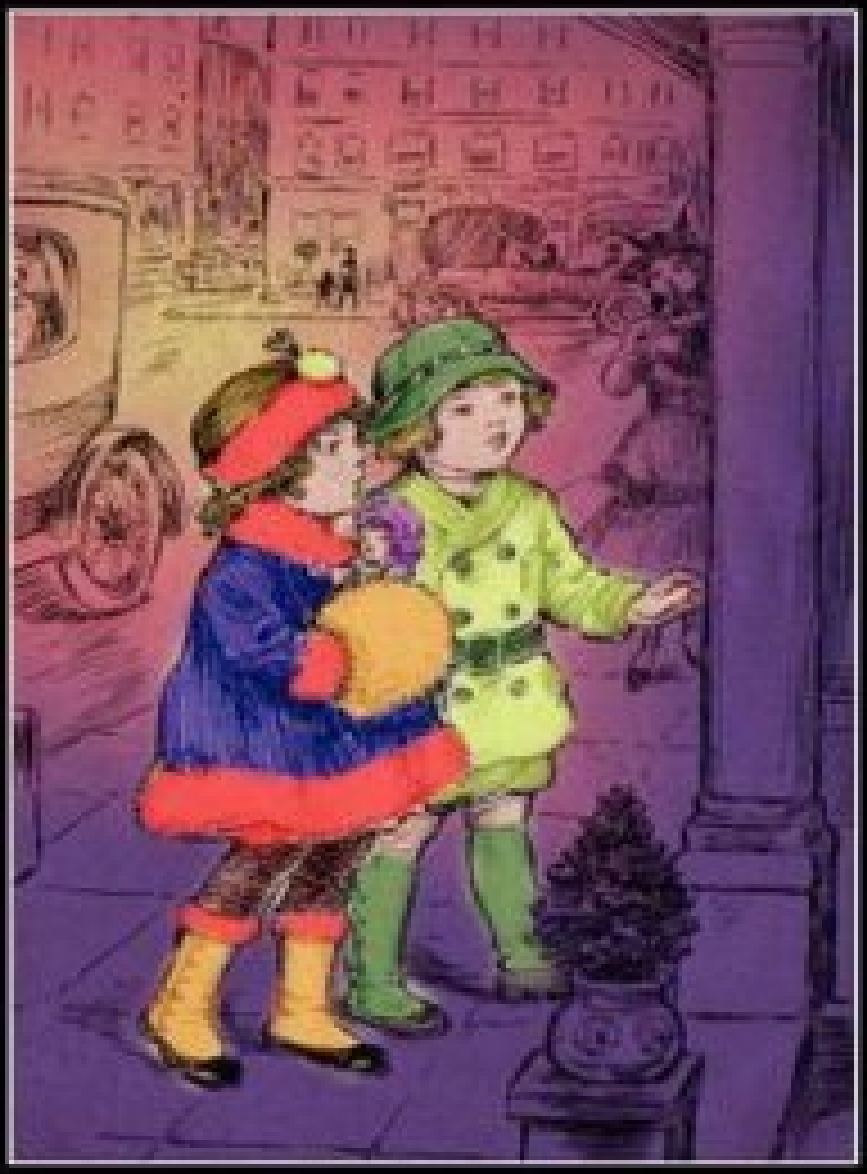


Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue at Aunt Lu's City Home

Illustrated Edition

Laura Lee Hope

DODO PRESS

The Project Gutenberg eBook, Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue at Aunt Lu's City Home, by Laura Lee Hope, Illustrated by Florence England Nosworthy

Title: Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue at Aunt Lu's City Home

Author: Laura Lee Hope

Release Date: December 19, 2006 [eBook #20133]

Language: English

Character set encoding: ISO-8859-1

E-text prepared by Marilynda Fraser-Cunliffe, J. P. W. Fraser, Emmy,

and the Project Gutenberg Online Distributed Proofreading Team (http://www.pgdp.net/)

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE AT AUNT LU'S CITY HOME

BY

LAURA LEE HOPE

AUTHOR OF
THE BUNNY BROWN SERIES, THE BOBBSEY
TWINS SERIES, THE OUTDOOR GIRLS SERIES ETC.

Illustrated by
Florence England Nosworthy

NEW YORK
GROSSET & DUNLAP
PUBLISHERS

Made in the United States of America

BOOKS

By LAURA LEE HOPE

12mo. Cloth. Illustrated.

THE BUNNY BROWN SERIES

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE ON GRANDPA'S FARM

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE PLAYING CIRCUS

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE AT AUNT LU'S CITY HOME

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE AT CAMP REST-A-WHILE

THE BOBBSEY TWINS SERIES

For Little Men and Women

THE BOBBSEY TWINS

THE BOBBSEY TWINS IN THE COUNTRY

THE BOBBSEY TWINS AT THE SEASHORE

THE BOBBSEY TWINS AT SCHOOL

THE BOBBSEY TWINS AT SNOW LODGE

THE BOBBSEY TWINS ON A HOUSEBOAT

THE BOBBSEY TWINS AT MEADOW BROOK

THE BOBBSEY TWINS AT HOME

THE OUTDOOR GIRLS SERIES

THE OUTDOOR GIRLS OF DEEPDALE

THE OUTDOOR GIRLS AT RAINBOW LAKE

THE OUTDOOR GIRLS IN A MOTOR CAR

THE OUTDOOR GIRLS IN A WINTER CAMP

THE OUTDOOR GIRLS IN FLORIDA
THE OUTDOOR GIRLS AT OCEAN VIEW
THE OUTDOOR GIRLS ON PINE ISLAND

GROSSET & DUNLAP
PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue at Aunt Lu's City Home.

"THIS IS WHERE AUNT LU LIVES"

Frontispiece (*Page 93.*)

Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue at Aunt Lu's City Home.

CONTENTS

chapter		page
I.	A Midnight Alarm	1
II.	Bunny and Sue Go Out	14
III.	Aunt Lu's Invitation	23
IV.	On the Grocery Wagon	33
V.	Surprising Old Miss Hollyhock	40
VI.	Off for New York	49
VII.	On the Train	58
VIII.	Aunt Lu's Surprise	68
IX.	The Wrong House	80
X.	In the Dumb Waiter	95
XI.	A Long Ride	105
XII.	Bunny Orders Dinner	116
XIII.	The Stray Dog	129
XIV.	The Ragged Man	138
XV.	Bunny Goes Fishing	148
XVI.	Lost in New York	157
XVII.	At the Police Station	166
XVIII.	Home Again	175
XIX.	Bunny Flies a Kite	184
XX.	The Play Party	193
XXI.	The Real Party	202
XXII.	In the Park	211

XXIII. Old Aunt Sallie 218
XXIV. Wopsie's Folks 228
XXV. A Happy Christmas 236

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE AT AUNT LU'S CITY HOME

CHAPTER I

A MIDNIGHT ALARM

"Bunny! Bunny Brown! Sue, dear! Aren't you going to get up?"

Mrs. Brown stood in the hall, calling to her two sleeping children. The sun was shining brightly out of doors, but the little folks had not yet gotten out of bed.

"My! But you are sleeping late this morning!" went on Mrs. Brown. "Come, Bunny! Sue! It's time for breakfast!"

There was a patter of bare feet in one room. Then a little voice called.

"Oh, Bunny! I'm up first. Come on, we'll go and help grandma feed the chickens!"

Little Sue Brown tapped on the door of her brother's room.

"Get up, Bunny!" she cried, laughing. "I'm up first; Let's go and get the eggs."

In the room where Bunny Brown slept could be heard a sort of grunting, stretching, yawning sound. That was the little boy waking up. He heard what his sister Sue said.

"Ho! Ho!" he laughed, as he rubbed his sleepy eyes: "Go to get eggs with grandma! I guess you think we're back on grandpa's farm; don't you Sue?" and he came to his door to look out into the hall, where his mother stood smiling at the two children.

When Bunny said that, Sue looked at him in surprise. She rubbed her hand across her eyes once or twice, glanced around the hall, back into her room, and then at her mother. A queer look was on Sue's face.

"Why—why!" she exclaimed. "Oh, why, Bunny Brown! That's just what I did think! I thought we were back at grandpa's, and we're not at all—we're in our home; aren't we?"

"Of course!" laughed Mrs. Brown. "But you were sleeping so late that I thought I had better call you. Aren't you ready to get up? The sun came up long ago, and he's now shining brightly."

"Did the sun have its breakfast, Mother?" asked Bunny.

"Yes, little man. He drank a lot of dew, off the flowers. That's all he ever takes. Now you two get dressed, and come down and have your breakfast, so we can clear away the dishes. Hurry now!"

Mrs. Brown went down stairs, leaving Bunny and Sue to dress by themselves, for they were old enough for that now.

"Oh, Bunny!" exclaimed the little girl, as she went back in her own room. "I really did think, when I first woke up, that we were back at Grandpa Brown's, and that we were going out to help grandma feed the hens."

"Do you wish we were, Sue?" asked Bunny.

"Oh, I don't know, Bunny," said Sue slowly. "I did like it at grandma's, and we had lots of fun playing circus. But I like it at home here, too."

"So do I," said Bunny, as he started to get dressed.

The two children, with their father and mother, had come back, only the day before, from a long visit to Grandpa Brown's, in the country. I'll

tell you about that a little later. So it is no wonder that Sue, awakening from the first night's sleep in her own house, after the long stay in the country, should think she was back at grandpa's.

"Bunny, Bunny!" called Sue, after a bit.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Will you button my dress for me?"

"Is it one of the kind that buttons up the back, Sue?"

"Yes. If it buttoned in front I could do it myself. Will you help me, just as you did once before, 'cause I'm hungry for breakfast!"

"Yep, I'll help you, Sue. Only I hope your dress isn't got a lot of buttons on, Sue. I always get mixed up when you make me button that kind, for I have some buttons, or button-holes, left over every time."

"This dress only has four buttons on it, Bunny, an' they're big ones."

"That's good!" cried the little fellow, and he had soon buttoned Sue's dress for her. Then the two children went down to breakfast.

"What can we do now, Bunny?" asked Sue, as they arose from the table. "We want to have some fun."

"Yes," said Bunny. "We do."

That was about all he and Sue thought of when they did not have to go to school. They were always looking for some way to have fun. And they found it, nearly always.

For Bunny Brown was a bright, daring little chap, always ready to do something, and very often he got into mischief when looking for fun. Nor was that the worst of it, for he took Sue with him wherever he went, so she fell into mischief too. But she didn't mind. She was always as ready for fun as was Bunny, and the two had many good

times together—"The Brown twins," some persons called them, though they were not, for Bunny was a year older than Sue, being six, while she was only a little over five, about "half-past five," as she used to say, while Bunny was "growing on seven."

"Yes," said Bunny slowly, as he went out on the shady porch with his sister Sue, "we want to have some fun."

"Let's go down to the fish dock," said Sue. "We haven't seen the boats for a long time. We didn't see any while we were at grandpa's."

"Course not," agreed Bunny. "They don't have boats on a farm. But we had a nice ride on the duck pond, on the raft, Sue."

"Yes, we did, Bunny. But we got all wet and muddy." Sue laughed as she remembered that, and so did Bunny.

"All right, we'll go down to the fish dock," agreed the little boy.

Their father, Mr. Walter Brown, was in the boat business at Bellemere, on Sandport bay, near the ocean. Mr. Brown owned many boats, and fishermen hired some, to go away out on the ocean, and catch fish and lobsters. Other men hired sail boats, row boats or gasoline motor boats to take rides in on the ocean or bay, and often Bunny and Sue would have boat trips, too.

The children always liked to go down to the fish dock, and watch the boats of the fishermen come in, laden with what the men had caught in their nets. Mr. Brown had an office on the fish dock.

"Where are you two children going?" called Mrs. Brown after Bunny and Sue, as they went out the front gate.

"Down to Daddy's dock," replied Bunny.

"Well, be careful you don't fall in the water."

"We won't," promised Sue. "Wait 'til I get my doll, Bunny!" she called to her brother.

She ran back into the house, and came out, in a little while, carrying a big doll.

"I didn't take you to grandpa's with me," said Sue, talking to the doll as though it were a real baby, "but I'll take you down to see the fish now. You like fish, don't you, dollie?"

"She wouldn't like 'em if they bit her," said Bunny.

"I won't let 'em bite her!" retorted Sue.

At the fish dock Bunny and Sue saw a tall, good-natured, red-haired boy coming out of their father's office.

"Oh, Bunker Blue!" cried Bunny. "Are any fish boats coming in?"

Bunker Blue was Mr. Brown's helper, and was very fond of Bunny and Sue. He had been to grandpa's farm, in the country, with them.

"Yes, one of the fish boats is coming in now," said Bunker. "You can come with me and watch."

Bunny took hold of one of Bunker's hands, and Sue the other. They always did this when they went out on the dock, for the water was very deep on each side, and though the children could swim a little, they did not want to fall into such deep water; especially with all their clothes on.

Soon they were at the end of the dock. Coming up to it was a sailing boat, that had been out to sea for fish.

"Did you get many?" called Bunker to the captain.

"Yes, quite a few fish this time. Want to come and look at them? Bring the children!"

"Oh, can we go on the boat?" asked Bunny eagerly.

"I guess so," said Bunker Blue.

He led the children carefully to the deck of the fish boat. Bunny and Sue looked down into a hole, through an opening in the deck. The hole was filled with fish, some of which were still flapping their tails, for they had only just been taken out of the nets.

"Oh-o-o-o! What a lot of fish!" exclaimed Sue. She leaned over to see better, when, all at once, her doll slipped from her arms, and fell right down among the flapping fish.

"Oh, dear!" cried Sue.

"I'll get her for you!" cried Bunny, and he was just going to jump down in among the fish, too, but Bunker Blue caught him by the arm.

"You'll spoil all your clothes if you do that, little man!" Bunker said.

"But I want to get Sue's doll!"

Bunny himself did not care anything about dolls; he would not play with them. But he loved his sister Sue, and he knew that she was very fond of this doll, so he wanted to get it for her. That was why he was ready to jump down in the hold (as that part of the ship is called) among the flapping fish.

"I'll get her for you," said Bunker. With a long pole Bunker fished up the doll. Her dress was all wet, for there was water on the fish.

"And oh! dear! She smells just like a fish herself!" cried Sue, puckering up her nose in a funny way.

"You can take off her dress and wash it," said Bunny.

"Yes," said Sue, "I can do that, and I will." She took off the doll's

dress, and then looked for some place to wash it.

"Here, Sue, give it to me," said the captain of the boat, for he knew Bunny and Sue very well indeed. "I'll soon have the dress clean for you."

"How?" asked Sue, as she gave it to Captain Tuttle.

He tied the dress to a string, and then dipped it in the water, over the side of the boat. Up and down in the water he lifted the doll's dress, pulling it up by the string.

"That's how we sailors wash our clothes when we're in a hurry," said Captain Tuttle. "Now when your doll's dress is dry, it will be nice and clean. You can hang it up here to dry, while you're watching us take out the fish."

He fastened Sue's doll's dress on a line over the cabin, and then he and his men took the fish out of the boat, and packed them in barrels in ice to send to the city.

Bunny and Sue looked on, and thought it great fun. Sometimes a big flat fish, called a flounder, would slip from one of the baskets, in which the men were putting them, and flop out on deck, almost sliding overboard.

Soon all the fish were out, and as Sue's doll's dress was now dry, she and Bunny started back home.

"Well, we had fun then, Sue," said the little boy. "Didn't we?"

"Yes," agreed his sister. "But what can we do this afternoon?"

"Oh, we'll go down to Charlie Star's house and have some fun. He's got a new swing and a hammock."

"Oh, that will be fine!" cried Sue.

The children had a good time playing with Charlie that afternoon. Others of their playmates came also, and Bunny and Sue told of the jolly fun they had had in the country, on grandpa's farm.

After a while the sun, that had been shining brightly all day, began to get ready to go to bed, down back of the hills where the clouds would cover it up until morning. And it was time also, for Bunny Brown and his sister Sue to go to bed. All the little folk of the town of Bellemere were getting sleepy.

How long Bunny and Sue slept they did not know. But Bunny was dreaming he had turned into a fish, and was going to flop into the water, and Sue was dreaming that she and her doll were having a fine ride in a motor boat, when both children were awakened by the loud ringing of a bell.

"Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong!" went the bell.

"Is that our door bell?" asked Sue of Bunny, who slept in the room next to hers, the door being open between.

"No, I guess it's a church bell," said Bunny, half awake.

Then he and his sister heard their father moving around his room.

"What is it, Walter?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"It's a midnight alarm," he answered. "I guess it must be a fire, though it's the church bell that's ringing. I can't see any blaze from my window, but it must be a fire, or why would they ring the bell?"

"And why should they ring the church bell, when we have a fire bell?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"I don't know," answered her husband. "I guess I'd better get up, and see what it is. I wouldn't want any of my boats to burn up."

CHAPTER II

BUNNY AND SUE GO OUT

Bunny Brown, in his little room, and Sue Brown, in hers, jumped out of bed and ran to the window. They could hear the ringing of the church bell more plainly now.

"Ding-dong! Ding-dong!" it sounded through the silence of the night. It was not altogether dark, for there was a big, bright moon in the sky, and it was almost as light as a cloudy day.

"Can you see any blaze?" Bunny and Sue heard their mother ask their father.

"No, not a thing. But it's funny that that bell should ring. I'm going out to see what it is."

"I'll come with you," said Mrs. Brown. "I'll just put on my slippers, a bath robe and a cloak, and come along. It's so warm that I'll not get cold."

"All right, come along," said Mr. Brown. "The children are asleep and they won't miss us."

Bunny and Sue felt like laughing when they heard this. They were not asleep, but their father and mother did not know they were awake. Pretty soon Mr. and Mrs. Brown slipped quietly down the stairs and out of the house—out into the moonlit night. The church bell was still ringing loudly, and Bunny and Sue could hear the neighbors, in the houses on either side of them, talking about it. Everyone wondered if

there was a fire.

"Oh, Bunny!" called Sue in a whisper to her brother, when daddy and Mother Brown had gone out. "Is you awake, Bunny?"

"Yep, course I am! Are you?"

"Yep. Say, Bunny, let's go to the fire; will you?"

"Yep. I'll just put on my bath robe and slippers."

"An' I will too. We'll go and see what it is. Daddy and mother won't care, and we can come home with them."

Now while Bunny Brown and his sister Sue are getting ready to go out to see what that midnight alarm means, I'll tell you a little bit about the children, and the other books, of Which this is one in a series.

The first book was called "Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue." In that I told you that Bunny and Sue lived with their father and mother in Bellemere, near the ocean. Mr. Brown was in the boat business, and he had a big boy, Bunker Blue, as well as other men and boys, to help him. But of them all Bunny and Sue liked Bunker Blue best.

In the first book I told how Bunny's and Sue's Aunt Lu came from the city of New York to pay them a long visit, how she lost her diamond ring, and how Bunny found it in the queerest way.

In the second book, named "Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue on Grandpa's Farm," I told how the Brown family went on a trip in a big automobile. It was a regular moving van of an automobile, and so large that Bunny and Sue, Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Bunker Blue could eat and sleep in it. They camped out during the two or more days they were making the trip to grandpa's.

And what fun the children had in the country! You may read in the book all about how they saw the Gypsies, how they were frightened by

tramps at the picnic, how they were lost, and what jolly times they had with their dog Splash.

Then, too, Bunny and Sue helped find grandpa's horses, that the Gypsies had taken away. So, altogether, the children had lots of fun on Grandpa Brown's farm. They even went to a circus, and this brings me to the third book, which is called: "Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue Playing Circus."

And that is just what Bunny and Sue did. They got up a little circus of their own, and held it in grandpa's barn. Then Bunker Blue, and some of the larger boys in the country, thought they would get up a show. They did, and held it in two tents. Of course Bunny and Sue helped.

A week or so after the circus Bunny and Sue, with Bunker, and their father and mother (and of course their dog Splash) came back from the country in the big automobile.

Bunny and Sue had many friends in Bellemere where they lived. Not only were the boys and girls their friends, but also many grown folk, who liked the Brown children very much indeed. There was Mrs. Redden, who kept the village candy store, and there was Uncle Tad, an old soldier, who lived in the Brown house. Bunny and Sue liked them very much.

Then there was old Jed Winkler, a sailor, who lived with his sister, Miss Euphemia Winkler, and a monkey. That's right! Mr. Winkler did have a pet monkey named Wango, and he was very funny—I mean the monkey was funny. He was so gentle that Bunny and Sue often petted him, and gave him candy and peanuts to eat. Wango did many queer tricks.

But now I think I have told you enough about Bunny and Sue, as well as about their friends, so we will go back to the children. We left

them getting ready to go out into the moonlight, you know, to see what the ringing of the church bell meant.

"Is you all ready, Bunny?" called Sue when she had put on her bath robe and slippers.

"Yep," he answered. "Come on."

Hand in hand the children went softly down the front stairs, as their father and mother had done. Mr. and Mrs. Brown were now out in the street, some distance away from the house. Men and women from several other houses, near that of the Brown family, were also out, wondering why the bell was ringing.

"Don't wake up Uncle Tad!" whispered Bunny to Sue, as they walked along so softly in their bath slippers.

"No, I won't," answered the little girl. "And don't wake up Mary, either. She might not let us go."

"All right," whispered Bunny.

Mary was the cook, but, as she slept up on the third floor, she would hardly hear the children going out.

"Shut the door easy," said Bunny to Sue, as they reached the front steps. "Don't let it slam."

They had found the door open, as Mr. and Mrs. Brown had left it, and the two children, each taking hold of it, closed it softly after them.

"Now we're all right!" whispered Bunny, as he started down the street on the run, for the bell was ringing louder than ever now, and Bunny was anxious to see the fire, if there was one. He hoped it would not be one of his father's boats, or the office on the fish dock.

"Wait! Wait for me!" cried Sue to her brother. "I can't run so fast,

Bunny, 'cause I'll stumble over my bath robe. It's awful long!"

"Hold it up, just as I do," said Bunny, turning around to look at his sister. "Hold it up, and then your legs won't get tangled in it."

Sue pulled the robe up to her knees, and held it there. Bunny was doing the same thing, the bare legs of the children showing white in the moonlight. Bunny started off again.

"Wait! Wait!" begged Sue. "Take hold of my hand, Bunny."

"I can't!" he answered. "I've got to hold up my robe, or I'll tumble and bump my nose. Besides, how can I take hold of your hand when you haven't got any hand for me to take hold of?"

That was true enough. Sue was holding up her long robe with both hands.

"If I had some string I could tie up our robes," said Bunny, looking on the moonlit sidewalk, hoping he might find a piece. "But I hasn't got any," he said, "so I can't hold your hand, Sue. But I'll go slow for you."

He waited for his sister to catch up to him, and then the two children hurried on. They could go faster now, for their long bath robes did not dangle around their feet.

Down the street they hurried. The bell kept ringing and ringing, and Bunny and Sue could see and hear many other persons who had gotten up to see what it all meant, and who were now hurrying down the street.

"Oh, Bunny!" said Sue. "Isn't it just nice out to-night?"

"Yes," he said. The night was warm, and the moon was bright. Bunny Brown and his sister Sue did not think they were doing wrong to get up at midnight, and run down the street.

"I—I wonder where mother is?" said Sue, as they turned a corner.

"We don't want to see her, or daddy either," answered Bunny, keeping in the shadows, out of sight.

"Why not, Bunny Brown? Why don't we want to see our papa or mamma?"

"'Cause they'll send us back to bed, and we want to see the fire."

"Oh! do you think there is a fire, Bunny?"

"I guess so, or the bell wouldn't ring. But we'll soon see it, Sue, for we're almost at the church."

CHAPTER III

AUNT LU'S INVITATION.

"Ding-dong!" went the bell in the steeple. "Ding-dong! Ding-dong!"

By this time many persons were out in the street. Mr. Gorden, the grocery man, who lived next door to the Brown family, saw Bunny and Sue hurrying along.

"Hello!" he cried. "What are you two youngsters doing up at this hour of night?"

"We—we came to see the fire," said Bunny.

"Where is your pa and your ma?" asked Mr. Gordon.

"They—they went on ahead," explained Bunny.

"Oh, well, if they're with you I guess it's all right," the grocer said.

Of course Mr. and Mrs. Brown were not with Bunny and Sue, and their parents didn't even know that the children were out of their beds. But Mr. Gordon thought Bunny and Sue were all right, for he hurried on, calling back over his shoulder:

"I don't know where the fire is. I think it must be a mistake, for I don't see any bright light. Good-night, Bunny and Sue!"

"Good-night!" called the children, and they followed on behind Mr. Gordon.

Now they were in front of the church. Before it was quite a crowd of

people, but Bunny and Sue seemed to be the only children. At first no one noticed them. Everyone was anxious to know what the ringing of the bell meant.

"Where's the fire?"

"Who rang the alarm?"

"Why didn't they ring the fire bell instead of the church bell?"

"Who's ringing it, anyhow?"

"And what a funny way to ring it!"

Those were some of the remarks and questions Bunny and Sue heard, as they stood in front of the church.

"Ding-dong!" the bell kept on ringing. "Ding-dong!"

"Well, there's one thing sure," said Mr. Gordon. "There isn't any fire around here, or we'd see it."

"Then someone must be ringing the bell for fun," suggested another voice.

"That's daddy," whispered Sue to Bunny.

"Hush!" Bunny said, as he moved around behind Mr. Gordon. He did not want his father or his mother to see him just yet—not until he had found out what made the bell ring.

"It must be some boys doing it just for fun," said another man.

"Then we ought to get the police after them!" exclaimed someone else. "The idea of waking folks up at this hour of the night by ringing a church bell! They ought to be spanked!"

"Ding-dong! Ding-dong!" went the bell again. Everyone looked up

at the church steeple, trying to see who was ringing the bell. There was no fire—everyone was sure of that.

Then, all at once a man cried:

"There he is! I see him! There's the boy who has been ringing the bell!"

He pointed up to the steeple. Climbing out of one of the little windows, near the top, could be seen something small and black.

"It's a boy—a little boy!" cried Mr. Gordon.

"Oh, he'll fall!" gasped Mrs. Brown. "The poor little fellow! How will he ever get down?"

Indeed he was very high above the ground. But he did not seem to be afraid.

"Little tyke!" said a man. "He ought to be spanked for this! I wonder whose boy he is?"

"I'm glad it isn't Bunny or Sue," said Mrs. Brown.

"Yes, they are safe at home in bed," answered Mr. Brown.

And, all this while, mind you, Bunny and Sue were right there in the crowd, where they could hear their father and their mother talking. But Mr. and Mrs. Brown did not see their children.

"Who are you, up there on that steeple?" cried Mr. Gordon. "Whose boy are you, and what are you doing there?"

There was no answer.

"Maybe it's Ben Hall, the circus boy," said Sue, as she thought of the strange boy who had come to grandpa's farm.

"No, it couldn't be!" said Bunny.

"It might," Sue went on. "Ben was a good climber, you know. He climbed up high in the barn, and jumped down in the hay, and he turned a somersault."

"Yes, but the church steeple is higher than the barn," said Bunny. "That isn't Ben Hall. It's a little boy—not much bigger than I am."

Just then the moon, which had been behind a cloud, came out. The church steeple was well lighted up, and then everyone cried:

"Why, it isn't a boy at all! It's a monkey!"

"A monkey has been ringing the bell!"

"Whose monkey is it?" someone asked.

"Why it's Wango!" exclaimed Bunny Brown, out loud, before he thought. "It's Mr. Winkler's monkey, Wango!"

"And I know how to get him down!" chimed in Sue. "Just give him some peanuts, and he'll come down!"

The children's voices rang out clearly in the silence of the night. Everyone heard them, Mr. and Mrs. Brown included.

"Why—why, that sounded just like Bunny!" said Mrs. Brown.

"And Sue," added Mr. Brown. "Bunny! Sue!" he called. "Are you here? Where are you?"

"We—we're here, Daddy," said Bunny, sliding out from behind Mr. Gordon.

"And I'm here, too!" said Sue. She let her bath robe fall down over her bare legs.

"Well I never!" cried Mrs. Brown. "I thought you were at home in bed!"

"We—we heard the fire-bell, Mother," said Bunny, "and when you and daddy got up we got up, too."

"But we didn't wake Uncle Tad nor Mary," said Sue.

The crowd laughed, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown had to smile. After all, Bunny and Sue had done nothing so very wrong. It was a warm, light night, and they were not far from home. Besides, they were only following their father and mother, though of course they ought not to have done that.

"Well, well!" said Mrs. Brown. "I wonder what you children will do next?"

"We—we don't know," answered Sue, and everyone laughed again.

"As long as there isn't any fire, we'd better get back home," said Mr. Brown. "Come on, Bunny and Sue."

"Oh, please let us watch 'em get Wango down," begged Bunny. "Did he really ring the bell?"

"I guess he must have," said Mr. Gordon. "He's a great monkey for getting loose, and doing tricks. I don't see how we're going to get him down if he doesn't want to come, though. It's too high to climb after him."

"If we had some peanuts or lollypops, he'd come down," said Sue. "Once he was up on a high candy shelf in Mrs. Redden's store, and he came down for peanuts."

"Well, we might try that," said the store-keeper. "But here comes Mr. Winkler himself. I guess he'll know how to manage Wango."

The old sailor, who had also been awakened by the ringing of the bell, came slowly down the street. He looked toward the church steeple in the moonlight, and saw his pet.

"Wango, you bad monkey! Come right down here!" called Mr. Winkler.

But Wango only chattered, and stayed where he was.

"How'd he get up there?" someone asked.

"Oh, he broke loose in the night, when we were all asleep, and jumped out of an open window," said Mr. Winkler. "I suppose he must have climbed up inside the church steeple, and, seeing the bell rope hanging down, he swung himself by it, as he does on a rope I have fixed for him at home. His swinging back and forth on the rope rang the bell. I don't really believe he meant to do it."

And that was how it had happened, and how Wango had made people think there was a fire in the middle of the night when there wasn't any fire at all.

"Wango, come down!" called Mr. Winkler.

But the monkey would not come.

"If you had some peanuts he'd come," said Sue.

"I have some peanuts, little Sue," said Mr. Winkler, and he brought out a handful from his pocket. "Here, Wango, come and get these!" the old sailor called.

Wango chattered, and came scrambling down the church steeple. He liked peanuts very much, and he was soon perched on his master's shoulder eating the brown kernels, and throwing the shells to one side.

"Well, now that everything is over all right, we'll go back home," said Mr. Brown. "But the next time a bell rings at night, I don't want you children running out," he said.

"We won't," promised Bunny. "But it was so nice and warm, and moonlight, that we couldn't stay in, Daddy."

Daddy Brown laughed, and a little later he and his wife, with Bunny and Sue, were safe at home. They went in without awakening Uncle Tad or Mary, the cook. The other people also went home. Mr. Winkler fastened Wango so he could not get loose, and soon everyone was asleep again, even the bell-ringing monkey.

In the morning Bunny and Sue went over to see the old sailor's pet. Wango jumped around on his perch and chattered, for he liked the children.

"I—I wish we'd had him in the circus at grandpa's farm," said Bunny, as he watched Wango do some of his tricks. "He would have made them all laugh."

"Yes," said Sue. "Wango is funny!" and she petted the little, brown animal.

When Bunny and Sue reached home again, munching on some cookies Miss Winkler had given them, they found their mother reading a letter.

"Good news, children!" Mother Brown cried. "Good news!"

"Oh, are we going back to grandpa's farm?" asked Bunny.

"No, not this time," said his mother. "This is a letter from Aunt Lu. She invites us to come to her home, in New York City, to spend the fall and winter. Oh, it's just a lovely invitation from Aunt Lu!"

CHAPTER IV

ON THE GROCERY WAGON

Bunny Brown and his sister Sue began to dance up and down, and to clap their fat little hands. They always did this when they were happy over some pleasure that was coming. And surely it would be a pleasure to go to Aunt Lu's city home.

"Oh, Mother, may we go?" cried Bunny.

"Please say we can!" begged Sue.

"Why, yes, I think we'll go," smiled Mother Brown. "I have been thinking for some time of paying Aunt Lu a visit, and, now that she asks us to come, I think we will go."

"And will daddy come?" Bunny wanted to know.

"Well, he can't come and stay as long as we shall stay, perhaps," said Mrs. Brown, "but he may be with us part of the time, as he was at grandpa's farm."

"Oh, goodie! What fun we'll have! Oh, goodie! What fun we'll have!" sang Sue, dancing around, holding her doll by one arm.

"And we'll ride in street cars, and on the steam cars," said Bunny, "and I'll see a policeman and a fireman and the fire engines, and we'll have ice cream cones, and—and——"

But that was all the little boy could think of just then, and he had to stop to catch his breath, which had nearly got away from him, he had

talked so fast.

"There won't be any horses to ride, and we can't see the ducks and chickens," said Sue, "like we did on grandpa's farm in the country, Bunny."

"No, but we can see lots of other things in the city. I know we'll have plenty of fun, Sue."

"Yes, I guess we will. When are we going, Mother?"

"Oh, in about a week, I think. I'll write and tell Aunt Lu we are coming."

"She hasn't lost her diamond ring again; has she?" asked Bunny.

"No, I guess not. She doesn't say anything about it, if she has," answered Mrs. Brown.

"'Cause if she had lost it we'd help her find it," the little boy went on. "Oh, Sue! aren't you glad we're going?"

"Well, I just guess I am!" said Sue, happily, singing again.

She and Bunny talked of nothing else all that day but of the visit to Aunt Lu, and at night, when they were going to bed, they made plans of what they would do when they got to Aunt Lu's city house in New York.

"You'll come; won't you, Daddy?" asked Bunny, at breakfast the next morning, just before Mr. Brown was ready to start for his office at the fish dock.

"Well, yes, I guess I'll come down when it gets so cold here that the boats can't go out in the bay on account of the ice," said daddy.

"Oh, are we going to stay until winter?" asked Sue.

"Yes, we shall stay over Christmas," her mother answered.

"Will there be a place to slide down hill?" Bunny wanted to know.

"I'm afraid not, in New York City," Mr. Brown said. "But you can have other kinds of fun, Bunny and Sue."

"Oh, I can hardly wait for the time to come!" cried Sue, as she once more danced around the room with her doll.

"Let's go out in the yard and play teeter-tauter," called Bunny. "That will make the time pass quicker, Sue."

Bunker Blue had made for the children a seesaw from a long plank put over a wooden sawhorse. When Bunny sat on one end of the plank, and Sue on the other, they went first up and then down, "teeter-tauter, bread and water," as they sang when they played this game.

Soon the brother and sister were enjoying themselves this way, talking about what fun they would have at Aunt Lu's city home. Then, all at once, Bunny jumped off the seesaw, and of course Sue came down with a bump.

"Oh, Bunny Brown!" she cried, "what did you do that for? Why didn't you tell me you were goin' to get off, an' then I could stop myself from bumpin'."

"I'm sorry," said Bunny. "I didn't know I was going to jump till I did. Did you get hurted?"

"No, but I might have. And you knocked my doll out of my lap, and maybe she's hurted."

"Oh, you can't hurt a doll!" cried Bunny. "Pooh!"

"Yes you can, too!"

"No you can't!"

The children might have gone on talking in this unpleasant way for some time, only, just then, up the side drive came Mr. Gordon's grocery wagon, with Tommie Tobin, the grocery boy, on the seat driving the horse.

"Oh, he's got things in for us!" cried Sue. "Let's go an' see what they is, Bunny. Maybe it's cookies, and we can have one. I'm hungry, and it isn't near dinner time yet. It's only cookie time."

The two children went over to the grocery wagon. Tommie Tobin jumped off the seat, and hurried into the Brown kitchen with a basket of things. He did not see Bunny and Sue, as they were on the other side of the wagon.

Just then Bunny had an idea. He often got ideas in his queer little head.

"Oh, Sue!" he cried. "I know what let's do!"

"What?" she asked.

"Let's get in the grocery wagon, and have a ride."

"Oh, Bunny! All right. Let's!"

Softly the children drew nearer the wagon. Then Sue thought of something.

"But, Bunny," she said, "Tommie won't like it. Maybe he won't let us ride."

"Oh, he'll like it all right," said Bunny. "He gave Charlie Star a ride the other day. Anyhow he won't know it."

"Who won't know it; Charlie?"

"No, Tommie. We'll get in the wagon, and hide down between the

boxes and baskets, while he's in our house. Then he won't see us. Come on, Sue."

"But it's so high up I can't get in, Bunny."

"Oh, I'll help you. Here, we can stand on this box, and then we can easy get up."

Bunny found a box beside the drive-way. He put it up near the back of the grocery wagon, and stood up on it. Then he helped Sue up on the box.

"Now you can get in," said the little boy. "I'll boost you, just like Bunker Blue boosts me when I climb trees. Up you go, Sue!"

Bunny raised Sue up from the box. She put one leg over the tail-board of the wagon, and down inside she tumbled in the midst of the grocery packages, the boxes and baskets.

"Here I come!" cried Bunny, and in he came tumbling. He fell between Sue and a bag of potatoes. Just then the children heard a joyous whistle.

"Now keep still—keep very still," whispered Bunny to Sue. "Here comes Tommie, and if he doesn't see us he'll drive off and give us a nice ride. Keep still, Sue."

Sue kept very still. So did Bunny. Tommie came out whistling. He tossed the empty basket into the back of the wagon, gave one jump up on to the seat, and cried:

"Giddap!"

Off trotted the horse with the wagon, taking Sue and Bunny for a ride, along with the groceries.

CHAPTER V

SURPRISING OLD MISS HOLLYHOCK

"Aren't we having a fine ride, Bunny?"

"Hush, Sue! Not so loud! He'll hear us!" whispered the little boy, as he and his sister cuddled down in among the boxes and baskets in the grocery wagon.

"But it is a nice ride; isn't it?"

"It sure is, Sue." Bunny laughed in a sort of whisper, so Tommie, the boy who drove the wagon, would not hear him. And, so far, Tommie had no idea that he was taking with him Bunny and Sue.

The two children had no idea where they were going. They often did things like that, without thinking, and sometimes they were sorry afterward. But it had seemed all right to them to get into the wagon for a ride.

"We won't go very far," Bunny went on, in another whisper, after a bit. "We'll just ride around the block, and then get out."

"Will we have to walk home?" Sue asked.

"Maybe Tommie will drive us back," said Bunny. "He's real good, you know."

"I'd rather ride than walk," said Sue.

Tommie was whistling away as loudly as he could, and this, with the rattle of the wagon, and the clatter of the horse's hoofs made so much noise that the whisperings of Bunny and Sue were not heard by the grocery boy.

The horse began to trot slowly, and Bunny and Sue, peering out from the back of the wagon, saw that it was going to stop in front of Charlie Star's house.

"What's he stopping for?" asked Sue.

"Hush!" whispered Bunny. "I guess Tommie is going to leave some groceries here."

Bunny had guessed right. Tommie reached back inside the wagon, and picked up a basket full of packages and bundles. The delivery boy did not notice Bunny and Sue, who crouched down low, so as to keep out of sight. Then, still whistling, Tommie ran up the walk with some groceries for Mrs. Star.

In a little while Tommie was back again, and once more the horse trotted off as the grocery boy called: "Giddap there, Prince!" Prince was the name of the horse.

"Oh, this sure is a fine ride!" said Sue, laughing and snuggling close up to Bunny. "Aren't you glad we came?"

"Yes," he answered, "but I hope he brings us back. We're a long way from home now, and it's pretty far to walk."

"Oh, I guess he'll take us," said Sue. "Anyhow we're having a good time, and so is my doll," and she looked at her toy which she had brought with her. The doll was now sound asleep on a pound of butter in one of the baskets, her feet resting on a bag of sugar, and one arm stretched over a box of crackers.

"She won't get hungry, anyhow," said Bunny with a laugh.

"She doesn't eat when she's asleep," said Sue.

Tommy stopped his grocery wagon several times, to leave boxes or baskets of good things at the different houses. Finally he stopped in front of a house where lived Mr. Thompson, and here Tommie had to wait a long time, for the Thompson family was very large, and they bought a number of groceries. Tommie used to write down in his book the different things Mrs. Thompson wanted to order, so he could bring them to her the next time he drove past.

Bunny and Sue, cuddled down amid the boxes and baskets, did not like to stay still so long. They wanted to be riding. Finally Sue looked out of the back of the wagon and said:

"Oh, Bunny, look! There's where old Miss Hollyhock lives," and she pointed to a shabby little house, where lived a poor old woman. "Hollyhock" was not her name, but everyone called her that because she had so many of those old-fashioned flowers around her house. She was so poor that often she did not have much to eat, except what the neighbors gave her. Mrs. Brown often sent her things, and once Bunny and Sue sold lemonade, and gave the money they took in to old Miss Hollyhock.

"Yes, that's where she lives," said Bunny.

"And maybe she's hungry now," Sue went on.

"Maybe she is," agreed Bunny.

"We could give her something to eat," suggested Sue, after thinking a few seconds.

"How?" Bunny wanted to know.

"Look at all these groceries," Sue said. "There's a lot here that Tommie don't need. We could get out, and take a basket full in to old

Miss Hollyhock."

"Oh, so we could!" Bunny cried. "We'll do it. Pick out the biggest basket you can find, Sue."

Neither Bunny Brown nor his sister Sue thought it would be wrong to take a basket of groceries from the wagon for poor old Miss Hollyhock. They did not stop to think that the groceries belonged to someone else. All they thought of was that the old lady might be hungry.

"We'll take this basket," said Sue. "It's got lots in."

She pointed to one that held some bread, crackers, sugar, butter, potatoes, tea and coffee. All of these things were done up in paper bags, except the potatoes. Bunny and Sue could tell which was tea and which was coffee by the smell. And they had often gone to the store for their mother, so they knew how the grocer did up other things good to eat, in different sized bags or packages.

"Yes, that will be a nice basket to take to old Miss Hollyhock," agreed Bunny. "But I don't think I can carry it, Sue."

"I'll help you," said the little girl. "Anyhow, if we can't carry it all at once, we can take it in a little at a time."

"We—we ought to have a box to step on when we get out, same as we had to get in," said Bunny.

"Here's one," and Sue pointed to an empty box in the wagon.

Bunny dragged it to the back of the wagon. The end, or "tail," board was down, so there was no trouble in dropping the box out of the wagon to the ground. Then Bunny could step on it and get out. He also helped Sue down. But first they pulled the big basket of groceries close to the end of the wagon, where they could easily reach it.

"Now we'll surprise old Miss Hollyhock," said Bunny.

"Won't it be nice!" exclaimed Sue.

They did not stop to think that they might also surprise someone else besides the poor old lady.

Looking toward the Thompson house, to make sure Tommie was not coming out, Bunny and Sue filled their little arms with bundles from the grocery basket, and started toward old Miss Hollyhock's cabin. They did not want Tommie to see what they were doing.

"'Cause maybe he wouldn't want to give her so much," said Bunny. "But mother will pay for it if we ask her to."

"Yes," said Sue.

Together they went up to old Miss Hollyhock's door. Then Bunny thought of something else.

"We'll give her a surprise," he whispered to Sue. "We'll make believe it's Valentine's Day or Hallowe'en, and we'll leave the things on her doorstep, and run away."

"That will be nice," said Sue.

The children had to make three trips before they had all the groceries out of the basket and piled nicely on the front steps of old Miss Hollyhock's house. But at last it was all done, and Bunny and Sue climbed back in the wagon again. Bunny even reached down and pulled up after him the box on which he and his sister had stepped when they got in and out.

All this while Tommie had not come out of the Thompson house, so of course he had not seen what the children had done. Soon after Bunny and Sue were safely snuggled down amid the boxes and

baskets once more, the grocery boy came down the walk whistling.

He threw an empty basket into the wagon, put in his pocket the book in which he had written down the order Mrs. Thompson had given him, and cried to Prince:

"Giddap!"

"And he giddapped as fast as anything!" said Sue, in telling about it afterward. "He giddapped so fast that I tumbled over backward into a box of strawberries. But I didn't smash very many, and Bunny and me ate 'em, so it didn't hurt much."

On went the grocery horse, and pretty soon Tommie, on the front seat, cried:

"Whoa!"

The horse stopped in front of a big house where lived Mr. Jones. Tommie looked back into the wagon. He did not see Bunny and Sue, for they had pulled a horse blanket over themselves to hide, since there were not so many boxes in the wagon now.

"Hello!" cried Tommie in surprise. "Where's that big basket of groceries for Mr. Jones? I surely put it in the wagon, but it's gone! This is queer!"

Bunny and Sue, hiding under the blanket, wondered what would happen next.

CHAPTER VI

OFF FOR NEW YORK

"Where is that basket of groceries for the Jones house? Where can it have gone to?" asked Tommie aloud, as he looked back into his wagon. "I'm sure I put it in, and now—"

He turned around on his seat, and stepped over into the back part of the wagon, among the boxes and baskets. He looked at them carefully, and finally he raised the horse blanket that was over Bunny and Sue.

"Why—why—what—what in the world are you doing here?" cried Tommie, much surprised to see the two children hiding there.

"We—we're having a ride," said Sue.

"Where did you get in?" asked Tommie.

"When you stopped at our house," answered Bunny. "And we've been riding with you ever since."

"Well, well!" cried Tommie. "And to think I never knew it! You riding in with me all the while, and I never knew a thing about it! Well, well!"

He laughed, and Bunny and Sue laughed also. It was quite a joke.

"You don't mind, do you, Tommie?" asked Bunny.

"No, not a bit. I'm glad to have you."

"And will you ride us home?" asked Sue.

"Sure, yes, of course I will. But I've got to deliver the rest of my groceries first. And that makes me think—I've lost a big basket full that ought to go to Mr. Jones. I'm sure I put 'em in the wagon, but they're not here. You didn't see a big basket of groceries—butter, bread, tea, coffee and sugar—fall out, while you were riding in there, did you?"

Bunny and Sue looked at one another. They were both thinking of the same thing.

"That must have been the basket," said Bunny slowly.

"Yes," agreed Sue.

"What basket?" asked Tommie.

"We—we gave a basket of groceries to old Miss Hollyhock," said Bunny slowly. "It was while you were in Mr. Thompson's house. You know old Miss Hollyhock is awful poor, and we gave her the things to eat. We left 'em on her doorstep."

"For a Hallowe'en surprise," added Sue, "or a Valentine, though it isn't Valentine's Day yet, either."

"So that's what happened; eh?" cried the grocery boy. "Old Miss Hollyhock has the things I ought to leave for Mrs. Jones! Well, well!"

"Is you mad?" asked Sue, for there was a queer look on Tommie's face.

"No, not exactly mad, Sue," said Tommie slowly. "But I don't know what to do. I know you meant to be kind, and good to old Miss Hollyhock; but what am I to do about the things for Mrs. Jones? I can't very well go and take them away from old Miss Hollyhock, for she must think that some of her friends sent them, as they often do. It wouldn't do to take them away."

"Oh, no! You musn't take 'em away from her, after we gave 'em to her," said Bunny. "That would make her feel bad."

"And she feels bad now, 'cause she's poor," put in Sue. "She's hungry, too, maybe."

"Yes, I guess she is," agreed Tommie. "Well, I don't know what to do. If I go back to the store to get more things for Mrs. Jones, Mr. Gordon will want to know what became of the basketful I had. And old Miss Hollyhock has them. Well—"

"Oh, I know what to do!" cried Bunny.

"What?" asked Tommie.

"You go to my house," said the little boy, "and my mamma will give you money to buy more groceries for Mrs. Jones. Then old Miss Hollyhock can keep the ones Sue and me give her. Won't that be all right?"

"Yes, I s'pose it will if your mother gives me the money," answered Tommie slowly.

"She won't have to give you the money," said Sue. "We don't pay money for groceries anyhow; we charge 'em."

"Well, it's the same thing in the end," said Tommie with a laugh. "But I guess the best I can do is to take you two youngsters home, and see what happens then. I'll tell Mrs. Jones I'll come later with her groceries."

Tommie ran up to the Jones house, and was soon back on the wagon again. He drove quite fast to the home of Bunny and Sue.

"Oh, you children!" cried Mrs. Brown, when she heard what had happened—about Bunny and Sue riding in the grocery wagon, and giving the things away to old Miss Hollyhock that Mrs. Jones ought to

have had.

"You'll pay for the groceries, won't you, Mother?" asked Bunny.

"Yes, dear, I suppose so. I know you meant to be kind, but you should ask me before you do things like that. However, the food will be a great help to old Miss Hollyhock. I was going to send her some anyhow.

"Here, Tommie, you give this note to Mr. Gordon, the grocer, and he will charge the things to me, and give you more for Mrs. Jones. I'm sorry you had all this trouble."

"Oh, I don't mind," and Tommie was smiling now. "I'm glad Bunny and Sue had a nice ride."

"And it makes you feel good to give things to people," said Bunny. "I mean it makes you feel good inside."

"Like eating bread and jam when you're hungry," observed Sue.

"No, it isn't like that," said Bunny. "'Cause when your hungry, and you eat bread and jam it makes you feel good here," and he put his hand on his stomach. "But when you make somebody, like old Miss Hollyhock, a present it makes you feel good higher up," and he patted his little heart.

"Well, I'm glad to know you like to be kind," said Mother Brown. "But please don't run away and ride in any more grocery wagons, or something may happen so that you can't go on a visit to Aunt Lu's city home."

"Oh dear!" cried Sue. "We wouldn't want that to happen! Are we soon going, Mother?"

"Pretty soon, I guess. I have some sewing to do first. I must make you some new dresses."

The next week was a busy one in the Brown house. There were clothes to get ready for Bunny and Sue, and as they had just come back from a long visit to grandpa's, in the country, some of their things needed much mending. For Bunny and Sue had played in the hay; they had romped around in the barn, and had run through the woods, and across the fields.

But the summer vacation had done them good. They were strong and healthy, and as brown as little Indian children. They could play all day long, come in, go to bed, and get up early the next morning, ready for more good times.

One day the postman brought another letter from Aunt Lu.

"I can hardly wait for Bunny and Sue to come to see me," said Aunt Lu. "I am sure they will have a fine time in the city, though it is different from the seashore where they live. Bunny will not find any lobster claws here. And my home isn't in the country, either. There are no green fields to play in, though we can go to Central Park, or the Bronx Zoo."

"What's a Zoo?" asked Bunny. "Is it something good to eat?"

"It's a game, like tag," guessed Sue.

"No," said Mother Brown. "Aunt Lu means the Bronx Zoölogical Park, and she calls it Zoo for short. That means a place where animals are kept."

"Wild animals?" asked Bunny.

"Yes."

"Pooh! I know what a Zoo is—it's a circus!" the little boy exclaimed.

"Well, it's partly like that," said his mother. "But that isn't all of Aunt

Lu's letter."

"What else does she say?" asked Sue.

"Why, she writes that she has a surprise for you."

"Oh, what is it?" asked Bunny.

"Tell us!" begged Sue.

"Aunt Lu doesn't say," said Mrs. Brown. "You will have to wait until you get to Aunt Lu's city home. Then you'll find out what the surprise is."

Bunny and Sue tried all that day to guess, but of course they could not tell whether they had guessed right or not.

"Oh dear!" sighed Sue. "I wish it was time to go now."

But the days soon passed, and, about a week later, Mrs. Brown, with Bunny and Sue, were at the railroad station, ready to take the train for New York. Mr. Brown could not go with them, though he said he would come later. He went to the station with them, however.

"Here comes the New York train," said Mr. Brown as a whistle sounded down the track. "Now you're off for Aunt Lu's!"

CHAPTER VII

ON THE TRAIN

Mr. Brown helped his wife and the two children on to the train. Then he had to hurry down the steps, for the engine was whistling, which meant that it was about to start off again.

"And I don't want to be carried away with it, much as I would like to go," said Daddy Brown. "But I'll come to Aunt Lu's and see you before the winter is over, though now I must stay here, and look after my boat business, with Bunker Blue."

"Bring Bunker with you when you come to New York," called Bunny to his father, as the train slowly rolled out of the station.

"All right, perhaps I will," answered Mr. Brown.

Bunny Brown and his sister Sue crowded up to the open car window to wave a last good-bye to their father, who stood on the depot platform. At last they could see him no longer, for the train was soon going fast, and was quickly far away. Then the children settled down to enjoy their ride.

"Mother, can't I sit next to the window?" begged Sue.

"No, I want to!" cried Bunny.

The children did not often ride in the steam cars, and of course it was quite a treat for each of them to sit next to the window, where one could watch the trees, houses, fences and telegraph poles as they seemed to fly past. In fact Bunny and Sue both wanted the window so

much that they quite forgot to be polite, as they nearly always were.

"I'm going to be at the window," said Sue.

"No, I am!" cried Bunny.

"Children, children!" said Mrs. Brown softly. "Be nice now. I will let you each have a seat by yourself, then you may each sit by a window. You must not be so impatient about it."

The car was not crowded, and there was plenty of room for Bunny and Sue to have each a seat by a window. Mrs. Brown also sat in a seat by herself behind the two little ones. She had seen that the windows were not raised high enough for Bunny or Sue to put out their heads.

"And you must not put out your arms, or hands, either," she said. "You might be hit by a post or something, and be hurt. Keep your hands and arms in."

Bunny and Sue were quite happy now, for they loved to travel, as most children do. Then, too, they were going to Aunt Lu's in the big city of New York, and would have lots of good times there. They had said good-bye to all their little friends, and to old Miss Hollyhock. The poor old lady had found the groceries on her doorstep, and she was very thankful for them.

"I hope when you get old, and poor and hungry, you'll have some one to be kind to you," she had said to Bunny and Sue, when she found out it was to them she owed the good things.

"Oh, we're never going to be poor!" Sue had said. "Our papa will buy us things to eat. He buys us ice cream cones; don't he Bunny?"

"Yes, dear, and I hope he will always be with you, to look after you," said old Miss Hollyhock.

Bunny and Sue had also said good-bye to Uncle Tad, to Mrs. Redden who kept the candy store, and to Mr. and Miss Winkler. Nor did they forget to say good-bye to Wango, the monkey.

"We won't see any monkeys in the city," said Sue.

"Yes we will," cried Bunny. "We'll see 'em in the Zoo. And they have hand-organ monkeys in cities, Sue."

"Maybe they do," she said.

And now, as the two children were riding in the train, they talked of what they saw from the windows, and also of the friends they had left behind in Bellemere, not forgetting Wango, the monkey.

"Mother, I want a drink of water," said Sue, after a while. "I'm thirsty."

"All right, I'll get you a drink," said Mrs. Brown. In her bag she had a little drinking cup, that closed up, "like an accordion," as Bunny said. And, taking this out, Mrs. Brown walked to the end of the car where the water was kept in a tank, to get Sue a drink.

As the little girl was taking some from the cup the train gave a sudden swing to one side, and, the first thing Sue knew, the water had splashed up in her face, and down over her dress.

"Oh—oh, Mother!" gasped Sue. "I—I didn't mean to do that."

"No, you couldn't help it," said Mrs. Brown. "It was the train that made you do it. Water won't hurt your dress."

Mrs. Brown sat down, after wiping the drops off Sue's skirt and face. She was beginning to read a book when Bunny, who had been looking out of his window, called:

"Mother, I'm thirsty. I want a drink!"

"Oh, Bunny dear! Why didn't you tell me that when I was getting one for Sue?"

"'Cause, Mother, I wasn't thirsty then."

Mrs. Brown smiled. Then she once more went down to the end of the car and got Bunny a drink. By this time the train had stopped at a station, so the car was not "jiggling" as Sue called it. And Bunny did not spill his cup of water.

For some time after this the two children sat quietly in their seats.

"I just saw a cow!" Sue called back to her brother.

"Pooh!" he answered. "That's nothing. I just saw two horses in a field, and one was running."

"Well, a cow's better than a horse," insisted Sue.

"No it isn't!" Bunny cried. "You can ride a horse, but you can't ride a cow."

"Well, a cow gives milk."

Bunny could not think of any answer for a minute, and then he said:

"Well, anyhow, two horses is better than one cow."

Even Sue thought this might be so. She sat looking out of the window, watching the trees, houses, fences and telegraph poles, as they seemed to fly past.

By and by a boy came through the car selling candy.

"Mother, I'm hungry!" said Bunny.

"So am I!" added Sue. "I want some candy!"

Mrs. Brown bought them some chocolates, for the ride was a long

one, and they had eaten an early breakfast. The candy kept Bunny and Sue quiet for a while, and Mrs. Brown was shutting her eyes for a little sleep, when she heard some one behind her saying:

"Oh, children, I wouldn't do that!"

Quickly opening her eyes she saw Bunny and Sue crossing to the other side of the car, to take some empty seats there. A passenger behind Mrs. Brown, seeing that she was asleep, had spoken to the children.

"Oh, you musn't do that," said Mrs. Brown. "Stay in the seats you had first."

"We want to see what's on this side," said Bunny. He had already climbed up into a vacant seat, and was near the window, when, all at once, a train rushed past on the other track, with a loud whistle, a clanging of the bell and puffing of the engine, that sent smoke and cinders into Bunny's face. The little fellow jumped back quickly.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "You see it is much nicer on the side where you were first. No trains pass on this side."

So Bunny and Sue were glad enough to go back to the places they had at first. For some time they were quiet, looking out at the different stations as they stopped. At noon their mother gave them some chicken sandwiches from a basket of lunch she had put up.

"Why don't we go into the dining car, like we did once?" Bunny wanted to know.

"Because there isn't any on this train," said Mrs. Brown. "But we will soon be at Aunt Lu's. Now sit back in your seats, and rest yourselves."

Bunny and Sue did for a while. Then they looked for something else to do. The train boy came through with some picture books, and

Mrs. Brown bought one each for Bunny and Sue.

These kept them quiet for a little while, but the books were soon finished, even when Bunny took Sue's and gave her his, to change about.

"You come back and sit in my seat, Bunny," Sue invited her brother after a while.

"No, you come with me," said Bunny. So Sue got in with him, but she wanted to sit next to the window, and as Bunny wanted that place himself, they were not satisfied, until Sue went back in her own seat.

About this time Bunny looked up and saw a long cord stretched overhead in the car, like a clothes line. It hung down from the car ceiling, and ran over little brass wheels, or pulleys, like those on Mr. Brown's boats, only much smaller.

"Do you see that cord, Sue?" asked Bunny.

"Yes," answered the little girl. "What's it for?"

"That's what holds the cars together," Bunny said. "The cars are tied to the engine with that cord."

Of course this was not so, for it takes strong iron chains and bars to hold the railroad cars one to another, and to the engine. But Bunny thought the cord, that blew a whistle in the engine, kept the train from coming apart.

"Is that what it's for?" asked Sue. "It isn't a very big string for to hold a train."

"Oh, it's very strong," Bunny said. "Nobody could break it."

"I—I guess daddy could break it," Sue suggested.

"No he couldn't!"

"Yes he could! Daddy's awful strong!"

"He couldn't break that cord!" declared Bunny. "Nobody could break it. If I could pull it down here, you could pull on it and see how strong it is. No one can break it."

He reached up toward the whistle cord, but he was too short to get hold of it.

"I know how you can get it," said Sue.

"How can I get it?" Bunny asked.

"Hook it down with mother's parasol," answered Sue.

"Oh, so I can!" cried Bunny.

He went back to the seat where his mother sat. Mrs. Brown had fallen asleep, and Bunny got her parasol without awakening her.

The little fellow raised the umbrella, and hooked the crook in the end of it over the whistle cord. He pulled down hard, and then—well, I guess I'll tell you in the next chapter what happened.

CHAPTER VIII

AUNT LU'S SURPRISE

When Bunny Brown pulled down on the whistle cord in the railroad car, a very strange thing happened. All at once there was a loud squeaking, grinding sound. The car shivered and shook and began to go slowly. It stopped so suddenly that Bunny slid out of the smooth plush seat down to the floor. So did his sister Sue.

Some of the other passengers had hard work to keep from sliding from their seats, and many of them jumped up and began calling:

"What's the matter?"

"What has happened?"

"Is there an accident?"

For when a train stops suddenly, you know, if it is going along fast, it almost always means that something has happened, or that there is a cow, or something else, on the track, and that the engineer wants to stop, quickly, so as not to hit it. And that's what the other passengers thought now.

Mrs. Brown was suddenly awakened from her sleep. She, too, had almost slid from her seat when the car stopped so suddenly. For the moment Bunny pulled down on the cord, it blew a whistle in the cab, or little house of the engine, where the engineer sits. And when the engineer heard that whistle he knew it meant for him to stop as soon as he could.

He could look down the track, and see that there was nothing on the rails that he could hit, but, hearing the whistle, he thought the conductor, or one of the brakemen, must have pulled the cord. Perhaps the engineer thought some one had fallen off the train, as people sometimes fall off boats, and the engineer wanted to stop quickly so the passenger could be picked up. At any rate, he stopped very suddenly, and that was what made all the trouble. Or, rather, Bunny Brown made all the trouble, though he did not mean to.

"Why, Bunny!" cried his mother, as she straightened up in her seat. "Where are you? Where is Sue? What has happened?"

For, you know, Bunny and Sue had slid down to the floor of the car when the train came to such a sudden stop.

"Where are you, children?" called Mrs. Brown, anxiously.

"I—I'm here, Mother!" answered Sue. "Bunny pushed me off my seat!"

"Oh-o-o-o, Sue Brown! I did not!" cried the little fellow, getting up with the parasol still in his hand. "I did not!"

"Well, you made the train stop, and that knocked me out of my seat, and my doll was knocked down too, so there!" answered Sue, and she seemed ready to cry.

"Bunny, what happened? What did you do?" asked his mother. "What are you doing with my parasol?" she asked.

"I—I just reached up to pull down that rope with the crooked handle end," Bunny answered, pointing to the whistle cord. "I wanted to show Sue how strong it was, so I pulled on it."

"Oh ho!" exclaimed a fat man, a few seats ahead of Bunny. "So that's what made the train stop; eh? I thought someone must have pulled the engineer's whistle cord to make him stop, but I didn't think it

was a little boy like you."

"Oh, Bunny!" exclaimed his mother, when she saw what had happened. "You shouldn't have done that. You musn't stop the train that way."

"I—I didn't want to stop the train, Mother!" the little boy answered. "I just wanted to show Sue about the cord. I fell out of my seat, too," he added.

"Yes, nearly all of us did," said the fat man with a laugh. "Well if you didn't mean to do it Bunny, we'll forgive you I suppose," and he laughed in a jolly way.

Into the car came hurrying the conductor, with the gold bands on his cap, and the brakeman. They looked all around, and then straight at Bunny who still held his mother's parasol.

"Who pulled the whistle cord?" asked the conductor. Years ago there used to be a bell cord in the train, and a bell rang in the engineer's cab when the cord was pulled. But now an air whistle blows. "Who pulled the cord?" asked the conductor.

Now Bunny Brown was a brave little chap, even when he knew he had done wrong. So he spoke up and said:

"I—I pulled it, Mr. Conductor. I pulled the cord."

"You did eh?" and the conductor smiled a little now. Bunny looked so funny and so cute standing there, with the parasol, and Sue looked so pretty, standing near him, holding her doll upside down, that no one could help at least smiling. Some of the passengers were laughing.

"And so you stopped my train; did you?" the conductor asked.

"I—I guess so," Bunny answered. "I was pulling down on the rope, to show my sister how strong it was."

"Oh, I see," the conductor went on. "Then you didn't stop my train because you wanted to get off?"

"Oh, no!" cried Bunny quickly. "I don't want to get off now. I want to go to New York. We're going to my Aunt Lu's house."

"Well, New York is quite a way off yet," laughed the conductor, "so I guess you had better stay with us. But please don't pull on the whistle cord again."

"I won't," Bunny promised. "But it is a strong rope, isn't it, Mr. Conductor? And it does hold the cars together; doesn't it?"

"Well, no, not exactly," the conductor answered, while the passengers laughed. "I'll show you what the cord does in a little while. But I'm glad nothing has happened. I thought there was an accident when the train stopped so quickly, so I ran through all the cars to find out. Now we'll go on again."

He reached up and pulled the car-cord twice. Far up ahead, in the cab of the locomotive, a little whistle blew twice, and the engineer knew that meant for him to go ahead. It's just like that on a trolley car. One bell means to stop, and two bells to go ahead.

"Oh Bunny! Why did you do it?" asked his mother, as she took the parasol from him.

"Why—why, I didn't mean to stop the train," he said.

Mrs. Brown thought there was not much need of scolding Bunny, for he had not meant to do wrong. He promised never again to pull on a whistle cord in a train.

Now the cars were rolling on again, and, in a little while the conductor again came back to where Mrs. Brown was sitting.

"Now where's the little boy who stopped my train?" he asked with a

smile.

"I'm here," Bunny answered, "and this is my sister Sue."

"Well, I'm glad to meet you both again, I'm sure," and the conductor shook hands with Bunny and kissed Sue. "Now, if you two would like it, I'll show you where you blew the whistle in the engine."

"Oh, will you take us in the engine?" asked Bunny, who had always wanted to go in that funny little house on top of the locomotive's back.

"Yes, I'll take you in when we make the next stop," the conductor said. "We have to wait a few minutes to give the engine a drink of water, and I'll take you and your sister in the engine. That is if you say it's all right," and he turned around to look at Mrs. Brown.

"Oh, yes," Bunny's mother answered. "They may go with you if they won't be a bother. I'm sorry my little boy made so much trouble about stopping the train."

"Oh, well, he didn't mean to, so we'll forget all about it. I'll come back and get you when we stop," he said.

A little later the train slowed up. It did it so easily that no one fell out of his seat this time, and, pretty soon, back came the conductor to get Bunny and Sue.

The engine had stopped near a big wooden tank filled with water, and some of this water was running through a big pipe into the tender of the engine. The tender is the place where the coal is kept for the locomotive fire.

"Hello, Jim!" called the conductor to the engineer who was leaning out of the window of his little house. "Here's the boy who stopped the train so suddenly a while back."

"Oh ho! Is he?" asked the engineer. "Well, he isn't a very big boy,

to have stopped such a big train."

"I—I didn't mean to," said Bunny, and he and Sue looked back, and saw that truly it was a long train. And the locomotive pulling it was a very big one.

"Well, you didn't do much damage," laughed the engineer.

"I'm going to bring them up to see you," the conductor said.

"That's right, let 'em come!"

The engineer came out of his cab and took first Bunny, and then Sue, from the conductor, who lifted them up to the iron step near the boiler. A hot fire was burning under the engine to make steam, and Bunny and Sue looked at it in wonder.

Then the engineer took them up in his cab, and showed Bunny where, on the ceiling, was the little air whistle—the one Bunny had blown when he pulled the cord with the parasol. Then the engineer showed the children the shiny handle that he pulled to make the engine go ahead, and another that made it go backward. Then he showed a little brass handle.

"This is the one I pulled on in a hurry when I heard you blow the whistle once," he said.

"What handle is that?" asked the little boy.

"That's the handle that puts on the air brakes," said the engineer. "And over here is the rope the fireman pulls when he wants to ring the bell. I'll let you ring it."

"And me, too?" asked Sue.

"Yes, you too!" laughed the engineer.

First Bunny pulled on the rope that was fast to the big bell on the

top of the engine, near the smoke-stack where the puffing noise sounded. Bunny could hardly make the bell ring, as it was very heavy, but finally he did make it sound:

"Ding-dong!"

"Now it's my turn!" cried Sue.

She could only make the bell ring once:

"Ding!"

But she was just as well pleased.

By this time the engine had taken enough water for its boiler, to last until it got to New York, and the conductor took Bunny and Sue back to their mother. They were quite excited and pleased over their visit to the locomotive, and told Mrs. Brown all about the strange sights they had seen.

"But when will we be at Aunt Lu's?" asked Bunny, as he looked out of the window.

"Oh, soon now," his mother answered.

And, in about an hour, the brakeman put his head in through the door of their car, and called out:

"New York! All change!"

"Change what, Mother?" asked Sue. "Have we got to change our clothes? Are we going to bed?"

"No, dear. The man means we must change cars. We are at the end of our railroad trip."

"But it's so dark," said Bunny. "I thought it was time to go to bed."

"It's the station that's dark," said Mrs. Brown. "Part of it is underground, like a tunnel."

Indeed it was so dark in the train and the station that the car lamps were lighted. No wonder Bunny and Sue thought it time to go to bed.

But when they got outside the sun was shining, though it was afternoon, and would soon be supper time.

"Oh, here you are! Hello, Bunny dear! Hello, Sue dear!" cried a jolly voice.

"Oh, Aunt Lu! Oh, Aunt Lu!" cried Bunny and Sue as they clung to their aunt. "We're so glad to see you!"

"And I'm glad to see you!" she cried, as she kissed her sister, Mrs. Brown. "Now come on, and we'll soon be at my house."

"But where's the surprise?" asked Bunny.

"Yes, we want to see the surprise," said Sue.

"It's in my automobile," said Aunt Lu with a laugh. "Come on, I'll show her to you."

"Is it—is it a *her*?" asked Bunny.

"Yes, my dear. You'll soon see. Come on!"

Aunt Lu led the way to a fine, large automobile just outside the station. A man wearing a tall hat opened the door of the car, and looking inside Bunny and Sue saw a queer little colored girl, her kinky hair standing up in little pigtails all over her head. She smiled at Bunny and Sue, showing her white teeth.

"There!" cried Aunt Lu. "What do you think of my surprise?"

CHAPTER IX

THE WRONG HOUSE

For a second or two Bunny Brown and his sister Sue did not know what to say. They stood on the sidewalk, at the door of the automobile, which was one of the closed kind, staring at the little colored girl, with her kinky wisps of hair.

"Well, what do you think of Wopsie?" asked Aunt Lu again. "Don't you like my surprise, Bunny—Sue?"

"Is—is this the surprise?" asked Bunny.

"Yes, this is Wopsie. I'll tell you about her in a little while. Get in now, and we'll soon be at my house."

Wopsie, the colored girl, smiled to show even more of her white teeth, and then she asked:

"Is yo' all de company?"

"Yes, this is the company I told you about, Wopsie," said Miss Baker, which was Aunt Lu's name. "This is Bunny," and she pointed to the little boy, "and this little girl is Sue. They are going to be my company for a long time, I hope."

Wopsie gave a funny little bow, that sent her black topknots of hair bobbing all over her head, and said:

"Pleased to meet yo' all, company! Pleased to meet yo'!"

Bunny and Sue thought Wopsie talked quite funnily, but they were too polite to say so. They looked at the little colored girl and smiled. And she smiled back at them.

"Home, George," said Miss Baker to one of the two men on the front seat of the automobile. The man touched his cap, and soon Bunny, Sue and their mother were being driven rapidly through the streets of New York in Aunt Lu's automobile.

"It's almost as big as the one we went in to grandpa's, in the country," said Bunny, as he looked around at the seats, and noticed the little electric lamp in the roof.

"But you can't sleep in it or cook in it," said Sue. "And there's no place for Splash or Bunker Blue."

"No," said Bunny. "That's so."

The children had had to leave Splash, the dog, home with Daddy Brown, and of course Bunker Blue did not come to Aunt Lu's.

"No, we can't sleep in my auto, nor eat, unless it is to eat candy, or cookies, or something like that," said Aunt Lu. "And I have some sweet crackers for the children, if you think it's all right for them to eat," said Aunt Lu to Mother Brown.

"Oh, yes. I guess it will be all right. They must be hungry, though they ate on the train."

"And Bunny stopped the train, too!" cried Sue. "He pulled on the whistle cord, with mother's parasol, and we stopped so quick we slid out of our seats; didn't we, Bunny?"

"Yep!"

"My! That was quite an adventure," said Aunt Lu, laughing.

"And we went in the choo-choo engine," went on Sue. "I ringed the bell, I did, and so did Bunny. Was you ever in a train, Wopsie?" Sue asked the little colored girl.

"Yes'm, I was once."

"Wopsie came all the way up from down South," said Aunt Lu. "She is a little lost girl."

"Lost!" cried Bunny and Sue. They did not understand how any one could be lost when in a nice automobile with Aunt Lu.

"Yes'm, I'se losted!" said Wopsie, shaking her kinky head, "an' I suttinly does wish dat I could find mah folks!"

"I must tell you about her," said Aunt Lu. "Wopsie, which is the name I call her, though her right name is Sallie Jefferson, was sent up North to live with her aunt here in New York. Wopsie made the trip all alone. She was put on the train, at a little town somewhere in North Carolina, or South Carolina—she doesn't remember which—and sent up here."

"All alone?" asked Bunny.

"Yes, all alone. She had a tag, or piece of paper, pinned to her dress, with the name and house number of her aunt. But the paper was lost."

"De paper was losted, and now I'se losted," said Wopsie.

"I'll tell them all about you, Wopsie," said Aunt Lu.

Then she told Bunny and Sue how the little colored girl had reached New York all alone, not knowing where to go.

"A kind lady, in the same station where you children just came in, looked after Wopsie," said Aunt Lu. "This lady looks after all lost boys

and girls, and she took Wopsie to a nice place to stay all night. In the morning she tried to find Wopsie's aunt, but could not. Nor could Wopsie tell her aunt's name, or where she lived. She was lost just as you and Sue, Bunny, sometimes get lost in the woods."

"And how did you come to take her?" asked Mother Brown.

"Well, Wopsie was sent to a society that looks after lost children," said Aunt Lu. "They tried to find her friends, either up here, in New York, or down South, but they could not. I belong to this society, and when I heard of Wopsie I said I would take her and keep her in my house for a while. I can train her to become a lady's maid while I am waiting to find her folks."

"Are you trying to find them?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Yes, I have written all over, and so has the society. We have asked the police to let us know if any one is asking for a little lost colored girl. But I have had her nearly a month now, and no one has claimed her."

"Yep. I suah am losted!" said Wopsie, but she laughed as she said it, and did not seem to mind very much. "It's fun being losted like this," she said, as she patted the soft cushions of the automobile. "I likes it!"

"And are you really going to keep her?" asked Mrs. Brown of her sister.

"Yes, until she gets a little older, or until I can find her folks. I think her father and mother must have died some time ago," said Aunt Lu in a whisper to Mrs. Brown. "She probably didn't have any *real* folks down South, so whoever she was with sent her up here."

"Well, I'm glad you took care of her," said Mrs. Brown. "She looks like a nice clean little girl."

"She is; and she is very kind and helpful. She is careful, too, and she will be a help with Bunny and Sue. Wopsie has already learned her way around that part of New York near my apartment, and I can send her on errands. She can take Bunny and Sue out."

While Mrs. Brown and Aunt Lu were talking together Wopsie had given Bunny and Sue some sweet crackers from a box she took out from a pocket in the side of the automobile. Aunt Lu had told her to do so. So Bunny and Sue ate the crackers as they rode along, and Wopsie sat near them.

"Don't you want a cracker?" asked Bunny.

"No, sah, thank you," answered the little colored girl. "I don't eat 'tween meals. Miss Baker say as how it ain't good for your intergestion."

"What's in—indergaston?" asked Sue.

"Huh! Dat's a misery on yo' insides—a pain," said Wopsie. "I t'ought everybody knowed dat!"

Bunny was silent a minute.

"Do you know how to stop a train by pulling on the whistle cord?" he asked.

"No," said Wopsie.

"Huh! I thought everybody knew that!" exclaimed Bunny. Then he laughed, as Wopsie did. It was a little joke on her, when Bunny answered her the way he did.

The automobile came to a stop in front of a large building. Bunny and Sue looked up at it.

"My! What a big house you live in, Aunt Lu!" said Bunny.

"Oh, this isn't all mine!" laughed Aunt Lu. "There are many others who live in here. This is what is called an apartment house. I have my dining room, kitchen, bath room and other rooms, and other families in this building have the same thing. You see there isn't room in New York to build separate houses, such as you have in Bellemere, so they make one big house, and divide it up on the inside, into a number of little houses, or apartments."

Bunny and Sue thought that very strange.

"But you haven't any yard to play in!" exclaimed Bunny, as he and his sister got out of the automobile, and found that the front door of Aunt Lu's apartment was right on the sidewalk.

"No, we don't have yards in the city, Bunny. But we have a roof to go up on and play."

"Playing on a roof!" cried Bunny. "I should think you'd fall off!"

"Oh, it has a high railing all around it. Wopsie may take you up there after a bit. Then you can see how it seems to play on a roof, instead of down on the ground. We have to do queer things in big cities."

Bunny Brown and his sister Sue certainly thought so.

As they entered the apartment house the children found themselves in a wide hall, with marble floor and sides. There was a nice carpet over the marble floor and bright electric lights glowed from the ceiling.

"Right in here," said Aunt Lu, leading the children toward what seemed to be a little room with an iron door, like the iron gate to some park. A colored boy, with many brass buttons on his blue coat, stood at the door.

"Jes' yo' all wait an' see what gwine t' happen!" said Wopsie.

"Why, what is going to happen?" asked Bunny.

"Oh, ho! Yo' all jes' wait!" exclaimed Wopsie, laughing at her secret.

"What is it? I don't want anything to happen!" cried Sue hanging back.

"Oh, it isn't anything, dear. This is just the elevator," said Aunt Lu. "Get in and you'll have a nice ride."

"Oh, I like a ride," Sue said.

In she stepped with Bunny, her mother, Aunt Lu and Wopsie. The colored boy, who was also smiling, and showing his white teeth as Wopsie was doing, closed the iron door. Then, all of a sudden, Bunny and Sue felt themselves shooting upward.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Bunny. "We're in a balloon! We're in a balloon! We're going up!"

"Just like a skyrocket on the Fourth of July!" added Sue. She was not afraid now. She was clapping her hands.

Up and up and up they went!

"Oh, what makes it?" asked Bunny. "Is it a balloon, Aunt Lu?"

"No, dear, it's just the elevator. You see this big house is so high that you would get tired climbing the stairs up to my rooms, so we go up in the elevator. It lifts us up, and in England they call them 'lifts' on this account."

"Oh, I see!" Bunny cried, as he looked up and saw that he was in a sort of square steel cage, going up what seemed to be a long tunnel; standing up instead of lying on the ground as a railroad tunnel lies. "I

see! We're going up, just like a bucket of water comes up out of the well."

"That's it!" said Aunt Lu. "And when we go down we go down just like the bucket going down in the well."

"It's fun! I like it!" and Sue clapped her hands. "I like the elevator!"

"Yes'm, it sho' am fun!" echoed Wopsie.

"Wopsie would ride up and down all day if I'd let her," said Aunt Lu. "But here we are at my floor. Now wasn't that better than climbing up ten flights of stairs, children?"

"I guess it was!" cried Bunny. "Do you live up ten flights?"

"Yes, and there are some families who live higher than that."

They stepped out of the elevator into a little hall, and soon they were in Aunt Lu's nice city apartment, or house, if you like that word better.

"Now, Wopsie," said Aunt Lu, "you tell Jane to make Mrs. Brown a nice cup of tea."

"And can we go up on the roof?" asked Bunny.

"Not right away—but after a while," said his aunt.

"Let's go out into the elevator again," suggested Sue.

"No, dear, not now," said Mrs. Brown.

Bunny and Sue thought they had never been in such a nice place as Aunt Lu's city home. From the windows they could look down to the street, ten stories below.

"It's a good way to fall," said Bunny, in a whisper.

"But you musn't lean out of the windows, and then you won't fall," his mother told him.

The children were given their supper, and then Wopsie took them up on the roof. This was higher yet. It was a flat roof, with a broad, high railing all around it so no one could fall off. And from it Bunny and Sue could look all over New York, and see the twinkling lights far off, for it was now getting on toward evening, though it was not yet dark.

A little later Wopsie took them down in the elevator again, to the street. There they saw other children walking up and down, some of them playing; some babies being wheeled in carriages, and many men and women walking past.

"My! What a lot of people!" cried Bunny. "Is it always this way in a city, Wopsie?"

"Yes'm," answered the little colored girl, who seemed to mix up "Yes, ma'am," and "Yes, sir." But what of it? She meant all right. "It's bin dis way eber sence I come t' New York," she went on. "Allers a crowd laik dis. Everybuddy hurryin' an' hurryin'."

Wopsie stood still a moment to speak to another colored girl, who came out of the next house, and Bunny and Sue walked on ahead. Before they knew it they had turned a corner. Down at the end of the street they saw a man playing a hand-piano, or hurdy-gurdy, as they are called.

"Oh, Bunny!" cried Sue. "Let's go down and listen to the music."

"All right," Bunny agreed. "And maybe he has a monkey, like Wango."

Hand in hand the two children ran on. They saw other children about the hurdy-gurdy. Some of them were dancing. Bunny and Sue danced too. Then the music-man wheeled his music machine away,

and Bunny and Sue turned to go back. They walked on and on, and finally Bunny, stopping in front of a big house said:

"This is where Aunt Lu lives."

"But where is Wopsie?" asked Sue. "Why isn't she here?"

"Oh, maybe she went inside," replied Bunny. "Come on, we'll go in the elevator and have a ride."

They went into the marble hall. It looked just like the one in Aunt Lu's apartment. And there was the same colored elevator boy in his queer little cage. Bunny and Sue went to the entrance.

"Where yo' want to go?" asked the elevator boy.

"To Aunt Lu's," answered Bunny.

"What floor she done lib on?" the boy asked.

"I—I don't know," Bunny said. "I—I forgot the number."

"What's her name?"

"Aunt Lu," said Sue.

"No, I mean her last name?"

"Oh, it's Baker," said Bunny. "Aunt Lu Baker."

The colored elevator boy shook his head.

"They don't no Miss Baker lib heah!" he said. "I done guess yo' chilluns done got in de wrong house!"

CHAPTER X

IN THE DUMB WAITER

Bunny Brown looked at his sister Sue, and his sister Sue looked at Bunny Brown. Then they both looked at the colored elevator boy. He was smiling at them, so Bunny and Sue were not as frightened as they might otherwise have been.

"Isn't this where Aunt Lu lives?" asked Bunny.

"Nope. Not if her name's Baker," answered the elevator lad. "We sure ain't got nobody named Baker in heah!" (He meant "here.")

"Oh, Bunny!" cried Sue. "Then we're losted again!"

"Where'd you come from?" asked the colored boy. "Now don't git skeered, 'cause yo' all ain't losted very much I guess. Maybe I kin find where yo' all belongs. What's de number of, de house where yo' auntie libs?"

"I—I don't know," said Bunny. He had not thought to ask the number of his aunt's house, nor had he looked to see what the number was over the door before he and Sue came out. In the country no one ever had numbers on their houses, and Bellemere was like the country in this way—no houses had numbers on them.

"Well, what street does your aunt done lib on?" asked the colored boy, in the funny way he talked.

"I don't know that, either," said Bunny.

"Huh! Den yo' suah *am* lost!" cried the elevator lad. "But don't yo' all git skeered!" he said quickly, as he saw tears coming in Sue's brown eyes. "I guess yo' all ain't losted so very much, yet. Maybe I kin find yo' aunt's house."

"If you could find Wopsie for us, she could take us there," said Bunny.

"Find who?"

"Wopsie. She's a little girl that lives with my aunt, and—"

But the elevator boy did not wait for Bunny to finish.

"Wopsie!" he cried. "Am she dat queer li'l colored gal, wif her hair all done up in rags?"

"Yes!" cried Sue eagerly. "That's Wopsie. We came out to walk with her, but we heard the hand-piano music, and we got lost."

"Do you know Wopsie?" asked Bunny.

"I suah does!" cried the elevator boy. "She's a real nice li'l gal, an' we all likes her."

"She's losted too," said Bunny.

"Yes, I knows about dat!" replied the elevator boy. "We all knows 'bout Wopsie. Why she's jest down the street, and around the corner a few houses. Now I know where yo' Aunt Lu libs. If you'd a' done said Wopsie *fust*, I'd a knowed den, right off quick!"

"Can you take us home?" asked Sue.

"I suah can!" cried the kind colored boy. "Jes yo' all wait a minute."

He called to another colored boy to take care of his elevator, and then, holding one of Bunny's and one of Sue's hands, he went out into

the street. Around the corner he hurried, and, no sooner had he turned it, than up rushed Wopsie herself. She made a grab for Bunny and Sue.

"Oh, mah goodness!" cried the little colored girl. "Oh, mah goodness! I'se so skeered! I done t'ought I'd losted yo' all!"

"No, Wopsie," said Bunny. "You didn't lost us. We losted ourselves. We heard music, and we went to look for a monkey."

"But there wasn't any monkey," said Sue, "and we got in the wrong house, where Aunt Lu didn't live."

"But he brought us back. He knows you, Wopsie," and Bunny nodded toward the kind elevator boy.

"I guess everybody around dish yeah place knows Wopsie," said the boy, smiling. "Will yo' all take dese chilluns home now?" he asked.

"I suah will!" Wopsie said. "Mah goodness! I'se bin lookin' all ober fo' 'em! I didn't know where dey wented. Come along now, an' yo' all musn't go 'way from Wopsie no mo'!"

"We won't!" promised Bunny.

He and Sue were beginning to find out that it was easier to get lost in the city, even by going just around the corner, than it was in the country, when they went down a long road. For in the city the houses were so close together, and they all looked so much alike, that it was hard to tell one from the other.

"But yo' all am all right now, honey lambs," said Wopsie, who seemed to be very much older than Bunny and Sue, though really she was no more than three or four years older.

"Do we have to go in now?" asked Bunny, as Wopsie led him and Sue down the street, having said good-bye to the kind elevator boy

who had brought them part way home.

"Yes, I guess we'd better go in," said the little colored girl. "Yo' ma might be worried about yo'. We'll go in. It's gittin' dark."

The elevator quickly carried them up to Aunt Lu's floor.

"Oh, now I see the number!" cried Bunny. "It's ten—I won't forget any more."

"Well, did you have a good time?" asked Mother Brown when Bunny and Sue came in, followed by Wopsie.

"We got losted!" exclaimed Sue.

"What! Lost so soon?" cried Aunt Lu. "Where was it?"

"In a house just like this," broke in Bunny. "And it had a lift elevator and a colored boy and everything. Only he said you didn't live there, and you didn't, and I didn't know the number of your floor, or of your house, and we got losted!"

"But I found them!" said Wopsie, for she felt it might be a little bit her fault that Bunny and Sue had gotten away. But of course it was their own fault for running to hear the music.

"You must be careful about getting lost," said Aunt Lu. "But of course, if ever you do, just ask a policeman. I'll give you each one of my cards, with my name and address on, and you can show that to the officer. He'll bring, or send, you home."

Sue and Bunny were each given a card, and they put them away in their pockets, where they would have them the next time they went out on the street.

For the next two or three days Bunny Brown and his sister Sue did not go far away from Aunt Lu's house. Wopsie took them up and

down the block for a walk, but more often they were riding in Aunt Lu's automobile. And many wonderful sights did the children see in the big city of New York. They could hardly remember them, there were so many.

Bunny and Sue grew to like Wopsie very much. She was a kind, good girl, anxious to help, and do all she could, and she just loved the children. She was almost like a nurse girl for them, and Mrs. Brown did not have to worry when Bunny and Sue were with Wopsie.

"Do you think you'll ever find her folks?" asked Mrs. Brown of Aunt Lu, when they were talking of the colored girl one day.

"Well, I'm sure I hope so," answered Aunt Lu, "though I like the poor little thing myself very much, and I would like to keep her with me. But I know she is lonesome for her own aunt whom she has not seen since she was a little baby. And I think the aunt must be worrying about lost Wopsie. The police haven't been able to find any one who is looking for a little colored girl, to come up from down South. Perhaps her aunt has moved away. Anyhow I'll keep Wopsie until I find her folks."

Sometimes Bunny and Sue thought that Wopsie looked sad. Perhaps she did, when she thought of how she was lost. But she had a good home with Aunt Lu, and after all, Wopsie was quite happy, especially since Bunny and Sue had come.

The two Brown children thought riding in the elevator was great fun. Often they would slip out by themselves and get Henry, the colored boy, to carry them up and down. And he was very glad to do it, if he was not busy.

One day Bunny and Sue went out into Aunt Lu's kitchen, where Mary, the colored cook, was busy. She often gave the children cookies, or a piece of cake, just as Mother Brown did at home.

This day, after they had eaten their cookies, Bunny and Sue heard

a knocking in the kitchen.

"Somebody's at the door," called Bunny.

"No, chile! Folks don't knock at de kitchen do' heah," said Mary. "Dey rings de bell."

"But somebody's knocking," said Bunny.

"Yes chile. I s'pects dat's de ice man knockin' on de dumb waiter t' tell me he's put on a piece ob ice," went on the cook.

She opened a door in the kitchen wall, and Bunny and Sue saw what looked like a big box, in a sort of closet. In the box was a large piece of ice.

"Yep. Dat's what it am. Ice on de dumb waiter," said Mary, as she took off the cold chunk and put it in the refrigerator. It was an extra piece gotten that day because she was going to make ice cream for dessert.

"What's a dumb waiter?" asked Bunny.

"Dis is," said Mary, pointing to the box, back of the door in the wall. "It waits on me—it brings up de milk and de ice. It's jest a big box, and it goes up an' down on a rope dat runs ober a wheel."

"I know—a pulley wheel," said Bunny.

"Dat's it!" cried Mary. "De box goes up an' down inside between de walls, and when de ice man, or de milk man puts anyt'ing on de waiter in de cellar, dey pulls on de rope and up it comes to me."

"What makes them call it a dumb waiter?" asked Sue.

"'Cause as how it can't talk, chile. Anyt'ing dat can't talk is dumb, an' dis waiter, or lifter, can't talk. So it's dumb."

Bunny and Sue looked at the dumb waiter for some time. Mary showed them how it would go up or down on the rope, very easily.

A little while after that, Mary went to her room to put on a clean apron; Bunny and Sue were still in the kitchen.

"Sue," said Bunny. "I know something we can do to have fun."

"What?" asked the little girl.

"Play with the dumb waiter. It's just like a little elevator. Now I'll get in, you close the door, and I'll ride down cellar. Then when I ride up it will be your turn to ride down."

"All right!" cried Sue. "I'll do it. You go first, Bunny."

Standing on a chair, Bunny managed to crawl into the dumb waiter box, where the piece of ice had been. And then, all at once something happened.

CHAPTER XI

A LONG RIDE

"Are you all ready, Bunny?" asked Sue, as she stood on the chair close to the little door of the dumb waiter, or elevator.

"Yep," Bunny answered.

Sue closed the door, and then there was a squeaking sound inside the little closet where the waiter slid up and down. At the same time Bunny's voice was heard crying:

"Oh, Sue! I'm falling! I'm falling down!"

Sue did not know what to do. She tried to open the door, but it had shut with a spring catch when she pushed on it, and her small fingers were not strong enough to open it again.

"Oh dear!" cried the little girl. "Oh dear! Bunny! Mother! Aunt Lu! Mary! Wopsie!"

She called every name she could think of, and she would have called for her father, Grandpa Brown and even Uncle Tad, only she knew they were far away.

"Bunny! Bunny!" Sue called. "Is you there? Is you in there?"

But Bunny did not answer. And now Sue could hear no noise from the dumb waiter, inside of which she had shut her brother.

"Bunny! Bunny!" begged Sue. "Speak to me! Where is you?"

But no answer came. Bunny was far off. I'll tell you, soon, where he was.

Sue got down off the chair, on which she stood to push shut the door, after Bunny crawled inside the dumb waiter. The little girl ran out of the kitchen, calling to her mother, Aunt Lu and Wopsie. The colored cook was the first one to answer.

"What's the matter?" she called. "What hab happened, Sue?"

"Oh, it's Bunny! He's gone! He's gone!" sobbed Sue.

"Gone? Gone where?" Mary asked.

"Down there!" and Sue pointed to the dumb waiter door.

Mary ran across the kitchen, and opened the door. She looked down, and then she turned to Sue and asked:

"Did he fall down, Sue?"

"No, he didn't fall down. But he got in the little box, where the ice was, and told me to shut the door. He was going to have a ride. It was going to be my turn when he came back. But there was a big bump, and Bunny hollered, and he didn't come back, and oh dear! I guess he's losted again!"

Mrs. Brown and Aunt Lu came hurrying into the kitchen. Behind them was Wopsie, her hair standing up more than ever, for she had just finished tying it in rags.

"What's the matter?" asked Mother Brown and Aunt Lu at the same time.

"Oh, Bunny's gone!" wailed Sue.

"He's in de dumb waiter," explained Mary.

"Oh, did he fall?" cried Aunt Lu.

"No'm, he jest got in to hab a ride, same as dat little boy who used to lib up stairs," Mary explained. "We'll find him in de cellar all right, Miss Baker."

"Find who?" Sue wanted to know.

"Yo' brudder!" said Mary. "Now don't yo' all git skairt. 'Case little Massa Bunny am suah gwine t' be all right."

"I'll go and get him!" cried Aunt Lu.

"And I'll go with you," said Mother Brown.

"Oh, I'm coming too!" exclaimed Sue.

"No, you stay here, dear," said her mother. "You stay here with Mary and Wopsie."

Mrs. Brown and her sister, who was the aunt of Bunny and Sue, went down in the big elevator to the basement or cellar of the apartment house. And there they saw a strange sight.

Bunny, whose clothes were all dusty, and whose hair was all topsy-turvy, was standing in front of the janitor, an iceman and a policeman. These three men were looking at the little boy who did not seem to know what to do or say. But he was not crying. He was too brave for that.

"Oh, Bunny Brown!" cried his mother. "Why did you do it?"

Bunny did not answer, but the policeman spoke, and said:

"Is it all right, lady? Does he belong here?"

"Oh, yes, he's my little boy," explained Mrs. Brown.

"He rode down in the dumb waiter," Aunt Lu said. "You see he is visiting me, and he had never seen a dumb waiter before."

"Well, he came down in one all right," said the iceman. "It was like this," he explained to Aunt Lu. "After I sent up your piece of ice, Miss Baker, I stood here talking to the janitor. All at once we heard the dumb waiter come down with a bang, and then we heard someone in it yelling. I thought it was a sneak-thief, or a burglar, for you know they often rob houses by going up in dumb waiters.

"So I spoke to the janitor about it, and we called in the policeman who was going past. We thought if it was a burglar we'd sure have him. But when we opened the door there was only this little chap."

"I—I didn't mean to do it," said Bunny, as he saw them all looking at him. "I just wanted to get a ride, and then Sue was going to have one. But, as soon as I got in, the dumb waiter went down so quick I couldn't stop."

"He sure did come down with a bump!" exclaimed the iceman. "I guess he was a little too heavy for it, or else the rope must have slipped. Anyhow he's not hurt much, except he's a bit mussed up."

"Are you hurt, Bunny?" his mother asked him.

"No'm," he answered. "Just bumped, that's all. I—I won't do it again."

"No, you'd better not, because you might get hurt," said the policeman. "Well," he added, "I might as well go along, for you have no burglars for me to arrest this day," and away he went.

Then the iceman went off, laughing, and Mrs. Brown and Aunt Lu took Bunny up to their apartment in the elevator.

"This is nicer than the dumb waiter," Bunny said, as Henry took them up. "I was all scrunched up in that, and I got a awful hard bump."

Mrs. Brown sighed.

"I'm sure I don't know what you will do next," she said. "You and Sue never do the same thing twice, so there's no use in telling you to be careful."

"Oh, I won't get in any more dumb waiters," said Bunny, with a shake of his head. "They're too small, and they're too bumpy."

Sue felt much better when she saw that Bunny was all right, and Mary gave each of the children a piece of cake, after which Wopsie took them up to the roof, where an awning had been stretched to make shade, and there, high above the city streets, the two children had a sort of play-party.

"I like it in the city; don't you, Bunny?" asked Sue.

"Yes, I think it's fine at Aunt Lu's house," returned Bunny. "Don't you like it here, Wopsie?"

"Yes'm, I suah does. But I wishes as how I could find mah folks. It's awful nice heah, an' Miss Baker suah does treat me mighty fine, but I'd like to find mah own aunt."

"And don't you know where she is?" asked Bunny.

"No'm, I don't 'member much about it all," said the colored girl, with a shake of her kinky head. "I lived down Souf, an' I s'pects dey got tired ob me down dere. Or else maybe dey didn't hab money 'nuff t' keep me. Colored folks down Souf is terrible poor. They ain't rich, laik yo' Aunt Lu."

"Aunt Lu is terrible rich," said Sue. "She's got a diamond ring."

"I knows dat!" said Wopsie.

"An' it was losted, like we was," Sue went on, "but Bunny, he found

it in a lobster claw. And we had a Punch and Judy show."

"I'd laik dat!" exclaimed Wopsie, her eyes sparkling.

"Maybe we could help you find your folks," said Bunny. "We found Aunt Lu's diamond ring, and grandpa's horses, that the Gypsies took; so maybe we could find your folks, Wopsie."

"I don't believe so," and the little colored girl shook her head. "Yo' all sees it was dis heah way. Somebody down Souf, what was takin' care ob me, got tired, and shipped me up Norf here. Dey didn't come wif me deyse'ves, but dey puts a piece ob paper on me, same laik I was a trunk, or a satchel.

"Well, maybe it would a' bin all right, but dat piece ob paper come unpinned offen me, an' I got losted, same laik you'd lose a trunk. Only Miss Lu found me, an' she's keepin' me, but she don't know who I belongs to, nohow."

"And is your aunt up here?" asked Bunny.

"Yes'm, she's somewheres in New York," and Wopsie waved her hand over the big city, down on which Sue and Bunny could look from the roof of the apartment house.

"Well, maybe we can find her for you," said Bunny. "We'll try; won't we, Sue?"

"Course we will, Bunny Brown."

Just how he was going to do it Bunny Brown did not know. But he made up his mind that he would find Wopsie's aunt for her. And two or three times after that, when he and Sue happened to be out in the street, and saw any colored women, the children would ask them if they were looking for a little, lost colored girl named Wopsie. But of course the colored women knew nothing about the little piccaninny.

"Well, we'll have to ask somebody else," Bunny would say, after each time, when he had not found an aunt for Wopsie. "We'll find her yet, Sue."

"Yes," Sue would answer, "we will!"

From the windows of Aunt Lu's house Bunny and Sue could look down on the street and see many strange sights. Oh! how many automobiles there were in New York!

There were big ones, and little ones, but there were more of the small kind, with little red flags in front, than any other.

"Those are called taxicabs," Aunt Lu told Bunny. "They are like the old cabs, drawn by horses. If a person wants to ride in a taxicab he just waves his hand to the men at the steering wheel."

"And does he stop?" asked Bunny.

"Yes," answered Aunt Lu. "The taxicab man stops."

"And gives 'em a ride?" Sue wanted to know.

"Yes, he takes them wherever they want to go."

Bunny and Sue looked at each other. Their eyes sparkled, and it is too bad Aunt Lu did not see them just then, or she might have said something that would have saved much trouble. But she was busy sewing, and she did not notice Bunny and Sue.

The next day the two children slipped out into the hall, and went down to the street in the elevator.

Once out in the street Bunny and Sue watched until they saw, coming along, one of the little taxicabs, with the red flag up, which meant that no one was having a ride in it just then.

"Hi there!" called Bunny, holding up his hand to the man at the

steering wheel.

"Want a ride?" asked the man, as he swung his taxicab up to the curb.

"Yes," answered Bunny. "My sister—Sue and I—we want a ride."

"Where to?" asked the man, as he helped the children up inside the car.

"Oh, we want a nice, long ride," said Bunny. "A nice, long ride; don't we, Sue?"

"Yep," answered the little girl.

CHAPTER XII

BUNNY ORDERS DINNER

You may think it strange that the man on the taxicab automobile would so quickly help Bunny Brown and his sister up into his machine and give them a ride. And that, without asking for any money.

But it was not at all strange in New York. There are many children in that big city, and often they go about by themselves, some who are no larger than Bunny and Sue. They get used to looking out for themselves, learn how to make their way about, and they often go in taxicabs alone.

So the automobile man thought nothing of it when Bunny said he wanted a ride. The automobile man just thought the children's father, or mother, had sent them out to go somewhere.

"And so you want a long ride," repeated the automobile man, as he closed the door so Bunny or Sue would not fall out when he started. "How about Central Park? Do you want to go there?"

"Do we want to go to Central Park, Sue?" asked Bunny.

"Is they elephants there, like a circus?" asked the little girl.

"Is they?" Bunny asked of the automobile man.

"Yes, there are some animals in the park. Not as many as up in the Bronx Zoo, but that's a little too far for me to go. I'll take you to Central Park if you say so."

"Please do," begged Bunny. "We want to see the animals. We were in a circus once, Sue and I were. Our dog was a blue striped tiger, and we had a green painted calf, for a zebra."

"That must have been some circus!" laughed the automobile man, as he got up on his seat, and took hold of the steering wheel. "Well, here we go!"

And away went the automobile, taking Sue and Bunny off to Central Park, and their mother and Aunt Lu didn't know a thing about it!

"Isn't this nice, Sue?" asked Bunny, when they had ridden on for a few blocks.

"Yes," answered Sue. "I like it. But I wish we had our dog Splash here with us, Bunny."

"Yes, it would be fine!" Bunny said.

Speaking of the circus had made Sue think about Splash, who was far away, at home in Bellemere.

The taxicab wound in and out among other cabs, horses and wagons of all sorts. Now it would have to go slowly, through some crowded street, and again the children were moving swiftly, when there was room to speed.

"He's a awful nice man to give us a ride like this," said Bunny to Sue.

"Yes; isn't he?" answered the little girl. "There's lots of people getting rides, Bunny; see!"

Indeed there were many other taxicabs, and other automobiles on the streets of New York, but Bunny and Sue looked most often at the taxicabs like their own.

"There must be a awful lot of nice men, like ours, in New York," Bunny went on. And, mind you, neither he nor Sue thought they would have to pay for their automobile ride. They just thought you got in one of the taxicabs, and rode as far as you liked, for nothing.

Pretty soon they were at Central Park.

"Now where shall I take you?" asked the man.

"Down by a elephant," spoke up Sue.

"Are you sure your mother will let you go?" asked the taxicab man. He felt he must, in a way, look after the children.

"Oh, yes," said Bunny. "Mother would let us. She likes us to see animals. She lets us have a circus whenever we like."

Bunny and Sue had on nice clothes, and the chauffeur knew they had come from a street where many rich persons lived, so he was sure if the children did not have with them the money to pay him, that their folks would settle his bill.

"You can get out here, and walk along that path," he said, stopping his machine on a roadway. "Then you can see the elephant, the lion and the tiger. I'll wait for you here."

Hand in hand, Bunny and Sue went to the place in Central Park where the animals are kept. It was not far from where the automobile had stopped, out on Fifth Avenue, New York, and Bunny looked back, several times, as he and his sister went down the steps, to make sure he would know the place to find the automobile again, when he wanted to go home.

"Oh, there's a elephant!" cried Sue, as, walking along, her hand in Bunny's, she saw one of the big animals, just stuffing some hay into his mouth with his trunk. It was a warm day, and the elephant was out

in the "back yard" of his cage. In the winter he was kept in the elephant house, where the people could look at him standing behind the heavy iron bars, but in summer he was allowed to go out of doors, though his yard had a fence of big iron bars all around it.

"I wish we had some peanuts to give him," said Sue.

"Well, I haven't any money," answered Bunny. "Anyhow, if I had, Sue, I'd rather buy us each a lollypop. The elephant has hay to eat."

"Yes, I know," said Sue. "But I like to see him pick up peanuts with his trunk."

However, they had no money, so they could not feed peanuts to the elephant. Some other children, though, had bought bags of the nuts, and these they tossed in to the big animal. There was a sign on his yard, which said no one must feed the animals, but no one stopped the children, so Sue did see, after all, the elephant chewing the roasted nuts.

For some time Bunny and Sue watched the elephants. There were two of them, and, after a while, a keeper came into the yard, and handed a large mouth organ to the biggest elephant. The wise creature held it in his trunk, and, to the surprise of Sue and her brother, began to blow on the mouth organ, making music, though of course the elephant could not play a regular tune.

"Oh, isn't he smart, Bunny!" cried Sue.

"He—he's a regular circus elephant!" Bunny cried. "I like him!"

The other children, who had come to Central Park, also enjoyed seeing the big elephant eat peanuts, and play a mouth organ.

"I'd like to see some monkeys," said Bunny, after a bit, when the elephant seemed to have gone to sleep standing up, for elephants do sleep that way.

"The monkeys are over in that house," a boy told Bunny, pointing to a brown building not far from the elephant's cage and yard.

"Oh, let's go!" cried Sue.

Soon she and her brother were watching the monkeys do funny tricks, climb up the sides of their cage, eat peanuts and pull each other's tails and ears.

Bunny and Sue spent some time in Central Park, looking at the different animals. There was one, almost as big as an elephant, only not so tall. He was called a hippopotamus, and he swam in a tank of water, next door to a pool in which lived some mud turtles and alligators. When the hippopotamus opened his mouth it looked big enough to hold a washtub.

"Oh!" cried Sue, as she saw this. "I wouldn't like him to bite me, would you, Bunny?"

"No, I guess not!" said the little boy.

But there was no danger that the hippopotamus would bite anyone, for he was behind big, strong, iron bars, and could not get out. There was also a baby hippopotamus, swimming around in a tank with the mother.

Bunny and Sue saw many other animals in Central Park, and then, as he was getting hungry, and as he began to think his mother might be wondering where he was, Bunny said to Sue that they had better go back home.

"All right," Sue answered. "I'm tired, too."

They went back to where they had left the automobile taxicab.

"Well, did you see enough?" the man asked them.

"Yes," Bunny answered, "and now we want to go home, if you please."

"All right," said the man. He knew just where to take Bunny and Sue, for he remembered where he had found them, right in front of Aunt Lu's house. So the two children did not get lost this time, though they had gone a good way from home.

"Thank you very much," said Bunny as he and Sue got out.

The automobile man laughed, as Bunny and Sue started up the front steps, and then he called to them:

"Wait a minute, little ones, I must have some money for giving you a ride."

"Oh!" exclaimed Bunny. "I—I thought you gave folks rides for nothing. Wopsie said you did."

"Well, I don't know who Wopsie is," said the cab man, "but I can't afford to ride anyone around for nothing. You'd better tell your mother that I must be paid."

"Oh, I'll tell her," said Sue. "Mother or Aunt Lu will pay you."

"I'll come up with you I guess," said the automobile man, and he rode up in the elevator with Bunny and Sue.

And you can guess how surprised Mrs. Brown and Aunt Lu were when the two children came in.

"Oh, where have you been?" cried Mother Brown. "We've been looking all over for you; up on the roof, down in the basement, out in the street—and Wopsie was just going to ask the policeman on this block if he had seen you. Where have you been?"

"Riding," answered Bunny.

"Up in Central Park, to see a elephant," added Sue.

"And we had a good time," Bunny went on.

"And now the automobile man wants some money, and we haven't any so you must pay him, Mother," said Sue.

"We—we thought we were riding for nothing," Bunny explained.

Mrs. Brown and Aunt Lu looked at the automobile man, who smiled, and told how the children had called to him, and asked him to give them a long ride.

"Which I did," he said. "I thought their folks had maybe sent them to get the air, as folks often do here, and—"

"Oh, it isn't your fault," said Mrs. Brown. "I'll pay you for the children's ride, of course. But oh, dear! Bunny, you musn't do this again."

"No'm, I won't," Bunny said. "But we had a nice ride."

Mrs. Brown gave the taxicab man some money, and thanked him for having taken good care of the children. Then Wopsie did not have to go to tell the policeman, for Bunny and Sue were safe home again.

"I wonder what they'll do next?" said Mrs. Brown.

"No one knows," answered Aunt Lu.

But, for several days after this, Bunny and Sue did nothing to cause any trouble. They went with their aunt and mother to different places about New York in Aunt Lu's automobile, Wopsie sometimes going with them. Several times Bunny or Sue asked colored persons they met if they were looking for a little lost colored girl, but no one seemed to be.

"Never mind, Wopsie," Bunny would say. "Some time we'll find

your folks."

"Yes'm, I wishes as how yo' all would," Wopsie would answer.

Bunny and Sue liked it very much at Aunt Lu's city home. They had many good times. And that reminds me; I must tell you about the time Bunny ordered a queer dinner for himself and Sue.

The children had been out with Wopsie for a walk, and when they came back to Aunt Lu's house it was such a nice day that Bunny and Sue did not want to go in.

"Let us stay out a while, Wopsie," Bunny begged.

"Well, don't go 'way from in front, an' yo' all can stay," Wopsie said. So Bunny and Sue sat on the side of the big stone steps, in front of Aunt Lu's house.

They really did not intend to go away, but when they saw a fire engine dashing down the street, whistling and purring out black smoke, they just couldn't stand still.

"Let's go and see the fire!" cried Bunny.

"Come on!" agreed Sue.

But it was only a little fire, after all, though quite a crowd gathered. It was upstairs in a store, and it was soon out. Bunny and Sue started back, for they had not come far. They were getting so they knew their way around pretty well now.

As they passed a restaurant, or place to eat, they saw, in the window, a man baking griddle cakes on a gas stove. He would let the cakes brown on one side, toss them up in the air, making them turn a somersault, catch them on a flat spoon, and then they would brown on the other side.

"Oh Bunny!" cried Sue. "Wouldn't you like some of those?"

"I would," said Bunny. "Come on in and we'll have some. I'm hungry!"

He and Sue went into the restaurant, and sat down at one of the tables. A girl, with a big white apron on over her black dress, brought them each a glass of water and a napkin, and said:

"Well, children, what do you want?"

"We want dinner," said Bunny. "We're hungry, and we want some of those cakes the man in the window is baking."

CHAPTER XIII

THE STRAY DOG

The girl waitress in the restaurant smiled at Bunny Brown and his sister Sue. They seemed too small to be going about, ordering meals for themselves, but then the girl knew that in New York people do not live as they do in other cities, or in the country. Many New York persons never eat a meal at home, nor do their children. They go out to hotels, restaurants or boarding houses.

And perhaps this girl thought Bunny and Sue might be the children of some family who had rooms near the restaurant, and who went out to their meals. So she just asked them:

"Are cakes the only things you want?"

"Oh, no, we'll want more than that," said Bunny. "But we want the cakes first; don't we, Sue?"

"Yep," Sue answered. "I like pancakes. And I want some syrup on mine."

"So do I!" cried Bunny.

"I'll bring you some maple syrup when I bring you the cakes," the girl said as, with a smile, she went up to the front of the restaurant to tell the white-capped cook in the window to bake a plate of cakes for each of the children.

Several other persons in the restaurant smiled at Bunny and Sue, as they sat there waiting for the cakes. They seemed such little tots to

be all alone. But Bunny and Sue knew what they were doing. At least they thought they did, and they were not at all bashful.

When the hot cakes were brought to them they spread on some butter, poured the maple syrup over their plates, out of the little silver pitchers, and began to eat.

"They're awful good, aren't they, Bunny?" asked Sue, as she took up the last piece of her third cake.

"Yep," he answered. "I like 'em."

"Let's have some more," Sue said.

"No, let's have something else," said Bunny. "I'm hot now."

"Oh, then we ought to have ice-cream," cried Sue. "You know the other night, when Aunt Lu and mother were so warm, they had ice-cream."

"Then we'll have some," agreed Bunny.

"Anything else?" asked the waitress girl, coming up to their table.

SOON BUNNY AND SUE WERE EATING THE ICE-CREAM

Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue at Aunt Lu's City Home. Page 131.

"Ice-cream, please—two plates," ordered Bunny. Soon he and Sue were eating the cold dessert. As they were taking up the last spoonfuls they saw the waitress girl, at the next table carrying a large piece of red watermelon to a man.

"Oh, Bunny!" cried Sue. "I want some of that!"

"So do I!" exclaimed Bunny. "We'll have some."

And so, after the ice-cream, they ordered watermelon.

"Do you think it will be good for you?" asked the waitress girl.

"Oh, yes, we like it," said Bunny. That was all he thought of—just then.

The ice-cream had been cold, and so was the watermelon, for it had been on the ice, and by the time they had finished that Bunny and Sue were quite chilled through.

"Now I'd like to be warm again," said Sue. "Let's have some more hot cakes, Bunny."

"All right," agreed her brother. He waved his hand to the waitress girl.

"Some more hot cakes!" ordered Bunny.

The girl laughed and said:

"I guess you tots had better not eat any more. I'll call the manager, and ask him if he thinks it safe."

A man, with a black moustache and red cheeks, came up to the table.

"What is it?" he asked. The waitress girl explained. At the same time she put down on the table, by Bunny's plate, two little cards, with some numbers on them, and some round holes punched near the numbers.

"We want some hot cakes, 'cause the ice-cream and watermelon made us so cold," Bunny said.

"How much money have you?" asked the manager, who is the man who sees that everyone gets enough to eat, and then that they pay for

it.

"Money?" cried Bunny Brown. "Money?"

"Yes, you must have money to pay for what you eat," the man said.

"I've five cents," explained Sue. "My mother gave it to me for a toy balloon, but I didn't spend it yet."

"I've four cents," said Bunny, reaching into his pocket, and bringing out four pennies. "I had five cents," he explained, "but I spent a penny for a lollypop."

He shoved the four pennies over toward the girl. Sue began looking in her pocket for her five cent piece.

"I'm afraid you won't have enough money," the manager said. "But if you tell me where you live, and give me the name of your father, I'll call him up on the telephone, and let him know you are here."

"Oh, our daddy's away off," said Bunny. "But you can talk to Aunt Lu on the telephone. She's got one. My mother is with her. She'll buy some cakes for us."

"What's your aunt's name?" the manager wanted to know.

"Aunt Lu!" said Sue.

"Aunt Lu Baker," added Bunny.

"All right. I'll call her up," said the man, smiling. "And I don't believe you had better eat any more griddle cakes. You might be made ill. Give them some dry, sweet crackers, and a glass of milk," he said to the girl. "That won't hurt them."

Bunny and Sue liked the crackers very much. They were eating away, having a fine time, when, all at once, into the restaurant came Mrs. Brown.

"Oh, Mother!" cried Bunny, as he saw her. "Are you hungry too? Sit down by us and eat! We had a fine meal, didn't we, Sue?"

"Yep," answered the little girl. "The ice-cream and watermelon is awful good, Mother!"

"Yes, I suppose it is," and Mrs. Brown could not help smiling. "But you musn't come in restaurants, and order meals like this, Bunny Brown, without having money to pay for them. It isn't right!"

"I—I thought I had money enough," and Bunny looked at his four pennies.

The manager laughed. He had found Aunt Lu's name in the telephone book, and had talked to her, telling her about Bunny and Sue. And then, as the restaurant was just around the corner from Aunt Lu's house, Mrs. Brown had hurried there to get her children.

She paid for what they had eaten, and took them back with her. The waitress girl smiled, so did the manager, and so did many persons in the restaurant, who had seen Bunny and Sue eating.

"Don't ever do anything like this again, Bunny," said Mrs. Brown.

"I won't," Bunny promised. "But we went to the fire, and we were awful hungry; weren't we, Sue?"

"Yes, we was. And the hot cakes was good."

"Oh dear!" sighed Mrs. Brown. "I wonder what it will be next."

But even Bunny Brown and his sister Sue did not know.

For several weeks the two children stayed at Aunt Lu's city home. They had more good times, and often went with their mother or Aunt Lu to the moving pictures. Then, too, there was much to see on the city streets, and Bunny and Sue never grew tired of looking at the

strange sights. Daddy Brown wrote letters, saying he was so busy, looking after his boat business, that he could not come to see them for a long time.

"Does he say how Splash, our dog, is?" asked Bunny, when part of one of his father's letters had been read to him and Sue.

"Yes, Daddy says Splash is all right, but lonesome," Mrs. Brown answered.

"I wish we had Splash here with us," sighed Sue.

"So do I," echoed her brother.

After that, whenever they saw a dog out in the street, they looked anxiously at him, especially if he looked like Splash. And one day, when Bunny and Sue had gone down to the corner of their street, to listen to another hurdy-gurdy hand-piano, they saw a big yellow dog running about, sniffing at some muddy water in a puddle in the sidewalk, as though he wanted a drink.

"Oh, look at that dog!" cried Bunny to Sue. "He's thirsty!"

"He looks as nice as Splash, only, of course, it isn't Splash," Sue said.

"Maybe we could take him," said Bunny. "Let's try. Then we'll have a city dog and a country dog, too."

Sue was willing, and she and Bunny walked up to the stray dog.

"Come here!" called Bunny, just as he used to call to Splash.

The dog looked up. He seemed to like children, for he came straight to Bunny and Sue.

"Oh, he's got a nice collar on," said Sue. "Let's take him to Aunt Lu's, Bunny, and give him a nice drink of water."

"All right," agreed Bunny. "We will." Then, each with a hand on the dog's collar, Bunny and Sue walked along with the nice animal, whose red tongue hung out of his mouth, for the dog had been running, and was quite hot.

CHAPTER XIV

THE RAGGED MAN

"Come on, nice dog!" coaxed Sue, for as the children came nearer to the house where Aunt Lu lived, the animal seemed to want to turn back and run away.

"Yes, don't be afraid," said Bunny. "We'll give you something nice to eat, and some cold water."

Whether the dog understood what Bunny and Sue said to him, or whether he was thirsty and hungry and hoped to get something to eat, I do not know. Some dogs seem to know everything you say to them, and certainly this one was very wise. So he walked on willingly with the two children.

"Do you think we can keep him?" asked Sue.

"I guess so," answered her brother. "He's my dog, 'cause I saw him first."

"Isn't he half mine?" Sue wanted to know.

"Nope, he's *all* mine!" and Bunny took a firmer grasp on the dog's collar.

"Well, I don't care!" cried Sue, stamping her foot, which she sometimes did when she was getting angry. "Half of our dog Splash at home is mine, and I don't see why I can't have half of this one."

"Nope, you can't!" cried Bunny. He hardly ever acted this way

toward his sister. Generally he gave her half of everything. "I want all this dog," Bunny said. "I'm going to train him to be a circus animal, and if a girl owns part of a dog she don't want him to run, or get muddy or anything like that."

"Oh, Bunny Brown!" cried Sue. "I don't care if he does get muddy. I want him to be a circus dog, too. So please can't I have half of him? I'll take the tail end for my half, or the head end half or down the middle, just like we do with Splash!"

"Well," and Bunny seemed to be thinking about it. "Maybe I'll let you have half of him, Sue. But you've got to let me train your half the same as mine, to be a circus dog."

"Yes, Bunny, I will. Oh, isn't he a nice dog!" and she patted him on the head. The dog wagged his tail and seemed happy.

Into the apartment house hall walked the children, leading the stray dog they had found in the street. The elevator was not open, being on one of the upper floors, and Bunny pushed the button that rang the bell, which told Henry, the colored elevator boy, that someone was on the lower floor, waiting to be taken up.

When Henry came down in the queer iron cage that slid up and down, he looked first at Bunny, then at Sue, and then at the dog.

"What yo' all want?" asked the colored boy, smiling and showing his big, white teeth.

"We want to ride up to Aunt Lu's house," answered Bunny.

"We got a new dog, Henry," said Sue.

Henry shook his head.

"I'll take you little folks up to yo' aunt's house," he said, "but I can't take up dat dawg."

"Why not?" asked Bunny. "Is he too heavy? 'Cause if he is, Henry, we'll go up with you first, and you can bring the dog up alone. We'll wait for him up stairs."

Once more the elevator boy shook his head.

"No, sah! I can't do it!" he exclaimed.

"Is you afraid, Henry?" asked Sue, putting her head down on the dog's back. "Is you afraid he'll bite you, Henry? He won't. He's as nice a dog as Splash is, the one we have at home. He won't bite, Henry."

"No, Miss Sue. I ain't askeered ob dat," said Henry, with another smile. "But yo' all can't bring no dawgs in heah! It ain't allowed, nohow!"

"You mean we can't bring a dog in the house?" asked Bunny.

"Yes, sah!" Henry exclaimed. "Dat's it. De man what owns dis house done gib strict orders dat no dogs or cats or parrots can come in, an' I got t' keep 'em out. Yo' all jest go up an' ast yo' Aunt Lu 'bout it."

"Shall we?" asked Sue, as she looked down at the dog.

"Yes," said Bunny. "But, of course, Henry ought to know. But we've got to give this dog something to eat and drink, Sue, 'cause we promised we would. So we'll just leave him down here, and go up and tell Aunt Lu. We can do that; can't we, Henry?" Bunny asked.

"Oh, yes, Bunny. Yo' all kin do dat I'll jest tie de dawg down here in de hall, an' yo' all kin go ast yo' Aunt Lu."

The dog did not seem to mind being tied and left alone. Henry fastened him with a cord, and the dog lay down on the cool marble floor, while the colored boy took the two children up in the elevator.

"Oh, Bunny!" said Sue, in a whisper, as they were waiting for their aunt's maid, or for Wopsie, to open the door of the hall. "Oh, Bunny, I know what we could do."

"What?" Bunny wanted to know.

Sue looked around, and seeing that Henry had gone down in his elevator, she said:

"We could have walked our new dog up the stairs. We didn't need to bring him up in the elevator. Then Henry wouldn't have seen him."

"Yes, but he'd hear him when he barks. If they won't let us keep our new dog here we can take him to Central Park, Sue."

"What for, Bunny?"

"To put him in a cage until we go home. Then we can take him with us to play with Splash."

"Oh, maybe we could!" cried Sue, clapping her hands.

By this time Wopsie had opened the door.

"Well, where yo' chilluns bin?" she asked. "Yo' ma an' yo' aunt Lu am gettin' worried 'bout yo'."

"We found a dog!" cried Bunny. "A real dog!"

"And he's down stairs," said Sue. "Henry won't bring him up on the elevator, but it isn't 'cause Henry's afraid. They won't let dogs live in here, he says. Don't they, Aunt Lu?"

"Don't they what, Sue?" asked Miss Baker, coming into the room just then.

"Dogs," answered Bunny. "We found a nice dog, Aunt Lu, and we want to keep him, but Henry won't let us," and he told all that had

happened.

"No, I am sorry," said Aunt Lu. "They don't allow any dogs, cats or parrots in this building. You see they think persons who have no pets would be bothered by those animals of the neighbors. I'm sorry, Bunny and Sue, but you can't have the dog. One is enough, anyhow, and you have Splash."

"Yes, but he's away off home," said Bunny.

"Never mind, dears. I'm sorry, but I haven't any place for a dog, or a cat or even a parrot."

Bunny and Sue thought for a moment Then Bunny asked:

"Could you keep a monkey, Aunt Lu?"

"Gracious goodness, no!" cried his aunt. "I should hope not! A monkey would be worse than a dog, a cat or a parrot. I hope you don't think of bringing a monkey home, Bunny."

"Oh, no'm. I was just wondering what we'd do if a hand-organ man gave us a monkey."

Mrs. Brown and Aunt Lu laughed.

"Well, I hope a hand-organ man won't give you a monkey," said Bunny's mother, "but, if one does, you'll have to say that you're much obliged, but that you can't keep it."

"Well," broke in Sue, "can we give this dog something to eat and drink, Aunt Lu? We promised him some."

"Yes, you can do that. Poor dog, he's probably a stray one, and will be glad of a meal. Mary will get you some cold meat and a pail of water, and you can take it down to the poor dog. But don't invite him up here, Bunny dear."

The children were sorry they could not keep the dog they had found in the street, but perhaps it was better not to have him. They gave him the water and meat, standing with Henry in the lower hall while the animal ate and drank. Then the elevator boy loosened the string from the dog's collar.

"Run along now!" called Henry, and the dog with a bark, and a wag of his tail, trotted off down the street.

"He's happy, anyhow," remarked Sue. "Dogs is always happy when they wag their tails; aren't they Bunny?"

"I guess so. Well, what will we do next?"

That question was answered for Bunny and Sue when they went up stairs again. For Wopsie was waiting to take them to a moving picture show not far away. There Bunny and Sue had a good time the rest of the afternoon.

It was two or three days after this that, as Bunny and Sue were walking up and down on the sidewalk in front of Aunt Lu's house, waiting for Wopsie to come down and go with them to another moving picture show, the two children saw, walking along, a very ragged man. And, as they watched him, they saw the poor man stoop over a can of ashes on the street, and take from it a piece of dried bread, which he began to eat as though very hungry indeed.

"Oh, Bunny! Look at that!" cried Sue.

"What is it?" asked the little boy.

"That man! He's so hungry he took bread out of the ash can."

"He must be terrible hungry," said Bunny. "Oh, Sue, I know what we can do!"

"What?"

"We can get him something to eat," said Bunny. "I heard Aunt Lu say she didn't know what she was going to do with all the meat left over from dinner. This man would like it, I'm sure. We can ask him up to Aunt Lu's rooms. She'll feed him."

"All right," cried Sue, always ready to do what Bunny did.

"We'll ask him. But we won't take him up in the elevator, Sue," Bunny went on.

"Why not?"

"'Cause maybe Henry won't let him come up, same as he wouldn't let the dog we found. We'll walk up the stairs with the man."

"It—it's awful far," said Sue, with a sigh, as she thought of the ten flights. Once she and Bunny, just for fun, had walked up them. It took a long while.

"Well, I'll walk up with the ragged man," said Bunny. "You can ride up in the elevator, Sue, and tell Aunt Lu we're coming, so she can have something to eat all ready."

"All right," agreed Sue. "That will be nice!"

Then she and Bunny started toward the ragged man who was poking about in the ash can with a long stick, as though looking for more pieces of bread.

CHAPTER XV

BUNNY GOES FISHING

"Are you hungry, Mr. Man?" asked Bunny, standing, with his sister Sue, behind the ragged man. "Are you hungry?"

The man turned quickly, and seeing it was only two little children, he smiled.

"Yes, I am hungry," he said. "I guess you'd be hungry, too, if you hadn't had any breakfast, or dinner or supper, except what you picked out of the ashes."

"My Aunt Lu will give you something to eat," said Sue. "You're going to walk up stairs with Bunny, so Henry, the elevator boy, won't see you. You don't mind walking, do you?"

"Not if I get something to eat," and the man chewed on a piece of the dried bread.

"Oh, Aunt Lu will give you lots!" promised Sue. "She's got plenty of meat left over from dinner, I heard her say so. But you can't go in the elevator. Henry wouldn't let us take up a dog we found."

"Course you're not a dog," Bunny explained quickly, "but they don't let dogs or cats or parrots, or I guess monkeys, up in this place, so maybe they wouldn't let you. But I don't know about that. Only I'll walk up stairs with you, and get you something to eat."

"And I'll go on ahead and tell Aunt Lu you're coming," said Sue. "Then Henry won't see you in his elevator. Go on, Bunny."

"Come along," said the little fellow, holding out his hand to the ragged man. Even though he was ragged he seemed clean.

"Oh, I guess I'd better not go up with you, little ones," the man said. "I'm not dressed nice enough to go in there," and he looked up at the fine, big apartment house in which lived Aunt Lu. "If there was a back door I'd go round to that," he said, "but they don't have back doors to city houses. I'm not used to being a tramp, and begging, either," he said. "But I've been sick, and I can't get any work, and I don't want to beg."

"Aunt Lu likes to help people," said Bunny, "and so does my mother. You come on up stairs with me and I'll get you something to eat. Sue, you go in first, and get Henry to take you up in the elevator. Then Henry won't see me and this man come in, and he can't stop us."

"All right," agreed Sue. So, while Bunny stayed outside, with the ragged man, Sue went into the hall, and rang the elevator bell.

"Hello!" exclaimed Henry, as he opened the sliding door for Sue. "Where's Bunny?"

"Oh, he's coming," Sue said.

"Then I'll wait for him," said Henry.

"Oh, no! You needn't!" Sue exclaimed. "Maybe he won't be in for a long time. I want to go up right away, to tell Aunt Lu she's going to have company."

"Company!" cried Henry. "If company is comin', I'll wait and take 'em up."

"No, please don't!" begged Sue. "Take me up right away, and then you can come down again." She did not want Henry to wait there in

the lower hall, with his elevator, and see Bunny going up the stairs with the ragged man. Sue wanted to get Henry safely out of the way.

"All right. I'll take you up," promised Henry, and, a second later, Sue was shooting upward in the elevator car.

"Come on now. We can get in without Henry's seeing us!" called Bunny to the ragged man. "It's a long walk, but Sue and I did it once."

"Say, I'm much obliged to you," said the tramp, for that's what he was. "But maybe I'd better not go in. They might arrest me."

"No they won't—not while I'm with you," Bunny said. "I'll tell a policeman you're going up to my Aunt Lu's. She's got lots to eat."

And so Bunny and the ragged man began the long climb up the stairs, while Sue rode in the elevator. She, of course, was the first to reach her aunt's rooms. Wopsie let Sue in.

"Oh, Aunt Lu!" cried Sue. "The hungry, ragged man's coming. He ate bread out of the ash can, and he hasn't had any breakfast, dinner or supper. Bunny's walking up stairs with him, so Henry won't see him, 'cause Henry, maybe, wouldn't let him ride in the elevator. But he's awful hungry, so please give him some of that meat!"

For a moment Aunt Lu stared at Sue, and so did Mrs. Brown.

"Bless my stars!" cried Aunt Lu, after a bit. "What does the child mean?"

"It's the ragged man," Sue explained. "Bunny's bringing him up the stairs," and then the little girl told her aunt and mother all about it.

"But, Sue, dear! You musn't bring strange men in the house," said her mother.

"Oh, he was so hungry and ragged!" cried the little girl.

"She meant all right," remarked Aunt Lu. "I dare say it is some poor tramp. There are many of them in New York. I'll give him something to eat. Is Bunny bringing him here?"

"Yes, Aunt Lu. Bunny's walking up the stairs with him, so Henry won't see him, and put him out, like he did our dog that we found."

Aunt Lu and Mother Brown laughed at this, but Sue did not mind. Soon there came a ring at Aunt Lu's hall bell. She opened the door herself, and saw, standing there, Bunny and the ragged man.

"Here he is!" Bunny cried. "I got him up stairs all right, but he slipped on one step. I didn't let him fall, though, and Henry didn't see us. He's hungry, Aunt Lu."

The ragged man took off his ragged cap.

"I'm sorry about this, lady," he said to Aunt Lu. "But the little boy would have it that I come up with him. He said you'd give me a meal, but I don't like to trouble you—"

"Oh, I'm glad to help you," said Aunt Lu. "Wait a minute and I'll hand you out something to eat."

"Come on in!" said Bunny, who did not see why the ragged man should be left standing in the hall.

"No, little chap, I'll wait here," said the man. A few minutes later he was drinking a bowl of coffee Mary, the colored cook, brought him, and he was given a bag of bread and meat, with a piece of cake.

"It's mighty good of you, lady," said the ragged man, as he started to walk down the stairs again.

"You can thank the children," said Aunt Lu with a smile, as she gave the man some money. "And you needn't walk down. I'll ring for the elevator for you."

"Oh, no'm, I'd rather walk. I'm stronger now I've had that coffee. I'll walk down. The elevator boy wouldn't want me in his car. I'll walk."

Down he started, not so hungry now, though as ragged as ever. And, too, Aunt Lu had given him money enough to last him for a few days, until he could find work to earn money for himself.

"But, Bunny and Sue, please don't ask any more ragged men up without first coming to tell me," said Aunt Lu with a smile. "I like to be kind to all poor persons, but you see I live in a house with many other families, and some of them might not like to have tramps come up here. However, you meant all right, only come and tell me or your mother first, after this."

"I will," promised Bunny. "But he was awful hungry; wasn't he?"

"I guess he was, and I'm glad we could help him. But now Wopsie is ready to take you to the moving pictures. Run along."

Bunny and Sue had another good time at the pictures. They saw the play of Cinderella, and liked it very much. After they came out they went to a drug store, and had ice-cream.

One day Aunt Lu said to Bunny and Sue:

"How would you like to go to the aquarium?"

"What's that?" asked Bunny. "Is it like a moving picture show?"

"Well, it is moving, and it is a show," answered Aunt Lu, with a smile. "But it is not exactly pictures. It is a big building down at the end of New York City, in a place called Battery Park, and in the building are tanks and pools, where live fish are swimming around. There are also seals, alligators and turtles. Would you like to go to see that?"

Bunny and Sue thought they would, very much, and a little later, with their mother and Aunt Lu, they were in the aquarium. All around the

building, which was in the shape of a circle, were glass tanks, in which big and little fish could be seen swimming about. In white tile-lined pools, in the middle of the floor, were larger fish, alligators, turtles and other things. Bunny was delighted.

"Oh, if I could only catch some of these big fish," he said to Sue.

"But you can't!"

"Maybe I can," he said to her in a whisper. "I brought some pins with me, and some string. I'm going to try and catch a fish. Come on over here."

From his pocket Bunny took a string and a pin. His mother and his aunt were looking down in the pool where some seals were swimming about. Bunny, holding Sue's hand, led her over to the other side of the aquarium where there was a pool containing some large fish, and some big turtles.

"I'm going to fish here," said Bunny Brown.

CHAPTER XVI

LOST IN NEW YORK

Bunny's sister Sue did not think her brother was doing anything wrong. She had so often seen him do many things that other boys did not do that she thought whatever Bunny did was all right.

"How you going to catch fish?" she asked.

"I'll show you," Bunny answered. "But don't call mother or Aunt Lu. They want to stay looking at the seals. I've seen enough of them."

But I think, though, that the real reason Bunny did not want Sue to call his mother, or his aunt, was because he was afraid they might stop him from trying to catch a fish.

And that was what Bunny Brown was going to try to do.

While Sue watched, Bunny bent a pin up in the shape of a hook. He and his sister had often fished with such hooks down in the brook near their house. Bunny tied the bent pin to the end of a long string, and then he walked over toward the white, tile-lined pool.

Just at this time there was no one near this pool, for most of the visitors in the aquarium were watching the seals, as Mrs. Brown and Aunt Lu were doing. The seals, of whom there were three or four, seemed to be having a game of tag. They swam about very swiftly, and leaped half out of the water, splashing it all about, and even on the persons standing about the pool. But the men, women and children only laughed, and crowded up closer to look at the playing

seals.

"I want to see them," said Sue, pointing to where the crowd stood, laughing.

"Wait until I catch a fish," pleaded Bunny. "I'll soon have a fish, or a turtle or an alligator, Sue."

"I don't want any alligators," said the little girl. "They bite, and so does a turtle."

"All right. I won't catch them," promised Bunny. "I'll just catch a fish. Then we'll go to look at the seals."

"All right," agreed Sue. She went with her little brother over to the other pool. They were the only ones there, because everyone else was so anxious to look at the seals.

"Now watch me catch a fish," Bunny said. To the bent pin hook, on the end of the string, he tied a piece of rag. He had brought all these things with him, hoping he might get a chance to fish in the aquarium.

"What's that rag?" Sue wanted to know.

"That's my bait," Bunny answered. "You can't dig any worms in the city, 'cause there's all sidewalk. So I use this rag for bait."

"I don't like worms, anyhow," said Sue. "They is so—so squiggily. Rags is nicer for bait. But will the fish eat rags, Bunny?"

"I guess so."

The pool that Bunny had picked out to fish in was in two parts. There was a wire screen across the middle, and on one side were the alligators and turtles—some large and some small, while on the other side of the wire were fish. It was these fish—or one of them at least—that Bunny Brown was going to try to catch.

Into the water he cast his bent pin hook, with the fluttering rag for bait. No one saw him, everyone else being at the seal-pool. Sue watched her brother eagerly. She wanted him to hurry, and catch a fish, so they could go over where their mother and Aunt Lu were.

But the fish in the pool did not seem to care for Bunny's rag bait. Perhaps they knew it was only a piece of cloth, and not a nice worm, or piece of meat, such as they would like to eat. Anyhow, they just swam past it in the water.

"Hurry up, Bunny, and catch a fish!" begged Sue. "I want to go and look at the seals."

"All right—I'll have a fish in a minute," Bunny said, hopefully.

But he did not. The fish would not bite. Bunny wanted to catch something, and, all at once, he decided that if he could not get a fish he might get a turtle, or a small alligator. But he did not tell Sue what he was going to do, for he knew she would not like it. She was afraid of alligators and turtles.

Bunny pulled his line from the fish-pool and tossed the pin-hook over into the turtle-pool. And then something happened, all at once! There was a rush through the water, as a big turtle saw the fluttering rag, and the next minute Bunny was nearly pulled over the low railing into the pool. For the turtle had swallowed his bent pin hook.

"Oh, Sue! I've got one! I've got one!" cried Bunny, shouting out loud, he was so excited.

"Have you got a fish, Bunny?" asked Sue, who had walked a little way over toward the seal-pool.

"No, I haven't got a fish, but I've got a turtle. But I won't let him hurt you, Sue!" he called. "Oh, I've got a big one! Look, Sue!"

Bunny was holding tightly to the string. He had wound it about his

hands, and as the cord was a strong one, and as the turtle had swallowed the bent-pin hook on the other end, Bunny was almost being pulled over into the tank full of water, where the alligators and other turtles were now swimming about, very much excited, because the turtle which Bunny had caught was making such a fuss.

"Oh, I've got him! I've got him!" cried Bunny, eagerly.

"I rather think he has got *you*!" said a man, rushing up to Bunny just in time to grab him. The little fellow's feet were being lifted off the floor and, in another few seconds, he himself was in danger of being pulled into the pool. For the cord was a strong one, and the turtle was one of the largest.

"Let go the string!" called the man who had hold of Bunny. "Let go the string!"

Bunny did so, and the turtle swam away with it.

By this time Mother Brown and Aunt Lu, who had heard Bunny's calls, had rushed over to him. Others, too, left the seals, to see what was the excitement at the turtle and alligator pool.

"Oh, Bunny! What have you done?" cried his mother.

"I—I was catching a fish," Bunny explained, as the man who had stopped him from being pulled into the pool, set the little fellow down. "I was catching a fish and—"

"But you musn't catch any fish in *here*!" exclaimed one of the men in uniform, who was on guard in the aquarium. "You're not allowed to catch fish in here!"

"It—it wasn't a fish," said Bunny. "It was a turtle. I tried to get a fish, but I couldn't. But the turtle bit on the rag bait."

"Yes, turtles will do that," said the guard. "But you must never again

try to fish in here. These fish are to look at, not to catch."

"Oh, I'm sure he didn't mean to do wrong," said the man who had saved Bunny from getting wet in the pool.

"I'll forgive him this time," the guard said, "but he must not do it again."

"I won't," Bunny promised.

The turtle that had taken the pin hook was swimming about with the string dragging after it. One of the aquarium men, with a net, caught the turtle, and took the pin and string out of its mouth.

"Now let's go and look at the seals," said Bunny, when the crowd, laughing at what the little boy had done, had moved away.

"But you musn't try to catch any of them," his mother said.

"I won't," promised Bunny.

Watching the seals was fun, and Bunny and Sue had a good time there, until it was time to go out of the aquarium for dinner. The children had a nice meal, in a restaurant, and Aunt Lu said:

"I think this afternoon we will take a little ride on the boat to Coney Island. You children can have an ocean bath there. It is getting on toward fall, I know, but it is all the nicer down at the beach, and there won't be such crowds there as in real hot weather."

"Oh, won't it be fun to paddle in the water again!" cried Sue.

"That's what it will!" said Bunny Brown.

The place to take the boat for Coney Island was two or three blocks from the restaurant where they had eaten lunch. Bunny and Sue walked behind Mother Brown and Aunt Lu along the street to the boat-dock.

"This is just like home," said Bunny as he saw the water-front, with many boats tied up along the docks, just as they were at his father's pier at home.

Sue liked it, too. There were many things to see. In one window the children saw a number of monkeys, and birds with brightly colored feathers.

"Oh, let's stop and look at them!" cried Sue. Bunny was willing, so they stood looking in the window. Mrs. Brown and Aunt Lu, thinking the children were coming right along, walked on. And it was not until they were ready to cross the street that the mother and aunt missed the little ones.

"Why, where can they have gone?" cried Mrs. Brown, looking all around.

"Oh, they're just walking slowly, behind us," Aunt Lu said. "We'll go back and find them."

She and her sister walked back, but they could not see Bunny and Sue.

"Oh, where are they?" cried Mrs. Brown. "My children are lost! Lost in New York! Oh dear!"

CHAPTER XVII

AT THE POLICE STATION

Bunny Brown, and his sister Sue, standing in front of the window where the monkeys and birds were, in cages, had forgotten all about Mother Brown and Aunt Lu. All the children thought of was watching the funny things the monkeys did, for there were three of the long-tailed animals in one cage, and they seemed to be playing tricks on one another.

"Oh, Bunny!" said Sue, "this must be where the hand-organ men get their monkeys."

"Maybe," Bunny agreed. "But hand-organ monkeys have red caps on, and wear green coats, and these monkeys haven't anything on."

"Maybe they make caps and jackets for them from the birds' feathers," Sue said.

"Maybe," agreed Bunny. Certainly the feathers of the birds were red and green, just the colors of the caps and jackets the monkeys wore.

"I wonder if the man would give us a monkey?" Sue said, as she pressed her little nose flat against the window glass, so she would miss nothing of what went on in the store.

"Maybe he would, or we could save up and buy one," Bunny answered.

"Monkeys don't cost much I guess. 'Cause hand-organ mens isn't

very rich, and they always have one. I'd like a parrot, too," said Sue.

"Yes, a parrot is better than a doll, for a parrot can talk."

"A parrot is not better than a doll!" Sue cried.

"Yes it is," said Bunny. "It's alive, too, and a doll isn't."

"Well, I can make believe my doll is alive," said Sue. "Anyhow, Bunny Brown, you can't have a parrot or a monkey, 'cause Henry, the elevator boy, won't let 'em come inside Aunt Lu's house."

"That's so," Bunny agreed. "Well, anyhow, we can go in and ask how much they cost, and we can save up our money and buy one when we go home. We aren't always going to stay at Aunt Lu's. And our dog, Splash, would like a monkey and a parrot."

"Yes," said Sue, "he would. All right, we'll go in and ask how much they is."

Hand in hand, never thinking about their aunt and their mother, Bunny and Sue went into the animal store, in the window of which were the monkeys and the parrots. Once inside, the children saw so many other things—chickens, ducks, goldfish, rabbits, squirrels, pigeons and dogs—that they were quite delighted.

"Why—why!" cried Sue, "it's just like Central Park, Bunny!"

"Almost!" said the little boy. "Oh, Sue. Look at the squirrel on the merry-go-'round!"

In a cage on the counter, behind which stood an old man, was a bushy-tailed squirrel, and he was going around and around in a sort of wire wheel. It was like a small merry-go-'round, except that it did not whirl in just the same way.

"What do you want, children?" asked the old man who kept the

animal store.

"We—we'd like a monkey, if it doesn't cost too much," said Bunny.

"And a parrot, too. Don't forget the parrot, Bunny," whispered Sue. "We want a parrot that can talk."

"And how much is a parrot, too?" asked Bunny.

The old man smiled at the children. Then he said:

"Well, parrots and monkeys cost more than you think. A parrot that can talk well costs about ten dollars!"

Bunny looked at Sue and Sue looked at Bunny. They had never thought a parrot cost as much as that. Bunny had thought about twenty-five cents, and Sue about ten.

"Well," said Bunny with a sigh, "I guess we can't get a parrot."

"Does one that can't talk cost as much as that?" Sue wanted to know.

"Well, not quite, but almost, for they soon learn to talk, you know," answered the nice old man.

"How much are monkeys?" asked Bunny. It was almost as if he had gone into Mrs. Redden's store at home, and asked how much were lollypops.

"Well, monkeys cost more than parrots," said the old man.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Bunny. "I—I guess we can't ever save up enough to get one."

"No, I guess not," agreed Sue.

The old man smiled in such a nice way that Bunny and Sue felt

sure he would be good and kind. He was almost like Uncle Tad.

"Where did you get all these animals?" asked Bunny, as he and his sister looked around on the dogs, cats, monkeys, parrots, guinea pigs, pigeons and goldfish, that were on all sides of the store.

"Oh, I have had an animal store a long time," said the old man. "I buy the animals and birds in different places, and sell them to the boys and girls of New York who want them for pets."

"We have a pet dog named Splash," said Bunny. "He's bigger than any dogs you have here."

"Yes, I don't keep big dogs," said the old man. "They take up too much room, and they eat too much. Mostly, folks in New York want small dogs, because they live in small houses, or apartments."

"My Aunt Lu can't have a dog or a parrot or a monkey in her house," said Sue. "Henry, the colored elevator boy, won't let her. Bunny and me, we found a dog, and Henry made us tie him down in the hall to feed him."

"Yes, I suppose so," said the old man.

"And we found a ragged man," went on Bunny, "and I had to lead him up stairs—ten flights—'cause Henry maybe wouldn't let him ride in the elevator."

"That was too bad," said the old animal store-keeper. "But where do you children live? Is your home near here, and do your folks know you are trying to buy a monkey and a parrot?"

Then, for the first time since they had looked in the window of the animal store, Bunny and Sue thought of Mother Brown and Aunt Lu. They remembered they had started for the seashore.

"Oh, our mother and aunt are with us," said Bunny. "We had our

dinner, and we're going to Coney Island. I guess we'd better go, too, Sue. Maybe they're waiting for us."

Bunny and Sue started out of the animal store, but, just then, one monkey pulled another monkey's tail, and the second one made such a chattering noise that the children turned around to see what it was. Then the monkey whose tail was pulled, reached out his paw, through the wires of his cage, and caught hold of the tail of a green parrot. Perhaps he thought the parrot was pulling his tail.

"Stop it! Stop it!" screamed the parrot. "Polly wants a cracker! Oh, what a hot day! Have some ice-cream! Stop it! Stop it! Pop goes the weasel!"

Bunny and Sue laughed, though they felt sorry that the monkey's and parrot's tails were being pulled. The animal-store man hurried over to the cages to stop the trouble, and Bunny and Sue stayed to watch.

So it happened, when Mother Brown and Aunt Lu turned around, to find the missing children, Bunny and Sue were not in sight, being inside the store. So, of course, their mother and their aunt did not see them.

"Oh, where could they have gone?" cried Mother Brown.

"Perhaps they are just behind us," said Aunt Lu. "We'll find them all right."

"But suppose they are lost?"

"They can't be lost very long in New York," Aunt Lu said. "The police will find them. Come, we'll walk back and look for them."

But though Mother Brown and Aunt Lu walked right past the store, they never thought that Bunny and Sue were inside.

"Oh, dear!" cried Aunt Lu, "I don't see where they can be!"

"Nor I," said Mrs. Brown. "Oh, if my children are lost!"

"If they are we'll soon find them," asserted Aunt Lu, looking up and down the street, but not seeing Bunny or Sue. "Here comes a policeman now," she went on. "We'll ask him."

But, though the policeman had seen many children on the street, he was not sure he had seen Bunny and Sue.

"However," he said, "the police station is not far from here. You had better go there and ask if they have any lost children. We pick up some every day, and maybe yours are there. Go to the police station. You'll find 'em there."

And to the police station went Mother Brown and Aunt Lu. They walked in toward a big, long desk, with a brass rail in front. Behind the desk sat a man dressed like a soldier, with gold braid on his cap.

"Have you any lost children?" asked Mother Brown.

"A few," answered the police officer behind the brass rail. "You can hear 'em crying."

Aunt Lu and Mother Brown listened. Surely enough, they heard several little children crying.

"They're in the back room," said the officer. "I'll take you in, and you can pick yours out."

CHAPTER XVIII

HOME AGAIN

Mother Brown and Aunt Lu went into the back room of the police station. Around the room, at a table, sat many policemen, most of them with their coats off, for it was rather a warm day. These were the policemen who were waiting for something to happen—such as a fire, or some other trouble—before they went out to help boys and girls, or men and women.

But, besides these policemen, there were some little children, three little boys, and two little girls, all rather ragged, all quite dirty, and at least one boy and one girl were crying.

"Oh, where did you get them all?" asked Mother Brown.

"They are lost children," said the policeman who looked like a soldier, with the gold braid on his cap. "Our officers find them on the street, and bring them here."

"And how do their fathers and mothers find them?" asked Aunt Lu.

"Oh, they come here looking for them, the same as you two ladies are doing. The children are never lost very long. You see they're so little they can't tell where they live, or we'd send them home ourselves. Are any of these the lost children you are looking for?"

"Oh, no! Not one!" exclaimed Mother Brown. It took only one look to show her and Aunt Lu that Bunny and Sue were not among the lost children then in the police station.

"Well, I wish some of these were yours," returned the officer. "Especially those two crying ones. They've cried ever since they came here."

"Boo-hoo!" cried two of the lost children. They seemed to be afraid, more than were the others. The others rather liked it. One boy was playing with a policeman's hat, while a little girl was trying to see if she was as tall as a policeman's long club.

"Will they stay here long?" asked Aunt Lu.

"Oh, no, not very long," said the officer.

"Their mothers will miss them soon, and come to look for them. So none of these are yours?" he asked.

"No, but I wish they were," said Mother Brown. "Oh, what has happened to Bunny and Sue?" she asked, and there were tears in her eyes.

"They'll be all right," said the officer in the gold-laced cap. "Maybe they haven't been found yet. As soon as a policeman on the street sees that your children are lost he'll bring them here. You can sit down and wait, if you like. Your little ones may be brought in any minute now."

But Aunt Lu and Mother Brown thought they would rather be out in the street, looking for Bunny and Sue, instead of staying in the police station, and waiting.

"If you leave the names of your children," said the officer to Mother Brown, "we'll telephone to you as soon as they are found. That is if they can tell their names."

"Oh, Bunny and Sue can do that, and they can also tell where they live," said Aunt Lu.

"Oh, then they'll be all right," the officer said, with a laugh. "Maybe they're home by this time. If they told a policeman where they lived he might even take them home, or send them home in a taxicab. We often do that," he said, for he could tell by looking at Aunt Lu and Mother Brown that the two ladies lived in a nice part of New York, maybe a long way from this police station.

"Oh, perhaps Bunny and Sue are home now, waiting for us!" said Mother Brown. "Let's go and see!"

"And if they're not, and if they are brought here, we'll telephone to you," the officer said, as he put the names of Bunny and Sue down on a piece of paper, and also Aunt Lu's telephone number.

So Mrs. Brown and her sister left the police station, and, after another look in the street where they last had seen Bunny and Sue, hoping they might see them (but they did not), off they started for Aunt Lu's house.

"Maybe they are there now," said Mother Brown.

But of course Bunny Brown and his sister Sue were not. We know where they were, though their mother and aunt did not. The children were still in the animal store, laughing at the funny things the monkeys were doing.

After a while, though, one monkey stopped pulling the other monkey's tail, and the other monkey stopped trying to pull the green feathers out of the parrot's tail, and it was quiet in the animal store, except for the cooing of the pigeons and the barking of the dogs.

"So you don't think you want to buy a monkey or a parrot to-day, children?" asked the animal-man, with a smile.

"No, thank you. We haven't the money," said Bunny. "But I would like a monkey."

"And I'd like a parrot," added Sue. "But Henry, the elevator boy, wouldn't let us keep 'em, so maybe it's just as well."

"We can come down here when we want to see any animals," said Bunny to his sister. "I like it better than Central Park."

"So do I," said Sue.

"Yes, come down as often as you like," the old man invited them. "Are you going?" he asked, as he saw Bunny and Sue open the door.

"Yes, we're going to Coney Island with mother and Aunt Lu," Bunny answered.

He and Sue stepped out into the street. They had forgotten all about their mother and their aunt until now, and they thought they would find them on the sidewalk, waiting. But, of course, we know what Mother Brown and Aunt Lu had done—gone to the police station, looking for the lost ones.

So, when Bunny and Sue looked up and down the street, as they stood in front of the animal store, they did not see Mrs. Brown or Aunt Lu.

"I—I wonder where they went?" said Sue.

"I don't know," answered Bunny. "Maybe they're lost!"

Sue looked a little frightened at this. The animal-man, seeing the children did not know what to do, came out to them.

"Can't you find your mother?" he asked.

"No," answered Bunny. "She—she's lost!"

"I guess it's *you* who are lost," said the animal-man. "But never mind. Tell me where you live, and I'll have the police take you home."

Bunny and Sue, when first they came to New York, had been told by their Aunt Lu that if they ever got lost not to be worried or frightened, for a policeman would take them home. So now, when they heard the animal-man speak about the police, they knew what to expect.

"Where do you live, children?" asked the gray-haired animal-man. "Tell me where you live."

But, strange to say, Bunny and Sue had each forgotten. Some days past their aunt and mother had made them learn, by heart, the number and the street where Aunt Lu's house stood. But now, try as they did, neither Bunny nor Sue could remember it. Watching the monkeys and parrots had made them forget, I suppose.

"Don't you know where you live?" asked the animal-man.

Bunny shook his head. So did Sue.

"Our elevator boy is named Henry," Bunny said.

The animal-man laughed.

"I guess there are a good many elevator boys named Henry, in New York," he said. "I'll just tell the police that I have two lost children here. They'll come and get you, and take you home. Maybe your aunt and mother have already been at the police station looking for you."

It took only a little while for the kind man to telephone to the same police station where Aunt Lu and Mother Brown had been. Of course they were not there then.

But soon a kind policeman came and took Bunny and Sue to the police station, leading them by the hand. Bunny and Sue thought it was fun, and persons in the street smiled at the sight. They knew two lost children had been found.

"What are your names, little ones?" asked the policeman behind the big brass railing, when the two tots were led into the station house.

"I'm Bunny Brown, and this is my sister Sue," spoke up the little boy. "We're lost, and so is our mother and our Aunt Lu."

"Well, you won't be lost long," said the officer with a laugh. "Your mother and aunt have been here looking for you, but they've gone home. I'll telephone them you are here, and they'll come and get you."

And that's just what happened. Bunny and Sue sat in the back room, with the other lost children, though there were not so many now, for two of them—the crying ones—had been taken away by their mothers. And, pretty soon, along came Aunt Lu's big automobile, and in that Bunny and Sue were ready to be taken safely home.

Then Aunt Lu rode past the kind animal-man's place, and she and Mother Brown thanked him for his care of the children.

"We couldn't have a monkey and a parrot, could we, Mother?" asked Bunny, as they left the animal store.

"No, dear. I'm afraid not."

"I didn't think we could," Bunny went on. "But when we get back home, where Henry, the elevator boy, can't see 'em, Sue and I is going to have a monkey and a parrot."

CHAPTER XIX

BUNNY FLIES A KITE

Mother Brown and Aunt Lu laughed when Bunny said this. Bunny's and Sue's mother and aunt were glad to have the children safely with them again. They were soon at Aunt Lu's home.

"Whatever made you two children go into that animal store?" asked Mrs. Brown. "Aunt Lu and I thought you were right behind us, going to take the boat for Coney Island. Now we can't go."

"We can go some other day," declared Bunny. "You see we just stopped to look in the animal store window, Mother, and then we thought we'd go in to see how much a monkey and a parrot cost."

"But they cost ten dollars," said Sue, "so we didn't get any."

"I should hope not!" exclaimed Aunt Lu.

The next day Bunny and Sue went to Coney Island with their aunt and their mother. This time Aunt Lu and Mother Brown kept close hold of the children's hands, so they were not lost. They very much enjoyed the sail down the bay, and they had lots of fun at Coney Island.

Of course Bunny and Sue were not like some children, who have never seen the grand, old ocean. Bunny and Sue lived near it at home, and had seen it ever since they were small children. But, to some, their visit to Coney Island gives the first sight of the sea, and it is a wonderful sight, with the big waves breaking on the sandy shore.

But if Bunny and Sue were not so eager to see the ocean, they

were glad to look at the other things on Coney Island. They rode on a merry-go-'round, slid down a long wooden hill, in a wooden boat, and splashed into the water; this was "shooting the chutes," of which you have heard.

They even rode on a tame elephant, in a little house on the big animal's back. Then they had popcorn and candy, and some lemonade, that, if it was not pink, such as they had at their little circus, was just as good. In fact Bunny Brown and his sister Sue had a very good time at Coney Island.

Coming back on the boat was nice, too. There was a band playing music, and Bunny and Sue, and some other children, danced around. They reached home after dark, and Bunny and Sue were glad to go to bed.

But Bunny was not too sleepy to ask:

"What are we going to do to-morrow, Mother?"

"Oh, wait until to-morrow comes and see," she answered. "I hope you don't get lost again, though."

But Bunny and Sue were not afraid of getting lost in New York, now. They knew the police would find them, and be kind to them.

Their mother and Aunt Lu had made them say, over and over again, the number of the house, and the name of the street where Aunt Lu lived. The children also had cards with the address on. But the day they went into the animal store they had left their cards at home.

"What shall we do, Bunny?" asked Sue, the day after their trip to Coney Island. "I want to have some fun."

"So do I," said Bunny.

Having fun in the big city of New York was different from playing in the country, on grandpa's farm, or near the water in Bellemere, as Bunny and Sue soon found. But they had many good times at Aunt Lu's, though they were different from those at home. One thing about being in the country, at grandpa's, or at their own home, was that Bunny and Sue could run out alone and look for fun. In New York they were only allowed to go on the street in front of Aunt Lu's house alone. Of course if Aunt Lu, or Mother Brown, or even Wopsie went with them, the children could go farther up or down the street.

"Let's see if we can go out and find Wopsie's aunt to-day," said Bunny to Sue, after they had eaten breakfast.

"All right," agreed the little girl. "Where'll we look?"

"Oh, down in the street," said Bunny. "We'll ask all the colored people we meet if they have lost a little girl. And we could ask at a police station, too, if we knew where there was one."

"Yes," said Sue, "we might ask at the station where we was tooken, after we saw the monkeys and parrots in the animal store."

"But we don't know where that police station is," Bunny said. "I guess we'd just better ask in the street."

Bunny and Sue were quite in earnest about finding little Wopsie's aunt for her. For they wanted to make the little colored girl happy.

And, strange as it may seem, Bunny and Sue had asked many colored persons they met, if they wanted a little lost colored girl. Bunny and Sue did not think this was at all strange, for they were used to doing, and saying, just what they pleased, as long as it was not wrong.

Of course some colored men and women did not know what to make of the queer questions Bunny and Sue asked, but others

replied to them kindly, and said they were sorry, but that they had not lost any little colored girl.

"But we'll find Wopsie's aunt some time," said Bunny, and Sue thought they might. So now, having nothing else to do to "have fun," as they called it, Bunny and Sue started to go down to the street.

"Don't go away from in front of the house!" their mother called to them.

"We won't," Bunny promised.

Henry, the colored elevator boy, took them down in his car.

"We're going to find Wopsie's aunt," said Bunny.

"Well, I hopes you do," replied Henry. For, all this while, though Aunt Lu had tried her best, nothing could be found of any "folks" for the little colored girl. She still lived with Aunt Lu, helping keep the apartment in order, and looking after Bunny and Sue.

Down on the sidewalk went Bunny and his sister. For some time they sat on the shady front steps, watching for a colored man or woman. But it was quite long before one came along. Then it was a young colored man. Up to him ran Bunny.

"Is you looking for Wopsie?" he asked. For the colored man was looking up at the numbers on the houses.

"No, sah, little man. I'se lookin' fo' Henry," was the answer. "He's a elevator boy, an' he done lib around yeah somewheres."

"Oh, he lives in here!" cried Sue. "Henry's our elevator boy. We'll show you!"

She and Bunny ran into the hall, calling:

"Henry! Henry! Here's your brother looking for you!"

And so it was Henry's brother. He worked as an elevator boy in another apartment house, and, as he had a few hours to spare, he had come to see Henry.

The two colored boys talked together, riding up and down in the sliding car, while Bunny and Sue went back to the street.

"Well, we didn't find anyone looking for Wopsie," said Bunny, "but we found someone looking for Henry, and that's pretty near the same."

"Yes," said Sue. "Maybe we'll find Wopsie's aunt to-morrow."

But no more colored persons came along, and, after a while, Bunny and Sue grew tired of waiting. Looking up in the air Bunny suddenly gave a cry.

"Oh, Sue! Look!" he shouted. "There's a boy on the roof of that house across the street, flying a kite. I'm going to get a kite and fly it from our roof!"

"Do you think mother will let you?" asked Sue.

"I'm going to tell her about it!" Bunny exclaimed.

At first Mrs. Brown would not hear of Bunny's flying a kite from the roof of the apartment house. But Aunt Lu said:

"Oh, the boys here often do it. That's the only place they have to fly kites in New York. There is a good breeze up on our roof, and it's safe. I don't know anything about a kite though, or how we could get Bunny one."

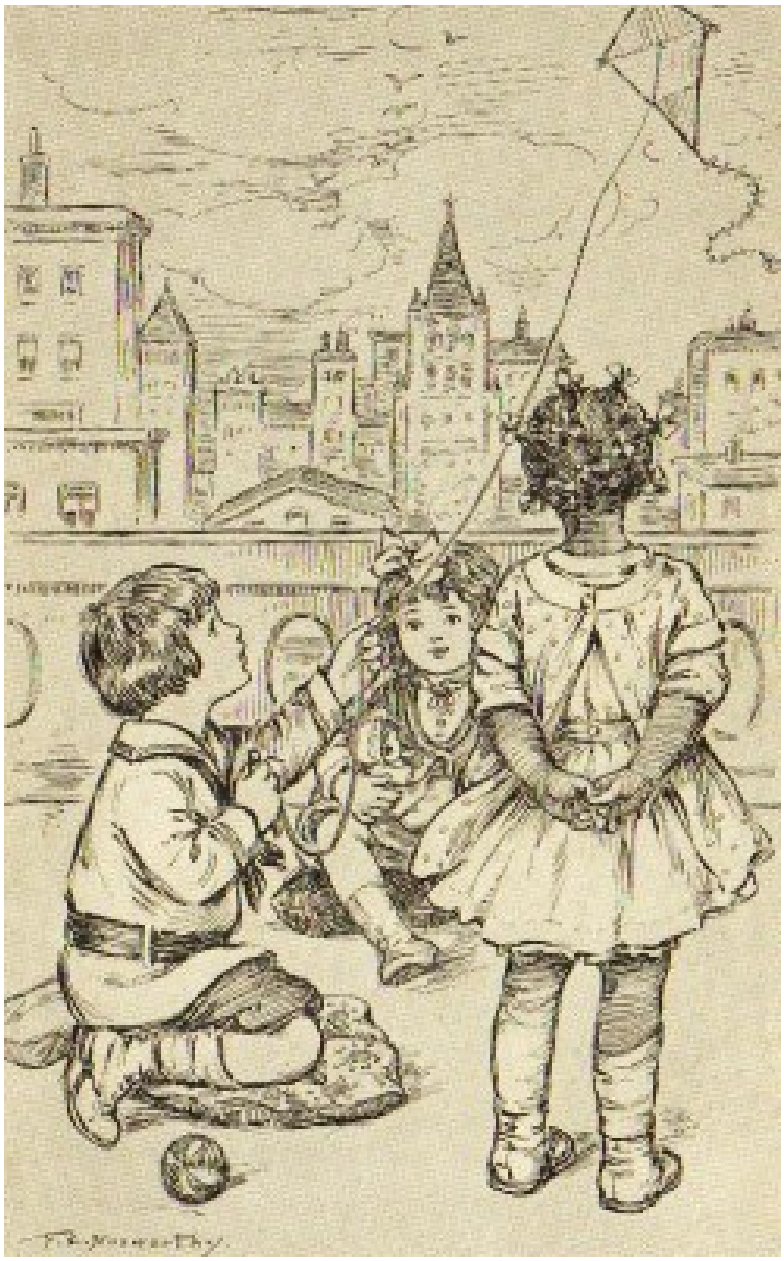
"You can buy 'em in a store," said the little boy. "There's a store just around the corner, and the kites cost five cents."

Mrs. Brown, hearing her sister say it was safe, and all right, to fly

kites from the roof, said Bunny might get one. So he and Sue, with Wopsie, went to the little store around the corner. There Bunny got a fine red, white and blue kite, with a tail to it.

"Now we'll take it up on the roof and fly it," he said to his sister and the little colored girl, after he had tied the end of a ball of string to his kite.

There was a good wind up on the roof, and the railing was so high there was no danger of the children sliding off. Bunny's kite was soon flying in the air, and he and Sue took turns holding the string, as they sat on cushions on the roof. Wopsie stood near, looking on.



"I NEVER FLIED A KITE LIKE THIS BEFORE," LAUGHED BUNNY—"UP ON A HOUSE ROOF."

Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue at Aunt Lu's City Home. Page 192.

"I never flied a kite like this before," laughed Bunny—"up on a house roof."

CHAPTER XX

THE PLAY PARTY

High up in the air flew Bunny Brown's kite. The wind blew very hard on the high roof of Aunt Lu's house, harder than it blew down in the street. And, too, on the roof, there were no trees to catch the kite's tail and pull it. I think a kite doesn't like its tail pulled any more than a pussy cat, or a puppy dog does. Anyhow, nothing pulled the tail of Bunny's kite.

"Doesn't it fly fine!" cried Sue, as Bunny let out more and more of the ball of cord.

"Yes," he answered. "I'll let you hold it awhile, Sue, after it gets up higher."

"And will you let Wopsie hold it, too?" asked the little girl.

Sue was very kind hearted, and she always wanted to have the lonely little colored girl share in the joys and pleasures that Bunny and his sister so often had.

"Sure, Wopsie can fly the kite!" Bunny answered. "It's almost up high enough now. Pretty soon it will be up near the clouds. Then I'll let you and Wopsie hold it awhile."

Up and up went the kite, higher and higher. The wind was blowing harder than ever, sweeping over the roof, and Bunny moved back from the high rail for fear that, after all, the kite might pull him over. Pretty soon he had let out all the cord, except what was tied to a

clothes pin his aunt had given him, and Bunny said:

"Now you can hold the kite, Sue. But keep it tight, so it won't pull away from you."

Sue did not come up to take the string, as Bunny thought she would. Instead, Sue said:

"I—I guess Wopsie can take my turn, Bunny. I don't want to hold the kite. Let Wopsie."

"Why, I thought you wanted to," the little boy said.

"Well, I—I did, but I don't want to now," and Sue looked at the kite, high up in the air above the roof.

"Come on, Wopsie!" called Bunny to the little colored girl. "You can hold the kite awhile."

Wopsie shook her kinky, black, curly head.

"No, sah, Bunny! I don't want t' hold no kite nohow!" she said.

"Why not?" Bunny wanted to know.

"Jest 'case as how I don't!" Wopsie explained.

"Is—is you afraid, same as I am?" asked Sue.

"Why, Sue!" cried Bunny. "You're not afraid to hold my kite; are you?"

"Yes I is, Bunny."

"What for?"

"'Cause it's so high up," Sue told him. "The wind blows it so hard, and we're up on such a high roof, and the kite pulls so hard I'm afraid it might take me up with it."

"That's jest what I'se skeered ob, too!" cried Wopsie. "I don't want t' git carried off up to no cloud, no sah! I wants t' find mah aunt 'fore I goes up to de sky!"

Bunny Brown laughed.

"Why this kite wouldn't pull you up!" he said. "It can't pull hard enough for that. Come on, I'll let both of you hold it together. It can't pull you both up."

"Shall we?" asked Sue, looking at Wopsie.

"Well, I will if yo' will," said the colored girl slowly.

Slowly and carefully Sue and Wopsie took hold of the kite string. No sooner did they have it in their hands than there came a sudden puff of wind, harder than before, and the kite pulled harder than ever.

"Oh, it's taking us up! It's taking us up!" cried Sue, and she let go the string.

"I can't hold it all alone! I can't hold it all alone!" cried Wopsie. "I don't want to go up to de clouds in de sky!"

And she, too, let go the cord. As it happened, Bunny did not have hold of it just then, thinking his sister and Wopsie would hold it, so you can easily guess what happened.

The strong wind carried the kite, string and all, away through the air, the clothes pin, fast to the end of the cord, rattling along over the roof.

"Oh, look!" cried Sue. "Your kite is loose, Bunny!"

"Cotch it! Cotch it!" shouted Wopsie, now that she saw what had happened.

Bunny did not say it was the fault of his sister and the little colored girl that the kite had gone sailing off by itself, though if the two girls had held to the string it never would have happened. But Bunny was too eager and anxious to get back his kite to say anything just then.

With a bound he sprang after the rolling clothes pin. But it kept just beyond his reach. He could not get his hand on it. Faster and faster the kite sailed away. Bunny was now running across the roof after the clothes pin that was tied on the end of his kite cord.

Then, all of a sudden, the clothes pin was pulled over the edge of the roof railing. Bunny could not get it. He stopped short at the edge of the roof, and looked at his kite sailing far away.

"It—it's gone!" said Sue, in a low voice.

"It—it suah has!" whispered Wopsie. "Oh, Bunny. I'se so sorry!"

"So'm I!" added Sue.

Bunny said nothing. He just looked at his kite, growing smaller and smaller as it sailed away through the air. It was too bad.

"Never mind," said Bunny, swallowing the "crying lump" in his throat, as he called it. "It—it wasn't a very good kite anyhow. I'm going to get a bigger one."

"Den we suah will be pulled offen de roof!" said Wopsie, and Bunny and Sue laughed at the queer way she said it.

However, nothing could be done now to get the kite. Away it went, sailing on and on over other roofs. The long string, with the clothes pin on the end of it, dangled over the courtyard of the apartment house. Then the wind did not blow quite so hard for a moment, and the kite sank down.

"Oh, maybe you can get it!" cried Sue.

"Let's try!" exclaimed Bunny. "Come on, Wopsie. We'll go down to the street and run after my kite."

Down to Aunt Lu's floor went the children. Quickly they told Mother Brown and Aunt Lu what had happened.

"We're going to chase after my kite," said Bunny. "That's what we do in the country when a kite gets loose like mine did."

"But I'm afraid it won't be so easy to run after a kite in the city as it is in the country," said Mother Brown. "There are too many houses here, Bunny. But you may try. Wopsie will go with you, and don't go too far away."

Wopsie knew all the streets about Aunt Lu's house, and could not get lost, so it was safe for Bunny and Sue to go with her. A little later the three were down on the street, running in the direction they had last seen the kite. But they could see it no longer. There were too many houses in the way, and there were no big green fields, as in the country, across which one could look for ever and ever so far.

For several blocks, and through a number of streets, Bunny Brown and his sister Sue, with Wopsie, tried to find the kite. But it was not in sight. They even asked a kind-looking policeman, but he had not seen it.

"I guess we'll have to go back without it," said Bunny, sighing. "But I'll buy another to-morrow."

The children turned to go back to Aunt Lu's house. Bunny and Sue looked about them. They had never been on this street before. It was not as nice as the one where their aunt lived. The houses were just as big, but they were rather shabby looking—like old and ragged dresses. And the people in the street, and the children, were not well dressed. Of course that was not their fault, they were poor, and did

not have the money. Perhaps some of them did not even have money enough to get all they wanted to eat.

"I—I don't like it here," whispered Sue to Wopsie. "Let's go home."

"There's more children here than on our street," said Bunny. "Look at those boys wading in a mud puddle. I wish I could."

"Don't you dare do it, Bunny Brown!" cried Sue. "You know we can't go barefoot in the city. Mother said so."

"Yes, I know," Bunny answered.

The three children walked on. As they passed a high stoop they saw a number of ragged boys and girls sitting around a box, on which were some old broken dishes and clam shells. One girl, larger than the others, was saying:

"Now you has all got to be nice at my party, else you won't git nothin' to eat. Sammie Cohen, you sit up straight, and don't you grab any of that chocolate cake until I says you kin have it. Mary Mullaine, you keep your fingers out of dat lemonade. The party ain't started yet."

"I—I don't see any party," said Bunny, looking at the empty clam shells, and the empty pieces of broken dishes on the soap box.

"Hush!" exclaimed Sue in a whisper. "Can't you see it's a *play*-party, Bunny Brown. Same as we have!"

CHAPTER XXI

THE REAL PARTY

The poor children on the stoop (I call them poor just so you'll know they didn't have much money) these poor children were pretending so hard to have a party, that they never noticed Bunny Brown, and his sister Sue, with Wopsie, watching them.

"When are we goin' to eat?" asked a ragged little boy, who sat on the lowest step.

"When I says to begin, dat's when you eat," said the big, ragged girl, who seemed to have gotten up the play-party. "And I don't want nobody to ask for no second piece of cake, 'cause there ain't enough."

"Is there any pie?" asked a little boy, whose face was quite dirty. "'Cause if there's pie, I'd just as lief have that as cake."

"There ain't no pie," said the big girl. "Now we'll begin. Mikie Snell, you let that ice-cream alone, I tells you!"

"I—I was jest seein' if it was meltin'," and Mikie drew back a dirty hand he had reached over toward a big empty clam shell. That shell was the make-believe dish of ice-cream, you see.

"Say, dis suah am a funny party," whispered Wopsie to Sue. "I—I don't see nuffin to eat!"

"Hush!" whispered Sue. "You never have anything to eat at a *play*-party; do you, Bunny?"

"Nope. But when we have one we always go in the house afterward, and mother gives us something."

"Let's watch them play," whispered Sue.

And so, not having found Bunny's kite, he and his sister Sue, and Wopsie, stood by the stoop, and watched the poor, ragged children at their play-party.

It was just like the ones Bunny and Sue sometimes had. There was make believe pie, cake, lemonade and ice-cream. And the children on the stoop, in the big, busy street of New York, had just as much fun at their play-party as Bunny and Sue had at theirs, in the beautiful country, or by the seashore.

"Now we're goin' to have the ice-cream," said the big girl, as she smoothed down her ragged dress. "And don't none of you eat it too fast, or it'll give you a face-ache, 'cause it's awful cold."

Then she made believe to dish out the pretend-ice-cream, and the children made believe to eat it with imaginary spoons.

"I couldn't have no more, could I?" asked a little girl.

"Why Lizzie Bloomenstine! I should say not!" cried the big girl. "The ice-cream is all gone. Hello, what you lookin' at?" she asked quickly as she saw Bunny, Sue and Wopsie.

For a moment Bunny did not answer. The big girl frowned, and the others at the play-party did not seem pleased.

"Go on away an' let us alone!" the big girl said. "Can't we have a party without you swells comin' to stare at us?"

Bunny and Sue really were not staring at the play-party to be impolite.

"What they want?" asked another of the ragged children.

"Oh, jest makin' fun at us, 'cause we ain't got nothin' to play real party with, I s'pose," grumbled the big girl. "Go on away!" she ordered.

Then Sue had an idea. I have told you of some of the ideas Bunny Brown had, but this time it was Sue's turn. She was going to do a queer thing.

"If you please," she said in her most polite voice to the big ragged girl, "we only stopped to look at your play-party, to see how you did it."

"'Cause we have 'em like that ourselves," added Bunny.

"And they're lots of fun," went on Sue. "We play just like you do, with empty plates, and tin dishes and all that. Do you ever have cherry pie at your play parties?"

The big girl was not scowling now. She had a kinder look on her face. After all she had found that the "swells," as she called Bunny and Sue, were just like herself.

"No, we never have cherry pie," she said, "it costs too much, even at make-believe parties. But we has frankfurters and rolls."

"Oh, how nice!" Sue said. "We never have them; do we Bunny?"

"Nope."

"But we will, next time we have a play-party," Sue went on. "I think they must be lovely. How do you cook 'em?"

"Well, we just frys 'em—make believe," said the big girl, who was smiling now. "But I can cook real, an' when we has any money at home, an' me ma buys real sausages, I boils 'em an' we eats 'em wit mustard on."

Sue thought the big girl talked in rather a queer way, but of course we cannot all talk alike. It would be a funny world if we did; wouldn't it?

"It must be nice to cook real sausages," said Sue. "I wish I could do it. But will all of you children come to my party to-morrow?" she asked.

"Are you goin' to have a party?" inquired the big girl.

"Yes," nodded Sue. "We're going to have a party at our Aunt Lu's house; aren't we, Bunny? We are, 'cause I'm going to ask her to have one, as soon as we get back," Sue whispered to her brother. "So you say 'yes.' We are going to have a party; aren't we, Bunny?" Sue spoke out loud this time.

"Yes," answered the little boy. "We're going to have one."

"A real party?" the big girl wanted to know.

Bunny looked at Sue. He was going to let her answer.

"Yes, it will be a real party," said Sue, "and we'll have all real things to eat. Will you come?"

"Will we come?" cried the big girl. "Well, I guess we will!"

"Even a policeman couldn't keep us away!" said the boy who had wanted to feel the ice-cream, to see if it was melting.

"Then you can all come to my Aunt Lu's house to-morrow afternoon," Sue went on. "I'll tell her you're coming."

"Where is it?" asked the big girl.

Sue felt in her pocket and brought out one of Aunt Lu's cards, which Miss Baker had given the little girl in case she became lost.

"That's our address," said Sue. "You come there to-morrow

afternoon, and we'll have a real party. I'm pleased to have met you," and with a polite bow, saying what she had often heard her mother say on parting from a new friend, Sue turned away.

"Will you an' your brother be there?" the big, ragged girl wanted to know.

"Yes," said Bunny. "I'll be there, and so will Wopsie."

"Is she Wopsie?" asked the big girl, pointing to the colored piccaninny.

"Dat's who I is!" Wopsie exclaimed. "But dat's only mah make-believe name. Mah real one am Sallie Jefferson. Dat name was on de card pinned to me, but de address was tored off."

"Well, Sallie or Wopsie, it's all de same to me," said the big girl. "We'll see you at de party!"

"Yes, please all come," said Sue once more. Then she walked on with Wopsie and her brother.

"Say, Miss Sue, is yo' all sartin suah 'bout dis yeah party?" asked Wopsie, as they turned the corner.

"Why, of course we're sure about it, Wopsie."

"Well, yo' auntie don't know nuffin 'bout it."

"She will, as soon as we get home, for I'll tell her," said Sue. "It will be fun; won't it, Bunny?"

"I—I guess so."

Bunny did not know quite what to make of what Sue had done. Getting up a real party in such a hurry was a new idea for him. Still it might be all right.

"It's a good thing I lost my kite," said Bunny. "'Cause if I hadn't we couldn't have seen those children to invite to the party."

"Yes," said Sue, "it was real nice. We'll have lots of fun at the party. I hope they'll all come."

"Oh, dey'll *come* all right!" said Wopsie, shaking her head. "But I don't jest know what yo' Aunt Lu's gwine t' say."

"Oh, that will be all right," answered Sue easily.

When the children reached home, they rode up in the elevator with Henry, and Sue found her aunt in the library with Mother Brown.

"Aunt Lu," began Sue, "have you got lots of cake and jam tarts and jelly tarts in the house?"

"Why, I think Mary baked a cake to-day," Sue. "What did you ask that for?"

"And can you buy real ice-cream at a store near here, or make it?" Sue wanted to know.

"Why, yes, child, but what for?" Aunt Lu was puzzled.

"Then it's all right," Sue went on. "You're going to give a real play-party to a lot of ragged children here to-morrow afternoon. I invited them. I gave them your card. And now, please, I want a jam tart, or a piece of cake, for myself. And then we must tell Henry when the ragged children come, to let them come up in the elevator. They're little, just like me, and they never could walk up all the stairs. I hope your real play-party will be nice, Aunt Lu," and Sue, smoothing out her dress, sat down in a chair.

CHAPTER XXII

IN THE PARK

Aunt Lu looked first at Sue, and then at Bunny Brown. Mother Brown did the same thing. Then they looked at Wopsie. Finally Aunt Lu, in a sort of faint, and far-away voice asked:

"What—what does it all mean, Sue?"

Sue leaned back in her chair.

"It's just like I told you," she said. "You know Bunny's kite got away, and we ran after it. We didn't find it, but we saw some poor children having a play-party, with broken pieces of dishes on a box, same as me and Bunny plays sometimes. We watched them, and I guess they thought we was makin' fun of 'em."

"Yes," said Bunny, "that's what they did."

"But we wasn't makin' fun," said Sue. "We just wanted to watch, and when they saw us I asked them to come here to-morrow to a *real* party."

"Oh, Sue, you never did!" cried her mother.

"Yes'm, I did," returned Sue. "I gave 'em Aunt Lu's card, and they're coming, and we're going to have *real* cake and *real* ice-cream. That one girl can cook real, or make-believe, sausages, but we don't need to have *them*, 'less you want to, Aunt Lu! Only I think it would be nice to have some jam tarts, and I'd like one now, please."

Aunt Lu and Mrs. Brown again looked at one another. First they smiled, and then they laughed.

"Well," said Aunt Lu, after a bit. "I suppose since Sue has invited them I'll have to give them a party. But I wish you had let me know first, Sue, before you asked them."

"Why, I didn't have time, Aunt Lu. I—I just had to get up the real party right away, you see."

"Oh, yes, I see."

So Aunt Lu told Mary, her cook, and her other servants, to get ready for the party Sue had planned. For it would never do to have the big girl, and the little boys and girls, come all the way to Aunt Lu's house, and then not give them something to eat, especially after Sue had promised it to them.

Bunny and Sue could hardly wait for the next day to come, so eager were they to have the party. They were up early in the morning, and they wanted to help make the jam and jelly tarts, but Aunt Lu said Mary could better do that alone. Wopsie helped dust the rooms, though, and she lifted up to the mantel several pretty vases that had stood on low tables.

"Dem chilluns might not mean t' do it," said the little colored girl, "but dey might, accidental like, knock ober some vases an' smash 'em. Den Miss Lu would feel bad."

Bunny and Sue spoke to Henry, the elevator boy, about the ragged children coming to the party.

"You'll let them ride up with you; won't you, Henry?" asked Sue.

"Oh, suah I will!" he said, smiling and showing all his white teeth. "Dey kin ride in mah elevator as well as not."

And, about two o'clock, which was the hour Sue had told them, the ragged children came, the big girl marching on ahead with Aunt Lu's card held in her hand, so she would find the apartment house. But the children were not so ragged or dirty now. Their faces and hands were quite clean, and some of them had on better clothes.

"I made 'em slick up, all I could," said the big girl, who said her name was Maggie Walsh. "Is the party all ready?"

"Yes," answered Sue, who with Bunny, had been waiting down in the hall for the "company."

Into the elevator the poor children piled, and soon they were up in Aunt Lu's nice rooms. The place was so nice, with its satin and plush chairs, that the children were almost afraid to sit down. But Aunt Lu, and Mrs. Brown soon made them feel at home, and when the cake, ice-cream, and other good things, were brought in, why, the children acted just like any others that Bunny and Sue had played with.

"Say, it's *real* ice-cream all right!" whispered one boy to Maggie Walsh. "It's de real stuff!"

"Course it is!" exclaimed the big girl. "Didn't she say it was goin' to be real!" and she nodded at Sue.

"I t'ought maybe it were jest a joke," said the boy.

Aunt Lu had not had much time to get ready for Sue's sudden little party, but it was a nice one for all that. There were plenty of good things to eat, which, after all, does much to make a party nice. Then, too, there was a little present for each of the children. And as they went home with their toys, pleased and happy, there was a smile on every face.

They had had more good things to eat than they had ever dreamed of, they had played games and they had had the best time in their

lives, so they said. Over and over again they thanked Sue and her mother and Aunt Lu, and Bunny—even Henry, the elevator boy.

"We'll come a'gin whenever you has a party," whispered a little red-haired girl, to Sue, as she said good-bye.

"And youse kin come to our make-believe parties whenever you want," said the big girl.

"Thanks." Sue waved her hands to the children as they went down the street. She had given them a happy time.

For a few days after Sue's party she and Bunny did not do much except play around Aunt Lu's house, for there came several days of rain. The weather was getting colder now, for it was fall, and would soon be winter.

"But I like winter!" said Bunny. "'Cause we can slide down hill. Are there any hills around here, Aunt Lu?"

"Well, not many. Perhaps you might slide in Central Park. We'll see when snow comes."

One clear, cool November day Bunny and Sue were taken to Central Park by Wopsie. They had been promised a ride in a pony cart, and this was the day they were to have it.

Not far from where the animals were kept in the park were some ponies and donkeys. Children could ride on their backs, or sit in a little cart, and have a pony or donkey pull them.

"We'll get in a cart," said Bunny. "I'm going to drive."

"Do you know how?" asked the man, as he lifted Bunny and Sue in. Wopsie got in herself.

"I can drive our dog Splash, when he's hitched up to our express

wagon," said Bunny. "I guess I can drive the pony. He isn't much bigger than Splash." This was so, as the pony was a little one.

So Bunny took hold of the lines, but the man who owned the pony carts sent a boy to walk along beside the little horse that was pulling Bunny, Sue and Wopsie.

"Giddap!" cried Bunny to the pony. "Go faster!" For the pony was only walking. Just then a dog ran out of the bushes along the park drive, and barked at the pony's heels. Before the boy, whom the man had sent out to take charge of the pony, could stop him, the little horse jumped forward, and the next minute began trotting down the drive very fast, pulling after him the cart, with Bunny, Sue and Wopsie in it.

CHAPTER XXIII

OLD AUNT SALLIE

"Bunny! Bunny! Isn't this fun?" cried Sue, as she looked across at her brother in the other seat of the pony cart. "Don't you like it?"

"Yes, I do," Bunny answered, as he pulled on the reins. "Do you, Wopsie?"

The colored girl looked around without speaking. She looked on the ground, as though she would like to jump out of the pony cart. But she did not. The little horse was going faster than ever.

"Don't you like it, Wopsie?" asked Sue. "It's fun! This pony goes faster than our dog Splash, and Splash couldn't pull such a nice, big cart as this; could he, Bunny?"

"No, I guess not," Bunny answered. He did not turn around to look at Sue as he spoke.

For, to tell the truth, Bunny was a little bit worried. The dog that had jumped out of the bushes, to bark at the pony's heels, was still running along behind the pony cart, barking and snapping. And, though Bunny and Sue did not mind their dog Splash's barking, when he pulled them, this dog was a strange one.

Then, too, the boy, who had started out with the pony cart, was running along after it crying:

"Stop! Stop! Wait a minute. Somebody stop that pony!"

But there was no one ahead of Bunny, Sue and Wopsie on the Park drive just then, and no one to stop the pony, which was kicking up his heels, and going faster and faster all the while.

"He's running hard; isn't he, Bunny?" asked Sue.

"Yes, he—he's going fast—very fast!" panted Bunny, in a sort of jerky way, for the cart rattled over some bumps just then, and if Bunny had not been careful how he spoke he might have bitten his tongue between his teeth.

"Don't—don't you li—like it—Wop—Wopsie?" asked Sue, speaking in the same jerky way as had her brother.

Wopsie did not open her mouth. She just held tightly to the edge of the pony cart, and shook her head from side to side. That meant she did not like it. Sue and Bunny wondered why.

True, they were going a bit fast, but then they had often ridden almost as fast when Splash, their big dog, drew them in the express cart. And this was much nicer than an express cart, though of course Bunny and Sue liked Splash better than this pony. But if they had owned the pony they would have liked him very much, also, I think.

Now the pony swung around a corner of the drive, and he went so fast, and turned so quickly, that the cart was nearly upset.

Sue held tightly to the side of her seat, and called to her brother:

"Oh, Bunny! Don't make him go so fast! You'll spill me and Wopsie out!"

"I didn't make him go fast," Bunny answered. "I—I guess he's in a hurry to get away from that dog."

"Make the dog go 'way," pleaded Sue.

Bunny looked back at the barking dog, who was still running after the pony cart.

"Go on away!" Bunny cried. "Let us alone—go on away and find a bone to eat!"

But the dog either did not understand what Bunny said, or he would rather race after the pony cart than get himself a bone. At any rate he still kept running along, barking and growling, and the pony kept running.

The boy who had started out with the children, first walking along beside the pony, was now far behind. He was a small boy, with very short legs, and, as the pony's legs were quite long, of course the boy could not run fast enough to keep up. So he was now far behind, but he kept calling:

"Stop that pony! Oh, please someone stop that pony!"

Bunny and Sue heard the boy calling. So did Wopsie, but the colored girl said nothing. She just sat there, holding to the side of the seat and looking at Bunny and Sue.

"I wonder what that boy's hollering that way for?" asked Sue, as the pony swung around another corner, almost upsetting the cart again.

"I don't know," said Bunny. "Maybe he likes to holler. I do sometimes, when I'm out in the country. And this park is like the country, Sue."

"Yes, I guess it is," said the little girl. "But what's he saying, Bunny?"

They listened. Once more the boy, running along, now quite a long way behind the pony cart, could be heard crying:

"Stop him! Stop him! He's running away! Stop him!"

Bunny and Sue looked at one another. Then they looked at Wopsie. The colored girl opened her mouth, showing her red tongue and her white teeth.

"Oh! Oh!" she screamed. "De pony's runnin' away! Dat's what de boy says. I'se afeered, I is! Oh, let me out! Let me out!"

Wopsie, who sat near the back of the cart, where there was a little door, made of wicker-work, like a basket, started to jump out. But though Bunny Brown was only a little fellow, he knew that Wopsie might be hurt if she jumped from the cart, which the pony was pulling along so fast, now.

"Sit still, Wopsie!" Bunny cried. "Sit still!"

"But we's bein' runned away wif!" exclaimed Wopsie. "Didn't yo' all done heah dat boy say so? We's bein' runned away wif! I wants t' git out! I don't like bein' runned away wif!"

"It won't hurt you," said Sue. She did not seem at all afraid. "It won't hurt you, Wopsie," Sue went on. "Me and Bunny has been runned away with lots of times, with our dog Splash; hasn't we, Bunny?"

"Yes, we have, Sue. Sit still, Wopsie. I'll stop the pony."

Bunny began to pull back on the lines, and he called:

"Whoa! Whoa there! Stop now! Don't run away any more, pony boy!"

But the pony did not seem to want to stop. Perhaps he thought if he stopped, now, the barking dog would bite his heels. But the dog had given up the chase, and was not in sight. Neither was the running boy.

The boy had found that his short legs were not long enough to keep up with the longer legs of the pony. Besides, a pony has four legs, and everybody knows that four legs can go faster than two. So the boy

stopped running.

"Can you stop the pony?" asked Sue, after Bunny had pulled on the lines a number of times, and had cried "Whoa!" very often. "Can you stop him?"

"I—I guess so," answered the little boy. "But maybe you'd better help me, Sue. You pull on one line, and I'll pull on the other. That will stop him."

Bunny passed one of the pony's reins to his sister and held to the other. The children were sitting in front of the cart, Bunny on one side and Sue on the other. Both of them began to pull on the lines, but still the pony did not stop.

"Pull harder, Bunny! Pull harder!" cried Sue.

"I am pulling as hard as I can," he said. "You pull harder, Sue."

But still the pony did not want to stop. If anything, he was going faster than ever. Yes, he surely was going faster, for it was down hill now, and you know, as well as I do, that you can go faster down hill, than you can on the level, or up hill.

"Oh, I want to git out! I want to git out!" cried Wopsie. "I don't like bein' runned away wif! Oh, please good, kind, nice, sweet Mr. Policeman, stop de pony from runnin' away wif us!"

"Where's a policeman?" asked Sue, turning half way around to look at Wopsie. "Where's a policeman?"

"I—I don't see none!" said the colored girl, "but I wish I did! He'd stop de pony from runnin' away. Maybe if we all yells fo' a policeman one'll come."

"Shall we Bunny?" asked Sue.

"Shall we what?" Bunny wanted to know. He had been so busy trying to get a better hold on his rein that he had not noticed what Sue and Wopsie were talking about.

"Shall we call a policeman?" asked Sue. "Wopsie says one can stop the pony from running away. And I don't guess *we* can stop him, Bunny. We'd better yell for a policeman. Maybe one is around somewhere, but I can't see any."

"All right, we'll call one," Bunny agreed. He, too, was beginning to think that the pony was never going to stop. "But let's try one more pull on the lines, Sue. Now, pull hard."

And then something happened.

Without waiting for Sue to get ready to pull on her line, Bunny gave a hard pull on his. And I guess you know what happens if you pull too much on one horse-line.

Suddenly the pony felt Bunny pulling on the right hand line, and the pony turned to that side. And he turned so quickly that the harness broke and the cart was upset. Over it went on its side, and Bunny Brown and his sister Sue, as well as Wopsie, were thrown out.

Right out of the cart they flew, and Bunny turned a somersault, head over heels, before he landed on a soft pile of grass that had been cut that day. Sue and Wopsie also landed on piles of grass, so they were not any more hurt than was Bunny.

The pony, as soon as the cart had turned over, looked back once, and then he stopped running, and began to nibble the green grass.

"Well, we aren't being runned away with now," Bunny finally said.

"No," answered Sue. "We've stopped all right. Wopsie, is you hurted?"

The colored girl put her hand up to her kinky head. Her hat had fallen off into her lap. Carefully she felt of her braids. Then she said:

"I guess I isn't hurted much. But I might 'a' bin! I don't want no mo' pony cart rides!"

Before the children and Wopsie could get up they heard a voice calling to them:

"Bress der hearts! Po' li'l lambs! Done got frowed out ob de cart, an' all busted t' pieces mebby. Well, ole Aunt Sallie'll take keer ob 'em! Po' li'l honey lambs!"

Glancing up, Bunny and Sue saw a motherly-looking colored woman coming across the grass toward them. She held out her fat arms to the children and said:

"Now don't cry, honey lambs! Ole Aunt Sallie will tuk keer ob yo' all!"

CHAPTER XXIV

WOPSIE'S FOLKS

The nice old colored woman, who called herself Aunt Sallie, bent first over Sue, helping the little girl stand up.

"Is yo' all hurted, honey?" asked Aunt Sallie, brushing the pieces of grass from Sue's dress.

"Oh, no, I'm not hurt at all, thank you," Sue replied. "It was a soft place to fall."

"An' yo', li'l boy; am yo' all hurted?" she asked Bunny.

"No, thank you, I'm all right. I used to be in a circus, so I know how to turn somersaults, you see."

"What's dat! A li'l boy like yo' in a circus?"

Aunt Sallie seemed very much surprised.

"Oh, it wasn't a *real* circus," explained Sue.

"No, it was only a make-believe one," Bunny said, as he began to brush the grass off his clothes. "We had one circus in grandpa's barn," he said, "and another in some tents. Say, Wopsie, is you hurted?" Bunny asked.

By this time the colored girl had found out there was nothing the matter with her. Not even one of her tight, black braids of kinky hair had come loose. She stood up, smoothed down her dress, and said:

"No'm, I'se not hurted."

"Dat's good," said Aunt Sallie. "It's lucky yo' all wasn't muxed up an' smashed, when dat pony cart upset. Now yo' all jest come ober t' my place an' I'll let yo' rest. I guess heah comes de boy what belongs t' de pony."

The short-legged boy came running across the field. He was very much out of breath, for he had run a good way.

"Any—anybody hurt?" he asked.

"No," said Bunny, "we're all right, and your pony's all right too, I guess."

It seemed so, for the pony was eating grass as if he had had nothing to chew on in a long while. But then perhaps running made him hungry, as it does some boys and girls.

The boy, with the help of Aunt Sallie, turned the cart right side up, fixed the harness, and then got in to drive back to the place where the other ponies and donkeys were kept.

"Wait a minute!" cried Wopsie. "I done didn't pay yo' all fo' de chilluns' ride yet."

"Oh, never mind," said the boy. "I guess the man won't charge you anything for this ride, because the pony ran away with you. It wasn't a regular ride. I won't take your money."

"Oh, then we can save it for ice-cream cones!" cried Sue, for Wopsie had been given the money to pay for the children's rides in the pony cart.

"Ice-cream cones!" cried Bunny. "I guess you can't get any up here!"

"Oh, yes yo' kin, honey lamb!" exclaimed Aunt Sallie, as she called herself. "I keeps a li'l candy an' ice-cream stand right ober dere," and she pointed across the grassy lawn. "I was in my stand when I seed yo' all bein' runned away wif, so I come ober as soon as I could. I sells candy an' ice-cream cones, but I won't sell ice-cream much longer, 'cause it'll soon be winter. Den I'll sell hot coffee an' chocolate. But I got ice-cream now, ef yo' all wants to buy some."

"Yes, I guess we do," stated Bunny. "Come on, Sue and Wopsie. We'll have some fun anyhow, even if we did get runned away with."

"We's mighty lucky!" said Wopsie, as she watched the boy driving back in the pony cart. The little horse was going slowly now. "I guess we'll walk back," went on the colored girl. "It isn't so awful far."

Following Aunt Sallie, who was quite fat, the children and Wopsie walked across the green, grassy lawn, for it was still green though it was now late in the fall. Soon the green grass would be covered with snow.

Just as she had said, Aunt Sallie kept a little fruit, candy and ice-cream stand in the park. Soon the children and Wopsie were eating cones.

"Does yo' chilluns lib 'round yeah?" asked Aunt Sallie, as she stood back of her little counter, watching Bunny and Sue.

"We live at Aunt Lu's house—that is we're paying her a visit," said Bunny. "We live a good way off, and we were on Grandpa Brown's farm all summer. We're going to stay here in New York over Christmas."

"Dat's jest fine!" exclaimed Aunt Sallie. "An' I suah hopes dat Santa Claus'll bring yo' all lots ob presents. Be yo' dere nuss maid?" Aunt Sallie asked of Wopsie.

"No, Wopsie's a lost girl," said Bunny.

"Lost? What yo' all mean?" asked Aunt Sallie. "She don't look laik she's lost."

"But I is," Wopsie said. "I'se losted all mah folks. Miss Baker, dat's de Aunt Lu dey speaks ob, she tuck me in. She's awful good t' me."

"We all like Wopsie," explained Sue. "She takes care of us."

"Wopsie!" exclaimed Aunt Sallie. "Dat suah am a funny name. Who gib yo' all dat name, chile?"

"Oh, dat's not mah real name," Wopsie explained. "Miss Lu jest calls me dat fo' short. Mah right name am Sallie Alexander Jefferson!"

The old colored woman jumped off the chair on which she had been sitting. She looked closely at Wopsie.

"Say dat ag'in, chile!" she cried. "Say dat ag'in!"

"Say what ag'in?" Wopsie asked.

"Yo' name! Say yo' name ag'in!"

"Sallie Alexander Jefferson. Dat's mah name."

To the surprise of Bunny Brown, and his sister Sue, Aunt Sallie threw her arms around Wopsie. Then the nice old colored woman cried:

"Bress de deah Lord! I'se done found yo'!"

She hugged and kissed Wopsie, who did not know what it all meant. She tried to get away from Aunt Sallie's arms, but the old colored woman held her tightly.

"Bress de deah Lord! Bress de deah Lord!" Aunt Sallie cried over

and over again. "I'se done found yo'!"

Somehow or other Bunny understood.

"Is you Wopsie's aunt that we've been looking for?" he asked. "She lost her folks, you know, when she came up from down South. I heard Aunt Lu say so. Are you her aunt?"

"I suttinly believe I is, chile! I suttinly believe I is!" cried Aunt Sally. "Fo' a long time I'se bin 'spectin' de chile ob mah dead sister t' come t' me. Mah folks down Souf done wrote me dat dey was sendin' li'l Sallie on, but she neber come, an' I couldn't find her. But bress de deah Lord, now I has! I suttinly t'inks yo' suah am mah lost honey lamb! Her name was Sallie Jefferson. Jefferson was de name ob mah sister what died, an' she say, 'fore she died, dat she'd named her chile after me. So yo' all mus' be her."

"Maybe I is! Oh, maybe I is! An' maybe I'se found mah folks at last!" cried Wopsie, or Sallie, as we must now call her. There were tears of joy in her eyes, as well as in the eyes of Aunt Sallie.

"If you ask Aunt Lu maybe she could tell you if Wopsie is the one you're looking for," said Bunny.

"Dat's what I'll do, chile! Dat's what I'll do!" cried Aunt Sallie. "I'll shut up mah stand, an' go see yo' Aunt Lu."

And, a little later, they were all in Aunt Lu's house.

"Well, what has happened now?" asked Aunt Lu, as she saw the strange colored woman with Wopsie and the children.

"Oh, we was runned away with in the pony cart," explained Sue, "and we got spilled out, but we fell on some piles of grass and didn't get hurt a bit. And Aunt Sallie found us, and we bought ice-cream cones of her and—"

"And—and she's Wopsie's aunt, what we've been looking for," interrupted Bunny, fearing Sue would never tell the best part of the news. "This is Wopsie's aunt," and he waved his hand toward fat Aunt Sallie. "She's been looking for a lost girl, and her name is Sallie, and —"

"Dat's it—Sallie Jefferson," broke in the colored woman. "Mah name is Sallie Lucindy Johnson, an' I had a sister named Dinah Jefferson down Souf. So if dis girl's name am Sallie Jefferson den she may be mah sister's chile, an', if she am—"

"Why, den I'se found mah folks! Dat's what I has!" cried Wopsie, unable to keep still any longer. "Oh, I do hope I'se found mah folks!"

CHAPTER XXV

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

Aunt Lu and Mother Brown were very much surprised when Bunny Brown and his sister Sue came in with Aunt Sallie; and when they heard the story told by the nice, old colored woman, they were more surprised than before.

"Do you really think she can be Wopsie's aunt?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"It may be," answered Aunt Lu. "We can find out."

"Oh, I do hope I'se got some folks at last!" said Wopsie, over and over again. "I do hope I's gwine t' hab some folks like other people."

Aunt Lu asked Aunt Sallie many questions, and it did seem certain that the old colored woman was aunt to some little colored girl who had been sent up from down South, but who had become lost.

And if Aunt Sallie had lost a niece, and if Wopsie had lost an aunt, it might very well be that they belonged to one another.

"We can find out, if you write to your friends down South," said Aunt Lu to the old colored woman.

"An' dat's jest what I'll do," was the answer.

It took nearly two weeks for the letters to go and come, and all this while Wopsie was anxiously waiting. So was Aunt Sallie, for Bunny and Sue learned to call her that. She would come nearly every day to

Aunt Lu's house, to learn if she had received any word about Wopsie.

And, every day, nearly, Bunny and Sue, with Wopsie, or Sallie, as they sometimes called her, would go to Central Park. They would walk up to Aunt Sallie's stand, and talk with her, sometimes buying sticks of candy.

For now it was almost too cold for ice-cream. Some days it was so cold and blowy that Bunny and Sue could not go out. The ponies and donkeys were no longer kept in the park for children to have rides. It was too cold for the little animals. They would be kept in the warm stables until summer came again.

Wopsie, or Sallie, still stayed at Aunt Lu's house, with Bunny and Sue. For Aunt Lu did not want to let the little colored girl go to live with Aunt Sallie, until it was sure she belonged to her. Aunt Sallie had made money at her little candy stand, which she had kept in the park for a number of years, and she was well able to take care of Sallie and herself.

"As soon as I hear from down South, that Aunt Sallie is your aunt, you shall go to her, Wopsie," Aunt Lu had said.

"Well, Miss Baker, I suttinly wants t' hab folks, like other chilluns," said the little colored girl, "but I suah does hate t' go 'way from yo' who has bin so good t' me."

"Well, you have been good, and have helped me very much, also," said Aunt Lu.

One day there was a flurry of snow flakes in the air. Bunny and Sue watched them from the windows.

"Oh, soon we can ride down hill!" cried Sue. "Won't you be glad, Bunny?"

"I sure will!" Bunny said. Then, coming close to Sue he whispered:

"Say, maybe if we went up on the roof now, we could have a slide. Let's go. The roof is flat, and we can't fall off on account of the railing around it. Come on and have a slide."

"I will!" said Sue.

Putting on their warm, outdoor clothes, the children went up on the flat roof. There was plenty of snow up there, and soon they were having a fine slide. It was rather funny to be sliding up on the roof, instead of down on the ground, as they would have done at home, but, as I have told you, New York is a queer place, anyhow.

After a while Bunny and Sue grew tired of sliding. It was snowing harder now, and they were cold in the sharp wind.

"Oh, Bunny!" cried Sue, "I wonder if Santa Claus can get down this chimney? It's the only one there is for Aunt Lu's house, and it isn't very big. Do you think Santa Claus can climb down?"

"We'll look," Bunny said.

But the chimney was so high that Bunny and Sue could not look down inside. They were very much worried as to whether St. Nicholas could get into Aunt Lu's rooms to leave any Christmas presents.

"Let's go down and ask her how Santa Claus comes," said Sue.

"All right," agreed Bunny, and down they went.

But when they reached Aunt Lu's rooms, Bunny and Sue found so much going on, that, for a while, they forgot all about Santa Claus.

For Aunt Lu was reading a letter, and Wopsie was dancing up and down in the middle of the floor, crying out:

"Oh, I'se got folks! I'se got folks!"

"Is Aunt Sallie really your aunt?" asked Bunny.

"Yes'm! She is. She is! I'se got folks at last!" and up and down danced Wopsie, clapping her hands, the "pigtails" of kinky hair bobbing up and down on her head.

And so it proved. The letters from down South had just come, and they said that Sallie Lucindy Johnson, or "Aunt Sallie," as the children called her, was really the aunt to whom Wopsie, or Sallie Jefferson, had been sent. The card had been torn off her dress, and so Sallie's aunt's address was lost. But that meeting in the park, after the pony runaway, had made everything come out all right.

The letters which Aunt Lu had written before, and the messages she had sent, had not gone to the right place. For it was from Virginia, that Wopsie came, not North or South Carolina, as the little colored girl had said at first. You see she was so worried, over being lost, that she forgot. But Aunt Sallie knew it was from a little town in Virginia that her sister's child was to come, and, writing there, she learned the truth, and found out that Wopsie was the one she had been so long expecting. So everything came out all right.

"Oh, but I suah is glad I'se found yo' at last!" said the nice old colored woman, as she held her niece in her arms.

"I suppose you are going to take her away from us?" said Aunt Lu.

"Yaas'm. I'd like t' hab mah Sallie."

"Well, now she can go. But I want you both to come back for Christmas."

"We will!" promised Aunt Sallie and little Sallie.

The word Christmas made Bunny and Sue think of what they were going to ask their Aunt Lu.

"Where does Santa Claus come down?"

"Is that chimney on the roof big enough for him?" asked Sue. "And hasn't you got an open fireplace, Aunt Lu?"

"No, we haven't that. But I think Santa Claus will get down the chimney all right with your presents. If he doesn't come in that way, he'll find some other way to get in. Don't worry."

So Bunny Brown and his sister Sue waited patiently for Christmas to come. Several times, when it was not too cold, or when there was not too much snow, the children went up on the roof. Once they took up with them a box, so Bunny could stand on it. He thought perhaps he could look down the chimney that way.

But the box was not high enough, and Bunny slipped off and hurt his leg, so he and Sue gave it up.

THE CHILDREN SAW MANY WONDERFUL THINGS IN THE STORES.

Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue at Aunt Lu's City Home. Page 243.

Two weeks passed. It would soon be Christmas now. Bunny and Sue were taken through the New York stores by their mother and aunt, and the children saw the many wonderful things Santa Claus's workers had made for boys and girls—dolls, sleds, skates, toy-airships, Teddy bears, Noah's arks, spinning tops, choo-choo cars, electric trains, dancing clowns—little make-believe circuses, magic

lanterns—so many things that Bunny and Sue could not remember half of them.

The children had written their Christmas letters, and put them on the mantel one night.

In the morning the letters were gone, so, of course, Santa Claus must have taken them.

Then it was the night before Christmas. Oh, how happy Bunny and Sue felt! They hung up their stockings and went to bed. Their rooms were next to one another with an open door between.

"Bunny," whispered Sue, as Mother Brown went out, after turning low the light; "Bunny, is you asleep?"

"No, Sue. Are you?"

"Nope. I don't feel sleepy. But does you think Santa Claus will surely come down that little chimney, when Aunt Lu hasn't got a fireplace for him?"

"I—I guess so, Sue."

"Come, you children must get quiet and go to sleep!" called Mother Brown. "It will be Christmas, and Santa Claus will be here all the quicker, if you go to sleep."

And at last Bunny Brown and his sister Sue did go to sleep. The sun was not up when they awoke, but it was Christmas morning.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" cried Bunny and Sue as they ran to where they had hung their stockings.

They found many presents on the chairs, over the backs of which hung their stockings, which were filled with candy and nuts.

"Oh, Santa Claus came! Santa Claus came!" cried Sue.

"Yep! He found the chimney all right!" laughed Bunny.

And such a Merry Christmas as the children had! There were presents for Mother Brown, and Aunt Lu, and some for Mary the cook, and Jane, the housemaid, and later in the day, when Sallie and her aunt came, there were presents for them, also.

And when dinner time came, and the big turkey, all nice and brown, was taken from the oven, and put on the table, Mother Brown said:

"And now for the best present of all!"

She opened a door, and out stepped Daddy Brown!

"Merry Christmas, Bunny! Merry Christmas, Sue!" he cried, as he caught them up in his arms and hugged and kissed them.

And a very Merry Christmas it was. Mr. Brown had come to spend the holidays with his family in New York. And such fun as Bunny and Sue had telling him all their adventures since coming to Aunt Lu's city home. I couldn't begin to tell you half!

"I don't believe we'll ever have such a good time anywhere else," said Sue, as she hugged her new doll in her arms.

"Oh, maybe we will," cried Bunny, as he ran his toy locomotive around the room.

And whether the children did or not you may learn by reading the next book of this series, which will be named: "Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue at Camp Rest-a-While." In that I will tell you all that happened when the children went out in the woods, to live in a tent, near a beautiful lake.

"And so you two found Wopsie's aunt for her, did you?" asked Mr. Brown as he sat down, after dinner, with Bunny on one knee and Sue

on the other.

"Well, I guess it was the runaway pony that did it," said Bunny, with a laugh. And I, myself, think the pony helped; don't you?

"Oh, Bunny!" whispered Sue that night, as she went to bed, hugging her new doll. "Hasn't this been a lovely Christmas?"

"The best ever," said Bunny, sleepily.

And so, for a little while we will say Merry Christmas, and good-bye, to Bunny Brown and his sister Sue.

THE END

This Isn't All!

Would you like to know what became of the good friends you have made in this book?

Would you like to read other stories continuing their adventures and experiences, or other books quite as entertaining by the same author?

On the *reverse side* of the wrapper which comes with this book, you will find a wonderful list of stories which you can buy at the same store where you got this book.

Don't throw away the Wrapper

Use it as a handy catalog of the books you want some day to have. But in case you do mislay it, write

to the Publishers for a complete catalog.

THE BUNNY BROWN SERIES

By LAURA LEE HOPE

Author of the Popular "Bobbsey Twins" Books, Etc.

Durably Bound. Illustrated. Uniform Style of Binding.
Every Volume Complete in Itself.

These stories are eagerly welcomed by the little folks from about five to ten years of age. Their eyes fairly dance with delight at the lively doings of inquisitive little Bunny Brown and his cunning, trustful sister Sue.

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE ON GRANDPA'S FARM

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE PLAYING CIRCUS

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE AT CAMP-REST-A-WHILE

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE AT AUNT LU'S CITY HOME

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE IN THE BIG WOODS

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE ON AN AUTO TOUR

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE AND THEIR SHETLAND PONY

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE GIVING A SHOW

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE AT CHRISTMAS TREE COVE

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE IN THE SUNNY SOUTH

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE KEEPING STORE

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE AND THEIR TRICK DOG

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE AT A SUGAR CAMP

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE ON THE ROLLING OCEAN

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE ON JACK FROST ISLAND

GROSSET & DUNLAP, ***Publishers*,** **NEW YORK**

THE BOBBSEY TWINS BOOKS

For Little Men and Women

By LAURA LEE HOPE

Author of "The Bunny Brown Series," Etc.

Durably Bound. Illustrated. Uniform Style of Binding.
Every Volume Complete in Itself.

These books for boys and girls between the ages of three and ten stands among children and their parents of this generation where the books of Louisa May Alcott stood in former days. The haps and mishaps of this inimitable pair of twins, their many adventures and experiences are a source of keen delight to imaginative children everywhere.

THE BOBBSEY TWINS
THE BOBBSEY TWINS IN THE COUNTRY
THE BOBBSEY TWINS AT THE SEASHORE
THE BOBBSEY TWINS AT SCHOOL
THE BOBBSEY TWINS AT SNOW LODGE
THE BOBBSEY TWINS ON A HOUSEBOAT
THE BOBBSEY TWINS AT MEADOW BROOK
THE BOBBSEY TWINS AT HOME
THE BOBBSEY TWINS IN A GREAT CITY
THE BOBBSEY TWINS ON BLUEBERRY ISLAND
THE BOBBSEY TWINS ON THE DEEP BLUE SEA
THE BOBBSEY TWINS IN THE GREAT WEST
THE BOBBSEY TWINS AT CEDAR CAMP

THE BOBBSEY TWINS AT THE COUNTY FAIR
THE BOBBSEY TWINS CAMPING OUT
THE BOBBSEY TWINS AND BABY MAY

Grosset & Dunlap, Publishers, New York

SIX LITTLE BUNKERS SERIES

By LAURA LEE HOPE

Author of The Bobbsey Twins Books, The Bunny Brown Series, The Blythe Girls Books, Etc.

Durably Bound. Illustrated. Uniform Style of Binding.
Every Volume Complete in Itself.

Delightful stories for little boys and girls which sprung into immediate popularity. To know the six little Bunkers is to take them at once to your heart, they are so intensely human, so full of fun and cute sayings. Each story has a little plot of its own—one that can be easily followed—and all are written in Miss Hope's most entertaining manner. Clean, wholesome volumes which ought to be on the bookshelf of every child in the land.

SIX LITTLE BUNKERS AT GRANDMA BELL'S
SIX LITTLE BUNKERS AT AUNT JO'S
SIX LITTLE BUNKERS AT COUSIN TOM'S
SIX LITTLE BUNKERS AT GRANDPA FORD'S
SIX LITTLE BUNKERS AT UNCLE FRED'S

SIX LITTLE BUNKERS AT CAPTAIN BEN'S
SIX LITTLE BUNKERS AT COWBOY JACK'S
SIX LITTLE BUNKERS AT MAMMY JUNE'S
SIX LITTLE BUNKERS AT FARMER JOEL'S
SIX LITTLE BUNKERS AT MILLER NED'S
SIX LITTLE BUNKERS AT INDIAN JOHN'S

Grosset & Dunlap, Publishers, New York

THE HONEY BUNCH BOOKS

By HELEN LOUISE THORNDYKE

Individual Colored Wrappers and Text Illustrations Drawn by WALTER S. ROGERS

Honey Bunch is a dainty, thoughtful little girl, and to know her is to take her to your heart at once.

Little girls everywhere will want to discover what interesting experiences she is having wherever she goes.

HONEY BUNCH: JUST A LITTLE GIRL
HONEY BUNCH: HER FIRST VISIT TO THE CITY
HONEY BUNCH: HER FIRST DAYS ON THE FARM
HONEY BUNCH: HER FIRST VISIT TO THE SEASHORE
HONEY BUNCH: HER FIRST LITTLE GARDEN
HONEY BUNCH: HER FIRST DAYS IN CAMP
HONEY BUNCH: HER FIRST AUTO TOUR
HONEY BUNCH: HER FIRST TRIP ON THE OCEAN
HONEY BUNCH: HER FIRST TRIP WEST
HONEY BUNCH: HER FIRST SUMMER ON AN ISLAND

GROSSET & DUNLAP, *Publishers*, NEW YORK

CAROLYN WELLS BOOKS

Attractively Bound. Illustrated. Colored Wrappers.

THE MARJORIE BOOKS

Marjorie is a happy little girl of twelve, up to mischief, but full of goodness and sincerity. In her and her friends every girl reader will see much of her own love of fun, play and adventure.

MARJORIE'S VACATION
MARJORIE'S BUSY DAYS
MARJORIE'S NEW FRIEND
MARJORIE IN COMMAND
MARJORIE'S MAYTIME
MARJORIE AT SEACOTE

THE TWO LITTLE WOMEN SERIES

Introducing Dorinda Fayre—a pretty blonde, sweet, serious, timid and a little slow, and Dorothy Rose—a sparkling brunette, quick, elf-like, high tempered, full of mischief and always getting into scrapes.

TWO LITTLE WOMEN
TWO LITTLE WOMEN AND TREASURE HOUSE
TWO LITTLE WOMEN ON A HOLIDAY

THE DICK AND DOLLY BOOKS

Dick and Dolly are brother and sister, and their games, their pranks, their joys and sorrows, are told in a manner which makes the stories "really true" to young readers.

DICK AND DOLLY
DICK AND DOLLY'S ADVENTURES

GROSSET & DUNLAP, Publishers, New York

Transcriber's Notes

Obvious punctuation errors repaired.

The remaining corrections made are indicated by dotted lines under the corrections. Scroll the mouse over the word and the original text will appear.

Gutenberg-tm electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement
and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg-tm electronic
works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation ("the Foundation"
or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project
Gutenberg-tm electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the
collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an
individual work is in the public domain in the United States and you are
located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from
copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative
works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg
are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project
Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting free access to electronic works by
freely sharing Project Gutenberg-tm works in compliance with the terms of
this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg-tm name associated with
the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by
keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project
Gutenberg-tm License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern
what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in
a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check
the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement
before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or
creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project
Gutenberg-tm work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning
the copyright status of any work in any country outside the United
States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg-tm
License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg-tm.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this
electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with
active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg-tm License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any
word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or
distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg-tm work in a format other than
"Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg-tm web site (www.gutenberg.org),
you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a
copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon
request, of the work in its original "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg-tm
License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg-tm works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works provided
that

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg-tm works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he

has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."

- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg-tm License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg-tm works.

- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.

- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from both the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and Michael Hart, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread public domain works in creating the Project Gutenberg-tm collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain "Defects," such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other

intellectual
property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a
computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by
your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the "Right
of Replacement or Refund" described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project
Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project
Gutenberg-tm trademark, and any other party distributing a Project
Gutenberg-tm electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all
liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal
fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT
LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE
PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH F3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE
TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE
LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR
INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH
DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a
defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can
receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a
written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you
received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with
your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with
the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a
refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity
providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to
receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy
is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further
opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set

forth
in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS,' WITH NO
OTHER
WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT
LIMITED TO
WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTIBILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied
warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of
damages.
If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates
the
law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall
be
interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted
by
the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any
provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation,
the
trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone
providing copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in
accordance
with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the
production,
promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works,
harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal
fees,
that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which
you do
or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project
Gutenberg-tm
work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any
Project Gutenberg-tm work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg-tm

Project Gutenberg-tm is synonymous with the free distribution of
electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of
computers
including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists
because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from
people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need, is critical to reaching Project Gutenberg-tm's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg-tm collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project
Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure
and permanent future for Project Gutenberg-tm and future generations.
To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation
and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation web page at
http://www.gutenberg.org/fundraising/pglaf.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's principal office is located at 4557 Melan Dr. S. Fairbanks, AK, 99712., but its volunteers and employees are scattered
throughout numerous locations. Its business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887, email business@pglaf.org. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's web site and official page at http://www.gutenberg.org/about/contact

For additional contact information:
Dr. Gregory B. Newby
Chief Executive and Director
gbnewby@pglaf.org

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg-tm depends upon and cannot survive without wide spread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be
freely distributed in machine readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations
($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up
with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit http://www.gutenberg.org/fundraising/pglaf

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we
have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition
against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who
approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg Web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: http://www.gutenberg.org/fundraising/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works.

Professor Michael S. Hart is the originator of the Project Gutenberg-tm
concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For thirty years, he produced and distributed Project

Gutenberg-tm eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as Public Domain in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Each eBook is in a subdirectory of the same number as the eBook's eBook number, often in several formats including plain vanilla ASCII,
compressed (zipped), HTML and others.

Corrected EDITIONS of our eBooks replace the old file and take over the old filename and etext number. The replaced older file is renamed.
VERSIONS based on separate sources are treated as new eBooks receiving
new filenames and etext numbers.

Most people start at our Web site which has the main PG search facility:

http://www.gutenberg.org

This Web site includes information about Project Gutenberg-tm, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.

EBooks posted prior to November 2003, with eBook numbers BELOW #10000,
are filed in directories based on their release date. If you want to download any of these eBooks directly, rather than using the regular search system you may utilize the following addresses and just download by the etext year.

http://www.gutenberg.org/dirs/etext06/

(Or /etext 05, 04, 03, 02, 01, 00, 99,
98, 97, 96, 95, 94, 93, 92, 92, 91 or 90)

EBooks posted since November 2003, with etext numbers OVER #10000, are
filed in a different way. The year of a release date is no longer part

of the directory path. The path is based on the etext number (which is
identical to the filename). The path to the file is made up of single
digits corresponding to all but the last digit in the filename. For
example an eBook of filename 10234 would be found at:

http://www.gutenberg.org/dirs/1/0/2/3/10234

or filename 24689 would be found at:
http://www.gutenberg.org/dirs/2/4/6/8/24689

An alternative method of locating eBooks:
http://www.gutenberg.org/dirs/GUTINDEX.ALL

*** END: FULL LICENSE ***