

“THERE’S MANY A SLIP ’TWINX THE
CUP AND THE LIP.”



T last, madam !” cries good dog Carlo, as he overtakes Mrs. Diving-Duck at breakfast ; tail upwards, head downwards, picking her food out of the mud with her bill. Now he comes nearer and nearer ; now he is close upon her ; now he opens his mouth to seize her ; but—

“Your servant, sir !” says she, and disappears under the water.

“Surely she was here just now,” whines Carlo, as he paddles round and round on the spot where she sank. “Surely she was here just now !”

Just now, poor Carlo, yes ! but where now ?

Yonder, half-way down the pond, pops up a tiny feathery form. Its bill is broad, its eye is bright—it swims prettily awhile on the surface ;