

quivering as he settled himself into place and thrust his feet into the stirrups. "Mr. Murphy likes better to gallop, and I want to ride fast to my mother and tell her you're coming. Can I?"

"Of course. But are you glad to see me?"

"Yes, if you let me ride. Did you bring me a present?"

"Oh, Harry! You must not ask that," Katherine said.

"I didn't think you would hear, Auntie Kate. Don't tell mother. Good-by, Mr. Pony-man. I can't say Mr. Murphy, you see, 'cause that's the pony's name."

"Isn't he a wonder?" Henry said, as he took his seat beside Katherine. "See how well he rides—and not yet seven years old, the rascal. I wish I could have seen him when he was little." He watched the dust cloud that marked the boy until it vanished around the turn of the road.

The horses traveled fast, and the long, low houses soon came into view. "You are pale, my friend," Katherine said, looking at him. "There is nothing to be afraid of. I have helped your cause—when it needed help."

Henry put his hand for a moment over hers, but she drew away. "No flirting," she said, with a