

Orville

pasture where the old bull was quietly feeding. A little uneasy, Orville asked, "Do we dass?"

Jenny replied scornfully, "Are you skeert? I'm not," and promptly jumped off the fence onto the pasture grass. A little fearfully, Orville followed.

The sudden movement, or perhaps a glancing ray of sunshine on red, aroused the attention of the old bull. He raised his big head. The nostrils flared. He pawed a deep furrow in the earth. With head lowered and tail straight out behind, the big bull started to charge across the pasture toward the children in the corner.

Orville saw what was coming. His mind worked lightning fast. "Quick, Jenny," he cried, "give me your coat." In a flash the coat was in Orville's hand. "Climb over the fence! Rurry, Jenny!"

Orville jumped like a squirrel to the top of the fence and, running along the crooked, uneven rail, waved the bright red coat, shouting at the top of his lungs. "Ya! Ya! Ya! You can't catch me, old bull--Ya! Ya!"

The bull, his attention diverted from the little girl by the noise and the hated red color, changed direction and started for this new annoyance. The pasture was large. Jenny, with speed aided by fear, scrambled over the fence to safety. Orville, in full flight, saw Jenny out of the corner of his eye as he rounded the fence corner on his precarious journey, and giving a last defiant yell, leaped backwards on the safe side. For a moment he wondered if it would be a safe side as the old bull barged into the rails with the force of dynamite. The rails shivered and shook, but held.

As Orville gathered himself up, a little painfully, Jenny came running. "Are you all right, Orvie?"

"Yes, guess so," said Orville, feeling a few bruises, and looking at a torn stocking. "Anyway, here's your coat."

The two children were very subdued and a little pale as they walked up to the kitchen door.

"Land's sake," said Orville's mother. "What have you children been doing?"

"Sittin' on the fence, 'sput-ting," answered Orville.

That night, in bed, before he dropped off to sleep, Orville went over in his mind two causes for rejoicing--one, that Jenny was all right, and two--that he had again caught up with his beloved sister Sherry.