

Reuben looked up. A man with a horse and sleigh, standing in front of Parker's grocery, was beckoning to him. He clipped over the snowy road in haste.

"Do you know enough to hold a horse, my boy?" the gentleman asked him: a young gentleman with a pleasant face, and a wicked-looking horse he was trying to hold.

"I rather think I do, sir," Reuben said, cheerily.

"Well, then, attend to this one; he is hungry and cold, and determined to go home, before I am ready to have him."

Reuben took hold of the bridle, and the young man went into the store. What a hurry that horse was in, to be sure! He stepped forward a little, and, finding himself held, tried going backward; then he stood on his hind feet for a change; then he made plunges forward as though he were going to jump over Reuben and the carriage in front of him, and vanish. Reuben tugged at the bridle, and danced backward or forward according to the motions of the horse, but held on firmly, all the while giving the horse good bits of advice. "Come now, you don't get along any faster to pay for all that. Might as well stand still, and look about you, and take comfort. You will get home just as soon as you will to prance around in this way like an idiot. Oh, you can't go! You may jerk as hard as you like, and I sha'n't let go, not if I know myself; but you are a spunky fellow now, as ever I saw. My! ain't it getting cold, though! I don't wonder you dance: good way to keep warm. I guess that master of yours is going