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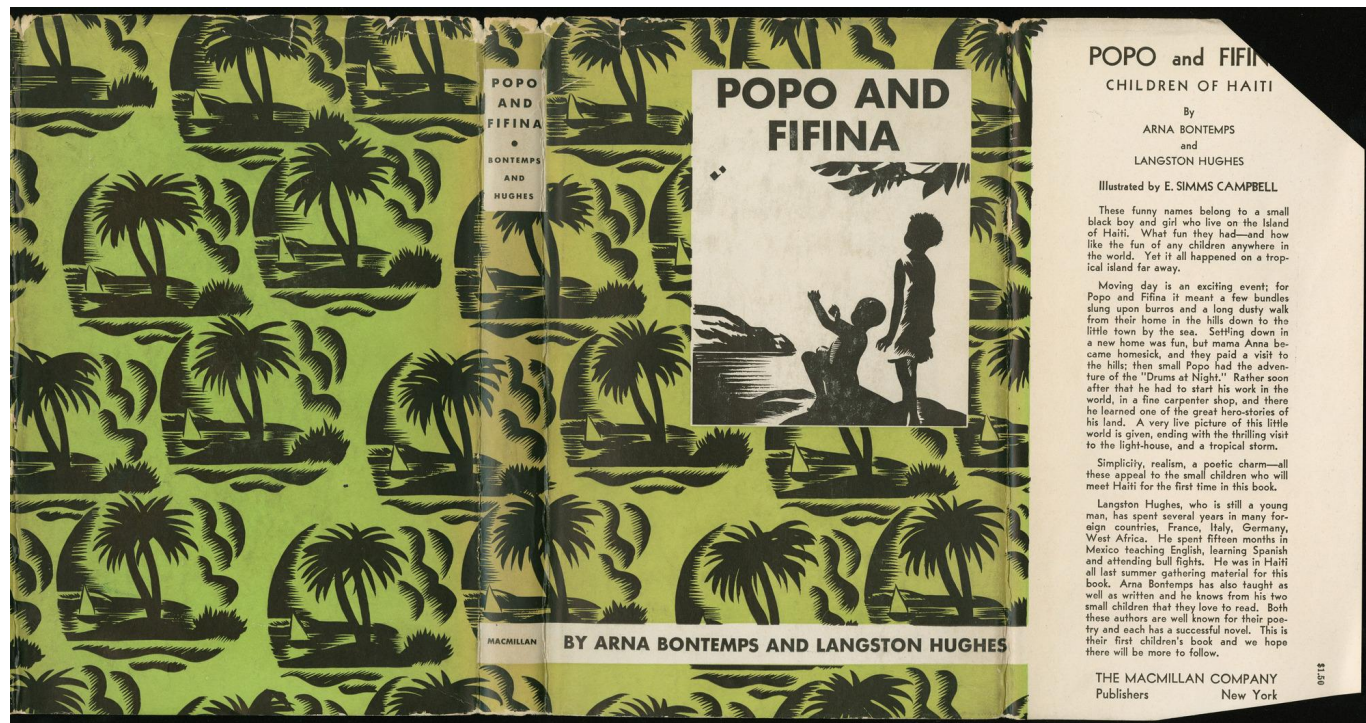
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[Dust jacket front]

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The men who had been pushing the boat out into the deeper water jumped aboard and began working the sculls; and promptly the little bark with its curious cargo drifted out into the blue bay.



Popo stretched out on the rock, rested his chin in his hand, and began daydreaming. He wondered what kind of boat Papa Jean had gone out in, and where he might be at that very moment. Was he selling things to the steamers anchored near the horizon? Or was he out beyond the harbor on the big tossing waves with



She shook her finger before her face playfully.

"You are teasing me, *petit monde*," she said affectionately. "I don't always think of smart things."

They ran up the slope to the rue Bord de la



Mer. Then they turned toward the public fountain and began walking in the middle of the street. Popo kicked his feet in the soft dust and scampered off ahead, but Fifina was like a little lady. She walked sedately, swinging her arms.

Sure enough there were two women at the fountain with their milk burros. These were



toward the shed. But the goat was blinded by the rain and did not seem to understand that Popo was trying to help him. Suddenly, the confused creature turned around abruptly and butted Popo in the stomach. It was not a very hard butt, but it caught Popo off balance; and over he went into a mud puddle.

When Popo pulled himself out of the mud, he



heard loud laughter. He was surprised and frightened but not hurt.

"That goat doesn't know what's good for him," he said sadly.

"That's the trouble with most goats, Popo," Papa Jean said. "They don't know what's good for them."

The little group started on again, and very soon they were home.

"Come in and stop with us till the rain is over," Mamma Anna told Aunt Melanie.