



JOSEY AND THE CHIPMUNK.

BY SYDNEY REID.

CHAPTER I.

JOSEPHINE SETS OUT ON HER ADVENTURES—
WHAT SHE FOUND IN THE BIRDS' COUNTRY.

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl whose name was Josey. She was plump and rosy, and sweet as a posy; and she lived in a garden that was full of flowers, red, white, blue, pink, purple, and gold. I mean that Josey's house was in this garden.

Behind the house was a tree so big that when Josey was under it, and looked up, she could n't see the top. She had her swing on the lowest branch, and she sat under the tree many times, looking up and wondering; for she could see birds and squirrels in the tree, and she thought there might be bears up there.

She wondered and wondered and wondered,

and at last she asked the man to put the ladder against the tree and let her climb. And he did. And then she climbed and climbed to the top of the ladder, and when she got off she was in the birds' country.

There were birds of all sorts, and they began to sing:

“There was a little girl, her name was Josey,
And she was just as sweet as a posy—
Always laughing, plump, and rosy,
Rosy-posy Josey!”

“Thank you,” said the little girl, politely.
“I've come to see your country.”

So the birds took her about to show her everything, and they were all very good except the big red-and-green parrot that sat by itself. When the parrot saw the little girl it at once began to scream:

"Get a gait! Get a gait!"

"What do you mean?" said Josey.

"Oh, don't mind Polly," said the other birds. "She's a little cracked."

At that the parrot began to laugh: "Ha, ha, ha! Cracker! Cracker! Cracker!"

"What kind of a cracker?" asked the little girl. "Is it a fire-cracker you want?"

At this the parrot was greatly excited.

"Pffzt! Bzzt! Whzzt!" she said. "Get a gait! Get a gait! Pretty Polly! Ha, ha, ha! Polly! Cracker! Cracker!"

"Pooh! Pay no attention," said the other birds; and they led the little girl into a meadow where there was a peacock who was strutting up and down with his tail spread, saying over and over to himself:

"I'll tell you a tale of a beautiful tail —
A beautiful, beautiful tail!
Pray don't fail to look at my tail,
My beautiful, beautiful tail!
My rival is pale, and thin as a rail,
Thinking about my beautiful tail."

"Dear me! What conceit!" said the little girl.

"That's the way he goes on all the time," said the birds. "Come and look at the babies."

There were rows and rows and rows of nests all filled with baby birds. They had no feathers. Their mouths were all very wide open, and they were shrieking:

"Caterpillar-pie! Caterpillar-pie!
Hurry, mama, hurry, with caterpillar-pie!
We like them stewed
Or baked and brown;
All sorts of ways
We gulp them down."

"Mercy!" said the little girl. "Do the baby birds eat caterpillars?"

"Indeed they do, when they can get them," said the birds; "but their appetites are good, and worms and grubs, snails and beetles, will do almost as well."

"I wonder if they like candy," said the little girl, and she took some from her pocket and put a piece in one of the mouths. The mouth shut, the baby bird gulped the candy, and began to choke. It coughed and coughed, and struggled about till it fell from the nest.

Then there was a great cry:

"Ring for the ambulance!"

Ding, ding, ding! Toot, toot, toot!

"Look out — it's coming!" said the birds.

Four birds flew down, carrying a big leaf in their bills. They lifted the baby bird on this and brought it back to its nest.

The little girl went on and on, and came to a place where a cockatoo was scolding a crow:

"Ho, ho! Look at the crow!
The clerical crow —
He's a thief, you know!"

"Why does he call him a clerical crow?" asked the little girl.

"Because he dresses in black like a clergyman," said the birds, "and he is so solemn in his ways. No one would think him a thief."

The black crow sat very still, looking at the cockatoo from the side of his eyes. As the little girl was going away he said:

"The cockatoo is the parrot's cousin, so what he says does n't matter."

At this the cockatoo flew into a rage, chattering wildly, ruffling his white feathers and raising his yellow crest.

Josey left him and went on and on, and came to a place where the old hen was walking around clucking. She had twelve little yellow chickens, all soft and fluffy, and they had black spots on their wings, and they were running about and picking up things from the ground. The old hen talked to them all the time: "Take care! Take care! Cluck, cluck! Cluck, cluck! Such children! such children!" she said. "I'm sure they're the very worst that ever were. They never mind me one bit. Cluck, cluck! Cluck, cluck! I never have any peace till I cuddle them all under my wings, and that is n't till the darkness comes up."

"The darkness does n't come up. It's the sun that goes down," said Josey.

"It's all the same," replied the hen; "and there is n't any one has so much trouble as I have."

"I'm sure there is," said Josey. "There's the old woman who lives in a shoe."

All this time the rooster was standing on one leg, looking very fierce and haughty, like a soldier. He had beautiful plumes that waved

in the wind, and a red hat. Every now and then he stretched out his neck and crowed.

He looked so wise that Josey thought she would ask him some questions. So she said:

"Please, sir, can you tell me what the birds are good for?"

The rooster turned his head this way and that, like an officer watching soldiers; then he said very sharply:

"What are people good for?"

"Oh," said Josey, "people are good to build houses."

"And what are houses good for?" said the rooster.

"Why," said Josey, "they're good for the people to live in."

The rooster thought for a time and then said: "I never found them so."

All the birds now gathered about Josey and said:

"Don't you want to see our flycycle?"

"Flycycle?" said Josey. "Do you have flycycles?"

"Of course we do," said the birds. "People have bicycles, mice have micycles, polar bears have icicles, and birds have flycycles."

Then the birds all began to fly, some making their wings go very fast, others floating along, not moving their wings.

"It's funny I can't do that," said Josey, "and I'm so much bigger than you."

It was getting dark by this time, and the glow-worm lamps were all lighted, and the birds got their suppers and gave the little girl all the best fruit.

"We'll make rosy-posy Josey cozy," they said; and they made a lovely soft nest for her, and covered her up, and sang her to sleep.

CHAPTER II.

JOSEY MEETS THE CHIPMUNK — HER ADVENTURES IN THE LAND OF THE SQUIRRELS.

THE next morning Josey was up very early, and got her breakfast with the birds, and bade them all good-by.

Then she climbed up and up and up till she came to the country where the squirrels and chipmunks lived. There were black squirrels and red squirrels and gray squirrels, and even

one or two white squirrels, and there were plenty of chipmunks with black stripes on their red coats. They were racing about up trees



JOSEY MEETS THE CHIPMUNK.

and down trees, and there were some flying-squirrels that could fly from tree to tree.

"Purr-r-r-r-r! chuck! chuck! chuck! chuck! tut! tut! tut!" said a voice.

Josey looked round, and there on a branch was a chipmunk sitting up and smiling. His big eyes were full of fun, and his ears stuck straight up, while his tail curved over his back.

"Purr! purr! purr! purr! purr!
Caught my tail on a great big bur!"

he sang, laughing.

"Well," said Josey, "I see you've got the bur out of your tail, so it is all right."

"Yes," said the chipmunk; "it's all right now. Did you ever see me fix my whiskers?"

"No," said Josey; "I never did."

"Watch, then!" said the chipmunk.

He put his little fists up to his whiskers and made them fly so fast that Josey could n't see them going.

When he stopped his whiskers were all curled and he was laughing again. He twisted his head on one side and said:

"What do you think of me now?"

Josey said she thought he looked very fine.

"Oh, I'm a dasher!" he said.

The chipmunk jumped down from the branch and ran over to a spring, where he stood looking at himself in the water. He held his head on one side and fixed his whiskers again.

Soon he came scampering back to the little girl.

"If you spend so much time fixing your

the nuts he has gathered. The tree is hollow all the way down from that knot-hole near the top, and he has it nearly filled. But come, now, let me show you where to go."

With a run and a spring the chipmunk landed on the little girl's shoulder.

"Go right ahead!" he said.

Josey walked through the woods and through the woods, and the chipmunk showed her where the squirrels built their nests in hollow trees, with small knot-holes for doors. Beautiful, soft, fluffy, downy nests they were, filled with baby squirrels that kept calling for their mamas all the time, and had their papas running like mad getting more and more nuts for them.

"Why do they have such small doors, and why do they go so high to make their nests?" asked Josey.

"They have small doors to keep the big birds away, and they build high so that the snakes



"THE MAYOR WAS SITTING ON THE ROOF OF HIS HOUSE, FANNING HIMSELF WITH A LEAF."

whiskers, I don't see how you can work," said Josey.

"I don't," said the chipmunk. "My uncle attends to all that. He is a miser. His house is in that big tree over there, and if we lived ever so long we should not be able to eat all

may not visit them," answered the chipmunk. "But come along, or you will be late for our cousins the prairie-dogs."

Then they went on and on till they came to the end of the woods, and there was a place all covered with grass, and in the middle of it the

prairie-dogs lived. These were like squirrels, but they lived in holes in the ground. They were all very busy. Some were eating, some were talking, and some were working when they saw Josey.

"Bow-wow!" said one of them, and in an instant they were all gone.

Josey ran to the place where they had been, but not one could be seen; only a lot of holes in the ground.

"Keep very still!" said the chipmunk.

So she was very, very quiet.

Soon a gray nose was poked out of one hole. It twisted all about, sniffing.

"He 's smelling to see if we are friends," said the chipmunk.

"How can he tell that way?" asked the little girl.

"Easy enough," said the chipmunk. "Everybody except people can tell that way."

Out came the prairie-dog as bold as a lion and sat on top of his house. He barked once or twice, and out came all the other little dogs.

They were going to scold Josey and the chipmunk for giving them such a fright, when they heard a great crying, and a little dog came jumping out of a house in the middle of the village.

"Oh, such a time! such a time!" she said. "Where 's the mayor?"

The mayor, who was very old and fat, was sitting on the roof of his house, fanning himself with a leaf.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Oh, such a time! such a time!" she said. "The boarders are all fighting in my house."

"Who are the boarders?" asked the mayor, very severely.

"Two owls and a rattlesnake! Oh, such a time!—such a time!"

"What 's the matter with them?"

"The owls hoot all night when the rattlesnake wants to sleep, and the rattlesnake rattles all day when the owls are sleepy. Oh, such a time!—such a time!"

"Why don't you tell them to go away?"

"Why, so I did, and they won't go. Oh, my!—oh, my! What shall I do?"

"They won't go?" said the mayor, blinking uneasily. "Why, this must be a riot!"

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"They 're tearing my house down; I 'm sure they are," said the poor little dog.

"Why, this must be a riot," said the mayor, again, "and I shall have to stop it."

He laid down his leaf and went slowly over to the little dog's house. All the others followed him.

"Hey! Stop that noise!" he cried.

But the noise did not stop. The rattling, hissing, and hooting became louder and louder, and at last out came the rattlesnake, with the owls pecking and tearing at him. He wriggled away and away till they could n't see him any more, and the owls went with him.

"Oh, what a good riddance!" said the little dog. "Now I 'll go and get supper ready."

"If those boarders come back," said the mayor, "you must tell them that I say they must behave themselves. Why do you have them in your house?"

"They came into my house and would not get out," said the little dog.

"Then if they come back we 'll put them in prison," said the mayor.

So the little dog went off to her house to get her supper, and the mayor asked Josey and the chipmunk to have supper with him.

They had cakes and berries and plums, and when they had all eaten, the mayor showed them his house. It was down a little way and up a little way and round a little way.

Every one of the dogs brought a sweet-smelling branch and some leaves for a bed, and they made rosy-posy Josey cozy.

And she curled her golden hair and closed her blue eyes and went to sleep, as snugly as if she was at home in her own house, and the mayor kept watch and sent the other dogs to stand guard and see that the rattlesnake and owls did not come back.

CHAPTER III.

THE PIG THAT WOULD N'T REFORM.

NEXT morning after breakfast the little girl climbed up and up till she came to the country where the pigs lived. Everything was dusty and muddy here, and in a puddle lay a very big pig. His legs were stretched out, his eyes were shut, and he seemed to be asleep;

but when the flies bothered him he would twitch an ear or move a few bristles.

Josey stood still, and the pig seemed to see her without opening his eyes.

"Who are you?" he growled.

"I'm Josey," said the little girl. "Oh, Mr. Pig, I've come to tell you that you need a wash!"

"Wash? Bosh!" said the pig.

"See, I've brought you a cake of soap:

The pig half opened one eye and raised his head, and the little girl held out the cake. Opening his mouth, the pig swallowed it, and then tried to go to sleep again.

"Oh, that is n't the way at all," said Josey. "That soap was to wash you outside."

"It tasted well enough," said the pig. "Have you any more?"

"No, indeed," said Josey. "But, Mr. Pig, you really do look disgraceful. You're mud from head to foot. You look like some of the little boys I know."

"Yes," said the pig; "I've heard that before. But I don't mind. Pigs and lazy little boys like to be covered with mud and don't like to wash. When we are covered with the right sort of mud the flies don't bother us."

"But it looks so bad!" said the little girl.

"Oh, we don't mind that," said the pig. "What odds how we look, so long as we're happy?" Then he went to sleep and snored very loudly.

When the pig woke up he said: "Lots of people don't like the way I act. They say I'm as bad as little boys. I like mud, and I don't care about looks, and I like to put both my feet in the trough and gobble and gobble and gobble till there is n't anything more to gobble—just like those little boys. But I don't care what they say. The way to be happy is to have a thick skin and not care what they say."

Then the pig sang softly to himself:

"I love to lie and snore and sigh;
If I should work I'm sure I'd die.
It is my joy, my fondest joy,
To be as lazy as a boy."

"Were you the pig that went to market?" asked Josey, after a time.

"I was," said the pig; "I went to market—all the way there and all the way back."

"And you cried 'Wee! wee!' all the way home?"

"That's what I cried," said the pig.

"Well, what did you do it for?" asked the little girl.

"What do you suppose I did it for?" said the pig.

"Maybe your boots were new and they hurt you?"

"No."

"Maybe you did n't want to leave the market so early?"

"No; I did n't care. I cried 'Wee! wee!' because I wanted my dinner, and mama would not stop to give it to me. So I cried all the way home. I would do it again, too, if I was hungry."

"Come on," said the chipmunk; "the pig is a greedy thing and does not care for anything except eating."

The pig shook his ears and went to sleep again, and Josey and the chipmunk went on and on till they came to the Cows' Country, all among the green grass, with clear streams running, and big trees waving in the air.

The cows were standing knee-deep in the grass, and they were all chewing something.

When Josey had said how-d'ye-do to the cows, she asked them what it was they were chewing.

"My mama," she said, "tells me that it is n't nice to chew gum."

"We're not chewing gum," said one of the oldest cows; "we're chewing grass. That's our way of eating."

Josey was hungry by this time, and the cows gave her a mug of fresh cream and a dish of clover-tips, and she left a little on her plate and a little in her cup to show that she had had enough.

When the sun set they made Josey a lovely bed of clover and flowers, and the cows lay down all around and watched her while she slept; and if a mosquito came near, the old cow shook her bell and frightened it away.

When Josey awoke the next morning she found all the cows up and dressed. The old cow took the little girl on her back and carried her away down to the spring, where she had a

drink of cold water and a nice bath, and then a plate of clover-tops and a bowl of cream.

After breakfast Josey had some questions to ask, as little girls often have, so she said:

"What was the tune the old cow died of?"

"That was 'God Save the Queen.'"

"Did you know the old cow?"

"Oh, yes; I knew her very well. Her name was Miss Bunty. She was a nice old lady, and a true American."

"Why did she die?"

"Some one took the tune 'God Save the Queen,' and put it to the anthem 'America'; and the band came along playing 'America,' and Miss Bunty was standing in the field when she heard the music. She thought the British had got the country back again, and it gave her a terrible shock. She closed her eyes, and fell on her back, and waved all her feet in the air, and shook like a jelly, and just — just died; and they found that her heart was broken — just as if she had fallen down-stairs."

"And did you know the cow with the crumpled horn?"

"Certainly; her name was Mrs. Freckles."

"And was she a nice person?"

"Certainly; a very nice person."

"Well, then, why did she toss the dog?"

"She had good reason for tossing the dog. You know that she had a beautiful calf that used to play about her in the field. The calf had long legs, and big ears, and fine, soft eyes,

and he used to gallop around and swish his tail, and bellow and bunt at things. He was an innocent calf, and was only pretending; but the dog chased him all over, and was going to bite when the cow tossed him."

"How did she toss him?"

"With her horns."

"Did he ever come down?"

"I don't think he ever did; very likely he's up among the stars now."

"I heard papa say that there is a dog-star," Josey remarked.

"That is probably the very same dog."

"There is another thing I wanted to ask you about," said the little girl. "What is a cow-bell?"

The old cow smiled and looked down at her ankles.

"Oh, as to that, you'd better ask the other cows; but if you really want to know, I am the cow belle. Everybody calls me the belle."

The chipmunk by this time had grown tired of waiting so long. He had curled his whiskers again and again, and had run up the cow's back and out on her horns and then down to the ground many times. Now he sat on the little girl's shoulder and told her very plainly that the time had come to say good-by.

So she said good-by to the cows, and the cow belle carried her down to the gate, and she and the chipmunk went on and on till they came to the country where the cats live.

(To be continued.)



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[This story was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER IV.

MISS KITTEN SAYS A PIECE—SO
DOES JOSEY.

AFTER the kittens had finished their chorus, the teacher of their kindergarten, a tall, thin, stern-looking cat, who had a pointer over her shoulder, stepped up to the front and asked:

"Who wants to say a piece?"

The kittens all put up their little paws,—or, rather, each put up one paw,—and as they had no fingers to snap (as little girls do in school sometimes), they all

scratched the ground with their other paws and said, "Me-ow! me-ow! me-ow!"

The teacher looked at them very sternly for a long time, and then touched a little white kitten with the end of the pointer.

"Katharine Krinkle, you may do it," she said.

The little white kitten stepped to the front and made a beautiful curtsy. "Miss Grimalkin's Party," she announced, and then began to recite:

"MISS GRIMALKIN'S PARTY.

"Sweet Tabitha Grimalkin was the fairest of the fair,
And when she gave a party all society was there;
The beauty and the chivalry of many blocks, I ween,
That night in Catnip Garden by the moonlight there
was seen.

"There were noble folk from Persia, and from Malta,
and from Greece,
And two from Madagascar with forty stripes apiece;

And potentates from China, and the Indies, and
Japan,
And envoys from the nations that reside in Yu-
catan.

"With feasting and with dancing, then, they quickly
passed the time,
That night in Catnip Garden, while the moon did
upward climb;
Then sat in state together on the broad and ample
wall,
While Tabitha Grimalkin sang a song that pleased
them all.

"Sir Thomas de la Maltese next, as loud as he could
roar,
Without an invitation sang a song about the war;
And when Sir Brindle Bedivere began to cough,
he sent
A soldier friend to challenge him to knightly
tournament.

"Sir Thomas de la Maltese he was tall and he was
strong;
His whiskers were like bristles, and his spurs were
sharp and long;
His eyes were full of darting fires, his war-cry full
of rage,
And he could fight like any knight that ever did
engage.

"But bold Sir Bedivere declared he 'd nothing to
regret;
He 'd coughed because he 'd chosen to; and so
the lists were set,
With stout Sir Toby de la Manx and Baron Tor-
toise-shell
To keep their ward and mark the strife and see
whate'er befell.

"Now, by my faith!" Sir Thomas cried, 'bring on
the cat-iff wight!
I 'll make him into mincemeat here, as sure as
I 'm a knight!
Sir Bedivere was calm and staid, and not a word
said he,
But sharpened up his weapons then upon a chest-
nut-tree.

"They crouched themselves for combat wild upon
the grassy sward,
Then sprang and struck with simitars far sharper
than a sword;



THE LITTLE WHITE KITTEN
RECITES.

Their war-cries shook the welkin, and their blows
rang out full soon,
And many, many tufts of hair went sailing toward
the moon.

"Oh, fiercely did Sir Thomas strive—he was a gallant
knight;
But scanty breath and ancient wounds oppressed
him in the fight;
And when at length he fled the field, a voice came
from the wall:
'How kind it was of him to leave us locks of hair
for all!'

"And after that the fight was o'er they raised a
festal lay;
Sir Toby of his vocal power made notable display,
And soon all voices blended were in chorus grand
and hearty.
Oh, never was such singing as at Miss Grimalkin's
party!"

When the little white kitten had finished reciting she made a very pretty curtsy, and all the other kittens stood up on their hind feet and applauded by knocking their soft little paws together and crying, "Me-ow! me-ow! me-ow!"

Josey applauded, too,



though some of the words were so long that she hardly understood them.

After this came the drill. That was grand. The kittens marched up and down, and when their teacher cried out, "Receive dogs!" they fell, and rolled on their backs, and scratched with all their claws.

Josey was much impressed by all this.

"But is n't it naughty to teach them to fight?" asked Josey.

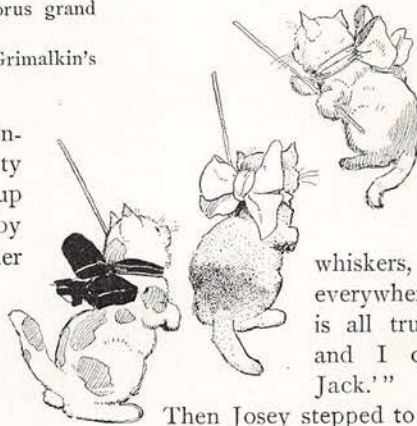
"It would be very naughty if there were no dogs," said the teacher.

"My mama always tells me that little girls must not fight," said Josey.

"That's right! Little girls should not fight," said the teacher. "But kittens are different. If they did not know how to fight the dogs would eat them up."

All the cats and kittens here asked Josey if she would not recite something, and though she was not willing she did not like to refuse.

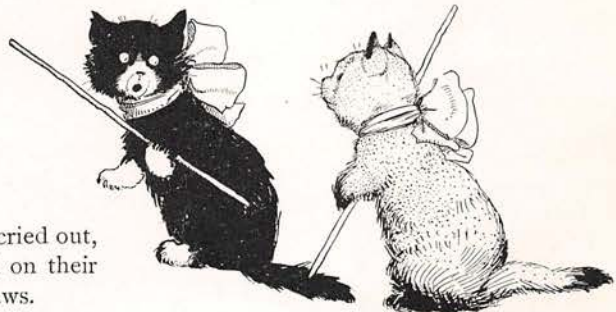
"I don't know many things," said the little girl, "but I will recite something that my Uncle Robert made up for me. He is a big man with whiskers, and he has been everywhere, so I suppose it is all true. It is a poem, and I call it 'Sailor-Boy Jack.'"



Then Josey stepped to the front and made a beautiful curtsy, and clasped and unclasped her hands, and began and stopped and began again, but at last got well started and recited this very prettily:

"SAILOR-BOY JACK.

"Jack was a sailor who went to the sea
In a ship that was sturdy and stout;
He whistled all day, so merry was he,
Though the waves they did toss him about.



THE KITTENS' DRILL.

When the storm came up and the ship went down,
 'T 'is no matter,' said Sailor-Boy Jack;
 'Astride of a mast I 'll sail to the town,
 And maybe the sooner get back.'

"He traveled all night, he traveled all day,
 And many a day after that,
 And landed at last in a beautiful bay,
 Where the king of the islands sat.
 'Hooray!' cried Jack, 'here 's the place for me.
 It 's lucky I came here alone.
 So tip us your flipper, my jolly old boy,
 And I 'll trouble you for your throne.'

"The king looked up and the king looked down,
 And he glowered and grunted and grinned;
 And hundreds of savages scampered around
 As free and as fleet as the wind.
 They tied Jack's hands, they fastened his feet,
 And they tumbled him into the pound.
 'No matter,' said he; 'I 'll have something to eat;
 It 's a pleasure to be on dry ground.'

"They gave him some meat, they gave him some
 bread,
 They gave him some chicken and rice;
 'Hooray!' shouted Jack, when the feast was
 spread.
 He gobbled it all in a trice.
 Then, day after day, as the savages came
 And saw him grow fatter and fatter,
 They laughed with delight to find him so tame,
 And heaped up the food on his platter.

"At length came a time when they made a big fire,
 And all of the people assembled.
 They blew the loud horns as the flames mounted
 higher,
 But Jacky the bold never trembled.
 'If so be I 'm goin' to old Davy Jones,
 I 'll go with a grin on my face;
 To-morrow I may be a bundle of bones,
 But to-day I can show them the pace.'

"A hornpipe he danced so nimble and gay,
 The savages shouted, 'Encore!
 And then with a breakdown he rattled away,
 And still they kept calling for more.
 So when the cook came to put Jack in the pot
 The chiefs would n't have such a thing;
 They ate the old monarch instead on the spot—
 And then they elected Jack king.

"And now, I believe, if you go to that isle,
 You 'll find Jack a very great man.
 His dancing 's academy's highest in style;
 It leads in society's van."

The cat schoolmistress coughed when Josey finished. "That was a very remarkable adventure," she said, looking sharply at Josey.

"So my uncle said," replied Josey. "He said that there were some people who did not believe it ever happened."

The cat schoolmistress coughed again, but said nothing further, and dismissed the kittens, who scampered away with their tails up and their bows of ribbon all flying, screaming "Meow!" as hard as ever they could.

CHAPTER V.

JOSEY VISITS THE GRIZZLIES.

WHEN the little girl went to sleep in the cats' country the chipmunk climbed up her sleeve, for he was not sure but that some of the cats might use their sharp claws on him. They could not get up the little girl's sleeve, and so the chipmunk had a whole skin to his name when he awoke.

After breakfast Josey and the chipmunk went on and on and on till they came to the country where all the bears live.

They found the polar bear seated upon a great field of ice. He was watching a hole, expecting a seal to come up. The cinnamon bear had gone into another country to rob a bees' nest, the black bear was lying fast asleep, and the grizzly bear was walking about on his hind legs, beating the trees and shouting, "Dash my buttons! Dash my buttons!"

"What 's the matter with him?" asked Josey.

The black bear woke up, yawned, and scratched his head.

"Oh, him?" he said, looking at the grizzly. "He 's always that way. He wants some one to go and fight with him, but I 'm not going!"

When the grizzly saw the little girl, he came walking up to her with his hands on his hips, and his big tongue hanging out at one side of his mouth.

"Hullo, little girl!" he roared, in a voice that sounded like the biggest of big thunder, and made trees tremble to their roots.

The chipmunk made a dive down the neck of Josey's dress, and she felt that she would like to crawl down there herself.

"Oh, dear!" she said. "What are you going to do?"

"Do?" roared the grizzly. "Why, dash my

buttons! what should I do but say how d' ye do?"

He stood there looking down and laughing, till Josey began to think that perhaps he was not so cross as he was said to be.

"Don't bears sometimes eat people?" she asked.

"Never heard of such a case. You little goosey-gander, that 's all a slander," he said.

"Oh, I 'll tell you about that. They had brought home a big jar of honey, and they wanted to give her some, so they ran after her to bring her back. They would never have hurt her."

"Well, that 's very strange!" said the little girl. "It is all so different from what I have read. My papa says that you can't believe one word that you see in the newspapers now.



"THE CHIPMUNK MADE A DIVE DOWN THE NECK OF JOSEY'S DRESS."

"But you hug people, don't you?"

"Of course we do, if they 're nice people. Don't you?"

"Oh, yes; but that 's different."

"I don't see any difference," said the grizzly.

"But I 've seen it printed that bears are terribly cross," said Josey.

"Maybe," answered the grizzly; "but you must not believe all that you see printed."

"But this had pictures that went with it."

"Some of those are the worst kind. You can't believe them at all!"

"And are n't bears cross?"

"Why, no; they 're the most good-tempered animals in the world!"

"Well, then, why did they chase Little Goldenhair?" asked Josey, much puzzled.

But I want to know about bears, so if you have time, Mr. Grizzly, won't you please tell me a real true bear story?"

The grizzly coughed several times as if he was modest. Then he said: "The only story I know is a song; maybe you don't call that a story."

"Oh, yes, we do, if there is a story in it," said Josey.

"Well, then, I 'll give it to you," said the grizzly; "for I can't think of letting you go away with all those queer ideas about bears. Whatever I tell you may be sure is all true. I 'm very peaceable, and I 'd like to see the creature that says I 'm not peaceable. I 'd soon settle him!"

Saying this, the grizzly bear placed his paw

on his heart and bowed to the little girl. Then he recited a poem which he called "Pomp and the Bear," in order to show how peaceable and quiet all bears are. It went like this:

POMP AND THE BEAR.

De ole brack beah come out de swamp.
 "Um-m-m-m-m!"
 Open he mouf fer to ketch um Pomp.
 "Fff-ff-ff-m-m-m-m!"
 Pomp he hollah an' shinny up tree,
 An' ole brack beah go aftah he.
 "Fff-ff-ff-m-m-m-m-m-m!"
 Pomp he go to de top de roos';
 Branch so slim it a'mos' break loose;



"THE BIG BEAR WAS HOLDING JOSEY ON HIS LAP."

Down come Pompey an' up go beah,
 Teetah so hawd dat it make um scah.
 "M-m-m-m-ff-ff-ff!"

Pomp run like he was wanted bad.
 Goo'nness! ain' dat ole beah mad?
 "R-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-ff-ff!"

Jump down tree an' away he trabble
 Make dat Pompey scratch um grabble.
 "Fff-ff-ff-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m!"
 Beah ketch Pomp 'n' gin um whack,
 Come nigh make hes ribs all crack;
 Pomp draw back an' bunt dat beah—
 Law me, honey, dat a-make um stah!
 "Fff-ff-ff-m-m-m-m!"

Ole beah growl an' hop all roun',
 Rassel dat Pomp an' frow um down.
 "M-m-m-m-m-m-m-ff-ff-ff!"
 Dey jis clinch an' go at fightin'.
 "Hi, yo' Pompey, stop dat bitin'!"
 "M-m-m-m-m-m-m-ff-ff!"

"Wha' fer yo' not lemme be?"
 "'Ca'se stole honey f'm out ma tree."
 "How ah know dat de tree been yo's?"
 "Ah 's got ma sign on bofe dem doahs."
 "Fff-ff-ff-m-m-m-m-m-m!"
 "Trouble wif me is, I don' kain't read."
 "Dasso, chile? Berry sohy 'n deed."
 "I ain' go foh do no stealin'."
 "Den I 'pologize, 'n' dar 's no hawd feelin'."
 "M-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-ff-ff!"
 Pomp go home and men' he duds;
 Ole brack beah go back to de woods.
 "Um-m-m-m-m-m-r-r-r-r-r-ff-ff!"

While the bear was saying his piece he growled so terribly that he frightened Josey; but after it was all over he seemed to think that he had made her feel safe with him, for he said:

"And so you can see for yourself that there is nothing at all in

the stories about bears being cross and wanting to bite people's heads off."

Just at this time there were terrible cries of "Murder! Murder!"

They turned to look, and there they saw something in the road that was rolling about in the dust like a ball. It seemed to have arms that were thrashing so fast that they could not be very clearly seen. From the midst of it the loud squeals were coming.

The big bear was holding Josey on his lap, just as if she were his little daughter, and she was very comfortable, when he heard this noise. them two or three days to settle down. As to you, Mr. Cub, for being so bad you won't get any of the honey that you stole. When you get home your mother will attend to your case. Look at your coat, that she washed this morning! You're honey and bee-stings and mud from head to foot. You'll get it!"

He dropped the little girl immediately, and ran down to the road, where he took a bucket of water and dashed it over the thing that was rolling like a ball. Then he took the branch of a tree and beat about as if he was fighting something in the air. Soon he stopped, and stood looking as if watching something flying off.



“WHAT 'S THAT YOU HAVE UNDER YOUR ARM?”

Josey ran down to the road, and there she saw a fat grizzly cub sitting and crying as if his heart would break. He was the one that had been shouting “Murder!”

“I thought I told you to stay in our yard,” said the old grizzly, for he was the cub’s papa.

The cub made no answer except to rub his eyes with his paws and keep rocking backward and forward and saying, “O-o-o-o-o-o!”

“You’ve been off with that cinnamon bear again, after I told you not to!” roared Mr. Grizzly. “Now, where did he take you this time?”

“Robbing bees’ nests! O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!” said the cub.

“Well, it served you right! It served you right!” said the old bear. “Why could n’t you leave the poor bees alone? They had to work for their honey, did n’t they? What business had you to steal it?”

The poor bear cub continued to rub his nose, which was covered with stings, and to cry, “O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!”

“What’s that you have under your arm?” asked his father. He reached out and took a very large honeycomb from the cub.

“You ought to be ashamed of robbing the poor bees. M-m-m-m! But—now that the honey’s here, we might as well eat it.”

Mr. Grizzly gave Josey a piece of the stolen comb. “We can’t give it back to the bees now,” he said; “they are too angry to listen to anything that we might say. It will take

But the food was altogether different from what Goldenhair found. Josey had a heaping plate of berries and a jug of cream, and some of the honey in the comb, and the chipmunk had a big saucerful of hickory-nuts.

Just before Josey went to sleep she heard a great noise in the woodshed, and the voice of Mrs. Grizzly saying: “You *will* run off when I tell you not to, and get yourself as dirty as a little boy, will you?”

And then there was a sound of whack! whack! whack! and the voice of the cub again: “Boohoo! Boohoo! Boohoo! I’ll never do it again!”

CHAPTER VI.

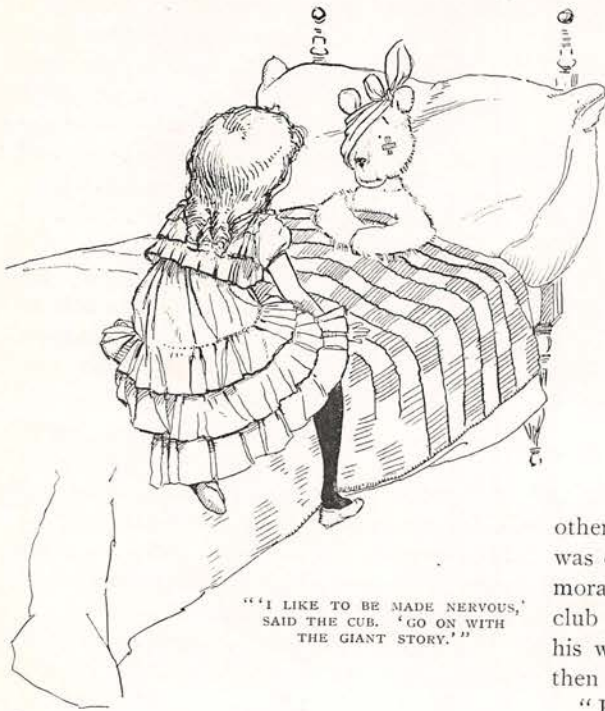
MR. GRIZZLY BEAR CUB IS SICK AND WANTS GIANT STORIES AND JELLY.

NEXT morning little Master Grizzly Bear Cub was still suffering from bee-stings, and his mother sent for the doctor; and then, when the doctor said the cub ought to get up, she turned the doctor out of doors, and petted the cub and gave him jelly.

Later in the day she brought Josey and the chipmunk in to see him.

The cub was screaming for more jelly, and the mother was running to get it, when Josey entered the room. He called out to her that she must not go away, and the mother also asked her not to go away for a while.

Josey thought she would like to get along on her journey, because she had so far to go; so I know that this story is true. The way she came to lose her mother was that they



"I LIKE TO BE MADE NERVOUS," SAID THE CUB. "GO ON WITH THE GIANT STORY."

but they were so very kind, and they wanted a story so much, that she sat down on the side of the bed and asked, "What sort of a story do you want me to tell?"

"About giants," said the little bear—"about men who are bigger and stronger than bears. I've heard some stories like that, and they used to make me so frightened that I would put my head under the bed-clothes and shiver. Don't you like those stories that make you shiver?"

"Sometimes I do," said Josey. "But mama does not like me to hear such stories as that. She says that they make children nervous."

"I like to be made nervous," said the cub. "Go on with the giant story, and let it be a true one."

ELSIE AMONG THE GIANTS.

"I know one true one," said Josey. "It's about the way little Elsie found the giants on the day that she lost her mother. Little Elsie lives next door to me, and we play together,

both went down-town to look at the stores. Elsie's mother sometimes looks in windows and stops to talk to people, and that's how she came to get lost.

"Elsie did not notice that her mother was lost, and she kept on walking with the people, because she thought that must be the way to go or they would not be going. So she went down ever so many streets, and past ever so many places and houses and people and things, so far that she knew something strange must happen, and it did.

"She saw a giant!

"He was a big, black, gruff-looking fellow, with big boots, and big mustache, and stiff hat, and belt and club, like the other giants we see in the books. His club was different from Cormoran's, though. Cormoran's was covered with knobs. This giant's club was straight. He had it hanging from his wrist by a thong of leather, and now and then he gave it a swing.

"Elsie was just going to run away when the giant saw her, and then it was too late. It never does to let giants see that you are afraid



BRINGING IN JELLY FOR THE BEAR CUB.

of them. Where would Jack the Giant-killer have been if the giant with two heads had seen he was afraid? Jack would never have been

able to play that trick upon him with the bag and the porridge.

"So Elsie walked right up to him and said, 'Did you see my mama, sir?'"

"The giant first straightened up and then bent way down so as to see her face.

"'Who is your mama, little lady?' he asked. (And that shows how ignorant giants are, for every one knows Elsie's mama.)

"'Who is your mama?' he asked again; then, 'Who's your papa?' and after that, 'What store? What street?'"

"Elsie knew all these things, and told him mama was mama, papa was papa, the store was the big store, and the street was just the street. Still he did not seem to understand, but at last he said:

"'Come along. I'll take you to your mama!' and he held her by the hand and led her.

"Elsie knew he was going to take her to his castle.

"If he did not know who her mama was, how could he know how to go to her mama? He must be going to his castle, she thought. But Elsie was careful not to show any signs of distrust. She trotted along at his side, holding his hand and talking all the way.

"Sure enough, at last they did come to the giant's castle; and they found it full of giants—so many that Elsie wondered till she remembered that all giants have plenty of brothers and cousins, who are all the time going about avenging each other's deaths.

"They were dreadfully ignorant; they could not have known anything at all, because they wanted her to tell them so much. They

seemed to think a lot of what she told them, too, because one of them wrote it down in a big book.

"Then they took her into a large room. They all smiled when she came in. One of them set her upon a table and said, 'Is n't she fat?'"

"'I've got one at home just like her,' said another.

"They all gathered round her. One said, 'Look at her red cheeks!' Another, 'Are n't those fine blue eyes?' Another, 'She has curly hair just like the little girl at my house!'"

"There's one very pleasant thing about giants: they feed you well. Not that that's any credit to them, though, because they only do it to make you fat. But Elsie was hungry, and she was much obliged to one of these giants when he went out and bought her bread and

honey and milk and gingerbread and oranges—all she could eat, and more; and they brought her candy, too, and would have given her money, but she said:

"'No, thank you! Mama would not allow me to take it.'

"Then they said she was a good little girl (artful things!), and they showed her a room where there was a nice bed. Some one said it was the captain's bed, and there she went to bed, clothes and all.

"And, somehow, she went to sleep. She intended to stay awake and fool them, but she forgot all about that when the Sandman came—people will forget sometimes.

"And when she awoke again there was her mama, and her mama had been crying. So Elsie had to comfort her.

"The giants smiled all the time that Elsie



"'DID YOU SEE MY MAMA, SIR?'"

and her mama were with them after that, and they let them go away in a carriage, for they knew that Elsie's papa would come after her. And so Elsie got home safely, after all."

"Oh," said the little bear to Josey, when she had finished the story, "it must have been terrible when those giants were saying, 'Is n't she fat?' That makes me shiver."

The little bear felt his own fat ribs, and shivered so hard that he nearly shook all the bedclothes off himself, and his mother had to run and get him more jelly before he would quiet down.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW OSTRICHES HIDE—JOSEY COULD NOT EAT THEIR DINNER—ATTENDED BY DR. MONKEY.

As soon as they could get away from the little grizzly cub and his anxious mother, Josey and the chipmunk went on and on and on till they came to a land where it was all rolling yellow sand. They saw very big birds, almost as big as giraffes, running about like race-horses. No one could see what they were after. Some were going this way and some that way, and then back again. They

them over the sand, they all stopped running, and buried their heads away down deep.

"Goodness! What can they be up to?" said Josey. "We 'll go over and sit down till this one comes out."

So she went and sat down in the shade of the biggest one, for the sun, shining on the sand, made it very hot.

After a long time the bird pulled his head out and saw the little girl. He seemed to be very much frightened, and put his head in again in a great hurry. He stood there, all trembling.

Josey caught hold of his feathers and shook him.

"What are you doing?" she asked. "Come out of that!"

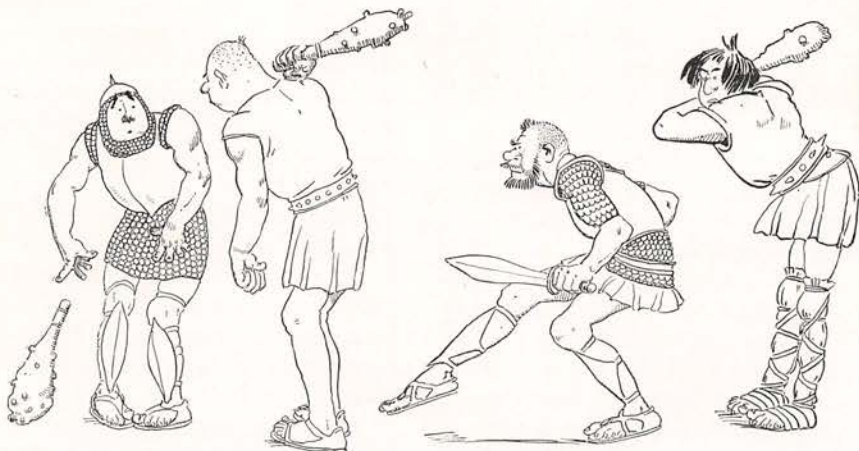
The big bird raised his eyes up out of the sand. He looked very stupid.

"Could you see me?" he asked.

"Of course I could," said the little girl; "you had only your head hidden."

The big bird put up a foot and scratched his ear.

"How is that?" he asked, trying to think it all out. "You could see me while I could not see you. That does n't seem at all reasonable. How was that? Will you kindly explain?"



"GOING ABOUT AVENGING EACH OTHER'S DEATHS."

stretched their long legs and just skimmed. They had little bits of wings, and used them like fans, but one could not call it flying, the way they went.

When they saw the little girl walking toward

"Why, you had only your head hidden," said Josey.

"Yes; but when I could n't see you, how could you see me?"

"Because I did not hide my head. Look

at all those other birds over there. You can see them, can't you?"

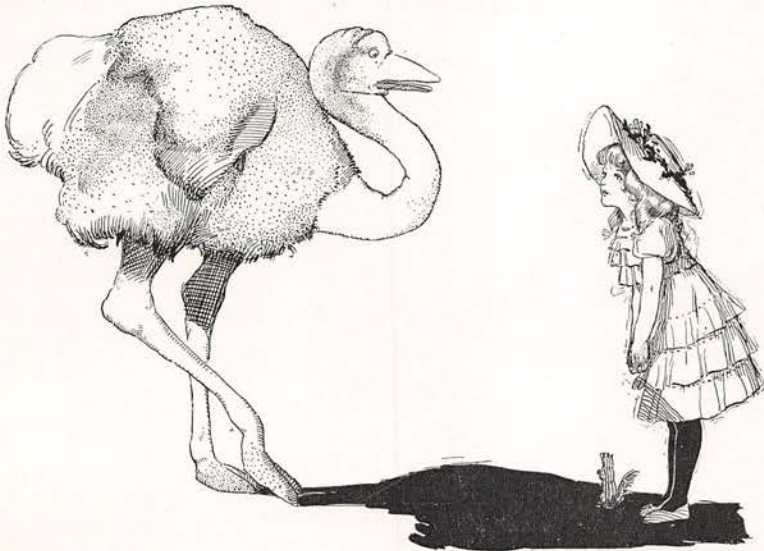
"Why, yes."

"And yet they all have their heads hidden."

"That's true. I never knew that before. Think how funny that I never knew that be-

She threw her arms about his neck. "Hold on tight!" she said to the chipmunk. "We'll be going like the wind soon, if what the books say about ostriches is true."

When Josey was well settled on his back, the big ostrich gave a cry, and set off so fast that



"OH, IT'S ALL IN PRACTICE," SAID THE BIG BIRD."

fore! And our mothers must have taught us every bit wrong, for it was they who said that if you hid your head in the sand nobody could see you."

Then the big bird called to all the others.

"Come out!" he said. "You might as well come out. She can see us."

All the others then came out, and when told that they could be seen they were just as much astonished as the big one had been.

When the little girl asked the big birds who they were, they said they were the ostriches, who make the beautiful feathers for the ladies' hats.

"I don't see how you ever get time to make such fine feathers when you run about so much," said Josey.

"Oh, it's all in practice," said the big bird.

It was so hot where they were on the sand that Josey said she would very much like to have a drink of water. At this one of the small ostriches stooped down, and she climbed upon his back, and from there she easily mounted to the back of the biggest one.

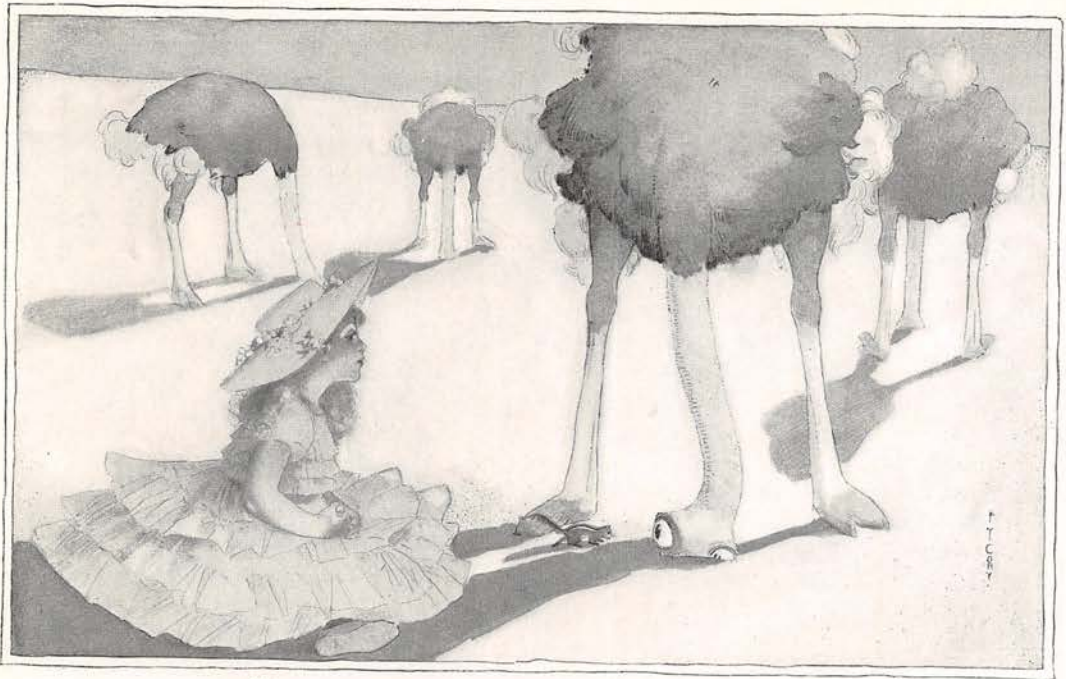
the clouds seemed to fly by above. They went over the rolling sand, on and on, ever so far.

At last, away and away off, they saw a little patch of green with something like a feather waving above it. It grew bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger till it turned into an oasis full of trees. That is a thing they have in the desert, where people who get tired of the rolling sand can eat and drink and sleep and be cool. They went so very fast that they were there soon. Here they found a spring of water that was as clear as crystal. After Josey and the ostriches and the chipmunk had had a great, long drink, and were cool, the big ostrich said:

"Now we will have our supper."

THE OSTRICHES' SUPPER.

Some of the other ostriches then came along and spread the cloth on the grass. Then they brought bones and stones and bits of crockery and glass, and set them about.



“COULD YOU SEE ME?” ASKED THE OSTRICH.” (SEE PAGE 170.)

“Try some of these, little girl,” said the big ostrich to Josey. “They are very sweet.” And he passed her some nails.

“Goodness! I can’t eat iron,” said Josey.

“Can’t eat iron!” said the ostriches, laughing. “Why, what do you eat, if you can’t eat iron?”

“Cakes and buns, and bread and butter, and I drink milk, too. I eat all sorts of things that are good for people; but I’m sure that my mama would not like me to eat any of those things that are on the table. They may be very nice, but I know that mama would rather I did not eat them.”

“That’s right,” said the big ostrich; “always remember what your mother tells you. But you can’t go without eating. People would say that we starved you. Jenny, run over to Dr. Monkey’s house and see if you can’t get him to come here.”

The little ostrich that was spoken to ran away immediately, and very soon came back out of breath.

“He’s coming,” she said.

Soon there was a rustling in the leaves overhead, and then something that looked like a

little old gray man dropped down out of the branches. He had whiskers that came all round his face, and he kept winking his eyes and twisting his nose and mouth about in the most comical sort of way. He had a very long tail, too, and sometimes he went on four legs like a dog, and sometimes on two legs like a man. When he walked like a man he carried his tail under his arm, just like a walking-stick.

When the ostriches told him that the little girl could not eat, he stopped making faces and looked at her very carefully. Then he wanted to see her tongue, and he put back her eyelids, and he felt her pulse.

“H’m!” he said. “H’m!”

Then he took off his spectacles and rubbed them on his sleeve, and put them on again, and felt Josey’s pulse again.

“Don’t you feel better now, little girl?” he asked. “Don’t you feel as if you could eat your supper now?”

“Of course,” said Josey, “I’m hungry, but I can’t eat this sort of food. I’m sure it is very good. It looks very nice. But I know my mama would not like me to eat it.”

"That 's terrible," said the big ostrich. "If she does n't eat she will starve to death."

"What is it she can't eat?" asked Dr. Monkey.

They showed him the table all spread with stones and bones and pieces of glass and iron. He twisted up his face in the funniest sort of way when he saw these things, and scratched his whiskers like mad.

"Oh!" he said, "I know the very kind of medicine she wants. Send one of the children with a big basket." He made one great jump from the ground into the tree-branches above, and went racing off. When there was no branch that ran the way he wanted to go, he gave great jumps from tree to tree; and when the distance was too far to jump, he twisted his tail round a branch and threw himself off with a swing that sent him flying on through the air like a stone from a sling.

One of the young ostriches ran after the

doctor as fast as ever he could, with a basket over his arm. Soon he came back with the basket filled, and heaping over, with dates, figs, bananas, oranges, and cocoanuts that were broken in half and the milk left in them.

Josey and the chipmunk made a great feast of these, while the ostriches gobbled up the pieces of glass, brass, crockery, iron, bones, and stones at a great rate. When they had finished they sat down and were very quiet. The big ostrich said:

"It does not do for us to run about much soon after eating, the things inside make such a terrible rattling. If we run fast it sounds just like a whole trayful of dishes falling downstairs."

As they were sitting there quietly after supper, there was a rustling in the branches again, and down dropped Dr. Monkey among them.

"Hurry up!" he said, with a very solemn air. "The king has sent for you all."

(To be continued.)



WATCHING FOR SANTA CLAUS.

JOSEY AND THE CHIPMUNK.

BY SYDNEY REID.

[This story was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER VIII.

A CALL TO VISIT THE KING—HE IS FRIGHTENED BY CANNON-CRACKERS.

"GOODNESS!" said the big ostrich, "that is a terrible thing; what shall we do?"

"Do as we 're told," said Dr. Monkey. "Why should n't we go when the king wants to see us?"

"He frightens me," said the big ostrich; "he roars so loudly and is so fierce."

But the birds knew that they must go when the lion called them, so they put Josey upon the back of the very biggest one, and set off slowly, so as not to make too much noise.

As they went on and on, they heard a terrible roaring that made the very earth shake.

"That is his Majesty getting his supper," said Dr. Monkey. "If we go slowly he will have finished, and then he will be good-natured."

The roaring became louder and louder, and then lower and lower, and at last stopped altogether.

"Now," said Dr. Monkey, "we can go on. He has finished, and a child might play with him."

the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus, and many others with such great, long names that it is not worth while to mention them. And there was the fox and the goat and the wolf and the bear and the zebra and the donkey and the giraffe and the hyena.

And sitting on a mound, with his legs crossed and his arms folded, was the lion. His hair was flying every way, just like the hair of Josey's big brother when he was going to play football. His eye was wild and rolling, and he growled away deep down in his throat whenever he tried to speak. In front of him was a big pile of bones, which the other animals had been carrying to him.

He fixed his eyes on Josey and cried, "Little girl, what is your name?"

"Josey, sir," she answered.

"Josey what? What is your papa's name?"

"My papa's name is just papa," she replied.

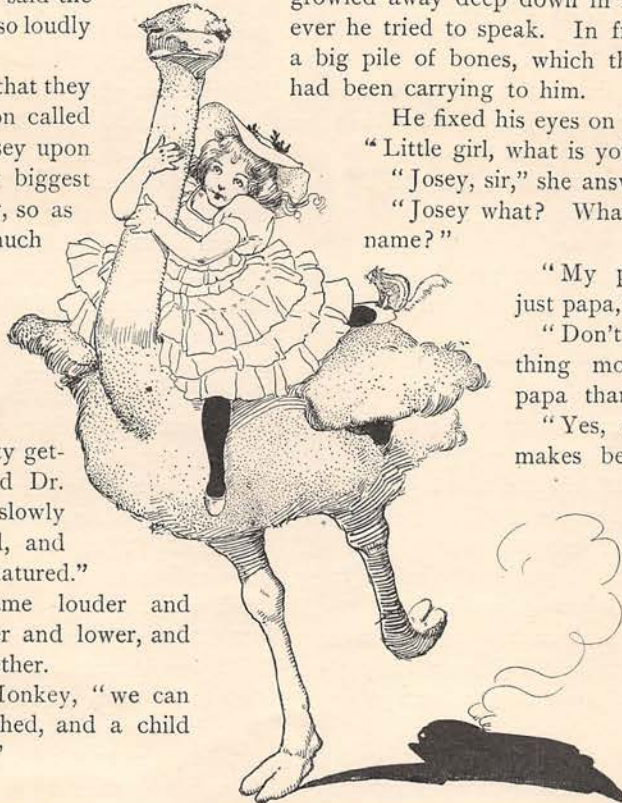
"Don't you know anything more about your papa than that?"

"Yes, sir. My papa makes beautiful songs."

"Let me hear you sing one of them."

"But the only ones I remember are about me, so I don't like to say them."

At this the lion gave such a terrible roar that all the



A VISIT TO THE KING.

JOSEY AND THE CHIPMUNK ON THE BACK OF THE BIGGEST OSTRICH.

Soon they came to a place where they saw trees shivered and shook, and the ground a lot of animals. There was the elephant and went up and down. It was terrible.

"Go on!" he commanded.

Josey was frightened, and clung to the big ostrich's neck with all her might.

"Don't be afraid," whispered Dr. Monkey. "He seems more cross than he really is."

So the little girl began to sing the songs she had heard her papa sing about her:

"Oh, rosy-posy Josey!
You are my little queen;
The only girl I ever loved
Is rosy Josephine.
Oh, rosy-posy Josey!
You are my little queen;
The only girl I ever loved
Is little Josephine."

"I don't think much of that," said the king, who had been listening. "Sing me another."

"There is another one my papa sings to me that goes like this:

"Every one who knew her felt the gentle power
Of Josephine, the prairie flower."

"I've heard that before," said the king; "but the name was n't Josephine. What else can you tell me about your papa?"

"He's the best man in all the world."

"How do you know that?"

"My mama says so."

"Oh, you have a mama too?"

"Yes, sir. She's the best mama in the world."

"How do you know that?"

"Because papa says so."

"Well, now, you must tell me a story, and then, perhaps, I'll let you go."

"That's right," said Dr. Monkey. "Every one who comes here must tell a story, or sing a song, or do a dance."

"What sort would you like?" asked Josey, for she wanted to please the lion.

He rested his head on his paw a moment to think, and then said: "Tell me a story about those things that the men have that go bang! bang!"

"Oh, Fourth of July!" said Josey. "I don't remember any story, but I can say a piece about it."

"Well, that will do," said the lion.

Josey got down from the ostrich's back, and, walking in front of the king, made a pretty

curtsy, and announced the name of the piece as "Little Johnny Jump-up." She said it like this:

"Little Johnny Jump-up on Independence Day,
Early in the morning, sallied out to play;
Little Johnny Jump-up in a nice clean frock—
Everybody said he was the dandy of the block.

"Little Johnny Jump-up scorched his little nose,
Went too near a bonfire, burnt his Sunday clothes;
Papa gave him peanuts, mama gave a bun—
Little Johnny Jump-up had a lot of fun.

"Little Johnny Jump-up played a clever trick—
Fired a monster rocket and sat upon the stick.
Something very, very queer went sailing through
the sky—

It was little Johnny Jump-up on the Fourth of
July."

"What about the things that go bang?" asked his Majesty.

"Oh, Fourth of July is all full of them," said Josey.

"I've heard about them, but I never believed there were such things," said the king. "I've heard that men carry them, and point them at other creatures—even lions—and make them go bang! But I don't believe it. The other creatures are all terribly afraid. But I would not be. I'd like to see a man come and point anything at me and make it go bang! I'd fix him! But I don't believe there are any such things."

"But there are things that go bang!" said Josey. "I've heard them, and I think I have some that my brother gave me, if I can only find my pocket."

She hunted about in her dress, and at last found her pocket, and got out some cannon-crackers. They were bright red, and had long tails to them. The animals all began to back away.

"Oh, they won't hurt you," said Josey. "They won't hurt any one unless you put your face right down to them, the way my brother did when he got all his eyelashes burnt off."

"No, they won't hurt you!" said the lion. "I won't let them."

After he said that he tried to get around behind the elephant. But the elephant raised his trunk in the air and trumpeted. He was as much frightened as if he had seen a mouse.



"THE LION FIXED HIS EYES ON JOSEY AND CRIED, 'LITTLE GIRL, WHAT IS YOUR NAME?'"

"Now that 's silly," said Josey. "You must n't be afraid. Stand over here and watch the way I set them off."

She set fire to the cannon-crackers, and they went off, one after another, with terrible bangs.

The lion's mane stood up on end. He put his tail between his legs and shot off so fast that one could not see his feet going. The elephant tried to climb a tree; Dr. Monkey gave one spring and was gone through the tree-tops; the ostriches all scudded off at a great rate; and the hippopotamus, zebra, giraffe, and all, ran as fast as ever they could.

In a moment not one of the animals was left; Josey and the chipmunk were alone.

The chipmunk, who had run up Josey's sleeve, now came out and sat on her shoulder.

"The king frightened me with his roaring," said Josey; "but the crackers scared him."

"Yes," said the chipmunk; "lions make a great noise, but it is quite easy to frighten them. If he had tried to hurt you I would have fixed him very soon. Did I ever tell you what my grandfather did to a lion?"

"No," said Josey, who loved stories.

"My grandfather was a very brave chipmunk. He was not afraid of anything at all. He lived in a tree that spread its branches over a road. Men and horses used to come along that road, and my grandfather used to run out on the branches and sit up on his hind legs and make fun of them. He used to square at them with his fists, and ask them to come up and fight him. Not one of those men or horses ever came up the tree. Well, once a big lion came along. He lived in an iron house that was on wheels, and horses were pulling it. When he came to the tree where my grandfather was he gave an awful roar. My grandfather was not used to being talked to in that way, and it made him very angry. He jumped through the knot-hole into his house, and then turned and shouted, 'Come in here, lion!' But the lion did not dare go in that knot-hole after my grandfather!"

When the chipmunk had finished his story about his brave grandfather, the little girl turned herself round and round and round in the tall grass, and then lay down to sleep, all wrapped up in a beautiful robe of moonlight.

(To be continued.)



JOSEY AND THE CHIPMUNK.

BY SYDNEY REID.

[This story was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER IX.

THE NERVOUS ELEPHANT.

THE next morning, when Josey awoke, she found the elephant waiting to speak to her.

"Now, what was that?" he asked her.

"What?" asked Josey.

"That thing that gave out such a noise. The thing that went bang!"

"That was a giant-cracker. It did n't hurt you. I warned you that it would n't hurt you."

"Yes; but how was I to remember that when I was so frightened?"

"But you know now that it did n't hurt you," said Josey, laughing at the nervousness of the big, strong creature.

"I don't know whether it did or not. You might look at my legs and see if they are all on me yet. See if I have all my ears, too."

Josey looked the elephant over, and told him that there was nothing wrong with him.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" he said. "I have not had such a fright since the last time that I met a mouse!"

"Are you afraid of mice?" asked Josey.

"Am I? Of course I am! All elephants are. They're such crawly creatures!"

"I'm sure they're not so crawly as spiders," said Josey.

"Oh, they're worse," said the elephant. "At least, they always seem to me to be much worse. But that thing you had last night — it

was just as bad. It frightened me so much that I never slept one wink. I don't know how long I was trying to climb a tree before I found out just what I was doing. Then, when I found I was alone, I was so frightened that I ran back here, and I've been standing ever since by your side, so that, if a mouse came, I could wake you up



"AND AWAY THEY WENT!" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

and have you fight him, and drive him away from me. They are frightful little creatures."

"Why," said the chipmunk, "I'd like to see any mouse try any tricks with us! I'd soon show him where he belonged!"

"That's good," said the elephant, with a deep sigh of relief.

"You carry us where we are going, and we will see that you are protected," continued the chipmunk.

"Where are you going?"

"We 're going to see the dogs," said Josey.

The elephant pulled a great bunch of grass and put it on his head between his ears. Then he put his trunk round the little girl's waist and swung her up, and away they went at a good fast pace that took them out of the oasis and over the rolling sand. That night they camped near a river, and Josey slept soundly until morning. She was awakened by a squabble between the elephant and the chipmunk. The chipmunk said the elephant snored and kept him awake. The elephant replied, as a joke, that the chipmunk had nothing to do with what was in another animal's trunk.

"Don't be impudent to your betters," said the chipmunk, "or you may meet the fate of Miss Chatty Friske."

"Oh, what was her fate?" asked Josey, very eagerly. "You never told me about her."

The chipmunk then began :

MISS CHATTY FRISKE.

"The family to which I belong is a very old one, and much honored in our woods. It is true that sometimes the farmers' boys throw



"THAT GAVE HER HYSTERICS."

sticks and stones at us ; but it is their ignorance of our importance in the county that makes them do that, or perhaps sometimes they are jealous of our good looks and the attention we win. With the exception of the farmers' boys, we are very much respected, having lived in

the same tree for a long time. I believe it was my great-great-great-great-grandfather who first made his home there; and when I came into



"WATCH ME NOW!"

the family my people lived higher than any others in the whole woods.

"Because they lived so very high, all others looked up to them, and they were known far and wide as the great people of the place. They used to say that they owned all the land about; but they let the farmer work on it because he liked to work.

"We were a very happy family till my aunt came to live with us, and brought her only daughter, Miss Chatty Friske. Miss Chatty used to try to be smart, and thought she was clever when she was only impudent. She plagued the people who passed along the road, till a man actually brought a gun, one day, and tried to shoot her. That gave her hysterics, and when she got over them she had us all flying about getting medicine for her.

"Our next-door neighbors were the bees, who lived in the next knot-hole below. Miss Chatty thought it was great fun to steal honey from them, and upset their house. The bees were very angry; and one old fellow, who had suffered from her jokes several times, resolved to see if he could not revenge himself in some way.

“‘You should not stay in such a slow old place as this is,’ he said. ‘There is nobody here to understand and admire one so witty.’”

“‘That is quite true,’ said Miss Chatty. ‘This is a slow old poky place, and such a superior person as myself is not understood.’”

“‘You should show off your smartness to the world. When you get the idea for something witty you should go round first and call the attention of people to what you are about to do, and then they will all applaud and wonder at your wit,’ said the bee.”

“Miss Chatty said that she thought the advice very good. ‘Can’t you think of something clever now?’ she asked.”

“‘Well, there are those people who live in that big paper house over there,’ said the old bee. ‘They would be good ones to play a joke on—but they are very sharp, and perhaps you had better begin on some others who are not quite so sharp. But then you’ll know best.’”

“But Miss Chatty was the more determined to go and play some trick upon them that would make the whole world wonder at her.”

“So she called out all her family. ‘Stand here,’ she said; ‘there’s going to be some fun soon.’”

“‘Yes,’ said the old bee, looking up at the chipmunks; ‘there’s going to be some great fun soon!’”

“Miss Chatty ran briskly about through the woods and knocked at every one’s door. ‘Come out!’ she cried. ‘Come out and see the fun that is going to happen!’”

“Then the creatures sat around waiting for the fun to begin.”

“When Miss Chatty

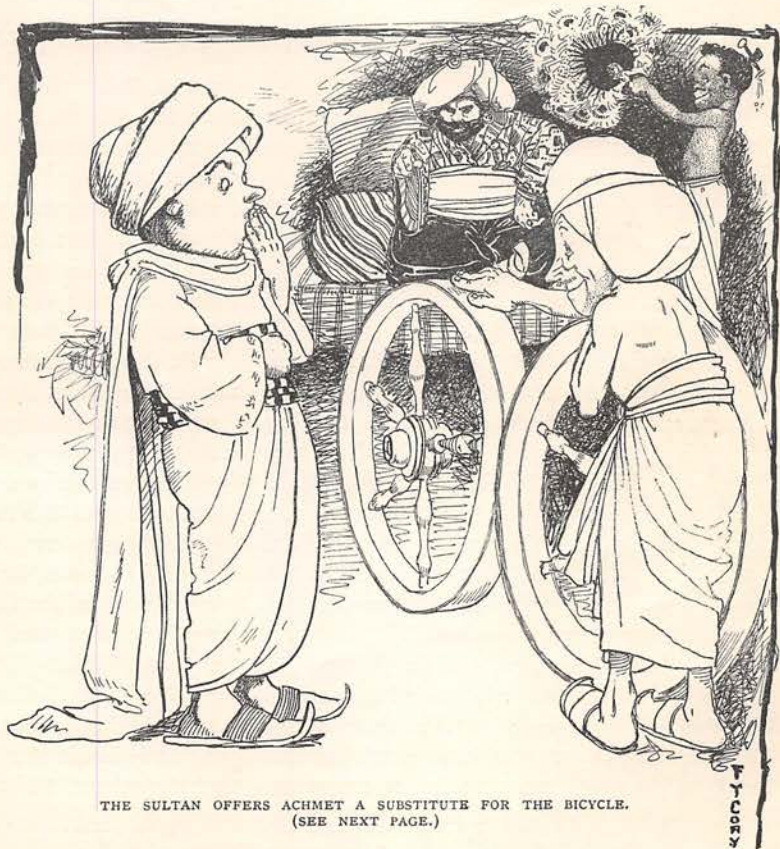
had made all her arrangements, she went out on the grass and smiled and bowed right and left to everybody. Then she ran up the tree where the big paper house was hanging.

“‘Watch me now!’ she said, and made a jump.”

“She struck the paper house fair in the middle, and went through it without stopping at all. She knocked all the babies out of their cradles and tore things inside to bits, and she lit on the ground smiling, and bowed right and left again. Then she stood there, waiting to hear the applause.”

“Now, it so happened that the paper house belonged to people called Wasps. They were people who minded their own business, but were great fighters when any one made them angry. They were furious now, when they saw that their house had been torn to pieces. They flew at Miss Chatty and stung her.”

“Her mother came out and threatened them,



THE SULTAN OFFERS ACHMET A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BICYCLE.
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

and some of them lit on her and made her fly like mad.

"At last Miss Chatty made a desperate spring and flew off up the road. The wasps chased her and her mother till they were driven away from the woods. They never came back, and everybody was glad."

"Now it is your turn to tell a story," said Josey to the elephant. Tell us the most wonderful story you ever heard."

"But the most wonderful story that I heard was not true," said the elephant. "The man who told it is being punished for his falsehoods at this very moment. Every day he is made to sit on the steps of the palace with a sign upon him which says: THIS IS AHMET THE UNTRUTHFUL!"

"Never mind about that," said Josey. "Tell us the story, and we will judge of the untruthfulness ourselves."

And so the elephant told his story like this:

AHMET THE UNTRUTHFUL.

"On the day when the king gave a great feast there came before him all the men who tell marvelous but true tales. He heard from them about the roc, biggest of all birds, that can shadow a whole city with its wings, and of the serpents that are larger than the greatest trees, and of the lodestone mountain that is in the midst of the sea, and that draws the nails out of the ships so that they all fall to pieces when they go too near it; of the magic carpet that traveled to Persia and back in the time of wishing; of the flying horse; and of men turned to animals and animals turned to men.

"Then came one who said: 'O Sultan, may thy dog of a servant's servant speak and live? There is a certain man just arrived from the land of the *giaours** who tells of marvels seen there more wonderful than these.'

"Let him be brought," said the Sultan.

"And when the man was come he stood before the Sultan, saying: 'O Protector of the Faithful, may thy dog of a servant's servant speak and live? I am no teller of marvelous

tales. What I have said about the country of the *giaours* is even so — what I have seen with mine own eyes and heard with mine own ears. Thy dog of a servant's servant speaks nothing but the truth.'

"Now the Sultan smiled through his black beard and played with his jeweled simitar.

"Let us hear this marvelous truth," he said.

"Then he who had been in the land of the *giaours* stood out and spoke boldly:

"Know, Most Potent Lord," he said, "that the country of the *giaours* is very far across the great waters. Thy dog of a servant's servant, having a mind to travel, set out from these parts three years ago with merchandise and camels, and came, after many weeks, to the city which is on the shores of the sea. There he sold his goods for a profit, and rested at the house of a pious old man who knows many things. From him he heard of the floating city on which the *giaours* travel from place to place, and having made certain disposal of his property, he found the floating city even as it had been said. In length it was almost as great as the wall of the palace; the people upon it were men, women, and children, all having houses in the streets of the city. There were shops, also, like those of the barber and the bath-keeper, and great halls where the people sat at tables to eat, or listened to music.

"And soon after I had gone in it a bell rang, and the city left the shore and went across the sea more swiftly than the fastest of horses."

"At this point there were murmurings among the dervishes, and the Sultan spoke:

"Did the floating city go faster than the fastest of my horses?"

"The traveler answered: 'It is even so, Commander of the Faithful; thy servant tells nothing but the truth.'

"Of what were the sails?"

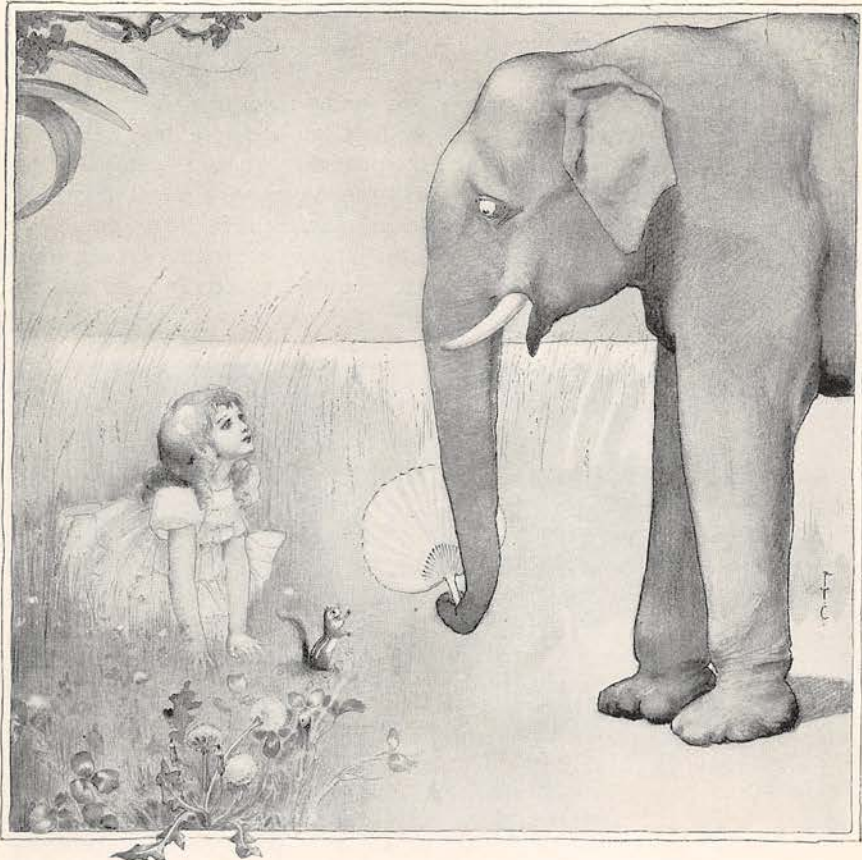
"O Lord of the Earth, there were no sails!"

"Perhaps a great roc moved the city," said the Grand Vizier.

"The greatest of rocs could not have moved it," replied the traveler.

"The *giaours* must have monsters of the sea that obey them," said the Sultan.

* Pronounced "jower"; a word meaning "infidel" in Turkish, and once applied to those nations who were not Mohammedans.



“‘WHAT THE POOR MAN TOLD WAS TRUE,’ SAID JOSEY.” (SEE PAGE 339.)

“‘If the tongue of thy servant may utter the truth and not wither, no monsters of the sea helped the giaours,’ said the traveler. ‘They had instead a marvelous genie called steam, in an iron prison under the city. The noise of his working could be heard almost a day’s journey. He breathed fire and black smoke, and his voice was louder than the roaring of a thousand lions. He beat the water with fins like those of a great fish, and made the city to go against wind and waves.’

“‘Against the wind?’ asked the Sultan.

“‘It is the truth,’ said the traveler. ‘We came at last to the land of the giaours, at a place where there are many cities, all larger than ours. These giaours have no Sultan, but all work, men and women, running about as if they had lost a piece of silver. And those who want to go upon a journey get into houses on wheels that are in the streets; and these go very fast, though

there is no one to pull or push them. They go far faster than camels or horses. The giaours say that this is the work of a great genie who is brother of the lightning. And some of the houses of that city are so high that a man looking down from the roof sees those in the streets as though they were ants; and men get to the roof and down again by means of a room that moves very swiftly from the top to the bottom.’

“The murmuring of the dervishes was now loud, but the Sultan stilled them with a wave of his hand.

“‘Go on,’ he said to the traveler.

“‘In the country of the giaours,’ he said, ‘they make the sun take pictures.’

“The Sultan laughed, but the Grand Vizier and the dervishes were angry.

“‘Does the sun indeed come down for the giaours, and does he make pictures for them?’ asked the Sultan, looking very severe.

“‘Every day, in a thousand cities. He can make ten pictures in one place while the Commander of the Faithful breathes once.’

“The Sultan folded his legs under him more tightly, and clenched his hand on the hilt of his simitar; but he answered only:

“‘Go on!’

“‘The giaours have boxes which talk and sing. Speak to one of these boxes, and go away and come again a month or a year after, and it will call to you the words you said, having forgotten

“‘It went a day’s journey every hour for the space of a moon’s age.’

“Then the Sultan said: ‘O wicked man, what hath made thee bold to tell such things to the Commander of the Faithful? Knowest thou not that the earth is flat, and thy floating city would come to the end of it and drop over the edge in ten days!’

“And he commanded two wheels to be brought, and set one in front and one behind, after the manner of those ridden by the giaour



JOSEY, THE CHIPMUNK, AND THE ELEPHANT ARE ENTERTAINED BY THE ST. BERNARDS.

nothing, not even the tone. Some of these boxes speak the words and sing in the voices of men who have long been dead.

“‘Every day a book tells all that has happened during the day in all the earth, and it is sold in the streets. In this country there is no Sultan; but the people, every fourth year, choose a ruler. And the women there go in the streets with bare faces; and some of them wear trousers like those of the faithful, and they sit upon two wheels that are fastened one before the other, and they go faster than the fastest horse.’

“‘How fast did the floating city go?’ asked the Sultan, as the traveler paused.

women with bare faces and trousers like those of the faithful.

“‘Here are the wheels,’ he said to the traveler. ‘Now you must sit upon them and go faster than the fastest horse.’

“But the traveler could not sit upon the wheels. And the face of the Sultan grew black as the blackest thunder-cloud, and he said: ‘Confess that thou hast lied!’

“Then the Sultan made a sign, and the slaves seized the traveler and beat him with the bastinado; and the demon that was in him departed, and he came to himself and cried aloud:

“‘O Commander of the Faithful, it was a

lying dream that I told to thee. I know nothing of the giaours or their land. Forgive thy servant, and grant that he may live.'

"Then the Sultan ordered the man unbound; and they put the sign upon him: THIS IS AHMET THE UNTRUTHFUL. And they make him sit on the palace steps from dawn till evening, as a warning to all men."

When the elephant had finished his story, Josey opened her eyes very wide.

"Do you mean that the poor man is sitting there now with that sign on his neck?" she asked.

"Quite likely," said the elephant. "They keep him there as a warning to travelers."

"I don't know what they mean by giaours," said Josey; "but we have all those wonderful things that the traveler found, in the very country that I came from. What the poor man told was true."

"You don't say so!" said the elephant, very much surprised. "Then we must leave here immediately, and as soon as possible I must go and tell the Sultan to set poor Ahmet free."

So, leaving their camp in the warm country, Josey and the elephant and the chipmunk traveled and traveled and journeyed and journeyed until they came to some lofty mountains.

They climbed up and up and up the mountains, higher and higher, till they were in a land of beautiful snow and ice. Here they saw a great house, and when they came to it they heard big dogs barking. Some of the dogs came to the door and let them in. The biggest dogs in the world were there, walking about like soldiers, with bottles on their necks and blankets strapped on their backs, as if going out for a long journey in the snow.

Little Josey asked one of the old ones that sat by the fire what these big, strong dogs were going to do, and he told her that they were going out on the mountains to find the travelers who were freezing to death and bring them in.

"Do they truly do that?" asked Josey.

"Why, of course," said the old dog. "Everybody knows about the St. Bernard dogs.

People could not cross the mountains at all if it were not for us."

The dogs made them comfortable for the night, and they slept soundly after their climb.

The next day the elephant, who was not used to snow, had a bad cold, and his coughing was so loud that the dogs said it would not do for them to go out on the mountain again, as his coughing and sneezing would certainly shake down one of the avalanches that were hanging away high up in the sky.

They put the elephant into their biggest chair, and gave him gruel, and put his feet in hot water, and wrapped red flannel about his neck. Soon he stopped coughing, and said that he felt quite comfortable.

The dogs, who had never seen a chipmunk before, were greatly interested in him, and asked him many questions about the country that he came from. They wanted to know all about his relatives, too, and whether they were as small as himself.

"Small as I?" asked the chipmunk, in astonishment. "Why, I never knew that I was small. I think I'm pretty nearly as tall as yourself."

Then he stood on the floor beside the big dog, and tried to stretch himself to Nero's height. The other dogs laughed.

The chipmunk was angry because of what the big dog had said about his size, and at first wished to fight; but the dogs were too good-natured to quarrel, and said they did not mean to hurt his feelings. So after brushing his whiskers out as far as they would go, and stretching himself up to his full height, the chipmunk said:

"If Nero will apologize to me, and own that I am quite as big as he is, I will forgive him."

"I am willing to own that you feel quite as big," said Nero.

The chipmunk thoughtfully brushed his tail out with his paws, and finally said: "That will do. It seems to me to be the same thing."

This restored harmony, and they remained with the dogs until the next day, hearing stories about the rescue of travelers lost in the snow.

JOSEY AND THE CHIPMUNK.

BY SYDNEY REID.

[This story was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER X.

A VISIT TO THE BEES' COUNTRY—THE QUEEN OF THE BEES AND HER COURT—SHE SENDS JOSEY HOME IN HER CARRIAGE.

THE elephant, with a big red muffler round his neck, and the little girl sitting upon his head, and the chipmunk on her shoulder, went down the mountains the next day. Then the girl bade the elephant good-by, as he was going back to his own country immediately, in order to make the Sultan release poor Ahmet.



"A LAND FULL OF ROSES AND SUNSHINE."

As for Josey and the chipmunk, they went straight to a land that was all full of roses and sunshine, humming-birds and bees. Of course there were trees and grass and other flowers besides

the roses; but it was the Bees' country, and they had more roses than any other flowers. The Humming-birds' country was near by, and they came in on visits to the bees.

It was a beautiful, beautiful place, and as Josey walked along through the

flowers, she pulled roses and violets, and made them into wreaths for herself and the chipmunk.

She went on and on and on till she heard a great humming. It sounded something like singing and something like a mill and something like water falling, and it turned out to be the voices of all the bees that were working in the great hive.

It was on a high green grassy bank, under the shade of tall elm-trees. Millions and millions of bees were there, working away for dear life, while the queen sat above, watching them.

The queen had wings like rainbows, and a crown that was all one jewel, and a scepter the rod of which was clear as crystal, while the tip was just like fire.

Her servants were fanning her with humming-birds' feathers.

THE WORRIES OF THE QUEEN BEE.

In spite of all the fine things about her, the queen did not look happy. She seemed worried about something.

When she caught sight of Josey she smiled very pleasantly.

"You sweet child!" she said. "Have you come to see me? How glad I am!"

Then she told all the bees to make way for Josey and the chipmunk, and invited them to go right up to the throne.

When they got there Josey looked all about and saw the bees working. They were making the houses, and bringing the materials, and packing the babies in little jars where they would be warm and snug for the winter-time;

and some were flying backward and forward among the flowers, bringing honey and pollen.

"How grand it must be to be a queen!" said Josey.

"You would not like it long," said her Majesty. "There are so many things to worry a person."

"You should join a Don't Worry Club."

"That is what I did. But it has made matters worse. I worry more now over the way to stop worrying than I worried before over all my troubles."

"But what troubles have you?"

"So many that I could not count them. The master builder has promised to have the new hive ready for me on a certain day, and I worry because he may not do it. Then, I worry to think that if the hive is not ready I may catch cold and have to go to bed, and that everything will go wrong in the kingdom. Then, I worry about whether all the children are wrapped up properly for the winter-time, and whether it is going to rain. Then, sometimes I worry very hard, thinking that if the sun were to stop shining the flowers would die, and then we should not get any honey, and then we would all starve. Oh, there are plenty of things to worry about, if one only looks for them!"

"But I should think that you would be happier if you did not worry," said Josey.

"That was the reason I joined the Don't Worry Club," said the queen. "But I learned two or three different ways to stop worrying, and ever since I have been worrying more than ever about which of these ways is the best one."

"I met a grizzly-bear cub who had been in your country," said Josey. "I 'm afraid he had been up to mischief. His mother gave him a good beating when he got home."

"I don't know what his name was," said the queen bee, "but there was a big black ball of hair with teeth and claws here a few days ago, with a brown ball that was even bigger. They tore one of our houses badly and stole a lot of honeycomb. I sent an army of swordsmen after them, and the way they ran and squealed made me quite cheerful. So Mr. Grizzly-bear

Cub got a whipping from his mother? Well, it served him right. Maybe he will stay at home now and leave us alone."

"What do the bees do with combs?" asked Josey. "Do they comb their hair with them?"

"Oh, not with honeycombs! How could they?" asked the queen. "The honey would make their hair all sticky, so that they could not walk."

The queen showed Josey all the beauties and wonders of her kingdom—all her fine palace and her wonderful jewels and her millions of busy people. And she offered Josey and the chipmunk all sorts of honey. There was honey made from roses, and honey made from lilies, and honey made from violets, and from lilac blossoms and mignonette. And Josey tried all these and many others just to see what they were like, and the kind that she thought the very best of all was the honey made from thistles and clover blossoms.

She ate as much as she wanted of that, spread on fine white bread. And when she had finished, the queen asked Josey where she was going.

"I must go home now," she said. "I have been seeing the animals, and I have n't seen nearly all of them, but I can't stay any longer, as my mama told me I must never stay away from home very long."

"Where is your home, my dear?" asked the queen.

"It is the big house in the garden at the foot of the tree," said Josey. "I think I can find my way down easily."

"Oh, indeed, I won't let you," said the queen. "You must go home in my carriage. I will call it for you."

So she called.

"I won't wait for it," said the chipmunk. "I can do better with my own four legs."

So saying, he sat up on his haunches, and kissed his hand first to Josey and then to the queen.

"Good-by!" he shouted, and went off down the tree like a yellow-and-black streak of lightning.

And now the carriage drew up in front of the queen. It was made all of thistledown silk,

and it shone like glass, and was covered with the most beautiful colors, that kept coming and going and changing every moment; and shapes were on it like those on the frosted window-



“GOOD-BY!” HE
SHOUTED.”

pane. And the queen then kissed Josey, and said: “You must come and see me again, little girl, when you get time. While you were here I quite forgot all my worries.”

And so Josey promised, and then the carriage began to go. There were no wheels on it, and it did not jolt along as if on a rough road, but drifted as softly and as silently as a white cloud, down and down and down and down through the sunshine. Josey thought there must be hundreds and thousands of bees flying with that fairylike little carriage and bearing it up.

The carriage landed so softly that Josey did not know it till she was in her own garden, and the carriage was rolling away from her just like a mist going before the rising sun.

She was lying down on the grassy bank under the tree, with never a jolt or a jounce to show that she had come so far.

CHAPTER XI.

JOSEY MAKES ANOTHER JOURNEY WITH THE CHIPMUNK.

ONE bright sunshiny day Josey took Ethel out in the garden for a walk because she looked pale.

She was petting Ethel near the fence, when little Miss Meddlesome came along and looked over. Miss Meddlesome was the chief mischief-maker of those parts, and was so busy minding other people's business that she never had time to mind her own.

“Why, Josey,” she said, “that's a Spanish hat your doll has on!”

“You're mistaken,” said Josey. “It is n't a Spanish hat, and she's not Spanish.”

“Well, the doll is wearing Spanish colors, anyway,” said Miss Meddlesome, as she hopped away, singing.

Josey was too much hurt to answer at all. She felt like crying.

That any one should say that Ethel wore Spanish colors was too much — Ethel, who was fair-haired and blue-eyed, and so patriotic, who never spoke to her elders unless they spoke to her, and who always remembered the saying that children should be seen and not heard. It was dreadful that she should be so misunderstood.

For a whole minute Josey felt much hurt about this, but no sooner had she taken her seat under the big tree than she forgot it for the moment.

She was very affectionate to the doll, however, and wrapped the cloak about Ethel's throat, being afraid of the damp. While she was taking such good care of the doll, she heard a voice that said:

“Pur-r-r-r-r-r-r! Pur-r-r-r-r-r-r! Pur-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! Tut-tut-tut-tut-tut! Urrrta-urrta-urrta-urrta-urrta!”

She looked up, and there, on the ground in front of her, with his graceful tail waving over him like a banner, his little pointed ears erect, his fine eyes glistening like beads in sunshine, was Mr. Chipmunk, looking, oh, so brisk and cheerful!

He looked at her with one eye, twisted his head in a twinkling and looked at her with the other eye, sat up and curled his whiskers, laughed in the sauciest way, and then called again:

“Pur-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! Urrrta-urrta-urrta-urrta! Tut-tut-tut-tut-tut-tut-tut!”

Josey burst out laughing, and actually dropped Ethel for a moment.

“Oh, you little dear!” she said, and stretched out both hands.

The chipmunk flirted himself from side to side with quick, graceful snaps, and then, with another snap, suddenly flirted himself to his old place on the little girl's shoulder.

"Well, how are we to-day?" he asked.

"I'm well, but Ethel is looking pale," said Josey.

"Were n't you crying just now?"

"No, not exactly. Ethel was crying, or going to cry. Miss Meddlesome came and looked over the fence, and said that Ethel wore Spanish colors because she had red and yellow on her hat — as if that was anything!"

"As if it was! They might as well say that I'm Spanish! I wear red and yellow, and I'm no Spaniard. I'm a true-blooded American. Can't you see my stripes?"

"Why, of course."

"Well. I believe that it was from me that they got the idea of the stripes in the flag."

Josey picked Ethel up and kissed her. "Of course you're not Spanish," she said. "I know

she did n't cry that time she won't cry now when we leave her."

"When we leave her?" asked Josey, somewhat puzzled. "Why should we leave her? I don't understand."

"Yes. We can't bring her where we're going."

"Why, where are we going?"

"To Topsy Turvy Town and all the other countries."

"Oh!" said Josey, getting up and dancing about with delight. "Tell me about it! Tell me about it!"

"I'll sing about it; that's the only way. I have to sing and dance when I tell it. So you must keep very quiet and pay attention to the words and tune."

With one spring the chipmunk left the little



JOSEY VISITS THE QUEEN OF THE BEE COUNTRY.

that you're American. You're the best little girl in the whole world. You went all the way to the fair and back, and never cried once. You are a real comfort to your mother—that's what *you* are!"

"That's good," said the chipmunk. "If

girl's shoulder and landed on top of a stump, and there, standing on his hind feet, he began to dance and wave his paws and his tail, and wag his ears and wink, till Josey nearly went into fits laughing at him. After a few moments, he sang this song:

TOPSY TURVY TOWN.

In Topsy Turvy Town
They walk upon their heads, sir;
In Topsy Turvy Town
They go downstairs to bed, sir;
In Topsy Turvy Town
They shiver in the heat, sir;
In Topsy Turvy Town,
Candies are not sweet, sir!



Cows are floating in the breeze,
Elephants singing in the trees,
Dinners cooking till they freeze,
In Topsy Turvy Town, sir!

In Topsy Turvy Town
The ships run on the land, sir;
In Topsy Turvy Town
The water 's made of sand, sir;
In Topsy Turvy Town
The children cry for school, sir;
In Topsy Turvy Town
They never break a rule, sir!



Pigs are walking in the sky,
Birds are grunting in the sty,
Children hate the sight of pie,
All in Topsy Turvy Town, sir!



Down jumped the chipmunk from the stump when he had finished his song.

"Hurry," he cried, "Oh, hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry! We 'll be late for the train!"

He tore about as if he was out of his senses — up to the top of the little girl's head, and down to the ground, and up on the stump, and down to the ground again, and then round and round and round in a circle.

"Why can't we take Ethel?" Josey asked.

"Because we are going ever so far and ever so fast, and babies are a nuisance."

"Oh, you should n't say that. You were a baby yourself one time."

"Yes; but I was as big a nuisance as the others then, so what they did I did n't mind. I do now, though, and I don't want any squalling babies along, when I 'm traveling."

"Very well, then!" said the little girl.

She set Ethel upon the ground with her back against the big tree, and wrapped her up well with the shawl. She spread a book on her lap and put some toys where she could reach them. Then she left her.

The chipmunk got up on her shoulder with one bound, and away they started up the ladder.

"Hurry, hurry, hurry!" said the chipmunk. "We 'll be late for the train! We 'll be late for the train!"

But Josey only walked a little way up the ladder and then stopped. "If we leave her there she may cry," she said, "or something might get her."

"Oh, dear," said the chipmunk, "we 'll be awfully late! Come on! She does n't look a bit like crying. See, she 's smiling; she wants us to go away so that she can think."

"She 's smiling 'because she 's so good," said Josey. "She does n't want to worry her mother. But I would n't go away and leave you, dear — no, not for the whole world!"

Josey went down the ladder again and took Ethel in her arms.

"Poor itty sing," she said. "Oor own muzzer would n't leave oo!"

The chipmunk climbed up on the stump and pouted. "Oh, don't talk like that," he said. "It makes me tired, really. It does sound so foolish!"

"Well, don't be cross," said Josey, "and I will give you something nice."

She gave him a little gum-drop. When he

bit it, it stuck his jaws together, and he had to shake his head very hard to get them open again. But he liked it, just the same, and when it was eaten he patted his waistcoat and said :

“ Oh,” said the chipmunk, “ if she ’s useful, of course I don’t mind taking her. But hurry ! Come on or we ’ll all be late.”

So they set off up the ladder again, and went



THE CHIPMUNK SINGS THE SONG OF TOPSY TURVY TOWN

“ Ah, that makes me feel like a new man — by Jove, it does ! It ’s the real thing !”

“ Oh, you must n’t say such things !” said Josey. “ Mama says that no gentleman ever ought to use slang.”

“ Well, it was fine, anyway, and I hope you have some more. If we ’re going to carry that child all the way we’ll need something to make us feel strong,” remarked the chipmunk.

“ Gum-drops don’t make people strong,” said Josey ; “ and you won’t have to carry the child at all. She ’s very good, and I feel sure she won’t mind carrying you part of the way.”

up and up and up till they came to the place where the little train was waiting.

The chipmunk would insist on riding on top of the engine, and they had to put him off three times before they could make a start. At last they all got settled, and Josey paid the fare in gum-drops, and the engine toot-tooted, and then they flew along faster than the birds, and Josey let Ethel look out of the window to see all the country ; and she never cried once, but kept smiling all the time.

And they went ever and ever so far, and then found they were in the frogs’ country.

(To be continued.)



JOSEY AND THE CHIPMUNK.

BY SYDNEY REID.

[This story was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER XII.

A CALL ON THE FROGS — WHERE THE SHEEP LIVE — THE WOLF AND THE CHIPMUNK QUARREL.

THE frogs' country lay all along the river-bank. In the quiet places of the water the bulrushes grew like a forest, and there were great stretches covered with lily-leaves so large that Josey might have walked upon the river by stepping from leaf to leaf.

As she went forward into the heart of this country she heard big, big voices that called: "More room! More room! More room!" and little tiny voices that cried, "Too deep! Too deep! Too deep!"

Presently she came out in a broad, open place among the bulrushes, where hundreds of the frogs were sitting on the lily-leaves. They were of all sizes — some so small that one could hardly see them, and others very large. In the middle there sat one who was as big as a tea-kettle. He seemed to be the king, so the little girl walked toward him. When she got in front of him she dropped a curtsy. The chipmunk sat upon her shoulder, and Ethel was smiling in her arms. All the frogs were silent, and the big one stared at Josey.

"Well!" he said at last.

The little girl dropped another curtsy.

"We are travelers," she said, "going about and seeing the countries; so of course we had to see yours. Do you like to live in it?" asked Josey.

"Of course," replied the frog. "No people in the world have such a fine country as we, unless it is the Dutch."

"But I should think that you would catch your death of cold," Josey remarked.

"Not at all. There's no more fog here than there is in Holland or England."

"But you get yourselves so dreadfully wet."

"That does not do us a bit of harm. We live out of doors all the time. It is the people who are too fussy about their precious selves who are always sick. You never heard of a whale catching cold, did you?"

"Why, no."

"No more did anybody else. Whales don't catch cold, because they live out of doors all the time."

"But that's all nonsense!" said the chipmunk, impatiently. "Whales can't catch cold."

"Let me give you a bit of advice, young man," said the big frog, severely. "Never interrupt your elders; don't be too positive; and never, *never*, NEVER play practical jokes."

"Well, but whales can't catch cold," said the chipmunk, positively.

"How many whales have you seen?" asked the big frog.

"I saw a picture of one once," said the chipmunk, after a pause.

"And it had no cold?"

"I am sure that it had none."

"Very well, then. You should say that the whale that you once saw in the picture had no cold. And you should stop there and not try to tell us about whales that you never saw and don't know anything about. And now, just remember my advice: never interrupt your elders; don't be too positive; and never, *never*, NEVER play practical jokes."

"Why do you say not to play practical jokes?" asked Josey, sitting down comfortably and crossing her feet.

"Because," said the big frog, "they make your friends angry. No one likes to be made to look foolish, and that is what practical jokes do to the people they are played upon. Then,

again, the practical jokes don't always turn out exactly the way you want them to turn out."



"THE FRENCH ARE COMING!"

Just at that moment the chipmunk, who had been frisking about behind the big frog, gave a shout: "The French are coming! The French are coming!"

The frogs never stopped to look about them. They all jumped together and disappeared in the water—even the little ones who had been squealing about its being too deep. They hurried down and hid in the mud at the bottom as if they did not think it was even deep enough.

"Why did you do that?" asked Josey, reproachfully.

"I wanted to see them jump," said the chipmunk, who did not seem a bit sorry.

The frogs did not come up again, and so Josey and her friends went away up the river-bank and through the woods, on and on, and on and on, till they came to the country where all the lambs live.

When they came to the gate of the lambs' country, some of the lambs ran to meet them. Many wore broad, cherry-colored ribbons about their necks, tied in bows at the throat. They had big, gentle eyes, and fleece that was as white as snow and as soft as sea-foam. Josey shouted and ran toward the pretty things.

They stopped and threw their heads up in the air to look at her, and then fairly fell over one another running away. As they ran they kept screaming:

"Ma-a-a-a-a-a-a-a! Ma-a-a-a-a-a-a-a! Ma-a-a-a-a-a-a-a! She was chasing us!"

"Oh, was that what they were running for?" asked Josey. "I only wanted to pet them and let my baby see how pretty they are."

The sheep were in a dreadful flutter at first, but by and by they became calmer. Two or three of the eldest ones sniffed at Josey and Ethel and the chipmunk, and said they smelt just like old friends.

"Why, we would n't hurt a curl of your wool," said the chipmunk. "We would n't hurt them. I'm very fierce with lions and tigers and things of that sort, and I'm death on wolves, but I never hurt a lamb in my life. I would think it beneath my dignity."

The lambs having recovered from their fright, Josey asked if they could not sing something for the visitors, and the mothers answered that they certainly should. So the lambs were formed in a circle about their visitors, and they sang this song:

RUN TO MOTHER.

If you hurt your little foot,
Run to mother! Run to mother!
If your pretty face is cut,
Run to mother, mother, maa!
Or if you tear your clothes,
Or fall upon your nose,
Go tell her all your woes—
Run to mother, mother, mother!

CHORUS: Maa, maa, maa! Don't you hear me crying?
Maa, maa, maa! I am almost dying!
Maa, maa, maa! Hurry! Hurry! Run!
Nothing now will make me well but candy or
a bun!

She 's the doctor, she 's the nurse—
Run to mother! Run to mother!
She has pennies in her purse—
Run to mother, mother, maa!
She has apples, she has cake,
And sweet taffy she can bake,
And we love her for their sake—
Run to mother, mother, mother!

CHORUS: Maa, maa, maa! etc.

"Is n't it dreadful!" said one of the old sheep. "Somebody has gone and changed the words of that beautiful song."

"It's you!" she exclaimed, suddenly pointing at the little black lamb, who had turned his head away and stuffed his mouth with wool to prevent himself from laughing out loud. "You're the one that taught those new words to your brothers and sisters about only loving your mother because she gives you things, and making out that you care only to get buns!"

"Well, it's true," said the lamb, with an impudent caper. "I've found that the one that makes the most trouble gets the most good things. So I'm going to make as much trouble as I can." He cut another caper and dashed away down the field.

"Did you hear that?" asked the old sheep. "Is n't that dreadful? I don't know what I'll do with that one. He's spoiling the other lambs," continued the old sheep. "He teaches them to practise maaing, and to pretend that they are hurt so that they may get things to comfort them. They have me worried about nothing."

While they were talking they heard a dreadful screaming begin. Some lamb kept crying, "Maa! maa! maa! maa! maa!" as if in great

fear and pain. The sheep all ran toward the fence, and Josey and the chipmunk ran with them, carrying Ethel. When they looked over the fence, they saw a great wolf which had just let go of the black lamb. The lamb dived through a small hole in the fence and ran to his mother, screaming: "Maa! maa! maa!"

The old sheep turned him round and round.

"You bad, good little thing! you might have been eaten up, and it would have served you right!—and what would I have done?" she said, wiping her eyes with a paw. "How often must I tell you to stay in the field?"

Josey gave the lamb a biscuit, and he gradually stopped trembling, for he was more frightened than hurt. The old sheep went and looked over the fence at the wolf.

"You wicked wretch!" she said; "what do you mean by hurting my lamb?"

The wolf was sitting down in an easy position. His mouth was wide open and his eyes shining. He looked as if he was laughing. But he bowed quite politely when the old sheep spoke to him.

"If you come out here I will explain it to you, madam," he said. "I was just coming to complain to you of the actions of that lamb."



"I'M GOING TO MAKE AS MUCH TROUBLE AS I CAN," SAID THE BLACK LAMB."



"IF YOU COME OUT HERE I WILL EXPLAIN IT TO YOU, MADAM," THE WOLF SAID TO THE OLD SHEEP.

"There 's not a better lamb anywhere!" said the old sheep.

"That may be, madam, that may be! But if he lived among wolves he would be considered a wild and dangerous character."

"Dangerous!" exclaimed the old sheep, scornfully.

"Yes, indeed, madam. I do assure you it is true. You may not believe me, but he tried to take my life."

"What a wicked story-teller you are!" said the old sheep. "Do you dare to say that my innocent angel tried to take your life?"

"On my honor as a wolf, he did. He tried to choke me. He put his back in my mouth and would not take it out. If you will come out here I will explain it all to you."

Saying this, the wolf smiled in a most innocent manner. But Josey caught hold of the old sheep's fleece, and said, "Don't go!"

"No," said the chipmunk, "don't go! I believe that he 's a bold, bad creature, in spite

of his politeness. He only wants to get you out there so he can eat you up. I believe that he would like to eat us *all* up!"

The wolf curled his nose in a very contemptuous fashion.

"Wolves don't eat insects!" he said, glancing at the chipmunk.

At this the chipmunk flew into a terrible rage.

"Insect, sir!" he said. "Did you dare to hint that I am an insect? Yes, you did, sir! Don't prevaricate, sir! You have insulted me, sir, and you shall answer for it!"

In the first moment of his anger the chipmunk had dived down the back of Josey's neck. As he spoke he climbed up and peeped over her shoulder with one eye. Seeing that the wolf had not risen, but sat in his place shaking with something,—was it with fear?—he doubled his fist at the wolf and went on: "Don't prevaricate, sir! Don't dare to prevaricate with me! You have insulted me, sir, and you shall answer for it! What did you mean, sir, by calling me an insect? Don't answer me back, sir! What did you mean? Come up here and I 'll show you about insects! Just come here! Come half-way, if you dare! Insect, indeed! To me! Why, sir, I am as big as dozens of insects!"

"Well, if you are," said Josey, in a low voice, "it's nothing to boast about."

"Oh, yes, it is!" replied the angry chipmunk. "He 's not going to boast over me about insects or anything else!"

All this time the wolf kept on shaking in a very strange manner. The sheep afterward said that he was laughing, but the chipmunk



"THE CHIPMUNK DOUBLED HIS FIST AT THE WOLF."

was quite convinced that his big words had frightened him. Suddenly the wolf threw his head round, rose to his feet, and dashed off, seeming to leave a gray streak behind him, he flew so fast.

The chipmunk jumped down and climbed

the fence. "Come back, you coward!" he said. "I knew that he would never dare to face me."

"Indeed, it was not you that made him run," said the sheep. "He saw Reginald coming, and knew that he had better be off."

"Who is Reginald?" asked Josey

"Reginald is the shepherd's dog," said the old sheep, "and he's a hero. He is in charge of all this place about here, and would give his life for us. See, there he goes now, chasing the wolf. If Reginald catches him, the old rascal will get Ballyhoo."

When they went back into the meadow, they found all the sheep and lambs gathered there about the little black lamb. He seemed to think that he was a good deal of a hero. He made so many interruptions when his mother began to tell the story that at last he had to be sent away in disgrace.

Soon afterward Reginald himself returned from his long run after the wolf.

"Say," said the black lamb, swaggering up — "say, Mr. Reginald, did you see me when I met the wolf outside the fence?"

"Yes, I saw you," said Reginald, looking down at the little fellow. "Were you much hurt?"

"Pooh! It was nothing!" said the lamb. "He bit me when I was n't looking. I gave him something for himself that he did n't like very much. I

butted him in the ribs, and you should have seen him scorch!"

"What?" spoke up the chipmunk, in surprise. "Do you mean to say that it was you who frightened him away?"

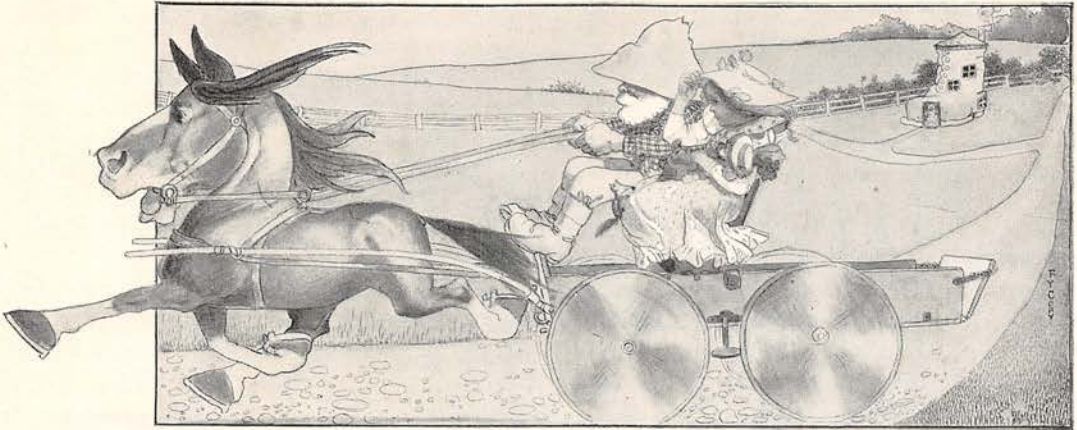
"If I did n't, I'd like to know who did!" exclaimed the black lamb.

"Why, he could not stand the awful gleam of my eye," said the chipmunk.

"Oh!" said the black lamb, turning a somersault. "The wolf could not stand the awful gleam of his eye! That is very funny! Why, how big do you think you are, Chippy?"



JOSEY COMES TO THE FROGS' COUNTRY.



"THEY WENT DOWN THE ROAD FLYING." (SEE PAGE 532.)

"I'm just as big as I choose to be. If I wanted to be bigger, perhaps I could be. It is no one's business how big I am," answered the chipmunk, stiffly.

"Here, you come with me," said Reginald at this moment, leading the black lamb away by the ear.

"You don't think I'm too little, do you?" the chipmunk asked Josey.

"Why," said the little girl, "I think that you're just the right size for a chipmunk."

It was then quite late, so when Reginald came back he took them to supper, and afterward showed them a beautiful room to sleep in. They were so tired with their long journey that they all went to sleep in no time, and dreamed ever so many pleasant things.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.

EARLY the next morning Josey, Ethel, and the chipmunk left the lambs' country.

When they passed through the gate they came to a fine open country where it was all up hill and down dale for miles and miles. The chipmunk made Ethel carry him for a time so that he should not tire Josey, but as Josey was carrying Ethel all the time it did not make so very much difference.

They went on and on and on, till, looking over into the next country, they saw a very large shoe with windows in the side of it, a door in the toe, and a chimney at the top.

"Oh!" said Josey. "If you please, we will get down here. That may be the shoe that the old woman lives in who 'has so many children she does n't know what to do.' We must pay her a visit."

Josey and her friends went on down the road, and, sure enough, they saw the old woman sitting on the door-step reading a slip of paper that she held in her hand. The front yard was very neat and was filled with beautiful flowers.

When they came to the garden gate, a man passed them, opened the gate, and walked up the path to the place where the old woman was sitting. On his head was an old hat, and on his back a big pack. The old woman looked up at him when he stopped in front of her. He set the pack down and opened it.

"I have here, ma'am," he said, "the greatest invention of the age. Yes, ma'am, that is true—the greatest invention of this or any other age. It is called the Mother's Friend, and does half the work of taking care of a family. The very greatest invention of the age, ma'am—and I will sell it to you cheap for cash."

The old woman did not seem to be much interested at first in what the man was saying, but at last she lifted her head and said, "Is it a machine to do a woman's work?"

"Yes, ma'am; yes, ma'am! Do your work just the same way as you did it the last time I was here. It acts just like a mother to the children—they can hardly tell the difference."

"Well," said the old woman, "you might as well show me how the invention works."

"Yes, ma'am; yes, ma'am!" said the peddler, setting up the contrivance. "It scolds the children and whips them at the same time."

The peddler stepped backward and looked at the old woman with a broad smile. When he saw her expression he stopped smiling.

"Wait till I come back," she said—"you just wait!"

She said it in such a tone that he hurried and packed the machine, and was down at the gate by the time she returned in a hurry with a very determined look, and carrying the broom. When the peddler saw what she held in her hand he flew down the road so fast that all they could see was the dust he raised.

"As if I ever whipped the dear little darlings!" she continued.

Just then she caught sight of Josey and the chipmunk.

"What do you want, little girl?" the old woman asked in a very pleasant tone.

"We are travelers who have come to call on

woman, very sadly, sitting down on the steps and hiding her face. Josey thought she was crying.

"They must have been very bad to go away and leave you alone like this," she said.

"They were not bad children," said the old woman. "They were the best children that ever were. I never had any trouble with them, and they went away because they grew up."

"But you did have to scold them sometimes, did n't you?"

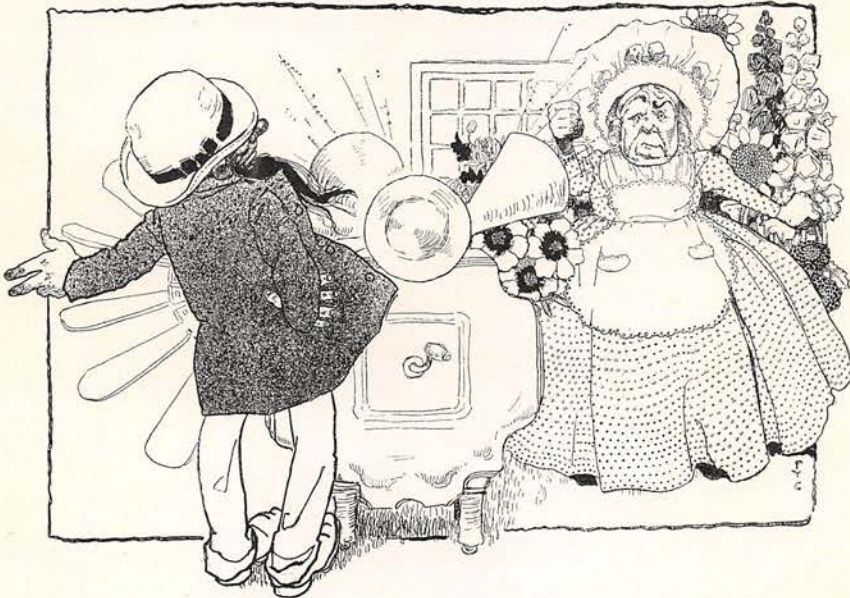
"Never once," said the old woman.

"Why," said the chipmunk, "it is in all the books! The books say:

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children she did n't know what
to do.

Then the books go on to say that you gave them a whipping and sent them to bed."

"Well, the books are not always right," said the old woman. "If they were ever bad I've forgotten all about it now. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"



"'WAIT TILL I COME BACK,' SHE SAID—'YOU JUST WAIT!'"

you," said Josey, making her a graceful curtsy. "We have read about you and the children, and wanted to see how they were."

"They've all gone away!" said the old

but I wish that I had them back! Indeed I do—the whole twenty-four of them."

When the old woman said this she began to cry, and Josey felt so sorry for her that she

said, "Never mind! We will stay with you to-night, and you can play that we are the children."

"Oh, can I?" said the old woman. "Then you must rush about and knock things down and make a great noise, and I must scold and threaten to tell your father and say that you're the worst children I ever saw."

So Josey and the chipmunk began to race about, making a great noise and knocking things down, and the old woman ran after them, saying that they were the worst children she ever saw. At last she was so tired she had to stop; but she said that she had greatly enjoyed it

After they had had their supper—and it was

a glorious supper; there was mince-pie and apple-pie and pumpkin-pie and plum-cake and currant-jelly and honey—they went upstairs to the children's big bedroom. Then they fell asleep and dreamed the grandest sort of dreams.

When they awoke there was the old woman up and scolding about the house as cheerfully as could be. She said they were the worst children that she ever met, and then she gave them a feast that they remembered for many a long day.

Then the old hired man took them in his wagon, and after they had promised to visit the shoe whenever they came that way again, they went down the road flying.

(To be concluded.)



A FIRST-OF-APRIL SHOWER—"OH, MY! IT 'S WAININ'!"