The Mysterious Monogram

An Absorbing New Novel

By Howard P. Rockey

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER 1—On the day after a dinner at the Grill Club at which he announced his engagement to Grace Marston, Lord Harcourt is informed of the murder of one of his guests, Captain Townshend. Harcourt was the last man seen with Townshend and his valet finds a strangely monogramed dagger in his pocket and blood stains on his clothes. Harcourt's mind is a blank on the subject.

CHAPTER 2—Harcourt determines to leave no stone unturned to find the murderer, or to accept himself as guilty. At meeting of Governors of Grill Club, question of innocence of guilt is put to all who attended dinner. Harcourt admits he doesn't know. Suspicion points to an Indian prince, Khalin Kandwahr, who attended dinner.

CHAPTER 3—During an interview with Inspector MacBee, of Scotland Yard, Harcourt finds in the room where murder was committed a half burnt cigarette bearing a monogram like that on dagger. He determines to find out who smokes these cigarettes.

CHAPTER 4—Harcourt offers to release Miss Marston from her engagement until the mystery of Townshend's murder is solved. She refuses to desert him in his trouble. In the reception room of the Marston home he again comes across The Mysterious Monogram, and by refusing to answer questions of MacBee innocently leads Harcourt to believe that she is in some way connected with the crime.

CHAPTER 5—The police find Dodson, doorkeeper of the Grill Club, strangled to death at the bottom of the fire escape leading from the room in which Townshend was killed. Clutched in his hand is the sheath of a dagger bearing the mysterious monogram and the initials "K. K."

CHAPTER 6—At a reception in the home of Cornish, an American millionaire, Harcourt meets Grace in the receiving party. Now her he again finds the monogram. She refuses to answer questions and he declares engagement is at an end. He destroys monogram and determines to protect Grace.

CHAPTER 7—Returning from Cornish's reception Harcourt finds Kandwahr has broken into his study and stolen the dagger which was concealed in a cabinet. Kandwahr admits knife is his.

CHAPTER 8—Kandwahr is arrested while trying to throw dagger into river.

CHAPTER 9—At a house party at Harcourt Manor the monogram in silver is found. Grace admits it belongs to her. Harcourt convinced of her connection with the crime, declares that he is the murderer in order to protect her. Cornish and other guests refuse to believe him.

CHAPTER 10—A warrant is issued for Harcourt's arrest. Cornish forcibly abducts him.

CHAPTER 11—Cornish outwits Scotland Yard, and puts Harcourt on board his yacht, which immediately goes to sea.

CHAPTER 12—Farndale and Carrington try to throw detectives off the scent, but are not sure of their success.

CHAPTER 13—The cruise of the yacht "Murita." Harcourt bribes crew to put him ashore.

CHAPTER 14—Harcourt's plot is discovered by Cornish's daughter, and fails.

CHAPTER 15—Detectives taking Kandwahr to police headquarters for examination are attacked and Kandwahr disappears.

CHAPTER 16—His yacht pursued by revenue cutter. Cornish is obliged to put Harcourt in launch and escape to Scottish coast.

CHAPTER 17—Harcourt seriously hurt, an dis hidden in Farndale's shooting lodge in Scotland.

CHAPTER XVIII.

KANDWAHR ONCE MORE.

By nightfall, twenty-four hours later, the little party was safely installed in Sir Harry Farndale's shooting lodge, an attractive old building of rough stone that stood in the center of his vast preserve. It was a small house, but comfortable, and Farndale, anticipating just such a possible need for the place, had sent out servants to make it ready the week before.

Fortunately the shooting season was at its height, so the departure of Sir Harry and Carrington seemed perfectly natural when reported to Scotland Yard. After talking over the telephone with Cornish, Farndale had consulted with Carrington, and they had decided to take Harcourt's family physician into their confidence. Consequently, Dr. Maybrooke was with them in the motor when they met Cornish at the little village hotel. To the townsfolk who hung about the little inn, there was nothing unusual in the meeting, and over their luncheon in the public room, the four men made their plans without interruption.

And now, having accomplished their purpose, they dined with perfect satisfaction at the hunting lodge, while Harcourt lay in bed in the little attic room overhead, safe from the discovery of any chance visitor. Quarters had also been fitted up for Adele and Cornish on the top floor, as it had been decided best for them to remain out of sight in case strangers happened in. Only Sir Henry's servants and his chauffeur were aware of the guests at the lodge, and as there was no house within several miles, they felt reasonably secure against prying eyes.

Dr. Maybrooke had immediately examined Harcourt with the greatest care, and had reported favorably upon his condition. At first he had seemed a bit puzzled over the injured man's condition, but after working with him for more than an hour, the physician had come down to dinner with a satisfied air.

In spite of the gaiety they felt over their success thus far, each of them felt strangely troubled, and strove as best they might to keep their individual fears from the others. Nevertheless, the unexpected appearance of MacBee in the neighborhood had set them ill thinking, and it was the unexplained presence of some other mysterious danger that kept their nerves at the highest pitch.

As soon as the meal was over, Adele hurried upstairs to see how her patient fared, and after a cigarette, the doctor followed with Cornish. Sir Harry and Carrington remained at the table smoking quietly, each busy with his own thoughts. Carrington, in spite of his anxiety, was supremely happy at seeing Adele again, and at the first opportunity he meant to tell her af the fact.

It was quite dark now, and finding it warm inside, the two men stepped out on the long low veranda that ran around three sides of the lodge.

"Dicky," Sir Harry said, as he puffed at his cigar thoughtfully, "I'm wondering if I've been foolish."

"How so?"

"Sir Thomas and Grace are coming up tomorrow. Of course I told them all about it before we left, and as soon as she learned that Harcourt was injured, she absolutely insisted upon seeing him."

"I don't know," Carrington answered hesitatingly. "It can't do any harm that I can see. Marston's coming would be natural enough, and there's nothing to excite suspicion in her running up for a few days. Naturally she is anxious to be near him if he is in physical danger too."

Suddenly a loud puffing broke the stillness of the evening, and the two men sprang out into the roadway.

"What the devil!" Farndale exclaimed, and in another moment the lights of a big automobile silhouetted their figures sharply against the lodge wall. The car drew up with a grinding of brakes, coming to a standstill within a few feet of the house.

"Who's there?" Sir Harry called out, trusting that the noise of the car's arrival would warn those upstairs to keep out of sight. Carrington looked up carelessly as though looking at the sky, and noted with satisfaction that the little attic window was dark. He was sure, however, that someone was standing behind the blinds looking out and listening at the open casement.

The throbbing of the motor ceased with a final rumble, and a figure in a long gray coat and cap leaped out of the machine. Pulling off his goggles the man came quickly toward them.

"It is I—MacBee," he answered, stepping into the light from the doorway.

For a moment the two men stood petrified, gazing silently at the detective. Then, Sir Harry, recovering his poise in an instant, extended his hand and greeted the inspector cordially. "This is a surprise," he said with a smile. "Dicky and I only arrived a couple of hours ago ourselves. Have you had dinner?"

"Frankly, I haven't," said MacBee. "And if your question can be construed as an invitation, I shall be delighted to accept it."

"By all means," said Sir Harry, his heart falling although he concealed his annoyance successfully, as he led the way into the dining room. No doubt Martin can still get up a fairly acceptable meal for you. Have a drink of something?"

MacBee declined and sat down wearily. "I had a wire from London this morning stating that you had started for here," he explained in answer to their queries, "and being in the neighborhood tonight thought I'd take a chance of finding you."

"But what on earth brings you up to Scotland?" Carrington asked.

"Business," MacBee answered. "You're likely to find me most anywhere. Perhaps I'm watching you," he added slyly.

"Indeed," laughed Sir Harry. "Then permit me to offer you a bed for the night and a gun in the morning—if you're not too tired to get out at dawn with us."

"I'd like to do it—nothing better, Sir Harry—really I would," said MacBee with genuine regret. "But I'm up here on a little hunting expedition of my own that will keep me quite busy."

Carrington looked sharply at him, but neither MacBee's tone nor expression gave the slightest hint as to his thoughts. "Is it permissable to ask a question?" Sir Harry said.

"Quite—to ask—but not for me to answer, I am afraid," MacBee replied. "I must be off at once after I have eaten, and have had a little chat with you—if you will be good enough to pardon my seeming rudeness."

"Certainly," said Farndale. "But I wish you could change your mind and stay over with us. Are you alone in the car?"

"Yes," said MacBee. "I have two men down in the village, but I ran out myself."

The inspector ate hurriedly, but with evident enjoyment. When he had finished he pushed back his chair and took out his pipe, declining Sir Harry's offer of a cigar. "I suppose you gentlemen are aware that Mr. Cornish's yacht succeeded in evading the revenue cutter that was sent out in search of her," MacBee said as he lighted his pipe carefully, watching the two closely through the blue haze of rising smoke.

"Yes. We saw the accounts of the affair in the papers this morning," Farndale admitted. "Is there any later news about her?"

"No," said MacBee. "The Murita showed the cutter a clean pair of heels. She was discovered only a few miles off the coast near here, but slipped away in the darkness. Mr. Cornish is certainly a daring gentleman—the type of American millionaire that dares anything—even to evade the law—to attain his own desires."

Both Carrington and Fardale nodded, and waited with ill-concealed impatience for him to continue. Naturally they were nervous, speculating upon the possible knowledge of the inspector. They were thinking of the trio hidden upstairs, and wondering whether MacBee's carefully assumed ignorance was only a blind—if he really knew or suspected that the three were there. The thought of Harcourt suddenly regaining consciousness and making an outcry that might betray him, occurred to both of them. So they both fidgeted in their chairs, fervently hoping in their nervousness, that the detective would go shortly.

"I hope that you will both believe me to be sincere when I say that I am working in the interests of Lord Harcourt as well as in those of the law," MacBee said at last, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "No one wishes to see his name cleared of its charge more earnestly than I do, but I want to warn you gentleman that you will only make my work harder, and harm both your friend and yourselves if you make any foolish moves now."

MacBee looked keenly from one to the other of them.

"I don't think I quite understand," said Sir Harry.

"Pardon me," said MacBee with an indulgent smile, "but I think you do understand perfectly. I may as well tell you that I am perfectly well aware of the fact that an attempt was made to set Lord Harcourt ashore when the cutter discovered the Murita. I don't know where the Murita is at this moment, but it would be quite unsafe for her launch to make any effort to touch anywhere along the coast of British Isles at the present time."

Sir Harry broke in hastily. "Let me assure, you, Mr. Inspector, that we have not the slightest intention of attempting to communicate with the yacht in any way. Mr. Carrington and I are here for a fortnight's shooting, after which we will return to London."

"Then since we understand each other thoroughly, I will bid you good night," said MacBee. He arose and put on his coat.

"Shall we see you soon again?" Sir Henry asked as they walked into the entrance hall.

"Possibly," MacBee replied. "My movements depend largely on circumstances. I may remain in this neighborhood some time, or I may be called away suddenly. I hope you will enjoy your shooting. What is that!" he exclaimed suddenly, glancing toward the window overlooking the veranda.

A tall slender figure in a flowing white robe passed before the glass and disappeared suddenly in the darkness of the night.

Both Farndale and Carrington gave a start but before MacBee could spring to the door, Farndale recovered himself and answered quickly, "Oh, that is Major Marston's Sepoy servant. He is an expert with guns and the major lent him to me for our stay here."

"Oh," said MacBee with a smile. "I thought it might be a ghost."

The unexpected appearance of the servant had startled Farndale and he was afraid that the man's presence would suggest the coming of his master as well, but his presence of mind and prompt answer had apparently satisfied MacBee, so he gave no further thought to the matter, and a moment later the detective's car shot away from the house and disappeared around the turn in the road.

"What do you make of him?" Carrington asked when the detective had gone.

"One of two things," said Sir Harry. "Either he knows that Harcourt is here, and it suits his purpose to pretend that he does not know, or else we have completely outwitted him. In any event he purposely came here to warn us to be careful. We must be on our guard. Lord! I'm glad he didn't accept my invitation to remain with us over night!"

"One thing certain," Carrington make Marston keep that Indian, Bajhab indoors where no one will see him."

"Right-o!" Farndale agreed as they went inside and Sir Harry went upstairs to tell Cornish that the coast was clear once more.

In a few moments the American and the doctor joined them, eager for news of their talk with MacBee. "I, too, have news," Dr. Maybrooke announced. "Lord Harcourt was conscious for a few minutes. He is asleep again now, but when he awakens next time, he will be out of all danger."

"Bully!" Carrington exclaimed. "But how the devil are we going to keep him here quietly when he is strong enough to move about. He will soon learn where he is and with his idiotic ideas about giving himself up it will be almost impossible to make him stay."

"That will make no difference," said the doctor, shaking his head. "The task will be an easy one for the blow on his head has made him forget everything. He does not even know who he is, and his mind seems to be a complete blank. His own name means nothing to him and I am sure that he recalls nothing of the murder or how he was brought here."

"Astounding!" exclaimed Sir Harry. "Will he always be so?"

"No, I think not," said Maybrooke reassuringly. "All he needs is some strong suggestion of the past, and it will all come back to him like a flash. He saw Miss Cornish and her father but did not recognize them. In fact he does not even know me. If he should suddenly come face to face with Inspector MacBee or hear Capt. Townesheud's name spoken, however, I believe he would remember everything in an instant. Even the arrival of Miss Marston tomorrow may have that effect upon him. The suggestion of any of those things or persons that have weighed upon his mind in this trouble may bring back his memory. The fact that Mr. Cornish's presence did not do so is not strange because Mr. Cornish has been constantly trying to get his mind off those subjects."

Cornish puffed meditatively at his cigar. "Then as I see it," he said, "we must take care that Harcourt neither sees nor hears anything to bring the past back to him for a time."

"Exactly," said the doctor. "All that is necessary is to build up his strength, and when his memory returns he will be none the worse for the lapse. When he does recall it all, however, his mental attitude may be less difficult to handle. In any event, I hope the whole mystery may be solved by that time and there will be no danger of his making a false step that might tend to incriminate him."

As he spoke there was a slight noise at the window behind them. Like a flash the four men turned abruptly. Sir Harry took a step forward, and then stopped short.

Through the glass they could make out a crouching figure in the shadow outside. A face peered in at them, a wild, hunted look in the great eyes. It seemed almost like an animal at bay, yet they realized that a human being was staring in at them. "MacBee!" muttered Sir Harry with an oath. "He's come back craftily and discovered you, Cornish!"

The American was silent, looking fixedly at the face close to the window pane.

"No, it's not MacBee," Cornish said positively. With a bound he was at the casement and threw it open quickly, before the man outside could step away. Like a flash Cornish caught him by the collar and dragged him roughly into the lighted room.

He was small and dark, and his clothes were tattered and dirty. A heavy beard covered his face, and in the light of the table lamp, in spite of the altered appearance of the man, they at once recognized Kirshin Kandwahr.

"How the devil did you get here?" Cornish demanded, letting go his hold upon the Indian's collar.

"That is a long story and quite unimportant," Kandwahr answered in his smooth voice, with a shrug of his shoulders. "The fact remains that I am here gentlemen."

"Then what do you want?" asked Sir Harry sharply, suspicion conspicuous in his tone. "Why are you spying about here in this manner?"

Kandwahr smiled grimly. "My reasons for coming are probably not unlike those of the man who is pretending to be ill upstairs," he said.

"He is not pretending," said the doctor. "He is a very sick man." Then he almost bit his tongue because of the ill advised admission he had made.

Sir Harry frowned and turned quickly to Kandwahr. "How do you know who is upstairs?" he demanded.

"I know that Lord Harcourt is here—know it quite as well as you do," said the Indian. "I did not see him, but in spite of that I know where he was hidden yesterday. But now, regarding myself. You must devise some means of concealing me."

"You don't suppose I am going to conceal a murderer, do you?" Sir Harry said indignantly.

"Are you sure you are not already doing so?" Kandwahr asked with curious inflection.

"I am not—and you know it quite as well as I do!" Sir Harry cried angrily, advancing toward Kandwahr with threatening expression.

"Pardon me, but I do not know it," said Kandwahr quietly. I know you suspect me, but as I have repeatedly told both Harcourt and Inspector MacBee, I am innocent of the crime."

"Then why did you run away?"

"Didn't Harcourt run away, too?"

"Not willingly," said Sir Harry.

"Neither did I," Kandwahr returned promptly.

"Do you expect us to believe that?" Farndale asked.

"Probably not. I do not expect you to believe anything I may say—but what is more, I do not care whether you believe me or not," said Kandwahr.

The little group stared at him curiously, and Cornish shrugged his shoulders. To the American it seemed as though they were wasting time, yet Sir Harry was considering the matter from another angle entirely. He wondered how much Kandwahr might know that would eventually be useful to him.

Kandwahr was speaking again—quietly, but with a commanding tone.

"Whether or not you think I am telling the truth, the fact remains that you will conceal me here until such time as suits my convenience to go away." He uttered the words with calm conviction. He seemed sure of his ground, and of the effect of his statement upon the assembled audience. "For days I have been hunted like a wild animal," he went on. "I am at the end of my rope. No man can stand any longer the mental anguish and physical strain I have endured. My life is in danger every minute I am forced to face what threatens me. It was only by the merest chance that I succeeded in evading MacBee when he visited you here tonight."

"Then you admit your guilt and the consequent danger to you if you are captured by the police?" said Sir Harry.

"I do not," Kandwahr responded instantly.

"What is to prevent my telephoning to the inspector and turning you over to him at once?" Sir Harry suggested, ignoring Kandwahr's denial.

"Simply the fact that you can't afford to take the chance of my telling the police that Lord Harcourt is concealed upstairs," Kandwahr said confidently.

"Are you threatening that you will do that?" Cornish demanded with a menacing gesture.

"No," said Kandwahr, "but, nevertheless, that is why you will permit me to remain here. I give you my word as long as you give me the protection of this house, I will keep out of your way, and I will not reveal what I know—what you all wish to have kept from MacBee. But if you turn me over to Scotland Yard, Lord Harcourt goes to prison with me!"

CHAPTER XIX.

ANOTHER CONFESSION.

In spite of Dr. Maybrooke's assurances, Harcourt was worse the following day. A fever had seized him, and he was in a delirium when Major Marston and Grace arrived the next morning. By common consent nothing was said to Grace about the presence of Kandwahr, who had been put in the care of Marston's Indian servant, although they major was told of the facts, and during the course of the morning visited the lodge where Kandwahr was confined.

Nervous and anxious, Grace sat by Harcourt's bed, listening to the wild raving of his disordered brain. Much of the time Harcourt's cries were incoherent, but now and then he talked quite plainly of the crime he had committed, and begged imaginary persons at his bedside to take him back to London so that he might give himself up to MacBee. The little household divided itself so that they might take turns sitting up with him, for they feared to leave the invalid alone a single moment, lest, in his madness, he should leave the house and escape from their watchful care.

After a few days of tortured mental condition, he became quieter, but not before Grace, who was almost constantly by his bedside, had become nearly exhausted under the strain. She had been forced to listen to cravings that cut her to the quick—that strengthened her own fears and destroyed every hope she had steadfastly held out as to Harcourt's innocence. And now and then the horror of it grew worse as she heard him accuse enemies who were forcing him into the position he had awakened one morning to face.

Then came the quieter and more critical point of Harcourt's illness, when his life hung in the balance by a slender thread. Gradually, however, the turning point came, and at last he was on the road to recovery. It was nearly a month before he was able to sit up for a short while at a time—yet even then he showed no signs of returning memory.

Meanwhile, there had been no further signs of MacBee's presence in the neighborhood and the fear of the detective had almost passed from those gathered in the hunting lodge. Carrington and Adele took long walks together, and Cornish had almost become resigned to having a younger son of an English house for a son-in-law. In fact Adele's willingness to accept Dicky was becoming apparent to every one, and Carrington could hardly conceal his delight

To Be Continued

RUNAWAY STARS.

Extraordinary Speed of Famous Little Celestial bodies.

There is in the constellation of the Great Bear a famous little star which has been called a "runaway" because of the extraordinary speed with which it is moving.

This little star is so far away that the effect of its motion can only be noted by careful astronomical observations. Professor Newcomb has said of the star, which bears the name "1830 Groombridge," that the united attractions of the entire universe could not have set it going with such velocity, and would be unable to arrest it.

Some years ago Professor Kapteyn announced the discovery of a telescopic star in the Southern Hemisphere, in the constellation Pictor, which appears to be moving considerably faster yet. What its real velocity is, however, can only be determined when its distance is made known.

The Story of Three St. Bernards.

There was sorrow in the home of Bruno Kronich, says a tourist in a letter from Switzerland to a Glasgow paper, when it was learned there that the three beautiful St. Bernard dogs—Dina, Medea and Solna, which had aided in many rescues—had been lost over a snow-covered precipice near Hochschneeberg. They were with the party in search of the three mountaineers who were lost a few days before. They slipped off the ice-covered Herminenstelg and landed on a rock which overhung a deep chasm. From this the could not go down or up, and the helpless animals howled pitifully. The animals were given up for lost, and for that reason the rejoicing was great when at dawn the next day the dogs appeared at the Baumgartnerhaus and barked for admission. Investigation showed that the dogs had worked their way up against the almost perpendicular snow and ice wall.

LATEST GET RICH GRAFT IN THE WEST

Two Held to Omaha Federal Court for Selling Wild Horse Herd.

NOBODY CAN CATCH THEM

They're Down on an Arizona Range and Every Sucker Makes a Try at It.

Omaha, Neb.—A brand new "get-rich-quick" scheme has come to light in Omaha, where J. S. Smith and two companions have been arrested by Federal authorities on a charge of conspiracy to defraud. Then men are under bond while the District Attorney is searching the code to find a law to fit the case. The scheme is particularly unique and is said to have netted thousands of dollars.

Briefly, the victims are persuaded to purchase range horses subject to "range delivery"—that is, the buyer must catch his own horses. This is not an unusual method purchasing Western horses and creates no suspicion upon the part of the victim.

The horses are represented as being on a range in Arizona and the price quoted is ridiculously low. The victim is given a bill of sale calling for horses from 3 to 6 years old, giving a general outline of the section of the country where they are to be caught. In all cases so far this is Coconeno County, Ariz.

The horses are there, as described in the bill of sale. The range is in Coconeno County, and the purchaser is at liberty to catch his horses, place them on cars and get them to market. But, so far, the Government agents have not found a man who has been able to catch a horse. Coconeno County is as big as all outdoors and the horses are a shade wilder than the proverbial "buck."

They are the "wild horses" of the Western plains. They are the descendants of those which escaped from the Spanish conquerors and for nearly 400 years have not known a master.

In early days the Navajo and other Southwestern Indians had ways of running down the young colts and raising them to maturity. But it always has been impossible to catch the horses, once they have grown old enough to have full strength and speed. With hundreds of miles of wild country over which these horses can run, the purchaser stands little chance of catchin gthem. In addition, they have a disposition akin to a hyena.

Smith and his associates assert they own a bunch of these horses and that their brand will be found on them if anyone cares to investigate. So far, no one has been able to disprove their claims. The brands may be there, but inasmuch as none of the buyers have gotten within miles and miles of a band of these horses, they cannot deny the declaration.

One of the victims told his story to the United States District Attorney:

"I contracted for $0 head and was to go to Arizona and catch them on the range. Smith told me they were wild and that it would be no easy job, but I knew a lot about horses. I've cut out range horses hundreds and thousands of times and I didn't believe there was a horse on the prairies that I couldn't get.

Armed with my bill of sale, I went down to Flagstaff, Ariz., and prepared to pick up my horses. I was to have 80 between the ages of 3 and 8 years, and could take my pick of any of those belonging to Smith.

"I noticed the gang of loafers at the livery stable in Flagstaff smiled when I hired an outfit. There was a camp wagon and half a dozen men. I thought it would take us about three days to get the best of the horses on the range, so I engaged the outfit for that length of time.

"We were on the range for more days than I care to admit. We saw wild horses, and they certainly were wild. In fact, they were but clouds of dust.

"I worked around the country with the crew eating their heads off and finally it dawned on me there was something wrong.

"Those horses were so wild a fellow would have had to hire a brigade of cavalry to surround them. When I became convinced of that we went back to Flagstaff. As our outfit entered the town we met another one going out 'to catch a bunch of range horses I bought,' explained the 'sucker.' I let him go. I saw him a week later. He didn't have any horses. He saw dust, just like I did.

"Those animals have been sold dozens of times, but no one ever catches them. We suckers all had the same experience. There are horses there, all right. I don't know whether or not they belong to Smith. In fact, they are so wild they belong to Smith. In fact, they are so wild they belong to anyone who gets them.

"I play the game, fell sucker and lost. But the next man that sells me horses in Arizona will have to catch the animals himself."

Unknown Beast in West Virginia

Looneyville, W. Va.—An animal supposed to be a panther has preyed upon cattle, sheep, hogs, and poultry and evades all efforts to shoot it. Dogs will not trail it, but instead they cower and whine.