

She soon saw all the damage he had done to his brother's play-things. Quickly, too, she brought out her thickest and heaviest birch. The naughty little pig ran all round the room, and cried and begged of his mother to forgive him.

But all this did not avail him in the least: his mother took him by the ear, and applied the birch to his back and sides till they tingled and smarted in such a way that he did not forget for a long time.

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### THIRD PIG.

**T**HIS little pig, who had roast beef, was a very good and careful little fellow. He gave his mother scarcely any trouble, and like his eldest brother, Mr. Pig, always took a pleasure in doing what she bade him. Here you see him sitting down, with a clean face, and well washed hands, to some nice roast beef. His brother, who was idle, and would not learn his lessons, is crying on a stool in the corner, with the Dunces' cap on. And this is the reason why the good little pig had roast beef, while his brother the idle pig had none. He sat down