

The Circuit Rider

"Yes, of course," she answered calmly, "and see what I have to show you!" She led him into the kitchen where a beautiful little fawn lay behind the cook stove.

"I saw him in the barnyard," she explained. "He seemed frightened, but let me pick him up and bring him in. Later there was a big shaggy dog by the sheep pen. I called and called, but he wouldn't come to me, and he finally ran off into the woods."

As they were talking, a commotion arose in the yard, and on going to the door, anxious voices greeted my grandmother.

"Is everything all right, Miz Benedict? A big pack of wolves has gathered in the woods, and we are watching the sheep pens. Well, glad you are all safe, we'll hurry to the next place."

The men, each with a rifle, mounted their horses again and galloped off.

When the children came down from the loft in the morning, they were entranced at the fawn. The little spotted creature seemed entirely unafraid of humans and took readily to a baby's milk bottle. His mother must have been a victim of the wolves as she was trying to find refuge in the clearing.

That night at prayers, my grandfather gave earnest thanks for the safety of himself and his family and even mentioned the young fawn who had escaped a cruel death.