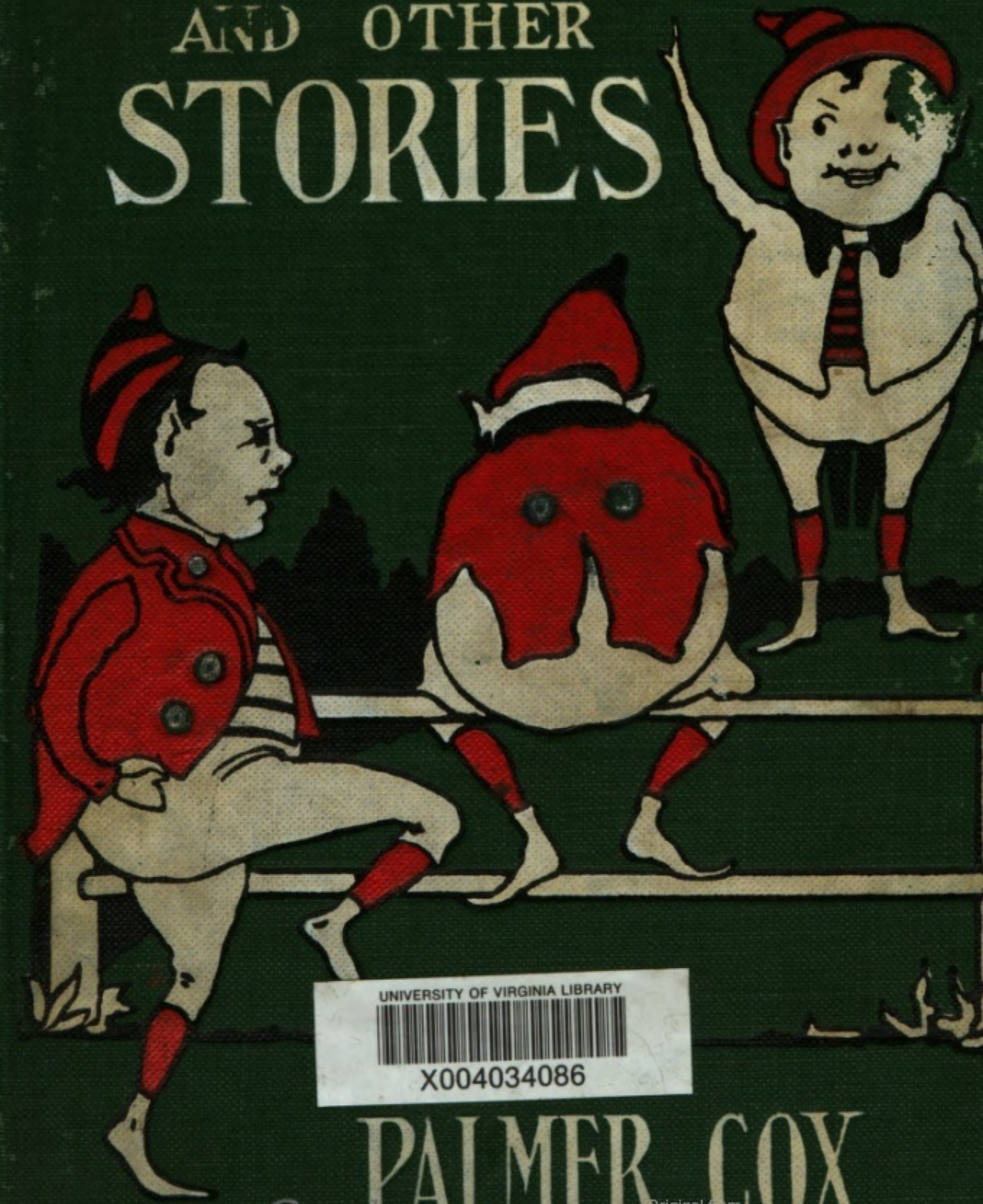
BROWNIES AND OTHER STORIES



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PALMER COX

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R. C. WATTS.

From his Grandpa Watts

Christmas 1914

Name written without assistance Jany. 3/1915

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Richard Cahoon Watts

Dec 25/1914

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The Children "Going Through."

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the little people remained hidden, but when night came they stole from their hiding places to talk it over. What kind little hearts these Brownies had. All the nice pieces of wood should be

piled up for these strange people's comfort, the best grapes should be saved for them, they would coax the fish to nibble, and do all in their power to make these queer guests happy. Indeed they

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seemed to think of nothing else, and had you visited their home in the old forest, you would have found them busily engaged in planning how they could add to the comfort of their strange guests. The Brownies are never so happy as when they are busy making others happy. They believe that the best way to enjoy life, is to give pleasure to those they meet. Of course

the visitors did not know what was making their visit so pleasant, for these busy little creatures always work quietly and secretly. The visitors did not stay long, but the Brownies did good service, and when they had gone, they quite missed the pleasure they had felt in making others happy, and they were continually wishing that some favoring wind would bear some other ship to their shores that they might again have an opportunity of renewing their acquaintance with these queer people.

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The Fairy Queen's Palace.

ALL the Brownies had promised to help, and when a Brownie undertakes a thing he works as busily as a beaver until it is accomplished. Now this is what they determined to do.

The Fairy Queen's palace had been destroyed — a wind that had swept through the forest carrying trees before it, and spreading ruin as it traveled, had lifted up the Fairy Queen's home and dashed it all to pieces. Poor little Queen; how sorrowful she felt to lose the pretty house where the royal family of Fairyland had so long lived.

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Although they were tired, and their eyes were growing heavy with sleep, they felt repaid for all their efforts, especially when the Fairy Queen seemed the proudest and happiest of them all. She thanked them heartily for their loving service, and when they had seen her safely settled in her new home, they all disappeared, to be seen no more until there was more good work to be done.

The Brownies' Plum Pudding.

'Twas the evening of the twenty-fourth of December. The clouds had been gray and heavy all day, and now the snow flakes were beginning to fall thick and fast, so fast that already quite a white blanket was spread over the earth.

This did not please the Brownies; they had work to do, and a snow storm would hinder rather than help its progress.

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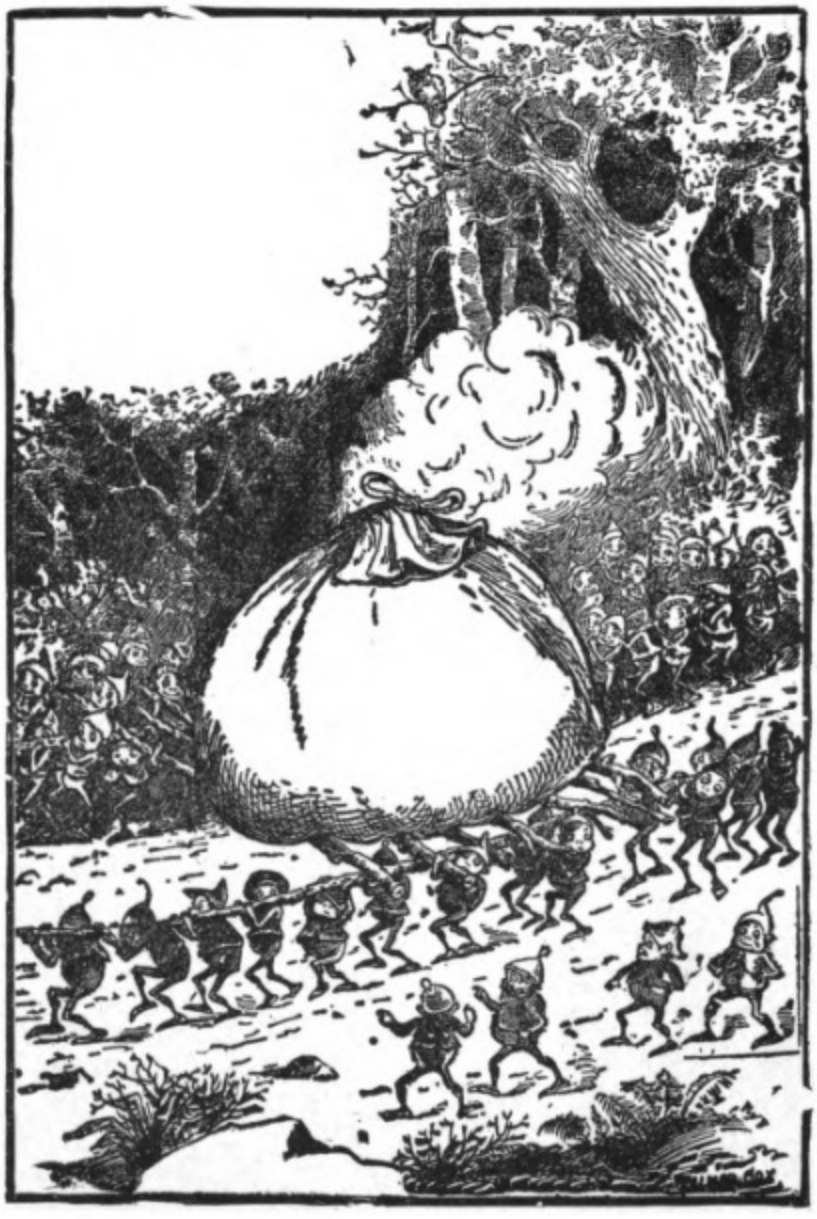

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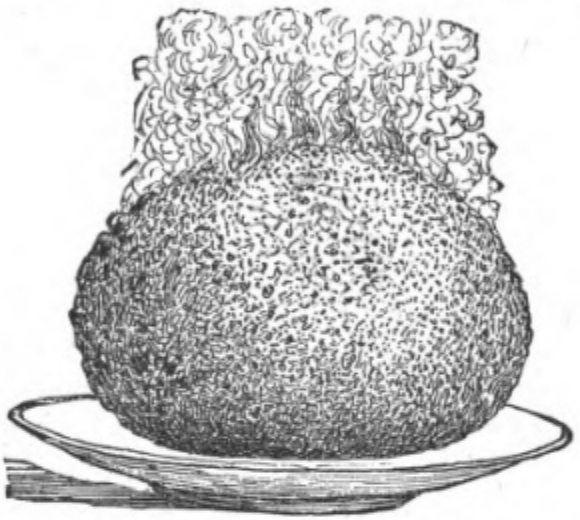
than once a year. They made up their minds that they would never let a Christmas go by



without having a plum pudding, for it was the best thing they had ever tasted.

The Raid of the Insects.

She was Queen of the garden, this beautiful creature, and all the flowers loved her. Each vied with the other in trying to please her. The tall white lilies held their heads still higher as she passed by, the tiny bud opened its curled petals further and further until it burst into a

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glorious rose, the blue bells tinkled their sweetest music, and the shy, gentle mignonette shed

forth its loveliest perfume—every flower did all in its power for her sake.

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And the Queen loved all the flowers, too. She begged the sun to shine down upon them, and she asked the morning dews to bathe their bright faces, and the gentle rains to give them plenty to drink.

At last there came a day when the lilies hung their heads; blue bell and heart ease fell from their stems; the poppies that had gleamed so

brightly in the sunlight covered their faces and shone no more, and all the garden seemed full of gloom and sadness.

The insects had done it all. With their sharpest weapons they had attacked the flowers, making them one by one yield to their violence.

How this grieved the Flower Queen; but at last she thought of the Brownies, and she smiled,

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for well she knew these clever little workers. She found a trumpet flower that had escaped the

cruel foe, and blew one gentle blast. Quick as a wink the Brownies came running. Their faces

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together, and she wept when she thought of how little of his time and love could now be spared for her. Well might she weep—for the new mother set right to work to put her daughters in the place of Elsie, and with cruel words and taunts compelled her to wait upon these step-sisters, until her life became one dreadful burden. Tales, unkind and untrue, were carried to the father, and

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when his wrath was turned upon her she could stand it no longer, and made up her mind to leave her home forever.

One night, when they all had gone to a ball,

to which Elsie also had been invited, but from which she had been compelled to stay away because her beauty so far out-shone the gaudy make-up of the sisters—she packed a few treas-

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constantly the slash, slash of the farmer's cow-hide whip.

Everything on the place suffered; so, do you wonder the Brownies looked sorrowful?

At last they could stand it no longer, and all met one night at the "Seek us further" tree,

where the oldest Brownie lived. He had gotten up in the limbs, so that all might hear, or, at any rate, see him, and announced that they had long witnessed these scenes of cruelty in silence, but now something must be done, and they wanted all the Brownies to help. He thought it

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But the animals won the day, for that very afternoon the farmer went to town, and when he came back he was carrying a large board painted in great big letters, telling all the neighbors that his stock was to be sold the very next day. This he hung up by the roadside, and as it was market day, the farmers learned the news, as their tired

horses jogged slowly along towards home. They decided that they would attend the sale, and were on hand bright and early the next day. The old farm place was crowded with buyers, anxious to get horses and pigs and other animals for little money.

How happy the Brownies were as they crowded around, for the new owners had thrown

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thrown down at once while they crowded around Dot to hear of the prospective fun.

"You know that clover field to the right of

the big stone house," he began. "Well, some time ago Grimes put up a sign, which read: 'Horses taken to Pasture.' You should see the luck he has had. I guess as many as a dozen

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"Don't you think you are a sight!" said the Gobbler. "Go look at yourself in the brook over

yonder; you'll surely agree with me that a more ridiculous bird than yourself never lived."

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So day by day Blinky grew sadder and sadder, but still the lark sang on, not knowing what unhappiness she brought to poor silly Winky.

One night he left his home, more miserable than ever, and perched himself upon the fence rail to brood over his troubles. It

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ered this place first and were using it as their

store-house for honey. Now Peter's intrusion was not to their liking, and their sharp little

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been too damp and cold, and the chill winds had gotten into his bones, and he was the most miserable fellow you could possibly find. "O dear,"

thought he, "why was I so silly. Well might I have known what folly it was to leave my good warm home, and spend all those hours out in the

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boy came to find his prize, the basket was empty and Frisk had hopped away on three legs.

Frisk was so frightened that he never got over it. He lived in a hollow tree all by himself, and each night when he put his night-cap on, he

slipped his pistol under his pillow. One night, when the wind blew furiously and the rain came dashing against the tree, Frisk sat all alone, thinking how good it was to have such a nice, warm house and so many delicious nuts stored away, when, tap! tap! tap! came against the side

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on a piece of birch bark. "Miss Fox requests the presence of Mr. Wolf at a party in the hollow," the invitation read, and the wolf felt as though he had some standing in the world now,

for never before had any one called him Mr. Wolf.

He got up bright and early the morning of the eventful day, and hurried from among the

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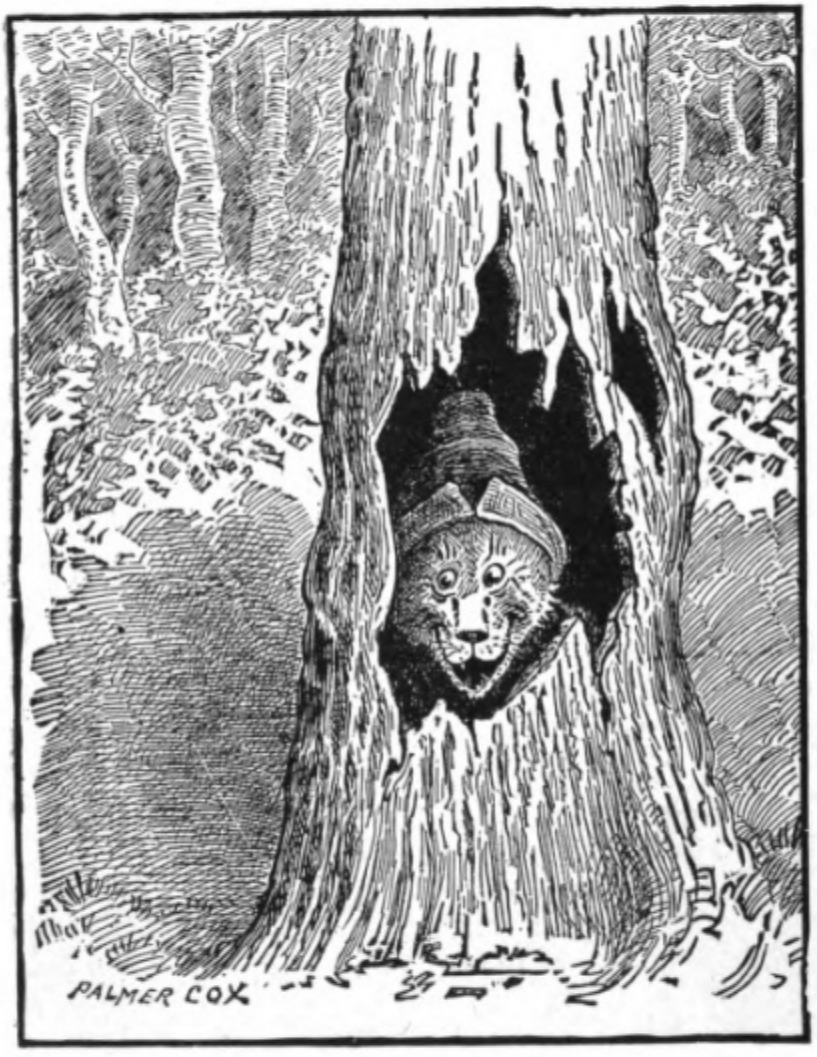
he opened his eyes the shadows had crept heavily over the woods, and night was coming on apace.



Cousin Bear started in surprise when Bruin rushed breathlessly into his house, for as he

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The Owl and the Bat.

"Good evening, Miss Bat," said the grave gray owl, "pray may I come up and chat awhile?"

"Indeed, you may, Mr. Owl," replied the bat. "It's such a beautiful evening that I have been sitting up here ever so long watching the moon, as she played hide and seek among the trees; the stars seem to be enjoying the game as much as I, for they twinkle as brightly as diamonds so far above us all."

"I see you have an eye for the beautiful, my dear young lady," said the owl, "but if you but knew it, the most beautiful thing I have seen in all my life is yourself."

The bat hung her head and looked quite shy, while the owl blinked his eyes and looked as though he thought he had really said something most elegant.

"Do you know, my dear," continued the owl, "I have watched

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you night after night as you floated around so gracefully, never interfering with the other birds, but going quietly about your own business, and I decided that some day or other I would ask you if you would not consent to be Mrs. Owl. The time has come, Batty dear, and I hope you will say yes."

The bat did say yes, for she had long admired the owl. She liked his solemn ways, and thought him a very handsome bird.

It was decided that they should be married very soon—the very next week, in fact, for the moon would be shining in all her glory then, and the guests could not be asked to come in the

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They have such curious eyes that the light makes them blind. So they used to spend the long summer days nestled close together on the branch of some high tree. At night they would fly about here and there, watching the other animals and enjoying the pure air.

The owl is a very wise bird, you know, so he was able to tell his trusting little wife many interesting things.

After spending a very pleasant time, they returned to their home, and settled down to spend a very happy life.

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in front of Bruin. "Fine luck we have had to-day," said one of them. "We will make a good thing out of him," said the other. Then, as quick as a wink, a big black bag was thrown

over Bruin's head, and he was hoisted into the wagon.

This was the beginning of poor Bruin's new life. These men were street players—one of them brought forth squeaky sounds from an old

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the song of the birds had long since ceased, for far away they'd flown, seeking a warmer home. All the woods seemed hushed and forsaken.

King Leo noticed all this as he paced through the forest with restless strides this autumn day. Things had gone wrong with his majesty, and

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