

order, and put it up again for them, and offer them free tickets for your show.”

“How you do think of things, you lovely girl!” said Roland, giving her a kiss that was more like a peck, from the hurry he was in. “I’ll go right back to the boys—I don’t believe they’ve left the barn yet—and propose it.”

I did not mean to jump up and wag my tail, but somehow I did, and Helen said, “Yes, go with him, Jock.”

I felt very much ashamed, but I did want to see the tent; so I went.

The boys were delighted with the idea—they said it would look so like a real circus—and we all went down to the pond in a body and asked the lumbermen for their tent for our circus. I don’t know what made them laugh so, but they were very polite about the tent: they said we might have it and welcome, and they couldn’t think of such a thing as coming to the show for nothing: they would all take tickets, and they thought perhaps they could bring a few of their friends with them. So we went off in a great gale, after we had all thanked them very much, to choose a field that had a good high fence around it and nice soft grass on it, for a few of the “feats of strength and agility,” as it said in the bills, were pretty certain to include a tumble, and we wanted a soft place to fall on. We found a very nice field on Master’s farm, and he said we might use it, and that, if Roland would see that they were brought back in good order, the boys might take a pile