FULL FROG IS HOME

IN RAINBOW VALLEY

ELIZABETH STAFFORD FRY
BULLY
BULL
FROG
AND
HIS
HOME
IN
RAINBOW
VALLEY
THE TRUE TO NATURE SERIES

Adventures of Tommy Tad and Polly Wog
More Adventures of Tommy Tad and Polly Wog
Shellhouse, the Adventures of a Little Mud Turtle
THE CONTENTS

THE FROG POND ........................................ 11
BULLY AND THE LARK ................................. 21
MRS. TOAD ARRIVES .................................. 30
BULLY'S NEW COAT .................................... 46
A RUDE STRANGER ..................................... 53
JOHN BULL FROG'S STORY ......................... 64
BULLY AND THE WOOLLY WORM .................. 74
THE TREE FROGS ARRIVE ......................... 79
DUCKS ................................................... 86
BULLY'S NARROW ESCAPE ......................... 96
JOHN BULL FROG MAKES GOOD ................. 104
MRS. HOUSE FROG ARRIVES AT THE POND ..... 117
## THE CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. House Frog's Story</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Wonderful Nest</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>News</td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lark's Story</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Robin's Secret</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE ILLUSTRATIONS

Grandfather and Grandmother Bull Frog . Frontispiece

"Good Morning," said the Lark, "are n't you lonely in this flower garden?" . . . . . . . . . . 42

"Why are you in such a rush," called Bully to the Woolly Worm . . . . . . . . . . . 74

Bully saw the baby frogs disappearing in the Ducks' mouths . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 90

Bully danced a jig on his lily pad . . . . . . 116

"Have you gone crazy?" Golden Tree Frog asked the Crow . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 138
To my little daughter

Edith Louise

Who is the joy and light of our home
this book is affectionately dedicated
I SHOULD like to take all my young friends for a visit to a spot in a most beautiful valley. We will call it Rainbow Valley. Although this is not its real name, it will do for want of a better one.

At one side of this valley, nestled in against the hills, and quite hidden from sight by tall grasses and the overshadowing branches of trees, is a beautiful little lake. It is so tiny that perhaps we had better just call it a pond. In this pond are tall bulrushes that nod their heads in the summer breeze, and waving grasses and lovely pond lilies grow here.

In the center of the pond is a small island carpeted with wild flowers, ferns, and clinging vines. Great forest trees
surround the pond on three sides and stretch their mighty arms far out over its still waters. On the other side a tall rocky cliff guards the pond. Large rocks poke their noses out of the water and jut out from the cliff. One old fallen tree, that once gave shade to the quiet waters beneath, lies still at the water’s edge. On its branches the little bird built his nest, the squirrel sunned himself, and the great owl sat and called to his mate.

No one lives near this spot. Neither the trees nor anything about the pond has ever been visited by man. It is the home of the small folks I am going to tell you about in this story. These little folks think it the most beautiful and the safest place in the world. When you have heard this story, you will understand why they think so.

One warm spring day Bully’s mother—it is really Bully’s story I am going to tell you—placed her tiny eggs in the warm shallow water at the edge of the pond.
After seeing that the eggs were in a safe spot, she swam away and paid no more attention to them. She felt quite sure Mother Nature would care for them and see that they hatched safely. And this Mother Nature did. In three or four weeks, from one of these tiny eggs came Bully. He was a very, very small person at that time, and seemed to be all head and tail. He at once fastened himself to something soft which grew in the pond and began to eat.

As the days went on and Bully ate and ate, he grew quite fast. Soon he was able to swim about in the water with his brothers and sisters. After a few days tiny legs could be seen growing out of each side of his body near his head. Bully didn't think much of this. In fact, all he did think about was something to eat. But that didn't worry him much, either, as there was plenty of soft food for him in the pond. When his front legs were about grown, two more legs began to show
on each side of his body near his tail. As time passed and he began to use these legs in swimming, he found that he no longer needed a tail; so he didn’t worry when it dropped off. Then Bully did not look much like the little fellow that had come from a tiny egg about four months before. Until now he had been a tadpole. But he was a tadpole no longer. I suppose there is not a boy or girl anywhere who does not know that Bully was now a young frog. Yes, he was a young frog, but a very tiny one. Before this he had spent all his time in the water. It seemed strange for him to be out of it. He breathed differently on land. In the water he obtained his supply of air like a fish through gills at the sides of his head. I suppose you all know that gills are tiny leaf-like sieves on either side of the head through which a fish or a tadpole takes the air from the water. When Bully became a frog, the gills disappeared. He could now breathe the air like a real frog. A change took place
inside also. Another part, called a lobe, was added to his heart. So he became a frog inside as well as outside. Like some boys and girls, he wanted to be the same all through.

As Bully sat on the shore blinking his eyes in the bright sunshine, a gnat came flying right past his nose. As quick as a flash Bully put out his tongue, caught Mr. Gnat, and, in a twinkling of an eye, swallowed him. This was the first time he had tasted a live thing and, oh, how good it was! He decided right then that after this he would eat only live things.

Now I want to tell you about Bully’s tongue. Your tongue, as you know, is fastened in the back part of your mouth and has one point on the front of it. You know, too, that you cannot put out your tongue very far. Bully’s tongue is just the opposite of yours. His tongue is fastened in the front of his mouth just back of his teeth. On the end of it are two points which lie in the back of his
mouth near his throat. When an insect comes near him, he can put out his whole tongue, just like opening a door out wide. He can fasten those two points around an insect, such as a gnat or a fly, and hold that insect fast until it is away down his throat. All this is done so quickly that if you were looking at him you could hardly tell just how he did it. Wouldn't it be fine if boys and girls had a tongue like that? It would be so easy to put out when the doctor asks to see it.

Now you know who Bully is and quite a good deal about him. When this story opens he is one year old. Last summer he was a tadpole and a tiny little frog. This is his second summer. You may think he is now a full-grown frog; but he isn't. He will not be a full-grown bullfrog until he is four years old.

We first hear of Bully on a fine day in early spring. The fields are putting on their new green coats. The buds are bursting open on tree and shrub. The
wild flowers are beginning to fill the air with their fragrance. The birds are making the day glad with song. All nature seems to be full of joy. The sun smiles upon forest, hill, and field, not forgetting to warm the water of the Frog Pond. Bully is glad he is alive. He is on the shore busy catching gnats and flies. There are a great many other frogs living in this pond. The ones Bully admires most are Grandfather Bull Frog and Grandmother Bull Frog. They live on the island in the middle of the pond. Grandfather Bull Frog rules all the frogs in and about the pond. Bully wished he could be as big and strong as Grandfather Bull Frog. Grandmother Bull Frog told him that if he did his best, perhaps some day he would be as big and fine looking as Grandfather.

All the little frogs loved Grandmother Bull Frog. She looked after them and told them stories. Whenever Bully was in trouble, he always went to Grandmother.
One day he asked her how the frogs happened to find such a safe place to live.

"A long, long time ago," Grandmother answered, "Grandfather Bull Frog and I lived in a very nice pond far away from here. It was in the field of a man who had two bad boys. We liked that home, for it was very pleasant. But those boys were cruel. They used to catch the young frogs and kill them. And they would throw stones at us whenever we got far enough out of the water so that they could see us. It was very annoying. I never could understand just why they did it. We did the boys no harm. One day when we did not know they were about, some of the young frogs had climbed upon a rock that lifted its head out of the water. Some of the old frogs were teaching these young frogs to sing. Everything was going along nicely, when a stone came flying right through the air toward the rock. Everyone jumped into the water as quickly as he could. Most of the frogs got away
safely. But three young frogs were not quick enough and were smashed flat against the rock and killed. Oh, how dreadful it was! But those cruel boys laughed loudly. They seemed to think they had done a smart thing. We all hid down in the deep water and did not dare go out for anything to eat until we were nearly starved. Your Grandfather and I talked the matter over and decided we must leave our beautiful home and look for a safer place. We traveled for many days. At last we came to this pond. As there were no bad boys here or anything that would kill us, we decided to stay. Here we mean always to live."

"Oh, Grandmother, how dreadful!" little Bully cried. "Why can't we ask all the frogs to come and live here in this pond where there are no bad boys to kill them?"

"That would be fine," she answered; "but how could we send them word? We have no one to take the message to them. I think we should be as happy as we can
and not think too much about the sorrow of others. But come now," she continued, "I can hear Grandfather Bull Frog calling everyone to the evening concert. We must hurry."

Each evening all the frogs came together for a grand concert. Bully thought this the very best time of the whole day. He liked to hear those big booming frog voices as they made the forest ring with their song. He always sat on a lily pad near Grandfather Bull Frog's island during the concert. To tell the truth, that was usually his bed, for he nearly always fell into a sound sleep before the concert was half through. This night while he slept he dreamed of bad boys throwing stones. He thought he was telling all the other frogs to come to Rainbow Valley and make their home in this dear old Frog Pond.
BULLY AND THE LARK

It was a beautiful morning in early spring. The old bullfrogs about the pond were singing so loudly that it seemed as if their cheeks must burst. The cat-tails were sending up tall, sturdy green shoots through the still water. The trees were bursting into full bloom. The little johnny-jump-ups and yellow buttercups turned their smiling faces up to the beautiful warm sun, and tiny dewdrops were like thousands of sparkling diamonds on the leaves and grasses. All nature seemed joyous and smiling in Rainbow Valley.

Everybody about the Frog Pond was happy except Bully. He was sitting on the old log this bright morning looking very glum. He didn’t notice the beauty about him at all. You may wonder what was the matter with him. Surely a little frog has nothing to worry about! Maybe not, but anyhow, that was what he was doing.
He had been very unhappy ever since Grandmother Bull Frog had told him the story of the bad boys and the frogs. He had thought a great deal about it, and it made him sad. His little heart was heavy. He sat around all humped up and wished and wished there was some way to tell all the frogs about this lovely place and invite them to come here and make it their home. Oh, if he could only go himself to tell them! But he knew it was a long way off and that he could n't find the way. Surely there must be a way to invite them if he could only think of it. He wished he could see his friend the Lark. Perhaps he could think of a plan. It seemed as if it could not be done. Grandmother Bull Frog had said it could not, and Bully knew Grandmother was a wise old frog.

Did you ever want anything very, very much? So much it fairly made you ache thinking about it? Perhaps it was a new hat or a new suit, a ticket to the picture show or to a circus. You thought and
thought about how you might get the new hat or how you might get a ticket to the show. But it was all no use. You just did n’t see any way to get what you wanted, yet you would not give up. That new hat or the ticket would bob up and keep on bobbing up in your mind and dancing before your eyes. Well, that is the way it was with Bully that lovely spring morning. He could n’t get rid of the longing to have all the other frogs come and share his home with him any more than a hungry boy could quit thinking about the dinner he wanted.

While he was thinking and thinking, a shadow passed swiftly before his face and made him jump. In another moment there was a whirr of wings and his friend the Lark was beside him. “My,” said Bully, “how you made me jump!”

The Lark sang merrily, “I saw you sitting here looking so glum I thought I would frighten you a bit. But, friend Bully, what is your trouble? You ought
to be hopping about trying out that voice of yours for the spring chorus instead of spending this fine morning in the dumps on this log.”

“Well,” said Bully, “I am worried and will tell you all about it, but I don’t suppose it will do any good.” But he brightened up a bit and told the Lark, Grandmother Bull Frog’s story of the bad boys and the frogs.

“Is that all that’s bothering you?” asked his friend as he gobbled up a grasshopper that had been thoughtless enough to settle on the log near them.

“All!” exclaimed Bully. “Don’t you think it’s enough to make any frog feel badly?”

“Why, I suppose it is,” replied the Lark after thinking a moment. “But I see many worse things happen to your family every day. Anyway, I don’t think you can help things by making yourself so unhappy. Of course I would help all the frogs,” he hastened to say, “but I see no
way, and it keeps me busy looking out for my own family."

“What worse things do you see happen?” asked Bully.

“Oh,” replied the Lark, “sometimes I see snakes swallow frogs whole. Often I see ducks, geese, and other big birds eat them. I see turtles eat them, too, and every now and then I see big water bugs destroying frogs’ eggs. And I think,” he went on to say, “the very worst thing of all that I see is men sitting on the bank, putting a fish hook right through a live frog, and then throwing the line in the water and jerking the frog about. Oh,” he fluttered, “that’s too dreadfully cruel to look at! I always fly away as quickly as I can and try to forget it. All these things are very, very dreadful,” he said. “I can’t bear to think about them.”

Bully looked horrified. His big, round eyes nearly bulged out of his head and had such a frightened look. “Do you mean to tell me,” he asked, “that all this is true?”
“Why, yes,” said the Lark. “Do you think I would make up such dreadful stories? No, indeed, I couldn’t think up such wicked things. But cheer up, Bully. It will do the other frogs no good for us to worry about them and it will only make us unhappy.”

Bully was so sad he could just croak weakly, “Oo-oo, if only all the frogs could come here and live with us!”

“That would be splendid,” said the Lark, “but that dreadful noise you make each evening would be much louder than it is now, and I think the birds would all go crazy.”

“Don’t you like it?” asked Bully innocently. “That is our grand frog chorus. Surely it’s the most beautiful music in the whole world.”

Now the Lark, as we all know, is one of the finest singers in woods and fields. “Oh, pardon me, I didn’t know it was singing,” he said, as he put his head under his wing to hide a smile. “But if you do
invite all those other frogs to come here, I think I shall make my home in another neighborhood."

Bully wondered why he should want to move away from the banks of the Frog Pond. Surely, thought he, there’s not a better neighborhood in Rainbow Valley. He could only think his friend must be joking. "Well," said Bully sighing, "you needn’t move. I don’t suppose we shall ever invite them. How can we get an invitation to them? If only there were some way to get them word of this lovely place, I’m sure they would come."

The Lark looked at Bully for a moment, then stretched first one wing and then the other as far as he could, smoothing each feather until exactly right. He then flirted his tail this way and that, looked over his breast-feathers very carefully, and at last decided he was in perfect trim. He settled down on the old log much pleased with himself as he quietly pulled a big, fat worm out of a hole and ate it.
Bully sat looking at him thoughtfully. He admired this handsome friend of the forest and was much pleased when at last he said, "If you really want a messenger, I think I could take your invitation."

"You?" said Bully, and his eyes bulged larger than ever. "Could you really fly that far?" he asked.

"Oh, of course I could, and much farther," answered the Lark. "You see, my family were all hatched two weeks ago. Mother Lark can easily care for the babies. I am sure she would be perfectly willing for me to go. She knows I need rest and a little vacation. You know, I worked pretty hard helping to build the nest and singing to her while she sat on the eggs. She will not mind at all, I'm sure, if I go."

"Oh," said Bully, "you are the very best bird in the world! When could you start?"

"Today, I suppose," replied the Lark. "I shall fly around by the nest and tell Mother Lark. I am quite sure she will be pleased to have me do this for you."
“It will be fine if you can start today,” said Bully. “Be sure to tell them all about the valley and the pond.”

“Surely I will,” the Lark sang out. “Now perch on this old log and watch out for me when you think it’s about time for me to get back. Will you?” asked the Lark.

Of course Bully would. With a hasty good-by the Lark rose in the air. Higher and higher up in the blue sky he flew, singing as he went.

Bully sat looking into the sky long after the Lark was out of sight and at last said to himself, “I think next to a bullfrog a lark is the very finest singer in the world. But I must hurry and tell Grandfather Bull Frog all about our plan.”
It was not a great while until every frog in the pond had heard that the Lark had gone to invite all the other frogs to come and make their home in Rainbow Valley. Some thought it was foolish to think of such a thing. Others thought the plan a good one, but said the Lark would not be able to tell all of them. There were others who said that, while they hoped more frogs would come, they did n’t suppose a great many would care to travel so far. Grandfather Bull Frog said it was a splendid plan and he hoped they would come, for there was room enough in Rainbow Valley for all. Bully thought about it almost every minute of the day. He was so anxious for them to begin to come. He wondered about them by day and dreamed of them by night. He could n’t think of anything else, and he was often late to dinner and never on time for the evening concert. Grandmother was a bit worried about him,
for he never seemed to hear what she was saying to him. He did n’t seem to be ill, yet he took no interest in play or in his meals. Had she asked him, Bully could have told her why. He was busy thinking of the fun he would have with all the other young frogs. He wondered and wondered how many kinds of frogs there were, and when they would reach the pond. Would there be any little boy and girl frogs, or would the newcomers all be big, grown-up frogs? All his plans would be spoiled if no young frogs came. How many frogs would there be? What would they look like? Would they like this new home? These were only a few of the many questions Bully was trying to answer to his own satisfaction.

One morning he slept later than usual. I don’t know whether he would have waked when he did if old Mr. Sun, peeping slyly through the tree tops, had not sent a bright ray of light straight into his face. Bully rubbed his eyes sleepily, and was about to
hide under a big waterlily to take another nap, when the merry spring breezes came rushing madly through the tree tops. They tossed the branches of the trees about, and laughed gaily as the little seeds came whirling down, their wings spread out like tiny sails. The little seeds looked like hundreds and hundreds of butterflies as they came tumbling all about the lily pad where Bully was thinking about taking another nap. One little seed pecked him softly on the nose. He woke with a start. Then all at once he heard a queer noise. It was like the far-off distant hum of a swarm of bees, or like the gurgling sound of a laughing brook rippling over its bubbly bed. Bully sat up straight. He was curious to know at once what the noise was all about. It didn't take him long to find out. Looking out from under the lily pad, he saw most of the frogs sitting under a big tree on the bank of the pond. They were all crowded around a strange visitor and were all asking her questions at the
same time. “Where did you come from?” “How did you get here?” “Did the Lark tell you of this place?” These and many other questions they asked without giving the stranger time to answer one of them. The visitor sat in their midst looking about with a broad smile on her face. She wasn’t trying to answer all those questions. In fact, she had no chance to do so. Bully saw that she was short and fat and that her skin was rough and warty. Her hind legs were shorter than a frog’s hind legs. He thought her a very ugly-looking creature. Just then some one near him whispered, “My, what beautiful eyes she has!” Then for the first time he noticed the visitor’s eyes. Sure enough, they were large, dark, and beautiful, with a soft, kind light in them. They made him forget all about her ugly coat. He wondered who she was.

Then Grandfather Bull Frog began to speak. When he spoke, everyone else always kept silent. “I’m a little ashamed,”
he said, turning to the frogs on the bank. “You are asking this stranger so many questions at one time that she cannot answer any of them. This,” he told them, “is our honored cousin, Mrs. Toad. We are glad she has come to live among us, and I hope you will all try to make her very welcome.”

At this they all croaked loudly. “You are welcome, Mrs. Toad, indeed you’re very welcome to our home.”

“Now,” Grandfather Bull Frog said, “I have decided that Mrs. Toad may live under the big rock at the farther side of the pond. If you will all be quiet, I will ask her to tell us her story.”

The frogs all promised to keep still, so Mrs. Toad began:

“I may as well begin by telling you about myself. The very first thing I remember is only a few summers ago when I was a little toad living with many others like myself in a big country road. We thought that a very good place to live.
We knew no better. It was great fun hopping about making the dust fly. You see, many autos, wagons, and other things on wheels passed up and down that road. Soon I found it a dangerous place for us to live. While I always succeeded in dodging the big wheels as they rolled by, I often saw them crush other little toads to death. As this place was so full of danger, I decided one day to start out and see if I couldn't find a safer home. I traveled about for a few days until I came to a beautiful cabbage field with a fine wire fence around it. Peeping through this fence, I could see long rows of cabbages with many fat green worms crawling about on them. This was enough for me. I at once decided to move in and make the cabbage field my new home.

"I lived here in this place for some time. The gardener who owned the field raised vegetables to sell. He seemed glad to have me stay. He was very careful never to strike me with his hoe and was kind to
me in every way. I tried to repay his kindness by destroying as many bugs and worms as I could eat. His children were good to me, too, and often brought me choice bits from the table, which I enjoyed very much. The little boys and girls would laugh merrily as they dropped a bit of food to see me catch it quickly on my tongue and eat it. This garden home suited me so well I thought I should never leave it.

"One day when the family were away from home I was dozing under a big leaf when a boy jumped over the wire fence. Quick as a wink he had me shut up in a small box and was running off with me. I was frightened, of course, but there was nothing to do but go with him peaceably.

"By and by I learned that a rich woman who lived in the city had advertised for toads. She had a lovely garden where she raised beautiful flowers and she offered a good price to any boy who would bring her some toads to put in her garden. The
boy sold me to this woman, who put me in her flower garden. The garden was at her city home, where she lived with her husband and two charming daughters. I often watched the young ladies as they sat on the wide front porch with their many friends. Just over the way lived another family. The houses were not far apart. These people also had a pleasant home. The man was a doctor who took care of a great many sick people. He had a lovely wife and two handsome boys. They were fine young fellows, but, like many other boys, were full of mischief, especially the older one. He usually kept things lively for both families.

“One summer evening some time after I had come to live in the flower garden, the two young ladies were sitting on the front porch pretending to read. I think really they were looking for some young men who came often to call on them, for I saw that one of them was holding her paper upside down, and the other kept
lifting her eyes from the book on her lap and looking down the street as if she were expecting some one. It had been a dreadfully hot day. The leaves of the plants curled up like little corkscrews, and the grass was quite brown in places. The air was dry and no breeze was blowing. Even the garden seemed hot and stuffy. The woman came out of the house, fastened the hose to the water faucet, and began to sprinkle the flowers. She was very fond of the flowers and always cared for them herself. I was among the plants amusing myself by catching fireflies. My, how good and cool that water seemed! Very soon the plants began to lift up their heads and the leaves to uncurl. The flowers fairly seemed to smile. While the cool water trickled down my back I sat looking at them, snapping up one firefly after another. As I sat watching the water as it showered over the thirsty flowers and the dry grass, the mischievous boy who lived across the way came slipping round the house. He
was smiling slyly and looking first toward where I sat and then at the young ladies. I could see plainly that he was planning some mischief. Before I knew what he was up to, he had picked me up and started toward the porch. You should have seen the young ladies then. They didn’t stop for anything, but dropped book and paper, took one hasty look at me, and sprang for the door, crying out, ‘O you dreadful, dreadful boy!’

“They ran into the house as fast as they could go, slamming the door and locking it after them. Now why should anyone be afraid of me? I’m sure I don’t know. I can see why people should be afraid of a snake or a savage dog, but to be afraid of a harmless toad is more than I can understand. I know I’m not handsome, as I am rather fat and have warts on my skin. I have seen some people, too, who were fat and not so very handsome and yet I didn’t run from them. And there are some folks silly enough to believe that if
you touch a toad, you, too, will have warts. I don’t believe any such thing. That boy who liked mischief did n’t seem to be afraid either of me or of my warts.

“Well, when the girls ran away from the boy, he started for the woman. She was so busy with the hose that for a moment she did not realize what he was up to. Then, seeing him spring toward her with me in his hand, she, too, started to run and cried out, ‘Don’t you put that toad on me! Don’t you dare do such a thing!’

“She ran toward the house, but was so excited her foot caught in the hose, and down she fell. The end of the hose with the nozzle flopped around and sprayed all over her as she lay on the ground. The boy, thinking she might be hurt, dropped me and ran to help her up. But the woman, thinking he still had me in his hand, cried, ‘Go away, go away, you dreadful boy! If you put that toad on me, I ’ll paddle you well!’ Finally he made her understand he had dropped me and was trying to help
her to her feet. My, but she was a sight when she got up! Her hair, like wet strings, hung straight down her back. The water ran in little streams down her face and dropped from her nose and chin. Her clothes were as wet as though she had fallen in the river. Of course she had to go in at once and change them.

"After it was all over the young ladies came out on the porch and laughed and laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks. The boy laughed, too, but he lay down and rolled over on the wet grass and laughed as though he'd never stop. No one seemed a bit cross about it. Even the woman, after she had changed her wet clothes for dry ones, had to smile when she saw the boy and the girls laughing so heartily. At first I couldn't see the joke. But finally I saw they were not laughing at me, as I supposed, but at the woman who got drenched so thoroughly. When I saw through the joke, I just hopped in among the flowers where I
would not be noticed, and I, too, had the best laugh of my lifetime. Now, as I look back, I think it was the very funniest thing I ever saw happen. And just think, I was the cause of it all! Or perhaps I had better say the boy and I together made it all happen. If some women I've met had got such a ducking, there would have been a regular neighborhood row over it. But it didn't seem to make any difference between those two families. If anything, they seemed to think all the more of each other.

"I tell you, I liked that home, but there were no other toads near and so I was often lonely. I do so enjoy company and a good friendly visit at times. Then the mischievous boy, while he never hurt me, kept me upset most of the time by carrying me around in his big, warm hand. I was always wishing he would let me alone just as the man in the cabbage patch did.

"Yesterday morning after a good night's sleep I was sitting among the flowers
“Good morning,” said the Lark, “aren’t you lonely in this flower garden?”
thinking of what I was going to have for breakfast, when your friend, the Lark, lit on a rose bush in the garden. He began to plume his feathers and look about him. Finally he spied me down in between two tall plants. ‘Good morning!’ he said, ‘aren’t you lonely in this flower garden?’

‘I told him I was very lonely at times, especially when the boy over the way was not around. Then I told him how I came there, what kind of folks lived there, and about the boy who so frightened me at times. ‘Why don’t you go and live at the Frog Pond?’ he said. ‘What Frog Pond?’ I asked. He then told me all about this beautiful place in Rainbow Valley. And when he said there were no boys here, I wanted to start right off. He told me he had been sent to tell about the place and to invite frogs to come here. Perhaps he thought I didn’t look just like a frog, so that was why he said it. I told him I was first cousin to the frogs. Then he said he was sure it was all right for me to come.
“We talked together for some time, the Lark explaining your plan to have all the frogs come to what he called ‘the old Frog Pond’ in Rainbow Valley. I asked him how far it was to the pond and the way to get there. He was very careful to tell me all I needed to know and then said he must be going, as there were a great many others he wished to see that day.

“After he was gone I sat for a long time thinking of what he had told me. The more I thought of it the more I wanted to go. I did like my home in the flower garden, but I never knew what prank that mischievous boy would play on me. This kept me so restless I could hardly enjoy my meals or get a good night’s rest. After thinking the matter over for a long time, I made up my mind to go. So that very evening after the sun was down and the shadows began to fall I said good-by to the garden, took a last look at the two houses and the garden hose, and slipped softly away. I traveled ’most all night. This
morning, as the first faint streak of light appeared in the east, I heard a great croaking. I was tired, but I quickened my steps, for I felt I was nearing the pond. Sure enough, in a very short time I saw the water and the big rock. I knew then that I was at the right place. I think I am very fortunate to get here so soon. I am sure I shall like this home. And now, if you will excuse me, I will go over to the big rock and rest awhile.”

As Mrs. Toad turned away, every frog began hunting his breakfast. All were well pleased that so fine a person as Mrs. Toad had come to live with them.
BULLY’S NEW COAT

For several hours black clouds heavy with rain had hung low over the Frog Pond. The gentle spring raindrops came softly down, giving a little pat now and then to the little buds on the trees which had been trying to open their sleepy eyes for several days. In the morning the wind tossed and tumbled the black storm clouds about until they looked like huge, billowy gray blankets. The warm spring sun shone down, gently touching each little bud until it opened its eyes and burst into full bloom.

All the little creeping and crawling creatures were moving about. All the little flying insects were sailing through the air. The bees were flitting from flower to flower as if they would taste the sweetness of each of them.

It seemed to Bully that the world, his little world, had never been as beautiful as when he opened his eyes that spring morning. All the frogs seemed to be enjoying
the loveliness, for the woods fairly rang with their cheerful croakings.

Did I say Bully was singing? If I did, it was all a mistake. Bully wasn’t even thinking of singing. He was sitting on his lily pad thinking how uncomfortable he felt. If we had been near enough, no doubt we should have heard him sigh every once in a while. I’m pretty sure he groaned a bit, too, although it might have been something he was muttering to himself. But there was no need to worry, for Bully was not ill. He felt a great deal as you feel after dinner on Thanksgiving Day. You know that then you would like to put on your older sister’s or brother’s clothes, as your own seem too tight for you. The trouble is, you have been greedy. A young frog is one of the greediest creatures in the world. He will eat bees and flies and ants, grasshoppers, wiggly worms, crawly bugs, and any kind of flying thing —about every little live thing that’s small enough to go down his throat.
Bully had been gorging this way for several days, so don’t be surprised if I tell you his clothes were too small for him. His coat was tight, his vest was tight, and his trousers and stockings even tighter. No matter whether he sat down, stood up, or moved about, he was uncomfortable. He was sure he could not put another thing into his stomach until he wore a bigger suit of clothes.

Did you think a frog’s clothes would stretch—that his clothes grow as he grows? Well, that is not true. His clothes are not made of rubber. They will stretch but very, very little.

But where did Bully’s suit come from? His mother did not make it for him. In fact, he did not ask her to make him one, for the reason he did n’t know which frog was his mother. Is n’t that sad—never to know your own mother? You remember I told you that his mother, after laying her eggs in the shallow water, swam away and paid no more attention to them. But
Bully didn’t worry about his mother. He had early learned to look out for himself, so he didn’t feel the need of her. He could even get a new suit all by himself. If we could watch him, we should see him hump his back, bend his arms and legs, and twist himself about in many funny ways. Very soon something would go r-r-rip, and we should see his clothes burst open clear down the back. He would then begin to pull out his arms and legs. When these were out he would pull the old clothes off over his head just the way a boy takes off his shirt. The old clothes would be off. Well, that is just what happened. Perhaps you think he stood there on his lily pad in his underclothes, shivering in the cool spring breezes. But he didn’t, for Mother Nature had already made him a new suit and he had it on right under his old clothes. When his old clothes came off he was already dressed—dressed in his Sunday best. How he did smile when he saw the new suit! How hand-
some it was, with its back of green, with splashes of brown sprinkled here and there on it! How beautiful the vest was! Not a wrinkle! It was a soft, light yellow. He smoothed the shining coat and vest and the bright new trousers and stockings. He leaned over the edge of the lily pad and gazed at the picture he saw of himself in the water. What a splendid suit it was! Just big enough, a perfect fit without a wrinkle anywhere. Do you wonder he laughed softly as he saw himself in his looking glass? We won't blame him at all if he was a bit vain, for we all like to see and have beautiful clothes.

He was just about to jump off the lily pad when he thought of his old suit. What should he do with it? He didn't once think of going away and leaving it lying on the lily pad as some children we know leave their night clothes on the floor when they dress in the morning. He might have rolled it off into the water, but that wouldn't do, either. That would be just like kicking
it under the bed to get it out of sight. He couldn't hang it up, for there was no place to hang it. What do you suppose he did? It didn't take Bully long to decide what to do with it. He put it out of sight in a jiffy, but not under his bed or in the closet. You remember he hadn't had any breakfast and was pretty hungry, as it had taken him so long to dress—or rather to undress—that morning. He felt almost anything would taste good, even his old coat. He not only felt hungry enough to eat his coat, he really ate it.

First he rolled it carefully into a ball, then put it into his mouth, and, with one gulp, down it went. Think of it—a breakfast of one's old coat! That was Bully's first and last meal that morning. And the funny thing about it was, he not only felt that he had had his breakfast, but that he had made his bed and put his room to rights in quite the proper way.

Bully jumped into the water to take his morning swim with all his brothers and
sisters, aunts, uncles, and cousins. He wasn’t at all afraid the water would spoil that new suit. No, indeed, he knew water wouldn’t hurt it in the least. Water on Bully’s coat is like fresh paint on an old building. It makes it look bright and clean. How he did enjoy swimming that morning! It was such a comfy suit. He could stretch his arms and legs as far as he wished without a thought of distress or a fear of tearing his new suit. There was such a comfortable feeling in his stomach, as though now he could eat all he wanted. In his new suit he thought himself the happiest and the handsomest boy frog in the pond that morning.
A RUDE STRANGER

It was almost evening. The big round sun was growing larger and redder as the clouds spread their white, fleecy blanket over him as they were putting him to bed. The spring wind, which had howled fiercely all through the long day, tossing things about from place to place, had now become a gentle evening breeze which whispered softly among the leaves and grasses. The evening shadows were gently creeping under the trees as Bully climbed onto the log once more. He was very happy tonight. Every frog about the Pond seemed to feel happy, too. Did they not have the most beautiful spot on the whole earth for a home? He sat watching the butterflies chase each other, darting swiftly here and there under the trees and over the still water. Their red and yellow wings looked very beautiful as the sun shot his last beam of light through a break in the clouds. Some of those wings at that
moment looked like pure gold. Grandfather Bull Frog was beginning to call loudly from the island. It was time for the full chorus. How fine it was to be a frog, thought Bully as he sat there listening as a voice called first here then there. “Yes, its just splendid to be a frog,” he said to himself.

He thought he was alone until he was rudely pushed to one side by a big strange frog. “Here,” said the newcomer, “wake up, you sleepy little frog, and tell us if this is the place we are looking for.”

Bully quickly turned around. There, right beside him, sat two very big frogs. They looked larger even than Grandfather Bull Frog or Grandmother Bull Frog, although they were really not any larger. “Can’t you talk?” they said. “Is this the Frog Pond the Lark told us about?”

“Y-e-s, I think it is,” said Bully. He was frightened. Yes, truly he was afraid of those strange frogs. They didn’t look one bit friendly.
"Now tell us," the stranger went on, "who is it we see on the island over there?"
"That," Bully was at last able to say, "is Grandfather Bull Frog. He rules this Pond. Shall I take you to see him?"
"You need n't do any such thing, youngster," the stranger replied. "I can attend to that myself."

The stranger was not at all polite. Bully didn't know what was best to do. He was afraid even to get off the log unless he was told he might do so.

The strange frog got slowly to the ground, jumped into the water, and swam to the island. Then Bully sprang off the log as quickly as he could. He was a bit afraid of Mrs. Stranger, who was still sitting there. But he swam quickly over to his lily pad and climbed upon it, for he wanted to hear what the stranger said to Grandfather Bull Frog.

Grandfather Bull Frog saw the strange frog coming toward the island and went to meet him.
"I am very glad to welcome you to our Frog Pond," said he.

The stranger did not reply at once. By and by he said, "This is a nice island."

"Yes, it is," answered Grandfather Bull Frog.

"I think," said the stranger, "I will take it for my home. You can find a place for yourself somewhere else."

Grandfather Bull Frog was too much surprised at first to reply. But he finally said, "You don't seem to understand how it is. You see, I am the ruler of this Frog Pond and the island is my home."

"That makes no difference," said the stranger slowly. "It's going to be my island now, and you must get off at once, for I'm going to take it."

With that he began to puff out his cheeks, bulge out his big eyes, and snap his teeth together. He looked as if he were ready to swallow poor old Grandfather Bull Frog whole. While he kept up this threatening manner, he moved closer and closer to
Grandfather, with his body very close to the ground. He did n’t hop, but crept up an inch or two at a time, with his wicked eyes fixed on Grandfather Bull Frog. It certainly looked as if a very bad frog had arrived.

Bully had thought the strange frog looked anything but friendly when he first saw him on the log, but now he looked ten times more wicked. Where Bully sat he could see and hear everything that was going on. He watched Grandfather closely to see how he would take what the stranger was saying and doing. Would he frighten him into giving up the island? Bully was afraid he might. Bully thought he wouldn’t blame Grandfather very much if he did, for the strange frog certainly looked both bad and big.

But Grandfather Frog did n’t say a word. At first he looked surprised, then his handsome old face clouded all over with the most fearful rage. His big eyes fairly blazed with wrath, his cheeks puffed out hugely,
and all at once he seemed much bigger than the bad stranger. He didn’t move back an inch as he saw the bad frog coming toward him. He planted his big feet more firmly on the ground, as though about to make a mighty leap. He stretched out his neck with his chin almost touching the ground. Then, opening his big mouth and showing all his sharp teeth, he made one short leap and landed right on the back of that wicked stranger.

Grandfather jumped so suddenly and with so much force, that the bad frog was knocked down and rolled over and over on his back in the dirt. He was taken entirely by surprise, for he expected Grandfather to be so frightened he would leave the island without a fight. But before he knew what was happening, he was down, with Grandfather’s big teeth gripping him in his side. My, how it hurt! He began to see his folly and the danger he was in and he wished he had been good. He saw that he must make the fight of his life. So, watching
his chance, he sank his teeth into Grandfather's side. This made Grandfather bite all the harder, and sink his big teeth in all the deeper.

Each one holding onto the other, they rolled about in the dust, kicking, biting, and scratching. Grandfather stuck one of his fingers into the left eye of the bad frog, which almost made him let go, but just then the strange frog stuck his knee into Grandfather's stomach, almost knocking the breath out of him. He pulled his finger out of the bad frog's eye to hold it for a moment on his own stomach. The fight went on. Now the stranger was down on his back, and now Grandfather was under the stranger. They were so evenly matched in size and strength that it was hard to tell who would win.

But there was a bit of difference. Grandfather was in the right, and knew it, while the bad frog was in the wrong, and he knew it, too. It makes one strong to feel he is in the right. Grandfather was fighting for
his home and family, and the stranger was fighting for that which didn't belong to him. This made the one strong and the other weak.

It was a dreadful battle to those who looked on. Every frog in the pond was too frightened to come near. Most of them jumped into the water and swam out of sight of it, while others hid under leaves and stones or behind logs. Once in a while the braver ones would put their noses out and take a peep at the fighters and then dodge quickly back. A stillness hung over the whole Frog Pond. If anyone spoke, he did so in a whisper. The frogs had never seen two big frogs fight before. Neither had they ever seen dear old Grandfather look so terrible.

On went the fight. Neither was willing to give up. Sometimes it looked as if Grandfather would surely win, then the bad frog would succeed in getting on top and it looked as if he would win. Bully could see that Grandfather was on top most
of the time, yet he was afraid for him just the same. The big frog was giving him about all he could do. Both were now breathing hard and fighting as if for life.

The big round moon came up and looked down on them through the trees. She could see the frogs fighting, and Bully fancied there was a scowl on her usually smiling face. And he wondered what she thought of such a sight. The little stars peeped down upon the island. They did not seem to twinkle and sparkle as usual. The wind sighed and moaned in the tree-tops. The dew fell on the leaves and grasses. Bully thought it very like tears Mother Nature was shedding over the dreadful battle being fought on the island. Oh, why had the Lark invited the bad frog to come to the island to spoil their happiness!

There was no evening concert. Not a frog sang even one note. The only sound was that low, muffled, rolling-about noise over on the island. It was almost midnight. But not a frog had thought of
sleep. But at last the sounds grew fainter and fainter. Bully wondered if Grandfather Bull Frog was dying. Perhaps they both were dying. How he wished he knew! Oh, if he could only see how the fight was going! He wondered why some of the other frogs did n’t do something to help Grandfather. All of them seemed too terrified to think of anything. They just kept out of sight.

Finally Bully could stand it no longer. He slipped off his lily pad and swam over to the island and quietly peeped through the tall grasses. They were still fighting, and poor old Grandfather Bull Frog seemed very weak. He looked as if he could n’t hold out much longer. But the strange frog looked as if he would soon have to quit also. Bully was very sure Grandfather needed help. He rushed through the grass and went right up to that big strange frog. He set his little sharp teeth into the side of the strange frog’s cheek and hung on with all his might. The strange frog could n’t
hurt him without letting go of Grandfather Bull Frog. So Bully hung on. All three rolled about in the dust. At last the strange frog let go of Grandfather Bull Frog and fell back. Bully put his cold little nose against him to let him know he was sorry. He stayed close by until morning. By that time Grandfather was able to hop about a little. The big strange frog moved about some, too. When Bully and Grandfather went up to him, he drew back, saying, "Don't kill me, please don't! And please let me stay here. I will be good."

"No," said Grandfather Bull Frog, "I am not going to kill you. And you may stay if you will promise never again to try to take this island."

The big frog promised. And he was as good as his word. Like some people who have to learn their lessons in life by sad experience, this strange frog never forgot the lesson of that awful night. He became a wiser and better frog and one of Grandfather's best friends.
JOHN BULL FROG'S STORY

In a few days both Grandfather Bull Frog and the stranger were about the pond once more. Scratches were still to be seen on their shiny coats, but Mother Nature was giving them her very best care and they were healing rapidly. Most of the time they both hid under some big cool leaves where the hot sun could not find them and where the gentle breezes helped to heal their wounds.

Everyone about the Frog Pond praised Bully for what he had done until his foolish little head was filled with pride. His brothers and sisters did n’t understand how he had dared do such a thing as attack that fierce, strange frog. They told him he had saved Grandfather Bull Frog’s life. Bully really believed this was true. Was not old Grandfather about ready to quit when he had jumped in and helped him? We shall just have to forgive him for being a bit puffed up. We can’t really blame him very
much if his head was turned with pride. It would make almost anyone proud to have his whole family saying nice things about him. Bully, sitting on his lily pad and looking up at the sky, even thought the little stars were winking and nodding their approval of what he had done. Mrs. Moon’s lovely face no longer wore a frown. She seemed to beam kindly on him as she rode slowly along in the clear sky. Even the tall cat-tails nodded their brown heads, and the faces of the snowy water lilies seemed smiling at him in the moonlight. Yes, Bully’s heart was full of pride and happiness as he sat there on his lily pad. Do you wonder at it?

About a week after the great fight Grandfather Bull Frog said he was again able to lead the concert. When each frog was in his usual place, Grandfather looked about and said, “This stranger has promised to be good if we will let him live in the old Frog Pond. I will do as you say. Shall he stay?”
All the frogs at once croaked loudly, "Yes, let him stay if he really promises to be good."

"I shall be glad to have him stay," said Grandfather Bull Frog. "We will give him for his home the deep place over by the bulrushes. Now before we begin to sing suppose we ask him to tell us his story."

The stranger stood up and, beginning very meekly, said, "I thank you for letting me stay. I shall try to do right. You see, I have not always been a trouble-making frog. I wandered away from my old home and have been living among the wrong kind of people."

"Bad company always spoils good frogs," boomed out several voices at once. "But there are no really bad frogs here, so you ought to find it easy to be good."

"Yes," he replied, "I believe everyone here is trying to do right, and I promise you I shall try to do right, too."

"We believe you will. We shall try you anyway," croaked every frog in the pond.
“Thank you very much,” the stranger replied. “Now for my story:"

“T came from a land far across the ocean, from a country called Belgium. With many of my family I lived in a fine old swamp which was as good a home as any frog need wish. It was very pleasant there, although the people often would catch and eat some of us. Mrs. Frog and I always managed to hide when they came looking for us, so we escaped. Yes, it was pleasant living there, until one day we saw a great many men marching by with big guns which made a dreadful noise and sent out fire and smoke. After that we were never free from fear.

“One day, when we were hurrying about looking for a safe place to hide, we saw a man’s coat lying on the ground. It had a wide, deep pocket and we crawled into it and hid. We had been hiding there quite a while when a man came along, picked up the coat, and put it on. We did n’t have time to get out of the pocket, so we
snuggled down close to the bottom and kept still. Oh, but we were frightened! We thought we should surely be eaten. The man walked a long way, all the time talking to a companion. He had his hand in the pocket where we were hiding, but his arm was too short for his hand to touch us. At last the men stopped walking, but went on talking. We heard the man say, 'Now, where are those papers? They must be in this pocket.' And at that he reached down and found us. It seemed to make him very angry, for he jerked us out. My, how he did hurt us! 'Two frogs, ugh!' he said, and he threw us both as far as he could. As he was standing on the seashore we fell far out in the salty water. We thought we should be killed. The water made our eyes smart and made us feel ill. We swam about until a big wave tossed us upon a long, narrow, queer-looking boat that was floating on the water.

"Two men were about to board her when they saw us. One of them said, 'Oh, the
Kaiser's frogs! We will take them along for mascots.' I didn't know what they meant by that. They put us down in the boat in the dark and started for sea. For many days the boat tumbled about. We were so seasick we couldn't eat. We thought we should surely die. We found out from what the men said that they were going to America to destroy New York Harbor. They talked a great deal about being able to take this country and said many times that it was theirs if they could take it. That is why I thought this Frog Pond would be mine if I could take it."

"Oh, I see!" said Grandfather Bull Frog. "You surely were in bad company."

"Yes," said the stranger, "I must have been.

"One morning we heard the men on the boat say, 'Here we are at last. Now for the torpedoes.' Then they began to hurry about as though getting ready to do something. While they hurried to and fro there
came an awful crash. The noise was louder than forty old bullfrogs all singing at once. The boat went to pieces, and we, with those Germans, were blown into the air. I don’t know what was wrong with that boat. I did n’t understand the noise or the crash.”

“It was strange,” croaked all the frogs. “What could have been the matter?”

“I’ve wondered a lot about it,” the stranger said, “but I can’t think what made the noise and why the boat went all to pieces so quickly. It’s certainly strange. Well, anyway, it did n’t hurt Mrs. Frog and me, but the men went to pieces just like the boat. We never saw them again. We came down together and fell into more salty water. We swam about the best we could. Finally a big wave lifted us out of the water and threw us up on the shore. With our eyes, nose, and mouth smarting, we lay there for a while nearly dead. We were so weak we could n’t stand on our feet. My, I hope
I shall never have to swim in salt water again! It is awful! I hate it," he said.

"There are no frogs in the world," said wise old Grandfather Frog, "who can stand salt water. We can't live in it."

"Well," continued the strange frog, "we lay so quiet on the beach that we must have seemed quite dead. By and by, opening one eye just a little, I saw a bird hopping along the shore looking for his breakfast. Coming up close to us, he said, 'Two dead frogs! Too bad, too bad!' By trying hard I managed to croak hoarsely, 'No, we're not dead. We shall soon be all right again.' The bird then told us of this beautiful place, and how the frogs in this pond had sent him to invite all other frogs to come and make it their home. He said it was not far away and that we could reach it in a few days.

"He showed us where to get a good breakfast, and after resting in the sun a few hours we started out. We were pretty weak at first, but as we hopped along,
finding plenty to eat by the way, we began to feel stronger. At last we came in sight of this beautiful spot. We knew from what the bird had told us that it must be the right place. And now that you have decided to let us stay, I want to tell you how sorry I am for what I did a week ago."

"We shall have to forget that," said Grandfather Bull Frog. "And now," turning to the others, "what shall we call this stranger?" he asked.

Several frogs croaked, "Call him the Kaiser."

"No, no," said the strange frog. "Call me John Bull Frog, for I have many relatives in England. Don't call me the Kaiser. I am glad he threw us into the sea and that we are here where he can never lay hands on us again."

At that all the frogs began to say, "John Bull Frog it shall be."

So John Bull Frog we will now call him. "Can you sing?" asked Grandfather.
“They say,” said John Bull Frog, “that I’m one of the world’s finest singers.” He said this rather modestly, blushing just a little as he glanced first at Mrs. John Bull Frog, who sat close beside him, and then at the other frogs.

“Then will you sing for us?” asked Grandfather.

“I shall be glad to do so,” said John, “but not to-night. Please excuse me this time. I don’t feel like singing just now.”

After a few songs by the grand chorus the meeting broke up. Mr. and Mrs. John Bull Frog were shown to their new home over by the bulrushes. They were thankful indeed that the other frogs had said they might stay. Before going to sleep that night they talked over all the things that had happened to them since they were thrown out of the Kaiser’s pocket. How good the frogs in Rainbow Valley had been to them—better than they deserved! They made up their minds always to do right.
BULLY AND THE WOOLLY WORM

As early summer drew near, mornings grew warm and pleasant. And when the sun peeped above the horizon old John Bull Frog thundered a noisy greeting to him. Several other old bullfrogs, not wishing to be outdone by John Bull, woke early to boom out a morning welcome. Very few frogs could sleep late. But they didn’t mind, for the world in the early morning was so full of joy and song. Even the little frogs were awake and trying their voices at this hour.

Our little Bully was roaming around among some big leaves looking for his breakfast. He was not hungry, for he had a splendid meal late the night before. He was a great deal like a boy—anything tasted good at any old time. As he hopped about, a woolly worm—the kind of worm we call caterpillar—began to be afraid and started from his hiding place under a big leaf. He hurried away as fast as
“Why are you in such a rush?” called Bully to the Woolly Worm.
he could, for he didn’t care to make a breakfast for a little frog.

“Wait a minute!” cried Bully. “Why are you in such a rush?”

“I don’t want to be eaten,” Woolly Worm replied in a very much frightened voice.

Bully had never eaten a woolly worm. He wasn’t at all sure he would like the taste of one, so he said, “I won’t eat you. Let’s be friends.”

“I should like to be your friend,” replied Woolly Worm, “but I’m afraid I can’t trust you.”

“I won’t eat you,” again promised Bully. “You are far too handsome to be eaten.”

Woolly Worm knew quite well he was goodlooking, and was proud of his looks. He wore several rings—not the kind children like to wear. Oh, no! His were black and yellow. They were of wool and went around his entire body. They surely made a splendid coat. When Bully called him a handsome fellow he stopped
to listen, for he liked to be told that he was well dressed.

"Well, if you won't eat me," said Woolly Worm, "we shall be friends." He talked with short, panting little breaths. His eyes looked as if they were being squeezed from his head, and he seemed to be in great distress.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Bully. "You don't look right."

"I'm afraid I've been too greedy," panted Woolly Worm. "But everything tastes so good, how can I help it? This morning my coat's far too tight for me. I feel as if my inside is too big for my outside."

Bully knew how it felt to wear a tight coat. He also knew how to get a new one. "Can't you get a new coat?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," replied Woolly Worm, "that's no trouble at all. I was just about to change my old coat for a new one when you frightened me from my hiding place."
“Please pardon me,” said Bully. “I did n’t mean to frighten you. Don ’t mind me. Just go ahead and change your coat.”

“I will,” said Woolly Worm. “This one is n’t very comfortable. The reason I was afraid you’d eat me,” he continued, “is because after I change my coat I’m so weak for a few hours I can’t get about. You’re sure you will not change your mind?” he asked a little anxiously.

“No, I promise you I won’t,” replied Bully. “Cross my heart and hope to die if I do,” he said as he drew his hand criss-cross on the front of his vest.

“All right, I’ll trust you then,” said Woolly Worm. At once he began to hump his back and bend and twist about. Then his coat, like Bully’s old coat, split wide open down the back. In a short time Woolly Worm had pulled it off. With the coat came also the lining to his stomach and intestines. He lay beside them looking very pale and feeble. Bully thought Woolly Worm was dying. He went a
little nearer to him. "Are you dying?" he asked in alarm.

"Oh, no," answered Woolly Worm. "All I need is a few hours of rest and quiet. Then I'll be myself again."

"But your new coat?" gasped Bully. "Where is it?"

"I have it on," Woolly Worm answered in a feeble voice. "It takes a little time for it to get dry and hard. Please go away and let me alone."

"But don't you want me to stay with you? You look so sick," insisted Bully.

"No, no, go away, I want to sleep," said Woolly Worm crossly.

Bully went off a little distance, but he made up his mind to come back soon to see how his new friend was getting along. Bully was worried, Woolly Worm looked so weak and sick. But he forgot all about the worm when he heard Grandfather Bull Frog's big voice saying, "Hello, strangers, where are you from?" Bully hurried away to see who had arrived at the Frog Pond.
THE TREE FROGS ARRIVE

There was much excitement and a great babble of voices over the way under a big elm tree. Mrs. Toad, hearing the noise, came from her home as fast as her short legs and her fat body would bring her. All the father and mother frogs, all the boy and girl frogs, and all the baby frogs could be seen hoppity-hopping toward the big elm tree with the very biggest and longest leaps they could make. What was it all about? Surely some great person has come, thought Bully as he, too, hurried over to the gathering under the elm tree.

There in the center of a large circle of frogs he saw six strangers sitting. Two of them were dressed in fine green coats with "spots of brown and bands of darker green shaded in." These two strangers said they had always lived in the forest a few miles away. They said the other four strangers had stopped at their house to spend the night, and had told them of
the Frog Pond in Rainbow Valley and invited them to come here with them. The two stranger frogs wanted to come, as they had heard the Frog Pond was the most beautiful and the safest place in the world for frogs to live. "It certainly is lovely," they declared as they gazed around.

Two of the other four stranger frogs wore blue coats with pure white vests. "We are the Blue Tree Frogs from South America," they said.

"What splendid clothes!" exclaimed some of the old frogs.

The Blue Tree Frogs only smiled and said, "These are our friends Mr. and Mrs. Golden Tree Frog from Tasmania."

The Golden Tree Frogs wore coats of grass green thickly covered with shiny yellow embroidery that looked like the purest beaten gold. Several of the mother frogs gasped as they saw their beautiful clothes. They went near and touched them gently. They had not known there
were such handsome frogs in the world as these. The Golden Tree Frogs were much pleased to be so admired. They believed no other frogs could dress so well.

“A man came to our home and captured us and brought us to this country,” said Mr. Golden Tree Frog. “He also brought the Blue Tree Frogs from South America. He took all of us to his beautiful country home and placed us in the trees.”

“I don’t understand why he should have done that,” said Mrs. Blue Tree Frog. “We wanted to stay in our own beautiful country. We have always been unhappy in America. One day a Lark lit in our tree and began talking to us. We told him how homesick we were. ‘If I were you,’ said the Lark, ‘I’d go and live in the Frog Pond.’ We asked what Frog Pond he was talking about. He then told us of this lovely place in Rainbow Valley. He talked about these fine old trees and this beautiful little lake. He also told us of the fine old father and mother frogs and
of all the young frogs who live here. He said so much about it that we decided to come at once. I can see," he said, looking around, "that the Lark told the truth. It is lovely here. I know we shall like it."

Grandfather Bull Frog asked them what they would like for a house. "Oh, a tree, of course," they said, "if it makes no difference to you."

"Take any one you like, it's all the same to me," said Grandfather Bull Frog, bowing low with his hand on his vest. "I am glad you came," he went on, "for there are so many insects in these trees I was afraid the trees would be destroyed."

"One thing I can't understand," said John Bull Frog, "is how a tree frog can climb. I have tried many times to climb, but I can't do it."

"It is because you do not have suctorial discs, or tiny sucking cups, on the bottom of your feet as we do. These cups help us cling to a tree or anything we may wish to walk upon," said Mr. Blue Tree Frog.
“And see my vest,” said a tree frog proudly. “Look at the tiny holes in it. Through these holes I can drink the dew from the leaves. I don’t have to come to the ground for a drink of water. No indeed, I don’t,” he boasted.

“Where do you lay your eggs and hatch your polly-wogs?” asked Mrs. Toad.

“Oh,” answered Mrs. Blue Tree Frog, “of course we come down for that, as our babies must spend the first three months in the water.”

“Do you sing?” asked some one of the boys among the crowd.

“A very little,” they replied.

“We should be glad to have you sing in our grand concert which we give each evening,” said Grandfather Bull Frog.

“Thank you. We shall be glad to do our best,” they answered. “Now if you will please excuse us,” they said “we shall go to our new home and rest.”

The company then divided, each frog going his own way, but all were glad that
the new frogs had come to live near the Frog Pond.

Late that afternoon Bully was sitting on an old log wondering why he was not a tree frog. He thought it would be fine to wear such beautiful clothes and to be able to climb trees. It seemed hardly fair that he must always stay on the ground while others could climb so high in the world. He was sitting very still thinking of this when he was startled by a voice near him saying, “Are you asleep?” He came to himself with a jump. There, close by him, was a woolly worm. It was much like the one he had seen change his coat early in the morning, only this worm was wearing a bright, new-looking coat. The woolly worm looked proud and happy.

“No, I was not asleep,” said Bully, “but you frightened me.” He then remembered the sick worm he had left under the leaf. Perhaps this worm knew him. So Bully asked, “How is the woolly worm who changed his coat? Is he dead?”
The worm laughed. "Now that's a good joke on you," he said. "You don't know an old friend when you meet him. I'm the sick worm. Do you like my new coat?"

"You!" exclaimed Bully. "Are you the worm that was so weak and so sick this morning?"

"Of course I am," the worm replied. "I told you I should be all right in a few hours. How do you like my coat?" he asked again.

"It is fine; much handsomer than the old one," Bully told him. "But how did you get well so quickly?"

"Oh, that's easy," answered Woolly Worm as he slid off the log and disappeared among the thick leaves.

Bully kept on thinking for some time; then he croaked to himself, "Humph! I don't see how it could be so easy!" Then he sprang into the water and disappeared.
DUCKS

The morning was dark and gloomy. Black clouds hung low over the Frog Pond. Deep thunder rumbled and rolled, and across the sky the lightning flashed and zigzagged back and forth. The wind made a low moaning sound in the treetops, as if he knew that a great sorrow had come to the little folks who lived there. The tall cat-tails bowed their heads and sighed. Every frog was quiet and very much afraid. What were they afraid of? Not of the coming storm, I am sure, for frogs dearly love raindrops. Some one very dreadful had come during the early morning hours. And now every little heart was beating fast with fear. Every little face had a look of care and fright.

This morning Bully had slept quite late because he had learned that the very best time to get a good meal is at night. In the darkness many of the little flying and crawling creatures are out. You see, Bully has
good eyes. He can see almost as well in the dark as in the light. He had a habit of roaming about among the weeds and grasses during the early hours of the night. He was growing round and fat, for he had learned to be a good hunter.

But of course a little frog must sleep some, too. So he had slept a little later than usual on this stormy morning. As he opened his eyes and sat looking about, he wondered why everything was so quiet. He could not hear the croak of a single frog. Neither could he see any on Grandfather Frog's island. But here and there peeping through the water he saw a little face wearing a frightened look. It seemed very strange indeed. What did it mean?

He was turning these things over in his mind when he heard a new, strange noise. It came from over beyond the bulrushes. It sounded like quack, quack. He was greatly alarmed. What could it mean? Some one dreadful must have come in the night—some one that would hurt little
frogs. When he heard quack, quack the second time, Bully sprang quickly into the water and went down, down as deep as he could, and then crawled under a rock on the bottom of the pond. Whoever made that dreadful noise seemed to be following him. He could not stay hidden long, so he thought he would go quietly over to his old log and try to find Grandmother Bull Frog. She always took care of him in time of danger, so he must find her. You know there is no place quite so safe as the one close to mother when danger is near. And Grandmother, you remember, was the only mother Bully knew.

Down behind the old log he found most of the old frogs. They were talking scarcely above a whisper, and all of them looked frightened and worried. He heard them say, "What shall we do? We can't live here with those ducks. There is n't room in the Frog Pond for both ducks and frogs. But how can we make the ducks go away? Is it possible the Lark made a mistake and
invited those dreadful ducks to come here, too? Or did they see a great many frogs coming this way and follow them?

"Perhaps they won’t stay," said one. "They may not like this pond!"

"But they will like it," answered another. "See all these tender young frogs and pollywogs! They can’t help liking this pond."

"They will gobble our children by the thousands," said another.

Bully was dreadfully frightened. From what the old frogs said he learned that Mr. and Mrs. Duck had come, and if they stayed there would be no more peace and happiness for the frogs in Rainbow Valley. Their home would be quite spoiled. Oh, it was the very worst thing that had ever happened to them!

Now, even though he was so badly frightened, Bully found that he was hungry. He must have some breakfast. He was not only hungry, but he was curious to see what a duck looked like. So he crept out from under the log and started off. He kept
out of sight as much as he could by hiding under the leaves and behind the rocks until he got to a place where he could look across the pond and see Mr. and Mrs. Duck. Near a bunch of tall grass on the opposite shore they were walking about and talking noisily. They seemed to be much interested in something in the grass. From where Bully sat he could see Mrs. Duck turn herself round and round in the grass. Then he saw Mr. Duck go where she was and begin to pull some of the grass down and lay it carefully around the place Mrs. Duck had been tramping with her feet. Both ducks worked hard for some time. At last they stood looking down and talking over what they had done. Then Bully saw Mrs. Duck pull soft, downy feathers from her breast and place them carefully about the nest. For that is what they had been doing—making a nest. Finally Mr. Duck walked proudly out and stood oiling and dressing his feathers while Mrs. Duck sat on the nest.
Bully saw the baby frogs disappearing in the Ducks' mouths
Bully watched Mrs. Duck for a long time. Finally he concluded that she had made up her mind to stay on the nest always or that she had fallen asleep. But just then up she got and came waddling out to where Mr. Duck was. They had a long, earnest talk. Then they both went down to the water and began to eat young frogs. It was a terrible thing to see! Bully trembled from head to foot, while great drops of sweat stood out all over his little body. The ducks swam around contentedly, quacking all the time. Every once in a while he could see them put their heads down under the water—far down until the water was clear above their eyes. And every time their heads came up out of the water he saw the arms and legs of baby frogs disappearing in those big mouths.

It was an awful sight. Bully shut his eyes so that he might not see the little frogs being swallowed alive. Finally he opened his eyes and, taking one more hasty look, he slipped into the water and swam as far
out of sight of the ducks as it was possible. How could they be so cruel, he thought. He knew that he must watch out or he, too, would be eaten alive. Looking about, he could not see an old frog anywhere. The sight was too dreadful for them, so they had gone and hidden. Day after day those ducks ate young frogs until the little frog people of the pond were in a panic. Bully did n’t dare hunt in the daytime now. He had to keep out of sight to save his life.

There were no more grand concerts with a full booming chorus such as the frogs used to give. Now and then a few frogs would croak a little, but the fine old concert was a thing of the past. There was very little leaping, jumping, swimming, or playing. Every little frog had to keep watch all the time so that he might not lose his life. Oh, why had those dreadful ducks come to spoil the frogs’ beautiful home! They loved this pond so much. Everyone was afraid for his life all the time. Many frogs were killed after they had done their best to keep out
of sight. They could never be quite sure they were safe.

The days passed slowly. More and more frogs and polly-wogs were eaten. Grandfather Bull Frog was almost crazy. He had taken such good care of his loved Frog Pond. Now those greedy ducks were spoiling it all. Something must be done. He felt he could not stand the wholesale killing of the little frogs much longer. He looked thin and worried. He knew that unless something was done before Mrs. Duck brought her babies from the nest, then most of the young frogs and polly-wogs would be eaten.

Grandfather told Bully to go and tell all the frogs to gather near the old log for a meeting. He wanted to find out whether anyone could think of a plan to get rid of the ducks. Bully went and invited them all to the meeting. He even told Mrs. Toad about it, although he did n’t see what she could do. The frogs all came at once. Grandfather asked each of them if he knew of any way to drive the ducks away from
the pond. But no one seemed to know what was best to do.

"I should think some of you old bullfrogs could bite those ducks until they would leave," said Mrs. Toad.

"Why don't you bite them yourself?" asked a young frog.

"Because," she answered, "I have n't any teeth. How could I bite a duck and make him leave the Frog Pond, I want you to tell me!"

"I thought you had teeth," said Grandfather Bull Frog. "Most frogs do."

"Toads never do," she replied.

But no one thought Mrs. Toad's idea a good one. They thought of the duck's strong yellow beak and how it would hurt to be bitten by one.

At last John Bull Frog, who had been sitting at the edge of the gathering, said, "I don't feel like saying much because I acted so badly when I first came here. I am ashamed of the way I acted then. But let me tell you, Mrs. John Bull Frog
and I, when the time comes, can rid the pond of those ducks.”

“Can’t you do it now?” the frogs asked.

“No, we can’t do it until the right time comes,” he replied.

“How can you get rid of them?” asked Grandfather Bull Frog.

“I can’t tell you now, but we’ll do it at the proper time,” was all he would say.

The other frogs told Old John they hoped he would do everything he possibly could, and do it right away. The meeting then broke up, and as the frogs hopped away they could all see those greedy ducks eating, eating, eating little frogs.

Oh, if John Bull Frog would only do something! He had said he could get rid of the ducks. Then why did he have to wait? Each day more and more frogs were eaten. If John Bull Frog really could rid the pond of them, they did n’t see why he should n’t do it right now. It was certainly pretty strange and queer. And it was very hard to wait.
BULLY'S NARROW ESCAPE

One morning when Bully awoke he felt very hungry. He did not sleep on his lily pad now. How could he sleep on his lily pad when he did n't know what moment a big duck would find him and eat him alive? Each night he climbed on Grandfather's island and cuddled down close beside Grandmother Bull Frog. Grandmother and Bully both hid under some leaves that grew near the water's edge. But Bully was always afraid now. He never went with a hop and a leap anymore. He always moved slowly and quietly. Only those whose life has been in constant danger know what it means to be afraid all the time. There is no joy in life when one must keep watch all the time and can never rest because an enemy is always near.

All the frogs in the Frog Pond began to grow thin and to look worried. The tree frogs were by far the safest these days. If they stayed up in the trees
they were not in danger, for ducks out hunting food do not climb trees.

Well, as I started to tell you, Bully awoke one morning very hungry indeed. He told Grandmother how dreadfully hungry he was. He told her, too, that he was afraid to look for anything to eat. 

"But you must eat to live, you know," she told him. "Now listen to me," she continued. "Over by Mrs. Toad's house there is a nest of fine big ants. I think you can get some of them, but you must be very, very careful. Keep watch every moment. Get down under the water and swim until you come to the rock. Then if you keep watch I think you will be safe and have a good breakfast. Now," she said, "I shall worry all the time you are gone. Don't forget even for a moment to be careful," she said again.

Bully promised to remember all she had told him. He was very timid about the venture, but he must have something to eat right away.
Soon he was safe beside the big rock. Both the ducks were on the other side of the pond, so he felt much less afraid than he had been sure he was going to feel. He found the ants' nest under a bunch of tall grass. There was plenty for breakfast; there were enough ants for many frogs much bigger than he. He began to eat, all the time trying to keep hidden in the tall grass. He didn't mean to lose sight of those ducks. He had promised Grandmother Bull Frog he would n't. If one of them started to come his way, he would jump into the water and hide. The ants certainly tasted good. You know a good meal tastes much better when you are very hungry than when you are not much in need of food. He was so hungry and the ants tasted so good he got careless and forgot all about the ducks and his promise. One of the worst things people can do is to get careless. Many lives are lost because of carelessness. It nearly cost Bully his life.
He was busily eating ants when all at once out from behind the grass shot a big green head. It was a dreadful looking head. When Bully saw the wicked eyes he jumped as quickly as he could. He didn’t have time to think which way to go. He just jumped and with all his might. When he landed he found himself near Mrs. Toad’s rock. He heard a big, strong beak come together with a loud snap. My, but he shivered! It almost nipped his skin! He saw a hole under the rock, and went into it like a flash. Right behind him, just as he got inside the hole, snapped that big yellow beak again. For many days Bully could see those wicked eyes and hear the loud snap of that beak.

“Well, why are you rushing into my house so rudely?” came a voice from a dark corner.

“Oh, it’s that dreadful duck!” Bully managed to say. He was shaking so he could hardly speak.
“Oh, don’t talk to me,” said Mrs. Toad crossly. “I’m just worried to death with those ducks!”

“Why are you worried?” asked Bully. “You are too big for them to eat. I don’t see why you should be afraid.”

“Who said I was afraid of them?” she asked. “It’s my babies, not myself, I’m thinking about. What do you think those ducks are hanging around this rock for, if not for my children?”

“Why,” said Bully in great surprise, “I didn’t know you had any babies! I never saw them.”

“Never saw them!” she repeated. “Well you must be blind if you can’t see them! I can see them plainly enough from here, hopping about the rock or swimming in the water.”

“Why, I thought those were little frogs.” said Bully. “They look like frogs.”

“They don’t look like little frogs to their mother,” replied Mrs. Toad. “I can tell every one of them. But to other
people young toads always do look like little frogs,” she said.

“Do you have any polly-wogs?” Bully asked.

“Of course I do,” she replied, “hundreds and hundreds of them. Why do you suppose I came here to live?” she continued. “I hope you don’t think it was on my own account! A fat old toad like me is safe any place. I came to the Frog Pond so I could raise a family. That’s why I came here.”

“How many children have you, Mrs. Toad?” asked Bully.

“I don’t know,” she answered. “Before those horrid ducks came I had about six thousand. Before the season is ended I hope to bring up ten thousand little toads. Of course I don’t know how many are left. I’ve seen those ducks eat my babies until I’m discouraged. I haven’t eaten a thing for a week. I am too worried to eat.”

Bully was greatly surprised at what Mrs. Toad told him. “If you lay that many
eggs, why are there so few toads in the world?” he asked.

“Well,” she answered, “it’s because snakes, turtles, birds, and many other creatures live on young toads. And in the water there are bugs that destroy many of the eggs. After a big rainfall I sometimes put my eggs in what looks like a good pond. But in a few days the sun draws all the water away, the pond is dry, and the eggs never hatch. It’s certainly a very discouraging world we’re living in. It’s surely a hard place for a toad to try to raise a family. When I think of all the babies I have lost I am dreadfully downhearted. I don’t see how I can bear to live any longer.”

She bowed her head, covered her wet eyes with her hands, and croaked sadly. Bully felt very sorry for her. She seemed to have so much trouble. He wished he could say something to comfort her. It certainly was too bad. She was such a kind old toad. She never harmed anybody. Bully wondered why she had to have so many troubles.
“We hope John Bull Frog will be able to do something,” he finally said.

“Well! I don’t want to hear any more about what John Bull is going to do. If he can do anything, why does n’t he do it now? It’s about time,” Mrs. Toad answered.

“He says he will attend to the ducks when the right time comes,” Bully told her.

“Will the right time be when all our babies are eaten?” she asked. “I’m downright tired of hearing his name! Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?” she sobbed.

“I must be going,” said Bully sadly. “I can hear those ducks talking on the other side of the pond. I think it’s safe now.”

Then he went and told Grandmother Bull Frog what Mrs. Toad had said. “O, Grandmother,” he cried, “why does n’t John Bull Frog do what he said he would?”

“I don’t know,” she replied. “We’re all tired out waiting. It’s very bad indeed!” And Grandmother Frog, too, began to cry.
JOHN BULL FROG MAKES GOOD

The days slipped slowly away. The people, big and little, in and about the pond were silent and sad—all except the ducks. They swam about, ate all the frogs they could hold, and were as happy as well-fed ducks could be. They had n’t anything to worry about, so why should n’t they be happy? They thought they were very lucky to have found such a lovely spot in which to make a nest and raise a family. They made themselves perfectly at home in the Frog Pond. They liked the tall grasses and the quiet water. They loved this home better than any other they had ever had. It was so safe. Then there was such fine swimming and so much to eat. They could eat just as many frogs as they wanted.

The frogs watched them nearly all the time. They peeped slyly from under a big leaf or from behind a rock. They put their heads for a moment up out of the water and then dodged quickly back. In this
way they were able to find out where the ducks were at any time of day. They thought it very hard that they must be so careful because all the time a great danger was always near at hand.

One bright morning after the ducks had lived there some time, the frogs who were watching closely saw Mrs. Duck throwing shells from the nest. Now and then she would quack softly. Mr. Duck and she both seemed very happy about something. Bully wondered what it could be. As the hours passed, still more shells were thrown out. Now the knowing old frogs seemed sadder and more worried than ever.

"Things are getting worse here every day," he heard some one say. He looked around and saw several old bullfrogs near him watching Mrs. Duck. The frog who had spoken continued, "Now that duck will come from her nest in a day or two with a whole brood of babies. She will then take them to the water and they will eat all of our polly-wogs."
“It is very bad,” said another frog. “I don’t know what we shall do!”

“Do you suppose,” said another, “that Mr. and Mrs. John Bull Frog can do anything?”

“Oh, I’m all out of patience with hearing about that!” was the answer. “If they can do anything, why have n’t they done it before this? Now instead of two ducks we shall probably have a dozen of them. I just can’t bear to think of those John Bull Frogs and their promises,” he continued. “They have promised so much and have done so little. There they are now!”

Bully looked toward the bulrushes, and sure enough, there were Mr. and Mrs. John Bull Frog climbing up on their rock. They seemed very happy today—happier than he had ever seen them. They were both smiling as they watched the ducks. In fact, there was a broad grin on John Bull Frog’s handsome face, as he nudged Mrs. John Bull Frog with his elbow and pointed toward Mrs. Duck and her family.
“Just look at them now,” said an old frog. “I really believe they are laughing. Don’t they know that their babies will disappear faster than ever now?”

“They don’t seem to care for their babies,” said a fat old frog. “The hard-hearted things, I wish they had never come here at all!”

Still more shells were thrown from the nest, and the ducks were quacking softly.

Bully heard some one crying. He looked around to see who it was. Mrs. Toad was sitting in her doorway sobbing, “Oh, my poor toadies, my poor little polly-wogs! What shall I do? What shall I do?”

There seemed to be nothing that she or anybody else could do. Everyone seemed downhearted and discouraged except Mr. and Mrs. John Bull Frog and those dreadful ducks. The frogs were very, very unhappy for the next day or two as they waited to see the ducks come from their nest.

At last, early one morning when the big bright round sun was just peeping through
the treetops, and the dew on the grass around the Frog Pond was sparkling like thousands of tiny diamonds, Mrs. Duck stepped out of her nest, saying, "Quack, quack," very softly. Behind her toddled ten of the most beautiful little downy ducklings any mother could wish for. Mr. Duck walked with them to the edge of the pond to help Mrs. Duck get them into the water. He wanted to show them the nice young polly-wogs they were to have for breakfast, too. No one has to teach a little duck to swim any more than a young robin has to be taught to eat worms. A duckling seems to know all about swimming from the day he leaves the nest.

When the ducks were all in the water, the frogs who were watching on the opposite side of the pond saw Mr. and Mrs. John Bull Frog quietly slip into the pond and go out of sight. Then very soon they saw two of the little ducks suddenly disappear under the water. In a short time Mr. and Mrs. John Bull Frog climbed back on their rock.
They looked a bit fatter and happier than when they went in. The frogs could n't understand what made them seem so. And what had become of those two little ducks!

Mr. and Mrs. Duck did n't seem to notice that anything unusual had happened. After they had eaten their breakfast of young frogs and polly-wogs they left the Frog Pond. Mrs. Duck led her family back to the home nest and cuddled them snugly under her warm wings. There were really only eight left, but she did n't seem to notice. She is not very good at numbers.

The next morning all the frogs were smiling broadly. They knew now why Mr. and Mrs. John Bull Frog had looked so happy the day before. They gathered early on their bank of the Frog Pond to see if Mr. and Mrs. John Bull Frog would dare do the same thing they had done the day before. Sure enough, when the ducks were all swimming around in the water, the John Bulls slipped from their rock and disappeared.
The eyes of the frogs who were watching almost popped out of their heads from excitement. Pretty soon they saw two more little ducks go under the water with a jerk, just as had happened the day before. This time they heard one give a faint little quack. After a few moments Mr. and Mrs. John Bull Frog climbed back on their rock. They were smiling more broadly than ever and looked as if they had enjoyed a very good breakfast. This time Mrs. Duck seemed to notice that something was wrong, but she didn’t know just what it was. Very soon she left the water with her babies. Six little ducks were all she had now. She looked around and quacked a few times. Then she sat down on the bank of the pond and called to the little ducks to come and get under her wings. She put her head first under one wing and then under the other as though she was trying to count her family. Perhaps she was!

The next day you may be sure every frog in the pond, as well as Mrs. Toad and even
the tree frogs, gathered early on the banks to see the Duck family go down to the water for their morning swim. Every frog face wore a wide smile. Bully was full of joy, and even Mrs. Toad had wiped away her tears and was smiling a wee bit of a smile. But Mr. and Mrs. Duck did n’t seem quite as happy as usual. They had a worried look. Their quacks sounded almost like a sob. The ducks and frogs in Rainbow Valley had begun to change places. A few days ago the ducks were happy and the frogs were sad. Now the frogs were ready to hold their sides with laughter and the ducks were looking troubled and frightened.

Mrs. Duck did n’t start out as early as usual this morning. She kept looking this way and then that, and acted as though she were worried about something. No matter which way she looked about the pond, she could see nothing but frogs. They seemed to be everywhere, and each one seemed to be looking straight at her and her family. But surely, thought she, they can’t harm
me or my family. But she did n't seem to understand what the trouble was, or why all those frogs were sitting on the bank and watching her. Now where were those other little ducks? Surely she had more than these. But she could n't answer any of these questions.

The little ducks under her wings began to quack softly. This meant they were hungry and wanted some breakfast. Her babies must be fed, and she knew of no food quite so good for them as polly-wogs. Why had n't she fed them before? They ought to have had their breakfast long ago. As she thought this she got up and waddled slowly to the edge of the water, the little ducks following her eagerly. She watched carefully to see that no danger was near. She gathered them all around her for a few minutes and quacked softly to them. Then she led them down into the water. Soon they were having such a splendid time swimming happily about and eating their breakfast.
But all too soon Mrs. Duck and Mr. Duck, who had also come down to the water, heard two real loud little quacks. Now they really were worried. They left the water at once, but only four of their family toddled after them. They looked all about, and then looked at their babies, and all the time Mother Duck kept saying, "Quack, quack." She was surely calling, calling, calling those other dear downy babies of hers. But they had gone away and would never come back. Her voice shook as she called, and there was a big lump in her throat. Mr. Duck did n't say much. He did n't seem to be able to quack out loud. He just walked along after those four babies not looking at anything else.

It was much later than usual the next day when Mrs. Duck came back to the old Frog Pond to feed her four babies. She acted as if she did not want to go near the water. It was there she had lost her other downy babies. She waited about as long as she could. For some time the little
ducks had been calling loudly for their breakfast. She had tucked them back under her wings and kept them there as long as she could. They kept saying they wanted to go to the pond and catch polly-wogs for breakfast. They were so very, very hungry. She told them they might leave the nest, but she did not like to start out with them.

She could see no danger, but somehow she was in great fear that morning. At last she left the nest, but she did not mean to let the four little ducks go near the water. But what did those naughty babies of hers do? As soon as she left the nest the little ducks ran ahead of her as fast as their short yellow legs would carry them. Then they plunged right into the water. Mrs. Duck ran after them, quacking softly at first, then louder and louder. She begged them to come back. Then she scolded them. But like all naughty children, they would n’t mind her. They loved the water and the tender little polly-wogs. They were sure
there was nothing to be afraid of. They thought anybody could see that. Why was mother making such a fuss? That is what they asked as they ate their breakfast.

It took Mr. and Mrs. John Bull Frog only a moment or two to gobble up two more little ducklings. This time the frogs who were watching heard two sharp, shrill little quacks. The father and mother ducks heard them too. Then they both began to quack wildly and swim frantically about. They hurried from the pond with only two downy ducklings following—all that was left of their lovely family. They ran up and down the shore ruffling their feathers and quacking loudly. But Mr. and Mrs. John Bull Frog climbed leisurely back to their place on the rock with a broad smirk on their faces and looking very fat and contented.

The two old ducks took their two babies and hurried off through the woods as fast as the ducklings could go, all the time looking back with eyes wide with fright.
Bully followed as near as he dared, keeping out of sight. He met a Robin who said he would follow the ducks and then come back and tell him where they went. Late in the afternoon the Robin flew back and said the ducks had told him they were going far away, and never, never again would they be seen in that awful Frog Pond or in Rainbow Valley.

That night you may be sure the music in and about the old Frog Pond was wonderful. Every frog sang his loudest. Bully was so happy he could not sit still. He stood right up and danced a jig on his lily pad.
Bully danced a jig on his lily pad
MRS. HOUSE FROG ARRIVES AT THE POND

The next morning after the ducks went away, the sun looked down smilingly on the home of the happiest little people in all the world. The most joyful chorus ever heard rang out over the pond. Every frog, big and little, was hopping about singing lustily. The old bullfrogs sang in their deep bass voices, “Kerrump, ker-r-rump, rump, rump, rump, ker-rumpety, rump.” Above them could be heard the high, clear tenor voices of the tree frogs as they sang, “Ker-rump, ker, ker-rump, ker-r-r-rumpety rump.” And the young bullfrogs kept time with the others in the squeakiest of tones, saying, “Ker-ker, ker-rump, ker-ker, ker-rump.” Even Mrs. Toad and the mother frogs, who, we know, haven’t much music in them, were making a brave attempt to say, “Ker-rump.”

A neighbor bobolink swinging on a tall cat-tail sang, “Bobolink, bobolink, spink,
spank, spink.” When the swaying cat-tail bent down near the water, Mr. Bobolink tipped way over as if about to fall off, and called, “Chee, chee, chee!” All the other little birds about the pond sang and sang until it seemed as if their tiny throats would burst.

The soft summer breezes whispered merrily through the tall, nodding treetops. The little flowers bowed and smiled to their neighbors. The pond lilies lifted their beautiful faces a little higher and trembled for joy. The tall cat-tails waved their handsome brown heads to show that they, too, were glad. Even the rocky old cliff beamed with happiness as he looked down on the beautiful little lake which lay shining in the morning sun. Every little creature seemed bubbling over with joy. Each one in his own way seemed to praise God and give thanks that he was alive and that his home was safe once more. Does n’t it seem strange that when the ducks were so happy the frogs were so
miserable? Now the frogs were happier than they had ever been before, and the poor ducks were somewhere in the woods sighing and calling over and over again for their lost babies. Some folks just can’t live happily together.

Mrs. House Frog came hurrying through the deep woods. Long before she reached the pond she had heard the singing of the frogs. She knew this must be the place the Lark had told her about. She panted a little as the frogs all crowded about her. Everyone wanted to know who she was, where she came from, and what she was like. Old Grandfather Bull Frog made them all stand back so she might have a chance to speak.

“I am called a house frog,” she said, “and I came from a land far across the big ocean. It is the land of Australia. You can see I am not at all handsome. My clothes, although quite plain, are good for traveling. I find that as I look so much like the leaves I am not easily seen.”
The frogs did not wait for Mrs. House Frog to tell any more of her story, as everyone was so anxious to tell her about the ducks and how the John Bull Frogs had driven them away. Near the edge of the crowd sat Mr. and Mrs. John Bull Frog smiling and looking greatly pleased with themselves. They were too modest to boast of what they had done, but it made them proud and happy to hear others tell it. Everybody was talking at once. There was such a chatter that Mrs. House Frog could hardly tell what they were saying. Even old Blackie the Crow was screaming, "Caw, caw, caw," right over their heads. He too, was trying to tell the exciting story. Grandfather Bull Frog shook his wise old head at so much noise. He clapped his hands loudly. Standing up, he beckoned to the crowd, calling for order in deep bass tones. Soon he was able to quiet the frogs. When they stopped talking and their eyes were fixed on him, he turned to Mrs. House Frog with a
kindly smile on his handsome old face and said real politely and with a graceful bow, "Mrs. House Frog, you may, if you like, live under the old log just over there."

Looking toward where he pointed, Mrs. House Frog said very pleasantly that she would be delighted to have such a fine home. Bully was very happy when he heard this, for he felt that he would like Mrs. House Frog, and he was glad her home was to be where he could see her often. He went with her to her new house, and while she was resting asked her to tell him why she was called a house frog.
MRS. HOUSE FROG’S STORY

After a few moments Mrs. House Frog said:

“A few years ago a man and his wife, who were called missionaries, came to my country and built a nice little house near the place where Mr. House Frog and I lived. We didn’t know for a long, long time why they were called missionaries. Mr. House Frog and I used to wonder what such a big word meant. One Sunday we heard the man explaining to the children that they were called missionaries because they were sent on a mission to tell people about God. We could hear everything he was saying, for the meeting was held under a big tree in the yard and we were sitting on a limb right over the children’s heads.

“We hid in this tree each day and watched the missionaries build their house. We could see them saw the boards and put them in place by driving big nails into
them with a heavy hammer. How they did work! From the first time we saw them Mr. House Frog and I liked the looks of those people, so we made up our minds to live in that new house, too.

"A few days after they moved in, as we were climbing about and looking over the outside of the house, we found a small hole up under the eaves. Just as soon as it was dark we packed up and moved in too, going through this hole. My, but it was splendid! It was so new and clean. That night we went through the whole house, even the cupboards and closets. After we had looked into every nook and corner we decided to sleep during the day under a box in a corner of the kitchen. They used this box as a stand for their water pail, and there must have been a tiny hole in the pail, for the water trickled down just enough to suit us.

"We lived there some time before we were found out. We had a splendid time every night, and got sleek and fat from
helping ourselves to all the good things we could find. But one day the woman found out that the water pail was leaking, so she moved the box. We were having a nice nap when suddenly we awoke and, looking up, saw her bending over us. Of course we jumped as quickly as possible. The woman was badly startled and screamed loudly. Her husband came running to see what was the matter. When he saw what had frightened her, he laughed and said, ‘It is nothing but two harmless frogs.’ He took the broom and swept us outdoors. This did n’t worry us in the least, for that night we got into the house again through our private door up near the roof.

“A few nights after this I chased a fat beetle up the table leg. As he was rushing across the top of the table I almost nabbed him, but he dodged around a glass of milk which stood on the table. As I jumped round the other side of the glass to head him off, I knocked the glass over and it rolled to the floor with a loud crash. The
milk ran all over the tablecloth and trickled down on the floor. My, but I was upset! That glass made such a racket I forgot all about the beetle and gave a big jump. I landed under the stove, where I hid.

"Well, you should have heard those people! This time they were both frightened. I could see their faces plainly from where I sat under the stove. They were both pale, as I saw by the light of the lamp they carried. From what they said they seemed to think a man had got in the house. I kept still and trembled while they peered about and poked the lamp into all the dark corners. I was glad to keep out of sight, you may be sure.

"A few nights after this I made another mistake and they found me again. As I was wandering about, I saw a water pitcher on the dining table. Finding its nose nice and damp, I decided to sleep on it all the next day. In the morning, after I had just dropped off into a sound sleep, the family rose, and when breakfast was ready the
woman came, took up the pitcher, and poured a glass of water. I woke up just as I went into the glass with the water. She was talking and laughing and did not see me until she raised the glass to her lips to drink. Giving a faint little ‘O horrors!’ she dropped the glass to the floor and sank into a chair. Her husband sprang up and, seeing me, laughed and laughed. Then he took the broom and quickly swept me outdoors. ‘Just think,’ I heard her say, ‘I might have drunk that frog!’ The man kept on laughing until she, too, saw how funny it was and laughed merrily. Now I was outside and Mr. House Frog was inside. I did n’t mind this, as I knew well where our door was, and that I could get back in.

“It was some time before they found us again. We had grown careless, and one night when playing hide-and-seek, chasing each other over the wall, we both saw a large bug which we had frightened from behind one of the pictures. He ran up the
wall and began to walk across the ceiling as fast as he could go. I was close behind him and Mr. House Frog a little way behind me. I thought I was near enough to grab the bug, when suddenly he dodged to one side. In trying to turn myself about as he had done, I slipped and fell. Mr. House Frog, when he saw me fall, was so frightened he, too, slipped and fell.

"We had been so busy chasing the bug we didn't notice we were directly over where the people of the house were sleeping. When I fell I hit the woman squarely in the face, and Mr. House Frog went down slap in the man's face. They both sprang from the bed, and the woman screamed and screamed. Finally she fainted and fell to the floor. The man picked her up and laid her on the bed. After awhile she moaned, 'Oh, those awful frogs! I know I shall die if you don't kill them.'

"'I can't kill them,' the man told her, 'but in the morning I will carry them a long way off and leave them.'"
"He did as he said he would. He put us into a closed box and took us a half-day's journey into the country. As he let us go he said, 'Now, you little rascals, you will bother us no more!'

"When he had gone, we made up our minds to go back as soon as we could. That house suited us to a T. We promised ourselves we would never again be so careless. It was a long, tiresome journey, but we did n't mind it. We got to the house about dusk, tired and hungry. We saw the folks were eating supper, as we once more peeped through that little hole under the eaves. We saw some crumbs fall to the floor as they ate, and as we were so very hungry we decided to go down very quietly, hide under the table, and have our supper at once. We got as far as the man's chair when all of a sudden he tipped back and raised the front legs of the chair from the floor. Just then a nice soft crumb fell from his knee. Mr. House Frog sprang to get it, when down came the front legs of the chair on him and
crushed him. Oh,” shuddered Mrs. House Frog, “it was dreadful, dreadful! His eyes bulged out of his head and his tongue hung from his mouth. I was so frightened I could not move. Oh, Oh,” she shuddered, “I can’t bear to think of it. It was so very, very dreadful!” Mrs. House Frog covered her eyes with her little hands and shook with sobs, while Bully looked on, his little heart filled with pity.

After some time she lifted her hands from her eyes and said, “I saw the man looking at Mr. House Frog, and the woman crying and saying, ‘How terrible! Here are those poor little frogs back again. I am so sorry, so sorry!’ Now she didn’t seem at all afraid, only very, very sorry for us. The man picked me up in his big, warm hands and said, ‘You poor little thing! You know I didn’t mean to hurt you.’ Of course I knew he was not to blame, but I could n’t tell him so.

“They took Mr. House Frog out and buried him, and the woman said I should
always live with them. She said never again would she be so silly as to be afraid of me. Well, I lived there a long time. Then one day the woman began to put their things into trunks and boxes. I knew something was going to happen. Seeing me, the man picked me up and said, 'You shall go with us, Froggie. You have stood by us so long.'

"They packed me in soft mud, and I slept for many days. I was awakened by a boy who had spilled the mud on the ground. Several people were near us, and I learned by their conversation that we had crossed the great ocean and were now in a strange land. The man had died at sea and the woman was going to the mountains. 'I shall have this frog for my pet,' said the boy. How I learned to dislike that boy! He poked me with sticks. He threw dirt at me when I tried to sing. He kept me in a pen where I had not enough to eat.

"Do you wonder that when I found a small hole in the pen I squeezed through it
and hurried away as fast as I could? After going a little way I saw a Lark hopping about looking for his breakfast. I was so sad and lonely I went right over and spoke to him. I told him all my troubles, and that I did not know where to go in this big strange land.

"The Lark told me all about this beautiful place. It made me want to come here at once. I am glad I came, for it is very beautiful. I am sure I shall like to live here."
THE WONDERFUL NEST

Just as the sinking sun began to drop his dark curtain over the Frog Pond, and the beautiful moon lifted her fair face in the east, a strange frog came out of the woods and hopped toward the pond.

"Ker-r-rump," called an old bullfrog very loudly. On hearing this, frogs could be seen coming from almost every direction. Soon there was a great crowd around the stranger. They began all at one time asking her questions. Grandfather Frog told them to be quiet and give her a chance to speak for herself.

"I have come a long way," said the stranger. "My home is in the far-off land of Brazil. I was happy there and wished for no better place to live. One day a man came along, and then all my life was changed. He caught my mate and me in a net and brought us away to this big country. Here he put us in a tiny lake that was in a small park. We lived there only a
short time when one evening, as I was busy building a nest, an owl swooped down from the sky. Before I knew he was near he had seized me with his big feet and swiftly carried me away. ‘Oh, dear,’ I thought, ‘this will surely be the last of me, for he is taking me to his nest as food for his babies.’

“The owl flew a long distance. But as we were passing over a farmhouse a man came to the door and shot him. He flew on a little way before he fell, keeping fast hold of me until we reached the ground.

“I was not badly hurt, but I was very much frightened. When I heard the children coming to get the dead owl, I hid under the edge of a big stone and I stayed there for a couple of days. Then I decided that I would see if I could get back to the pond where I had left my mate. As I was slowly hopping along, a Lark lit near me and asked where I was going. I soon told him how the owl had snapped me up and carried me away, and how anxious I was to get back home. ‘Why not go to the Frog Pond?’
he asked. 'There are no owls there.' He told me all about this place, but I said, 'I must first go for my mate.'

"'Oh, go right on to the Frog Pond,' said the Lark. 'I will look your husband up and tell him where to find you. He can come by himself as well as not.' This seemed after all the best plan, so here I am."

Grandfather Bull Frog told her he was very glad she had come directly to the pond. He asked her where she would like to live. A tree would suit her best, she said, as she had spent most of her time in Brazil in a tree.

"Before I choose my tree," she told them, "I had better make my nest, as it is getting so late in the season. It is time my polly-wogs were hatching."

"Do you make your own nest?" Mrs. Toad asked her.

"Of course I do," she said. "I thought all frogs did that. Our family always do."

"Where will you make it?" Grandmother Bull Frog asked her.
“If you don’t mind,” she answered, “I should like this shallow place in the edge of the pond.”

As no one objected, she jumped into the water and disappeared. In a short time the frogs crowded on the shore saw her two hands come up filled with mud. She chose a spot where she carefully placed the mud, then disappeared again. Soon she came up with more mud and placed it near the first bit. Many times the little hands disappeared and came up loaded with mud, which was carefully placed with the other.

By and by the frogs saw that the nest began to look round like a circle. Then pretty soon the mud wall became so high the builder had to bring her head and shoulders out of the water in order to put the mud in the right place.

Not a frog croaked. They were all too much taken up with what she was doing to spend time in that way.

After she had worked for some time she stopped and, looking around, said, “It’s
pretty hard work lifting and shaping so much mud!"

"Don't you think you should have waited until your mate was here?" asked Grandmother. "He could have helped you."

"I should say not!" said the stranger. "You don't know him. He is the laziest frog you ever saw. He never helps me build my nest. He just doesn't enjoy working. I always have to make the nest myself. Of course he is a dear fellow and I'm fond of him," she said hastily, "but he just won't work."

Then she went on with her nest, lifting handful after handful of mud from the bottom of the lake and piling it up on the round wall. When the wall was about four inches high and twelve inches across, she smoothed the inside with her hands, and then rubbed the bottom of the nest and the lower part of the wall with the underside of her body and feet. She paid no attention to the outside of the wall. That was left rough and uneven.
When she had finished her nest it looked like a mud bowl half full of water sitting in the pool. "Here," she said, as she climbed on the bank, "is where I shall place my eggs. I can then keep an eye on the polly-wogs and see that nothing harms them. They cannot get out of the nest."

Of course all the frogs had to see that nest. And every one of them said that it was most wonderfully made.

"You see," she said, as she showed them her hands, "all my fingers are largest on the ends. That is why I can handle the mud so well. Now I must have something to eat," she said as she began to look around for insects. "It gives one an appetite to work so hard."

As the frogs hopped away everyone was saying, "That is truly a wonderful nest!" Many of the mother frogs sighed and wished for one as good.
NEWS

"Caw, caw, caw!" cried a black Crow as he lit in the top of a tall old tree. "Caw, caw, caw!" he cried again as he flew across the Frog Pond and lit in a tree on the opposite shore. No one paid the least bit of attention to him, so he flew over the pond and lit on the old limb that reached out over Grandfather's island. Flapping his wings, he again cried loudly, "Caw, caw, caw!"

The frogs paid no attention to the Crow because he came often to the Frog Pond and called to them from the treetops. Maybe he did this because he thought he was a better singer than the frogs. Another reason why they did not notice him might have been because it was early twilight and everyone was busy hunting his supper.

"Caw, caw, caw!" he cried. "News, news, news! Listen to the news I have to tell you!"

"What's the matter with you? Have you gone crazy?" asked Golden Tree Frog
“Have you gone crazy?” Golden Tree Frog asked the Crow
as he came hurrying along the limb to the place where the crow was perched.

“No, I’m not crazy,” answered the Crow crossly. “And if you’re not going to be polite, I shall spread my wings and fly away without telling you my news. I’m very sure the frogs of this pond would like to know what I found out, but if they all think more of filling their stomachs than of listening to me, I shall not take the trouble to tell it.”

“Please pardon us, friend Crow,” said Golden Tree Frog. “I will go and see if I can find Grandfather Bull Frog.”

Back along the old limb and quickly down the tree trunk to the ground he ran, and soon was out of sight. It was not long before Grandfather and Grandmother Bull Frog and Golden Tree Frog swam quickly from among the bulrushes to the island. As soon as they had landed, Grandfather croaked loudly three or four times. At the summons every frog stopped eating his supper at once and went splashing off
through the water to join Grandfather on his island.

Bully and Mrs. House Frog were among the first to reach there. When all the frogs had landed on the island, Grandfather Bull Frog asked the Crow to tell his news.

"Yesterday," he told them, "our friend the Lark came home."

"The Lark came home!" cried several frogs all at once. "Are you sure you have n't made a mistake?"

"Of course I'm sure," replied the Crow crisply. "Is n't he an old friend of mine? And don't I know where the Larks' nest is? I saw the Lark and talked with him. He is hard at work helping his mate find fat worms for those dear baby larks."

Then without adding anything more the Crow flew away and the astonished frogs sat still looking at each other. "What could have made the Lark come home so soon?" they asked each other.

"Surely he has not told all the frogs," sobbed Bully, "and I was so sure he would
do that.” Mrs. House Frog begged Bully in a whisper not to cry until he had seen his friend the Lark and found out his reason for coming home so soon.

“I can’t understand why he should come back now,” said Grandfather Bull Frog thoughtfully, “unless he has told all the frogs. Though I hardly think it possible that he has seen them all. But let us wait until we learn from him his reason for coming back before we find fault with him. He will no doubt be round to see us in a day or two. Then he can tell us his story.”

So the frogs went back to finish their supper. Many of them said they did n’t understand why their friend had not done as he promised. Bully was so worried he just could n’t eat his supper. Climbing on his lily pad, he sat there all alone thinking sadly about his friend, for he felt sure he had n’t quite done as he had promised.
THE LARK'S STORY

That night Bully had a dream. In his dream he saw bad boys killing frogs, and he saw snakes and turtles eating them. He saw men, with live frogs on cruel hooks, jerking them back and forth through the water trying to catch fish with them. In his dream he saw frogs put in stuffy little pens with little to eat, and many people lean over the pen looking down at them. And he saw ducks eating thousands and thousands of young frogs. All these little cousins were reaching out their tiny hands and begging him to get the Lark to hurry and tell them how to find the Frog Pond. In his dream they told him they were unhappy where they were and wanted to go to his beautiful home.

Bully sobbed in his sleep. He wiggled about uneasily. Then he dreamed he was trying to find his friend the Lark. He went looking behind old stumps and among the rocks. He hunted among the tall weeds
and grasses. In his dream he was gazing up into the treetops to see if the Lark was there. He looked and looked every place in the whole round world to find the Lark, but he could not be found. "Oh," cried Bully aloud, "what shall I do? I cannot find him!"

"Ha, ha!" sang a well-known voice near him. "And why are you moaning in your sleep?" the Lark went on, gently pecking him in the side. "Wake up! Wake up! Are n't you glad to see me?"

Bully opened his eyes, and sure enough, there was his friend on the lily pad close beside him. "Oh, those poor suffering frogs!" Bully cried out. "They want to come so much, and they don't know the way. Why didn't you tell all of them? What made you come home so soon? You didn't tell all the frogs, did you, friend Lark?"

"No, I did n't," replied the Lark. "When I went away I had made up my mind to be gone all summer, but as the days went by
I thought more and more about my mate and our babies. I wondered and wondered how they were getting along without me. I wondered if they were well, or if anything had harmed them. I kept thinking of how many worms it would take every day to feed them. I wondered if my mate would be able to get enough food for them. And the more I thought about it, the more I worried. It seemed to me I was n’t a very good father to go away and leave them. I kept flying about trying to find frogs, but my thoughts were all the time with my mate and babies. I seemed to hear them calling me.

"At last I got so homesick I could n’t eat or sleep. I could only long for my home. I hated to come and break my promise. Perhaps it was foolish to think so much about my family. I made up my mind not to come home; and just then something dreadful happened that made me come.

“One afternoon I lit in an old tree to plume my feathers and rest a bit. Hearing
a chirping below me, I looked down and saw a lark’s nest hidden among some tall grasses. The father and mother lark were flying about looking for worms and insects to feed their hungry family. They were so happy! They seemed to love one another so much, and how proud they were of their babies! It kept them pretty busy to get enough food. Often they would be away for some time.

“As I sat on the limb watching this family of larks, it made me think of my own dear mate and babies. I hid my head under my wing and cried. I could not eat my supper that night. I didn’t feel like it. I just sat there thinking of that lark family. Some time in the night a cry of fear rang out. Opening my eyes, I saw the father lark flying swiftly round and round above the nest. He was crying out in wild grief and terror.

“As the moon was bright, I could plainly see why he cried out. A coyote had found the larks. He was eating the mother bird.
After that it took him only a little time to eat the babies. The father bird was almost crazy with grief, but there was nothing he could do. He had just to bear his trouble as best he could.

"After I saw what happened to that lark family I just had to come home. There seemed no other way. I started at once, and flew and flew and flew as fast as I could, without food or rest. I was so afraid something dreadful had happened to my mate and babies. But I found them all well and doing finely. Mrs. Lark says she wishes me to go again and tell the rest of the frogs about this pond, as she is very sorry for them. She wants them to be happy. I think I shall start in a few days."

Bully told the Lark he was glad he loved his babies so much, and that all the frogs loved him for being so good to them.

"Have many of them come?" the Lark asked him.

"Yes," Bully told him, "a good many of them are here. And they seem to like it."
“I shall try to go again,” the Lark said. “I have heard of several frogs I wish to invite. I know they would like to come. I’ve been told there are some frogs shut up in a stuffy pen. I must find them and get them free. An oriole told me he saw a big strange frog wandering about all alone, not seeming to know where to go. I must find him too. And there are many others to tell. Now I must fly back to Mrs. Lark and the babies.”

He spread his wings and was gone. Bully hurried over to the island to tell Grandfather Bull Frog all the Lark had told him.
THE ROBINS’ SECRET

Now, my young friends, we are all about as much disappointed in the Lark as the frogs were. But of course we can’t blame him for being homesick for his mate and his babies. But if he had n’t been, this story would have been longer. As it is, we shall just have to make the best of it. I will tell you a secret the Robins told me, if you promise never to tell.

The Robins have a nest near the Larks’ nest, and of course they did n’t want everyone else to know. But they said if I whispered it to my young friends it would be all right, they thought. But you must not repeat it loud enough for others to hear.

Just turn your ear this way and listen, so I can whisper it ever so softly. The Lark told the Robins he would soon start back to tell all the other frogs. He said he had heard of some of the queerest frogs in the world. A bird told him he knew where there were some frogs who carried their
babies in a bag. One Robin said another bird told the Lark of a frog that would bring all her family of fifty or sixty children with her to the pond. The Robin spoke so low I did n’t hear just how she was going to do it.

The Lark told the Robin he had heard of many other queer kinds of frogs, and that soon he was going to start out to find them. Some of the frogs, he said, had big feet, some had little feet. Some wore beautiful coats, and others wore very plain clothes. Some frogs he knew of could really fly, others lived in holes in the ground, and some had horns and some had none. The Lark said he had heard about these queer frogs from different birds who had told him where he could find them. He told the Robins some of them lived in places a long, long way from the old Frog Pond. It would take him many days to make the journey to their homes, but by flying fast he could see them all and be back before Jack Frost came.
As soon as the Lark goes, and the strange frogs begin to come to Bully's Frog Pond, I shall write and tell you all about them. I'm sure it will not be many days before Bully's friend starts on his journey. Mrs. Lark thinks that, with the help of the Robins and Grandfather Bull Frog's good advice, she can take care of her babies. You wait patiently until he returns. He flies fast, so it will not take him long to visit them all. Then as the frogs come hopping in from all parts of the world I will tell you about them in my next book, called Bully's Queer Relations. You will find that he had a great many of them.

It all depends on the Lark. If he fails to invite all the frogs to the Frog Pond, they will not come. But I do not believe that he will fail. He is too true a friend of the frogs to disappoint them now when so much depends on him. So you may count on the story.