



BLOODHOUNDS AS PETS.

TRAINED TO PURSUE.

How Bloodhound Pups Are Educated in the South.

The training of bloodhounds to run down fugitives from justice is carried on with great care in some parts of the South. While they are called "bloodhounds," few of the Southern dogs are of full blood. The original ones were brought to America from Eastern England a century ago, and the packs now owned by Southern law officers are descendants of this breed, but usually have a strain of some other blood, such as that of the rabbit hound. Whether of full blood or mixed breed, however, some of the packs in Tennessee and Texas are noted throughout the Southern States for their record of captures. The pack owned by the prison authorities at Rusk, Tex., has done duty throughout the Southwest chasing men in the great swamps south of the Brazos River, as well as across the prairie and through woodland. The Phipps pack, as it is called, includes several of the few pure bloodhounds now in the South. They are owned by Deputy Sheriff Phipps, of Chattanooga, and are trained just as dogs are trained for "flushing" birds and the hunting of game.

When a few months old the bloodhound pup is "put on the scent." A Negro boy is usually hired to take the part of the fugitive. The blood of an animal or some other substance which has considerable odor is smeared on his feet, and he starts away along the road or over a field. Then the blood or other substance is held to the dog's nose. He is led to the point where the boy started and thus put on the trail. Care is taken to give the boy ten or fifteen minutes' start. The run is usually only a mile or two long, and at the end of it is a tree which he can easily climb. Seldom is the dog thrown off the scent, even if it is the first chase, and although the Negro may have reached the tree before the dog starts, in a few minutes the latter is beneath it baying to announce his discovery.

After a few runs of this sort the dog becomes so skilful that he can follow the fugitive merely by his natural scent. Then a course is laid out which is far more difficult. It passes over sand, which will retain little of the scent; is laid across a stream of water, so that the dog has to run up and down the banks on each side before he can recover the scent he has lost in crossing. Thus he is trained until he can follow the boy, sometimes a day after the scent has been laid.

On one occasion a "racket" store in a little town of Northern Alabama was found broken open. Flour, sugar and other provisions had been taken away. There were no footsteps or other signs to indicate the direction in which the thieves had gone. Sheriff Phipps and two of his dogs were summoned by telegraph and reached the place on the afternoon of the day the robbery had been discovered. The dogs were turned loose inside the store, and after running around a moment or so, sniffing at the broken boxes and barrels, they started for the door and headed for the railroad track which runs through the town. The Sheriff, the town constable and other citizens followed in the rear of the dogs, which were held with cords. For mile after mile they went over the track. Night set in, but it was decided to keep up the pursuit. Finally a long trestle was reached, over which the dogs picked their way, the men following as best they could at the risk of tumbling into the ravine beneath. Finally, at about midnight the hounds left the track, and running to the side of a water tank uttered a series of short, sharp barks.

"That ought to mean that the thieves are in

the tank, but I suppose it's full of water," said Sheriff Phipps.

"I reckon they might be," said one of the men in the party. "That tank sprung a leak some time ago and has not been used since. There is an iron ladder down the inside, and anybody could climb into it easily."

"Well, we will soon see," said Phipps. "The rest of you form a circle around the tank. I will climb to the top and take a look inside."

The officer wriggled up to the top of the cylinder, and striking a match held it inside and leaned over.

"The dogs were right," he exclaimed. "They're in here."

So were the stolen provisions.

FINDING OF PIKE'S PEAK.

Continued from second page.

way, one being with a band of thieving Indians, numbering sixty. The Indians played a practical joke on him and two of his comrades. The three were riding horses. The Indians made as if they would embrace them in token of friendliness, coming toward them with open arms and bearing no weapons. Captain Pike and his companions dismounted to greet the Indians, who crowded around. In a moment three other In-

dians mounted the horses and rode off. The horses were finally restored.

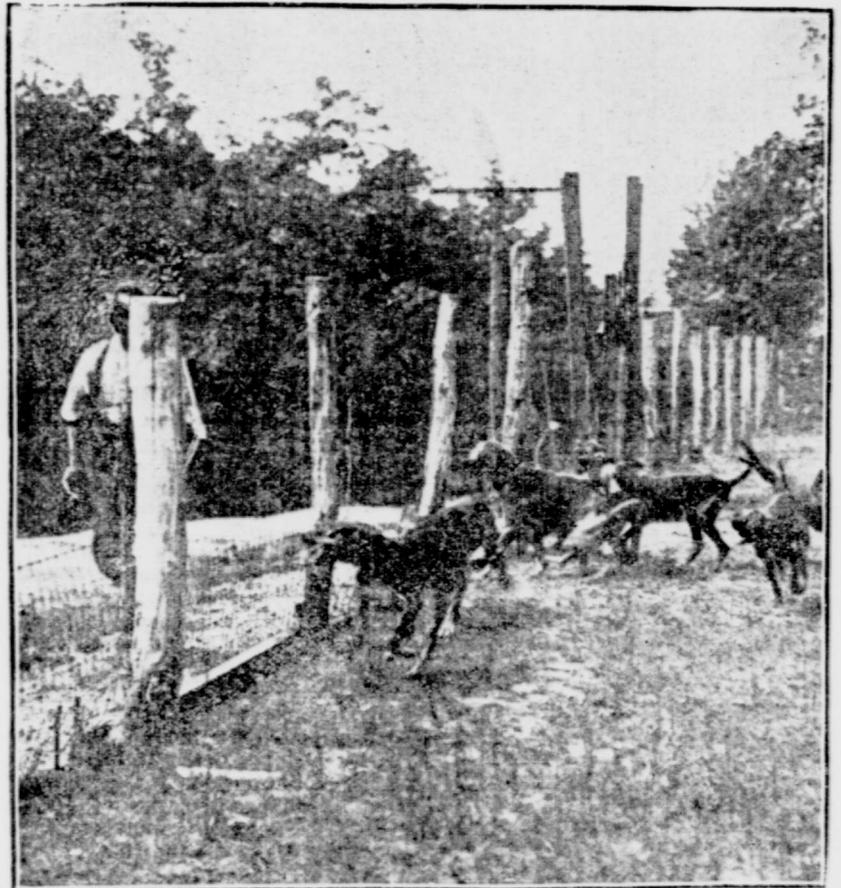
Distances were as deceptive then as to-day. Visitors to Colorado Springs remark, when they get up on the first morning after their arrival there, that they will take a little stroll out to the peak before breakfast, but find the base of it six miles away to the westward. On November 25 Captain Pike and three companions started early with the expectation of ascending the mountain, but were only able to encamp at its base, after passing over many small hills. The next morning, still deceived, the party, expecting to return to their camp the same evening, left all their blankets and provisions at the foot of the mountain, but he wrote: "After maching all day we encamped in a cave, without blankets, victuals or water." The next morning, as one might imagine, they "arose hungry, dry and extremely sore from the inequality of the rocks on which we had lain all night."

They continued their march up the mountain, and in about an hour arrived at the summit of the chain. Here they found the snow waist deep. The thermometer, which stood at 9 degrees

above zero at the foot of the mountain, here fell to 4 degrees below zero. The summit of the "Grand Peak," which was entirely bare of vegetation and covered with snow, now appeared at the distance of fifteen or sixteen miles from them. It seemed as high again as they had ascended, and they thought it would take a whole day's march to arrive at its base. The soldiers had only light overalls on and no stockings, and it was concluded not to attempt the ascent of the higher mountain.

"We descended," wrote Captain Pike, "by a long, deep ravine, with much less difficulty than contemplated. Found all our baggage safe, but the provisions all destroyed. It began to snow, and we sought shelter under the side of a projecting rock, where we all four made a meal on one partridge and a piece of deer's ribs the ravens had left us, being the first we had eaten in that forty-eight hours."

Captain Pike, like many another, had mistaken Mount Cheyenne for the peak. Finally reaching the remainder of his party, he remained in sight of Pike's Peak, his party wandering about the mountains with frozen feet in their cotton cloth-



TRAINING BLOODHOUNDS TO CHASE A MAN.



TRAINING BLOODHOUNDS TO TREE A MAN.

ing in the mean time until January 27, when the Spaniards made them captives and they were taken to Mexico, but were later released and returned to the United States. Captain Pike was able to bring back his notes only by rolling them up and storing them in the barrels of his gun.

Captain Pike, who was born in Lamberton, N. J., the son of an army officer, in 1779, and only twenty-seven years old when he made this expedition, was a popular hero in his day. Besides this expedition, he made one a year earlier in search of the source of the Mississippi River, which he found. He was a brigadier general when he fell in front of his troops in an attack on Toronto in the War of 1812. His name has been given to ten counties and a number of towns in various states bear his name. A man-of-war was named for him at the time of his death. The "Pikes" were a designation of the "Forty-niners," and later of emigrants who crossed the great plains with prairie schooners. It is said that the most probable reason for this application of the name was the fact that a large migration to California in 1849 had its source in Pike County, Mo., and in Pike County, Ill., just across the Mississippi, two counties named for Captain Pike. Any one bound for the states meeting an outward bound wagon train would ask the usual question, "Where are you from?" The reply would be, "Pike County." As nearly every one seemed to be from Pike County, they became known as "Pikes." It gave rise to some doggerel verse, of which this is a sample:

My name it is Joe Powers,
I've got a brother Ike;
I'm bound for California,
And I'm all the way from Pike.

To-day one has not the difficulties of visiting Pike's Peak that prevailed in the time of Captain Pike. A cog railroad takes one from Manitou Springs to the summit, nearly nine miles, in about two hours. Owing to the high velocity of the wind on the summit, which frequently ranges from fifty to sixty miles an hour, visitors usually do not care to stay long to look out over the country. It is said that one can see over an area of 60,000 square miles and to a distance of a hundred and fifty miles from its crest. There is a government meteorological station there.

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