

While the horse was drinking, the young people would discuss the racers.

Once when Alma stopped, the boy was leading out the prize pacer "Walpurga."

"It must be wonderful to drive a horse like that," exclaimed Alma, "but it must be very difficult."

"No indeed," replied the young boy, "She is so gentle and responsive that a baby could drive her."

Alma's eyes glistened, "How I would like to drive her!"

"Would you really? Say, if you really mean that, I'll let you sometime."

"Tomorrow?" she queried eagerly.

The boy considered a moment. "Why, yes, I guess so." He paused again. "Suppose you meet me at the river crossroads. I'll be there with Walpurga at ten o'clock."

Alma asked dubiously--"What would your boss say?"

"He won't know it if you don't tell! Walpurga has to be exercised every morning anyway."

Feeling like a conspirator, Alma left the house the next morning in time to reach the designated crossroads at ten o'clock. Sure enough, the boy was waiting. Walpurga was hitched to her racing sulky. Alma, never having viewed a racing sulky any closer than from a grandstand seat, had no idea how small a sulky was. It has just two wheels, a tiny seat so close to the horse that one can lean over and pet him. And, apparently, there is no place for the horse's tail!

But the boy knew what to do. He spread the horse's tail across the seat, as jockeys do, helped Alma in, adjusted her