

ter. They did not have long to wait. By the time Collingsworth could throw a leg over the pommel of his saddle and take out his pocket-knife preparatory to whittling a twig, Whalebone gave a short, sharp challenge a quarter of a mile away. He was joined instantly by Rowan and Music, and then Bob, the negro, gave a yell as he heard Old Blue, the colonel's brag dog, put in his mouth. The rest of the dogs joined in the best they could, but a good many were thrown out, for the fox had been taking matters easily, it seems, until he heard the dogs coming over the hills, and then he made a bee-line for Little River, seven miles away.

The chase went with a rush from the moment Whalebone picked up the drag in the big woods. When the fox broke away he turned sharply to the left, and in a few moments the dogs streamed out into the open and struck across the Bermuda hills. Mr. Collingsworth, still escorting Mary, was compelled to let his big gray out a few links. It was fun for the young lady, who had a quick eye and a firm hand. She gave the black she was riding two sharp strokes with her whip, and, for a couple of miles, she set the pace for the