

for work or mirth or mischief? He came in fitting with the visit I had paid. I turned and found his odd, wry smile on me, the knit brows and twinkling eyes. He lifted his hat and tossed back the iron gray hair.

"I am come to the wedding, sire," said he, bowing.

"It would be incomplete without you, Wetter."

"And for another thing—for a treat, for a spectacle. They have written an epithalamium, haven't they?"

"Yes, some fool, according to his folly."

"It is to be sung at the opera the night before. At the gala performance!"

"You're as well up in the arrangements as Bederhof himself."

"I have cause. Whence come you, sire?"

"From paying a visit to the Countess von Sempach."

He burst into a laugh, but the look in his eyes forbade me to be offended.

"That's very whimsical, too," he observed. "There's a smack of repetition about this. Is fate hard up for new effects?"

"There's variety enough here for me. There were no decorations in the streets when I left her before."

"True, true; and—for I must return to my tidings—I bring you something

new." He paused and enjoyed his smile at me. "Who sings the marriage song?" he asked.

"Heavens, man, I don't know. I'm not the manager. What is it to me who sings the song?"

"You would like it sung in tune?"

"Oh, unquestionably!"

"Ah, well, she sings in tune!" he said, nodding his head with an air of satisfaction. "She is not emotional, but, she sings in tune."

"Does she, Wetter? Who is she?"

He stood looking at me for a moment, then broke into another laugh. I caught him by the arm; now I laughed myself.

"No, no," I cried. "Fate doesn't joke, Wetter."

"Fate jokes," said he. "It is Coralie who will sing your song. Tomorrow they reach here, she and Struboff. Yes, sire, Coralie is to sing your song."

We stood looking at each other; we both were laughing. "It's a great chance in her career," he said.

"It's rather a curious chance in mine," said I.

"She sings it, she sings it!" he cried, and with a last laugh turned and fairly ran away down the street, like a mischievous boy who has thrown his squib and flies from the scene in mirthful fear.

When fortune jested, she found in him a quick witted, loving audience.

(To be continued.)

#### KING AND MINSTREL.

"LIVE forever, lord and king!"  
With plaudits loud the rafters ring;  
Goblets brimming full are drained;  
Flattery flows unrestrained—  
"Thou wilt live forever, king!"

Just beyond the torches' glare  
Sat a lad of dreamy air.  
All the scene the poet mind caught  
And in words 'twas deftly wrought,  
Woven with a poet's care.

Turned Time's hour glass—and all  
Ripened, rotted, to their fall;  
Gone were king and court and palace,  
Wasted wine and golden chalice,  
But men still the song recall.

Sexton Time!—in vain you toll,  
Vainly gloomy echoes roll,  
The fitly sung  
To the poet soul.

Tudor Jenks.

# RIDING TO HOUNDS.

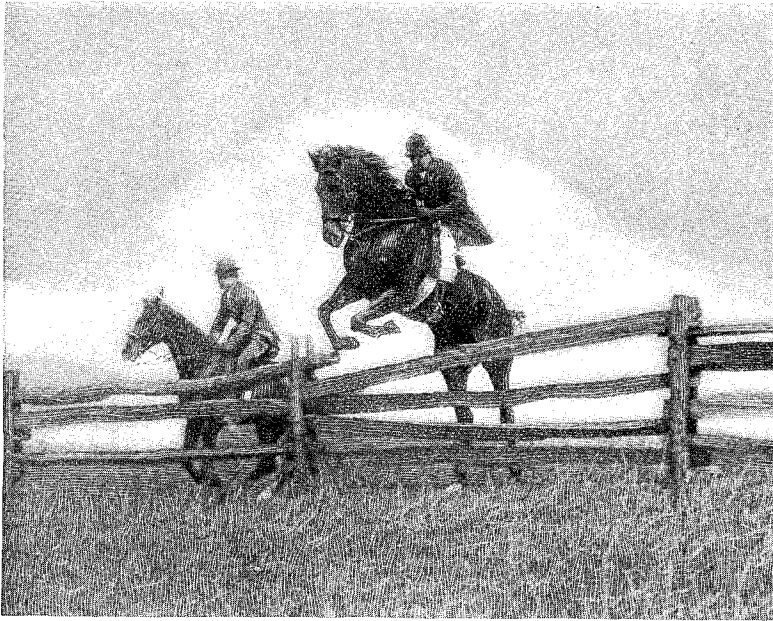
BY RICHARD NEWTON, JR.

WHY MEN WHO "RIDE STRAIGHT" TO HOUNDS THINK THAT THEIRS IS THE KING OF OUTDOOR SPORTS—THE STORY OF A TYPICAL DAY'S RUN ON LONG ISLAND, TOLD WITH PEN AND CAMERA.

DURING the last twenty years or so, the sport of hunting—using the word in the only sense in which people who ride to hounds understand it—has grown, in the United States, from very modest beginnings among a few enthusiasts in New Jersey until today we have a long list of first rate packs of fox-hounds, with well appointed clubhouses,

and the Elkridge and Deep Spring Valley Hunts in the South, are perhaps the best known.

Although those who ride to hounds are enthusiastic followers of the sport, it can never become a really popular one, as is golf or baseball. Besides its heavy demands upon the leisure of its devotees, if a man wants to ride twice or three times



WITH THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS—JUMPING ONE OF THE STIFF LONG ISLAND FENCES.

*From a photograph by John C. Hemment.*

kennels, and stables scattered all the way from Massachusetts to North Carolina. Besides many others that might be mentioned, the Myopia and Agawam near Boston, the Essex, Monmouth, and Ocean County Hounds in New Jersey, the Meadow Brook on Long Island, the Genesee Valley Hunt in New York, the Radnor and Rose Tree Hunt in Pennsylvania, the Richmond of Virginia, and

a week during the hunting season, he must keep several hunters, and the expense is a severe tax upon any but a tolerably well filled purse.

In this country the majority of the runs are "drag hunts," on a scent laid by the "drag man" several hours before the hunt begins. This form of hunting is in vogue because it does not require a large source and it allows the hunters to follow the hounds, and