

forgot a road after once going over it, and Kathleen, you know what prairie trails are like. I was always pulling Nigger up till I should decide whether I had passed that green house on the way out, or which turn I'd taken before. I never learned how to guide myself by the stars. Not so with Miss Elsa.

The Ladies' Band went off one day, away down into the States, forty miles, to play at a 4th of July celebration. I don't know who drove them down, but Elsa drove the big tally-ho back all the way herself, after dark too. Wasn't she a little brick—with all the other girls asleep? But to cap the climax, the porter of their hotel came racing up behind the tally-ho with another man, both intoxicated, especially the porter, and tried to pass on a narrow trail. Of course they were thrown out into the ditch and the buggy was not only partly smashed, but it stuck in the mud. When the men tried to get it out, the less intoxicated one cut his shoulder badly trying to "boost" the wheel and—well, really, I forget what happened to the porter; but he being naturally ugly-tempered, the accident and the liquor didn't tend to improve the state of his mind, so just to be contrary, he bethought himself of turning around and going away back across the border again. His "companion in sin" could do nothing with him, till Elsa got out of her rig, boxed his ears soundly and sent him on home. Now just imagine! Doesn't that remind you of Queen Elizabeth boxing Essex' ears, only, of course, under very different circumstances.

I didn't see her riding much, but she spoke most casually of riding twelve miles down into the country to go for a run with Frankie Ramsay. This day, her horse was feeling particularly fine. It was a thoroughbred blue horse anyway. (Kathleen, what did she mean by that? I didn't dare ask her. I just looked wise). It had just kicked the hostler and the stall partitions out of the stable, but Elsa got on, and only with a man's English saddle, the Western saddles being, of course, too heavy for fence-jumping. Well, on the way home from Frankie's, just as she went to take a broad ditch, the wind caught up a piece of white paper and frightened the horse, which was just looking for trouble. It ran up alongside a barbed wire fence, tore Elsa's skirt, ripped up her riding-boot and just then out flew a dog from one of the farm-houses and bit at the horse's heels. The horse had balked at the fence but now Elsa gave it a cut with her quirt and up it rose, "just like that," said Elsa, with a graceful movement of her hand, and cleared the top wire side-ways. Then, not giving Elsa a moment to recover, shot across ploughed field and prairie indiscriminately and stopped with a jump and a shiver in front of a big binder,—“the first time,” said Elsa, “that it wasn't dead scared of a binder.”

The night she told me about this she came along with two cuts in her horse's back. She saw me looking rather inquiringly at them and explained that Goldie had just been acting up for the men's band on the front street. “The first time she's played to the gallery for a long time,” added Elsa. One of the men had rushed out to catch the horse's bridle, but she had called to him to keep out of the way or he'd get a slash too. The idea of a man helping