

that crowned the farthest hill on the left. There was a short pause as the leading dogs came into view — a “little bobble,” as Mr. Collingsworth phrased it — and they deployed about very rapidly, knowing by instinct that they had no time to lose. Old Blue, the colonel’s dog, was still with the leaders, and seemed to be as spry as any of them. It was Old Blue, in fact, that recovered the drag a little to the right of the point where the dogs had made their appearance. The chase then swerved somewhat to the right, and half-way down the hill the dogs took a running jump at a ten-rail fence. Whalebone took it in grand style, knocking the top-rail off behind him. Rowan and Music went over easily, but Old Blue had to scramble a little. He made up for lost time when he did get over, and Mary grew enthusiastic. She declared that hereafter Old Blue should be treated with due respect.

By this time the rest of the dogs had made their appearance. It was a pretty sight to see them swarming, helter-skelter, over the fence, and the sweet discord their voices made was thrilling indeed.

A rider appeared on the hill to the left.