

on me ; I had still a good mane and tail, which did something for my appearance. I pricked my ears and looked at him.

“There’s a horse, Willie, that has known better days.”

“Poor old fellow !” said the boy, “do you think, grandpapa, he was ever a carriage horse ?”

“Oh yes ! my boy,” said the farmer, coming closer, “he might have been anything when he was young ; look at his nostrils and his ears, the shape of his neck and shoulder ; there’s a deal of breeding about that horse.” He put out his hand and gave me a kind pat on the neck. I put out my nose in answer to his kindness ; the boy stroked my face.

“Poor old fellow ! see, grandpapa, how well he understands kindness. Could not you buy him and make him young again, as you did with Ladybird ?”

“My dear boy, I can’t make all old horses young ; besides, Ladybird was not so very old, as she was run down and badly used.”

“Well, grandpapa, I don’t believe that this one is old ; look at his mane and tail. I wish you would look into his mouth, and then you could tell ; though he is so very thin, his eyes are not sunk like some old horses’.”

The old gentleman laughed. “Bless the boy ! he is as horsey as his old grandfather.”

“But do look at his mouth, grandpapa, and ask the price ; I am sure he would grow young in our meadows.”

The man who had brought me for sale now put in his word.

“The young gentleman’s a real knowing one, sir : now the fact is, this ’ere hoss is just pulled down with overwork in the cabs ; he’s not an old one, and I heerd as how the vetenary should say, that a six months’ run off would set him right up, being as how his wind was not broken. I’ve had the tending of him these ten days past, and a gratefuller, pleasanter animal I never met with, and ’twould be worth a gentleman’s while to give a five-pound note for him, and let him have a chance. I’ll be bound he’d be worth twenty pounds next spring.”