

with a dissertation on the subject. There is a superstition that wild animals can withhold their scent, and there is a theory held by some hunters that a fox badly frightened will leave no scent behind him at all. Those who have followed the hounds know that many a hopeful chase has suddenly come to an end under circumstances as mysterious as they were exasperating.

The old riders looked at one another significantly when the dogs ran whining about the clay gall. Matt Kilpatrick groaned and shook his head. Harvey Dennis encouraged the dogs and urged them on, and they seemed to do their best, but not a whimper came from the noisiest of the pack. Some of the huntsmen began to exhibit signs of despair. But the older ones were more philosophical.

“Wait,” said Matt Kilpatrick. “Whalebone and Music and Rowan have gone off to investigate matters. Let’s hear what they have to say.”

This seemed to be a pretty tame piece of advice to give a parcel of impatient people who had just got a taste of the chase, but it was reasonable ; and so they waited with such appearance of resignation as they could mus-