

tree. But he only laughed at her, and said she was an 'old granny,' and that he wasn't afraid."

"Does Jack talk in that style to his excellent mother?"

"Yes, sir. He does not mind what she says. He says he isn't in leading strings, and doesn't mean to be."

"Jack must be a foolish boy. The fact that his own way led him into the pond, shows that he has not outgrown the need of leading strings, if he is too proud to wear them," said the teacher.

"I think so, sir. But, as I said, he would not mind his mother. He went to the elm, and, with much labour, climbed up its great trunk. He then crawled along the limb which reached so far out over the pond, after the nest. I was fishing at the other end of the pond and he saw me. Hoping to startle me, he shouted, 'What are you doing there, old sober face?' I looked up towards the tree, but could see no one, for Jack was hid by the leaves. He could see me though. He knew I was puzzled; so he shouted;

"Halloo, there, you trespasser. Go away from my pond, or I'll send you to prison!"

"I looked more puzzled than ever, and Jack began to grow merry over my quandary. He shouted, 'Hal hal hal! Don't you wish you knew me, Mr. Fisherman?' Shaking the branch at the same time, Jack's fun was brought to a sudden end; for the branch, being rotten, as I suppose, broke off, and I saw Jack turning somersets in the air, as he fell, with a terrible splash, into the water."

"Humph! Jack turned the tables on himself, that time. He got rather heavy pay for his disobedience and self-will, and gave you a chance to be merry at his expense."

"Not exactly, sir, for I felt he would be *drowned*. Indeed, I did not know it was Jack at first. I soon saw, however, who it was; and, but for the fact that he was a little stunned by falling nearly flat upon the water, should have felt quite easy, for I knew Jack to be a good swimmer. He sunk once, but, on rising, blew the water out of his mouth, and struck out bravely. I sprang to the fence, took down a rail, ran to the best spot I could find, and pushing the rail out into the water, I cried, 'Here, Jack, swim this way!'"

"Jack, who felt very weak, lost no time in swimming to the rail. He didn't get hold of it any too soon, either. His strength was nearly gone when he grasped it. I cheered him, however, and he held it fast until I drew it gently up the bank. When he came near enough, I took his hand and