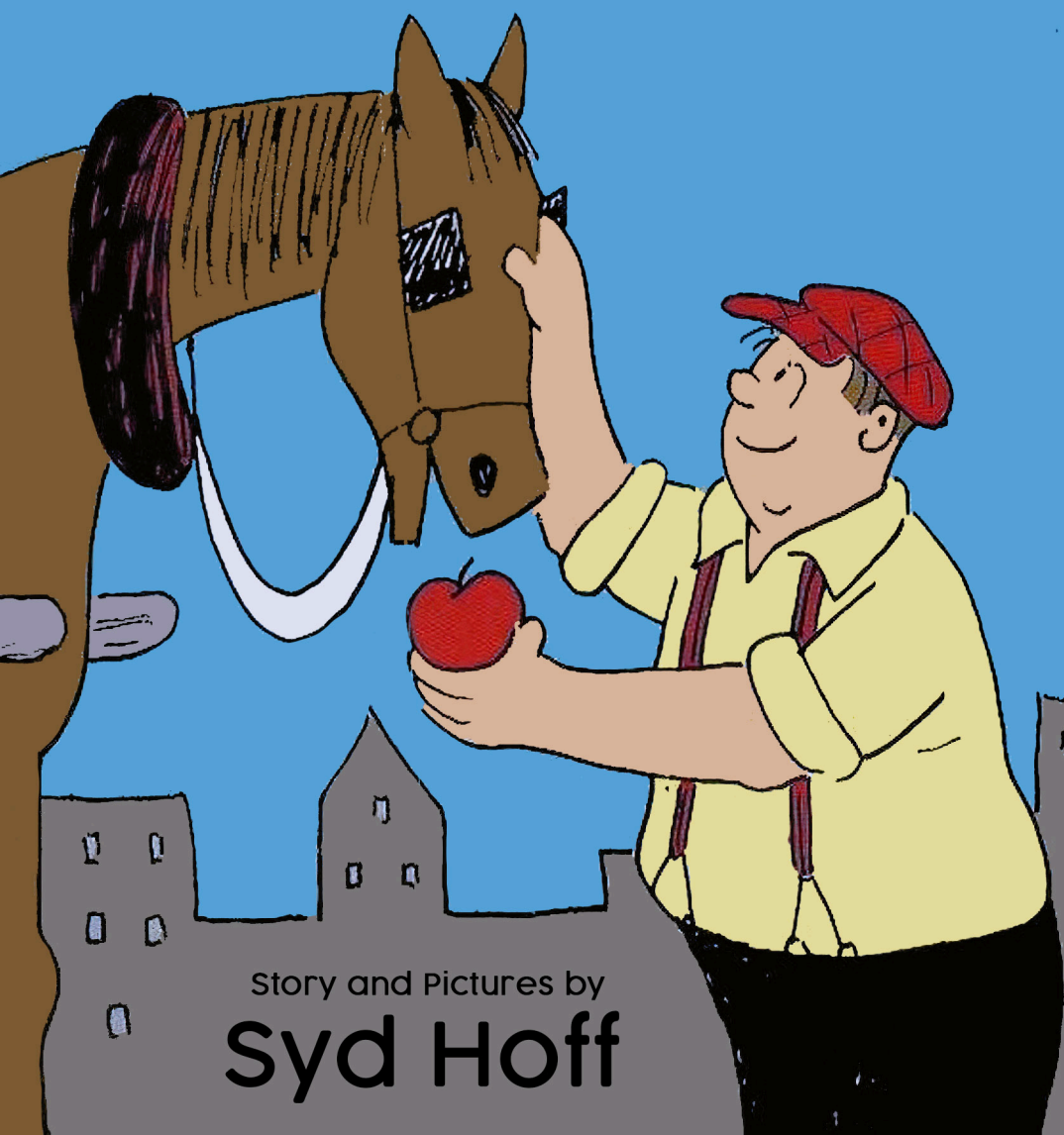


An Early I Can Read Book®

Barney's Horse



Story and Pictures by
Syd Hoff

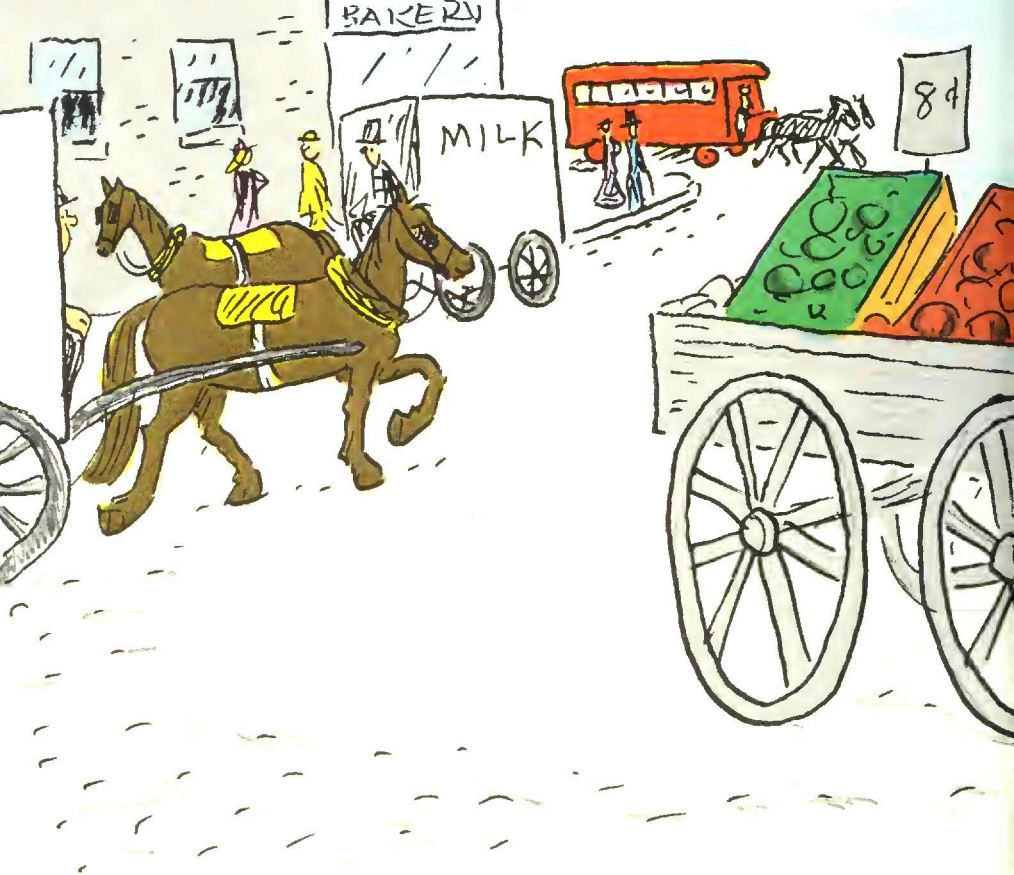
An Early I Can Read Book[®]

Barney's Horse

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Syd Hoff

Harper & Row, Publishers



Long ago
horses pulled wagons
up and down the streets.
There were even horses
that pulled streetcars.



Barney the peddler
rode down the street
with his horse and wagon,
shouting,
“Apples! Onions! Potatoes!
Get your apples, onions, potatoes,
right over here.”

Ladies came out of their houses
to buy from him.

Barney's horse stood at the curb,
waiting.

He swished his tail
to chase away the flies.

Children petted him.

They fed him sugar cubes.





“That’s good, children.
Always be kind to animals,”
said Barney the peddler.



Barney let them sit
on his horse's back.



He let them ride on the wagon
around the block.



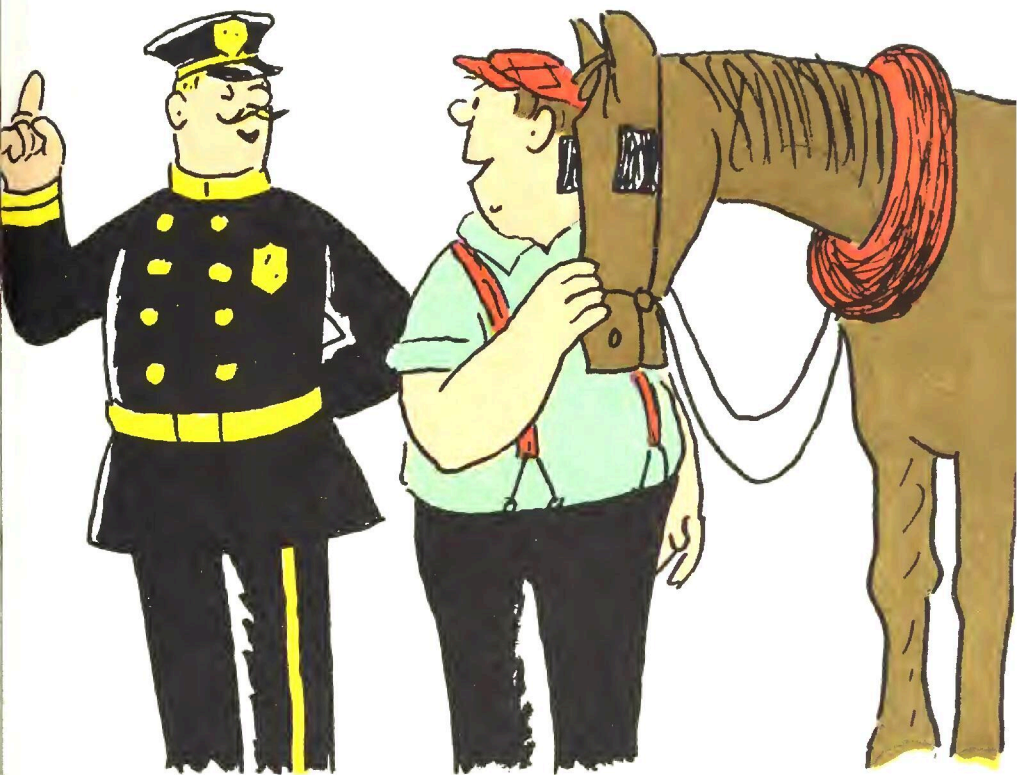
Then Barney would ride off
to another street.

“Good-bye, children,” called Barney.

“I will see you tomorrow.”



One day
men came
with picks and shovels.
They started to dig.
Barney and his horse
stopped at the curb
and watched.



“Soon people will be riding
on trains over our heads,”
said Officer Muldoon.

“A city has to grow,”
said Barney the peddler,
and he petted his horse.

All day

Barney sold

fruits and vegetables

all over town.

When it got late,

people heard

clippety-clop clippety-clop

as Barney headed back

to the stable.

Barney brushed his horse

and put a blanket on him.

“Good night, sleep tight,”

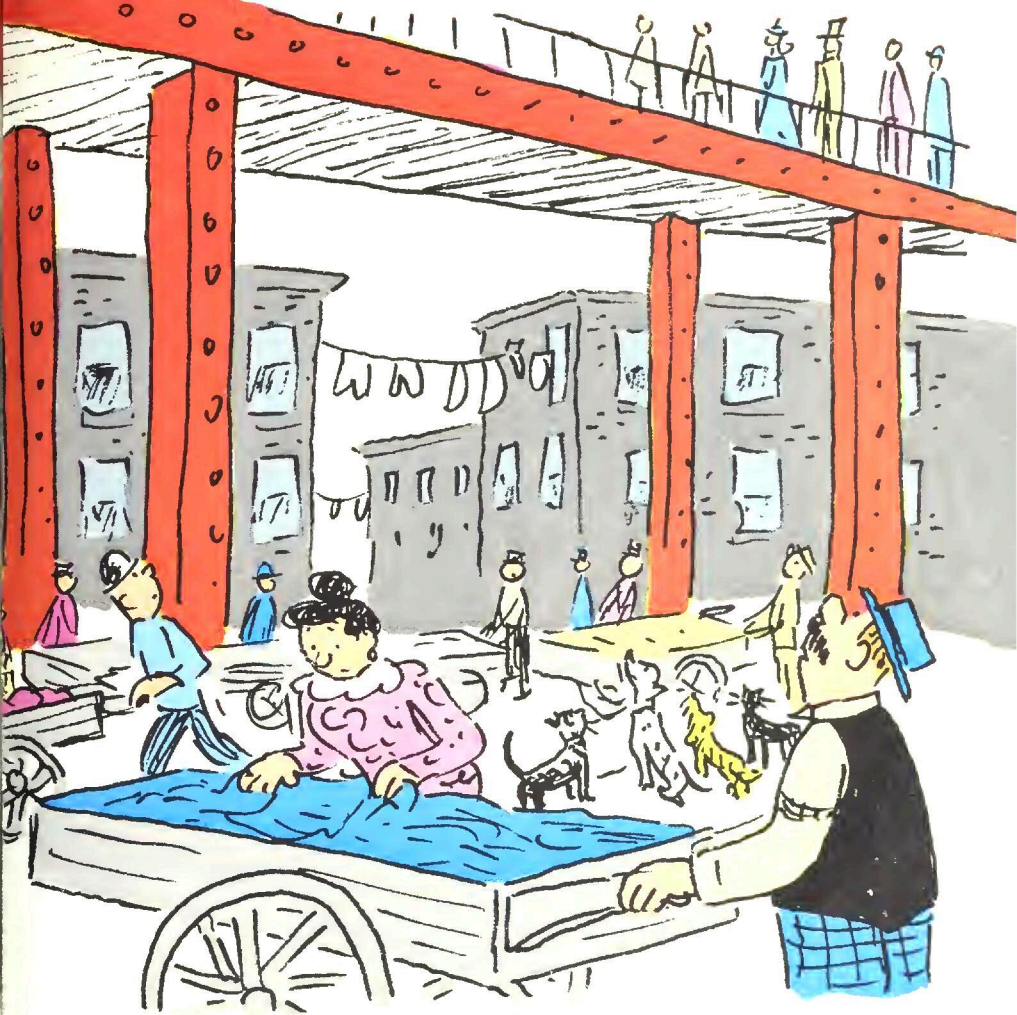
said Barney.



He went to sleep
next to his horse.



It was the day
the trains started running.
People climbed the stairs
to get on them.



Men with pushcarts
stared up at them.

Dogs and cats
were staring, too.

SCREECH! SCREECH!

went the wheels on the tracks.

The trains swayed.

The ground shook.

“Runaway horse!

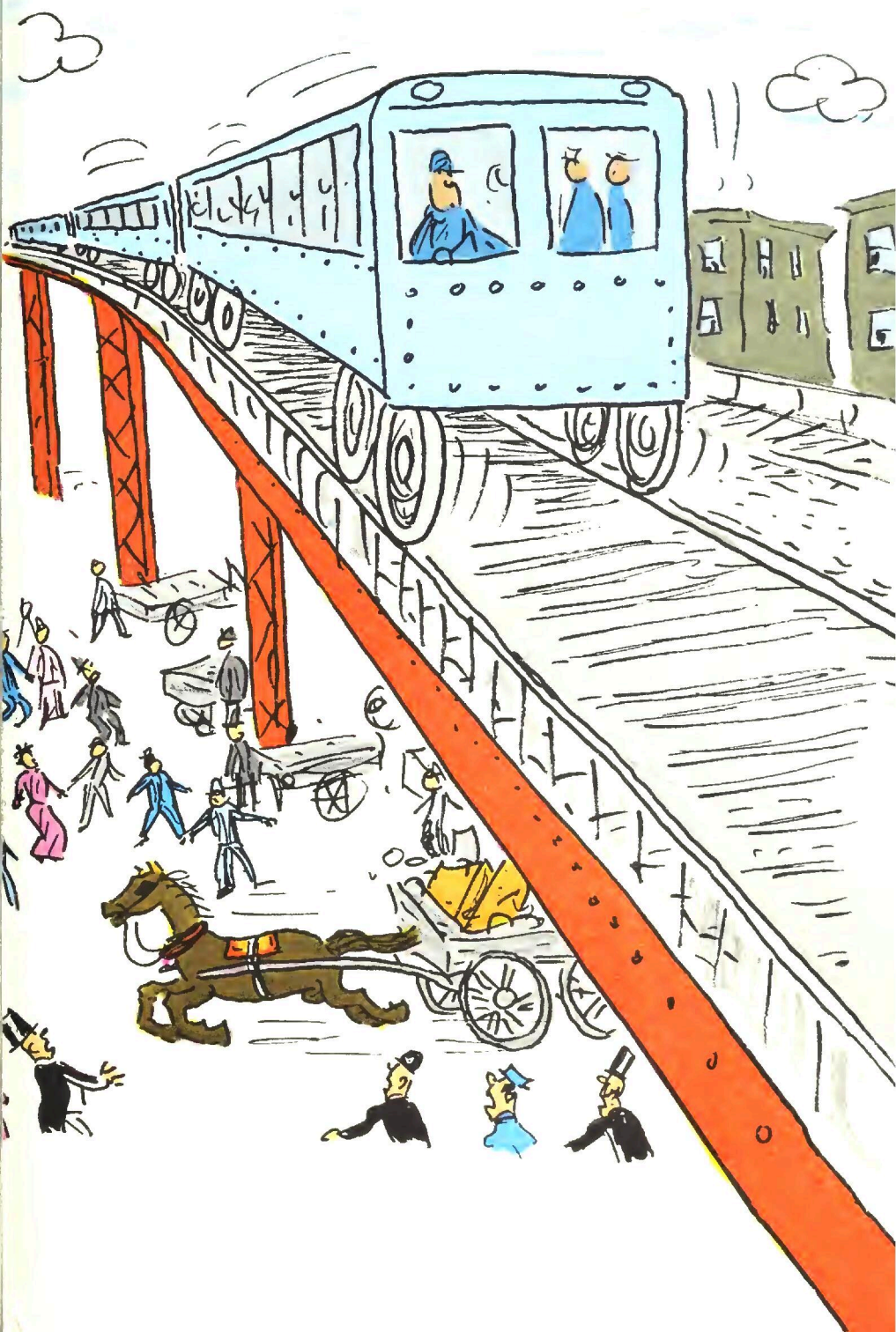
Runaway horse!”

someone shouted.

Down the street

ran Barney’s horse,

pulling the wagon.

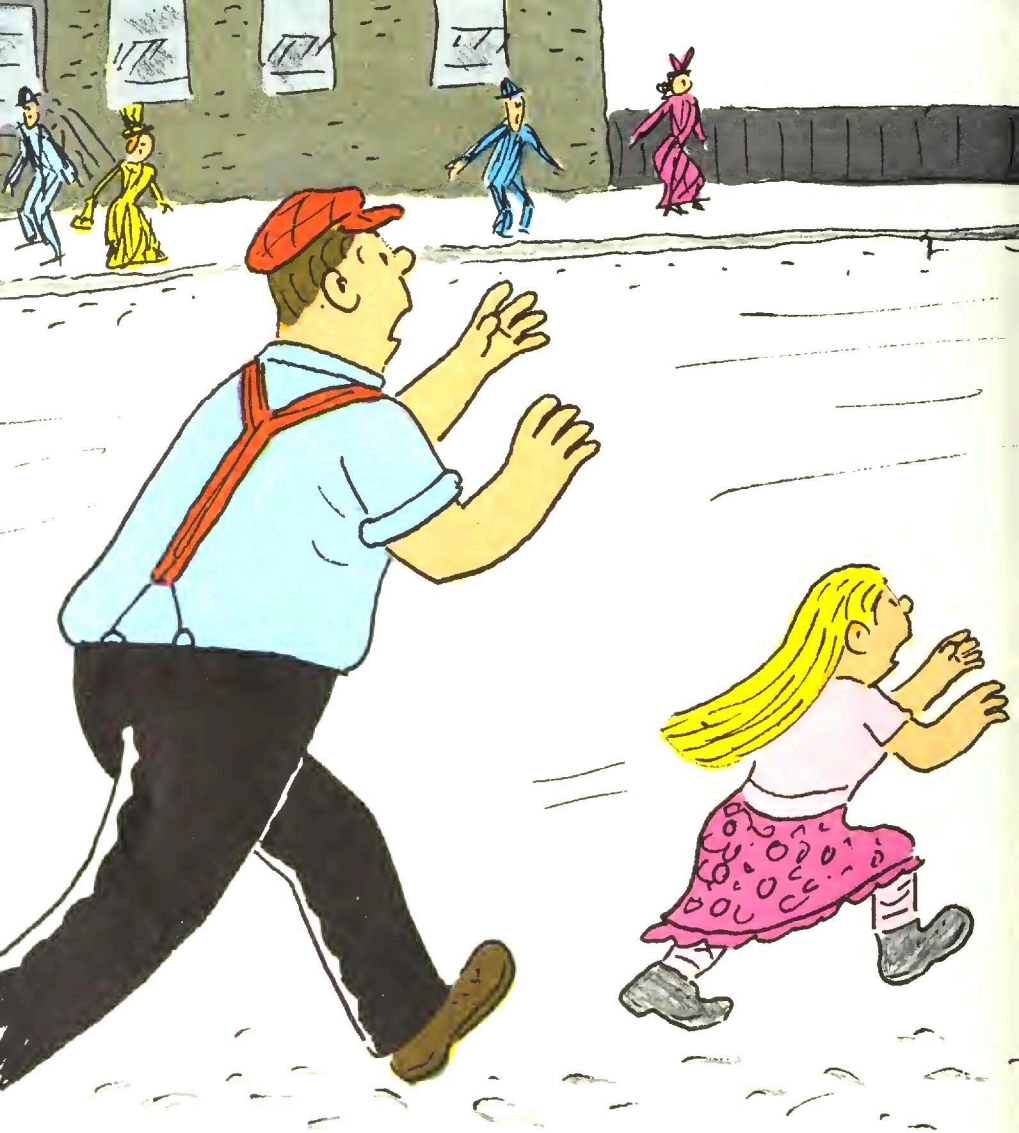




“Whoa! Wait for me!”
shouted Barney.



But Barney's horse
ran faster and faster.



Children tried to catch him.



But Barney's horse
was too fast for them.



Officer Muldoon
stepped off the curb
and waved his arms.



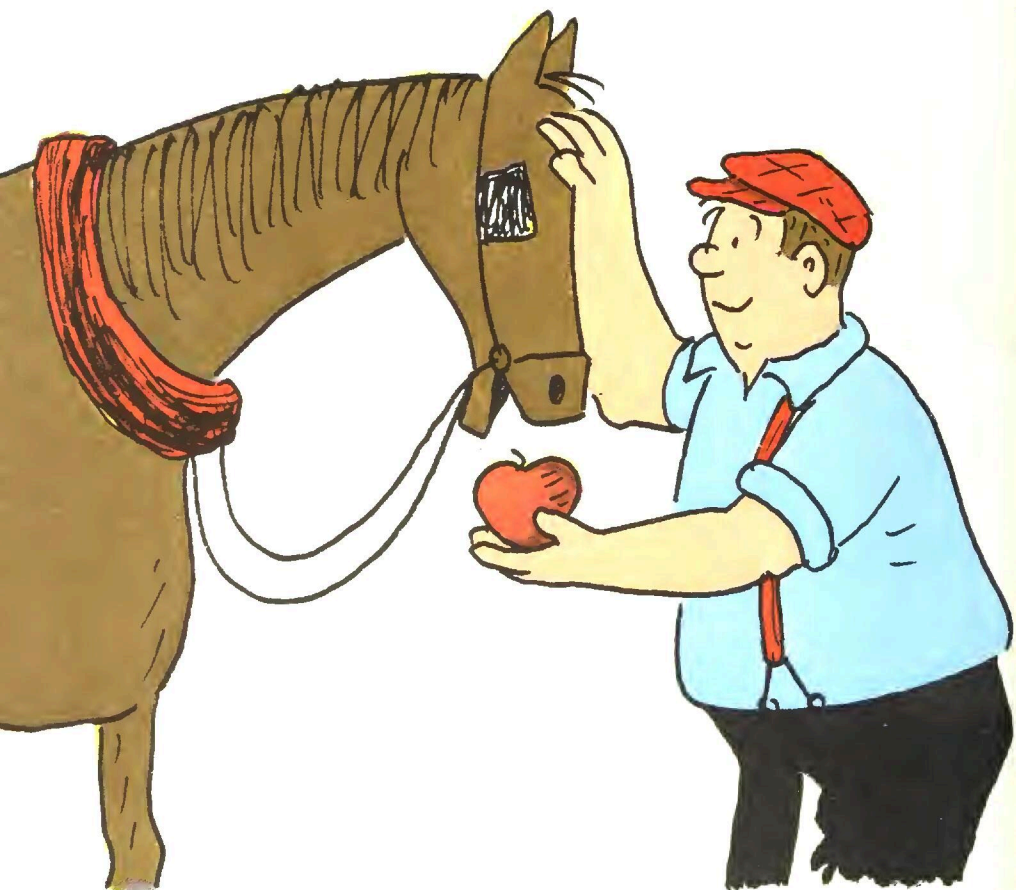
“Whoa, old feller, whoa,”

he said softly.

“Nobody wants to hurt you.”

Barney's horse came to a halt.
He let the policeman
hold him and pet him
until Barney caught up with them.
"I guess your horse
will have to get used
to the trains,"
said Officer Muldoon.
"We will all
have to get used to them,"
said Barney the peddler.





Barney petted his horse.

He gave him a big juicy apple.



Then he got back on the wagon
and rode off, shouting,
“Apples! Onions! Potatoes!
Get your apples, onions, potatoes,
right over here.”



The city grew and grew.

More and more trains ran.

The ground shook under them.



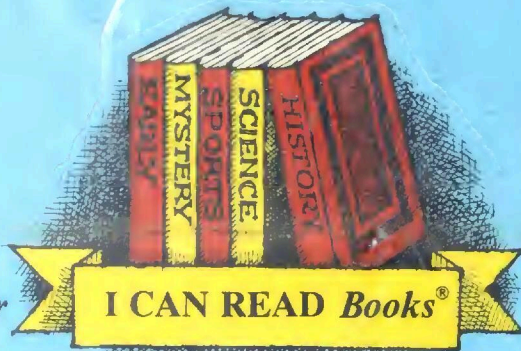
But Barney's horse
did not seem to mind.
He never ran away
again....



Well, almost never.

He knew

Barney needed him.



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