

skin became very sharp and stiff. One of the little Cockle Burrs turned much browner than the rest, so she was named Brownie. One day Brownie (who was very mischievous and fond of adventure) saw a large shaggy-looking dog coming down the path near their house, and thought to herself, "Now, if he will only come this way I will catch on to his rough coat with my little hooked bristles and oh what a lovely ride I shall have. I will see another part of the world altogether." Sure enough, Collie passed that way, and little Brownie barely managed to get a firm hold when away went the dog after a cat which crossed the path at that moment. Little Cockle Burr's heart beat quickly and her hair stood straight up on her head with fright. The chase soon ended, however, as pussy quickly climbed a tree, and Collie, in a very bad temper, and panting from his hard run,

walked down to the edge of a small pond and began to drink.

Brownie was now very much afraid that she was going to be drowned, so stuck her hooks farther into the dog's coat and clung on tightly. Collie soon felt this and, seating himself a little distance from the edge of the water, scratched so hard that Brownie's hold was loosened and down she fell into the cool, moist earth. At first she was frightened, but she soon became used to the darkness, and being tired out after all her adventures, fell into a deep sleep which lasted all winter.

The next spring she awoke, and helped by the kind sun and gentle rains, grew and grew until she became a fine, strong plant, just like her mother. She, too, had a large family of little ones, and she often told them the story of how she left home, and warned the children not to be in too big a hurry to leave their mother.

### When Father Takes Me For a Walk

When father takes me for a walk  
It makes me glad all day;  
He puts his hand in mine and says:  
"Now, captain, lead the way."

I take him to the chipmunk's hole,  
To ponds where fish are thick;  
And where the big boys dig for bait,  
He whittles me a stick.

And makes a willow whistle, too,  
That we take turns to blow;  
We scatter petals in the brook  
And wonder where they go.

Then, when we're tired, we start for home,  
And talk of lots of things—  
Why mother has such cuddly ways,  
Why birds and bees have wings.

And father talks of business, too,  
And asks me my advice.  
Now, wouldn't you, if you were there,  
Think walks like that were nice?

—Louise Ayres Garnett.