

certain to tail that fox as the sun shines. I rubbed my rabbit-foot on Music and Rowdy before I started, and I 'll whistle 'em up and shake it at 'em to-night."

"But remember, Mr. Collingsworth, you are already married," Mary suggested archly.

"I know — I know! But my old woman has been complaining might'ly of late — complaining might'ly. When I started away, she says, 'Tom, you ought n't to ride your big gray; he's lots too young for you.' But something told me that I'd need the big gray, and, sure enough, here's right where the big gray comes in."

"I brought my sorrel along," remarked Colston, sententiously.

"Oh, you did?" inquired Collingsworth, sarcastically. "Well, I'll give your sorrel half-way across a ten-acre field and run right spang over you with my big gray before you can get out of the way. There ain't but one nag I'm afraid of, and that's Jack Preston's roan filly. You did n't bring her, did you, Jack? Well," continued Collingsworth with a sigh, as Jack nodded assent, "I'll give you one tussle anyhow. But that roan is a half-sister of Waters's Timoleon. I declare,