

her to manage a horse! Why, preposterous! It would have been a mere bagatelle of course if the horse had gone tearing down the street and keeled over a few of the band.

You remember, Kit, how we used to long to drive at our fall show at home. You just ought to hear Elsa tell how she trained Goldie to rear up in front of the judge's stand and look a "very bad actor" or rather "a good kicker" as the men say out West when they feel they've married a thoroughbred wife. Elsa would bring Goldie down with a flick of her whip, and a moment after, drive on most unconcernedly with the red ticket flying.

And Kathleen just wait till I tell you. She came tripping down street one day with a five dollar bill fluttering carelessly between her fingers. She walked up to a group of men, one of them being our minister, who said something in a joking way about our new church needing the bill and offered to match her for it. Elsa lost and staked in with the most nonchalant air. She would do the sporting thing in a case of that kind or break her neck.

One Sunday she came dashing up with her two chicken dogs, to take me driving. One dog, Alex, by name, was a very well-trained pointer that Elsa could manage beautifully. She had a whistle that any man might envy. But the other dog, Bobbie, was a harum-scarum pup, very keen on the scent, but no one had ever taken pains to train him. Just when Alex would get some chickens set, Bobbie, who had probably been racing after a jack-rabbit half-a-mile off, would come rushing in, hit Alex broadsides, send him flying and flush the chickens. He flushed a covey of thirty just as we were discussing him and then chased them away across the fields. This enraged Elsa beyond all bounds. It amused me very much, because Elsa had no control over him at all. She put some shot into him, on the first day of chicken shooting this year, because of course he was spoiling all their sport, but afterwards she had to cut the lead out with her jack-knife. However, she came home with the limit the law allows—twenty chickens—just like the "rest of the men." I asked her what they did with Goldie when out shooting. "Oh she'll stand," she said, "if I plug her ears."

She was telling me one day about taking a girl with her out into the country to look for a maid for their hotel. They saw just two chickens and a duck and Elsa got them all, shot them on the wing too. It was perfectly killing to hear her tell about their trouble in getting the duck. It fell into the slough and as they didn't have a duck dog along, Ruby ordered "Shorty" to back the runabout into the slough, so that they could reach the duck that way, "Well, you know," said Elsa, with infinite disgust in her voice, "Shorty is such a hen. She drove Goldie in and then couldn't back out nor couldn't drive through either. So I had to get out, take off my shoes and stockings, climb along the shafts onto Goldie's back, unhitch her, ride her out, hitch her to the back of the buggy, pull it out that way, and then hitch up again,—and of course my feet were so wet and muddy I couldn't put on my stockings again, so I tried to hide them in the lap robe when we got to the house where we were going, but the people asked what my boots were doing up in front