

THE HUNT BALL

The Sandhills Make Merry at the Carolina

Gathering of the Cottage Colony and the Country Squires for the Annual Event



BANKED against the shrubbery that flanks the walks and drives around the Carolina Hotel stood the mogul machines from the country manors and the jitney buggies of the plantation folk; jubilation was in the air, and glimpses of red coats and riding girls were to be seen frisking through the corridors. It is even now nine o'clock, and the sound of the horn is echoing down the reaches of the hotel. Lo, a procession is advancing. It is the grand march of the Hunt Ball, in majestic progress through the vistas of Peacock Alley into that glen, the ball room, festooned with the symbols of patriotism and mementos of the chase.

Charles Skehens is the hero that leads them all, a jockey for the time being, displaying the colors of St. Patrick, and the gallant disposition of Sir Galahad.

In our memory no such an event has ever taken place with in the happy confines of the Sandhills. Three deep the walls were lined with the throngs of the dowagers and the galleries of spectators, the seats of the children and the mighty. Following in line into the dance was the full cry of the famous hunt. The pink coats and laughing eyes, riding boots and troserines, a mingling of white duck and evening silks, they pressed into the great ball room and whirled away while the ecstatic drum rolled out a stucato delirium.

There must have been over a hundred couples in the game and many a famous athlete, and many litesome damsel whose record on the links are known from here to Pasadena. There were innumerable parties before the dance, come in to make holiday. The Warings were there with Miss Borart and Mrs. Kittridge; the Duke of Samarcand and Mrs. Pumpelly, with the George Maurices and Squire Butler were in from Samarcand; the Philips clan over Southern Pines way, and Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Gates and Russell Gates from Broadacres, the Dana boys fresh from the plantation, and Derby, from his kingdom by the river. No human being might essay to call the roll of those dancing, and those flirting in the moonlight, and those lined up before the merry red punch bowl. The cottage colony was there—the Springs and the Whittemores, the Johnson's and the Mays, the Pearsons and Houstons, and all the gay throng that goes laughing along when we all go a hunting today. And appreciation of the pains and care Mrs. Daisy Porter and her faithful committees had expended to make it all so successful was universal.

Twelve o'clock came all too soon. George Leach, M. F. H., wound his horn as the signal for Breakfast, and all hands

repaired to the dining room. The repast was highly flavored with the twanging of the fiddles, and the sounds of feet dancing among the tables, and the voices of many making merry. May it always be so.

TAURUS WINS

Also Nat Hurd on Traveler. An Account of the Trotting Meet

Nat Hurd, the Pittsburgh sportsman, riding the thoroughbred Traveler from the Pinehurst stables, won the steeplechase in Wednesday's matinee, after a run of some adventure. F. A. Pearson of New York, was pressing him close on Tufts' George, and Cameron was at his heels riding Sam, when Pearson struck a hurdle, and horse and rider went head over heels. Fortunately the damage was small, mostly consisting of bruises and sad reflections.

Next week it is announced that a big field is entered for the silver flagon presented by Col. R. A. Swigert, including once more the formidable Polly from the Wanamaker stable, and Welch's Jay Bird. Thomas has several famous horses arriving before the meet, but it is questionable whether he will risk them on the track so soon after the railroad journey.

The biggest entry of the day was for the cup in the livery class, quarter-mile dash. It was a furious finish, with the whole squadron bunched, C. C. Gieevy of New York riding Hatta from the Pinehurst stable a head in the lead. Mr. Gair, a Boston rider, was second, on Jesse C. and W. C. Blanding a close third. Mr. Wellon and George Leach were at their heels.

McCauley took the purse in the trotting race. Red Bird, the Sanford hope, was in the best of form, and Are Am Bee seemed to be off mettle, finishing third to Fred Patchin driven by Thomas. Next week this event is to be the scene of a challenge by a new champion. M. N. Suggs of Southern Pines has bought him a trotter for the express purpose of lifting this cup, and has an abundance of confidence that Red Bird and Are Am Bee will be back numbers when it appears on the turf.

Charles Williams, whose Grey mule has for years been the wonder of the Sandhills, and is probably the most experienced fox hunting animal in the Carolinas, walked away with the Debutante purse for mules, a spectacle not to be missed. His understudy, Charlie second, was close behind him, and the Pinehurst hurd in its entirety had to take third place. To atone for this defeat Will Black entered the Pinehurst Grey, the champion mule of the golf links pasture against a little black bull, in a consolation race. To the unbounded delight of the multitude taurus set off at gait so fast as to completely discourage the donkey breed, and finished amid immense applause, while the mule kicked out a section of fence in fierce resentment.

A quarter-mile dash for ladies saddle horses is added to the program for next week, and is expected to bring out the talent among the women of the village, which has been observed in most cases to surpass that of the men.

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