

Philadelphia Bloodhounds.

AN AGED MAN NEARLY TORN TO PIECES BY THE FEROCIOUS BEASTS.

[From the Philadelphia Times.]

It was while crossing an enclosed lot of Charles O'Donnell at Long lane and Darby road, on Saturday, that Samuel Fulton, 71 years of age, was set upon by four bloodhounds, and although his cries brought instant assistance, was so terribly torn that he now lies at the Pennsylvania Hospital in a critical condition. It is about 18 or 20 years ago that the first two bloodhounds, of which the writer is aware, appeared at the beer-house of Engel & Wolfe, then situated on Dillwyn street, above Calowhill. They were of the German breed, a male and female, of a brown-black in color, and immense size. Since then, by importation and natural increase, the number has grown until scarcely one of the many breed breweries is without one or more of them, while the German butchers as a rule take a pride in seeing who can own the biggest and savagest. There are three varieties, the Siberian, the Russian, and the German, in this city. The best specimen of the Siberian, the most ferocious of all, can be found within the walls of the Eastern Penitentiary, where any one can interview them by becoming a prisoner, and then, breaking out of his cell, skirrmish around the yard of nights. The Russian and German, varying in size according to the purity of the breed, are to be found among the manufacturers of beer and beef and pork, and are without exception the most ungrateful, vicious, dangerous and untamable brutes that exist among the so-called domestic animals. It is as much as one man can do when attacked to escape unharmed from their fangs, and when a poor old man of 71 is attacked by four of them at once it is no wonder that the hospital report says: "A large piece was torn from one of his legs, and his body terribly lacerated, and he is in a dangerous condition." Some two years since a well-known down-town lumber merchant possessed one of these villainous pets that he had raised from puppyhood. As it grew toward full size he was compelled to keep it chained, because not a workman in the yard dared to lay a hand on even a lath but the dog would fly at him. He had fed the dog always himself, and therefore imagined that he would never attack him. But one day, when removing the dog's pan, in order to take it away and return it filled with food as usual, the dog flew at him, and the chain only saved him from a bite. Then he took a stick and soundly whipped the chained bloodhound. But the next day the villain was shot, for when the lumber merchant that night unchained him he barely escaped with his life by a flight to a board pile, where he was all night besieged.

The fact is that these bloodhounds are dangerous, even to their owners, are utterly useless to any one, and are kept only because of a competition between a certain class of citizens as to who shall own the biggest and most ferocious.

A Bootblack's Fortune.

A CHICAGO GAMIN TO BECOME A MARQUIS OF FRANCE.

The death, a year ago last May, of a well-known and prominent Board of Trade man, M. De Belloy, is well remembered by many people in Chicago, especially those who were acquainted with the history of the unfortunate man. He was a Frenchman, and scion of one of the oldest and first families of France. His name and title in full were the Marquis Aymar de Belloy. He was a man of fine education, refinement, and good business ability. In his early life he was a wild, adventurous youth, who spent his fortune at home, and came to America say twenty years ago. For a few years he obtained his livelihood by teaching, keeping his rank to himself, and going under the unassuming name of M. Marechal. About this time the Marquis abandoned the fast life he had previously led. He fell in love with a beautiful country girl from Michigan, who was only fifteen years old, and, from the standpoint of the adventurous and light-tongued Frenchman, was unfrequented and uncultured. But he married her. They lived happily up to the time of his death, and six children were the result of the union.

The noble family of the Marquis turned up their titled noses at this marriage with a backwoods girl of America, and refused to recognize it or her. The husband several years ago became a member of the Board of Trade of Chicago. He there showed the same wayward, reckless traits that had been the cause of his checkered life. He made fortunes and lost them. Sometimes he was on the top wave of prosperity, and again he lived in gloom. In one of his periods of depression he took his own life, as is generally believed, leaving his wife and six children in poverty. He had an insurance of \$10,000 on his life, which has not been paid, the companies resisting payment on the ground that he took his own life. A subscription among his associates on the Board of Trade realized \$1,500 or \$2,000, and this was used to defray his funeral expenses, and the rest was given to his family. A widow with six young children and no means is a discouraging lot in Chicago or elsewhere. The oldest boy contributed what he could to the support of the family by blacking boots and selling newspapers. He was barefooted and ragged, and his education was received in the streets. The widow and her children were as poor and comfortless as the widow and fatherless could well be. After a time, finding it impossible to sustain life in Chicago, the widow took her family and went to reside with a relative in Geneseo, in Illinois, where she is living in seclusion.

The story thus far is one of early recklessness and waywardness, of self-exile from home, of an early marriage,

of a premature death, and subsequent wretchedness to the family. The concluding chapter can now be written. Intelligence has just reached Chicago that the Marchioness De Belloy, the mother of the family and of the Chicago De Belloy, has died. The Chicagoan is the eldest son of the family. All that is wanting now is that the proofs of a legal marriage according to the American law shall be forwarded to France. The French law recognizes foreign marriages contracted in friendly countries according to the law of those countries. Consequently the marriage with the Michigan girl will be held valid, and not only do the titles of the family, but one-third of the fortunes descend to the widow and her family, now in Geneseo. The widow herself becomes a Marchioness, holding the same relative position to the family as did the deceased Marchioness. The oldest boy becomes a Marquis. The family is one of the most distinguished in France. It dates back to the Crusades. It has furnished two Cardinals and two Marshals to the nation.

Terrible Crimes in India.

The appalling features of East Indian crime are disclosed in the recent reports of the Calcutta Criminal Court, from which the *Pall Mall Gazette* has selected several cases:—
In Cuttack a woman draws a child aside, takes the silver bracelets from her arms, and flings the little victim into a tank, on the surface of which the body is found floating a few days afterward. In Behar a man strangles a boy nine years old for the sake of his silver bracelets and gold earrings, and throws the corpse into a sugar plantation. At Moorsheadabad Chamoo robs a child aged five, and drops her into a deep and rapid part of the river. At Benares a fellow entices a boy twelve years old into his house, and there cuts his throat in order to get possession of his silver bracelets, while a friend looks on and mildly expostulates, but neither seriously interferes nor gives information to the police. Another takes a neighbor's son into the fields, under pretence of helping him to fly a kite, then strangles him with his waistcloth, and strips him of the trashy trinkets with which he was adorned. Yet another conducts a boy aged nine to witness a religious procession, but, passing near a ditch, suddenly throws him down, partially strangles him, tears the silver ornaments from his arms and feet, and flings him into the ditch, which is fortunately dry, and where he is found before life is quite extinct.

By the promise of a melon, Leela, in-veigles Debee Deo, seven years of age, from his father's house, brains him with a hoe, and buries his turban and trinkets in a field, leaving the body where it had fallen, and where it was found by his anxious father. This murderer, like the others, on being charged with the crime, at once confessed his guilt, but pleaded as an extenuating circumstance that he was prompted by an evil spirit. A woman holds a little girl under water until she is drowned, the temptation being a silver collar of the weight of two rupees. Two women one evening ask a child eight years old to come to them on the morrow for some fruit, and when she eagerly arrives, the one holds her while the other passes a rope round her neck and pulls it till the breath has died. The body was speedily found in the midst of some tall grass near the house, and the spoils consisted of a silver collar weighing four rupees.

A woman of Tipperah was engaged in cooking her food, when, according to her own account, a child not above six years old came toddling up to her. Suddenly a thick darkness enveloped her, and a voice sounded in her ears bidding her strangle her little visitor. Thereupon she seized the child by the throat and the darkness passed away. So she dug a hole in the floor of her house and laid the body therein, after taking off the few valueless ornaments. A girl, aged nine, herself recently betrothed, drowns her playfellow in a shallow watercourse, while a boy fourteen years old leads in play a youthful companion to the edge of a tank, smashes his skull with a flint, possesses himself of the scanty ornaments, and then lays the crime at the door of a neighbor.

A Mine of Sweetness.

Generally when we hear of rich strikes it is in the gold and silver line, but this time it turns out to be honey, pure and sweet. A few days since the workmen on the tunnel at Cajon Pass were hauling over some rocks, they came across a deposit of honey, and taking a pole and running it into the mountain were surprised to find no bottom. They dug a long pole, some twenty feet in length, and were unable to touch bottom with that. Upon withdrawing the pole, the honey began to run out, and soon tubs, buckets, and two barrels were filled, and still it flowed. Some parties came in town and loaded up with barrels, and proposed to make a business of it. They put in a charge of powder, and blew off a portion of the rock, which disclosed tons upon tons of honey. Our informant states that after exploring it from below up to where the bees were found to enter, it was found to be about a quarter of a mile, and it is his opinion that the whole cavity is filled with honey. He estimates over 100 tons in sight, and believes that 1,000 tons would not be an unfair estimate. This immense deposit cannot be equalled by any ever found. According to the above estimate it would take every barrel and hoghead in San Bernardino to hold it.

Mr. Donaldson's fiancée is said to be confident of his safety. "What do I think?" she remarked to a Chicago reporter; "why, I think I'll live to go up in a balloon with him some day myself. He will come back because he said he would."

A Man of Nerve.

WALKING THROUGH THE WOODS WITH A TREACHEROUS COMPANION.

As a test of nerve, the recent experience of a wayfarer, travelling a wood road near Olympia, Washington Territory, was as remarkable as any on record. The man was a speculator, looking out wild land, and he trudged through the forest, following the almost unused path formed by an old road made by pioneers in the wilderness. His mind was devoted to one subject—the critical examination of the kind of trees upon the land about him, and of the character of the soil, and a "pit-a-pat" upon the dead leaves near him. He at first scarcely looked down, when he felt something rubbing against his legs and heard a slight purring sound, but when he did look his heart came up in his mouth and a cold sweat started as suddenly as though he were suspended by weak rope over Niagara. Pressing himself softly against his legs, twisting almost him as he walked, moving its flexible body swiftly, but with never a sound, turning up fierce eyes with something almost like a terrible laugh in them, was this man in the woods, but his account of the manner in which his hair was raised by his hair is not to be considered as apocryphal at all. Sleek and supple and muscular the beast glided about, and at intervals it would come closer again, and press its body against the legs of the man, the light touch making gooseflesh of every inch in his form. It was a terrible experience, that interview with the congar in the forest primeval, and it was well for the man that his nerves were of the kind to do honor to a frontier adventure. Steadily pursuing his course with steps that would falter occasionally, he kept on, and with him the beast continued its treacherous gambols. At times it would glide a few paces to the front, and roll over and over in the road, and wait for the man to come up, and then it would circle around him again until the impulse, almost too strong to be resisted, would come upon him to spring upon the brute, opposing fists to fangs, and ending the intolerable suspense at any risk. The movements of the terrible animal were but as the playing of a cat with a mouse, and the man knew it. The moment came, at length, when the strain could be borne no longer, and the man kicked desperately at the beast as it passed him. In an instant it bounded it front and crouched for a spring, growling hoarsely and showing its teeth. The man stopped and shouted hopelessly for aid, while the congar did not spring at once, but appeared waiting to gratify its humor a little longer. The shout, fortunately, was not in vain.

There were hunters and dogs in the immediate vicinity, as rare fortune would have it, and the hounds dashed suddenly from the covert as the congar, seeing them, leaped for a tree. A few moments later the beast fell a victim to bullets, and the man with whom it had taken a stroll was telling his story and trying to restore the normal condition of his nerves by internal applications from a small flask. It was one of the episodes which turn men's hair gray—one which would, doubtless, have brought death to a man with less nerve than the hero of the affair.

A Bloody Fight.

HOW DISPUTES ARE SETTLED AWAY DOWN SOUTH.

[From the Pensacola Gazette.]
Partial reports of a terrible occurrence near the line of the Mobile and Montgomery Railroad, reached us by telegram from the junction on Tuesday morning, but we could learn nothing definite. Yesterday we were called upon by Mr. W. J. Van Kirk, of Millvue, a surveyor who was on duty near the scene of the tragedy, but not a witness to its occurrence. He visited the battle-ground, however, was present at the funeral of the victims, and gave us an intelligent report of the dreadful affair. Greenberry Bryers and James Hadley, two men of considerable means, and both large owners of stock, had been at feud for some years in consequence of misunderstandings caused by the intermingling of their cattle, which "used" in the same range. On Monday, Bryers, Sr., with his son Larry, was ploughing about one hundred and fifty yards from the house, when Hadley, Sr., accompanied by a party of five others, comprising his son "Dink," two other sons, and his son-in-law, Bob Prielier, and Thomas Stewart, all armed with shot-guns, rode up near the fence and said they had "come to settle the matter." Bryers and his son were unarmed, but the father, after some angry words had been exchanged, caught up a piece of pine roe a foot and a half long, and getting over the fence, his son following him, advanced toward the party. As he approached toward him he was shot down and instantly killed, and his son, who ran to his father as he fell, was instantly killed. Joseph Bryers then came out of the house with a double-barrelled shot-gun, but both barrels missed fire, and he was shot dead. Meanwhile Dink Hadley rode toward the house, sprang from his horse, and got behind a pine tree to await the coming of another son, John Bryers, who advanced from the house under fire with two guns. He dropped one of them and sprang to a post in the road, which did not shelter more than a third of his person, and exchanged fires with Dink Hadley, about thirty-five yards off, the rest of the attacking party meanwhile firing on him from a distance. At his second fire Hadley fell, got up and attempted to reload, but seeing Bryers run back and get his other gun, he scrambled upon his horse and rejoined his party, and rode away with them, John firing into them as they left, and wounding old Hadley in the shoulder. Dink Hadley's wound was in the knee. John was wounded in the head, arm, and foot, but not dangerously. Three shots struck the post

Heroic Act of a Clergyman.

[From the Philadelphia Times.]

North Mountain is a quiet hillside resort on a branch road from Wilkes-barre, Pa. Adjacent to the hotel are mines and shafts. In a new one of the latter which was being sunk the flow of water at eighty feet was so plentiful as to compel its temporary abandonment. A few days ago the "boss" descended the shaft to examine the condition. He was lowered fifty feet when the sudden slacking of the rope showed that the captain must have fallen from the bucket. The group of guests were of course horror-stricken, and urged the unfortunate boss's gang—numbering many men—to go to his rescue, but they peremptorily refused to take the risk. Their cowardice so disgusted the Rev. Walter Q. Scott, late Professor at Lafayette College, Easton, and present pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Tenth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, that, accreted as he was, he plunged into the bucket, and insisted on being quickly lowered to the scene of peril. He was reluctantly let down, and in a very short signalled to the alert and anxious hennals to hoist away. This was done with a heavy will, and the added weight told them that the impulsive and daring exploit had not been futile. On reaching the surface Mr. Scott had fainted from the great stress that he had undergone, and his rescued burden was a wet, limp, and senseless mass. Mr. Scott was soon restored, and the captain also yielded to treatment, and called for a glass of whiskey, and his pipe for a solace. Mr. Scott reported that the gas was overpowering, and he was cautious to inhale as little as possible. He found the victim under water, and as was a man weighing about 200 pounds, it taxed his strength to lug him into the bucket, and when he had himself climbed in and had given the signal to hoist, he recollected no more until he revived among his friends. He has entirely recovered, and not being of a nervous temperament he experienced no unpleasant effects.

Terrible Havoc Caused by a Furious Tornado.

A WHIRLWIND IN INDIANA WHICH BOUNCED LIKE A RUBBER BALL.

[From the Atties Ledger.]

Mr. Loeb and Ike Solomon were at the hotel in Harveysburg when the storm came up which was just before supper. In the town there was little more than a heavy rain, but it was noticed that north of the place there was something of a more serious nature. The air was thick with flying debris and the heavens were dark as night, betokening a storm of more than usual severity. Yesterday, on their way home, Loeb and Solomon came through that region and describe the scene as terrible beyond description. Houses were swept off their foundations and literally torn into shreds, scattering the pieces for miles along the path of the storm. Huge trees were twisted off or torn up by the roots, and carried to great distances. Fences and crops were swept to utter oblivion. Wheat shocks were blown into the air, the grain being as completely threshed out as if run through a machine. The scene was one of utter desolation, and the loss to the inhabitants will be very great. But the most terrible feature of the storm was the loss of human life. No less than four persons were killed. We have no means of estimating the amount of damage done. Our informant says the path of the storm was 160 yards wide, and seemed to extend for some miles.

Giving a Brakeman a Lesson on Style.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

The first man was a brakeman who had been celebrating his grandfather's birthday. "You run on the cars, eh?" asked the Court. "And you belong to that class of men who open the door as the train stops at Pontiac, and yell out 'Up-track,' at the passengers?" The man was silent. "It makes my bones boil to think of how I have been used on those railroads," continued His Honor. "The seats are locked, the water cooler empty, the windows won't stay up, and every few minutes you open the door, and cry out, 'Jawkun,' for Jackson, and 'Klazoo,' for Kalamazoo. I believe I'll mark you for six months." "Please, sir," protested the prisoner. "I must strike a blow at this great evil somewhere, and I might as well commence on you." "Please, sir, I was never here before, and it is my first drunk in four years." His Honor leaned back and chewed the corner of a blotting pad while he reflected. Finally he said: "Well, I'll let you go, though I'll be blamed for it. Now, sir, after this you want to adopt a different style. When the train approaches a station, you want to go through the car like a cat, smile gently, and say in quiet tones: 'Ladies and gentlemen, this train is now in the outskirts of the beautiful city of Ypsilanti, and such of you as desire to stop off will please make ready, and may health and prosperity ever attend you.' What an innovation that would be, sir! How the traveling public would rush for your road! Will you do this, Mr. Wellington?" The prisoner promised and was allowed to go.

Noticing to Millers.

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