

feeling pleased that we had waited for Mr. Rob, for I knew he would tell the Jimmys all about it when he went back to Richmond, and I did wish I could hear Mr. Jimmy say, "Well! well!" as he used to when anything surprised him very much.

The next day was beautiful and bright, and quite warm enough for people to sit out of doors; and as soon as dinner was over Roland and I went to the field, for, although the performance was not to begin until three o'clock, and it was not quite two, we were in a hurry, for there were several last things to see to. I had to have my feet rubbed with chalk, for one thing: it tickled like everything, and I would not have let Roland do it, but he told me it would keep me from slipping off when I dropped on the pony's back, and that if I did slip off every one would laugh at me. So I put up with the tickling, for I did not wish to be laughed at—at least not in that way: I expected to make them laugh in a way that I did like.

The boys had been busy putting up the tent all the morning, but I had stayed with my Helen. They had arranged it so that when the curtain was drawn up everybody on the benches could see inside; and it was in here that we were to do all our tricks that did not need the pony. There were two ladders, and we each had a stool to sit on, and there were Charlie's little wheelbarrow, and Phil's little cart, and a seesaw, and a clothes-horse with a rope tied to the topmost bar. The tent part was to come first, and this was Helen's suggestion: she told Roland that if