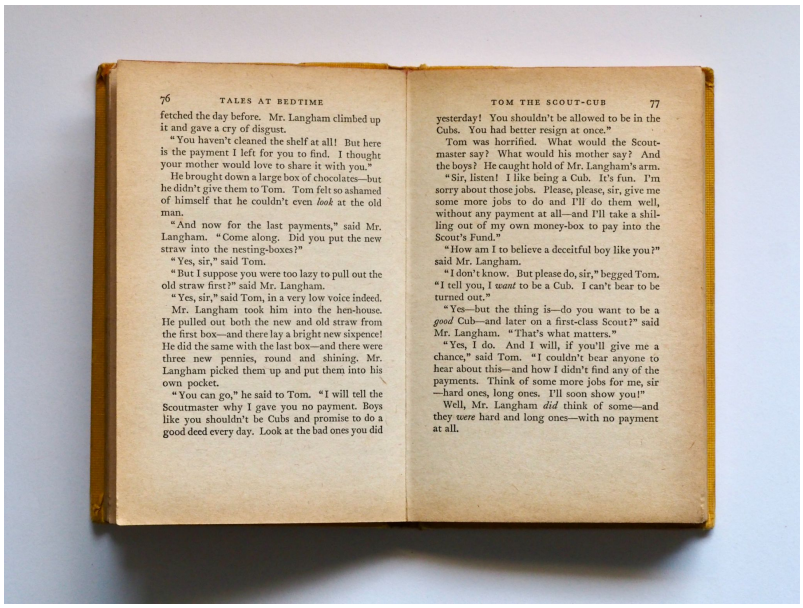
Wilson
COMPOSITE LEATHER
NCAA





fetched the day before. Mr. Langham climbed up it and gave a cry of disgust.

"You haven't cleaned the shelf at all! But here is the payment I left for you to find. I thought your mother would love to share it with you."

He brought down a large box of chocolates—but he didn't give them to Tom. Tom felt so ashamed of himself that he couldn't even *look* at the old man.

"And now for the last payments," said Mr. Langham. "Come along. Did you put the new straw into the nesting-boxes?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom.

"But I suppose you were too lazy to pull out the old straw first?" said Mr. Langham.

"Yes, sir," said Tom, in a very low voice indeed.

Mr. Langham took him into the hen-house. He pulled out both the new and old straw from the first box—and there lay a bright new sixpence! He did the same with the last box—and there were three new pennies, round and shining. Mr. Langham picked them up and put them into his own pocket.

"You can go," he said to Tom. "I will tell the Scoutmaster why I gave you no payment. Boys like you shouldn't be Cubs and promise to do a good deed every day. Look at the bad ones you did



yesterday! You shouldn't be allowed to be in the Cubs. You had better resign at once."

Tom was horrified. What would the Scoutmaster say? What would his mother say? And the boys? He caught hold of Mr. Langham's arm.

"Sir, listen! I like being a Cub. It's fun. I'm sorry about those jobs. Please, please, sir, give me some more jobs to do and I'll do them well, without any payment at all—and I'll take a shilling out of my own money-box to pay into the Scout's Fund."

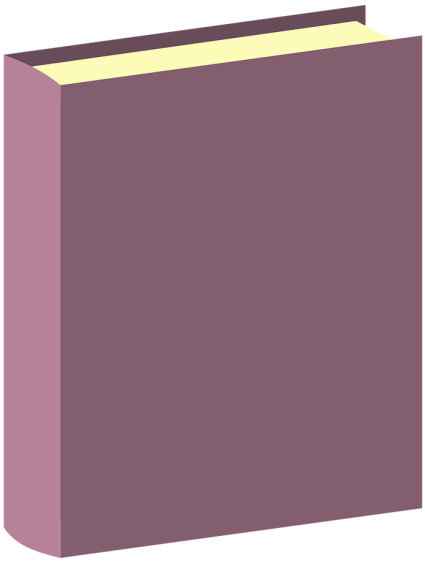
"How am I to believe a deceitful boy like you?" said Mr. Langham.

"I don't know. But please do, sir," begged Tom. "I tell you, I *want* to be a Cub. I can't bear to be turned out."

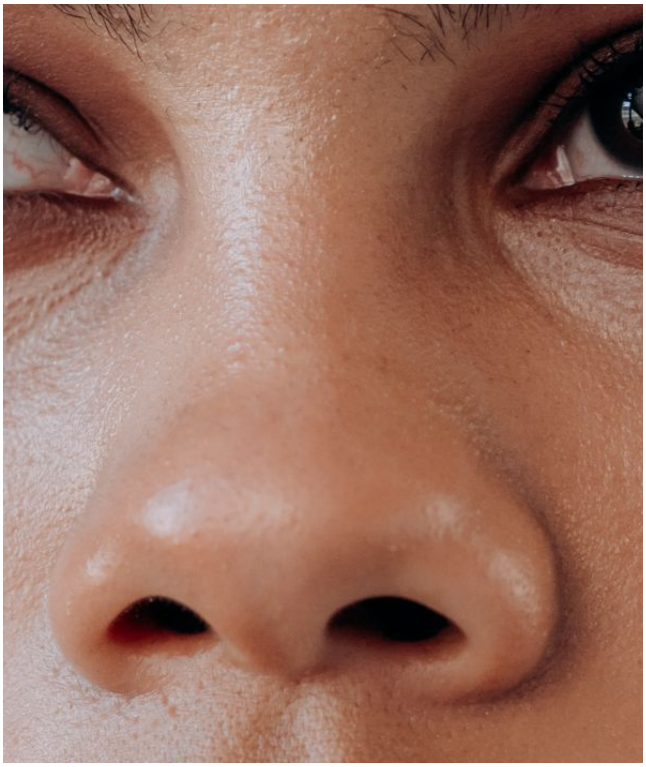
"Yes—but the thing is—do you want to be a *good* Cub—and later on a first-class Scout?" said Mr. Langham. "That's what matters."

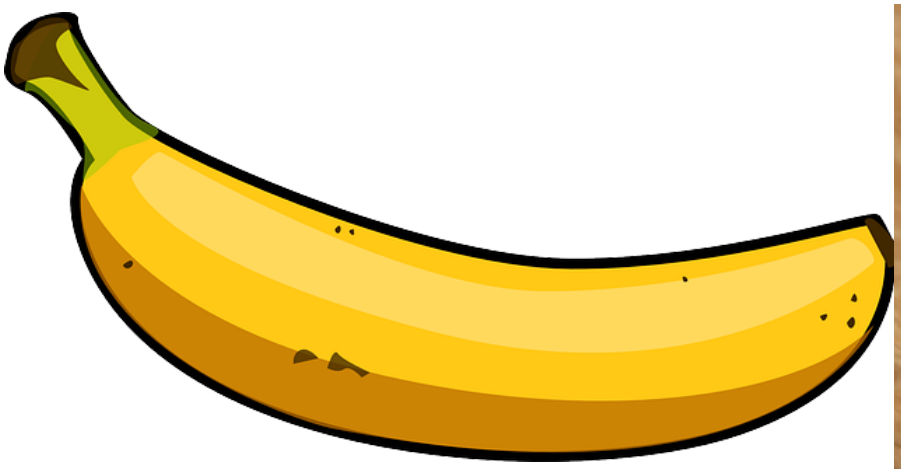
"Yes, I do. And I will, if you'll give me a chance," said Tom. "I couldn't bear anyone to hear about this—and how I didn't find any of the payments. Think of some more jobs for me, sir—hard ones, long ones. I'll soon show you!"

Well, Mr. Langham *did* think of some—and they were hard and long ones—with no payment at all.



Coca-Cola
Marque dep.

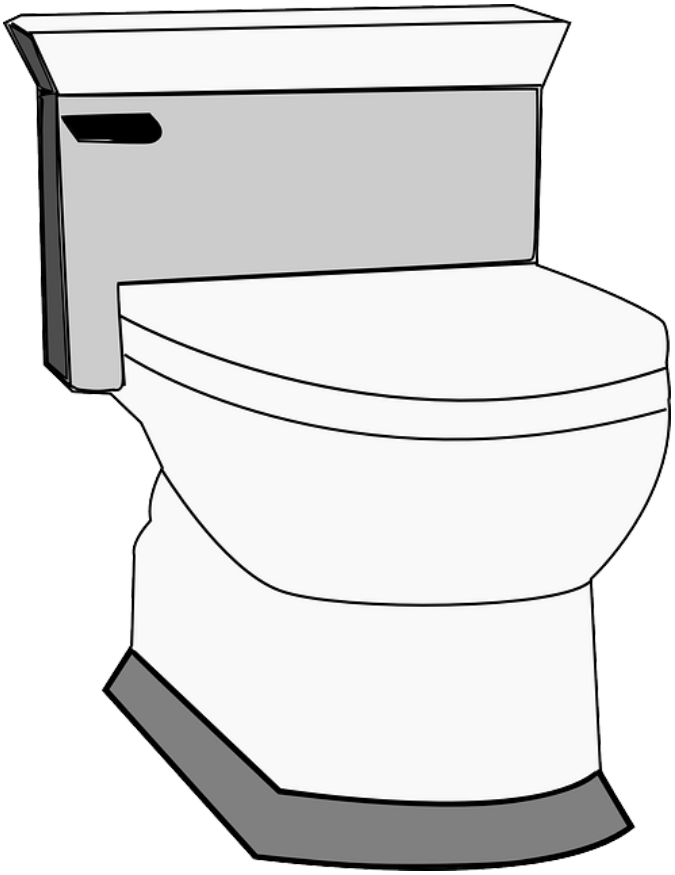




VALE

NOKIA

Jeep



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