

# DOROTHY'S RABBIT STORIES



BY  
MARY E. CALHOUN  
PICTURES BY  
E. WARDE BLAISDELL



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**DOROTHY'S RABBIT STORIES**









Mr. Rabbit and Captain Crow.

DOROTHY'S

RABBIT

STORIES

BY

MARY E. CALHOUN.

PICTURES

BY

E. WARDE

BLAISDELL



PUBLISHERS  
NEW YORK

T. Y. CROWELL & CO.



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*July 16, 1907*  
CLASS *a* XXc., No.  
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# DOROTHY'S RABBIT STORIES

## DOROTHY AND KIM

**D**OROTHY was a little Southern girl, and Kim was only a kitten. Yet they were great friends, and many a talk would they have together. At least, Dorothy did most of the talking, while Kim would look wise and purr; so I am sure he understood all about it. But sometimes he would go sound asleep right in the middle of the most exciting stories, when he would have to be waked up, or else the rest of the story was saved for another time.

The best part of the day—so Dorothy thought—was right after supper, when she would have half an hour of play before bed-time. Then she liked best to curl up by Kim, who was a fluffy ball, in front of the big open wood fire, and tell him all that had happened during the day, or else about the wonderful stories she had heard from old Uncle Phil, who certainly knew many curious things about the birds and beasts.

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But best of all, Dorothy liked the Rabbit Stories, and Kim must have liked them too. For here they are, set down just as Dorothy remembered and told them. And I know they are much safer from being lost, than if trusted only to Kim's forgetful sleepy head!

**MR. RABBIT AND CAPTAIN CROW**



## MR. RABBIT AND CAPTAIN CROW

ONE day Captain Crow, from way up on a limb of a pine tree, looked down and saw Mr. Rabbit sitting in the broom-sedge in front of his house on the sunny side of the hill.

“Good morning, neighbor Rabbit,” said Captain Crow; “you must be sick—you have been sitting there so long, and I did not see you at the moonlight party last night.”

“No, Captain Crow,” said Mr. Rabbit, “I am not sick, but I am drefful bothered in my mind; I don’t think I will ever care to go ’bout and be pleasant and neighborly any more.”

Captain Crow said he was sorry to hear Mr. Rabbit talk that a-way, and he wanted to know what was the matter.

“Well,” Mr. Rabbit said, “you know, Captain Crow, there are such juicy pea-vines in the garden at the big white house over yonder, and I have been going there every evening for a week to make my supper of them, and neither the old black Man who works the garden, nor the big,

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fat, idle Cat that's 'most always asleep on the leaves in one corner, has ever seen me till last night, when I came near losing my life!"

And Captain Crow said, "I feel so shocked at what you tell me, dear neighbor Rabbit, that I cannot sit steady on this high limb; so I will come down there where you are." And he said if Mr. Rabbit had any worse troubles to tell him, he might fall from his high perch and break a wing or maybe a toe.

Now, Kim, old Captain Crow wasn't 'fraid one bit of falling off the limb, but he had seen some corn coming up in Mr. Rabbit's corn-patch, and he told himself maybe he could get a nice lunch while Mr. Rabbit was telling his troubles. So he flew down right on a hill of sprouting corn, and he said:

"Now go on, neighbor Rabbit, I feel safe here!"

And Mr. Rabbit said, "Just as I 'menced to nibble the pea-vines, I heard the dry leaves rattle, and I stood on my hind legs and looked all 'bout me, and what do you think my big, black, shiny eyes saw?"

And Captain Crow said, "Oh, oh, I do b'lieve it was the cunning, sharp-clawed, yellow-eyed

old Cat you saw, 'bout to do you some harm!"

Then he tucked his head down quick and took a grain of corn, with long roots and tender sprouts, from 'tween his toes, swallowed it, and ruffled his feathers out big like he wanted to fight his neighbor's enemies.

He hopped to another hill of sprouting corn and said:

"Tell me more, neighbor Rabbit!"

And Mr. Rabbit said, "Yes, kind Captain Crow, it was that Cat; and 'stead of that Cat saying 'Stay, Mr. Rabbit, and 'joy yourself,' she sprang straight at me, with tail as big as the rounds of my new rattan chair in my sitting-room. I tell you, Captain Crow, I hopped the hop of my life!"

"You don't say so!" said Captain Crow, as he swallowed another grain of corn; "farther than this, I s'pose?" And he hopped to a hill where a green leaf was showing a little bit. "Was it 'bout this far?"

"Oh," said Mr. Rabbit, "as far as from here to that sweet-gum stump! I made straight for the break in the garden fence, but I missed getting through, for I didn't have time to stretch out long—that is the only way I can get

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through, for I am some stouter since I have been living so high."

Well, Mr. Rabbit said Mrs. Cat chased him 'round the garden twice 'fore he got up courage to squeeze through; and by the time he got through, she had climbed the fence, and started after him hard as ever she could, and he wouldn't be s'prised if she hadn't caught him, if Mr. Dog hadn't seen them and started after them both. Mrs. Cat climbed a tree, and he ran on hard as ever he could, and just 'fore Mr. Dog caught him, he hid in a hollow log, and laughed and laughed to think how safe he was. He thought he would soon get tired barking and go home. But he didn't get tired soon as he thought he would, and he said he was 'ginning to be 'fraid he would be too late at the moonlight party; but he said he didn't care much if he was a little late, for he knew his spring suit would be the newest one there, and he wanted everybody to be there 'head of him so they could see him when he came in, and tell everybody else how spick-and-spandy he was.

Now, Kim, that sounds mixed up, but you know what I mean.

Then Mr. Rabbit said, "Captain Crow, what



do you think happened? Why, a Man with an axe came, and told the Dog to stop barking and lie down, and he said, 'Now when I cut the log in two, and the Rabbit runs out, you catch him.' "

Well, Mr. Rabbit said when the man 'menced to cut, he forgot all 'bout the moonlight party and his new spring suit, and he stretched and stretched himself out long to see if he could get out at the other end of the log, which was the littlest. While the Man and the Dog were watching one end, he squeezed and squeezed, and just as the log fell in two pieces he managed to get out. And, Kim, he told Captain Crow he never was going to tell—no, not a single time—how far he jumped, or how fast he jumped, for nobody would b'lieve him!

Captain Crow said it made him so hopping mad to hear of such doings, that he just couldn't stand still! He kept hopping about, and every time he hopped he hopped to another hill of corn, and if Mr. Rabbit's story had been much longer he wouldn't have had any corn left to grow.

Mr. Rabbit said he stayed in the woods 'most all night, and was so tired and sleepy when he got home he couldn't eat a mouthful. And he never 'tended to go to that garden again, but

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would plant more corn and live on the green leaves.

Then he said, "Do you see any of it breaking through the ground, Captain Crow?"

Captain Crow walked about 'tending to look good, and said, "It's a little dark out here and I don't see any, but it must be coming up, for I saw neighbor Jay-bird very busy over here all yesterday while you were not at home, and when he flew away I thought he had a grain of corn in his bill; but I might have been mistaken."

Then he told Mr. Rabbit he must go now, as he had promised to be at a Crow meeting twenty-five miles away by ten o'clock, and it was eight right at that minute.

But Mr. Rabbit said, "Stay a little longer, Captain Crow. I want to tell you that while I was sitting here by myself, I was thinking maybe it would be a good idea to have a supper one night, and 'vite the Cat and Dog to meet a few of our neighbors, so we can get better acquainted, and learn to like each other, and not live in fear of them all the time."

Captain Crow said he thought it was a real fine idea, and he would come early to-morrow af-

ternoon to talk it over. Then he said, "Good-day, neighbor Rabbit!"

Mr. Rabbit said, "Good-day, Captain Crow!"

And Captain Crow flew up in the air and was out of sight behind the trees in a minute. Then Mr. Rabbit went in his house and shut the door.

Well, Kim, we are both so sleepy we won't talk any more to-night—but wasn't that a funny story? And I've got lots more to tell you to-morrow night 'bout Mr. Rabbit and Captain Crow.



**THE PEACE SUPPER**



## THE PEACE SUPPER

**Y**OU 'member, Kim, 'bout Mr. Rabbit being so worried yesterday that he couldn't eat? Well he was so hungry next morning that Mrs. Rabbit had to cook breakfast and have it on the table long 'fore the sun was up. Then they both sat down, and Mr. Rabbit eat and eat till he wasn't hungry any more.

Then he took his pipe out of his pocket, and went to the stove to get a coal of fire to light it; and while he was doing that he asked Mrs. Rabbit where she was yesterday while the Jay-bird was eating the sprouting corn.

Mrs. Rabbit said she had the tooth-ache so bad she couldn't think of the corn, so she went and talked across the fence to Mrs. Long-Ears all the evening 'bout the moonlight party.

That made Mr. Rabbit so mad he couldn't see real good, and he burned his finger; and that made him madder that ever, and he walked fast out of the house and slammed the door so hard that Mrs. Rabbit jumped. And Mrs. Rabbit

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watched him a little while through the window, then she tied her apron 'round her waist, and 'menced to wash the dishes.

Well, Kim, after Mr. Rabbit had walked over his field an 'zamed it good, he knew in a minute that Captain Crow, and not Mr. Jay-bird, had 'stroyed his corn. Then he got so mad that there was no way to tell *how* mad he was. He couldn't stand still, but jumped all about, took his hat in one hand and scratched his head with the other. Then his pipe fell out of his mouth right in the broom-sedge and set it on fire, and he had to run all about till he found a little pine tree to break a limb off, so he could whip out the fire 'fore it got to his yard fence. He had to work harder and faster than he ever did in his life, and when the fire was all out, he had to sit down on a sweet-gum stump and fan himself with his hat; and for about three minutes, with his long ears laid flat on his neck, he did some hard thinking.

Then he stood up and put his hand to his mouth, just this way, and said, "Whoo-p-e-e!"

Mrs. Rabbit was drying the dishes, but when she heard Mr. Rabbit call, she dropped the dish-towel on the floor, and set the plate on the table



so hard that it broke in two pieces. Then she ran to the door, put her head out, raised her hand to her ear, just this way, and listened good, for Mr. Rabbit was telling her to bring him the hoe, and the little bag of shelled corn, and come out there and help him re-plant the corn.

Mrs. Rabbit asked him where the bag was, and Mr. Rabbit said, "Hanging behind the door."

When Mrs. Rabbit had found the bag of corn, she ran to the door again and asked where was the hoe. And Mr. Rabbit said, "Look under the bed, and be quick 'bout it, too."

And she must have been quick 'bout it, Kim, for she got the hoe and sack of corn, and tied her sun-bonnet on, and was in the field 'fore most folks could have got farther than the gate.

Then Mr. Rabbit told Mrs. Rabbit to see what mischief Captain Crow was up to yesterday, while he was telling him 'bout his troubles.

And Mrs. Rabbit said, "Who would have thought it of Captain Crow!" Then she said, "I smell fire."

And Mr. Rabbit told her all 'bout the fire that got started from his pipe; and Mrs. Rabbit told him he ought to have called her, so she could have

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brought a bucket of water to help put it out; and that she was 'fraid he would be real sick after such a 'citing time. And Mr. Rabbit thanked her, and said, "I hope not."

Then Mrs. Rabbit gave him the bag and he swung it 'cross his shoulder, just this way, then she handed him the hoe; and he said he was much 'bliged to her for saving him that long walk, and she could go back to the house now. And she said no, she would stay and cover the corn for him.

So Mr. Rabbit opened the hill with his hoe, then reached his hand in the bag for corn; and while he was dropping one grain at a time till he had dropped five, they both sang,

"One for the Blackbird, one for the Crow,  
One for the Cut-worm and two for to grow."

Then Mrs. Rabbit covered it with her foot and patted it down three times. And when they had finished, Mr. Rabbit said, "Let's set up a scare-crow like the one the old black Man has in his melon-patch, then there won't anybody dare to bother the corn."

Mrs. Rabbit said, "It's a real fine idea, for a scare-crow looks just like a little Man;" and

she said she was s'prised they hadn't thought of doing that long 'go.

So while Mr. Rabbit was driving down a little pole, 'bout this high, she went to the house and came back with one of Mr. Rabbit's old coats and his old straw hat; and they dressed the pole in them and stood a gun by its side.

Then Mr. Rabbit laughed, and said it looked just like old Mr. Cotton-tail that lived 'cross the branch; and Mrs. Rabbit said it did that ver-ee thing. Then they both laughed, to think how it would frighten Captain Crow; and Mrs. Rabbit went in the house to finish washing the dishes, while Mr. Rabbit leaned on his front gate and smoked his pipe.

Now, Kim, 'way up on a limb of a big oak tree where Mr. Rabbit could not see him, sat that bad Crow; and he saw them re-plant the corn, and he laughed and laughed; and when he could quit laughing he flew down to Mr. Rabbit and said, "Good-morning, neighbor Rabbit; you are out early this morning."

And Mr. Rabbit said, "Yes, Captain Crow, I had to plant twenty-eight hills of corn before the sun got hot; and I have hired old Mr. Cotton-tail from 'cross the branch to stand out there and

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shoot anyone that bothers that corn again. I am to give him three grains of corn off every ear that is made. He is a little near-sighted, so it will not be safe for even my friends to go near him."

Captain Crow bowed his head twice, just this way, and said, "That's so—that's so."

Then Mr. Rabbit said, "We will talk 'bout the peace supper;" and they talked and they talked; and at last they 'cided to have a supper at Mr. Rabbit's home the next night at twenty-three minutes after nine o'clock, and 'vite the Cat and the Dog to meet some of Mr. Rabbit's friends; so that maybe when they met and got better 'quainted, they would learn to like one 'nother so well that they would all be friends ever after.

Captain Crow said it was the ver-ee finest idea that ever was, and he was s'prised that it had not been thought of long and long ago; and he told Mr. Rabbit to tell him which of his friends he wanted to 'vite, and he would hurry 'way and let them know.

Mr. Rabbit said he would like to have Colonel Coon that lived so far up the spring-branch that he only came to see them once a year; and Major Possum that lived such a quiet life in the hollow

stump on the other side of the big 'simmon tree; and Mr. Rat that lived under the corn in the barn. He said he b'lieved the ones he had mentioned, with himself and Mrs. Rabbit, and Mrs. Cat and Mr. Dog at the white house, ought to make ver-ee 'greeable company; 'specially if each brought a dish of their fav'rite food, so all could have plenty to eat 'thout Mrs. Rabbit having to tire herself cooking so much.

Then Captain Crow flew here and there and yonder so fast that in seventeen minutes and 'leven seconds he had been to everyone and told them 'bout the peace supper; and all said, p'lite as he could be, that they would be ver-ee pleased to come.

Well, Kim, at 'zactly seven minutes to nine, if anybody had thought to look over to the Rabbit's house, that night, they'd have seen as fine a sight as is ever seen on the President's handshaking day. The p'cession, with 'bout ten yards 'tween, 'cause each was s'picious of the other, reached from Mr. Rabbit's door-steps to the big gate 'way down at the foot of the lane.

Mr. Dog, with a ham-bone in a basket, and Mrs. Cat, with a pitcher of cream, were the first to come; and Captain Crow introduced them to

the Rabbits as their newest and very best friends. The Rabbits tried hard not to show scared, but their eyes looked ver-ee big and their ears stood up ver-ee straight.

Then came Colonel Coon, with a bucket of crabs, and Major Possum, with a basket of 'simmons, and Mr. Dog said to them, "I am so glad to meet you!" And Mr. Dog looked so glad out of his eyes that Colonel Coon and Major Possum 'most jumped off the floor.

Then Mr. Rat, with a dish of cheese, came in, and Captain Crow said, "Let me introduce you to your enemy"—then he put his hand to his mouth and coughed a little, 'cause he had made a mistake, and 'menced again—"let me make you 'quainted with your new friend, pretty Mistress Pussy."

Mrs. Cat looked hard at Mr. Rat and started to say she was glad to have him for supper; but she 'membered it was a peace meeting, so she said, "How de do!" And Mr. Rat squeaked some words, but he was so scared you couldn't tell *what* he said!

Then after Mr. Rabbit had taken his guests' hats and canes and gloves and veils and laid them on the bed, and put the things they had



The Peace Supper.





brought to eat on the table, Mrs. Rabbit stood by the table with one hand on the back of her chair, and pointing with the other, she said to each one, "You sit there, and there, and there." And they sat down and 'menced to eat and talk, and they were so-o p'lite to one 'nother! Though, once, when Major Possum helped himself from a dish near Mr. Dog, Mr. Dog growled and showed his teeth; but he said real quick, "Beg pardon!" And once Colonel Coon started to take a drink from the pitcher of cream, and Mrs. Cat wrinkled her face and looked cross; but she thought quick, too, and said, "Scuse me. Pray, help yourself!"

Well, Kim, things moved 'long most 'joyable. They all talked real int'resting, but Captain Crow beat them all; he was the one that kept the ball rolling. I don't mean the ball like you play with, Kim, but the talk at the table.

Well, as anybody else might have 'spected, it wasn't long 'fore something ver-ee funny and ver-ee 'citing happened.

When Colonel Coon took the top off the bucket to help himself to crabs, two got away from him. One crawled too near the edge of the table and fell to the floor, and the other went up

the side of the pitcher and dropped into the cream; and when Mrs. Cat reached in to get it out, the crab caught her paw and held on. Poor Puss drew her paw out so quick that it sent the crab 'cross the table, struck Captain Crow in the face, and knocked his specs off, 'sides throwing cream in Major Possum's eyes. And at the same time, the crab on the floor reached up and caught her tail and pinched it ver-ee hard.

Then things happened so fast that you could hardly know what *did* happen! When the crab pinched her tail Mrs. Cat thought Colonel Coon did it. So she slapped him on the side of the head three times, jumped out of her chair and on the top of the table, 'fore you could count six. In just one second more everyone at the table was as scared as if they hadn't been at a peace meeting—'cause no one knew what was the matter or what would happen next.

Nothing worse would have happened if Captain Crow had done what he ought to have done, and that was to take up his glass quick and say, "Let's drink to the peace and good-friendship of all present!"

But 'stead of that, 'cause Captain Crow saw it was a splendid time to have the fun of his life,

in the ver-ee second that Mrs. Cat slapped Colonel Coon, and Colonel Coon fell over towards Mr. Dog, Captain Crow said one word real low, and that word was "*S-i-c-k!*"

Then Mr. Dog jumped clear 'cross the table at Major Possum, and everybody 'gan to dis'pear like snow melts 'fore the sunshine.

Mr. Rabbit was the first to leap through the window; then Major Possum; then Mrs. Cat. Mr. Rat ran up the wall; Captain Crow flew out of the door, and Mrs. Rabbit hid under the bed. When Mr. Dog got outside, nothing was in sight 'cept Colonel Coon loping down the lane.

Mr. Dog started after him hard as he could run, but Colonel Coon skinned up a tree, and Mr. Dog went home and sat out in the yard and barked all night, and folks didn't know what he was barking 'bout.

And that was the end of the peace supper.



**THE DANCE**



## THE DANCE

**T**HE next day while Mr. Rabbit was in his new ground piling brush, Captain Crow came to him and said, "Good morning, neighbor Rabbit!"

Mr. Rabbit laid a piece of brush on the top of the pile and pressed it down so it would stay, then turned 'round and said, "Good-morning, Captain Crow!"

Then Captain Crow said, "We must have another peace meeting; it will never do to stop at just one."

But Mr. Rabbit said, "No use! It would be sure to end like the other—or maybe worse, somebody might get eaten up alive!—'specially if you said that word 'si-c-c-k' again!"

And Mr. Rabbit asked Captain Crow if he didn't know that it was a *drefful* word to use at a peace meeting, and if he didn't know that no Dog could sit still after hearing it, and what made him use it?

Captain Crow said, in a 'citing time like that,

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it was a *ver-ee* hard matter to think of the right word at the right time, but he b'lieved he had made a big, yes, a *ver-ee* big mistake when he said it, and he never 'tended to say that word at a peace meeting again. And he told Mr. Rabbit that the crabs were the cause of all the trouble; if it hadn't been for them he wouldn't have thought of saying "sic-c-k!" And he said he would ask Colonel Coon to let the crabs stay in the brook the next time, and swim about till he went back home.

Then they talked and they talked, and after a while Mr. Rabbit said he b'lieved he didn't care to have another supper, that they had to use so much flour for last night's supper, and the flour was so low in the barrel this morning, Mrs. Rabbit had to stand on a box and reach 'way down, and there was great danger of her falling in; and he was 'fraid, too, he would have to buy another barrel 'fore the year was out, and it was only July now. But he was willing to have his friends come to a dance, a big dance out in his front yard; the ground was as hard and smooth as the floor; and, 'sides, they would have a better chance to get away if anything unpleasant should happen.



So Captain Crow put his specs in his pocket, took his hat in his hand, and flew away over the tree-tops and out of sight to invite all their friends to come to the big dance. And Mr. Rabbit took the pitcher and ran to the spring for fresh water, and Mrs. Rabbit hurried hard as she could and baked a cake. Then they put the cake and the pitcher of water and a glass on a table under the grape-arbor, for 'freshments for the dancers when they got hot and tired.

Then Mr. Rabbit told Mrs. Rabbit that each one of the guests was to come waving a peace flag, but as the flags would have to be laid down while they were dancing, he b'lieved it would be a ver-ee good idea to have a long pole with a peace flag on the top standing in the middle of the yard, for he 'membered hearing Captain Crow say one time, that nothing unpleasant must ever happen so long as the peace flag waved.

And Mrs. Rabbit said she b'lieved it would be a fine idea, and she told Mr. Rabbit to get the pole while she run in the house for one of her ver-ee best and whitest pocket handkerchiefs to tie on the top for the flag. And they both did.

That night when the moon had climbed to the top of the tallest pine tree, such a sight was seen

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in the Rabbits' front yard as was never seen before. Such polite, well-dressed Dogs and Cats and Coons and Possums and Squirrels, all bowing and smiling and shaking hands with each other any saying, "How *do* you do!" and "how is your health!" and "it's a *ver-ee* great pleasure to meet you!"

Captain Crow, with his banjo, sitting 'way up on the gate post, was the best dressed and politest of them all. His collar was so high and so stiff, he couldn't see the ground, so he had to look straight up at the stars all the time. But that didn't bother him, he was proud of that collar! It didn't keep him from talking either, for after he had taken his watch out of his pocket and held it close to his eyes—just this way—he called out real loud:

"Stop your talking, all you ladies and gentlemen, the music is 'bout to commence! S'lect your partners and open the ball!"

Then they all quit talking, and in a minute had s'lected partners and got their feet 'zactly right for dancing; and Mr. Rabbit called up to Captain Crow,

"All ready!"

Then Captain Crow stood up straighter than



“ Tum-e, tum-e, tum, tum, tum! ”



ever and 'menced to play "tum, tum, tumee, tum, tum, tum!"

Then the dancing 'menced. It would be a hard matter to find better dancers in a ball-room than were seen in the Rabbits' yard that night, for Captain Crow knew 'zactly what to tell them to do, and the music was every bit as good as a band!

So they danced and they danced, and Captain Crow talked and played—just this way—"S'lute your partners—*tum, tum, tum*,—all promenade! *tum-ee, tum, tum*—this is the way to live!—*tum, tum, tum*—prettiest sight you ever did see!—*tum-ee-tum-ee, tum, tum, tum!*"

Well, Kim, for 'bout three hours everything went on *so-o* fine. Everybody kept off everybody else's toes. They went to the grape-arbor for 'freshments when they wanted any. Then I am ver-ee sorry to tell you something happened. It happened this way: The crow played too fast—he *tummed tummee tum tum* faster and faster, till he got so fast the dancers didn't have time to keep out of each other's way, and somehow everybody got in the middle all at once—there didn't seem to be any outside at all.

Mr. Dog stepped on Mrs. Cat's toes—and

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then—well then, Kim, the best way to know what happened was to have been there; for before you could look this way and that way Mrs. Cat had reached out and slapped Mr. Dog on his long ears three times, and Mr. Dog forgot, too, and said "*Woupp! Wo-u-u-pp!*" and turned loose Mrs. Coon, he was dancing with, and jumped at Mrs. Cat. But Mrs. Cat jumped over them all, run up the peace pole, and looked down at them with her back all hunched and her tail sticking straight up.

When Mr. Dog went for Mrs. Cat, all the other dancers jumped this way and that way, just like what happens when you take the lid off the pan, when you are popping corn! And pop corn can't pop out of the pan one bit faster than they popped out of the Rabbits' yard that night!

But Captain Crow, way up on the gate post, didn't know a single thing had happened; for when the moon was on the other side of the trees he was still talking, "This is the way to live! *Tummee, tum, tum!* Prettiest sight you ever did see! *Tummee, tummee, tummee, tum, tum, tum!*" just that ver-ee way.

And then— why, Kim! I do b'lieve you went to sleep in the most 'citing part!

**MR. RABBIT HAS A DOUBLE CHILL**





## MR. RABBIT HAS A DOUBLE CHILL

**A**FTER the dance broke up in such a hurry, Kim, Captain Crow played and played till he was so tired he could not play any more without a glass of 'freshments. So he hung his banjo on the paling and flew over to the arbor—and, Kim, when he got there such a sight as he did see! The table was turned over, the pitcher and glass were on the ground and broken into 'leven-teen pieces; the cake was on the ground, too, and the plate on top of the cake. Captain Crow looked around, blinking his black eyes in ver-ee great 'stonishment. He was so s'prised that he did not notice how quiet everything was; but just the minute he did notice, he knew something had happened—surely HAD happened, but what he did not know. He was too sleepy to 'ves-ti-gate it, so he thought he would hurry home, go to bed, get up early the next morning, and come back and get Mr. Rabbit to tell him all about it.

But 'stead of that, Captain Crow slept ver-ee

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late the next morning. The sun had been up 'most one hour and seventy-three minutess when he waked. So he hurried to the spring branch, and dipped his head in the water three times; then he flew away in the 'rection of Mr. Rabbit's house. When he got there the door was closed, and there wasn't any smoke coming out of the chimney. So Captain Crow did not know just what had happened to his friends. They might be asleep; or—now, Kim, let me whisper this—he thought they—might—have—got—eaten—up—alive last night! So he flew up in a tree by the window to wait and see. Well, Kim, he waited and he waited, and after a while he heard Mr. Rabbit ask Mrs. Rabbit where she was, and if she was not going to make the fire to-day. He told her he b'lieved he had a double chill, his teeth were chattering so bad he could not keep his whiskers still. And Mrs. Rabbit said she was under the clothes basket. It had turned over her when she went to jump in it last night, and she was most smothered, and she had a ver-ee great tooth-ache besides. She said she could not get out 'thout help, and she asked Mr. Rabbit where he was, and she told him to come and turn the basket up.

Mr. Rabbit told her he was down at the bottom of the empty potato barrel, and he had the shakes so bad he could not hop out, but if Mrs. Rabbit would try real hard he b'lieved she could get from under the basket. Mrs. Rabbit said she could not, she just *could* not, and there was no use trying.

Then Mr. Rabbit got mad, and he talked and he talked, and he said he did not b'lieve she had *tried* to get out, and he did not b'lieve she had the tooth-ache either,—it was always just that way! He never could have the pleasure of being drefful sick 'thout her per-tend-ing she had the tooth-ache!

Captain Crow chuckled at this and listened harder than ever. Mrs. Rabbit sniffed and said she b'lieved Mr. Rabbit was too *scared* to come out of his hiding place,—that was just all there was 'bout it! Mr. Rabbit said he was *not* scared, —*she* was the one—and he would have had the fire made two hours ago, but he had the shakes so bad he could not hold a match; and if she would come and put the little ladder down the barrel so he could climb out, then make him a cup of hot tea, he would promise to build the fire every morning for twenty-seven and a half months.

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But Mrs. Rabbit said she was going to stay right where she was, for she knew Mr. Rabbit was 'fraid there was danger 'bout, and wanted her to come out first.

Then there was a long, long silence, and Captain Crow couldn't hear a sound in the house 'cept Mr. Rabbit's teeth chattering, just this way. But he was thinking hard all that time, and after a while he told Mrs. Rabbit if she would come out he would give her a yellow satin dress and a pair of the highest heeled slippers he could find. That tickled Mrs. Rabbit so much that the ver-ee next second Captain Crow saw the clothes basket rise up a little, and one of Mrs. Rabbit's hands come in sight, then the other, then her nose, then her head and neck, then she was all out from under the basket. And when the basket slipped back to the floor it made a little noise, and that second she saw Mr. Rabbit's whiskers go out of sight inside the barrel, and she knew he WAS scared, and she turned her head to one side and laughed a little, just this way. But she made the fire in the stove, then she pulled the little ladder from under the bed and stood on a chair and put it inside the barrel, and 'cause it was not long enough to reach the bottom she

called to Mr. Rabbit to look out, for she would have to let it drop. But he did not look out quick enough, and it mashed his foot just a little.

Then, Kim, of all the hopping about that ever a rabbit hopped, Mr. Rabbit hopped it inside that barrel, and the last hop hopped him out right in the middle of the floor. By that time Mrs. Rabbit had got her little bucket and was 'most to the spring for fresh water to make the tea. And would you b'lieve it, Kim? All that time Captain Crow was sitting out there in the sweet-gum tree, laughing and laughing fit to kill. It was such great fun that *he* didn't care if it lasted all day.

When Mrs. Rabbit got back the fire was out, and Mr. Rabbit was sitting on the side of the bed shaking just this way, and he wouldn't look at Mrs. Rabbit all the while she was cooking breakfast.

Well, 'bout that time Captain Crow thought *he* would go in and talk a while. So he flew out of the tree, and round the side of the house so they could not see him, then down to the front gate. Then he came up the walk with his hat on one side of his head, then up the steps and into the house, and he said:

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“Good morning, Mrs. Rabbit, you are looking spry this morning,” then, “Good morning, neighbor Rabbit, you are looking drefful shaken up.”

And Mr. Rabbit told him all 'bout the trouble last night, and said he had a double chill, and would Captain Crow please go as fast as ever he could to old Doctor Wise-Owl, and tell him to come right away 'fore the shakes made his ears get loose.

Captain Crow said he would go with pleasure, but 'fore he went he would like to warm him up and make him more comfortable. So he told Mr. Rabbit to get in bed and cover up good all but his feet,—he must leave them hanging outside,—and that he knew just what to do for double chills, he would 'tend to them so Doctor Wise-Owl would have nothing to look after 'cept the shakes. Then he said he would make a mustard plaster to put on the back of Mr. Rabbit's neck. And he told Mrs. Rabbit to make a cup of red pepper tea; to make it strong and keep making it stronger till it would make you sneeze just to smell it. Captain Crow said the pepper tea was for one chill, and the mustard plaster for the other chill.



Mr. Rabbit has a double chill.





So he made the plaster and put it on the back of Mr. Rabbit's neck, and told him to let it stay three hours by the watch. Mrs. Rabbit brought him the cup of tea and a little tub of hot water for Mr. Rabbit to put his feet in. Captain Crow brought the kettle of hot water and put it by the side of the tub, and he told Mrs. Rabbit to sit in her rocking chair by Mr. Rabbit and pour hot water in the tub till Mr. Rabbit would say real sharp, "Hot enough! Hot enough!" And she must fan with one hand and hold the watch in the other. He told Mr. Rabbit to keep drinking the tea till he fell asleep. Then he hurried away after the Doctor.

Well, Kim, Mrs. Rabbit fanned and poured in the water when it was needed, and one time it came so near going on Mr. Rabbit's foot that she was so scared her tooth most stopped aching. Mr. Rabbit drank the tea and sneezed, and in a ver-ee little while he was sound asleep, so sound asleep that he did not feel the mustard plaster burning the back of his neck. But when he did feel it, Kim, what do you s'pose happened?

Mrs. Rabbit had just peeped over to look into his face to see if he was really asleep when she was s'prised to hear him call out, "Fire!

Fire! I am burning up! Pour some cold water over me quick!" Then 'fore Mrs. Rabbit could move or even think, he bounded out of bed like a rubber ball, the cup fell bottom upwards right on the top of Mrs. Rabbit's head, and the tea run in her ears and eyes and down the side of her face. She fell back, the rocking chair went over, and she turned a summersault and landed in the middle of the floor. And all that time Mr. Rabbit was jumping up and down just like a ball with a string tied to it, calling, "Fire! Fire!" and, "Pour some cold water over me!"

The pepper was burning Mrs. Rabbit's eyes, but she managed to open one just a little. She got a dipper of water and started after Mr. Rabbit, but he was jumping so fast and so high she could not keep up with him. Mr. Rabbit began to think that she never would catch up with him; so he did just what he ought to have done at first, only he did not think of it,—he jumped into the bucket of cold water, and sat there with only his nose out, so the water could cool the back of his neck.

Mrs. Rabbit heard the splash, but she did not know what had happened 'cause her eyes were most closed, and when she turned round she

tripped over the rocking chair. Just then the door opened and Doctor Wise-Owl came in. The dipper of water flew out of her hand, struck him in the face and knocked off his specs.

Captain Crow, coming in just behind the Doctor, nearly died laughing, but it was all inside him and he never so much as winked an eye. There was Mr. Rabbit in the water bucket cooling the back of his neck; Mrs. Rabbit on the floor, most fainted with a sprained foot, and the tooth-ache, and pepper in her eyes; and Doctor Wise-Owl hopping around inside the door with his specs knocked off.

The next minute more things happened. Doctor Wise-Owl put Mrs. Rabbit on the bed; then he needed some water to pour in her face, so he picked up the dipper and hurried to the bucket. 'Cause it was daylight and his specs were off he could not see Mr. Rabbit was in the bucket, and so the dipper came down hard on the top of his nose and made him see seven stars. Then, Kim, from the way Mr. Rabbit jumped out of the bucket, you would have thought he was a Jack-in-the-box; and, too, wet as he was he jumped right 'gainst Doctor Wise-Owl and knocked him over and made his head

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bump hard on the floor. Then Doctor Wise-Owl got mad and said he b'lieved it had all been done a-purpose, and they might have all the shakes they wanted—he would not stay a minute longer in that house. So he picked up his specs, and went out of the door, and slammed it so hard it made Mrs. Rabbit jump. But Mr. Rabbit said *he* didn't care for he was well now, and it would be a long, long time and the grass would be greener than it was now 'fore he would try to 'joy a little spell of sickness again.

Then Mr. Rabbit put his hat on his head and lit his pipe and told Captain Crow if he would 'scuse him he guessed he'd go fishing. He reached over the mantel-piece, took down his fishing-pole and line, got down on his knees and pulled the hoe from under the bed, then he 'menced to hunt for something, on the mantel-piece, and in the machine drawer, and in Mrs. Rabbit's work-basket,—and how he made the thimble and scissors and spools rattle!

Now, Kim, you would never guess what it was Mr. Rabbit was hunting, so I will tell you. It was the bait can. Mrs. Rabbit knew where it was, but 'cause Mr. Rabbit's ears were laid flat on the top of his head, she knew things

would be more pleasant 'thout any talk. So she let him hunt.

Well, Mr. Rabbit found it at last, right in the window where he had put it, and he went out of the house.

When Mrs. Rabbit heard the gate close, she got out of bed, put her paper dust-cap on her head, and tidied up the room; then she put on her apron and baked a pan of the cookies that Mr. Rabbit liked so well, for she said he would come back awfully hungry; he always did when he went fishing, and he always went fishing when things didn't suit him at home.

Then Mrs. Rabbit went out and talked to Mrs. Long-Ears 'cross the back-fence most all the afternoon, and Mr. Rabbit—why, Kim! Kim! you dear, naughty kitty, I b'lieve you are fast asleep! Well, I hear Molly coming up the stairs, so I'll finish the story to-morrow night.



**MR. RABBIT GOES FISHING**





## MR. RABBIT GOES FISHING

**W**ELL, Kim, by the time Mr. Rabbit got outside the gate, his long ears were standing up just as straight as could be, and he was smiling and looking as pleased as if he had never been scared in his life. Then he went to his ground-pea patch, and stood right in the middle of it, and kept looking on the ground here and there and yonder 'thout ever raising his eyes a single time. He was watching for something, Kim, he surely was, and he stood there a long time. He got so tired he would stand on one foot and rest the other foot; then he would stand on the other foot and rest the one foot; then after a while what do you s'pose happened? Why, he saw a little bit of the ground right under him rise up. Then he said:

“How do you do down there, Mr. Mole?”

And Mr. Mole said, “Just tolerable, thanky. How do you do up there, Mr. Rabbit?”

And Mr. Rabbit said, “I am on the mend, thanky.”

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Then Mr. Rabbit said, "You are hurrying to get to a hill of my ground-peas."

But Mr. Mole said, oh, no! he really was not; he didn't care very much for ground-peas; he was just taking a morning walk.

Then Mr. Rabbit asked him if there was any fish-bait down there, and Mr. Mole said, "Plenty of it."

So Mr. Rabbit told Mr. Mole if he would bait his hook for him, he would give in trade a thimble full of ground-peas when he dug them. And Mr. Mole said he would do that ver-ee thing, and he did.

So as soon as Mr. Mole had cracked up the ground so that his head showed, Mr. Rabbit laid his fishing pole down, and went and sat on a pine stump and took his pipe out of his pocket and put it in his mouth. Then he took a match out of his other pocket, struck it on the side of the stump, lighted his pipe and 'menced to smoke. And all that time Mr. Mole was feeling round on the ground for the fish-hook with one hand, while in the other hand he had a long angler worm. But he couldn't find the hook till he stepped on it, and it hurt him so much he laid the fish-bait down quick and took both hands and got

the hook out of his foot, and by that time the angler worm had wriggled away.

Mr. Mole said to himself that it wouldn't matter much even if the hook wasn't baited, for Mr. Rabbit wouldn't look at it 'cause he said if he did it would spoil his luck. So Mr. Mole went over to the stump and stood the pole 'gainst it 'thout saying a word, and went back to his morning job of cracking up the ground.

Then Mr. Rabbit took his pipe out of his mouth, knocked it on the side of the stump to spill the ashes out, put it in his pocket, reached for the pole 'thout looking, and walked off in the 'rection of the spring branch. He had a long way to go, so he walked slow, and when he met any of his friends on the way or passed their houses, he would stop and ask how did they do, and talk some 'bout the weather and the crops; then he would walk on again. When he came in sight of Major Possum's house, he thought he would call and get a match, but when he got to the gate he saw a piece of paper with something written on it pasted to the gate-post. It said that Major Possum had gone down to the big 'simmon tree to pick up a bucket of 'simmons, and if anybody came while he was away

they could wait; he'd be having such a fine time they could sit on the door-step till he got back, if they wanted to.

Mr. Rabbit said he b'lieved he wouldn't wait, but would go on to Colonel Coon's house; and he did, and when he got there he found a paper on the gate-post that said Colonel Coon had gone fishing, and if anybody came to borrow anything while he was away they needn't wait; he'd be having such a fine time he didn't know when he would get back.

Mr. Rabbit said he would go on and stop at Mr. Fox's house; and when he got there Mr. Fox was just coming in his gate holding a big red rooster by the legs.

Mr. Rabbit said to himself: "That is old Red-combs that lives at the big white house where Mrs. Cat and Mr. Dog live." He knew him, yes, he knew him just as well! for didn't he poke his long neck out, and say, "Tut, tut," just this way, the day he found him sitting in the long grass when Mr. Dog chased him? Yes, he ought to 'member him!

Well, Kim, when Mr. Rabbit got up close, Mr. Fox looked hot and tired like he had been running ver-ee fast; so he said:

“Good-day, Mr. Fox! You look like—er—Mr. Dog had been chasing you.”

“Oh, no, friend Rabbit!” said Mr. Fox;” this old rooster of mine is hard to keep at home; he was outside the yard this morning and I had to run him down to catch him.”

Then Redcombs said, “Tut, tut.”

“What! you ’spute my word?” said Mr. Fox. “Weren’t you raised right here in my back yard?”

But Redcombs said, “Tut, tut, tut!” just that way.

“You ’spute that, too, do you?” snarled Mr. Fox.

The Rooster flapped his wings and stretched his neck and said, “Shu-shu-shu-arr-R-R-RR!” just that ver-ee way, too.

Then Mr. Fox got mad and put him in a coop with a big stick on top so he just couldn’t get out.

Then Mr. Rabbit told Mr. Fox he would thanky him for a match to light his pipe. Mr. Fox said he was ver-ee sorry, but there was a hole in the top of his house over the mantel-piece and when it rained last night it leaked right on his match-box and ruined all his matches. Mr. Rabbit said a coal of fire would do just as well,

and Mr. Fox said he was sorry, but he had not started the fire to-day. Then he saw Mr. Rabbit was looking at the smoke that was coming out of the chimney, and he said:

“Oh, that smoke is coming from yesterday’s fire; it’s just been slow ’bout coming out of the chimney.” Mr. Rabbit said it must be ver-ee curious smoke, and Mr. Fox said it was that ver-ee thing. Mr. Rabbit said it did not rain at *his* house last night, and Mr. Fox said the little cloud just come as far as *his* house, then turned and went over the other way.

Then Mr. Rabbit said, “Good-day,” and Mr. Fox said “Good-day.” Mr. Fox went into his house and shut the door and Mr. Rabbit started on. When he passed the coop, the Rooster winked one eye at him, and he winked one eye back at the Rooster and said he *would do it*. So he went on, and when he got to the spring branch he found Colonel Coon sitting on a log, with his long tail hanging in the water, fishing for crabs.

“Good-day, Colonel Coon! What luck?” he said.

And Colonel Coon said, “Good-day, neighbor Rabbit! Great luck! ‘Bout twenty a minute.”



Mr. Rabbit goes fishing.





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Mr. Rabbit said, good gracious! He b'lieved he would try *his* luck. So he walked out to the end of the log and sat down with his feet hanging down nearly touching the water, threw his line in 'thout ever looking at the hook and began to fish.

He sat there a long time watching to see the cork go under, but it just stayed still on the top of the water; and after some more time a ver-ee little fish came up to the top of the water and looked at Mr. Rabbit, and Mr. Rabbit tried to poke it under the water again so it would go and swallow the hook and he could catch it. But the little fish knew better than to touch that sharp hook, so it darted around under the water and told all the little fish it met to come and look at Mr. Rabbit sitting up there on the log trying to catch them 'thout having anything on his hook!

Then they *all* came to the top of the water, and looked and looked at Mr. Rabbit and laughed at him and played 'bout the cork and smelled it. Mr. Rabbit tried to poke them under the water but they wouldn't *stay* poked; they all came back and looked and looked at him some more, and laughed at him and nibbled the cork some more, too. And one little fish run away.

down, down to where the big Perch lived, and told him to come and look at the Rabbit, and he did. And, Kim, it was so-o big!—big as my two hands put together and two more hands 'side of them. Well, the big fish most stood up to look at Mr. Rabbit; then some of the little fish tried to stand up too. And they all laughed and laughed, and the big one jumped this high out of the water and fell back again.

Then Mr. Rabbit got mad and splashed the water with the fishing-pole, till Colonel Coon told him to stop making so much noise, he would scare all the crabs away. But Mr. Rabbit said *he* didn't care! he b'lieved the reason he couldn't catch any fish was 'cause Coloned Coon smacked his lips so loud a while ago, when he ate that big crab.

Then, Kim, 'fore Colonel Coon could say another word what do you s'pose happened? Why, the big Perch went out of sight and come up again, right under where Mr. Rabbit's feet were hanging down, and it reached up and bit one of them, and then—well, then, Kim, Mr. Rabbit thought a snake had him, and he jumped so quick he dropped his pole; and the next second he was in the water and under the water!

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When he come up sputtering, he reached out and held onto the side of the log, and told Colonel Coon for mercy's sake to pull him up. Colonel Coon said he was 'fraid *he* would fall in too. Mr. Rabbit told him to lie down on the log and let his feet hang over and he would catch hold of his tail and climb out; and that was what Colonel Coon did.

Then Mr. Rabbit caught the tail and gave it a big pull, and Colonel Coon went into the water and under the water, while Mr. Rabbit laughed and jumped out onto the log and started home. When Colonel Coon got out and shook himself and picked up his bucket of crabs, Mr. Rabbit was out of sight. Maybe he wasn't mad inside and wet outside!

So Colonel Coon went home and made a fire and dried his clothes; and Mr. Rabbit walked 'long the side of the branch a little way, till he came to the place where he knew he would find the little beavers muddying the water with their flat tails, so they could catch fish for their supper. When he got there, one little beaver had gone up to the branch to scare the fish down to the muddy place, one little beaver picked them out of the mud, one little beaver laid them on

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the bank, and one little beaver strung them on a string.

Mr. Rabbit looked at them from behind a stump and laughed some; then, Kim, what do you s'pose he did? He just jumped right by the side of the one that was stringing the fish and scared him so bad, he just turned over and over and over, one time, two times, three times, then plunked into the water and under the water and out of sight. Then they *all* went into the water and under the water and out of sight, 'fore you could look this way and that way.

Mr. Rabbit picked up the string of fish and laughed and laughed and walked on. When he came to Mr. Fox's house he saw him sitting asleep on the door-step. So Mr. Rabbit crept on tiptoes right close up to the coop, and told Redcombs he had come to do what he had promised him he would; and the Rooster said, "Thanky, thanky!"

So Mr. Rabbit took the big stick off the top of the coop, and Redcombs jumped out.

Mr. Fox opened his eyes at that ver-ee minute and started after them, and the Rooster went home, running with his feet and flying with his wings both at the same time.

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Mr. Rabbit laughed and jumped the fence, and the brush pile, and the big log, and the ditches, and the briar-patch, and Mr. Fox right after him. But when they got to the briar-patch Mr. Fox stopped, for he had on his Sunday coat and didn't want to tear holes in it. So he started back home, and he met Mrs. Cat on her way home, and he said:

“Good-day, Mistress Pussy! How do you do to-day?”

“Good-day, Mr. Fox! I am feeling poorly, poorly.”

Then Mr. Fox told her he b'lieved *fish* was the very thing she needed to make her feel spry again; and he whispered to her that one of her neighbors was going to have fish for supper, and if she would do just 'zastly like her smellers told her to do, they would take her straight as she could go to the right place. Mrs. Cat said “Thanky!” she would mind them. So Mr. Fox went home, and Mrs. Cat walked along with her head up in the air, sniffing just the way her smellers told her to go.

Well, Kim, by that time Mr. Rabbit had got home. Mrs. Rabbit had put her little apron on, and made the fire in the stove, when he walked

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in and told her he had the finest kind of luck to-day, even if the biggest fish *did* fall back in the water; and he told her to hurry and get the supper ready, while he sat by the stove and rested and smoked his pipe and read the paper.

Mrs. Rabbit took the string of fish and she saw a little mud on them; then she looked at Mr. Rabbit's clothes and there was not the leastest bit of mud on them; then she turned her head to one side and laughed a little just this way, but she didn't say a word to Mr. Rabbit 'bout it, for she was 'fraid his ears might lie flat down. And, Kim, 'fore most folks would have b'lieved it, she had that supper cooked and on the table, and it did smell *so* good! Then she took off her apron, went to the glass and smoothed her hair down all around her face, just this way; then 'cause Mr. Rabbit was nodding in his chair, she thought it would be a good time to run to the spring for a pitcher of fresh water.

Then, oh, Kim, Kim! what do you s'pose happened? You could *never* guess, not even if you thought and thought as long a time as your tail is long, so I will tell you. Well, Mr. Rabbit dropped his pipe, and waked up just as Mrs. Rabbit got in the door with the pitcher of water;

and they both saw Mrs. Cat, who lived at the white house on the hill, jump on the table, snatch up the dish of fish, jump out of the window and run off with it!

Mrs. Rabbit dropped the pitcher on the floor and broke it into splinters, then run to the window and looked out; but by that time the cat's tail was getting over the fence a quarter of a mile away. Poor Mrs. Rabbit felt so bad 'bout losing the nice fish, that she just sat down in her rocking chair, threw her handkerchief over her face, and cried "boohoo boohoo oh boo-oo-oo-oo-hoo-hoo-hoo!" just that way. And Mr. Rabbit—well, Kim, Mr. Rabbit did more things than anybody could 'member to tell about. Then he turned twenty-nine summersaults and went to bed, and pulled the cover up over his head, and just left the tiniest bit of one of his long ears sticking out, he felt so bad!

And that's all about how Mr. Rabbit went fishing.





**MR. RABBIT AND THE BIG MELON**



## MR. RABBIT AND THE BIG MELON

ONE day old man Tortoise, who lived on the other side of the creek, thought he would come and visit his folks who lived on this side of the creek. So he started early, for he walked slow with a stick; but when he got to the big hill it took him so long to get to the top of it, that the sun was down by the time he reached Mr. Rabbit's water-melon patch. So he said he would make a bed under the green vines and leaves and stay there till next morning.

He began to scratch a hole right by the side of the big melon, and when he had it large enough, what do you s'pose happened, Kim? Why, the melon started to roll over, and 'fore Mr. Tortoise could back out of the way, it came plunk! right on the top of his back, and it was so heavy that he couldn't budge. So there he was, a long way from home, with the big melon mashing him most flat, and his folks at home and his visiting folks didn't know a single thing 'bout it.

Well, the next morning Mr. Rabbit told Mrs. Rabbit he wanted some peas for his dinner, and that he would take the little basket with the handle on it and go to the patch and get some, and for her to have the pot on the stove and the water boiling by the time he got back; and Mrs. Rabbit said she would. Then he told her that after he had filled the basket he would go to the melon patch and thump the big melon and listen if it was ripe enough to eat. He said he didn't b'lieve it ever would thump right, for he had tried it every day for two weeks and it never said anything but *pank*—when it ought to say *punk!*

Mrs. Rabbit told him to thump it just this way, right 'bout the middle of the top, then listen hard as ever he could, and the thump would tell him right. Mr. Rabbit asked her if she s'posed *he* didn't know how to thump a melon, and if he hadn't been thumping them that a-way all his life. Then Mr. Rabbit tied his silk handkerchief round his neck, hung the basket on his arm, and went out to pick peas.

Well, he walked along real slow, with his hands back of him, and his pipe in his mouth, and right round the bend in the road he met Mr.

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Rat, with *his* pipe in his mouth and *his* hands back of him, and Mr. Rabbit didn't know Mr. Rat was there, and Mr. Rat didn't know Mr. Rabbit was there till their pipes went together *click*, just that way. Then Mr. Rabbit jumped back quick as you could think and said he begged Mr. Rat's pardon, and told him he didn't know he was in a mile of him till his pipe told him 'bout it, and he hoped his pipe did not break his pipe, but said he was 'fraid it did, for his was a real good, new pipe and the tobacco in it was the ver-ee best that could be found in Rabbit-town.

Now, Kim, if you know what Mr. Rabbit was trying to tell him, I will go back and tell you what Mr. Rat said.

Mr. Rat jumped back quick as Mr. Rabbit did, and begged his pardon, and told him he didn't know he was in two miles of him till his pipe told him, and he said he hoped his pipe didn't break his pipe, but he was 'fraid it did for his pipe was the newest and best that could be found, and the tobacco in it was way yonder better than any that could be found in Rabbit-town.

Now if you know what *that's* all about, I'll tell you what Mr. Rabbit said. He told Mr.

Rat he would like real well to put a proof on that. Then Mr. Rat told Mr. Rabbit that was a ver-ee easy thing to do, for he would let him smoke his pipe a while, if he would let *him* smoke *his* pipe at the same time. Mr. Rabbit said that was a fine idea, so they swapped pipes then and there, and sat down on the side of the road, and 'menced to smoke.

And Mr. Rabbit asked Mr. Rat when he had been to town, and Mr. Rat said he had just come from town. Mr. Rabbit asked him what was the news, and Mr. Rat said, more than he could tell, folks going into town and folks coming way from town; and he heard, too, that the wind was most sure to be blowing another way by day after to-morrow. Mr. Rabbit said, "You don't say so!" And Mr. Rat said, yes, he did.

Then he asked Mr. Rabbit what was the news in Rabbit-town, and Mr. Rabbit said, "Oh, plenty of news! Folks coming out of town and folks going into town, and the wind was most bound to change 'fore day after to-morrow."

And Mr. Rat said, "Is that so!" And Mr. Rabbit said it was.

Then Mr. Rabbit took his watch out of his pocket, opened it, looked at both the hands long



“Roll it off! Roll it off!”





enough for them to tell him the time of day, and shut it again and put it in his pocket. Then he stood up and gave Mr. Rat his pipe, and told him he could smoke better tobacco than that any other day. And Mr. Rat stood up and gave Mr. Rabbit *his* pipe, and told him he could smoke twice as good tobacco as that any other day.

Then Mr. Rat walked on with his head ver-ee high, and Mr. Rabbit walked on with *his* head ver-ee high, and he got to the pea patch and had picked the peas and filled the basket 'fore he thought 'bout laughing 'stead of being mad at Mr. Rat. After he had laughed a real good laugh he went to the melon patch.

When he got to the big melon and was just about to thump it, he thought he saw it move a little. He jumped, took his handkerchief out of his back pocket, and rubbed one eye. Then he rubbed the other eye, but the melon was still as could be. So then Mr. Rabbit laughed, and said he most b'lieved he 'spected to see it grow some!

He put his handkerchief in his pocket, put the basket of peas on the ground, stood over the melon and said, "My, how it does grow! It is

this much higher 'bove the green leaves than it was yesterday."

And he said didn't he wish it would grow ripe as fast as it grew bigger! Then he thumped it right on the middle of the top, just like Mrs. Rabbit told him to do—though he wouldn't 'fess it to her—and turned one ear closer to it and listened.

And, then, Kim, what do you s'pose happened? Well, if you would b'lieve it, that melon *raised* up a little and said, "Roll it *off!* Roll it *off!*"

This time Mr. Rabbit jumped back most three feet and stood still, 'cause he didn't know what to think of his eyes and his ears, and his eyes rolled till you couldn't see anything but the whites.

The melon raised up some more, and said, "Roll it *off!* Roll it *off!* and be quick 'bout it, or I'll be mashed flat as the bill of a greenback paper dollar!"

Mr. Rabbit didn't wait to hear any more. He let out a whoop, he was so scared he forgot the basket, and started for home without his peas. The faster he run and the nearer he got home, the scarer he was; and when Mrs. Rabbit

looked out the door, his hat was gone, his whiskers were looking back, his coat-tails were standing out straight behind him, he was touching the ground one second, and the next he was jumping way over the bushes, and that was the way he come home. Up and down, up and down;— Mrs. Rabbit said she did not know whether he would be up or down when he got to the gate, but she would run, anyway, and have the gate open for him.

So she ran hard as she could and opened the gate, just as Mr. Rabbit hopped *over* it, and Mrs. Rabbit had to dodge fast as she could to keep him from coming down on her head.

When Mr. Rabbit reached the bottom doorstep, Mrs. Rabbit asked him if the Dog was after him, and he shook his head. And Mrs. Rabbit asked him if the Big Man with his gun was after him, and he shook his head. Then Mrs. Rabbit asked him what ever and ever and ever in the world was the matter with him, and Mr. Rabbit said, "The big melon!"

Mrs. Rabbit asked him what 'bout the big melon? For goodness sakes, tell her quick! And Mr. Rabbit told her the melon had grown so big it was *walking* and *talking*!

Mrs. Rabbit hopped back most as far as Mr. Rabbit did, and asked him what was the matter with him, to make him talk that a-way; and Mr. Rabbit told her if she didn't b'lieve him, she could go and see for herself. Mrs. Rabbit told him to come along and she would go right that minute. But Mr. Rabbit told her she would have to go by herself, for there was so much the matter with his knees he didn't b'lieve he could walk that far.

Then Mrs. Rabbit ran in the house and got Mr. Rabbit's walking-stick and gave it to him; and she took him by the arm and they started to the melon patch. But when they got in sight of it Mr. Rabbit sat right flat down on the ground and told Mrs. Rabbit he just couldn't go a step farther,—there was more the matter with his knees than had ever been before in all his life and other folkes lives put together.

So Mrs. Rabbit ran most to the big melon, then crept 'long right slow till she got to it; then she leaned over and looked at it—and that melon raised up a little and said, “Roll it *off*! Why don't you roll it off quick?”

Mrs. Rabbit was so 'stonished she couldn't move, but just kept looking at the big melon,

and on the ground all round it. And when it raised up again, Kim, what do you s'pose she saw? Not a thing but Mr. Tortoise's feet poking out from under it! She asked him how did he get in such a fix as that, and what was he doing there, anyway? And Mr. Tortoise told her how it happened, and what a drefful time he was having, and if the big melon didn't get off his back ver-ee quick he wouldn't be worth a pot of soup when it did get off.

Then Mrs. Rabbit called to Mr. Rabbit to come there quick; but Mr. Rabbit 'tended not to hear her. So she ran to him and told him it was Mr. Tortoise under the melon, most squeezed to a jelly, who was doing all the talking, and not the melon at all. She took Mr. Rabbit by the arm, but he pulled back some and said he b'lieved *she* didn't care what danger caught him.

But Mrs. Rabbit held on, and when they got back, and Mr. Tortoise said, "Roll it *off!*" again, Mr. Rabbit dropped his walking-stick and said, why of *course* he would! He was s'prised that Mrs. Rabbit stood there so long 'thout doing it!

So he rolled the melon off Mr. Tortoise's

back, and Mr. Tortoise came out of the hole and brushed the dirt off his clothes and asked Mr. Rabbit what made him run 'way and leave him in all that trouble? And Mr. Rabbit said he didn't think that Mr. Tortoise minded being mashed a little; 'sides it was such a good time to play a little joke on Mrs. Rabbit.

But Mr. Tortoise sniffed and told Mr. Rabbit he was too scared; that he could tell when folks were scared by looking at their knees. Then Mr. Rabbit picked up his walking-stick and started home, and said he didn't care 'bout talking any longer to folks who didn't know a joke when it went by.

Mr. Tortoise told Mrs. Rabbit he was much 'bliged to them for saving him. Then he went on his way to make his visit, and Mrs. Rabbit picked up the basket of peas; and all the way back to the house the more she thought 'bout how Mr. Rabbit looked when his coat-tails were trying to keep up with him, the more she laughed. And all that evening, and that night when she was cooking supper, she had to run out doors, and round the house, and get in the chimney corner, and put her apron in her mouth, to keep from laughing out loud.

WHO ATE THE BIG MELON?





## WHO ATE THE BIG MELON?

**W**ELL, Kim, when the big melon thumped right and said *punk!* Mr. Rabbit sent word for old General Bear, Colonel Coon, Major Possum, and Mr. Rat to come to his melon patch that night by moon up, and help him 'joy eating it. So he didn't eat much all that day, and at supper he told Mrs. Rabbit the melon was going to taste so-o good that he wouldn't eat any supper 'tall. And he said, too, he would go early, so the folks would not be ver-ee hungry and would not eat much.

When Mr. Rabbit got to the patch he didn't have to wait long 'fore the folks came. Mr. Rabbit saw they all looked hungry, and he was 'fraid they would eat a lot of that fine melon; and how he did hate to cut it! He told himself it was 'most a pity he 'vited them to come; and 'cause he was feeling that way 'bout it, he told them to let's 'joy the outside of it a while 'fore they cut it; and to pass away the time, s'pose they would each one tell where they

thought was the next best place to be and the next best thing to eat, 'sides sitting in the patch eating a fine, ripe melon.

Mr. Rat said, "In the Big Man's cellar right by the cheese-box."

Major Possum said, "Up a 'simmon tree eating 'simmons after the frost has come and made them sweet."

Colonel Coon said, "Sitting by the water in the spring branch, rolling crabs in his hands, then eating them fast as he could."

Old General Bear cleared his throat and said, "Standing by the beehives eating honey."

Then Mr. Rabbit thought a long time, and he said he didn't b'lieve *anything* could come within a mile of a good, big, sweet, juicy, ripe melon." He said these words right slow, and every one of the others fidgetted and licked their mouths and looked at that big melon.

So Mr. Rabbit couldn't put off cutting it any longer; and he said, "Now 'tention everybody." Then he made a mark 'bout this far from one end of it, and he said to himself, "*That* much for one." Then he marked off one more time, then one more time, then one more time, and every time he marked he said, "*That* much for



“That much for one.”



one.” And he marked it so that half of it would be left over for him, as he had de-served it after he had thumped it so much, and had to wait so long for it to get ripe, ’thout the big scare thrown in.

Then he said it could not be helped, so he stuck the knife in, and it went in so easy Mr. Rabbit’s eyes danced, and he said, “Boys, how sweet and red it must be!”

Then, Kim, what do you s’pose happened? Well, ’fore the knife had time to cut much, that melon was in two pieces and Mr. Rabbit got scared, for he knew his knife didn’t do it. He peeped right quick into one half, then the other half, just this way; and, Kim, there wasn’t any more melon inside the two halves than there is in your water-cup right this minute!

Then Mr. Rabbit looked at all the folks, and jumped up and danced all about, and said, “Who eat my melon? Who eat my melon?”

But Mr. Rat and Colonel Coon and Major Possum just looked at the two melon halves without any red in them, then looked at Mr. Rabbit dancing up and down; and old General Bear turned his face to one side, just this way, and laughed a little, but nobody saw him.

Then when Mr. Rabbit had danced a whole lot more, he said he would make them tell who eat his melon,—that he would put the jury man after them. He said he would be the jury man himself and see if he could not make them tell 'fore they left that ver-ee spot of ground they were sitting on.

Then old General Bear told Colonel Coon and Major Possum and Mr. Rat that if Mr. Rabbit thought his neighbors would do things like that, they must not give him any 'faction when they talked back at him.

Then Mr. Rabbit told Mr. Rat to stand up, and Mr. Rat stood up. Mr. Rabbit asked him if *he* cut his melon in two halves and eat all the sweet red meat that was in it, then stuck the two halves together again, and for Mr. Rat to say yes or no, and put his foot down on it.

Then Mr. Rabbit said, "Yes or no, Mr. Rat? Did you eat my melon?"

And Mr. Rat said, "That is for you to find out, Mr. Rabbit."

Mr. Rabbit danced around, first on one foot, then on the other, and he asked Colonel Coon and Major Possum the ver-ee same words; and they both told Mr. Rabbit the same thing Mr.

## WHO ATE THE BIG MELON? 83

Rat did, and Mr. Rabbit danced some more again.

Then he asked Old General Bear if *he* eat the melon, and old General Bear told him to get through with the others first; that he thought three were as many as Mr. Rabbit could manage at one time.

Then Mr. Rabbit used up a whole lot of fine, jury man's talk and questioned them straight, then crossways, trying to trip them down; and he said he bet his hat the seed were yellow. Then they all laughed, and Mr. Rabbit let his foot come down on the ground hard, shook his fist at them, and said, "Silence!" just that way, and they all silenced.

Then Mr. Rabbit looked at Mr. Rat and said he bet his coat that it smelt good as green cheese, and Mr. Rat said he s'posed it did. And Mr. Rabbit looked at Major Possum and said he bet his watch it tasted good as wild grapes, and Mr. Possum said he s'posed it did. And Mr. Rabbit looked at Colonel Coon and said he bet his boots it was sweeter than cake, and Mr. Coon said he s'posed it was.

Then when Mr. Rabbit had danced some more, he told old General Bear to stand up, and he

did, and Mr. Rabbit talked all that fine, jury man's talk to him, then asked him if his melon didn't taste good as honey. But old General Bear told Mr. Rabbit that if Mr. Rat and Major Possum and Colonel Coon knew so well how it smelt and tasted, Mr. Rabbit must be a ver-ee, ver-ee poor jury man not to know who eat the melon, 'thout him saying it tasted good as honey! Then old General Bear laughed some more, and said, "Good even!" and started off. And they all said "Good even!" but didn't tell Mr. Rabbit how much they had 'joyed themselves. And Mr. Rat and Colonel Coon and Major Possum walked away together, and they said, what made old General Bear turn the talk 'gainst them? Did HE eat the melon? And they said they didn't know, but they would go home, eat some supper, sit by the fire and think 'bout it; and they did, and Mr. Rabbit didn't hear any more of them that night, 'cept old General Bear's laugh, that came back from over the hills and staid in the melon patch a while, then went away.

Then Mr. Rabbit sat on the ground by the two melon halves, run his finger all round in one half, then looked on his finger and, Kim, there



wasn't as much on it as you could put on a pin. He run his finger round the other half, but it was no use; there was no more melon on it than there was the first time, maybe not as much. Mr. Rabbit shut his eyes, and put his finger in his mouth, but that was worse than ever, for there wasn't enough on it for Mr. Rabbit to even 'magine he could taste it.

Then Mr. Rabbit 'menced to think hard as ever he could, to find out who eat his big melon. It couldn't have been Mr. Rat or Colonel Coon or Major Possum, 'cause they had stood up 'fore the best jury man in the State and it couldn't be proved on them. He asked himself if Mr. Tortoise eat it, after he was kind enough to roll the melon off him, and after he had scared him most to death. And Mr. Rabbit shook his head and said "No!" for Mr. Tortoise didn't stay there long enough. He asked himself if Mrs. Rabbit eat it; but Mr. Rabbit shook his head and said, "No!" for it was all inside itself when he thumped it that morning. Then Mr. Rabbit asked himself if HE eat it—and he shook his head. He felt too empty for that. And he 'membered with a groan that he hadn't had any supper at all.

Then he asked himself WHO DID EAT that melon? And just then he 'membered that he had seen Captain Crow flying over the patch that afternoon; and late as it was he grabbed his stick and went over the fence to the neck of woods where he lived. By-me-by who should he see but Captain Crow himself, come flying home. He had been out to a lodge meeting.

"Howdy, neighbor Rabbit?" he called. "What is keeping *you* up so late?"

"I'm trying to find out what color seeds are in this year's melons," said Mr. Rabbit.

"Yellow, I think," said Captain Crow; "at least that's what old General Bear tells me. I never touch melon *seeds*. They don't 'gree with me. But you must 'scuse me, neighbor Rabbit, as I must get home. My wife always waits up for me when I've been to lodge meeting. Good night!"

Mr. Rabbit said, "Good night!" and shook his head and started home, walking slow. And all the time he was thinking to himself:

"Now WHO DID EAT that melon?"

MR. RABBIT GATHERS HIS GROUND-  
PEAS



## MR. RABBIT GATHERS HIS GROUND- PEAS

**O**NE morning Mr. Rabbit told Mrs. Rabbit he wanted to gather his ground-peas that day; so she must get up, cook breakfast, and have it on the table by the time he had washed his face and brushed his whiskers. And, Kim, Mrs. Rabbit did have it ready just that quick.

When Mr. Rabbit had not eaten but six plates of batter-cakes, and had told Mrs. Rabbit he would thank her for another cup of coffee, somebody knocked at the door. Mr. Rabbit said, "Come in!" and the door opened, and Captain Crow walked in and said,

"Good day to you both! It is a fine day outside!"

Mr. Rabbit said it was that ver-ee thing, and then he told Captain Crow that he wanted to gather all his ground-peas before three o'clock and eleven minutes that afternoon. And he told Captain Crow that he liked pleasant company so ver-ee much, that if he would go with

him, so he would have somebody to talk to while he worked, he would let him have all the ground-peas that he had picked up by the time Mrs. Rabbit blew the horn for dinner. Captain Crow said he would certainly do it.

Then Mrs. Rabbit told him to sit right down and have some breakfast. Captain Crow said he did not have ver-ee much appetite this morning, but he b'lieved he would try to eat a little. And, Kim, if you would b'lieve it, he had so much appetite that Mrs. Rabbit had to keep on cooking batter-cakes till 'most ten o'clock.

Well, after breakfast, while Mr. Rabbit was lighting his pipe, and putting the clock up one hour when he thought Captain Crow was not looking, and Mrs. Rabbit was washing the dishes, Captain Crow walked 'bout the room pretending to look at the pictures on the wall. But he must have been up to some mischief, for one time he was close to Mrs. Rabbit's work-basket, and another time he was standing pretty close to the dinner-horn; but Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit were too busy to pay 'tention to him.

Well, after Mr. Rabbit had given the little bag that was hanging behind the door to Captain Crow, and found one for himself, and

pulled the hoe from under the bed, and got out of the door and down the steps and most to the gate, he called to Mrs. Rabbit to be sure and commence to blow the horn three seconds and a half before twelve, so she would be sure to be blowing it while the clock was striking; and Mrs. Rabbit said that was a fine idea. Then Captain Crow laughed some, and when Mr. Rabbit looked round quick, he said he b'lieved some smoke from Mr. Rabbit's pipe had got in his eyes, so Mr. Rabbit turned his face and his mouth and his pipe 'way from Captain Crow, just this way, so he did not see Captain Crow laugh so easy to himself that it shook him all over.

When they got outside the gate and closed it, and were going down the lane, Mrs. Rabbit ran to the door and asked Mr. Rabbit if she hadn't better go to the field to let them know when twelve o'clock came, that the wind might be blowing wrong for them to hear the horn. But Mr. Rabbit told her to stay right in the house and do just like he told her, and if she stood in the window when she blew the horn, they would have no trouble 'tall hearing it.

Well, Kim, when they got to the field they

both talked while Mr. Rabbit hoed a row and Captain Crow 'menced to pick up ground-peas. Then they both talked and picked up, and picked up and talked, and they soon had one row gathered. Then Mr. Rabbit 'menced to hoe another row, and when he had got half-way through it, the thought came to him that Captain Crow was getting more than he was, for he was picking up while *he* was hoeing. So he told Captain Crow to stop until he finished the row, and Captain Crow said he couldn't think of doing such a thing,—that he hadn't forgot the 'greement so soon as that; he 'membered well that he was to have all he could pick up till the horn blew.

Well, Kim, Mr. Rabbit quit talking then and did some thinking. Then he 'menced to hoe *fast*, but when he looked round, Captain Crow was picking up faster. Then he hoed faster than ever, but he soon got so hot he had to stop and fan himself with his hat, and while he was doing that it looked to him that Captain Crow was picking up still faster than ever. So Mr. Rabbit took his hoe and leaned over it, just this way, and hoed faster and *faster* and **FASTER**, and 'fore he had any idea of the thing he had all the rows dug up. Then he ran back



and 'menced to pick up the ground-peas, but he was so tired Captain Crow was getting twice as many as he was.

After awhile, Mr. Rabbit got scared. Captain Crow was just as cool and fresh as when he 'menced, while he was so hot and wanted a drink of water so bad that he was most killed. But he worked on and on, and there was no talking now, you'd better b'lieve: Uncle Phil said, everything was so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

At last Mr. Rabbit got *so-o* tired he thought it *must* be twelve o'clock; and he asked Captain Crow if he didn't think so, too. But Captain Crow said he b'lieved it was pretty early yet. Then they worked on and on some more, and after another while Mr. Rabbit thought to himself that if twelve hadn't come yet, he wouldn't be worth the tiniest ground-pea in his patch, when it *did* get here. He said he b'lieved it was twelve, in fact, he *knew* it was twelve, for when he was working in the field he could always tell to a minute, when it was time to go to the house for dinner. So he straightened his back real quick, put his hand to the side of his head, just this way, and said, real sharp,

"It's twelve! Listen, Captain Crow, don't you hear the horn blow? Let's go home to dinner 'fore it gets cold."

But Captain Crow said *he* didn't hear the horn, and 'menced to pick all the faster.

Then Mr. Rabbit said he would run there behind the bushes and stand on the willow stump and listen. And when he got there he put his hand to his mouth and said, "Toot, to-o-o-o, too-o-o-o!" just that way. Then he ran back and waved his hat at Captain Crow and said, "Come on quick! Don't you hear the horn blowing?"

But Captain Crow said he hadn't heard a thing but Mr. Rabbit coughing a little over there in the bushes.

Then Mr. Rabbit got mad, and he took the bag of ground-peas off his shoulder, and dropped it on the ground, and started home on a run, hard as ever he could, to see why Mrs. Rabbit had not blown the horn. When he got there, if you would b'lieve it, the clock was striking two, and Mrs. Rabbit was standing in the window just like Mr. Rabbit told her, and holding the horn to her mouth with both hands, and one side of her face was puffed out, just this way. And she told him she had tried her ver-ee



The trouble with the dinner-horn.



best on that horn and it would not make the leastest bit of a sound.

Then Mr. Rabbit told her to get down out of the window and give it to him, and he would get up there and show her how a horn ought to be blown. So he stood up in the window, and he puffed up one side of his face, and he tried, and the horn just would not blow. Then he asked Mrs. Rabbit over his shoulder what had she done to that horn, and Mrs. Rabbit said, "Not a single thing."

Then Mr. Rabbit puffed up the other side of his face and tried again, but it was no use. So he jumped on the floor and tried to blow the horn, but that was no better place than the window. He stood on a chair, then on the table, then he got so mad he sat right down on the floor, and beat the horn on the planks in front of him, just this way, and then, Kim, what do you s'pose happened? Why, Mrs. Rabbit's thimble rolled right out of that horn, and they both knew in a second that Captain Crow had put it in there when he was walking 'bout the room that morning.

Mr. Rabbit jumped up quick as you could think, and said to Mrs. Rabbit, "Where is my

fishing pole? Give me my fishing pole! I'll pole him out of my ground-pea patch!"

But 'fore Mrs. Rabbit could hop one time, Mr. Rabbit had the long pole and was outside the gate, and then—well, Kim, if you take a long piece of rubber in both your hands and stretch it out long and say, "This end is at Mr. Rabbit's house and this end is in his ground-pea patch, then turn loose the end at the house and see how quick it will be at the patch—well, Mr. Rabbit was back at the patch that quick.

But that wasn't quick enough for Captain Crow. When he saw Mr. Rabbit running with his fishing pole, he just tied his own little bag of ground-peas, and hung it 'cross one shoulder, and picked up Mr. Rabbit's bag and hung it 'cross the other shoulder; and laughed and ran home so fast, that he was across the fence and in the woods 'fore you could say "scat!" And Mr. Rabbit sat right down on the ground, and you could tell how mad he was by how fast he winked his eyes; and he said he didn't care if he never eat a bit of dinner that day. And he said, too, he would never, *never*, again ask Captain Crow to be pleasant company and help him gather his ground-peas.

**MR. RABBIT IRONS HIS COLLAR**





## MR. RABBIT IRONS HIS COLLAR

ONE morning right after breakfast, Mrs. Rabbit told Mr. Rabbit she b'lieved she would cook him some dinner and put it in the pantry for him, so she could go with Mrs. Long-Ears over to Mrs. Brown-Ears to spend the day and help her quilt out her new log-cabin quilt. And Mr. Rabbit said, "All right," and told her to go along, and she needn't leave any dinner; that he was not feeling ver-ee well, and he b'lieved he would go over to Colonel Coon's house and spend the day, for Colonel Coon was a real fine story-teller, and he b'lieved a good laugh was just what he needed.

So Mrs. Rabbit got her needle and thimble, put on a white apron, tied on her pink sunbonnet, and went away; and Mr. Rabbit sat by the stove and rested and smoked his pipe and read the paper. After a while, he looked at the clock, and got up in a hurry and searched in all the bureau drawers, 'cept the right one, for a

fresh collar, but he couldn't find one. Then he thought it would be no trouble 'tall to iron one; he knew just where to find them, for he saw Mrs. Rabbit put them over there in the chair after she had sprinkled them and rolled them in a towel, so they would be ready for her to iron that evening after she got home.

He got out the ironing-board, and put one end on the table and the other on a chair; then he got a damp collar and spread it on the board. He said to himself that the collar was "awful wet" but he "guessed a hot iron would soon dry it." Then he 'membered he had to wait till he had heated one; so he put it on the stove and sat down to read, and he read and he read, and when he thought 'bout the iron again the fire was out and the iron 'most as cold as when he put it on the stove.

So he made up a big fire again, and by that time he was so thirsty he said he b'lieved he would get a glass of buttermilk. But when he looked in the pitcher there was not even a drop in it, for Mrs. Rabbit had washed it that ver-ee morning.

Mr. Rabbit kept a-looking, and byme-by he went behind the stove and took the top off of the



Mr. Rabbit irons his collar.



churn and peeped in and said, "Hurrah!" just this way, "the milk is turned; it will be no trouble 'tall to churn it while the iron is heating." And he said, too, wouldn't Mrs. Rabbit be s'prised when she got home and found that he had ironed a collar, and churned, and gone visiting besides.

So Mr. Rabbit 'menced to churn and whistle a tune, and when he thought of the iron again it was most red-hot; but he said the hotter the better, so he took it off the stove, and hurried to the table, and set that iron right down on the collar; and, Kim, you could hear that water *si-z-z-z* under it! The steam came up and burned his hand, and Mr. Rabbit set the iron on the ironing-ring quick and said he would let it cool a while. Then he went back to churning, but he didn't whistle so loud now; he was getting worried, for it was most time for him to start to Colonel Coon's house.

Well, 'bout that time Captain Crow came to the door, and he told Mr. Rabbit that he was on his way to spend the day with Colonel Coon, and he asked Mr. Rabbit if he didn't want to go too. Mr. Rabbit said that was the ver-ee thing he was hurrying to do. And Captain Crow said as it

was getting late he would come in and help him get through with his work, so they could start. Mr. Rabbit said all right, and he told Captain Crow to sit in the chair and finish churning while he ironed the collar.

Captain Crow sat down and churned and churned, and Mr. Rabbit 'menced to iron again, but the iron would *not* run along the collar, but stuck fast to it; and when Mr. Rabbit pulled it away, there was a big burnt place on the collar. But Mr. Rabbit said that didn't matter so much, as it was on the wrong side.

Then he asked Captain Crow what he s'posed made the iron stick, and Captain Crow said, why he ought to have rubbed bees-wax on it 'fore he menced to iron, of course. So Mr. Rabbit 'menced to hunt for the bees-wax, but by the time he had found it the iron was not hot enough to melt it much; but he rubbed some on anyway.

By that time, Captain Crow was so tired churning he said he would walk out-doors and let the wind blow on him a while. Mr. Rabbit told him when he came back he could bring an armful of stove-wood, and Captain Crow said all right. So after he had walked about a while, he went to the wood-pile and 'menced picking up

stove-wood. Just at that minute Mr. Frog came hopping by, and Captain Crow looked pleasant and said:

“Good day, Mr. Frog! Where are you going in such a ver-ee great hurry?”

And Mr. Frog said, “Good day, Captain Crow! I am going to the spring for a drink of water.”

Then Captain Crow told Mr. Frog not to go way down to the spring, but to jump on the stove-wood, and he would take him in the house so he could get a drink of water 'thout walking so far. And he told him that Mr. Rabbit was so busy he wouldn't notice them, and for him not to say a word. And he told him, too, that Mr. Rabbit was a little cross 'cause the iron did not smoothe to please him. Then he told Mr. Frog that when he dropped the wood on the floor, he could jump on the table, get the drink of water, and hop out of the window.

Mr. Frog said all right, and hopped on the wood and went into the house with Captain Crow. But, Kim, Captain Crow dropped that wood so quick,—I b'lieve he did it a-purpose,—that Mr. Frog missed the table, fell right on the churn top, the top tipped up, and he was right

in the churn 'fore you could say "Jack Robinson!"

Then Captain Crow laughed, but so Mr. Frog couldn't hear him, and he whispered to Mr. Frog to just keep jumping, not to stop jumping for a single second, and he would get out all right after a while. And you'd better b'lieve Mr. Frog jumped.

Now, Kim, what do you s'pose was happening to Mr. Rabbit at that ver-ee minute? Well, I will tell you. The bees-wax made the iron stick worse than ever, and while Mr. Rabbit was pressing hard as he could, trying to get it to move along, the end of the board slipped off the chair, the iron fell right on the top of Mr. Rabbit's foot, and Mr. Rabbit hopped straight 'cross the table. Then he held his mashed foot in his hand, and he danced and danced all round the room on his well foot, and he said the bees-wax was the cause of all the trouble. But Captain Crow said he knew 'fore Mr. Rabbit 'menced that *he* didn't know how to iron a collar.

Then Mr. Rabbit got mad, and lay down on the bed, and said he b'lieved he was most killed; and then, 'fore he knew it, he was fast asleep, and that evening 'bout the time for Mrs. Rabbit



to come home he waked up, sat on the side of the bed, and looked round for Captain Crow. But there was no Captain Crow there, for he had hurried away as soon as Mr. Rabbit went to sleep.

Mr. Rabbit looked first at one foot, then at the other, and he said he was most sure one of them was mashed, but he couldn't tell which one. So he reached under the bed, got his walking-stick and limped over to the churn, and lifted up the top and looked in to see if Captain Crow had got the butter 'fore he left.

Well, Kim, what do you s'pose he saw? There was a big lump of butter on top of the milk, and Mr. Frog was sitting on top of the butter,—that is, he was on the butter the second Mr. Rabbit looked down. But the ver-ee *next* second he was in Mr. Rabbit's face! Mr. Rabbit hopped right 'cross the stove and rubbed the milk out of his eyes, and then he saw Mr. Frog sitting in the chair.

“Big spoons! What are you doing in my buttermilk, Mr. Frog?” he said.

But 'fore Mr. Frog could say a word, the door opened and Mrs. Rabbit came in, and she

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said, "Good gracious! whatever is the matter with everything in the house, and everybody in the house?"

Then Mr. Frog told her 'bout Captain Crow dropping him in the churn, and how he had to jump and jump to save his life till the butter come, then after that he was ver-ee comfortable sitting on it.

Then Mr. Rabbit told his troubles, and Mrs. Rabbit told them not to think 'bout them a minute longer, but for Mr. Rabbit to sit right there in his chair and smoke his pipe, and for Mr. Frog to sit on the little stool and smoke his pipe, while she washed the buttermilk off his coat and hung it behind the stove to dry; and then she would straighten up everything and cook the supper and have it on the table 'fore the clock struck six.

And they all did.

MR. RABBIT HAS THE TOOTH-ACHE



## MR. RABBIT HAS THE TOOTH-ACHE

**K**IM, did you ever hear 'bout the time Mr. Rabbit had the tooth-ache? I don't s'pose you did, so I will tell you 'bout it now.

Mr. Rabbit got his feet wet one day, and all that night he had the tooth-ache a little. He said he was real glad of it, for he had never had the tooth-ache before, and he said he would like real well to have it *hard* as could be for 'bout a day. He said he would go round whistling real lively, and cut the wood, and draw the water, then go to the field and hoe the big grass out of the corn, and do lots more work, just to show Mrs. Rabbit that the tooth-ache was not such a bad thing to go round with after all. He said she made too much fuss when she had it, but men didn't mind those little things so much.

So he walked 'bout bare-footed on the cold floor a while, but when the ache 'gan to grow harder he put his shoes on quick and sat by the stove so still, all the while Mrs. Rabbit was cooking breakfast, that she asked him if he had the

'tisms. Mr. Rabbit told her no! what did she want to think he had the 'tisms for? And Mr. Rabbit sat up straight as he could and tried to whistle a little, but the whistle made the ache grow so fast that he unpuckered his lips and shut his mouth quick, and his teeth came together so hard that they raised Mr. Rabbit and his hat right out of the chair.

He slapped his hand to the side of his face and groaned a little, just this way, and Mrs. Rabbit asked him what was the matter? Did a coal of fire pop on him? And Mr. Rabbit told her no! there wasn't a *thing* the matter with him, 'cept his teeth had started to grow again, and 'cause one had grown so much faster than all the others, he could not get them to come together 'thout making him jump. And he asked Mrs. Rabbit what she was going to think was the matter with him *next*? And he said a body couldn't stay in the house long at a time 'thout her asking him, "What was the matter? What was the matter?"

Then Mr. Rabbit got up and went out-doors, but you better b'lieve he didn't stay out there long after the cold wind had looked in his mouth. It just peeped at the ache, then went on laughing round the house. But Mr. Rabbit went

back and sat by the fire and leaned his face in one hand, just this way, and groaned some more.

Mrs. Rabbit told herself that Mr. Rabbit *did* have the tooth-ache, that she knew the tooth-ache when she saw it; but she said she wouldn't bother him asking him what was the matter. She tried not to rattle the dishes much, so that maybe he would go to sleep in his chair and be all right when he waked up.

Well, Kim, Mr. Rabbit sat there with one hand over the ache and see-sawed up and down, just this way, and groaned and groaned, and Mrs. Rabbit top-toed 'bout, and wouldn't let the dishes rattle the tiniest bit.

After a while, Mr. Rabbit told himself the tooth-ache was a way out yonder more than he cared to have on *his* shoulders! He b'lieved he wouldn't try to be lively this time, but would wait till the *next* time. Then he groaned *awful*, and Mrs. Rabbit just had to ask him what was the matter. Mr. Rabbit told her he had the tooth-ache, of course; and he thought she knew the tooth-ache well enough to know when a body had it 'thout asking, "What was the matter?"

Mrs. Rabbit said she would do something for

it real quick, and she asked Mr. Rabbit if it was a ver-ee *bad* tooth-ache. Mr. Rabbit said *of course* it was; it was no little ache he had, he could tell her that! It was sixteen times bigger than all other folksees put together; and did she s'pose he would have any other kind?

By that time Mrs. Rabbit had a little bit of cotton on the end of one of her hairpins, and was standing in front of Mr. Rabbit telling him to open his mouth, and show her where to put it. Mr. Rabbit opened his mouth and pointed with his finger and said, "Up there!"

Mrs. Rabbit stood, holding the hairpin in one hand, with her head and her neck and her eyes up, just this way. But she was so long finding the right place, that Mr. Rabbit pointed his finger again and said, "There! There!"

Mrs. Rabbit looked longer than ever, and she couldn't see any place to put the cotton in. Then Mr. Rabbit forgot and shut his mouth quick, and 'fore he knew it, that shut had made him hop out of his chair right over Mrs. Rabbit's head and dance around the room.

After a while Mr. Rabbit sat down in the chair again, and opened his mouth, and pointed his finger, and said, "Down there!"





Dr. Wise-Owl makes a visit.



Mrs. Rabbit told herself she thought it was "*up there*" a while ago, but she didn't tell Mr. Rabbit what she thought, for he was such a hopper. She just looked and looked; her neck got so tired looking, that she was 'bout to give out, when Mr. Rabbit shut his mouth down on his pointing finger, so his teeth would not get together, and he asked Mrs. Rabbit how much longer she was going to stand and poke that hair-pin at him? And did she s'pose his mouth was a steel trap on triggers, so it could stand open all day?

Mrs. Rabbit told him maybe the ache was on the other side, and asked him if it was not ver-ee much better since she started to do something for it. Mr. Rabbit got mad and said he ought to know which side of his mouth his own tooth-ache was on; and he said it was not a bit better, he didn't know but it was a leven thousand times worse; that he was 'fraid if he let his teeth come together again the top of his head would fly off; that it was jumping 'bout a mile a second now just like a steaming engine!

Then Mr. Rabbit leaned over the fire, and said he didn't want to have any more cotton, or hair-pins, either, poked at him, and he just groaned

awful some more. Mrs. Rabbit said if the ache was jumping that way so early in the morning, it was dang'us to think where Mr. Rabbit would be by night; and that there was not a single thing to do but just send for Doctor Wise-Owl to come and bring his screw-twister, and twist that long tooth out. So she told Mr. Rabbit she would go to the back fence and tell Mrs. Long-Ears to let some of her folks run hard as they could to Doctor Wise-Owl, and tell him to come quick as he could and twist Mr. Rabbit's tooth-ache out; and she did.

Well, Kim, in less time than it would take you to tell it, if you had been listening you might have heard Mr. Rabbit's front gate go "bang," just that way. Mrs. Rabbit ran to open the door. Mr. Rabbit peeped out of the window, and when he saw Doctor Wise-Owl hurry up the walk with his twisters in his hand, Mr. Rabbit told himself he had too many whiskers not to know a thing or two; and the one thing he knew was that the tooth-ache was the biggest thing he had ever tackled! But the second thing he knew was, that *he* wasn't going to sit in that house and let something bigger come long and find him!

So Mr. Rabbit jumped up, forgot all 'bout his

tooth-ache, took his fishing-pole from 'bove the mantelpiece, jumped out of the window and ran round the house; so when Doctor Wise-Owl came in, there was no Mr. Rabbit to be seen.

Mrs. Rabbit looked round the stove, and behind the door, and under the bed, and down in the barrel, and then out of the window; and there she saw the top of Mr. Rabbit's long fishing-pole, running down the hill in the 'rection of the spring branch, and she knew the sight of the twister had cured him.















JUL 16 1907



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