

**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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ALICE B. EMERSON

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SADDLE: OR,
COLLEGE GIRLS IN
THE LAND OF GOLD**



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

Ruth Fielding in the Saddle.

Page 171

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

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. WHAT IS COMING'	1
II. EAVESDROPPING	9
III. THE LETTER FROM YUCCA	18
IV. A WEEK AT HOME	26
V. THE GIRL IN LOWER FIVE	35
VI. SOMEBODY AHEAD OF THEM	44
VII. A MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR	52
VIII. MIN	58
IX. IN THE SADDLE AT LAST	67
X. THE STAMPEDE	75
XI. AT HANDY GULCH	82
XII. MIN SHOWS HER METTLE	94
XIII. AN URSINE HOLDUP	100
XIV. AT FREEZEOUT CAMP	109
XV. MORE DISCOVERIES	117
XVI. NEW ARRIVALS	124
XVII. THE MAN IN THE CABIN	134
XVIII. RUTH REALLY HAS A SECRET	142
XIX. SOMETHING UNEXPECTED,	151

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
XX.	THE MAD STALLION . . .	159
XXI.	A PERIL OF THE SADDLE . .	167
XXII.	RUTH HEARS SOMETHING . .	177
XXIII.	MORE OF IT	185
XXIV.	THE REAL THING	192
XXV.	UNCLE JABEZ IS CONVERTED .	199

RUTH FIELDING IN THE SADDLE

CHAPTER I

WHAT IS COMING

"WILL you do it?" asked the eager, black-eyed girl sitting on the deep window shelf.

"If Mr. Hammond says the synopsis of the picture is all right, I'll go."

"Oh, Ruthie! It would be just—just scrumptious!"

"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.

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 Huapapai 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.