

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott  
Turgenev Wallage Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel  
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen  
Weber Freiligrath Frey  
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel  
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas  
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach  
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil  
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London  
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer  
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup  
Mommssen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff  
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt  
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier  
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder  
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer George  
Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Dickens Grimm Jerome Rilke Bebel Proust  
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot  
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy  
Storm Casanova Lessing Tersteegen Gilm Gryphius  
Chamberlain Langbein Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates  
Brentano Claudius Schiller Bellamy Schilling Kralik Raabe Gibbon Tschchow  
Katharina II. von Rußland Gerstäcker Raabe Gleim Vulpius  
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Morgenstern Goedicke  
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Kleist  
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Mörike Musil  
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus  
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus Moltke  
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo  
Nestroy Marie de France Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht  
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# **The Bobbsey Twins at Meadow Brook**

Laura Lee Hope

# Imprint

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## CHAPTER I

### A CROCKERY CRASH

"Well, here we are back home again!" exclaimed Nan Bobbsey, as she sat down in a chair on the porch. "Oh, but we have had *such* a good time!"

"The best ever!" exclaimed her brother Bert, as he set down the valise he had been carrying, and walked back to the front gate to take a small satchel from his mother.

"I'm going to carry mine! I want to carry mine all the way!" cried little fat Freddie Bobbsey, thinking perhaps his bigger brother might want to take, too, his bundle.

"All right, you can carry your own, Freddie," said Bert, pleasantly. "But it's pretty heavy for you."

"It—it isn't very heavy," panted Freddie, as he struggled on with his bundle, his short fat legs fairly "twinkling" to and fro as he came up the walk. "It's got some cookies in, too, my bundle has; and Flossie and I are going to eat 'em when we get on the porch."

"Oh, so that's the reason you didn't want Bert to take your package, is it?" asked Mrs. Bobbsey, with a smile, as she patted the little fat chap on the head.

"Oh, well, I'll give Bert a cookie if he wants one," said Freddie, generously, "but I'm strong enough to carry my own bundle all the way; aren't I, Dinah?" and he appealed to a fat, good-natured looking colored woman, who was waddling along, carrying a number of packages.

"Dat's what yo' is, honey lamb! Dat's what yo' is!" Dinah exclaimed. "An' ef I could see dat man ob mine, Sam Johnson, I'd make him take some ob dese yeah t'ings."

As Dinah spoke there came from around the corner of the house a tall, slim colored man, who as soon as he saw the party of returning travelers, ran forward to help them carry their luggage.

"Well, it's about time dat yo' come t' help us, Sam Johnson!" exclaimed his wife. "It's about time!"

"Didn't know yo' all was a-comin', Dinah! Didn't know yo' all would get heah so soon, 'deed I didn't!" Sam exclaimed, with a laugh, that showed his white teeth in strange contrast to his black face. "Freddie, shall I take yo' package? Flossie, let me reliebe yo', little Missie!"

"No, Sam, thank you!" answered the little girl, who was just about the size and build of Freddie. "I have only Snoop, our cat, and I can carry him easily enough. You help Dinah!"

"'Deed an' he had better help me!" exclaimed the colored cook.

Sam took all the packages he could carry, and hurried with them to the stoop. But he had not gone very far before something happened.

From behind him rushed a big dog, barking and leaping about, glad, probably, to be home again from part of the summer vacation.

"Look out, Sam!" called Bert Bobbsey, who was carrying the valise his mother had had. "Look out!"

"What's de mattah? Am I droppin' suffin?" asked Sam, trying to turn about and look at all the bundles and packages he had in his arms and hands.

"It's Snap!" cried Nan, who was sitting comfortably on the shady porch. "Look out for him, Sam."

"Snap! Behave yourself!" ordered little fat Flossie, as she set down a wooden cage containing a black cat. "Be good, Snap!"

"Here, Snap! Snap! Come here!" called Freddie.

Snap, the big dog, was too excited just then to mind. With another loud, joyous bark he rushed up behind Sam, and, as the colored man of all work about the Bobbsey place had very bow, or curved, legs, Snap ran right between them. That is, he ran half way, and then, as he was a pretty fat dog, he stuck there.

"Good land ob massy!" exclaimed Sam, as he looked down to see the dog half way between his bow legs, Snap's head sticking out one way, and his wagging tail the other. "Get out ob dat, Snap!" cried Sam. "Get out! Move on, sah!"

"Bow wow!" barked Snap, which might have meant almost anything.

"Look out!" shouted Sam. "Yo'll upset me! Dat's what you will!"

And indeed it did seem as though this might happen. For Sam was so laden down with packages that he could not balance himself very well, and had almost toppled over.

"Here, Snap!" called Bert, who was laughing so hard that he could hardly stand up, for really it was a funny sight.

"Don't call him, Bert," advised Mrs. Bobbsey. "If you do he'll run out, and then Sam surely will be knocked over. And there are some fresh eggs in one of those packages he took from Dinah."

Snap himself did not seem to know what to do. There he was, tightly held fast, his fat sides between Sam's bow legs. Snap could go neither forward nor backward just then. He barked and wagged his tail, for he knew it was all in fun.

"Open your legs wider, Sam, man!" exclaimed his wife. "Den de dorg kin git out!"

Sam, holding tightly to the packages, did manage to stoop down and so spread his legs a little farther apart. This released Snap, who, with a happy bark, and a wild wagging of his tail, bounded up on the stoop where Nan sat.

A little later the whole Bobbsey family, with the exception of Mr. Bobbsey, were sitting comfortably in the porch chairs, while Sam was opening the front shutters, having already unlocked the front door for the returning family.

"Home again!" exclaimed Mrs. Bobbsey, with a little sigh, as she looked around at the familiar scenes. "My, but how dusty it is after being on the lovely water."

"Yes'm, dey shuah has been lots ob dust!" exclaimed Sam. "We need rain mighty bad, an' I've had de garden hose goin' ebery night, too."

"I'll soon sweep off dish yeah porch," said Dinah. "Sam, yo' git me a broom."

"Oh, don't bother now, Dinah," said Mrs. Bobbsey. "Make a cup of tea, first. The dust doesn't matter, and we'll not be here long."

"Won't we?" exclaimed Nan. "Oh, where are we going next?"

"We'll talk about it as soon as your father comes home," said Mrs. Bobbsey, for her husband had stopped on the way from the houseboat dock, where the family had lately landed, to go to his lumber office for a little while.

"Let Snoop out!" begged little Flossie. "Snoop's tired of being shut up in that box." In order to carry him from the boat to the house Snoop had been put in a small traveling crate.

"I'll let him out as soon as I get a screwdriver," promised Bert. "My, but it's hot here!"

"Indeed it is," agreed his mother, who was fanning herself with her pocket handkerchief as she sat in a rocking-chair. "It isn't much like our nice houseboat, is it?"

"No, indeed," agreed Nan. "I wish we hadn't come home."

"And summer is only half over," went on Bert. "Here it is only August."

"Oh, well, there are plenty of good times ahead of you children yet, before school begins," said Mrs. Bobbsey. "Now let's see. Have we everything?" and she looked at the pile of bundles and valises on the porch.

"I guess we didn't forget anything, except papa," said Freddie. "And he's coming," he added, as the others laughed.

"Sam, am de fire made?" demanded Dinah. "I wants t' make a cup ob tea."

"Fire all made," reported the colored man. "I'll go git a fresh pail ob water now. I didn't know jest prezackly when yo' was comin'," he said to Mrs. Bobbsey, "or I'd a' been down to de dock t' meet de houseboat."

"Might a' come anyhow," muttered Dinah. "Yo' all didn't hab nuffin' t' do heah!"

"Huh! I didn't, eh?" cried Sam. "Nuffin' t' do! Why, I cut de grass, an' fed de chickens, an' watered de lawn, an' — an' —"

"Go 'long wif yo'," ordered his wife with a laugh. "Bring in some mo' wood for de fire!"

"And get a screw-driver so I can let Snoop out," begged Flossie. "He's tired of being shut up in the crate!"

"Right away, Missie! Right away!" promised good-natured Sam.

A little later Snoop, the black cat, was stretching himself on the porch, while Snap, the big dog, rushed up and down the lawn, barking loudly to let all the neighbors' dogs know he was back home again — at least for a time.

Meanwhile Bert, as the "little man of the house," had brought in the packages and satchels from the porch. Nan was helping her mother get out a cool kimona, while Dinah was down in the kitchen getting ready a cup of tea for Mrs. Bobbsey.

Flossie and Freddie, as the youngest Bobbsey twins, had nothing in particular to do, so they ran about, here, there, everywhere, re-newing acquaintance with the familiar objects about the yard — things they had forgotten during the two months they had been away on a houseboat, for part of their summer vacation.

"Oh, look! My flower-bed is full of weeds!" cried Flossie, as she came to a corner of the yard where she had set out some pansy plants just before going away.

"And I can't even see the lettuce I planted," said Freddie. "I guess Sam didn't weed our gardens."

"Never mind, we can make new ones," Flossie said. "Oh, Freddie, look! There's a strange cat!" Both children ran to where Snoop was

making the acquaintance of a pussy friend. The cats seemed to like one another and the strange one let the little twins pet it as it lapped some milk from Snoop's saucer.

A little later Dinah called Flossie and Freddie into the house to have a glass of milk and some bread and jam, for it was past lunch time. The small twins came willingly enough.

"What are we going to do the rest of the summer?" asked Nan, as she sat next to her mother at the table. "Are we going away again?"

"I hope so!" exclaimed Bert. "The houseboat suited me, but if we can have a trip to the seashore, or go to the country, so much the better."

"We shall see," half-promised Mrs. Bobbsey. "As soon as papa comes home from the office, he will know how much more time he can spare from business to go with us. Then I can tell you—"

"There he comes now, mamma!" exclaimed Nan. "Oh, excuse me for interrupting you," she went on, for Mrs. Bobbsey insisted upon the children being just as polite at home, and to one another, as they would be among strangers.

"That's all right, Nan," said her mother kindly. "When papa comes in, and has had a cup of tea, we'll talk over matters, and decide what to do."

"Well, are you all settled?" asked Mr. Bobbsey, as he came in, catching little Freddie up in his strong arms. "Haven't put out any fires since you got here, have you?" he asked, for Freddie had a great love for playing fireman, and he often put out "make-believe" blazes with a toy fire engine he had, which squirted real water.

"No alarms to-day," laughed Freddie, for his father was tickling him in his "fat ribs," as Freddie called them.

"How's my little fat fairy?" went on Mr. Bobbsey, catching Flossie up as he had Freddie.

"All right," she answered. "Oh, papa, your whiskers prick!" she cried, as Mr. Bobbsey kissed her.

"Sit down and have a cup of tea," invited Mrs. Bobbsey. "Then we can talk about what we are to do. The children are anxious to get

away again, and if we *are* to go there is no need of unpacking more than we have to."

"Would you like to go to Meadow Brook?" asked Mr. Bobbsey, looking at his happy family.

"You know I would," answered his wife, with a smile.

"Meadow Brook! Oh, are we going there?" cried Nan.

"Well, Uncle Daniel has sent us an invitation," said Mr. Bobbsey, "and your mother and I are thinking of it."

"Can you leave your lumber business long enough to go with us?" asked Mrs. Bobbsey.

"I think so," replied her husband. "I just stopped at the office, and everything there is going along nicely. So I think we'll go to Meadow Brook, in the country, for the rest of the summer."

"Hurray! Hurrah! Oh, how nice!" cried the children.

"Dinah, I think I'll have another cup of tea," went on Mr. Bobbsey, as the colored cook waddled in. "Make it cold, this time— with ice in it. I am very warm."

"Yais-sah," said Dinah, taking his cup.

Then followed a confusion of talk, the two sets of twins doing the most. They were joyfully excited at the idea of going to Meadow Brook farm.

"I'm going to turn somersaults in the grass—just like this," cried Freddie, rolling over and over on the floor. He rolled toward the door that led from the dining-room to the kitchen, and, just as he reached it, Dinah came in with Mr. Bobbsey's cup of iced tea.

Before Freddie could stop himself, and before fat Dinah could get out of the way, the little Bobbsey chap had rolled right into the cook, and down she went in a heap on the floor, the cup and saucer crashing into dozens of pieces, and the tea spilling all over.



## CHAPTER II

### NEW SUMMER PLANS

"Oh, Freddie!"

"Oh, Dinah!"

"Are you hurt?"

Thus came the cries, and as Snap, the dog, rushed in just then, barking and leaping about, he made the confusion all the worse.

Mr. Bobbsey sprang from his chair, lifted Freddie out of the way, and then helped Dinah to her feet. The fat, colored cook looked around in a dazed manner, and Freddie, too, did not seem to know just what had happened to him.

"Oh, don't tell me he is hurt—or Dinah, either!" cried Mrs. Bobbsey, holding her hands over her eyes, as though she might see something unpleasant.

"I—I'm not hurt," said Freddie, "but I—I'm all wet!"

"Bress yo' heart, honey lamb! I'se glad ob dat!" cried Dinah, as she wiped her face on her apron, for the tea had splashed on her.

"Are you all right, Dinah?" asked Mr. Bobbsey, setting Freddie down, for he had caught his little fat son up in his arms.

"Shuah, I'se all right, sah," the colored cook answered. "Jest shook up a bit. I'se so fat it doesn't hurt me t' fall," she explained. "An' I shuah am glad I didn't fall on Freddie. He done knocked mah feet right out from under me!"

"Yes, you shouldn't have turned somersaults in the house," said Mrs. Bobbsey. "That wasn't right, Freddie."

"I—I wasn't exactly turning somersaults," Freddie explained, as he dried his face in his pocket handkerchief. "I was jest rollin' over an' over, like I'm goin' to do down at Meadow Brook."

"Well, it was almost as bad as turning somersaults," said Nan. "My, but I got *so* excited."

"Pooh! It wasn't anything," spoke Bert. "It's a good thing, though, that it was iced tea, instead of being hot."

"Indeed that was a blessing," said Mrs. Bobbsey, while Dinah began picking up the pieces of the cup and saucer. "You must be more careful, Freddie."

"I will, ma," he promised. "But tell us about Meadow Brook. When can we go?"

"Not until you get a dry suit on, at least," said Mr. Bobbsey with a smile. "You had better change, Freddie. You are all wet from my cup of tea."

"I'll put dry things on him," offered Nan, leading the little fellow from the room. "But don't talk over any plans until I come back," she begged.

"We won't," promised her mother.

And while the house is settling into quietness, after the confusion of the temporary home-coming, and the upsetting of Dinah and Freddie, I will take just a few moments to tell my new readers something about the Bobbsey Twins as they have been written about in the other books of this series.

There were two sets of twins, and that may seem strange until I tell you that Bert and Nan, aged about nine, formed one set, and Flossie and Freddie, aged four years younger, made up the second set. Bert and Nan were tall and slim, with dark hair and eyes, while Flossie and Freddie were fat and short, with light hair and blue eyes, making a very different appearance from the older twins.

Besides the two sets of Bobbsey twins, there was Mr. Richard Bobbsey, and his wife Mary. They lived in an Eastern city called Lakeport, on Lake Metoka, where Mr. Bobbsey had a large lumber business.

I might say that Dinah Johnson, and her husband Sam, also formed part of the Bobbsey household, for without Dinah to cook, and without Sam to do everything around the house, from watering the grass to putting out the ashes, I do not know how Mrs. Bobbsey would have gotten along. And then, of course, there was Snoop, the black cat, and Snap, the nice dog, who had once been in a circus, and could do many tricks.

So much for the Bobbsey family. As for what they did, if you will read

the first book of the series, which volume is called "The Bobbsey Twins," you will get a good idea of the many good times Flossie, Freddie, Bert and Nan had.

Uncle Daniel Bobbsey, who was Mr. Bobbsey's brother, and his wife, Aunt Sarah, lived in the country at Meadow Brook Farm. They had a ten year old son, named Harry, and he and Bert were great chums whenever they were together.

The Bobbsey twins often went to the country, and also to the seashore, where their Uncle William and Aunt Emily, as well as their cousin Dorothy, lived, at a place called Ocean Cliff.

You may read of the fun the twins had at these places in the country and seashore books.

Bert, Nan, Flossie and Freddie also had fun at school, and when they went to Snow Lodge they had what were, to them, a wonderful series of adventures, and solved a strange mystery.

Their last trip had been on a houseboat. It was called the *Bluebird*, and they had voyaged down Lake Metoka to Lemby Creek, and through that to Lake Romano, where they had fine times. There was a mystery on the *Bluebird*, but Bert, and his cousin Harry, who was with him, found out what made the queer noises.

Cousin Dorothy was also a guest on the houseboat trip, and she and Nan, who were about the same age, greatly enjoyed themselves. The Bobbseys, and their country and seashore cousins, had come back from the trip, Dorothy going to her home, and Harry to his, when there happened the little accident to Freddie and Dinah, which I have mentioned in the first chapter of this book.

Now the house was quiet once again. Freddie had on a clean dry suit, Dinah had changed her damp apron for a fresh one, and Mr. Bobbsey was sipping his cup of iced tea, which was not spilled this time.

"Now can you tell us what we are going to do the rest of this summer vacation?" asked Bert.

"Yes," said Mr. Bobbsey, "I can. Your Uncle William, as I started to tell you, before Freddie gave us that circus exhibition, has invited us up to Meadow Brook. And, as I have a little time I can spare from my business, I think I shall take you all down there. We can go to the country and have a fine time."

"We had a good time on the houseboat," said Nan. "It was lovely there."

"Indeed it was," agreed Mrs. Bobbsey.

"And when we found the ghost!" exclaimed Bert.

"Hush! You mustn't say ghost!" cautioned Mrs. Bobbsey, with a smile.

"It wasn't a ghost, you know."

"Well, we thought it was—at first," laughed Bert. "Anyhow we'll have some fun at Meadow Brook."

"I'm going to fly a kite!" declared Freddie.

"All right, as long as you don't tie Snoop to the tail of it," said his father.

"And I'm going to feed the chickens," exclaimed Flossie.

"But you mustn't chase the rooster," cautioned her mother.

"I won't," promised the little fat twin.

"Now when are we going?" asked Nan.

"What train do we take?" Bert wanted to know.

"I'll have to see to all that to-morrow," said Mr. Bobbsey. "We might as well go right off to the country, for it is not very pleasant staying in the hot city. We won't need to unpack much, for we'll

stay here only this one night. To-morrow morning we shall start for Meadow Brook."

"And are we going to take the *Bluebird* along?" inquired Flossie.

"No, the houseboat will stay at home this trip," her mother said.

"There isn't enough water at Meadow Brook to sail the *Bluebird*."

They talked over their new summer plans, and the children were delighted at the prospect of going to see their cousin, their uncle and their aunt.

"Dinah is going, isn't she?" asked Nan.

"Oh, yes, we couldn't get along without her," answered Mrs. Bobbsey with a smile.

"And I'm going to take Snoop!" cried Freddie, hugging the big, black cat, which did not seem to mind being loved so hard.

"Well if Snoop goes, then we ought to take Snap, the dog, too," declared Bert. "Snap would be lonesome if he were left behind, wouldn't he?"

"Oh, may we take them both, mamma?" begged Nan.

"Well, I guess so," was the answer, as Mrs. Bobbsey looked at her husband.

"That will be all right," he nodded. "The country is just the place for dogs and cats—it's better for them than houseboats."

"Oh, what fun we'll have!" sang Flossie. "What lovely times!"

"And I'm going to take my fire engine, and squirt water in it from the brook," declared Freddie.

"Well, be careful not to fall in," his father said. "And now I shall have to go back to the office again, to do a little work so as to get ready for going away again. So I'll leave my little fat fireman and fat fairy for a while," and he smiled at Freddie and Flossie, as he called them by their pet names.

As the Bobbseys were to leave town soon, they did not unpack very much from the valises they had brought from the houseboat.

This boat was tied up at a dock in the lumber yard, which was on the edge of the lake. The children spent the morning playing about in the yard, some of their friends, who had not gone away for the summer, coming to join in their games.

After lunch Mr. Bobbsey came up to the house in an automobile, bringing his wife some things she had asked him to get from the store.

"Oh, may I have a ride?" begged Freddie, when he saw his father in the machine, which Mr. Bobbsey and some of the other members of his lumber firm used when they were in a hurry.

"Yes, jump in!" invited his father. "Want to come, Bert?" he asked of the older Bobbsey boy.

"Yes, thank you," was the answer. "Where are you going?"

"I have to go up the lake shore, to a place called Tenbly, to see another lumber dealer on some business," Mr. Bobbsey said. "Where are Nan and Flossie?" he asked his wife, who had come out on the porch just then. "I could take them along also. There is plenty of room."

"Flossie and Nan have gone over to Mrs. Black's house," Mrs. Bobbsey said. "Run along without them. It's just as well. I'd rather they wouldn't be out in the hot sun, as we have to take a long train journey to-morrow."

"All right," agreed Mr. Bobbsey, as he started off in the automobile with Freddie and Bert. "We'll soon be back."

Neither Mr. Bobbsey nor the boys knew what was to happen on that ride, nor how it was to affect them afterward.