

mous beast, nearly eighteen hands high, and as strong as any two ordinary horses put together. At the last moment Mollie, the foolish, pretty white mare who drew ducklings, which had lost their mother, filed into the barn, cheeping 90 feebly and wandering from side to side to find some place where they would not be trodden on. Clover made a sort of wall round them with her great foreleg, and the ducklings nestled down inside it and promptly fell asleep. If asked why, he would say that he saw nothing to laugh at. Nevertheless, without openly admitting it, he was devoted to Boxer; the two of them usually spent their Sundays together in the small paddock beyond the orchard, grazing side by side and never speaking.