

UNCLE WIGGILY'S RHEUMATISM

UNCLE WIGGILY
SERIES



by
Howard R. Garis



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UNCLE WIGGILY'S RHEUMATISM



THE FAMOUS UNCLE WIGGILY BEDTIME STORIES

UNCLE WIGGILY'S
RHEUMATISM

By

HOWARD R. GARIS

*"Author of the "Uncle Wiggily Bedtime Stories,"
"The Daddy Books,"
"Circus Animal Stories," Etc.*

Illustrated by

EDWARD BLOOMFIELD

Publishers

A. L. BURT COMPANY
NEW YORK

C1920

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UNCLE WIGGILY'S RHEUMATISM

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CONTENTS



CHAPTER	PAGE
I. Uncle Wiggily and the Lemonade.....	9
II. Uncle Wiggily and the Apple Dumpling.....	18
III. Uncle Wiggily Helps Dr. Possum.....	27
IV. Uncle Wiggily and Charlie Chick.....	36
V. Uncle Wiggily and Arabella Chick.....	44
VI. Uncle Wiggily and the School Bell.....	53
VII. Uncle Wiggily and Charlie's Auto.....	61
VIII. Uncle Wiggily and the Barber.....	70
IX. Uncle Wiggily and the Thimble.....	79
X. Uncle Wiggily and the Valentines.....	87
XI. Uncle Wiggily and the Sawdust Doll.....	96
XII. Uncle Wiggily Learns to Dance.....	103
XIII. Uncle Wiggily Does a Flip-Flop.....	110
XIV. Uncle Wiggily Helps Charlie Chick.....	118
XV. Uncle Wiggily in a Trap.....	125
XVI. Uncle Wiggily and the Rocking Horse.....	132
XVII. Uncle Wiggily and the Ball of Yarn.....	138
XVIII. Uncle Wiggily at a Fire.....	145
XIX. Uncle Wiggily and the Wagon Sleds.....	152
XX. Uncle Wiggily Finds Sammie.....	158
XXI. Uncle Wiggily and the Butterfly.....	165
XXII. Uncle Wiggily and the Slipping Horsie.....	172
XXIII. Uncle Wiggily and the March Wind.....	179
XXIV. Uncle Wiggily and the Snow Plow.....	186
XXV. Uncle Wiggily and Mrs. Chick.....	193
XXVI. Uncle Wiggily and the Little Chickies.....	200

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Uncle Wiggily's Rheumatism

CHAPTER I

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE LEMONADE

ONCE upon a time, a few days after Uncle Wiggily Longears and the lively lobster had escaped from the bad Sand Hoppers, the old rabbit gentleman sat in his hollow stump bungalow, looking at his left leg.

"Well, what is the matter now?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, who kept house for Uncle Wiggily. "Can't you get your shoes on?"

"Oh yes, it isn't that," he answered with a sigh, as he brushed a cobweb from his tall silk hat. "It's the rheumatism again, Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy!"

"My goodness me sakes alive! and some peanut pan-cakes!" exclaimed the muskrat lady. "That's too bad! I thought you lost your rheumatism when you went for a sail

across the duck pond ocean, and around the world with Grandfather Goosey Gander.”

“Well, I did lose part of my rheumatism then,” said Uncle Wiggily. “But—Ouch! Ouch! Oh my!” he suddenly exclaimed.

“What’s the matter?” asked Nurse Jane. “A pain?”

“A bad pain,” replied the rabbit gentleman, as he tied both his ears in a hard knot.

“Perhaps if I rub some peppermint candy on your leg it will make you feel better,” the muskrat lady kindly said.

“No, thank you,” went on Uncle Wiggily. “The pain is better now. Save the peppermint candy for Sammie or Susie Littletail, or for one of the Bushytail squirrel boys. I thought I had gotten rid of my rheumatism on my trip around the world, but some one must have found where I lost the pain, and sent some of it back to me.

“I suppose they meant to be kind,” Uncle Wiggily went on, making his nose twinkle like a star on a Christmas tree, “but I really didn’t care to have my rheumatism back.

“However I know what I’ll do. I’ll go for a walk out in the hot sun. Warmth is good for pain they say. I’ll take a warm walk and see what happens.”

“Do,” said Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, and so Uncle Wiggily started to take a hop through the hot city streets, near the wood where he lived with the other animal folk.

“Perhaps living in the damp woods gave me the rheumatism,” said Uncle Wiggily to himself. “I must try what the hot city will do for me.”

So he walked on, thinking of many things, and wondering how his friend Grandfather Goosey Gander was getting on, and how Sammie and Susie Littletail were, and Jimmie Wibblewobble, and also the duck sisters, when, all at once, the rabbit gentleman came to a street where there was not a bit of shade. Not a tree grew on it.

“My!” he exclaimed, “it will be very hot to walk along here. I wish I had thought to bring a cabbage leaf to put in my tall hat!”

But he had none, and not even an umbrella, and he knew that if he wanted to see Sammie Littletail, or any of his other friends, he must walk along that hot street for some distance until he got out into the cooler part of the town, where the rabbit boy lived.

“Well, it is no worse for me than for the poor people, who can’t get away from the hot city,”

spoke Uncle Wiggily. "I will hop along, and maybe I will meet with an adventure."

So he hopped on, and it kept getting hotter and hotter, until at last the pavements were so blistering that I verily believe that if you had dropped an egg on one of the smooth stones the shell would have broken, and the egg would have been fried as well as if it had been cooked on the gas stove.

"My! My!" exclaimed the rabbit gentleman. "This is fierce, if you will kindly allow me to make use of that expression."

He looked around, hoping he might see a polar bear gentleman selling ice cream cones, but he could see none. He did see, however, a little stand, with a striped awning over it, and underneath this was a nice old dog gentleman, selling lemonade. And the lemonade-dog sang this little song:

"Lemonade, oh lemonade!
Lots of ice, and in the shade,
Nice and cool, made in a pail,
I have lemonade for sale,
Lemonade, oh lemonade!
Lots of ice, and in the shade!"

“ Ah, ha! ” exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. “ That sounds most refreshing. I think I will have a large glassful of lemonade.”

So he went up to where the dog gentleman was sitting beneath the striped awning, Uncle Wiggily did, and he said:

“ One of your best glasses of lemonade in the shade, if you please.”

“ Of course! ” exclaimed the dog gentleman briskly, wagging his tail to make a breeze. “ This lemonade is——”

Then he stopped suddenly and exclaimed:

“ Well, of all the bow-wows I ever barked! ”

“ What’s the matter? ” asked Uncle Wiggily, curiously.

“ Why, if it isn’t my dear old friend, Uncle Wiggily Longears! ” exclaimed the lemonade dog. “ Who would have believed it? ”

“ What’s that? ” cried the rabbit gentleman. “ Well, if you aren’t Old Percival, the circus dog! ”

“ Of course I am,” was the answer. “ I learned how to make pink lemonade when I was traveling with the circus, and, now that I am in the hot city, I make it and sell it. But I never thought to see you here. What is going on? ”

So the rabbit gentleman told how he had come

back from his trip with Grandfather Goosey Gander, and Percival said:

“One minute. I’ll just go in the house, for I live right back of my lemonade stand, and I’ll get you some cake to eat while you sip your cool drink. Of course, the cakes are only dog biscuit, but you may like them.”

“Indeed I shall,” spoke Uncle Wiggily, so Percival went in the house to get them. But when he got there he found, not exactly the cupboard bare, but he found that there were no cakes left, so he hurried off to the bakery to buy some for Uncle Wiggily, and he didn’t tell the rabbit gentleman where he was going, but he just hurried out the back door, to be polite and stylish.

So Uncle Wiggily sat down under the lemonade awning to wait for Percival to come back with the dog biscuit, and to pour out a cool glassful of the sweet-sour stuff. And the rabbit gentleman just thought while he was waiting that he would look in the big pail of lemonade to see how it was made.

Taking off the cover, Uncle Wiggily leaned over to look in, when, all at once, something dreadful happened.

“Now we’ve got him! Now we have him!” suddenly exclaimed a voice, and up rushed the

two bad Sand Hoppers. One of them grabbed the lemonade pail cover away from Uncle Wiggily and the other pushed him in the pail of lemonade and clapped the cover on.

“Now we have him!” the Sand Hoppers cried. “We’ll keep him in the lemonade and then he can’t get away from us!”

Well, of course Old Dog Percival was not there to help, and there was no one else on the street then, because it was so hot, and it did seem as if this was the last of Uncle Wiggily. For he was in the lemonade pail with the cover held tightly on and the Sand Hoppers were sitting a-top of it to hold it down.

“Let me out! Oh, let me out!” cried Uncle Wiggily in a lemonady, smothery voice. “Please let me out!”

“Never!” cried the bad Sand Hoppers. “You shall not escape us again!”

“Oh, help! Will no one help me?” begged the rabbit gentleman.

“Of course some one will!” suddenly shouted a voice. “Come on, every one! Help dear Uncle Wiggily!”

And up rushed a brave little mousie girl and her brother and sister, and a clever doggie boy,

and a scratchy kittie cat girl. Right at those two bad Sand Hoppers they bravely rushed.

“Tip 'em over! Pinch their tails. Throw ice and salt on 'em!” cried the big mousie girl, and she and her friends just ran right at the two bad Sand Hoppers. The unpleasant animals tried to sit fast on the cover of the lemonade pail, to keep Uncle Wiggily there, but the animal children were too much for them.

Over went the pail of lemonade with a splash, and out popped Uncle Wiggily, only just in time, for his breath was almost gone. And as for those bad Sand Hoppers, their tails were pinched, and they got ice and salt in their eyes, and their fuzzy fur was all wet, and then they were glad to run off and leave Uncle Wiggily alone, at least for a time.

And then Percival came back with the dog biscuit, and he was very sorry for what had happened to Uncle Wiggily. So he made more lemonade and gave all the nice animal children as much as they could drink; cold and sweet it was, too.

Then, when Uncle Wiggily had dried himself off on the hot street, he also drank some lemonade, and thanked the mousie girl and her friends for saving him.

“ Well, do you think your rheumatism is any better? ” asked old dog Percival of Uncle Wiggily, when there was no more lemonade to drink.

“ Yes, I think it is a little better, ” replied the rabbit gentleman. “ Whether it was being scared by the bad Sand Hoppers, or because of the hot city streets, or perhaps because of your nice lemonade I can’t say, but I am somewhat better. ”

“ And I hope you will keep on getting better, ” said old dog Percival.

“ Thank you, ” spoke Uncle Wiggily politely.

Then the rabbit gentleman hopped on back to his hollow stump bungalow, glad that he had escaped from the Sand Hoppers, and also feeling happy because he had had a chance to be kind to some animal children.

And in the chapter after this, if the jumping Jack doesn’t stumble over the pudding stick, and fall into the custard pie, I’ll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the apple dumpling.

CHAPTER II

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE APPLE DUMPLING

NURSE JANE FUZZY WUZZY, the kind muskrat lady who lived with Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, and looked after his rheumatism, was out in the kitchen of the hollow stump bungalow. She was clattering away with the pots and pans and kettles, now and then putting some ice in the stove to make the fire hotter, and all the while she was singing away like this:

“ Merrily to-day I bake,
Perhaps 'twill be a chocolate cake.
Or e'en a pudding—who can tell?
Uncle Wiggily likes them well.
Puddings, pies—I both can bake;
New, let's see; what shall I make? ”

“ Well, my goodness me, sakes alive and some chocolate drops! ” exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, who was reading the paper in the parlor. “ Nurse Jane is certainly good to me.”

Then he happened to think to himself.

“ I’ll just go out there on the tip ends of my paws and see what she is really baking. Then I’ll know what I’m going to have for supper.”

So the rabbit gentleman whose rheumatism was a little better that day, went softly out toward the kitchen, where Nurse Jane was as busy as could be. Every once in a while she would sing a verse or two of that song, and then she’d beat a tatty-tat-too tune on the bottom of the dishpan with the end of her tail. Oh! Nurse Jane was as happy as the longest day in June, and those days are always the longest we have, you know.

“ Oh, my! Something smells most delicious! ” exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, as he came nearer the kitchen. And, really, something did smell so nicely that Uncle Wiggily’s whiskers flopped up and down like the puppy dog’s tail when he’s running after a bone.

“ Boo! ” all of a sudden Uncle Wiggily cried as he jumped out from behind the kitchen door. “ Boo! Boo! ”

“ Mercy sakes alive! How you frightened me! ” exclaimed Nurse Jane sitting down in a chair and fanning herself with the feather duster. “ Oh, Uncle Wiggily! ”

“ I didn’t mean to scare you, ” said the rabbit

gentleman kindly. "Pray forgive me. But what are you making that smells so nicely, Nurse Jane?"

"An apple dumpling," said she.

"Apple dumpling? Seems to me I've heard of them," said Uncle Wiggily with a smile.

"I'm sure you have—and eaten them, too," answered Nurse Jane with a laugh.

"They are not made with turnips, are they?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"The very idea! Certainly not!" cried the muskrat lady. "They are made of apples and sugar and flour and water and cinnamon, and spice and everything nice."

"Good!" cried Uncle Wiggily.

"Oh, mercy me!" exclaimed Nurse Jane, suddenly jumping up. "Oh, my goodness!"

"What's the matter?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "I hope I have not frightened you again, Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy."

"No, indeed!" she said, opening the oven door. "But I thought I smelled the apple dumplings burning. No, they're all right," she said, and she lifted from the oven two of the nicest apple dumplings you could ever imagine, even at Christmas time. They were all puffed up, and steaming, and there was just the right

amount of apple in them, and not a bit more, and just exactly the right amount of sugar in them, and not a bit more, and just exactly the right amount of spice in them, and not a bit more.

“What!” cried Uncle Wiggily, looking through his spectacles. “Two apple dumplings! Indeed this is a lucky day for me!” he exclaimed. “This is fine!”

“Oh, please don’t be so hasty,” begged Nurse Jane, as she began to mix up the cabbage sauce to pour over the dumplings. “Only one is for you, Uncle Wiggily. I made the other for Grandfather Goosey Gander, and, if you like, you may take it right over to him. I’ll put it in a pail, and cover it up, so it will keep hot a long time. Then you may take it in your automobile.”

“I’ll do so, at once!” said Uncle Wiggily. “And when I come back I’ll eat my apple dumpling. Oh, what a lovely day it is!”

Really it wasn’t such a nice day, for it was cold and snowing hard, but it seemed nice to Uncle Wiggily on account of the apple dumpling, you see.

Well, Nurse Jane soon had placed one of the apple dumplings in a pail, where it could cuddle

up all by itself and keep hot, and a little later Uncle Wiggily drove his automobile around to the front door. Into the machine he got, and, with the apple dumpling pail under a blanket, away he started over the hills and through the woods, to where Grandfather Goosey Gander, the goose gentleman, lived.

The old gentleman rabbit had not gone on very far before he came to a lonesome part of the woods. He was hurrying through this as fast as he could go, for he thought maybe some bad dogs might be there, and chase him, when, all at once, he came to a little stump house.

It was a house made in a hollow stump, such as many animals live in, but it was a very poor and shabby sort of house. The windows were stuffed with bits of rags and papers, instead of having glass in them. The door hung by only one hinge, and there was no smoke coming out of the chimney.

“Some poor animals must live in there,” said Uncle Wiggily to himself. “It must be cold in there, too, on a day like this. I wonder if I could help them?”

Then he heard, from the hollow stump house, a sad little voice, crying:

“Oh, mamma, I’m so cold and hungry!”

And another little voice said:

“ Oh, mamma, if I could only get warm, and have something nice to eat. Even a dried crust of nut-bread would do.”

Then a third voice said:

“ You poor little dears! I don't know what to do. There isn't a nut in the stump, and not so much as a piece of birch bark to make a fire. I am so sorry for you!”

“ Ha!” exclaimed Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, blinking his eyes. “ This is where I must do something,” and something fell out of his eye and fell down on his twinkling nose—something glistening like a rain drop, only it wasn't. Maybe Uncle Wiggily was crying—I'm not saying for sure, you know; but maybe.

Anyhow, he got softly out of his automobile, and went still more softly up to one of the broken windows of the stump house. He looked in, and he saw a poor old squirrel lady, and her two little squirrel children. And, oh! how hungry they looked. And how cold! The cupboard door was open and that cupboard was just as bare as the one Mother Hubbard went to to get her poor dog a bone.

“ Ha! I'll soon fix this!” cried Uncle Wig-

gily. Back to his auto he went so fast that he hardly needed his rheumatism cornstalk crutch. He caught up the pail with the hot apple dumping in it, and into the stump house he went on the jump.

“There!” he cried. “Little squirrels—there is something to make you warm. Just gather around it, and toast your tootsies! I’ll soon have a regular fire here, and you’ll be all right, but get warm at this pail, first.”

“What a strange thing—a fire in a pail,” said the squirrel lady. “How funny.”

“Wait until you see what else is in the pail—that will be more wonderful,” said Uncle Wiggily, his nose twinkling like two stars on a frosty night. “Gather ’round and get warm.”

And the squirrel mamma, and the little cold squirrel children, did so, looking at Uncle Wiggily with strange eyes, as though they thought he was a fairy and might vanish up the chimney, taking the nice pail with him.

But nothing like that happened. And, oh! what a lovely heat the pail gave out. Soon the mamma squirrel and the little ones were as warm as breakfast toast. Then the littlest squirrel whispered:

“ Oh mamma, if we only had something to eat now, we would be so happy! ”

“ Hush! ” said her mamma softly.

“ No need at all to hush! ” cried Uncle Wiggily, gaily. “ Here you are! Something to eat as well as to get warm with! ”

He took the cover off the pail, and, oh! what a delicious smell came out from the apple dumpling.

“ There you are! ” cried the old rabbit gentleman. “ Eat all you like. It can't hurt you! ”

And I wish you could have seen those squirrel children and their mamma eat! No, on second thoughts I do not, for it would have made you want some of that apple dumpling, and there was not enough for all of you.

And while the poor squirrels, who were now warm, were eating the dumpling, Uncle Wiggily went to the store in his auto, and he bought coal for the stove and lots of things for the squirrel family to eat, so they were never cold or hungry again. Then Uncle Wiggily went home.

“ Where's that other apple dumpling? ” he asked Nurse Jane. “ I want to take it to Grandfather Goosey. ”

“Why!” cried the muskrat lady. “I gave it to you! Did you lose it?”

“Never mind what happened to it!” laughed Uncle Wiggily. “I’ll just take this one to him, and you can make me another,” and off he went with the second apple dumpling. This one he really took to Grandpa Goosey.

“Well, isn’t he the queerest rabbit gentleman you ever saw?” exclaimed Nurse Jane, as she started to make more good things for Uncle Wiggily to eat. “I wonder what he did with that first apple dumpling?”

But don’t you ever tell; will you?

And, in the next chapter, if the loaf of bread doesn’t get the toothache and jump out of the oven into the dishpan I’ll tell you about Uncle Wiggily helping Dr. Possum.

CHAPTER III

UNCLE WIGGILY HELPS DR. POSSUM

UNCLE WIGGILY LONGEARS, the rabbit gentleman, put on his long fur coat, wrapped a muffler around his neck, and, drawing on his red mittens, which Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, had knit for him, he started out to the barn where his automobile slept.

“Where are you going this time?” asked Nurse Jane, as she stood on her head in the kitchen door, drying a breakfast plate by fanning it with her tail.

“Oh, just out for a little ride,” answered Uncle Wiggily. “Perhaps I may find an adventure on the road.”

“Yes, and perhaps you may find some poor cold and starving family of squirrels and chickens,” said Nurse Jane. “Do you want a nice warm rice pudding to take along with you?”

“Indeed, that would be very nice!” exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. “I’ll put the hot rice pudding

in my auto, as I did the hot apple dumpling the other day, and if I find any one who is cold I will let them warm their paws, and then eat the pudding.”

You know I told you, in the story before this one, how the rabbit gentleman did that to a poor family of squirrels, only it was an apple dumpling instead of a rice pudding.

Soon Nurse Jane had the pudding ready, and, putting it in a pail, with a cover on so it would not spill, she gave it to Uncle Wiggily. Then he called “giddap” to his auto, tickled the what-you-may-call-it with a feather duster, and away he went over the hills and through the woods as fast as anything.

Well, he hadn't gone very far before he came to a nice little house, made of birch bark, with Christmas tree trimmings. And no sooner had the rabbit gentleman reached this house than he heard some one inside calling out:

“Oh, this is too bad! Really this is dreadful! I don't know what I am going to do! Oh, if some one would only help me!”

“My!” exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. “Trouble again! I seem always to be finding trouble. I wonder what can have happened here? I'll go see.”

He stopped his auto and went to the front door of the birch bark house. Some one inside kept on saying:

“ Oh, it’s too bad! What am I to do? And Tommie Kat so ill, too! Oh, this is very sad! ”

“ Come, come! ” thought Uncle Wiggily. “ This is strange. Tommie Kat does not live here, and it does not look like a house where any poor, cold and starving animals would live. I wonder if this is a trap to catch me? ”

Then he looked at the door plate, and he read the name:

DR. POSSUM.

“ Oh, I see! ” exclaimed the rabbit gentleman. “ This is Dr. Possum’s new house. He must have just moved into it, and something has happened. I’ll see what it is. ”

So Uncle Wiggily went inside the birch bark house, all trimmed with Christmas trees, and there he saw Dr. Possum sitting in a big chair. And Dr. Possum was all tied up in bandages, and he had a whole lot of medicines in bottles on a table in front of him, and he was saying over and over again:

“ Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! ”

“Why, whatever is the matter?” asked Uncle Wiggily, anxiously.

“Oh, everything!” replied Dr. Possum. “You see, I moved in my new house yesterday, and when I was fixing my stove the pipe fell on me. And I’m all cut and bruised and lame. I can’t go out to see any sick animals, and here comes a telephone call just now, saying that Tommie Kat, the kitten boy, is very ill. I can’t go to attend him, and I don’t know what to do. Oh, dear!”

“Well, it is too bad when a doctor himself is taken ill,” spoke Uncle Wiggily, “especially when sick kittie boys need him, and there is no one else to go. Let me see now! What can I do? Ha! I have it, I’ll go in your place, Dr. Possum.”

“You’ll go in my place?”

“Yes, I think I can help Tommie. You can give me the medicine, and I can feel to see if his nose is hot, which means he has a fever, and then I’ll give him something cooling. Yes, for this once, let me be the doctor. Will that help you any?”

“Indeed it will,” answered Dr. Possum. “And I think, you can do as well as I. Now let

me see, I'll tell you about the different kinds of medicines for sick cats.

"Here are some green pills," went on Dr. Possum, as he gave Uncle Wiggily a bottle full, "and some pink ones and some yellow ones and some purple ones——"

"Gracious!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "Has Tommie Kat got to take all those? He might as well swallow a rainbow!"

"Oh, no, but you have to take all the different pills with you. In case he has the toothache give Tommie a green pill. But if he has a pain in his tail, give him a pink one. Then, in case he has cold ears, a yellow pill must be given. But if you find his eyes blinking too fast, let him swallow one of these red powders. On the other hand, if his paws are trembling he will need a black and white spotted pill. Do you think you can remember all that?"

"Oh, yes," answered Uncle Wiggily. "Give me all those medicines, and I'll hurry off to make Tommie better. I am glad I can help you, Dr. Possum, though I hope you yourself will soon be well, for I am not used to being a doctor."

"Indeed, you are very kind to help me," spoke Dr. Possum, as he rubbed a little salve on the sore place where the stove pipe had struck him.

So Uncle Wiggily started off again in his auto, taking Dr. Possum's medicines with him to make Tommie Kat better. Soon the rabbit gentleman arrived at the Kat house.

"Oh, have you seen Dr. Possum anywhere?" cried Kittie Kat, running out of the front door to meet Uncle Wiggily. "We have telephoned for him to come to Tommie, but he hasn't come, and——"

"Calm yourself, and have no fears, little one," said Uncle Wiggily, kindly. "I have come in Dr. Possum's place. He is all bruised by the stove pipe falling on him, so I am going to be the doctor."

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Kittie Kat, jumping up and down on the end of her tail, and clapping her paws. "Tommie! Tommie!" she cried to her brother, "Uncle Wiggily has come to doctor you."

"Well, then I wish he'd hurry up," sadly said Tommie, "for I feel very badly. Boo-hoo!"

Into the house went Uncle Wiggily—or, maybe I should call him Dr. Wiggily just this once.

"Well, Tommie, my boy, how are you?" he asked.

“Awful sick,” said Tommie in a hoarse voice. “Terrible!”

Dr. Uncle Wiggily felt of Tommie’s nose. It was quite warm. His paws were also trembling, and his tail was twitching. Also his eyes blinked as fast as a rubber doll’s when she bounces out of the bath tub.

“Have you any pain?” asked Dr. Uncle Wiggily.

“Oh, I’ve got pains all over!” answered Tommie, rolling his eyes. “All over I have pains!”

“Hum! That is very bad,” thought Dr. Uncle Wiggily. “Dr. Possum gave me no medicine for pains all over. What shall I do?” He looked at the pink pills, and at the green ones, and at the purple ones, and at the yellow-striped and pink-dotted ones, and at the red powder. But none of them seemed to be intended for pains all over. Then Uncle Wiggily knew how hard it was to be a doctor, and to have to guess what medicines are best to give.

“I wish I knew what to do,” thought the rabbit gentleman. “I may give the wrong medicine. Well, I’ve got to do something, anyhow. I know! I’ll give Tommie some of the

rice pudding, making believe that is medicine, tell him a fairy story, and see how that works.”

Out went Dr. Uncle Wiggily to his auto, and got the rice pudding, which was still hot.

“Here, Tommie,” he said, “is a new kind of medicine, very nice to take. And when you are taking it I’ll tell you a story.”

“Oh, may we listen?” begged Kittie and Joie, Kat.

“Yes,” said Uncle Wiggily, “and you may also have some of the medicine.”

“Oh, we don’t want that!” cried Kittie, making a funny face. But when they saw how Tommie liked the rice pudding medicine the two kitten girls begged for some, and they both said it was very nice.

“I feel better already,” cried Tommie, and really his nose was cooler, and his eyes didn’t blink so fast. “I guess I was only hungry instead of being sick,” he went on.

Then Uncle Wiggily told a story about a little boy who went coasting down hill and fell into a fairy cave where he had bread and honey for breakfast. And it was such an interesting story that Tommie didn’t think at all about being ill. And then Uncle Wiggily put a sleepy-sleepy-sleepy part in the story, and in about ten blinks

Tommie was fast asleep, and when he awakened he was all well. The rice pudding medicine had cured him.

“Well, well!” exclaimed Dr. Possum when he heard Uncle Wiggily tell about Tommie’s case. “I guess your medicine was better than all my pink, yellow and green pills. I’ll try some myself.”

So Nurse Jane made a rice pudding for Dr. Possum, and soon he was well, and could look after the sick animals himself.

So no more now, if you please, but if the rag doll’s umbrella doesn’t go out in the rain and get a pain in its ribs, I’ll tell you, in the following chapter, about Uncle Wiggily and Charlie Chick.

CHAPTER IV

UNCLE WIGGILY AND CHARLIE CHICK

ONE day, oh, I guess maybe it was about a week after Uncle Wiggily had cured sick Tommie Kat by giving him the rice pudding medicine, the rabbit gentleman laid aside the paper he was reading, wiped his spectacles off on his left ear, and said:

“Well, I think I will go out for a little ride. It is a nice day, even if it is cold, and I might have an adventure. Who knows?”

“If you are going out,” said Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, who kept house for the old gentleman rabbit, “if you are going out, Wiggie, you might stop at the drug store and get me some court plaster.”

“Court plaster! Why do you want that?” he asked her, curious-like.

“Because I have a scratch on the end of my tail,” the muskrat lady answered, “and if I put some court plaster on it I can keep out the dust, and my scratch will get well more quickly.”

“Very good! I’ll get you some,” promised Uncle Wiggily.

Of he started in his auto and soon he was at the drug store. Nothing much happened on the way except that Uncle Wiggily saw some cold and hungry little birds trying to get for themselves something to eat under the snow, but they could find nothing. So the rabbit gentleman bought them some cookie crumbs in a bakery, and the birds were very happy. Uncle Wiggily was happy, too.

When he came out of the drug store with the court plaster for Nurse Jane, a monkey gentleman who kept a grocery store next door called out to ask:

“Somebody sick at your house, Uncle Wiggily, that you have to buy medicine?”

“Oh, no! Only Nurse Jane has scratched her tail and wants some court plaster to stick on to keep out the dust,” the rabbit gentleman said.

“That is too bad,” went on the grocery monkey. “There was a friend of yours in my store a little while ago.”

“A friend of mine? Who?” asked Uncle Wiggily, curious-like.

“Charlie Chick. He came to get a bag of

corn kernels, and his mother was in such a hurry for it that he carried it home himself.”

“Ha! They must be hungry at the Chick house,” said Uncle Wiggily. “I’ll hurry along and perhaps I can catch up to Charlie, and give him a ride in my auto, with his bag of corn.”

“I think he’d be glad to get it,” said the grocery monkey. “The corn was quite heavy.”

Uncle Wiggily started off again making his auto go quite fast, so as to catch up to Charlie, before the little chicken boy got all the way home with the bag of corn.

“It must be quite heavy to carry,” thought the rabbit gentleman, “but Charlie is a brave, little chap. I’d like to help him, though.”

Well, Uncle Wiggily went on and on, and pretty soon he came to the big duck pond. It was all frozen over, and, looking across it, Uncle Wiggily saw Charlie Chick in the middle of the pond, walking along with the bag of corn over his wing.

“I guess Charlie went across the frozen pond, as that is the shortest way home,” thought the rabbit gentleman. “I’ll go in my auto that way, too, and give him a ride the rest of the trip. The ice will hold me up nicely.”

Well, Uncle Wiggily steered his auto out on

to the frozen pond, and he was going along nicely, when, all of a sudden something went:

“Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!”

“Oh, dear!” exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. “There go my tires! All four of them have burst. I guess the sharp ice has punctured holes in them!”

And surely enough, that was exactly what had happened. The auto could not go any more on those tires, because all the wind was out of them.

“And I can’t help Charlie Chick carry home his bag of corn, either,” sadly went on the rabbit gentleman. “Oh, dear!”

He jumped out of his machine, and then, after seeing where some sharp icicles had made holes in the tires, Uncle Wiggily looked over to where he had noticed Charlie.

And then he saw the little chicken boy picking himself up off the ice, where he had fallen down. Charlie stood for a moment looking at the bag of corn, which had dropped off his back, ker-plunko! and then, as Uncle Wiggily saw him lift it up, the rabbit gentleman also heard Charlie cry out:

“Oh, dear! It’s leaking! It’s full of holes. I’ll never be able to carry it home.”

“My goodness!” exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. “Something must have happened to Charlie. I’ll go see.”

Leaving his auto where it was on the ice, Uncle Wiggily hobbled along as best he could, on his red and white and blue striped barber pole crutch that Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy had gnawed for him out of a cornstalk.

“What is it, Charlie? What has happened?” asked Uncle Wiggily, his nose twinkling like a star on a frosty night.

“Why, I was coming along over the ice with this bag of corn on my shoulder,” said Charlie, “when, all of a sudden, some one shot a gun behind me—Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! four times. I was so scared that I jumped, and then slipped and fell. The corn fell, too, and the bag struck on some sharp pieces of ice, and now it’s full of holes—I mean the bag is—and all the corn spills out when I lift it up.

“Oh, dear! I’ll never be able to get it home, and mamma is in a hurry for it to bake a cake for papa’s supper. Oh! who was it that shot at me and scared me so?” the little chicken boy asked.

“It was no one at all, Charlie,” said Uncle Wiggily. “The noise you heard was the bursting of my auto tires, when I ran over the sharp

ice. My tires have holes in them just as your corn bag has. I am sorry, for I was hurrying along to help you."

"Thank you, very much," said Charlie Chick, politely. "I guess I need help all right. Look!"

As he spoke he lifted up the bag of corn, and out ran the yellow kernels on the ice. There were half a dozen holes in the bag, and corn came out of every one.

"Well, I'll see if I can't help you," said Uncle Wiggily. "We will carry the bag between us, and I'll hold my paws over as many holes as I can, and you hold your wings over as many holes as you can reach."

"All right," agreed Charlie. They lifted the bag between them, but my goodness me, sakes alive, and some molasses candy! All the corn seemed running out, for there were more holes than Uncle Wiggily and Charlie could cover, try as they did.

"Oh, dear!" cried the chicken boy. "That will never do!"

"No, I can see that it will not," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "We could never carry the bag of corn home that way, for it would all run out. Let me see, now. It was partly my fault that

my auto tires scared you, by going off like pop-guns. What can I do to help?

“I have it. The court plaster I bought for Nurse Jane! I will take some pieces of court plaster and stick them over the holes in the bag. Then the corn can't run out and you and I can easily carry it home.”

“Oh, joy!” cried Charlie Chick, flapping his wings and crowing. “I don't know what I would have done without you, Uncle Wiggily. You are very kind.”

“Pray, do not mention it,” said Uncle Wiggily, sort of bashful-like.

Quickly he took some of the court plaster he had bought for Nurse Jane, and soon the rabbit gentleman had pasted pieces of the sticky cloth over all the little holes in the bag. In a short while each one was plastered shut.

“Now let us try to lift the bag,” said Uncle Wiggily.

So he and Charlie Chick lifted it between them, and this time not a single kernel of corn spilled out.

“Oh, good!” cried the chicken boy. “Now I can get home in time for supper.”

Then he and Uncle Wiggily put back in the bag the corn that had fallen out, and between

them the rabbit gentleman and the little chicken boy carried the corn to Charlie's home, and everybody was happy.

Later that day, Uncle Wiggily put some new tires on his auto and he was happy also, and, I'm not sure, but I think the automobile felt the same way.

And now, in the next chapter, if the dentist doesn't pull all the teeth out of the sidecomb, so it can't take the kinks out of the rag doll's hair, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and Arabella Chick.

CHAPTER V

UNCLE WIGGILY AND ARABELLA CHICK

“WELL, where are you going to-day?” asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy, the muskrat lady, of Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, for whom she kept house. “It looks to me,” went on Nurse Jane, “as though you were going out for a walk.”

“You have guessed rightly,” said Uncle Wiggily, making a low bow and speaking the way some folks do in story-books. “I am going for a walk, Nurse Jane, to see if it will help my rheumatism any.”

“Well,” went on the muskrat lady, as she polished the dishpan until it shone like a looking-glass, “all I have to say is that I hope you don’t take cold, for it looks to me as if it were going to snow.”

“I’ll be careful,” promised Uncle Wiggily, as he started off with his red, white and blue striped barber-pole crutch that Nurse Jane had gnawed for him out of a piece of sugar cane.

Oh, just listen to me; would you! I mean the crutch that helped Uncle Wiggily along was gnawed out of a cornstalk. That's a little like sugar cane, anyhow. Gracious me, sakes alive, and some hot potatoes! If Uncle Wiggily's crutch had been made out of sugar cane I guess he would have had to get a new one every day, for all the animal children would have been nibbling at its sweetness.

"Where are you going? That is, if you do not mind telling me," went on Nurse Jane.

"Pray do not mention it. I am going over to see Mrs. Chick, the hen lady," went on Uncle Wiggily. "Mr. Cock A. Doodle, the rooster gentleman, lives next door and I'm going to see if he doesn't want to learn how to play Scotch checkers with me. Then, when Grandfather Goosey Gander, the goose gentleman, has the pip, or the epizootic, I can play with Mr. Doodle."

"Very good!" said Nurse Jane, and off started Uncle Wiggily.

He had not gone very far before he came to the house where Mrs. Chick lived with Charlie and Arabella, her chicken children. Charley was not at home, as it happened, for he was sliding down hill with Johnnie and Billie Bushy-

tail, the squirrels. But Arabella was there, and as Uncle Wiggily knocked on the door he heard the little chicken girl saying:

“ Oh, but, mamma, I don't want to go to the store! I want to stay home and play with my dolls.”

“ But I want you to go, Arabella, dear,” said Mrs. Chick. “ I need the corn bread for supper and you are the only one who can go for me. Come, now, be a nice little chicken, put on your things and go to the store! ”

“ Oh, dear! ” cried Arabella, and she made such a funny face, with her beak all twisted around, that even Uncle Wiggily had to laugh when he saw it.

“ Oh, are you there, Uncle Wiggily? ” asked Arabella, when she saw the rabbit gentleman. “ How you surprised me! ”

“ And you surprise me, Arabella, not wanting to go to the store for your mamma,” said Uncle Wiggily, solemn-like.

“ Oh, but I will go! ” cried Arabella. “ I'm sorry I didn't want to go, mamma. Only you know I was sewing a new dress for my walking doll, Harriett Letterbox Hairribbon, and I wanted to finish it. But I'll go to the store.”

Then Arabella smiled and she didn't twist her

beak around and make a funny face any more. So putting on her warm jacket and hood, away she went to the store for the corn bread for supper.

Uncle Wiggily visited a while with Mrs. Chick and said how nice it was to have a chicken like Arabella, who, though she might grumble a little bit now and then about running on errands, always did go finally, and with a smiling face, too, and not scowling and angry.

“Yes, Arabella is a good chick,” said her mamma.

Well, Uncle Wiggily had a nice talk with Mr. Cock A. Doodle, the rooster, a little later, and Mr. Doodle said he would some time come and play Scotch checkers with the rabbit gentleman.

“But I must be getting back now,” said Uncle Wiggily, and after he had had a cup of hot carrot coffee with Mr. Doodle, for the weather was very cold, off the rabbit gentleman started on his way home.

It was getting quite dark now and it was beginning to snow quite hard. Uncle Wiggily had been so interested talking to the rooster gentleman that he had not noticed a snow storm coming.

As the rabbit gentleman was passing the

Chick house, he saw Mrs. Chick out on the front porch looking up and down and across the frozen duck pond.

“What is the matter, Mrs. Chick?” asked Uncle Wiggily, for the hen lady seemed quite anxious about something and her red comb, on the top of her head, stuck out from under her cap quite crooked-like.

“Oh, I’m so worried about Arabella!” exclaimed Mrs. Chick. “She hasn’t come home from the store yet, and she’s been gone a long time. Charlie came home from the coasting hill, but he hadn’t seen anything of her. I’m afraid Arabella is lost and there’s going to be a bad storm.”

“Oh, don’t worry,” said Uncle Wiggily. “We’ll find her. Where is Charlie?”

“He has gone to see if Arabella has stopped to play with Susie Littletail, the rabbit, or Lulu or Alice Wibblewobble, the ducks. But it isn’t like her to do so without telling me. Oh, dear!” cried Mrs. Chick.

“Now, don’t you worry!” said Uncle Wiggily, kindly. “We’ll find her. I’ll go get Mr. Cock A. Doodle and we’ll search all over.”

So he got the rooster gentleman and off through the snow they went, looking for

Arabella. At the store, where she had been sent for the corn bread, the jumping Jack clerk, who had waited on Arabella, said the chicken girl had started for her coop some time before.

“Something must have happened to her, on the way,” said Mr. Doodle. “Wait, and I’ll crow for her.”

So he did, flapping his wings, while he stood up on a stump.

“Arabella! Arabella! Chick! Chick! Chick!” cried Mr. Doodle, in his loudest voice. “Arabella Chick, where are you?”

But there was no answer. The wind only blew harder through the trees, and the white snow flakes came down faster and faster, covering from sight everything on the ground.

“If we don’t find her pretty soon, she’ll be snowed under,” said Uncle Wiggily, sadly.

“Yes, that is so,” agreed Mr. Doodle.

So they looked all over, here and there, but no Arabella could they find. Grandfather Goosey Gander came out and helped search. Charlie Chick, Arabella’s brother, called out all his boy animal friends and they tramped through the snow, searching. Mrs. Chick cried and feared she would never see Arabella again.

“Oh, yes you will!” said Uncle Wiggily, “I

have a plan. We will wind up Arabella's walking and talking doll. Perhaps Harriet Letterbox Hairribbon can find Arabella."

So they wound up the spring in the back of the walking doll and started her out in the storm to find the lost chicken girl. But the walking doll could not get through the snow drifts, which were now quite large. She was caught fast in one and the springs inside her went "whirr! whirr!" Then the walking doll, in her phonograph voice, cried: "Mamma! Papa! I'm hungry! I'm sleepy!"

After this there was nothing to do but to put her in the doll carriage, where she shut her eyes. But Arabella could not be found. Oh, how hard Mrs. Chick cried. They were just going to send for old Policeman Dog Percival, when a barking and growling sound was heard outside the chicken coop house.

"Here is Percival now," said Uncle Wiggily. But it was not. Instead it was Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, the puppy boys. How they barked and frisked in the snow, for they loved to play in the drifts.

"But what makes everyone so sad?" asked Peetie, when he and his brother saw the little crowd in front of Arabella's house.

“ My sister is lost in the snow storm! ” cried Charlie Chick.

“ Lost? Nonsense! We will find her! ” exclaimed Peetie. “ Come on, Jackie! ”

Then those brave puppy dogs started off through the snow, tossing it aside with their strong paws and running with their noses close to the ground. They poked away the snow with their paws, for they wanted to smell on the bare ground, and so tell which way Arabella had gone, just as they smelled for bones hidden in the earth.

They got to the store where Arabella had left and then they found where she had started for home.

“ But she got off the path—she went the wrong way, over here! ” suddenly cried Jackie, as he found the chickie girl’s tracks under the white flakes.

“ And here she is! ” shouted Peetie, as he began pawing at a pile of snow. And there, surely enough, under a big drift, was the lost Arabella. She had missed her way in the storm, had fallen down and hit her head on a stone, and was senseless. And so she fell into a sort of sleep and the snow came and covered her up. No wonder

they could not find her until Peetie and Jackie came along.

Quickly they carried Arabella home and Dr. Possum was sent for. But the little chicken girl was not hurt—only cold, and soon she was all right again and very glad to be home.

“And I’ll never send you to the store so late again,” said Mrs. Chick. “I am very sorry.”

Then everybody thanked Uncle Wiggily, and Jackie and Peetie, too, and even the walking doll, who did the best she could, was also thanked.

And in the next chapter, if the cream jug doesn’t step on the hot coffee pot’s toes and make it burn the sugar bowl, I’ll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the school bell.

CHAPTER VI

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE SCHOOL BELL

“YOU are up early this morning,” said Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, to Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, one day just before breakfast.

“Yes, I am going to take a long ride in my auto, so I thought I would get an early start,” replied Uncle Wiggily. “Don’t you want to come and take a little trip with me?”

“Mercy, no!” exclaimed Nurse Jane. “I have all my work to do; the sweeping, the baking, the mending and the dusting, to say nothing of making the beds. I am too busy to go. But you run along, and I hope nothing happens to you or your automobile.”

“I hope so myself,” spoke Uncle Wiggily, politely. Then he ate his breakfast of carrot pancakes, with cabbage gravy on, and went out.

The rabbit gentleman had not ridden very far before he saw something big in the road ahead of him. At first he thought it might be

Mr. Stubtail, the nice bear gentleman, but soon Uncle Wiggily noticed that it was a much larger animal than a bear.

“Why, it’s the good circus elephant!” exclaimed the rabbit gentleman. “I wonder what he is doing here?”

“I am crying—that’s what I’m doing,” said the elephant, turning around, for he had heard what Uncle Wiggily said. “I am crying, can’t you see the tears?”

And, indeed, big, salty tears were running out of the elephant’s eyes, and down his trunk to the ground, where they fell with a splash, making little holes in the snow.

“Why are you crying?” asked Uncle Wiggily, kindly.

“Because I have a tack in my foot,” answered the elephant. “I went in a carpet store to buy a new carpet for my dining room, and I stepped on a tack. And the tack is so small and my foot is so large and I can’t bend over very well, so I can’t see to pull it out. And, though it is a small tack, it hurts very much.”

“Perhaps I can get it out,” said the rabbit gentleman. “I will take a look, Mr. Elephant.” So Uncle Wiggily looked and he easily saw the tack with his strong spectacles. Then, with his

sharp teeth, made for gnawing wood, Uncle Wiggily pulled the tack out of the elephant's foot.

"Oh, thank you very much!" cried the big creature, as he hurried off. "I'll be late for my dinner if I don't make haste," he called back. "I'll see you again," and soon he was out of sight in the woods.

Then Uncle Wiggily started off in his auto once more, and he saw a bundle lying in the snow beside the path.

"Hello!" exclaimed the rabbit gentleman. "This must be something the elephant forgot. Never mind, I'll keep it for him until I see him again."

So Uncle Wiggily put the package in his automobile, intending to give it to the elephant when next he met the big creature. Then the rabbit gentleman started off, wondering what sort of an adventure would happen to him this time.

He had not gone very far before he came to a little red schoolhouse, built in a hollow stump beside the road. And in front of the school was the lady mouse school teacher, crying and looking very sad.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked Uncle

Wiggily, kindly. "Are some of your pupils bad that you cry so?"

"Oh, no indeed, thank you," answered the lady mouse school teacher. "It is not quite time for school to begin this morning, so none of the children are here yet."

"Then why do you cry?" the rabbit gentleman wanted to know.

"Oh, I'm afraid none of the children will come before it is too late," went on the lady mouse. "And I feel so badly when I think of any of my school children coming after nine o'clock that I have to cry! None of them has been late this year, so far, and I don't want to start it now." And she cried some more, not as hard as the elephant with the tack in his foot, but hard enough for a mousie lady.

"But why should you think they will be late this morning?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "Perhaps they will all come on time."

"They can't," said the lady mouse school teacher.

"Why not?" the rabbit gentleman wanted to know.

"Because the school bell is all frozen up, and I can't ring it," replied the lady mouse. "It is all full of ice, that bell is, and not a sound comes

from it. And if the children don't hear the bell ring they won't know that it's time to come to their classes, and they will all be late—hoo! hoo!" and she cried out loud.

"Well, that is too bad. Maybe I can help you," said Uncle Wiggily, kindly. "First I will have a look at the bell."

He went inside the little red stump school-house, and pulled on the rope that rang the school bell to call the children to their lessons. But even the rope was frozen fast, for it was very cold that day. Freezing cold it was!

"If I had hot water perhaps I could thaw out the frozen bell," said Uncle Wiggily. "But that would take too long."

"Yes," spoke the lady mouse school teacher, "we have no time for that. It is nearly nine o'clock now. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Leave it to me!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "I will go outside and blow my automobile horn. The children will hear that and come to school."

"Please do!" cried the lady mouse. So Uncle Wiggily went out to his auto.

"Honk! Honk! Honk!" he blew on his auto horn, but, though he and the teacher mouse watched for some time, not a pupil came. You see, they were all waiting to hear the school

bell ring, for they paid more attention to that than they did to the clocks in their own houses.

“ Oh, I am sure they are going to be late! ” cried the lady mouse school teacher. “ Oh, how sad! ”

“ Wait! ” cried Uncle Wiggily. “ I have another plan. Here is a cow coming along the road. I will ask her to cry ‘ Moo! ’ and when the children hear that they will come to school. ”

The cow said she would kindly do her best. So she went:

“ Moo! Moo! Moo! ” as loudly as she could, but still no children came to school, and it was almost nine o'clock.

“ Oh, dear! ” cried the lady mouse.

“ One plan more! ” cried Uncle Wiggily. “ Here comes old Dog Percival. I will ask him to bark for the children. ”

So Percival kindly barked as loudly as he could, making his voice sound as much like a bell as possible, which wasn't very much. Still no children came to school, and it was nearer nine o'clock than before.

Then Grandfather Goosey Gander, the duck gentleman, came along, and he went “ Quack! Quack! ” but the animal children did not notice

that. They were used to a bell, and without hearing that they would not come to their classes.

Uncle Wiggily tried everything he could think of, even asking a choo-choo locomotive to whistle, but that brought no children to the school.

Well, the clock was almost striking nine, and the lady mouse school teacher was sure all her pupils would get bad marks for being late, when, all of a sudden, along came rushing the elephant from whose foot Uncle Wiggily had pulled the tack.

“Excuse me,” said the elephant, “but did I leave a package back there, on the road, Uncle Wiggily?”

“You did,” answered the rabbit gentleman. “Here it is,” and he handed it to the elephant from the auto.

“But why is the lady mouse crying?” asked the big elephant, curious-like.

“Because the school bell is frozen and won’t ring, and she is afraid all the animal children will be late,” explained Uncle Wiggily.

“Ha! Then I can help you!” cried the elephant. “See, in this bundle, I have a new dinner bell that I bought for my supper! I will ring

that, and it will make as much noise as the school bell, and no one will be late."

"Oh, joy!" cried the lady mouse school teacher.

Then the elephant took the big dinner bell out of the paper box, and he rang that bell with his trunk as loudly as ever the school bell had rung.

"Ding-dong!" Ding-dong! Ding-dong!" went the elephant's dinner bell.

And then, just before the clock struck nine, out of their homes came running all the school animal children. Louder rang the elephant's bell, faster came the children, and, just as the last stroke of nine sounded on the clock, every pupil was in his or her seat, and not a one was late!

"Oh, thank you very much—both of you!" cried the lady mouse, throwing a kiss to Uncle Wiggily, and two to the elephant because he was so large. Then school began, and that noon the warm sun thawed out the frozen bell so there was no more trouble that day.

And, in the chapter after this one, if the trolley conductor lets the rag doll ride up on top of the car so she can see the stars twinkle, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and Charlie Chick's auto.

CHAPTER VII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND CHARLIE'S AUTO

ONE day, Arabella, the little chicken girl, did not feel very well as she arose from her bed in the clean straw to go to school. When she was combing smooth her feathers, and getting out a nice ribbon for her tail, Charlie, Arabella's brother, looked at her and exclaimed:

"Why, Arabella! You're all covered with red spots!"

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Chick, who was picking up the breakfast dishes.

"Oh, ma!" exclaimed Charlie. "Arabella is all covered with red spots."

Mrs. Chick came quickly over to look at her little daughter.

"Why, so she is!" exclaimed the chicken lady. "It must be the measles or the chickenpox. I guess it's the chickenpox."

"Do I have to go to school, ma?" asked Arabella. "I don't feel very well."

"Indeed you don't have to go," said Mrs.

Chick. "You may stay home. Of course measles or chickenpox isn't serious, and you may have caught it the day you were lost in the snow-drift. But you must stay in and keep warm."

Charlie Chick hurried about the coop, looking for his books, and whistling through his beak.

"Where are you going?" asked his mamma.

"To school," replied Charlie, surprised-like, that his mamma should ask such a question.

"Oh, no, you're not going to school," spoke Mrs. Chick. "You will probably have the chickenpox too, and I don't want you to go out with that coming on, and catch cold. Besides, you might take the sickness to some one at school and that would not be fair."

"But I don't want to stay home!" cried Charlie. "I was going to build a snow fort after school, with Sammie Littletail, the rabbit, and Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels. I want to go!"

"No," said his mamma. "You must stay home and you can help amuse Arabella. She will be lonesome, poor little girl, and it is no fun to be lonesome and ill."

Now I am sorry to say that Charlie did not

behave very nicely. I wish I could say so, but you know I have to tell things in these stories exactly as they happened, or else I will not be allowed to write any more.

So Charlie, instead of being good-natured about it, stuck his tail feathers all out crooked and sideways and he said:

“Hu! I don't want to stay home! I'm not sick! The idea of staying home and playing girls' games.”

“Now, Charlie, you know that isn't right,” said Mrs. Chick. “Won't you try and be pleasant?”

But Charlie wouldn't. He just sulked and pouted and he stuck out his feathers more than ever, and when Arabella said to him: “Won't you try to amuse me, Charlie? I don't feel good!” Charlie answered:

“I'm not going to play girls' games. Play with your own dolls.”

Well, I'm not going to tell you what I think of Charlie. It will be a secret.

So nine o'clock came, the bell rang, and the other animal children went on to school, but Charlie and Arabella Chick stayed home. More red spots broke out on Arabella, and then one or two on Charlie.

“You’re getting the chickenpox, too!” exclaimed his sister. “Aren’t you glad you stayed home, Charlie?”

“No, I’m not,” he said, real cross-like.

“I—I’ll play some of your boy games, if you want me to,” said poor sick little Arabella, and the tears came into her eyes. “Won’t you please amuse me, Charlie?”

“No!” said Charlie, and he stuck out his tail feathers worse than ever, just as some boys ruffle up their hair.

And just then, into the chicken coop came Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman.

“Well, well!” he exclaimed when he saw Charlie and Arabella. “What does this mean? No school?”

“They both have the chickenpox,” explained Mrs. Chick. “I hope you have had it, Uncle Wiggily.”

“Oh, yes, I’m not afraid of it!” laughed the rabbit gentleman, making his nose twinkle like an ice cream cone. “Well, Mrs. Chick, you go on with your work, I’ll amuse Charlie and Arabella a bit.”

I wonder if Uncle Wiggily knew about Charlie not wanting to play with his sister? It

the old gentleman rabbit did he said nothing about it. Instead he just hummed a little song to himself, and he looked around and remarked:

“Charlie, I think I will show you how to make an automobile, and then you can take Arabella out for a ride.”

“Oh, but I can't go, Uncle Wiggily!” cried Arabella. “I have to stay in with the chicken-pox, or it might get worse.”

“Oh, I didn't mean really to go out,” laughed Uncle Wiggily. “I only meant make believe. Come, Charlie, now to make your auto. Arabella, you get your dolls ready for a ride in Charlie's new automobile.”

“All right!” laughed the little chicken girl. Even Charlie was not so cross or grumpy now. He was sorry he hadn't played with Arabella before.

“First, we want two chairs,” said Uncle Wiggily. “We'll take this little, low, willow rocking chair for the back part of the auto, and we'll turn this dining room chair down on its side, with the back up, for the front part. So!”

He did that. Then on the back of the overturned dining room chair he put a black, oil-cloth-covered waste-paper basket, so that it looked just like the part of an automobile where

the motor "choo-choo" engine stays to keep out of the rain.

"Now for wheels!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "What shall I do for wheels? I know; big, round tin pie plates!"

Out in the kitchen he got the round, shiny pie tins, and when they were stood up on edge on the floor, one at each corner of the auto, really it looked just as if the queer machine could run right out of the window on to the front porch.

"Now for a steering wheel!" cried the rabbit gentleman. The round, flat board, in which Mrs. Chick used to cut the corn bread for dinner, made as nice a steering wheel as you could wish.

"Is the auto going to have a 'honk-hank' horn on it?" asked Charlie.

"To be sure it is!" cried Uncle Wiggily. Up in the attic he found a last year's Christmas horn. It was rather battered and bent, but when Charlie blew on it, why, it sounded more like a real auto horn than you would imagine.

"This will be the brake handle, to pull on when you want to stop," said Uncle Wiggily, as he stuck the yard stick down between the legs of the chair. "And now for some seat-cushions and your auto is finished. You sit on the front

chair, and steer and blow the horn, and Arabella will ride in back with her dolls."

Well, soon the cushions were in place and Charlie was smiling now, instead of making his tail feathers stick out, crooked-like.

"Come on, Arabella!" he called. "Come for a ride in my auto!"

But no Arabella was to be seen.

"She was here a moment ago, when you and I went up in the attic to get the old horn," said Uncle Wiggily, looking all around.

"Maybe she went out in the kitchen to get a piece of cake," said Charlie. He and the rabbit gentleman hurried out there, but no Arabella was to be seen.

"Oh, dear!" cried Mrs. Chick, when they told her about Arabella being missing. "I am afraid she is out of her head from the chicken-pox, and she may have run out in the snow. Oh dear!"

"Don't worry!" said Uncle Wiggily, kindly. "We'll find her."

But though he and Mrs. Chick and Charlie looked all over, they could not discover Arabella.

"I guess we'll have to send for a policeman to find her," cried Mrs. Chick.

Poor Charlie did not know what to do. He was sorry, now, that he had not played with his sister at first. Charlie sat down on his make-believe automobile, that Uncle Wiggily had made for him, but the little chicken boy did not care for it now. He turned the steering wheel, this way and that, and pretended to put on the brake, but, all the while he was wondering what had become of Arabella.

And then, just as Uncle Wiggily was going to call on the telephone for a kind policeman dog to come, Charlie looked in the wastepaper basket, that was part of his auto, and there, fast asleep with her doll, Mary Jane Ticklefeather, was Arabella Chick herself.

“Oh, here she is!” cried Charlie, in delight. “How did you get there?”

“I flew in,” said Arabella, rubbing her eyes. “I got tired of waiting for you and Uncle Wiggily to give me a ride in the new auto, so I got in it myself. And I guess I fell asleep.”

“I guess you did,” laughed Uncle Wiggily. “But that is not the place for passengers, Arabella. Get in the little cushioned chair behind. You are in the engine there.”

So Arabella got in the proper seat, and Charlie ran his auto all over, and up to the Orange moun-

tains (make believe, of course) and he and Arabella had lots of fun. And in a few days both of them were over the chickenpox and could go to school.

And in the next chapter, if the peaches and cream don't jump out of the apple pie and go to a moving picture show with the lemon squeezer, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the kind barber.

CHAPTER VIII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE BARBER

ONE day, when Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, was starting out for a ride in his automobile, with the turnip steering wheel that he could nibble at when he was hungry, Miss Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady who kept house for him, said:

“Why are you taking your crutch along, Uncle Wiggily; your rheumatism crutch? You won't need it when you are in the automobile.”

“Oh, you never can tell,” answered the rabbit gentleman. “I might want to get out and walk for a while, or I might meet Grandfather Goosey Gander, and if he was feeling sad I could tickle him in the ribs with my crutch, and make the old goose gentleman laugh.”

“Well, you certainly are a funny rabbit,” spoke Nurse Jane, with a laugh. “You will have your joke.”

So away went Uncle Wiggily in his auto, with

the red, white and blue striped barber pole crutch standing up on the seat beside him. The rabbit gentleman rode on and on, and pretty soon he came to a place where there was a little shop, made from corn-cobs. And in front of the corn-cob shop was a nice monkey gentleman, and a little poodle dog. And the poodle dog was singing a song that went something like this:

“ Barber, barber, shave a pig.
How many hairs will make a wig?
Four and twenty—that’s enough,
Give the barber a pinch of snuff.”

“ Very good! Very good!” cried the barber monkey, as he came out of his shop, wearing a white apron, and carrying a pair of scissors in one paw and a shaving mug, full of white, soapy lather, in the other. “ Very good, little poodle dog!” exclaimed the barber monkey. “ But where is my pinch of snuff? ”

“ Here,” answered the dog, giving it to the barber monkey. Then the monkey sneezed three times, and right after that he cut the little poodle dog’s hair, leaving a fluffy tuft on the end of his tail, and ruffles on his legs and a lot of

fluffy hair around the doggie's neck, until he looked just like the toy lion in the circus.

"There you are, doggie," said the barber monkey. "Now you have a nice hair-cut. Twenty-five barks, if you please."

"Oh, my mamma will pay you!" cried the little doggie as he gave a jump up in the air. And then, before the barber monkey could stop him, that mischievous little poodle just pulled up the barber's pole and away he ran down the street with it, just like Tom, the piper's son.

"Here, come back with my pole if you please!" cried the monkey barber. "If I don't have a red, white and blue pole out in front of my place, no one will know this is a barber shop! Come back, I beg of you!"

But the poodle doggie only ran on the faster, and soon he was out of sight around the corner, while the monkey barber danced up and down in front of his shop, real excited-like.

"That's too bad!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "Shall I chase after that dog for you in my auto, and bring back your barber pole?"

"No, thank you," spoke the barber monkey. "That little doggie is not bad. He just likes to play tricks on me, that's all. This is the third

time he has taken away my red, white and blue pole. But this time I am really sorry, for unless I have it out in front of my shop the pig will not know the place when he comes marching by, and I can't shave him and make a wig. He'll go to some other shop where there is a pole, and I'll lose his money. Oh, dear!"

"Say no more!" cried Uncle Wiggily in a jolly voice. "I have the very thing for you. I will let you take my red, white and blue striped barber pole crutch, and you can put that out in front of your shop until the poodle dog brings back the one he took."

"Oh, you are very kind, Uncle Wiggily," spoke the barber, "but won't you need the crutch yourself? You have the rheumatism, you know."

"Yes, but it is not bad to-day. Besides, I am in my auto, and I can ride home and get Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy to gnaw for me another crutch out of a cornstalk. Here, you take this one, the rabbit gentleman said."

"All right, thank you kindly, I will," agreed the barber monkey. Then he stuck Uncle Wiggily's crutch up in front of the shop, and it looked so like a real pole that when the pig, who

wanted to be shaved, came past, he knew at once where to go.

“You have been very good to me, Uncle Wiggily,” said the barber monkey, as he began to shave the pig. “And some day I will be kind to you.”

And he did not know how soon he would have a chance to be kind to Uncle Wiggily.

Well, the old gentleman rabbit went home, and when he told Nurse Jane what he had done with his crutch she said he had acted just right. She soon gnawed him another one out of a cornstalk, and Sammie Littletail, the rabbit boy, colored it red, white and blue with Easter egg dyes, so Uncle Wiggily was as well off as ever.

A day or so after this the old rabbit gentleman was out walking, and he came to a place where some rat gentlemen were putting a new roof on their hollow stump house. The rats had a big kettle full of warm, black tar, and they would spread this out thin, and then sprinkle little white gravel stones on top of the tar to make a roof. I guess you've seen it done, haven't you?

“Ha! This is very interesting!” exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, as he came up to the place. “I must look into this.”

Then he went to peep into the kettle of warm

melted tar, and the first thing he knew his paws slipped and right into the sticky black stuff he fell.

“Ouch! Oh, dear! This is terrible. Help! Help!” cried Uncle Wiggily. Luckily he had not fallen in head first, and so his head was out of the tar. But the black stuff came up to his shoulders.

“Quick!” kindly cried the biggest rat of them all. “We must help Uncle Wiggily out of the tar.”

Then, with their sticks, they lifted poor Uncle Wiggily out of the tar-kettle. Oh! but he was a dreadful sight. He was as black as a lump of coal and as sticky as the cork of a molasses jug.

“Quick! Send for Dr. Possum!” he called. But before they could do that something else happened.

Along the street came Jimmie Wibblewobble, the boy duck, with a bagful of geese feathers over his back. He was taking them to Mrs. Bushytail, the squirrel lady, who was to make them into a sofa pillow.

But when Jimmie came to where Uncle Wiggily stood, all covered with tar, the little boy duck was so surprised and kerslostrated—if you

will kindly allow me to use that word—Jimmie was so surprised that he dropped the bag of feathers.

In an instant the wind blew the bag open, and scattered out the feathers, and, what is worse, the wind blew them all over Uncle Wiggily. On the warm, sticky black tar the feathers blew, and there they stuck, so that Uncle Wiggily looked like a chicken turned upside down.

“Oh, dear!” cried the rabbit gentleman. “This is terrible.”

Just then along came Susie Littletail, the rabbit girl.

“Oh!” she cried. “Who is that funny looking animal?”

“Don’t you know me?” asked Uncle Wiggily, sadly.

“No,” answered Susie, “I don’t know you. You sound like my uncle, but you don’t look like him.”

“See how it is!” cried Uncle Wiggily, sorrowfully. “None of my friends will ever speak to me any more!”

“Oh, yes, they will,” said one of the rats. “We’ll pull the feathers off you, and scrape off the tar.” But when they tried to do this they pulled out Uncle Wiggily’s fur besides the

feathers, and hurt him so much that he cried out to them to stop.

“Oh, what shall I ever do to look like myself?” he asked.

“Ha! I can soon fix you!” exclaimed a voice, and there stood the barber monkey with his scissors, and his shaving mug of white, soapy lather. “I will shave the tar and feathers off you, Uncle Wiggily,” went on the barber. “You were so kind to lend me your crutch for my pole, that I want to be kind to you.”

“Then please shave me!” cried the rabbit gentleman. And the monkey barber did, carefully lathering Uncle Wiggily, and then shaving off the tar and feathers as nicely as you please.

And, when he had finished, Uncle Wiggily was just like himself, only his fur was a little shorter where the monkey had cut it off. But that did not matter, as it would soon grow out again.

So that's how the kind barber monkey shaved Uncle Wiggily, and the rabbit gentleman never looked into a tar-kettle again. And soon the little poodle doggie brought back the monkey barber's pole, and everybody was happy.

So, if the water pitcher doesn't drink all the lemonade out of the molasses cruet and slide down hill on the butter dish, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the lost thimble.

CHAPTER IX

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE THIMBLE

ONE day it was raining in animal land where Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, lived. Down came the wet drops out of the sky, splashing on the window panes of the hollow stump houses and running right down the middle of the street like little rivers.

Uncle Wiggily, who was now all better from having fallen into the tar-kettle, got down his rubber coat from the hat-rack.

“What!” exclaimed Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, who kept house for Uncle Wiggily. “You don’t mean to tell me that you are going out in this rain storm, Mr. Longears. And with your rheumatism!”

“I didn’t tell you so, no,” answered Uncle Wiggily, with a polite bow, “but I am going out, all the same. My rheumatism is not very painful of late. In fact, I think the warm tar helped it. And I will wear my rubber coat.”

“Well, I will have some hot carrot and cab-

bage soup ready for you when you come in," went on Nurse Jane. "You may be cold."

"Thank you very kindly," said Uncle Wiggily, with a very low polite bow. Then he started off in his auto, wearing his rubber coat so no rain would wet him.

The rain kept on coming down. Uncle Wiggily splashed through the puddles with his big auto wheels, and did not mind the water a bit, for he was nice and dry. Pretty soon he came to the house where Tommie, Joie and Kittie Kat lived. He was going past, waving his hand and making a second polite bow, when he happened to see the three kitten children with their noses pressed flat against the window panes, staring out into the storm.

"Now, perhaps I had better go in and see them," remarked Uncle Wiggily to himself. "They don't look very happy, that's certain, and perhaps I can cheer them up."

So into the Kat family's house he went, and, no sooner had he entered, than he heard Kittie sigh!

"Oh, dear!"

"Oh, me! Oh, my!" cried Joie Kat.

"Isn't it terrible!" exclaimed Tommie Kat.

"Hoity-toitie!" laughed Uncle Wiggily.

“What’s all this about? Why are you so sad?”

“Because we can’t go out and play on account of the rain,” answered Kittie. “And we have nothing to do.”

“Oh, such children!” exclaimed Mrs. Kat. “I wish you could amuse them, Uncle Wiggily, while I finish this bit of sewing. I am making Kittie a dress.”

“Oh, can you stay and play with us, Uncle Wiggily?” asked Joie.

“Yes, I guess so,” answered Uncle Wiggily, good-naturedly. “We will think up some games to play.”

So he showed the Kat children how to make an automobile out of some chairs, a waste-paper basket and some pie tins, and also how to make a steam-boat out of a big folding porch chair, and even how to make an airship out of the fire shovel and the dusting brush.

Those were very fine games, and the kitten children played them for some time with Uncle Wiggily. Finally Kittie went out in the sitting-room, where her mamma had been sewing, and she saw that Mrs. Kat had gone to the kitchen to bake a cake.

“Mamma,” said Kittie, “may we take your thimble for a while to play with?”

“What sort of a game can you play with a thimble?” asked Mrs. Kat, as she mixed some chocolate and sugar up in a dish to spread on top of the cake.

“Oh, we are going to take turns hiding it,” explained Kittie, “and whoever finds it first has the next chance. Hiding the thimble is a nice game, Uncle Wiggily says.”

“I guess you’ll keep your Uncle Wiggily busy playing games,” laughed Mrs. Kat. “Yes, take the thimble, but be sure to put it back when you are through.”

“Yes, mamma,” promised Kittie.

So she and her brothers and Uncle Wiggily had lots of fun playing hide the thimble. And once, when it was the rabbit gentleman’s turn he hid it right on top of one of his ears and kept very still, and it was a long while before Kittie thought of looking there for it.

Well, they got tired of that game, as all children do after a time, and thought of something new. Pretty soon Mrs. Kat came in from the kitchen to finish sewing on Kittie’s dress.

“Where is my thimble?” she called to her little girl. “Did you bring it back?”

“Oh, yes, mamma,” answered Kittie. “I left it right by your needle and spool of thread.”

“But it isn’t here now,” went on Mrs. Kat, looking under the table, thinking the thimble might have fallen off and rolled there. But the thimble, which is a thing you push a needle through cloth with, could not be found. Kittie was sure she had put it on the table, and Joie and Tommie, as well as Uncle Wiggily, had seen her. So there could be no mistake.

“Then it must be lost,” said Mrs. Kat. “But how could my thimble be lost when no one was here to take it? That is very strange.”

“It is, indeed,” agreed Uncle Wiggily. “Maybe some little fairy slipped in and borrowed your thimble to use in sewing her dress for the dewdrop ball,” and the rabbit gentleman laughed.

“Oh, could that really happen?” asked Kitty Kat, her eyes shining like a new dish-pan.

“Of course it might,” answered Uncle Wiggily. “Mind, I’m not saying for sure, but maybe.”

“Well, I’m sure I wouldn’t want to bother the fairies,” said Mrs. Kat, “but I would like my thimble back.”

“Then we must all hunt for it,” said Uncle Wiggily. “Come, children, this time it will be

a real game that we will play. Your mamma's thimble is lost, and we must find it."

Well, they looked all over—on the piano, in the sewing machine drawers, down the horn of the phonograph—everywhere—but no thimble could they find.

"It is very strange," said Mrs. Kat. "Some one must have come in here and taken my thimble when no one was looking. But where did they put it?"

No one could tell, however. But they searched still farther, in all sorts of places, and the thimble was not found.

"It is too bad!" exclaimed Mrs. Kat. "Unless I find the thimble I cannot finish Kittie's dress."

"Can't you sew without a thimble?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "I could lend you a penny to push the needle through with."

"No, I must have my thimble!" said the Kat lady. But they could not find it for her. Nor could they tell who had taken it.

All at once, as they were looking out in the kitchen, thinking the thimble might have rolled out there, they heard a knocking sound throughout the house.

"Tat-a-tat-tat!" it went.

“Some one is at the front door!” cried Tommie Kat.

Uncle Wiggily looked, but no one was there. Then the knocking sounded again.

“Some one is at the back door!” cried Joie Kat. Uncle Wiggily looked, but no one was there. Still the knocking kept up and this time it sounded all over the house. Sometimes it would be in the parlor walls and again in the dining-room. Then it would be upstairs and again in the parlor.

“Oh, it is certainly fairies!” cried Kittie Kat.

Uncle Wiggily said nothing. He just kept listening, and then, all of a sudden, he went to a little hole in the wall of the sitting-room, near the floor, and he called:

“Come out! I see you and I’ll help you!”

And then out came a little mousie girl, with the lost thimble so tightly fastened over her nose that she couldn’t get it off.

“Was that you running around through the house, banging the thimble on the floors and walls and making the rapping sounds?” asked Uncle Wiggily, as he carefully took the thimble off the mousie’s nose.

“Yes,” said the mouse, “it was, and I am sorry if I frightened you. A little while ago I came

in the sitting-room, very softly, when no one was there. I saw the thimble on the table and thinking it had in it something good to eat, I put my nose down in hard. Then it stuck there. I could not get the thimble off, and I was so frightened! I ran back in my hole, and scrambled all over, trying to get the thimble off. Oh! I am so glad you saw me and helped me, Uncle Wiggily."

"So am I," said the rabbit gentleman. "I just saw you passing by that hole, and I thought perhaps you had the thimble. Now, Mrs. Kat, you may finish sewing Kittie's dress."

And the kitten's mamma did, and the mousie was given some nice cheese crumbs, and then it stopped raining and the little cats could go out and play, so every one was happy.

"But, oh!" said Kittie that night, as she went to bed, "I do wish it had been fairies in the house, instead of a mousie with a thimble on her nose, making those noises."

But we can't have everything we want, you know.

And on the next page, in case the clothes wringer doesn't pinch the rag doll's tail and make her cry, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the valentines.

CHAPTER X

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE VALENTINES

THERE was much excitement in animal land, where the rabbits, squirrels, doggies, kitties and all the friends of Uncle Wiggily Longears lived. Such goings-on as there were! My goodness!

Susie Littletail and Jennie Chipmunk were seen sliding along behind a stump fence, holding something tightly in their paws.

“Now don’t you ever tell I sent it!” exclaimed Susie in a whisper, while she made her nose twinkle.

“I never will!” promised Jennie Chipmunk. “And don’t you tell that I sent him one, will you?” And she looked at the pretty stripes running up and down her back to see if they were on straight.

“Of course not!” exclaimed Susie Littletail, the rabbit girl. “I’ll never tell!”

Pretty soon, around the corner by the old

hollow log where Mr. Stubtail, the nice bear gentleman, took his long winter sleep, came Lulu and Alice Wibblewobble, the duck girls. Lulu had something in a large white envelope.

“ I hope he'll like this one,” she said to her sister.

“ Oh, I know he will! ” said Alice. “ It's such a pretty one! ”

“ Oh, yours is pretty, too! ” said Lulu. “ Now after it gets dark we'll slip them under his door, ring the bell and run away. ”

“ Ha! What is this? ” suddenly asked a voice from behind a pile of stones, and Lulu and Alice jumped so quickly that each lost a feather out of their curly duck tails. But it didn't much matter, for the feathers were loose and would soon have fallen out anyhow.

“ My! Who's that? ” whispered Lulu.

“ I—I don't know! ” exclaimed Alice.

But they need not have been afraid, for it was only Jackie Bow Wow, the puppy dog boy.

“ Whom are you talking about? ” asked Jackie, as he came out, wagging his tail. “ Is it a secret? ”

“ Yes, ” answered Lulu, “ but I guess we can tell you. You see, to-day is St. Valentine's Day,

and we are each going to send Uncle Wiggily a valentine, to show how much we love him. I have mine, and Lulu has hers, and——”

“Say no more!” cried Jackie. “I’ll get him one, too, and so will my brother Peetie.” And off he ran, wagging his tail.

“Get nice ones—none of those horrid comic ones!” Lulu called after him.

“I will,” promised Jackie.

Oh! Such goings-on as there were in animal land!

It seemed that all the animal boys and girls had some secret. They hurried here and there, carrying envelopes in their paws, whispering one to the other. They could hardly wait for night to come.

But finally it grew dark, and then, one after another, Sammie and Susie Littletail, and Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, and Charlie and Arabella Chick, and Tommie, Joie and Kittie Kat, and all the animal children slipped softly out of their houses, and went on the tips of their paws to the hollow stump where Uncle Wiggily lived.

One after another they crept up, laid their valentines on the step, and ran to hide. Of course Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat

lady, would answer the bell. She picked up the first valentine.

“My, what is this?” she said, pretending she didn’t know, and taking it in to Uncle Wiggily.

“Ha! Hum! Dear me suz dud!” exclaimed the rabbit gentleman, looking over the tops of his spectacles. “I guess I’d better open it and see.”

So he opened the envelope, and there was a most lovely valentine, all pink lace paper, with a golden heart and a bunch of roses, and a little boy with a bow and arrow, and there was a verse which said:

“Uncle Wiggily, I love you!
Just like a cabbage colored blue.
If you should see a green poll parrot,
I’ll send to you a yellow carrot!”

“My goodness me sakes alive! How clever!” cried Uncle Wiggily. “I wonder who could have sent it? There is no name on, Nurse Jane; is there?”

“Oh, no,” answered the muskrat lady. “There is never a name on a valentine.”

“Hum! Very strange!” said Uncle Wig-

gily, making his nose twinkle like a piece of chewing gum.

Just then the door-bell rang again.

“That must be another,” cried Nurse Jane. She went to the door to get it. This valentine was all colored red and gold, with trimmings of apple sauce on the sides, and an ice cream cone in the middle.

“Oh, how pretty!” cried the rabbit gentleman. “Let me see if there is a verse on that.” There was, and it read:

“The sunflower grows up very tall,
We love Uncle Wiggily, one and all.
If he should lose his automobile,
Then Buddy Pigg would give a squeal.”

“Oh, ho!” cried the rabbit gentleman. “I know who that’s from, Buddy, the little guinea pig boy, sent that.”

“You never can tell,” spoke Nurse Jane. “Sometimes folks put another person’s name on a valentine, just for a joke.”

“Ha! Ha!” cried Uncle Wiggily. “Well, I’ll find out who sent this after a bit.”

Then the door-bell rang again and out hurried Nurse Jane. She picked up another val-

entine and brought it to Uncle Wiggily. This time it was a large one, made in the shape of a sofa pillow, with feathers inside it, so that if it fell down it would not be hurt. And all around it were slices of turnip and sweet potatoes, and in the middle was some nice lace paper and a verse that went something like this:

“Your eyes are red, your nose can twinkle,
I found the shell of a periwinkle.
'Twas on the sand by the ocean blue,
And, Uncle Wiggily, I love you!”

“Ha! Ha!” cried the rabbit gentleman.

“That certainly is a fine verse. It reminds me of the ones I wrote when I went to school. And now I'll tell you what I want you to do, Nurse Jane.”

“What?” asked the muskrat lady.

“I want you to cut out a pair of long ears from cardboard, just like mine,” went on the rabbit gentleman. “Fix them on the back of a chair, and then put them in front of the window where the light will shine on them. They will make a shadow on the window curtain and anyone looking in from outside will think I am sitting by the window.”

“I see!” exclaimed Nurse Jane. “I’ll do it.”

“Then I’ll slip out the back door,” went on the rabbit gentleman. “The children, who, I am sure, are hiding out in front, sending me these valentines, will think I am still here. They’ll come up on the porch with some more and then when they don’t know it, I can catch them at it.”

“Oh, but you wouldn’t hurt them; would you?” cried Nurse Jane.

“Hurt them? Bless your long tail, of course not!” cried the rabbit gentleman. “But you just gather up all the cake and pie you can find in the house and then you’ll see what will happen,” and his nose twinkled very fast indeed.

Nurse Jane laughed. Then she cut out of pasteboard a pair of ears just like Uncle Wiggily’s. She fastened them to the back of a rocking chair, and put it where the shadow would fall on the window shade. Anyone outside would have said that surely Uncle Wiggily was sitting there.

That’s what Charlie Chick thought when he slipped up to drop his valentine on the porch. But Uncle Wiggily had let himself out the back door, and had gone quietly around to the front.

He heard a whispering in the bushes, and then he saw Charlie Chick ring his door-bell. Up rushed the rabbit gentleman.

“Now I have you!” he cried with a jolly laugh. “Send your Uncle Wiggily valentines, will you! Ah, ha!”

He caught Charley Chick and then all the other animal children were so surprised that they ran out of their hiding-places and were also caught.

“This is my Valentine surprise!” cried Uncle Wiggily. “Come right in the house, every one of you!”

“Are you angry because we sent you valentines?” asked Susie Littletail, sort of shyly-like.

“Angry! You just wait!” cried the rabbit gentleman. And when they went in Uncle Wiggily’s hollow stump bungalow, there was a table all piled full of cake and pie and buns and gingerbread and ice cream, and everything nice.

“Oh, joy! Oh, happiness!” cried the animal children!

“This is my valentine!” exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. “Listen:

“ Cake is fine, and candy, too,
Eat as much as is good for you.
I offer you the best of cheer,
And hope you’ll come again next year! ”

Then all the animal children laughed and clapped their paws, and they laughed still more when they saw the funny make-believe ears of pasteboard which looked exactly like Uncle Wiggily’s.

So that’s all now, if you please, but in the next chapter, if the postman doesn’t blow his whistle so loudly that he wakes up our pet mud turtle, who is asleep on the piano stool, I’ll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the sawdust doll.

CHAPTER XI

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE SAWDUST DOLL

ONE day Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, went out to the hollow log where he kept his automobile, with the big turnip for a steering wheel.

“Are you off for another ride?” asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, as she saw Uncle Wiggily tickling the whizzicum-whazzicum of his automobile to make it start.

“Yes, I am going to ride over and see Susie Littletail, my little rabbit niece,” answered Uncle Wiggily. “I promised to give her a ride the first nice day. And it is very nice now.”

“Well, be careful not to get caught in a snow-storm,” said Nurse Jane, as she went back in the house to let the dinner dishes swim around in the soapy-suds water to get clean.

So Uncle Wiggily, after giving his automobile a drink of gasoline, started off to the house of Susie Littletail, the rabbit girl. When he

reached there Susie was not yet home from school, but Uncle Wiggily said he would wait for her, and while he waited he ate a piece of carrot shortcake that Mrs. Littletail had baked.

Pretty soon Susie came home from school.

“Oh, joy!” she cried, clapping her paws. “Here is Uncle Wiggily! Have you come to take me for the ride, as you promised?”

“Yes,” answered the rabbit gentleman.

“And may I come too?” asked Sammie, who was Susie’s brother.

“Of course!” answered Uncle Wiggily.

“And you may hold my doll, Matilda Peach-blossom Nutmeggrater, if you like,” said Susie, kindly.

“Pooh! Boys don’t hold dolls!” exclaimed Sammie, sort of sticking up his nose.

“Oh, I don’t care,” said Susie. “I don’t believe Matilda would want you to hold her, anyhow, so there!”

“Now, children!” said Mrs. Littletail, softly.

Well, Sammie and Susie hopped into the automobile with their uncle, and Susie held her doll tightly in her paws, so she would not fall. Off they started, going as fast as the wind.

All of a sudden, as the automobile was going

through the woods, it bounced over an old stump.

Up in the air went Uncle Wiggily and Sammie and Susie, and the little rabbit girl was jiggled and joggled so hard that her doll, Matilda Peachblossom Nutmeggrater, bounced out of her paws, and down she fell on the ground—and—what do you think? the automobile, with one of its big rubber-tired wheels, ran right over Matilda.

“Oh, dear!” cried Susie. “My doll! My doll!”

“There she is!” said Sammie, looking back. “I guess she is no good any more, Susie.” Sammie had tried to catch his sister’s doll, when the bounce came, but he had all he could do to hold himself from falling out of the auto.

“Oh, dear! My poor Matilda!” sobbed Susie.

“Maybe she isn’t hurt very much,” spoke Uncle Wiggily, as he stopped his auto, and got out to run back and pick up Matilda Peachblossom Nutmeggrater. But when the rabbit gentleman hopped back with the doll, the sawdust stuffing was running from her poor arms and legs and body. In a regular stream the sawdust filling poured out from Susie’s doll.



“Oh, dear!” cried the little rabbit girl. “She’s bleeding—she’s bleeding.”

“Never mind,” said Uncle Wiggily quickly. “I know how we can save her. I’ll take her to Dr. Possum. Hold fast now, Sammie and Susie, for I am going to make my auto go very quickly, and we’ll soon be at Dr. Possum’s office, and he will put new sawdust filling in the doll, and she will be as well as ever.”

So Uncle Wiggily gave Susie her doll to hold, and away they went in the auto. Susie looked at poor Matilda. The doll had many holes in her legs and arms and body, and out of these holes sifted the sawdust, which is just the same to a doll as the filling is to a Thanksgiving turkey.

“Oh, poor Matilda!” cried Susie. And Sammie felt sorry for his sister.

Pretty soon they were at Dr. Possum’s office.

“Here’s a sick doll for you to cure!” cried Uncle Wiggily. “Please be quick!”

“Bring her in,” said Dr. Possum. And when he saw Matilda Peachblossom Nutmeggrater, with nearly all the sawdust out of her, he said: “First we must sew up the holes, and then put in new sawdust. Susie, I’ll let you do the sewing.”

With a needle, thread and thimble, which the

good doctor got for her, Susie soon sewed up the holes in her doll. Then no more sawdust could sift out. But poor Matilda! How thin she was! And so slimsy! She could not even sit up sraight, but fell over like the dish rag after it has jumped the rope or danced the fox-trot. And she kept her eyes closed all the time. Poor thing!

“Now for the sawdust!” cried Dr. Possum. “I wonder if I have any in the house?” So he looked, but he could not find a bit. “Oh, I must get some soon, and fill up Susie’s doll, or she will be very ill,” he said.

Just then Sammie saw a wagon load of sawdust being driven pass the doctor’s office. He ran out and cried:

“Oh, please give me some sawdust to stuff in my sister’s doll!”

“No, I am sorry, but I can’t!” said the man on the sawdust wagon. “All this goes to a butcher shop to sprinkle on the floor.”

Then Sammie saw an old fox gentleman trotting along with a basket full of sawdust over his paw.

“Oh, please give me some sawdust for my sister’s doll!” begged Sammie.

“No, no!” said the fox gentleman. “I need

this sawdust to sprinkle on an icy place in my sidewalk, so no one will fall down.”

Then it seemed as if there would be no sawdust for Susie’s doll, who was getting more and more ill every minute. But finally Uncle Wiggily cried:

“I have it! The very thing. Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy has a long round tail, that is just like a file. I will have her rub it up and down, scratchingly, on a piece of wood, and that will make very fine sawdust for your doll, Susie. I’ll go get Nurse Jane, in my auto.”

Away after the muskrat lady went Uncle Wiggily in his auto. Soon he came back with her, and he cried:

“Now, Nurse Jane, please make some sawdust for Susie’s doll!”

“Of course I will!” said Nurse Jane, kindly. Then, while Uncle Wiggily and Dr. Possum held up a piece of board, Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy scraped her big round rough filetail against the wood, and Sammie caught the sawdust in a dustpan. Soon there was enough to fill Susie’s doll up nice and plump again.

Dr. Possum put the sawdust in the doll with a funnel, and Susie sewed up the hole through which it was poured in.

“There you are!” cried Uncle Wiggily. “Matilda Peachblossom Nutmeggrater is as well as ever.”

And so she was. She opened her eyes, and, Oh! how glad Susie was. And so was Uncle Wiggily and everyone else.

So that’s all now, if you please, but if the kitchen poker doesn’t take the lids off the stove and throw them out of the window, I’ll tell you about Uncle Wiggily learning to dance.

CHAPTER XII

UNCLE WIGGILY LEARNS TO DANCE

UNCLE WIGGILY LONGEARS, the rabbit gentleman, was out walking one day, when he happened to pass by the hollow stump where the Littletail family of rabbits lived. Uncle Wiggily saw Sammie and Susie, the rabbit boy and girl, coming out with little bags on their paws.

“Where are you going?” asked Uncle Wiggily. “You seem as if you were going after chestnuts, or maybe after carrots, but that can not be as it is now winter.”

“No, we are not going after any of those things, Uncle Wiggily,” answered Susie. “We are going to take our dancing lesson. Wouldn’t you like to come?”

Susie loved Uncle Wiggily very much, especially after he had helped cure her sawdust doll that was run over by the automobile.

“What! Me go to dancing class?” exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. “I am much too old

for that—too old and stiff. Besides you forget I have the rheumatism.”

“Dancing might be good for it,” suggested Sammie. “It might limber you up. See, we have our dancing slippers in these bags,” and he showed them to Uncle Wiggily. “Come to our dancing school if you like, and perhaps you are not too old to learn. There are many older animals there than you are.”

“Are there?” asked Uncle Wiggily. “But, no, I think I had better not. Run along with you before I change my mind.”

So Sammie and Susie went to dancing class, where they learned to hop, skip and jump and glide about on top of a nice flat stump.

Uncle Wiggily went on his way, and the farther he went the more he thought about dancing. He remembered, how very glad and happy every one seemed who danced, and he recalled how, in the summer time, the grasshoppers and crickets danced to the songs of the kadydids.

“I wonder if I could dance?” thought Uncle Wiggily. He looked around. He was alone in the woods. “Come!” he exclaimed. “No one can see me if I am awkward and stiff. I’ll just try a few steps.”

So he did, hopping about with his rheumatism

crutch. But as soon as he started to do a little carrot and lettuce waltz as well as he could, he cried out:

“Ouch! Oh, my! Oh, dear!”

“What is the matter?” asked a voice close beside him, and looking around, Uncle Wiggily saw a little brown and white mousie lady.

“Oh, excuse me if I frightened you,” he said, “but I just tried to dance and my rheumatism hurt me so I had to cry out. I will go away. Dancing was not made for old rabbit gentlemen.”

And then, before he could move, Uncle Wiggily saw the nice little brown and white mousie lady begin walzting about on top of a flat stump.

Around and around she went, whirling about on the tips of her hind paws, and very lightly and prettily she did it, too.

“Ha!” cried Uncle Wiggily, surprised-like. “You are quite a dancer. How did you learn to do it?”

“Why, it comes natural in our family,” said the mousie. “I am one of the waltzing mice from Japan, which is a far-off country. If you like, I will teach you to dance.”

“Good!” cried Uncle Wiggily. “That will

be fine. I can come off here in the woods, where no one can laugh at me for being stiff, and I can learn to dance. Then I can surprise Sammie and Susie, and Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, too. I'll do it."

"Then I'll give you the first lesson," said the mousie lady, as she waltzed around again on her hind paws.

Well, that was only the beginning. Every day after that Uncle Wiggily slipped quietly off to the woods to take a dancing lesson from the mouse. At first it was hard work, but soon he was not so stiff, and his rheumatism did not pain him so, and by and by he was a good dancer.

He learned to do the rabbit crawl, and the bunny jump as well as the cheese nibble and the cracker snap, which are very hard dances, indeed, to say nothing of the hesitation waltz, the one-step-on-your-toes, the fox-trot and the goose gambol.

One day, when Uncle Wiggily had been taking dancing lessons for some time, Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy said to him:

"Where do you go, off by yourself, every day, Uncle Wiggily?"

"Oh," he said, laughing, "that is a secret. Some day I will tell you."

“ Oh, tell me now! ” teased Nurse Jane, but Uncle Wiggily would not. And he kept on taking dancing lessons.

One day Nurse Jane said to him:

“ Uncle Wiggily, Sammie and Susie are going to have a little party. They have invited us. Shall we go? ”

“ Why, yes, of course! ” exclaimed the rabbit gentleman, making his ears go flip-flop.

“ The only trouble is, ” went on Nurse Jane, “ that there is going to be dancing, and you know you—— ”

“ Oh, I dare say I can sit and look on with you, ” interrupted the rabbit gentleman, sort of blinking his eyes to himself.

“ Very well, ” said Nurse Jane.

So she and Uncle Wiggily got ready to go to the party of Sammie and Susie. Uncle Wiggily dressed himself in his best suit, and Nurse Jane had on a sky-blue dress with pink trimmings. She looked very pretty, too, let me tell you.

All the animal children were at the party, and when the musician canary birds began to play and sing all the young folks began to dance.

Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels, did a fine chestnut glide with Jennie Chipmunk and Susie Littletail; and Charlie and Arabella,

the chicken children, did an omelet skip that was as fine as anything ever seen in a circus.

Louder and faster played the canary bird music. Uncle Wiggily kept time by tapping his crutch on the floor. He looked at Nurse Jane in her blue dress, and noticed that she was tapping her paw on the side of her chair.

“Do you like to dance, Nurse Jane?” the rabbit gentleman asked.

“Very much,” she answered. “I used to be a fine dancer when I was a young muskrat. But I have no one here to dance with me.”

“I will dance with you!” cried Uncle Wiggily, suddenly.

“What, you? Can you dance?” asked Nurse Jane, surprised-like.

“I certainly can!” cried Uncle Wiggily, not at all proud-like.

“And won’t you step on my dress and tear it?” asked Nurse Jane, anxiously. “Or tread on my toes?”

“Try me!” laughed Uncle Wiggily. So he laid aside his crutch, and while the birds made louder and still faster music, Uncle Wiggily led Nurse Jane out to the middle of the floor, and there he danced with her. They did the turnip

trot, and the carrot fling, and then they slid over in the cornmeal caper.

“Oh, how well you dance!” cried Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy. “How did you manage it? I never knew you could do it!”

Then Uncle Wiggily told about taking private lessons in the woods from the mouse lady, and Nurse Jane laughed and said:

“Well, you certainly can keep a secret!”

Then she and Uncle Wiggily did the apple dumpling turnover, and the strawberry shortcake trot, and every one of the animal children clapped their paws and said it was fine. Then the party went on, and Uncle Wiggily danced until morning and his rheumatism did not hurt him a bit.

And in the next chapter, if the moving picture doesn't run so fast that it jumps out of the window and scares our cat, so she falls into the milk bottle, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily doing a flip-flop.

CHAPTER XIII

UNCLE WIGGILY DOES A FLIP-FLOP

ONE day, when it was snowing just a little bit, with tiny flakes, like canary bird feathers, sifting down out of the sky, only of course the snow was white, and not yellow, as a canary bird is; one day, about eleven o'clock in the morning, or maybe it might have been eleven-thirty, for all I know, Mrs. Wibblewobble, the duck lady, paid a visit to Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady who kept house for Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman.

“Good-morning, Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy,” politely said Mrs. Wibblewobble, the duck lady.

“Good-morning, my dear,” answered the muskrat lady. “Come in and sit down and let’s talk.”

So Mrs. Wibblewobble went in, flapping her wings and waggling her tail to shake off the snow flakes so they wouldn’t get on the floor.

Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy was very particular about her floor.

“Have you heard the news?” asked Mrs. Wibblewobble, speaking the way ladies do when they want to make a surprise.

“News? No. What news?” asked the muskrat lady. “Is it a secret? Oh, do tell me!”

“Why, Grandfather Goosey Gander is very ill,” went on Mrs. Wibblewobble. “He lives next door to us, you know, and just before I came over to see you I met Dr. Possum coming out of Grandfather Goosey’s house. ‘Why, whatever is the trouble?’ I asked. Then Dr. Possum said Grandfather Goosey Gander was very ill.”

“My, that is too bad,” exclaimed Nurse Jane. “Uncle Wiggily will be very sorry to hear that, for Grandfather Goosey Gander is his most particular friend. Pray what is the matter with him?”

“Dr. Possum did not seem to know,” answered Mrs. Wibblewobble. “Dr. Possum said Grandpa just sat by the stove and quacked dismally, every now and then, and seemed so sad and forlorn, that he wouldn’t eat anything at all. It is too bad!”

“He won’t eat anything, eh?” exclaimed Nurse Jane. “I wonder if I fixed him up some nice cornmeal pancakes, with orange pudding sauce on, trimmed with carrots and buttonhole stitch parsnips, if he wouldn’t eat that?”

“Perhaps he would,” said Mrs. Wibblewobble. “You try that, and I’ll make him a watercress cake with snail frosting on, and rows of ribbon lace around the edges. Perhaps that will make him get well.”

“Why, who is sick?” asked Uncle Wiggily, the rabbit gentleman himself, just then coming in from having been out playing tag with his automobile. “I hope neither Lulu, Alice nor Jimmie is ill,” he went on to Mrs. Wibblewobble, most politely, at the same time bending his ears forward and backward, as easily as you can eat a lollypop.

“No, none of my children is ill, I am glad to say,” spoke Mrs. Wibblewobble. “It is Grandfather Goosey Gander.”

Then she told how the goose gentleman sat behind the stove in his pen, croaking and quacking through his yellow bill and not eating anything to speak of.

“My, that is too bad!” exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. “I know what he needs. A good,

lively game of Scotch checkers. I'll go over and play with him, and that will make him feel better at once."

"And we'll make him something nice to eat!" said Nurse Jane.

So these kind creatures, all in their own way, prepared to do a kindness to Grandfather Goosey Gander. For, you know, animals can be good and kind, as well as boys and girls.

Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy made some of the loveliest lollypop pancakes you ever saw, with orange pudding sauce on. Mrs. Wibblewobble baked a watercress cake, with cornmeal muffins in the middle, and Jimmie, her little boy, caught some nice snails out of the goldfish globe to go on top of the cake. Grandpa Goosey just loved snails.

Then Uncle Wiggily took out the Scotch checker-board, to play a nice game with Grandpa Goosey, and started for the old gentleman goose's den in his auto.

Now you would have thought that all these things would have made Grandfather Goosey Gander feel better; especially the watercress cake with snail frosting on. But, do you know, he never even came out of his chair behind the stove. He just sat there, looking at the good

things to eat, and he only quacked out most dolefully:

“ Oh, I am so miserable! I feel terrible! ”

“ Oh, cheer up! ” cried Uncle Wiggily, gaily. “ You will soon be better. Isn't Dr. Possum doing you any good? ”

“ No, ” answered Grandpa Goosey. “ And see, it is snowing. There is going to be a terrible storm! ”

“ Well, we need snow in winter, ” said Nurse Jane, cheerfully.

“ And after that it may rain! ” went on Grandpa Goosey.

“ What of it? We ducks like rain! ” laughed Mrs. Wibblewobble.

“ Try some of my cornmeal pancakes, ” begged Nurse Jane.

“ No, I am too ill to eat! ” quacked the old goose gentleman. “ Oh, this world is a terrible place to live in! ”

“ Oh, cheer up, ” begged Uncle Wiggily. “ Cheer up, do! Have a good game of Scotch checkers with me, and you'll be happier. ”

“ No, please go away, and let me die in peace! ” quacked Grandpa Goosey. You can guess now, I think, what was the matter with the old gentleman goose. He had the grumps.

Now the grumps are the very worst thing anybody can have. They are not like the mumps, though they sound like them. The grumps are worse than the grumbles, and they're bad enough. Why, the grumps are worse than the Sallie-flinders, and goodness knows they are just fearful. For when persons have the Sallie-flinders they just fly into a passion and break every lollypop they see. So Grandpa Goosey had the grumps, but otherwise he wasn't ill at all.

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "You talk about dying! Why you're only a mere goose child yet. Be happy!"

But Grandfather Goosey only shook his yellow bill, and ruffled up his feathers and was grumpier than ever.

And then, all of a sudden, out in the street passed Sammie Littletail, the rabbit boy, playing a mouth organ. Oh! what a fine tune he played on it, and no sooner did Uncle Wiggily hear it than he cried out:

"Why, that's the same tune to which I learned to dance. Ha! that is a flip-flop tune. I am going to do a dance, right here and now! Watch me!"

Then and there right in front of grumpy

Grandfather Goosey Gander, Uncle Wiggily did the queerest dance you ever saw.

The rabbit gentleman slid backward and forward, and even sideways. He bent his paws, and, then, making a quick turn, he looked over his left shoulder as if to see if his tail had dropped off. But it had not. Then he wiggled his ears, and stood on his tip toes, and then he went around in a circle. Next he gave a hop, whirled around a chair, did a flip-flop up on top of the table and then he tetered and tautered down again.

Oh, how Nurse Jane and Mrs. Wibblewobble laughed! And first Grandpa Goosey didn't even smile. Then he smiled a little bit at funny Uncle Wiggily. Then the goose gentleman smiled more—then, all of a sudden, he laughed softly, then louder, and finally he went:

“Ha! Ha! Ha!” right out loud.

“Now you are cured; you haven't the grumps any more!” cried Uncle Wiggily, and, surely enough, Grandpa Goosey was cured. Watching Uncle Wiggily do the flip-flop was better than medicine. Then Grandpa Goosey ate the cornmeal pancakes, and the watercress cake and he was happy once more. So you see dancing is of some use, in this world, after all.

And in the next chapter, if the horse radish doesn't run over the tongue out of the rag doll's shoe, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily helping Charlie Chick.

CHAPTER XIV

UNCLE WIGGILY HELPS CHARLIE CHICK

“WHERE are you going, Charlie?” asked Arabella, the little chicken girl, of her brother one day, when she saw him start off down the woodland path after school.

“Oh, I’m going to have some fun,” answered Charlie, as he caught a stone up in his claw, and slid it over the ice of the duck pond, like a fairie’s little sled.

“May I come along?” asked Arabella. “All the other girl animals are away, and I have no one to play with. Mayn’t I come?”

“No, I’m going off with the boys,” answered Charlie, “and we don’t want a girl. A girl always gets tired and wants to come home.”

“Truly, I won’t get tired,” eagerly promised Arabella.

“No, you can’t come!” said Charlie, rather crossly, ruffling up his feathers.

“Oh, dear!” said Arabella, sadly.

Afterward, though, she was very glad she had not gone with her brother Charlie, on account of what happened to him. I'll tell you all about it, and also how Uncle Wiggily came along at just the right time.

Charlie Chick went on through the woods, where a path was shoveled through the snow. He was looking for some of his friends—Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, the puppy dog boys, or Buddy, the guinea pig chap, or Tommie or Joie Kat, the kittens. But he saw none of them.

Pretty soon Charlie heard a noise in the woods, a little way off from the path.

“Ha! I had better see what that is,” he said to himself. “It may be a fox prowling around.” For, you know, foxes are very fond of chickens, and like to eat them, whether they are cooked or not. And they take their feathers to make sofa cushions for their dens—the foxes do.

But it was not a fox that Charlie saw as he peeped through the bushes. The little chicken boy saw a man, and the man was stooping down in front of a box, and scattering nice yellow grains of corn about it on the snow.

“Ha! That is very strange—to be throwing corn away like that!” thought Charlie. “My mamma would be glad to get it. I'll just wait

until that man goes away, and then I'll pick up all the yellow kernels!"

Charlie was not much afraid of men—not as afraid as he was of boys, for he knew boys often chased chickens, and other animals, and threw stones at them. Men did not do that.

So Charlie waited. He saw the man scatter more corn in front of the box, and then, after a while, go away, so that Charlie was left alone.

"Now for the corn!" crowed Charlie.

The little chicken boy walked out from behind the bush, back of which he had been hidden. He looked all around, stretching his long neck first this way, and then that, but he saw no danger.

Then he went closer to the corn. There was so much of it that Charlie thought it would do no harm if he ate a few kernels.

"The rest of it I will take home to mamma and Arabella," he thought. And he was a bit sorry that he had not brought his little sister with him. For he saw there was almost too much corn for him to carry alone, especially as he had no sack, or bag.

"But I can fill my pockets," thought Charlie, "and there's a can over there. I can put some in that." Charlie found an empty tomato can,

and then he noticed that the corn seemed to stretch out, in a long line, leading right up to the box. Away from the box there were only a few grains of corn scattered on the snow. But close to the box there were more kernels, and inside the box a very great many.

“What a foolish creature a man is!” laughed Charlie, “to go away and leave all his corn here. Well, so much the better for me!”

If Charlie had only known—but there; I’ll tell you what happened to him.

On and on he went, picking up the grains of corn, until he was close to the box. The box was open at one side, and there was a sort of cover to it, held up by a stick.

“First I’ll get all the corn that is inside the box,” thought Charlie, who had eaten all he wanted. “Then, with my claws, I’ll scratch up what is outside.”

Into the box went Charlie, and he began gathering up the kernels of yellow corn, to put in his tin can. And then—

Alas! I wish I didn’t have to tell about this part of the story, but I must.

When Charlie picked up one grain of corn he did not notice that it was fast to a string, and

that the string was tied to the stick that held up the box cover.

When Charlie pulled on this string, to get the grain of corn loose, he loosed the stick, which toppled over, and down came the box cover—"bang!"

Charlie Chick was caught fast in a trap! For that is what the box was—a trap. The man had set it there, knowing that some poor, foolish animal would come along. And the man knew the animal or chicken, or maybe a wild turkey, would follow the line, or trail of corn, and go into the box. And the man knew the cover would fall down, for he had made it to do just that very thing.

"Oh, dear, cried Charlie. "I'm caught, for sure!"

So you see, it is a good thing Arabella didn't go with him, just as I said it was at first.

Poor Charlie flittered and fluttered about in the box trap and beat his wings against the sides. But he could not get out, and he only hurt himself. Then, with his claws and beak, he tried to scratch and punch a hole in the box, but the wood was too hard.

"Oh, dear!" cried Charlie again. Then he heard a noise outside and he thought the man

was coming back to get him. Charlie kept very still then, hoping the man would not come to the trap. The little chicken boy looked through a crack in the box, and how his heart beat with joy when he saw Uncle Wiggily in his automobile. Something was wrong with the machine. It had stopped, and the rabbit gentleman had gotten out to fix it.

“Oh, Uncle Wiggily!” cried Charlie. “Help me! Save me!”

“Bless my ears!” cried the rabbit gentleman. “Who is that? It sounds like Charlie Chick—but where in the world can he be?”

“In this trap, Uncle Wiggily!” cried Charlie. “Please get me out before the man comes!”

“Indeed, I will!” cried the rabbit gentleman. Then he hurried over to the trap, and, with his strong teeth, which are made for gnawing, Uncle Wiggily began to gnaw a hole in the trap.

Harder and faster he gnawed. First he could make only a hole large enough for Charlie to stick out his beak. Then the rabbit gentleman made the hole larger so Charlie could stick out his head. And then, pretty soon, the hole was large enough so that Charlie himself could wiggle out. Uncle Wiggily had to gnaw the hole,

because the cover of the box trap was fastened down by a strong spring, you see, and could not be raised up.

“ Oh, how glad I am to be out! ” cried Charlie. “ Never again will I eat corn that leads to a trap. Oh, look, Uncle Wiggily, ” he cried. “ Here comes that man now! ” And, indeed, the man was coming to see if he had caught anything in his trap.

“ Quick! Into my auto! ” cried the rabbit gentleman. “ We’ll get safely away! ” And, surely enough, they did; and that man was very disappointed to find that something had been in his trap, but had gotten out and taken his corn besides. But Charlie and Uncle Wiggily were glad.

And in the next chapter, in case the jumping-jack doesn’t climb the broomstick and dance a jig with the dusting brush, I’ll tell you about Uncle Wiggily, himself, getting into a trap.

CHAPTER XV

UNCLE WIGGILY IN A TRAP

“WELL, I suppose you are going out?” spoke Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, one morning, as she saw Uncle Wiggily Longears take his fur coat off the rack and pick up his rheumatism crutch; though he did not need the last so much now, as he was not as lame as he had been. Going to dancing school had helped his rheumatism. “I suppose you are going out?” said Nurse Jane.

“You have supposed most correctly,” answered the rabbit gentleman, making such a low, polite bow that one of his ears tickled Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy under the chin.

“Are you going in your automobile?” the muskrat lady asked.

“No, I am going to walk this time,” said Uncle Wiggily.

“And what, pray, is the reason for that?” Nurse Jane wanted to know.

“The reason is,” answered Uncle Wiggily,

“ that there is a hole in one of the big, fat, rubber, German bologna sausage tires of my auto. All the air has leaked out and I cannot ride until the hole in the tire is mended.

“ I think a moth must have eaten the hole,” went on Uncle Wiggily. “ Mind you, I’m not saying for sure, but maybe,” he added.

“ Nonsense! ” exclaimed Nurse Jane, looking to see if the hair ribbon on her tail had dropped off, but it had not, I am glad to say. “ Moths could not eat a hole in a rubber tire! ” she exclaimed. “ A moth is only a little fuzzy bug.”

“ Well, I’ve heard you say moths ate holes in carpets,” said Uncle Wiggily, “ so why couldn’t they eat a hole in my automobile tire? ”

“ I don’t know why, but they couldn’t,” said Nurse Jane. “ Now, if you are going for a walk you had better hurry. I have the sweeping and dusting to do.”

So Uncle Wiggily went off by himself, walking through the woods. He went past the place, where, a day or two before, Charlie Chick had been caught in a trap as he was picking up some corn.

“ Gracious! I hope I never get caught in a trap like that! ” exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. “ Now, I think I’ll go over and call on Grand-

father Goosey Gander. I'll see how he is since he got over having the grumps."

The old goose gentleman was very glad to see his rabbit friend and they played a game of Scotch checkers and had a good time. And Grandpa Goosey was real jolly and laughed every time he thought of Uncle Wiggily doing the flip-flop dance, as I told you in a story before this one.

Then the rabbit gentleman started off again, and, as he was walking through a dark place in the woods, where the bushes were close together overhead, arching across the top like a railroad tunnel, Uncle Wiggily saw something on the snow.

"Ha!" exclaimed the rabbit gentleman, "I must see what this is. It looks like a carrot, but I cannot be sure. I must put on my spectacles and look more closely. It is quite dark in here."

So he took his spectacles out of his pocket and put them on, and then he could see, very plainly, that it was a nice yellow carrot lying there on the snow.

"Why, this is very strange," exclaimed the rabbit gentleman. "A perfectly good carrot lying here and no one to pick it up. It is lucky I came past this way or I never would have seen

it. I will pick it up, take it home and Nurse Jane can make me some soup from it.”

Uncle Wiggily looked all about to make sure there were no foxes or other bad animals in the woods to grab him, and then he went over to the carrot.

If it had not been so dark under the bushes, or if Uncle Wiggily's eyesight had been better, he would have seen something else besides the carrot. But I'll tell you about that in a minute or so.

The old gentleman rabbit reached for the nice, sweet vegetable, and picked it up in one paw, but no sooner had he done so than he felt something grab him around that same paw. Then there was a jerk and a bounce, and Uncle Wiggily went flying through the air so fast that he dropped his rheumatism crutch, and his tall silk hat fell off.

“ Oh, this is dreadful! ” cried the rabbit gentleman. “ Have I been taken up in an airship, I wonder? ”

But he soon found that he had stopped going up. He was swinging backward and forward now from the top of a little tree, and he was held fast by a cord about his paw, the other end of the string being tied to the swaying tree.

Back and forth, to and fro, swung Uncle Wiggily like the pendulum of a clock. He was dangling at the end of a cord, and there was a slip-noose, like a cowboy's lasso, around his paw, and the harder you pull a slip-noose the tighter it holds, you know.

“ Oh, dear me! Alas and alack-a-day! ” cried poor Uncle Wiggily. “ I see it all now. I am in a trap. That carrot was the bait of the trap, just as the corn was a bait for Charlie Chick, and just as cheese is bait for a mouse-trap. Oh, I am caught! ”

And so he was. A man had made the trap to catch the rabbit. The man had made a noose in a string, and bent a little tree over, like a bow that shoots Indian arrows. The tree was fastened down, but in such a way that, when Uncle Wiggily took the carrot, he pulled out the peg that held the tree bent over. Then up flew the tree, taking the rabbit gentleman along by the string.

“ Oh, how can I ever get loose? ” cried Uncle Wiggily. He tried to jar himself down, hoping to break the string, but it was too strong and it cut into his paw. Then he tried to reach up and bite the string with his teeth, but he could not. Nor could he break it with his other paw or his

feet. He had a knife in one pocket, but it was on the side of the paw that was in the noose, and Uncle Wiggily could not reach it with his free foot.

“Oh, I’m afraid I’ll have to stay here until the man comes and catches me!” he thought, most sadly.

Just then Uncle Wiggily heard some one walking along, on the ground, down below him. He thought it was the man who had set the trap, but on looking through the bushes the rabbit gentleman saw that it was Charlie Chick. Then, oh! how glad Uncle Wiggily was.

“Charlie! Charlie!” he cried. “Can’t you help me? I am caught as badly as you were! Help me!”

At first Charlie was frightened, as he couldn’t see Uncle Wiggily, but finally he looked up, overhead, and caught sight of him.

“Of course I’ll help you!” cried the chicken boy. “I’ll run and get Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy. She’ll come and with her strong teeth she’ll gnaw down the tree and you can get loose.”

“No, don’t go!” cried Uncle Wiggily. “There is no time. The man may come along any minute. You’ll have to save me yourself.”

“ But how can I? ” asked Charlie. “ I can’t gnaw down a tree. Oh, I know! ” he cried suddenly. “ I can scratch away the dirt at the foot of it—scratch all the dirt away from the roots, and then the tree will topple over, and you can reach the ground and get loose. I’ll do it! ”

And the chicken boy did. With his strong claws Charlie scratched away all the dirt around the roots of the tree. Soon the tree toppled gently over, so easily that Uncle Wiggily was not hurt a bit. Then Charlie could pick open the knot of the slip-noose with his beak, and the rabbit gentleman was free. He thanked Charlie very kindly, too, I can tell you. Then they both went home and said they were never going to be caught in a trap again.

And in the chapter after this, if the oatmeal dish doesn’t go sliding on the ice and get cracked so it can’t hold the milk, from falling into the sugar bowl, I’ll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the rocking horse.

CHAPTER XVI

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE ROCKING HORSE

UNCLE WIGGILY, do you know what day it is?" asked Sammie Littletail, the rabbit boy, as he went in his uncle's house one morning right after breakfast.

"Why—ah, um! Let me see. Why this is Saturday, of course, and you have no school!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "I suppose that is why you are so happy, Sammie."

"Well, I am happy; yes, Uncle Wiggily," Sammie said; "but that is not the reason. You see this is my birthday, and——"

"Ha! say no more," interrupted Uncle Wiggily. "Of course you should be happy on your birthday. But I had forgotten all about it."

"I thought you had," said Sammie, sort of bashful like and shy, as he tied his ears into a knot, and untied them again. "I—I was afraid you might forget it, Uncle Wiggily, so I thought I'd better remind you of it. To-day is my birthday, but I don't know what presents I'm going to get!"

"Don't you, indeed!" cried Uncle Wiggily



with a laugh. "Well, I know one present you are going to get."

"Oh, what is it? Do tell me, please!" begged the rabbit boy.

"No, it's a secret. I'll tell you by and by. Run along now and you'll soon see what it is."

So Sammie hopped over to his house, which was not far from the hollow stump where Uncle Wiggily lived.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, when the rabbit boy had gone. "Did you ever hear the like of that?"

"What?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy.

"Why, this is Sammie's birthday and I never thought to get him a present. I must go to the store at once. Please get out my fur coat, for it is very cold."

Soon Uncle Wiggily started off in his automobile to go to the toy store for a present for Sammie's birthday. The store was kept by a kind old monkey gentleman who used to play the hand organ in a circus and help feed peanuts to the elephant.

"Have you any birthday presents for animal boys?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Loads and loads of them," answered the monkey gentleman. "Is he a good boy?"

“One of the best!” said Uncle Wiggily, proudly.

“Please walk this way,” invited the monkey, and he led the rabbit gentleman to a place where there was a large sign reading:

“Birthday presents for good boys.”

“Why!” exclaimed Uncle Wiggily in surprise. “Do you have presents for bad boys, too?”

“Oh, yes, we have presents for bad boys to make them better,” spoke the monkey. “But pick out what you’d like for a good boy.”

Well, there were so many things in the toy shop that Uncle Wiggily hardly knew which to choose. But finally he picked out a nice big rocking horse, painted red, with real hair in the tail and mane, and with a bit and bridle and stirrups. Oh, it was a fine rocking horse!

“I’ll take that,” said Uncle Wiggily. “Put it in my auto for me, if you please.”

So the monkey did this, and off started the rabbit gentleman to take Sammie’s present to him. But on the way he had an accident.

Jus as the automobile got to the edge of the big frozen pond, on the other side of which lived Sammie Littletail, something happened. I forget now, whether the doodle-oodleum of the auto

got twisted around the what-you-may-call-it, or whether the fizzleum-fazzilum jumped over the tinkerum-tankerum. But, anyhow, something went wrong.

There was a slam, and a bang and then the automobile turned a somersault, and part of a peppersault, tossing Uncle Wiggily out, and right into a snow-bank. Then the automobile, having done all the damage it could, lay down beside the frozen pond and went to sleep.

“Well!” exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, sitting up, “this is a pretty state of affairs! I wonder if I am all right?”

He tried to get up, but he found he could not stand, as one of his legs was sprained. And as he had rheumatism in one other leg, and as it pained him very much, he found that he could not move at all.

After a while he managed to crawl over to the automobile. He thought perhaps she could fix it up enough so he could ride home in it. But the automobile was upside down, or downside up, whichever way you like.

“There is no getting home in that,” thought the rabbit gentleman. “I must call for help.”

So he called as loudly as he could:

“Help! Help! Help!”

No one came. Then Uncle Wiggily tooted on the cow's horn that went "Honk! Honk!" on his auto. But still no one came. He could look across the frozen pond to where Sammie's house was, but he could not get to it, and it was so far off that none of his friends could see him. Wasn't it too bad!

"Well, I wonder what I can do?" thought Uncle Wiggily. "Sammie will be so disappointed if I don't come home with his birthday present. I must do something."

Then he noticed the red rocking horse standing right on the edge of the frozen pond. The wind was blowing and making the horse sway backward and forward, just as though he were galloping.

"Ha! I have it! Why not? Why not ride the rocking horse, since my auto is broken!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Will you take me home?" the rabbit gentleman asked, politely. Of course, the wooden rocking horse couldn't talk, but it nodded gently in the wind, and seemed to say:

"Of course I will!"

Then Uncle Wiggily managed to crawl over to the red rocking horse. He climbed

up on its back, put his feet in the stirrups and pulled on the reins.

“Get up! Go 'long!” called the rabbit gentleman kindly. Then he rocked himself to and fro, and would you believe it? that rocking horse began to slide over the ice. You know how it is—if you rock your own rocking horse hard enough it will slide over the bare floor. And, of course, it was much easier to slide on the ice.

Faster and faster rode Uncle Wiggily on the red rocking horse. Over the ice he galloped, and soon he was at Sammie's house.

“Whoa!” called the rabbit gentleman, and the horse stopped. “Here is your birthday present!” he called to Sammie. And wasn't that rabbit boy surprised and pleased? Well, I just guess he was, Sammie rode the rocking horse all over the ice.

Then Dr. Possum was sent for, and took Uncle Wiggily home in his carriage, and soon the rabbit gentleman's sore leg was all well and his auto was fixed as good as new.

And in the next chapter, if the postman doesn't take our letter-box away to keep his canary bird in, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the ball of yarn.

CHAPTER XVII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE BALL OF YARN

"SOMETHING must be going on, over at the chicken coop home," said Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, who kept house for Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, as she looked out of the window of the hollow stump bungalow one morning.

"Something going on? What do you mean?" asked Uncle Wiggily, as he finished eating a carrot sandwich which the muskrat lady had made for his breakfast.

"Why, all the children of the neighborhood are going in there," went on Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy. "Come and see," and she made room at the window, so Uncle Wiggily might look over to the coop where Charlie and Arabella Chick lived.

"Yes, there go Sammie and Susie Littletail, my rabbit nephew and niece," spoke Uncle Wiggily, wonderingly.

"Yes, and there come Tommie, Joie and

Kittie Kat," said Nurse Jane. "And the Wibblewobble duck children, and Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, those squirrel boys. I wonder what can be going on at the Chick house? Some one must be ill!"

"Oh, no! They all look too happy for that," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "Ha! I remember now. Charlie and Arabella Chick are giving a party. They sent me an invitation, but I forgot all about it. Gracious sakes alive and some peanut pudding! That is too bad! I must shave myself, put on my best clothes, and run over for a little while."

"Yes, do," said Nurse Jane. "I would go, also, but I have my work to do. Perhaps they will do some of the new dances over there, Wig-gie," she said, calling him that funny name, just for fun.

"If there is any dancing going on I will help," said the rabbit gentleman, who felt ever so much younger now that he had taken dancing lessons of the waltzing mouse lady, and could do the carrot flip as well as the rabbit run.

Well, Uncle Wiggily was soon ready. He shaved off his prickly whiskers and then, wearing his tall silk hat, and his fur coat, over he went to the party in the chicken coop house.

And oh! how glad all the animal children were to see the rabbit uncle. They clapped their paws, and laughed, and Charlie Chick even turned a peppersault over the ice cream freezer.

“Now we’re going to have some dancing!” the little chicken boy said. “We will do the corn meal hop and the cold potato glide. After that we’ll do the water-pan waltz.”

Well, every one liked this, and soon, to the tune of music made by a last year’s cricket lady, who stayed by the warm fire-place, every one was dancing. Uncle Wiggily took Mrs. Chick for a partner, and they danced the parlor rug slide, as well as one other, where they had to keep looking over their shoulders every now and then to see if they had lost their tails. That was a funny dance.

Well, all the animal friends played many games at the party Charlie and Arabella Chick gave, and had much fun. Grandma Cluck-Cluck, the old lady hen, looked on over the tops of her glasses, and she enjoyed it as much as any one. She even did part of the barn dance, but she said it made her dizzy to go as fast as the others, so she went up to her room to lie down.

Then Arabella called:

“Now for a good game of hide-and-go-see!”

I'll blind, and when I say, 'Ready or not, I'm coming!' you must all be hidden."

The animal children thought this would be lots of fun, and so they looked for different places to hide, while Arabella blinded her eyes by covering them with her paws, and she didn't peek a single mite.

"I'm going to find a good place to hide," whispered Kittie Kat to her brother Joie.

"Where?" he asked. "Tell me!"

"I will next time, if Arabella doesn't find me," said Kittie.

And where do you think she went? Up in Grandma Cluck-Cluck's room. It was very still and quiet there, for the dear old lady hen had fallen asleep after doing the barn dance. Kittie slipped in softly and hid down by Grandma Cluck-Cluck's rocking chair.

The little kitten girl could hear the others running about and hiding, and then she heard Arabella call:

"Ready or not, I'm coming!"

"I guess she won't find me," thought Kittie.

It was very still and quiet in Grandma Cluck-Cluck's room, and Arabella never thought of looking for Kittie there. Pretty soon the little

cat girl saw a ball of yarn that grandma was using to knit mittens for Charlie and Arabella.

“ I wonder if I could knit? ” thought Kittie. “ I’m going to try. It won’t make any noise to awaken her. ”

The ball of yarn with the mitten partly finished, and the knitting needles stuck in it, was in grandma’s chair. Softly Kittie Kat took the ball up, and she tried to make the shining needles go in and out of the worsted the way she had seen her own grandma do.

But her claws became tangled in the yarn, she pulled out one of the needles by mistake, dropping and spilling many stitches, and then, all of a sudden the ball of yarn fell to the floor, and rolled away.

“ Oh, I must get that back! ” thought Kittie. Softly she sprang after the ball, but it only rolled the faster, away in a corner. Kittie kept after it. Then her tail got tangled in the yarn, and so did her paws. Finally she got the ball, but when she tried to wind the yarn up again, she slipped on a peppermint candy that had rolled from grandma’s table, and then—

Oh, I wish you could have seen how poor Kittie Kat was all tangled up in that ball of yarn! She wound it around and around herself, up and

down, sideways and through the middle. The more she tried to untangle herself the worse she became mixed.

“ Oh, dear! ” thought poor Kittie, but she did not cry out loud, for fear of waking Grandma Cluck-Cluck. “ Oh, what shall I do? ”

Tighter and tighter she became entangled in the ball of yarn until at last she could stand it no longer. She just had to call “ Help! Help! Help! ”

“ Gracious me! What’s that! ” exclaimed Grandma, waking up with a start. “ Who is it? ”

“ Kittie Kat, if you please, ” said the little animal girl, “ and I’m all tangled up in your yarn. I tried to knit, but I am sorry, for I mixed it all up. ”

“ Oh, what a terrible sight! Come here everybody! ” cried Grandma Cluck-Cluck, and they all came running to look at Kittie. Truly she was a strange sight, all tangled up in the yarn, and she felt quite miserable.

“ Send for Dr. Possum! ” she begged. “ He can untangle me. ”

“ Maybe I can, ” offered Uncle Wiggily, who had run up with the others. And he tried, but

when he pulled on one end of the yarn he pulled Kittie's fur, too, and she cried in pain.

"There is no help for it," said the rabbit gentleman. "I must cut the yarn off Kittie."

"But don't cut her," said Grandma Cluck-Cluck. "Here are my scissors. Cut the yarn but don't cut Kittie!"

"I'll be careful," promised Uncle Wiggily. And he was. "Snip! Snip!" went the scissors, and soon Kittie Kat was free from the tangle of yarn, and she could play with her friends once more. Uncle Wiggily promised to get grandma another ball of yarn, and all was well. And the animal children played more games, and ate up all the ice cream at the party and then went home.

So in the chapter after this, if the whipped cream on the orange pudding doesn't cry in its sleep and awaken the phonograph, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily at a fire.

CHAPTER XVIII

UNCLE WIGGILY AT A FIRE

UNCLE WIGGILY! Oh, Uncle Wiggily!" called Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, to the rabbit gentleman one morning before breakfast. "Come, it is time to get up! You are late!"

Uncle Wiggily did not answer.

"That is strange," thought Nurse Jane. "I wonder if he can have gotten up early and have gone out without me knowing it? Oh, you Uncle Wiggily!" she called, still louder.

This time she heard a groan up in the rabbit gentleman's room.

"Oh, what is the matter?" cried the muskrat lady. "Has anything happened, Uncle Wiggily?"

"Yes," he answered. "I am too ill to come down to breakfast this morning. I think I have the goose pip, or the hen epizootic; I can't tell which."

“ Oh, mercy me and the potato masher! ” exclaimed Nurse Jane. “ We must have Dr. Possum in at once. I’ll go for him! ”

Away she ran, dragging her long tail after her, for Nurse Jane did not take the time to stop and do her tail up in curl-papers as she sometimes did.

“ Quick, Dr. Possum! ” she called, when she reached his office. “ Come to Uncle Wiggily at once. He hasn’t been down to his breakfast and maybe he has the pip or epizootic—or both. ”

“ That is dreadful! ” said the possum gentleman. “ I’ll come right away. ”

And when he got to Uncle Wiggily’s house, and felt of the rabbit’s ears, and made him twinkle his nose, to see how well he could do it, Dr. Possum said:

“ Well, you are quite ill, my dear, old rabbit friend, but I think I can cure you. I will give you a few green pills and some red ones and a little yellow powder and some purple medicine to drink, and then you will be all well. ”

“ Mercy! All that stuff to take! ” cried Uncle Wiggily. “ I had rather be ill than do that. ”

But he kept on feeling worse, so when Dr. Possum took all the strangely colored medicines out of his satchel, Uncle Wiggily was glad

enough to take some of them, beginning with a green pill and ending up with a pink powder.

In fact, he had so many medicines and they were of such different colors that, when they were spread out on his table by his bed, Nurse Jane exclaimed:

“Why, that looks just like a rainbow or a lot of Easter eggs.”

“Well, I hope they don’t make me feel like a rainbow,” said Uncle Wiggily, smiling sort of sadly-like.

Dr. Possum took off his glasses and put them in his pocket. Then he said:

“Oh, I forgot. While you are ill, Uncle Wiggily, I want you to drink nothing but seltzer water.”

“Seltzer water! What is that, pray tell?” asked the rabbit, curious-like.

“Seltzer water is just like soda water, only it hasn’t any sweet stuff or ice cream in it,” explained Dr. Possum. “It comes in big bottles, with shiny tops and a handle to push and——”

“Oh, I know about that!” interrupted Nurse Jane. “Seltzer water comes from the drug store, and when you press down on the shiny handle on top of the bottle the seltzer water squirts all over, and foams and sizzes like anything.”

“Exactly,” agreed Dr. Possum. “And I want that for Uncle Wiggily. He must have seltzer water.”

So Nurse Jane went to the drug store for some, and when she came back with it the rabbit gentleman was asleep. He felt a little better when he awakened, but he was still quite ill.

“Now,” said Nurse Jane, that afternoon, “I have to go out to the store to get something for supper. Do you think you will be all right alone, by yourself, Wiggy, or shall I get Grandfather Goosey Gander to come in and stay with you until I come back?”

“Oh, I am well enough to stay by myself,” said Uncle Wiggily. “I have all my medicines where I can reach them, and my bottle of fizzy seltzer water as well.” Then he squirted a little of the sparkling, bubbling soda water into a glass and drank it; he drank the water, not the glass, you know.

So Nurse Jane went to the store, and Uncle Wiggily was left alone in the hollow stump house. But he was not alone long, for pretty soon Sammie Littletail, the rabbit boy, who had heard that his uncle was ill, came to visit him.

“I am glad to see you, Sammie,” said Uncle

Wiggily. "It is very good of you to come and call on me."

"You always come to see me when I am sick," spoke Sammie, "so I come to see you. And I have brought you some marshmallow candies. Wouldn't you like one roasted, Uncle Wiggily?"

"Well, maybe it would be good for me," said the rabbit gentleman. "Dr. Possum said nothing about them, but we might try one. I can't feel much worse, whatever I take."

"Then I'll go down to the kitchen stove, while Nurse Jane is out, and roast one for you," said Sammie, very proud and glad indeed that he could do something for Uncle Wiggily.

There was a good, hot fire in the kitchen stove of the hollow stump house. Taking one of the candy marshmallows Sammie stuck it on a fork and held it over the coals.

Soon it began to brown nicely, and smelled most scumptiously, if you will kindly allow me to say so.

And then something happened. The marshmallow candy began to melt, and run off the fork into the fire.

"Oh, dear!" cried Sammie, as soon as he saw it.

Then something else happened.

The marshmallow candy caught fire. How it blazed up, and Sammie cried: "Oh, me! oh, my!" Then he quickly pulled back the blazing candy away from over the fire, and—something else happened.

The blazing candy fell on the floor, and set fire to the oilcloth. What a lot of smoke there was! It rolled up, and the flames began to crackle, and Sammie cried:

"Fire! Fire! Fire! Come on, you water-bugs, and help put out the fire!"

But there were no water-bugs there, and the fire blazed hotter.

Upstairs, in bed, Uncle Wiggily heard it. He heard Sammie crying, and he smelled the smoke.

"Ha! The house is on fire!" exclaimed the rabbit gentleman. "I must put it out! But how? I can't get down to the kitchen to turn on the water in the sink. There is too much smoke." Then he saw his bottle of seltzer water. "The very thing!" cried the rabbit gentleman. "That is as good as a fire engine."

Out of bed, ill as he was, he jumped, catching up the bottle of fizzy soda water. Down the stairs he went until he was near the kitchen, and

he pressed on the shiny handle, and squirted all the bubbling water in the bottle on the fire.

“Fizz!” went the seltzer water. “Hiss!” went the fire like a snake, and in a minute it was all out, and the kitchen was hardly burned at all. Wasn’t that good?

“Oh, I am so sorry!” cried Sammie. “It was all my fault for dropping the blazing marshmallow.”

“Never mind, you meant it for the best,” said Uncle Wiggily, kindly. “And I feel much better. I think the fire cured me.” And so it had, and he didn’t have to take any more seltzer water or green pills.

And in chapter twenty, if the candlestick doesn’t walk upstairs and tickle the wax doll, so she sneezes and wakes up the gold fish, I’ll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the wagon sleds.

CHAPTER XIX

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE WAGON SLEDS

ONE day, when Uncle Wiggily, the nice old rabbit gentleman, was out taking a walk, he came to the house where Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, the puppy dog boys lived. This was a little while after the fire in the hollow stump bungalow, which the rabbit uncle had put out by squirting the seltzer water on it, as I told you in the story just before this one.

“I think I will go in and see Peetie and Jackie,” said Uncle Wiggily to himself. “I have not called on them in some time, and a little rest will do me good after my walk.”

Into the doggies' house went the rabbit gentleman, but when he got there he saw a strange sight. For, off in one corner sat Peetie, and oh! what a scowly-owly look was on Peetie's face. And in another corner was Jackie Bow Wow, and on his face was an even worse scowly-owly look.

“Why, whatever is the matter?” asked Uncle

Wiggily in surprise. "Have you both the toothache, boys?"

"No, they have not," said Mrs. Bow Wow coming in just then from the kitchen where she was baking some dog biscuits and puppy cakes. "No, Uncle Wiggily, I am sorry to say that Jackie and Peetie are rather naughty."

"Naughty—you amaze me!" exclaimed the rabbit. "Why, what has happened?"

"It's all on account of the weather," went on Mrs. Bow Wow. As for Jackie and Peetie they didn't even speak to Uncle Wiggily, and usually they were so fond of him. But it was just because they were cross and unpleasant; that's all. They weren't their real selves, you see.

"On account of the weather, eh?" went on Uncle Wiggily. "Why, I don't see anything the matter with it. The sun is shining, there is no snow, and——"

"That's just the trouble!" burst out Jackie. "There is no snow, and we want to go coasting with our sleds, and we can't go!"

"It's—it's just—mean—that's what it is!" said Peetie, and he looked so crossly at a little fuzzy bug that was crawling on his tail that the poor little bug jumped off and nearly sprained one of his legs.

“Hoity-toity!” cried Uncle Wiggily. “So you boys think the weather man had made all this trouble; eh? Why can’t you do something else besides riding down hill?”

“We don’t want to,” said Peetie. “We want to play with our sleds, but we can’t slide down on bare ground; can we, Uncle Wiggily?”

“No, I suppose not,” said the rabbit gentleman, slowly. “But how would you like to come for a ride in my automobile? That can go down hill, whether there is any snow on the ground or not. Do you want that?”

“Nope!” said Peetie.

“Nope!” said Jackie, and they both looked very cross and unpleasant. I guess they were unhappy, too, and maybe a bit sorry, but sometimes, you see, when you get in the way of being naughty, it’s hard to get back into the way of being good again.

I guess you know how it is yourself. I don’t mean you, exactly, but perhaps you’ve seen some one who was that way—like Peetie and Jackie.

“Hum! Well!” said Uncle Wiggily, slowly. He did not know just what to make of this. Peetie and Jackie had never acted so before.

Then the old rabbit gentleman had a new idea. There came a twinkle into his red eyes,

and even his nose blinkled and twinkled, and he said:

“ Well, boys, if I could fix it so you could slide down hill on your sleds, even if there is no snow on the ground, would you like that? ”

“ Yes, I know we would, ” said Jackie, and he smiled the least little bit, but not much.

“ Only it can't be done, ” said Peetie, and then he felt that he was not acting just right, so he looked on the floor for the little fuzzy bug he had made jump off his tail. And then he found the little creature, and lifted him back on his tail again, and made it twist very fast, like a merry-go-round, and the little bug was quite happy, which shows you that Peetie was not bad all the way through—only in spots, like a specked apple.

“ Well, ” said Uncle Wiggily, slowly. “ I'm not saying that it is an easy thing to make a sled that will go down hill on the bare ground, without snow. But I can try it. ”

“ Just see how kind your Uncle Wiggily is to you, ” said Mrs. Bow Wow. “ Aren't you sorry you were naughty? ”

“ Yes, I guess so, ” spoke Jackie. “ But I'd like to see that new sled, first. ”

“ Well, I'll go out in your barn and make it, ”

said the rabbit gentleman. "Where are your regular sleds?"

"Here!" cried Jackie and Peetie eagerly, as they brought them to Uncle Wiggily.

"Well, now you stay here until you hear me whistle," spoke the rabbit gentlemen, "and by that time the sleds will be ready for you and you can ride down hill, even if there is no snow."

Uncle Wiggily went out to the barn, and what do you think he did? Why he took some wheels off the two old baby-dog carriages he found out there, and he fastened four wheels to Peetie's sled and four wheels to Jackie's. And when you sat on the sleds you could roll down a hill as nicely as in an automobile, and you could easily pretend it was winter, and that there was snow on the ground, for there were the sleds, runners and everything.

Uncle Wiggily whistled, and out came running Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow. They saw the wagon sleds Uncle Wiggily had made for them, and they said:

"Oh, thank you so much!" and they didn't scowl any more, and I guess they were sorry for having been cross, just because there was no snow. Mind, I'm not saying for sure, but maybe.

"Now, for a good coast!" cried Peetie.

“Hurray!” cried Jackie.

Not far away was a little hill, and soon the two puppy dog boys were riding down this on their wagon sleds that had baby-dog carriage wheels fast to them. Oh, what fun they had!

Then along came Sammie Littletail, the rabbit boy, and Jimmie Wibblewobble, the duck boy, and many other animal children, and when they saw the wagon sleds Uncle Wiggily had made they all said:

“Oh!” just like that.

Peetie and Jackie let their friends take turns on the new wagon sleds that were good, even if there was no snow, and all the boy animals said they were going to make some sleds of their own next day. And I guess they did.

And next, if the penwiper doesn't go out on the front stoop and pretend that it's the doormat, to fool the letter man, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily finding lost Sammie Littletail.

CHAPTER XX

UNCLE WIGGILY FINDS SAMMY

ONE day, when Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman was near to the house in the woods where Sammie and Susie Littletail, the rabbit children lived, he heard Mrs. Littletail calling out of the window:

“Sammie! Sammie! Come here, I want you to go to the store for me.”

“All right, mamma; right away,” answered Sammie, very politely; and, though he was playing a game of snow tag with Billie Bushytail, the boy squirrel, Sammie didn’t ask his mamma to wait a minute, or a half hour or so, before he went to the store. He came hopping over right away, his big ears flopping backward and forward, too funny for anything.

“What do you want from the store, Mamma?” asked Sammie, after he had shaken paws with Uncle Wiggily.

“I want a loaf of bread and a nice head of lettuce,” said the rabbit lady.

“You’ll stay to supper, won’t you, Uncle Wiggily?” she asked. “I’ll make you some nice lettuce sandwiches, with slices of carrot between the lettuce leaves.”

“Oh, I think I must stay, after that,” laughed Uncle Wiggily. “It sounds very nice indeed. Ah! Um! Lettuce and carrots. But I told Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy that I’d be back, and she may keep a meal for me.”

“We can send her word not to wait for you,” said Mrs. Littletail. “Here comes Dickie Chip-Chip, the sparrow boy, flying along. He’ll leave a message with Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy that you’re going to stay here to tea.”

“Very well,” agreed Uncle Wiggily, and Dickie, the sparrow boy, very kindly said he would tell the muskrat lady, who kept house for Uncle Wiggily, not to expect him home.

Away flew Dickie, but when Mrs. Littletail looked around there was her boy Sammie still standing there.

“Why, Sammie!” she cried, rather surprised-like. “Haven’t you gone to the store yet? Didn’t I give you the money?”

“Oh, yes, mamma,” he answered, “but I was thinking you might like to order something else. Maybe some molasses, or sugar, so Susie and I

could make candy after supper. You like candy; don't you, Uncle Wiggily?" he asked, sort of wrinkling up his little nose. That meant Uncle Wiggily was to say "yes!"

"Oh, indeed I do like candy!" exclaimed the rabbit gentleman, with a twinkle in his eyes. He saw right away what Sammie was up to, the little rascal.

"Oh, I do declare!" laughed Mrs. Littletail. "Well, you may get some molasses, Sammie. I have plenty of sugar, and you and Susie may have a candy-pull after supper."

You may be sure Sammie hopped on to the store very quickly then, and very happily, too. Not that he wouldn't have gone happily if his mamma had not let him get the molasses, but now that he and his sister Susie were going to make candy—oh! he felt so good and jolly!

Along he hopped, and soon he was at the store, where he bought the bread, lettuce and molasses.

"I guess you are going to have something good at your house to-night, Sammie," said the mouse gentleman, who kept the store.

"Indeed we are!" laughed the little rabbit boy, and then he hopped on toward home. But he didn't get there; at least not for some time, and something dreadful happened to him.

I'll tell you all about it, but I have to begin at the other end—I mean the Uncle Wiggily end.

The old rabbit gentleman sat, in the hollow stump house, talking to Mrs. Littletail for some time. He spoke about the weather, and how soon it would be spring, with nice tender juicy green things growing to eat.

Pretty soon in came Susie Littletail. She had been playing with her girl animal friends.

“I guess it's time for me to help you set the table, mamma,” said Susie, and she began at once to put on the white birch-bark plates and the wooden knives and forks.

“I wonder what keeps Sammie?” said Mrs. Littletail, after a bit, looking out of the window of the hollow stump house several times. “He should be here by this time.”

“Perhaps he stopped on the way to have a game of tag,” said Uncle Wiggily. “Animal boys often do that.”

“Sammie wouldn't, without telling me,” said his mamma. “I am afraid something has happened to him.”

“Oh, don't worry,” said Uncle Wiggily, kindly. But Mrs. Littletail did worry, just the same. I guess all mammas do, animals or real.

Well, it grew later and later, and Sammie

didn't come. It grew dark, and still he was not home. Supper time came, and, though no one felt much like eating, they all sat down. Mrs. Littletail had to go next door to borrow some bread and lettuce, for Sammie had not come home with the things from the store, you see.

"Oh, I'm sure something has happened to him!" cried Mrs. Littletail. "Poor Sammie!"

"I'll go find him," said Uncle Wiggily. He took a bottle with some last year's fireflies in for a lantern. The lightning bugs gave a good light.

The rabbit gentleman looked all over for Sammie, through the woods and over the fields, flashing his lantern all about. But he could not find the little rabbit boy.

"I'll go back to the store where he was and start from there to search," said Uncle Wiggily. So he did, looking very carefully along the way. There were sidewalks in the part of the woods where the store was built, and Uncle Wiggily looked on the walks to see if he could find any signs of Sammie.

And then, all of a sudden, right by a big hole through which the coal man used to put the coal for a rich groundhog gentleman who lived there—right by that coal hole Uncle Wiggily

saw some molasses—stick molasses, on the pavement.

“I believe Sammie has fallen down the coal hole!” cried the rabbit gentleman. “Are you down there, Sammie?” he called. “Are you there?”

“Yes, I’m here!” answered poor Sammie. “And I’ve been asleep, I guess, waiting for some one to come and help me out. I can’t get out myself, though I fell in all by myself.”

Then Uncle Wiggily went into the groundhog gentleman’s house, and told about Sammie being down in the coal hole, and they let the rabbit boy come up the inside cellar way. Sammie wasn’t hurt a bit, for there was soft coal in the coal hole, and it doesn’t harm one to fall on that.

“How did you get in the hole?” asked Uncle Wiggily, as he brushed the black dust off Sammie, and took him home.

“Why,” said the little rabbit boy. “I was walking along, thinking what a good time Susie and I would have making the molasses candy, and I didn’t see that the coal hole was open, so I stepped right into it. I tried to get out, and I couldn’t. I called for help, but no one heard me, and then I fell asleep—and you came.”

“Yes, but only that I happened to see some molasses on the sidewalk where you spilled it, I might never have known you were there,” said the rabbit gentleman.

Then everybody was happy because lost Sammie was found, and he and Susie made forty-seven sticks of molasses candy, and that’s all to this story.

But in chapter twenty-one, in case the rubber doll doesn’t stretch up to the ceiling and bite a hole in the wall paper, where the canary bird can hide, I’ll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the butterfly.

CHAPTER XXI

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE BUTTERFLY

“HAVE you heard the news?” asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, of Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, one morning as he was about to start off on an automobile ride.

“News? What news?” he asked. “I hope that boy rabbit, Sammie Littletail, hasn’t fallen down any more coal holes.”

“No, it isn’t that,” went on the muskrat lady who kept house for Uncle Wiggily. “But Lulu Wibblewobble, the duck girl, is very ill. She can hardly quack, so her sister Alice said when she went past a little while ago to get some medicine from Dr. Possum.”

“Ha! That is too bad,” said Uncle Wiggily. “What is the matter with her?”

“Corn meal fever,” answered Nurse Jane.

“I will go over and see Lulu,” said Uncle Wiggily.

So instead of going over to call on Grandfather Goosey Gander, and playing a game of

Scotch checkers with the old gentleman goose, as he intended doing, Uncle Wiggily started for the pen where Lulu and Alice and Jimmie Wibblewobble lived.

And the rabbit gentleman found Lulu a very ill little duck girl indeed. Not only did she have corn meal fever, but she had such a pain in her bill that she could not quack.

“I’m not going to take it! I won’t swallow that bitter medicine!” cried Lulu as Uncle Wiggily went in. “I won’t take it! I won’t!”

“But, Lulu, you must,” said Mrs. Wibblewobble, kindly. “It will make you better.”

“I don’t want to be better!” said Lulu, and some tears came into her eyes and ran down her yellow bill, splashing on the bedspread.

You see Lulu didn’t mean to act that way. Only she felt so miserable that she really didn’t know what she was saying. But she would not take her medicine, and Mrs. Wibblewobble didn’t know what to do.

“Perhaps she will take it for me,” said Uncle Wiggily, for usually the animal children would do anything for their rabbit uncle.

“No, I can’t swallow that bitter medicine!” sobbed Lulu. “I can’t! I won’t!”

“Maybe I can put a little sugar in it, so it

won't be so bad," said Uncle Wiggily, speaking sort of sweetly and kindly—like soothing syrup.

"No, mamma tried that—it only makes it worse!" Lulu answered. "Oh, I had rather be sick than take medicine!"

Well, they didn't know what to do, for Dr. Possum had said Lulu must take the medicine if she was to get well. And you know medicine is very bitter, sometimes.

And often, the more bitter it is, the better it is for you.

But, no matter what they did, Lulu would not take the medicine, and she was getting worse all the while.

"I'll take this medicine back to Dr. Possum and get him to fix it so it won't taste so badly," the rabbit gentleman said, finally, and off he started in his automobile.

But, as it happened, Dr. Possum was away, and would not be back that night, having been called to take care of Mr. Stubtail, the bear gentleman, who was stuck fast in a hollow log and could not get out.

"I've just got to make Lulu take that medicine, bitter or not, the way it is," thought Uncle Wiggily. "Bitter or not, she must take it." And

yet he did not want to have to hold her head and force open her bill and pour it down, the way you have to do with some children I've heard of. And some of them didn't have to take bitter medicine, either, but nice, little, sweet pills.

Well, Uncle Wiggily was going along in his auto, wondering how he could get Lulu to take her medicine, when, all of a sudden, in a nice, sunny corner of a fence, he saw something that looked like a little, long, round ball, colored gray, and made fast to a board.

"I know what that is!" cried the rabbit gentleman. "I can take that home to Lulu and tell her it is a wonderful trick, and if she watches it she will see something strange come out of it. Then she may not think about the bad medicine and we can get her to swallow it."

So, very gently, the rabbit gentleman picked off the soft little gray ball and carried it to the duck house with him.

"Now, Lulu," he said, "here is a wonderful trick I have found. It is more wonderful than any you ever saw done at the circus, or in a moving picture show. If you will watch this little ball, which is called a cocoon, you will see something strange come out of it, and fly around."

“Really?” asked Lulu, and she felt a little better at once.

“Really,” said Uncle Wiggily. “Now I will put it here on the shelf, by the side of your bed, and you can watch it. Watch it very, very closely, now.”

You see Uncle Wiggily wanted to get Lulu’s thoughts away from herself and her illness.

The little duck girl looked at the cocoon very carefully. So carefully, in fact, that she did not see Uncle Wiggily pour out some of the bitter medicine. And when he said, very suddenly, close to her: “Here, Lulu, drink this!” she drank it before she thought.

“Why, that’s my bitter medicine!” she cried, in surprise, as she swallowed it. “And it didn’t taste so very bitter after all.”

“I thought you imagined a great deal of it,” said Uncle Wiggily with a twinkle in his nose. “Now lie down and go to sleep, but don’t forget to watch the cocoon.”

Lulu didn’t forget and soon, as she watched it, to see what would come out, her eyes grew more and more heavy, until at last they closed, and she slept, for the medicine stopped her pain.

And when she awoke she saw the cocoon mov-

ing. And then it seemed to split open, and lo and behold! all of a sudden out came the most beautiful butterfly she had ever seen. His wings were golden and brown and red and green and yellow. At first the butterfly could not flutter at all well, for he was like a new puppy dog, or a kittie cat—very weak.

But soon he grew stronger, and could fly all about the room and he flew, here and there, high and low, and lighted on Lulu's head, and she laughed and flapped her wings.

“And it really came out of the cocoon—I saw it!” she cried.

“It really did,” laughed Uncle Wiggily. “I saw that the butterfly was almost ready to come out, so I brought him into this warm house to make him appear more quickly.” Then the rabbit gentleman told Lulu how first a worm spins a cocoon for itself, to sleep in until Mother Nature turns it into a beautiful butterfly, when it leaves its cocoon house.

Lulu didn't mind taking bitter medicine after she had the butterfly to watch, and soon she was all better and did not have to take any kind of powders or pills.

So that's the story of Uncle Wiggily and the



butterfly, and, in the next chapter, if the lead pencil doesn't walk up the white wall, and make a picture of a monkey sliding down hill I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the slipping horsie.

CHAPTER XXII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE SLIPPING HORSIE

OUT in the street, in front of their houses, all the animal children were having fun sliding on a slippery place, one wintry day. There was a little light, powdery snow, which had fallen from the clouds and when you took a run, and then held your legs stiff, you would slide ever so far. And the more you slid on the slide the more slippery it became.

Sammie and Susie Littletail, the rabbits, Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels, Tommie and Joie and Kittie Kat, Charlie and Arabella Chick—even Alice and Lulu and Jimmie Wibblewobble, the ducks, were all out sliding. Lulu, who had been ill, was all better now, having taken her bitter medicine while watching a butterfly come out from his cocoon, as I told you in the story before this one.

“Let’s see who can slide the farthest!” cried Sammie Littletail, as he reached the top of the slippery place, after a fine, long slide.

“I think I can!” said Jimmie Wibblewobble.

So they took turns, and what do you think happened? Why, when it was the turn of Buddy, the little guinea pig boy, he slid so fast that his feet shot out from under him, and down he came "ker-thump." And instead of sliding on his paws, as he should have done, he slid on his back, but he went farther than any of the others, away around the corner by the black stump.

"Oh, Buddy wins! Buddy wins!" cried all the animal children, so Buddy felt happy, even if he had fallen down.

Well the little animals went on sliding, faster and faster, and farther and farther, just as beavers ride down hill on a slippery muddy river bank, and Sammie Littletail made up a singing verse which went something like this:

"When you run and slip and slide,
You will have a dandy ride.
Keep yourself upon your toes,
Or you'll fall and bump your nose!"

Well, the animal children sang that song over and over again, all the time slipping and sliding, until the slippery place was so very slippery that nearly every one, who stepped on it, fell

down. Then the animals boys and girls made more sliding places, and had so much fun that it would take me a week, or maybe a week and a half, for all I know, to tell you about it.

Then Charlie Chick cried:

“ Oh, let’s build a snow fort, and have a snow battle, with soft snowballs, so no one will get hurt! ”

“ Oh, let’s! ” cried all the others. So they ran over to the fields, where there was plenty of snow left from the last storm, and they left the sliding, slippery places in the street, for of course they couldn’t take them along to the snow fort; could they?

Well, a little while after this, who should come along but Gup, the kind old horse gentleman, who once gave Buddy Pigg a ride on his back, at night, to go after Dr. Possum, who was wanted to cure Mr. Pigg. Mr. Pigg had the epizootic, I think it was, or maybe the rheumatism, as Uncle Wiggily had.

Now Gup was a very kind horse. He was always helping some one, and this time, as he was on his way home, from having been over to see Dottie and Munchie Trot, the pony children, Gup saw a poor old mule, trying to draw a load of coal up a hill.

Now the mule was in the coal business, and he sold coal to all the other animals, drawing it to their burrows, or hollow stumps, or hollow logs—wherever the animals lived, in fact.

And, as this mule was poor he did not have much to eat, so he was not strong, and could not pull a very big load.

And as it happened, Mr. Groundhog, the rich animal gentleman, had ordered a very big load of coal that day. It was down in Mr. Groundhog's coal hole, you remember, that Sammie Littletail once fell when he was coming home with the molasses.

Well, this poor old mule had all he could do to drag the load of coal, and when Gup, the kind horsie, came along and saw the mule struggling up a slippery hill, Gup said:

“You trot along home, Mr. Mule. I'll drag this load of coal the rest of the way for you.”

“Thank you kindly, Gup,” spoke the gentleman mule, and he was glad to get home a little earlier than usual, as his little girl was ill.

So Gup began to drag the load of coal, and pretty soon, in a little while, not so very long, he came to the foot of the hill on the street where all the animal children had been sliding. Gup started up the hill, with the load of coal, but he

had not gone very far before he came to a slipper slide, and down he went, falling heavily.

“Ugh!” grunted poor Gup, as he tumbled down, losing his breath as he fell, just as Aunt Piffy, the fat bear lady, used to do. And Gup hurt his leg, too.

But he was a brave horsie, so he arose as best he could and started off again to deliver the coal to Mr. Groundhog.

Well, he hadn't gone on very far before he came to another slippery place, the same one where Buddy Pigg had stumbled and fallen in making his long slide.

Down went poor Gup again!

“Ugh!” he grunted. “This is hard work!” But he managed to get up again, and once more started off. But he slipped and slid worse and worse, on the slippery, sliding places, and finally he could not go another step.

He thought he would have to go back, but he did not like to do that, as he had promised Mr. Mule to deliver the coal. And just then Uncle Wiggily, the rabbit gentleman, came along. He had been to the barber's to be shaved. He saw what trouble Gup was in, and Uncle Wiggily said:

“I'll help you pull the coal, Gup.”

Well, the rabbit gentleman tried to help, but he, too, slipped and stumbled, and both he and Gup fell down.

“ Oh, we can never do it! ” cried the slipping horsie.

“ Yes, we can! ” said Uncle Wiggily. “ You just wait! ” So he ran to his bungalow, which was not far off in a hollow stump, and he brought out some pieces of sandpaper, such as a carpenter uses to make wood smooth. Sandpaper is very rough, and never slips on ice, you know.

“ We will tie some pieces of sandpaper on our feet, ” said Uncle Wiggily to Gup, “ and then we can pull the load of coal. ”

So they tied some sandpaper on their feet. Then they started off again, and they could cross the most slippery places of the children’s slides without falling down.

The sandpaper was the same as when you put on a pair of new rubbers, you see—the rabbit and horsie did not slip when the sharp, rough surface of the sand took hold of the ice and snow.

On they went with the load of coal, and soon it was put in Mr. Groundhog’s cellar, and Gup could go home, after having done Mr. Mule such a kindness.

But before Uncle Wiggily went home he told

Sammie Littletail, and all the animal boys and girls that it would be better never to make slippery, sliding places in the middle of the street, where horsies have to go. For sometimes horses are very badly hurt when they fall down.

So Sammie and all his friends promised to slide only on the sides of streets, near the gutters, and they sprinkled ashes on the slides they had made, so no more horses would slip. Then they all went home to supper, and that's the end of this story.

But in the next chapter, if the milkman doesn't take our clothesline to make a catscradle for his puppy dog, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the March wind.

CHAPTER XXIII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE MARCH WIND

MY how the wind did blow! It whistled down the chimney, and around the corner of the hollow stump bungalow where Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, lived, and it almost blew the bungalow over into the next street.

“This is a terrible wind!” exclaimed Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, as she came in from having been in the yard hanging up the clothes. It was so windy, in fact, that no blackbird could have come along to nip off her nose, as happened to the maid in the garden, of whom you can read in your Mother Goose book. And anyhow, even if the wind had blown so hard that a blackbird could not come along, I don’t believe one would have nipped off the nose of Nurse Jane, for she was too good and kind.

Besides, I don’t believe Nurse Jane would have allowed a blackbird to nip off her nose, even if the bird wanted to.

Anyhow, the muskrat lady came in from hanging out the clothes, and she was almost blown away by the wind, and the clothes were too, but not quite, I'm glad to say. Nurse Jane saw Uncle Wiggily putting on his tall hat and his fur coat.

"What, you are not going out, are you?" asked the muskrat lady.

"Yes," answered Uncle Wiggily. "I am going out, Nurse Jane if you please."

"But you'll be blown away, surely!" cried Nurse Jane. "Why, this wind will blow off your ears!"

"Oh, I guess not!" cried Uncle Wiggily with a jolly laugh. "My ears are fastened on too tightly. But I must go out for I promised Grandfather Goosey Gander that I would come over and play a game of Scotch checkers with him, and I must go, wind or no wind."

Well, Nurse Jane tried to keep Uncle Wiggily at home, but he would not stay, no matter what the muskrat lady said.

"Then listen to this song, Uncle Wiggily," said Nurse Jane. And she sang:

"The North doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then, poor thing?"

He'll hide in the barn,
To keep himself warm,
And put his head under his wing, poor thing?"

"Well, that is a very cold and shivery sort of song," the rabbit gentleman said, "but still I think I shall go out for all that. I am not afraid."

So out he went into the March wind, and the wind seemed quite glad to meet Uncle Wiggily. It rushed up to him, and not only shook his paws, but his ears as well.

"My! That is a rough sort of welcome!" cried the rabbit gentleman as he struggled on. The March wind was really blowing harder than he had supposed, and he could scarcely get along, as the ground was so slippery from the snow.

Then all of a sudden the wind howled up and down the rabbit gentleman's back, and it almost blew off his tall hat! Uncle Wiggily had to make a grab for it with his paws, and while he was doing that he happened to let go of his rheumatism crutch, and the wind laughed: "Ha! Ha!" and swept the crutch away over into a snow bank.

"Now that is too bad," cried Uncle Wiggily, "for it is so slippery that I can't walk without

my crutch, and if I begin slipping I may be blown so far off, like an ice boat, that I can never get back home again.”

Uncle Wiggily did not know what to do. He looked all around, but there seemed to be no one to help him. And the March wind, which always blows hard in that month—to blow winter away, I suppose—the March wind howled louder and harder than ever around the rabbit gentleman.

And this time it did manage to blow away his tall hat. Off his head the rabbit's silk hat went sailing, over the tree tops, and it almost took Uncle Wiggily's ears with it.

“Oh, dear!” the rabbit gentleman cried. “This is terrible! I should have taken the advice of Nurse Jane and stayed at home to-day. I'll be blown to pieces!”

And the wind blew harder than ever. Puff! Puff! Puff! until away it blew Uncle Wiggily's fur coat, flapping it high up in the air.

“My! My!” cried the rabbit gentleman. “This is worse and worse! I myself will surely be blown away next time.”

And that is really what happened. A big puff of the March wind came along, a bigger and stronger puff than any of the others, and just as Uncle Wiggily was standing up on his hind paws

to see if he could crawl over and get his crutch out of the snow bank—just as he was going to do that, the wind caught him, yelling “Whoop!” up in the air he went like a balloon, only different, of course.

“Oh, this is simply awful!” the rabbit gentleman cried, as he felt himself sailing along. “I have been turned into an airship, I guess. Oh, if I should hit anything now, what would become of me? I would be hurt, I guess.”

And still the March wind blew Uncle Wiggily along through the air, like a leaf, or a piece of paper. The wind did not mean to be unkind, you know, for I suppose it thought it was only playing with the poor old rabbit gentleman. But it was far from being funny for Uncle Wiggily.

Then, all of a sudden, as he was blowing along he felt his paws touch something, and he made a grab for it, not knowing what it was. Then he felt a rope and he knew what had happened. He had been blown over into some one’s back yard, and he had been blown into the clothesline, which was the thing he grabbed with his paws.

“And I’m going to hold on to the line too,” cried Uncle Wiggily. “If I let go I’ll be blown away some more.” So he clung to the clothesline, and the wind blew him out just like a table-

cloth on the wash line at home. It even blew his eyes shut, the wind was so strong.

Then, after fluttering and flittering on the clothesline, like a tablecloth, Uncle Wiggily felt the wind getting less strong. He could hang straight up and down now, instead of being blown out to one side.

“Now is the time for me to let myself down, and grab hold of something stronger than a clothesline,” said Uncle Wiggily. So down he dropped, when the wind had died out a little, and opening his eyes, which had been blown shut, where do you suppose Uncle Wiggily found himself?

Why, right in his own yard! He had been blown backward, and right across over Nurse Jane’s clothesline, and it was that he had grabbed.

“No more March wind for me!” cried the rabbit gentleman. And then, before the wind could blow him away again he ran into the house, where he stayed until the storm was over. And then Sammie Littletail, the rabbit boy, found his uncle’s tall hat and fur coat, brought them back, and all was well again, and Uncle Wiggily was happy.

And in the chapter after this, if the chocolate

cake doesn't go out to the moving picture show just when company are coming to tea so they have to run after it with the egg beater, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the snow plow.

CHAPTER XXIV

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE SNOW PLOW

“THERE, I knew it would happen!” exclaimed Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, one morning as she looked out of the window of the hollow stump house, where she lived with Uncle Wiggily, the rabbit gentleman. “I knew it would happen!”

“What has happened?” he asked, for he had just come downstairs to breakfast, and as yet he had hardly glanced out of the window. “Have you broken something, Nurse Jane?”

“No, indeed, I haven’t broken anything,” she said. “But I knew that hard March wind we had, that nearly blew you away, would bring snow—now it has; see, it is snowing hard.”

“Hum! So it is!” cried Uncle Wiggily. “I guess I had better not go out in this storm,” he added.

“And I guess the same thing!” cried Nurse Jane. “I would not let you go out and get cold.”

So all Uncle Wiggily could do was to sit by the

window and watch the snow flakes sift down out of the sky, as if Mother Goose were shaking her feather beds.

It really was quite a hard storm, for it was the month of March and the wind blew hard. It was almost like a blizzard, the snow being blown into big drifts.

Now it was not much more fun for Uncle Wiggily to stay in the house all day than it is for you boys and girls, or than it was for any of the animal children.

“ I wish it would stop snowing! ” Uncle Wiggily said, over and over again. “ I do so want to see Grandfather Goosey Gander, for I have not been over in a long while to play Scotch checkers with him. The last time I started the big wind blew me away, and I haven’t had a chance since to call on the goose gentleman. ”

And it did not seem as if he were going to get a chance now, for the snow was falling faster and thicker, and piling up in big drifts.

“ Why, I declare, no one is out at all, ” went on the rabbit gentleman, when he had sat by his window for some time, and had not even seen Sammie Littletail hopping past. And it had to be a very hard storm indeed to keep Sammie, the rabbit boy, in, let me tell you.

“No one would go out to-day who did not have to,” said Nurse Jane. “We are all better off in the house when it storms like this.”

Well, there was nothing else to do, so Uncle Wiggily stayed in all day, and he didn't have a chance to see any of his friends. At night he went to bed, and in the morning, when he got up, the snow had stopped falling.

But, oh! How deep it was! All around the hollow stump bungalow house the snow was piled, so high that it was almost over Uncle Wiggily's head. It was banked up on the door steps and window sills, so that when Nurse Jane opened the front door a lot of snow came in the house.

“Oh, this is too bad!” she exclaimed. “Now we can't get out to buy anything from the store. We are snowed in!”

“Ha! So we are!” cried Uncle Wiggily. “Ha! Ha!”

“Well, I don't call it anything to laugh at,” said Nurse Jane. “It is far from being funny.”

“I was not laughing because we are snowed in,” went on the rabbit gentleman, “but I laughed because I just happened to think of a way to get out and go to the store, and also visit my friends who must likewise be snowed in and

can't get out. I'm going to help them to get out."

"How, pray tell?" asked Nurse Jane.

"I'll soon show you," answered the rabbit gentleman, as he went down cellar, where he had put his automobile when he found what bad weather it was going to be.

Well, Uncle Wiggily hammered away down cellar, and he sawed and pounded, and whistled loudly as he always did when he was happy.

"I wonder what he can be making?" thought Nurse Jane.

She quickly found out, for pretty soon she heard a funny noise at the back door, and, when she looked she saw Uncle Wiggily's automobile standing in the snow. He had run it right up the cellar steps. And the funny part of it was that in front of the automobile were fastened some boards, coming to a sharp point, like the peaked roof of a house, only laid down flat. The sharp point of boards pointed out ahead of the auto, like a poodle dog's nose or like the cow-catcher on a choo-choo locomotive.

"What in the world is that?" cried Nurse Jane.

"That is my automobile snow plow," answered Uncle Wiggily. "I have put a sharp

plow out in front of my auto, and when I start the machine the plow will push the snow away, just as the trolley snow plow does; or one pulled by horses.

“Then I can open paths all around here, and my friends can walk out without getting into a deep drift, and you can go to the store without having to wear rubber boots.”

“That will be very nice—if you can do it,” said Nurse Jane, as he shook some snow off her tail.

“You watch and see me do it!” Uncle Wiggily cried.

So he got into his auto, and turned on the gasoline and he moved the what-you-may-call-it over one way, and the thing-a-ma-bob over the other way. Then he pulled on some handles and, presto-chango! off went the auto.

And, as it moved along the sharp boards of the snow plow out in front were pushed along with it, and the snow was tossed off to one side or the other, leaving a nice smooth path behind, and the auto ran along this path, all around the animal town where Uncle Wiggily Longears lived.

Through the big drifts the rabbit gentleman drove the auto snow plow, scattering the snow

more and more, and opening up broad paths. First he made a path to Grandfather Goosey Gander's house, and then to Sammie Littletail's, and then to the home of Alice, Lulu and Jimmie Wibblewobble, the ducks, and then to the coop where Charlie and Arabella Chick lived.

"Oh joy! Here is Uncle Wiggily! He has made paths for us, and now we can get out and play!" cried all the animal children. They were very happy, because they had been snowed in too, but Uncle Wiggily had now plowed them out.

All around animal town Uncle Wiggily drove his auto snow plow, scattering the big drifts, and he made a path to the house of a poor old mouse lady, who could travel only when there was very little snow. And she had not been able to get out to buy any cheese in three days, because of the wind and snow. But now, with a nice path, it was easy for her. And she was so thankful to Uncle Wiggily that she made him a cheese pudding with raisins and carrots in it.

Then the rabbit gentleman went over to play Scotch checkers with Grandpa Goosey Gander, and when it was time to go home the rabbit gentleman could ride in his auto without any plow on it, for the paths were all open now.

And that's all for a while. But in the next

chapter, if the pancake-turner doesn't go to a dance with the egg-beater and break its handle, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and Mrs. Chick, the hen lady.

CHAPTER XXV

UNCLE WIGGILY AND MRS. CHICK

AFTER the March wind had blown so hard, tossing Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, into his own yard, and tangling him up in Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy's clothes line, and after he had used the automobile snow plow to clear the paths in animal land of the deep drifts, there was more pleasant weather for a while. It did not snow, and the sun shone rather warmly. All the animals were happy, for snow to them means that they have to work hard to get anything to eat.

In a few weeks it would be Spring, with April showers bringing May flowers, and all that sort of thing. There was still some snow on the ground, and it was still cold, but you could tell that in a few months it would be Summer-time.

“Well, I think it will do me no harm to take a walk in the woods and fields to-day,” said Uncle Wiggily one morning, as he hopped out of bed, and stood on his head just to prove that he

wasn't getting any older. He also practiced a few steps of the new Swiss cheese sandwich dance, where you jump over a hole every now and then.

When the rabbit gentleman went down stairs he said to Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy:

“Do you mind if I go out to-day?”

Nurse Jane took off her glasses, which she had put on to look for the egg beater, that had played hide and go seek under the sink with the stove lifter and had gone to sleep there. Then the muskrat lady said:

“Why, no, Uncle Wiggily, I think it would do you good to go out to-day. You need a little exercise.”

“Then I'll go!” cried the rabbit gentleman. “Whoop-de-doodledoo!” and he danced part of the fishtail flop, one of the new dances he had learned from the waltzing mouse lady in the woods.

“You must be feeling pretty good,” said Nurse Jane, as she dished out the carrot oatmeal, with orange sauce on, for breakfast.

“I am!” cried Uncle Wiggily. “I think it must be because Spring is coming.”

So in a little while, not so very long, after a while, Uncle Wiggily went out for his walk. He

was going to take his automobile along, but as it happened the March wind had blown so hard that it had blown all the air out of the tires, and Uncle Wiggily had no time to pump them up. So he walked.

Pretty soon the rabbit gentleman came to the coop where Charlie and Arabella, the chicken boy and girl, lived.

“I think I will go in and pay them a little visit,” he said to himself. “Of course Charlie and Arabella will be at school, but I can visit awhile with Mrs. Chick, and perhaps Mr. Cock A. Doodle, the rooster gentleman, might drop in for a cup of tea.”

So in went Uncle Wiggily, and he was quite surprised when he heard some one in the coop crying very sadly.

“Gracious me sakes alive and some peanut pancakes!” the rabbit gentleman exclaimed. “I hope nothing has happened!”

No one came to meet him, but the crying grew louder, and then Uncle Wiggily heard Arabella saying:

“Oh, mamma, you must come to me. I am so lonesome here all by myself. I want you to tell me a story, and my head is so hot, and I want a drink of water!”

“ My! Arabella is ill! ” cried Uncle Wiggily.
“ I must look into this.”

Then he heard Mrs. Chick in another room,
answer:

“ Oh, Arabella, dear, I cannot come to you now. Can't you wait until Charlie comes home. Then I will send him for Dr. Possum and a nurse.”

“ Gracious goodness me sakes alive and some jam with bread and butter on! ” Uncle Wiggily cried. “ Mrs. Chick must be ill also. This is too bad! ”

Then he heard Arabella again ask:

“ Mamma, why can't you come to me? ”

“ Because, dear, ” answered the hen lady, “ I am hatching out some little brothers and sisters for you from the eggs, and if I go to you now the eggs will all get cold, and the little chickens inside will all die. You know, eggs must be kept warm to hatch, and if they get too cold they will almost freeze. You see, these are very early chickens I am hatching, and the weather is not as warm as it will be later. So I dare not go off the eggs, even for a minute.”

“ Oh, dear! ” cried Arabella. “ My head hurts, and my feet are cold, and I want a drink, and——”

“ Oh, I am so sorry! ” said Mrs. Chick. “ If only we had some one in to help us; but Charlie has gone to school, and there is no one else.”

“ Oh, yes, there is! ” cried Uncle Wiggily in his jolly voice. “ I am here, Mrs. Chick, I came just in time, it seems. Let me do something.”

“ Oh, you dear kind rabbit gentleman! ” said Mrs. Chick. “ You are so good. But can you make a hot mustard foot-bath for Arabella, and give her the medicine, cool her head and do all that? She is getting the pip, I fear.”

“ Well, I might be able to do all that,” said Uncle Wiggily. “ But I suppose you could do it much better.”

“ Yes, but I dare not get off the eggs I am hatching,” the hen lady said. “ That is the trouble.”

“ Then it is a trouble that we can very easily fix,” said Uncle Wiggily. “ My fur is soft and warm. I can cover up the eggs with my fur as well as you can with your feathers, and I can hatch out the chickens, I think. Will you let me try? ”

“ Indeed, I will, thank you! ” cried Mrs. Chick. “ Then I can go in to look after Arabella.”

So Uncle Wiggily went into the next room,

where, in a soft nest of straw, Mrs. Chick was sitting on a dozen eggs to keep them warm, and hatch out the little chickens which were inside the eggs.

In a second Mrs. Chick slipped off the eggs, and the next second Uncle Wiggily got softly into the nest, and with his warm fur he hovered himself down over the eggs, and so they didn't get cold a single mite.

"Now you go take care of Arabella," said Uncle Wiggily, "and I will hatch out the little chickies for you."

"You are very kind," said Mrs. Chick, ruff-up her feathers.

"It is a mere pleasure to me," Uncle Wiggily said, most politely.

So Uncle Wiggily began to hatch out the eggs, and Mrs. Chick went in to take care of poor, ill Arabella. And when Uncle Wiggily was there, warming the eggs, Grandfather Goosey Gander, who had seen him go in the chicken-house, came along and called:

"Come on out, Uncle Wiggily, and have a game of Scotch checkers with me!"

"Oh, it is impossible!" answered the rabbit gentleman. "I must hatch out the eggs," and he snuggled closer and warmer down over them,

while Mrs. Chick took care of Arabella who soon was a little better. But the rabbit gentleman still sat on the eggs. And so that is how Uncle Wiggily helped Mrs. Chick, just as I told you he would, for he always helped any one he could.

And in the last chapter, if the snowball doesn't roll all around on the parlor rug and freeze the nose of the brass monkey on top of the bookcase, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the little chickies.

CHAPTER XXVI

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE LITTLE CHICKIES

“WELL, how is Arabella this morning?” asked Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, of Mrs. Chick, the hen lady, as she came to the door of the room where he was all huddled up on some eggs to keep them warm so the little chickies would hatch out. “How is Arabella feeling?”

“Oh, I am sorry to say she is not very well,” replied Mrs. Chick sadly. “I thought she would soon be well, but I shall have to stay and nurse her myself, for Dr. Possum says she has the toodle-oodles, instead of the pip, and the toodle-oodles are very catching. And, as I want no one else to become ill, I will just nurse Arabella myself, that is, if you can stay and hatch my eggs, as you kindly offered to do.”

“Of course I’ll stay and hatch out these eggs,” replied the rabbit gentleman. “I want to see the little chickies come out of the shells, and, any-

how, I wouldn't go away and leave you to look after Arabella all alone. For you couldn't very well nurse Arabella and hatch the eggs, too."

"Aren't you afraid you'll catch the toodles?" asked Mrs. Chick.

"Not a bit of it!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "I've had it."

"So have I," said Mrs. Chick. "I guess you and I are the only ones in animal land who have had it. So if you're not afraid, you might stay and help me by hatching my eggs while I look after Arabella. I hope she will soon be better."

"So do I," remarked Uncle Wiggily. And then he huddled down closer on the eggs with his warm fur, which was just as good as were the soft downy feathers of Mrs. Chick for hatching out the little chicks.

Now I suppose you think it a funny thing for a rabbit gentleman to be sitting on and hatching out chicken eggs. But if you have read the story before this one you'll understand all about it. And in case you didn't, I'll tell you. It just goes to show how kind Uncle Wiggily was. Why, he'd do anything for anybody, from putting out the coal-ashes on a frosty morning to hatching eggs. Well, I guess yes! And some lollypop ice cream besides.

The way it happened was this: One day Uncle Wiggily stopped in the chicken house to see the hen lady. He heard Arabella crying for her mamma in a sick sort of a voice, and he heard Mrs. Chick say she couldn't come just then, as she was hatching out some new little chickies from eggs. And if she got off the eggs, which she was keeping warm, and the eggs became cold, the little chickies inside them would die.

So Uncle Wiggily very kindly said he'd stay on the eggs while Mrs. Chick went to wait on her little girl Arabella. For you know eggs only need to be kept warm to bring out the little chickens; and you could hatch them out in your own oven if you left them in long enough and they were kept just warm enough—not too warm and not too cold. But please don't try it, for it takes three weeks, and if you put eggs in your oven that long mamma couldn't bake any puddings or pies, and where would you be then, I'd like to know?

So Uncle Wiggily was warming the eggs with his fur, and it happened that Arabella was more ill than any one supposed. She had the dreadful toodle-oodle disease, which is very catching. Even her brother Charlie was not allowed to come inside the house. He had to go and stay

with Sammie and Susie Littletail, the rabbits, and very glad they were to have him, too.

“Do you hear any peeps coming from the eggs?” asked Mrs. Chick, as she stood in the doorway of the room where Uncle Wiggily was. Mrs. Chick was taking some medicine to Arabella. “Do you hear any peeps?” she asked.

“Well,” remarked Uncle Wiggily, “to tell you the truth, I do not, though I have listened very carefully. First I thought I heard one, but it was only the door squeaking on rusty hinges. But this is the first time I ever hatched out chickens, so perhaps you had better listen. You know more about it than I do.”

“I will,” said Mrs. Chick, so she went up close to where Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, was hovering over the eggs, and she listened, Mrs. Chick did, and then she shook her head.

“No,” she said, “they are not peeping yet. But they will soon. I think they will be out of their shells to-day.”

“And I will be very glad when they are,” said Uncle Wiggily. “Not that I am tired!” he exclaimed quickly. “No, indeed! But I am anxious to see the little chicks. They will be the

first batch I have ever hatched. It is something new for me.”

“ Indeed it must be,” said Mrs. Chick.

“ But then I like new things,” said Uncle Wiggily with a laugh. “ I have even learned some of the new dances.”

“ Have you indeed? ” asked Mrs. Chick in surprise.

“ Oh, yes,” replied the rabbit gentleman. “ I can do the carrot swing and the turnip walk, the pancake waltz and the oatmeal flopover, which is very hard, indeed, but good for the rheumatism.”

“ I would like to see you dance when the chickies are hatched,” said Mrs. Chick. Then she went off to look after Arabella, who had a sort of fever, and Uncle Wiggily kept on hatching out the chickens.

It was rather quiet there, in the darkened room where he hovered over the eggs in a nest of clean straw; very quiet and still. Arabella had been crying, but she had stopped now, and pretty soon Uncle Wiggily dozed off, and the rabbit gentleman went to sleep, as bunnies sometimes will.

And then, all of a sudden, he heard a little noise.

“ Peep! peep! peep!”

“Gracious goodness me sakes alive and some butter hash!” cried the rabbit gentleman. “What can that be?”

The noise came again.

“Peep! peep! peep!”

“I wonder if the chickens are hatching?” said Uncle Wiggily. Then he felt something moving under him and something pricked him on the leg, not a very hard prick, you understand, but very gently, as if it were the head of a pin and not the point.

“I believe the chickies are coming out!” he cried. “Oh, Mrs. Chick, come here!” he called.

The hen lady came running.

“Listen!” said Uncle Wiggily.

“Peep! peep! peep!” came from underneath his fur.

“Yes, they are hatching!” exclaimed Mrs. Chick joyfully. “Now get up very gently, so as not to hurt them.”

Uncle Wiggily got up off the nest and there, surely enough, several of the shells were cracked open. One little chickie had stuck out its bill, and it was that which had pricked Uncle Wiggily. But he didn't mind a bit.

Then more shells broke open and out came

the dear little fluffy downy yellow and white chickies.

“Peep! peep! peep!” they cried.

“Oh, I have hatched them! I have hatched them!” said Uncle Wiggily, joyfully. And so he had.

Out of the shells came more soft little, downy chickens, until there were a dozen of them, crying “Peep! Peep!”

“Be careful not to step on any of them,” said Mrs. Chick, the hen lady.

“Oh, I’ll be careful,” promised Uncle Wiggily Longears. “My! I never thought I could hatch eggs,” and Uncle Wiggily was very proud; not too proud, you understand, but just proud enough.

And there stood the little chickies, peeping first at each other, and then at the hen lady, saying: “Mamma! Mamma.”

“Well, if she’s your mamma, I guess I’m the papa,” laughed Uncle Wiggily, and the chickies snuggled up in his warm fur.

“You were very kind to hatch out my little family,” said Mrs. Chick. “I never can thank you enough. But, now that Arabella is better, I can look after her, and the new chickies too. And Charlie can come home and help.”

“Then you won’t need me any more?” asked Uncle Wiggily.

“Not to hatch eggs, at any rate,” spoke the hen lady. “But of course you may stay here as long as you like.”

“Well, I think I will take a little vacation, and go see some of my friends,” spoke the rabbit gentleman. And away he went sometimes traveling in his automobile, sometimes flying in his airship, and again limping along on his red white and blue rheumatism crutch, that Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, had gnawed for him out of a cornstalk.

And so, as this book is just as full of stories as it will hold, as you can easily see for yourself, I will have to put the others in another volume.

I shall call it “Uncle Wiggily and Baby Bunty,” and it will be different from the other Uncle Wiggily books. There will be in it a number of stories of Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy and a funny girl rabbit named Baby Bunty. You’ll like her, I’m sure.

So we’ll just say good-bye for a little time, until the new book is ready, and then I hope to have you all for my little friends once again. Oh, I forgot. Uncle Wiggily says good-bye, too, and

he is blowing kisses, from the tips of his paws, to all the little girls. Isn't he the great old rabbit, though? Well, I just guess, yes, and some lolly-pop soup besides.

And that's all—for a while.

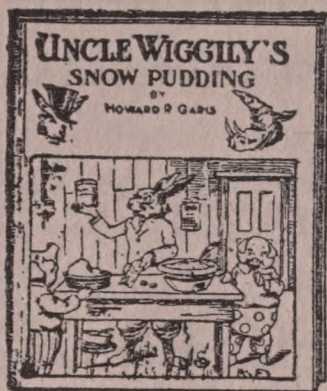
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