

## ESMERALDA

Mrs. Langdon and St. Johns had come along at the last moment and joined them—at least they rode a little to the front, talking and calling back, while their groom joined ours. The morning was lovely, the horses not too fresh for Mrs. DeWynt's comfort, and the Captain was being quite polite to Marjorie. Mrs. DeWynt felt pleased. Marjorie rode nicely—just as Durlands had taught her; and for once the responsibility of Esmeralda's presence was gone. She fell to thinking of her winter clothes and her Red Cross work, and a suggestion she was going to make about a new sort of carbolic soap for sailors, and of the advisability of inviting those new Crimmins to dinner.

In short, she was peacefully and profitably occupied, when all at once came a thunder of hoofs on the road behind, and a wild shriek—her own, she afterward realized. And there was Esmeralda coming at full clip, the terrible Jeff-dog bounding beside her, her red hair flying in the wind. Just before she