

Before the Hounds.

HOW A DESPERATE MAN WAS RUN TO EARTH BY THE UNERRING BRUTES.

Early in the morning a messenger came to the hotel and aroused the three of us from sleep to say that a prisoner had escaped from the stockade during the night, and they were about to put the bloodhounds on his trail. It was a prison for the 280 convicts working in a coal mine. Some time during the night the man had freed himself from his chains, dug under the sills of the building in which he was confined, and once in the yard he had made light of scaling the 12 foot stockade and getting into the woods beyond.

The keeper wished it had been any other man than Big Pete. He was a mulatto by birth and a giant in size. He had been a terror to a whole county before arrest and conviction, and when he came to the stockade he looked the keeper square in the face and said:

"I have not been given a fair show. Certain men were determined to down me or drive me out, and I have been crowded to the wall. Look out for me! If I am struck and abused here, I will kill some one!"

No one dared strike him or make his lot the more miserable, until one day a new guard was put on who boasted of his intention to humble the giant prisoner. He was advised to let the man alone, but he caught at the first opportunity to make his words good, and the results were disastrous to him. He was picked up bodily and hurled against the stockade with such violence that he was rendered a cripple for life. Big Pete was loaded down with irons and chained to the floor to undergo weeks of punishment. Before the end of the week he was at liberty. He was the man the dogs were going to run down. There were five of the animals lying in the warmth of the early sun as we got our horses out, and rode up to the stockade. With a word the keeper aroused them and tossed a convict's jacket into their midst. Big Pete had left the garment behind in his prison. The dogs gathered about it with many a snuff and growl, and without orders began to circle the stockade. Half way down the east side they caught the scent and gave tongue. It was not a bark, such as the deerhound gives, not the "yi, yi, yi!" of the cur who strikes the trail of the fox or rabbit, but a mournful and long drawn howl, which made one shiver as it reached his ears.

There was a creek only 20 rods away. The convict had made straight for the water and ascended the creek. He had destroyed the scent on the earth, but not that left on the vines and bushes. Wherever he had put out a hand or a branch had brushed him he had left a trail. The dogs went forward for a mile at full run. They did not twist and turn with the windings of the creek, but out across the bends without a halt. At the end of a mile the convict had left the creek, crossed a wooded ridge and descended into a ravine. In one place he had fallen at full length. The dogs stopped there for a moment and rubbed their noses on the earth. Later on he had sat down to rest for a moment. The dogs halted there and bit at the log and growled in anger. The ravine was 20 feet deep. Not a dog descended into it, but all preserved the scent while running along its banks. We went up the ravine to its beginning on the side of a mountain. There the convict had left it, gone to the north for a mile over stony ground, and then turned to the east and descended into a valley through which ran a river 200 feet wide and seven or eight feet deep. Step by step the dogs, which were being held back, followed him. Where the limb of a tree had brushed him, they leaped up to snap and snarl. Where he had rested for a moment with his hand against tree or boulder they dug up the earth and fought each other.

The convict entered the water near a large tree. The inference with us was that he had crossed. Not so with the dogs, however. Two ran up stream and three down, and after going 200 feet these latter gave tongue on a fresh scent. Big Pete had become afraid and turned back. After landing he followed the bank for a mile and then struck off for a dense thicket. Not a dog put his nose to the earth, but all ran with heads held high, catching the scent from weeds and bushes and never hesitating. In the thicket they were held back again, but when we had come out on its southern edge they were sent away at full speed. They crossed an old field, ran down a highway for half a mile and then turned at right angles and made for an old log house on the farther edge of a thirty acre field.

"Our man is in there and as good as captured," said the keeper, as he rode forward with two guards.

We saw the dogs dash into the open door and listened for sounds of a conflict. After a few seconds every animal was driven out and one was killed at the door by a blow from a club in the hands of the convict. The four dashed in on him again, and only two came out alive. These were called off by the

keeper, and then he advanced with his men, each holding his Winchester ready to fire. Twenty feet from the door they halted and called upon him to surrender. In reply he dashed out with a scream and struck down a guard and turned to flee. He had not taken five steps when a bullet struck him down, but the guard was dead before him.

"Humph," growled the keeper as he looked about him, "two dead men and three dead dogs, with a coroner's inquest and a howl in the newspapers! That's stockade luck. Gentlemen, let's look for breakfast!" M. QUAD.

About the Bicycle Face.

In these days of athletics every form of sport seems to develop some variety of disease. Baseball players become afflicted with that mysterious sounding ailment known as "charley horse." Devotees of tennis acquire "tennis elbow," an undesirable species of muscle stiffening. Bowling makes its practisers arm-bound, and even writing, which isn't so much sport as it might be, occasionally is followed by writer's cramp. Of course the latest mania must have its little ill to bear it company, and here it is fully portrayed. It is the bicycle face. The bicycle face is the discovery of a doctor who rides the bicycle with his face as well as his feet. He discovered it first on other people, then on himself, and finally came to the conclusion that everyone who goes forth on two wheels acquires the expression to which the new term is applied. This expression may be divided into three parts:

- (a)—A wide and wildly expectant expression of the eyes.
- (b)—Strained lines about the mouth.
- (c)—A general focussing of all the features toward the centre.

Scientists took hold of the matter, and advanced theories about it. One learned man said that the bicycle face was the result of a constant strain to preserve equilibrium. Up popped another scientist, who stated that the preserving of equilibrium was purely an instinct, involving no strain, and that if the first man knew a bicycle from a bucksaw he'd realize it. Thereupon the first scientist said that the second had a bicycle brain, and hundreds took sides in the discussion. A prominent bicycle academy instructor here is positive that he has solved the secret. The three component parts of the expression he ascribes to the following causes:

The phenomenon of the wild eyes is acquired while learning the art. It is caused by a painful uncertainty whether to look for the arrival of the floor from in front, behind, or on one side, and, once fixed upon the countenance, can never be removed.

The strained lines about the mouth are due to anxiety lest the tire should explode. Variations in these lines are due to the general use of chewing gum.

The general focus of the features is indicative of extreme attention directed to a spot about two yards ahead of the front wheel. This attention arises from the suspicion that there is probably a stone, bit of glass, upturned tack, barrel hoop, or other dangerous article lying in wait there. It is temporarily lost when the obstacle is struck and the bicyclist's face makes furrows in the ground, but reappears with increased intensity after every such experience.

Another bicycle ailment has been discovered by this expert. It is a sudden nervous twitching of the head around to the rear, and it is noticeable only in female bicyclists. The basis of it is the burning question: Are my bloomers on straight? This ailment has not yet become very general. But the bicycle face seems unescapable as it is unmistakable. Age cannot wither nor custom destroy its infinite variety. Obesity cannot bury it, whiskers cannot conceal it, nor eyeglasses mollify it. It is here, and here to stay. A fortune awaits the man who will invent patent blinders to do away with it.—*New York Sun.*

Trees.

No tree has yet been measured taller than the great eucalyptus in Gippsland, Australia.

The region between the Nile and the Red Sea was once clothed in forest. So were the Scotch Highlands.

The Tea Party tree in Bowthorpe Park, Lincolnshire, England, has a hollow big enough to place a table with seats for several guests.

The oldest chestnut may be that at Torworth, England. It is fifty feet in circumference, but the trunk is very short. So long ago as 1135 it was a landmark and signal, as appears upon records.

In the West of Ireland was an enormous forest until the sixteenth century. After the Geraldine rising in 1854, this great forest was all cut away by English settlers as a means of depriving the Irish of their last hiding place and refuge.

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