

"Just this: I'm sick and tired of the life I'm living, and I'm going to change it. Another thing, if Elsa and Bert had a few hundred dollars ahead as a nest egg, they could get married. Well, I'm going to earn it."

"How?" challenged old John desirively.

"By working, of course. Why, I'm spry as a cricket, for all my sixty odd years! Just the thing struck me in a city paper today. Here it is."

Daniel unfolded the newspaper and pointed to a certain paragraph. It read, with an address: "Wanted, a man used to the care and training of horses."

"Don't you understand?" demanded Daniel. "I didn't spend ten years on the ranch out west not to understand horse folks. Why, I'd take second place to no man in that line. Here's just the job for me, and I'm going to reach for it. Have you any money, John?"

"I have just five dollars, put away for a special purpose," replied Davis hesitatingly.

"This is the special purpose then," insisted Daniel. "You lend it to me. It will do for a starter. First pay day it comes back to you promptly."

So it was arranged. That night Daniel packed a small valise, wrote a note to Elsa, slipped it under the door of her room and prepared to make a truant flight. He could not afford to take any risks of detention or speedy pursuit, so he had prepared to vacate his home in true runaway boy fashion.

"Just as they do in the story books!" chuckled the excited old schemer, as he tied a clothes line to the head of his bed and cautiously opened the window.

Then he let down the valise. Next his own thin but wiry form. He grinned and laughed all the way to the railroad depot. It was all so jolly, romantic and inspiring.

But a severe disappointment met the old man when he visited the advertiser in the city next morning. He

was informed that the position had been filled.

This made Daniel somewhat glum. He wandered about the city planning to apply for some other position, and came across a big circus tent. The animation and novelty carried him off a prudent balance and he bought a ticket.

The glare and the tinsel made old Daniel forget his troubles. When the horses came on he was lifted to the seventh heaven of delight. Then came the wild horse, Mazeppa, and the trained mustang, Armida. Twice the old man amused the crowd about him by shouting directions to bungling trainers in the ring. When the untamable broncho, Wildfire, was announced, he fairly rose up in his seat. The ringmaster offered fifty dollars to the one who could mount Wildfire and ride him around the ring.

A heap of fun followed. The audience roared as candidate after candidate was chased over the ropes or flung into the sawdust. The ringmaster proudly and defiantly raised the price—" \$100 for the skilled horseman who could subdue Wildfire."

"I'll take that!" yelled the excited Daniel, whipping off his coat and making a nimble leap.

"Whoop!" "Good for old Methusalem!" "Go it, grandpa!" and shouts and yells mingled in a riotous chorus.

Old Daniel fixed his eye on Wildfire, full of the pluck and vim of the old ranch days. He made a rush. Wildfire butted at him. He sprang aside. Wildfire stuck out with his hoofs. Then with a lightning-like movement Daniel shot out both hands, one to the nose, one to the ear of the broncho. A spring leap, and he was on the back of the whirling animal. Around the ring once, twice, three times—and the audience fairly hooted themselves hoarse, while the ringmaster looked blank.

"Say, you're the best card ever came into this show," said the latter, as he placed ten crisp bank bills in the hand of the successful broncho