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we passed motorcycles and autos. He's no city bred horse by a long shot and sure I does hate those little three-wheeled bugg-wagons.

When we came near an auto he slowed down from a trot to a walk and as the auto passed he laid back his ears and stopped short.

We sure had some dinner. Pork-chops, sweet potatoes, mashed potatoes, cabbage, bread pudding, & cocoa.

I guess Ten was hungry too, for, on the way back, when he caught sight of the stables, he lit out on