

freedom. The lovely circus horses were to be ridden in a long string by Fric, Frac and Malvina.

"Who's going to drive Mr. Crack's lovely golden carriage?" asked Fenella. "We're going to take that too, aren't we?"

"Of course!" said Uncle Ursie. "Maybe Willie will drive it. He did last time. Malvina says it bores her to do a thing like that when she can take the string of horses along with Fric and Frac!"

"Oh—is Willie *really* going to drive the golden carriage?" cried Fenella. "Uncle Ursie, do you think he would let me drive it with him?"

"I didn't know you *could* drive!" said Uncle Ursie. He was putting the old brown horse that belonged to him and Aunt Lou into the shafts of their red caravan. "Hey, get up there. Anyone would think you'd never been between shafts before, Dobbin!"

"I *can't* drive," said Fenella. "I really meant—would Willie let me sit with him? Oh, I would so love that! You don't suppose I could sit in that carriage, do you?"

"I don't see why not," said Uncle Ursie. "Why, would it make you feel very grand, Fenny?"

"Oh yes—I'd feel like a princess!" cried Fenella. Then her face fell. "But do you think Aunt Lou would mind, Uncle Ursie? She has been rather cross today."

"Oh, nobody likes moving day," said Uncle Ursie. "There you are, Dobbin, you're in at last. Now don't you go galloping off till I'm ready!"

Fenella smiled. Dobbin didn't look as if he could gallop two steps! He was the fattest barrel of a horse Fenella had ever seen. She liked him. He had big brown eyes, and he nuzzled into her shoulder when she went near. Fenella was often very surprised at herself nowadays.