RUTH FIELDING IN THE SADDLE: OR, COLLEGE GIRLS IN THE LAND OF GOLD

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Ruth Fielding in the Saddle: Or, College Girls in the Land of Gold by Alice B. Emerson

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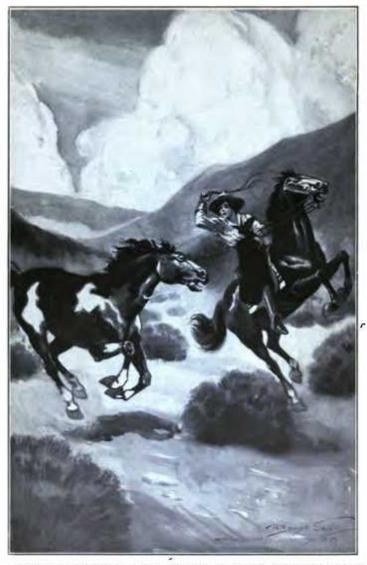
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ALICE B. EMERSON

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AS THE MAD HORSE CIRCLED HER, THE GIRL STRUCK AGAIN AND AGAIN.

Ruth Fielding in the Saddle.

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Ruth Fielding In the Saddle

OR

COLLEGE GIRLS IN THE LAND OF GOLD

BY

ALICE B. EMERSON

AUTHOR OF "RUTH FIELDING OF THE RED MILL," "RUTH FIELDING ON CLIFF ISLAND," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED



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RUTH FIELDING IN THE SADDLE

CHAPTER I

WHAT IS COMING

"WILL you do it?" asked the "ager, blackeyed girl sitting on the deep window shelf.

"If Mr. Hammond says the synopsis of the

picture is all right, I'll go."

1

"Oh, Ruthie! It would be just-just scrump-

"We'll go, Helen-just as we agreed last

week," said her chum, laughing happily.

"It will be great! great!" murmured Helen Cameron, her hands clasped in blissful anticipation. "Right into the 'wild and woolly.' Dear me, Ruth Fielding, we do have the nicest times—you and I!"

"You needn't overlook me," grumbled the third and rather plump freshman who occupied the most comfortable chair in the chums' study in Dare Hall.

"That would be rather—er—impossible, wouldn't it, Heavy?" suggested Helen Cameron, rolling her black eyes.

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RUTH FIELDING IN THE SADDLE

Jennie Stone made a face like a street gamin, but otherwise ignored Helen's cruel suggestion. "I'd rather register joy, too—Oh, yes, I'm going with you; have written home about it. Have to tell Aunt Kate ahead, you know. Yes, I'd register joy, if it weren't for one thing that I see looming before us."

"What's that, honey?" asked Ruth.

"The horseback ride from Yucca into the Hualapai Range seems like a doubtful equation to me."

"Don't you mean 'doubtful equestrianism'?"
put in the black-eyed girl with a chuckle.

"Perhaps I do," sighed Jennie. "You know,

I'm a regular sailor on horseback."

"You should have taken it up when we were all at Silver Ranch with Ann Hicks," Ruth said.

"Oh, say not so!" begged Jennie Stone lugubriously. "What I should have done in the past has nothing to do with this coming summer. I groan to think of what I shall have to endure."

"Who will do the groaning for the horse that has to carry you, Heavy?" interposed the irrepressible Helen, giving her the old nickname that Jennie Stone now scarcely deserved.

"Never mind. Let the horse do his own worrying," was the placid reply. The temper of the well nourished girl was not easily ruffled.

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