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Uncle Wiggily Plays A trick

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One day, when Uncle Wiggily was hopping around, looking for an adventure, he reached a cornfield where, all summer, had stood an old Scarecrow. "Hum!" said the bunny to himself, as he saw the old stuffed, ragged man. "The farmer has no further use for this Scarecrow. His corn is cut and the crows have flown south. I'll take the Scarecrow home and play a little trick on Nurse Jane with it. Ha! Ha!"



Uncle Wiggily laughed to himself as he thought of the trick he would play on Nurse Jane with the Scarecrow. "I guess I'll put it away and save it for Hallowe'en and play the trick then," said the bunny to himself. He became tired of hauling the stuffed and ragged man, and stood the Scarecrow up near a log, while he sat down on the other side of the log. Then the Fuzzy Fox saw the Scarecrow and wanted it.



All of a sudden, as Uncle Wiggily was thinking of hopping on again, up ran the Fox. "Ho! Ho!" barked the Fox, as he saw the Scarecrow, "these old clothes are just what I want for the winter!" Then the Fox started to run away with Uncle Wiggily's Scarecrow that the bunny wanted for Hallowe'en. "Here! Come back!" cried the bunny, jumping up on the log. But the Old Fox only ran the faster.



“Well, if the Fox took one Scarecrow away from me I must find another,” said Uncle Wiggily, with a twinkle of his pink nose. He hopped along a little farther, and in a fence corner he saw a second ragged and stuffed man. “He has a tall silk hat on—like I wear!” said the bunny. “Some might take him for me. And what’s this—powder and matches! A hunter must have left them here. Now for a trick!”



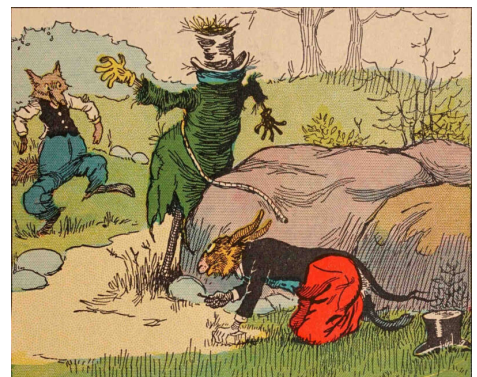
“I’ll play a joke on the Fox or Wolf if they try to take this Scarecrow away from me,” said Uncle Wiggily with a laugh. Then the bunny poured some powder from the hunter’s flask inside the second Scarecrow. “I’ll put in a Fourth of July fuse, such as firecrackers have,” said Uncle Wiggily. “I’ll hide and watch, and when the Fox or Wolf runs away with this Scarecrow—Zoopie! What will happen?”



After Uncle Wiggily had put powder inside the Scarecrow, making the stuffed man into a sort of torpedo bomb, the bunny carried the image near a big rock. “I’ll lie down around the corner of the rock and make believe I’m asleep,” thought the rabbit. “But I’ll have one eye open and as soon as any bad animal takes my Scarecrow I’ll strike a match, light the powder fuse and then—Whoop! Up they’ll go!”



From afar the Woozie Wolf had seen Uncle Wiggily’s second Scarecrow, but the Wolf didn’t know about the powder. “Oh ho!” snickered the Wolf, creeping closer to the Scarecrow, “the Fuzzy Fox thought he was smart, taking away a Scarecrow to get the old clothes to keep him warm this winter. Well, he isn’t the only one! I’ll carry this stuffed man off to my den and take his clothes for myself!”



All of a sudden, almost before Uncle Wiggily knew what was happening, the Wolf made a jump and grabbed the Scarecrow. “You’re mine!” he howled. But the bunny gentleman quickly struck a match and lighted the powder fuse. It began to smoke and sizzle. Away ran the Wolf with the Scarecrow! “Oh ho!” laughed Uncle Wiggily, “He won’t run so fast in a few minutes! Oh, listen for the noise!”



All of a sudden there was a loud banging noise. “There it goes!” cried the bunny gentleman. “There goes the powder!” And the Scarecrow the Wolf was carrying away was blown up. Uncle Wiggily was far enough off not to be hurt. But that Wolf—“Oh, Skuzzie-zuzzie!” he howled, as he felt himself coming down like a skyrocket stick, after having sailed up, “Oh, zoopie! Lightning must have struck me!”



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