

He spurred his horse forward, but had to rein him up again. Whalebone swept out of the underbrush, a hundred yards away, followed by Music and Rowan, gave a wild, exultant challenge that thrilled and vibrated on the air, and went whirling past Mary and Collingsworth not fifty yards from where they stood. Collingsworth gave a series of yells that brought the whole field into the chase, not far behind the leaders.

The drag led through and across a series of undulations, and Miss Mary and Collingsworth, cantering leisurely along a skirting ridge, had an excellent view of hunt and huntsmen. The drag was warm enough to be inviting, but not warm enough to excite the hounds. Whalebone, Music, and Rowan were running easily twenty yards ahead of the pack, and for a good part of the time a horse-blanket would have covered them.

It was evident, Mr. Collingsworth said, that the fox had run around at the head of the valley in some confusion, and had then slipped away before the hunt came upon the ground. It was a red, too, for a gray would have played around in the undergrowth with the dogs at his heels before breaking cover.