

ESMERALDA

a large proportion of it either way. And before his demonstration the other horses fled as shavings in a windstorm—scattering to the right and left, over fences, through underbrush, surmounting anything, crossing anything, to be out of the way of the big gray devil and his rage.

Daisy, poor dear Mrs. DeWynt's mount, insisted upon climbing up a sidehill into a cow pasture full of cows, and this at a gait which necessitated the poor lady's grasping her mane with both hands, in a fainting state of terror, owing to the fact that she lost both stirrups at the first plunge up the embankment. And she is not fond of cows; indeed, they fill her with profound distrust—yet Daisy ruthlessly carried her into their very midst.

Mrs. Langdon's horse took her midstream in a shallow but noisy brook, and then started wading up, despite her most violent protests. Marjorie was cantering away up the road, lost in a cloud of dust; and after her went St.