

He threw away one stone.

"And folks, too, that don't see you!"

He threw away another stone.

"You know it is not your style to stone folks."

He threw away a third stone.

"You know you belong to the Sunday-school."

He threw away a fourth stone.

He threw away all his stones.

"What is that noise?" he asked.

He thrust his head out of the thicket and looked up the road. While the woods bordered one side of the road, on the other, at the foot of a steep, rocky bank, ran a noisy, brawling river. The noise could not come from the river?

"No," said Rob, "it is Old Sorrel coming along."

It was Old Sorrel, ambling along as comfortably as could be expected from such a pack of bones. Behind him was the waggon. Neither Burly nor Brawler were there. Old Sorrel had evidently turned tramp, and had started out to see the world for himself. See? He had not seen anything for long years. There was no more vision to his eyes than to a mummy's. Old Sorrel stopped opposite Rob's hiding-place, and began to feed on the thick, rich grass by the roadside.

"Why!" thought Rob, "he's getting near that bank."

Old Sorrel kept poking his nose nearer and nearer the edge of the bank. If he had been in the centre of a prairie, he could not have grazed with less concern about his awkward steps.

"He will go over the bank, sure," exclaimed Rob.

"Let him go," was his first thought. "I won't," was the second. He rushed toward Old Sorrel.

In the mean time, the firm of Brawler and Burly—a very nice firm—was making excellent time, for foot-passengers, down the road. The young men had fastened Old Sorrel securely, as they thought, and had gone into the woods after berries. The horse had improved his

opportunity, worked himself loose, and started off, like his masters, to have a good time.

"Burly, where's Old Sorrel?" asked Brawler, stepping out of the woods.

"Where?" replied Burly, coming forward, turning his head up and then down the road. Burly had a bushy head but a long, slender neck, and it looked now like a broom turning on its stick.

"Where?" said Burly again. "Gone! Put!"

And put they did. Brawler took the lead. Nearing Rob's intended ambush, he looked ahead, and there was a boy leading Old Sorrel back from the steep river bank! Brawler came up to the scene of the rescue, hurriedly panting after his long chase.

"That's—right—boy! Good for you! You are—a fine"—Brawler stopped. "Why—who—who's this?"

"I'm the boy you carried a mile out of the way."

Brawler stopped short, as if he had been playing base ball, and the ball had hit him where he felt it a good deal.

In the mean time, up came Burly.

"Boy, you are a good"—he ejaculated, and then stopped. It was an interesting sight, the two young men with a thunder-struck expression, dumb as thieves caught stealing sheep, and little Rob calmly confronting them. They seemed so paralyzed that I don't know but Rob could have tied them hand and foot like sheep, and so driven off with them in the back of the waggon.

Brawler thrust his hand into his pocket. "Here's half a dollar, and don't you think anything of what we did," he said in a low voice.

"I could not take the money," said Rob.

No urging would prevail with him. "Well, if that ain't a queer boy!" said Brawler to Burly as they rode off.

Queer boy? I know those young men had some queer feelings.

"LITTLE children, let us not love in word only, but in deed, and in truth."—John iii. 18.

How to be happy—BE good, DO good, GET good.