



"A RUINED REPUTATION."

to go and see what was for breakfast, and thereafter used the pen with the others. But though the dog got his quarters again, he never recovered his reputation. He is a ruined, bankrupt Terror.

Of the ultimate fate of the duck there is

no record. Probably it was the ultimate fate of most ducks—a twisted neck, and the rest all gravy and green peas. Though, indeed, one would almost expect this indomitable bird to arise and kick the green peas off the plate.



II.

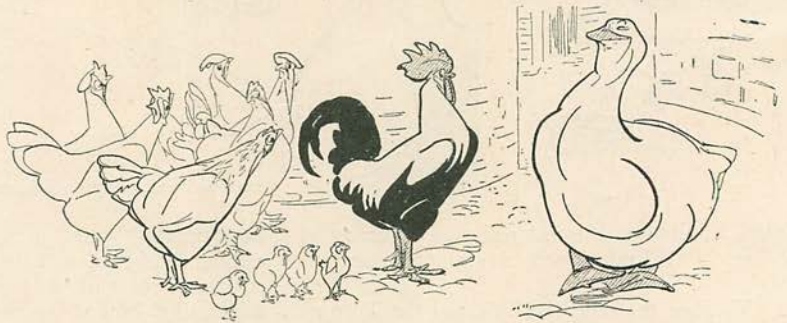
An Undesirable Attachment.



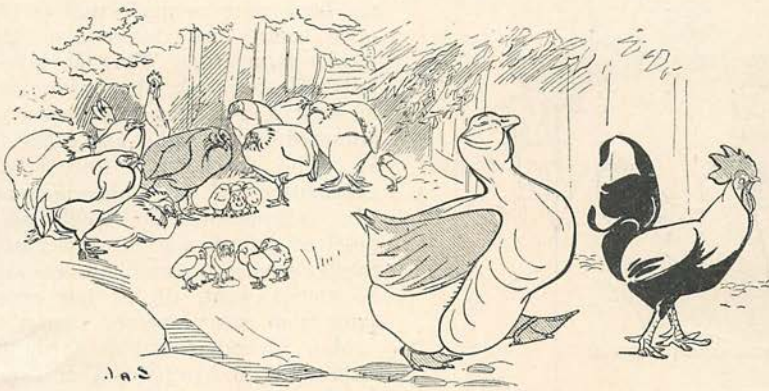
THREE years ago "The Cricketers" at Addington, in Surrey, was the scene of a sad tragedy of love at first sight, unrequited and, indeed, jeered at. Mrs. Ovenden was the

landlady of "The Cricketers" at that time—a charming old lady, who died, alas! early in the present year—and "The Cricketers" faced Addington Palace, the Archbishop of Canterbury's residence.

A small farmyard was attached to the inn, well populated with the usual sorts of birds. Mrs. Ovenden made an addition to these by the purchase of a few geese—one a particularly fat one. Now, all was happy in that



"SHE CONCEIVED A VIOLENT ATTACHMENT FOR THE COCK."



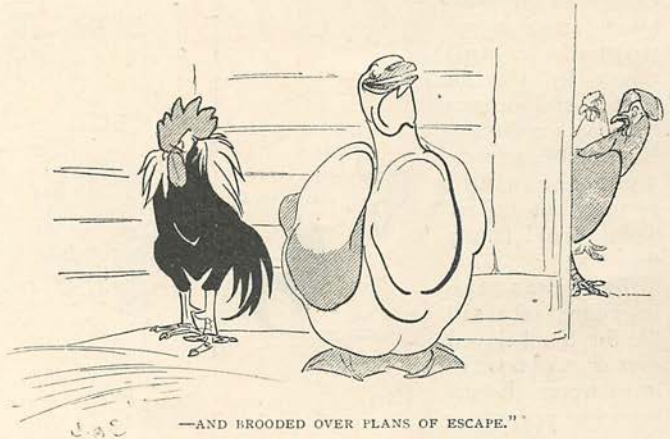
"THE COCK WAS SCANDALIZED—"

defend her acquisition, while the unfortunate cock humped himself forlornly and brooded over plans of escape, and the indignant hens stared and gasped at an outrage so entirely foreign to all their experience of the world of farm-yards.

After a while the cock resolved

farmyard before the arrival of those geese. The hens agreed as well together as hens usually do, the chicks found plenty of amusement and few disappointments, and the cock lorded it over all, loved and respected by his subjects, and an ornament and a credit to the yard. But the fat goose brought strife, discord, and jealousy. The moment her eye fell on the cock she conceived a violent attachment for him. The cock, a very respectable bird, was naturally scandalized, and did his best to avoid the fat goose. But in vain; for the fat goose cut him off from his family and headed him away. She urged him before her, and finally shut him safely in a corner, standing before him to

that, at least, he would *not* be starved, and made a motion to go and pick up some-

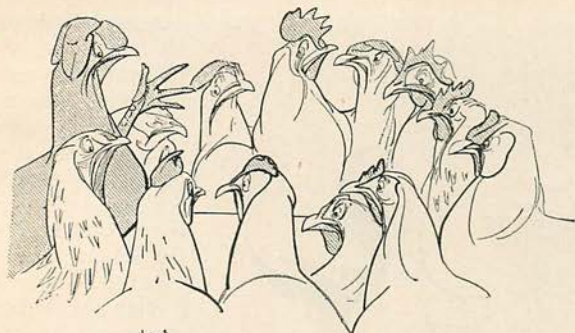


"—AND BROODED OVER PLANS OF ESCAPE."

thing to eat. The fat goose reflected that this desire for food was only reasonable, and allowed her pet to emerge from the corner for the purpose, but of course under her strict surveillance. The cock, cheered a little by the concession, proceeded to peck about in his accustomed manner, and made a very fair meal, considering the circumstances. Becoming fairly satisfied himself, and still perceiving



"THE HENS WERE STOPPED BY THE FAT GOOSE."



"AN INDIGNATION MEETING."

a few grains scattered near, he raised his voice, according to habit, with a cluck and a gobble, to call his faithful hens and chicks to the remnants of the feast. They came with the usual rush, but were stopped in full career by the fat goose, and driven back in confusion. Reasonable refreshment she would permit, but no renewal of old family ties.

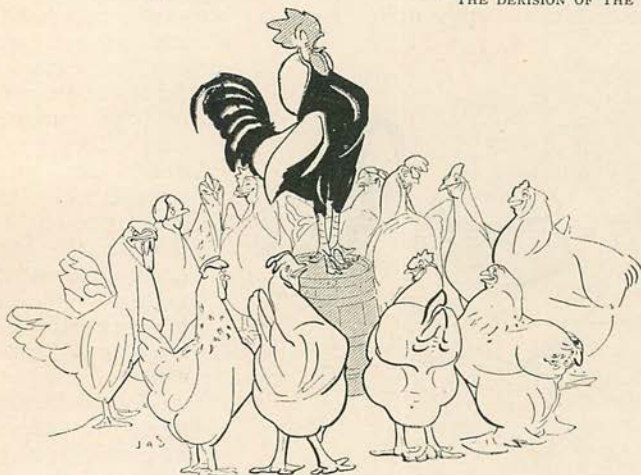
This was the beginning of a sad life for the beloved rooster. A goose in love never listens to either reason or ridicule, and indignation meetings of

the hens were as ineffectual as the open scorn and derision of the whole farmyard. The fat goose followed the cock about wherever he went, and passing travellers were attracted by the sight, and called in at "The Cricketers" to ask an explanation of the phenomenon. The unhappy hens and chicks were deserted entirely, and the persecuted rooster seemed to meditate suicide. So things went, till at last relief came from an unexpected quarter.

Mrs. Ovenden had a favourite little niece, and, after this unhappy state of family affairs in the farmyard had lasted some time, the little niece had a birthday. Mrs. Ovenden resolved to celebrate



"THE DERISION OF THE WHOLE FARMYARD."



"GREAT REJOICINGS."

this birthday by a dinner, to grace which the best available goose should come to the roasting-jack. The love-lorn goose had lost no flesh in consequence of its unrequited affection—was fatter than ever, in fact. So Mrs. Ovenden's choice fell on this goose, and this goose fell into a glorious state of gravy and stuffing, to the great honour of the little niece's birthday. The incubus was removed from the farmyard, the rooster returned to the bosom of his family, and was received with great rejoicings.