

But—and this is the last—the time came when I was able to go out with Elsie and Fanny, and though we rode slowly, it did not need rapid motion to exhilarate me when she was by my side. As for Fanny, she used to lose us in the stupidest way, just as if she had not been brought up in the bush, and been able to follow a trail like a black fellow. But when Harmer came out on Sundays, it was we who lost them, for Fanny used to go off at full speed, while Jack, who never got used to a horse for many months, used to risk his neck to keep up with her. Then she used to annoy him at night by offering him the softest seat, which he stoutly refused, preferring to suffer untold tortures on a wooden stool, rather than confess. But I don't think they will ever imitate us, who got married at last in the autumn at Thomson Forks. I invited almost everyone I knew to the wedding, and I made Mac my chief man, much to Jack's disgust. I