

must look different from school girls.

The anticipated day arrived. I went across the street bright and early to find Nellie in tears and the depths of despair.

"We can't go," she explained brokenly. "Pa says we can't have Jenny today. He has to plough the west pasture!"

For a moment I was numb with disappointment. Then, as the realization that all our happy plans had gone to smash, I was mad! Before I realized what I was doing, I flew out of the house and down to the barnyard where Mr. Tubbs was placidly starting his day's work. Mr. Tubbs was a dour man who rarely smiled and I was usually a little afraid of him---but not this time! Anger and indignation spurred me on.

"Mr. Tubbs," I cried (and I think I stamped my foot), "you have no right to break your word like that! You said we could have that horse today. It isn't fair to take it back now!"

He looked at me a moment and then a slow smile spread over his face.

"Why, I guess you're right, Pingy! I did promise you girls the horse and you shall have it!"

Many years afterwards he loved to tell the tale of the "little spit-fire" who defied him and made him feel ashamed of having broken his word!

Nellie and I had a wonderful visit with our friend, the bride; but both came back, glad we were still in school and fancy free.

The account of the tragedy which happened to the Tubbs family later came to me in letters from my mother. I had married and lived in the Northern Peninsula. All three Tubbs children were married, too.