

## *Some Wonders from the West.*

### XXII.—ON THE TRAIL.



R. FULTON, of Beatrice, Nebraska, is the owner of what is probably the most valuable pack of bloodhounds in the world. There are twenty in all, and they are of the bluest of canine blood. They are trained hunters, not of birds or deer, but of human game, their speciality being thieves, murderers, and other criminals. Included in the pack of four-footed sleuths are dogs which have won world-wide reputation and have assisted in tracing the fugitive malefactors of two continents.

The use of bloodhounds in the United States for tracking men is not new; they were used in searching for runaway slaves before the rebellion, and are still used in some of the Southern States for overtaking escaped convicts. But Dr. Fulton has demonstrated their efficacy in the apprehension of persons who have committed crimes. The hounds have been used frequently in the past, and now scarcely a week passes that one or more pairs are not called into requisition for the recovery of lost or stolen property or the pursuit of some offender. The calls come from all parts of the country. As there is the reward for the capture to be won, or the pay of \$15 a day and expenses to be made, the kennel is proving a not unprofitable investment for the owner.

The experience of Dr. Fulton in bloodhound culture dates back to his boyhood days. He has always been an admirer of this little-loved member of the canine species, and is considered to be one of the leading American authorities. He has brought into the United States many famous dogs, including Columbia and X-Rays, whose sires were the most noted bloodhounds in England, and were used by the detectives in attempting to trace the perpetrator of the Whitechapel atrocities.

The pack is under charge of O. P. Fulton, son of the doctor, and Trainers Sheriff Johnston and George Maxfield. All three have thoroughly mastered the secret of success in bloodhound teaching. This consists in careful selection of the animal and closest personal study of its habits before beginning the work of training.

"No two bloodhounds have the same traits or respond to the same treatment," said Dr. Fulton, in a recent interview.

"They are nervous, capricious, and variable to a high degree. Unless you understand your dog in advance you may be doing something that it will take you a long time to overcome and undo. All bloodhounds are endowed with a wonderfully-retentive memory, and under proper treatment are docile and entirely amenable. My dogs have captured many criminals, and in the course of the chases we have had some very exciting experiences.

"A short time ago a mule was stolen from the stable of a farmer near Louisville. The dogs were sent for and put on the scent. They followed the trail across a small stream and to the barn of a somewhat notorious character of the place. The dogs were led in all directions and trailed three times to the barn, where they whined, rushed round, and appeared to have lost the trail. Several pieces of old sack and rags were found in the barn, which led to the suspicion that the mule's feet had been wrapped up. The dogs smelt these, the chase was renewed, the mule was discovered, and the thief arrested.

"Another case in which the hounds did good work was the capture of burglars who broke into a big department store at Sabentha, Kansas. One of the men in escaping dropped his hat, and this gave the dogs the scent. The animals started on the trail, but soon stopped and, circling around several houses, finally brought up at one where two suspicious characters had stopped early in the morning to ask for something to eat. The trail was followed to another stopping-place, and then to a shed, where the men had slept. At a cross-roads the men separated, two going east and two north. The latter were soon captured, and the party, returning to the separating point, started in pursuit of the other two. They, too, were soon run down, and the quartet were locked up in the county gaol in less than a day after they broke into the store.

"The dogs were used in the capture of a notorious gang of hold-ups, known as the Fedawas, at Lincoln. These men had broken into a store, robbed the safe, and carried away a lot of other valuables. The bloodhounds were taken into the store, given the scent from articles which the burglars had handled, and then taken outside. In a short time they picked up the trail, which

ran in a roundabout way to the Fedawas' house. The officers gained admittance, and the dogs followed the trail up two flights of stairs into a vacant room, which evidently had been occupied recently, and then back into the street. They followed the trail to a saloon, whose keeper informed the officers that the Fedawas had been there but a short time before. The dogs then ran the trail from the saloon to North-east Lincoln, and found the men just as they were about to board an outgoing freight train. The leader of the gang told the officer after the capture that if they had had five more minutes they would have been off, and, but for the unerring scent of the hounds, they no doubt would have been gone.

"The most thrilling of recent chases, and one of the most remarkable instances of canine intelligence that have come under my notice, was the trailing of the murderer of G. W. Baker and his wife near Fairbury. The crime was committed by Bill Baker, a brother of the murdered man, and in details

was one of the most horrible that was ever called to the attention of the authorities of the State. District Attorney Henshaw, of Fairbury, as soon as he was notified of the murder, telephoned to me immediately to come and to bring my bloodhounds. As soon as I arrived upon the premises where Bill Baker lived I asked for some articles of clothing that had been worn by him. A coat was given me, and I placed it upon a cot where the man had slept, and requested that no one should touch it until the hounds had arrived with their trainer. The citizens had by this time become greatly excited. Business was practically suspended and the community

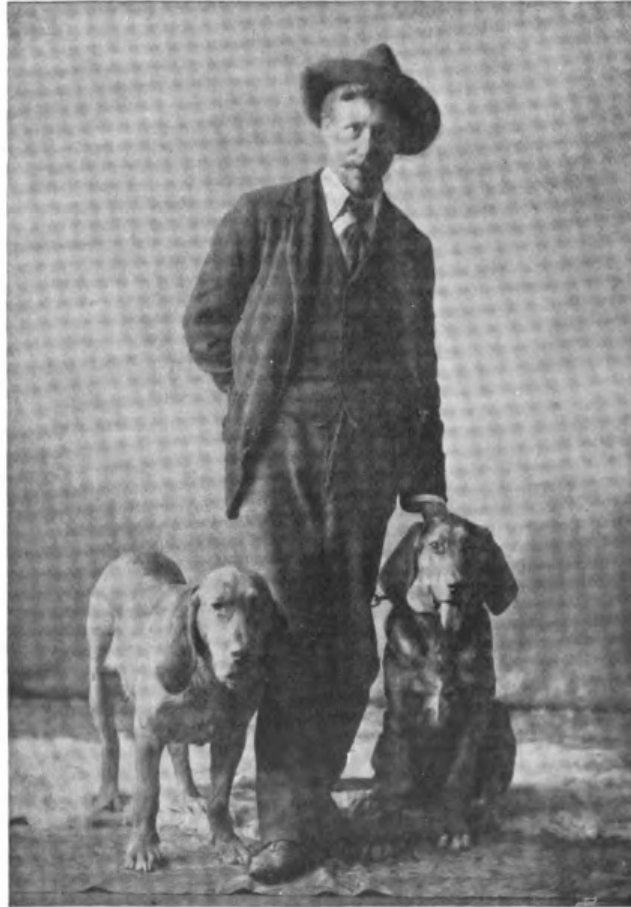
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was in an uproar. As night came on the searching parties had disbanded and come into town. On the trains came the dogs with their keeper, Mr. Johnston. The crowd that was in waiting was something wonderful, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we made our way through to the farm. There were men and boys in waggons, in buggies, on horseback and afoot, each armed with a rifle, a revolver, or a shot-gun. The sheriff had been called into requisition to keep the mob in check. After much trouble we gave the dogs the scent from the coat and the cot, and started with them to encircle the house. When about two-thirds of the way around they struck the scent and fairly pulled us off our feet.

"The trail lay across the town and across a field of winter wheat and out into a well-travelled road. We now placed the dogs in a spring waggon and travelled as fast as possible to the scene of the tragedy. Upon reaching the scene we again started to encircle the house. When they came to the north-east

corner the dogs made a bound and ran a trail some two hundred yards due north, where we found some empty shot-gun shells. As the man we were hunting was known to be a desperate character we organized a company of cautious trailers. Five trusty fellows were chosen by the deputy-sheriff to follow the hounds and stay to the finish.

"The trail was again taken up by the hounds, and they ran it to the main-travelled road for about three miles to the north, when they struck a culvert. Everybody, of course, thought that the man was concealed there, but all soon were convinced of their error. The dogs went through the culvert and then



TRAINER GEORGE MAXFIELD, WITH THE BLOODHOUNDS "MISS COLUMBIA" AND "TRILBY SELLWOOD." [Photograph.]



THE BLOODHOUNDS "JOE-JOE" AND "X-RAYS," TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THEY HAD TRACKED DOWN THE MURDERER BAKER. [Photograph.]

ran across a small ravine, and, going up the bank on the other side, bayed ferociously, telling us plainly that our man had been there and had but recently left.

"Proceeding north, they pulled us along at a great rate of speed for about a mile and a half, when we came to a farm. The hounds went to the gate and crawled through at the third board. We could see where our man had placed his foot upon the board, and where it had slipped off, leaving some fresh paint thereon. The trail was run to the corner of the fence, where, by the action of the dogs, we knew that the man had stopped. The dogs were now more than eager to proceed, and led us directly to the barn, the middle door of which stood open, and, to make sure that Baker should not get out, we retreated to a respectable distance and encircled the premises. It was now about half an hour past midnight. The frenzied mobs at our heels all had suggestions to make as to

how to get him out of the barn. Some were determined to get in after him; others wanted to burn him out, and others still were sure he was not there. Twenty-seven men were stationed around the barn. One of these saw Baker come to a loft window and peer out.

"At fifteen minutes after two o'clock we heard a shot. One of the party crawled back into the last stall and, by raising himself, could see the sole of the man's shoes. Sheriff Mendenhall, who had just arrived from Kansas City, reached up over the floor and, taking hold of the foot, said: 'He's a dead man, whoever he is.' It was Baker, and he had shot himself. Thus ended one of the most wonderful and successful feats of man-hunting by bloodhounds ever recorded.

"Another one of our captures which made a sensation was that of an incendiary named Kruger. Kruger is a Franklin preacher, and the crime for which he was arrested was the burning of the barn of a neighbour, against whom he had a grudge. The dogs were given the scent at the scene of the fire, and went directly to the house of the minister. He earnestly protested his innocence, but when, on two additional tests, the dogs went directly to his house, he finally broke down and confessed his guilt.

"It may be said without the least exaggeration that the pack of bloodhounds has become the terror of Nebraska evildoers. Hunted criminals have tried every subterfuge to escape them, even to the tying of gunny-sacks around their feet, in the hope of deadening the scent, but to no purpose. Several attempts have been made to kill them, and we find it necessary to keep muzzles on each of these canine Sherlock Holmeses in order to prevent his being fed with poisoned meat."

### XXIII.—THE TALLEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

MISS ELLA EWING, of Gorin, a little town in the State of Missouri, is believed to be the tallest woman in the world. She is 8ft. 4in. in height, and is regarded by her neighbours as the greatest woman of the day. Her parents are tall, but not abnormally so,

her father being 6ft. 11in. and her mother 5ft. 9in. in height. But as they stand beside their Titanic daughter they look like children in size.

Up to nine years of age Miss Ella Ewing displayed no unusual characteristics, but was

just like other little Missourian girls. After she had reached the ninth anniversary of her birth she began to grow very rapidly, and at ten years of age she measured 6ft. 9in. At this period she suffered a good deal of discomfort, as nothing was large enough for her; beds, chairs, tables, and other articles of domestic furniture being ridiculously small for the young giantess. None of the garments made for ordinary women could be worn by her, and she soon outgrew those specially made for herself. A desk and seat constructed for her use at school were quickly outgrown. Then, too, it was impossible for her to find suitable companions and occupations. When she was 7ft. high she had the tastes and ideas of a little girl. She could never get a bed large enough to sleep in comfortably, and could not look out of an ordinary window or into an ordinary mirror without stooping uncomfortably. She was in great danger of knocking her head against chandeliers or the tops of doorways, and found it extremely inconvenient to sit at an ordinary table. Her parents, too, were poor, and their gigantic offspring was somewhat of a burden to them.

When she had attained the remarkable height of 8ft. the *deus-ex-machina* descended in the form of a representative of Barnum and Bailey's Circus, who offered her an engagement, which she gladly accepted. When she reached New York her eyes were captivated by the many beautiful things she saw in the milliners' shops, but even the largest of them were hopelessly too small for her wear. Some handsome dresses for exhibition purposes were made for her, but she was careful to indulge in no foolish extravagance. She enjoyed her life with the circus, being glad to find herself with people who regarded her gigantic stature with satisfaction rather than alarm. She travelled all over Europe and America with the circus, and, though she suffered some discomforts on trains and steamers, she bore them philosophically.

But during this exciting life of travel and display she kept an ideal steadily before her: it was to save up her handsome salary and have a home of her own, where every thing should be built with special

reference to her remarkable height. For though she saw many novel and interesting things while travelling with the circus, and lived in an atmosphere of flattery, she felt that it was a false and artificial life. And at last the woman of 8ft. 4in. realized the ambition which filled her heart when she was a little girl only 7ft. high.

Her "own little home" has doors 10ft. high, ceilings 15ft., and windows as high as the doors, so that she can go in and out, and look out of the windows, without stooping. All the articles of furniture are proportionately large, her tables being 4½ft. from the floor, just high enough for her, and yet not so high as to be beyond the reach of people who don't mind stretching a little. Her bath-tub is 6ft. long, so that she can sit down in it comfortably. Her bureau is 6ft. high, and has no drawers at the bottom, so that she is not compelled to stoop down. The closets for clothes and china are as large as the bedrooms of an ordinary house. The bed is 9½ft. long, and on the piazza is a specially



Original from  
MISS ELLA EWING, OF GORIN, WITH HER FATHER AND MOTHER.  
From a Photo. by Chubb Studio, Gorin, Mo.



MISS EWING IN THE GARDEN OF THE HOUSE SPECIALLY BUILT FOR HER.  
From a Photo. by Chubb Studio, Gorin, Mo.

constructed hammock 15ft. in length. Miss Ewing is now able, for the first time in her life, to sleep without curling herself up or having some part of her body uncovered. As she is not quite certain that she has stopped growing everything has been made a little bit larger than is necessary at present.

For, unlike most of her sex, Miss Ewing does not specially dread growing old: it is growing taller that is her bugbear. Being now well off she has settled down to enjoy peace and comfort in the old home of her childhood, where all her relatives and neighbours look up to her.

#### XXIV.—AQUATIC WONDERS.

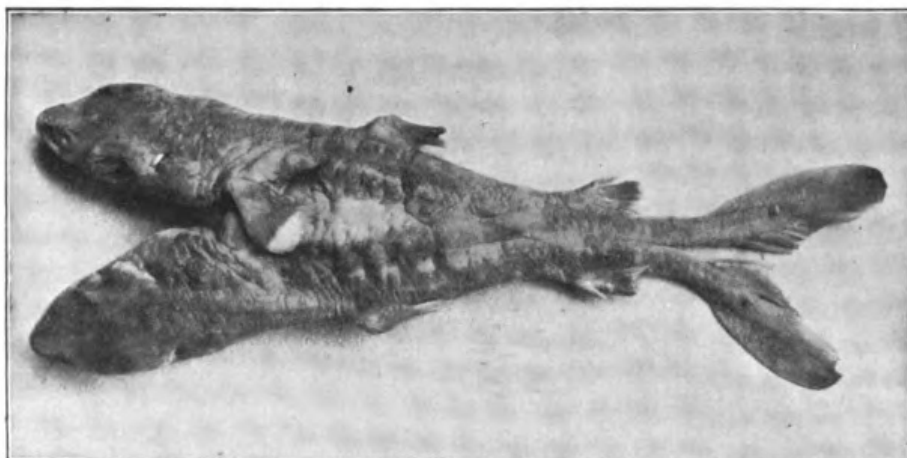
CALIFORNIA is well known, of course, as the land of the big and the marvellous, a reputation shared in some degree by the whole Pacific Slope. But in an apparent recent effort to live up to its reputation the Coast has surpassed itself.

An enthusiastic and very expert fisherman of Tacoma, Washington, a Mr. Frederick Miller, recently planned to do some deep-water fishing in the waters of Puget Sound. He rowed out some distance from the city and dropped over his line, fortunately a very strong one, letting it play out about 300ft. He was angling for black bass, and had for that reason selected one of their favourite haunts. The tide ran very strongly, and the angler was compelled to use a 2lb. sinker, with live herring for bait, some 8in. or 10in. long.

Suddenly, and without warning, there was

a tremendous commotion below. The boat began to rock violently and the water was churned into foam. Before its startled occupant had time to reflect there sprang out of the water near the boat a huge monster, with *two heads and two tails!* One of its throats—that sounds mythological—had swallowed the bait, and its fellow-throat appeared to be yawning wide for its share.

No attack was made, however, and the shore being luckily near the fisherman soon landed his boat, a necessary first step toward landing the fish. Then ensued a tremendous and exhausting struggle. Stout and strong as was the line, it more than once threatened to part. But finally skilful handling landed the fish in very shallow water, where a pole could be used by an assistant, and a rope was drawn around the object. When it



From a]

THE "SIAMESE TWINS" TIGER SHARK.

[Photograph.

finally wore itself out a careful examination and measurement were made. The captive was a "tiger shark," just 8ft. long and 18in. thick, and having two perfectly formed heads and tails united to a single trunk. This extraordinary specimen was taken to a taxidermist in Tacoma, where it was mounted and where it of course attracted the greatest curiosity. The accompanying photograph was taken soon after the capture, and the drawing was made for a Coast paper.

A few days later Newport Beach, a short distance from Santa Ana, in Southern California, furnished its sensation in the shape of an apparent sea serpent, that proved, however, to be an "oar fish," which is about as rare. And the visitor certainly showed the wisdom of the serpent in timing its arrival on Washington's birthday, as if determined to link its fame with that of him alone among mortal men whose reputed veracity would be equal or, at least, most nearly equal to the strain of a sea serpent itself!

And this specimen, while not literally a sea serpent, was one to all appearance and a marvellous curiosity. Experts, among them the recognised great authority on fish, President Jordan, of Stanford University, have pronounced it an "oar fish" (*Clupea harengus*), an extremely rare member of the herring family, sometimes called "king of the herring." Two specimens of these strange fish, according to Dr. Jordan, have been preserved by the Japanese Government in the Imperial University at Tokio, but this is the first he has heard of on the Pacific Coast.

Indeed, it is said that not a score have been seen in a century, and that there is no record of a live one before the Newport arrival. They are a very deep sea fish, and, as indicating this fact, in all previous cases the flesh of those found has been greatly decomposed. But to make its arrival still more remarkable this California find was alive and struggling on the beach, though soon killed to prevent its escape. It measured a little over 21ft. in length and was at one point 18in. high as it lay along the sand, with an average width of 8in., and a tapering tail, good sea serpent proportions! That it was, except to the trained scientific eye, a veritable serpent the photograph conclusively shows.



From a Photo. by]

THE OAR FISH, WHICH WAS MISTAKEN FOR A SEA SERPENT. MICHIGAN [G. T. Peabody.