

There was one who knew, however, because she really had horse sense. She was riding a beautiful English saddle mare across the infield, and she looked like a young Diana in her dark blue riding suit, and she sat her horse like the Centaur's wife. As she rode across the grassy infield, Braxton Bragg came up, and catching her mare by the bit, stopped her short. His little round, weak face was focused into a smile. Eloise flushed, vexed that he should seize a moving mare by the bit, for it is against all good horsemanship to do it; just as one pilot would resent another interfering with his wheel. She looked down on him without a smile.

"Say, Eloise," he said as one who seeks a compliment, "how do you like the way I did it?"

Long ago Eloise had said of Braxton Bragg: "Answer a fool according to his folly." Therefore she smiled dryly now and said, "Beautifully. How entirely and completely you do fill that sulky seat, Braggy." Braxton Bragg, not knowing what satire was, took this for a compliment, and smiled again. Then, encouraged, he whispered low to her: "You've never given me a chance to show you just how much I could do for love of you, Eloise."

"Oh," she answered, ever so sweetly.

"Yes," he sighed affectedly, trying to look love-lorn, cocking his head with affected sadness and succeeding only in looking ridiculous.

"Oh," she said sweetly again. If he had had