

sey grin as she stood in the door of the dining-room, giving some parting advice to her young mistress.

There was a stir in the yard and in front of the house. The dogs, seeing the horses brought out, knew that there was fun on foot, and they were running about and yelping with delight. And the negroes were laughing and talking, and the horses snorting and whinnying, and, altogether, the scene was full of life and animation. The morning was a little damp and chilly, but what did that matter? The drifting clouds, tinged with the dim twilight of dawn, were more ominous in appearance than in fact. They were driving steadily eastward and breaking up, and the day promised to be all that could be desired.

At half past five the cavalcade moved off. Mary had disposed of a possible complication by requesting Tom Collingsworth to be her escort until the hunt should need his attention. In addition, she had Bob, the man-of-all-work, to look to her safety, and, although Bob was astride of a mule, he considered himself as well mounted as any of the rest. So they set out, Bob leading the way to open