

Uncle Wiggly Goes Hunts.

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(By HOWARD H. GARIS.)

Uncle Wiggly Longears, the nice old rabbit gentleman, hopped into his hollow stump bungalow in such a hurry one morning that he bumped right into Nurus Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, his muskrat lady housekeeper. And, as she was carrying a pail of water, some of it splashed on her, and some on Uncle Wiggly.

"My Goodness me!" cried Nurus Jane. "What's all the fuss, Wiggly? You're in a hurry, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am in a hurry," the rabbit gentleman said. "I'm going hunting—have you seen my tatum-powder popgun?" Or my tooth-powder air rifle?"

"Going hunting? Tatum powder? Tooth powder?" gasped the muskrat lady, as she wiped a drop of water off the end of her nose. "Why Uncle Wiggly Longears? The idea of you going hunting!"

"Oh, don't worry," spoke Uncle Wiggly. "I'm not going to shoot any birds, or anything like that. But Billie Bushytail, the squirrel boy, is lost, and I'm going hunting until I find him."

"But your guns?" asked Nurus Jane. "Do you want them?"

"Well, when I go hunting in the woods for the little lost squirrel boy, the rabbit gentleman explained, "I may meet with the fuzzy fox, or the skillery-scallery alligator. And if I shoot tatum powder at them the dust will get up their noses and tickle them so they will have to sneeze, and I can get away. And if I shoot tooth powder at them it will make them stop and clean their teeth, and I'll have more time to escape. I'll take both my guns."

And Uncle Wiggly did. Then he set off to hunt for poor lost Billie Bushytail, the squirrel boy.

For Billie really was lost. That morning there was no school, because the lady teacher had to have a new cheese-colored dress tried on, and Billie, having no lessons, had gone off to the woods looking for chestnuts to roast. But he had not come back, and he had been gone a long time.

Mrs. Bushytail called, called again for her little squirrel boy, but he did not answer. She searched for him, was lost and she asked Uncle Wiggly to go looking for him. And Uncle Wiggly, being one of the kindest old rab-

bit gentlemen in the world, went hunting.

With his tatum-powder pop gun on one shoulder and his tooth-powder air rifle on the other, the rabbit gentleman went on and on through the woods. Every now and then he would stop and call:

"Billie! Billie Bushytail! Where are you?"

But no answer came from Billie. The little squirrel boy was not to be seen. Uncle Wiggly saw a big bee buzzing around some of the last late flowers that Jack Frost had not yet frozen for the winter. The bee was after honey.

"Have you seen Billie Bushytail?" asked Uncle Wiggly. "He is lost."

"No, no," buzzed the bee. "I am sorry, but I have not seen him. However, here is a little honey for him when you do find him, for he'll be hungry if he is lost."

The bee gave the rabbit gentleman some of her honey, which he wrapped in a leaf, and on and on he went once more. Pretty soon he came to a place in the woods where grew many chestnut trees.

"Ah ha!" thought Uncle Wiggly. "Billie ought to be somewhere around here. I think I'll find him now."

Then the rabbit gentleman heard a strange sound. He looked through the trees, and he saw a queer sight. There, not far away, was the old

fuzzy fox, sitting under a chestnut tree and looking at something up among the branches.

"Keep on sawing!" called the fox to someone whom Uncle Wiggly could not see. "Keep on sawing, and soon the tree will fall and we can get him."

Uncle Wiggly stretched out his neck and looked more closely. Then he saw the skillery-scallery alligator, with the double-jointed tail like a saw, sawing away at the trunk of the tree. It was almost sawed through, and soon it would topple over, falling to the ground.

"And, of course," thought the rabbit gentleman, keeping out of sight behind some bushes, "of course whoever is up in the tree will fall with it and that bad fox, and the worse alligator, will get them. I wonder who it is they're after."

The rabbit gentleman now stretched up his ears and looked again. This time he saw poor little Billie Bushytail, the lost squirrel boy, sitting on a high branch up in the tree. He it was who the fox and alligator were after.

"Saw away! Saw away!" cried the fox.

"I am sawing." Answered the skillery-scallery alligator, rubbing his sharp tail back and forth on the tree. "I'll soon have it sawed down."

"Oh, won't you please go away and let me alone?" begged Billie Bushytail, up in the chestnut tree.

"No!" said the fuzzy fox. "We won't go away!"

"No, no!" also said the skillery-scallery alligator.

"Oh, dear!" went up poor Billie. "Will no one help me and save me?"

"Yes, I will," said Uncle Wiggly, bravely.

Of course, of course, the rabbit gentleman did not speak loudly for fear the bad animals would hear him. Uncle Wiggly just crouched down in the bushes, and first he loaded his tooth-powder air rifle with plenty of sweet-smelling tooth powder.

"I'll shoot the alligator first," thought Uncle Wiggly, "as that will make him stop cutting down the tree."

Taking careful aim, Uncle Wiggly fired his air rifle at the skillery-scallery creature.

"Bang!" went the gun. "Whit! Puff! Bang!"

"Oh, my teeth! My mouth! I'm full of powder!" cried the rator. "I must go away to the spring and clean my teeth," and away he rushed. "Here!" cried the fox. "Stay and finish cutting down the tree so we can get the squirrel!"

"No, no," gurgled the alligator. "Then I'll do it myself—I'll scratch and bite down the tree so I can get that squirrel boy," said the fox.

"Oh, no! No, you won't!" cried Uncle Wiggly. Then he fired the tatum powder at the fuzzy fox.

"Ker-chool! Ker-chool! A-ker-chool! Ker-foo-sool!" sneezed the fox; and he sneezed so hard that he turned three somersaults backward, and part of a forward peppercorn, and that, of course, took him far enough away so Billie Bushytail was safe.

"Come on down now, Billie!" called Uncle Wiggly. "I went hunting for you and I found you."

"And I'm glad you did," said the little squirrel boy. "I was pattering chestnuts when the fox and alligator came along and chased me up the tree. They couldn't get me there, as I was too high, but I didn't dare come down. That's why I couldn't get home. I didn't know what to do, especially when the alligator began to saw down the tree. But you came along just in time, dear Uncle Wiggly, and saved me."

"I'm glad I did," spoke the rabbit gentleman. Then he and Billie went safely home, and in the next story, if the bread knife doesn't cut a slice off the cake of soap, and feed it to the gold fish, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggly and Billie Longtail.