On petition of the creditors of the Arena Publishing Company to appoint a temporary receiver, A. D. Chandler was recently appointed for the protection and adjustment of the interests of the creditors during a reorganization of the company. The officers did not contest, feeling that it is for the best interests of all concerned as an equitable plan pending the business changes to be made The Arena Company will be recapitalized, we are informed, by experienced business men and placed in new hands and on a firm financial basis.

The business of the "Arena," both as a magazine and as a book-publishing house, has had quite a phenomenal growth, but had not sufficient capital to handle the business into which it had developed. With the reorganized company the "Arena" holds that it will be enabled to extend its growth and add to its reputation as a bold, vigorous journal of free debate and new ideas.

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The two widowed sisters, Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson of Cambridge, England, who are celebrated for the discovery of Biblical manuscripts on Mount Sinai, have given a site and £20,000 for the Presbyterian College to be removed from Bloomsbury, London, to Cambridge. It is this Mrs. Lewis whose article, entitled "What Language Did Christ Speak?" is one of the most important contributions to the Christmas "Century."

* * *

Amanda M. Douglas, one of the most successful of American women writers, has given us a charming book for youth in "A Little Girl in Old New York." It is simple, yet ornate, full of things of old times, but never slow or dull. On the contrary it is quick with living and humorous story interest. It is teaching, too, and is in fact a most kindly and gentle hint as to manners, that will not go amiss. (Dodd, Mead & Co., 151 Fifth avenue, New York.) $1 50.

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The "National Magazine" in its Christmas number is certainly a striking example of excellence. It contains in its pages and in its artistic appearance all the merit and attractiveness that characterize the higher priced periodicals. The holiday issue opens with the second paper on what is fast proving itself to be the most remarkable magazine serial of the year—an extremely readable account of "Christ and His Time," by Dallas Lore Sharp, illustrated with reproductions from famous paintings. The contents include a charming little reminiscence, by Grace Le Baron, on Dr. Holmes. Winthrop Packard has an illustrated humorous sketch of an experience in Ireland, "The Sacking of Doe Castle." An article which adds much to the beauty of the number is "Northern and Southern Women," by Mrs. H. L. Boulden, with photographs of Northern and Southern types. Contributed by Arthur T. Winslow is a depiction of the humorous side of monastic life, "Beneath the Monastery Bells," illustrated with reproductions from the works of some famous painters. "Dogs as Beasts of Burden," by Dr. W. B. Noyes, completes the list of illustrated articles. The fiction of the Christmas number embraces four short stories ranking with the best: "Explained by the Bridegroom," by L. H. Bickford; "Jonas Biddlecome's Christmas Gift," by T. Thompson; "The Masterpiece," by Helen F. Huntington, and "Ahmed the Cobbler," a story from the Persian. Last in the list of contents comes the literary column, giving reviews of the new books. Bostonian Publishing Company, 83 Newbury street, Boston.

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The "Living Age" (Boston), the oldest of eclectic magazines, and the only weekly literary magazine, is about to begin its two hundred and twelfth volume and fifty-fourth year. It is with pleasure that we commend this fine journal. It is a standard publication of high excellence, giving its readers the very best of papers from the foreign magazines and reviews, from biography, history and fiction to travel, criticism, poetry and translations, science, art, politics and discovery from the greater periodicals of the world. For 1897 the Living Age Company promises several new features. These include the publication of occasional translations of noteworthy articles from the French, German, Spanish and Italian reviews and magazines. The addition of a monthly supplement containing three departments, viz., readings from American magazines, readings from new books, a list of books of the month. The number for November 14th, No. 2,732, contained the opening chapters of a new serial story by Ivan Tourgenieff, translated especially for the "Living Age." The same issue contained articles by Gladstone, Castelar, Professor Flinders Petrie, and other eminent writers; translations from the French and Spanish, with essays and reviews from the latest British periodicals. Also a thirty-two page supplement as described above. It is published weekly at $6 a year, free of postage. To new subscribers for the year 1897, remitting before January 1st, the weekly numbers of 1896 issued after the receipt of their subscriptions will be sent gratis. The best home and foreign literature at club prices is furnished by the Living Age Publishing Company. The "Age" gives yearly 3,500 double octavo pages of matter (making four large volumes) unequaled in quality and quantity. It is issued every Saturday and contains articles of standard and popular interest. The "Living Age" embraces the productions of the ablest living writers in all departments of literature.

* * *

"The Critic" (New York) of November 28th contained a new, and undoubtedly the correct, interpretation of Falstaff's much-discussed and variously interpreted dying words, as reported by Mistress Quickly, "And a' babbled of green fields." It is the "find" of Locke Richardson, the Shakespearean reader. Both Dr. Rolfe and Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the well-known editors and students of Shakespeare, give their unqualified approval to Mr. Richardson's explanation. This number of "The Critic," like its immediate predecessor, is largely devoted to reviws of holiday books; and there are portraits, among others, of Dr. Nansen, the explorer; Sir Edward John Poynter, the new President of the Royal Academy; Mary Cowden-Clarke, Locke Richardson and George Grey Barnard, a young American artist, in whom the paper sees "the making of a great sculptor." In answer to the question, so often asked, "What is the good of Polar exploration?" the Lounger in "The Critic" says: "If some of the more recent explorers were asked, I think that they would reply that the pole is almost as much of a gold mine as South Africa. Dr. Nansen will, at the least calculation, make $100,000 out of his writings and lectures on the subject of his voyage and discoveries."

* * *

The Christmas number of "Ev'ry Month" (Howley, Haviland & Co., New York) has a handsome special cover for this woman's magazine of literature and popular music. The number opens with a Christmas carol, then follow portraits of the Czar of Russia, Mrs. President McKinley, Rudolph Virchow, Phil May and Virginia Harned, and two fine art pictures, with accompanying text. These are succeeded by two pages of a song without words, "Absence," by Theo. F. Morse; "Caricatures and the Caricaturists" comes next, and then a story, followed by a song, "Without Thy Love," music by Charles Coleman, and words by R. A. Browne. "Rough Weather Dresses," with text, illustrates winter walking dresses. A fine double page colored plate follows "A Christmas With Captain Kidd"; "The Story of a Masculine Girl"; gavotte by E. Holst, for the piano, "Under the Mistletoe"; "Things Literary," with portraits; "American Women in Art," by Gabrielle D. Clements, with illustrations; song and chorus, "Golden Valley," words and music by Charles Graham; decorative notes, a paper by Governor Altgeld, a story for Christmas, and modes for the hair and fashions conclude a brilliant number.

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The "Forum" for December (New York) has these papers: "How Shall the Child be Taught—Obstacles to Rational Educational Reform," Dr. J. M. Rice; "Another Year of Church Entertainments," Rev. William Bayard Hale; "Rudyard Kipling as a Poet," Montgomery Schuyler; "Some Practical Lessons of the Recent Campaign," Hon. Andrew D. White; "Will Government by the People Endure?" D. MacG. Means; "The Brewing of the Storm," Goldwin Smith; "Princeton in the Nation's Service," Woodrow Wilson; "The Poetry of the Earl of Lytton," George Saintsbury; "Drawbacks of a College Education," Charles F. Thwing; "Anatomy Laws Versus Body Snatching," Dr. Thomas Dwight; "American Women and American Literature," Hon. Hugh H. Lusk.

* * *

The "American Historical Register" for October-November (Boston) is handsomely illustrated and elegantly printed. The "Register" is the gazette of the historical, military and patriotic hereditary societies of the United States. It is conducted by Captain H. H. Bellas, U. S. A. (retired), Franklin S. Frisbre, LL. B., Elmer E. Wadman, and Frederick Bacon Philbrook, aided by General James G. Wilson, D. C. L., and General Charles W. Darling, A. M. It is a magazine with a pure and lofty purpose, inspired by patriotism and love of heroic character. It is historically the reservoir for the incidental facts relating to the upbuilding of our country and the voice of the patriotic societies of the Nation. Its text is full of interest, rich in patriotic lore, and is from the pens of foremost patriots and writers.

* * *

"Harper's Weekly" for December 5th is in a very handsome, seasonable cover of novel and artistic design. The illustrations are very handsome. Chief among the features are: "Running the Wild Turkey in the Indian Territory," front-page illustration; "The Recovery of the South," "The Coming Season," "Cuba and the United States," "Football and Scholarship," "The New Methodist Bishop of Africa," with portrait; "The Chief Justice of the Court of Claims," with portrait; "The New Rector of the Catholic University," with portrait; "Brazil's New President," with portrait; "This Busy World," by E. S. Martin; "Music and Drama," by Irenaeus Stevenson; conclusion of "The Landlord of Lion's Head," by William Dean Howells; "The United States in Turkey," by J. Augustus Johnson; "Street Commissioner Waring's Tour of Observation in Europe," by George E. Waring, Jr.; "The Opera in New York"; "The American University," by Richard Wheatley, illustrated; "Alternating Currents," by Rosina Hubley Emmet; "Compressed-Air Motors," by Carl Snyder, illustrated; "A New Clasical Encyclopaedia," by Marion Wilcox; "Newly Elected Governors," with portraits.

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The "Kindergarten News" for December (Springfield, Mass.) has twenty-seven distinct papers besides the usual departments, all related to kindergarten work, home training, reports of the educational convocation at Chicago, educational news, songs, criticisms, Christmas thoughts, motherhood, book notes, etc. It is a magazine of first interest to parent and teachers.

* * *

The December "Donahoe's Magazine" (Boston) is decidedly a Christmas number. Electoral topics and other subjects of general interest are discussed from varying standpoints, but the pervading sentiment is, as it should be, that of the festival season. Irish readers cannot fail to to be interested in the Rev. Denis O'Callaghan's graphic description of the recent "Irish Race Convention." In "Election Ethics Past and Present," John J. O'Shea presents a study of the methods employed in former days and in our own. Marie Donegan Walsh writes very entertainingly of "A City on a Hill," the city of the "House of Loreto," and Mary F. Nixon tells of the "Last Sigh of the Moor." "Christmas in Florida," by William Manning Connell, is a bright sketch. "Utterances of Campaign Leaders," sums up the opinions of the leaders in the different parties in the late campaign. Henry N. Cary has an interesting story of "Election Night in a Newspaper Office." The fiction is by Mary F. Nixon, Mrs. Frances Chadwick, Mary B. O'Sullivan and G. L. De Cidoncha. Arthur Barry, Charles O'Neill and D. J. Donohoe are among the writers of poetry. The departments are replete with good, entertaining matter; the illustrations are even better than usual.

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The "North American Review" (New York) has the table of ocntents for December: "The Engineer in Naval Warfare," by Rear Admiral John G. Walker, U. S. N.; Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N.; Captain R. D. Evans, U. S. N., and Lieutenant S. A. Staunton, U. S. N.; "Some Memories of Lincoln," ex-Senator Jas. F. Wilson; "Penal Colonies," her majesty's Inspector of Prisons; "American Bicycles in England," George F. Parker, United States Consul at Birmingham; "Duty of the Coming Administration," Hon. James H. Eckels; "Has the Election Settled the Silver Question?" by the Hon. William Jennings Bryan; "A Problem of Aridity," C. M. Harger; "Our Trade with South America," Theodore C. Search, President of the National Association of Manufacturers; "Curfew for City Children," Mrs. John D. Townsend; "What Shall be Done About Cuba?" Mayo W. Hazeltine; "Reform of the Currency," by the Presidents of the Indianapolis Board of Trade and the Chamber of Commerce of New Orleans and San Francisco; "The Repeopling of Ireland," George Henry Bassett; "Women as Centenarians," William Kinnear; "Obstacles to Business Principles in Public Affairs," Clinton Rogers Woodruff.

* * *

"Table Talk" for December (Philadelphia) has besides the regular and full departments in the household and culinary authority, "The Road to Christmas," "A Hard-Times Diet," "Some Chafing-Dish Recipes," poem, "The Pumpkin Pye," "Mexican Pottery," "Christmas Dinners in Many Lands," "The New Bill of Fare," "The Golden Wedding," "Ancient Customs of the Yuletide," "In Woman's Line," "To the Children," "The French Christmas," "Novelties for Holiday Gifts," "When We Make Merry at Christmas," "Entertainments," "Housekeepers' Inquiries," "A Bluegrass Dining," "Creole Recipes," "New Menus for December," "Some Seasonable Recipes," poem, "Evolution," "E'er the Dawn of Another Year," "Winter Fashions and Fads," "Holiday Facts and Fancies."

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"The Book Buyer" (Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York), for Christmas came in a new and artistic cover and with many added pages and attractions and a host of choice half-tone and outline pictures. The contents are, aside from the departments, by W. C. Brownell on "Modern French Masters," William M. Sloane on "The Real Washington," Russell Sturgis on "A Panorama of Italian Fine Art," Robert Bridges on "Harris' Tales of the Domestic Jungle," John C. Van Dyke on "Grimm's Michael Angelo," Frank R. Stockton on "Mrs. Dodge's Classic," Will H. Low on the "Holiday Art Books," Hamilton W. Mabie on "Books of the Holiday Season," Noah Brooks on "Holiday Books for Young People."

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The "Municipal and Engineering Magazine" for December (Indianapolis, Ind.,) is of high value. Among its leading papers, which should be read by all city and town officials, are: "Usefulness of Various Kinds of Stone for Highways," Robert Grimshaw; "Development of the American Portland Cement Industry," Frederick H. Lewis; "Forms of Clip and Briquet for Tensile Tests of Cement," L. C. Sabin; "Investigation of Quality of Water for Public Use," A. S. Tuttle, Assistant Engineer, Bureau of Water, Brooklyn, N. Y.; "Sand Filtration of Philadelphia Water Supply"; "Specifications for Repair of Asphalt Pavements." Then follow the exhaustive departments on machinery and trade paving, sewers, bridges, parks, water works, water purification, etc.

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The "Review of Reviews" for December (New York) is unusually profuse of fine portraits of notables. The "Progress of the World" treats of all current important topics. Chief among the subjects treated in distinct papers are: "Foreign Politics in Caricature," with reproductions from European journals; "Professor Haupt and the 'Polychrome' Bible," by Clifton Harby Levy; "Child-Study in the Training of Teachers," by E. A. Kirkpatrick; "New York's Great Movement for Housing Reform"; "The Sunday-Schools—Their Shortcomings and Their Great Opportunity," by W. L. Hervey, A. M.; "The Kindergarten Age," by Hezekiah Butterworth; "Some Estimates of the Year's Literary Output"—"1—"Fiction, Poetry and Belles-Lettres," by Hamilton W. Mabie; 2—"The Year's Advance in History and Political Science," by Albert Bushnell Hart; 3—"The Popular Science of the Year," by Ripley Hitchcock.

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The December plans for "Harper's Bazar" include Christmas features. Stories by Mary E. Wilkins and Ella W. Peattie, entitled respectively "An Unlucky Christmas" and "A Shylock of the Sandhills," will be begun, with illustrations by Keller and De Thulstrup. A play entitled "One Disinterested Friend," by Caroline Ticknor, and a variety of papers telling of Christmas dinners, Christmas gifts and Christmas pleasures in general, will round out the year.

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The Christmas number of "Harper's Weekly" will be dated December 19th, and will contain short stories by Howard Pyle, Captain Charles King, John Kendrick Bangs, and others, with illustrations by Howard Pyle, C. S. Reinhart, Frederic Remington, Peter Newell, Lucius Hitchcock and A. I. Keller. The Christmas "Life and Letters," by W. D. Howells, will be illustrated by Edward Penfield. During the month Colonel George E. Waring, Jr., will continue his papers on street cleaning in European cities. The number of December 12th will contain a striking series of illustrations of the recent strike riots in Colorado. With the first number of the new volume two new serials will begin: 'Jerome, a Poor Man," a novel of New England life by Mary E. Wilkins, and "The Pursuit of the House Boat," by John Kendrick Bangs, a sequel to his amusing story "The House Boat on the Styx."

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Some of the principal features of "Harper's Round Table," published December 8th, were: The first installment of a short serial story by W. O. Stoddard, entitled "The Boy Wreckers"; a story by G. B. Burgin, entitled "A Stilted Contest"; a descr tion of the famous cavalry charge a. verly Ford, by Richard Barry; an article by John Corbin on Rugby, the typical English school, and a description of the children of the Congo by Cyrus C. Adams.

A Melancholy State.

"I've made up my mind to one thing," said the resolute-looking young man. "I'm not going to the theater any this winter."

"For what reason?"

"For many reasons. In the first place, I can't afford it, and if I could afford it, I'd probably find the seats all taken for the play I wanted to see. And if I got a seat, it would be behind some girl with a big hat. And if I did get to see the play, I might not like it, anyhow."—Washington Star.

Mother's Pie.

Mrs. Mann—Here's a pie your mother brought in to-day. I suppose you will have a piece?"

Mr. Mann—Will I? Well, I guess! Ah, that's the stuff! If you could only make pies like mother, Hetty!

"Yes, as I was going to say, your mother brought this in to-day. She saw it at the baker's as she passed by and went in and bought it. She'll be real glad you like it."—Boston Transcript.

Pasteur germ proof filter. 821 K. *

THE ROYAL WILD TURKEY.

Something About a National Bird of the United States.

A Wild Monarch Eloquent of the Woods and Mountains of This Country.

The wild turkey is an American to the very tip of his broad, powerful gray wings. Among birds he is the true aborigine, and no imaginative novelist is needed to endow him with picturesque qualities as the Red Indians needed Fenimore Cooper to supply the air of romance that surrounds them. The man who has ever won with tireless climbing and eternal vigilance the sight of a great bronze wild turkey gobbler in his native mountain haunts, needs no argument to show him that the eagle is a pitiable and rowdy character in comparison to figure as the national bird of these United States. The sturdy men who with their axes and rifles won America for civilization relied on the turkey for their Thanksgiving dinners; in many times of leanness in the wilds of Virginia and Kentucky and New York and Indiana the noble bird furnished the sinews of war.

In those times he was to be found in all the regions east of the Mississippi where heavily wooded districts gave his splendid tribe their food of chestnuts, wild berries, and nourishing seeds. But the shyest of all birds is absolutely incompatible with civilization, and he has retired year by year until now only the most secret places in the Alleghenies and the vast dismal swamps of the Southern States give any hope for the persevering turkey hunter.

The wonder is that the bird still exists at all, for ever since the white men came all manner of nefarious schemes have been concocted for his destruction. Let a "gang" of turkeys, say ten or twelve, the adults of a couple of families, show themselves a few times on the edge of their almost impenetrable swamp dwelling, and there will not be wanting pot-hunters to spy on them for months till the roost of the big birds is "located," on some high veteran pine, scarred by lightning, raising its arms, Laocoon-like, from some little island hidden in the marsh and thicket. Then on a night when the moon is fat and red and round, the murderers wade through miles of morass and peer into the pine until they dimly perceive the dusky forms crouched on the horizontal boughs. Not until the position of every turkey is determined does the massacre begin, and then the bird nearest the ground is selected to be ruthlessly shot; after that the one next above receives the old muzzle-loader's charge of buckshot, and so on to the highest. If this order be followed, the whole flock may be shot down; but let a wounded bird come fluttering down from above by one of his poor, perking, quitting neighbors—the lower one takes flight and the whole flock is off in a moment.

The mountaineers may catch glimpses now and then in their woodchopping of gray, disappearing wings, and learn that a flock is constantly using about a certain ridge. A big pen of rails is built, with no opening large enough to admit a turkey except a single hole dug under the bottom stick of the pen; then enticing trails of corn are laid from various parts of the ridge and the ravines on either side, some of the corn trails about a half a mile long, but all converging to this opening under the pen; and a tempting pile of grain lies left just inside the trap. On some unfortunate day the turkeys find the trails, and feed up in the right direction, running one by one quickly in front of each other, picking up the grains which are dropped a foot or so apart, until they come to the pen.

Presently one can stand the temptation no longer, and squeezes under the rail through the hole. The sight of the daring one gobbling up all that corn is too much for the nerves of the outsiders, and in a few moments the whole gang is inside. And now comes the absurd part of the business. When the birds have stuffed themselves and have turned to leave, up go the long necks through the slips in the pen on every side, frantic clawings and flutterings shake the stout rails, but not a single idiot of the lot ever by any chance squeezes back out of that hole under the lowest rail, which admitted him.

Instead of a pen the rails may be led to a blind, when the habits of a particular flock have been studied close enough to make it worth while to sit in ambush from daylight on and wait for them. Thirty feet in front of the ambuscade of artistically arranged cedar boughs a narrow trough in the ground is filled to the brim with corn and grain. If all goes well the birds come up on the scanty rail and begin to eat greedily altogether at the trough, their long necks interlaced while they peck away for dear life. If an old four-bore muzzle-loader, stuffed up with about three ordinary charges of heavy shot, is kept trained on the trough until this thrilling moment there is a good chance that a pull of a trigger will blow the heads off of a large part of the gang.

These are the ways a turkey ought not be hunted, or rather butchered. To hear of them one might take the wild turkey to be an exceedingly foolish fowl, and on these particular occasions he undoubtedly is; but they are only the startling and infrequent lapses of a great mind. Taking him "by and large" an old turkey gobbler is the quickest, swiftest, shiftiest, shyest and most knowing animal with wings or without. He can run like a greyhound, smell like a deer, see like an eagle and fly like a wild turkey. You may have spent two hours in crawling on your hands and knees over a mountain open or in moving with noiseless footsteps, each one of which is considered with careful deliberation, and a single sudden turn of your head, snap of a twig or gleam of sunshine on your gun will send a whole gang a mile away and up the mountain. Upward it always is.

When a wild turkey does not like the looks of things he wants the rockiest and roughest summit of the particularly highest headland of the topmost ridge of a whole range, and he generally gets it. If it is steep, he runs, and he can run up faster than you can fall down. If it is a gentle rise he thrashes the air with his mighty wings, clear of obstructing tree-tops, and then away he sails with a velocity that belongs to a twenty-pound cannonball.

Take a dog along if you will, and when the gang is busy feeding, your cur may surprise them so quickly as to make a flush. Off they will fly, scattering in every direction, no two birds together. If it is afternoon they will want to get together for the night, and in a few hours you hear far off a plaintive qu-urck, qu-urck, qu-urck, qu-urck, qu-urck, qu-urck, qu-urck—seven notes, the last three coming shorter and sharper. Now, if you are one of the rare individuals who can make and manipulate a turkey call, take from your pocket the well-worn hollow bones of a wild gobbler's wing, be still as death, and imitate that queer invitation. You will probably be conscious that it is answered, and have some delicious sensations; nay, it may even come nearer and lead you to madly strain your eye nerves trying to see through entirely opaque underbrush. But unless those turkeys are very young and foolish, or are hens, this will be all. An old gobbler will have thought it all out long before he steps within range and silently fly away, leaving you to wonder why the answer doesn't keep on coming.

The thoroughbred and glorious way to kill a turkey is to go out alone in the mountains with your Winchester and a half dozen cartridges and just look for that noble old fellow. Not that just looking will do; to make much of a success you must listen for him, feel for him, taste for him, and smell for him, too; and above everything else, wait for him. Get into just the wildest and most secluded glade you can climb to, where the only harvesters of the chestnuts and hickory nuts are the squirrels, where the teaberries, huckleberries, and wild grapes grow only for the pheasants and turkeys; where the wild cat screams at night, the fox pounces on the rabbit, the black bear hunts for bee trees, and the big horned owl is villain in many nocturnal tragedies. Keep in the underbrush, but look out into every open glade. Take note of what there is for a turkey to eat, and see if the dry leaves are scratched up.

Walk about a mile an hour and don't put your foot down unless you know what kind of a noise it is going to make. Don't be sure it is a squirrel you hear scampering over the leaves until you see him or hear his chatter. See everything that your eyes can take in and keep them looking steadily on points in distant leaf-colored slopes, until they see many things that did not appear at first. Stop sometimes and don't move anything but your eyeballs for five full, silent minutes; never make any sudden move, consider whether the last night's frost has fallen on this area of ruffled and torn-up leaves where plainly strong toes have been laying bare the rich dark earth or the sweet remains of the chestnut crop.

When you decide that the scratching has been done this morning, see where it began and remember what ground lies in the direction to which it tends. Then follow, moving more slowly and carefully. Come to a steep mountain side, sheering to the sycamore fringed river; do not dare to go directly down. Slide quickly off on a better grade, and then having circled over a swift breathless half-mile, work back to where the trail should meet the river meadow. Take care! Drop at full length, a little cautious because of the haste; there they are strutting forth from the undergrowth by the stream after washing down the chestnut breakfast with cold, clear mountain water. They come up the hill toward you, and you lie like a stricken man with your rifle following every movement of a great black gobbler, father of the flock, though he is still 300 yards away. Motherly, mild-mannered hens, and young gobblers are in his train, sipping dew-drops from the grass, picking at rag-weed, chasing a grasshopper with half-open wings or ruffling into make-believe combats. But never for a moment are all off their guard. One, two or three of their tall necks are always stretched aloft, full of eyes and ears, in statuesque suspicion. Now the old gobbler straightens up his head poised four feet from the ground, trim, graceful, powerful; the sun glinting on the dark iridescent feathers of his back and lower neck. Now you decide he is in range. Your thirty-eight caliber bullet strikes his noble breast with a muffled thump, and the giant wings wildly beat down the dry ragweed while your magazine is emptied vainly at the dark forms shooting off toward the mountain side.

He is a royal creature, this wild turkey, and you may hope to see an old gobbler tip the scales at twenty or twenty-five pounds. Slung over your shoulder by the foot, his head dangles against your heels. He is a wild monarch, eloquent of the woods and mountains and their innermost secrets, fed only by the most delicate wild fruits and crystal spring water, formed for the highest beauty and strength known to American birdkind, with a flesh more delicious than his stall-fed cousin, because of the gamy flavor imparted by the wild food. To a man who has killed and eaten a November wild gobbler, Thanksgiving Day has a meaning which must be blank to other mortals.

FANCY'S SONG.

All things fair
Of earth and air,
All to her belong;
Round her way
The shy winds play,
Hear, O hear her song!

Hear Fancy's song;
For the warm day long
Like her melody
No other sound may be;
Not the lay of Love in his dream,
By the sunny stream,
Not the lullaby
When the day winds die,
And the flowers rest
On the meadow's breast,
And the stopt clouds lie
White asleep
In the deep
Of the silent sky.

Hear Fancy's song;
For the warm night long
So sweetly singeth she,
For her dear sake
The roses wake,
And the pale waves lie and glisten,
And the quiet seashells listen,
Nor sing any more of the sea.

—John Vance Cheney, in The Bachelor of Arts.

As the Spanish Saw Englishwomen.

Senor de Gayangos, who was a kinsman of the Duke of Alva, gives an amusing, but not flattering account of the English ladies of Queen Elizabeth's time. Martin A. S. Hume, in "The Year After the Armada," quotes de Gayangos:

"They (the ladies) wear farthingales of colored cloth without silk; the gowns they wear over them are of damask, satin, or velvet of various colors, but very badly made. Some of them have velvet shoes slashed like men's, and some wear leather. Their stockings are black, and they show their legs even up to the knees, at least when they are traveling, as their skirts are so short. They really look quite indelicate when they are seated or riding. They are not at all handsome, nor do they dance gracefully, as all their dancing only consists of ambling and trotting. Not a single Spanish gentleman is in love with any of them, and they are not women for whom the Spaniards need put themselves out of the way, in entertaining or spending money on them, which is a good thing for the Spaniards."

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

BY NEMO.

(Copyrighted.)

(These "Thoughts" by a layman reach a quarter of a million homes, scattered in every State of the Union. In this county they can be found in the columns of this paper only, as we have made arrangements with the author for their exclusive appearance.)

Each individual male reader will have to judge of the justice of the following attack upon our sex. It is the expression of a woman's opinion. "The very eagerness of a man for his meals shows him to be the inferior animal. Keep him hungry when he reaches home and there is neither peace for God nor woman, for he finds fault with both. To make a man docile and tractable you must treat him like a snake, gorge him." This may be brilliant, but it is too severe, particularly as woman from the story of Eden onward has not shown great skill in managing snakes; and possibly not much more in managing men. The woman, to whom a man is nothing more than a thing to be petted and pampered with this and that gratification, will find her theory strongly confirmed by the "animal" within him. But the woman who believes in other, grander possibilities in man will find them there, because she expects and demands them. Men are, after all, but plastic clay, and take on readily the forms into which the gentle hands of woman molds them. This also has been shown from the story of Eden onward. At least that is what "Nemo" thinks.

* * *

Never have any hesitation about learning from others. If we each were held down to the knowledge we could acquire by personal travel and investigation the amount we did not know would be even more monumental than it now is. But beware, you omnivorous learners, of acquiring ideas and then having them remain unassimilated, like the food on an overloaded stomach. As to learning, I would say, be in a skeptical frame of mind; reject the things that you prove to be untrue; read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest all the truths that you prove and approve, or that reach you from reliable sources, and let them become part of you; just as the steak you eat and assimilate is no longer steak, but has become part of you, your blood, your brain, your power.

To be sincere in this advice as to skepticism, I should have to warn you against accepting statements just because they are in print; alas, this would include even these "Thoughts." For them I ask no hearing, no reception except where they interpret some little particle of the great universe of Truth, divine and human, in which we live, and of which we permit ourselves to partake, some more and some less, as we journey.

* * *

It is quite the regular thing to find fault with the weather forecasts issued from Washington and local bureaus. Surely because we expect too great a prescience from fallible men. When we remember that observations in the upper strata of air are still practically unattainable, and yet that those high regions are liable to exert sudden influence upon the lower strata, from whose conditions the forecast has been calculated, then we shall be ready to concede that the bureau does great things. By means of its work the average farmer or coastwise mariner can gain knowledge at a given moment of general conditions in the most remote regions, as well as in his own immediate neighborhood. It works entirely in the line with the co-operative instinct that thrills our age; the feeblest aided and advised by trained experts. Of course, crops still suffer from violent storms and ships are wrecked. The farmer cannot go and uproot his crops just because a cyclone is coming. But more than once in every year each farmer and seaman is greatly aided by his knowledge of the probabilities of twenty-four hours, and thereby are dollars and lives most freely saved. The fateful moment of the season is naturally different for every locality, so that each hour throughout the year some one gains immense benefit from his forewarned condition.

* * *

A really brave deed always arouses enthusiasm; and not all brave deeds call for blood. With the hoarse pulsation of the drum in his ear, the rattle of musketry on every side, the frenzy of martial music in his veins, swept onward by the enthusiasm of shouts and of numbers, the soldier will glory in throwing away his life like a flower. But we are all called to a heroism far transcending that, a heroism that keeps us quietly and unobtrusively working for national and personal betterment in our little sphere unknown to the rest of the world, uncheered by the applause of men, unaided by the hoarse-throated cannon. Let me give publicity to one such brave deed, at least.

The newspapers from East to West have contained casual references to the recent burning of toll-gates by mobs in Kentucky. Right in the disaffected region lives the editor of the Vanceburg "Sun," terribly dependent upon his local patrons as all country editors are. Yet on his first page he places a notice two columns wide and surrounded by a border. Abbreviated, it is as follows:

"The 'Sun' is, has always been, and always will be, so long as the present management has the say-so in its columns, an advocate of the free turn-pike system. * * * It has carried, and the result is assured. We now learn that there is a move on foot among some of the citizens to supersede the proper course * * * and to use force in making them free at once. * * * If force is to be used in advance of the law we will take up the cause of the gates and do all we can to bring the guilty parties to justice. * * * We are for Lewis County, its people, and their interests so long as they abide by the will of justice, but not otherwise."

This is as brave an editorial utterance as I have seen for a long time, and is grandly refreshing after that which takes the life out of so much writing that could be powerful, the attempt to trim to every breeze that blows.

* * *

"He who knows not and knows not that
he knows not is a fool; shun him.
He who knows not and knows that he
knows not is receptive; teach him.
He who knows and knows not that he
knows is asleep; awake him.
He who knows and knows that he
knows is wise; follow him."

Bad Enough.

"Hadn't you better call another physician?" said the wife to the young doctor, who was treating her husband. "Just for consultation, you know."

"No, ma'am," he replied. "My ideas are confused enough already."—Buffalo Times.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

BIDS FOR COUNTY HOSPITAL SUPPLIES

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT sealed bids will be received and opened on MONDAY, December 21, 1896, at 2 o'clock p. m., by the Board of Supervisors of Sacramento County, California, at their office on I street, between Sixth and Seventh streets, Sacramento City, California, for the following supplies for the County Hospital of Sacramento County, from January 1, 1897, to July 1, 1897. Bids for drugs to be for one year from January 1, 1897 to January 1, 1898, to wit:

CLOTHING.

4 doz. unlined cottonade coats, 37 to 44, per doz.
12 doz. overalls, blue, medium weight, assorted sizes.
12 doz. hickory shirts, 15 to 17 neck, per doz.
12 doz. flannelette shirts, 27 wide by 33 long, 15 to 17 neck.
12 doz. cotton flannel undershirts, per doz.
12 doz. cotton flannel drawers, per doz.
12 doz. merino undershirts, per doz.
12 doz. merino drawers, per doz.
30 doz. cotton socks, per doz.

DRY GOODS.

12 pieces unbleached sheeting, Pequot, 4-4, 6-4, 10-4, per yard.
3 pieces bleached sheeting, Pequot, 4-4, 6-4, 10-4, per yard.
12 pieces ticking, Amoskeag, A. C. A., 36 inches wide, per yard.
6 pieces of bandage cloth, brown cotton, Banner Mills, L. L.
6 pieces surgeon's gauze, Griswoodille, No. 5.
3 pieces cotton flannel, XXX Nashua, unbleached.
6 pieces brown crash linen, 18 inches wide.
10 gross needles, assorted, per gross.
6 gross safety pins, N. P. U., assorted, The Clinton.
6 gross pins, Wallace & Sons, Eagle Pins.
12 gross 6-thread spool cotton.
1 gross linen thread, Barbour's white and black.
150 lbs cotton batting, White Rose.
20 lbs cotton wadding.

SHOES.

12 doz. men's brogans, 6 to 12.
12 doz. men's leather slippers, 6 to 12.
2 doz. ladies' buckskins, 4 to 8.
4 doz. ladies' slippers, 4 to 8.

DISHES.

6 doz. plates, white granite hotel, double thick, 7, 8, and 9 inches outside.
4 doz. bakers' white granite hotel, double thick, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 inches outside.
4 doz. platters, white granite hotel, double thick, 7, 9, 10 and 12 inches outside.
6 doz. hotel bowls, white granite hotel, double thick, 30s and 36s.
12 doz. hotel coffee cups and saucers, white granite hotel, handled and unhandled.
4 doz. hotel teacups and saucers, white granite hotel, handled and unhandled.
2 doz. jugs, white granite, 6s, 12s 24s, 36s.
1 doz. sugar bowls, white granite, 24s.
6 doz. glass tumblers, 4 oz., plain heavy.
6 doz. glass tumblers, 8 oz., plain heavy.
3 doz. beer glasses, handled, plain heavy, 7 and 8 oz.
1 gross gas chimneys, flint glass, 7 inches.
2 doz. chambers, covered, white granite, 9s.
1 doz. ewers and basins, white granite, 9s.
2 doz. bed pans, No. 1.

BRUSHES.

2 doz. deck scrubs.
4 doz. scrub brushes, No. 4.
2 doz. shoe brushes, No. 16.
6 doz. pot brushes.
2 doz. hair floor brushes, No. 12.
2 doz. counter brushes, all bristle, No.
4 doz. mop handles, combination.

And for groceries, as per list in County Clerk's office; also for beef, mutton and bread.

COAL.

Coal; bidders specify quality and name of mine.

TOBACCO.

150 lbs chewing tobacco, Star, Liggett & Myers.
150 lbs smoking tobacco; bidder furnish sample.

Also, drugs in accordance with list to be seen at County Clerk's office.

Samples of clothing, dry goods, shoes, dishes, brushes, coal and tobacco (bidder for coal must specify quality and name of mine) must be furnished the board. The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of said board.
Attest:
(Seal.) W. B. HAMILTON,
d11-10t Clerk of said Board.

THE

WEEKLY UNION

Containing all the news of the Record-Union, has the largest circulation of any paper on the Pacific Slope, its readers being found in every town and hamlet, with a constantly increasing list in the Eastern States and Europe. Special attention paid to the publication of truthful statements of the resources of California and the entire coast, best methods of agriculture, fruit and vine growing.

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