



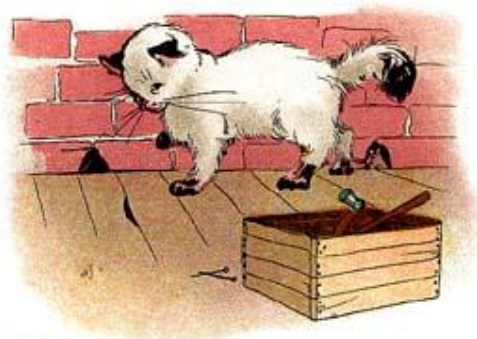
PUNKY DUNK AND THE MOUSE



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THIS LITTLE STORY IS TOLD
AND THE LITTLE PICTURES
WERE DRAWN FOR A GOOD
LITTLE CHILD NAMED

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PUNKY DUNK, very sly,
with a wink of his eye
Strolled lazily all through the
house;
To the cellar he went and the
morning he spent
On a hunt for a fat little
mouse.



“OVER there by the coal,”
he said, “Mouse has his
hole,
So I’ll sit there beside it and wait.
There’s a trap with some cheese
just as nice as you please,
And Mouse soon will come out
for that bait.”

PUNKY sat by the trap,
and seemed taking a nap,
But you know that bold Punky
was wise.

Though he looked half asleep
he was taking a peep
For the gleam of two bright
little eyes.



SOON the mouse crept right
out and went running
about;

Punky smiled to himself and he
said:

"I will just let him play in his
own foolish way
Till I think that I need to be
fed."





BUT the Mouse, too, was smart,
and he got a good start,
Then he leaped, and he saved
his wee hide,
For he dashed in a hole that
was not near the coal
But was hidden away at one side.

"HA, HA!" Punky said as he
shook his white head.
"Well, Mouse, you may run if
you please,
But I'll eat just the same—'twas
for that that I came."
So he reached in the trap for
the cheese.





SNIP-SNAP! went the trap—
Wasn't that a mishap!
Punky's black little paw was
inside.
He leaped and he jumped and
he ran and he bumped—
And the Mouse sat and laughed
till he cried.

PUNKY ran up the stairs
and he knocked over chairs
And he sprang to the table and
dropped,
He "Meowed!" in his fright, for
the trap held him tight,
And it was a long time till he stopped





BABY'S mama then came and
 she said: "What a shame!"
 And she took off the trap from his paw,
 And she wrapped it in silk and she
 fed him with milk
 And she gave him some fish bones
 to gnaw.



PUNKY now roams the house
 but he looks at that mouse
 In a manner as kind as you please,
 For he thinks of the trap with
 its terrible snap
 And he's lost all his taste for
 some cheese.