

feet far apart in the little toe holds, and gave final instructions: "Don't use the whip. You won't need it. Go easy on the reins, for the harder you pull, the faster she'll go. Go 'round the fourmile square--I'll wait for you here." Almost before he stopped speaking, the horse had plunged forward. Alma had a quick glimpse of the boy climbing into her buggy, to kill time. That little horse seemed to feel that something was expected of her and she settled down into her best racing stride. The harder Alma pulled on the lines, the faster the well-trained pacer flew. Alma's hair blew straight back in the breeze (so did Walpurga's tail.)

Alma's eyes grew brighter and her cheeks redder as the distance was swallowed up. It seemed as if the first milestone was reached in one minute, the second in another.

As they came down the homestretch on the fourth lap, time stopped completely. Alma's heart was beating so fast she could hardly see to drive--but the little pacer didn't need driving, she was a professional. She knew all the tricks of her trade and was giving of her best.

When the starting place was reached again, Alma was in such a state of blissful excitement she fairly fell out of the sulky.

"Oh, it was wonderful!" she gasped. "It's the most wonderful ride I ever had in my life."

"I thought you'd like it," smiled the boy, appreciatively. "She's a good little horse!"

The return swap was hurriedly made, Alma climbing into her now prosaic buggy, and the boy stepping into the spiderweb