PEOXEN IN TOE

BLUE-BILL DRAKE-TRAP COUGHT

MILED BIRD TURNS OVER AND

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made, Dr. Carlo Mr. Robin's sister vitch of Chicago, from the sanitar-

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attorney for the tor, who said yesitors would be paid ated that the bank hand sufficient to 66 2-3 per cent on

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. 29.—In a camnists, mediums, ortune tellers, the neous raids in oklyn today, and orty persons. Most women past midwere able to bail cash and jewelry.

One of the many camps in which we gathered these notes was rendered remarkable by our neighbors, a couple of young Englishmen, fresh from London town—that great city that, while it teaches one many things of crowded cosmopolitan life, neglects to teach the simplest things of everyday existence. We saw the two young men lazily draw their boat up onto the minutest edge of the shore line and start to unload by carrying one object at a time in the tips of their fingers halfway up the shore. We busied ourselves about getting our camp up as soon as we landed, and had little time to watch their amateur manoeuvres. Finally, when the tent was all fixed, Fritz went and built a rude fireplace. Back he came with a laugh on his happy,

expressive face: "They have brought coal in a sack for firing and are trying to light it with paper."

A glance at our neighbors confirmed the lad's statement. There was one of them on his hands and knees industriously blowing the smoking edges-while the other busily fed the expiring flame with pages from a magazine; several obstinate lumps of coal completed the We were seeking the wood duck, that ex-

piring breed, passing out because it was not protected in the United States. where it used to breed in quantities. Actually at one time this bird was without any close protective season in some of the Atlantic states. Now we have to seek it with much pains—and find very few. In Ontario it has been killed clean off in many of the hunting grounds in my own time and remembrance. Look at this exquisite drake lying dead on the beaver grass of the og edge. Fritz and I were in the marsh before daybreak, each in his canoe. Between us —and we were not separated by more than twenty-five feet—a young wood drake was 'squealing." Every time a pipe touched the gunwale or a disturbed paddle blade rattled, that soul-stirring squeal would ring out on the misty, half foggy September morning. At last it became light enough to shoot, and we jumped and killed the bird. This shows now close and cowering these simple, foolish wood ducks will sit.

"Pardon my taking your bird, lad; it was on your side," I said. "Did you shoot?" asked the boy. "I didn't

hear you. "Of course I did; but I did not hear your

We had fired simultaneously; the morning was misty and the bird had risen right over both of us, about midway between. To prove who killed it, we plucked the resplendent creature right there. The glories of its green and white head and brilliant bill and, dotted, flecked, chestnut, almost ruby breast; its wondrous plumage, its dainty feet, must be seen to be appreciated. Now we found but one single shot hole in that creamy yellow skin. Right through from breast to back the pellet had sped; right through the back bone it had gone, piercing the cord. We noted, as we pictured it, that the drake's wings were stretched in paralysis, so, when you see a bird die in midair with extended wings locked fast in death, you can know it for an instantly killed, mercifully paralyzed bird. These often fall in ever-widening

I well remember the first wood drake I ever saw. As a little lad I ran away from my home to New York, of all places. On my first morning's wander I came to a low stone wall that crossed a street, shutting off a big park. I vaulted this right into the arms, almost, of a stooping policeman. I explained my vague knowledge of parks and things generally, and he made me vault back-I did it higher this as he slightly aided me with a little persuader he carried-and I walked up to the gate and wandered in and along until I came to a pond. Here swam two of the most gorgeous drakes I had ever conceived of. From the black buttons on their red bills to the tip of their glossy tails they were one mass of bright colors. 'They can't fool me," I wisely argued; "these birds are painted." Today, as we examined this most excellent bird, I could almost repeat my words. Aye, the Great Artist that painted all the exquisitely colored and designed things of creation truly and wonderfully painted this king of the wild drakes. I pointed out to Fritz the strong flying plumes that bordered the wing; these flight plumes allow the air to pass through unobstructed when the wing is raised, but all the wondrous minute feathers of each flight plume close and interlock when the wing is lowered. Thus the bird flies. We dissected the bird and saw the lungs, big, red masses of blood and air vessels that line the backbone and ribs, in fact are imbedded in them. These, and the pollow quills and air-sacs, give the bird that ightness that makes the flight a thing of leauty to the unaided eye.

One other thing I remember about the wood duck. Fritz rather wishes I would not write this. We were in Illinois, among the pucka-brush of the Kankakee, that onetime most celebrated duck-shooting river, where, before we were properly educated to give all the birds—and the other fellow—a chance, one nan that I know of killed 292 ducks between sunrise and sunset. Well, Fritz and I were poling the canoe along this inundated state;

MALLARD DUCK DEAD ON THE ICE OVER WHEN FALLING

WOOD DRAKE . THIS BIRD CIRCLES WHILE FALLING

now. Ahead was the first bit of ground we had seen for many spring-flooded miles, so we landed for lunch, but first I explored the pucka-brush, hoping some wood ducks lay concealed in the cool shelter. I left the lad to shoot any that flew over the canoe. Later, when I waded out with the bird I had dropped, asked Fritz what he had shot at.

"A wood duck came flying out of the puckabrush and I dropped it right over there." .I went "fight over there" and picked up-a paddler; a down-covered fledgling, a poor little wood duck flapper, that had only pin feathers on its arm-like wings. It was indeed a re-markable shot to drop a bird out of the air that had never flown. I carried back the selfaccusing thing and laid it down near Fritz. It lay there in all its nakedness while we ate lunch—and the coming red of its bill would not excell the redness of a certain lad's cheeks. That was the only lie I ever caught the lad in. I had warned him not to shoot on the water: it is a clumsy, amateur method, and no lad can learn to be a good shot who continually practices it.

The next bird that we studied the effect of the shot upon was a young pintail, a young drake. Now you have no doubt noticed a bird that you have shot at fall very swiftly, very silently, all closed up as if it had been neatly folded. This bird did that. It was an instantly killed bird, shot right through the body. The instantaneous death caused the head to fall, the neck and body followed, and the bird pitched straight down. I am always glad to see a bird do this; that angling fall, with one wing vainly beating, tells of the wingtipped, partly disabled bird, a bird that was not well centred by the sportsman. I have seen one of these birds fall so directly in a straight line, no wind blowing, that it hit bill first on the rocks and smashed the poor bill right off.

Take, for instance, the picture of the ruddy duck. Now, although this bird was also instantly killed, it came down head over heels, turning and twisting; the cause was not far to seek. Although the shot had mercifully pierced its vitals, it also had broken a wing bone, the tip of the wing had caught the air, and had tossed the falling bird so that it turned somersault after somersault.

I have seen a big mallard killed while the wings were fully outspread. The wings instantly locked in death, and the finest drake of them all, weight, plumage and flight and flesh considered, swept slowly towards the earth, in ever-increasing circles. Again I saw a big mallard fall slowly this way and drop on top of a big wave; it had been hit at a rather great height for number six shot. We saw it lying there and ran to launch the canoe; the rattling of our feet on the pebbles gave it sufficient alarm to cause it to raise its head, sit upright and fly off. The bird had only been stunned by a pellet hitting it on the side of the skull as it inclined its head to look at the man pointing the black object at it.

If you observe these birds during the moulting season, you see adult drakes that are as dowdy as the plainest female, drakes that have lost so much of their plumage that they cannot fly; you would not recognize the lordly mallard during June. In fact, Indian boys kill them with sling-shots at this time.

There are many other shots that affect the fine big birds we take our sport in killing Take a flock of northern-reared birds approaching breast-on with the wind on a stormy cold day. A man is astounded that he did not drop the bird. Well, the firmly-packed, wellangled coat of feathers that protect these big birds readily deflects shot when encountering it at long range. But I do not think they deflect it well enough not to allow any of the pellets to pierce the flesh. If you pick up one of these poor body-struck birds later in the we had crossed the border into Indiana by fall, you will often find healed wounds, and

THE GUIDE IN HIDE ON THE MARSH also find the shot firmly imbedded in the flesh

A SHORE STONE BUILT HIDE

Again, there is the tailing shot, when the bird carries away a few pellets in its legs and wings and feathers. I have shaken shot out of the wings of a bird killed by this raking shot. Then there is the time we miss them when shooting over a calm lea of water with a heavy wind blowing over the bank above, or around the corner of the island beside. I must recount an experience: I was shooting on the north point of an island, over the calm lea water. The wind was very heavy from the south. Of course you all know why a wild duck flies for the point of an island, so that it will get into the smooth path in the air caused by the island's construction, very much as we walk through an already formed path in the forest. Well, I saw a bluebill duck sitting in my decoys; I was younger then and there was the excuse that if it flew out into the wind I could never retrieve it, as no canoe would live in the sea that was pouring pastthat point. So, like a little murderer, I started to kill it sitting. The bird flew up as I fired, circled out over the point, swept back with the wind and alighted again right among the decoys. Again I fired, and the bird varied the monotony by swimming out and swimming back. This time, to make sure the fault was not mine, I rested my gun on the lag that formed the front of the hide. "Bang! Bang!" sang the gun, and the bird lifted itself off the water and flew gracefully away. It did not intend to sit there any longer and be insulted. Now what was the matter? Indians told me it was a spirit duck, and not to kill it. Indeed I would not, for I could not. In later years I have seen the same thing repeat itself, and by holding to the windward side of a bird that flew at forty yards over my decoys, I have killed them in similarly heavy winds. The shot was drifted by the violent gusts that poured around the corner of the island, and the bird was not as tough as my boyish imagination pictured.

It is in the cruel, cold late fall and winter weather that my heart goes out to the feathered red triends that crowd our lakes and rivers and sea front harbors. Then, unless we centre our birds and kill them instantly, much suffering ensues. Right here I want to ask you if you think it right to allow the pumpgun and the repeating shotgun to be wantonly used as they are? It is a common sight to see a boy or man, red or white, empty his gun, with a rip, rip, rip, right into any passaing flock of any kind of birds. I have seen

YOUNG PINTAIL DRAKE HIS BIRD PITCHES STRAIGHT DOWN

halfbreds-and the white men are not better in some cases-stand on a spit and keep up a regular fire at everything that passed over-head, cormorants, gulls, ducks, crows, little plover, anything, killing and wounding many, and not picking a thing up out of the swift tide that carried them off to the sea. I tell you these repeating guns are bad things in merciless hands.

There is also the trap that causes not a few of our big handsome wild ducks to die in an unusual manner. This possibly cannot be avoided. If you would see Nature in her most repellant aspect, come in fancy with Fritz and me on our last trip back from the northern lakes of Ontario, when we were fleeing before the Ice King, hurrying to use the little lakes and swift rivers—the streams and swamps he had sealed over long ago. Our guide knew the route and took us down the frozen Mississauga, making rude bark sleds for the canoes, sliding them down glittering creeks and resping them over the dry, yellow, crackling grasses of the marshes. Day by day we fled before the north wind, camping at night on newlyfallen snow flurries. In many an open pool we found a single mallard, a pair of teal, a wood drake, all bodystruck birds. We always killed these birds; few if any could fly; those that could were not able to go farther than, perhaps, one hundred yards. Many of these I dissected. Some, that were in good condition, went to the much depleted pot, for our supplies were running low. Not one single bird showed that Mother Nature had taught it any of the healing arts so spoken of by the Nature fakirs of the present day. The only case I know of birds' broken bones healing is when the tip of a broken wing, a simple fracture, mends, because the wing is generally held pressed against the body and the bones knit in a clumsy fashion. I have examined hundreds of wounded ducks, and a broken wing or leg bone I have never found mended. Oh! how would love to meet that variety of snipe one author tells about—the kind that patch mud about their broken legs until they mend!

We learned that many of the body wounds heal. In fact a pellet of lead in the fat, in the flesh, in the bill, in the flight plumes, seems only to cause the same inconvenience that a splinter would in our finger. Birds struck in this manner fly with the uninjured birds, as we often kill them out of the flocks. Birds blinded by a pellet of shot passing through the eyes are seldom found; the absence of sight causes them to fall a prey to hawk or eagle, mink or marten. In fact, I have never, but once, in thirty years' field work, found a blinded bird. That one was a whistling-wing drake, and its wounds were very fresh. I think nearly all the head and neck wounds prove fatal, unless they are mere scratches.

Early morning, late afternoon and brilliant cold night found us speeding south. We were intensely anxious to reach one of the big frontier lakes before all of the last migration left it. These birds play an odd kind of leap frog, the last flocks southbound flying on antil they pass over the whole migration, sitting down in unused, food-filled lakes. Well, notwithstanding our Indian's good work and our own night and day labor, we arrived down the last river too late. The big lake was frozen. I went on across with Fritz, as my mail was two two months old ahead. I will never forget the ever-present dangers of that trip. It was 'rubber" ice, about three-quarters of an inch. thick. We had left sleds and canoes behind, as the first ice seemed firm. Now we came to many air-holes, and either the lad or I shot the poor wounded birds in them. It is very nervestretching to stand on this yielding ice, that seems always breaking beneath you, and fire your gun-and at the same time see a whitepodied duck swimming, swimming hard with both wings and legs, directly beneath you. Around and around it circles, coming up against the under surface of the ice. At last it turns back to the air-hole an dis mercifully put turns back to the air-hole and is mercifully put cracks make us stare first at one another and then at the insecure footing beneath. We had to rush a crack—that is slide so fast over it that it did not break away beneath us. We made it-and I remember thinking of the immortal Pickwick sliding on the pond. Fritz ducked to the neck in the shallow shore water, and breathless we stood on firm ground

It was on our return trip (we had a toboggan this time) that we paused to note the birds frozen into the ice. Among the broken pans that had floated out of the river mouth we saw a big mallard that had fought nobly. One could trace by the frozen splash where this bird had worked in circles all that last cold night. How the open hole had ever decreased in size until at last the body was frozen in; then how unavailingly the wings had beaten until they too were frozen to the congealing surface!

There is one note I forgot. While up in the north last summer we came across a man negligently attired in his underwear. He was busily engaged in washing a pair of khaki trousers. He was a prospector, and while re-

turning to his tent, had come on a breeding ground of wild ducks. With great foresight he collected enough eggs to do him for weeks, using his removed trousers as a carryall-and the poor man had slipped!

JOURNALISM IN 1825

Not the least interesting chapter in Mr. Moneypenny's forthcoming "Life of Lord Beaconsfield" is entitled "Finance and Journalism in 1825." In it is related the history of the founding of The Representative, the daily newspaper started by the first John Murray in collaboration with the boyish Benjamin Dis-

It was in 1824 that John Murray, having successfully founded the Quarterly Review, and determined to create a new daily newspaper. He communicated his resolve to the son of his old friend Isaac D'Israeli, at that time a youth of 20, burning to distinguish himself. Young Disraeli—he had even then dropped the distinguishing apostrophe-was only too eager to seize on such an opportunity and threw himself into the project with characteristic impetuosity.

Murray was anxious to obtain Lockhart. Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, as editor of the new venture, and Disraeli volunteered to go to Scotland to engage Scott's advocacy of the scheme and to interview Lockhart. Lockhart invited young Disraeli to visit him at Chilfs-wood, where he dwelt, some two miles distant from Abbotsford, under the impression that his visitor was Isaac D'Israeli, author of "Curiosities of Literature." His surprise when an overdressed young gentleman with curled and perfumed locks presented himself may be imagined. The interview ended by Lockhart's refusal of the post.

The first number of The Representative appeared on January 25, 1826, price seven pence, and on July 29 of the same year came the last number. Murray lost \$130,000 in the scheme and the bright vision of the "wondrous boy who wrote Alroy" vanished into space.

THE BEGINNING OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Westminster Abbey, the unique and historic pile of church architecture in London, which has challenged the admiration and excited the wonder of scholars, ecclesiastics and secular for centuries, was built by Selbert, in the form of a chapel, in the seventh century. It was erected in honor of St. Peter on a slightly elevated spot rising from the marshy ground bordering the Thames. A church of greater proportions was erected on the spot by King dward about the year 980. That structure being partly demolished by the Danes, Edward the Confessor founded within the precincts of his palace an abbey and church in the Norman style, which was completed in 1065, and of which there now only remains the pyx house to the south of the abbey, the substructure of the dormitory and the south side of the clois-

The rebuilding of the church was com-111. In 1220. At that time were erected the choir and transepts and a lady chapel, which were subsequently removed to make way for the chapel of Henry VII. The building was practically completed by Edward I., but the greater part of the nave in the transition style and various other improvements were added, down to the time of Henry VII., including the west end of the nave, the deanery, portions of the cloisters, and the Jerusalem chambers. The two towers at the west end were erected by Wren. The length of the church, including Henry VII.'s chapel, is 51 feet, and the extreme breadth 203 feet. The height of the nave is 102 feet and of the towers 225 feet. On approaching Victoria street from Parliament street the buttresses and pinnacles and the whole expanse of the abbey gradually open to view. The British sovereigns from Edward the Confessor, whose coronation occurred in 1042, to Edward VII., have been crowned in Westminster Abbey, and many of them are buried there, some with and others without monuments. Surrounding the east end of the abbey in a semi-circle are nine chapels, the most interesting of which are those of Edward the Confessor and of Henry VII. The centre of the former chapel is occupied by the shrine of Edward the Confessor, which was formerly richly inlaid with mosaic work. Henry VII.'s chapel is a fine specimen of the architecture of the time of that monarch. Monuments of Queen Elizabeth and Mary Stuart are in the north and south aisles of that chapel. In the south transept, in and near Poets' Corner, are monuments to most of the great poets of the country, and here, as well as in both aisles of the nave and choir, are monuments to other illustrious Englishmen. Among those buried there most recently are Macaulay, Dickens, Bulwer, and Livingstone. Religious services are held in the Abbey daily, and those on Sunday are numerously attended, though the voice of the preacher is, as a rule, inaudible. The Abbey is officially called the Collegiate Church of St. Peter's, Westminster.

A distinguished member of the illustrious profession of waiters has declared that to be successful in his calling a waiter must have:

The patience of Job. The wisdom of Solomon.

The wit of a diplomat.

is born, not made.—Argonaut.

The skill of an artist. The bearing of a prince. To which, perhaps, should be added, "and the soul of a waiter." For, like the poet, and

"Why don't you go to the dance tonight, Harold? Haven't you any flame?"

despite all protest to the contrary, the waiter

"Yes, dad," said the student, "a flame, but