

Making his mare swerve a little to the left as he came closer and closer, Fritz shifted his riding whip in his hand, so that he could use the handle of it to catch hold of the bridle of the racing animal. It was a strong riding crop of Malacca cane—a present from his dead father—and it had his name engraved on it.

The excitement of the moment banished all shyness on the part of Fritz.

"All right, Miss Vaughn, hold on tight—I'll stop him." And deftly placing the hook of his whip-handle on her bridle, and giving it a twist, while at the same time keeping his own mare going at full speed, he drew Miss Vaughn's horse continually to the left in such a way that both animals began to describe a circle. The presence of another rider and his voice helped to calm the excited rush of the runaway, and at the proper moment, Fritz slipped from his saddle, gripped its bridle in an iron grasp, and, familiar as he had been from childhood with horses, soon held it panting, but stationary.

All were out of breath, both horses and the young people.

"Shall I help you down?" said Fritz, offering his hand for Miss Vaughn's foot.

"Thank you."

What a tiny little foot it was, and how Fritz thrilled as for a moment he felt her weight as she sprang lightly to the ground.