

trailing after him. He avoids swamps and barbed wire fences. Then the club comes out on horseback, and the huntsman brings the hounds out. The hounds scent the anise, and follow the course that the huntsman had gone. This is called hunting a drag. The hounds make a lot of noise, which is called giving tongue. I heard my master tell the huntsman one day to make a short run, as he wanted to try Tomboy across country, and that he would ride Duster; that the one was too young and the other too old for a long run, and to make it about four miles. So we were taken out one afternoon. My master rode my mother, and my mistress was up on me. As soon as the hounds came in sight I noticed that my mother became excited. She pawed the ground and champed the bit and wanted to be off. I did not understand it, as I saw nothing to be excited about. There were about twenty ladies and gentlemen in the saddle. After a while the hounds scented the drag, and one of them gave tongue. My master said, "Old Cecil has found, it; steady Duster, steady."

Away the hounds went over the fence. My master had his hands full controlling his mount, but he managed to steady her and said to my mistress, "Now, I will give you a lead; steady her well at her jumps." He gave my mother her head and took the fence. I followed and off we went after the hounds. The other riders followed. My mother was very anxious to go fast, but her rider held her in, and said to my mistress, "Keep Tomboy back for a while; we will save our mounts at first, and see if the old mare and her daughter cannot beat them all out at the finish." I soon understood my mother's excitement, as I was becoming excited too, and anxious to run to the front. Our riders held us back without being severe or cross with us, and we jumped everything that came in the way. We enjoyed the sport as much as our riders. My mistress talked to me and praised the way I was carrying her, and said that she would let me have a brush with my mother at the finish. By this she meant that she would let me try to outrun her. I would rather have gone faster, but wanted to please my mistress, and I knew that she was the better judge. Some of the riders were ahead of us and some were behind as their horses refused to jump. We went along steadily and did not make any mistakes, but took our jumps well. After we had gone about three miles we noticed those in front of us stop short. The riders took their mounts back and then turned and whipped them; after which they ran to a certain place and barked. Two of the riders went forward over their horses heads and were lost to view, while the horses galloped over the field with empty saddles. My master said to my mistress, "They have come to a stream and the horses refuse to take water." He meant that they would not jump over the water. "It is a broad jump and our mounts will require speed to take it; steady Tomboy and follow me, but do not whip her." He gave my mother her head, and she went fast, with me close up. We passed through the other horses and both jumped the stream with ease. The hounds had lost the scent and were running around the field without making any noise. We came to a standstill and got a rest. Our master blew his horn, when every hound raised his head and looked towards us. He blew again, and they all came to us. In the meantime, some of the horses got across the stream, but some would not take it. Master told th