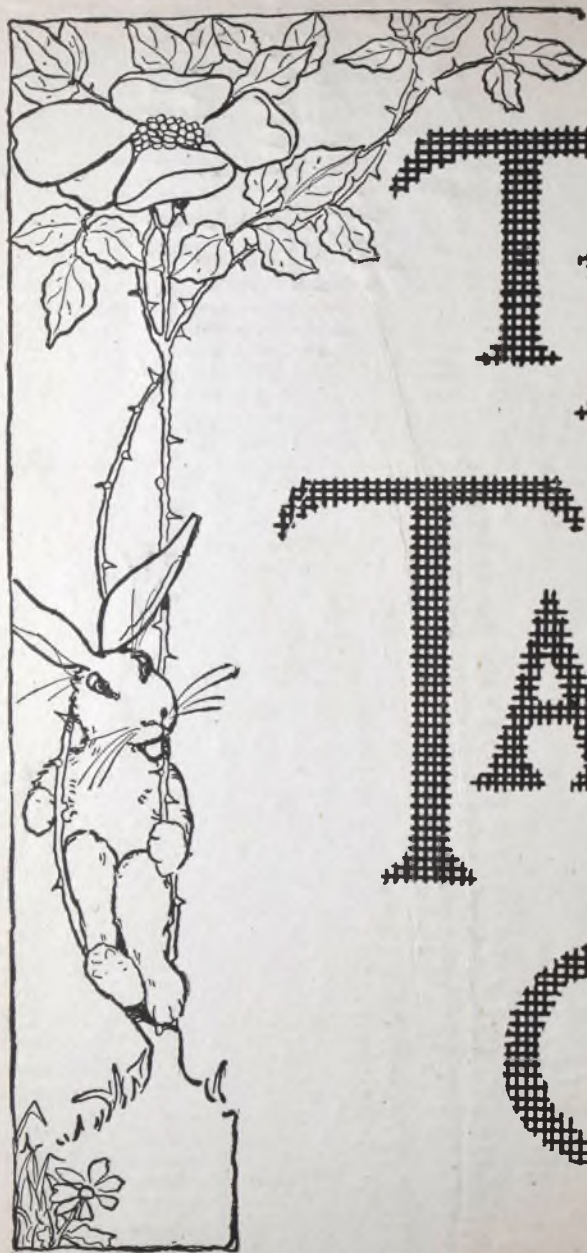


THE TALE OF

PETER RABBIT



BEATRIX POTTER

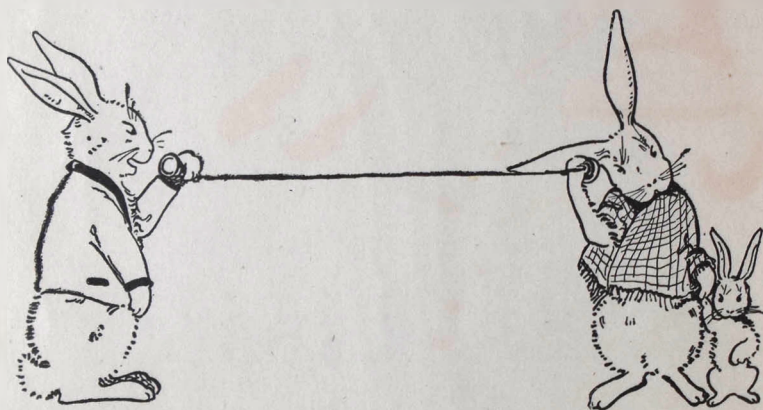


THE TALE OF

PETER
RABBIT



**THE TALE
OF
PETER RABBIT**



THE TALE OF

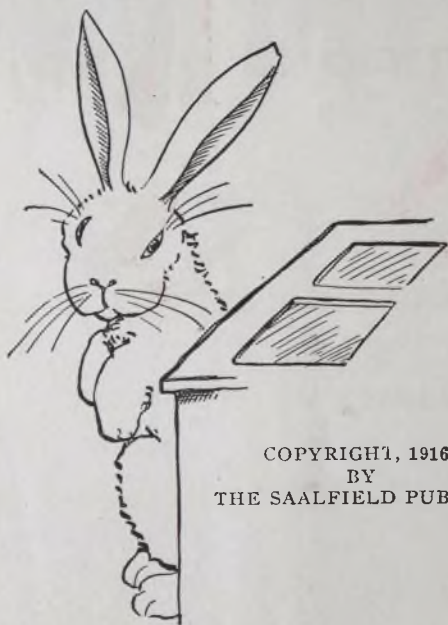
PETER RABBIT



BEATRIX POTTER

Illustrations
By
Virginia Albert.

AKRON, O.
THE SAALFIELD PUBLISHING CO.
NEW YORK CHICAGO

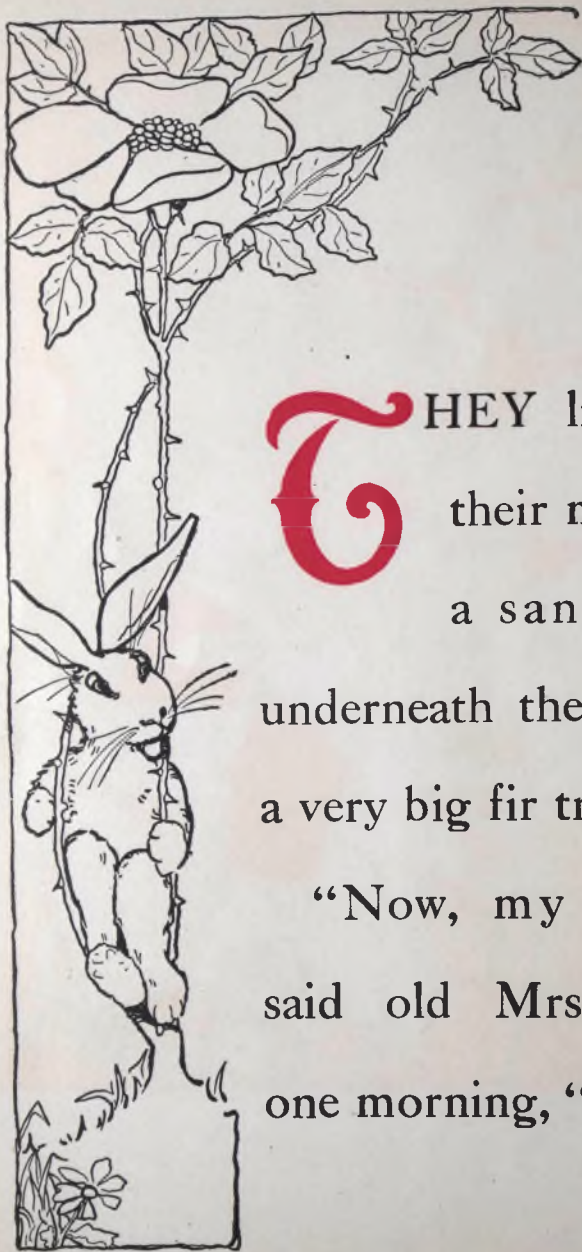


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THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT

Once upon a time there
were four little rabbits, and
their names were Flopsy,
Mopsy, Cotton-tail and Peter.

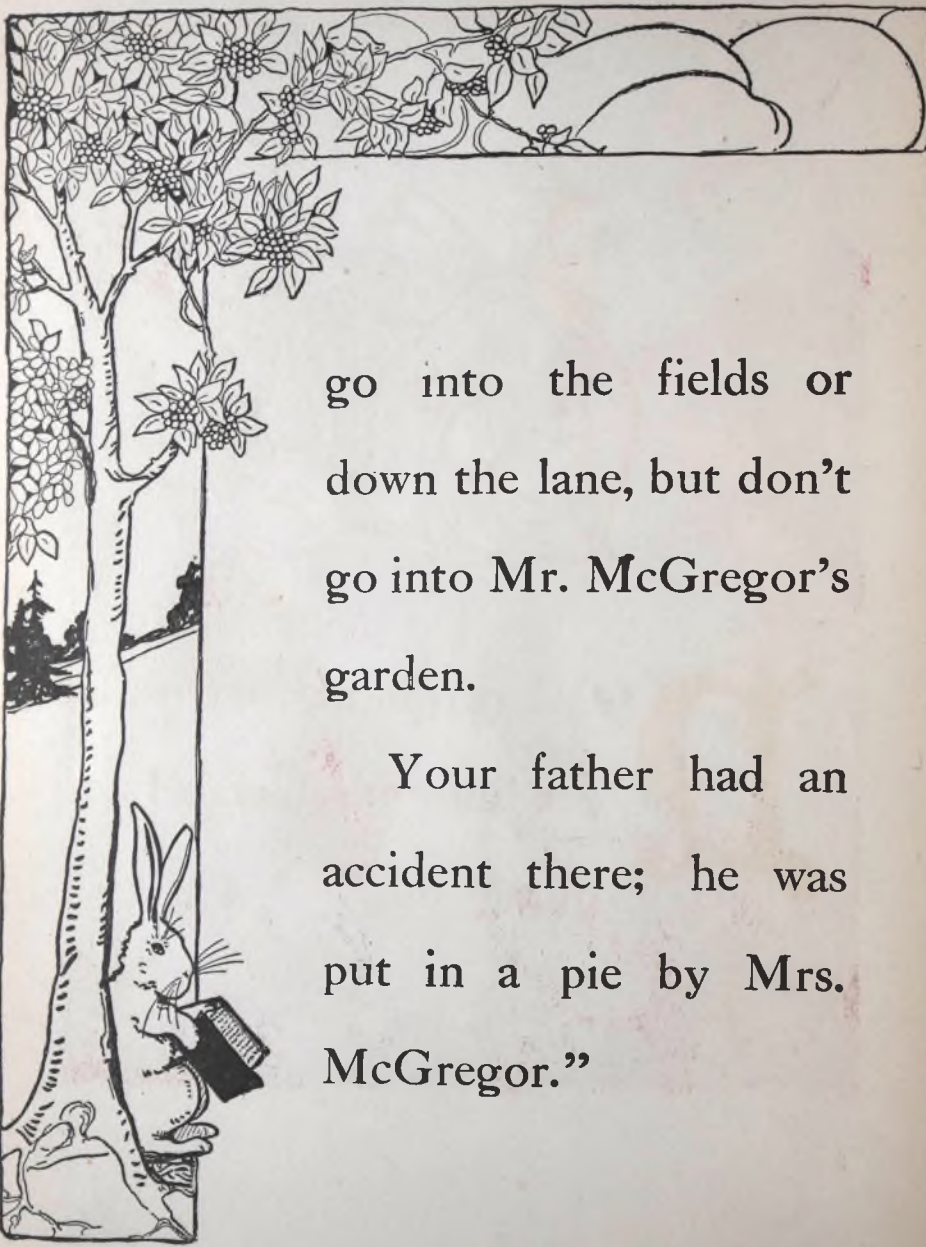




THEY lived with
their mother in
a sand-bank,
underneath the root of
a very big fir tree.

“Now, my dears,”
said old Mrs. Rabbit
one morning, “You may






go into the fields or
down the lane, but don't
go into Mr. McGregor's
garden.

Your father had an
accident there; he was
put in a pie by Mrs.
McGregor."



NOW run along and don't
get into mischief. I am
going out."

HEN old Mrs. Rabbit
took a basket and her
umbrella and went
through the wood to the
baker's.

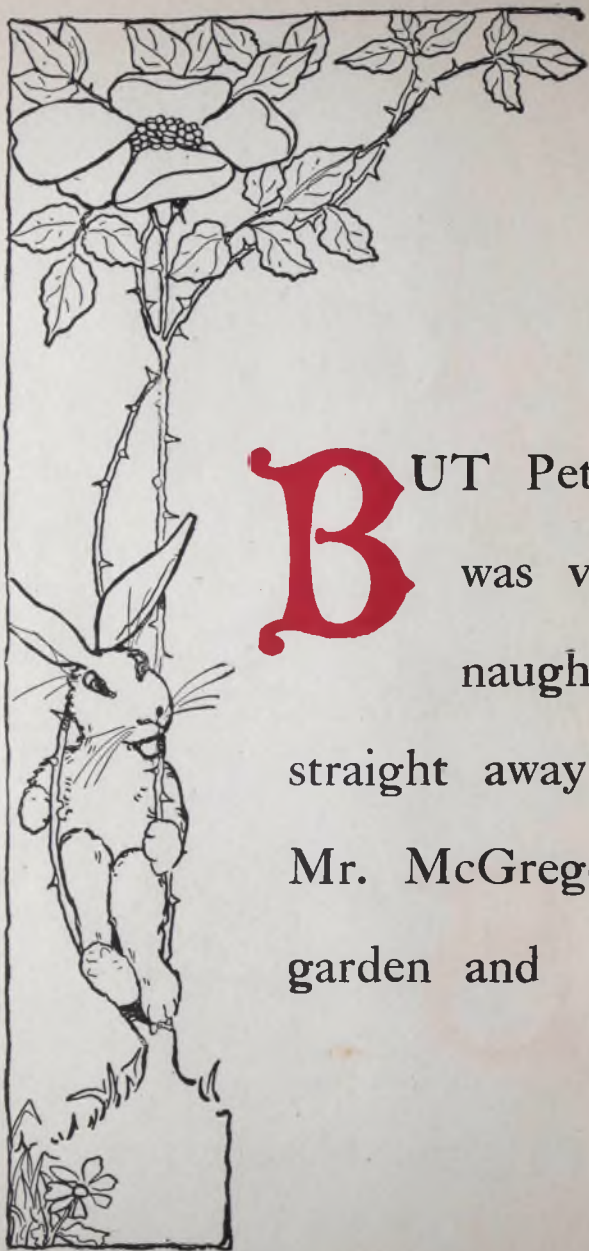


SHE bought a loaf of
brown bread and five
currant buns.

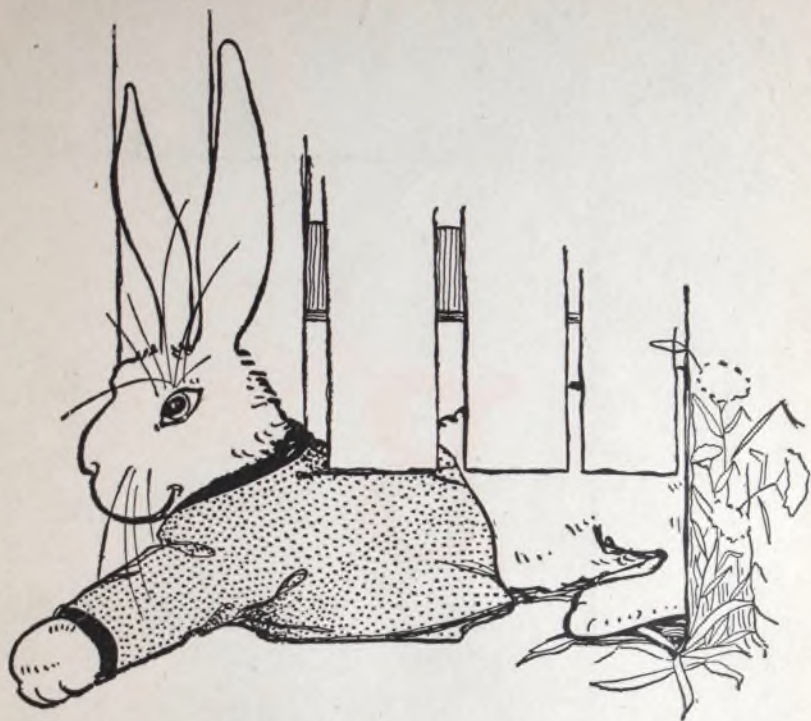
Flopsy, Mopsy and Cotton-tail
who were good little bunnies
went down the lane together



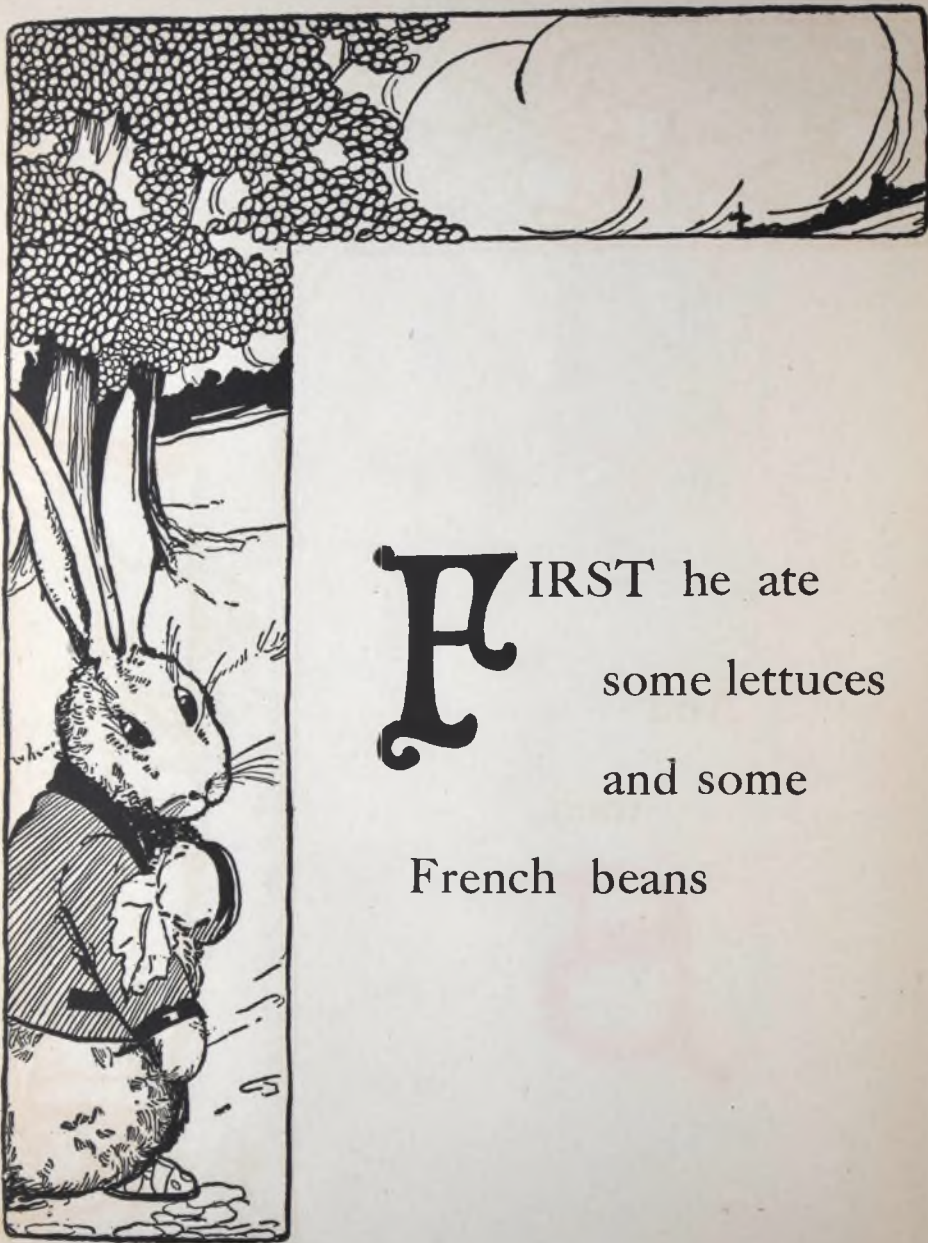
To gather blackberries.



BUT Peter who
was very
naughty, ran
straight away to
Mr. McGregor's
garden and

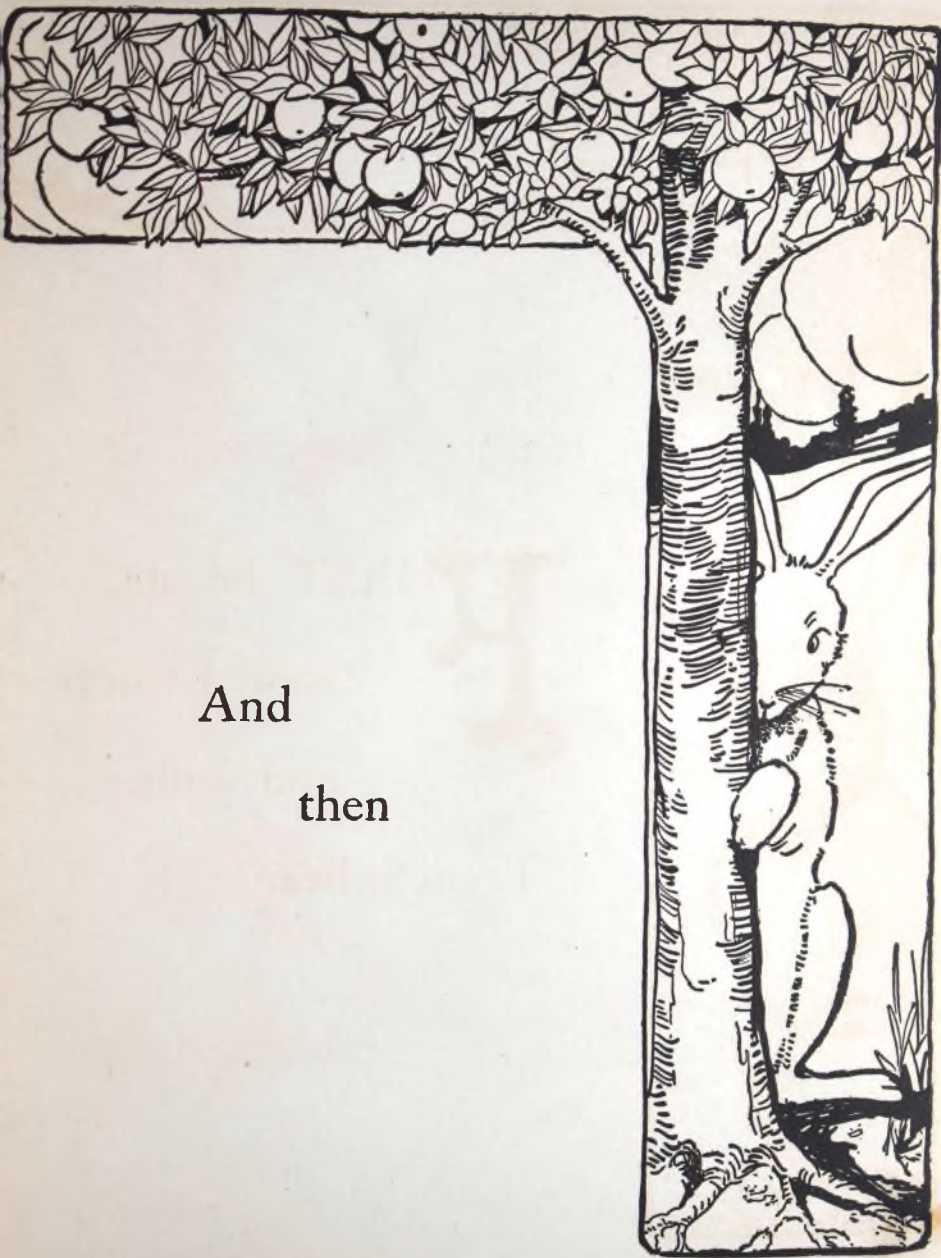


SQUEEZED
under
the gate!



FIRST he ate
some lettuces
and some
French beans

And
then



He

Ate

Some

Radishes



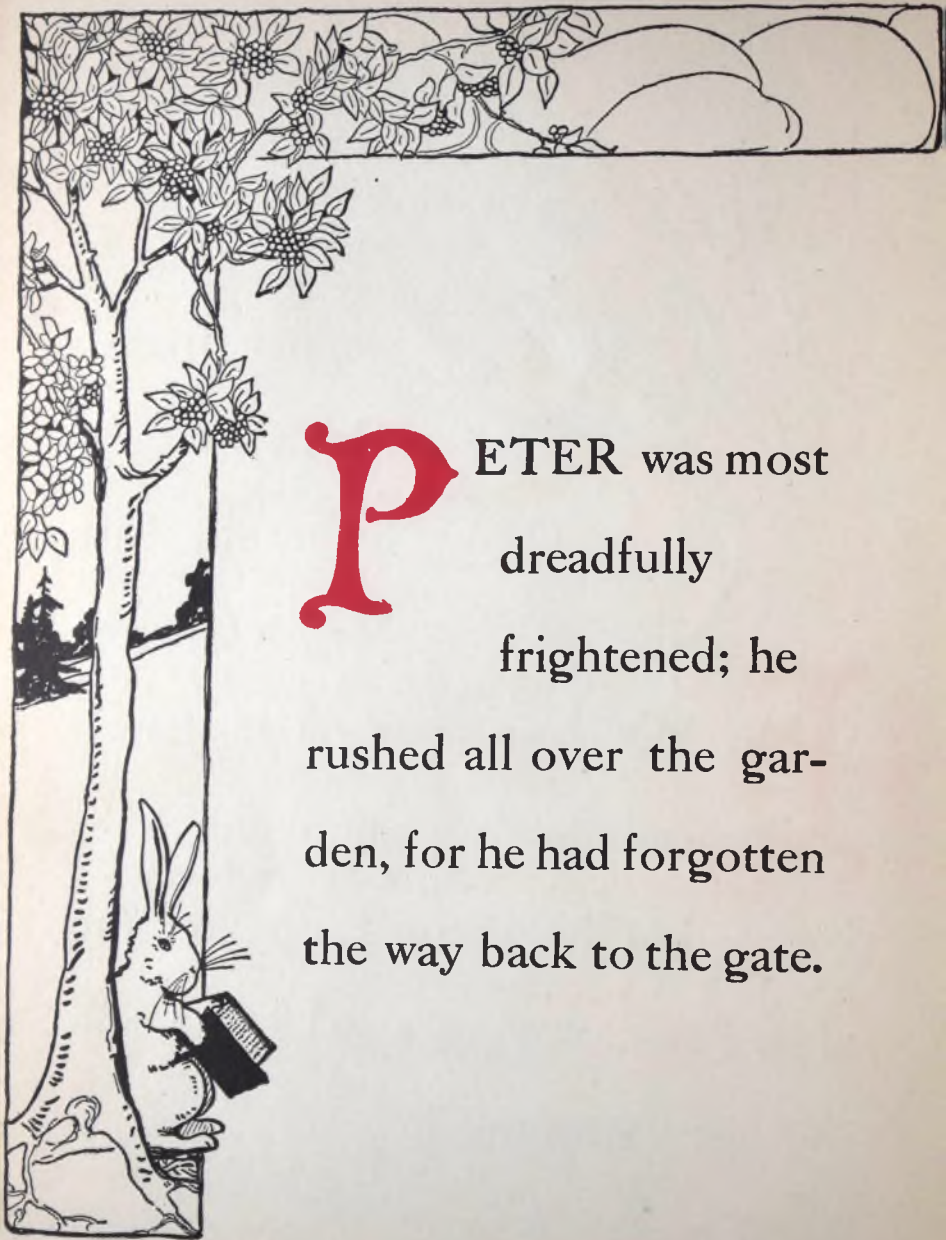
AND then, feeling
rather sick,
he went to look for
some parsley.





But round the
end of a cu-
cumber frame,
whom should
he meet but
Mr. McGregor!

Mr. McGregor was on his hands
and knees planting out young cab-
bages, but he jumped up and ran
after Peter, waving a rake and call-
ing out “Stop thief!”

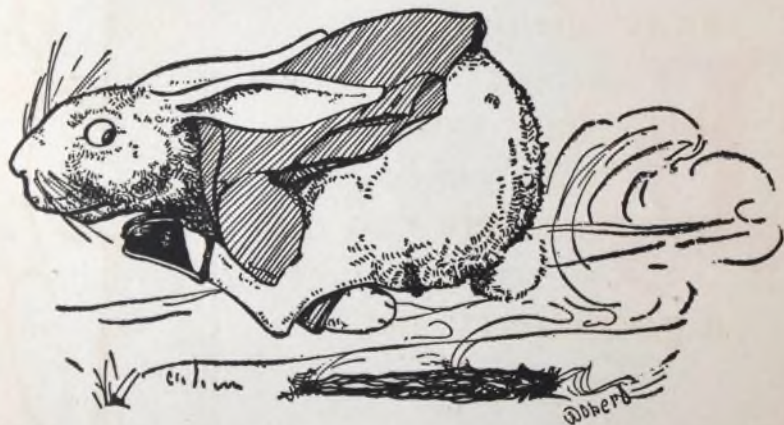


PETER was most
dreadfully
frightened; he
rushed all over the gar-
den, for he had forgotten
the way back to the gate.

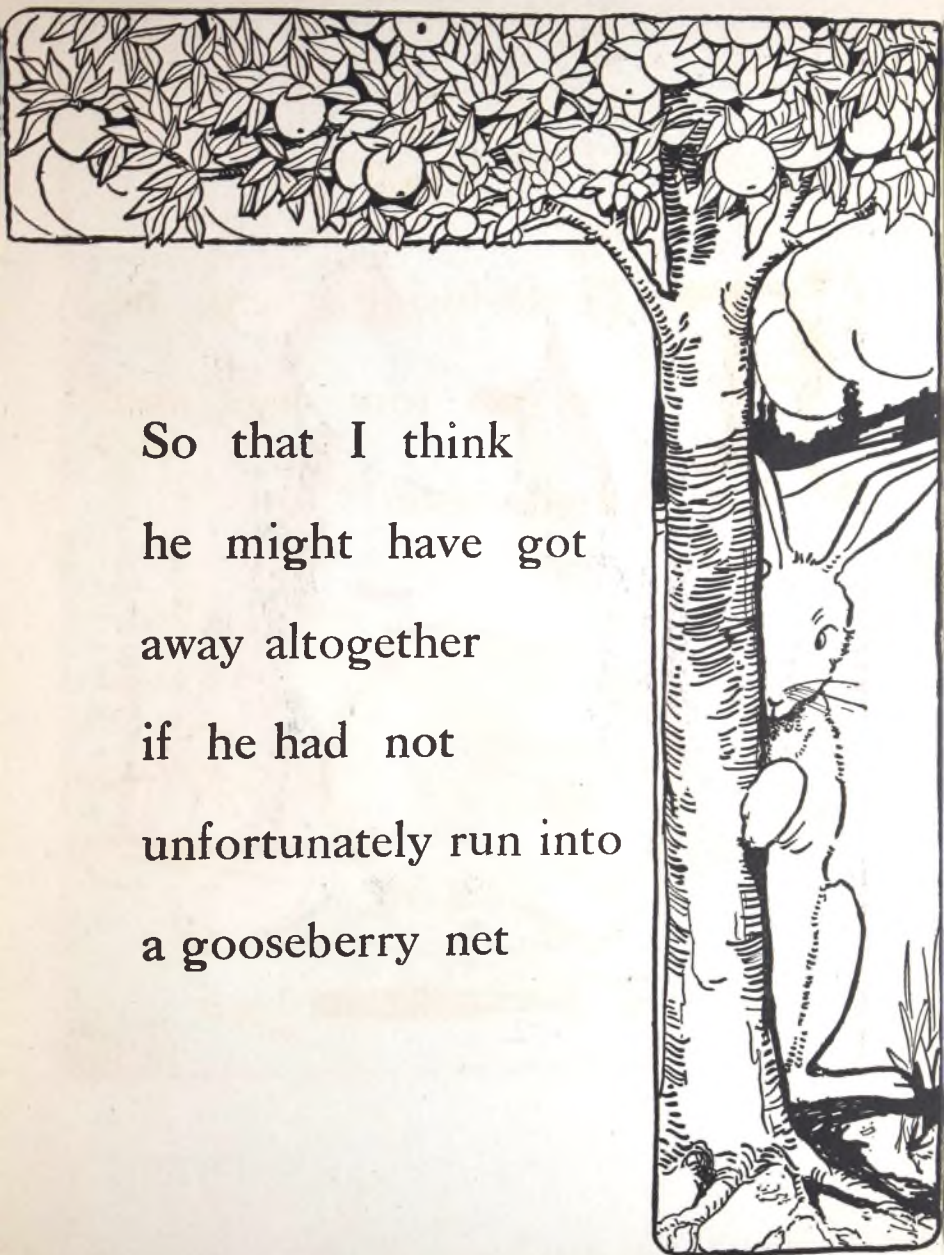


HE lost one shoe among
the cabbages, and the
other amongst the potatoes.

AFTER losing them, he
ran on four legs and
went faster



So that I think
he might have got
away altogether
if he had not
unfortunately run into
a gooseberry net





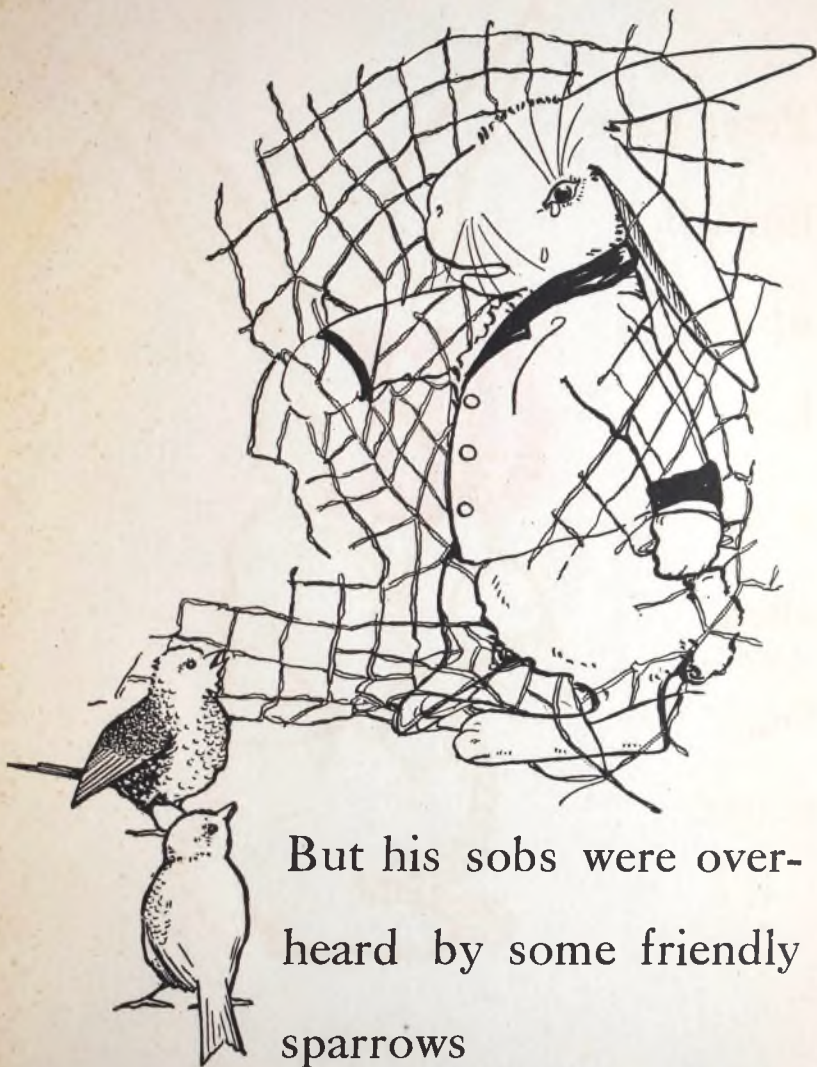
And got caught by the large
buttons on his jacket.



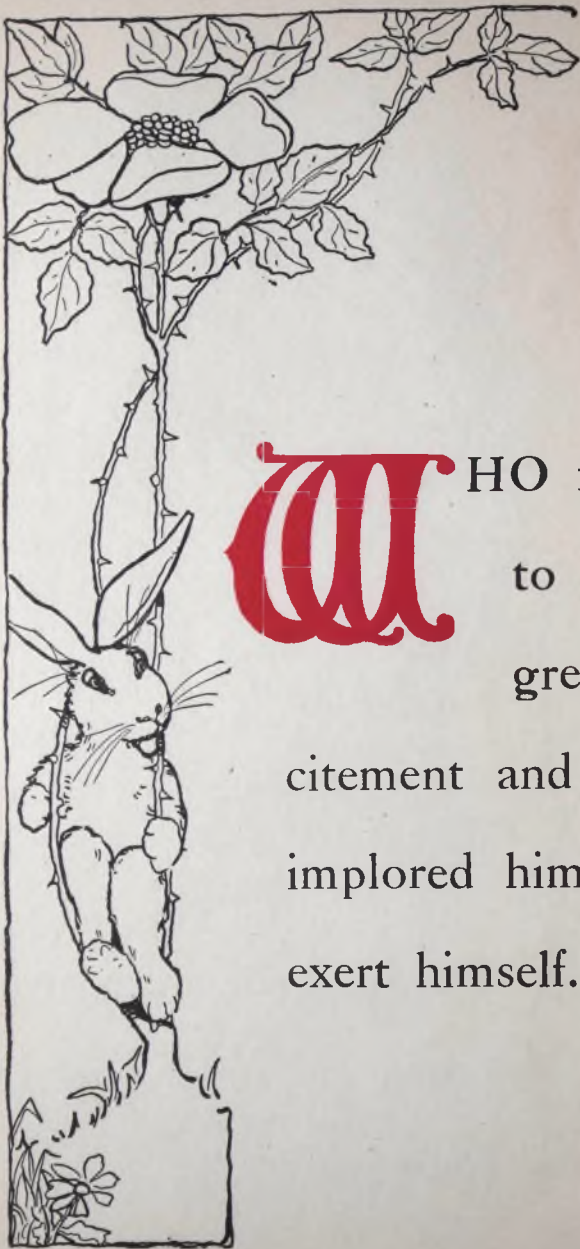
It was a blue jacket with
brass buttons, quite new.

Peter gave
himself
up for
lost
and
shed
big
tears;





But his sobs were over-
heard by some friendly
sparrows

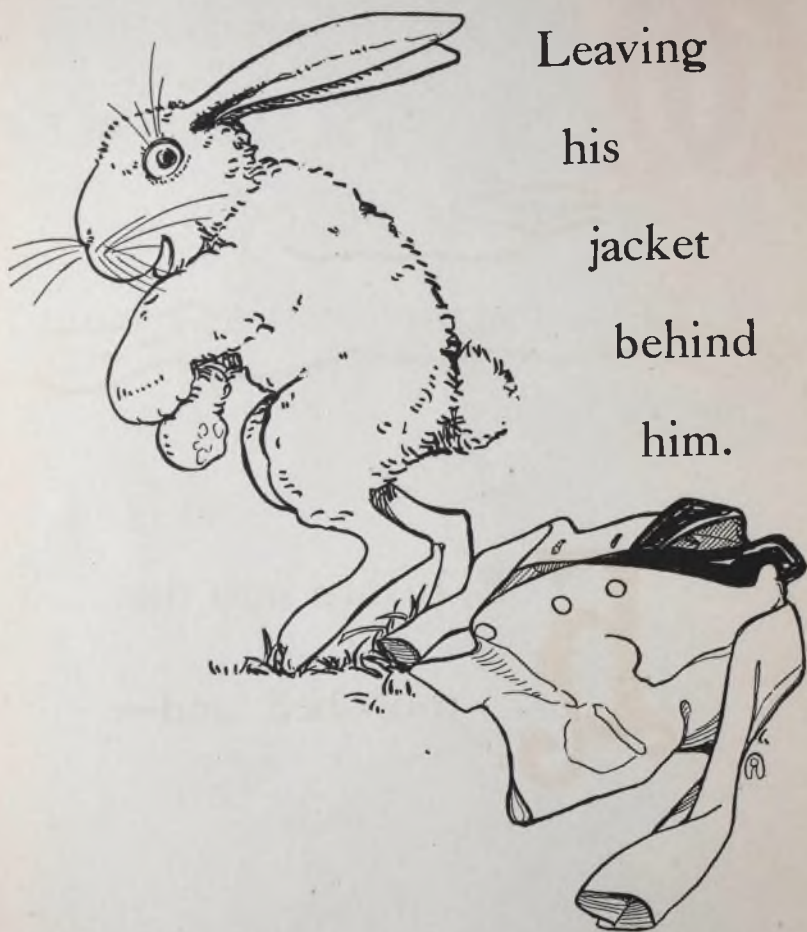


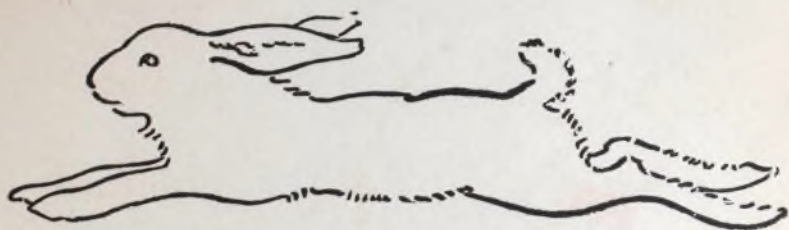
WHO flew
to him in
great ex-
citement and
implored him to
exert himself.

MR. MCGREGOR came
up with a sieve which
he intended to pop on the top
of Peter, but Peter wriggled out
just in time.



Leaving
his
jacket
behind
him.





HE rushed into the
tool-shed and—

JUMPED into a
can.



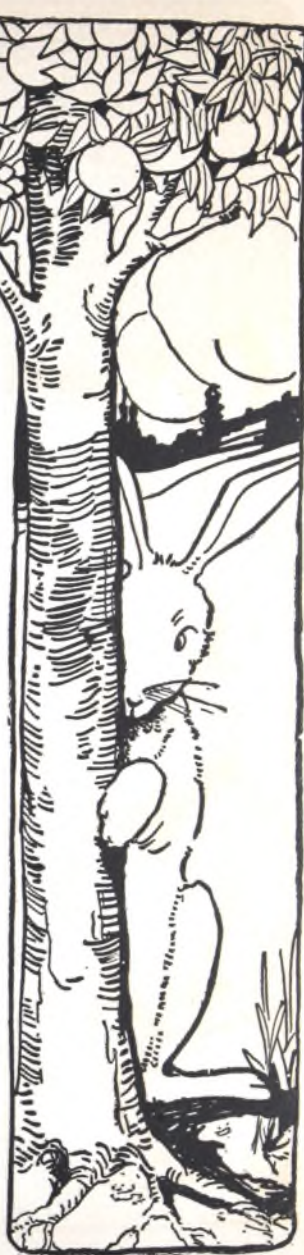


It would have been a beautiful thing to hide in, if it had not had so much water in it. Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the toolshed, perhaps hidden underneath a flower-pot.

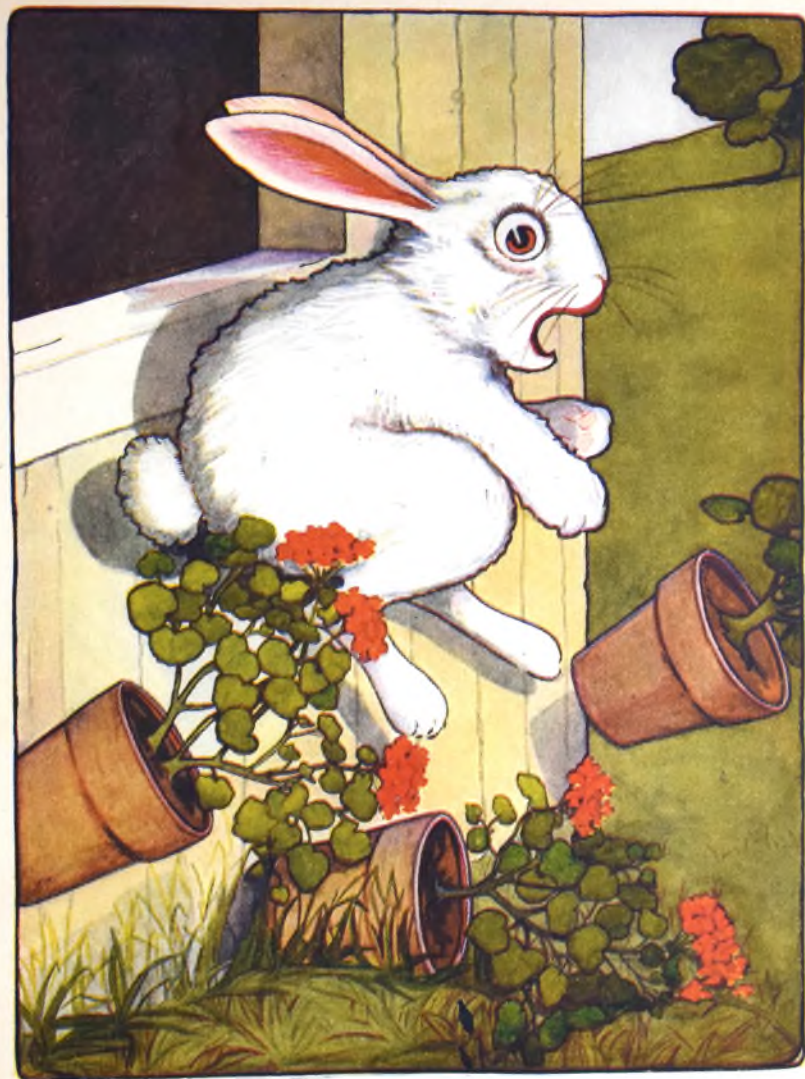
He began to turn
them over carefully,
looking under each.

Presently Peter
sneezed "Kertyschoo!"

Mr. McGregor was
after him in no time,
and tried to put his foot
upon Peter, who



JUMPED out of a window,
upsetting three plants.





PETER
sat
down

to rest; he was
out of breath
and trembling with fright, and he
had not the least idea which way
to go.

Also he was very damp with sit-
ting in that can.

AFTER a time he began
to wander about, going
lippity—

lippity—

not very fast

and looking

all around.



HE found a door in a wall;
but it was locked and there
was no room for a fat
little rabbit to squeeze under-
neath.

An old mouse was running in
and out over the stone doorstep,
carrying peas and beans to her
family in the wood. Peter asked
her the way to the gate but she
had such a large pea in her mouth
she could not answer. She only
shook her head at him.



Peter began to cry.

WHEN he tried to find his way straight across the garden, but he became more and more puzzled. Presently he came to a pond where Mr. McGregor filled his water-cans. A white cat was staring at some gold-fish; she sat very, very still, but now and then the tip of her tail twitched as if it were alive. Peter thought it best to go away without speaking to her.

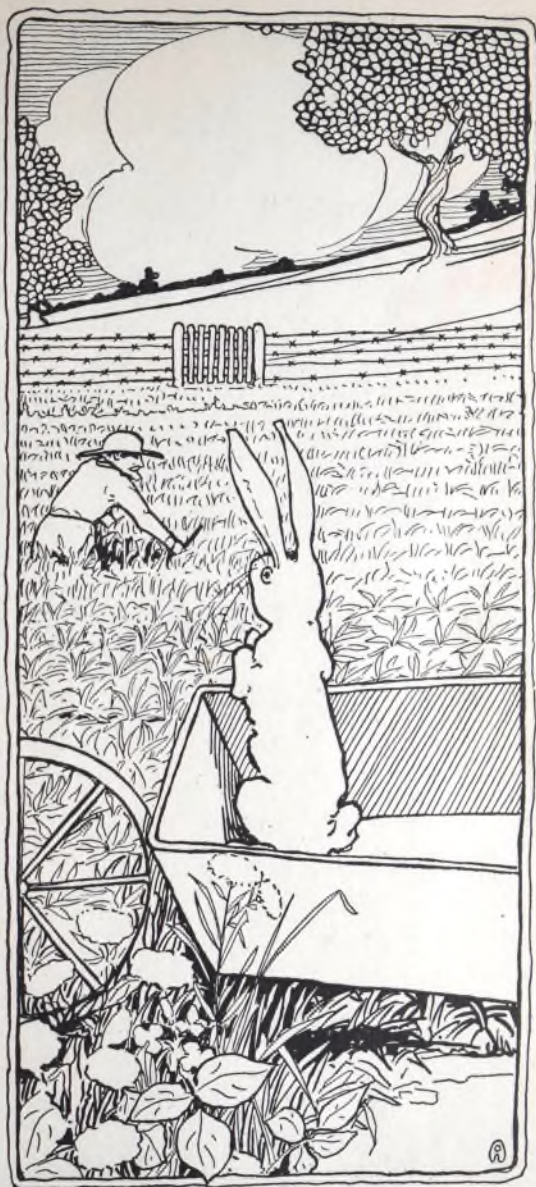


HE had heard about cats from
his cousin, little Benjamin
Bunny.

HE went back towards the tool-shed, but suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe—scr-r-ritch, scratch, scratch, scritch. Peter scuttered underneath the bushes, but presently as nothing happened, he came out and

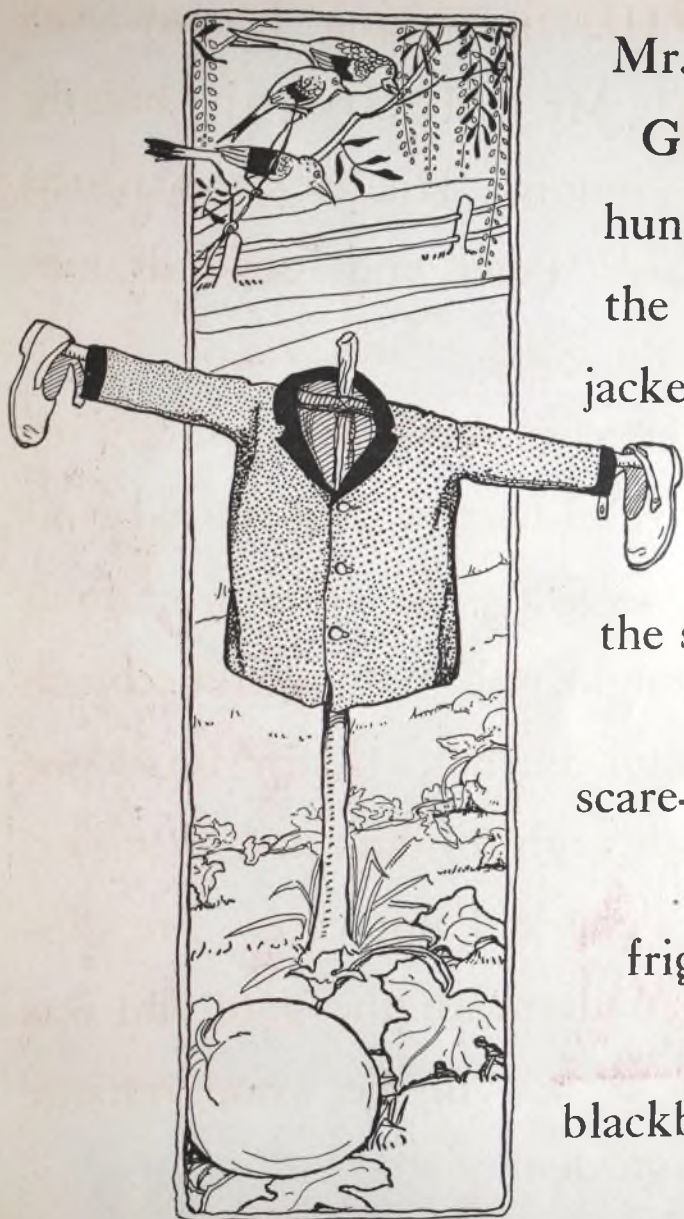


Climbed
upon
a
wheel-
barrow,
and
peeped
over.



THE first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor hoeing onions. His back was turned towards Peter and beyond him was the gate!

Peter got down very quietly off the wheel-barrow and started running as fast as he could go, along a straight walk behind some black currant bushes. Mr. McGregor caught sight of him at the corner, but Peter did not care. He slipped underneath the gate and was safe at last in the wood outside the garden.



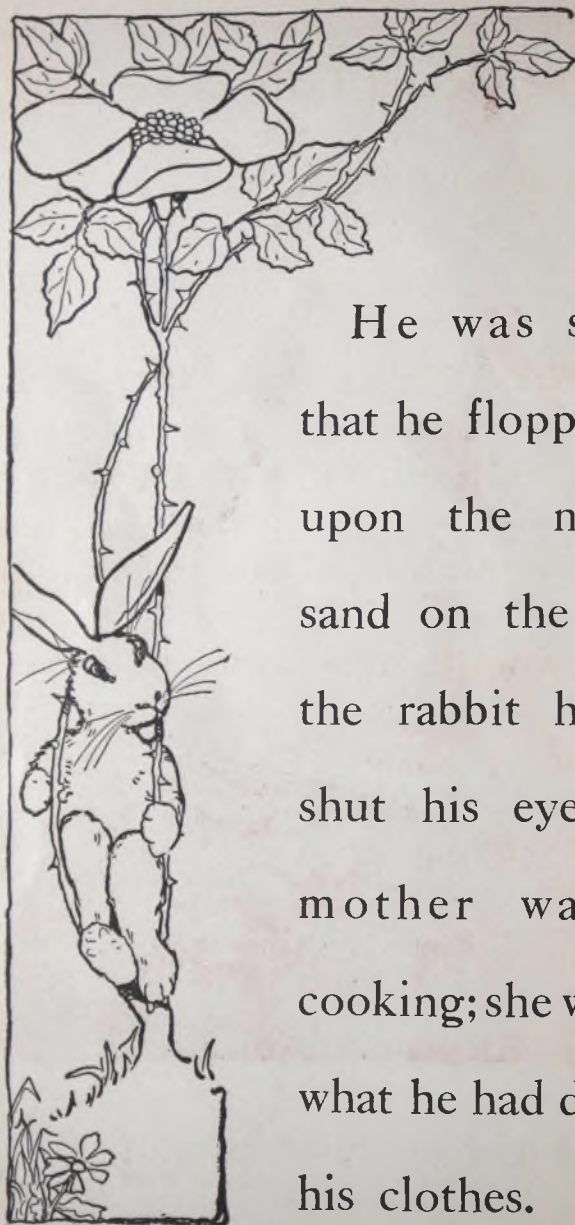
Mr. Mc-
Gregor
hung up
the little
jacket and
the shoes
for a
scare-crow
to
frighten
the
blackbirds.



Peter never stopped running
or looked behind him



Till he got home to the big
fir-tree.



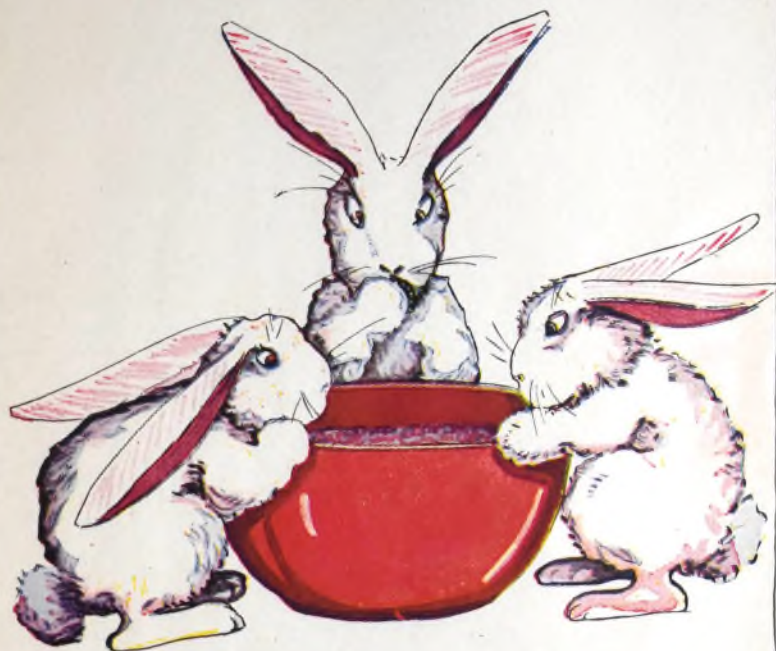
He was so tired that he flopped down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit hole, and shut his eyes. His mother was busy cooking; she wondered what he had done with his clothes.

It was the second little jacket and pair of shoes that Peter had lost in a fortnight!

I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening. His mother put him to bed and made some camomile tea; and she gave a dose of it to Peter! “One teaspoonful to be taken at bed-time.” But—



FLOPSY, Mopsy and Cotton-
tail had bread and milk and
blackberries for supper.









THE TALE OF

PETER
RABBIT



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BEATRIX POTTER