WAYS OF BEASTS IN THE FOREST

The Wary Wild Turkey Tricked by the Cunning of the Wildcat.

OLD ARMY MUSKET IN ACTION

The Ruffed Grouse's Queer Habit of Taking Headers Into the Snow.

"The cunning of the wildcat is well known to every woodsman who has had experience with that tactical beast, and as its range is from Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Mexico and from the Atlantic to the Pacific the woodsman who hasn't had experience with it would be a curiosity," said a man who has been about in the woods some himself. "While the wildcat has been known to attack and kill deer, particularly when pressed by hunger and the deer is handicapped by deep snow or snow surfaced by a hard and slippery crust, and while it has been charged with raids on sheep, its prey is naturally small animals and birds.

"In quest of squirrels or birds that nest in trees the wildcat will lie in wait for its prey as the domestic cat does for a rat or mouse at the mouth of its hole, but as a rule it wins its prey by careful stalking. No more remarkable example of its skill as a hunter is given by the wildcat than in its trailing of a brood of young wild turkeys.

"The wild turkey is itself about as wary a creature as lives in the woods, whether it is young or old, and this the wildcat seems to know. As soon as young turkeys are big enough and strong enough to be turned adrift by their mother to earn their own living the wildcat's mouth begins to water for them and it starts to use its cunning to capture a dinner from among them.

"A wildcat would stand but small chance of catching a young wild turkey by lying in wait for it or even crouching on a limb to pounce down on it, for the ever suspicious little fowl surveys its surroundings on every side, above and below, before and behind, with every step it takes and every mouthful it eats, and its eye is sharp and its hearing keen. The wildcat is well aware of the caution of the young turkey, but it has tactics of its own.

"Discovering a brood of the birds, instead of trying to keep its proximity a secret it takes just the opposite tack and is at pains to show itself as in the act of stealing upon them from the rear. That hurries the flock onward. They stop after putting some distance between them and the spot where they saw the wildcat in their wake and take a careful survey of the ground behind them to see whether their foe is still following. This is something the wildcat is calculating on and as it has been stealthily bringing up the rear under concealment of the underbrush it comes out into the open, sneaking out as if now was its chance to pounce upon its prey.

"That is the impression the wildcat wants the turkeys to get and they get it and go speeding along again to put distance between them and the wildcat. Having accomplished this to their satisfaction the turkeys tarry again, always keeping a watch to the rear to discover further signs of the wildcat. The wildcat appears again, sneaking out from a hiding place as before and sending the turkeys off again.

"The wildcat maintains these tactics until it has fixed it pretty well in the belief of the turkeys that all they've got to do is to keep far enough ahead of the wildcat to avoid danger. Then the wildcat sneaks off into the forest, leaving the retreating turkeys with the impression that it is still somewhere back there on their trail.

"The wildcat makes a circuit in the woods, comes out far ahead of the turkeys right in the path they are feeding along, and hides itself behind a log or rock or other obstacle near which the turkeys will by and by pass. The birds feed on their way, still keeping up the watch to the rear. After a while they come to the spot where the unsuspected foe is in hiding waiting their arrival. Suddenly there is a flash of a dark object through the air, a scuffle, a faint gobble and a scattering of the flock, and away bounds the artful wildcat with its dinner.

"If there is anything equal to lightning in quickness it is the spat of a wildcat's paw. Personally I know of several manifestations of this suddenness of the slap a wildcat can give with its paw, but nothing quite as extraordinary as the one that a big and ugly customer in the shape of one of these bobtailed beasts gave to Morris Treadwell, a hunter and trapper of Wayne county, Pennsylvania.

"Treadwell discovered this wildcat in a cave where it made its home, and took advantage of its being out foraging one day to slip a trap in the cave. The successful trapper for wildcats must use a trap of lightninglike capacity for springing, one that will close its jaws in the tenth part of a second being none too quick. That was the going off capacity of the trap Morris Treadwell set in the cave to catch the wildcat that dwelt there.

"The day after the trap was set the trapper found that it had been sudden enough to take hold of the beast, but it was caught only by the tips of the toes of one foot. As the wildcat must have stepped on the pan of the trap to be caught at all it was plain to Treadwell that the wildcat had been quick enough to discover its danger in time to withdraw all but the tips of the toes before the jaws of the trap closed.

"'That's about the suddenest thing I ever saw,' Treadwell remarked when the certainty of the cat's predicament presented itself, but he found out a few minutes later that it wasn't much better than child's work to what the cat really could do.

"As the hold the trap had on the wildcat was slight Treadwell concluded that it wouldn't be a very safe job to haul it out. So he went and got another trap of quicker springing yet than the one that had hold of the cat's toes, and setting it pushed it into the cave until it came within reach of the cat, knowing that the cat would instantly give it a slap with its paw and expecting, of course, to have it foul at the first clip.

"Sure enough when the lightninglike trap came within reach, spat went the wildcat's free forepaw. It struck the pan of the trap fair and square. Bing went the trap, but its jaws closed on nothing but air.

"Treadwell could hardly believe his eyes. But there could be no doubt about it, and again he set the trap and shoved it in for the cat to practise on some more. The animal spatted the pan again and the trap closed on wind, just as before.

"Eight times Treadwell tried the trap on the cat, and each time with the same result. The ninth time, though, the wildcat having been kept so busy at work that it had become tired, the jaws came together with the cat's leg between them. The cat wasn't so tired, though, notwithstanding it was handicapped by two traps, that it wasn't able to give Treadwell a fierce fight of a quarter of an hour before it was conquered.

"Ex-County Judge W. H. Crane of Orange county, New York, now of Brooklyn, and a true son of the woods, has figured out that while one may see a wildcat, or signs of one, at a certain locality on one ridge, say this week, and next week see what he naturally thinks is another one on a ridge eight miles or more from that spot, the chances are that the second one is the very one he saw first.

"'This,' says Judge Crane, 'is because in the wildcat we have a particularly strong illustration of the home loving trait in wild animals. Not that this wily creature clings to the hole in the rocks where perhaps it was born and does not care to wander from its own fireside, so to speak. The wildcat's home is its familiar range, and this may be a circuit of miles in extent.

"'Thus it is the habit of the wildcat to prowl about one locality a week or so, then change its base to another a long distance away, moving thus at intervals until it reaches the limit of its range, when it will move back again by the same slow degrees, sometimes on the opposite side of the circuit, until it is once more at the starting point. All our native wild animals are home lovers. That is, they are devoted to the locality where they may have been born or where they have come to early domicile, and in none of them is the trait more noticeable than in the wildcat.

"'The tantalizing nature of the wildcat makes the hunt for that eccentric beast the most interesting of pastimes to the man who can see and appreciate the ever varying tactics his game adopts to outgeneral him. A bear, a fox and every other wild animal of our woods except the wildcat will at once endeavor to reach its hole or other place of refuge when it hears the dogs on its track. It is just the opposite with the wildcat. So long as the dog is following this contrary creature will avoid its den.

"'The manœuvres of a wildcat when a dog is on its track indicate that instead of being irritated or harassed by the pursuer the cat is put in good humor. A dog on a wildcat's track shows to the extremest degree hatred of the beast he is pursuing and an uncontrollable desire to get at it. This is what seems to please the wildcat. To enjoy it to the utmost it never permits itself to get far ahead of the dog. A great deal of the time, in fact, it is behind him.

"'Forty yards is as far as a wildcat will keep the lead of a dog when it is taking the lead and then it will circle around and fall back in the rear, where in the cover of a thicket or behind a laurel bush or log or rock it will crouch and watch the excited, furious and impatient dog rave along on the trail, itself showing no trace of excitement or anxiety as to the outcome of the chase, manifesting rather a nonchalance that the popular notion of the wildcat's nature could never give it credit for.

"'When the dog has followed the track until the circuitous route has brought him once more behind the cat the latter will bound forward to the limit it permits itself to be in advance, circle back again, and from the vantage ground of the rear once more enjoy the dog's wild rage. These tactics the wildcat would keep up indefinitely, I suppose, if it were not that in the meantime the hunter may come up on the trail and bag the tantalizing game.

"'It sometimes happens that the dog tires of the aggravating tactics of the wildcat and quits the chase or goes off on some other trail. When the wildcat discovers this abandonment of the game it tarries no longer by the way.

"'The fun is all over for it and it bounds on in haste and does not stop until it has come to its den in the rocks, which is usually inaccessible to any living thing except one of the wildcat kind. When this situation comes to pass the hunter might as well give up the chase for the day.'

"The wildcat will follow the trail of hunters and trappers for the purpose in the one case of feasting on the carcass of a deer that may be killed and hung up in the woods and in the other case to locate the traps that are set to despoil the trapper of the animals that may be caught therein.

"I had the pleasure of once witnessing on a bright moonlight night and from behind a convenient tree a savage combat between two big wildcats. They were not thirty feet away in an open space in the woods and each seemed determined to fight to the death.

"They both did fight until death intervened, but the intervention came from a rifle bullet. At an instant when the two furious beasts were clinched close together I fired. The bullet entered the back of one cat's head, crashed through its brain and coming out at its nostril buried itself in the other cat's brain, killing them both at one shot."

BEARS WERE NOT THE POINT.

Yet They Did Figure in Col. Parker's Story in a Secondary Way.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Feb. 25.—"Although there wasn't a bit of doubt," said Col. Parker, "that bears had been tampering unduly with Simeon Spait's sheep, I tried to impress on his mind that bears were not the point of the argument that I set in to have with him. It was the gun I was talking about, the gun that Simeon was going out against the bears with that evening.

"It was an old army musket that Simeon's wife's father had hung on its peg a few days before he died, more than thirty years before, and which I didn't believe had been fired off since. To make sure I asked Simeon's wife. She said she didn't believe it had been shot off since the old man had taken it down that time and loaded it to kill a hawk; but the hawk wouldn't come near enough to be shot and so the old man didn't shoot it, and he hung the gun back on its peg.

"It stayed there, Simeon's wife said, until two or three years afterward and then Sim's brother Joe took it down and loaded it to kill a fox; but the fox got away and Joe didn't fire the gun. So it was put back on its peg again and hadn't been taken down since.

"This made the old gun a little more formidable yet to fool with than I had suspected. Jane's father had loaded it thirty years before and didn't fire it; Simeon's brother Joe had loaded it again three years later and hadn't fired it. Huh, huh.

"'And did Simeon load it for using this evening?' I asked Mrs. Simeon.

"She said yes, he had. And I hurried out to overhaul Sim and argue with him some more. I found him and his hired man all ready to go, the gun over Simeon's shoulder.

"'Sim,' said I, 'if you shoot that gun off it'll kick you worse than a team of mules could do it, acting their very best.'

"'But them bears,' Sim began; but I cut him off and said:

"'I haven't raised the question of bears, I said. 'Stick to the point. Kicking guns, not bears, is what I am talking about. I wouldn't be afraid of meeting half a dozen bears, but I'd be overpowering skittish of that gun. Mind what I tell you, Sim. The point is that if you fire off that gun it'll kick you worse than a team of mules doing their very best.'

"Sim tossed his head and said, 'Oh, you pshaw, Colonel!' And off he went with the gun and the hired man. I stopped on my way home and said to Simeon's wife:

"'Jane,' I said, 'if they fetch Sim home to-night somewhat unjointed and peeled like a spudded hemlock send for me and I'll explain how it happened.'

"'Oh, I guess the bears won't chaw and mummix him as bad as that, will they, Colonel?' said Jane; and that sort o' riled me, and I snorted out that I hadn't said a thing about bears, for bears wasn't the point.

"Guns was what I was arguing about, I said, and if Sim fired that one it would kick him worse than a team of mules; yes; worse than a drove of mules. And with that I went on, feeling all put out with them for their persistence in throwing up bears at me when I wasn't talking about bears but was trying to make guns the pertinent and particular point.

"Yet when I came to think it over I found that I shouldn't blame Sim and Jane so much for it after all, for bears certainly had been worrying them tremendous for some time back, and had played hob with things around the premises, and although hunters had sat up night after night watching for them to catch them at it they had failed. That was why Sim had made up his mind to go out himself with the old musket and see what he could do himself.

"This line of thought made me change my mind about going home, and I concluded that I had better go find Sim, where he was lying low in the sheep pasture, if I could, and renew the argument, thinking that perhaps I might be able to impress him with the point I wanted to make by fetching in the argument the facts about Jane's daddy having rammed a load in the gun and left it there, and Sim's brother Joe having rammed in a load on top of the old man's and left it there, and then referring to the load Sim himself had rammed in on top of his brother Joe's and the old man's, with the intention of not leaving it there.

"I had got pretty well on toward the sheep pasture lot fence when all of a sudden there was a flash that lit up the surrounding country for a second or two like sheet lightning, and then there was a rumble and a roar and a crish and a crash that shook all out of doors.

"I hurried on and met something tearing down the road like a runaway horse. I saw that it was Simeon's hired man. As he tore by he let go one big howl and roar, and all I could make out of it was:

"'Bears! Bears!'

"I tried to grab him and sock it into him that bears wasn't the point, but he was out of sight in less than no time. So I hurried on to find out whether there was enough left of Simeon to be open to conviction. I found him lying at one edge of the pasture groaning considerable and squirming and wigging and twisting. I hollered to him, and that brought him to sitting up, but it was maybe a minute before he came to himself enough to make out where he was. Then seeing me he managed to say:

"'Am I clawed and ripped much by 'em, Colonel?'

"Seeing that he was sticking to bears yet it nettled me again and I couldn't help but show it.

"'Ding take you, Simeon,' I said. 'Bears ain't the point. Did you fire that gun I was argying with you about?'

"'The heft of the evidence is, Colonel,' said he, feeling himself here and there, 'that maybe I did.'

"Then seeing that he was coming round to recognition of the real point of things I cooled down and said:

"'Where is it?' for I couldn't see anything of the gun anywhere about.

"'Seems to me,' said Sim reflectively, 'that I remember of its quittin' me, but I didn't have no time to foller it up to see where it was goin' to.'

"One side of Sim's face was puffed up like an aggravated case of mumps, and he didn't seem to have any use of his right shoulder. He said that from the way he was feeling on that side of himself he didn't think there was more than four ribs broken, although there might be five. Looking around I saw a panel of rail fence down, a rod or so behind where Simeon was sitting.

"'What did you tear that fence down for?' I asked him.

"He shook his head and said there wasn't no panel of fence down when him and the gun came in there, and he hadn't tore none down. Then I knew my argument about that gun had been based on the soundest kind of premises. It had not only acted on Sim like a team of mules doing their best, but it had kicked that panel of fence down.

"I followed the trail through the panel, and found a gulley ploughed in the road clear across it, six inches deep if it was an inch, and sort o' zigzaggy toward the woods on the other side of the road. I followed the gulley a rod or two into the woods, and there it ended, with the gun lying braced up against a hemlock tree, off of which it had knocked a chunk of bark big as a side of sole leather.

"I picked the gun up and went back to where Simeon was just getting to his feet. At the same time in came Jane and the hired man and we got Sim back home by relays. There wasn't a word said all the way in, but after Jane had done Sim up snug in rags and bear's lard and rattlesnake oil, there not being any ribs broken, much to my surprise she took up the argument again.

"'Who'd 'a' thought,' she began, 'that bears could have——'

"'Jane,' said Simeon, cutting in on her and talking the best he could through those swollen jaws of his, 'bears ain't the point. The point is that amazin' gun, an' when I git around again, if I ever do, I'm goin' to spike it and bury it down in the fur corner o' the old stone lot with stones on top of it three foot deep!'

"So, seeing that Simeon had come square around to the real point of the argument, I went home satisfied, feeling that all you have to do when you've got your points right is to stick to 'em and nothing can down you.

"Did Sim get any bears? Well, as I've been trying to tell you, bears wasn't the point, but I believe they did find a couple of bears in the sheep pasture next day. One of 'em, so they said, had a hole through him they could all but shove a stovepipe through, and out of the other, which must have been in range of the first, they took so much lead that I have an idea he must have stopped all of Simeon's load and all of Simeon's brother Joe's load and all of Jane's old pap's load, there being too much vim in the old gun for 'em to have time to stop in the first bear."

WAYS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

Why Does It Dive Into the Snow?—Fatal Liking for Apple Buds.

"The ruffed grouse has the peculiar habit of taking a header in newly fallen snow if it is deep enough and burying itself there," said a Pike county man. "I have never found anywhere in the books anything that would explain the bird's reason for the queer act.

"It is the opinion of some woodsmen that the grouse, or pheasant, as we call it, seeks in this way escape and refuge from prowling foes. It would seem, however, that if that was its purpose the bird subsequently defeats its purpose. The cunning fox, detecting the hole in the snow where the pheasant dived in, knows that the bird will come out sooner or later and simply waits for it; and how often he is right in his calculations is plainly indicated by a scattering of feathers and a few drops of blood on the snow where the bird emerged.

"If the pheasant sought the concealment of the snow to avoid the hunter it had discovered lurking or stealing along it would not burst from its fleecy cover as it does when it hears his footsteps approaching, thus giving him the shot he is seeking. Neither does it seem likely that the diving is done for protection against severe cold, for the diving is just as often done in mild winter weather as when it is very cold.

"Whatever the bird's reason may be, that it has the habit is well known to all woodsmen. The diving is done after a fall of dry, light snow and seldom in snow less than a foot in depth. The spot selected for the dive is usually a thicket, a clear space in proximity to the border of clump of laurels or where a vine has its tangle of roots and branches.

"The pheasant comes down into the snow with a swift slanting flight and disappears beneath it without scattering it, leaving a clean cut hole on the surface that seems scarcely large enough to have let the bird through.

"If safety from danger of any kind is the reason why the pheasant dives thus into the snow the bird frequently meets its fate nevertheless, for very often a snow such as that is followed by rain or sleet that freezes as it falls, forming a hard crust on the lately light and soft snow. Then unless the bird beneath can succeed in tunnelling to some protected spot where the snow has an edge or border beyond the reach of the crust formation the refuge will become the bird's sepulchre, for it cannot break through the crust that roofs the snow.

"I have known a pheasant by tunnelling beneath a roof crust such as this more than twenty feet to where the shelter of a vine or laurel clump or low growing fir branches had kept the snow comparatively free from the rain and sleet to gain exit to the open only to be met and seized there by a waiting fox. I have had the good fortune, however, to come more than once at the place where a pheasant had dived and become entombed by the crust with no hope of tunnelling out in time to dig through and release the bird and save it from the death that awaited it in its prison. Many a time, too, I have dug down into such a place to find the prisoner dead.

"As a boy, before the significance of killing game out of season and by unsportsmanlike methods was apparent to me, I waylaid many a pheasant at these diving places. But we used to get more of them by laying for the birds at budding time.

"The pheasant has a passion for the early spring buds on apple trees and will venture regularly into orchards an hour or so before sunset to make its evening meal on the sweet and tender buds. All we had to do was to hide somewhere within easy and sure gunshot of the trees in the orchards where the birds came to feed on the buds and wait their coming.

"The wait was seldom long. It was never fruitless, for the birds came to the orchards as regularly as the dusk approached, sometimes singly, sometimes two or three at a time. The crack of the gun would send them all whirring away, except the one that the gun got, but before long others would drop into the tree, or perhaps the same ones that had flown away would return.

"It was a poor hour's shooting in an orchard when the pheasants were budding that a gunner didn't bag a dozen or so of the birds. The pheasants did not cease their budding with the going down of the sun if the nights were moonlit, and so the shooting of them by the light of the moon was regarded as great sport."

KEEPS TAB ON FISH STORIES.

Englishman Is Compiling Authentic List of Record Catches.

Big fish records melt with astonishing swiftness before the investigating search of a certain correspondent of *Baily's Magazine*, an English monthly devoted to sport.

"Many years ago," writes the sceptical gentleman, "I began the compilation of a complete angling record. I read every book on fishing which came my way, and made careful abstraction of all the big fish of whose capture they gave details.

"I tabulated them according to species, weight, method of capture, date, and so on, rejecting tales which were obviously apocryphal, and verifying instance after instance by letters to the captors or to others whose testimony would be acceptable.

"I called that stage number one. Stage number two consists in bringing this up to date by careful examination of the sporting papers and taking from them anything which may be described as a record. This has been by far the most interesting and entertaining branch of my self-imposed duty.

"I tremble to think of the fishermen's yarns I have run to earth. It is one thing to read in the papers of a fifty pound salmon or a forty pound pike or a four pound roach, but it is quite another thing to believe it."

BUNGALOWS CAME FROM INDIA.

The Word Originally Was Bangla and Meant a Thatched Hut.

The word bungalow is an Anglo-Indian version of the Hindi bangla, which primarily means Bengali, or of Bengal, and is also applied to a thatched hut, says *Country Life in America*. It may be worth while to explain how this trivial and merely local name came to be fixed on the Englishman's house in India.

Early residents there, engaged in military, administrative or trading duties, lived a nomadic life for the greater part of the year in tents. And since there was nothing in the indigenous buildings of Bengal suited to their requirements their first dwelling houses, designed by themselves and built of materials at site, were naturally planned on the model of the Indian service tents to which they were accustomed—that is, a large and lofty room surrounded by double walls of canvas enclosing space between them, with partitions at two or more corners for bath or store rooms.

It is probable, indeed, that in the beginning the tent itself was occasionally covered with the sun proof thatch or bangla. The name and the thatch were all that were taken, and now the origin of the name is forgotten even by most Indians, who accept the resonant, trisyllabic bungalow as the Englishman's own name for his own peculiar house.

Passing of the Pronghorned Antelope.

From the Chicago Daily News.

The pronghorned antelope, an animal peculiar to North America, is in danger of extinction. This antelope, which has so many peculiarities that naturalists class it in a family by itself, once existed by thousands on the open Western plains. The naturalists of the country fear its absolute extinction in the near future unless protection is given to the few remaining.

In 1908 the biological survey estimated that the total number of antelopes in the United States had been reduced to 17,000. Of these about 10,000 were in Montana, Wyoming and the Yellowstone National Park, and the remaining 7,000 were distributed in twelve other States.

A 24 Pound Catfish on Hook and Line.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Arthur L. Zap and Dr. F. E. Hays of Louisville, Ky., while fishing to-day in the Bogue Falay River, landed a twenty-four four pound "little blue" catfish. Considering that the catch was made with rod and line, and that the fish, which is an unusual member of the catfish family, is seldom found in these waters, the captors are proud of their prize.

PENMANSHIP OF THE AGES

AN EXHIBITION OF ANCIENT AND MODERN HANDWRITING.

Babylonian Cylinders the Beginning of the Evolution Whose Progress Is Shown by the Collection at Teachers College—The Literature of Writing.

The exhibit of penmanship now on view at the educational museum of Teachers College, Columbia University, is of unusual interest. The thousand or more pieces taken from the library of George A. Plimpton illustrate the historical development of penmanship.

A first glance around the big exhibition room amazes the ordinary visitor; handwriting takes on a new importance. That the art is of long lineage is exemplified in cases I. and II., where the early stages of writing are illustrated by Babylonian cylinders and disks, scarabs and seals dating from about 2500 B. C. to 500 B. C., by pieces of early Egyptian papyrus and by bone styluses for use on wax tablets.

There are many interesting exhibits, put here not because of chronological sequence but because of rarity, such as the only copy in existence of the first edition of the first English book on writing ever printed. It was printed on wooden blocks in 1570 by John De Beau Chesne and John Baildon of London. The first book on penmanship printed in Venice, Italy, is dated 1514, beginning: "Prae clarissimus liber elementorum litterarum excellentissimi Sigismundi de Fantis. * * *"

The manuscript entitled "Calligraphia, autore Giraldo Fernandez de Prado. Lisbao, 1560," and Antonio Schiratti's original unpublished manuscript with its set of elaborately drawn figured initials are among the manuscripts illustrative of early work, others of which are a beautifully written Latin grammar in the original Italian binding, of about 1480; a manuscript copy of the Koran of the seventeenth century written on Persian and ornately bound in lavender and gold; a French manuscript of about 1600; examples of monastic and scholastic writing on parchment and vellum of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, on some of which the accurate ruling off and careful calculation for the letters can still be distinguished.

In this division of rare works is shown an interesting American book, the ninth edition of George Fisher's "The American Instructor: or the Young Man's Best Companion," which was printed on Benjamin Franklin's press in Philadelphia in 1748. The first horn book sold in this country Mr. Plimpton recently bought in Boston. Hearing in advance of the sale and being told it was probably worth $5 he was prepared to pay $200 and got it for $40.

The examples of the so-called legal hand of the seventeenth century entirely used by law clerks and so complicated as to contain no less than six set forms for the letter E, is illegible to the average modern eye. In this division Mr. Plimpton has placed the copy and copy book used by his mother, on the title page of which is the inscription elaborately and painstakingly lettered "Priscilla G. Lewis, 1835."

In separate cases the chronological development of the art in various countries is shown. The English examples go back as far as 1622, when William Comley published his "A New Copy-Booke of All the Most Usuall English Hands," and includes the work of all the best known penmen of England during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Some of the titles are very interesting, as the copy book printed in London in 1656, which is intended to "set forth for the benefit of poore schollers where the master hath not time to set copies," supplemented with quaint pictures of the "schollers" busily at work.

"Round Hand A la Mode" has a present day flavor to its title and "Calligraphotechnia," published by Richard Gething in 1642, adds a scientific touch. Edward Cocker, who published among many treatises on writing "The London Writing Master or the Schollars Guide" (1652) and "The Young Clerk's Tutor, Enlarged," was also author of Cocker's arithmetics. Many of these old time penmen were also arithmeticians, as specializations in study had not yet arrived.

Of Col. John Ayres, one of the most famous writing masters of England, is exhibited his first work, the "Accomplished Clerk" (London, 1682-83), containing twenty-five plates engraved by Sturt, the best engraver of writing at that time in England, who in turn taught the art of engraving to the famous George Bickham, whose "Universal Penman" (1733) and "Useful Penman" (1751) contain the work of the best known penmen of that time. In 1695 Ayres published his "Tutor to Penmanship"; in 1700 his "Paul-school Round Hand."

Among the works of other famous penmen are "The Penman's Diversion," John Clark, W. M. (1708); "Essay in Writing," published by John Bland while serving as writing master in Mr. Watt's academy; Joseph Champion's "New and Compleat Alphabet" (1794), "Engrossing-hands for Young Clerks" (1757), and the "Young Penman's Practice" (1760) and J. Radcliffe's "The British Youth's Instructor in Penmanship" (1800). Many examples of pen drawing are shown, including a curious pen portrait of King George IV.

In the German case the earliest specimens are a manuscript of seven pages on vellum, dated 1550, by Stroebel, and one by Thomas Lucker of Nürnberg, dated 1577. Valentine Lohngott, who wrote the "Writing and Arithmetic Master," dated 1609, was another of the general scholars who numbered penmanship as but one of their many accomplishments. Johann Friedrich Stäpsen, a famous German teacher of about 1800, wrote several works on penmanship, among which is exhibited his "Schreibmeister" (1734). Two beautifully illuminated manuscripts on vellum are exhibited of the work of Hieronymus Tochtermann, an unusually accomplished penman of the early eighteenth century, and several finely engraved specimens of Dutch, German and Latin hands, printed in Germany in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Among the works of the best known writers of Holland is the manuscript of the book on penmanship by Coppernol containing the autograph "Coppernol scripsit." This man, whose portrait by C. de Vischer is also shown, was a famous engraver and a friend of Rembrandt, who painted several portraits of him.

The exhibit includes George Carpentier's "Exaemplar Boeck," engraved by Coppernol (Amsterdam, 1540); a small manuscript containing some excellent specimens of Dutch caligraphy (1787); a manuscript on paper by Guillaume Beecke (1597); Jadocus Hondius's collection of the penmanship of different countries (Haarlem, 1591-1614); a work by Jan van den Velde (Amsterdam, 1605); the works of Ambrosius Perlingh (Amsterdam, c. 1682); an interesting Dutch book in which the specimens of writing are engraved from right to left (1739), and a curious ink filled specimen of pen work by Schotter (1776).

As mentioned above, the first work printed on penmanship is the Italian one of Sigismund de Fantis (Venice, 1514). In the Italian case appears the "Lo presente libro insegna la vera arte delo excellente scriviere" (Venice, 1560) of Giovanni Taglienti, a well known writer in Italy in the early sixteenth century on both arithmetic and penmanship.

Even earlier is the exhibited book beginning "Incipit liber primus elementorum litterarum Ioannis Baptistæ Verinis" (1526). The earliest of the three exhibited books of Giovanibattista Palatino, dated 1540, has the title "Libro nuovo d' imparare e scrivere tutee sorte lettere antiche et moderne di tutte nationi, con nuove regole misure, et essempi." Among the other works shown are "Il Secretario di Marcello Scalzini" (1587), the "Opera di Frate Vespasiano" (1555 and 1580), and a manuscript of the sixteenth century.

One of the most interesting features in the French and Belgian division is a specimen of the handwriting of Napoleon III. as a child, consisting of a copy of some model writing, which evidently did not come up to his teacher's expectations, for across the sheet is written "mal écrit." Of importance is the little book by Innocent Ringhieri, which appeared in 1557, and which holds its place of interest because it was the first book to be published with characters printed to imitate handwriting, the characters being invented by the publisher, Robert Granjon.

Here also are exhibited "Le Paranimphe de l'Escriture"; François Desmoulin (Lyon, 1644); a book on penmanship by Jean Leclerc (1615); Alais's "L'Art d'Ecrire" (Paris, 1680); a Belgian edition of George Carpentier's Dutch work on penmanship, and one of Jan van den Velde's "Thresor Literaire" (1621), and a French edition (1828) of the English work on penmanship by Carstairs.

Of the Spanish and Portugese works the most important are two editions of Juan de Yciar Vizcayno's "Libro subtilissimo por el qual se ensena a escreuir" (1564 and 1566); two editions of Francisco Lucas's book on handwriting with the title "Arte de Escrevir" (Madrid, 1577 and 1608); Don Torquato Torio's "Arte de Escriber" (Madrid, 1798) and an engraved copy of the work on writing by Manoel de Andrade de Figuerircdo (1718). "The Universal Penman," with the title "El Pendolista Universal," by G. W. Halsey and Brothers, was printed in Portuguese in 1838.

The American portion of the collection is the most complete five cases, containing examples of practically all the writing and copy books published in the United States. Among the early books may be mentioned a manuscript copy by Benjamin Webb (1800), a copy book of William Peabody, son of the founder of the Boston banking house of Kidder, Peabody & Co., dated 1811; Bingham's "Round Text Copy" (c. 1803), Howard's "Large and Small Copies" (1803), Perkins and Fairman's "Copies" (1800), Allison Grifford's "A New Plan of Writing Copies" (Boston, 1810); Joseph Champion's "Penmanship" (Philadelphia, 1808), an American edition of the English penman's works; Henry Dean's "Analytical Guide" (New York, 1808), "Universal Penman" (New York, 1808), and "Large Text Words" (New York, 1808); "The Writing Reader," T. Gilbert and F. Prass (New York, 1858); the "Self-Taught Penman, in Thirty Lessons" (1818); Davison's "Self-Instruction" (1841), Towndrow's series of 1839 and the Columbian series.

Very curious is the series for women in this collection, in which a particularly fine hand, evidently deemed more suitable, is shown. These include "The Young Ladies Penman" (1833), James French's "Ladies Copy Book" (c. 1830), Cook's "Ladies and Secretarial Hands" (1837), Knapp and Richtmeyer's "Ladies Epistolary Penmanship" (1853).

Only a few of the journals on penmanship are exhibited on account of lack of room. But three cases are given over to a collection of copy books, beginning with one of 1821 and closing with the most recent works of 1911. The modern copy book case contains a complete set of copy books by the well known writing teachers Payson, Dunton and Scribner, and an extensive exhibit of the work of Spencer, originator of the Spencerian system.

An individual case is given over to the display of autographs and pen work of the best known American calligrapher of the nineteenth century. "I am very nervously," H. W. Flickinger has subscribed himself. A pen drawing of Lincoln is one of the curious specimens.

The case of best known books on the teaching of penmanship contains "The Origin and Progress of Letters," W. Massey (London, 1763); "The Origin and Progress of Writing," Thomas Astle (London, 1784); "Lectures on the Art of Writing, Invented and Perfected," by James Henry Lewis (seventh edition, London, 1816). This last is particularly interesting because it was really Lewis's system that Carstairs adopted and made famous, the American apostle of it being B. F. Foster.

Also exhibited are "The Art of Writing," J. Carstairs (seventh edition, London, 1837); "Practical Penmanship, being a Development of the Carstarian System," B. F. Foster (Albany, 1830) and of which a fundamental feature was tying back the fingers with a ribbon; Wrifford's "Chirography for the Use of Schools in the United States" (Concord, 1833); "The Elements of Analytical and Ornamental Penmanship," C. W. Bazeley (second edition, Philadelphia, 1822); "Conjectural Observations on the Origin and Progress of Alphabetic Writing," (London, 1772); "Art of Writing," John Jenkins (Cambridge, 1813); "A Complete System of Scientific Penmanship," Adam William Rapp (Philadelphia, 1832).

Rapp was the first to advertise speedy improvement in handwriting of pupils. He guaranteed a perfect hand in six lessons, and there are many specimens exhibited of his before and after examples of handwriting of pupils, by which he showed the merits of his system. "We here present," he writes in his book, "to put in so simplified a form as to enable heads of families to acquire and communicate it to their children with the utmost facility, forming rather an evening's amusement or the agreeable recreation of a few days than a dry and toilsome study."

The whole exhibition in its completeness, even though lack of space has prevented the display of Mr. Plimpton's entire collection, is enough to bewilder the ordinary visitor who has never before appreciated all that the word penmanship implies.

Sardines as Pickerel Bait.

Conesus Lake correspondence Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Ralph Boothe of Groveland claims the record for pickerel fishing at Conesus Lake this winter, landing nine big fellows in two hours time. The most remarkable feature of the catch was the bait that Boothe used. He had nothing suitable to put on his hook when he reached the lake, so he bought a can of sardines at Sutton's Hotel and tried the oily fish. The pickerel seemed to relish the sardines thoroughly and Boothe was the gainer as a result.

Big catches of perch are brought to Geneseo and disposed of at the meat markets here daily and not a few individuals from here are going over to the lake every few days and replenishing their own private larders. The perch fishing is the best enjoyed so far this season.

A Woman Guide of Maine.

From the Kennebec Journal.

Maine's famous woman guide, Fly Rod Crosby, was a visitor in Old Town last week for the first time for many years, having spent most of the time with the Penobscot tribe of Indians.

She is now unable to hunt and fish as she used to, but she retains all her old cheerfulness, wit and strong personal qualities, which have gained her hosts of friends. She is greatly interested in the welfare of the Penobscot Indians, from whom she learned many of the tricks of woodcraft and of the traits and characteristics of animals which have been of such value to her in her woods experiences.

A REMARKABLE MENU.

It Reads Like a Zoo Catalogue Plus Cats and Rats.

Diners at Voisin's in Paris, that dignified and famous old house looking out on the Rue Saint Honoré, its windows curtained with lace and its entrance with a decorous air, have been treated to many culinary surprises, but none greater perhaps than that on Christmas, 1870, the ninety-ninth day of the siege, when Paris was at her wit's end to provide food for her hungry inhabitants.

During the Commune some of the fiercest combats were waged in the Rue Saint Honoré. The regulars fought their way from hotel to hotel down this narrow street to turn the positions taken by the Communists in the Champs Elysées and the Jardins du Tuileries. The British Embassy had been transformed into a hospital and many of the houses had been burned, others showed the marks of resisting the bombardment, and Voisin's shared the general battered look.

Voisin's has always had a great name among statesmen and diplomats, partly because of its nearness to the embassies. Even now one sees many elderly statesmen there rubbing elbows with the jeunesse. The gray haired distinguished looking proprietor usually makes the rounds of the tables among the regular customers saying a word of welcome to every one. A dinner which was in every detail a replica of the famous one in 1870 was given recently.

Here is a translation of the original menu:

Hors d'Œuvre.
Butter. Radishes. Donkey's Head Stuffed.
Sardines.
Soups.
Puree of Red Beans aux croutons—Elephant Consomme.
Entrées.
Fried Gudgeon. Roast Camel. Jugged Kangaroo.
Bear Cutlets.
Roasts.
Haunch of Wolf. Cat garnished with Rats.
Cress Salad. Potted Antelope with Truffles.
Mushrooms. Petits Pois.
Sweets.
Rice Pudding with Preserves.
Gruyère Cheese.
Wines.

First Service:	Second Service:
Xeres.	Mouton Rothschild, 1846.
Latour Blanche, 1861.	Romanée Conti, 1858.
Château Palmier, 1864.	Bollinger Frappé.
	Grand Porto, 1827.

"One of the results of the Commune was the selling, at public auction I believe," writes a correspondent of the *Epicure*, "of animals in the zoo, and these were eagerly purchased by the management of Voisin's, for meat was so very scarce that, without these additions to the larder the patrons on Christmas Day would have fared scantily indeed.

"Possibly one might not be in sympathy with the menu as a whole, but in these experimental days, when dinners are given by societies of hunters of big game and by natural history societies where freak foods are often found upon the menus, Voisin's Christmas dinner does not sound so weird in comparison.

"Those who were privileged to taste its replica last month pronounced everything delicious—save the cat. That they did not sample; but one who did pronounced it to be as delicate and more tender than rabbit; and a man who has eaten stewed rattlesnake in the West and skunk in a Canadian forest spoke well of the rats, which he said reminded him of muskrat, only with a more delicate flavor."

ANTELOPES IN KANSAS.

Great Herd Seen by a Traveller on the Salina River Valley.

From Forest and Stream.

In the summer of 1873 with a companion I took a river boat at Prairie du Chien and went down to Burlington, Ia. From Burlington I went west to Salina, Kan., on the Kansas Pacific—or buffalo route—thence I went on foot up the Salina River, a long, hot walk of about forty miles to the northward.

I saw great high points of bare rock with the country rising on either side into great divides. I came to a great sheep ranch and saw herders sitting about on their horses with rifles in hand protecting the sheep from coyotes.

As I came out into the more open country I could see thousands of what I supposed were sheep, but could see no herders and as I wondered at this I saw one of the animals running past at short range and for the moment it looked like a small deer. Then it came to my mind it was an antelope.

For me to undertake to give numbers is useless, as there were bands of hundreds as far as the eye could survey and here in this clear atmosphere that meant many miles. One would suppose that such numbers could never be killed off. Yet like a mist they have faded away before the white man's smoke and gone with the red man to the plains beyond.

The Mexican Dwarf Deer.

From Forest and Stream.

While hunting in Durango, Mexico, last spring I learned some facts as to the natural history of the whitetail deer of that region, which were so surprising to me that they appear to be worth noting in print.

These deer are dwarfs, a full grown male weighing probably less than 100 pounds. In fact when running at full tilt through the chaparral they very much resemble jack rabbits. They subsist entirely upon the leaves of the manzanita and the acorns of the live oak. The latter are swallowed whole, but my surmise is that they are thoroughly masticated upon regurgitation.

Why these animals should be so diminutive in a land abounding in food and water and why their habits should be so different from those of their Northern congeners is surely a puzzle.

Treed Lion Tied by Hunter.

Spokane correspondence of Portland Oregonian.

Because he had forgotten his "climbers" C. E. Ordish, Montana lion hunter, had to walk back five miles after them through the snow to Libby, Mon., yesterday before he could climb a tree, rope and capture a lion which his dogs had tracked.

Leaving his dogs he walked five miles to Libby and returned with A. G. Beager, Fred Bockman and Dr. Auld. Mr. Ordish climbed the tree, roped the lion, tied its legs together and dropped the end of the rope to the ground. It was brought to earth, where a collar and chain were put around its neck and the trio started for the sleigh, one of the men holding the animal by the chain and collar, another by the hind feet and the third man held the rope around the body. A cage was made when they reached Libby. Mr. Ordish has captured sixteen lions alive thus far.

He Disturbed the Salmon.

From Truth.

Some queer charges are brought from time to time in the police courts in connection with game and fish preservation, but that brought against a collier at Cockermouth seems to be unique. The man was charged with disturbing salmon on their spawning beds by walking up and down the river banks.

It was stated in evidence that the fish were so numerous that some of them had been driven right into the side to spawn, and that they ceased if anybody stood on the bank and looked at them. This sounds rather like a scientific fairy tale, but the Magistrates believed it and fined the collier 15s for prying into the domestic affairs of the Salmonidae.

Swift Three Legged Fox.

From the Kennebec Journal.

John Davis shot a three legged fox on the East Mountain, Bennington, the animal in spite of the handicap of a missing front foot giving the hound a chase of over two hours before it crossed the hunter's path and was killed.

The fox had evidently been caught in a trap some time ago. Just how long it had been travelling the mountains on three feet could not be determined, as the stump of the leg was perfectly healed and was covered with fur.