



THE BUNNY STORIES.*

By John H. Jewett.

FOR LITTLE FOLK.

I. THE HOME OF THE BUNNYS.

THE home of the Bunny family was once a sunny hillside, overrun with wild-rose bushes and berry-vines, with a little grove of white birches, pines, and other trees, on the north side, to shelter it from the cold winds of winter.

The place had no name of its own until the Bunnys and their neighbors found it out, and came there to live.

After that, it became much like any other thickly settled neighborhood, where all the families had children and all the children ran wild, and so they called it "Runwild Terrace."

This was a long time ago, when all the wild creatures talked with each other, and behaved very much as people do nowadays, and were for

the most part kind and friendly to each other.

Their wisest and best teachers used to tell them, as ours tell us now, that they all belonged to one great family, and should live in peace like good brothers and sisters.

I am afraid, however, they sometimes forgot the relationship, just

as we do when we are proud or greedy or ill-natured, and were sorry for it afterward.

The Bunnys of Runwild Terrace were very much like all the rest—plain, sensible, and well-bred folks.

The father and mother tried to set a good example by being quiet and neighborly, and because they were always kind to the poor and sick, they were called "Deacon Bunny" and "Mother Bunny" by their friends and neighbors.

The Bunny children were named Bunnyboy, who was the eldest, Brownny, his brother, and their sisters, Pinkeyes and Cuddledown; and their parents were anxious that the children should grow up to be healthy, honest, truthful, and good-natured.

They were a happy family, fond of each other, and of their cousin Jack, who lived with them.

One of Cousin Jack's legs was shorter than the other, and he had to use a pair of crutches to help him walk or hop about, but he was very nimble on his "wooden legs," as he called them, and could beat most of the bunnies in a race on level ground.

He had been lame so long, and almost every one was so kind to him because he was a cripple, that he had got used to limping



FATHER BUNNY.



MOTHER BUNNY.

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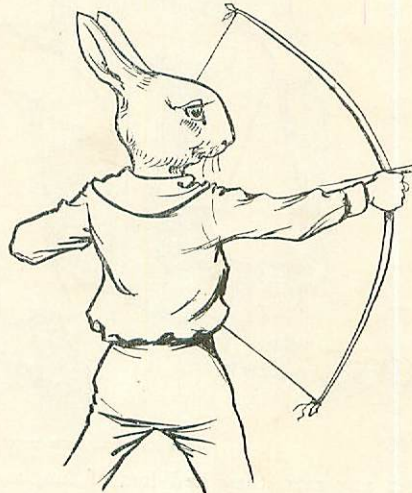
BUNNYBOY.



PINKEYES.



CUDDLEDOWN.



BROWNY.

about, and did not mind being called "Lame Jack," by some of the thoughtless neighbors.

The Bunny family, however, always called him "Cousin Jack," which was a great deal better and kinder, because no one really likes to be reminded of a misfortune, or to wear a nickname, like a label on a bottle of medicine.

Cousin Jack was a jolly, good-natured fellow, and the bunnies all liked him because he was so friendly and cheerful, and willing to make the best of everything that happened to go wrong.

If it rained and spoiled the croquet fun, or upset the plans for a picnic, Cousin Jack would say, "Well, well; I don't think it is going to be much of a flood; let us have a little home-made sunshine indoors until the shower is over."

Then he would help them make a boat, or a kite, and mend the broken toys, or tell them stories, until they would forget all about the disappointment, and say that a day with him was almost as good fun as a picnic.

Besides a pleasant home and many kind friends,

these fortunate bunnies had no end of beautiful books, pretty toys, and games, and best of all, a loving, patient mother, to watch over them and care for them as only a mother can.

With so many things in their lives to help them to be good, they had no excuse for not growing up to be a comfort to the family and a credit to the neighborhood, and I think they did.

of the freshly spaded earth, and one day she said she would like to have a flower-bed of her own.

It was almost winter, however, before she thought of it, and remembered that it takes time for plants to grow and blossom, and that the gardens in the north where she lived were covered with snow and ice in the winter.

When Pinkeyes wanted anything she wanted it in a hurry, and so she asked her father what flowers came earliest after the snow was gone.

He told her that of all the wild flowers, the fragrant pink and white arbutus was first to peep out from under the dead leaves and grass, to see if the spring had come.

Sometimes the buds were in such a hurry to get a breath of the mild spring air, and a glimpse of the sunshine, that a tardy snow-storm caught them with their little noses uncovered, and gave them a taste of snow-broth and ice, without cream, that made them chilly until the warm south winds and the sun had driven the snow away.

Pinkeyes said she wanted a whole garden of arbutus, but her father told her that this strange, shy wildling did not like gardens, but preferred to stay out in the fields, where it could have a whole hillside tangle or pasture to ramble in, and plenty of thick grass and leaves to hide under when winter came again.

When her father saw how disappointed she was, he told her if she would try to be good-natured and patient when things went wrong, they would get some crocus bulbs and put them in the ground before the frosts came, and in the spring she would have a whole bed of white and yellow and purple crocuses, which were earlier even than the arbutus, if properly cared for.

Ever so many times in the winter, when the children were enjoying the snow and ice, Pinkeyes wondered what her crocus bulbs were doing down under the ground, and if they would know when it was spring and time to come up.

After the snow was gone she watched every day



COUSIN JACK AND THE CHILDREN.

At any rate, they had lots of fun, and these stories about them are told to show other little folks how the bunnies behaved, and what happened to them when they were good or naughty.

II. THE BUNNIES AT PLAY.

EVER since Bunnyboy and Brownny were old enough to dig in the dirt, they had made a little flower-garden every year, in a sunny spot on the south side of the house.

Pinkeyes used to watch her brothers taking care of the flower-beds, and soon learned to love the pretty grasses and leaves and buds and the smell

for their coming, and sure enough, one morning there were little rough places on the crocus bed, and the next day she found a row of delicate green shoots and tiny buds trying to push themselves up out of the ground.

Every day they grew bigger and prettier, and more of them came up, until there were enough to spare some of each color for a bouquet, without spoiling the pretty picture they made out of doors, where everybody who came that way could see and enjoy the flowers, and be sure that spring had really come.



The very first handful she picked was put into a bowl of water, and looked very fresh and dainty on the breakfast-table.

Pinkeyes felt quite proud of her first crocus blossoms, and almost cried when her mother said that it would be a kind thing to do, to take them over to neighbor Woodchuck, whose children were sick, and who had no crocus bed on their lawn to look at while they had to stay in the house to get well.

Pinkeyes thought it would be a good excuse for not doing so, to say she did not know the way; for she had never been so far away from home alone; but her father said he was going over that way and would take her with him, if she wished to carry the flowers to the tired mother and the sick children; and so they started off with the crocuses carefully wrapped in soft damp cotton to keep them fresh.

When Pinkeyes handed the flowers to Mrs. Woodchuck, she said: "Here is the first bunch of blossoms we have picked from my crocus bed, and my mother thought that you would like to have some to brighten the room while the children are sick, and we have plenty more at home."

The family were all delighted with the flowers and the kind attention, for they had not seen anything so bright and cheery for a long time, and they all thanked Pinkeyes so heartily that she felt ashamed to remember how unwilling she had been at first to give the crocuses away.

When she came home she told her mother about the call, and how pleased they were with the simple gift; and her mother asked her how many crocuses she had left in the bed, and she said, "More than twenty." Then her mother asked how many she had given away, and she said, "Only six," and Pinkeyes began to see what her mother meant, and that a little given away made one happier than a great deal kept all to one's self.

Then Pinkeyes went out and looked at those left growing in the bed, and whispered softly to them. "Now I know what flowers are made for." And all the little buds looked up at her as if to say, "Tell us, if you know"; and so she whispered again the answer, "To teach selfish folks to be kind and generous, and to make sick folks glad."

Every day new buds opened, and Pinkeyes had a fresh bouquet each morning, and also enough to give away, until the other flower beds which her brothers had planted began to bear blossoms for the summer.

BROWNY took more interest in the flower garden than Bunnyboy, who was older and liked to play circus, and croquet, and to watch base-ball games; and so Brownny began to take care of the flower-beds alone.

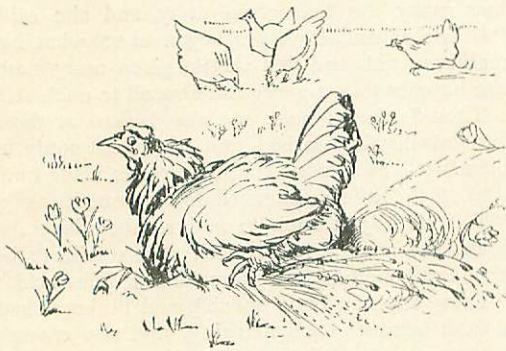
He liked to plant new seeds and watch them come up, and wait for the buds to open, but the hardest part of the work was to keep the neighbor's hens away from the lawn.



These hens seemed to think there was no place like a freshly made flower bed to scratch holes to roll in; and when no one was looking they would walk right out of a large open corn-field, where there was more loose earth than they could

possibly use, and begin to tear that flower garden to pieces.

One old yellow hen, that was lazy and clumsy about everything else, would work herself tired,



every time she could get in there, trying to bury herself in the soft loam of the garden.

Brownny's father, Deacon Bunny, told Brownny he might scare the hens away as often as they came, but must not hurt them with clubs or stones, because they belonged to their good neighbor Coon.

Brownny thought it was strange that a good neighbor should keep such a mischievous hen as Old Yellow; but the Deacon said that people who kept hens in a crowded neighborhood, and let them run at large, usually cared more about fresh eggs and other things to eat than for flowers, and as a rule, such people did not lie awake at night thinking about the trouble their hens gave other folks.

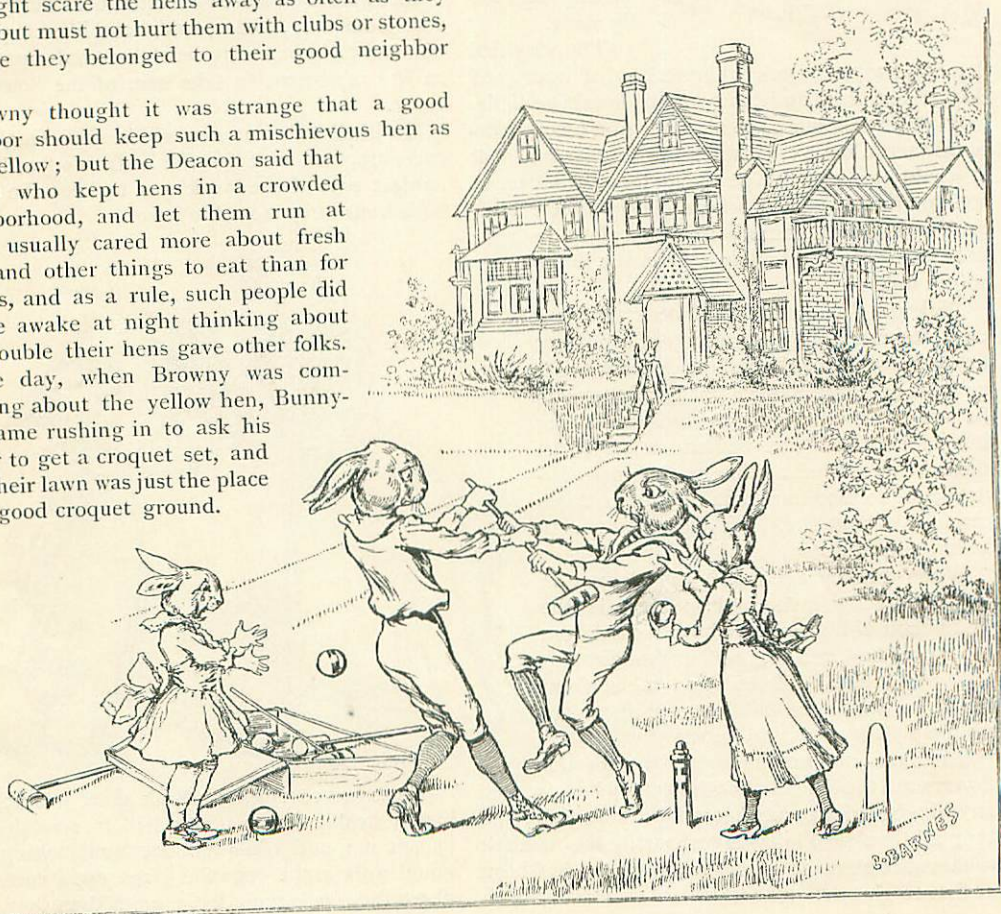
One day, when Brownny was complaining about the yellow hen, Bunnyboy came rushing in to ask his father to get a croquet set, and said their lawn was just the place for a good croquet ground.

The Deacon said at once that he thought it would be a good place, and if the neighbors' children would all turn out and enjoy the game with them, the plan Bunnyboy suggested might help to rid them of the daily hen-convention on the lawn, and save the flower beds. The next day he brought the croquet set.

When the bunnies opened their new croquet box, they found four mallets and four balls, and nine arches and two stakes, all painted and striped with red, white, blue and yellow, to match each other.

The first thing they did was to begin quarreling lustily about who should have the first choice, for each of the players chanced to prefer the blue ball and mallet.

When the Deacon heard the loud talking on the lawn, he came out, shut up the box and said the croquet exercises would not begin until they could behave themselves, and settle the question of the first choice like well-bred children, without any more wrangling.



Bunnyboy happened to remember that he was the oldest, and said the best way was to give the youngest the first choice and so on. The Deacon said that was all right, and that they were all old



enough to learn how much happier it makes every one feel to be yielding and generous, even in little things, than to be selfish and try to get your own way in everything.

So they all agreed, and each bunny took a mallet and began a game, and they had rare fun knocking the balls about, trying to drive them through the arches without pushing them through, which was not fair play.

By and by Chivy Woodchuck and his brother Chub heard the clatter, and came over to see the fun, and wanted to play with them.

Then came the question, who should play, and who should not, for all six could not play with but four mallets. Of course the visitors should have first place, and two of the Bunnys must give up their mallets and balls.

Bunnyboy tried to settle it by asking Pinkeyes and Cuddledown to go into the kitchen and tease the cook for some ginger cakes, while the others played a game. They liked this plan, and so the boys each had a mallet and the game went on nicely, until Chivy Woodchuck knocked the red ball into the muddy gutter and the other side

refused to go and get it. Then another dispute began.

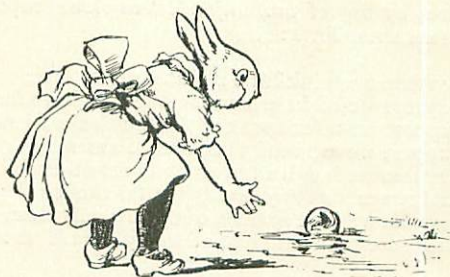
Bunnyboy thought Chivy ought to get the ball, and Chivy said Bunnyboy ought to get it himself; and so, instead of keeping good natured, they stood sulking and scolding until the other children came back.

When Cuddledown heard the talking, she went and picked up the muddy ball, wiped it on her dress, and brought it back to the lawn, just as the Deacon came out to see what the new quarrel was about.

Bunnyboy and Chivy were so ashamed of having made such a fuss about doing a little thing that the youngest bunny could do in a minute without being asked, that they begged each other's pardon, and went on with the game.

Deacon Bunny told Cuddledown that she was a good child to get the ball and stop the dispute, and that she had begun early to be a little peace-maker; but the next time she had a muddy ball to clean she should wipe it on the grass instead of her dress, because it was easier for the rain to wash the grass than for busy mothers to keep their children clean and tidy.

All the summer they had jolly times with the croquet, but the old yellow hen did not like



having so many little folk around, and had to hunt up a new place to scratch holes to roll herself in.

But Brownie had both a flower and a vegetable garden next year, and the old yellow hen never troubled him any more.

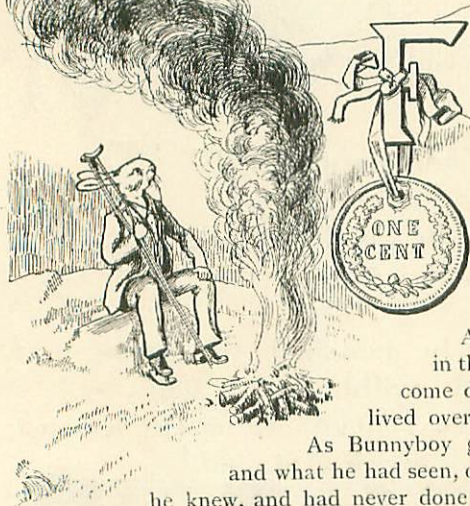
(To be continued.)

THE BUNNY FAMILY IN TROUBLE

BY JOHN H. JEWETT.

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CUDDLEDOWN MISSING.



FROM the top of the hill behind Runwild Terrace, where the Bunny family lived, there was a charming view of all the country for miles around.

Bunnyboy and Browny had often taken their little sisters, Pinkeyes and Cuddledown, to the very highest point, where they could look over the tops of the houses and trees on every side, and see more pretty hills and valleys and glistening rivers and ponds than they could count in a whole day.

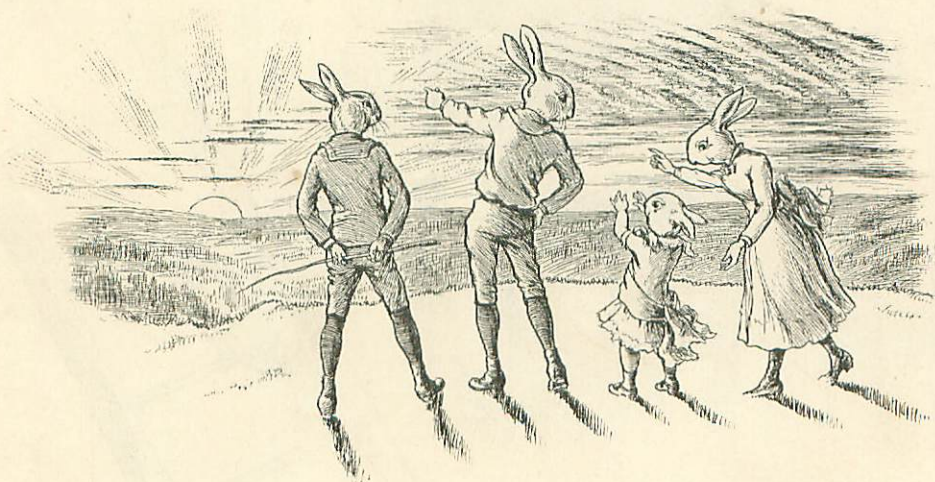
Away off in the distance, farther than they had ever been in their lives, they could see where the blue sky seemed to come down to meet the ground, and they used to wonder who lived over there, so near the golden sunsets.

As Bunnyboy grew older, he began to boast about what he knew, and what he had seen, or done, and sometimes about things he only made believe he knew, and had never done or seen at all.

He may have fancied others would think he was very wise if he talked "big," for he had not then learned how silly boasting sounds, or why those who are really wise are always modest in speaking of what they know or can do.

Another thing Bunnyboy did not know, was that boasting leads to lying, and telling lies is sure, some day, to end in trouble and shame.

Bunnyboy soon found out about these things, in a way which made him remember the lesson as long as he lived.



One pleasant afternoon in the early summer, all the Bunny children had climbed the hill and were watching a lovely sunset, when Cuddledown asked him how many miles it was to sundown.

Bunnyboy said it was not as far as it looked, and that he had walked farther than that one day when he went to the circus with Cousin Jack.

Cuddledown said she would like to look over the edge, where the sky came down, and see what was on the other side, where the sun stayed at night.

Then Bunnyboy very boastfully said he would take her there some day, and show her the beautiful place where the fields all shone like gold, and the rivers like silver, and all the rest was just like a rainbow place, all the time.

Little Cuddledown believed everything Bunnyboy said, because he was older; and though he forgot all about his boasting before they went home, she remembered it and often thought about it afterward.

One day, when the other bunnies were away, she asked her mother whether she might go out to see the rainbow place where the sun went down.

Mother Bunny thought she meant only to climb the hill behind the house, and told her she might go.

Off started Cuddledown, thinking, in her own brave little way, she could go to the edge of the world and get back before tea-time, because Bunnyboy had been farther than that, and had said it was not as far as it seemed to be.

In a little while the others came home, and the mother, hearing them at play on the lawn, supposed Cuddledown was with them until an hour or two had passed and they came in to tea without her.

When she asked for Cuddledown and was told they had not seen her, Bunnyboy was sent to the hill to bring her home, but soon returned saying she was not there.

Then the family were alarmed, and all went out to look for her in the neighborhood, but everywhere they were told the same story, "No one had seen Cuddledown that afternoon."

When evening grew dark, and they could not find her, they began to fear she had lost her way and was wandering about the fields or woods alone in the darkness, or that perhaps she had fallen into some stream and been drowned.

The kind neighbors came out with lanterns to help them search for her, while Cousin Jack did the best thing he could do, by climbing the hill and building a bright fire on the top, that she might see the light and come that way, if she was anywhere near the village.

All the long night they searched near and far, and when morning came they had found no trace of the lost Cuddledown.

A sadder family or a more anxious party of friends never saw the sun rise to help them, and without stopping, except to take a hasty breakfast, they kept on looking for her in every place where a little Bunny-child might be lost.

Some went tramping through the woods, shouting her name and looking behind the fallen trees, and in the ditches, while others went up and down the brooks and rivers, and along the shores of the ponds, to see whether they could find any tiny footprints along the edges, or possibly her little hat floating on the water.

All that day and the next they searched and searched, until they were nearly worn out with grief and disappointment, and then at last they gave up, and almost every one thought the dear little Cuddledown had fallen into the river and had been carried away to the ocean, and that they should never see her any more.

Several days later, when Mother Bunny had repeated to the Deacon what Cuddledown had said to her before going out, he asked what she could have meant by the "rainbow place where the sun went down."

Then Bunnyboy remembered what he had boastfully told her, the day they watched the sunset together, and was so overcome with the grief and shame that he burst out crying and told his father all about it.

Cousin Jack at once said, "This explains a part of the mystery, for now we can guess which way little Cuddledown went,

and we must begin the search again, going westward as far as she could walk that afternoon."

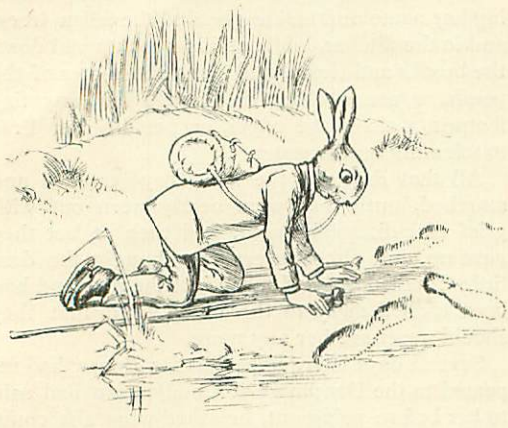
That very day another searching party started out, and Cousin Jack, who was lame and could not walk so fast as the others over the rough fields, tried to make up for it by doing more thinking.

Taking a knapsack, to hold a blanket and food enough for a few days, he started off on his crutches, telling the almost broken-hearted mother, as he said good-bye, not to give up, for something in his heart told him that their dear lost Cuddledown would yet be found.

While the others were searching the fields he took the road leading west until he came to a shallow stream which crossed the road, about three miles from home.



There was no bridge, because the stream could be easily forded by grown folks, but Cousin Jack thought a tired little Bunny-girl would not have dared to wade through the water, and might have stopped there to rest. Then he began to look



very carefully along the roadside for any signs of her having been there.

Near the edge of the stream he saw a large round stone, and by its side something glistening in the sun. He picked it up and found, to his great joy, it was a bright new penny with a hole in it, and remembered that he had given Cuddledown one just like it, on the day she went away.

He felt sure she had been sitting on the stone, and looking closer he found a number of strange-looking footprints in the soft earth, larger than any he had ever before seen in that part of the country.

The tracks led to the water, and wading across, he found the same footprints on the other shore, all pointing to the west.

He at once decided to follow them as far as he could, and, taking the road, he traveled on for several miles, guided by the marks of the strange feet where the ground was soft.

When night came he had reached a place where the road divided into two narrow paths, and all signs of the footprints were lost.

He was very tired and almost discouraged, and was glad to wrap his blanket around him and lie down to rest until morning, before deciding which of the two ways to take.

Before he went to sleep he remembered how Cuddledown used to say a little evening prayer her mother had taught her, and he began to repeat it very softly to himself:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, to safely keep;
And when the morning comes again,
Please help me to be good. Amen!"

When he came to the last line, he thought a minute, and then, instead of saying it just as she did, he changed it the next time to this:

"And when the morning comes again,
Help me to find our child. Amen!"

Then he felt better, but could not go to sleep for thinking about the two paths, and at last he got up, and looking around him, saw, far away in the darkness, the glimmer of many lights.

He knew there must be a settlement there, and that one of the paths must lead that way.

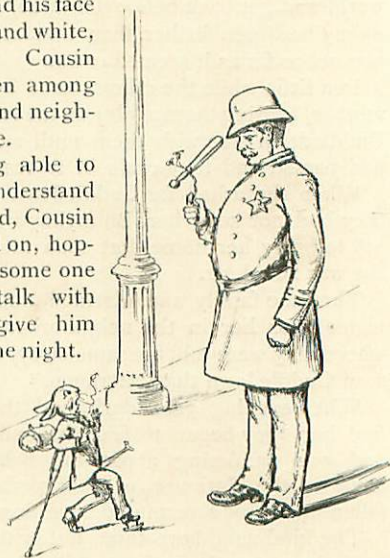
He noticed carefully which one it was, and then lay down and slept peacefully.

In the morning he awoke refreshed, and more hopeful than ever of finding Cuddledown, and all day long he kept cheerfully on the way, stopping only to eat a lunch from his knapsack, or to take a drink of water from a spring on the roadside.

The distance was longer than it had seemed to him the night before, and when evening came he was glad to see the lights shining not very far off. About nine o'clock the lights began to go out, one by one, and when he reached the place the houses were all dark and the streets deserted.

The only living creature he met was a great surly fellow who spoke to him gruffly. The creature had a short club in his hand, and wore a star on his breast, and his face was smooth and white, unlike any Cousin Jack had seen among the friends and neighbors at home.

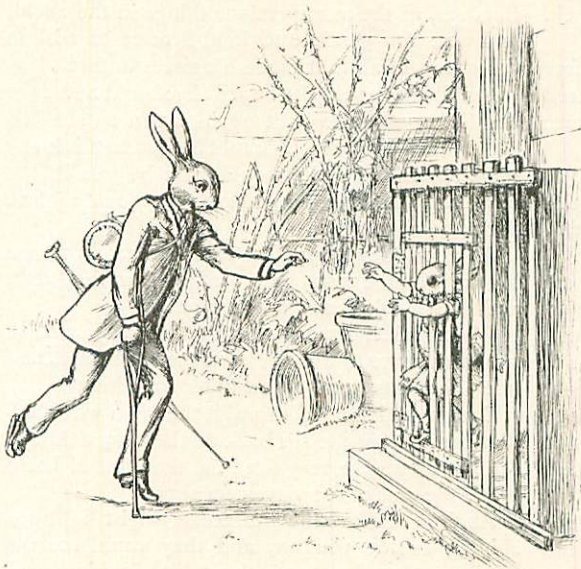
Not being able to make him understand a single word, Cousin Jack hurried on, hoping to find some one who could talk with him, and give him shelter for the night.



Suddenly, while groping his way through a narrow street, he heard a low, pleading voice, and stopping to listen, he caught quite distinctly the words:

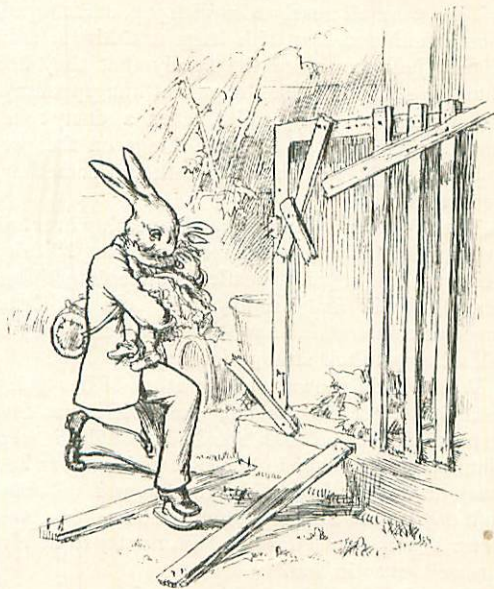
"And when the morning comes again,
Please take me to my home. Amen!"

Springing forward to the place from which the sound came, he called softly, "Cuddledown!"



Cuddledown! where are you?" Then out of the darkness came a quick, glad cry. "O Cousin Jack! is it you? Please take me out of this terrible prison."

The voice came from a large square box in the rear of the house, and behind some strong bars, nailed across the open side of the box, he found



poor Cuddledown penned up alone, like a wild beast in a cage.

In less than a minute he had torn away the bars

and taken her out, and his heart was so full of thankfulness at having found her alive, that he sat down upon the ground and clasped her close in his arms, while the trembling bunny nestled her face on his shoulder and cried for joy.

Presently she raised her head and whispered, "Oh! Cousin Jack, please let us go away from this place just as fast as we can, or the strange creatures here will find you and shut us both up in wooden cages."

Cousin Jack thought any place was better and safer than this, where a helpless little Bunny-child was kept shut up alone in the cold and dark, and he told her not to be afraid, for they would start at once for home.

Taking his crutches, and telling her to keep a tight hold upon his coat, they hurried away, and without meeting any one, were soon on the open road.



Cousin Jack was anxious to get away as far as possible, before stopping to rest, and Cuddledown was so glad to get out and be with him once more that she trudged along bravely for nearly two hours.

Then they stopped to rest near a grove of hemlocks, where Cousin Jack cut off some branches to make a kind of bed, and said they would rest there until morning.

Taking her in his arms again, he wrapped the blanket around both, and they lay down to sleep, with only the darkened sky and the waving branches of the trees above them.

Just before Cuddledown went to sleep she whispered to Cousin Jack, "Did God send you to find me, and show you the way?" and he answered, "I hope so, for I am sure he loves little children, and is sorry for every one who is in trouble."

They were up before sunrise, and after making

a breakfast from the food left in the knapsack, they set out again for home.

Cousin Jack hoped they could get there before bedtime, for now that he knew the way and need not stop to look for footprints, they could return much faster than he had come.

He could not carry her very long, for he had to use both hands to manage his crutches, and this troubled him, for he was afraid she would be worn out with walking before their journey was over.

Cuddledown was a brave little bunny, and kept saying she was not very tired, and did not mind the sun and dust.



On the way she told him all about how the strange big creatures had found her resting by the shallow stream, where she had dropped the penny, and what happened to her when they carried her off to the settlement.

There they had put her in the wooden prison, as she called it, where she had been kept, for more than a week, as a plaything for their children.

She could not understand what they said, and their queer, pale, and smooth white

faces frightened her as they stared at her through the bars.

She said they gave her the strangest things to eat, and only a little loose straw for a bed, and the great clumsy children used to take her up and carry her about by the ears. Sometimes they were so rough and squeezed her so hard she thought she should die with the pain.

Cousin Jack said he had heard of something like this before, but could hardly believe any one could be so cruel as to take other living creatures, who had done them no wrong, away from their homes and friends, and shut them up in pens or cages, just for the pleasure of looking at them, or playing with the poor helpless victims.

He told her he was glad the bunnies had been taught to love their own homes and friends and

freedom, as the most precious things in the world, and were too gentle and kind-hearted to wish to rob others of all that made life sweet to them.

Cuddledown said she hoped she should never see any living creature shut up in a pen as she had been. Then Cousin Jack told her not to think any more about it, for she would soon be safe in her own happy home again, where they would all love her more than ever.

At noon they stopped to rest once more, near a brook, when Cousin Jack bathed her tired feet, and let her take a nap for an hour.

All the afternoon they kept on the way, and at sundown came to the stream without a bridge, and knew they were only a few miles from home.

Cousin Jack waded through the water with Cuddledown clinging to his back on the knapsack, and though they were very tired the thoughts of home made the rest of the way seem short.

As they climbed the Terrace a bright light was shining in the window, and they could see the family gathered around the table, looking very quiet and sad.

This was all changed in a twinkling as Cousin Jack stepped into the room, leaving Cuddledown outside for a minute, while he told them the good news gently. The first thing he said was, "Cheer up! Cuddledown is found!" and before he could answer their eager questions, Cuddledown bounded into the room and was safe in her mother's arms once more, but too happy to speak.

They were all nearly wild with joy, and they almost smothered her with hugs and kisses, until Cousin Jack reminded the family that they had come to stay, and when a pair of hungry tramps had walked so many miles, over a dusty road, since sunrise, one of the first things on the programme ought to be a warm bath and something good to eat.

Then Mother Bunny stopped repeating over and over again, "O my poor precious darling!" dried her eyes, and began to bustle about, making things very lively in that family, until both had been made as comfortable as possible and were ready to tell all about their strange journey.

When Cuddledown told the story of her going to find the "rainbow place," and said it was ever so much farther off than she had thought it was, Bunnyboy went over to her side and told her how sorry he was he had told her what was not true, that day on the hill, and promised he would never, never boast about himself again, nor try to deceive any one, even in fun.

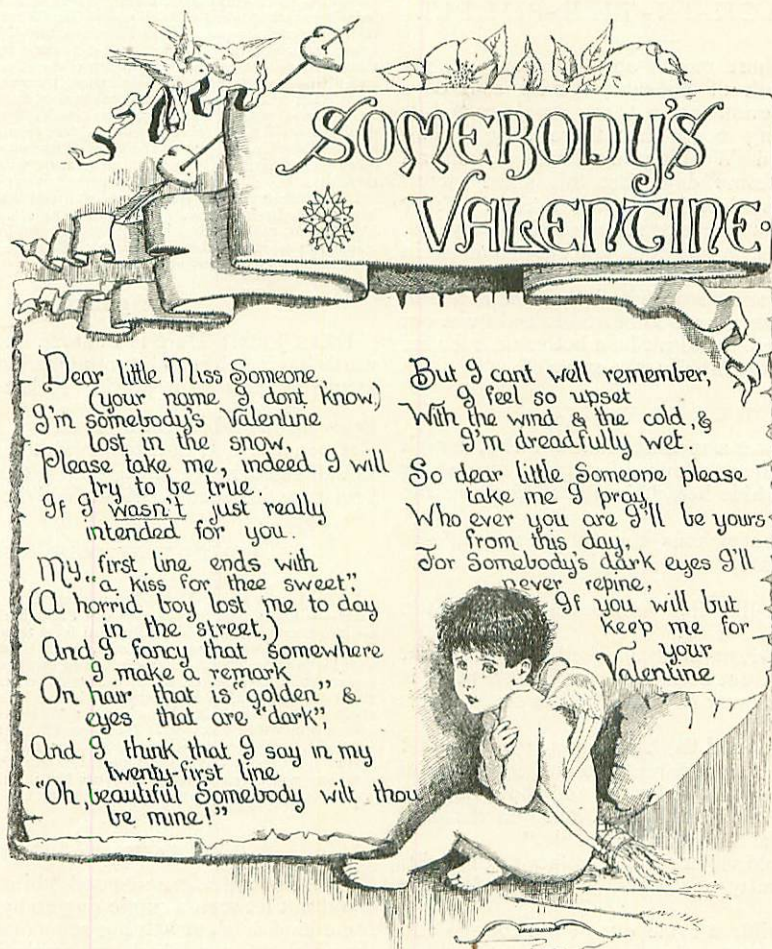
Then Cousin Jack told his part of the story, and when he had finished, they all thought it was very strange that he happened to take the right one of the two paths, and find the right place in the dark.

Pinkeyes said that perhaps a guardian angel had led him all the way, but Deacon Bunny said he had a great deal of faith in every-day angels, with brave, willing, and loving hearts, even if they had but one leg and a pair of crutches, instead of wings.

"Well, well," said Cousin Jack, "we don't really know very much about guardian angels, or how they work; but my notion is this: If I had not been kept awake by thinking about Cuddledown's 'Now I lay me,' I might not have seen the lights which led me to the settlement, or known which of the two paths to take.

"And if Cuddledown had not been saying her prayer, like a good child, just as I was passing by in the dark, I might never have found the missing one at all.

"Now it seems to me," said Cousin Jack, "that the good mother who taught Cuddledown her little prayer, had something to do with my finding her child, and until we know more about these mysteries I think we ought to follow her teaching and example; and for one, I am going to write Mother Bunny's name at the head of the list of the Angels in this family."



THE BUNNY STORIES.

BY JOHN H. JEWETT.

MORE TROUBLE FOR THE BUNNYS.

A NEW KIND OF CIRCUS.

THERE were two sides to Runwild Terrace.

On the south side, where the Bunnys lived, there were many cosy cottages, well-kept lawns, and pretty flower-gardens.

The Bunny children and their playmates who lived in these pleasant homes were taught to be kind and gentle, and were usually neatly dressed and tidy in their habits.

On the north side of the Terrace there was another village, where many poor families were huddled together in dingy blocks or small, shabby houses.

The streets were narrow, the door-yards piled with rubbish, and both the old and young were poorly clothed and looked hungry and neglected most of the time. The young Bears and Coons

Bunnyboy and Brownny were becoming rough and clownish in their manners and sometimes used bad words while at play.

He told them the bear cubs were not good company, they must keep away from them in future.

One day in September Tuffy Bear met Bunnyboy and asked him to come over and play circus that afternoon.

When Bunnyboy asked his father whether he might go, the Deacon said "No," but that they might play circus at home and invite their playmates to come and spend the afternoon with them.

Like a great many others of his age, Bunnyboy was willful, and this did not suit him at all, for he wished to have his own way in everything.

He thought his father was very hard and stern; and after sulking awhile, he told Brownny to ask their mother whether they might go berrying.

Mother Bunny said "Yes," if they would come home early; and off they started over the hills.

When out of sight from the house, Bunnyboy said he was going to the north village to ask Tuffy and Brindle where the berries grew thickest.

He said this to satisfy Brownny; but he knew it was only a sneaking way of going to see what the bear cubs were doing, and an excuse for disobeying his father.

On the way they met Spud Coon and his grandmother, who lived in the north village.

Spud asked them to stop and play with him, or to let him go with them.

Bunnyboy looked scornfully at Spud's torn jacket and bare feet, and replied, "We don't wish to play with a ragged cub like you. You had better stay where you belong, with your old granny."

This word "granny" was one he had picked



and their neighbors of the north village were commonly called "Cubs," and their names, when they had any, were generally nicknames.

Bunnyboy and Brownny had sometimes met two of the bear cubs, Tuffy and Brindle, in the fields, and liked to play with them, because they were large and strong, and were usually planning or doing some mischief.

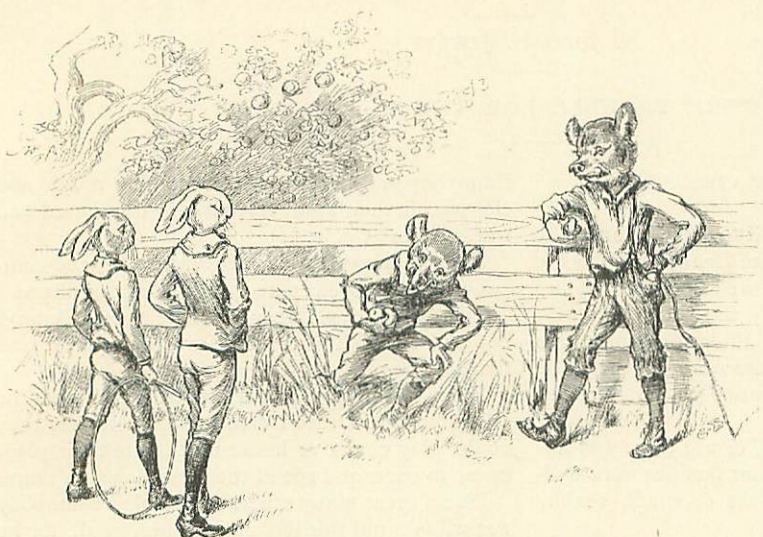
Deacon Bunny soon began to notice that both

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up from the bear cubs, and he thought it would be smart to use it, because Spud's grandmother was old and feeble and miserably poor.

He forgot all he had been taught at home about

Here they began to race about in a circle while Brindle played he was a clown, repeating a lot of stupid words at which they all laughed, pretending they were having great fun.



being polite and respectful to the aged, and he did not stop to think how angry it would make him to hear his own dear grandmother called "granny" by a saucy youngster.

Grandmother Coon looked sharply at Bunnyboy and said she was sorry his manners were not so fine as his clothes, and led away Spud crying and wishing he was big enough to thrash the fellow who called them names because they were poor.

Brownny was ashamed and would have turned back, but Bunnyboy urged him along until they met Tuffy and Brindle, who supposed they had come to play circus.

end of the line with Tuffy at the other, while Brindle beat him to make him go round and round in the ring.

At last, this rough sport was too much for Brownny's tender heart, and he begged the cubs to let the poor goat go.

This made them angry, and they said that he was trying to spoil the fun, and it would serve him just right to make him play monkey and ride the goat.

Bunnyboy began to see what kind of company they were in, and tried to take Brownny's part. Then Tuffy struck Bunnyboy, and a quarrel began



Tuffy said he knew just the place for a circus-ring and led the way to an open field, a little way out of the village.

in which the bunnies were roughly handled and thrown down on the ground.

Tuffy was so strong he could easily hold Bunny-

boy, and he told Brindle to tie Bunnyboy's hands and feet so that he could not get up.

Then they put Brownie on the goat's back and tied him on, with his feet fastened under the goat's



neck and his hands under his body, so that he could not fall off nor get off, and they said he made a good monkey.

They beat the goat to make him go faster, and hit Brownie because he cried, while Bunnyboy had to lie helpless and see his little brother abused.

When he tried to call for help they stuffed his mouth full of grass and leaves, and told him to keep still or they would tie up his mouth with a handkerchief.

While this was going on and the bunnies were

Though he shouted for help until he was hoarse, no one came. Then he hoped Tuffy or Brindle would come back and untie him before dark, but they did not.

Evening came, and the moon rose over the hills, and still he lay there alone, wondering what had become of his brother and what would happen if he had to lie there all night.

At last he heard voices in the corn-field near by, and called again for help as loud as he could.

Some one answered, and he felt sure help was coming; but he hardly knew what to think when he saw bending over him the same Grandmother Coon and little Spud, whom he had met on his way.

Spud knew him at once and cried out, "Oh, grandma, here is the same Bunnyboy who called us names this afternoon."

Bunnyboy thought his last chance was gone, but begged of them not to leave him any longer in his misery, for the cords were hurting him and he ached all over from lying bound and cramped so long.

Spud said, "Good enough for you!" but his grandmother told him that was wrong, and quickly untied Bunnyboy and helped him to his feet.

Then she said, "If you are one of Deacon Bunny's sons, I know your mother. She is a kind



wondering how it would end, they heard a pack of hounds barking, not very far away.

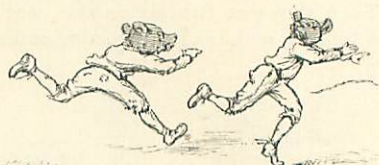
Tuffy and Brindle did not like dogs, and were afraid of being caught playing such cruel tricks on the bunnies, and they ran away home as fast as they could.

When the goat found he was free from his tormentors he started for the pasture with Brownie still tied on his back, leaving Bunnyboy bound hand and foot, alone and helpless on the ground.

friend to us poor folks, and has often brought us food and comforts when we have been sick or in trouble. You behaved badly to us to-day, but I am glad to help you now for her sake, if for no other reason."

Bunnyboy thanked her, and was glad enough to use his stiffened legs once more to hurry home, by the same road he had come but with very different thoughts.

He felt a great deal more respect for his father's



opinion of bear cubs, and of what was good company for him to keep, than he had felt when he first left home. The family had already begun a search through the neighborhood, and were just planning what to do next, when Bunnyboy reached the house.

When they asked for Brownly, he told them that the last he saw of him was that he was being carried off on a goat's back toward the pasture beyond the north village.

The Deacon knew where the goat-pasture was, and started at once, with Cousin Jack, to find Brownly.

In about an hour they returned bringing Brownly, who was dreadfully frightened, and badly bruised and scratched by the bushes and fences against which the goat had rubbed, in trying to rid himself of his burden.

They had found Brownly still tied to the goat, and both lying on the ground, with a dozen or more goats standing about in the moonlight staring at the strange sight.

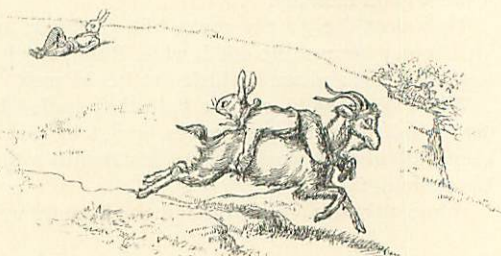
When Brownly had been bathed and had eaten his supper, the family sat down to hear how it all had happened.

Then the whole story came out, for Bunnyboy was honest enough to tell the whole truth about

obeying him, and never thought of making a bad matter worse by telling lies about it.

When he had finished the Deacon looked very sober and said to Mother Bunny, "I think I ought to give up my mission Sunday-school class in the north village, and see what I can do for our own little heathen in this family.

"I am ashamed," he went on, "to try to teach other folk's children, when one of my own sets such



an example, by mocking at misfortune and by being rude and unfeeling to the old and poor, as Bunnyboy has done to-day."

Mother Bunny made no reply, but cried softly to herself, and it almost broke Bunnyboy's heart when he saw her trying to hide her tears behind her handkerchief.

Cousin Jack said it reminded him of the old proverb, "The way of the transgressor is hard," and if Bunnyboy would take it for a text for his next Sunday-school lesson, he thought he would not need a dictionary to tell him what the big word meant, or how hard the wrong way always is,—especially for those who have been taught a better way than they follow.

Then Deacon Bunny turned to Bunnyboy and said, "When I was a boy the only whipping my father ever gave me was for disobeying him, and perhaps I ought to follow his example."

Bunnyboy thought a whipping would be the easiest part of his punishment, if that would blot out the record of the day, but he did not say so.

After thinking a moment Deacon went on to say, "You all know that my father's plan is not my way of teaching you to do right. I think if a boy with such a home, and such a mother as you



going to see the bear cubs, and of the first as well as the last meeting with the Coons.

He owned to his father that he knew he was dis-

have, can not learn to be a good boy without whipping, he will not learn at all, but will keep on



doing wrong, until he has brought sorrow and shame on himself, and on all who love him."

"Well, well!" said Cousin Jack, "there is always one good thing that may be saved from the wreck of a bad day, and that is a good resolution."

to get into just such scrapes myself, when I was young and thoughtless."

This made Bunnyboy feel better, but more like crying. He pressed Cousin Jack's hand very hard.

"I have noticed," said Cousin Jack, "that some boys seem to have these attacks of lying, boasting, and disobeying their parents, just as they have the measles, chicken-pox, or whooping-cough, and when they have suffered as Bunnyboy has suffered for his disobedience to-day, they are not likely to have the same attack again."

Bunnyboy looked very gratefully at Cousin Jack for helping him out, and told them all he was truly sorry and would never do so any more, and that early next morning he would ask Grandmother Coon's pardon in good earnest, and give Spud the best toy he had in the house. As for Tuffy and Brindle, he had seen enough of them, and their kind of a circus, to last him a lifetime.

Mother Bunny looked at the clock, said it was time the bunnies were asleep, and led them away to bed. When his mother kissed him good-night, Bunnyboy whispered to her, "Don't cry any more about it, Mother, for I will try not to make you cry for me again, the longest day I live."

And the best part of the story is that he never did.

Many years after, when Bunnyboy had grown up, the sweetest praise he ever received, was when his



Then calling Bunnyboy to his side, he said, "My poor boy, I am sorry for you, and I know just how you hate yourself for what has happened, for I used

mother told him he had been a good son and a great comfort to her, ever since the day he played circus with Tuffy and Brindle Bear.

THE BUNNY STORIES.

BY JOHN H. JEWETT.

TUFFY'S "WILD WEST."

WITH A SEQUEL.

THE next morning after their scrape with Tuffy and Brindle, both Bunnyboy and Brownny were able to be up and dressed, but did not feel so active as usual.

Brownny's wrists and ankles were chafed and swollen where the cords had held him bound on the goat's back, and Bunnyboy was somewhat stiff and sore from lying so long fettered on the ground.

There had been some talk in the family, before the bunnies came down to breakfast, about what should be done with "those good-for-nothing bear cubs," as the Deacon called them.

Just what ought to be done was a hard question to decide; but at last Cousin Jack said he would take the matter in hand, and try a little home-missionary work on the bear family.

He thought there might be some better way found for Tuffy and Brindle to use their strong, healthy bodies and active minds, than in idle mischief and cruel sports.

The Deacon said he was welcome to the task, but, as for himself, he felt more like a bad-tempered heathen, than a missionary, every time he thought of their shameful treatment of poor Brownny.

That afternoon Cousin Jack asked Bunnyboy to go with him to the north village, and call on Tuffy's mother, who was a widow.

When they were ready to start, Mother Bunny gave Bunnyboy a well-filled basket, saying to Cousin Jack that she never liked to have any one go missionarying among the poor and needy, quite empty-handed.

Cousin Jack said he was always glad to carry more food than tracts to such folks, and off they started to find the Widow Bear.

They found her in a wretched place, not much better than a hovel, and looking very tired and miserable.

Two shabby little cubs were playing in the doorway, and another was crying in Mother Bear's arms, when she came to the door to let them in.

She thought Cousin Jack was a minister, or a bill-collector, and began to dust a chair for him with her apron, and to tell him her troubles at the same time.

Cousin Jack gave her the basket of good things from Mother Bunny, but said nothing about the circus affair, because he thought the poor Mother Bear had enough to worry her, already.

When he asked her why Tuffy and Brindle did not get some work to do, to help her, she told him that since their father died she had been too poor to buy them clothes fit to wear to school, and they had grown so wild and lawless that no one would give them work.

She said they were both over in the pasture by the brook, playing, and were probably in some new mischief by this time.

"Well, well," said Cousin Jack, "don't be discouraged; perhaps they may live to be a comfort to you yet; at any rate, we will hunt them up, and see if there is not something besides mischief in them, and I'll try to get some work for Tuffy to do."

Widow Bear thanked him, and bidding her "Good afternoon," they set out for the pasture.

On the way Bunnyboy was quiet and thoughtful, for he had never seen such poverty and misery before.

After thinking about it for a while, he said he felt sorry for the Mother Bear, and wondered if Tuffy's father had been a good man.

Cousin Jack said he did not know; very good folks were sometimes very poor; but the saddest part of these hard lives was, that so many good mothers and innocent little children were made to suffer for the faults of others, and that bad habits were too often the real cause.

When they came to the brook, they saw Tuffy and his companions on the top of a hill in the pasture, racing about and having a roaring good time.

Tuffy had been showing them how to play "Wild West."

He had a long rope, with a noose on one end, and the other end tied around his waist, for he was playing that he was both horse and rider, and having great fun lassoing the others, and hauling them about like wild horses or cattle.

Just as Cousin Jack and Bunnyboy reached the foot of the hill, Tuffy had grown so vain of his strength and skill, that he boastfully said he was going to lasso one of the young steers browsing near by.

They saw him creep carefully forward, and then, giving the coil a few steady whirls in the air, he sent the noose flying over the steer's head.

The loop fell loosely over the creature's neck, and as the crowd set up a shout the steer started on a run.

One foot went through the open noose, the rope tightened over and under the steer's shoulders, and away he went, with Tuffy tugging manfully at the other end of the rope.

The more they shouted the faster the steer ran, Tuffy following as fast as his legs could carry him, until the frightened creature plunged down the hill at full speed.

Half-way down Tuffy tripped and fell headlong, and, hitched by the rope he had so carelessly left tied around his own body, he was dragged down the grassy slope, unable to rise, or get a footing.

On dashed the steer, across the broad but shallow brook, dragging Tuffy after him through the mud and water, until the cub was landed on the farther shore.

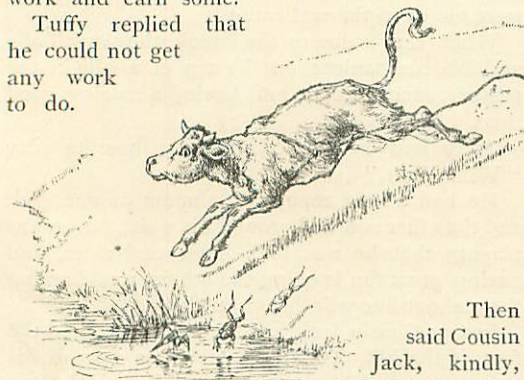
Here Tuffy's weight against the bank stopped the steer, and held him fast; but he still tugged, until Cousin Jack came to the rescue and cut the rope with his knife.

After Tuffy was upon his feet again, and had rubbed some of the mud from his face and eyes, he looked sheepishly about him, while the rest laughed and jeered at the drenched and drabbed cub.

Cousin Jack asked him if he was hurt, and told him he would better wring out his wet jacket, and sit down on a log in the sun, before he went home to change his clothes.

When Tuffy said he was all right, but had no other clothes to put on, Cousin Jack asked him why he did not go to work and earn some.

Tuffy replied that he could not get any work to do.



Then said Cousin Jack, kindly, "That is just what I have come to talk with you about, for I have been to see your poor, patient, hard-working mother, and I can hardly believe that a strong, healthy fel-

low, as you are, is really willing to be a trouble to her instead of a help."

Tuffy said gruffly, "How can I help it when no one will give me a chance?"

"Then I would try to make a chance," said Cousin Jack, "and begin by helping her take care of the children."

"Tuffy," said he, "if you're really in earnest, I will find you some decent clothes and work to do."

Tuffy was puzzled, for he had thought Cousin Jack had come over to settle with him for abusing the bunnies; but as Cousin Jack spoke so kindly and earnestly, he managed to say, "Try me and see."

Then Cousin Jack advised him to wash himself, go to bed early, and let his clothes dry; and in the morning, if he would come over to Deacon Bunny's, he should have a better suit.

When Tuffy and the others had gone, and the Bunnys were on their way home, Bunnyboy said that perhaps Tuffy was not so bad a fellow after all.

Cousin Jack said he was glad to hear Bunnyboy say this; for it was a good plan, once in a while, to stop and think how much a good home and proper training had to do with making some folks better or more fortunate than others, and with giving a fair start in life.

THE RESCUE.

A HERO FOR A DAY, AND AN EVERY-DAY HERO.

WHEN Tuffy came home his mother asked him what had happened to make him so wet.

He told her he had been fooling with a steer and got a ducking, but that he did n't care, for he was going to bed, and his clothes would be dry before he needed to wear them again.

He said he was going over to Runwild Terrace in the morning, to see if Lame Jack Bunny meant what he had said about giving him a new suit of clothes, and finding him a place where he might have steady work.

Mother Bear told him the Bunny family were very kind to take an interest in him, and she hoped he would try to do his best.

Tuffy replied he should take more stock in them, when he had seen the clothes, for he had heard folks talk well before.

Then he went to bed, and his poor mother sat up half the night cleaning and patching the ragged

garments, that they might look as tidy as possible for the visit.

At about ten o'clock the next day he started, wondering how the trip would turn out, and how it would seem to be dressed a little more like other folks.



COUSIN JACK ADVISES TUFFY.

On the way to Deacon Bunny's, Tuffy had to cross a bridge over a river across which a dam had been built so that the water might be used for power to run the factories in the north village.

The stream curved sharply to the left, above the dam, and the swift current swept over the falls in a torrent, to the rocky rapids below.

When Tuffy reached the river, a crowd was gathered on the bank and they were all watching something on the stream above the dam.

He ran to see what was the matter, and saw a small skiff, or rowboat, drifting down the stream.

In the boat were old Grandmother Coon, and Totsy, her little grandchild.

He could hear their piteous cries for help, as the boat drifted nearer and nearer to the dam.

Their only chance of being saved, was that the boat might drift close to a snag which stood out in the middle of the stream, where a tall pine tree had lodged during a recent freshet.

A few feet of the bare top rose above the surface of the water, with the roots held fast below.

Fortunately the current set that way, and, as the boat drew near, Grandmother Coon caught hold of the snag and stopped the boat in the swiftest part of the current.

The boat swayed and tossed about, but she

clung with all her strength and held it fast.

There was no other boat at hand, and the excited crowd on the shore seemed helpless to aid her.

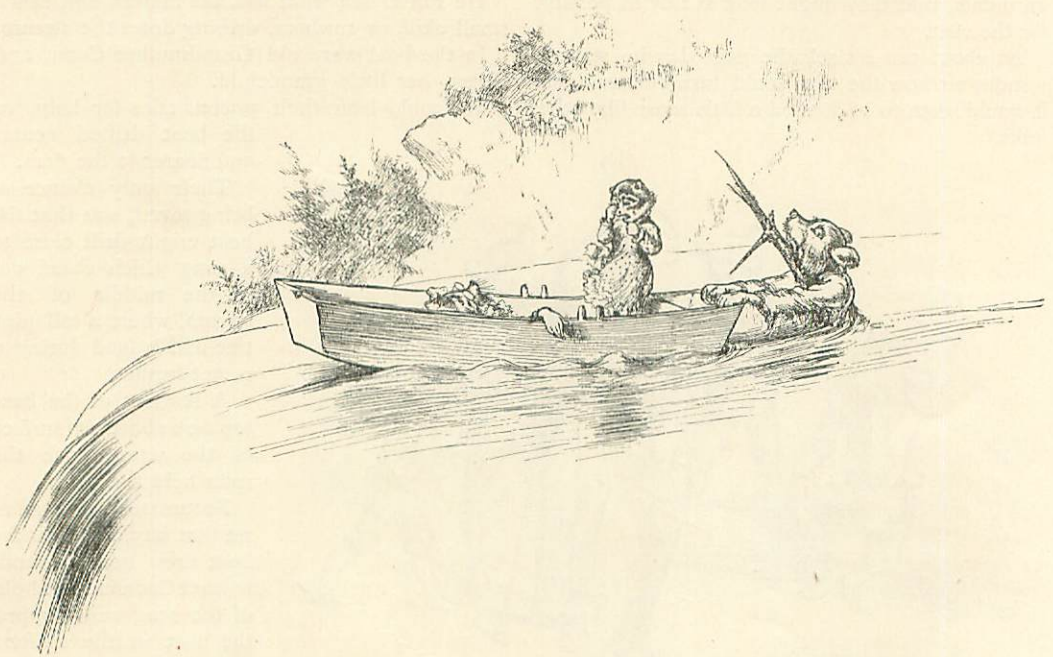
Some one said that if he could swim, he would go and help her hold the boat.

Tuffy heard the remark, and without pausing a second, ran up the shore to the bend, stripped off his jacket, and plunged into the stream.

He could swim like a duck, and by the help of the current, was soon in line with the boat; but then



GRANDMOTHER COON AND TOTSY ON THE BRINK OF THE FALLS.



TUFFY'S BRAVE ACTION.

he was clear-headed enough to know he must strike the snag, for his weight would upset the boat, or break her loose, if he tried to climb in.

As he drew near, a few steady strokes brought his breast against the snag, and he grasped the gunwale of the boat with both hands, just as Grandmother Coon, overcome with the strain and excitement, let go her hold and fell back into the bottom of the boat.

When the crowd on the shore saw Tuffy with his body braced against the snag, and his strong arms on either side holding the boat against the current, they gave a shout, and called to him:

"Stick and hang, Tuffy! Don't let go!"

And stick and hang he did, until he thought his arms would be pulled from his body, while the frantic folks on the shore rushed about making a great fuss, but doing nothing of real use.

At last a long rope was found, and some one who had kept calm and had his wits about him, told them to tie one end of the rope to a plank and follow him.

Taking the plank up stream, to the bend where Tuffy had jumped in, they threw it far out into the river.

By giving the rope plenty of slack, the plank, caught by the current, was carried well out toward the other side.

They watched it drifting down toward the boat, and when they saw that the plank would go out-

side the snag and carry the rope within Tuffy's reach, they called to him to keep cool, and hang on until by pulling on the rope they could bring it to the surface.

Every minute seemed an hour to Tuffy, whose hands and arms were stiffened and cramped with the grip and strain, and he found it no easy matter to seize the rope without losing his hold on the boat.

When they had hauled in on the rope, and drawn the plank close to the boat, Tuffy managed to get the rope between his legs.

By holding on with all his might with his right hand, he shifted the left to the same side of the snag, and then taking a fresh grip on the gunwale, he told them to haul away!

In a few minutes the boat was drawn to the shore and safely landed with its living load.

Grandmother and Totsy Coon were tenderly cared for, and Tuffy, who was chilled and tired out by his long struggle, was taken to a house near by, given a good rubbing, and a change of dry clothing.

Every one praised him for his brave act and his pluck in holding to the boat so long.

They all said he was a hero, and had saved two lives by risking his own, and more than one made the remark:

"Who would have thought that vagabond of a Tuffy Bear was such a brave, generous fellow!"

It made Tuffy feel strange to hear himself praised, and he wondered if he was really the same Tuffy the villagers had called a "good-for-nothing cub," ever since he could remember!

When Grandmother Coon was asked how they happened to be in the boat, without oars or paddle, she said that Totsy had run away and climbed into the boat, and when she stepped in after the little one, the boat, which was not fastened, tipped up with the added weight, and floated off into deep water.



TOTSY IN THE BOAT.

After the excitement was over, Tuffy went on his way to Runwild Terrace, in his borrowed clothes, and found Cousin Jack waiting for him.

Some one had carried the news of the accident and the rescue to the Terrace, and here Tuffy was given a hearty welcome, and praised on all sides.

Cousin Jack told him he had made a splendid beginning, and he was glad an occasion had offered for him to prove his mettle and to show that he could use, as well as abuse, his brains and strength.

The Bunnys kept him to dinner, and made up a bundle of comfortable clothing for Brindle and the other children.

After dinner Cousin Jack told Tuffy that the Terrace folks had made up a purse of money for him, and that one of the store-keepers had offered to give him a full new suit.

When they went to look for work Cousin Jack advised him to learn a trade, and found a machinist who would give him a place in a shop and pay small wages for the first year.

Tuffy agreed to begin work the next day, and went home very proud and happy.

The neighbors had been there before him with the story, and some, who were both able and willing, had sent in plenty of food and clothing for the family, when it was known how poor and needy they were.

Tuffy's mother told him it was the proudest day of her life, and said she always knew he would prove a credit to the family, for his father was a brave man, and had been a soldier in the war, before Tuffy was born.

Tuffy went to his work the next morning bright and early, and for a few weeks he liked the change.

After a while the days seemed long, and the Sundays a long way apart.

One day when Cousin Jack dropped in to see him, Tuffy grumbled a little, and said he was tired of being shut up in a shop all day, when the other fellows he knew were having fun, chestnutting, and going to base-ball games.

Cousin Jack said that there was where the pluck came in: he must keep his grip on his work, just as he did on the boat, the day he saved two lives.

Tuffy replied that folks seemed to have forgotten all about his being a hero, as they had called him then, and that they treated him just as if he was the same old Tuffy after all.

"Well, well!" said Cousin Jack, "that is the way of the world, and you must not mind it.

"You did a noble and plucky thing that day in the river, but you are doing a harder and a nobler task now, by working to help your mother support the family, and send your brothers and sisters to school."

Cousin Jack talked with him hopefully about his work, and told him there were a great many real, every-day heroes who never had a chance to earn the title by a single great act of courage or endurance, but they were heroes just the same.

"Stick to your work, Tuffy," said he, "and don't weaken because the current is strong against you, and one of these days, perhaps, you will be a great inventor, or the owner of a shop like this, yourself."

This made Tuffy feel better, and when he went home that night he told his mother she need not worry any more about his giving up learning a trade, as he had threatened to do. "For," said Tuffy, "I am going to stick to my work and try to be one of Jack Bunny's *Every-Day Heroes*!"



AN "EVERY-DAY HERO."

THE BUNNY STORIES.

THE BUNNIES' PICNIC.

BY JOHN H. JEWETT.

PART I.



CUDDLEDOWN'S birthday was in June, and June, the month of roses, was coming in a few weeks.

Then the Bunnies were to have a picnic, if all were well and the weather was fine.

They were fond of picnics and liked to have them a long way off from home.

Now there were plenty of green fields and pleasant

groves near by Runwild Terrace, but the Bunnies thought the best part of a picnic was the going away from a noisy neighborhood, in search of new places to ramble in for the day, and the having dinner out-of-doors.

They were always glad to come home again when the day's fun was over, but they really loved the quiet and strangeness of the woods and fields, and knew how pleasant it was to find some wild place, where they could play that all the world was their own, to be good and happy in for a little while, all by themselves.

There never seemed to be any room in such places for naughty thoughts or actions, and they always came home so full of fresh air and sunshine that the good feeling would last for several days, in spite of the little trials and tempers which might come peeping around the corners of their work or play at home.

For a long time after those sad and anxious days when Cuddledown was missing, the Bunnies felt rather timid about going very far away from the village alone.

They used to talk about the strange creatures, with smooth, white faces, who carried Cuddledown

off to the settlement where Cousin Jack had found her, and they often wondered if they should ever meet them in the fields when berrying or having a picnic.

Bunnyboy was the captain of a soldier company, made up of a dozen or more of his playmates, and Cousin Jack called them his "Awkward Squad"; but they looked very grand in their blue flannel uniforms, bright crimson sashes and gilt buttons, and they felt and talked almost as grand as they looked.

Sometimes they talked rather boastfully about what they would do, when they were grown up and had real guns instead of wooden ones, if the strangers ever came to molest them at the Terrace.

One day when Bunnyboy and his soldiers were talking very bravely about this matter, the Deacon asked Bunnyboy if they had ever practiced "Right-about face, Double-quick, March!"

Bunnyboy saw the twinkle in his father's eyes, and replied: "Oh, you think we would run at the first sight of the smooth-faces, do you?"

The Deacon smiled and said he hoped not, but the bravest soldiers were usually modest as well as brave, and perhaps Cousin Jack would tell them a story some time about two dogs he once heard of, whose names were "Brag" and "Holdfast."

Cousin Jack answered him by saying: "The dog story is all right so far as it goes, but my advice to them is to keep right on thinking brave thoughts, for such thoughts have the right spirit, and are good company for old or young."

"It would hardly pay," said he, "to grow up at all, if we did not love our homes and country enough to be willing to defend them with our lives, if necessary."

Brownny, who carried the flag, waved his staff and said, "Just you wait until we are bigger and have swords and guns, and see if we do not teach the smooth-faces a lesson."

"Brownny," said Cousin Jack, "I hope by that time guns will be out of fashion, for real courage does not depend so much on swords and guns as some folks imagine."

"Perhaps," said he, "the smooth-faces are not so bad as they seem to us, and they may have meant no wrong by taking Cuddledown with them

to the settlement. They might have left her to starve and perish alone, and then we should have lost her altogether."

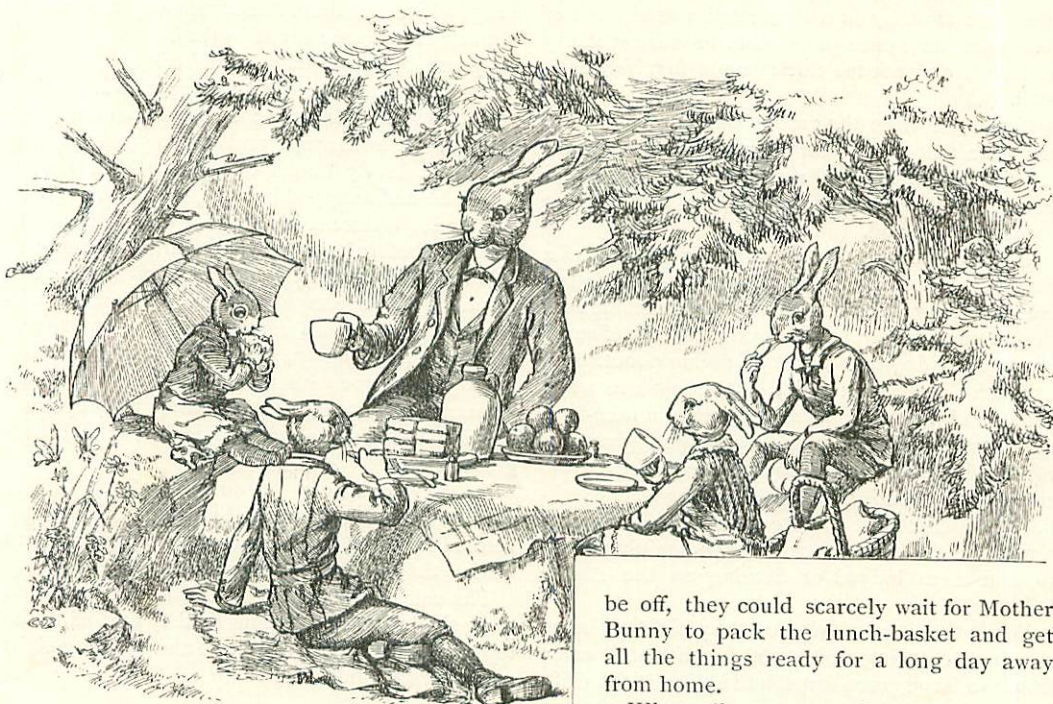
"A brave spirit and a revengeful spirit," he continued, "are two very different things, and you should be careful, Brownny, not to get them mixed. However, it is now time for you all to go on with your drilling."

Turning to the company, Cousin Jack looked

morning the near neighbors knew that something was to happen, by the noise the Bunnies were making.

They were all up with the sun, and Cuddledown had to be kissed six times by each member of the family, and each had a pretty card or gift for her birthday.

After breakfast, when Gaffer brought the family carriage to the door, they were in such a hurry to



THE PICNIC.

them over very carefully and said, "Keep your shoulders straight,— eyes to the front,— keep step to the music and — obey your commander!"

"Attention! company, forward, MARCH!" shouted Bunnyboy, and off they tramped, looking so brave and manly that even the Deacon clapped his hands and cried, "Bravo! they are a plucky lot, that is a fact, and I am proud of them."

So many months had passed, during which nothing had been seen or heard of the strangers, that the Bunnies began to feel less timid, and to wish they might see some of the places Cousin Jack and Cuddledown had passed on their journey.

Cousin Jack told them it would be a pleasant drive, and if the Deacon would let them take the horse and carriage for the picnic party, they would go that way when the time came.

Even a few weeks seemed a long time to wait, but at last the day came, and very early one bright

be off, they could scarcely wait for Mother Bunny to pack the lunch-basket and get all the things ready for a long day away from home.

When all were stowed away in the carriage, and the four Bunnies were seated, Cousin Jack took the reins, while Brownny shouted "All aboard!" and with a rousing "Good-bye!" to the father and mother, off they started, as merry as larks in a meadow.

The fields and lanes were all so lovely they could not help stopping on the way to pick a handful of the golden buttercups and fragrant lilacs, while all around them in the trees and hedges the birds were filling the air with melody, and seemed to be inviting everybody to come out and enjoy the fine weather.

After a pleasant drive of more than two hours, they came to the "two roads," and found the very spot where Cousin Jack had slept the first night of his journey, and from which he first saw the lights in the settlement.

They could just see, from the top of a hill near by, the white church-spires glistening in the sun, but they did not wish to go any nearer.

The Bunnies were not really afraid, for Cousin Jack was with them, but they were glad when he said they would drive back by the other road and have their picnic nearer home.

On the way, about noon-time, they came to a place where there was a busy little brook, and a shining pond half covered with lily-pads, and an open pasture with many large, flat stones scattered about in the short grass, just right for resting-places.

Cousin Jack said they could not find a better place, for close by on a little knoll was a grove of pine-trees, near enough together to make it shady and cool, and not too thick for playing hide-and-seek.

Under the trees the ground was covered with a soft clean mat of last year's dry pine-needles, making the nicest kind of a couch to lie upon and watch the stray sunbeams peeping through the branches overhead.

The lunch-baskets were hung on a low limb of a pine-tree, so that the busy little ants and other creeping things need not be tempted to meddle with the Bunnies' dinner, and so it might be out of reach of any stray dog that might be roving about.

When Cousin Jack had tied the horse in a safe place, and given him a feed of oats in a nose-bag, the Bunnies ran off to play, and had great fun racing about the fields, looking for turtles on the edges of the pond, or making tiny boats of birch-bark, on which they wrote pleasant messages to send down the brooks to any one who might chance to find them lodged or floating on the stream below.

While they were playing by the pond, they heard a strange croaking noise, and found that it came from two large green frogs, half hidden in the drift-wood lodged against some overhanging bushes on the bank.

Little Cuddledown said she thought the frogs must be learning to talk, and asked what they were trying to say. Just for fun, Bunnyboy told her it sounded as if one of them was saying :

"Get the lunch! Get the lunch!
Eat it up! eat it up!"

and the other frog answered :

"Me the jug! Me the jug!
Ker chug!"

This made them all feel hungry, and Cuddledown thought it was time to be going back to the tree, before the frogs found the baskets with the sandwiches and cakes and the jug of milk the mother had packed up so carefully for their dinner.

So they all ran back to the grove and helped Cousin Jack to spread out the dinner on the top of a large flat rock, where they could all sit around as

if at a table, and make it seem like having a real home dinner in the open air.

After dinner they packed up the dishes in the basket, and all the broken bits and crumbs that were left over were scattered about on the ground, so that the little bugs might have a picnic too, all by themselves, under the leaves and grass.

Cousin Jack thought Cuddledown had played so hard that she must be tired and sleepy, and spreading a lap-robe under the trees they lay down to take a nap, while the others wandered away in search of fresh flowers to take home in the baskets.

By and by, when they came back to the grove, Bunnyboy had an armful of fragrant wild azaleas and hawthorn blossoms; Pinkeyes had a huge bouquet of buttercups and pretty grasses, and Brownny a lovely bunch of delicate blue violets. These he had wrapped in large, wet leaves to keep the tender blossoms from losing all their dainty freshness before he could give them to his mother.

It was now time to think about driving back to the village, and presently, when the baskets, and flowers, and Bunnies were all snugly stowed away in the carriage again, they started off for home, waving good-bye with their handkerchiefs to the pleasant grove, while the nodding tree-tops and swaying branches answered the salute in their own graceful way.

As they drew near the outskirts of the village, and were passing through a shady lane, they heard voices in the distance, which seemed to come from behind the hill at the right of the road.

The voices soon changed to cries for help, and tying the horse by the roadside they hurried to the top of the hill, where a strange and startling sight was before them.

PART II.

NEAR the foot of the hill was a pine grove and a gently sloping field, very much like the one the Bunnies had left, and beyond was a low marsh, or peat meadow, overgrown with low bushes and tufts of rank grasses.

Huddled together near the edge of the marsh was a group of frightened little ones, evidently another picnic-party, but in trouble.

Out in the marsh someone was clinging to the bushes, waving her hand and calling for help, while a few feet beyond they could see a small object, which looked like the head and shoulders of a child, slowly sinking into the bog.

Cousin Jack knew at a glance what had happened, and telling Bunnyboy and Brownny to follow him, and Pinkeyes to look after the group below, he led the way, as fast as he could run, to the nearest rail-fence.

Loosening the rails, he told the Bunnies to drag

them along one at a time, and then hurried as fast as his crutches would carry him to the edge of the marsh.

The Bunnies were close behind him with a stout rail, and laying down his crutches he crept out as far as he could safely go, dragging the rail after him, until he was within a few feet of the sinking child.

Then he pushed the rail over the yielding and treacherous quagmire to the little fellow and told him to put his arms over it, hang on, and stop struggling.

The Bunnies soon had two more rails within reach, and these Cousin Jack pushed alongside the other, making a kind of wooden bridge, or path, over which he crawled, and at last by main strength

The first thing to do was to wash off some of the wet black mud at the brook, and wrap up the shivering Tumblekins in shawls and blankets, to keep him from taking cold.

Miss Fox's feet were wet and covered with mud, but she was so busy looking after the others that she did not mind that; and soon, with the help of the Bunnies, the baskets and wraps were picked up and they all set out for home.

It was not very far to the village, but the Bunnies said they would walk and let some of the tired little ones ride in the carriage.

Cousin Jack agreed to this plan and loaded both seats full of the smallest orphans, and with Cuddledown by his side, drove off at the head of the procession, while the rest trudged on behind.



THE BUNNIES TO THE RESCUE.

pulled the half-buried child out of the soft, wet mire.

In a few minutes, both had safely crept back over the rails to the solid ground.

Meanwhile, the grown person who was clinging to the bushes, had succeeded in pulling her feet out of the mire by lying down, and, imitating Cousin Jack's example, had crept out of the marsh and joined Pinkeyes and Cuddledown in quieting the little ones, who were crying in their fright and helplessness.

A few words explained it all. They were a party of little orphan Bears, Coons, Woodchucks, 'Possums, Squirrels, and Rabbits from the Orphans' Home in the village, and had come out for a picnic with Miss Fox, one of the matrons of the Home.

Toddle Tumblekins Coon, the little fellow Cousin Jack had saved from being buried alive in the bog, had strayed away in search of flowers and become helplessly mired in one of the soft spots in the marsh.

In going to his rescue, the matron had also been caught in a bog-hole, and but for the timely help of Cousin Jack and the Bunnies, both might have lost their lives.

When they reached the Orphanage the Bunnies said good-bye to their new friends and were invited by Miss Fox to come and see the children at home, some day, and meet the other matrons, who would be glad to thank them for all their kindness.

It was nearly dusk before the Bunnies reached home, and they were all so eager to tell about the day's doings and the strange accident in the marsh that they all tried to talk at once.

Mother Bunny said they must be hungry after such a long day, and so much excitement, but after supper she would be glad to hear all about it and enjoy the picnic at second hand.

The Deacon said he would join in the same request, if they would take turns in talking, instead of turning the tea-table into a second Babel, and Cousin Jack said something which sounded like a subdued "Amen."

By the time they had finished supper, however, Cousin Jack and Bunnyboy had told the general story of the day, in answer to the Deacon's questions, and as they gathered about the library-table for the evening, each of the other Bunnies had something to tell of the day's happenings, and of what the orphans had said to them on the way home.

Cuddledown told how the little Squirrel orphan, who sat next to her on the front seat with Cousin Jack, had said she had a dolly with real hair and asked whether Cuddledown had ever seen one.

"I almost laughed," said Cuddledown, "and was going to tell her I had half a dozen dollies at home, but I did not. I only told her I had a

you to let me have an afternoon out, just as the cook has for her own, every week, and then I will be one of the visitors."

"I know lots of stories," said Pinkeyes, "and I should like to help those little orphans to forget that they have no fathers and mothers, and no homes of their own, like ours."

The Deacon smiled as he said, "That will all come about in good time, my dear, I am sure, for I have had hard work to keep your mother away from the Orphanage, long enough to let the children there have a quiet season of the measles, between her visits."

Cousin Jack looked at the Deacon as he said, "Kindness seems to be a family trait on the mother's side, in this household, and I hope we may all be able to bear up a little longer under our part of the burden"; and then, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, he turned and said, "Your turn now, Brownny."

Brownny began by saying he had great fun racing with a young 'Possum who said his other name was "Oliver."

Cousin Jack said that Oliver was probably a favorite name in that family, and perhaps that was the reason it was usually written "O-possum."

The Deacon pretended to groan and said, "Oh! please give Brownny a chance to tell his story, and finish up this picnic before morning, for I am getting sleepy."

Then Brownny said the little fellow was about his size, and wore a sailor-suit, just like the pretty one he had worn the summer before.

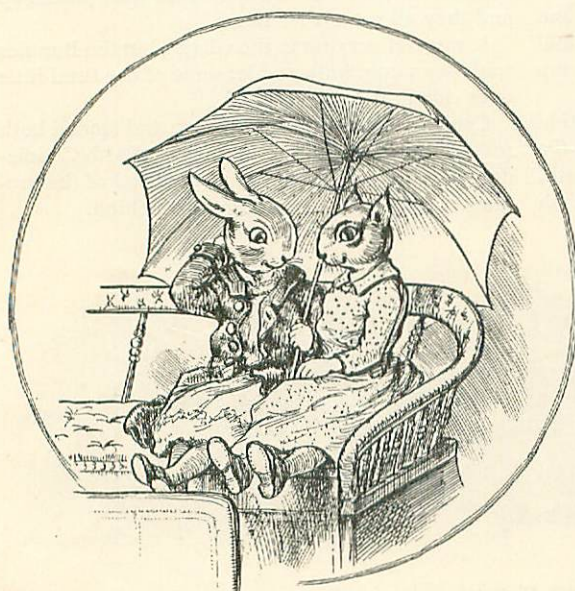
A funny thing about the jacket was that it had on the right shoulder the same kind of a three-cornered mended place that his own had, and he wondered if Oliver had tumbled out of a cherry-tree, as he himself did when he tore his jacket.

Then he asked his mother what had become of his sailor-suit.

The Deacon looked over to Mother Bunny and slyly said he was beginning to understand why it was that a suit of clothes never lasted more than one season in that family, and why their children never had anything fit to wear left over from last year.

Mother Bunny blushed a little as she replied: "Our children outgrow *some* of their clothing, Father, and it seems a pity not to have it doing somebody some good. You knew very well," said she, "when we sent the bundle last spring, even if you did not know all that was inside."

Cousin Jack remarked that he saw a load of wood going over there about that time, and if his memory was not at fault the Deacon was driving and using the bundle of clothing for a seat.



dolly with real hair, too, and that my dolly's name was Catharine."

"Why did you not tell her you had more dolls?" asked Cousin Jack.

"Because — because I thought perhaps she had only one, and I did n't wish to make her feel unhappy," said Cuddledown.

Mother Bunny drew Cuddledown close to her side and said, "That was a good reason, dear, and I am glad my little daughter is growing up to be kind and thoughtful of others."

Then the Deacon said, "Next," and Pinkeyes told them all about the pleasant talk she had with two little sister Coons who walked with her.

They told her how they lived at the Home, about their lessons and singing in the morning, learning to sew and playing games in the large hall in the afternoon, or taking pleasant walks with the "Aunties," as they called the kind matrons who took care of them.

They both told her they liked "Visitors' day" the best of all in the week, for then the kind young ladies came and told them stories, or read about the pretty pictures in books they brought.

When Pinkeyes finished her story she said to Mother Bunny, "When I am old enough I shall ask

Brownny asked if it really was his suit that Oliver was wearing, and his mother said it probably was the same one, for she sent it in the bundle with the other things, although she was almost ashamed to do so, because the mended place showed so plainly.

Cousin Jack smiled at Brownny and said, "You ought to be thankful you have such a kind mother to help to hide the scars left by your heedlessness, but how about the other little chap who did not fall out of a tree, but has to wear your patches for you?"

Brownny did not answer, for he remembered how it happened. He had nearly ruined a young cherry-tree, besides tearing his jacket, by trying to get the fruit without waiting for a ladder as he had been told to do. Turning again to the Deacon, Cousin Jack said, "It seems to me you might make a good Sunday-school talk on the subject of second-hand clothes. I have seen," he continued, "large families where the outgrown garments were handed down from older to younger until the patches and stains left for the last one to wear would have ruined the reputation, if not the disposition, of a born angel."

The Deacon said he would think about it, for it was rather unfair to the orphans to label them with the ink-stains and patches, and other signs of untidiness or carelessness, which really belonged to the Bunnies themselves.

"Well, well," said Cousin Jack, "perhaps when you get the subject well warmed-over for the Sunday-school children, you can season it with a few remarks to the grown folks, who may be a little

careless in handing down their second-hand habits of fault-finding, ill temper, and other failings, for their children to wear and be blamed for all their lives."

The Deacon coughed, and as he saw Bunnyboy trying to hide a yawn with his hand, he asked him what he was trying to say.

Bunnyboy replied that he was not saying anything, but was trying to keep awake by thinking about how Tumblekins looked before they washed him in the brook.

"From his shoulders to his heels," said he, "Tumblekins was plastered with black mud so thick that you could not see whether his clothing was patched or whole."

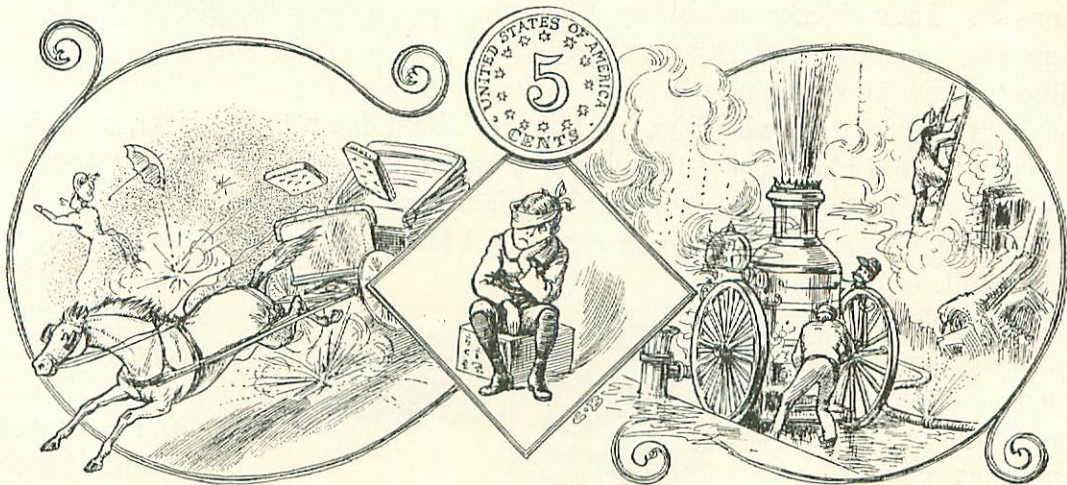
"I felt sorry for him," continued Bunnyboy, "but he looked so comical I could not help laughing."

Brownny said he hoped the little fellow had another of his suits to put on at the Home, and he guessed Tumblekins would n't mind wearing a patch or two, rather than to be sent to bed until the soiled suit was washed and dried.

Brownny's remark reminded Mother Bunny that it was getting late, and long past the Bunnies' bedtime, and, as Cuddledown had been fast asleep in her arms for half an hour, she said they ought not to sit up any longer.

So they all said "Good-night," and went to bed, tired but happy, and thankful, too, that they had so happy and so comfortable a home, all their own, with Father and Mother and Cousin Jack to share it with them.

(To be continued.)



FIVE CENTS' WORTH OF FUN.



THE BUNNY STORIES.

THE BUNNIES' GARDEN.

BY JOHN H. JEWETT.

PART I.

THE garden at Deacon Bunny's was a real garden.

It was not one of the "Keep off the grass" nor the "Do not handle" kind, where the walks and flower-beds are as prim and regular as a checkerboard; but a

garden to work in, to rest in, and to enjoy.

Gaffer Hare, who was called Deacon Bunny's farmer, was the head-gardener; but all the Bunnies were gardeners also, and they had one or more plats each, to keep in order, in which they planted what they liked best.

The only rule the Deacon made was that the Bunnies should take good care of what they called their own, and should see to it that the weeds did not rob the flowers of what rightfully belonged to them.

"Weeds will grow anywhere that flowers can grow," said the Deacon, "and all that is best and loveliest, and really worth having, needs constant care and work to make it thrive."

Of all the Bunnies, Pinkeyes loved flowers care of them best, and for this reason and was Gaffer's favorite.

He never tired of telling her of the of plants and shrubs and the best way

Gaffer did not know their botan- other word of Latin, but he loved just what each needed to make be all the best flower or plant

In one corner of their had been allowed to run of low bower, where

These pets were them, calling them

They were not the plants, and catching flies tamer and them open the flies,

and the others, she

many varieties to treat them.

ical names, nor any the plants, and knew it grow or blossom and of its kind could be.

garden, a wild grapevine over the wall and form a kind Gaffer kept some odd pets.

only toads, but Gaffer prized his quiet watch-dogs.

molested in their corner, nor among Gaffer often amused the Bunnies by and feeding the toads, to make them more friendly, or for the fun of seeing their queer mouths, blink, and swallow or sit staring like a Chinese idol.

One day when they were all watching the toads, Cuddledown said she did not like to see such ugly creatures among the lovely flowers.

Gaffer told her the toads were harmless, if not pretty, and, next to the birds, were his best helpers in destroying the insects and other pests of the vines. Then Cousin Jack told them an old myth of the "Jewel in the Toad's Head," and added that Gaffer's toads were a good lesson, for beauty often shone through, where careless folks saw only the plain and commonplace.

GAFFER'S WATCH-DOGS.



Bunnyboy said he supposed it must be true, if Cousin Jack said so, but that he failed to see any beauty shining through a toad, and Cousin Jack replied that there were a great many kinds of beauty, and that outward show was not a proof of inward grace.

"The flowers," said Cousin Jack, "teach us one lesson of beauty, and perhaps the toads another, for it is something to be useful and harmless in a world like ours."

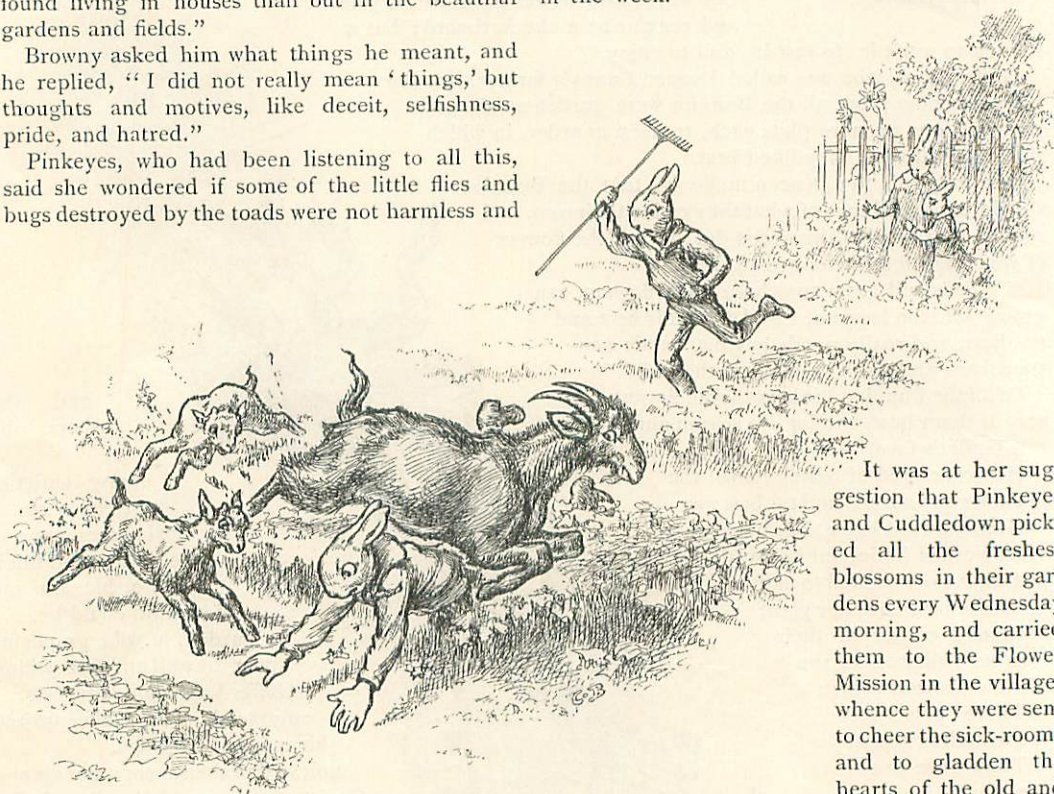
"The real ugly things," said he, "are oftener found living in houses than out in the beautiful gardens and fields."

Brownny asked him what things he meant, and he replied, "I did not really mean 'things,' but thoughts and motives, like deceit, selfishness, pride, and hatred."

Pinkeyes, who had been listening to all this, said she wondered if some of the little flies and bugs destroyed by the toads were not harmless and

Mother Bunny liked to work in the garden among the flowers as well as the others, but found little time for this kind of recreation, for she was always busy in doing or planning for the rest of the household.

She often used the time spent with them in the garden as "a moment to do a little mending for the children," which really meant stitching a lot of love and patience over all the worn and torn places in their clothing, that her four beloved little Bunnies might be fresh and tidy every day in the week.



BUNNYBOY AND BROWNNY TRY TO DRIVE THE GOATS OUT OF THE GARDEN.

useful, too, if only we knew the whole truth about them.

Gaffer coughed and looked at Cousin Jack, who seemed somewhat puzzled for a minute.

Presently he answered Pinkeyes by saying, "That is a good suggestion, my dear, and no doubt it is true, for the more we think about the wonders of the world we live in, the more we learn of their use and beauty."

Just then Mother Bunny came out with her sewing, to get a breath of the sweet summer air, and the Bunnies gave her the best seat in the shadiest nook, where she could watch them at their work.

It was at her suggestion that Pinkeyes and Cuddledown picked all the freshest blossoms in their gardens every Wednesday morning, and carried them to the Flower Mission in the village, whence they were sent to cheer the sick-rooms and to gladden the hearts of the old and feeble in both villages.

The Bunnies always enjoyed "Mission Morning," as they called it, and though they never knew just where the flowers were sent, they felt sure, at least, that they made life brighter for some one, somewhere, for a little while.

PART II.

STRANGE VISITORS IN THE GARDEN.

THE flowers occupied only a part of the inclosure the Bunnies called their garden.

Beyond the flower-beds was a large field where Gaffer raised many vegetables for the home table.

Bunnyboy and Brownie each had a share in this field, and enjoyed planting, weeding, hoeing, and harvesting their own crops of vegetables.

The Deacon told them a little real work was a good thing for boys, and gave them all the land they could use, and all they could raise on it, for their own, to sell or give away.

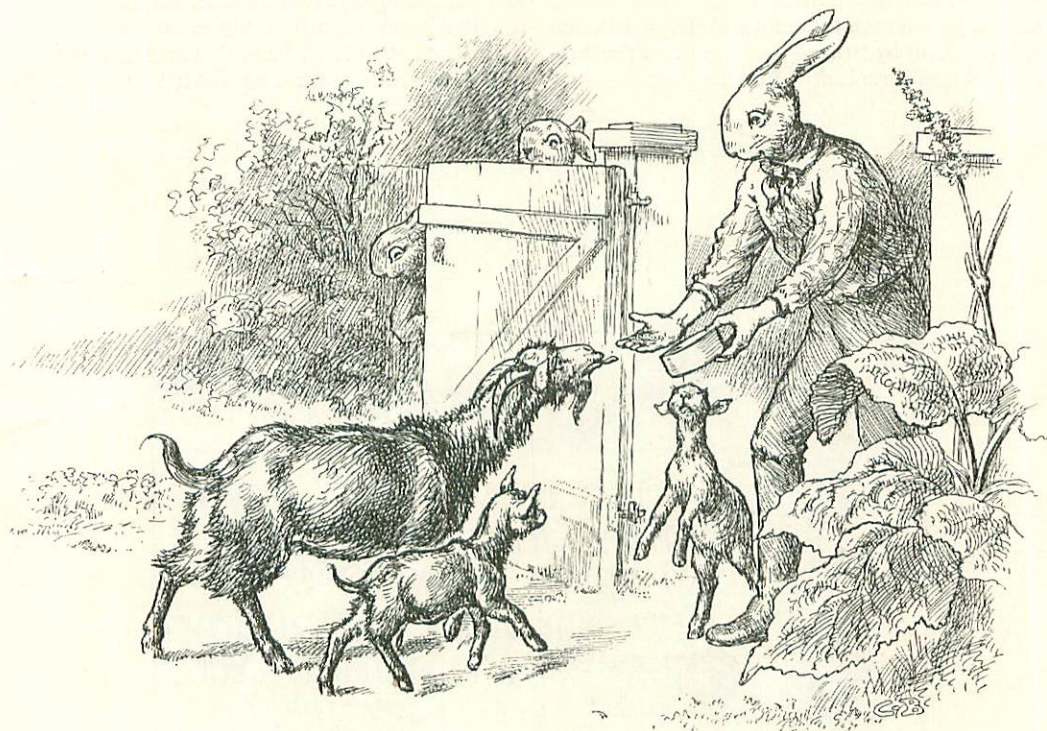
Sometimes they sold a few early vegetables, or berries, but oftener found some poor family to make glad with a basket of fresh things of the Bunnies' own raising.

Later in the season they always saved some of

They all came rushing into the garden, and then excitement began in earnest.

Each Bunny ran shouting after the goats, and the terrified kids dashed first one way, and then another, over the beds and vines, half wild with fright, while the anxious Mother Nanny ran helplessly bleating after them.

Round and round the garden they went, dashing in every direction but the right one, toward the gate, until nearly every bed had been trampled by their sharp hoofs, and the poor creatures were panting with fear and distress.



GAFFER COAXES THE GOATS THROUGH THE GATE.

each kind to send to the village Almoner as a Thanksgiving offering to the needy.

It was not a great deal to do, but the Bunnies enjoyed thinking that they had done something with their own hands to make Thanksgiving-day more truly a day of thanksgiving for somebody in the world.

One morning, a few days after the talk about the toads, Bunnyboy went to the garden early to begin his work.

He found the gate wide open, and on going in he saw a mother-goat and two kids nibbling his young pea-vines.

Running back to the house, he called the other Bunnies to come and help him drive out the goats.

Fortunately, Gaffer heard the din and racket and came to the rescue, before the garden was quite torn up.

Calling the Bunnies to the gate, he told them to be quiet and keep out of sight, and let him catch the goats in a quieter and quicker way.

Gaffer then took a wooden measure with some coarse salt in it, and shaking it gently, he called in a low voice: "Co-boss! Co-boss! Co-boss!" until the mother-goat came slowly up to him and, after a moment's hesitation, began to lick the salt from his hand.

The kids soon followed their mother to the gate, and, in less than half the time the Bunnies had taken in trying to drive them out, Gaffer had

coaxed them through the gate, and sent them trotting off to their pasture on the hill.

No one knew who had left the gate open, but suspicion fell on Brownie, as he was the last one to leave the garden the night before, and also because he was often heedless in little things.

Cousin Jack said the goat might have opened the gate herself, for about the only thing an able-bodied goat could not do in the way of sight-seeing, was to climb a tree.

Gaffer looked at the havoc made in the garden, and said it would take a week to undo the mischief they had done in five minutes.

Cousin Jack turned to Gaffer and slyly asked him whom he meant by "they,"—the goats or the Bunnies? and Gaffer replied, "Both!"

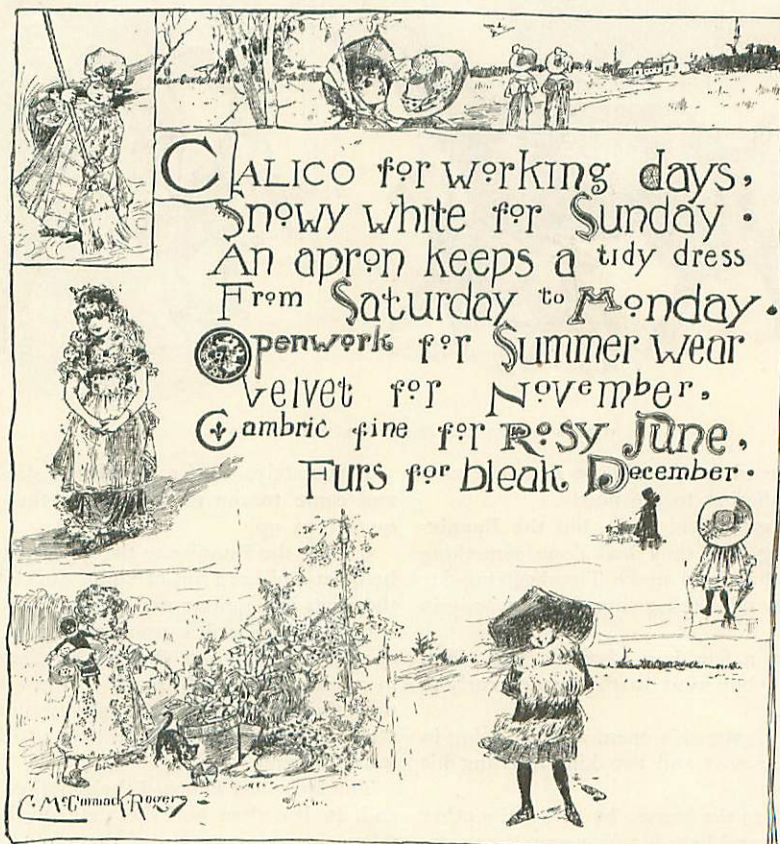
Then Cousin Jack said, "Well, well! the goats did not know any better, and the Bunnies did the best they knew then."

"Another time," said he, "I hope they will remember that the quietest way is usually the best way, and that bustle and noise and needless flourish are usually a waste of time and strength."

Gaffer said that he had always found that "Come," caught more goats than "Go," besides being an easier way.

Cousin Jack smiled and told the Bunnies that the sight of those trampled and torn flower-beds and the example that Gaffer had shown them was a better lesson than he could teach from the text of, "How not to do it," and that each one of them would do well to make a note of it in their diaries.

(To be continued.)



CALICO for working days,
 SNOWY WHITE for Sunday.
 An apron keeps a tidy dress
 From Saturday to Monday.
 OPENWORK for Summer wear
 VELVET for November.
 CAMBRIC FINE for ROSEY JUNE.
 FURS for bleak December.

McMinn & Co. 2

THE BUNNY STORIES.*

FOR LITTLE READERS.

DEACON BUNNY BUYS A MULE.

DEACON BUNNY came home from a county fair, one day, leading a pony mule.

He was a small, dun-colored, peaceful-looking creature, of uncertain age, and seemed to be very docile and gentle.

The Bunnies were surprised and delighted, for they had never seen so cunning a little steed, and they had often teased their father to buy them a pony and village-cart for their own.

The Deacon did not tell the family all the reasons why he had bought the mule, but said the animal might do for the children to drive, and would be useful for light work about the place.

The Bunnies very nearly quarreled about the name and the ownership of the mule, but at last agreed to call him "Donkey Dan," and to own him in common.

Cousin Jack looked him over carefully, and as he did not say much in his praise, the Deacon asked what was the matter with the mule.

Cousin Jack replied that he might be a good-enough mule, what there was of him, but Cousin Jack was afraid he was not so amiable as he looked.

He told the Deacon he had seen very disagreeable kinds of mulishness hiding behind just such an outward show of meekness, and, though he might be mistaken, and hoped he was, the family likeness to vicious mules was very strong in Donkey Dan, especially about the eyes.

The Deacon said the man who sold him the mule told him that the mule had been a great pet in the family where he was raised, and was a perfect cosset.

"That is just what I was afraid of," said Cousin Jack, "and if the mule has any chronic faults, his bringing up is probably more than half to blame for them; however, we will wait and see."

The next day the Deacon bought a village-cart and harness, and the children took their first ride behind Donkey Dan, with Bunnyboy as a driver.

They had a jolly trip, and came home full of praise of Donkey Dan and the way he had behaved.

The Deacon joked Cousin Jack about having misjudged the mule, and he replied, that he was sorry if he had done the poor fellow any injustice, for, as a rule, he tried to think kindly of the

meanest of God's creatures, instead of judging them hastily or harshly.

All went smoothly for several days, until one morning Gaffer, the farmer who worked for Deacon Bunny, was told to take Donkey Dan and the cart and carry a bag of potatoes to the Widow Bear.

The potatoes were in the barn, and Gaffer tried to make the mule back the cart up to the barn-door, in order to load them easily, but Donkey Dan would n't "back!"

The harder Gaffer pulled on the reins, the more firmly the mule braced the other way, and the stubborn animal turned his head from side to side in a most provoking manner.

Then Gaffer tried to lead him about and bring the cart near the door, but this plan also failed.

Donkey Dan was stubborn and seemed to have made up his mind to have his own way, and to do just contrary to what he was asked to do.

The barn stood on a hillside, and the roadway had been built up on the lower side to make it level and was supported by a stone wall. A light wooden railing protected the embankment, which rose eight or ten feet above the yard.

When Gaffer was trying to make him back, Donkey Dan was facing the bank. When he tried to lead him toward the barn the mule was, of course, facing the other way.

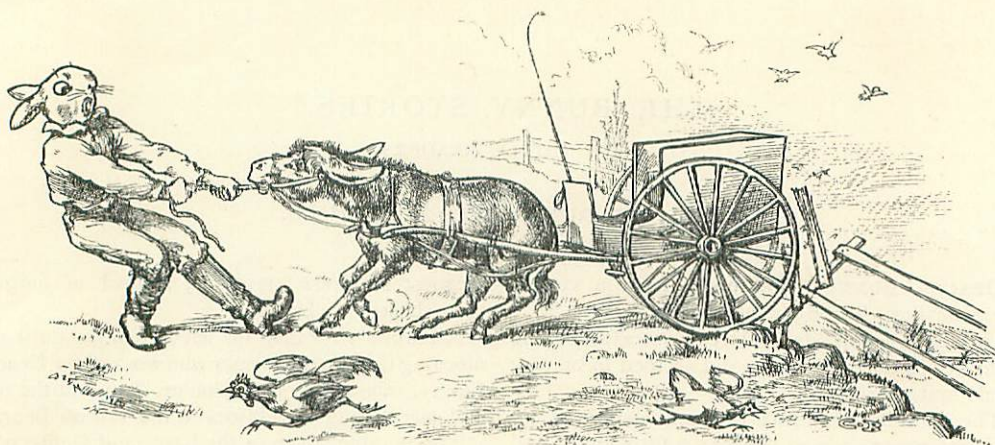
Gaffer chattered and coaxed, and tried to pull him forward, but still the mule braced his feet and would not budge.

Suddenly, and without any warning or reason, Donkey Dan began to "back" with a great rush, and before Gaffer could hinder him, the wheels crashed through the frail fence, and down the bank went the cart and donkey, backwards, both landing wrong side up in a heap below.

Gaffer was frightened and called for help, while the mule, stunned and probably too much surprised to move, lay there until the Deacon and Gaffer went to his aid.

Strange to say, Donkey Dan seemed to be unhurt, and when once more on his feet, he shook himself and began to nibble the grass as if nothing had happened.

The cart, which was badly broken, was sent to



GAFFER TRIES TO BRING DONKEY DAN TO THE BARN-DOOR.

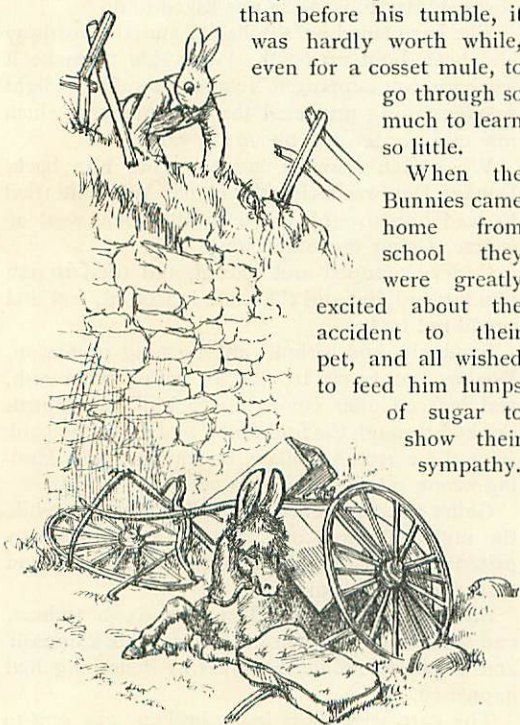
the shop to be repaired, and Gaffer took one of the farm-horses to do his errand.

Deacon Bunny said some persons would call it a miracle that Donkey Dan was not killed by his tumble, and he hoped it would be a lesson to him.

Cousin Jack suggested that a good way to prevent the same kind of "miracle" from happening again, would be to build a stronger and more suitable railing on top of the wall, and that though

Donkey Dan might know more than before his tumble, it was hardly worth while, even for a cosset mule, to go through so much to learn so little.

When the Bunnies came home from school they were greatly excited about the accident to their pet, and all wished to feed him lumps of sugar to show their sympathy.



DONKEY DAN COMES TO GRIEF.

Brownny declared that Gaffer must have abused Dan, or he would not have acted so badly.

The Deacon told him it was useless to try to explain why a mule was mulish, by blaming other folks, and that talking about it would not mend the cart nor the mule's manners.

Cousin Jack said the resignation of that mule as he lay there on the ground, and his self-satisfied expression when he had been helped out of the scrape, seemed almost Bunny-like.

Mother Bunny said she was glad and thankful none of the children were in the cart at the time, and that she should feel uneasy about them in the future if they went to ride with the mule.

Cousin Jack remarked quietly to her, that he was sorry *one* of the Bunnies had not seen the whole performance, for an object lesson in willfulness and heedlessness might perhaps make it easier for her to restrain one of her troublesome comforts.

He did not say which one of the Bunnies, but Mother Bunny knew which one he meant, and you also may find out by reading the next chapter.

DONKEY DAN AND BROWNNY.

COUSIN JACK, who was very fond of all babies, used to say that the only things a baby did n't out-grow were a mother's love and patience, and it was almost a pity that they had to grow up at all.

Brownny was now seven years old, two years older than Cuddledown, the youngest, and he had been the pet of the family even after she had come to divide the honors.

All through his babyhood, until after he was able to go alone, he had been what is called a delicate child, never quite so rugged and vigorous as the others at the same ages.

For this reason he was more tenderly cared for and looked after, too often humored when he should

have been pleasantly denied, and left to do hardly anything for himself.

In this way he acquired the habit of being waited upon, and of having other people use their eyes and ears and brains for him, instead of learning to use his own.

When he had become old enough to play out in the fresh air and sunshine with the other children, without being tied to a nursemaid's apron-string, he had a hard time in getting used to the sharp corners of the doorsteps, the rough edges of curbstones, and the gritty side of a brick or gravel walk, because it was so easy for him to fall over anything that happened to be in his way, instead of using his eyes, or stopping to think for himself when in a hurry.

This change from a "hug-able," sweet-tempered, and comfortable little bundle of helplessness, to a heedless, self-willed, and unlucky youngster, was a great trial to the family, especially to his mother.

Not that Brownny was altogether a bad or stupid child, for he had a tender heart, and was kind and generous in many ways, but his willfulness and blundering brought more trouble upon himself and others than there was any need for having, where every one else was kind and thoughtful and tried to teach him to be careful.

After Donkey Dan's tumble down the bank, whenever the Bunnies went to ride, Bunnyboy, who was eleven years old and strong for his age, was sent with them as driver.

This did not suit Brownny, for he thought he was old enough to drive, himself. He kept on saying that Donkey Dan was all right, and that Gaffer was to blame for the accident at the barn.

Bunnyboy had been cautioned, when driving, to keep in the broad highways, to avoid narrow lanes and steep places, and and not to make the mule back.

As no accident happened, Brownny became more and more confident, and one Saturday afternoon, without asking leave, he harnessed the mule and drove out alone.

No one saw him start, as Mother Bunny was busy indoors, and the other Bunnies were away at play.

In driving through the village, Brownny met his sister Pinkeyes and asked her to ride home.

Instead of keeping on the highway, he turned into a by-road; and though Pinkeyes told him he ought not to go that way, he said he knew what he was about, and kept on. In spite of the fact that Pinkeyes was two years older, she had been in the habit of yielding to Brownny; and to avoid a quarrel she said no more.

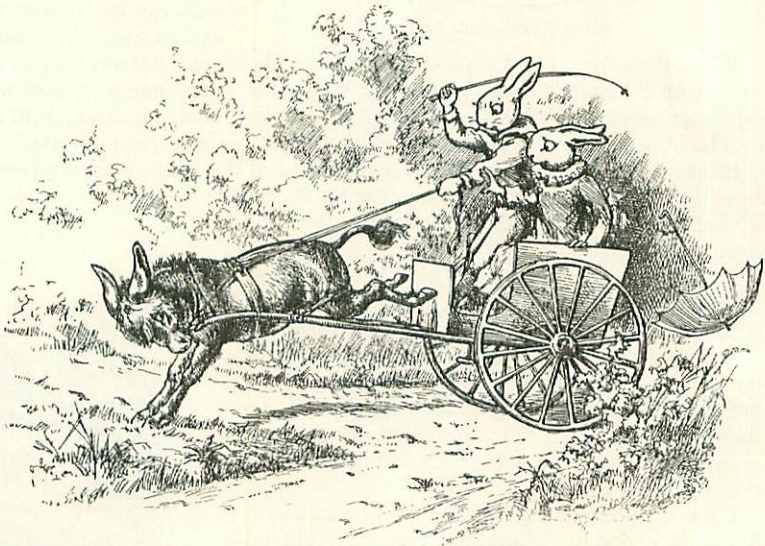
This by-road soon separated into two lanes, both leading toward home—one running over a hill, and the other around it.

Brownny wished to go over the hill, but Donkey Dan tried to take the other and easier road.

The harder Brownny pulled him to the right, the more the mule tried to go to the left, until Brownny, becoming impatient with the mule, lost his temper and struck Dan smartly with the whip, at the same time giving a strong jerk on the right rein.

Donkey Dan made one plunge forward and then stopped short, turned his head from side to side, and refused to go either way.

Another blow with the whip, and another jerk on the reins, and in a twinkling the mule whirled short about, upsetting the cart and throwing the



BROWNNY AND DONKEY DAN DISAGREE AS TO WHICH ROAD IS THE RIGHT ONE.

children topsy-turvy into the gutter among the brambles and stones.

Donkey Dan then dashed down the road, but Brownny hung to the reins and was dragged quite a distance, until Neighbor Fox saw the runaway coming, and stopped the mule.

Brownny asked Neighbor Fox to go back with him and help his sister, for he feared she was hurt.

They found Pinkeyes sitting by the roadside, half stunned, and bleeding from a wound on her head, where she had fallen on a sharp stone.

Lifting her gently into the cart, and telling Pinkeyes to rest her head on Brownny's shoulder, neighbor Fox led the mule and his sorry load home.



DONKEY DAN'S SUCCESSOR.

When the surgeon had come and sewed up the wound on Pinkeyes's head, he told the family the injury was serious, but, with quiet and good nursing, he hoped she would be out in a week or two.

Brownny was somewhat bruised by his rough-and-tumble dragging over the stony road, but the shame of it all, and his anxiety about Pinkeyes, made this seem a small matter.

For the sake of having his own heedless way, he had nearly killed his sister, grieved the whole family, and disgraced himself and Donkey Dan.

Brownny had been in little troubles before, from the same cause, but had never harmed any one but himself, except that he hurt the feelings of those who loved him, and were sorry to see him growing up so willful and reckless, in spite of all they could do or say.

Deacon Bunny had a long and earnest talk with him, and ended by telling him that he might go into the sick-room every morning and evening and look at his sister's pale face and bandaged head, with the sad mother watching by the bedside, if he felt that he needed any punishment to help him keep the lesson in mind.

Pinkeyes soon was well enough to sit up, and there never was a more devoted and loving brother than Brownny tried to be, through all the days and weeks before she was able to play again.

Cousin Jack pitied Brownny, for he could see how keenly he suffered, and when he found a good opportunity he spoke with him about the accident.

He said he was glad Brownny had the nerve to hang on to the mule as he did, or some little child might have been run over, if they had reached the public highway, as would have happened before neighbor Fox could have stopped them, but for the check of Brownny's weight on the mule's speed.

Cousin Jack tried to explain to him that willfulness, or mulishness, might be pardonable in a mule, who had only instinct to guide him, but good sense ought to teach any one who had reason and a conscience, the difference between manly firmness and mulish obstinacy.

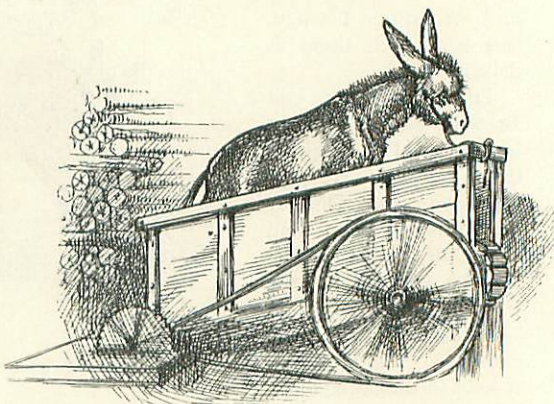
"Mix a little more caution with your strong will, and season it with kindness and forbearance," said Cousin Jack, "and you can change your fault into the kind of virtue which rules the world."

Donkey Dan and Gaffer soon had another fracas at the barn, and Mother Bunny begged the Deacon to sell the mule and buy a pet more tractable for family driving; and this was decided to be wise.

A few days later the Deacon bought the Bunnies a handsome, chubby, well-broken Shetland pony.

He told the family that a man who owned a saw-mill, run by horse-power, had taken Donkey Dan, and he would have no backing to do there, for the great flat wheel he walked on to drive the mill, only went one way, around and around, always in the same direction, with no opportunity for an argument that even a mule could enjoy.

Brownny did n't change his nature all at once, but



DONKEY DAN IS PUT INTO A PLACE WHERE HE MUST GO, WILLING OR UNWILLING.

he did try to be a little less like a mule, in some ways, and whenever he was inclined to be headstrong, or heedless, Cousin Jack would slyly say, "I wonder what 's become of Donkey Dan?"

THE BUNNY STORIES.*

FOR LITTLE READERS.

COUSIN JACK'S STORY.

BY JOHN H. JEWETT.



THE Bunnies had planned a chestnutting party for their Saturday holiday.

It was early in October and there had been a few sharp frosts to open the chestnut-burrs.

The glossy brown nuts were just peeping from their snug quarters, like tiny birds in a nest, and looked very tempting in their pale green and gold setting among the fading and falling leaves.

Every season brought its own pleasures for the Bunnies, from their first search for pussy-willows and arbutus in the spring, through all the changing months of flowers and fruits and summer picnics, to the gathering of the bright-colored autumn leaves, and the nutting parties; then came the coasting and skating, and the long winter evenings for reading and story-telling, until spring came again.

Next to a picnic, the Bunnies enjoyed a nutting party, for, besides the fun, it seemed like a pleasant way of saying good-bye to the woods and the hedges, before they laid aside their beautiful leafy robes, and the winter came to bring them their snowy gowns for a long winter's sleep.

The Bunnies had waited a long time for the chestnuts to ripen, and for nearly a week they had been impatiently counting the days until Saturday should come round to give them a holiday from school.

When the longed-for day came at last, they woke in the morning to find the rain falling steadily, and they felt almost like crying over their disappointment.

Cousin Jack said it might clear off by noon; but, in spite of their hoping and watching, the clouds thickened and the wind blew in fitful gusts, beating the pretty leaves from the trees, and making everything out-of-doors seem gloomy and uncomfortable.

When they heard the Deacon say it was "prob-

ably the Line-storm and might last a week," the Bunnies grumbled and said it was too bad to have their fun spoiled after waiting so long.

Cousin Jack saw their glum faces and said cheerily, "Well, well, I think we can bear the storm, if the poor birds and other shelterless creatures can; and I never heard of their scolding about the weather. Besides," he added, "this storm is saving us trouble."

Bunnyboy asked if he did not mean making trouble instead of saving it, and Cousin Jack replied, "I mean *saving* us trouble, for the best time to go chestnutting is after a hard storm, when the wind and rain have beaten off the nuts, and saved the trouble and risk of clubbing the trees or climbing them to knock off the opening burrs. We shall probably get there as soon as anybody," he added, "and find rare picking when we do."

This made the Bunnies a little more cheerful; and later in the day, when, tired of reading and playing games, they found Cousin Jack in a cosy corner in the library, they began to coax him for a story.

Cousin Jack was never happier than at such times, when, with Cuddledown on his knee, and the other Bunnies gathered around him, he would say, "Well, well, I will put on my thinking-cap and see what will come."

Cuddledown wished for a new story about the "good fairies," but Bunnyboy said he did not believe there were any real fairies, and asked Cousin Jack if he had ever seen any.

Cousin Jack said there were different kinds of fairies, but the only kind he had ever seen were what Bunnyboy called "real fairies," and he had known several in his life.

"Please tell us about the ones you have really seen," said Brownny.

Cousin Jack replied, "I will try to do so, but you must remember that my fairies are real, every-day fairies, and not the story-book kind who are supposed to do impossible things and live in a fairy-land, instead of an every-day, rain or shine, world like ours."

Pinkeyes moved a little nearer to him and asked,

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"Is it wrong to like the story-book fairies? They always seem to be trying to help those who are in trouble, and they make me wish to be like them."

Cousin Jack gave her a very tender glance as he answered, "No harm at all, my dear, and I am glad you asked, for I did not mean to say anything against any kind of good influences which make us wish to be kinder or more thoughtful of others."

"I meant," said he, "only that I had met with some real, helpful fairies who live in the same world we live in, and," he added, with a smile, "I am sitting very near one of that kind now."

Brownie looked up and quickly said, "Oh, you mean Pinkeyes; but she is no fairy at all; she is only the best sister in all the world. Please begin the story!"

"Well, once upon a time—" said Cousin Jack.

"Oh, skip that back number," interrupted Bunnyboy, who was just beginning to use slang phrases and thought it knowing instead of vulgar.

"Well, what if it is?" asked Cousin Jack, good-naturedly. "Who knows how this story begins, if I do not?"

Bunnyboy said, "I beg your pardon, but could you please begin at the real interesting part of the story and save time? I am tired of these opening chapters."

"I do not blame you," said Cousin Jack; "life is short and youth is impatient; let me begin again."

"Many years ago," he continued, "there was a harum-scarum young Bunny, whose story-name we will call Rab.

"Rab was an orphan; at least he thought he was, for the family with whom he lived told him his father and mother had died of a terrible fever in the South, when he was only three or four years old.

"Sometimes, at night, when Rab was lying awake, alone in the dark, he used to fancy he could remember living in another home very different from the place in which he now lived. The neighbors called his present home the 'Poor Farm.'

"Then there seemed to have been some one whom he called 'Papa,' who brought Rab toys and playthings, and carried him up and down stairs on his back, playing horse and rider.

"At such times he thought he could still remember the sweet face and gentle voice of some one who was always near him,—the first in the morning and the last at night to kiss him and call him her 'precious child.'

"Many a night when these fancies came into his mind, they made him feel so lonely and homesick that he would cry until he fell asleep and dream that he had found both father and mother again and was the happiest Bunny in the world.

"But in the morning when he woke up, all about him was so different from his dreams that they seemed as strange and far away as the stars that had gone with the night.

"In the daytime he was so busy doing odd jobs, running on errands, or getting into some new mischief, that he forgot all about any other troubles but his present ones.

"Rab was active and restless, and was almost sure to get into some kind of trouble if the day was long enough.

"If he was sent to rake up the yard and burn the rubbish, he built the bonfire so near the house or stables that when the wind changed, as it usually did, he had to call for help to put out the fire.

"If he was sent to hunt for hens' nests in the barn, he often tore his clothes by clambering into some out-of-the-way place under



RAB DUCKS THE WRONG HEN.

the roof to play at having a house of his own, or to carry out some other queer notion that came into his head.

"When he was told he might duck a certain hen in the trough, to break her of setting, he usually ducked the wrong hen, or fell into the water himself in his eagerness. The master of the farm used to say he would almost rather have a hurricane on the place once a week than to have that harum-scarum Rab try to do anything useful.

"Rab used to think that scolding or fault-finding was a way some persons chose to enjoy themselves, and that grumbling was so easy that almost any one could do it and hardly make an effort; and so he kept out of the way as much as possible.

"One day, Rab found a place where a hen had made her nest in the dry grass, under some bushes, quite a long way from the barn.

"There was only one egg in the nest, and, as Rab was not sure it was a good one, he left it there and waited until the next day.

"When he went again to look there was another egg in the nest, and as no one else knew about it, and because he thought it would be fun to keep the hen's secret with her, he said nothing, but watched from day to day until there were six large, white eggs in the nest.

"Rab knew that Peddler Coon, who came

through the town with his cracker-cart every week, often took eggs from the neighbors in exchange for his crackers and cookies.

"Rab liked sweet cakes as well as any other Bunny, but he rarely had a taste of any cakes or cookies at the farm.

"He knew how good Peddler Coon's cookies tasted, for he had seen Rey Fox, and his sister Silva, buy them with pennies, and once Silva had given him some of hers.

"Every time he looked at the nest, he thought of Peddler Coon's cookies, and wondered how many he could buy with an egg. At first he only wished that the eggs belonged to him, and that he could buy cookies with them.

"Then he began to wonder if any one would know if he should take one or two of them. Something in his heart kept whispering, 'It is wrong—they are not yours—you must not take them,' but at last he thought so much about the cookies that it seemed as if he must have some. The only way to get them was to rob the nest.

"He made it seem easier to himself by saying he would take only one, and that the hen would lay another the next day, and no one would know.

"The next time he heard Peddler Coon's horn in the street he waited for an opportunity, and stealing quietly to the nest in the bushes he took an egg, and, hiding it carefully in his jacket-pocket, he ran off down street, out of sight from the house, to wait for the cart to come.

"Rab felt guilty, and it seemed to him as if every one was watching him. This uncomfortable thought made him so excited that he forgot to look carefully before him as he ran.

"On turning a corner, and trying to look over his shoulder at the same time, to see whether the cart was coming, he tripped and fell flat upon the ground.

"The egg, which was still in his pocket, was crushed into a shapeless mass, and Rab knew his chance for cookies was gone, and that he was in difficulties besides.

"In trying to get the broken egg from his pocket, he smeared his hands and jacket; and the more he tried the more the egg-stain spread, until

it looked as if he had been trying to paint a golden sunset on one side of his jacket.

"What to do next, puzzled him. His first thought was to go back and try to explain the accident by telling a lie about how the egg came in his pocket.

"Rab never had told a lie in his life, but it now seemed to him that, having begun by stealing the egg, the easiest way out of the scrape was to lie.

"The more he thought about it, the harder the case seemed to grow. He wondered whether the master would believe his story if he made up one. If he did not believe it, would he flog him until he owned to the truth, and then flog him again for both stealing and lying?

"Then he began to pity himself, and to wish that he had a father or mother to help him out of his trouble.

"This made him wonder what they would think of their little Rab, if they were alive, and knew he was beginning to steal and tell lies, and the shame of it almost broke his heart.

"He crept behind a stone wall, out of sight, and lay down to have a good cry before deciding what to do."

"Where does the fairy come in? Is n't it almost time for one?" asked Brownie, with his eyes full of sympathy for Rab.

"Yes," replied Cousin Jack, "the fairy was just coming that way, and she was one of the sweetest little fairies you ever heard of, in or out of a story-book.

"She was a graceful young fairy, with a gentle face and large, tender, brown eyes, very much like your Mother Bunny's.

"As she was passing, she heard some one sobbing behind the low wall, and, stopping to look over the wall, she saw poor Rab lying there with the hot tears streaming down his face.

"What is the matter, little Bunny; why are you hiding there and crying so bitterly?" asked the fairy.

"Rab brushed the tears away with the sleeve of his jacket, and replied, 'Because I am unhappy; please go away!'

"Reaching out her hand to him, the fairy said, 'That is a good reason why I should not go away, and leave you alone. If you are unhappy you must be in trouble, so please get up and tell me about it, and let me try to comfort you.'

"The fairy's manner was so kind and friendly that Rab thanked her, and, getting up from the ground, he said, 'You are very kind, but you do not know what I have done. I ought to go back to the farm and be flogged, instead of being comforted by you, and I will go now.'

"Oh! do not say that," said the fairy. "If



RAB STEALS AN EGG.

your trouble is so bad, you must come home with me and see my mother. She will help you if any one can.'

"Rab looked at his soiled jacket, and blushed as he said, 'Oh, no! I am ashamed to be seen, or to speak to any one.'

"'But you need not be afraid of my mother,' replied the fairy; 'she knows just what every one



HAZEL FAWN FINDS RAB.

needs who is in trouble, so come with me and I will help you clean your jacket, and mother will tell you what is best to do.'

"Taking his hand, she urged him gently, and, almost in spite of himself, Rab yielded and went with her.

"On the way the fairy told him her name was Hazel Fawn, and that she lived in the Deer Cottage with her mother, Mrs. Deer.

"She did not ask him any questions, but when they reached the cottage she said simply to her mother, 'Here's a little Bunny who is in trouble. I thought you could help him if he would tell you about it, while I am cleaning his jacket.'

"Mother Deer said kindly: 'I am glad to see you, Rab, for I have heard about you, and know where you live. You must trust me as you would your own mother, and let me help you just as she would wish to, if she were here.'

"Then she showed him where he could wash the egg-stains from his hands, and helped him take off his jacket.

"Hazel took the jacket and left the room, without waiting to hear what Rab should tell her mother, because she thought he might not wish to have any one else hear his story.

"Mother Deer asked him to sit by her side, and told him not to worry about his jacket, for Hazel

would soon have the stains washed off and they would have a little talk while the jacket was drying.

"'It is n't the jacket that troubles me,' said Rab, 'it is ever so much worse than egg-stains.'

"Then he bravely tried to hold back his tears while he told her the whole truth, from the day he first found the nest to his taking the egg, the accident which followed, and even about his first plan of telling a lie to save himself from being found out.

"There were tears in Mother Deer's eyes as she said to him, 'I am sorry for you, Rab, but it might be worse, and I am glad you came to me.'

"'It is hard for a little Bunny, like you, to begin life all alone, without a kind father or mother to watch over you, and I only wonder how such little homeless waifs do as well as you do.'

"'I have known many homes,' Mother Deer continued, 'where everything that love and patience could do was done for the little ones, and in spite of it all they would go astray and grieve everybody by their waywardness and wrong-doing.'

"Rab hid his face in her lap and cried softly, but Mother Deer took his hand in hers and said cheerfully, 'You must not be discouraged; you have done wrong; but you can do right about it, and I am sure you will, for you have been brave and honest to tell me the truth, and have not tried to spare yourself as many might have done.'

"'Now, I will tell you what we will do. I will write a note to the master of the farm and tell him what I think of a Bunny who wishes to do right, and you must go to him and tell the whole story, just as you have told it to me.'

"'Whatever he may think best to do about it, you must bear as bravely as you can, for that is your part of the matter.'

"'It is not always easy,' Mother Deer went on, 'to be brave when one is right; but it takes more nerve and real courage to be brave and truthful when we know we are in the wrong.'

"Rab looked up into her kind face and said, 'No one ever talked so to me before, and I will do just what you have told me to do, no matter what comes. I am not afraid of a flogging, now, if you will only think I do not mean to be bad any more.'

"Mother Deer kissed him and said, 'You may be sure I will, Rab,' and just then Hazel came in with the jacket, clean and dry, and a big bunch of grapes which she had saved for him.

"Hazel walked part of the way with him, as he went back to the farm, and when she bade him good-night, Rab said, 'You and your mother must be my good fairies, for no one else ever helped me out of my troubles as you have done.'

"Then Rab went directly to the master and told him all about finding the nest and what had

followed, and gave him the note Mother Deer had written.

"The master read the note and then said, 'Well, youngster, you have told me a straight story, and if you will show me the nest, I will call it even for the broken egg.'

"'I should not wonder,' he added, 'if it proved fortunate all round, after all. Mrs. Deer seems to think there is something in you besides mischief and thieving, and she says she would like to have you come and live with her, to work about the cottage, and go to school.'

"Rab did not know what to say except 'Thank you, sir,' but he went to bed with a truly thankful heart that night.

"A few days later Rab went to the Deer Cottage to live, and the two good fairies, who had helped him out of his trouble, made his new home so happy, for the next few years, that he grew to be a very different Bunny from the harum-scarum Rab of the Poor Farm."

"Is that all?" asked Brown. Cousin Jack did not reply, but Cuddledown looked over to Bunnyboy and asked, "What do you think about 'real fairies' now?"

Bunnyboy answered, "I should like to know what became of Hazel Fawn."

"I thought so," said Cuddledown, "for you are always liking some one who is not your sister."

Bunnyboy blushed but said nothing, and Pink-eyes, who had sat quietly while the others asked questions, turned to Cousin Jack and said, "I think I know what you mean by calling Hazel and Mother Deer 'good fairies.' You mean that we can all be good fairies to others who are unfortunate or in any kind of trouble, if we try to be gentle and patient and helpful when we have a chance."

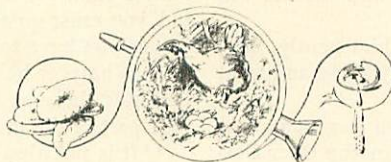
Cousin Jack nudged Brown, and slyly asked, "Who said Pink-eyes was no fairy at all? If it takes a rogue to find out a rogue, surely a fairy is the best one to find out another fairy, and Pink-eyes is right."

Then, turning to Pink-eyes, he said, "That is just what the story means, if it means anything."

Brown fidgeted a minute, and then asked Cousin Jack, "How did you find out all about this Rab? Did you ever know such a Bunny?"

"That is a secret," said Cousin Jack, "which perhaps I will tell you some other time. All I will say now is that Mother Deer and Hazel Fawn were not the only 'good fairies' who came into Rab's life to brighten and gladden his other dark days—just as this sunshine has come to cheer us, while I have been telling his story to you."

And, indeed, the dark clouds had rolled away and the sun was shining again, and the Bunnies forgot the disappointment of the morning in making new plans for a chestnutting party for another day.



A PAGE OF BOATS.

(See picture opposite.)

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Dredge-boat. | 11. Steam Barge. |
| 2. Cruiser. | 12. Ohio River Stern-wheeler. |
| 3. Day-boat on the Hudson. | 13. Mississippi Steamer. |
| 4. Sound Steamer. | 14. Lake Steamer. |
| 5. Iron-clad. | 15. New York Ferryboat. |
| 6. Revenue Steamer. | 16. Western Ferryboat. |
| 7. Towing on the Hudson. | 17. Abroad. |
| 8. An Atlantic "Liner." | 18. Ocean-going Tug. |
| 9. Steam Yacht. | 19. Lake Propeller. |
| 10. Coast-going Steamer. | 20. Towing on the Ohio. |
| 21. Torpedo-boat | |