## THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1902.

ing-but let that pase." Rothwell said

"I suppose you mean to say he is as wil-

telling me all about him. I bought him

because-well! because I wanted a horse

"If you will not go back for a remount,

Interloper !

the ploughland.

Hear the train coming'"

Ruby's lead now was less than twenty

yards. Patricia felt the laborings of her

heart, the spasmodic panting breath. Sud-

denly the dog music fell to a mad jangle-

as suddenly the pack went out of sight,

then, all in a twinkle, again straggled into

the field of vision. Patricia wondered what

The dull roaring was louder, nearer,

held their deadly glitter. She tried to pull

up-to turn and ride down her adversary:

as well might she have tried to rein fire

but full of deadly rage against the rider

at least change with me." Rothwell en-

of superior weight and substance."

## **A Hunting Morning** By MARTRA MCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

struck Rothwell fairly between wind and water. That is to say, without metaphor. between his weariness of a silly woman and his wariness of one over-bold. He half he was the best part of ten years. Worldly wise matrons and virgins had made trotting. Just then the Taplows laid vio- | men are to keep on cornering the transgreetheir south-country place.

The flippant new house, high-colored, not because he was shocked, but simply bemany gabled, seemed an affront to the cause he did not choose to stay." splendid old avenue and the riotous rich- "I do not choose to stay either. No lady ness of grounds and garden run wild for so ever says such a word as 'fool.' I am sure her place.' many years. Rothwell wondered why the my Aunt Mary would disapprove my having Taplows had not put up something colonial you longer as a friend," Missie said, draw- don stirred as though she meant to rise. monumers' she said to the old times, the ended by inughing a silent, cynical hugh. old owners-the only one either would ever doing kind things regardless of the fact. that offener than not the doing got her into social hot water.

Thus a Taplow house party was morally certain to be a mixed affair. Missie Ware, the silly woman, made part of this one, because Molly knew in the Lenten begins the girl had nowhere else to go; Mrs. Loudon, whom men called disrespectfully the hold Loudon, was at Wake Forest because she chose instead of being chosen. A dashing widow, and rich, she had all the world be fore her. That ought to have hardened Molly's heart against her. In a manner it did-still when Mrs. Loudon said calmly "Molly, my Lenten sacrifice is-myself. ] am coming with you to save you and Will from being bored to extinction." Molly had acquiesced, and when her husband pro-tested, had even said: "Well, Clara's maid is a treasure-it will be a comfort to have her in the house, there where one is so far from everything."

Verna Ash, truly a golden girl-yellowhaired, with a million in her own right, had been asked, because Molly wanted to match her with Tregars. Tregars was a crossgrained genius of whom Molly and Taplow both expected great things if he could be persuaded to give himself the leisure and liberty of riches. The other men besides Rothwell were Dick Morton, a fortunate broker, once Taplow's college chum; Van Rensselaer Lewis, Molly's brother, with leanings to reform and holy orders, and Hugh Anstruther, a transplanted Scot, who had risen in twenty years from the forge and the furnace hearth to the control of unreckoned millions.

All had been at Wake Forest for a week before Patricia came. Patricia was to the manner horn. Back in civil war times her father, Colonel Rhett of the Palmetto Rifles, had saved the life of Major Taplow. When the major's widow, old Madame Taplow. found she could not turn her son from what she called his supreme folly of huving a Carolina estate, she charitably resolved to plant thorns in his chosen path. To that end she resurrected the story of rescue and subsequent languid friendliness. No doubt the people were by this time more than ever impossible-but since Molly and Will had a taste for the inspessible they must search out the Rhetts and do them such good turns as they might.

(Copyright, 1962, by Marina McCulloch-Williams.) --particularly in Lent," Hotbwell said, get-ting up precipitizies - Particular stance had Patricia's glance, long and level-lidded, but just gone home. He knew nothing whatting up precipitately. Patricia's glance had ever about her, but something in her eyes, her delicately poble face, shamed him for the women at his side.

"Now see what you have done, Clara! 1 hated the pair of them-insistently they hate you! You know Mr. Rothwell cannot mule if that was the way to get to heaven. made him remember what he had come to bear to hear women say that sort of risque. irreligious things," Missie said previshly as well's ear. Tregars laughed. "Tell us that even thought of friendship between Patricia flung her weight forward, iring alhe strode away. Mrs. Loudon laughed things we do not know, bold one. Ten us was an imperimence." him so painfully conscious of the fact the aloud. "You are a fool, Missle," she said. fag end of the senson had found him much abrugging her fine aboulders. "And Langiey | beavenward-you know enough never to be in the mind to go back to his beloved globe- Rothwell is another. I wonder if he thinks a misfit" lent hospitalities upon him, whisking him sion market, and professing to save women some." Mrs. Loudon said, her eyes dark- long before he was brought down here. He land held too hard. But she could and did away in a private car to meet the spring by committing all the sins themselves? That ling. amid the pines and yellow jessamine of is the man-of-the-world pose. I had thought friends begins to be understood." their south-country place.

-something at least decently reminiscent ing her skirts about her much as a prim but Miss Ash was not to be stayed. She of the burned house, one of whose tail bantam folds its wings. Mrs. Loudon also leaned toward Patricis, neking with a chimneys was still erect. Ivy and wilding rose, her eyes narrowed till they showed rasping accent which seemed to her tremvines had overrun it so picturesquely, Mrs. only a spark of red fire between the lids. endously superior: "O! Miss-er Brett, Taplow would not have it down. It was a She opened her lips as though to speak, but how do you crackers amuse yourselves? Her mind was made up to marry Rothwell, heve. Under all her gay loudness Molly His bulk and stature, his wholesome blonde Patricis said. Austruther looked pur- treated. "That brown devil can outrun Taplow had a heart of gold. She kept on comeliness appealed to her even more than aled-he knew too little of the life about snything in the field today. When he runs

back and have ridden him in my morning path!" "Oh, did you hear how ahe came ?" Miss gailops ever since."

tivates two most eligible men, almost in the bad horse for it." wink of an evelush," Tregars said, smil-

2011."

at him, also smilling. "I would not ride a abe said, leaning across to speak in Roth- been under spell you have made me feel had the fire and stay and spirit. Impulsively mules, nor twenty, could not carry you

"You mean I cannot bear to be loneyou are on. I know him of old-know him is all you say as to speed and action-"I am glad my devotion to my when he chooses there is hardly a better hunter on top of ground. The trouble is as fiame devours stubble. "Stop quarreling, you two-I am going

he does not always nor often choose. He's to say things to that girl," Verna said. the worst rogue possible-may carry you "If Molly has no more sense than to have like a lamb through parts of a run, then her here, somebody has got to teach her bore into a tree or fence or gatepost and dush out your brains."

Tredgars frowned impatiently, Mrs. Louful as-a man," Mrs. Loudon said, laugh-ing recklessly: "Thank you very much for believe crackers is the right name?" "It is a name of varied application."

COPOLOVERY PATRICEA . FLONG . HEED NER SAL MARE - NER TO WARTE IN

his wealth and position. More than all him to understand the slur. Rothwell's a man has some chance to keep him there was the excitement of winning him in eyes flashed. But before he could speak straight-" spite of himself. She understood him well the butler, still somewhat dazed, anenough to know that in the outset she re- nounced that dinner was served and stared him straight-and ride my own line." Mrs. with at least a semi-human amasement to Loudon said meaningly, whipping ahead. pelled rather than attracted him. see the afternoon arrival go out to it, upon ] She had dreaded nothing save another woman. Was that girl across the plazza the his master's arm Thus it all began. The end came apace. other woman? Rothwell had changed countenance at sight of her. She must be the Patricia suffered more from the friends native Molly had unearthed, but how did she made than the foes. That is, however, down the wind, the riders streaming after. ohe make herself look as though she had a common human experience. Molly was with the view halloo ringing cheerily all come from the Sleeping Beauty's castle, in-Anstruther after the first amazing break stead of a remote, every-day plantation? contented himself with staring at her from She was individual, even distinguished. Mrs. Loudon was never weak enough to afar. Rothwell was hard hit and did not it hri been misty-mild at daybreak, but undervalue an adversary. She crossed the try to hide it. The other men gave her up the strengthening supshine had brought plazza with her finest high manner and as a puzzle. As for the other women, wind underneath. While the dogs ran in their hatred was so lively they had desaid, holding out her hand: "You must be veloped a sisterly tolerance for each other. very brave Miss Rhett. I said as much Tregars indeed christened them the Venwhen Molly told us you were coming. Somegerbund. Miss Ash made him whether or how I half hoped you would stay away." "Indeed! Why?" Patricia asked, rising, each sitting he wrote down things in the potebook from which he planned one day to evolve the great American novel. Weather permitting, the Edgecombe pack hunted three days each week. More than half the time the meet was Wake Forest too-so dark the violet pupils underneath lawn, this because of caged foxes and gave a sense of piquant surprise. Now the convenience. The place lay centrally, with violet was a sort of luminous black. Mrs. more than half the best runs round about Loudon had somehow a sense that blackness it. Running full strength the pack showed was a danger signal. twenty couple. More generally there were She had prided herself upon her fine ten or at the most twelve. Jack Wilsh, presence-Patricia overlooked her by at head huntsman, who had in a manner least three inches and had besides someadopted Taplow, the pack and his own posithing classic in polse and pose. But it tion, was tender of his dogs and would not let one out save in the pink of condipelling, that forbade Mrs. Loudon to speak tion. Taplow and the whippers-in stood after her went, wholly brutal truth. To the equally in awe of him-he was so given to woman of her fancy, the uncouth country dark reminiscences of what had happened girl or prim, pretentious spinster, she would when his will was crossed. He had been have said airily: "I did not want you beall along so high and austere with everycause I knew you would be in the way-and body it had given them quits to see his unhappy over it." Instead of that she slouch hat off to Patricia and his smile of answered Patricia's eyes rather than her gratified pride when she praised the fettle "I did not know why-now I question: of his charges. "Ef ever any woman-body understand it was instinctive-I hated to ware bawn a-knowin' dawgs-why she have you make us rattlepates ashamed of ware!" he said, looking after her as she ourselves. rode away. "Her pap and her grandpap and all the Rhetts before them two fed | take care of himself." "Why not rattlepates, if one may rattle gracefully and graciously?" Patricia asked. and bred the best that ever yelped in Molly dashed out to them, abject in Cyarliner-hawses, too." "I meant to be home-indeed I apology. Ruby, the red-bay mare, was a clinker did, dear Miss Rhett-but the afternoon and The purest blood bay, her coat newly shedthe ride were so heavenly-" ded, shone like burnished metal under dap-"If you had come back a minute before ples of spring sunshine. She stood almost sixteen hands, and was a pattern of bone Patricia said, softly patting Molly's hand. and beauty, clean-limbed, sinewy, with a "I love our woods in springtime so well I beautiful lean head, a white-starred forecannot bear to have them alighted." head, waving silky mane and streaming

"Thank you for mothing-I shall keep The cast-off was in the edge of

unless you're willing to talk with me a about me? I bought Cairgorm three days on your own head unless you clear my fall, carrying down his rider, right in the

track of the swiftly approaching train. Patricia got white to the lips, but her In a flash all this came to the two women. Ash asked in a loud whisper. "The foot-man told my maid. Fancy! Muleback! It masty to tell you so?" Rothwell said, I'm sure she's not a proper person-" Well' You have got a had bargain-isn't eres darkened, her hand on the rein did not Mrs. Loudon, cold and sick, slaked rein and shake. She knew Mrs. Loudon meant to made as if to hap. That jost her all chance trying to laugh. "Why did you not tell "So am I! No woman can be a proper me you thought of buying? No doubt you perior weight for her own safety. She did not know fear might have mastered the person, in the eyes of her sisters, who cap- paid a good price-but you truly got a should not do it-not if she herself and brown. But he had all a vicious beast's Ruby died for It. In firm going Ruby could contempt for a rider be could frighten. He "I think not. He suits me-goes like the easily best the brown-but what of plow- shook himself, gave a louder screaming ing grimly. Mrs. Loudon, who had been wind and takes whatever I set him at land where she sank fetlock deep at each snort, and swept straight on. Now he plying Miss Ash with questions, looked up without checking." Mrs. Loudon said: "As stride? Cairngorm, bigger, stouter, with led-all of ten yards. Patricia whistled to telling you-why should I bother you more driving power in quarters and stilles, again and again. Ruby laid down to the with my small concerns? Since you have had a clear advantage there. But Ruby work, straining after the brows, and gain-

> ing spare gains at each stride. Almost upon the cut's brink she came up most prome upon the mare's neck to whistle with him. Mrs. Loudon sat quite sull-"You have a talent for misunderstand- in her car. It was fine to feel Ruby aneven in her fright she had been too wise to swer-gallantly as she had been going, she really leap. The reins awayed loosely within "What I cannot less pass is-that beast had something left for that desperate call. her nervous fingers. Patricia called to her She could not quicken stride-the plow-"Let go! Free your foot! I shall try to take you off safe!" lie down to it, stretching stomach to earth It was a perilous endeavor. If the horses

in long greyhound leaps that devoured space collided, fell and rolled all would go down to death together. If either swerved a Behind came the mad brown stallion, hair's breadth they must collide. Then still screaming, still lashed by a madder there was the chance that Patricia would rider. Dimly through a red, blurring mist be dragged from saddle by the other she saw her prey, the woman she hated; woman's superior weight. Still it was the the woman who had crossed her path; the only way. With set teeth, tense as a howwoman she yearned to mangle and trample string in every fibre. Patricia leant from out of recognition. Some such purpose, saddle, locked her right arm about Mrs. unshaped, unavowed, had been behind her Loudon's walst, drew her clear and held her. purchase. It had taken form quickly while

clinging and struggling, while she wheeled Rothwell talked. Cairncorm's temper Ruby, checked speed and drew away from would be excuse enough for any accidentthe perilous verge. nothing but the bay mare could live the pace with him-what so natural, therefore, Cairgorm proved how perilous. With one as that the bay and her rider should be mad mighty scrambling loap he tried to

his victims? It was all coming around clear the cut. He even got hold for his fore feet upon the brink opposite, but the beautifully, better, quicker than she had crumbling sands gave under his boofs. He dared hope in the outset-there was risk to herself, of course-but what was she went rolling and screaming down, to lie not ready to risk for vengeance on this with his neck broken before the train. It clowed up barely in time to save a wreck after it had pushed the dead beast ten yards. Patricia's heart sank as looking over her shoulder she saw the brown had gained-

along the rails. Mrs. Loudon watched his end with fasclaated eyes. "You saved me from that," she said, shuddering strongly-then fainted dead away. Before she came to the rest of the hunt had come up. People from the stalled train also swarmed about her. Anstruther was one of them, Anstruther beaming like a cherub. Patricia, some lit-

it meant-the ground is front, no longer tle way off, was shamelessly fondling a rising, seemed smooth and level. A dull, slight, dark-browed stranger, quite ignordistant roar, heavy and vibrant, enlighting Rothwell upon her other hand. ened her-the chase had struck the deep cut by which the railway slipped through "I've been playing good fairy," Anstruther explained when Mrs. Loudon was a little recovered. "The lassle yonder," Pack and quarry were safely over it. No. nodding toward Patricia, "was denying a horse ever foaled of mare could leap the true man, indeed, all true men, because cut, not even coming to it fresh-how much less, then, blown, at the end of a ringing ill-tongued folk who knew nothing said her run? Patricia reined in so sharply she brother, that dark lad, had spent money not his own. The lad ye see suffered for brought Ruby to her haunches, half turned in her saddle and waved a warning, crying: a fault higher up-but since he couldn't prove it, he went away to work-under an-"Mrs. Loudon! Stop! Pull up! At once! other name. He couldn't deny his favor,

though-I knew him rightly the meenit I Mrs. Loudon's face blanched, but her eyes set eyes on the lass. Then I went to work; him I'd known this seven years. Things were straightened unco' easy; that's one teeth-he was no more angry with Ruby. ye'the meetle she's of, ye must agree, Rothwell will get a prize."

good of filthy lucre. Today I went to fetch in wind, Cairngorm had the bit in his him, little dreaming what we should come upon right here. Now the lass has shown

who had slashed him so cruelly. He meant "A prize, indeed," Mrs. Loudon echoed, to run and run until he found something high enough, stout enough to crush her, with a break in her voice that told An-The cut lay less than 200 yards ahead-he struther many things she did not care to cures lung troubles or no pay. 50c, \$1. would try to sweep it, fail inevitably-and have him know.



fatal step? A great many people are in peril like the sleep-walker. They are diseased. The disease is progressing day by day. The time comes when one more step away from health is fatal. The man who has suffered from indigestion or gastric trouble

gioes some hight to a dinner and returns home to find he has taken that last step from health which can never be taken back.

9

To neglect the cure of indigestion or some other form of stomach trouble is dangerous. It is also inexcusable. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It purifies the blood, stimulates the ver, cures biliousness,

poisons from the sys-



tem. The praise I would like the the your Golden Medical Discovery I cannot utter in works of describe with pen," writes Jas R. Ambrose. Exq. of 1265 H Mifflin St., Hunt-ingdom Pa. "I was taken with what our physicians said was indigestion to relie. I wrote you, and you advised me to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took three bottles and I felt so good that I stopped-being cured. I have no symptoms of gastric trouble or indigenien now." If you ask your dealer for "Golden Medical Discovery " because you have

Medical Discovery" because you have confidence in its cures, do not allow yourself to be switched off to a medicine claimed to be "just as good," but which you did not ask for and of which you know nothing.

You can get the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, paper covers, free by sending 21 one-cent stamps, to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Folled Again.

Judge: "So!" hissed the villain.

The heroine faced him grandly. The calclum light sputtered delightedly over the scene, causing her jewels to glitter like the eye of a press agent.

"So'" growled the villain

Here the heroine kicked her train around in front of her and the hand-painted flowers on the back breadth came into full view. Bravely she clutched the will in her hily-white fingers.

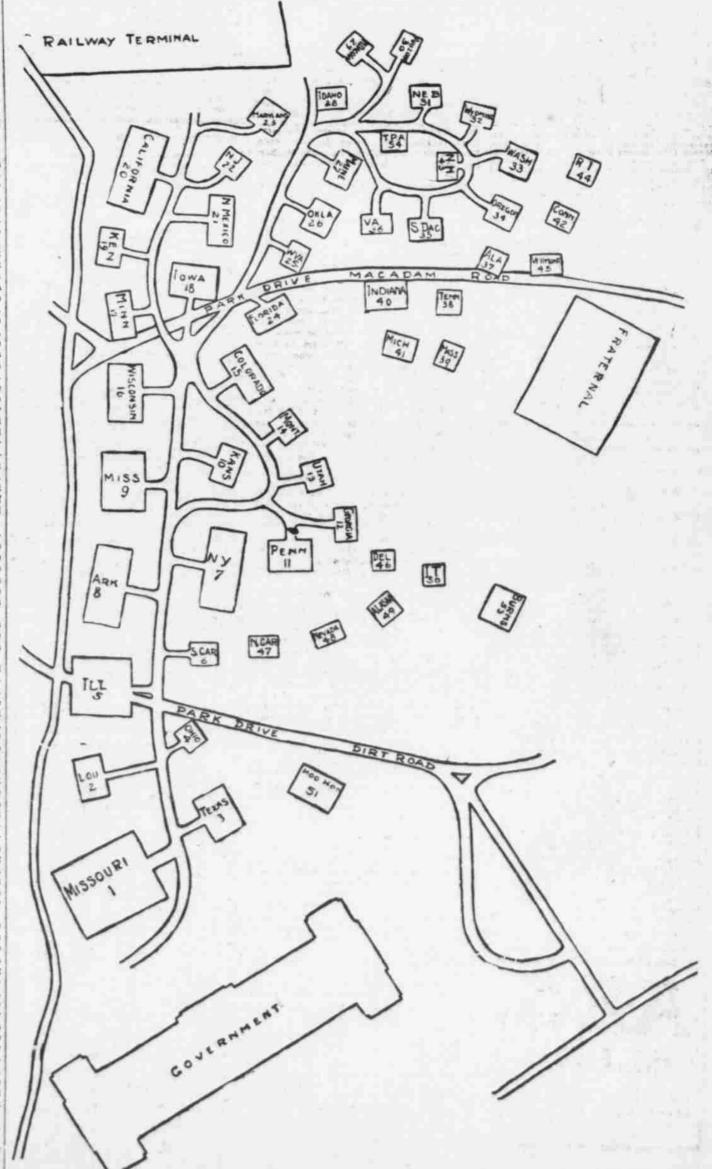
"So!" hoarsely muttered the villain. With the air of a queen the heroine

turned upon him. "Why do you say 'So' so often !" she asked. "Do you think you can cow me?" Realizing that he was baffled for the last

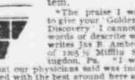
time in that act, the villain rolled another cigarette and left the st.ge with a tragic stride.

The Peril of Our Time

Is lung disease. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. For sale by Kuhn & Co.



and eliminates bilions



The quest proved distressingly easy Colonel Rhett had been dead ten years-so had his wife. His son had disappeared, but there was a daughter living in lonely independence upon the plantation. It hay some thirty miles off the millionaire colony. All through the first spring Will and Molly meant to go there, but somehow never found time. Madame Taplow fumed when she heard. "You must invite her to visit you next year," she said. "You cannot do less -though I knew she has nothing to wear, and dare say often not enough to est."

Molly wrote and was answered in advance of her own coming. Mirs Rhett would come to Wake Forest for a forinight, bringing her own hunter. The hunter staggered the Taplows a bit. Clara Loudon laughed but overlooking the proffered hand. Upright sneeringly over it. "No doubt she will trot she showed lithely tall, and thin almost to out a rack of bones that can hardly stop angularity. Her head, clouded over with over a toad in the path," she said. "I know dusky hair, sat on a long neck as a rose those southerners-grandiloquent fools, all sits on its stem. She had fine dark brows, of them. They feel, if only things sound hig, nothing else matters."

Everybody was out when Patricia came She rode a sleek mule, as did Betsy Patterson when she act out for the ball where she was to captivate her Bonaparte. By way of further parallel, a black boy upon another mule fetched her frocks in two portmanteaus. The footman and butler, both much scandalized, had taken the was something in her gase, steady, comriders for market folk, or else gypsies, and ordered them around to the back. Something in Patricia's voice showed them their mistake, even before she said: "I am Miss Rhett, whom Mrs. Taplow is expecting."

She had got down, smiling a little whimsical smile, and seen to it that her saddle was stripped from the mule and put properly away before going in. It was an English saddle-one of Whipple's bestand made to order. Patricia knew she could not ride as well in any other. Her mare, Ruby, was to be sent on next day. Rain had made the roads tremendously heavy-and since Patricia had a certain ambition to show Ruby at her best in the hunting, she had thought it best not to let the mare carry her weight through wet sands over such a distance.

She had rested, drowsing deliciously after her ride, then toward sundown had made you were ready I should be implacable." herself a picture in faded pale blue china creps and odorous pink hyacinths, and set herself at ease in a piazza nook. A lightly jutting wall angle sheltered her from party had sat down a little way off, unconscious of her presence

She looked at them as she might have watched a play. It was, indeed, better than a play. It was, indeed, better than a play though in a trance. In the deepest pine to be thus the stranger-guest of allens, in her own land, and peeping into a fairy world, to which she herself was properly born. Rothwell interested her most-his face was so kind and strong and clean-cut, withal touched with impatience. Missie Ware, who affected kittenish ways, was purring, glancing outside as she spoke: Yes. I suppose it is rather nice, this mmbling old place, but somehow it gives me the creeps. I'm sure every night there is a ghost in the big magnolis under my window. Now, Whitehurst is so different," with a languishing giance at Rothwell. Whitehurst is heavenly-I don't see how you have managed to stay away from it so long. The dearest place. You have not seen it?" turning on Mrs. Loudon. "It's quite like a castle-an English castle, you ivy and all that-and ob, peacocks acream- ahead. Molly pushed Verns Ash after him, grant!" ing on the terrace above the rose garden -- While Taplow himself solicitously huddled and the very loveliest velvet lawns-"

"Paradise minus Eve," Mrs. Loudon in-Rothwell's eyes, "or is it the Serpent who sour face, square-jawed, with lips shut- knows as much." is lacking? Now I think of it, it must be ting like a vise. He had the name of never is merely a question of the embarrasement of riches."

"Molly, I'm positively ravenous-I shall tail. Somehow she put the regular hunters casual eyes. Thus three of the riding ring for tea," Mrs. Loudon interposed. She with clipped coats and niggard docked fans caught up a silver lotus flower and began quite out of court, made them seem poor and artificial. striking keen chimes.

linen habit and slouch hat became her bet-Rothwell pre-empted the cushion nearest ter than the other women's riding scar. Patricia's feet, and sat watching her as if they were turned out by London's shops shadow it was slready dusking, yet pure red as if for bunting in the shires. Mrs. Loudon admitted as much to herlight filled all the west, Patricia fair in the

self almost despatringly. Patricia had shine of ft, seemed somehow to make all the other women leaden. She sipped her been ten days at Wake Forest. They were out for what was to be the last run with tes, playing daintily between sips with her the bounds. Anstruther had gone off mysgold spoon, quite as though she had done it teriously at daylight-Tregars never hunted. every day of her life. But when he would Neither did Van Lewis-he preferred to have brought a fresh cup, she shook her chase bugs and butterflies. Taplow was head, saying in a half-whisper: "I drank bury with the dogs-Molly had taken posthis only because it was part of the game." session of Patricia. Thus Rothwell and "What game?" he asked in her own key. She smiled elfinly. "The game of money-

in-idleness," she said. "I have always

for country-house parties is sitting around advised me to do it and quoted the Scotch route was still uphil-a gentle rise. know-gray stone walls-with towers and a fire." Tregars said, stalking majestically proverb, "Nineteen naysays are half a

the rest inside. Somehow Hugh Anstruther It's absurd of course to say that-no pace was telling. caromed against Patricia as they wont woman will ever play with him." terrupted, then, wheeling to look full in through the window. Anstruther had a Loudon answered: "Miss Bhett. I fancy, "Why! How do you happen to ride a the Serpent-we are proof positive that Eve speaking to a woman if he could get around livery hunter today?" Rothwell interrupted, lathering him with the whip, urging the

Naturally everybody marveled to see irrevelantly. Mrs. London gave him a sidehim ait Jown beside Patricia, urring out: long look, saying: "I am too devout to listen to such heresy "I shall doubt ye forgive my clumsiness "Is it possible you take notice of anything of my way! Out, do you hear! Tour blood

seried sedge-grown plantation, overgrown with clumps and blotches of tangle. The dogs found at first draw and went away her slave, Taplow her staunch defender and about. Half an hour saw a double, with a dash to pinewoods after it. There the scent lay hadly upon the drying pine straw circles, picking out the tangled scent, tha Wake Forcest riders, clustered upon a little clear kuoll, saw the beginning of battle. Patricia had reined up at the knoll's no the Vengerbund's confidante. After farther edge. She held Ruby lightly, barely feeling the mare's mouth, while she talked gleefully with Ned Ember, a freckled lad, and barefoot, who had run away from school to follow the hunt afoot. She hardly noted that Ruby's ears were

batted, her eyes angry. Something in the background had ruffled the bay-quickly she half-wheeled, let fiy with both hind feet against the ribs of another horse, and as she came down, whirled completely about, to savage her antagonist. The antagonist was big and brown, dull-eyed, but with much white showing within the lids. He, too, laid back both ears and snapped savagely at his assailant. Both half reared, and before they could be separated struck out with the forehoofs.

"Ruby! Ruby! Shame! Shame!" Pt tricia cried, then solicitously to the brown's rider: "Mrs. Loudon. I'm 50 sorry! Really, I deserve to be sent home in disgrace. Do believe it is not often Ruby and I are so ill-mannered. I hope she did not frighten you. May I get down and see if her heels did any damage?" "Don't trouble yourself," Mrs. Loudor

said curtly, then over her shoulder as she wheeled: "My horse, like his rider, can

Rothwell was some little way off-still near enough to be cognizant of the dis urbance. He came rapidly toward Mrs. Loudon, his eyes anxious-just then the pack caught scent again, gave tongue and were barked forward. After, still after, the riders went pelimell out of the pine woods down a little bill, then into a stretch of open common, bare of everything save starveling sedge and marsh weeds, beside the wet weather stream that cut the apread of it in half. The stream had boggy banks-altogether it made a nasty water jump. Two horses alone got Somehow, too, Patricia's over it clear without scrambles or the mischances of strained girths. Ruby the peerless, Cairngorm the wicked. The pack in full cry ran 200 yards abead-the mad dog music set both hunters wild. Fast, faster, faster they went, quickening at each stroke, stretching, straining, syeing each other emulously, though they ran twenty yards spart.

Without another check the rest were hopelessly out of it-even Jack Wilsh's keen halloo came but faintly to the ear. The common crossed, the chase swept on through plowland, stoutly fenced and rising Dick Morton had no choice but to ride with ary fence without checking, and together, the least bit. Both horses took the boundgoing over it, as by one impulse, but came wanted a look in at it. Now I have to Mrs. Loudon asked bitterly, inclining her leading a clear length. Patricia gave r to the inner fence 100 yards off, with Ruby pinch myself occasionally to make sure I head toward Patricis. Rothwell laughed little gay, triumphant shout as her mare constrainedly: "I believe I have not quite rose to the leap, and when over set Ruby "Come inside to the fire. The only excuse kept count," he said, "although Anstrukter galloping slantwise the dun furrows. The enough to show the straggling pack line clear against the crest. Still it ran fast and "Really! I wonder if he is keeping count? true, giving tongue gallantly though the hot

> Mrs. The scream of a horse, low and hoarse, made Patricia turn ber head. Cairngurm. nouth open, eyes rolling, was charging straight at her. Her rider bent forward mad brute to madder speed. As she caught

Patricia's eye she should menacingly, "Out LOCATION OF UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT AND STATE BUILDINGS AT THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION. LOOKING BOUTH