

So she set off to the pond, with a very red face and a very long stick, and there saw five of the little truants sailing about as merrily as could be, playing at hide-and-seek amongst the reed-beds, and bobbing up and down under the broad green lily leaves. They were having a fine time, for they did not think any one would come to look after them so soon; and they were just getting ready for a bit of fresh fun by racing after a great frog who had come down with a flop into the water, when one of them happened to look round and there was Mrs. Tubbs standing at the very edge of the pond, with her red face and her long stick, and the most awful frown they had ever beheld upon her countenance.

What was to be done? It was no use swimming away under the banks, for the farmer's wife would be sure to hunt them out with her long stick. They knew they had no business to be playing at that time of night, when all the other ducklings were tucked up in bed, fast asleep and snoring. They expected Mrs. Tubbs would do something very dreadful to them, perhaps make them go to bed without any supper, or keep them