

A BLOODLESS DUEL.

THE ONE BETWEEN RANDOLPH AND CLAY.

After Emptying Their Revolvers the Belligerents Embraced. How the Great Virginian Made a Friend.

The sanguinary encounter between Jackson and Dickinson finds a curious contrast in the picturesque meeting of Henry Clay and John Randolph, of Roanoke. Clay and Randolph were easily the leading orators of the land. Clay surpassed in beauty of tone, grace of person and a charm of magnetic manner, likened by some who knew both, to that gift of making and riveting friends possessed by Blaine in our day.

Randolph, on the other hand, had a repellent manner—a kind of lashing attitude, as if Congress were a plantation gang of refractory slaves and he their overseer. His voice too, was very shrill and piercing, a cross of squeak and shriek. But in bitterness of wit, in subtle ingenuity of insult, in the Hebrew prophetic rapture of rhetorical invective, in fertility of intellectual resources, the result of a scholarship wider than most men then acquired, he was far above his rival. The cause of this duel, like the majority of those fought at that period, was political. Randolph was a kind of Southern mugwump—a man self-centered and liable to vote on any side of a question. He was nominally of the same party as Clay, a Whig, but he rarely missed a chance to air his superb contempt for party ties.

For public opinion he had the unconcealed disdain of an oriental potentate; for the opinion of John Randolph a profound respect. That he made a bow to himself every time he happened to glance at a looking glass, as one satirist remarks, is by no means improbable—at least, is quite possible. He plunged into debate at every opportunity. As the strong man delights to exercise his thews and sinews, the man of rare mental powers is nearly always tempted to exhibit them—to be an intellectual gladiator. He had shaken and snapped the whiplash of his tongue over Clay's back years before, when Clay was championing the war of 1812, to which Randolph was opposed. But when the election of 1824 was thrown into the House of Representatives and Henry Clay, fearing the preponderance of the soldier over the civilian in our national scheme of government, threw all his influence into the scale against General Andrew Jackson and in favor of Adams, the rage of Randolph broke all bounds.

When the great Virginian fulminated his dreadful billingsgate through the august Senate men who loved Harry Clay shivered. They knew he would send a challenge, and he was an indignant marksman, while Randolph was accounted one of the best, if not the very best, in Virginia. The night before the duel General Hamilton called on Randolph and found him in a calm mood, quite disposed to be communicative and somewhat sentimental—remorseful, perhaps, for his conduct toward Clay. After awhile Randolph said:

"Hamilton, I have made up my mind to receive Clay's fire without returning it. Nothing shall induce me to harm a hair of his head. I cannot make his wife a widow and his children orphans."

Hamilton naturally expostulated with his principal for such a decision, and went away to communicate it, as in duty bound, to the other second, Colonel Tatnall. The latter said, emphatically:

"Mr. Randolph, if you persist in your absurd purpose, you must choose some other second. I'll be double-damned, sir, if I go out with any man who is bent on committing suicide."

"Well, Tatnall," said Randolph, coaxingly, as the colonel rose to go, "I promise you one thing. If I see the devil in Clay's eye and feel that he means to take my life I may change my mind."

When the duellists arrived that afternoon on the ground the sun was just setting behind the blue hills of Randolph's native State, the river was murmuring its placid song and all the pleasant noises of a rural evening were beginning. Glancing at his tall opponent, for Clay, like Jackson, was a man unusually slender and lofty in figure, Randolph remarked to Hamilton:

"Clay is calm, but not vindictive. I hold to my purpose in any event."

Randolph, always very eccentric in his personal attire, had been driven in his chariot to this meeting in a long dressing gown. What a queer figure he must have cut as he stood with the last rays of the setting sun lighting up his flowered and embroidered robe! Just before the word was given, his pistol, which he held muzzle downward, went off. Whereupon General Jesup, Clay's chief second, angrily shouted: "If that occurs again I will take my principal away from the field."

"Nay, nay," said Clay, bowing courteously, "I am sure it was an accident."

Randolph bowed in return. The pistol was reloaded. The word was again given. Clay's bullet whistled through one of the folds of Randolph's dressing gown. Randolph quietly raised his pistol, looked Clay in the face for a moment and then fired it above his head. Clay, greatly affected, with swimming eyes and a trembling voice, rushed forward and, seizing Randolph in his arms, exclaimed:

"I trust in God, my dear sir, that you are untouched. After what has happened, I would not harm you for a thousand worlds."

Randolph returned the embrace, and thus the belligerents parted, Clay remounting his horse and galloping back to Washington.

The whole country was overjoyed at the escape of both of these men from any fatal effects, for Clay was in the high noon of that glorious popularity which, even though he lost the Presidency, can never be said to have reached a sunset, while Randolph, though not loved, was immensely admired as an intellectual giant and a man of rare personal character. He died seven years later; and just before this event, as he was driving through Washington on his way to Philadelphia, in a chariot drawn by four blooded horses, each of a different color, he partly rose from the pillows that propped him and directed his course to be diverted to the Senate.

There his servant laid the sick man on a sofa, and presently it so happened that Clay began to speak. As the sound of his old opponent's oratory roused the feeble, falling senses of Randolph, he cried:

"Raise me up! Quick, raise me up! I wish to hear that matchless voice once more."

This period in American history is noted for many singular duels and attempts at duelling. In New Orleans Pauline Prue and Hippolyte Throuet fought at "The Oaks," placed back to back at five paces, with agreement to turn and fire on the word. Both were killed. In 1823 Colonel Graves challenged Captain Lacy, of Virginia, to draw lots as to which should make a choice of two cups, one containing water and the other poison. Captain Lacy refused.

In 1830 Lanusse and Marigny met at New Orleans, and after firing the charges of two pistols, attacked each other with their swords. Both were severely wounded, and Marigny died while being carried from the field.

A still more savage duel occurred in the same year near Philadelphia, between two doctors, Jeffries and Smith. They were placed at eight paces. The first fire was a mutual miss.

At the second Smith was wounded in the arm. Then they advanced two paces, and at the third fire Jeffries received a bullet in the thigh. They again advanced and at the fourth fire both fell. When Jeffries was informed that Smith was dead, he said quietly: "Then I am willing to die, too," and almost immediately followed.

In 1835 the legislative assembly of Mississippi enacted the singular law for the discouragement of the duello, that in event of fatal result to one the survivor should pay all the debts of the victim.

Mixed Relationship in Illinois.

A lady friend of the St. Louis Republic, residing in Colorado, writes to that paper as follows:

A Miss Somebody, whose name the writer has forgotten, was born deaf and dumb. On reaching womanhood, her affliction notwithstanding, she married a man by the name of Harris, who lived near Nebo, Ill. Soon after this event her father died, and later on her mother married a widower named Ewing. Mr. Ewing had a son by his first marriage, who, quite naturally, thus became the stepbrother of the deaf and dumb Mrs. Harris. In the course of events Mrs. Harris died, and his widow married young Ewing, and to them was born a daughter, a beautiful girl, whom they named Alice. Within a few years the deaf and dumb Mrs. Ewing died, and so, too, did young Ewing. In other words, the younger Mrs. Ewing's mother and husband both died, they being the elder Ewing's wife and son. To console each other, and, probably, in order to keep the marrying business in the family, old Mr. Ewing and the young Mrs. Ewing were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony, this being the third time that the silent bride had been led to the altar. The fruit of this last marriage was a daughter, Esther by name. Alice Harris was still living at that time, and probably is to-day, and it is between her and Esther Ewing that this complicated relationship exists. By careful thought you will see that Alice and Esther are half-sisters. Esther's father is Alice's grandfather, and is also her (Esther's) half-brother.

Quite complicated, isn't it, to say nothing about the stepfathers, stepbrothers, half-brothers, half-sisters and stepsisters which this odd series of tangled matrimonial alliances brought about?

Onion Juice Mucilage.

A very convenient mucilage can be made of onion juice by any one who wishes to use it. A good sized Spanish onion, after being boiled for a short time, will yield, on being pressed, quite a large quantity of very adhesive fluid. This is used extensively in various trades for pasting paper onto tin, or zinc, or even glass, and the tenacity with which it holds would surprise any one making the first attempt. It is cheap and good mucilage, and answers as well as the more costly cements.—Invention.

While working in the cellar of his house, on the old Thomas Potter farm in Elm Valley, northeast of Delaware, O., John Hunt made his fortune by a lucky find. With his hired man, George Legg, he was cleaning out the cellar, which had not been used for many years. Legg came across a flat stone 2x3 feet and removed it. The stone covered a strange looking old earthen jar. The cover was removed and the jar was found to contain hundreds of golden \$20 pieces. The fortune is estimated at \$20,000 to \$25,000.

COLONIAL HOUSES.

The Old Style Architecture is Now Called Esthetic.

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The Chicago Exposition gave a most decided impetus to all phases of esthetic art in this country. More especially has the influence been felt in everything that pertains to architecture. Magnificent as was the array of exhibits showing the material advancement of the world in these latter days, the general criticism that has been passed is that this exposition is notable above all



GOOD BUILDING PLAN ASSN ARCHITECTS N.Y.

others for its matchless buildings and superb grouping of structures. The efforts put forth by the architects were not alone to give suitable housing to all the various articles shown—as was the case of the Philadelphia Exposition—but to make the best possible use of natural advantages and to harmonize all into one perfect whole. The result was well called a "dream city."

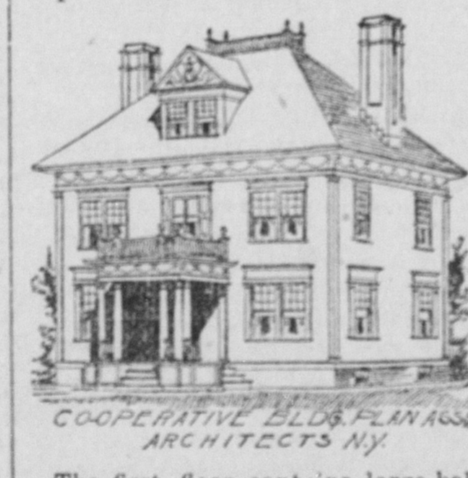
The Dutch style of colonial architecture gives us a more quaint and picturesque appearance, befitting the suburb of the quiet, rich rural country. Its broad and airy porches are always inviting, and there is no sacrifice of comfort for showiness.

A brief description of the English Colonial house is as follows:

Width, 32 feet, 6 inches; depth, including portico, 38 ft., 6 in. Height of stories: Cellar, 7 ft.; first story, 9 ft.; second story, 8 ft.; attic, 8 ft.

Exterior materials: Foundation, stone; first and second stories, clapboards; balcony floor covered with canvas; deck and extension roofs, tin; main roof, shingles.

Interior finish: The entrance hall and living room finished in oak; the rest of the house hard white plaster—colored to suit owner's taste; oak floor in the living room and staircase. Rooms throughout are trimmed with soft wood finished in natural colors. An open timber ceiling in the hall, living room and dining room, with the dining room wains coted, at a cost of about \$500, would much improve appearance, as would also enamel and gold, at an average expense of \$150 a room.



CO-OPERATIVE BUILDING PLAN ASSN ARCHITECTS N.Y.

The first floor contains large hall and living room thrown in one, 13x19x8, with dining room in the back connected by sliding doors. On the left, parlor opening into the hall—sliding doors or portiere. Kitchen in the back. Open fireplaces in all the rooms, feeding into two chimneys as shown in the prospective view. Four large rooms with bath on the second floor; open fireplaces in the two front chambers. Two rooms may be finished off in the attic, or the attic may be finished off handsomely in hard wood as a billiard room. Full set of plumbing throughout.

In the vicinity of New York this design, well built, without extravagance in details, would cost \$5,000. Much smaller than this example, as illustrated, would not look well, but enlarging the design enhances its appearance.

A feasible modification would be to throw the kitchen in a two story extension in the back, with upstairs divided in two servants' bedrooms. Additional cost would not be more than \$100.

Regarded as a pure example of the best Colonial style, the exterior characteristics of which are a large square structure, with a portico having fluted columns with carved caps, a balustrade on the roof, circular head windows and delicate details of classic origin.

The Dutch design as illustrated is about the same sized house, but the design itself admits of a much smaller dwelling without destroying the artistic appearance. We give a brief description.

Depth, including veranda, 40 ft.; first story, 9 ft., 6 in.; second story, 8 ft., 6 in.

Foundation stone; first story clapboards; gables ornamented with papier-mache and shingles; pediments of dormers and, frieze of large dormer ornamented with papier-mache; main room shingles; balcony floor tin.

Interior finish: Hard white plaster throughout, colored to suit owner's taste; soft wood flooring and trim; main staircase ash; kitchen and bath, wainscotted. All interior wood-work grain filled, stained to suit owner and finished in hard oil.

Colors: All clapboards Colonial yellow; trim white; all shingles left natural for weather stain; veranda and porch floors and ceilings oiled.

The accommodations on the first floor give a dining room and a sitting room on the right, with open fireplace; large hall, 7x18x6; parlor and kitchen on the left, separated by side hall and entry; four large rooms on second floor, beside servants' rooms and bath with full set of plumbing. Open fireplaces may be introduced in two of the upstairs bedrooms. Double sliding or folding doors may be used between parlor and hall and sitting room and hall instead of portiere openings. Bay window may be planned at side of dining room and the side porch may be entirely omitted.

Wealth's Dizzy Heights.

By a calculation made a short time ago by an American statistician, it seems that seventy citizens of the United States possessed among them an aggregate wealth of \$540,600,000. That gives an average of \$7,500,000 for each person. To come to particulars: There was one estate—we refrain from mentioning names—returned as worth no less than £30,000,000. There were five individuals valued at £20,000,000, one valued at £14,000,000, two valued at £12,000,000, six valued at £10,000,000, six valued at £8,000,000, four valued at £7,000,000, thirteen valued at £6,000,000, ten valued at £5,000,000, four valued at £4,500,000, and fifteen valued at £4,000,000. The brain reels before such figures. They express measures of wealth which the ordinary mortal is powerless to grasp. Beside these seventy colossal fortunes there are fifty other persons in the Northern States alone valued at over £2,000,000 each, thirty of them being valued in all at £90,000,000. There were some time ago published lists of sixty-three millionaires in Pennsylvania possessing in the aggregate £60,000,000, and of sixty persons in three villages near New York, whose wealth aggregated £100,000,000. In Boston fifty families pay taxes on annual incomes of about £200,000,000 each.

Only Sixteen of Them.

One afternoon in June, when the young woman whose duty it is to show visitors about Wellesley college was particularly weary and warm, sixteen spruce young Harvard students appeared and asked to see the sights of the place. The young woman couldn't refuse, so with an assumption of cordiality she piloted them from hall to hall and from room to room. Soon they reached the chapel, and as they paused upon the threshold one of the Harvardites was inspired to ask: "How about chapel? Do you have a hard time getting the girls to go?" Whereupon the weary cicerone, a trifle tried by the question, answered: "Oh, our girls like to go to chapel." Quick as a flash the youth nearest her turned to the youth nearest him and repeated, gravely and impressively: "Oh, our girls like to go to chapel." That youth immediately repeated the words to the next, who passed them along to his neighbor, and so on down the whole sixteen lined up upon the staircase. It was all so gravely done too, without a quiver of a muscle or an eyelash, that the young woman couldn't give vent to her feelings by laughing, as she longed to do. What was more she was obliged to prolong the ordeal by showing those youths over all the rest of the college.

A Hermit for Thirty Years.

In a little clearing surrounded by a heavy woods on the banks of Clifty, five miles from Greensburg, Ind., resides Frank Doggett. He is now more than 60 years old. When a young man he and his intended wife started to a minister's home to get married. The horse ran away and threw the young woman against a stone, killing her almost instantly. He never afterward cared to appear in public, and sought that secluded spot in which to spend the remainder of his life. Doggett is a strong man, 6 feet high, and has a commanding appearance. He cultivates about twenty acres of land, raising his own food. From a pair of goats he obtains his milk. He takes no papers and has no reading matter in his house. He goes to town when there is an election or taxes are to be paid, but seldom speaks to those he meets. He keeps no record of time, performs about the same amount of labor each day, and is never known to have taken a holiday.

Do Flies Talk?

An ingenious inquirer, armed with a microphone, or sound magnifier, has been listening patiently through long hours to the curious noises made by house flies, and reports his belief that they have a language of their own. The language does not consist of the buzzing sound we ordinarily hear, which is made by the rapid vibration of their wings in the air, but of a smaller, finer and more widely modulated series of sounds, audible to the human ear only by the aid of the microphone. Probably this fly conversation is perfectly audible to fly ears, which, as every schoolboy knows who has tried to move his hand slowly upon them, are very acute. The hope is expressed that, since the heretofore inaudible whispers of flies have been detected and recorded, some inventor may construct a microphone which will enable us to make out the language of the microbes, and so surprise them in the horrible secret of their mode of operations.

Curied in Quicklime.

Criminals executed in Newgate prison, England, are placed in quicklime burial shells, in which quicklime has previously been deposited.

CURIOUS HORSE BLOCKS.

Relic of Desperadoes in a Small Missouri Town.

Not long ago a Washington Star writer had occasion to be in western Missouri. Just north of Kansas City, about twelve miles, is the little town of Parkville. It is built up on the two sides of a valley which opens against the broad Missouri, and the hamlet might contain perhaps fifty houses. Among other matters, however, it shelters a seminary of considerable local fame, which teaches both boys and girls the higher branches of an education, but with which just now we have nothing to do. The main street of the village runs along the bottom of the valley at right angles with the Missouri river.

On each side of the street are the various village stores, perhaps a dozen in all, and, as the town does considerable trade with the farmers round about, the stores are what might be termed "good sized." To illustrate the slowness of the village of Parkville, and its calm acquiescence to a condition, once it be brought about, the following might be told:

The Star writer was sitting in front of one of the stores, smoking a very bad cigar of local origin, and conversing with the merchant who had sold it. It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and many of the country people were coming into town. A country girl of the region came cantering up on a bareback horse and slid off on what, now that the Star man's attention was called to it, he noticed was a unique sort of horse block.

It was nothing more nor less than an old rusty safe of considerable size. It had apparently lain there for years, and when examined disclosed a suspicious looking hole on one side, clearly the work of explosives. At this point the attention of the investigator from the East was called to two other safes, similarly exploded, and also lying on their sides in the street and doing duty as horse blocks.

"How about these safes?" asked the Star man of the Parkville merchant. "What story goes with them?"

"Nuthin' much of a story," remarked the Parkville merchant, helping himself to a thoughtful chew of tobacco. "Them safes have laid right there where you all see 'em since '78. They wuz dragged out there and busted by Quantrell and Jess and Frank James and the Younger brothers, along with the rest of Quantrell's gang. They come chargin' down the street one day in June and tuk the town in about a minute and a half, and then went fur their safes. Money wuz mighty popular with Quantrell and the James boys, and they usually went arter all they heard of."

"How much did they get from the safes?"

"I dunno how much they got from them on 't'her side of the street," said the Parkville man. "They hunted \$3,800 out'n mine," and here he pointed sadly at the safe nearest to him; the one on which the young rustic had just alighted.

"Was that safe yours?" he asked.

"Yes," he answered. "I kep' store then right whar I do now, and jest as I do now."

"Why haven't you removed the safes?"

"What's the use?" observed the Parkville man. "They ain't in nobody's way, and they do fust-rate fur hoss-blocks. Nuthin' thing, we ain't got no carts nor tackle strong enough to move 'em, nohow; so we jest let 'em go as they lay, as they say in fero."

Odds and Ends.

France is the greatest wheat growing country in Europe, not excepting even Russia.

The British Isles comprises no fewer than 1,600 separate isles and islets.

The flower trade of London is estimated to amount to \$25,000 a day.

A salmon weighing 37½ pounds was caught recently near Bangor, Me.

The Maine mackerel fleet has had bad luck this year.

Salem, Indiana, has an equal number of churches and saloons.

Seventeen States and Territories comprise the National Irrigation Congress.

Chicago's manufactured products are valued at \$600,000,000.

St. Louis annually makes up and sells \$225,000,000 of material.

The Original Freewill Baptists are 11,864 in number.

Lack of money is the chief cause of suicide in France.

London has thirty people whose income is over \$500,000 a year.

A license is required in England to sell ginger beer after 10 o'clock at night.

A London omnibus carries on an average 2,500 passengers each week.

It is estimated that 4,000,000 cigars are annually consumed in this country.

Twenty-two thousand persons died from venomous snake bites in India during 1894.

Burnett County, Wis., has 1,000,000 bushels of potatoes to market.

Jim Fisk's Money.

The widow of Jim Fisk, who when he was assassinated in 1872 in New York was worth \$2,000,000, lives in a frame house in Boston's tenement district. It is said on an income of \$50 a month. She says she was cheated out of her estate.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

An illustration of the truth of this proverb is found in Mr. J. G. Bertram's book, "The Harvest of the Sea." It seems that a monopoly of the extensive fisheries of Scotland and England once came into the hands of a man who kept his agents at the principal stations, and required them to furnish him all facts that came to their knowledge.

At one of his stations in the far north, the fishing had been unsuccessful for the greater part of the season, and there was no prospect of improvement, when he looked into the matter. Upon examining his agent's letter from that place for some years back, he found, by comparison of dates, that at a certain place herrings were likely to be found. He accordingly instructed his agent to send his boats to that spot.

The fisherman laughed at the idea of a man's sitting some hundreds of miles away and telling them where to get fish; but as his orders were positive, they had to obey, and the consequence was that they returned the next morning loaded with herrings.

THE GOLDFINCH.

The little goldfinch is not only pretty, docile and a sweet and merry songster, but is interesting, intelligent and for this reason an ideal household pet. It enjoys life, and seems to be as happy in a cage as when flitting about in liberty. If a mirror is placed in the cage, it will go and look at itself in the glass, take the hemp seeds one by one, and eat before it, not because the little creature is vain, but from the idea that it is enjoying its meal with a companion.

It may with patience and gentleness be taught a number of little feats. It will learn to draw water in a small bucket, to fire tiny cannons and to counterfeit death. Some years ago in London a certain lover of birds exhibited the wonderful performances of several goldfinches, linnets and canaries. One appeared to be dead, and was held up by the tail or claw without exhibiting any signs of life; a second stood on his head with his claws in the air, a third imitated a Dutch milkmaid going to market with pails on her shoulders; a fifth represented a soldier on guard as a sentinel; the sixth was a cannoner, wore a cap on his head, held a firelock in his claw and discharged a small cannon, then acted as though he had been wounded, while another bird wheeled him away in a little barrow as if conveying him to a hospital. One bird turned a small windmill, and another little creature had been trained to stand in the midst of fireworks and exhibit all signs of fear while they were exploding all around it.—New York Observer.

A FEATHERED BUTCHER.

"I used to think," writes John Borzigue, in the Atlanta Constitution, "that our smaller birds were not afraid of the strike, that they did not know him to be an assassin intent upon their lives. I have lately discovered that they are sometimes afraid of him and sure to know his character well. The past season I frequently saw flocks of goldfinches scatter at his approach. The smaller sparrows also hurried away when they saw him. One day my attention was attracted to a pair of blue birds in a vineyard near the road. The birds were busy themselves about the vines and posts, when suddenly they both began crying, 'guilt, 'guilt, 'guilt,' and launched hurriedly into the air. Turning in the direction of the supposed danger I saw a shrike but a few yards away, coming straight as an arrow toward the birds. They had discovered him in time and were easily out of his reach. He gave chase, but to no purpose. The shrike is an awkward, heavy flyer. All the birds avoid him easily if they discover him in time. His tactics are to strike when unperceived. One of them recently frightened my neighbor's canary birds out of their wits. The birds were in their cage hung against the window, when the shrike made a dash at them, pausing and hovering a moment on wing close to the glass. The poor canaries fell from their perch and lay for a moment panting upon the floor of their cage."

"A correspondent in Ohio sends me an interesting observation upon the shrike. He says it is only within the last few years that butcher-birds have been recognized in this community; their victims were sometimes found on hedgerows and thorn trees, but the butcher was not known. Last spring while plowing corn stubble many white grubs were thrown out. The bird you describe visited us every morning, occasionally through the entire day; it carried away the grubs, at one time making as many as five trips in eight minutes, banging them on a thorn tree near by. Some of them were impaled on the sharp spines of thorn stubble by the plowed ground always run through so that they could not reach the thorn or stubble and release themselves."

"Last October, while husking corn from shocks in which there were many mice, this same bird was with us frequently. It would perch on the top of a corn shock near, and seemed very indifferent to what was going on. When the shock was husked and lifted the bird would carry away the mice killed and left lying on the ground. As many as seven were counted suspended on one tree, and it seemed to distribute its provisions at different points."

"In January, while gathering in some belated shocks of corn, the same bird, which had not been seen for some time, appeared on the grounds, taking up its position on a shock not more than forty feet away from us. In tearing down a shock a large meadow mouse ran out, when the bird swooped down upon it like a hawk, but struck it with its beak, fluttering along over it, striking it as it ran until the mouse was so disabled that the bird could keep along with it by hopping along on the ground. Toward the last the bird's actions were not unlike those of a hen in a similar conflict. It took the shrike fully a minute to dispatch the mouse, giving him an occasional peck whenever it showed signs of life."

"In carrying the mouse away the bird caught it up in its beak and having risen about four feet from the ground dropped it, catching it in its talons as it flew; it did not rise higher than this until it reached the fence, where it began at once to breakfast on its victim."

Camels Cannot Swim.

Camels are perhaps the only animal that cannot swim. Immediately after entering water they turn on their backs and are drowned.