

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
Mommsen 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
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke
Nestroy Marie de France
Nietzsche Nansen Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht
Marx Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz Ringelntz
von Ossietzky May vom Stein Lawrence Irving
Petalozzi Platon Pückler Michelangelo Knigge Kock Kafka
Sachs Poe Liebermann Kock Korolenko
de Sade Praetorius Mistral Zetkin



The publishing house **tredition** has created the series **TREDITION CLASSICS**. It contains classical literature works from over two thousand years. Most of these titles have been out of print and off the bookstore shelves for decades.

The book series is intended to preserve the cultural legacy and to promote the timeless works of classical literature. As a reader of a **TREDITION CLASSICS** book, the reader supports the mission to save many of the amazing works of world literature from oblivion.

The symbol of **TREDITION CLASSICS** is Johannes Gutenberg (1400 – 1468), the inventor of movable type printing.

With the series, **tredition** intends to make thousands of international literature classics available in printed format again – worldwide.

All books are available at book retailers worldwide in paperback and in hardcover. For more information please visit: www.tredition.com



tredition was established in 2006 by Sandra Latusseck and Soenke Schulz. Based in Hamburg, Germany, **tredition** offers publishing solutions to authors and publishing houses, combined with worldwide distribution of printed and digital book content. **tredition** is uniquely positioned to enable authors and publishing houses to create books on their own terms and without conventional manufacturing risks.

For more information please visit: www.tredition.com

Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue at Christmas Tree Cove

Laura Lee Hope

Imprint

This book is part of the TREDITION CLASSICS series.

Author: Laura Lee Hope

Cover design: toepferschumann, Berlin (Germany)

Publisher: tredition GmbH, Hamburg (Germany)

ISBN: 978-3-8491-7069-1

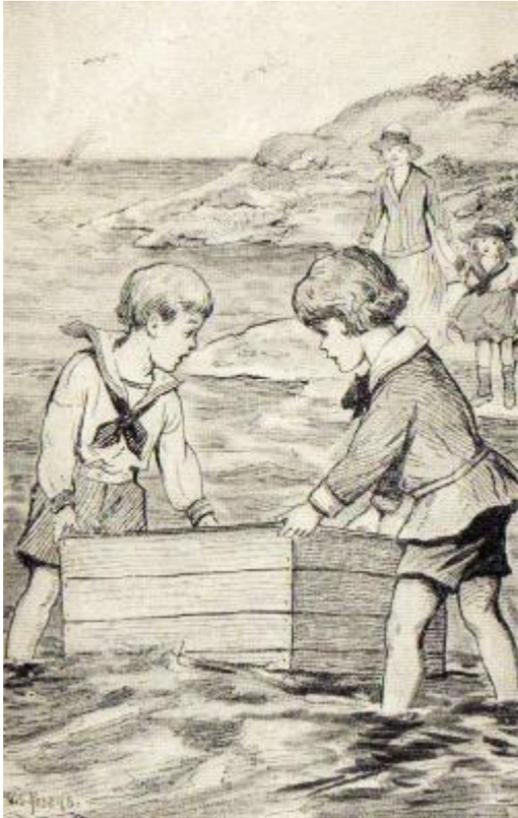
www.tredition.com

www.tredition.de

Copyright:

The content of this book is sourced from the public domain.

The intention of the TREDITION CLASSICS series is to make world literature in the public domain available in printed format. Literary enthusiasts and organizations worldwide have scanned and digitally edited the original texts. tredition has subsequently formatted and redesigned the content into a modern reading layout. Therefore, we cannot guarantee the exact reproduction of the original format of a particular historic edition. Please also note that no modifications have been made to the spelling, therefore it may differ from the orthography used today.



MRS. SLATER AND SUE WATCH BUNNY AND HARRY BRING
IN THE BOX.

*Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue at Christmas Tree Cove.
Frontispiece—(Page 210)*

CONTENTS

chapter

- I. The Big Dog
- II. In the Carpenter Shop
- III. The Diamond Ring
- IV. Daddy Brings News
- V. Adrift
- VI. The Strange Dog
- VII. The Sleep-Walker
- VIII. A Collision
- IX. The Merry Goat
- X. In the Storm
- XI. Where Is Bunny?
- XII. Christmas Tree Cove
- XIII. A Crash
- XIV. In the Dark
- XV. Bunny's Toe
- XVI. Overboard
- XVII. The New Boy
- XVIII. Held Fast
- XIX. Another Storm
- XX. The Floating Box
- XXI. Mr. Ravenwood
- XXII. The Surprising Letter
- XXIII. "That's the Dog!"
- XXIV. In the Boat
- XXV. What Stopped the Engine

**BUNNY BROWN
AND HIS SISTER SUE
AT CHRISTMAS TREE COVE**

CHAPTER I

THE BIG DOG

"Come on, Bunny, let's just have one more teeter-tauter!" cried Sue, dancing around on the grass of the yard. "Just one more!" and she raced over toward a board, put across a sawhorse, swaying up and down as though inviting children to have a seesaw.

"We can't teeter-tauter any more, Sue," objected Bunny Brown. "We have to go to the store for mother."

"Yes, I know we have to go; but we can go after we've had another seesaw just the same, can't we?"

Bunny Brown, who was carrying by the leather handle a black handbag his mother had given him, looked first at his sister and then at the board on the sawhorse, gently moving up and down in the summer breeze.

"Come on!" cried Sue again, "and this time she danced off toward the swaying board, singing as she did so:

"Teeter-tauter
Bread and water,
First your son and
Then your daughter."

Bunny Brown stood still for a moment, looking back toward the house, out of which he and Sue had come a little while before.

"Mother told us to go to the store," said Bunny slowly.

"Yes, and we're going. I'll go with you in a minute—just as soon as I have a seesaw," said Sue. "And, besides, mother didn't say we were *not* to. If she had told us *not* to teeter-tauter I wouldn't do it, of course. But she didn't, Bunny! You know she didn't!"

"No, that's so; she didn't," agreed Bunny. "Well, I'll play it with you a little while."

"That's nice," laughed Sue. "Cause it isn't any fun teetering and tautering all by your[3]self. You stay down on the ground all the while, lessen you jump yourself up, and then you don't stay—you just bump."

"Yes," agreed Bunny. "I've been bumped lots of times all alone."

He was getting on the end of the seesaw, opposite that on which Sue had taken her place, when the little girl noticed that her brother still carried the small, black bag. Mother Brown called it a pocket-book, but it would have taken a larger pocket than she ever had to hold the bag. It was, however, a sort of large purse, and she had given it to Bunny Brown and his sister Sue a little while before to carry to the store.

"Put that on the bench," called Sue, when she saw that her brother had the purse, holding it by the leather handle. "You can't teeter-tauter and hold on with that in your hand."

There was a bench not far away from the seesaw—a bench under a shady tree—and Mrs. Brown often sat there with the children on warm summer afternoons and told them stories or read to them from a book.[4]

"Yes, I guess I can teeter better if I don't have this," agreed Bunny. "Hold on, Sue, I'm going to get off."

"All right, I'm ready," his sister answered. "You know if you get off a seesaw without telling the boy or girl on the other end what you are going to do, somebody is going to be bumped hard. Bunny Brown didn't want that."

Sue put her fat, chubby little legs down on the ground and held herself up, while Bunny ran across the grass and laid the pocket-book on the bench. "I suppose I had better call it, as Mrs. Brown did, a pocketbook, and then we shall not get mixed up. But, as I said before, you couldn't really put it in a pocket."

"Seesaw, Margery Daw!" sang Sue, as Bunny came back to play with her. "Now we'll have some fun!"

And the children did. Up and down they went on the board their father had sent up from his boat dock for them to play with. He had also sent up the sawhorse. A sawhorse, you know, is made of wood, and, though it has legs, it can't run. It's just a sort of thin[5] bench, and a seesaw board can easily be put across it.

Bunny Brown and his sister Sue were gaily swaying up and down on the seesaw, and, for the time, they had forgotten all about the fact that their mother had sent them to the store to pay a bill, and also to get some groceries. They had not meant to stay so long, but you know how it is when you get to seesawing.

"It's just the finest fun ever!" cried Sue.

"I'm sorry for boys and girls that ain't got any seesaws," said her brother.

"Oh, I guess a lot of boys and girls have 'em, Bunny. Daddy said so, once."

"Did he? I didn't hear him."

Up and down, up and down went the children, laughing and having a splendid time. Sue felt so happy she began to sing a little song and Bunny joined in. It was the old ditty of the Cow that Jumped Over the Moon.

"We'd better go now, Sue!" called Bunny, after a while. "We can seesaw when we get back."

"Oh, just five more times up and down!" pleaded the little girl, shaking her curls and[6] fairly laughing out of her eyes. "Just five more!"

"All right!" agreed Bunny. "Just five – that's all!"

Again the board swayed up and down, and when Sue was just sorrowfully counting the last of the five, shouting and laughter were heard in the street in front of the Brown house.

"Oh, there's Mary Watson and Sadie West!" cried Sue.

"Yes, and Charlie Star and Harry Bentley!" added Bunny. "Come on in and have a lot of fun!" he called, as two boys and two girls came past the gate. "We can take turns seesawing."

"That'll be fun!" said Charlie.

"Can't we get another board and make another seesaw?" asked Harry. "We can't all get on that one. It'll break."

"I guess we can find another board," said Bunny. "I'll go and ask my mother."

"No!" said Sue quickly. "You'd better not, Bunny!"

"Why?" asked her brother, in surprise.[7]

"Cause if you go in now mother will know we didn't go to the store, and she might not like it. We'd better go now and let Charlie and Harry and Sadie and Mary have the teeter-tauter until we come back," suggested Sue. "It'll hold four, our board will, but not six."

Bunny Brown thought this over a minute.

"Yes, I guess we had better do that," he said. Then, speaking to his playmates, he added: "We have to go to the store, Charlie, Sue and I. You can play on the seesaw until we come back. And then, maybe, we can find another board, and make two teeters."

"I have a board over in my yard. I'll get that," offered Charlie, "if we can get another sawhorse."

"We'll look when we come back," suggested Sue. "Come on, Bunny."

Sue got off the seesaw, as did her brother, and their places were taken by Charlie, Harry, Mary and Sadie. Though Sue was a little younger than Bunny, she often led him when there was something to do, either in work or play. And just now there was work to do.[8]

It was not hard work, only going to the store for their mother with the pocketbook to pay a bill at the grocer's and get some things for supper. And it was work Bunny Brown and his sister Sue liked, for often when they went to the grocer's he gave each a sweet cracker to eat on the way home.

Bunny, followed by Sue, started for the bench where the pocketbook had been left. But, before they reached it, and all of a sudden, a big yellow dog bounced into the yard from the street. It leaped the fence and stood for a moment looking at the children.

"Oh, what a dandy dog!" cried Charlie.

"Is that your dog, Splash, come back?" asked Harry, for Bunny and his sister had once owned a dog of that name. Splash had run away or been stolen in the winter and had never come back.

"No, that isn't Splash," said Bunny. "He's a nice dog, though. Here, boy!" he called.

The dog, that had come to a stop, turned suddenly on hearing himself spoken to. He gave one bound over toward the bench, and a moment later caught in his mouth the leather[9] handle of Mrs. Brown's black pocketbook and darted away.

Over the fence he jumped, out into the street, so quickly that the children could hardly follow him with their eyes. But it was only an instant that Bunny Brown remained still, watching the dog. Then he gave a cry:

"Oh, Sue! The dog has mother's pocketbook and the money! Come on! We've got to get it away from him!"

"Oh, yes!" echoed Sue.

Bunny ran out of the yard and into the street, following the dog. Sue followed her brother. The four other children, being on the seesaw, could not move so quickly, and by the time they did get off the board, taking turns carefully, so no one would get bounced, Bunny Brown and his sister Sue were out of sight, down the street and around a corner, chasing after the dog that had snatched up their mother's pocketbook.

"We've got to get him!" cried Bunny, looking back at his sister. "Come on!"

"I am a-comin' on!" she panted, half out of breath.[10]

The big yellow dog was in plain sight, bounding along and still holding in his mouth, as Bunny could see, the dangling pocketbook.

Suddenly the animal turned into some building, and was at once out of sight.

"Where'd he go?" asked Sue.

"Into Mr. Foswick's carpenter shop," her brother answered. "I saw him go in. We can get him easy now."

On they ran, Bunny Brown and his sister Sue. A few seconds later they stood in front of the open door of a carpenter shop built near the sidewalk. Within they could see piles of lumber and boards and heaps of sawdust and shavings. The dog was not in sight, but Bunny and Sue knew he must be somewhere in the shop. They scurried through the piles of sawdust and shavings toward the back of the shop, looking eagerly on all sides for a sight of the dog.

"Where is he?" asked Sue. "Oh, Bunny, if that pocketbook and the money are lost!"

"We'll find it!" exclaimed Bunny. "We'll make the dog give it back!"[11]

As he spoke there was a noise at the door by which the children had entered the carpenter shop. The door was quickly slammed shut, and a key was turned. Then a harsh voice cried:

"Now I've got you! You sha'n't play tricks on me any more! I've got you locked up now!"[12]

CHAPTER II

IN THE CARPENTER SHOP

Bunny Brown and his sister Sue were so surprised at hearing that harsh voice, and at hearing the door slammed shut and locked behind them, that they just stood and looked at each other in the carpenter shop. They forgot, for the moment, all about the big yellow dog and the pocketbook he had carried away. Then Bunny managed to find his voice and he cried:

"Who was that, Sue?"

"I—I guess it was Mr. Foswick," she answered. "I'm almost sure it was."

"Yes," agreed Bunny, "I guess it was. But what did he want to lock us in for? We didn't do anything. We just came in to get mother's pocketbook and the grocery money away from the dog."

"I p'sume he made a mistake," said Sue.[13] "He must have thought we were the bad boys that tease him. I saw some of 'em come in once and scatter the sawdust all over. And I heard Mr. Foswick say he'd fix 'em if he caught 'em. He must have thought we was them," she added, letting her English get badly tangled in her excitement.

"I guess so," agreed Bunny. "Well, we'll tell him we aren't. Come on, Sue!"

Giving up, for the time being, their search in the carpenter shop for the strange, big yellow dog, Bunny and Sue walked back toward the front door, which had been slammed shut. And while they are seeking to make Mr. Foswick understand that he had made a mistake, and had punished the wrong children, I shall have a moment or two to tell my new readers something about the characters whose adventures I hope to relate to you in this story.

The town of Bellemere, which was on the seacoast and near a small river, was the home of Bunny Brown and his sister Sue. Their father, Walter Brown, was in the boat and fish business, owning a

wharf, where he had his office. Men and boys worked for him, and[14] one big boy, Bunker Blue, was a great friend of Bunny and his sister. In the Brown home was also Uncle Tad, an old soldier.

In the first book of this series, called "Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue," I told you many of the things that happened to the children. After that they went to Grandpa's farm, and played circus, and there are books about both those happy times. Next the children paid a visit to Aunt Lu's city home, and from there they went to Camp Rest-a-While.

In the big woods Bunny and Sue had many adventures, and they had so much fun on their auto tour that I could hardly get it all in one book.

When Mr. Brown bought a Shetland pony for the children they were delighted, and they had as much fun with it as they did in giving a show. That is the name of the book just before the present one you are reading—"Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue Giving a Show." In that volume you may learn how a stranded company of players came to Bellemere, and what happened. Bunny and Sue,[15] as well as some of their playmates, were actors and actresses in the show, and Splash, the dog, did a trick also. But Splash had run away, or been taken away, during the winter that had just passed, and Bunny and Sue no longer had a dog.

Perhaps they thought they might induce the big one that had jumped into the yard to come and live with them, after they had taken the pocketbook away from him. He was not quite the same sort of dog as Splash, but he seemed very nice. Bunny and Sue kept hoping Splash would return or be brought back, but, up to the time this story opens, that had not come about.

The show the two Brown children gave was talked about for a long time in Bellemere. Of course, Bunny and Sue had had help in giving it, and the show was also a means of helping others. Now winter had passed, spring had come and gone, and it was early summer. Bunny and Sue had been playing in the yard before going to the store for their mother when the strange dog had sprung over the fence, snatched up the pocketbook, and[16] had run off with it, darting into the carpenter shop.

"I don't see anything of him," said Sue, as she and Bunny made their way amid the piles of boards and lumber and over piles of sawdust and shavings toward the door.

"You don't see anything of who?" asked Bunny. "Mr. Foswick or the big dog?"

"The dog," answered Sue. "I couldn't see Mr. Foswick, 'cause he's outside. He shut the door on us."

"Yes," agreed Bunny, "so he did. Well, maybe we can open it."

But, alas! when Bunny and Sue tried the door they found it locked tight. Bunny had been afraid of that, for he thought he had heard a key turned in the lock. But he had not wanted to say anything to Sue until he made sure.

Rattle and pull at the door as the children did, and turn the knob, which they also did several times, the door remained shut.

"We—we're locked in!" said Sue in a sort of gasping voice, looking at Bunny.

"Yes," agreed her brother, and he tried to[17] speak cheerfully, for he was a year older than Sue, and, besides, boys oughtn't to be frightened as easily as girls, Bunny thought. "But I guess we can get out," Bunny went on. "Mr. Foswick thinks we're some of the bad boys that bother him. We'll just yell and tell him we aren't."

"All right—you yell," suggested Sue.

So Bunny shouted as loudly as he could:

"Mr. Foswick! We didn't do anything! We didn't scatter your sawdust! You locked us in by mistake! Let us out, please!"

Then he waited and listened, and so did Sue. There was no answer.

"I guess you didn't yell loud enough," said Sue. "Try again, Bunny."

Bunny did so. Once more he shouted through the closed door, or at least at the closed door. He shouted loudly, hoping the carpenter would hear him and open the door.

"Mr. Foswick! We didn't do anything!" yelled Bunny Brown.

Still there was silence. No one came to let the children out.

"I guess we'd better both yell," suggested[18] Sue. "You can shout louder than I can, Bunny, but it isn't loud enough. We've both got to yell."

"Yes, I better guess we had," agreed the small boy.

Standing close to one another near the door, they lifted their voices in a shout, saying:

"Mr. Foswick! Mr. Foswick! *We – didn't – do – anything!*"

They called this several times, but no answer came to them.

"I guess he's gone away," said Sue, after a bit.

"Yes, I guess so," agreed Bunny. "Well, we've got to get out by ourselves, then."

"How can we?" his sister wanted to know. "The door's locked, and we can't break it down. It's a big door, Bunny."

"Yes, I know it is," he answered. "But there's windows. I'll open a window and we can get out of one of them. They aren't high from the ground. We got out of a window once when Bunker Blue, by mistake, locked us in the shed on the dock, and we can get out a window now." [19]

"Oh, I hope we can!" cried Sue. "And can we get the dog out of the window, too, Bunny?"

"The dog!" exclaimed Bunny, forgetting for the moment about the animal. "Oh, I guess we won't have to get him out. He isn't here."

"But he ran in here," insisted Sue. "We saw him come into this carpenter shop."

"Yes," agreed Bunny. "But he isn't here now. If he was we'd see him or hear him."

"Maybe he's hiding," suggested Sue. "Maybe he's afraid 'cause he took mother's pocketbook and the money in it, and he's hiding in the sawdust or shavings."

"Maybe," Bunny admitted. "Well, I'll call to him to come out. He only took the pocketbook in fun, I guess. Here, Splash, come on out!"

"We won't hurt you!" he cried, moving back toward the center of the shop and away from the locked front door. "Come on, Splash!"

"His name isn't Splash!" objected Sue. "This isn't our nice dog Splash that ran away, and I wish he'd come back." [20]

"I know he isn't Splash," agreed Bunny. "But it might be. And Splash is a dog's name, and if this dog hears me call it he may come out. Come on, old fellow!" he called again coaxingly. But no dog crawled out from under the shavings, sawdust, or piles of boards.

"Where can he be?" asked Sue.

"I guess he ran out the back door," suggested Bunny.

"Then maybe we can get out there, too!" cried the little girl, and she and her brother, with the same thought, ran to the rear of the shop.

"Here is the door," said Bunny, as he pointed it out.

It was a large affair that slid back from the middle of the wall to one corner. It was tight shut.

"And it's locked, too," cried Sue, pointing to a big padlock.

To make sure, her brother tried the padlock. Sure enough, it was locked, and the key was nowhere in sight.

"I can slide the door a little bit," said Bunny, and by hard work he managed to move [21] it about an inch. This allowed a little of the breeze to come into the carpenter shop but that was all.

"We can't get out through that crack," protested Sue, pouting. "Nobody could. Oh, dear! I don't see why this old carpenter shop has got to have all the doors locked."

"Hum, that's funny!" said Bunny Brown.

"How do you s'pose that dog got out with both doors locked?" asked Sue of her brother.

Bunny paused to think. Then an idea came to him.

"He must have jumped out a window, that dog did," he said. "There must be a window open, and he got out that way. And that's how we can get out, Sue. We'll crawl out a window just like that

dog jumped out. Now we're all right. Mr. Foswick locked us in his carpenter shop by mistake, but we can get out a window."

"Oh, yes!" agreed Sue, and she felt happier now.

But again came disappointment. When the children made the rounds of the shop, looking on both sides, they not only saw that not a[22] window was open, but when Bunny tried to raise one he could not.

"Are they stuck?" asked Sue.

"No," replied Bunny. "They're nailed shut! Every window in this shop is nailed shut, Sue, and the doors are both locked!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Sue in a faint voice, and she looked at her brother in a way he felt sure meant she was going to cry.[23]