

the tramping of feet. Some one had come in. Then she heard the voice of Collingsworth.

“How is it, Harvey?”

“Splendid! Could n’t be better. It’s warmer. Been drizzling a little.”

“Thank the Lord for that!” exclaimed Collingsworth.

Then Mary heard the big clock in the hall chime three. In a little while she heard Aunt Dilsey, the cook, shuffling in. A fire was already crackling and blazing in the sitting-room. Then the clock chimed four, and at once there seemed to be a subdued stir all over the house. The house-girl came into Mary’s room with a lighted candle and quickly kindled a fire, and in a quarter of an hour the young lady tripped lightly downstairs, the skirt of her riding-habit flung over her arm.

It was not long before the company of fox-hunters was gathered around the breakfast-table. The aroma of Aunt Dilsey’s hot coffee filled the room, mingled with the odor of fried chicken, and, after the colonel had asked a blessing, they all fell to with a heartiness of appetite that made Aunt Dil-