

## 6 THE CASTLE OF DAWN

"I'd rob you of that sneer, Sir Cynic, could I but get you down into my Tennessee. You know nothing of music, Jack, until you sit a horse in the moonlight and hear the chorus of the pack in the ravine below. Old Drum has a bass that never flats nor sharps, and when Diana —"

"Enough! Your uncle was right — but he ought to have made your probation two years."

"Don't fret. I have two months more of my year, and as I like the North, I think I shall reënlist for another year with the 'Courier.'"

The lawyer looked at his friend in evident astonishment.

"It's something like fox-hunting, after all," Phil said, in answer to the look, "though the fox is a two-legged animal. But there's a certain thrill in chasing him across the hills and through the ravines of intrigue. And you've got to be a hurdler, or your fox will escape while you're trying to get around an obstacle."

"Glad you've taken to the work, my boy. But don't hide away from us so much. Come out to the house when you return. Edith and the kiddies will be glad to see you."

"I'll certainly be glad to call when I get a