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the horse sharply over the rump.

"Giddap," he said again, almost angrily.

Billy left the safety of the solid bank and lunged forward. The first move and he sank clear to the fetlocks. Again he lunged, and this time he went through even further. Gamely he fought on, but in the middle his whole legs were hidden in the bottomless mass and he was quite helpless. For a few minutes Billy struggled but when he found that he was down for good he lay entirely quiet. Only in the big, brave eyes was a message—the mute appeal of a dumb brute imprisoned. Under the circumstances Billy was wiser than most beasts and some men might have been. He seemed to sense that only a few inches of turf bound together by the roots of the swamp grasses was holding him up. Any lengthy struggling would have been sure to have broken and torn these saving roots and opened the way for an awful death.

Tim was almost distracted. He cut the cinches of the saddle and carried it to the bank. He pulled, lashed, threatened, begged, cried—all to no avail. Billy knew he was down and he stubbornly refused to move, or even to try to move. In the end Tim was obliged to give it up. His face and hands and clothes were a solid mass of greasy mud. With hot tears streaming down his face he started on the run for home. It was much nearer to LeRoy's, but when in

Jerry came driving slowly into the yard. And tied behind—and a very welcome sight he was—was old Billy. Mrs. Austin and Tim were waiting at the gate for them. Billy's dappled grey coat was hidden under a thick coating of slimy mud and his mane and tail were a caked mass of the same. But after all, it was Billy, and but for his mother's restraining hands Tim would have flung himself bodily onto his four-legged friend. If ever a small boy was glad to see an animal it was Tim Austin to see old, grey Billy.

Mr. Austin saw his son's great relief and happiness, and his eyes sought his wife's with a quite smile.

"LeRoy's saw someone coming over the winter short-cut," he explained to Mrs. Austin, "and when nobody showed up they went down to investigate. They got their teams out, and some ropes, and before we got there Billy was safe and sound on the bank. I don't really believe the horse is injured at all; he travels all right, anyhow. I think when Tim gets the mud all cleaned off him he'll be just as good as new."

He turned to Tim and put his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Look here, son," he said, not unkindly, "it seems to me that you've had about enough lesson for one day. You're too old to whip, and you're old enough to know right from wrong, so you shouldn't need whipping. You've lost your fishing

The Sword of Arthur

By John Clair Minot

A castle stands in Yorkshire
(Oh, the hill is fair and green!),
And far beneath it lies a cave
No living man has seen.

It is the cave enchanted
(Oh, seek it ere ye die!),
And there King Arthur and his knights
In dreamless slumber lie

One time a peasant found it
(Oh, the years have hurried well!):
It was the day of fate for him,
And this is what befell:

Upon a couch of crystal
(O heart, be pure and strong!)
He saw the King, and, close beside,
The armored knights athrong.

And all of them were sleeping
(Praise God, who sendeth rest!)
The sleep that comes when strife is
done,
And ended every quest.

Beside the good King Arthur
(How high is your desire?)
His sword within its scabbard lay,
The sword with blade of fire.

Now, had the peasant known it
(Oh, if we all could know!),
He should have drawn that wondrous
blade
Before he turned to go.

If but his hand had touched it
(The sword is waiting still!),
He would have felt in every vein
A lofty purpose thrill.

If but his hand had drawn it,
(The sword still lieth there!),
A kingly way he would have walked
Wherever he might fare.

But, no; he fled affrighted
(Oh, pitiful the cost!);
And then he knew; but lo! the way
Into the cave was lost.

He searched forever after
(All this was long ago),
But nevermore that crystal cave
His eager eyes could know.

Pray God ye have the vision
(Oh, search in every land!)
To seize the sword that Arthur bore
When it lies at your hand.

trouble it is so natural for a boy to think of home first. It was so with Tim. When he had breath to run, he ran; his supply of tears seemed limitless. Always he could see old Billy lying there in that bog hole of death.

The Austins were finishing dinner when a very tired and dirty boy ran sobbing into the room.

"Oh, dad," he cried, "I tried to go the short way to LeRoy's, and Billy got down in the mud and I couldn't get him out, and I've run all the way home, and Billy will be dead, and I feel just awful, and, and—"

The words came tumbling out in one breath and ran off into an incoherent jumble. Mr. Austin jumped up from the table.

"Quick, Jerry," he said sharply. "Harness the ponies to the buckboard. I'll dig out some long ropes; there may be a chance to save the horse yet. I'll be out to the stable in five minutes."

"Can I go, dad?" Tim asked. "It's my fault; I'd like to help too."

Mr. Austin silenced him with a glance. "No, you can't go," he said sharply. "You stay home and clean some of that mud off yourself. I saw you from the haymow galloping old Billy all over the prairie, chasing wolves or something. I'll attend to your case when I get back."

About two hours later Mr. Austin and

holiday, anyway, that's certain; for by the time you get all that mud cleaned off of old Billy here, I'm thinking it will be nearly bedtime. I'm not going to punish you any more; I only hope that you won't forget this day very soon."

Tim looked his father squarely in the eye. "Thank you, dad," he said earnestly. "I don't intend to forget it—ever."

And to tell the plain truth, I don't think he ever did.

The Natural Comment

London children certainly get some quaint views of life, says the Bellman. An instance of this recently occurred in an East-End Sunday school, where the teacher was talking to her class about Solomon and his wisdom.

"When the Queen of Sheba came and laid gold and jewels and costly spices before Solomon, what did he say?" she asked, presently.

One small girl, who had evidently had experience in such matters, promptly replied:

"'Ow much d'yer want for the lot?'"

Corns cannot exist when Holloway's Corn cure is applied to them, because it goes to the root and kills the growth.