

ON the sixth day, which was Saturday, the squirrels came again for the last time; they brought a new-laid egg in a little rush basket as a last parting present for Old Brown.

But Nutkin ran in front laughing, and shouting--

“Humpty Dumpty lies in the beck,
With a white counterpane round his
neck,
Forty doctors and forty wrights,
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty to rights!”



NOW old Mr. Brown took an interest in eggs; he opened one eye and shut it again. But still he did not speak.