



HIS VERSION OF IT

was embarrassing even to me. So far as I could make out, my Major could not speak, and Miss Fairley would not. I was as anxious as he was to know what she would say, and in my suspense I suddenly conceived an idea that was little short of inspiration, though I say it who ought not. I asked the roan filly :

“ ‘Is your Felicia resting her weight on the side toward my Major, or on the side away from him ?’ ”