

ridden for four years. Mr. Rob always likes best to go on horse-back, and whenever he does we know he will come home by the ford in the creek, and when it is nearly supper-time Helen and I go to meet him, and walk home with him.

Some one said the other day, "Jock is growing old; he is nearly eleven," for they always keep my birthday when they keep Helen's; and every time it comes, and every Christmas besides, Mr. Andrew Jackson Wickes sends us a present, something like the first one he sent; and I always make a party with mine for Snowball and Jet and Betty and her children, until now they quite expect it. At first I did not like their saying I was growing old, but it set me to thinking, and I really believe it is true. I can sometimes see a mole-track now without feeling sure that I ought to scratch it up till I find the mole, and if any one says "Rats!" to me, and I am in a very comfortable place, I always wait a minute to see if there really are any before I jump; but I used to jump first and see afterward.

I don't get wet if I can help it now, and somehow I do not care to go out when the weather is very cold or very warm. All these, Jet says, are signs of old age; and sometimes he says, rather sadly, that we cannot expect to live a great while longer—that he knows his mother was not so old as he is now when she died.

But I do not intend to worry myself or anybody else about that. I have had my day, and a very good day it has been, and now I have everything to make me comfortable and happy—a mistress