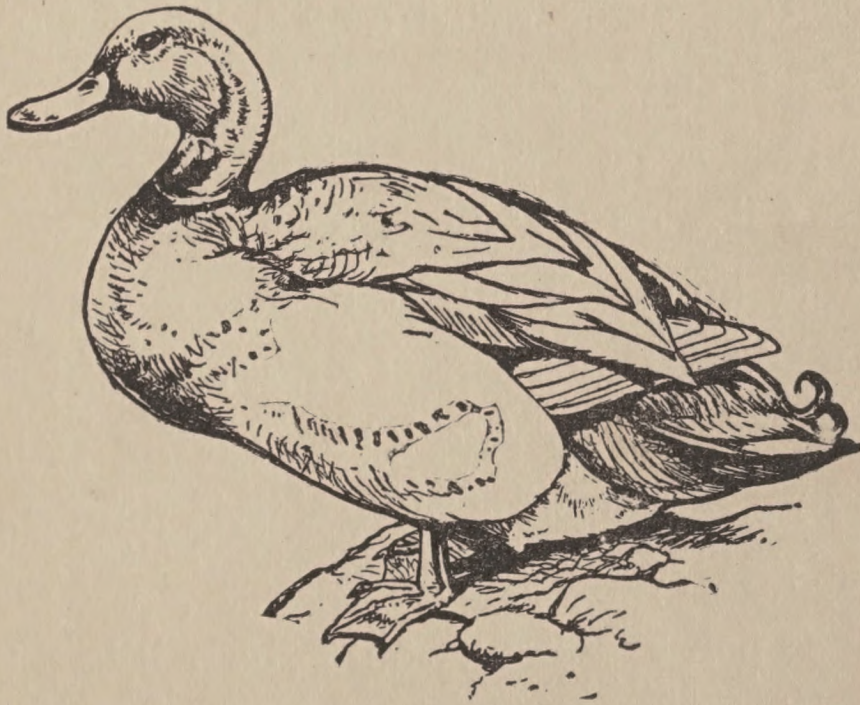




QUACKY DUCK'S STORY.

By AMY PRENTICE.

It was just after the last rain storm, when your Aunt Amy went down to the pond, eager to see some of her bird or animal friends, after having



Mrs. Quacky Duck.

been shut in the house three days by the stormy weather.

The ground was very wet; even Mr. Towser Dog seemed more inclined to remain indoors than venture out where he would get his fur coat soaked with water, and your Aunt Amy had begun to despair of seeing any one who would entertain her, when old Mrs. Quacky Duck came waddling along, running her broad bill into this puddle or that as she passed, as if finding there something dainty in the way of food.

Now although Quacky Duck was a great friend of Mamma Speckle's, your Aunt Amy had never met her thus alone, and was somewhat surprised when she asked :

“I suppose you are out looking for some of the birds that live on this farm, ain't you ?”

“I was hoping I might meet some one who cared to spend an afternoon with me,” your Aunt Amy replied, and Quacky Duck said, after having gobbled up a fat worm that was wriggling through the mud :

“Then perhaps you would be willing to get along with me, for there are not many of the farm people out to-day, except the members of my family.”

As a matter of course your Aunt Amy told her that she would be well pleased to spend a certain

length of time in her company, and asked why it was that she was looking sad, for it is always supposed that a duck is very happy in wet weather.

“Well, to tell the truth,” Quacky Duck said as she oiled her tail feathers, “I’m feeling sorry for old Mr. Drake, and yet I don’t know why I should, for it does really seem as if it was time for him to be roasted.

THE END OF MR. DRAKE.

“No, he is no relative of mine, although of course we have been good friends, because of living on the same farm. I must say that he hasn’t been setting a very good example to the young ducks here. He is too fond of dressing in his best clothes, and walking around with a cheap cigar in his bill, as if he hadn’t a care in the world except to show himself.

“I was standing out in the barn-yard a little while ago, talking with Mr. Turkey Gobbler, when along came that same Mr. Drake, dressed as fine as you please with a silk hat, and a bouquet in his button-hole, swaggering as if he owned the whole farm.

“‘Hello, what’s the matter with you, old

Turk?' he cried with that swagger of his which he seems to think proves that he has been around the world a good deal. 'You don't look as if you had a friend anywhere on the farm. Why can't you have some style about you?'

" 'I have heard bad news,' Mr. Gobbler said, and any one but Mr. Drake would have had a suspicion of what was coming; but the foolish duck asked, as he puffed tobacco smoke in old Mr. Gobbler's face :

" 'What is it you have heard that makes you look so down at the mouth?'

" 'I heard Mr. Man say that they must have a fowl of some kind on the table next Sunday.'

" 'And I suppose Mrs. Man thought they had better kill you, didn't she?' Mr. Drake asked as he pushed his hat over one ear.

" 'Yes, that was her idea,' Mr. Gobbler said ; 'but Mr. Man thought I wasn't fat enough, and so they decided to kill you. That's what makes me sad.'

" Mr Drake began to laugh ; but before he got his mouth fairly opened, Mr. Man came around the corner of the barn with a hatchet in his hand, and in about a minute there was no more Mr. Drake alive.

“It is better, as I have said, for the young ducks around here that he has left us, because his example wasn't a good one; but at the same time, you can't help feeling sorry when an old acquaintance goes so suddenly.”



Mr. Drake Hears Bad News.

“Hasn't Mr. Drake had a good influence over the ducks on this farm?” your Aunt Amy asked, and Quacky Duck replied quite sharply:

“As I look at it, he hasn't. Until this year we never had so many saucy ducklings, and I cannot but think that it is because of the example he has set.

WHEN LITTLE DUCKY WAS VERY
YOUNG.

“Only two or three days ago, before this last storm, a nest of ducklings was hatched out, and one of them acted for all the world as I have seen Mr. Drake. He put his head out of the shell, and there he sat, never trying to get one way or the other, and paying no attention when his brothers and sisters waddled away, ready and willing to earn their own living.

“ ‘Oh me, oh my, isn't this nice to be able to look out and see all the sights!’ he said as he sat there, gazing around with his mouth wide open.

“Just then one of those pert spring chickens, such as you will find in every yard, came along, and said to him :

“ ‘It's all very fine now while the sun is shining; but what will you do when it begins to rain? The first day I came into this barn-yard I got so wet that I nearly had the pip.’

“ ‘But I shan't be so foolish as that,’ this very young duckling said, reminding me so much of Mr. Drake. ‘I shall stay in the shell, and when it rains all I'll have to do will be to pull my head down under cover.’

“ Well, the duckling didn't get out of the shell that day, and next morning a storm had set in. The foolish little fellow looked out, and laughed to think how wise he had been in refusing to leave the shell. Then he drew his head down, and sat there like the silly goose he was, until the shell was so full of water that he came very near being drowned, for where Mrs. Duck's nest had been, was by this time a small pond.



Looking Out in the World.

“ ‘ Help me! Help me!’ he screamed, sticking his head up to look around for his mother, while she, who was paddling about with the others of the brood getting plenty of nice things to eat, cried to him:

“ ‘ Come out of your shell! Come out! Swim around with the rest of us!’

“Of course the duckling had to do it, or drown; but if you'll believe me, he was so puffed up with the idea that he knew everything, it had never entered his head he might be able to swim, until he just had to, and no sooner had he learned what it was possible to do, than he said to his mother:

“‘It's a shame you didn't tel me about swimming, before this. It's fine to sail around here in this way.’

“‘Yesterday you believed you knew everything about this world his mother replied, ‘and it would have been useless for me to have tried to tell you anything. Now you have seen that there is plenty to be learned, don't turn up your nose when those who should know best, offer advice.’”

“I can't see why you blame Mr. Drake because the duckling was so foolish,” your Aunt Amy said when Quacky Duck ceased speaking, as if the story was at an end, and she replied sharply:

“I don't say I really blame him; but that duckling acted just as he always has, and it did really seem as if the old fellow's example was being copied even by those who had just been hatched. Poor Mr. Drake! Did any of the fowls or animals around here ever tell you about his doctoring little Tommy Grasshopper?”

THE GRASSHOPPER'S BAD HABIT.

“I have never heard anything of the kind,” your Aunt Amy replied. “Did he have many patients?”

“Tommy was the first and the last, so far as I know. Mr. Crow made some poetry about it, and Mamma Speckle-gave me a copy of the verses. This is what they sound like :

Little Tommy Grasshopper
A naughty habit had :
He'd chew all day and night ~~time~~
Tobacco good or bad.

Doctor Duck heard of the case,
And called his aid to lend.
He said : “I'll surely cure you
If fees you mean to spend.”

The Hopper said he'd pay him,
And Doctor said : “All right ;
We'll start this very minute,
I'll cure your failing quite.”

The Doctor changed his diet ;
Said, “No potato vines,
No green peas in the morning,
No beets or melon rinds.

Quacky Duck's Story.

“No cantaloupes or peaches,
 No plums or celery,
 No lima beans or parsnips ;
 They don't with you agree.



Dr. Drake's Advice.

“I've brought this health food for you.

Eat it alone for food,
 And I am sure tobacco
 Will never more taste good.

“It builds the nerves and tissues,
 Makes muscle by the pound—
 And for good health I think it's
 The best thing ever found.”



Mr. Fox plays with the false face. Page 15.

Quacky Duck.

“It looks like sawdust, Doctor ;
I'll eat it anyway.”

Alas ! he ate and ate it,
But choked to death, they say.

“I should be very much surprised to find any one on this farm who hadn't some of Mr. Crow's poetry to repeat,” your Aunt Amy said with a smile, when Quacky Duck had come to the end of the lines.

MR. FOX'S EXPERIMENT.

“We are a good deal like old Mr. Fox, when he got the false face to play with.”

“I think that must be a new story,” your Aunt Amy said. “I never heard anything of the kind.”

“It isn't really a story ; but something that Mrs. Goose, who lives on the next farm, was telling me. Mrs. Goose saw Mr. Fox sitting in the shed, with a false face between his paws, and she said to him :

“ ‘I should think, Mr. Fox, that after all the trouble you have had with Mr. Man, you wouldn't want anything around to remind you of him, except when it was absolutely necessary.’

“ ‘That’s where you are making a mistake, Mrs. Goose,’ Mr. Fox said very politely. ‘I’ve had a great deal of trouble with Mr. Man, as you say, but have seen so much of him that I’m almost lonesome when he isn’t around. This false face not only reminds me of him; but by keeping it before me, I shall always bear in mind that my life depends upon having one eye open all the time to guard against his surprising me.’

“ And so it is with us fowls, and the animals, too, for that matter, regarding Mr. Crow’s poetry. We have heard so much of it that we would be almost lonesome if one or another didn’t repeat it often, and we are very careful to hear each new piece he writes, so that we may guard against doing that which may give him a chance to say something disagreeable about us. It is a great pity all of us wasn’t as wise as Mr. Fox, for if we had been, Mr. Man would have two young ducks more than he has now.”

A SILLY MOTHER.

“What do you mean by that?” your Aunt Amy asked, believing Quacky Duck had another story in mind.

“I was thinking of old Mrs. Pekin Duck, who was as silly a bird as I ever knew, and yet she thought there was no one on this farm who was so wise as she. There wouldn't be time to tell all the foolish things she did, if I was to stay here until night; but you shall hear how she killed her two babies, all that were left of as pretty a brood of fourteen as you ever saw. It seems that Mr. Man left a pail of green paint on the chopping-block one day, and old Mrs. Duck was waddling around with her children where she didn't belong, when she spied it. Of course the first thing the silly bird did, was to jump on the block, and look into the pail; then she made up her mind that the paint must be green grass chopped fine, and mixed as some kind of a new breakfast food.

“‘I have found a great prize here, my ducklings,’ she said with that foolish grin of hers, which she always seemed to think made her look exceeding wise. ‘You are to stand right there until I throw down a few mouthfuls. Don't move; but keep your mouths open until you get what I am going to give you.’

“The poor little ducklings did as their mother told them, of course, and when old Mrs. Pekin Duck shoved her bill way down into the green

paint, the stuff choked her so badly that she flapped her wings, tried to scream, and knocked the pail off the block right on the poor little babies, who were standing like statues as she had said.



Giving the Ducklings Their Lesson.

They were actually drowned in that green shower, and Mrs. Pekin Duck herself was so sick that it was fully three days before she could eat a morsel. When she did get better Mr. Man killed her, and carried her to market, for she wasn't of any service to him on the farm."

“How many babies have you got?” your Aunt Amy asked, and Quacky Duck shook her head sadly as she said:



Quacky Duck's Babies Going to Market.

“I did have eleven as pretty ducklings as you ever put your eyes on, and what do you suppose? One morning they were all taken from me and put in a big box, which had slats on it so that you could see the poor things, but couldn't get at them.

“I knew they were going to be taken to market,

and that didn't make me feel so very badly, because it is in the natural course of events that we ducks shall be killed and roasted; but what made me wretched, was that they should have been carried away by that foolish Mr. Pig, who thinks he is of wonderful importance on the farm since Mr. Man lets him drive Neddy, the donkey, in the two-wheeled cart.

“And you never saw them again?” your Aunt Amy asked.

“No,” Quacky Duck replied as she wiped her eye with the end of her wing.

A GREAT TRAVELER.

For a moment your Aunt Amy was afraid Quacky Duck's grief would prevent her from telling any more stories; but just at that moment a shrill “Chip, chip, chip, chip,” from one of the branches overhead, caused her to look up suddenly, and, seeing there a chipmunk who was chattering so fast and furiously that it really seemed as if he was in danger of losing his tongue, Quacky Duck said, as if a sudden thought had come to her:

“It is astonishing how many airs and graces the

chipmunks around this farm put on, since one of their family went for a sailor!"

"I never supposed a squirrel would willingly go near the water," your Aunt Amy said in surprise.

"Well, this one did, and I suppose the reason of it was that he was such a foolish fellow. Mr. Crow has written some poetry which tells the whole story. Wouldn't you like me to repeat it?"

As a matter of course your Aunt Amy said she would, and Quacky Duck began:

A chipmunk sat on a cedar tree,
First on two feet, then on three,
As he combed his beautiful tail.
He watched the river down below
As it hurried by with rapid flow,
Till he longed for a bit of a sail.

He hunted about for a minute or two,
Till he found a chip which he thought would do,
Then launched it on the tide,
He leaped aboard his frail canoe,
Which shot ahead, then faster flew,
Though to stop it he vainly tried.

But soon he grew to like the speed,
And laughed for joy, with little heed
To the distance he had come.

But now the night is settling down.
 He sees the lights of a busy town,
 And hears its distant hum.



The Chipmunk Who Became a Sailor.

Still through the dark he rushes by,
 The fields and houses faster fly,
 Till he gains the open sea.
 And now he is rocked and tossed about,
 And very soon begins to find out
 How sick a chipmunk can be.

After days and days of this wearisome life,
 He is thrown from his boat in the terrible strife
 Which the ocean has with the shore.
 And so he is dashed on the firm white sand,
 Where he lies at rest, till a friendly hand
 Lifts him to life once more.

He sees a curious, chattering crowd,
 Who look at him, touch him, call aloud
 At the wonder dropped by the sea.
 They feed him, tend him with reverent care,
 And build him a temple rich and rare
 As a sacred place can be.



The Sailor Arriving at Port.

And so it came to pass, one day,
 As I watched the dark-skinned natives pray
 At a heathen Goddess' shrine,
 I saw a strange and wonderful sight:
 A chipmunk frisking from height to height,
 Where golden offerings shine.

“Do you suppose that is a true story?” your
 Aunt Amy asked, and it really seemed as if
 Quacky Duck winked, before she replied:

“ Well, I wouldn't like to say that it really was ; but I guess it is as true as most of the stories that are told around here.”

“ The chipmunk must have been a very wise little animal to make the best of the odd situation in which he found himself,” your Aunt Amy suggested, and Quacky Duck replied :

STRANGERS.

“ Yes, he had a great deal more wit than Mr. Deer, who came around this farm three or four years ago, when I was hardly more than a duckling. No one ever found out how he happened to visit where he was an entire stranger. I was in the swamp one morning, where a herd of deer who live near-by were feeding, when the visitor came up, and he had his son with him.

“ I must say that they were as nice, respectable looking animals as you could hope to see, and the father had the prettiest horns, I believe, that were ever on a deer's head. Now if he had gone right up to the herd, and told them he had come to visit, or to live here, I am certain everything would have been all right ; but, instead, he stood some



Mr. Deer and his son looking for trouble. Page 24.
Quacky Duck.

little distance away, striking the ground with his fore foot, as if expecting some one would try to pick a quarrel with him, and his son didn't appear a bit more friendly.

“Of course no one could blame the deer who live near our farm for being suspicious, when this visitor stood ready for a fight, and because he held his peace, instead of explaining matters, they started in to drive him away.

“Dear me, dear me, how that deer did fight! Why it seemed as if he was in a dozen places at the same time, he jumped around at such a rate, and the result was that Mr. Man, hearing the noise, came out with his gun.

“The next day they had venison for dinner at the farm-house, and I saw the skins of the father and son nailed up against the barn, all of which taught me, young though I was, that an animal, or a boy either, for that matter, must give a straight account of who or what he is, if he expects fair treatment. Even one who doesn't really belong to the best society, can make a good position for himself, if he is respectful among strangers, and acts as if he was perfectly willing to answer any question concerning himself that might be asked.

"I remember a big blue-bottle fly who stayed around this farm all last summer, with never one of us troubling him, and why?"

"When he first came he was as polite as ever any one could be; took off his hat when he was spoken to, and, without waiting to be questioned, declared that he was simply a wandering minstrel, who hoped to be allowed to spend a quiet vacation in the country.



A Wandering Minstrel.

"If he had shown himself ready for, and expecting trouble, the same as old Mr. Deer did, there isn't a bird or an animal on the place who wouldn't have thought it his or her duty to make things disagreeable for him. Soft words, at the proper time, will accomplish very much more than harsh ones, as

little Mrs. Mouse proved not two weeks ago.

WHEN MRS. MOUSE ENTERTAINED MR. CAT.

"Is that a story?" your Aunt Amy asked, and Quacky Duck said with a laugh:

“Yes, and I think it's a right good one, too. Out in the barn there is a family of mice who are as quiet, well-behaved, pleasant neighbors as you could ask for, and Mrs. Mouse tries to be polite to every one. The other day she was sitting near the door, knitting some mittens for the children, and suddenly up popped Mr. Cat.

“It stands to reason that she was frightened; but instead of screaming, or doing anything like that, she said, as if it pleased her wonderfully to see him :

“ ‘ Good morning, Mr. Cat.’

“ ‘ Good morning, Mrs. Mouse. I think I will visit with you a little while.’

“Now Mrs. Mouse knew that there wasn't time for her to run away, and if she told Mr. Cat she didn't want him around, he would jump on her before you could wink, so she said as sweet as apple sauce :

“ ‘ I shall be very glad indeed to have you visit me, Mr. Cat; but I must get this skein of yarn wound, and if you'll only take it on your paws a minute, it will be the greatest possible favor.’

“Well, that kind of pleased Mr. Cat, for although he intended to eat Mrs. Mouse right

away, he thought it wouldn't do any harm to fool her a little, so he held the yarn on his paws.

"Mrs. Mouse took one end of the yarn in her mouth, and began running around and around Mr. Cat until he grew dizzy, and called out for her to stop a minute; but she kept on going until he was all wound up in a ball, so tightly that he couldn't even move his tail.

"Then Mrs. Mouse called in one of the neighbors, and the two sat down to dinner, while Mr.

Cat begged and coaxed them to let him go free.



Mrs. Mouse and Her Neighbor at Dinner.

"However, after Mr. Cat promised that he would never again kill another mouse, they unwound the yarn from him, and it wasn't more than a week before Mrs.

Man said she must get another cat, for it did seem to her as if Thomas had forgotten how to do his duty.

"After that, I have heard it said, although I

don't know how true it may be, Mr. Thomas spent more than half his time with a bear family that live over yonder, under the big hill."

LITTLE NICODEMUS BROWN.

"Are there bears living as near the farm as that?" your Aunt Amy asked in surprise, and Quacky Duck replied in a matter-of-fact tone:

"Why certainly there are. Didn't old Mr. Bear steal nearly all of Mr. Man's geese last month? A family of bears that I know about, call themselves Brown, and they have a little boy whose name is Edwin Nicodemus; but everybody calls him Nicky. He is a good-natured little fellow, but Mr. Crow says he isn't really bright. Perhaps you would like to hear some poetry Mr. Crow made about him?"

Without waiting for a reply, Quacky Duck began to repeat the following:

Of Edwin Nicodemus Brown,

And how he'd trouble with his sums,

To hear the tale may make you frown,

But all right in the end it comes.

A bonny, bright young bear was he,

So blithe, so brisk, so sharp and quick;

Quacky Duck's Story.

I don't believe that you could see
Another bear so bright as Nick.

But, I regret to say (and here
It is that I'm afraid you'll frown),
He didn't love his sums, I fear,
Young Edwin Nicodemus Brown.



When Nicky Should Have Been Studying.

Of course, he *should* have worked away
Until he never got them wrong;
But naughty Edwin, sad to say,
Would go and fish the whole day long.

Once, after he'd been out to play,
His teacher looked him up and down,
And then said, "Now, what do you say
That two and two make, Edwin Brown?"

Poor little Nicky hung his head,
And then, as sure as I'm alive,
He stammered, stuttered—then he said,
“Oh, please, sir, two and two make five!”



A Dull Pupil.

“Are you acquainted with this family of bears who call themselves Brown?” your Aunt Amy asked.

“No indeed, although I have seen Nicky, and I am told that they are very nice bears who wouldn't harm a duck, no matter how hungry they might be; but when it comes to that, I'd rather not give them the chance, for you never know what kind of trouble you may get into with strangers. I remember the story Mr. Crow tells about Mr.

Crane and Mr. Wolf, and stay right here on the farm where Mr. Man and Mr. Towser can look after me.

MR. CRANE PAYS OFF OLD SCORES.

“ I suppose you mean the old fable of the stork drawing the bone out of the wolf's mouth ? ” your Aunt Amy asked, and Quacky Duck really seemed quite excited, as she replied :

“ Indeed I don't mean anything of the kind. You won't find an animal around this farm who believes any such silly story, as that a stork would be willing to do such a thing. Now we know of a Mr. Crane that paid Mr. Wolf back for murdering his brother, and it may be Mr. Man got the story mixed up.

“ This is what I know to be true, and it was a crane that did it. Mr. Wolf went down to the edge of the pond two or three years ago, and found a young crane who had been wounded, so he set about deliberately and greedily to eat him.

“ Now do you know, people say that ducks are terribly greedy, and I suppose some of us are ; but as a rule we are no worse than any other family,



Mr. Crane takes revenge on Mr. Wolf for the death of his brother.
Page 33 *Quacky Duck,*

and when I get through with this story, I'll tell you something about greediness.

“ Well, Mr. Wolf he gobbled up the wounded crane, trying to eat him bones, feathers and all, even to his long bill, and that got stuck in his throat. He was in terrible distress as you may fancy, and sat there howling and howling until the brother of the crane he had just eaten, came along, and asked him what the matter was.

“ Mr. Wolf tried to lie out of it, saying that he had been eating a hawk; but Mr. Crane knew better than that, because somebody had told him all about it, and he said to Mr. Wolf:

“ ‘ If you have a mind to open your mouth, I'll show you what I can do.’

“ You see, Mr. Crane didn't promise to help Mr. Wolf. He just said he would show him what he could do, and so he did. Mr. Wolf opened his mouth the widest he knew how. Then Mr. Crane pulled his head way back, put all the force he could into the blow, and stuck his bill right down Mr. Wolf's throat into his heart, killing him as dead as a door nail.

“ It may be that Mr. Stork pulled a bone out of Mr. Wolf's throat; but I think Mr. Man has mixed the stories up, for I don't believe any stork

would be so foolish. And now about those stories of greediness which I said you should hear :

GREEDY BEN.

“ We had a duck hatched on this farm last year, who was the ugliest looking bird you ever laid eyes on, and just as greedy as he was ugly. He could eat anything from nails to Paris Green, and nothing ever seemed to hurt him. I have seen that duckling take into his little stomach as much as would make three hearty meals for me, and never have an ache or a pain afterwards.

“ Now Mr. Man has got a boy whose name is Benny, and he's almost as greedy as I have been telling about, so Mamma Speckle decided that the duckling ought to be called Benny, too, and that's the name he went by till cheap watches killed him.

“ Yes, it does sound funny, I will admit; but that's a fact, as I am going to tell you. Mr. Crow made some poetry about Benny Man, and he has promised to make some about Benny Duck; but hasn't done it yet.

“ I guess I'll repeat the poetry about Benny Man first :

Benny was greedy, I'm grieved to say,
Of all good things that came in his way.
The truth to tell you, he wanted more
Than ever he needed, ten times o'er,
And he wheedled, and whined, and coaxed, and cried,
And often snatched at the thing denied.

He went to visit at grandpa's farm,
And all things there had a novel charm ;
But the cream he drank, and the eggs he sucked,
And the rooster's gayest plumes he plucked,
Till all who met him were shocked to see
How greedy and rude a boy could be.

Of many fruits he had eaten his fill,
When he found a new one prettier still,
So smooth and bright, so glossy and red ;
"You mustn't taste that one," grandma said ;
But naughty Benny, so quick and bold,
Crammed in just all that his mouth would hold.

Then his face grew red, and his eyelids streamed,
While he gasped, and choked, and danced, and screamed.
'Twas a ripe red pepper so strong and hot,
And oh, what a dreadful dose he got !
Poor grandma pitied his pain and fright,
But the rooster cackled, "It serves him right !"

"It was after Benny Man got over being sick
that he came out in the barn-yard with one of
those cheap watches in his hand, and just as he

got near Benny Duck he dropped it, by accident, of course.

“Benny Duck picked it up quicker than you could wink your eye, and off he started, Benny Man chasing and screaming, and Benny Duck squawking and quacking, and the watch ticking its loudest.



The Two Bennies.

“Benny Man wasn't feeling well, because of having eaten the peppers, so he didn't run very far; but sat down to cry, instead, while Benny Duck ran into the tall grass of the meadow, where there wasn't a chance of any one seeing him, and

began to eat the watch, for, as I have told you, he would try to gobble up anything.

“It was quite a while before he could get the thing apart, and then he grabbed at what was inside just as the spring broke. It was a big piece of steel, and spread out suddenly, snapping Benny Duck's head right off of him.

“We know that must be true, because Mamma Speckle found his head in one place, his body in another, and the watch-spring between the two.”

“Was he the only greedy duck you have ever known?” your Aunt Amy asked, and Quacky Duck said with a laugh :

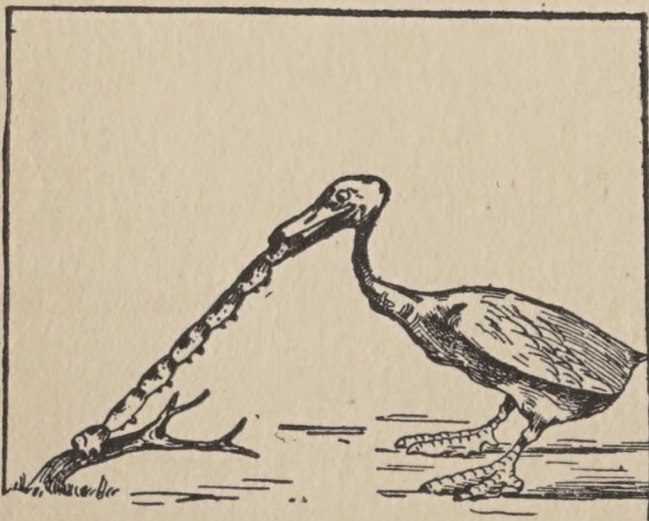
“Indeed he wasn't ; but I must say he was the worst I ever heard about. Now Mrs. Pekin Duck, before she was killed, had a terrible appetite. She would eat anything that it was possible to get into her mouth. But one day she met with an accident, or was the victim of a joke, whichever way you choose to put it, that should have taught her a lesson, although I can't say it did.

BENNY MAN'S JOKE.

It seemed as if Benny Man had a grudge against all of us ducks after he lost his watch. I suppose he must have spent a good deal of his time study-

ing how to punish us, because of the mischief Benny Duck had done, and he certainly did hit upon a great plan. I should have laughed at it even if I had been in Mrs. Pekin Duck's place.

“The little scamp found somewhere a caterpillar made of rubber, and he tied one end of it to the root of a tree near the barn-yard, leaving it in such a way that you would certainly have believed it was a real live caterpillar. At all events, that is what Mrs. Pekin Duck thought, for I was standing close by when she got her eye on it. Oh me, oh my, how she squawked when she saw the thing, and how she ran! She got hold of one end, and started to pull, thinking, I suppose, to carry it home where she could eat it at her leisure.



Mrs. Duck Finds a Prize.

“Well, of course the thing stretched, and she pulled all the harder, wondering what kind of a caterpillar she had found. Then, seeing that it was impossible to pull it off the root, she

started to swallow it; but of course the rubber

shrank up when the strain was lessened, and she had to take a fresh hold.

“I think for fully five minutes she pulled that imitation caterpillar out until it wasn't larger than a needle, and then it would drag her back until, finally, the string with which it was tied gave way, and oh dear, oh dear, I do believe Mrs. Pekin Duck turned as many as four summersaults, while the caterpillar flew off in the air, nobody knows where. If you ever saw a surprised duck, she was that one, and not until the next morning would the poor old thing so much as speak to us, as if she thought we had something to do with it.

“I don't know that she would have shown herself friendly again before she died, if it hadn't been for the fright we all got when the wolf tried to catch the lamb.”

A WISE LAMB.

“Is that a story, Quacky Duck?” your Aunt Amy asked, and she replied quickly:

“Oh no, indeed. It is just something that happened to us here on the farm last year, and I have never got over being surprised that a little no-account lamb could have shown so much sense.

“You must know that the sheep were kept, before you came here, in that shed which is next the poultry-house, and because it was so far away from the stables, Mr. Towser Dog didn't get around there more than two or three times in a night. Well, at this time I am telling you about, we had all gone to bed with the sun, of course, and it seemed to me as if I hadn't much more than closed my eyes in sleep, when I heard old Mrs. Sheep scolding one of her lambs because he was trying to go out through a hole in the end of the house.

“‘The wolves will get you, my child, if you stray away after sunset,’ she said; but this lamb, although he gave such good proof later of having sound common sense, was foolish enough to insist that he could take care of himself.

“Mrs. Sheep scolded and scolded, awakening everybody in the neighborhood; but the lamb got away from her, and out he went. Well, as you can imagine, old Mr. Wolf came snooping around before many minutes had passed, and Mamma Speckle got down off the roost to see what was going on, for she must always know about everything that is being done, else it would break her heart. She says that lamb jumped as many as twelve feet, straight up on the roof of the sheep-



Mr. Wolf trying to coax the lamb to come down and take a walk with him. Page 41. *Quacky Duck.*

fold, and there he stood looking down on Mr. Wolf as if it was the most natural thing in the world for him to be out by moonlight, talking with strange animals. Mr. Wolf stood close by the building, his mouth wide open, ready to chew the little thing into shoestrings the minute he slipped off the roof.

“Mr. Wolf didn't dare make very much noise, because he knew Mr. Towser was somewhere around; but how he coaxed and coaxed that lamb to come down and take a walk with him, and the lamb answered him back as if he wished he could. The hens screamed, and Mr. Dorking, Mr. Shanghai and Mr. Plymouth Rock shouted themselves hoarse, until you would have thought that something was eating everybody on the farm.

“Of course that brought Mr. Towser on the jump, and instead of having fresh lamb for supper, Mr. Wolf found himself dead before he knew what was happening.

A SNUG FIT.

“There was something funny happened on this farm the next morning after Mr. Towser killed Mr. Wolf, and I have always wondered why Mr.

Crow didn't write a little poetry about it. Perhaps he hasn't heard of it yet, although that doesn't seem possible, for Mamma Speckle knew the facts, and she always tells him everything; those two are as thick as peas in a pod."

"What was it, Quacky Duck?" your Aunt Amy asked, and Quacky opened her mouth wide, as if laughing, after which she replied :

"Two or three weeks before young Mr. Lamb made such a disturbance, Mr. Man brought home what I thought was the most ridiculous looking pair of fowls I ever saw—Buff-Cochins, he called them. They had feathers way down to the ground, and were about as broad as they were tall. The airs and graces they put on were something wonderful. You would have thought they were the only fowls that ever came to this farm, and Mr. Man was just silly enough to take every visitor over to the yard to show those silly looking things.

"Well, this Mrs. Buff-Cochin made up her mind that the best thing she could do, would be to bring out a brood of chickens, and so she began hunting around for a nest. Just inside the door of our house Mr. Man had put a box and a barrel, for the use of any fowl that wanted to raise babies, so Mr. Buff-Cochin and his wife paraded back and

forth in front of these, telling everybody what they were going to do, and finally the time came when they had to make up their minds as to where the nest should be. Mrs. Buff-Cochin was a good deal bigger than the box, so of course she couldn't set in that, and she never realized how small, as compared with her body, the top of the barrel was ; but said to her husband :

“ ‘Of course we must hatch our dear little babies in the barrel.’

“ ‘Certainly, my dear,’ he said. ‘I will help you in.

“She was so clumsy that he had to do a good deal of helping, and the feathers flew when she settled down into the barrel, squawking and screaming until you would have thought somebody was killing her.

“All of us fowls laughed at the idea of making such a fuss about hatching out a brood ; but bless you, it was a serious matter, and Mrs. Buff-Cochin had found it out before we did. You know the



Deciding Upon a Cradle.

top of a barrel is smaller than the middle, and although she had room enough so long as she remained quiet, once she got down on the straw which had been put in the bottom, it was impossible for her to get out.

“Now do you know, that ridiculous old hen was in there four days, without anything to eat or drink, before Mr. Man knew what had happened, and she might have starved to death if some people from the next farm hadn't come to see the wonderful fowls. There was no hatching done that season by the Buff-Cochin family, you may rest assured. They acted as if all the rest of us were to blame for their misfortunes, and when the caterpillars had their festival, Mrs. Buff-Cochin actually refused to go.”

“Do the caterpillars have a festival?” your Aunt Amy asked in surprise.

“Well, it's something of the kind. I don't know what else you could call it,” Quacky Duck replied. “Of course you know they have a ball every year before the cocoon-spinning begins.”

THE CATERPILLARS' BALL.

This was something so entirely new to your Aunt Amy, that she begged Quacky to tell her about it without delay, and here is the story she told:

“Before cocoon-spinning begins all the caterpillars for miles around come together to have a kind of picnic, and they end it with a ball. We fowls always watch out for such a gathering, for it is a great chance to get a Thanksgiving dinner of caterpillars without having to work very hard.

“It seems that at this picnic, when the dancing was just beginning, along comes Mr. Earthworm dressed in his very best, and he was going right among the dancers when the door-keeper stopped him, and said:

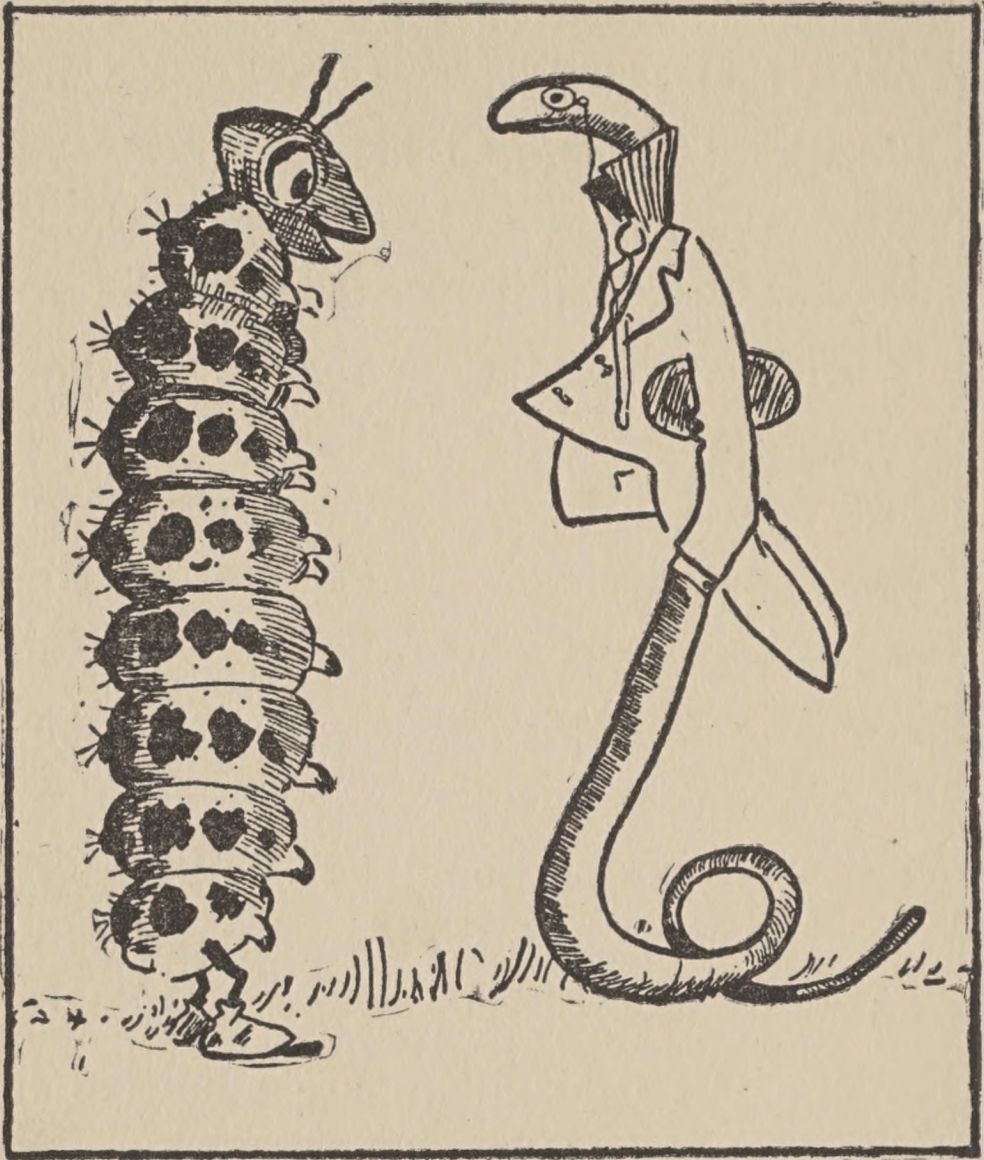
“‘No one but caterpillars are admitted here, sir.’”

“‘Well, I am a caterpillar,’ Mr. Earthworm said as cool as ice, and the door-keeper looked surprised; but he got his wits together enough to ask:

“‘What kind of a caterpillar do you call yourself?’

“‘I am a bald-headed caterpillar,’ Mr. Earth-

worm said, and because the door-keeper couldn't make any objections to that, in he went.



The Door-Keeper is Surprised.

“ Well, they began to dance, and Mr. Earth-worm was stepping around as lightly as you please, when he struck his tail against a piece of chewing gum that one of the little caterpillars had dropped, and down he tumbled on the floor.

“ Of course that wasn't anything very serious ;

but when he got up he made a mistake as to which end he had been dancing on, for you know earthworms are double-headed, and commenced swinging about upside down. Everybody was frightened, and oh me, oh my, what a terrible time there was for a few minutes! The caterpillars ran this way and that way, and then was the time that we from the farm got one of the biggest feasts we have had for many a year.

“Why, I ate so much that it seemed as if I could hardly waddle, and Mr. Fox would have had me that night sure enough, if Brother Gray Goose hadn't tumbled him into the water.

WHEN THE FOX GOT A BATH.

“How did a goose succeed in doing anything like that?” your Aunt Amy asked.

“Well, I can't say positively just how it did come about; but you see when the caterpillars got so frightened at Mr. Earthworm's dancing while he was upside down, we all rushed in and ate as much as we could, without thinking how late it was growing, and it must have been half an hour after sunset when Mr. Plymouth Rock shouted that it was time to go to roost.

“He hadn't any more than got the words out of his mouth when Mr. Drake, the one who always dressed so fashionably, as I have told you, gave us warning that Mr. Fox was coming. Of course we ran, and in order to get home, the nearest way was to come along the edge of the pond until we were at about this spot, when we would be likely to meet Mr. Towser Dog; but the trouble was that we couldn't go very fast, and you know how well Mr. Fox can run.

“He was coming the best he knew how, and I suppose his mouth was watering, thinking he would have the pick of all the fowls on Mr. Man's farm at last. It was just when I could feel his breath on my tail feathers, that Brother Gray Goose turned around, flapped his wings straight in Mr. Fox's face, and jumped against him so hard, scaring him of course at the same time, that over he went backward, into the pond.

“That gave us time to get home, and Mr. Frog told us next day that Mr. Fox was the sickest looking animal he ever saw when he came out of the water.

“Mr. Frog was sitting on the shore when Mr. Fox came out, and of course acted surprised at seeing the sly old fellow so wet.

“ ‘I don't wonder that you hold up your front feet,’ Mr. Fox said with a snarl. ‘Who would ever have thought that I should have been so knocked about by an old Gray Goose?’

“ ‘Was that what did it?’ Mr. Frog asked in astonishment.



Mr. Fox is Sick.

“ ‘Yes, it was,’ Mr. Fox said angrily, ‘and it has shown me that I am the biggest goose anywhere around here. The next time I am out for poultry, it will take a good deal more than the flap of a pair of wings in my face to scare me out of a supper.’

“That was a narrow escape for you, Quacky Duck,” your Aunt Amy said, and she replied :

“Yes, I’ve trembled almost every time I have thought of it since. We had a more narrow escape than the mice did when they held their convention, and I thought that was bad enough.”

MRS. PUSSY CAT’S SLY TRICK.

“Did the mice on this farm ever have a convention?” your Aunt Amy asked in no little surprise.

“Indeed they did, and it would have been a fine time if old Mrs. Pussy Cat hadn’t shown herself to be so smart. You see the mice from all the farms on this road, met here to see what could be done about preventing the cats from eating so many of them, and it was decided that they would hold meetings in the farm-house pantry.

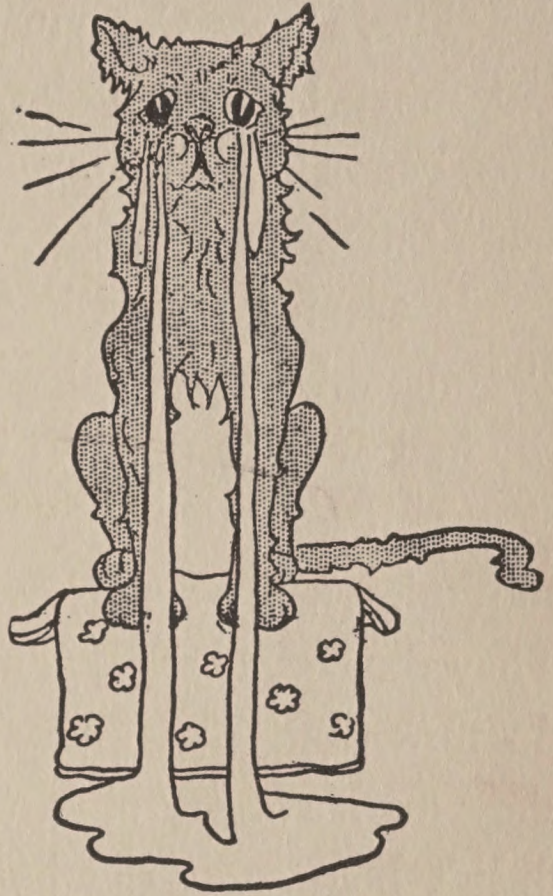


The Grief of Mrs. Pussy Cat's Children.

“I never saw so many mice before in my life. There were hundreds and hundreds of them, and they kept coming all the time. When it seemed

as if they must all have arrived, out into the yard rushed old Mrs. Pussy Cat's three kittens, every one of them crying and wailing as if their hearts were broken.

"We all supposed they had gotten into some trouble in the house, and so didn't pay any attention to their tears, even when they kept walking around the yard, moaning and howling, while the mice were gathered in the granary waiting until it should be time to go to the pantry, where they intended to hold the meeting.



Mr. Thomas Cat Weeping.

"After the three kittens had walked round, and round, and round without anybody's speaking to them, old Mr. Thomas Cat came out of the yard, sat down, and began to cry until the tears made a regular puddle in front of him.

"Then of course we all wanted to know what the matter was, because we knew that Mrs. Man

couldn't have been whipping Mr. Thomas, and Mamma Speckle asked him right out :

“ ‘What is worrying you so terribly, Mr. Thomas ?’

“ ‘Mrs. Pussy Cat must be dead ! Mrs. Pussy Cat must be dead !’ he cried, and the three kittens began dancing around him, all saying the same thing.

“ It seemed surprising to me that Mrs. Pussy Cat should have died without our knowing that she had even been sick ; but they all felt so badly, that you couldn't help believing it was true, and the mice set about having a regular rejoicing. They danced, and sang, and told what they would do now that Mrs. Pussy Cat was dead. You see they wasn't afraid of Mr. Thomas Cat because he didn't belong in the house, being the stable cat, and so wouldn't have a chance to interfere with the meeting.

“ They hadn't intended to go into the pantry until after dark ; but just as soon as the news was spread that Mrs. Cat was dead, in they started, one at a time, or two together, or some old mouse dragging her children with her, until it did really seem as if the farm-house would be overrun.

“ Mamma Speckle and I stood just as near the

kitchen door as we dared, and wondering whether, even if Mrs. Cat was dead, how so many mice could get into the house without being seen by some of Mr. Man's family, when out came a pert young rat, who had claimed a right to be there on



Going to the Convention.

the ground that small rats are the same as big mice. He came running out of the house with a slice of cheese in his paws, shouting:

“ ‘ See what I got out of the pantry ! See what I got out of the pantry ! The old cat must be dead as a stone ! ’ ”

“ Of course, after that there was no longer any

question about Mrs. Pussy Cat's being dead, for if there had been the least little bit of life left in her body, Mr. Rat never would have lived to bring that cheese away.

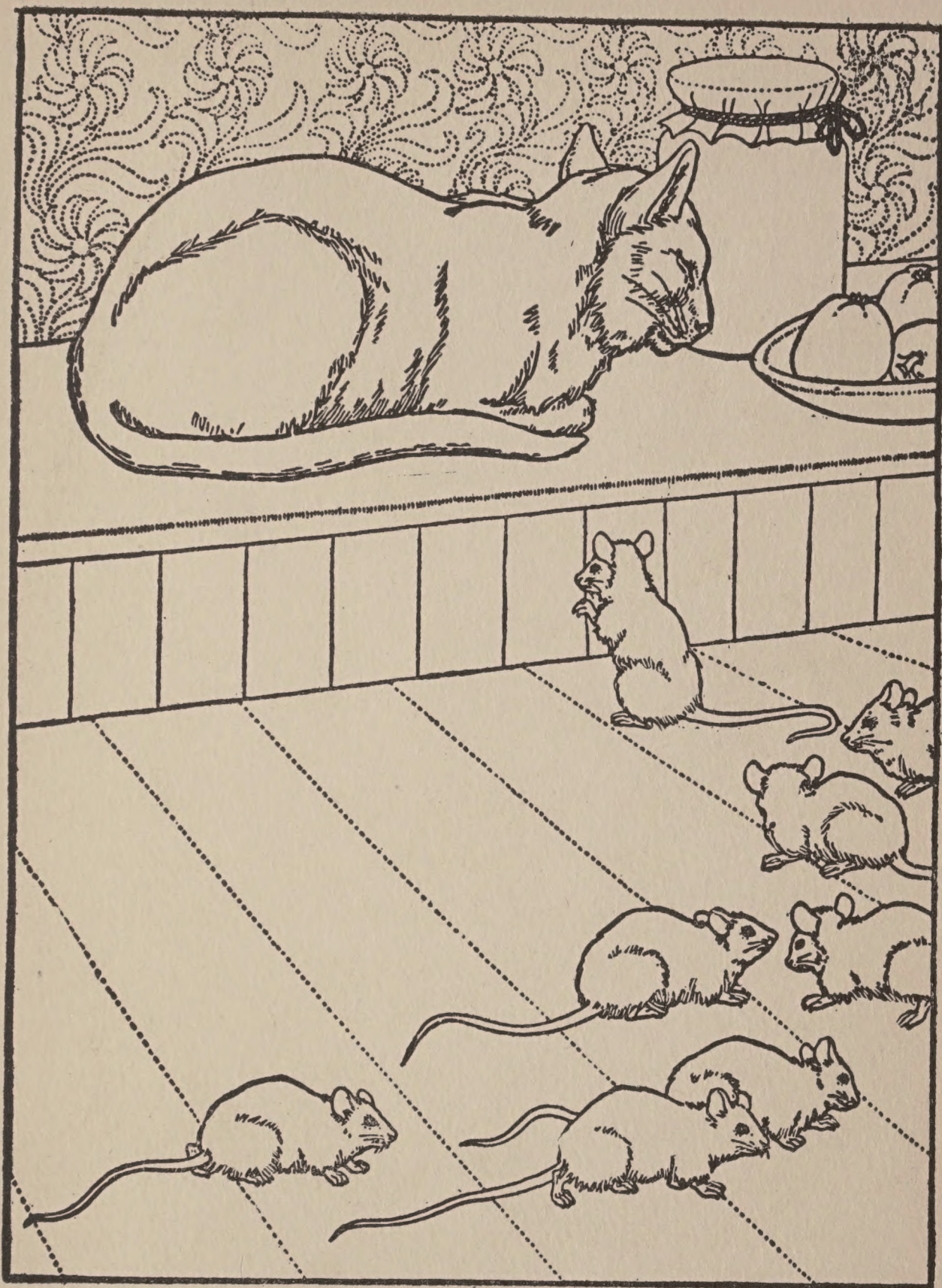


Young Mr. Rat.

“It seemed as if the mice didn't pay any attention to the family on the farm. All they had thought of was Mrs. Pussy Cat. The kittens and Mr. Thomas hadn't seemed to worry

them a bit. They trooped in until I should have thought the pantry would have been regularly packed with them, and I am told that in there they saw Mrs. Pussy Cat sitting on the shelf, looking as if she was asleep; but they were certain of her being dead, because never before had they been able to run anywhere near where she was taking a nap, without arousing her.

“Well, the mice gathered until nobody knows how many there were, climbing all around, and some of them even standing on their hind legs to look at Mrs. Cat.



Mrs. Cat appeared to be asleep as the mice played around her. Page 54.
Quacky Duck.

“I don't know how long they capered around there, with old Mrs. Cat acting as if she hadn't any life in her, although I am told she wasn't stretched out as a dead animal should be, and then suddenly the members of the convention found that she was very much alive. She made one spring and landed near the door, and then she had them penned in, for there was no other way to get out of the pantry.

“Dear me, dear me, how the mice were killed that night! I saw with my own eyes Mrs. Man and one of the maids sweep the bodies out of the house as if they had been so many flies, and those who were left alive must have come to believe the same as did little Mr. Spring Rooster, that it isn't safe to go very much where there is a chance of getting into trouble.

THE UNFORTUNATE ROOSTER.

“Is that another story?” your Aunt Amy asked, and Quacky replied:

“Yes, I suppose you might call it that, although it's nothing more than the telling of how a foolish spring chicken was killed by his brother. They were both young roosters of Mamma Speckle's

hatching, and had just come to that age where they wanted to meddle with things which didn't concern them, simply for the sake of finding out what might happen. Now, just outside the yard, near the shed, was a chopping-block, and on it an axe.

“These two foolish chickens walked over there, saw some blood and feathers near-by, and one of them began to cry, as he said :

“‘Look, Cocky, here is where some of our family have been killed, and most likely that is the very axe which was used in the murder!’

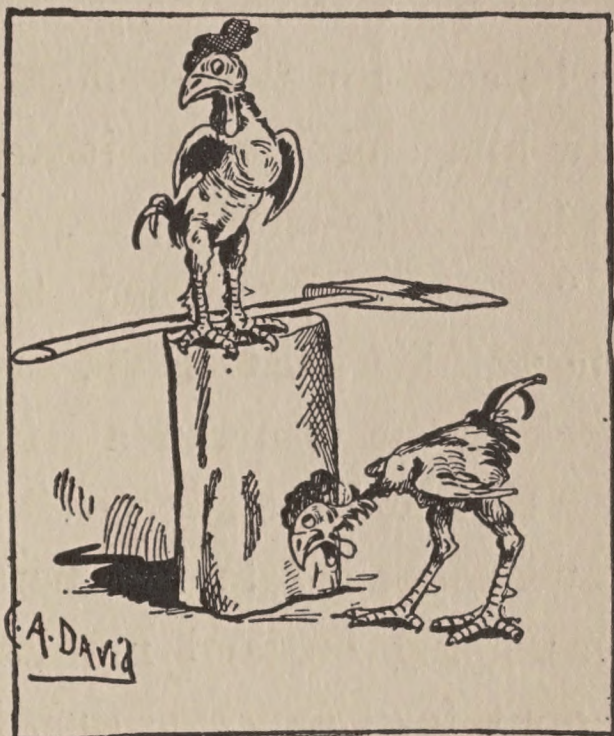
“Now Cocky was one of those chickens who never could be satisfied with letting well enough alone, and he always wanted to make sport of somebody. So when his brother began to cry, he jumped up on the block, put one foot on the axe-handle, and said :

“‘I want you to understand, Chicky, that I ain't afraid to be around where some of my family have been killed. Mr. Man can't catch me and chop my head off, and I am going to tell him so!’

“Then Cocky began to crow, and the more noise he made the bolder he got, until he danced all over the block, while his brother was still looking at the blood and feathers, and before either of

them knew what had happened, Cocky knocked the axe down in such a way that the sharp edge of it came right across Chicky's neck, cutting his head clean off.

“Now, as I said before, that isn't any story ; but it goes to show that there is no good reason for making a fool of yourself in a place of danger, and that it isn't sensible to try to make out that you ain't afraid of what you know can do you a great deal of harm. I never saw anything of the kind turn out well, except once, and that was when Mr. Man's eldest boy came home from college last summer.



Not Afraid of Mr. Man.

SURPRISING THE BULL.

“Sam was the boy's name, and I often think that Tommy will grow up a good deal like him. When he came home from college you would have

thought he never saw a farm before. He wouldn't have milked one of the cows if he had died of thirst, and he strutted around the place bare-headed, wearing a red sweater. He couldn't do any work, oh no, he had got too far along for that! So he used to walk a good deal, taking exercise, as he called it, till one day old Mr. Nero, the bull, saw him, and thought it was about time for him to take some exercise too.

"That red sweater just about set him crazy. He put his head down, swung his tail over his back in the shape of a letter S, and started for Mr. Sam and the sweater.

"I happened to be where I could see all that was going on, and my heart was right in my mouth, for I expected that boy would be torn to pieces; but what do you suppose he did? Instead of running away from Mr. Nero, same as everybody else does, he braced himself on his hands, with his knees bent, his head down, and the greatest amount of hair you ever saw, falling over his face for all the world like one of Mrs. Man's mops. I couldn't make out what he was doing.

"Mr. Nero was puzzled almost as much as I was, for he came down at full speed until he got close to Mr. Sam, and then he stopped short,

pawing the ground as he asked in the greatest surprise :

“ ‘What in the name of goodness are you?’

“ And Sam said, still keeping his head down as if he was going to butt Mr. Nero right off the earth :

“ ‘I am the center rush on the college foot-ball team, and you came near getting five yards for offside play. Come on! What are you waiting for?’

“ Mr. Nero looked at Mr. Sam and his red sweater for a moment, and sighed as he said :



Waiting for Mr. Nero.

“ ‘I couldn't think of having any trouble with you, never mind what colors you are wearing.’

“ ‘Why?’ Mr. Sam asked, as he shook the hair back out of his eyes. ‘Are you afraid?’

“ ‘Not at all,’ Mr. Nero said, as he turned slowly around ; ‘but I never could have it in my

heart to hurt a calf,' and off he walked, leaving Mr. Sam feeling just about as foolish as my sister did when Mr. Rooster robbed her.

A DISHONEST ROOSTER.

"Tell me about it," your Aunt Amy said, knowing full well that Quacky Duck had a new story in mind.

"It happened before I was born; but I have heard it so many times that it seems almost as if I had been there," Quacky Duck said after a short pause. "You see my sister once found a very beautiful ring in the straw, and old Mrs. Gray Goose, who knew her well, says that she grew to be so proud of it as to make all the rest of the fowls in the yard very tired, although I can't think that is just true. I suppose of course she might have talked a good deal about it, as would be only natural, and perhaps it did get wearisome to the others. Finally she said to Mrs. Gray Goose:

" 'I have had enough of this low kind of company, and from this out I intend to move in better society. I shall pick my friends from

among the very best blooded chickens in the country.'

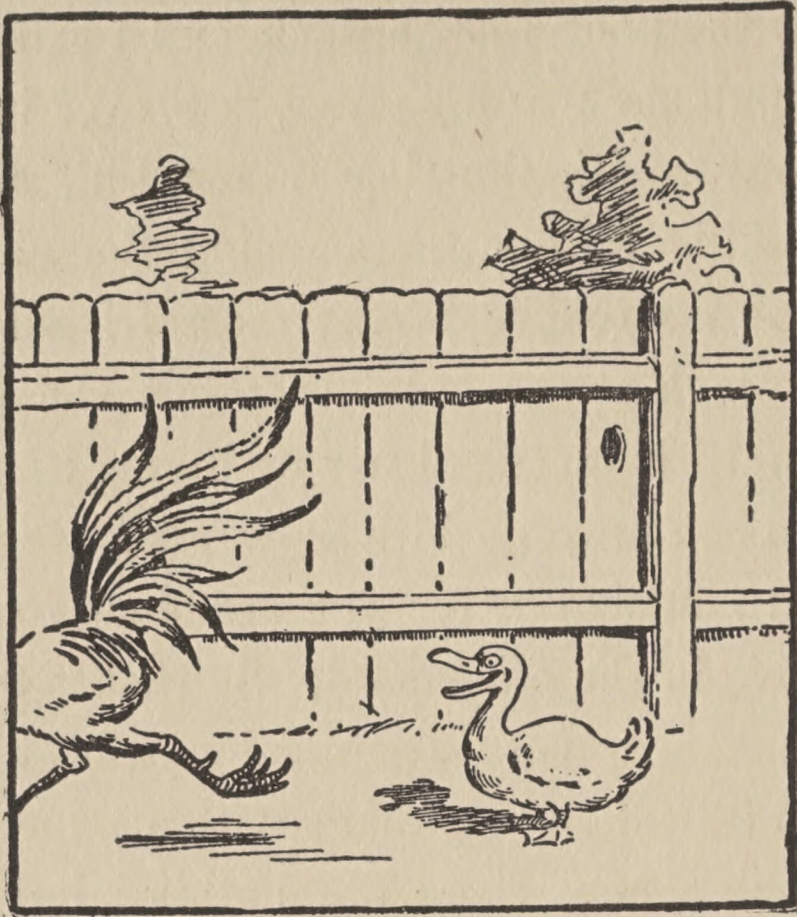
"Then the poor, foolish duck, and I call her so even though she was my sister, flew over into the chicken-yard, with the ring in her bill, and the finest looking rooster there, seeing the glittering gold, came up to her in the most friendly way, asking to look at the ornament; but she held it tightly, until he flattered her by saying :

" ' You can have no idea how glad we are to have you come over, for you are much too fine a bird to live in the other yard. So that is the ring you found? A very beautiful one, isn't it? I hope you intend to stay here with us, instead of going back where there are nothing but geese, turkeys and ducks.'

"My sister was puffed way up when Mr. Rooster said this, according to the way Mrs. Gray Goose tells the story, and opened her mouth to tell him just why she had come, when, of course, the ring fell out, which, as I think of it now, must have been just what Mr. Rooster wanted, for he picked it up, and ran off as fast as his legs could carry him.

"It was no use for my sister to chase him, for that duck was never born who could run as fast

as a rooster ; but she went back into the barn-yard, believing, as did the butterflies, that the very



Mrs. Duck is Robbed.

wisest thing for any person to do, is to stay with their kind, and not struggle to get into what some may think is good society.

THE FOOLISH BUTTERFLIES.

“Did the butterflies ever try to go into good society?” your Aunt Amy asked, and Quacky said with what was very like a smile :

“Yes, and when you look at it in one way, they

did get into society, a good deal deeper than they expected.

“It happened right here on this farm, so I know all about it. One day last summer, I think it was, Mamma Speckle and I saw the most beautiful pair of butterflies that ever were born, come up from the edge of the pond. One was white as snow, with tiny spots of gold on her wings, and the other, a big black fellow, had a band of silver on both sides of him. I thought I had seen handsome butterflies; but never anything to compare with them, and every fowl on the place was talking about the pretty creatures, hoping they might come down into the barn-yard where we could have a better chance to see them.

“But no, they were a good deal like my sister, and had made up their minds that they were far too elegant to associate with common butterflies. Nothing would do but that they must get into the company of the swallows, and so over toward the house the two beauties went. Now you know that we have plenty of swallows on this farm, and in the cherry tree you can see more than anywhere else. There the butterflies went, and found Mrs. Swallow taking care of a nest of babies, so they stopped to ask her about the neighborhood,

and such questions as that, until she found out just what they wanted.

“ ‘Don't you think you had better stay with the other butterflies?’ she asked. ‘It mightn't be altogether safe to live here where are so many birds.’

“No, the butterflies wouldn't have anything like that, and even began to talk of building a nest, when down came Mr. Swallow and five or six of his friends, full speed, having got a glimpse of the beautiful strangers.

“Mr. Swallow didn't wait to ask why the butterflies had come there; he had an idea that because of their beauty they might taste unusually good, and at them he went, with his mouth wide open.

“Now do you know those foolish butterflies never mistrusted what he was about until they found themselves in the bird's mouth. Then they were in good society, and considerably deeper, I venture to say, than was agreeable. My belief is, that if you do what you know to be right, and try to help those around you, you will get into just as good society as you deserve,” Quacky Duck said sagely. “In this world a great deal depends upon how we behave.



The swallows looking for their dinner. Page 64.

Quacky Duck.

THE FOOLISH PEACOCK.

“And there's another thing I have noticed,” Quacky said, as if she had had great experience in the world. “Those who try to help themselves, are helped more often by others. Now here is a story that Mrs. Gray Goose tells, and it seems to me as if it bears out what I have just said.

“There was once a young Peacock, who went out visiting and saw some fine birds spreading their tails, and strutting around in the sunshine. He wasn't old enough to have such fine feathers; but never stopped to think of that. Home he ran to his mother, and said with tears in his eyes:



The Envy of Young Mr. Peacock.

“ ‘It's good-bye now, for I am going up to the

house to tell the cook he had better chop my head off, and put me in the pot to boil.'

" 'Now what do you mean by such foolishness as that?' Mrs. Peacock asked angrily, and he said mournfully :

" 'I went over to the other farm this morning, and there I saw peacocks with great tails like fans. They spread them open in the sun, and the eyes on the feathers glistened beautifully. I tried to spread my tail; but found I hadn't any. I don't look any better than you do.'

" Dear me, but Mrs. Peacock was angry when her son said that.

" 'You don't look any better than I?' she cried. 'Well, how much better do you want to look?'

" 'I want to look like the birds I saw, and have a great tail like theirs,' young Mr. Peacock sobbed. 'I am ashamed of myself, and now I am going to tell the cook to kill me.'

" Mrs. Peacock didn't spend any time with that foolish young bird; but boxed his ears soundly, after which she said to him :

" 'You begin scratching for worms, that is your business in this world, and the tail will take care of itself.'

" Well, young Mr. Peacock didn't dare do any.

thing else but what his mother told him, and after a while he got so interested in worms that he forgot all about tails, and never thought of them again for as much as a year, when he went over to the next farm once more. Then, just as soon as he showed himself, all the other peacocks cried:

“‘What a beauty! What a beauty! Here comes the handsomest tail that was ever seen!’”

“You must understand that while he was attending to his business, the tail had kept right on growing, and it shows, as I look as it, that if you leave off wishing for what other people have got, and look strictly to your own affairs, the chances are that you will get exactly what you want, or, at least, come a good deal nearer it than if you spent your time worrying about what can't be mended.”

“Very true,” your Aunt Amy said, and just at that moment Sonny Bunny Rabbit ran across the path as if in a desperate hurry.

“There he goes again!” Quacky Duck cried, stretching her neck out that she might the more plainly see in which direction he went.

WHEN SONNY BUNNY WALKED IN THE
MOONLIGHT.

“Why do you say ‘again’?” your Aunt Amy asked. “Does he often come this way?”

“He has been around here a good deal lately,” Quacky said, stepping here and there as if to see more plainly, “and I know very well why he comes.”

“It is Sonny Bunny Rabbit, isn't it?” your Aunt Amy asked.

“Yes indeed; old Bunny Rabbit's child, and if his mother knew where he was spending his time, it's my opinion there would be trouble.”

“He isn't doing anything wrong, is he?” your Aunt Amy asked.

“No,” Quacky Duck said hesitatingly. “Of course it isn't wrong; but the way I look at it, he's spending altogether too much of his time with that foolish Miss Rabbit who lives near the swamp. Every afternoon at about this hour, he flies across here as though he hadn't a minute to spare, and then, if you watch out, you'll see him parading up and down around the pond, as I did the other night. What do you suppose? The moon was just coming out when I looked through the duck-

house window, and saw that same Sonny Bunny holding little Miss Rabbit's paws, the pair of them walking down the path as if they were the only two rabbits in all this world."



Sunny Bunny Out for a Walk.

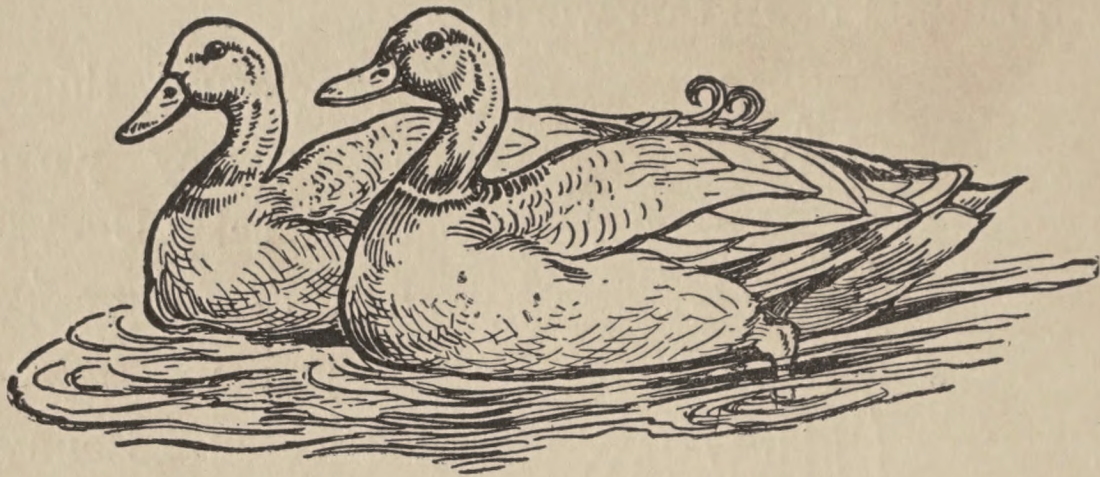
"One could think from the way you speak, Quacky Duck," your Aunt Amy said, "that you were provoked because Sonny Bunny walked in the moonlight with Miss Rabbit."

"It don't concern me," and Quacky spoke quite sharply. "Only of course I want to know what is going on

around the farm, and I do think that if those two foolish rabbits must walk together every afternoon of their lives, the best thing they could do would be to keep out of sight. Now—"

Just at this moment young Mr. Drake came sailing slowly up the pond, quacking in a most plaintive tone, as if calling some one, when straightway Quacky looked confused.

“I guess I had better be going now,” she said hurriedly. “I have kept you too long already, and you must be tired.”



Mr. Drake and Quacky Duck Out for a Sail.

Then, without waiting for a reply, she hastened down to the pond, and your Aunt Amy, walking slowly back to her home, could not but smile as she thought of how angry the duck had been because Sonny Bunny and Miss Rabbit walked out together, when, were any one to pass that way just then, he could have seen Quacky and young Mr. Drake swimming away together in the most affectionate manner possible.

THE END.

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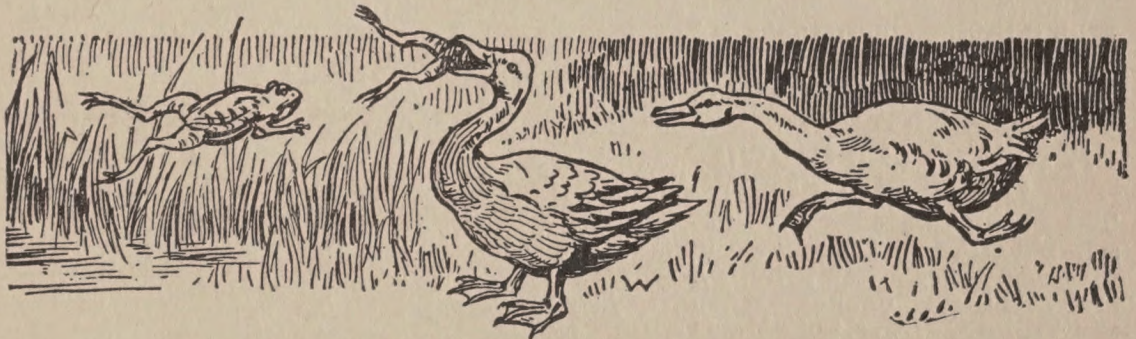
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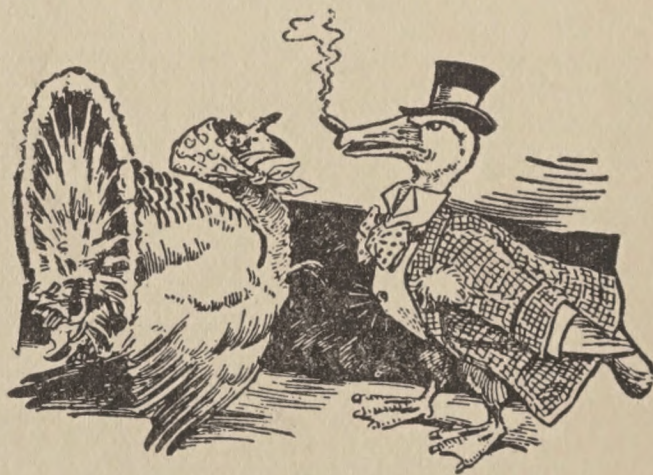
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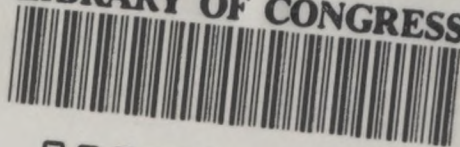


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