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AND THE  
OTHER GIRL  
SOPHIE SWETT



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POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL







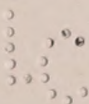
“ ‘ You are harboring a little rascal ! ’ ”



# Polly And The Other Girl

BY  
SOPHIE SWETT

With Illustrations by  
CARL STREHLAU



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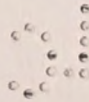
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THE PINK TICKET





# Polly *and the* Other Girl

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## CHAPTER I

### THE PINK TICKET

**P**OLLY was sitting by the garden path trying to make a hollyhock lady, when there was a click of the gate, and looking up, she saw just what she had been wishing for—another girl.

Polly had complained to grandma, that very morning, that the world was full of boys; little Josephus was very much of a boy and Teddy was even more so—they were Polly's brothers; the nearest neighbors were the Dennetts on one side, and the Dennett twins were boys, and the Pulsifers on the other side, and the Pulsifer children were all boys. What you want when you are eleven is another girl who is eleven, especially if you live with grandma, who has forgotten a good many things about being a girl.

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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“Halloo!” said Polly cordially, as she looked up, and “halloo” said the other girl.

She was a tall girl, with a very peaked chin and freckles so large and yellow that Polly instantly thought buttermilk would not take them off as it did their hired girl Drusy’s.

“I ’m a country-week girl,” said the stranger, changing her bundle from one arm to the other.

“Oh! are you?” said Polly politely, although she did n’t know what she meant, never having heard of the city charity which sends poor boys and girls to kindly people in the country for a week’s vacation.

“There was a mistake,” continued the other girl; “two of us came. It was to old Mis’ Proudie’s over on the back road. She took her pick and sent me back; she said I looked saucy. I ’m always the one to get left out of good times, and blamed for everything.”

“Why, so am I,” said Polly, with a thrill of sympathy.

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## POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL

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“You never had another girl steal your country-week, now did you?” said the stranger, resenting it that Polly should think



“ ‘Halloo!’ said Polly cordially ”

she had troubles like hers. “I know that girl got mixed up on purpose.”

“No—o, I never did,” owned Polly. “But

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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I don't think much of country-weeks, anyway," she added; then suddenly her eyes filled with tears. "If I only had another girl perhaps I should," she said.

The girl came forward eagerly.

"I should like to stay with you awful well," she said. "I can't go back anyhow, I 've lost my ticket."

One of the girl's hands was thrust behind her, and from it Polly saw a little slip of pink paper flutter down into the tall grass. Grandma, who just then appeared in the doorway, did n't see it.

"What little girl is this?" she asked.

"I'm Sarah Plunkett, a country-week girl, ma'am," answered the stranger very properly. "Only I 've lost my week, and my ticket to go back, too," She drew her checked gingham sleeve across her eyes as she walked up to the doorway where Grandma stood.

Polly leaned forward suddenly, reached along the tall grass and seized the little pink

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## POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL

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slip, crumpling it into a little wad in her hand.

“Well, come in, and we ’ll talk about your staying here,” Grandma was saying kindly to Sarah Plunkett when Polly reached the steps; and the three went into the wide, cool hall where all summer Grandma kept her tall work-basket and her wicker rocking-chair.

“How did you lose your ticket?” asked Grandma.

Grandpa had been trying to mend the great, tall hall clock, and the clock door was open. Polly, who was standing in front of the clock holding her hands behind her, tossed the little pink wad into the clock; then she pushed against it, as if by accident and shut the door.

“I had it in my hand and then it was gone,” said Sarah Plunkett.

“Both of you go along the road for a little way and perhaps you may find it,” said Grandma. They took each other’s hands and went out, Polly with a dreadful sense of guilt.

“I don’t believe we shall find it if we go away back to old Mis’ Proudie’s,” Sarah said.

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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Polly did n't either; and in spite of the guilty feeling her spirits began to rise. She had another girl for at least a week; perhaps Grandma would let her stay longer, and what good times they would have!

THE COUNTRY WEEK BEGINS





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# *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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## CHAPTER II

### THE COUNTRY WEEK BEGINS

**W**HEN Polly and Sarah Plunkett returned without having found the ticket, Grandma asked Sarah Plunkett several questions.

The girl said her father and mother were both dead, and she drew a dingy little handkerchief from her pocket and showed its tiny black border, as if that were proof that she was an orphan. Her mother had worked in a bake-shop, and now the woman who kept it let Sarah sleep in her attic, and gave her food for doing errands and chores.

Grandpa shook his head a little at Grandma's plan of allowing her to stay a week. He was afraid she would teach Polly slang and rough ways.

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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But Grandma thought it would make Polly more kindly and helpful to know how many hard things some children had to bear; as for rough ways, she did n't think Polly would learn those very readily; and certainly Sarah Plunkett seemed to speak and behave very properly.

So when Grandma had been herself to see old Mrs. Proudie, and had learned that Sarah Plunkett's story of the two girls who, by mistake, had been sent to her for a country-week was quite true, Sarah was given the clean, clover-sweet little bed-room beside Polly's, and the country week began.

Polly had another girl—but there was that little pink wad in the old clock-case!

She could n't get that pink wad out, for the clock door squeaked; and Grandpa never allowed anyone to touch the clock.

She expected every moment that Grandpa would find that ticket!

“Does your conscience ever trouble you, Sarah Plunkett?” asked Polly, over in the raspberry pasture that afternoon.



“ Does your conscience ever trouble you ? ”



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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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“No; you may as well have a good time,” said Sarah Plunkett. She was perched on the top rail of the fence, eating raspberries she had picked. But she looked curiously at Polly, and presently she slipped down from the fence with a little sigh.

“Are you the kind that gets found out?” she asked.

“I think I am,” said Polly dejectedly; “and it hurts to be bad even when I don’t get found out.”

“You ain’t going to tell, are you?” asked Sarah anxiously. “I saw you pick up that ticket. I knew it was because you wanted me to stay, that you did n’t tell. ’T was real good of you.”

“I ’m not going to tell,” said Polly. “But I ’m sorry you told a lie, and sorry I helped. Grandma would have let you stay anyway.”

“I guess,” said Sarah, “if you did n’t live anywhere, and folks did n’t want you, whoppers would come easy to you.”

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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Polly took Sarah's hand in silent sympathy, and they swung Sarah's empty tin pail between them as they walked homeward.

Polly resolved not to say anything to Sarah about that little pink wad in the clock-case. But she lay awake that night, and when all the house was still she stole down stairs—softly, softly!

She had not dared to take her candle, and the moonlight crept in but faintly through the parted muslin curtains, and the great hall was full of shadows that made one's heart thump.

She opened the squeaking door of the old clock carefully, carefully, but it would squeak. She waited and listened, breathless, expecting to hear Grandpa's voice or step, for his ears were quick if they were old. But there was no sound.

Polly put her hand into the clock-case, but instead of finding the ticket, she touched something that set the clock to striking; twelve sharp clanging strokes rang through the house!

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## POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL

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Polly ran and hid herself under the staircase. Grandma's old rainy-day cloak was hanging there and she wrapped herself in its



“ ‘What has got into the old clock?’ ”

fold. In a very few minutes she heard an opening and shutting of doors.

First came Grandpa, stumping down stairs with his candle.

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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“What in nater has got into the pesky old clock?” muttered he.

Next came Hollis, the “hired man,” who slept away off in the barn chamber. “It will be five years next January since that clock has struck before!” exclaimed Hollis, in great excitement.

“It ain’t a good sign,” said Drusy, the “hired girl,” who had come from her chamber away out in the ell.

“Nonsense!” said Grandpa.

Polly, quaking, peeped out and saw him open the clock door.

“Go and see if it waked Polly, and tell her not to be scared,” added Grandpa—for Grandpa was very tender of Polly.



MORE MIDNIGHT ALARMS



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# POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL

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## CHAPTER III

### MORE MIDNIGHT ALARMS

**S**OMETHING must have jarred the clock and made it strike," said Grandpa; and he stumped upstairs again.

"I listened at Polly's door and there was n't a sound; it did n't wake her," said Drusy; and Polly drew a long, long breath of relief.

When the house was still again, Polly stole upstairs, scarcely daring to breathe; she crept into bed shivering and trembling, and fell asleep and dreamed that the old clock had walked upstairs on its claw feet and was waltzing around her room with Drusy; and Drusy's curl papers were every one pink tickets which changed gradually into fire-crackers that went off as she danced.

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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It was pleasant to wake, in the quiet sunshiny morning, and know that the old clock was in its accustomed place in the hall. But a pang came with the thought that Grandpa would soon try to find out why the clock struck and would find the pink ticket!

But directly after breakfast Grandpa went to the barn to give some directions to Hollis, and as he was going up to the hay loft the ladder slipped and he fell and broke his leg!

Poor Grandpa! Neither he nor anyone else thought about the clock that day—no one but Polly, and she felt wicked, for she had hoped something would prevent Grandpa from finding the ticket.

She wished she dared to try again to get the ticket, now that Grandpa lay in bed, but what if she should make the clock strike again?

Drusy thought she would look in and see if she could n't find out what made the old clock strike. It was when she was sweeping the hall, the day after Grandpa's accident.

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## POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL

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The little roll of pink paper was down in a corner, but Drusy's eyes were sharp. She unfolded the pink paper and read aloud: "Pass



“ ‘ I must keep my eye on that young one ’ ”

Sarah Plunkett to Barberry Bend and return.” The name of the superintendent of the children's country-week followed, and then the names of railroad officials.

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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“I must keep my eye on that young one,” said Drusy to herself. “Somehow I like the looks of her, but you can’t tell.”

Polly was at the head of the stairs, and she heard every word.

Drusy tucked the little pink wad back into the clock-case.

“I ain’t goin’ to let her know I’ve found her out, but I ’m going to watch her,” she said.

“She thinks Sarah was bad alone and she was n’t,” said Polly to herself, feeling that the tail of this lie was growing longer and longer.

Sarah made herself very useful about the house. She was never tired of running up and downstairs to wait upon Grandpa, or down into the field to carry luncheon to the hay-makers. When the week came to an end, Grandma, without saying anything even to Polly, wrote to the “superintendent of the country-week,” asking that Sarah Plunkett might make a longer visit; and this was in spite of the fact that Sarah had borrowed

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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Hollis's jew's-harp and taught Polly to play on a comb with resulting duets that were trying to grown people's nerves.

As for Polly, she was happier than she had ever been in her life, except for poor Grandpa's misfortune and for the feeling, of which she could not rid herself, that the tail of that lie was growing; it had begun to seem to her like a real live snake coiled up in the old clock. She started up with a cry when, one night about two weeks after Grandpa broke his leg, that clock struck again. It was one stroke, just one, and for a moment Polly thought she must be dreaming; she drew the bedclothes over her head and lay quite still, her heart beating like a trip-hammer. But no! there it was again—two strokes, then three!

Sarah softly opened the door between her room and Polly's.

"I 'm going down to see what makes that clock strike," she said.

"Sarah Plunkett! alone—in the dark?"

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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gasped Polly, with a great shiver. "Are n't you afraid?"

"I ain't afraid of anything," said Sarah Plunkett, "or, if I am, I just say 'shame on you, 'fraid cat!' and go right ahead."



DR. DOBBINS'S CLOCK-SHOP



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# POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL

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## CHAPTER IV

### DR. DOBBINS'S CLOCK-SHOP

**I** MADE it strike before, but it was n't I this time. What could it have been?" said Polly, in an awe-stricken whisper.

"Come with me and we 'll try to find out!" said Sarah Plunkett courageously, as she held her candle above her head and peered into the darkness of the hall.

"Perhaps it 's—burglars," whispered Polly.

"Burglars don't strike clocks," said Sarah.

Polly slipped her dress on and followed Sarah down stairs. She was ashamed to be afraid, Sarah was so brave.

"When you feel crinkly down your backbone just say, 'forward march!' that 's the way I do," advised Sarah, in a whisper.

But she jumped, herself, when a stair creaked under her feet.

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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Polly stood on the third stair from the bottom when Sarah opened the clock-door; she was saying, "forward, march!" and "now I lay me," both at once and clinging to the stair railing.

The clock-door made that piercing squeak, then came a scamper, a whirr inside, and then the clock struck again!

"O, O, it 's a mouse!" cried Sarah with a little shriek, and clinging to Polly just as if she were not brave at all. "And I think he 's making a nest, for there's pink paper there, all torn into bits!"

Polly drew a long breath of relief; that was the end of the pink ticket!

She walked upstairs quite slowly, while Sarah scampered.

"I 'm not afraid of mice; I like 'em," said Polly stoutly.

"I like 'em—pretty well—when I have my shoes and stockings on," panted Sarah.

They told their adventure at the breakfast

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## POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL

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table next morning. Polly was light-hearted; any one might open that clock-case now!—though she colored when Drusy, as she



“ ‘ O, O, it 's a mouse ! ’ ”

brought in the muffins, looked sharply at Sarah and her.

Grandma said they must set the mouse trap in the hall, and she thought Grandpa would

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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want Polly and Sarah to go across the ferry and get Dr. Dobbins to come and repair the clock.

Grandpa did want them to go and they set out directly after breakfast, for it was half a mile to the river and then they had to be rowed across the river by the ferryman.

It was delightful to go to Dr. Dobbins's; Drusy went very often to have the big silver watch repaired that her uncle had given her, and she always took Polly with her. Then they had to go after the watch when it was done, and Polly was glad that it was a watch that needed a great many repairs.

Dr. Dobbins was a little fat man with such a rosy, smiling face that he looked like a very amiable baby, and he spoke with a little lisp which always sounded to Polly as if he had candy in his mouth. He always had some in the queer little cupboard over his mantel, anyway, and he never forgot to offer some to Polly.



“ He kept clocks, large and small ”





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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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He lived in a little pea-green house with a great gnarled pear-tree in front and a garden that sloped down to the river behind; the garden was filled with wholesome and savory herbs which he sold and with which he cured many disorders.

His clock-shop was the front room of the little pea-green house and he kept clocks, large and small, from grandfather's clocks to the tiny baby things no larger than old-fashioned watches; for Ferry Village was a larger place than Barberry Bend and Dr. Dobbins did a thriving business in clocks. His doctoring was not so profitable, for he treated all poor people for nothing.

"Oh! how sweet it smells," cried Sarah, as the ferryman landed them at the slip at the foot of Dr. Dobbins's garden.

Sarah was even more delighted with the clock-shop; she had never seen such pretty clocks in the city, she said, and in fact Dr. Dobbins prided himself on odd and dainty

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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styles. The cuckoo clock, the clock that was also a barometer and pushed a little gentleman with an umbrella out of a tiny house when it was going to rain and a gay little lady with a parasol when it was going to be fair, pleased Polly most of all, but there was a tiny clock, surrounded by gilt rays, a "rising-sun" clock, Dr. Dobbins called it, which Sarah thought the most fascinating of all.

In the ferryboat, rowing homeward, Polly, who sat beside Sarah in the stern, heard a faint muffled silvery stroke—a stroke like that of the "rising-sun" clock!

Was she dreaming? thought Polly, or had so many striking clocks turned her brain. The ferryman, rested his oars and listened open-mouthed. Sarah Plunkett's face grew scarlet to the roots of her yellow hair, and she put her hand swiftly and slyly into her pocket. In doing so she pushed her pocket towards Polly, and Polly felt sharp little spikes. Sarah Plunkett had the "rising-sun" clock in her pocket.

POLLY PROTECTS THE "THIEF"



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# POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL

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## CHAPTER V

### POLLY PROTECTS THE "THIEF"

I'VE had the best time I ever had in my life. I wish I could stay here forever," said Sarah Plunkett as they walked homeward from the ferry. "And I've got to go back where there's miles of streets and no own folks!"

That clock was swinging in her pocket as she walked and she did n't seem to think anything about it! A bird that flew along before them from tree to tree seemed to Polly to be crying "Thief! thief!" and Polly grew scarlet to the tips of her ears. But Sarah did n't seem to hear him, or perhaps she thought he was only twittering "cheep, cheep!"

Polly looked anxiously behind; she expected to see Dr. Dobbins following them, or an officer whom he had sent to arrest Sarah.

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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But Sarah hop-skipped gaily along and when they reached home she ran to see old Dinah's three brand-new jet-black kittens and to hug Buttercup, the new calf.

Polly sat up in bed that night, wide-awake and staring into the darkness, trying to think what she should do.

Grandma had said, "We must be very patient with Sarah Plunkett, she has n't been taught to be good as you have." But that was about borrowing Hollis's jew's-harp. Polly knew that Grandma would think stealing a very different thing.

She knew she ought to tell Grandma. But that would mean having Sarah sent away—sent back to the dreary little attic over the bake-shop, with sometimes a stale bun for supper and sometimes no supper at all, and—what Sarah seemed to feel was much worse—no "own folks." And Polly felt that to lose Sarah would be more than she could bear. A girl was such a comfort—especially a girl

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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who always wanted to do things and dared to shake a red parasol at the cross gobbler and was not afraid to cross Bugbee's pasture where the old ram was, nor of getting lost in Cork-screw-creek woods.

Even Teddy said she was "game, for a girl," and little Josephus would take his catnip tea from nobody but her.

Polly said a little prayer in which she explained that she did n't know whether what she was going to do was right or wrong, and then she felt better and went to sleep.

She watched for Dr. Dobbins the next day and let him in herself. Sarah was winding worsted for Grandma up in Grandpa's room. "If—if you won't have Sarah arrested, I 'll pay for the clock," she stammered, while the rosy little man was taking off the great clock which he always wore strapped upon his breast for a sign.

"Ah—h! so it was Sarah who played the mischief with the clock, was it?" said Dr. Dobbins. "Well, we 'll see, we 'll see!"

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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“There is my donkey money,” explained Polly eagerly. “I was going to buy a donkey and Grandpa would buy me the cart. There’s three dollars and seventeen cents; there ought to be more, but money goes so, you know, when you don’t think.”

“Yes, I know,” said the little clock man seriously.

“Teddy owes me fifty-six cents, but he’s very short; boys have to have so many fish hooks. And my pullets won’t lay; I counted on the egg-money—and now they’re all four roosters!”

“It often happens so in this world,” said Dr. Dobbins.

Just then, before she had time to find out how much the clock was worth, Grandma came down, and Polly could n’t find another chance to speak to him.

When Grandma paid him for repairing the clock, just as he was going, he looked sharply at Polly. But he nodded pleasantly, and Polly



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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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felt he would say nothing if she could get the money soon.

He watched Sarah very closely whenever



“ ‘ Yes, I know, ’ said the little clock man ”

she came near. Drusy noticed it; she said he scarcely took his eyes off her; and that made Polly tremble. But he spoke very kindly to

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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Sarah and asked her questions about her home in the city.

Polly said she did n't want to go to the Village Improvement Society's picnic the next day; Grandma had said that as she was a member of the society and ought to help it she would better buy her ticket herself, and Polly felt that she could not afford to spend a quarter until that clock was paid for.

Sarah had earned her money by weeding the onion bed and she went to the picnic in a pink dress that Grandma had given her.

Polly had resolved to work Sarah a motto, as a moral influence; she thought first of "Thou Shalt Not Steal," but that seemed very unpleasantly personal under the circumstances. Even "Thou God Seest Me" seemed a little too pointed. So she chose "The Lord is My Shepherd." It did n't seem quite sure Sarah would understand by it that she must not steal, but Polly thought she ought to.

Sewing was not Polly's strong point and the

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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letters were somewhat crooked and knotty, and a few tears would fall on it, for Polly dearly loved a picnic; but if Sarah would only understand that she must not steal!



BEPPPO



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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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### CHAPTER VI

#### BEPPPO

**P**OLLY had money-troubles just as soon as she began to try to save up to pay for that clock!

It seemed queer that it should happen so. Teddy had broken his own bicycle "coasting" down Tumble-down Hill; then what should he do but coast down on Iky Dennett's bicycle and break that!

Grandpa said he must pay for the repairs himself and he did n't dare to tell Grandpa he had spent his allowance. So Polly had to lend Teddy a dollar and a half.

She felt quite desperate then, and she took her two fan-tailed pigeons—pretty little Flutterby and Fluff—down to Tom Greeley, who had offered her seventy-five cents for them.

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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And then, two days afterwards, Tom brought the pigeons back and wanted his money returned. He said Fluff and Flutterby did n't get along with his pigeons; but Teddy said he wanted his money back because the circus was coming. "I would n't have given him back his money," said he. "He knew he could impose upon a girl."

"Fluff was all pecked; I could n't have that," said Polly. "And Tom brought his monkey, Beppo, to lend me for two days—the same time as he had the pigeons."

"He calls that business!" sneered Teddy.

Polly could scarcely keep back the tears. It was so discouraging to be obliged to return the seventy-five cents! Beppo's society did count—he played such funny tricks; but of course that "was n't business."

Teddy enjoyed Beppo's society if it "was n't business." The Dennett twins came over to see him that afternoon and all the Pulsifer children, even Amanda, who felt so grown-up.



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## POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL

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Beppo switched his tail in imitation of the way in which Amanda switched her skirts, and leaped upon Drusy's shoulder to compare



“ The monkey was perched on the organ ”

his ear-rings with hers; when Grandma came out, although he was cracking and munching peanuts that Iky Dennett had given him, he

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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stopped and made a profound bow, with his cap in one hand and the other hand on his heart. But he spoiled his politeness the next moment by seizing Grandma's cap by one string, pulling it off her head and throwing it into the well! Hollis succeeded in fishing it out, after awhile, but Grandma said she thought a two-days' visit was too long a one for a monkey to make.

When they scolded Beppo he climbed up on the woodbine to the roof and sat there eating peanuts, and scolding, until, queerly enough, an organ-grinder happened along. Down came Beppo and mounted the organ in a twinkling, bowing and scraping and passing his cap around for pennies; and they were obliged to shut him up in his cage when the organ-grinder left to prevent him from following.

When Polly and Sarah carried his supper to the cage the door was open and the monkey was gone! "The organ-grinder!" cried Sarah.



“ ‘Just wait till I catch him’, cried Sarah ”



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## POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL

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She seized her hat and rushed out and Polly followed.

Almost to Barberry Four Corners, two miles and a half, they ran before they caught sight of the man. There was the monkey perched upon the organ!

But the man instead of stopping when they shouted, hurried along. He turned aside into a field; it was a short cut to the village but the ground was swampy.

After him ran Sarah, and Polly followed.

“Just wait till I catch him!” cried Sarah, running faster. “I think he’s one of the organ-grinders in our street!”

Polly sank into the mire and twisted her ankle. She had to sit there and wait, in great pain, with darkness coming on.

At last there was Sarah, and she could hear the monkey scolding and Sarah petting him. Sarah’s voice sounded a little queer and shaky, but Polly did n’t think much about that until afterwards.

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## POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL

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“I can borrow a wheelbarrow at the next house and wheel you home,” said Sarah, promptly. “You ’re so little and I ’m strong in my arms.”

Before they reached home, Sarah wheeling Polly in the barrow, they met Hollis and Teddy searching for them, with Grandma and Drusy not far behind.

It was moonlight then, and they could see that Sarah was very pale, and when Hollis took the wheelbarrow she slipped down in a little heap on the ground.

“See here!” Hollis raised her sleeve and showed a trickle of blood. “That monkey bit her!—she ’s had a tussle to keep going, I can tell you! There ’s no more heft to her than there is to a grasshopper, but she ’s clear grit.”

“Poor little cretur,” said Drusy, as Hollis took Sarah up in his arms. “I ’m real glad Dr. Dobbins gave her that ‘rising-sun’ clock; he said he did n’t want her to tell you, Polly,

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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because he had n't anything to give you then, but he is going to give you one."

"Dr. Dobbins gave Sarah the clock!" cried Polly; and she burst into tears. But they were tears of joy.





SARAH MEETS AN OLD FRIEND



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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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### CHAPTER VII

#### SARAH MEETS AN OLD FRIEND

**G**RANDMA wrote again to the Superintendent of the Children's Country-Week and asked that Sarah Plunkett might make a still longer visit to Barberry Bend.

Grandma had heard the story of the clock; as sooner or later Grandma heard most of Polly's experiences she would be very likely to hear about the ticket some time; and she and Grandpa had put their heads together and decided that Sarah Plunkett was good for Polly; also that Barberry Bend and Polly—especially Polly—were good for Sarah Plunkett.

Sarah's arm had been very sore from the monkey's bite, and the result was that Beppo

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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was decided to be a dangerous playfellow and restored to the organ-grinding life, which evidently suited his tastes.

Polly felt guilty because she had suspected Sarah of stealing the clock. She insisted upon buying Sarah's ticket to the circus out of her own money; somehow it made her feel a little better.

She was quite rich, too, now that she was not obliged to pay for the clock. Teddy threatened to go into bankruptcy, but he was often financially embarrassed, and almost always paid in full after awhile; he had promised, too, to give her his smallest peacock if he should be forced to pay only ten cents on a dollar.

So the donkey did n't seem very far in the future after all, and, as Polly said feelingly to Grandma, "if only a person's mind did n't trouble her she could do without donkeys."

Grandpa had hoped to be able to take them to the circus—Grandpa was a man who had n't

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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forgotten how it seemed to be a boy—but his leg was not strong enough. So Hollis went, in the open wagon, with Drusy on the front seat beside him, and Polly and Sarah on the back seat, while Teddy and Iky Dennett dangled their legs out behind.

The circus grounds were at Barberry Four Corners; a circus came there almost every summer but it was not often such a circus as this! There were big elephants and baby elephants, a tall giraffe and a fat rhinoceros, a roaring lion in a cage, and a wild man of Borneo in a chariot, looking as tame as anybody.

They drove along with the procession, which was headed by a band playing delightful music; the roads were thronged with carriages and people on foot and it was very exciting, though Teddy was somewhat disgusted to find that the boy who was riding the giraffe was Tom Greeley!

“They let him do it because he had those

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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clothes; they 're the regimentals that he had to speak his piece in at the Fourth of July picnic," said Iky Dennett.

"He 'll want to ride something else, or back out of his bargain somehow," said Teddy, scowling at the proud rider of the giraffe.

"O Sarah! the ponies—the prettiest of all!" cried Polly.

There were dozens of them; satiny, dappled little Shetland fellows with almost more mane than pony; chunky Canadian ponies that looked, as Teddy said, as if they had been whittled out; rough little mustangs, fiery, yet with human, affectionate eyes.

"Oh! I wish I could have a pony instead of a donkey," said Polly.

"You won't save up enough to buy one of those as long as you have a sweet tooth," said Teddy, which was a little cruel since he was much more of a hindrance to Polly's saving than her "sweet tooth."

As they came out of the tent, after the per-

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## POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL

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formance was over, Polly saw a thin, ragged boy watching them with eager eyes. Suddenly he pulled Sarah's skirt.



“Suddenly he pulled Sarah's skirt”

“Say! Sarah Plunkett, you come with me,”  
he said; “him and her, too, if they want to,”

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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indicating Teddy and Polly by a jerk of his thumb.

“Why—why Joey Blinn!” said Sarah in great surprise. “Your mother thinks you ran away to sea!”

Joey Blinn did n’t wish to talk about his personal affairs.

“Do you like them little mustangs?” The boy’s voice trembled. His lips quivered.

“O, yes, yes!” cried Polly eagerly.

“Then you just come with me.”



THE CIRCUS PONY



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# *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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## CHAPTER VIII

### THE CIRCUS PONY

**H**OLLIS was feeding the horses and he promised to wait. Drusy thought she would better go with them; she said she “did n’t much like the looks of that boy.”

The boy led them across a field and into a clump of bushes. Under the shelter of an old wagon-top lay one of the shaggy little Indian ponies, breathing heavily. “He—he ’s the one I liked best. I ’ve took care of ’em. He ’s Bob. He ’s awful cunning and loving; they say he can’t get well, and they ’re going to shoot him.”

Polly stooped and patted the pony’s shaggy head, and the little fellow looked up at her with affectionate eyes of his kind.

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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“They ’d give him to anybody that would take him,” said the boy eagerly. “If they ’d let me take him along I believe I could cure him. But they won’t; they say it ’s too much trouble; and he is n’t worth as much as a Shetland. They only think of what things are worth, but I—I like him. You look as if you was well-off folks that lived somewhere; oh, I wish you ’d take him!”

“We will,” said Polly promptly. “Drusy, I shall have him instead of a donkey!”

“We shall have to see whether Hollis thinks he ’ll live,” said Drusy. Hollis, when he came and looked at the pony, shared the opinion of his owners—that he would not live; and beside he did n’t know how they should get him home. But Polly was so sure that Grandpa would let her have him that he spoke to the circus proprietors and found it true they would give him to anyone who would take him.

The result was that Hollis went that night with the big farm wagon and brought the pony home.

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## POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL

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Joey Blinn came, too; the circus company was going on to the next town, and he would be obliged to walk half the night to overtake it, but he wanted to be sure that "Bob" was safe.

The poor little pony could not stand, his wistful eyes were dim, but he rubbed his nose affectionately on Joey Blinn's tear-stained cheek. "I 'll be coming to see him," said Joey as he went away.

"He is the bake-house woman's son," said Sarah. "I suppose I ought to write to his mother. But he 'll always have to dodge his step-father's crutch if he goes back."

Grandpa sent for Dr. Dobbins, whose herbs were as good for horses as for people and who had especial skill in healing animals.

He shook his head over the mustang pony, but worked away with warm drinks and rubbings for half the night.

Little Josephus, and Polly, and Sarah, and Hollis, and Drusy, and Grandma, and Grandpa

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## POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL

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helped, while Teddy kept the boys of the neighborhood from being too attentive to the pony.

At the end of a week there came a letter to Sarah:

“deer sarah Plunkitt, madam, rite how are bob if he are Dead dont rite I cant Bare it Respecklefy yours, Joseph Blinn.”

Sarah answered the letter. It was a good deal of an undertaking.

“Dear Joey if the Pony had dyed i wood not have wrote noing Your feelings but if You had seen Him kick up His Heels in the barn Yard yestiddy and shaik His main at the cross Goblar which advance on Him feroshus You wood no He was not Ded. there is a butifull dokter here name dokter dobins and He kured the pony and so did we awl; He maiks Kloks yestiddy He et otes out of Mi hand Polly loves Him and thanks You harty for Him She sais to kom and see Him and She will alwis kall Him bob joey You awt to lett Your mother no how You get allong and do nott tell whop-



“ Hollis did n't know how they should get him home ”



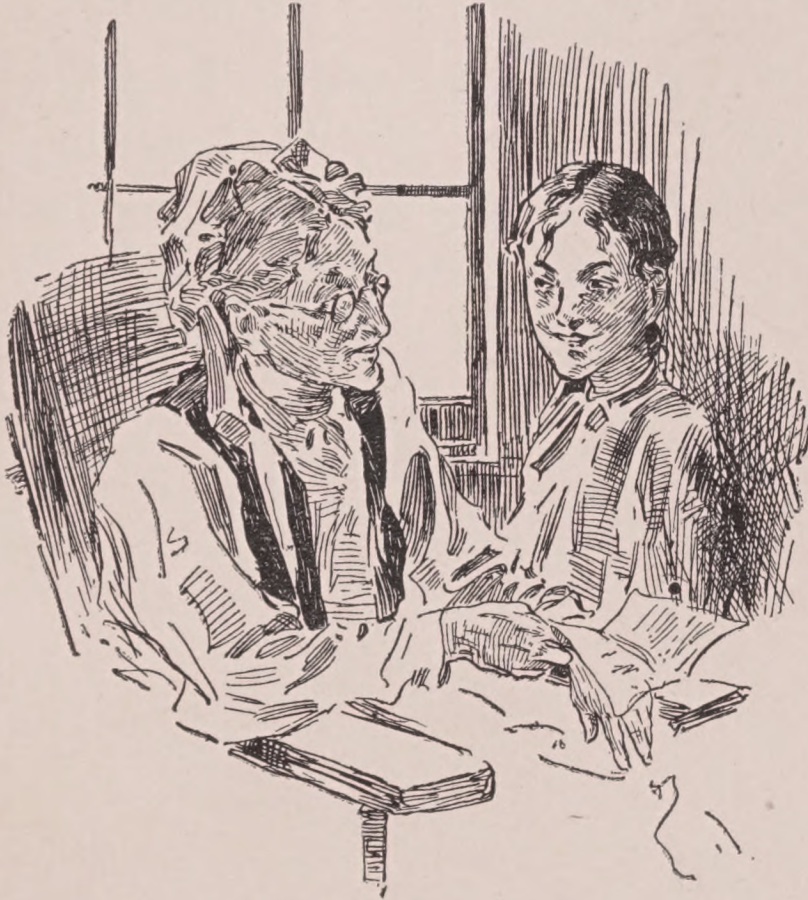


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## POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL

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pers, for there is alwis a tale to them as Polly  
sais and to be good is better than lerning or



“ ‘ Maybe I can tell you some time ’ ”

riches as it sais in the riteing book and so no  
more from Yore old frend

“Sarah Plunkett.

“p S joey thare is Good foks and good Times

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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in the woald and i no a Grate Sekrit i will tel  
You wen You kom Polly is going to hav a  
pony kart but that is nott the Sekrit.”

“Don’t you feel bad because I don’t tell you  
the secret,” said Sarah consolingly to  
Grandma, when Grandma had read the letter.  
“Maybe I can tell you some time.”

BOB



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# *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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## CHAPTER IX

BOB

**P**OLLY'S pony-cart was a beauty; it was as yellow as a sunflower and had a blue corduroy cushion. It went with a little bumpity-bump (as Polly said) and a rattle, as is the manner of pony-carts, but Polly thought that only made it the more delightful.

Bob, who had never been broken to harness, had his own opinion of the cart; he turned his head and looked at it when Hollis, having put on his new harness all spick-and-span and shining with silver, backed him in between the shafts. Then he kicked up his heels and capered, backing the cart into the farm wagon to the great risk of the wheels.

“Oh, Bob, how can you? I thought you 'd like it!” said Polly rubbing his nose. “You like to carry us on your back!”

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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Bob looked down and pawed the ground in an embarrassed way. Then he tossed his head with one of his gruff expressive little whinnies, that was as much as to say:

“If you had been born a little whirlwind, as I was, to sweep over wide prairies and never know a bit or curb, would you like to drag a little rattling, bumping, painted wagon at your heels?”

But he allowed Polly to lead him around with the cart at his heels, and was very patient, though he would start and tremble a little now and then.

When Hollis got into the cart and attempted to drive him, the pony's heels flew so they were afraid the cart would be kicked to pieces, and Grandpa would not allow Polly to try it.

Tom Greeley, who was one of a group of highly entertained boys watching the proceedings, offered to break him to harness for the use of pony and cart for a fortnight, the two pigeons which he had returned to Polly, and

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## POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL

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thirty-seven cents in cash. But his offer was not accepted.



“A boy suddenly jumped over the fence”

Teddy said indignantly that he “guessed they could break in their own pony.”

But Teddy’s plan was not at all a success; it was to mount the pony’s back and ride him,

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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postilion fashion, while he was still harnessed to the cart. Bob resented this so highly that he tossed Teddy over his head into a clover bed, and it was humiliating to one's pride; especially with Tom Greeley looking on.

Bob started on a run up the road, and it is quite uncertain where he would have brought up or how the cart would have fared, if a boy had not suddenly jumped over the fence into the road crying "Bob!" with a surprised and reproachful accent.

He was a ragged and dusty boy, and he had tramped his toes out of his rough old shoes. Bob stopped; he shivered all over, but he stopped; and when the boy came up he rubbed the boy's cheek with his nose and whinnied gently.

"Stay and break him in, can't you?" cried Teddy who had left his courage in the clover bed. For the boy had seated himself in the cart and was driving Bob slowly along the road. Bob did n't like it; he did n't really



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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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pretend that he did, and he stopped and shivered now and then; but he did n't kick or caper, and he did obey his driver's voice.

"I can't stay," said the boy alighting from the wagon and feeding Bob with three small lumps of sugar which he took from his pocket in a carefully folded paper. "The comp'ny 's over to Pawtuxet; I 've got to foot it back again before morning!"

"Say!" cried Tom Greeley, in an excited half-whisper, "that 's the fellow that escaped from the Reform School and broke into Seeley's store last spring! there 's the scar on his chin and his red hair and all!"

"You shut up!" cried Sarah Plunkett fiercely. "He 's Joey Blinn and I know his mother. He 's a friend of mine and I have n't seen him for over a year."

"Then how do you know where he has been or what he has been doing?" cried Tom Greeley with a triumphant sneer.

The strange boy had caught something of

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*POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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this conversation. He looked in a startled way from one to the other, and then his face grew very pale.

JOEY AND BOB DISAPPEAR



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# POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL

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## CHAPTER X

### JOEY AND BOB DISAPPEAR

**J**OEY BLINN might drive Bob in harness, but Bob wished it to be understood that no one else was going to. When Teddy tried it he behaved just about as badly as it was possible for a pony to behave, and even Hollis found it scarcely possible to hold him.

Hollis persuaded Joey to spend the night at the farm by promising to give him a lift on his way, in the wagon, early in the morning.

Grandma found some of Teddy's outgrown clothes that fitted him; it is true that his arms were a little longer than the jacket sleeves and his legs than the trousers, but the clothes were much more comfortable than his own that were soiled and ragged. Hollis had a pair of

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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“sneakers” with rubber soles that were too small for him, and these replaced Joey’s worn-out old shoes.

But it must be owned that Joey seemed a little ungrateful. Before light he slipped out of the barn chamber, where he slept with Hollis, and went away.

“I suppose he was afraid he should n’t get back in time,” said Hollis. “I don’t think they treat him very well in that circus, but a boy that will run away with a circus I don’t think much of myself.”

“Such a little fellow he was and his stepfather was cruel to him,” pleaded Sarah in excuse. “He ’ll come back to see Bob,” said Teddy sagely. “When a fellow likes a dumb thing like that—a fellow that never had much to like—its orfle hard to keep away from him.”

Before they had finished breakfasting at the farm up drove the sheriff as fast as he could drive. Polly saw Tom Greeley drop out from the back of the sheriff’s wagon and hide behind

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## POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL

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the syringa-bush; then she knew just what the sheriff had come for.

“You are harboring a little rascal that ran away from the Reform School—one of the crowd that broke into Seoley’s store,” said the sheriff; “red-haired and sharp as a weasel; scar on his chin; calls himself Jack Roberts, but likely to have a dozen names.”

“That is n’t Joey Blinn!” cried Sarah Plunkett; “he never was in the Reform School and never broke in a store!”

“How do you know?” asked the sheriff, turning to Sarah.

“Why, because he ’s Joey Blinn; he ’s a friend of mine,” answered Sarah, stoutly.

The sheriff laughed. But he asked Sarah many questions about the boy’s home and parents, and they all heard more about Muffin Court where Sarah lived than she had ever told before. There were hardships there and few good times; Joey Blinn had to run away from his step-father’s crutch; but he was a

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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good boy; it was useless to tell Sarah Plunkett that Joey was not a good boy.

“He ’s the fellow I ’m after, no doubt,” said the hard-hearted sheriff.

Hollis had told him of Joey’s departure in the early morning, and in the midst of Sarah’s indignant assertions that Joey Blinn “was n’t nobody but just himself,” off drove the sheriff towards Pawtuxet.

He returned in the middle of the afternoon angry and disappointed. He had not found Joey. The boy had not returned to the circus company.

“He must have got wind of it somehow that I was on his track,” said the sheriff

Polly remembered how pale the boy had turned when Tom Greeley had said “Reform School.” But she did n’t speak of it to Grandma, for she had heard her say to Grandpa that she was almost afraid they had had too much to do with people from Muffin Court.

Tom Greeley did not offer again to help



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## POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL

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break the pony to harness. He watched the efforts that were made from the crotch in a tall apple-tree in the field opposite the house.



“Tom Greeley watched from a tall apple-tree”

He said he did n't like a girl like that Sarah Plunkett; she did n't suit him, someway.

It took two whole weeks to get that pony broken so that he would draw the cart like a

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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well-ordered horse, and the very day after Polly and Sarah had their first comfortable drive he disappeared!

It was just at dusk that Hollis went to lock the stable door, and found the door open and the pony gone from his stall.

“Stolen, of course,” said Hollis, calling everyone from the house to see what had happened. “And look!” he pointed to a foot-print in the soft ground at the stable door; “if that is n’t the marks of those sneakers I’ll miss my guess. The bottoms of them were ribbed, that ’s how I know.”

SARAH IS LOST



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# *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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## CHAPTER XI

### SARAH IS LOST

**S**ARAH said, with angry tears in her eyes, that it was n't Joey Blinn who stole the pony. Joey had been her friend ever since he wore aprons, and if ever he had a hot bun with a lot of raisins in it, he gave half to the little hump-backed Jimmy Driver. And all the half-starved cats and the tramp dogs in Muffin Court knew that Joey was their friend; and he always carried her bundle, and picked up her cane for mulatto Abby, the old washerwoman; and he had stood barefooted in the rain many an evening to sell papers for Toby Burt, who had a narrow chest and breathed like a steam-engine when there was a cold rain. Would a boy like that steal?

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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But Hollis kept shaking his head, and saying: "He was terrible fond of the pony, that boy was, and he would n't have run away with a circus if he had n't been terrible fond of animals; and look at the print of that sneaker!"

Grandpa sent for the sheriff. They tried to trace the pony's tracks and the tracks of those sneakers, but the ground was dry, and it was all in vain.

The sheriff said he would start afresh the next day, and he would recover the pony and have the boy in jail before night!

Tom Greeley was n't afraid to come nearer than the crotch of the apple-tree now, and he said he knew the minute he clapped eyes on that boy that he was Jack Roberts, who ran away from the Reform School and broke into Seeley's store.

The next morning in Sarah Plunkett's little clover-sweet room, next to Polly's, there was no Sarah Plunkett!

She was n't under the early sweeting tree

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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in the orchard, nor counting over the brood of young turkeys that Grandpa had given her for her very own, nor making "cheeses" with her red calico skirts to tantalize the cross gobbler.

With Sarah had gone her hat and sacque, and Drusy reported that when she went down stairs at five o'clock the porch door was unfastened.

Little Josephus threw some light on the mystery; he said he had seen the red-headed boy that cooled down the pony talking to Sarah Plunkett over the orchard wall the day before; and no cross-questioning could shake Josephus's testimony.

Grandpa and Grandma looked at each other. Grandma said, in a voice that trembled, she was afraid they were simple-minded people and easily deceived: she had been fond of that Sarah—she could n't help it. And to think that they had exposed Polly to such influences! They would never have another country-week girl.

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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Polly went into Sarah's room. She looked, with a swelling heart, at everything that reminded her of Sarah. There was the bunch of jack-in-the-pulpits which they had gathered down by Bound Brook yesterday. There was the picture which Sarah had drawn of Bob and the new calf; Sarah could n't draw very well; it was impossible to tell which was the pony and which was the calf, but Polly thought that did not prevent it from being a very beautiful drawing. There was the motto that Polly had worked for her, "The Lord is My Shepherd;" it seemed as if Sarah had not understood that it meant she must be good. Suddenly the little "rising-sun" clock struck, and it was like a burst of music in Polly's ears.

"There was the time I thought Sarah was bad before, and she was n't!" she said to herself. "Now I won't believe it!—if she never comes back, I won't believe Sarah is bad!"

It was noon now, but a little hurrying figure



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## POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL

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that had stolen out of the porch door was still hurrying on.



“Sarah was lost”

There were deep woods between Barberry Bend and Patmeel. Somewhere in a little clearing in the woods was an old barn; Joey

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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had given Sarah some landmarks by which she was to find it, but the landmarks had failed her. She could not find the little clearing, could not find her way back to the road; she was lost in the woods!

THE "GRATE SEKRIIT"



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# POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL

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## CHAPTER XII

### THE "GRATE SEKRIIT"

**T**HE Elephant now goes round, goes round,  
The band begins to play."

It was a round and jolly voice that sang—as round and jolly as little Dr. Dobbins himself; it reached the very depths of the thick woods, and a broad smile overspread Sarah's sharp little freckled face and drove the tears back as she heard it.

She called the doctor's name until the woods rang, and at length her ears were rejoiced by an answering "Hullo!"

Presently there was the little doctor's rosy face beaming upon her. Oh! how comforting it was for a tired and frightened little girl to drop her cares upon him. A great many times

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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that morning had Sarah felt obliged to say to herself, "Shame on you, 'fraid cat!"

It was a tumble-down old barn in which they found Joey Blinn, and there was not even hay to lie on, and Joey's face was flushed with fever and his limbs weak.

"Joey is afraid of the sheriff," explained Sarah, aside to the doctor. "You ought to go right ahead when you 're afraid, but it seems as if Joey could n't. I think it 's because he 's had such an orfle hard time. They think he 's Jack Roberts, but he ain't"—

"I know it. I heard all about him when I went down to Muffin Court," said the doctor. "His mother cried about him, but she said if he came back his step-father would abuse him. When I told her you were my niece—"

"Oh! sh—sh!" whispered Sarah, as if the woods had ears. "I do want to s'prise Polly!"

"Why, the day after I saw you first—the day I mended the big clock in the hall—says I to Drusy, 'That little gal looks just like my sister

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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Sally that ran away from our home in England to marry Gregory Plunkett!' But I was n't sure, you know, till I went down to Muffin Court and inquired about your mother."

"Does Drusy know that I 'm your niece?" asked Sarah anxiously, for she wished to tell her "grate sekret" herself.

"Drusy 's a gal that wears a thinking-cap," said the little doctor. "That was all I ever said to her about it."

He took Joey Blinn in his arms and carried him to his wagon, which stood in the road. He assured Joey that no sheriff should arrest him, and Joey fell asleep on the way to Ferry Village, with the doctor's arm around him.

It was n't the first time that the little pea-green house had been a hospital for the poor and friendless!

They took a short cut to Ferry Village, so Sarah could not stop and explain why she had run away so early in the morning. But just as soon as Joey was comfortable in bed she

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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went across the ferry to the farm with her "grate sekrit."

"Polly and I were going to drive the pony to Barberry Four Corners this afternoon, and she would miss me," she said to the doctor.

Into the great hall where Grandpa and Grandma and Polly were sitting Sarah rushed.

"Oh!—oh!—I 've got own folks! I belong to somebody!" she cried. "I 'm an uncle—I mean a niece—and it 's Dr. Dobbins—and Joey was orfle sick; he came and told me but he would n't let me tell for fear of the sheriff, though he never was anybody but Joey Blinn in his life, and how could he be? and my uncle has took him home, and he says he has such a good head maybe he 'll be a clock-maker! And we 're all going to live together and—O, Drusy!"—for Drusy had run in at the sound of Sarah's voice—"my uncle said to tell you that now he must be taken care of right away—that's what he said, and I don't know what he meant."





“ Oh!—oh!—I’ve got own folks’ cried Sarah ”



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## POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL

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Drusy drew Sarah behind the door and gave her a great hug. "You little goose! don't you know I'm going to be your Aunt?"



"Teddy dashed into the yard on Bob's back"

"More own folks!" gasped Sarah, in bewildered joy. "And oh, Polly! it 's such a little

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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way over the bridge, with the pony—you can come every day!”

Polly's face, that had been bright with Sarah's joy, clouded.

“He 's gone! Bob 's gone—stolen!” she said. “We thought”—But no! Polly could not tell Sarah what they had all thought.

Just at that very moment Teddy's “whoop and hooray” rang out. Into the yard dashed Teddy on Bob's back!

“That fellow, Tom Greeley, wanted me to give him a dollar and a half to bring the pony back—would n't tell me where he was!” said Teddy. “I found out that he was in the pound at Ferry Village, where they put stray animals. I had to pay half a dollar to get him out! You must pay me, Polly, I 'm so orfle short.” Teddy's brow wrinkled with anxiety about his half-dollar. “Tom Greeley saw the pony come out of the stable—that fellow is always sitting up in the crotch of that apple-tree! Bob opened the door with his teeth!

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## *POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRL*

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Those circus ponies can always do tricks. Then Tom Greeley thought he could make something out of it. He is n't going to get the reward. They 've caught Jack Roberts, and he is n't Joey Blinn at all!"

"Joey Blinn is going to be my brother," explained Sarah. "Seems as if the world was chock full of own folks and good times—no more whoppers for me, Polly!"

"I 'll come over every day, Sarah," said Polly, drawing a long breath of perfect happiness. "It will be so nice always to have another girl!"

(The End.)



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