

EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS

commented, thankful, no doubt, that this strange young niece had at least one approved taste. "And so you ride? That is delightful! Marjorie rides too. You will enjoy going together."

Marjorie did not seem thrilled at the prospect.

"Do you ride—er—bareback?" she asked acidly.

"Why, I'd rather have a saddle if you can spare it," replied Esmeralda politely. "Even a pack saddle!"

There was a laugh. Mrs. DeWynt pulled on the curb hard. This was impossible. She arose.

"We shall have the coffee on the terrace," she said.

At that instant Esmeralda was listening intently to some remark of Mr. Willy's about the government prices, and so did not at once perceive the signal. I, pitying her simplicity, ventured to touch her arm. She saw, then, and hastily got up, first carefully folding her napkin!

"So's I can come again!" she said, quoting the childish superstition.