

The hares took to the mountain south of the city, and when they reached the summit, some of the hounds who were running too fast were almost up to them. But they had overtaxed their staying powers, and were compelled to drop out soon afterwards from sheer exhaustion, while the remainder of the pack were still comparatively fresh. Then the hares led the pack along the brow of the mountain for about half a mile, again turning south heading directly across the country, taking the hounds through pools of water, over fences and ditches, finally coming upon a barnyard surrounded by a rickety high board fence, on the inside of which were a farmer and his daughter engaged in milking.

Judge of their surprise, when they beheld three hares scramble over the fence and run through the herd of cows, causing them to upset the milkpails and scamper wildly about with fright? The farmer was at first surprised, but anger soon took its place, and it was well for the hares that they did not hear the language that was hurled after them. In the meantime the farmer set to work to give the hounds a warm reception, because they had annoyed him before on one occasion, and he thought he would teach them a lesson this time, and

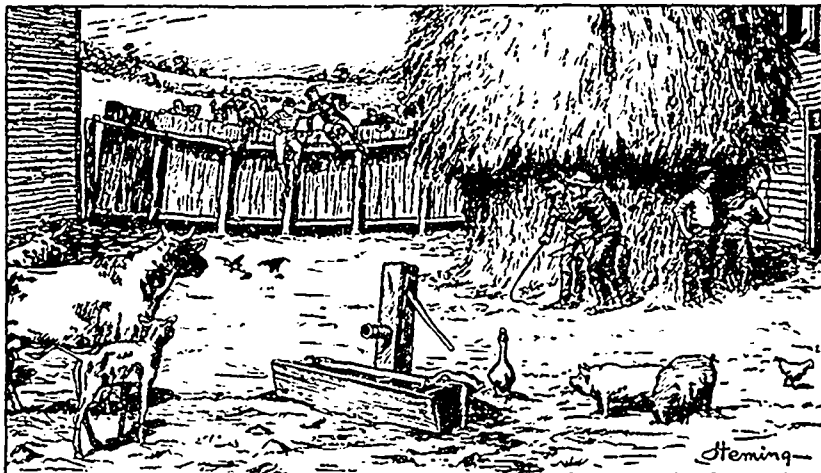
made a record on the cinder-path, judging from the speed in which we flew up that lane.

Shortly after leaving this barnyard, the hares turned westward and ran through the woods, where it was difficult for the hounds to trace them, thus enabling them to gain considerably on their pursuers; and when they emerged from the woods again, the hounds were a long way in the rear.

Not long after this, one of the hares began to show signs of distress, and it was just a matter of a very short time ere he must be captured, as the hounds were rapidly gaining ground, and were now about two hundred yards in the rear. Then the race began in earnest, and soon two of the hares began to forge ahead, leaving number one to his fate. But number one did not want to be taken until he had made another effort to evade his pursuers, so he ran for a fence near at hand; first throwing his bag over, which was secured about his neck by a cord with a noose in it, thus succeeding in choking what little breath he had left, out of him, and in making him an easy prey to his captors.

In the meantime the two remaining hares led the pack into a newly-ploughed field, which, however, had the effect of checking their speed considerably, for they sank at every stride; and some of them had their shoes pulled off by the mud. After they had crossed this field, they turned north-westward for a couple of miles, then northward, which brought them to a ravine, that led down the mountain side to a point opposite Dundas. It was while coming down this ravine that the second hare was taken, he having fallen headlong down a steep path, and before he could recover himself some of the foremost hounds were upon him.

We only had one more hare to capture, and thought it would be just a few moments before he gave out also.



THREE HARES SCRAMBLING OVER THE FENCE.

thus prevent any further repetitions in the future; so he called his son and a couple of hired men to help him, and after each had armed himself with a whip, they hid themselves behind a straw-stack and awaited their coming.

Of course the unfortunate hounds had no idea that they were running into a trap, or I'm inclined to think they would have gone round by another way. In less time than it takes to tell, some ten or fifteen boys began to scramble over that fence, and were just on top of it, when it gave way with a crash, and the next moment they were rolling on the ground. Then the old farmer and his men bounced out on them, and administered one of the most severe cowhidings it has been my misfortune to witness for some time; the screeching and yelling that followed was something beyond description. Some of us who were "cornered" showed fight, but were speedily vanquished by a few blows from a black-snake.

Finally we managed to break away from our assailants, and as we rushed up the lane, it made me sad to think that so many young men had, presumably, mistaken their vocations in life, as sprinting was evidently their forte; for I believe that any one of us could have



SHOES PULLED OFF BY THE MUD.