

# **A WOODLAND WOOING**

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A woodland wooing by Eleanor Putnam

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**ELEANOR PUTNAM**

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WOOING**



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# WOODLAND WOOING

BY

ELEANOR PUTNAM



CENT. CO.

BOSTON  
ROBERTS BROTHERS

1889

P. 23  
12513 W

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TO

PROFESSOR GEORGE LEONARD VOSE.





## A WOODLAND WOOING.

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### I.

#### WHAT BETTY SAYS.

THERE were five heads in all, and I was tired enough of looking down upon them. It was all Bob's fault, and the longer I stayed there the angrier I grew. No living boy can be so aggravating, anyway, as Bob Greenleaf when he tries, and he generally tries. I had been staring down upon those heads for quite two hours, and only one who has tried it can have any idea how stupid people can be when one sees only the tops of their heads. There was Lucretia's yellow head, as sleek as a canary bird's; Josephine's bleached puffs and coils, — "the nest of a crazy rat," Bob calls it; there was Theodore's

head "running o'er with curls," — how I do detest a curly-headed man! — and Theodore's friend, with no more hair than a mouse, and what little he did have gray; and, last of all, there was Bobby's rough brown touse. My own hair is just like Bob's, and I hate my own hair. I almost hated Bobby too, just then, for putting me in such a fix.

It all came about in this way. Bob wanted his gun-case mended. Most boys mend their own gun-cases, but Bob does n't, and his gun-case always seems to have a rip in it if I happen to be planning a specially good time. I was just starting for the horse-chestnut tree, with "A Pair of Blue Eyes" and some early sops-of-wines in my apron, when out bounced Bob from the wood-shed and wanted me to "just take a stitch" for him. Of course, I told him I could n't stop, and, of course, he said I was mean, and banged the wood-shed door. I did n't mind, for I thought he'd get

over it right away; but he played me a trick that I won't forgive him for one while. To sit there eating Aunt Jane's best pound-cake and grinning while I was up in that miserable tree, and not daring to move a finger for fear somebody would look up and see me!

I had only been up in my perch about half an hour when Josephine Foster came through the gate in the hedge, with her brother and the New York friend who arrived the night before. Bob was in the hammock, and Lucretia was sewing on the piazza. I should have thought they might have found other places enough to take the callers, but no, they must needs bring their chairs out under the horse-chestnut, as if there were no other tree in the yard. Bob knew I was up in the tree, and was glad of it. He thought it was a joke: any silly thing passes for a joke with Bob. Then, as if things were not bad enough already, Bob had to propose an out-of-doors tea.