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AND NICK IN CRUB-UP-LAND

Olive Roberts Barton

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The Adventures of

NANCY AND NICK

IN SCRUB-UP-LAND

OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

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IT WAS NOW SCRAMBLE SQUIRREL'S TURN TO GET SPRING-CLEANED

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NANCY AND NICK
IN
SCRUB-UP-LAND

BY

OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

ILLUSTRATED BY

E. R. HIGGINS

NEW YORK
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

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THE FIRST THING THEY SAW WAS A PLUMP MUSHROOM.

CHAPTER I: THE MAGICAL MUSHROOM

It was strange that a mushroom should grow so very early in the spring. When the sun was still nosing out patches of hidden snow from behind stones and tree-trunks; when the buds on the early shrubs were so tiny they looked like clouds of pale mist; and when the little wood-flowers were thrusting up timid green fingers, before baring their pretty faces to the sharp March winds. Yet, when Nancy and Nick had finished their breakfast one morning and rushed down to their old playground under the chest-

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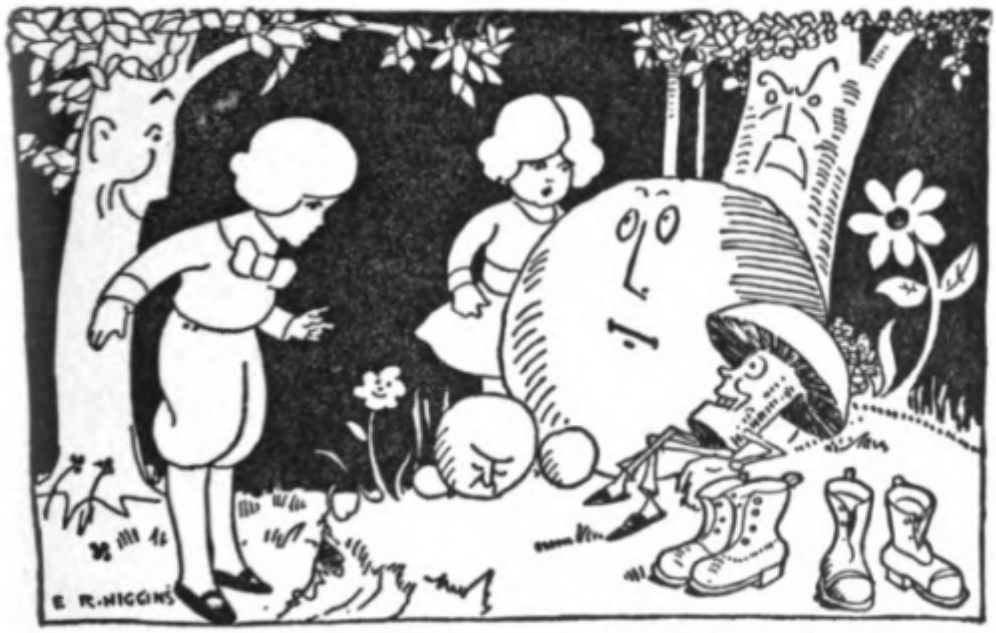
magical, my dears, how else do you suppose you could understand what I say? Did you ever hear a Mushroom talk before?"

The children admitted that they hadn't.



"GOOD MORNING, CHILDREN," SAID THE MUSHROOM. "I'M GLAD YOU CAME SO EARLY."

Suddenly an idea popped into Nick's head. "Couldn't *we* go, Mr. Mushroom? Couldn't Nancy and I go to help Mr. Rubadub?"

"For goodness sake!" exclaimed their new friend in surprise. "I never thought of such a thing! The idea fairly makes me dizzy! Quite dizzy! Yet, why not? Mr. Rubadub needs help,

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THEY DECIDED THAT THEY WERE GOING TO HAVE A MOST BEAUTIFUL TIME.

CHAPTER II: THE TWINS MEET RUBADUB

WHEN the Green Shoes set Nancy and Nick down gently before a queer little gate, still holding tightly to the Magical Mushroom's hands (for, bless you, when the Fairy Queen gave him legs, she gave him arms, too!), it seemed as though they were waking after a beautiful dream. The trip through the air was like a sail in a wonderful boat on a gently waving ocean, and a ride in a swift airplane all rolled into one. They decided at once that if Scrub-Up-Land were half so pleasant as the road to it, they were

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notice, hoping some one would see it. In fact, when I saw you, I was sure my plan had worked. Either that, or else when I waved my wand this morning and made a wish, the Fairy Queen

"HOW D' DO, FOLKS," SAID RUBADUB.

heard it and sent you in answer. But the old thing must be worn out, I reckon." And he sighed dismally.

But Nancy comforted him at once. "Don't you worry, Mr. Rubadub!" she said brightly. "We *are* helpers, and your wand can't be worn out at all." And then she told him all about the

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"PLEASE DON'T GET SOAP INTO MY EYES," BEGGED ROBIN REDBREAST.

CHAPTER III: ROBIN GETS SPRING-CLEANED

EVERYBODY started to work with a will after the arrival of the twins. Mr. Rubadub set up his "Bird Book" and "Flower Book" where the twins could see them, and brought out all his paint pots and brushes. The animals he attended to himself, because, as he said, not a mother's son of them liked soap and water, and they generally got peevish when he scrubbed around their ears. "Particularly!" said he, "the March Hare. He's got such big ears to clean. He's gone, thank goodness! I suppose he's cut-

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patch up the worn places on the old ones, and also to make nice new ones.

"Here you are, Mr. Rubadub," he called, holding up a great basket. "What shall I do with them?"

A SWARM OF LOVELY FAIRIES APPEARED.

Rubadub scratched his ear thoughtfully. "If only we had some more helpers," he said, "we could send them off right away to stick the buds on the bare branches. Then wouldn't folks be tickled to see Robin Redbreast and the pussy-willows at the same time. They'd say, 'My, isn't Rubadub smart this year! And how nice of him

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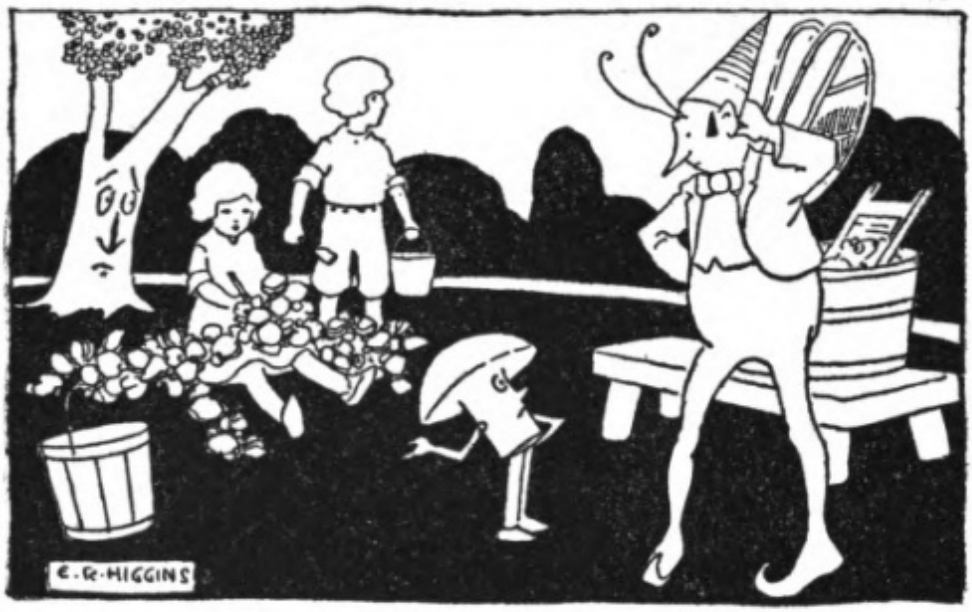

"BLOWING BLIZZARDS!" EXCLAIMED RUBADUB, "WHERE ARE THE YELLOW ONES?"

CHAPTER IV: THE ERRAND

CITY children look for crocuses on their lawns as a sign of spring, the same as country children look for katkins on the willows, so it was quite necessary to get these little flowers painted with purple and gold as fast as possible.

The twins worked and worked, setting each blossom in the row with the others when it was finished. By and by Rubadub left off scrubbing Snoopy Skunk (who did need it most awfully) and peeped in to see how they were getting along.

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around by the willow-grove in the Land-Where-Spring-Was-Coming.

As they approached, it was plain to be seen that something was wrong. Very wrong! The

STANDING OVER THE FAIRIES WAS THAT KNAVE, JACK FROST!

place looked dark and gloomy and altogether unhappy, not a bit as though winter were over and spring were on the way. Mr. Sun was nowhere to be seen, and the air was so cold they shivered with the chill of it. Besides, Robin Redbreast was nowhere to be seen either, nor the March Hare nor Wally Woodchuck, and last but most important of all, there *wasn't a single*

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"I'D BE A NICE ONE TO LET THEM COME IN AND SPOIL MY FUN," SAID JACK FROST.

CHAPTER V: THE FAIRY QUEEN'S PALACE

ALTHOUGH Jack Frost was a tricky fellow, nobody minded his pranks in the fall and winter. Folks said, "There's a time and place for everything and Jack Frost is all right in his place." When he painted over newly cleaned windows with his fantastic patterns, they were quite patient with him (of course they were *lovely* pictures, I must admit that) and when he cracked water pitchers, and fastened down pump-handles, and made little creeks stand still, they humored him and hardly fussed a bit. "It's win-

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actly as Nancy had hoped she would look, with lovely kind eyes that smiled almost all of the time, and wonderful wavy hair. And as for her gown, it was woven of silver gossamer and had taken a hundred years to make.

THE FAIRY QUEEN WAS EVER SO PUT OUT ABOUT IT.

When she heard the disgraceful way in which Jack Frost was behaving, she was ever so put out about it. "My, oh my!" she exclaimed so emphatically that her crown slid sideways and she had to stop to straighten it. "Here I've been so busy I haven't had time to notice what is going on in the Land-Where-Spring-Is-Coming.

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UP AND UP AND UP THEY WENT, THE SOUTH WIND GUIDING.

CHAPTER VI: MR. MORNING STAR WAKENS MR. SUN

Up and up and up they went, the South Wind guiding them, and floating as gently as thistle down on the kindly breeze. After quite a few minutes of traveling, they arrived at Dawn Avenue, and after a few seconds more they discovered where it crossed Eastern Road. Sure enough, right on the corner was a very *shiny* house, with points sticking in all directions, like a chestnut-burr, or a lantern on a very dark night, when the rays point out like fine needles.

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"My, my! is that so?" interrupted Mr. Sun anxiously. "What's the trouble?"

Then Nickie took Mr. Star's place at the 'phone and gave Mr. Sun the Fairy Queen's message.

THERE WAS MR. SUN, LOOKING VERY STERN INDEED.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Mr. Sun, "I have trouble with that fellow Jack Frost every year. So he's at it again! You go back now and tell the Fairy Queen that I'll fix everything in a jiffy, and not to worry any more."

So the twins and the Mushroom left Mr. Morning Star's house after thanking him, and

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"THANK GOODNESS!" CRIED RUBADUB, WHEN HE SAW THE TWINS COMING.

CHAPTER VII: THE STORY OF BILL BLACKBIRD

"THANK goodness!" cried Rubadub, when he saw the twins coming. He mopped his face with his handkerchief and breathed a loud sigh of relief. "I'd just about given you up, kiddies, and was quite despairing about the yellow paint. I've been trying to make up my mind whether to color the daffodils pink or blue, and whether the buttercups and dandelions would look better red or lavender. When it came to daisies and pansies and marigold and wood-sorrel and mustard and primrose and fox-glove and zenias and 'sturtiums

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the Land-Where-Spring-Was-Coming, that was the limit of his patience. Bill could endure it no longer, and he decided to think up a plan that would hurry things up a bit. "What's the

"MY NAME'S OLIVER ORIOLE," FIBBED BILL BLACKBIRD.

use of having brains," he boasted, "if you don't use them?" So he sat and sat, and thought and thought, gazing over Nick's shoulder at the Big Bird-Book, when suddenly he hit on an idea that almost tickled him to death.

"Chk! Chk! Chk!" he tittered to himself creakily in his rusty wagon-wheel voice. "I'll fool them all yet. Just one more peep at the

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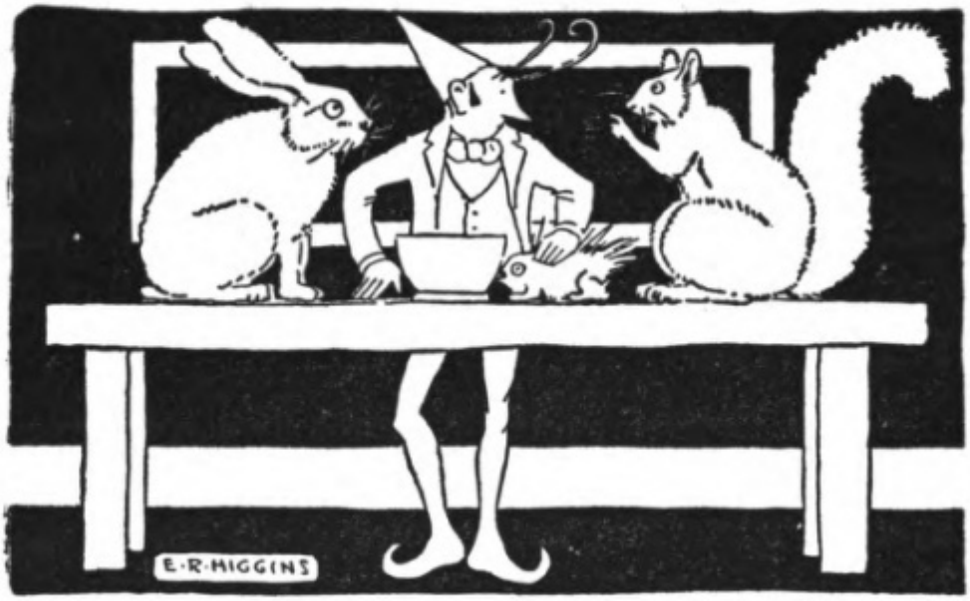

"WELL, I NEVER!" EXCLAIMED RUBADUB IN SURPRISE. "OUT WITH IT, BOTH OF YOU."

CHAPTER VIII: BEN BUNNY GETS SPRING-CLEANED, SCRAMBLE SQUIRREL, TOO

RUBADUB, the fairyman, next called to Ben Bunny that it was his turn to get spring-cleaned. Ben is first cousin to the March Hare, you know, and, to whisper a secret, had already been to the Land-Where-Spring-Was-Coming, having made several trips there from Dreamland, even during the winter months, when spring was as far off as the Equator.

But he did need a good scrubbing now and he knew it, for the way to Dreamland is underground. Besides, he'd been asleep a long time

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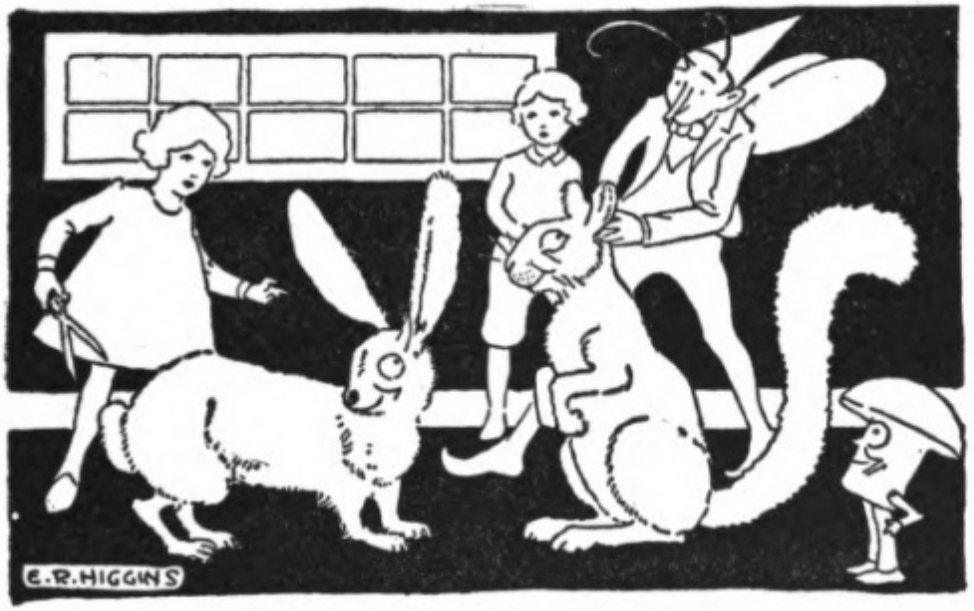
dub," answered Nancy obligingly. "Won't we, Nick?"

You know what Nick said to that, so Rubadub went on. "Your Green Shoes will take you any-



PRESTO, THE CHANGE WAS MADE!

where, as you know, so how would it do for you to follow those two scalawags and find out how they are getting along. If they get into trouble I'd like to know it, so I can help them out, and I have a pretty good notion I'll be needed. They're both too proud to come begging if things go wrong, and I'd like you to keep an eye on them for a time."

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"OH!" SHRIEKED MRS. SQUIRREL, FAINTING PROMPTLY.

CHAPTER IX: SCRAMBLE SQUIRREL RETURNS

SCRAMBLE SQUIRREL started to climb the maple-tree where he lived, his house being about half way up in a deep, roomy hole.

Nancy and Nick, peeping from Will Woodpecker's old house above, could see Mrs. Squirrel, too, briskly getting lunch, for she was expecting her husband home that day from Scrub-Up-Land. She had put out all the best tidies, and had made excellent dessert, which was now cooling in the kitchen, for the twins could

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but when she heard what her husband had done she made an awful fuss. "It gives me a headache to look at you," she said. "What will you be doing next?"

OUT POPPED SCRAMBLE AND TORE FOR SAFETY.

"Never mind!" Scramble comforted her, trying to pretend that he was quite satisfied with his bargain. "It will come out all right, my dear, see if it doesn't. These ears of Ben's are very handsome, you must confess."

Mrs. Squirrel hadn't anything to say to that, and so the matter ended.

Time passed, and as Scramble predicted, he

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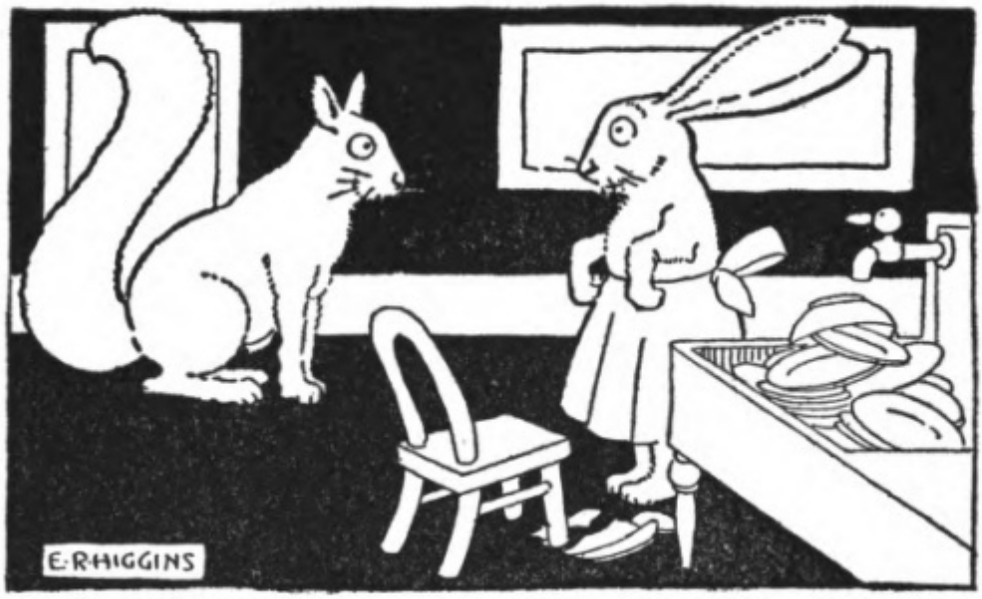

MRS. BUNNY DROPPED HER BEST SALAD-BOWL.

CHAPTER X: BEN BUNNY'S BARGAIN

AFTER the twins saw Scramble Squirrel leap nimbly from one tree-top to another until he was safely home, they asked their Green Shoes to take them to Ben Bunny's house, so they could report to Rubadub about the other half of their errand.

Ben had been delayed, and when they arrived he was just reaching home. They slipped behind a bush because they were sure that Ben would feel better if he thought no strangers were around. It never occurred to them that they

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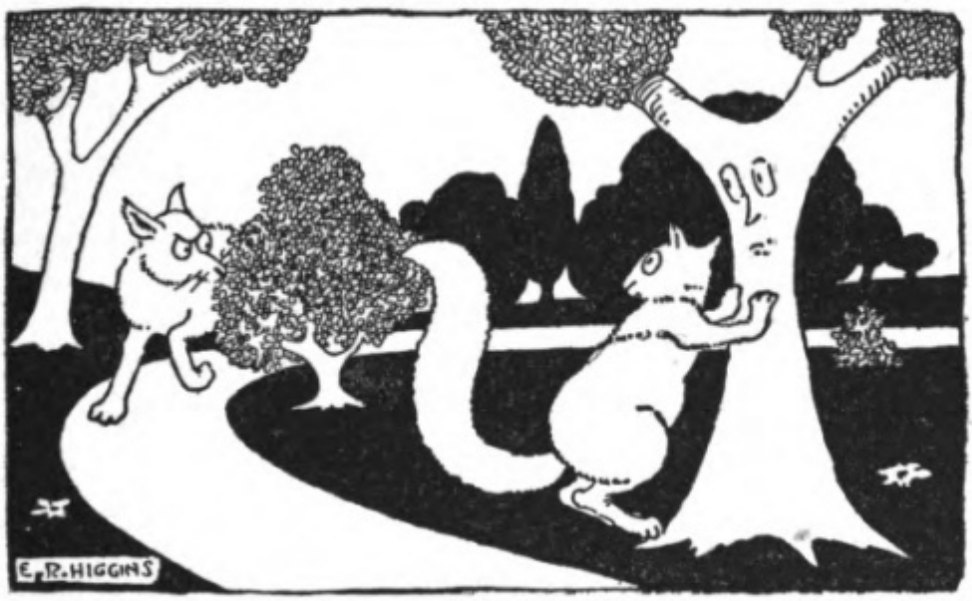
bushy tail was sticking out quite as plainly as the nose on the parson's face. He had indeed! And the first idea he had that he wasn't altogether out of the reach of the enemy, was when he felt a sharp nip behind him.



"JIMINEEZERS!" HE EXCLAIMED. "THERE'S THE OLD FELLOW NOW."

"Ouch!" he screamed, jumping so hard that he landed right in the midst of the brambles, which hurt him some more, although there he was indeed quite safe. And he shivered and shook so you'd have thought it was threshing time, and that poor Ben was trying to shake the briars loose.

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"AND," SHE ADDED, SHAKING HER FINGER, "YOU'D BETTER MEND YOUR MANNERS AND NOT BE SO CURIOUS AND YELL 'WHO' AT EVERYBODY WHO PASSES."

CHAPTER XI: MR. GRUBBY GROUNDHOG

"Say, kiddoes!" said Mr. Rubadub, rubbing a spot of soapsuds off the end of his nose, "would you object to doing another errand for me? I'm too busy to go myself, and if somebody doesn't rout the good-for-nothing old scalawag out, spring will be here and he'll be as dusty as a camel"

"Who?" asked Nick. "Who will be as dusty as a camel, Mr. Rubadub; who's a scalawag?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" exclaimed Rubadub. "Mr. Groundhog of course, Grubby Groundhog. The old fellow stuffs out his sides with corn 'n'

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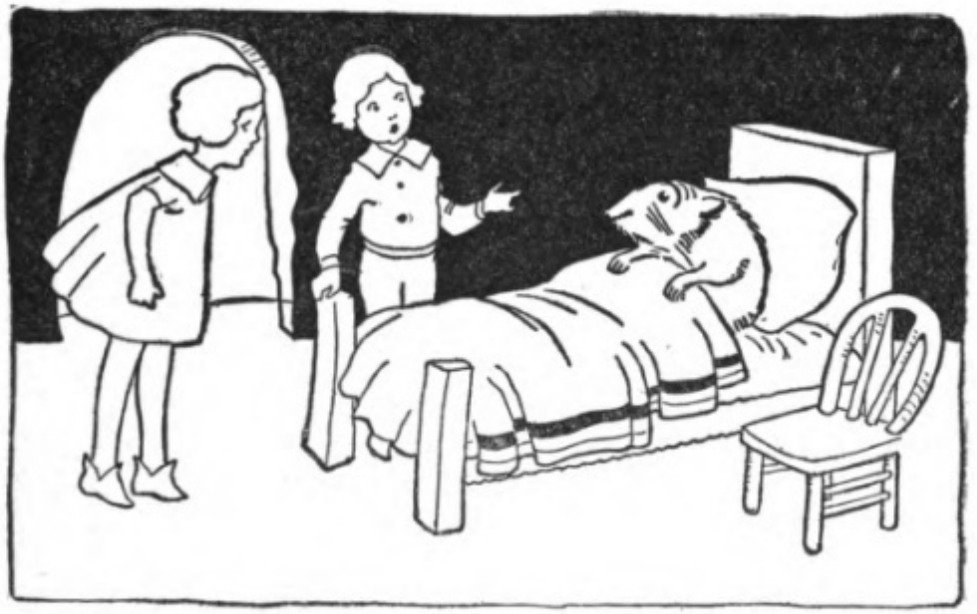
That reminded Nick of his errand. "Are you Mr. Woodchuck?" he asked.

"Whatta you want to know for?" asked the tousled person suspiciously, slowly crawling



"YES!" ANSWERED THE OTHER, "I HAD A DREADFUL DREAM ABOUT SOAP AND WATER."

out of bed, and stretching. The twins could see how thin he was. Nothing but a bag of skin and hair with some bones inside!

"We are looking for Mr. Grubby Ground-hog," answered Nick, "and we thought perhaps you could tell us where he lives. There is nobody else near to ask. We thought that this

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NANCY GOT THE FAN AT ONCE.

CHAPTER XII: MR. SLEEPY WHATSHISNAME

"Who's this?" asked Rubadub, pushing his cap onto the back of his head and jerking his thumb at a creature all huddled up behind a stone.

Nancy and Nick came running.

"Looks like Mr. Fox," said Nancy, "his nose is so pointy."

"No," contradicted Nick. "Look at his ears! They aren't big enough for Fleety Fox. Mr. Rubadub, don't *you* know?"

Rubadub shook his head. "No, I don't. Never saw the gentleman before in all my life," said he.

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said Rubadub watching him closely. "Why, you can't even see him breathe!"

The twins stooped and watched too. It was true. He was very different from all the sleepers

MR. POSSUM GOT THE SPRING-CLEANING OF HIS LIFE.

they had seen before, whose sides generally went out and in or up and down with each breath. He sort of reminded Nancy of her bisque doll, Jane, whose eyes closed when you laid her down. She never moved when she slept, but stayed in the same position, still and cold, until you picked her up again.

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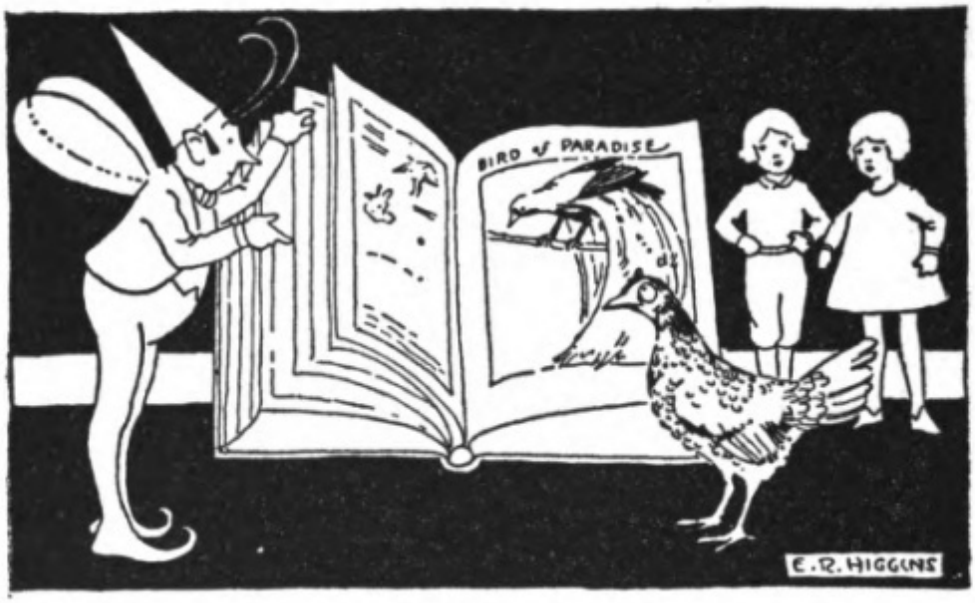

"THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WISH," SAID THE BROWN BIRD, HAUGHTILY.

CHAPTER XIII: THE BIRD OF PARADISE

ONE day Rubadub, the fairyman, came into the tailor-shop where Nancy and Nick were working for very dear life on Will Woodpecker's gorgeous new spring clothes. His red cap and neckerchief were most becoming and Will was trying to look as modest as he could, although he couldn't resist peeking out of the corner of his eye once in a while at himself in the mirror.

Rubadub had a very mysterious look on his face, and tiptoed softly, with his fingers on his lips as though they were not sufficient to keep back the important news that was trying to get

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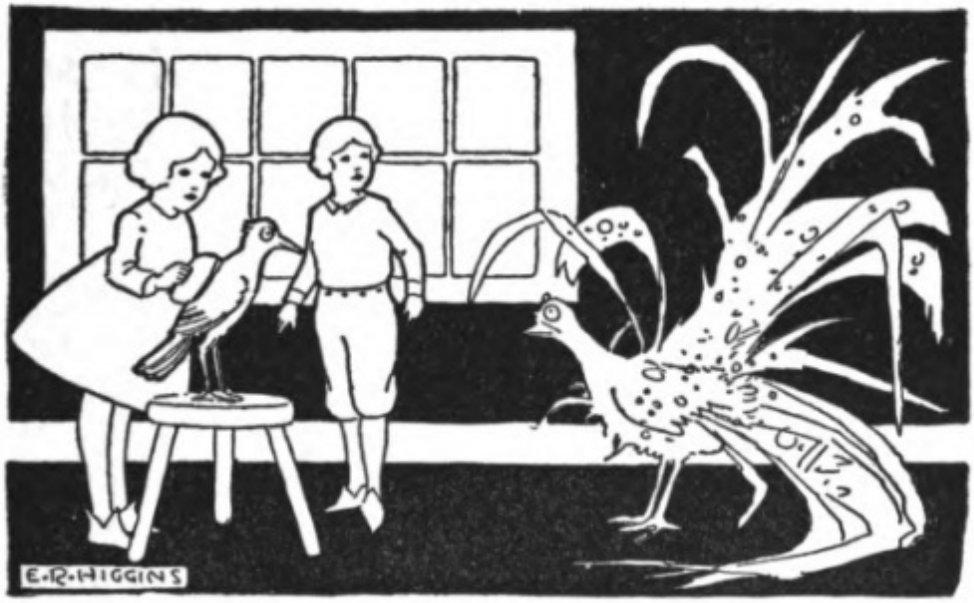
ful, orange-colored plumes below her wings. (All just like the picture.)

Last of all they shook gold and silver powder over her and fastened a strip of velvet about her



"ME, BIDDY HEN," SAID THE MOST DISHEVELED CREATURE YOU EVER SAW.

throat, which finished her off completely. Behold what a gorgeous creature the little brown bird had become! Cinderella changed into a princess!

"Now come over and see yourself, please," said Rubadub proudly, leading her to the mirror. "Do you like your new gown?"

"I—is that really me?" she cried, when her

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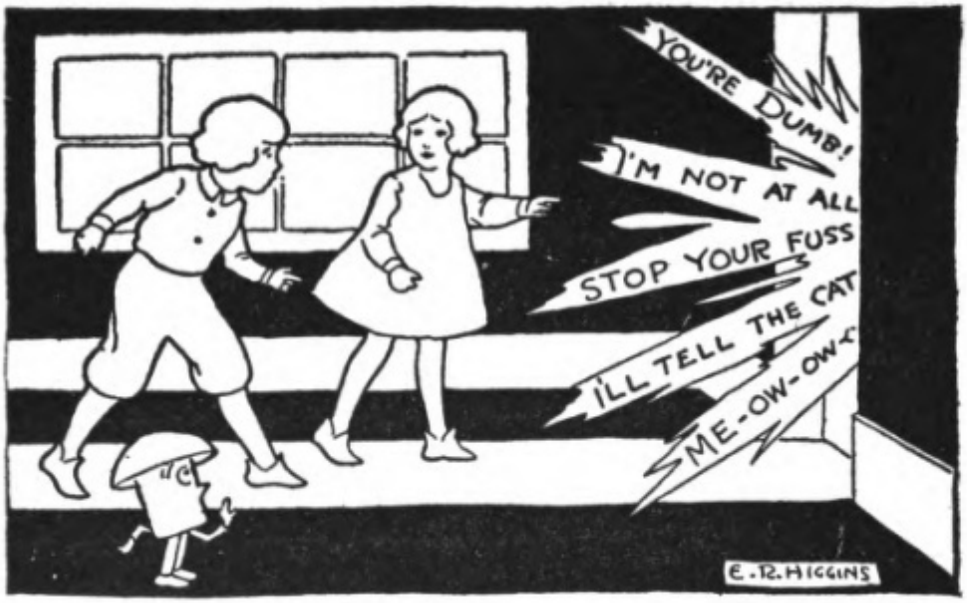

"COME ON," CRIED NANCY. "WE'LL HAVE TO STOP THIS RUMPUS."

CHAPTER XIV: CASPER CATBIRD DISAPPEARS

THE next person to be spring-cleaned in Scrub-Up-Land was Casper Catbird.

Now Casper didn't like water, being related to the cat family, or perhaps it was because his colors were so dark that he had never felt the need of a bath. With his black and gray coat I've no doubt he thought washing all nonsense.

But his top-knot did need combing, there wasn't a doubt, and his necktie was always creeping up around his ears. Oh, yes, Casper needed looking after, and Nick and Nancy called to him

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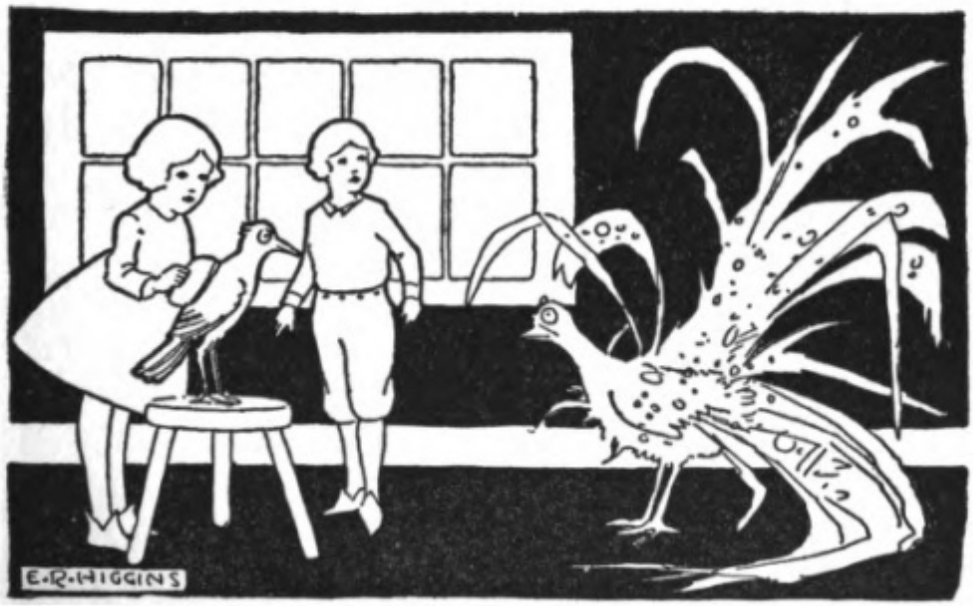
ful, orange-colored plumes below her wings. (All just like the picture.)

Last of all they shook gold and silver powder over her and fastened a strip of velvet about her



"ME, BIDDY HEN," SAID THE MOST DISHEVELED CREATURE YOU EVER SAW.

throat, which finished her off completely. Behold what a gorgeous creature the little brown bird had become! Cinderella changed into a [illegible]ncess!

[illegible] come over and see yourself, please," said [illegible]oudly, leading her to the mirror. [illegible] own?"

[illegible] cried, when her

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back here, when they've been away, some of them for a month?"

A wise look came into Rubadub's eyes, but he said nothing except, "Whose turn is it to get spring-cleaned?"

A SMALL GRAY FIGURE TALKING AND SCOLDING WITH THE VOICES.

"Casper Catbird's, Mr. Rubadub," Nancy told him.

"And have you got him?"

"No, not yet. When we started to search for him all the fussing started, and we thought we'd better stop it first. But we don't know where

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RUBADUB CALLED THE TWINS AND THE MAGICAL MUSHROOM TO HIM AND HELD A COUNCIL.

CHAPTER XV: THE EASTER BUNNY

SPRING was getting along pretty well by this time. Since Jack Frost had sneaked off to his home at the North Pole, or in the sky or wherever it was he lived, and let the fairy helpers work unhindered, they had worked more busily than bees in a clover patch; and with all the katkins out, the fuzzy buds on the alders, little red blossoms on the maple-trees, and green buds blanketing all the bushes and shrubs, the Land-Where-Spring-Was-Coming looked like the Fairy Queen's private bower.

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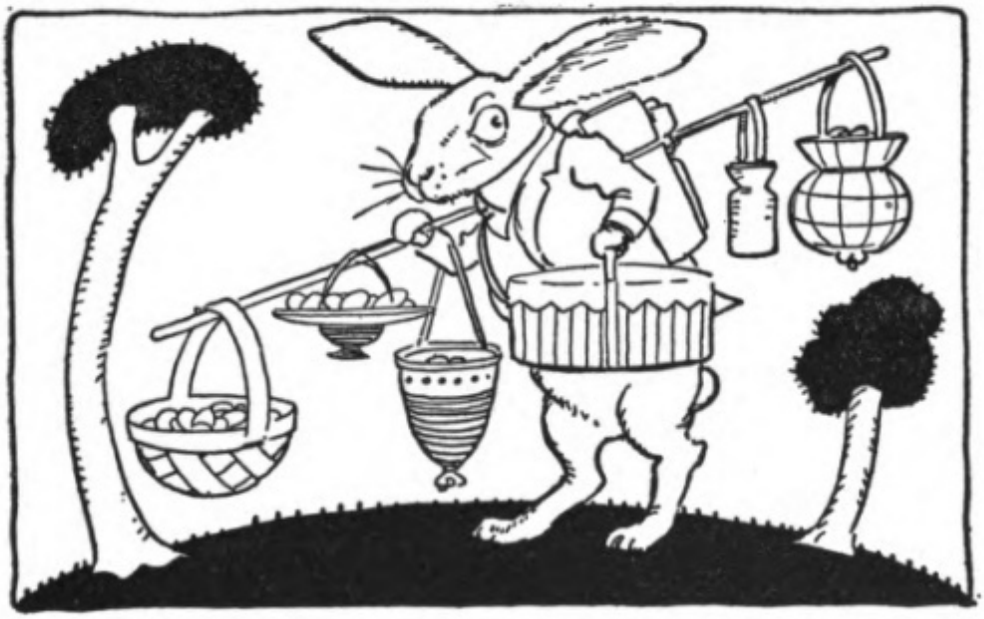
tooth, but when they've got a whole mouthful of sweet teeth it invariably means the doctor. And isn't it queer, but I never knew a child of them with a castor-oil throat?"



THE EASTER BUNNY HIMSELF WAS LOADED WITH SO MANY BASKETS THAT HE LOOKED LIKE A MARKET TRUCK.

"What would you suggest, then?" asked Rub-a-dub, worried like.

The Easter Bunny took a bundle of papers out of his pocket and spread them on a table. "Here are some new ideas," he said. "Patterns for downy chicks and ducklings and goslings and rabbits—very artistic and warranted to give sat-

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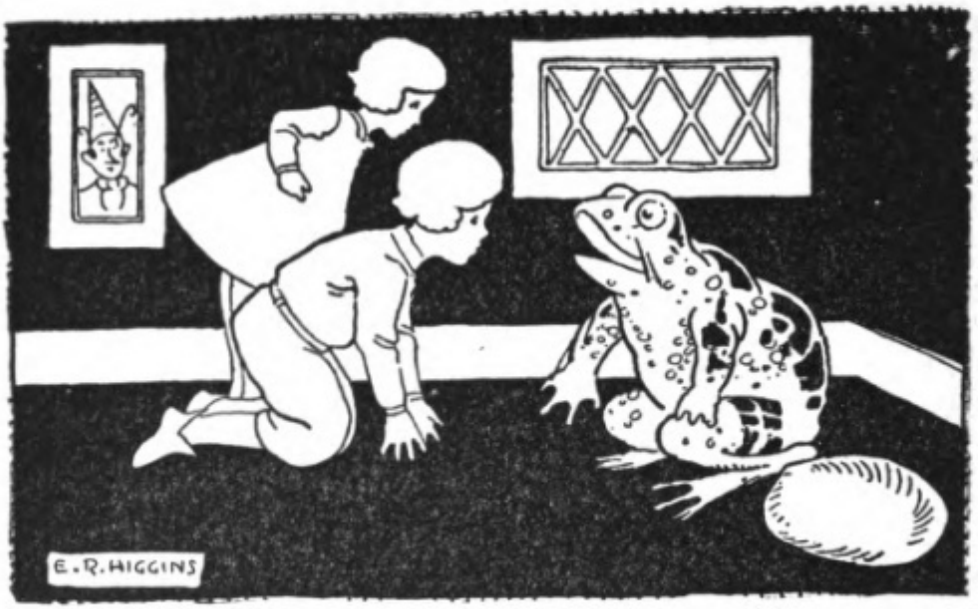

PHIL DIDN'T MOVE A STEP.

CHAPTER XVI: PHIL FROG GETS TAILORED

MANY birds and animals were still in Scrub-Up-Land waiting to be spring-cleaned. So of course Nancy and Nick hurried back the very first minute they could get away.

Rubadub was so glad to see them he almost cried, at least he blew his nose quite loudly, but it may have been because he didn't know of anything else to do.

Nancy tied on her apron, and Nick rolled up his sleeves and looked around.

"What is there to do now, Mr. Rubadub?" he asked, waving a greeting to all the creatures crowding round to welcome them.

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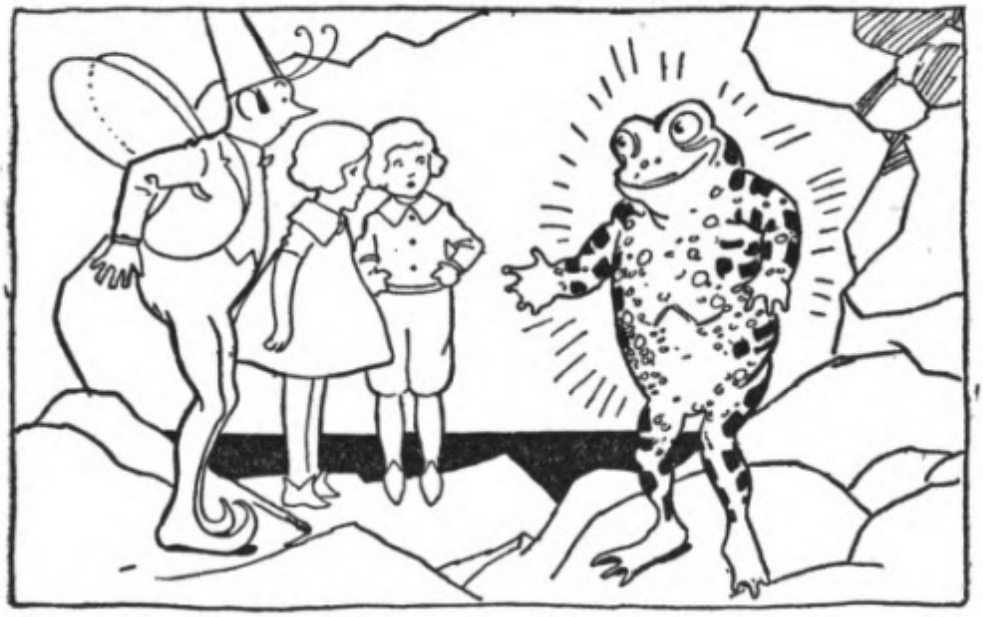
Rubadub lifted his eyebrows in surprise. "Then why did you come here?" he asked.

"I must have made a mistake," answered Phil. "When I left Dreamland I was scarcely awake



"HOW COULD YOU DO IT?" HE CRIED, "WITHOUT ANYTHING TO WORK WITH."

and when I started to hop toward the Land-Where-Spring-Was-Coming I probably turned to the left instead of to the right, being too sleepy to read the signs."

The fairyman was thoughtful for a minute. "H'm!" he said aloud. "Your case is most unusual. Most! I hardly know what to do. If

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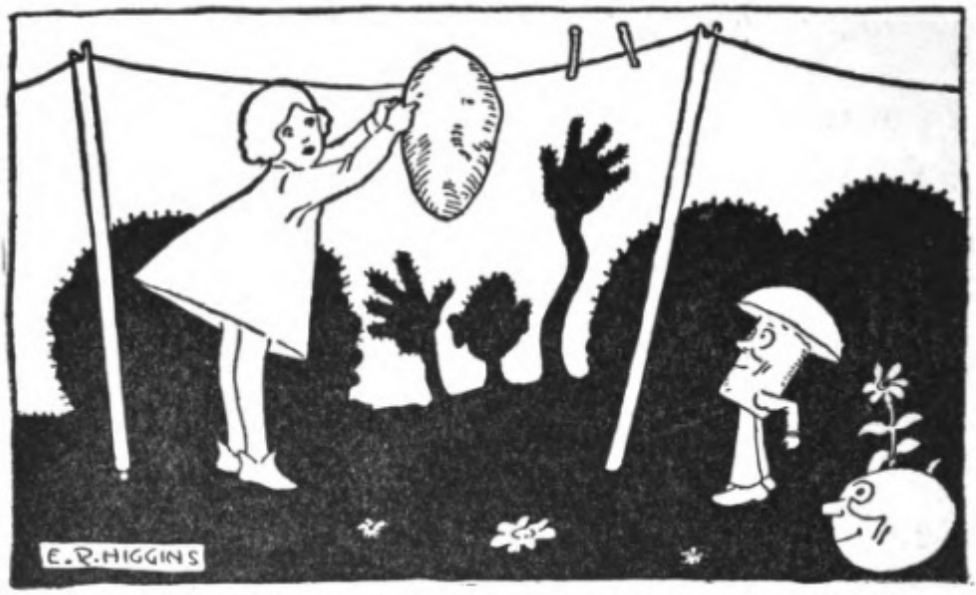

NANCY PINNED THE LITTLE PILLOW ON THE CLOTHES-LINE.

CHAPTER XVII: THE LITTLE SILK PILLOW

WHEN Philip Frog had disappeared in the distance, Rubadub said he'd better be looking after Marty Martin and that Nancy and Nick could be fixing up Bobby Blue Jay. Bobby was getting impatient, although I don't know why. He seldom troubled to make his own nest, and generally waited until Robin Redbreast settled, then helped himself to Robin's house as coolly as you please. He was even meaner than Mr. Blue-Bird, who let his wife do the nest-making herself, and never offering to lend a hand!

But anyway, Nick went off to find him, and Nancy was about to follow when she happened

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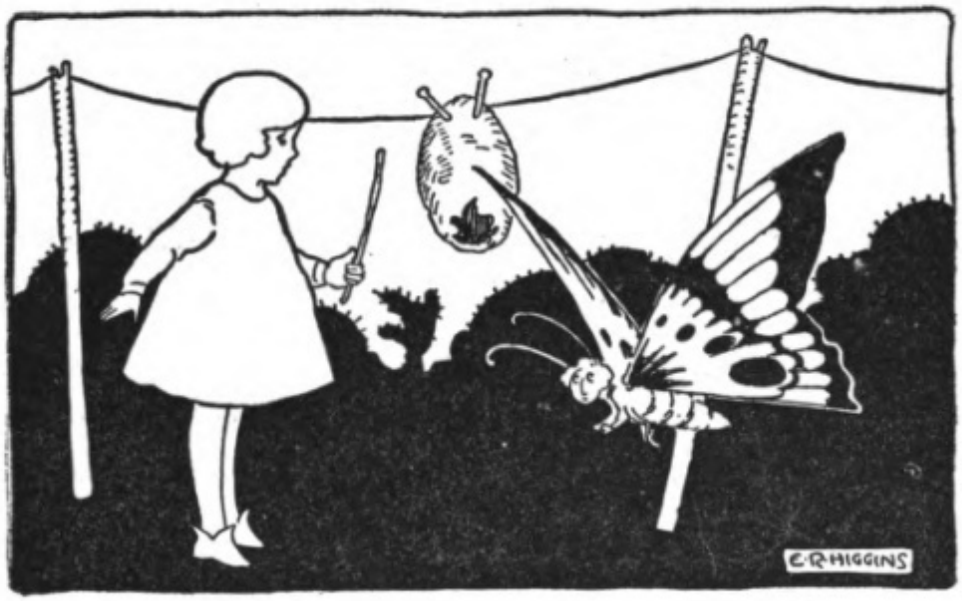
that Nancy was entirely right about Mr. Bobby Blue Jay. "Here's part of me," nodded the head, in a friendly way. "The rest of me is coming soon, just as soon as I can get untangled.



"OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL BUTTERFLY!" EXCLAIMED NANCY.

These threads are wrapped around me all sorts of ways."

Then slowly an arm stretched itself out, then another arm, and then, a long slim body pulled itself out with difficulty. Lastly came a couple of legs and the creature dropped to the ground leaving the little pillow-slip flopping flat and empty on the line.

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"WE CALL IT FLOWER POLLEN," INSISTED NICK.

CHAPTER XVIII: A QUEEN IN A VELVET CLOAK

NANCY had painted the wake-robin and violets and Nick was finishing the May-flowers, coloring the tiny petals a beautiful shell-pink and waxing the smooth green leaves, then sprinkling over the blossoms some drops of Fairyland Fancy Perfume.

They were working hard, as Rubadub was anxious to get through so he could clean up the shop and lock the gate of Scrub-Up-Land until next year.

Nearly all the birds had gone to the Land-Where-Spring-Was Coming, the bobolink, gold-

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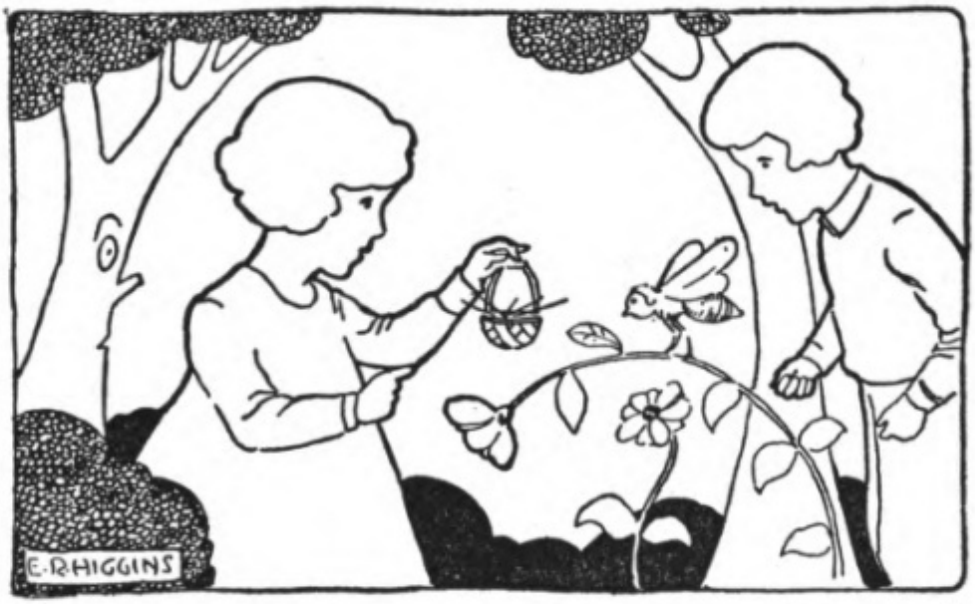
broom. The children both sneezed again, but her Majesty only looked annoyed, either because of the sneezing or the contradiction, or both.

"What do you make bread out of?" she asked suddenly.



"LITTLE GIRL, IF YOU HAND ME MY SEWING-BASKET, I'LL BE GOING."

"Flour," answered Nancy promptly.

"Ha!" she cried, triumphantly. "Didn't I say so? the yellow powder in flowers is used to make bee-bread for the bee babies, so of course it's pollen flour."

Nancy was wondering suspiciously how she happened to know so much about bees, when

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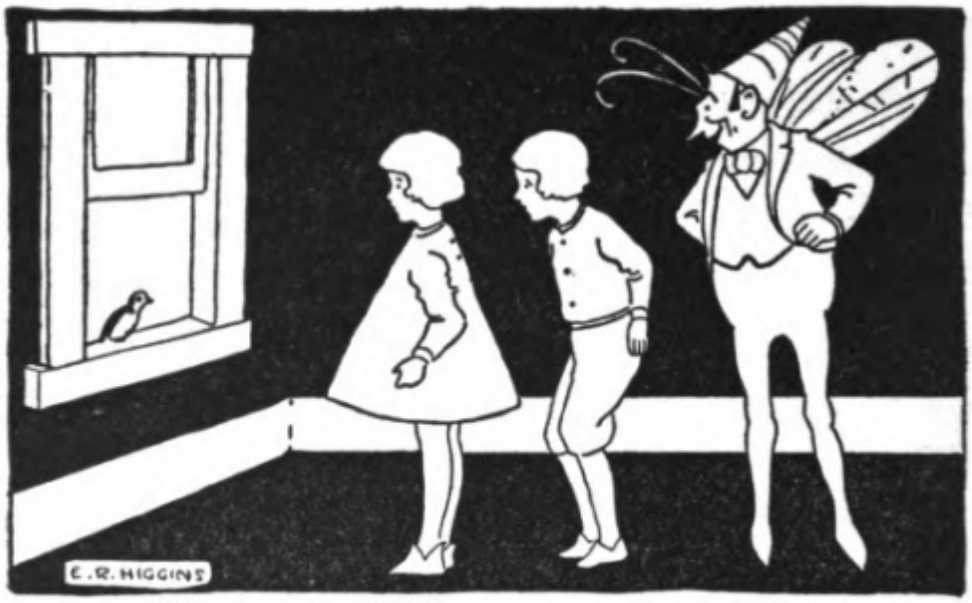

"AM I TOO LATE?" ASKED SLEEKER ANXIOUSLY.

CHAPTER XIX: SLEEKER SWALLOW'S EVENING CLOTHES

SCRUB-UP-LAND was pretty empty by this time.

Rubadub was beginning to lock up cupboards and put things away for next year; the paint brushes had been cleaned, paint-pots covered, glue-bottles stoppered, scrubbing-buckets and tubs turned upside down, and rags hung up to dry. The animals, birds and flowers had nearly all gone to the Land-Where-Spring-Was-Coming, the only ones left being a few slow in drying, or a stray bug or two which had forgotten something and come back.

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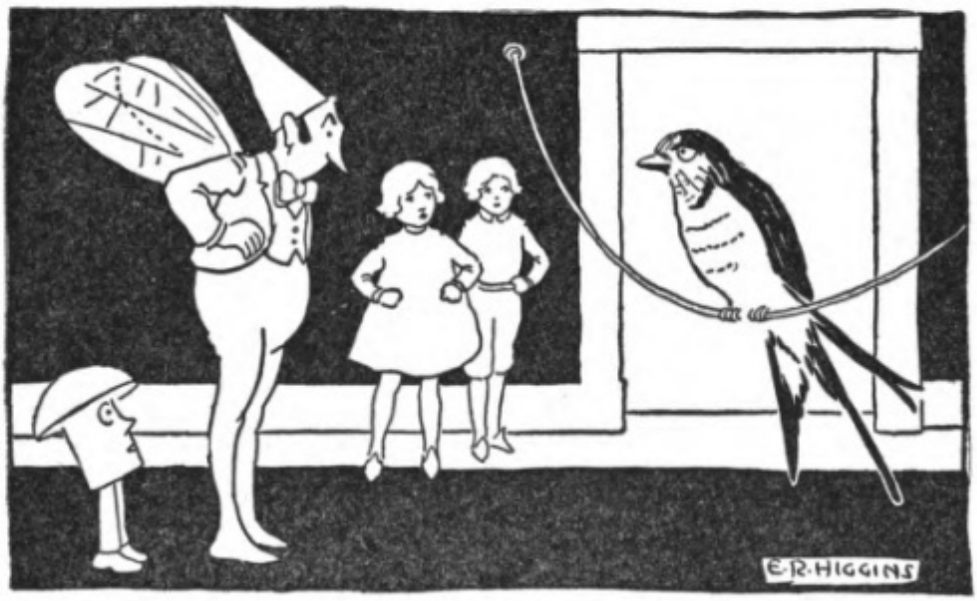
lessly, slipping out of his coat and tossing it aside.

There was much snipping and cutting for a while, but not much fitting, for everybody knows that overalls only fit where they touch you, and



"HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU ENOUGH?" CRIED SLEEKER DELIGHTEDLY.

as they mostly don't touch you, they don't fit at all.

Sleeker hitched the straps over his shoulders delightedly, and stepped out as proud as a peacock. "Now," said he, "I feel like home folks." And he sized himself up in the very same mirror in which Mrs. Hen had admired the Bird of Paradise.

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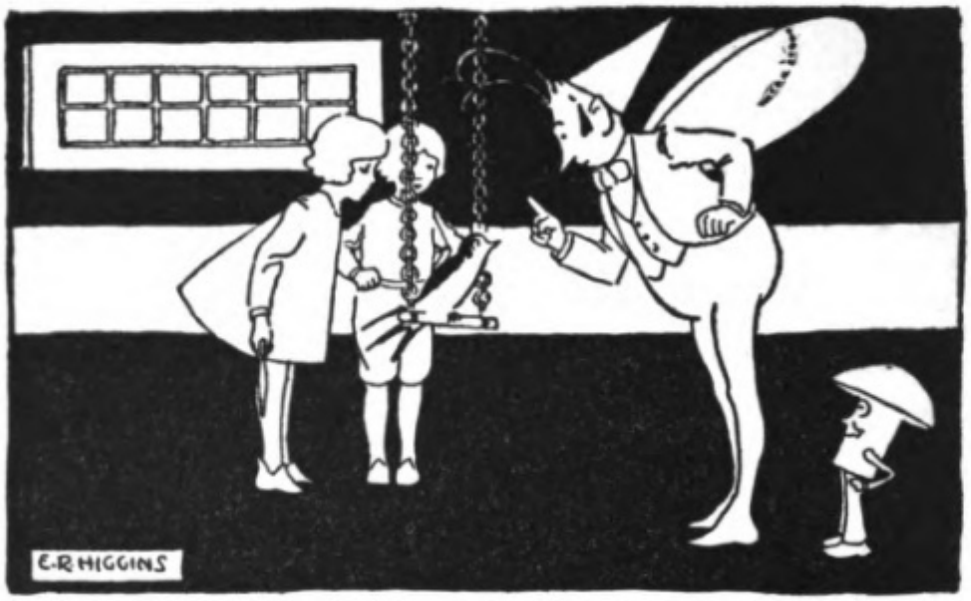

"I WON'T MISS A BUG AGAIN THIS YEAR."

CHAPTER XX: SPRING AT LAST

THE fairyman pulled out his pipe and sat down to have a smoke, after Sleeker Swallow had gone. "It's the first I've had for some weeks," he sighed contentedly, knocking the ashes out onto his hand and blowing through the stem to see if it were clear.

"Now you kiddies, run along with this chap," he said, nodding at the Magical Mushroom. "He'll take care that you reach home safely, and that you don't lose your Green Shoes. I won't say good-by, for I'll probably be meeting you at the Fairy Queen's Palace some of these days,

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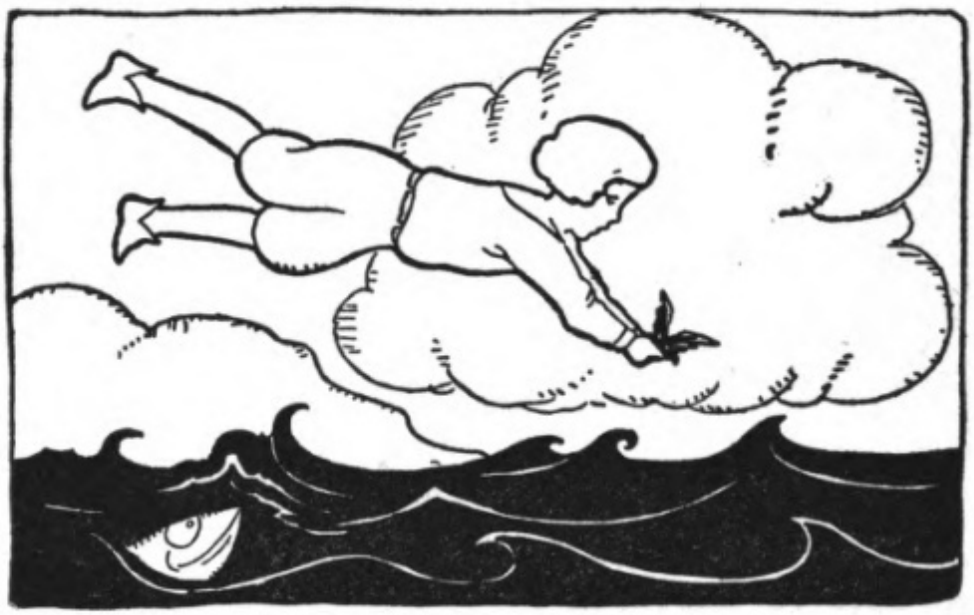
where the red berries hung, but not a foothold could he get. Worse still, his lovely stiff tail feathers, which he always dug into the rough places to hold him up, were gone, too, along with



POOR SLEEKER WOULD HAVE PERISHED IN ANOTHER SECOND IF NICK HADN'T GRABBED HIM.

his fine "evening-suit" as he called it, and he couldn't stick on long enough to get one bite. Back he came looking hungrier and more sorrowful than ever.

"Perhaps if you visited your chimney relations you told us about," suggested Nancy, "they could give you some dinner."

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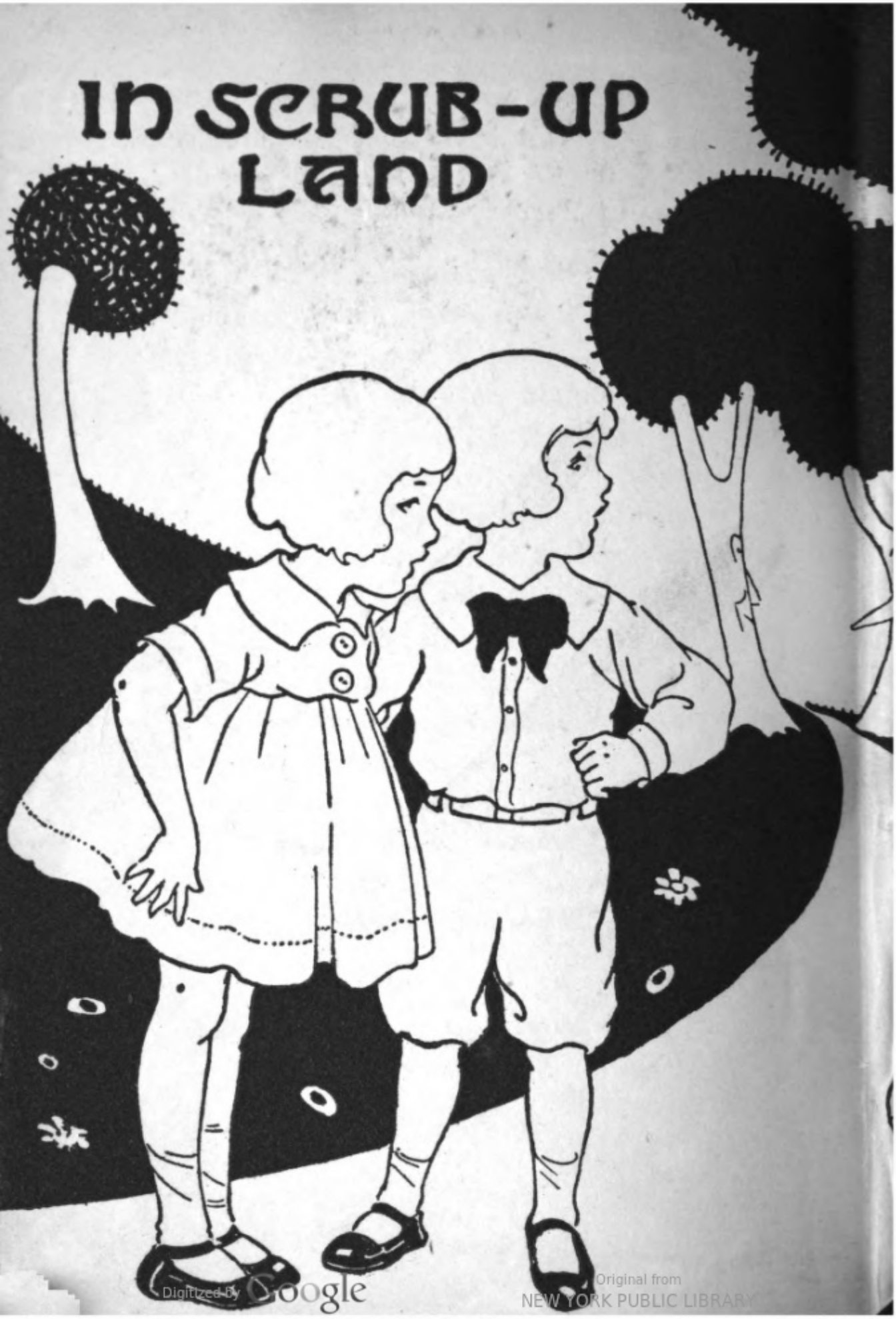

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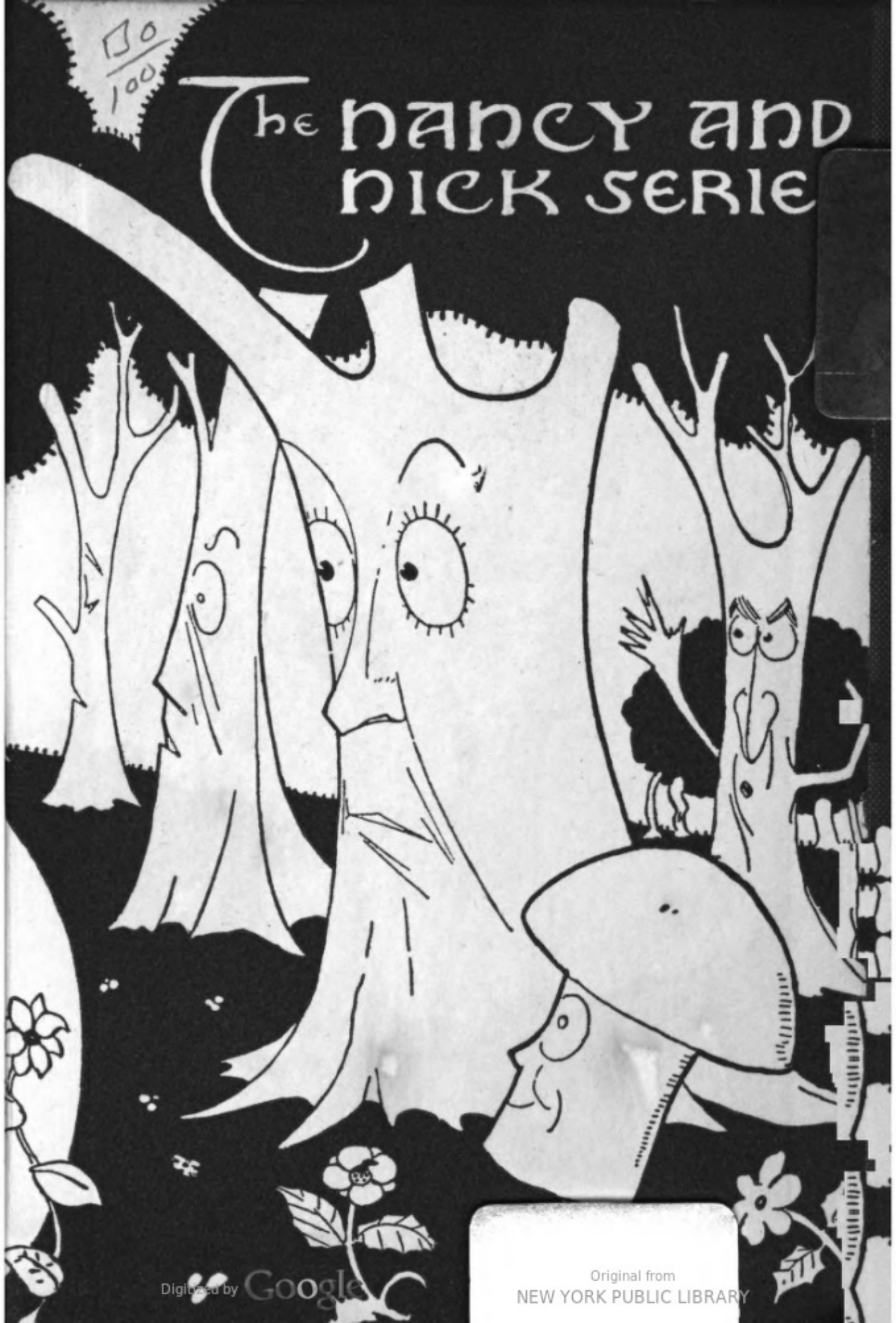
The Nancy and Nick Serie

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