

And Fritz in his simplicity wondered that his mother was not more enthusiastic. As for him, he walked on air. What charming words she had said about him. He began going over to himself again the entire scene of the morning. He was rapt and abstracted. He led the broncho to the stable and unsaddled her mechanically. It was not until he had put the saddle on one of the cows and began to wonder that the girths were not long enough to meet around her capacious barrel that he came to himself.

"I am a great big fool!" he said, as he took the currycomb and began to give the broncho such a vigorous grooming as she had not had for months.