

EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS

reached them a wild flower growing by the roadside attracted her eye and, swooping down, she plucked it without pausing. She approached with a confident smile, the horse dancing sidewise in a most alarming manner.

"Hello, folks!" said Esmeralda pleasantly.

"Rippin'!" cried Captain Tugwell excitedly. "Simply rippin'!"

And then Mrs. DeWynt saw the trousers. She confided to me that the shock nearly threw her from Daisy, her reliable old mount. There was, as I have stated, no mistaking the ownership of those amazing nether garments, and it did not at the moment occur to her that the Captain might be wholly innocent in the matter. Everyone else was sure to recognize them too. Indeed, almost at once she could see that Marjorie was noticing them — poor Marjorie!—and she as good as engaged to the Captain! Mrs. Langdon whispered something to St. Johns and they both laughed. Mrs. DeWynt could feel her