

# The Naughty Puppies

by Anonymous

*Tiny and his Parents.*

There were two little puppy dogs,  
“Tiny” named, and “Toodles,”  
Who got into all kinds of scrapes,  
Like little foolish noodles.

Tiny was a brownish dog,  
And Toodles was a white one;  
And Tiny had a cunning eye,  
And Toodles had a bright one.

Tiny played all kinds of tricks.  
For which his parents chid him:  
And Toodles did—poor, foolish pup—  
Whatever Tiny bid him.

*Tiny, Toodles, and the Turkey.*

“Come, Toodles,” Tiny said, one day,  
“It’s bright and pleasant weather,  
We’ll go and fight the turkey-cock:”  
And off they went together.

But all their courage oozed away,  
When the turkey-cock said “Gobble;”  
They both turned tail, and scampered off,  
As fast as they could toddle.

But turkey caught them up at last,  
And read them both a lecture;  
And how he served them with his beak,  
I leave you to conjecture.

So home they went with drooping tails,  
And pace so lame and jerky,  
And said, “Next time we’ll tease the hens,  
And leave alone the turkey.”

*New Mischief done by the Puppies.*

The visits to the poultry-yard,  
Of Tiny and of Toodles,  
Soon brought on their papa a call

Of Master Cockadoodle's.

He said, "My hens can't lay an egg,  
Though once I had a case full;  
Because your puppies frighten them—  
It's wicked, it's disgraceful!

"But let them venture once again,  
My hens to chase and worry,  
And I'll receive them in a way  
Shall make them sad and sorry."

Toodles heard this, and crept away,  
And in the straw lay quiet;  
But Tiny yelled till the cock marched off,  
Disgusted with the riot.

*Tiny and Toodles behave worse than ever.*

From bad to worse went these naughty pups—  
It's almost past believing,  
But yet, I assure you, 'tis a fact,  
That now they took to thieving.

They soon fell into bad company;  
And certain unprincipled poodles,  
And idle mongrels, and bob-tailed curs,  
Were the consorts of Tiny and Toodles.

They let these bad dogs into the house,  
Where a pot of milk was standing;  
In quest of which they scampered upstairs,  
As far as the first-floor landing.

But Betty, the cook, was scrubbing the stairs,  
With a mop and a pail of water;  
And Tiny ran off, with his head in the pot,  
While the rest yelled out for quarter.

*How Tiny hunted the Cat, and what he got by it.*

Now little Miss Jane had a Persian cat.  
Whose fur was soft and silky;  
Whose tail was long, and whose eyes were blue,  
And whose color was white and milky.

This was a quiet, good-natured cat.  
And Master Tiny knew it;  
He said, "I'll frighten her out of her wits:

Just watch me, Toodles—I'll do it.”

So he ran at Puss, with a yelp and a snap,  
As fast as he was able;  
Across the paddock, and through the yard,  
And over the fence by the stable.

But Puss turned suddenly, scratched his nose,  
And set him yelling and weeping;  
And Tiny owned, with a rueful face,  
That he wished he'd left her sleeping.

*What happened to Tiny and Toodles.*

Punishment follows folks who play tricks,  
Although they hope to keep clear of it:  
The puppies' bad conduct was told papa,  
Who was mightily grieved to hear of it.

For papa was a grave, respectable dog,  
Faithful, and full of affection;  
And the farmyard was safe from robbers by night,  
Under his steady protection.

So he said: “To cure you of pranks like these,  
I condemn each little sinner,  
To stand and look on for three whole days,  
While I eat up his dinner.

“And to show you I mean to mend your ways,  
By every means in my power,  
You shall both learn, ‘How doth the busy bee  
Improve each shining hour.’”

Source:

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