



HIS VERSION OF IT

Then came a second and very treble voice. "Papa," it begged, "will oo lif' me up on ol' Weveille's back?" And the next moment a child of three was sitting astride the old warrior and clinging to his mane.

"Well, you old scoundrel," said the human, "do you know you are getting outrageously fat?"

"Weveille is n't not any scoundwel," denied the child, earnestly. "Mama says Weveille is a' ol' darlin'."