

had fallen during the night, which would render the hunting prime.

Frank put his gun in order, and then they went together to borrow one for Rodney from a friend

After a hasty breakfast, foraged from the pantry, they set out with Uno, Frank's beagle hound, eager for the chase.

"Let's go first to the nursery, where the rabbits feed on the young seedlings," suggested Frank, leading the way.

This was in the edge of the village, and as they came in sight of it Rodney exclaimed :

"Gracious ! Just look at that; what a perfect network of tracks. This place must be fairly alive with them !"

Frank's answer was directed to Uno, who bounded in among the seedlings as soon as the words "Hunt 'em out" escaped Frank's lips.

A moment later Rodney exclaimed :

"There ! There !" and the reports of both their guns rang out upon the keen frosty air with a familiar shock which thrilled Rodney through and through.

"Number one for both of us !" said Frank, as each picked up the plump rabbit which his first shot had killed.

Their guns were kept warm by constant firing until the forenoon was well advanced, when Rodney remarked :

"You've bagged ten and I'm only one behind you. This is all we can possibly use in our family with a