

AMARILLY IN LOVE

won't drive any one else's horse. Better hurry along. Post-office is in next block."

At the post-office Courville easily picked the carrier of route Number Six from the men carrying out mail sacks. A slow-moving man with meditative grey eyes seemed to tally with his conception of a man who "wouldn't drive any one else's horse."

Courville introduced himself and asked permission to ride out on "The Plains." The carrier expressed himself as being glad of company and they started out on the mail route.

"I am told," remarked Courville casually, "that a place known as The House at the Corners lies on the Plains."

He was conscious of a swift, side glance from the carrier.

"Yes; it is not far from the end of my route."

The main street of Haleboro had now become the country road and Courville was greatly entertained by the mailing procedure. In front of each letter box, which served the dual purpose of post-office and door-plate, the experienced horse stopped of his own volition while Jerry gathered up the mail.