

He looked at the money, — “It isn’t much, but it’s enough for a feed of oats, and I’ll treat him to it, that I will.”

“Let me have the nose-bag, Mr. Cabman.” The soldier soon came back with a feed of grain. “Now, off with the bridle and let old Valiant have my treat. Be good to him, for he’s a fine old fellow. I am coming round to his stable sometimes to see him.”

The boys that stood near cried “Hurrah!” and the cabman shook hands with the kind-hearted soldier.

MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with
me,

And what can be the use of him is more than I
can see.

He is very, very like me from the heels up to the
head;

And I see him jump before me, when I jump into
my bed.