

the lazy prairie chickens from their cover, as they sped by the brush stretched on either side of them.

For a mile or two they sat almost silent; then he reined the horses into a quiet trot, and drawing the rug that had slightly slipped down further around her, turned and glanced toward her.

"A sharp trot they took us," he said pleasantly. "What do you think of my team?"

"Very frisky, I should say, Mr. Vernon."

"Only a little. They are full of life though."

"Rather too full of life for anybody at all nervous, Mr. Vernon. But you are a good driver," she added with a whimsical light shining playfully in her blue eyes, "and I am not nervous."

He glanced quickly at her and smiled.

"You flatter me, Miss Vaughn."

"No, no; you really deserve that," she said, smiling.

"Do I, Miss Vaughn? Thank you. I'm sure I shall try to do my best whenever I'm driving such a lady as you."

She glanced at him with a smile that intoxicated his senses. Thus lightly talking they drew near to the Wolf Inn, from which it happened that our friend Fritz was just emerging, for he felt it incumbent upon him to keep a watch on that hostelry.

"Hello," said Vernon. "Here's your gallant