

firm-ly in the ground, and began kick-ing a-way at the front of the cart. When he had quite ti-red him-self out, he made a great noise with his mouth and nos-trils, and came to a stand-still. All the coax-ing and whip-ping that Mr. Pig gave him could not in-duce him to move a step. Mr. Pig saw a num-ber of lit-tle pigs play-ing in a field by the road-side, so he went up to them, and ask-ed them to as-sist him. A rope was ti-ed in front of Rus-ty, and the lit-tle pigs drag-ged him and the cart a-long, while Mr. Pig gave Rus-ty a good whip-ping from be-hind. At last all the kind lit-tle pigs, who were so will-ing to as-sist Mr. Pig, were ti-red out. One by one, they were for-ced to quit their hold of the rope, till at last poor Mr. Pig found him-self a-lone, and at a long dis-tance from the mar-ket.

As per-verse Rus-ty would not drag the cart, Mr. Pig took him out of the shafts, and sat down by the road-side think-ing what he should do. But he knew that he would ne-ver get to mar-ket in that way.

So he start-ed up, and plac-ing him-self in the shafts, pull-ed a-way by him-self, and be-ing a ve-ry strong and brave pig, he went a-long in this man-ner till with-in sight of the mar-ket place.

When he got there, all the big and lit-tle pigs be-gan to laugh. They call-ed Mr. Pig a great ma-ny