

to peel it, holding it in her paws and biting off the end of the soft white pith, as if it were really a banana.

Suddenly one of her companions plunged noisily into the pond. This was a signal that danger was near. Although Mitty could see nothing, she dropped her supper and dived into the pond. An instant later Slyfoot, the weasel, appeared on the bank, disgusted that his prey had escaped. Swimming under water, Mitty, with a few swift strokes, reached home.

That night the rain fell in torrents, and no one worked on the new house. Muskrats are not afraid of rain, their coats being quite water-proof; but the heavy clouds made the night pitch-dark, and they preferred to wait for moonlight.

When the weather was again pleasant, the house progressed rapidly. A dome-shaped structure was formed of interlaced reeds, and plastered on the outside with mud which the builders mixed with their paws and smoothed with their tails. On the top the reeds were more loosely woven and not so thickly covered with plaster, so that air might enter. There was no door above water; a passageway led from the upper into the lower one, and this room opened directly into the water.

One night it began to rain, and the children said gayly, 'This will make a pond of the meadows.' And, indeed, it did. A neighbor's house was swept away. Their own soon followed. The children mourned; but the elders said; 'How fortunate that the flood came early in the season? Now we have time to build again before winter!'

Then it suddenly grew cold. The ground froze, and the ice formed on the pond.

'How can we build a house now?' wailed the children.

'Wait a little,' replied the elders, 'it is too early for winter yet; we shall have another warm spell.'

Sure enough, Indian summer soon came, with mild days and clear moonlight nights. How fast the muskrats worked on a new house! Every one did as much as he was able.

The new house was larger than

the old one, and had another chamber on top, quite high above the water. When it was completed, the muskrats moved in. Then the water froze over, and their only escape from the pond was through the brook.

One day there was a great noise overhead. All the muskrats rushed downstairs into the water. Through the ice they could see figures moving swiftly about. They were boys skating on the pond. Now two of them were pounding on the muskrat house. It was frozen so hard that after a time they went away. The next day they came back with sharp instruments, and tore away the earth and reeds of the roof. Then they put a queer iron thing in the chamber, and went off. Three-toes called it a trap the moment he saw it, and said a similar one had once stolen his other toes.

So all the muskrats fled from the house, and, as it was impossible to build another, they were obliged to live in their summer caves on the shore.

'How fortunate for us,' remarked Mitty's mother cheerfully, 'that our old home is so high up in that bank that it is not flooded! We can keep quite comfortable there until spring.—' *Holiday Magazine.*

Sir Peter Bunny.

Sir Peter, you must know, was a little white plush rabbit, with dainty pink ears and very bright

eyes, who came to Don on his third Christmas.

Don was very fond of animals of all kinds. Old Tiger, the house cat, was a special favorite, because he was always ready to be petted, and he had long since learned to trust little Don, who never cared to torment kitty in any way, only to love him. Grandpa's horses came in for their share of attention, also; but neither Tiger nor the horses could be cuddled and taken to bed nights, as could Sir Peter, and so he found a very warm place in little Don's heart. It was a pretty sight to see the little fellow asleep in his crib, with rosy cheeks and a tangle of golden hair, while one chubby little hand clasped Sir Peter, as he lay on the pillow beside his playfellow.

Bunny always breakfasted with Don; and it was very amusing to see him seated demurely on the tray watching every mouthful, and by no means slighted, as many a choice bit was offered to him; and even though he quietly refused to eat, every one seemed satisfied. Sir Peter had played with Don more than a year; he had taken part in a number of parades, when the various other animals belonging to the nursery were marshalled into line; he had coasted downhill in the winter and driven through the country in the summer.

And taking it altogether there never were faster friends than Sir Peter and Don.—Helen Clifton, in 'The Child's Hour.'

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BOY DOLL'S SAILOR SUIT.