

THE TALE OF MRS. TITTMOUSE



BY
BEATRIX POTTER

F. WARNE & CO.

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Beatrix Potter (1866 - 1943)



Helen Beatrix Potter was an English writer, illustrator, natural scientist, and conservationist best known for her children's books featuring animals. She was interested in every branch of natural science save astronomy. Botany was a passion for most Victorians and nature study was a popular enthusiasm. Beatrix loved collecting fossils, studying archaeological artefacts from London excavations, and interested in entomology. In all these areas she drew and painted her specimens with increasing skill.

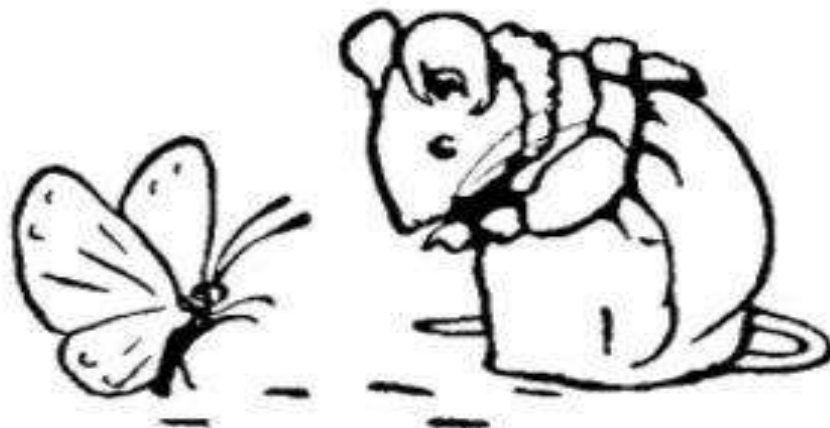
By the 1890s her scientific interests centred on mycology. First drawn to fungi because of their colours and evanescence in nature and her delight in painting them.

Curious as to how fungi reproduced, she began microscopic drawings of fungus spores (the agarics) and in 1895 developed a theory of their germination.

THE TALE OF MRS. TITTMOUSE

By BEATRIX POTTER

Author of "The Tale of Peter Rabbit" etc.



FREDERICK WARNE



Nellie's Little Book

The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

Beatrix Potter

First Published in 1910

Publisher:
Frederick Warne





The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

Once upon a time
there was a
wood-mouse,
and her name was
Mrs. Tittlemouse.

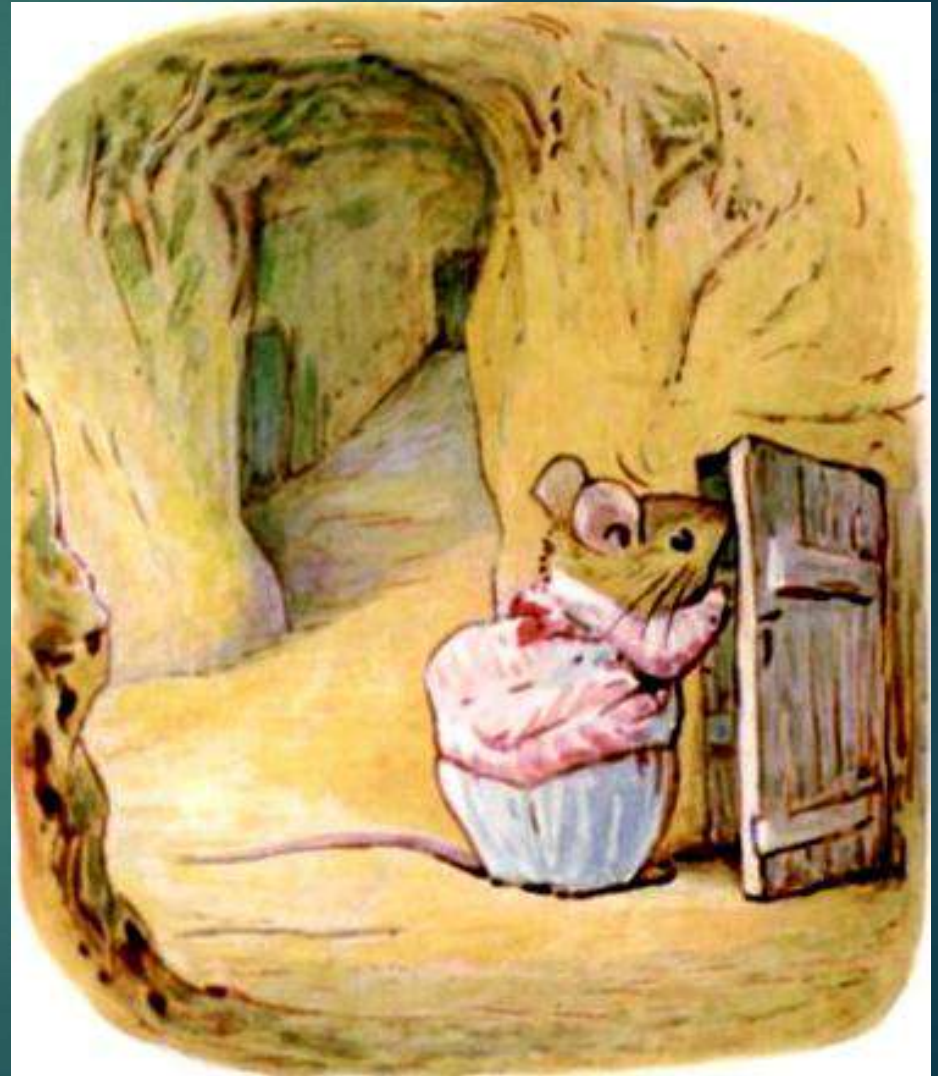
She lived
in a bank
under a hedge.



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

Such a funny house!

There were yards
and yards of sandy
passages, leading to
storerooms
and nut-cellars
and seed-cellars,
all amongst the
roots of the hedge.



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse



There was a kitchen,
a parlour, a pantry,
and a larder.

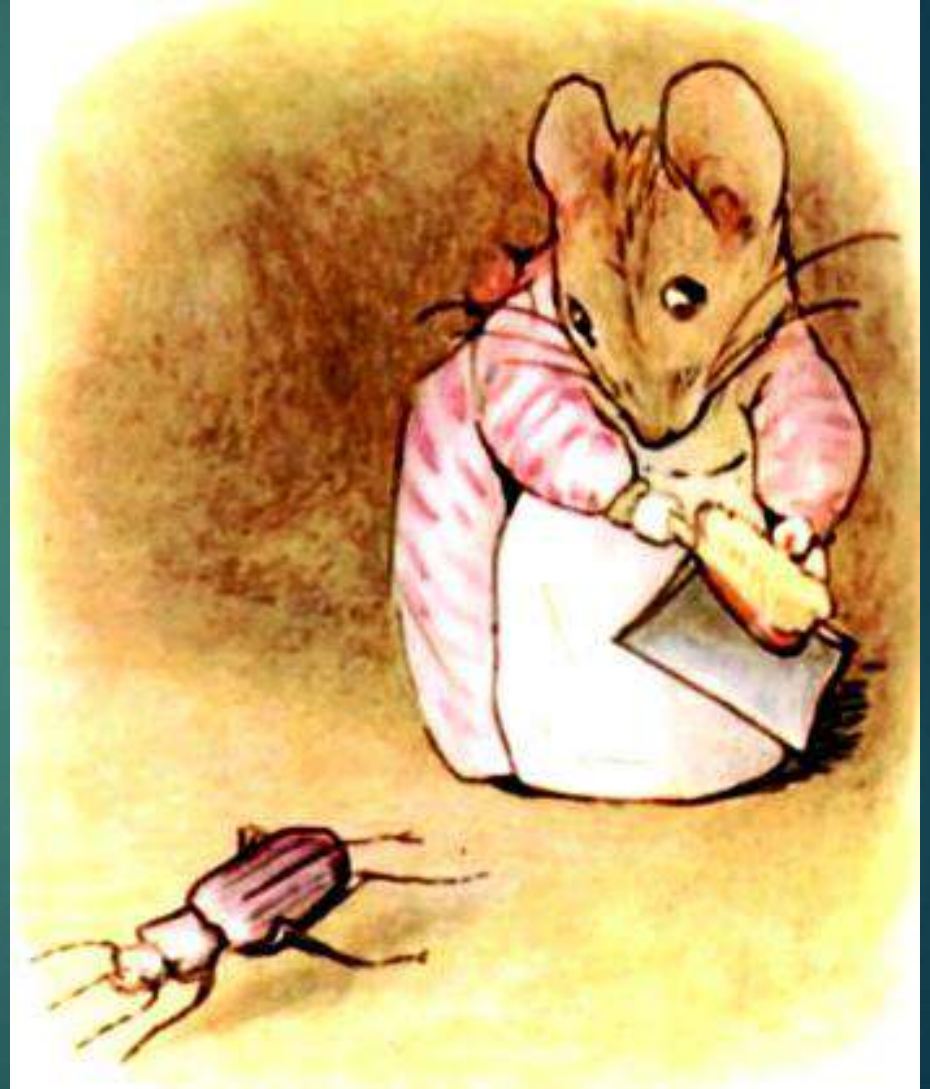
Also, there was
Mrs. Tittlemouse's
bedroom,

where she slept
in a little box bed!

The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

Mrs. Tittlemouse
was a most
terribly tidy
particular
little mouse,

always
sweeping
and dusting
the soft
sandy floors.



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse



Sometimes
a beetle lost its way
in the passages.

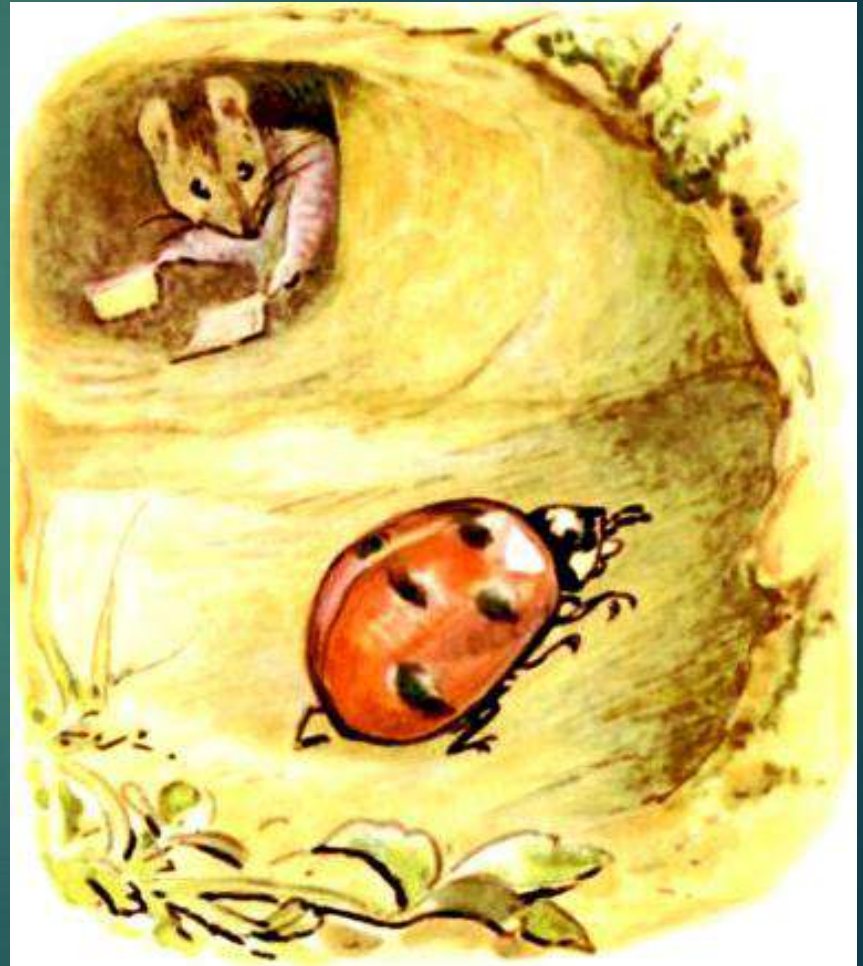
"Shuh! shuh!
little dirty feet!"
said
Mrs. Tittlemouse,
clattering
her dust-pan.

The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

And one day a little old woman
ran up and down
in a
red spotty cloak.

"Your house is
on fire,
Mother Ladybird!

Fly away home
to your children!"



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse



Another day,
a big fat spider
came in
to shelter
from the rain.

"Beg pardon,
is this not
Miss Muffet's?"

The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

"Go away,
you bold
bad spider!

Leaving ends
of cobweb
all over
my nice
clean house!"



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse



She bundled
the spider
out at
a window.

He let himself
down the hedge
with a long thin
bit of string.

The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

Mrs. Tittlemouse
went on her way
to a
distant storeroom,

to fetch
cherry-stones
and
thistle-down seed
for dinner.

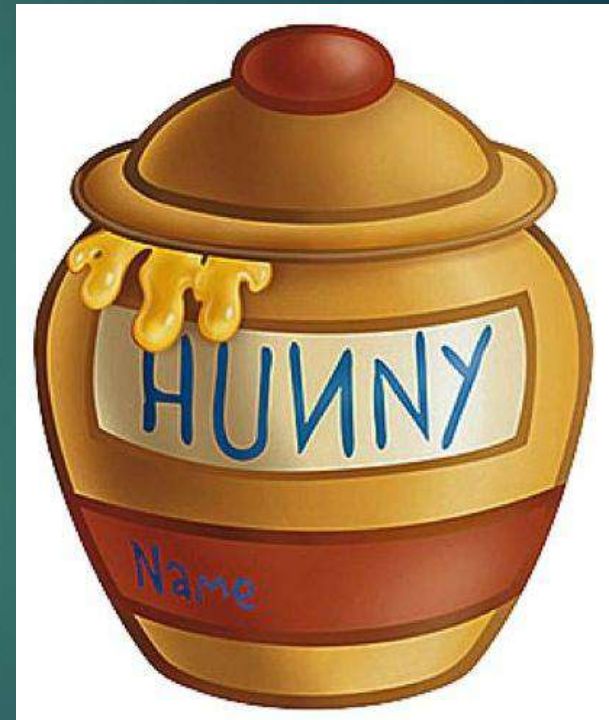


The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

All along the passage she sniffed,
and looked at the floor.

"I smell
a smell of honey;
is it the cowslips
outside,
in the hedge?"

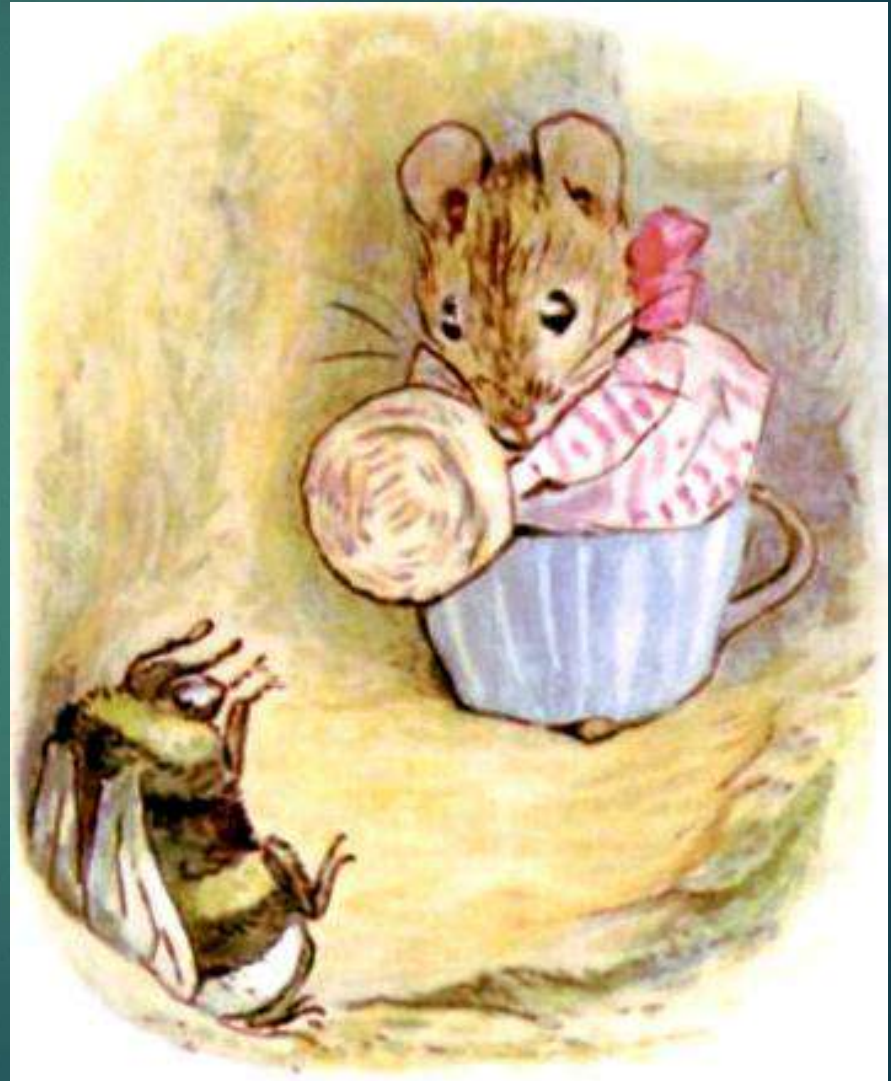
I am sure I can see the
marks of little dirty feet."



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

Suddenly
round
a corner,

she met
Babbitty
Bumble

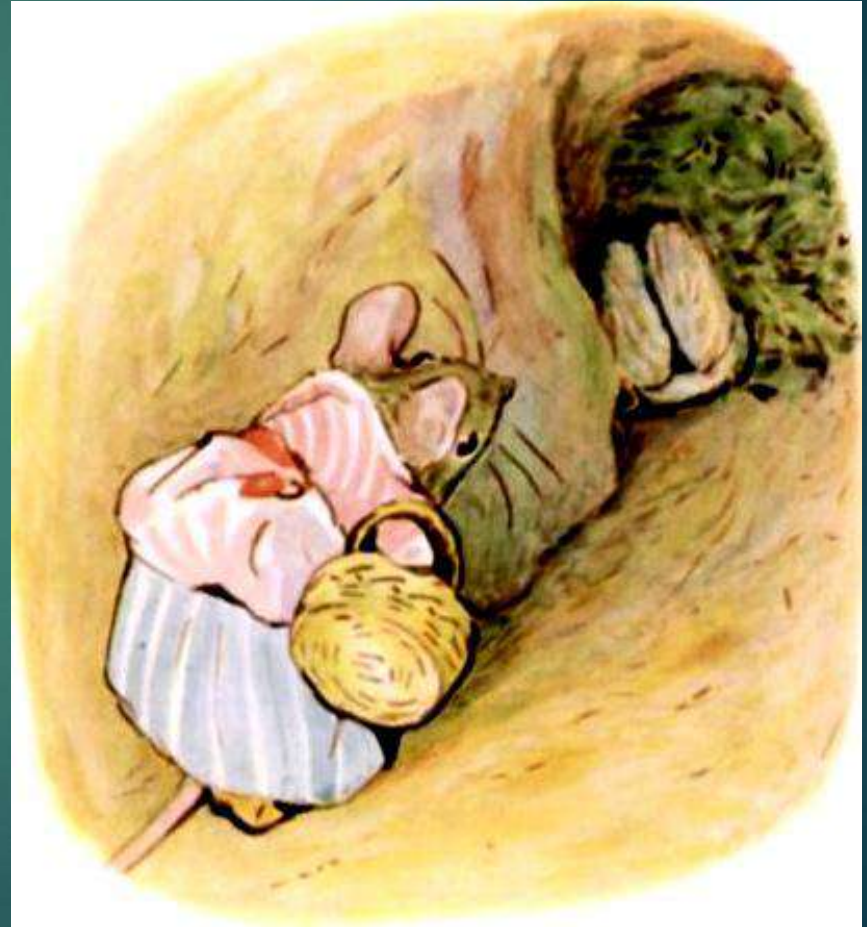


The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

Zizz, Bizz, Bizzz!“ said
the bumble bee.

Mrs. Tittlemouse
looked at her
severely.

She wished
that she
had a broom.



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

"Good-day, Babbitty Bumble;
I should be glad to buy some beeswax.



But what are you
doing down here?

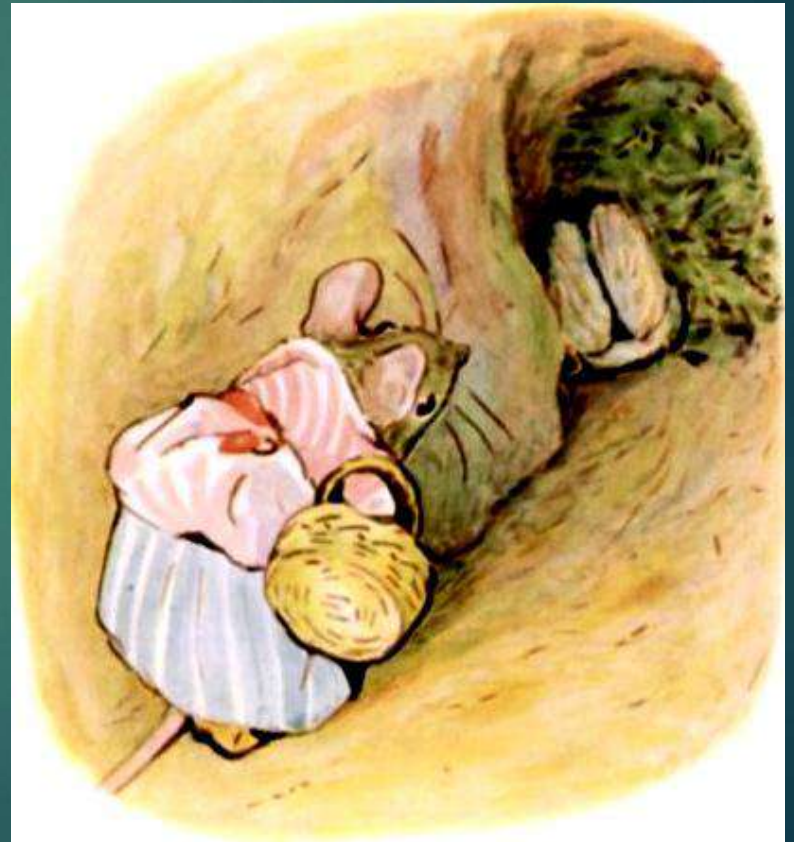
Why do you always
come in at a window,
and say,
'Zizz, Bizz, Bizzz'?"

Mrs. Tittlemouse began to get cross.

The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

"Zizz, Wizz, Wizzz!"
replied Babbitty Bumble
in a peevish squeak.

She sidled down
a passage,
and disappeared
into a storeroom
which had been
used for acorns.



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

Mrs. Tittlemouse
had eaten
the acorns
before Christmas;
the storeroom
ought to have
been empty.

But it was full of
untidy dry moss.



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse



Mrs. Tittlemouse
began to pull
out the moss.

Three or four
other bees
put their heads out,
and buzzed fiercely.

The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

"I am not
in the habit of
letting lodgings;
This is
an intrusion!"
said
Mrs. Tittlemouse.



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse



"I will have
them turned out."

"Buzz! Buzz! Buzzzz!"

"I wonder who
would help me?"

"Bizz, Wizz, Wizzz!"

The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

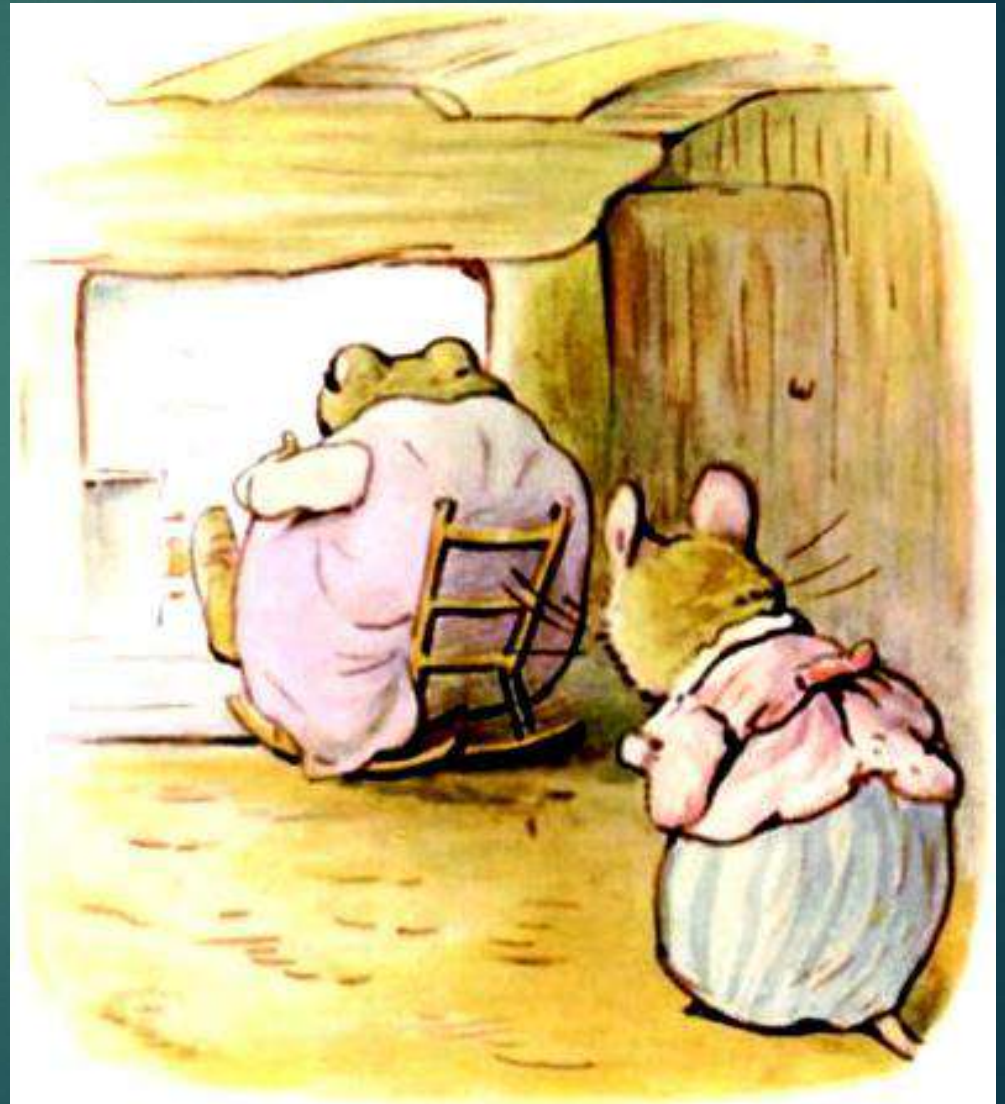
"I will not have
Mr. Jackson;
he never
wipes his feet."

Mrs. Tittlemouse
decided to leave
the bees till after dinner.



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

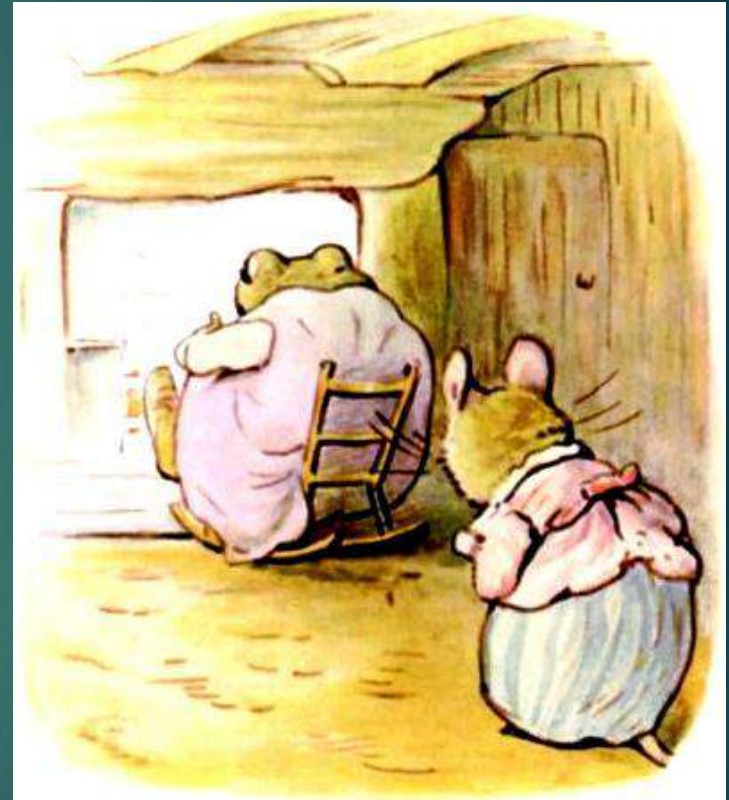
When she
got back
to the parlour,
she heard some
one coughing
in a fat voice;
And there sat
Mr. Jackson
himself!



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

He was sitting all over
a small rocking-chair,
twiddling his thumbs
and smiling,
with his feet
on the fender.

He lived in a drain
below the hedge,
in a very dirty wet ditch.



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

"How do you do, Mr. Jackson?
Deary me, you have got very wet!"

"Thank you,
thank you,
thank you,
Mrs. Tittlemouse!

I'll sit awhile
and dry myself,"
said Mr. Jackson.

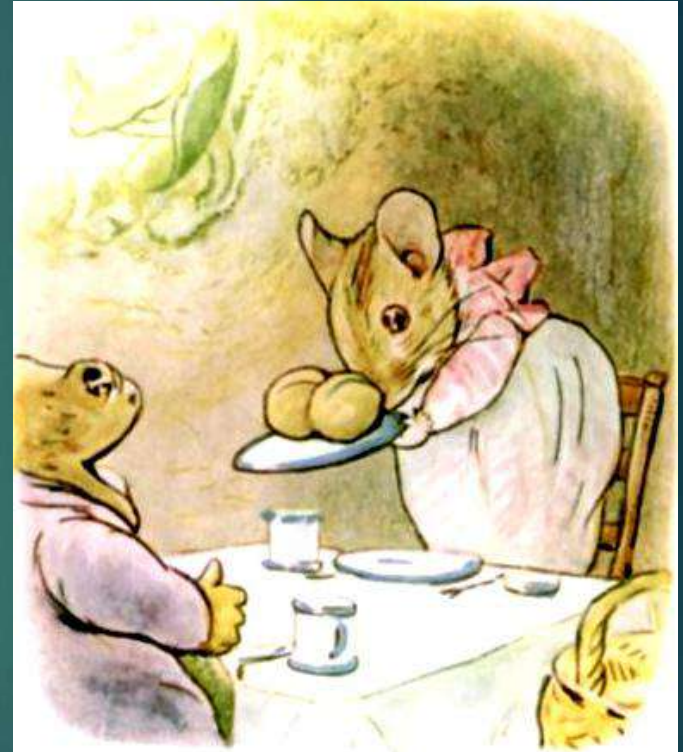


The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

He sat and smiled,
and the water dripped
off his coat tails.

Mrs. Tittlemouse
went round with a mop.

He sat such a while that
he had to be asked
if he would take some dinner?



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

He opened his
mouth most
unnecessarily
wide;

He certainly
had not a tooth
in his head.



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

Then she offered him thistle-down seed.



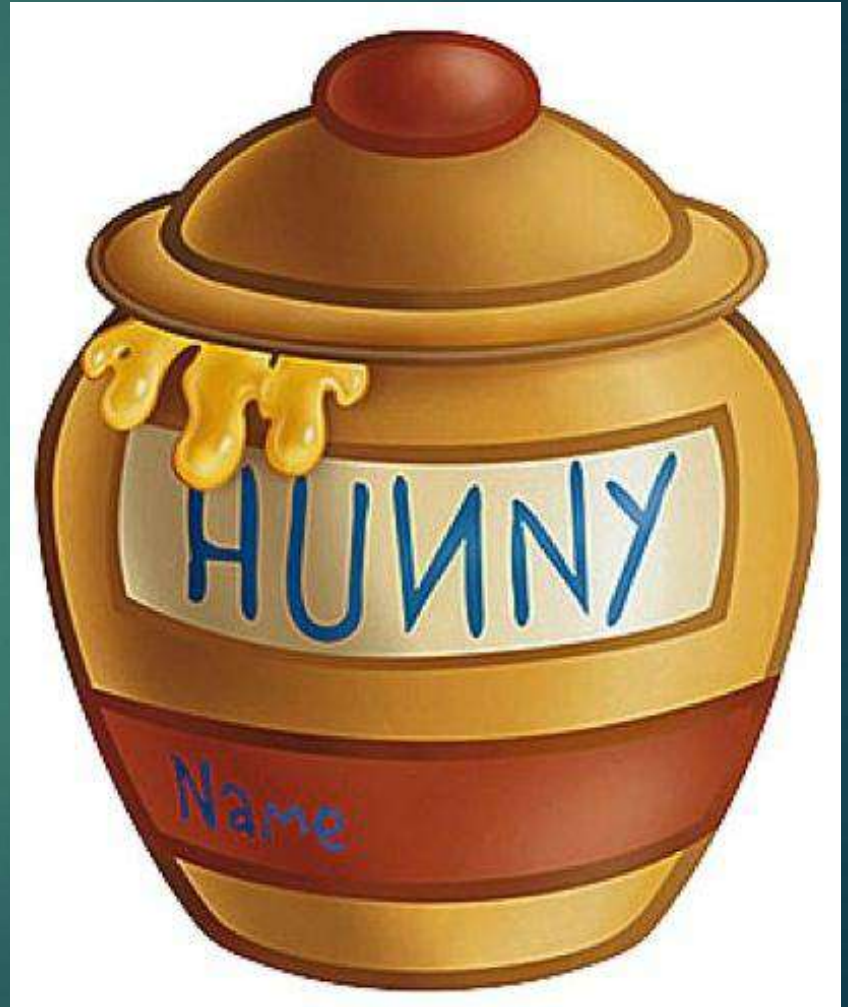
"Tiddly, widdly,
widdly!
Pouff, pouff,
puff!" said
Mr. Jackson.

He blew the thistle-down
all over the room.

The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

"Thank you,
thank you,
thank you,
Mrs. Tittlemouse!

Now what
I really, really,
should like,
would be a
little dish
of honey!"

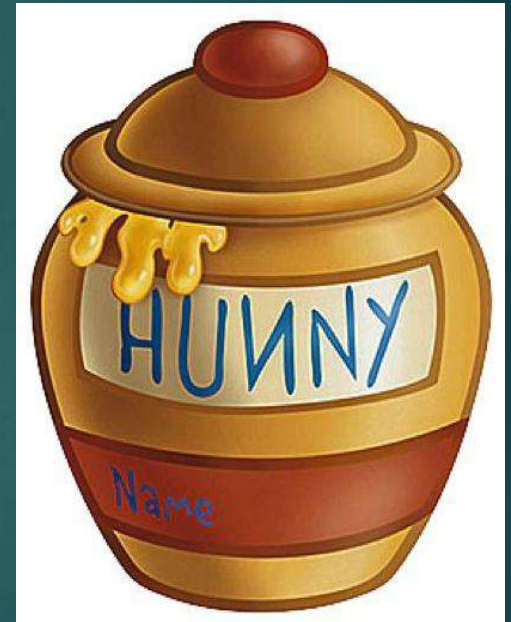


The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

"I am afraid I have not got any,
Mr. Jackson," said Mrs. Tittlemouse.

"Tiddly, widdly, widdly,
Mrs. Tittlemouse!"
said the smiling
Mr. Jackson,

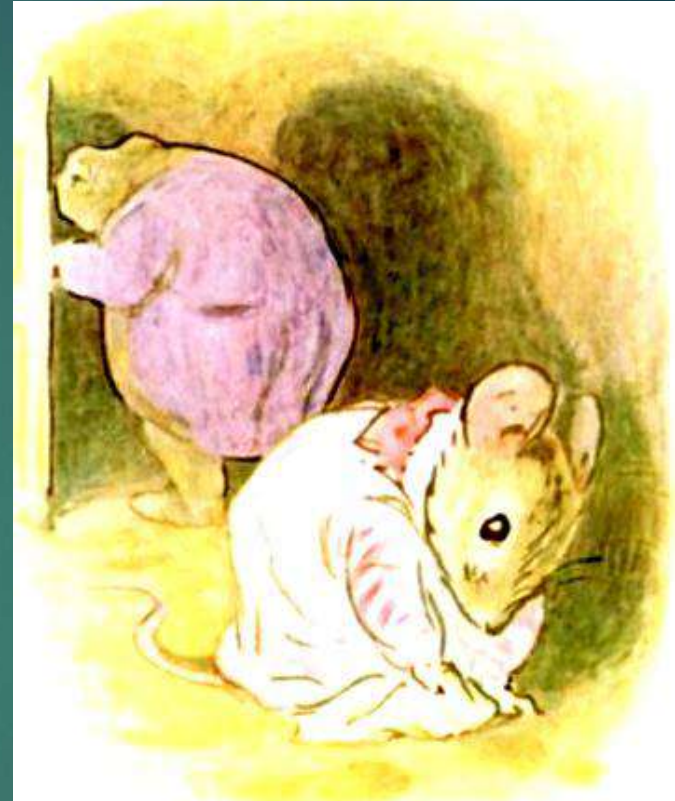
"I can ... smell ... it;
that is why I came to call."



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

Mr. Jackson rose ponderously from the table, and began to look into the cupboards.

Mrs. Tittlemouse followed him with a dish-cloth, to wipe his large wet footmarks off the parlour floor.



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

When he had
convinced himself
that there was
no honey
in the cupboards,
he began to walk
down the passage.



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse



"Indeed,
indeed,
you will
stick fast,
Mr. Jackson!"

"Tiddly,
widdly,
widdly,
Mrs. Tittlemouse!"

The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

First he squeezed into the pantry.
"Tiddly, widdly, widdly?
no honey? no honey,
Mrs. Tittlemouse?"

There were three
creepy-crawly people
hiding in the plate-rack.

Two of them got away;
but the littlest one he caught.



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

Then he
squeezed
into the larder.

Miss Butterfly
was tasting
the sugar;

but she flew away
out of the window.



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

"Tiddly, widdly, widdly,
Mrs. Tittlemouse;
you seem to have
plenty of visitors!"

"And without
any invitation!"
said Mrs.
Thomasina
Tittlemouse.

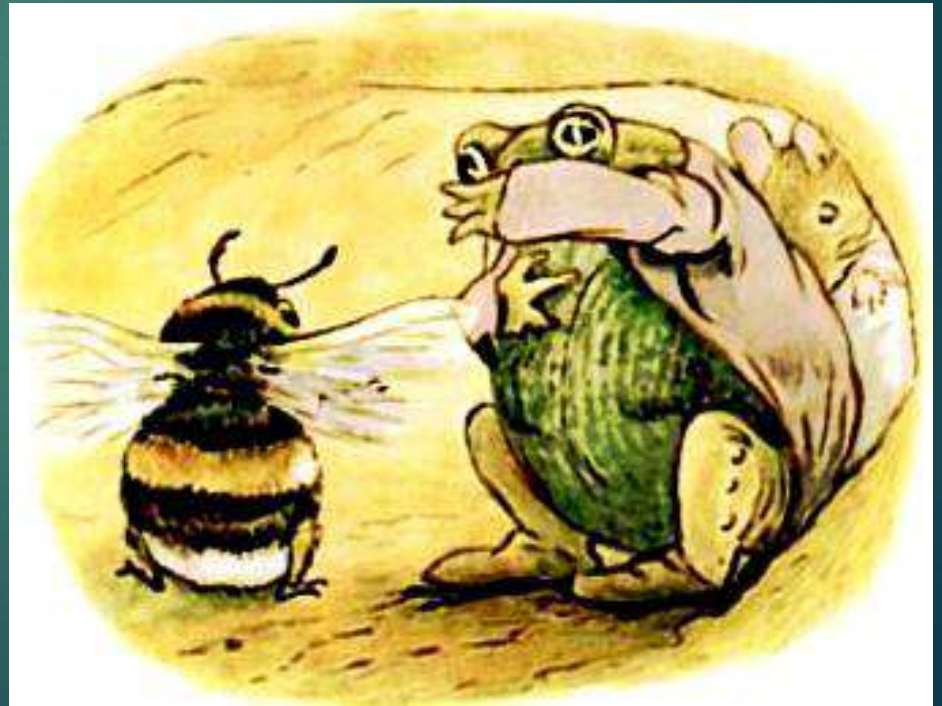


The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

They went along the sandy passage.

"Tiddly widdly ..." "Buzz! Wizz! Wizz!"

He met
Babbitty
round a corner,
and
snapped her up.

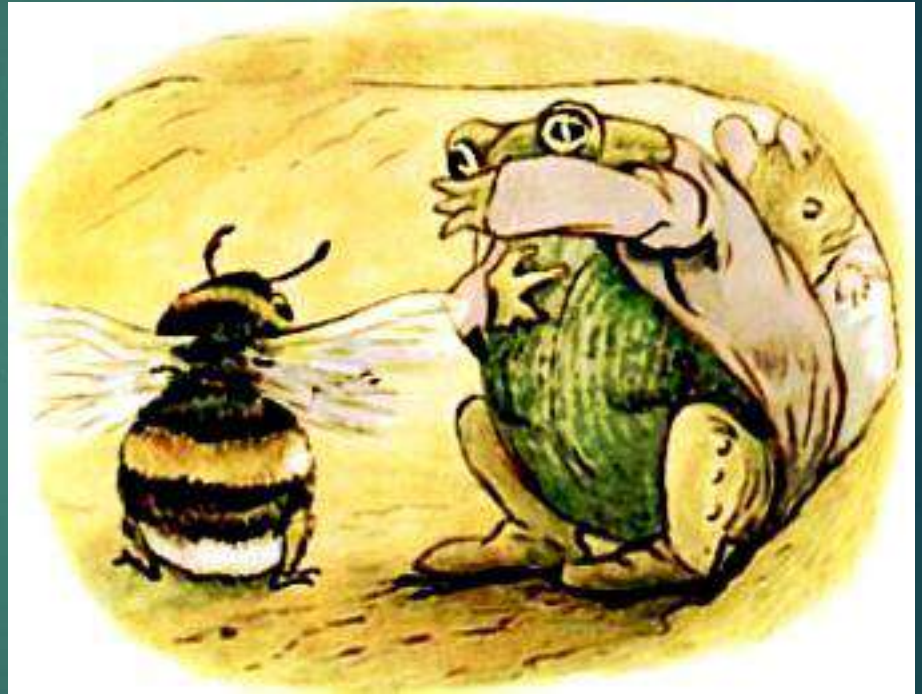


The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

Then put her down again.

"I do not like
bumble bees.

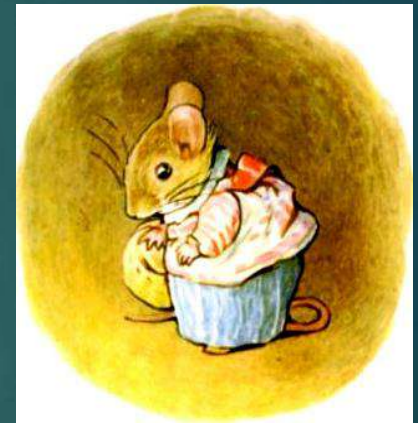
They are all
over bristles,"
said
Mr. Jackson,



wiping his mouth with his coat-sleeve.

The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

"Get out, you nasty old toad!"
shrieked Babbitty Bumble.



"I shall go distracted!"
scolded Mrs. Tittlemouse.

The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

She shut herself up in the
nut-cellar while Mr. Jackson
pulled out the bees-nest.



He seemed to have
no objection to stings.

When Mrs. Tittlemouse
ventured to come out,
everybody
had gone away.

The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

But the untidiness
was something dreadful

"Never did I see
such a mess:
smears of honey;
and moss,
and thistledown,

and marks of big and little dirty feet,
all over my nice clean house!"

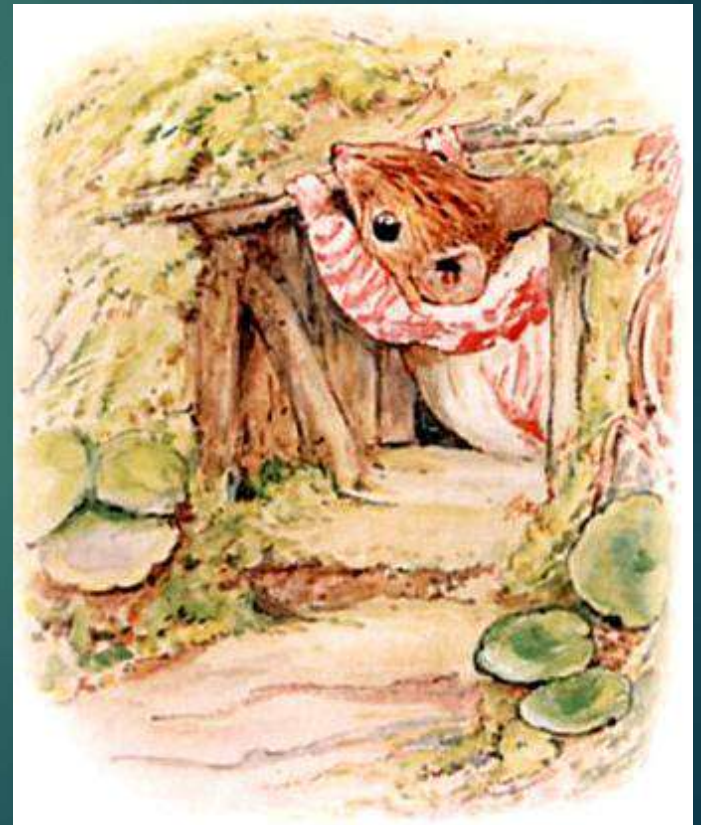


The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

She gathered up the moss
and the remains of the beeswax.

Then she went out
and fetched
some twigs,
to partly close up
the front door.

"I will make it too
small for Mr. Jackson!"

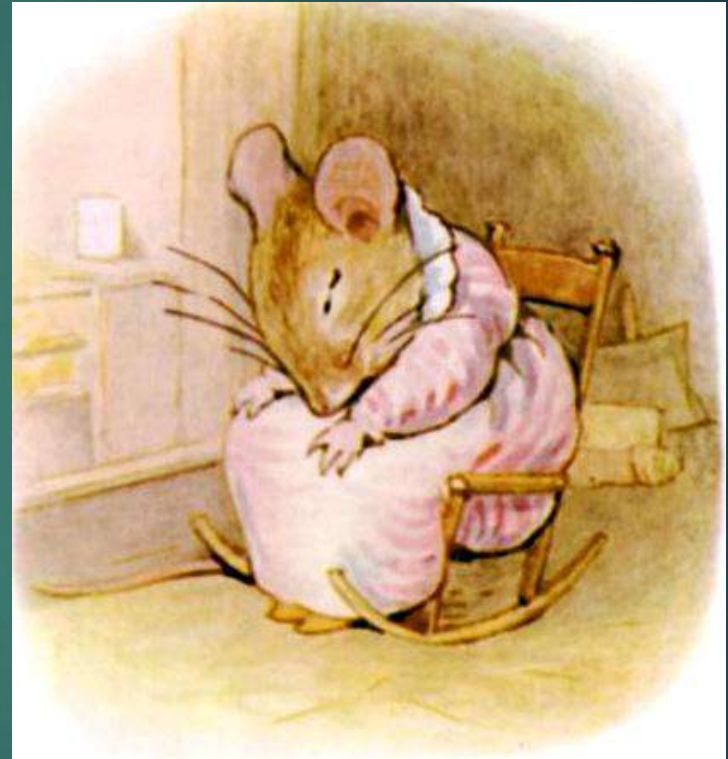


The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

She fetched soft soap, and flannel,
and a new
scrubbing brush
from the storeroom.

But she was
too tired to do
any more.

First she fell asleep in her chair,



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse



Then she
went to bed.

"Will my house
ever be tidy again?"

said poor
Mrs. Tittlemouse.

The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

Next morning
she got up
very early.

She began a
spring cleaning
which lasted
a fortnight.



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

She swept,
and scrubbed,
and dusted;

and she
rubbed up
the furniture
with beeswax,

and polished her
little tin spoons.



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

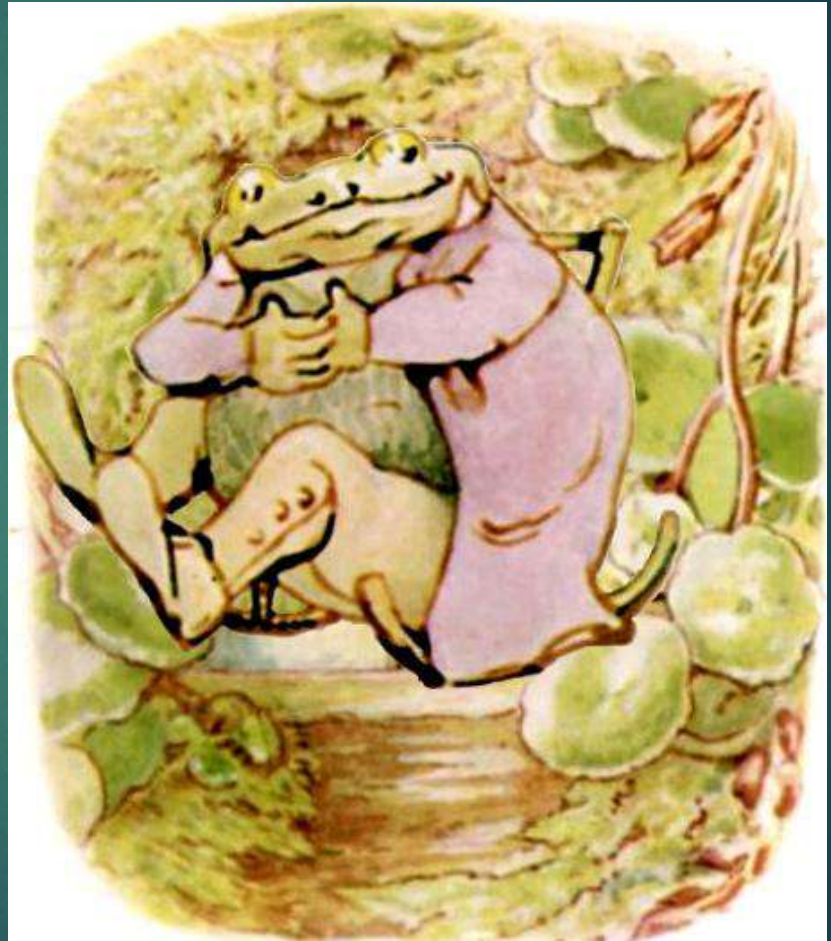
When it was all
beautifully
neat and clean,
she gave a party
to five other
little mice,

without
Mr. Jackson ...



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

But he smelt
the party
and came
up the bank,
but he
could not
squeeze
in at the door.



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

So they handed
him out

acorn-cupfuls
of honey-dew

through the
window,

and he was not
at all offended.

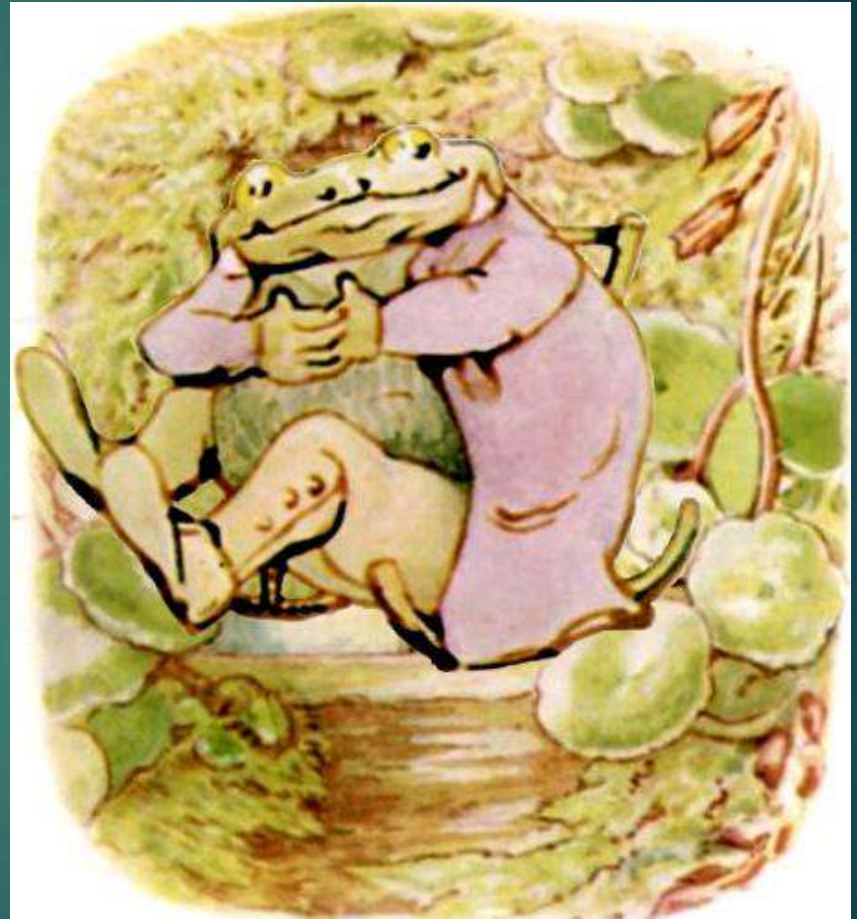


The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse

He sat outside
in the sun,

and said,
"Tiddly,
widdly,
widdly!"

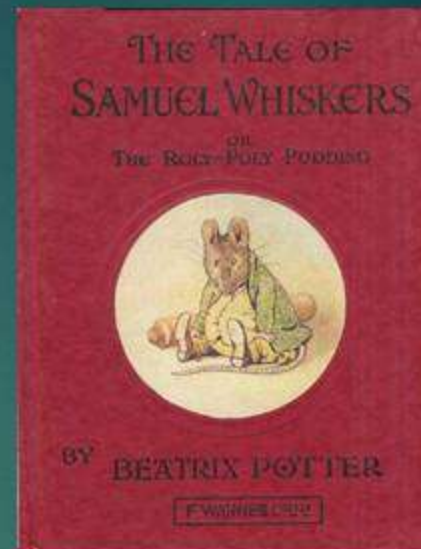
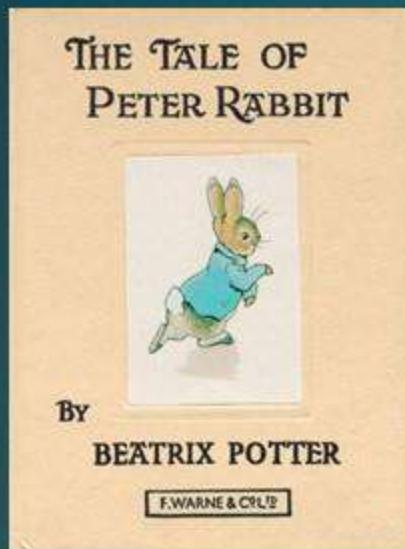
Your
very good health,
Mrs. Tittlemouse!"



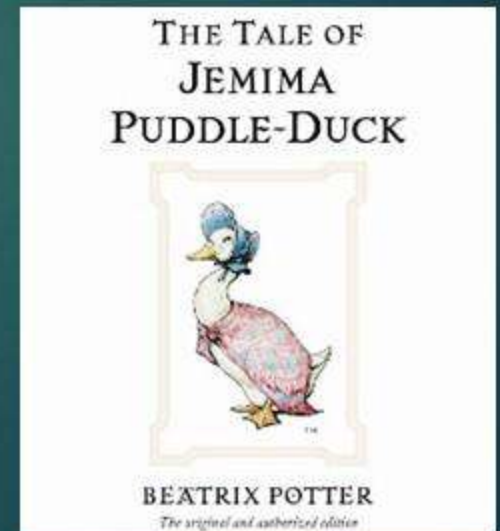
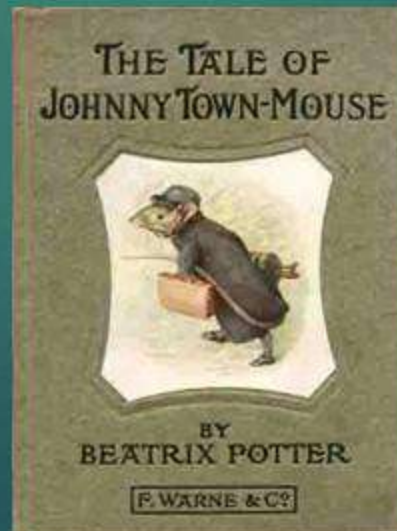
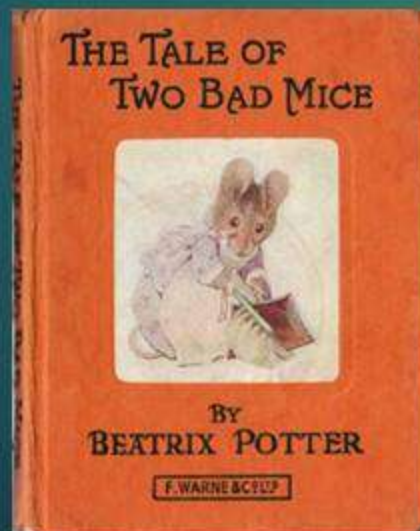
The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse



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The Tale of Jemima Puddle-Duck



Soon to be released

The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse



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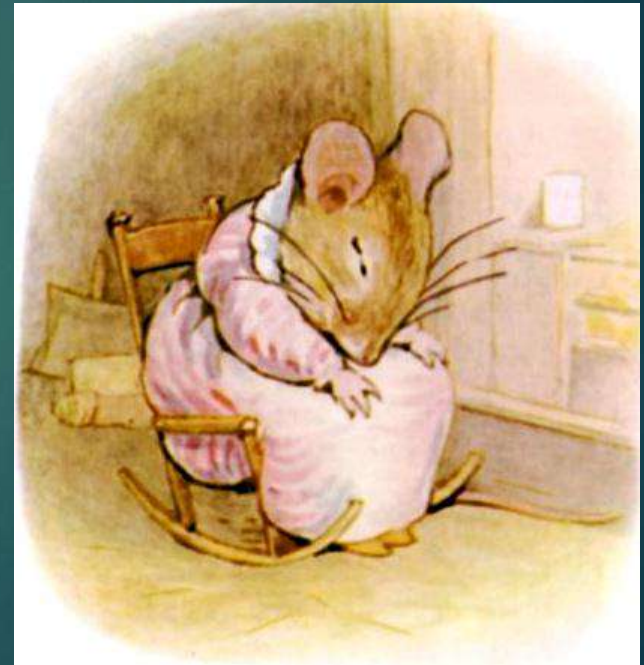
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