

One seems to be going up and down instead of forward. It is jig, jig, jiggity jig! The saddle feels as hard as cement. The little sharp hoofs go clippety-clop, clippety-clop and cut tiny little tracks in the meadow or on the grassy roads.

The French composer, Ibert, has written a composition called "The Little White Donkey." It describes, in music, exactly the gait and temperament of one of the little creatures. Perhaps you will hear it sometime and know exactly what I mean.

Donkeys are small, but they are bigger than goats, so Alma felt that she was getting nearer and nearer to her heart's desire.

Alma and her mother came eventually to live at the grandmother's home in Southern Michigan. The house was large and roomy. There were several acres of land with a "granary" and a huge barn which no longer had stock or grain and hay in it. Alma fretted because with so many conveniences for a horse there was no horse to make use of them.

In this little farming village lived a childless couple, Mr. and Mrs. Lane, who dearly loved children. So, to help fill their empty hearts, they "adopted" children, as it were, from the village inviting two or three at a time to come down "and spend the day."

Alma and her chum, Jenny, were among the favored ones. They were allowed to help Mrs. Lane in the kitchen. They were allowed to pick flowers in the garden and fruit from the orchards--huge white and yellow cherries, great golden