



HIS VERSION OF IT

“‘She has a very bad seat in her saddle,’ the mare told me, ‘and she is resting all her weight on the side next you.’

“‘Then, Miss Gaiety,’ I suggested, ‘I think they will like it if we snuggle.’

“‘Well, just for this once I will,’ replied the filly, shyly.”

Reveille turned in his stall, and, walking over to his manger, picked up a wisp of hay. But the action was greeted by an outburst from the ladies.