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down went her little head and up went her little tail, and off she used to scamper to Bell and Damsel at the other end of the field, and say to them,—

‘Yonder is the farmer’s wife. She has come to take us to bed, but I don’t mean to go, do you?’

Then Bell and Damsel used to toss their heads. No; they did not mean to go to bed just yet, nothing of the sort, going to bed was such a nuisance. The idea of being fastened up in that dark stable with scarcely any room to caper about, whilst they were all three of them as wide awake as could be. It was simply ridiculous. They would have another turn round the field, and then begin to think about going to bed.

So off they all set as fast as they could go, flinging out their heels and whisking their tails and jumping over each other like tumblers, whilst Mrs. Tubbs stamped and shouted and shook her fist and brandished her stick, and scolded them just as she used to scold us when we came into her kitchen with dirty feet. But they didn’t mind it, not a bit. They only laughed at her for being so stupid as to want them to go to bed at six o’clock. Sometimes they would stand quite still, so as to let Mrs. Tubbs come nearly up to them, and then, just as she was reaching out her stick to give