

ION.

and Tom Slowstarter. It was  
road. We had stopped "to  
is—not our horses, but the  
alighted to look at the ma-  
wheels began to move, and  
to hurry; but the working of  
rplexed him so much that he  
e us, and jump in Tom, you'll  
"Are you speaking to a  
Tom; "I am not behind the  
of it. I want to look a little  
ou stop to understand any  
u can't go with us."—"Here's  
n—"I want to know a little  
d then I'll ride."—"If you are  
n't be in our company. You  
one thing or the other pretty  
it to see it go round once or  
w I'm ready; open the door."  
he engine had begun to snort  
wheels went round like a buzz.  
at with running;—and "Here,  
—a little faster, a little faster!"  
le he was straining legs, arms,  
with his companions. "You  
at this crisis; and Tom's cour-  
e gave up the chase, and stood  
the road, while all the caravan  
f "Good-by, Mr. Slowstarter!  
"—"Good-by, good-by," said  
er and family,—there's nothing  
ion.—but yet I wish I was with  
ry to find less fault, and keep  
s never since been heard of.

FINIS.