CURIOUS CREATURES

Mythology Peopled the Earth and Sea and Air.

THE TAILED MEN OF AGES GONE.

Kaleidoscope of Monstrosities in the Zoology of Fancy and the History of the Impossible.

VALUE OF THE HORN OF A UNICORN.

The Muntichers With the Deadly Tail and Other Sights Seen by Old Travelers.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. !

"And your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams." This scriptural paraphrase might have been chosen with admirable fitness as a motto by all that tribe of chroniclers, stretching from Pliny to Sir John Mandeville, who ventured into the tangled thickets of zoology. For surely the monstresities they saw, the sireus who sang to them, could only have been seen or heard with the eye or the ear of imagination.

Somewhere in his "Fireside Travels" Mr. Lowell has paid a tribute to the vovagers who have touched the hem of the Goddess of Mystery's robe, and he insists that we should be grateful to them for the wonders which live in their descriptions. Grateful we certainly are, for it is a precious privilege to be able to return from the commonplace of every-day life to the enchanted land of nowhere and there mingle with harpy and



Our Common Anerstor

evelops, basilisk and sea serpent, unicorn and mermaid, the "Su" and the "Chimaern."

To retire to a fanciful world is not possible for all of us, however, as the older and valuminous "authorities" are extremely hard to find. It has remained for a modern writer to gather the thousand and one fabulous relations into compact form and present them to us with such elucidation as to render them easily intelligible. This writer is Mr. John Ashton, and his "Curious Crea-tures in Zoology" is a work which it is a pleasure to welcome into the literary fold. In it that enchanted land to which we have referred is realized with such circumstance and minute attention to detail as to render it thoroughly habitable, and to it we can, as we have said, retire from the material cares of the world. We will be greeted, too, by beings of our own race as well as by the grotesque figures of a purely hypothetical

The master of ceremonies is no less a perlustrations as an "Ouran Ontain," our commen ancestor. Johannes Zahn, of the seventeenth century, is the literary godiather of this being. He does not say just when the



assume that it is pretty far back. Mortimer Collins touches upon the question of genealogy here with delightful humor:

There was an ape in the days that were earlier; Centuries passed, and his bair became curiler; Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist— Centuries more gave a thumb to his. Then he was a man, and a positivist. It is asserted by Darwin that the men, for

so we may call them, of that prehistoric period were gifted with tails. He is confirmed in this view by the records of many writers who say, judged, that in Borneo and Java not only the men, but the women also, were the pretty decoration. Peter Marty: describes one race whose tails were so stiff-like those of fishes or crocodiles—that all their benches had holes in them through which the objectionable extremity was thrust whenever the wearer sat down to rest. But, as Mr. Ashton says, the tailed man, the "Ouran Outain," is east completely in the shade when we go even deeper into the records of zoology. There is the cyclops, whose fanged mouth was placed between his shoulders, whose one eye gleamed from a commanding position at the very top of what was supposed to be his nead, who had wings resembling a pair of cast-off goloshes,

whose solitary foot was turned sideways, and who lived, according to Pliny, in the very center of the earth, in Italy and Sicily. Then there is the Gryphon, whose nose is sometimes planted in the middle of his chest, the elephant-headed man, the man of Ethiopia, who has only one foot, and that family of the Island of Dodyn, of which Mandeville says that "the father eateth the son, and the son the father, the hus-

band his wyfe, the wyle her husband," Another tearful creature whose outward form resembles in some particulars that of a mantichers, whose comely appearance is faithfully reproduced



in one of our illustrations. We are inclined to believe, in fact, that the mantichora survives, as to his head at any rate, to this day. Who has not seen just such a countenance on the street? The mantichora, unlike the tailed men of whom we have spoken, had an extremely flexible tail of great length. The quilly ball at the end of this tail was the

creature's chief weapon of defense, "With its tail," says Topsell, the old Elizabethan writer, "it woundeth the hunters, whether they come before it or behinde it, and, presently, when the quills are cast torth, new ones grow up in their roome, wherewithal it overcometh all the hunters; and, although India be full of divers ravening beastes, yet none of them are stiled with a title of Andropophagi, that is to say, meneaters; except only this Mantichora."

Hint-sister to the muntichora is the lamin, that serpent woman whom Keats celebrated

"Bestiary," tells the story of the lamia with much the same machinery as that which was would require, as Mr. Ashton has demonused by Keats, but Topsell, being a plain man, is little disposed to linger over such moonshine as the tale of the young man of Corinith, the beautiful wandering woman. Fantastic Beings That in the Days of and the cynical philosopher. "To leave, therefore, these fables," he says, with great dignity, "and come to the true description of the lamia. " The hinder-parts of the beast are like unto a goate, his forelegs like a beare's, his upper parts to a woman, the body scaled all over like a dragon, as some have affirmed by the observation of their bodies, when Probus, the Emperor, brought them forth unto publike spectacle; also it is reported of them that they devoure their own young ones, and

therefore they derive their name lamin, of Lamiando; and thus much for this beast." A less terrible combination of man and animal was the centaur, a creature so old that the first record we have of him is Assyrian. The centaur is, perhaps, one of the most attractive of mythological beings. In sculpture he was a favorite subject of the Greeks, and those imaginary portraits of him, which survive from the Athenian wreck show that he was always conceived wreck, show that he was always conceived as a model of muscular development. The orso was noble, and in the whole body there



The Regulation Harpy.

was always splendid energy and grace Even in our own time the centaur is a familiar character. Maurice de Guerin, the French poet, devoted a long and beautiful work to him. The centaur, in fact, like the fawn, the nymph, the satyr, and many other mythological creatures, is recognized as a coyotes or prairie wolves, the hyenas of the mythological creatures, is recognized as a legitimate imaginative "property," of which every poet is at liberty to make free use. There is one condition, however, in which the centaur will not be accepted, and that is without his forclegs. Deprived of these supports, he is a groveling, miserable beast, of no beauty whatever. Of him one old

The Onocentaur is a monstrous beast: Supposed half a man, and half an Asse, That never shuts his eyes in quiet rest. Till he his foe's deare life hath round encom-

past:
Such were the centaures in their tyrannie,
That liv'd by Humane flesh and villainie.
A four-footed beast that has always seemed fabulous is the unicorn. Pausing to notice its likeness to the rhinoceros, of which we give an illustration, we may re-mark that proofs of the authenticity of this animal have existed. Does not Paul Hentzner, a writer of Elizabeth's time, declare that at Windsor he was shown, among other things, the horn of an unicorn of above eight spans and a half in length-i. e., about six and a half feet-valued at about \$150,-000? A "very great unicorn's horne,



The Flying Dragon

which was paid as tribute to the King of France in 1553, was valued at what would amount in our day to over \$500,000. Uni-corns, it would be observed, were luxuries, and yet they were not difficult to capture. Thus Topsell:

"It is sayd that Unicornes, above all other creatures, doe reverence Virgines and young Maides, and that many times at the sight of them they grow tame, and come and sleepe beside them, for there is in their nature a certaine savor, wherewithal the Unicornes are allured and delighted; for which occasion the Indian and Ethiopian hunters use this stratagem to take the beast: They take a goodly, strong and beautiful young man, whom they dresse in the apparell of a woman, besetting him with divers odoriferous flowers and spices. The man so adorned they set in the Mountaines or Woods, where the Unicorne hunteth, so as the wind may carrie the savor to the beast, and in the meane season the other hunters hide themselves; the Unicorne deceaved with the outward shape of woman and sweete smells, cometh to the young man withou: feare, and so suffereth his head to bee covered and wrapped within his large sleeves, never stirring, but lying still and asleepe, as in his most acceptable repose. Then when the hunters, by the signs of the young man, perceave him fast and secure, they come uppon him, and, by torge, cut off his horne, and send him away

So far we have dealt with the old deni-



The Merman and His Wife.

venturing either into the air above or the waters under the earth, we still are surrounded by curious creatures. In the air especially the name of the monsters is legion, for wings are the easiest of all things to attach to one's visions. The angels furnish a good precedent for the creation of the human bird, but that the celestial attitude could not be lightly assumed is evidenced by the fact that the harpies, the chief birdwomen, were notoriously wicked. Shakespeare, in his "Pericles," causes Cleon to

say : Thou'rt like the harpy, Thou'rt like the harpy, dost, with thine angel's face, Which to betray, dost, with thir Seize with thine eagle's talons. The siren was an improvement upon the harpy in physical structure, being an angel from the waist up, but she was no more to be trusted than the less beautiful bird. Her silvery voice, her exquisite form and grace, silvery voice, her exquisite form and grace, were used only to lare seamen to their destruction. The air gives us also the phomix, the martlet or footless bird, the two-headed goose, the four-footed duck, the griffin and the haleyon. All these "lowls" were fearfully and wonderfully made, and all were nce familiar objects to travelers in the unknown countries. The dragon, as the form in which Satan is popularly supposed to be most at home, is naturally a frightful beast to the old writers. Our illustration shows the way in which His Satanic Majesty appeared to the famous Aldrovandus centuries ago. As will be readily seen, Aldrovandus did not stint the evil one in scaler

when he put him on paper. In approaching the sea it is dangerous to loubt. The sea serpent has been seen, bedoubt. lated sailors have flirted with bewitching mermaids, and colossal crabs, beside which Rider Haggard's dwindle visibly, have been captured. The Greeks worshiped a mermaid in Astarte and later on they evolved their goddess into another, Venus Aphrodite, who was the type of the perfect woman. Aphrodite was always attended by women, and, of course, by mermaids. The pair embracing each other so affectionately in our illustration might easily have taken part in one of the triumphs of the toam-born goddess.

To enumerate any further the strange creatures who have been believed, at one so finely in his poem. Topsell, in his time or another, by credulous men, to have



The Hairy Girl.

strated, a pretty large book. Within the imits of a newspaper article only a few of the monstrous creations can be described. But enough has been said to prove that we live in a world which has seen some passing strange things. WILKIE WELLERMAN.

STANLEY AND THE SIOUX. How the Explorer Once Helped Disrobe a Mummy of an Indian Maiden-It Was Risky Business, for a Scalping Might Have Resulted-Indian Burials.

In a recent interview the incident of Henry M. Stanley's part in disrobing the mummified body of an Indian maiden in 1867 while with the Indian Peace Commissioners was given so briefly and hurriedly as o put the matter, perhaps, in a disadvantageous light, says a writer in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. It is well known that the various bands of the Sioux tribe followed the custom of disposing of their dead by Western plains.

The first we saw of this method of burial was at Fort Laramie. Chaplain Wright kindly furnished Stanley and the writer with a comfortable room and one day he piloted us two or three miles above the to Deer Creek, an affluent of the Laramic river where, in a large grove of cottonwoods he pointed out some 10 or 12 skeletons of Inne pointed out some 10 or 12 skeletons of In-dians, grafted, as it were, on the trees. The bodies were wrapped in blankets and buffalo robes and deposited in a sort of trough made of poles, the ends of which were fastened to limbs at a height of about 12 feet from the ground. Mr. Wright pointed out the wrappings of a Chief's daughter that had been re posing for many years undisturbed in a large cottonwood tree, and we began our archeological explorations. The chaplain returned to the fort after reminding us that our scalps would not be safe should a stray Indian happen along, as they held it as the highest desecration to disturb their dead.

The Indian maiden was found wrapped in a bundle of cerements composed of the skin of an antelope, a plaid shawl, several pat-terns of colored calico prints, and over all was bound a buffalo robe, tied with thongs of bull's hide. The face was not unpleasant, hough the skin and flesh were shrunken to he bone, presenting the appearance of an Egyptian mummy, the dry climate pro-ducing an embalming effect. The wrappings were restored to the condition in which the were found, and Stanley brought away a ring from one of the toes, and myself a nice-ly worked figure with porcupine quills on the buffalo robe, which soon after was cast ng appeased, it did not amount to a case of

THE NEW MONEY IDEA.

One of the Latest Fads Noticed at the New York Times. 1

"Can you give me \$200 in new money?" inquired a young man at the teller's window in one of the big banks down town a few days ago, "Mr. - wants it for his wife. "Certainly," replied the teller, recogniz-ing in the applicant the confidential clerk of one of the bank's heaviest depositors. The money was banded out in clean, crisp tens and fives that had never been in circulation. After the young man had gone, the teller remarked to the writer: "That new-money fud is on the increase, Just as soon as a man begins to feel a little tony he gets the notion that no member of his family ought to handle the soiled and crumpled currency in general circulation. When the madam goes a-shopping she must have her purse filled with brand new bills. Many persons explain their mania for new money on the theory that there is contagion in the much-nandled bills, They seek to keep disease away from their family circle by excluding, to as full an extent as possible, all money that has been in circulation. They keep a supply of new bills of various denominations constantly on hand, and the ladies of the household feel that they are thus well protected against contagion.

Most of the new money is procured directly from the banks, but there are frequent individual applications at the sub Treasury for new bills and new coin When the sub-Treasury has an abundance of small denomination bills on hand such applications are unhesitatingly complied with.

A MAGICAL WAND.

t Will be Electrical, and Aid the Tame of Wild Beasts.

In the future, according to the New York Telegram, wild beast tamers, lion kings, serpent queens, and the like, instead of having to assert their authority by means of the whip of pliant steel, will carry a light wand with an insulating grip for the hand, connected by a flexible wire with a battery of which the power can be varied according to the necessities of the case. If the lion or tiger becomes surly and refuses to go through his tricks, or threatens to bite a sample out of his "tamer," a touch of the magic wand will give him a shock that will rouse him up, or scare him into submission as the performer wishes. An experiment in this new department of applied science is said to have been successfully made in this instance.

HE OVERDID IT.

Superfluous Politeness Manifested by Hindoo Servant. Simply appalling is the politeness of the Hindoo. One recently wrote to his em

plover: MOST EXALTED SIR-It is with the most habitually devout expressions of my sensitive respect that I approach the elemency of your masterful position with the self-dispraising utterance of my esteem, and the also forgotten-by-myself assurance that in my own mind I shall be freed from the assumption that I am asking unpardonable donations if I assert that I desire a short respite from my exertions; indeed, a fortnight holiday, as I am suffering from three boils, as per margin. I have the honorable delight of subscribing myself your exalted reverence's servitor. xalted reverence's servitor.

JANZANBOL PANJAMJAUR.

How the Sun Rose. I'll tell you how the sun rose— A ribbon at a time. The steeples swam in amethyst, The news like squirrels ra

The hills untied their bonnets, The bobolinks begun.
Then I said softly to myself,
"That must have been the sun! But how he set, I know not,

There seemed a purple stile Where little yellow boys and girls Were climbing all the while Till where they reached the other side
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars
And led the flock away.
—Emily Dickinson

HORSES OF ENGLAND

A Chat With the Duke of Beaufort, the Famous Sportsman.

AMERICA LOSING IN ENDURANCE.

MERITS OF TURF AND SAND RUNNING

The Finest Animals Bred From Cart Horses and Arabians.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] LONDON, November 13 .- The Duke of Beaufort is the most eminent sportsman of the world. This head of a great house pushed himself back from the breakfast table this morning, and talked of the past and present of high-class sports with a vim and interest of which he only is capable. He has turned 66, and is yet young in head and heart. The bones of a pheasant before him, to say nothing of the other good things provided for our morning meal, told the story of an appetite which means good health. All the surroundings were fitted for repose and a chat upon any phase of human life agreeable.

A good breakfast at midday, with all the conditions of interesting association, both traditional and practical, makes life warm in all its hinges and yanks the fur off the cat of indigestion, melancholy and all other menaces a human being makes to the world when he is not very fit to enjoy what there is in it.

A RACE OF STRONG MEN.

There is so much of interest in the quiet symposium with the Duke of Beaufort I have so much enjoyed this November morning that is worthy of being written, that I am not going to do more here than say that while approaching the three-score-and-ten mark, this remarkable man still rides with the hounds and is as fine a specimen of physical manhood as can be found any-where who has approached the half century point. The name of Besufort represents ten generations of strong men who, while deal-ing in the lighest phases of intellectual and social life, have followed the better sports of social life, have followed the better sports of the field with great success, making the name synonomous with the greatest achieve-ments of the turf and the best history of field sports that the annals of old England, a nation of sportsmen, has for record. The house of Beaufort has been founded

many years. The Dukedom was created 280 years ago, and the beautiful and fertile estates are among the most interesting in England. There may be more elaborate and expensive homes than Badminton, of which I shall write later, but none more charming and restful; none surrounded with more unique conditions that typify the higher phases of home life as represented by the nobility.

THE BADMINTON LIBRARY. The Duke of Beaufort has a wide person

ality beyond the household name. He has long been one of the masters of the tur', a recognized authority on the breeding of race horses and all manner of out-door sports, and his splendid works upon these subjects, known as the Badminton Library, dedicated to the Prince of Wales, are the accepted words of authority upon all matters of which they treat, and there is no character of sport calculated to develop the physical conditions of man or woman that is not thoroughly considered in them. Popular with all classes this perfect type of an English gentle-man of the old school sits in judgment upon many things, and enjoys the broad respect of both the high and the low wherever he is

It was just before race day when, after good repast, we were looking at a splendid field of horses sweeping along the down to start in a stake event that he spoke of a great many things of interest in the busy world; but the drift was toward horses and

ENDURANCE IN AMERICA.

marvelous speed, but I think it must be done at the expense of endurance," he said. "Breeders may not see the effects of it just now so much, but the more they breed upo favorite strains of blood, the more they will find the necessity of introducing new ones to keep up the standard. We have had the same experience in England, when the families of racers grew entirely too close and had to be crossed with grosser material to bring back the animal to perfection for racing purposes.

"But it is a remarkable fact, and one that cannot be denied, that where there were great achievements on the turf, either here or in the United States, the blood can be traced back to the Glencoe, Muley Moloch, the great Stockwell, Rataplan, Bay Middleton, King Tom and three or four others the foundation being such strains as Touch stone and Orlando, represented now by nearly all the great horses on the turf or in the stud. Pocahontas was the greatest dam I ever heard of or knew. She bred 11 colts, including Stockwell, and every one of them achieved fame. She is one of the few mares I ever knew in my long experience on the turf that seemed certain to produce something strong on the breeding farm, where caprices are as numerous as stars in the

"How is that?"

BREEDING IS A LOTTERY. "For the reason that breeding, like run the weather when the foal is got and the temper and condition of the dam during the months before the foal is dropped all play an important part in the power and usefulness of a horse on the turf. We are at great disadvantage in this country on account of the weather, which may have a very important bearing upon the future of a colt bred by a great sire from a great dam In the United States they have the advantage of us in climate, and ought to breed valuable animals with much more certainty than in this foggy atmosphere, where we are liable to have cold, wet weather during the

foaling season.
"Stallions are quite as capricious as dams and the fact that one is a great runner can-not be taken as an assurance that he will breed prize runners. Since 1810, out of the 80 stallions winning the Derby, only 20 of of them have shown themselves of any par ticular value in the stud, and many times a stallion doing nothing remarkable on the turt had proven himself exceedingly valuable in getting good racers. Yet, despite all this uncertainty, the brood of horses for almost every class goes on improving, and the race horses of years ago would play a very insignificant part in the demands of the present day."
"Is the English thoroughbred a periect

THE THOROUGHBRED ANIMAL. "In racing nomenclature, there is really no such thing as the thoroughbred, but the ross of the Arabian with the coarse English cart horse that was really a thoroughbred. has been accepted as the thoroughbred ani-mal. But the Darley Arabian, bought out of a dust cart in Paris, and brought to England and crossed with the heavy and healthy mares used in our primitive days, has undoubtedly produced the finest running horses the world has ever known. If they are allowed to retrograde a little at any time, they are very soon brought back to a good standard by the introduction of new strains in the old families. I think just now we need a little more endurance. We have plenty of speed, but more stamina would bring us nearer to perfection." "Do you like the short races of to-day as

compared with the long dash and four-mile heats years ago?" "I certainly do. I think it gives more zes to the sport and much better speed. In fact, the character of horses which were run long distances many years ago was entirely differ-ent from the racers we have to-day. My hunters, large and powerful animals, are the class of horses which were used to run four-"Is racing here going backward or im

TOO MUCH RACING NOW. "There is entirely too much of it. After

the season begins racing goes on in some part of England almost continuously. The result is we do not get the best possible results out of the horses. We should have only a few prominent meetings during the year, and every energy should be bent toward getting the very best conditions of the turf. the very best conditions of the turf. So many meetings mean the introduction of inferior horses into most of them that they may or may not be run upon their merits. A few great meetings and a few line courses would be far better for the turf than these many inferior over

ferior ones. "I went to the first Derby in 1840, and served for Sportsmen. have seen, with some rare exceptions, every one from that day to this. There is much sameness in all these contests, and there are other meetings which I prefer to Derby day. I had quite a novel experience going days there this year. It was to be my fifty.

down there this year. It was to be my fiftyfifth or sixth journey to the famous racecours and I did not like the uncertainty of either getting down or back in the crowded trains. So I concluded that I would ride down on horseback. I had a splendid mount, and thought to make a pleasant day of the journey by circling around through Richmond Park, which made the distance longer, but gave me a delightful route.

FORTY-FOUR MILES IN SADDLE. "But as I had pleasant companions I did not mind. We reached the course in good time, saw the wonderful crowd and the race. We then started homeward, and I pulled rein at my house in London early in the evening, having covered 44 miles on horse-back, after having had a pleasant day in celebrating my half century experiences with the Derby, even if I was drenched to the skin by a brisk shower which overtook

us on our way home."
"What was the most exciting event you ever saw at the Derby?" "The horse that wins is usually so sure a winner that there is no chance for great excitement, which usually comes only with close finishes. Do you know that since the establishment of the Derby, in 1782, there has been run only two dead heats? One was in 1892 between Codlead and the Colonal

in 1828, between Cadland and the Colonel. The other was in 1884, between Harvester and St. Gatian, now one of the greatest stallions in England. The race was a very exciting one, and the finish set the crowd crazy. Harvester was a hot favorite, and immense sums of money were laid upon him to win. Such a thing as his being defeated was not seriously considered, and until St. Gatian went to work at him within a short distance of the finish, it was supposed that he had the race practically to himself if he stood sound, which was doubtful.

A WONDERFUL FINISH.

"But as Mr. Hammond's horse began to gain on him at every stride after his jockey began riding him, it became plain to every-one that there was to be a punishing finish. Both were very game horses, and not far from home St. Gatian had worked him-self up inch by inch until he was head and nead with the favorite. Both Jockeys were riding like demons and the many thousand people who were looking on became half frantic with the excitement of the contest. So intense had been the interest, that when the horses finished probably not a dozen people besides the judges knew the actual result of the race. The relief from the strain of the finish was so grateful the crowd accepted the verdict with composure. In this instance the stakes were divided instead of

being run off, as in 1828.
"That was the most exciting Derby day I ever saw, and it is fair to presume that very few people, young or old, who were there, will ever look upon another like it. As it was 56 years from the first dead heat for this famous event to the second, it is fair to presume that it will be many years from 1884 before another tie is recorded between the great horses who will contest for future

SOME FAMOUS SIRES. "Do you like the running on the turf or on a soft track as in America?" PREFERS THE TURP

"There is nothing like the turf. A horse has some chance to get a foothold. Running in the soft sand an animal is bound to slip more or less and to lose entirely that firmness of touch that he has on the turf. Then again the ground retards horses with a long stride. I see also that the new straight course is being adopted as far as possible in he United States. This is quite right, as the increased speed of the horses this season has demonstrated."

"Isn't there great uncertainty in the speed of horses one day with another?"
"Certainly. It depends entirely upon an animal's condition and spirit at the moment animal's condition and spirit at the moment how well he will run, and a horse which may make a poor show to-day may win a great race to-morrow or next week. You not only have to have the best horse, but you must have him in the best of condition when he starts. The turf, like the drama, will take care of itselfs. It is the noblest of sports when conducted in the spirit of im-proving the bread of horses, and testing the proving the breed of horses, and testing the results for speed and endurance."

FRANK A. BURR.

The Ways Different Nationalities Treat the

ABOUT MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

Same Subject. Perhaps the most singular instance of the way in which different people regard the same thing, says Spare Moments, is the manner in which mothers-in-law are treated in various parts of the earth. In France they are esteemed; in Britain they are the undeserved theme of much cheap wit and some very material antipathy. Among many Indian tribes it is in the highest de gree improper for a mother-in-law to speak to her daughter's husband. If she finds it necessary to communicate with him, It is etiquette that she should turn her back, and address him through the medium of a third

Others carry this conventionality so far as to prevent the father-in-law from holding any conversation with his son-in-law, and among the wild Kalmucks a woman would sed with crimson were she asked to speak to her husband's father, or to sit down in his august presence.

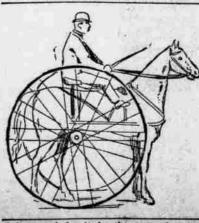
CATS WISE IN THEIR WAY.

They Put Their Heads Together and Suc

ceed in Catching the Rat. A good cat story, illustrating the sagacity of the telines, is told in the Bangor Whig by a gentleman who saw the occurrence. A cat saw a large rat run out from under a stable and seek shelter in a woodpile. Tommy followed his ratship and tried to reach him, but could not do so. Finding that his efforts were in vain, Tommy scratched his head and hit upon an idea. Leaving the woodpile, he went off a short distance, informed another cat of what was up, and the two went back to the woodpile. up, and the two went back to the woodpile. Tommy No. 1 stationed Tommy No. 2 at the place where the rat had entered the woodpile, while he climbed upon the wood and began scratching. This frightened the rat and out he ran into the chops of Tommy No. 2, who had been expecting such an oc-

A unique machine was exhibited at the norse show in New York last week. It is

known as the horse bicycle, and the inventor



claims much for it in the way of great

HOW CROFTERS LIVE.

Outside Employments That Add to the Income of the Croft.

SMALL LANDHOLDINGS THE RULE.

Acres That Might Feed the Hungry Pre-

THERE'S HOPE, BUT IT IS FAR AWAY

COURESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. LERWICK, SHETLAND, November 8 .-Whatever may be the average tourist's impressions from passing glimpses of crofters' communities, crofters' homes and crofters themselves, I believe one who passes some time among them, cannot turn from them to his own world of brightness and progress without a genuine sense of sadness for their permanent, hopeless condition. It is unquestionably true that the

"Crofter's act" of 1886 was a just and beneficent measure. "Fair rents" have been almost universally fixed; arrears impossible of liquidation have been either wholly canceled or largely reduced; and personal freedom as a man, subject and voter has been es-tablished. The Crofters' Commission has already righted countless wrongs to which the crofter had been subjected for nearly a century and a half; and it may be truthfully said that all has been done for this Highland groundling that ever can be done under the present land system of Great Britain. Indi-vidual owners are so few, such vast tracts, especially in the north and west of Scot-land, have been permanently transformed into game preserves, such insignificant and inadequate holdings are in the crofters possession under the new order of things, and communities of these people are so few and those so meager in numbers, that better-ment to these Highlanders as a class seems

THEIR LOVE OF HOME.

As stated in a previous article, the proces f thinning them out of, or their actual extirpation from, tremendous areas had been so thorough by the owners of Highland estates, that few crofters were left to receive benefits. The tenacity with which, despite all sacrifice and terror, these few clung to their mountain homes, is a wonderful tribute to love of home-land, which, in a hardy race like the Highland crofters, could have been turned to infinitely better account by Scotland, and even Scotlish landlords, than could the rentals from sportsmen tenants. This sentiment is so strong and deep a one to-day among Scotlish people of all sections that there is a noticeable growing and stubborn demand for "land division," "land re-form," and even in some quarters for "nationalization of the land."

Many intelligent crofters seem confident

that some form of legislation will some time give them adequately large holdings. An idea is certainly raining ground that at least sportsmen will go out, and sheep rais-ing return. Sentiment is not wholly re-sponsible for this. The first experiment by the great Highland land holders, after the barbarous clearances of the Highlanders, was in sheep raising. This was successful, and in consequence the clearances were largely condoned by a most important class in Scotland; men who assist in making and unmaking Parliaments. These were the lowland farmers.

INFLUENCE OF LOWLAND FARMERS. Since the British sportsmen got possessio of the northern and western glens, High-land sheep have become practically extinct. Therefore what the Highland estate owners have gained by game, the lowland farmers have immeasurably more than lost. The latter have no pity for the crofter on his own account, but they know in a direct, hard-headed way that he and his collie dog are the best shepherds in the world. So these and some other pressing economic forces are gradually blending the "crofter question" and the "land question" in Scot-land, and providing an economic question which may at last reach that form of legis-lation which will break down the now invisible yet inflexible walls of these great Highland estates, and cause the repeopling of their grand mountain sides and glens But that can hardly come to the grave, sad eyes of the crofter who now lives. And it is this man whose condition, environment and

home life I have set out to describe. Whether he lives in the same cabin where is forefathers lived before him, or is one who has been "removed" from the old home to some new and worthless patch of ground for the larger liberty of deer, he is never the possessor, as tenant, of more than 30 acres of land, while nine-tenths of the entire class do not occupy more than five. In some in stances he has an "outrun" or "common grazing" with others, where from 20 to 30 heep and two or three cows may be grazed,

and when this is so, he is considered very well off. SOIL AT HIS DISPOSAL. To find him in this condition is the rarest exception, and ordinarily his miserable patch of soil, of from, say, two to six acres, scarcely affords him the barest means of livelihood. For this tiny croft he pays an average rental of £6 under the new "fair rent" system, and under the old "rack rent" regime he tried to pay, but never paid, from £10 to £15 and £20. With the certain uncertainties of Highland climate in mind, no one can for a moment believe it possible for the crofter to pay even the reduced rent and sustain himself and family from the results of his labor upon the soil alone. believe it would be a truthful assertion that the croft in no single instance ever ustained the crofter. It will not sustain im under the "fair rent" system of to-

day.

The landlord now gets nearly the utmost limit of what the soil itself can produce. The salvation of the crofter can only be attained by providing him with larger crofts, so that the labor of himself and family may be concentrated where most profitable re-suits can obtain; or rentals for the beggarly patch he is forced to exist upon must be reduced to almost a nominal sum. A pros perous peasantry is impossible where the energies of the family are dissipated in a haif dozen different vocations to simply pay rent that a thatch may be kept over the heads of the very old and very young of the family.

HOW HE MANAGES TO LIVE. Briefly, that is the condition of the cro Briefly, that is the condition of the crof-ter, and it is all that is, or ever has been, the matter with him. To merely exist he has been forced into becoming fisher, kelp-gatherer, poacher; anything to live. His wife becomes fisher, "gutter" or dresser of herrings at the sea side, musale-gatherer, or does any tortugus labor, possible to add or does any tortuous labor possible to add pound or shilling to the store for meeting the inexorable demand of the rent. The daughters are forced from home into service, and their altered condition and needs deprive them of both their love of the High-land home and the power to bestow more than a pittance upon its keeping. The sons become gillies to Highland sportsmen with a few weeks of demoralizing luxury and ten months of idleness and unrest; or better though still bad, are crowded to the towns to surther impoverish labor there; or perhaps in the end, best, reach Canada or the States where, for years the little saved beyond bare living finds its way back to the crofte father and eventually to the landiord for

As a rule the oldest son marries and re mains at home. He seldom has the inclina-tion or the means to "hive off" and set up homekeeping on another croft, and besider it is the inflexible policy of Highland land ords to restrict, rather than increase, croft soldings. This leads to a subdivision of the already inadequate home-croft and two fam-ilies, instead of one, repeat an intensified struggle for existence, increasing the evil, and giving warrant for the ever-recurring landlord cry of "congested crofter districts," while millions of acres of land, idle say for its use to sportsmen, are sweeping away into almost impenetrable wilderne

BORROWS OF THE CLEARANCES.

at the different occasions of "clearances," there is little of interest save the unvarying desolation of environment and every-day life. This class of crotters are the most smileless, voiceless people that live. Fring-ing the entire northeastern, northern and northwestern coasts of Scotland may be found hamlets of this class. There is not the sound of mirth, the tone content, or the look of hope to be heard or seen in one. The land is barren, the seacoast is grewsome and dreary, the habitations are wretched, fishing

is precarious and the entire life of these people is a ceaseless, sunless effort to live. It is only in the glens, on the mountain sides, within the straths, clustered in the upland corries or hollows, or here and there nestled by the side of mountain lochs and rivers, where the "removals" and "clearances," like some wild mountain tempest, swept over the old Highlanders without annihilating all their homes, that the crofter of old, the crofter of song and story and tourists' tales, may yet be found. He is grave and silent in his loneliness; but about this child of the mist lingers nearly all that remains of Highland tradition, folk-lore and picturesqueness of environment. The single, lonely, isolated croft is too dreary for winsomeness. But you will now and then come upon an old "clachan" where three or four, or perhaps half a dozen, crofts nestle in a corrie together, are huddled under the friendly protection of some precipitons crag, are grouped like brown Gipsy tents beneath

the strong arms of primeval trees; and here life and customs are in many respects very primitive indeed.

STORY OF A WORD. The "auld clachan," aside from so universally being the hamlet home of the crofter, is worthy of attention on its own account. The word is occasionally a misnomer among Scottish people themselves, as applied to any ancient or picturesque hamlet of a half score or so quaint old houses. Clachan has a more ancient and honorable signification. It is a pure Gaelie word meaning "a circle of stones." The clachan was the fane or place of worship of the pagan Caledonians. When Christianity was introduced the missionaries from Iona very wisely planted the cross within the sacred clackan. In time little chapels, and finally churches, followed. Houses grew up around these, and then the tiny church place or hamlet itself took the name of the spot where the old pagan rites were once

It is interesting, too, to note how exactly identical is the Gaelic of the crofter Highlander of to-day with that of his heathen ancestors of 1,500 or 2,000 years ago. Instead of asking his neighbor in Gaelie, "Are you going to church to-day?" he will ask, "Are you going to the stones?" (Am bheil thu'dol do'n cluchan)? The quaintest bits of primitive architecture in Scotland are to be found in these quaint old nests. The pagan clachan is gone; the chapels and churches-for they were of the sort iconoclast Cromwell did not like-were long ago razed to the ground. But if you have the archæological instinct you can find bits of crosses, cinerary urns and sacrificial stones built into house-walls, just as you will find at Bowness-on-Solway, Roman altars and first-century Roman inscriptions ignobly set in pig-stys and byres. A vitrified fort will often be discovered near at

THE MISFORTUNES THAT COME. There is a little romance about the crofter's every-day and home life. His subsistence gained from the croft is always pre-carious; and were it not that his wants are few, he could not live at all. His principal crops are oats and potatoes; but the variable nature of the climate renders a steady return doubtful. Often the oats fail to ripen. Again, when they mature, the little crop is frequently destroyed by rain. Potatoes of late years occasionally blight or rot. When both the oats and potatoes fail, actual famine comes. By the greatest vigilance enough grass may be cured for the long

natic seare-crows, keeping the cattle | the State, the city, or individual subscrip-

or sheep within bounds the whole day tions." It is customary where are only one or two

A FAMOUS CASE. The world has heard of the famous "pet lamb case" between the great American deer-stalker, W. L. Winans, who controls a highland game preserve of over 250,000 acres, and the shoemaker of Kintail. The shoemaker's only lamb strayed from the highway, trespassed on the great man's acres, was pounced upon and slaughtered by a gamekeeper, and finally caused an action at law that agitated the whole of Great Britain and became the subject of many an eloquent outburst in and out of the House

- The crofter's home is often a sod but with a sod thatch. More frequently it consists of four low walls of apparently uncemented stones, with a thatch of straw, or firbranches and straw, held in its place by stones, anchored from the eaves by straw ropes. The structure usually incloses but one room. There is a low, wide door, perhans a window or two but in some cases only a "boal," or square aperture for admit-ting light and air, will be found. A bunk answers for a bed for the old folks. The children are disposed of in the loft. In the old days the "ceilidh" (pronounced "kailey") or gossiping party, occupied the long winter evenings. It lingers still where the clergy's sharp eyes do not too often come; and in it are whisperingly preserved all the old tales of clan and tartan, witch and warlock, and the sweeter folk-lore of this tender hearted, long-suffering, hospitable, hopeless

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN. CHURCH ADORNMENT.

Opinion of an English Bishop Upon Its Uses and Limits.

Newcastle, England, Chronicle.] The Bishop of Cartisle is an evident be liever in beauty serving a contributory purpose in public worship. Speaking at Headingley, Leeds, his lordship referred to church architecture, and remarked that every really good, complete, well-ordered and well-finished church did in a measure and degree testify to the reality of religion. It might be a question what should be the limits of ornament and beautiful accessories of actual service, but the dignity, grandeur and temple-like character of a church must, he said, be maintained. This idea of the beautiful in worship has been pleasingly manufest in recent years. It is taking po

This is the land the sunset washes, These are the banks of the Yellow Sea; Where it rose, or whither it rushes, These are the Western mystery. Night after night her purple traffic Strews the landing with opal bales; Merchantmen miss man harden

session of bodies that at one time resisted its

The Sea of Sunset.

erchaptmen poise upon horizons, Dip, and vanish with fairy sails, It is Strange.

Detroit Free Press.] Birchall was guilty of murder. There is not the slightest doubt of the fact. How he could have sat down and written out a deliberate lie in the shadow of his own grave is a sentiment so strange to human nature

that it is witnessed only at long intervals, and can be understood only by saying that

such men were born for wild beasts. A Tenacions Clutch

A Temacions Citien A Temacions Citien Carlo de Marca Camplaint. Try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, however, and you will find that it is conquerable, along with its symptoms, heartburn, flatulence, nervousness, and loss of fiesh and vigor. Billiousness and constination frequently accompany it. These, besides malarial, rheumatic and kinney compilants, are also subduable with the Bittery compilants, are also subduable with the Bittery

THE PASTEUR CURE

A Great Medical Discovery That Koch Proposes to Eclipse.

TALKS WITH DRS. MOTT AND GIBIER

The Inoculation of Rabbits by Which the Virus is Secured.

HYDROPHOBIA IN THE IMAGINATION

The great expectations aroused by Dr. Koch's new cure for consumption give special pertinence at this time to a summary of the results secured by the Pasteur method of curing hydrophobia in the United States. When Dr. Brown-Sequard announced that he had discovered what might prove the clixir of life, doctors all over this country got out their syringes and began jabbing injections of veal tea into anybody who would permit it.

But the Pasteur treatment for hydrophobia by injection is a slow and scientific cure, beyond the reach of empiries and productive of almost unerring results. One hears little now of the Brown-Sequard "elixir," the hasty injection of which led in a number of cases to death a year or two ago. But the following testimony of Dr. Paul Gibier and Dr. Valentine Mott, its leading and indeed only exponents in this country, to the complete success of the Pas-teur cure for hydrophobia by hypodermic injection, will be read with interest.

A PERFECT SUCCESS. Dr. Valentine Mott was the first medical man of standing to try the Pasteur method in the New World, Dr. Mott has studied the Pasteur method for years before that date, and as far back as September, 1886, read a paper before the American Social Science Association, in which he declared that Pasteur had given his cure years of research "and it now shines forth triumphant in its success, a blessing to humanity." Dr. Mott, who has just returned from Europe, is still entirely convinced of the success of the Pasteur method in the

United States.
"I myself," said he, "have inoculated 20 patients and lost none. A great many who applied to me for the treatment I soon found were not proper subjects for it. I discovered beyond a doubt that the animal by which they were bitten was not rapid. How can the fears of such a one be quieted? By detailing the circumstances of their cases to them and assuring them of the impossibility of rabies supervening. A very slight treat-ment of their wounds, after this, readily satisfies them. Many cases of rabies are reported cured, however, which were not rabies at all, but pseudo-hydrophobia, the result of an overwrought imagination. great is the power of mind over body that death in certain cases results from this imaginary ailment.

DIAGNOSING PSEUDO-HYDROPHOBIA "It is not easy to diagnose pseudo-hydro-phobia. When death ensues rables or pseudo-hydrophobia may be arrived at as the cause by inoculating dogs or rabbits with germs from the brain and spinal cord of the deceased. If they become rabid, the disease was rables in the man. And vice versa, if they do not, the imagination has elaimed another victim. And an interest-ing symptom of psuedo-hydrophobia is the fact that the sufferer shows much more dread of swallowing than does the actually rabid

patient. "Why did I cease the practice of the Pasteur treatment for rabies? Because I found my time engrossed by patients unable to pay for my services. I could not bear to turn them away, and I had either to give up enough grass may be cured for the long winter supply for the few animals; but there is always peat to be had for the one bright spot in all the crofter's life, the great, open fireplace of his cabin.

After the cows are milked in the morning, the younger children, accompanied by the collie dog, set out to herd them, for the crofts are seldom enclosed. Old coats or jackets are thrown over their shoulders, and they listlessly move about like a beyy of automatic scarcecows. Exprise the exitty is the first the city or individual subsection.

THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE

The "Pasteur Institute for the Preventive beasts to "tether" them with chain or rope.
The horse or "sheltie," if the crofter have one, is also "hobbled." Sometimes half a dozen sheep will be tethered by day and put into the sheep-cot at night. Such croft sheep are universally called "pets."

The "Pasteur Institute for the Preventive Treatment of Hydrophobia and the Study of Contagious Diseases," as it is called by its founder, Dr. Gibier, was opened in New York City, on February 18, 1890, and 610 persons bitten by dogs or cats have applied for treatment. In Dr. Paul Gibier's labfor treatment. In Dr. Paul Gibier's lab-oratory are many test tubes, in which microbes are hatching and developing. To the uninitiated eye the yellow fever microbe, the microbe of smallpox and the microbe of hydrophobia look alike. But the photographs there exhibited of the brain of a healthy and a rabid man show at a glance

the deadly foreign growth whose origin is still so mysterious. "The great necessity," says Dr. Gibier, "is to find out as soon as possible if the animal that inflicted the bite is fabid. This once determined, the treatment is perfectly clear. Most of my patients have been unable to pay for anything, and with them I am forced to be specially particular, for I insist on the patient's surroundings being scrupulously clean, especially in the mat-ter of bed linen. And, as in order to insure the sulfillment of these essential conditions, I preser, if possible, to have the patient renain here in the institute. I have more han once, so crowded was the house, been

obliged to give up my own bed." SECURING THE VIRUS. Since the introduction of the Pasteur method into the United States the experience of both Dr. Mott and Dr. Gibier shows a marked improvement in methods, composition used as an injection," says Dr. Gibier, "was formerly productive of a great deal of pain to the patient. That now in use partakes of the nature of the serum of the blood, inflicts no pain, and in some cases is used of a strength ten times greater than formerly. A rabbit inoculated with the microbe of rabies dies within 15 or 20 days. The rabbit inoculated with virus from the irst rabbit dies, and a third is inoculated. After the tenth rabbit has died, the duration

of the disease begins to diminish. "After the sixtieth death, this diminution ceases, and a dog inoculated with virus from the sixtieth dies quicker than from the first rabbit. The virus is then fit for use on man. An ordinary patient is inoculated in the side of the abdomen once a day for 15 or 16 days. In virulent cases inoculations are made four or five times a day for the first five or six days. In the matter of cure the institute is a perfect success. I have never even had doubts about the relief of but one patient, a little girl of this city, who sobbed and cried so violently when first brought to me that I feared she would die before she could come again. She improved with each visit and is now entirely well.

A FAILURE PINANCIALLY. "But financially the institute has not earned any money and I often feel like giving it up and returning to chemistry. There are prominent people here, however, who say they intend to put the institute on a paying basis. This will necessitate the purchase of a larger property and the lay-ing out of a great deal of money. Of the 610 patients treated, in 480 cases it was demonstrated that the animals which attacked them were not mad. Consequently the patients were sent back after having had their wounds attended, during the proper length of time, when it was necessary. Four

sulted or treated gratis.
"In 130 cases the anti-hydrophobic treatment was applied, hydrophobia having been demonstrated by the veterinary exam-ination of the animals which inflicted bites or by the inoculation in the laboratory and in many cases by the death of some other persons or animals bitten by the same dogs. All these persons are to-day enjoying good heath. health. In 80 cases the patients received the treatment free of charge.

Misunderstood the Question. Boston Herard.]

Policeman-(to stranger late at night)-Where are you bound, sir?

Stranger—I'm de bouncer at Tuffy's on de