

think it smart to disturb freshmen. Jean Folmer and James Heagy became so exceedingly bright in that direction that several seats were broken before quiet could be restored. But our indignation was indeed aroused when, Saturday afternoon, as the committee and officers were preparing the library, these two boys with eight or ten of their friends entered the library and by main force took our president out doors and pounded him on the head with broom handles. Our party was well attended and several teachers were present. They were Mrs. Field and the Misses Tuttle, Hyde, Duncombe, Long, Emerson and Pierce. Various games made the evening a success, and the teachers added greatly to the fun, as they entered into the games with as much zest as we. At 9:30 slips were matched for refreshments and it appeared very funny to see the line led by a tiny boy and a girl twice his size.

There is considerable talk and some movement towards holding an athletic carnival in the auditorium. The plan has found many supporters and those who will give us helping hands are to be found abundantly. The scheme as proposed, will include jumping, kicking, basket-ball and various other sports. Omaha will be invited to participate and great rooting and enthusiasm are expected. The idea is unique and promises success.

A crowd of sophomores, juniors and seniors enjoyed a sleigh ride on Wednesday night. Mr. Pailpott and Miss Gately chaperoned.

**THE MAN-DOG.**  
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and the pony himself leisurely coming home without a rider. Then Captain Martas mounted, and I followed him. He took the plantation conch-shell, and we rode on into the dark forest as long as we could trace any footsteps of the pony, or find any open way, and again and again Captain Martas blew resonant blasts upon his shell that rolled far and away over the swamp, seeking to apprise his wife that we were there, and waiting for her; but nothing came of it.

"The could hear the shell," he said, "upon a still night like this, three or four miles," and it seemed to him impossible that they could have gone beyond the reach of the sound. But no answer came, and the moonless night came down on the great Black Swamp, and the darkness grew almost visible, so thoroughly did it shut of all vision, like a vast black wall.

Then Martas sent Toby back to the plantation for fire and blanket and more men, and soon a roaring blaze mounted skyward, and every few minutes the conch-shell was blown. Nothing more could be done. I remained with the now sorely troubled husband through the night. At the first peep of dawn we had breakfast brought from the plantation, and as soon as it became light enough to see in the great forest, we searched for and found the pony's track, and we carefully followed the traces left in the soft soil. The chase led, with marvelous turns and twists, right along the little ridge of firmer land which led irregularly on between the boundless morasses stretched on either side, trending now this way, now that, but always penetrating deeper and deeper into the

almost unknown bosom of the swamp. The pony had followed his own trail in coming out of the swamp, and this made it easier for us to trace his way. At last we came to the dark, sluggish, sullen water. It was a point of solid ground, of less than an acre in extent, a foot or two above the water, almost circular in outline, and nearly surrounded by the lagoon. It was comparatively clear of timber, and near the center rose a grand magnolia tree, such as Celia had described to Mrs. Martas on the evening before. At the root of this tree, bathed with the rich, overpowering perfume of the wonderful bloom above her, lay the dead body of the beautiful woman, her clothes disordered, her hair disheveled, a coarse, dirty handkerchief stuffed into her mouth, and all the surroundings giving evidence of a despairing struggle and a desperate crime. Captain Martas was overcome with anguish, and after one agonized look around, as if to assure himself that Cecil was not also somewhere in sight, he sat down beside the body and gazed upon his murdered wife in silent, hopeless agony of spirit.

I desired all the men to remain where they were, except Toby, whom I ordered to follow me; and then beginning at the little ridge of land between the waters by which we had reached the circular space before described, we followed the edge of the ground completely round to the starting point, seeking in the soft mud along the shore for a footprint, or the mark made by a canoe or skiff, for some evidence by which the murderer had reached the peninsula, or by which Cecil had left it.

We found perfect tracks of all animal life existing in the swamps, even to the minute lines left by the feet of the smallest birds, but no trace of a human foot, although a snail could not have passed into or out of the water without leaving his mark upon the yielding mud, much less a footprint or a canoe.

The thing was inexplicable. Where was Cecil? How had she gone without leaving a trace of her departure? Had she been there at all? Who had murdered Mrs. Martas? Surely some man or devil has perpetrated that crime. How had the villain escaped from the scene of his crime, leaving not the slightest clue by which it was possible to tell which way he had gone?

I reported to Captain Martas the exact condition of the affair, and told him I did not know what to do, unless we could get bloodhounds and put them on the trail. He said there were no hounds within sixty miles; that all of the planters he knew preferred to lose a runaway rather than to follow them with the dogs. Rumors of the loss of Mrs. Martas had spread from plantation to camp, and two or three soldiers had immediately ridden out to the plantation, and then had followed us to the scene of the crime. One of them said:

"If there are no hounds, send to camp for old Du Chien. He is better than any dog."

The remark was so singular that I asked:

"What do you mean by saying, 'He is better than any dog?'"

"I mean that he can follow the trail by the scent better than any hound I ever saw, and I have seen hundreds of them."

"Is that a mere camp story," said I, "or do you know it of your own knowledge?"

"I know it myself, sir," said the soldier. "I have seen him smell a man or his clothes, and then go blindfolded into a whole regiment and pick out the man by his scent. I have seen him pull a sock of wool off a sheep, smell it good, and then go blindfolded into the pen and pick out that identical sheep from fifty others. I have known him to smell the blanket a nigger slept in, and follow that darky four or five miles by the

scent of him through cotton, corn, and woods. He is better than a dog."

The man looked to be honest and intelligent, and while I could hardly credit such an astounding and abnormal development of the nasal power in a human being, there was nothing else to do; so I told him to take my horse and his own, ride as quickly as possible to camp, and bring old Du Chien with him.

Then we made a litter, and slowly and reverently we bore the corpse of the murdered lady along the difficult road until we reached a point to which it was possible to bring a carriage, in which we placed her in charge of the horrified neighbors, who had by this time collected at the plantation.

Captain Martas insisted on remaining with me and awaiting the coming of Du Chien.

More than two hours elapsed before the soldier, whom I had sent for Du Chien, the Man-Dog, returned with that strange creature. He surely deserved his name. He must have been six feet high, but was so lank, loose, flabby and jumbled-up that it was hard to even guess at his stature. His legs were long and lank, and his hands hung down to his knees. A bristly shock of red hair grew nearly down to his eyebrows, and his head slanted back to a point, sugar-loaf fashion. His chin seemed to have slid back into his lank, flabby neck, and his face looked as if it stopped at the round, red, slobbering mouth. His nose was not remarkably large, but the sloping away of all the facial lines from it, as from a central point, gave his nasal organ an expression of peculiar prominence and significance. When he walked, every bone and muscle about him drooped forward, as if he were about to fall face foremost, and travel with his hands and feet.

Briefly I explained what had happened, and thereupon Du Chien, who seemed to be a man of few words, said:

"Stay where you are, all of you, for a minute." Then he started off at his singular dog-trot pace, and followed the edge of the water all the way around, just as I had done, lightly but with wonderful celerity. Then he came back to us, looking much puzzled. I handed him the coarse, dirty handkerchief which I had taken from the dead woman's mouth, and Du Chien immediately buried that wonderful nose of his in it, and snuffed at it long and vigorously. Having apparently satisfied himself, he removed the dirty rag from his face, and said:

"Nigger."

"No," said I, thinking of Celia, and looking Du Chien in his little, round, deep-set eyes; "a mulatto."

"No," he answered with quiet assurance; "not mulatto; nigger; black, wool-headed, and old—a buck nigger."

"What can you do?" said I.

"Wait a minute," said Du Chien.

Then he started off again to make the circuit of the peninsula, but more slowly and deliberately than at first. He threw his head from side to side, like a hound, and smelled at every tree and shrub. He had got about half way around when he reached a mighty tree that grew on the edge of the swamp, leaning out over the water where it was narrowest and deepest, and seemed to mingle its branches with the branches of another tree of a similar gigantic growth that grew upon the other side. He walked up to the tree, saying: "Nigger went on here!" and at once began to climb. The inclination of the great trunk and the lowness of the branches made the task an easy one. Almost instantly Captain Martas, I, and two or three soldiers followed Du Chien up the tree. Du Chien had gone up some thirty feet into the dense foliage, when all at once he left the body of the tree, and began to slide along a great limb that extended out over the water, holding to

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