

riders. But it was a pace not good for the horses, as the older hunters knew, and Collingsworth remonstrated.

“Don’t ride so hard, Miss Mary,” he said. “You ’ll have plenty of hard riding to do when that old red comes back. I ’m going to take my stand on yonder hill, and if you ’ll keep me company, our horses will be fresh when the big scuffle comes.”

So they took their stand on the hill, and the hounds swept away toward the river, followed by the more enthusiastic riders. They were riders, however, who seemed to have a knack of taking care of their horses. When the hounds went over a hill the music of their voices rose loud and clear; when they dipped down into the valleys, it came sweet and faint. They disappeared in the woods, two miles away, and their melody swelled out on the morning air like the notes of some powerful organ softly played. Then the music became fainter and fainter, falling on the ears as gently as a whisper, and finally it died away altogether.

“Now,” said Collingsworth, “we ’ll ride a half-mile to the left here, and I think we ’ll then be in the hock of the ham.”