

WHY TRICKY ASA FOX

SCHEME OF THE CUNNING WAYS THEY HAVE OF FOOLING THE DOGS.

How doubling on the trail is accomplished by the Cate Animals—The Chase in Relays and the Effect Thereof Upon the Pack.

"If ever there was a four-footed burton, the fox is one," said Scott, Barton of Lancaster County, Pa., where riding to the hounds is a time-honored sport, says The New York Sun. "Particularly does he show this when pursued by hounds, he doubles in his trail, and whenever a fox wants to rest, and at the same time enjoy the discomfiture of the dogs, he doubles, and takes his pleasure from it. When the chase is fairly under way the baying of the hounds is in concert, and to the hunter, at least, is musical and harmonious. But the moment the fox sets out on his trail, the music is broken, the melodious notes are changed to harsh barking or howling, at irregular intervals, and not until the trail is found again is the musical baying resumed. Whenever a pack of hounds is in pursuit of a fox one particular dog, either because of his superior speed or some other quality, is selected as a leader. Sometimes he is attended by a second leader. In some packs not more than two dogs run by the trail. The rest simply follow their leader, who runs yard or two to the side of the trail to carry the wind blows, and who neither carries his head up nor down, but horizontally and slightly lowered. The moment the leader loses the trail he stops and gives two or three sharp, quick howls. If the pack is not closely together, the hounds gather around him in the greatest confusion. Noses go down almost to the ground, tails go up in the air, and each begins to describe a circle, which gradually widens, and must eventually come in contact with the trail again. The first dog that finds the trail instantly utters a long, musical note of the chase, and the pack gathers about him. If he is not the leader, he carries the scent until the leader comes up, when he resigns and falls in behind.

"In doubling, the fox prepares for the manoeuvre by making a great spurt and getting a long distance in the lead of the dogs. He knows that it is impossible for the dogs to come up with him for a certain time. He turns on his trail and follows it back the distance he has calculated on, having marked the place of divergence as he spurted. This is generally where a log or fallen tree lies at right angles from the trail. In passing that log he carries his trail several feet from it—as far as he has judged that he can leap from the trail to it when he doubles back to the spot. When he returns he clears the space between the trail and the log or tree at one jump, follows it to the other end, takes a long leap from that end and frisks away to some nearby knoll or stump, where he sits or lies down, and watches the eager pack go crying by, for the hounds, of course, dash on past the spot, if they are going at full speed. The leader will run some distance beyond the point where the fox doubled on his trail before he discovers that the trail is lost and gives the signal. Then begins the confused barkings and the excited circling of the hounds to re-cover the scent.

"It may take a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes to accomplish this, and all the time the fox is making a dash to enjoy a full view of the worried dogs as they run howling and yelping in search of his trail, whisking his bushy tail, standing on his hind legs, and his feet to get a better view of some particularly pleasing bit of dog discomfiture, and showing his exceeding enjoyment of the whole proceeding, for which his cunning is responsible, by various primpings and comical caperings. But the moment a dog strikes the trail and announces the fact to his companions, the fox picks up his ears, gives his brush an extra flourish, and bolts in the opposite direction, to repeat at his leisure the same trick elsewhere, if all goes well.

"Another way the fox fools the best of hounds and gets fun out of them is to lead them in the chase by relays. This foxes habitually do if they are not being wile raising their young. At such times the male fox, suspecting trouble of this kind, lies several feet away from his kennel, which may be a hole in the rocks, a hollow log, or the space beneath the roots of a fallen tree, and where his mate and her litter are lying snug. When the hounds, in their beating about, start him from his cover, away he goes, leading them a lively chase. A well-bred fox would run from six to ten hours, at a pace of between seven and ten miles an hour, when at a considerable distance behind a fox. At a distance of a hundred yards or so, although he may not see the fox, he knows of its proximity by the warmth of its trail, and he will run, in his eagerness to overtake the quarry, at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour. Such a pace is killing, and can be maintained only a short time.

"The wily fox knows this well, and when he starts on a race in which his mate is to aid him, he keeps but a short distance ahead of the dogs, but sets the killing pace. He keeps this up for perhaps eight miles, gradually closing back on the starting point. Here the female, all fresh, is ready to carry the trail at the same pace, while her mate diverges from it at a right angle, to rest and refresh himself, to go on with the race when she has led back to the post. The hounds keep right on after the female, ignorant of the trick the cunning fox is playing. She, in turn, is relieved by the male fox, who starts in as good as new; and this is kept up without cessation, so that the hounds, although not less, the dogs are exhausted, and must give up the trail. When this worn out, with the trail still warm under their noses, the hounds abandon the chase with distressful yelpings, as if feeling that they must be victims of unfair dealing of some kind. This unmistakable sign of defeat is what the foxes have been working and waiting for, and the one that is in hearing immediately answers it with sharp, aggravating, mocking cries. This is the finishing blow, and the dogs sneak home in humiliation and silence. Some of them will get over the disgrace of next day, some not for weeks, while others can never be induced to follow a fox's trail again, and thus always the very best dogs in the pack."

Origin of "Tip." Here is an interesting bit of philology. It concerns the origin of the word "tip," and throws a little light on the origin of the custom. In old English taverns a receptacle for small coin was placed conspicuously, and over it was written "To insure promptness." Whatever was dropped in the box by guests was divided among the servants. In the course of time the abbreviated form, "T. I. P.," was used.

National Flowers National flowers have been adopted in various countries as follows: Greece, violet; Canada, sugar maple; Egypt, Lotus; England, rose; France, fleur-de-lis; Germany, corn flower; Ireland, shamrock; Italy, lily; Russia, linden; Saxony, minnow; Scotland, thistle; Spain, pomegranate; Wales, leek.

Potato in a Fever. Vegetables, suffering physical injury, are thrown into a state of fever. Potatoes showed a rise of temperature of a little over 2-10 of a degree at the end of the second day, falling to the end of the fifth day.

RAFFLE FOR 3 GIRLS.

A WISCONSIN FARMER THUS DISPOSES OF HIS DAUGHTERS.

They Agreed Prior to the Drawing and Will Keep Their Word—One Prize Drawn by a Married Man and Sold to a Widower For \$50.

During the past few days the Finnish settlement, a few miles south of Maple, Wisconsin, has been in a state of great excitement over a remarkable succession of events. There are about two hundred residents in the settlement—all of them farmers, and nearly all in comfortable circumstances. There is a large surplus of unmarried young men in the community and a scarcity of marriageable young women, so that every female is courted by a score of suitors. A widower named James Dorf, who is one of the settlers, and has been living since the death of his wife, with three pretty daughters in a little house somewhat removed from the main settlement. Lately Dorfkie met with a reverse which crippled him financially. He had accumulated enough money since his residence on the farm to equip the farm with stock and the necessary implements for tilling the soil and harvesting the crops, but his soil and his crops were poor, his oxen died, and his poultry was carried away by hawks, so that while his neighbors were getting on hand to carry their grain through starvation looking into the faces of himself and three daughters. Something must be done, and the wily Dorfkie thought of thinking out a scheme for replenishing his depleted exchequer. He had just an idea came to him, and he set to work in shaping it into a lucrative scheme. He loved his three daughters, and they loved him dearly, but they had dozens of young men lovers, and sooner or later they would leave him to live the remainder of his days in poverty and loneliness. Why not realize something on his daughters? It was a good scheme, and he proceeded at once to carry it out.

The old man, Dorfkie, held a conference with his three daughters, and having folded to them his plan for making an auction, and to sell them, one by one, to the highest bidder, but the young women shrunk from such a business suggestion, though they signified their willingness to acquiesce in any legitimate scheme of money making that the father might devise. At last the old man thought that it might be a good scheme to have a raffle, and so informed the three dutiful young women. They objected at first, on the ground that they ought to be allowed to accept men of their husbands who might be unsatisfactory to them, but when the father promised that the tickets should be sold to persons only to whom they were acceptable in all respects, there was nothing left for the girls to do but to assent, and this they readily did.

So it was whispered about the neighborhood one day last week that Farmer Dorfkie had decided to raffle off his three daughters, and the day after the village was commencing to get busy. Mr. Dorfkie himself appeared among the people with a basketful of pasteboard cards, upon each of which the information was printed that the holder thereof was entitled to one chance on one of the three maidens fair. The tickets went like hot cakes at \$1 apiece, and the old man exchanged his basketful of pasteboards for a like measure of shining silver and gold. In his anxiety to dispose of all the tickets, Mr. Dorfkie forgot his promise to discriminate in favor of the best-looking and most prosperous suitors in the settlement. He took everybody's dollar in exchange for a ticket, and the consequence was that every man in the village, married or single, rich or poor, homely or handsome, and of every kind and color, had a chance for the hand of one of the fair daughters long before the time set for the raffle.

The day came for the great event, and the schoolhouse was packed to the outer door with men, women and children. People in the neighboring towns had heard of the novel affair, and were all anxious to witness the final proceedings. Two hundred and fifty tickets upon each girl had been sold, and the arrangement was that each girl would be disposed of separately under the auspices of a committee selected out of the audience. Tickets numbered to correspond to those sold were placed in a box, and another box contained 243 blanks and one number marked "Prize." Two young girls were then selected to pick over the boxes, and the drawing commenced, the tickets being removed from both boxes simultaneously until the lucky number drew the prize. For half an hour the audience sat in suspense while the two girls slowly withdrew the numbers and compared them under the vigilant eyes of the committee men, but at last the number 175 was responded to by the exclamation "Prize!" and the first raffle was over. Then followed a wild skirmish for the owner of the lucky ticket, and when fortune had decided in favor of a certain man, the heads of a good-natured crowd. The holder of the winning ticket proved to be a thrifty young man of the settlement, who had long sought for the hand of the eldest daughter, Hilda, whose husband he was now to become.

Next came the raffle for the second daughter, a rosy-cheeked lass of twenty-two summers. This time the winning ticket was held by one of the richest men in the town, but unfortunately, he was a married man with a large family. This caused a long delay in the proceedings, during which the entire audience entered into a heated discussion as to what disposition should be made of the ticket, but it was finally agreed that the lucky number should be sold at auction then and there. This was done, and, after considerable spirited bidding, Minnie, the second daughter, became the prospective bride of a middle-aged widower, who paid \$50 for the prize.

Then came the raffle for the youngest daughter, and things were progressing smoothly enough, when an error was discovered which caused a bitter altercation between two ticket-holders, and came near precipitating a free-for-all fight among the spectators. Through carelessness the winning number had been duplicated, and there were two claimants for the hand of daughter No. 3. At length a general row was averted, however, by the adoption of a happy suggestion. The two claimants resorted to a game of "free-out" for a determination of the matter, and for two hours they sat at a card table, surrounded by a selected crowd of friends, manipulating the pasteboards for a bride, slowly the stack of chips in front of the unlucky player dwindled to a paltry few, and at last his opponent was declared the winner. The game was decided in favor of a young man named Gustav Johnson, who before by the day on the farm this father.

True to their promise the three daughters will allow themselves to be led to the altar by the three lucky winners, and the three weddings will take place within a month, upon which occasion a grand dance will be given in the schoolhouse to all the people of the settlement. —New York Times.

Dangers of Summer Time. The young man had been warned, but his love prevailed over his discretion. He drew her head, covered with locks of fiery red, close down upon his breast. There he lost his head. She had ignited his cellular collar.

HEADQUARTERS 45TH VICTORIA MIDLANDERS BATTALION.

LINDSAY, 27th Sept. 1897. Officers and Men of the 45th Victoria Battalion,—"The annual drill for 1897 having been performed and officers and men having returned to their homes, I feel it incumbent on me to express my hearty appreciation and admiration of their conduct. I have conducted a military drill, proficiency and good order, and in the opinion of the drill and gentlemen bearing down on the drill in camp. Marching into Kingston camp, a newly re-arranged corps, with nearly all the men recently enrolled, the 45th Battalion has honored its country, Victoria, as well as the homes of every citizen therein, by a splendid record honorably won. The regiment passed a splendid proficiency drill, cleanliness of camp and exemplary conduct. The regimental band under Mr. Bate, and the bugle band under Sergeant Bugler Pepper, both won merited praise in camp. The display made by the right wing of the regiment in Lindsay on Saturday was very creditable and has convinced the public that the Victoria's sons make first class soldiers. "In time of peace prepare for war," is an old motto; so now is the time to prepare for next year's camp, or next month's active service, as the case may be. I have pride in the record of the 45th this camp, and trust that many others equally brilliant and creditable are in store for the corps. SAM. HUGHES, Lt.-Col., Commanding 45th "Victoria Midlanders."

South Victoria Agricultural Fair

The fifteenth annual fair of the South Victoria agricultural society was held last week, commencing on Thursday and ending on Saturday. The weather was all that could be desired, it being peculiarly remarked by more than one that if the directors of the society had the power to have made special arrangements for the weather, it could not have been better. The receipts at the gate were more than \$200 in excess of last year, which is the best criterion of judge of the attendance, a result which must be gratifying to the officers of the society, from the fact that there were no outside attractions to draw a crowd. The entries were about six hundred in advance of last year, while the number of people on the grounds during the three days was fully twice thousand.

THE EXHIBITS

In the main building Messrs. Dundas & Flavell Bros. had a fine display of ready-made clothing, fur coats and robes, carpets, etc., the goods being displayed so as to show their excellence. Mr. B. J. Gough, "the wonderful cheap man," had a fine exhibit of ready-made clothing, of which this firm makes a specialty. Mr. W. M. Robson occupied the space at the right of the main building, which was devoted exclusively to that article of household consumption—tea. To convince the public that he handles as good an article as can be found anywhere, he brews a fresh cup for every caller, so that the good properties of the tea he handles can be fully appreciated. On the list of exhibitors Mr. Isaac Finlay was busily engaged sawing maps of the Dominion, a style of map for which he holds a patent. The idea is good as it combines the features of a puzzle with teaching geography. The manner of manufacture is simple; a map of the Dominion is gummed on a thin board, about one quarter of an inch in thickness, and then sawn apart, following the boundary lines of the provinces or counties as desired. Space will not permit a further review of the several exhibitors who were present, but the names of the successful competitors will be given next week.

Mr. Will Brown, of Eldon, was in town this week on his way to Toronto where he will attend the medical college. He will make a popular M.D.

COMMERCIAL

OFFICE OF THE VICTORIA WARDER, LINDSAY, ONT., SEPT. 30, 1897.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Fall wheat, Spring wheat, Flour, Corn, etc.

Toronto

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Wheat, Fall wheat, Spring wheat, etc.

Toronto Cattle Market

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Cows, Export cattle, Butcher's calves, etc.

Scrofula is a word you don't quite understand, but if you talk with your doctor, he will tell you that it is generally believed to be due to the same cause which gives rise to Consumption. It appears mostly in those who are fat-starved and thin, usually in early life. A course of treatment of Scott's Emulsion with the Hypophosphites wherever Scrofula manifests itself, will prevent the development of the disease. Let us send you a book. Free.

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