

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 iron constitution could endure. Ring contracted pneumonia while pinned 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 little mound. A thousand dollars was spent willingly in freeing the old foxhound 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 night 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 it 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 sympathetic workmen laboring to rescue him. But the joyous, half-challenging note was missing from Ring's typically 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 pierced 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 prison. A moment later a gaunt, yellow foxhound, his hairy coat damp with underground moisture, was raised to the surface of the ground and deposited in the waiting 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 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 pinned 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 more tightly between the sharp boulders.

An Opportunity.
Here was an opportunity to avenge many old scores. The fox, confident that he could thrash the imprisoned dog, advanced to the attack. But he did not know the caliber of the veteran 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 foe.

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, wiggling 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 hound's liberation.

A racking cough shook Ring's gaunt body. He had contracted a serious cold in the dampness of the cavern. Pneumonia threatened.

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 gaunt frame shivered with the ravages of pneumonia. He refused food, but lapped eagerly at bowls of water placed before him. He yelped no more, his fever-ridden lungs unable to function normally, and those ministering to the old foxhound realized that the end was near.

Maine Banker Wills Fortune to Humanity

Bath, Maine.—An estate estimated at \$1,718,000, of which all but \$18,000 is in personal property, was left by George P. Davenport, retired banker and broker, according to William S. Shorey, Arthur J. Dunton and J. Edward Drake, named by him as executors and trustees under the terms of his will, which has been filed in the first session of the Sagadahoc county Probate court.

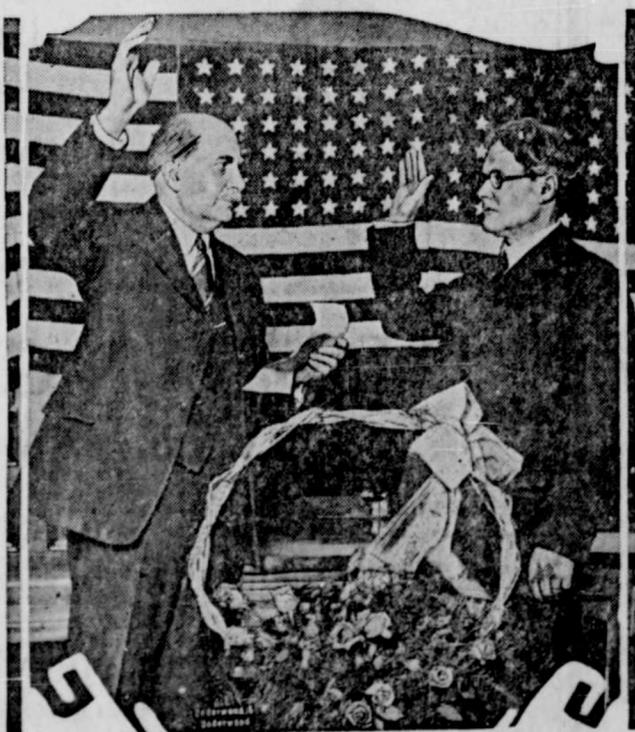
Mr. Davenport made 20 specific bequests, most of them to institutions, and only one of them personal, totaling \$116,000, and the income from the residue, estimated at considerably more than \$1,500,000, is to be expended by the trustees for religious, educational and charitable institutions and organizations "which have for their object the good of the world and the bettering of the condition of the human race."

The trustees have nominated Oliver Moses, Charles C. Low and Daniel Williams as appraisers of the estate.

The will was drawn August 26, 1908. Mr. Davenport was never married and upon his death left no near relatives. Outside of a \$10,000 bequest to Miss Nellie A. Webber, who was his housekeeper for a long term of years, there are no personal bequests.

Mr. Davenport stated that his father, the late Charles Davenport, gave during his lifetime a very large amount of money to their relatives and he did not feel it his duty to give more.

New U. S. District Attorney Sworn In



George E. Q. Johnson (right) taking the oath as United States district attorney for northern Illinois, succeeding Edwin A. Olson. The ceremony took place in the Federal court in Chicago.



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