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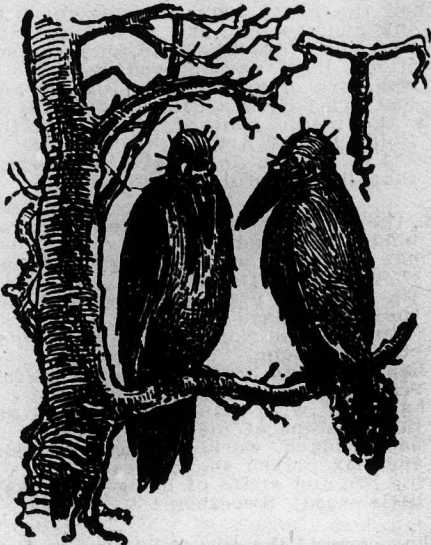
Entrance Scholarships for both resident
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Boys and Girls.

Mrs. Peter Piper's Pickles.

"There's nothing in that bush," said
one old crow to another old crow, as
they flew slowly along the beach.
"No, nothing worth looking at,"
answered the other old crow, and then



they alighted on a dead tree and com-
plained that the egg season was over.
That was because they were fond of
sandpipers' eggs, and there were none
in that bush. No eggs were there, to be
sure, but there sat Mrs. Peter Sand-
piper, talking to two fine young sand-
pipers, just hatched.



"Tangled in the long grass."

"Nothing worth looking at!" said she,
indignantly. "Well, anything but a crow
would have more sense! Nothing in
this bush, indeed! Pe-tweet, pe-tweet!"
And truly she might be angry at any
one snubbing those young ones of hers.
Their eyes were so bright, their legs
were so slim, and their beaks so sharp
that it was delightful to see them. And
they turned out their toes so gracefully
that, the first time they went to the sea
to bathe, every one said Mrs. Peter
Sandpiper had reason to be proud of
her children. But just as soon as they
could run they got into all sorts of



"They turned out their toes gracefully."

troubles, and vexed Mrs. Sandpiper out
of her wits.

"Such a pair of young pickles I never
hatched before!" said she to Mrs. King-
fisher, who came to gossip one day.

"Well, well, my dear," said Mrs.
Kingfisher, "boys will be boys; by the
time they are grown up they will be
all right. Now, my dear Pinlegs was
just such—"

But Mrs. Sandpiper had to fly off to
see what Pipsy Sandpiper was doing,
and keep Nipsy Sandpiper from swal-
lowing a June beetle twice too big for
him. They were great trials. They
were always eating the wrong kind of
bugs, and having indigestion and head-
aches. They were forever getting their
legs tangled up in long wet grass, and
screaming for Mrs. Peter Sandpiper to
come help them out, and at night they
chirped in their sleep and disturbed
Mrs. Sandpiper dreadfully by kicking
each other. At last she said she could
stand it no longer; they must take care
of themselves. So she cried "Pe-tweet,
good-bye," and then she flew away,
leaving Pipsy and Nipsy alone by the
sea to take care of themselves. It was
quite a trouble at first, for Mamma
Sandpiper had always helped them to
bugs and worms, one apiece, turn about,
so all was fair. But now Pipsy always
wanted the best of everything, and
Nipsy, being good-tempered, had to eat
what his brother left. One day bugs

were very scarce, and both little Sand-
pipers were so hungry that they could
have eaten a whole starfish—if he had
come out of his shelter. Suddenly
Nipsy, who was a trifle near sighted,
said he saw a large beetle coming along
the beach. They ran quickly to meet
it. But what in the world was it! It



"Oh, My! He's going backward!"

had legs; oh, such legs! They were
larger than Pipsy's and Nipsy's put to-
gether. Its back was like a huge shell,
and its eyes were dreadful. The little
sandpipers looked at each other in ter-
ror. But a mild little voice from the
creature relieved them.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "Let
me introduce myself. C. Crab, Esq., of
Oyster Bay."

"Oh, ah! Indeed!" said Pipsy. "Glad
to know you, I'm sure."

"I think I must have lost my way,"
said C. Crab, Esq. "Could you oblige
me by telling me if you see any boys
near?"

"Any boys?" said Pipsy and Nipsy,
looking at each other. "Never saw one
in my life. What do they look like?"
Have they many legs? Are they fat?
Are they good to eat?" asked both the
hungry sandpipers.

"They are creatures," said the crab,
with a groan—"creatures a thousand
times larger than we are. They have
strings. They tie up legs and pull. They
throw stones. If you ever see a boy,
run for your life."

"Good gracious, me!" cried both the
little sandpipers. "How very dreadful!"

But there were no boys in sight; so
C. Crab grew sociable, and offered to
show them a place where bugs were
plenty. "Just get on my back," said
he, "and I'll have you there in no time."

So they got on his back. It was very
wet and slippery, but they held on with
their toes, while C. Crab gave himself a
heave and started.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Nipsy. "He's
going backward!"



"This is twice as deep as you were in."

"He actually is!" cried Pipsy. "At
this rate we'll get there day before
yesterday, won't we?"

"Surely," said Nipsy. "How very
horried of him when we are so hungry!"

What a slow coach!

"Let's jump off, quick, or he'll take
us clear into last week!" cried the silly
sandpipers, and then they skipped off
and ran down the beach in the opposite
direction. C. Crab called to them, but
it was no use, so he went on his way.

But as for the sandpipers, they went on
getting into trouble. The day was hot,
and after they had run some distance,
they stepped into the water to cool off.

Nipsy stepped in first, but the water
was up to his breast and it frightened
him, so he stepped out again.

"Pooh!" said Pipsy. "You're afraid,
you are! Look at me!"

Then he jumped in, and only his head
stuck out.

"This is twice as deep as you were
in!" he cried, turning up his bill, and
rolling his eyes.

"You're sitting down, you are!" cried
Nipsy, in scorn.

"I'm not," said Pipsy.

"You are. I can see your toes all
doubled up, even if the water is
muddy," said Nipsy, and rushed at him
to punish him for bragging.

They both rolled under the water, and
then out on the shore, dripping wet
and very angry with each other.

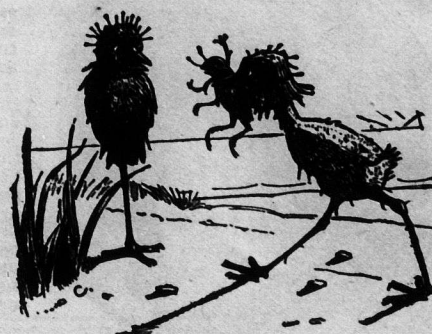
Pipsy went home to the old bush and
was very miserable. He wanted some-
thing to eat, and did not know where to
find anything. Nipsy went high up the
beach, and found a lot of young hedge-
crickets. But he did not half enjoy
them. They were fat and smooth, and
he was hungry, but crickets had no
flavor without Pipsy to help eat them.

But he was angry at him yet.

"He must come to me," he said,
sternly, to the cricket he was eating.

The cricket said nothing, being half-
way down his throat, and pretty soon

Nipsy could stand his feelings no
longer. Catching up the largest,
smoothest, softest cricket, he ran down
to the shore as fast as his legs could
carry him. There, in the twilight, he
saw a lonely figure standing on one leg.



"He saw a figure standing on one leg."

"Pipsy!" he cried.

"Nipsy!" cried Pipsy.

And they flew to each other.

"Here's a glorious fat cricket for
you."

"Forgive me, Nipsy," said his brother.
And then they were happy.

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