

socket by the front seat, and started those horses on such a gallop as they had probably not indulged in since they were colts.

They ran and ran, while I bumped from one side of the hard board seat to the other, snapping the reins on their backs and clucking excitedly if they tended to slow down. We must have covered two or three miles at breakneck speed.

When I realized that the horses, covered with foam and snorting loudly for breath, would give out, I slowed them down to continue at a normal gait.

We reached the outskirts of the village, near to the business district. I stopped the team, tied them to a hitching post and ran the three blocks to my home. My mother met me at the door and in her arms I sobbingly related the whole dreadful experience. She tried to comfort me. "Pingy," she said, "the farmer was only following the traditions of his forebears. For some reason-- perhaps a good reason, I don't know--farmers think lambs' tails must be cut off, but," she added angrily, "he needn't have done it in just that way!"

I never heard any more about the wagon and horses. They probably were retrieved in time. The conscience of the farmer (although I am not sure he had one) must have led him to say nothing about the kidnapping of his team.

I tried to avoid Jennie at school. I pitied her, but most of all I pitied the farmer's wife.