

Jack, you ought n't to be riding that filly around in the underbrush."

"She needs exercise," Preston explained. "She's been in the stable eating her head off for a week."

Collingsworth shook his head. "Well," he said, after a while, "just keep her on the ground and I'll try to follow along after you the best I can."

That day and nearly all night there was fun in the big house and fun on the plantation. The colonel insisted on having some yam-potatoes roasted in the ashes to go along with persimmon beer. The negroes made the night melodious with their play-songs, and everything combined to make the occasion a memorable one, especially to the young people. Toward bedtime the hunters went out and inspected their dogs, and an abundant feed of warm ash-cake was served out to them. Then Tom Collingsworth hung his saddle-blanket on the fence, and under it and around it his dogs curled themselves in the oak-leaves; and the rest of the dogs followed their example, so that when morning came not a hound was missing.

During the night Mary was awakened by