

THE FOX AND THE GOAT

A FOX once happened to fall into a deep well. He tried in every way to get out, but at last began to think that it was impossible, and that he must die there, a prisoner. While he was thinking how sad that would be, a thirsty Goat came and looked down into the well, wishing that he could get some water. He soon saw the Fox.

“Halloo,” said the Goat, “what are you doing down there? Is the water good?”

“The best I ever tasted,” answered the Fox. “It is cool, and clear, and delicious. Come down and try it yourself.”

“I will,” said the Goat, “for I am nearly dead with thirst.”

So he jumped down, and drank as much water as he wanted.

“Oh, how refreshing!” cried he.

“Yes,” said the Fox; “and now, if you have finished drinking, let me ask how you expect to get out of this well again.”

“Oh, I don’t know,” replied the Goat. “How do you expect to get out?”

“That is what I have been wondering about for the last hour,” said the

Fox, “and have just now thought of a good plan. If you will put your forefeet high up on the wall, I will climb up your back, and so get out, and then, of course, I can help you out.”

“Very well,” said the Goat, who was a simple creature, “that is a good plan. How I wish I had your brains!” He put his forefeet on the wall, and the Fox easily climbed out and started to go on his way.

“Wait a moment,” called the Goat; “you forgot to help me out.”

“You foolish fellow!” said the Fox, with a mocking laugh; “you ought to have thought how you would get out, before you jumped down. I fell in, but you went down of your own accord. Look before you leap next time,” and off he ran.