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shut up in the poultry-house all next day whilst every one else was playing in the sunshine, or perhaps transport them to the back kitchen-yard, where there were nothing but rough pebbles to scratch about on, and a washing-tub half full of water to splash in, instead of this beautiful, reedy, flag-fringed, frog-haunted pond.

However, there was no help for it. Out they must come, for Mrs. Tubbs was standing on the bank calling 'diddle, diddle' in a voice of thunder, and shaking her fist at them in a manner calculated to arouse their most serious fears. So they tumbled up the shelving, slippery side of the pond one after another, shook themselves, and waddled home with their heads and tails hanging down, very discomfited and humiliated indeed, whilst Mrs. Tubbs drove them along and scolded them, and flapped her apron at them so as almost to frighten them into fits. They got no supper that night, and they had to spend the whole of the next day shut up in the poultry-house by themselves.

But six little ducklings stayed behind in the pond, and only five came home. I daresay you will