

Chapter Twenty-Four

“Of the acorn that grew the tree from which I was made.”

So they left the wooden animal and went in to see Glinda, who welcomed the little girls in her most cordial manner.

“I knew you were on your way,” said the good Sorceress when they were seated in her library, “for I learned from my Record Book that you intended to meet Trot and Button-Bright on their arrival here.”

“Is the strange little girl named Trot?” asked Dorothy.

“Yes; and her companion, the old sailor, is named Cap’n Bill. I think we shall like them very much, for they are just the kind of people to enjoy and appreciate our fairyland and I do not see any way, at present, for them to return again to the outside world.”

“Well, there’s room enough here for them, I’m sure,” said Dorothy. “Betsy and I are already eager to welcome Trot. It will keep us busy for a year, at least, showing her all the wonderful things in Oz.”

Glinda smiled.

“I have lived here many years,” said she, “and I have not seen all the wonders of Oz yet.”

Meantime the travelers were drawing near to the