

*WHAT A HORSE HAD FOR LUNCHEON.*

He began to back off when he saw the baker coming. Perhaps he thought he should be called upon to pay for the apple-pie; or perhaps he thought, as the baker did, that apple-pies were rather too expensive for a horse's luncheon.

There was another horse, that used to be driven into a street beside the Quincy Market in Boston, and left to stand there while his master was attending to his business. Along the street, at the edge of the sidewalk, there were sometimes rows of barrels with molasses in them. In each barrel was a hole with a stick stuck in it; so that people who wanted to buy a barrel of molasses could taste it to see if it was good.

Now, this horse was as fond of molasses as anybody. So, when there was nobody to hinder him, he would walk along, take the stick in his teeth, pull it out, and lick it clean. Then he would drop the stick, and walk along to another barrel. The men near by used to watch him often, and laugh heartily to see a horse lick molasses.

A friend of mine, whom I will call "Mr. Smith," once had a little colt, which was the pet of his children. They named him Charley, and used to delight in feeding him with bread and cakes, and lumps of sugar. Charley liked so well to eat from their hands, that he would leave the grass-plat in the yard, and walk right into the house, if he saw the children there. So Mr. Smith had a bar put across the open doorway to keep him out; for Mrs. Smith did not like to have a horse in the kitchen.

Charley lived to be a very old horse. He was never beaten, nor left hungry or thirsty. He was never allowed to draw a load that was too heavy, nor hurried too much in hot weather. And, when the good horse and his master had grown old together, the boys, who had now