

**BUNNY BROWN AND
HIS SISTER SUE ON
GRANDPA'S FARM**

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Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue on Grandpa's Farm by Laura Lee Hope

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LAURA LEE HOPE

**BUNNY BROWN AND
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ON GRANDPA'S FARM**

BY
Laura Lee Hope

AUTHOR OF
THE BUNNY BROWN SERIES, THE BOBBSEY
TWINS SERIES, THE OUTDOOR GIRLS
SERIES, ETC.

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Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue on Grandpa's Farm

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. A LETTER FROM GRANDPA	1
II. THE RUNAWAY MONKEY	10
III. THE BIG AUTOMOBILE	21
IV. A QUEER SLIDE	30
V. OFF TO GRANDPA'S FARM	42
VI. JUST LIKE GYPSIES	51
VII. THE WOODLAND CAMP	62
VIII. A NIGHT SCARE	70
IX. THE LOST HORSE	80
X. AT GRANDPA'S FARM	89
XI. IN THE GARDEN	98
XII. BUNNY'S WATERFALL	108
XIII. THE TURKEY GOBBLER	117
XIV. LOST IN THE WOODS	129
XV. THE OLD HERMIT	141
XVI. LOOKING FOR THE HORSES	150
XVII. IN THE STORM	159
XVIII. THE PICNIC	169
XIX. THE TRAMPS	179
XX. THE MISSING CAKE	189
XXI. BUNNY'S BIG IDEA	198
XXII. OFF TO THE CIRCUS	210
XXIII. THE GYPSIES	219
XXIV. BUNNY AND SUE ARE SAD	230
XXV. GRANDPA'S HORSES	239

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE ON GRANDPA'S FARM

CHAPTER I

A LETTER FROM GRANDPA

"BUNNY! Bunny Brown! Where are you?"

Bunny's mother stood on the front porch, looking first in the yard, then up and down the street in front of the house. But she did not see her little boy.

"Sue! Sue, dear! Where are you, and where is Bunny?"

Again Mrs. Brown called. This time she had an answer.

"Here I am, Mother. On the side porch."

A little girl, with brown eyes, came around the corner of the house. By one arm she carried a doll, and the doll was "leaking" sawdust on the porch. Mrs. Brown smiled when she saw this.

"Why, Sue, my dear!" she exclaimed.

2 **BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE**
ON GRANDPA'S FARM

"What is the matter with your doll? She is 'bleeding' sawdust, as you used to call it."

"Oh, well, Mother, this is just my old doll," Sue answered. "It's the one I let Bunny take to play Punch and Judy show with, and he hit her with a stick, and made her sawdust come out. Did you want me, Mother?"

"Yes, Sue, and I want Bunny, too. Where is he?"

"He was here a little while ago," the brown-eyed girl answered. "But oh, Mother! you're all dressed up. Where are you going? Can't I go with you?"

"Yes. That is what I called you for. And I want Bunny, too. Have you seen him?"

"No, Mother. But shall I go in and wash my face, if I'm going with you? Where are we going?"

"Just down to the store, and then I'm going to stop in the post-office and see if there are any letters for us. Yes, run in and wash your face and hands. Your dress is clean enough. I'll look for Bunny."

Mrs. Brown walked out to the front gate, and again called:

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE 8
ON GRANDPA'S FARM

"Bunny! Bunny Brown! Where are you?"

No one answered, but a nice old man, limping a little, and leaning on a stick, came around from the back yard. He looked like a soldier, and he had been in the war, many years ago.

"Oh, Uncle Tad!" Mrs. Brown asked, "have you seen Bunny?"

The nice old man laughed.

"Yes, I've seen him," he replied. "He went off down the street in his express wagon. That dog, Splash, was pulling him."

"I hope he hasn't gone too far," observed Mrs. Brown. "When Bunny gets to riding with his dog he doesn't think how far away he goes."

"I'll see if I can find him for you," offered Uncle Tad, with another laugh. "That Bunny Brown is surely a great boy," he murmured, as he limped off down the street.

He did not have far to go, nor did Mrs. Brown have long to wait, for, in about a minute, a barking was heard. Then came a rattle of wheels on the sidewalk, and a boy's voice called out:

4 **BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE
 ON GRANDPA'S FARM**

"Gid-dap, Splash! Gid-dap! Go fast now! Go as fast as you can! Hurrah! That's the way to do it!"

Up dashed a small express wagon, drawn by a big, fine shaggy dog, that seemed to be having almost as much fun as was the blue-eyed, curly-haired boy who rode in the cart.

"Oh, Bunny! Bunny! Don't go so fast!" cried his mother. "You'll spill out and hurt yourself! Don't go so fast!"

"Have to go fast, Mother!" said Bunny Brown. "We have to go fast; don't we, Splash?"

The dog barked, but he slowed up, for Uncle Tad held out his hand to pat the big fellow, and Splash dearly loved Uncle Tad.

"We're a fire engine, and we're going to a fire," Bunny Brown explained. "Fire engines always have to go fast; don't they, Splash? Old Miss Hollyhock's house is on fire, and we're going to put it out.

"Only make-believe, of course!" cried Bunny quickly, for he saw that his mother looked a bit frightened when she heard him speak of a fire. "We're just pretending there's a blaze.