

The Pinehurst Outlook

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A SETTER DOG'S REVERIE

Ponto Meditates on Various Sportsmen and Their Ways.

Hunting Field from the Dog's View-point With Keen Comment Upon Observations.



THREE months more of this!

When the guides take me out alone or with a man who knows something about hunting, I do enjoy it, but when they take me out with men like the one today, it makes me awfully nervous and I suppose it makes Morgan nervous too. He can't cuss them and so he scolds me for the least little thing. I know he doesn't mean it, though, because he gives me a pat once in a while, when the men aren't looking.

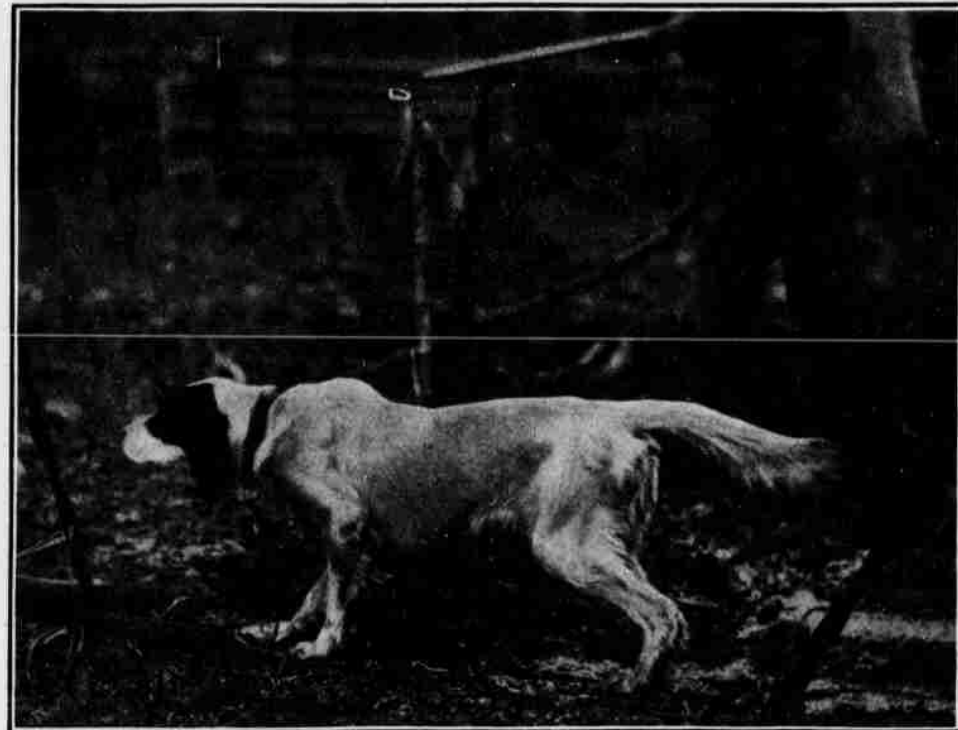
"I can tell what kind of a hunter a man is as soon as I am out of the dog crate. Take this morning for example. When we stopped in front of the Thagard house and Morgan let me out, the man jumped down, grabbed his gun case (which was brand new) and took the barrels and stock out and laid them in the sand. Then he closed up the gun case and did it up in a blanket and put it in the carriage, as if the case were much more valuable than the gun. Then while Morgan was trying to get Nona out (she's my hunting companion), he took about five minutes to get the gun together. Then he couldn't close it after he had put the cartridges in. He banged it hard enough to break it, but he didn't know enough to brush off the sand that had gotten all over it, and all the while the gun was pointing right at me, or Morgan, or Shaw, or the driver, and the sight of the dark eyes of a gun barrel looking into yours isn't pleasant.

"Shaw got out of the way, walking rather fast, for Shaw, and I tried to get out of the way too, but Morgan kept yanking me back, being busy and not noticing what was taking place. I thought Morgan never would get that fool Nona out of the crate, but when he did and looked up and saw those gun barrels pointing at him, and the man trying to close the gun with a bang hard enough to jar off the hammers if the gun hadn't happened to be at safe, you ought to have seen him side step, but that was no excuse for his yanking me and Nona so hard. Then Morgan made a flank movement, asked the man if he couldn't help him and

the gun was soon closed.

"Well, Morgan side stepped all the rest of the day, keeping time with that man who, every half minute, pointed the gun in his direction. I heard Morgan tell Shaw (the day he was out with that fellow with the automatic gun which went off three times while he was showing *how safe it was*) that he didn't used to mind it, but now he was married it made him nervous, and Shaw's reply was that he reckoned that man would shoot something some day and *it wouldn't be quail!*

"When we got over the fence, in front of Thagard's, Morgan was so polite in taking the man's gun for him that he didn't see that Nona got the first point and that I stole it (I hate to back), and so Nona was mad with me because Morgan patted me and praised me for the find. I shouldn't have cared much if I had flushed the



"EVERY MUSCLE IN MY BODY WAS AS HARD AS STONE."

birds because I knew the man couldn't hit them.

"My, but I soon wished I had backed. The birds were about ten feet in front of me, lying in a little bunch of wire grass. Morgan said: "Walk right in, sir, in front of the dogs," but the man said he thought he would walk up to the side of me so as to drive the birds out in to the open instead of into the woods. Morgan said he thought it would be hard to drive them, but the man said he thought he could and so he started walking towards me.

"I was awfully excited and it seemed as if he never would get up to the birds. Every muscle in my body was as hard as stone and I had a creepy feeling all along my back. The man held his gun up to his shoulder and would take a step or two towards me and then kick around in the

brush. Every time he kicked it made me jump all over inside, my ears fly back, and I could feel the hair stand up on my back. Then I knew that Nona was stepping up every time he did this, because I could hear Morgan saying "Whoa Nona" and telling the man to "Walk right in, sir"—"Step right up, sir"—"I think the birds are away ahead of you sir" and I knew he was afraid I would break.

"Well, finally the birds got up and flew right over the man's head into the woods. He didn't get any because he fired right into the middle of them and didn't pick out any single bird, but he said he *thought* he got two with his first and shot a little to the right on his second.

"That was about what I expected from that kind of a hunter, and Morgan had to keep us hunting for the birds he thought he had killed for five minutes to satisfy

THE SADDLE PICNICKERS

Graphic Pen Picture of Pleasures of a Day in the Woods.

God's Out of Doors Claims Them From the Early Morning Until Twilight's Glow.



GROOM rides up to The Holly Inn entrance with a dozen saddle horses clattering behind him, followed, not far away, by several carriages.

A score of people appear upon the hotel veranda and, close after them, a background of interested onlookers. Bell boys wedge their way through the crowd with mysterious packages which they stow away in the teams, there is the noise of preparation, and presently the gay caravan is moving away, laughter and conversation mingling with the clank of steel, the rattle of wheels and the thump of hoofs.

The "Saddle Picnickers" are off for the day.

Through the Village they go, past the power house and the stable, across the little viaduct, between the kennels and the sand pit, and with the click of the wire gate The Open claims them.

It is a perfect day. The sun bathes the landscape in glory, the air sets the blood tingling, and the blue dome of the sky blends with the deep green of the pines, the rich brown of the oaks and the warm ochre of the sedge grass into a symphony of color contrast. God's out of doors lies all about, desolate, waste land in the literal sense, but how beautiful it is?

The Unknown lies beyond and it beckons! Reins tighten and horses spring forward, rejoicing with their riders in the exuberance of life. Cool air fans the brow, tempering the welcome rays of the sun, the landscape flits away on either side, the road vanishes as a river, below, and winds on like a ribbon, beyond.

There is a pause for a steep incline, a scramble up a rough hillock, and another gallop through the open. Then a steep descent to a tiny stream and on up the opposite hillside, through the County Gate, past a native home with no sign of life, and on again. McKenzie's wide ford is crossed mid flying water and happy jest, and the damp sand crunches under the horses hoofs until the second stream, a short distance away is passed, and once more the patch leads through the sedge grass and oaks. Then a sharp incline, a

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