A BIG MINING CAMP.

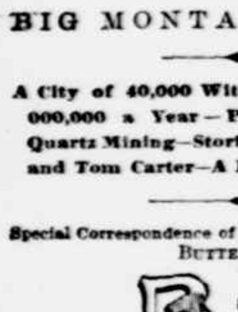
A Look at Butte City, the Wealthiest Town in the Union.

BIG MONTANA MINES.

A City of 40,000 With a Pay Roll of $10,000,000 a Year—Placer Mining Versus Quartz Mining—Stories of Senator Sanders and Tom Carter—A Look at Great Falls.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

BUTTE CITY, April 15, 1893.



BUTTE CITY IS THE greatest mining camp in the world and there is no city like it in the universe. Montana has given more than $400,000,000 worth of precious metals to humankind, and in the neighborhood of $40,000,000 a year are shipped away from this state. It has more minerals perhaps than any other state in the Union, and this city of Butte makes about $20,000,000 annually out of mining. It is one of the queerest cities I have ever visited. If you could sail up into the air a mile above the sea level you would be within 600 feet of the altitude at which these people live the year round. The town is located right up in the mountains, and on all sides great peaks rise upward and the sides of the hills are lined with vast smelting furnaces, which pour out day and night a sulphurous smoke. A large part of the production here is copper, and the copper ore has to be roasted in order to get the sulphur out of it in its reduction. The result is that the air is filled with brimstone.

These sulphurous fumes are so great that they destroy the vegetation. The grass never grows here. The flowers never blossom and the trees have long since shed their leaves for good. Until a few years ago no one supposed that Butte would be a permanent city, and the people built houses only with the idea of leaving them when the mines were played out. Of late, however, it has become evident that this will always be a great mining center. The Anaconda mines, the largest copper veins of the world, have enough ore in sight to last for ninety years, and the other copper and silver mines here seem inexhaustible. The result is that Butte City is now founded on a substantial basis. It has a population of about 40,000

IN THE MINES.

people, and it has substantial business blocks which pay a better interest on their investment than the average of business property anywhere in the United States. Rents are high in Butte and business buildings bring in from 15 to 25 and 40 per cent on the investment. There is probably no city in the United States that does so large a business in proportion to its population as Butte and there is none which has so big a pay roll. Nearly a million dollars in wages are paid here every month, and the lowest wages are $2.50 a day for eight hours' work. The smelters turn out about $30,000,000 worth of ore in a year, and day and night, week day and Sunday, the streets are jammed with people. The majority of them are miners, but you see many well-dressed men and fine-looking women. Butte has a very cultured society, as well as a decidedly wicked one, and there are churches and Sunday schools, literary societies and Chautauqua circles as well as the mining accompaniments.

SOMETHING ABOUT MONTANA MINES.

Disreputable places are, however, decreasing every year, and Montana will eventually come down to a solid business basis. The mines are rapidly going into the hands of big capitalists. Placer mining could be done by any one, and the millions that were taken out of the state in the latter part of the sixties and in the seventies were largely panned out of placer diggings. Right here at Butte City about $8,000,000 were taken out in this way before they began to work the quartz, and one claim which sold for $200 netted the purchaser $250,000. Another claim near this produced $1,000 a day for a long time, and one man found a nugget which was worth $1,800. At this time water was very scarce in some of the claims and fortunes were made in selling water. I talked with an old miner yesterday who said that he had to give up a mine because it cost him $240 a day for water to work it, and though it eventually panned out well he could not afford to wait. Another man told me that he used to get $8 a day for working in the mine at this time, and that he thought he was doing well until he found he had to pay a dollar apiece for eggs and $100 for a sack of flour. The most of the placer mining of today is done by Chinamen, and you find these pig-tailed, almond-eyed,

ENTRANCE TO DRUMLOMMON MINE.

yellow-skinned mortals washing gold everywhere you go. They herd together in little cottages and every one of these Rocky mountain towns has its Chinese quarter. There are about a thousand in Helena and a great number in Butte City. While I was in Great Falls one attempted to enter the town and was put out by a mob.

QUARTZ MINING.

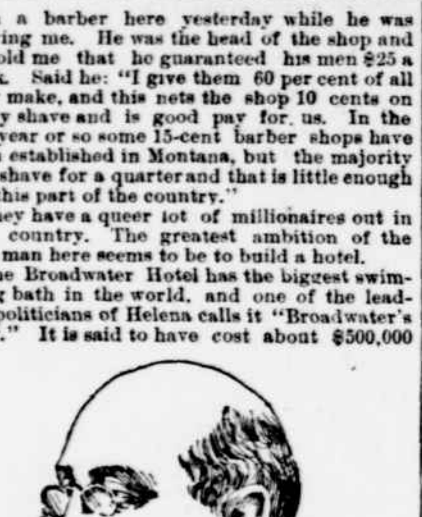
The chief mining now done is quartz mining, and it takes a fortune to develop these mines. The result is that the best mines are owned by wealthy men or by large corporations, and mining is as systematically done here as any great business of the east. The very best of machinery and the most costly is used and every mine has skilled scientists connected with it. High wages are paid and you will find as finely cultured men at the head of these mines as you can find in any of the clubs of Boston or New York. Think of a mine like that of the Anaconda, which has actually expended $40,000,000 in ten years, and you get some idea of Montana mining. The smelters of Butte turn out about $25,000,000 worth of metal a year, and the Butte mines during the last ten years have turned out considerably more than $100,000,000 and have paid more than $50,000,000 in dividends.

BANKING AND INTEREST IN MONTANA.

You would think with all this that there was plenty of money in Butte and that you could borrow it for nothing. The truth is that the bankers get from 10 to 12 per cent throughout this whole region with gilt-edged security and that 15 per cent is not uncommon. The most of the men I have met claim to be making money, and quite a number of the eastern men told me that they would not stay here unless they could make it. I find the necessaries of life which are sold in the stores not much different than those of the east and the cost of the same things in the east, and the only thing that seems to be high is labor. I saw pantaloons in a store in Anaconda the other day with the price mark of $1.50 on them, and it would seem to me that a place where a man can make $2.50 a day and can buy his trousers for $1.50 ought to be a good one. Servant girls get from $20 to $30 a month here and it costs you 25 cents for a shave. I chatted with a barber here yesterday while he was shaving me. He was the head of the shop and he told me that he guaranteed his men $25 a week. Said he: "I give them 60 per cent of all they make, and this nets the shop 10 cents on every shave and is good pay for us. In the last year or so some 15-cent barber shops have been established in Montana, but the majority still shave for a quarter and that is little enough for this part of the country."

They have a queer lot of millionaires out in this country. The greatest ambition of the rich man here seems to be to build a hotel.

The Broadwater Hotel has the biggest swimming bath in the world, and one of the leading politicians of Helena calls it "Broadwater's folly." It is said to have cost about $500,000



MILLIONAIRE BROADWATER.

and is built over some hot springs, which are about four miles from Helena. Every room has hot mineral water in it and the bath tubs are of solid porcelain and cost $250 apiece. It has a swimming pool which covers three-quarters of an acre and it takes a half acre of cathedral glass to roof it. It is surrounded by a conservatory of trees and this big acre bath tub contains from two to eight feet of hot water.

SOME STORIES OF MILLIONAIRE BROADWATER.

Col. Broadwater was one of the curious characters of this region. He died worth several millions not long ago and he was interested in nearly everything of note in Montana for years. He was in New York at about the time of the Baring Brothers' failure and he grew disgusted at the lack of attention which he received from the capitalists there. One day he said: "I am going home. Every one knows here that I am worth over $2,000,000 and I can't for the life of me borrow $100,000. I am going back to Montana, where money means something," and he went.

Broadwater was bow-legged and this makes me think of a story I heard yesterday of the feud between Maj. Maginnis and Senator Sanders. Sanders and Maginnis have at different times in their lives been opposed to each other and Sanders sometimes makes remarks about Maginnis which are by no means complimentary. Not long ago he was speaking of Maginnis as a politician and he said: "Maj. Maginnis is all things to all men, in order that he may deceive them. He is a republican to a republican, a democrat to a democrat, a Presbyterian to a Presbyterian, and, by Jove, he is even bow-legged to Broadwater."

By the way, I understand that Senator Sanders will settle down to his law practice in Helena. He has a big practice and he has made two or three fortunes at the law. He is not a great accumulator and he spends nearly all he makes. He is interested in some mines which may turn out well and he owns a fine brick residence in Helena which overlooks the city.

WHAT TOM CARTER IS DOING.

Mr. Thomas A. Carter, who was at the head of the republican national committee last year, has left Montana for a trip throughout Washington state with Congressman John L. Wilson of Spokane, and the two will probably investigate some of the new enterprises of Puget sound and may make some investments in that region. Carter is well-to-do. He has a fine house in Helena, which he keeps up, though during the past four years he has spent the most of his time in the east. He is worth something over a hundred thousand dollars, and he has a father-in-law worth over a million. He is a jolly good fellow and does not lie awake at night thinking about President Harrison and his unfortunate campaign. I met Mr. Carter during my stay in Helena and I asked him if he ever made any money in mining.

"No," he replied. "I own lots of mining stock, but I never made anything to speak of out of mining, except once, when I cleared about $7,500 in a few days. There was a mine owned by some parties for whom I was the attorney. They had spent all their money in putting down the shaft and had struck nothing. At last the chief owner came to me and begged me to lend him some money on the stock. I

BROADWATER'S BIG BATH TUB.

told him I could not do it. He then wanted me to buy some of the stock and finally offered it to me at 50 cents on the dollar. I took it and the next day they struck a big lead. The ore assayed at $700 per ton and it was thought we had a great find. I sold out my stock for $7,500 profit and went off and got married. The lead panned out well for a few days and it was then found to be only a great boulder of silver and when they went through that that, was the end of it. The result was that when I came back from my wedding journey you could buy the stock for nothing and I was the only man who made any money out of it."

A LOOK AT GREAT FALLS.

I spent several days at Great Falls, Montana. Have you ever heard of it? It is a half day's ride north of here at the head of navigation of the Missouri river, and it is the newest of the promising cities of Montana. It is only four years old, and it contains about 10,000 people. It covers enough ground for a city of 50,000, but it grows like a green bay tree and it promises to be the largest city between Spokane and St. Paul. The town has one of the greatest water powers of the world. The Missouri river here jumps downward in a series of falls more than 500 feet in a distance of ten miles and goes seething and foaming on to the sea. It has great coal beds near it, and these are, I am told, owned almost wholly by Jim Hill, the railroad magnate, who has done more than anybody else in pushing it for all he is worth. His town-site company laid it out, and it is said that they have reserved a certain number of lots in all parts of it they are bound to make a fortune out of their sale. The coal fields already net Mr. Hill, I have been told, something like a quarter of a million dollars yearly, and he is interested in many of the institutions of the city. Great Falls has a rich agricultural region about it. It is near the richest mines and it has two railroads and expects a third this summer. A baby city of four years it has a bank building that cost $150,000, the interior of which is lined with marble, and it has an opera house, just completed, which cost $50,000, and will seat 1,200. All of its houses are lighted by electricity furnished by the water falls, and it has electric car lines and great smelting works in which electricity is being used to separate the gold, silver and copper. Senator Washburn is, I think, interested in the big Washburn elevators and flouring mills which have recently been built there, and the people of Great Falls believe that it will be a sort of Pittsburg of the west. The population of the town is made up of young men from the middle and eastern states, and I met many young fellows who told me that they were making money. One young New Yorker was building houses which he said he could rent at about 15 per cent on the investment and which he could usually sell at a profit.

STOCK RAISING IN MONTANA.

A great many sheep are owned about Great Falls and I found a number of men who "had gone" as they say here—"into sheep." Sheep raising is in fact taking the place of stock raising in the northwest, and there are men here who own tens of thousands of sheep. The climate and grass of Montana are said to make the best of mutton, and the wool clip of the state will this year come close to 12,000,000 pounds a year. The country about Great Falls is good for grazing and much of it will be improved by irrigation. Within a radius of one hundred miles of Great Falls it has been pretty well taken up, but I am told that there is still a great deal of good land in Montana, and the people say that in the interior of the state are great valleys that are as yet undiscovered by and untrodden by the farmer and untouched by the plow.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Explained.

From Puck.

Chimmie—"I wonder why dem swell dress coats is cut away so in front, Sir?"

Chonny—"So's a feller kin git his hands in his pockets easy, I s'pose."

WEALTH OF FLOWERS

Blossoms Which Are Grown Beneath an Acre of Glass.

ALL ARE MRS. CLEVELAND'S.

The Pansy Her Favorite—A New Flower Named After Her—Orchids Worth Their Weight in Gold—How the White House is Decorated—Blooms for the President's Table.

ONE NEW FLOWER WAS named after Mrs. Cleveland last week. It was a rose-colored amaryllis of a hue never before obtained by any gardener and it grew in one of the White House hot houses. Attached to the Executive Mansion are twelve glass houses which, together, cover an acre of ground. They are filled with rare plants, all the blossoms borne by which belong to the President's wife. Cart loads of roses and other exquisite blooms are hers for the trouble of ordering them plucked. Every evening when she sits down to dinner her eye is gladdened by a huge basket of fresh cut flowers in the middle of the table. There is a small bouquet to match at the side of her plate and Mr. Cleveland has a little posy for his buttonhole. If there are any guests each lady has a bouquet and each gentleman a boutonniere.

Mrs. Cleveland's favorite flowers are pansies. At this season, when big velvety ones are blooming, she always has one or two vases filled with them in her boudoir. They are propagated in the green house from seeds which have a market value of $75 an ounce. Pansies are used on the table also, but there are never any flowers on the board at breakfast, and at lunch there is only a big jardiniere of maidenhair ferns. After pansies the President's wife likes roses and orchids best. The White House collection of orchids is one of the finest in existence. It includes many varieties which bear blossoms that counterfeit forms of animal life, such as the "butterfly" orchid, whose blooms are like so many gaudy winged insects, and another kind which counterfeits with amazing accuracy a tropical moth. Then there are the "bee" orchid, the "spider" orchid and the "lizard" orchid. One sort reminds the observer of a grinning monkey, while another suggests the aspect of an opera dancer suspended by the head. There are two hot houses filled with orchids. Some of them grow in earth, while others are merely suspended from the roof by strings, deriving their support wholly from the air.

DAILY FLORAL DECORATIONS.

Every day fourteen great vases in different parts of the White House are freshly filled with hyacinths, lilies, pansies, roses and other flowers. By keeping the plants in cold frames out of doors, covered with a heating blanket of fresh leaf mold a foot thick, tulips, jonquils, hyacinths and violets are made to bloom in plenty from Christmas to late in April. They are brought in small quantities at a time into the hot houses, where they are quickly burst into beauty and are ready to be used for decorative purposes. All through the winter the Executive Mansion is made beautiful with growing palms and flowering plants, of which 200 are placed in the lower and upper corridors, the red room and the library.

Flowers play an important part in the decoration at state dinners. These entertainments are given in the great dining room used for such public functions. In the middle of the table, which is big enough ordinarily to seat thirty-eight persons, is a long mirror. This is an ancient and valuable appurtenance of the White House. Surrounded by a little bank of ferns or flower it has the appearance of a small lake. Upon it, in the center and at both ends, are placed baskets of roses or other blossoms. Besides these there are four other baskets of flowers. At either end of the board is an immense golden candelabrum with twenty-four wax candles. At the sides are four silver candelabra, each bearing twelve candles. The President always sits on the north side of the table in the middle of its length, which is extended from east to west. Opposite him sits Mrs. Cleveland, the guests being arranged in the due order of precedence. This matter of precedence is very important, especially at the diplomatic dinners, but it is thoroughly understood by Mr. Pruden, one of the private secretaries, who himself writes the names of the guests on dainty cards and puts them at the places which the individuals are intended to occupy.

Very often it happens that the persons who must be invited number more than thirty-eight. Under such circumstances the table is enlarged not by additions to its length, but by four wings attached to the sides at each end. Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland are seated exactly where they were in the other case, but the wings are so shaped in curves that each of them is in the middle of a semicircle of guests. Thus arranged the hospitable board will accommodate sixty people comfortably. There are four more baskets of flowers at the end of the wings and instead of two golden candelabra four are used. The effect thus produced, the superb state dining room being further adorned with tropical and flowering plants around the walls, is simply gorgeous. On occasions of this sort the head gardener, Henry Pfister, lays himself out in the creation of elaborate ornamental flower pieces.

For example, at one diplomatic spread the central floral display was in the shape of a revolving globe which represented the world. It was made wholly of carnations, and was pivoted in such a manner that an occasional touch from one of the waiters would make it go round for some moments. The various countries were in carnations of different colors, and the oceans were done in camelia leaves, having a wavy effect. On another evening the design was the hanging gardens of Semiramis in monthly roses and carnations. The structure measured six feet by three and was raised upon columns so that the guests could see each other beneath it. At a dinner to the judiciary, given by Mr. Cleveland during his first administration, a temple of justice was constructed of flowers. When he entertained Queen Kapiolani at the time of her visit to the United States the design selected was the coat of arms of Hawaii. The frameworks for these set pieces are made to order by a wireworker on 12th street.

RAMBLING THROUGH THE GREEN HOUSES.

Mrs. Cleveland spends a good many of her odd moments in strolling through the green houses. In one of them is an orange tree, which was given her six years ago when she went south with the President. It is now covered with ripe golden fruit. Under the same glass roof are ripening lemons, pineapples and bananas. They are grown for decorative purposes and not for eating. It cost $75,000 to build the hot houses attached to the Executive Mansion. For taking care of them Congress appropriates $5,000 annually. To keep them heated uses up 225 tons of coal a year. Since 1818 $373,000 have been spent in improving the White House grounds. Up to that time they were an unsightly waste, without grass or shrubbery. Until quite recent years the patch of land surrounding the President's house was a sort of farm. It extended over the greater part of the area now occupied by the buildings of the Treasury and the State, War and Navy Departments. Where the treasury now is there was the White House vegetable patch, and the White House fruit orchard was on the site of the present great structure to the west. When those buildings were put up and the street called Executive avenue was laid out around the White House the orchard and vegetable garden were wiped out.

The lot back of the Executive Mansion where the children roll eggs at Easter used to be utilized as a cow pasture. There were usually four or five cows attached to the White House. Beneath the front portico of the President's house was a dairy, to which water was brought by an inch pipe from a spring in Franklin Square, several blocks away. There was no Potomac water then. This dairy was a great source of pleasure to the wives of some of the Presidents. When Andrew Johnson was chief magistrate the duties of hostess at the White House were performed by his daughter, Martha Patterson, wife of Senator Patterson of Tennessee. Every morning she rose early, donned a calico gown and white apron and with her own hands skimmed the milk. The ice for the Executive Mansion used to be cut from the Potomac and stored in the ice house, which is now employed as a furnace room for one of the green houses. It ceased to be used as an ice house in Lincoln's time.

During Cleveland's first administration he received a call from an old lady of seventy years from Indiana, a niece of John Quincy Adams, who spent her childhood in the White House. She could not realize that the room was the same apartment in which she used to play when she was a little girl. But she recognized the corner in which she had formerly kept her playthings, and pointed out how the wash tubs had been set up in another corner, with clothes lines stretched from wall to wall. Up to 1828 the east room was used by the wives of the Presidents as a laundry and nursery. It was sufficiently spacious for both purposes, being 80 by 40 feet. There have been plenty of changes in the establishment since then. The nation has spared no expense in making the mansion comfortable, and since it was first built nearly $1,200,000 has been expended for furniture and repairs. Nearly every President's wife buys a new set of china and new linen. The first President Harrison did his own marketing, but the day for such simplicity has passed, and the provisions for the White House are purchased nowadays by a steward, whom the government pays. Mrs. Cleveland has no vegetable garden nor orchard from which to draw supplies for her table, though she enjoys the use of a small grapery under glass which produces the finest fruit of Hamburg and Muscat.

PROPAGATING WATER LILIES.

For beautifying the fountains in the White House grounds the rarest water lilies are propagated in the green houses. There are blue water lilies from Australia, purple ones from Zanzibar, red ones from India and yellow ones native to this country. These are grown in brick tanks filled with water, being kept in pots beneath the surface. Some of them are propagated from seeds in shallow earthen saucers overflowed with water. As the sprouts develop they are taken out and planted separately in the pots. Others are propagated from bulbs, while some hardy water lilies native to this climate are reproduced by cutting their roots into pieces and planting the latter. From the pots the well-developed plants are transferred to boxes, and these are sunk in the fountains. The famous Victoria Regia, from Brazil, is grown by putting the seeds, which are as big as peas, in a tumbler of water and leaving them to sprout. Then they are put into pots. From this vegetal wonder flowers twelve inches in diameter are obtained, both red and white, but they would be bigger if the water in the fountains was heated.

In the tanks with the water lilies are propagated several kinds of floating plants which have no roots in the earth. They reproduce themselves by offshoots. There are also water poppies, so called because their flowers look like real poppies, and the water snowflake with dainty little white blossoms. Water gardening, which has hitherto been a neglected art, is attracting much attention nowadays. This is fortunate, considering the immense variety of beautiful aquatic plants which can be so readily cultivated in any pond. To leave a water surface in a landscape bare is like permitting a field to go untilled that might easily be made to bloom with loveliness. This branch of horticulture is destined to become popular and will awaken interest in an extensive and little-known class of plants which possess an individuality of form and beauty belonging peculiarly to themselves. Not least remarkable of these water plants is the Egyptian lotus, a single seed of which thrown into a pond will soon cover its surface with the big leaves and superb blossoms of this vegetal curiosity.

VEGETABLE WHISKY SHOPS.

In the green houses attached to the White House are many of the curious plants which Superintendent Smith of the Botanic Garden calls "vegetable whisky shops," because their pitchers distill intoxicating fluids that attract all sorts of insects. The bugs fall into the drink and the plant devours their substance, as the veritable gin mill eats up that of its human customers. One variety catches cockroaches, while another actually preys upon frogs, who are unable to escape from the pitchers on account of two downward projecting thorns which impale them when they would leap out. These receptacles hold as much as half a pint each and the contents of three or four will intoxicate a man. They are admirably adapted to the uses of the tropical tramp, who, while pursuing his leisurely travels, can literally pluck his drinks by the wayside. The gardener also grows "hens and chickens," as the echeverias are commonly called, for bedding purposes in the White House grounds. They get this name from the fact that each old plant sends out suckers in every direction, which form new plants surrounding the maternal one, just as chicks assemble about the mother fowl. Some of them, however, do not send out any suckers. It may be that they are roosters.

If she wants them Mrs. Cleveland has at her disposal all the flowers produced at the propagating gardens of Washington. These gardens supply all the floral and plant decorations for the east room. For this purpose alone one huge green house is given up exclusively to palms and other tropical and semi-tropical exotics. When the President gives a reception, or other occasions of festivities, these are loaded in their pots into great closed express vans of the kind used for moving furniture, and are conveyed to the Executive Mansion. Skilled hands quickly transform the great apartment into the likeness of a tropical scene, the great height of the ceiling giving space for trees of considerable size. Lesser trees and plants of smaller growth bank the walls, so that the room is a mass of green, festoons of smilax and quantities of the loveliest blossoms lending delicacy and color to the general effect.

Poetical License.

From Vogue.

They were chatting together one fair summer evening,
And touched on all topics from coffee to salad,
To dances and operas and favorite actors,
And lastly a new and anonymous ballad.

He was critical, young, and moreover, a poet,
Defects in the ballad, of course, he detected,
And laughed at the faults in the wording and rhyming;
But she warmly defended it, "Why, 'tis expected.

"A few imperfections," she cried, "and most surely
Its errors 'poetical license' will cover."
He smilingly gazed on her sweet indignation,
(Have I mentioned that he was half friend and half lover?)

Then from her red lips snatched a kiss on a sudden,
And answered her frowning with, "I could not try, since
I simply need say, dear, to meet your objection,
'Twas really a merely 'poetical license.'"

The Engaged Girl.

From the London Daily News.

A "seasoned bridesmaid" makes bitter complaint in Woman of the behavior of engaged girls. It is an old grievance of the unengaged, but has rarely been set forth in such minuteness of detail. The engaged ring finger plays a considerable part in this remonstrance. It is always being flaunted in the face of the unengaged. If you tell the engaged person that she has a hairpin sticking out, up goes that finger to push it in. Every office that can possibly be done with one digit is sure to be done with the obtrusive engaged finger. Sometimes the engaged girl will drop in for a chat, but it is generally just when her friend is tired and sleepy, and the chat is always about "him" and how he proposed, and how delightful it is to think that he has never cared for any other girl before, and how charming and sweet "his people" are. This remonstrant, who has been bridesmaid more than the fatal number of times, is beginning to sigh for a place where there will be "no marriages or giving in marriage."

Not a City.

From Good News.

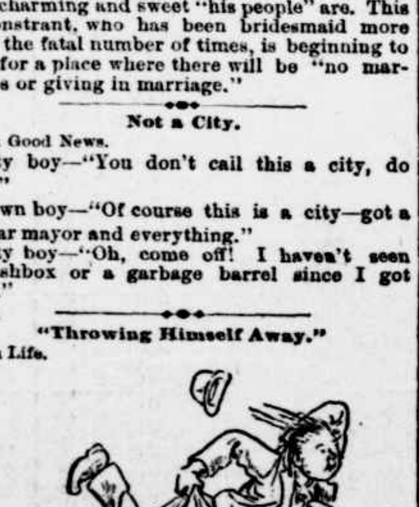
City boy—"You don't call this a city, do you?"

Town boy—"Of course this is a city—got a reg'lar mayor and everything."

City boy—"Oh, come off! I haven't seen an ashbox or a garbage barrel since I got here."

"Throwing Himself Away."

From Life.

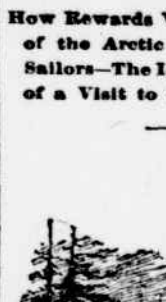


GIFTS FOR DEER MEN.

Treasures Offered by this Government to Siberian Natives.

CONGRESS GAVE THE MONEY.

How Rewards Were Bestowed Upon People of the Arctic for Rescuing Shipwrecked Sailors—The Icy Graveyard of Ships—Story of a Visit to the Frigid Northern Ocean.



OFF THE BLEAK ICE-skirted shore of far northern Siberia near Cape Navarin the whaling bark "Napoleon" was caught and crushed in the ice May 5, 1885. The crew took to the boats, four in number, two of which were picked up by another vessel. The eighteen men on the two other boats underwent unheard-of hardships. Only nine of them succeeded in reaching the coast, and eight of these were so badly frozen that they soon died. The sole survivor, J. B. Vincent, was adopted by a family of natives which had a herd of domesticated reindeer. With them he remained over two years. On a board, which he sent as a message along the shore, this arctic Robinson Crusoe carved some letters with a knife. On one side was "1887, J. B. V. Bk. Nap. Tobacco give." On the reverse side was "S. W. C. Nav., 10 m. Help come." The piece of wood eventually reached the U. S. S. Bear and told the story: "1887, J. B. Vincent of the bark Napoleon is ten miles southwest of Cape Navarin. Come to his rescue. Give the bearer some tobacco for his trouble."

The Bear, when the message was received, was at Port Clarence, Alaska. It steamed over at once to the coast of Siberia and rescued the lost man. Congress subsequently made an appropriation for the purchase of presents with which to reward the natives for their care of Mr. Vincent and his comrades. The Bear made a special trip to Cape Navarin for the purpose of conveying these gifts. On arriving messengers were sent in every direction on dog sleds to gather the people together. The articles distributed consisted of 1,000 yards of drilling, 500 yards of calico, 100 packages of glovers' needles, 8 dozen hand looking glasses, 1,500 pounds of ship bread, 2 half barrels of sugar, 2 barrels of molasses, 1 chest of tea, 6 dozen combs, 5 dozen packages of linen thread, 4 dozen tin pails and pans, 1 dozen iron pots, 2 kegs of nails, with hammers, files, gimlets, saws and other carpenters' tools, 1 dozen rifles and 1 half-dozen shotguns, 125 pounds of powder, 300 pounds of lead, 2 bags of shot, 20,000 caps, 1,000 cartridges, axes, hatchets, butcher knives, 2 dozen fox traps, 4 dozen pipes, tobacco, snuff, 1 box of snow goggles, 1 package of fish hooks and lines and 1 box of children's toys. Total value $1,000.

AN UNSELFISH RACE.

It may readily be imagined what a vast accumulation of treasures these things represented to the natives, widely separated as they are from civilization and its resources. Nevertheless, when the gifts were being distributed they manifested the most remarkable unselfishness. There was no disposition to grab and no one seemed to think that somebody else was receiving more than himself. The more frequent expression of anxiety seemed to be that nobody should be overlooked. These are the Koriaks, who keep domesticated reindeer. They also hunt the whale, the walrus and the seal, using spears, with ivory points set in bone sockets. Powder and lead are so difficult for them to obtain that they use them very sparingly, sometimes taking great trouble to recover the bullets in order to employ them again. The men shave the crowns of their heads, leaving a fringe of coarse, black hair around the forehead and sides, which gives them the appearance of so many monks. They are said to do this in order that the flying of their hair in the wind may not frighten the wild reindeer when they are hunting. They have no chiefs, their organization being patriarchal. If one man accumulates more deer than his neighbors his wealth gives him a certain amount of influence. Poor men who have no deer of their own join his band and assist in caring for his herd in return for food and clothing. The dress of both men and women consists of a large skin shirt and a pair of skin pantaloons.

COMMISSIONER JACKSON'S TRIP.

Commissioner Sheldon Jackson, educational agent for Alaska, accompanied the gift-distributing expedition described. These data are obtained from his report on the subject, which is about to be issued. From Cape Navarin he journeyed on board of the Bear to the Arctic ocean, anchoring off Cape Franklin. That region is a great graveyard of ships. During the last twenty years about eighty whaling vessels have been wrecked on the American side of that coast and twenty on the Asiatic side. In 1871 thirty-three ships were caught in the ice near Cape Franklin and abandoned. By their destruction 1,200 sailors were cast helpless on the ice-bound shore, with a scant supply of provisions and 100 miles of solid ice-pack between them and escape. There was then no refuge station at Point Barrow, but fortunately they were able to get south along the coast until they met some ships which took them off. Chronometer cases from the lost fleet have since been found in use among the natives along that shore as receptacles for various household purposes.

Within the last twenty years more than 2,000 sailors have been wrecked on that Arctic coast. Nearly all of them have been fortunate enough to find vessels within reach to carry them southward to civilization, but the occasion is likely to arrive at any season when they will be compelled to winter in that latitude. This to a large body of men would mean slow starvation and death. They could not subsist on the country, and no power on earth could reach them with help when the long winter had set in. Fortunately, to provide against such a tragedy, Congress has recently provided money for the establishment of a refuge station at Point Barrow, which is the most northerly point of Alaska. A building has been erected, thirty by forty-eight feet and one-story high, which will accommodate fifty men comfortably and can shelter double that number if necessary. The walls, roof and floor are made double as a protection against the intense cold. A store house is also provided, with provisions enough to last 100 men a year, as well as clothing.

THE HAZARD OF WHALE FISHING.

It seems astonishing that men should be willing to adopt so hazardous a method of getting a living as whaling is nowadays in those far northern waters. But the risks do not deter the bold hunters from pursuing these valuable mammals into the most remote accessible regions of eternal ice. Annually they follow the whales around the most northern extremity of the American continent and some vessels have even ventured to pass the winter in the Arctic ocean. The value of the fishery consists not so much in the oil taken as in the whalebone, which is obtained from the mouth of the animal. This is worth from $4.50 to $5 a pound. The product of a fair-sized bowhead whale at present prices will fetch about $8,000. A good-sized whale weighs 150 tons and yields about 2,000 pounds of whalebone. His tongue is 15 feet long, 8 feet thick and gives 12 barrels of oil. His open mouth is from 15 to 20 feet across. The blubber forms a coat around him from 10 to 22 inches thick. It is 4 feet from the outside of the body to his heart and the latter organ is 216 cubic feet in size. His brains will fill a barrel.

A few years ago whales were plentiful in the North Pacific, Bering and Oshkosh seas. The steady pursuit of them has driven them into the Arctic ocean, where they try in vain to find a safe refuge in the ice. In 1852 the whaling fleet of the Pacific comprised 278 vessels and the value of the catch was $14,000,000. That was probably the most profitable year of the industry in those waters. Since then it has decreased, until in 1862 the value of the catch was less than $800,000. At present there are only about fifty vessels engaged in the business yearly. The whaling ships are manned on the co-operative plan. The men instead of receiving regular wages get a percentage of the profits.

A NATURAL REFRIGERATOR.

One place visited by the Bear on this trip was Cape Blossom, in Kotzebue sound. The cape was named by Capt. Beechy of the British ship Blossom, who was co-operating with Sir John Franklin in 1826. While there Capt. Beechy buried a cask of flour. In July, 1850, three ships sent by the British admiralty in search of Sir John Franklin arrived at Cape Blossom, and the flour, buried nearly a quarter of a century, was dug up. It was found in good condition and cakes and pies were made from it. A remarkable cliff in that neighborhood was studied by Dr. Jackson to contain great deposits of tusks, teeth and bones of mammoths, specimens of which he brought away.

In the ever-frozen soil of arctic Alaska buried food will keep for an indefinite period without deteriorating. In 1882 Lieut. Ray, U. S. N., dug a well to a depth of thirty-eight feet near Point Barrow for the purpose of observing the temperature of the earth. To the very bottom of the hole there was nothing but frozen sand and gravel. At the bottom the temperature remained, winter and summer, uniformly at 12 degrees Fahrenheit. At a depth of twenty feet a tunnel was run ten feet horizontally and a room ten by twelve feet in size was excavated for a cellar. Birds and meat placed in this room freeze solid and stay so until taken out and thawed for cooking. Dr. Jackson descended into this unique storage house and assisted in taking out several reindeer and dozens of eider ducks, which were conveyed to the Bear, making a very welcome addition to the fare on board the ship.

Owing to the difficulty of digging graves in the frozen soil a common method of burial is to wrap the dead in seal skins, which are securely tied and fastened above the ground in the forks of poles or elevated platforms so high above the earth that wild animals cannot reach them. Rows of such graves are sometimes seen extending for miles along the beaches.

The Eskimo of arctic Alaska are still in the stone age. The manufacture of arrows and spearheads from flints is a living industry. Stone lamps, stone hammers and chisels and to some extent stone knives are still in ordinary use. The natives of the interior, where to a great extent nomads, live in tents most of the time. In making a winter house a cellar from twenty to twenty-five feet square is dug to a depth of five feet. At the corners and along the sides of the excavation are set posts of driftwood or whales' bones. On the outside of these poles of driftwood are laid one upon another up to the top. Other timbers are placed across the top, forming the roof or ceiling. Against the outside and upon the roof dirt and sod are piled until the whole has the appearance of a large mound. In the center of the dome is an opening eighteen inches across. Across this is stretched the transparent bladder of a seal or walrus. Thus the opening furnishes light to the room below.

NO MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

There seems to be no special ceremony among these Eskimo connected with marriage. Among some of the tribes the husband joins his wife's family, and is expected to hunt and fish for them. If he refuses to give to his father-in-law the furs he takes he is driven out of the house and some one else more active and obedient is installed as husband of the girl. Sometimes a young woman has ten or twelve husbands before she finally settles down. Wives are often exchanged. The foundation of their whole religious system is a belief in spirits and demons. Every animal hunted, every phenomenon of nature, every event of life requires a religious observance of some kind. At the mouth of the Kuskowim river an old woman was accused of being a witch. So her own husband pounded her to death, cut up her body into small pieces, severing joint from joint, and then consumed it with oil in her fire. The head and chief of this supernatural business is the shaman or sorcerer. He is believed to be the only one who can counteract the evil spirits and protect the people from them. The sorcerers are divided into seven degrees, being graded apparently according to their knowledge of spiritism, ventriloquism, feats of legerdemain and general cunning. It is claimed that those of the seventh degree are immortal and can neither be killed nor wounded; that those of the sixth degree can be wounded but not killed. The ordinary sorcerer belongs to the lower degrees, and only claims to go into trances, in which state his spirit leaves the body and roams abroad for the purpose of procuring the information his presence is in search of. As a rule these sorcerers are unscrupulous frauds, thieves and murderers.

A DIFFICULTY ABOUT TIME.

The location of schools in a region where the winter time is one long night presents new problems. The constant need of lamps in the school room is a matter of course. But a great difficulty is experienced in the confusion of time which arises from the absence of the sun to mark the alternate periods of day and night. Without a marked difference in the light between noon and midnight all knowledge of time among a barbarous people becomes lost. They know no difference between 9 o'clock a. m. and 9 o'clock p.m. Consequently, when the school bell rings out in the arctic darkness at 9 o'clock a.m. some of the pupils have just gone to bed and are in their first sound sleep. Roused up and brought to the school room they fall asleep in their seats.

Dr. Jackson was much struck with a method of making sausages which is practiced on the Pribylov Seal Islands. After the seals are killed the flesh is cut from the bodies and carried home, where it is sliced into thin strips and hung on poles to dry. When dried it is stuffed into the stomachs of sea lions, which have been cleaned and prepared for the purpose. After filling each stomach with dried meat seal oil is poured in, filling up all the vacant spaces. Thus is made a huge sausage from two to three feet in diameter. This is stowed away for winter use. The intestines of the sea lions are cleaned by the women for a different purpose. After being cleaned they are hung out to dry, and when dried they are split lengthwise, forming bands 3 to 4 inches wide and from 75 to 100 feet long. From these strips are made the famous waterproof coats worn by the people, which are stronger, stronger and dryer than rubber coats, resisting rain longer and better. Among the Eskimo of the arctic the larger intestines of the walrus are used.

GOLD AND NOT BRASS.

But Mrs. Noodles Was Not to Blame for Her Doubts About the Ring.

"Darling, I must ask you to forgive me!"

Noodles looked up with some surprise from the newspaper which he was perusing and raised his eyebrows interrogatively.

"The fact is that I have just come from the jewelers," explained his wife.

"If you mean that you have bought something expensive and charged it, you can take it back again right away," replied her husband.

"No, indeed, it's not that," said Mrs. Noodles.

"Thank goodness!" observed Noodles.

"It's much worse, my dear."

"Nothing that has to do with a jewelry shop could be worse," said Noodles.

"But I have a confession to make."

"Well, my angel, why don't you make it?"

"I'm not sure you will give me a chance."

"On the contrary, I am listening most attentively. Consider me your father confessor."

"It has to do with my wedding ring—the ring you gave me."

"I have always entertained the fond belief that no other man ever gave you a wedding ring," said Noodles, grimly. "If I have been mistaken in that idea kindly let me know."

"You are the most provoking old dear in the world," exclaimed Mrs. Noodles. "You always will insist upon joking when I wish to speak seriously."

"I never was more serious in my life, my dear."

"Well," continued Mrs. Noodles, "you may remember that I have said that my wedding ring made my finger sore. At all events the skin beneath it has been blistered for a long time."

"What did you wear it for, then?"

"What did I wear it for! Why, I don't think it's respectable for a married woman to be seen without her wedding ring."

"Why not?"

"Why, because it isn't. You know very well that I have no superstition on that point."

"I am glad to learn that there is one superstition you haven't got."

"You are a mean old thing. I have no superstition on that subject, as you know very well. Did I not take my wedding ring off as soon as we had been married and put it on again, just to express my disbelief in such nonsense? Of course, I did. Since that fat Mrs. Jones had to have her ring cut off her finger after it had sunk deep into her flesh I have always thought that the practice never taking off a wedding ring was disgusting as well as idiotic. Why, I lost mine once for a whole week."

"Yes, I remember very well what a hunt the whole household had for it."

"And it was stuck on the gas fixture all the time."

"That is where I discovered it finally, by a miracle."

"But you are interrupting what I was trying to say. The ring made my finger sore. So, finally, I made up my mind—I hope that you will forgive me, dear—that it was brass."

"Well?"

"So I took it down to the jeweler's this afternoon and asked him about it."

"What did he say? I am interested."

"He said that it was all right—eighteen-carat gold, in fact."

"The deuce!" said Noodles. "I was extravagant. But I suppose I was in love."

"Monster! At all events the jeweler asked me if I kept the ring on when I washed my hands. I told him yes, and he said that soap got under the ring and irritated the skin. Such things often happen. Now, can you forgive me for having such a low opinion of your gift?"

"Never," replied Noodles firmly. "I shall apply for a divorce tomorrow morning."

IN CONGRESS SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

Some Interesting Points About Washington Recorded by a Maine Representative.

The recent issue of the *Maine Historical Magazine* publishes some interesting extracts from the diary of William D. Williamson of Bangor, Me., while he was a member of the Seventeenth Congress of the United States. Some of the entries respecting the journey from Bangor to Washington and life in this city are given below:

Thursday, December 13, (1821.) Arrived at Baltimore at 3 a.m. Left Baltimore in the mail stage at 6 a.m., took breakfast after riding 12m., $0.50. Reached Washington City at 3½ past twelve at noon, fare $4.00, and went into the State House. The House of Representatives had adjourned.

	Miles.	Fare.
From Bangor to Boston	240	$18.25
Thence to Providence	40	3 75
Thence to N. London	51	5 75
Thence to N. Haven	51	5 75
Thence to N. York	86	8 00
Thence to Trenton	60	5 00
Thence to Phila	30	3 00
Thence to Newcastle	40	3 50
Thence to Frenchtown	16	3 50
Thence to Baltimore	60	4 50
Thence to Washington	40	4 00
	734	$49 00

RECAPITULATION.

I find the whole distance from Bangor and Washington as traveled by me 734 miles. Some say it is only 468 to Boston from Washington—and 240 thence to Bangor—708. My stage fare and boat fare, including four meals, was $49; luggage at New York and Baltimore, 50 cents. I was on the road from Portland to Bangor two and one-half days, and from Portland to Washington seven and one-half days, resting and stopping only one day, viz., at Providence. Expenses on the road besides fare from Bangor to Portland, $2.50; from Portland to Washington, $12.50; total, $64.50.

At no place were meals more than 50 cents each, except at Burlington, N. J., I paid for dinner 62½ cents.

Thurs. Dec. 13. Went to the Capitol at ¼ past one P. M. H. of Rep. had adjourned early—saw one or two grandson friends—hunted for a seat—returned to Indian Queen Stage tavern.

Friday, Dec. 14. In the first view one has in approaching Washington, his eye fixes on the Capitol, its two stupendous wings, its two lofty domes. It is built of white granite, made more white by a washing. The area of many acres about it is enclosed with an iron banister picket fence, standing on a wall one & a half foot high, which wall is cap't with hewn stone 2½ feet wide, into which the iron pickets, 5 or 6 feet high are set. A very few houses near the Capitol we pass, leaving it on the left hand, & enter Pennsylvania Avenue, running west from the Capitol, one mile to the President's house.

Half way down the avenue is the Indian Queen tavern, where the stages leave the travellers unless requested to be left at some other particular place. Here one will have a room by himself, fire and candles at 12 or $14 per week. A bell for each room—the house is divided into sections—a servant to a section. Here a number of members, vulgarly called a "Mess," put up, and have a separate table.

As the house of Rep. was very full, I could not find a seat to my mind. Took one in the rear. The rule is, they who first attend, select their seats, to which, when so selected, the occupants have a prior right till they abandon.

Saturday, Dec. 15. Visited the Library, in the Capitol,—it contains about 10,000 vols. Members may take books 2-8 vos. or 12 mos. a week, 3 to's, or folios, 3 weeks to their lodgings. Took seat—the Houses met at 12—adjourn at 3 p. m. Sworn—each member is sworn according to the form in his own state. I lifted my hand—John Randolph sworn just before me—swore on the Bible and kissed it. Prayers in the morning by the chaplain, the Speaker then takes the chair, calls to order—the members sit with hats on or off at pleasure.

Sunday, December 16. Attended public services in the Rep. Chamber—a concourse of gent. and ladies. Only one exercise, beginning at 11 a.m. Chaplain of the Senate, Mr. P——, preached extempore from these words, "In Christ Jesus, neither circumcision availeth anything, or uncircumcision, but a new nature." He undertook to show the nature, necessity and evidences of Regeneration. A Methodist, he variously modulates his voice, and much action. A small choir of singers.

The hacks stand about the tavern as on other days.

[1821.] Monday, Dec. 17. Visited with Hon. Mark L. Hill, in hack, the President of United States,—waited in audience room—introduced. He is an old man dressed in black—breeches, boots, hair turned up, talks a little thick, motions with his hands, easy in conversation—sociable, sedate,—about five feet, ten or eleven inches tall, rather spare. He has two daughters.

MR. CALHOUN, SECRETARY OF WAR.

He is a tall man of about forty years, quick spoken, light complexion, little florid, expressive, unwrinkled. He appears to be a pleasant, sociable man, and clear headed.

MR. THOMPSON, SEC'Y NAVY.

He may be 50 years old—more port and consequent than Calhoun, and a shorter man,—pretty free to talk, —but not so much so as the Prest or Sec'y War. He stands high,—has been Ch. Jus. S. Court, N. Y.

MR. CRAWFORD.

He is tall, about 45 years old, full of talk, wears a skull cap,—is well proportioned.

This day spent in passing resolutions requiring standing com'ees to consider and report on various subjects,—calling on the Prest. &c. for information. A considerable debate as to what com'ees certain subjects ought to be referred. Gov. Wright, of Maryland, Mr. Eustis, of Mass., and Randolph, of Va., spoke some. A very bad house for debate—the echo or reverberation such, one can neither hear or speak with ease.

Sund. Dec. 23. A meeting at Rep. Chamber,—one discourse. Mr. Sparks preached, "Having the form of Godliness, and denying the power thereof."

Mond. Dec. 24. Routine of business—Petitions, &c.

Tues. Dec. 25. Christmas; no meeting of Cong. House adjourned.

Weds. Dec. 26. Dined at the President's—fine furniture—house furnished by Uncle Sam's money.

Thurs. Dec. 27. Routine of business—little done.

Friday, Dec. 28. Adjourned over to Monday.

Sunday, Dec. 30. Heard Dr. Morse from Matthew, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." Not a very full hall—the Rep. followed their Unitarian, Mr. Sparks, to hear him. Gen. Macomb called on me.

Mond. Dec. 31. Routine of business as usual. Adjourned to Wednesday.

Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1822. Went to the fort. All, without invitation or distinction, visited the Prest.—Members, Heads of Depts., Foreign Ministers, officers in the army and navy—& ladies—a great jam.—a band of music in the entry room—interchange of compliments,—Prest. and lady continually on their feet,—9 Indian chiefs from Missouri. The F. Envoy very richly dressed,—introduced to Mr. Monroe.

Thursday, January 3. Debate on the appropriation bill, particularly as to the Indian Department.

Friday, January 4. Same subject resumed. Randolph, Smith (Md.), Tracy, Lowndes, Ross, Reed (Ga.), spoke. Mr. Morse taking a drawing of the republican chamber. Drew lots for two portraits to a state—lot fell to Mr. Lincoln and self. It is said Mr. Crawford and Calhoun don't speak to each other except on business, and Gen. Jackson says Crawford is a damned rascal.

Sat. Jan. 5. Reading in my room; very cold.

Sund. Jan. 6. Heard Mr. Houghton. 1 Pet. 2, 21—a full house. Boys this sabbath and every sabbath seem skating without molestation.

Monday, Jan. 7. Presented petition of Jarvis and others for a term of District Court at Union River. Debate as to the money to be raised for Indian Department. Night, a party at Mr. Adams' house, music and dancing, card parties and backgammon. Ladies dress, some with white plumes, some with gilt wreaths, some with red wreaths on head, white, black crimson. Mrs. De Neuville had a gilt comb in her head, her wreath: bosom dressed low, bare neck; gown, brown silk velvet. Mrs. Adams had on a simple head dress, black silk, and a light white gauze over.

Tues. Jan. 8. Debate on the Indian appropriation—dec'd out of order in the evening. Went to Mr. Calhoun's in the evening.

Wed. Jan. 9. Debate on Appropriation bill. Smith Dwight spoke and Buchanan. Galleries pretty full.

Thurs. Jan. 10. Debate continued. Mr. Randolph, Todd and Baldwin spoke. Presented petition for "Military Road." Families get up their fires.

Sat. Feb. 8. Indian War Dance before President's house—a great concourse of people: 13 Indian Chiefs from Missouri, who have been here about 3 months (one squaw). They sat in a semicircle on the ground—had a milk pail, in which one beat his wand—the others danced, whooped, made gestures of killing their enemies. They were painted, red, blue and black about their eyes and cheeks—hands naked, except one low lock—naked down to their hips.

Board bill Dec. 19 to May 8th, 141 days, at $1.50 per day, $211.50.

BIRDS AND THEIR MUSIC.

The Catbird and the Small Boy Who Stones Him.

ONE OF THE FEW BIRDS THAT WILL ANSWER BACK WHEN REVILED—YET IT CAN SING VERY SWEETLY AND IS CLOSELY RELATED TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

TO THE PERFECT BEAUTY OF A HOME trees, shrubs and flowers are essential, but if the home be in the country or in the suburbs there is another element necessary to give grace and finish to its surroundings, to add life and motion to form and color and crown the whole with the charm of song. The birds and their music are as much a part of real rural life as the sunshine and flowers. In one's reminiscences of childhood's home nothing holds a more permanent place than the familiar notes of the birds, and when far removed from the old homestead the ear by chance catches the well-remembered note of some favorite feathered friend it thrills the homesick breast with a pleasure second only to some loved one's voice.

In various latitudes the birds also vary, and those that are most common in one section may be wholly wanting in another, but the whole eastern portion of the United States has a number of characteristic songsters whose notes are as familiar as household words from the gulf on the south to the St. Lawrence on the north.

THE SCHOOL BOY STONES HIM.

There is nothing, unless it be the ubiquitous birch, more closely associated with school days in the recollections of the New England country boy than the catbird. He always declares that he is fond of birds, but there are few of his surroundings with which he would more unwillingly part. The fun of stoning one of these birds is a joy not to be lightly given up, and the best part of it is the bird seems to enjoy it as well as the boy, and it is certain that there results no harm to the former, while the latter has all the fatigue. Down in the alder thicket by the brookside, when the boy goes to cut a stick of elder to make a popgun with which to enliven the dreary hours of school, the catbird meets him and taunts him with a long-drawn m-i-a-u. Fired with rage at this insult he hurls stone after stone, with no other effect than to put himself in a heat and waste his hour of nooning, until at last he is late at school, for which he is punished; then, while attempting to make good his pop-gun during school time, he is detected, his elder and his dearly beloved jackknife both confiscated and he sent in disgrace to sit among the girls for the rest of the afternoon, and all because of the catbird, upon whom he vows revenge.

FOUND IN THIS VICINITY.

But catbirds and school boys are the same the world over, and here in the beautiful suburbs of our own Washington, in the clump of grape vines and smilax down by the creek, one may still be saluted by the familiar cry and catch glimpses of the well known form as he flits through the tangle of bushes, keeping just out of reach of the stone which he evidently expects. Dr. Coues has endeavored to explain the reason for the "vulgar prejudice against this bird," forgetting, apparently, that the very essential element of such a vulgar prejudice is that it should have no foundation. The fact is the catbird is one of the few birds that will answer back when reviled and will follow the human intruder upon his haunts and upbraid him for thus invading the sanctity of his home. Other birds retreat in silence when assailed by stones or other missiles, but he only dodges the projectile, gives a saucy flirt to his tail and sends forth a more spiteful m-i-a-u. If his nest be robbed he will almost fly in the face of the spoiler and follow him as he bears away his treasures, loading him with reproaches and abuse. Such traits do not please the unphilosophical schoolboy, whose conscience is not always free from some lingering qualms on the subject of bird nesting, to which the voice of the catbird may lend an additional sting, while the cry is too suggestive of derision and contempt not to awaken an emotion of resentment and retaliation. His manners, too, are objectionable. The boy being naturally frank and outspoken himself dislikes a bird that "always sneaks through the bushes and doesn't give a fellow a chance to hit him."

HIS PLUMAGE COMMONPLACE.

The catbird's plumage is decidedly commonplace and as little calculated to please the eye as that of any bird we know. Dr. Coues says of him: "His dress is positively ridiculous. Who could hope to rise in life wearing a pepper-and-salt jacket, a black velvet skull cap and a large red patch on the seat of his pantaloons?" This is rather severe, and it must be remembered that the bird does very well in spite of this attire, and, if he does not "rise in life," at least holds his own and raises a respectable family every year.

As a rule he prefers to establish his home on the edge of the woodland near the creek or river, for nearness to water seems to be a prime necessity with him, though a spring will serve his purposes if the other surroundings be suitable. Occasionally he may be found among the currant bushes and plum trees on the far side of the garden, and if the grapevine arbor be not too industriously pruned will condescend to build his nest there, having an eye upon the cherry trees and the strawberry patch, for he confesses to a weakness for nice fruit in its season.

OWN COUSIN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

Let no one suppose that the note that gives the catbird his name is his only one; it must be borne in mind that he is own cousin to that famous songster the mocking bird and is no mean rival either, in fact, far from being a poor relation in this respect. But to hear him at his best requires some care, and the hour must be well chosen, for our bird never sings for the vulgar crowd like his more celebrated but less exclusive relative. Let the time be a fresh dewy morning in May or early June. The bird has built his nest and now contains its treasures of four greenish blue eggs, upon which the mother bird is patiently sitting. Is her lord and master away flirting with other fair ones while she bears the burdens of the household at home? Not so; he will be found near his faithful mate, perched upon some point from which he can command a view of the nest and its approaches, and pouring forth his soul in song. Step softly and keep well concealed, for he is not singing for you and has not invited your attendance. If you know him only by the notes of derision with which he has saluted you at former interviews you will fail to recognize the voice and may press forward too eagerly to discover the brilliant performer. The crackling of a dry stick betrays you; the song ceases; you catch a glimpse of something plunging into the thicket from which, a moment later, issues a long drawn, sneering, contemptuous m-i-a-u.

WHERE IT BUILDS ITS NEST.

In selecting a site for a nest this bird always chooses the most impenetrable tangle of vines and bushes which the neighborhood affords, so that the nest is often found in close proximity to that of the purple grackle and some other birds that affect such localities. There is nothing very remarkable about the nest itself; it is built of sticks and reeds and neatly lined with fine rootlets, a lining which is far from being soft and comfortable, though the young ones seem to get along very well. Owing to this habit of seclusion very little is known of the domestic life of the catbird. He does not like to have his family affairs exposed to the stare of the vulgar crowd. True merit is always modest and retiring.

He is a bird whom it will pay to cultivate, and if he can be induced to become more sociable his society will be an acquisition to any rural home. Protect him from the boys and give him a place for his nest and he will not be slow to give you a trial. He will take some of the bugs from your flowers and fruit, and if he does take toll from the latter he will more than repay you by his diverting ways and delightful song.

OLIVER EAST.

A Burning Shame.

From Puck.

Museum Manager—"Go down stairs and tell the freaks they can't smoke cigarettes here."

Janitor—"That ain't a cigarette you smell."

Museum Manager—"What is it?"

Janitor—"The india rubber man got pushed agin' the stove."