

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.”