

"No, young man," said the butcher, smiling, "his legs don't hurt him. Lots of bull dogs are that way."

"Why are they?"

"Well, his hind legs run faster than the front ones, and that makes the front legs crooked."

"Why does it?"

"You like bologna? Sure you do. Here is some for Myra, too."

"I wonder what is keeping that girl so long," said Mrs. Stone, impatiently. "Myra, hurry with those eggs."

At that moment a sound was heard as if somebody had fallen off a chair in the house.

"Goodness sakes! What has that child done this time?" Mrs. Stone rushed across the narrow yard and through the door. Immediately she appeared.

"I thought Myra had taken another tumble."

The butcher took the eggs in payment, inquired after Mr. Stone, and drove away.

Stone had been sitting with the boys since breakfast, and was with them watching the previous scene.

Shortly after Mr. Joel left a neighbor was sighted coming across the meadow toward the house. Stone put on his hat and met the man at the barn. The visitor was a common farmer about the size of Stone.

"How are you this morning, George? Come into the stable, I want to show you that colt's shoulder."

The two men stepped into the horse stable, and after looking over the colt, Stone leaned against the manger and began:

"George, there are two students up in the house."

"Hum! I thought there was something going on over here last night. Have you got halters on them?"

"No; but one of them has a mashed foot."

"About four hundred of them ought to be hobbled. I wonder if my apple cave was busted again last night."

"I don't think it was," said Stone. "I'll tell you what happened. There must have been about twenty of them came out to