

Buddy and Brighteyes Pigg eBook

Buddy and Brighteyes Pigg by Howard Roger Garis

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BUDDY PIGG IN A CABBAGE

Once upon a time, not so many years ago, in fact it was about the same year that Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, the little puppy dog boys lived in their kennel house, there used to play with them, two queer little brown and white and black and white animal children, called guinea pigs. They were just as cute as they could be, and, since I have told you some stories about rabbits, and squirrels and ducks, as well as about puppies, I wonder how you would like to hear some account of what the guinea pigs did?

Anyhow, I'll begin, and so it happened that there lived at one time, in a nice little house, called a pen, four guinea pigs.

There was the papa, and he was named Dr. Pigg, and the reason for it was that he had once been in the hospital with a broken paw, and ever since he was known as "Doctor." Then there was his wife, and his little boy, and his little girl. They were Montmorency and Matilda, but, as the children didn't like those names, they always spoke of each other as "Buddy" and "Brighteyes," so I will do the same.

Buddy Pigg (and he had two g's in his name you notice) was black and white, and Brighteyes Pigg was brown and white, and they were the nicest guinea pig children you could meet if you rode all week in an automobile. One day Buddy went out for a walk in the woods alone, because Brighteyes had to stay at home to help to do the dishes, and dust the furniture.

Buddy, who, I suppose, you remember, was a friend of Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, walked along, sniffing with his nose, just like Sammie and Susie Littletail, the rabbits.

"It seems to me," Buddy said, "that I smell something good to eat. I wonder if it can be an ice cream cone, or some peanuts, or anything like that?" He looked around but he couldn't see any store there in the woods where they sold ice cream or peanuts, and then he knew he must be mistaken. Still he kept on smelling something good.

"I wonder where that is?" he exclaimed, and he sniffed harder than ever. And then he knew what it was—a cabbage—a great, big cabbage! He ran around the side of a big rock, and there lying on the path, was a fine big cabbage. Some one had dropped it by mistake.

"This is great luck!" cried Buddy Pigg. "There is enough for me and Brighteyes, and I can take some home to mamma and to my papa, the doctor. Yes, indeed, this has been a lucky day for me. I'm as glad I found this cabbage as if I had picked up ten cents! I guess I'll eat some to see how it tastes."

So Buddy Pigg began to gnaw at the cabbage and, as he had very good teeth for gnawing—almost as good as Sammy Littletail's—he soon had quite a hole made. But



he kept on gnawing and eating away, so fine did it taste, until, in a little while if he hadn't eaten a hole right into the cabbage and he found himself inside, just like the mousie in the loaf of bread!

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“Ha! This is very fine, indeed!” cried Buddy Pigg. “I think I will take a nap here,” and lopsy-flop! if that little guinea pig didn’t curl up inside the cabbage and go fast, fast asleep; and not even his tail stuck out, because, you see, he didn’t have any tail—guinea pigs never do have any, which is a good thing, I suppose.

Well, Buddy Pigg was sleeping away inside that cabbage, dreaming of how nice it would be to take the rest of it home, when all at once, who should come creeping, creeping around the edge of the rock, but a great, big fox. He had sharp eyes, had that fox, and he saw the little guinea pig asleep inside the cabbage, even though Buddy’s tail didn’t stick out.

“Ah, ha! Oh, ho!” exclaimed the fox, and he smacked his lips. “I see a fine feast before me! Oh, yes, indeed, a very fine feast! Guinea pig flavored with cabbage! Now, just so that pig can’t get out, I’ll stop up that hole, while he’s asleep in there, and I’ll go and get my wife, and we’ll come back and have a dandy meal! Oh! a most delectable meal!”

So that old fox crept softly, so softly, up to where the cabbage was, with Buddy asleep inside, and the fox took a stone, and he crowded it, and wedged it, fast in the hole, so poor Buddy couldn’t get out, though there was some air for him to breathe. Then the fox laughed to himself: “Ha, ha!” and “Ho, ho!” and hurried off down the hill after his wife.

Well, it wasn’t long before Buddy Pigg awoke, and he tried to stretch himself, as he always did after a nap, and wasn’t he the surprised guinea pig, though, when he found he couldn’t stretch!

“Why, what can be the matter?” he cried. “I’m all in the dark! Let’s see where was I? Oh, I remember, I found a cabbage, and I began to eat it, and I went inside it—And land sakes, goodness me and a trolley car! I’m inside it now!” he cried, as he smelled the cabbage. “I’m shut in the cabbage just as if I was shut in a closet! However did it happen?” and he tried to turn around, and make his way out, but he couldn’t, because the stone which the fox had stuffed in the hole closed it up too tight.

“I’m locked in!” cried Buddy Pigg. “Locked in a cabbage! Isn’t it terrible!” and of course it was, and no fooling, either.

Well, Buddy Pigg was a brave little chap, and instead of sitting down and crying there in the dark, he began to think of how he could get out. He thought of all sorts of ways, but none of them seemed any good, and at last he decided to try to burst the cabbage open. But it was too strong and thick, and he couldn’t do it.

He soon discovered, however, that, wiggling around inside it as he did, made the cabbage wiggle too, and the first thing you know the cabbage began to roll down the hill, just like a man in a barrel.

Faster and faster went the cabbage down the hill, over and over, with Buddy inside, and he began to get dizzy, for he didn't know what was happening.



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Then, at that moment, who should come along but that bad fox and his wife. The cabbage seemed to be rolling straight at them.

“My sakes alive!” cried Mrs. Fox. “What is that, Oscar?” You see her husband’s name was Oscar.

“I don’t know,” he replied, “but don’t bother about it. We’ll go and get that guinea pig.” So they kept on, but just then the cabbage bounded over a little clod of dirt, went up in the air, and nearly hit Mr. Fox, and that scared him so that he ran away, and his wife ran after him.

Well, the cabbage, with Buddy inside, kept on rolling, and the first thing you know it began to roll down hill in front of the guinea pigs’ pen. It made quite a noise, and Matilda ran out to see what it was.

“Oh, mamma!” she cried. “Here is a cabbage rolling down hill.”

“Nonsense!” cried Mrs. Pigg. “Whoever heard of such a thing?” but she ran out to see what it was, and at that moment the cabbage bounded right in front of the pen, hit a big stone, burst open with a noise like a torpedo, and out rolled Buddy Pigg, over and over, just like a pumpkin. But, believe me, he wasn’t hurt the least mite, but he was rather surprised-like!

Then he got up, walked over to his mother and said:

“Here is some fresh cabbage I brought home,” and he was as cool as two cucumbers. Well, the guinea pigs had a fine dinner off the cabbage Buddy brought home in such a funny way, and of course the fox and his wife didn’t have any, which served them right I suppose.

Now in the next story, if the cook doesn’t burn the potatoes and make stove blacking of them I’ll be able to tell you about Brighteyes Pigg and Mrs. Hoptoad.

STORY II

BRIGHTEYES AND MRS. HOPTOAD

After Buddy had taken that funny ride down hill, inside the head of cabbage, his father said to him:

“Buddy, come here, and let me look at you. Possibly you were hurt in that terrible trip, and, having been in a hospital, I can tell whether you were or not.”



So he looked Buddy over carefully, but there wasn't a thing the matter with the little chap, except a tiny scratch on his nose.

"Weren't you awfully frightened?" asked Brighteyes of her brother. "It was terrible!"

"No," he answered, "not much. And it wasn't so terrible when we got a good dinner out of it. I wish I could find a cabbage every day."

"You had better put something on that scratch," cautioned Dr. Pigg. Then he went on reading his paper, and Mrs. Pigg got out the salve bottle for Buddy.

Well, it was two days after this that Brighteyes Pigg was out walking along the road. She had been to the store for some carrots, and the store man said he would send them right over, so the little girl guinea pig didn't have to carry them.

Well, she was walking along, not thinking of much of anything in particular, when suddenly something hopped out of the bushes in front of her.



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“My goodness! What’s that?” cried Brighteyes, for she was a bit nervous from having had a tooth pulled week before last.

“Don’t be alarmed, my dear,” spoke a soft voice. “It’s only me,” and if there wasn’t a great, big, motherly-looking hoptoad, out in the dusty road, and the next moment if that toad didn’t begin hopping up and down as fast as she could hop.

“Why, whatever in the world are you doing?” asked Brighteyes Pigg, for she noticed that the toad didn’t seem to get anywhere; only hopping up and down in the same place all the while.

“I’m jumping, my dear,” answered the toad.

“So I see,” remarked the little guinea pig girl, “but where are you jumping to? You don’t seem to be getting any place in particular.”

“And I don’t want to, my dear,” went on the toad, and she never stopped going up and down as fast as she could go. “I’m churning butter,” she went on, “and when one churns butter one must jump up and down you know. That’s the way to make butter. Don’t your folks churn?” and then, for the first time, Brighteyes noticed that the toad had a little wooden churn, made from an old clothespin, fastened on her back.

“No, my mother doesn’t churn,” answered Brighteyes.

“Then I don’t suppose you keep a cow,” went on Mrs. Toad. “Neither do we, but next door to us is the loveliest milk-weed you ever saw, and I thought it a shame to see all the milk juice go to waste, so I churn it every week. It makes very fine butter.”

“I should think it might,” answered Brighteyes. “But isn’t it hard work?”

“Yes, it is,” replied Mrs. Toad, “and I know you’ll excuse me, my dear, for not stopping my jumping to sit and chat with you, but the truth of the matter is that I think the butter is beginning to come, and I daren’t stop.”

“Oh, don’t stop on my account,” begged Brighteyes, politely. “I can talk while you jump.”

“Very good,” replied the toad, “I think I will soon be finished, though on hot days the butter is longer in coming,” and she began to hop up and down faster than ever.

Then, all at once, oh, about as soon as you can pull off a porous plaster when you’re quick about it, if poor Mrs. Toad didn’t give a cry, and stop jumping.

“What’s the matter?” asked Brighteyes, “has the butter come?”



“No,” was the answer, “but I stepped on a sharp stone, and hurt my foot, and now I can’t jump up and down any more. Oh, dear! now the butter will be spoiled, for there is no one else at my home to finish churning it. Oh, dear me, and a pinch of salt on a cracker! Isn’t that bad luck?” and she sat down beside a burdock plant.

Well, sure enough, she had cut her foot quite badly, and it was utterly out of the question for her to jump up and down any more.

“Will you kindly help me to get the churn off my back?” Mrs. Toad asked of Brighteyes, and the little guinea pig girl helped her.



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“All that nice butter is spoiled,” went on Mrs. Toad, as she looked in the churn. “Well, it can’t be helped, I s’pose, and there’s no use worrying over buttermilk that isn’t quite made. I shall have to throw this away.”

“No, don’t,” cried Brighteyes quickly.

“Why not?” asked the toad lady.

“Because I will finish churning it for you.”

“Do you know how to churn?”

“Not exactly, but I have thought of a plan. See, we will tie the churn to this blackberry bush stem, and then I will take hold of one end of the stem, and wiggle it up and down, and the churn will go up and down, too, on the bush, just as it did when you jumped with it; and then maybe the butter will come.”

“All right, my dear, you may try it,” agreed Mrs. Toad. “I’m afraid, though, that it won’t amount to anything, but it can do no harm. I am sure it is very kind of you to think of it.”

So Brighteyes took the churn, and tied it to a low, overhanging branch of the blackberry bush. Then she took hold of the branch in her teeth, and stood up on her hind legs and began to wiggle it up and down. The churn went up and down with the branch, and the milk from the milk-weed sloshed and splashed around inside the churn, and land sakes flopsy-dub and some chewing gum, if in about two squeals there wasn’t the nicest butter a guinea pig or a toad would ever want to eat!

“Oh, what a smart little girl you are!” cried Mrs. Toad. “I’m sure your mother must be proud of you! Now I can work the buttermilk out, and salt the butter, and I’m going to send your mamma home a nice pat,” which she did, and very glad Mrs. Pigg was to get it.

“You certainly are a clever little child,” said Dr. Pigg to Brighteyes that night, “but then, you see, you take after your father. It is my hospital training that shows. By the way, we must send something to Mrs. Toad, for her cut foot,” which they did, and it got all better.

Now, in case you don’t drop your bread with the butter side down on the carpet, and spoil the kitchen oilcloth, I’ll tell you in the next story about Buddy Pigg and Sammie Littletail.

STORY III

BUDDY PIGG AND SAMMY LITTLETAIL



Getting up quite early one morning, Buddy Pigg washed himself very carefully, so that his black and white fur was fairly shining in the sunlight, and then the little guinea pig started off to take a stroll before breakfast.

“Who knows,” he said, “perhaps I may meet with an adventure; or else find a cabbage, just as I did the other day. But if I do, I’m not going to get inside it and go to sleep. No, indeed, and a feather pillow besides!”

So Buddy Pigg walked on, leaving his sister and his mamma and Dr. Pigg slumbering in the pen. Oh, it was just fine, running along through the woods and over the fields that beautiful, summer morning.



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The grass was all covered with dew, and Buddy had a second bath before he had gone very far, there was so much water on everything, but he didn't mind that. He looked at the flowers, on every side, and smelled them with his little twinkling nose, and he listened to the birds singing.

Well, in a short time he came to a place where a lot of little trees grew close together, making a sort of grove, not large enough for a Sunday-school picnic, perhaps, but large enough for guinea pigs.

"This is a fine place," said Buddy Pigg. "I think I'll rest here a bit, and perhaps an adventure may come along."

You see Buddy was very fond of adventures, which means having something happen to you. He was almost as much that way as Alice Wibblewobble, the little duck girl, was fond of romantic things—that is she liked fairies, and princes, and kings, and knights with golden swords, and all oddities like that. Well, Buddy Pigg went in the little grove of trees, and now you just wait and listen—an adventure is going to happen in less than five minutes by the clock.

All of a sudden, just as the little guinea pig got close to one of the trees, he smelled something good, and he looked up, and, bless him! if he didn't see the nicest turnip that ever grew.

"Oh, that certainly is fine!" he cried, and his eyes twinkled and his nose wiggled, both at the same time. "I must take that home for breakfast," he went on. But my goodness me and the mustard spoon! if, when he went to get it, he didn't discover that the turnip was hung up by a string on the branch of the tree!

"Hello!" exclaimed Buddy Pigg. "I never saw turnips growing that way before. This must be a special kind, but it will be all the better. It is a little high up, but I think I can reach it by standing on my hind legs, and stretching up my front paws."

So he moved a little nearer the curious hanging turnip, and was about to reach up for it when who should come bounding out of the bushes but Sammie Littletail, the rabbit boy.

"Hello, Buddy Pigg!" he called. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to get this turnip down," answered Buddy. "It is a fine one; but it is hanging quite high. I'll give you some when I pull it down," for Buddy Pigg was very kind, you know.

Well, he stood up again, and was just about to step a little closer, so he could grab the turnip, when Sammie cried out:



“Here, Buddy! Come right away from that! Jump back as fast as you can! Quick! Quick! I say!”

“Why?” asked Buddy, “is it your turnip?”

“No, but don’t you see? That turnip is nothing but a trap. It is hung up there on purpose. Come away. I can see the trap as plain as anything. Uncle Wiggily Longears taught me how to keep away from them, for I was caught in one, once upon a time.”

“A trap?” asked Buddy. “Is this a trap?”

“To be sure,” answered Sammie. “See, the turnip hangs right over a loop of wire, and inside the wire loop there is a piece of wood. Now to reach up and get the turnip you must step on the piece of wood, and as soon as you do so that tree branch, to which the wire is fast, will spring up, the wire will slip around your neck, you will be yanked up into the air, and that will be the last of you.”



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“The last of me?” asked Buddy, who, being a little boy, had not seen as much of the world as had Sammie.

“The very last of you,” answered the rabbit. “You would be choked to death by the wire. Yes, the turnip was put there to catch some one, but they won’t catch us, Buddy. We’ll fool them!”

“Oh, I say! This is too bad!” exclaimed Buddy. “I was just counting on this turnip. Isn’t there any way we can get it?”

“I don’t believe so,” replied Sammie, wrinkling up his nose, just as Buddy was doing. They smelled that turnip, and it had a most delicious odor, better to them, even, than strawberries are to you.

“Maybe we can throw some stones up and knock it down,” suggested Buddy.

So they threw up stones, and, though they hit the turnip, and made it swing back and forth, like the pendulum of the clock, it didn’t fall down, and by this time Buddy and Sammie were getting very hungry.

“Let’s try throwing sticks,” proposed Sammie. “We’ll toss them at the cord, and maybe we can break it.”

So they threw sticks, and, though Buddy did manage to hit the cord, the turnip didn’t come down, and they were more hungry than ever.

“Let’s take a long pole and poke the turnip down,” said Sammie after a while, and they did so, but Buddy accidentally came within half a dozen steps of going too near the trap, and was almost caught.

“Oh, I guess we’ll have to give it up,” spoke Sammie, but Buddy didn’t want to, because he was very determined, and did not like to stop until he had done what he set out to do.

So he tried every way he could think of, until he was all tired out, but nothing seemed to do any good. Then he and Sammie sat down and looked up at that turnip, swinging over their heads, and they were so hungry that their tongues stuck out like a dog’s on a hot day. Then, all at once, before you could sharpen a lead pencil with a dull knife, if out from the bushes didn’t pop Billie Bushytail, the squirrel.

“What’s up?” he asked, just like that, honestly he did.

“The turnip is,” said Buddy; “it’s up high and we can’t get it down.”

“Ha! That’s a mere trifle—a mere trifle!” cried Billie. “I will climb up the tree, run out on the limb and gnaw through the string. Then the turnip will fall down to you.”



Which he did in two frisks of his tail, without any danger from the trap at all, for that was on the ground, while Billie was above it in the tree. So Buddy and Sammie had the turnip after all. And they divided it evenly, Sammie gnawing it through with his teeth, and each one took his half home. Billie didn't like turnip, you see for he would rather have chestnuts.

Now, I think I'll tell you next about Buddy Pigg playing ball—that is, if our tea kettle sings a nice song for supper and makes the rag doll go to sleep.

STORY IV



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BUDDY PIGG PLAYS BALL

“Hello, Buddy!” called Sammie Littletail, the rabbit boy, to Buddy Pigg one fine day, “come on out, and we’ll have a game of ball,” and Sammie tossed his ball high up in the air and caught it in his catching glove, as easily as you can eat two ice cream cones, a vanilla and a chocolate one, on a hot day.

“Why, we two can’t play ball alone,” objected Buddy. “It needs three, anyhow.”

“Oh, well, we’ll find Billie and Johnnie Bushytail somewhere in the woods,” went on Sammie, “and maybe Jimmie Wibblewobble, the boy duck, will come along, too. Then there is Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, who have come back from the country. Oh, we can get up a regular team.”

“All right, I’ll come,” agreed Buddy. “Wait until I bring in some wood for mother. She is going to bake some turnip pies to-day—out of the turnip you and I and Billie Bushytail got yesterday—and she needs a hot fire. I just love turnip pies; don’t you, Sammie?”

[Illustration]

“Indeed I do, but I don’t believe we are going to have any. Mother stewed my half of the turnip.”

“Never mind,” advised Buddy Pigg, “I’ll give you some of our pies when they are baked,” so he brought in two big armfuls of wood for the fire, and then he and Sammie went off to play ball, leaving Brighteyes Pigg home to help her mamma bake the pies, which the little guinea pig girl loved to do.

Well, Buddy and Sammie hadn’t gone very far before they met Billie and Johnnie Bushytail, the boy squirrels, and they agreed to play ball. Then, as the four of them went along a little farther, they met Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, out walking with Percival, the old circus dog. So Peetie and Jackie said they would play ball, and that made six.

“Now, if we had two more we would have four on a side,” suggested Buddy, and, no sooner had he spoken than there was a noise in the bushes, and out came Jimmie Wibblewobble, and Bully, the frog.

They were very glad to play ball, and soon there were two sides selected. Buddy Pigg was captain of one side, and for players he had Peetie Bow Wow, Billie Bushytail, and Bully, while Sammie Littletail was the other captain, and he had Jackie Bow Wow, Johnnie Bushytail and Jimmie Wibblewobble.

“Now we’re all ready, let’s play,” suggested Buddy.



“No, wait a moment,” begged Bully.

“Why?” they all wanted to know.

“Because,” replied the little frog boy, “my brother, Bawly, has just made up a new song, and I know he’ll give us no peace until he sings it. He’s coming along now. Let him sing the song, and then we’ll play ball.” So they agreed to that, and in a minute Bawly came hopping along.

“Do you want to hear my new song?” he asked.

“Yes—hurry up,” they all cried. So Bawly sang this:

Oh, wiggily, waggily, wheelery,
I wish that I was rich.
I’d buy an automobily,
And ride it in our ditch.
I wouldn’t hop at all again.
I’d ride the whole day long.
But I haven’t got an auto,
And so I sing this song.



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"I don't call that much of a song," said the old circus dog, Percival. "You ought to do a dance after it. That's what the clowns always do."

"Thank you, I'm not a clown," answered Bawly. "But could you make up a song like that, and sing it yourself? That's what I want to know," he asked.

"I don't s'pose I could," answered Percival. "But if we're going to the ball game, let's go." So they hurried on, and pretty soon they met Uncle Wiggily Longears.

"Oh, will you umpire for us?" asked Sammie.

"Ha! Hum!" exclaimed the old gentleman rabbit, as he leaned on his crutch. "I ought to go on to the office, but—ah!—er—well, as long as you have no one else to umpire for you, I suppose I will have to do it, but I really ought to go to the office. Who is going to play?" he asked, and he seemed real anxious to know.

So they told him, and pretty soon they got to the baseball field, and began the game. Buddy Pigg and his players were last at the bat, and Sammie and his players came up first.

Well, it was a great game. Sammie struck out, but Jackie Bow Wow made a nice home run, and Jimmie Wibblewobble almost did, only he got put out at the home plate, and then Johnnie Bushytail, he got put out, trying to steal to second base, which means getting there on the sly, you know; and then it came the turn of Buddy and his friends to bat the ball all over if they could.

Well, Johnnie Bushytail was the pitcher, and he threw in such fine curves, and so many of them, that it was hard for Buddy and his friends to strike the ball.

They did manage to hit it a little, and got three runs. Then it came the turn of Sammie Littletail's team again, and they got four runs, and so it went along until at the close of the game Sammie's team was eight runs and Buddy's only seven.

"We've got to get two runs to win," cried Billie Bushytail, "everybody work hard."

"We will," cried Bully, the frog. Now you girls just listen carefully, something wonderful will happen in about a minute.

Well, Peetie Bow Wow made one run, and then Bully and Billie got put out, and it was Buddy's turn to bat the ball. It all depended on him now. If he could make a home run his side would win.

Well, I just wish you could have seen how bravely Buddy walked up to the home plate, and stood there, while Johnnie Bushytail almost tied himself into a bow knot in throwing a double-jointed up-and-down-sideways curve.



Buddy Pigg swung at it, and—no, he didn't miss it, he hit it good and proper, and away sailed the ball. Off Buddy started for first base, hoping he could make a home run, but alas! before he got to second base the ball he had knocked was coming down, and was almost in the webbed foot of Jimmie Wibblewobble, who was waiting to catch it, and if it was caught that would mean that Buddy would be out, and his side would not win that inning.



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But Jimmie didn't catch the ball! No, sir! The strangest thing happened! At that moment if along didn't fly the kind fish hawk; and he swooped down and caught that ball up in his strong bill, and sailed away up in the air with it, and Buddy ran on and on as fast as he could go, around the bases, and toward home plate, and he got there in time to win the game. And then the fish hawk dropped the ball, and Jimmie caught it, but it was too late to put Buddy out.

"That's not fair!" cried Sammie Littletail. "The bird took the ball up in the air." All his side said it wasn't fair, but Uncle Wiggily, the umpire, decided that it was fair, and Buddy's side won the game, but they wouldn't have if it hadn't been for the fish hawk, and they were very thankful to him.

Now I think I'm going to tell you in the next story about Brighteyes and Sister Sallie—that is if no one takes our door mat to use for a pen wiper.

STORY V

BRIGHTEYES PIGG AND SISTER SALLIE

Brighteyes Pigg had finished doing the dishes, and had put on her clean dress, her new tan shoes, which matched her brown and white fur, and her hair was tied with a pink ribbon—you know the kind—the ones that stick out so with a bow on each side. Well, she looked just too nice for anything, and she asked her mother:

"May I go out and take a walk?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Pigg. "Where are you going? Is Buddy going with you?"

"No, he has gone off to play ball again. I guess he thinks the fish hawk will catch up the ball once more and help him to make a home run. No, I'm not going with Buddy. I thought I'd go over and see Sister Sallie, I haven't called on her in some time."

"Very well," said Mrs. Pigg, and Dr. Pigg called to his little girl:

"Give my regards to Mr. Bushytail, and tell him that if he sees Uncle Wiggily Longears to mention that I have a new cure for rheumatism, that I will send him."

"I'll be sure to tell him," said Brighteyes Pigg. "Poor Uncle Wiggily, his rheumatism bothers him a great deal." Well, she went on through the woods to see Sister Sallie, who, I hope you remember, was the little sister that Billie and Johnnie Bushytail, the two boy squirrels, once found at the foot of the tree where their nest was.

Brighteyes found Sister Sallie just finishing helping Mrs. Bushytail do up the housework, and Sister Sallie was singing:



Hippity-hop to the barber-shop,
To buy a lolly-pop lally.
One for me, and one for thee
And one for Sister Sallie.

“Can you come out and play?” asked Brighteyes.

“Indeed I can,” replied the little squirrel. “Shall I bring my doll?”

“Yes, but I haven’t any,” answered the little guinea pig girl, as Sallie brought out the corncob doll, that her brothers and Grandma Lightfoot had made for her.



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“Never mind, I’ll help you make one,” promised Sister Sallie, so the two little friends walked on through the woods.

“What will you make my doll of?” asked Brighteyes.

“I don’t just know yet,” said Sallie. “I will look around for something.” So she looked first on one side of the woodland path, and then on the other, and Brighteyes did the same, but they couldn’t seem to find anything out of which to make a doll.

Then, all at once, oh, I guess in about two wiggles and a wag, if Sallie didn’t see a nice, long, smooth, yellow carrot.

“That will make a fine doll!” she cried. “We will use some cornsilk for hair, and some little stones for the eyes, nose and mouth, and for dresses——”

“Well, what will we make dresses from?” asked Brighteyes, for she noticed that Sister Sallie was at a loss what to say.

“Oh, I know—leaves,” cried the little squirrel. “We will pretend that green is fashionable for ladies with a sort of carrotty complexion,” and she laughed, and so did Brighteyes, whose nose twinkled just like the diamond in mother’s ring, or baby’s eyes, when he is happy.

So the two little friends sat down on a grassy bank, in the shade of an oak tree, and they made the carrot doll. Oh, it was such fun!

First they stuck two little pebbles in for eyes, and they looked as real as anything; then they stuck a little larger stone in the carrot for a nose, and then Brighteyes found a nice, long stone, sort of curled up around the ends, and when that was put in the carrot, just beneath the nose, why it looked exactly as if that carrot doll was smiling as hard as she could smile; she was so happy, I s’pose.

“Now for some dresses!” exclaimed Sister Sallie, who had put her own corncob doll under some grass to sleep. So they got some beautiful green leaves from the tree, and fastened them together with grass and needles from the pine tree, and they made the nicest dresses you ever saw.

Let me see, there was one made in princess style, and one empire gown, and one that had a pull-back in the skirt, and one was a tub dress, whatever that is, and there was a crepe de chine and a basque and peau de soie effect and—and—er—well, I know you’ll excuse me from mentioning any others, as I don’t know very much about dresses; it took me quite a while to look those up, and I must get on with the story.

Well, when they had the dresses all made they tried them on the carrot doll, and they fitted perfectly, believe me, they did!



“Oh, isn’t this lovely,” cried Brighteyes. “Now let’s play house,” so they played house, and each one had a room, there on the grass, with sticks and stones for furniture, and they put the dollies to bed, and woke them up, and took them for a walk, and they made believe wash dishes and get meals, and, oh, I don’t know what they didn’t do.

But, all of a sudden, just as they were putting their dolls to sleep, they heard a sort of growling in the bushes, and a big, shaggy, yellow dog, with glaring eyes, jumped out at them! Oh, how frightened Brighteyes and Sister Sallie were!



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“What are you doing on my nice, green grass?” growled the dog, real savage-like.

“If you please, Mr. Dog, we didn’t know this was your grass,” said Sister Sallie, timidly.

“Of course it is!” snapped the dog. “I go to sleep here on it every day. Anyway what do you mean by taking the leaves off my trees?” he growled again.

“If you please, kind sir,” spoke Brighteyes, “we didn’t know they were your trees.”

“Certainly they are,” replied the dog, snapping his eyes open and shut. “Those leaves keep the sun off me while I sleep. Now I’m going to eat you all up for taking my things!” and he jumped right at them.

But land sakes, flopsy dub! Before he could bite either Brighteyes or Sister Sallie, who should appear, but Percival, the good, old circus dog.

“Here, you let my friends alone!” he barked, and he jumped on that bad dog, and nipped both his ears well, let me tell you. Then the bad dog ran away, howling, and Percival took care of Sister Sallie and Brighteyes until it was time for them to go home. Now in the story after this one I’m going to tell you about Dr. Pigg and Uncle Wiggily—that is if my furnace fire doesn’t go out in the street roller-skating with the coal man.

STORY VI

DR. PIGG AND UNCLE WIGGILY

Some one knocked on the door of the pen where Dr. Pigg and his wife and Buddy and Brighteyes lived one day. “Rat-a-tat-tat,” went the rapping.

“My! I wonder who that can be?” exclaimed Mrs. Pigg. “Run and see, will you, Buddy, like a good boy?”

So Buddy hurried to the door, and whom should he see standing there but Uncle Wiggily Longears, the old gentleman rabbit; and Uncle Wiggily had rapped with his crutch, which had made the funny sound.

“Why, how d’do!” exclaimed Dr. Pigg as soon as he saw who it was. “Come right in Uncle Wiggily! This is an unexpected pleasure. Brighteyes, get a chair for Uncle Wiggily. Buddy, you take his crutch. Mrs. Pigg, haven’t we some of that new cabbage preserved in maple sugar? Bring out a bit for our friend!”

My! you should have seen what a bustling about there was in the pen, and all because Uncle Wiggily had come and because every one was fond of him. Buddy started to take the old gentleman rabbit’s crutch, but Uncle Wiggily cried:



“Oh, no! Don’t! Not for worlds! Oh, my, no! and an ice cream cone besides! Oh, lobster salad, no!”

“Why, whatever is the matter?” exclaimed Dr. Pigg.

“Oh, my! Ouch! Oh, shingles!” cried Uncle Wiggily, as he stepped up over the doorsill. “Oh, dear me, and a baseball bat! It’s my rheumatism, as usual. It’s something awful, these days.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry,” cried Brighteyes Pigg.

“And so am I,” added Buddy, and they all were, for that matter.

“Rheumatism, eh?” remarked Dr. Pigg, thoughtful-like.



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“Yes,” went on Uncle Wiggily, as he hobbled over to a chair. “In fact, I came to see you about it, Doctor,” and the old rabbit rubbed his leg very, very softly.

“Ah! ha! Ahem!” exclaimed Dr. Pigg, as he puffed himself up, and looked as important as possible. “Of course, I remember now. I sent word to you that I had a new cure for rheumatism. I heard the doctors mention it in the hospital, and I thought I would try it on you.”

“That’s very kind of you,” said Uncle Wiggily, “and you can’t try it any too soon, for I am in great pain,” and he made such a funny face, with his nose wiggling, and his ears waving back and forth, like fans on a hot night, and his eyes—one looking up and the other down—altogether it was so funny that Buddy and his sister wanted to laugh, only they didn’t, for they knew it wouldn’t be polite, and might hurt Uncle Wiggily’s feelings.

“I will have some medicine for you in a jiffy!” exclaimed Dr. Pigg; a jiffy, you know, being almost as quick as half a wink.

So the guinea pig doctor got a bottle of red medicine, and one of blue, and one of pink, and another bottle of green medicine, and he got some red pills and some black pills and some white powder and some yellow powder and then he took some molasses and maple sugar, and stirred them all up together. Oh, it was a funny-looking mixture I can tell you, all colors of the rainbow, just as when Sammie fell into the pot of Easter dye.

“Now Mrs. Pigg, you stir that up well, and we’ll give Uncle Wiggily some as soon as it is cool,” said Dr. Pigg, for he had cooked the medicine on the stove.

“It doesn’t look very nice,” observed Uncle Wiggily sort of anxious-like.

“Rheumatism medicine never does,” said Dr. Pigg.

“And it doesn’t smell very nice,” went on Uncle Wiggily.

“Rheumatism medicines never do,” cheerfully said Dr. Pigg, “and, what is more, it doesn’t taste very nice, either, Uncle Wiggily; but you must take it, if you are to get well.”

“I suppose I must,” remarked the old rabbit with a sigh, as Mrs. Pigg kept on stirring the mixture. Well, pretty soon it was cool enough to take.

“Now, Buddy, you bring a spoon,” ordered Dr. Pigg, and when the little boy guinea pig brought one, his father poured into it some of the medicine.

“Brighteyes, you get a napkin so he won’t spill any of it on his clothes,” went on her papa, “and Mrs. Pigg you please be ready with a glass of water, for Uncle Wiggily will want a drink right after he takes this.”



Well everything was all ready, and Buddy stood there to help, and so did Brighteyes.

“One, two, three! Take it!” suddenly cried Dr. Pigg, and he poured the teaspoonful of the many-colored mixture down Uncle Wiggily’s throat. Brighteyes held the napkin so none of it would get on the rabbit’s coat, and Mrs. Pigg was there with the glass of water, which Uncle Wiggily took very quickly.



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Well, I wish you could have seen the face Uncle Wiggily made when he swallowed the rheumatism medicine! It was just like a clown in the circus, only funnier. But Brighteyes and Buddy didn't even giggle, which was very kind of them.

"Do you feel any better?" asked Dr. Pigg, after Uncle Wiggily had stopped making faces. "Is the pain gone?"

"No, I can't say that it is," answered the rabbit. "It seems to be worse than ever," and he rubbed his leg and tried to get up, but he couldn't leave the chair, even with his crutch, which Nurse Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy had gnawed for him out of a cornstalk.

"Oh, that's too bad!" exclaimed Dr. Pigg. "I must try a new kind of medicine."

"No, don't!" cried the rabbit. "I had rather have the rheumatism."

"Suppose we try some horse radish leaves, like we did for my toothache?" proposed Buddy, and Mrs. Pigg said that would be good. So they got some leaves, and put them on Uncle Wiggily's leg, but they didn't do any good, neither did mustard, nor nettles, nor any of the other burning things that they tried.

"Oh, dear, I guess I'll have to stay in this chair forever!" cried Uncle Wiggily, as he tried to get up and couldn't. "Oh, dear me, and a piece of chewing gum! This is terrible!"

Well, every one was wondering how Uncle Wiggily was ever going to walk again, when all of a sudden, as Buddy looked from the window, he cried out:

"Oh, here comes the big, shaggy yellow dog that was going to eat up Brighteyes and Sister Sallie when they were playing with their dolls! He's coming right this way! Run everybody!"

"Wow!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "A dog! Goodness me!" and, land sakes, if he didn't jump up, seize his crutch and run home as fast as if he never had any rheumatism at all.

You see he was so frightened he forgot all about it for the time being, which was a good thing. But do you s'pose that dog dared to come in the pen and hurt the guinea pigs? No, sir, not a bit of it! The first he knew, Percival, the kind, old circus dog had him by the ear and the bad dog ran away and didn't hurt anybody.

Now, in the next story, if an auto horn doesn't scare me so that I lose my typewriter ribbon I'll tell you about Buddy Pigg being caught by a boy.

STORY VII

BUDDY PIGG IS CAUGHT



Buddy Pigg was sent to the store by his mother, one fine summer day, to get a pound of butter, a loaf of bread and three-and-a-half pounds of granulated sugar, and as that made quite a load to carry Buddy had a basket to put the things in.

“Now don’t drop the loaf of bread in the water,” said his mamma, “and don’t let the butter melt and, above all, don’t tear a hole in the bag of sugar, and have it spill out.”

“I won’t, mother,” promised Buddy. “I’ll be real careful.” So he set out on his journey to the store, while Brighteyes, his sister, stayed home to make the beds and mend the stockings.

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Well, Buddy got to the store all right, and bought the things for which his mother had sent him. Then the storekeeper wanted to know how Dr. Pigg and his family were, and he inquired about Uncle Wiggily's rheumatism, and Buddy told about the scare the old gentleman rabbit had had when the big, shaggy yellow dog appeared, and how the old gentleman rabbit ran, and how Percival bit the bad dog.

"That's very interesting," said the storekeeper, and he gave Buddy a whole carrot for himself.

Placing his basket of groceries carefully on his arm, Buddy Pigg started for home. He walked along through the woods, and over the fields, thinking how nice everything was, and what fun he would have when he got home, playing ball with Sammie Littletail, and the Bushytail brothers, when, all at once, what should he hear but a noise in the bushes.

Now Buddy Pigg was always a little afraid when he heard noises, especially in the woods, where he couldn't see what made them, so he crouched down under a burdock leaf in case there might be any danger. And, sure enough, there was.

It wasn't more than a second or, possibly a second and a squeak, before a great, big, bad boy stepped out from behind a tree. And he had a gun with him, and he was looking for birds, or rabbits, or squirrels, or, maybe, guinea pigs to shoot.

That's why I know he was a bad boy, but of course he may have turned out to be a good boy before he got to be so very old. Well, this boy looked up, and he looked down, and he looked first to one side, and then to the other, and then—flopsy-dub, and wiggily-waggily! if he didn't spy poor Buddy Pigg hiding under the burdock leaf, and trembling as hard as he could tremble.

"Ah, ha!" cried that boy, "I have you now, little guinea pig! I'll take you home with me, that's what I'll do! My, to think of catching a live guinea pig! I certainly am a lucky chap!"

Then, before Buddy could run away, which he couldn't have done anyhow, on account of the basket of groceries on his arm, if that boy didn't grab him up in his hands, and hold him tight!

Oh, how frightened poor Buddy was! He was so scared that he could only squeak very faintly, but he did manage to ask the boy to let him go, only the boy didn't understand guinea pig language, as I do, and, even if he had, I doubt very much if he would have let Buddy go, for he was a bad boy as I have explained.

Well, the boy didn't care any more about hunting rabbits or squirrels with his gun that day, as he had caught Buddy, so off he started to take the little guinea pig home with



him, and, maybe, he intended to shut him up in a box, or put him in a cage, or do something dreadful like that.

But, listen, pretty soon—oh, I guess in about four jumps and a hop—something is going to happen to that boy. Watch carefully and you'll see it.



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On through the woods he went, holding poor Buddy tightly in his hands, and, would you believe me, that boy never noticed that Buddy had a basket of groceries! You see, the basket, of course, was guinea pig size, and so was the loaf of bread and the butter and the sweet sugar. They were so small that the boy didn't notice them, but this was partly because Buddy hid the basket under his paws, for he didn't want anything to happen to the things for which his mother had sent him to the store, you know.

Well, as the boy kept going on through the woods, carrying Buddy farther and farther away from his home, the poor little guinea pig was more frightened than ever.

"Oh, how will I ever get away!" he thought, "I'll never see my mamma, nor Brighteyes, nor my papa, Dr. Pigg, any more! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

No sooner had Buddy said this than he heard a funny little noise in the trees above his head, and, looking up, he saw Billie Bushytail bounding along. There was the squirrel, and he saw right away what the trouble was. And he could talk to Buddy without the boy knowing it, you see; so Billie said:

"Hey, Buddy, take some of the bread, crumble it all up, and toss the crumbs up in the air."

"What for?" asked Buddy.

"Do it, and you'll see," answered Billie. "That will help you to escape."

Now Buddy didn't like to spoil the nice, new loaf of bread he had bought for his mamma, but he thought maybe it would do some good, and he didn't want to be carried away by that boy.

So he broke open the loaf, crumbled some of the white part in his paws, and tossed it high up in the air, so that it fell down in a shower, all around the boy's head, and listen, the boy hadn't noticed Buddy toss up the crumbs.

"My!" exclaimed the boy. "Why, I do declare, if it isn't snowing! Who ever heard of such a thing!" and he really thought the falling bread crumbs were snow flakes. So he turned up his coat collar to keep warm, and began to run, for he didn't want to get snowed under in the woods. But Buddy kept on tossing up the bread crumbs, until the loaf was all gone.

"What shall I do next?" the guinea pig called to Billie Bushytail, who was following along in the trees overhead.

"Open the bag of sugar and throw that up in the air the same way," directed the squirrel, and when Buddy did this the boy heard the sugar rattling down on the leaves and some of it got down his neck, and scratched him.



“Why, I do declare. It’s hailing!” he cried. “Who ever heard of such a thing!” So he hurried on faster than ever.

Well, when the sugar was all tossed up, and the boy was running real fast, Billie Bushytail called to Buddy:

“Now throw the pound of butter down in front of the boy!” Which Buddy did as quick as a wink, and lossy-me and a pancake! if that boy didn’t slip down in the slippery butter, and fall and hurt his nose, and he had to let go of Buddy Pigg.



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"Now's your chance. Run, Buddy, run!" cried Billie, and my, how Buddy Pigg did run; and he got safely away from that bad boy, and was soon at home, where his mother forgave him for throwing away the groceries when she heard the story.

Dr. Pigg said Billie was very smart to think of such a thing, and I believe so myself. Now in case you don't burn yourself with a firecracker and lose your penny down a hole in the sidewalk, I'm going to tell you in the next story about Buddy and Brighteyes' Fourth of July.

STORY VIII

BUDDY'S AND BRIGHTYES' FOURTH OF JULY

One day, when Buddy and Brighteyes Pigg were playing out in front of their pen, Buddy suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, just think of it! Day after to-morrow is Fourth of July, Brighteyes. Won't we have lots of fun?"

"What will we do?" asked his sister.

"Oh, shoot off firecrackers and torpedoes, and make lots of noise, and at night we'll send up Roman candles and skyrockets; and oh! it will be better than a circus."

"Oh, you boys!" exclaimed Brighteyes. "You always want to make a racket and have excitement. It's horrid, I think."

"Oh, I s'pose you'll play with your dolls, or something like that," said Buddy, laughing at his sister, who was very serious.

"Yes, that's what I'm going to do," replied Brighteyes. "I'm going to play with Sister Sallie, and Alice and Lulu Wibblewobble, and Jennie Chipmunk, and we're going for a picnic in the woods."

"Look out that a big fox or a bad dog doesn't get you," said Buddy. "Well, I'm going off to find Sammie and Billie and Johnnie and Jimmie and Peetie and Jackie Bow Wow, and Bully and Bawly Frog, and we'll have a fine time on the Fourth."

"Where are you going to get your firecrackers and things?" asked Brighteyes.

"You'll see," answered Buddy, as he ran off.

Well, Fourth of July came at last, just as it always does, and early in the morning Buddy Pigg awoke.



“Where are you going?” called his papa.

“Out to shoot off some firecrackers,” answered Buddy.

“Be careful you don’t get burned,” cautioned his mother. “Oh dear! I don’t like the Fourth of July. If you do get burned. Buddy, run right in and let papa attend to you.”

“I can’t get burned with the kind of firecrackers and torpedoes I’m going to use,” answered the little boy guinea pig, and he laughed as he ran out.

Well, pretty soon, along came all his friends, Billie and Johnnie and Sammie, and all the rest. They were so excited that Bawly, the frog, didn’t think to sing a song, or recite any poetry.

“What shall we do first?” asked Buddy.

“Let’s play war,” suggested Sammie. “We’ll divide up into two armies, and have a battle. It will be great!”

So they divided into two sides, and Buddy was the general on one side, and Billie Bushytail on the other. Then the fight began—not real, you understand—but make-believe.



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First the loud cannons shot off; and what do you suppose the cannons were? Why big stones, that the squirrels and rabbits and the other animal boys held and clapped together as loud as anything. You know stones can make a terrible racket when they are hit together real hard. Well, it sounded like regular cannon, and the birds in the wood got awfully scared.

“Now fire your guns!” cried General Buddy Pigg, and his soldiers took sticks, and snapped them in two pieces and broke them, until they sounded like real guns, or a lot of firecrackers going off.

Oh, it was fine, and the best of it was nobody could get hurt, or burned, either.

“Now shoot them with your torpedoes!” cried General Billie Bushytail, and all at once his side began firing off torpedoes at a great rate; until you would have thought the woods were on fire. And you would never guess what the torpedoes were, so I’ll tell you. They were big, rose petals, blown up with air until they were like little pink and red balloons, and tied around with a string, just as you tie a paper bag around the neck, after you’ve blown it up, to burst it, and when those rose-torpedoes were cracked down on a flat stone—my! you should have heard the noise!

Well, lots of them were fired off, and then Buddy Pigg got some empty bags, and his soldiers blew them up, and they cracked ’em down, and they went off “Boom! Boom!” like great, big cannons. They blew dust up in the air, to pretend it was smoke, and there was the most terrible make-believe battle you ever heard of. But nobody was hurt, and they had lots of fun, and the best of it was that neither side won, which made everybody happy.

“Now we’ll take a rest,” said Buddy Pigg. “I wonder what Brighteyes and the others are doing?”

“Let’s go see,” proposed Billie Bushytail.

So they all marched off through the woods, just like real soldiers, and pretty soon they came to the place where Brighteyes and Sister Sallie and all the girls were having a picnic.

“You’re just in time,” called Brighteyes.

“Come and have some lunch, and some lemonade. You must be tired after all that fighting.” Now wasn’t she kind, even after Buddy had laughed at the idea of a picnic being better than a battle? Well, I just guess! Those soldiers were glad enough to eat the lunch, and drink the lemonade, I can tell you.

So the soldiers and the girls sat there in the woods under the trees and had a fine time—almost as good as at the make-believe battle, I think—and after a while, just as Buddy



and his chums were getting ready to go back and shoot some more stick-firecrackers and roseleaf torpedoes, what should happen but that bad fox and that mean, old, yellow, shaggy dog ran right out of the woods.

“Let’s eat everything up!” cried the fox, waving his big tail.

“Yes, and then we’ll eat the squirrels and rabbits and guinea pigs all up!” cried the dog, gnashing his teeth and blinking his eyes as bold as bold could be.



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At first even the soldiers were so frightened that they hardly knew what to do, and they were about to run away, when Buddy called out:

“Come on! Let’s get our guns and our cannon and shoot them!”

Then he grabbed up some stick-firecrackers and began to break and snap them, and Sammie shot off some roseleaf torpedoes and Billie and Johnnie clapped stones together, and Jimmie and Bully and Bawly threw dust in the air until it looked like smoke, and there was a terrible racket, until—well, sir, if that dog and that fox weren’t so frightened that they ran away and didn’t even get so much as a crumb of cracker or a drop of lemonade; and it served them right, I think.

Then how thankful the girls were to the brave soldiers. Oh, everything turned out just right, I’m glad to say. That afternoon Buddy and his chums had more Fourth of July fun, and Brighteyes and her friends played with their dolls.

Then at night Buddy and the boys sent up skyrocketes and Roman candles (which were sticks covered with lightning bugs), and prettier ones you never saw. And they even had a lightning-bug pinwheel. Oh, it was the nicest Fourth of July that ever was! I hope you children have as nice a one and that none of you get burned or hurt when you celebrate Independence Day. And, if none of you do, why, in the next story I’ll tell you about Buddy Pigg trying to buy a tail for himself, because he didn’t have any. That is, I will if the lollypop doesn’t fall down stairs and break his stick.

STORY IX

BUDDY PIG WANTS A TAIL

The day after the Fourth of July, when he and his sister had had such fun, Buddy Pigg came into the pen, where his mamma was baking tea biscuits for supper, and sat down in a chair by the table where she was working.

He didn’t say anything, but just watched his mamma rolling out the crust, or whatever it is they make tea biscuits of, and pretty soon Mrs. Pigg noticed that Buddy didn’t seem very happy. His face was all twisted up into a funny sort of a scowl, and every once in a while he would give a long sigh, as though he hadn’t a friend in all the world.

“Why, Buddy,” Mrs. Pigg asked, when the tea biscuits were ready for the oven, “whatever in the wide, wide world is the matter? Are you sick, or did you burn yourself with a firecracker?”

“No, mother,” Buddy answered, “I’m not sick and I didn’t burn myself with a firecracker, but I wish—I wish—” and then he stopped, and sort of wiggled his nose.



“Well,” asked his mother with a smile, “what do you wish? Remember, though, that I am not a fairy and can’t give you anything you want.”

“Oh,” answered the little boy guinea pig, “this is very easy, mamma. All I want is a tail.”

“A tail?” exclaimed his mamma in great surprise, and she wondered if, after all, Buddy wasn’t ill, for that was a very strange request. And she began to wish that his papa was home, or that Brighteyes, who was Buddy’s sister, was in the house, to help look after him, but Brighteyes had gone to see her aunt, and wouldn’t be back till night.



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“Yes,” went on Buddy, “I want a tail. All the other boys and girls who are friends of mine have them, and I don’t see why I can’t.”

For you see guinea pigs never have tails. Why that is I don’t know, except, maybe, it’s better that way in hot weather, but, anyhow, they have no tails.

“You don’t need a tail,” said Buddy’s mamma.

“Yes, I do, mother dear,” he answered. “Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow have tails, and so have Billie and Johnnie Bushytail, and the three Wibblewobbles, and—”

“But Bully and Bawly, the frogs, have no tail,” said Mrs. Pigg, “and they are happy, Buddy.”

“Well, they are in the water so much it doesn’t show whether they have a tail or not,” went on Buddy.

“And Sammie and Susie Littletail haven’t much of a tail, Buddy,” said Mrs. Pigg, as she looked in the oven to see if the biscuits were burning.

“I know it, mother, but they have something of a tail,” spoke Buddy, “and maybe it will grow longer in time. I’d be glad if I had even as much as Sammie has.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Pigg, “I’m sorry, Buddy, but I don’t see how you are ever going to get a tail. I haven’t any, your father hasn’t any, and we get along very well. None of your relations have tails and they are happy. They never had any. In fact there has never been a tail in our family and I don’t see why you want to start. Now run out and play, like a good boy, and when Brighteyes comes back it will be supper time, and we’ll have hot biscuits and honey.”

But, though Buddy ran out, he was not happy. There was a frown on his face, and, as he walked through the woods, he kept thinking how nice it would be to have a tail.

Pretty soon, oh, I guess in about a whisper and a squeak, Buddy Pigg heard a rustling in the tree over his head. Then he saw two big, yellow eyes peering down at him from the darkness of the woods, and a voice called out:

“What’s the matter, little boy? Why are you so sad?”

“Oh, I feel bad because I haven’t a tail,” answered Buddy, wondering who was speaking.

“What’s the matter? Did some one cut your tail off?” the voice asked.

“No,” replied Buddy, “I never had one; but I want one, awfully bad.”



“Oh, don’t worry about a little thing like that,” went on the voice. “I can get a fine tail for you.”

“Oh, can you?” cried Buddy, his face lighting up, “are you a fairy?”

“Well, not exactly,” was the answer, “but you just run along after me, and I’ll get a tail for you, in less than no time.”

Then there was a rustling in the branches, and a great, big owl, with ears that looked like horns, flew out, and Buddy was frightened. But the owl said:

“Oh, don’t be alarmed, little boy. Just follow me, and I’ll see that you get a tail.”

So the owl flew along through the dark, dismal woods, going slowly, and close to the ground so Buddy could follow, and pretty soon, the owl stopped in front of a hole in the side of a hill.



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“There is where the tail is,” said the owl. “Just wait and I’ll have it out to you in a jiffy and a half,” and bless me, if that owl didn’t go in that hole. He stayed there some time, and Buddy could hear voices inside, talking, and land sakes, goodness me alive, and a cherry pie! out of that hole was thrust a great, big, bushy tail. A tail, and nothing else, believe me, if you please.

“Oh, what a fine tail!” cried Buddy in delight.

“Do you think so?” asked a voice. “Then just grab hold of it, hold tight, and it’s yours!”

Well, Buddy didn’t think there was any danger, so he grabbed hold of the tail, and held on tight, but oh, dear me! instead of pulling the tail out, he found himself being pulled in. Yes, sir, right into that hole, and land knows what would have happened if Buddy’s sister, Brighteyes, hadn’t come along just then on her way home from her aunt’s house. She saw right away that the bushy tail was fast to something inside the hole.

“That’s a fox’s tail!” she cried, “and he’s pulling you into his den! Let go, quickly! Let go, Buddy!”

So Buddy let go just in time, though the fox and the owl rushed out and tried to grab him, but they fell down, and couldn’t get up in time, and he and his sister ran home. You see it was just a trick of that owl and fox, to get Buddy into the den, and eat him up, but they didn’t, I’m glad to say. And after that Buddy never wanted a tail. Now if it doesn’t rain in the dishpan and turn the umbrella inside out, I’ll tell you in the next story about Buddy walking a tight rope.

STORY X

BUDDY WALKS A TIGHT ROPE

One day after Buddy Pigg had been on a visit to Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, the two puppy dogs, who were once in a circus, he came home all excited. He ran out in the yard, began pawing over in the woodpile, and soon he ran into the house, where Brighteyes, his sister, was washing the potatoes for dinner.

“Do you know where there is any wire, Brighteyes?” the little boy guinea pig asked.

“Wire? No, I haven’t seen any around the house. What do you want of it? Are you going to wire a tail on to yourself?” and Buddy’s sister smiled just the least bit.

“Please don’t remind me of that,” said Buddy, for he felt a little ashamed of the time he had tried to get a tail for himself and had been nearly dragged into a fox’s den, as I told you in the story before this one. “No, Brighteyes, I’m not going to make a tail. I am going to do a circus trick, and you can see me if you want to,” he said.



“Oh, Buddy! are you really?” she cried, and she was interested all of a sudden, you see, for she had never seen much of a circus.

“Yes, I’ll do the trick, if I can find a bit of wire,” went on Buddy. “Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow told me how to do it; and I’m sure I can. It’s walking a tight rope, and it’s very hard to do.”



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“Oh! then you want rope, not wire,” went on Brighteyes, as she put the pan of potatoes on the table.

“Wire is what the circus performers use,” insisted her brother, “but if you can’t find any I suppose rope will do.”

“I saw some up in the attic,” said Brighteyes. “I’ll get it for you. But, Buddy, isn’t it dangerous? Do you s’pose mamma and papa would let you do it?”

“There’s not much danger,” answered Buddy. “I’ll not put the rope up very high, and I’ll put some pillows on the ground underneath, so that if I fall I won’t get hurt much.”

Well, Brighteyes found a long rope, and she helped Buddy tie it from one clothes post to the other, across the yard, so that it looked like a real tight rope in a circus.

“Oh, you can never get on that!” she cried to her brother, as she saw how high up it was.

“Yes, I can,” he replied. “You just watch me. But first I must put some pillows underneath, in case I fall.”

So he ran into the house and got a lot of feather pillows and put them on the ground under the rope, Brighteyes helping him.

Then Buddy got some old soap boxes, piled them one on top of the other, and, by climbing up on them, he was able to step to the rope.

“Oh, how thin and slender and shaky it is!” cried Brighteyes. “You never can walk across that, Buddy!”

“Yes, I think I can,” he answered. “But I must get a pole to balance myself with,” so he got off the boxes and ran to the woodpile, got a piece of an old broom handle, and ran back to the rope again. He stepped one foot out on it, to try it, and it seemed quite strong, though it wobbled a bit from side to side, like a duck’s tail.

“Oh! are you really going to walk on it?” cried Brighteyes in delight.

“I really am,” answered her brother.

“Then you ought to have an audience to applaud you and clap when you do it,” she went on. “Wait, and I’ll run and get Johnnie and Billie Bushytail and Sammie and Susie Littletail, and—”

“No, don’t!” cried Buddy, quickly. “Better wait until I walk across a few times, first, so as to sort of practise. Then I’ll do the trick before folks.”



So he got up on the rope, standing up on his hind legs, and balancing the pole with his front paws and he steadied himself for a moment and then took a step. My! but that rope wiggled, though, from side to side, almost like a hammock, only, of course, not as safe as a hammock. But Buddy kept bravely on, and took another step—and land sakes laddy-da! if that rope didn't wiggle more than ever.

“Oh, take care! You'll fall!” cried Brighteyes, and she screamed.

“Oh, Brighteyes, don't do that, please!” begged Buddy. “You make me nervous, and then I can't walk the tight rope.”

So Brighteyes, whose real name was Matilda, you know, kept real still and quiet, just like a little mouse when it wants a bit of cheese, and Buddy took another step out on the tight rope.



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He held his balancing pole by the middle, and he went slowly and cautiously, and he was actually walking that slender rope!

But he kept looking down and wondering whether he would fall or not, and he got to thinking about the feather pillows, and wondering if they were thick enough and soft enough, so that he wouldn't get hurt if he should fall, when all at once, quicker than you can wheel the baby carriage down hill, when he was right in the middle, Buddy's foot slipped, and down he went, right a straddle across the tight rope, and the pole fell with a bang!

[Illustration]

And Brighteyes screamed, for she couldn't help it, but Buddy didn't dare call out. No, all he could do was to cling there with his teeth and his paws to that swaying rope.

"Oh!" cried Brighteyes, "you're going to fall, Buddy!"

"I've fallen already," he panted. "But I'm going to land on the ground in a minute, for I can't hold on any longer!"

And he looked down, picking out a soft spot to fall on, but, oh, dear me, and a sour pickle! If the pole, when it fell down, hadn't knocked the pillows to one side, and there was only hard ground for Buddy to land on. Well, maybe he wasn't frightened, and Brighteyes was also frightened, too flabbergasted, you see, to go and fix the pillows in place again, and they didn't either of them know what in the world to do.

I don't know what might have happened, for Buddy couldn't hold on much longer, but, just as he was going to let go, along came Uncle Wiggily Longears. He saw what the trouble was at once, and up he rushed and with his crutch he piled the pillows in a soft heap right under Buddy, and then Buddy let go the tight rope and down he came, just like in a feather bed.

And he wasn't hurt the least mite, but he was very thankful to Uncle Wiggily, the old rabbit gentleman, and Buddy never tried to walk a tight rope, nor a loose one again.

Now, in case there is no salt in the ice cream to make the rag doll sneeze, I'll tell you in the following story about Brighteyes Pigg in a tin can.

STORY XI

BRIGHTEYES IN A TIN CAN

Of course, when Mamma Pigg came home the afternoon that Buddy tried to walk a tight rope (for she had been away visiting Mrs. Wibblewobble when it happened) she had to



hear about it. Buddy and Brighteyes would have told her, anyhow, for they always did, but, as it was, Mrs. Pigg saw a scratch on Buddy's leg, where the rope had hurt him when he fell, and she wanted to know all about it. Then Buddy told her of the trick he had tried to perform.

"Little guinea pigs are safer on the ground," she said. "Leave such things to Billie and Johnnie Bushytail, or the Bow Wows, who were once in a circus. Now get washed for supper, for your papa will soon be here, and I think he'll fetch a quart of carrot ice cream, as it is so hot."



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And sure enough, Dr. Pigg did, and the carrot ice cream was the best Brighteyes and Buddy had ever tasted, they thought.

Well, it was about two days after this that Brighteyes Pigg was sent to the store for her mother, to get a nutmeg, a yeast cake, and a bottle of blueing. Brighteyes started off, hurrying through the woods, where once the owl had tried to get Buddy into the den of the old fox, and soon the little guinea pig girl was at the grocery.

She got the things, and the storekeeper put them in a paper bag for her, and back she started.

It was so warm that, after Brighteyes had reached a cool place in the woods, near where a little brook ran over the stones, making a gurgling noise, very pleasant to hear, she sat down to rest. And she hadn't been sitting there more than about ten long breaths, when she saw, beside the stream, a tin can.

"Now I wonder what is in that can?" thought Brighteyes. "I'm going to see. Perhaps it's something good to eat, and I can take some home to Buddy," for she was very kind to her brother, you understand.

So she went up to the can, but wasn't she disappointed when she saw that it was empty! The open end was on the side that was turned away from her, and that's why at first she thought it was full. But she smelled of the opening, and oh, what a delicious perfume there was, sweet and sugary, and in a minute Brighteyes knew what it was.

"There has been molasses in that can!" she exclaimed. "Oh, if there's anything I dearly love it's molasses! I wonder if there is any left inside? Sometimes people don't quite empty the cans before they throw them away. I'm going to look."

So Brighteyes went closer, and, would you believe me? if she didn't see, away down in the lower edge of that can, as it rested on its side, a lot of nice molasses.

"Oh, I must have that!" cried Brighteyes, and, without thinking of what she was doing, she put her head and her forepaws inside that can. She found she could reach the molasses with her tongue, and she began to lick it up, wishing she had some way of taking part of it to Buddy.

She was so excited over it that she even had taken her things from the grocery store inside the can with her. There she was, with only part of her body and her hind legs sticking out, and she was eating the molasses as fast as she could.

It kept tasting better and better, but, after a while, Brighteyes thought she had enough, and she started to pull her head out of the can. But, oh dear me! She found she couldn't do it. The sharp edges of the tin caught in her fur, and there she was, stuck



fast with the can over her head, and the nutmeg, the bottle of blueing and the yeast cake in there with her.

“Oh, dear me suz-dud!” she cried. “I’m fast!”

She tried to shake the can off, but it wouldn’t shake. Then she tried to pull herself out, but the can was still on her head, and went everywhere she went, like Mary’s little lamb. Then poor Brighteyes tried to stand up on her hind legs, and hit the can against a tree or a stone, thinking she could knock it off, but it wouldn’t come off, and then she turned a somersault, thinking that would help, but, though she even stood on her head in the can, and wiggled her hind legs, it did no good.



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"Oh, I'm caught fast!" cried the poor little creature, and she rolled around and around on the ground, thinking that would help some, but it didn't.

Then she heard some one coming along through the woods, and she called out: "Who's there? Please help me out of this can!"

"I'm Johnnie Bushytail," answered a voice. "Who are you?"

"I'm Brighteyes Pigg," she said. "Please help me."

But her voice sounded so queer and hollow, shut up as it was in the can, and the nutmeg rattled around so, like thunder, that Johnnie Bushytail, the squirrel, was frightened, and ran away, without helping Brighteyes. Then she felt like crying, but, in a little while she heard some one else coming along through the woods, and she called: "Oh, please help me! Who is there?"

"I'm Sammie Littletail," was the answer. "Who are you?"

"I'm Brighteyes Pigg," she replied. "Help me, please!"

But her voice sounded so strange and hollow in the can, and just then the yeast cake came bouncing out, where there was a little space near Brighteyes' neck and the tinfoil was all shining so that Sammie thought some one was shooting square, silver bullets at him, and away he ran.

Then Brighteyes was going to give up in despair, and she thought she would never, never get out, and she wished she had never eaten the molasses, when, all of a sudden, she heard some one else coming along, and between her sobs she cried out:

"Oh, please, whoever you are, don't run away! Help me out of this can! Who are you?"

"I am Alice Wibblewobble, the duck," was the answer. "Who are you?"

"I am Brighteyes Pigg," said the little creature in the molasses can, and just then the bottle of blueing broke inside and the blue stuff ran out, trickling to one side.

"Oh, you must be the blue fairy!" cried Alice, and she took her strong bill and bent back the edges of the tin can so that Brighteyes could get out, which she soon did, and was not hurt in the least.

Of course Alice was surprised to see a guinea pig instead of a blue fairy, but she was glad she had saved Brighteyes, who had to go back to the store for another bottle of blueing. But the nutmeg and the yeast cake were all right.



Then Alice Wibblewobble poured the rest of the molasses out of the can into an empty acorn cup and Brighteyes took it home to Buddy, who liked it very much, and I almost wish I had some molasses candy; don't you?

Now, in the next story I'm going to tell you about Dr. Pigg and the firecracker; that is if the mosquitoes don't sing so loudly that they wake up the baby's rattle box.

STORY XII

DR. PIGG AND THE FIRECRACKER

Once upon a time it happened that, as Buddy Pigg was coming home from having played baseball with Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, and all his friends, he saw, lying beside the road, something long and round and red, with a little string dangling from it.



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“Aha!” exclaimed Buddy Pigg; “there is a stick of red candy? Oh, fine! Oh, dandy! I’ll take it home, and give Brighteyes some.”

That was because she had managed to bring him home some of the molasses that was in the can, in which the little girl guinea pig got stuck fast. So Buddy picked up the long, round, red thing, with a string dangling from it, and took a big bite. That is, he tried to, but he found his teeth wouldn’t go through it.

“Wow!” he cried. “That isn’t a stick of candy at all.”

And the funny part of it was that it wasn’t a stick of candy. No, not in the least, I do assure you. What it was Buddy couldn’t guess, though I suppose some of you children can.

Well, anyhow, he picked it up, and carried it in one paw, and his bat and catching glove in the other. And pretty soon whom should he meet hopping along but Bawly, the frog—Bully’s brother, you know. And Bawly was singing away for dear life, this little song, which you will have to get some one to sing for you, as I am as hoarse as two crows and a cricket. Well, anyhow, this is the song:

“As I was hopping along one day,
Hi diddle um diddle !!
A grasshopper sat in a greenwood tree,
Tum-tum-tum tiddle di!
“Oh, where are you going?” the grasshopper asked.
“Oh, not very far,” I said.
“May I go along?” asked the funny bug.
And he stood right up on his head.

“Why yes,” I told him, “come along,”
Tu ri lum diddle day.
“The weather is certainly fine just now,”
Fum lum dum skiddle fay.
But the grasshopper fell in a deep, dark bog,
And I pulled him out on a sunken log,
And then came along a bad, savage dog,
And we both ran away.”

[Illustration]

“Oh, ho! So that’s the way it was, eh?” asked Buddy, who had never heard that song before.



“That’s exactly how it was, and not a bit different, I give you my word for it,” said Bawly, the frog. “But what have you there, Buddy? Peppermint candy, as sure as I can sing! May I have a bit?”

“You could have it if it was candy,” promised Buddy, real politely, “only it isn’t,” and he looked at the queer red thing from all sides, and he couldn’t make out what it was, and neither could Bawly.

Well, I’ll tell you what it was, so you can understand the story better. It was a firecracker. Yes, sir, a big, red firecracker that, somehow or other, hadn’t gone off on Fourth of July when it ought to have done so.

I presume some boy had lighted it, tossed it into the bushes and it had gone out and stayed out until Buddy found it. At any rate, he didn’t know what it was, and he took it home. Neither did Mr. Pigg know what it was, but Buddy’s mother and sister thought it was quite a pretty ornament, and Mrs. Pigg put it on the parlor mantle, where company could see it.

Well, one day, not long after this, Dr. Pigg was home all alone, for his wife and the children had gone to a moving-picture show. He was dozing away in his easy chair, with a newspaper over his face to keep away the flies, when, all of a sudden, there came a knock on the door.



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“My goodness alive! Who’s there?” cried Dr. Pigg.

“It’s me,” answered a voice.

“And who, pray tell, may you be?” asked Dr. Pigg.

“I’m a bad tramp fox,” was the answer, “and I want you to give me something to eat. Quick! I’m in a hurry!”

Now that wasn’t a nice way to speak, and Dr. Pigg knew it, and, what is more, that bad fox knew it, too. But, do you s’pose he cared? Not a bit of it. He was as impolite as he could be, and he took pride in it.

“I want something to eat in a hurry,” he went on, in a coarse, grumbly voice, and he was such a big fox, and Dr. Pigg was such a nice, gentle kind of a creature that he didn’t dare refuse him.

“Very well,” said Buddy’s papa, “step into the parlor, Mr. Fox, and I’ll see what I can do for you. There ought to be something in the pantry.”

So he went to look in the pantry for a bone, or something like that, just as Mother Hubbard would have done, you know, and when the fox went in the parlor what do you suppose he saw? Why, that big, red firecracker on the mantle, of course. And when he saw it a wicked plan came into his head.

“I’ll just light that,” he thought to himself, “and it will blow this pen up, and Dr. Pigg with it. Then I can take anything I want. That’s what I’ll do. I’ll blow the place up!”

Then he lighted the string of the firecracker, standing up on his hind legs to reach it, you see, and, as it was a long string, the fox knew it would burn some time before it would explode the firecracker. So the fox ran out into the kitchen, where Dr. Pigg was getting him something to eat, and he cried:

“Here, give me what you have ready, I can’t wait.”

“You must be in a hurry,” replied Dr. Pigg, as he gave the fox some bread and meat and cold potatoes. And of course the fox was in a hurry, for he wanted to get out of the way before that firecracker went off and blew the house up.

Then the fox ran and hid in the bushes, waiting for the house and Dr. Pigg to be blown up, so he could go in and take whatever he wanted. The string on the firecracker burned slowly, but surely. And the fox knew it would be a perfectly tremendous explosion, for the firecracker was as big as a hundred lead pencils made into one.



But now watch and see what happens. After Dr. Pigg had put away the bread and meat, left over after giving the fox some, who should come along but Percival, the old, circus dog. He came to pay a friendly call on Dr. Pigg, but, no sooner had he reached the front door than he cried out:

“Oh, I smell something burning,” and, sure enough it was the firecracker string sizzling away.

“Maybe the house is afire,” said Dr. Pigg. “Let’s look!” So he and Percival went all through the pen, and the first object they saw was the long, rod thing burning on the mantelpiece. And Percival knew at once what it was, for he was a smart dog, let me tell you.



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“Oh!” he cried, “that is a cannon firecracker, and if it goes off it will blow the place to pieces, and me and you, too!”

“Then, for mercy sakes, don’t let it go off!” cried Dr. Pigg, and that brave dog Percival jumped up, grabbed the cannon cracker in his mouth, dashed out of the house, and leaped into a pond of water with it, which put out the burning string, and wet the firecracker so it wouldn’t explode.

And when the fox saw Percival, he sneaked away with his tail hanging down, I can tell you. So that’s the story of Dr. Pigg and the firecracker, and when his family came home he told them of his narrow escape.

Now, in case I hear a June bug buzz like an electric fan blowing soap bubbles, I’ll tell you in the next story about Buddy Pigg in a boat.

STORY XIII

BUDDY PIGG IN A BOAT

After Percival, the old circus dog, had been so kind to Dr. Pigg, in the matter of jumping into the pond with the big firecracker, which the bad fox had lighted, the old gentleman guinea pig said:

“I wish, Percival, you would spend a few days with us. I’m afraid that ugly tramp fox will come back.”

“Of course I will,” agreed the dog. “The Bow Wows are going down to Asbury Park for the summer, and I don’t much care for the seashore, so I’ll stay home and spend a few days with you. And in case that fox does come back—”

Well, Percival didn’t say what he would do, but land sakes, flopsy dub! Oh me, and a potato pancake! You should have seen him show his teeth and growl.

Well, it was a few days after Percival had come to pay a little visit to the Pigg family that something happened to Buddy, and I’m going to tell you about it.

You see, it had been raining pretty hard for a week or more—yes, nearly two weeks, and it didn’t seem as if it was ever going to stop. There had been thunder showers and lightning showers and hail showers and just plain rain showers, and they were all more or less wet; and when it did finally stop raining there was a lot of water all over.

One day, the first day, in fact, after it stopped raining, Buddy was taking a walk, and glad enough he was to be out of the pen. He strolled along, letting the warm sun and the gentle wind dry his black and white fur, and he was thinking of, oh! ever so many things,



when, all at once, he came to a little pond; only this time it was a great big pond, because it had so much water in it. And on the shore of the pond was a boat that some boys had been playing with.

“Oh, fine!” cried Buddy Pigg. “I’ll get in and make believe I’m a sailor, just as Billie and Johnnie Bushytail and Jennie Chipmunk did once. I’ve always wanted a ride in a boat, and now’s my chance!”

So he climbed into the boat, and he made believe he was sailing away off to China, where they make firecrackers and fans, and then, when he was half-way there (make believe, you know), why, he turned around and sailed for India, where it’s very hot; but all this while the boat was partly on the bank and partly in the water, and Buddy only rocked it from side to side, pretending it was moving.

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Well, after he reached India, what did he do but find it so hot there that he turned around at once and sailed for the North Pole, so he could be nice and cool.

Then, all at once, as quickly as you can eat an ice cream cone on a hot day, if something didn't happen. Buddy looked up, after reaching the North Pole, and he found that the boat was adrift, floating off across the big pond, with the wind blowing it faster, and faster, and faster.

At first Buddy thought it was fun; then, as he saw that he was getting farther and farther from shore, he became frightened. He looked for something with which to send the boat back to land, but there was no sail in it, and no oars; and, if there had been, the little guinea pig boy couldn't have used them, I don't suppose. Well, there he was, really sailing off to some unknown country this time, in earnest, and not make believe.

Then he began to cry, and he called out as loudly as he could:

"Help! Help! Help!" and who should come running down to the shore but Peetie and Jackie Bow Wow, the two puppy dogs. They hadn't gone to Asbury Park yet, you see, but they were going soon.

"What's the matter?" asked Peetie.

"The boat is taking me away off," answered Buddy.

"Jump out and swim to shore!" cried Peetie.

"I can't swim," called back Buddy.

"Oh, we'll show you how," went on Jackie, and then he and Peetie jumped into the water and began to show Buddy how to swim, but he was too frightened to learn, and, besides, the two puppy dogs were too far off for him to see them plainly. Then they swam out, and they tried to pull the boat back to shore, but they were not strong enough.

"Oh, I'll be drowned! I'll be drowned!" cried Buddy. "What shall I do? Tell my mamma good-by for me," he said to Jackie.

"We'll tell her you're in trouble, and maybe she will know of a way to save you," called Peetie and Jackie.

So they ran and told Mrs. Pigg, and she and Brighteyes came running down to the shore of the pond.

"Oh, my poor little boy," cried Mamma Pigg, when she saw Buddy being carried farther and farther away.



“Oh, how can we reach him?” wailed Brighteyes, wringing her paws. “We must save him, somehow!”

Just then along came Billie and Johnnie Bushytail, the squirrels.

“Stick up your tail like a sail and the wind will blow you ashore!” they cried to Buddy. “That’s what we did.”

“I haven’t any tail,” answered Buddy, real sorrowful-like.

“That’s so,” said the little squirrel boys, and it began to look pretty bad for poor Buddy, let me tell you.

“Oh, dear! Oh, dear!” cried Mamma Pigg. “I’ll never see my poor boy again,” for he was quite far off by this time.

Then, all of a sudden, down to the edge of the pond, came rushing Percival, the old circus dog.

“I’ll save Buddy!” he cried. “I’ll carry a rope out to him, and he can fasten it to the boat, and then we can pull him ashore.”



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Well, Percival took a rope in his mouth and started to swim out, but a funny thing happened. The water got in his mouth and washed the rope away, and he couldn't carry it, though he tried a number of times.

Then everybody felt sorry, and Jackie Bow Wow was just suggesting that they build a raft and float out on it to Buddy, when who should come along but Jimmie Wibblewobble, the boy duck. They all told him what the trouble was, and he said, "Quack! Quack! Quack!" three times, just like that, and exclaimed:

"I have it! I can swim out with the rope in my bill, for my head will be above the water."

He did it too, in about two quacks and a quarter. Then he helped Buddy fasten the rope to the side of the boat, and those on land, including Percival, the two Bow Wows and Mamma Pigg and Brighteyes, soon pulled the boat and Buddy in it ashore.

Buddy said he was never going sailing again, and I guess he never did, for he was very much frightened, but he soon got over it and played with Jimmie and Jackie and Peetie, while Mamma Pigg had to go home to take something for her nerves.

Now, if I have rhubarb pie for supper, and the ham sandwich doesn't squeal when they put mustard on it, I'll tell you about Brighteyes and the peanut candy in the next story.

STORY XIV

BRIGHTEYES AND THE PEANUT CANDY

It happened, once upon a time, that Brighteyes and Buddy Pigg were walking through the woods together, not far from their home. They had been over to see Sammie and Susie Littletail, and they had had a very nice time. In fact, there had been a little party at the Littletail home.

It was Sammie's or Susie's birthday, I forget just whose, and after games had been played, there were good things to eat; nuts of various kinds for the squirrels who came; candy, lemonade, ice cream flavored with turnips and carrots, and oh! lots of cake, and I don't know what else besides. There was so much that Buddy and Brighteyes couldn't eat all their share, and they were bringing it home to their papa and mamma.

Well, as they were walking along, thinking what a good time they had had, the two guinea pig children heard a rustling sound in the bushes, and two big, round, staring eyes peered out at them, and there was a noise like a dog growling.

"Oh, quick! Hurry up, Buddy!" cried Brighteyes. "Something will catch us sure!" and she began to run as fast as fast could be, or even faster, maybe.



“Oh, I don’t think it’s anything but old Percival, the circus dog,” said Buddy. “He won’t hurt us.”

And he was going to stand still and look in those bushes; yes, sir, that’s what Buddy was going to do, only he happened to see a big, bushy tail sticking out, and then he knew it was a bad fox there, and not the good, kind dog, so Buddy ran as fast as he could run, if not faster, right after Brighteyes.



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And the fox ran, too, only he had stepped on a piece of glass and cut his foot and couldn't run very fast. He was the same fox who lighted the firecracker in Dr. Pigg's house, and I'm glad to say that he didn't catch Buddy or Brighteyes, for they ran faster than the fox did.

Well, they hurried on for quite a distance further, and all at once, just as they were getting tired, and when they knew the fox had stopped chasing them, they happened to look down on the path, and what should they see but a white box; yes, indeed, a white box, tied with pink string.

"Oh, I wonder what can be in there?" asked Brighteyes.

"I don't know, but I'll go see," said Buddy.

"Oh, no, don't go too close," begged his sister. "It might be a trap, or perhaps the bad fox is hidden inside it."

"It's too small for a fox to get in," declared the boy guinea pig. "I'll take a smell, anyhow."

So he crept slowly, slowly, slowly up to the white box, and sniffed, and sniffed and sniffed.

"Oh! Ah! Um! La-la! Um! Um!" exclaimed Buddy Pigg, and he laid down the packages of candy, nuts, cakes and other things he had carried home from the Littletails' party, so that he might smell the better.

"What is it?" asked Brighteyes Pigg. "What's in the box?"

"I don't know," replied her brother, "but whatever it is, it smells the nicest of anything I ever smelled. It's just like when mamma bakes a ginger cake in the oven. I'm going to open it and see."

So, with his sharp teeth, Buddy loosened the pink string around the box, and off came the cover. Then, what do you suppose was in the box? Why, a whole lot of peanut candy, all nice and fresh, shining, golden brown, with just enough peanuts in, and not a bit more, really and truly!

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried Brighteyes in delight, as she saw it. "Peanut candy, Buddy! If there's anything I love it's peanut candy! Some good fairy must have left this for us. Come on, we'll take it over here, under a bush, where the bad fox won't see us, and we'll eat some of it, and save some to take home. Oh, how lovely!"

"I don't think I care for peanut candy very much," said Buddy. "When I smelled it I thought it was going to be chocolate caramels."



“Don’t you want any?” asked Brighteyes.

“No,” answered her brother, “but I’ll help you carry it into the bushes. I’ll eat some of the things we brought from the party. I’m getting hungry again.”

So he and Brighteyes carried the box of peanut candy into the bushes, and the little girl guinea pig began to eat the sweet stuff.

Well, she had eaten almost all of it up, before she thought, because it tasted so good, when all of a sudden, who should come along the path in the woods, but a little girl. Yes, a little girl in a red dress, and she was crying as hard as she could cry, that little girl was.

“Oh, dear!” she sobbed, “I have lost my box of peanut candy, that I bought in the store, and I can’t find it, and I’m so miserable! Nobody in the world is so miserable as I am. Oh, dear! Boo! Hoo!”



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Well, you should have seen how sorry Brighteyes was for eating that little girl's candy, but Brighteyes didn't know, of course, whose it was. She and Buddy just hid down in the bushes, and didn't know what to do, until Buddy whispered:

"Listen! I'll fill the box full of our candy, nuts and things that we brought from the party, and maybe that will stop the little girl crying."

So he did that, filling the box real full, and putting the pink string around it again. Then, when the little girl wasn't looking, Buddy slipped out of the bushes, put the box back on the path again and slipped under a leaf to hide. Then, pretty soon, when the little girl stopped crying, she saw her box, and she thought a fairy had brought it back.

Then she opened it, and she saw the peanut candy had been turned into a different kind, and that there were nuts with it and she surely thought it was magical, but it wasn't, it was only Buddy Pigg, who did it.

So Buddy and Brighteyes went home happy, and so did the little girl, with her white box which she had found again after she had lost it.

Now, in the next story I'm going to tell you about Buddy and the June bug, that is if some one sends me some peanut candy with a lot of red postage stamps on it.

STORY XV

BUDDY AND THE JUNE BUG

One night Dr. Pigg and Mrs. Pigg and Brighteyes went to a nice moving-picture show that Percival, the old circus dog, had gotten up, and they left Buddy at home alone. The reason for that was this: Buddy wasn't feeling well. He had eaten too many ice cream cones, and too much lemonade on a hot day, and he had to have some medicine that his papa fixed for him.

It was bitter, sour medicine, too, and Buddy didn't like it, and he didn't like to be ill, either, but one always is when one eats too many ice cream cones and drinks too much lemonade on a hot day; yes, indeed, and a bottle of paregoric besides.

Well, Buddy was sick, and couldn't go to the moving-picture show, but his mamma and papa thought it would be all right to leave him home alone, as he was getting better by that time.

"I'll tell you all about the show when we come back," promised Brighteyes. "There is going to be a fairy play in it."

"Oh!" cried Buddy, "how I wish I could go! I love fairy plays!"



“You will be much better in bed,” said Dr. Pigg, “and if you keep quiet you won’t have to take any more medicine.”

There was no help for it, and Dr. Pigg and his wife and daughter started off. They knew Buddy would be much more comfortable in bed than at the show, or they would never have left him, and right next door lived a family of chickens, who would come over in case anything happened.

Buddy felt a little lonesome when his folks had gone, but after awhile he fell asleep. He dozed off for some time, and, all of a sudden, he was awakened by hearing something going “thumpity-thump-bump-bump-bump! Humpity-hump-bump-bump!” on the ceiling and walls of his room. Then it went “bangity-bung-bung,” and before Buddy knew what was happening, if something didn’t go slam-bang-crack into the lamp, and put it out, leaving the poor little guinea pig boy in the dark.



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Then how frightened he was! He shivered, and crept down with his head beneath the bed clothes, but all the while he kept hearing that “thumpity-thump-bump-hump-lump-dump!” against the ceiling. First he thought it was the bad fox, who had gotten in to eat him up, and then he knew the fox couldn’t fly around the room that way, or, if it could, it would make ever so much more noise. Then he thought it might be an owl, with big, round, staring, yellow eyes, but when he peeped out from under the clothes the least bit, he didn’t see any eyes, so he knew it couldn’t be the owl.

“Oh, dear! Oh, dear!” cried Buddy, when he was so frightened he couldn’t keep still any longer, “Oh, dear! I wish my papa and mamma would come home; and Brighteyes, too!”

“What for?” asked a voice, away high up on the ceiling.

“Because I’m—I’m lonesome—and afraid—and—and—” but Buddy was almost crying, so he couldn’t finish what he had started to say.

“What are you afraid of?” asked the voice, and this time it was on the side wall, close to Buddy.

“I’m afraid of you!” cried the little boy guinea pig, and he got farther under the bed clothes.

“Nonsense! Afraid of me!” exclaimed the voice, and this time, bless me; if it wasn’t on the blanket, right over Buddy’s nose. “Don’t be afraid, little boy,” the voice went on. “I wouldn’t hurt you for the world. Why, I’m only a harmless, old June bug, you know. I blundered in here by mistake, somehow, because I saw your light, but now it’s dark, and I can’t see to get out. But land sakes, goodness me, and some buttermilk! Don’t be afraid of me! I wouldn’t hurt you for the world and the moon too.”

“Well, I—I don’t exactly know if I’m afraid of you or not,” went on Buddy. “First I thought you were a fox or an owl. I—I guess I’m a little afraid of the dark, too.”

“Nonsense! The dark can’t hurt anyone,” said the June bug. “The dark is good for sleeping. But if you’re afraid, how would you like me to tell you a story? And that will pass the time until your papa and mamma come home.”

“Oh, fine!” cried Buddy, and he wasn’t afraid any more, for he loved to hear stories. So the June bug perched upon the bed clothes, where they were nice and soft, and he told lots of stories to Buddy.

He told about the cow that went to school, and about the bear who was bitten by a big, black bug, and about two good boys, and about three bad boys, who lived in a cave, and about an elephant, and about a horse that had four legs and, oh, I don’t know how many stories.



Then the June bug sang this little verse, only, as I have a cold in my head you'll have to get some one else to sing it for you. Anyhow this is how it goes:

“I love to flip and flop and flap,
And buzz around the room,
I leap up to the ceiling high,
And hit it with a boom!
I turn a double somersault.
My wings they play a tune.
It's lots of fun to be a bug,
Especially in June.”



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And then, land sakes, and a feather pillow; if Buddy Pigg wasn't fast asleep. Then the kind old June bug sang his song over again, softly, and was about to fly away, when he saw a mosquito going to bite the little guinea pig boy.

And what did that bug do but grab the mosquito and throw him out of the window. And the June bug stayed until he heard Dr. Pigg and his wife coming back, and then he flew away, for he had managed to find the place where he had come in, and crawled out again.

Buddy woke up when his mamma came in his room to see how he was, and he told her all about the June bug, and how kind it had been, and how it had told stories.

"You must have had a lovely dream," said Mrs. Pigg, but Buddy knew it had actually happened, and wasn't a dream at all. Now if my typewriter doesn't fall down and sprain its hair ribbon we'll next have a story soon about Brighteyes and a bad boy.

[Illustration]

STORY XVI

BRIGHTEYES AND THE BAD BOY

Brighteyes Pigg was coming home from the grocery store one day. She didn't have much to carry because, you see, her mamma had sent her for only a yeast cake, and, as that wasn't very large, Matilda put it in her apron pocket.

She was walking along, thinking what a good time she would have when she got home, for Jennie Chipmunk had promised to come over as soon as she got her dishes washed and play house with the little guinea pig girl.

"We'll have a lovely time," thought Matilda, who was called Brighteyes for short. "We'll dress up all our dolls and have a play-party, and maybe mamma will give us real things to eat."

Well, Brighteyes was thinking so much about the party, and about Jennie Chipmunk, whom she had not seen in some time, that she didn't pay much attention to anything else. She was going along, hippity-hop, just as Sister Sallie went to the barber shop, when all of a sudden something whizzed right past the nose of Brighteyes and almost hit her.

"My goodness me, sakes alive and a tin dishpan! What's that?" she exclaimed. "I wonder if it could have been that June bug who told Buddy stories so nicely?"



Then she looked all around and she didn't see anything of a bug, and she didn't hear his wings buzzing, so she thought it couldn't have been him.

Then, bless me! if something more didn't shoot right past Brighteyes with a whizz and a whozz, making a funny noise, you know. And this time she saw what it was. It was an arrow, the kind that are shot from bows, you understand.

"Oh, the Indians are after me! The Indians are after me!" cried poor Brighteyes in fright, for you see she had read in her school reader about the Indians shooting arrows.

Then the little guinea pig girl started to run, but before she had taken three steps and a half, if another arrow didn't come whizzing through the bushes at her, and this time it was so close that it just touched her left ear.



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This frightened her so that she fell down, and before she could get up to run away, if out from behind a tree didn't leap a bad boy.

So it wasn't an Indian shooting the arrows, after all, which, perhaps, was a good thing, as Indians can shoot very straight and might have hurt Brighteyes. No, it was a bad boy.

I call him bad because he shot at Brighteyes, and I guess before I'm through with this story that you'll call him bad also.

Well, that boy ran right at Brighteyes, and before she knew what was happening he had grabbed her.

"Wow!" cried the boy. "I've got it! I shot it! I've got a rabbit!"

"Ha! That ain't a rabbit!" exclaimed another boy, coming out of the bushes, "that's a guinea pig. Where did you hit it?"

"I don't know. It doesn't seem to be hurt anywhere. But I was sure I hit it. But, maybe, the arrow only stunned it. Anyhow, I've got it. Now we'll take it home, and put it in a cage, and charge five cents for all the other boys to see it."

"Sure," said the second boy. "You're a good shot with your bow and arrow. Come on, let me carry the guinea pig."

"No," replied the first boy, "I'm going to carry it myself. I wonder if you carry 'em by their ears, like you do rabbits?" Then he tried to get hold of Brighteyes' ears, and he could hardly find them, as they were so small, and, of course, he couldn't take hold of them.

But, oh, dear! how roughly he handled that poor little guinea pig girl! When he couldn't get hold of her ears he grabbed her by the hind legs and actually turned her upside down, and then what should happen but that the yeast cake fell out of her apron pocket.

"Ha! That's funny!" cried the boy who held Brighteyes. "I never knew that guinea pigs ate yeast cakes. This must be a smart one. We'll teach it to do tricks, and then we can charge ten cents to see it. Oh, I'm glad I caught it."

And he held on more tightly to Brighteyes, for she was wiggling and squirming, trying to get away.

Oh, how frightened she was, when she heard the boys say that they were going to shut her up in a cage! She thought she would never see her mamma, and papa, and Buddy again. Big tears came into her eyes, and she trembled all over.



But do you s'pose that bad boy and the other one cared? Not the least bit! First one held Brighteyes, and then the other, to see how heavy she was, and then they took her up, first by one leg and then by the other, and, if she had had a tail, they would have held her up by that, and probably pulled it, too, for all I know.

You see those two boys had been playing they were Indians in the woods with their bows and arrows, and perhaps that made them act so cruelly.

“Let's hurry home now and put it in a cage,” said the bad boy, and he and the other boy started off, carrying Brighteyes. But wait, don't be frightened, or worried, for something is going to happen immediately, which is very soon.



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All at once there was a whizzing and a whoozing in the air, and a buzzing, bizzing sound, and that kind old June bug came sailing along. He saw those bad boys taking Brighteyes away, and the bug knew at once that she was Buddy's sister.

So what did he do but wiggle his wings about a thousand times a minute, I guess, and fly right at the boy who held the guinea pig girl!

Right at the bad boy flew the bug, and he hit him first in one eye and then the other and scared him so that the bad chap was glad enough to let go of poor Brighteyes in a hurry.

Then the other boy stepped on the yeast cake, and it flattened out, and he slipped on it, and fell down, and he thought a bear was after him, and he yelled, and the other boy yelled, and then they both ran away, and Brighteyes was saved.

She thanked the June bug, and he said he was glad he could help her, and he flew back to the grocery and got another yeast cake for her. Then Brighteyes hurried home.

Now the next story is going to be about Buddy Pigg's great run—that is, if we have peaches and cream for supper and the rag man doesn't take my rubber boots for his goat to wear to the party.

STORY XVII

BUDDY'S GREAT RUN

Well, I didn't have peaches and cream for supper last night, but I had strawberry shortcake, which is almost as good, so I can tell you a story, anyhow.

Once upon a time, Oh, I guess it must have been about two weeks after Brighteyes was caught by the bad boys, and rescued by the June bug, Buddy Pigg was sitting on his front steps, wishing he had something to do.

"Mother," he asked, "can I go down in the brook, paddling? Jimmie Wibblewobble is down there."

"No," said Mrs. Pigg kindly, "you are not quite well enough to go in the water, Buddy. But you may have five cents for an ice cream cone."

Well, Buddy walked up to the store, got a vanilla ice cream cone, and had just finished the last of it, even down to the sharp point of the cone, where there wasn't any ice cream, when who should come along but Billie and Johnnie Bushytail. They had their catching gloves, and a ball and a bat, and when the squirrel boys saw Buddy they called out:



“Come on, let’s have a game of baseball.”

“All right,” agreed Buddy. “But who else will play?”

“Oh! we’ll get Sammie Littletail, and Bully and Bawly, the frogs, and Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, and Jimmie Wibblewobble, and we’ll have a fine game,” said Billie Bushytail.

So they walked along, and pretty soon they met Sammie Littletail, and then a little while after that they met the two Bow Wows, and then who should come hopping along, but Bully and Bawly, the two frogs, and, if you’ll believe me, a moment after that, along came Jimmie Wibblewobble.

Then they had enough for a fine baseball game, and they went to a nice, green meadow where they could play. Well, Johnnie Bushytail was up at the bat first, and he knocked the ball so far that Bully, who was playing out in the far-off part of the field, had to take about sixteen and a half hops before he could get it. But by that time Johnnie was back at home plate safe.



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Then it came Sammie Littletail's turn, and he knocked the ball so high that it went up in a tree and stayed there, and didn't come down.

"Oh, that's no way to play!" exclaimed Jimmie Wibblewobble. "Now we haven't any ball. What did you do that for, Sammie?"

"Well, I couldn't help it; could I?" asked Sammie, and he threw the bat up, trying to knock down the ball.

But it wouldn't come down, and then they all threw up stones and sticks, but still that ball wouldn't come down, and then Billie and Johnnie Bushytail climbed up and they had it down in about two frisks of their big, long tails.

Well, they said that Sammie Littletail was out for knocking the ball up in the tree, and he didn't like it, but he gave in, and the game went on. Then Jimmie Wibblewobble knocked a ball, oh! so far and so high that it was almost out of sight.

"Nobody can catch that!" cried Jimmie, as he started for first base.

But just you wait and see. Buddy Pigg was out in the field, waiting for a nice ball to come along so he could catch it, and now was his chance. He had such bright eyes, almost like his sister's, and he could see the ball away up in the white clouds, even though none of the other players could.

He kept his eyes on it, and got his paws all ready to catch it when it came down. And pretty soon it did begin to come down, for you know it couldn't stay up there in the air, with nothing to hold it. Of course not, and I know you understand how that is.

Well, Buddy managed to catch that ball, though it came down very swiftly, and Jimmie Wibblewobble was out.

"Fine catch, Buddy! Fine!" cried Billie Bushytail.

"Yes, and now it's Buddy's turn to bat," said Bawly, the frog. "Get up, Buddy. I'll pitch you a nice one."

So Buddy got up to home plate, which was a flat stone, you know, and he held his bat ready to knock the ball out of sight, if possible.

Bawly threw him a nice, easy ball, and Buddy struck at it. He hit, too, which is better. Oh! such a hit as he gave that ball! It's a good thing balls don't have feelings, I think, or bats either, for that matter.

Well, as soon as he hit the ball Buddy started to run for the bases. Oh, how fast he ran, but something happened. The ball didn't go as far as he thought it would. No, it fell



down right near Sammie Littletail, and Sammie picked it up and ran toward Buddy with it.

He knew if he could touch Buddy with the ball before Buddy got back to home plate, that Buddy would be out and then Sammie could bat again.

So Sammie ran after Buddy, and Buddy ran all around the bases, hoping he could make a home run and get there safe. But it was hard work. Faster and faster he ran, and faster and faster hopped Sammie after him.

“Run, Buddy! Run!” cried Bully the frog.

“I—am—running!” panted Buddy.

“Catch him, Sammie! Catch him!” cried Bawly, and Sammie gave three tremendous hops to catch Buddy.



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But by this time Buddy was nearly at home plate, where he would be safe. And the worst of it was that Sammie was almost there, too.

Then, with his last breath, and giving a spring and a hop that was so big that it took him close to Buddy, Sammie stretched out his paw with the ball in and tried to touch Buddy. But do you s'pose he did? No, sir, he didn't, and Buddy got home safe, and wasn't put out after all.

"Well," said Sammie, after he had gotten his breath, "if you had had a tail sticking out behind you I would have touched that, and you'd have been out."

"I'm glad I haven't a tail," said Buddy, as he sat down on the grass to rest, and then, after a while the game went on, and lasted until dark, everybody having a fine time.

Now, I'm going to tell you in the story after this one about Brighteyes, Buddy and the turnip—that is, in case I hear a potato bug sing a song that puts the rag doll to sleep, so she won't cry and wake up the pussy cat.

STORY XVIII

BRIGHTEYES, BUDDY AND THE TURNIP

One day when Buddy and Brighteyes Pigg were out walking in the fields, they saw, close beside a big stone, a fine, large turnip. Oh, it was the nicest, ripest, juiciest turnip that ever a guinea pig boy or girl smelled of, and it just made their mouths water, and water even came into their eyes.

"Oh, what a lovely turnip!" exclaimed Brighteyes. "I wonder who it belongs to?"

"Let's look and see if it has any one's name on it," suggested Buddy.

So, after peering carefully about to see that there were no traps near, the two guinea pig children went closer, and gazed on all sides of the turnip, and even turned it over to look on the bottom.

They couldn't see a single name, and then they came to the conclusion that the turnip didn't belong to any one in particular.

"I wonder if it would be right for us to take it home?" asked Brighteyes. "Mamma and papa would just love to have some of it."

"Why certainly, take it right along, children!" exclaimed a voice from under a burdock leaf, and then out flew the kind, old June bug.



“May we really have it?” asked Buddy.

“Of course,” answered the June bug. “You see I was hiding under that leaf, thinking it was about time for me to go South, for June bugs oughtn’t really to fly in July, when I heard a rumbling noise. First I thought it was thunder, and then I saw that it was a big farm wagon loaded with turnips.

“Well, one of the turnips fell off, and a boy, who was riding on the wagon, called to the man who was driving, and told him about the turnip falling. Then the man said that didn’t matter, as he had more turnips than he knew what to do with. So that’s how I know that you can have the turnip if you wish.”

“Well, we certainly do wish!” cried Brighteyes. “Isn’t it grand, Buddy? We’ll take it right home.”



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“Yes, but how can we carry it?” asked her brother. “I don’t believe we can lift it.”

He went up to the big, round turnip, and tried and tried, with all his might, to lift it, but it wouldn’t come up as high even as a pin head from the ground.

“Perhaps I can lift it,” suggested Brighteyes, so she tried, but she couldn’t.

“Maybe if you both try together you can,” said the June bug.

Well, they both pulled and hauled, but it was of no use. There that turnip was, just as if it was stuck fast in the ground.

“I’m not very strong myself,” went on the June bug, “but I’ll do my best. Come on, now, all together.”

So he took hold, with Buddy and Brighteyes, and he buzzed his wings as hard as they would buzz, and he cracked his legs, and he strained and he tugged and pulled, but, no sir, that turnip wouldn’t move the least bit.

“I guess we’ll have to leave it here,” said Buddy sorrowful-like, “but I did so want to take it home to mamma and papa.”

And he looked at the big vegetable as if it would, somehow, move itself.

“I know a way,” said the June bug, at length.

“How?” asked Brighteyes.

“Why you and your brother must eat as much of it as you can, and then it will be lighter, and easier to lift, you see. Just gnaw a lot off the turnip, and you can carry it, then.”

“Oh, but that would spoil the turnip,” objected Buddy. “We want to take it home all in one piece, so papa and mamma can see it.” Now wasn’t that good of him? Especially when he and his sister were just as hungry as they could be, and would have loved to have had some? But they wanted to have their folks see it first, without a bite being taken from it.

“Well,” said the June bug, “maybe you can roll it along, if you can’t lift it.”

“The very thing!” cried Buddy. “If we can just get it started it will roll along easily, for it is down hill to our pen, and it will bounce along just as the cabbage did, that I was once in. That’s a good plan.”



Well, by hard work the three of them did manage to get the turnip started, and it rolled along, first slowly and then more quickly, and then with a rush, and land sake! if all at once it didn't roll down into a big hole.

"Oh, now we'll never get it up!" cried Buddy, much disappointed, and he and his sister felt very sorrowful. But not for long, for in a little while along hopped Uncle Wiggily Longears, with his crutch. It didn't take him any time, with the aid of the June bug, and Buddy and Brighteyes, to pry that turnip up out of the hole.

"Now I'll show you how to get the turnip home," said Uncle Wiggily. "You need some way to steer it, so it won't run away from you and get into a hole again."

Then he took his crutch and punched a hole through that turnip, and put a stick through the hole, so the turnip was just like the wheel of a wheelbarrow.



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Then he fastened long pieces of strong grass to the stick that was stuck through the turnip, and he and Buddy and Brighteyes and the June bug took hold of the grass, and they rolled that turnip along and steered it just as you pull your sled or wheel the baby carriage or guide a horse with a bit in his mouth.

And pretty soon they were safely at the pen, and Dr. Pigg and his wife were much surprised and delighted when they saw the big turnip which their children had found. They gave Uncle Wiggily Longears some, but the June bug said he would rather have a ginger snap, and he got it.

Now the next story will be about Buddy and the burglar fox, in case the milkman isn't late to school, and if he brings a bottle of water for teacher to sprinkle the blackboards with.

STORY XIX

BUDDY AND THE BURGLAR FOX

"We must lock all the windows and doors very tightly to-night," said Mrs. Pigg to her husband, one evening, when they were getting ready for bed.

"Yes," agreed Dr. Pigg, "we must. I'll see to it, my dear, and you put the children to bed."

"Why do you have to lock up so carefully, mamma?" inquired Buddy.

"Because," said Mrs. Pigg, "I heard that there have been a number of tramps and burglars around lately."

"Indeed, that's true," added Dr. Pigg. "Mr. Cock A. Doodle, the rooster next door, was telling me that he thinks some one tried to get in his coop last night. The door rattled and some one shook the window."

"Perhaps it was the wind," suggested Brighteyes.

"It may have been," agreed her father. "I hope it was, for I don't like burglars at all. Now go to bed and don't be afraid, for I'll lock up carefully, and I have a pail of water right beside my bed and I'll throw it on a burglar if he dares to come in."

So Buddy and Brighteyes went up stairs to bed with their mother, while Dr. Pigg put out the cat, locked the doors and windows and set the alarm clock to wake him up at five o'clock, for he had to go downtown to attend to some business in the morning.

"I wish the June bug would come again," said Brighteyes, as she was falling asleep.



“Why?” asked her mother from the next room.

“Oh, so he could tell us some stories, and then I wouldn’t think about burglars.”

“Nonsense!” exclaimed Mrs. Pigg. “How silly! Burglars will never hurt you. Go to sleep now.”

“If any burglars come in I’ll fix ’em!” cried Buddy, bravely, from his room. Then Brighteyes went to sleep, and so did Dr. Pigg and his wife.

But, somehow, Buddy couldn’t sleep. Why it was he didn’t know, only he couldn’t. He thought of everything he could think of; ice cream cones and turnips and baseball games, and being in the boat that time, and going to the North Pole and then he thought of the stories the June bug had told him, but still he couldn’t go to sleep.



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"I guess I'll get up and sit by the window a while," he said to himself. "Then maybe I'll feel sleepy."

So he got up and sat down in a comfortable chair and looked out. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and he could see things almost as well as if it was day.

Well, Buddy hadn't sat there very long, before he saw something long and black and shadowy creeping along, as softly and as gently as a mouse.

First he thought it was a cat, but when he looked again he saw that it was a fox. And the fox had a bag over his shoulder, and he was sneaking along, looking around to be sure no policeman dogs saw him.

Well, sir, as true as I'm telling you, if that fox didn't come softly up to Dr. Pigg's house, right to the front door, as Buddy could see by leaning out of his window, which was open, and looking down, as his window was right over the front door.

Then that fox took a screw-driver out of his bag, and he began to work at the door to force it open, in spite of the lock on it. Oh, how softly and quietly he worked! But Buddy looked down and saw him, and he knew right away that it was a burglar fox, who was coming in the house.

At first Buddy was frightened, and then he knew that he ought to do something. He thought of awakening his papa and mamma, and then he feared that this would scare Brighteyes, and so he decided to drive that burglar fox away all by himself.

Then he tried to think of the best way to do it. He moved softly about his room, looking for something with which to scare the fuzzy old fox, and what do you think he found? Why, his baseball, to be sure!

"That will be as good as a bullet!" thought Buddy.

Then he moved softly to the window, leaned out, where he could see the fox, who was still trying to force open the front door, and raising the ball in his hand, Buddy threw it down with all his might, just as if he was throwing to first base.

Well, sir, the ball hit that bad fox right on the head, and it bounced up almost into Buddy's hands again, but not quite.

My, how surprised that fox was! In fact he was so surprised that he fell down, and when he got up and saw Buddy looking at him from the window, he was more amazed than ever.

"Get right away from here, you bad burglar fox you!" cried Buddy, "or I'll throw forty-seven more big bullets at you!"



Of course he really couldn't, because he didn't have any other baseballs to throw, but the fox didn't know that, and really thought the one baseball was a big bullet.

Then, without even stopping to pick up his bag, the fox ran away, and so he didn't get in at all in Dr. Pigg's house, and Buddy went to sleep.

Well, when Buddy told his papa and mamma and Brighteyes the next morning what he had done, maybe they weren't proud of him. Yes, indeed!

I wish I could say that the fox was arrested, but he wasn't, and made lots more trouble later. But he never broke into Dr. Pigg's house and I'm glad of it.



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Now, do you think you'd like to hear, in the next story, about a queer adventure which Brighteyes had? Well, I'll tell it to you if the water sprinkler man gives us a nice big piece of ice to bake in the oven for a pudding.

[Illustration]

STORY XX

BRIGHTEYES HAS AN ADVENTURE

It was a very hot day. It was as hot, in fact, as some of the days we have had around here lately, and when Brighteyes, the little guinea pig girl, saw the yellow sun beaming down as she looked out of the pen in the morning, she said to her papa:

"Now, be very careful not to get overheated to-day, daddy, dear."

"I will," replied Dr. Pigg. "It is so very warm that I shall walk on the shady side of the street, and keep a handkerchief, wet in ice water, on my head."

"I was cool enough the other night," remarked Buddy Pigg. "In fact, I shivered when I saw the burglar fox trying to get in," and he actually shivered again when he thought of it, and of how he had scared the bad fox away, as I told you in the story just before this one.

But, after a bit, it got so warm that even the thought of the fox could not make Buddy shiver. Neither could his mother nor Brighteyes shiver, and when you can't shiver, you know, it's a sure sign that it's going to be very hot.

At last Brighteyes said:

"Oh, I think I'll go for a walk in the woods. Don't you want to come along, Buddy?" and she looked at her brother, who was whittling a stick with his new knife.

But Buddy decided it was too hot even to go off in the woods, so Brighteyes said she would go alone. She put on her coolest dress. I think it was a white swiss or a blue organdie, or a challis, or a bombazine, I can't just exactly remember. Anyway, it was nice and cool, and freshly washed and ironed and starched, and Brighteyes looked just as pretty in it as a picture in a gold frame.

Well, she walked along for some time, and, pretty soon, oh, I guess in about three squeaks, or, maybe, four, she came to the woods. It was nice and cool and shady in there, with a little breeze blowing through the trees, and, frisking about in the branches, were several chipmunks, who were cousins of Jennie Chipmunk, and a number of squirrels, besides, most of them relations of Johnnie and Billie Bushytail.



So Brighteyes sat down on a mossy log, and thought how nice and cool it was, and pretty soon, she heard water running and splashing over the stones. That made her cooler than ever and she was feeling very happy, and wishing Buddy was with her, when she began to feel thirsty.

And the more she heard the water running the more thirsty she became, until she said, right out loud: "I'm going to get a drink!"

You've no idea how funny it sounded to hear Brighteyes speak out loud that way, for it was so still and quiet in the woods, that it was just as if she had spoken out loud in church, after the minister has stopped praying. Then Brighteyes got up from the mossy log, and went toward the running water. And what do you s'pose is going to happen? Why, she's going to have an adventure in about a minute, or, maybe, less time.



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Well, the little guinea pig girl found where a little brook ran through the woods, over the stones and under green banks where the long ferns grew, and she was more thirsty than ever, and when she got down to the edge of the brook, there was a little plank stretched across the water for a bridge.

Brighteyes walked out on the middle of the plank, looked down into the brook, which was just like a looking-glass, and she saw how well her dress fitted. Then she kneeled, dipped her paws in the water and scooped up some to drink, taking care not to splash any on her clothes.

“Oh!” exclaimed the little guinea pig girl, “that is very fine water!” Then she took another drink and stood up. She was just going to walk back to shore when she happened to hear a funny noise, and, lo! and behold, at either end of the plank bridge there was a funny brown, furry creature, about as big as a small dog. They stood up on their hind legs, one at one end of the plank and one at the other, and when they saw Brighteyes looking at them the larger creature cried out:

“Ha! Ha! Now we have you! You can’t get ashore unless you give us all your money!”

“I haven’t very much,” said poor Brighteyes, beginning to tremble, and wondering if the brown creatures were burglars.

“Well, we want whatever money you have,” declared the creature at the right-hand end of the plank.

“Yes, indeed!” cried the creature on the left end.

“Who—who are you?” stammered Brighteyes, thinking to make friends with the creatures.

“We’re groundhogs!” they both cried together, “and we want your money.”

“What for?” asked Brighteyes, wondering what question she could ask next.

“We’re going to buy firecrackers,” answered the one on the right end.

“Fourth of July is past,” said Brighteyes.

“No matter. Give us all your money, or we’ll push you into the brook!” declared the two groundhogs together, and when Brighteyes said she hadn’t any change, for there was no pocket in her dress, you see, to carry any money in, what did those bad groundhogs do, but begin to teeter-tauter up and down, with the little guinea pig girl on the middle of the plank.



Up and down she went, faster and faster, and pretty soon the water began to splash upon her new dress. And oh, how terrible she felt.

First she thought she would run across the plank, but she was afraid of the groundhog at either end. Then she thought she would jump over their heads, but she couldn't jump very well, not being a grasshopper, you see, and she didn't know what to do, and she was crying the least bit, when, all of a sudden, who should come along but the three Wibblewobble children—Lulu and Alice and Jimmie—and when they saw how the two groundhogs had made Brighteyes a prisoner in the middle of the plank bridge, those three ducks just stretched out their long necks, and cried, "Quack! Quack! Quack!" as loudly as they could.



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That so frightened the groundhogs that they jumped into the brook and swam away, leaving Brighteyes free. Then she went home with the Wibblewobbles, and told Buddy her adventure, and he said it was a good one.

Now, the next story will be about Buddy in a deep hole—that is if the trolley car doesn't run off the track, and break all the eggs in the grocery store window.

STORY XXI

BUDDY IN A DEEP HOLE

Once upon a time it happened that Buddy Pigg was out taking a walk over the fields and through the woods. He often used to do this, sometimes taking a stroll for pleasure, and again to see if he could find anything to eat. This time he was looking for something to eat, and so he walked very slowly, looking from side to side, and sniffing the air from time to time.

“For,” he said, “who knows but what I may find a nice cabbage or a turnip, or a radish, or a bit of molasses cake, or a ginger snap, or even an ice cream cone. Any of those things would be very good,” thought Buddy to himself, “especially an ice cream cone on a hot day.”

But, though he looked and he looked and he looked, oh, I guess maybe about a dozen times, he couldn't find a single thing that was good to eat, and he was beginning to get discouraged.

“I'll go a little bit farther,” he thought, “and then if I don't find anything I'll turn around, go back home, and get some bread and butter, for that is better than nothing; and I am getting hungry.”

So he walked on a little farther, and, as he walked along, he sang this little song which no one is allowed to sing unless they are very, very hungry.

So in case it happens that you have just had an ice cream cone, or something good like that, and are not hungry, you must not sing this song until just before dinner or breakfast or supper. Anyhow here's the song and you can put it aside until you are nearly starving. This is how it goes:

“I wish I had some candy
Or a peanut lolly-pop.
I'd eat an ice-cream cone so quick
You could not see me stop.
If I had two big apples,
An orange or a peach.



I'd give my little sister
A great big bite from each.

“But there is nothing here to eat—
Not even cherry pie.
Though we had one at our house once,
And some got in my eye.
Oh! how I'd like a cocoanut!
And watermelon, too.
I'd eat two slices off the ice—
Now, really, wouldn't you?”

No sooner had Buddy finished singing this song, than he came to a place in the woods, where there was a big hole going down into the ground. Oh, it was quite a large hole, not quite so big as the one going down to China, but pretty large and it looked just as if some animal were in the habit of going in and out of it.

“Ha, ho!” exclaimed Buddy Pigg. “This looks like something; it surely does,” and, my dear children, the funny part of it was that the hole did look like something.



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"I guess I'll go down there and see if there's anything to eat at the bottom," went on the little guinea pig boy, "for I certainly am hungry."

Then he stood and peeped down into the hole, and, though it looked quite far to the bottom of it, and though it seemed pretty dark, Buddy decided to go in. Now, that was rather foolish of him, for it's never safe to go in a hole until you know where you're coming out, especially a hole in the woods; but Buddy didn't stop to think. So he looked all around, to see that there were no bad foxes in sight, and then he entered the hole.

First he crept along very slowly and carefully. Oh my, yes, and a banana peeling in addition! and then, all of a sudden, land sakes flopsy dub! if Buddy didn't slip and fall and stumble, and roll over and over, sideways, and head over heels, and he kept on going down, until finally he came to a stop in a place that was as dark as a pocket in a fur overcoat on a winter day.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" cried poor Buddy Pigg. "Whatever has happened; and where am I?"

He tried to see where he was, but, my goodness sakes alive! he might as well have tried to look through the blackboard at school, for all he could see was just nothing.

"I—I guess I must have fallen all the way through to China!" whispered Buddy, as he lay there in the darkness, and then he happened to remember that if he was in China he would see some little Chinese boys and girls, and he could not see any, so he knew he wasn't in China.

"Oh, dear!" cried Buddy again. "Where am I, anyhow?"

Then, all of a sudden, out of the darkness, there sounded a voice, and when Buddy heard it he trembled.

"Who are you?" cried the voice, "and what are you doing in here?"

"If you please," answered the little guinea pig boy, "I am Buddy, and I fell down this hole. Whose is it?"

"It belongs to us," said two voices at once. "We are groundhogs, and you must get right out of here!"

"Groundhogs!" exclaimed Buddy, and then he remembered the two who had teeter-tautered Brighteyes up and down on the plank bridge, and wet her dress, and he was frightened for fear they would harm him.



“Oh, please, Mr. Groundhogs!” went on Buddy, “I didn’t mean to come here! I fell in when I was looking for something to eat. Please help me out, and I’ll never come again. I was looking for something to take home to Brighteyes, my sister.”

“What! Is Brighteyes Pigg your sister?” cried the two groundhogs, rustling around in the dark hole, and when Buddy said she was, they said they were very sorry for having frightened her on the plank. They were only playing a joke, they said, and they promised never to bother her again.

“And besides,” went on the larger groundhog, “we’ll give you something to eat, and help you out of this hole.”

So they went and got their lantern, which was a bottle filled with fireflies, and they showed Buddy where there was another hole leading up out of their underground house, and he crawled out, after they had given him some clover preserved in molasses candy, and they promised to come and play with him and Brighteyes some day.



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Then Buddy was happy again, and almost glad he had fallen down the big hole, because he had something good to take home to eat.

Now, in case I have cherry pie for supper and the juice doesn't get on my red necktie and turn it green, I'll tell you soon about a trick the groundhogs played.

STORY XXII

A TRICK THE GROUNDHOGS PLAYED

One day, oh, I guess it must have been about a week after Buddy Pigg fell down the groundhogs' hole, he and Brighteyes were out walking in the woods. They had been over to pay a visit to Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, the two puppy dogs, you know, and were on their way back.

As they walked along, they both heard a queer little rustling sound in the bushes, but at first they didn't pay any attention to it, but they kept on, talking about what a nice time they had had, when, all of a sudden, the noise sounded more plainly. It was just as if some big animal had taken hold of the bushes in his teeth, and had shaken them—shaken the bushes, I mean, of course, for he couldn't shake his teeth unless they were false, and animals don't have false teeth, thank goodness.

"My land sakes! What's that?" exclaimed Brighteyes.

"Maybe it's a bad fox," said Buddy, and he looked around for a stick or a stone with which to defend his sister, for Buddy was brave, let me tell you.

Then the noise seemed to sort of go away, just like when the teacher rubs the figures and sentences off the blackboard in school, and Buddy and Brighteyes weren't so frightened. So they kept on, and just as they were coming to the path that led to their pen, what did they hear but the rustling noise in the bushes again. This time they were very much frightened, and Buddy picked up a stick, almost as large as himself. Then Brighteyes said:

"Oh, Buddy, I'm afraid to go home that way. Let's take the other path."

"But that is so much longer," objected her brother.

"No matter," answered the little guinea pig girl, "it is better to take a longer path, than to go on a short one and be eaten up by a fox or a wolf," and I suppose Brighteyes was right. Anyhow they took the other path, and as they went along it, they heard a noise in the bushes as if some one was laughing, only they didn't see how a fox could laugh. So they hurried on.



Well, it wasn't very long before they came to something. I was going to let you guess what it was, but as it might take you some time to think, and then, maybe, you wouldn't get it right, I have decided to tell you.

What Buddy and Brighteyes saw on the path in front of them was a small box—the kind that soap comes out of, you know—and it was standing up on one edge. And sort of underneath the box were two, big toadstools, made into tables, and beside each table was a smaller toadstool for a seat. And, would you believe me? on each toadstool-table there were a lot of nice things to eat! Believe me, there was, really! There were bits of cabbage, some red clover tops with marshmallow-chocolate on them, and candied cherries, and red raspberries with strawberry sauce, and oh, I don't know what all!



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“Why!” exclaimed Brighteyes, “that is a regular little play-party, Buddy.”

“To be sure it is,” he answered. “And look, there is a sign fastened to the box. Let’s go closer, and read what it says on it.” So they went a little closer, watching on all sides to make sure there was no danger, and they read the sign. This is what it said:

“Come in and eat whate’er you wish.
Taste each dainty in the dish.
Make a bow, and wipe your feet,
Fold your napkins nice and neat.”

“Come on,” cried Buddy to his sister. “Let’s go in and eat.”

“Do you s’pose it’s meant for us?” asked Brighteyes.

“Of course,” was his answer. “Come on! See, there’s a mat to wipe your feet on, and there are napkins at each plate. There is a table for you, and one for me.”

So Buddy and Brighteyes, thinking no harm, went in and, after making their very best double-jointed bows, and wiping their feet until there was no more mud on them than on a postage stamp, they sat down to the tables and tucked in their napkins around their necks.

Then they began to eat, and oh, how good everything tasted! Just like when you go visiting to the country, you know, and eat, and eat, and keep on eating. Well, that’s just the way it was, believe me, if you please.

Now, something is going to happen. I can’t help it, and it’s not my fault. You see that box, with the nice things to eat on the toadstool tables, was only a trap. No sooner had the two guinea pigs begun eating than some one hiding in the bushes pulled on a long string, and the string snapped out a piece of wood that was holding up the box, and the box fell down, and Brighteyes and Buddy were caught under it—prisoners—just like a mouse in the trap.

They stopped eating pretty quickly then, let me tell you. Buddy was just going to have a second helping of marshmallow-chocolate clover when the box fell over, and it was so dark inside that he couldn’t find his mouth.

“Oh, dear!” cried Brighteyes. “What has happened?”

“We’re in a trap!” shouted Buddy. “The bad fox has us in a trap! Come, we must get out!”

They jumped down from the toadstool seats and upset the toadstool tables, and the dishes fell on the floor, but they didn’t care. Then the two guinea pig children tried to lift



up the box, but they couldn't, and they tried to dig under it, but they couldn't, and they didn't know how in the world they were going to get out.

Then, all of a sudden they heard some one whispering outside the box. Buddy thought it was the fox, so he cried: "You had better let us out of here, Mr. Fox, or we'll have you arrested!"

"Why, that's Buddy Pigg!" cried the voice, and all of a sudden the box was lifted and there stood the two groundhog boys; Woody and Waddy Chuck were their names. "We didn't mean to catch you," said Woody. "We were only going to play a joke on our big brother, but you got in the box by mistake. We're very sorry."



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But they couldn't help laughing, and I really think the groundhog boys meant to play a joke on Buddy and Brighteyes and had followed them through the woods and hid in the bushes and put the things under the box and all that just on purpose; I really do.

But, anyhow, Buddy and Brighteyes weren't hurt a bit, and Woody and Waddy gave them all the good things they could eat before the guinea pigs ran home.

Now, in case it should happen that all the ice in our refrigerator isn't melted, so we can fry some for pancakes, I'll tell you next about Buddy in the berry bush.

STORY XXIII

BUDDY IN THE BERRY BUSH

Buddy Pigg didn't know what to do. You see he was home all alone, for his mother and Brighteyes had gone calling on Grandpa and Grandma Lightfoot, the squirrels and Dr. Pigg was downtown, playing checkers or dominoes with Uncle Wiggily Longears, so Buddy didn't have any one to keep him company.

"I wish some of the boys would come along," he said, as he sat on the front steps and threw stones out in the dusty road. "I'd like to have a ball game, or some sort of fun."

But, though he sat there quite a while, none of the boys came along, and, at last, Buddy remarked:

"Oh, I'm going off and see if I can't find Billie or Johnnie Bushytail, or Sammie Littletail, or some one, to play with." So he locked the front door, and put the key under the mat, where his mother would find it when she came home, and off he started, almost as fast as when Sister Sallie went hippity-hop to the barber shop.

Pretty soon Buddy came to the woods, and he opened his mouth real wide and began to yell, not because he was hurt, you understand, but because he wanted to call some of the boys. He yelled, and he hollered, and he hooted, and then, all of a sudden, he heard some one yelling back at him, and he saw Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the two squirrel boys, bounding along on the low branches of the trees.

"Hello, fellows!" cried Buddy. "Glad to see you! Let's have some fun."

"What'll we do?" asked Billie.

"I know," suggested Johnnie. "Let's make a see-saw. Here is a nice plank, and we can put it across that old stump and have a dandy time."



So they got the plank and put it across the stump. Then Buddy got on one end and Billie and Johnnie on the other, as they were a little smaller than Buddy, and did not weigh so much. Then they began to go up and down, first slowly, and then faster and faster, until they were jiggling up and down as fast as the teakettle boils when there's company coming to supper.

"Hi, yi!" yelled Billie and Johnnie. "Isn't this fun?"

"Wow, yow! It certainly is," agreed Buddy. "Only don't jump off too suddenly when I'm in the air, or I'll fall and be hurt."

Well, of course, Billie and Johnnie promised that they would be careful, and they really meant to keep their word; only, just as they were close down to the ground on the plank, and Buddy was high up, what should happen but that a new, green, little acorn fell off an oak tree.



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It was one of the first acorns of the season, and Billie and Johnnie each wanted to get it, so, without thinking what they were doing, they jumped off the teeter-tauter plank, when Buddy was high up, and, of course, down he came, with a slam-bang!

My! how it did jar him up, and shake him, like pepper in the caster, but that wasn't the worst. No, indeed, and some chocolate cake besides! When Buddy came down he landed right on an old rubber boot that some one had thrown away in the woods, and it was so bouncy and springy that he was tossed high up in the air again, and he curved sideways, just like a baseball, when he came down this time, and where on earth do you s'pose he landed? Why, right in the middle of a big, scratchy, blackberry bush!

Yes, sir, that's where it was! Down poor Buddy went, right into the midst of the bush, and of course he got scratched some, only not as much as he might, for he happened to go down through a thin place, where there were not so many briars.

Well, at first he was too surprised to speak, and, besides, the breath was sort of knocked out of him, but, when he did gather himself together, he saw that he was in a bad place to get out of. By this time Johnnie and Billie had found the green acorn and had divided and eaten it, so they came back to find Buddy.

"Why, where has he gone to?" asked Billie, looking around.

"Maybe he got mad, because we jumped off the plank so quickly and he has run home," suggested Johnnie. "We shouldn't have done it."

"No," cried Buddy, suddenly. "I haven't gone home! I'm in the blackberry bush over here!"

"Why, how in the world did you get there?" asked Johnnie, and Buddy told him.

"I think it would be more polite to ask him how he's going to get out," suggested Billie.

"That's so," agreed Buddy. "It's going to be hard work. But I guess I can crawl through."

So he tried to crawl through the bush, but you know how it is when you go after berries, the briars seem to stick into you all over. That's the way it was with Buddy. He couldn't crawl out, no matter how hard he tried, for the stickers caught into his fur and held him fast.

"Can't you jump out through the same hole you fell in through?" asked Billie, and Buddy tried to do so, but he was scratched more than ever.

Then Billie and Johnnie tried to open up a place through the bottom part of the briars for Buddy to slide out, but they couldn't do it, and they were very sorry they had jumped off the plank so quickly, for that made all the trouble.



Well, it began to look as though Buddy would never get out, and he felt like crying, only he was brave, and didn't shed a single tear. Then Johnnie suggested that he and Billie go up a tall tree, and lower a string down to Buddy in the bush, and try to pull him up that way. They tried it, but it wouldn't work, for the stickers still caught in the little guinea pig's fur.



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So they didn't know what to do, and were just going to give up, when who should come bounding along but Sammie Littletail. He knew what to do in a second.

He dug a burrow, beginning outside the berry bush, and slanting it up under the roots, so that it came out inside, right near where Buddy was crouched down inside the clump of briars. The burrow was like a tunnel, and was big enough for Buddy to crawl out through, which he did, never getting scratched once. They all said Sammie was very smart to think of that, and I agree with them. Then they all played sea-saw some more, until it was time to go home.

Now in case there is a cool breeze, to blow the dust out of the poor coalman's eyes, I'll tell you next about Buddy and Brighteyes bringing home the cows.

STORY XXIV

BRINGING HOME THE COWS.

Not far from where Buddy and Brighteyes Pigg lived, there was a man who had a farm, and on the farm were a number of cows that gave milk. Out of the milk butter was made, and sometimes, when the butter was all churned, the farmer's wife would take some of the buttermilk that remained in a pail and set it down where Dr. Pigg and his family could get it.

They thought this was very kind of the farmer's wife, and Dr. Pigg told his children that if they could ever do her a favor, they must be sure to do so. They promised, though for some time they had no chance to do any kindness to the farmer or his wife either. But just you wait and see what happens.

One day, in the middle of summer, when it was very hot every place, except in the cool and shady woods, Buddy and Brighteyes were strolling along under the trees near a brook, throwing pebbles in the water and floating down bits of bark and chips, which they pretended were boats sailing off to distant countries.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Buddy at last, "I wish I had something to do. There's nothing to do here."

"Why do you always want to be doing something?" asked his sister. "Why aren't you content to sit here in the shady woods, and sail the boats?"

"Because," answered Buddy, and that was the only reason he could give. Then Brighteyes thought of a new game to play. She took a piece of bark for her boat, and she found a nice, white chip for Buddy, and they made believe their boats were having a race down stream, and Buddy's boat won, which made him feel quite happy.



Well, pretty soon, the sun began to go down behind the hills, and the two guinea pig children knew it was time to go home, so they started off. But they had not gone very far before they came to a field, with a fence around it, and the field was quite hilly and stony and very large. Near the fence sat a man, and he had one shoe off, and he was looking at his foot.



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“Oh dear!” Buddy and Brighteyes heard him say, for they could understand the man’s language, if they couldn’t talk it. “Oh dear! I’ve cut my foot on a sharp stone,” the man said, “and I don’t see how I can walk away over through the field and climb the hills after the cows. Oh dear; this is bad luck, and it’s almost milking time, and the cows are sure to be away back in the far end of the pasture, and I can’t go after them. I’ll call them, and maybe they’ll come to me, for I surely can’t walk after them.”

So the man stood up on one foot and called: “Co Boss! Co Boss! Co Boss! Co! Co! Co!” Then he waited quite some time, but the cows didn’t come, and he called again: “Co Boss! Co Boss! Co Boss!” and he waited some more, but still the cows didn’t come. “Oh, I guess I’ll have to go after them, no matter if I have cut my foot,” said the man at last, and he put on his shoe, though it hurt him, and he began to limp over the hilly field, very slowly and painfully.

All at once Brighteyes said to Buddy: “Oh, Bud, that man is the farmer, and it’s his wife who gives us the buttermilk! Wouldn’t it be nice if we could do him a favor, and go and drive the cows home for him?”

“How, could we?” asked Buddy. “The cows are big and we are little. We never could drive them home.”

“We can try,” said Brighteyes cheerfully. “Come, we’ll hurry on ahead of the farmer and perhaps I shall think of a plan.”

So the two little guinea pig children slipped under the fence and ran up across the hilly field, and the farmer, who was limping along, calling “Co Boss!” every once in a while, never saw them. His foot was hurting him very much and he had to go slowly.

Well, Buddy and Brighteyes kept on, bounding over the stories and stopping now and then to eat some blackberries or huckleberries or raspberries or a few late, wild strawberries, and pretty soon they came to the back part of the field, where, resting in the shade of some trees, were all the cows.

Oh, I guess there was a dozen and a half of them—big, nice mooley cows, with brown eyes and long tongues, and they were all chewing their cuds like gum, you know, and wondering why the farmer didn’t come to drive them home to milk, for they hadn’t heard him calling them, you see.

“How are we ever going to drive them home?” asked Buddy of his sister.

“Let me think a minute,” said Brighteyes, so she thought real hard for a minute, or, possibly a minute and a little longer, and then she exclaimed: “We must each take a long, leafy tree branch, and go up behind the rows, and wave the branches, and tickle the cows with the leaves, and they’ll think it’s a boy driving them home, and they’ll



march right along, and the poor farmer, with his sore feet, won't have to come after them.”

And that's exactly what Buddy and Brighteyes did. They got some branches, gnawing them off a tree with their sharp teeth, and with the leaves they tickled the cows until they almost made them sneeze.



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The cows looked around, expecting to see some boys driving them, but Buddy and Brighteyes hid behind their big branches, and the cows were none the wiser. So they swallowed their cud, blinked their eyes, switched their tails, and started up and down the hills, over the field, toward the barnyard to be milked.

Now, before the farmer-man had come very far from the fence, he met the cows, and maybe he wasn't surprised to see them coming. But he was glad, too, let me tell you, for he didn't have to walk any farther with his cut foot.

Then Brighteyes and Buddy ran and hid, for they did not want to be seen, and the man jumped upon the back of a gentle cow, and rode her all the way home, and told his wife how the whole herd, in some strange manner, had come all the way from the back of the field alone. You see he didn't know Buddy and Brighteyes had driven them.

Well, in a few days the man's foot was well, so he could drive the cows himself, and the farmer's wife gave Dr. Bigg's family lots of buttermilk; for, somehow, she guessed that the little guinea pig boy and girl had done the farmer a kindness, as their papa had told them to.

Now the following story will be about Buddy on horseback—that is, providing no cats get into our coalbin to scratch the furnace and make it go out.

[Illustration]

STORY XXV

BUDDY RIDES HORSEBACK.

One night Buddy Pigg's mamma came into his room, where he was sleeping soundly and dreaming he was playing a ball game with Bully and Bawly, the frogs, and Mrs. Pigg gently shook her little boy by the shoulder.

"Wake up, Buddy!" she called. "Wake up!"

"What's the matter, mother?" Buddy exclaimed, as he sat up in bed. "Is the house on fire?"

"No," she answered, "but your papa is very sick, and I want you to go for Dr. Possum." Then Buddy jumped up very quickly and began to dress, for he loved his papa very much, and would do anything in the world for him. When Buddy was ready to start he heard Dr. Pigg groaning very hard, and saying:

"Oh, dear, what a pain I have! Oh, dear! When will Dr. Possum come?"



“Buddy is going for him at once,” Mrs. Pigg said. “He will soon be here. But have you no medicine that you can take?” For Dr. Pigg had once worked in a hospital, and generally had some medicine in the house, but this time he had none that would stop his pain. So Buddy had to get ready to go for the doctor, while Mrs. Pigg and Brighteyes made mustard plasters for Dr. Pigg.

Well, when Buddy was all dressed, he happened to look out of the window, and he saw how dark it was, for there was no moon that night, and the stars were all hidden behind clouds. But do you s’pose Buddy was going to stay home on that account? No, sir-ee! He was frightened, and I guess you’d have been, too, but he was brave, and he made up his mind he’d go for Dr. Possum.



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So Buddy put on his hat and coat and went out of the front door and into the dark night, where, for all he knew, a bad fox might be waiting to grab him. But Buddy took a long stick, and he filled his pockets with stones, and he made up his mind he would throw them at the fox if he saw him.

The little guinea pig boy went on, and on, through the woods, toward Dr. Possum's home, and, after a while, he was not so frightened as he had been at first. Then, all of a sudden, as he was passing a big, black bush, he heard a funny noise. First he thought it was a wolf or a bear, and then he heard a voice say:

"Oh, come on down into the burrow, Waddy."

Then Buddy knew it was the two groundhog boys, Woody and Waddy, who had made the funny noises, but they didn't mean to scare him, and he wasn't at all frightened now. Woody and Waddy had heard Buddy coming along, and, a moment later, they saw him and asked where he was going.

"I'm going after Dr. Possum, because my papa is sick," said Buddy.

"Wait and we'll let you take our lantern," said Woody, and he hurried down into the burrow, and came back with a large bottle, filled with lightning bugs, which gave plenty of light. And it had a string on, to carry it by. As Buddy took it, very thankfully, Waddy said he hoped he would find the doctor at home.

Then Buddy started off again, but he hadn't gone much farther through the woods before he heard another noise. This noise was a real loud one, like some giant tramping up and down, and stamping his feet, and suddenly there came a great snort, and the earth seemed to shake, and a big, black thing jumped up in front of Buddy, scaring him frightfully.

He trembled so that the cork nearly came out of the bottle of lightning bugs, and, if it had, the fireflies would have been spilled all over the ground, worse than when you spill your ice cream cone—only it didn't happen, I'm glad to say, but almost. Then the black shape stood still, and a great voice called out:

"Where are you going with that lantern?"

"If you please, kind sir," answered the little boy guinea pig, "I'm going for Dr. Possum for my papa, who has a terrible pain. The groundhog boys lent me this lantern. But who are you, if you please, kind sir?"

"Why, I am Gup, the horse," was the answer. "So you are going for Dr. Possum, eh? He is a friend of mine. I'm sorry if I frightened you. Yes, I'm only Gup, the horse. You see, my name is Gup because there is a little boy at our house, and he can't talk very



plainly, and he calls me 'Gup' when he wants to say 'get up,' you see. However, it doesn't much matter, and I don't mind.

"But, speaking of doctors, I know where Dr. Possum lives, and I'll take you right to his house in less than no time. Besides, you and your sister were so kind as to drive the cows home for the man who cut his foot, and as he is a friend of mine I want to return your kindness to him. Jump upon my back, Buddy."



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“Oh, I’m afraid I’ll fall,” said Buddy, when he saw how high up Gup’s back was from the ground.

“Nonsense!” exclaimed the horse. “I wouldn’t let you fall for the world. Here, hold up your firefly lantern so you can see, climb upon that low stump, and then you can jump on my back. I’ll stand still, and then I’ll take you right to Dr. Possum’s house.”

So Buddy got up on Gup’s back. It was the first time he had ever ridden a horse or been up so high, and, of course, for a while, he was frightened. But Gup told him just how to cling tightly to his big neck and how to hold the lantern so the lightning bugs would shine on the path, and then Gup started off.

Oh, how fast he went! Right through the woods, he galloped, and he never bumped into a tree or a bush even once. He went gently, too, so that Buddy would not fall off, and, my goodness sakes alive! in a short time the little guinea pig boy was at Dr. Possum’s house. He knocked on the door, rat-a-tat-tat, and, luckily, the doctor was at home. He got right out of bed, took his satchel of medicines and was just going to get into his automobile to go to Dr. Pigg’s house, when he found that his auto was broken. Either the spark was off the plug or the plug was off the spark, I forget which. Then Gup said:

“Get right up on my back, doctor. I can carry you and Buddy, too. It’s no great weight, I assure you. Never mind the automobile. They are always making trouble.”

So Dr. Possum, with his medicine box, climbed upon Gup’s back, behind Buddy, and he helped hold the little guinea pig on during the ride home. Faster and faster went Gup through the dark woods his hoofs going “tat-a-tat-too,” and he didn’t bump into a tree or a bush, and he did not jar off Buddy or Dr. Possum, and pretty soon there they were safe at Dr. Pigg’s house, and Dr. Possum gave Buddy’s papa some medicine that soon made him better. Then Gup, the kind horsie, took Dr. Possum safely back through the dark woods as straight as a string.

In the morning Dr. Pigg was all well again, and he said Buddy was very brave to go off for a doctor in the night, and I think so, too.

Now, in case it doesn’t thunder too hard and scare the chimney so that it falls off the roof, I’ll tell you next about Buddy and Brighteyes tumbling down hill.

STORY XXVI

BUDDY AND BRIGHTYES FALL DOWN HILL

Not far from where Buddy and Brighteyes Pigg lived in the pen with their papa and mamma, there was a big, tall hill. Oh, ever so much taller than a house, but not quite so high as the church steeple, and it was a very hard hill to climb, but, once you had gotten



to the top, you could see off, ever so far; farther than from here to the end of the rainbow, which is very far indeed.

Now, though Buddy and Brighteyes, the two little guinea pig children, had lived near the hill ever since they were mere babies, they had never climbed to the top of it. There were two reasons for this. One was because the hill was so high and the other was because it was so steep.

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It seemed as if no one would ever be able to scramble up the sides of this hill, or, if they did, very likely they would tumble down again, just like a boy sliding over the ice and snow on his sled.

But one fine morning when the sun was shining and the birds were singing Buddy said to Brighteyes:

“Let’s climb up to the top of the hill to-day?”

“What for?” asked his sister, as she tied her hair ribbon in a double bow knot, very pretty indeed to look at, let me tell you.

“Why, so we can see away off where the sky and the mountains come together beyond the hill,” said Buddy. “You can see beautiful scenery from the tip-top, you know.”

“What good will that do?” asked Brighteyes, who was very fond of asking questions that were hard to answer. “What is the good of looking at the scenery?” she wanted to know.

“Because,” answered her brother, “every one does that where there is a high hill. I heard some of the summer boarders at the farmhouse, near our pen, telling each other what a beautiful view there was to be had from the hill. We must see it for ourselves. There is no one around now, and we can climb to the top.”

“I don’t care very much about it,” spoke Brighteyes. “I would rather find another box of peanut candy;” but because she loved Buddy, and did not want him to start off alone, she consented to climb the big hill with him. So they started off. At first it was rather easy, and they went up quite fast. At the foot of the hill were blackberry bushes and the guinea pig children gathered as many berries as they could eat.

But, as they went farther and farther up, the bushes grew more scarce, until there were none. Then came a place where there was tall grass and many stones, so that it was hard to walk. But Buddy and Brighteyes kept on, and pretty soon they met a grasshopper.

“Where are you going?” asked the grasshopper.

“To the top of the hill, to see the view,” answered Buddy.

“You will never get there, the way you are going,” said the grasshopper. “You should jump as I do,” and he gave three big hops and a little one to show how well he could do it.

“We cannot hop,” remarked Brighteyes, “but we have a friend who can.”



“Who?” asked the grasshopper, as he scratched his two big hind legs together, like a man playing the fiddle.

“Sammie Littletail, the rabbit,” said Buddy. “He can hop.”

“Yes, Sammie is a good jumper,” admitted the grasshopper, and he hid under a stone, for just then he saw a big bird looking hungrily at him. Well, Buddy and Brighteyes went on and on, and up and up, and pretty soon they met an ant.

“Where are you going?” asked the ant.

“To the top of the hill, to see the fine view,” replied Brighteyes, as she paused to get her breath, which she had nearly lost.

“You will never get up the way you are going,” said the ant. “You should crawl, as I do,” and she crawled over a stone to show how it should be done. But Buddy and Brighteyes could not crawl, and they told the ant so. Still they kept on, and pretty soon they met a bird.



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“You had better fly to the top of the hill as I do,” said the bird. “It’s much easier than walking,” only, of course, Buddy and Brighteyes could not fly.

But the two guinea pig children were not discouraged, and they kept on and on, and pretty soon, really and truly honestly, they were at the very top of the hill—a place where they had never been before.

They could look off to the mountains, and they saw a lake, and they could see the place where the end of the rainbow was, whenever there was a rainbow, and they felt happy, because everything was so lovely, and Buddy said:

“I feel so glad, I must sing a little song.” So he sang this one, which can only be sung on top of a hill:

“It’s very hard to climb a hill,
But when you’re at the top,
You feel so very fine and good
Because it’s there you stop.
If you should still keep on and on,
I wonder where you’d land?
By sliding down the other side
With sandals full of sand?”

Then Buddy tried to do a little dance, but what do you s’pose happened? Why, he lost his balance, and toppled over, and then he grabbed hold of Brighteyes, who was looking at the fine view, and she toppled over, and then, wiggily-waggily, woggily-wee! they both tumbled down that steep hill, head over heels like Jack and Jill.

And they went down faster, and faster, and faster, rolling over and over, and they saw stars, and several different lakes, and lots of clouds and ever so many things. They were both frightened, and they thought surely they were going to be hurt, for they were nearing the bottom, when all of a sudden what should come along but a big load of hay!

Buddy and Brighteyes hit a stone, bounced up in the air, and then came down, flippity-flop! right on top of the soft hay, and they weren’t hurt the least bit. Then they slid down off the hay, before the man who was driving it saw them, and ran home. And they didn’t climb a hill again for ever and ever so long.

Now, if I hear a potato bug whistle a tune on a cornstalk fiddle, I’m going to tell you next about Buddy and Brighteyes going in bathing.

STORY XXVII

BUDDY AND BRIGHTYES GO BATHING



“Oh, dear!” exclaimed Buddy Pigg one day. “Oh, dear! Oh, dear me suz dud!”

“Why, Buddy, dear, whatever in the world is the matter?” asked his mamma, and Brighteyes, who was mending some stockings, looked up at her brother in much surprise.

“Oh, dear!” cried the little guinea pig boy again, “I wish I had something to do. It’s so hot and dry and dusty here. I wish some of the fellows would come around or—or I even wish school would begin again, so I would have something to do.”

Now when a boy wishes for school, in the middle of vacation, you may be sure something serious is the matter. Mrs. Pigg knew this at once, so she asked:

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“What would you like to do, Buddy?”

“I don’t know,” he answered, rather cross and fretful-like, which wasn’t very nice, I suppose.

“All the boys have gone to Asbury Park or Ocean Grove,” said Brighteyes, “and I guess you are lonesome, Buddy. It must be lovely at the seashore,” and Brighteyes sighed the least bit, and took such a big stitch in the stocking she was mending that she had to rip it out and do it over again.

“Well, we can’t go to the seashore this season because the salt air doesn’t agree with your father,” said Mrs. Pigg. “If all goes well, we shall soon be in the country, however. But now, what do you like best about the seashore, Buddy?”

“Going in bathing,” he answered.

“You can do that right here at home,” said his mamma. “I will get out your bathing suits, and you and Brighteyes can go swimming in the pond back of our house.”

“That will be lovely!” cried Brighteyes, and she jumped up so quickly that she dropped the basket of stockings, and her pink hair ribbon came off, and she was all confused-like.

“There are no waves in the pond, like down in the ocean at Asbury,” complained Buddy. “It is no fun to go in bathing where there are no waves.”

“Ha! What’s that?” cried a voice, and then Percival, the old circus dog, who was staying with the Piggs while the Bow Wow family, with whom he lived, was away for the summer—Percival, I say, got up from where he had been sleeping under a mosquito net to keep off the flies. “No waves, eh? So you want waves, do you, when you go in bathing, Buddy?” asked Percival.

“Yes,” answered Buddy Pigg, “I do, Percival.”

“Then,” exclaimed the old circus dog, “you and Brighteyes shall have them. Get on your bathing suits and come down to the pond. When you get there you’ll find waves enough; I’ll guarantee that! Oh, my, yes, and a life-preserver besides!”

“How?” asked Buddy. “There are never any waves in that pond.”

“Just you wait and see,” said Percival.

Mrs. Pigg smiled, but she didn’t say anything, and went after the bathing suits, while Buddy and Brighteyes wondered what was going to happen. Percival ran out, winking first one eye and then the other, and not both together, like some dollies do when they



go to sleep, and he gave three short barks and a long one, just to show how glad he felt to be doing something.

Well, it didn't take Buddy and Brighteyes very long to put on their bathing suits. Then they hurried out of the back of the house and went toward the pond.

"Do you really s'pose there'll be waves?" asked Buddy.

"I don't know," answered his sister. "Percival is a very smart dog, you know."

Well, they ran down to the pond, and the first thing they saw when they got there were cords fastened to sticks driven down into the ground, just like the ropes at Asbury Park, you know—if you've ever been there. The ropes are for the bathers to take hold of when the waves come.



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“Well,” remarked Buddy, “I see the ropes, but I don’t see any waves.” But, no sooner had he spoken than a big wave rolled, splish-splash-splish, right up the shore of the pond, which was rather sandy, and it sprayed itself over the toes of Buddy and Brighteyes—the wave splashed, you understand—not the sand, of course.

“Whee!” cried Buddy, all excited-like. “There’s a wave!”

“Yes, and here comes another!” cried his sister, and, sure enough, another wave came sizzling and sloshing up out of the pond. And then another, and another, and another, until there were a dozen, or, maybe a dozen and a half of waves, one after the other.

“Oh, this is grand!” cried Buddy. “It’s almost as good as Asbury Park!” and, really it was, I’m not fooling a bit. Of course the waves weren’t as big as those at the seashore, but they were pretty good size. Well, Buddy and Brighteyes rushed into the water, keeping hold of the ropes, and the waves splashed all around them, and they splashed around in the waves, and pretty soon Buddy cried:

“Oh, I got a mouthful of water, and it’s salty, just like the ocean!”

“Sure enough it is!” agreed Brighteyes, taking a small mouthful to taste. “I wonder what makes it?”

“And I wonder what makes the waves, and I wonder where Percival is?” went on Buddy, and just then there came such a big wave that it almost knocked him over, and he had to cling to the ropes. Then what should happen, but that at the far end of the pond, up rose old dog Percival, laughing as hard as he could laugh.

“I told you I would make waves!” he cried, and how do you s’pose he did it?

Why, he had a big, empty box, and he would raise that up and down in the water of the pond, as hard as he could, and this splashed, and made the waves; and Percival had a bag of salt, to make the water salty. Now, wasn’t he the smart dog though?

Well, he went on, making more salty waves, and Buddy and Brighteyes paddled around in them, and yelled and hollered, and held on to the ropes, and ducked each other, and splashed and had as good a time as if they had been at the seashore; and so did Percival, too, I guess. Then, after a while they came out of the water and dried off, after thanking Percival.

Now, if our bathtub doesn’t freeze up so the canary bird can’t go in swimming I’ll tell you presently about Buddy building a sand house.



STORY XXVIII

BUDDY BUILDS A SAND HOUSE

The little guinea pig children had so much fun bathing in the pond, where Percival, the circus dog, made the salty waves for them, as I told you about in the previous story, that they went in swimming as many times as their mamma would let them.

Percival was only too glad to make the waves, and hold the bag of salt in the pond, to make it salty, just like the ocean. Sometimes the old dog would jounce a box up and down, to make the waves, and again, when he wanted larger ones, he would use a barrel. Then the waves of the pond would be over the heads of Buddy and Brighteyes, and they had to cling to the ropes with all their might.



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One day Buddy was sitting in the sand, on the banks of the pond, when, all at once, he had an idea.

"I know what I'm going to do!" he exclaimed. "I'm gong to build a sand house. I wish Brighteyes was here to help me," but his sister had gone in the pen to help her mamma get dinner ready, for Mrs. Pigg expected company that day; Mr. and Mrs. Bushytail were coming. So Buddy had to start to build the house all alone. He piled a lot of sand in a heap, together with stones, and sticks and bits of duck-weed, and then he started in.

First he scooped out a hollow place, and that was for the cellar. Then he stuck sticks up around the edges of the hole, and began to pile up the sand, to make the walls of the house. Just as he was doing this, what should he hear but footsteps running along the sand. He looked, up and gave a shout of delight.

"Hello, Billie and Johnnie Bushytail!" he cried, as he saw the two little squirrel boys. "You're just in time! Come on and help me build this sand house!"

"Sure!" agreed Billie and Johnnie, as they frisked their tails, just as the cook sometimes frisks the dusting brush when she wants to knock the crumbs from the table to the floor. "Can you stay long?" asked Buddy.

"As long as papa and mamma do," answered Johnnie. "They are in your house now, and so is Sister Sallie. We're going to stay to dinner, but first we'll help you build the sand house."

So they all three got busy. They piled and scooped the sand up around the upright sticks, and, pretty soon, believe me, if it really didn't begin to look like a real house. It was about as big as a big box, and nearly as high; and the cellar was quite large.

"What will we do with the house when we've finished it?" asked Billie Bushytail.

"We'll go in it and play we're robbers," suggested Johnnie, as he patted the sand with his paws, to make it smooth.

"No, we'll be pirates," decided Buddy. "Pirates always stay near salt water, and this is salt water, because Percival emptied a whole bag of salt in it."

"All right," agreed the squirrel boys, so they went on building the house. They put little pebbles all around it for a fence, and laid a gravel walk up from the pond to the front door, and stuck up little sticks for trees in the front yard, and made a garden, because Buddy said, even if they were pirates, they would have to have something to eat, and they planted duck-weed in the garden and made believe it was radishes and lettuce and cabbage and ever so many things; even apples and pears and peaches.

Well, pretty soon the sand house was finished; that is, all but the top.



“What will we have for a roof?” asked Billie.

“I’ll show you,” said Buddy, so he laid sticks across the top of the sand walls, and on top of the sticks he placed duck-weed. Then, on top of the weed he and the squirrel boys put sand, until it was really the nicest house of its kind you could find if you walked a mile, or, maybe even two miles.



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“That certainly is one fine, dandy house!” exclaimed Johnnie, as he stepped back to admire it.

“Yes, and now let’s get inside and pretend we’re robbers,” proposed Billie. “I’ll be the head robber and you two can work for me.”

“No, we’re going to be pirates, and I’m the chief one,” insisted Buddy. “We must begin to pirate right away and do all sorts of things.”

“First, let’s see if we can get in the house,” said Johnnie. “Go in very carefully.”

So they went in, very slowly and carefully through the front door, so as not to knock the sand down, and honestly the sand house was just big enough for those three, and not a bit bigger. They even had to hold their breaths, and not all breathe at once, or they never would have fitted in it.

“Now,” said Buddy, “we’ll pretend we’re pirates, and we’ll bury all the gold and diamonds we have.”

So they played that game, and buried gold (make-believe you know) in the cellar, and they were having a lovely time, when all at once, without a word of warning, the roof of the sand house fell right in on top of them! I suppose it was because Pirate Chief Buddy gave such a loud shout.

Anyway, the roof caved in, and part of the walls, and there those three pirates were, buried under the sand. They tried to yell, and call for help, but their mouths were full of the dirt, and they couldn’t speak. Then they tried to scramble out, and they couldn’t do that, and I really don’t know what would have happened to them, if at that moment Brighteyes Pigg and Sister Sallie hadn’t come out of the pen where their mammas and papas were talking, to see what the boys were doing.

The two girls saw the sand house, all caved in, and they guessed that Buddy and Billie and Johnnie were under it.

“We must dig them out!” cried Sister Sallie.

So she and Brighteyes got some pieces of shingle, and my goodness me, sakes alive! how they did make that sand fly! Percival, the old circus dog, helped them, and pretty soon Buddy and his friends were safely rescued. They were pretty well scared, I can tell you, but they were soon all right again, and then it was time to go to dinner, and after dinner they all went in bathing and had lots of fun.

Now, I’m going to tell you next about Buddy helping Sammie Littletail, that is if the man comes to cut our grass and lets our puppy dog hide under the door-mat to scare the parrot next door.



STORY XXIX

BUDDY HELPS SAMMIE LITTLETAIL

When Johnnie and Billie Bushytail went home, after having paid a visit to Buddy Pigg that time when they built the sand house that fell in on them, they told Sammie and Susie Littletail, the two rabbits, of what a nice time they had had.

“Oh, I am going over to see Buddy some day, and go in bathing,” declared Sammie.

“You had better be careful about bathing in salt water,” said Susie, his sister, “it might take all the color out of your eyes, or out of your fur, or your fur might even fall out.”



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“Oh, I guess not,” answered Sammie. “I have heard that salt water keeps hair from falling out. Anyway, if there’s any danger of such a thing, Percival, the old circus dog, doesn’t need to hold the bag of salt in the water when we go in bathing.”

“That’s so,” agreed Susie, and just then along came Uncle Wiggily Longears, the old gentleman rabbit, and he was eating some peppermint-flavored cabbage, and he gave Sammie and Susie some.

Well, it wasn’t very many days after this before Sammie asked his mamma if he couldn’t go over and play with Buddy Pigg, and, as Sammie had been a very good rabbit boy lately, his mother allowed him to go.

“I am so glad you came, Sammie,” said Buddy, “what shall we do, go in bathing, or build a sand house?”

“Let’s do both,” answered Sammie. So first he and Buddy went in bathing and, for fear the salt water would make the red color fade out of Sammie’s eyes, Percival didn’t hold the bag of salt in the pond when he made the waves. Sammie and Buddy had a good time splashing around, and then they built a sand house. But they took care to make it strong enough so that it would not cave in. They played together for a long time and then Buddy asked: “What shall we do next?”

“I know,” replied Sammie, as he looked at the pond of water which was sparkling in the sun, “let’s play soldier, and we’ll make a plank bridge across the pond and run over it and have lots of fun.”

“All right,” agreed Buddy, “come on, and help me lift the plank.” So they placed a long board across one end of the pond, where it was quite deep, and began to play soldier, while Percival went to sleep in the shade.

Buddy got a tin can, and tied it around his neck with a string. That was for the drum, and when he beat upon the tin can with two sticks, believe me, it did sound just like a drum in the army, when the soldiers beat it softly.

Then Sammie got a long stick, pretending it was a gun, and the two of them marched around and around, and sideways, and up and down, and through the middle, and across the plank, and back again, several times. Then, Sammie would fire the gun, yelling, “Boom-Boom!” as loudly as he could, and shooting maybe a dozen bad Indians or pirates or robbers, or maybe more, for all I know, and Buddy would beat on the drum louder than ever, and he would cry:

“Charge! Charge on the enemy! Hurrah! Hurrah! The victory is ours!” and he would wave a flag he had made out of a piece of white cloth, red flannel and a bit of Brighteyes’ blue hair ribbon, that she had lost.



Oh, it wag great fun, I tell you! But the best of all was rushing across the plank over the deep part of the pond, for then it sounded exactly as if horses and cannon were coming over the bridge, and the plank teetered and tautered up and down, and sometimes Buddy and Sammie almost fell off. But they didn't mind this; they only thought it all the more fun.



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Then, at last, something did happen. Buddy was ahead, waving the flag with one hand, and beating the drum with the other, and Sammie was firing his wooden gun as fast as he could fire it, with ever so many “Boom-Booms!” real loud ones, too, and shooting, oh, ever so many make-believe Indians, when, all of a sudden, poor Sammie Littletail slipped off the plank, and fell into the deep part of the pond!

“Oh, save me; save me, Buddy!” cried Sammie, splashing around.

“I’ll save you!” cried Buddy, and he got so excited that he threw away his drum, and the drumsticks and the flag, only he tossed the flag safely on shore, where it wouldn’t get wet, for he loved the flag, even if it was only a make-believe one. “I’ll save you,” he cried. “Can you swim any, Sammie?”

“A—a—lit-tle—bit!” gasped the rabbit boy, as he floundered around in the water. “But I could swim more if nurse Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy was here to show me,” and then he couldn’t talk any more, for his mouth was full of water.

Well, Sammie was terribly frightened, as he floundered around in the pond, with his wooden gun, and so was Buddy frightened, up on the plank bridge. Buddy looked all around, to see if there was any one coming to help him save Sammie, but there wasn’t. Percival had gone in the house, and Brighteyes and her mother had gone berrying. Then Buddy made up his mind that he would have to save Sammie all by himself.

First he tried to kneel down on the plank, and reach his hand to his little rabbit chum, but he couldn’t reach far enough. Then he called to Sammie to hold up the wooden gun, thinking maybe he could get hold of that, and so drag the rabbit boy out, but the gun wiggled so, when Sammie splashed around that Buddy couldn’t get hold of it.

Then it began to look as if Sammie would drown, but Buddy had one more thing to try. On shore there was a rope. Buddy ran and got it, and in one end he made a loop, just like the cowboys do when they lasso a wild steer, or a horse.

Buddy took good aim, tossed the loop of rope over Sammie’s head, and Sammie grabbed hold with his front paws, and then Buddy braced his feet in the sand and gave a long, strong pull, and pulled Sammie safely out of the water, and saved him; just in time, too, let me tell you, for his breath was nearly gone. Well, Sammie soon got over being scared, and when he was dried off the two friends played soldier some more, only they kept off the plank.

Now the next story is going to be about Brighteyes and Jennie Chipmunk—that is, if our hired girl doesn’t leave and make me wash the dishes so I can’t typewrite.



STORY XXX

BRIGHTEYES AND JENNIE CHIPMUNK

It happened one day that after Brighteyes Pigg had finished combing her hair, and had put on a nice, pink ribbon, which she tied in two, big bows, that she heard a knock at the door. There was no one home, for her mamma had gone down to the five and ten cent store to get a wash boiler; Dr. Pigg was seeing some friends in the hospital, and Buddy was off playing ball with Bully and Bawly, the two frogs, and some others of his friends. So Brighteyes went to the door herself.



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And whom do you suppose she found there?

Well, I don't believe you'd guess in sixteen minutes, so I'll tell you. It was Jennie Chipmunk, the little girl who lived with Grandpa and Grandma Lightfoot, the squirrel grandparents of Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, you know.

Jennie was smiling so that she showed her pretty white teeth, and she was humming a little song, one of those she always sang when she washed the dishes. This is the song, and you are allowed to sing it if you have helped your mamma dry the dishes. It goes to the tune of "Oh fie lum diddle daddy de dum," which is a very nice tune if you can sing it. Anyhow, Jennie Chipmunk sang:

"I love to wash the dishes,
And also dry them, too.
It makes your paws so soft and white,
I really think—don't you?
Some folks are awful fussy,
When e'er they dust or sweep.
They'd rather pile the dirt all up
In corners, in a heap.

"But I just love my housework,
For making beds I sigh.
I love to wash the tablecloth
And make a cherry pie.
I knead the bread and bake it,
I starch and iron the clothes,
I wash the windows Saturday—"

"That's enough, my goodness knows!" finished Brighteyes for Jennie, with a laugh. "Land sakes! Jennie Chipmunk," the little guinea pig girl went on, "I should think you'd be tired with all that work! Come on and we'll take a walk in the woods."

So the two started, after Brighteyes had locked the door and put the key under the mat, where her mother could find it when she came back from the five and ten cent store, where she had gone to get a diamond ring—no, I mean a dishpan—no, a wash boiler—there, I've got it right at last.

Well, Jennie and Brighteyes walked on through the woods and sometimes they found huckleberries to eat, or they found pennyroyal, which is a nice plant to smell, and it keeps the mosquitoes away, when they want to stay away. And the two children found some blackberries, and they found spearmint and peppermint and then they got in a field where there was a lovely apple tree and they were just eating a few of the apples



and putting some in their pockets, to take home, when, all of a sudden they heard a voice calling to them from behind the tree.

“Here, what are you doing with those apples?” cried the voice, and oh, such a harsh, ugly, cross voice as it was! It fairly made Brighteyes and Jennie shiver.

First they thought it was the man who owned the tree, and then Brighteyes remembered that he was the kind farmer whose cows she and Buddy had once driven home, when he had cut his foot, and she knew he wouldn't speak so cross to her. Then she thought it was a bad boy, but she looked, and so did Jennie, and they couldn't see any boy. Then the voice growled out again:

“Here, you leave those apples alone!” and goodness sakes alive, and a can of tomato soup! from behind the apple tree, there appeared the bad, ugly, old burglar fox! Oh, how frightened Brighteyes and Jennie Chipmunk were! They fairly trembled and shivered, though it was a hot day!



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“Ah! ha!” cried the fox, curling back his lip, to show his ugly teeth, and blinking his eyes as fast as a moving picture goes when it skips along very quickly. “Ah! ha! Now I have caught you! Do you know what I am going to do to you for taking my apples?”

“We—we didn’t know they were your apples,” said Jennie.

“No matter about that,” said the bad fox. “Do you know what I am going to do to you?”

“No,” answered Brighteyes. “What are you going to do to us, good Mr. Fox?”

“I’m not good Mr. Fox; I’m bad Mr. Fox,” he answered, “and what I’m going to do is to eat you all up—all up—all up!” and he smacked his lips and gnashed his teeth something terrible.

But don’t be afraid. Just you wait and see what Brighteyes did to that fox. All the while she was thinking how she could save herself and Jennie, for she knew those apples didn’t belong to the fox.

First Brighteyes thought maybe Buddy would come along and help her, or maybe the farmer, but no one came, and the fox was creeping nearer and nearer to Jennie, getting ready to grab her first, when what did Brighteyes do but pull up some horseradish leaves that grew nearby and throw them right in the eyes of that bad fox.

Now, horseradish leaves are very smarty and peppery, you know, almost like mustard, and when they got in the fox’s eyes they made him so he couldn’t see, and they hurt him, too.

Then I wish you could have heard him howl. No, on second thought, I’m glad you couldn’t hear him, for it might scare you. Anyhow, he jumped up and down and sideways, and he whirled around, and he howled and he yowled and he jowled, and then Brighteyes called:

“Come on, Jennie, now is our chance. We can get away before he sees us!”

So they ran away, taking all the apples they could carry, and the fox couldn’t see for ever so long, for he couldn’t get his eyes open. So that is how Brighteyes and Jennie Chipmunk were saved, and they went home, and nothing happened to them on the way. Now, the next story will be about Buddy and Brighteyes in the mountains—that is, providing I catch some fish the next time I go fishing and don’t lose my watch in the water for the alligator to tell time by.

STORY XXXI

BUDDY AND BRIGHTYES IN THE MOUNTAINS



One day Dr. Pigg came home from paying a visit to Uncle Wiggily Longears, and said:

“Well, children, get ready, we are going away for a vacation to-morrow.”

“Oh goody!” cried Brighteyes, jumping up and down in the middle of the floor, until her pink hair ribbon flopped up and down, like the wings of a butterfly.

“Are we going to the seashore?” asked Buddy, while Brighteyes went over and kissed her father, standing on her tiptoes to reach him.

“No,” said Dr. Pigg, “we are not going to the seashore. We are going to the mountains, where there is a nice lake. The salt air of the seashore does not agree with me. I have asked Uncle Wiggily Longears to go with us, and he does not like the salt air, either. It is bad for his rheumatism, which is a little better now, and he does not want it to get worse.”



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“Oh, that’s fine, if Uncle Wiggily is coming!” said Buddy. “He’ll take us all over the mountains, into caves and out rowing on the lake, and show us how to have lots of fun.”

Well, the Pigg family began to pack up, and, in a few hours they were ready to go. Uncle Wiggily came to help them, as he had all his things packed. He brought along his crutch, in case he might happen to need it, but he hoped he would not.

“Couldn’t Sammie and Susie Littletail come, too?” asked Buddy.

“No, they have gone to Belmar, at the seashore, for the summer,” answered Uncle Wiggily. “But now we must hurry off to the mountains.”

So they hurried off, and in a little while, oh, not so very long, Dr. Pigg and his family, and Uncle Wiggily arrived at a nice pen, right on the side of a mountain, at the foot of which was a large lake.

There were so many things to see that Buddy and Brighteyes did not know at which to look first, and they ran all about, now to one place, and now to another. Then, when they had had their supper, Uncle Wiggily said:

“Come now, we will take a walk. I think I know where there is a cave, and we will see if a giant lives in it.”

“A real giant?” asked Buddy.

[Illustration]

“No, only a make-believe one,” answered Uncle Wiggily, with a laugh. So he and the two guinea pig children started off up the side of the mountain toward the cave. All around them were other mountains, and it was a lovely place, with the red sun sinking down behind the hills, just like it does in poetry.

“Ha, here we are at the cave!” exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, at length, as they came to a big hole in the side of the mountain. “Now, Buddy and Brighteyes, be very careful. Keep close to me, and don’t go in very far, or you may get lost.”

Then they started to go in, but just at that moment Uncle Wiggily stepped on a stone and twisted his ankle, the one that had some rheumatism still left in it, and he had to sit down and rub his foot with a bottle of liniment which he carried in his pocket.

While he was doing this Buddy and Brighteyes wandered a little way into the cave. It looked perfectly safe, and it was so pretty, with the sun shining in, and reflecting back from the crystals that hung down from the roof, and those that stuck up from the floor, that, almost before they knew what they were doing, the two children had gone some distance inside.



And, once they were in, it was so pretty that they kept on going farther and farther, until, land sakes, if, in about ten minutes they weren't away inside that cave, and they had forgotten all about what Uncle Wiggily Longears had told them about keeping close to him.

"Oh, we mustn't go any further!" cried Brighteyes at length. "It's getting quite dark, Buddy. We'll have to go back."

"All right," agreed her brother. "Uncle Wiggily will take us farther in I guess. We'll go and get him."



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So they started back, but, would you believe it, they couldn't find their way! No, sir, there they were lost in that big cave! the more they tried to get out, the more lost they became.

Outside, Uncle Wiggily was in great distress. When his foot ceased hurting he looked for the children, but he couldn't see them. Then he knew they must have gone into the cave, and he was much frightened.

"Here it is, night coming on," he remarked, "and soon it will be very dark in there. Then I never can find Buddy and Brighteyes, and they'll be lost in there all night—and—oh dear—why did they go in without me?"

But in they had gone, and now Uncle Wiggily had to get them out. But he was a wise old rabbit, and, to make sure he would not get lost himself, he took a string, and tied it to his crutch, and left the crutch outside the cave. Then he took the ball of string and started in the cave, unrolling the cord as he went along, and keeping tight hold of it, so he could find his way back in the dark.

Then he tramped on, though it was hard work without his crutch, looking for Brighteyes and Buddy. I don't believe he ever would have found them, but for a kind old lightning bug, who flew on ahead, to light the way for him.

Then, after a while, by the gleam of the firefly, Uncle Wiggily did come upon Buddy and Brighteyes fast asleep in a corner. They had tried, and tried to find their way out, until they were so tired that they fell asleep.

Uncle Wiggily awakened them, and then, keeping tight hold of the string that was fast to his crutch, he led them out of the cave. And, oh, how thankful they were! They promised never to go in the mountain cave alone again, and they never did.

Well, Buddy and Brighteyes stayed in the mountains for quite awhile, and had lots of fun, which I may tell you about later, but now I think I will start some new stories—some that you have never heard, and, what do you think? they're going to be about some kittie cats.

I know most of you children must love cats, for I do, and it isn't so very long ago that I was a little chap myself.

So, if you please, the next book of Bedtime Stories will be called "Joie, Tommie and Kittie Kat." Their names are spelled with a "K" you may notice, but they are not at all proud, or stuck-up, on that account. I hope you will like them as well as you have Buddy and Brighteyes Pigg.

So now, for a little while we will say good-by, and it will not be long before you can read about the funny things the Kat children did, and about the walnut shells, and all that.

THE END