

“EH? What’s that? What have they been spoiling now?” enquired Mrs. McGregor.

“One, two, three, four, five, six leetle fat rabbits!” repeated Mr. McGregor, counting on his fingers—“one, two, three—”

“Don’t you be silly; what do you mean, you silly old man?”

“In the sack! one, two, three, four, five, six!” replied Mr. McGregor.

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