

“A Fishing Party”
by Thornton Burgess

So Peter hopped along until he was near enough to talk to Grandfather Frog. “What kind of a nest does Rattles the Kingfisher build?” repeated Grandfather Frog. “Chug-arum, Peter Rabbit! I thought everybody knew that Rattles doesn’t build a nest. At least I wouldn’t call it a nest. He lives in a hole in the ground.”

“What!” cried Peter, and looked as if he couldn’t believe his own ears. Grandfather Frog grinned and his goggly eyes twinkled. “Yes,” said he, “Rattles lives in a hole in the ground.” “But—but—but what kind of a hole?” stammered Peter.

“Just plain hole,” retorted Grandfather Frog, grinning more broadly than ever. Then seeing how perplexed and puzzled Peter looked, he went on to explain. “He usually picks out a high gravelly bank close to the water and digs a hole straight in just a little way from the top. He makes it just big enough for himself and Mrs. Rattles to go in and out of comfortably, and he digs it straight in for several feet. I’m told that at the end of it he makes a sort of bedroom, because he usually has a good-sized family.”

“Do you mean to say that he digs it himself?” asked Peter.

Grandfather Frog nodded. “If he doesn’t, Mrs. Kingfisher does,” he replied. “Those big bills of theirs are picks as well as fish spears. They loosen the sand with those and scoop it out with their feet. I’ve never seen the inside of their home myself, but I’m told that their bedroom is lined with fish bones. Perhaps you may call that a nest, but I don’t.”

“I’m going straight down the Laughing Brook to look for that hole,” declared Peter, and left in such a hurry that he forgot to be polite enough to say thank you to Grandfather Frog.

“The Lad Who Rode Sidesaddle”
by James Baldwin

The people whom they met gazed at them and wondered who they could be. They scarcely noticed the sidesaddle; they noticed only the boy’s dark eyes and his strong, noble face. His clothes were of homemade stuff; his shoes were coarse and heavy; he had no gloves on his hands; he was awkward and bashful.

Yet there was something in his manner and voice that caused everybody to admire him.

Daniel Webster lived to become a famous orator and a great statesman. He was honored at home and abroad.

“The Golden Goose”

By Andrew Lang

There on the same spot sat a man who was drawing in a strap as tight as he could round his body, and making a most woeful face the while. Said he, “I’ve eaten up a whole oven full of loaves, but what’s the good of that to anyone who is as hungry as I am? I declare my stomach feels quite empty, and I must draw my belt tight if I’m not to die of starvation.”

Dullhead was delighted, and said, “Get up and come with me, and you shall have plenty to eat,” and he brought him to the King’s Court.

Now the King had given orders to have all the flour in his kingdom brought together, and to have a huge mountain baked of it. But the man from the wood just took up his stand before the mountain and began to eat, and in one day it had all vanished.

For the third time Dullhead asked for his bride, but again the King tried to make some evasion, and demanded a ship, “Which could sail on land or water! When you come sailing in such a ship,” said he, “you shall have my daughter without further delay.”

Again Dullhead started off to the forest, and there he found the little old grey man with whom he had shared his cake, and who said, “I have eaten

and I have drunk for you, and now I will give you the ship. I have done all this for you because you were kind and merciful to me.”

Then he gave Dullhead a ship which could sail on land or water, and when the King saw it he felt he could no longer refuse him his daughter. So they celebrated the wedding with great rejoicings; and after the King's death Dullhead succeeded to the kingdom, and lived happily with his wife for many years after.