

would be perfectly happy. Spot's sweet breath seemed sweeter than violets to Peggy, and there was a white star on Spot's fawn-coloured face which Peggy used to kiss in a way that seemed highly ridiculous to the crabbed old grandmother.

But now poor Spot was ill. She would not touch the coarse mountain-grass, and merely snuffed at the furze and potatoes. All day long she stood with her head hanging over the half-door of the cow-house, every now and then giving a melancholy little low. The grandmother, who looked very much like Mother Hubbard in her scarlet whittle and spectacles and tall black hat, had said a charm over Spot, but it had not done her a mite of good. The farrier had promised to come up from Llanrwst and have a look at her, but in the meantime poor Spot starved, and Peggy was in deep distress.

So on this broiling summer afternoon she had toiled to the gray cromlech on the other side of Cefn Madoc, to cut the rich grass which grew there round the Fairies' Well, thinking that it might tempt poor Spot to eat.

Anxious as she was to get back to her friend, however, Peggy, when she had pushed her load on to the railway, and had scrambled through the gap herself, could not help stopping to enjoy the relief of lightened shoulders. She was almost dead-beat, poor little girl. The high piled grass was a tempting pillow. Down she sat for a minute, as she thought, on the rough ballasting, with her arm on the grass, which was cool in spite of the baking it had got, and her heavy little head on her aching little arm.

And then, suddenly, Peggy was back at the Fairies' Well, and Spot was there too, drinking the clear, cold, shaded water, and wrenching up great mouthfuls of the juicy grass. But a spiteful little fairy climbed up to the top of the cromlech, and pelted Spot with hollyhocks; and the hollyhocks hurt, for they were hard as stones, and Spot began to low as if she did not like it. So Peggy tried to drive away the fairy, but he jumped on to her back, and clasped his hands round her neck so tight that she was nearly throttled. And then Peggy could not find Spot. The sheep and the ponies knew where she was, but they would not tell; and a grimy tip-girl came along, with buskins on and a red handkerchief tied round her head, and filled the creel with coals, and said that Peggy must carry it across the sea to Ireland. But Peggy went into Llanrwst churchyard instead, only the Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, where Peggy went to Sunday-school, was in

the churchyard and not the church; and then the chapel turned into Llanrwst Castle, and Granny was climbing up the ivy to catch Spot, who was stretching her head over the creel on the very top of the castle, trying to get out to eat the wallflowers. Granny had almost climbed to the top, when the farrier gave a jump out of his pew, where he had been smoking his pipe in his shirt-sleeves, and tugged at Granny's petticoats. Granny pulled down the ivy, and that pulled down the castle. Peggy could see it coming, but she could not move, though she was lying right under it. And yet she did not feel afraid, because Spot was breathing in her face, and she was feeding Spot with hollyhocks. Granny gave an awful scream and down came the castle in a cloud of dust, and with a thud that shook the ground and thundered round the hills.

When Peggy awoke, her creel was knocked over, and her frock was out of gathers. Evan Evans, looking very white and angry, was swinging her by the petticoats like a sign of the Golden Fleece. His danger-flag lay between the rails, with the staff snapped in two. The up express was rattling over his points; the engine-driver and stoker craning over the tender, as they looked back with scared faces, and young Evan Evans was leaning on the switch. Most fortunately the pointsman's boy was with him when he saw Peggy lounging against the rail, just after he had sighted the express train shooting, half smothered in black and white clouds, out of the Llanrwst tunnel. Waving his flag, he had rushed down the line to the rescue, and just saved Peggy. The off buffer of the engine nearly grazed him as he sprang across the metals, and swung Peggy out of danger. Evan was very much out of breath, and he was also very much out of temper; but for all that he was a kind-hearted religious man, and when he had recovered his breath and his temper, he said in Welsh, "We ought both to thank God, my wench." And he helped Peggy to put the grass back in her creel, and when he knew why she had gathered it, he called young Evan to help her carry it up the hill.

Granny scolded Peggy sadly because of the torn frock, but Peggy was consoled when she saw how Spot enjoyed the Fairies' Well grass.

She could not help thinking, however, that it was rather hard that her friend should eat it so composedly, when it had so nearly cost her her life.

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