

**THE BOBBSEY  
TWINS AT  
MEADOW BROOK**

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The Bobbsey Twins at Meadow Brook by Laura Lee Hope

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**LAURA LEE HOPE**

**THE BOBBSEY  
TWINS AT  
MEADOW BROOK**





BURT WAS VERY FUNNY AS A CLOWN, AND HE TURNED  
SOMERSAULTS IN THE HAY.

*The Bobbey Twins at Meadow Brook.*

*Frontispiece (Page 105)*

# The Bobbsey Twins at Meadow Brook

BY

LAURA LEE HOPE

AUTHOR OF "THE BOBBSEY TWINS," "THE BOBBSEY  
TWINS AT SNOW LODGE," "THE BOBBSEY TWINS  
ON A HOUSEBOAT," "THE OUTDOOR GIRLS OF  
DESPDALE," "THE OUTDOOR GIRLS AT  
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THE BOBBSEY TWINS AT MEADOW BROOK

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# THE BOBBSEY TWINS AT MEADOW BROOK

## 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,

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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 relieve 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,