

flies they could find on the window, till at last their Mamma told them they should eat all the flies they killed.

Mamma laughed at the idea of curing the cruel children of their fault in such a way, and said, Now you see, Amy, if you ever kill a fly, I shall be obliged, like this lady, to make you eat it."

About ten days after that, Amy said, Aunt Mary, flies are not at all good to eat."

"Not good to eat," said Mamma, greatly astonished, for she had forgotten all about the story; "what can you mean, my child?"

"Oh," answered poor Amy, "do not you remember, Aunt Mary, you said that if I killed a fly, you would be obliged to make me eat it, and to-day I did kill a fly by accident, so I ate it."