

...t!"
...ould
...re so afraid, you can
...y and watch me. You can
... They had reached the house. Look."
...to the front door. Behind them on the hill
...was the pumpkin patch. The full moon was
...just rising beyond the hill, and as the chil-
...dren turned to look they saw outlined against
...its silvery surface two figures.
...One was tall and thin, the other short and
...t, and both were waving their arms exci-
...ly and jumping about.
...arl and Joe were held spellbound
...t. Then they turned
...with such

...c
...he
...at peasy boy for Hal
...I was so mad I let a whole
...each tart burn to a crisp."
...While John Doe was speaking, Cannem ha
...stepped further into the patch, and suddenly
...caught sight of the giant pumpkin that Joe
...had failed to hollow out. He tapped it with
...his boot, and from the sound knew that it
...was solid.
...“Hello,” he exclaimed, “here’s one the boy
...hasn’t touched.”
...“No!” said John Doe, “Really?”
...“He must have forgotten it,” said Cannem
...“And if he has it’s ours. Let’s roll it do

...D TH
...going to have the biggest pumpkin
...ars?”
...“Yes,” said his uncle, “where is it, Joe?”
...“It’s the queerest thing I ever saw,” said
...Joe. “But when I had fixed the other boys’
...lanterns, and went to get my big pumpkin off
...the vine I couldn’t find it at first. Then
...I did, but it was away over against the
...stone wall, though I don’t know how it got
...there. But I took out my knife and started
...to carve one eye on it, and it rolled away
...from me just as though it was alive. I
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neighbors, and every year his cabbages and vegetables took first prize at County Fair. As for the pumpkins raised on the Pringle farm, they were the best in the world, said everybody, and were sought by pie-makers and canned-preserves men from all over the country.

Some credit for this was due to Joe Miller, Farmer Pringle's nephew, for Joe, though only a boy, had taken care of the pumpkin patch all summer, and the pumpkins had never been so large or solid.

"I think Joe has some secret for making pumpkins grow," said Farmer Pringle one day. "I never saw anything like it."

Whether this was so or not, he had

of the winter, so busy, in fact, that he was ready, he did not hear her, but kept right on at what he was doing.

He sat on the ground in the very middle of the pumpkin patch, carving a face on the empty shell of a big, golden pumpkin. In a half circle on the ground about him lay twenty other pumpkins, each with upturned grinning features, showing that Joe must have had a very busy day if he had carved and scooped them all out.

So thought Pearl, as she leaned over the wall and watched him from the other

boy turned and saw her. He saw how dark it was, and he rubbed his eyes.

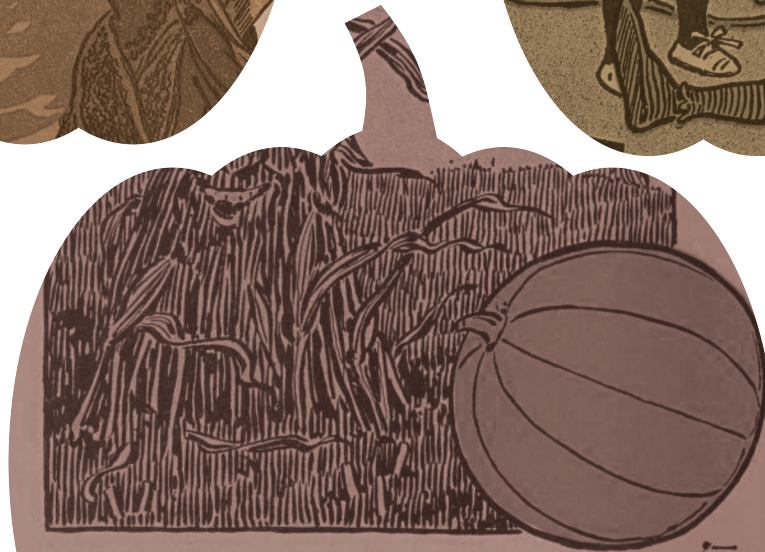
"Hello, Pearl," he said, "is that you?"

"Yes," replied the little girl, "and you must come right home. Supper's been ready a long while."

Joe laid his hand fondly on the big pumpkin.

"Can't I just





was right beside the pumpkin
patch, came the sound of chuckling, and
in the pale moonlight they saw the
bowed-up corn shocks waving their loose
like arms. What they did not see

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