

glanced quickly around to see if anyone saw him.

But the crowd were all busy watching Princewood. So Uncle Jack trailed behind, the very last of the bunch, but with the little filly fighting indignantly for her head all the way.

Nobody seemed to see them at all, that is, nobody but a little girl, who clung nervously to the old General's middle finger, and wondered, with her child's faith fiercely battered, if her Uncle Jack, her Uncle Jack who knew it all and could do anything, if he, the mighty, was really going to tumble from his lofty throne in her mind?

Then she got behind the General's big Prince Albert coat tail, and wiped away two nervous little tears. Princewood had paced in way ahead. She stuck her fingers in her ears, so that she could not hear the shouts, and her little nervous lips closed tight with indignant shame. When she took them out the shouting was over, but she heard the old General say, "Wasn't it a walk-over? That fool grandson of mine has always made me tired. I don't believe the little thing can go round again."

This cut into the soul of the little girl. She pretended to go after a glass of the big red lemonade that they sold under a near-by tree; but really she went to cry in the dark hall under the grand stand and to wipe her tears on the frills of the pretty little petticoat Mother Thesis had made for her just to wear to the fair.