

EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS

Johns, going like the wind. One of the grooms, carried irresistibly into a field, was endeavoring to dissuade his animal from climbing a haystack; while round and round the center of disturbance circled the second groom and Captain Tugwell, each with his mount fairly well in hand, but shouting directions and advice to Esmeralda.

The struggle between girl and horse did not actually take more than five minutes, though my dear patroness assured me that to her, clinging to Daisy there amid those dreadful cows, it seemed interminable. Then all at once the big gray bolted down the road, going at a most alarming pace, but at least on four feet once more; and next, after a breathless moment or two, Esmeralda turned him, and came trotting gently back. Captain Tugwell rode up at once, brimming with congratulations.

"He almost had me going for a minute," said Esmeralda; "but I guess he knows who's boss now. After I ride him a few times more he'll be safe for democracy, all right!"