

## THE WAR HORSE AND THE MULE

A WAR Horse, ready for battle, with his splendid saddle and jingling bridle, came galloping swiftly along the highroad, his hoofs sounding like thunder on the hard ground.

A poor old Mule, with a heavy load on his back, was going slowly down the same road.

“Out of my way,” said the War Horse, “or I will trample you in the dust!”

The poor Mule made room for him as fast as he could, and the Horse went proudly on his way.

Not long after this the Horse was shot in the eye; and, as he was no longer fit for the army, his fine saddle and bridle were taken off, and he was sold to a farmer, who made him drag heavy loads.

Since he had not been trained to the work, it came hard to him, and he complained bitterly.

The Mule, meeting him soon after, knew him and called out: “Aha! is it you? I thought pride would have a fall some day.”