

got big enough! She wouldn't even speak to Uncle Jack unless he promised her that the baby colt should not be killed!

"Poor little colt," she said as she put her arms around its neck and her tears fell over its big, soft eyes, "God sent you last night and they want to kill you to-day."

Uncle Jack brushed away a tear himself and, stooping, picked up the colt's feet, one at a time, examining the little filly.

Little Sister watched him intently: to her mind Uncle Jack knew everything. The tears were still in her eyes when Uncle Jack looked up quickly and said in his jolliest way: "Hello, Little Sister, this filly is all right! Deformed be hanged! She's sound as a hound's tooth, just weak in her tendons and we can soon fix them. Give her a little time for strength. No, they'll not kill her, little one —" and he caught the little girl up, giving her a hug.

The tears gave way to a crackling little laugh. Little Sister was dancing in the straw for joy! What fun it was to help Uncle Jack fix her up! She brought him the cotton batting herself and gravely watched him as he made stays for the weak tendons and bent ankles. Finally, when he had the filly fixed and had called Jim, who held her in his arms to the mother's flank until she had had a good breakfast, the little girl could not keep still. In a burst of generosity she begged Jim's pardon and said she intended to give him a pair