

In a little while, however, they came back one by one, and began to swim in the water as before.

Soon another branch came floating down among them, and again they took flight; but when they saw that the branch had gone by, they came back as before.

After four or five branches had come down in this way, the ducks seemed but little afraid of them. At last, they hardly tried to fly out of their way, even when the branches almost touched them.

The man, who had been watching all this, now began to wonder who had set these branches floating down the stream. He looked around, and after a while saw a fox slyly watching the ducks. "What will he do next?" thought the man.

When the fox saw that the ducks were no longer afraid of the branches, he took a much larger branch than any he had yet used. He threw it into the river and then followed it, hiding himself behind it. Then he floated with it down the stream.

Right among the ducks floated the green branch and the sly fox. The fox snapped quickly to the right and left. He seized two fine young ducks, and swam off with them.

The rest of the ducks flew away in fright, and did not come back for a long time.

The fox must have had a fine dinner to pay him for his cunning work.

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#### WORK AND PLAY.

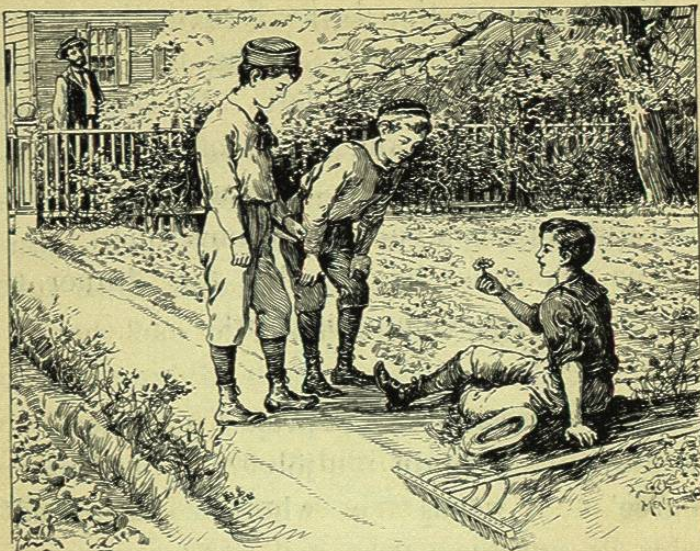
Charles White was not an idle boy, but he did not like to work long at any one time or at any one thing.

One day his father said, "Charles, would you like to earn some money by pulling up the weeds and grass in the garden?"

"Yes, father," said Charles, "I should like it quite well. How much will you pay?"

"That is not business-like," said Mr. White. "Give me your price by the hour, by the day,





or by the job; then I will tell you what I am willing to pay."

"I think I would like to work by the hour," said Charles. "Will you pay me ten cents for every hour I work?"

"Yes; if you will work an hour every morning, and stick to your work till all the weeds are pulled up, I will pay you ten cents for each hour's work."

"How many hours do you think it will take?" asked Charles.

"I am quite sure it will not take more than three hours if you work as well as you should," said his father.

"Then I shall have just enough to buy a new ball. Will you pay me now?"

"No, Charles; I will not pay you till you have done the work, or some of it. If you wish, I will pay you at the end of each hour's work."

Charles began the next morning. After working about ten minutes, he ran into the house to see what time it was. His cousin John was in the garden when he came out, and he talked with him a while about dogs and horses and a great many other things.

After John left him, Charles worked very hard for five minutes, and then ran into the house again to look at the clock.

He soon came back, but had pulled up only a few weeds when he found a beautiful flower. He sat down to look at it, and called in some boys to show it to them.

As soon as the boys were gone he went again to look at the clock, and found that it



was just one hour since he had first gone into the garden.

Charles thought this was working, and was surprised when his father told him that he would not pay him for an hour's work.

"When you have worked one whole hour you shall have ten cents," said his father. "I did not agree to pay you for playing, talking, or looking at flowers. I was to pay you for pulling up weeds."

Charles learned from this that when he agreed to work a certain time at a certain price, the way to do was to work the full time, and then he would be sure of full pay.

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bill      thirst'y      pītch'er      hōped

#### THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

A FABLE.

One hot day in summer a wise old crow felt very thirsty, but could find no water to drink. Not a drop was to be seen anywhere.

At last he flew down in a garden, and there

he saw a pitcher among some stones. He was very much pleased, for he hoped to find some water in the pitcher.

He went to it and saw that indeed

there was water in it, but it was so far down he could not reach it. He could not even wet the tip of his bill.

He then tried to turn the pitcher over, but it was far too heavy for him to move. For a minute he stood as if thinking what he should do.

Then he took up a small stone and let it fall into the water. Again and again he did the same thing, dropping in stone after stone, till at last the water rose so high that he could reach it. Then he took a good drink and flew away.

