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**PUSS-IN-BOOTS, Jr., and
Tom Thumb**
By **DAVID CORY**

RHODA CHASE

Harper & Brothers
Established 1817



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PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.,
AND TOM THUMB



BOOKS BY
DAVID CORY

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND THE GOOD GRAY HORSE
PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB
PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND OLD MOTHER GOOSE
PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., IN NEW MOTHER GOOSE LAND
THE ADVENTURES OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.
FURTHER ADVENTURES OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.
PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., IN FAIRYLAND
TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
[ESTABLISHED 1817]

Puss in Boots, Jr.

and Tom Thumb

• *by David Cory* •



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Harper & Brothers, Publishers

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PUSS IN BOOIS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

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**PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.,
AND TOM THUMB**

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

THE FAIRY QUEEN

“CLIMB up on my shoulder,” commanded Puss, Junior, after freeing Tom Thumb from the mousetrap, as related in the book called *Further Adventures of Puss in Boots, Junior*. “We will go forth in search of new adventures.”

King Arthur and his court bade them farewell. Many of the retainers could hardly restrain their laughter, for it was indeed a comical sight to see Tom Thumb perched on Puss, Junior’s, shoulders. As they passed through the great gates Puss was handed a beautiful sword.

“The good King Arthur bade me give it to you,” cried the retainer.

“Convey my thanks to His Majesty,” replied Puss, and continued on his way.

“Where are we going, Puss, Junior?” inquired Tom Thumb, after they had gone some distance.

“I do not know,” replied Puss, Junior. “But as the road is hot and dusty, let us turn into yonder forest.”

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

They had no sooner entered than the strains of sweet music came down the breeze. Presently numerous fairies appeared, and one, more beautiful than the rest, waved her little wand and cried:

“What ho! Sir Cat and my gallant Tom Thumb! Why do you invade my forest realm?”

“Pardon, O most gracious fairy queen,” cried Puss. “I have but lately rescued Tom Thumb from a mousetrap prison and am taking him with me as a comrade in arms on my journey of adventure. If I am trespassing in your royal domain I crave Your Majesty’s pardon.”

“It is granted, my good Sir Cat,” replied the fairy queen, graciously, “and since you are so polite, let me offer you my aid, for this is an enchanted forest, and if you are set upon traveling through it it will be well for you to listen to what I have to say.” While she was speaking, her many subjects gathered about her, and Puss sat down on a mossy spot, at the same time carefully placing Tom Thumb at his side.

“Listen well,” cried the fairy queen, when everyone was seated. “Listen, my two brave travelers. Not far from here stands a tall tower, in which a wicked witch has imprisoned a lovely maiden.

“Every evening she lets down her beautiful hair, which is wonderfully long and as fine as spun gold. Indeed, it looks much like a golden

THE FAIRY QUEEN

ladder reaching from her small tower window to the ground beneath.”

“Do you wish us to climb this beautiful ladder?” asked Puss and Tom Thumb in the same breath.

“Cats are good climbers,” laughed the fairy queen.

“And so are boys,” cried Tom Thumb. “When I was home there wasn’t an apple tree in the orchard I couldn’t climb.”

“Now, this is what I would advise,” said the queen, after there was again silence. “Hide yourselves near the tower so that you may see this wonderful sight.”

“That we will,” cried Puss, picking up Tom and bowing farewell to the fairy queen and her little subjects.

RAPUNZEL

WHEN Puss, Junior, and Tom Thumb reached the tower in the enchanted forest they hid themselves in a thicket close by, and pretty soon they heard a voice crying:

“Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down thy hair.”

Through the thicket Puss could see an old woman with a high, peaked hat standing at the foot of the tower.

“Tom,” he whispered, “do you see the ladder of beautiful golden hair?”

“Not yet,” replied Tom Thumb.

And then the old woman called out again:

“Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down thy hair.”

“The wicked witch is angry,” whispered Tom.

Perhaps she would have flown into a dreadful rage if, all of a sudden, Rapunzel’s braided tresses hadn’t dropped at her feet. Then, quick as a wink, she climbed up the golden ladder.

“Let’s wait here until she comes down,” said Puss. “I am not fond of witches, nor would I like to be suddenly changed into a human.”

RAPUNZEL

“Nor would I like to be changed into an animal,” cried little Tom Thumb. “We had better stay here until she goes away.”

At last they saw her slowly climbing down the golden ladder.

“Now draw up thy tresses, Rapunzel,” she



called out, when she reached the foot of the towers, and there she stayed until Rapunzel had obeyed her command.

“Now, my brave Tom Thumb,” cried Puss, as soon as the wicked enchantress had disappeared in the forest, “let us see what we can do.” And

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

together they ran toward the tower, and then Tom Thumb called out, "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down thy hair," and at once the beautiful hair fell down. So Puss and Tom Thumb climbed up as fast as possible, and when they had reached the window sill they jumped into the room.

Rapunzel asked, in a trembling voice: "Who are you? And what brings you here?"

"To set you free," cried Puss and Tom Thumb in the same breath. But before she had time to answer, the voice of the enchantress was heard calling, "Rapunzel, let down thy hair."

"We are lost," cried Tom Thumb.

"Not while I have my trusty sword," cried Puss, bravely.

"Your sword, dear, brave Puss, Junior, is useless against the enchantress," said Rapunzel. "Hide yourselves!"

Jumping into the closet, they closed the door just in time, for Rapunzel had already let down her hair, and in a moment the wicked enchantress stepped into the room.

DAME GOTHEL

IT was black as ink inside the closet and Tom Thumb pressed close to Puss, Junior. And, oh, dear me! how their hearts beat when they heard the wicked enchantress.

Then the sweet, low voice of Rapunzel said: "Tell me, Dame Gothel, how it happens you are so much heavier for me to draw up than the king's son?"

At this the wicked enchantress grew dreadfully angry.

"Thou wicked child!" she screamed. "What do I hear thee say? I thought I had separated thee from all the world, and yet thou hast deceived me." Clutching Rapunzel's beautiful tresses in her left hand, with her right she cut them off with a long pair of shears.

"Come with me, wicked one." And she forced the trembling Rapunzel to climb down the ladder of golden tresses.

As soon as possible Puss opened the closet door, and ran to the window just in time to see the wicked enchantress leading poor Rapunzel into the forest.

"Quick!" cried Puss. "Let us follow." And grasping hold of the beautiful golden tresses

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

which were tied to a hook in the window sill, he slid down to the ground, and then he and Tom Thumb set out in the direction which the enchantress had taken, and by and by they came across a little silk handkerchief.

“Rapunzel has dropped it to show us the way,”



Puss cried. “She knew that we would not desert her.”

“If she had been as clever in not telling her secret to the old enchantress as she has been in giving us this clew she would not now be in trouble,” replied Tom Thumb, with a wise shake of his small head.

DAME GOTHEL

“It will take all the wisdom you have to get the best of the wicked enchantress,” replied Puss, “so see that you keep a sharp lookout or you may find yourself in the tower. It would take a hundred years for your red hair to grow long enough to reach the ground!”

Well, after a while they came across a tiny silk bag.

“Rapunzel has again shown us the way,” cried Tom Thumb, picking it up. “’Twill make me a fine little knapsack in which to carry my things.” And he threw the little bag over his shoulder with a grunt of satisfaction.

For several days they kept up their search, but came across no further sign from Rapunzel. “I fear we have lost the trail,” said Puss, sadly, sitting down beneath a tree to rest.

THE BLIND PRINCE

FOR some time Puss, Junior, and Tom Thumb sat beneath the tree pondering how to rescue Rapunzel from the enchantress. And then, all of a sudden, they saw a handsome young prince.

“He walks as though he were blind,” whispered Puss.

“Did I hear a voice?” cried the prince, stopping to listen. “I am blind; therefore help me, for I can do no harm were I so inclined.”

“My gracious prince,” cried Puss, stepping forward and taking the blind prince by the hand, “I am Puss in Boots, Junior, and with me, as my comrade in arms, is Tom Thumb.”

“’Tis my misfortune that I cannot see you both, for I have often heard of you in rhyme and story,” replied the prince, sitting down and passing his hand over his poor, sightless eyes.

“We are now seeking the unfortunate Rapunzel,” said Puss, Junior.

“What!” exclaimed the blind prince, jumping to his feet. “I, too, would find her, for she is dearer to me than life.”

At once he commenced to tell Puss and Tom Thumb how he had visited Rapunzel every

THE BLIND PRINCE

evening by climbing up her beautiful golden hair until he reached her little window, and how she was weaving a silken ladder with the skeins of silk which he had brought her.

“And when it was woven and ready,” continued the blind prince, “we were to climb down together and be married.”

“But how did you come to lose your eyesight?” asked Tom Thumb.

“Alas!” answered the blind prince, “one evening when I had called to Rapunzel to let down her hair I found, on entering her chamber, not my beautiful Rapunzel, but an enchantress, who mocked me, saying she had taken my beloved far away. Then in my despair I leaped from the window, falling into a thicket of thorns which pierced my eyes.”

“We will not rest until we find the beautiful Rapunzel,” cried Puss. “Join us, dear prince.”

“‘Faint heart ne'er won fair lady,’” cried Tom Thumb. “I, too, will help you, my dear prince.”

“And I pledge myself to find her!” cried Puss.

“You are a brave pair,” said the blind prince. “Let us set out at once, for while there is life there is hope, and no good will come of mourning over our misfortunes. Only the brave deserve the fair!”

THE MAGIC TEARS

FOR a long time Puss and his companions continued their journey, and by and by they came to the edge of the forest, where a great desert stretched out before them as far as the eye could reach.

The poor blind prince, although he could not see the burning sands, felt the hot wind that blew toward him. "Where are we?" he asked.

"On the edge of a desert, Your Highness," replied Puss, Junior.

The prince made no reply, but stood for some time in deep thought.

Tom Thumb, who had wandered off by himself, suddenly shouted: "I see three camels! Let us wait. Perhaps they will carry us across this sandy sea, for they are the ships of the desert."

Well, by and by the three camels stopped and knelt down on the sand. So Puss, Junior, helped the blind prince to mount, for, strange to say, each animal was saddled after the fashion of the desert. Poor little Tom Thumb had great trouble in mounting his beast, for he could hardly see over its hoof, to say nothing of its great body. But Puss lifted him up and then

THE MAGIC TEARS

Tom took hold of a strap and drew himself onto the saddle. Then, as soon as Puss was ready, the camels rose to their feet and set off across the desert at a good pace.

“Hurrah! I never was on a camel before!” cried Tom Thumb. “I once rode a beautiful



butterfly. But I never thought I would ride one of these ships of the desert.”

Well, by and by they came to a bubbling spring and green grass when, all of a sudden, to their surprise a maiden came toward them. On seeing the prince she gave a loud cry and ran forward. The prince gave a shout of joy.

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

“Rapunzel! Rapunzel!” And the next minute she was folded in his arms. And Rapunzel was so happy at finding her prince she cried for very joy, and when her tears touched his blind eyes they grew clear again, and he could see as well as ever. Placing her upon his camel, he invited Puss and Tom to go with him to his castle, which they reached safely that very evening.

THE THREE BEARS

“MY dear Tom,” said Puss, Junior, one day toward evening. “I see a large forest in the distance, and, as our road leads through it, I think it is too late for us to go farther. What have you to say?”

“Nothing, my dear Puss, Junior,” replied Tom Thumb. “I’m sure I don’t know what to do, unless we turn about.”

“That will never do,” said Puss. “Let’s go ahead and chance it. I have my trusty sword, and you can hide in my pocket if danger threatens.”

“I hide in no one’s pocket!” replied Tom Thumb. “I will fight if needs be, but never hide!”

“Bravely said!” cried Puss, Junior. And then he and Tom entered the forest. But they had only gone a little way when they saw a great big bear, followed by a middling-sized bear and a little, teeny, tiny bear.

“They must be the three bears whom Goldilocks called on,” whispered Tom Thumb.

“Let’s creep after them,” said Puss, Junior. “I’d like to see their queer little house, for I love the fairy story of Goldilocks.”

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

Well, after a while the bears came to their house, and when they were all inside Puss and Tom climbed up and looked in through the window. There sat the three bears at the supper table. All of a sudden the great big bear, who had just taken up his great big spoon to taste



his soup, saw Puss. And, oh dear me! I don't know what would have happened if Puss hadn't called out in a deep voice, "Who has been tasting my soup?" just as the great big bear had done when he found out that little Goldilocks had tasted it. And then the great big bear let his spoon drop with a bang, and after

THE THREE BEARS

that he laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

“So you have read about us?” he said.

“Yes, Your Bear Highness,” replied Puss, Junior, “and now I would have the greater pleasure of making your acquaintance.”

“Come in, then,” said the great big bear. “As you are on the window sill, just jump in.”

Well, pretty soon, Tom Thumb and the little, teeny, tiny bear took a great fancy to each other, and they had a fine time playing together, but the middling-sized bear had to play all by himself, for the great big bear took a great big fancy to Puss in Boots, Junior, as everybody does who reads these stories.

POOR COCK ROBIN

A LITTLE while after Puss and Tom Thumb had left the house of the three bears they heard the sound of a bell, and by and by, as they went farther into the wood, the sound grew louder and louder. And just then Puss, Junior, saw a sparrow in a tree. He sat very still, holding a bow in one claw and an arrow in the other. So Puss said:

“Who killed cock robin?”

“I,” said the sparrow,

“With my bow and arrow
I killed cock robin.”

“How did you know cock robin was killed?” asked Tom Thumb.

“I didn’t,” replied Puss. “But when I saw the bow and arrow in the claws of that sparrow I suspected him. Sparrows are always fighting robins, you know.”

All this time the bell kept on tolling. And, oh dear me! it was a mournful sound.

“Who saw him die?” asked Tom Thumb.

“I,” said the fly,

“With my little eye
I saw him die.”

POOR COCK ROBIN

And then the little fly flew over to a bush close to a brook and looked into the sparkling water. And just then a pretty fish, with a little dish in its mouth, swam up close to the edge of the ferns and water grasses.



“Poor cock robin!” said Puss, Junior, to the little fish. “Who caught his blood?”

“Who caught his blood?”

“I,” said the fish,

“With my little dish,
I caught his blood.”

“It’s very sad,” whispered Tom Thumb, as he and Puss turned away from the brook and con-

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

tinued their way through the wood. "All the little people in the forest are doing something to show how sorry they are."

"I wonder who'll make his shroud?" said Puss, Junior.

All of a sudden a big black beetle crawled out from under a log, carrying a large white cloth.

"Who'll make his shroud?"

"Who'll make his shroud?"

"I," said the beetle,

"With my thread and needle
I'll make his shroud."

And after that he sat down and took out his needle and thread and began to work on the shroud for poor cock robin.

DING, DONG!

“DING, dong! Ding, dong!” tolled the bell for poor cock robin’s funeral. The cruel sparrow, with his bow and arrow, had killed the sweetest bird in the whole forest. Puss, Junior, wiped the tears from his eyes and said:

“Who’ll dig his grave?”

“I,” said the owl,

“With my spade and shovel
I’ll dig his grave.”

And the great gray owl, who was to dig the grave for poor cock robin, blinked in the morning light as he looked at Tom Thumb, who stood quietly by the side of Puss, Junior, and just then a bird dressed in long black feathers flew by.

“Who’ll be the parson?” asked Tom Thumb.

“I,” said the rook,

“With my little book

I’ll be the parson.”

And after that he put on his spectacles and opened his little black book.

And pretty soon, with a soft flutter of wings, the lark flew down and stood near by.

“Who’ll be the clerk?” asked Puss, Junior.

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

“I,” said the lark,
“If it’s not in the dark,
I’ll be the clerk.”

And after that came the kite. He was very large and strong.



“Poor cock robin,” said Puss, Junior, sadly.
“Who’ll carry him to his grave?”

“I,” said the kite,
“If it’s not in the night,
I’ll carry him to the grave.”

Then came the linnet and the dove, who said she’d be chief mourner. And the sweet-voiced

DING, DONG!

thrush “as she sat in a bush,” said, “I’ll sing a psalm.”

And all the while the deep-toned bell kept mournfully on—“ding, dong! ding, dong!”—for the big, kind-hearted bull was pulling the bell rope. Through the trees Puss, Junior, could see him tugging way at the rope, which was fastened to his horns, so that every time he moved his great head the bell swung back and forth. “Ding, dong!” it said, as it swung from the limb of the big oak tree.

All the birds of the air
Fell a sighing and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor cock robin.

THE FEROCIOUS SNAIL

AS Puss, Junior, and Tom Thumb entered a small village in Mother Goose Land they heard a great noise. Such a shouting and waving of sticks! And all of a sudden from a small tailor shop twenty-four little tailors ran into the street.

“What’s the matter?” Puss, Junior, asked a small boy.

“The tailors are trying to kill a big snail that creeps into their shop every night,” he replied.

And just then a big policeman came by and pushed his way into the crowd. “What’s all this noise about?” he demanded, swinging his stick.

Pretty soon a woman popped her head out of a window and said:

“Four and twenty tailors
Went out to kill a snail;
The best man amongst them
Durst not touch her tail.
She put out her horns,
Like a little Keyloe cow.
Run, tailors, run,
Or she’ll kill you all just now.”

And even before she finished speaking the four and twenty tailors ran away as fast as they could.

THE FEROCIOUS SNAIL

But, oh, dear me! as Puss, Junior, was laughing at the funny sight the snail turned around and rushed at Tom Thumb. Poor little Tom drew his sword, which was about the size of a penknife, and bravely defended himself. And I guess everyone thought he was quite a hero after seeing the four and twenty tailors run away. But the snail had on a heavy coat of armor, and Tom could not force his weapon through it. He was getting much the worst of it when Puss ran up and with one blow sent the snail spinning away. And after that the snail didn't come back to fight any more, but lay very still, except for a wiggle or two from its legs and a feeble waving of its horns.

“Did you get hurt?” asked Puss, anxiously.

“No, not much,” replied Tom Thumb. “The snail bunted me pretty hard two or three times with its horn, but that only took the breath out of me.”

“Let's go out of town,” said Puss, picking up Tom Thumb and placing him on his shoulder. “There's such a crowd, and who wants to wait for those cowardly tailors to return.”

So he and Tom Thumb resumed their journey of adventure, and in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB

“HELLO! What’s the matter?” cried Puss in Boots, Junior, as he and Tom Thumb came to a little red schoolhouse on their journey of adventure through Mother Goose Land.

“They’re making a dreadful racket,” said Tom, peeking through the keyhole of the front door. And then they both began to laugh, for what do you think they saw? Why, the teacher chasing a lamb around the schoolroom.

“Do you remember the song about Mary’s little lamb?” asked Puss.

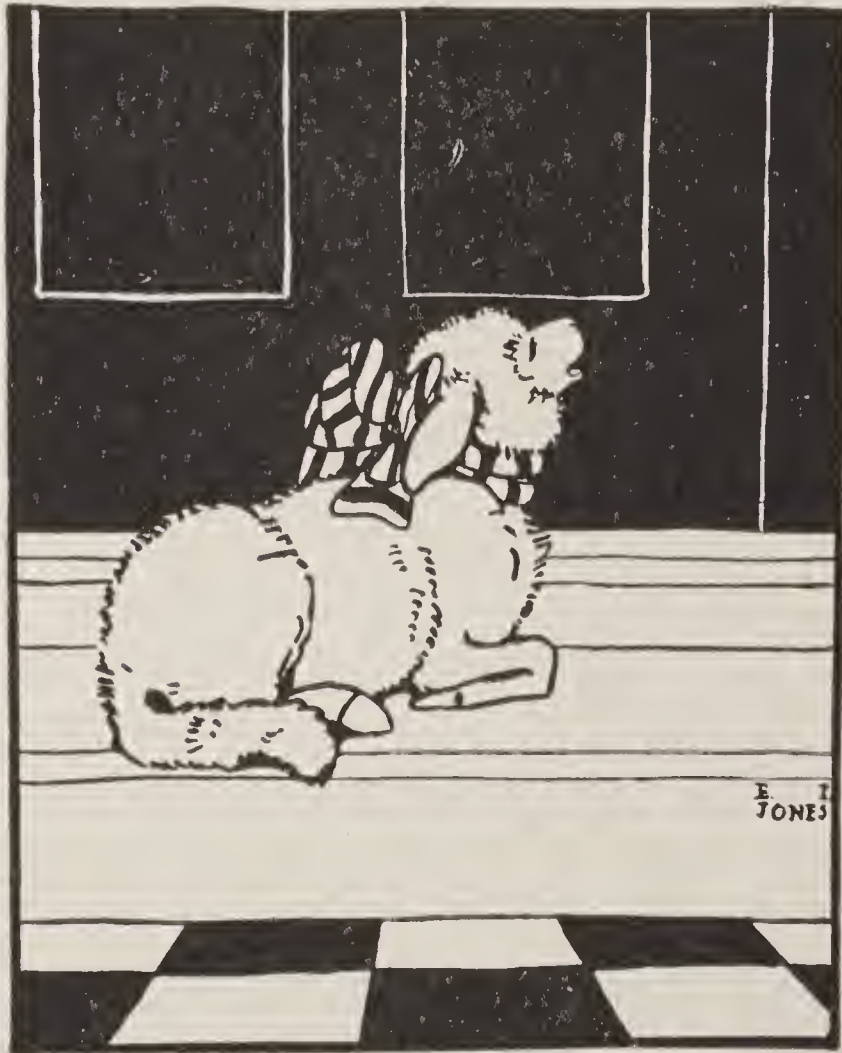
“Little Mary had a lamb,
Its fleece was snowy white,
It followed her around all day
And slept by her at night.

“Once Mary’s little lamb was small,
But now it is not so,
For Mary’s pretty little pet
Has had a chance to grow.

“One day it went with her to school;
They tried to put it out,
Which made the little girls all laugh—
The boys all raised a shout.

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB

“The teacher was a little man;
His face was cross and red;
And had but little hair upon
His bald and shiny head.”



But, oh, dear me! all of a sudden there was such a terrible uproar inside the schoolroom that Puss had to stop.

“Ba-a-a-a! ba-a-a-a!” cried the little lamb, jumping over a desk and upsetting the big, high

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

stool, the one on which the dunce sat, you know, and after that it ran toward the door. Well, it didn't take long for Puss and Tom to jump away from the keyhole, let me tell you. I guess they thought Mary's little lamb would break right through the door.

The scholars all enjoyed the sport,
And thought it jolly fun
To see the teacher jump about—
He wasn't built to run.

Just then, all of a sudden, there was an awful bang, for the teacher had become so angry that

An inkstand at the lamb he threw,
Then a three-legged stool;
And such an angry man before
Was never seen in school.

The fleece, which once was snowy white,
With ink was covered o'er—
And Mary's lamb was never seen
In such a plight before.

“Ba, ba, black sheep!” laughed Puss, Junior.

But, oh, dear me! just then a cloud of smoke came rushing out of the open window and in another moment the little red schoolhouse was on fire.

A LONG VACATION

YES, sir, the little red schoolhouse was on fire. And this is the way it happened. The teacher was so tired trying to put Mary's little lamb out of the schoolroom that

When he could not catch the lamb
He called upon the boys,
Who chased it all around the room
And made a dreadful noise.

And still it ran around the room,
And did not seem to tire,
Until at last the stove upset
And set the house on fire.

“What shall we do to save them?” cried Tom Thumb.

“Jump on my back,” cried Puss, Junior.
“We'll run to the fire house and give the alarm.”
And then away they went toward the village.

“Fire! Fire! Fire!” screamed Tom Thumb at the top of his voice.

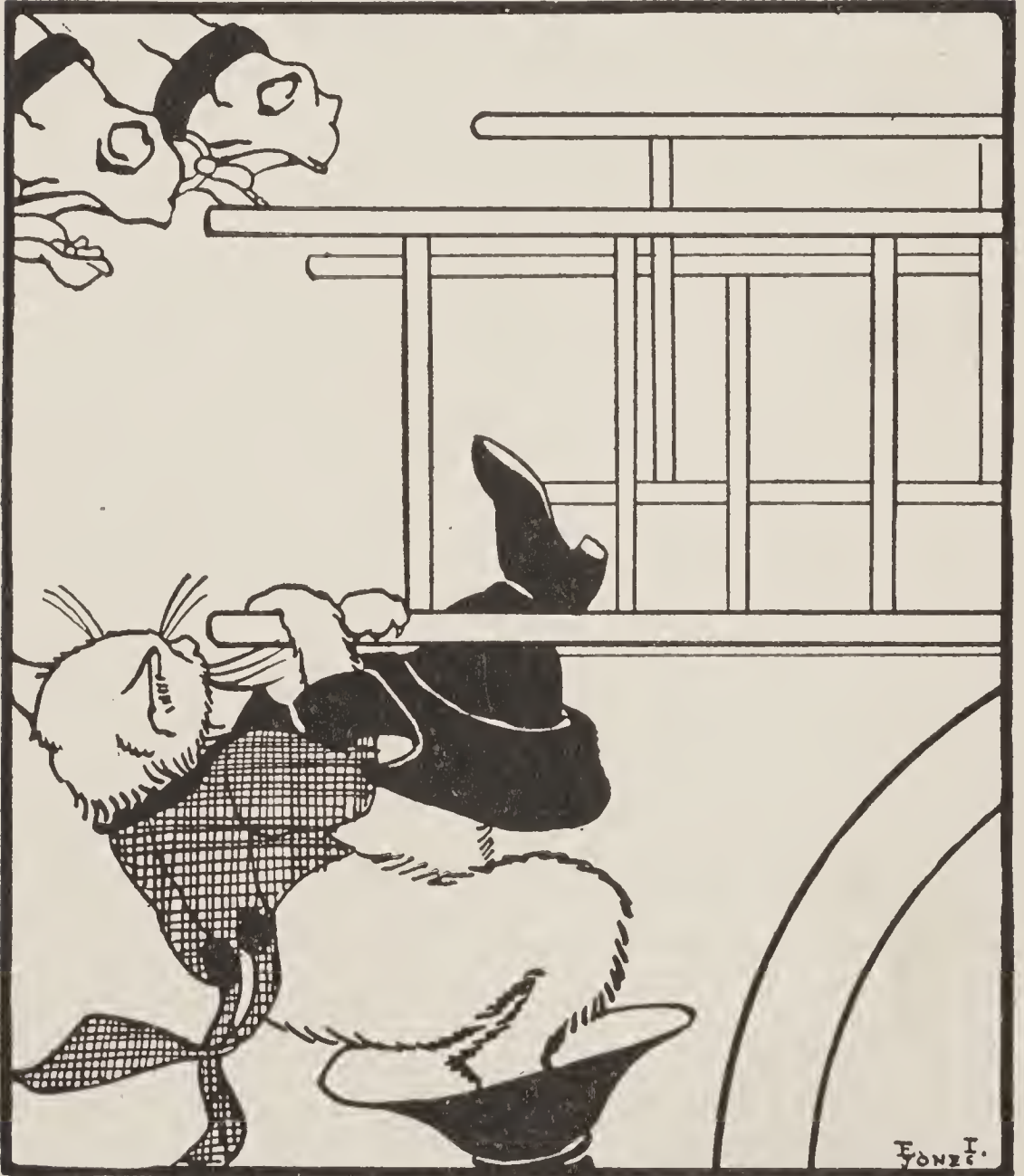
And all the people put their heads out of the windows and asked where the fire was.

“The little red schoolhouse,” screamed Puss, Junior.

“The little red schoolhouse!” yelled Tom Thumb. “Fire! Fire! Fire!”

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

And, oh, dear me! again, how the black-and-white-spotted dog in front of the engine house barked when Puss, with Tom Thumb on his back, dashed in at the open door.



A LONG VACATION

“The little red schoolhouse is on fire!” screamed Tom Thumb.

At once the fire bell rang and the horses jumped into place; the big steel collars snapped about their necks; the driver leaped to his seat; the firemen slid down the brass pole; the fire chief jumped into his little red wagon; the engine bell rang out, clang! clang! clang! and away went the village fire brigade to save the little red schoolhouse!

The bells then rang, the firemen came
And made a dreadful noise;
They quenched the fire and saved the girls
And nearly all the boys.

When Mary missed her little lamb
She raised an awful wail;
Just then a fireman pulled it out,
And saved it by the tail.

“I’m glad your lamb is saved,” said Puss, as he and Tom Thumb jumped on the fire engine with the firemen and went back to the village.

But the little schoolhouse was gone; all that was left was a pile of ashes. And I guess all the boys and girls had a long vacation, and maybe the teacher never came back.

THE ROBBER KITTEN

“THAT’S a nice-looking house over there,” said Tom Thumb. “Suppose we go over and see if we can get something to eat.”

“Very well,” replied Puss, Junior.

So he and Tom went up and knocked on the front door.

A kitten once to his mother said:

“I’ll never more be good;

But I’ll go and be a robber fierce

And live in a dreary wood,

Wood, wood, wood,

And live in a dreary wood.”

“A bold, bad kitten, my dear Puss,” Tom Thumb whispered. “I hope he’s no relative of yours.”

Just then the door flew open and out rushed a small cat. He wore a large, soft hat with a sweeping feather in it, and a pair of gloves, and in his belt was a great big pistol and from his side hung a scabbard and in his right paw was a sharp sword.

It was a good thing he didn’t see Puss and Tom, for he might have done something dreadful, for all I know.

THE ROBBER KITTEN

“Let’s follow this gay young kitten,” suggested Tom Thumb.

After a little while the kitten turned to the right, and

Off he went to the dreary wood,
And there he met a cock,
And blew his head, with a pistol, off,
Which gave him an awful shock,
Shock, shock, shock,
Which gave him an awful shock.

“We’d better be careful,” cried Tom Thumb, jumping behind a tree. “I don’t want my head blown off.”

“Neither do I,” said Puss, Junior. “This kitten is a very dangerous sort of animal. If he had only a sword I’d take chances, for I have mine with me. But pistols are pistols, and they go off sometimes too quickly for comfort.”

Just then the robber kitten saw our two small travelers.

“Helloa, there!” he cried. “Whither are you bound, my friends?”

“We are in search of adventures,” replied Puss.

“Hold up your hands!” cried the robber kitten. “I’m in search of plunder.”

And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.

HOLD UP YOUR HANDS!

NOW, when the robber kitten commanded Puss, Junior, and Tom Thumb to hold up their hands our two small travelers just looked at him. "Hold up your hands!" he shouted again and this time you may be sure Puss and Tom obeyed, for they didn't want to run the risk of being shot, you see, and the muzzle of the pistol which the robber kitten held in its right paw was close to Puss, Junior's, head.

"Why haven't you got more money?" cried the robber kitten, angrily.

"I'll try to oblige you the next time," answered Puss, Junior, with a grin.

"Yes, I'll wear diamonds when I come through the dreary wood again," said Tom Thumb. "We didn't expect to have the pleasure of being robbed."

Well, this made the robber kitten laugh, and, after putting the money in his pocket, he looked about him. And then all of a sudden

He climbed a tree to rob a nest
Of young and tender owls;
But the branch broke off and he fell down,
With six tremendous howls,
Howls, howls, howls,
With six tremendous howls.

HOLD UP YOUR HANDS!

“That just serves him right,” whispered Tom to Puss, Junior, “and I’d tell him so if it weren’t for that pistol.”

“So would I,” said Puss, Junior, “but he has the better of us, for we have only our swords.”

Well, by this time the robber kitten had gone away, but Tom Thumb and Puss, Junior, were so angry at being robbed that they followed after him, hiding behind a tree whenever he turned around.

Soon after that he met a cat.

“Now give to me your purse
Or I’ll shoot you through, and stab you, too,
And kill you, which is worse,
Worse, worse, worse,
And kill you, which is worse.”

“Goodness, gracious me!” whispered Puss, Junior, from behind the tree where he and Tom were hiding. “That kitten is getting to be a terror.”

“Isn’t he, though?” replied Tom. “Just look at his whiskers. They are bristling like bayonets.”

WATCHFUL WAITING

IT was now getting dark, and the path in the woods could hardly be seen, and pretty soon the robber kitten lay down on a mossy spot beneath a tree.

“When he goes to sleep do you think we could grab the pistol away from him? I wouldn’t be afraid then, for I have my sword,” whispered Puss.

“I think he sleeps with one eye open,” replied Tom Thumb. “Robbers very often do.”

“Well, I’m mad clear through and through to think that just an ordinary kitten should rob you and me,” said Puss. “If I can only get that pistol away from him I’ll soon show Mr. Robber Kitten who is the best fighter.”

“S-s-s-h!” whispered Tom Thumb. “I think I saw his eyes open!”

For several minutes they both kept silent. Then Puss, Junior, said in a low voice, “We’d better watch him to-night, and, if we can, we’ll sneak up and take the pistol from him.”

“I’ll go to sleep first,” said Tom Thumb, “and when you get tired you wake me up and I’ll keep watch.”

It was very still in the woods. But once when

WATCHFUL WAITING

an owl tooted Puss saw the yellow eyes of the robber kitten gleam through the darkness. But poor little Tom Thumb was so tired that I verily believe if the robber kitten had fired off his pistol he would have still slumbered on peacefully. Puss, Junior, felt wide awake, and the more he looked at the robber kitten the more angry he became.

“This is the first time a cat has got the best of me,” he said to himself. “I’ve outwitted numerous giants and other terrible people, but here I am, Puss in Boots, Junior, held up in the woods and robbed by a kitten!” Puss was so mad as he thought this over that he pinched himself. “I’ll get the best of that kitten,” he murmured, “if it takes me the rest of my life. I don’t propose to have a mere cat rob me. I’ll get his pistol and then it will be an even fight.”

After that he settled himself comfortably by the side of little Tom Thumb, and by and by his head began to nod, and before very long he, too, was fast asleep. And in the next story you shall hear what happened in the morning.

THE ROBBER DOG

PUSS, JUNIOR, awoke with a start as Tom Thumb leaned over him and whispered, "S-s-s-sh! The robber kitten is getting up. I see him stretching his legs and yawning."

Puss peered around the tree, and, sure enough, the robber kitten was awake. He was cleaning his pistol, which gleamed in the rays of the early morning sun.

"I wish I could get hold of that pistol," sighed Puss, Junior, as he pulled on his red-topped boots. "If it weren't for that dreadful weapon I'd tackle that robber kitten this minute!"

Tom Thumb was busy brushing his clothes and parting his hair. "I don't feel very comfortable," he remarked. "I'd like to wash my hands and face. I would if that robber kitten were only out of the way."

"Well, there he goes," said Puss, Junior. "You go ahead and wash your hands and face in the brook, and I'll follow the robber kitten. You had better be quick, or you'll lose us both."

Well, for almost a week they followed the robber kitten, until

One day he met a robber dog,
And they sat down to drink;

THE ROBBER DOG

The dog did joke and laugh and sing,
Which made the kitten wink,
Wink, wink, wink,
Which made the kitten wink.



At last they quarreled, then they fought,
Beneath the greenwood tree,
Till puss was felled with an awful club
Most terrible to see,
See, see, see,
Most terrible to see.

When puss got up his eyes was shut
And swelled and blaek and blue;
Moreover, all his bones were sore,
So he began to mew,
Mew, mew, mew,
So he began to mew.

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

And then, would you believe it? Puss, Junior, said, "Tom, I'm not going to have a kitten treated like that by a dog," and, swinging his sword, he rushed at the robber dog, who turned tail and fled through the woods.

“I’LL NEVERMORE BE BAD”

WELL, as soon as the robber dog disappeared, the robber kitten said to Puss, Junior, “You have done me a good turn; you have returned good for evil, for I stole your money.”

“Well, I can’t stand by and see a dog hurt a cat,” replied Puss, Junior. “At the same time I won’t have a cat rob me.” And, quick as a flash, Puss, Junior, seized the robber kitten’s pistol and pointed it at him. “Paws up!” he commanded. Up went the robber kitten’s paws quicker than a wink. “Hold still till Tom Thumb goes through your pockets and gets the money you stole from us.”

But, oh, dear me! Tom Thumb had a lot of trouble getting the money out of that robber kitten’s pocket. He fell in twice and the robber kitten had to pull off his coat to let him out.

But after a while Tom Thumb fished out the last penny. Then he came over to Puss, Junior, and said: “Let the robber kitten go! I have the money safe in my pocket!”

So Puss commanded the robber kitten to lower his paws and be off.

Then up he rose and scratched his nose,
And went home very sad.

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

“Oh, mother, dear, behold me here;
I'll nevermore be bad,
Bad, bad, bad,
I'll nevermore be bad.”



“I’LL NEVERMORE BE BAD”

When Puss and Tom Thumb heard the robber kitten say this to his mother, for they had followed him to his home, they looked at each other and smiled. Of course the robber kitten’s mother cried, for she was ashamed to think that her small son had turned into a robber and had stolen money from Puss, Junior, and Tom Thumb.

“Don’t cry, madam,” said Tom Thumb. “I think your son will be a good kitten after this. He should always remember how Puss, Junior, saved him from the robber dog, for there are not many cats in this world who are as kind as Puss, Junior.”

“No, indeed,” replied the mother of the robber kitten. “Sir Cat,” she said, bowing to Puss, Junior, “I say ‘Sir,’ for I see you have a sword and spurs. Therefore, you must be a royal cat.”

“I am the son of the famous Puss in Boots,” replied Puss, Junior, “and am seeking adventure.” And then with a low bow he turned away, followed by his faithful friend, Tom Thumb.

MR. FROG

“WHAT shall we do to-day, my dear comrade?” Puss, Junior, said to Tom Thumb one beautiful, bright morning.

“Let us walk over to yonder river. Perhaps we may find a boat. I am tired of walking on my two small legs.”

“Climb up on my shoulder,” said Puss, Junior, good-naturedly. “I’ll carry you for a time.”

Well, by and by they came to the river, so these two small travelers looked about them.

A frog among some rushes dwelt;
A bachelor was he.
No frog was ever so polite,
Or such a beau could be.

“Good morning!” cried Mr. Frog.

“Good morning!” replied Puss, Junior, with a grin.

“Good morning!” squeaked Tom Thumb from Puss, Junior’s, shoulder.

“Who else said ‘Good morning’?” asked Mr. Frog, looking all around.

“Ha, ha!” laughed Puss, Junior. “Look up, Mr. Frog, and see who’s on my shoulder.”

But quick as a wink Tom Thumb hid behind Puss, Junior’s, head, so of course Mr. Frog couldn’t see him.

MR. FROG

“Don’t make sport of me,” croaked Mr. Frog. “I’m feeling very unhappy this morning.”

“Is that so?” said little Tom Thumb, peeking out from behind Puss, Junior’s, left ear. “I’m sorry.”

“Why, you’re no bigger than I,” said Mr. Frog, with a smile.

“I’m not nearly as fat,” said Tom Thumb, sliding down to the ground and standing close to Mr. Frog.

“Is he as tall?” asked Mr. Frog, straightening up.

“No taller,” said Puss, Junior, “and only half as wide.”

“Well, that’s all right, then,” said Mr. Frog. “Sit down and I’ll tell you something about myself.”

So Tom Thumb sat down on a little toadstool, and Puss, Junior, on the grass, and Mr. Frog commenced:

“In passing near a cottage once
I chanced to look above,
And there beheld a pretty mouse,
With whom I fell in love.

“Her eyes and whiskers I admired,
Her coat of softest fur,
And wished to make her feel for me
The love I felt for her.”

“Tom Thumb and I will help you win your lady fair,” said Puss, with a kind smile.

MRS. MOUSEY

MR. FROG got off the big plantain leaf and walked over to Puss, Junior. "It's very kind of you and Tom Thumb to say you will help me win the hand of Miss Mouse. Tell me how to begin."

"Put on your best clothes and make her a call. We'll go along, too," replied Puss, Junior.

"I will," said Mr. Frog.

So he put on his scarf of red,
His opera hat he wore;
And, hopping to the house, he gave
A rat-tat at the door.

But first Puss, Junior, and Tom Thumb hid behind a tree so as not to frighten the little mouse, "for, you know," said Puss, Junior, to Mr. Frog, "mice are not fond of cats. It's a good thing you're a frog. She would never see you if you were a cat."

"Well, that's something to be thankful for," said Mr. Frog.

But no one came to the door, so Tom Thumb whispered in Puss, Junior's, ear, "I don't believe she's home."

"Don't whisper so loudly," said Puss. "Besides, you tickle my ear."

MRS. MOUSEY



Just then a noise from the little house made
them look up.

Mousey, as bashful as a miss,
Retired from froggy's view,
But peeped at him from out her hole
As froggy nearer drew.

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

“He looks very fine in his opera hat,” said Puss, Junior.

“His red scarf is lovely. Wish I had it,” whispered Tom Thumb.

“There he goes up to the window!” cried Puss.

“I see mousey’s head peeking out,” said Tom Thumb.

Mr. Frog approached and doffed his hat,
Then, bending on one knee,
Said, “Fairest mouse, pray listen to
My tale of love for thee!”

Little Miss Mousey leaned out of her window and bent quite close to Mr. Frog, who was still kneeling, holding his opera hat in one hand. Well, pretty soon he looked up at her bright eyes and soft gray fur and began again:

“In me, the wretchedest of frogs,
You see a love-sick swain.
Oh, say you’ll Mistress Froggy be,
And make me well again!”

“If she doesn’t say, ‘Yes,’ I’ll tell her I’ll eat her!” cried tender-hearted Puss, Junior. “I feel so sorry for Mr. Frog.”

THE SERENADE

“A TINY house I have hard by;
’Tis built among the rushes;
You shall have dainties every day,
With hips from wild-rose bushes”;

Sang Mr. Frog in his tenderest voice as he knelt beneath the window of Miss Mousey’s little house:

“I should like to know what ‘hips’ are?” Tom Thumb whispered to Puss, Junior.

“They’re the fruit of the dogrose, or wild brier, as some people call it,” answered Puss, Junior. “But just look at mousey.”

“I wish I were an artist; I’d draw her picture,” said Tom Thumb. “She looks so cunning, leaning out of the window.” I guess froggy thought so, too, for he stood on tiptoe and tried to climb into the room.

Miss Mousey simpered and looked prim,
Then modestly she said:
“I do admire your yellow dress
And handsome scarf of red.
Oh, how can I resist that tongue,
Those eyes of golden red?
Your offer I accept at once,
And will no other wed.”

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

“There’ll be a wedding now, and we must be invited,” said Tom Thumb.

“I’m afraid Miss Mousey will be afraid of me,” replied Puss, Junior. “I like weddings. I love to hear the wedding chimes; it is the happiest of times; it even makes me talk in rhymes!”

“Let’s walk over to Miss Mousey’s house. I’ll go first, for she won’t be afraid of me,” said Tom Thumb. Leaving his hiding place, he walked boldly over to Miss Mousey’s house, where froggy was still standing beneath the window.

“Miss Mousey, let me present Mr. Tom Thumb,” said froggy, and then Miss Mousey began to smile.

But when Tom Thumb said: “My friend, Puss in Boots, Junior, is waiting near yonder tree. May I bring him over?” Miss Mousey began to shiver. “Oh, he won’t hurt you,” said Tom, quickly.

“If you are sure,” she answered, after Tom Thumb had told her what a noble cat was Puss in Boots, Junior, “you may bring him here.”

THE WEDDING

TOM THUMB was very pleased with Miss Mousey's answer, and in a few minutes Puss was bowing beneath her window. Froggy looked very happy, for, of course, he considered Tom Thumb and Puss, Junior, his best friends, and they were very nice-looking friends, you may be sure. For Puss, Junior, with the long feather in his cap and the bright sword at his side, looked as grand as any knight. And Tom Thumb, with his court costume and tiny sword, presented a splendid appearance.

"You must come to our wedding," said froggy," helping Miss Mousey out of the window.

No more was said, but, arm in arm,
To church they hopped away,
Got married, and prepared a feast
To grace their wedding day.

And to that wedding feast there came
Some frogs of high degree,
And mice of birth illustrious
And first-rate pedigree.

Tom Thumb and Puss, Junior, had a merry time. And when Puss stood up and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, here's to the beautiful Mrs.



THE WEDDING

Froggy!" everybody cheered and clapped hands. "And here's to my friend, the handsome Mr. Froggy." And then the cheering and clapping of hands started all over again. Of course, everyone thought Puss, Junior, very grand and splendid. Which was very natural, since he had lived for a long time at the castle of my lord of Carabas and had met knights and kings in his travels.

After that Tom Thumb climbed up on the table and made a speech, and then they all commenced to eat the good things that were heaped upon the table.

But what it was they feasted on
We will not here record,
But be assured they had the best
The season could afford.

The feast concluded, toasts went round
In water from the rills.
And then eight merry frogs and mice
Got up to dance quadrilles.

When the dance was over, it was midnight—time for everyone to go home—so, Puss, Junior, placed little Tom Thumb on his shoulder and strode away beneath the light of the big round moon and the silver stars.

PUMPKIN HOUSE

A LITTLE cock sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirruped, he chirruped, so merry was he.
A naughty boy came with his wee bow and arrow,
Determined to shoot this little cock sparrow.

“Before he shoots,” Puss whispered to Tom Thumb, “I’ll warn the little cock sparrow.” But when the boy had fitted an arrow to his bow, he looked up and said:

“This little cock sparrow shall make me a stew,
And his giblets shall make me a little pie, too.”
“Oh no,” said the sparrow, “I won’t make a stew!”
And he flapped his wings and away he flew.

After that Puss walked off down the road, with Tom Thumb on his shoulder, and by and by they came to a cornfield, where in and out among the rows of corn gleamed the big yellow pumpkins, and right there in the corner of the old snake fence stood little Peter Pumpkin Eater, with a great big knife in his hand.

In a few minutes he had made a fine little house out of a pumpkin, but when he came to make the chimney it was not such an easy matter.

At last, Puss, Junior, suggested that he cut

PUMPKIN HOUSE

out little bricks from the inside of the pumpkin and build a regular chimney. This was indeed a mighty good suggestion, and before long the chimney was finished.

“It’s a fine house,” said Puss. “You ought to be very proud of it.”

“Well, I am,” admitted Peter, “and as long as Mrs. Peter likes it, I am more than contented. Up to this time, you know, I haven’t been able to keep her in any house.”

“I’ll promise to live in this one,” cried little Mrs. Peter, throwing her arms about his neck. “You’ve worked hard, and Mrs. Peter will always remember that.”

Pretty soon Puss and Tom Thumb shook hands with Peter and Mrs. Peter Pumpkin Eater, and again started off on their journey of adventure.

“Once more, dear little comrade,” cried Puss, Junior, “we are upon the broad highway. Let us be prepared for our next adventure.”

“I’m ready,” cried little Tom Thumb, poking his head out of Puss, Junior’s, pocket. “Let come what will, we have stout hearts and courage still.” Just as he finished speaking the report of a gun came down the breeze. “What’s that? Did they shoot at us?” asked Tom Thumb, from the inside of Puss, Junior’s, pocket. But before Puss could reply, a little man appeared in the meadow close by.

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

There was a little man and he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
He went to the brook and saw a little duck,
And shot it right through the head, head, head.

“That was a very good shot,” cried Puss.
“Do you think so?” asked the little man.
“Perhaps it was.” And he leaned over and
picked up the duck. And after that

He carried it home to his old wife Joan
And bade her a fire to make, make, make
To roast the little duck he had shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch the drake, drake, drake.

“I'm going to tell the drake to look out for
him!” said Puss, Junior.

DISAPPOINTMENT

“**L**OOK here, Mr. Drake,” cried Puss, Junior, walking up to the brook, “the little man with his gun is coming back to take a shot at you. You had better swim away.”

“Thank you,” replied the drake. “I’ll keep my eyes open, never fear.”

Just then the little man returned in a great hurry, for his wife had already made a fire and he wanted to shoot the drake and get home again as soon as possible. He climbed over the fence and hurried toward the brook.

Little Tom Thumb, who had crept out of Puss, Junior’s, pocket, sat down on a toadstool near by to watch the fun. And pretty soon the little man came up, all out of breadth, for his gun was very large and his bullets were large, too, and heavy, for they were made of lead.

The drake was a-swimming with his curly tail,

The little man made it his mark, mark, mark;

He let off his gun, but he fired too soon,

And the drake flew away with a quack, quack, quack.

“Too bad,” cried the little man, and he looked very disappointed. “It would have been fine to have taken the drake home to my little old

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

woman. Do you like roast duck?" he asked, turning to Puss and Tom.

"We do, indeed!" they both answered at once and in the very same words, strange as it may seem.

"Then come with me," said the little man,



and he led them across the road and down the lane to his house. And just as they entered the front gate the odor of roast duck came through the kitchen window, and all three smacked their lips and said, "Doesn't it smell good?" which was stranger still, for one can imagine two people saying the same thing at the

DISAPPOINTMENT

same time, but for three, well, it is queer, very queer!

“Joan,” said the little man—for this was his wife’s name, you know—“I have brought these fine gentlemen home to lunch. Will there be duck enough to go ’round? I missed the drake, I’m sorry to say, so we shall have to be content with the duck.”

“Well,” she replied, “the little fellow”—and she looked at Tom Thumb—“will not eat much, I’m sure. As for the booted cat, he seems to have the manners of a gentleman, and therefore will not ask for more than his share. We shall have enough and to spare, my good man.” And then the old lady shook hands with Puss and Tom Thumb. And pretty soon after that they all sat down to eat, and when the meal was over Puss promised to tell them a story.

GINGERBREAD HOUSE

THE little man whose bullets were made of lead, as soon as the meal was over, leaned back in his chair and said:

“My good Sir Cat, you look like a great traveler. Will you not tell us a story? My good wife Joan and I will be most attentive listeners.”

Puss curled his whiskers reflectively for a few minutes. “What sort of a story would you like?” he asked. “An exciting one or something homelike?”

“Something homelike,” said the little man.

“Something exciting,” cried his wife. “I have so much of home that I would hear something different.”

“Just like a woman,” said Puss to himself; “they are much alike. Yet, what she says is reasonable. Too much of any one thing grows stale.”

“What were you saying?” asked the little man.

“Never mind,” interposed his good wife, whose ears were sharper than his, “we will have a story of adventure,” and she smiled at Puss, who, after folding his napkin, settled himself back in his chair and commenced his story.

“One fine morning as I was walking along with a small owl for a comrade, the very same little

GINGERBREAD HOUSE

owl who had rescued me from the giant of the beanstalk, I came to a queer-looking cottage made of gingerbread, in the midst of a thick forest. Feeling a bit hungry, I broke off a tiny piece, when I heard a voice say: 'What is that? A little mouse nibbling pieces from my house?'

"And then all of a sudden the door opened and I saw an ugly witch. She was leaning on a crutch. Her eyes were very black and bright and her nose long and crooked.

"'Come in, my dears,' she said. 'You must not eat up my house, for where then would I live? Come in, and if you are hungry I will give you something to eat.'

"I accepted her invitation, but the little owl stayed outside. I had my trusty staff with me, you see, and so I wasn't afraid.

"No sooner had I entered than I knew she was a very wicked old woman. A poor little child whom she called Gretel was crying in a corner of the room.

"'Get this fine cat something to eat,' cried the wicked witch, giving her arm a pinch.

"At this moment my little friend the owl flew into the house and whispered in my ear: 'There's a little boy locked up in the stable. He says his sister is here.'

"'We will rescue them,' I answered; 'but be careful.'"

THE END OF THE WICKED WITCH

“NOW let me think for a moment,” said Puss, Junior, slowly curling his whiskers, while the little man whose bullets were made of lead waited impatiently for him to continue. “It’s strange how one gets confused,” said Puss. “Do you remember what happened next?” he asked, turning to little Tom Thumb, who was so excited over the story that, had Puss looked at him a moment longer, he would have known that Tom had never heard it before.

“No, of course I don’t,” said Tom. “Hurry, Puss dear, I want to hear what happened to Gretel and her brother.”

“Oh yes,” said Puss, “as soon as the little owl told us that her brother Hansel was shut up in the stable I made up my mind to rescue both children from the wicked witch. She didn’t notice that the little owl was whispering to me, for she was busy making bread. Presently she said, ‘Gretel, see if the oven is hot.’

“‘I’m not sure,’ said the child, crying bitterly, and then the old witch gave her a slap and opened the oven door herself, and as she leaned over to look in I gave her a push. In she went, head first, and, quick as a wink, I slammed the

THE END OF THE WICKED WITCH



door shut and fastened it tight. Then Gretel and I unlocked the stable door and freed her brother.

““Can you find your way home?’ I asked.

““Yes,’ answered Gretel, ‘for on our way here

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

we dropped little white stones, and we can follow them until we reach the edge of the forest.'

"And then they hurried away, after hugging me and saying how much they appreciated all I had done for them."

"Well, well, well!" said the little old man, looking at Puss, Junior, with great admiration, "you certainly are a brave cat. I'm glad to have met you, for that was a fine story you told, and it shows you are a brave and kind animal."

"Of course he is," cried little Tom Thumb. "Didn't he rescue me from the mousetrap in which I was imprisoned by the king's baker?"

"What!" cried the little man. "Did he do that?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Tom Thumb, "and if you'd like to hear the story, I will tell it to you."

But Puss, Junior, was so modest that he refused to hear more about himself.

THE KNAVE OF TARTS

“I’LL tell you about the ‘three jolly Welshmen’ I met on my voyage with the owl in our ‘beautiful pea-green boat,’” said Puss, good-naturedly. “You see, I had just escaped from the wicked giant of the beanstalk, and we were still at sea, when one day land came in sight. And as we drew nearer we saw ‘three jolly Welshmen’ standing on the beach, who said that the Queen of Hearts was making tarts that day, and that, if the little owl and I would follow them they would lead us to Her Majesty. Well, by and by we came to her castle, and on entering the courtyard we found a great feast had been prepared. There were great long tables on which were laid wonderful things to eat.

“I never saw so many tarts in all my life. There were raspberry tarts and blackberry tarts, strawberry, lemon, and apple; in fact, every kind of a tart that could be thought of had been baked by the Queen of Hearts. And she was very proud indeed of her display.

“Everything was going along beautifully when, all of a sudden, the Knave of Hearts seized a trayful and ran away. This made the queen so angry that she forgot all about being a queen

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB



and, lifting up her royal skirts, ran after the knave. Well, I couldn't stand by and see a lady—to say nothing of a queen—chase a robber without helping her. Finally I caught the fellow

THE KNAVE OF TARTS

and brought him back to the King of Hearts, who gave him a terrible beating.

“After that the queen thanked me graciously and told me any favor I asked would be granted. So I answered I was most anxious to find my father, Puss in Boots, and she immediately called her oldest retainer, who said my father was seneschal to my lord of Carabas. Ah, how happy I was to hear that!” And Puss, Junior, paused in his story.

“I’ll warrant you were,” exclaimed the little old man.

“But it was many a long day’s journey before I found him,” said Puss; “but when I did I was a happy cat, you can well believe.”

“SAILORS BOLD”

BUT the best of friends must part, and pretty soon Puss and Tom Thumb said good-by and again resumed their journey of adventure, and by and by they came to the sea, where on the beach lay a small boat. And wasn't it strange that it should be the pea-green boat? Puss picked up Tom Thumb and jumped aboard, and when the tide came in Puss hoisted the sail and set off on a voyage of discovery. And wasn't it lucky? There were boxes of crackers and bottles of water packed away in the cabin.

“Hurrah!” cried Puss, and he began to sing:

“Over the waves and the sparkling foam,
Away from land we call our home;
Far out to sea we'll sail away,
Sailors bold for many a day!”

“I never knew you were so good a sailor,” said little Tom Thumb, watching Puss, Junior, trim the sails and handle the tiller. “You are an old sailor.”

“Ha, ha!” laughed the little owl; “I taught him a few things.”

“Perhaps I'm a natural-born sailor cat,” laughed Puss.

“SAILORS BOLD”

“Off on the bounding sea we float,
Puss, Junior, and Tom in their little sailboat.
Hoist the topsail and let her go
Over the foam as white as snow.
Haul in your mainsheet! Hard a-lee!
These are the words we used at sea.
When the harbor we reach at last
We’ll lower the sail from the big, tall mast.”

“Where did you learn that song?” asked Tom Thumb.

“Didn’t learn it,” replied Puss. “Made it up as I went along! I feel so jolly sailing away, why, I even don’t mind getting wet with the spray!”

After a while the sun hid himself in the west and the big moon came out and looked down on Puss, Junior, at the helm and little Tom Thumb and the big-eyed owl. And the little boat raced along, and the great waves lifted it up on their white-crested heads and let it down again quite safely, and the evening breeze sang a soft little lullaby, so that by and by Tom Thumb went sound to sleep.

And pretty soon Puss closed first one eye and then the other, till, all of a sudden, Captain Puss, Junior, went sound asleep. But the little boat kept right on its way until it bumped on a sandy beach.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

IT was Christmas Eve as Puss, Junior, and Tom Thumb came to a pretty village. Over the sparkling snow the villagers were bringing in fir trees from the forest. Sleigh bells rang out merrily and troops of children filled the street. Tom Thumb was perched on Puss, Junior's, shoulder, for the snow was deep and it was impossible for two short legs such as Tom's to tramp through the drifts.

"Hello!" exclaimed a big, good-natured man who was dragging a large fir tree over the snow. "Look who's here! Tom Thumb and Puss in Boots! Come home with me, little friends. My children will be happy to see you."

"Thank you, my good sir," replied Puss, Junior. "What say you, Tom? Shall we accept this kind invitation?"

"Of course," replied Tom.

"Then follow me," said the man. "The sun will soon be going down, and I must get this tree home in time for the presents."

"We will help you," cried Puss, Junior, and Tom Thumb.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the man. "I think I'll hang Mr. Tom Thumb on the tree. He would make a very fine present."

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

“I don’t want to be hung!” whispered Tom in Puss, Junior’s, ear.

“Never fear,” replied Puss, Junior. “I shall allow no one to hang you for a present, or put you in the toe of a stocking. You are my little comrade, and together we go, you and I.”



Well, by and by they arrived at the man’s house, where a troop of merry children ran out to greet them. On seeing Puss, Junior, and Tom Thumb they shouted with delight, “Oh, father, where did you find these two dear little fellows?”

After supper, when the parlor door was opened, a beautiful sight met their eyes. The tree was

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

hung from top to bottom with lovely presents. The candles twinkled and winked among the silver tinsel, and the colored balls and trinkets glistened upon the branches.

Puss, Junior, and the children danced around the tree, while Tom Thumb, being so very little, stood upon the table and beat a small toy drum with all his might. And after the children were tired dancing the presents were given out, and Puss received a lovely pair of mittens and Tom Thumb a little fur coat, while

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb and he took out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING

“DAME, get up and bake your pies,
Bake your pies, bake your pies,
On Christmas Day in the morning!

“Dame, what makes your maidens lie,
Maidens lie, maidens lie?
Dame, what makes your maidens lie
On Christmas Day in the morning?”

Then it all came back to them. It was little Jack Horner's father who was calling. And it was Christmas morning. Of course it was only last night that they had gone to the Christmas tree! Tom Thumb sprang out of bed and looked at the little fur overcoat which he had received for a present. Then they heard Jack Horner's father calling again:

“Dame, what makes your ducks to die,
Ducks to die, ducks to die?
Dame, what makes your ducks to die?
Dame, get up and bake your pies
On Christmas Day in the morning!”

“Because we are to have them for Christmas dinner,” she answered, “and a mighty fine dinner we shall have, too.”

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

“Mr. Horner seems to know his *Mother Goose*,” whispered Puss, Junior. “Perhaps we’d better get up.” And he sprang out of bed and pulled on his red-topped boots, while Tom Thumb put on his fur overcoat. Pretty soon the children came tramping down the stairs, and then Mr. Horner called out again:

“Their wings are cut and they cannot fly,
Cannot fly, cannot fly;
Their wings are cut and they cannot fly
On Christmas Day in the morning.

“Well, that is lucky,” said Mr. Horner; “I was thinking I might have a hard time catching them.”

“Well, by this time the children, with Puss, Junior, and Tom Thumb, were playing with their presents under the tree, which was still standing, but the candies were not lighted, of course. It looked very pretty, just the same, for the silver tinsel and trinkets were still hanging from its green boughs.

After a while they all went out for a sleigh ride, which was great fun. “Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way!” And Puss, Junior, and Tom Thumb never had so much fun as on that ride, and when everybody arrived home there was the wonderful Christmas dinner waiting for them.

Christmas comes but once a year,
But when it does it brings good cheer.

A MOONY OLD CAT

A MOONY old cat
That lived on the dew
Had six little kittens
That never would mew.

And I will tell you how Puss, Junior, and little Tom Thumb found out about this silly old cat. They were traveling along together, looking for adventure, when all of a sudden they heard a dreadful mewing. It came from a little house that stood in plain sight close to the broad highway.

“I hate to hear a kitten mew,” said Puss, Junior. “When a kitten purrs you know it is happy; but when it mews something’s wrong.”

“Then let’s go over to the little house and find out what’s the matter,” said Tom Thumb. So he and Puss, Junior, walked over and knocked at the door. But, oh, dear me! the sight that met their eyes when the door opened made them very angry. The “moony old cat” had just returned from the village.

She bought a big bellows
And blew in their ears;
Then all mewed so loud
It brought her to tears.

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

“Stop! stop!” yelled Puss, Junior. “Don’t you dare use those bellows again!” The “moony old cat” looked frightened to death. Puss, Junior, sword in hand, and eyes flashing fire, would frighten any cat, whether it happened to be “moony” or not. At once the six little



kittens ran over to him and began to purr at a great rate.

“How could you do such a cruel thing to these dear kitties?” he said, looking at the “moony old cat.”

“Well, I’ll tell you,” she answered. “They did nothing but purr, purr all the time. They never would mew, no matter what I said, and

A MOONY OLD CAT

every kitten certainly should learn how to mew. So I went to the village and bought a big bellows. I didn't think it would hurt them, but they mewed so loud it made me cry."

"I'm glad it made you cry. Give me the bellows and promise me you'll never again hurt these dear little kittens."

The "moony old cat" handed the bellows to Puss and gave him her word she would never hurt her kitties again. And after that Puss, Junior, and Tom Thumb bowed their way out of the front door and continued their journey of adventure.

A WIG FOR MR. PIG

MR. PIG without a wig was in the barber shop. Under his neck was tucked a clean, white towel and over his fat chin was spread a snowy lather. The barber, with razor in hand, was just about to shave him, remarking, as he turned Mr. Pig's head to one side with a gentle push, "Your beard is very rough, Mr. Pig."

"Never mind how rough it is, but see that you hurry. My friends are waiting for me. One of them is Tom Thumb, from the court of King Arthur. The leader is Puss in Boots, Junior, on his Good Gray Horse. The robin of *Mother Goose* fame is one of the party, as is also Buff, the dog, who spilled his master's snuff."

"Enough! enough!" cried the barber. "'Tis no easy job to shave a pig. Say no more, else I may cut your throat."

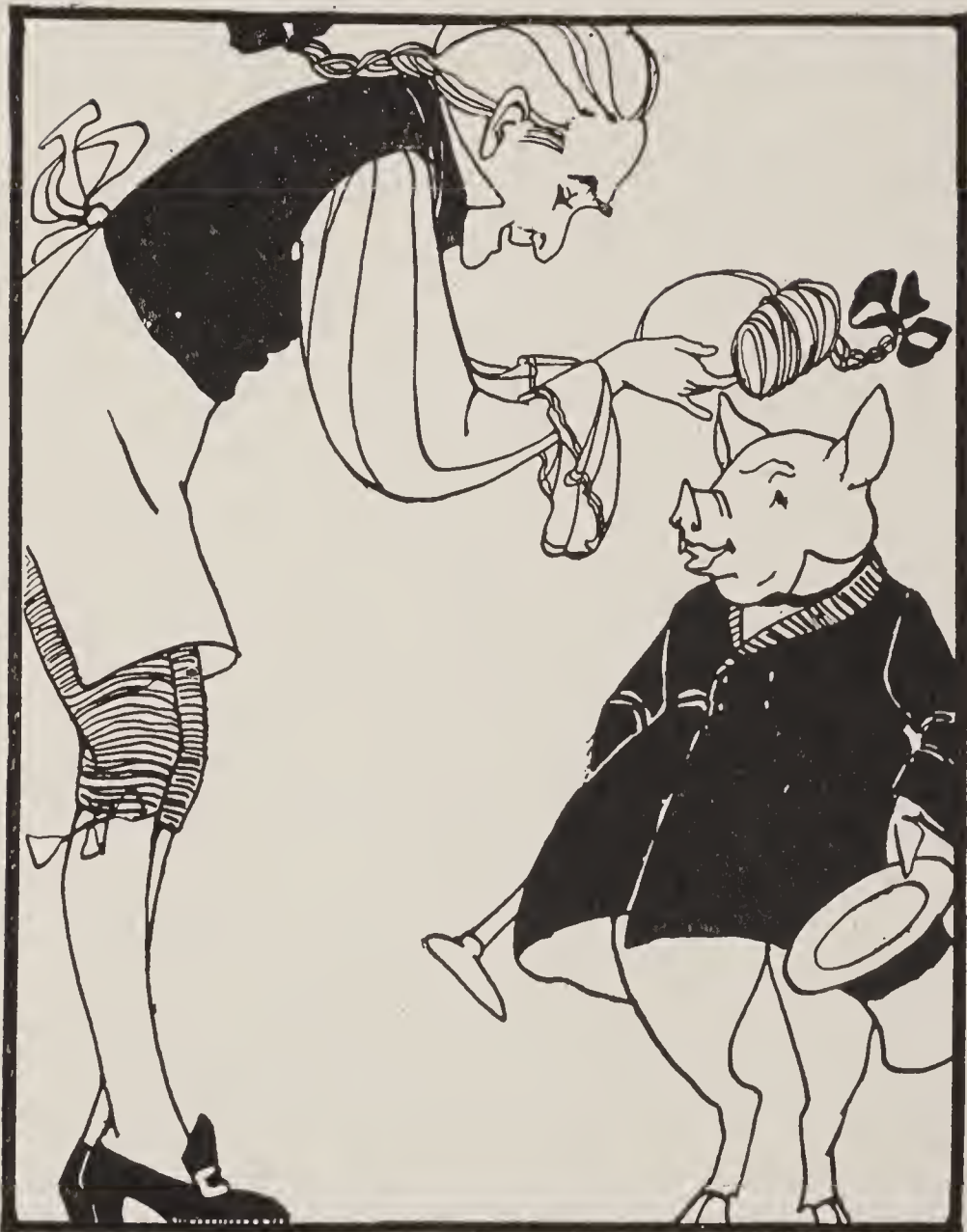
At these words Mr. Pig gave a dreadful grunt.

"Be careful! Don't move!" cried the barber. "You'll jostle my hand." After that the pig kept very still, you may be sure. "Bay rum or witch-hazel?" asked the barber.

After that Mr. Pig sat up.

"Now, barber," he said, "I want that wig. According to *Mother Goose*, 'four and twenty

A WIG FOR MR. PIG



E. JONES
BABCOCK.

hairs will make a wig.’ Did you get as many as two dozen hairs off my chin?”

“More than that,” replied the barber.

“Well, get to work on the wig,” cried the pig; “I must have it before I leave. My friends are

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

impatient. Tom Thumb asked me to make haste.”

“Although I cannot drive a pig, I can shave one,” laughed the barber, as he deftly twined the hairs into a good-looking wig. “It will not take long to finish my job.” And he turned and opened the door. “I will tell your comrades that you will be with them soon,” he said. “But remember, if they don’t wait, that I did my duty, and don’t blame me. Now put on your coat, Mr. Pig; your wig will be finished by that time. I hope it will become you!”

“Becoming or not,” said the pig, as he pulled on his coat, “it will protect my bald head. It will also prevent much ridicule, for whenever I’m polite and doff my hat I am laughed at on account of my baldness.”

“Let me put it on for you,” said the barber. Carefully he placed the wig upon Mr. Pig’s head, who surveyed himself in the long mirror, and then, with a grunt of satisfaction, he put on his high hat. Giving the barber a pinch of snuff, he walked out of the shop and joined Puss, Junior, and his friends.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

“THIS is the house that Jack built.”

“Well, he knew how to build a house,” said Puss, Junior, reining in his faithful steed.

“I wonder if he has built as fine a stable?” said the Good Gray Horse. “I am a bit weary with carrying such a heavy load as Puss in Boots, Junior, and Thomas Thumb, Esquire.”

“Oh, get out!” laughed Tom Thumb.

“Oh, gid-ap! you mean,” said Puss.

And while this talk was going on, the robin and the pig without a wig looked about them. Buff, the dog, was sniffing here and there. Perhaps he smelled a rat. At any rate, just then Jack himself came to the door. He was dressed in a blue smock and green knee breeches, and on his head was a broad-brimmed hat.

“This is the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built,”

he cried in a loud voice.

“I knew I smelled a rat!” barked Buff. And no sooner had he finished speaking than a great commotion arose inside the house. Then a squeak was heard, and pretty soon Jack again opened the door and cried:

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

“This is the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.”

After that a big yellow cat looked out of the window and bowed.



“Isn’t she beautiful?” Jack asked, with a laugh; “I’m going to get her a pair of little pink slippers. She deserves them for killing the rat that ate the malt.”

“Bow-wow! bow-wow!” All of a sudden a fierce-looking dog trotted around the corner of the house. Running up the front steps he rushed

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

inside before Jack could close the door. The yellow cat disappeared, and the sound of falling chairs came through the open window. At once little dog Buff grew so curious that he wanted to rush up on the piazza, but just then Jack appeared, leading the dog by the collar.

“This is the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.”

A HIGH TOSS

“THIS is just like a vaudeville show,” cried Puss, Junior, as Jack again disappeared in his house. “First we see the house that Jack built, then the malt, then the rat, then the cat, and now the dog.”

“What comes next?” asked Tom Thumb; “I’ve forgotten my *Mother Goose*, it seems.” Before he could answer, Jack himself opened the door and ran down the front steps.

“Hello, Puss, Junior! Hello, Tom Thumb! Hello, all the rest of you! Glad to see you! Come with me to the stable. I want to show you the cow with the crumpled horn.

“This is the cow
With the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.”

But, goodness me! the cow with the crumpled horn was a very meek-looking animal. She stood close to the old rail fence, chewing her cud and flicking the flies with her tail.

A HIGH TOSS

“I don’t know much about cows,” said Puss, Junior, dismounting from his Good Gray Horse and walking up to the cow to rub her cold, wet nose with his paw. “The only cow whose acquaintance I ever made was the one who jumped over the moon.”



“I never was much of a jumper,” said the cow with the crumpled horn. “I’m more handy with my horns than I am with my legs. I certainly gave the dog that worried the cat a good high toss!” And she laughed at the thought of it.

“Where is he now?” asked Tom Thumb.

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

“Still up in the sky, I dare say,” she answered. “I only tossed him up a few minutes before you came. You see, he was worrying the cat that killed the rat, and Jack, while he was fond of him, didn’t like to have him annoy pussy. So he told me, if I ever got the chance, to give him a good toss—and I did.”

Just then a dark object was seen in the sky overhead.

“There he is now,” said the cow with the crumpled horn; “he must be coming down.”

And, sure enough, he was. For when Puss looked up he could just see the figure of a dog against the background of white clouds. It was truly wonderful the way he managed to come down. Instead of falling like a stone and hitting the ground with a thud, he landed lightly on the grass and, without stopping to look about him, ran off to the house.

THE MAIDEN ALL FORLORN

AS soon as the dog that worried the cat had disappeared, no one seemed at all interested. The sight of a dog falling from the sky and running off as if it were an everyday occurrence was enough to flabbergast anybody.

Jack, who had gone into the barn to feed the horses, was the first to speak. "What makes you all so quiet?" he asked. "It is bad enough to have on the farm a maiden all forlorn, but if you all are going to get that way, too, why, I'm going out of the building business."

"We are not forlorn!" cried Tom Thumb; "we're surprised. I've seen falling stars, but not falling dogs."

"Perhaps it was a dogstar," said Jack; and then everybody laughed except the maiden all forlorn, who stood at the fence, looking perfectly miserable.

"Introduce me, won't you?" said Puss.

"This is the maiden all forlorn that milked the cow with the crumpled horn."

But the maiden never smiled; instead, she wiped a tear from her pretty blue eyes and gave a long sigh.

Just then a very badly dressed person came

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

toward them. He had on an old straw hat and his coat was torn in many places. His trousers were frayed at the bottom and his shoes were full of holes.

“This is the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,”

cried Jack.

The maiden all forlorn gave a scream. “Don’t



let him come near me. I won’t be kissed. I won’t!”

“Indeed you shall not!” cried Puss, Junior, whipping out his sword. “Come a step nearer,

THE MAIDEN ALL FORLORN

you thing of shreds and patches, and I'll run you through with my trusty sword."

The man all tattered and torn stopped short. He didn't like the flashing eye and fierce whisker of Puss, Junior.

"She was forlorn before I kissed her," he said.

"Was she?" said Puss, Junior. "Well, you didn't cure her, did you? I'll wager she's forlornier than ever."

"Of course I am," sobbed the maiden. "What right had he to kiss me!"

"What are you doing around here, anyway?" asked little Tom Thumb. "I think you're a tramp!"

"So do I," cried Jack. "If you don't get out, I'll put you in the cornfield for a scarecrow." And this so frightened the man all tattered and torn that he took to his heels and ran off.

ONE THING DEPENDS ON ANOTHER

AS the man all tattered and torn ran away, a church bell began to ring, "Ding, dong! ding, dong!" In the distance could be seen a church spire among the trees. "Ding, dong! ding, dong!" went the bell, and just then up the road came a man dressed in a long black robe, who stopped when he came opposite the house that Jack built.

"This is the priest all shaven and shorn
That married the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Tom Thumb.
"What a terrible mistake it was!"

"Yes, I guess it was," said Jack. "You see, everybody thought when he got married he'd go to work, but he didn't. He just kept on being tattered and torn."

"Too bad!" said Tom Thumb.

"It never would have happened," said Jack, "if the priest hadn't been waked up in time."

"Why, how was that?" asked Tom Thumb, curiously.

Just then a rooster crowed, "Cock-a-doodle-do."

ONE THING DEPENDS ON ANOTHER

“This is the cock that crowed in the morn
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn
That married the man all tattered and torn.”

“Oh-ho! I see!” cried Tom Thumb. “It’s really the rooster’s fault. If he hadn’t wakened the priest the priest never would have reached the church in time to marry the man all tattered and torn.”

“That’s true,” said Jack. “One thing depends on another. And then, too, there’s always an ‘if’ or a ‘but.’ So you never can tell. At any rate, he’s married, and he’s still all tattered and torn.”

“Who’s all tattered and torn?” cried a voice.

A nice, fat, jolly sort of a man stood close at hand. Across his red waistcoat lay a big gold chain.

“This is the farmer who sowed the corn
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,”

explained Jack, introducing the farmer.

“Well, then, it’s his fault that the man all tattered and torn was married,” said Tom Thumb.

“It’s nothing of the kind,” said the farmer, “and you’ll never make me think so!”

SEA BERRIES

“**H**OW strange it seems to once more travel on foot!” said Puss.

“Yes, we shall miss the Good Gray Horse,” said Tom Thumb.

“But it won’t be for long,” answered Puss. “As soon as he gets a new shoe he will follow us.”

“Ah, well, never mind,” said Tom Thumb. “We can keep on our way. No doubt we will fall in with some new adventure before we have gone a great distance.” And, sure enough, this proved to be the case. For pretty soon they reached a wild place with rocks and deep caverns, sandy stretches and low hills.

“This is indeed a bad country,” said little Tom Thumb. As he finished speaking a strange-looking man came toward them.

“You hide behind a tree,” whispered Puss, “while I talk to him. If he tries to harm me, you rush out and hit him with your sword.”

The man evidently thought Puss was alone, for he said, “Are you lost, my young friend?”

“No,” replied Puss; “I am on my way to find my father.”

“You had better turn back, then, for this is a wilderness.”

SEA BERRIES

“Do you live here?” asked Puss, Junior.

“Yes, I do,” he replied, “and I ask everybody the same question who comes along.”

“What is it?” asked Puss.

“How many strawberries grow in the sea?” replied the man.



“Ha, ha!” laughed Puss. “I have been to sea in a pea-green boat, also in a ship with masts of gold and sails of silk, but I never fished for strawberries. Are you sure they are not little red fish?”

The man began to laugh. This made Puss, Junior, angry. “As many as red herrings grow

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

in the wood," he cried, and off he marched to where Tom Thumb was hiding.

"If that man thinks he's going to make fun of me, I'll give him an answer that will show him I'm up to his tricks."

"What did he say?" inquired Tom Thumb.

"The man in the wilderness asked me,
How many strawberries grew in the sea.
I answered him, as I thought good,
As many as red herrings grew in the wood."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Tom. "Pretty fine answer. Good for you!"

Then, picking up Tom, Puss, Junior, placed him on his shoulder and marched out of the wilderness.

A CROOKED SIXPENCE

ONE day, when an old woman was sweeping her house, she found a little, crooked sixpence. "What shall I do with this little sixpence?" she said.

"Go to market and buy a little pig!" cried Puss, Junior, who happened just then to look in at the window.

"And be sure it has a little pink nose and two little pink eyes," added Tom Thumb, who had climbed up on the sill.

"I will go to market and buy the pig if you will come with me," she answered. So off they started; but, oh, dear me! they had gone only a little way when she suddenly remembered that she had left the little crooked sixpence on the mantelpiece; so, Puss, Junior, ran back for it, and after that they traveled along merrily until they reached the market place.

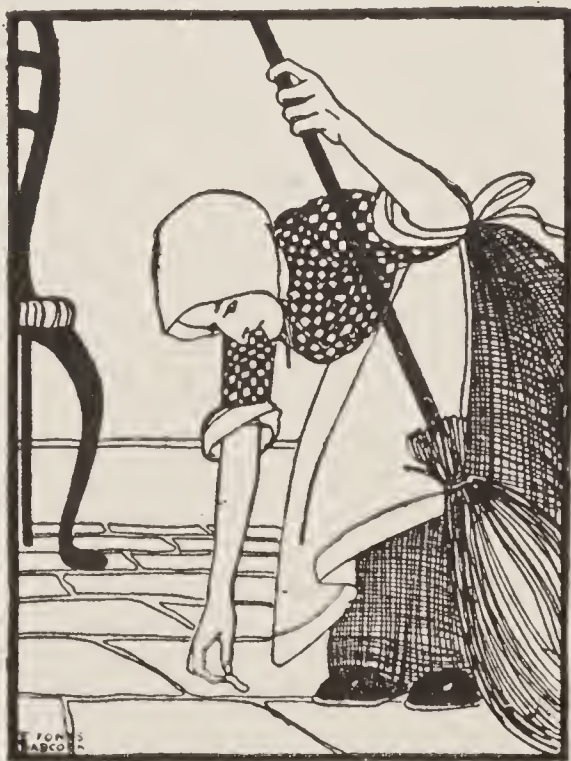
There were lots of little pigs, and it took the old woman a long time to decide which one to buy, but at last Tom Thumb picked out a very pretty one.

But, goodness me! what trouble there was to drive little piggy home! He always wanted to go the wrong way, and when they came to a stile,

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

why, he just wouldn't go over it. Try as the old woman might, she couldn't make him. Neither could Puss, Junior. As for Tom Thumb, he was knocked over, trying to head piggy off, and gave up the job in disgust.

So the old woman went to find some one to



help her. At last she met a dog. So she said to the dog:

“Dog, dog, bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night.”

But the dog wouldn't help, so the old woman called to Puss and Tom, and told them to come

A CROOKED SIXPENCE

along, as she was going to find somebody to help her, if it took all night. And by and by she met a stick.

“Stick, stick, beat dog;
Dog won’t bite pig;
Piggy won’t get over the stile,
And I sha’n’t get home to-night.”

But the stick wouldn’t help.

“It’s a crabbed old oak or a knotty old elm,” said Puss, Junior. “Never mind, we’ll not give up.”

By and by they came to a meadow where a bonfire was burning. The flames crackled merrily, and seemed to say, “Why don’t you ask us to help?” So the old woman climbed over the fence and said to the fire:

“Fire, fire, burn stick;
Stick won’t beat dog;
Dog won’t bite pig;
Piggy won’t get over the stile,
And I sha’n’t get home to-night.”

But the fire would not, and then the old woman didn’t know what to do. “Don’t give up hope,” said Puss, Junior; “perhaps we will find some kind person to help us yet.”

THE OBSTINATE PIG

“**P**ERHAPS you can ride the pig,” suggested Tom Thumb. And, sure enough, as soon as Puss jumped on his back the pig set off at a great rate. But still he wouldn’t jump over the stile. Goodness me! What was to be done? Not a traveler appeared upon the broad highway. The sun was low in the sky and it looked as if they would be unable to get the pig home that night.

“I’ve often heard it was a most difficult thing to drive a pig,” remarked the old woman, “but I never realized it so thoroughly as I do just at this moment.”

“Some of the good old sayings are pretty true,” said Puss, Junior, with a grin. “My father, who is the seneschal for my lord of Carabas, is very fond of quoting them.”

A merry little brook ran under the bridge that spanned the highway, and as Puss looked over the railing at the sparkling water he spied a trout swimming about. Puss was fond of fish, as all cats are, but before he could make up his mind to go fishing the old woman cried out:

THE OBSTINATE PIG

“Water, water, quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night.”



But the water would not. It was just as dis-
obliging as all the others. So of course there
was nothing left to do but try again.

In the meadow stood a great ox. The sweet
clover waved about his feet and the grass wrinkled
and crinkled in the afternoon breeze.

“Come along,” said the old woman to Puss,

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

Junior, climbing over the fence and walking up to the ox, who seemed quite disgusted at being disturbed. He looked first at her and then at Puss, Junior. The old woman was a bit frightened, and also a little out of breath, so she waited a minute before she said:

“Ox, ox, drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night.”

But the great big ox said he wasn't the least bit thirsty. In fact, he wanted to eat more clover and would be very much obliged if they would let him alone. And he angrily tossed his head, so the old woman beat a hasty retreat, taking Puss by the paw and climbing over the fence as fast as possible.

MORE TROUBLE

THE old woman and Puss, Junior, were now almost discouraged, for everybody had refused to help them get piggy over the stile. "I wish I had never found that crooked sixpence," cried the old woman, the tears coming to her eyes.

"We might have bought a little spotted cow. I never was fond of pigs, anyway," said Puss, with a sigh.

Just then who should come along but a good-natured, fat butcher. At least he looked good natured until the old woman said:

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox;
Ox won't drink water."

"Why should I kill the ox," said he. "Just because he won't drink water? Maybe he isn't thirsty."

"He said he wasn't," said Puss, Junior.

"Well, there you are!" laughed the butcher, who suddenly seemed to regain his good humor. "Did you not ever hear the old saying, 'You can lead a horse to the trough, but you can't make him drink'?"

"But a horse isn't an ox," said the old woman.

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

“I only want the ox to drink the water, the water to quench the fire, the fire to burn the stick, and the stick to beat the dog, and the dog to bite the pig, so that I can get him over the stile and take him home with me.”

“Mercy me!” exclaimed the butcher. “This is a mixed-up state of affairs. I must be going.” And he bowed and walked away.

“The same old story,” sighed the old woman. “Nobody wants to help. What are we going to do?”

“Keep up a brave heart. Who said we were beaten?” said Puss, bravely.

Just then the butcher called out: “Here is a strong piece of rope. Why don’t you tie it around the pig’s neck and pull him up over the stile?”

But, instead, the old woman said to the rope:

“Rope, rope, hang butcher;
Butcher won’t kill ox.”

But the rope would not, and the butcher, on hearing these words, took to his heels and ran off. He wasn’t going to be hung, neither was he going to kill the ox, so he thought the only way out was to run away, which he did, and mighty fast at that.

“Ha, ha!” laughed Puss, Junior, in spite of his disappointment. “I never knew a fat butcher could run so fast!”

MORE TROUBLE



“Nor I,” said the old woman; “nor that ropes and sticks and dogs and oxen could be so dis-obligng. Why, one would think I was asking them to lend me money. I’ve always heard that was the hardest thing to get.”

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

“We must keep on trying,” said Puss, “for we can’t leave Tom Thumb on the stile all night to watch the pig. Perhaps this time we will be more lucky.”

Well, just then a rat ran across the road, and the old woman asked him to gnaw the rope, because the rope wouldn’t hang the butcher. But the rat replied: “No, madam! Why should I make a hangman out of the rope? I will not!” And off he ran to the barn.

THE WISP OF HAY

ALTHOUGH everybody had refused to help the old woman get the pig over the stile, Puss, Junior, did not give up hope. "Let me ask the next person. Perhaps he'll help, especially if he be an animal."

"Very well," said the old woman, and just then who should come along but a nice-looking pussy cat.

"Here is my chance," said Puss, Junior, straightening the long, trailing feather on his cap and curling his whiskers so as to look as handsome as possible.

"Cat, cat, kill rat;
Rat won't gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't go over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night."

"If you will go to yonder cow and fetch me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat," answered the pussy cat, with a lovely smile.

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

“Do you hear what she says?” asked Puss, Junior, turning to the old woman.

“I do,” said the old woman. “And I will go and milk the cow. I have a little saucer in my bag. How lucky I am!” So away went the old woman to the cow. “Cow, cow, give me a saucer of milk; cat won’t kill rat unless you do.”

But the cow said to her, “If you will go to yonder haymakers and fetch me a wisp of hay, I will give you the milk.”

So the old woman went to the haymakers and said, “Haymakers, give me a wisp of hay; cow won’t give me milk; and if I don’t get a wisp of hay, so many things won’t happen that I shall give up in despair.”

But the haymakers hardly paused in their work. By and by one of them said, “Old woman, if you will go to yonder stream and fetch us a bucket of water, we’ll give you the hay.”

“Oh, dearie me!” said the poor old woman. “I’m very tired.”

So Puss carried the bucket, but when they reached the stream they found the bucket was full of holes.

“Dearie me!” exclaimed the old woman again, “what are we going to do?”

“Never mind,” said Puss, picking up a number of pebbles and fitting them carefully into the holes. After the bucket was filled with water



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PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

the old woman went back to the haymakers, who gave her a wisp of hay.

And as soon as the cow had eaten it she gave the old woman the milk, who filled the saucer and gave it to the cat. And as soon as the cat had lapped up the milk she began to kill the rat, the rat began to gnaw the rope, the rope began to hang the butcher, the butcher began to kill the ox, the ox began to drink the water, the water began to quench the fire, the fire began to burn the stick, the stick began to beat the dog, the dog began to bite the pig, who jumped over the stile and went home with the old woman.

THE FOUR-IN-HAND

“UP at Piccadilly, oh! the coachman takes his stand,
And when he meets a pretty girl he takes her by the
hand.

Whip away forever, oh! drive away so clever, oh!
All the way to Bristol, oh! he drives his four-in-hand.”

Then Puss, Junior, and Tom Thumb climbed up on the big stage coach. Crack! went the whip, and away went the horses. Round and around went the wheels, bumpty-bumpty, over the rough cobbles.

“Whip away forever, oh! drive away so clever, oh!” sang Puss, Junior. “Isn’t it nice to ride again! I’m weary walking and my red-topped boots are almost threadbare.”

“So are my shoes,” replied little Tom Thumb.

Just then a voice cried out, “Stop the coach; we want to get on.” Puss looked down and saw Little Bo Peep and Red Riding Hood. And when they saw him they shouted, “Oh, there he is! Our dear Puss in Boots, Junior.”

“Whoa!” cried the driver, and stopped the big coach. In a moment the two little girls were aboard, and Puss was kissed and hugged until he began to mew.

“Don’t hug him to death,” said Tom Thumb. “Besides, you’re mussing his coat.”

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

Pretty soon the coach stopped again, and there stood the old woman who lived in a shoe. All her children were with her, and you can imagine how crowded the coach was when they all got aboard. There were faces at every window, and every seat on top was crowded. "Merrily we jog along," and their laughter echoed through the streets as they passed from village to village.

"Let's stop at the next candy shop and give the children a treat," cried Tom Thumb. So the driver kept a sharp lookout, but before they came to one the coach stopped again, and there stood Simple Simon; Cinderella; Tom, the piper's son and little Jack Horner.

"We want to go to Bristol, oh!
We'll stop you with a pistol, oh!
So don't say no, but let us go,
All the way to Bristol."

Of course, the good-natured driver couldn't refuse. Oh my, no! So he pulled in the four-in-hand, and some of the children sat on each other's laps, and some stood up, and Tom Thumb jumped on Puss, Junior's, shoulder and held on to his ear, which made the children laugh. And, oh my! it was a merry party! And when they were just about to enter the city of Bristol they saw Mary and her little lamb. Again the coach stopped, but when it came to squeezing in the lambkin it was another matter. There

THE FOUR-IN-HAND

wasn't room, that was all there was to it. So the little lamb ran along under the coach just like a coach dog, and when they reached Bristol its wool was so full of dust that it took Mary a whole day to wash it.

"I declare," cried Mary, "I seem to have a lot of trouble with my lamb."

"Not as nearly as much as I do with my sheep," answered Bo Peep. "They are always losing their tails, although Boy Blue promised to look after them while I was away."

THE MONSTROUS CROW

TWEEDLE-DUM and Tweedle-dee
Resolved to have a battle,
For Tweedle-dum said Tweedle-dee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

“What are those children fighting over, I wonder?” said Puss, Junior, to Tom Thumb.

“We’ll soon find out,” replied Tom, hurrying over to where two small boys were fistcuffing each other in great shape.

“Come, come,” cried Puss, “what means all this? Why should two small boys fight? Tell me what’s it all about?”

“Tweedle-dee broke my rattle,” cried one of them.

“I did not,” replied Tweedle-dee. “I only rattled it a little too hard.” And then they set to work again, pummeling each other with might and main.

Just then flew by a monstrous crow
As big as a tar barrel,
Which frightened both the heroes so
They both forgot their quarrel.

At the sight of the monstrous crow little Tom Thumb crept into Puss, Junior’s, pocket. Puss



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BABCOCK

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

had already unsheathed his sword, ready to defend himself in case the monstrous bird should offer battle. But he didn't. He merely perched himself on a near-by tree and looked at our small hero.

"Put away your sword," cried the crow. "I wouldn't hurt the scarecrow in yonder cornfield! Haw, haw! Caw, caw!" And the monstrous crow gave a monstrous grin. Indeed, he opened his beak so wide that Puss almost saw his tail at the other end!

Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee stood by with mouths and eyes wide open. They were too surprised to say a word. And perhaps some of my little readers would have been so, too, had they seen this monstrous crow. His wings were so long that they reached clear through to the other side of the big apple tree, and his tail feathers reached down to the ground, and when he said, "Haw, haw! Caw, caw!" all the leaves trembled and turned inside out!

But all this didn't make Puss, Junior, the least bit afraid. No, indeed! He stood with his trusty sword in his good right paw, ready for anything. But nothing happened. The monstrous crow, after a short time, flapped his wings and flew away, and as he passed overhead he cried out in a hoarse voice:

"Though I be as black as night,
You should never take afright;

THE MONSTROUS CROW

Though my wings are black and long,
I could never do you wrong.
So good-by to you to-day;
I shall soon be far away.
There are other birds, you know,
Uglier than Mr. Crow!"

But, oh, dear me! Puss and Tom Thumb had gone but a short distance when a blackbird suddenly swooped down and carried off little Tom Thumb. So swiftly did the bird snatch up the little fellow that Puss was hardly aware of what had happened until he heard Tom Thumb calling for help. The blackbird flew straight for its nest near the top of a tall pine tree. Puss pulled off his red-topped boots and commenced to climb up the trunk to rescue his little friend.

THE BLACKBIRD

HE was a good climber and went up the tree at a good rate. The blackbird's nest was almost at the top, but Puss was not discouraged. "Draw your sword and fight for your life!" he called out to little Tom Thumb.

This was exactly what Tom was doing. But, oh, dear me! the bird's feathers were so thick and Tom's weapon so small that at first the blackbird hardly noticed it at all. By and by, however, Tom's thrusts began to tell, and by the time he was dropped into the nest the blackbird had been stabbed several times.

The nest was empty, and as soon as Tom stood upon his feet he swung his sword in the air and cried out, "Away with you, villain of a blackbird!" The blackbird perched himself on the edge of the nest and regarded Tom most curiously.

"I do not mean to harm you," he said. "I am so lonely up here in my empty house that I want some one to talk to. That's the reason I carried you off. I'm no robber, neither am I a villain." Just then Puss, Junior, reached the nest, and the blackbird flew over to a limb at a safer distance.

THE BLACKBIRD

“You did well to make your escape,” cried Puss, “for I would have wrung your cowardly neck had I caught you.”

“Let me explain,” replied the blackbird. Puss didn’t wait to listen, but, hastily picking up little Tom Thumb, hid him in his pocket.

“Won’t you let me explain?” cried the blackbird a second time.

“Explain what?” asked Puss, Junior, angrily. “I don’t see that there is anything to explain. I’d like to cut off your head with my trusty sword.”

“You mistake my intentions,” said the blackbird. “I was just telling Tom Thumb that the reason I carried him off was because I was lonely up here in my empty nest and wanted a comrade.”

“Yes, that was what he was saying,” called Tom Thumb from the inside of Puss, Junior’s, pocket. “But, all the same, I’m glad to be in your pocket, dear Puss. Our black friend here would probably have fed me on worms had you not rescued me—and I’m not fond of that sort of food.”

“Wait and hear my story!” cried the blackbird.

“Not now,” answered Puss, sliding carefully down to the ground so as not to spill Tom out of his pocket.

AN EMPTY NEST

“**N**OW won't you please listen to my story? I don't want you to think so ill of me,” begged the blackbird, fluttering down to the meadow.

“Well, go ahead,” cried Puss, Junior. “Now that Tom is safe, I suppose we might as well delay our journey to hear what you have to say. You certainly are persistent enough.”

“It is not a long story,” commenced the blackbird. “For it was only in the early spring that I lost my mate. You see, we had just finished the nest and were going housekeeping at once, when a man with a gun shot Mrs. Blackbird. It's very lonesome up there on the top of the tree in an empty nest. That's why, when I saw little Tom Thumb on your shoulder, I flew down and carried him off. I thought he'd make a jolly little playfellow.”

“Well, you don't seem as black as you're painted,” said Puss, Junior. “But let me give you a little advice. Think of the other fellow next time before you do your kidnapping.”

The blackbird looked very sorrowful, so Tom got out his harmonica and commenced to play a tune. This made everybody feel much happier.

AN EMPTY NEST

When the song ended, Puss looked at Tom and said: "Shall we ask the blackbird to join us? He seems a good old sort of a bird, after all."

"By all means," replied Tom Thumb. "He really meant no harm."

"Why don't you join our party?" said Puss, turning to the blackbird. "Would you like to travel?"

"Delighted!" cried the blackbird, his eyes brightening and his feathers shining with a new luster. "I would travel to the North Pole with you."

"Well, come along," cried Puss. "We will now proceed upon our journey of adventure." And he strode off down the road, followed by the blackbird. They had gone but a few steps when they heard a dog barking. The sounds seemed to come from a small house a short distance off.

"More trouble," said Puss. "Whenever I hear a dog bark I am sure there is, or there is going to be, a fuss."

"I'll keep the dog away," said the blackbird, stoutly. "No dog shall harm Puss, Junior."

"Thank you," said Puss, "but I find that I can take pretty good care of myself. Not that I do not appreciate your kind offer, but Puss, Junior, has met many dogs in his travels and is still possessor of his trusty sword."

STOLEN BARLEY

BUT no dog molested them, and after a while Puss, Junior, Tom Thumb, and the black-bird came to a baker's shop. Outside his door stood the baker, whip in hand, and a small boy, weeping bitterly.

“What's the matter?” asked Puss, Junior.

“Charley, Charley, stole the barley
Out of the baker's shop;
The baker came out and gave him a clout,
Which made poor Charley hop.”

Puss, Junior, looked at the big baker's flushed face and little Charley's tearful eyes.

“Don't strike him again, please,” said Puss.

The baker dropped his whip on the sidewalk. “Perhaps I've whipped him enough,” he said; “but it's a bad boy who steals, and Charley certainly stole my barley, for there is the bag on the ground just where he let it drop when I caught him.” Yes, it certainly was so. The bag had broken and the barley was scattered over the walk.

“And it was only last Friday that I sent his mother some cakes,” continued the baker, “because she was ill and could not bake.”

STOLEN BARLEY

“She is ill to-day,” sobbed Charley, “and Mrs. Brown came over to take care of her. But we had no barley in the house to make broth, neither did we have any money; that’s the reason I took the bag of barley. I didn’t mean to steal it.”

“What!” cried the baker. “Is your good



mother sick? Take her the barley and tell her to pay me when she can.” And he ran into his shop and brought out another bag and handed it to Charley.

“You are a kind man,” said Puss, Junior, as the small boy ran off to his home. “Have you any nice fresh crullers?”

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

“Yes,” answered the baker.

In a few minutes Tom Thumb and the blackbird had eaten the last crumb. You see, a cruller was as big as little Tom. In fact, he could crawl through the hole; so he and the blackbird were quite content to eat the crumbs!

BLACK SHEEP

“WE might have known we would see a black sheep,” laughed Puss, Junior, as he and Tom Thumb and the blackbird came to a pasture that bordered the highway.

“Why?” inquired Tom Thumb, from the inside of Puss, Junior’s, pocket, where he had hidden himself so as to enjoy a good nap.

“Because the blackbird is traveling with us,” answered Puss. “What can we expect to find but black sheep and black cats?”

The sheep by this time had come up close to the fence and stood looking at our three small travelers with much interest. The blackbird, who had perched himself on the top rail, was the first to speak.

“Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?”
“Yes, sir; yes, sir,
Three bags full.
One for my master,
One for my dame,
And one for the little boy
That lives in our lane,”

answered the black sheep, with a wiggle of his tail.

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

“Do you belong to Little Bo Peep?” asked Tom Thumb, looking out of Puss, Junior’s, pocket.

“No, sir. No sir,” answered the black sheep.

“And I’m sure you’re not Mary’s little lamb,” said Puss, Junior, “for I have seen it, and it doesn’t look anything like you. It’s white—its fleece is white as snow.”

“I’m just plain baa, baa, black sheep,” replied the sheep. “But have you seen the little boy that lives in our lane?”

“No, I haven’t,” replied Puss.

“Well, he’s just the nicest little boy you ever saw,” answered the sheep. “You come along with me and I’ll take you to him.”

So our three small travelers followed the black sheep down a shady lane to a small house. In the front yard was a little boy playing with his toys.

On seeing the black sheep he ran out of the gate, but stopped as soon as he saw Puss, Junior, and the blackbird. He didn’t see Tom Thumb at first, for Tom was in Puss, Junior’s, pocket, you remember.

“Here are some friends of mine, little boy,” said the black sheep. “They are all *Mother Goose* people, so you need not be afraid of them.”

“I’m not,” said the little boy, “only I was surprised; I wasn’t afraid.”

“Bravely said, my boy,” said Puss, Junior;

BLACK SHEEP

“and, if you wish, I will tell you some of my adventures.”

The little boy clapped his hands, and then they all sat down. And in the next story you shall hear what Puss said.

A GOOD GUESS

“ONCE upon a time,” commenced Puss, Junior, after the little boy had seated himself on the steps of the piazza, and the blackbird had perched himself on the railing, and Tom Thumb had crept out of Puss, Junior’s, pocket, and the baa, baa, black sheep had lain down on the lawn—and I’m glad to say there are no more “ands,” for we would never hear Puss, Junior’s, story if we kept on at this rate—“a cat went up into a garret just to look around, when he saw on the floor an old book.”

“On the cover was a picture of a cat wearing red-topped boots. ‘This must be the portrait of my father, Puss in Boots,’ he cried, for that was the name of the story-book cat!”

The little boy looked at Puss, Junior’s, red-tooped boots and gave a happy little laugh. “Aren’t you the cat that went up into the garret?”

And this time Puss, Junior, laughed. “Yes,” he replied; “you have guessed right, my little man. I am that cat.”

“And did you find your father?” asked the little boy.

“I did,” replied Puss, Junior. “I found

A GOOD GUESS

him in the castle of my lord of Carabas, and I stayed there with him for nearly a year.”

“And why did you leave?” asked the little boy.

“Oh, I just wanted to see more of the wide, wide world,” replied Puss, Junior.



“And don’t you ever miss your father?” asked the little boy.

“Yes, I do, very often,” replied Puss, Junior, purring softly into the little boy’s ear. And then, all of a sudden, the little boy saw Tom Thumb in Puss, Junior’s, pocket.

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

“Who are you?” cried the little boy, stretching out his hand.

But Tom had no intention of being picked up by a small boy. He had seen kittens picked up by their small owners, and he wasn't going to run any chances. “I am Tom Thumb,” he answered, running off to a safe distance.

“Come back! Come back!” cried the little boy. “I want to play with you. I won't hurt you.”

“I don't want to be played with,” said Tom Thumb. “If you'll promise to let me alone I'll come back. But you'll have to let me alone.”

Then, Puss, Junior, began to tell more about himself, and in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.

ANOTHER STORY

“TELL me another story about yourself,” said the little boy, cuddling up to Puss, Junior. So Puss, Junior, crossed one leg over the other and commenced:

“One day I met little Red Riding Hood on her way to her grandmother’s with a basket of good things, which I helped her to carry, and when we reached her grandmother’s house she asked me in. As soon as she told her grandmother that I was downstairs in the hall the dear old lady asked me to come up to see her. So I ran up the stairs and found them both sitting in a cozy room.

“In the bay window was a box of red geraniums, and just above, hung from a nail in the wall, was a bird cage with a pretty yellow canary in it.”

“My grandmother has a canary,” said the little boy, “but she hasn’t got any geraniums.”

“I guess there are lots of grandmothers who haven’t got geraniums,” said Puss. “By and by little Red Riding Hood said she must go. So we said good-by and started for her house. I had a big staff in those days. It was very, very strong and I could swing it like everything.

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

Well, after we had gone into the woods for some distance, what do you suppose happened?"

The little boy opened his eyes very wide and said, "Did the wolf come?"

"Yes, he did," replied Puss, Junior. "Little Red Riding Hood got close to me. She trembled and shook, she was so frightened. The big gray



wolf came closer and closer, and when he got so near that I could feel his hot breath I swung my trusty staff and hit him a blow on the head. 'Run! run!' I shouted to Red Riding Hood, and she ran away like the wind.

"The wolf was badly stunned by the blow, and

ANOTHER STORY

before he could get on his feet I hit him again. Then I turned and ran after Red Riding Hood, and when I caught up to her we were nearly out of the forest and not far from her house.”

“My!” said the little boy, drawing a long breath, “that was brave! Is that why somebody gave you a sword?”

“Not exactly,” replied Puss, Junior. “My Lord of Carabas presented me with this weapon.” And Puss unsheathed his sword. “This is much better than my old staff, but in those days I didn’t know much about swords, so I got along very well with what I had.”

As Puss finished the story the black sheep said, “I must go back to the meadow, so I will say good-by for the present.” And he trotted off up the lane.

“We must be on our way, too,” said Puss, Junior, but the little boy begged so hard for another story that Puss sat down again.

JUST ONE MORE STORY

“TELL me just one more story,” pleaded the little boy.

“It’s getting late; we should be on our way,” cautioned Tom Thumb. And the blackbird remarked that the day would soon be over; but Puss, Junior, couldn’t resist the pleading voice of the little boy.

“One day I met the cow that jumped over the moon in a meadow full of cowslips and daisies. The cat who played on the fiddle, and the little dog who laughed at the sport, and the dish that ran away with the spoon were there, too, and up in the sky the big yellow moon, although one doesn’t often see the moon in the daytime. Well, as soon as the cat commenced to play ‘Hey-diddle-diddle’ the cow began to prance. And after a little practice she gave a tremendous jump. Up and up she went in the air until she went clear over the moon.”

“Oh my!” cried the little boy, clasping his hands together, “wasn’t that funny? Wasn’t it wonderful?”

“I thought so,” said Puss. “I never really understood just how she did do it.”

“If she had wings it would have been quite

JUST ONE MORE STORY



simple,” said the blackbird; “but she didn’t, did she?”

“I couldn’t see any,” said Puss. “I told her that it was a wonderful feat. But she said it wasn’t feet at all, so perhaps she had wings that were invisible.”

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

“I’ve heard of flying fish, but not flying cows,” said Tom Thumb, gravely.

“I think it was all right,” said the little boy. “She was a jumping cow. I guess she was a wonderful jumper. Perhaps the moon wasn’t very high up.”

“Well, no, it wasn’t,” said Puss, Junior, thoughtfully. “Now that I come to think of it, the moon hung pretty low, for I heard the man in the moon call out as she came close to him, ‘Look out, and don’t clip off a piece with your hoofs,’ and if it had been very high up I never could have heard his voice, I’m sure.”

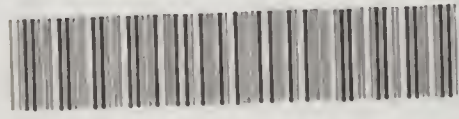
“I wish I’d been there,” said the little boy. “What wonderful things you have seen, dear Puss.”

“Yes, I suppose I have,” he answered; “but, you know, you get so used to strange sights and strange people that you don’t wonder so much after a while. You get worldly, my boy.” And Puss, Junior, curled his whiskers gracefully up at the ends.

And some day, in another book, Puss, Junior, will relate more of his adventures.

THE END

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