

PETER was sitting by himself. He looked poorly, and was dressed in a red cotton pocket-handkerchief.

“Peter,” said little Benjamin, in a whisper, “who has got your clothes?”



PETER replied, “The scarecrow in Mr. McGregor’s garden,” and described how he had been chased about the garden, and had dropped his shoes and coat.

Little Benjamin sat down beside his cousin and assured him that Mr. McGregor had gone out in a gig, and Mrs. McGregor also; and certainly for the day, because she was wearing her best bonnet.

