

THE STRAW

man, contemplating him with a curious crooked smile until he was out of sight.

"So you know Bill Lauder?" he said.

The girl coloured. Two men were looking at her. . . .

"Yes," she said.

Tokenhouse stooped, tucking the shabby bearskin carefully round her. Then he drew the reins through his fingers, nodding at Gay.

"Hounds are creeping miserably at this side of Stonesby Ashes," he said. "You'll be into them round the corner. They can do nothing with this fox. You people always scoff at me when I tell you scent depends on the foxes and not the weather. Off with you! I'll take care of her."