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T. Davidson



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Literature, Natural History and
Local News.



The Rockwood Review.

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VOL. 4.

KINGSTON, OCTOBER 1ST, 1898.

No. 8.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mr. Robt. Christie, Inspector of Asylums and Public Charities, and Mr. Kivas Tully, visited Rockwood Hospital on Sept. 29.

Invitations have been issued to members of the Local Legislature, in Eastern Ontario, to make an inspection of Rockwood Hospital, on October 6th. Several have signified their intention of accepting the invitation.

The Granite team which went to Montreal took the following players:—Reyner, Hamilton, Hazlitt, McRae, Dalton, Dehaney, Lunch, Milo, Rankin, Charlie Clarke, J. Clarke, Etherington, Gates, Porter, Britton, Varney, Geogehan, Metcalfe.

Queen's students made ample apology for the breach of good manners referred to later on in the locals, and played a practice match against the Granites Football Club. Granites won by a score of 32 to 0. It is only fair to Queen's to say that many of their players have not had sufficient practice as yet, to become familiar with the game, and probably before the end of the season they will give a good account of themselves. The cry this year should be "Granites, Queen's."

The football fever rages in Kingston with more intensity than ever. The interest taken in the game is wonderful.

Miss Ethel Walkem's wedding was decidedly the event of the season, and as Miss Walkem was one of the most popular of Kingston's young ladies, she received many honest wishes for future happiness.

Portsmouth evidently does not believe in prohibition.

An enthusiastic Sketching Club makes frequent visits to Rockwood grounds. We are anxiously awaiting a private exhibition of the works of some of the tyros. Most of the artists claim to belong to the impressionist school.

The Gerda has made many cruises of late, and is now so arranged that good accommodation for ten persons exists.

Mr. Russell Britton, of Gananoque, has entered Upper Canada College.

Dr. Wm. Moffat, formerly Clinical Assistant at Rockwood, has become a member of the medical staff of Utica Hospital for the Insane.

Of the last eight matches played with Queen's, Rockwood has won seven. The season is just about over.

Miss S. Hawkins visited Montreal on September 30th.

Mr. F. Supple has just obtained his degree of M. A. Congratulations.

Mr. Wm. Shea has just returned from a visit to Toronto, Orillia and other western cities. He reports the prospects of the Manitoba wheat crop excellent, and declares Sir William Crookes' estimate of the wheat supply of the future, fallacious.

Dr. Ross of Queen's, takes a deep interest in the Granites.

Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works are to be given at Rockwood at an early date. Some local celebrities are to be represented.

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Miss Hanley has resigned.

Mr. Wm. Potter, Engineer, has been seriously ill.

It is reported that one of the fairest of our Nurses is shortly "to be wed."

Mrs. Woodrow has left the Hospital service to take up house-keeping.

Mr. Chas. Workman, of Stratford, has entered the Mining School at Queen's.

Mr. W. Cochrane is an expert on baseball, and knows every rule in the game. He says Rugby is too much for him though.

The Rockwood Band kindly gave their services in aid of the School of Domestic Science, and played at a garden party in the grounds.

Miss May Sweet made a good recovery from typhoid, but was unfortunate enough to contract pleurisy, and has been seriously ill.

Geo. Low, formerly of the Granites, will play against them as scrimmage for Montreal. He will not have the heart to shove against our boys.

W. Dehaney made a touch down on a medium sized boulder. While it is true that he scored, so did the boulder, and William retired from the game for several days.

Mr. Hugh Walkem, of Montreal, called recently, and gave us all the football news from Montreal. He thinks that the Granites have their work cut out in Montreal. Hugh looks well, and retains the enthusiasm of old.

That the Cadets should beat Brockville at Football was hardly expected, but defeat them they did, and handsomely too. If the Cadets can improve their scrimmage and half-back work, they will be able to make a creditable showing against any of the teams, as their wings are first class.

Attention was called in a recent edition of the Toronto GLOBE to a Night Blooming Cereus, which had eleven blossoms on it. In the Conservatory of Rockwood House there is a plant of this variety, which has already this season put forth more than a hundred blossoms, and at present has nearly forty more ready to come out. One night recently forty-four of the blossoms opened at once. The sight was one to be remembered.

It was hoped that the friction between Granites and Queens was a thing of the past, but a few such breaches of good manners as that shown by the University boys last Saturday, who arranged a match on their own grounds, and then failed either to show up or send an explanation, will do much to make trouble. Politeness rarely costs much, and even undergraduates can afford to study and practice the simple elements of what is becoming a much neglected art among students. The Granite boys have honestly tried to end the friction, and should certainly have been met half way. Possibly some satisfactory explanation of the strange occurrence will be forthcoming.

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Miss Goldie Clarke met with an unpleasant accident on September 14th. While diving from a spring-board, she caught her foot on a sharp obstruction, and was severely cut on the instep.

The following clipping from the Kingston News speaks for itself:—

WEDDING BELLS AT ROCKWOOD.

UNION OF MR. J. LAWLESS AND MISS MABEL WARD AT ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL.

Last evening Mr. James Lawless and Miss Mabel Ward, two of the most popular attendants of Rockwood Hospital, united heart and hand to share with each other the joys of wedded life. The event was solemnized at St. Mary's Cathedral, the Rev. Father O'Brien being the priest who said the mystic words that made the loving couple man and wife. The bride was arrayed in a pretty dress of cadet blue with brocade satin trimming. She carried a handsome bouquet of white roses. Miss Bertha Ward, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid. She was attired in a becoming dress of white organdie, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. Mr. W. Woods officiated as best man. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the wedding party drove to the residence of the bride's father, Chestnut street, where a sumptuous repast was enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. Lawless departed for their new home on Stuart street, amid a shower of rice and good wishes. Among the beautiful display of presents were noticed a handsome china tea set, the gift of the employees of Rockwood Hospital, to the bride, and a marble clock, from the staff of Rockwood to the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Lawless' many friends join in wishing them much happiness.

If the matrimonial craze keeps up, single men at Rockwood will be an "X" quantity,—then "what will the poor girls do?"

Mr. James Dennison spent his holidays in Toronto, Orangeville and other western towns.

Mr. Neil McCaig of the Granites, sustained a severe injury during practice on September 15th. He slipped, and by muscular contraction, fractured the small bone of his leg near the ankle.

Teal and black ducks have been numerous this autumn. Black bellied Plover, Sanderlings, Lesser Yellow-legs, Dunlins and semipalmated Sandpipers arrived in time to be on hand for the opening of the season on September 15. Why the law allows ducks to be shot on September 1st, and exempts snipe, &c., which do not breed here, until the 15th, is one of those things which Lord Dundreary would say "no fellow can understand."

Now that the Ontario Government has assumed control of the Lake fisheries, it is to be hoped that the great spawning grounds about Kingston will be preserved from the depredations of poachers, who destroy the fish, both in and out of season, with impunity. It is said too that this destruction is carried on in the interests of Americans. How true this is, is worth finding out.

The Amusement Hall at Rockwood is being renovated and improved in appearance. A new floor is being laid, and several other necessary improvements effected.

Mr. William Shea has been photographed as "Dick Deadeye" in Pinafore.

Miss Cherry Steers, of Brooklyn Hospital, is a welcome visitor in Kingston.

Dr. Webster is the latest addition to Rockwood's Camera Club. He has the fever in an acute form, and promises to become a clever artist.

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Mr. Robert Arthurs, a much respected villager of Portsmouth, died on September 7th, after a protracted illness.

Mr. Thos. Sampson, of New Westminster, B. C., formerly of Rockwood Staff, is visiting Portsmouth and renewing old friendships. As Mr. Sampson was a most popular official, his welcome was a warm one. The Pacific coast seems to agree with Mr. Sampson, whose ruddy color is in glowing contrast to the descriptions of the haggard cheeks and drooping eyelids of his distinguished namesake of Hispano-American war notoriety.

The American newspapers furnish strange reading to the "onlooker." Not many months ago they bubbled with enthusiasm over the glorious victories to be achieved in Cuba "in the interests of humanity." The funny men who went forth with flying colors and beating drums were, as the papers often expressed it, "to return to slaughter blue-headed pheasants when they were tired of potting Spaniards." The grim horrors of battle never seem to have suggested themselves to the noisy demagogues and yellow journal scribblers, who were to a large extent responsible for a war that history will pronounce unjustifiable. Now that ghastly object lessons of the hideousness of war are coming home, the very papers which insisted on a precipitate campaign want to blame some one else than themselves for the blunders they forced on leaders, who knew better than to attempt a campaign in a tropical country during the rainy season.

Misses Goodearle, Hanley and Sweet, and Mr. John Stoness have made excellent recoveries from typhoid.

Mr. Wm. Carr, Gardener at Rockwood, visited the Toronto Exhibition, but was forced to cut his holiday short, having developed an acute attack of Urticaria.

Rockwood Bowling Club is steadily improving, and up to Sept. 15 had won five out of six successive matches, played against the veteran Queen's Bowlers. Mr. E. C. Watson makes a reliable and brilliant skip, and seems to be able to do the right thing at the proper moment. The keenest game of the season took place on Sept. 14th, when Rockwood won by a score of 28 to 13. In this contest both Queen's and Rockwood played with great skill, and end after end was won by shots which had to be measured so close was the playing.

The many Methodists on the Rockwood Staff were deeply interested in the rather animated discussion on dancing and card playing which took place at the General Conference. It is stated that if the vote were taken here, Mr. Gurney and Prof. Mills would have a large majority for their amendments. Our people are probably believers in the statement that a rule which is deliberately winked at because it is offensive to a large number, does more harm than the absence of any such rule.

Kingston developed a decided interest in Baseball at the end of the season, and people waked up to the fact that they possessed a clever collection of players. If the game could be divested of many of its unpleasant features it would be immensely popular, as it is a beautiful game for the onlooker. In the average man vulgar coaching in fact coaching of any kind, abuse of the umpire and the "sharp practice" falsely called cleverness, are the features which spoil baseball. Then again the fact that nearly all of the players have either stepped over the borderland of professionalism, or are out and professionals mars the purity of the sport and makes it open to suspicion. Even the little boys want to "play for money" as the result of bad example.

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LETTER.

The following letter from Dr. Gould will be of great interest to readers of the REVIEW :—

BEYROUT, SYRIA,

August 27th, 1898.

My Dear D.—

Your letter was forwarded to me when I was last in Beyrout, about two weeks ago, which fact will I suppose be sufficient indication that I am also off on my holidays. To give you a brief account of which I suppose I had better begin at the beginning, and continue to the end. My route was largely decided by the fact that a conference of all missionaries in the Levant was to be held on Mount Lebanon, during the second week in August. There were two ways in which I might travel, horseback to Jaffa and the steamer to Beyrout and drive up the mountain, or horseback all the way to Beyrout, five day's journey. On account of the historic country to be traversed I adopted the latter. Leaving Nablus early (noonday, Aug. 1st), I wound down the ravines of the mountains of Samaria and out upon the northern part of the plain of Sharon, crossed this diagonally, and at sunset, after a ride of ten hours, arrived at Samaria, on the lower spurs of Mount Carmel. This place is a Jewish colony, established by the Rothschilds, and bears many signs of progress and prosperity. The chief pursuit is vine-growing and wine-making. I arrived just at the time of vintage, and the scene was very pretty. The picturesque Arab women collecting and carrying large hampers of grapes on their heads, long strings of loaded camels intermingled with horses, donkeys and mules, presented a picture, which would nearly distract a hardened "Camera crank" like yourself. In this way I passed many a village threshing-floor, with the same methods to-day as in the time of Abraham. Oxen thresh the grain by walking around upon it in a

circle, and it winnowed by tossing the mingled chaff and grain up into the air, the chaff floating off and the grain falling. At one village I noticed a modern western thing called a winnowing machine, cracking its sides in the sun, while the old farmer beside it was pursuing the ways of his forefathers and pitching the chaff and grain above his head. Tuesday I rode from Samaria to Haifa on the Bay of Acre, on the other side of Carmel. This was a short day of six hours, and on the way I visited the ruins of the old crusading castle at Athlete, where the pilgrims used to land to go up to Jerusalem, and therefore called "Castellorum Peregrinorum." It is typical of the German Emperor that he should select this route rather than the more direct one from Jaffa. Next day, Wednesday, we left Haifa two hours before daylight, while the moon was still floating high above the Carmel, passed around the bay at the water's edge, forded the Kishon and with the sun presented ourselves at the gate of Acre. This is the ancient walled city called by Napoleon the "Key of Palestine," and which defied all his skill and the power of his army. It has only one gate and presents a fine example of medieval fortification. It was also the last stronghold held by the Crusaders, and their final crushing defeat took place not far from its walls. The town is now full of cannon balls, the mementoes of the English Fleet which visited and captured the city in the forties.

From Acre our way lies to the rocky promontory known to the ancients as the "Ladder of Tyre," over which we climb and descend into the famous plain of Phœnicia, at Leandwoon, the site of an old town ascribed to "Alexander the Great." we halt for the noonday rest: from here, in one hour, we cross another high cliff called from its appearance the "White Cliff," and behold in the distance the "Queen of the Seas" the island city of Tyre. This cliff presents a

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strange phenomenon, the path is narrow and about 200 feet straight above the sea; on approaching it I heard a sound resembling distant thunder, and looked in vain for the premonitory signs, a little further on the noise increased, and proceeded I discovered not from the heavens, but beneath my feet, showing that the waves had burrowed beneath the cape and formed a large cave, from which with every billow the dull rumbling sound issued forth. Four or five hours from this point, along the shore of the narrow Phœnician plain, bring the rider to the site of "Old Tyre," destroyed by Alexander the Great, and the material of which he used to construct the embankment by which he approached and captured new Tyre, built on a small island. The Rastin, or fountain head, is the finest outflow of water on all this coast, and although very chary of drinking unboiled water in Palestine, I could not resist the temptation to taste a draught and remember Alexander, Senacherib, and the many other ancient heroes and worthies who had satisfied their thirst at the "Fountain-Head." The ancient Syrians were the Anglo-Saxons of many centuries ago, and the story of their wealth and city is far too long for this letter, suffice it to say that its present condition presents a marvellously literal fulfilment of the curses hurled against it by the Hebrew prophet. Look it up in your "Mulum in parvo" dictionary. This was my longest day, having been about thirteen hours in the saddle. The next stage was to Sidon equally famous, but also dismissed with the above recommendation. Here my horse gave very evident signs of being "done up," and I proceeded on board a small coasting steamer and arrived in Beyrout the same evening. I thus had a good view of the crusading castle and fortifications erected for the protection of the harbour.

The next week I attended the mission conference at a lovely spot

4000 feet high and overlooking Beyrout. After the conference a small party of four, including myself, determined to visit the ruins of Baal-bee, and the finest remaining cluster of the ancient "Cedars of Lebanon." We took the Damascus railroad over the Lebanon, and then a drive of four hours brought us to Baal-bee. This place was known to the ancients as Heliopolis or the city of the sun, and besides the great ruins of the Roman temples contain some stupendous sub-constructions of a much older date. In these there are three hewn stones the largest I believe in the whole world, in length they vary from 62 to 65 feet, are thirteen feet thick and about the same wide, besides this they are elevated about 20 feet from the ground. How these great masses were hewn, transported and placed in position is a marvel which no "genius" in these latter days has been able to explain. No mortar was used, yet the joints are so tight that even a penknife cannot be inserted between them. In the quarry about a quarter of a mile away there is still a larger stone (71 feet long) the drafting almost complete, but never moved; we have a photo of this with the party. I may be able to send you one. Should I ever again have the privilege of visiting Rockwood, I hope to show you some of these views by the lantern. We engaged tents, guides and everything necessary to visit the "Cedars." They grow at an altitude of six thousand feet, and the pass leading to them is about 8,400 feet high. The climb up is very stony and the path narrow. In many places a false step would rend horse and rider, rolling down two or three thousand feet. Arrived at the top, instead of the extensive view of coast and sea which I expected, I beheld at my feet a marvellous cloudland with the sun shining out of a clear sky above. It was the first time I had ever viewed the clouds from the other side, and the effect was incom-

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parably grand. We remained at the "Cedars" two whole days, and a third at a mountain lake, making with travelling five days tent life. On the way from Baal-bee we passed a Bedouin tribe of Arabs, coming up from the Desert with immense herds of camels, one guide estimated them at two thousand. I returned here yesterday, on Monday proceed by steamer to Jaffa, then to Jerusalem.

We closed for six weeks, and reopen on September 15th. I then expect a medical assistant, who will relieve me of much of the work. I suppose it sounds queer for a tyro like me speaking of having an assistant, but such is the case. From seventy to eighty patients a day, with eighteen beds always full is too much for any body. Such a life, however, affords an unmatched experience in medicine and surgery.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

W. YATES.

JUNE 13TH.—My neighbor Allen brought over this morning a dead flying squirrel, which he said the house cat had captured the night previous, among the shrubbery growing around their residence. This is the second or third instance of this kind, brought to my notice by Mr. Allen, and the fact gives rise to some interesting queries, as to the habits and disposition of these little rodents, which are supposed to be almost exclusively denizens of our primeval woods. Mr. Allen's house and farm buildings are situated full half a mile distant from the nearest woods, therefore their nocturnal sorties and ramblings, so far from their usual abiding places, gives evidence of considerable powers, either of locomotion or of flight. The probability is, that these visits are undertaken for the purpose of obtaining food, which is thought to consist largely of moths, flies, insects, etc. My neighbor told me that he occasionally heard the

flying squirrels, running over the shingle roof of his house, during the warm summer nights, and he added that he strongly suspected them, of robbing the nests of small birds, and of being of similar predatory habits to the red squirrel. It is likely that *S. volan's* had run along the top rail of the fences that reach from the front line of the farms, clear back to the woods; my youngest son having, one night, captured a flying squirrel in a box trap, set on the top of the fence extending to the woods, and baited with an ear of corn. Scarcely a sugar making season passes without our finding a drowned flying squirrel, in some of the vessels set to receive the sap, as it drips from the maple trees. The generally received opinion is, that these little rodents in their eager pursuit of moths, that are attracted by the saccharine odor of the maple sap, tumble into the liquid, and in consequence of the membranous fringe, that gives them such buoyancy in the aerial element, are dragged and impeded in their efforts to extricate themselves; at any rate their congeners, the red squirrel, by their superior agility, would regain their liberty, in circumstances that prove destructive to their batlike confreres.

MARCH 16TH.—My brother being to-day engaged with one of his sons wood cutting, in the bush, cut down a hollow tree, out of which, ere the tree could reach the ground, came sailing through the air, seven flying squirrels, which speedily alighted on a similar hollow tree in the vicinity, and from an entrance hole in the decayed part of the tree top, soon regained a harbor of refuge. It was evident from the promptness and unauimity with which the whole family party directed their course to the new domicile, that they had previous knowledge of its eligibility in case of an emergency like the one that to-day confronted them. Gloomyswamps seem to be the localities where

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this species of squirrel is most frequently to be met with, yet they are by no means scarce in the dry hardwood parts of the forests. It is quite a common experience for maple sugar makers, to come upon nests of these little animals, and the probabilities are that they will exist in these regions as long as the woods remain. Many assert that the flying squirrel hibernates like the chipmunk or bat, during the colder months of the year, and a circumstance lately came to our knowledge, that lends probability to such an idea. Some wood-cutters this winter in my brother's employ, found in the hollow centre of an ash log, just where the crosscut saw had made the severance, the bodies of a pair of flying squirrels, that seemed to have occupied the same hollow space as a winter dormitory. The pair were in close embrace, belly to belly, but not vis-a-vis, the head of one being opposite the other's hind legs, and the action of the woodman's saw, had sliced the animals through the skull and spine, almost as symmetrically as a butcher divides the carcass of a fat beef. This occurred during the extreme cold of last February, and it seems likely that the squirrels had either perished with cold, or else were in a semi-torpid condition, and were unable to flee from the terrors of the moving saw. The log and the frozen bodies of the squirrels were shown to my brother, so this instance rests upon incontestable evidence: yet in opposition to the theory of torpor, it is asserted that however cold the weather, when a group of these squirrels in their cosy winter retreat, is disturbed by the crash of a falling tree, they are soon on the alert and speedily manage to gain another place of security; yet we do not remember to have heard of any store of nuts, or other provender, being discovered in or near these hibernaculums. As to their habitual food, in the instances that we have known of flying

squirrels in domestication, grain, fruit and nuts seem to be quite sufficient for health, and were always acceptable; but on account of their strictly nocturnal inclinations, less is known as to their range of food than could be desired. These little rodents frequently fall a prey to owls and weasels, is proved by their mutilated remains being found in forest paths. To pick up in a morning forest walk, the flat, fringy, freshly excised tail of an unfortunate of this genus, is by no means rare occurrence. One of my friends who stayed up 'o nights to boil sap in his sugar bush, told me that a party of these squirrels came into his camp frequently by moonlight to pick up crumbs, dropped during his AL FRESCO meals; and also that he captured several of them, and took them home, but through the carelessness of a member of his household, the little pets came to an untimely death.

When in Muskoka about fourteen months since, I learnt that flying squirrels were there occasionally met with, in similar situations to those we find them in here; and my sister for some time kept three or four in the house as pets. In the warm summer nights they proved troublesome, by running about the roof of the house outside, and when quite wet with dew coming into the bedrooms, through the open windows, and running all over the beds, and crawling about the faces, shoulders or hands of the sleepers, and making plaintive "purring-like" noises, as if importuning to be fed or noticed. I think I was told, that to get rid of them, they had turned them out in a part of the woods, at some distance from the house.

My son Arthur keeps an open ear, for incidents occurring in this neighborhood, having connection with birds or game animals. In the cold spell about ten days ago, he brought in a dead blue jay, which my brother had just picked up at the foot of a tree in the

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woods. I have been trying since to preserve the skin, to be mounted by a friend. The bird was unwounded, and was in handsome plumage, but its body somewhat emaciated, probably the result of cold and hunger, as I observed that the stomach was empty. I judged from the tenderness, and rather diminutive size of the body, that the bird was one of the latest broods of last summer. Some half dozen of these jays have been screaming around our house, during a large part of last winter. My neighbor across the road from here has a large corncrib, and the jays find some of the golden ears accessible to their beaks, through the cracks in the lattices, and on this food, and withered apples on the trees in the orchard, they appear to have subsisted since the beginning of 1888. The bluejays scream "Calib, Calib" or "Kee-ib, Kee-ib" when alarmed, "Sibble-wit, sibble-wit, sibble-wit" when they have made a "find," and as a call to their confreres to "come on" and partake. This note has been compared to and sounds not unlike the "shrieking of an ungreased wheelbarrow." In their serene moods, and in quiet sunshiny nook, or when in a humor for sociable SEANCES, their cry is, "Pree-bul," uttered in pleasing cadences.

In the first week of this present month of March, my brother when at work one very cold day, saw a ruffed grouse on the snow, near a tree root, showing symptoms of distress. The bird allowed itself to be picked up by hand, and its left leg and foot was smashed, as if by shots from a gun, and also frozen stiff. Jim carried the bird home, and issued an immediate interdict, against the cats entering the house. The grouse soon began to pick up grains of wheat, thrown on a floor in a spare closet, where the bird had been temporarily accommodated, but allowance had not been made for the instincts of a cocker spaniel, which formed an adjunct to the household, and

alas! at an unlooked for moment, "Jump" sprang on the ruffed grouse, who was done to death before interference could be of any avail. The bird had also a mourner of its own feather and species, for my brother who had work to do in or near the spot where the wounded bird was first seen, saw another grouse loitering around the vicinity, whence its probable mate had been extradited, and uttering what appeared to be disconsolate calls for several days after the removal.

I will adduce some rather puzzling traits in the winter habit of raccoons. These plantigrades are known to "lay up" during the colder months in hollow trees. They seem to eschew and dislike the spacious hollows of the trunk; but pack themselves closely in the cavities in the larger branches, frequently to be found in large swartop elms and basswood trees. Their choice is for such hollows as are just sufficient in diameter to admit Mr. C's body, and no room to spare; into these they crawl and push, not "cheek by jowl" head to tail; frequently four or five in these chimney like dormitories, as closely compacted as wads in a gun barrel.

An intimate acquaintance of mine, during the first week of last January, cut down a large elm tree for firewood, and was hacking away at the prostrate trunk, when suddenly his dog began an eager barking among the big branches; so the axeman went and chipped away at the spot, where the dog indicated "game"; and soon canis forced himself with difficulty into the sewerlike cavity, that the axe had given him admittance to, and soon after emerged, pulling out "willy-nilly," a last year procyon, tail end first; and my friend added that it soon became evident, that the "denouement" had not yet been reached; for as soon as coon No. 1 had been despatched, "Bounce"

(CONTINUED ON LAST PAGE.)

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SEPTEMBER CRICKETS.

Small and innumerable, and all night long,
Musicians of these haunted autumn nights,
Tuning their zithers underneath the moon
To such a weird and melancholy tune,—
(Echoes of all the summer's lost delights,)
Like elfin ghosts repeat the shadow of a song.

Until last eve the harvest fields were mute ;
The hillside pastures had not found a voice,
Since the soft throats of spring-time hylas ceased
To pipe till dawn was breaking in the east.
Where dwelt these unseen players that rejoice
To-night with myriad noise of harp and flute?

The spider weaves her web of gossamer
Spangled with pearls about the shaven grass,
And the brown stubble of the yellow wheat ;
The fairy meshes to these sylvan feet
Disturb no slight-poised dew drop as they pass,
Though all the elfin world of music is astir.

Out of the chorus breaks the Katy-did—
A sibilant blade from a green sheath of sound.
A momentary flash but half articulate,
Protesting of immitigable fate—
A pebble in the murmurous ocean round
Beneath the reflux tide submerged and hid.

The moon moves on in heaven serene and deep,
And makes black shadows of the spectral trees,
The winds are sleeping—all the air is still,—
Drowsy the shadows stretching from the hill,—
Drowsy and soft the lullaby from these
Invisible harps that charm the world to sleep.

K. S. McL.

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rushed again into the hollow, and after a sonorous tussle, drags forth reluctant "ringtail" No. 2; and speedily afterwards No. 3. My informer said the two first ones were very fat, but the last one was in less prime condition.

MARCH 31ST.—The spring season seems at hand, killdeers, and meadow larks and song sparrows arrived several days ago. Hawks appeared about the 10th inst., and Arthur saw one carrying off what he believed was a shore lark, one very cold March day.

Red-wing grackles came with the robins for good, about the 19th or 20th March, and juncos also. A boy here lately shot three crows. I dissected the corvines, two of which were males, and had masses of yellow fat about their hearts and intestines. The third one was a hen crow, and was thinner, but had three or four small eggs in the ovarium. The males had a rank odor, as disagreeable as that inherent to chimney swallows. The hawks have been enjoying their aerial "parades" for a week or more.

Song sparrows have been singing cheerily since the 28th March. Meadow larks sang on the 31st. A flock of thirteen wild geese were seen here, and also a flock of wild ducks (whistle wings), going west on the 31st. Phœbe flycatchers came on the 1st of April. I have seen no cranes yet, nor heard frogs nor pylaw.

Next missive will tell you what weasels and Burford minks sometimes do, on land and on water.

A teacher was drilling the children in music. "What does it mean when you see the letter 'f' over a bar or stave?" she asked. "Forte," answered one of the pupils. "And what does the character 'ff' mean?" There was a short period of deep thoughtfulness on the part of the children, and then one of them shouted triumphantly—"Eighty."

Charlie (who has been blowing the cornet for an hour): "Ned, do you think there is any music in me?" Ned: "I don't know—there ought to be. I didn't hear any come out."

Sue (who has just been asked to play something on the piano): "I really can't play anything." Tommy: "I say, Sue, why don't you play what piece you spoke to me about?" Sue: "What piece?" Tommy: "Why, that one you told me to ask you to play when we had company, 'cause you knew it better'n any of the others. I forgot the name."

DEAD MUSIC.—She: The sound of the water always reminds me of some of Bach's grand music. He: Ah, by the way, I haven't seen Bach's name in the papers lately. He hasn't been composing for some time, has he? She: No, he has been decomposing.

When Chopin was young his personal appearance was the last thing he thought of. In a letter sent to his parents from Vienna in 1831, he says: "I have left my whiskers only on my right cheek. They grow very well there, and there is really no occasion to have them on my left cheek, as I always sit with my right cheek toward the audience."

"This bell," said a well-meaning English sexton, when showing the belfry of an interesting village church to a party of visitors, "is only rung in case of a visit from the lord bishop of the diocese, a fire, a flood, or any other such calamities."

Brown: "That is a nice piano. Who's the maker?" Jones: "It used to be a Broadwood, but it has been taken so many times for rent that we call it Collard and Collard."

Teacher: "How many kinds of time are there?" Boy: "Two." Teacher: "What are they?" Boy: "Day time and night time."

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THE STORY OF MOZART'S REQUIEM.

Not long before Mozart died he was visited by a tall and dignified stranger, who said he came from a person who did not want his name to be known, but who wished that Mozart should compose a requiem for the soul of a friend recently lost, and whose memory he was desirous of commemorating by this solemn service. Mozart undertook the task, and engaged to have it completed in a month. They arranged the price that was to be paid for the composition, and the stranger paid Mozart a hundred ducats in advance.

Mozart was at that time in ill health, and was affected frequently with a deep melancholy. The mystery of the visit seemed to produce a profound effect on his mind, and he brooded over it for some time, and then set to work earnestly at composition. So intense was the ardor of his application that he was taken with fainting spells, and was finally obliged to suspend his work. "I am writing this requiem for myself," he said one day to his wife; "it will serve for my own funeral service."

At the end of the month the stranger appeared and asked for requiem.

"I have found it impossible," said Mozart, "to keep my word; the work has interested me more than I expected, and I have extended it beyond my first design. I shall require another month to finish it." The mysterious stranger made no objection, but, saying that Mozart should be compensated for his extra work, he laid down fifty

ducats on the table and departed, promising to return at the end of another month. Mozart sent a servant to follow his visitor and, if possible, to find out who he was, but the servant lost sight of him.

More than ever persuaded that his visitor was a messenger from the other world sent to warn him that his end was approaching. Mozart applied himself with fresh zeal to his requiem, and, in spite of his exhaustion of body and mind, he completed it before the end of month.

At the appointed day the stranger came for the work and received it, but the composer's work on earth was finished.

Later investigation proved that the visitor was the servant of a certain nobleman, who wished in this manner to obtain a composition which he could pass off as his own work, written by himself, and dedicated to his wife's memory; and for many years the fraud remained undiscovered.

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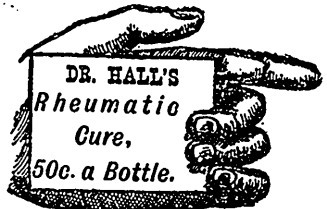
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FORTUNES IN FIDDLES.

The prices set on their instruments by the makers of them, the appreciation in value, and the immense sums now demanded for the works of the old masters, forms a most interesting topic, to which, however, we can give but short space.

Stradivarius received for each violin four LOUIS D'OR, and these same instruments would to-day mount into the thousands of dollars in value. His violoncellos he sold for a larger sum. Stradivarius' instruments were not appreciated in their early days in England, for it is related that a merchant named Cervetto took some "Strad" 'cellos to England and put them on sale, but not being able to get five pounds apiece for them he sent them back to Italy as a bad investment. They would now bring several thousands of dollars each. While his 'cellos were thus lightly valued in England in those days, we find a Cremona violin selling in 1662 for \$100. A "Strad" 'cello which had been played by three generations of the Servais family, brought \$25,000 when placed on sale a few years ago in Vienna.

The phrase, "worth its weight in gold," may well be applied to such transactions. On weighing a Stradivarius violin sold in 1856, it was found to have brought \$200 an ounce. The great bass player, Dragonetti, had a celebrated Stradivarius double-bass which he valued at \$5,000. It would now probably bring three times that amount.

In 1716 Stradivarius made a violin, which in 1860 he sold to a

Count Salabue, after whose death in 1824 it was purchased by Tarisio, the peripatetic violin collector. He kept the treasure hidden, but after his death it was ferreted out by Vuillaume who, in turn, on his death, left it to his son-in-law, Alard, the violinist. A few years ago it was sold to a Scotch violin collector for \$10,000. Madame Norman-Neruda gave \$10,000 for one "Strad" which had belonged to Ernst, and Wilhelmji, paid \$15,000 for another, for which he was afterwards offered \$25,000.

Stradivarius' is not alone in bringing high sums. Amati's and Guarnerius' instruments have had a similar appreciation in value. In 1790 Foster, the English instrument dealer, sold a Nicolas Amati for \$85, and in 1804 another for \$150. These would now bring from \$1000 to \$1500 each. In 1827 one of his 'cellos sold for \$1400, and in 1859 a violin by the brothers Amati brought \$700. It may be imagined that some of the fiddles of Guarnerius "del Jesu" brought him originally but a pittance; but in 1826 we hear of one of his 'cellos bringing \$800. Wieniawski's Guarnerius was sold to Hubey, of Brussels, for \$15,000, and Ferdinand David's favorite instrument, a Guarnerius, was bought by Zajic, of the Strasburg Conservatory, for \$20,000.

General Morgan Melville, of Cincinnati, related that his father, who, by the way, was an AIDE-DE-CAMP to La Fayette, gave 1500 acres of land, then valued at a dollar per acre, for a Stainer violin that took his fancy. This was quite a fair price in those days, but the value of the payment would be somewhat enhanced now by the fact that this land is at present covered by the city of Pittsburg. As Stainer rarely received large sums for his violins, that one would have been a good investment could the original purchaser have waited two hundred and twenty-five years to realize on his investment.

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