

companion betrayed a generous consideration for the horse that was only equalled by a similar feeling on my own part. He suddenly thought that the load was too heavy—we were both riding in the wagon—and he insisted on walking ahead. He contrived in doing so to impart to onlookers the impression that he had no connection with our load of junk, which by this time was beginning to burden our consciences as well as the horse. As the same kind of philanthropy was animating me, I said I was the heavier and therefore it was I who should walk (the truth is that the street was a down-grade and there was no need for either of us to walk). However, as my friend was bent upon walking, I grabbed him by the arm and held him on the load; thus we proceeded.

But, "pride goeth before destruction." We had arrived just opposite a house where lived a little girl whom we both greatly admired. I was holding the reins with one hand, and with the other I was clinging affectionately to my shy companion; when, suddenly, and before I could prevent him, the old horse performed his famous flank movement and turned around, overturning the box with its contents.

Our mortification may be better imagined than described. Everybody who saw the display of junk, laughed when they perceived that we were not hurt. For myself I could have stood it all but for that laughing face across the street, whence She had witnessed the whole inglorious adventure.

Just then the junk-dealer came along. He offered us seventy-five cents for the lot as it lay. The market being in a state of depression we accepted his figure, and he realized a profit of about five hundred per cent.

I fancy the travelling junk-collector considered that he had secured a bargain; but if he had offered the same amount of money for the horse as well as the load, I verily