

saw that it was a figure on horseback, and a little later made out that it was a woman. She was riding towards him at a gallop, and was evidently mounted on a fleet horse.

Instinctively he felt that it was Miss Vaughn, and his heart seemed to come to a standstill and then race on at a pace like a steam engine without a governor. Nearer and nearer she came. He had reined in his mare to watch her, and as she approached he recognized the elegant figure of Miss Vaughn bending forward towards the outstretched neck of her horse, who was certainly covering the prairie with tremendous strides.

Could the animal be running away with its fair rider? Fritz soon became convinced that this was the case, and instantly put his mare in motion so as to cross the track of the young lady diagonally. A word was sufficient to his faithful broncho—a descendant of those animals on which in former days, at break-neck speed, the Indians had pursued the flying herds of buffalo. He was soon going at a pace nearly equal to that of Miss Vaughn.

As he gradually approached he could hear the loud thud of the hoofs of the animal Miss Vaughn was trying to subdue. Her nerve was good, and she had no thought of giving up, but her horse had taken the bit between his teeth and resisted all her efforts.