

riding to the hounds, raised his right hand above his head and held it there an instant. As quick as a flash, Collingsworth leaned from his saddle and shook his left hand, and then bent and unbent his arm rapidly. Preston's roan filly seemed to understand it, for she made three or four leaps forward, and then came to a standstill.

At this juncture Mr. Collingsworth gave the view halloo, — once, twice, thrice, — and then spurred his big gray toward the fox, which was now going at full speed. Whalebone responded with a howl of delight that rang clear and sharp, and in another moment he and Rowan and Music and Old Blue were going with their heads up and tails down. When Bob, the negro, saw Old Blue going with the best, he gave utterance to a shout which few white men could imitate, but which no sensible dog could misunderstand. At that instant the four dogs caught sight of the fox, and they went after him at a pace that neither he nor any of his tribe could improve on. He plunged into the swampy barrier, was forced out, and the dogs ran into him at the roan filly's feet. He leaped into the air with a squall, and fell into the red jaws of Whalebone and Old Blue.