

and grandmother in the town of Howden, well. Very respectable people they were; the man only a labourer, the wife a valuable nurse; quiet, God-fearing folk, both of them. They were surprised and a trifle put about, I fancy, when their little blue-eyed, flax-haired grandson, Tom, turned up without notice one fine day in their cottage—run away from his home in York to 'bide with grandfather,' he said.

His father, a groom, having lost his wife, Tom's mother, married again without asking little Tom's permission, and this was the result.

Very wisely the families resolved to let little Tom alone in his choice of a home; he was seven years old, he could go to the Grammar school, and the old people adored him, and were only too pleased to have the charge of him.

Tom was a good boy at school, intelligent and industrious; he had evidently sown all his wild oats in that run from York to Howden, and no one had a word to say against the lad from that day forth. So he led a peaceful, happy life till he attained the mature age of twelve; when his father thought he had better come home; there would be more chances for him in the county town.

Tom was sorry, but being a sensible lad did not oppose this edict; he came back and was put to school in York. There it was discovered that he was by no means a stupid lad, had picked up a good deal of useful information in the five years he had spent at Howden, and especially had fixed ideas on religious subjects. In fact he knew so much that his father probably considered him 'finished,' for very soon after his return home his schooling came to an end, and he entered his first place as stable-boy at Mr. Redsdale's. Here he showed himself an honest, industrious boy, devoted, as most Yorkshiremen are, to horses, and not devoted to those vices to which grooms, jockeys, and trainers are unfortunately often tempted. A 'smart little chap' he was pronounced, 'Yorkshire all round.' He could groom and exercise a horse as well as any man, and besides that had both

mother-wit and a fair amount of earning. In fact he was a superior sort of stable-boy, and his employers found it out.

After two years he got a rise, and went into the service of a York trainer. And now imagine little Tom's feelings (fourteen, and conveniently small for his age) when, one wonderful day in the month of October, 1823, his master sent for him and told him he had picked him out for a very special job—no less than to take a valuable horse to a noble customer in Vienna.

To Vienna! Across the Channel! To a strange country! Even sober young Tom must have been a little staggered at this commission. There were no railroads in 1823, no comfortable horse-boxes, no whisking across different countries in a few days. And Tom Ward did not know a word of German.

But then he was a Yorkshireman. So he just touched his cap and set off on his errand, taking his precious horse safely across land and sea to the gay city of Vienna, and handing it over to the purchaser.

After that he looked about a bit, and decided that he should not object to stay on in the foreign capital if he could get work there.

And as England and Yorkshire have a good reputation on the Continent for horse-breeding and horse-training, the smart little Yorkshire lad soon got a place. Prince Aloys of Lichtenstein took him into his stables, and at once Tom set to work to do his duties in the best way.

Presently he got a rise; the Duke of Lucca wanted an English groom, and Tom would just suit him. Prince Aloys gave him an excellent character, and Tom occupied a trusted position in his royal master's stables, after a time taking full charge of them.

The Duke became quite fond of the quiet, straightforward, steady young man with the keen grey eyes and neat figure, and by-and-by began to think he should like him more closely about his person. One day he asked Ward, 'How should you like to become one of my attendants—my under