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"And now, gentlemen, stan' to
yer 'orses, 'pare to mount—
Mount!

"There you go, Number Seven,
up one side and down the other.
Try to stop in the saddle for a
minute, if only for the view.
You'll get yourself 'urted one of
these days dashing about all over
the 'orse like that; and 'sposing
you was to break your neck,
who'd get into trouble? Me, not
you! 'Ave a bit of consideration
for other people, please.

"Now, mind the word. Ride—
ri'—tur-r-n. Walk march. Tr-a-
a-at. Helbows slightly brushing
the ribs—your ribs, not the
'orse's, Number Three.

"Shorten yer reins, 'eels down,
'eads up, 'ollow yer backs, four
feet from nose to croup.

"Get off that mare's neck,
Number Seven, and try ridin' in
the saddle for a change; it'll be
more comfortable for everybody.

"You oughter do cowboy
stunts for the movin' pictures,
Number Six, you ought, really.
People would pay money to see
you ride a horse upside down like
that. Got a strain of wild Cos-
sack blood in you, eh?

"There you are, now you've
been and fell off. Nice way to
repay me for all the patience an'
learning I've given you!

"What are you lyin' there for?
Day-dreamin'? I s'pose you're
goin' to tell me you're 'urted
now? Be writing 'ome to Mother
about it next: 'Dear Ma,—A mad
mustang 'as trod on me stum-
mick. Please send me a gold
stripe. Your loving child, Algy.'

"Now, mind the word. Ride—
Can-ter!"

He cracks his whip; the horses
throw up their heads and break
into a canter; the cavaliers turn
pea green about the chops, let go
the reins and clutch saddle pom-
mels.

The leading horse, a rakish
chestnut, finding his head free at
last and being heartily fed-up
with the whole business, suddenly
bolts out of the "manege" and
legs it across the meadow, en
route for stables and tea. His
eleven mates stream in his wake,
emptying saddles as they go.

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