

is a trick that the crafty Southern fox resorts to when too closely pursued, as if he understood that it is sacrilege to shoot him. The men, one and all, try to scale the tree, but get only a few feet.

"I will ride back to the quarters for Billie," calls out Colonel Heriot. "He is a veritable monkey in tree-climbing, and for a quarter he will scale that pine in the twinkling of an eye."

"And I will go with you, Colonel," and Rebecca, giving "Wings" the spur, dashes after him. She overtakes him on the edge of the highway, and asks, laughing, "Why didn't you climb that tree? I must confess that I am surprised to see you surrender to a harmless little fox."

"It's too slippery, my dear Miss Rebecca. I don't care to try it. I want to live a little longer," and, hesitating and pulling his horse nearer to hers, he adds, "I want to live to win you."

"Then you must ride back, climb the tree, and throw down the fox," and, quickly turning "Wings" head, Rebecca gallops back to the waiting group under the tree.

"What, back already?" they cry.

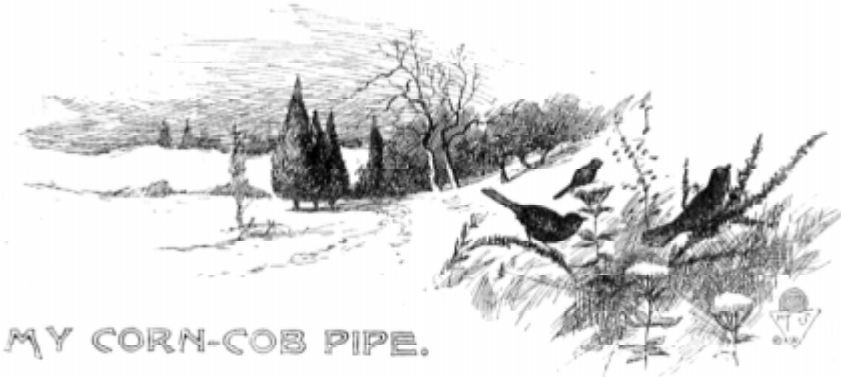
"We didn't go," answers Rebecca; "we don't need Billie." As she speaks the Colonel throws off his coat, grasps the tree, and cautiously draws himself up until he can reach the snarling fox. Grasping the branch firmly with one

hand, Colonel Heriot strikes the fox with the other and quickly dislodges him.

The fox, jumping fully fifteen feet, escapes the hounds, and the excited hunters, Rebecca excepted, dash away in close pursuit, quite forgetful of Colonel Heriot. Sliding down quickly from his perilous position, Colonel Heriot seizes "Nimrod's" bridle, and mounts. As he draws rein beside "Wings," Rebecca reaches out her hand.

"You have fairly won me, Colonel. Now let's after the fox, for unless I am first at the death I am not worthy of you," and, bending low in her saddle, Rebecca is off like the wind. The rest of the party are overtaken and passed, and Rebecca leads now, with the Colonel at her horse's flank. A hurdle! Crack! Colonel Heriot has lost a stirrup, but what matters that? On and on, until the Colonel, springing from his panting horse, beats off the dogs, cuts the brush, and with a low bow hands it to Rebecca, the first woman present at the death. Sticking it through the band of her riding cap, Rebecca again holds out her hand and whispers:

"Take it; you have won it fairly." Then, with the bushy tail nodding in the breeze, she rides back by the Colonel's side, the envied of them all, the winner of the brush in the longest and roughest hunt of the season.



MY CORN-COB PIPE.

WHEN days are cold,
 And storm-clouds rife
 The sun enfold;
 When Winter's strife
 And battle bold
 Have overcome and chained Earth's life;
 Then is the cheer,
 The wondrous cheer,
 Of
 my old
 corn-
 cob
 pipe.

When days are warm,
 When June is here;
 When wild-bees swarm
 To blossoms near;
 When ripples form
 O'er stones thrown into brooklets clear;
 I feel the charm,
 The soothing chasm,
 Of
 my old
 corn-
 cob
 pipe.

I. D. ASHBAUGH.