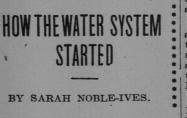
MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

PETE THE PEDLAR, OR, gave him a home for a week, and then another took him in, and a cond housed was to become of him. He was a well-grown by and he did notion. If steam reduced down to a small. after was no system, for a stee was no place for the was perfectly round here was no place for the was perfectly round here was no place for the was upon wave. Upon was upon wave. Upon was upon wave upon wave. There was no ta dry spot for the little or nothing for in the wall. If was the did to be first, caught was the way to the wall. If the wall and fill be are was no place for the was in a dreadful perplexity. If was in a dreadful perplexity. If was a well grow that did to be first, caught to be first, caug

there is very little that a boy can do to earn money. Five years had passed, when there was another accident, or tragedy. One Saturday Pete, as everybody called him, was promised a quarter if he would loov up a lost cow be-longing to one of the villagers. It was a warm, still day in Summer. While he was in the woods looking after the cow his mother took a pail and started across the fields to pick raspberries, of which there was a plentiful supply that season. She had to cross a creek, and in springing from one bank to the other she field into the water. It was not more





about it?" "Well," replied Viola, "you'll have to throw the berries away. Then you go over to the spring and wash the stains off while I run on to Mrs.

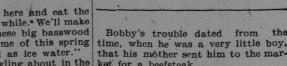
stains off while I run on to Mrs. Squier's with the message." The girl was quickly back, calling: "Here are the cookies, after all, two for each of us. I told Mrs. Squier how you tumbled over the wall and spoiled the berries we had for her " for her.'

for her." "Now we will sit here and eat the cookies and rest a while. We'll make some cups out of these big basswood leaves and drink some of this spring water; it is as cold as ice water." "What's that crawling about in the mud?" asked Dickey, as he bent to fill his cup. "Why, it's a little mud turtle," an-swered Viola. "Let's catch him and put him into your hat, so we can see him better."

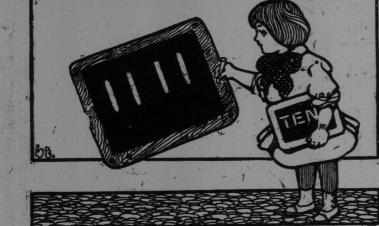
put him into your hat, so we can see him better." Into the hat went the muddy tur-tle, but as he refused to move about there the children soon tired of him, and put him back beside the water. Just then Mooley, the old red cow, came near, quietly eating grass. "It's the fashion for horses to wear hats, and Mooley ought to have one, too," exclaimed Viola, mischievous-ly. "Lend her yours, Dickey." and snatching it from his hand, "she placed it upon one of the cow's horns'

snatching it from his hand, she placed it upon one of the cow's horns: Mooley, startled by the girl's sud-den motion and frightened at the strange object waving before her eyes, ran awkwardly down the hill and up the lane to the barayard, where she stopped at the horse trough, tossing the hat into the mud and putting her foot in it just as the children came running after her. "There now, the hat is all mud!" cried Dickey. "Oh, well," answered the girl, cool-ly, "the trough is a good place to wash it off. Don't wait for it dry, but come on over to the well curb and look for the big trout 'Uncle John put in there yesterday."

Bobby's rehearsed speech flew to the winds. All the way down he had practiced saying:



ou want?



The frighten him up a tree in no time." "Why," said the cart horse, "if you'd really like to met him I'll take you to see him; but it's quite a long way." "I don't care!" answered 'Abijah. Beaping three feet in the air and com-ing down on all four feet at once. He was so used to that sort of gymnas-tic exercise that he couldn't talk pleasantly without it. "Well, come on," said the cart horse, and he trotted quietly off, with Abijah capering after him. When they had gone on for a long, long way, they came upon two steel rods lying on the ground, and so long that 'Abijah couldn't see the end of them. They were railroad tracks;

"How shall I dry it?"

"Oh, leave it on that rock in the sun for a while, and it will be all

right," replied Viola. The hot sun soon dried the hat, though Dickey said it felt a little limp as he put it on. 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," At least, so the adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat, the bush are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat, the bush are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat, the bush are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat, the bush are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat, the bush are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat, the bush are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat, the bush are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat, the bush are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat, the bush are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat, the bush are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat, the bush are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat, the bush are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat, the bush are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat, the bush are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat, the hot sun soon dried the hat, the bush are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat, the hat are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat are adage doth say: The hot sun soon dried the hat are adage doth say are adage dot

The hot sun soon dried the hat, though Dickey said it felt a little limp as he put it on. When they reached the top of the hill they found quantities of ripe blueberries. "My, but they are good." said Dickey. "Let's pick some for Mrs. Squier; she's very fond of them, and maybe she will give us some of her caraway cookies." "Your hat would be just the thing to pick the berries in," said Viola, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." At least, so the adage doth say: Mr. Bugg and his girl have a differ-ent view-They say they can't see it that way Mr. Bugg, he was sitting, one bright Summer day, "Your hat would be just the thing to pick the berries in," said Viola,





A big bird of prey (a monstrous blue-jay), MR. BUGG'S FRIGHT.

Was swooping right down toward the two; They were both filled with fright at the terrible sight,

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