

**PRINCE CARROTTE:
AND OTHER
CHRONICLES**

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Prince Carrotte: And Other Chronicles by Virginia Baker

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VIRGINIA BAKER

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BY

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With Illustrations by Augustus Hoppin

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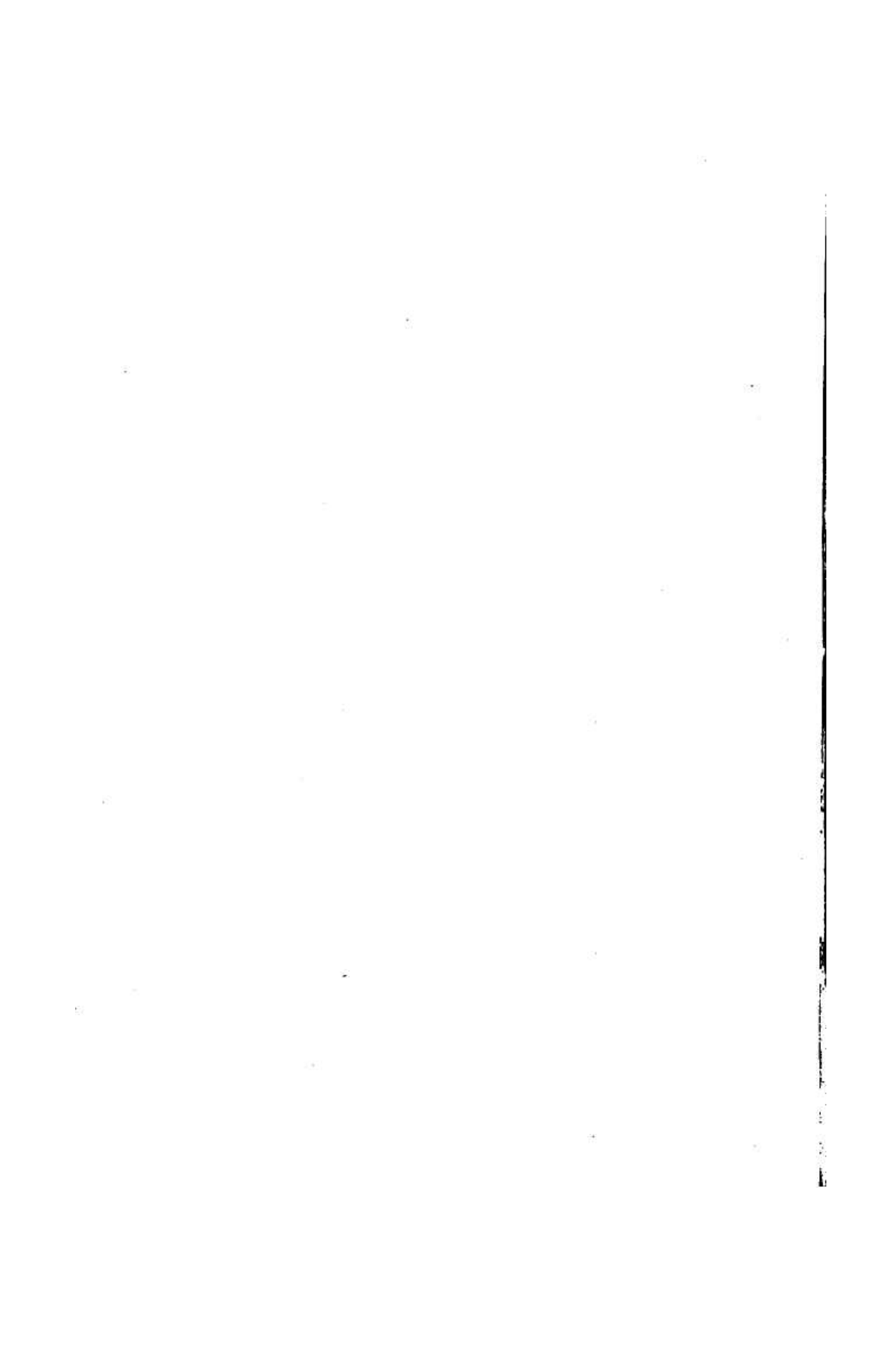
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PRINCE CARROTTE



PRINCE CARROTTE.

I.

"There goes the knocker again," muttered Mr. Sylverskyn Onion, disconsolately laying down the newspaper he had just unfolded. "Great Roots! It seems as if one visitor wasn't fairly out of the house before another arrives."

Mr. Onion arose with an almost savage air, and began to snuff the candles. There were four of them on the great baize-covered table, but he had only time to trim two ere the library door was thrown violently open, and a large and evidently very excited lettuce walked, or, to speak more correctly, precipitated himself into the room.

The snuffers fell from Mr. Onion's hand.

"Great Rabbit's Ears!" he exclaimed. "What is the matter, Lord Atherton?"

The lettuce threw himself into an easy-chair, and, drawing a red silk handkerchief from his pocket, began to fan with it violently. Suddenly he turned abruptly towards the onion.

"Well, this is a pretty state of things!" he exclaimed vehemently.

The onion looked at him questioningly. He was about to inquire to what his companion particularly alluded, but the lettuce interrupted him.

"Is it possible," he cried, "that you have heard nothing of the affair between Lord Walter Tomato and Sir Stryng Bean?"

Mr. Onion shook his head.

"What is it?" he asked.

"The most outrageous and disgusting piece of business that was ever perpetrated in the city of Esculentsia," replied the lettuce. "Listen, and I will tell you the whole story. This morning Lord Walter was quietly walking along Pod street, when he chanced to meet Sir Stryng. Both Vegetables paused, and shook hands, and then very naturally fell into conversation, during which Lord Walter remarked that it looked like rain. 'No, it does not,' replied Sir Stryng. 'Why, I think it does,' said Lord Walter; whereupon, without a moment's warning, Sir Stryng gathered up his leaves and tendrils, and, exclaiming that he would not be contradicted, swept them full across Lord Walter's eyes. The blow was terrific! It opened a gash two or three inches in length, just over his right eyebrow, beside inflicting severe injuries on other parts of his face. Yet he can obtain no satisfaction!"

"Obtain no satisfaction?" echoed the onion. "What do you mean?"

"That he has challenged him, and Sir Stryng refuses to fight," answered the lettuce. "You need not look so sceptical—I am speaking the truth, and have more yet to tell you. Sir Stryng threatens Lord Walter's life!"

"His life!" exclaimed Mr. Onion. "In what way?"

"I will try to relate the whole story," said the lettuce,



String-beane insulting the Tomato.

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