

the horses Spot and Petrel talking. Yes, Dick Niven it is, who, coming up to where Spot and Petrel stand, as we see in the picture, calls out cheerily:

SLIDE 5.—DICK NIVEN.

"Hello! Spot and Petrel; hello! I say." On hearing the well-known voice of Dick Niven, there is a musical whinny from both horses.

(Operator will repeat Slide 1.)

"See! Ben," said Dick to the boy who was with him. "See! these are the grand-looking horses you've heard me tell about at the Band of Mercy. Aint they dandies, except for being docked and having their heads jerked back with the check-rein?"

"You bet, they're dandies, Dick," replied Ben, the boot-black; "so sleek and shiny as if a barrel of hair-oil had been let on 'em through the fire-hose," said Ben, grinning.

"It's dirty mean of groom Nettle not to have thrown a blanket over them," said Dick Niven, stroking the neck of Petrel to keep him quiet.

"Yes, it's beastly mean of him," said Ben; "I bet he'd wrap his own greedy self up in the fur coat of his master or his mistress 'fore he'd stand in a wind like this—enough to blow a fellow's hair off. Where is groom Nettle, anyhow, Dick?"

"Oh, I guess he's kicking his heels on the warm side of the church-door, or playing cards in the cabmen's shelter round the corner," replied Dick.

"Yes, Dick, you bet your boots that's what he's at. Groom Nettle is always looking out for number one. Mean snide!" said Ben, blowing on his rather grimy fingers, being in business for himself after school-hours as a boot-black, and who had been pressed into the Band of Mercy service by the boy, Dick Niven.

"But, say, Dick," continued Ben, the boot-black, "Say! are you agoin' to spend the day acryin' over these here horses and go without any dinner, save a blowin' of yoursel' full of wind, or are you agoin' home?"

"Don't try to be funny, Ben, for you miss it every time," replied Dick, patting the neck of Petrel, and speaking kindly to the restive and tightly curbed animal, while he added, "I'm coming home, Ben, before you could shine a gentleman's razor-pointed toe. But first I am going to unfasten the cruel and hideous check-rein on both these poor horses. If I don't, Ben, this one here is bound to run away."

"All right, Dick," said Ben, grinning. "But hold up a jiffy till I get my head under a sleigh robe. So as I won't have to swear in court I saw you do it. Search me, I don't know, is all they'll get out of me. Go on, give the horses a chance. I'm near smothered under this here robe. Fire away. Say when?"