

# HUNTING OF HERRES

By Geo. T. Pardy

SANCTIMONIOUS COUNTEenance, "CHET-BLACK-MUSTANCHE" AND A WISE SLEUTH

**M**R. J. K. HERRES, JR., of the town of Elmira, Canada, was a dapper young man of sanctimonious countenance, and the possessor of a long, sleek, black mustache with drooping ends of which he was excessively proud. By profession he was a school teacher, and his father kept a country store and was reputed to be well-to-do. When the young Herres was not engaged in imparting knowledge in juveniles, or singing German songs, he was fond of flitting about the country in search of amorous adventures, being what is generally known as a "ladies' man." He was by no means a favorite with the male contingent, for his effeminate, lackadaisical manners were not calculated to endear him to the average man.

Indeed he was so much of a fop in appearance that one would never imagine him to be marked for the central figure in a stirring event where a whole town turned out to rescue him, while his captor, with drawn guns, backed against a wall with Herres at his feet, stood prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible. His father did not sympathize with his son's manner of enjoying himself, and the paternal purse-strings were not loosened to any great extent in order to provide the black-haired Lothario with funds. Yet the pleasures to which Mr. Herres, Jr., was devoted called for a constant supply of the root of all evil, and an annoying tightness in the money market at a certain stage of his love affairs was the stumbling block over which his feet were destined to trip.

On a fine summer's day in 1887 young Mr. Herres sauntered into the office of John Cavers, manager of the Imperial Bank of Galt, Ontario, and presented two notes to be discounted. One was signed by Peter Leweller, a neighbor of the Herres family, and the other by Herres' father. They totaled \$900, and Mr. Cavers discounted them. Herres vanished with the money and shortly afterwards old man Herres and Peter Leweller pronounced their signatures to be forgeries. No trace could be found of the fascinating J. K. Herres, who had presumably sought fresh fields and pastures new as soon as he had secured the necessary cash. The officials of the Imperial bank immediately took steps to hunt down the fugitive, and Detective John Wilson Murray was sent for and the case placed in his hands.

After an interview with Manager Cavers, Murray proceeded to Berlin, the county seat of Waterloo, and prepared extradition papers, for from inquiries he had made he felt certain that Herres had sought asylum in the United States. He also held counsel with John Klippert, the chief constable of Waterloo, a shrewd old German who was considered one of the best police officers in the Dominion. Klippert knew the missing man well by sight and was able to give the detective a good description of him.

"Shon," said Klippert impressively, "you will know him two ways; one by his chet black hair and one by his ting-dong mustaches. He has some of the loftiest mustaches you ever see. They flow down like Niagara Falls, and they too are chet black."

"But it's altogether likely that he has shaved them off," remarked Murray.

"Den you will know them by the place they used to be," said Klippert. "And remember—they are chet black."

He went to Little Falls, a place of about 1,000 inhabitants, and made a house to house canvass in search of his quarry, but found no trace of Herres. He was about to return to White Cloud when the school-teaching side of Herres came again to his mind and he proceeded to visit the schools. The result was unsatisfactory; Herres was not engaged in educating the younger generation of Little Falls. But there were several country schools, and Murray paid a visit to a storekeeper who was one of the school trustees. This man informed him that there had been some new teachers recently hired for country schools and suggested that the detective should interview the clerk of the school board, who lived close by. The latter official proved accommodating, and enquired the names of the teachers whom the stranger sought. Murray said that he did not know their names. The clerk stated that two new teachers had been appointed to little rural schools about 40 miles out in the country, both of whom were new arrivals in that section of the state, but neither was named Herres.

Murray decided to visit the two new teachers, and also determined to obtain a companion who knew the country round about in order that there might be as little delay as possible in making the trip.

There was a big fellow named Richardson in the town, who held a sort of commission as town policeman or constable, and the detective, without disclosing the real object of his journey, asked him to accompany him on a hunt for prairie chickens of which there was a plentiful supply in the woodlands. Richardson was delighted

with the notion and asserted that Murray could not have picked out a better guide as he had been born there and knew the surrounding country like a book. Murray hired a splendid team from a liveryman, consisting of a light cracky wagon and a pair of spirited horses. He also procured a shotgun, cartridge belt and two valuable dogs, the better to carry out the idea of the supposed shooting trip. On Wednesday, October 5, the two men started and drove about 20 miles on the first stage of the journey, halting to breakfast at a crossroad store. Here Murray saw fit to inform his companion of the real object of their journey, and the latter protested vigorously. He did not relish the idea of substituting serious business for pleasure, and changed from a jolly hunter of fowl to a solemn frowner and much disgusted policeman. Still, with considerable reluctance, he consented to go on and they proceeded to the first school to which Murray had been directed. The teacher was a little Frenchman, who could not speak German and did not answer to the description of Herres in any particular, but he waxed eloquent in dilating on the physical attractions of the teacher in the next district school.

"Zat man," said the voluble Gaul, "he haf ze long mustache. Very fine, oh, very fine! Ze long curling moostache—and I haf no moostache at all."

He clasped his hands and sighed mournfully at the conclusion of his speech, and Murray, having thanked him, climbed back into the wagon followed by the still sullen Richardson, and drove off. It began to look as though the long trail was drawing to a close, for judging from the little Frenchman's description there was every indication that the other teacher was the much sought for Herres. When they came in sight of the school Murray un hitched the horses, tied them, and the two men started across toward the building on foot.

"If this is the man I want," said Murray to his companion, "I will nod to you and you arrest him."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said Richardson sulkily. "In the first place, I have no authority, and I won't arrest a man without it."

Murray swore savagely under his breath, but maintained an air of unruffled coolness. He saw that Richardson, who had been drawn into the affair against his will, meant what he said, and would probably persist in his refusal to assist him. It would never do to have his mission fall just at the moment when it looked as though success was about to crown his efforts. There was nothing for it but to try the effects of a gigantic bluff and coerce this unwilling policeman into seconding him. He halted abruptly and surveyed Richardson with a cold and menacing air.

"See here, Richardson," he said sternly, "I've had enough of this interference with me in the execution of my duty. I want you to understand that I'm an United States marshal, and that what I say goes. Now let's have done with this nonsense. I here, by declare you my deputy and under my orders. You must obey the law and serve."

"Not without being sworn in," returned Richardson doggedly. For all his companion's show of bluster Murray's quick eye detected signs of yielding. He drew a bundle of imposing looking documents from his pocket, glanced over them and selected one with seeming care.

"Kneel down," he commanded Richardson, with a burlesque air of authority. "I'll swear you in right now—and then disobey me at your peril." Richardson hesitated a moment and then knelt down among the briars. Holding the official looking paper over his head Murray slowly mumbled the form of an awe-inspiring oath.

"Do you swear?" he asked solemnly at the conclusion of the adjuration.

"I do," responded Richardson.

"Then get up and come with me," ordered Murray, and Richardson, arising, walked humbly beside his newly appointed chief to the schoolhouse. They pushed open the door and entered. There stood the teacher, dapper and with drooping mustaches, but instead of being "chet-black" his hair and mustache were brown. In every other particular he answered the description of the missing man. He was a bearded Herres. Murray scanned him closely, and just then the suspect raised his hand and twirled his mustache nervously. That one action clinched the identification in the officer's mind. It was surely Herres. There were about 30 children, mostly girls, in the room and they eyed the strangers curiously.

"Teacher, how long have you been here?" asked Murray.

"For some time, ever since school opened," he replied in a singsong voice.

"What is your name?"

"John Walker."

"When did you leave Canada?" inquired the detective.

"I have never been in Canada in my life."

Murray examined some of the school books which lay on the teacher's desk. All of them were marked John Walker.

"Are you a German?" asked Murray.

"Yes, I am German," was the reply.

"John Walker is not a German name," commented Murray. The teacher only smiled.

Murray turned upon him with a menacing frown. "You are from Canada," he said sternly.

The teacher raised his hands in indignant protest.

"I am not," he exclaimed, and turning to the children addressed them rapidly in German.

"Run quickly and bring your fathers here at once," said he. "Tell them there are robbers here and to fetch along their guns."

Unfortunately for the successful carrying out of these instructions Murray understood German perfectly, and executed a counter stroke.

"Stand by that door and don't let anyone out," he said to "Deputy Marshal Richardson," who took up his station as ordered. The frightened children began to cry aloud.

"That's right," shrieked their teacher, "scream as loud as you can. Keep on shouting for help."

The scholars obeyed promptly. They howled aloud in united chorus and the sound of their voices drifted far away on the air. Murray stepped over to the teacher.

"You come with me," he ordered calmly.

"I will not," responded the man savagely, tearing off his coat and throwing himself into an attitude of defense.

The next instant Murray was upon him with a tiger-like spring and caught his shoulders in a grip of iron. Despite his apparently slight build Herres proved to be wonderfully active and strong. He writhed and wriggled with cat-like agility, struggling desperately and coiling his legs around the detective.

As Murray's sinewy hands forced him relentlessly backward, his knees gave way suddenly and he went down with his assailant on top. Even on the floor he continued to resist, and it was not until Murray compressed his ribs in a girdle that threatened to break them, that he relaxed his efforts to free himself.

"Keep the children in," said Murray to Richardson, as he hauled his protesting captive to the door, "and don't move until I fire a shot, then run as fast as you can to the wagon."

Outside the schoolhouse Herres, having recovered his breath to some extent, again began to resist furiously, but by this time Murray's blood was up and he handled his troublesome captive with such tremendous energy that Herres collapsed and submitted to be handcuffed without showing any more fight. Murray dragged him to the wagon and tied him securely to a wheel while he hitched up the horses. That done, he lifted his prisoner into the wagon and fired the warning shot as a signal to Richardson to leave his post.

Never was a signal more promptly obeyed. Richardson was only too glad to be relieved from his duties and came bounding across the space intervening with the speed of a race horse. Out of the schoolhouse rushed the crowd of excited children, screaming for help and running in all directions. Half way to his goal Richardson tripped over a briar bush and fell, but was up in an instant and reached the wagon panting.

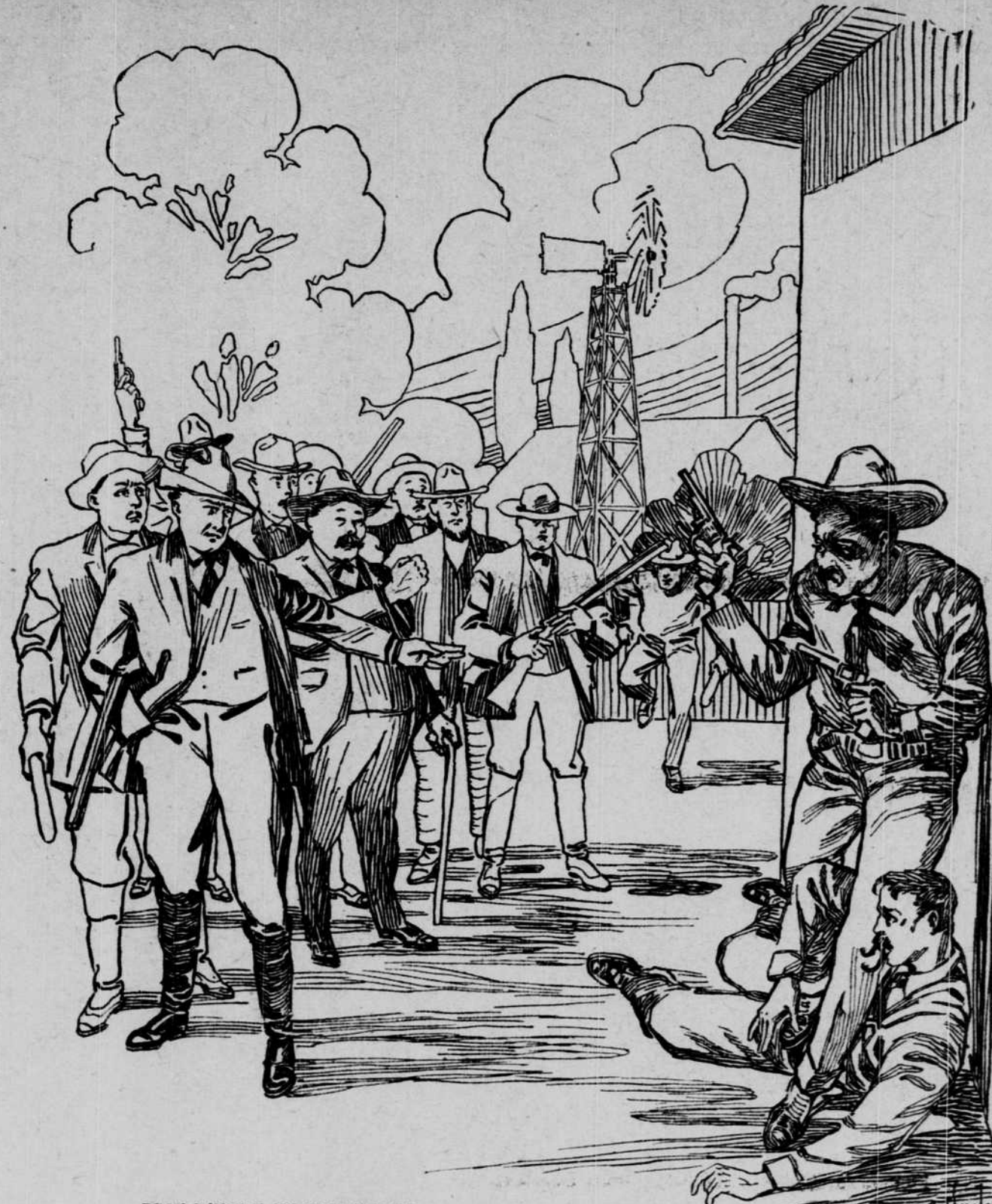
"You have had a fine run for your money, deputy," laughed Murray. "But we haven't any time to lose. Whip up those horses and drive like the devil to the nearest railway station. Those German farmers will be swarming around here like bees presently and I don't want any argument with them."

Richardson grasped the reins, his whip-lash hissed through the air and the horses plunged forward on the road to Royalton, 30 miles away. It was none too soon. Looking back Murray saw the figures of armed men dotting the horizon here and there. They were the parents of the scholars, summoned from their farms by the children to aid the kidnapped teacher. But pursuit for none of the question was just then for none of the farmers were mounted and the team of horses which Murray had selected was in splendid condition and covered the ground at top speed. The cries of the children were dying away in the distance and the detective heaved a sigh of relief and turned to his prisoner.

"I am afraid those friends of your's will be disappointed by your leaving them so suddenly," he said cheerfully. Herres scowled vindictively.

"I'll make you pay for dragging an innocent man about like this," was his response. Murray only smiled, although in his heart he realized that he had greatly exceeded his official powers. He had not much doubt as to the identity of his captive, but chance resemblances play strange tricks sometimes and if Herres turned out to have a double, a very pretty legal tangle was tolerably certain to ensue. But having bluffed through matters at the start, there was nothing better to do than go straight ahead. Taking more or less desperate chances had come to be accepted by the philosophical Murray as all in the day's work.

It was late in the afternoon when they drove into Royalton, a German



THE WHOLE TOWN TURNED OUT TO RESCUE HIM.

settlement of about fifteen hundred population, and crossing the town, went directly to the railway station. It chanced that the telegraph operator was a German and Herres no sooner became aware of this fact than he made the most of it. He appealed to the man at the wire, speaking in the language of the Fatherland, to send a message stating that he had been kidnapped by robbers. The operator looked as though he believed him, and his sympathetic attitude encouraged Herres to yell aloud for aid, in German, hoping to attract an audience who might be disposed to side with him.

"Save me, save me!" he shrieked piercingly, "I am being kidnaped. I will be murdered by these ruffians. Help, good people, help!"

His frantic howls had due effect and roused the entire settlement. Sturdy Germans gathered from all sides and the crowd grew rapidly. Herres continued to yell with all the power of his voice and lungs, and an angry, responsive murmur arose from the crowd. Matters were beginning to look serious, and Murray moved back against the side of the station, keeping the school-teacher beside him.

"Get busy, Richardson, and keep that crowd back," ordered the detective, but the "deputy" was plainly scared and would have nothing further to do with the proceedings.

"I'm through with this business and resign as deputy marshal," he said positively, and Murray saw that he could expect no more aid from his unwilling follower.

The crowd drew in closer. Also there were fresh arrivals, mounted men with red, angry faces who came galloping into town, and it was evident that these latter were farmers who had followed the wagon trail in response to their children's tale of the struggle in the schoolhouse. They dismounted and addressed the assembled crowd, relating the story told by the children. The effect was alarming, for the crowd surged forward with threatening cries.

Murray had the shotgun and a revolver, with another revolver in his pocket. He discarded the shotgun and drew a second revolver. All the while the school-teacher kept haranguing the crowd, begging them to rescue him and lynch his captor. The angry mob pressed yet closer and surrounded the station, but hesitated before the deadly pointing muzzles of the revolvers, backed by the glittering menace of Murray's resolute eyes.

"Give up that man, you infernal kidnapers," demanded one of the leaders. "The first man of you who puts a hand on him or me dies in his tracks," was Murray's response.

"Help, help, do not allow an innocent man to be taken away and murdered!" shrieked the school-teacher.

The crowd surged forward in response to his appeal, and it was evident that this time they meant business. Murray drew a deep breath and set his teeth. There was no thought of yielding in his mind, although there was staring him in the face. On one thing he decided; if he went down under the trampling feet of the mob his captive would be lying on the ground also, with a bullet in his brain.

"Get back, you hounds," he shouted, as he stood at bay, flourishing his guns, one man against a whole town. As he leveled the gleaming tubes and took careful aim in anticipation

of the rush of his antagonists, there was a sudden commotion in the midst of the crowd, and a big, athletic fellow burst through the opposing line.

"What's up?" he asked in stentorian tones, as his eyes took in the scene—the braying school-teacher, lying handcuffed at his captor's feet, the surging crowd, and the undaunted Murray, standing erect against the station wall, with a revolver in each hand.

The new-comer's hands flew to his hip pockets. Out flipped two guns as he sprang over beside the detective and backed up against the wall.

"A thousand to one," he roared. "By God, but you're a game man!" He looked out of two fearless blue eyes at the angry faces of the crowd. "Come on, you cowardly villains," he shouted. "Come on. Who wants to be the first fian to die?"

It was a superb climax; the man was a veritable whirlwind in his way. "I'm Quinn, sheriff of the next county," he said rapidly to the detective. "What's it all about?"

"I am an officer from St. Paul, and these people are after my prisoner," replied Murray.

"Are they, indeed," quoth Sheriff Quinn, truculently. "Well, they don't get him." He turned fiercely on the crowd.

"Get back. Back up there," he shouted. "Back up or I'll back you up. One—two—" he counted, waving his guns.

The crowd began to give, and the space in front of the officers grew rapidly as Quinn counted, until nothing remained of the great mob saving a few curious individuals who stayed at a respectful distance. Murray shook hands with his rescuer, and turning to the telegraph operator told him to take a dispatch as he dictated it, and send it at once. As they stood, revolvers in hand, backed up against the station beside the telegraph office, a telegram went to Marshall Campbell of St. Paul, stating that Murray and his prisoner would arrive in that city by the next train, which Quinn said was due to reach there at one o'clock in the morning.

"Ex-Deputy" Richardson then came up and Murray gave him the shotgun and money to pay the liveryman from whom the rig had been hired, and the unwilling assistant drove away, congratulating himself on being through with a most distasteful experience. Sheriff Quinn stood by his new-found comrade until the train arrived, when he boarded it and rode with Murray to the third station beyond, where he left the detective with a hearty handshake and a laugh in response to the latter's thanks.

The school-teacher had subsided into sulky silence, perhaps realizing how close he had been to death on that station platform. Marshall Campbell met captor and captive at the train at one o'clock in the morning at St. Paul.

"This is Herres," said Murray to the marshal.

The school-teacher protested at once.

"My name is not Herres; my name is John Walker," he said angrily. "You'll find somebody will have to pay for this."

The prisoner's assertion, made in such positive tones, made Campbell a trifle uneasy. He drew Murray to one side.

"Are you certain that he is really Herres?" inquired the marshal.

"I am not quite certain, but fairly

sure," replied Murray. "His hair is lighter, but I'll be responsible."

Campbell locked up the school-teacher. The so-called John Walker immediately set for Col. Kerr of St. Paul to defend him. He also engaged a fighting lawyer named Ryan, who wanted to get a change of venue for his client. Murray had United States District Attorney George N. Baxter as his counsel. In making out the affidavit on the application for a change of venue his lawyer swore the school-teacher to it. When he signed it Campbell and Murray eagerly glanced at the paper. The signature, on which so much depended, was J. K. Herres, and, glad that their judgment was vindicated, the marshal and detective shook hands and went out for a drink.

It was a tremendous load off of Murray's mind. The court denied the change of venue sought on the unjust allegation that Commissioner Spencer was a friend of Canada officers.

Then began the battle for extradition, which was destined to be fought to a finish. Herres was committed for extradition and his cousin in White Cloud joined forces with Col. Kerr and Mr. Ryan. His counsel applied for a writ of habeas corpus before Judge Nelson. It seemed that when Judge Nelson's father was judge of the supreme court a man named Kane had killed some one in Ireland and escaped to Minnesota. The British government sought to extradite him and the case was carried to the supreme court, which held that it was necessary to have the president issue an executive mandate to give the commissioner power to try the case.

The counsel for Herres claimed that the proceeding in the Herres case was irregular, and Judge Nelson discharged Herres. Murray's counsel appealed from the decision of Judge Nelson and carried it to the circuit court before Judge Brewer, later of the supreme court of the United States. Judge Brewer wrote a long opinion reversing Judge Nelson's judgment and ordering the prisoner back into Murray's custody. The case is an authority in extradition cases, and is recorded in Federal Reports of the United States, number 33, page 265.

The matter was fought out through the courts in November and December, 1887. At last the warrant of surrender arrived, and on January 17, 1888, Murray departed from St. Paul with "Chet-black" Herres, and handed him over to the authorities of Berlin, Ontario, on Thursday, January 19.

Herres pleaded not guilty to forgery at the spring assizes, but was convicted and sentenced on March 20 to seven years in Kingston penitentiary, where his long flowing mustache vanished before the razor of the prison barber.

He had bleached his "chet-black" hair with butternut dye, which gave it a nasty tinge of yellow. An actin he started against the sheriff in St. Paul failed. Instead of reaping damages through suing the Minnesota officer, J. K. Herres found himself reaping the fruits of his knavery within the gloomy walls of the penitentiary. And not the least of his sorrows was the cruel loss of that "chet-black" mustache.

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**The Impresario of To-Day.**  
An impresario is a manager, agent or conductor of a troupe of operatic or concert singers; also, rarely, a teacher or trainer of such singers.

**Birds in Winter.**  
Though birds have a much higher temperature than man's—man's is 98, while theirs is 107—they suffer cruelly from the winter cold. In a mutton country it is not uncommon to find sheep with dead birds fastened on their backs. The little, cold creatures snuggle in the sheep's wool to get warm, their feet become entangled in the fleece, and they starve to death.

## MEDAL FOR CLIMBER

TO COMMEMORATE MISS PECK'S ASCENT OF PERUVIAN MOUNT.

Scaled Huascarán, Estimated to Be 24,000 Feet High—Believes She Holds World's Record—Silver Slipper Another Gift.

New York.—Miss Annie S. Peck, who believes that she has attained the greatest height in the world by mountain climbing, has received a gold medal from President Legua of Peru for her most notable and most recent effort, the ascent of Mount Huascarán, estimated to be 24,000 feet high. It was in this climb that Miss Peck had a hand frozen because she lost a glove, and for a time the lives of those in the party were endangered. Rudolph, one of the guides brought from Switzerland, had been keeping the heavy outer gloves for Miss Peck and he not only lost one of them but lost one of his own. His feet and one of his hands were so badly frozen that they had finally to be amputated.

Eduardo Higginson, the Peruvian consul general in this city, presented the medal to Miss Peck. It is in the shape of a shield and is about two inches long and 1½ inches wide. On the obverse is the inscription in Spanish:

The Government of Peru to Annie S. Peck. No one before her arrived at the summit of Huascarán, 2 of Sept., 1908.

The reverse bears a picture of Mount Huascarán and the inscription: Mount Huascarán—24,000 feet. Republic of Peru.

Miss Peck has also received a present of a silver slipper stirrup from the Lima Geographical society. Eulogio Delgado, president of the organization,



Miss Peck in Mountain Climbing Costume and Medal Presented to Her.

said that she was the only woman who had addressed the body in its native tongue, Spanish.

Miss Peck has had her eye on Mount Huascarán since 1904, and a little later tried to scale its sides with native guides. It was not a success.

Four years later, accompanied by two guides Miss Peck left New York for the Huallaga valley. After arriving in South America there was a 90-mile horseback ride into the interior. A start up the mountain was made on August 6.

Snow had to be melted to make soup and tea. The trip was not successful, and after 12 days the party returned. Natives in the village at the foot of the mountain thought that the party had perished. Arrangements were made to send out a searching party. The appearance of the American and her guides caused more excitement.

The next trip was started on August 28. There were many vicissitudes. More native porters made progress of the party speedier.

Miss Peck reached the summit on September 2, and the next night, while she was descending with her guides, all lashed together with a stout line, the leading guide slipped and fell into a crevasse, carrying her to the very edge. There were numerous slides and narrow escapes, but each time the guide behind braced himself with his alpenstock and saved her and his fellow countryman.

R. L. and after finishing in the State Normal school there got a degree in the University of Michigan in 1878. For a time she taught mathematics in Bartholomew's School for Girls in Cincinnati and was professor of Latin in Purdue university and Smith college.

She climbed the Matterhorn in 1895 and Popocatepetl and Orizaba two years later. Miss Peck was the first woman to ascend the latter. Then she tackled Fumfingespitze in the Tyrol in 1900. There was the climb up Mount Sorata in Bolivia, some 20,000 feet, in 1904.

Miss Peck was the official delegate of the United States to the International Congress of Alpinism in Paris in 1900. She is a member of the National Geographical society and for years has been a writer upon the subjects of travel and mountain climbing.

**Kept Him Busy.**  
The visitor found the writer on trade topics trying to quiet his wailing and kicking offspring.

"Busy these days, Penner?" asked the visitor?

"Not very," sighed the writer. "What became of your articles on infant industries?"

"Had to drop it. Too busy with industrious infants."

And then he removed the stick of taffy from his goatie with one hand, while he picked up the overturned ink bottle with the other.

The man who misses love is likely to miss Heaven. It may be only idealization; but after all that is the soul.

—The Sunday Magazine.

**Peculiar Quake-Proof Building.**  
The earthquake-proof building of Prof. Boerlem rests in a massive bowl, and has a rocking foundation with a curved surface of somewhat less radius than that of the bowl. A half-spherical pivot fits into a cup-bearing at the center. At eight points near the outside of the bowl are spring buffers, which keep the bowl or other building from being tilted too freely, and lessen the force of any shock transmitted. The structure on this foundation is to have a light steel

framework, and is expected to resist the severest earthquakes.

**At the Top of the Heap.**  
"Talk about your monopolists," said the obese party on the north end of a trolley car going south, "the chap I buy coal of has the rest of the bunch beaten to a fluffy fizzle."

"What's the answer?" queried the passenger with the pale whiskers.

"He has taken up plumbing as a side line for the winter," explained the heavyweight.

**MIXED KINDLINESS AND HUMOR**

**Example of Criticisms Made by Brahms, the Famous Composer.**

Brahms, the composer, was noted for his kindliness, but, writes Georg Henschel in "Personal Recollections of Johannes Brahms," he sometimes uttered a good-natured sarcasm to which the roguish twinkle in his eyes corresponded. A would-be composer had asked Brahms to be allowed to play to him from the manuscript his latest composition, a violin concerto. Brahms consented to hear it, and seated himself near the piano. The man played his work with enthusiasm and force.

When he finished Brahms got up, approached the piano, took a sheet of the manuscript between his thumb and middle finger, and rubbing it between them, exclaimed: "I say, where

do you buy your music paper? First rate."

Another time Mr. Henschel accompanied Brahms to the house of Mr. X—

"You have no idea," declared Mrs. X—"how hard a worker X—is. I am proud and happy to have at last prevailed upon him to go for a walk with our daughter every day for two hours, thus keeping him at least for two hours a day from composing."

"Ah, that's good, that's very good," said Brahms, instantly, looking as innocent as a new-born babe.—Youth's Companion.

**Birds in Winter.**  
Though birds have a much higher temperature than man's—man's is 98, while theirs is 107—they suffer cruelly from the winter cold. In a mutton country it is not uncommon to find sheep with dead birds fastened on their backs. The little, cold creatures snuggle in the sheep's wool to get warm, their feet become entangled in the fleece, and they starve to death.