

Old King Cole

little quiet. Then at last the courtiers began to yawn and stretch themselves and slip off if they could to bed. Then at last the ambassadors bowed and said good-night to Old King Cole. And then at last Old King Cole went off to bed himself.

The court was empty—no, not quite. Jack was still there, the faithful ugly old dog who always came to listen when a story was being told. He sat back on his haunches thinking of all the tales that had been told, and he kept shaking his head at the thought of the little Great Auk Chick. At last a servant with bare legs came running in.

“Jack,” cried the servant, “Jack, come away to your kennel.”

Jack was unwilling to go, but dogs like little children must do what they are told, and the last I saw of Jack, was Jack being pulled away to his old kennel.

