

THE MAN WHO LOVED HIS HORSE, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



HERE was a cabman in London who loved his horse. We have all seen a great many drivers who did *not*, if we might judge from their habits of flogging and scolding, and, alas! too often swearing. However, *this* horse was a happy one to have such a kind master. He knew exactly what the horse could do, and he never urged him beyond it. See how carefully he is attending to his wants in the picture,

and that was what he was always doing. At night, if it was ever so late, he always made his horse comfortable before he had his own supper; in short, he ruled by love, as I have said; and do you think the horse did not know it? Of course he did, and he worked all the better for it, as every creature you have to do with will do if you go upon that plan.

Years went on, and at last the horse began to fail. He was not up to a busy London life any more, though he might still do something lighter. "But," said the