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THE ADVENTURES OF A DOLL

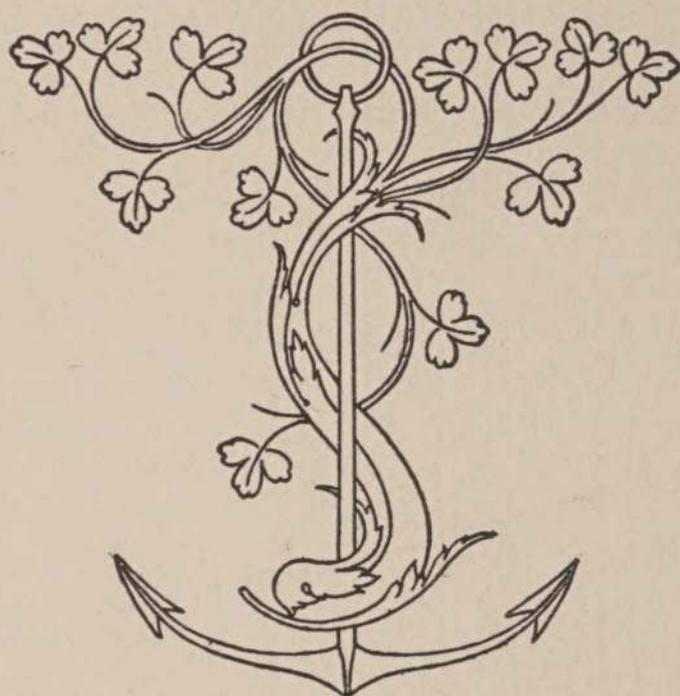


*It Was Quite Two Minutes Before Betty Could Get Over
Her Fright*

THE
ADVENTURES OF A DOLL

BY

NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH



Illustrations in color by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

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THE ADVENTURES OF A DOLL

CHAPTER ONE

TWO HEROINES AND A HERO

THERE are three persons in this story, and one of them is just as nice as the other two, and the other two are just as nice as the one. There is Betty, she is the oldest. There is Muff, the dog, he's the next and such a dear doggie! There is Bettykin, the doll, and she is the youngest of all.

“Ladies first,” so I'll tell you about Betty. She is four years old, and she will be five on her next birthday, if the weather keeps fine. She is a wide little girl, almost as wide as she is long, but not quite, of course. She has a great many curls, and everyone of them is as yellow as molasses candy and as curly as a shaving. She wears a blue pinafore with short sleeves, or she did when I last saw her; perhaps she has changed it now, and she has very short stockings that only just peep above her stout shoes. Her legs and her arms are as pink as strawberry ice-cream, and her plump cheeks are as red as the strawberries without the cream. She has blue eyes; oh, so blue, so blue! like the sky on warm summer days;

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and altogether there's no nicer little girl in all the West Highlands of Scotland.

That's Betty, and now for the dog, odd little fellow! If your mother has a long-haired muff of gray, silky fur, and you can fancy how it would look frisking up and down the street and barking, then you know exactly how Betty's dog looked.

Oh, no, his legs didn't show, for his hair swept the ground. Dear me, no, you couldn't see his ears, for they were long and trailing and mingled with his fur. No, not even his eyes (though I happen to know that they were black), for they were covered with gray, silky fringes, and not his tail, either, for it was too short. When you saw him in the street you never could tell whether he was going up to the school or down to the kirk, for he was so alike at both ends, funny little Muff!

And Bettykin? Oh, she was the doll, and a nice, soft, huggable, kissable doll that Betty's mother made all her own self. She wasn't at all like any doll you ever saw, though nobody would mind that, for a new fashion in dolls is a good thing now and then. In shape Bettykin was like a very big peanut, two feet long, or like a very small guitar without the neck. One side of her was red flannel, the other black, so that she

Two Heroines and a Hero

always had two dresses on at the same time, one for week-days and one for Sunday. She had a nice snub nose and a round, white silk eye on the red side of her face and another on the black. No, of course she couldn't look out of both of them at the same time, but neither can a hen, and who complains of that? She was stuffed with cotton, so that you could squeeze, squeeze, squeeze her as hard as you liked when you loved her very much, and never hurt her at all, and her waist was so nice and soft and limp that you could double her right up in the middle and put her in a shopping-bag when you wanted to travel. No, she had never traveled yet and neither had Betty, but she had a very pretty brown and white crocheted cap on her head, so that she was all ready for a journey at any time. Did she have to keep it on in the house? Yes, she did, but there's a great deal of wet, chilly weather in the Highlands, and it's not a bad plan to keep your head warm. She had no legs, I am obliged to say, and as for feet, how could she use them, when Betty always carried her? And her hands and arms? "'Deed she hadn't any," but she did have Betty always at her beck and call, and if you had someone to dress you and feed you and put you to bed and take you up and sing to you and tell you stories,

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you would not fret, I'm sure, because you lacked an arm or two. She slept with Betty every night, and she was so soft and warm and cuddled up so close, and, you see, no matter how out of temper she might be, she could neither kick nor scratch, and that's no bad thing in a bedfellow, is it?

Can you see them all three—Betty, Muff and Betty-kin? Shut your eyes tight and cover them with your hand and just try.

You can? Well, then, that's all for to-day, but there's another part coming soon. You can't? Then you have not paid attention to the story, and you will have to hear it all over again to be ready for the next chapter.

CHAPTER TWO

THE FIRST ADVENTURE

IT was a little village in the Highlands of Scotland where Betty and Muff and Bettykin lived, and one pleasant spring day they were all very happy together in the garden behind the house.

Muff was in the corner by the onion bed, scratching for a bone with his forepaws and smelling for it with his nose; or else he was scratching with his hind paws and smelling with his tail—nobody could tell which. Betty was pounding her wet handkerchief with a heavy stick on the smooth stones of the wall, making believe she was a washerwoman doing a large washing in the real Highland way, and her doll was thrown over her arm like a workbag. Of course Bettykin's head hung down to the very hem of her dress, and she couldn't see much of the landscape, but the position is one that you like very much when you get used to it, I understand. The parrot, you know, is always hanging to his perch with his head where his tail ought to be, and the woodpecker generally takes his meals when he's

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upside down. He says it is better fun that way, and you might try it and see; perhaps it is. Then there's the monkey; why should he keep his heels higher than his head, unless he liked it? And how about the fly; doesn't he seem quite as happy walking on the ceiling as on the floor? So you needn't pity Bettykin, for I'm quite sure she was comfortable, and at least her nice little snub nose was near enough to the ground to smell all the spring flowers growing.

Well, suddenly, while they were all three very busy—one washing, one digging, one hanging—they heard the distant beat of a drum and the skirl of the bag-pipes. Down went the clothes-pounder; down went—no, the bone didn't go down, because Muff hadn't found it; away flew Betty to the upstairs window looking on the loch, Bettykin bobbing on her arm, and away galloped Muff, head first, or tail first, and tumbled into the street like a door-mat thrown out to be shaken.

Everybody all along the way flew to everybody's door, all the white-capped old ladies put their heads out of their windows, all the mothers stood by their door-stones and jogged their babies up and down, all the fishermen left their boats by the loch-side and hurried to the causeway.

The First Adventure

Te-tum-ty—te-tum-ty—te-tum-te-tum-tum! So sang the pipes, and the drums beat a gay accompaniment. The small fat boy next door put his arms akimbo and kicked out his feet, dancing a reel on the sidewalk while his pink apron waved in the breeze.

Te-tum-ty—te-tum-ty-te-tum-te-tum-tum!

The music came nearer; the pipes were playing “The Campbells are coming,” and every person whose name was Campbell on the street, and there was one at every other door and every other window—Betty was a Campbell, of course, and so was Muff and so was Bettykin—well, every Campbell all along the way held up his head and sang the tune with his heart and his voice, and kept time to it with his feet and his hands and his head and his whole body.

Little Betty leaned out of the window so far, so far, that her mother would have had a “conniption fit” if she had seen her. Do they have conniption fits in Scotland? Oh, yes indeed; mothers have them everywhere, but this particular mother wasn’t thinking of her child just then; she was out on the sidewalk listening to the pipers, and who could blame her? Not you, I’m sure.

Betty leaned out farther still; she was holding poor Bettykin by the head so that she dangled in the air like

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an apple from the bough. Now the first three pipers had come as far as the small fat boy next door. There were six of them all together; their Highland bonnets were set so far on the sides of their heads that they never could have stayed there if they hadn't stuck them on with flour paste; their kilts of Campbell tartan and their sporrans of black and white goat's hair swayed to and fro as they stepped proudly along. Tartan ribbons fluttered from their stockings, and long streamers of the Campbell colors from their pipes. The drummers were in kilts and their drums were gayly decked, and close behind them, either galloping backwards, or cantering forwards as fast as he could, came Muff.

If Betty could have leaned out any farther as the pipers passed, she certainly did it, and if you had seen the doll then, you would know the end of this chapter without hearing another word. For once in her life Betty remembered her no more than you remember the hairs on your head; her hand opened with as little thought as your mouth opens when you are sleepy, and down to the stony street, turning over and over, her white silk eyes round with fright, whirled poor Betty-kin!

The pipers and the drummers did not notice the sad



*Dan Sayre
Groesbeck*

"The Pipes Were Playing—"The Campbells Are Coming"

The First Adventure

event, nor stop to be sorry, for they were blowing and beating with all their might, Te-tum-ty—te-tum-ty—te-tum-te-tum-tum! as they marched along their way.

Now the accident and the doll's bruises and Betty's fears were not all of this adventure, for where do you suppose poor Bettykin fell? Not on the sidewalk, not in the street, but, dear me! of all places in the world, on top of the minister's tall, black, glossy hat! He was passing by just at the very moment, when swoop! whirl! down flew Bettykin like a bird from the skies, and thump, bump, came her weight on his beaver!

Betty's mother looked up with a start, frowned, turned very red, shook her finger at the little girl, and said, "You naughty, naughty child!"

Betty's grandmother hurried to the minister and courtesied and courtesied very low, and said, "Oh, sir! Oh, I beg your pardon, sir; I do indeed!"

Even Muff stopped in his race and gave a short bark of surprise.

Betty opened her mouth as wide as it could go and began to cry so that they could have heard her down at the Town Cross, and the tears slid down her cheeks like raindrops down a window-pane.

And what did the minister do? Why the kind, good

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minister just smiled a kind, good smile and picked Bettykin up from the sidewalk. "Never mind, little lassie," he said, looking up at the window, "baby's not hurt," and he put her very carefully in grandmother's arms and walked away, smiling still.

This is the end of Bettykin's first adventure, and I think it turned out very well, after all, don't you?

CHAPTER THREE

THE SECOND ADVENTURE

BETTY, Muff and Bettykin lived on the borders of a great, blue, Highland loch where, in summer, beautiful yachts and crowded pleasure steamers went sailing up and down.

All the long, rainy winter the steamers stayed at home in the great town far to the south, and the swans and the gulls and the fishing-boats had the loch all to themselves. In May, when the weather began to grow warm and the primroses opened their yellow eyes, then the steamers left their winter houses and sailed to and fro again, and of course the first day they appeared was always a very grand day indeed.

It was noon on one of these great occasions, and Betty's father was having a holiday, so he thought he would go down to the quay and see the "Hieland Lassie" come in. He asked Betty if she didn't want to go, and she said she did; so she put on her little shawl and tucked Bettykin under her arm. Muff stood in the

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passage, either looking out on the loch in front, or into the back garden, I don't pretend to say which, and neither could you if you had been there.

Nobody had asked him if he wanted to go, but he went all the same, and, as he galloped along, his silky fringes tossing in the air, all the cats behind him thought he was coming their way and scurried down passages and climbed stone walls. Of course the cats in front thought just the same, and so he had a very merry trip indeed, and so did Betty and her father. Betty held tight to her father's hand as they walked down the quay, and I really think it would have been better if he had walked on the outside himself, for the water looked very deep indeed to four-year-old eyes. Still he was a kind father and it must have been quite safe for Betty, or he would never have taken her, I am sure.

There were a great many people on the quay—men and women and children,—and a great many boxes and barrels and packages were piled up there. Everybody was talking at once, and as the “*Hieland Lassie*” came nearer, churning and splashing along, everybody talked louder still.

When she reached the quay and then stopped, set-

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ting her feathers as a gull does when he lights on the water, there was a rush of people to the gang-plank, and Betty felt so small and so crushed in the forest of legs that she pulled her father's coat and whimpered, "Oh, take me up, daddy, please!" Her father looked down, caught her up in his strong arms and swung her to his shoulder; but why, oh, why was she on the outer edge of the quay! and why, oh, why was she holding Bettykin on her left arm! The swing was so wide and so sudden that the poor child had no time to think, or to hold the doll more tightly, and, well—of course you see what happened, and was it not dreadful? It's bad enough to drop your doll out of window, but at least she falls on the ground then and you have the pieces to console you; but to drop her into a loch deep enough to float a steamer—well, I really can't think of a greater misfortune. No wonder Betty screamed; no wonder her father cried, "What's the matter with the child?"; no wonder Muff barked till his hair shook to the very ends.

It was quite two minutes before Betty could get over her fright enough to tell her father what had happened, and in the meantime where was Bettykin? Why, that brave, splendid doll was floating on her black side on

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the water; not swimming, but floating, and where she learned to do it I'm sure I cannot tell!

The "Hieland Lassie" was backing away from the quay now, and the waves she made rocked poor Bettykin up and down, up and down, till it made you dizzy to look at her. Muff ran to and fro barking on the very edge of the quay, and if only it hadn't been quite so far down and the water so deep, he would have leaped in, tail first or head first, and rescued her.

But Betty's father knew what had happened by this time, and he was a wise as well as a kind father. "There, there, don't cry, Betty!" he said, putting her down. "We'll get her out with a hook and line."

Betty stopped crying then and stood breathless, with her hand on Muff's—well, I don't know which, head or tail, and it's no use to ask me—while her father borrowed a line from the nearest boy, fastened a long pole to it and began angling for the very big red fish tossing up and down below. The water grew quieter now that the steamer was far away, and in a moment the hook caught in the soft flannel of Bettykin's dress. Betty's father swung her up like a feather, but alas! half way up to

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the landing the sharp hook tore the pretty red cloth, and splash into the water a second time went poor dollie.

“Oh-h-h-h!” cried Betty, her eyes beginning to stream with tears again, but she couldn't stop to cry long, for she had to watch her father. Once more the hook caught, and this time Bettykin was landed, and in a minute, all wet and dripping, she was clasped in her little mother's arms.

Betty held her tight under her shawl all the way home for fear the poor thing would get cold, and when she began to tell her mother all about the accident, down the tears came dropping again to think how careless she had been of her dear Bettykin. Mother was very sorry, of course, and she looked at dollie and said that her dress was badly torn indeed, but she could mend it, she thought. There was a high wind blowing and a bright sun shining by that time, and it was decided that it would be a very good plan to hang Bettykin out to dry, and then she would be just as good as new by the time Betty had had her nap. So they took Bettykin by her nice, little, limp waist and hung her over the clothesline in the wind and the sun, and Betty went to sleep in her bed and Muff went to sleep in the garden,

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his nose wrapped up in his tail, or his tail wrapped up in his nose, one of the two.

And when Betty woke, was Bettykin really as good as new? Yes, indeed she was, and her dress was all mended!

CHAPTER FOUR

THE THIRD ADVENTURE

IT was nearly noon on a warm summer's day, and Betty and Muff and the small fat boy next door, were all down by the loch playing in the water. Wasn't Bettykin there? Well, you will see, as it turned out, that I am not quite sure, and I am sorry to say, Betty isn't quite sure either, and as for Muff, whether he is quite sure or not, is something that no one ever exactly liked to say.

At all events, three of the party were there, there's no doubt about that, and they were having a very good time indeed. The sun was shine, shine, shining, the waves were lap, lap, lapping, the breeze was blow, blow, blowing, and the small fat boy next door had a nice little boat that he was trying to sail.

It was as much as seven or nine inches long,—yes, full as long as that, and it had a sail, and a name printed on it in inky letters, and a long string so that you could pull it, if the wind didn't blow. The gulls were

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walking about on the shore, and so were the pigeons, and so were the wild ducks, and the small fat boy next door was very polite and let Betty sail the boat part of the time. Muff was,—well, it has never been known just what he was doing, so I won't try to tell you, but I know it must have been something nice, and I'm sure he liked it. In the middle of all these pleasant things some one cried "Betty! B-e-t-t-y!" and the little girl looked up, and there was her mother standing in the doorway calling her to dinner. Muff had come back by this time, or else he had not been away, one or the other, I don't pretend to know which, and he never needed to be asked but once to come to his meals, so he scrambled up the rocks as fast as he could, and Betty ran after him. Her father lifted her into her chair and Muff lay down in a corner of the room. Yes, indeed, he was a very well-bred dog and never begged for food at the table, and just for this once, you could really tell which was his head and which his tail, for you could see his bright black eyes watching from his corner.

Betty had her broth, and Muff had his bone, and then it was sleepy time.

"Where's my Bettykin?" asked Betty, her foot on the lowest step of the stairs.

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“ I don't know,” said her mother. “ I suppose she is here somewhere. You must look for her.”

Betty did look everywhere she could think of, and she could not find her, and then her mother began to search, and then her grandmother. No, Muff didn't search, for he was too sleepy, or at least I suppose that was the reason. They searched low and they searched high, under the tables, behind the doors, under the beds, and in the wardrobes. They looked in the garden and in the coal-house and everywhere Betty had ever taken Bettykin and a great many places where she had never taken her at all. They asked the small fat boy next door, but he didn't know. “ Why don't you look down by the water?” said his mother and they went there, and though the tide was out and you could see very plainly, there was nothing like a doll on all the shore.

Betty was so sad and sorry by this time and so tired with thinking where she could have left that precious Bettykin that she really couldn't take her nap by herself and her grandmother had to comfort her and rock her in her arms a long time. And while she was asleep her mother had an idea. She remembered that early that morning the beautiful young lady who lived at the Castle had passed by in her pony-cart and that she

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had taken Betty and Bettykin for a drive up by the manse, and down the glen. Perhaps the doll had been left in the cart, for Betty didn't go driving often, and was much excited with the beautiful pony and the more beautiful young lady.

So her mother threw her shawl over her head and ran to the Castle coach-house, but alas! and dear me! there was no doll in the cart, no, not a sign of a doll.

By this time Betty woke up and when she found there was still no Bettykin she cried, for she couldn't help it, and Muff came up and wagged his head, or else his tail, and seemed very sorry for her. Oh yes indeed, he *seemed* so, but when you can't see a person's face you can't tell just how they do feel, you know.

Then father came home and heard the sad story and he wasn't a bit anxious and he said in his big voice that the doll would turn up all right. And he said too, and this was rather unkind, wasn't it, that nobody would take Bettykin away if they saw her by daylight. But he said it with a laugh, and he helped to look for her too, before supper and after supper. He looked for her in the clock-case and in grandmother's cap and in his own pockets and in his boots and in such funny places that he made Betty laugh and forget her troubles.

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But by and by it was bed-time, though it was still bright outside, for where Betty lives the sun sets so late in the summer that you have to go to bed before he does, to give him a hint of his duty.

Oh, but then there was grief and trouble when poor Betty went up stairs without her Bettykin! Her mother undressed her and covered her up smoothly and she kissed her and told her to go to sleep like a good girl for they'd be sure to find the dollie in the morning.

Betty tried not to cry when she was left alone, or at least to cry very softly, for she was sure it must be her fault that her Bettykin was gone. She lay there a long time, sobbing little sobs and catching little catches in her breath, and thinking of her dear soft, warm dollie, and how sweetly she cuddled up to her, and how quietly she lay all night, and how nice and early she woke in the morning. She was still sobbing little sobs and catching little catches when she heard a funny sound on the stairs. There was the tap of soft feet and a queer scratching, bumping noise and a kind of growl besides. Betty sat up in bed. It sounded like Muff, but what could he be doing? Was he catching a mouse? "Muff, Muff!" she called. The scratching and bumping and growling sounded louder; it was outside her door, and

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in a moment Muff trotted in dragging something after him.

Yes it was Bettykin, and Muff had her by that nice limp little waist of hers, and when he had dropped her by the bed he ran round and round and round chasing his tail, or else his head, and barking and barking joyful barks and making such a noise that mother ran up stairs to see what could be the matter. And there she found Betty out of bed in her nightdress with Bettykin in her arms and hugging her, oh yes, hugging her tight, tight, tight. "Oh that dear good Muffie," she cried, stopping to hug him too, "he did find my dollie, he did." "Good Muff, good dog!" said mother, stooping to pat him.

"Oh yes, good dog," said grandmother wisely in the doorway, "He that hid can find," they say.

And do I really think Muff did hide the doll? No, I don't believe—well, perhaps. Oh, I'd really rather not say!

CHAPTER FIVE

THE FOURTH ADVENTURE

IT wasn't very long after that unfortunate day by the loch-side when Muff hid Bettykin,—or else he didn't hide her, nobody ever knew which;—but, it wasn't very long any way, before the small fat boy's father came to Betty's house and said he had to go up the glen on an errand, and did Betty want to go too. The small fat boy was going and the bairns must take a "piece" so he said, for they wouldn't be back till after dinner.

Betty jumped first on one pink leg, and then on the other, and clapped her fat hands for joy when she heard the invitation, and grandmother put two nice pieces of oat-cake in a flat basket and gave it to her to carry. Muff was out at the moment, keeping a pressing engagement with another dog at the Town Cross, but Bettykin was at home and Betty doubled her up nicely and tucked her in the basket too. Oh, no, Bettykin didn't mind the position at all. It is true that her feet

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were rubbing her nose on her black side, but on her red side her white silk eye could see very well indeed, where the fringe of Betty's shawl didn't blind it.

It was raining a little when the party started out, but very, very fine rain that would hardly wet even the wings of a fairy, and Betty and the small fat boy were no fairies, not they. So they trudged along on each side of the big man holding his hands, and oh, it was such fun to be going a journey, a real journey with your lunch in a basket!

Bettykin was excited too, for she'd always wanted to see the world,—at least the eye on her red side did, the eye on the black side didn't care so much about it.

“How I *should* like to travel!” thought Bettykin as she jogged along in the basket, getting occasional peeps at the road and the hedgerows—“Dear me, how I *should* like it!” She little thought then,—but I believe I'd better not say anything more about that just now, for it's really the end of this particular story, and, of course, you ought not to tell the end when you've hardly begun the beginning.

At the turn of the road, just as Betty, Bettykin, the small fat boy and his father passed the stone cottage with the post-box built into the wall, a gray whirlwind

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blew down the lane crying "Woof! Woof! Woof!" and when it had bumped into Betty's legs, and unwound itself, it proved to be Muff. No, I don't know how he found out that the children were going to the glen, nor how he got to the top of the lane and came back before they reached the bottom, but you can do a good many things with four legs, you know, that can't be managed on two. Anyhow Muff was there, and the way that he sniffed with his nose at the flat basket showed that he knew the oat-cake was there, too.

Up the lane they all went and into the Beech-tree walk, and it was as soft and quiet under the great branches as it is in church and the leaves rustled overhead like the organ playing. The small fat boy's father took the children to the "Marriage Tree" and there he left them to play, first hanging the baskets to a branch where Muff couldn't reach them, and giving Bettykin to her mother. The "Marriage Tree" was really two great trees that grew side by side for a little way and then leaned over and touched each other, and then bent back and came together again making a great circle like a wedding ring. Above the ring they twined close, close to each other, until, far up, the branches began to grow out. It was the very most beau-

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tiful kind of a tree,—that “Marriage Tree,” and I don’t believe there’s another in the world like it.

Oh, everybody had a lovely time in the Beech-tree walk! Betty set Bettykin down very carefully on some soft moss, with her back against a rock, and for once the doll’s head was quite high in the air so that she could see everything that was going on. Betty didn’t happen to notice that the ground fell away sharply on one side of the rock, and that there was a deep hole at the bottom, but Bettykin, whose snub nose was turned that way, did notice it and thought about it. “Never mind!” she said to herself. “I shall do very well if I’m let alone, for I was never one to tumble about and roll over and scramble in the earth like that rough little Muff.” She little thought then,—but I really must *not* tell that now, as I said before.

As soon as his father had gone, the small fat boy began to try and throw his cap through the ring of the “Marriage Tree” and Betty picked a big bunch of flowers and grass, oh, a very big bunch of flowers and grass, and began to plant a garden in the soft earth. Now and then a rabbit would stand up on his hind legs a little way off and peep at Muff and then Muff would cry “Woof!” and fly after him. Of course, he never

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caught the rabbit, dear me, no! but he always thought he should, and he ran here and he scurried there, and he chased the other way, jumping over rocks, rustling through dead branches, and rolling down hills as fast as chain lightning in a thunder-storm. When he didn't have rabbits to excite him he saw birds in the branches of the beech trees and looked up at them and cried "Woof!" in just the same way. And when they wouldn't come down, and drop into his mouth, just *wouldn't* do it, no matter what he said, he would sit up on his hind legs, and beg them prettily with little wavings of his fringed paws, as he had been taught to do for a lump of sugar.

It was funny to see him beg the birds and the small fat boy laughed and said, "Silly Muff!" and so did Betty. What did Bettykin say? Alas, by this time Bettykin wasn't in a place where she could say anything, and wherever that place was—and I shan't tell you that yet, it was wet and cold, yes, very wet and cold.

Everybody,—or almost everybody,—had had such a good time in the Beech-tree walk that it seemed hours and hours and days and days and weeks and weeks since they left home. Betty and the small fat boy began to grow hungry and as for Muff, of course, he was

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always hungry. So, as it was raining a little and the luncheon would get wet if they didn't eat it, the children pulled their baskets off the branch and sat down with them under the "Marriage Tree."

And—in—the small fat boy's basket—there was,—oh, yes, there was indeed, I am telling the truth,—a large, fat, round *Cake* with *Plums* in it!

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed Betty.

"Ho, ho, ho, ho!" laughed the small fat boy.

"Woof, woof, woof, woof!" barked Muff and licked his lips and wriggled his nose.

Betty spread out her blue pinafore over her knees for a tablecloth, and the small fat boy spread out his pink one over his knees, and they each ate a Big piece of *Cake*. Muff had a piece too, and all the crumbs and then Betty said, "My Bettykin must have her dinner now," and ran to get her from the rock where she had left her. But alas! and alack! Bettykin was not there, no, not there at all!

Betty first thought she had not found the right rock and she looked for other rocks and other rocks and still other rocks, but there wasn't a doll on any of them. Betty called the small fat boy and he came running with a piece of cake in his hand, tripped over a bough,



Betty and the Small Fat Boy Began to Grow Hungry



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dropped the cake and fell on it and before he could get on his feet again the cake was traveling down the little red lane in Muff's mouth. Oh, no, Muff wasn't naughty; he just thought that anything good on the ground was his to pick up.

The small fat boy was sad at losing the cake but he helped Betty to look for the doll with all his might and main, but if the earth had opened wide and swallowed her up she couldn't have been more out of sight. "Have I lost my Bettykin again?" cried Betty, and the wet, wet tears began to gather in her blue, blue eyes. "Poor Bettykin!" sighed the small fat boy and shook his head and put his finger in his mouth,—“Woof!” barked Muff, “Don't blame me! I've been chasing squirrels and don't know anything about your doll.”

Just at that moment, trot, trot, trot, trot, sounded hard little hoofs in the walk and down under the beech trees in her pony-cart came the beautiful young lady at the Castle, and with her there was a tall, strong, big young man looking three times too big for the cart.

“Whoa! Rab! Whoa!” called the beautiful young lady when she saw the children under the trees, and she pulled the pony up short. “What's the matter, Betty?”

“My Bettykin!” sobbed Betty.

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“What, lost again?” cried the beautiful young lady, and she couldn’t help smiling a little. “Hold the lines, Archie, please, while I see what is the matter,” and she handed them to the big young man and jumped out of the cart. “Now, first,” she said, “what does Muff know about it?” and she leaned down to brush away the silky fringe from his bright black eyes. But there weren’t any eyes there, for she had hold of his tail-end and he wriggled around with a short “Woof!” and showed his pink tongue in surprise. That made the children laugh, in spite of their sadness and made the beautiful young lady laugh, and hearing so much fun going on, the big young man fastened the pony to a tree and came and laughed too. The big young man had on a heavy rain-coat and when he heard that Bettykin was lost he took the coat straight off, because it was long and in his way, and said that he’d find that doll if it took him all day.

“Are you sure you brought Bettykin?” asked the beautiful young lady.

Oh, yes, Betty was sure, and showed the basket she rode in.

“And what has the dog been doing?” asked the big young man.

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“Chasing the rabbits,” said Betty, and “Chasing the rabbits,” said the small fat boy.

“Where? All over the place?” asked the big young man, leaning down to pat Muff, who was jumping up against him. “His coat looks as if he’d been rolling on the ground and his paws are all mud. He’s been scratching somewhere. Let’s have a look around.”

So the big young man asked Betty where she had laid the doll, and Betty showed him and then he began to search everywhere about, very slowly and carefully. By and by he noticed, just as Bettykin had done, that the ground fell away sharply on one side of the rock, and that there was a deep dark hole at the bottom, and the earth all the way down to the hole was rough and scratched with fresh scratches.

“Muff’s been down here, any way,” cried the big young man, “and perhaps he knocked the doll down, as he jumped over the rock. I’ll look,” and he began to lift up the boughs and turn over the leaves.

“Hurrah!” he cried in a minute, “here she is! I saw her red dress at the bottom of the hole,” and he held up poor Bettykin, all wet and cold and muddy.

Betty ran to catch her and kissed and hugged her so long that the beautiful young lady said, “There, there,

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Betty, that's enough. You're getting all wet yourself, and you haven't thanked this kind gentleman yet. Take the doll, Archie, and tuck her away in your big coat pocket, and when we get home she'll be all warm and dry. Isn't that a good plan, Betty? And now what can we do to Muff, so that he'll look where he's going after this, and not knock nice dollies down hills and nearly drown them in puddles?"

"Muffie can't see!" said the small fat boy, with his finger in his mouth.

"No, Muff *can't* see very much; only just what he wants to," agreed the young lady. "I wonder how it would do to tie up his hair on top of his head,—that part that hangs over his eyes, I mean. Archie, will you fetch me the bit of red ribbon on my whip?"

Then the beautiful young lady took Muff on her lap and tried to tie up his hair, but he squirmed and wriggled and wriggled and squirmed till his own mother couldn't have told his head from his tail. Then the big young man took him, set him on his knee, cried, "Steady, Muff, steady!" while he held up his big fore finger, and Muff sat still as a mouse and looked straight at the big young man while his hair was tied up on top of his head with the red ribbon. He shivered a great

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many shivers, and winked his eyes a great many times, and sniffed with his nose and licked his lips, but he never moved a paw or tried to jump off the big young man's knee.

“There, that's done,” cried the beautiful young lady, “and now we'll take you all home in the pony-cart for a treat. How do you like your ribbon, Muff?”

Muff said nothing just then, for he was a polite dog, but if you'd gone into the coal-house soon after he reached home you'd have found that red ribbon lying among the lumps of coal. I say nothing more, and do not wish to suggest that Muff didn't appreciate the young lady's kindness, but, of course, if you value a present *very* much you don't generally keep it in a black, grimy coal-house.

There was a shepherd going up the glen at that moment, so the beautiful young lady sent word to the small fat boy's father that she'd taken the children home, and away they all went in the pony-cart, trot, trot, down the Beech-tree walk, trot, trot, through the gates, past the Town Cross and around by the kirk, trot, trot up the long road till they came to Betty's house. It was raining quite smartly then and the beautiful young lady

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cried, "Help the children out quickly, Archie; it's almost time for your boat. Run, little ones. Get under cover as soon as you can," and away went Rab in the pony cart, trot, trot, trot, trot down the street again.

CHAPTER SIX

THE FIFTH ADVENTURE

NOW perhaps if you have been wide awake and listening with both ears to the story you may have noticed that there was one member of the party in the Beech-tree walk who didn't come home to Betty's house.

No, you know quite well it was not Betty!

No, it wasn't the small fat boy either, and he lived next door, anyway.

No, it wasn't Muff, for if you remember I said that he left his red ribbon in the coal-house soon after he reached home.

No, it wasn't the small fat boy's father, and you really could not call him one of the party, for he left the children under the trees, you know, and went away on an errand.

Why, yes, of course, it was Bettykin, and I wonder you didn't miss her before.

Did Betty miss her?

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No, or at least not for a long time.

Why didn't she miss her?

Oh, I'm sure I can't tell, for she loved her doll very, very dearly. I suppose it must have been because she had had a long walk and very little dinner, and an exciting adventure and a long drive home and was so tired that she climbed up on the settle to rest as soon as she got into the house, and it so happened that the Sandman was making an early round that afternoon and he threw sand all over the poor child's eyes, and made them so heavy that she couldn't open them the least little wink, and she never even woke up when her mother undressed her and put her to bed.

But the next morning, oh yes, the next morning, she was wide awake enough and calling for Bettykin, and looking for Bettykin too, but she had to look for her all alone this time, for her mother and grandmother were very busy getting father ready to go to the great town far to the south. Yes, he was going on the "Hie-land Lassie," the very steamer they went down to see on the day Bettykin fell into the water, and as he did not leave home very often, everybody was in a hurry and a scurry, and mother and grandmother were giving him long lists of things to buy. Betty's mother told her

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to be a good bairn and not fret and she'd find her dollie for her after father had gone, so Betty never cried a single tear, only she kept on searching, searching, searching with a very sad little face indeed, and when her mother saw her down on her knees under the table searching for Bettykin, she took father in the corner and whispered something to him and father nodded his head and said yes, he certainly would do it.

Do I know what he promised to do in the great town? Yes, I do, but Betty didn't, and I don't believe you'd ever guess unless you lived to be as old as the man in the moon.

At last father went and then mother and grandmother made the house as neat as a new pin and cooked Betty some nice porridge for her dinner and put her in her high chair to eat it. And when Betty was all ready to eat, with her spoon in her hand, her lips began to tremble and to tremble and to tremble, and her nose began to sniff, and her eyes began to grow wet.

"Bless me! What's the matter?" cried Betty's mother.

"M-m-m-y B-b-b-bettykin!" sniffed Betty.

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“Sure enough,” said grandmother, nodding her head, “the poor bairn’s been looking for her all the morning.”

“Don’t cry!” said mother in a nice, comforting way, “we’ll find her soon enough, wherever she is. Are you quite certain though, that you didn’t leave her up in the Beech-tree walk last night?”

Yes, Betty was certain about that, as soon as she was asked. She remembered very well that the big young man had taken Bettykin and laid her in his rain-coat in the pony-cart and when they all climbed in to come home she was afraid at first to ask for her doll and afterwards,—Oh, dear, dear, oh, dear, dear, very dear me! she had entirely forgotten all that had happened after that!

“Never mind!” said mother, wiping away Betty’s tears. “The doll will be in the pony-cart safe enough and I’ll go and get her this afternoon when you have your nap. The young gentleman wouldn’t take Bettykin on a journey with him, you may be sure, and I heard the beautiful young lady say here at the door that he’d have to hurry, or he’d lose his boat. Say your grace now and eat your porridge and you can take Muff with you when you lie down.

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So Betty bowed her little head with all its yellow curls and said her grace just like this:

“Some hae meat that canna eat,
And some hae nane that want it;
But I hae meat and I can eat,
And so the Lord be thankit.”

And then she ate the very last sup of her porridge and scraped the bowl. Muff had some porridge too, and then they went together to take their nap.

Now Muff didn't want a nap the least bit in the world, no, not the very least bit. He was as busy as he could be every day and all the time, and that afternoon he had planned to go down to the coal-house and worry that red ribbon all into little pieces. Still he was a kind dog, and he could not desert his little mistress when she had no Bettykin to comfort her, and he let Betty look for his eyes and smooth the hair back from them so as to know which end of him to lay on the pillow, and then they both went to sleep.

Muff slept about as long as it would take you to turn around twice, and then he felt so wide awake that he couldn't keep still another minute to save his tasseled ears and his fringed forepaws and his whole silky coat.

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So he crept away from Betty very softly, and jumped down from the bed very softly, and softly went into the coal-house where he worried and worried and more worried that red ribbon till it looked like a wet feather off an old hen's tail.

In the meantime Betty's mother had gone to the Castle coach-house again and asked the kind coachman, who was a friend of Betty's father, if the grooms had found a doll in the pony-cart.

And sorry enough the kind coachman was to say for the second time, when he heard how Betty was grieving, that there wasn't so much as a doll's eyelash anywhere about the premises, ma'm.

So Betty's mother went sadly away, thinking she'd ask the beautiful young lady about the doll the next time she saw her. And she went sadly home and when she got there she found that the very oddest, queerest, strangest, most wonderful, most extraordinary thing had happened while she had been gone that ever did happen to a little girl, I do believe.

What was it? Well, it's a long story, and I must begin a little way back or you won't understand it.

Now think a moment and see if you remember where the big young man put Bettykin when she was so cold

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and wet that the beautiful young lady said that Betty mustn't hold her any longer.

Exactly; you're quite right; he put her in the pocket of his rain-coat and he laid the rain-coat under the seat of the pony-cart. Then he and Rab and the beautiful young lady took the children home, you remember, and told them to run in quickly out of the rain, and trot, trot, trot, trot, off went Rab again down to the quay where a boat was waiting to row the big young man to the village across the water. There he was to have his dinner and take a train for the busy town far to the south, so he was in a great, great hurry, and mustn't keep the boat waiting another minute.

He got into his rain-coat as quickly as he could, said good-bye to the beautiful young lady, jumped into the boat, splash went the oars over the gray water, and they were off in a trice. When he reached the inn on the other side he gave his coat to a nice smiling red-cheeked maid, and asked her to dry it by the kitchen fire, and went in quickly to his dinner.

And while he was eating, the nice, smiling, red-cheeked maid knocked at the door and came into the room and said, "I beg your pardon, Sir Archibald, but would you be wanting——"

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“Would I be wanting what?” said the big young man, looking up from his dinner.

“Would you be wanting to take this to town with you, sir?” said the smiling maid, smiling a little more, and she held out,—what *do* you suppose? Yes, Bettykin of all things in the world!

“Ha, ha, ha, ha!” laughed the big young man. “Why, it’s little Betty’s doll and I forgot to give it to her. What a shame! Did you find it in my pocket?”

“Yes, Sir Archibald,” said the smiling maid, “and I’ve dried it nicely and brushed it clean, and what shall I do with it, sir?”

“We must send it back at once,” said the big young man. “Can you get a box, Mary, and do you think there’s any trifle at the village shop that a little girl might like? If there is, will you kindly buy it for me while I finish my dinner?”

Just fancy how Bettykin was feeling all this time, and how long the hours had seemed while she was in the dark pocket in the pony-cart, tossing on the waves in an open boat and drying by the kitchen fire in a strange land! This was seeing the world indeed, and it was bigger than she had ever thought and far more dangerous.

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Her only comfort was that she was dressed for traveling as a lady should be, with a red frock for every day and a black frock for Sunday and a nice brown and white crocheted cap on her head to keep it warm. Still she missed Betty very very much and she was so glad to hear that she was to be sent home that her white silk eyes fairly shone with pleasure.

Now, after I've told you this part of the story you can guess what had happened while Betty's mother was gone, can't you?

Betty had scarcely waked up, had had her face washed, her curls smoothed and a clean blue pinafore put on when there was a loud knock at the door and when grandmother opened it, there stood the postman!

That was strange enough to begin with; for Betty's mother and father and grandmother never had any letters, seeing that their friends all lived close beside them and, of course, Betty was too little to have any.

"Does a child called Betty live here?" asked the postman, "and has she a dog named Muff?"

"Why, how very strange!" cried grandmother. "Yes, here is Betty peeping around the door and here is Muff, black as the soot in the chimney-back."

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“Very well, then,” said the postman, “this box belongs here,” and he handed grandmother a big box, yes, a very big box indeed and on the cover, it said,

For Little Miss Betty

Who has a Dog Named

Muff, and who Lives in a

Pink House by the Water.

Grandmother took the box, though she was so astonished she almost dropped it and she and Betty laid it on the table and sat down and looked at it. I believe they would have been looking at it now and wondering who sent it, and who wrote the words on the cover and what it all meant, if Betty's mother hadn't come in and heard the wonderful story.

And when she had heard it and been so astonished too, that she had to sit down and get her breath, she said very loud and clear, “*Let us open the box and see what is in it!*”

“Oh, yes! Oh, yes!” cried Betty and “Woof! Woof!” barked Muff.

So mother untied the cord and lifted the cover and there, in lovely wrappings of white tissue-paper lay

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darling, dear, sweet, nice, soft, limp, kissable, huggable Bettykin!!!

Oh, well, well, I can't begin to tell you how glad Betty was, nor how she danced around the room with the doll in her arms, and how Muff barked and ran after them both. And when everybody had said "Oh," and "Ah," and "Did you ever?" till she was tired, Betty's mother began to fold up the tissue-paper and there in one corner of the box was a little blue bead necklace, and it said on it,—dear me, what a surprise,—it said on it, "*For Betty,*" and in another corner was a new red ribbon and it said on it, "*For Muff.*"

Now, wasn't that odd, queer, strange, wonderful and extraordinary? I think it was. I do indeed!

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE SIXTH ADVENTURE

I WONDER if you remember that the morning after the picnic in the beech-tree walk when Betty was looking for her lost Bettykin, her mother had taken her father into the corner and whispered something to him. You do remember that?

Well, do you remember too, that I said you never could guess what it was unless you lived to be as old as the man in the moon?

Of course, you haven't guessed it then, for there hasn't been time for you to grow that old, and as for Betty she was under the table when the whispering was going on and hadn't even tried to guess, so the surprise when her father came home was three times as wide, four times as long and five times as thick as the surprise that the postman brought.

Father came home in the "Hieland Lassie" late one afternoon and he brought so many bundles that he had to hire a man with a hand-cart to wheel them to the

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house for him. Mother and grandmother hurried to meet him and Betty clung to his legs and Muff ran round and round him barking, until the whole family was nearly deafened and had to sweep him into the street with a broom to hear itself think.

And then father had to tell mother and grandmother all about the aunt and uncle and cousins in the great town; how that Aunt Bell was well and Uncle Jack but poorly and Cousin Neil was grown almost a man and Cousin Eppie was at work in a shop. It was a toy-shop, too, so father said, and the things that were in it no man would believe, so fine they were and grand.

And he took Betty up on his knee and told her about the gaily painted wooden horses and the Noah's Arks with all kinds of animals and the tops and the balls and the glass marbles and the dolls, dear me! the wonderful dolls with kid slippers and silk gowns. Betty heard him and opened her blue eyes and nodded her head till the yellow curls shook and thought she would like to see that toy-shop, oh, very much indeed.

And then father gave her some sweeties he had brought for her, and she and Bettykin were put to bed and were so good that they ate only one sweetie apiece before they went to sleep. At least, of course, Betty had

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a *little* more than one sweetie, because Bettykin didn't seem to want hers, and her small mother had to eat it up to save it. It was very good of Betty to be so saving, wasn't it, yes, very good indeed!

While Betty was having her breakfast next morning she noticed that there was something in the corner of the kitchen, covered up with her mother's cape, but she wasn't the kind of little girl who peeps into things without leave, so she didn't go near it when her mother lifted her down from her chair.

Very soon father came in and he asked Betty if she didn't want to see what Aunt Bell and Cousin Eppie had sent her, and he told her to hide her eyes and open them when he had counted three.

And Betty hid her eyes tight and opened them just as soon as father said "Three!" and she saw something in front of her that made her stand still as a stone, with her two fat hands clasped close together on her blue pinafore, and her mouth pursed up as if she were going to whistle.

The Something was a little carriage made of straw, with wheels, and a wooden rail to push it from behind, like a real baby-carriage.

It had a little seat and a little red cushion on the

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seat, and on the cushion there sat,—oh, my stars and moons and suns!—there sat, either a fairy queen, so beautiful that you couldn't look at her without winking, or else a doll so wonderful that the like of her was never made before.

Betty had never seen any doll but Bettykin in all her four years of life, so she hardly knew whether this lovely creature was a doll or not. Her head and neck were of smooth, shining china; her black glossy hair was of china too, and curled quite like real; her blue eyes looked straight at you, one on each side of her nose, and she had a sweet little red mouth and pink cheeks. Betty crept a bit nearer to look more closely at the Surprise and seeing the small fat boy peeping around the door she beckoned him in and they went up to the carriage together. And then they saw that the doll, (for by this time Betty felt sure it must be a doll, because if it had been an angel or a fairy it would have flown away before,) they saw that the doll had nice little kid arms and hands with fingers and that she had two feet with real shoes on and a pink dress. When Betty saw this she left the doll and the carriage, very much to the surprise of her father and mother,—yes, left them right there,—and ran back to the settle where she had laid Bettykin.

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And she took Bettykin in her arms and kissed her and then she held her close while she ran back to look at the surprise.

Do I know why she did it? Yes, and I am sure you will, if you think a minute.

Grandmother had been there all the time while Betty and the small fat boy had been looking at the Surprise, and now she said, "What are you going to call the pretty lady-doll, Betty?"

"She is named already," said father. "Cousin Eppie christened her; there is the paper pinned to her dress;" and he took it off and read the name loud and clear,—"*Bonnie Lesley.*"

"Bonnie Lesley," said Betty after him, "dear 'Bonnie Lesley,'" and she leaned down to pat the doll's head. Bettykin dropped from her arms as she did so and fell close by the new doll's side, with her head against hers.

"They kissed each other; they'll be friends;" said mother smiling, "though one of them is new and beautiful and one old and not beautiful at all."

"*Bofe* boo'ful" insisted Betty, kneeling down beside the carriage on the floor, "bofe boo'ful dollies!"

"But you must be very careful of Bonnie Lesley,"

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said father. "She can't be dropped out of window and into the water and left in the rain and hung on clothes-lines and doubled up and tucked into young gentlemen's pockets, like Bettykin."

Betty looked up with a troubled face.

"Oh, no," agreed grandmother. "See her pink silk frock and her real shoes and the lace around her neck. You must be very careful of her."

"Yes indeed," said mother, "very careful," and the small fat boy said nothing, for his finger was in his mouth, but he shook his head as if he knew all about it.

And he did know all about it soon, for whenever they were both good and whenever they were both clean, and whenever there was no fog, or rain, or mist, but everything was blue and bright and gay, then they might take the carriage out and push Bonnie Lesley up and down on the sidewalk.

Were there many days when both children were good and clean, and when the sun shone? Yes, there really were a good many and the doll and the carriage were so grand and lovely that all the other children along the loch-side came running whenever they saw them and begged to push Bonnie Lesley once in a while,—only just once in a little while.

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Did Bettykin go to ride, too? No, not in the carriage.

Didn't Betty want her to ride with Bonnie Lesley?

Oh, yes, she wanted her to go, but mother and grandmother both said Bettykin was too shabby and her dress too soiled to ride in a grand carriage with a red cushion.

But Betty wouldn't leave the dear old shabby doll at home, oh, no! for fear she wouldn't keep well if she didn't have the fresh air, so whenever she pushed Bonnie Lesley in the carriage Bettykin hung, doubled up over her arm, in the old way, like a workbag.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE SEVENTH ADVENTURE

IT was when Betty, Bettykin, the small fat boy and Bonnie Lesley were taking the air one day that the beautiful young lady drove by in the pony-cart and seeing Betty's mother cleaning the front steps and making them all pink like the house, she pulled up Rab very quickly and said good-morning.

And Betty's mother courtesied and said good-morning, too.

Then the beautiful young lady told Betty's mother that her little niece, Lady Jean, was visiting at the Castle, and that she intended to give a party for her the very next day, if the weather should be fine, and that she wanted every little girl in the village to come at three o'clock and bring her doll.

And Betty's mother courtesied again and promised that Betty should come and very pleased she was, oh, very pleased indeed. Betty was pleased, too, but not the small fat boy, for he wasn't invited, being only a boy and made of "snips and snaps and puppy dog's tails."

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The next morning early, Betty was looking out of the window to see if the sun was shining. And yes, he was,—oh, bright, bright, bright, and the birds in the beech-tree walk were singing sweet, sweet, sweet, and the blue waves on the loch-side were plashing soft, soft, soft!

And after breakfast Betty's mother washed and ironed a new white pinafore for her and said she could wear the blue beads the big young man had sent her. Then Betty was scrubbed and combed and curled for the party, and Muff was scrubbed and combed too. Oh, didn't I tell you he was invited? Yes indeed, he was. The beautiful young lady asked him to come particularly, and said to tie up his hair on the top of his head with a red ribbon so that he could see where he was going and not knock over the little girls, or lose their dolls.

And didn't he lose any dolls? No, he didn't *lose* any, he,—but I mustn't tell you that part now.

After dinner it was time to put on the white pinafore and the blue beads and to say good-bye to the small fat boy next door and to promise to bring him home a cake. Then mother took Bonnie Lesley out of the big box in the cupboard where she stayed when the children were

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not good or the weather wasn't fine, and she smoothed down the pink silk frock, and set her in the straw carriage with the red cushion.

"Bettykin, too!" cried Betty, running in to pull her out from under the settle, "Bettykin, too!"

"Oh, no!" said mother, "not to the Castle!"

"Dear me, no!" cried grandmother, "not to little Lady Jean's party!"

Betty stood looking from one to the other, holding the doll tight to her white pinafore. "B-b-bettykin t-t-oo!" she stammered, her lip beginning to tremble.

"There, there, child; don't cry," said mother quickly. "Bettykin shall go then, but she really is too dirty and too shabby for the ladies at the Castle to see. Let us put her here on the floor of the carriage and cover her up with the lap-robe. Will that do, Betty?"

Yes, that would do, said the little girl, and so said Bettykin, who was a sweet kind dollie and didn't mind being told she was old and shabby, for she knew that Betty loved her just the same.

Then Mother and Betty and Bonnie Lesley started out for the party with Bettykin under the lap-robe and Muff trotted beside them, very clean and very sad.

His hair was brushed and tied up with a red ribbon

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so that he could see quite well and his eyes shone so that every cat on the road saw him coming and scurried out of the way before she could be chased. He did look exactly like a lady's muff, a gray and silky one with a dog's head fastened on, and he thought it was a sad world indeed, with far too much soap in it.

As Betty and her mother went in through the Castle gates they heard the pipes in the distance and when they reached the velvety green lawns where little Lady Jean and the children were playing they saw the piper stepping proudly up and down and blowing and blowing away,

“The Campbells are coming, oh, ho, oh, ho!
The Campbells are coming, oh, ho, oh, ho!”

while his kilt and his sporran swayed to and fro and the streamers on his pipes fluttered in the breeze.

There were so many little girls in blue and pink and red and violet running about on the lawns that they looked like a great swarm of butterflies and the beautiful young lady, like a great white butterfly herself, with a golden head, came out from among them to welcome Betty.

Then mother said good-bye to her little girl, and



There Were so Many Little Girls—They Looked Like a Great Swarm of Butterflies

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told her to be good and mind the ladies, and held up her forefinger and shook it at Muff and went away.

And Betty didn't cry at all when she was left alone, no, not one single bit, but just put one hand in the beautiful young lady's and pushed Bonnie Lesley with the other and they went to find Lady Jean, who was a nice wee lassie with a sleek brown head.

By this time the lap-robe had been pushed aside a little, so that Bettykin could just get a peep at the party out of one of her white silk eyes. That was enough for her and she was quite happy and lay very still on the floor of the carriage while Bonnie Lesley sat up stiff and proud on the seat.

As soon as Muff saw all the children he forgot how sadly clean he was and flew about like a little gray whirlwind, frisking and barking and running races and begging to have sticks thrown for him, everywhere at once and never still a minute.

And oh, what a bright, sunny afternoon it was and how big and gray the Castle looked, and how green the lawns were, and how bright the flowers and—my patience! *how* the peacocks screamed over on the stone walls! Lady Jean and her little visitors made more noise

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than a whole regiment of soldiers and led by the beautiful young lady they played almost every game that ever was known.

The dolls meantime sat very properly, all in their best clothes, in a ring on the grass where the beautiful young lady had placed them, and nobody looked at them for as much as half an hour, excepting Muff who came galloping up once, his pink tongue hanging out of his mouth, paid his respects to one of them, and galloped away again.

Do I know to which doll he paid his respects? Yes, I do, and it seems funnier to me every time I think of it and I wonder if he really knew what he was doing.

When a long time had gone by in romping and playing, the beautiful young lady called the piper to stand near her and she formed the children into a line after him, Lady Jean at the head and Betty next her.

“Now, little ones,” she cried when she had gone to the end of the line herself, “we’ll all march over the lawns to the tea-table and when we pass the ring of dolls each child must take up her own dollie as she goes by, and carry it with her to the feast. Ready, Rory, play up!”

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So Rory played up, Te-tum-ty-te-tum-ty-te-tum-te-tum-tum! and away marched the line of children, Muff galloping after.

And when they reached the dolls, pink-cheeked, silk-frocked, and proper as they sat stiffly on the grass, there in the very middle of the ring! red side up, lay Bettykin in her shabby old clothes, her white silk eye round and sorry and ashamed and frightened,—oh, *so* ashamed and frightened.

Did she put herself there? Oh, no, indeed! Don't you remember she had no hands to lift up the lap-robe and no feet to walk with and besides she knew quite well that her clothes were not fit for the party. Who did do it? Well, all I can say is that Betty didn't, for she was playing with little Lady Jean till the very moment the line was formed.

When Betty saw poor Bettykin lying in the ring she stood stock still, she was so troubled and astonished, and didn't even try to pick up Bonnie Lesley, and that stopped all the children behind her, and seeing that they stopped, the piper stopped too.

The beautiful young lady came running up to see what had happened, and when she saw Betty's eyes of surprise, and the doll in the grass, she exclaimed, in a

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very kind way,—“If here isn't Bettykin after all! Why, where *did* she come from? See what a nice, soft doll, children, and how you can squeeze and hug her,” and she lifted her up in her arms.

“Let me see,” cried little Lady Jean, and she took Bettykin and squeezed her tight, while Betty looked on, all pleased and happy now.

“You may carry her to the feast, Jeanie,” said the beautiful young lady,—“if Betty is willing. We don't know how she came here, but we are glad to see her, all the same, are we not, children?”

“Glad to see her!” shouted all the little girls and they marched on again, Bettykin at the very head of all the line in Lady Jean's arms.

And when they came to the feast there were tiny chairs set for the dolls on the grass around a tiny low table with tiny bits of dishes on it. And on every plate there was a strawberry, and a cake the size of a thimble, and in every cup there was a wee, wee sup of milk, and there were plenty of chairs and one over for Bettykin, just as if she had been expected.

The little girls all sat around their own big table and had everything and more to eat, and everything and more to drink, and each a box of sweeties to take home.

The Seventh Adventure

Muff didn't sit at the table, but he came close by and waited a few minutes and seeing that nobody gave him anything, he rushed away and rubbed his head on the grass till he had rubbed off his red ribbon.

Then he came frisking back and when the beautiful young lady saw him and said, "Naughty little Muff!" he answered quite sharp and loud, "Woof! Woof! a dog can't be dressed up *all* the time."

By and by it began to grow just a little dark under the table, and the beautiful young lady said she would take Betty home herself and tell her mother that Bettykin was the very nicest and best behaved of all the dolls that were at the party, for she had heard by this time that Betty's mother didn't want Bettykin to come, and would be very much ashamed when she knew how strangely and suddenly she had appeared.

So the beautiful young lady set her right beside Bonnie Lesley on the seat of the new carriage,—yes, right on the seat, and side by side Betty pushed them over the lawns, down the gravel walks and through the great gates of the Castle!

And when Betty's mother saw them and the beautiful young lady told her how glad she was that Bettykin had come to the party, mother courtesied and said,

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“Indeed she wasn’t fit, my lady, and thank you very kindly, my lady, for bringing my Betty home.”

So this was the end of Bettykin’s seventh adventure and it is the last one there is room for in the story.

Was it the last that ever happened? Oh no, there never will be an end to the adventures, I think, so long as Betty, Muff and Bettykin keep on living.

All these things took place some time ago, but if you go now on any fine day to that little village in the West Highlands of Scotland, I believe you will see Betty in her blue pinafore pushing the straw carriage along the loch-side. And in the carriage Bonnie Lesley and shabby old Bettykin will be sitting side by side, very good friends, and very happy, yes, very happy indeed.

And will Muff be there too? Oh, yes, Muff will be there, galloping along beside them, head first or tail first, I don’t know which, and neither does anybody else in the village.



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