

dear me," and she sighed like the exiled queen in the fairy tale, "I'm dowerless and own nothing."

"Good," said Colonel Goff. "Brave girl! now that let's *me* in. General, just let me take the bet off your hands. Now then, Eloise, I'll take you dowerless — for you are a dower all unto yourself," he said, bowing grandly, "and I'll bet you — mark me now — I'll bet you that new English saddle mare I've just imported, against your own sweet self, that my friend the General's Princewood will win that race!"

"It's a go," cried Eloise, rising gracefully and taking his hand, "red-leather-bargain-done-for-ever," she added laughing.

The General looked pleased — he showed it in his bland smile and the vigorous nodding of his head. He whispered to Goff: "By gad, Goff, but all joking aside — she'll make you the finest wife alive!"

Eloise heard and looked over at Jack with a smile, but Jack's head was down on his breast and there was no smile on his lips.

Never remotely — in any way — in his dreams — (and being a poet, he dreamed often) had he ever thought of Eloise belonging to anyone but him!

It looked as if all the county was there on the fine fall day of the race. It was one of those sweet old country fairs where the yeomanry of the hills and the lassies from the valleys make holiday, and the heifers with polished horns share