

rabbits, and it might get caught in one of them. But when once little ducklings, or little children either, begin to do wrong, there is no telling how far they may go. This naughty truant thought that, as he was out on his own account, he might as well have a good time of it, and, even if the worst came, he could but go home and sleep under some sacks in the waggon-shed,—they would do very well just for one night; and then in the morning, as soon as Mrs. Tubbs opened the poultry-house door, he would slip in amongst all the other ducklings, and she would never know which of them it was that had been staying out so long.

So he set out on his journey to have a little gossip at the next farm. But, before he got half way across the field, he caught his foot in a snare which one of the men had set, and then he fell down and got his head caught in it too. He struggled for a long time, but the more he struggled the more the snare twisted round him, until at last he was so weak and tired that he was obliged to be quite still. He heard Mrs. Tubbs shouting to the other ducklings and scolding them as they came up one by one out of the pond, and he almost wished he could have had some of the scolding,