

Then one of us wheeled another in the wheelbarrow by means of a little harness which fitted the one in the shafts, so that he could push the barrow.

Then Roland suddenly said "Fire!" and we each rushed and picked up a little toy bucket—the buckets were standing in the corner, all ready for us—and rushed up one of the ladders, one at a time, and pretended to empty our buckets, and rushed down the other ladder. And not one of us stumbled or fell!

At last the boy who owned the pony said, "Ladies and gentlemen, our exhibition will conclude with a grand equestrian performance by our Riding Dog in the ring outside the tent."

While he was bringing up the pony Roland chalked my feet once more; and I let him do it, for I found it a great help in going up and down the ladder. And while he was doing it my heart seemed suddenly to go down to where the chalk was, and I thought, "I can't do it! I'm all trembling now. I shall fail, and everybody will laugh—not in the delightful way in which they have been laughing all the afternoon, but in that horrid way which I can't bear." I certainly should have failed if I had tried to do it feeling that way, but suddenly I thought what a coward I was. "Jock, little Jock!" I said to myself, trying to speak to myself as if it were my Helen talking to me, "don't be a coward! Remember how Roland opened his mouth only last week and let Master pull a large tooth, and never so much as said 'Ouch!' though the pain made his face all red. Remember how Helen never used to say