

Bunny Brown and his Sister Sue eBook

Bunny Brown and his Sister Sue by Laura Lee Hope

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CHAPTER I

AUNT LU ARRIVES

"Bunny! Bunny! Wake up! It's time!"

"Wha—what's matter?" sleepily mumbled little Bunny Brown, making his words all run together, like molasses candy that has been out in the hot sun. "What's the matter, Sue?" Bunny asked, now that he had his eyes open. He looked over the side of his small bed to see his sister standing beside it. She had left her own little room and had run into her brother's.

"What's the matter, Sue?" Bunny asked again.



“Why, it’s time to get up, Bunny,” and Sue opened her brown eyes more widely, as she tried to get the “sleepy feeling” out of them. “It’s time to get up!”

“Time to get up—so early? Oh, Sue! It isn’t Christmas morning; is it, Sue?” and with that thought Bunny sat up suddenly in his bed.

“Christmas? No, of course not!” said Sue, who, though only a little over five years of age (a year younger than was Bunny), sometimes acted as though older than the blue-eyed little chap, who was now as widely awake as his sister.

“Well, if it isn’t Christmas, and we don’t have to go to the kindergarten school, ’cause it’s closed, why do I have to get up so early?” Bunny wanted to know.

Bunny Brown was a great one for asking questions. So was his sister Sue; but Sue would often wait a while and find things out for herself, instead of asking strangers what certain things meant. Bunny always seemed in a hurry, and his mother used to say he could ask more questions than several grown folks could answer.

“Why do you want me to get up so early?” Bunny asked again. He was wide awake now.

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"Why, Bunny Brown! Have you forgotten?" asked Sue, with a queer look in her brown eyes. "Don't you remember Aunt Lu is coming to visit us to-day, and we're going down to the station to meet her?"

"Oh yes! That's so! I did forget all about it!" Bunny said. "I guess it was because I dreamed so hard in the night, Sue. I dreamed I had a new rocking-horse, and he ran away with me, up-hill—"

"Rocking-horses can't run away," Sue said, shaking her head, the hair of which needed brushing, as it had become "tousled" in her sleep.

"Well, mine ran away, in my dream, anyhow!" declared Bunny.

"They can't run up hill, even in dreams," insisted Sue. "Horses have to walk up hill. Grandpa's always do."

"Maybe not in dreams," Bunny said. "And I really did dream that, Sue. And I'm glad you woke me up, for I want to meet Aunt Lu."

"Then let's hurry and get dressed," Sue went on. "Maybe we can run down to the station before breakfast. Aunt Lu will be hungry, and we can show her the way to our house."

"That's so," agreed Bunny. "But maybe we'd better take a piece of bread and butter down to the station for her," he added, after thinking about it for a few seconds.

"Or a piece of cake," added his sister.

"We'll take both!" exclaimed the blue-eyed, chubby little chap. Then he began to dress. Sue, who had gone back into her own little room, had almost finished putting on her clothes, but, as her dress buttoned up the back, she had to come in and ask Bunny to fasten it for her. This he was ready to do as soon as he had pulled on his stockings and little knickerbockers.

"Shall I start at the top button, or the bottom one, Sue?" he asked, as he stood behind his sister.

"It doesn't matter," said Sue, "as long as you get it buttoned. But hurry, Bunny. We don't want the train to get in, and Aunt Lu get off, with us not there to meet her. Hurry!"

"All right—I will," and Bunny began buttoning the dress. But soon a queer look came over his face. "Aren't you done?" asked Sue, as he stopped using his fingers.

"Yes, I'm done, Sue, but I've got two buttons left over, and there's only one buttonhole to put 'em in! What'll I do?" Bunny was quite puzzled.

“Oh, you must have buttoned me wrong, Bunny,” Sue said. “But never mind. Nobody will notice so early in the morning. Now come on down stairs, and we’ll get the bread and cake.”

The children went to the dining room, where the table was set for breakfast, and Sue was cutting off a rather large slice from a cake she had found in the pantry, while Bunny was putting twice as much butter on a slice of bread as was needed, when their mother’s voice exclaimed:

“Why, Bunny Brown! Sue! What in the world are you children doing? Up so early, too, and not properly dressed! Why did you get up? The idea!”

“We’re going to the station,” Sue said. It really was her idea. She had thought of it the night before, when their mother had told them her sister (the children’s Aunt Lu) would arrive in the morning. “We’re going to the station,” said Sue.

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"To meet Aunt Lu," added Bunny.

"And we're taking her some cake so she won't be hungry for breakfast," went on Sue.

"And bread," Bunny continued. "Maybe she don't like cake, so I'm taking bread."

"If she doesn't eat the cake, we can," Sue said, as if that was the easiest way out.

"Of course," Bunny echoed.

Mrs. Brown sat down in a chair and began to laugh. She had to sit down, for she laughed very hard indeed, and when she did that she used to shake in such a jolly fashion that, perhaps, she would have fallen if she had not been sitting in a chair.

"Oh, you children!" she said, when she had wiped the tears from her eyes with the corner of her apron. She was not exactly crying, you know. Only she laughed so hard that tears came into her eyes. "You queer, dear little children!" she said. "What are you going to do next?"

"Why, we're going to the station as soon as I get the bread buttered, and Sue puts the cake in a bag," Bunny said. He did not seem to feel that anything was wrong.

"Oh, my dears, Aunt Lu's train won't be in for some time—two or three hours," said Mrs. Brown. "And you know I've told you never to go down to the station alone."

"Couldn't you come with us?" asked Sue, eating a few of the cake crumbs.

"Or maybe papa," added Bunny. "If he can't Bunker can. Bunker knows the way to the station."

"And Bunker likes cake, too," Sue said. "We might give him a piece, if Aunt Lu doesn't want it."

"No, no! You musn't give away my cake like that," said Mrs. Brown. "Now listen to me. It will be hours before Aunt Lu will get here. Then, perhaps, I may take you to the station to meet her. But now I must dress you right and give you your breakfast. Papa had his some time ago, as he had to go down to the bay to see about some boats. I wondered why you were getting up so early. Now put back the bread and cake and wait until I give you something to eat."

A little later, rather disappointed at not being allowed to go off alone to meet their aunt, Bunny and Sue sat at the breakfast table.

"I wish the time would hurry up and come for Aunt Lu to be here," Bunny said.

“So do I,” chimed in Sue. “What fun we’ll have when Aunt Lu comes.”

“Indeed we will!” Bunny exclaimed.

Bunny Brown and his sister Sue lived with their father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brown, in the town of Bellemere. That town was on Sandport Bay, which was part of the Atlantic Ocean, and the bay was a good place to catch fish, lobsters, crabs and other things that live in salt water.

Mr. Brown was in the boat business. That is he owned many boats, some that sailed, some that went by steam or gasoline, and some that had to be rowed with oars. These boats he hired out, or rented, to fishermen, and others who had to go on the bay, or even out on the ocean, when it was not too rough.

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Mr. Brown had a number of men to help him in his boat business; and one of the men, or, rather, an extra-large size boy, was Bunker Blue, of whom Bunny and Sue were very fond. And Bunker liked the two children' fully as much as they liked him. He often took them out in a boat, or went on little land-trips with them. Mr. and Mrs. Brown did not worry when Bunny and Sue were with Bunker.

The two Brown children were good company for each other. You seldom saw Bunny without seeing Sue not far away. They played together nearly all the while, though often they would bring other children to their yard, or would go to theirs, to play games, and have jolly times. Bunny was a boy full of fun and one who sometimes took chances of getting into mischief, just to have a "good time." And Sue was not far behind him. But they never meant to do wrong, and everyone loved them.

Uncle Tad lived with the Browns. He was an old soldier, rather stiff with the rheumatism at times, but still often able to take walks with the children. He was their father's uncle, but Bunny and Sue thought of Uncle Tad as more their relation than their father's.

In the distant city of New York lived Miss Lulu Baker, who was Mrs. Brown's maiden sister, and the Aunt Lu whom the children were so eagerly expecting this morning. She had written that she was coming to spend a few weeks at the seashore place, and, later on, she intended to have Bunny and Sue and their mother visit her in the big city. Bunny and Sue looked eagerly forward to this. But just now they wanted most to go to the depot, and watch for the train to come in, bringing dear Aunt Lu to them.

"Isn't it most time to go?" asked Sue, as she pushed back her chair from the breakfast table.

"Oh, no, not for a long while," said their mother. "You run out and play, and when it's time, I'll call you."

"And can't we take Aunt Lu anything to eat?" asked Bunny.

"Oh dear me, no!" laughed Mrs. Brown. "She won't want anything until she gets here. Run along now."

Bunny and Sue went out in the yard, where they had a little play-tent, made of some old pieces of sails from one of Mr. Brown's boats. It was a warm spring day, and, as Bunny had said, there was no kindergarten school for them to go to, as it had closed, to allow a new roof to be put on the school building.

"Let's go down and see Wango," suggested Sue, after a bit.

"No, because it's so far away that mother couldn't call to us," objected Bunny. "We'll stay here in the yard until it's time to go to the train."

“All right,” agreed Sue.

Wango was a queer little monkey, belonging to Jed Winkler, an old sailor of the town. I'll tell you more about Wango later.

Bunny and Sue played a number of games, and, after a while, a boy named Charlie Star, and a girl, named Sadie West, came over from across the street and joined Bunny and Sue in their fun. Then, a little later, Mrs. Brown came to the door and said:

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"Come now, Bunny—Sue! It's almost train time. I can't go with you, but I'll let Bunker take you. I telephoned down to the dock, and daddy is sending him up with the pony cart. You may drive down to meet Aunt Lu. But come in and wash first!"

"Oh, goodie!" cried Bunny, and he was so pleased at the idea of going to the depot in the pony cart that he did not make a fuss when his mother washed his hands and face.

"Hello, Bunker!" cried Sue, as the big, red-haired lad drove up.

"Hello, Sue! Hello, Bunny!" he greeted them. "Hop in and away we'll go!"

Off they started to the station. It was not far from the Brown home, and soon, with the pony safely tied, so he would not run away, Bunny, Sue and Bunker waited on the platform for the cars to arrive.

With a toot, a whistle and a clanging of the bell, in puffed the train. Several passengers got off.

"Oh, there she is! I see Aunt Lu!" cried Sue, darting off toward a lady in a brown dress.

"Here, come back!" cried Bunker, reaching out a hand to catch Sue. He was afraid she might go too near the train. But he was too late. Sue raced forward, and then, suddenly, she slipped and fell right into a puddle of water, left from a rain-storm the night before. Down into the muddy pool went Sue, all in her clean white dress.

"Oh—Oh!" gasped Bunny.

"I might a'knowed suthin' like that would happen," complained Bunker. "Now her ma'll blame me!"

Aunt Lu saw what had happened, and, before any one else could reach Sue, she had picked up the little girl, in whose eyes were tears all ready to fall. And with her handkerchief Aunt Lu wiped the tears away. As she did this Bunny saw a ring on his aunt's hand—a ring with a stone that sparkled like snow in the sun—red, green, golden and purple colors.

"There, Sue! Don't cry!" murmured Aunt Lu. "You're not hurt, and the mud will wash off."

"Oh, I—I'm not crying for that," said Sue, bravely keeping back her sobs. "I—I'm crying just—just because I'm—I'm so glad to see you!"

CHAPTER II

THE LOST RING

Aunt Lu laughed when she heard Sue say that. And it was such a nice, kind, jolly laugh that Sue could not help joining in. So she was really laughing and crying at the same time, which is funny, I suppose you think.

"Well, I'm glad you are so happy to see me, dear," said Aunt Lu. "Oh, don't mind about your dress," she went on, as she saw Sue trying to rub away some of the muddy spots with her tiny handkerchief. "Your mother will know you couldn't help it."

"I'll tell her it wasn't Sue's fault," cried Bunny. "The railroad oughtn't to have puddles where people will fall into 'em!"

"That's right," chimed in Bunker Blue. "It ought to be filled up with dirt, and then it wouldn't hold water. You're to ride back with us in the pony cart, Miss Baker."

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"Oh, so you drove over for me; did you? That's very nice," said Aunt Lu with a smile. "My! How large Bunny has grown!" she went on, as she bent over and kissed him, having already done that to Sue, when she wiped away the little girl's tears.

"I'll go and get the cart," Bunker said.

"Yes, and I think I'll take Sue inside the station, and see if I can get a towel to clean off the worst of the mud stains," said Miss Baker.

"She can sit away back in the pony cart, and I'll sit in front of her, so nobody will see the dirt on her dress," offered Bunny.

"That's very kind of you," his aunt remarked. "We'll be all right soon. Bunker, will you see after my trunk, please?" she asked as she gave him the brass check. "It can be sent up later," she went on, "as I guess there is hardly room for it in the pony cart."

"No'm, not scarcely," answered Bunker with a smile that showed his big, white teeth. "I'll have the expressman bring it up, or I can come down for it later," and he went away to the baggage room.

The ticket agent in the station gave Aunt Lu a towel, with which she took some of the dirt from Sue's dress. The little girl was smiling now.

"I like you, Aunt Lu," she said. "We're awful glad you came, and you'll play with us; won't you?"

"Oh, yes, of course, dear. Well, what is it, Bunny?" she went on, as she saw the little boy looking closely at her hands. "Do you see something?" Aunt Lu asked.

"It—it's that," and Bunny pointed to the shining ring.

Aunt Lu's eyes sparkled, almost as brightly as the glittering stone in the ring, and her cheeks became red.

"I know what it is—it's a diamond!" exclaimed Sue. "Isn't it, Aunt Lu?"

"Yes, dear."

"Did you find it?" asked Bunny. "Or did you dig it out of a gold mine?"

"Diamonds don't come from gold mines; they make 'em out of glass!" said Sue.

"Yes they do dig 'em; don't they, Aunt Lu?" insisted Bunny.

"Yes, dear, they do dig them."

"Where did you dig it?" Sue wanted to know. Perhaps she hoped she could dig one for herself.

"I did not dig it," their aunt said. "It was given me by a very dear friend. I love it very much," and she held up the diamond ring, so that it sparkled more than ever in the sun.

"Well, Sue," she went on, as she finished scrubbing away at the muddy dress. "I think that is the best I can do. It will need washing to make it clean again. But here comes Bunker with the pony cart, so we will start for your house. Your mother will be wondering what has become of us."

Aunt Lu had been on a visit to the Brown's several times before, and as she sat in the pony cart with the children, with Bunker driving, she bowed to several persons whom she knew and who knew her. There was Mr. Sam Gordon, who kept the grocery, Jacob Reinberg, who sold drygoods and notions, and little Mrs. Redden, who kept a candy and toy store.

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"Stop here a minute, Bunker," said Miss Baker, when the pony cart reached the toy store. "I want to get something for Bunny and Sue."

"Candy?" asked Bunny eagerly.

"Yes, just a little," his aunt answered, and soon Bunny and Sue were nibbling the sweets Mrs. Redden brought out to them.

Just as he had said he would do, Bunny sat in front of his sister, so no one would see her soiled dress. But Sue did not much mind about it now. Her mother only said she was sorry, when she heard about the accident, and did not blame her little daughter.

Mrs. Brown and her sister were glad to see one another, and after Aunt Lu had taken off her hat, and was seated in the cool dining room, sipping a cup of tea, Bunny called to her:

"Aunt Lu, won't you come out and play with us?"

"Please do!" begged Sue. "I have a new doll."

"And I have a new top," added Bunny. "It hums and whistles. I'll let you spin it, Aunt Lu."

"Oh, dears, your aunt can't come out now," said Mrs. Brown. "She must rest. Some other time she may. She and I want to sit and talk now. You run off and play by yourselves."

"Don't you want to come down and see the fish boat come in?" went on Bunny, wondering why it was that grown folks would rather sit and talk than play out of doors and have fun.

"Oh, yes, let's take her down to the dock and see the fish boats come in!" exclaimed Sue, for this was one of their delights. Some of the boats were those which the fishermen hired from Mr. Brown, and it was at his dock, where he had an office, that the boats landed, the fish being taken out, put in barrels, with ice, and sent to the city.

"No, Aunt Lu can't go to the dock with you now," Mrs. Brown said. "Some other time, my dears."

"Then may we go?" asked Bunny.

Mrs. Brown hesitated. Then, as she saw Bunker Blue coming in with Aunt Lu's trunk, which he had gone down to get, instead of sending it up by an expressman, the children's mother said:

“Yes, Bunny, you and Sue may go down to the dock with Bunker. But stay with him, and don’t fall in; you especially, Sue, as I don’t want to put another clean dress on you.”

“Oh, I’ll be careful, Mother,” Sue promised, and away she and her brother hurried, calling to Bunker to wait for them. Bunker was very glad to do this, because he liked to be with Bunny and Sue.

“Have the fish boats come in yet, Bunker?” asked Bunny, as he trudged along, holding one of the red-haired lad’s hands, while Sue had the other.

“No, Bunny, they’re not in yet, but maybe they will be coming soon after we get to the dock,” Bunker answered. And so it happened. Bunny and Sue went into their father’s office for a moment, to tell him that Aunt Lu had arrived, and then, with Bunker to look after them, they went out on the end of the dock.

Soon one of the big fish boats came in. It was loaded with several kinds of fish, some big flat ones, white on one side, and black on the other. These were flounders. There were some blue fish, large and small, and some long-legged “fiddler” crabs. But they were not the kind that is good to eat.

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"Oh, look at that big lobster!" exclaimed Bunny, pointing to a dark green fellow, with big claws, and a tail curled up underneath.

"Isn't he big!" Sue said. She and her brother often saw many strange fish, but they never failed to be interested in them, and this lobster was a fine one.

"Yes," said a fisherman, "he was in our nets, and we brought him in with us. Your father, the other day, said he'd like to have one, and maybe he will want this."

"I'll go and ask him," said the little chap.

"And maybe Aunt Lu likes lobsters, too," Sue said. Neither she nor Bunny cared for lobster, as they did for other fish. But grown folks are very fond of the big, clawy creatures.

Perhaps some of you children have never seen a lobster. They are a sort of fish, though they have no scales. They live inside a shell that is dark green when the lobster is alive. But when he is cooked it turns a bright red.

Lobsters have two big claws, and a number of little ones, and with these claws they walk around, backward, on the bottom of the ocean or bay, and pick up things to eat. In some inland rivers and streams there are what are called crayfish, or crabs. They are very much like lobsters, only, of course, a lobster is much larger.

Mr. Brown came out of his office when the fish were being unloaded from the boat, into barrels of ice. He saw the big lobster and said he would buy it, to take home to cook for supper.

"We'll have a fine salad from him," said Bunny's father to the fisherman.

The lobster was still alive and the fisherman picked it up just back of the big, pinching claws, so he would not get nipped, and put the lobster in a basket for Mr. Brown to carry. Bunny and Sue leaned over, looking at the green shellfish, when a voice behind them asked:

"What is it?"

The children turned to see George Watson, a boy older than Bunny, who lived near him. George often played little tricks on Bunny and Sue.

"What is it?" he asked again. "A whale?"

"A big lobster," Bunny answered.

"I guess he could almost pinch your nose off in one of his claws," Sue said, not going too close to the basket.

"Pooh! I'm not afraid of him," George declared. "I'll let him pinch this stick," he went on, picking up one, and holding it out toward the lobster, which was slowly waving its "feelers" to and fro, and moving its big eyes, that looked like shoe buttons sticking out from its head.

"Better look out!" was Bunker's warning, seeing what George was doing. "He'll nip you!"

"I'm not afraid!" boasted George. "I can——"

And just then something happened. George got his finger too near the lobster's claw and was at once caught.

"Ouch!" cried George. "Oh dear! He's got me! Make him let go, Bunker! Oh, dear!"

Bunker did not stop to say: "I told you so!" He took out his big knife, and put the blade between the teeth of the lobster's claw, forcing it open so George could pull out his finger. Then, with a howl of pain and fright, the boy ran home. He was not much hurt, as a lobster can not shut his claws very tightly when out of water. Just as does a fish, a lobster soon dies when taken from the ocean.

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"What's the matter?" cried Mr. Brown, running up when he heard George's cries. "Are you hurt, Bunny—Sue?"

"No, it was George," Bunker explained. "He thought he could fool the lobster, but the lobster fooled him."

"I guess I'd better take it home and have mother cook it," said the children's father, and home they started, Mr. Brown carrying the big lobster in the basket.

"Oh, what a fine large one!" Aunt Lu cried, when she saw it. "And what a fine salad it will make."

"May I have one of the claws—the big one?" begged Bunny.

"What for?" asked his mother.

"I want to put a string in it and tie it on my face, over my own nose," the little boy explained. "Then I'll look just like Mr. Punch, in Punch and Judy. May I have the claw?"

"I guess so," replied Mrs. Brown.

"And when you clean it out, and put it on your nose, I'll be Mrs. Judy," said Sue. "We'll have fun."

A lobster's claw, I might say, is filled with meat that is very good to eat. When the lobster is boiled and the meat picked out with a fork, the claw is hollow. It is shaped just like the nose of Mr. Punch, with a sort of hook on the end of it, where the claw curves downward. Bunny and Sue often played with empty lobster claws.

The children went out in the yard while Mrs. Brown cooked the lobster. Then, when it was cool, Aunt Lu helped pick out the meat which was to be mixed up into a salad.

"Is my big lobster claw ready now?" asked Bunny, coming up just before the supper bell was to ring.

"Yes, here it is," his aunt told him. "I cleaned it out nicely for you."

Bunny held it over his own nose and went toward the mirror to see how he would look.

"Oh, you're just exactly like Mr. Punch!" Sue cried, clapping her hands.

"Isn't he!" agreed Aunt Lu. And then she gave a sudden cry.

"Oh dear!" she gasped. "Oh dear! It's gone! I've lost it!"

"What?" asked Bunny.



“My ring! My beautiful diamond ring is lost!” And Aunt Lu’s cheeks turned pale.

CHAPTER III

WANGO, THE MONKEY

Aunt Lu hurried over to the kitchen table, at which she had been helping Mrs. Brown make the lobster salad. She looked among the dishes, and knives and forks, but shook her head.

“No, it isn’t there,” she said, quite sadly.

“What isn’t? What is the matter?” asked Mrs. Brown, who came in from the dining room just then. “Can’t you find the big lobster claw that Bunny wanted? I laid it——”

“Oh, I have it, Mother, thank you,” the little boy said. “But Aunt Lu has lost——”

“It’s my diamond ring—Jack’s engagement ring,” said Mrs. Brown’s sister. “It must have slipped off my finger, and——”

“Oh dear! That’s too bad!” said Mrs. Brown. “But it must be around here somewhere. We’ll find it!”

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Bunny and Sue hardly knew what to make of it all. They had never seen their Aunt Lu so worried.

“Mother, what’s an engagement ring?” asked Sue, in a whisper, as Aunt Lu kept on looking among the things on the table, hoping her diamond might have dropped off there. Then she looked on the floor.

“An engagement ring, my dear,” said Sue’s mother, “is a ring that means a promise. A very dear friend of Aunt Lu’s has promised to marry her, and he gave her the diamond ring to be a sort of reminder—a most beautiful present. Now we must help her find it.”

“It can’t be far away,” Mrs. Brown said to her sister. “You were not out of this room, were you?”

“No, I’ve been here ever since I began to pick the meat out of the lobster, and I had my ring on then.”

“Oh, then we’ll find it,” said Bunny’s mother.

But it was not so easy to do that as it was to say it. They looked all over the kitchen—on the floor, under the table, among the dishes, the pots and pans—but no diamond ring could be found. Papa Brown came in from the front porch, where he had been reading the evening paper, and he helped search, but it seemed of no use.

“Oh, where can my beautiful ring have dropped?” asked Aunt Lu, and Sue thought she saw signs of tears in her aunt’s eyes.

“Perhaps it fell into the lobster salad,” suggested Mr. Brown.

“Then you can find it when you eat,” called Bunny. “Only don’t bite on the diamond. It might break.”

“We’ll look in the salad now,” Mrs. Brown said.

They did so, looking in the dish that held the chopped-up bits of lobster meat, but no diamond ring was to be found. Then the floor was looked over again, most carefully, the empty dishes were turned upside down in the hope that the ring might drop out of one of them. But it did not.

Aunt Lu looked sad and worried, and so did Mr. and Mrs. Brown. The cook, who had been out for the afternoon, came in and she helped search for the diamond ring, but it could not be found.

“I’m sure I had it, when I began making the lobster salad,” said Aunt Lu, “but when I handed Bunny the empty claw I looked on my finger, and the ring was gone.”

“Perhaps it dropped out of doors,” suggested Papa Brown.

They looked near the side porch where Bunny had been standing when his aunt gave him the claw with which he was going to play Punch, but the ring was not found there.

“Oh dear! I feel so sorry!” Aunt Lu said, “If only I could find my lovely ring. Bunny—Sue, you must help me. To whomever finds it I’ll give a nice present—anything he wants. That will be a reward, children.”

“Yes, you must help Aunt Lu look for her ring,” said Mrs. Brown. “Come now, we will have supper, and look afterward. We may find it when we least expect it.”

But even after supper, the ring was not found. The whole family searched. Aunt Lu did not eat much supper, much as she liked lobster salad. She was too worried, I guess. Even Bunny did not feel like playing Mr. Punch with the big hollow lobster claw that fitted over his nose in such a funny way. Neither he nor Sue felt like making jokes when their aunt felt so unhappy.

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That night, when he and Sue went to bed, Bunny put the lobster claw away.

"We'll play with it some other time," he said to his sister.

"Yes," she agreed. "Some day when Aunt Lu finds her ring, and then she'll play with us, and be the audience. You will be Mr. Punch, and I'll be Mrs. Judy. Only I don't want to wear a lobster claw on my nose."

"No, I'll be the only one to wear a claw," said Bunny in a sleepy voice, and then he dreamed of sailing off to "by-low land."

Aunt Lu was up early the next morning, down in the kitchen, and out in the yard, looking for her lost ring. But it was not found, and Aunt Lu's face seemed to grow more sad. But she smiled at Bunny and Sue, and said:

"Oh, well, perhaps some day I shall find it."

"We'll look all over for it," said Bunny.

"Indeed we will," added Sue. "Let's look out in the yard now, Bunny."

The children looked, but had no luck. Then, as it was not time for dinner, they wandered down the street.

"Don't go too far away," their mother called after them. "Don't go down to the fish dock unless some one is with you."

"No, Mother, we won't!" Bunny promised.

They had each a penny that Aunt Lu had given them the day before, and now they wandered toward the little candy store kept by Mrs. Redden. She smiled at Bunny and Sue as they entered. Nearly every one did smile at the two children, who wandered about, hand in hand.

"Well, what is it to-day?" asked the store-lady. "Lollypops or caramels?"

"I want a penny's worth of peanuts," said Bunny.

"And I'll take some little chocolate drops," said Sue.

Soon, with their little treat, the brother and sister walked on toward the corner, the candy store being half way between that and their house.

As they passed a little dark red cottage, in front of which was an old boat, filled with flowers and vines, Bunny and Sue heard some one inside screaming and crying:

“Oh dear! Stop it I tell you! Let go my hair! Oh, if I get hold of you I’ll make you stop! Oh dear! Jed! Jed! Where are you?”

Bunny and Sue looked at one another.

“That’s Miss Winkler yelling!” said Bunny.

“But what makes her?” asked Sue.

“I don’t know. We’ll go and see,” suggested Bunny.

Into the yard of the little red house ran the two children. Around to the kitchen they went, and, looking in through the open door they saw a strange sight.

Standing in front of a window was an elderly woman, wearing glasses which, just now, hung down over one ear. But, stranger still, there was a monkey, perched up on the pole over the window. One of the monkey’s brown, hairy paws was entangled in the lady’s hair, and the monkey seemed to be pulling hard, while the lady was screaming and trying to reach the fuzzy creature.

“Oh, it’s Wango, the monkey, and he’s up to some of his tricks!” cried Bunny.

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"He'll pull out all her hair!" Sue exclaimed.

"Oh, Bunny—Sue—run for my brother! Go get Jed!" begged Miss Winkler. "Tell him Wango is terrible! He must come at once. Wango is such a bad monkey he won't mind me!"

And Wango kept on pulling her hair!

CHAPTER IV

THE EMPTY HOUSE

Bunny Brown and his sister Sue hardly knew what to do. They just stood there, looking at the monkey pulling and tugging on the rather thin hair of Miss Winkler, and she, poor lady, could not reach up high enough to get hold of Wango, who was perched quite high up, on the window pole.

"Oh, Bunny!" cried Sue. "We must do something—but what?"

Sue felt that her brother, as he was a whole year older than she, ought to know what to do.

"I—I'll get him down!" cried Bunny, who, as had Sue, had, some time before, made friends with the old sailor's queer pet.

"How can you get him down?" Sue wanted to know.

"I—I can stand on a chair and reach up to him," went on the small, blue-eyed boy, looking around for one to step on.

"No, no!" exclaimed Miss Winkler, as she heard what Bunny said. "You musn't go near him, Bunny. He might bite or scratch you. He is very bad and ugly to-day. I don't know what ails him. Stop it, Wango!" she ordered. "Stop it at once! Come down from there, and stop pulling my hair!"

But the monkey did nothing of the sort. He neither came down, nor did he stop pulling the lady's hair, as Sue and Bunny could easily tell. For they could see Wango give it a yank now and then, and, when he did, poor Miss Winkler would cry out in pain.

"Oh, go for my brother! He's down on the fish dock I think," Miss Winkler begged.

"No, we can't go there," replied Bunny slowly. "Our mother told us not to go there unless Bunker Blue or Aunt Lu was with us."

"Then the monkey will never let go of my hair," sighed Miss Winkler.

"Yes, he will," Bunny said. "I'll make him."

"How?" Sue wanted to know.

"This way!" exclaimed her brother, as he held out some of the peanuts he had bought at Miss Redden's store. "Here, Wango!" he called. "Come and get some peanuts!"

"And I'll give him some caramels," cried Sue, as she held out some of her candy.

I do not know whether or not Wango understood what Bunny and Sue said, but I am sure he knew that the candy and peanuts were good to eat. For, with a chatter of delight, he suddenly let go of Miss Winkler's hair and scrambled down to the floor near Bunny.

"Look out that he doesn't bite you," Miss Winkler said. "Be careful, Sue!"

"I'm not afraid," said Bunny Brown.

"Nor I," added Sue.

Wango was very tame, however. The way he acted, after he saw the good things to eat, would have made anyone think he was always kind and gentle. For he carefully took the peanuts from Bunny in one paw, and a caramel from Sue in another, and then, making a bow, as the old sailor had taught him, the mischievous monkey scrambled into his cage in one corner of the room.

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The next minute Miss Winkler had shut the cage door and fastened it.

"There!" she exclaimed, "the next time I let you out of your cage you'll know it, Wango!"

"What happened?" asked Bunny.

"I don't know, child," the elderly lady answered, as she began to coil up her hair. "He is usually good, though he minds my brother better than he does me. When Jed was here, a while ago, he was playing with Wango out in the room, and, I suppose, when he put the saucy creature back in the cage, the door did not fasten well.

"Anyhow, when I was making some cookies awhile ago I suddenly felt something behind me, and, as I turned around, I saw the monkey. He made a grab for a cookie, and I had to slap his paws for I won't have him doing tricks like that.

"Then he got mad, snatched my comb out of my hair, and, when I ran after him, he got up on the window pole, grabbed my hair and stayed up there where I couldn't reach him. Oh, what a time I've had!"

"It's too bad," said Sue kindly.

"I don't know what I would have done if you children hadn't come along," went on Miss Winkler, "for I had called and called, and no one heard me. I'll make Jed put a good lock on the monkey-cage after this. Now come out to the kitchen and I'll give you each a cookie."

Wango seemed to want a cookie also, for he chattered and made queer faces as he shook the door of his cage.

"No, indeed! You sha'n't have a bit!" scolded Miss Winkler. "You were very bad."

Wango chattered louder than ever. Perhaps he was saying he was sorry for what he had done, but he got no cookie.

Bunny and Sue each had a nice brown one, though, with a raisin in the centre, and, after Miss Winkler had thanked them again, they kept on with their walk down the street.

"Wasn't Wango funny?" asked Sue, as she nibbled her cookie.

"That's what he was," Bunny said. "Member the time when he pulled the cat's tail?"

"Yes," agreed Sue. "And when he sat down in the fly paper! That was funnier than this time."

"I guess Miss Winkler didn't think this was funny," commented Bunny. "I guess the monkey doesn't like her."

"But he minds Mr. Winkler," Sue said. "I've seen him make the monkey stand on his head."

The old sailor, who had brought Wango home, after one of his many ocean voyages, had taught the furry little creature many tricks. But though Wango minded Mr. Winkler very well, he did not always do what Miss Winkler told him to do.

As Sue walked on, still nibbling her cookie, she kept looking down at the ground, until at last Bunny asked her:

"What are you looking at Sue—trying not to step on ants?" For this was a game the children often played.

"Not this time," Sue answered. "I was looking to see if I could find Aunt Lu's ring."

"Why, she didn't lose it down here!" Bunny said, in surprise.

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"Maybe she did," returned Sue. "She thought she lost it around our house, but she looked, and we all looked, and we didn't find it, so maybe it was lost down here. I'm going to look, and if we find it we'll get a present."

"I'll help you look," said Bunny kindly, "but I don't believe it's down here."

The two children walked along a little farther, with their eyes searching the ground, but they saw no golden ring.

"Oh, I tell you what let's do!" suddenly exclaimed Bunny.

"What?" asked Sue, eager to have some fun.

"Let's go back home, and I'll put the lobster claw on my nose, and we'll play Punch and Judy. We haven't done that yet."

"All right, we'll do it!" Sue agreed. "And I'll let you take my sawdust doll. You have to hit her with a stick you know, if you're Mr. Punch, and it won't hurt a sawdust doll."

"All right," Bunny cried. "And when I hit her I'll call out, the way Mr. Punch does: 'That's the way to do it! That's the way I do it!'"

He said this in the funny, squeaky voice which is always heard at Punch and Judy shows, and Sue laughed. She thought her brother was very funny.

Bunny and Sue were about to turn around and go back home, but, as they came to a stop in front of the last house on their block Bunny said:

"Oh, Sue, look! They're painting this house, and maybe we can get some red or blue paint, to put on my face, when I play Mr. Punch."

"Oh, Bunny Brown! You wouldn't put paint on your face; would you?" demanded Sue.

"Just a little," said Bunny. "Why not?"

"S'posin' you couldn't get it off again?" Sue wanted to know.

"Oh, I could wash it off when I got through playing," Bunny replied. "Come on in, and we'll see if the men will give us a little paint; red, or blue or green."

Outside the house, in front of which the children then stood, were a number of pots of differently colored paint, and some ladders. But there was no paint yet on the outside of the house.

"I guess they're painting inside," Bunny said. "I don't see any of the men out here. Come on, we'll go in; the door is open, Sue."

The front door was open a little way, as the two children could see as they went up the walk. Bunny and Sue knew every house in that part of town, and also knew the persons who lived in them. All the neighbors knew the children, making them welcome every time they saw them.

"There's no one in this house, I 'member now," Sue said. "Miss Duncan used to live here, but she moved away."

"Then I guess the men are painting it over all nice inside to get it ready for someone else to live in," remarked Bunny. "There isn't anyone here, Sue," he added, as his voice echoed through the empty house. "Even the painters have gone."

"We'd better go out," said Sue. "Maybe they wouldn't like us to be in here."

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“Pooh! Nobody will care!” exclaimed Bunny, who was rather a daring little fellow. “Besides, I want to get some paint. Come on, we’ll go upstairs. Maybe they’re painting up there, or pasting new paper on the walls.”

Bunny started up the front hall stairs, and, as Sue did not want to be left alone on the first floor of the empty house, and as she did not want to go out, and leave Bunny there, she followed him.

Their footsteps sounded loud and queer in the big, vacant rooms. As they reached the top of the stairs they heard behind them a loud banging noise.

“What—what was that?” asked Sue, looking quickly over her shoulder.

“I—I guess the front door blew shut,” said Bunny. “Never mind, we can open it again. I want to get some red paint for my face, so I can play Mr. Punch.”

But if Bunny and Sue knew what had happened when that banging noise sounded, they would not have felt like walking on through the empty rooms, even to get red paint.

CHAPTER V

LOCKED IN

“On, say, Bunny!” suddenly called Sue, as she followed her brother through the upstairs rooms, “wouldn’t it be fun for us to live here?”

“Do you mean just us two?” the little boy asked.

“Yes,” answered Sue.

Bunny shook his head.

“I’d like mother, and daddy, and Aunt Lu, too,” he said. “It would be nicer, then.”

“Oh, but sometimes they don’t want us to make a noise,” went on Sue. “And if we were here all alone we could yell and holler, and slide down the banister, all we wanted to. Let’s slide down now,” she said, as she went to the head of the stairs, and looked at the long, smooth hand-rail.

“Say, that will be fun,” Bunny cried. “I’ll go first, Sue, but don’t come after me too close, or you might bump into me and knock me over.”

“I won’t,” promised the little girl.

It did not take much to cause Bunny to change his mind or his plans when there was any fun to be had. For a while he forgot about looking for red paint to put on his face to make him look funny when he played Mr. Punch, with the hollow lobster claw on his nose. Just now the joy of sliding down the banister rail seemed to be the best in the world.

"Here I go!" cried Bunny, and down the rail he went, ending with a little bump on the big, round post at the bottom.

"Now it's my turn," Sue said, and down she came. Though she was a girl Sue could slide down a rail almost as well as could Bunny. In fact, she had played with her brother so much that she could do many of the things that small boys do. And Bunny surely thought that Sue was as good a chum as any of his boy playmates.

"Now it's my turn again!" exclaimed the little blue-eyed chap, as he went up the stairs, his feet making a loud noise in the empty house. For some time Bunny and Sue played at sliding down the banister rail, and then Bunny remembered what they had first come into the house for.

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"Let's go to look for that red paint," he said.

"All right," agreed Sue. Her little legs were beginning to get tired from running up the stairs so often.

Back up to the second floor went the children, looking through the vacant rooms. But no paint pots did they see.

"I guess all the paint is outside," said Bunny. "We'll go down and get some."

"Maybe the man wouldn't like us to take it," said Sue.

"We'll pay him for it, if he wants money," Bunny replied, as though he had plenty. "Mother or Aunt Lu will give us pennies soon," he said, "and I can give the man mine. I only want about a penny's worth of red paint. Come on, we'll go out, Sue, and get some."

"Yes, and then we'd better go home," Sue went on. "I guess it's going to be dark pretty soon," and she looked out of a window. It was getting on toward evening, but the children had been having so much fun that they had not noticed this.

Bunny and Sue walked through all the upstairs rooms of the empty house. In one Bunny saw something that made him call out:

"Oh, Sue, look! A lot of picture books! Let's sit down and read them!"

Of course Bunny and Sue could not read, though the little boy knew some of his letters. So when he said "read" he meant look at the pictures. The books were some old magazines that the family, in moving away from the house, had left behind. Bunny and Sue made each a little pile of the paper books for seats and then they sat there looking at the pictures in another pile of magazines on the floor beside them.

"Oh, look at this dog, riding on a horse's back!" exclaimed Bunny, showing Sue a picture he had found in his book.

"Yes, it's like in a circus," Sue agreed. "And see, here's a colored picture of a cow. Oh, I wish I had a drink of milk, Bunny. I'm hungry! It must be pretty near supper time."

"I guess it is," the little fellow agreed, as he patted his own stomach. "We'll go home, Sue. I wonder if we couldn't take some of those books with us?"

"I guess so," Sue said. "Nobody wants 'em."

"And, anyhow, we didn't get any red paint, though maybe I can find some outside," Bunny said. "We'll each take a book."

It took a little time for Bunny and Sue each to pick out the book, with the pictures in it, that was most liked. But finally, each with a magazine held tightly, the children started to go down stairs.

“Here I go!” cried Bunny again, as he straddled the banister railing. Down he slid, but this time Sue did not wait until her brother had reached the bottom post.

She put her own fat little legs over the rail, and down she went, bumping right into Bunny and knocking him off the post on to the floor. And, that was not all, for she fell right on top of him.

“Ugh!” grunted Bunny, for Sue was rather heavy and she took his breath away.

“Oh, Bunny, did I hurt you?” asked the little girl, as she got up. “Did I, Bunny?”

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"Nope, you didn't hurt me, Sue. Falling down did—a little, but I fell on something soft, I guess."

Bunny stood up and looked. He had fallen on a pile of cloth bags which the painters had left inside the house. It was lucky for Bunny that the bags were there, or he might have been badly bruised. As it was he and Sue were not hurt, and, having picked themselves up, and brushed off their clothes, they were ready to go back home.

And it was quite time, too, for the shadows were getting longer and longer out in the street, as the sun went down.

"It was the front door that blew shut with such a bang," Bunny said, as he and Sue went down the long, front hall. "It was open when we came in, but it's shut now."

"The wind blew it, I guess," said Sue. "I wonder if you can get it open, Bunny?"

"Sure!" her brother said.

But when Bunny tried to open the front door he could not. Either it was too tightly shut, or else some spring lock had snapped shut. There was no key in the hole, but Bunny turned and twisted the knob, this way and that. But the door would not open.

"Let me try," said Sue, seeing that Bunny was not getting the door to swing open so they could get out. "Let me try."

"Pooh! If I can't do it, you can't," Bunny said. He did not exactly mean to be impolite, but he meant that he was stronger than his little sister and so she could hardly hope to do what he could not.

"Oh, but Bunny, what will we do if we can't get the door open?" Sue asked, and she seemed almost as frightened as the day when she had fallen down in the mud puddle when she and Bunny went to meet Aunt Lu.

"Well, if I can't get the front door open, maybe I can get the back one or the side one open," Bunny said. "Come on, we'll try them."

But the back door was also locked and there was no key in that to turn. Neither was there a side door. Both the front and back doors were locked.

Bunny looked at Sue, and Sue looked at her little brother. Her eyes were bright and shiny, as though she were going to cry. Bunny tried to speak bravely.

"Sue—we—we're locked in!" he said.

"Oh, Bunny!" she exclaimed. "What are we going to do? Oh! Oh! Oh dear!"

CHAPTER VI

ADRIFT IN A BOAT

Bunny Brown was a brave little chap, even though he was only a bit over six years old, “going on seven,” as he always proudly said. And one of the matters in which he was braver than anything else was about his sister Sue.

His mother had often spoken to him about his sister when he and Sue were allowed to walk up and down in the street, but not to go off the home block.

“Now, Bunny,” Mrs. Brown would say, “take good care of little Sue!”

And Bunny would answer:

“I will, Mother!”

Now was a time when he must look after her and take special care of her. The first thing he said to Sue was:

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"Don't cry, Sister!" Sometimes he called her that instead of Sue.

"I—I'm not going to cry," Sue answered, but, even then, there were tears in her eyes. "I'm not going to cry, but oh, Bunny, we're locked in, and there's nobody here——"

"I'm here!" said Bunny quickly.

"Yes, of course," answered Sue. "But you can't get the doors open, Bunny, and we can't get out when the doors are shut."

Bunny thought for a moment. What Sue said was very true. One could not go through a locked door.

"If we were only fairies now," said Bunny slowly, "it would be all right."

"How would it be?" Sue asked, opening her eyes wide.

"Why, if we were fairies," Bunny explained, "all we would have to do would be to change ourselves into smoke and we could float right out through the keyhole."

"Oh, but I wouldn't like to be smoke!" cried Sue. "That wouldn't be any fun. Why we couldn't play tag, or eat ice cream cones or—or anything. And the wind would blow us all away, if we were smoke."

"Oh, we wouldn't be smoke all the while," Bunny said. "Only just while we were going through the keyhole. Once we were on the other side we could change back into our own selves again."

"Oh, that would be all right," Sue said. She went up close to the keyhole of the front door and peeped through. Maybe she was trying to wish herself small enough to crawl out of the locked, empty house, without changing into smoke.

But of course Bunny and Sue were not fairies, and of course they could not turn into smoke, so there they had to stay, locked in.

"But, Bunny, what are we going to do?" asked Sue, as they went back and forth from the front to the back door.

"Maybe I can open a window," Bunny said. But he was not tall enough to reach more than past the window sill. The middle of the sash was far away, and he could see that the catch was on. If there had been a chair in the house, perhaps Bunny might have stood on it and opened a window, but there was none.

In one of the rooms Bunny did find an empty box. Moving this up to the window to stand on he found he could reach the middle of the sash, and turn the fastener.

“Now if I can only push up the window, Sue!” he cried.

“I’ll help you,” the little girl said. “Here’s a stick, I can push with that.”

So with Bunny standing on the box, and Sue, on the floor, pushing with the stick, they tried to put up the window in order to get out of the empty house.

But the window would not go up, and all of a sudden Sue’s stick slipped and banged against the glass.

“Oh! Look out!” cried Bunny. “You nearly broke it.”

“I didn’t mean to.”

“No. But I guess we’d better not try to raise the window. We might break the glass.”

Bunny knew a boy who, when playing ball, broke a window, and he had to save up all his pennies for a month to pay for the new glass. Bunny did not want to do that.

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So the children went away from the window.

“Say, Sue,” said Bunny, after a bit, “we can play we are camping out here. That would be fun, and we can make a bed of the pieces of bags that I fell on off the banister, and —”

“But I’m hungry, and there’s nothing to eat!” Sue exclaimed. “When we camp out, or go on a picnic, there are things to eat.”

“That’s so,” agreed Bunny. “This isn’t as much fun as I thought it was. I wish I hadn’t tried to get any red paint.”

“So do I,” Sue said, but she was not blaming her brother. She had been just as anxious to go into the vacant house as he had been.

The children did not know what to do. They were both ready to cry, but neither Wanted to. It was getting dark now.

“Let’s holler!” exclaimed Sue. “Maybe somebody will hear us and come and let us out.”

“All right,” said Bunny. They both called together. But the vacant house was not near any other, and none of the neighbors heard the childish voices.

“I—I guess I’d better get the bags and make a bed, for we’ll have to stay here all night,” said Bunny, when they were quite tired from calling aloud.

“Then make my bed near yours, Bunny,” said Sue. “I—I don’t want to be alone.”

“I’ll take care of you,” promised the little blue-eyed chap, as he remembered what his mother had told him.

Bunny went to the front hall to get the cloth bags. Sue went with him, for she did not want to be left alone in the room that was now getting quite dark.

But Bunny and Sue did not have to stay all night in the empty house. Just as they were picking up the bags, they heard a noise at the front door and a voice called:

“Bunny! Sue! Are you in there?”

For a moment they did not answer, they were so surprised with joy. Then Bunny cried:

“Oh, it’s Uncle Tad! It’s Uncle Tad!”

While Sue exclaimed:

“We’re here! Yes, we’re here, Uncle Tad! Oh, please let us out!”

There was a squeaking noise and the front door was pushed open. In came the old soldier, and Bunny and Sue made a jump for his arms. He caught them up and kissed them.

"Well, little ones, I've found you!" he cried. "I thought maybe you were in here. My, but what a fright you've given your mother and all of us!"

"We came in for some red paint," explained Bunny, "and we got locked in."

"No, the door wasn't locked," Uncle Tad explained. "It was just stuck real hard. You weren't strong enough to pull it open, I suppose. But don't ever do anything like this again."

"We won't," promised Bunny. He was always pretty good at making promises, was Bunny Brown. "We just wanted to get some red paint so I could play Mr. Punch with the lobster claw," he went on.

"And we slid down the banister," added Sue, "and I bumped Bunny off the post."

"But she didn't hurt me," Bunny said.

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"How did you find us, Uncle Tad?" asked Sue, as their uncle led them along the now almost dark street toward their home.

"Why, when you didn't come back your mother was worried," the old soldier said. "So your Aunt Lu started out one way after you, and I went the other. As I passed this old house I saw a blue ribbon down by the gate and I thought it looked like yours, Sue. So I thought you might have come in here."

"Oh, did I lose my hair ribbon?" Sue asked, putting her hand to her head. The big, pretty bow was gone, but Uncle Tad had found it.

"It's a good thing you lost it," said Bunny. "If you hadn't, Uncle Tad wouldn't have known where to look for us."

"Oh, I guess I should have found you after a bit," Uncle Tad said, with a smile. "But now we must hurry home, so the folks will know you are all right."

And my, how Bunny and Sue were kissed and cuddled by their mother and Aunt Lu when Uncle Tad brought them back! "I was beginning to be afraid," said Mrs. Brown, "that you had gone down to the boat-dock, after I told you not to, and I was going to have your father and Bunker Blue look for you."

"We didn't mean to get locked in. Mother," explained Bunny. "It was the wind."

"Well, don't go in empty houses again," Aunt Lu said.

"Nope—never!" promised Sue, "But we were looking for your ring, Aunt Lu, though we didn't find it."

"No, I'm afraid it's gone forever," said Miss Baker with a sigh, and a sad look. "But it was very good of you to try to find it for me."

The children sat down to supper, telling the big folks all about the adventure, and how they had become fastened in, and were afraid they would have to make a bed on the bags and stay all night.

"And if we had I'd have taken good care of Sue," Bunny remarked.

"I know you would, my dear," his mother answered, as she kissed him and his sister, before putting them to bed.

For a few days after this Bunny and Sue did nothing to make any trouble. They went on little trips with Aunt Lu, showing her the many wonderful sights at the seaside. With her they watched the fish boats come in, and once they went sailing with her and their

mother, Bunker Blue taking charge of the boat. They gathered pretty shells and pebbles on the beach and had many good times.

One day Bunny and Sue played Punch and Judy, Bunny wearing the big red lobster claw on his nose. Aunt Lu laughed at the funny tricks of the children.

“Some day we’ll get up a real show, and charge money,” said Bunny, as he put away the lobster claw to use another time.

Not far from the Brown’s house was a small river that flowed into the bay. Part of the Brown land was right on the edge of this river and at a small dock Mr. Brown kept, tied up, a rowboat which he sometimes used to go fishing in, or to go after crabs, which are something like lobsters, only smaller. They are just as good to eat when they are cooked, and they turn red when you boil them.

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One day Bunny and Sue went down to the edge of the river. They asked Aunt Lu to go with them, but she said she had a headache, and wanted to lie down.

“Don’t go far away, children,” called Mrs. Brown after the two tots, as they wandered down near the little stream.

“We won’t,” promised Bunny, and he really meant it. But neither he nor Sue knew what was going to happen.

It was quite warm that day, and, as Bunny and Sue sat in the shade of a tree on the bank of the river, the little boy said:

“Oh, Sue, wouldn’t it be nice if we could go on the river in the boat?”

“Yes,” said his sister, “but mother said we weren’t to.”

“I guess she meant we weren’t to go *rowing* in a boat—I mean a loose boat—one that isn’t tied fast,” said Bunny. “I guess it would be all right if we sat in the boat while it was tied fast to shore.”

“Maybe,” said Sue. She wanted, as much as did Bunny, to sit in the boat, for it was cooler down there.

“Let’s do it!” proposed Bunny. “The boat is tied fast, but we can make believe we are rowing. We’ll pretend we are taking a long trip.”

Neither of the children meant to do wrong, for they thought it would be all right to sit in the boat as long as it was tied fast. So into it they climbed. Then such fun as they had! They took sticks and made believe to row. They tied their handkerchiefs on other sticks and pretended to be sailing. They rocked the boat gently to and fro, and Bunny called this “being out in a storm.”

Then they lay down on the broad seats and made believe it was night and that, when they awakened, they would be in a far-off land where coconuts grew on trees and where there were monkeys to toss them down.

And, before they knew it, both children were fast asleep, for the sun was shining warmly down on them. Bunny awoke first. He felt the boat tossing to and fro:

“Don’t do that, Sue!” he called. “You’ll tip us over.”

“Don’t do what?” asked Sue, sleepily.



“Don’t jiggle the boat,” said Bunny. Then he opened his eyes wider and looked all about. The boat was far from shore and was drifting down the river. It had become untied while the children slept.

CHAPTER VII

BUNNY GOES FISHING

“On, Bunny! Bunny!” cried Sue, clapping her hands. “We’re having a sail! We’re sailing!”

“Yes,” answered her brother, “that’s what we are, but—”

He looked toward the shore and wondered if it were too far away for him to wade to it. The river looked quite deep, though, and Bunny decided he had better not try it.

“Don’t you like sailing,” asked his sister Sue.

“Oh, yes, I like it all right,” was the reply, “but mother told us not to go out in the boat and we’ve done it.”

“But we didn’t mean to,” came from the little girl. “The boat did it all by itself, and it isn’t our fault at all.”

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"That's so," and Bunny smiled now and seemed happier.

"I wonder how it happened?" asked Sue.

"I guess we jiggled it so much, making believe we were sailing, that the rope got loose," Bunny explained. "And now we're sailing!"

Bunny Brown and his sister Sue really were sailing down the river and the boat was bobbing up and down and swinging from side to side, for it was not steered. And it was not exactly "sailing" either, for it was only a row-boat and there was no sail to hoist.

But the river was flowing down hill to the sea and it was the river that was carrying the boat along.

"I like it; don't you?" asked Sue, after a bit.

"Yes," answered Bunny. "Only we musn't go too far away. Mother wouldn't like that even if it wasn't our fault that the boat got loose. I wonder if there's anything to eat here."

"Let's look," proposed Sue, so the two children looked under the boat seats and lifted the oars over to one side. Sometimes they were allowed to go with their father or mother for a row or sail, and, once in a while, Mrs. Brown would take with her some sandwiches or cake for a little lunch. Bunny and Sue thought something to eat might have been left over since the last time, but there was nothing.

"Oh dear!" sighed Sue. "I'm terrible hungry, Bunny!"

"So am I!"

"Don't you s'pose you could catch a fish, so we could eat that?"

"I might," Bunny answered, "if I had a fish line."

"I have a piece of string," and Sue put her chubby hand in her pocket. She had had her mother sew two pockets in her dress, almost like the ones Bunny had in his little trousers. For Sue said she wanted to carry things in her pockets, just as her brother and the other boys did.

She now pulled out a tangled bit of string, white cord that had come off some bundles from the grocery.

"There's a fish line, Bunny," said Sue.



“Yes, if I only had a hook,” and the little fellow pulled the tangles out of the cord, “You can’t catch fish without a hook, Sue.”

“I know that. And here’s a pin. You can bend that into a hook. Sadie West and I did that one day up at the frog pond.”

“Did you get any fish?” Bunny asked.

“No,” answered Sue slowly. “But there wasn’t any fish in the pond. Mr. Winkler came along and told us so, and we didn’t fish any more. We caught frogs.”

“How?”

“In a tin can.”

“We haven’t any tin can now,” went on Bunny, looking about the boat, as if he would, perhaps, rather catch frogs than fishes.

“Don’t try to get any frogs,” Sue begged him. “They aren’t any good to eat.”

“Their legs are!”

“Oh, they are not! I wouldn’t eat frogs’ legs. I’d eat chickens’ legs though, if they were cooked.”

“So would I. But some folks do eat frogs legs. I heard Aunt Lu telling mother so the other day.”

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"They must be funny people to eat frogs' legs," Sue exclaimed.

"But I won't catch any now," Bunny promised. "Where's the pin, Sue? So I can make a hook."

"I'll take one out of my dress where a button's off," offered the little girl. "Only you'll have to give the pin back to me after you stop fishing, 'cause I'll have to pin my dress up again."

"S'posin' a fish swallows it?" Bunny asked.

"Swallows what?"

"Swallows the hook!" Bunny explained. "If a fish eats the bent pin hook I can't give it back to you; can I?"

"No," said Sue slowly. "But we could get it out when we cook the fish," she said, after thinking about it a little while.

"Yes," agreed Bunny. "But I guess they don't cook pins in fish. Anyhow we haven't got a fire to cook with."

"Oh, well, then we'll pretend. Here's the pin, Bunny," and Sue took it from a place on her dress where, as she had said, a button was off. "Try and catch a big fish with it."

Bunny had the piece of string untangled now and he bent the pin into a sort of hook. All this while the boat was slowly drifting down the river, but Bunny Brown and his sister Sue had talked so much about fishing that they had not noticed where they were going. They were not so frightened as they had been at first.

Bunny tied the bent pin on the end of his piece of string and was about to toss it over the side of the boat into the water when he happened to think.

"I'll have to have a sinker," he said to Sue. "You can't catch fish if you don't have a sinker to take the hook down to the bottom of the water. Fish only bite near the bottom. I must have a sinker."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Sue. "Fishing is a lot of work; isn't it, Bunny?"

"It's fun," said the little boy. "I like it, but I have to have a sinker."

"I could give you a button from my dress," Sue said. "One's almost off, and I could pull it the rest of the way. Only I haven't another pin to fasten me up with. This is an old dress, anyhow. That's what makes it have one button gone and another almost off," she explained.

"Never mind. Don't pull off the button, Sue," Bunny said. "I guess it wouldn't be heavy enough to sink. Maybe I can find a regular sinker. Oh, yes, here's one!" he cried, as he picked up from the bottom of the boat a piece of lead. It had been dropped there when Mr. Brown, or perhaps Bunker Blue, had used the boat for fishing a few days before.

"This will be just the thing!" cried Bunny, as he fastened it to his line. "Now I can fish real," and he tossed the bent pin over the side of the drifting boat into the water. The bent pin sank out of sight, and both children watched eagerly, wondering how long it would be before they would catch a fish.

But suddenly their boat bumped against something, and stopped moving. The bump was so hard that Bunny was knocked over against Sue.

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"Oh, Bunny, don't!" she exclaimed. "You hurt my arm!"

"I—I couldn't help it," Bunny said.

"Was it a fish?" asked Sue, hopefully, "Did he pull you over?"

Bunny shook his head. Nothing had taken hold of the pin-hook. Then he turned his head and looked around.

"Oh, Sue!" he cried. "We've run ashore on an island. Now we can get out and have some fun! This is great!"

CHAPTER VIII

SUE FALLS IN

The boat, in which Bunny Brown and his sister Sue had gone adrift, had really "bunked into an island," as Bunny told about it afterward. He said "bunked," and he meant bumped, for that is what the boat had done.

There were a number of islands in the river, some small and some larger, and it was at one of the larger ones that Bunny and Sue now found themselves. Their boat swung around in the shallow water, and did not move any more. It was fast aground on the edge of the island.

"Let's get out," suggested Bunny, and he did so, followed by Sue. As Bunny pulled his fish line from the water, his sister saw the dangling bent-pin hook, and cried out:

"Oh, Bunny, you didn't get a fish after all!"

"No," the little fellow answered. "I guess I can fish better from the island, anyhow. We'll fish here now, and if we catch anything we can build a fire and cook it. That is, we could if we had any matches."

"Mother told us we musn't play with fire," remarked Sue.

"That's so," her brother agreed. "Well, we can wait till we get home to cook the fish. But we've got to fasten the boat, or it may go away and leave us."

Bunny's father was in the boat business and the little fellow had often heard how needful it was to tie boats fast so they would not drift away or be taken out by the tide. So it was one of the first things he thought of when he and Sue landed on the island.

There was a rope in the front part, or bow of the rowboat, and Bunny tied one end of this rope to a tree that grew near the edge of the island.

“Now I can fish,” he said.

“What can I do?” asked Sue. “I wish I had one of my dolls with me—even the old sawdust one, with the sawdust coming out. I could play house with her. What can I do, Bunny?”

“Well, you can watch me fish, and then I’ll let you have a turn. If you had another pin I could make you a hook.”

“Nope, I haven’t anymore,” and Sue looked carefully over her dress, thinking she might find another pin. But there was none.

Bunny was about to cast in the line from the shore of the island, near the boat, where he and Sue were standing, when he suddenly thought of something.

“Oh, I forgot! I haven’t any bait on my hook!” he said. “No wonder I didn’t get a bite. I’ll have to get a worm, or something the fish like to eat. Come on, Sue, you can help at that—hunting for worms.”

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"I—I don't want to," and Sue gave a little shiver.

"You don't like to hunt worms?" asked Bunny, as if very much surprised. "I like it—it's fun!"

"Oh, but worms—worms are so—so squiggily!" stammered Sue. "They make me feel so ticklish in my toes."

"You don't pick up worms in your toes!" cried Bunny. "You pick 'em up in your hands!"

"I know," and Sue smiled at her brother, "but they are so squiggily that they make me feel ticklish away down to my toes, anyhow."

"All right," Bunny agreed. "I'll pick up the worms, but you can have a turn fishing just the same."

"Thank you," answered Sue.

Mrs. Brown had taught the children to be kind and polite to each other, just as well as to strangers and to "company." Though of course Bunny Brown and his sister Sue had little troubles and "spats" and differences, now and then, just like other children.

Bunny began looking for worms, and he dug in the soft dirt of the island, near the edge of the water, with a stick. But either there were no worms there, or Bunny did not dig deep enough for them, for he found none.

"Guess I'll have to fish without any bait," he said, after a while. But, as I suppose you all know, fish hardly ever bite on an empty hook, especially when it is made from a bent pin; so, after he had dangled the line in the water for quite a while, Bunny said:

"Here, Sue. It's your turn now. Maybe you'll have better luck than I had."

"Maybe there aren't any fish in this river."

"Oh, yes there are. Bunker Blue caught a lot one day. But he had worms for bait."

However Sue did not mind fishing without any worms on the pin-hook, and she sat down on a log, near the water and let the line dangle in it, while Bunny walked about the island. He had never been on this one before, though there was a larger one, farther down the river, where he and his sister Sue had often gone on little picnics with their mother and father.

Walking back a little way from the edge of the water, Bunny saw a place where a tangle of vines, growing over an old stump, had made a place like a little tent, or bower. All at

once Bunny remembered a story his mother had read to him. Back he ran to where Sue was fishing.

"Oh, Sue! Sue!" he exclaimed. "I know what we can do!"

"What?"

"We can play Robinson Crusoe!" cried Bunny.

"Is that like tag, or hide-and-go-to-see?" the little girl wanted to know.

"Neither one," answered her brother. "Robinson Crusoe was a man who was shipwrecked on an island, and he lived there a long time with his man Friday. We can play that."

"But we aren't shipwrecked," Sue said. Living near the sea the children had often heard of shipwrecks, and had once seen one, when a big sail boat had been blown up on the beach and broken to pieces by the heavy waves. The sailors were taken off by the life-savers. "We're not shipwrecked," said Sue. "There's our boat all right," and she pointed to the one in which they had gone adrift.

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"Oh, well, we can pretend we've been shipwrecked," Bunny said.

"Oh, yes!" and Sue understood now. "What is the rest of the game?" she asked.

"Well, mother read the story to me out of a book," explained Bunny. "Robinson Crusoe was wrecked, and he had to live on this island, and he had a man named Friday."

"What a funny name! Who named him that?" asked Sue.

"Robinson Crusoe did. You see, Friday was a colored man, very nice, too, and he helped Robinson a lot. Robinson called him that name because he found him on Friday."

"But this isn't Friday," objected Sue. "It's Thursday."

"Well, it's only pretend," went on Bunny.

"Oh, yes. I forgot. So Robinson had a colored man named Friday to help him,"

"Yes," Bunny said, "and we'll play that game. I'll be Robinson."

"But who is going to be Friday?" Sue wanted to know.

"You can be."

"But I'm not a man, and I'm not colored, Bunny."

"We'll have to pretend that, too. You'll be my man Friday, and we'll go to live in the little tent over there," and Bunny pointed toward the leafy bower he had found. "And you can be colored, too, if you want, Sue," he said. "You could rub some mud on your face and hands."

"Oh, let's! That's what I'll do!" and Sue laid aside the stick to which Bunny had tied the fishline and the bent pin. "That will be fun!" Sue said. "It will be better than the Punch and Judy show with the lobster claw on your nose."

"But you mustn't get your dress muddy," Bunny cautioned his sister. "Mother wouldn't like that."

[Illustration with caption: *For A moment sue lay there, still choking and gasping*]

"I won't," promised Sue. "And when we get through playing I can wash the mud off my face and hands."

"Yes," said Bunny. "Now I'll go over to my cave—we'll call the place where the vines grow over the stump a cave," he went on, "and I'll be there just like Robinson Crusoe

Was in the cave on his island. Then I'll come out and find you, all blacked up with mud, and I'll call you Friday."

Sue clapped her hands in delight, and, when Bunny went off to the cave, which, he remembered, was the sort of place where the real Robinson Crusoe lived, in the story book, Sue found a place where there was some soft, black mud.

Very carefully, so as not to soil her dress, the little girl blackened her hands and face, rubbing on the dirt as well as she could.

"Bunny! Bunny!" she called after a bit.

"Well, what is it?" asked her brother, as he was sitting in his make-believe cave.

"Come and look at me," said Sue, "and see if I'm black enough to be Friday."

Bunny came and looked.

"You need a little more mud around behind your ears," he said. "I'll put it on for you," and he did so.

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Then the two children played the Robinson Crusoe game; that is, as much of it as Bunny could remember, which was not a great deal. But they had good fun, walking about the island, and going into the green vine-bower now and then to get out of the sun, which was very hot.

But even as much fun as it was playing at being shipwrecked on an island, like Robinson, in the story book, the children soon tired of it.

"I guess we'd better go home," said Sue after awhile. "I'm terribly hungry, Bunny."

"So'm I."

"And if we can't catch any fish, and can't find any place to get things to eat from, we'd better go home."

"Yes, I guess we had. I wonder if I can row the boat?"

Bunny had often seen his father, or Bunker Blue, or sometimes his mother, row a boat, so he knew how it was done. But he knew the oars in the boat in which he and Sue had gone adrift were heavy, and he was not very strong, though a sturdy little chap for his years.

"I'll help you," Sue said. "But first I'll have to un-Friday myself. I must wash off this mud."

"I'll help you—around behind your ears where you can't see," offered Bunny.

Sue went to a place near the water, where there was a flat rock, and leaned over to dip her handkerchief in. She was going to use it as a washcloth.

But, whether she slipped, or leaned over too far, Sue never knew. At any rate, soon after she had washed off the first bit of mud from her hands and wrists, she suddenly toppled, head first, right into the river!

"Oh! Oh! Bunny!" Sue cried, as she found herself in the water.

CHAPTER IX

THE RESCUE DOG

Bunny Brown and his sister Sue had often been in the water bathing. They had even been allowed to go in the ocean, a little way, when their father or mother was with them, and they were just beginning to learn to swim.

But to fall suddenly into the water, with all one's clothes on, is enough to frighten anybody, even someone older than Sue; so it is no wonder she began splashing about, instead of trying to swim, as her father had told her to do,

Bunny, for a moment, did not know what to do, but he had one great thought, and that was that he must help his sister. He was a little distance away from her, and he called out:

"I'm coming, Sue! I'll get you out! Don't be afraid!"

But Sue was afraid. Her head went under water, and she had swallowed some, for she had forgotten another thing her father had told her, and this was:

"When your head goes under water, hold your breath—don't breathe—and then the water won't get in your mouth and nose."

But Sue forgot this, and she was choking and gasping in the river. Luckily it was not deep, and he might easily have stood up at the place where she had fallen in. The water would not have been quite up to her waist.

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"I'll get you out, Sue! I'll get you!" cried Bunny.

He ran toward Sue, but before he reached her there was heard a loud barking, and a big, shaggy dog rushed down to the edge of the island. Right into the water the dog jumped, and, getting hold of Sue's dress, he pulled her up on the shore.

For a moment Sue lay there, still choking and gasping, while the dog stood over her, wagging his tail, and barking as hard as he could bark. He seemed to know that everything was all right now.

"Oh, Sue! Sue!" cried Bunny, rushing up to his sister, and putting his arms around her. "You aren't drowned now; are you, Sue?"

"I—I don't—don't know—Bun-Bunny!" she stammered. "I—I guess I'm 'most drowned, anyhow. Oh, take me home! I want my mamma!"

"I'll take you home right away!" Bunny promised. "But wasn't the dog good to pull you out?"

The dog shook the water from himself, and wagged his tail harder than ever. He jumped about, barking, and then, with his big red tongue, he licked first Sue's face, and then Bunny's.

Sue was much better now. She could sit up, and, as the river water was not salty, as is the water of the ocean, what she had swallowed of it did not hurt her.

"I guess the dog will lick all the Friday-mud off my face," she said, smiling at Bunny through her tears.

"The mud's all off anyhow," said her brother. "Falling in the river washed you clean."

"But it got my dress all wet. I don't care, it's an old one."

"That's good," said her brother. "Now we'll go home. Maybe you will be all dry when we get there," he added hopefully, "and your dress won't show any wet at all."

"But I'll have to tell mother I fell in."

"Oh, of course!"

"But it was a—a accident," Sue said, speaking the big word slowly. "Now take me home, Bunny. I don't want to play Friday any more, and I'm hungry."

The dog jumped about the children, but he kept nearer to Sue. Maybe he thought she belonged to him, now that he had pulled her from the water. Perhaps he had saved

Sue's life, though the little girl might have gotten out herself, or Bunny might have pulled her from the water.

"He's a nice dog," said Sue. "I wish we could keep him."

"Maybe we can. He doesn't seem to belong to anybody, and nobody lives on this island."

"He was shipwrecked too," said Sue. "Or maybe he wanted to play Robinson Crusoe with us."

"Robinson didn't have a dog—anyhow, mother didn't read about any in the story," replied Bunny. "But he had a goat."

"We can pretend this dog is a goat," remarked Sue, as she patted the big shaggy fellow, who barked in delight, and wagged his tail.

"We'll take him home in the boat with us," decided Bunny. "I hope mother lets us keep him."

Getting into the boat was easy enough for Bunny and Sue, for they only had to step over the side, the boat being partly on shore. And the dog jumped in after them. He seemed very glad indeed that he had found two such nice children to love, and who would love him.

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But when Bunny tried to push the boat away from the island, as he had seen his father and Bunker Blue often do, he found it was not easy. The boat was stuck fast in the soft mud of the edge of the island.

"I—I can't do it," Bunny said, puffing, as he pushed on the oar, with which he was trying to shove off the boat. "I can't do it, Sue."

"Will we have to stay here forever?"

"No, not forever. Maybe papa, or somebody will come for us. But I can't push off the boat."

"I'll help you," offered Sue. The oar was too heavy for her, however, so Bunny got her a long stick. But, even with what little help Sue could give, the boat would not move.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Bunny, sitting down on a seat. He looked worried, and so did Sue.

"If we had a harness for our new dog we could hitch him to the boat, and maybe he could pull it into the water," remarked Bunny, after a bit.

"Oh, that would be fine!" cried the little girl. "And maybe he could swim, and pull us all the way home."

"But we haven't any harness," said Bunny with another sigh.

"Couldn't we use the fish line? I've got another piece of string."

"We can try."

With the string, which he knotted together, Bunny made a sort of "harness," putting one end around the dog's neck, and tying the other end to the bow, or front of the boat.

"Now pull us, Towser!" Bunny cried.

"Is his name Towser?" Sue wanted to know.

"Well, we'll call him that until we can think of a better name. Go on, pull!" ordered Bunny.

But the dog only barked and stood still. He did not seem to mind being "hitched up." It seemed as though he had often had children play with him.

"Oh, I know how to make him pull us!" Sue exclaimed.

"How?"



“Throw a stick in the water, and he’ll chase after it.”

“Fine!” cried Bunny, and he tossed a chip out into the river. With a bark the dog rushed after it. But I think you can guess what happened. Instead of the dog’s pulling the boat, the string broke, and, of course, that was the end of the harness.

“Oh, dear!” exclaimed Sue. “We’ll never get home, Bunny!”

The little boy did not know what to do next. But, all at once, as he and his sister looked at each other, quite worried and anxious, they heard a voice shouting:

“Bunny! Sue! Are you there? Where are you? Bunny! Sue!”

CHAPTER X

A TROLLEY RIDE

“Who—who is that?” asked Sue of her brother in a whisper. “Oh, it’s papa come for us!”

“That isn’t papa,” Bunny answered, for well he knew his father’s voice.

“Well, it’s *somebody*, anyhow,” and Sue smiled now, through her tears. “It’s somebody, and I’m so glad!”

“Bunny! Sue!” called the voice again, and the big dog barked. Perhaps he was also glad that “somebody” had come for him, as glad as were the children. But, though Bunny Brown and his sister Sue looked all about, they could see no one. Then, all of a sudden, Sue thought of something.

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"Oh, Bunny!" she cried. "Do you s'pose it could be him?"

"Be who?"

"Robinson Crusoe's man Friday. Here on the island, you know. Maybe he heard we were here, and came to help us catch fish, or make a fire. Oh, Bunny, if it should be Mr. Friday!"

"Pooh! It couldn't be," said Bunny. "Mr. Friday was only make-believe, and we were only pretending, anyhow. It couldn't be!"

"No, I 'spose not," and Sue sighed. "Anyhow, it's somebody, and they know us, and I'm glad!"

Bunny was also glad, and a few seconds later, while the dog kept on barking, and running here and there, Bunny and Sue saw, coming around the end of the island, a boat, and in it was Jed Winkler, the old sailor who owned Wango, the monkey. Only, of course, the old sailor did not have the monkey with him this time.

"Bunny! Sue! Oh, there you are!" called Mr. Winkler as he saw the two children.

"Oh, Mr. Winkler!" cried Bunny. "We're so glad to see you!"

"Yes, and I guess your folks will be glad to see *you*!" answered the old sailor. "They've been looking all over for you, and only a little while ago I noticed that your boat was gone. I thought maybe you had gone on a voyage down the river, so I said I'd come down and look, as far as the island, anyhow. And here you are!"

"I wonder what you'll do next? But there's no telling, I reckon. What have you been doing, anyhow, and whose dog is that?"

"He's mine," said Sue quickly. "He pulled me out of the water."

"He's half mine, too," said Bunny. "I saw him before you did, Sue. You couldn't see him 'cause your head was under the water," he went on, "and when a feller sees a dog first, half of it is his, anyhow; isn't it, Mr. Winkler?"

"Oh, you may have half of him," agreed Sue kindly. "Do you want the head half, or the tail half, Bunny?"

"Well," said Bunny slowly, "I like the tail end, 'cause that wags when he's happy, but I like the head end too, because that barks, and he can wash our hands with his tongue."

Bunny did not seem to know which half of the dog to take. Then a new idea came to him.

"I'll tell you what we can do, Sue!" he exclaimed. "We can divide him down the middle the other way. Then you'll have half his head end, and half his tail end, and so will I."

"Oh, yes!" Sue agreed, "and we can take turns feeding him."

"Say, I never see two such youngsters as you!" declared the old sailor, laughing. "What happened to you, anyhow?"

"Well, we didn't mean to go off in the boat, but we did," Bunny explained. "Then we got wrecked on this island, just like Robinson Crusoe did."

"Only we didn't find Mr. Friday," put in Sue.

"But we found a cave—a make-believe one," Bunny said quickly.

"And I fell in, but we didn't get any fish," added the sister.

"And the dog did pull her out, and we're going to keep him," went on Bunny. "And will you take us home, Mr. Winkler? 'Cause we're hungry, and maybe our dog is, too, and it's getting dark, and we couldn't make our boat go, even if we did hitch the dog up to it."

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"Bless your hearts, of course I'll take you home, and the dog, too!" the old sailor cried, "though I didn't expect to find a dog here. Come now, get in my boat, and I'll fasten yours to mine, and pull it along after me. Come along!"

Bunny Brown and his sister Sue were soon in the old sailor's boat, the dog following them, and, a little later, they were safely at their own dock, where their father and mother, as well as Aunt Lu and Bunker Blue, were waiting to greet them.

"Oh, Bunny! Oh, Sue!" cried Mrs. Brown, as she gathered them both into her arms. "Why did you do it? Oh, such a fright as you have given all of us!"

"We didn't mean to, Mother," said Bunny, himself a little frightened at what had happened. "The boat came untied, and floated off with us, and then we played Robinson Crusoe, just like you read to me out of the book, and—"

"But we didn't find Mr. Friday," interrupted Sue, who seemed to feel this was quite a disappointment.

"Never mind," remarked Aunt Lu, "you had plenty of other adventures, I should think. Why, Sue!" she exclaimed, "your dress is quite damp!"

"She fell in," explained Bunny, "and—"

"Mercy! Where did that dog come from?" cried Mrs. Brown, for the big shaggy animal had been lying quietly in the bottom of Mr. Winkler's boat, and now, with a bark, he suddenly sprang up, and jumped out on the dock.

"It's our dog," said Sue. "He pulled me out."

"Pulled you out, child? Out of where?" Mrs. Brown wanted to know. "What happened? Tell me all about it!"

Which Bunny and Sue did, taking turns. Then they begged to be allowed to keep the dog, and Mr. Brown said they might, if no one came to claim it.

"I guess it must be a lost dog," said the old sailor. "Maybe it jumped off some boat that was going down the river, and swam to the island. I guess it's glad enough to get off, though, for there's nothing there for a dog to eat."

"We couldn't find anything, either," said Bunny, "and we're hungry now, Mother."

"And we're going to take turns feeding the dog," came from Sue. "I own one half, down the middle, and so does Bunny."

“Bless your hearts!” Mrs. Brown cried. “She was very glad the children had been found, and Mr. Brown told Bunny and Sue they must not get in the boat again, unless some older person was with them, even if the boat was tied to the dock. Then it was supper time, and the big, shaggy dog ate as much as Bunny and Sue together, which showed how hungry he was.

“What are you going to call the dog?” asked Aunt Lu.

“I called him Towser,” Bunny said, “but we can take another name, if we don’t like that.”

“Oh, let’s call him Splash!” exclaimed Sue.

“Splash? What a funny name!” her mother remarked.

“Well, he did splash in the water after me, and pulled me out. Maybe we could call him Pull, but I like Splash better,” and Sue shook her curly head.

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"Call him Splash, then," agreed Mr. Brown, and so the big dog was called that name. He did not seem to mind how funny it was, but wagged his tail, and barked happily whenever he was spoken to.

For two or three days after they had gone off in the boat, Bunny Brown and his sister Sue did not go far from home. They remained about the house, playing different games with some of the children who lived near them. Now and then they would go down the street with Aunt Lu, or to the dock, to see the fish boats come in. And, often, as she walked along, Aunt Lu would look down at the ground.

"Are you looking for your lost diamond ring?" Bunny or Sue would ask.

"Well, not exactly," Aunt Lu would say. "I'm afraid I shall never find it," she would add, in rather a sad voice. "I am afraid it is gone forever."

"We'll keep on looking," promised Bunny. "And maybe we'll find it."

Splash, the big dog, proved to be very gentle and kind. He seemed to love the two children very much, and went everywhere with them. No one came to claim him. There was only one place Bunny and Sue could not take him, and that was to Mr. Winkler's house, and it was on account of the monkey.

"I'm afraid Splash might scare Wango," the old sailor said. "Monkeys are easily frightened, and Wango might try to get out of his cage and hurt himself. So, much as I love your dog, children, please don't bring him where Wango is." "We won't," promised Bunny and Sue. So, whenever they paid a little visit to their friend, the old sailor, Splash was chained outside the gate, and the poor dog did not seem to understand why this was done. But he would lie down and wait until Bunny and Sue came out. Then how glad he was to see them!

One day Aunt Lu gave Bunny and Sue each five cents. They said they wanted to buy some toy balloons, which they had seen in the window of Mrs. Redden's store.

"Maybe we could tie two balloons together, and fasten them to a basket and have a ride, like in an airship," Sue said to Bunny, for they had been looking at some pictures of airships in a magazine.

"Maybe we could," Bunny agreed.

But Bunny and Sue did not buy the toy balloons. They were on their way to get them, with Splash, the dog, walking along the street behind them, when a trolley car came along. The trolley ran from Bellemere, where Bunny and Sue lived, to Wayville, the next town. In Wayville lived Uncle Henry, who was a brother of Mrs. Brown's.

“Oh, Sue! I know what let's do!” Bunny suddenly cried, as the trolley car stopped to take on some passengers at the street corner.

“What shall we do, Bunny?” Sue was always ready to follow where her brother led.

“Let's take our five cents and have a trolley ride! We can go to Wayville and see Uncle Henry. He'd like to see us.”

“But if we go on the trolley it costs five cents,” Sue objected, “and we can't buy the balloons.”

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"Maybe Uncle Henry will give us some pennies when we tell him we had to spend our five cents to come to see him," Bunny suggested.

"Maybe. All right, let's go!"

Hand in hand, never thinking that it was in the least wrong, Bunny and Sue ran for the trolley. The conductor, though perhaps he thought it strange to see two such small children traveling alone, said nothing, but helped them up the high step. Often the people of Wayville or Bellemere would put their children on the car, and ask the conductor to look out for them, and put them off at a certain place. But no one was with Bunny and Sue.

"We want to go to Wayville, to our Uncle Henry's," explained the blue-eyed little boy.

"All right," answered the conductor. "I'll let you off at Wayville, though I don't know your Uncle Henry." He rang the bell twice, and off went the trolley car, carrying Bunny and Sue to new adventures.

CHAPTER XI

LOST

Bunny and Sue leaned back in the trolley car seat, and felt very happy. They loved to ride and travel, and they did not think they were doing wrong to take a trolley ride without asking their mother or father. If they had asked, of course, Mrs. Brown would not have let them go alone. But that is the way matters generally went with Bunny and Sue.

Faster and faster went the trolley car. Bunny looked at Sue and smiled, and she smiled at him. The conductor came along the step of the car, which was an open one, to collect the fares. Bunny and Sue each handed him a five cent piece, and he handed them each back two pennies.

"Oh, I didn't know we got any change!" exclaimed Bunny, in surprise

"The fare to Wayville is only three cents, for such little tots as you," the conductor said. "Are you sure you know where you are going?" he asked.

"We're going to our Uncle Henry's," replied Bunny. "And he lives near the big, white church."

"Well, I can let you off there all right. Now be careful, and don't lean over out of your seats. You're pretty small to be taking trolley rides alone."

“We went alone in a boat the other day,” Bunny told the conductor, “and we got shipwrecked.”

“On an island in the river,” added Sue, so the conductor would know what her brother meant.

“Well, if you’ve been shipwrecked, I guess you are able to take a trolley ride,” laughed the motorman, for Bunny and Sue were riding in the front seat.

“Hey, conductor!” called a man in the back seat of the car, “there’s a dog chasing after us!”

“Why, so there is!” The conductor seemed much surprised as he looked back.

Bunny and Sue stood up and also looked behind them. There, indeed, was a big shaggy dog, running after the car, his tongue hanging out of his mouth. He seemed very tired and hot.

“Why—why!” cried Sue, “that’s our dog—it’s Splash, and he splashed in and pulled me out of the water when I fell in, the time Bunny and I were shipwrecked!”

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"Oh, we forgot all about him, when we got on the car," Bunny cried. He felt very sorry for Splash.

"I thought he'd come right on the car with us," Sue said. "And we'd have money enough to pay his fare, too," she added, looking at the two pennies in her chubby fist. "Is it three cents for dogs, too, mister?" she asked the conductor.

The conductor laughed, and some of the passengers did also. Then Bunny, who had been looking at poor Splash, racing along after the trolley car, which was now going quite fast, called out:

"Please stop the car, Mr. Conductor. We want our dog!"

"But you can't take a dog on the car, my boy. It isn't allowed. I'm sorry."

Bunny thought for a minute. Then he said:

"Well, if we can't bring our dog on the car, We'll get off and walk; won't we, Sue?"

"Yes, that's what we will."

"All right," agreed the conductor. "I'm sorry, for I'd like to do you the favor, but I'm not allowed." He rang the bell, and the car slowed up. Splash barked joyfully, for he was very tired from running after his little friends, who went so fast and so far ahead of him.

The conductor helped Bunny and Sue down. The car had stopped along a country road, near a patch of woods, in rather a lonesome place.

"Here, youngsters," went on the trolley man, while Splash rushed up to Bunny and Sue, barking happily, "here, youngsters, take your money back. You didn't ride three cents' worth, hardly, and I'll fix it up all right with the company. You'd better take the next car back home. Your dog can find his way all right."

And then the car rattled off again, leaving Bunny and Sue, still with five cents each, standing in the road, with their dog Splash.

"Poor fellow," said Bunny, putting his arms around the shaggy neck of his pet, "you must be awful tired!"

"He is," Sue agreed. "We'll sit down in the shade with him, and let him rest."

They found a nice place, where the grass was green, and where some trees made a shade, and near by was a spring of cool water.

Bunny made a little cup, from an oak leaf, and gave Sue a drink. Then he took some himself, and, a little later, Splash lapped up some water where it ran in a tiny stream down the grassy side of the road.

“Now he’s rested, and we can go on,” Sue remarked after a bit. “Where shall we go, Bunny—to Uncle Henry’s?”

“Well, it’s too far to walk, and we don’t want to ride in the car, and make Splash run, so maybe we’d better go back home. We can get the balloons now. The conductor was good not to take our money.”

“Yes, I like him,” and Sue looked down the track on which, a good way off, could be seen the trolley car they had left.

“We can walk back home,” went on Bunny. “It isn’t far. Come on, Sue!”

Down the country road started the two children, Splash following, or, now and then, running off to one side, to bark at a bird, or at a squirrel or chipmunk that bounded along the rail fence.

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Bunny and Sue thought they would have no trouble at all in going back home, but they did not know how far away it was.

“All we’ll have to do will be to keep along the trolley track,” said Bunny. “If we had my express wagon now, and a harness for Splash, he could pull us.”

“Oh, that would be fun!” Sue cried. “It would be just like a little trolley car of our own. You could be the motorman and I would be the conductor.”

“We’ll play that when we get home,” her brother decided. “Oh, look! What’s Splash barking at now?”

The dog had found something beside the road, and was making quite a fuss over it. It looked like a black stone, but Bunny and Sue could see that it was moving, and stones do not move unless someone throws them.

“Oh, maybe it’s a snake!” and Sue hung back as Bunny ran toward the dog.

“Snakes aren’t big and round like that,” her brother answered. “They’re long and thin, like worms, only bigger. Oh, it’s a mud-turtle!” Bunny exclaimed as he came closer, “A great big mud-turtle, Sue,”

“Will he—will he bite?”

“He might. He’s got a head like a lobster’s claw,” replied Bunny. “But he won’t bite me ’cause I won’t let him get hold of my finger.”

“He might bite our dog! Come away, Splash!” Sue cried.

But the dog knew better than to get too near the turtle, which really could bite very hard if he wanted to. Bunny got a stick, and poked at Mr. Turtle, who at once pulled his head and legs up inside his shell. Then he was more like a stone than ever.

And, as it was not much more fun than looking at a stone, to watch the closed-up turtle, Bunny and Sue soon grew tired of watching the slow-moving creature. Splash, too, seemed to think he was wasting time barking at such a thing, so he ran off to find something new.

Once more the two children walked along the road. The sun grew warmer and warmer, and finally Bunny spoke, saying:

“Let’s walk in the woods, Sue. It will be cooler there.”

“Oh, yes” agreed the little girl. “I love it in the woods.”

So into the cool shade they went, Splash following. They found another spring of water, and drank some. They gathered flowers, and found some cones from a pine tree. With these they built two little houses, doll size.

Pretty soon Sue said she was hungry, and Bunny also admitted that he was.

"We'll coon be home now," he said. "And we'll stop at Mrs. Redden's, and get our balloons."

"Then we'll have lots of fun!" cried Sue, clapping her hands.

But the patch of woods through which the children had started to walk was larger than they thought. There seemed to be no end to it, the trees stretching on and on.

"Where's home?" Sue asked, after a bit. She was tired of walking.

Bunny stopped and looked about him.

"I can't see our house from here," he said. "but it's only a little way now. I guess maybe we'd better go out on the road, Sue. We can see better there."

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But the road, too, seemed to have disappeared. Bunny and Sue went this way and that, but no road could they find. They listened, but they could not hear the clanging of the trolley car gong. It was very still and quiet in the woods, except, now and then, when Splash would run through the dried leaves, looking for another mud-turtle, perhaps.

"I'm hungry!" Sue exclaimed. "I want to go home, Bunny!"

"So do I," said the little fellow, "but I don't seem to know where our home is."

"Oh! Are we—are we lost?" whispered Sue.

Bunny nodded.

"I—I guess so," he answered.

CHAPTER XII

FOUND

Getting lost in the woods is different from getting lost in the city. In the city, or even in a little country town, there is someone of whom you can ask the way to your house. But in the woods there is no one to talk to.

Bunny and Sue thought of this when they had looked around through the trees, trying to find some way to, at least, get back to the road.

"If I could find the trolley car tracks we'd be all right," Bunny said. "We could wait for a car and ride home." "But what could we do with Splash?" asked Sue.

"Oh, he could run along after us. It isn't far, and he's had a good rest now."

"Well, I wish I were home," sighed the little girl. "I'm awful hungry!"

Bunny Brown did not know what to do. He wanted to be brave, and help his sister, but he, himself, felt much like crying, and he thought he could see tears in Sue's eyes.

Where was their home, anyhow? Where were their papa and mamma and dear Aunt Lu? Bunny felt he would give all of his five cents if he could see the house where he and Sue lived. But all around them were only trees.

"Will we have to stay here all night?" Sue wanted to know.

"Well, if we do, we can make believe we have a camp here, and live in the woods. And we've got Splash with us."



"Yes, I guess I wouldn't be much afraid," agreed Sue. "But it would be dark; wouldn't it, Bunny?"

"Maybe there'd be a moon—or—or lightning bugs."

"I—I'd rather have a real light," said the little girl. "And even if I'm not very much afraid in the dark, I can't stop being hungry, Bunny. What do you eat when you camp in the woods?"

"Why—er—you eat—I guess you have to have sandwiches, or ice cream cones, or something like that."

"I want a sandwich now!" Sue insisted.

Bunny shook his head.

"We can make-believe," he began.

"But my hungry isn't make-believe!" cried Sue. "It's real—I'm awful hungry. Can't you find our house, Bunny?"

Her brother shook his head. Then, somehow or other, he decided that he must do something besides stand there in the woods.

"Let's look for a path and walk along it," he said. "Maybe we can get home that way."

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There were several paths through the woods, and the children soon came to one of them. They walked along it a little way, but it came to an end in a place where the trees and bushes grew thick, making it quite dark.

"Our house isn't here," said Sue, sadly, and she cried a few tears.

"No, it isn't here," answered Bunny. "We'll go back and find another path."

Back they went. But the next path they tried was no better than the first one. It came to an end in a swamp, in which, on logs, were a number of big frogs and turtles, that jumped, or fell in, with much splattering of water as the children and the dog came near.

"I—I'm never going to take a trolley ride again," Sue said, as she and Bunny turned back.

"I'm not, either," her brother agreed. "But if we had kept on to Uncle Henry's we'd have been all right. It was Splash's fault that we had to come back."

The dog barked, as he heard his name spoken. And then Sue suddenly thought of something.

"Oh, Bunny!" she exclaimed, "if Splash knew the way home he could take us. Maybe he does. Mother read to us about a dog that found his way home from a long way off. Splash, can you take us home?" she asked, patting the big dog on the head.

Splash barked, and started off on a path which the children had not yet tried.

"That's so. I never thought maybe Splash could show us the way," said Bunny. "We'll try it! Home, Splash!" he cried. "Home!"

The dog barked again, and wagged his tail. He ran along the path a short distance, and then stopped, looking back at Bunny and Sue as if asking:

"Well, why don't you come with me if you want to get home?"

"Oh, Bunny, I believe he does know the way!" Sue cried. "Come on, we'll follow him!"

On ran Splash, turning every now and then to look around and bark, as if telling the children not to worry—that he would lead them safely home.

And he did, or, if not exactly all the way home, the faithful dog made his way out of the woods, until he came to the main road, along which ran the trolley track.

"Oh, now I know where we are!" cried Bunny, in delight, as he saw several houses ahead of them. "Why, Sue, we're right on our own street. We weren't much lost!"

“Well, I’m glad we’re found,” Sue said.

It was easy to get home now. All the while Bunny and Sue had been only a little way from the road which led to their home, but the trees were so thick they could not find the right path. And Splash had never thought his two little friends were anxious to get home, until Bunny had told him so. Then he led them.

On walked Bunny Brown and his sister Sue, happy now that they were no longer lost. Splash seemed to think he had done all that was needed, for now he ran here, there, everywhere—across the road, back and forth, trying to find something with which to amuse himself. He no longer watched to see that the children followed him. He must have known that they were on the right road at last—that he had led them there.

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Bunny and Sue passed Mrs. Redden's store. In the window were the red, blue, green, yellow and other colored toy balloons that they had set out to buy. Bunny and Sue still each had five cents, though it was in pennies now.

"Let's get the balloons," proposed Bunny.

"Oh, yes; let's!" agreed Sue.

So they went in and bought them, letting them float in the air, high above their heads, by the strings to which the balloons were fastened.

Down the street came Aunt Lu.

"Well, children!" she cried. "We were just getting worried about you. Mother sent me to find you. Where have you been?"

"We had a trolley ride," explained Sue, "but Splash couldn't get on the car, so we got off, and we were lost, and Splash found the path for us, and I'm hungry!"

"Bless your heart! I should think you would be!" cried Aunt Lu. "Come right home with me and I'll get you some jam and bread and butter."

And, a little later, Bunny and Sue were telling of their adventure.

"Oh, but you must never do that again!" said their mother. "Never get in the trolley cars alone again!"

"We won't!" promised Bunny and Sue. But you just wait and see what happens.

Bunny Brown was out in the yard, a few days after the funny trolley ride, digging a hole. Bunny had heard his father talk about a queer country called China, which, Mr. Brown said, was right straight down on the other side of the world, so that if one could possibly dig a hole all the way through the earth, one would come to China.

"I guess I'll dig a hole," thought Bunny Brown. "Maybe I won't go all the way to China, but I'll dig a big hole, and see where it ends. I'd like some China boys to play with."

A little while before Bunny started to dig the hole his sister Sue had been playing in the yard with her dolls. But, somehow or other, Bunny forgot all about Sue now. He was taking the dirt out of the hole with his sand shovel when his mother came to the door and called:

"Bunny, where is Sue?"

Bunny looked up from the pile of dirt in front of him. He was standing down in the hole, throwing out the sand and the gravel, and wondering when he would get his first sight of that queer land of China.

"Why, Mother," the little fellow answered, "Sue was here just now. Maybe she has gone down to show Wango her new doll."

"Oh, no, Sue wouldn't go down there alone, Bunny. See if you can find her."

Bunny went to the front gate and looked up and down the street.

"I don't see her, Mother," he called back.

"Oh, dear! I wonder where she can be?" said Mrs. Brown.

"I'll find her," Bunny said. "Come on, Splash!" he called to his dog. "We're going to find Sue; she's lost!"

"Wait! Wait! Come back!" cried Mrs. Brown. "Don't you run off and get lost again, Bunny! I'll go with you, and we'll both find little sister."



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CHAPTER XIII

SUE AND THE GOAT

Bunny Brown and his mother walked out of the front yard to the street. As they passed the side dining room window, Aunt Lu saw them, and asked:

"Where are you going?"

"To look for Sue," explained Mrs. Brown. "She seems to have wandered off somewhere all by herself, and I don't want her lost again. It isn't so bad when Bunny and Sue both get lost," the mother went on, "for they can help find one another. But if Sue is all alone she may get frightened."

"Do you really think she is lost again?" asked Aunt Lu. "If she is I'll come and help look for her. Or, perhaps, we'd better get Bunker Blue."

"Oh, no, I really don't think she is lost," said Mrs. Brown. "She has, most likely, just walked down the street. Bunny and I will find her."

"Lots of things get lost here," Bunny remarked. "Sue and I got lost, but we found a dog; didn't we, Splash?" he asked, and the dog barked.

"Yes, and my lovely ring is lost, and it hasn't been found," and Aunt Lu looked at the finger on which used to sparkle the diamond.

"I wish I could find it for you," said Bunny. "But Sue and I have looked everywhere."

"I know you have, my dear."

As Bunny and his mother reached the street they saw Jed Winkler walking along, carrying a long chain that rattled.

"Oh, Jed, have you seen Sue?" asked Mrs. Brown. "She was here a while ago, but she went off by herself, and I'm afraid she's lost."

"Don't worry, ma'am," said the old sailor. "She's just down the street a few houses. I saw her as I came past. She's playing with Sadie West, in her yard."

"Oh, that's all right, then!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "Sue often goes there. Is anyone else with her, Jed?"

"Yes, a lot of children."

"May I go down there and play, too?" asked Bunny. "Are there any boys there, Mr. Winkler?"

"Some. I saw Charlie Star and Harry Bentley," and the old sailor laughed as he rattled the chain.

Bunny did not mind playing with his sister Sue, but he did not want to take part in games with too many girls, for sometimes the older boys called him "sissy." And Bunny did not like that.

"Well, if there are other fellers there, I'll go and play," said Bunny, as he started off to join Sue. Then he happened to think of the chain the old sailor was carrying.

"What's it for?" asked the small boy.

"It's a new chain for Wango, my monkey," explained the sailor. "He hasn't been very well, lately, and I had the horse-doctor look him over."

"That's funny," said Bunny. "To have a horse-doctor for a monkey."

"Well, if there had been a monkey-doctor in town I'd have had him for Wango," went on Mr. Winkler, "but as there wasn't any I had to do the next best thing. The horse-doctor said my monkey was being kept in the cage too much.

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"So I got this long chain, and I'm going to fasten one end of it to a collar, to go around Wango's neck, and tie the other end of the chain to the porch railing, so he can't get away. Then I can let Wango stay outdoors when the weather is good, and he will get well. At night I will put him in his cage again." "And the chain won't let him run away," commented Bunny.

"That's it, little man, the chain won't let Wango run away," said the sailor. "That is, I hope it won't, though he often gets out of his cage. He's quite a tricky monkey."

Mr. Winkler went on down the street, rattling the monkey-chain, and Mrs. Brown, no longer worried about Sue, turned back into the yard, while Bunny hurried on, as fast as his little legs would take him, to Sadie West's yard, where he found his sister and several of their chums having a good time.

They had made a see-saw, by putting a plank over a box, and were swaying up and down on this, some children on one end of the plank and some on the other. As soon as Bunny came running in the yard, Sue called out:

"Oh, goodie! Here's my brother. Now he can teeter-tauter up and down. Come on, Bunny, you can have my place!"

Sue was so eager to give Bunny her place, and a chance to ride, that she slid off the board suddenly. Then that left too many little ones on the other end, and they went down, all at once, with a bump!

Sadie West was spilled off, and so was Charlie Star and Harry Bentley. They all fell in a heap, but as the green grass was long, and soft, no one was hurt.

"Don't do that again, Sue!" called Charlie, "You upset us all."

"I won't," Sue promised. "Come on, Bunny. It's your turn now."

"I don't want any turn at falling," Bunny said, with a laugh.

Once more the plank over the box swayed up and down, giving the children a ride. After a while, getting tired of that, they played in a swing and also in a hammock, having more fun.

Then it was dinner time, and Sadie's mother told her to come in and wash before going to the table. The other children knew it must be time for their meals also, so, calling good-byes to one another, they scattered.

"Come over again," Sadie invited them.

"We will!" promised Bunny.

“Let’s go home this way, across the lot,” suggested Sue, as she and Bunny started out.

“Oh, I don’t want to,” Bunny answered. “It’s quicker to go by the street, and around the corner. And I want to look in Mrs. Redden’s window, and see what she’s got new.”

“Well, you go that way,” Sue agreed, “and I’ll go across lots, and we’ll see who gets there first.”

“That’s just like little Red Riding Hood and the wolf,” said Bunny with a laugh. Sue looked quickly over her shoulder.

“But there’s no wolf here,” Bunny went on quickly. “You go ahead, Sue, over the lot, and I’ll go by the street.”

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There was a large vacant lot, near where Sadie West lived, and by crossing it, and going out at the far end, the Brown children could reach their home. So Sue started across the lot, crawling through a hole in the fence.

Bunny started down the street, going quite fast, for he wanted to spend a few minutes looking in the window of the toy shop, and he also wanted to get home first, ahead of Sue.

But he had not gone far before he heard his sister calling:

"Bunny! Oh, Bunny! Oh, dear! He's coming after me!"

Bunny turned and ran back. Looking through the fence that was built around the lot, he saw a big goat, with long horns, walking toward Sue. And the little girl, who had picked a few daisies, was standing in the tall grass, too frightened to run back and crawl through the fence.

"Bunny! Bunny! Take the goat away!" Sue cried.

CHAPTER XIV

A LITTLE PARTY

"Sue! Sue! I'm coming! Don't be afraid!"

Bunny cried this as he hurried up to the fence, through the pickets of which he could see the goat walking toward his sister. Sue was screaming now.

But, after he had said this, Bunny did not know exactly what to do. He did not know much about goats, and this was a big one, with long, sharp horns. The goat belonged to an Italian family in town, and the Italian man used to ask those who owned vacant lots to let his goat go into them and eat the grass. That was how the goat happened to be in this lot. If Sue had known the animal was there, she would not have taken the short cut, but would have gone, with her brother, along the street.

"Bunny! Bunny!" Sue cried. "He's coming closer!"

Bunny began to crawl through the hole in the fence as his sister had done. As he did so, he saw, lying on the ground, several stones. He picked up two, one in each fist.

"I won't let him hurt you, Sue!" he called, but, even as he said that, Bunny did not know what he was going to do. "I wish I had a red rag," he thought, "I could wave it at the goat and maybe scare him."

Bunny had heard his mother read from a book how bulls and turkey gobblers do not like red rags waved at them, and Bunny thought a goat was something like a bull. They both had horns, at any rate.

“And if I could wave a red rag at him, maybe it would make him so mad that he’d run away and leave Sue alone,” thought Bunny as he found himself in the vacant lot with his sister.

Bunny was not quite right about the red rag, so perhaps it is just as well he did not have one. For bulls run *toward* a red rag, instead of *away* from it, and perhaps goats might do the same; though I am not sure about this.

But, at any rate, Bunny had no red rag; and the goat, instead of running away, was coming toward Sue, who was too frightened to move. She just stood there, crying:

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"Bunny! Oh, Bunny! Make him go away."

"I will," said her brother. "Go on away, you old goat you!" he cried. "Go away or I'll throw a stone at you. I don't want to hurt you, but I'm not going to let you hook my sister with your horns. Go on away!"

But the goat only bleated, like a sheep, and came on. Seeing Bunny coming toward her made Sue a little braver. At least she found that she could run, so she did, hiding behind her brother.

"I'll take care of you," he said bravely.

On came the goat. Bunny's heart was beating fast. He raised one hand in which he held a stone.

"Look out! I'm going to throw it, you old goat!" cried the little blue-eyed boy.

"Whizz!" went the stone toward the goat. It struck him on the horn, and of course it did not hurt, for a goat's horns have no feeling on the outside, any more than have your finger-nails.

"Bounce!" went the stone off the goat's horn. The animal shook his head, as if he did not like that.

"Go on away!" called Bunny. "I got another stone for you if you don't go!"

But the goat still came on. Bunny threw the second stone, but it did not hit the goat. The little boy was looking around for another stone, when he and Sue heard a loud barking behind them, and up rushed Splash, their big dog.

"Oh, good! Now he'll drive the goat away!" cried Sue. "Oh, Bunny; aren't you glad!"

"That's what I am!" Bunny answered. "Drive him away, Splash!"

Splash rushed, barking, at the goat, and the horned animal at once turned about and ran to the other end of the lot, kicking up his heels. Splash kept on after him, barking, but not trying to bite, for the dog was gentle.

"Splash! Splash!" called Bunny. "Come back! Come back!"

Splash minded very well and back he came, quite proud, no doubt, at having driven off the goat.

“Hurry and get out of here!” begged Sue, as she ran toward the hole in the fence. Bunny turned to follow her. He looked back to see if the goat was coming, feeling not half afraid, now that Splash was with them.

In another minute Bunny, Sue and their dog were safely out in the street. The goat, at the far end of the lot, looked toward them and made his queer, bleating noise.

Afterward Bunny Brown and his sister Sue learned that the goat was a very kind one, and used to playing with children. It would not have hurt Sue at all, and the reason it walked up to her was because it thought she was going to feed it, as the little Italian children often did. So Bunny and Sue had their fright for nothing, though of course, at the time, Bunny thought the goat might hurt his sister.

“And I’m sorry I hit him with a stone,” said Bunny, when, afterward, he was told how gentle the goat was.

“Oh, well, you didn’t hurt him,” said Aunt Lu.

Bunny, Sue and Splash were late for their dinner that day.

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"My! What kept you?" asked Mrs. Brown, as they entered the house. "I did not want you to stay so long away."

"It was the goat that made me," Sue said, and then she and Bunny told of their adventure.

"Well, of course you couldn't help that," Mrs. Brown said with a smile. "Something new always seems to be happening to you children. Now wash and come to your meal."

There were jam tarts for dessert that day, and as Bunny ate his, the raspberry jam coming up through the three small holes in the top crust, the little fellow said:

"These are so good! Who made them?"

"Aunt Lu did," answered his mother. "'Aren't they nice?"

"Lovely!" murmured Sue. "May I have another, Mother?"

"I think so, as they are small."

"And I want one!" Bunny exclaimed. "They taste just like—just like a play-party!" he finished.

"So they do!" cried Sue. "I was trying to think what it was they tasted like—but it's a party!"

"What a queer way for jam tarts to taste!" laughed Aunt Lu. "But I am glad you like them. I'll make some more some day."

"Oh, fine!" exclaimed Bunny. "And oh, Mother! Maybe we could have one!" His eyes were shining brightly.

"Have one what?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Why, one party," Bunny replied. "Could Sue and I have a little party, and would Aunt Lu bake some jam tarts for us?"

"I'll bake the tarts, if your mother wants you to have the party," Aunt Lu answered.

Mrs. Brown thought for a moment.

"Well," she said slowly, "I suppose you could have a little party. Not a very big one, as I am so busy. Just a few of your friends to eat on the lawn under the trees."

"Oh, that would be lovely!" Sue cried.

“And we’ll have some boys, and not all girls!” Bunny declared.

“Half girls and half boys,” Aunt Lu suggested. “And I’ll make half jam tarts and half jelly ones, so they may take their choice.”

“And I’ll bake a cake for Splash!” exclaimed Sue. “He likes cake. We might give the party for him,” she went on. “That would be fun!”

“And they could all bring our dog presents—bones and things like that,” laughed Bunny.

And so it was decided. The party would be for Splash, though of course he would not be allowed to eat all the good things. Bunny Brown and his sister Sue wanted those for themselves and their playmates.

The next day Bunny and Sue went around to the different houses, where their little friends lived, and each one was asked to come to the party. “Oh, I’m so glad you asked me!” cried Sadie West, when Sue told about the fun they would have.

“I want you more than anyone,” was Sue’s reply.

“And how funny to have the party for Splash!” Sadie went on.

“Well, dogs like nice things.”

“Of course they do. I think it’s just fine!” and Sadie clapped her hands. “I’ll tie a little pink ribbon on the bone I bring your dog.”

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Helen Newton said she would bring Splash a dog-biscuit.

"You buy them in a store," she said. "Papa buys them for our dog, and you can get puppy cakes, too. Only of course Splash is too big for a puppy cake."

"You could bring him a lot of little puppy cakes, and they would be the same as one big dog-biscuit, maybe," said Sue.

"No, I'll bring him a regular cake, and I'll put a blue ribbon on it," decided Helen, and then the little girls laughed to think what fun they would have at the party.

CHAPTER XV

GEORGE WATSON'S TRICK

The day of the party for Splash, the dog, came at last, though Bunny Brown and his sister Sue were so anxious for the time to arrive that it seemed very long indeed. But everything comes if you wait long enough, so they say, and finally the time for the party came.

"Oh, what a fine day!" cried Bunny, as he ran to the window on the morning of the day of the party. "The sun is shining, Sue!"

"That's good," answered his sister from her room. "A party is no fun in the rain."

"And there's wind enough to fly the kites," went on Bunny. He and some of his little boy friends had talked over what they would do at the party.

"The girls will want to play with their dolls," said Harry Bentley.

"Well, we don't want to do that," observed Charlie Star. "What can we do?"

"We can make kites, and fly 'em," Bunny said, and so this was what he and the boys at the party would do while the girls were playing with their dolls. So Bunny was now glad to notice, as he looked from the window, that the wind was blowing; not too hard, but enough to fly kites.

The two children were soon dressed, and down at the breakfast table. But they did not eat as much as usual, and Bunny left more than half his oatmeal in his dish.

"Why, Bunny! What is the matter?" asked his mother.

"I guess they are thinking so much about the party that they can't eat as they ought," Aunt Lu said.



“Oh, but that isn’t right!” Mother Brown exclaimed. “Come, Bunny—Sue, eat a nice breakfast, and then you may fix up the lawn in any way you like for your party.”

“I’ve a big bow for Splash’s neck,” said Sue.

“And I’m going to make a harness, and hitch him up to the express wagon, so he can pull us around the yard,” remarked Bunny.

“Now please eat your breakfast!” begged their mother, and Bunny and Sue did their best. But it was hard work not to talk or think about their party.

Aunt Lu helped them get the lawn in readiness. All about the Brown house was a big grass plot, and in the back were a number of shade trees. The tables, which were made from boxes, with boards across the top, were to be set out there.

There were to be sandwiches, cake, lemonade and ice cream, with Aunt Lu’s lovely jam and jelly tarts besides.

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"It was the tarts that made us think about the party, so of course we want them," announced Sue.

Splash, the dog, seemed quite proud of the big bow that Sue tied on his neck, to make him look pretty. But Splash did not care so much for the harness that Bunny made. The little boy took some ropes and straps, and tied them about the dog's neck and front legs. Then some ends of the ropes were made fast to the little express wagon, and Bunny got in it, calling to Splash to "giddap!" That was the way Grandpa Brown made his horses go, and so, of course, a dog ought to go when you said that to him.

Splash went all right, but just as when Bunny had hitched him to the boat, that was stuck on the island, the harness was not strong enough, and it broke, so that Splash ran off, with the straps and ropes dangling from him.

"I guess I'm too heavy for him to pull," said Bunny, as he got out of the wagon.

"You could have one of my dolls to ride in the wagon," offered Sue. "Take an old one, and I don't care if she falls out. She wouldn't be too heavy for Splash to pull."

"I'll try it," Bunny said.

Once again he tied the ropes about Splash, and the little express wagon, and this time, when Bunny walked along beside the dog, Splash really did pull the wagon along, giving the doll a ride.

But Bunny did not think this was much fun. He wanted to ride in the wagon himself.

"I'm going to make a big, strong harness," he said, and off he went to look for more rope.

"Well, I'm going to get the tables ready," Sue said. "I'm going to pick some flowers for them."

Aunt Lu, with the help of the cook, had made the wooden tables, which were boards over boxes. White cloths were now spread on them, for it was nearly time for the party. The things to eat would not be set out until the party guests came.

Sue loved flowers, and she picked them from the fields and woods whenever she saw any to gather. Not far from the Brown home, in fact in the next lot to the lawn, was a field in which grew daisies, buttercups, clover and other wild flowers.

Sue picked many of these, and then she and Aunt Lu put them in pitchers and vases of water, and set them on the tables. There were two tables, one for the girls and one for the boys.

Bunny had asked that this be done.

“Cause the girls will bring their dolls to the table,” he said, “and we fellows don’t want to eat with a lot of dolls.”

“Oh, you funny boy!” laughed his mother, but she had let him have his way. So Aunt Lu and Sue had two tables to decorate with flowers.

While they were doing this Bunny was trying to make another harness for Splash, so the dog could pull the express wagon with the little boy in it. But Bunny did not have very good luck, or else Splash pulled too strongly, for one harness after another broke, until Bunny gave up.

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"I'll save my money and buy a harness at the store," he said.

"There, I think we have flowers enough, Sue!" exclaimed her aunt, as she looked at the tables. Indeed they were very pretty, and they would look even better when the dishes, and the good things to eat, were put on.

"Isn't it 'most time?" asked Bunny, after a bit. "I'm getting hungry."

"Oh, you must wait for the company," his mother told him. "They will soon be here."

And, a little later, Sadie West and Helen Newton came. When they saw how pretty the flowers looked on the table they exclaimed:

"Oh, how nice!"

"Where is Splash?" asked Sadie. "I've brought him a bone," and so she had, all wrapped in waxed paper from the inside of a cracker package, and on the bone, just as she had promised, was a pink ribbon.

"Here, Splash! Splash!" called Bunny, who had given up trying to make his pet pull the express wagon.

The dog came running up from the far end of the yard.

"See what Sadie has brought for your party!" laughed Bunny.

Splash took the bone, but the ends of the ribbon got up his nose and he sneezed in the queerest way, which made the children laugh.

"I guess Splash doesn't like too much style," said Sadie, who was older than Bunny and Sue.

"I wonder how he'll like my dog-biscuit," remarked Helen Newton, as she unwrapped it from the paper. "I put a red bow on it. Do you like red better than pink, Splash?"

The dog, who was gnawing the bone Sadie had brought him, looked up and wagged his tail. He must have thought it was fine to have so many good things to eat, even though he did not understand about the party. He sniffed at the dog-biscuit, which is a sort of cake, with ground-up meat, and other good things in it that dogs like. Then Splash would gnaw a little on the bone, and, afterward, nibble at the hard biscuit.

"Well, Splash is enjoying himself anyhow," said Aunt Lu, as she came out to begin setting the tables.



Soon after this a number of the boys and girls came. There were ten girls and six boys, though ten boys had been invited. But though all the girls came to the party given for Splash, all the boys did not. It often is that way at parties; isn't it? More girls than boys. But the boys don't know what fun they sometimes miss.

"Play some games, children," said Mrs. Brown. "Run about and play, and then it will be time to eat. Aunt Lu and I will put on the cake, and other goodies."

"Let's play tag!" said Sue.

"And after that hide-and-go-to-seeek," Bunny called.

"And puss-in-the-corner," added Sadie West.

One after the other they played the games, running about on the grassy lawn, and having great fun. Splash dug a hole and hid his bone, after gnawing on it as long as he cared to. He ate all the dog-biscuit, and then Bunny got a ball which Splash would run after when it was thrown.

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Bunny and his boy friends played the ball game with the dog, while the girls, after having tired themselves with the lively games, like tag, brought out their dolls and dressed and undressed them.

"When are we going to fly the kites?" asked Charlie Star.

"We can do it now," Bunny answered.

Each boy had made himself a kite, which he brought with him. Bunny got his from the house, and, going to an open place, where the trees would not catch the strings, the boys put up their air-toys.

The wind was good, as Bunny had said, and soon there were six kites floating in the air. That is there were six for a time, and then Bunny's string broke, and away flew his kite.

"Oh, dear!" he cried.

"That's too bad!" exclaimed Charlie Star. "Come on, boys, we'll haul down our kites and chase after Bunny's!"

They were just going to do this when Mrs. Brown came out to say that it was time to eat.

"You can look for the kite, afterward," she said; "if you go now all the ice cream may melt, as we have taken it out of the freezer."

Of course the boys did not want anything like that to happen, so they said they would wait. Down they sat at the tables, the boys at theirs and the girls at the one made ready for them. Aunt Lu, Mrs. Brown and the cook passed the good things, and, for a time, there was not much talking done. The children were too busy eating.

"Don't forget Aunt Lu's jam and jelly tarts!" called out Bunny. "They're fine!"

And when they had been passed around, all the guests at the party said Bunny was right, and that the tarts were just fine!

"I'm so glad you like them," said Aunt Lu, very much pleased.

Bunny wanted to give a Punch and Judy show, with Sue, after the meal was over. He said he could wear the big, hollow lobster claw, and make himself look very funny.

"But I think I wouldn't—not now," his mother remarked. "You would have to build a little booth, or place for you and Sue to get inside of, and we haven't time for that. Just play some easy games."

"All right," agreed Bunny.

Aunt Lu had all the children sit in a ring on the grass while she told them a story. And it was just after the story was finished that George Watson played his trick.

George had not been invited to the party, because he was too old, Mrs. Brown said.

Perhaps this had made George rather angry. At any rate, when the children were thanking Aunt Lu for the nice story she had told them, there was suddenly tossed over the fence, right into the midst of them, a paste-board shoe box. It fell near Bunny's feet, and he jumped back, he was so startled.

"Who threw that?" Bunny asked.

"George Watson did," said Charlie Star. "I saw him walk up along the fence, and throw it over."

"What is it?" asked Sue.

"Maybe it's a present for Splash," suggested Sadie.

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“George Watson would rather pull Splash’s tail, than give him a present,” declared Bunny. And indeed George often played rather mean tricks on animals, and little children.

“Open the box, and see what’s in it,” suggested Helen Newton.

“I’ll open it,” offered Bunny.

The cover of the box was tied on, but Bunny slipped off the string. As he lifted the cover, Sue, who stood behind her brother, looking over his shoulder, exclaimed:

“Oh, it’s alive! It’s alive! Look out, Bunny! There’s something alive in that box, and it might bite you!”

CHAPTER XVI

THE LEMONADE STAND

Bunny Brown tried to clap the cover quickly back on the box, but he did not quite do it. It went on crooked, and when Charlie Star tried to help he only made it worse, so that the cover went spinning to one side.

Suddenly some little green animals began hopping from the box. Out they hopped, and then they began jumping in all directions, among the little boys and girls.

“Oh! Oh! Oh!” screamed the girls, as they started to run.

Some of the boys—the smaller ones—also ran, but they did not scream.

Bunny Brown and Charlie Star were the only boys who did not run.

“Oh, Bunny! What is it? What are they?” cried Sue, looking over her shoulder as she ran toward the house.

“It’s snakes! I saw ’em! Big green snakes,” insisted Sadie West.

“Oh, what a mean boy George is, to scare us so!” said Helen.

Then Bunny Brown laughed, and so did Charlie. Hearing this the girls stopped screaming, and the boys stopped running.

“What is it?” asked Sue again. “Did they bite you, Bunny?”

“Nope” he answered, still laughing, “they can’t bite me!”

"Why not?" his sister wanted to know.

"Cause they're only frogs. They won't hurt anybody!"

And that is what was in the box that George had tossed over the fence into the midst of the party-guests—a box of big, green frogs that he had caught at the mill pond. George wanted to scare Bunny and Sue for not asking him to their dog's party. But the little scare was soon over, and the children only laughed at the frogs.

The green hoppers jumped this way and that, through the grass, and Bunny and his friends did not try to catch them.

"They're looking for water," Bunny said.

Splash saw that something queer was going on, and he ran up to see what it was. He barked at some of the frogs, as they hopped through the grass, but did not try to bite them.

"And to think George fooled us with frogs," laughed Charlie. "When I see him I'll tell him we just like frogs, and they didn't scare us a bit."

"I thought they were snakes, at first," Sue said. "That's why I ran away."

"It was not a very nice trick," said Aunt Lu. "But still it did no harm. Now for another game, and I think there are a few more tarts left."

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"Oh, goodie!" cried the children.

There were enough tarts for each one to have another, and, when they had been passed around, after a lively game of Puss-in-the-corner, the party was over. Everyone said he had had a fine time, and when Bunny Brown and his sister Sue asked their guests to come again, each one said:

"I surely will!"

"I guess everybody would be glad to come to another party like it," said Sadie West to Helen Newton, as they walked home together.

"I'm sure of it," answered Helen. "And wasn't Splash nice!"

"Yes, he's a lovely dog. I wish I had one I could have a party for."

"You could give a party for your cat, some day," said Helen.

"Oh, so I could! And I will, too—maybe next week. I wish Sue's Aunt Lu would bake some tarts for me."

"Maybe she will."

"I wonder if it would be polite to ask her?" inquired Sadie. "I'll speak to mother about it."

"Well, did you like your party, Splash?" asked Bunny, as he patted the shaggy dog on the head, when all the little guests had gone.

Splash did not say anything, of course. But he wagged his tail, and walked over to where he had buried the bone Sadie had brought him. So I guess Splash did like the party as much as did the children. And he had several good things to eat, which, after all, is what most parties are for.

One day Aunt Lu read a story from a magazine to Bunny and Sue. It told about some boys who, on a warm day, set up a lemonade stand under a shady tree, in front of their house, and sold lemonade at a penny a glass. The money they made they sent to a church society, that took poor children out of the hot city to the cool country for a week or so.

Sue noticed that Bunny was very quiet after Aunt Lu had read the story, and, as the two children went out into the yard, the little girl asked:

"What are you thinking about, Bunny?"

"Lemonade," he answered.



"Were you thinking you'd like some? 'Cause I would."

"Well, I would like some to drink," Bunny admitted, "but I was thinking we could make a stand, and sell lemonade ourselves. I could fix up a box for a stand, and I could squeeze the lemons."

"I'd put the sugar in," Sue said. She was always willing to help. "But where would we get the ice and the lemons and the sugar?"

"Oh, mother would give them to us. I'm going to ask her."

"And what would we do with the money, Bunny?"

The little fellow thought for a minute. There was in his town no church society, such as Aunt Lu had read about. The money made from selling lemonade must go to the poor, Bunny was sure of that. All at once his eyes grew bright.

"We could give all the money to Old Miss Hollyhock!" he said. "She is terribly poor."

"Old Miss Hollyhock," as she was called, was an aged woman who lived in a little house down near the fish dock. Her husband had been a soldier, and when he died the old lady was given money from the government—a pension, it was called. Still she was very poor, and she was called "Old Miss Hollyhock," because she had so many of those old-fashioned hollyhock flowers in her garden. Her real name was Mrs. Borden.

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"We could give the money to her," Bunny said.

"Oh, yes!" Sue agreed. "She needs it."

"Then we'll have a lemonade stand," decided Bunny.

Mrs. Brown said she did not mind if Bunny and Sue did this. A number of the children in Bellemere had done this, at different times, and some of the larger boys and girls had made even as much as five dollars, giving the money to the church, or to the Sunday school.

"Of course you won't make as much as that, Bunny," his mother said, "but you may take in a few pennies, and it won't do you any harm to sit in the shade and sell lemonade."

"Will you buy some?" asked Sue.

"Oh, I guess so," Mrs. Brown answered, smiling.

So she gave the children the ice, sugar and lemons, and they made a big pitcher of lemonade. Bunny set up a box under a tree in front of the house, covering the box with a clean white cloth. Then with the pitcher and glasses on a serving tray, he and Sue were ready for business.

"Lemonade! Lemonade!" they called, just as had done the children in the story.

"Lemonade, in the shade, nice and cold, just fresh made!"

One man did stop and buy some.

"My, that's good!" he said, as he finished the glass. "How much is it?"

"A penny," Bunny said.

"Oh, only a penny? Why, that glass of lemonade was worth five cents anywhere! It was just sweet enough, and just cold enough. Here!" and the man laid a five cent piece down on the stand and walked off.

"Oh, isn't that good!" cried Bunny, his eyes fairly dancing with joy as he looked at Sue.

"It's just fine!" she answered. "What a lot of money!"

But few were as generous as the kind man, and most of those who drank at the lemonade stand just laid down pennies.

Bunny and Sue had taken in quite a few pennies, and the pitcher was nearly empty of lemonade.

"I'll go in and make more as soon as we sell it all," Bunny said.

"We'll have a lot of money for Old Miss Hollyhock," observed Sue. "She will be rich, then, won't she, Bunny?"

"I guess sixteen cents isn't rich. But we did better than I thought we would. Oh, look!" suddenly cried Bunny. "There's a dog, and some one has tied a tin can to his tail!"

Down the street, yelping and barking, came a small yellow dog, and, bounding after him, bumping about and scaring him, was a big, empty tin can, tied to the dog's tail.

"Oh, Bunny!" cried Sue, "he's coming right here. He'll upset our lemonade stand!"

"That's what he will," Bunny agreed. "Hi, there! Stop! Go the other way! Shoo!" he cried, waving his arms at the dog, while Sue took up the nearly empty lemonade pitcher.

On came the frightened dog, straight for the stand and the two children.

CHAPTER XVII

THE MOVING PICTURES

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"Oh, Bunny! Bunny! What are we going to do?" cried his sister Sue.

Bunny swallowed a sort of lump in his throat that always seemed to come when he was a bit frightened. Then he looked around. Next he glanced at Sue.

"Get under the box, Sue!" he cried. "Then the dog can't get you!"

"But what will you do?" asked the little girl. "I don't want you to get hurt, Bunny."

"I—I won't be afraid," said the little boy. "I—I'll pour lemonade on the dog, and that will make him run away."

"Oh—Oh!" gasped Sue. "Throw away our good lemonade?"

"We can make more," said Bunny. "There's only a little left, anyhow."

He reached for the pitcher. At the same time Sue started to crawl under the empty box they had made into a lemonade stand.

But the yelping, yellow dog, with the tin can tied to his tail, was coming faster than either Bunny or Sue thought. Before Bunny could take up the nearly empty pitcher of lemonade, or before Sue could crawl under the box, the dog was upon them.

Right under the box the poor, frightened creature ran, thinking, I suppose, that it would be a good place to hide and get away from that terrible tin can that was pounding after him, no matter how fast he went.

So into the box he ran, and I think you can guess what happened. The dog was going so fast, and the box, not being held down to the ground, was so easily pushed over, that it toppled to one side.

And, as Bunny Brown and his sister Sue were standing near the box, it fell over on them, and the lemonade pitcher upset, and the lemonade in it splashed all over the little boy and his sister. The glasses bounced off into the grass, and the dog suddenly turned a somersault, and fell on top of Bunny, Sue, the box and the lemonade pitcher.

And that's what happened, just as you must have guessed.

For a few seconds there was such a tangle of dog, lemonade, pitcher, lemonade stand, to say nothing of Bunny and Sue, that if any one had been there to see he would hardly have known which was the dog, and which was Bunny and Sue.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried the little girl.

"What—what's the matter?" gasped Bunny.



The dog howled, barked and whined, and then the box rolled to one side, and so did the now empty pitcher of lemonade. Sue found herself sitting on the grass, holding what she thought was her doll, but which was really one of Bunny's chubby legs.

Bunny lay on his back, and in his arms he held—what do you think? Why the little yellow dog, to be sure!

And now the dog stopped howling and barking, for he must have known that Bunny and Sue would be his friends, and he was not afraid any more. And that is the way they were when Aunt Lu and Splash, the big dog, came out to see how the two little lemonade sellers were getting along.

“Oh my goodness!” exclaimed Aunt Lu. “Oh my goodness! What has happened?”

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At first she was a bit frightened, but when she saw that Sue was smiling, and that Bunny was just ready to laugh, Aunt Lu laughed also.

“Well, if none of you is hurt, and nothing broken, I think this is very funny!” Aunt Lu exclaimed. “Oh, but what a mix-up!”

Splash, the big dog, seemed to think so too, for he barked—not a cross, ugly bark, but a sort of laughing kind—as if, he, also, felt that it was jolly fun.

Then Splash saw the little yellow dog in Bunny’s arms, and the big dog went up to him, wagging his tail, while the two sort of rubbed noses— you know the way dogs do instead of shaking hands, or paws, I suppose I should say, and right away they were friends.

“Oh, look! look!” Sue exclaimed, now laughing herself. “I thought I had my doll, and—it’s Bunny’s leg!”

“Huh! I wondered what was holding me.” exclaimed the little boy.

Sue let go of him, and Bunny got up. Then he rolled the lemonade box away from Sue, for it was resting partly on her, and by this time the little yellow dog (which Bunny had put down) was making better friends than ever with Splash.

[Illustration: “*Get under the box, sue!*” *He cried.*]

Then Aunt Lu saw the tin can tied to the yellow dog’s tail, and she cried out:

“Oh, what a shame! Who did that?”

“We didn’t!” Bunny answered quickly.

“Oh, of course not! I know you wouldn’t do such a thing,” returned his aunt. “Here, little dog, I’ll cut it off for you,” and she took her scissors out of her apron pocket, for she had been sewing just before coming out to look at the lemonade stand. “I’ll cut it off for you,” said Aunt Lu.

“Oh, don’t cut off his tail!” begged Sue.

“Of course not!” laughed Aunt Lu. “I meant I’d cut off the tin can. You poor little doggie! No wonder you were frightened. And now tell me all how it happened,” she went on, as she snipped, with her scissors, the string around the little yellow dog’s tail. He seemed very happy to be free of the tin can.

“Well, it just happened—that’s all,” said Bunny. “He ran into our lemonade stand, and upset it.”

"But I guess he didn't mean to," remarked Sue, who had, by this time, found her real doll in the long grass.

"No, he was so scared that he didn't know where he was running," decided Aunt Lu. "Well, now I'll help you pick things up, and then you had better come to the house. Haven't you sold enough lemonade for one day?"

"I guess so," answered Bunny.

"Did you lose the money?" asked Sue anxiously. "Where is the money we got?"

"In my pocket," Bunny replied. It was lucky he had put it there, or, when the box was knocked over, the pennies and five cent pieces might have been scattered in the grass and lost.

But everything was all right, and not a glass was broken, for they fell in soft, grassy places. The lemonade was spilled, of course, a little of it going on Bunny and Sue. But they did not mind that. And, best of all, the little dog no longer had a tin can tied to his tail.

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"I wonder who did it?" asked Sue.

"Oh, some bad boys, I suppose," answered her aunt. "Boys who tie cans to dogs' tails don't stop to think how frightened the poor animals may get. But I'm glad this was no worse. Now, little yellow dog, you had better run home, that is if you have a home."

The yellow dog seemed to have some place to go. For, after he had once more rubbed noses with Splash, had barked, as if saying good-bye, and had wagged his tail joyfully, away he trotted down the street.

Now and then he looked back, as if to thank Bunny and Sue, and their aunt, for what they had done for him, or perhaps he was looking to make sure the banging, dangling tin can was no longer fast to his tail.

But it was not, for Aunt Lu had tossed it away. Then she helped Bunny and Sue carry in the pitcher and glasses, and put away the box that had been used for a stand.

"We'll sell some more lemonade to-morrow," Bunny said.

"Yes," agreed Sue. "We want to get a lot of money for poor folks."

"How much did you take in?" Aunt Lu wanted to know.

Bunny gave it to her to count, as he could not go higher than ten, and there was more money than that.

"Why you have twenty-one cents!" Aunt Lu exclaimed. "That's fine, children! I'll keep it for you, and if you do get more I'll put it all together, and give it to Old Miss Hollyhock for you."

But Bunny Brown and his sister Sue did not sell lemonade next day. One reason was because it rained, and, for another, they found something else to do.

The Brown house was the nicest place you could think of in which to spend a rainy day, that is the big attic was, and it was up there that Bunny Brown and his sister Sue were always allowed to play.

The day after they had had the lemonade stand the rain came down very hard. Bunny and Sue stood with their noses pressed flat against the window panes.

"Oh dear!" sighed Sue.

"Oh dear!" sighed Bunny.

“Tut! Tut!” exclaimed their mother. “I know what that means. Up to the attic with you, and play some of your games!”

“Oh yes!” cried Bunny joyfully.

“We’ll play trolley car with the spinning wheel!” said Sue.

This was only one of the games they played. There was a big spinning wheel up in the attic. It had belonged to Mrs. Brown’s grandmother, and in the olden days, before yarn for socks and mittens was made by machinery, it was spun on a spinning wheel. This was a big wheel, as large as one on a wagon, but not so heavy. And it went around and around, very easily.

Bunny and Sue would sit on a trunk, spin the wheel, and make believe they were in a trolley car. They would take turns being the motorman. Sometimes Bunny would have that place, while Sue would be the conductor, and again Bunny would collect the fare and let Sue spin the wheel.

All that rainy day Bunny and Sue played in the attic, making up many new games about which I shall tell you another time. They had so much fun that they could hardly believe it when night came, and it was time to go to bed.

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"And maybe the sun will shine to-morrow," said Bunny.

It did, the rain having gone somewhere else to water the flowers and trees.

The next afternoon Aunt Lu promised to take Bunny and Sue down to their father's office, on the dock. They wanted to see the fish boats come in, and Aunt Lu had some shopping to do.

Bunny and Sue, nicely dressed, freshly washed and combed, went out on the front porch to wait for Aunt Lu. She had said she would be down as soon as she changed her dress.

But Bunny and Sue grew tired of waiting.

"Let's walk on a little way," said Bunny. "We can go down to the corner, and back again, and Aunt Lu will be down then."

Sue was always ready to do just what Bunny said, and soon the two children, hand in hand, went walking down the street. They did not intend to go far, but something happened, as it often did with them.

Just beyond the corner there was a moving picture theatre, lately opened. Mrs. Brown and Aunt Lu had taken Bunny and his sister there once or twice, when there was a fairy play, or something nice to see, so Bunny and Sue knew what the moving pictures were like.

"Oh, let's just go down and look at the picture posters outside," said Bunny, as they stood on the corner, from where they could see the theatre.

"All right," said Sue quickly.

In front of the moving picture place were some big boards, and on them were pasted brightly colored posters, almost like circus ones, telling about the moving pictures that were being shown inside. There was a picture of a man falling in the water, and another of a railroad train. Bunny loved cars and locomotives.

Not thinking anything wrong, the two tots ran across the street, looking carefully up and down first, to see that no automobiles were coming. They crossed safely.

A little later they were standing in front of the moving picture theatre, looking at the gay posters.

"Wouldn't you like to go in?" asked Bunny.

Sue nodded her curly head.

“Maybe Aunt Lu will take us,” she said.

“We’ll ask her,” decided Bunny.

Then they heard, from down the side street, the sound of a piano. It came from the moving picture place, and the reason Bunny and Sue could hear it so plainly was because the piano was near a side door, which was open to let in the fresh air.

“Let’s go down there and listen to the music a minute,” Bunny said. “Then we’ll go back and tell Aunt Lu.”

“All right!” agreed Sue.

A little later the two were standing at the open, side door of the place. They could hear the piano very plainly now, and, what was more wonderful, they could look right in the theatre and see the moving pictures flashing on the white screen.

“Oh! oh!” murmured Bunny. “Look, Sue.”

“Oh! oh!” whispered Sue. And then Bunny had a queer idea.

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"We can walk right in," he said. "The door is open. I guess this is for children like us—they don't want any money. Come on in, Sue, and we'll see the moving pictures!"

CHAPTER XVIII

WANGO AND THE CANDY

Bunny Brown and his sister Sue walked right into the moving picture theatre. The door, as I have told you, was open, there was no one standing near to take tickets, or ask for money, and of course the children thought it was all right to go in.

No one seemed to notice them, perhaps because the place was dark, except where the brilliant pictures were dancing and flashing on the white screen. And no one heard Bunny and Sue, for not only did they walk very softly, but just then the girl at the piano was playing loudly, and the sound filled the place.

Right in through the open side door walked Bunny and Sue, and never for a moment did they think they were doing anything wrong. I suppose, after all, it was not very wrong.

Bunny walked ahead, and Sue followed, keeping hold of his hand. Pretty soon she whispered to her brother:

"Bunny! Bunny! I can't see very good at all here. I want to see the pictures better."

"All right," Bunny whispered back. "I can't see very good, either. We'll find a better place."

You know you can't look at moving pictures from the side, they all seem to be twisted if you do. You must be almost in front of them, and this time Bunny and Sue were very much to one edge.

"We'll get up real close, and right in front," Bunny went on. Then he saw a little pair of steps leading up to the stage, or platform; only Bunny did not know it was that. He just thought if he and Sue went up the steps they would be better able to see. So up he went.

The screen, or big white sheet, on which the moving pictures were shown, stood back some distance from the front of the stage. And it was a real stage, with footlights and all, but it was not used for acting any more, as only moving pictures were given in that theatre now.

Sue followed Bunny up the steps. The pictures were ever so much clearer and larger now. She was quite delighted, and so was her brother. They wandered out to the middle of the stage, paying no attention to the audience. And the people in the theatre

were so interested in the picture on the screen, that, for a while, they did not see the children who had wandered into the darkened theatre by the side door.

The music from the piano sounded louder and louder. The pictures became more brilliant. Then suddenly Bunny and Sue walked right out on the stage in front of the screen, where the light from the moving picture lantern shone brightly on them.

“What’s that?” cried several persons.

“Look! Why they’re real children!” said others.

Bunny and Sue could be plainly seen now, for they were exactly in the path of the strong light. There was some laughter in the audience, and then the man who was turning the crank of the moving picture machine began to understand that something was wrong.

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He stopped the picture film, and turned on a plain, white light, very strong and glaring, Just like the headlights of an automobile. Bunny and Sue could hardly see, and they looked like two black shadows on the white screen.

"Look! Look! It's part of the show!" said some persons in front.

"Maybe they're going to sing," said others.

"Or do a little act."

"Oh, aren't they cute!" laughed a lady.

By this time the piano player had stopped making music. She knew that something was wrong. So did the moving picture man up in his little iron box, and so did the usher—that's the man who shows you where to find a seat. The usher came hurrying down the aisle.

"Hello, youngsters!" he called out, but he was not in the least bit cross. "Where did you get in?" he asked.

By this time the lights all over the place had been turned up, and Bunny and Sue could see the crowd, while the audience could also see them. Bunny blinked and smiled, but Sue was bashful, and tried to hide behind her brother. This made the people laugh still more.

"How did you get in, and who is with you?" asked the usher.

"We walked in the door over there," and Bunny pointed to the side one. "And we came all alone. We're waiting for Aunt Lu."

"Oh, then she is coming?"

"I don't guess so," Bunny said. "We didn't tell her we were coming here."

"Well, well!" exclaimed the usher-man. "What does it all mean? Did your Aunt Lu send you on ahead? We don't let little children in here unless some older person is with them, but—"

"We just comed in," Sue said. "The door was open, and we wanted to see the pictures, so we comed in; didn't we Bunny?"

"Yes," he said. "But we'd like to sit down. We can't see good up here."

"No, you are a little too close to the screen," said the usher. "Well, I'd send you home if I knew where you lived, but—"

"I know them!" called out a woman near the front of the theatre. "That is Bunny Brown and his sister Sue. They live just up the street. I'll take them home."

"Thank you; that's very kind of you," said the man. "I guess their folks must be worrying about them. Please take them home."

"We don't want to go home!" exclaimed Sue. "We want to see the pictures; don't we, Bunny?"

"Yes," answered the little fellow, "but maybe we'd better go and get Aunt Lu."

"I think so myself," laughed the usher. "You can come some other time, youngsters. But bring your aunt, or your mother, with you; and don't come in the side door. I'll have to keep some one there, if it's going to be open, or I'll have more tots walking in without paying."

"Come the next time, with your aunt or mother," he went on, "and I'll give you free tickets. It won't cost you even a penny!"

"Oh, goodie!" cried Sue. She was willing to go home now, and the lady who said she knew them—who was a Mrs. Wakefield, and lived not far from the Brown home—took Bunny and Sue by the hands and led them out of the theatre.

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The lights were turned low again, and the moving picture show went on. Bunny and Sue wished they could have stayed, but they were glad they could come again, as the man had invited them.

As Mrs. Wakefield led them down the street, toward their home, they saw Aunt Lu running to meet them.

"Oh, Bunny! Sue!" she exclaimed. "Where have you been? I've looked all over for you!"

"We went to the moving pictures," said Bunny.

"By the side door," added Sue. "And we were on the stage, and the people all laughed; didn't they Bunny?"

"Yes, they did. And the man said we could come back for nothing, and you are to bring us. When will you, Aunt Lu?"

"Why—why I don't know what to think of it all!" their aunt exclaimed. "In a moving picture show—by the side door—on the stage—to go again for nothing—I never saw such children, never!"

"Well, it all happened, just that way," said Mrs. Wakefield, and she told how surprised she, and all the others in the theatre were to see Bunny and Sue wander out on the stage into the strong light.

"But you musn't do it again," Aunt Lu said, and of course Bunny and Sue promised they would not.

"Now come on down to the fish dock, and we'll see the boats come in," Bunny begged, and off they started.

There was much going on at Mr. Brown's, dock that day. Some boats were getting dressed up in new suits of sails, and others were being painted. Then, too, a number of fishing boats came in, well filled with different kinds of fish. Some had lobsters in them and there was one big one, with very large claws.

"That one's claws are bigger than the claw you have, to play Punch and Judy with, Bunny," said Sue.

"Yes," agreed her brother, "but that claw is too big for my nose."

"I should think so!" laughed Aunt Lu. "Your whole little face would almost go in it, Bunny. Oh dear!" she went on. "I don't like lobsters as much as I used to."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Brown, who came out of his office to see his children and their aunt. "I was going to have you take one up to the house to make into salad for dinner. Why don't you like lobsters any more, Aunt Lu?"

"Oh, because whenever I see them, and remember the one we had for supper the first night I came here, I think of my lost diamond ring, that I never shall find."

"Yes, it is too bad," agreed Mr. Brown. "I thought you were going to find it, Bunny?"

"Well, Sue and I looked and looked and looked," said the little fellow, "but we couldn't find it anywhere!"

"Yes, they have tried," said Aunt Lu. "But never mind, we won't talk about it."

They looked into the other fishing boats, and then Bunker Blue came along. As he had nothing much to do just then he took Aunt Lu and the children for a little ride in a motor boat, that went by gasoline, the same as does an automobile. Only, of course, a boat goes in the water, and an automobile runs on land.

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Bunny and Sue had a pleasant afternoon with Aunt Lu, and when she told their father about the children having wandered into the moving picture show, he laughed so hard that tears came into his eyes.

"If this keeps on," he said, "we'll have either to keep them home all the while, or else you'll have to be with them every minute, Aunt Lu. You can't tell what they are going to do next."

It was a day or two after this that, as Bunny and Sue were going down the street, to buy a little candy at Mrs. Redden's store, something queer happened.

They each had five cents, that Aunt Lu had given them, but they were allowed to spend only one penny of it this day, as their mother did not wish them to eat too much candy.

"I'm going to buy a lollypop—they last longer," Bunny announced.

"I'll get one, too," agreed Sue, as they entered the toy place. The door swung open, a bell over it ringing to call Mrs. Redden, for she lived in rooms back of the store, where she kept house.

"How are you, Bunny and Sue?" asked the candy-lady as she smiled at them. "I was beginning to think you had forgotten me."

"Oh, no," Bunny said.

"We'd never forget you," declared Sue. "I want a lollypop and so does Bunny."

Mrs. Redden opened the glass show-case in which the candy was kept. As she reached in her hand, to take out the lollypops, Bunny and Sue, standing in front, saw a brown, hairy paw also put into the case. And the brown paw, which was close to Mrs. Redden's hand, caught up a bunch of lollypops and quickly pulled them out.

"Oh! oh! oh, dear!" screamed Mrs. Redden. "Oh, what is it?"

A second later a brown, furry animal jumped up from back of the counter, and scrambled from shelf to shelf, until it was on the very top one. And there the animal sat, peeling the wax paper off a lollypop.

"Oh, what is it? What is it?" cried Mrs. Redden. "Oh, take it away!"

Bunny and Sue were not a bit frightened. They looked up at the furry figure, on the top shelf of the candy store, and Bunny said:

"Why, it's only Wango, Mr. Winkler's monkey! I guess he broke loose from his chain."



“Yes, it’s Wango!” echoed Sue. “Come down, Wango!” she called, for both children had often petted the queer little monkey.

Wango accidentally dropped one of the lollypops he held. He had so many in his paws that it was hard to hold them all. He quickly reached for the falling candy, but he accidentally hit a glass jar filled with jelly beans. It crashed down to the floor, spilling the candy beans all over.

“Oh! oh, dear! what a mess!” cried Mrs. Redden, and she ran to get the broom to drive Wango away.

CHAPTER XIX

BUNNY IN A QUEER PLACE

Wango was a queer monkey in more ways than one. He liked to make mischief, or what others called mischief, though to him perhaps it was only fun. And he did not seem to like ladies. He would let boys and girls and men pet him, and make a fuss over him, but he would very seldom allow ladies to do this.

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Miss Winkler, the sister of the sailor who had brought Wango from a far-off land, was one of the ladies the monkey did not like. But then she did not like Wango, and perhaps he knew this. And now it seemed that Wango was not going to like Mrs. Redden, who kept the candy shop.

And it was certain that, just then, Mrs. Redden did not like Wango; at least she did not like to have him take her candy, break the jar and scatter the jelly beans all over the shop.

"Get down, Wango!" she cried, shaking the broom at him. "Get down off that shelf right away! And give me back my lollypops!"

But Wango did not get down, and he did not give back the lollypops. He had dropped one, and this made him hold, all the more tightly, to the others. He was very fond of candy, Wango was.

"Oh dear! I'm afraid of him!" exclaimed Mrs. Redden.

"Why, he won't hurt you," said Bunny. "He's a good monkey. He lets me and Sue pet him; don't you, Wango?"

"You can't pet him now," said Sue, "he's too high up."

"Oh, but look at the funny faces he makes!" exclaimed the lady who kept the toy and candy shop.

Wango was certainly making very odd faces just then. But perhaps it was because he liked the taste of the lollypops. He had taken the paper off two of them, and had them both in his mouth at once, while his busy paws were peeling the wax covering off a third one.

Of course it was not right for Wango to put two lollypops in his mouth at once; at least it would not be nice for children to do so. But perhaps monkeys are different.

"Come down from there! Come down from that shelf!" cried Mrs. Redden, reaching up and trying to touch the monkey with the broom. I think she did not intend to hit him hard, and, anyhow, a blow from a broom does not hurt very much. Mrs. Redden thought she simply must drive Wango down. He might spoil a lot of candy.

And now, instead of making faces Wango chattered at the candy-shop lady. Oh! what a queer noise he made, showing his white teeth.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" Mrs. Redden cried. "Isn't this terrible? I never had a monkey in my candy shop before. At least not one that was loose, though an Italian organ grinder did come in with one once, on a string. But he was a good monkey."

“Wango is good, too,” said Bunny. “Only I guess he is scared, now. Come on down, Wango!” called Bunny, “and I’ll give you a peanut.”

“Oh, yes, he’ll come down for a peanut, or maybe two peanuts!” exclaimed Sue. “Wango loves peanuts. Have you any, Mrs. Redden?”

“Yes,” answered the store-lady. “But I’m not going to give him peanuts, after all the candy he has taken and spoiled. Nearly half the jelly beans will be wasted, and the glass jar is broken, and he will spoil all those lollypops, too. Oh dear!”

“Just give him two peanuts,” said Bunny, “and that will make him come down. Then maybe he’ll give back the lollypops.”

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"Well, child, we can try it," the candy-lady said. "I can't hit him with the broom, that's sure, unless I stand on a chair, and if I do that he may reach down and pull my hair, as he did Mrs. Winkler's one day. I'll get the peanuts."

She brought a handful from another show case, and gave them to Bunny, who held them up so the monkey could see them.

"Come and get the nuts, Wango!" Bunny called.

The monkey chattered, and made funny faces, but he did not come down. He seemed to like the lollypops better, and, also, his perch on the shelf, he thought, was safer than one on the floor.

"What shall we do?" asked Mrs. Redden.

"Bunny, could you run down the street, and ask Mr. Winkler to come and take his monkey away?"

"Yes'm, I'll do it," the little boy answered politely.

But just then something else happened.

Wango, trying to peel the wax paper from another lollypop, dropped a second one. He reached for it, but he did keep hold of the shelf, and, the next second down he himself fell, knocking over several more candy jars.

They crashed to the floor, smashing and spilling the candy all over. Wango turned a somersault, and landed lightly on his feet, close beside Mrs. Redden.

"Oh, you bad monkey! You bad monkey!" she cried. "Shoo! Get out of here! Out of my shop!"

She brushed at Wango with the broom, and the lively monkey made a rush for the back door of the store, as the front one was closed.

"Here! Don't you dare go into my kitchen!" cried Mrs. Redden, as she ran after the monkey. "You'll upset everything there!"

Wango chattered, and made funny faces. Then he turned and ran back, sliding right under Mrs. Redden's skirts, and nearly upsetting Bunny.

At that moment the front door opened, and there stood Jed Winkler, the old sailor, who owned the monkey.

“Have you seen anything of Wango?” began Mr. Winkler, but there was no need for him to ask such a question. There was Wango, in plain sight, holding some lollypops in one paw, and in the other some jelly beans and coconut candies he had grabbed up from the floor. And in his mouth, with the stick-handles pointing out, were three other lollypops!

“Take him away! Oh, take him away!” begged Mrs. Redden. “He will spoil all the candy in my shop!”

“This is too bad!” exclaimed the sailor, “Wango, behave yourself! You are a bad monkey! Up with you!”

Wango jumped up on his master’s shoulder, and hung his head. I really think he was ashamed of what he had done.

“He broke loose from his new chain,” said the old sailor, “and I have been looking all over for him. I am glad I have found him, and I will pay for all the candy he spoiled.”

“Well, if you do that I can’t find any fault,” said the store-lady. “But he certainly gave me a great fright.”

“And he wouldn’t even come down for peanuts,” cried Bunny.

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"Wango isn't very good to-day," said Mr. Winkler. "I must get a stronger chain for him, I think. Now I'll take him home, and, Mrs. Redden, when you find out how much candy he spoiled, and how many jars he broke, I will come and pay you."

"All right," answered Mrs. Redden. Then the sailor took his monkey home, and the store-lady, after she had given Bunny and Sue the lollypops they came for, began to clean up her place. Certainly Wango had upset it very much.

"He must have come in the store by the back way, when I was out hanging up the clothes," said the candy-shop lady. "He hid under the counter until he saw me open the showcase for you, Bunny. Then he put in his paw, and grabbed the lollypops."

"Yes, that's what he did—I saw him," said Sue, who was now taking the paper off her candy. But she did not put two in her mouth, at once, as the monkey had done. Of course Sue wouldn't do anything like that.

Bunny and Sue made all the folks at home laugh, as they told of Wango's funny tricks.

"Well, it was quite an adventure," said Aunt Lu, "wasn't it?"

"What's an ad—adventure?" Sue wanted to know.

"It's something that happens," her aunt explained.

"Then Wango must be an adventure," said Bunny, "for lots happened to him."

It was two days after the monkey had gotten in the candy-store that Harry Bentley, Charlie Star, Sadie West and Helen Newton came over to play with Bunny and his sister Sue.

"What shall we play?" asked Bunny.

"Hide-and-go-to-see," said Sadie.

The others liked this game, so they began to play it. Helen covered her eyes with her arms, so she could not see where the others hid, and began counting.

"When I count up to fifty, I'm coming to find you," she said, "and whoever I find first will have to blind next time, and hunt for the rest of us."

Off they all ran to hide. Sue stooped down to hide behind a lilac bush, near "home," which was the side porch. Whoever reached "home" before Helen did, after she had started on her search, would be "in free."



“Ready or not, I’m coming!” called Helen, after she had counted fifty, and she began to look for the hiding ones.

“She’ll not find me,” said Bunny Brown to himself. “I’m going to hide in a funny place. She’ll never find me!”

And where do you think he hid? It was in a queer place—down in an empty rain-water barrel, that stood back of the house. Bunny climbed up into it by standing on a box, and, once inside, he crouched down on the bottom, where anyone would have had to come very close, and look over the edge, to see him. And there Bunny hid.

CHAPTER XX

SPLASH RUNS AWAY

“Where is Bunny?”

“Bunny! Bunny Brown!”

“Come on in! The game is over and Charlie Star is it. He’s going to blind next time, you won’t have to!”

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"Come on in, Bunny Brown!"

Thus called Helen, Sue and the others who were playing the game of hide-and-go-to-seek. For Bunny had not been found, and he had not run up to touch "home," and be "in free."

Helen had not been able to find the little fellow, so well was he hidden.

"I can't think where he is," she said. "I looked all over."

"But you didn't find *me*!" cried Sue, clapping her hands in fun.

"No, you were so close to me, back of the lilac bush, that I never thought of looking there," said Helen. Sue had run "in free," as soon as Helen's back was turned.

"But where is Bunny?" everyone asked.

"Come on in!" they called.

But Bunny did not come.

"Let's all look for him," suggested Charlie Star. "Maybe he went away off down the street, or maybe he is out in the barn."

There was a barn back of the Brown house, in which Bunny's father kept some horses used in his business. The children often played in the barn, especially on rainy days, when they did not go up to the attic.

"Let's look in the barn," Charlie went on.

"It wasn't fair to hide out there," Helen said. "That is too far away."

"Maybe Bunny didn't," suggested Sue.

"Well, we'll look, anyhow," went on Sadie.

Out to the barn trooped the children, but though they looked in the haymow, and in the empty stalls (for most of the horses were out at work) no Bunny could be found.

Then they went back to look around the house, in some of the nooks and corners near which the others had hidden.

"Bunny! Bunny!" they called. "Why don't you come in, so we can have another game? You won't have to blind."

But Bunny did not answer.

Pretty soon Sue began to get a little frightened, and her playmates, too, thought it queer that they could not find Bunny, and that he did not answer.

"Maybe we'd better tell your mother, Sue," Sadie said.

"Yes, for maybe he fell down a hole, and can't get up," suggested Helen.

They called once more, and looked in many other places, but Bunny was not to be found. Then into the house they went.

"Oh, Mother!" cried Sue, her eyes opening wide, "we can't find Bunny anywhere, and he won't answer us."

"Can't find him!"

"Won't answer you!"

Mother Brown and Aunt Lu spoke thus, one after the other.

"We were playing hide-and-go-to-see," explained Helen, "and Bunny hid himself in such a queer place that we can't find him."

"Maybe it's just one of his tricks," said Aunt Lu.

"No, it can't be a trick," Charlie Star explained, "because Bunny likes to play the game, and he doesn't have to blind this time. We've hollered that at him, but he won't come in."

Seeing that the children were really worried, Mrs. Brown and Aunt Lu said they would come out and help search. They looked in all the places they could think of, and called Bunny's name, as did the others, but the little fellow was not found.

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Even Mrs. Brown was beginning to get a little anxious now, and she was thinking of telephoning for Mr. Brown to come home, when Bunny was suddenly found. And it was the cook who found him.

The cook came out to the back door, near which stood the empty rain-water barrel, into which Bunny had climbed to hide. She took from the open top a large towel which, a little while before, she had thrown over the barrel to dry, and, looking down in, she cried out:

"Why here he is! Here's Bunny now!"

And so he was! Curled up on the bottom of the barrel, in a little round ball, and fast asleep, was Bunny Brown.

"Oh, we never looked in there!" exclaimed Sadie West.

"I thought of it," said Helen, "but I saw the towel spread over the top of the barrel, and I didn't see how Bunny could be under it, so I didn't look"

"Well, he's found, anyhow," said his mother, smiling.

They had all gathered around the barrel to look into it, the littler ones standing up on the box, by which Bunny had climbed in. Then Bunny, suddenly awakened, opened his eyes and saw his mother, his Aunt Lu, the cook and his playmates staring down at him.

"Why—why what's the matter?" he asked, rubbing his eyes.

"Oh, Bunny, we couldn't find you!" cried Sue.

"Why, I was right here all the while," Bunny answered. "I climbed in the barrel to hide."

"And didn't you hear us calling that you could come in free?" asked Sadie.

Bunny shook his head.

"He was asleep," said Aunt Lu. "He must have fallen asleep as soon as he curled up inside the barrel. That's why he didn't hear. Oh, you funny Bunny boy!" and she laughed and hugged Bunny, who was helped out of the barrel by his mother.

"I never saw him down in there when I came to the door a while ago, and threw the cloth over the barrel," explained the cook. "I thought the barrel would be a good place to dry the towel. And to think I covered Bunny up with it!"

"If it hadn't been for the towel we'd have looked in the barrel ourselves," said Charlie Star.



"I guess it was so nice and quiet and warm in the barrel that I went to sleep before I knew it," Bunny remarked.

"I guess you did," laughed his mother.

"Shall we play some more?" asked Helen.

"Oh, yes!" cried Bunny. "And I won't hide in the barrel again."

So the game went on, the children hiding in different places, some of which were easily found, while others were so well hidden that it was a long while before the one who "blinded" discovered them.

"Now let's play tag!" cried Sue, after a while. She liked this game very much, though her legs were so short that she could not run very fast, and she was often "tagged" and made "it."

"No, don't play any more just now," called Aunt Lu, coming down to the yard where the children were. "Come up on the porch. I have a little treat for you."



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"Oh, is it ice cream?" asked Bunny eagerly. "I hope it is. I'm so hot!"

"You'll have to wait and see," his aunt answered, with a smile.

"Oh, it's just as good as ice cream!" cried Sue, when she saw where her aunt had spread a little table, on the shady side of the porch.

"Lemonade!" murmured Bunny, as he saw the big pitcher which he and Sue had used at their street stand.

"And tarts—jam tarts and jelly tarts!" added Sue. "Oh! oh! oh!"

And that was the treat Aunt Lu had made for the children. There were two plates of tarts, one with jam coming up through the three little round holes in the top crust, and others in which jelly showed. Both were very good. And the cool lemonade was good also.

"Oh, I just love to come over to your house to play, Sue!" said Sadie West.

"So do I!" chorused the other children.

"We do have such good times!" added Charlie Star.

"And such good things to eat," came from Harry Bentley. "Those tarts are—awful good!" and he sighed.

"Would you like another?" asked Aunt Lu, with a laugh in her eyes and a smile on her lips.

"If you please," answered Harry, as he passed his plate.

Then, after the children had rested, they played more games, until it was time to go home.

One day, when Bunker Blue came to the Brown home, to bring up some fish Mr. Brown had sent, Bunny, who was out in the yard with Splash, the big shaggy dog, said to the red-haired youth:

"Bunker, you know lots of things; don't you?"

"Well, I wouldn't want to say that, Bunny. There's lots and lots of things I don't know."

"But you can sail a boat; can't you?"

"Oh, yes, I can do that,"

"Well, I wish I could. And do you know how to make a dog harness, Bunker? Do you know how to harness up a dog so he could pull an express wagon?"

"Yes, I guess I know how to do that, Bunny."

"Then I wish you'd harness Splash to my wagon," Bunny went on. "I've tried and tried, and I can't do it. The harness breaks all the while, and when I put the handle of the wagon between Splash's legs he falls down—it trips him up."

"Of course," Bunker said. "You ought to have two handles to the wagon, and Splash could stand in between them, just as a horse is hitched to a wagon."

"Oh, could you fix my wagon that way, Bunker?"

"I might, if your mother said it was all right."

"I'll ask her. And will you make me a harness for Splash?"

"I'll try, Bunny."

Mrs. Brown said she did not mind if Bunker fixed the wagon and made a harness so Bunny could hitch Splash to the express wagon, for the big dog was kind and gentle.

"Oh, what fun Sue and I will have!" cried Bunny. "We'll get lots of rides in the wagon."

It did not take Bunker long to make two handles, or "shafts," as they are called, for Bunny's wagon. Then he made a harness for the dog—a harness strong enough not to break. One day, when all was finished, Splash was hitched to the wagon, and Bunny was given the reins. They went around the neck of Splash, for of course you can not put in a dog's mouth an iron bit, as you can in that of a horse.

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Bunny found that he could guide his dog from one side to the other by pulling on either the right or left rein. And Splash did not seem to mind pulling the wagon with Bunny in it. He went around the yard very nicely.

“Oh, give me a ride, Bunny!” begged Sue, who came in just then from having been down to Sadie West’s house, having a dolls’ party.

“Yes, I’ll give you a ride, Sue,” Bunny said. “Get in! Whoa, Splash!” he called. The dog did not “whoa” very well, but finally he stopped, and Sue got in the wagon, sitting behind Bunny.

They drove around the yard for a while, and then Sue said:

“Oh, Bunny, let’s go out on the sidewalk, where it’s nice and smooth. It will be easier for Splash to pull us then.” Bunny thought this would be fun, so he guided the dog out through the gate. The wagon did go more smoothly on the sidewalk, and Splash trotted a little faster.

“Oh, this is fun!” cried Bunny.

“I like it!” laughed Sue, who had her arms around Bunny’s waist, so she would not fall out backwards.

They had not gone very far before Sue cried:

“Oh, Bunny! Look! There’s that yellow dog—the one that had the tin can tied to his tail—the one that upset our lemonade stand!”

“So it is!” said Bunny.

And, just at that moment, Splash also saw the yellow dog.

With a bark and a wag of his tail, Splash gave a big jump, nearly throwing Bunny and Sue out of the wagon. Then the big dog began to run after the little one.

“Whoa! Whoa!” cried Bunny, pulling on the reins. But Splash would not stop. Faster and faster he ran. He only wanted to see his little yellow dog friend again, and rub noses with him. But I guess the yellow dog was frightened when he saw the express wagon, with the two children in it, following after Splash.

Maybe the yellow dog thought the wagon was tied to the tail of Splash, as the tin can had once been to his own. And maybe the little yellow dog thought some one would now tie an express wagon to his tail. At any rate he ran on faster and faster, And Splash, who just wanted to speak to him, in dog language, ran on faster too.

“Bumpity-bump-bump!” went the wagon with Bunny and Sue in it.

“Whoa! Whoa!” called Bunny.

But Splash would not stop. He was running away, but he did not mean to. He just wanted to catch up to the little yellow dog who was running on ahead.

CHAPTER XXI

HOW SUE FOUND THE EGGS

“Oh, Bunny! Can’t you make him stop?” cried Sue, as she clung with her arms about her brother’s waist, while the wagon swayed from side to side.

“I—I’m trying to,” answered Bunny, pulling as hard as he could on the reins. “But he won’t stop. Whoa! Whoa!” and Bunny called as loudly as he could.

Down the street Splash kept running. He was getting nearer to the little yellow dog, for this dog had only short legs, and Splash had long ones, and, of course, anyone with long legs can run faster than anyone with short legs.

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"I—I'm going to fall out!" Sue cried. "I—I'm slipping, Bunny! I'm falling!"

"Hold on! Hold on tight!" Bunny begged his sister, for the wagon was going very fast, and he knew if she fell out on the hard sidewalk she would get a hard bump.

Sue clasped her arms as tightly as she could about her brother's waist, but her arms were short, and Bunny was rather fat, so it was not easy for her to hold fast. Still she did her best.

Several persons on the other side of the street saw Bunny and Sue having a fast ride in the toy express wagon, drawn by the big dog, but they did not think the Brown children were in a runaway, which is just what they were.

"My! what fun Bunny Brown and his sister Sue are having!" said one man, as he watched the express wagon bump along.

"Yes, they always seem to be having good times," replied a lady.

If they had only known it was a runaway, they might have run across the street and stopped Splash from going so fast.

On and on went the big dog. He was almost up to the yellow one now, and the yellow dog began to yelp. Perhaps he thought he was going to be caught and hurt. Or maybe he feared Bunny or Sue would try to make him pull the big wagon, with them in it.

But of course they wouldn't think of such a thing, and as for Splash, I have told you that all he wanted to do was to rub noses with his little yellow friend.

As the wagon rumbled past the house where lived Mr. Jed Winkler, the old sailor, who owned Wango, the monkey, came out to the front gate. I mean Mr. Winkler came out, not Wango, for he had been tightly chained, after the fun he had had in Mrs. Redden's candy shop.

"My! What a fine ride you are having!" called Mr. Winkler.

"Oh! It's not a nice ride at all!" answered Sue. "We're being runned away with! Please stop Splash!"

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Mr. Winkler. "A runaway! Well, I must stop it, of course!"

Out he ran from his yard to race after Splash, but there was no need for the old sailor to catch the big dog. For, just then, the little yellow dog stumbled, and turned a somersault. And before he could pick himself up, and run on again, Splash had caught up to him.

Now, this was all that Splash wanted to do—catch up to the yellow dog and rub noses with him. And as soon as Splash saw that the little dog had stopped, Splash stopped also.

But he stopped so suddenly that the wagon almost ran up on his back. It turned around, and then it went over on one side, so that Bunny and Sue were spilled out. But they fell on some soft grass, so they were not hurt a bit, though Sue's dress was stained.

And as soon as the little yellow dog found that he was not going to be hurt, but that Splash was just going to be friends with him, why the two animals just sat down in the grass and rubbed noses and, I suppose, talked to each other in dog language, if there is any such thing.

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Bunny helped Sue get up, and then Mr. Winkler came running along. He could not go very fast, for he was aged, and he was a little lame, because of rheumatism, from having been out so many cold and wet nights when he was a sailor on a ship.

"Well, well, youngsters!" exclaimed Mr. Winkler. "You had quite a spill; didn't you?"

"But we didn't get hurt," said Bunny, who was looking at the wagon and harness to see that it was not broken. Everything seemed to be all right. "We're not hurt a bit," Bunny laughed.

"Well, I'm glad of that," went on Mr. Winkler, as he helped Bunny put the wagon right side up and straight once more. "How did it happen?"

"Splash just runned away," replied Sue, "He runned after the yellow dog."

"And he caught him all right," laughed Mr. Winkler. "But they seem to be great friends now. Who made your harness, Bunny?"

"Bunker Blue did. He can make lots of things."

"Yes, I guess he can," agreed the old sailor. "But I hope, after this, that Splash won't run away with you when you go for a ride."

"Well, it didn't hurt much, to fall out," laughed Bunny. "Now we'll ride back again."

Splash went back very slowly. Perhaps he was tired, or he may have been sorry that he had run so fast at first, and had upset the wagon. The yellow dog went off by himself, and he was glad, I guess, that he did not have to pull a wagon with two children in it. But Splash seemed to enjoy it.

Mrs. Brown and Aunt Lu had not seen the runaway, or they might not have wanted Bunny and Sue to take any more rides in the express wagon. But the two children had lots of fun the rest of the morning, riding up and down, and Splash acted very nicely, stopping when Bunny called "Whoa!" and going on again when the little boy said, "Giddap!"

"Oh, it's just like a real horse!" exclaimed Sue, clapping her hands. "Will you let me hold the lines, Bunny?"

"Yes," answered her brother, and soon Sue could drive Splash almost as well as Bunny could.

For several days after that Bunny Brown and his sister Sue had many good times with their dog and express wagon. They gave their playmates rides up and down the

sidewalk, and never once again did Splash run away. But then he did not see his friend, the little yellow dog, or he might have raced after him just as at first.

When Bunny and Sue were eating breakfast one morning, Mrs. Gordon, whose husband kept the grocery store, came in to see Mrs. Brown.

"I wonder if your children could not help me?" said Mrs. Gordon, as she sat down in a chair in the dining room, and fanned herself with her apron. She lived next door to the Brown home.

"Well, Bunny and Sue are always glad to help," said their mother, smiling at them.

"What is it you want them to do?"

"Do you want a ride in our express wagon, Mrs. Gordon?" asked Bunny.

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"Or maybe have us sell lemonade for you?" added Sue.

"Bless your hearts! It isn't either of those things," answered Mrs. Gordon, with a laugh. "I just want you to help me hunt for a hen's nest. That's all."

"Look for a hen's nest!" exclaimed Bunny.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gordon. "One of my hens has strayed off by herself and is laying her eggs in a nest I can't find. I've looked all over our yard for it, but perhaps it is in your barn," she went on to Mrs. Brown. "And if it is, maybe Bunny and Sue could find it."

"Oh, maybe we could!" Bunny cried.

"It will be fun to look!" said Sue. "Come on, Bunny."

"Be careful you don't fall," their mother cautioned them, as they ran out, hardly waiting to finish their breakfast.

Hens, you know, often like to go quietly off by themselves, and lay their eggs in a nest that no one can find. And this is what one of Mrs. Gordon's hens had done.

Into the barn ran Bunny and Sue.

"We'll see who'll find the nest first!" Bunny shouted.

"I think I shall," cried Sue.

And now you wait and see what happens.

There were many places in the barn where a hen might lay her eggs. There were nooks under wagons, or under wheelbarrows, corners behind boxes, and any number of holes in the place where the hay for the horses was kept—the haymow, as it is called.

Bunny and Sue looked in all the places they could think of. But they did not see a hen sitting in her hidden nest, nor did they find the white eggs she might have laid.

"I guess the nest isn't here," said Bunny after a while.

"No, I guess not, too," echoed Sue. "Let's slide down the hay."

The hay in the mow was quite high in one place, and low in another, like a little hill. Bunny and Sue could climb to the top, or high place of the hay, and slide down, for it was quite slippery.

Up they climbed, and down they slid, quite fast. They had done this a number of times, when finally Sue said:



“Oh, Bunny, I’m going to slide down in a new place!”

She went over to one side of the hay-hill, and down she slid. And then something funny happened.

There was a sort of crackling sound, and Sue called out:

“Oh, Bunny! Bunny! I’ve found the hen’s nest, and I’m right in it!”

CHAPTER XXII

AUNT LU IS SAD

Bunny Brown quickly slid down on his side of the hay-hill. He could see his sister Sue, who was sitting in a little hollow place.

“What—what’s the matter?” Bunny asked, for Sue had a funny look on her face.

“I found Mrs. Gordon’s hen’s nest,” answered the little girl, “and I’m right in it!”

“In what?” Bunny wanted to know.

“In the nest. I’m sitting in it—right on the eggs, just like a hen. Only,” said Sue, and the funny look on her face changed into a sort of smile, “only I—I’ve broken all the eggs!”

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And that is just what she had done.

Oh! how Sue was covered with the whites and yellows of the eggs!

She had slid down the haymow on a side where she and Bunny did not often play, and she had slid right into the hen's nest. The children had not thought of looking there for it.

But Sue had found it.

Slowly she stood up. She and Bunny looked into the nest And, just as Sue had said, all the eggs were broken.

"Oh, it's too bad!" the little girl exclaimed. "Mrs. Gordon will be so sorry."

"You couldn't help it," declared Bunny, "You—you just slid into 'em!"

"Yes," went on Sue. "I didn't see the nest at all, but I heard the eggs break, and there I was, sitting there on them just like a hen. Oh, dear! Look at my dress!"

"It will wash out," said her brother. "You might go down and wade in the brook. But we couldn't, without asking mother, and then she'd see you anyhow."

"Oh, I'll tell her!" exclaimed Sue. "We'd better go in, 'cause if egg-stuff dries on you it's awful hard to get off. Aunt Lu said so when she baked a cake yesterday."

"Well, we can come back and slide some more."

"Yes, after I get clean. And we'll have to tell Mrs. Gordon, too; won't we, Bunny?"

"Oh, yes. But she has lots of hens and eggs, so she won't care."

Mrs. Brown and Aunt Lu were much surprised when Bunny Brown and his sister Sue came in, Sue all white and yellow from the eggs. But Sue's mother knew it was something that could not be helped, so she did not scold. She changed Sue's dress, and then she said:

"Now you and Bunny run over and tell Mrs. Gordon."

When the grocery-store-keeper's wife saw Bunny and Sue coming over to her house she thought perhaps their mother had sent them on an errand, as Mrs. Brown often did. For the time Mrs. Gordon had forgotten about the hidden hen's nest. In fact, she had not thought that Bunny and Sue would really spend much time looking for it. So when Sue said:

"I—I found it, Mrs. Gordon!"

Mrs. Gordon asked:

"What did you find, Sue, a penny rolling up hill?"

That was the way Mrs. Gordon sometimes joked with Bunny and Sue.

"No'm. I found your hen's nest, and I sat in it and broke all the eggs," said Sue. "I—I'm sorry."

"And I'm sorry with her," added Bunny.

"Bless your little hearts! What's it all about?" asked Mrs. Gordon with a laugh. Then Bunny and Sue told her, and she laughed harder than ever. Bunny and Sue smiled, for now they knew Mrs. Gordon did not mind about the broken eggs.

"Well, I'm glad you found the nest, anyhow, if you did break the eggs," said the storekeeper's wife. "Maybe now my hen will not go over into your barn, but will make her nest in our coop, where she ought to make it. So it's all right, Sue, and here are some cookies for you and Bunny."

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The two children were very glad they had gone to tell Mrs. Gordon about the eggs, for they liked cookies.

That afternoon, when Sadie West, Helen Newton, Charlie Star and Harry Bentley came over to play with Bunny and Sue, they had to be shown the place in the hay where Sue “found” the eggs. One of Mr. Brown’s stable men had taken out the broken shells, for he did not want them to get in the hay that the horses ate. The inside of the eggs did not matter, for horses like them anyhow.

The children saw a hen walking around on the hay, near the place where Sue had slid into the eggs.

“I guess that’s the hen that had her nest here,” said Sadie.

“And she is wondering where it is now,” added Bunny. “Go on away, Mrs. Hen!” he exclaimed. “Go lay your eggs in Mrs. Gordon’s coop.”

And the hen, cackling, flew away.

“Let’s all slide down,” said Charlie Star. “Let’s slide in the hay.”

“Oh, yes!” cried Sue. “And maybe we’ll find some more nests. But I don’t want to slide in any if we do find some,” she said. “I don’t want to get this dress dirty.”

The children had great fun sliding down the hay-hill, but they found no more eggs. They played at this for some time, and then Charlie Star called:

“Let’s go out and climb trees!”

“Girls can’t climb trees,” objected Sadie.

“Some girls can,” answered Charlie. “I have a girl cousin, and she can climb a tree as good as I can. But she lives in the country,” he went on.

“Oh, of course if a girl lives in the country she can climb a tree,” Helen Newton said “But we live in a town. I don’t want to climb trees.”

“I like it,” said Bunny Brown. “I’m glad I know how to climb a tree, ’cause if a dog chased after me I could climb up, and he couldn’t get me. Dogs can’t climb trees.”

“Cats can,” said Sadie. “I saw our cat climb a tree once.”

“But cats don’t chase after you,” remarked Charlie.

“Our cat chased a mouse once,” observed Sue. “Can a mouse climb a tree, Bunny?”

“No, a mouse can’t climb a tree,” answered Sue’s brother. “But we fellows will go out and climb, though there aren’t any dogs to chase us. Splash won’t, but he’ll play tag with us.”

“Well, if you are going to climb trees, we’ll play dolls,” said Sue. “Come on,” she added to her two little girl friends. “We’ll get our dolls, and have a play party.”

Sadie and Helen, who did not live far away, ran home and got their dolls. Sue brought out hers, and the girls had a nice time on the shady side of the porch. Mrs. Brown gave them some cookies, and some crackers, which were cut in the shapes of different animals, and with these, and some lemonade in little cups, Sue and her chums had lots of fun.

Bunny, Charlie and Harry went to the back yard, where there were some old apple trees, with branches very close to the ground, so they were easy to climb. Bunny had often done it, and so had his two little boy friends.

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As they were near the trees George Watson passed through the next lot, on the other side of the fence from the Brown land.

"I can climb trees better than any of you," George said. "If you let me come into your yard, Bunny, I'll show you how to climb."

"Oh, don't let him in!" exclaimed Charlie. "He threw the box of frogs at us the time you had your party. Don't you let him in!"

"No, I wouldn't, either," added Harry.

"Oh, please!" begged George. "I won't throw any more frogs at you."

"Go on away!" ordered Charlie.

But Bunny Brown was kind-hearted. He had forgiven George for the trick about the frogs. And Bunny wanted to learn all he could about climbing trees.

"Yes, you can come in, George," said Sue's brother.

George was very glad to do so, for he liked to play with these boys, though he was older than they were. And since his trick with the jumping frogs, in the box, George had been rather lonesome.

"Now I'll show you how to climb trees!" he said.

"I can climb this one," declared Bunny, going over to one in which he had often gone up several feet.

"Oh, that's an easy one," said George with a laugh. "You ought to try and climb a hard one, like this."

Up went George, quite high, in a larger tree. Charlie and Harry also each got into a bigger tree than the one Bunny had picked out. And of course Bunny, like any boy, wanted to do as he saw the others doing.

"Pooh! I can climb a big tree, too," he said. He got down from the one he had picked out, and started up another. He watched how George put first one foot on a branch and then the other foot, at the same time pulling himself up by his hands. Bunny did very well until his foot slipped and went down in a hole in the tree, where the wood had rotted away, leaving a hollow place.

Down into this hollow, that might some day be a squirrel's nest, went Bunny's foot and leg. Then he cried out:

“Oh, I’m caught! I’m caught! My foot is fast, and I can’t pull it loose!”

And that was what had happened. Bunny’s foot had gone so deep down in the hollow place of the tree, and the hollow was so small, that the little boy’s foot had become wedged fast. Pull as he did, he could not get it up. “Wait—I’ll help you!” called George.

He scrambled from his tree, and ran over to where Bunny was caught. Bunny could not get down, but had to stand with one foot on a branch, and the other in the hole, holding on to the trunk, or body, of the tree with both hands.

“Oh!” exclaimed Charlie, “s’posin’ he can’t ever get loose!”

“We could chop the tree down,” said Harry.

But George thought he could get Bunny loose easier than that. George got a box, so he could stand on it and reach up to Bunny’s leg without getting up in the tree himself. Then George pulled and tugged away, trying to lift up Bunny’s foot.

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But it would not come. It was caught, as if in a trap, and the longer Bunny stood up, pressing down on his foot, the more tightly it was wedged.

"Now for a good pull!" cried George, and he gave a hard tug.

"Ouch! You hurt!" said Bunny, and George had to stop.

"Well, I don't know what to do," he said. "I'll have to get you loose some way. Come on," he called to Charlie and Harry. "You get hold of his leg and we'll all pull."

"Then you'll hurt me more," said Bunny. "Go tell mamma. She will know what to do!"

"Yes, I guess that's best," George said.

Mrs. Brown came running out when the three boys, who were a little frightened, told her Bunny was caught in a tree.

"Oh, is he hanging head down?" asked Aunt Lu, as she hurried out after Bunny's mother.

"No, he's standing up, but his leg is down in a hole," said George. "We can't get him out."

But Mrs. Brown easily set matters right.

She put her hand down in the tree-hole, beside Bunny's leg, the hole being big enough for this. Then, with her fingers, Mrs. Brown unbuttoned Bunny's shoe, and said:

"Now pull out your foot."

Bunny could easily do this, as it was his shoe that was caught, and not his foot. His foot was smaller than his shoe, you see.

Carefully he lifted his foot and leg out of the hole of the tree, and then his mother helped him to the ground.

"But what about my shoe?" Bunny asked, with a queer look on his face. "Has my shoe got to stay in the tree, Mother?"

"No, I think I can get it out," said Mrs. Brown. Once more she put her hand down in the hollow, and, now that Bunny's foot was out of his shoe, it could easily be bent and twisted, so that it came loose.

"There you are!" exclaimed Aunt Lu, as she buttoned Bunny's shoe on him again, using a hairpin for a buttonhook. "Now don't climb any more trees."

"I'll just climb my own little tree," Bunny said. "That hasn't any hole in it."

And while the tree-climbing fun was going on Bunny only went up his own little tree, where he was in no danger.

After a time the boys became tired of this play, and when Sue, Sadie and Helen invited them to come to the "play-party," Bunny and his friends were pleased enough to come.

"And we're going to have real things to eat, and not make-believe ones, Bunny," said Sue.

"That's good!" laughed George. "I'm glad you let me play with you."

The others were glad also, for George said he was sorry about the frogs, and would not play any more tricks.

Mrs. Brown gave the girls some more cookies, and Aunt Lu handed out some of her nice jam and jelly tarts. Then the girls set a little table, made of a box covered with paper, and the boys sat down to eat, pretending they were at a picnic.

On several days after this the children had good times in the yard of Bunny Brown and his sister Sue. It was now almost summer, and one morning Aunt Lu said:

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"Well, children, this is my last week here."

"Oh, where are you going?" asked Bunny.

"Back home, dear. To New York. And I want you to come and see me there. Will you?"

"If mamma will let us," said Sue.

"I'll think about it," promised Mrs. Brown.

So Aunt Lu got ready to go back home. And as she walked about with Bunny and Sue, paying last visits to the fish dock, the river and the other nice places, Aunt Lu seemed sad. She looked down at the ground, and often glanced at her finger on which she had worn the diamond ring.

"Sue," said Bunny one day, "I know what makes Aunt Lu so sad."

"What is it?"

"Losing her ring. And I know a way that might make her glad, so she would smile and be happy again."

"What way?"

"Let's give a Punch and Judy show for her," said Bunny. "We'll get Sadie and Helen, and George and Charlie and Harry to help us. We'll give a Punch and Judy show!"

"Oh, what fun!" cried Sue, clapping her hands.

CHAPTER XXIII

AN AUTOMOBILE RIDE

Bunny Brown and his sister Sue had often talked about giving a Punch and Judy show. They had often seen one, at picnics or at church sociables, and Bunny knew by heart a few of the things Mr. Punch had to say. He did not stop to think that perhaps he could not get behind the curtain, and make the little wooden figures do the funny things they were supposed to do. And he did not know where he could get the queer little doll-like figures.

"But I can do something, anyhow," said Bunny, who was a very ambitious little boy. Ambitious means he was always willing to try to do things, whether or not he was sure he could really do them.

“What can I do?” asked Sue. “I want to make Aunt Lu happy.”

“Well, you can be Mrs. Judy part of the time,” her brother answered, “and you can pull the curtains over when Mr. Punch has to change his clothes, and things like that. I’m going to be Mr. Punch.”

“And wear the lobster claw?” asked Sue.

“Yes, on my nose. That’s what I got it for. I can make little holes in each side, and put strings in them, and tie the lobster claw on my nose with the string around my head.”

“It will be fun, Bunny. I wish it were time for the show now.”

“Oh, we’ve got lots to do,” said the little boy. “We’ve got to tell Sadie and the rest of ’em, and we’ve got to get tickets, and put up a tent.”

“A tent!” cried Sue. “Where is a tent?”

“That’s so,” admitted Bunny, looking puzzled, “We haven’t got a tent. But we can have the Punch and Judy show in our barn,” he went on quickly, “and you can stand at the door and take the money, and sell tickets—that is, when you aren’t being Mrs. Punch.”

“Aunt Lu won’t have to buy a ticket, will she?” Sue wanted to know.

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"Course not!" Bunny cried. "She's company. 'Sides, we're making the show for her, so she won't be so sad about her ring."

"I wish we could find it for her," Sue sighed.

"So do I," came from Bunny. "But I guess we never shall. Now we must go and tell Sadie and Helen and the others about the show."

"Are they going to be in it?" asked his sister.

"No, they won't be Mr. or Mrs. Punch, but we want them to buy tickets and come."

"How much are tickets?"

Bunny thought for a moment.

"We'll charge pins and money—money for the big folks, pins for children."

"That will be nice," said Sue, "'cause children can always get pins off their mothers' cushions, but they can't always get money. What will we do with the pins, Bunny?"

"Sell 'em. Mother will buy 'em, or maybe Aunt Lu will. No," he said quickly, "Aunt Lu is company, and we don't want her to buy pins. We'll give her all she wants for nothing."

"And what will we do with the money, Bunny?"

"We'll give it to Old Miss Hollyhock, same as we did the lemonade money. Then she'll sure be rich."

"That will be nice," Sue murmured.

The first thing to do was to tell the other children about the coming Punch and Judy show. This Bunny and Sue did, going to the different houses of their playmates. Everyone thought the idea was just too fine for anything.

"I'll lend you some of my old dresses, Sue, so you can look real funny, like Mrs. Punch," said Sadie.

"And I have a red hat I got at a surprise party," said Helen. "You can have that."

"Thanks," laughed Sue. "Oh, I know we'll have fun."

Harry and Charlie said they would help Bunny.

"But making the box-place, like a little theatre, where Mr. Punch stands, is going to be hard," Harry said, shaking his head.

"I'll get Bunker Blue to help us," said Bunny. "We could ask Uncle Tad, but we don't want any of the folks to know what it is going to be until it's time for the show."

"Oh, Bunker can make the little theatre, all right," Charlie said. "And we can help him."

"George Watson would like to help," suggested Harry. "He has been real nice since he let the frogs loose on us."

"We'll ask him, too," decided Bunny.

Bunker Blue was very glad to help the children build a Punch and Judy show.

"And I won't tell anyone a thing about it," he promised. "We'll keep it for a surprise."

Bunker was just the best one Bunny could have thought of to help. For Bunker worked around Mr. Brown's boats, and could get pieces of wood, boards, nails and sail-cloth, to make a little curtain for the tiny theatre where Bunny would pretend to be Mr. Punch.

The day after Bunny and Sue had thought of the plan to make Aunt Lu not so sad, by giving a little entertainment for her, the children went out in the barn to practise. Their playmates came over to help, though there was not much for them to do, since Bunny and Sue (and more especially Bunny) were to be the "whole show."

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Banker had not yet made the tall, narrow box, inside of which Bunny was to stand, and pretend to be Mr. Punch, but they did not need it for practice.

Bunny and Sue had told their mother they were going to have a “show” out in the barn, but they did not say what kind, nor tell why they wanted it. But they had to say something, so Mrs. Brown would let them play there, and also let them take some of their old clothes, in which to “dress-up.”

“Have as much fun as you like,” said Mrs. Brown, “but don’t slide down in any hens’ nests with eggs in them,” she added to Sue.

“I won’t, Mother.”

Bunny fixed the hollow lobster claw, with a string in a hole on either side of it, so he could tie it on his nose. Bunker bored the holes for him with a knife, and cut the claw so it would fit, and when Bunny put the queer red claw, shaped just like Mr. Punch’s nose, on his face, the little boy was so funny that all his playmates laughed.

Then, too, when Bunny talked, his voice sounded very different from what it did every day. If you will hold your nose in your hand, and talk, you will know just how Bunny’s voice sounded.

“Oh, it’s too funny!” laughed Sadie. “I know it is going to be a lovely show! Your Aunt Lu will be very much surprised.”

When Bunny practised in the barn he did not wear the lobster claw on his nose, except the first time, to see how it looked.

“It’s too hot to wear it all the while,” he said, “and it makes me want to scratch my nose, and when I do that I can’t talk. So I’ll put the claw away, and I’ll only wear it the day of the show.”

Of course Bunny and Sue could not give a Punch and Judy play like the real one, which, perhaps, you have seen. They did not have the wooden figures, like dolls, to use, and they were too small to know all the things the real Mr. Punch says and does.

But Bunny knew some of them, and really, for a little boy, he did very well. At least all his playmates said so.

In a few days Bunker Blue had the little theatre made, and as he brought it up to the Brown barn in a wagon, carefully covered over, no one could see what it was. George Watson had been asked to help, and he had made tickets for the play. The tickets, which George printed with some rubber type, read:

Fine big show

by

Bunny brown and his sister sue

In Their Barn

Five Pins or Five Cents To Come In

Pins Are for Children

please come

"They're fine tickets," said Bunny, when George showed them to him. "I hope we sell a lot."

And several persons did buy them, paying real money for them. Bunny and the others said they were trying to help Old Miss Hollyhock, which was one reason for giving the show. The other was to make Aunt Lu feel more happy. And when the people heard what Bunny and Sue planned to do, they gladly bought one ticket, and some even more. Though not all of them would really go to the show.

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One day Bunny and Sue went down to Mrs. Redden's toy shop. She bought a ticket from them, and Sue and Bunny each bought a penny's worth of candy. Coming out of the store, the children saw an automobile, belonging to Mr. Reinberg, who kept the dry-goods store. He was just getting out of the automobile.

"Oh, Mr. Reinberg, please give us a ride!" begged Bunny.

"All right," answered the store-keeper. "Get in, and I'll give you a ride; that is if your mother will let you go," and he hurried into the post-office, which was near Mrs. Redden's store.

"Get in, Sue," said Bunny. "We'll have a fine ride."

"Oh, but he said if mamma would let us. We'll have to ask her."

"Well, we can ask him to ride us up to our house, and we can tell mamma, there, that we're going," said Bunny. "Then it will be all right."

So he and Sue got in the back part of the automobile, the door of which was open. The children sat up on the seat, waiting for Mr. Reinberg to come out of the post-office, but he stayed there for some time. Bunny and Sue thought it would be fun to sit down in the bottom of the car, and pretend they were in a boat. Down they slipped, making a soft nest for themselves with the robes, or blankets, which they pulled from the seat.

Mr. Reinberg came out of the post-office. He was in such a hurry that he never thought about Bunny and Sue's having asked him for a ride. He just shut the door of the car, took his place at the steering wheel and away he went. He did not see the children sitting down in the bottom, partly covered with the robe. For Bunny and Sue, just then, were pretending that it was night on their make-believe steamer, and they had "gone to bed."

And there they were, being given an automobile ride, and Mr. Reinberg didn't know a thing about it. Wasn't that funny?

CHAPTER XXIV

THE PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW

Bunny Brown and his sister Sue, sitting down in the back part of the automobile, with the blanket around them, got through pretending they were asleep on a make-believe ship, and "woke up."

They had felt the car moving, but they thought nothing of this, for they imagined Mr. Reinberg was taking them to their house so they might ask their mother if they could go for a ride.

Bunny looked at Sue and said:

"It takes this auto a good while to get to our house."

"Yes," Sue agreed, "but maybe he is going around the block to give us a longer ride."

"Oh, maybe! That would be fun!"

Bunny stood up and looked over the side door of the back part of the car. He could not see his house, and, in fact, he could see no houses at all, for they were out on a country road.

"Why! Why!" exclaimed Bunny to his sister. "Look, Sue! We're lost again!"

"Lost?"

"Yes. We're away far off from our house. I don't know where we are; do you?"

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"No," and Sue looked at the road along which they were moving in the automobile. "Oh, Bunny! Are we really lost again?"

Sue spoke so loudly that Mr. Reinberg, who was at the steering wheel, turned around quickly. Up to now Bunny and Sue had talked in such low voices, and the automobile had rattled so loudly, that the dry-goods man had not heard them. But when he did he turned quickly enough.

"Why, bless my heart!" he exclaimed. "You here—Bunny and Sue—in my automobile?" and he made the machine run slowly, so it would not make so much noise. He wanted to hear what Bunny and Sue would say.

"You here?" he asked again. "How in the world did you come here?"

"Why—why," began Bunny, his eyes opening wide. "You said we could have a ride, Mr. Reinberg. Don't you remember?"

"That's so. I do remember something about it," the man said. "I declare, I was so busy thinking about my store, and some post-office letters, that I forgot all about you. But I thought you were to ask your mother if you could have a ride."

"Why—why, we thought you would take us around to our house, in the automobile, so we could ask her," Bunny said.

Mr. Reinberg laughed.

"Well, well!" he cried. "This is a joke! You thought one thing and I thought another. After you spoke to me, and I went in the post-office, I supposed you had run home to ask your folks."

"No," said Bunny, "we didn't. We got in your auto 'cause we thought you wanted us to."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the dry-goods-store man. "This is very funny! And when I came out of the post-office, and didn't see anything of you, I thought your folks wouldn't let you go, as you hadn't come back."

"And we were in your auto all the while!" exclaimed Sue, in such a queer little voice that Mr. Reinberg laughed again.

"And have you been in there ever since?" he asked.

"Yes," Bunny replied. "We were playing steamboat, and we lay down to go to sleep while we went over the make-believe ocean waves. Then, when we woke up, and couldn't see our house—"

“Or any houses,” added Sue.

“Or any houses,” Bunny went on, “why—why, we thought we were—”

“Lost!” exclaimed Sue. “We don’t like to be lost!”

“You’re not lost,” Mr. Reinberg said, laughing again. “You’re quite a way from home, though, for I have been going very fast. But I’ll take care of you. Now let me see what I had better do. I have to go on to Wayville, and I don’t want to turn around and go back with you youngsters. And if I take you with me your folks will worry.

“I know what I’ll do. I’ll telephone back to your mother, tell her that you’re with me, and that I’ll take you to Wayville, and bring you safely back again. How will that do?”

“Will you take us in the auto?” asked Bunny.

“Of course.”

“Oh, what fun!” cried Sue. “We’ll have a ride, after all, Bunny.”

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"Yes," agreed her brother. "Thank you, Mr. Reinberg."

The dry-goods man found a house in which there was a telephone, and he was soon talking to Mrs. Brown in her home. He told her just what had happened; how, almost by accident, he had taken Bunny and Sue off in his automobile. Then he asked if he might give them a longer ride, and bring them home later.

"Your mother says I may," Mr. Reinberg said, when he came back to the automobile, in which Bunny and Sue were waiting. "I'll take you on to Wayville."

"Our Uncle Henry lives there," Bunny told the dry-goods man.

"Well, I don't know that I shall have time to take you to see him, but we'll have a ride."

"We 'most went to Uncle Henry's once," said Sue. "On a trolley car, only Splash couldn't come, and we had to go back and we got lost and—and—"

"Splash found the way home for us," finished Bunny, for Sue was out of breath.

"Well, we won't get lost this time," Mr. Reinberg said. "Now off we go again," and away went the automobile, giving Bunny and Sue a fine ride.

They soon reached Wayville, where Mr. Reinberg went to see some men. Bunny and Sue did not have time to pay a visit to their Uncle Henry, but Mr. Reinberg bought them each an ice cream soda, so they had a fine time after all. Then came a nice ride home.

"Well, well!" cried Mrs. Brown, when Bunny and Sue, their cheeks red from the wind, came running up the front walk. "Well! well! But you youngsters do have the funniest things happen to you! To think of being taken away in an automobile!"

"But we didn't mean to, Mamma," protested Bunny.

"No, you never do," said Aunt Lu, smiling.

"Oh, Bunny!" Sue exclaimed a little later that day, "we didn't sell any tickets for the Punch and Judy show."

"Well, never mind," answered Bunny. "I guess enough will come anyhow."

You see he and Sue had such a good time on the automobile ride that they forgot all about the tickets they had set out to sell.

In three days more the Punch and Judy show would be held in the Brown barn. Everything was ready for it, Bunny had gone over his part again and again until he did

very well indeed. Sue, also, was very, very good in what she did, so the other girls said. Sadie West, who was older, helped Sue.

By this time, of course, the grown folks knew that some sort of a show was going on in the Brown barn, and they had promised to come. And there were so many children who wanted to see what it was going to be like that Bunny and Sue did not know where they were all going to sit.

“And oh! what a lot of pins we’ll have,” said Sue, for all the children paid pins for their tickets.

But Bunker Blue and George Watson made seats by putting boards across some boxes, so no one would have to stand up.

Then came the day of the show. Bunny was dressed up in some old clothes, and so was Sue. She did not put hers on, though, until after she had helped take tickets, and sell them, at the barn door. Then Bunker Blue took her place, and Sue dressed to help Bunny.

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Bunny was inside the little theatre that Bunker had made. It had a curtain that opened when Bunny pulled the string. He had his funny lobster claw with him.

“And am I to come in for nothing?” asked Aunt Lu, as she walked into the barn.

“Yes,” said Bunny, putting his head out between the curtains, for he was not all dressed yet. “The show is for you, Aunt Lu. So you will not feel so sad.”

“About your lost diamond ring,” added Sue.

“Bless your hearts! What dear children you are!” said Aunt Lu, and something glistened in her eyes as bright as a diamond—perhaps it was a tear—but if so it was a tear of joy.

“All ready for the show now!” cried Bunker. “Please all sit down!”

Down they sat on the benches, some men and some ladies, but mostly children, friends of Bunny and Sue.

“Are you all ready, Bunny?” asked Bunker, going close to the little theatre.

“Yes, I’m all ready.”

“Have you got your lobster claw on?”

“Yes. I’m going to open the curtain now.”

The curtain opened in the middle, and there stood Bunny. You could only see down to his waist, but such a funny face as he had! The lobster claw, tied over his nose, made him look exactly like the pictures of Mr. Punch.

Bunny made a bow, and then, instead of saying some of the funny things that Mr. Punch in the show always says, Bunny sang a little song, while Bunker Blue played on a mouth organ. This is what Bunny sang:

“This little show is for Aunt Lu.
Of course we’re glad of others, too.
We want to cheer, and make her glad,
So she won’t feel so very sad.
We hope she finds her diamond ring,
And this is all that I can sing!”

That was what Bunny sang, in his queer, “nosey” voice, to a queer little tune that Bunker played on the mouth organ. And, when Bunny had finished, he made a funny little bow, and said:

"I didn't make up that song. Bunker did!"

Then how everybody clapped their hands, and George Watson called out:

"Three cheers for Bunker Blue!"

Then began the real Punch and Judy show—that is, as much of it as Bunny and Sue could manage.

"I wonder where Mrs. Punch is?" asked Bunny, twisting his head around.

"Here I is!" cried Sue, and up she popped. She had been stooping down so she would not be seen until just the right time.

"And where is the baby?" asked Mr. Punch, looking first on one side and then the other, of his big lobster claw nose.

"Here she is!" and Sue held up one of her old dolls.

"Ah, ha! Ah, ha!" said Mr. Punch. "She is a bad baby, and I am going to whip her!"

And then, with a stick, he hit the doll until some of the sawdust came flying out.

"Don't do that!" begged Sue. "You mustn't spoil my doll, Bunny!"

"I've got to do it," said Bunny in a whisper. "I have to, Sue, it's part of the show." But Sue took her doll away from her brother.

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CHAPTER XXV

THE LOBSTER CLAW

"Don't, Sue, don't!" begged Bunny Brown. "I must have the doll. You said I could take her," and he tried to pull the doll away from his sister.

But Sue did not want to give up even an old doll.

"You mustn't knock out all her sawdust," she said. "She'll get sick."

Bunny did not know what to do. It seemed as if his Punch and Judy show would be spoiled, and he did so want to make Aunt Lu feel jolly about it.

Sue had really said, at first, that he could beat her old doll with a stick, just as Mr. Punch does in the real show, but now Sue had changed her mind.

"Oh, dear!" said Bunny, and he said it in such a funny way that everyone laughed again.

"Let him take your doll, Sue dear," said her mother, from where she sat on a box in the barn. "If he spoils it I will get you a new one. It's only in fun, Sue," for Mrs. Brown did not want to see Bunny disappointed.

"All right. You can take her, but don't hit her too hard," said Sue.

"I won't," promised her brother. And then the little show went on.

Mr. and Mrs. Punch had great times with the "baby," which was the sawdust doll. Then Sue stooped down, out of sight, and turned herself into a make-believe policeman, by putting on a hat, made out of black paper, with a golden star pasted on in front. George Watson had made that for her. Up popped Sue, the pretend policeman, to make Mr. Punch stop hitting the sawdust doll baby.

"Go 'way! Go 'way!" cried Bunny Punch, in his squeaky voice, as he tossed the doll out on the barn floor. "That's the way to do it! That's the way I do it!"

Then Sue sang a little song, that Bunker had made up for her, and he played the mouth organ. And next Bunny and Sue sang together. The children thought it was fine, and the grown folks clapped their hands, and stamped with their feet, which is what people do in a real theatre when they like the play.

When Bunny and Sue made their bow, after singing the song together, they both bobbed out of sight behind the curtain.

“Is that—is that all?” asked Tommie Tracy, in his shrill little voice, from where he sat in the front row.

“Yep. That’s all,” answered Bunny. “The show is over, and we hope you all like it; ‘specially Aunt Lu.”

“Oh, I just loved it,” she answered. “And to think you got it all up for me! It was just fine!”

“Do it all over again!” said Tommie. “I liked it too, but I want some more. Do it again, Bunny!”

“I—I can’t,” Bunny answered, as he came out from inside the box that Bunker Blue had made into a theatre. Bunny had taken off his lobster claw nose, and held it dangling from the strings by which it had been tied around his head.

Suddenly one of the planks, across two boxes, broke, and some of the boys, who had been sitting on it, fell down in a heap. But no one was hurt.

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Then all the children crowded around Bunny and Sue to look at the funny things the two children were wearing—old clothes, pinned up, and with make-believe patches on them.

“Let me take your funny nose, Bunny,” begged Charlie Star. “I want to see how it looks on me.”

Bunny handed over the lobster claw, but it dropped to the barn floor, and before either he or Charlie could pick it up, some one had stepped on it.

“Crack!” it went, for it was made of thin shell, not very strong. And there it lay in pieces on the floor.

“Oh, dear” cried Charlie. “I’ve broken your nose, Bunny!”

“Well, I’m glad it wasn’t my real one,” and Bunny put his hand up to his face, while Charlie stooped over to pick up the pieces of the lobster claw, hoping there was enough left to make a little nose for the next time.

And then suddenly Bunny, who was watching Charlie, gave a cry, and reached for something that glittered among the pieces of the red lobster claw.

“Oh, look! look!” fairly shouted the little fellow. “It’s Aunt Lu’s diamond ring. It was in the lobster claw, and it came out when the claw broke. Oh, Aunt Lu! I’ve found your diamond ring!”

Aunt Lu fairly rushed over to Bunny. She took from his hand the shiny, glittering thing he had picked up from the barn floor.

“Yes, it *is* my lost diamond ring!” she cried. “Oh, where was it?”

“Down inside the lobster claw, that I had on my nose,” Bunny said. “Only I didn’t know it was there.”

“And no one would have known it if it had not broken,” said Mrs. Brown. “How lucky to have found it.”

Aunt Lu slipped the diamond ring on her finger. It glittered brighter than ever.

“I see how it all happened,” she said. “That day when I was helping pick the meat out of the big lobster, my ring must have slipped from my hand, and fallen down inside the empty claw. It went away down to the small end, and there it was held fast, just as Bunny’s foot was caught in the hollow tree one day.”

“Are you glad, Aunt Lu?” asked Bunny.

“Glad? I’m more glad than I ever was in my life!” and she hugged and kissed him, and Sue also.

And everyone was glad Aunt Lu had found her ring. The show was over now, and the children and grown folks went out of the barn. They all said they had had a fine time.

That night Aunt Lu gave Bunny and Sue each a dollar, for she said Sue had done as much to find the ring as Bunny had.

“Oh, what a lot of money!” cried Sue, as she looked at her dollar. “We’re rich now; aren’t we, Bunny? As rich as Old Miss Hollyhock?”

“We’re richer!” answered Bunny.

“Well, save some of your money, and when you come to New York to visit me you can spend part of it in the city,” said Aunt Lu.

“We will,” promised Bunny Brown and his sister Sue.

But, before they visited Aunt Lu, the two children had other adventures. I will be glad to tell you about them in the next book, which will be named: “Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue on Grandpa’s Farm.” In that you may read what the two children did in the country, how they had a long automobile ride, and how they saw the Gypsies.

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Aunt Lu went home the day after the Punch and Judy show.

“Did you like it?” asked Bunny, as she kissed him and Sue good-bye at the station.

“Indeed I did, my dear!” she answered.

“I said we’d find your diamond ring, and we did,” declared Sue.

“Yes,” agreed Bunny, “but we didn’t know it was in the lobster’s claw.”

“No one would ever have dreamed of its being there,” said Aunt Lu. “But oh! I am so glad I have it!”

And then, with the diamond ring sparkling on her finger, Aunt Lu got on the train and rode away, waving a good-bye to Bunny Brown and his sister Sue. And we will say good-bye, too.

THE END