



Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Uncle Wiggily And Tommie Tinker's Dog

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"Uncle Wiggily, here's a letter for you," called Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, to the rabbit gentleman, one morning, as he sat in the easy chair in his hollow-stump bungalow. "The postman bird just left it as he flew past."

"A letter for me!" exclaimed the bunny uncle, as he opened and read it. "That's nice. It's from Grandfather Goosey Gander. He wants me to come over and play checkers with him. He's so lonesome."

"But you can't go!" cried Nurse Jane, tying her tail up in a knot, for she was going to sweep and dust, and she did not want to step on herself. "You can't go, because you said your rheumatism hurt you so."

"Oh, I guess I can manage to get over to see Grandpa by limping on the nice red, white and blue-striped rheumatism crutch, which you so kindly gnawed for me out of a corn-stalk," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "I'll try, anyhow, for I haven't seen Grandpa Goosey in nearly a week. I dare say I can get over there all right. It's a nice day."

"Well, I wish you wouldn't go," said Nurse Jane, slowly, making her whiskers dance up and down. "I'm sure something will happen."

"Oh, nonsensicalness!" laughed Uncle Wiggily, as he went out of the bungalow. Over the fields and through the woods he roamed, and he had to rest several times on his crutch, for the rheumatism hurt him more than he thought it would.

"But I'll get there all right," he said. No sooner had he spoken, however, than all at once his crutch slid on a piece of slippery-elm bark, and Uncle Wiggily fell down. He did not hurt himself much, for he sat down on a pile of soft, dried leaves. But when the bunny uncle arose, and tried to walk on his crutch, he could not, as it was cracked and splintered.

"If I lean my weight on it the crutch will break," said Uncle Wiggily, sadly, "and I can't walk without leaning on it. Oh, dear! What shall I do?"

Then, as he stood there in the woods, he heard a voice calling:

"Umbrellas to mend! Umbrellas to mend,

If you've pans with holes in, for me you must send.

I'll fix them up, quick as a wink—or a winker;

For I am a pot, pan and umbrella tinker."

Uncle Wiggily looked off among the trees, and, surely enough, along came a traveling tinker, with a box over his shoulder and a little fire in a tin pot in his hand. Beside him walked a little boy who had a little dog.



"Oh, daddy! Look at the rabbit gentleman!" cried the little boy.

"I see him," said the tinker. "He is Uncle Wiggily Longears, if I am not mistaken. Are you not?" he asked, politely.

"I am," answered the bunny uncle. "And I am in great trouble. I have splintered and cracked my crutch and I can't limp along on it to get to Grandpa Goosey's house."

"Oh, I can easily fix that for you," said the kind tinker, and he did, fastening a strong piece of tin around the broken part of Uncle Wiggily's crutch so it was as good as ever.

Then the rabbit gentleman thanked the nice tinker man and hopped on, and the tinker and his little boy, whose name was Tommie, and the little boy's dog, whose name was Bow-Wow-Wow, went on their way, the tinker singing his funny song.

Uncle Wiggily reached Grandpa Goosey's house all right, and he and the goose gentleman had fun playing checkers. And when it was time for Uncle Wiggily to hop back to his hollow-stump bungalow Grandpa Goosey gave him a fine, large bone, with nice meat on it.

"Give that to Mrs. Bow Wow for her little puppy dog boys, Jackie and Peetie," said the goose gentleman.

"I will, thank you," said Uncle Wiggily.

The rabbit gentleman was hopping along through the woods on his way home when, all at once, he heard some one crying.

"Ha! That sounds like trouble," he said. "I was in trouble a little while ago about my crutch and the tinker helped me. Now, I must try to help some one in my turn. That's only fair."

Uncle Wiggily looked around the corner of a stump and saw the tinker's little boy, Tommie, sitting on a log and crying very hard.

“Why, Tommie! What’s the matter?” asked the bunny uncle.

“Oh, dear! Boo hoo!” cried Tommie. “My nice dog is lost, and I can’t find him. And I must have him, you know, or else I can’t be in Mother Goose’s book. My dog and I belong there, you see.”

“I see,” said Uncle Wiggily, kindly. “But how did your dog get lost?”

“Oh, I was helping my father mend some umbrellas for Old King Cole,” said Tommie, “and, when we weren’t looking, my dog ran off in the woods. I guess he must be lost there, for he hasn’t come back. My father, Mr. Tinker, went to look for him, and so did I, but I hurt my toe and I can’t look any more; and—Oh, dear! Oh, dear!”

“There, there! Don’t cry any more,” said the nice bunny uncle. “I’ll go look for your pet dog for you. Just you wait here. Your father was kind to me, so I want to be kind to you.”

Uncle Wiggily went off through the woods, looking here, there and everywhere and pretty soon he heard behind a tree some one saying:

“Bow! Wow! Wow!”

“Ha! Whose dog art thou?” asked Uncle Wiggily, quickly.

“Little Tommie Tinker’s dog, Bow! Wow! Wow!” came the answer, and out from under a berry bush ran the lost dog, wagging his tail.

“Oh, Uncle Wiggily!” he begged. “Can you take me to Tommie? I’ve been looking everywhere for him, and just now I smelled the nice meat bone you carry and I ran out of the bush to see who had it. Oh, I’m so glad I found you!”

“And I’m glad, too,” said the bunny uncle. “And Tommie will be glad when he sees you. Come alone, doggie, I’ll take you to him. It’s a good thing I had this bone, which you smelled, or I might never have found you.”

Then Uncle Wiggily gave Little Tommie Tinker’s dog some meat from Grandpa Goosey Gander’s bone, and took the little dog to Tommie and Mr. Tinker, who had come back without having found Bow-Wow-Wow. You can just imagine how glad every one was that everything had come out all right, so Tommie could stay in the Mother Goose book, and the little dog was glad also.

Then Uncle Wiggily hopped along home and Tommie Tinker went on his way.

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