

EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS

gray, and now Esmeralda brought him up, actually expecting compassion for the cause of all the trouble!

“Oh, Aunt Sally,” said Esmeralda, “I’m so glad you are going home in the car. You can take poor little Jeff; he’s broken his paw.”

Mrs. DeWynt glared at her niece in righteous indignation.

“Ride with that beast!” she exclaimed. “Never!”

Esmeralda said nothing; but her cheeks burned as she turned away.

“I’ll carry him for you,” said Captain Tugwell quietly. “Better not try him on the gray again to-day—and this old plug I’m on won’t mind.”

He took the dog over, holding him with care; and presently the two—Esmeralda and he—trotted off together, the gray as gentle as a lamb outwardly, but, I suspect, with a suppressed gleam in his eye.

“And I assure you, Allie,” concluded Mrs. DeWynt—“I assure you she never even inquired whether I had sustained any nervous shock!”