

pulled, but he wouldn't stir an inch. He just worked his nose up and down and wriggled his ears, like he was laughing at us, and stood perfectly still. You'd a thought he was planted."

"I should say so," commented Phil. "I don't believe an automobile could have moved him. I know I felt like an idiot sitting there, waiting for that stubborn little beast to go."

"But when he did go," said Nell, with a shake of her head, "it was the suddenest thing, and gracious! how he did bray? It seemed to go everywhere, it was so loud. Then he made one dash, and Phil just had time to grab the reins, when away he went, bumping and banging along the road, getting muddy and everything else. Phil's hat flew off, and it's a wonder mine didn't too. I s'pose he just meant to come here all the time."

Whereupon Jack, who had been quietly listening to the remarks about himself, gave a funny little bray and rubbed his nose over Ted's shirt sleeve.

"Now," said Phil. "The question is how will we ever get that little beast home. I won't drive him. That's certain. The exercise is too strenuous for me."

"And for me, too," added Nell; "but maybe Ted will drive him for us. I'm sure he can manage him."

Ted's face brightened.

"Oh," he said, "I'd like to, and I'll ask mother if I may."

Of course, Ted's mother was willing—indeed, she was glad that he could be with Jack again, even for a little while.

So all three climbed into the little wagon, Nell holding on to the seat with both hands, for she didn't know what might happen. But she need not have been afraid, for Jack went along as obedient and gentle as a little lamb.

"Well, he can go just right," she said. "I'd just love him if he'd be like this all the time."

Nell's father laughed very much when she told him about their morning's experience.

"I suppose, under ordinary circumstances, Jack ought to be punished," he said.

"Oh, but you wouldn't," begged Nell, for her heart was very tender. "He just wanted to see Ted, you know, and that was the only way."

"That's just it, little girl. And I'm inclined to think Jack will always be wanting to see Ted."

"And he'll go to him, too, papa. I see it in his eyes."

"If the desire remained in his eye, it wouldn't matter so much, but it's apt to travel to his legs, and then there'll be something doing. Now, suppose, instead of letting Jack go to Ted, we let Ted come to Jack. John tells me that a bright boy would be a great help about the stable, and I have an idea that Ted would like very well to earn some money by coming here every day, taking care of Jack, and helping."

But he got no further, for Nell pounced upon him.

"Oh! you dear, darling, lovely, old father," she said, giving him a hug that almost squeezed the breath out of him. "Your plan is the most scambunkious that ever was, and I'm going right out and tell Jack all about it."

And Jack liked it so well that he never took the children on such a strenuous ride again.

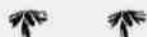


Word Puzzle.

There are—

S, B and two T's,
An R and an N;
Just one single C,
And then you begin
To fit in the vowels—
Four only in number—
A word they all give
That splits things asunder.
It's a word, that when used,
Denotes things growing small;
But it n'er denotes increase,
No, never at all.
The doctor employs it
Against you and me,
(I should say 'gainst our purses)
When he charges a fee.
It's a word that goes with us
Throughout our whole life,
And it figures in failures
And hard business strife.

ANSWER: SUBTRACTION.



In Boston

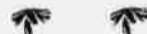
When the wind goes bumping through
The alley with a slap and boo!
And the slush is on the street
Sloshing on the sliding feet,
Purty hard on little boys
Having to stay in all day;
Have to get out all the toys
To pass the time away.

When you have to chink the door
With old rags, and hear the roar
And rattle at the window, where
The frost shuts out all but the air,
Purty hard on little boys,
Having to stay in all day;
Think the summer's mighty nice
With the old snow gone away.



In Pinehurst.

Down in Pinehurst, don't you know,
Never have no ice and snow;
Out of doors we boys can play
In the sunshine all the day—
Golf and base ball, lots of fun;
Lots of sport to romp and run;
And, if you've lots of money,
You can ride a shetland pony.
Tell your papa that, next year,
He'd best spend the winter here.



Conundrums.

What is it that helps most toward a man getting up in the world?
An alarm clock.
Why are cities like ladies?
They have outskirts.
When is a storm like tea?
When brewing.



PEPPERMINT CANDY.

Peppermint candy, 'taint so sweet;
But, you bet, it's hard to beat!

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