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Uncle Wiggily And The Doll House

Howard R. Garis

"Oh, I'm so happy! So happy," sang Susie Littletail, the rabbit girl, as she hopped on her way home from school one afternoon.

"Why are you so happy?" asked Lulu Wibblewobble, the duck girl, as she picked up a stone in her webbed foot and tossed it into the pond. I mean she tossed the stone—not her foot.

"Why, I am happy because my papa is going to give me a doll house for my birthday, which is to-morrow," went on Susie. "Oh, it is the loveliest doll house! I saw it in a toy-store window, and papa is going to get it for me."

"I wish I had a doll house," spoke Lulu, sadly like.

"I'll let you play with mine," Susie answered. "It is a large one, with room for two dolls, anyhow."

"Oh, thank you, so much!" exclaimed Lulu, and then she and Susie hurried on, stopping only to pick a few wild flowers that grew by the path which turned and twisted through the woods.

"When am I going to get my doll house, papa?" asked Susie at the supper table that evening.

"I will have it for you when I come home to-morrow night," promised the rabbit gentleman. "I am having some of the rooms papered for you."

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Susie, clapping her paws.

The lady mouse teacher at the hollow stump school, where the little rabbit girl and all the other animal children attended, allowed Susie to come home early on her birthday, and Susie ran all the way.

"I'm so anxious to see my doll house!" cried Susie.

But, here comes the sad part of the story. I'll make it as short as I can, though.

When Susie reached her house she saw her papa sitting out on the front porch. He was all scratched up, and one of his ears was bent over backward, and his white fur was all dirt, and he looked very sad.

"Oh, papa!" cried Susie. "What has happened?"

“Oh, alas! Likewise sorrowfulness! Oh, woe is me!” said Mr. Littletail, sadly like.

“Oh, tell me, please!” begged Susie, clasping her paws.

“I have lost your birthday doll house, Susie,” said her papa. “I was bringing it home through the greenwood forest, and when I crossed the bridge over the deep, dark valley, the bridge broke, and I nearly fell with it. I lost hold of the doll house, and down it went into the deep, dark valley.”

“Oh, how sad!” cried Susie.

“I tried to save the doll house from falling,” went on Mr. Littletail, “but I could not. I slipped and stumbled myself, when the bridge gave way; and I am scratched up. But I would not mind that if I could have saved your doll house for you.”

“Oh, papa dear! I am so sorry you are hurt!” sobbed Susie. “I don’t mind about the doll house—that is, not much,” she said, and she put her paws around her papa’s neck and kissed him.



But, all the same, Susie did mind dreadfully about her lost play-toy. And Mr. Littletail told over and over again how the bridge across the deep, dark valley, (which bridge had been partly washed away by the rain) had snapped and cracked as he was hurrying over it with the doll house.

“But I have a birthday cake for you, with ten carrot candles on,” said Mrs. Littletail, and Susie felt a little happy over that. But, most of all, she wanted her doll house.

“Maybe I can get it for you,” said Susie’s brother Sammie, kindly, when he heard about the trouble. “Come, we will go to the deep, dark valley and see.”

So the rabbit children went to the greenwood forest, but they could not even see the bottom of the valley, or big hole in the ground, between the high rocky walls. And much less could they spy the doll house.

“It is gone forever,” said Susie, sadly.

“Yes, I am afraid I could not get down there and bring the doll house up for you,” spoke Sammie. For the rocky sides of the deep, dark valley were very steep, like the roof of a house, and if Sammie went into the deep place he could hardly ever get out again.

“Oh, my lovely birthday doll house, that I’ll never see, or have!” sobbed Susie, as she looked down into the dark hole where her play-toy was, but where it could

not be reached.

“Well, maybe papa will get you another,” said Sammie, kindly.

“Oh, I’m afraid not! Oh, dear! How sad!” cried Susie, as she and her rabbit brother started for home.

“Ha! What is all this about? What seems to be the trouble?” suddenly asked a voice, up in the air, and, looking over their heads, Sammie and Susie saw Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, in his airship. The airship, as I have told you, was made from a clothes basket, with circus balloons to raise it up in the air. Uncle Wiggily sat on sofa cushions in the basket. “What is the trouble?” he asked.

“Oh, papa accidentally dropped my toy doll house down in the deep, dark valley!” said Susie. “We can never get it out.”

“Oh, yes we can!” cried Uncle Wiggily in his jolly voice. “I can lower my airship down into the valley, and I will, and I’ll get your doll house, Susie! You just watch me!”

“But it’s so dark you can’t see it,” spoke Sammie.

“I’ll light a Christmas tree candle,” said Uncle Wiggily, and so he did. Down into the deep, dark valley he steered his airship, and by the light of the candle he saw the doll house. It had fallen on a big pile of leaves, and wasn’t hurt a mite. Uncle Wiggily carefully lifted the play-toy into his airship.

“Here you are, Susie!” cried Uncle Wiggily, as he floated up out of the valley, and gave the little rabbit girl her birthday doll house. “I told you I’d get it back for you!”

“Oh, you dear Uncle Wiggily!” cried Susie, as she hugged and kissed him. Then she and Sammie took the doll house home, and Susie and Lulu Wibblewobble, the duck girl, had much fun playing with it, and were very happy.

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