Ririro
READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Uncle Wiggily And Buddy Pigg

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Uncle Wiggily and the red monkey were going slowly along through the woods. It was the day after the alligator had started to eat up the little red monkey, but he had to stop when the old gentleman rabbit threw hot roast potatoes down his skillery-scalery throat.

"Do you think you will find your fortune to-day?" asked the monkey, as he tossed up a stone and caught it as it came down. You see he had lost the cocoanut he used to have that time when it hit the alligator.

"Well, I can't say for sure," replied Uncle Wiggily. "I hope I may find some gold or diamonds, so I can get rich and go back home. But you can never tell what is going to happen in this world, not even whether you are going to have an ice-cream cone or not; no, indeed, and a stick of peppermint candy besides."

"I tell you what it is," said the red monkey, slow and thoughtful-like, as he scratched his stubby black nose with a piece of straw. "I don't believe you have looked in the right places for your fortune, Uncle Wiggily."

"Why, nonsensicalness!" exclaimed the old gentleman rabbit. "I look in every place I can think of. I look on the ground, and under stones, and behind stumps, and down holes, and alongside of rail fences. But I haven't found any gold or diamonds yet."

"Exactly," spoke the red monkey. "But did you ever look up a tree for them?"

"Once I did," said the rabbit. "I threw up a stone with some molasses and a string to it to get some gold. But the stone went in an owl's hole, I think. That's all the luck I ever had."

"Then I'm going to look up some more trees for you," went on the monkey. "I am a good climber, and perhaps I may have better luck. Hop along lively now and maybe we will find your fortune before breakfast."

So the two friends went along together, and every once in a while the monkey would climb a tree. The first one he scrambled up was a maple tree, and he hoped he might find some maple sugar hanging on the branches, but it wasn't time for maple sugar. Anyhow, you remember that this kind of sugar comes from the inside of a tree and not the outside. They take the tree juice and boil it in the spring of the year, you know, and that makes maple sugar.

The next tree the monkey went up was a hickory nut tree, and there were some nuts on it, but they weren't ripe yet, and when he ate one it was so bitter that he had to make a funny face. And Uncle Wiggily, who was on the ground, happened to see the monkey's funny face, and the old gentleman rabbit laughed so hard that he dropped his valise.

The valise came open and out fell a piece of cherry pie, and when the monkey saw this he laughed. He laughed so hard that he shook the tree, and a whole lot of green hickory nuts fell down, and two of them struck Uncle Wiggily on the end of his twinkling nose, making him sneeze forty-'leven times.

Then the monkey was sorry, and he scrambled to the ground without having found any gold or diamond fortunes. He said he was sorry that Uncle Wiggily was hurt.

"Do not mention it," spoke the rabbit, politely. "It was partly my fault. Let us hurry on."

"No, let's eat breakfast first," suggested the monkey; so they sat down and ate the cherry pie, after brushing off the dirt, and really it wasn't damaged hardly any.

Well, then they traveled on again, and the next tree which the monkey climbed was a pine tree, and on it were long pine cones, something like brown bananas, but not very good to eat. The monkey began picking them, and Uncle Wiggily called out:

"Have you found any fortune for me?"

"No," said the red monkey, sadly, "I haven't, but we can have a game of baseball with these cones when I come down. Look out, I'm going to toss some to you."

Uncle Wiggily got safely out of the way behind a big stone, and the red monkey tossed down a number of the long, brown pine cones. And just as the first of them were nearing the ground a most surprising thing happened. Out from the woods came a big black bear, and he walked toward the tree in which the monkey was, just in time to be hit on the end of his soft and tender nose by the sharp pine cones which the monkey threw.

"Wow!" cried the bear. "Who did that?"

Well, of course, Uncle Wiggily wasn't going to say that he had done it, for he hadn't, so the rabbit just crouched down behind the rock, and waited to see what would happen.

And the monkey hadn't seen the bear, so he threw down some more pine cones, and land sakes flopsy dub and a potato pancake! one of the cones hit the bear on his soft nose again!

"Wow! Wow!" cried the bear once more. "Who did that?"

And this time he happened to look up, and there he saw the poor red monkey up in the pine tree.

"Ah, ha! It's you, is it?" growled the bear. "Now, just for that I'm going to climb up there and eat you."

"Oh, please don't!" begged the monkey. "It was all a mistake. I didn't mean to do it!"

"Well, there won't be any mistake about this!" growled the bear. "Here I come!" And up he climbed, for bears can climb a tree better than can a cat.

Well, you can just imagine how scared that monkey was. He was so frightened that he didn't think to run to the top of the pine tree, and jump into another, so he could get away. Instead he just sat there on a limb, shivering. And Uncle Wiggily was also frightened as he hid behind the stone.

"The poor monkey will be eaten up," thought the rabbit, "and it will be my fault, because he was looking for my fortune. Oh! what can I do?"

And just then Uncle Wiggily heard a rustling in the leaves at his feet. He jumped back, thinking it might be a little baby bear, but, instead out pounced a tiny brown and white chap without any tail.

"Why, Buddy Pigg!" exclaimed the rabbit. "How does it happen that you are here?"

"I'm just walking about for exercise," said the guinea-pig boy, for he it was. "But what is the trouble, Uncle Wiggily?"

"The bear is going to eat up the red monkey," said the old gentleman rabbit, sadly. "Look!"

Buddy Pigg looked, and by this time the bear had almost climbed up to where the monkey was sitting and shivering.

"Oh, I must stop that!" exclaimed Buddy. "Wait a minute and watch. You know how I can whistle, don't you? so listen."

Now, you know all guinea pigs can make a funny, squeaking noise just like some one whistling, and that's exactly what Buddy did. He whistled loudly and he whistled softly through his teeth. Then he whistled double and single and next he whistled like a man calling to his dog.

And that's exactly what the bear thought it was--a man whistling for the dogs to come and bite the bear. Louder whistled Buddy through his teeth, hiding down behind the rock with Uncle Wiggily, and the bear was very much frightened.

"I guess the dogs are coming for me!" the bear exclaimed, and he stopped climbing up the tree. Then he called to the monkey: "I'll get you some other time." Then the bear slid down the tree and ran off in the woods, while Buddy whistled louder than ever. And then the monkey came safely down, and he wasn't eaten by the bear, after all, and that's all to this story, if you please.



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