

"But when the ice-cream came along, what should be seen on top of it but a little, tiny old man made out of ice-cream, too.

"How the tree-toads did scream with delight. 'What's your name?' they cried.

" 'I'm the little man of the ice-cream freezer. Every time ice-cream is made in one of the freezers where I live, I come out on top of the ice-cream dressed all up as ice-cream, too.'

" 'But you look good to eat,' said one of the toad children.

" 'That's what I'm here for,' and he looked very happy and pleased about it. 'And next time there's ice-cream I'll be here again.'

" 'Yes,' said the fairy queen, 'we're going to have a hopping game, and the one who does the greatest number of queer hops will eat the little ice-cream man!' And little Harvey Hop Tree-toad—quite a shy little fellow—won the prize and ate the ice-cream man, but all the toads had plenty to refresh them after their hopping match."