A WOUNDED NAME

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CHAPTER XXIII.

Once upon a time a very good hunted all soldier was considered the equal of an Arab, and one of his numerous accomplishments was his ability to ride to the hounds. He was supposed once a year, that of Fox Chase, and entered one of the few horses and colored fete which for the soldiers and officers of the garrison and those present had devised to relieve the tedium almost which a station and then was.

"What time morning holiday when you get what it is."

"Yes, sir. The general will be there, and many ladies from."

"Then I know you will be delighted, Cadet, to have me take you as to the meet?"

"Yes, sir, regulations forbid that, but our commander will be glad to. If you would have time to get a good mount we will be pleased to have you."

Lessing said he would try, and so it was arranged that he should ride with Cadet Farrow to the meet. Farrow's mount was a splendid three-year-old, and Lessing's friend, Lieutenant Lessing, had also a good horse, and had promised to let him have it. Lessing was a good rider, and knew it, and looked forward to the event with much pleasure. He had not been in the saddle since he left home, and the thought of the fine gallop he would have on the morrow made him restless and unable to sleep. He was up and dressed long before the reveille sounded, and was ready for breakfast when Farrow came for him.

"You'll have a fine day for it, Lessing," said the latter, as he looked out of the window. "Not too warm, and the ground in splendid condition. Have you ever been in a fox chase?"

"No, never. I've had a good deal of hunting in my time, but never with hounds. I'm afraid I'll make a fool of myself."

"Oh, no, you won't. Just keep your horse's head in the direction the hounds are going, and you'll be all right. Don't try to take any fences that you don't see the others take, and you'll be all right. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll ride with you for the first mile or two, and show you the way, and then I'll leave you to yourself, for I want to be with the hounds myself. Here's your horse now. Isn't he a beauty?"

Lessing looked out of the window and saw a handsome bay horse, with a long, sloping shoulder and powerful quarters, being led by a soldier groom. He was a fine-looking animal, and Lessing's heart bounded with pleasure at the prospect of a ride on such a horse. He hurried through his breakfast, and then, with Farrow, went out to the stable to look at the horse. He was a beauty, and Lessing's heart went out to him at once. He was a dark bay, with black mane and tail, and a coat that shone like satin. He was a thoroughbred, and Lessing knew it, and was delighted at the prospect of riding him. He was a little fresh, and pranced around the stable-yard in a way that showed he was full of life and spirit, but Lessing was a good rider, and had no fear of him. He mounted, and, with Farrow, rode out of the stable-yard and down the road toward the parade-ground. Here they found a number of officers and ladies on horseback, and a large number of carriages filled with ladies and children, who had come out to see the start. Lessing looked around for Lieutenant Lessing, but could not see him, and supposed that he had gone on with the hounds. Farrow left him at the edge of the parade-ground, and rode off to join the hunt, and Lessing was left to himself. He rode around the parade-ground, and then, seeing a number of officers and ladies riding toward the road that led to the hills, he followed them, and soon found himself in the midst of a gay party. He looked around for Lessing, but could not see him, and supposed that he had gone on with the hounds, and so rode on with the party he was in. He had not gone far when he heard the baying of the hounds, and saw them coming toward him across the fields. He had never seen a fox chase, and was very much excited at the prospect of seeing one