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A SOUTHERN FOX HUNT!

(Continued from first page)

forest, and then, suddenly we were in the midst of the tumult again.

What a sight it was to see the pack coming down an old road, splendidly bunched, running like the wind and baying like mad! What music! Roxy's shrill cry, Ruth's musical voice and John's deep bellow rising above, at times, at others, blending in with the pack! Music, I say! Yes; but if the demons of hell had been let loose after an escaped shade they could not have been more blood-thirsty or relentless. But it was music to the hunters' ears.

A moment only, and they had passed and our frantic horses were close upon their heels. On down the road we thundered, then over a fence and along a wooded ravine; past it, across a bit of low land, over a creek and up a steep hillside we went.

What a wild race: How the blood thrilled as the baying of the dogs became more and more frantic, as the excitement became more intense!

A moment later, the hounds were in a dense cover, littered with fallen trees which were overgrown with vines and runners. Try as we would we could not enter. Round and round went the pack, now hot in pursuit, now uncertain. We stood outside listening. Suddenly, a small dark object darted from the woods some distance off and started across the hill for a grove of pines, not far distant. In a second, my friend was in full pursuit, but keeping to one side and off the trail, as he gave the sight halloo. At first there was no response. The dogs were working away on the maze. Once more the call rang out. The baying ceased and as the call sounded again every hound broke cover and dashed across the hillside. The dogs picked the hot trail up instantly, and, in a few minutes, it seemed that the pandemonium must split the tree trunks.

In we dashed. Round and round went the pack, close upon the fast failing fox. I became mad with the enthusiasm of the moment. I forgot my friend's existence, darting here and there as my fancy dictated, now close up with the hounds, now some distance away, seeing the fox several times, confident that every double was his last. Then the music suddenly rose to a roar, a howl of fiendish glee, a scream of triumph, and, before I knew it, I found my horse in the midst of the pack, which was running at sight, straining every nerve. A few rods ahead, I could see the fox, his tongue out, his muscles knotted, running with death frenzy. Suddenly, he turned sharply, braced himself, showed his teeth and sprang for the foremost hound.

A moment later, the whole pack was upon him, tearing him limb from limb. And, then, suddenly, I saw my friend's form in the midst of the howling, seething mass. He pulled the quivering animal from the dogs and drove them off with a heavy whip. "Too bad, sir" he gasped, as he threw the carcass across his saddle. "He was a game one and deserved to live."

Then, while he "blew in" the dogs, which were all there, and as the wavering notes echoed and reechoed through

out the woods, telling the people for miles around that the race was won. I threw myself from my horse, patted him fondly and fed him a bunch of dried grass, that I pulled from beneath a birch close by. He rubbed his nose affectionately against my coat sleeve and we were fast friends!—Herbert L. Jillson in *American Field*.

Foxes are plentiful in the vicinity of Pinehurst and hounds and saddle horses are available for fox hunting. The country is ideal for cross country riding, being open and free from obstructions.

This sport has not been generally indulged in here, but it is becoming more popular each year.

IMPROVEMENT ON NATURE!

(Continued from first page)

before. Mr. Lyons comes to Pinehurst after several years in the employ of W. W. Rawson of Arlington, one of the prominent market gardeners of the country.

The visible results of the Market Garden have been evident at the hotels in the Pinehurst System for some weeks. First of all have been the delicious "White Spine" cucumbers, which have been served in abundant quantities. Lettuce, radishes and spinnach have also been supplied in quantities far beyond the demand, together with parsley and other garnishes.

The present equipment of the market garden consists of two greenhouses, 160 x 20 feet, and numerous out-door hotbeds, but for an enlargement which will almost double the capacity are under way, and with this change will come a branching out, and tomatoes, strawberries, mint, cress, cauliflower, mushrooms and many other delicacies, that are particularly delicious in winter time are possibilities of the near future.

Further extension is proposed in the growing of vegetables during the summer season, for consumption during the coming winter, such as beets, carrots, parsnips, squash, onions, turnips, cabbages and the like.

A visit to the Market Garden cannot fail to interest those unfamiliar with the process, and to whet our appetite for the goods things found here. It is besides quite a novel experience to roast in the cucumber house at ninety and then cool off in the lettuce house at 60, and then to enjoy the out of doors air while the hotbeds are examined.

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