

He thought he would a-muse him-self with his bro-ther's toys: so he took down his bro-ther's fine large kite, and big drum, and splen-did horse with the black and white spots on its back. But he soon got ti-red of mere-ly play-ing with them, and then his ha-bits of mis-chief be-gan to show them-selves. He for-ced the drum-sticks through the parch-ment of the big drum, tore off the flow-ing tail of the large kite, and broke one of the hind legs of the spot-ted horse, after which he pull-ed off its head from its bo-dy.

This ve-ry naugh-ty pig af-ter this went to the cup-board, and find-ing out his mo-ther's jam-pots, half emp-ti-ed most of them. He did not e-ven wait to look for a spoon, but for-cing his paws in-to the jam, ate it in that way. E-ven this was not e-nough mis-chief for him. Ta-king the po-ker, he made it red-hot, and with it burnt more than ten great holes in the hearth-rug, and al-so burnt holes in his mo-ther's fine new car-pet. When Mrs. Pig came home from the mil-ler's with the flour, she sat down by the fire, and be-ing ve-ry ti-red, she soon fell a-sleep. No soon-er had she done so, than this bad lit-tle pig, get-ting a long hand-ker-chief, ti-ed her in her chair. But it was not ve-ry long be-fore she a-woke. Ve-ry quick-ly she found out all the mis-chief that this lit-tle pig had been do-ing.