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TOWSER
DOG'S
STORY
By AMY PRENTICE



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Aunt Amy's Animal Stories

By AMY PRENTICE

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By **AMY PRENTICE**

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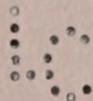
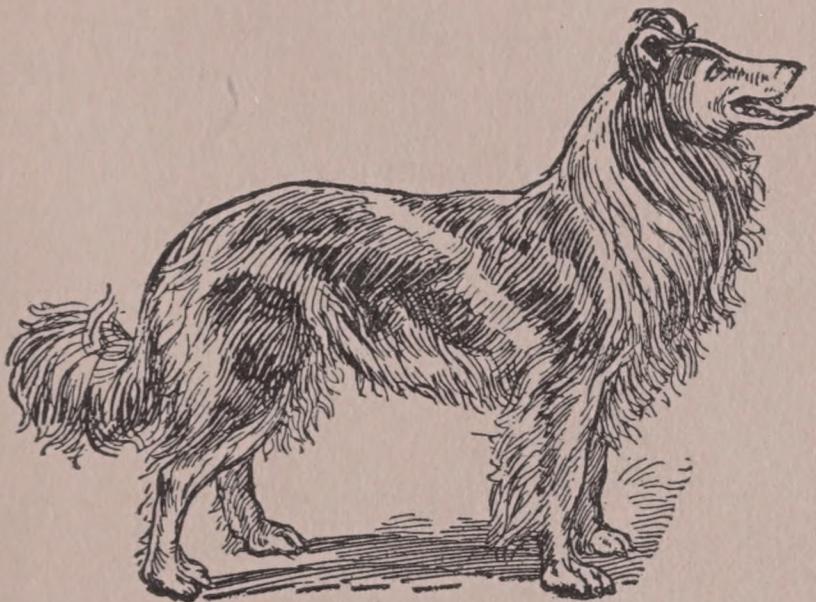
Mr. Wolf trying to get Mrs. Sheep to go home with him.

Towser Dog's Story.

Aunt Amy's Animal Stories

TOWSER DOG'S STORY

By **AMY PRENTICE**



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

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

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TOWSER DOG'S STORY
By Amy Prentice





TOWSER DOG'S STORY.

By AMY PRENTICE.

LAST week, on that day when it rained so hard, your Aunt Amy sat by the window looking out



Mr. Towser Dog Meets Aunt Amy.

at the trees, from the branches of which the water ran in tiny streams, and wishing the sun would peep out ever so feebly, for she wanted to go

down to the pond, where it was possible some of her bird or animal friends might be found.

It was useless to wish, however, for the clouds gave no signs of being willing to let the sun look out even for the tiniest bit of a minute, and the rain came down in such big drops that it would have been like taking a shower bath with one's clothes on, to venture out from the shelter of the house.

Just when your Aunt Amy had made up her mind that she would be forced to spend the day alone, the door of her room was pushed open, and in walked Mr. Towser Dog.

"I suppose you think it is too wet to go down to the pond to-day?" he said, as he stretched himself at full length on the rug, as if he had come to make a long visit.

"Don't you think it is?" your Aunt Amy asked, and he replied, as he looked up with what was very like a laugh:

"Not a bit of it. Suppose you do get a little water on you, what's to prevent your shaking it off?"

Your Aunt Amy tried to explain that water would not shake from cloth as it does from an animal's hair; but Mr. Towser did not appear to

understand her, and gave over making any effort to do so, as he said :

“ How will you get along if you can't hear some of old Mr. Crow's poetry ? Everybody around this farm has been singing it to you for the last three or four weeks, and it seems as if you must like it wonderfully well.”

“ One would think you were jealous of Mr. Crow,” your Aunt Amy said with a hearty laugh, and Mr. Towser Dog replied sharply :

“ Well, I'm not ; but it does make me angry to see everybody around here listening to him as if he was the wisest bird that ever lived, when he is an idle, good-for-nothing fellow, who will steal anything he can lay his claws on. Yes, I know that is a harsh statement ; but there are plenty on this farm who will agree with what I say.”

“ Did you ever see him steal anything, Mr. Towser ? ” your Aunt Amy asked.

“ Indeed I have,” Mr. Towser said quickly. “ I caught him digging up corn which Mr. Man had worked very hard to plant, and if he hadn't had wings he'd been a dead crow that day ; but he flew too high for me. Then didn't he walk straight up to Mr. Rover Dog, when the poor fellow was tied so that he couldn't get at the

villain, and steal a bone, making the matter a good deal worse by repeating some of his cheap poetry at the same time?"

WHEN MR. CROW STOLE A BONE.

"Do crows eat bones?" your Aunt Amy asked in surprise.

"That's what I don't know; but I'm sure he stole one from Mr. Rover Dog," and Mr. Towser rose to his feet as if excited.

"Suppose you tell me the story?" your Aunt Amy suggested. "I am certain you could be as entertaining as any of the animals I have met, if you were so disposed."

"There isn't any story to it—that is, none worth telling," Mr. Towser growled. "Mr. Man had tied Mr. Rover to a stake so's to be certain of finding him when he wanted to go out hunting for old Bunny Rabbit, and gave him a nice bone with which to amuse himself. Mr. Rover says he hadn't even begun to gnaw off the meat, and there was quite a lot on the bone, when along came that miserable crow, who sat right up on his tail and said as bold as brass:

“ ‘ My name is Jim Crow ;
What a beautiful bone !
I live near here, you know ;
My name is Jim Crow.’ ”

“ Mr. Rover jumped at the villain, and in so doing knocked the bone two or three inches nearer Mr. Crow, who picked it up as quick as a wink, and said as he sailed off :



Mr. Crow Visits Mr. Rover.

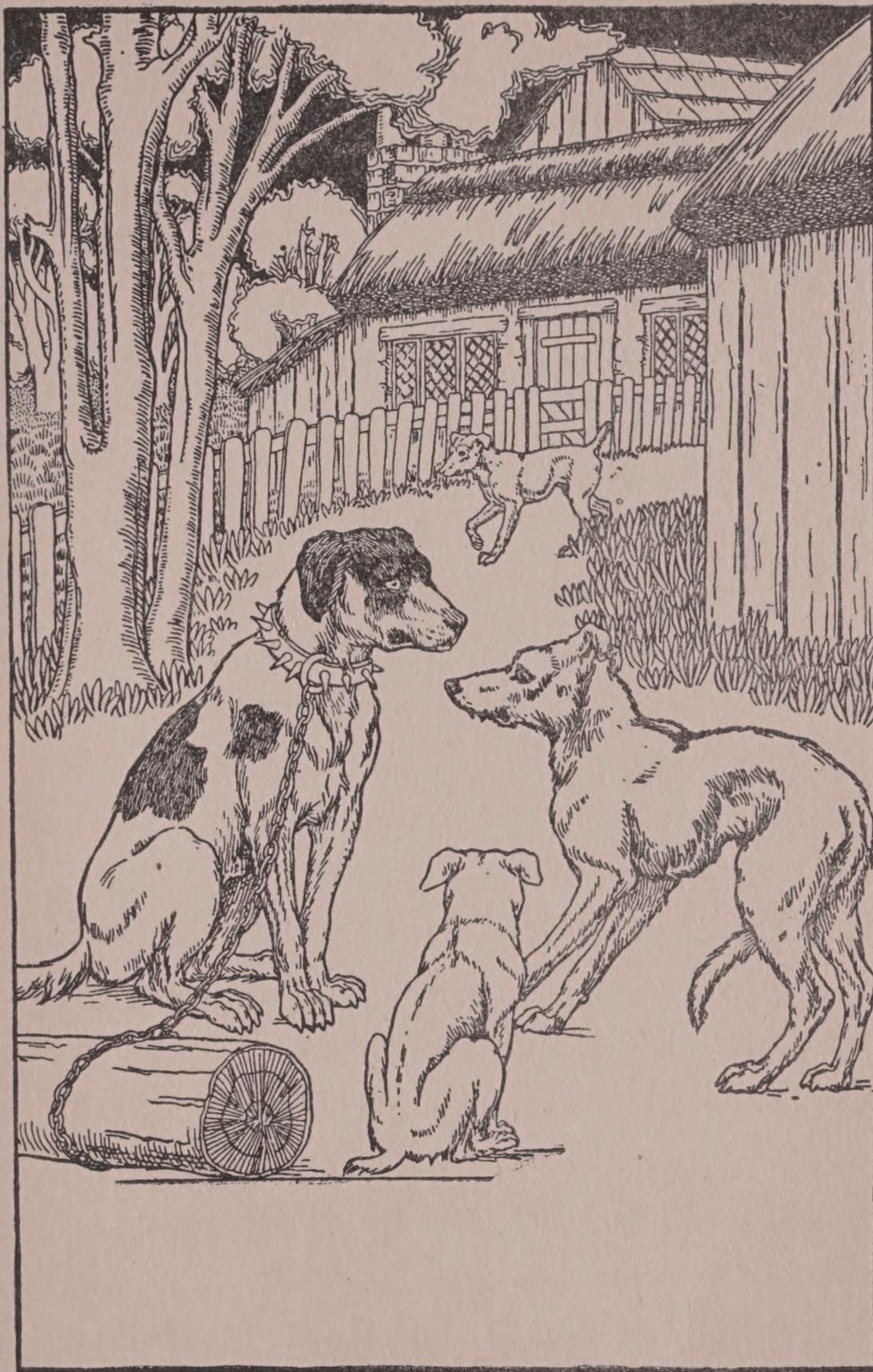
“ ‘ Thanks awfully, you know.
Oh dear, how you groan !
My name is Jim Crow ;
It's a beautiful bone !’ ”

“Now if that isn't stealing, I'd like to ask what it is?” and Mr. Towser looked up as if he knew exactly what the answer would be, adding before your Aunt Amy could reply, “It was the same kind of business that made trouble on this very farm last year, before you came here.”

THE TRAMP DOG'S VISIT.

“Will you tell me about it?” your Aunt Amy asked, not caring to answer the question Mr. Towser had asked, because then it could be said that she had really called Mr. Crow a thief, although she knew very well he had acted dishonestly with Mr. Rover.

“Yes, I had just as soon tell you the story, for I've nothing to do until the storm clears away, when Mr. Man wants me to go after the sheep,” and Mr. Towser settled himself more comfortably on the rug, as if prepared to remain a long while. “Last year we had a Mr. Lion Dog on this farm, and it was his business to walk around nights looking after the cattle and fowls, for at that time there were a good many idle dogs and foxes near-about, who would make trouble if they got the chance.



“I’m only looking over the place;” said the Tramp Dog with a grin. Page 11. *Towser Dog.*

“Of course Mr. Man kept him chained to a big log of wood during the day-time, for fear he might bite some of the children, and then his place was down near the road, at the beginning of the path which leads up to the house. Both Mr. Rover Dog and I were living here at that time.

“Well, one morning along came another Dog, who claimed to belong to the very best family in the country, and said he was traveling for his health; but I had my suspicions of him because he carried his tail between his legs in a way no honest dog would be guilty of doing.

“He talked with Mr. Lion quite a while, asking all manner of questions, till he found that Mr. Rover and I were only expected to drive the cattle and sheep, with nothing to do about the house, and then he grew more bold. I found him sneaking around one of the sheds, where a stranger had no business to be, and asked what he was doing there.

“‘I’m only looking over the place,’ he said with a grin. ‘I’m not so certain but that I shall come here to live, if everything pleases me.’

“‘But Mr. Man doesn’t need another dog on the farm,’ I said in surprise, and he replied, as if he knew a good deal more about the place than I did :

“ ‘Your Mr. Lion appears to be a cross-grained dog, and I’ve been told that Mr. Man would like to have a more pleasant fellow around, so that he needn’t have the trouble of chaining him up every day.’

“I couldn’t say that this stranger was telling what wasn’t true, for I’d never heard Mr. Man talk about it; but I felt badly, because Mr. Lion and I were very good friends, and I hoped he would stay with us a long while. Well, that very day when Mr. Rover and I went up to the stable for dinner, we found nothing but empty dishes, and Mamma Speckle declared she saw the housemaid come out of the kitchen with plenty of food for us.”

“That night the same thing happened, and Mr. Rover and I went to bed hungry after having done our full duty in cattle-driving. Before it was time for Mr. Lion to be let loose for the night, the strange dog disappeared, and we saw nothing more of him till after we came back from driving the cows to pasture. Then our dishes were empty again, and the fellow who claimed to come from such a good family, was lying in the sun as if he had eaten more than was wholesome for him.

“It didn’t take Mr. Rover and me very long to

understand the whole business, and we told Mr. Lion all we believed. Then we gnawed and scratched at his chain till it was unfastened, and hid in the stable where we could see the housemaid when she brought our dinner. It all came about as we expected ; the visitor, who claimed to be of such a good family, began to eat up our dinner as soon as the girl's back was turned, and then Mr. Lion did his portion of the work. In less than a minute Mr. Stranger was about as well done for as the bully who tried to lead little Poodle astray, and went up the road howling as if there was nothing left of him but his voice."

"What about the bully who led the poodle astray?" your Aunt Amy asked, seeing that Mr. Towser was in the mood for story-telling.

WHEN LITTLE POODLE WAS TEMPTED.

"He didn't lead him astray, for little Poodle had too much good sense," Mr. Towser replied. "He tried to, and afterward came to a bad end. The story is in poetry ; but Mr. Crow didn't write it, else you wouldn't hear me reciting it. This is the way it goes :

Towser Dog's Story.

“Oh, come with me,” said the big doggie,
 As he winked with his eye that was dotted;
 He had, they say, a fascinating way
 Of seeming to be kind when he plotted.



Giving Bad Advice.

The little dog good said he wished he could,
 But mamma “No, no,” had told him.
 He was very much afraid, if away he strayed,
 That mamma would surely scold him.

“If only you yield, and come out in the field,”
 Said the big dog, whispering low,

“There’s a wee little mouse for you to touse,
And a bird to chase, I’ll show.”

With a yearning sigh, and a soft “Oh, my!”
The little dog pricked up his ears.
There was fun alive, could he contrive
To elude his mother’s fears.



A Good Little Dog's Dinner.

The tempter wily his chops licked slyly,
And added, in accents thick:
“Down by the stone there’s a great, big bone
For you and me to pick.”

Towser Dog's Story.

Then the little dog moral he scented a quarrel ;
 " Oh, no ; my ma," said he,
 " Told me I ought to 'void him who sought
 To pick a bone with me."

So the wise dog stayed and his ma obeyed,
 For he truly had found the reason
 Of the big dog's bribe, who was one of that tribe
 That delights in fights and treason.

And the little dog sage lived a good old age,
 While he fed on pie and liver ;
 But the big dog squabbled on a bridge that wobbled,
 And was drowned in the roaring river.



When the Big Dog Squabbled.

"That is very good poetry, Mr. Towser. Do you know who made it?" your Aunt Amy asked.

"Yes, and it wasn't Mr. Crow, as I told you before. I've got some verses that were written about

me, and more that tells of what Mr. Rover did; they are all better than ever Mr. Crow could make up. You've been hearing so much of his stuff lately, that I didn't know as you'd want to listen to anything else."

"But who wrote them?" your Aunt Amy insisted.

"Miss Spaniel Dog, down on the next farm. She knows a lot of things, and can tell better stories than ever that good-for-nothing old Crow ever heard. That's where Mr. Spot Dog lives, who was nearly killed by Mr. Man's two little girl babies."

WHEN MR. SPOT WAS ABUSED.

"How large a dog is Mr. Spot?" your Aunt Amy asked.

"About my size, and one of the kindest, gentlest fellows you ever met," Mr. Towser replied, as he snapped at a fly who was tickling his nose.

"Do you mean to say that two babies very nearly killed a dog as large as you?" your Aunt Amy asked in surprise.

"That's the truth," Mr. Towser said almost sharply, as if vexed because the statement was

questioned. "I'll tell you about it. Mr. Spot is quite old, and these two little girls thought he ought to haul them around in a wagon that had been built for a dog twice his size. It was far too heavy, and he much too old for that kind of work, so when the children harnessed him, he settled right back on his haunches to say that he wouldn't move a step.

" 'I know how we can make him go,' Ethel said—she is one of the babies, you know. 'Let's tie a tin can to his tail. Brother Tom makes dogs run by doing that.'

"Daisy was the other baby, and she agreed to try Brother Tom's plan, so the two tied a big can to Mr. Spot's tail, and he couldn't quite understand what they were doing. Then, by pulling on the reins, the children got Mr. Spot on his feet, and when he began to wag his tail he heard a terrible rattling just behind him. He turned to see what had happened, when the can struck against the other side of the wagon, and so it rattled and banged as he moved, until the poor fellow was thoroughly frightened.

"Then Mr. Spot began to run, of course, and the faster he went the louder was the noise, which made him nearly frantic. The children began to

be as frightened as he was ; but it did them no good to pull on the reins, and down the road went babies, dog and wagon like a noisy flash of light.



The Runaway.

“Just when it almost seemed as if Mr. Spot would run right out of his skin, Mr. Man came along and caught him by the collar, and then he saw the tin can on the poor dog's tail.

“ ‘What have you been doing to Spot?’ he asked, and his voice didn't sound very pleasant.

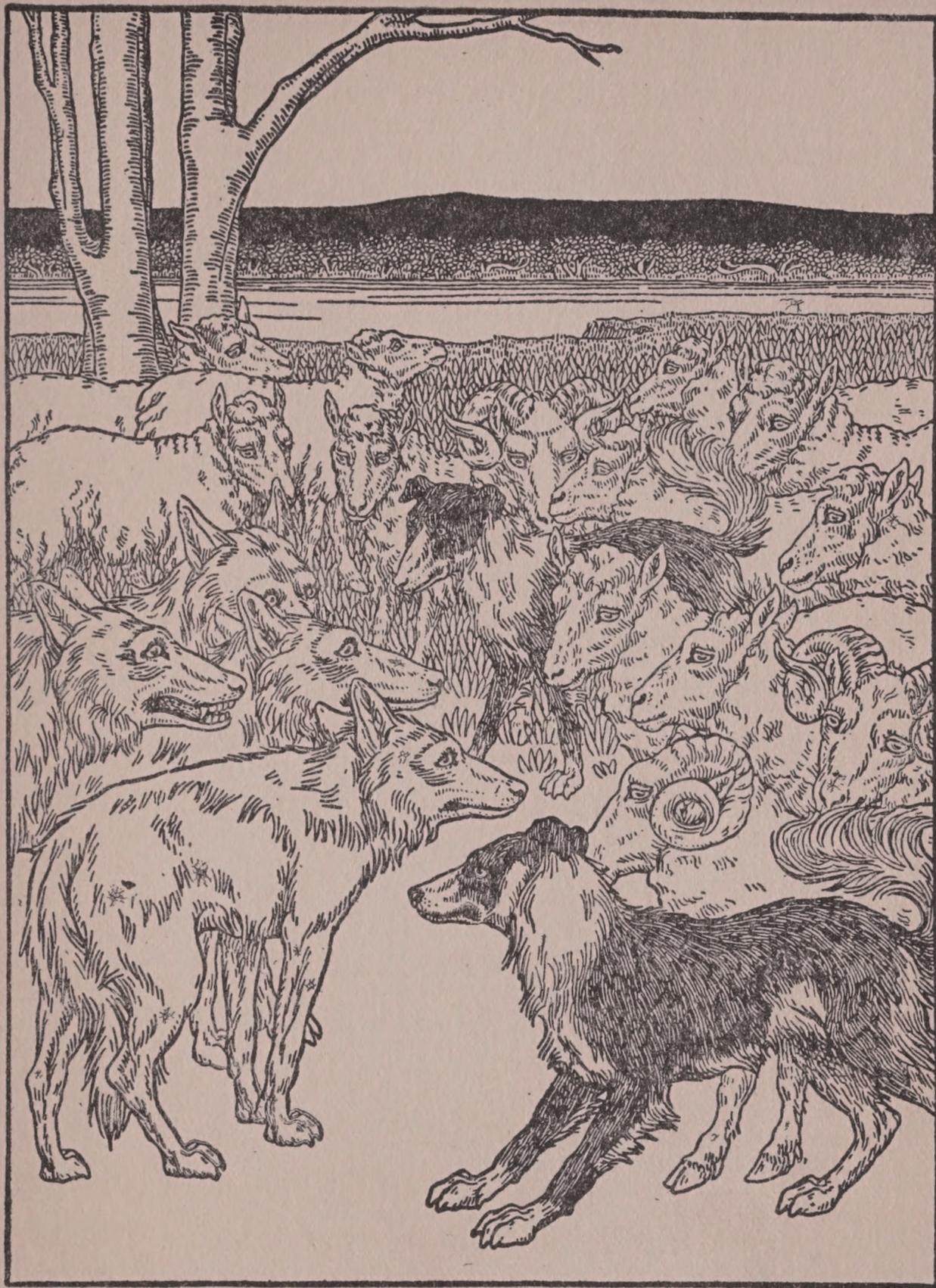
“ ‘ We put that can on his tail to make him go, and he went too fast,’ Ethel said, while the tears actually ran down into her mouth.

“ Well, Mr. Man talked to those babies in a way that did Mr. Spot solid good, and from that day to this they haven't tied a can to any animal's tail. I can't understand why children, and especially boys, think it is such great fun to abuse dogs. If they feel like playing, we are always ready, and never hurt one of them, except it might be by accident; but even when they seem to be the most friendly, boys will play some trick on a dog that hurts him terribly. They remind me, sometimes, of the wolves who fell in love with the sheep.

WHEN THE WOLVES FELL IN LOVE.

“ Is it one of Miss Spaniel's stories? ” your Aunt Amy asked, and Mr. Towser replied :

“ No, I heard this from my father, who was right on the spot, and knew all about it. It seems that he and a friend of his had a big flock of sheep to take care of, and if you'd ever done anything of the kind, you'd know what foolish creatures they are. It's of no use to tell them that it



“What are you doing here?” asked the Dog, as the Wolves came up to the Sheep. Page 21.

Towser Dog.

isn't wise to go there or come here, for even while you're talking, the whole flock will rush after the leader, no matter where he goes.

“Well, my father and his friend had been having a hard time of it to keep the wolves from killing the sheep; but they were dogs who knew how to do their work, and did it so well that the wolves came to understand no stealing could be done except it might be by a trick. So they fixed up a plan to get the best of my father, and next day four of the biggest came marching over to where the sheep were eating breakfast.

“‘What are you doing here?’ my father asked, as he and his friend did all they could to make the foolish sheep stand back out of danger.

“‘We've come to tell you that we want to be friends,’ one of the wolves said, talking soft as porridge, and the sheep crowded up believing every word.

“‘I've got nothing to say against your being friends,’ my father replied, standing ready to make a leap if the wolves tried to play any trick; ‘but the friendship will last longer if you keep well out of our way, and the sooner you go back where you came from, the better I shall be pleased.’

“‘You have no right to talk to them in such a

manner,' old Mr. Ram said to my father. 'They have come in a kindly spirit, and the least we can do is to show that we have some idea of politeness.'

" 'There won't be anything very polite happen, if you give one of those villains a chance to set his teeth in your throat,' my father said, and a wolf interrupted.

" 'I am glad to see, Mr. Ram, that you are so well bred. These dogs try to make it appear as if necessary for them to watch us closely, so that Mr. Man shall think they are earning their food; but if you and I could have a few moments' talk in private, I would show you that there is no reason to fear us.'

" Well, would you believe it, that foolish old Mr. Ram insisted on going off with Mr. Wolf to hear what he had to say, and the rest of the flock agreed that he couldn't do any less, else they might be accused of not knowing how to act politely. My father and his friend said all they could against it; but Mr. Ram held out that he was right, and off he marched, my father saying as he went:

" 'It is certain that this is the last time you will act foolishly, and your death may show the rest

of the flock that it is not safe to trust a wolf, however sweetly he talks.'

"Mr. Ram went off, and he never came back, for when the wolves got him beyond reach of the dogs, they killed the old fellow and ate him, which was no more than serving him right, as I look at the matter."

"I quite agree with you, although it is not likely that the others of the flock profited very much through his death," your Aunt Amy said. "Did you tell me that Miss Spaniel had written some poetry about you?"

MR. TOWSER DOG'S DREAM.

"Yes, she made up some verses, but I'm sorry to say that they are not as good as she could have done. I suppose you want to hear them, else you wouldn't have said anything about it, so here they are :

Now, Towser was a goodly dog

As ever dog was seen.

At night he dreamed upon a rug,

At day played upon the green.

Towser Dog's Story.

But Towser had a fancy—My !
 For cats—'Twas his delight
 To make the furry creatures fly
 In daytime or in night.



Mr. Towser painted by Miss Spaniel.

He chased a pussy down the street,
 'Twas fun for him, "bow-wow!"
 Until the tiny kitten grew
 As big as a big cow.

Then Towser put his stubby tail
 Between his legs, and run—
 Of course, 'twas only but a dream,
 Still, dreaming's not all fun.

Now, Towser's friendly to the cats,
Says: "Howdy do, bow-wow!"
I guess it is because he fears
He'll meet one like a cow.

"Well, what do you think of it?" Mr. Towser asked as he came to the end, and your Aunt Amy replied truthfully:

"It isn't very much better than some which Mr. Crow writes; but is it true that you had such a dream?"



Mr. Towser; painted by Mr. Crow.

"Yes, that part of it is a fact, and I haven't chased any cats since. Why, do you know that miserable Mr. Crow says I'm afraid of even a kitten, and goes around showing a picture of me feeding a cat. As if I'd do such a thing. A fellow can

stop worrying any one who is smaller than himself, without being a fool, I hope. Yes, I've got a copy of the thing, but there isn't any sense in showing such a daub."

Without waiting to be coaxed, however, Mr. Towser went out into the shed, returning a moment later with a picture of which the one above is an exact copy :

"I suppose that old Crow thinks he can make pictures as well as verses ; but Miss Spaniel beats him out and out at both. I'll show you one of Mr. Rover which she made, and at the same time tell you what a joke he played on Mamma Speckle.

WHEN MAMMA SPECKLE LOST AN EGG.

"One day Mamma Speckle began to sing, 'Cut—cut—cut dah !' and we all knew she had laid another egg, making the same kind of a fuss over it she always did, as if no other hen in the yard could do half as much.

"Now Mr. Rover is very fond of eggs ; but Mr. Man never allows him to have any. When Mamma Speckle began to cackle so loud, the idea came into his head that here was a chance to get what he liked without breaking any of the rules

which Mr. Man had laid down, and, going over to where the hen stood, he growled :

“ ‘You make as much fuss about your old egg as though the shell was filled with grain.’

“ ‘Cut—cut—cut dah ! I don't know but it is filled with grain,’ Mamma Speckle cried.



Mr. Rover Dog.

“ ‘Let's open it and see,’ Mr. Rover said, trying to make it appear that he wasn't very greatly interested in it. Here's the picture of him which

Miss Spaniel made, but it doesn't look a bit like him.

“ Well, at first, Mamma Speckle wouldn't listen to Mr. Rover's idea of breaking the egg, and said quite decidedly :

“ ‘ Oh, no, eggs mustn't be opened until I have sat on them three weeks, and then the loveliest fluffy chicks will come out of them.’

“ ‘ But this one may be full of grain, and that wouldn't hatch into a chicken, you know. I'll break it with my paw, and then you can have a feast.’

“ Mamma Speckle stepped back a little ways as if to say she was willing, and Mr. Rover broke the egg. Of course you know what it looked like, and in a minute Mr. Rover knew what it tasted like. Poor old Mamma Speckle! She gazed at the broken shell, and the white and yellow of the egg on the grass, as if she feared it might not be possible for her to lay another, and Mr. Rover, never stopping to think of the trouble which Mr. Spot had gotten into through greediness, smacked his lips in content.”

“ What happened to Mr. Spot? ” your Aunt Amy asked, when Mr. Towser ceased speaking as if he was done with story-telling.

HOW MR. SPOT WAS PUNISHED FOR
BEING GREEDY.

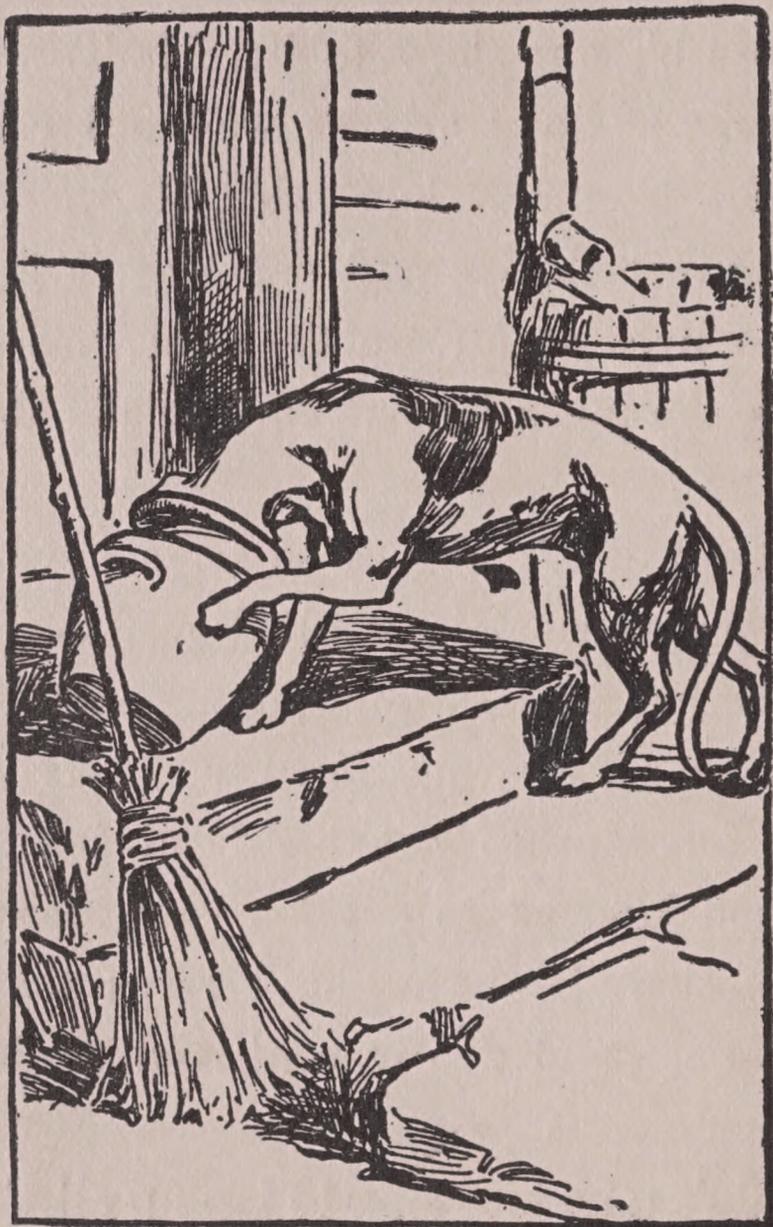
“There isn't any story to it,” Mr. Towser said thoughtfully; “but I may as well tell you what happened. You must know that Mr. Spot is very fond of sweet things, and one day, when Mrs. Man, who lives at Mr. Spot's home, was making preserves, she put a jar half-full on the door-step to cool.

“Mr. Spot didn't chance to have any business on hand just then, so he strolled over to see what was in the jar, and, of course, soon found out that he could have a very nice luncheon if it should be possible for him to get his head inside. He pushed and jammed to get his ears through the opening, otherwise he couldn't reach the sweets with his nose, and finally contrived to do as he wanted.

“It didn't take him long to lap up all that was inside the jar, and then he tried to pull his head out again; but the rim around the top clung to his ears, and, struggle as he might, it was not possible to get free. He began to be frightened, and ran here and there, with the jar covering all his head, looking like some strange monster. Then

Towser Dog's Story.

Mrs. Man saw him, and she screamed in fear, begging her husband to come and save her life.



Mr. Spot Gets Into Trouble.

“Mr. Man rushed out with his gun, and it was only by the narrowest chance that he didn't shoot Mr. Spot at once; but, luckily, at the very moment when he was going to fire, one of the servants

cried out that it was only a dog with his head inside the preserve jar, and Mr. Man laid down the gun to get a hammer.

“The only way to help Mr. Spot out of his trouble was to break the jar, and the poor fellow got two or three pretty hard blows on the head before this could be done; but it cured him of ever wanting any more preserves. It's a pity something wouldn't happen to break Mr. Rover of straying from home as he does.”

WHAT THE DOG REALLY DID IN THE MANGER.

“Mr. Towser, did you ever hear the very old story of the dog in the manger, who would neither eat nor allow the horses to do so?” your Aunt Amy asked, and Mr. Towser replied sharply:

“I've heard it as you mean, and again as it really was. It's a great pity that people can't tell a story as it is, without twisting all the truth from it!”

“Then you don't believe that it happened as is told?” your Aunt Amy asked.

“I surely do not!” and Mr. Towser spoke very loudly. “Why, the dog about whom they tell

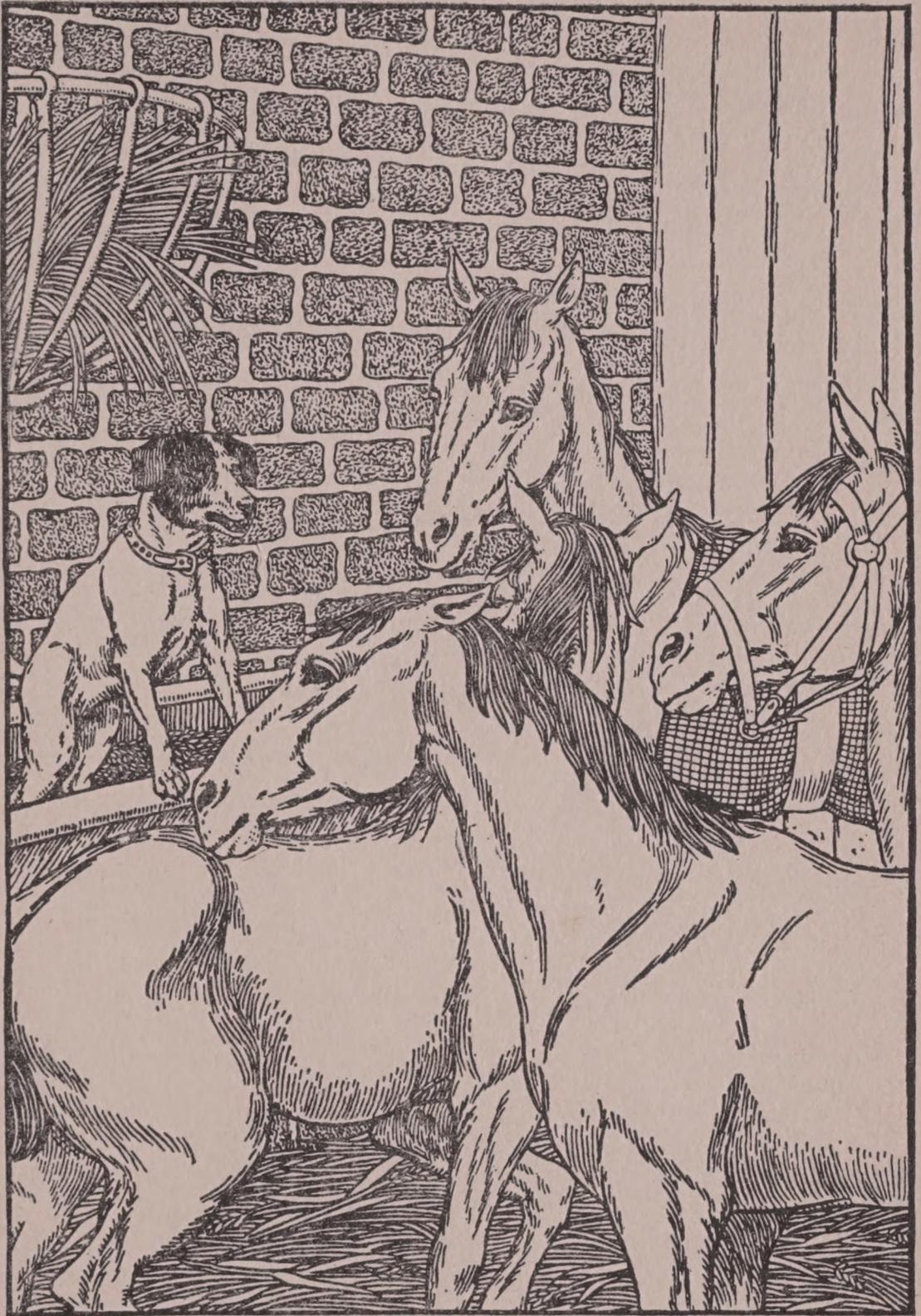
that story was Mr. Spot's own great-grandfather, and of course Mr. Spot knows exactly how it all happened."

"I would like to hear how he tells the story," your Aunt Amy said, and Mr. Towser did not hesitate to gratify her.

"The true way of it was this," he began. "Mr. Spot's great-grandfather worked on a farm nearly as large as this, and it was his business to look after the stables. One morning the horses were turned out into the yard that they might get something to drink before having breakfast, and every one knows that the proper way to begin the day is by taking a few mouthfuls of water. Then one of the stable boys filled the manger with grain, and went away to attend to some other work.

"The horses came back as soon as he had gone, thinking it would be possible to make pigs of themselves by eating all that had been brought in, before the boy returned; but Mr. Spot's great-grandfather knew that Mr. Man did not allow any such actions, so he jumped into the manger and told them to go out into the yard again until the groom came.

"'It's our grain, and we shall eat it when we



Mr. Spot's Great Grandfather does his duty. Page 32.
Towser Dog.

please,' the oldest Mr. Horse said, as he came up to the manger bold as a lion.

“ ‘ You shan't have a mouthful until after getting a drink, and not then, unless the groom gives the word. I'll bite your noses if you come anywhere near me.' ”

“ Then they all got angry, and old Mr. Horse cried, as if he owned the grain and the whole stable :

“ ‘ If you don't get out of there, we'll tell Mr. Man that you're in the manger where you can't eat, and won't let us have a mouthful.' ”

“ ‘ You can tell whatever you please ; but I shall stay right here, for I'm attending to my business, while you're trying to get more than belongs to you,' Mr. Spot's great-grandfather cried.

“ Just then the groom arrived, and he made the horses go out for water, not allowing them a mouthful of grain until they came up to the manger in proper order. What's more, he patted Mr. Spot's great-grandfather on the head, and told him he was one dog in a thousand ; but those miserable horses spread the report everywhere, that he sat in the manger simply to prevent them from eating.”

“I am glad to learn the truth of the story, for it is believed that the dog stayed in the manger to vex the horses, instead of being there because it was his duty,” your Aunt Amy said, and Mr. Towser replied quickly :

WHEN MR. ROVER RAN AWAY.

“All us animals know just how it was, and now you can tell the rest of the people. What? You want to know what I meant by Mr. Rover's going away from home very often? Well, Miss Spaniel has set it down in poetry, and as that tells the whole story, I'll repeat it to you :

Old Rover's a dog that would never keep still,
And well named is he, for he roves at his will
Through meadow and forest, by river and brook,
Whenever his master's too busy to look.

“For Rover's a hunter!” his master declares.
Whenever the dog runs away unawares,
“He's looking for game,” cries the brave little master,
“And if you reprove him he runs all the faster.”

So Rover ran down to the river one day
When master, at books, was too busy to play,
And after he cooled his parched tongue with a drink,
He did as dogs often do—sat down to think.



Mr. Rover takes a sail down the river. Page 35.

Towser Dog.

Now what Rover thought—that you never can know,
But what Rover did, why, the story will show ;
He looked up the river, then down, fore and aft,
And then, like a sailor, he leaped on the raft.

And down the wide river he sailed a good mile,
As solemn as any old judge all the while,
Quite sure that no accident could come to him,
For, like a true sailor, he knew how to swim.

But the ferryman happened his tricks to discover,
And he and the master soon captured old Rover,
And brought him back safely ; but old Rover laughed
To think he had stolen the ferryman's raft.

A VERY FOOLISH DOG.

“That is a very good story,” your Aunt Amy said, and Mr. Towser added with what was very like a laugh :

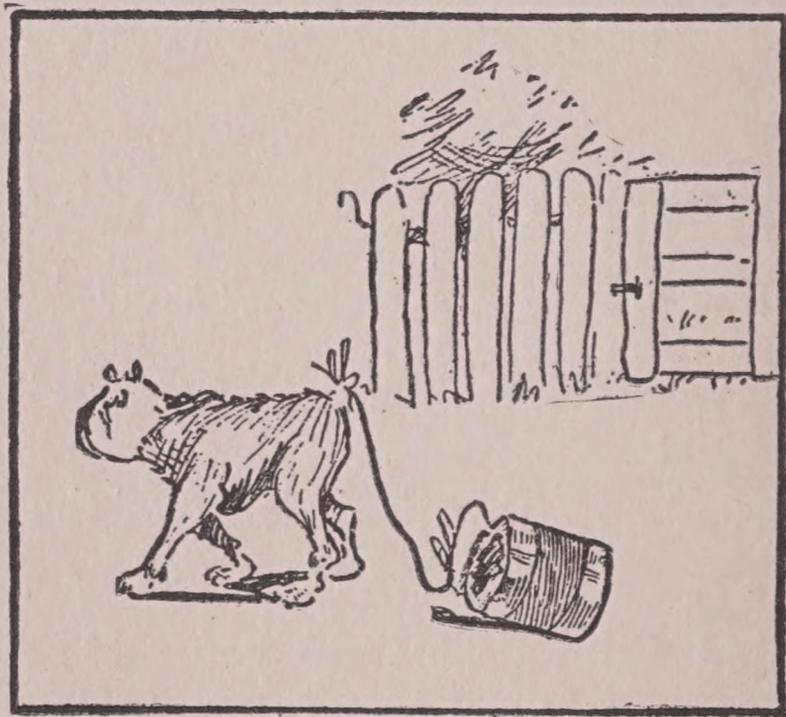
“Do you know, that reminds me of the funniest kind of a story which Mr. Spot tells, and if you don't mind I'll repeat it to you. It seems that over on the next farm there was the most foolish dog you ever heard of. He didn't seem to understand anything, and one day when he saw a poor fellow racing down the street with a tin can tied to his tail, he asked Mr. Spot why he was running so fast.

Towser Dog's Story.

“ ‘He is in a hurry to get somewhere, and had that can put on to make him go fast,’ Mr. Spot said with a wink of his eye which the foolish dog didn't understand. ‘It's all the style now, and the larger the can the faster it makes you go. It's a regular automobile.’

“ ‘That surely is fine,’ the foolish dog cried. ‘I believe I'll try it, if you'll find a big can.’

“ Mr. Spot got a tin pail, and tied it to the end of the foolish dog's tail.



A New Automobile.

“The foolish dog started down the road with the pail banging along behind him. At every leap the thing would give him a good, hard bump, and at every bump he would go faster, till he be-

came so frightened that he forgot all about having asked to have it tied on his tail.

“Every boy he passed threw stones at him, and a woman dashed a lot of water on his back when he went near her door. A farmer hit the poor fellow with a big lump of earth; a milkmaid knocked him over with one of her empty pails, and a mule kicked the foolish dog into a pig-pen, where the pigs rooted him about till he crawled out through a small hole; but the thing on his tail stuck fast between the boards, and he had to pull till nearly every hair was scraped off.

“When Mr. Spot saw him again he was lying on the grass near the stable, trying to get his breath, and looking as if he had been having the time of his life.

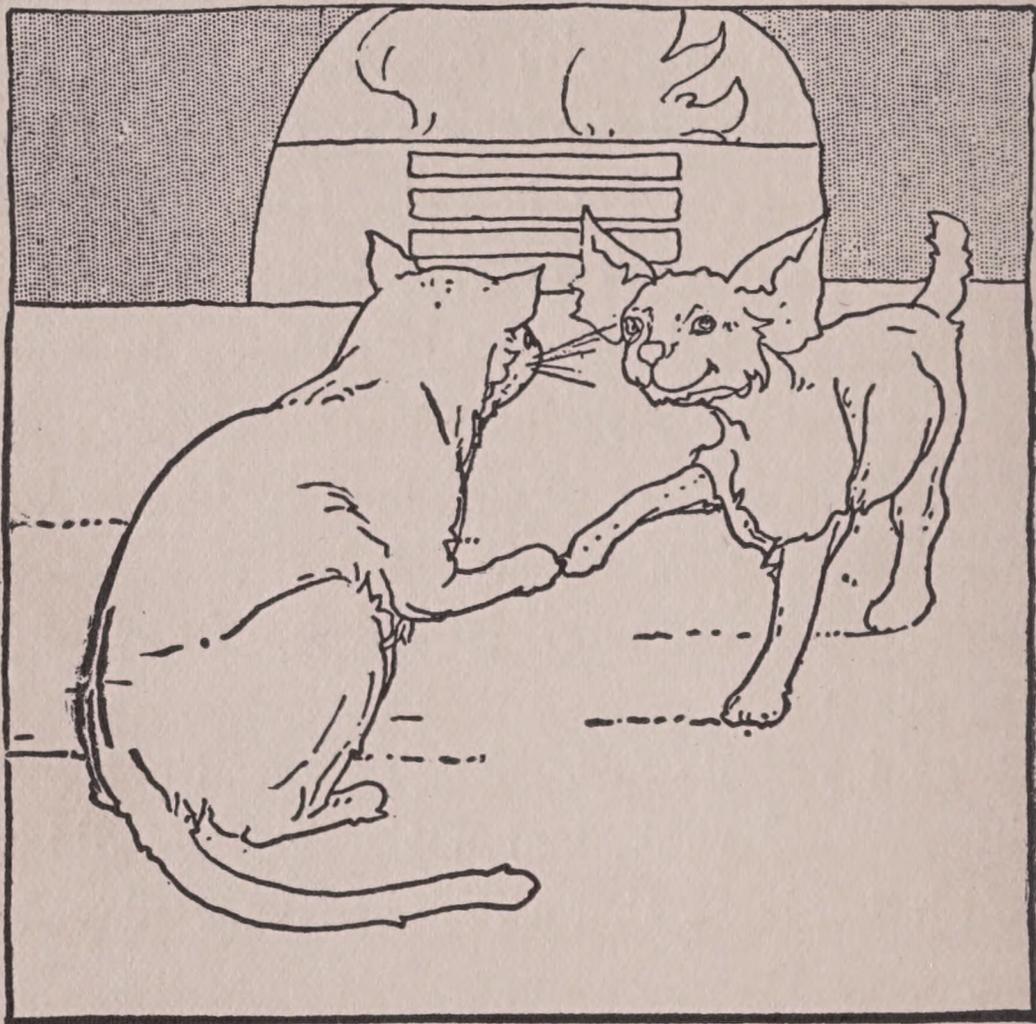
“‘Did you go fast enough?’ Mr. Spot asked with another wink, and not until then did the foolish dog know that a joke had been played on him.

“Don't you think it is wicked to tie a tin can, or any other thing for that matter, on a dog's tail?” your Aunt Amy asked, and Mr. Towser said very decidedly:

“Of course I do, and none but very, very cruel boys would play such a trick.”

Towser Dog's Story.

“And yet you think it was a good joke when Mr. Spot played the same sort of a wicked game on the foolish dog,” your Aunt Amy said sternly, and it was some time before Mr. Towser could think of a reasonable excuse. Then he said hesitatingly :



Mr. Foolish Dog Visits Mr. Cat.

“It's different with such a dog as they've got on the next farm. He needs to be treated roughly, in order to get a little sense beaten into his head. Why, do you know, he actually called on old Mr.

Cat, who has spent nearly all his life trying to scratch every dog he meets, and went up with his paw out, same as Mr. Man does when he sees an old friend.

“Mr. Cat reached out his paw as if he was glad to see the foolish dog, and when the simple fellow was thinking he had done just the right thing in making a visit, Mr. Cat struck him across the nose with all four claws out. Now perhaps you may think he wasn't hurt much; but it's a fact that the wounds didn't get over being sore for nearly a month, and he never looked natural afterward.”

“Did it cure him of being foolish?” your Aunt Amy asked with a laugh, and Mr. Towser Dog's mouth was opened wide with a grin as he said :

“I've come to believe he'll never be cured, unless, perhaps, he goes to school to Miss Spaniel a couple of years.”

“What do you mean by that, Mr. Towser?” your Aunt Amy asked in surprise, and he seemed to think that she should know all about it, as he said :

“Of course you have seen her school?” and she replied truthfully :

“I have never even heard of such a thing, Mr. Towser; I didn't know dogs had schools.”

Towser Dog's Story.

“Then you should go over to the next farm and see Miss Spaniel when she is teaching the puppies how to howl properly. She's a fine teacher, so I've heard say, and it's certain that all the dogs there howl in a way most delightful to hear.



Miss Spaniel's School.

“I was telling you of foolish Mr. Ram, who went off with the wolves for a private conversation, and never came back; but I had almost forgotten to speak of old Mrs. Sheep, who acted in about the same silly way, as I know, because of being right there and doing all I could to save her life.

WHEN MRS. SHEEP GAVE MR. WOLF A
DINNER.

“One day Mrs. Sheep came to me with tears in her eyes, and said that Mr. Wolf had carried away one of her twin babies. Now I couldn't understand how it had happened, for Mr. Rover and I had been taking care of the flock, and hadn't seen any of the Wolf tribe for a long while, so I asked her about it.

“‘I went down by the brook last night, while the rest of our family were feeding near-by, and Mr. Wolf came up through the bushes, where you couldn't see him,’ she said, whimpering until you would have thought that Mr. Rover or I was to blame for what had happened. ‘He told me that his wife had just lost one of her litter, who had been taken with whooping-cough while teething, and was mourning so sadly that he thought it might cheer her if one of my dear lambs went to see her, because he looked so much like her baby who died. It seemed cruel not to give the poor thing that much comfort, and when Mr. Wolf promised to bring the dear thing right back, I let the lamb go with him.’

“‘And it hasn't come back,’ I said angrily, wish-

ing I dared put my teeth into the silly sheep's neck and shake her till she had an idea of her own foolishness. 'It seems that you are wholly to blame, and what do you expect I can do about it?'

"'I want you to go with me to Mr. Wolf's house, so that we can find out why he doesn't keep his promise,' she said, as if it was the regular thing for a sheep to call on a wolf.

"'It will end in your going the same way the lamb did,' I cried impatiently, not thinking how nearly I was telling the truth.

"'He won't dare to touch me while you are near, even if he is that kind of a wolf, which I doubt,' she bleated.

"Well, I showed myself to be as silly as Mrs. Sheep was, by doing what she wanted, and if Mr. Man had turned me out of house and home because of it, he couldn't have been blamed. We found Mr. Wolf without any trouble, and with him the same old hawk who had stolen chickens time and time again from our farm. The two thieves had come together to hatch some new mischief, I suppose.

"Mr. Wolf actually laughed when he saw us, and I felt like a big fool for having come on such an errand, for of course the lamb had been killed and



Towser Dog asking Mr. Wolf what he did with Mrs. Sheep's
lamb. Page 42.

Towser Dog.

eaten long before we got there; but I wasn't going to back out after I'd come so far, and I said to him:

“‘We have come to get the lamb you took from Mrs. Sheep, pretending that it would do your wife good to see it.’

“‘And so it did,’ Mr. Hawk spoke up, as if he had a perfect right to open his mouth in the presence of decent people.

“‘We'll get through with this business more quickly if you hold your tongue,’ I snapped at Mr. Hawk, and Mr. Wolf said, acting as if he was the most peaceable animal in the world:

“‘I hope we shan't have any trouble, Mr. Towser. Mr. Hawk only told the truth when he said the dear little lamb's visit did my wife a world of good.’

“‘Where is she now?’ Mrs. Sheep bleated.

“‘With my wife,’ and Mr. Wolf grinned.

“‘Inside her stomach, I suppose,’ I said, losing my temper more than a bit.

“‘Dear, dear, why do you say such cruel things?’ Mr. Wolf cried. ‘If Mrs. Sheep will come with me, she can see for herself how happy the little thing is.’

“Now would you believe it? That silly Mrs. Sheep was perfectly willing to go with Mr. Wolf,

and when I told her again and again that he'd eat her as soon as they were where I couldn't do anything to prevent it, she declared that he looked and spoke like an honest wolf. As if such a thing was ever known !”

“Well, what happened ?” your Aunt Amy asked as Mr. Towser ceased speaking.

“I can't say exactly how the murder was committed ; but I do know that Mrs. Sheep never came back, and Mr. Wolf had the impudence to send me word by one of his cubs, that Mrs. Sheep had decided to stay there a while. I went home after Mr. Rover ; we got Mr. Spot and all the other dogs who were not busy, and that very night the crowd of us settled scores with Mr. Wolf and his wife. It was the morning after we'd done the work in good shape, that Mr. Rover mistook Miss Dido for a tramp dog.

WHEN MR. ROVER MADE A MISTAKE.

“Miss Spaniel seemed to think it was all very funny, and wrote two verses about it ; but Mr. Rover was terribly ashamed at having hurt Miss Dido's feelings. You see, he went into the garden to bury a bone he had brought from Mr. Wolf's house, and there he saw a stranger.

“Get out of here, you tramp!” he cried without stopping to see who the stranger was, and the rest of the story had best be told in Miss Spaniel's verses:

“I'm not a tramp,
You impudent scamp!
I'm Miss Dido from over the wall.



Miss Dido is Angry.

I put on my bonnet
With a feather upon it,
And came over to pay you a call.

Towser Dog's Story.

“ Since your bark is so rude,
 And I seem to intrude,
 I think I had better not stay.
 Bad manners you're showing,
 So I must be going—
 Good day, Mr. Rover, good day.”

“ I saw Mr. Rover just after Miss Dido went home as mad as a wet hen, and if ever there was



Mr. Rover Gives Way to
 Anger.

an angry dog in this world, he was that one. It seemed as if he couldn't stand still; he got up on his hind legs and actually danced, while he howled until the housemaid came out to see what had happened.

“ When old Grandfather Luck heard about it, he gave Mr. Rover quite a lecture on the sin and foolishness of

allowing himself to get angry, and when he reads us dogs a lesson, we listen without so much as a whine, for he's always in the right.”

“ Who is Grandfather Luck?” your Aunt Amy asked, not understanding what kind of an animal Mr. Towser was talking about.

“He’s the biggest sort of a big dog, who lives down the road a mile or more. Yes, it’s a queer name, I’ll admit; but it isn’t any queerer than he is.

OLD GRANDFATHER LUCK.

“If you like I’ll repeat some verses about him that Miss Spaniel wrote. I don’t want to do all the talking; but it seems as if I couldn’t help it, I’m so eager for you to hear some other kind of poetry than what is written by that thievish old Crow.”

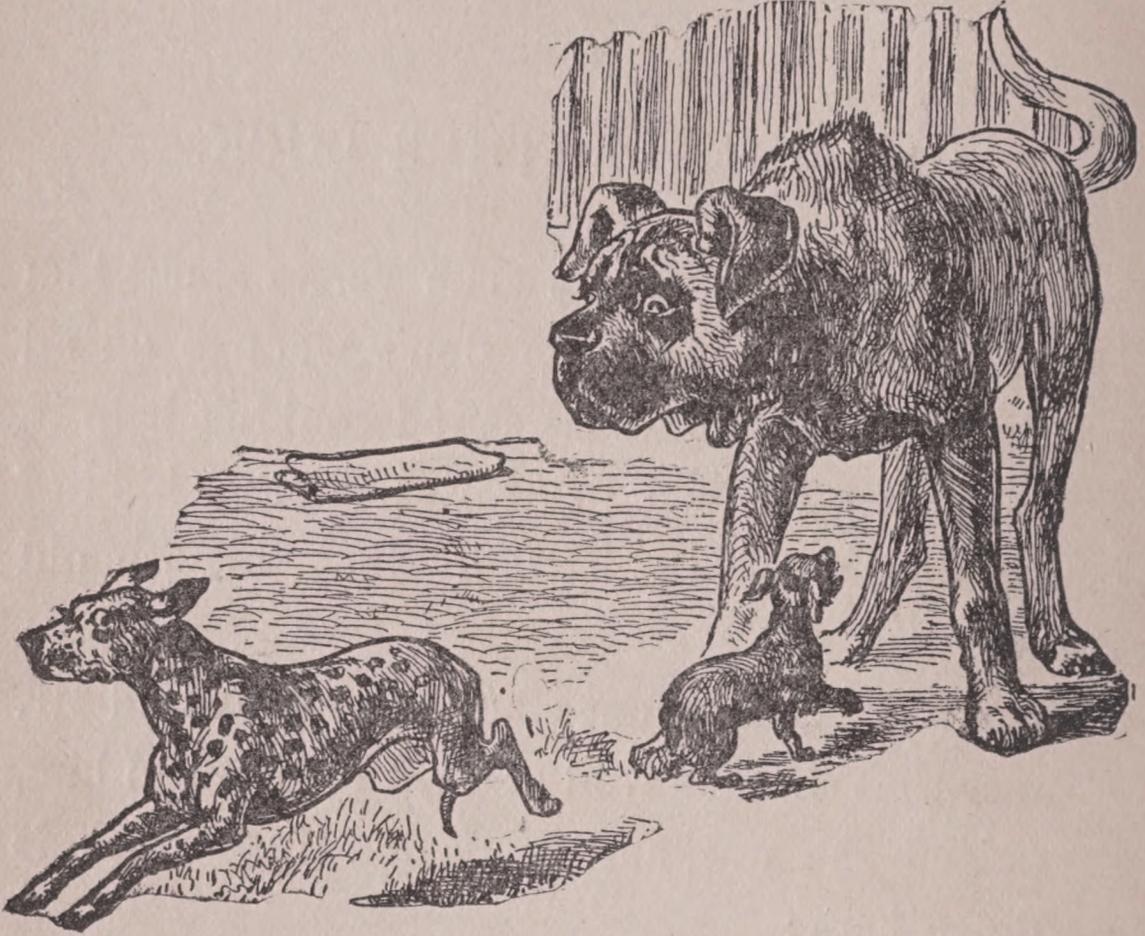
As a matter of course, your Aunt Amy told Mr. Towser that she was well pleased to listen to him, as indeed she was, and he recited that which is set down here :

An ugly old fellow was Luck, but good,
And it really seemed that he understood
Whatever was told him; faithful and true
You’d find him at all times, willing to do

The best he knew how; on errands he’d run
In his clumsy fashion, and think it fun,
And never once would he stop on the way,
When sent for the paper, to rest or play.

Towser Dog's Story.

One day on the street, a sight met his view
That roused all his ire, and quite justly too ;
A cross dog was biting a poodle so thin,
That it seemed to be nothing but bones and skin.



Grandfather Luck Interferes.

It tossed and worried the poor little mite,
Till Luck took a paw in the uneven fight ;
The bad dog was conquered, home in a trice
He sped with a howl—"He'll not try that twice,"

Barked Luck—now would you believe it, next day
The poor, abused poodle stood in the way
With a bone to lay at the big dog's feet,
As if he considered it quite a treat.

If even a canine can thankful be,
Right here is a lesson for you and me.
Do unto others, as you'd have them do,
And strive hard to give unto each his due.



A Present for Grandfather Luck.

“Yes, Grandfather Luck is what you might call a model dog,” Mr. Towser said, as he came to an end of the verses. “Sometimes I think it is easier for a big fellow to be good, than for a small one who can’t defend himself; but of course that’s all wrong. Cruel boys will impose upon a little dog, when they wouldn’t dare to so much as wink at Mr. Luck; but as a rule, your getting through this

world smoothly, depends pretty much upon how you behave.

WHEN DANDY NEGLECTED HIS DUTY.

“ Now I once knew a little toy dog who might have lived in comfort, with everything just to his liking, if he had only behaved himself; but Mr. Man and his family were so kind to him that he began to think he was about the only dog in this world.

“ His name was Dandy, and he lived on the next farm while he stayed in this neighborhood. The people there bought him, thinking, because he was so small, he'd be able to amuse the baby. Mr. Dandy wasn't much bigger than one of my ears, and everybody made a great fuss over him, although I never could understand why, except it was on account of his size.

“ Well, one day Mrs. Man brought Mr. Dandy into the room where the baby was playing on the floor, and left the two alone, expecting, of course, that the dog would know it was his business to amuse the child; but instead of doing that, pert little Mr. Dandy thought he was the one who should be cared for. The first thing he did was

to pull the doll away from the baby, and then it came into his head that it would be great sport to tear the thing to pieces.

“He began shaking the doll, and growling as fiercely as if he had a rat between his teeth. At first the baby thought it was great sport; but Mr. Dandy kicked up such a fuss at finding something small enough for him to handle as he pleased, that the child grew frightened, and then you may be sure there was trouble.



Dandy Amuses Himself.

“The baby cried his loudest, and the more noise he made the wilder Mr. Dandy got, till by the time Mrs. Man came into the room it sounded very much as if the two were having a regular fight. Of course Mrs. Man wasn't going to have a dog around who could do nothing but frighten the child, and she took the broom to Mr. Dandy in a way that he won't forget as long as he lives in this world.

“From that day, until Mr. Man gave him away, the toy dog wasn't allowed to so much as look at the house. Every time the baby caught a glimpse of him he would cry as if in the greatest distress, and Mr. Rover and I shared our bed with the foolish fellow till he was taken away in a basket.”

“It seems that you have known a good many foolish dogs in your day,” your Aunt Amy suggested, and Mr. Towser replied thoughtfully :

“It does look that way, doesn't it? And yet when you come to think the matter over, I don't believe there are as many foolish dogs as boys. Of course I only know those boys who live on this farm and the next ; but they do silly things sometimes, and their silliness is often mixed with cruelty.

“Now I think a boy is silly when he ill-treats an animal who can't defend itself, for he proves to others that he hasn't any idea of fair play. He is silly when he robs bird's nests, for the eggs are of no good to him, while from them would have come more birds to help kill the flies and insects which destroy fruit ; a fellow who does such a thing shows that he hasn't got good sense.”

“But all boys are not cruel,” your Aunt Amy

interrupted. "I know of very, very many who are little gentlemen."

"And I know of very many dogs who are all they should be, although, like boys, some try harder than others to show good, sound common sense. Now there's Mr. Fido Dog, who lives here; he is foolish because he's careless. If he would try to study out this thing or that, he wouldn't give Mr. Man the chance to say he had a soft spot in his head."

WHEN MR. FIDO LOST MR. MAN'S DINNER.

"What has he done that is so very foolish?" your Aunt Amy asked, hoping to hear another interesting story.

"Well, I suppose the most silly thing was when he lost Mr. Man's dinner," Mr. Towser said after a short pause. "One day Mr. Fido was sent down to the meadow where the men were making hay, with the master's dinner nicely wrapped up in a napkin, and he knew that he had no right to loiter on the way. But when he was crossing the brook he saw his own shadow in the water, and must needs stop to admire himself, for he has an idea

that he is the best looking dog in this neighborhood when, as a matter of fact, I can show him a dozen who have more beauty.

“Well, he stood on the bridge saying that a dog like him ought to live in a city, instead of wearing his life out on the farm, when, if he had only known it, dogs or boys are better off out here in the country than they ever could be where there is hardly a tree, and never a blade of grass to be seen. He kept on making such foolish talk to himself, till he forgot all about what he was carrying, and out of his mouth it dropped into the water.

“Now if it had been almost any other dog in such a scrape, he would have understood that he must get the dinner out before everything was soaked with water, and jumped right in after it; but he stood there trying to think up some way to get it without wetting his feet, until the thought came to him that the bundle would drift down stream after a while.

“So he ran to where the water was very shallow, and waited. Mr. Man didn't get any dinner that day, and when night came no one had seen anything of Mr. Fido, so everybody believed he had run away with the food. It wasn't until the



Mr. Fido opened his mouth and dropped Mr. Man's dinner
into the water. Page 54.

Towser Dog.

next noon that the foolish dog showed himself, and then he carried down into the hay field the dirtiest kind of a napkin with a lot of mush inside.

“He had been forced to wet his feet after all that time of waiting, for it was necessary to go into the shallow water for the bundle of soaked food, and instead of being praised, as I suppose he thought was his due, Mr. Man gave him a severe flogging, which, as I look at it, was no more than he deserved.

A VERY WISE DOG.

“We once had a wise dog here,” Mr. Towser continued, shaking his head as if to give the words greater weight. “He really wasn't of any use whatever on a farm, and yet he had so much sense that he got the best of everything to eat, while Mr. Man himself thought he was a wonderful creature.

“You see he wasn't big enough to herd sheep, drive cattle, or watch the buildings at night. What was better, he knew all that as well as we did, so he set about amounting to something, and learned to sit at the table, with a napkin under

his chin. If any one put a knife and fork between his toes, he would hold them there ; but when he wanted a mouthful of food, he had to put his nose in the plate as all of us dogs do.



The Wise Dog Enjoys Himself.

“ Whenever company came to the farm, and Mrs. Man had nice things for dinner, this wise dog was taken to the table, and each one gave him something just to see how well he would behave himself. The children wanted to keep him eating all the time,

and, as it was, he lived high until finally he got sick, and from that time wasn't allowed anything but bread and milk.”

“ Which shows he carried his wisdom to such a point that it really became folly,” your Aunt Amy suggested, and Mr. Towser said thoughtfully :

“ Yes, I suppose that is what you might call it,

though I hadn't looked at it before in quite that way."

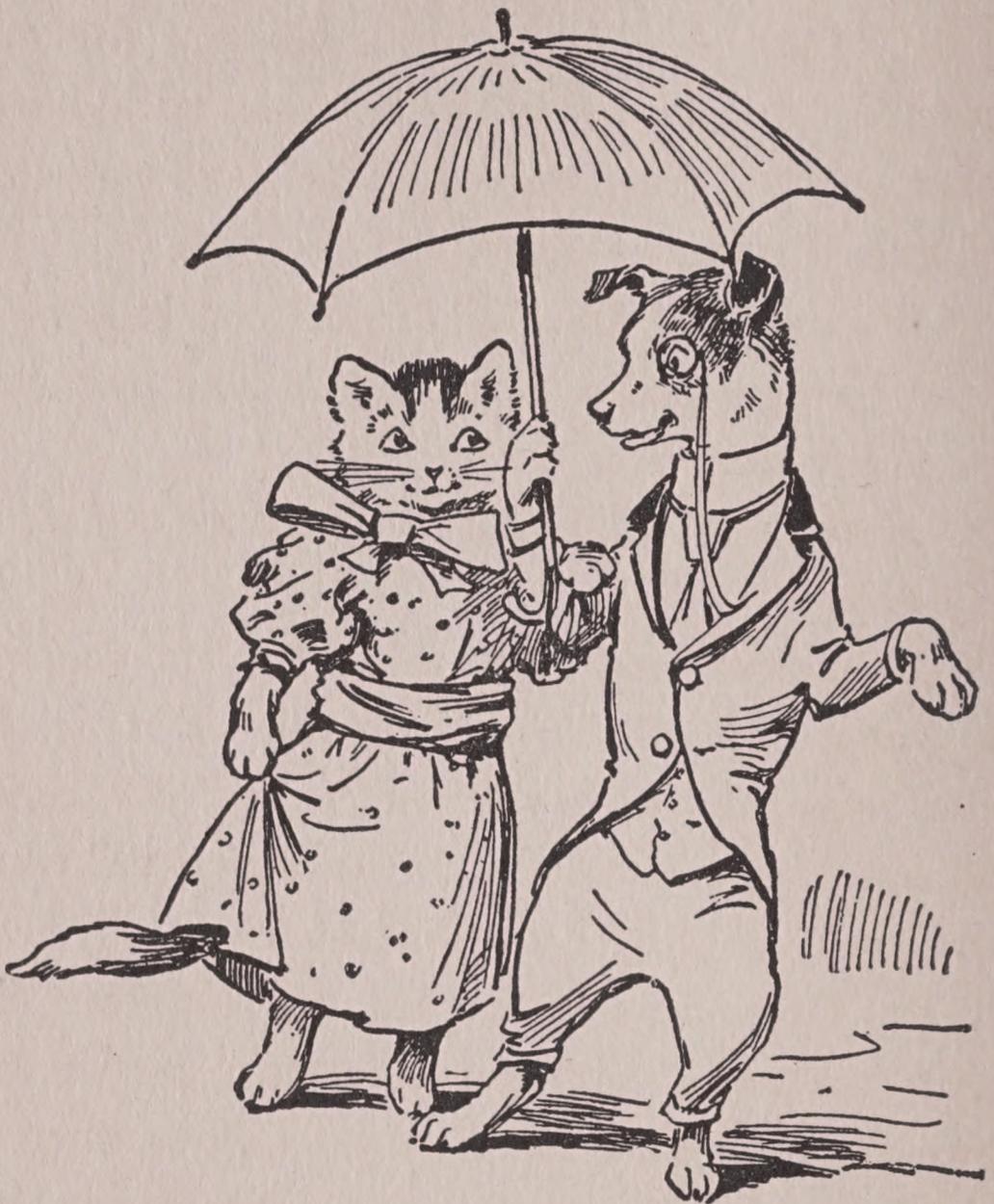
"Why is it that dogs do not like cats?" your Aunt Amy asked when Mr. Towser came to a full pause, as if he had done with story-telling.

"We haven't anything against those who behave themselves," Mr. Towser replied promptly. "There are some cats who will curl their tails and stick up their backs whenever a dog comes in sight, and that is what no fellow will put up with. Then there are others, like the one Mr. Foolish Dog called on, who'll scratch you, no matter how well you are behaving, so you feel obliged to give that kind such a lesson as they won't forget.

"When a cat treats me decently, I do the same by her; but I don't propose to have any such animal insult me. I once knew a dog who used to dress up in his very best, and go out walking with a cat; he even carried an umbrella when the sun shone too brightly, but that was going altogether too far, according to my way of thinking.

"I can tell you of a dog who knows as much as Mr. Man does. His name is Sadly, and he looks like the name all right. He hasn't much of any body to talk about, being so thin you can almost

look through him, and his head is the biggest part of him.



A Very Polite Mr. Dog.

“He lives with a Mr. Man whose name is Screw, and my master says it fits as well as does the dog’s. He never gave the animals on his farm more than half enough to eat, and made them work twice as hard as was just or reasonable.

One night, when Mr. Sadly crept into the stable to sleep, Mr. Horse told him of the dreadful life he led with Mr. Screw for a master. He was forced to work all day in the hot sun, with never a moment for rest; only half fed, and pounded and kicked when he lagged ever so little.

“ ‘It's a shame,’ Mr. Sadly said, ‘and I think it would be a good idea to make him find out just how heavy the wagon is.’

“ ‘How can you do that?’ Mr. Horse asked in surprise.

“ ‘To-morrow morning, when he lets you out for water, slip off down the road. Hide in the cedar grove, and leave the rest to me,’ Mr. Sadly said, speaking mournfully, for he always talked as sorrowfully as if he'd lost his last friend.

“ Mr. Horse was willing to do whatever Mr. Sadly told him, and next morning he scurried down the road when Mr. Screw wasn't looking.

“ ‘I wonder where that miserable horse has gone?’ Mr. Screw said, when he had looked all around and couldn't find him.

“ ‘He's sick, and gone down the road to see if he can't get some medicine,’ Mr. Sadly said. ‘You've been working him too hard, and feeding him too easy. It wouldn't surprise me if he died.’

Towser Dog's Story.

“‘How do you know anything about it, you brute?’ Mr. Screw cried as he tried to kick Mr. Sadly, and came near tumbling into the watering trough.

“‘I saw him last night, and he was feeling badly then. Better take the wagon and go after



Mr. Screw Learns how Much the Wagon Weighs.

him, or you'll have a dead horse on your hands,' and Mr. Sadly got behind the barn-door rather than dodge another kick.

“‘Do you know where he is?’ Mr. Screw asked,

looking at the wagon as if wondering how much it weighed.

“‘Yes, I can lead you right to the poor old fellow,’ Mr. Sadly replied quickly.

“Well, off they started, Mr. Sadly trotting on ahead, and Mr. Screw in the shafts, pulling as he never had before, while the sun beat down as if bent on melting both of them.

“‘Oh me, oh my, but it’s hot, and this wagon weighs about a ton!’ Mr. Screw groaned, and Mr. Sadly said with a grin:

“‘Perhaps now you can have some idea of how hard it is on Mr. Horse day after day, with only about half enough to eat.’

“Mr. Screw didn’t have anything to say, and when they came to the cedar grove Mr. Horse stepped out.

“‘Are you feeling better by this time?’ Mr. Screw asked, mild as a chicken, and Mr. Horse agreed that he felt well enough to go to work again.

“From that day, Mr. Rover says, old Mr. Screw has given the animals on his farm less work and more to put into their stomachs, so you see that one dog did a good deal of good.”

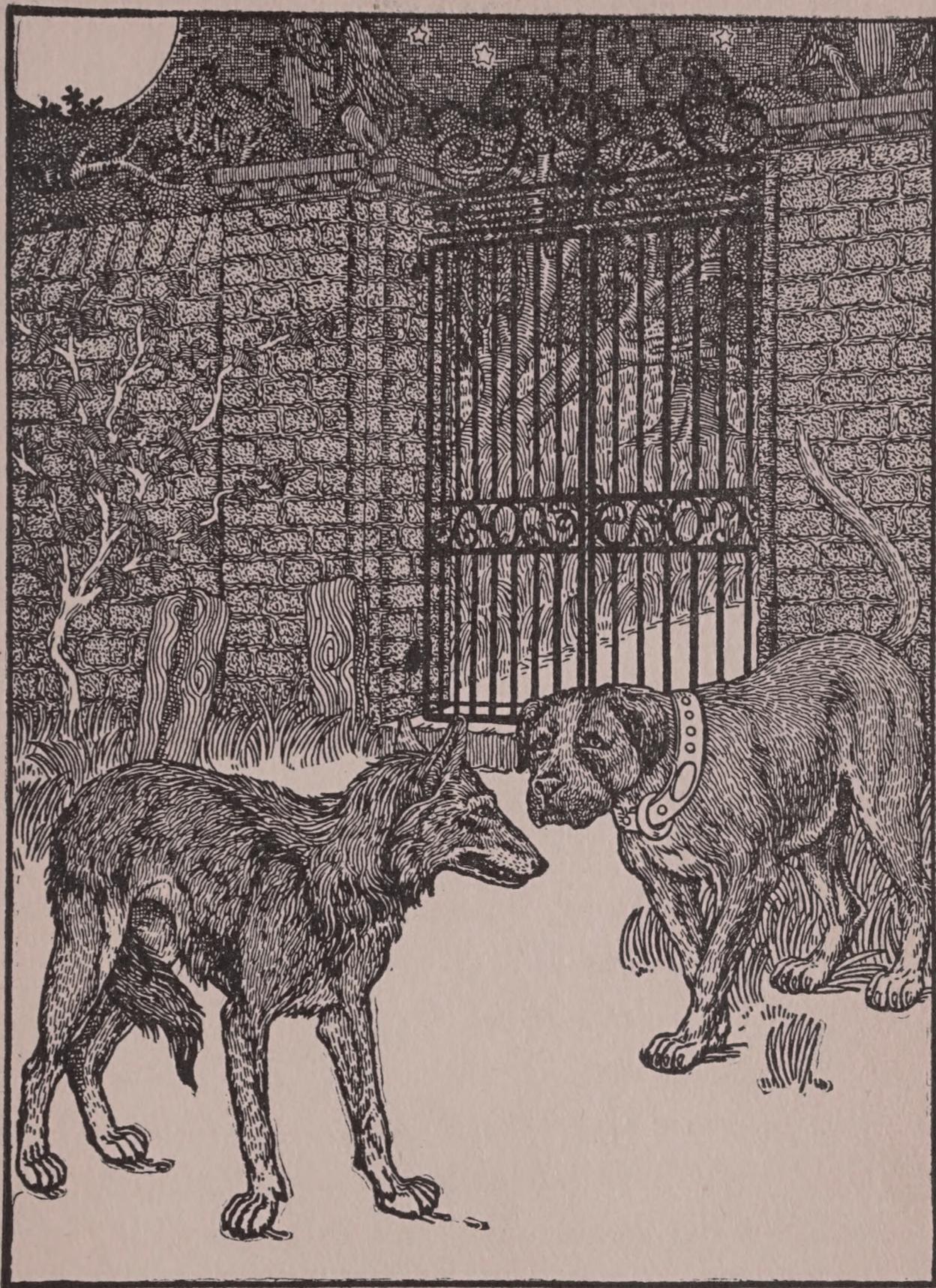
WHEN THE WOLF WANTED A
PARTNER.

“And so it is with boys as well as dogs,” your Aunt Amy suggested. “By trying to help each other we store up happiness for ourselves, and the world will be the better because of our having lived in it.”

“Yes, I suppose so,” Mr. Towser said, as if he did not fully understand. “It doesn't seem as if we could do very much toward bettering the world, while there are so many in it ready to do anything for the sake of getting all that can be had, as was Mr. Wolf when he wanted to go into partnership with Mr. Mastiff Dog.”

“That is a story I have never heard,” your Aunt Amy said, and Mr. Towser appeared to be really pleased because of the opportunity to tell her something new.

“It's a ‘once upon a time’ story, but that doesn't hurt it any,” he began with a grin. “Mr. Mastiff lived in a big house where he had everything a dog could wish for, and all that Mr. Man asked of him was to take care of the place during the night. One evening, when he was walking around to make sure things were as they should be, Mr.



Mr. Wolf asking Mr. Mastiff to take him into partnership. Page 62.
Towser Dog.

Wolf came sneaking up with his tail between his legs, and said as if he had a right to go where he pleased :

“ ‘ Good evening, Mr. Mastiff, you are looking sleek and happy as if you had plenty to eat, and but little to do.’

“ ‘ That comes very near the fact,’ Mr. Mastiff said, short as pie-crust, for he didn’t have any love for tramps like Mr. Wolf.

“ ‘ I’ve heard that you had to walk around this place all the night long,’ Mr. Wolf said, and Mr. Mastiff asked :

“ ‘ Well, what if I do ? I can sleep from sunrise to sunset if I please, therefore I get plenty of rest.’

“ ‘ Aren’t there times in the night when you feel as if you’d like to take a little nap?’ Mr. Wolf asked with a grin.

“ ‘ Well, what if there should be ? Mr. Mastiff growled, and Mr. Wolf said, soft as mush :

“ ‘ I was thinking that perhaps you might like to have a partner, and then you could do as you pleased, by night as well as day. Now I haven’t got any steady business, and if you say the word we’ll work in company. There is no fellow in the world who has a job so easy but what he’d be

glad to have it easier, and between the two of us, we can do the watching in such a way that it won't be any more than play.'

"Do you believe the housemaid would be willing to feed a wolf?' Mr. Mastiff asked, as if he was really thinking of taking up with the offer.

"'She needn't trouble her head about me,' Mr. Wolf said with a grin. 'Give me the run of the place, and I'll take care of myself.'

"'Which is the same as saying that you'll steal all you need!' and now Mr. Mastiff began to look angry.

"'It won't really be stealing if I do half the work,' Mr. Wolf said as he backed off a little. 'You needn't complain if a sheep is missing now and then, so long as you can take your ease at any time.'

"'Now look here, Mr. Wolf,' and Mr. Mastiff showed his teeth. 'I am hired here to keep such as you at a proper distance, and if I should take you as a partner, it would not only be cheating Mr. Man, who believes I will do my duty; but I should myself be turning thief, for he who winks at a wrong is as bad as he who commits it. You shall never have another chance to insult me.'

"Then, before Mr. Wolf really knew what was

happening, Mr. Mastiff jumped upon him, and next morning the servants found a dead wolf in front of the gate.

“I've noticed that while one doesn't always suffer at the time for doing wrong, the punishment comes sooner or later, and that much we can depend upon,” Mr. Towser spoke reflectively. “Take the case of little Tommy Man, who lives in this very house. He was punished for his wrong-doing, though in a way he least expected.”

WHEN TOMMY MAN WAS PUNISHED.

“How was that?” your Aunt Amy asked, and Mr. Towser replied:

“One day, not so very long ago, Tommy found poor little Jip Dog down in the grove, and, by promising to give him something very nice to eat, coaxed him up to the house. Then, when he had the little fellow where he couldn't get away, Tommy tied a big, big can to his tail, and threw him out into the road.

“Of course Jip ran the best he knew how, and the thumping of the can on his sides and against the rocks, made him nearly frantic. It was a hot day; poor Jip's tongue hung out of his mouth

covered with froth, and all the people laughed, until some one discovered that the innocent dog had really been driven mad by Tommy's cruelty.

“Then everybody tried to kill him, and after a while they succeeded. Poor Jip was buried by his master, who loved him very dearly, and who wept over his mangled body; but Tommy thought it was great sport, because anybody who would cry over a dog must be foolish, so he believed.

“That night when Tommy Man went to bed he couldn't prevent himself from thinking of poor Jip, and when he fell asleep he dreamed that he stood at the end of a long street paved with cobble stones, wondering how far it was to the other end, when he heard a whirring sound, as of wings, behind him, and, looking around, he saw that which made his hair stand on end.

“There, in the air above him, with a ribbon around his neck, and a pair of big wings on his shoulders, was Jip Dog; his eyes were big and staring, and his mouth was wide open. Tommy, terribly frightened, ran down the street, and as he did so he heard something clattering and banging on the stones behind him.

“Turning his head, he saw that he had a huge tin can tied to him, and although he knew very

well what it was, the thing frightened him terribly. He thought he heard some one yell 'Mad boy!' and a great crowd of people came after him with guns.



Tommy Man's Dream.

“ ‘ Help ! Somebody help me ! ’ he yelled, running until it seemed as if it was no longer possible to fill his lungs with air, and then he awoke. Of course the dream didn't really hurt him ; but since then I've noticed that Tommy is more kind to us

dogs. He has never stepped on my tail since, and Mr. Rover says he is becoming quite a little gentleman.

THE INQUISITIVE CAT.

“I guess perhaps I'm talking too much,” Mr. Towser suddenly said, rising to his feet as if to go; “but I would like to tell you a funny story about one of our cats, who got into trouble at Christmas time.”

Your Aunt Amy told him she would be only too well contented to listen to any stories he was willing to tell, and he really seemed pleased by the words.

“Mr. Thomas is the most inquisitive cat on this farm,” he began. “In every other way he is all a cat should be; but it seems as if he must know everything that is going on, else his heart is broken. On the last Christmas eve he wandered into the dining-room, and saw a small box on the floor, the lid of which was fastened with a hook made of wire.

“‘My, but that's a funny looking box!’ he said as he walked around it two or three times.

‘Wonder what’s in it? I’ve been told not to touch things that don’t concern me; but I’d certainly like to know what it is! Wonder if there’d be any harm in pushing that hook back just for a minute? I really believe I shall die if I don’t see what’s inside.’

“Of course, after all that, it was a sure thing he’d stick his nose in where it didn’t belong, and he began scratching at the wire.

“‘It must be a Christmas present for Tommy, or the baby, and if I see it first there can’t be any harm done.’

“Then he contrived to push the hook, and fizz! squeak! slap! bang! up flew the cover, and out of the box came the worst looking fellow you ever saw.

“‘What do you mean, you villain?’ the horrible old fellow cried, and Mr. Thomas moaned, as he backed tremblingly into the fireplace:

“‘Oh, this is so sudden!’

“‘I should say it was,’ the thing in the box shrieked. ‘I had just settled down for the night, hoping to have some rest before those children got hold of me to-morrow, and here you come meddling. Now we are in a pretty mess, for I can’t get inside without help.’

Towser Dog's Story.

“ ‘What shall I do?’ Mr. Thomas asked in a tremulous voice.

“ ‘Put me back, of course, you stupid!’

“ ‘But I can't do it!’ Mr. Thomas wailed.



Mr. Thomas Gets a Scare.

“ ‘That's just it,’ the horrible old fellow cried in a rage. ‘You're just as bad as a boy! Why don't you bear in mind that you can't undo what's been done, and look about you before meddling with what you don't really understand?’

“ Mr. Thomas afterward told Mr. Rover that he didn't stop to hear any more ; he was so frightened that he ran out of the room as fast as ever he could, and that dreadful thing in the box was still talking when he left.

A LESSON ON GLUTTONY AND MEDDLING.

“ Miss Spaniel has written some nonsense verses about the danger of meddling with what you don't understand, and I believe it will do you good to hear them, even though they are ridiculous.”

“ Oh, Clarence dear,” cried Mrs. Rat,
“ What have you found to eat ?
I'm sure it must be something nice,
And know it must be sweet.”
But Mr. Rat just gruffly said,
“ You're right, it can't be beat,”
And never offered Mrs. Rat
A mouthful of the treat.

He ate away the livelong day,
And far into the night,
His better half she wept and pleaded
For just a little bite.
But Mr. Rat ate on until
The bag was empty quite.

Towser Dog's Story.

Now comes the sequel, and I think
It really serves him right.



Mr. Rat's Mistake.

The next day he commenced to grow,
And got both tall and fat.
By noon he was the size of any ordinary cat.
At dinner time poor Clarence lay
Quite sick upon the mat,
His size more like an elephant
Than that of any rat.

Now sweet, forgiving Mrs. Rat,
So worried did she feel,
She sought the paper bag from which
He ate his hearty meal.

“The Magic Fertilizer,” she
Saw printed on the seal,
And put her little brain to work
With courage and with zeal.

She found a bag of alum and
A lot she did apply,
And soon was well rewarded, for
While watching, by and by
She saw him shrink to normal size,
And, with a little sigh,
She gently murmured in his ear,
“I’m glad you didn’t die.”

“That poetry doesn’t please me as well as the other verses which you have recited,” your Aunt Amy said, and Mr. Towser replied quickly :

“I didn’t suppose they would ; but old Mr. Turtle claimed that Miss Spaniel couldn’t come up to that miserable Mr. Crow on writing nonsense verses, and so she did those to show how badly it was possible for her to do.”

Mr. Towser ceased speaking very suddenly, for at that moment one of the servants came from the kitchen with a smoking hot, roasted turkey, on her way to the dining-room, and he said as he licked his chops greedily :

“I’d like to stay here with you ever so long ;

but Sarah Jane has cooked Mr. Gobbler, and there will be lots of bones for the fellow who is in the kitchen when the plates are brought out."



Why Mr. Towser Came to an End of his Story.

"What about all those stories on gluttony which you have been telling me, Mr. Towser?" your Aunt Amy asked just a trifle sharply, and he replied sheepishly:

"Well, somehow I seem to forget them when the family have roasted

turkey for dinner, because the bones are not so very large but that a fellow can chew up a good many in a few minutes, and if I'm not in the kitchen at the right time, Mr. Rover will get all that is to be given away."

Then, with a farewell wag of the tail, Mr. Towser went toward the kitchen, and it seemed only natural that your Aunt Amy should go into the dining-room to get her share of the turkey.

THE END.

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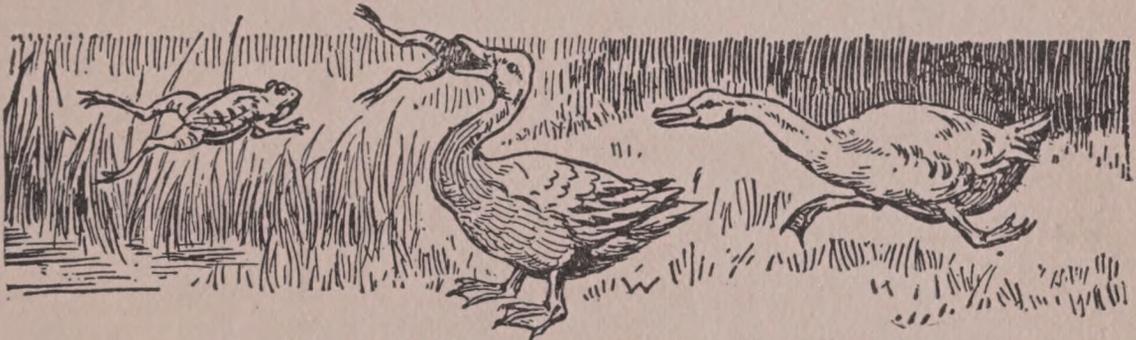
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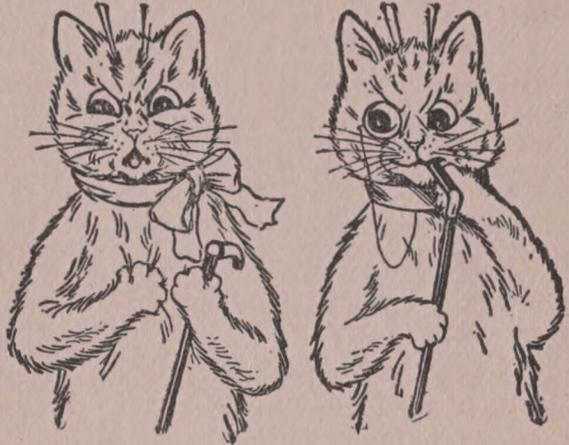
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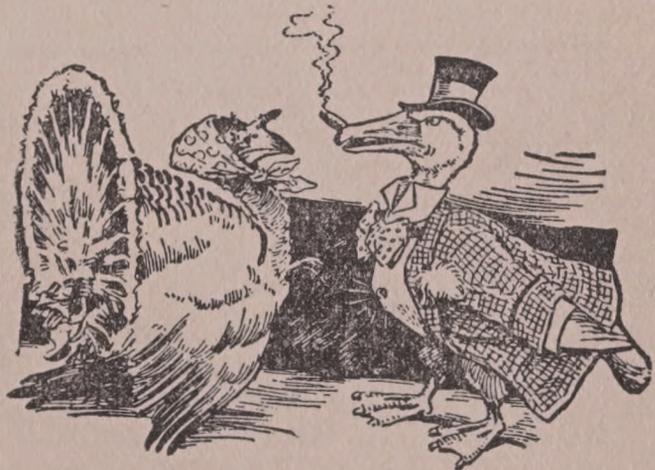
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