

sulky. They waved goodbye and were off.

A few days later when Alma paused to water her horse at the convenient trough, the boy came up and told the following story.

The owner of the stable had encountered an old farmer. "Hey, Dan, what woman was a drivin' of your pacer yesterday?" he asked.

The owner guffawed. "You must be losing your eyesight, Seth! Do you think I'd let a woman drive Walpurga? Not in kingdom-come!"

"Well," the old geezer said, "maybe so--she went by so fast I wa'nt certain, but it sure looked like a woman!"

The boy smiled, and Alma smiled and that was that.