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like to know what became of the remaining one, who was the first to suggest that they should stop and have a game after bed-time.

When Mrs. Tubbs found that one was still missing, she walked all round the pond, and looked into the reed-beds, and stirred the flag-leaves, and beat about the orchard-hedge with her long stick, and thrust her arm down into a hollow root by the bank side, and called 'diddle, diddle' as loud as she could. When she could see nothing of the stray duckling she went home, thinking that most likely it would come of its own accord, and creep under the door of the poultry-house, and that she should find it all right in the morning.

But the stray duckling never did come home. After the whole six had been playing very merrily together for some time, this one left the rest, and set off across the field to have a little chat with some other ducklings, who lived at the next farm. It had no business to do that. Its own mamma, a very grave, sensible duck, had often cautioned it against going to the other side of the field, because the farmer's men used to set snares there for