

THE FOX AND THE STORK

THE Fox and the Stork were on what seemed to be friendly terms. The Fox invited the Stork to a dinner for which nothing was provided but a soup, which was served on a wide, shallow dish.

The Fox presided at the feast with great dignity, and, as if to set his friend an example, proceeded to lap the soup. This _he_ could do with the greatest ease; but the Stork, who could only dip the tip of his bill in the dish and get the tempting odor, fared badly. He praised the dinner, but soon took leave, saying to his friend that he should do himself the honor to return the compliment.

This he did in a few days, but ordered that nothing be brought to the table but some minced meat in a glass jar, the neck of which was so narrow and deep that, though he himself could eat very well, the Fox could not reach it, and so could only lick the brim for the bits that clung to it.

Reynard could not conceal his vexation, but was obliged to own that he had been rightly used.

They who practice cunning must expect to suffer by it, and he laughs best who laughs last.