

A Timely Rescue

what horse she was riding. It was enough for me that she could not hold the brute, and that it was carrying her headlong to destruction.

We were already within a couple of hundred yards of the declivity, and, although the girl was pulling with all her strength, it was plain she would be carried over the precipice in a few seconds. I had just begun to rein in my horse when I heard the despairing cry, and saw Miss Jocelyn's agonised look as she passed me; but, quick as thought, I struck in the spurs and dashed after her.

'Well done! Stick to him, Miss Jocelyn,' I cried, encouragingly, 'I'm coming!'

Luckily the horse I was riding was almost thoroughbred, and one that responded to every touch of rein or spur. I had done most of the training of him as a colt, and we understood each other thoroughly. He seemed to know now exactly what was required, and we fairly raced over the smooth turf. In a marvellously short time I was carried alongside the runaway. And not too soon. A few yards further on was the brink of the precipice. Jocelyn's horse was mad for the time being, and the poor girl could do nothing. My brain was in a whirl, but some instinct told me it was useless to attempt to stop her horse. Yet something must be done, and that instantly. Mine was the heavier,