

"Keep them off the flower-beds!" called Mrs. Livingstone.

"We 'll have a run!" cried Mr. Colfax. "Tally-ho! Gone away!" he bawled, and jumped on his horse.

Mr. Dashwood also mounted. "Forward on!" he yelled, and the two galloped after the beagles.

"They 've gone through the vegetables!" cried Mrs. Livingstone.

"They will have a good gallop," said Mr. Carteret, wistfully. "I wish I was n't on a horse just off grass."

"But the flowers and the vegetables!" wailed Mrs. Livingstone.

"Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Dashwood; "you can get better ones by express from town. You know I told you how it would be. Good-by; we are going to follow on the road." She whipped up, and went down the drive at a gallop.

"Good-by, dear!" called back Mrs. Innis.

The piebald pony had become roused by the excitement and began bucking. He ended, however, by biting the stable-