

THE BODLEYS ON WHEELS

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The Bodleys on Wheels by Horace Elisha Scudder

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HORACE ELISHA SCUDDER

**THE BODLEYS
ON WHEELS**



"THE FATE OF A NATION WAS RIDING THAT NIGHT."

[See page 20.]

[Madden, Lorenna Elsie]

THE

BODLEYS ON WHEELS

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE BODLEYS TELLING STORIES," "DOINGS OF THE BODLEY FAMILY IN
TOWN AND COUNTRY," "STORIES FROM MY ATTIC," "DREAM-
CHILDREN," AND "SEVEN LITTLE PEOPLE AND
THEIR FRIENDS"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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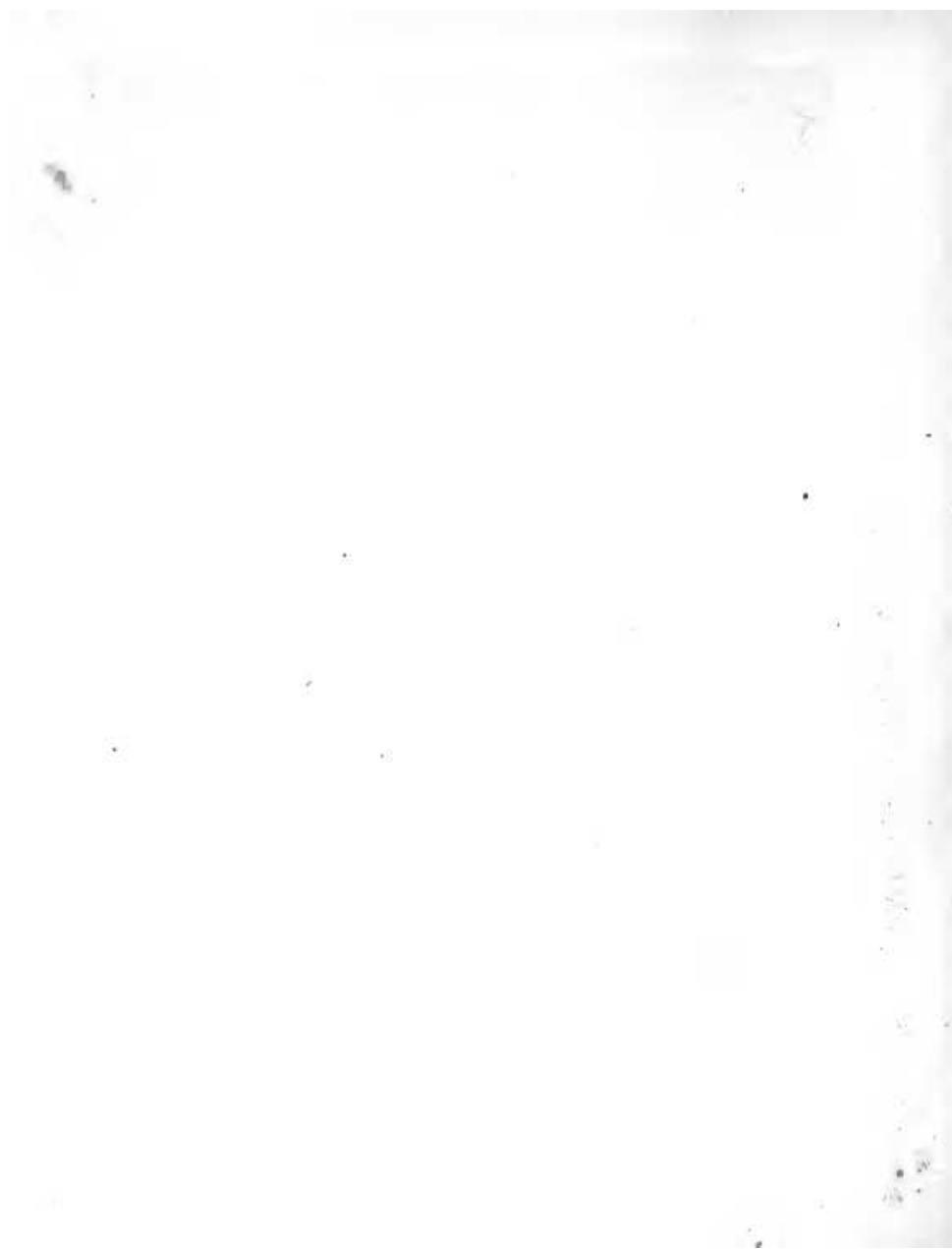
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TO A FELLOW-TRAVELLER.

*Our wheels sank deep in the murmuring sand ;
The spent waves broke in foam at our feet ;
We watched the patient, welcoming land
Stretch forth, the hastening sea to meet.*

*What sought the land from the breathless tide ?
Whence came the dark waves, breaking bright ?
Far off, our shaded eyes descried
The looming of the shore of light.*





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THE story of *The Broom Merchant*, in Chapter III., is a translation from the French of a Swiss Pastor by Mr. John Ruskin, who published it, interruptedly, in his monthly *Fors Clavigera*. The complete story is not here given, but so much only as seemed of use and interest to children.

THE BODLEYS ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER I.

GOOD-BY, OLD YEAR.



It was New Year's Eve at Roseland as well as elsewhere, and the Bodley family was seated before the wood fire in the library. Mr. Bodley and Mrs. Bodley were there, and Nathan, Philippa, and Lucy Bodley, each in his or her own chair. So, too, was cousin Ned Adams, at home from college for the holidays. Martin, the hired man, was in the kitchen; the Jersey cow was in the stable; Nep, the Newfoundland dog, was in his kennel; and Mr. Bottom, the weaving horse, was in his stall; Martin's brother Hen was in California, and thus, as the old year drew near its end, all these people were in readiness for the new year to come.

"What a queer thing time is," said Phippy, who had been silent for at least a full minute, and had been watching the fire. "It keeps going and going. Can't we stop it, papa? There!" and she slapped her hand on the book in her lap. "there! did n't I catch it that time? Can't I hold it?" and she slapped her book suddenly again.