

## SLIDE 2.—DOCKING PROCESS.

"True, true, Spot," said the other horse quickly, "I simply dread to think of the horse-fly, and I am positively ashamed to be seen since I've been docked. Dick Niven is right. Those people may well call themselves 'miserable sinners' in church after their treatment of us. There wasn't a prettier pair of horses in town, though I say it, than we were before we were mutilated in this way. All for fashion, too! I declare, Spot, it makes me long to kick some one when I think of it!"

"And no wonder, dear Petrel," returned Spot, as he shivered in his harness.

"No wonder, indeed!" echoed Petrel; "I tell you what it is, Spot, when I feel this dust-brush instead of my own tail at my back, I wish I was a coal-heaver's horse, who doesn't go in for fashion, instead of a carriage horse, whose master or groom declares *must be in the fashion*, forsooth! Things have come to a pretty pass when we, who came to town high-spirited colts, look with envy upon the unamputated horse of the coal-heaver!"

"I'm with you, Petrel," put in his comrade, hastily. "I'd a thousand times rather be Dick Niven's horse Nobby, and be hired out for any chance load, than belong to Mr. Highflyer with this horse-hair duster on my back, for all the world like the feather lamp-chimney cleaner, once the *feathers of a lovely bird*, but now sticking up on the mistress' bonnet."

## SLIDE 3.—SHOWING LADY WEARING EGRET PLUME IN HER BONNET.

"Dick Niven says," continued Spot, "that the beautiful egret is shot down by the cruel hunters when she is caring for her young, just for her tail feathers to trim up the women with! So you see, Petrel, the poor mother-bird and her young all have to die to fix up these bonnets! Is it not terrible, Petrel?"

## SLIDE 4.—BEAUTIFUL EGRET.

"Terrible, indeed, to slaughter such a magnificent bird!" exclaimed Petrel, stamping his feet as if to run away. "It's my opinion, Spot, that you are on the wrong track, when you preach to me to bear my wrongs patiently, lest I get the whip for running away from such cruel creatures as men and women. See, good comrade, how I have to seek to rest the tired muscles of my neck by straining my head sideways; and you also, poor fellow. Ah! good Spot, I see you are shedding tears over your wrongs. But I'll not weep, I'll stand it no longer, I'll run away!"

At this juncture two boys who had but just emerged from a small mission church around the corner, came along, and in passing several of the horses one of the lads had stopped to say a friendly word. This boy was none other than the friend of animals of whom we have heard