

father rode out on these horses and performed all kinds of wonderful deeds which he called his "work!" It seemed a very exciting and delightful game to Caillou.

Above all, Caillou's father kept his horses for the purpose of fighting (this conclusion resulted naturally, of course, from the cause which brought about the mention of the horse), and Caillou now lived in a splendid dream, but as usual spoke of it to no one. When his father had gone off after breakfast, Caillou's thoughts went with him. He saw magnificent horsemen brandishing swords, neighing steeds trampling down miserable folk who flew here, there and everywhere, seeking to escape the sabre cuts. And without suspecting it in the least, Caillou's father was the richer by a large increase of respect and admiration on the part of his little son. At last there came a day when the apparition of this dream cavalry had become so real and vivid in his every-day existence that Caillou ended by taking Tili into his confidence.

"Father has got some horses 'away'—lots of horses," he told her. "One is white