

would ra-ther spend the day with him, than en-joy it a-lone, each one by him-self. They all a-greed to go with him. All but one at least, this lit-tle pig that you see cry-ing “Wee! wee!” all the way home. This lit-tle pig had bought a new fish-ing rod and tac-kle, and he was anx-i-ous to try to fish for the first time. He had made up his mind to fish in a stream that was close by, and so he said he would spend his ho-li-day by him-self. “Ve-ry well,” said Mrs. Pig, “but you must not go in-to Far-mer Grum-pey’s grounds, for he is a ve-ry se-vere man, and he car-ries a great hea-vy whip.” The lit-tle pig told his mo-ther that he did not in-tend to fish in this far-mer’s part of the ri-ver. A-way he went, but he told his mo-ther a sto-ry; he *did* in-tend to go in-to Far-mer Grum-pey’s grounds. When he got there he threw his line in-to the wa-ter, and watch-ed the float for a long time. Af-ter a while he saw the float bob-bing a-bout un-der the wa-ter, and ve-ry soon af-ter he drag-ged an im-mense fish to land. Pig-gy took him up in-to his arms, and start-ed to-wards home with him. But he soon found the fish was too hea-vy to be car-ried in that way. So he sat down to re-fresh him-self and to think how he was to get the fish a-long. He had on-ly been thus think-ing a short time, when he heard a great gruff