Hero Dog Will Have Memorial

Wins Fight With Fox While **Pinned Between Boulders** Under Ground.

Woodruff, S. C .- Ring, most famous foxhound in the world, is dead. Within twenty-four hours after being rescued from six days' captivity in a deep cave into which he had chased and killed a huge red fox the gallant old, dog's stout heart ceased to beat.

Like the lamented Floyd Collins, old Ring found the subterranean dampness more than his fron constitution could endure. Ring contracted pneumonia while pinioned between two sharp boulders that prevented him from leaving the underground chamber he had entered in pursuit of his enemy, and despite the tender ministrations of veterinarians and his master, R. V. Kelly, wealthy farmer and fox hunter, the famous animal died in the home he had known and loved for seven years.

An Anniversary.

Did fate indulge in a strange whim? It seems so, for it was on the second anniversary of the finding of Floyd Collins' body that old Ring was rescued.

Ring breathed his last surrounded by his partners in hundreds of thrilling fox hunts. Gathered about their stricken comrade, these foxhounds seemed to sense the tragedy impending. Strong men stood about the room and wept unashamed as Ring's broad muscular chest emitted its final convulsive gasp and then remained motionless.

Tender hands laid the gallant old foxhound to rest on the old plantation two miles from Woodruff. A suitable memorial will be erected later over the dttle mound, A thousand dollars was spent willingly in freeing the old foxaound from his subterranean prison and another large sum will be expended to provide an appropriate marker for Ring's last resting place.

Hundreds of men worked day and aight to rescue the dog, which chased a fox into the cave, killed the animal after a terrific struggle and then became wedged between two boulders forty feet under ground. The only opening to the cavern was too small to permit a human being to enter, and 't was necessary to use dynamite as well as picks and shovels in order to sink a shaft forty feet through rock and earth to effect the dog's rescue.

Ring barked intermittently throughout his long imprisonment underground, apparently with the intention of encouraging the crowds of sympa-

their age-old enemy. Suddenly one of the dogs emitted a deep yelp, indicative of the discovery of the desired quarry. The pack took up the trail and soon straightened out in a race

that extended for approximately one mile.

"That fox is headed for the old fox den on Dildine creek," remarked one of the hunters, "and he'll make it before the dogs get near him." A Deep Cave.

The old fox den is in a deep cave on the banks of Dildine creek. The hunter's prediction came true. The wily old fox, however, failed to take into consideration that one, of the dogs on his trail was a veteran of seven years' experience, not to be confused or daunted, by any subterfuge in Reynard's repertoire. Within a few feet of the fox's tail yelped Ring, filled with the joy of the chase. The fox, a magnificent specimen, rushed into the tiny opening to the cave. Scarcely a foot behind, however, Ring plunged madly onward, either unaware or contemptuous of the proximity of the fox's haven. The old dog's rush carried him nearly 40

feet into the blackness of the cavern. Suddenly his body became wedged between two sharp boulders. It was impossible to push forward or to retrace his steps. He was trapped, and both

dog and fox realized what had occurred. At the mouth of the cavern bayed a dozen disgusted, baffled foxhounds. Around them stood half a dozen disappointed hunters, facing the painful realization that another wily Reynard had made his escape into the old hole

that had caused many fox hunts to end in disgust. None of the hunters noted that old

Ring was missing from the pack of hounds yelping at the black entrance to the cave, and after a few minutes the hunters called the hounds and left the scene.

Inside the inky blackness of the cave, with no other living soul to see, two animals staged a drama. The fox realized that his enemy was in dire distress. His sharp eyes told him that Ring could neither advance nor retreat, therefore could not parry blows. Sharp yelps from the pinioned enemy told him that Ring was in excruciating pain. Desperately the old dog tried to press forward, but every painful attempt only wedged his body

many old scores. The fox, confident that he could thrash the imprisoned

THE CENTRE REPORTER, CENTRE HALL, PA.

eran foxhound he sought to destroy. With the cunning born of long experience and the ferocity born of desperation, Ring bared his white, stiletto-like teeth and prepared to uphold the treasured traditions of his ancestors. Again and again the long tusks of the fox penetrated the old dog's head, but Ring was fighting to the death and he fought craftily, conserving his strength. Finally the coveted opening came. The old foxhound sank his long teeth into the soft, hot, palpitating throat of his foeman.

The battle was over. Blood gushing from his wound, the fox slunk farther back into the narrow passageway -to die.

Tuesday night, February 15, workmen uncovered the bloody body of the fox. Every man at the cave realized that a tragedy had taken place far down in the bowels of the earth.

Up through the fissures between the layers of limestone came the triumphant voice of Ring, hurling a challenge and yet containing a pitiful plea for aid.

One long tooth was missing from the fox's mouth, conclusive evidence that Ring had been painfully if not seriously wounded in the fight in the cave.

A few minutes after midnight Wednesday. February 16, it became evident that the shaft being sunk into the cavern would reach the prisoner in a few hours, and anxious eyes peered into the hole for a glimpse of Ring. A flashlight playing in the black depths of the tunnel revealed a yellow tail, wagging joyously. The dog that had been a prisoner for six days was at last in sight of his rescuers.

The inrush of air told old Ring that his period of painful captivity was almost ended. He barked feebly, but with a voice vibrant with joy. At 3:45 o'clock Thursday morning Ring scrambled out of his prison and his yelping re-echoed through the little valley until it was drowned amid the deafening cheers of the hundreds who had gathered to witness the bound's liberation.

A racking cough shook Ring's gaunt body. He had contracted a serious cold in the dampness of the cavera. Pneumonia threatened. Warm overcoats were wrapped about the animal. Ring's eyes were feverish and almost filled with dirt, but they scanned the faces about the brink of the shaft. He was looking for his master. Vandy Kelly, and a second later the old foxhound was licking the face he loved more than any other.

Harvey Kelly took the weary animal in his arms and strode across the hills to the Kelly home, a mile distant, where a bowl of warm milk awaited the homecoming.

Safe at home, Ring collapsed. His more tightly between the sharp boulgaunt frame shivered with the ravages of pneumonia. He refused food, ders. but lapped eagerly at bowls of water An Opportunity. Here was an opportunity to avenge placed before him. He yelped no more, his fever-ridden lungs unable to function normally, and those mindog, advanced to the atlack. But he l istering to the old foxhound realized did not know the caliber of the vet- that the end was near.





He-Y' don't need t' feel so stuck up just because your dad made all his dough in glue.

A Poser

Blinks-My kid floored me with a question today.

Jinks-Is that unusual? Blinks-No, but this was a knockout. I gave him a penny and he asked me to please tell him just what he could do with a penny, and I had to give him a quarter to sidestep the answer.

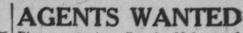
The Miracle Woman

Mr. Shrimp-Can you read the past as well as the future? Madame Goochi-Sir, the past is to

me an open book. "Then you're on a dollar if you can tell me what my wife said to bring home for tea-pork sausages or pigs' feet."-Sydney Bulletin.

Rotarians

A young lady pupil at the Gotham



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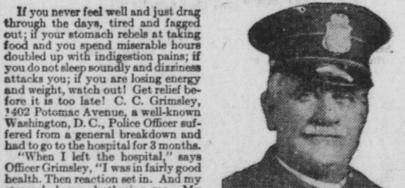
It is sometimes expedient to forget We are told that wealth doesn't | oring contentment, and many people what you know .-- Syrus.

Eore and inflamed eyes, sties and granula-tions healed promptly by nightly use of Roman Eye Balsam. 25 cents. Adv.

sence, and that is poverty .- Johnson. Truth can always await opportunity.

Popular Police Officer **Recovers From Long Illness**

Suffering From Sluggish Liver, Stomach Trouble and Nervousness Caused by Breakdown, Washington Policeman Recovers Health. Strength **Restored.** Praises Tanlac



thetic workmen laboring to rescue him. But the joyous, half-challenging note was missing from Ring's typicaly foxhound yelp.

At ten o'clock on the night of Thursday, February 10, Ring was trapped in the cave. It was Saturday, February 12, when a boy chancing to pass the cave heard a dog, evidently In distress, barking. It was 3:00 a. m. Thursday, February 17, when a shovel plerced the barrier above the imprisoned dog and permitted the rays of a flashlight to reveal an exhausted but supremely happy foxhound.

Freed From Prison.

Strong hands freed Ring from his orison. A moment later a gaunt, yellow foxhound, his hairy coat damp with underground moisture, was raised to the surface of the ground and depositing in the walting arms of his owner, R. Vandy Kelly, wealthy bachelor and noted foxhunter of Woodruff. Through lips that quivered with emotion Mr. Kelly shouted, "Boys, it is worth \$1,000,000 to see old Ring again !"

The entire countryside hurried to the cave, two miles from Woodruff. when it became known that Ring was caught in a trap. Men. women and children assembled on the steep hillside.

Ring was one of a dozen fine foxhounds taking part in a fox hunt on the night of Thursday, February 10. Half a dozen hunters had assembled at the home of the Kelly brothers for the chase.

Into a peaceful little valley, bathed in the mellow glow of a full moon, the pack of hounds dashed in search of

Christy Is Made an Honorary V. F. W.



Howard Chandler Christy, noted artist and creator of the famous "Buy a Buddy Poppy" poster used in 1926, and a veteran of the Spanish-American war, is an honorary member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States. This honor was conferred upon Christy recently following action taken at the 1926 encampment at El Paso, Texas, when Christy was given the distinction of being the first honorary member selected by the national body. The presentation was made in Mr. Christy's studio in New York city by Commander-in-Chief Theodore Stitt. In the picture Mr. and Mrs. Christy are examining the engraved document Mr. Stitt has just handed them.

year 1925.

MEAT CONSUMPTION OF 1926 SHOWS INCREASE OVER 1925

Task Keeping Pace With American Appetite,

Chicago .-- Government figures just made available showing a large increase in total meat consumption for 1926 over 1925 while consumption per person was slightly less, indicate that task in keeping pace with the Amer-D. A. Millett of Denver, prominent live stock breeder and chairman of the than hogs. National Live Stock and Meat board. in a report to board members.

Mr. Millett pointed out that the total production of 17,245,000,000 pounds of meat for 1926 exceeded the previous year by 240,000,000 pounds. Per capita consumption was quoted at 142.8, whereas in 1925 it was 143.6. eight-tenths of a pound to the rapid-

Figures Show Producers Have Hard ly increasing population and emphasized that this condition indicated an absence of surplus supplies.

The fact that more beef was produced and consumed during 1926 than ever before was given emphasis by the board chairman. The official figures showed 7,458,000,000 pounds of beef produced and this not only broke live-stock producers have 'a difficult all previous records but placed beef above pork in point of quantity. It was ican appetite for meat, according to the first time for a number of years that cattle had furnished more meat

This situation was attributed partly to the shortage of hogs which was experienced as a continuation of the downward trend following the overproduction of 1923 and 1924.

The production and consumption of lamb was noted for its increase over the last several years. Production He attributed this slight drop of reached the highest mark since 1914 and per capita consumption was on

Normal school took notice of one of the little wheel-like ventilators that had been set in one of the windows of a house she was passing.

She gazed at it with some interest. "Huh !" she finally concluded, "those folks there must be Rotarians."

Find the Man

"Fighting is all right, provided you do it intelligently." "Yes, but you can't always find a man smaller than yourself."-London

Answers. HAS A GOOD DRIVER



"He says he's going along the road to success at a lively gait now." "So he is-with his wife driving."

Perennial

Maude-Did you find you had supplies enough for your unexpected guests? Beatrix-Everything gave out but the scandal.

Passing It Along

Madge-Are you going to return the poor fellow's ring? Marie (who has broken her engagement)-I suppose he'll propose to you now, and I thought I'd just hand it over to you to save the bother.

Proving the Punch

Riter-So you think my novel has real punch to it. Rotter-Sure thing! You, ought to have seen the way it put me to sleep. -Boston Transcript.

Rather Suspicious

Dudley-What makes you think that your wife got your money? Jenkins-Well, I'm not sure about It, but I reached in my pants pocket this morning and instead of finding my bank roll I found a thimble.

Better to Eat

"These are our goldfish," said one small boy to another. "Do you have goldfish ?" "No, my mother only buys sar-

dines."-Karikaturen, Oslo.

stomach began bothering me. liver was sluggish and I couldn't eat a single thing without it disagreeing with me and causing intense pain. Constipation brought on headaches and my nerves went to pieces. At the end of a couple of hours I would feel as tired as I used to at the end of the

COULD good old Mother Nature ever have provided a more de-licious drink than cocoa?

"No," shout the children

-and they are so happy when you serve them Monarch Cocoa

and Teenie Weenie

Peanut Butter sand-

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day. "A friend suggested that I try Tanlac. This wonderful tonic has helped me greatly. It toned up my liver and banished constipation. I now eat hearty meals three times a day with-out a sign of stomach trouble. Tanlac

Appearance Everything to Her Miss Young-Which would you prefer in your future husband-wealth,

ability or appearance? Old Maid-Appearance, my dear;

road bobbed. but he's got to appear pretty soon.

has returned to me my old-time en-ergy. It has done a world of good." Officer Grimsley is only one of thousands of men and women who have

been released from pain and suffering, who have been restored to good health and strength by Tanlac. This marvelous tonic, made from roots, barks and herbs according to the famous Tanlac formula may be what you need. The first bottle shows amazing results. Get Tanlac from your druggist. Over 40 million bottles sold.

The Craze Spreads

Tourist-The guide book says there's a hairpin curve near here. Where is it? Native-There isn't. We've had the



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rainstorm in San Andreas, Calaveras county, which washed the streets thoroughly. George Treat, editor of a newspaper in that city, walking

the up grade, standing at 5.5 pounds.

For the past three years this figure stood at 5.2. Total lamb and mutton

production was placed at 643,000,000

pounds, which was larger by 44,000,000

pounds than the production for the

out of his front yard, noticed a glittering substance in the road and, stopping to pick it up. found it to be a heart-shaped gold nugget. It was about a half inch in diameter.