

A gaunt Wolf was almost dead with hunger when he happened to meet a House-dog who was passing by. 'Ah, Cousin,' said the Dog. 'Why do you not work steadily as I do, and get your food regularly given to you?' 'That is only the place where the collar is put on at night to keep me chained up; it chafes a bit, but one soon gets used to it.' 'I knew how it would be; your irregular life will soon be the ruin of you. Better starve free than be a fat slave.' 'I would have no objection,' said the Wolf, 'if I could only get a place.' 'I will easily arrange that for you,' said the Dog; 'come with me to my master and you shall share my work.' So the Wolf and the Dog went towards the town together. On the way there the Wolf noticed that the hair on a certain part of the Dog's neck was very much worn away, so he asked him how that had come 'about.' 'Oh, it is nothing,' said the Dog. 'Is that all