

ADVERTISEMENTS

The Opening of the Hunting Season in England.

"TO-O-O!" "TO-O-O!" THE CRY.

How the Fox is Hunted to Death—Pence Jumping and the Hasty Beasts Fuged—Coming in at the Finish—Through Out.

The month of November is always hailed with delight by young and old in England as the beginning of the hunting season.

It is November the first, and we are making our way to the first drive, which is at Gately Village.



THE MEET.

redcoats; they are the whips. Our master is punctual to the minute.

On every side are horsemen, all coming to join us; some making their bows by bridge paths, others by byroads.

A sound of rapid hoofs is heard, and down is coming a little private sport all to himself, for he is taking a "bee line" to the meet.

"Mornin', sir! Mornin'!" Hope you'll have a good day!

"Mornin', sir! Sure to be a scent!" says a jolly old farmer, who has a certain air.

His fat, sleepy eye is plodding along as though hunting was a thing he thought very little of.

But during the season he'll have to put up with it at least two days a week.

A sound of rapid hoofs is heard, and down is coming a little private sport all to himself.

Red coats, black coats, blue coats, pepper-and-salt coats; horses, ponies, cobs and donkeys—a motley throng of riders.

We will just cast a look over the pack, for we are now among the green standing rows.

Notice the pack standing rows, which are a coarse or weedy one in the lot.

What sharp, well-carried stems. Great bunches of muscels about the necks of the well-groomed riders.

They are all well mounted. Several are riding clean bred horses that appear hardy up to their weight.

"Hound! Hound, gentlemen, please!" The master has given the signal to move off.

The first "whip" takes the lead, and trots through the crowd, who give him a light side and make a clear passage for the tricolor beauties.

They are going to draw Barker's Holt first, rather an unlikely place for a find, as we killed a cub there, who hung on every word; but it is close at hand, on our way to the "draw" of the morning.

Swimmer's plantation, and might possibly hold a fox. We go at that odd joggling pace, faster than a walk, yet hardly a trot, with those who wish to keep with the moving pack must adopt.

"The whips" scurry off to their points of vantage. A minute or two the expectant, well-trained hounds stand, their muscles twitching and tails waving, waiting the signal from their master.

"Lie in, there!" With a rush they are over the fence and busy at their work.

"Yo, push him! Yo, push him!" the master cheers. "Yo, over! Yo, rise him!" Every one is on the top of excitement, asking, "Will they find?"

Ab! what's that! A single note rings through the covert. It is joined by three or four others.

"They've found! They've found!" Some of the riders start off madly—they know not why or where, but they must be moving. The hounds' voices are still sounding, but somehow or other they don't sound right.

People are asking each other, "What's the matter?" "The best point is in excited tones." "Only the old hands at all and saying nothing. Ab! just as we expected. A volley of whip cracks. Two painful yells. "War! war! war!" "Ab! Destiny!" "War! war! war!" "The new entry is sure to be a good one."

"Toot! toot!" goes the master's horn. "Come on away! Come on away!" about the whips. It's a blank. No sign from Swimmer's plantation. Jog! Jog! Jog! Again the crowd moves on.

Now we have reached Swimmer's plantation. Again the whips hurry off at full gallop to their appointed places.

"Lie in!" The mass of covert is alive. Sometimes a white star shows for a second. "Yo, push him up! Yo, rise him!" Man look to their girls. "Yo, wind him! Yo, push him up!" "Ab! Listen! Listen, indeed, for that long drawn, beautiful note can belong to none other than Challenger."

"Another dog owns the scent; and another dog join in. What a crash of music! How the air seems to vibrate with the sound, as it echoes through the wood!"

"Yo-o-o!" "Yo-o-o!" "Gone away! Gone away!" The second whip has viewed him as he breaks for the open. "Yo-o-o! For-ward! For-ward!" With a clatter and rush the "field" make for the halloo. Hats fly off; horses bolt, but to stop is impossible. "For-ward! For-ward!" the cry.

The hounds are out of covert; swarming, tumbling, leaping out they come, and on they fly. Ere the first horseman has leaped the hedge and dropped into the field, through which the gallant fox has made his

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Some Points of Interest About Six Congressmen Who Are Already Prominent, and One of Whom Will Probably Win the Big Prize.

There is a marshaling of followers of the candidates for speaker of the United States house of representatives.

The candidates for speaker of the United States house of representatives are described. His face in repose suggests at once Tom Keene and Daniel Webster.

The profile is clear in its cutting, like Keene's, and the dark eyes are seen in the shadow that is so cavernous in the portraits of "Black Dan."

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It is politics the men who are familiarly called "Joe" or "Bob" or "Dan," generally seem to have a strength behind them that their more dignified competitors do not possess.

At least, it is a different kind. "Tom" Reed is looked upon as the candidate for the speakership, having, perhaps, the best chance of winning the race.

Maine seems to be as good a soil for growing big brainy men as big pine trees.

At any rate Tom Reed is a Maine man, and has some of the faculty of that other man of Maine, James G. Blaine, for winning stanch supporters.

Reed is a fighter. He hits hard with his harsh voice and biting sarcasm.

This, of course, has gained him plenty of enemies in the party he opposes, but it only makes him more popular with the men in his own ranks.

Indeed, he gathered in the reins as a leader of his party in the house because of his right of possession by force and not by persuasion.

Here is a sample of Reed's thrust: One day Representative Taubee was speaking. Reed listened for awhile attentively, and at last said, in a stage whisper:

"What a pity! What a pity!" Being pressed by some of his immediate neighbors to state the object of his sympathy, he quietly observed, with inimitable drollery and a malicious twinkle in his eye:

"I was meditating upon the magnificent proportions of that robust thorax, and thinking how sad it was that heaven had not made any mind to supplement and bear it company."

Reed's tribute to Logan while Gen. Logan was still alive is on a par with this:

"I like Logan," he said, "because he is so damned human."

Reed is a high protectionist to the point of rabidness. The late Larry Jerome took advantage of his knowledge of this fact to perpetrate one of his practical jokes at the annual dinner of the Philadelphia Clover club two years ago.

Jerome, although himself a protectionist and although politics is never discussed at the club's board, when introduced made a violent free trade speech in the most serious manner.

Reed could not contain himself. Springing to his feet he loudly denounced the utterances. The company laughed, and when the situation was quietly explained to the eloquent congressman he only gesticulated more wildly and shouted:

"Not even under the guise of the motley will I hear the sacred doctrine of protection attacked!" Then the club shouted. It was one hour before Reed regained his good humor.

Among the rivals of the Maine man is the diplomatic Julius Caesar Burrows. He is a blonde, handsome man, with a fine physique and an excellent voice.

He is no orator as Brutus is, or rather, Tom Reed; he has the subtle persuasive charm of the club's board, when introduced made a violent free trade speech in the most serious manner.

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