

There was a little plantation of trees a short distance off, and towards this they began to walk—Miss Vaughn holding up her riding habit. Fritz wanted to tie Miss Vaughn's horse to a branch, while he made an alteration of the curb, and made sure that the girths were all right.

"Oh, I'm so much obliged to you. Wasn't the run splendid, and, you know, Hector isn't a bad horse at all, only he'd been in the stable for two or three days and was so overjoyed to get out on the prairie—why, I never had such a race in my life. But I was tired of holding on and might have come to grief if you had not been here."

"Sit down on the bank, Miss Vaughn," said Fritz, when they reached the plantation. "I want to see that your tackle is all right before you mount again. Will you kindly hold my whip? Thank you."

"Fritz Kingstone," said Lily to herself, as she read the name on the whip. Fritz was busy with the horse.

"Do you know, Mr. Kingstone, I seem to have seen you before somewhere? Your face is familiar, but I don't know where I can have seen you—and, may I ask how you know my name?"

"Well," said Fritz, laughing, but feeling very glad that he had the curb and bridle to attend to, "the last time I saw you was at the opera house."