

he knew all about these doings and they should hear from him yet; the Doctor had expressed his mind to him.

The Doctor, in fact, was far more occupied with a certain Dr. Pyncheon, whose views of moral inability he expected entirely to confound by the aforesaid treatise which he had been preparing.

So after supper the boys officiously harnessed and brought up the horse and sleigh destined to take their parents to North Poganuc school house, and saw them set off—listening to the last jingle of the sleigh bells with undisguised satisfaction.

“Good! Now, Tom, let’s go up to the church and get the best places to see,” exclaimed Bill.

“Oh, boys, are you going?” cried Dolly, in a piteous voice. “Oh, do take me! Nabby’s going, and everybody, and I want to go.”

“Oh, you mustn’t go; you’re a little girl and it’s your bed-time,” said Tom and Bill, as with Spring barking at their heels they burst in a windy swoop of noise out of the house, boys and dog about equally intelligent as to what it was all about.