

Alma had her own names for the beautiful horses. One, she called "Prince;" he looked so proud and independent. The other she named "Dancer" because when returning from a fire he always seemed to want to execute a little pirouette, instead of walking soberly as a horse is supposed to do.

Alma was still quite young when she was allowed to visit her grandfather's farm in Wisconsin. There she spent a great deal of time in the barns and stables, jumping in the hay mow, playing hide-and-go-seek with her young cousin Clarence.

Clarence had a goat which could be harnessed to a small wagon. The children spent many happy hours riding up and down the quiet country roads and Alma was in her element whenever Clarence would condescend to let her drive. The goat didn't drive very well--in fact, he was really stubborn and went very much as inclination seized him, sometimes tipping the children out ignominiously. But it was something to drive, and Alma loved it.

Some years later, Alma visited her uncle in Manistee, Michigan. One of his business partners had an estate on the edge of the town. The children in the large family had the most fascinating pets: dogs, cats, rabbits, ducks. But, more interesting than these were two little white donkeys. Every time that Alma was allowed to go over to see Ruth, the hired man would put the saddles and bridles on the small animals, hoist up the little girls, hand each one a thin switch, and start the pair off down the drive.

Have you ever ridden a donkey? It is a curious sensation.