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"So this is the world?" said he. "What a large place it is! Dear me! I must take care, or I shall get lost. I must keep close by the edge of the world, so that I may not lose my way."

So he walked on by the side of the wall, and soon saw a flock of Geese. They put out their heads and made a great noise as he went by. The young Pig did not like this and he went on as fast as he could. But as soon as he had passed, he felt quite proud that he had seen such strange things.

Next he saw two Ducks in a pond who cried "Quack! quack!" when they saw him.

"What does that mean?" thought the Pig. But he could not find out. "How much I shall have to tell when I get home," he thought.

By this time he had got to the high door.

"This must be the end of the world!" said he, for he could not see through the door.

Then I saw a huge red pig with two horns. There is but one pig of this sort in the world."

"Well, to be sure!" said his mother.

"I should have made friends with him," went on the young Pig, "but he did not look my way. And then, as I had gone all round the world, I came home. Ah! the world is a fine place, you poor old thing!" and he turned up his snout once more.

"I know all that is to be known now," said he. "The farm boy may shut the door when he likes. I am a great Pig now. I know the world."

"Well, to be sure!" said his mother.

## Little In-a-Minute

By Jane Arnold

The big, Yellow Sun smiled down upon them and the Singing Brook hummed pretty little tunes for them to listen to.



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He went on, still by the side of the wall, and met a large Cow, and when he saw her great horns he thought he had best get out of her way as fast as he could. So he made haste and soon found that he was back at the door of his own sty.

"So here you are!" said his mother. "Here I am!" cried Piggy.

"And what have you seen?"

"Oh! such things! I have been all around the world. I find it is square, and has a wall all around it, lest pigs should fall off. In fact it is like a big sty."

"Well, to be sure!" said his mother.

"And the end of the world," went on the young Pig, "is made of wood, and has two high posts, one on each side, to mark the place. The first thing that I saw in the world was a herd of queer pigs. They had but two legs each, and they were quite white. Then I saw two pigs that could swim. There are but two in the world. Think of that! And they said, 'Quack, quack.'"

"What does that mean?" asked his mother.

"Oh, it is what they say in the world," said the young Pig, with a grand air. "It is no good to tell you what it means, for you have not been there, you know."

They looked almost exactly alike, did these two little boys. Bobby wore a wide-brimmed sun hat with a blue band around it, and Dicky wore a wide brimmed sun hat with a red band around it. Bobby wore a brown linen sailor suit with blue anchors on the collar and Dicky wore a brown linen sailor suit with red anchors on the collar. Bobby had a beautiful toy ship to play with and Dicky had a beautiful ship, too. As for the ships, they looked just exactly alike. Each beautiful toy ship was painted white and green, and each had a big white sail as wide and as pretty as a dove's wing, and each had a strong little rudder, painted red.

Bobby and Dicky had made a make-believe wharf in the Singing Brook of sticks and stones and nice black mud. There, anchored at the wharf, lay the two beautiful toy boats, their white sails flapping and fat with wind. When their strings were loosed from the wharf, the Whispering Wind would carry the two little boats way, way down the Singing Brook to another little make-believe wharf made of sticks and stones and nice black mud that Bobby and Dicky had made farther on.

So the Sun smiled down more broadly and the Singing Brook began a merrier tune than the last one and Bobby and Dicky began to play.

"I am going to load my boat with little green apples, Dicky," said Bobby.

"Perhaps the Old Chipmunk who lives at the foot of the Pine Tree will go aboard and take them off with him."

Bobby began gathering small green apples as fast as he could and putting them on the deck of his little ship, but Dicky sat on the bank of the Singing Brook, doing nothing and only watching.

"When are you going to load your ship, Dicky?" Bobby asked as he put in the last apples.

"In a minute," Dicky answered, but before the minute had come, Bobby's ship, its white sail flying, had started down the Singing Brook to the other wharf. Dicky jumped up then and loosed his boat from its moorings, but it was very far behind Bobby's all the way. The two little boys crept softly through the willow trees that stood along the edge of the Singing Brook. As they came to the other make-believe wharf they saw the Old Chipmunk creep out of his house at the foot of the Pine Tree and go out on the wharf to wait for the little ship to come in. When it came, he unloaded all the cargo of apples and carried them over to his cellar. But when Dicky's ship came in, so late and so empty, the Old Chipmunk did nothing but smell of it. Then he sat on the end of the make-believe wharf in the sunshine and basked and did not even look at Dicky's ship again.

"I have thought of something very nice to do now," said Bobby, as the two little boys carried their ships back again.

"We will play that the flowers are children and we will give them a ride in our ships."

"Yes, we will!" agreed Dicky.

So Bobby picked many little flower children; clovers in pink bonnets and buttercups in wide yellow hats and daisies in gold bonnets with white strings, and he put them carefully aboard his ship. But Dicky only stood by in the grass and watched.

"When are you going to fill your boat with flowers, Dicky?" Bobby asked as he helped the last flower child aboard.

"In a minute," Dicky answered, but just then down the Singing Brook came the Whispering Wind. It filled the little white sails and away sailed the two little ships, the flower children aboard Bobby's fluttering and dancing with the joy of having a boat ride.

All the way down the Singing Brook, pretty passengers joined the flower children on board Bobby's ship. A gold butterfly fluttered down to the deck with his yellow and black wings, kissing the clovers beneath their pink bonnets. A silver dragon fly darted down to the ship with his rainbow-tinted wings to mend the white strings of the daisies' caps which had been torn by the frolicsome Whispering Wind. When Bobby's ship reached the other wharf it looked like an excursion boat but, ah, Dicky's ship was quite empty.

"I know the nicest play of all, now," said Bobby, "we will take our ships back, Dicky, and have a race."

"Oh, that will be nice!" Dicky answered, so the two little boys carried the two ships back and launched them side by side in the Singing Brook.

Down by the Singing Brook Dicky waited to launch his ship once more. The Whispering Wind filled the sails a third time, and away sailed the beautiful little toy ship, so pretty with its green and white paint, and its rudder that was painted red. Dicky ran along beside it, to see how fast it sailed. Faster and faster sailed Dicky's ship. It did not stop when it came to the Pine Tree where the Old Chipmunk was busy in his cellar sorting out his apples. It did not stop when it came to the wading pool where all the flower children stood, keeping cool and fresh and sweet. On and on sailed the little ship for the Whispering Wind was taking it a long, long way off to the place where the Singing Brook loses itself in the River and the River goes on down to the sea.

"Come back! Oh, do come back!" called Dicky to the little ship, but the ship sailed only the faster.

"Please come back!" cried Dicky, as his beautiful ship sailed out of sight.

"In a minute!" the Whispering Wind called back.

But the little ship never came back.

So Dicky went slowly across the field and home to dinner, but when he reached there what do you think had happened?

The fat, white potatoes, the yellow chicken meat and the red cherry dumplings were cold.