GAME AND FISH NOTES.

ANNUAL REPORTS OF MANY LEAGUES AND ASSOCIATIONS.

Deer Shooting on Long Island—Changes in Personnel of Fishing and Game Clubs—Southward Migrations of Eastern Quail and Woodcock—New Hampshire's Bad Example of the "Side Hunt"—Long Island's East Bay Duck Shooting, and the Wild Fowl of Wisconsin's Horicon Marshes—Broad Purposes of the Recently Organized National Game, Bird and Fish Association, and the Admirable Work of the American Ornithologists' Union—Hopeful Condition of Deer and Smaller Game in Vermont—Liability of the Master to the Person Bitten by His Dog—Fly Fishing for Pollock—The New York Fish Commission will Confer on the Preservation of Sea Fish—Good Work of the Pennsylvania Commission of Fishery.

Some three or four years since it was announced in THE SUN that deer had largely increased in number on Long Island. The statement was received with a pardonable scepticism in many directions, but time has more than vindicated the assertions made. With each recurring season the aggregate of deer killed on Long Island has been in a progressive ratio, until this year, within the brief period of the open season—one of six days—between fifty or sixty of these animals, it is reported, were taken. For this abundance some five or six hundred gunners are indebted to the liberality of the South Side Club, to Mr. Cutting, Mr. Roberts, and Mr. Vanderbilt, whose extensive possessions are contiguous. Within the limits of the combined properties the deer have bred in security, and the increase has been proportionately assured. Can there be more emphatic evidence of the value of an intelligent and loyal protection of game? In all probability for several years to come the deer shooting on Long Island will be most excellent. It will continue until the wild lands which now constitute the range of those animals are absorbed for purposes of agriculture. The same methods which have contributed to the increase of deer on Long Island, if applied to the Adirondack regions, would be productive of equally favorable results. All that is needed is prompt legislative action in the shape of an absolute close season there of two or three years, followed by a much briefer open season and the absolute prohibition of hunting with dogs.

The recent financial depression has caused a considerable change in the memberships of many of the best and most exclusive fish and game clubs. Under the pressure of necessity, rights in these organizations have been disposed of at prices far below their intrinsic value. The shares have not failed of purchasers, who may congratulate themselves upon the acquirement of privileges which, under other conditions, would not have been relinquished by the original owners. This transfer of rights will infuse into these fish and game clubs a fresh and energetic impulse which cannot fail to be beneficial. The management of some of these organizations is retained in the same hands for a lengthy period, a custom which is not always conducive to an efficient administration of their affairs. It is only during the fishing or shooting season that their privileges are availed of by the larger portion of the members. In the interval, they offer to men of leisure a delightful retreat, where, environed with every comfort, assured of absolute privacy, relieved of the cares of domesticity and of feminine domination, while communing with nature, they may ponder on the depleting possibilities of unscptured "jack pots" and the mellowing potency of the insidious cocktail.

The record of quail shooting since the opening of the season in the New England and Middle States has been rather depressing. Information from points where last autumn the birds were passably abundant tells of the same grounds yielding only a single quail as the reward of a day's hunting. This fact is of peculiar significance, as thousands of Southern quail have been in the past liberated in the territory from which these discouraging reports have been received. This would appear to sustain the contention that the birds from the South are migratory, and that in the autumn when the coveys are fully grown they move southward. There is hardly any other explanation which will account for the meagre results which have attended the reputed liberations of the alien quail. It is doubtful if any measures will restore the indigenous birds to a former comparative abundance in the New England and Middle States. The stock is now so depleted and its enemies so numerous and persistent that even a close season extending through a term of years would hardly produce the desired effect. Even in the preserves, where the birds were looked after, the heavy snows and cold of last winter were most destructive. In these enclosures the process of stocking with Mongolian pheasants is gaining favor over attempts to increase the supply of quail. The pheasants have amply demonstrated their ability to withstand all of the vicissitudes of our Northern winters. To Southern fields the quail shooter must now look for the enjoyment of his favorite pursuit, although Mr. Alfred H. Frazier, in a communication to *Forest and Stream*, drawa a most pessimistic picture of his experiences in a much-lauded quail district of North Carolina. To obtain good shooting over these birds at the South, it will be necessary to give a wide berth to territory immediately contiguous to winter resorts, some of the proprietors of hotels in that section are anything but scrupulous in attracting sportsmen through the promise of many quail.

A portion of the autumn flight of woodcock appears to have passed across New Jersey some time between the 15th and 20th of November. A correspondent of THE SUN in Atlantic county gives information that at dusk of that day, while returning from a neighboring village, he had occasion to cross some soft ground about a spring in an open field near the edge of a thick wood. To his surprise, he flushed seven or eight woodcock, which, upon being disturbed, flew into the adjacent thicket. Before he had crossed the field in which this spring was situated, the birds commenced to return to the spot from which they had been flushed. There was a moon, and during the night quite a sharp frost. Soon after daybreak the next morning the correspondent was on the ground with dog and gun, but he failed to flush a single woodcock, although every foot of the meadow and the adjacent woods was carefully hunted. The birds had evidently resumed their flight during the night. There are many persons who will dispute the assertion that woodcock ever feed in the open. Those, however, technically learned in the habits of this bird positively assert that they do, among others Mr. William Brewster of Cambridge, Mass., who is an unqualified authority. Mr. Brewster has printed some interesting facts on the feeding habits of the woodcock, from observations of a captive bird, which was confined in a large box, the bottom covered several inches deep with loam, a basin of water sunk in the centre, and tall weeds planted by the ends and sides. The daily ration of this woodcock was about half a pint of earth worms, which were buried under the loam. When the bird wished to feed it ran about freely exploring all the corners of its limited domain, probing the earth vigorously, but apparently without success. Its long bill was thrust downward with wonderful rapidity, and on every side in quick succession, the motion strongly resembling that of a man spearing eels. Then the bird would take a step or two and try again. Sometimes it would stop and apparently listen, with its head held slightly on one side, the ear directed downward. Again it would stamp with its feet quickly and forcibly several times in succession, then hold its head very near the ground, evidently listening for the movement of suspected worms beneath, for immediately afterward it twice probed rapidly and closely over the spot to which its ear had been applied. It rarely stood erect, and moved with a skulking gait, the head drawn in between the shoulders, and slightly raised and lowered with a nodding motion between each step.

In the Eastern and Middle States, a more enlightened public opinion, it was supposed, had made itself felt in the suppression of what are called "side hunts," in which opposing groups, led by "captains," kill all of the wild life that comes in their way within the limits of a designated territory. From New Hampshire, however, we have information that the Franklin Fish and Game League has recently indulged in a hunt of the kind described. A list of the animals and birds killed on the occasion reveals the absolutely senseless destructiveness of this form of gunning. It includes partridges or ruffed grouse, woodcocks, ducks, crows, hawks, owls, squirrels, rabbits, coons, minks, muskrats, woodchucks, and foxes. The total was very large. There is no record made of the disposition of the unsalable feathered and animal life. If the local papers and technical journals would refrain from printing the names and scores of the participants in these side hunts, it would have a beneficial effect in putting an end to them. Nothing is dearer to the bucolic heart than the temporary notoriety which accrues from an appearance in print. These side hunts are unsportsmanlike, and, as will be seen by the list given above, exterminating to the wild life of the woods and fields within the limits in which they are held.

A correspondent of THE SUN in Suffolk county, Long Island, gives information in relation to the exceptionally good wild-fowl shooting which has been available in the East Bay during the past month. The birds killed have been principally broadbills and redheads, and occasionally on favorable days black ducks and other surface-feeding sorts. The feed this year in the East Bay is very abundant and will hold the fowl, with possibly considerable accessions, until that sheet of water is permanently closed with ice. Our correspondent notes the superior character of the professional gunners of the East Bay who accompany sportsmen. They are very alert and energetic, and technically most accomplished in the details of the craft. Within the past two years there has been a great improvement in the partial cessation of dusking and fire-lighting ducks, which in the past has done so much injury to the gunning in the East Bay. There is one point, however, on which sportsmen appear to hold widely divergent views. The dawn of day, the time at which the early morning shooting at wild fowl in this State may legally commence, while not confusing to the ordinary mortal, seems, with some sportsmen, to be open to a most liberal interpretation. Many accept the rising of the morning star as sufficiently approximating to daybreak to come within the limits of the law, while others look upon the light of the moon as offering a plausible substitute. To remove the doubts and uncertainties which environ an entirely simple and natural phenomenon, it would be well to amend the law of this State relating to wild fowl, to the effect that none shall be killed until after sunrise.

Reports from some portions of the West indicate that the abundance of wild fowl has been above the average. The flight of mallard ducks has been noticeably large. These conditions suggest that wild-fowl shooting in the Southern States will be exceptionally good during the winter. Chicago sportsmen, whose modest self-restraint is proverbial, have been greatly troubled by the rumors of the prodigal slaughter of wild ducks on the Horicon Marsh in Wisconsin. This tract is now under the control of two clubs. It was always a noted breeding ground for certain sorts of fowl until reckless spring shooting drove away the nesting birds. Since the marsh has passed under the control of the clubs spring shooting has been discontinued, with the result that the fowl have reoccupied it as a breeding place. It is now in a measure restored to its original productiveness. The criticism which is now being directed against the members of the two clubs in control of the Horicon Marsh is in relation to the unprecedented slaughter of ducks during the present season. One member is reported to have killed 544 in nineteen days, and many others in equal proportion. In the course of time, when this entirely irrational greed for destruction has reduced the number of fowl to the minimum of a few years past, proper restrictions will be placed upon the limit of daily scores.

A correspondent of *Forest and Stream*, writing from Halifax, N. S., gives an account of catching pollock with the rod. The fish ranges in weight from 8 to 1¾ pounds, and ninety-nine were caught in three hours' fishing. Pollock takes the fly with the greatest avidity, often jumping out of the water and coming directly on top of the lure. Only a single fly is used, tied to a two-foot leader. Pollock travel in schools, and when one of these is met with, so long as they remain about the boat, the fishing is fast and furious.

It is to be desired that the hopes of the National Game, Bird, and Fish Protective Association, recently organized at Chicago, will be amply realized. The fact that Mr. M. R. Bortree has been chosen President of the organization is a guarantee of intelligent and energetic direction. Two Vice-Presidents and a Secretary will be appointed in every State and Territory. All State game protective organizations, clubs, and individuals will be invited to become members of the National Association. Possibly among its initiatory efforts will be one to urge the adoption of a code of game and fish laws applicable to groups of States whose boundaries are coincident and whose climatic conditions are the same. The trouble and annoyance to which anglers and other sportsmen are now subjected on account of conflicting statutes of States separated only by an imaginary line, is a matter which should come within the province of a national association for the protection of fish and game.

At the meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union held at Cambridge, Mass., between the 20th and 23d of November, Dr. Elliot Coues as President, Messrs. Wm. Brewster and H. W. Henshaw as Vice-Presidents, Mr. John H. Sage as Secretary, and Mr. Wm. Dutcher as Treasurer were reelected. All of the papers read were of great interest. It is a misfortune that they could not be assured of the widest possible dissemination. What is needed more than anything else, in arousing interest in the protection of feathered life, is the circulation among the masses of just such information as is contained in the sixteen papers read before the A. O. U.

The annual meeting of the Vermont Fish and Game League was held at Burlington on Nov. 17. Among those who made statements on the occasion was Mr. J. W. Titcomb, State Fish and Game Commissioner. He gave it as his opinion that deer in Vermont are rapidly on the increase, and under proper restrictions they promise good sport in the future. Game birds he does not think have much decreased within the past few years. He urges the introduction of new species, offering as encouragement the successful propagation of English pheasants in Vermont by Dr. Webb. A flock of alien quail liberated last summer of 1892 survived the severe cold of last winter. A letter from Gen. Ripley recommends the curtailment of the open season on woodcock. From an experience of forty years as a sportsman he repudiates the theory that the woodcocks migrate from the northern portion of the State as early as Sept. 17. His records show that the best woodcock shooting that he has had in Vermont was during the last ten days of October. The best bag he ever made was on Nov. 5, and he killed one bird on Dec. 5.

A decision recently rendered by a Massachusetts court adds a new point to canine ownership. The case is that of Matteson agt. Strong, in which the plaintiff, while walking on the sidewalk with a dog belonging to a Mr. King, was bitten by a dog owned by the defendant, which attacked the one in charge of the plaintiff. The latter, in endeavoring to separate the animals, was severely bitten by the one owned by the defendant. The plaintiff sued for damages, and recovered on a trial before a jury to the amount of $175. The defendant appealed the case to the Supreme Court, on the plea that the plaintiff had unnecessarily exposed himself in endeavoring to separate the dogs, and was a proper sufferer thereby. The higher court, in sustaining the verdict gained in the lower tribunal, held that while there was some testimony which would indicate that the plaintiff had not used every precaution to prevent a fight between the two animals, yet it was not sufficient to have warranted the jury in finding him negligent, or to justify the court in reversing the verdict.

A call has been issued by Mr. L. D. Huntington, President of the New York Fish Commission, for a conference in relation to our seacoast fisheries. The meeting will be held at 53 Broadway at 10 A. M. on Dec. 13. The call is signed by all of the Fish Commissioners and by a number of citizens of repute. Attention has been frequently directed by THE SUN to the prospective ruin of our seacoast fisheries through the reckless and unrestrained netting of menhaden, the food of many of the edible sorts. The evil has attained such proportions, and is now so strongly intrenched, and cooperative action so essential by all of the seaboard States from Maine to Virginia, that isolated measures, even if taken by New York, would not have an appreciable effect. As an instance of the rapid decline of the coast fisheries of Long Island, the writer recalls the abundance of the autumn fishery there before steamers were employed in the menhaden catch. Then the use of seines worked from the beaches was universal. Not infrequently at a single cast hundreds and sometimes thousands of the largest striped bass were taken. Coincident with the disappearance of the menhaden has been that of bass and other edible sorts, so that the use of seines on the Long Island beaches has been entirely abandoned. What fishes are now taken on the coast are caught in gill nets, which are set several miles at sea. This autumn the catch of striped bass off the Long Island coast has been insignificant. Apparently there was no migration of the fishes on account of the scarcity of bait. Comparatively few people have any knowledge of the depleted condition of the coast waters from Maine to Virginia. Consumers of fish only know that they can purchase this commodity at a less price even than ten years since. They do not understand that this is due to facilities of transportation and methods of preservation which have opened new and distant sources of supply. When these, however, suffer the same exhaustion which has overtaken our immediate waters, the greatly enhanced cost of sea fishes will convince them of the vast importance of a subject to which they are now utterly indifferent. On this account it is to be hoped that to the results of the conference on the 13th of December will be accorded the widest publicity.

The report of Mr. H. C. Ford, the President of the Pennsylvania Commission of Fisheries, reveals how much is being done to improve our inland fisheries. The efforts of the Pennsylvania Commission have resulted in fitting the rivers of the State for the increase of fishes by tearing out illegal devices erected for their wholesale destruction. It has established a cordon of wardens, who patrol the rivers and streams, and who are reported to be a terror to poachers and illegal fishermen. This, however, must be considered rather as a figure of speech than as a practical accomplishment. The Commission claims to have restored and kept in condition hundreds of trout streams in spite of incessant fishing; it has stocked the mountain lakes with fine varieties of fishes. Pike perch flourished in the upper Delaware have increased largely. Smelts, the young of the Atlantic salmon, are numerous in the mountain tributaries of the upper Delaware, where they were placed two years ago. This gives promise that the day may come when the salmon angler will be able to successfully cast his fly in the pools of the river. During the past year the Commission has liberated about 90,000,000 of the fry of trout, whitefish, lake herring, and pike perch. Mr. Ford accords great praise to Gov. Pattison for his courage in vetoing a law passed at the last session of the Legislature to permit of the restriction of fish baskets in the rivers of the State. This permission would have resulted in nullifying the labor of years on the part of the Commission; it would have depleted the streams and rivers, and have marked the retrogression of fish culture. In view of what has been accomplished, Mr. Ford and his fellow Commissioners may well be proud of the record they have made.

EAGLE AND RAVEN.

A Curious Battle in the Air Terminated by a Charge of Buckshot.

SCRANTON, Dec. 16.—Mr. Luther T. Walling of Lye Creek, Bradford county, went into the North Mountain region of Sullivan county a few days ago to hunt deer with a party of Lackawanna Valley sportsmen. When they had established their camp the hunters made an agreement not to fire at anything but deer, the penalty for breaking the rule being a fine of $5. While standing on a runway the second day, Mr. Walling's attention was attracted to a fierce battle in mid-air directly over the ravine, and the fight became so interesting that he forgot all about deer for the time.

The winged belligerents were an eagle and a raven. Apparently the eagle had started to fly from one mountain top to another, and had been attacked by the raven before it had gone far. The eagle had a bird in its claws, and it was evident that the raven was trying to make it drop its prey. When Mr. Walling caught sight of the warring birds, the raven had the best of the fight. It dived and struck the eagle on the back a number of times, the eagle contenting itself with shooting out at the raven with its bill, but failing to hit it.

At length the raven worried the eagle to such an extent that the latter arose in the air with great swiftness, far above its tormentor, and then dived toward it at the speed of a meteor. The raven understood the eagle's tactics perfectly, for it evaded the fatal stroke just in the nick of time, and the eagle swooped to within 200 feet of the ground before it curved for another upward flight. At that moment the pugnacious raven struck it again, and once more the eagle arose high in the air and made another futile dash at the raven. This was repeated seven or eight times with a like result.

Then the raven clawed a mass of feathers from the eagle's back, and after another race skyward and downward, the eagle, seeming to have got enough of the battle, started to wing its way to the opposite mountain top. It still clung to its prey, and the raven, which was as full of fight as ever, renewed the attack so furiously that the eagle was compelled to change its mind about seeking shelter in the timber. It fought the raven off until the battlefield was in about the same point of the sky that the fight had begun, or almost directly over the spot where Mr. Walling was standing in the bushes.

While witnessing the battle it occurred to Mr. Walling that the hunting party had been talking about the difficulty of shooting ravens the night before. One of the sportsmen had said that he would give $10 for a perfect specimen of a raven to put in his collection of stuffed birds, and the remembrance of that fact caused Mr. Walling to make up his mind to shoot at the ravens, even if he had to sacrifice his chance of killing a deer.

So the next time the raven dived at the eagle Mr. Walling fired at it with a charge of buckshot. Both birds tumbled into the briers a few rods away, and both were dead when Mr. Walling reached them. The raven, which was as large as three ordinary crows, had been killed by a buckshot under its left wing, and its skin was in perfect condition for the taxidermist. The eagle, a large bald one, had a red-tailed hawk in its talons when it died with three buckshot in its body.

Instead of resuming his watch on the runway, Mr. Walling trudged back to camp at once with his feathered game. When the fellow sportsmen returned, he sold the raven for $10, paid the penalty for shooting at something besides deer, and put $5 in his pocket.

THE FATE OF A GREEDY BEAR.

An Immoderate Fancy for Fish Proved the Death of It.

SCRANTON, Dec. 16.—At daybreak on Dec. 2 William L. Shutts started for his home on Fern Hill with a grain bag full of pickerel and suckers that he had speared in the Loyalsock Creek during the night. The bag lay in the bottom of his one-horse wagon, and his little Scotch terrier Scanty sat on the seat by his left side. In the woods to the west of Ford's Summit the dog gave a growl, faced about, and began to snarl fiercely. Mr. Shutts glanced backward to see what had startled the dog, and came face to face with a bear. The bear had its paws on the end board, and was sniffing at the fish. Mr. Shutts had no sooner taken in the situation than the bruin sprang at the bear and caught it by the nose. The bear threw up its head, and the little dog flew into the air and landed in the bushes by the roadside.

Mr. Shutts went to whipping the horse with the lines, but he couldn't get the old nag to go faster than a walk, and the bear clung to the end board and marched along on its hind feet. Scanty had picked himself up and was barking and snapping spitefully at the bear's heels, but all the assaultings did not induce him to kick him loose. Seeing that the bear was determined to be meddlesome, Mr. Shutts stopped the horse and grabbed his spear. The moment the wagon came to a standstill, the bear set its claws into the bag, pulled it from the wagon, dragged it down the road a few feet, tore it open, and began to gobble down the fish, notwithstanding the vigorous efforts the little dog made to drive it away.

Mr. Shutts rushed at the thievish brute with his spear, and the bear stood on its haunches over the bag and warded off the blows with its paws till Mr. Shutts pricked it in the stomach, when it gave a grunt, seized a pickerel in its teeth, and ran into the bush. Scanty tackled it in the bush as though he was going to lay it low, and Mr. Shutts gave chase and jabbed the spear into the back of the bear's neck. That was more than the bear could stand, for it turned on Mr. Shutts in a twinkling and made a savage slash at him. He met it half way by cutting a gash in its snout with the spear that made the blood fly, whereat the bear dropped the pickerel, wheeled about, and started to climb a tree.

Scanty worried the bear so hard that it was forced to let go and strike at him, and when it finally got a hold on the tree, Mr. Shutts drove the spear into the base of its brain, and the bear dropped to the ground like a stone, gave a gasp, and was as dead as a door nail.

Arkansas and Arkansaw.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9.—The much-mooted question as to the correct pronunciation of the name of the State of Arkansas was referred for settlement to Representative Clinton H. Breckinridge of that State. He practically settled the question by pronouncing the word "Arkansaw." Senators Jones and Berry and all the Representatives from the two states pronounce the name as Mr. Breckinridge does.

In discussing the question Representative Breckinridge said: "Formerly the name was spelled 'Arkansa' and 'Arkansas.' A final 'w' was attached to the name by the French, presumably for appearance, but not for use. Perhaps the nearest approach to the proper pronunciation is expressed by the spelling with a final 'w' but this is a little too broad. The Legislature of Arkansas, to settle the question of pronunciation, passed a resolution declaring that the name of the State should be pronounced as if spelled 'Arkansaw.' It can hardly be said that the question of the pronunciation of the name marks degrees of culture among the residents of the State. It is only those who are strangers in the State and who have recently removed thither that pronounce the name as it is spelled, and they do so not in ignorance, but because they have not acquired the habit of pronouncing the name as the natives.

Years ago, when Millard Fillmore was Vice-President of the United States, two Senators from our State disagreed on the pronunciation of its name. One called his State 'Arkansas' and the other 'Arkansaw,' and each insisted that he was right. The controversy reached the Vice-President's ears, and he was in a quandary how he should designate the State when recognizing either of the Senators. He compromised the matter, and very nicely too, by saying 'the gentlemen from Arkansas.' When the Senator favoring this pronunciation addressed the chair, and by saying 'the gentleman from Arkansaw,' when he recognized the Senator who adhered to this pronunciation."

When Mr. John L. Motley, the historian, was married, an intimate friend suggested to him that his income would not be sufficient to enable him to purchase the necessaries of life. He promptly replied that he proposed to live upon the luxuries. This is no figure of speech in these days. Fillets or the breasts—the best portions—of redhead and other wild ducks may be purchased for thirty cents each. These are admirable in a salmi with a sauce Robert or sauce piquante. The best poultry is reasonable in price, and, when purchased at the street stands, has not been for years so cheap. The prices given in this column include those of the most exclusive purveyors of the downtown market, whose clients demand the choicest products, such, for example, as Marland geese, which weigh, dressed, from 18 to 22 pounds. These are fed upon fresh pork scraps and Indian meal until a few days before being killed, when their diet consists exclusively of milk and meal. English hares are in market; unlike our own, they bear evidence of having been shot, and not trapped or snared. They are larger than our hares, and possess a distinctly game flavor. Competition and overproduction have greatly reduced the price of white Pekin ducks. These are specially fed, and are reared on farms of a capacity of from five to twenty thousand. They may now be purchased at from sixteen to eighteen cents a pound, as against twenty-two and twenty-four cents a short time since. The poultry markets are now at their apogee of abundance.

Philadelphia capons are 30 cents per pound; slips, 25 cents; Philadelphia spring roast chickens, 22 cents; broilers, $1.25 each; breakfast broilers, scalded, 15 cents per pound; ducks, 18 cents; Boston spring ducklings, 20 cents; Rhode Island turkeys, 35 cents; Philadelphia turkeys, 22 cents; rolling turkeys, 15 cents; roasting turkeys, 18 cents; wild turkeys, from 25 to 35 cents; Philadelphia fowl, 16 cents; State fowl, 14 cents; salad fowl, 12 cents; Philadelphia white squabs, $3.75 per dozen; dark squabs, $2.75; large yellow-leg snipe, $3.00; tame pigeons, $2; prairie chickens and grouse, $1.25 per pair; partridge, $1.50 per pair; ptarmigan, $1.25; quail, $2.75 per dozen; woodcock, $1.50 per pair; English snipe, $3 per dozen; corn snipe, 75 cents per dozen; golden plover, $3 per dozen; plover, 50 cents, 50 cents per dozen; reed birds, $1.50 per dozen; English wild ducks, $3 per pair; brant ducks, $1.50 per pair; green wing teal, 60 cents per pair; mallard ducks, $1.25 per pair; Havre de Grace canvasback ducks, $4 to $4.50 per pair; redheads, $2.50 per pair; blackheads, 80 cents per pair; rabbits, 50 cents per pair; squirrels, 25 cents per pair; English hares, $4 per pair.

The financial depression has had a debilitating effect upon the prices of hothouse vegetables. While common sorts will not vary much in cost, the hothouse and Southern products will probably be subject to wide fluctuations; consequently prices can only be given approximately, they may increase or decline from day to day. In fact, there is nothing more unstable than the quotations for market products of all sorts. Last spring the price of eggs declined 9 cents in a single hour. The vegetable market is almost as well supplied now as during the summer and with the same varieties, with the exception, perhaps, of asparagus, and even that will be on sale in a short time.

New string beans cost from $3 to $4 a crate; new beets, 60 cents per dozen bunches; New Orleans celery, 60 cents per dozen; Jersey celery, 50 to 75 cents per dozen roots; Southern cucumbers, 5 cents each; hothouse cucumbers, 15 cents each; hothouse lettuce, 87 cents to $1 per dozen heads; mushrooms, 60 cents per pound; Havana okra, 15 cents per dozen; green peas, $5 to $5.50 per crate; Havana green peppers, 87 cents per dozen; Bermuda potatoes, $7.50 to $8 per barrel; new white squashes, $2 to $2.25 per crate; native tomatoes, $2.50 to $3 per crate.

At certain hours of the day an interesting sight may be witnessed in Beekman street, near the Fulton Market. Crowds of Russian Jews are engaged in the purchase of fishes packed in ice and sold by the barrel. These are all inland sorts, principally yellow perch, and are retailed among the large Russian Jew population. Inquiry has failed to elicit the reason for this preference for fresh-water fishes. The Mosaic law forbids to the Jew only the eating of fishes without scales and fins. This new and very large demand may mean a drain upon our inland fisheries of no small moment.

There is little or no change in the price of meats. Roasting pigs cost $3 each; sweetbreads are $4 per dozen. Best butter is 31 cents a pound, and eggs 30 cents a dozen.

It appears to be the unanimous opinion of many accomplished writers who have recently given their attention to the subject, that the gastronomic arts have been steadily deteriorating during the past thirty years. On the one hand it is maintained that the old race of gourmets and gastronomic connoisseurs has disappeared; on the other that the women of the beau monde of to-day, unlike their predecessors, are absolutely ignorant of the principles of cookery. Then again, it is asserted, and without question it is the fundamental reason, that the almost universal use of the commercial extracts of beef as a basis for brown sauces, and of artificial coloring and thickening substances has wrecked the school of classical gastronomy. Before the introduction of the commercial and chemical products alluded to it was the practice in the great private and public kitchens of Continental Europe to boil down forty pounds of beef, or of veal, or of poultry, or of game, to procure one pound of concentrated essence as a basis for sauces. While such is still used in the preparation of soups, the chemical combinations have mainly taken the place of the old essences in the making of sauces. While their use has improved the average of cookery, inasmuch as it has made available cheap and easily manipulated substitutes, it has been fatal to the excellence of the grand cuisine. Thirty years ago it was possible to procure in this town at two or three restaurants a delicious sauce piquante. The concoction was then constructed upon correct principles: a strong stock reduced to a rich and unctuous glaze, as a foundation to which the other ingredients could be added. The required time. The sauce piquante of to-day is a very different production. Through the use of chemical substitutes, its making is a matter of only a few moments, and it is a near relative, apart from a slight acidity, to any other brown sauce which is commonly served. In the recipes which are occasionally printed, the use of these chemical substitutes is suggested, for the reason that the formulas are intended for people of moderate means; but whom cost need not be considered, they should never be employed.

DR. PAXTON'S WHISKERS.

It Was to Avoid Mistakes of Identity That He Parted with Them.

"I don't suppose that any one among Dr. Paxton's congregation knows that when he first went to Harrisburg to preach, and for a long time during his pastorate there, he wore a long and handsome beard," said a resident of Harrisburg, a member of the congregation to which Dr. Paxton used to preach in that city. "If any one of the Doctor's friends in New York does know that fact, I would be willing to bet that he doesn't know why the Doctor parted with his beard, of which he was extremely fond. I violate no confidence in telling why the pastor and his beard separated, for every one in Harrisburg knows the story.

"A certain citizen of Pennsylvania's capital, at the time Dr. Paxton lived there, bore a very striking resemblance to the preacher. The man was a painter by trade, and on the street dressed in sober black. His beard was his pride, and it was of the identical cut of Dr. Paxton's. He apparently was not aware of this fact, nor that he was the eloquent Doctor's double, for he did not know the preacher, not being himself in any way addicted to churchgoing. He was passionately fond, though, of the drama, and especially of that style of drama in which lovely woman, sparsely clad, is the leading feature. This style of dramatic art is popular in Harrisburg, especially during the sessions of the Legislature, it being an historic fact that matters of State calling for consideration at night sessions of Pennsylvania's lawmakers, are invariably deferred until another time, if on these nights, there is a leg show in town. This particular citizen I am speaking of never missed any exhibition of this kind, and one evening two of Dr. Paxton's friends—I won't say parishioners—happened to drop in at the opera house, where the drama was being put through its paces in an especially economical way as to female garb. They were in subdued enjoyment of the entertainment when one of them suddenly became pale and then red. He nudged his companion and whispered:

"'Goodness gracious! Look at the first row, end seat, of the orchestra circle!'

"The other man looked as requested. Then he in turn got pale and red.

"'Great Scott!' he said. 'Who'd have thought it. Let's get out before he sees us.'

"The two got up and, of course, surprised people by the haste they made in getting out of the house. In the course of a day or two certain circles were discussing with bated breath how Dr. Paxton had been seen at the opera house, occupying a front-row seat, and enjoying with unquestionable appreciation the most astounding exhibition that had ever been seen on the stage in Harrisburg. At the next show of the kind the man in sober black and the unmistakable beard was occupying the same seat, and again it was talked about that Dr. Paxton had taken in a leg show. The third time it went on until friends of the Doctor had resolved to speak to him about it and remonstrate with him, when one day a leading member of Dr. Paxton's church met, as he supposed, the pastor in a barber shop, and saluted him. To his surprise the pastor said:

"'You've got the best of me! I don't know you.'

"Explanations followed, and the Doctor's friend discovered how his double had been in the habit of unconsciously disgracing the popular preacher in a terrible light before his people. The friend offered the man $5 if he would have his whiskers shaved off, which was so wrathfully resented by the owner of the beard that the pastor's friend fled from the barbers shop in confusion. But he went straight to Dr. Paxton and informed him of the melancholy situation, and the Doctor restored the former status by promptly sacrificing his own fine crop of chin whiskers. And that is the reason that he wore only a moustache when he beamed for the first time on his New York congregation."

ITS DEN WAS NEAR THE CLUB HOUSE.

The Bear Weighed 350 Pounds, and Lew Boyd Killed It at Hartwood Park.

PORT JERVIS, Dec. 16.—The New York city members of the Hartwood Park Association who were telegraphed for by Lew Bord, superintendent of the park, to come up and help kill a big bear that had been so overconfident as to seek his winter quarters almost in sight of the club house at Hartwood are no doubt kicking themselves now because they did not respond to the summons, for they missed the greatest bear hunt that has been enjoyed in the Sullivan county woods for many a day.

Bears have been numerous in Sullivan county this season, owing to the profuse crop of chestnuts and beechnuts, and Lew Bord, who is an old and accomplished hunter of bruin, had been keeping his eyes open for one that would be available for sport for the members of the Park Association. Ten days ago he located a big fellow in Spruce Swamp, near Hartwood, where the bear had selected his wintering place. Boyd then sent word to several of the New York members of the club and to Judge W. H. Crane of Port Jervis. Judge Crane went to Hartwood, but none of the New Yorkers responded. Boyd, the Judge, and Miles Sturtevant started out on Wednesday morning after the bear. While Boyd followed the bear's trail into the swamp, Judge Crane and Sturtevant stood guard on likely runways to pop the bear over if he came out.

He did come out, but came out so scientifically that neither the Judge nor Sturtevant got a shot at him. He led the hunters a tortuous chase through the snow and thick brush to Wildcat Swamp. This swamp is only two miles from Spruce Swamp, but the bear twisted about so in his course that the hunters were two hours going the distance, and by that time the bruin was snugly stowed away in the depths of Wildcat. He was finally routed out, and got away from the hunters again, and took them by devious ways to Beaver Dam, where he fooled them again, leading them to Gray Swamp.

Although the hunt had been confined to a comparatively small area, the bear, true to the nature of his kind, had travelled by such crooked ways, and selected such rough and difficult ground to lead his pursuers over, that when he at last sought refuge in Gray Swamp night was falling. The hunters had followed him all day without getting a shot. Judge Crane had to come home on account of business, so they concluded to let bruin rest in the swamp for a couple of days. On Saturday the hunt was resumed. The hunters were on their way to Gray Swamp to give the bear another outing, but, to their surprise, found, as his tracks in the snow revealed, that he had come out of the swamp. He had crossed the Big Pond road and was travelling south.

The hunters followed the trail, and followed it until late in the afternoon, the bear having travelled to all points of the compass, making a track as intricate as a Chinese puzzle. Toward evening, though, they located the old chap on a ridge only a quarter of a mile from the Hartwood club house. The track led to a hole beneath the roots of a fallen tree and went no further. The bear had crawled into the hole and closed it with sticks and leaves, preparatory to dropping off into his long winter sleep. But his nap was disturbed by Lew Bord, who approached to a spot ready to shoot. The bear broke from his nest, but got no further. Boyd put a bullet between the big beast's eyes and bruin fell dead among the ruins of his home. It required the united strength of four men to pull the carcass out of the hole. The bear was brought to this place and weighed. Its weight was 351 pounds. It was purchased by Butcher Wollner, and bear steak has been common in Port Jervis this week.

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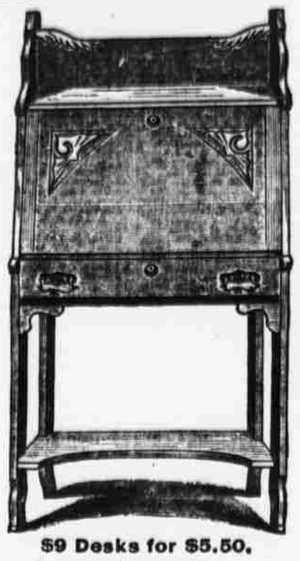

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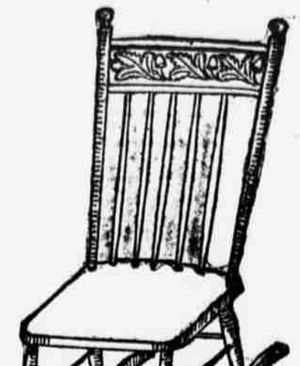

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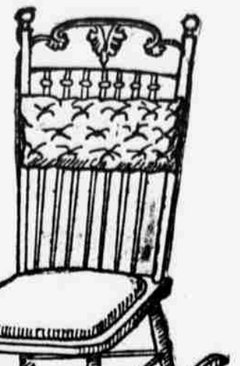

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MARKET, KITCHEN AND TABLE

PLENTY OF GOOD THINGS TO EAT AT PRICES LOWER THAN USUAL.

Great Fish Dealers Not Alarmed Over the Alleged Depletion of the Sea Fish Supply—Demand for Fresh-water Fish Among the Russian Jews—Shad in December, and Prices of Fish of All Kinds—Prices of Game, Fowl, Vegetables, Fruit, and Meats—Effect of the Use of Commercial Extracts Upon the Higher Gastronomic Art.

The conference in relation to our coast fisheries has not caused any depression of spirits among the great dealers. They are very practical men, and thoroughly informed as to the resources of the seas. The vast avenues of supply at their command cause them to regard with indifference what they consider merely a temporary decrease in the number of migratory fishes on our immediate coasts. As an instance of the steadiness of the supply of fishes, one of the large dealers says, in relation to halibut, that thirty years ago they came to market alive in the wells of smacks. When, through some vicissitude, a very large fleet simultaneously arrived, sometimes three weeks would elapse before its catch was disposed of. Now the same quantity will be sold before 10 o'clock in the morning of a single day. Notwithstanding the enormously increased demand which this fact would indicate, there is no diminution of the supply of halibut and the price is almost the same. This dealer states the decrease in the number of fishes in the bays and estuaries of our immediate coasts to the period when the edible sorts were put upon the land for fertilizing purposes. He gives one instance which came under his observation of a large field, near Newport, R. I., which was covered with very fine sea bass. It is not the professional fishermen who are so much to blame for the depletion of our coast estuaries and bays, but the farmers, who, when fishes were plentiful, used them as manure.

It is only comparatively a few years since the first shad came to market in March. They are now on sale and have been since the first week in December. Within thirty-six hours of their first appearance in the rivers of Florida they are obtainable in New York. This reveals how insignificant is the factor of distance to the supply of fishes. The shad now in market are very fine; the price will vary from day to day. Hard-shell crabs are also in great perfection. The discriminating amateurs