

the plantation gates that led to the old sedge-fields, where a fox was always found.

The riders had been compelled to make a *détour* in order to cross Murder Creek, so that it was near half-past six o'clock when they reached the fields. Once upon a time these fields had been covered with broom-sedge, but now they had been taken by Bermuda grass, and were as clean-looking as if they were under cultivation. But they were still called the old sedge-fields.

As the east reddened, the huge shadows crept down into the valleys to find a hiding-place. They rested there a little, and then slowly disappeared, moving westward, and leaving behind them the light of day.

Tom Collingsworth had carried Mary to a hill that overlooked every part of the wide valley in which the dogs were hunting. He had been teasing her about Colston and Preston. Finally he asked : —

“ Now, Miss Mary, which of the two would you like to receive the brush from ? ”

“ I'll allow you to choose for me. You are a good judge.”

“ Well,” said Collingsworth, “ if a man was to back me up against the wall, and