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anything when the pain hurt her worst. Remember how the sweet sister, who is so afraid in the dark, went down to the pasture for the cows just at dusk, and in that dreadful rain-storm, because Roland was away and Uncle Jake was ill, and she wanted Helen to have the fresh milk for supper! Come, brace up, Jock! Don't disgrace yourself."

And I did: I braced right up, and enjoyed it just as much as the rest of them did, although the pony, I am sorry to say, did not do his part well at all. I had jumped on the platform once, and down again safely, and they were applauding like everything. I think perhaps it was the applause that made the pony forget; at any rate, he left the ring and started for the gate. Fortunately, his master had left his bridle on him, and it suddenly occurred to me to take that in my teeth and pull as I had seen Master do when he wanted the horse to do differently from what he was doing. It happened that I pulled harder on the side toward the ring; the pony turned round and trotted back to it; his master said something to him, and he began to go round again as if nothing had happened. I thought they would never stop applauding; and oh, how I did wish that my Helen could have been there to see me do it! I made one more jump from the saddle to the platform and back again, and then the pony's master called him out of the ring and said, "Ladies and gentleman, the performance is over, and we thank you for your kind attention and encouragement;" and I jumped off the pony and ran into the tent.