

pumpkins I've heard the children talking so much about. They said there was one enormous pumpkin of extra fine stock, especially for Thanksgiving, so I'll find that, after I've tasted a few of the others.'

He pecked a while at first one then another, until he discovered the largest and finest in the field, which he partly devoured, and then moved on to the patch of crookneck squashes. These he knew all about, for he heard Harry telling Billy Oliver about his father sending to the Agricultural Department at Washington, for the seed; and that his father said there was no squash in the world equal to that for Thanksgiving. There, right before him, lay the great curving necks of which he heard so much, and Thanksgiving at once proceeded to sample them all. He next visited the potato field, and tasted of a pile of the choicest tubers, which he felt sure had been selected for Thanksgiving. Then turning homeward he pecked at every inviting morsel until he grew so sleepy he was thankful to reach his own home where he could rest in safety.

That was his last foraging excursion; the next day Mildred was sewing turkey-red binding to the stumps of his beautiful tail and wings which she would use through the coming year to brush up the hearth and stove, and clean down the cobwebs and dust. Beside the woodpile hung a bagful of his soft plumage; while his body tenderly awaited the great feast prepared for the uncles, the cousins and the aunts, who were invited to the home of the Grahams to spend Thanksgiving.

Peter.

Dorothy lived with her grandparents on a little farm among the mountains. She loved animals, and was never without a pet of some kind.

One day, as Dorothy's grandfather was taking the cow to pasture, he noticed three little creatures playing near a large rock. He thought they were young foxes, and he started to catch one; but before he could reach the place two of the little fellows had tumbled into their hole. The other was about

half in when Dorothy's grandfather grabbed him.

It was not a fox, but a baby woodchuck,—a queer, fuzzy little ball of fur, with beady black eyes, stumpy tail, and big yellow teeth.

The baby woodchuck bit and scratched, and struggled to get away. But at last he was tied in a handkerchief, and then he was carried to Dorothy.

Dorothy was delighted with this new and strange pet, and, though her grandfather said woodchucks rarely became tame, she was sure this one would. She named him Peter, and then took down her old squirrel-cage and lined it with soft hay, and placed him in it, with some fresh-cut clover and a little dish of water.

For a few days Peter was very wild. He insisted on spilling his water, and he would snap and bite whenever his little mistress replaced it. But, by and by he saw that Dorothy did not mean to hurt him. Then he gave up biting. In two weeks he would drink from his dish without upsetting it, and would nibble clover from Dorothy's hand, and let her scratch his funny little head.

In a month Peter had grown to twice his former size, and had become so tame that he would let Dorothy take him in her arms and carry him about.

One day little Dorothy forgot to fasten the cage door, and Peter walked out. But he did not go far, and went back to his cage of his own accord. The door was never fastened again, and all day long Peter would play about the verandah or nibble grass in front of the house. He always returned to his wire house for the night. By this time he had learned to answer to his name. He would run to Dorothy whenever she called him.

One day Dorothy's grandmother was baking cookies, and she gave one to Peter. It was funny to see the little woodchuck taste it, then taste again, as if he were not quite able to make up his mind whether he liked it or not. Finally, he decided that he did like it, and he ate it all. From this time cookies were his favorite food. As soon as Dorothy's grandmother began to bake, he would run to the kitchen, and sit on his haunches in the doorway, and wait patiently until his

cookie was given him. Then he would scamper off to one of his grassy nooks and eat it at his leisure. He would hold it in his forepaws and nibble here and there in the very cunningest way, until it was all gone.

Several times during the summer Peter wandered off to the woods and spent the day. At last one cool October day, Peter went off and did not return.

Dorothy was afraid some one had killed him. All winter long she mourned for Peter.

One fine morning in April, as Dorothy was walking down the road with her grandfather, they espied a big red woodchuck sitting on a stump in a field.

'O grandpa!' cried Dorothy, 'See that woodchuck! Doesn't he look just like my dear old Peter?'

'Perhaps it is Peter,' said her grandfather. 'Call him and see.'

Stepping to the side of the road Dorothy waved her hand, and called, 'Peter! Peter! Come here, Peter!'

And what do you think happened? Why, the big red woodchuck first looked at Dorothy for a minute, with his head on one side, and then came running across the field; and it was her dear old Peter, safe and sound, coming back to her after his long winter sleep.

Dorothy took the great red fellow in her arms, and hugged and kissed him. Peter seemed to share her delight. He rubbed his nose against her cheek, and grumbled down in his throat, as woodchucks do when they are pleased.

Of course, Dorothy carried Peter home, and fed and petted him, to make up for all the time he had been away. That afternoon Dorothy's grandma got out her baking tins and rolling pin. And the moment Peter heard the sound he started up and ran to the kitchen door, and took his old place again, to wait for his cookie. So you see that during his long winter sleep he had not forgotten about the cookies.—A. Hyatt Verrill, in 'Little Folks.'

Little Hands.

O little hands, dear little hands,
Are you ready for work to-day?
Are you ready, too, kind deeds to do,

And be gentle in your play?

O little hands, dear little hands,
You have been so busy to-day,
Now quietly rest, you have done your best;

Rest from your work, and play.

—Florence E. Brown.