

MAN-HUNTING BLOOD HOUNDS OF THE UTAH STATE PRISON.

THE half-tones printed in this article, represent the amiable corps of bloodhounds attached to the Utah State Prison, prepared to take the trail of an escaping convict with neatness and dispatch, and land him in a tree with due celerity. There are five grown dogs—three full blooded hounds and two Beagle hounds; and then there are four puppies which were Christmas presents, the offspring of "Teddy" and "Trailer," the two of the three thoroughbreds. The third of the latter is a lady dog named "Zoe," a well trained animal. "Trailer" is a present from Warden Arney of the Idaho state prison at Boise, and it is a very fine animal.

Bloodhounds proper are of the orthodox dun color, and the best there is, while the Beagles are white, black and tan. The pups are the genuine article and very valuable. Up to 18 months ago, the prison had no regular "sworn in" canine attachment, except the ordinary watchdogs which could catch dogs far better than escaping convicts. However, ex-Deputy U. S. Marshal E. A. Franks had at the Territorial penitentiary, several bloodhounds during the wardenships of Arthur Pratt, Vandereock and Alfalfa Young under Territorial Marshals Dyer and Brigham, covering a period of about three years. But they were taken away, as certain officials claimed the cost of their keeping exceeded the value of their services. Per contra, Mr. Franks says the presence of the dogs at the prison kept the convicts from trying to escape, and the light of events immediately subsequent to their withdrawal proved the truth of what he claimed. The dogs did good service several times in tracking escaped convicts. On one occasion when two prisoners got away in the dead of winter, the dogs tracked them across Jordan to the house of one Demotte. But as Demotte thought the officers off the scent, and this was aided by the representations of a guard that the men wanted had gone south. One of them was afterwards found frozen to death in Davis county, and the other escaped to the north.

These dogs on another occasion, tracked three escaped convicts over into Summit county, and while one did eventually get away, the other two were captured by the dogs after a most exciting chase of three days, and but for the hounds all three men would have escaped. The hounds gave excellent account of themselves afterwards, in Wyoming, where they were sent.

The urgent need of dogs at the Utah state prison was made patent to Warden Dow in 1897, when Frank Hamilton, a breezy young convict, made his escape and remained escaped for keeps. This enterprising artist crawled into the ash box that was carted out every morning and was thus conveyed to the dump. It was the cheerful custom of the guard in charge of this performance to prod the ashes with a long iron rod for possible absconders, but the trusty who attended to the function for this time was careful as to where he prodded. Hamilton's absence was noticed at dinner when he failed to materialize at the feeding station. His cap was then found on the ash dump, a tender reminiscence of what once was but then was not. A thorough and exhaustive investigation was immediately on, and the brush was beaten like cavalry beating the bush for Mexican marauders down on the border. But neither hide nor hair of the man was ever located, though it has since been reported from California that he died in that state. Warden Dow is sure that had he had dogs at the time, they would have run Hamilton down and caught him.

Shortly after Nat Brigham was made United States marshal of the territory, one of his guards in one of the wall watch towers, fell into a sweet, refreshing and gentle slumber. Seven convicts who had watched the performance showed their appreciation of the situation and the removal of Franks' dog, by flitting over the wall and out of sight. A large fraction of the prison population would have followed suit but for passersby rushing into the office with the startling announcement that the state was slowly but surely losing its guests. Some of these peripatetics are yet to be heard from, and it is nine years since then; but it is believed that had the prison been equipped with a kennel of bloodhounds, the shadowy gentry would have all been recaptured, and that eminent ex-Harvard oarsman, sweet singer and public lecturer, Marshal Brigham, saved much mental agitation.

A good and sufficient reason for the presence of dogs was evidenced in 1888, when a particularly nervy convict named Watrous ably assisted by three or four amiable associates, while working in a field close by the penitentiary managed to get behind Pat Murtha, the guard. Pat was dreaming of breaking his shillalah over

the heads of imaginary Orangemen, when he was overpowered, his arsenal taken from him, and his assailants levanted toward the foothills, calling back to the discomfited child of Erin, "Just tell them that you saw me." The men were finally recaptured by Marshal Dyer and his men, but not until after a fight in which Watrous was badly wounded. The presence of dogs would have been of assistance in hastening the process of recapture.

Warden Dow was in correspondence with prison authorities in Texas and other states 18 months or two years ago, when General Superintendent Calvin of the Short Line presented him with two fine bloodhounds, "Teddy" and "Zoe." These dogs were "put into commission" as soon as possible, under the care of Nightwatchman White of this city, who for four months ran them every day. Then the dogs were brought to the prison and are kept in practice by being given a run three times a week. Several weeks ago, George S. Nickum presented the warden with two young Beagle hounds, and they are in good training with the regular bloodhounds. In less than a year's time the puppies will be in shape to give a good account of themselves. The dogs are trained by the assistance of trustees. A handkerchief or cap of

one of these men is given the dogs to sniff, after he has been sent off towards the hills or into the thickets that border the creek not far distant, and after the man has been away for an hour or more the dogs are given the scent and off they go full tilt and in full yelp. Contrary to expectation the dogs do not run with their noses to the ground all the way, unless the trail is over a day old and the scent faint. But they follow it off and on, as it were, circling here and there, and now to some distance on one side and then to some distance on the other side, but with the mean trend of their motion in the direction of the parties they are after.

Warden Dow remarks that the criticism about the non-use of hounds immediately after the discovery of the murder of Hay is unwarranted, as the entire place was speedily trampled by hundreds of people, obliterating Mortensen's trail; and even had Mortensen's trail been found it would merely have led the hounds off up street to where Mortensen got on the street car or to some other non-committal place. The time to use the hounds was the morning after the hasty internment, when the tracks leading to and from the grave were only those of the murderer's.

Warden Dow had his dogs all out immediately after the reported escape of Edwards last fall, and they chased furiously around the outside of the prison wall, and over the adjacent country, but to no purpose, for the reason, as was subsequently learned, that Edwards never went over the prison wall, but got into the chapel and hid under the organ platform where he was discovered later. He had with him a bag of pepper, and when asked what he had proposed to do with the pepper, said he had intended dropping it in his tracks, hoping that by its getting into the noses of the dogs, it would throw them off the scent. The warden is wondering whether such a scheme would work or not.

The dog "Teddy" has never been known to fail in tracking his man, and he with "Zoe" are used to do the principal work; but all of the animals are reliable. It is a mistake, the trainers say, to imagine that bloodhounds are ferocious, for they are not. On the contrary they are gentle and of an amiable disposition and do not tackle a man when they have overtaken him; but attack the atmosphere instead, and make "Rome howl" with their barks until the pursuers have caught up with

Warden Dow when asked if he was not afraid to send his trustees off into the hills and brush on these trailing expeditions, smiled and said he was not, as the dogs inevitably caught up with them, so that it was impossible for the men to escape if they wanted to.

The dogs used in southern prisons to catch escaped convicts, and those used during the days of slavery to catch runaway slaves were not bloodhounds proper, but big mastiffs, or other savage dogs of great size, and the dogs used in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" shows are boar, or Russian deerhounds, mastiffs, or St. Bernards. Genuine bloodhounds are too amiable to go into the flesh tearing business, and make no dramatic appearance on the stage. Warden Dow says that when he visited the Pennsylvania state prison in Philadelphia he noticed savage dogs in the yard after closing hours, and the convicts were much afraid of them, but they were not bloodhounds.

A prominent authority on these hounds says that the name never did convey a suggestion of blood thirstiness. For over 1,300 years the old original strain has been kept pure in England and is still chosen for marvelous scent. The name "bloodhound" means pure pedigree, and the variety

is today a recent importation into the United States. In the old slave days the old southern foxhounds crossed with other breeds were also used as trailers, but a majority of them were worthless. Unscrupulous dealers advertised them as Cuban, Siberian or American bloodhounds; and they were of every color, size and disposition. There is but one genuine variety, and that is the English, whose ancestry and pedigree antedate written history. Fiction and imagination have clothed the bloodhound with erroneous attributes, fostered by the superstitions of ignorant slaves, but the genuine bloodhound is the aristocrat of the canine race. In unsettled and mountainous regions, where wild and rugged nature makes thousands of hiding places, there is no intelligence that can follow a fleeing criminal save the nose of the hound, and the public is beginning to appreciate his usefulness in this direction.

From the beginning of the bloodhound's history he was a tracker of men, and his biographers claim that his wrinkled brow, his sedate and weary gaze from deep-set bloodshot eyes, bespeak years and centuries of meditation. As you look at him, he presents a beautiful picture of majesty and might unmingled with ferocity, of courage undebased with guile, of dignity tempered with grace, and enabled by generosity, a companion and a guardian with friendship for man so intense that the victim or quarry he tracks to earth is fondled with caresses and not molested, as his only duty is to investigate a trail from start to finish. All bloodhounds are registered in England; if they leave, they are also registered and numbered here, with all their progeny, in the American Kennel club stud books. The most perfect man-trailers require but little training for their education, and if the animals are thoroughbreds any novice can make experts. It consists in two people taking the dog or puppy into the country; one of them holds the animal while the other runs away a short distance and hides. The hound as soon as liberated instinctively takes the trail and finds the hidden person, when he should be rewarded with a little raw meat fed by hand. After a few lessons, once a day, change the runner and go into different localities. The hound soon becomes proficient and is always crazy for the chase. By working two or more dogs together they make bolder runs, and seem to try to outdo each other. A puppy five or six months old will track a stranger with all the avidity of a foxhound after a fox.

In noting the characteristics of a true bloodhound, an authority says that the skull should be narrow, long and domed at the top, with the bump called the occipital frontal very strongly delineated. The head should be supplied with an abundance of loose skin which wrinkles in a remarkable manner. The muzzle should be long, and the upper jaw larger than the lower, and with heavy lips. The nose is large, black and with big nostrils. The eyes are small, sunken in the head, brownish in color, with red lining of the lower lid displayed. The ears are set on low, very long and fine. The neck which carried a heavy "dew lap" is of good length and set on slanting shoulders. The forelegs are straight, heavy in bone and of fair length, with round feet which should be tight and not splayed. The body is moderately wide at the chest and well ribbed up. The hind legs are powerful about the thighs. The fur is harsh and short but silky on the ears and top of the head, and the color is all tan, or with a black or grizzle saddle with little or no white. Maturity is reached in about two years. Hounds are worth all the way up to \$150 each.

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Old Slave's Home Was Located on a Kentucky Estate—Norman Argo, Who Was a Fellow Toiler With Mrs. Stowe's Hero, Has Much to Say Concerning the People She Depicted in Her Novel.

Special Correspondence.
Louisville, Ky., Feb. 11.—The agitation now in progress in various parts of the country regarding the propriety of suppressing the play "Uncle Tom's Cabin" calls attention once again to the quiet little village of Paint Lick, on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, in Garrard county. It was there that Mrs. Stowe laid the plot for her well known novel on the farm and among the negroes owned by Geo. Thomas Kennedy, who was Garrard county's first representative in the general assembly of Kentucky.

There is plenty of evidence to prove the location of Uncle Tom's cabin on the Kennedy estate. It will be remembered that Mrs. Stowe opens her book with the expression "In the quiet little village of Paint Lick, on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, in Garrard county. It was there that Mrs. Stowe laid the plot for her well known novel on the farm and among the negroes owned by Geo. Thomas Kennedy, who was Garrard county's first representative in the general assembly of Kentucky."

There is still at Paint Creek a living link between the past of the novelist's day and the fast fleeting present in the shape of the diminutive negro who was one of Gen. Kennedy's slaves and who remembers him as a kindhearted man. When a traveler reaches Paint Lick, the first person he meets is this little creature, black as ebony, three feet nine inches in height, and weighing only 60 pounds. He meets all trains at the village station.

"The old Norman Kennedy Argo, I knowed Uncle Tom," is the way he introduces himself to a stranger, and he invariably adds "Whit's yer name?" Old Norman Argo is the sole survivor of the hundred and odd slaves that belonged to the Kennedy estate at the time of the general's death. He was born in the eighteenth century and is thus more than a hundred years old. Old Norman was well acquainted with the original George Harris, a most prominent character in Mrs. Stowe's book. In real life Harris was George Lewis Clark, and Argo frequently worked and slept with him.

Clark was a weaver, knitter, sewer and a good cook. When Gen. Kennedy was alive, Clark was not sent to the fields, and Argo, being houseboy, grew to know him very intimately. Thomas Kennedy, Jr. did not long survive his father, and Clark got it into his head, rightly or wrongly, that he was about to be put up for sale with the other negroes. So he determined to gain his liberty. He confided his plans to Argo. One detail was to bleach him; self from a mulatto to a fair skinned white man. In a few months he escaped by stealing a mule. He went north

where he met Mrs. Stowe and gave her the plot and characters for her novel. Clark's wife, the Eliza of the story, was in real life named Margie. She was left behind when Clark escaped, but soon ran away to Louisville. There she remained until her husband returned for her from Ohio, and the two went to Cincinnati on a steamboat. Old Norman declares that the trip

across the ice was a pure invention of the author. He also stamps as a myth the death of little Eva. The original Eva is still alive and is now a grandmother. Of Uncle Tom himself Norman

has much to say, but nothing very pleasant. Norman declares that instead of being a poor, persecuted colored man, as the book depicts him, Uncle Tom was "a worthless, no 'count nigger, disliked even by his own race."

Poplar Hill was a typical southern home, with thousands of acres of rich land, beautiful orchards and a deer park. At the time young Tom Kennedy came into possession of his share of the estate, Clark was made almost a free man. His master gave him a horse and a light wagon and allowed him to go through the country trading. Clark was bright and intelligent and did very well in this business. He was often mistaken for a white man. The Kennedy home still stands and is occupied as a residence. The cabins on the estate formed a little town in themselves. They were neatly kept, each was provided with a front yard and garden, and much was done to make the life of the slaves pleasant. Many of the old general's servants showed their attachment to the place by wanting to stay with his children after the war had made them free.

WANTED MONEY, NOT MORALS.

The late Eugene Stanislas Kostka De Mitlewicz used to tell a story of the cynicism of Li Hung Chang. Mitlewicz, professional "promoter" spent some of the best years of his life in an unsuccessful attempt to engineer the establishment of a great Chinese-American bank. Millions were involved, and it was necessary to secure the favor of Earl Li Mitlewicz obtained an interview with him and explained his scheme. The Chinaman listened gravely.

"It is a philanthropic plan, is it not?" he said at length. "You desire by means of this bank to bring about moral and social reforms in my country, I suppose. You wish to civilize us, to save our souls."

"I may say for myself, personally, that it is a matter of supreme indifference to me whether any of your souls are saved or not."

Li's almost eyes twinkled. "Ah," he said, "you are not like other Europeans who come to China. They are all interested in our moral well-being. You say you want merely to make money. It is strange. I have heard of such men before, but till now I have never met a European who had not the spiritual glow of China at heart."—New York Times.

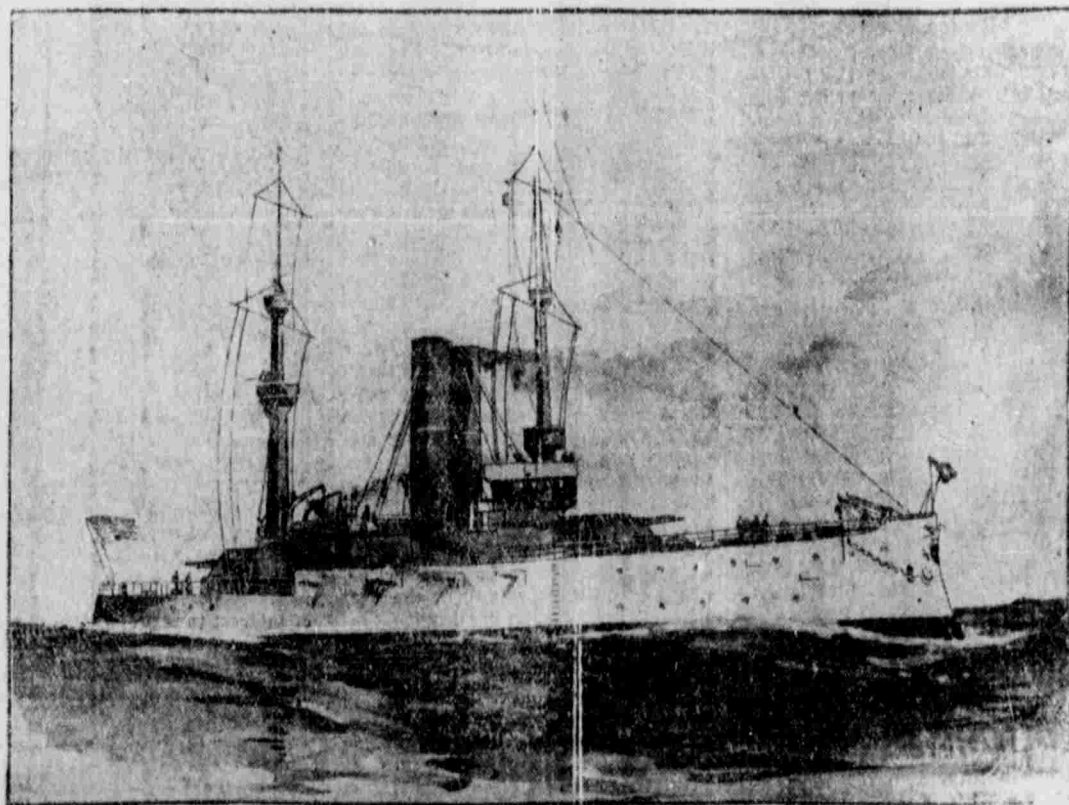
CANNON'S DEFIANCE ANSWERED.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, who fell heir to the title of "Watch Dog of the Treasury" after the demise of the venerable Holman of Indiana, was in the midst of a heated discussion on the Nicaragua canal bill when suddenly, after making a positive assertion, he shouted at the top of his voice: "If I am wrong, who will correct me?" "Ah, I would not undertake such an arduous task," replied the versatile Mr. Hepburn, as he arose in his place and sank back again before Mr. Cannon could return the fire. The house roared.—Unidentified.

AN ANECDOTE OF KUBELIK.

Though still a boy, Kubelik, the violinist, obtains an average fee of 200 guineas for each of sixty recitals. The young violinist's agent was the witness of a touching sight at Prague recently. Toward the close of the day an old man, apparently between 80 and 90, who had evidently traveled far on foot, judging by the dust on his clothes and the weariness of his movements, approached the hotel where Kubelik was staying. In a handkerchief and choker he was carefully carrying a supply of fresh fruit, eggs and butter. These were an offering for Jan, and the aged donor who had walked so far with his present was no other than the young violinist's grandfather.—Kansas City News.

THE ILLINOIS TO HEAD RECEPTION.



The Illinois, the flagship of Admiral Bob Evans, in charge of the coming fleet that will meet Prince Henry at Quarantine and escort him to the Hohenzollern, is here shown. This will of course be the principal vessel of the receiving fleet and Prince Henry will be received aboard.