Polly Cologne

J. S. KIRSHEN

ABBY MORTON DIAZ

POLLY COLOGNE

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BY

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"WILLIAM HENRY AND HIS FRIENDS"

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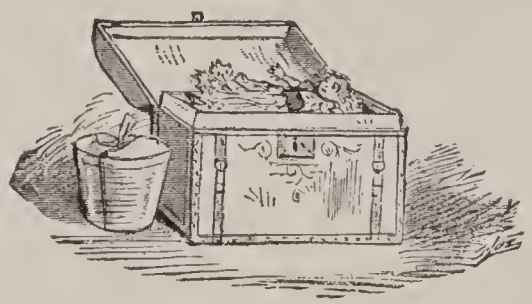

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INTRODUCTION

" Polly Cologne " was a rag doll no taller than a slate pencil and much beloved by Annetta Plummer. One day she disappeared, and that same day Rover went away, too. So, you see, " Polly Cologne " is not only the story of a lost doll and lost dog, but a mystery story as well.

Many were the people, young and old, who had to do with Polly Cologne before her little mistress saw her again. As for Rover — well, you must read the book. In talking about a mystery story one must be very careful not to give away the plot.

At the time " Polly Cologne " was written, there were no automobiles, no radios, no moving pictures, and people seemed to have lots of time to do things for children, and with children. Ever so many people had time to help find a lost doll.

In her lifetime, Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, who wrote the story, must have had much the same fascination for children that some of her people have in " Polly Cologne." I know that her grandchildren

delighted in her, because one of them has often told me so. In " Polly Cologne ", too, Mrs. Diaz was picturing what children and grown-ups did in her childhood home town of Plymouth. As a little girl she was Abby Morton. She was born in 1820 — that was forty-five years before President Lincoln freed the slaves. It was eleven years before the first railroad. Indeed, when Abby Morton was twelve years old she used to come up to Boston to Abolitionist meetings with her father in a sailboat. And in Plymouth she and some other friends of hers belonged to an Anti-Slavery Society and went without butter in order to save money to contribute to the cause.

Her father was a ship-builder, but she heard a great deal of talk from him not only about the evils of slavery, but also about education and schools, and temperance. She heard much about the early beginnings of New England. Their home stood on land granted to her great-great-great-grandfather George Morton, one of the very first Pilgrims. She knew that this grandfather, three times great, had written the first book on The Massachusetts Bay

Colony " Mourt's Relation ", and that her great-great-great-uncle Nathaniel had been the secretary of the Colony for forty years.

Although she was interested in serious things as a girl, she was merry and gay as well. She knew more old ballads than any one else in town, and she had a singing school in her father's kitchen. She could dance, too. She danced so well, in fact, and knew so many quadrilles and country dances, that she taught children and grown-ups to dance. Sometimes the dancing classes were in the wood-room of the village schoolhouse; sometimes in an old foundry built over a brook, with lanterns hung from the beams. If she didn't have a fiddler, Abby Morton could sing for the stepping, calling the directions as she sang.

She wrote plays and dialogues for all festive occasions and helped the children produce them. She planned all the good times, and was famous for her originality in Christmas parties and summer picnics. She had skill in useful ways, too, and in later years she made all her own boys' clothes — suits, caps, overcoats, — all except shoes. She

also picked up a knowledge of nursing and came to be much sought by doctors.

When she was a girl of sixteen or seventeen her father took her with him to live at Brook Farm. Brook Farm was a famous effort to find a simpler, happier way of life. It was in Hawthorne's time, and the region was a part of the present West Roxbury. There Abby Morton met the young Spanish gentleman from Cuba, Mr. Diaz. They fell in love and were married.

Later, when she had her children to care for and support alone, she drew upon all her accomplishments, but most of all, teaching — public schools, private schools, and dancing schools, — and she began to write at the encouragement of her cousin, although modestly doubtful of her own ability. She would write a story and then take it over to her cousins next door, saying, " Listen. What do you think of this? " Her first story she sold to the Atlantic Monthly.

Besides all these interests, she worked for votes for women when it was hard to do so and when it made a person unpopular. She helped to form a

society to aid women at a time when machinery was just beginning and when things that women had made in their homes were being manufactured swiftly and in quantity in factories, so that women had to find other kinds of work. This society was the Women's Educational and Industrial Union in Boston, the first of its kind in the world, and Mrs. Diaz was its second President for twelve years.

During these years she did much public speaking, going north and south and as far west as St. Paul. In the last week of her life, when she was eighty-four years old, she went to Portland alone and gave a lecture.

One cold winter day Mrs. Diaz came in to a committee meeting at the Union. She lived then on a steep hill in Belmont.

"How," asked her friends, "did you get down your hill?"

"Oh, very easily," said Mrs. Diaz. "I came down on my tippet.[1] I laid it down on the ice and walked to the end of it. Picked it up, laid it down again, walked to the end of it, and so on down the hill."

[1] Her tippet was a woolen scarf.

Wasn't the author of " Polly Cologne " an interesting person? She had all household skills. She could be an intelligent citizen. She could speak brilliantly. She could write delightfully. She could sing, she could dance. She was kind as the kindest in " Polly Cologne ", and she was witty, merry, and gay.

All her life Mrs. Diaz was the " Light Princess." Nothing could dim her joy or daunt her courage — she had wings of buoyancy, " Light of spirit by her charms, Light of body every part." [2]

If she were able to step briskly and lightly across Boylston Street once more into the Union, perhaps she would feel that the bookshop for young people — new since her day — had something of the spirit with which she was herself surrounded, and possibly no spot would give her greater amusement and pleasure than the little colonial house in the Gardens' corner of the bookshop where the two dolls Alice-Heidi and Wendy live, — rag dolls, even as " Polly Cologne."

BERTHA E. MAHONY

[2] I know I've taken a slight liberty with George Macdonald.

POLLY COLOGNE

POLLY COLOGNE.

CHAPTER I.

A CATECHISM.

Question. Who was Polly Cologne?

Answer. A rag baby. She began her life as a rag baby, and never was anything else.

Q. Where was the home of Polly Cologne?

A. The home of Polly Cologne was with the Plummer family, in the Land of Ease, in a cottage called Prairie Rose Cottage.

POLLY COLOGNE.

Q. Was Polly uncommon of her kind?

A. She was.

Q. In what ways was she uncommon of her kind?

A. She had feet; and light-colored floss-silk hair, which seemed like real hair; and pink cheeks; and blue eyes; and a rosebud mouth, and a pleasing smile. The hair of the other rag babies of the baby-house was stocking ravelings, and their eyes, noses, and mouths were done with charcoal, and they had to stand on their stiff petticoats, for they were without feet, excepting, of course, Joey Moonbeam, who was half a yard tall and had a face as big round as a pint bowl.

Q. What was the size of Polly Cologne?

A. She was the smallest of them all, not being any taller than a slate-pencil.

Q. Of what size were the others?

A. Of different sizes; smaller than Joey, larger than Polly.

Q. Tell their names.

A. Their names were, Dorothy Beeswax, Jenny Popover, Susan Sugarspoon, Betsey Ginger, and Eudora N. Posy. N. stands for Nightingale. Not

one of these was so dear to the heart of Annetta Plummer as Polly Cologne.

Q. Was Annetta Plummer the girl who kept the baby-house?

A. She was.

Q. What was her age?

ANNETTA PLUMMER'S BABY-HOUSE.

A. She was seven years old on that very birthday party of hers when Polly Cologne was lost.

Q. How was Polly lost?

A. There was a birthday party of little girls. They were playing supper in the orchard. Polly

was allowed to come to table because she was the baby of the baby-house. She was dressed for the party in white gauze made over pink, and wore a locket, and wore a string of beads in her hair. Every one at table wanted to hold Polly. While they were passing her from one to the other, fondling her, patting, petting, stroking, kissing, squeezing, and praising her, something happened to her quite strange and sad.

THE THING SO STRANGE AND SAD.

Q. What was this thing so strange and sad?

A. Rover, the Jimmyjohns' playful little dog, caught her in his mouth, ran across the fields into the woods, and came back without her.

Q. What did Rover do with her?

A. Nobody knew whether he dropped her in the brook, buried her up like a bone, or what became of her. Mr. Plummer and others searched in vain for her that day and the next, and the next.

Q. Was Rover punished?

A. He was not; but people shamed him so much that at last whenever the subject was mentioned he would drop his tail and slink into a corner. On the day he was lost, this happened several times.

Q. Was Rover lost also?

A. He was.

Q. In what way?

A. Annetta showed him an apron that Polly Cologne had worn — a bib apron with pockets — and pointed to the outside door, and said, " Go find her! Don't come back till you find her! " Rover took it in his mouth, darted away, and — did not come back. They searched, and found the apron caught in a bramble-bush, but Rover, nowhere.

"GO FIND HER!"

Q. What more can you tell of Rover and Polly Cologne?

A. Their loss was much talked of in the Plummer family. When any one of them was late home, the others would ask, " Have you found Polly? " or " You haven't Polly in your pocket, have you? " If

any stayed very late indeed, it would be said: " Why, they must have gone to find Polly! " Almost every day the Jimmyjohns went somewhere to look for her. Often when they were running along the road, people meeting them, or seeing them from windows, would say, " There go the little Jimmyjohns to look for Polly Cologne."

Q. Who were the Jimmyjohns?

A. Small young twins, Jimmy and Johnny Plummer.

Q. Of what age were they at the time of the loss of Polly Cologne?

A. Nearly five years.

Q. Describe them.

A. They had chubby cheeks, puggy noses, bright black eyes, and dark hair. They were just of a size, were always together, were always dressed just alike, and did the same things, and looked so much alike that people could not tell them apart. They were called the *Jimmyjohns,* even by their own family.

Q. How were they dressed?

A. In frocks, short trousers, long stockings, but-

ton boots, belts, hats with turned-up rims, and narrow neckties.

Q. Could each boy tell his own clothes?

A. He could.

Q. In what way?

MR. TOMPKINS, THE LOBSTER MAN.

A. By blue-flannel peppermints sewed on the inside of Jimmy's clothes, and red-flannel peppermints sewed on the inside of Johnny's.

Q. Could the twins' mother tell the boys apart?

A. The twins' mother, Mrs. Plummer, found it so

hard to tell the boys apart that she made a blue dot at each end of Jimmy's neckties, and a red dot at each end of Johnny's.

JOSEPHUS, THE BABY.

Q. Were the twins fond of each other?

A. They were. They seemed to feel alike as much as they looked alike. They never quarrelled. If one got hurt, the other cried; and whatever good things one had given him, the other had half. What one liked to do, the other liked to do; where one wanted to go, the other wanted to go. All the people around there were interested in the Jimmy-johns. Mr. Tompkins, the little Lobster Man, almost every time he came, gave them some of the *feelers* of his lobsters to give Annetta to cut up into red beads for a necklace for Polly when she should be brought back; and sometimes a small lobster for themselves, though, of course, they gave Annetta some, and let Josephus, the baby, have a claw to

suck. As for the Funny Man, he liked nothing better than to talk soberly with them about Polly, and tell them of places where she might perhaps be found. Poor little fellows! Many a weary search they had in fields and woods and along the edges of brooks and ponds; and many a tear they shed for Rover, their cunning little Rover! After Rover was lost they were given a very little dog named Snip; but Snip ate something from Effie's arm-basket and had a sickness and died, though the Funny Man did his best to cure him.

THE FUNNY MAN.

Q. Who was Effie?

A. Annetta's little sister, three years old. She liked to carry a basket on her arm.

Q. Who was the Funny Man?

A. The Funny Man was an umbrella-mender.

Q. Why was the Funny Man called the Funny Man?

A. The Funny Man was called the Funny Man because he was funny.

THE FUNNY MAN'S HOUSE.

Q. Did he dwell in the Land of Ease?

A. He dwelt in the Land of Ease, a little way from the houses, in a wild pasture land.

Q. Had he a family?

A. He had not. He lived by himself in a hut upon a level place in the pastures.

Q. Describe the place.

A. All around grew pasture grasses, bayberry bushes, sweet-fern, and everlasting. In the autumn it was purple and yellow with wild asters and golden-rod. There was an old umbrella nailed to the ridge-pole of the hut, as a sign of the Funny Man's business.

Q. What is a ridgepole?

A. The answer to that is in the dictionary.

Q. Had the Funny Man any other business besides mending umbrellas?

A. Yes. He took sick animals to cure, and he made bayberry tallow from bayberries.

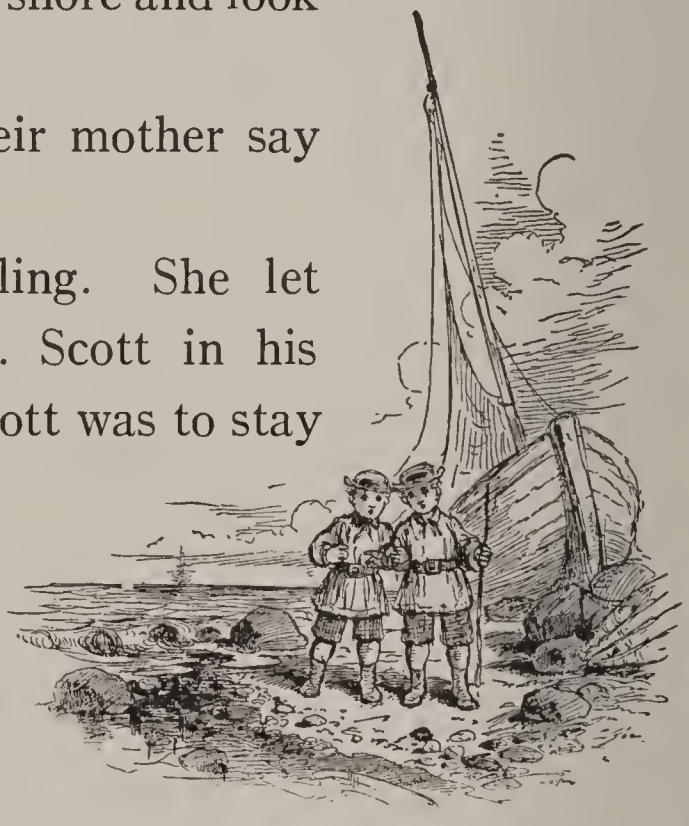
Q. Can you tell something more of the Funny Man?

A. He was quite tall, and he had blue eyes, and a long nose, and a smiling face, and light curly hair. He liked to talk with the Jimmyjohns. After Polly Cologne was lost, he sent them to look for her in curious places. He asked them sometimes: "Do you think Rover buried her up, as he buries up

bones? Do you think he dropped her in the brook? If he dropped her in the brook, do you think she floated down to the salt water? If she floated off in the salt water, do you think she was washed ashore on the rocks?" One morning he told them they had better go to the shore and look on the rocks.

Q. What did their mother say to this?

A. She was willing. She let them go with Mr. Scott in his horse-cart. Mr. Scott was to stay a long time, drawing up seaweed and piling it in piles. While he was drawing up seaweed, the Jimmyjohns ran far along the shore, looking for Polly Cologne, and met the Lobster Man, and had some curious adventures with a man of the name of Goram — Mr. Jabez Goram, the *old* gentleman, as he was called, to dis-



LOOKING FOR POLLY COLOGNE.

tinguish him from young Mr. Jabez Goram, his son.

This is the end of the Catechism. All who have learned it, and who care to hear of the adventures of the Jimmyjohns in trying to find Polly Cologne, and of the reward offered for finding her, and to hear who did find her, and how she went on her travels, and of the different people she stayed with, and how she came back, and when she came, and what happened to Rover, and how he came back, and when he came back, are invited to listen.

JOHNNY IN TROUBLE.

CHAPTER II.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE JIMMYJOHNS WITH MR. GORAM.

THE Jimmyjohns ran far along the shore, looking among the rocks for Polly Cologne. Presently they saw Mr. Tompkins, the Lobster Man, still farther on, and ran towards him.

The Lobster Man asked them how they came so far from home, and which was Jimmy and which was Johnny, and then he shut his eyes and let them change about, and tried in vain to tell which was which, and asked them how they knew themselves apart; and they showed the flannel peppermints of blue and red. People liked to make them do this.

JIMMY ON THE WAY TO THE WIDOW SIMMONS'.

All at once the Lobster Man exclaimed, " You are the very boys to do my errand! I want you to carry two lobsters up to the Widow Simmons. Will you go? "

They said, " We don't know where she lives."

The Lobster Man pointed to a path leading up a steep cliff. " Go up that path," said he, " and you will see a road: walk along that road and you will come to a white house with green blinds. That is

not the Widow Simmons' house. Mr. Goram lives there; Mr. Jabez Goram, the old gentleman. Pass by the white house with green blinds and go on to the next one; a small red house. That's the Widow Simmons'. Tell her I am coming there to dinner."

THE WOMAN WITH THE INFLUENZA.

The Jimmies took each a lobster and went up the narrow path and walked along the road at the top. When they had nearly reached the white house with green blinds, Johnny sat down to empty the sand out of his shoes, and Jimmy took Johnny's lobster and said he would be walking along slow.

Now as Jimmy was passing the white house with green blinds, he heard a knocking. He looked up and saw that the back-porch door was open a crack, and saw a woman's hand and arm beckoning to him through the crack. He laid his

lobsters down behind a rock, in the grass, and ran to see what the woman might want.

The door was open just wide enough to show her face. She had a nightcap on, and a small flannel blanket over the nightcap, and she held her shawl to her mouth. Said this woman to Jimmy, speaking from behind her shawl:

" I am almost sick with the influenza. I want a few sound apples to make me a cooling drink; won't you run to the apple-tree in the field yonder and fetch me three or four? If you can't reach up, take a stick; and if you see my white rabbit anywhere," said she, " catch him før me and I will give you a doughnut; but don't go looking for him," said she, " till you've fetched the apples."

Jimmy ran to the field, picked up a stick, and was just knocking off the second apple, when there came a man out from the corn-crib; a large, broad-shouldered, elderly man with no coat on. His face was round and rosy; he had frizzly hair, and he wore a felt hat — a black one. It was Mr. Goram, Mr. Jabez Goram, the *old* gentleman.

Mr. Goram walked slowly up to Jimmy, took him

by the hand, and led him gently to the corn-crib; and as he led him gently to the corn-crib he said to him with a pleasant smile, " I never hurt little boys who come to take my apples; I do not like to hurt little boys. But little boys who take apples must be punished in some way; and so," said Mr. Goram, pushing Jimmy into the corn-crib, " I shut up little boys."

Jimmy began to cry, and as the door closed he went to a big knot-hole in it and sobbed out, " The woman — in — that house — told me to! "

MR. JABEZ GORAM, THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

" What house are you speaking of? " asked Mr. Goram mildly.

" That white one," said Jimmy.

" Little boy," said Mr. Goram in the same pleasant tone, " the woman in that house is my wife. I left her on the bed, sick with influenza. It is not likely that a woman sick in bed with influenza should have sent a little boy here for ap-

ples. I will leave you alone awhile. It will not hurt you. I never hurt little boys." He then fastened the door with the hook and walked away to the barn.

You will remember that Johnny stayed behind to empty the sand from his shoes. He did this, and was about to put them on, when a white rabbit hopped past on the other side of the road. He dropped his shoes by a fence-post and ran to catch the rabbit. It led him a long chase, for every time that he was just going to put his hand on it, it sprang forward.

MRS. GORAM'S WHITE RABBIT.

He gave up at last, and went back to get his shoes. He had forgotten which was the right fence-post, and it took him some time to find it, but he did find it, and put on his shoes and ran to catch Jimmy.

As he was passing the white house with green blinds he heard a knocking. He looked towards the house and saw that the back-porch door was open a crack, and saw a woman's hand and arm beckoning to him through the crack, and ran up to see what she might want; a tall, thin woman she seemed to

be. She had a nightcap on, and a small flannel blanket over the night-cap, and she held her shawl to her mouth. The woman thought Johnny was the boy she had sent for the apples.

AT THE FUNNY MAN'S HOUSE.

"Have you got me any apples?" she asked, speaking behind her shawl.

"No, ma'am," said Johnny.

" Oh, I know what *you've* been doing! " said the woman. " You've been hunting the rabbit."

" Yes, ma'am," said Johnny.

" Oh, you have, have you? When I told you I wanted the apples first! But did you find him? "

" Yes, ma'am," said Johnny. " He hopped off down that road." And he pointed towards the shore.

" O dear! " said the woman. " He'll get away! Do run and turn him back! Run quick! "

As Johnny ran towards the shore, he saw the rabbit springing across a field in the direction of a barn. He ran across another field, and came out close to the barn and ahead of the rabbit. He started to catch the rabbit, when there came from behind the barn a large, broad-shoulderd, elderly man, with no coat on. His face was round and rosy, he had frizzly hair, and he wore a felt hat — a black one. It was Mr. Goram, Mr. Jabez Goram, the *old* gentleman. He thought Johnny was the boy he had shut up in the corn-crib.

" Little boy," he asked, speaking in a mild voice, " who let you out of my corn-crib? "

"I — I wasn't in there," answered Johnny.

"You are a bad little boy to say that to me," said Mr. Goram. "Did I not put you in my corn-crib for taking my apples?"

"No, sir!" cried Johnny, staring at Mr. Goram.

"Very well," said Mr. Goram, "come this way. I never hurt little boys. I don't like to hurt little boys. But naughty boys must be punished, and you are a naughtier boy than I thought you were. If I did not shut you up in my corn-crib, I will shut you up in my barn," said Mr. Goram. And Johnny found himself shut up in the barn.

"When I come home from the cornfield," Mr. Goram called back as he was going away, "I will let you out and talk with you."

Not long after Mr. Goram had gone, Johnny heard something drop suddenly upon the barn floor. It was the cat. She had jumped in at the window.

The barn window was small, and it was pretty high up. Johnny stopped crying, shoved a box under the window, put a peck measure upside down on the box, climbed up to the window, squeezed himself through, let himself down outside, then

crept under some bushes, and then ran along behind a stone wall on the side of a field. The corn-crib was in this field, and presently he heard Jimmy calling from the knot-hole in the door:

"Let me out! Let me out. I — want — to — come — *o-u-t!*"

JOHNNY GETS OUT THE WAY THE CAT GOT IN.

Johnny went to the corn-crib and unhooked the door with the stick that Jimmy began to knock off apples with, and Jimmy came out, and they both ran as fast as they could go across two fields, and then along the road which led from the shore. They were afraid to go back to get the lobsters, lest they might meet Mr. Goram.

The road they were in took them at last into another road, and at a house in this road stood a butcher-cart which went every day past their own house, and the man said they might ride if they did not mind stopping at back doors.

The butcher-cart in going here and there passed near the Funny Man's house, and there was the Funny Man himself sitting in a chair on the broad flat stone that was his door-step, mending umbrellas and telling stories to six or eight boys. The boys sat around him on the ground, each boy under an umbrella that was going to be mended. Two old horses were feeding on a hill near by; a fat one and a lean one. The lean one was lame. There were two or three weak hens stepping around the door, and there was a handsome cat tied to a tree to keep her from running home. The Jimmies got down from the cart and ran to hear stories with the boys. The Funny Man laughed when he saw them coming, and picked out for them a faded umbrella big enough to cover them both. It was immense. Two of its ribs were broken, but that was no matter.

After they had sat down under the umbrella, the

Funny Man said he would offer a reward of a four-bladed jackknife to any one who would bring Polly Cologne to his house safe and sound.

" Earnest? " the boys asked.

" Oh, yes," he said. " I'll cross hands with you! "

They ran up and crossed hands with him, and then he let them go down in his cellar with him to see a large rooster that stood all the time in one spot stiff and straight like a white marble rooster, and would not eat. When they were all seated under the umbrellas again, he told them the story of the cat that hadn't common sense. It is too long to be told now.

THE ROOSTER THAT STOOD STIFF AND STRAIGHT.

Just as the story was ended, there came on a sort of drizzle which was scarcely more than a wet fog; but the boys whispered to each other to ask the Funny Man to lend them the umbrellas to go home with. He knew what they were whispering about, and asked them, " Why don't you borrow some umbrellas to go home with? " at which

the boys were much pleased. Some of them went home three under one umbrella. The Jimmies went under their immense broken one, both taking hold of the handle. The top came down near their heads. When the Plummer family were about to sit down to dinner that noon, Mr. Scott stopped at their gate with a load of seaweed, to ask if the Jimmy-johns had not come up from the shore.

THE FOUR-LEGGED UMBRELLA.

"No, indeed," cried Mrs. Plummer in alarm. "Oh, where can they be?"

Annetta began to cry, and Mr. Plummer ran for his hat. In passing a window he stopped suddenly, looked out for a moment, and said with a smile, "There seems to be a sort of four-legged umbrella moving this way."

Everybody ran to the window, where they saw outside an immense broken umbrella, and underneath it four feet and four legs, stepping towards the house.

They soon came in and told the people all about Mr. Tompkins, the Lobster Man, and the two lobsters, and Mr. Goram and Mr. Goram's wife, and the corn-crib, and the barn, and the meat-cart, and the Funny Man, and the white rooster that stood still, and the cat that hadn't common sense.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Plummer, "that the Widow Simmons did not get her lobsters."

But the Widow Simmons did get her lobsters.

After supper that afternoon, when the Jimmyjohns were playing out in their back yard, an elderly gentleman in a buggy drove up to the gate and stopped. His face was round and rosy, he had frizzly hair, and he wore a felt hat — a black one. It was Mr. Goram, Mr. Jabez Goram, the *old* gentleman. Mr. Goram got slowly out of the buggy, hitched his horse, walked up to the Jimmyjohns and looked at them.

"Little boys," said he, speaking in a mild and

pleasing tone, with a smile on his face, "I am sorry I shut you up. You were not to blame. I made a mistake. I am sorry; very sorry indeed. Mr. Tompkins has told me all about the matter, and you will be glad to know that the Widow Simmons got her lobsters. While Mr. Tompkins was talking with me," said Mr. Goram, "we noticed a dog acting strangely around a rock, and went there and found the lobsters. My wife," continued Mr. Goram, "has sent you the white rabbit to keep for your own." Mr. Goram then took a two-covered basket from the buggy, lifted one cover, and showed the rabbit inside. Mr. and Mrs. Plummer with Josephus and Annetta and the Jimmies all gathered around the basket to look in.

Mr. Goram was asked into the house, and there he held Josephus and sang him the song of John Dobbin, and then he took from his pocket a pasteboard box and opened it. Inside lay two long twisted doughnuts as exactly alike as the twins themselves. "My wife took pains to pick out two exactly alike," said he with a chuckle.

Joey Moonbeam was tied in a high-chair close by, and Mr. Goram talked with Annetta about her in such a way that Annetta ran and brought out Dorothy Beeswax, and Betsey Ginger, and Jenny Popover, and the others; and he seemed so much amused that Mrs. Plummer said perhaps he would like to hear the story of Polly Cologne. Then Annetta told about Polly, and showed him the boxes full of red lobster-beads that were waiting to be her necklace.

JOEY MOONBEAM.

Just as she was finishing her story, Mr. Goram suddenly clasped his hands together and exclaimed, "Why! now isn't this strange? I saw a man!"

The people looked at him wondering what he meant.

"I certainly did meet a man — now this is strange enough!"

The people kept on looking at him.

Said he, "I met a man with a rag baby in his buttonhole! It was about a month ago."

"*Where?*" cried the others with a shout.

THE OLDISH MAN FROM THE CITY.

"In a swamp up in our neighborhood. He had his hands full of things he'd been getting in the woods," said Mr. Goram.

" Just the time she was lost," said Mrs. Plummer.

" I wonder where he lives! " cried Annetta.

" I don't know," said Mr. Goram. " But he is coming again in October to get some blue flowers that he said will be in bloom then on the edge of my pasture, and if I see him I'd just as soon ask him as not what became of that little Polly-Molly."

Mr. Goram went away soon after this, leaving the family in a state of high jollity. Even the neighbors made merry over the news as the talk went from house to house. " Did you know Polly Cologne had been heard from? " " You don't say so! " " Where? " " How? " " When? " " Perhaps the man found Rover, too! " cried one. " Yes! who knows? " said another; and the time of the blooming of blue gentians was looked forward to with some interest, though Mrs. Plummer said that even if it were Polly the man found, he might afterwards have lost her in the woods. But the umbrella boys made up their minds to look out for him when he should come.

CHAPTER III.

POLLY SEES SOMETHING OF THE WORLD.

ON the night of Annetta Plummer's birthday party, Susan Sugarspoon and Jenny Popover and Betsey Ginger reposed comfortably in the high-post bedstead of the baby-house, Dorothy Beeswax in the hammock stretched across, Eudora N. Posy in the crib, and Joey Moonbeam — on account of her great size — in a bed made up for her outside; but the little corn-colored china cradle with green rockers, alas! stood empty, for Polly Cologne lay all night at the bottom of a gutter, with no other covering than the dewy grass which overhung the gutter.

The next morning, by an early train from the city, came an oldish — not old — man with stooping shoulders and downcast eyes. His clothes hung loosely about him, he wore a soft felt hat which had long ago been new, and comfortable shoes. The downward look of his eyes was owing to his

occupation of flower-hunting; for this oldish man was a Botanist,* and he had come out to the Land of Ease to find a plant which grows close to the ground and bears a dark pink blossom.

NIGHT IN THE BABY HOUSE.

This Botanist, when walking along by the side of a wood, happened to brush aside with his foot some grass which hid a gutter, and there he saw, at the bottom, a curious little object — in other words, *Polly* — and took it in his thumb and finger, brushed

* One who studies plants and flowers.

off the sand, and said to himself that it would be a good thing to carry to his young niece at home. As his hands, hat, and pockets were pretty well filled with flowers, leaves, roots, barks, mosses, and grasses, he stuck it in his buttonhole to stay till he could make a better place, then kept on through woods, fields, swamps, and lanes — hunting, picking, poking, clipping, digging — and thought no more of Polly until he was back in the city.

POLLY COLOGNE'S LONELY BED.

In passing through the city streets, laden with all he had gathered, he wondered why people looked so smilingly at him. At last, as two young chaps met and passed him near some church steps, he heard one say to the other, "I wonder what kind of a bush that buttonhole bouquet grew on?"

The Botanist looked at his buttonhole, stepped

upon the church steps, and with the tips of his thumb and finger — his hands being full — took Polly out. Just at that moment he saw two lady botanists carrying large bunches of the dark pink flowers he had been trying to find. He rushed after these ladies, and in his haste dropped Polly Cologne — lost her.

She was picked up by a schoolgirl who happened then to be passing, Juliana Armstrong, a large rosy-cheeked miss of fourteen; as good-natured as she was rosy, and as jolly as she was good-natured.

A BUTTONHOLE BOUQUET.

Juliana Armstrong had been on an errand for her cousin Luella to get some light-colored molasses in a three-pint tin pail. Luella had a hoarse cold which she wished to cure with molasses candy made of a particular kind of light-colored molasses, and Juliana had been to buy it. The grocer was out of that

particular kind, though he was expecting a barrel, and Juliana was going back with the three-pint tin pail when she found Polly. Just for fun, she shut up

JULIANA ARMSTRONG.

Polly in the tin pail and sent it to Luella by an errand-boy, asking him to say that the grocer had none of that particular kind of light-colored molasses,

though he was expecting a barrel. But the boy only left the pail and said nothing.

Now when Luella saw that the boy had carried the three-pint pail in at the back alley, she put on a large apron and went to the kitchen, followed by her three small brothers, and got a long-handled

LUELLA AND HER THREE BROTHERS.

iron spoon and a saucepan. The small brothers had been promised tastes of the light-colored molasses. Luella tied on their bibs, opened the tin pail, and found — Polly!

The small brothers turned their backs to the tin pail and cried. Not only made sounds, but cried

tears. They wiped away the tears with their bibs.

Luella thought it would be fun to send the present back to Juliana in some way, and the cook told her a cake would be a good way, and gave her a cake. They cut off the upper crust, and took out some of the inside, and wrapped Polly in white tissue-paper and put her in there. Then they fastened on the upper crust with two little pegs, frosted it, stuck some paper rosebuds in the centre, and sent the cake to Juliana with a message that it was a new kind of cake. (She might have called it a *Polly*-cake.)

Juliana had her cake set upon the tea table that night. Some of their relatives were present, and the cake caused some talk among the company. " What a pretty cake! " they said.

" The cake was a present to Juliana," said Mrs. Armstrong. "I think it will taste as well as it looks."

" We can make sure by trying it," said Mr. Armstrong.

" That is true," said Mrs. Armstrong, and took hold of the rosebuds to remove them; but they stuck fast, so that when she gave a smart pull, the whole upper crust came off with them.

" There is something very strange about this cake," said Mrs. Armstrong.

" Yes, mother," said Juliana. " She sent word 'twas of a new kind."

" It has a good deal of white inside," said Mrs. Armstrong.

" Perhaps it is a cream cake," said Mr. Armstrong. " Cream cakes have white inside."

" But cream cakes are not made in loaves," said Aunt Sue.

Mrs. Armstrong touched the white middle with a fork, smiled, gave the fork a little turn, slowly lifted the white middle, slowly unrolled the paper, and held up — Polly!

Everybody laughed, and Juliana cried out, " I know! I know! Please may I explain? " Juliana then explained, and everybody laughed more, and aunt Sue exclaimed with delight, " Just look! *Will* you look? Floss-silk hair! *And* a locket! *And* feet! *Do* you see her feet? *And* a pink party dress! White gauze over pink! Well, well! Since she has come to a tea-party she shall have a place at the table! " Aunt Sue then stood Polly in a goblet.

Polly continued her travels, and saw something of the world in various ways. She even travelled in a satin-and-bead bag — to a city dancing party! a brilliant and beautiful dancing party! The rooms were large, chandeliers glittering with light hung from lofty ceilings, the carpets were covered with white cloth, fragrant flowers filled the vases, and two violins and a harp made sweet music.

POLLY HAS ICE-CREAM.

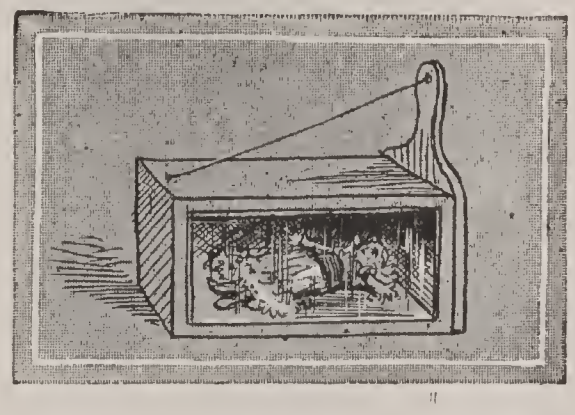
At the gay party Juliana quietly slipped Polly Cologne into Luella's pocket, and in taking out her handkerchief, Luella took out and dropped — Polly.

This made fun for the party. In the *German,* one of the boys came inquiring, " Oh, where is the young lady who danced the *drop-dance?* " He then fas-

POLLY DANCES THE GERMAN.

tened a rosette on Polly and waltzed around the room with her, and then seated her on a bracket, and afterwards he brought her some ice-cream in a nut-shell!

Polly's education was not neglected; for did she not go to school rolled in white tissue paper; and was she not slipped by Luella into Juliana's pocket; and when Juliana was at the blackboard, did she not shake Polly out upon the floor; and was not Polly kept three days in the teacher's desk? Ask that teacher and she will tell you.



POLLY TRAVELS IN A MOUSE-TRAP.

Polly saw the world in other ways. Rolled up in white paper she was sent to Luella in a mouse-trap. She was placed in Juliana's hat in such a way as to make part of the trimming. She went to Luella in a pumpkin-shell which was to become a jack-o'-lantern for the three small brothers. She was wrapped in green tissue-paper and sent to Juliana in a bouquet, her sweet face peeping up among the flowers.

She went to Luella by express, in a wide-mouth bottle, and even travelled to the mountains in Juliana's trunk.

But the funniest was when Aunt Sue helped Juliana send her to Luella in the mouse-trap. The mouse-trap had a glass window, and the three small brothers peeped in and saw something inside, and called out, " White mouse! white mouse! " and all the people came, and the three small brothers scrambled up in chairs for fear the mouse might run at them.

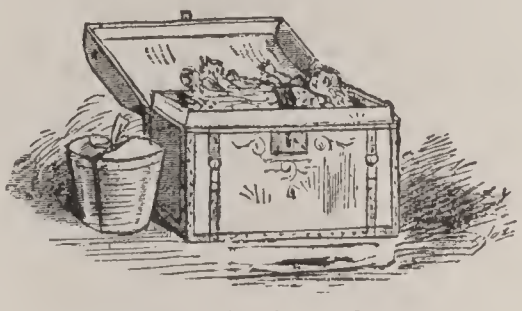
At last Juliana's mother said she thought there had been fun enough with that rag baby, and that it ought to be given to some child who would be glad to have it to play with — " little Mary Bunting, for instance."

" To be sure! " cried Juliana. " Poor little Mary Bunting! But I do wish I were not too old to play with it myself! I should just take solid comfort."

At about the hour of five, one pleasant afternoon, any one who looked from the right window might have seen Juliana Armstrong walking with her

mother, and carrying in one hand a trunk, in the other a box. The trunk was packed with clothing.

Should any wonder that Juliana was able to carry a trunk in one hand, they will wonder still more when told that the owner of the trunk lay at full length inside, on top of her clothing! For it is not a common custom for passengers to travel inside their trunks.



POLLY IS IN THIS TRUNK.

The box which Juliana carried was of white pasteboard, bound with blue, and it contained the passenger's best hat. The trunk was a doll's trunk, and its owner was Polly, to whom it had been presented by Juliana, together with two new calico dresses, two new bib-aprons, a crocheted hat, underclothing, and four clean pocket handkerchiefs about as large as those large round peppermints you buy would be if they were square, which they never are; though why peppermints are always round and never square is best known to the man who makes them.

The story will now go on to speak of Polly's new home. It must; for if Polly had not been carried to that new home, she would probably never have been found by — a certain person; never again have reposed in the corn-colored cradle with green rockers; and never have been taken out to ride in the clothes-basket along with Joey Moonbeam, Jenny Popover, Betsey Ginger, Susan Sugarspoon, Eudora N. Posy, and Dorothy Beeswax.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEW HOME.

JULIANA ARMSTRONG and her mother went directly to Spellman's Court, a dismal sort of alley, crowded with old tenement houses. They entered one of these houses, climbed two flights of stairs, walked along the passage-way, and Juliana knocked at the second door, while her mother went farther on to visit a poor washerwoman who was ill.

In answer to Juliana's knock a faint voice inside said, "Push it open. The latch is broke." Juliana pushed, and in doing so pushed away a no-backed chair which had kept the door shut. The only occupant of the room was a pale, thin little girl, about six years old, who lay upon a straw bed.

"Good afternoon, little Mary," said Juliana with a smile.

"Good afternoon," answered the child, not with a smile.

Small cause had little Mary to smile, cripple that she was, and confined always to that dingy old room with its bare walls, bare floor, broken furniture,

JULIANA VISITS SPELLMAN'S COURT.

smoky ceiling; its coal-bin in a corner and its one narrow window looking out upon shed-roofs, back yards, and back windows with clotheslines stretched across. She knew that for her there could be no

escape from this room; knew that almost every day her mother would go out to work and leave her there alone, returning perhaps late at night, sometimes so drunk that she could only tumble in a heap upon the floor, there to sleep her heavy drunken sleep; knew that her mother's earnings which should have bought bread, often bought rum, and that she, Mary, as often went hungry; knew that the blow which made her a cripple was given her when she was a little child, by her own father when in a drunken frenzy; that he ran away from home because he was afraid he had killed her and might be put in prison; knew that many of her days and nights must be spent in pain, and knew that, should sleep come to her relief, sounds from the other rooms or from passageways might at any moment startle her into wakefulness — sounds, perhaps, from a quarrelsome family overhead, or from sickly, crying children in the room at the right; or sounds from a tenement across the back yard where lived an old Italian, who kept half a dozen little boys and sent them out every day with violins, tambourines, and accordions, to earn money which he kept for himself. When they earned too

little, he gave them such beatings that their shrieks startled even the accustomed ears of Spellman Court.

Small cause had little Mary to smile.

THE OLD ITALIAN AND HIS BOYS.

Juliana went towards the bed. "Mary, do you remember me?" she asked kindly.

"Yes'm," said little Mary, though in a cold, lifeless way; for she remembered Juliana only as a high sort of being, who had stepped down, so it must have seemed to her, from some far-off and beautiful place — a being in no way like the people of Spellman's Court.

And now she had come again, this being, this fine, handsome young lady, with her dainty white ruffles at throat and wrists, her hat gay with ribbons, and her clean and whole clothes of wondrous material,

wondrously made! What could such as she want with a poor little child like her?

The truth was, that in her former visit there with her mother, Juliana herself had some of this same feeling of difference. She felt, oh, very, very far removed from little Mary. In fact, she looked as far down to little Mary as little Mary looked up to her, and in speaking to her she spoke *down.*

But Juliana was a warm-hearted girl, quick to see, quick to feel, and as quick to think when once put in the way of thinking. She was put in the way of thinking of these matters by seeing the distress of a little beggar boy when his younger sister was pounded by a big fellow. This beggar boy dropped his head on the doorstep and sobbed and sobbed, " just like anybody," as Juliana said when telling the story. She afterwards noticed that their washerwoman spoke of her children just as rich mothers spoke of theirs; spoke joyfully of the good ones,

A LITTLE BROTHER.

sadly of those who were not good, and with a tremble in her voice of a little boy whom death had taken from her. She also heard the same washerwoman laugh as heartily at a joke as her own mother, or even as Aunt Sue. She tried praise on a little ragged boy in their back yard, and found that he was as much pleased at being praised as a rich boy would have been, as she herself would have been. " Why, Mother! " she cried, in her earnest, outspoken way, " we are all alike! "

" Yes, my dear," said her mother; " or if not just alike, we are all akin."

In Juliana's second visit to little Mary this feeling of alikeness or kinship took the uppishness from her tones of voice; and when she spoke to her she spoke, not *down,* not as a rich girl to a poor girl, or as a girl in nice clothes to a girl in ragged clothes, or as a well-taught girl to an ignorant girl, or as a girl living in a fine house to a girl living in one mean room, but merely as an older girl to a younger. Scarcely that. More as a child to child. For in presenting the gift to little Mary, her thoughts were full of the good times she herself used to have with rag babies, and

their clothes, and she felt almost a child again. She remembered how glad she would have been of such a present, and felt the same kind of gladness for little Mary. This sympathy made itself felt in the tones of her voice when she sat down by the bed and said, "Oh, little Mary! I've brought you something you will like!"

Little Mary felt it; felt the *it* that sounded in the voice, and she fixed on Juliana a strangely earnest look which grew more earnest as she saw, or felt, that same *it* beaming all over the good-natured face which looked into hers. What a face it was — that other, little Mary's — so pale, so pinched, so old! She had sandy brown hair, and it hung stiff and straight down below her ears, and she wore a faded calico nightgown.

Juliana raised her in bed, propped her up with an old quilt, and when she seemed easy showed her the trunk, and then with a small key, the very smallest mite of a key, unlocked it, and opened it, and lifted the cloth which covered Polly; lifted it slowly, slowly, showing first the floss-silk hair, then the pink and smiling face, then the locket, then the bib

apron with pockets, then the dotted muslin frock made over pink, until at last the bits of feet were in plain sight. Little Mary did not speak; but as the cloth was slowly raised, the color came more and more into her face, her eyes grew brighter and brighter, and upon seeing Polly taken out and made to stand against the trunk, she almost smiled. Then she reached her hand towards her, and glanced up at Juliana, as if to ask, "May I?"

MARY ALMOST SMILES.

"Oh, yes!" said Juliana. "Take her. She is yours to keep; your own." Which was not true, as we know. *We* know that Polly belonged to Annetta Plummer, and that her real home was in the Land of Ease in Annetta Plummer's baby-house, with Joey Moonbeam and those others.

Little Mary took Polly, touched the floss hair with the tip of her forefinger, then touched the face,

then the locket, then the feet. She seemed pleased with the feet. Presently she looked towards the trunk.

"Her other clothes are in the trunk," said Juliana. "If I were you, I would let her wear those every day, and keep these nice." Mary touched the top dress with the tip of her finger, and looked up at Juliana as if to ask again, "May I?"

"Yes, indeed!" cried Juliana. "They are all her clothes. Ethelinda's. I have named her Ethelinda." (What *would* Annetta Plummer have said to hear Polly Cologne called Ethelinda?)

Little Mary took out all the things, one by one, even to the handkerchiefs and a knit hood, each time looking up to Juliana to ask with her eyes, "*May* I?"

While she was doing this, Juliana took more particular notice of some bits of calico which were pasted upon the wall at the side of the bed. She saw that each one had a flower on it. There were forget-me-nots, a poppy, a tulip, a rose, a morning-glory, and other flowers of kinds not known to Juliana, or perhaps to anybody.

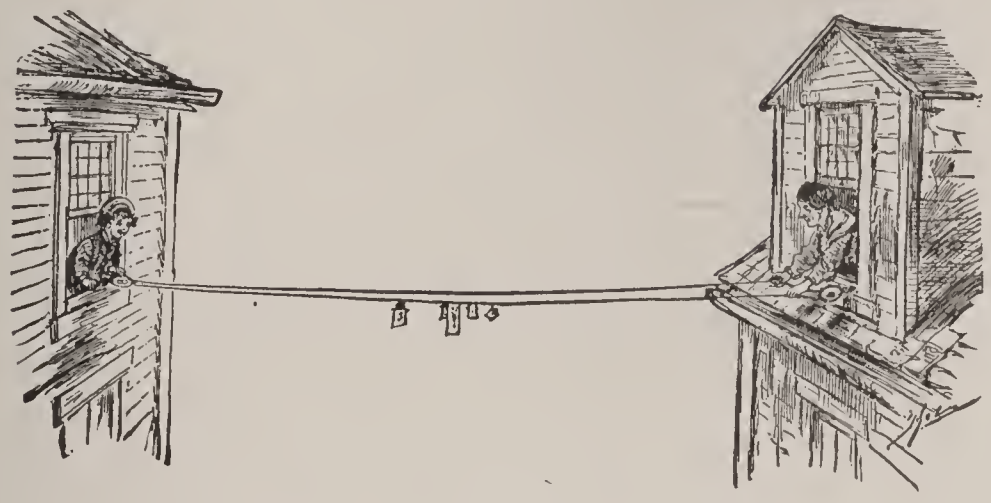
These pieces of calico came to little Mary in a curious way. As Juliana wrote in her letter to Aunt Sue, you might take twenty guesses, and not guess this way.

Juliana had been telling, in the letter, of Polly's new home, and describing the room and her own visit there.

"And, Aunt Sue," she wrote, "you may have twenty guesses, forty, yes, fifty, and with all these you will not guess the way by which those pieces of calico came to little Mary. They were not carried up the stairs; they came in no person's hat, bonnet, hand, hands, pocket or pockets; in no box or boxes, bag or bags, basket or baskets, bundle or bundles, trunk or trunks, or anywhere about any person or any person's clothes. They were not carried there by any person at all, or by any animal. Neither man, woman, child, dog, cat, rat, nor mouse carried those things to little Mary's room. They came through the air. Yet they did not fall down the chimney — how could they when the stove-pipe had an elbow to it? — they were not brought by birds, or blown in at the window by the winds. They

did not come on the tail of a kite, nor in a balloon, nor fall from the moon.

" The secret may as well be told now as at any time; though, after all, it is no secret. They were sent across on a clothesline from the back of an old wooden house on the next street; the house where an Italian lives, an old Italian who keeps boys and



THE VOYAGE OF THE FLOWERY CALICOES.

makes them earn money for him by playing on violins and other instruments. The line is double, and it runs on two rollers, one at Mrs. Bunting's window and the other on the back of the house in the next street, so that anybody at the Italian's window, if he tries hard, can fasten any small thing on one of the lines and then pull at the other till the thing

is pulled across to Mrs. Bunting's window, and then Mrs. Bunting can take it in and give it to Mary.

" No secret; no, indeed! How can it be a secret, up there in the air with perhaps the old apple-woman looking out of one window, and a news-paper boy at another, and the rag-man from another, and washerwomen hanging out clothes on house-tops and shed-roofs?

" And now I'll tell you about the calicoes. I have told you how pleased little Mary was with Ethelinda. Not that she said much. Indeed, she hardly spoke except to ask now and then, ' What's that? '

" As I sat there by the bed, watching her poor thin fingers folding away the little dresses, some one pushed open the door of the room. I turned my head, and there, standing in the doorway, was a shabby-looking, slender little fellow with the cutest face you ever saw. Cute is just the word. Rather sharp features, and oh, what snapping black eyes! And all round the edge of his cap his hair, black hair, stood out in short curls. He seemed about eight years old, though small of his age, and he carried a violin. Mary looked pleased at seeing him.

'That's Tink,' said she. Then added, 'He can stand on his head.' I can't tell you all the story in this letter, Aunt Sue, but I found out from Tink that his whole name is Tinkler, and that he is one of the little musicians kept by the old Italian. I will tell you the whole story sometime. Once when he was sick, Mrs. Bunting, a kind-enough woman when she is not drunk, went round and did kind things for him. There is a ragman living in the house with the Italian, and this Tinkler, or Tink, who is as spry as a monkey, climbs up by a water-spout with bright bits of calico the ragman lets him pick out from among his rags, and

"THAT'S TINK!"

sends them across to Mrs. Bunting's window for Mary. Sometimes he comes around and stands on his head for her, and plays for her; but this seldom happens, for he lives in mortal fear of the old Italian. He seems to have no other name than Tinkler, and I suppose he got even that from his business of fiddling. Sometimes he sends bits of glass on the line.

"SPRY AS A MONKEY."

"Tink stood on his head for me, and played me a tune, and I gave him two ten-cent pieces so that he could dare to stay longer, and showed him the trunk of clothes and the rag doll; and then I sat and told those two children all about her, how I found her on the sidewalk, and sent her to Luella in the tin pail which did *not* have molasses in it, and how she came back

in a cake, and afterwards went to a party and was chosen for a partner, and had ice-cream brought her in a nut-shell, and how she went to school and other places; and oh, you ought to have seen those children's faces! Tink's bright and shining and earnest, and all over smiles—I think I shall add a name and call him *Tinkler Tickle* — and little Mary's, lighted up, too, and earnest, but not a bit sparkling, just quiet; pleased and quiet. At the places where Tink's face would break into a broad laugh, hers would only show a glow of color, with perhaps a faint smile.

TINK'S COMRADES.

"At the end Tink said, 'I guess somebody lost it.' I said that should the owner come we would give it back to her, but that it was not likely an

owner would come. By the way, I wonder if some child is not mourning the loss of Ethelinda, for she is really a pretty little thing. Of course her true name is not Ethelinda. I wonder if she had a name, and what it was, and where she belongs, and if any little child was sorry to lose her. Rag babies ought always to have cards hung around their necks, telling their names and where they belong, so that when lost they can be sent home.

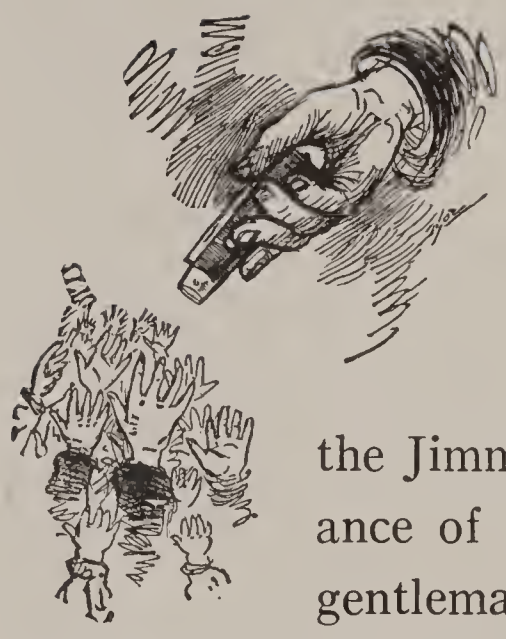
TINK STANDS ON HIS HEAD.

"Don't you think it is singular, Aunt Sue, that from all the bits of calico she should pick out only those with flowers on them? I asked Tink, and he told me she threw away all the other pieces. I don't suppose she ever saw a real flower, or even grass, or trees, or bushes; hardly the sky, though you can see from her window a small bit of blue, or of gray, just as may happen. Some-

times she is bolstered up at this window, so Tink told me, and he makes faces at her from across the back yard, or hangs out of his window for her amusement. I dare say she would be delighted with even a common daisy or buttercup; and if you can send me in a few, I should like to carry them to her, just for the pleasure of seeing how she will look at them."

TINK APPRECIATES POLLY.

Juliana herself did not know the whole story. If she could only have been told the beginning of it, how gladly would she have taken the first train, and popped down among them there at the Plummers' and surprised them all with, "Here she is, Annetta! Don't look any more for her, you dear little Jimmyjohns!" But at that time Juliana had never heard of such a place as the Land of Ease.



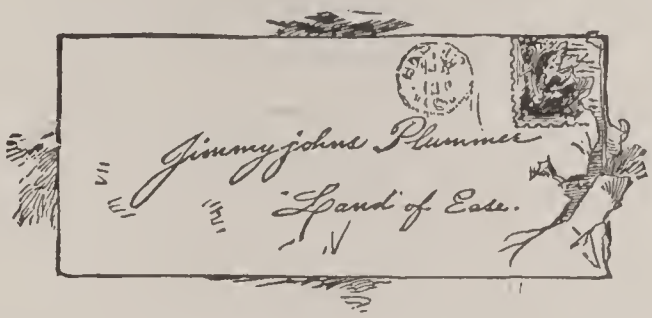
CHAPTER V.

A LETTER FROM "SOMEWHERE."

IT will be remembered, no doubt, how the Jimmyjohns made the acquaintance of Mr. Jabez Goram, the *old* gentleman, and that this Mr. Goram had met an unknown man with what was supposed to be Polly Cologne in his buttonhole, and that the unknown man had said he should come there again in the time of the blooming of Blue Gentians. It will also be remembered that the Funny Man had offered a reward of a jackknife to the finder of Polly Cologne, and that members of the Plummer family, and the neighbors, and boys in need of jackknives were looking forward to the time of the blooming of the Blue Gentians, hoping then to see the unknown man whom Mr. Goram had met, with what was

supposed to be Polly Cologne in his buttonhole, and learn from him what had become of her. *We* know that this unknown man was the Botanist, and that he dropped Polly in the street, and also a great deal about her.

Just about two weeks after the Jimmyjohns had their adventure with Mr. Jabez Goram, the *old* gentleman, the Plummer family met with a surprise.



BROUGHT BY THE EXPRESSMAN.

It happened while they were assembled at breakfast, Mrs. Plummer, slim, pink-cheeked Mrs. Plummer, was in her place at the head of the table, Josephus in his high chair close by her. At one side of the table sat Annetta, also Effie with her arm-basket hung on the back of her chair; on the other side were the Jimmyjohns, and Mr. Plummer sat opposite Mrs. Plummer. Joey Moonbeam, having lately had a new head, with new eyes, nose, and mouth, had been placed upon the mantelpiece to keep her out of the

way of harm — that is to say, of Effie and Josephus. The family were nearly through breakfast. Josephus had begun to throw his bread upon the floor; the Jimmies, the sirup-cup between them, were looking anxiously at the few remaining flapjacks, when there came a thundering knock at the door.

THE PLUMMERS HEAR FROM ROVER.

"Who can it be, so early in the morning?" asked Mrs. Plummer.

"It must be the man who's to help me get in the onions," said Mr. Plummer.

"It is the expressman, Father, I can see his wagon," said Annetta.

"Mother, are you expecting a bundle?" asked Mr. Plummer.

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Plummer.

Mr. Plummer went to the door and came back with a letter. "Here is a letter," he said, "directed to two of us."

"To you and me?" asked Mrs. Plummer. "Perhaps we are invited to a party."

"Not at all," said Mr. Plummer. "This letter is directed to 'Jimmyjohns Plummer, Land of Ease.'"

"Who sent the letter?" asked Mrs. Plummer, putting Josephus on the floor, and giving him the napkin rings and some spoons.

"I do not know," said Mr. Plummer, "and the expressman did not know. He said it was dropped into the letter-box of his office up at the Crossings."

ON ACCOUNT OF A WOODCHUCK.

"A good way to find out who sent a letter," said Mrs. Plummer, "is to open it."

"Yes! Open it! Open it!" cried Annetta and the Jimmyjohns.

Mr. Plummer opened the letter: "It is a very long

letter," said he, " and it is dated ' *Somewhere.*' We know one thing, at least. It came from somewhere. Now let us see if there is a name at the bottom. Yes, there is," said Mr. Plummer, smiling upon the children, " a name you will be glad to hear. This letter is signed, ' *Rover Plummer*'! "

" Rover? " " Why! " " What! " " Oh! " " Goody, goody! " " Let me see! " were the exclamations. The Jimmies scrambled upon their father's shoulders, Annetta stood on a cricket, even Mrs. Plummer went in haste to look at the letter, stumbling over Effie, who had stooped to pick up her arm-basket. Meanwhile Josephus, having raised himself to his feet by a chair, was reaching up and putting in his mouth what had been left on his mother's plate.

" We are glad to hear from Rover," said Mrs. Plummer, catching Josephus in her arms. " What does he say for himself? "

" There comes the man to help me about the onions," said Mr. Plummer. " But I must stop to see what Rover has to say."

Mr. Plummer then read aloud, as follows:

"My Dear Jimmyjohns:

"I was very sorry to be carried away from you. It was chiefly on account of a woodchuck. That day when Annetta gave me Polly Cologne's bib apron and said, 'Go find her! Don't come back till you find her!' I went straight towards the woods, and near the edge of the woods I saw a woodchuck, and I flew at him, and caught him by the neck, and shook him; but his skin was thick, and he got his teeth into me and made me squeal and let go, but I kept barking and jumping at him, and I tried to jump at him from behind, but he sat in one spot, turning round and

NED, THOUGH SLEEPY, GOES TO ROVER'S RELIEF.

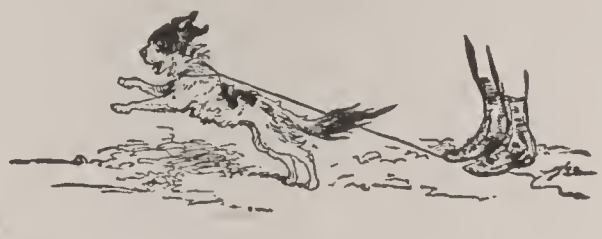
round and round, so as to be always facing me, and every time I caught him by the neck, and shook him, he bit right through my skin and made me squeal and let go.

" Two boys named Ned and Gus came there and called me ' Towser,' and kept saying, ' At him Towser! At him! Shake him! ' and I stayed there running round and round that woodchuck, over two hours; barking steady all the time — though sometimes I jumped at him — and he sitting on one spot, turning round and round and round so as to face me, and I shook him three times, but had to let go, for he bit through my skin and made me squeal, and the last two times he made the blood come, and the last time he made me squeal so loud the boys said he would kill me, and one of them took me up and carried me off to a big carriage with four horses, which had many people in it. That other boy went too, and they got into that carriage and we rode away seven miles, to Rockville.

" The boy named Ned wanted to keep me for his own, and the boy named Gus wanted to. Gus said he would sell his part of me for Ned's sailboat, and Ned said he would give his sailboat for Gus's part of me, so Ned had me. He took me to a big house where men and women and children were staying, and shut me up in the cellar, and left some meat there. I ate the meat, and kept quiet — perhaps I went to sleep — but in the night I howled to go home. I howled a very long time. A cross man came down there, saying cross words. He was just

going to let me out — and then I should have scampered home — but Ned heard him and came down there and said, 'Don't! Don't! Don't let that dog out! I'll take him away!'

"Ned carried me up stairs and took me into bed with him, and stroked me, and I kept still, but in the morning I wanted to go home. He led me outdoors by a string. I jerked the string out of his hand and ran; but Gus, that other boy, was ahead of me, and he jumped on the string with both his feet, and then he caught me. Gus and Ned were going off in a boat, so they tied me in Gus's back yard. There was nobody at home in Gus's house. Gus and Ned were coming back at noontime, but their boat went aground and stuck in the mud, and they had to stay there many hours, waiting for the tide to come. Somebody in another back yard threw me a bone, but that was not enough. I was hungry, I jumped and jumped, and I bit my string and bit it, so that it broke, and I crawled through a small hole and got out into the street, and ran as fast as I could. Some boys tried to catch me, and I ran faster, and the two places where the woodchuck bit me had begun to bleed, because I rubbed them, squeezing through that small hole — there was some marks of them left around that hole — and the faster I ran the louder the boys shouted,



WHAT PREVENTED ROVER FROM GOING HOME.

and the more people ran, and at last somebody called out '*Mad dog! Mad dog!*'

"Then children began to scream, and some of them tumbled down, running, and a man cried, 'Shoot him!' and a big man shot me in the leg and I dropped down, and the big man was going to knock me in the head and kill me, when a young sailor stepped up and said, 'That dog is no more mad than I am! Give him to me!' Gus and Ned came there pretty soon; and Ned said, 'That's my dog, but I don't want him any more now his leg is broken.'

"Then Ned, and Gus, and all the people went away, and the sailor carried me to a doctor, and the doctor set my leg, and before it got quite well the sailor took me off to sea with him in a big vessel, and you must think of me as sailing far away over the sea to the land where oranges grow.

ROVER STILL STRUGGLES FOR LIBERTY.

"Give my love to Josephus, and the cat, and Annetta and Effie, and Joey Moonbeam, and to Betsey Ginger, and all her sisters, and to Polly Cologne if you have found her.

"Your affectionate dog,

ROVER PLUMMER."

The letter was ended. Everybody drew a long breath. Nobody spoke, nobody knew what to say.

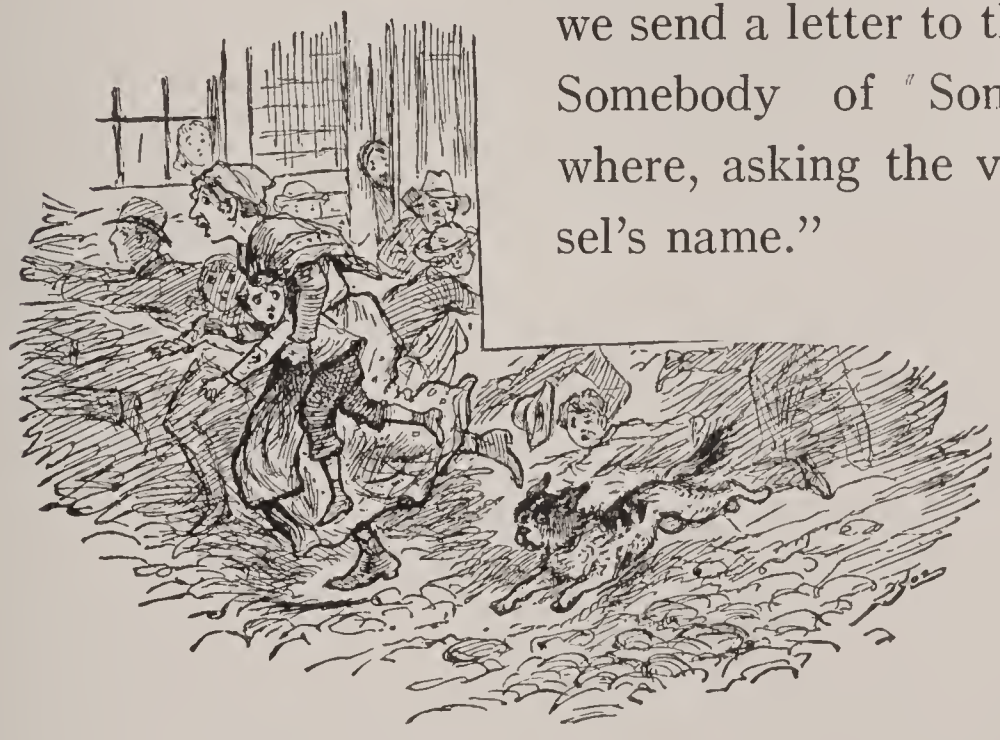
GOOD SAMARITANS.

The Jimmies slid down from their father's shoulders and stood, open-mouthed, looking up in his face.

"If we only knew the name of the vessel," said Mrs. Plummer, "we might ask some person in Rockville to be on the lookout for him. There's Mr. Tompkins's daughter Nancy. She'd be just the one."

"Here is a line below the letter," said Mr. Plummer. "It says: '*Written for Rover Plummer by Somebody, of Somewhere*'."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Plummer. "Now we know a great deal! Suppose we send a letter to this Somebody of Somewhere, asking the vessel's name."



THE EXCITEMENT ROVER CAUSED.

" I am afraid the postmaster would send it to Nobody of Nowhere," said Mr. Plummer.

" Perhaps if we ask the expressman to put it up in plain sight in his office at the Crossings," said Mrs. Plummer, " the person who dropped the letter there may see ours."

It was decided, after further talk, that as Annetta could print pretty well she should print a short letter, the Jimmyjohns telling her what to say.

Mr. Plummer then went to his work, Annetta helped her mother with the dishes, and as soon as these were well out of the way she printed:

" DEAR SOMEBODY:

" What is the name of that vessel? We are sorry that woodchuck bit Rover. Thank you."

The last two words were thought of by Mrs. Plummer. The letter was directed to " Somebody, Somewhere," and given the expressman to be left in sight in his office.

The readers of this story are now to be taken into the secret, and be told that Somebody of Somewhere was none other than the Lobster Man's daughter

Nancy Tompkins, commonly called Natsey because her father's name was Nat, and she, his only child, had been used to following him about out doors as if she had been a boy. Natsey was small and thin and dark, but she was bright as a button and spry as a cambric needle, so the neighbors said.

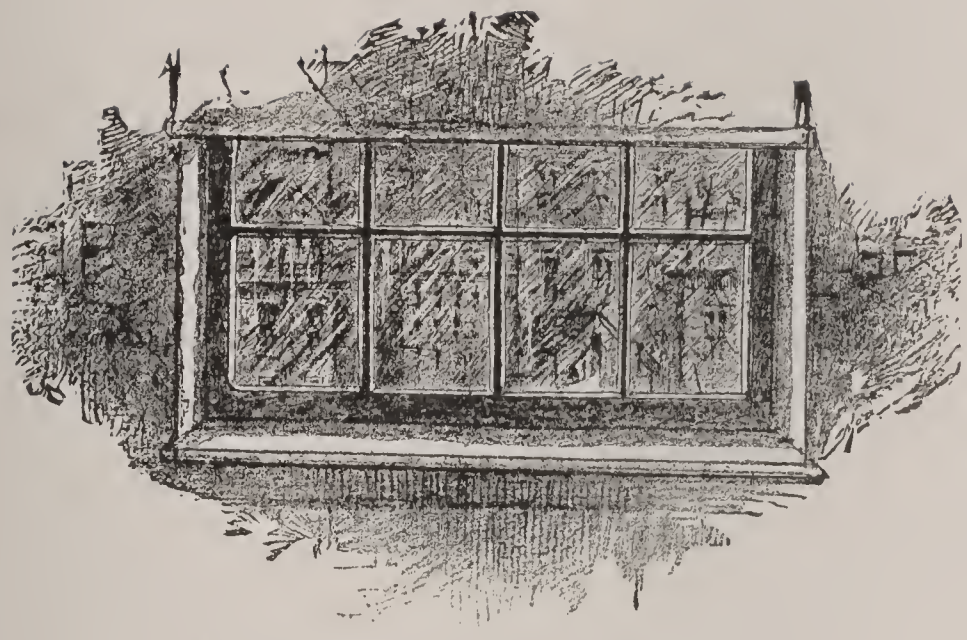
Natsey Tompkins went to school in Rockville and boarded there with her grandmother. She knew Gus and Ned, and knew that they found their little dog at the Land of Ease, not far from Mr. Plummer's, and she herself saw the dog chased by the crowd, and saw him shot. When Natsey came home on her vacation she inquired of her father about the Jimmyjohns, and he told her the story of the loss of Polly Cologne and of Rover. He told her what kind of a dog Rover was, and by his description, and from the fact that the boys found

ROVER MUSES CONCERNING HIS NATIVE LAND.

their dog not far from Mr. Plummer's, she knew that Rover and that dog were the same dog.

Both Natsey and her father were acquainted with the sailor who took Rover to sea. His name was Benny Bennett, and he was one of the crew of the *Flying Scud;* and Natsey declared that as soon as ever the *Flying Scud* should arrive she would see Benny Bennett, and perhaps get Rover and surprise the Jimmyjohns. Meantime she would have a little fun with them. She charged her father not to tell, though there was no need of this, for Mr. Tompkins himself wanted the fun of surprising the Jimmyjohns.

It was wholly owing to Mr. Tompkins that Natsey got the letter Annetta printed for the Jimmyjohns. Mr. Tompkins went to the express office to send some lobsters to his wife's mother in Rockville — Natsey's grandmother — and saw the letter; and knowing to whom it belonged he took it, unbeknown to anybody; so that when Mr. Plummer asked the expressman what had become of it, he said he could not think where it had gone, but probably it had gone to Somebody, Somewhere.



A CHILLY DAY IN SPELLMAN'S COURT.

CHAPTER VI.

SPELLMAN'S COURT.

IT was a dull day in the little room at Spellman's Court. The bit of sky to be seen from the narrow window was overspread with gloom, and a chilly mist filled the air.

Mrs. Bunting had done her washing before going out to work, and had hung her clothes on lines across

the room. Little Mary, bolstered up in bed, was playing with Ethelinda, as she called Polly Cologne. What a comfort that small pet had been to her! She dressed and undressed it, and talked to it as if it were a live baby. When from other rooms came the cries of children beaten by brutal fathers or mothers, little Mary would stroke Polly, and press her to her bosom, as if saying, " They sha'n't hurt *you!* Nobody shall hurt *you!* " Whenever Tink sent a new bit of flower-calico across the line, she always showed it to Polly before having it pasted upon the wall, and often tried it on her for a shawl, or an apron.

Tink took great interest in Polly, though he dared not come often, for he feared his master, the old Italian. Sometimes, when there with his fiddle, he tied one end of a string around her waist, and the other end to his elbow, and passed the string over the clothesline in the room so that with every motion of his arm in fiddling she danced up and down.

He had been doing this on the dull day just spoken of, and had just given Polly back to little Mary, when he heard his master's voice in the passage below, and with a quick motion hid himself

behind a large tub which stood leaning against the wall. Scarcely was he out of sight before the door was shoved open, and a dark face scowled at little Mary over the clotheslines, and a rough voice called:

" Tink, you rascal! Are you here? "

Tink did not find it convenient to reply; and the man, after peering behind the wet clothes, slammed the door and went stamping down-stairs. The door did not latch; the latch was broken.

MRS. BUNTING.

" Tink! " said little Mary in a loud whisper. " He's gone! "

Tink prudently waited five minutes and more, and at the end of those minutes there came a

gentle tap at the door and Juliana Armstrong entered.

" How do you do, little Mary? " she said in a cheery tone. " My mother has come to see a sick woman on this floor, and I wished to come with her and see you a little while."

" Yes, ma'am," said little Mary; and Juliana, by stooping under some of the wet things and turning aside others, found her way to the bed.

" Only think," she said, writing to Aunt Sue, " of that sick child having those wet clothes hanging around her! It was only by moving a piece of old blanket that dripped on the floor by the bed that I got a place to sit down there. I was hoping to see Tink, and glanced around the room behind the old petticoats and wash-aprons, and faded-out things, and ragged ends of blankets, thinking he might be somewhere about. This was my fourth visit, and I had not seen him since my first one, and I wanted to see him again.

" There seemed no chance of this, so I talked awhile with little Mary about Ethelinda, and looked over the trunk of clothes; and then I began opening

my box to show the rose. It was the very loveliest flower of my birthday bouquet, a perfectly beautiful Bon Silene rose. Oh, the color of it! The rich, delicate, sea-shell pink! Aunt Sue, imagine that child's face! So far as I had learned, never in her life before had she seen a real flower; not even a buttercup, or a dandelion, or any field-flower: their names were all strange to her. And oh, her face that day! First she looked hard at the rose, then, catching its fragrance, she bent towards it, and it seemed as if she was searching out the very heart of it. She drew a long breath; it was more a sigh than a breath; and when she looked up at me in that shy, inquiring way, as she always does when examining anything I have brought her, I could see that her eyes were moist, and I won't say but that my own were.

POLLY DANCES.

" But now, Aunt Sue, I have something unpleasant to tell you. While I was rinsing out a medicine-bottle to put the rose in water, I happened to turn my eyes towards a large tub which leaned against the wall, and saw that the tub moved. Presently it tipped forward, and there appeared above it slowly, first something thick and black, like a mat, then a pair of shiny eyes, then a nose and mouth, and finally the whole figure of Tink. The mat was his curly hair. Little Mary explained by saying, ' Tink hided.'

" Tink came forward, fiddle in hand. Little Mary looked at him, then at the rose, then at him, as much as to say, '*Do you see?*' He gazed steadily at the rose for a moment, then began to play. Not a lively tune like what he played the other time I saw him, but something soft and slow. It seemed just as if it were the rose which made him play so. Do you suppose it could have been?

" Now comes the unpleasant part. Oh, Aunt Sue, it is worse than unpleasant! While Tink stood there playing, the door was suddenly kicked open, and a man came in; oh, the ugliest-looking man I

ever saw! He strode across, breaking down the clothesline, seized Tink by the arm and — oh, Aunt Sue! I can't bear to tell you, but that poor boy was dragged out, and I could hear his head strike against the walls of the entry-way and hear the blows, and hear his screams. O dear, isn't it dreadful? And he has more boys besides Tink. Boys he has picked up. Nobody's children, my mother says — that is — nobody's to take care of. And there are more of them in the city, she says. Their fathers and mothers are dead, or in jail, or have run away, or have cast off their children. And she says that some other poor children are just as much abused as these are — their fathers and mothers are so brutal, and so often drunk. O dear, dear! And to think, Aunt Sue, that while I could not keep from crying, little Mary never shed a tear! She only turned paler, and clutched Ethe-

"TINK, YOU RASCAL!"

linda tight in her hand. It shocked me to think of her being so used to such things.

"But I will leave this now, and speak of something pleasant. Aunt Sue, I wish that the next time you come in town you would bring a great many flowers; all kinds, garden or wild. I want them for little Mary; and I will meet you at the station and take them, and then you will have all your hands to do your shopping with; though perhaps you will go with me to Spellman's Court. I wish you would."

JULIANA MAKES HER WAY THROUGH THE WET STREETS.

Aunt Sue brought the great many flowers, as requested, and her bringing them led to something curious which will be found quite interesting to hear.

Juliana Armstrong met Aunt Sue — a lively young woman of thirty or so — and took some of the flowers and the shopping-bag. Among the flowers was some golden-rod.

"A PERFECTLY BEAUTIFUL BON SILENE ROSE!"

It will be remembered that Polly Cologne was found by a Botanist near the Land of Ease, was dropped by him on the sidewalk of a city street, near the steps of a church, and was soon afterwards picked up by Juliana Armstrong — then on her way home from the grocer's where she had been to buy some light-colored molasses. Now, as Aunt Sue and Juliana were passing along this same street, they met an oldish man, who at seeing their flowers suddenly stopped and spoke to Aunt Sue:

"I beg pardon, madam, but will you have the goodness to allow me to examine that spray of golden-rod? I think it is a variety I have never been able to find."

This man was the Botanist.

"Take it, sir, by all means," said Aunt Sue.

"Take any of these. We are carrying them to a poor child in Spellman's Court, and a few less won't matter much."

"I see you are interested in flowers," said the Botanist, pleasantly; "and if you will step round to my house I will give you, in exchange for this golden-rod, a magnificent branch of wild asters, purple with brown middles. I got an armful of these and white ones yesterday in riding with a friend through a little country place called by the curious name of the Land of Ease."

"THEN, A PAIR OF SHINY EYES."

"I have heard of the place," said Aunt Sue, as she and Juliana walked on with the Botanist. "A cousin of mine lives within a few miles of it. She says it is the place of places for wild flowers."

"It is glorious at this time of year," said the

Botanist. "People talk of tapestry carpets and Persian patterns. If they want to see carpets, let them ride through the Land of Ease. You seem to be passing through never-ending intermingling of

NOBODY'S CHILDREN.

colors. All over the pastures and wayside banks are the purple and browns and greens of the grasses, purple asters, white asters, yellow-white everlasting, red rosehips, blue succory, and the gold of the golden-rod everywhere. One large rolling pasture in particular has wonderful masses of color. An

odd man, an umbrella-mender, lives there in a sort of hut which has an old umbrella on it for a sign."

" I think I have heard my cousin speak of him," said Aunt Sue. " Doesn't he take sick animals to cure? and isn't he a famous story-teller? "

" Yes; both," said the Botanist. " He told us a remarkable story of a remarkable horse he had. I hope to see him again, soon," added the Botanist. " Blue gentians grow not far from there, and it is almost time for them."

" My cousin makes it a point to ride in that direction in the time of blue gentians," said Aunt Sue.

It will be seen by this conversation between Aunt Sue and the Botanist, that he had actually met and talked with the Funny Man, though the Funny Man, of course, had no idea he was talking with the man whom Mr. Jabez Goram had seen with what was supposed to be Polly Cologne in his buttonhole. Neither had Juliana Armstrong any idea she was talking with the person who dropped Ethelinda, as she had named her, nor had the Botanist any idea he was walking with the person who picked up the rag-doll he found in the Land of Ease.

After Aunt Sue and Juliana had got the asters from the Botanist's house, they went directly to Spellman's Court. As they came near and into the court, they were followed by little children asking for flowers. Pitiful little children they were: pale-cheeked, ragged, dirty, some sickly, others sore-eyed, wearing odds and ends of clothing, nearly all of them barefoot and barelegged. Aunt Sue and Juliana gave them each one flower. Several of them asked for one to take home to "my sister," or "my *bruvver*."

AUNT SUE.

"I shall have to bring a clothes-basket full," said Aunt Sue, as they passed up the stairs to little Mary Bunting's room. Mrs. Bunting herself was there, a tired, overworked-looking woman; civil-spoken enough and kind to little Mary, as was her custom when she had not been drinking. She seemed to think it all

very well that they brought the flowers, but was not over-pleased. No doubt she would have preferred money or food.

Little Mary *was* over-pleased; too much pleased. As the brilliant show was spread before her — dahlias, geraniums, verbenas, heliotrope, asters, golden-rod, rose hips — her thin hands trembled with the excitement of the pleasure.

" Don't you see, ma'am, it is too much for her? " said Mrs. Bunting.

" Suppose we put them in water," said Aunt Sue.

Mrs. Bunting found a rusty pail, and Aunt Sue packed the flowers into it. While she was doing this Juliana talked with little Mary.

" You don't see Tink, now? " she said.

" No, ma'am," said little Mary.

" Do you know," said Juliana, " I see him quite often? He has found out our house, and comes near there to play to two families of children living opposite us, and sometimes I send him on errands and pay him money for going."

Little Mary seemed pleased to hear this.

Juliana then talked some with little Mary, and looked at Ethelinda and all her clothes, and at the flower-calicoes on the wall, and talked some with Mrs. Bunting.

In passing out of the Court on their way home, Aunt Sue said to Juliana:

"I'll tell you, Juliana, what will be a capital thing to do. I'll get Father, when he drives in with his big wagon, to bring a bushel of pears and apples, and a host of flowers, and me. We will call for you; and we'll bring the things to little Mary's room, and invite there all these miserable little children, and — and — what shall we do besides give them the pears and apples and flowers?"

ONE TO TAKE HOME.

"Perhaps tell them stories," said Juliana. "You can tell them the Double-wheeled Wheelbarrow story, and I can tell them — why I can show them Ethelinda, and tell them her story, how she was sent back and forth in a cake, and in a bouquet, and in a mouse-trap, and

in a pumpkin-shell. Little Mary and Tink were pleased with that story."

"Oh, we must have Tink to the party!" said Aunt Sue. "I have never seen Tink. I want to see him."

"I don't believe he will dare come," said Juliana.

"But if we pay him for fiddling to us," said Aunt Sue, "he will come."

"Perhaps," said Juliana. "At any rate, I shall have chances enough to talk with him about it. He often does our errands. He is good to send on errands; he is so quick and bright."

A GIFT FOR LITTLE MARY.

One kind of errand on which Juliana afterwards sent Tink pleased him so much that, when asked to go, his eyes shone like beads, and his face was all over one big smile. This errand was to the Botanist's to get a flower for little Mary. Juliana met the Botanist several times after the day when Aunt Sue exchanged flowers with him; and he always bowed politely, and once when he had flowers

in his hand he gave her some, and when she said she should take them to a sick child in Spellman's Court who was pleased with flowers, he told her to send to his house whenever she wanted any to take to the child, as he always had flowers of some kind about the house, or in his conservatory.

So whenever Juliana was planning to go with her mother to Spellman's Court, if Tink was anywhere near, as he often was, she sent him to the Botanist's for a flower.

CHAPTER VII.

JOEY MOONBEAM AND THE JIMMYJOHNS.

ONE sunny morning in October, little Effie Plummer went early to spend the day at Aunt Emily's. Soon after dinner a girl stopped at Mrs. Plummer's to say, from Aunt Emily, that Effie was in need of playthings, and to ask if Annetta would not let the Jimmyjohns bring over Joey Moonbeam and all her family. Annetta said yes; and it was decided that they should go as passengers in the air-chariot, namely, a clothes-basket long since given over to the use of the children.

Annetta put newspapers in the bottom of the chariot, in order that the smaller ones should not fall through the holes; and when it was ready all the rag-babies, in their best hats and sacks, were carefully placed therein, Joey Moonbeam being fastened back with a string, as, on account of her great

size, she was likely to pitch forward. On the right of her and left of her were Dorothy Beeswax, Betsey Ginger, Jenny Popover, Susan Sugarspoon, and Eudora N. Posy, seated in due order — and a pretty sight they were; though Annetta sighed at seeing the vacant place where should have been dear little Polly Cologne.

The Jimmyjohns took hold each by a handle, and set off at a brisk trot, Annetta watching them out of sight.

LITTLE EFFIE PLUMMER.

Aunt Emily's was nearly half a mile off, but all would have gone well had they turned aside from water. Instead of turning aside *from* water, they turned aside *to* water; and although they did not splash through puddles, they splashed at the edges of them, and also of the brook; and it happened that while splashing at the edge of the brook they

pulled upon the handles so hard that one, the one held by Johnny, came out. Luckily, Joey Moonbeam had been tied near the handle held by Jimmy, so she remained high and dry, but the others fell in. The brook was not a swift brook, nor a deep one, and they lay there on the sandy bottom, easy to take. The Jimmies, however, only stood and bellowed and looked towards some young girls who were picking wild plums on the brook, further down, just below Mr. Tompkins' house. One of these was Natsey Tompkins; and she, seeing and hearing that something was the matter up by the bridge, ran up to inquire.

THE AIR CHARIOT.

"Don't cry! Don't cry!" she exclaimed. "Why, Jimmyjohns! Where were you going with all this family?" And she began picking them up.

"To Aunt Emily's," they said. "Effie wants them. Dorothy Beeswax's hat's gone down the brook," added Jimmy in alarm, as Dorothy came up, bareheaded, from the water.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Natsey. "Effie won't want these wet ones. You can carry Joey Moonbeam to Effie, and I will take all these to my house and dry them and iron out their clothes, and I will crochet a hat for Dorothy Beeswax quick as a grasshopper," said she; "and I'll put a rope handle to the basket, and you can call for them on the way back."

KIND-HEARTED NATSEY.

The Jimmies little thought that something of the same kind would have to be done for themselves be-

fore the end of the day — but that comes farther on in the story. Hearing what Natsey said, they brightened up, took each a hand of Joey Moonbeam, and thus holding her between them went on their way to Aunt Emily's.

It may as well be told at once that they did not arrive at Aunt Emily's at all. The cause, or the beginning of the cause, was this: After they had left Natsey and had walked on some distance, they heard steps behind them, and on looking around saw the Funny Man coming with an umbrella under his arm, and leading a slow old horse, large, lean, and a little lame; a horse known in the place by the name of Activity. The Funny Man was taking care of him for a few weeks, and was then leading him out for exercise. The Funny Man stopped as he came alongside the boys, and turned up the corners of their frocks to see the flannel peppermints on the linings.

" Oh, yes," said he: " blue peppermints, Jimmy, red ones, Johnny. Is your little girl going to school? "

The Jimmies looked up with a shy smile, and said it wasn't a girl, it was Joey Moonbeam, and

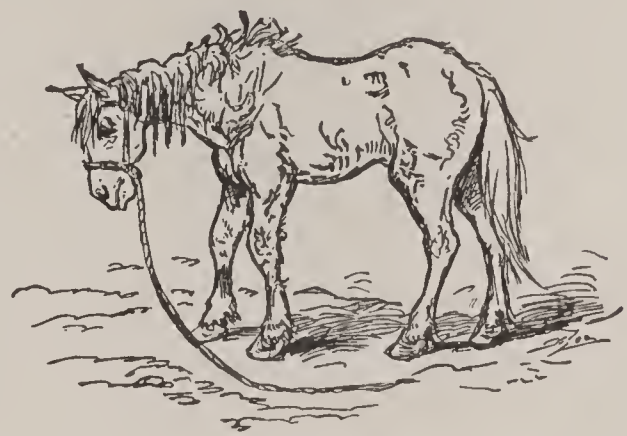
that they were carrying her to Aunt Emily's because Effie wanted her.

" Don't you want to take a ride horseback? " he asked.

" Yes, sir! " they answered, quickly.

" I am going up towards the Cliff neighborhood," said he, " and if you can hold on, you may have a ride, and we'll come back by way of Aunt Emily's."

" Yes, sir," they cried again; and he set them up one behind the other; and as they needed both hands to hold on with, he himself took Joey Moonbeam.



"ACTIVITY."

" Now, Activity! " said he, and the horse slowly put himself in motion, the boys bent low and held tight, and the Funny Man trudged on at the side with Joey Moonbeam.

As they drew near the Cliff neighborhood, the Funny Man stopped at an unpainted, low-roofed house, tied the horse to a fence, took down the Jim-

mies, and said they could wait there outside for him. He had come to visit an umbrella so valuable that it could not be risked out of the house; an umbrella

"THE JIMMYJOHNS HELD ON TIGHT."

which had been kept there as a precious relic nearly a hundred years; for it was an umbrella which some great-grandfather of the family had once held over the head of George Washington. It was a very large

green umbrella; faded, of course, with a stout ivory handle ending in a dog's head, and strong ribs tipped with ivory. Some pieces of the inside works had rusted off, and these were to be repaired.

THE HISTORIC UMBRELLA.

Finding that the job was likely to be a long one, the Funny Man came to the door and pointed to a house not quite a quarter of a mile off, and said to the Jimmies, "Don't you want to go and ask Mr. Goram about the gentian flowers? If they've blossomed, we want to be on the lookout for the man that's coming to get them; the man that carried off Polly Cologne in his buttonhole. Yonder's Mr. Goram's house. If you want to go, I'll stop there for you."

Anything was better to them than keeping still; so they took Joey Moonbeam, as before, and set forth on the same jolly trot for Mr. Goram's.

In passing Widow Simmons'* house they saw that

* It will be remembered that the Jimmies were once sent with lobsters to Widow Simmons', and that on account of meeting with Mr. Jabez Goram, the *old* gentleman, they did not reach her house.

some horse-chestnuts had dropped from a tree in front, and Jimmy ran round to the back door to ask if they might pick them up. Johnny, meanwhile, put Joey Moonbeam in a good place and stood ready to begin to pick up, when the front door was opened by a plump, good-natured looking woman — Widow Simmons.

THE WIDOW SIMMONS.

Widow Simmons was one of that kind of women who never see a small child without wanting to give it something. "Sonny," she asked, "don't you want a peach?"

"Yes, ma'am!" cried Johnny, eagerly.

"You just wait till I pick out a good mellow one," said she, and went in. Johnny sat down on the doorstep to wait.

Now when Widow Simmons had picked out a good mellow one, she happened to spy Jimmy from

the back window; and thinking he was the same boy she had spoken to, said to him, " There, sonny, come get it. Be sure and don't swallow the stone! "

After taking the gift so suddenly presented, Jimmy felt bashful about asking for the horse-chestnuts; so he ran round to give Johnny a bit of his peach.

" The woman's going to give me a whole one," said Johnny. " Can we pick up horse-chestnuts? "

" I didn't want to ask her," said Jimmy.

" There's another horse-chestnut tree! " cried Johnny, pointing down a field. " You go there, and I'll come when I get my peach."

Jimmy ran on, and Johnny waited for his peach; waited long, waited very long. At last he went round to the back of the house and sat on a log, thinking the woman might see him. The woman did see him. She came to the door and said, " What you waiting for, sonny? "

He said, " Peach."

" Oh, no," said the woman, " I can't give you another. It might make you sick." And she closed the door. He was too bashful to go in and say he

had not had the peach, and without waiting longer he went round to the front, took Joey, ran along the road and down into the field. Jimmy had long since filled his pockets and had put some in a pile for Johnny.

There was now only a meadow between them and Mr. Goram's orchard; and as this was the shortest way, they started with Joey to cross the meadow. They knew it was a boggy meadow, but did not know it was so boggy as it was. They thought that if their feet did sink in they could pull them out again; but in the middle their feet went in so deep that they could not pull them out, but sank in deeper and deeper. All they could do was to stand still and hold Joey Moonbeam high up.

Mr. Goram's wife — that tall, slim old lady who once had the influenza, you will remember — saw them from the window and called to Mr. Goram, "Mr. Goram! Mr. Goram! There are two children in the bog! They are holding something between them; it seems to be some sort of a fowl. They are screaming: you'll have to help them."

By this time the boys were in above their knees. Mr. Goram ran to the place and laid down some rails, and walked on the rails, and lifted out the Jimmies. "I am always willing to lift little boys out," said he. "You are the same little Jimmyjohns, so you are! Pray what young woman is this, little boys?"

"Joey Moonbeam," they answered, sobbing.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Goram. "I saw her at your house. But come with me and get dried, and tell me all about it." And Mr. Goram led them to his house.

IT SEEMS TO BE SOME SORT OF A FOWL.

"Why, you poor little dears!" cried Mrs. Goram, "you're a sight to behold! It is no use trying to dry their clothes on them," she said to her husband. "The best thing I can do is to cover them over on my bed with a quilt or something, and let them stay

there while I wash the mud off their clothes and get them dried to put on."

The Jimmies were not pleased with this; but the sight of two thick squares of gingerbread, and Mrs. Goram's motherly ways, and the feeling of wetness soon made them willing; and by the time the Funny Man stopped there with old Activity, the clothes were out drying on the line, the shoes at the stove, and the boys with a patchwork quilt about them were lying on Mrs. Goram's four-post bed watching the flies walk over the cracks on the ceiling, while Joey Moonbeam sat stiff against one of the foot-posts. The Funny Man went as far as the bedroom door, and when he saw them he said nothing. He lifted his hat a little, scratched his head, leaned his forehead against the doorway so that

THE FUNNY MAN LAUGHS SOFTLY.

his face was turned to the outside, and laughed softly.

He could not wait, and Mr. Goram said there was a coach-party in the neighborhood from Rockville, who were going back towards night by way of the Land of Ease, and that he would send the boys by the coach. "By the way," added Mr. Goram, speaking to the Jimmies, "you must tell your sister Annetta that the blue flowers that man spoke of have begun to bloom. I picked two to-day."

EACH WITH A BLUE GENTIAN IN HIS HAT.

The clothes were ready just in time; and when the coach came the Jimmies took Joey and ran out, each with a blue gentian in his hat, placed there by kind Mrs. Goram. There was no room inside, and even the driver's seat was full; but he put the boys just above him where they could sit on the top of the coach and rest their feet on his seat. Some of the passengers laughed at Joey Moonbeam, and this made the

Jimmies sit so close that they almost hid her from sight.

After tea that night, when Mrs. Plummer and Annetta were clearing off the table, Natsey Tompkins called at the house in passing, to learn why the Jimmyjohns had not come to her house for Dorothy Beeswax and the others; and finding they had not returned from Aunt Emily's, she told all about the coming out of the handle of the air-chariot, and what happened to the passengers. " But they're as good as new now," said she to Annetta, " and Dorothy Beeswax's hat just fits her."

Natsey had scarcely finished her story before Aunt Emily came with Effie. " We have been expecting the Jimmyjohns with Joey Moonbeam and all her tribe," said Aunt Emily.

" You had Joey Moonbeam and the Jimmyjohns, Aunt Emily," said Annetta.

"No," said Aunt Emily, " we have not seen any one of the three. But I heard, just now, that the boys were seen on old Activity, with the Umbrella Man."

" Oh, if they are with Mr. Doty, they are safe,"

said Mrs. Plummer; " but who can be coming here in the coach? "

The coach had driven near the house and stopped. " Why, there are the Jimmyjohns and Joey Moonbeam! Away up top! " cried Annetta.

" Tip-top passengers! " cried Natsey; and the whole company ran to the door.

The tip-top passengers were taken down, and the Jimmies were rapidly questioned; but being slow to tell, Mrs. Plummer had got the work done up and had begun to undress Josephus before they finished their adventures.

" So you did not get your peach, Jimmy," she said, speaking to one of the boys.

" That isn't Jimmy! I'm Jimmy! " cried the other boy. But when he turned up the corner of his frock and saw the *red* flannel peppermints, he looked puzzled, and for a moment seemed hardly to know himself, whether he was Jimmy or Johnny.

Mrs. Goram in her haste, had dressed them in each other's clothes, and Mrs. Plummer, not looking closely, had called the one Jimmy who had the *blue* dotted neck-tie.

This mistake, of course, made great merriment; and in the midst of the fun Natsey spied the flowers in the hats, withered and faded then.

" Blue gentians! " she cried. " I'm glad to see them! Now we must watch for that man when he comes to get some. Perhaps he will come to-morrow. And I am almost sure," said she, laughing at her own thoughts, " that before many days you will hear something from Rover."

It may be well to state here, that the Jimmyjohns went to Natsey Tompkins' next morning and brought home Joey Moonbeam's family; also, that what Natsey said came true: Before many days they did hear something from Rover.

CHAPTER VIII.

A PLEASANT LITTLE AFFAIR.

IF there had been no *ifs* in the way, one part of this story might come to end end at once. *If*, when Juliana and Aunt Sue exchanged with the Botanist golden-rod for asters, *if* Juliana had known then that he was the person who dropped Polly on the sidewalk near the church, and *if* the Botanist had known that Juliana picked up Polly from the sidewalk near the church, no doubt they would have spoken to each other of the matter; and *if* Juliana had known that Annetta was the owner of Polly and wished for her back, she would no doubt have made little Mary Bunting another rag baby and have sent Polly post-haste to the Land of Ease: then the Polly-part of this story would be done,

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

and there would be only the Rover-part left to tell.

Even the Rover-part would be worth hearing, however, as any one would say who had read the letter written home by the sailor who carried Rover to sea; for the sailor told all about the doings of Rover, and of a monkey which was on board the ship. The sailor's mother, after talking with Natsey Tompkins, wrote some verses from Rover and sent them by express to the Jimmyjohns just as Natsey sent them her letter from Rover. The verses were spoken at a pleasant little affair which took place in the Plummers' barn.

All the readers of this story will like to know how the affair began, and especially how it ended. It began in this way: One morning Natsey Tompkins called at the Plummers to bring back Dorothy Beeswax's hat, the one which was lost in the brook when Joey Moonbeam's family fell out of the clothes-basket-chariot. It got caught by a stump, and Natsey picked it out and put it in shape and brought it back to Annetta.

As Natsey sat by the window telling them about

the hat, the Funny Man came that way with a basketful of boxes of bayberry tallow. "Oh, there's Mr. Doty!" cried Natsey. "I must run out and hear what he is saying to the Jimmy-johns."

The Funny Man was feeling in all his pockets, as usual, for something to give the Jimmies, but found, as usual, nothing more than a bit of chalk and a piece of spruce gum done up in an oak leaf. He presented these gifts to the Jimmies with a sober face, and they took them with sober faces. He then asked them, "Why don't you have a Mutual?" and told them that his folks had Mutuals. He said that every one did something; that the hens cackled and the rooster crowed and old Activity whinnied, and if there was a cow there she

THE MUTUAL AT THE FUNNY MAN'S.

moo-ed. Said he, " Go ask your mother if you can have one in the barn! "

The Jimmies, dressed in their carpenter's suits of blue overalls and paper caps, had been trying to shingle a barrel; but they threw down hammer and nails and ran to ask their mother. Natsey followed to explain what was meant by a " moo-chooral," as they called it. " Do say yes," cried Natsey, " for then we will make Mr. Doty tell his ant-hill story."

THE JIMMIES IN THEIR CARPENTER SUITS.

" Yes," said Mrs. Plummer; and away ran the Jimmies with Natsey and Annetta to tell the Funny Man, who by that time was far along the road, for he had only talked for the sake of saying something. Natsey would not let him off so. She ran and caught him, and tried to make him promise to be on the spot at two in the afternoon, but he only laughed.

Natsey talked with Mrs. Plummer as to what should be done by the children; and Mrs. Plummer said that while she was doing up her work she would keep Effie with her and teach her to repeat a verse of poetry about the blue gentian, and Natsey said she would bring a stalk of blue gentian for her to hold.

MRS. PLUMMER SPEAKS HER PIECE.

Natsey came back soon after dinner, and found Annetta and Effie and the carpenter-Jimmies waiting in the barn. Three or four neighborhood boys were on the fence, also waiting.

It was a small barn. There was a pile of pumpkins in one corner, and Natsey set all the boys at work moving half of these to the opposite corner. A low platform was made between the two piles of pumpkins, by laying some boards on boxes and stools.

Mrs. Plummer told Natsey that Mr. Plummer

had helped Annetta make a verse to speak. "But what can I do myself?" asked Mrs. Plummer.

"You might do this," said Natsey: "you might tell something about every one of your children when they were little. For my part, I shall recite a short piece from *The Farmer's Own Book*."

Joey Moonbeam and her family were brought out and given reserved seats in a cheese-box, on the right of the platform. The Jimmies also had reserved seats in a little blue sleigh which was their father's when he was a boy. The runners and thills were gone, but the top was good, and the seat gave them just room to sit side by side. Josephus had a reserved seat in a firkin, though of course he could only stand in it; and Mrs. Plummer sat near him on a pile of corn-husks with Natsey and Annetta and Effie. The three or four neighborhood boys sat opposite, on such seats as they could find. The Funny Man did come, and he stood in the doorway, watching the others and laughing softly.

JOSEPHUS' RESERVED SEAT.

Mrs. Plummer was the one who spoke first. She told something about the babyhood of each of her children. Annetta was the first baby, and everything she did was thought wonderful. Her first tooth was found by being hit with Mrs. Plummer's thimble. Mrs. Plummer thought it was so wonderful that a baby should have a tooth, that she called Mr. Plummer in from his work, and Grandma Plummer from up-stairs, and word was sent to all the near relatives. When the Jimmyjohns were babies, she had to mark their clothes in order to tell which had been fed last.

WHEN THE JIMMYJOHNS WERE BABIES.

When they were old enough to creep, Jimmy crept on his hands and knees and Johnny sat up and got over the floor by hitches. One went about as fast as the other. Sometimes people used to roll things across the floor, in order to see them race for them, each going after his own fashion. When Effie was twenty months old she used to get her bonnet and say,

"*Wammy! Wammy!*" meaning that she wanted to go to her grandma's. Mrs. Plummer would say, "Ask the cat to go to Wammy's." Then Effie would stoop down and take the cat by the back of the neck, turn its face up close to her own and say, as fast as she could speak, "*Duddle duddle duddle duddle da!*" One night, in the night, when Josephus was eight months and a half old, he woke his mother by fretting. His mother was not fully awake, but she lifted him higher on his pillow and covered him over, and tucked the clothes in, and began patting him. By the time she was fully awake she found that there was a mistake; that his feet were on the pillow and his head was away down under the bedclothes.

Just as Mrs. Plummer stepped off the platform, Natsey's father, Mr. Tompkins, came hurrying into the barn. Mr. Tompkins said he had heard there was to be a good time, and that he never liked to miss a good time, even if it were a small good time. Natsey said he would have to do something, and Mrs. Plummer said he could tell about selling lobsters, and could begin at once.

Little Mr. Tompkins took off his hat, went to the platform, and spoke in his short quick way, as follows: " Ladies and gentlemen, If you want to find out what kind of people people are, sell lobsters to them. Some people will pick out the best ones in the wheelbarrow and then beat down the price. One woman engaged four lobsters, and I kept them for her, but her company were hindered from coming and she would not take the lobsters. But another woman engaged seven for a big party. She was taken sick and gave up having the party, but she sent me the money for the lobsters because she had engaged them and she would not go back on her word. Some people are square as a brick, always right up to the mark. If they fall short a cent at one time, they make it up the next time. Mr. Goram is a man of this kind. If I say, ' Oh, never mind the cent,' he says, ' Yes,

THE LOBSTER MAN RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE.

yes! Right is right. I don't want a single copper that isn't my own.' But some always like to get something in that way. They seem mightily pleased when they have not change enough by one copper and I say, ' Oh, never mind.' They act as if they'd had a present. There is one man manages so often to come short for change that I — I don't know what to say about him; but I know what to think. Then some don't pay. One man has been owing me twenty-two cents ever since a year ago last month; and there are others owing me small sums under twenty-five cents. They know I won't dun them for a few cents. I have even had a lobster brought back and the money asked for, because the buyer had something else sent him for dinner. Oh, there's nothing like lobster-selling for finding out what kind of people people are! "

While Mr. Tompkins was telling these things, the Funny Man said, " Shame! " several times, and every time he said it, the Jimmyjohns and the three or four neighborhood boys said it.

Next after Mr. Tompkins, came Annetta, with a verse her father helped her make:

"Once we had a Polly and a Rover,
But now they're gone, and that's all over;
My father says that both these two
Are just the same, and he'll prove it true —
For he says if you will but think it over,
That Polly herself is now a rover."

"True! true!" cried the Funny Man; and the Jimmyjohns and the three or four neighborhood boys said it after him.

Joey Moonbeam and her family were excused from doing anything, because they were all deaf and dumb. Josephus, of course, did not go on to the platform. He merely stood where he was and told what the sheep says and what the dog says. He went no farther in the animals, for there was so much laughing and clapping that he himself began to clap and to shout, and would do nothing else. Mr. Tompkins gave him some lobster-feelers he had brought for Annetta to make into necklaces for Polly Cologne when she should be found; and when Josephus and the others were quiet, Natsey recited the piece from *The Farmer's Own Book*. It was about tough beefsteak. It said that the reason beefsteak was tough was that cattle did not chew the

grass as they ought to, or as long as they ought to; and showed that this was true, and how cattle might be made to do better.

The Jimmyjohns then went to the platform and took off their paper caps, and then standing hand in hand repeated together these verses which had come from the mother of the Rockville sailor who carried Rover to sea. (No one there but Natsey knew who sent the verses.) These are the verses:

"A letter from Rover; bow-wow and bow-wow!
O'er the ocean a rover; bow-wow and bow-wow!
Blow low, or blow high, o'er the ocean sail I,
To come home by and by, and bow-wow and bow-wow!

There's a monkey here, too; bow-wow and bow-wow!
Which made me with fright to bow-wow and bow-wow!
We began with a fight, and he gave me a bite,
Which made me with fright bow-wow and bow-wow!

Now we love one another; bow-wow and bow-wow!
And sleep by each other; bow-wow and bow-wow!

He chatters away, as together we play,
But all *I* can say, is, bow-wow and bow-wow! "

They came out pretty nearly together in ending each verse, excepting that Jimmy would be one " bow-wow " behind Johnny, so that instead of two " bow-wows " at the end there were three.

When the Jimmies had taken their seats Effie stood on the platform holding in her hand a stalk of blue gentian, and repeated these lines from Bryant's poem, *To the Blue Gentian,* though of course she could not speak all the words plainly:

EFFIE SPEAKS HER PIECE.

" Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky."

The next thing was the Funny Man's little Ant-hill Story. It was the story that was little, not the ant-hill, nor the ants; for the ants were large and the hill was a yard high and nearly four yards round. The monkeys of the story had their true names, which were funny ones to hear. The story was as follows:

" The Wanderoo said to the Entellus, ' The Mangabey is ill and wishes for ants to eat: do you know where there is an ant-hill? ' The Entellus said, ' I do not, but I will inquire.' Then the Entellus asked of the Hoolock, ' Do you know where there is an ant-hill? ' The Hoolock said, ' I do not, but I will inquire.' Then the Hoolock asked of the Simpai, ' Do you know where there is an ant-hill? ' The Simpai said, ' I do not, but I will inquire.' Then the Simpai asked of the Malbrouk, ' Do you know where there is an ant-hill? ' The Malbrouk said, ' I do not, but I will inquire.' Then the Malbrouk asked of the Guenon, ' Do you know where there's an ant-hill? ' The Guenon said, ' I do not, but I will inquire.' Then the Guenon asked of the Donc, ' Do you know where there is an ant-hill? ' The Donc

said, ' I do not, but I will inquire.' Then the Donc said to the Chacma, ' Do you know where there is an ant-hill? ' The Chacma said, ' I do not, but I will inquire.' Then the Chacma asked of the Drill, ' Do you know where there is an ant-hill? ' The Drill said, ' I do not, but I will inquire. Then the Drill asked of the Mandril, ' Do you know where there is an ant-hill? ' The Mandril said, ' I do not, but I will inquire.' Then the Mandril asked of the long-tailed Cercocebus, ' Do you know where there is an ant-hill? ' The long-tailed Cercocebus said, ' Yes; near yonder tall palm.' ' Near yonder tall palm,' said the Mandril to the Drill. ' Near yonder tall palm,' said the Drill to the Chacma. ' Near yonder tall palm,' said the Chacma to the Donc. ' Near yonder tall palm,' said the Donc to the Guenon. ' Near yonder tall palm,' said the Guenon to the Malbrouk. ' Near yonder tall palm,' said the Malbrouk to the Simpai. ' Near yonder tall palm,' said the Simpai to the Hoolock. ' Near yonder tall palm,' said the Hoolock to the Entellus. ' Near yonder tall palm,' said the Entellus to the Wanderoo.

" Then the Wanderoo, and the Entellus, and the Hoolock, and the Simpai, and the Malbrouk, and the Guenon, and the Donc, and the Chacma, and the Drill, and the Mandril, and the long-tailed Cercocebus helped to carry the Mangabey to the ant-hill, and laid their paws on the ant-hill, and the Mangabey licked from all these paws the ants which crawled on to the paws from the ant-hill, and was not ill any more."

Just as the Funny Man began his story, Mr. Plummer drove up to the barn-door with more pumpkins, and he sat on the load and heard the story. He then came inside and was commanded to do something, no matter what, and was taken to the platform by Annetta and the Jimmies. Mr. Plummer showed how far he could jump square-foot, and told how far he could jump square-foot when he was a boy. The little Lobster Man said he could jump square-foot from one pile of pumpkins to the other.

MR. PLUMMER JUMPS SQUARE FOOT.

"Do it! do it! Let's see you do it!" cried the boys; whereupon Mr. Tompkins stood at one pile and began jumping across by short jumps. A tremendous shout arose. "No! no! no fair jumping that way!" and Mr. Tompkins ran back to his place so swiftly that he almost stepped on the Jimmyjohns' rabbit. The rabbit had not been asked to do anything, but he came jumping out from some corner, in his rabbit kind of square-foot, and made everybody laugh.

Natsey said the neighborhood boys ought to do something and that they might each show how far he could jump square-foot, and each make a bow before and after his jump.

While this was going on the sound of wheels was heard, and presently a new-comer walked in. He was a large fleshy man with frizzly gray hair and rosy cheeks, and he wore a felt hat; a black one. It was Mr. Goram; Mr. Jabez Goram, the *old* gentleman. Mr. Goram bowed to the company and asked, "Is it a party?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Plummer; "it is a Mutual.

Every one is expected to do something to entertain the company."

" Perhaps Mr. Goram will tell us a story," said Mrs. Plummer.

Mr. Goram smiled, walked slowly to the platform, took off his hat, and said, in his gentle manner, " I

IN PURSUIT OF THE BLUE GENTIAN MAN.

have something to tell which will please the little boys — and the little girls. I like to please little boys and little girls. This will please you all. The man I saw once with the rag-doll in his buttonhole has come to get the gentian flowers. I saw him not ten minutes ago by the swamp in Mr. Perry's pasture."

Mr. Goram had hardly spoken the words before

the three or four neighborhood boys were out of the barn, with the Jimmies after them. Natsey and Annetta soon followed. The Funny Man and Mr. Tompkins stood in the doorway, laughing and watching the runners, and presently they all walked away in the same direction.

CHAPTER IX.

HUNTING A BOTANIST.

NATSEY TOMPKINS wrote a letter to the mother of the Rockville sailor who carried Rover to sea, and told her about the little affair in Mr. Plummer's barn, and how Mr. Goram brought it suddenly to an end, and what happened after that. "Your verses about Rover," wrote Natsey, "were well spoken by the dear little Jimmyjohns, and the children had a good time, and so had the grown folks. But I wish you could have seen the scampering when Mr. Goram told us the man had come for blue gentians and that he saw him go into Mr. Perry's swamp. The Jimmyjohns and the other boys hopped out of the barn like so many grasshoppers. Annetta wanted to go, and I went and took her along, and my father came and Mr. Doty came — the one the children call the Funny Man.

"Women opened their front doors to ask what was the matter; and when they had heard, went back laughing. There has been so much fun about Polly Cologne, and about the Jimmyjohns going here and there to find her, and about the jackknife reward, and about the man Mr. Goram saw with a rag-doll in his button-hole that even grown folks are interested in these matters.

NATSEY STANDS ON THE ROCK.

"When we arrived at the swamp we found the boys standing outside. They did not know whether to go in and find the Man, or watch for him to come out at one of the paths. My father said that whichever path the Man had taken he would have to come out by the same, on account of a deep bog-hole in the middle. One boy said there was a board across that bog-hole, another boy said some-

body stole that board but there were stepping-stones; and a third boy said the stepping-stones had sunk down. At last it was settled that the boys should watch, one at each path; and I know you would have laughed to see how earnest the little fellows were, and to see Mr. Doty look at them in his droll way, half sober, half laughing.

" Annetta and I were on a hill at the west side of the swamp, where that big rock is, you remember, and I went and stood on the rock; for I never go near a rock but that I want to stand on it. As I straightened myself up to take a look around, I saw a man at some distance off, travelling across a pasture in the direction of Mr. Doty's little house — the one I showed you, with the umbrella on it for a sign. He had his hands full of what seemed to be plants and flowers, and he now and then stopped to look among the bushes, or to break off a stalk of something.

" ' Why, why, why! ' said I. ' I do believe our man has got away! Look there! '

" ' I see him,' said Father. ' He's a stranger in these parts.'

" ' He must have gone out of the swamp before we came,' said I.

" The word went from boy to boy, and soon the whole crowd were collected on the rock or around it, to see the Man. He passed Mr. Doty's house and

AT THE SWAMP.

went on towards Goram's woods, which are some distance beyond Mr. Doty's.

" ' Let's go! ' shouted the boys; and away they ran.

" ' Jimmyjohns! ' called Annetta, ' you mustn't go! 'Tis too far! '

" The Jimmies began to cry. Mr. Doty told them he would go and take them horseback. We laughed at the idea of those three upon Activity, though to be sure there's room enough on his back for three in a row, and more; and though he is lean, his bones are strong enough.

" Mr. Doty took the Jimmies, one by each hand, and strode off at such a rate that with all their trotting they could hardly keep up. My father said he would stay and watch for the Man at a place he would have to pass in going to the station. He said the Man would probably go back to the city in the six o'clock train, as there is no train later than that. Annetta and I thought we would go on as far as Mr. Doty's house and wait there, and play with his cats; so we ran and caught up with him and the Jimmies — poor little trotters!

" ' Oh, Mr. Doty! ' cried Annetta as we came near his place, ' Activity's calling to you! ' And sure enough, there was Activity, his long neck stretched over the paling, whinnying his *how-d'ye-do,* and you would have been pleased to see how affectionately he laid his nose upon Mr. Doty's shoulder. Mr.

Doty got upon his back, with one delighted Jimmyjohn behind, and the other delighted Jimmyjohn before, both smiling, of course; and when the willing animal was fairly set in motion he walked off at quite a jog, and Mr. Doty's funny-sober face was a sight to see. How he does enjoy anything of this kind! *Snowbound* — a great white cat — began to follow on, but we brought her back. She often comes as far as Mr. Plummer's to meet Mr. Doty. She was brought to him a year ago, to be cured of a hurt got in a trap, and was so grateful to him for curing her that she would not go back home.

"SNOWBOUND."

"We took Snowbound into Mr. Doty's house and amused ourselves with her and another cat, and looked at a sick hen that was lying in a basket with its head almost out of sight. There was any quantity of old umbrellas and parasols, and in one cor-

ner was a great pile of bayberry-bushes, and everlasting-flowers, and sweet-fern; a very spicy pile!

"All this time I was longing to run over to Goram's woods, to see what was going on there, but did not like to leave Annetta. Presently a woman came, bringing something under her shawl which proved to be a bird-cage with a sick canary-bird in it. This woman was going to wait to see Mr. Doty, and I asked Annetta to stay with her while I ran over to Goram's woods. Annetta said she would stay, and I found for her, on a shelf, an old picture-book with brown-paper covers which were marked over with ink drawings such as children make, as, for instance, boys with round bodies and straight marks for arms and legs, and houses with beds and chairs showing through the outside walls. The book used to belong to his little girl that died just after his wife died — a long time ago, that was.

"I left Annetta looking at the pictures, and ran. Just as I reached the woods, a boy came crushing through the bushes — a bright-faced, bob-capped little fellow, called by the boys, Towser. He said he had lost the other boys and that he thought he

was coming out in another place. ‘ Come with me,’ I said.

“ We found a good path, and followed it into the woods for, say, a quarter of a mile. Here the path became narrow, so narrow that the bushes scratched our faces, but we kept on. Presently we heard voices; and a few minutes after we came to Activity, standing stock-still with all on board! Mr. Doty said a man had crossed the path about a dozen yards ahead of them, and from the things his hands were full of, he was sure it was our Man, but that he went across so quick there was no chance to halloo to him.

THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF TOWSER.

“ ‘ Is there a path across that way? ’ I asked him.

“ ‘ Not much of a path,’ said Mr. Doty; ‘ but that kind of a man can get through almost anywhere.’

“ Mr. Doty said he had been trying to back Activity back to a place wide enough to turn him in, but he would not back. He said there were some

horses which never would back, and he supposed that one was one of that kind. He said he wanted to back out and turn him round, and so get out of the woods and ride round outside and catch the Man when the Man should come through at the side. He said it was twice as far to keep on as to go back the same way he came in.

STOCK-STILL!

"I asked Towser to climb a tree and look about; and up he went to the top of a tall tree.

"'Do you see anything moving?' I called up.

"'No, ma'am,' he called down.

"'Look away off outside,' said I.

"After a few minutes spent in peering this way and that, he cried, 'I see something!'

"'What is it?' shouted one of the Jimmies.

"'A man.'

"'Out of the woods?' I asked.

"'Yes, ma'am!'

"'What is he doing?'

"'Standing still.'

"'Now what is he doing?'

"'He is fixing his things. He's laying 'em all down on the ground. He's putting some of 'em into boxes.'

TOWSER GOES UP TO LOOK ABOUT

"'I wonder which way he will turn when he starts,' said Mr. Doty soberly. 'If he turns that way' (pointing behind), 'you and Towser may meet him by going back the way you came in; but if he turns that way' (pointing forward), 'we may catch him by pushing ahead. The path is better farther on; and if the Man *should* turn this way, we shall have a better chance than you.' And on they went, the Jim-

mies holding their heads down out of the way of the bushes.

" Towser and I went back the way we came, and you would never suppose that a girl sixteen years old could be so earnest as I was to catch that mysterious Man. I believe I was as earnest as little bob-capped, six-year-old Towser. Poor Towser! What do you think happened? I must tell you.

" As soon as we got out of the woods we hurried on till we reached a place where we could stand and look along on the outside. We saw the Man. He had ' fixed his things,' and had just started on his travels. Instead of travelling along the edge of the woods, he travelled from the woods, towards the road. Towser and I were about to follow when a man stepped up behind us and took Towser by the shoulder and said, sternly, ' So this is the way you do your errands! '

" The man was Towser's father. Towser hung his head and began to sniffle. The fact was, that his mother was making jelly that afternoon. In the midst of it her sugar gave out, and she sent Towser to the store to get a two-pound bag of sugar. On his

way back with it he stopped at Mr. Plummer's barn, and he liked the Mutual so much that he stayed.

"'Where is the sugar?' asked his father.

"No answer, only louder sniffling.

"'Where is the sugar?' asked his father again.

"'In the — Jimmyjohns' barn — behind — the pumpkins!'' answered Towser, in a faint voice.

"THIS IS THE WAY YOU DO YOUR ERRANDS"

"'Go and get it,' said his father, 'and go home with it, and stay in the house till you have leave from me to go out. He must learn to come directly home when he is sent of an errand,' his father said, looking at me.

"I knew this very well, so I could not ask that Towser might wait to speak to the Man about Polly; but just as his father was leading him away I told him that if I should find out what had become of Polly, and get her back, and get the jack-knife, I would give it to him, as he was the one

who went up the tree and told where the Man was.

" When Towser left me I was just as sure of catching the Man and speaking to him, as I was that I had eaten my breakfast that morning. I am small, but I am a fast walker, and he was not so very far off, and I saw that he stopped now and then to snap off something which grew by the stone wall; for he was walking along by a stone wall which divided that pasture from the next. I got so near him that he was no farther ahead of me than, say, four or five times the length of our house.

" He was a man, I should say, between forty and fifty years old; not at all a snug-looking man. His clothes were not snug, his shoes were not snug, his hat was not snug. He was not untidy, but everything about him seemed loose and easy, even to his hair and his shoestrings. He trudged on, his head bent forward, a tin box under each arm, and his hands full of what he had been getting. (Some things he had been getting stuck to his clothes; bits of moss, for instance, a brier or two, and mud.)

" I trudged behind him about as far off, as I have just said, as four or five times the length of our house. All at once, as we hurried on and I came nearer, thoughts came to my mind. What should I say to him? How should I ask him? Should I say, ' Excuse me, sir, but were you ever seen in these parts with a rag-doll in your button-hole? ' or, ' Excuse me, sir, but a few months ago a little girl of our place lost a small rag-doll named Polly Cologne: do you know who found her? ' I began to feel shy about running up to a stranger there in the pastures and asking such questions. And suppose he were not the Man? Not the one Mr. Goram saw with Polly in his buttonhole! (If

THE UNCONSCIOUS BOTANIST STILL GOES ON.

she was Polly.) Up to that time all my thought had been, ' How shall I catch him? ' Now my thought was, ' Shall I catch him if I can? '

" You will remember that we were travelling towards the road. While I was following the Man, and making up my mind what to do, and what not to do, I happened to cast my eyes along the road, and there I saw my father standing with Mr. Perry, in Mr. Perry's yard. ' Good! ' said I to myself. ' I'll let Father speak to him.'

NATSEY, TOO, CLIMBS THE FENCE.

" The Man climbed the fence into the road, and walked on towards Mr. Perry's. I climbed over the same pane of fence, and stood there watching. And now did you ever hear anything so strange and so droll? When the Man had gone on as far as the old schoolhouse, about half-way to Mr. Perry's, he met the Rockville coach, and stopped it. Some one inside opened the door and he stepped in. As the coach came rattling past me I got a view of his face,

a good face, with mild brown eyes and loose hair, partly gray, hanging about it; and that was all.

STILL MOVING ON.

"All I saw, but not all I heard. Father and I know his name and where he lives. Mr. Francis Wetherell, 13 Meando Place. Mr. Perry told Father. Mr. Perry sends him moss every fall; finger-moss; sends it by the bushel. Mr. Perry says no doubt he is our Man, for he often comes out here to scour the woods. I really think I shall call and see him next week when I go in town. It will be such fun, if Polly *is* in existence anywhere, to get her and fetch her to Annetta! I shall ask for his wife and tell her all about it. Perhaps it will amuse her. Or if he has no wife, he must have a sister or mother, for his clothes seemed well taken care of. I mean to keep the address private, if I can; for should Mr. Doty find it out, he might go there. It is just the kind of thing he would like to do. Oh, I must tell you that Activity brought them out of the woods

— those three in a row — and when I went to Mr. Doty's house for Annetta I found them all there just arrived, and told my part of the story (except Mr. Wetherell's name and address). The Jimmies looked rather sober at having missed him; so I invited them home to take tea with us.

CHAPTER X.

MR. WETHERELL RECEIVES CALLERS.

THE Botanist, Mr. Francis Wetherell, was not a married man. He boarded with a woman by the name of Hammond. It may seem strange that four people from the Land of Ease should have called to inquire of Mr. Wetherell concerning Polly Cologne; but it can seem no stranger to any one than it did to Mr. Wetherell himself. It was only the fourth caller who found out anything at all, and this was merely by accident and not from Mr. Wetherell, for,

THE WOMAN WHO NEVER BUYS ANYTHING OUT OF A CART.

as we all know, Mr. Wetherell lost Polly in the street.

Natsey Tompkins meant to keep Mr. Wetherell's name and address private, but they leaked out in some way, and people who had known the Blue Gentian Man was expected, said one to another, smiling, " So the man did come, and his name is Wetherell, and he lives at Number Thirteen, Meando Place."

Natsey told her father it would be just like Mr. Doty — the Funny Man — to call at Mr. Wetherell's and inquire; but she never thought of such a thing as that Annetta's father should do it. Yet Mr. Plummer was the very first one. He went in one morning with a load of quinces, and as he drove through the city to the market, passed near Meando Place. " I've a great mind just to call," said he to himself, " and speak to that Mr. Wetherell about Annetta's little Polly-dolly. I should like very well to go home with it in my pocket. How Ma and all of them would laugh! " Full of these thoughts he drove round to Number Thirteen, stopped his horse, got off his load, ran up steps and rang the bell. Mrs.

Hammond herself opened the door, a thin, dark woman, neither old nor young. "No," she said before Mr. Plummer had time to speak, "we never buy anything out of a cart."

"Does Mr. Wetherell live here," Mr. Plummer asked.

"Yes, but he boards," she answered. "He won't want any quinces."

"I wish you would ask him to just step to the door a minute," said Mr. Plummer.

NATSEY FEELS A LITTLE BASHFUL

"Katie!" said Mrs. Hammond, going inside, "run up and tell Mr. Wetherell there's a man here wants to see him."

Mr. Wetherell came down in dressing-gown and slippers. "Good-morning, Mr. Wetherell," said Mr. Plummer. "I am going to ask you a strange sort of question, but —"

"Won't you come in?" asked Mr. Wetherell, politely.

" Thank you," said Mr. Plummer, " I must keep an eye on my horse. My name is Plummer. I live out at a little place called the Land of Ease. You know it is worth while, sometimes, to please the children. My little girl lost a rag-baby she was very fond of, and she heard you found one out there, and I thought I would just stop and inquire; that's all."

But Mr. Wetherell only smiled, put his hand to his forehead and looked hard at the floor, as if trying to think.

" It was about two months ago," said Mr. Plummer.

" Yes," said Mr. Wetherell, smiling more than he had been smiling, " I did find a thing of that kind, and I brought it to the city in my buttonhole, but I lost it somewhere in the street. I am very sorry."

" Pray don't trouble yourself about the matter," said Mr. Plummer; " it isn't worth troubling yourself about. I thought I would just stop and inquire; that's all. Good-morning."

Natsey Tompkins was in town, that same day, buying cloth and flannel for winter, and she thought, the same as Mr. Plummer, that it would be a pleas-

ant thing to carry home Polly Cologne. She said to herself that Mr. Wetherell's wife would like to hear the story of that rag-doll, if he really did find it and bring it into the house. Natsey felt a little bashful, going up the steps, but after ringing the bell she gained courage. " Anyway," she said to herself, " there's no harm in doing this." The door was opened by Katie. " Does Mr. Wetherell live here? " Natsey asked.

" Yes'm, he does," replied the girl.

" I should like to see Mrs. Wetherell," said Natsey, timidly.

" There isn't any Mrs. Wetherell," said the girl.

" I should like to see the lady of the house, then," said Natsey.

Natsey was shown into the parlor, and presently Mrs. Hammond appeared. She looked at Natsey's bag. " Perhaps I may as well tell you, Miss," said she, speaking quickly, " that I never buy anything of people that bring anything round to sell."

" Are you a relative of Mr. Wetherell's? " asked Natsey.

" No, I am not. He boards with me," said Mrs. Hammond.

" Then I should like to tell *you* my little story," said Natsey.

" I make it a rule never to hear people's stories," said Mrs. Hammond. " People are always coming with stories of one kind or another. Yesterday, it was a woman with a drunken husband and sick children; day before, it was a girl wanting work. But there *are* places you *can* go to for work," she added, " or for help either."

" Do you know if Mr. Wetherell ever brought home a little rag-doll? " asked Natsey.

" A rag-doll! " exclaimed Mrs. Hammond. " I never knew him to do such a thing. I don't see why he should; there are no children here."

" We heard," said Natsey, " that Mr. Wetherell found one out at the Land of Ease. Would you be willing to ask him? "

" It isn't at all likely, but I'll ask him," said Mrs. Hammond.

Mrs. Hammond went up, and soon came back with the answer that he found one and

brought it into the city, but lost it somewhere on the street.

"Thank you," said Natsey; "excuse me for troubling you. Good-morning."

Two days after this, a third person called; Mrs. Goram, wife of Mr. Jabez Goram, the *old* gentleman. Mrs. Goram was visiting her son, young Mr. Jabez Goram. Young Mr. Jabez Goram kept a provision store not a great way from Meando Place, and this was why Mr. Plummer had driven around that way. He left some quinces at young Mr. Jabez Goram's store.

"'MIDDLING WELL, I THANK YOU,' SAID MRS. GORAM."

Mrs. Goram told her grandchildren all about Polly Cologne, and Rover, and Annetta, and the Jimmyjohns, and about Mr. Wetherell, the Blue Gentian Man, and where he lived. "Why, that's

close by! " said one of the boys. Young Mr. Jabez Goram told his mother that Number Thirteen Meando Place was a boarding-house kept by a Mrs. Hammond, and that a Mr. Wetherell sometimes came to his store to leave orders for Mrs. Hammond. The grandchildren begged their grandmother to go and ask Mr. Wetherell if he found Polly and what he did with her.

" It would be nice, Grandma," said one of the little girls, " if you *could* get Polly Cologne for Annetta, and then we could all see Polly! "

" Well," said Grandma, " I don't suppose he'd mind being asked the question."

So the old lady put on her things, went round to Number Thirteen, rang the bell, called for Mr. Wetherell, and was shown into the parlor. Mr. Wetherell was just coming down stairs on his way out.

Now Mr. Wetherell had an aunt living up in Vermont, whom he had not seen since he was a boy. He knew she was at that time in the city, and when he saw this old lady, he thought she must be his aunt.

Still, not being sure, he only shook hands and said, " How do you do? "

" Middling well, I thank you," said Mrs. Goram. " How do you do yourself? "

" Quite well, I thank you, madam," said Mr. Wetherell.

" Fine weather we are having," said Mrs. Goram.

" Yes, very fine," said Mr. Wetherell.

" May I ask," inquired Mrs. Goram, after a short silence, " if you ever go out to a place called the Land of Ease? "

THE MAN WHO HAILED MR. DOTY.

" Yes, madam, sometimes," said Mr. Wetherell. " Have you friends there? "

" I live not far from there," said Mrs. Goram.

Then Mr. Wetherell knew that she was not his aunt.

" Did you ever sir, pick up anything out there? " asked Mrs. Goram. " A child's plaything, for instance? "

" You don't mean a rag-doll, do you? " he asked, with a smile.

" Exactly," said Mrs. Goram.

SUCH CHILDREN AS WERE FOUND IN THE STREET NEAR BY.

" I did find one," said Mr. Wetherell, " and I brought it away with me; but I lost it here on the street."

" Then I suppose it will never be found," said Mrs. Goram.

" If I had expected there would be so many inquiries," said Mr. Wetherell, " I would have been more careful. Two persons before you have been here on the same errand; a man and a young girl."

" Indeed;" said Mrs. Goram. " But I won't keep you from your business; good-afternoon."

The fourth caller happened to call at exactly the right time for finding out that Polly Cologne had been carried to little Mary Bunting's. He learned this from a boy whose name has been more than once mentioned in our story. This fourth caller was Mr. Doty — the Funny Man. Mr. Doty had been away every day, mending umbrellas in Rockville and other places, and had not heard of the three calls Mr. Wetherell had received. He went to the city that day to get a supply of wire, whale-bone, and sweet oil, and he also thought that it would be pleasant to carry Polly Cologne to her home. He had no idea that any one else would think of the same thing.

LOOKING IN.

Mr. Wetherell was out when Mr. Doty called, and Mr. Doty sat down to wait for him. When Mr. Wetherell came in he was followed by a boy, a black-eyed little fellow with thick black curls coming out all round the edge of his cap, and a violin in his hand. The boy stood as if waiting for something. Mr. Wetherell looked hard at Mr. Doty. "I think, sir, I have seen you before, somewhere," said he, "and now I remember where it was. It was when I was driving with a friend through a pleasant country place called the Land of Ease."

"Yes; that's where I live," said Mr. Doty. "My name is Doty."

"I hope you have not come to inquire after a lost rag-baby," said Mr. Wetherell, laughing. "There have been three here already; a man, a young girl, and an old lady; a tall, slender old lady with a small head and face."

"Yes, I know her," said Mr. Doty, "and the girl. The man might have been her father. Did they find what they came for?"

"I am sorry to say they did not," said Mr. Wetherell. "I once picked up a thing of that kind, and I

wore it into the city in my buttonhole; but I took it out and stepped up on to some church steps to arrange my flowers and things, and that was the last I saw of my foundling. It must have been an uncommon rag-baby to cause so many inquiries; why, it was only about so long," (measuring with his fingers).

" Well," said Mr. Doty, " there has been a good deal of fun out there about it. You were seen with it in your buttonhole, and you were known to be coming for gentians, and you were watched for, and followed, but you got away from us."

"SEE, BABY, WHAT SISTER'S GOT!"

" Please, I know who picked up one on the sidewalk," cried the little boy, earnestly coming forward. This boy was our old acquaintance, Tink.

It will be remembered that Tink was at little Mary Bunting's when Juliana Armstrong came there with Polly and the doll's trunk, and was often there after-

wards and saw little Mary Bunting play with Polly. It will be remembered that Juliana and Aunt Sue had planned to gather the children of Spellman's Court in little Mary Bunting's room and give them fruit and flowers. It will also be remembered that Juliana sometimes sent Tink to Mr. Wetherell for flowers for little Mary Bunting. Mr. Wetherell had told her she might do this. He had promised her some pinks and heliotropes from his conservatory for the party, and Tink had come for them, as the party was to be that afternoon.

When Juliana took Polly Cologne to little Mary Bunting, she told to her and Tink the whole story of the finding of Ethelinda, as she named the rag-doll, and how it had been sent here and there in a cake, a mouse-trap, a bouquet, and in other ways. Tink remembered it all; and this was why he stepped forward so earnestly and said, "Please, I know who picked up one!"

THE FUNNY MAN CONCLUDES TO WAIT AND HEAR THE STORY.

Mr. Doty began asking him questions, and in an-

swer to these questions Tink told all he knew about Polly and little Mary Bunting, and told some things about himself, and the old Italian who used to beat him, and how kind Juliana had been, and spoke of what was going to be at little Mary Bunting's in Spellman's Court that afternoon.

" Now, Mr. Doty," said Mr. Wetherell, " all you have to do is to go to the party in Spellman's Court and ask for your Polly Cologne! "

A DOLL, LARGER THAN POLLY.

" If I go there, I shall have to hurry and finish up my errands," said Mr. Doty; and he bade Mr. Wetherell a hasty good-by.

Soon after Mr. Doty had turned the corner from Meando Place he was hailed by a man driving a carryall; a large, oldish man with rosy cheeks, frizzly gray hair, and wearing a felt hat; a black one. It was Mr. Goram; Mr. Jabez Goram, the *old* gentleman. He had driven in to get his wife.

" You seem to be in haste, Mr. Doty," said Mr. Goram, stopping his horse.

" Yes, I have errands to do, and I want to go out in the afternoon train," said Mr. Doty.

" You can ride out with me and my wife, if you like to," said Mr. Goram. " We can take you as well as not."

" I shall have some budgets," said Mr. Doty.

" There'll be room enough," said Mr. Goram. " Where shall you be with your budgets? "

Mr. Doty mentioned a market near Spellman's Court.

" I am going there myself to do some errands," said Mr. Goram. " I brought in some sage and sweet-marjoram to sell for Mr. Plummer's wife, and a few things of our own. You'll find my horse hitched at the corner there, by Minturn's."

" Yes, I know," said Mr. Doty, moving forward. " Don't wait for me if I'm not there."

Juliana Armstrong and Aunt Sue had gathered in little Mary Bunting's room what children they found in the street near by, eight or ten in all. Pitiful little children they were! barefoot, bare-legged, unwashed, uncombed, with clothes such as could be begged or be picked out of ragbags. And oh, the

faces of them! pinched, pale, care-worn, old-young faces!

Little Mary Bunting sat propped up in bed, holding Polly Cologne, and looking with moist eyes at the beautiful flowers spread out before her. Polly Cologne was of course dressed in her best things; the party dress she had on when she was lost — white gauze over pink. Little Mary Bunting's mother and two women from across the passage looked in from the doorway. The children sat on the back of the bed or stood near or around it. Some of them smiled as they took their flowers and apples; others stared and looked up wonderingly at the two pleasant-voiced young ladies, as if to say, " What does this mean — this kindness? " Poor things! accustomed many of them only to hard words and abuse! Scarcely in their lives had they heard a gentle word. One child of five sat on the floor with her baby brother and tried to make him smell her flowers.

When the flowers and apples had been given around, and Tink had played a few tunes on his violin, Juliana asked Aunt Sue what could be done to amuse the children.

"Tell them the story of the famous rag-doll, Ethelinda," said Aunt Sue.

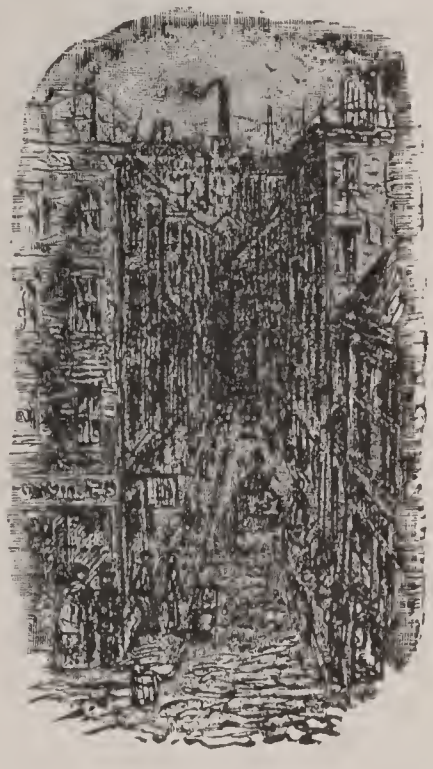
Just at this moment Mr. Doty walked into the room. "I heard there was to be a party here," said Mr. Doty, in his droll, sober way, "and I thought I would come and bring something." He then took from his pocket a paper of cakes and passed them to the children. Juliana saw that as he looked around upon the pitiful little group, the tears came into his eyes, though he winked very hard to keep them away; and that after all he had to take out his handkerchief.

"I believe I'll wait and hear the story," he said, looking at Juliana.

Juliana began at the beginning, and told all about the light-colored molasses, and the finding of Ethelinda by the church steps, and how she was sent back and forth between her cousin Luella and herself, and was brought at last to little Mary Bunting, and named Ethelinda.

When Juliana had finished, Mr. Doty said, "Now *I* will tell a story." Mr. Doty then told about the losing of Polly Cologne at the Land of Ease, by

means of Rover, and how Mr. Wetherell found her and brought her to the city in his buttonhole, and lost her in the street; and that her true name was Polly Cologne, and that she belonged to Annetta Plummer; and told about the Jimmyjohns, and how they and Annetta had looked for Polly; and about the jack-knife reward; and how Mr. Wetherell was seen with Polly in his buttonhole, and was watched for and followed, and how he got away from them.



SPELLMAN'S COURT.

"Why, I never heard anything so strange!" exclaimed Aunt Sue.

"Perfectly wonderful!" cried Juliana.

"Of course Polly Cologne must be sent back," said Aunt Sue.

Little Mary Bunting looked sober.

"We can make another for little Mary," said Juliana.

Mr. Doty drew from his pocket a paper parcel,

unrolled it, and held up a doll, larger than Polly, dressed in pink spangled gauze. Little Mary's face brightened. "I'll change with you," said Mr. Doty.

"This new one can be named Ethelinda," said Juliana, "and we will make her some every-day clothes."

CHAPTER XI.

THE MISTAKE.

IT was after supper at the Plummers', but the table had been newly laid for two, the teakettle was boiling, and the teapot stood ready upon the stove-hearth. Annetta was undressing Joey Moonbeam; the others had been put to bed with their clothes on. Mrs. Plummer sat rocking Josephus in her arms. The Jimmyjohns and Effie, all three in their nightgowns, were rocking side by side in their little rocking-chairs and singing at the top of their voices, "*Sleep, baby, sleep!*" Presently the door opened and the Funny Man walked in with a large bundle of umbrellas.

SUPPER FOR TWO.

"Hush, children," said Mrs. Plummer. "Here is Mr. Doty. Why, Mr. Doty, you haven't been here for a long time! You must have been going on some of your umbrella trips."

"Yes," said Mr. Doty; "though just now I'm from the city. I came in the cars, but as Mr. Goram told me he should stop here, I thought I would put

"SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP!"

my bundles in his carryall. Have you heard any news from Polly?" he asked, turning to the children.

"She's lost!" cried Annetta and the Jimmyjohns.

"Yes, lost!" said Mr. Plummer, coming from the pantry with a mug of milk for Josephus. Mr. Plummer then told of his call upon Mr. Wetherell in Meando Place, and what Mr. Wetherell said. Just

after his story had ended, noise of wheels was heard outside. He went to the door and met a large fleshy man coming in — Mr. Goram; Mr. Jabez Goram, the *old* gentleman. He had called to bring Mrs. Plummer the money he got for her sage and sweet-marjoram.

"IT IS NO USE FOR A MAN TO GO HOME WITHOUT HIS WIFE."

"Now, Mr. Goram," said Mrs. Plummer, "your wife must come in and you must both have your supper before you go home. There's nobody at your house to get supper for you, and I've kept the table standing on purpose for you." She whispered to Mr. Plummer and he ran out; and by the time Mr. Goram told all the reasons why they could not stay; Mr. Plummer was back with Mrs. Goram.

"Oh, well," said Mr. Goram, taking off his coat by slow degrees — for it was a close fit — "it is no use for a man to go home without his wife. So you came by the cars, Mr. Doty?" And Mr.

Goram seated himself in the arm-chair, well pleased to stay.

" Yes," said Mr. Doty: " after seeing you I remembered that I must stop at Rockville for these umbrellas I had left at the station."

Mr. Doty was coaxed to remain, and while the three guests were at supper Mrs. Goram told of her visit to Mr. Wetherell to inquire for Polly Cologne, and Mr. Plummer told them of his visit to Mr. Wetherell to inquire about Polly Cologne. Annetta and the Jimmyjohns listened with sober faces to each story, especially to its ending: " He found such a thing, but dropped it in the street."

" I hope she did not get stepped on," said Annetta, mournfully.

" Who knows," said Mrs. Plummer, " but that some nice little girl picked her up, and kept her to play with! "

" It was a nice large girl that picked her up," said Mr. Doty, speaking quite slowly, and as if it were a matter he cared not much about. Everybody in the room stopped doing whatever he or she was doing, and looked at Mr. Doty.

" Her name was Juliana," said Mr. Doty in the same tone of voice. " She had been with a tin pail to get some kind of light-colored molasses for her cousin Luella to make into candy. The storekeeper had no molasses of that kind, so the pail was empty. Juliana put Polly in the empty pail and sent her to that cousin Luella."

" Oh, Mr. Doty! " cried Annetta, " you are making all that story up! "

" No," said Mr. Doty, " I saw Juliana this afternoon and heard her tell it."

" CAN WE HAVE POLLY BACK? "

" Where? where? What else did she say? Where does she live? Where's Polly now? Can we have Polly back? " Annetta and the Jimmyjohns crowded around Mr. Doty, pouring their questions.

" You may as well begin at the beginning, Mr. Doty," said Mrs. Plummer.

"Yes, begin at the beginning!" said Mr. Plummer.

"Pray do!" cried Mrs. Goram.

"I always tell my wife there's no place like the beginning for beginning a story," said Mr. Goram pleasantly, as he rubbed his fat hands together.

"*I have — seen — Polly — to-day,*" said Mr. Doty, in a low voice.

"Oh!" said Annetta, between a sigh and a groan.

"But that is not the beginning," said Mrs. Plummer; "we want the beginning." And she put wraps around the children to keep them from taking cold.

"TO KEEP THEM FROM TAKING COLD."

Mr. Doty began at the beginning and told just where Polly was picked up, and the different ways by which she was sent between Juliana and Luella. He used the words, "And *then*," a great many times. For instance: after telling about the tin pail he would say slowly, "And

then she was sent in a frosted cake." After telling about the cutting of the cake and Aunt Sue's standing her up in an empty goblet, he would say slowly, " And *then* she went to an evening party." After telling about the party, and how a boy waltzed with her and treated her to ice-cream in a nutshell, he would say slowly, " And *then* she went to school." After telling what happened to her at school he would say slowly, " And *then* she was sent in a rat-trap." After telling about the rat-trap he would say slowly, " And *then* she was sent in a pumpkin-shell." After telling about the pumpkin-shell he would say slowly, " And *then* she was sent in a bouquet." After telling about the bouquet he would say slowly, " And *then* she was put in the trimmings of a girl's hat." " And *then* she was sent in a bottle by express." " And *then* she was hid in a trunk and sent to the mountains." The last " And *then* " was this: " And *then* she was given to a little lame child, and the child's name is Mary Bunting; and she lives with her mother in a room in Spellman's Court, and her mother gets drunk, and sometimes they go hungry for want of something to eat."

Mr. Doty told of the gathering of the poor children that afternoon in little Mary Bunting's room, and of the flowers and apples brought there by Juliana and Aunt Sue.

While Mr. Doty told his story there was scarcely a sound in the room. Josephus had dropped off to sleep. Nobody stirred; the children held their breath, waiting to hear what would come next. The grown people were nearly as much interested as the children.

JOSEPHUS HAD DROPPED OFF TO SLEEP.

"I do declare!" Mrs. Goram exclaimed at the end.

Mr. Goram's broad face beamed with a pleasant smile, and he nodded his head several times, as if to say, "Good, very good!"

"Is that all true, every single word of it?" asked Annetta, drawing a long breath.

"Every single word of it?" repeated the Jimmies.

"Yes, every word," said Mr. Doty.

"I think it is as good a story, Mr. Doty, as any you ever told," said Mrs. Plummer.

" But he did not begin at the beginning," said Mr. Plummer. " He did not tell how he found Spellman's Court, and that little lame girl there, and Juliana, and the poor children."

" Oh, I went to Mr. Wetherell's this forenoon," said Mr. Doty, " to ask him if he found Polly; and there I saw a little black-eyed, curly-headed boy called Tink. Juliana had sent Tink to Mr. Wetherell's for some flowers he was going to give her to carry to the poor children in Spellman's Court. Tink had seen Polly down there, and he had heard Juliana tell this whole story, and when Mr. Wetherell spoke to me of dropping a rag-baby on the street, Tink told of one that had been picked up in the street, and told me it had been carried to a child named Mary Bunting in Spellman's Court, and told me what was to be done there this afternoon."

" Who will have the jackknife reward? " cried Mr. Plummer, suddenly.

" You will have to give it to yourself, Mr. Doty," said Mrs. Goram.

" Why, Mr. Doty would not have found out where she was if Tink had not told him," said Mr. Plummer.

" And she would not have been there if Juliana had not picked her up in the street," said Mrs. Plummer, " and she would not have been in the street if Mr. Wetherell had not dropped her there."

" The jackknife will have to be divided between Mr. Wetherell and Tink and Juliana and Mr. Doty," said Mr. Plummer.

" How *can* you divide a jackknife? " asked Annetta.

" We haven't got Polly yet," said Mrs. Plummer. " Perhaps the little lame child will not be willing to part with her."

" Oh, yes," said Mr. Doty, " she was very willing to change a Polly for a dolly. Somebody that was there gave her a dolly."

" Mr. Doty, when can we get Polly? " asked Annetta, almost in a whisper.

" Don't you want her now? " asked Mr. Doty.

Annetta stared at Mr. Doty, then looked towards his bunch of umbrellas. The Jimmyjohns began feeling in their pockets.

" Why! do you mean she has come? " said Mrs. Plummer.

"Yes," said Mr. Doty, rising. "She is in the seat-box of Mr. Goram's carryall. I will bring her in."

"The seat-box of my carryall, did you say?" asked Mr. Goram.

"Yes, of the back seat," said Mr. Doty.

"Why, there isn't any seat-box *to* my carryall," said Mr. Goram.

"WHAT! NO BOX TO THE BACK SEATS"

"What? No box to the back seat?" cried Mr. Doty, going towards the door.

"No box to either seat," said Mr. Goram.

"Are you sure?" asked Mr. Doty, and went out without waiting for an answer.

A SOB FROM ANNETTA.

There was almost breathless silence in the room. It was broken by a sob from Annetta. She could not hold back her tears. Mr. Doty came back. No, there was no seat-box in the carryall. "I certainly put a small bundle

in the seat-box of some carryall," said Mr. Doty, " and put a large bundle under the seat, behind the buffalo-robe." Annetta's tears began to run down her cheeks; the Jimmyjohns looked more and more serious. " The carryall was like yours, Mr. Goram," said Mr. Doty, " and the horse was an old black horse, like yours."

" Was your name on the bundles? " asked Mrs. Plummer.

" No, I believe not — yes! now I think of it, some of Polly's things were put in an old envelope that I happened to have in my pocket, and the envelope was addressed to me."

" Don't cry, Annetta," said Mrs. Plummer. " If they are honest, they will write to Mr. Doty."

" There are some people," said Mrs. Goram, " that won't take as much trouble to do anybody a favor, as even to write a letter."

" My name was not on the bundle that was under the seat," said Mr. Doty, " and they may not open the seat-box for some time."

" What '*things*' were put in that envelope? " asked Annetta rubbing tears out of her eyes.

"I don't know exactly," said Mr. Doty. "Some kind of wearing things, aprons or bonnets, maybe."

"I wonder if that girl made them," said Annetta. "I don't mean that poor lame one, I mean the big one."

"I have no doubt the big girl made them," said Mrs. Plummer.

Mr. Doty did not like to tell that Juliana sent the little trunk with all Polly's every-day clothes in it. He had meant to surprise Annetta with this, and now he thought he would wait awhile and see if some news did not come from his bundles.

MARTHA ANN WILSON.

It was just as Mr. Doty said about those bundles. The seat-box of the carryall was not opened for a long time. He knew when it had been opened, by receiving the following letter:

"Mr. B. H. Doty. *Dear Sir:*

"I am a little girl eight years and a half old. My pa is too busy to write a letter and my ma is sick, but my ma says somebody ought to write you a letter.

If your name is Mr. B. H. Doty, some of your things got put in Pa's carryall. A good while ago Pa found a bundle that was not his under the seat of his carryall. It had some whalebones in it, and some wire, and a bottleful of oil and a pair of pinchers and more things. This bundle does not have any name on it. We did not open the box of the seat till yesterday. My aunt went in our carryall to buy her Christmas presents, and when she opened the box of the seat to put in some of the presents she found a bundle there that was in there before. Pa thinks it was put in there when that other bundle without any name on it was put under the seat. "Mr. B. H. Doty" is written on an envelope that is in the bundle that was in the box of the seat, and the name of the town you live in — if your name is Mr. B. H. Doty. The bundle that was in the box of the seat had in it the cunningest little rag-baby I ever saw, or that Ma ever saw, and the cunningest little trunk we both ever saw, with clothes in it to fit the rag-baby. Ma says that the little girl these things belong to ought to have them. Ma wants you to write a letter to Pa if you get this letter and tell him what to do with the bundles if they are your bundles, or tell him whose bundles they are if they are not your bundles, if you know. Pa

will write his name here and the name of the town he lives in.

" Martha Ann Wilson."

This letter came long after the bundles were lost, so that people had left off asking Mr. Doty if he had found those bundles.

CHAPTER XII.

WELCOME HOME AGAIN.

ONE afternoon in the middle of December little Mr. Tompkins, the Lobster Man, brought Natsey a letter from the post-office. The letter came from the mother of the Rockville sailor who carried Rover to sea. She wrote that her son had been home and had left the little dog with her and had gone away. The dog was a dear little dog, and she would keep him until she should be told what to do with him.

MR. TOMPKINS PROMISES.

Natsey read the letter to her father, then led him to a corner of the room. "Now father, hold up both hands," said she, "and repeat the words I shall speak."

Mr. Tompkins held up both hands and repeated these words which Natsey spoke: "*I promise not to tell anybody that Rover has come home from sea.*"

"Because, Father," said Natsey, "I mean to ask her to keep him till almost Christmas and say nothing about him, and I shall give him to the Jimmyjohns for a Christmas present; and it is a great pity he cannot be hung on the tree."

NATSEY CHOOSES HER TREE.

A few days after this, Natsey went up to Goram's Woods to pick out a Christmas-tree for Mrs. Plummer, and get alderberries; and in crossing a pasture she met Mr. Doty, and he went to show her a good tree.

"You haven't heard from those *carryall bundles*

yet, have you? " she asked, as they walked on together.

" Oh, people have done asking me that question," said Mr. Doty.

" I would give a dollar to have Polly back by Christmas," said Natsey.

" All right," said Mr. Doty, holding out his hand. " I'll take that dollar."

" Now, Mr. Doty! " cried Natsey, " you don't mean to say — "

" Oh, no! " said Mr. Doty.

" So you have not found her? " said Natsey.

" I don't mean to say," said Mr. Doty, soberly.

" Oh, I know you've got her! I know by your looks! " cried Natsey.

" Well, if you know, you can read this," said Mr. Doty. And he took from his pocket Martha Ann Wilson's letter. Natsey read it hurriedly. " Have you actually got the bundles? " she asked.

" Oh, yes. They came yesterday by express; but nobody knows it."

" Do keep it private till Christmas," said Natsey. " Perhaps we'll have Polly hung on the tree! "

"Very well," said Mr. Doty.

"I shall be there at the Plummers', Christmas afternoon," said Natsey, "helping get the tree ready, and you can bring me the package."

"Very well," said Mr. Doty.

Natsey was at the Plummers' early on Christmas afternoon. "Do, Natsey, go into the front room quick as ever you can," said Mrs. Plummer, "and help Aunt Emily about the tree; for somebody has to stay here and see to the children."

THE JIMMIES PEEP.

The children were in high glee, rushing out and in, up stairs and down, watching when brown-paper parcels and pasteboard boxes were brought, or for whatever might happen. In passing into the entry, Natsey came upon the Jimmyjohns lying flat upon the floor trying to peep through the crack under the front-door room. They hurried away to the kitchen,

and were just in time to meet Mr. Doty. Mr. Doty had nothing in his hand, but he found a chance to tell Natsey that he had hid the package in the barn. Mrs. Plummer told him to mind and be on the spot in time to see the tree and the fun. Mrs. Plummer did not know that Mr. Doty had left Polly in the barn, neither did she know that Mr. Tompkins had been to Rockville and got Rover.

About an hour before it was time to light the tree, Natsey thought she would give Annetta and the Jimmyjohns the pleasure of having a secret to keep. She took the Jimmies into a corner of the entry and said to them softly, " I am going to give you a secret to keep. Won't you tell? " " No! " they whispered. " Stand up close," said Natsey. They stood up close to her, and she put up her hands, one each side of her mouth, and bent down and whispered to them:

" WON'T YOU TELL? "

" Polly Cologne is here. Mr. Doty brought her. Annetta will have her when the tree is lighted. Don't

tell anybody. We will surprise Annetta. If you can hardly help telling, stuff your handkerchiefs in your mouths. Now remember! Don't tell!"

The Jimmies looked soberly at each other, walked into the sitting-room, and sat down in their chairs, both silent. They scarcely stirred, except to turn their heads now and then and look at each other. "Why, boys!" exclaimed Mrs. Plummer, as she passed the door, "what is the matter with you?" They put their handkerchiefs to their mouths.

THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP THE SECRET.

"Are you sick, you two little boys?" she asked.

"They are only keeping a secret," said Natsey, who put her head in just then to look for Annetta.

"Oh, is that all?" asked Mrs. Plummer.

Natsey found Annetta, took her aside, and said, "If you won't tell, I'll give you a secret to keep." Annetta promised not to tell. Natsey then put up her hands, one each side of her mouth, and told An-

netta in a whisper that the Rockville sailor had brought Rover home, and that her father had been to Rockville and got him, and that he would bring him to the Christmas-tree that evening for a present for the Jimmyjohns. "Now don't tell," said Natsey, "for we want to surprise the Jimmyjohns. Don't tell *anybody,*" she said, holding up her forefinger as she squeezed herself through the narrow opening of the front-room door.

Annetta went skipping through the sitting-room clapping her hands, singing, "Oh, oh, oh! Oh, oh, oh! Oh, oh, oh! Oh, oh, oh!" Then she hugged Effie, then she hugged the Jimmyjohns, then she hugged Joey Moonbeam, then she hugged Josephus, then skipped, and clapped, and sang, "Oh, oh, oh!" faster than ever. The Jimmyjohns got tired of sitting still, and hopped up and capered around the room like two little wild boys. Mrs. Plummer coming in, found them rolling over and over on the floor with their handkerchiefs stuffed in their mouths; Annetta skipping and singing; Effie trying to do the same, while Josephus toddled about and picked himself up as fast as he was knocked over.

Aunt Emily's family came at four o'clock; Uncle John and his family came soon after Aunt Emily's family, and Mr. Doty came soon after Uncle John's family. "Where's your father, Natsey?" asked Mrs. Plummer.

"Oh, he'll be here by the time the tree is lighted," said Natsey.

The tree was lighted at five o'clock. At five minutes past five, the front-room doors were thrown open and the children marched in, followed by the grown people. Joey Moonbeam, Dorothy Beeswax, Eudora N. Posy, Susan Sugarspoon, Jenny Popover and Betsey Ginger were already there, sitting on their high seats (made of pasteboard boxes), each with a wreath of red berries on her head.

THE GORAM CORNBALLS.

Just as the people were going into the room, who

should appear but Mr. Goram; Mr. Jabez Goram, the *old* gentleman. (Mr. Doty saw him outside and gave him a hint.) Mr. Goram said he was going to the station to get his son, young Mr. Jabez Goram, and thought he would stop. " For I always like to see happy children," said Mr. Goram, his round rosy face beaming with a smile, and his hands busy in opening an immense package. " My wife wanted to send you some of our Goram cornballs," said he, " but I'm afraid they won't go on to the tree."

On to the tree indeed! Such cornballs as those Goram cornballs were! Why, they were bigger than cocoanuts! The Jimmyjohns had to hold theirs each in his two hands in order to take a bite. Effie's more than filled her arm-basket; Josephus' was hung with a short string around his neck and made him look almost like a two-headed baby!

Among the presents were some papers of flower seeds for the children, marked, " From your friend Francis Wetherell." Joey Moonbeam had a pair of eyeglasses which just fitted her, and which were

placed upon her eyes amid shouts of laughter from the company. Then the names of the others were called:

"A string of beads for Eudora N. Posy;" "A hat and feather for Betsey Ginger;" "A blue cape and tassels for Dorothy Beeswax;" "A red cape and tassels for Susan Sugarspoon;" "A red petticoat for Jenny Popover!"

The last present given out surprised everybody but Natsey and Mr. Doty. "*A trunk for Polly Cologne!*" cried Aunt Emily, handing Annetta a doll's trunk which Natsey had been keeping back. While the trunk was being passed to Annetta, Natsey stepped to the door and reached out her hand and struck a little bell. Her father was waiting for the sound of that bell. At a few minutes past five he had come privately into the back kitchen with Rover. Natsey had slipped out and given Polly to her father and told him this:

JOEY MOONBEAM TRIES HER EYE-GLASSES.

" At the sound of the bell, make Rover take Polly in his mouth and bring her into the front room."

The front room was in a state of confusion. Grown people were talking and laughing; boys and girls were having fun over the presents; the Jimmy-johns were trying their harmonicas; Effie was jingling Josephus' rattles. The only quiet ones were Annetta, who was sighing over the trunk sent to Polly Cologne, and Josephus. Josephus had crept under the table where Effie had placed her arm-basket for safety, and had helped himself to her cornball, which he was trying to get to his mouth over his own.

"SUDDENLY, WITHOUT A WORD OF WARNING."

Suddenly, without a word of warning, in rushed Rover with Polly Cologne in his mouth!

" Why! why! " " What is it? " " Rover? " " Oh, no! " " Not Rover! " " Some other dog! " " Can't be Rover! " " Polly Cologne? " " Oh, no! " " Oh, no! " " Can't be Polly! " " Some other rag-

baby! " cried the people, talking all at once. But Rover soon settled the matter. Rover! he acted like a crazy dog. He dropped Polly; he sprang upon the Jimmyjohns; he sprang upon Annetta; he sprang upon Mr. Plummer; he sprang upon Mrs. Plummer; he sprang upon Josephus; he sprang upon Effie; he whisked round and round; he rolled over and over; he squealed; he barked; he whined; he shook his tail; he flattened himself upon the floor; and when the company saw it was really Rover, the shouts and clappings, and the jumping up and down, were enough to make anybody deaf. The Jimmyjohns hugged him, and rolled on the floor with him, and he licked their faces, and licked Josephus' face, and licked Annetta's face, and licked Effie's face, and shook, and quivered, and wriggled, and went round and round in a circle until the people said he would go off into a fit, and asked if there were any laudanum in the house.

ROVER SETTLES THE QUESTION.

Meanwhile, Annetta had picked up Polly. "Is she Polly?" the people cried, when they could get their breath. "Yes, she's Polly!" said Annetta. "She has on her same clothes she was lost with!"

"Yes, she's Polly!" cried the people. "She has on the same clothes she was lost with!" And then came more clappings and shoutings, and jumpings up and down, and everybody shook hands with Polly and said, "Welcome home again, Polly!" and shook hands with Rover and said, "Welcome home again, Rover!" and there never was such a time before — no, never! And then just as people were getting quieter, Natsey came bringing from behind the tree a collar for Rover, marked with his name, and an immense chain, six yards long, made of the red lobster-feelers Mr. Tompkins had been bringing Annetta to make a chain for Polly Cologne when she should be found. Then came more clappings and shoutings and jumpings up and down, and it seemed as if they never would end. And when they were ended they had to begin again, for Annetta found the key of the trunk hanging from one of the handles, and opened the trunk, and there were all the clothes

Juliana made for Polly when she gave Polly to little Mary Bunting! Aunt Emily's little girl and Uncle John's little girls sat with Annetta on the floor around the trunk, and saw the clothes taken out, and said, "Oh!" "Oh!" "Oh!" and Uncle John's big boys and Aunt Emily's big boy and the older people stood around outside and said, "Oh!" "Oh!" "Oh!" and at last Rover sprang in the midst of them all and snatched up Polly in his mouth, and ran, and was chased with shouts of "Drop her!" "Drop her!" till he dropped her. Annetta locked her up in the trunk, and then Mr. Doty told that Juliana sent the trunk when she sent Polly.

"But how did you hear from the bundles?" asked Mr. Plummer.

"The bundles you left in the carryall that was not mine," said Mr. Goram.

"Oh, Martha Ann wrote me all about the bundles," said Mr. Doty in his droll, sober manner.

"Pray who is Martha Ann?" "Tell us about Martha Ann!" "Martha Ann!" "Martha Ann!" shouted the big boys and the little boys, and the big girls and the little girls, and the grown folks.

Mr. Doty took Martha Ann Wilson's letter from his pocket and gave it to Natsey, and Natsey read it aloud. There was a tremendous clapping at the end, and when one of the big boys said, " Three cheers for Martha Ann! " the cheers were given with a will, Rover barking in concert, and Josephus crowing at the end.

Then the boys must give three cheers for Juliana and three cheers for little Mary Bunting; and when it was found that Juliana's Aunt Sue sent the collar to Rover and the presents to be hung on the tree for Joey Moonbeam, and Betsey Ginger, and Susan Sugarspoon, and Dorothy Beeswax, and Eudora N. Posy, and Jenny Popover, there were three cheers for Juliana's Aunt Sue, and then three cheers for Mr. Wetherell.

" Because he found her," said Annetta after the cheers had been given.

" But it was Mr. Goram that let us know that Mr. Wetherell found her. Mr. Goram saw her in Mr. Wetherell's buttonhole! " said Natsey. Then came three cheers for Mr. Goram.

" But Mr. Doty found out she was at Spellman's

Court with little Mary Bunting," said Mrs. Plummer. Then came three cheers for Mr. Doty.

"Jackknife! jackknife! Who'll have the jackknife, when so many helped to find her?" cried little Mr. Tompkins.

"Let's turn it into two great big, banging, thick, warm blankets for little Mary Bunting," cried Natsey, "and we'll all help buy them!"

"Yes!" "Yes!" "That's it!" "That's the kind of talk!" "Blankets!" "Blankets!" cried the people.

"How *can* you turn a jackknife into blankets?" asked Annetta.

WHAT LITTLE MARY SAW WITH HER OWN EYES.

"This is the way!" cried the big boys and the grown people, taking out their pocketbooks.

"I said I'd give a dollar to have Polly come home at Christmas," said Natsey, "and I'll knit mittens

quick as a grasshopper, and earn that dollar quick as five hundred grasshoppers, and make it help turn that jackknife into blankets quick as a thousand million grasshoppers! And now while the apples and nuts are being passed round," said she, " I will read you this letter Juliana sent you to be read this evening. I have been to see Juliana, — did you know that? And I have seen little Mary Bunting. This is the letter:

" Dear Annetta and the Jimmyjohns:

" I am very glad you have got back Rover and Polly Cologne. I wish I could be at your Christmas-tree, but we have a tree at my cousin Honora's for her three little brothers, and I must be there. I wish you would ride into the city some day with your father, and come to my house, and I will take you to see little Mary Bunting, and you might bring Joey Moonbeam! Aunt Sue and I mean to come out to the Land of Ease next spring and call at your house and see you all, and we shall be disappointed if we do not see Joey Moon-beam, and Dorothy Beeswax, and Betsey Ginger, and Susan Sugarspoon, and Eudora N. Posy, and Jenny Popover, and Polly Cologne, and Rover. Perhaps Mr. Wetherell will come with us, and show us where to find the beautiful wild flowers which he says are so plenty in your

woods and pastures and swamps. And perhaps some day when your father comes in town you will send some of those wild flowers to little Mary Bunting. That would please her greatly. Wishing you all a merry Christmas, and with love to you all, I am

" Your friend,

" JULIANA ARMSTRONG."

Whoever would learn all about the visit of Annetta and the Jimmyjohns and Joey Moonbeam to little Mary Bunting's, and the visits of Juliana and her Aunt Sue and Mr. Wetherell to the Plummers'; and how little Mary Bunting was actually brought out there and saw with her own eyes the fields abloom with buttercups and daisies; and how Tink came out there and lived with Mr. Doty, and worked on Mr. Goram's farm, and helped Mr. Tompkins in his lobster work; and of the curious pranks Tink played; and of the flower-garden Annetta and the Jimmyjohns had together, and what they did with the flowers, — whoever would learn all these, may do so simply by taking a journey to that charming neighborhood, the Land of Ease.