A HARE one day made himself merry over the slow pace of the Tortoise, vainly boasting of his own great speed in running.

The Tortoise took the laughing and boasting in good part. "Let us try a race," she said; "I will run with you five miles for five dollars, and the Fox out yonder shall be the judge."

The Hare agreed, a course was arranged, and away they started together.

True to his boasting the Hare was out of sight in a moment.

The Tortoise never for a moment stopped, but jogged along with a slow, steady pace, straight to the end of the course. Full of sport, the Hare first outran the Tortoise, then fell behind. Having come midway to the goal, he began to nibble at the young herbage, and to amuse himself in many ways. After a while, the day being warm, he lay down for a nap, saying: "She is behind me now. If she should go by, I can easily enough catch up."

When the Hare awoke, the Tortoise was not in sight; and running as fast as he could, he found her comfortably dozing at their goal.

Those who are very quick are apt to be too sure. Slow and steady often wins the race.