

Sky Island

and held it so that Button-Bright and Trot could help themselves to the pink food, which tasted very good. And, finally, a dark rim appeared below them, which the sailor declared must be the Earth. He proved to be correct and when they came nearer they found themselves flying over the waves of the ocean. Pretty soon a small island appeared, and Trot exclaimed:

“That’s the Sky Island we thought we were goin’ to—only we didn’t.”

“Yes; an’ there’s the mainland, mate!” cried Cap’n Bill excitedly, pointing toward a distant coast.

On swept the Magic Umbrella. Then its speed gradually slackened; the houses and trees on the coast could be seen, and presently—almost before they realized it—they were set down gently upon the high bluff near the giant acacia. A little way off stood the white cottage where Trot lived.

It was growing dusk as Cap’n Bill unhooked the seats and Button-Bright folded up the umbrella and tucked it under his arm. Trot seized the lunch-basket and ran to the house, where she found her mother busy in the kitchen.

“Well, I’m back again,” said the little girl. “Is supper ready, mama?”

Button-Bright stayed all night with them, but next morning, bright and early, he hooked one of the seats to his Magic Umbrella, said good-bye to Trot and Cap’n Bill and flew