THE UGLY DUCKLING.

ONCE there was a duck who had just hatched a brood of ducklings; one of them had been longer coming out of the shell than the others, and when it came it was very ugly. But its mother did not love it less on that account; mothers never think their little ones ugly. It could swim very well, so she knew it was not a young turkey, as an old duck had said it might be, and she took it with all the rest of the brood to the farm-yard to introduce it into good society. An old turkey, who was very grand, came up to the duck, and said, "Your children are all pretty except one. There is one ugly duckling. I wish you could improve him a little." "That is impossible, your grace," replied the mother, "he is not pretty; but he has a good disposition, and swims even better than the others." "Well, the other ducklings are graceful enough," said the turkey, "pray make yourselves at home, here."

But how could the ugly duckling do so? The whole farm-yard laughed at him. The ducks pecked him, the fowls beat him, the girl who fed the poultry drove him away with a stick.