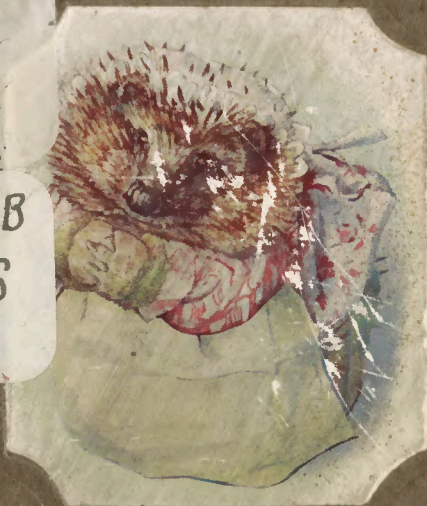




THE TALE OF MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE

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BY

BEATRIX POTTER

F. WARNE & CO







THE TALE
OF
MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE



For
THE REAL LITTLE LUCIE
OF NEWLANDS.





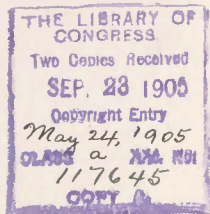
THE TALE OF
MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE.

BY
BEATRIX POTTER

Author of
"The Tale of Peter Rabbit," &c.



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ONCE upon a time there was a little girl called Lucie, who lived at a farm called Little-town. She was a good little girl—only she was always losing her pocket-handkerchiefs!

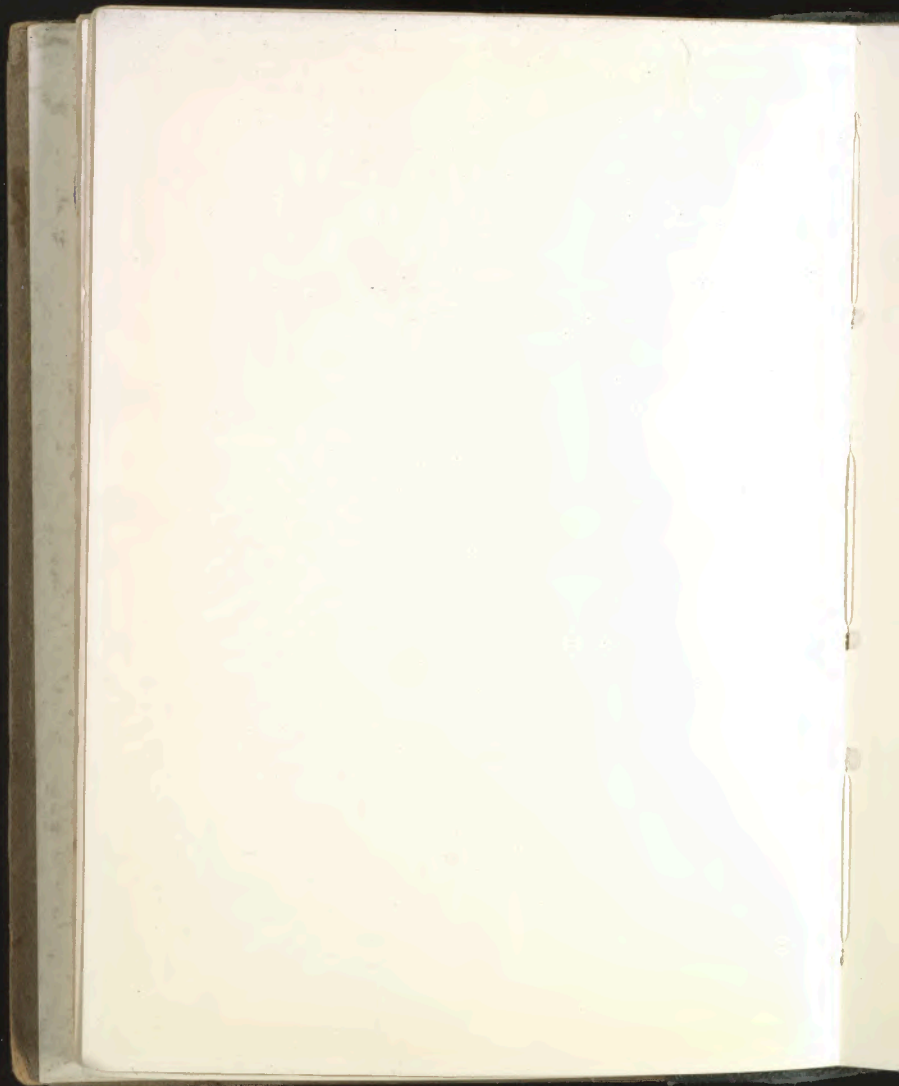
One day little Lucie came into the farm-yard crying—oh, she did cry so! “I’ve lost my pocket-handkin! Three handkins and a pinny! Have *you* seen them, Tabby Kitten?”

THE Kitten went on washing her white paws; so Lucie asked a speckled hen—
“Sally Henny-penny, have *you* found three pocket-handkins?”

But the speckled hen ran into a barn, clucking—

“I go barefoot, barefoot, barefoot!”









AND then Lucie asked Cock Robin sitting on a twig.

Cock Robin looked sideways at Lucie with his bright black eye, and he flew over a stile and away.

Lucie climbed upon the stile and looked up at the hill behind Little-town—a hill that goes up—up—into the clouds as though it had no top!

And a great way up the hill-side she thought she saw some white things spread upon the grass.

LUCIE scrambled up the hill as fast as her short legs would carry her ; she ran along a steep path-way—up and up—until Little-town was right away down below—she could have dropped a pebble down the chimney !









PRESENTLY she came to
a spring, bubbling out
from the hillside.

Some one had stood a tin
can upon a stone to catch the
water — but the water was
already running over, for the
can was no bigger than an
egg-cup! And where the sand
upon the path was wet—there
were foot-marks of a *very*
small person.

Lucie ran on, and on.

THE path ended under a big rock. The grass was short and green, and there were clothes-props cut from bracken stems, with lines of plaited rushes, and a heap of tiny clothes-pins — but no pocket-handkerchiefs!

But there was something else—a door! straight into the hill; and inside it some one was singing—

“Lily-white and clean, oh!
With little frills between, oh!
Smooth and hot—red rusty spot
Never here be seen, oh!”









LUCIE knocked—once—twice, and interrupted the song. A little frightened voice called out “Who’s that?”

Lucie opened the door: and what do you think there was inside the hill?—a nice clean kitchen with a flagged floor and wooden beams—just like any other farm kitchen. Only the ceiling was so low that Lucie’s head nearly touched it; and the pots and pans were small, and so was everything there.

THERE was a nice hot singey smell; and at the table, with an iron in her hand, stood a very stout short person staring anxiously at Lucie.

Her print gown was tucked up, and she was wearing a large apron over her striped petticoat. Her little black nose went snuffle, snuffle, snuffle, and her eyes went twinkle, twinkle; and underneath her cap—where Lucie had yellow curls—that little person had PRICKLES!









“WHO are you?” said
Lucie. “Have you
seen my pocket-handkins?”

The little person made a
bob-curtsey—“Oh yes, if you
please’m; my name is Mrs.
Tiggy-winkle; oh yes, if you
please’m, I’m an excellent clear-
starcher!” And she took
something out of a clothes-
basket, and spread it on the
ironing-blanket.

“WHAT’S that thing?”
said Lucie — “that’s
not my pocket-handkin?”

“Oh no, if you please’m;
that’s a little scarlet waist-coat
belonging to Cock Robin!”

And she ironed it and folded
it, and put it on one side.









THEN she took something
else off a clothes-horse—

“That isn’t my pinny!”
said Lucie.

“Oh no, if you please’m;
that’s a damask table-cloth
belonging to Jenny Wren;
look how it’s stained with
currant wine! It’s very bad
to wash!” said Mrs. Tiggy-
winkle.

MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE'S
nose went snuffle snuffle
snuffle, and her eyes went
twinkle twinkle; and she
fetched another hot iron from
the fire.









“THERE’S one of my
pocket-handkins!” cried
Lucie—“and there’s my pinny!”

Mrs. Tiggy-winkle ironed it,
and goffered it, and shook out
the frills.

“Oh that *is* lovely!” said
Lucie.

“A ND what are those long yellow things with fingers like gloves?”

“Oh that’s a pair of stockings belonging to Sally Henny-penny—look how she’s worn the heels out with scratching in the yard! She’ll very soon go barefoot!” said Mrs. Tiggy-winkle.









“WHY, there's another handkersniff—but it isn't mine; it's red?’

“Oh no, if you please'm; that one belongs to old Mrs. Rabbit; and it *did* so smell of onions! I've had to wash it separately, I can't get out the smell.”

“There's another one of mine,” said Lucie.

“WHAT are those funny
little white things?”

“That’s a pair of mittens
belonging to Tabby Kitten ; I
only have to iron them ; she
washes them herself.”

“There’s my last pocket-
handkin !” said Lucie.









“A ND what are you dipping into the basin of starch?”

“They’re little dicky shirt-fronts belonging to Tom Titmouse—most terrible particular!” said Mrs. Tiggy-winkle. “Now I’ve finished my ironing; I’m going to air some clothes.”

“WHAT are these dear
soft fluffy things?”
said Lucie.

“Oh those are woolly coats
belonging to the little lambs
at Skelghyl.”

“Will their jackets take
off?” asked Lucie.

“Oh yes, if you please’m;
look at the sheep-mark on the
shoulder. And here’s one
marked for Gatesgarth, and
three that come from Little-
town. They’re *always* marked
at washing!” said Mrs. Tiggy-
winkle.









AND she hung up all sorts and sizes of clothes—small brown coats of mice; and one velvety black mole-skin waist-coat; and a red tail-coat with no tail belonging to Squirrel Nutkin; and a very much shrunk blue jacket belonging to Peter Rabbit; and a petticoat, not marked, that had gone lost in the washing—and at last the basket was empty!

THEN Mrs. Tiggy-winkle made tea—a cup for herself and a cup for Lucie. They sat before the fire on a bench and looked sideways at one another. Mrs. Tiggy-winkle's hand, holding the tea-cup, was very very brown, and very very wrinkly with the soap-suds; and all through her gown and her cap there were *hair-pins* sticking wrong end out; so that Lucie didn't like to sit too near her.









WHEN they had finished tea, they tied up the clothes in bundles; and Lucie's pocket-handkerchiefs were folded up inside her clean pinny, and fastened with a silver safety-pin.

And then they made up the fire with turf, and came out and locked the door, and hid the key under the door-sill.

THEN away down the hill
trotted Lucie and Mrs.
Tiggy-winkle with the bundles
of clothes!

All the way down the path
little animals came out of the
fern to meet them; the very
first that they met were Peter
Rabbit and Benjamin Bunny!









AND she gave them their
nice clean clothes ; and
all the little animals and birds
were so very much obliged to
dear Mrs. Tiggy-winkle.

SO that at the bottom of the hill when they came to the stile, there was nothing left to carry except Lucie's one little bundle.



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LUCIE scrambled up the stile with the bundle in her hand ; and then she turned to say " Good-night," and to thank the washer-woman.— But what a *very* odd thing ! Mrs. Tiggy-winkle had not waited either for thanks or for the washing bill !

She was running, running, running up the hill — and where was her white frilled cap ? and her shawl ? and her gown — and her petticoat ?









AND *how* small she had
grown—and *how* brown
—and covered with PRICKLES!

Why! Mrs. Tiggy-winkle
was nothing but a HEDGEHOG!

* * * * *

(Now some people say that little
Lucie had been asleep upon the stile—
but then how could she have found
three clean pocket-handkins and a
pinny, pinned with a silver safety-pin?

And besides—I have seen that door
into the back of the hill called Cat
Bells — and besides I am very well
acquainted with dear Mrs. Tiggy-
winkle !)

THE END.

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