



WOMEN who dress as carefully for a midsummer dance as for a mid-season social event, are as careful in the year-round selection of their toilet appointments.

Their preference is for the preparations of

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TARDY TAR HEEL TALES

(Continued from Page Eighteen.)

terns and then went toward the McLaughlin store at Sads station. Down the railroad, east of the store, we crossed into a pasture. All of the dogs except Ben, Remus, and Buck were running a rabbit behind us, and were doing so well that one hunter was forced to admit: "Well, that's good enough for me."

Ben knew his business. He realized that he had been in that country a day or two before and a negro farmer who saw him said: "Dat's de stump-tail dog dat run a fox here Monday."

It began to appear to me that the "squirrel" that Ben "tread" was a fox. I could tell from the enthusiasm he manifested he knew he was in fox territory. He raised his stump-tail high and trotted across the pasture to a ravine. I understood as he hurried on, that he had more than a mile-cottentment on his mind. We tarried on a hill inside the fence and listened for the wayward dogs, but could hear nothing. Starnes and Helms walked on and crossed to the opposite hill. King White and myself waited a little longer, so that the other hounds might catch up. But still they lingered.

While standing there I heard the fine, soft, distinct note of Ben as he cried out: "Boo-oo!" and, after a short interval: "Boo-oo!"

I knew the meaning of that note, for I had heard it many times before, and told Frank Huey, one of the hunters, to follow Ben while I called in the rabbit chasers.

"That's a fox," I said. Before the words had crossed the valley I heard Huey shout.

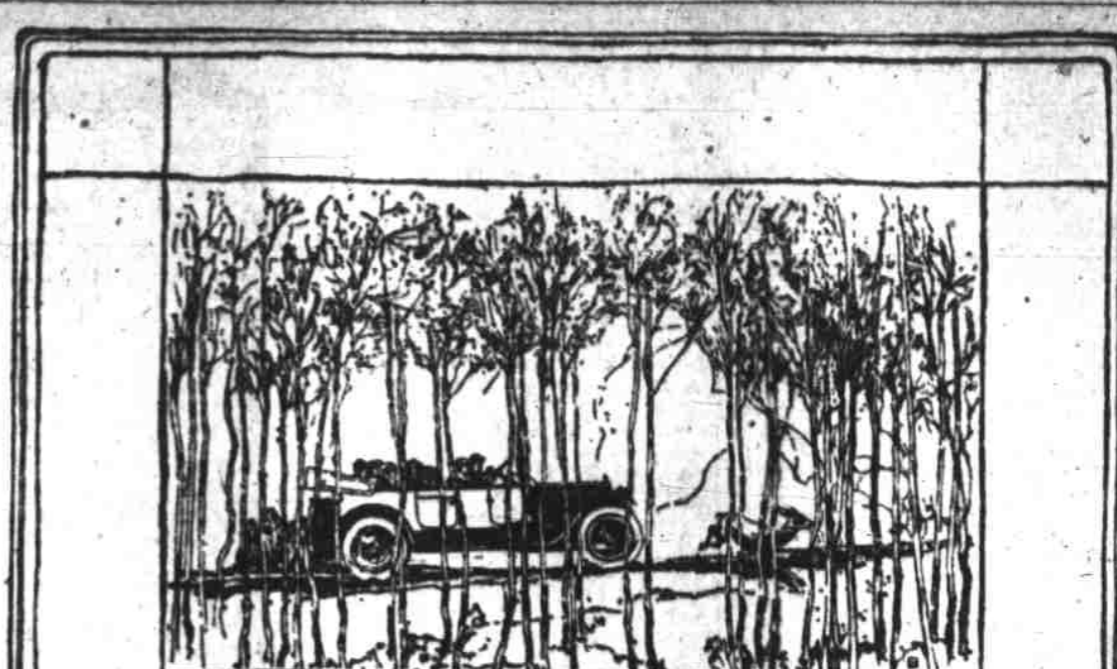
"Oh, my Lord! Here comes the fox! Look at him! Whoop-pee! Here! Here! Go it Ben," and mingled with that human yell I heard the sharp, quick "boo, boo," of old Ben in hot pursuit. The dog had started the fox out of a birch thicket and was going after him with all the vigor he could command. The men and Remus and Buck were in Ben's wake, the dogs giving tongue at every leap.

Any hunter will recall such moments. That is the time that a man feels like flying; the earth is not the right place for him.

Huey, wild with joy, just touched the ground now and then and tried to get them in, but Ben went at such a rate that it was difficult to keep in hearing distance. Soon, however, I saw Joe Patchen, the big, white Kentucky dog, going in; then Music, then Rover, and he rest. But at the end of a half hour the pack had not gotten together. Ben and Buck, being in splendid form, ran with each other for the first place. I could do very little toward getting the green dogs in, for I was on foot.

But good fortune came my way. A young farmer offered me his bare-back mule and I took it. I had not ridden without a saddle in fifteen years but that was the critical moment; the dogs were not acquainted with each other's tongues; they had never run together before, and Ben, Music and Joe knew the game so well that if some care was not taken they would sweep away from the inexperienced ones and discourage them. A bit of judicious yelling, hearing in, would make the race what it ought to be.

The mule proved a blessing to me. I soon borrowed a saddle, kept in the



Wanderlust! Already the days are longer—and winter-weary folk must soon respond to the call of tantalizing Spring

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Men and women who can't get feeling right must begin to take inside baths. Before eating breakfast each morning drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash out of the thirty feet of bowels the previous day's accumulation of poisons and toxins and to keep the entire alimentary canal clean, pure and fresh.

Those who are subject to sick headache, colds, biliousness, constipation, others who wake up with bad taste, foul breath, backache, rheumatic stiffness, or have a sour, gassy stomach after meals, are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store, and begin practicing internal sanitation. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone an enthusiast on the subject.

Remember inside bathing is more important than outside bathing, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing poor health, while the bowel pores do. Just as soap and hot water cleanses, sweats and freshens the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.—Adv.

race, and succeeded in getting all the dogs in and the race quickened. Ben, Joe Patchen and Buck were side by side, fighting for the lead. Old Ben was not using his usual care and precaution, and did not smell the fox every time he barked. Joe Patchen and Buck were driving him so fast he did not have time to put his nose to the ground. I saw the pack rush into a road, turn down it and run wild for 300 yards. Ben saw his mistake and turned. He had run over the track. That was the first loss.

The eager hounds went back to where the fox came into the road and scampered about for the track. Music, whose old head was full of fox sense, threw her nose to the roadbed, caught the direction of the trail and hurried down the road, calling to her mates as she went. She went to the right before she got to the place where Ben turned back. That way Reynard had gone and gained several hundred yards, but the sly pack was hot after him.

The dogs rushed on over the hills and through the valleys. As they broke cover at one place, Joe Patchen, with his snow-white body and pale-red ears, would be in the lead. The next time it would be Ben, then Buck, then Rover. Hard by were Beulah, Remus, Loud and Music. Ben had his neck and head straight out, his bumpy tail pointed down and was straining every muscle.

The little losses were made off by Ben, Music and Joe; they knew the ways of the road.

A Bad Back Made Good

(By L. W. Bower, M. D.)

Backache of any kind is often caused by kidney disorder, which means that the kidneys are not working properly. Poisonous matter and uric acid accumulate within the body in great abundance, overworking the sick kidneys, hence the congestion of blood causes backache in the same manner as a similar congestion in the head causes headache. You become nervous, despondent, sick, feverish, irritable, have spots appearing before the eyes, legs under the lids, and lack of ambition to do things.

The latest and most effective means of overcoming this trouble, is to eat sparingly of meat, drink plenty of water between meals and take a single Anurie tablet before each meal for a while.

Simply ask your favorite druggist for Anurie (double strength) if you aren't feeling up to the standard. If you have lumbago, rheumatism, dropsy, begin immediately this treatment with Anurie. Most scientists and medical men believe that because of an overabundance of uric acid in the system, uric salts are deposited in the tissues and cause rheumatism and gout.

The physicians and specialists at Dr. Pierce's Institution in Buffalo, N. Y., have thoroughly tested Anurie, and have been with one accord successful in eradicating and throwing off from the system the uric acid which accumulates and poisons. Patients having once used Anurie at this institution have repeatedly sent back for more.

Such a demand has been created that Doctor Pierce decided to put Anurie in the drug stores of this country, in a ready-to-use form. It will be their own fault if those suffering from uric acid troubles do not take advantage of this wonderful remedy.—Adv.

After leaving his lair the fox went east toward Miss Narcissa Black's place, but soon turned northward crossing the railroad and the dirt road. He traveled in the direction of McAlpine's creek, but circled northwest to the John Lee farm, where he made several circles within a circle.

He was puzzled. The dogs were driving him hard. On leaving the Lee pasture he set out to the Monroe road, by the Peggy Wallace home. It was there that he turned sharply around and made a long run to McAlpine's creek.

From the creek Reynard went toward Amity church. That was the run that saved his life, for the dogs were close to his brush. Joe, Patchen and Rover had a fine run on him as he crossed a pasture and went into a thicket, where a fresh fox had made his bed for the day. The roar of the hounds frightened the fresh fox out. The tired fox squatted and the dogs followed the new one. That was unfair, but such things often happen. The first fox had been running for two hours and a half. He was an old fellow with a big foot. The race had been lively and the contest close.

A big black and white dog had joined the pack from somewhere and was doing good work. He was untrained. At first he did not understand the game but when he saw that Ben, Music, Buck, Joe and the rest were in earnest he became interested. He threw his nose to the ground and caught the strange, but attractive scent. It made him lift his bristles, bark viciously and rush around like mad. I wanted to kill him, for disturbing the peace of the pack, but he was excited. He took the lead and did well.

A dark red, squealing hound had drifted in. She became thoroughly aroused.

All the while Ben kept a steady gait. Joe Patchen was next to him, and Rover

and Beulah close up. Buck had fallen back just a little, the race was too fast for him, and he not used to it. Ben was toughened to it. The new dogs did not trouble him. He had death in his heart. If the fox turned suddenly Ben made off the track. There was method in his running. He did not go helter-skelter everywhere, but kept straight ahead. His quick, sweet "boo!" "boo!" came to me over the hills and woods, and I knew that he was right. He never lied. You could rely on him absolutely.

When the new fox broke cover the dogs were close on his heels. Joe Patchen was the only one that stuck to the old trail, and I broke him off and sent him to the pack.

The fox took a good, long lead but the true hound is as certain as death. Give Ben, Music and Joe Patchen time and they would kill anything. The longer Ben went, the better he got. I never saw him tired in my life. Fresh dogs went in and led temporarily, but old Ben always went back to his place. Sometimes the pack disappeared in the thickets with a half dozen new members ahead of him but he threw dust in their faces by and by. He was not fast, but schooled. The speed of the fresh fox did not discourage him. He and Music had been at the death of more than a hundred foxes.

Near the close of the race I noticed many new faces among the hunters. The little party of the early morning had grown to a mob. Every man and boy for miles around had saddled a horse or a mule and come forth to ride to the bounds.


It was interesting to watch the new dogs going in. The hounds helped the case but the mongrels fought, snarped and retarded it. One old cur loped with the pack for an hour and raised a row every time a little loss was made. We fought at him until he skulked away. You can always tell a dog that will not run with the pack as soon as you see him.

As I hurried around the edge of an oat field I saw an old black and tan dog going in. She had just arrived. She seemed to be aged and stiff, but had the grit. She caught up and did valuable work. She was an old fox dog, nine years of age, and well bred. "Bing" was her name. I had heard of her many times, but never had seen her before.

As the clock struck eleven, Ben and Joe Patchen caught that fox. They drove him to a small brook in a piece of woods. All the dogs were close about and helped kill him. The big black-and-tan dog had done the work and the fox assaulted him. I doubt if a better race was ever run in Mecklenburg county. The fox was killed within an hour and a half after he left his

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bed. The race was terrific, as all the riders could have testified. I was in at the death but Lester Baker got the brush while I blew my horn for the round up. Fifty people gathered in the woods to see the dogs and cut the fox into trophies. Ben had redeemed himself. Every body wanted to do him honor, but he shamed one and all. He went to a shallow place in the little stream, stretched himself out, and lapped up water.

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