

the tortoise, only hold a stick in your bills, by its ends, I can grip it with my beak in the middle, and you can carry me through the air to the other lake. Good, said the geese if we carry you in that fashion, the crowd below will cry and jeer at such a sight, and if you lose your temper and gibe back, you will be killed. What, said the tortoise, you think me a fool, not a word in reply will I say. But when the cowherds ran after this novel convoy through the air, one saying it were as well to roast that tortoise here where he falls, and another saying, no; better to take him home first, the foolish tortoise forgot his promise, and angrily told them they should lick the dust first. And saying that he fell and was killed.

Two or three other stories, we must pass by, branch off from this main story told by the minister. A spy came in at the close of the minister's story and confirmed what was before known of the crow's treachery. Alas, said the king, he who confides in his enemies from their apparent regard or service, sleeps on a tree top, and is rudely awakened when he falls. The spy reports that he saw the crow at the court of the peacock-king, where he was boasting of his service and laying claim to reward. The king, said the spy, would have given him a viceroyalty but for the earnest protest of the minister, who said such a favor conferred on a low man disappears like water upon sand, and a mean man put in a high position will seek to hurt his master, as the mouse sought to kill the muni who had made him a tiger. This is the tale. In the Gautama forest there lived a great sage named Mahatapa. One day a crow flying away with a mouse let it fall, when the sage picked it up and reared it. A cat sought to catch the mouse, when it ran terrified, for protection to the sage, who, by virtue of his sanctity, changed it into a cat. When the cat stood in terror of a dog, he turned it into a dog; and when the dog was terrified by a tiger, he made it a tiger. But to the good man, the animal was always the same mouse, whose life he saved. The tiger knew this, and thought, so long as this man lives my antecedents will never be forgotten. So the tiger made up his mind to kill him. But the good man knew the wicked design of the tiger and made it a mouse again.

The minister also told the story of a crane, which lived at the Padmagarbha lake. The crane was old, and no longer able to fish for himself. As he stood dejected, a crab saw him and asked why he stood fasting there? The crane said he had heard fishermen