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them a thump, away they ran again, capering up and down as if they had been made of India-rubber. Oh! how vexed the good woman was, and how her always red face grew redder still as she stamped and scolded and shouted and raced after them.

She always mastered them at last, though, and drove them in triumph to the stable, where I daresay they had another bit of sport on their own account before they went to sleep. But you must not think, because I have told you all this about the calves, that I mean to encourage you in similar behaviour when your Mrs. Tubbs comes to tell you it is bed-time. *You* are not to toss your heads and scamper round your play-room, and give Mrs. Tubbs ever so much trouble in catching you. Because, you know, it really *is* a great deal better for both calves and little boys and girls to go to bed early, though they never think so themselves at the time. It is like eating luncheon-crusts and learning lessons, an unpleasant but very wholesome part of the discipline of life. So, as soon as ever Mrs. Tubbs calls you, say 'yes,' like good children.

One day when bed-time came, Damsel could not be found anywhere. She was a very quiet, inoffensive little creature in a general way, and we were quite sure