

the runabout. He prayed for speed and regretted not having taken his Panhard. He could fetch it easily with that. But the machine did good work and substantiated the claims of its makers. It fairly flew over the smooth, hard road, and Brockenhaw made the coveted goal by a slight margin of time. He braced himself for the stop—and made it nicely.

But the runabout was not long enough to span from fence to fence. Then began a game of dodging. The bull tried to pass in front of the auto and Brockenhaw ran forward. When the bull tried the rear end, Brockenhaw ran backward. He breathed a prayer of thanks for the smoothly working mechanism. There was a Colt forty-four under the seat cushion Brockenhaw longed for the deformity of a third hand with which to use it.

The bull, finding himself blocked at every turn, drew back to see what sort of thing it was that baffled him. Ye gods! it was red. He lowered his head and charged the auto.

Brockenhaw went over the opposite side and sprawled to his feet. With him came the seat cushion and—stroke of good luck—the Colt. Picking up the weapon Brockenhaw sprang to his feet and looked around for the bull. He saw that snorting animal entangled, the auto impaled on his horns.

Fearful that he might break away, Brockenhaw ran around, and placing the Colt close up behind the left shoulder, fired. The brute gave a mighty heave, and dropped dead, dragging the wreck down upon him.

Mrs. Bradley and her guests were gathered on the spacious veranda, awaiting the arrival of Brockenhaw.

"Said he'd surely come over," said Griever. "Wants his need of praise and hero worship and all that, you know."

"And he deserves it," replied Marie Bradley, warmly. "It was nothing short of heroic—the way he saved us from that dreadful beast. Why, he might have been killed."

"Where is Eunice?" asked Mrs. Bradley solicitously. "She should be here, I think."

"I saw her go into the garden about ten minutes ago, dressed in pink," volunteered Challoser.

The ladies exchanged significant glances. "There is Fergus now," said vivacious Bessie Clavering. "I heard his voice in the garden." Then she cried into the darkness:

"Come up here, Fergus, I have a wreath of roses for you."

"And I a wreath of laurel," cried Marie Bradley. "Symbolic of victory, you know Fergus," she added significantly.

Brockenhaw's reply was a ringing triumphant laugh. Far from the general eye in the shadow of a huge syringa he was clasping in his arms a figure in pink, that clung to him confidently, and he was kissing the tears from a pair of adorable—and adoring—brown eyes.

"I think sweetheart," he whispered, "I have now sufficient provocation for that fourth proposal."

"Then hurry and make it," she said with a catch of happiness in her voice; "I wish to feel certain that I belong to you."