

**four, five, six!" replied Mr.  
McGregor.**

**(The youngest Flopsy Bunny  
got upon the window-sill.)**

**MRS. MCGREGOR took  
hold of the sack and felt  
it. She said she could feel  
six, but they must be OLD  
rabbits, because they were so  
hard and all different shapes.**

**"Not fit to eat; but the  
skins will do fine to line my  
old cloak."**

**"Line your old cloak?"  
shouted Mr. McGregor--"I  
shall sell them and buy myself  
baccy!"**

**"Rabbit tobacco! I shall  
skin them and cut off their heads."**

**MRS. MCGREGOR untied  
the sack and put her  
hand inside.**

**When she felt the vegetables  
she became very very angry.  
She said that Mr. McGregor**

had "done it a purpose."

AND Mr. McGregor was  
very angry too. One of  
the rotten marrows came flying  
through the kitchen window,  
and hit the youngest Flopsy  
Bunny.

It was rather hurt.

THEN Benjamin and Flopsy  
thought that it was time  
to go home.

SO Mr. McGregor did not  
get his tobacco, and Mrs.  
McGregor did not get her  
rabbit skins.

But next Christmas  
Thomasina Tittlemouse got a  
present of enough rabbit-wool  
to make herself a cloak and a  
hood, and a handsome muff  
and a pair of warm mittens.

THE END

IN REMEMBRANCE OF

"SAMMY,"

THE INTELLIGENT PINK-EYED REPRESENTATIVE  
OF

**A PERSECUTED (BUT IRREPRESSIBLE) RACE.**

**AN AFFECTIONATE LITTLE FRIEND.**

**AND MOST ACCOMPLISHED**

**THIEF!**

**THE ROLY-POLY PUDDING**

**ONCE** upon a time there was an old

**cat, called Mrs. Tabitha Twitchit,**

**who was an anxious parent. She used to**

**lose her kittens continually, and whenever**

**they were lost they were always in mischief!**

**On baking day she determined to shut**

**them up in a cupboard.**

**She caught Moppet and Mittens, but she**

**could not find Tom.**

**Mrs. Tabitha went up and down all over**

**the house, mewing for Tom Kitten. She**

**looked in the pantry under the staircase,**

**and she searched the best spare bedroom**

**that was all covered up with dust sheets.**

**She went right upstairs and looked into the**

**attics, but she could not find him anywhere.**

**It was an old, old house, full of**

**cupboards and passages. Some of the walls**

**were four feet thick, and there used to be**

**queer noises inside them, as if there might**

**be a little secret staircase. Certainly there**

were odd little jagged doorways in the wainscot, and things disappeared at night-- especially cheese and bacon.

Mrs. Tabitha became more and more distracted, and mewed dreadfully.

While their mother was searching the house, Moppet and Mittens had got into mischief.

The cupboard door was not locked, so they pushed it open and came out.

They went straight to the dough which was set to rise in a pan before the fire.

They patted it with their little soft paws --"Shall we make dear little muffins?" said Mittens to Moppet.

But just at that moment somebody knocked at the front door, and Moppet jumped into the flour barrel in a fright. Mittens ran away to the dairy, and hid in an empty jar on the stone shelf where the milk pans stand.

The visitor was a neighbor, Mrs. Ribby; she had called to borrow some yeast.

Mrs. Tabitha came downstairs mewing dreadfully--"Come in, Cousin Ribby, come in, and sit ye down! I'm in sad trouble,

Cousin Ribby," said Tabitha, shedding tears. "I've lost my dear son Thomas; I'm afraid the rats have got him." She wiped her eyes with an apron.

"He's a bad kitten, Cousin Tabitha; he made a cat's cradle of my best bonnet last time I came to tea. Where have you looked for him?"

"All over the house! The rats are too many for me. What a thing it is to have an unruly family!" said Mrs. Tabitha Twitchit.

"I'm not afraid of rats; I will help you to find him; and whip him too! What is all that soot in the fender?"

"The chimney wants sweeping--Oh, dear me, Cousin Ribby--now Moppet and Mittens are gone!"

"They have both got out of the cupboard!"

Ribby and Tabitha set to work to search the house thoroughly again. They poked under the beds with Ribby's umbrella, and they rummaged in cupboards. They even fetched a candle, and looked inside a clothes chest in one of the attics. They could not find anything, but once they heard a door

**A mischievous kitten hiding in a flour barrel while its anxious mother searches the house.**



