

care of themselves, and come home without being fetched. They used to play all day in a beautiful reedy pond at the bottom of one of the fields, and at night they were brought up and taken into the poultry-house. They did not like being shut up so early, any more than Lucy and I or the calves did, and they used to give Mrs. Tubbs a great deal of trouble sometimes before she got them safely packed away. She used to go to the pond every evening at seven, as soon as the calves were fastened up for the night, and call out in a curious singing voice, 'Diddle, diddle, diddle.' When the ducks heard her, those who were good and obedient came out of the pond and waddled off as orderly as could be to the poultry-house, though how in the world they knew that 'diddle, diddle, diddle' meant 'bed-time, bed-time, bed-time,' I cannot tell. The naughty ones that wanted more play, used to paddle out of sight and hide themselves amongst the reeds, and keep Mrs. Tubbs waiting ever so long before they would go to bed.

On the night that Damsel was lost, every one was very busy, so Mrs. Tubbs sent Tommy and me to fetch the ducklings to bed. We went to the top of the pond, and called out to them, and