

ON RAZORBACKS.

IS STILL IN ENGLAND GETTING
POINTS FROM JOHN BULL.Visits the Tower of London—More
Gossip About British History That
Lame, Froude, and the Like Are Muzzled
About.

Of late I am getting many points on the subject of hunting, especially fox hunting, with a view of hunting the fox more when I get back to my estates in North Carolina, where the fox is to be seen very often. We have a slow set of hounds, however, in North Carolina, and I am getting together there a pack of the swiftest razorback hogs in the State now, with a view of building up a more chaste and beautiful hunt than I had here in England. My razorbacks have a strain of the finest and haughtiest aristocratic Southern blood in their veins, having over a hundred years ago eaten a gentleman belonging to a very old family, and this, combined with their sterling qualities of mind and



MAN AND HORSE.

heart, which they breathe in with every Blue Mountain spray of North Carolina, makes them by birth and association well adapted to the chase.

They are also perfectly free from the entanglements of pedigree. They sniff the glad morn, and, with no bitter memory of who their parents were, they cut their little tails over their keen, edge backs and scamper cross country, the evil one beating tanbark. Where the horses' tails and the fox's has to be taken from the biological garden, and that makes it worse. This has driven the patrons of the chase and descendants of Richard Cœur de Lion to the drag hunt, and the heroic sons of the crusaders may now be seen following the aniseed baz across the Kate Greenaway heaths and dressed in John Gilpin clothes.

Four years ago here I was given a hunter and very hospitably asked to join. One very sweet thing about the Englishman is the fact that he gives the American credit for being a perfect devil to ride and a sure shot, ready and willing to put out a mosquito's eye at fifty yards with a revolver, and let the spectators select which eye at that. I was fool enough to try it, for I had taken a goblet of shandygaff and was reckless, especially when I heard that we were after an aniseed baz that would not turn when trodden upon.

The hunter was one formerly owned by Lord Dunraven; well bred, except that he held his mutilated tail rather too high, I thought. Well, I took him from the groom, a high church young man, with a complexion like the heart of a rose, and, leading the hunter away to a fence, got aboard of him.

You have heard about the rider and the steed seeming almost like one, so utterly were they in rapport with each other. Well, most anybody could tell by looking closely when the horse began and where I left off. That's one thing I like about myself—I cannot deceive anyone.

"Look," I said, "ladies and gentlemen, and you will notice that there is no deception here. The streak of scenery is the line where I leave off and the horse begins." Then they all laughed merrily, for they are kind that way and as gently bred as possible; and lots of things I did that day were accepted as humor of a high order, when it was, as a matter of fact, only the evidence that I had gnawed off more than I could chew.

Did you ever see a self-made man who did not think he could not ride on a horse as easily as he could on an annual pass? I never did.

I was not in at the death of the aniseed baz, but I want to say right here that which is one of the best things to relieve soreness is that I ever tried. Take the extract, filling a bath tub two-thirds full of it, get in gently and order a good, thrilling book and your meals. Continue till pain is relieved.

I am ordering a whipper-in from Busbee, N.C., to take charge of my pack, and when spring opens you'll hear the whoops and halloos on my estates day after day.

Another good thing about the razorback for fox-chasing is that you do not have to follow him up on horseback to keep him on the scent. He doesn't care a cent whether he can smell the fox or not, for he follows him by sight and not by faith. Thus the disagreeable task of putting on a red coat and tight white breeches and high hat to ride over fences and things is entirely saved. Set your well-trained razorback on the trail of a fox, and then you may go and play billiards if you choose. Not only will a well-trained razorback overtake the fox and eat him, but the pack often scamp up two or three more on the way and sample them.

I took a pack of razorbacks to Colorado last season on a wager to see if they could successfully hunt the jack-rabbit, which is a match for the greyhound and deerhound. We started a jack-rabbit that had been training all summer. Then we gave the hounds a start five minutes later. Five minutes after that we unleashed my ridge-rover Lalla Rookh and her associates.

In twenty-seven minutes they had shaken the life out of the jack-rabbit, after losing eight minutes on the way killing and eating the greyhounds.

But enough of this. Sporting matters must have their place, but let us not allow them to usurp more important things.

Who of my readers has ever heard of the Tower of London? Do not be ashamed to say so if you have not.

It is a very interesting place, and as I had seen nothing in print regarding it during the past week I set aside a day

to visit it, thinking at the same time how interesting a few stubborn facts would read regarding this old historic rolling mill, which latter it resembles very much.

The janitors are dressed in gay attire, and, with their spears, look like a lot of Fresh Air Fund boys going out for a day to spear pickers. They are called beef-eaters, which is a corruption of a French word which does not mean anything of the kind.

The tower is open every day including Sunday, and is free on Saturday. I went on Saturday.

It is said to stand on the site of an old Roman fortress, but no one is perfectly positive about it except Mr. Besant, and he won't tell.

I wish I had more space to describe the tower in and had an understanding with this paper whereby I would be paid by the column. I would then give a word picture here which would save the reader \$500 in traveling expenses and \$5,000 in maritime nausea.

There is a moat around the building, but it is dry, though they tell me it can be flooded at any time. I offered a beef-eater two bob to flood it, and he was just going to do it when his superior came out and wanted three bob for himself. I saw that it would be no object to visit the tower on Saturday if I fooled all my money away in this manner, so I withdrew the offer.

The tower covers thirteen acres, and the pence paid in by the public does not pay for sweeping the sidewalk.

It was used by Henry II, as a royal lodgment, but since has been mostly used as a place to jug Scotch kings in. Griffin, Prince of Wales, was also a prisoner here, and in trying to escape from his turret broke the rope, and the place where he fell was a sight to behold. His son was killed in the battle soon after and his head put on the same turret by Edward, who slew him. It was the custom in those days to put the heads of your enemies on the gateposts to scare the postman.

But these customs have all been given up now, and football takes their place. During the war of the roses the tower was so full of royal prisoners that a prince had to engage his cell by telephone or sleep on the billiard table.

Every little while a message would come something like this:

Room Clerk, Tower, London, England: Please reserve Sir Simon of Burley's room for me as soon as he is beheaded, and oblige.

RICHARD II.
The Scotch King James also put up at the tower for eighteen years, but got out on a habeas corpus and again ruled his people.

The Duke of Gloucester used the tower for his waiting-room many years. Before he killed people he corralled them here. He drowned his brother, the Duke of Clarence, in a butt of wine here, making a kind of butt of the poor chap, as he had done for years, and then sold the wine to a "public" down town for a high price on account of its bouquet.

He also had his two beautiful nephews murdered here and buried at the foot of the staircase of the White tower.

Richard killed quite a number of his casual acquaintances and was the first to introduce what is now called in England "the function," at which he generally contributed a relative who had consented to oblige.

Henry VIII did the same thing, contributing his wives and many other personal friends, including Cromwell, a rising young man, while Anne Askew, a cultivated young lady, with a heart as pure as the best baking powder to-day, was tortured quite a good deal and then burned at Smithfield.

I often wonder whether the Apaches were originally cruel or whether they got so by aping John Smith and the Pilgrim Fathers. Where are they?

The case of Lady Jane Grey was the saddest, for she had only reigned ten days and was working on her message when she was imprisoned in the tower and finally executed. After that to the



A CHEERFUL THOUGHT.

time of the imprisonment and execution of Sir Walter Raleigh there was a good, lively business going on, clear down to the deaths of Lords Balerno, Lovat and Kilmarack.

"Beef-eaters" is the word I was trying to recall, from which "beef-eaters" is derived.

The Wakefield Tower is used as a jewelry store now and storage for crowns, etc. These are behind a strong cage, so built that no one has ever been able to realize on this stock of goods.

Queen Victoria's crown, made in 1838, contains 2,789 diamonds, all of which are real, and the whole outfit is worth \$500,000 or thereabouts. There are several crowns here used indoors by former monarchs, and St. Edward's staff, a ninety-pound cane, voted to him as the most popular man in town. The knob on the top of the staff is said to contain a sliver of the true cross. When we get the true history of the cross, I am led to believe we will find that it was drawn to the top of Calvary by an eight-horse team.

There are many other things, such as sceptres and various articles, which I tried to get as Christmas presents for loved ones at home, but failed.

The block and heading axe gave me a good deal of comfort, for I could see by their use that once the English were as rude and coarse as we are now. It has taken thousands of years for the Briton to outgrow the use of the instruments of torture seen now in the council chamber of the tower.

May we not hope some day to be also refined and cultivated? I trust so.

Max O'Rell says the Englishman conceals his wickedness, while the Frenchman boasts of it. The American does not boast of his crimes, but he might as well. He puts them all in the morning paper next to the pure reading matter.

BILL NYE.

Bill Perkins on the Danbury News Man.

[From Twenty Years of Wit and Humor.]
Bailey—James Montgomery Bailey was his full name. He was born in Albany, N. Y., in the year 1841, fought through the war in a Connecticut regiment, and afterward made himself famous writing for the Danbury News.

Mr. Bailey's wit has a delicious mental flavor. In fact, it is always the shrewd, thoughtful man that enjoys it. It is not in long, inane dialogues, but a flash of thought. The humorist says a poor man came to him with tears in his eyes one day, asking for help for his destitute and starving children.

"What do you need most?" asked Mr. Bailey.

"Well, we need bread, but if I can't have that I'll take tobacco."

One day a solemn and religious Danbury man hailed a charcoal peddler with the query:

"Have you got charcoal in your wagon?"

"Yes, sir," said the expectant driver, stopping his horses.

"That's right," observed the religious man with an approving nod, "always tell the truth and people will respect you."

And then he closed the door just in time

to escape a brick hurled by the wicked peddler.

One day I asked Mr. Bailey if they had lazy men in Connecticut.

"Lazy men!" he exclaimed, "why we have a man in Danbury so lazy that instead of shoveling a path to the front gate he pinches the baby's ear with the nippers till the neighbors come rushing in to tread down the snow."

Mr. McMaisters was buying a home of Mr. Bailey, and asked him if the house was cold in the winter.

"Cold?" said Bailey cautiously. "I can't say as to that; it stands outdoors."

Speaking of the Indian raids, says Bailey: "The Madocs have made another raid on our people, and murdered them. If ever our Government gets hold of these savages, gets them right where they cannot escape, gets them wholly into its clutches, some contractor will make money."

Mr. Bailey's humor also consists in truthful descriptions of domestic life. His descriptions are so true that they are absolutely photographed on the mind of the reader. One can close his eyes and see with his mind's eye the very scenes depicted.

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SPECIFICS.

A Common Error.

Chocolate & Cocos are by many supposed to be one and the same, only that one is a powder, (hence more easily cooked), and the other is not.

This is wrong—

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TAKE the Oil from the Olive,

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