

HUNTED WITH BLOODHOUNDS.

It is No. a Ferocious Animal But Will Not Let It Be Killed.

The popular belief that bloodhounds are ferocious is one of the most unwarranted errors, says the Post-Dispatch. Such is far from being the case. Bloodhounds such as those which will be employed to trace the outlaw and such as are to-day used in the convict camps are put on many parts of the country have none of the ferocity generally ascribed to them. Their reputation for savagery is derived from what is known as the Cuban bloodhound of slave hunting notoriety, but which is in reality a bloodhound at all. The Cuban bloodhound was produced by a cross between a mastiff and a pointer, and was introduced into Spanish America by the early settlers.

Their employment in hunting Indians and slaves in the past naturally belligerent temper until in time they became the most dangerous of the canine kind. These animals have only the name in common with the British bloodhound, which is a far finer animal. It has the characteristics of the sagacious and swift-footed dogs, while the Cuban animal possesses those of the swift-footed and pugnacious. When placed on the trail of a man the bloodhound will stick to it under circumstances of almost incredible difficulty, but when the quarry is run down will not attempt to attack, but will give tongue until the hunters arrive. The fact that these dogs were put on the trail of the Whitechapel murderer in the most thickly populated section of the east end of London, and that they attacked no one, should prove to all that they are not the ferocious brutes that they are commonly supposed to be.

The following description applies to the true bloodhound, and it will be seen that there are few points of likeness to his Cuban namesake. The head is the chief characteristic of the breed, the skull is very long, often as much as eleven inches in length, narrow, and very much peaked. The muzzle is deep and square, the ears long, very thin, pendulous and set very low, hanging close to the face and curled upon themselves. The eyes are hazel in color, deep set and with triangular lids. The neck is long with a great quantity of loose skin forming the dewlap. The dogs are from twenty-five to twenty-seven inches in height at the shoulder. The color is usually black and tan, but some animals are speckled with white on the back, giving them the appearance of having been out in a snow-storm.

The bloodhound is exceedingly powerful, but as gentle as a lapdog and almost as intelligent as a collie. Its wonderful scent far surpasses that of any other member of the canine family. No bloodhound can compete with it in this respect. To track men or animals through a country not thickly populated is an easy task to the bloodhound. Once put on a trail it will stick to that particular one, although hundreds may cross it. The tests made in London during the excitement incident to the Whitechapel murders were simply marvelous. The dogs would hunt the clean boot for miles through the most frequented thoroughfares and scarcely ever hesitated as to the trail.

WINNING A BRIDE.

What a Tribe of Cannibals Deceives as the Price.

In the lower Amazon dwell the cannibal Haterodas who distort their features with the biggest ornaments of a certain kind known. In babyhood both men and women have their lower lips and the lobes of their ears pierced with holes, in which are thrust pieces of wood. As they grow older these wooden adornments are made bigger and bigger until an adult ordinarily has ear lobes that hang down to the shoulders and a lip that projects six inches or more beyond the nose. One must suffer to be beautiful as the French say, and such is the moribund fashion among these anthropophagi.

In that country a young man who desires to take a wife must first submit himself to a frightful ordeal. He draws over each arm up to the shoulder a loose armband woven of palm leaves. Then, under supervision by his elders, he plunges both arms as far as he can into a nest of fierce venomous ants. The insects at once attack the intruder, of course, and according to the tenor of the law he must stand without moving for a long, unbaiting while the enraged creatures, if he endures the test he is entitled to the bride, otherwise he must wait for a year and then undergo it again. There are still tribes descended from the ancient Incas which bandage the heads of their children as they do they assume conical form. Funny enough the brain does not seem to suffer any injury from this treatment.—Philippine Press.

Little Curious Things.

The creature having the greatest number of feet yet living is the chiton, a species of mollusk. In the shell of which has been found as many as 11,000 separate mobile eyes. The largest animal known is the roquart, which is 10 feet in length; the smallest is the twilight moud, which is only the twelve thousandth of an inch. A single sheet of paper 6 feet wide and 7 miles long has been made at the paper works at Wate town, N. J. It weighed 2.23 pounds. Prof. Listner, an authority on entomology, says that there are a million or more species of insects in the world and that he has seen at one place more snowflakes of a single species than there are human beings on the globe.

KISSING THE BABIES.

A Mother Who Object to Such a Commemoration Proceeds.

"I suppose I was very abrupt, and perhaps, disagreeable," said a mother of two or three pretty children, as they came in from an outing, "but I assure you I could not help it. There is nothing that comes to me when I am out with the children which annoys me more than to have strangers literally pounce upon the babies and cover their faces with kisses. Of course, I wouldn't have common sense if I didn't know that they are extra pretty children. I have heard it ever since they were born and I certainly ought to have learned it by heart by this time. If I didn't know it any other way I should very soon do so from the marked attention they always receive in public, but I will not allow this promiscuous kissing. The woman who annoyed me was a middle-aged person with the most atrocious set of teeth, or rather the remains of them, that I ever saw. Her breath was almost intolerable even at the distance which I stood from her, and I noticed that the baby turned his face away in disgust. Of course, I hated to tell her that I never permitted strangers to kiss the children. All the same, I did it and am not sorry."

"It is for this reason, largely, that I go out myself when the children are taken for their airing. I find that nurse-girls will not guard them against this danger, and I can't permit them to run the risk of getting all sorts of infections and diseases that I know come from such a condition of the mouth. People really seem to have not the slightest idea that they are guilty of a real sin in offering to kiss other people's children, but I consider it such, notwithstanding the fact that I know I am expected to take it as a compliment. I assure you, however, that I would rather such compliments were omitted altogether. I will not engage a nurse-girl with poor teeth or offensive breath, or one who has any disease of the lungs, throat or head. I don't think it's safe to do so, and therefore I make the most rigid inquiries in this respect; and good health and a clean mouth are among the imperative demands when I engage such servants."—New York Ledger.

Where the Bananas Grow.

In South America the banana is not thought of as a luxury. In fact, it takes the place of bread and meat and vegetables among a large part of the people. Every garden has its banana patch, just as we have our indispensable rows of potatoes. On the Isthmus of Panama the cars spin past hills covered from base to summit with the beautiful broad-leaved plants, their great clusters of fruit hanging from the stems just under the leaves. The banana plant looks something like an immense calla lily. Its stems are made up from the leaves, so sheathed or folded around each other and hardened as to sustain the weight of the mass of foliage above. It will in some localities attain a height of twenty feet. When two years old it bears fruit and then dies, but a number of young shoots spring up from the base of the old stem, so it continually renews itself, and the farmer, who is usually an Indian or negro, has no trouble except to keep the weeds and the old withered trunks cleared away from the growing plant. Even the trunk is of use, for it contains a fibre almost as soft as silk, which can be woven into the most exquisite muslins. Indeed some of the dainty India muslins are made of this very fibre.—Harper's Young People.

Roses.

In no other part of the world has the cultivation of roses been brought so nearly to perfection as in China. The rose gardens of the emperor of the Flowery Kingdom are gorgeous in the extreme. The revenue obtained from the oil of roses and rose water is enormous and a great addition to the imperial coffers. Only the members of the royal family and the nobility, high military officials, mandarins, etc., are allowed to have any of the attar of roses in their dwellings. Very severe punishment is meted out to ordinary citizen in whose possession even a drop of the precious essence is found. Originally only two kinds of roses were known in China, the white and the red moss-roses, and the smaller they were the greater their value. The leaves are greatly sought after for amulets. The poor consider them great prizes, and when a leaf is obtained it is put in a little bag and hung over the door to keep away the evil spirits.—Sat. Evening Post.

Know His Classics.

"The black earth drinks the rains, and the trees drink the earth, and Helios drinks the sea, and Silenus drinks Helios. Why then, my friends, do you prevent me from drinking?" Thus translated admirably an ode of Anacreon, in a crowded New York elevated car, a man through whose unpatched coat blew the breeze that sweeps the curved tracks of the elevated railway at the end of the park. "He is drunk; I'll put him off at One Hundred and Sixteenth Street," said the guard. "Don't, he knows his classics," said a Times reporter. "Oh, well, if he knows Colonel Hain and behaves himself, I will let him ride," said the guard, untroubled by a new form, apparently, of "His Nibs."

A Useful Hint.

In Sir William Fraser's sparkling book on Disraeli and his time, Disraeli is quoted as once saying: "When I meet a man whose name I can not remember I give myself two minutes; then, if it be a hopeless case, I always say, 'And how is the old complaint?'"—Argonaut.

SHE CARRIED THE CHALLENGE.

A New Orleans Mother's Share in a Duel That Didn't Come Off.

A party of old-timers were yesterday assembled in the clerk's office of the Civil District court, discussing the halcyon happenings of ante-bellum days, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. The topic of discussion from a contrast of the gallantries and savilities of those days as contrasted with the present gradually drifted into the topic of dueling. Many good stories were told, when Judge B. put a climax to the reminiscent mood of the party by telling a story which turned the subject into a channel in which he stood prominently alone. "Have you ever heard of a duel between men in which a woman acted as one of the seconds?" queried the judge pre-actorily.

There was a common shuffling of heads and the judge continued: "Well, I have. I knew all the parties intimately. It was this way. You see, Jacques De Bossout had a beto noir in the shape of old Jules Maurin's son Anatole. Anatole was jealous of Jacques in more ways than one, and he took every opportunity of angering him. Never sufficiently to give Jacques a census belli, but just enough to be very disagreeable. Jacques bore it as well as he could until finally one day, when Anatole had made himself more than usually disagreeable, Jacques saw sufficient cause to fight and forthwith challenged Anatole. Now the latter was a friend of the De Bossout family and refused to fight on the plea that he had the greatest respect and admiration for Jacques' aged mother, and that if a fight came off it would kill that lady. Jacques hearing of this went to his old mother with tears in his eyes and said to her: 'Mother, you have been the cause of great sorrow to me. You are the unwilling object that stands between me and the satisfaction of my honor. My gracious, my dear son, how can that be?' answered his mother. 'I would do anything for you,' Jacques explained. 'Do you want to fight this man?' said Mrs. LeBossout. 'I do,' said Jacques. 'It is the desire of my life.' 'I will take the challenge myself,' answered the brave old lady starting up; 'write your challenge.'

"And she did. She took it with her own hands. She handed it to Anatole. He protested; she insisted. She taunted him with cowardice. He blanched. He saw that she was desperately in earnest, and he left the room with pale cheeks. That night he fled the city and never returned. Jacques was forever rid of his cowardly enemy. That is the only instance I have ever heard of in this city where a gentleman brought a challenge with her own hands."

TO CHECK HIS TEMPER.

A Wise French Minister's Plan for Overcoming a Fault. He who knows his failings and tries to correct them is to be praised, says the Saturday Evening Post, though he may not always succeed. "The will is to be praised, though success be wanting," says an old proverb. The following anecdote shows the simple method a French statesman used to control his temper, which was apt to take the bit in his mouth. When M. de Persigny was French Minister of the Interior, he received a visit one day from a friend, who, on sending up his name, was shown into the great man's sanctum. A warm discussion arose between them. Suddenly an usher entered and handed the minister a note. On opening it he at once changed his tone of voice, and assumed a quiet and urbane manner.

Puzzled as to the contents of the note, and the marked effect it had suddenly produced upon the minister, his friend cast a furtive glance at it when, to his astonishment, he perceived that it was simply a plain sheet of paper, without a scratch upon it!

More puzzled than ever, the gentleman, after a few minutes, took his leave, and proceeded to interrogate the usher, to whom he was well known, for he himself had been Minister of the Interior. "You have," said he, "just handed to the minister a note, folded up, which had a most extraordinary effect upon him. Now, it was a plain sheet of paper, with nothing written upon it. And what did it mean?" "Sir," replied the usher, "here is the explanation, which I must beg you to keep secret, for I do not wish to compromise myself. My master is very liable to lose his temper. As he himself is aware of his weakness, he has ordered me, each time that his voice is raised sufficiently to be audible in the anteroom, without delay to place a sheet of paper in an envelope, and take it to him. That reminds him that his temper is getting the better of him, and he at once calms himself. Just now I heard his voice rising, and immediately carried out my instructions."

Do not let Pa. write in Creation.

Reader of notes for the Curious know that the Royal Bengal tiger is indeed with one of the strangest creatures that ever lived? It is said to be a fact easily demonstrated or proved by one who has access to a zoological collection the writer does not pretend to have a personal knowledge of the fact that the web of the foot of tigers of the above-named species is inhabited by a blood-sucking insect about the size of a common flea, which is a perfect counterpart of a tiger in every particular, shape, claws, tail and stripes included. If it is true that this creature does live on the foot and suck the blood of the tiger it is one of the most remarkable facts known in natural history, and one worthy of more thorough investigation.—St. Louis Republic.

A FORTUNE

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By Taking about a dozen bottles, was restored to perfect health—weighing 220 pounds—and am now a believer in the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—James Patsy, Mine Boss, Breckenridge Coal Co. (Limited), Victoria, Ky. "My niece, Sarah A. Losee, was for years afflicted with scrofulous humor in the blood. About 18 months ago she began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles was completely cured."—E. Caffall, P. M., Losee, Utah.

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