

The Runaway Horse

Yesterday I planned, if the weather should be suitable, to take a drive to Sachville this morning.

On rising I found the weather all that could be wished for. I accordingly went to the barn, harnessed my pony to the carriage and brought him to the house. After hitching him, as I thought very securely, I went into the house to get my breakfast. I had only got the inner man about half satisfied, when Rover my faithful dog came rushing in, caught hold of my trousers and tried to drag me from the table.

At this I did not pay much attention to him, but at last, to please

him I got up and followed him out of doors.

What was my surprise to find that the pony had gone. I followed the dog around the house and from there I saw the pony walking down the road as leisurely as you please, dragging the rope which he had tied with him.

As he heard me approaching he quickened his pace into a trot, and when some of the neighbors joined me he started on a run.

There being a turn in the road just ahead I struck across the field to try and head him off.

When he came to the turn, he was cute enough to slow up in order to get round it without upsetting the waggons.

After this he put on a little