

HABITS OF BOB WHITE.

PECULIARITIES OF AMERICA'S FAVORITE GAME BIRD.

He Bears but Slight Resemblance to His European Namesake—Migratory in His Habits, but a Faithful Husband and a Devoted Father.

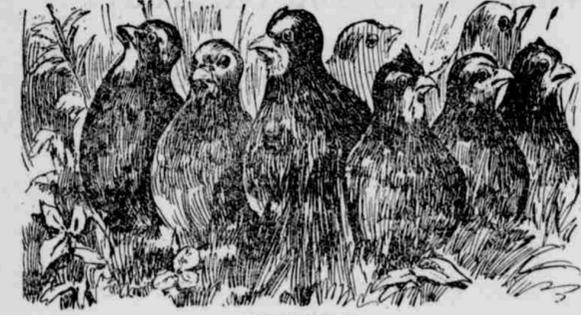
A Trial to Wing Shots.

Little "Bob White" is one of the favorites of American game birds. He is known to sportsmen from Maine to Florida, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, although different localities give him different names. North and East he is familiar as "quail," while West and



"BOB WHITE."

South he is called "partridge." Compared with the birds of the same name in Europe he is neither, and for this reason many prefer to call him as he calls himself—"Bob White." The European quail is smaller and more dumpy, with fat, dark meat. It does not form in coveys, the plumage is dull, and he is a quarrel-

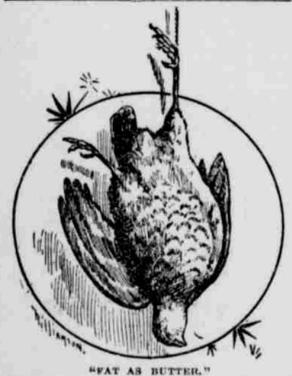


AT BREAK OF DAY.

some, selfish fellow, entirely different from the affectionate, gallant American bird. The European partridge is double "Bob White's" weight, but lacks the latter's swift and frequently long continued flight. The flesh is, however, white, and the wings are of the American shape.

"Bob White" is to some extent migratory in his habits. In the fall he has a "running season," during which he will not take wing, but runs with incredible speed before an enemy. In weight, between six and seven ounces is a good average, although considerable depends on the feeding ground, the condition of the weather, and the bird's age. With everything favorable for flesh, bags have been made averaging eight ounces, but this is an exception rather than a rule.

Unlike the grouse and the European quail, the little American is a faithful husband and devoted father. To find him in Mormon practices is rare. Should he, however, discover that his gallant bearing and spruce attire have made him doubly beloved, he will show impartial devotion to two spouses. From a fence-rail, with his two wives on their nests not two feet apart, he will gladden both their little hearts with his love-song. But he is naturally a monoga-



"EAT AS BUTTER."

gamist. He selects his mate and makes his courtship in the spring, soon after the snow and frost have gone, when the willows have turned yellow, while the frogs are plying in the marsh, and the Wilson snipe is drumming above the meadows. If the wintry storm should come back, the males will reassemble in a covey and keep each other warm at night and huddle on the sunny slopes during the day.

In the month of May they build their simple nest, formed of a slight depression in the ground lined with dried leaves and soft grasses. This nest may be found under a tussock of grass, beneath a small bush, in the briar-grown corner of a worm-fence, at the foot of an old stump, alongside a log, or often in the open fields of wheat or clover. The nest is sometimes placed above with stubble mingled with the grass tussock or briars and provided with a side entrance; but the nest is as often found open above as closed.

In this nest the hen-bird lays from one dozen to two dozen eggs of a pure, brilliant white. When the hen is laying and during her time of nesting the cock is the happiest of husbands. Filled with joy and pride, he sits on the low bough of a neighboring tree, or perches on the fence-rail quite near his spouse, whom he never wearies of telling that he is "Bob White—your Bob White," in such a gay, jolly voice, that every one within hearing distance can but give it attention.

In three or four weeks the chicks leave the eggs. Their food is seed and insects, large quantities of the latter that would otherwise work injury to the farmer being caught. At the age of two weeks the young begin to fly, but the flutter is feeble by the side of the old birds. When too large to longer

gather under the mother's protecting wings the flock will take flight at night from the day's feeding ground, and, dropping at some distance under a bush, will huddle together in a circle with heads out. In this way no foe can approach without instant detection. If the next day is wet and cold they will remain huddled together, or not go to feed till afternoon. But when bright and pleasant they are away to the feeding ground at sunrise, remaining there till about 11 o'clock. Then a rest is taken till the middle of the afternoon, when they forage again till sundown.

It often happens when shooting in the fall that a covey will be "sprung" with some of the birds too small to bag. This is because there have been two nestings. The eggs and the young are often destroyed by the wet and cold of the early summer, or by beasts and birds of prey. In such a case the hen again goes to laying, and the second brood is retarded by the time lost between the first and second nestings. When birds of two sizes are found in the same covey, it seems to show that the parents have raised two broods; and this happens often in the South than in the North—the summer of the Middle and Northern States being generally too short for the raising of two broods. Audubon states that "in Texas, the Florida, and as far eastward as the neighborhood of Charleston, in South Carolina, it breeds twice in the year, first in May and again in September.

The affection which exists between the whole covey of father, mother, and chicks is often noticed by sportsmen, and when the gun has thinned the numbers the feeling is evinced in a really touching manner. "Frank Forrester" writes of it as follows:

"Unlike the young broods of the woodcock, which are mute, save the twitter with which they rise, the coveys of quail appear to be attached to each other by tender affection. If dispersed by accidental causes, either in the pursuit of their food or from being flushed by some



EUROPEAN RED-LEGGED PARTRIDGE.

casual intruder, so soon as their first alarm has passed over they begin calling to each other with a small, plaintive note, quite different from the amorous whistle of the male bird and from their merry, day-breaking cheeping, and each

one running toward the sound and repeating it at intervals, they soon collect themselves into one little family. "If, however, the ruthless sportsman has been among them with his well-trained setter and unerring gun, so that death has sorely thinned their numbers, they will protract their little call for their lost comrades, even to nightfall; and in such cases—I know not if it be fancy on my part—there has often seemed to me to be an unusual degree of melancholy in their wailing whistle."

Bob White tries the wing-shot as sorely as the trout the angler. As with the trout, something must be known of his habits and peculiarities if he is to be landed. In fair weather start early, for the birds will be feeding at sunrise. If there are any fields of buckwheat, range about them, for this is a taking dish. By 11 o'clock they will leave the field for some covert near water, where they will dress and smooth their feathers. They will remain here several hours unless started up. If the weather is very dry do not seek the birds on the uplands, for Bob White likes the vicinity of water. After a rainy spell, go to the upland stubble fields and work the dogs along the border of the driest and sunniest of the coverts.

If it is windy and cold, the birds will be found in covert along the sunny slopes of the valleys, in the tall rag-

weed and briars of the hollows and on the sunny borders of the woods and hedgerows. They will not now lie well to the dog, and when flushed will go like bull into the deepest thicket. As to the best way to shoot a bird on



CALIFORNIA VALLEY QUAIL.

the wing opinions differ. Some hold that "snap-shooting" is the only way to shoot successfully. "Snap-shooting" is generally understood to consist in putting the gun to the shoulder and firing the instant it is in position; making the allowance to the right, left, under, or above, as the case may require, before raising the gun; just as you point your finger, instinctively, to any object, without having to sight along it. Others are just as sure that no one ever shot decently unless he followed the bird with the sight on the gun and covered it before firing. Some again, insist that the gun must swing along with the course of the bird after pulling the trigger. In the opinion of an authority, every one who has shot very much acquires a style peculiar to himself, and cannot do better than depend on his temperament and the kind of birds he has had the most practice on.

He also says the most difficult shot is a bird coming directly toward you and flying about twenty feet above the ground. "I have been quite successful in this shot," he goes on, "by holding directly at the bird until he is within range, and then, just as I touch the trigger, I raise the muzzle of the gun about six inches. I would only advise trying this shot where there is more than one bird, and you want to use the second barrel. When there is only one incoming bird, wait until he passes over you, and then by shooting under him, more or less, according to the speed and elevation at which he is flying, you will be pretty sure to kill.

In cross shots, at thirty yards and over, hold above the line of flight and from six to nine feet ahead of the bird. This may seem entirely too much, but I have frequently shot Bob White when flying parallel to a rail-fence by aiming the full length of the rail ahead of him."

Her Bargain. The following true story is told in the "Journal of Emily Shore." It illustrates the truth that if one really desires an article, the most sensible way is to purchase it as soon as an opportunity occurs.

A little girl near us was one day playing before the house, when a woman appeared and begged a few pence. She had a baby in her arms, and the child was so delighted with the little thing that she asked the woman if she would sell it to her.

"What will you give for it, miss?" was the counter question.

"Half a crown."

"Very well," said the woman. "Let's see the money."

It was produced, and the sale made. The little girl took the baby, carried it upstairs and laid it on her bed, and after she had fondled it "enough for once," scampered downstairs, calling to her mother:

"Mamma, mamma! I've got a live doll! I always wanted one, and now I've got it."

The baby was found, and the story frankly told, but though the beggar woman was sought all over the town, no trace of her could be discovered. Meanwhile the baby's little "owner" begged so hard that it should be kept that the parents yielded, and the living doll became a household blessing.

Decrease of the French Population. The relative decrease of the French population by the declining birth rate troubles France very much, but there seems to be no help for it. The balance of power in Europe has been shifted even more conclusively by the birth rate than on the battle-field. A hundred years ago there were three Frenchmen to every Prussian. Today there are only four Frenchmen to every three Prussians. For every Frenchman born last year there were five Prussians. For every 1,000 inhabitants there are 39 births in Germany, 35 in England, and only 25 in France. The population of France by the new census is 38,095,000; that of the German Empire, 49,422,928. During the last five years France has increased by 208,000, Germany by 2,567,224. In the preceding five years the increase was 565,000 and 1,621,643, respectively. Even now the increase in France is largely due to foreign residents. Whatever may be the fortune of armies, Germany is beating France in the cradle.—Boston Advertiser.

What She Was to Jim. At the county fair a young lady and her beau were promenading about the grounds, says the Mount Carmel (Ill.) Register, the young lady carrying the buggy whip in one hand, decorated in a most noticeable manner by a vivid green bow. They presented a verdant appearance, and it was rather difficult to decide which bow was the greener, the one on the whip or the one walking by the young lady's side carrying the red shawl.

A shower coming on suddenly, found the young people without a convenient shelter. A good old lady called to the girl to "hurry in out of the rain if she didn't want to get soaked," to which the dear young thing was heard to reply, looking lovingly all the while at the "green bow" at her side, and not the one on the whip. "This little bit of rain can't hurt me. I ain't no sugar nor salt, but I'm somebody's honey; ain't I, Jim?" If Jim didn't say yes his looks showed that he thought it.

The Pie Crop. In the United States there are eaten every day, 2,250,000 pies. Each week, 16,750,000. Each year, 819,000,000, at a total cost of \$164,000,000—an amount greater than the internal revenue, and more than enough to pay the interest on the national debt. If the pies eaten every day were heaped one on top of another, they would make a tower thirty-seven miles high. If laid out in a line, they would reach from New York to Boston. With the yearly pie product of the United States, a tower 13,468 miles high could be erected, and stretched in a line they would girdle the earth three times. These pies of a year would weigh 803,000 tons. And if, as has been so often stated, figures don't lie, then certainly pie is a great institution.—New York Press.

A MOVING BUTCHER SHOP.

Meat Sold in Mexico City from Donkeys' Backs by Itinerant Butchers.

Only the better classes of Mexicans eat meat, and one of the great fields of American investment is in the packing interests of Mexico. Hams and beef bring high prices, and the meat business of the city is managed by monopolies. Good beefs are worth from \$25 to \$50 a head. There is more mutton eaten than beef. The meat wagons of Mexico City are mules. Take one of the grasiest, dirtiest mules you can find and fasten a framework of hooks to a saddle on his back. Let this framework extend about a foot above the mule, and on the hooks hang the halves and quarters of beefs, so that the blood drips from them on the ground. Then you have the Mexican butcher cart of the mountains. The butcher or meat peddler wears a great blanket about his shoulders, and a broad-brimmed hat on his head, and his feet are bare. If you buy a quarter of beef, he will carry it into your house on his head, and if you want a slice he will hack off a piece for you, and charge you about the same for the neck as the loin. The Mexicans sell every part of the animal, and in every market you will find little cook-shops in which shreds of beef are fried and offered for sale. These are for the Indian customers, who stand about and eat the greasy morsel with their fingers, and without the use of knife, fork, or plate. In Mexico City the butchering is more carefully done, and beef is comparatively cheap. You can get a roast for eighteen cents a pound, but pork is more expensive. The pork business of Mexico City is controlled by a Mexican, who has made millions

out of it, and he is now putting up one of the biggest packing-houses in the world. He has his agents all over the city, and he imports his hogs from Kansas.

MIGHT GOVERN IRELAND. Splendid Possibilities Before the Young Editor of the Freeman's Journal. Dwyer Gray, editor and part proprietor of the Dublin Freeman's Journal, has barely attained his majority, and has scarcely ever done anything more remarkable than condescending to be born. As son of the late Edmund Dwyer Gray, M. P., he inherits a valuable newspaper property, and, upon his mother's side, is heir to vast estates in the south of England. The elder Gray was a Protestant, but religious scruples did not stand in the way of his marrying an English heiress who always has been devotedly attached to the Catholic faith.

It has been said that the man who controls the Freeman's Journal might govern Ireland if his ambition lay in that direction, and "Young Mr. Gray" is believed to entertain such ambition. The paper has just passed through a critical period and is not yet restored fully to its old position. It is probable, however, that Mr. Parnell's death will unite the party and thereby revive the fortunes of the Freeman. Within a few weeks the policy of that paper wheeled around from ardent support to violent opposition to Mr. Parnell. The old staff remained loyal, however, to the young proprietor, and its members have all returned to enlist under his banners again. Mr. Gray is the grandson of Sir John Gray, M. P., a prominent Dublin politician who succeeded in supplying his native city with good water from the Wicklow Springs. For such local improvement he was knighted.



MEXICAN MEAT WAGON.

"Hayseed." There can be little doubt that a distaste for the farmer's life is cultivated among country boys by the caricatures of the farmer which are published in comic papers and "humorous" books, and by the fear of being classed among the people whom these caricaturists are pleased to call "hayseeds."

Boys are accustomed to see these "funny pictures," in which a sort of farmer who is extremely unusual, and may be said not to exist at all, is set forth as the type or example of farmers in general. And as boys are sometimes unreasoning, they are apt to say to themselves, "I will not be ridiculed in that way when I grow up; I will get out of the 'hayseed business.'"

In this way not only is an injustice done by these caricatures, but a positive injury. The American people have a broad sense of humor, and no doubt delight in caricature; but they do not delight in injustice or mischief-making, when they are able to recognize it as such. For this reason, it may be hoped that the caricaturing of the farmer, which has certainly been greatly overdone, may soon cease from the distaste for it which is pretty sure to arise.

The farmer himself can afford to

take the "hayseed" ridicule good-naturedly. At a recent farmers' demonstration in the West, men rode in a procession dressed in cowhide boots, patched trousers, and ragged straw hats, carrying pitchforks on their shoulders. They had adopted the guise which the caricature gives them as a way of showing that they are independent of that sort of ridicule.

But in the case of the young the spirit of independence is not often so strong. With a little thought, they must see that an unjust caricature does not really affect the credit and honor of their occupation; but they are often ambitious of what is called consideration or respectability, and are likely to be unconsciously affected by misrepresenting pictures and stories.

It is the duty of the young to bear in mind that nothing is more respectable or dignified than the life of the independent farmer, and the duty of those who have it in their power to "raise a laugh" in the public prints to remember that they, no less than serious writers, have a responsibility to truth and justice.—Youth's Companion.

Substitute for Steel.

An odd cargo of African vegetable fiber, tough as steel itself, is being landed at Hanover street wharf from the Italian bark Nuova Mondo. The vessel brought 2,236 bales of it from Oran, an Algerian seaport in the Mediterranean Sea. The fiber has been found to be so elastic that it can be used as a substitute for springs and the like in the manufacture of furniture backs and seats. It is so expansive and so easily affected by higher temperature in its dry state that the bales are held in place by bands of heavy steel. The peculiarity of the grass is that it thrives only around the volcanic mountain slopes of Oran, and flourishes up to within a short distance of the craters themselves. The latter are always in a semi-active state, and the earth around is so warm that not a plant of any kind can thrive or is ever seen to grow except this steel-like plant. When dry and flattened out it will pierce a body like an arrow.—Philadelphia Record.

Paper Is Crowding Out Wood.

Paper is fighting wood hard in the manufacture of boxes, buckets, and even packing-cases, and so perfect is the manufacturing process that in many instances nothing but the wonderful difference in weight can afford a clew to the presence of paper in the manufacture. Paper packing-cases are indestructible, apparently, and the saving they effect in freight is enormous. Thousands of dollars are already invested in this comparatively new industry, and a new company, with \$1,250,000 capital, has been organized to introduce paper-boards into other lines. Experiments have been made with buggy wagons and other things where lightness is needed, and paper floorings in lieu of boards will soon be heard of. It is easy to render the material fire-proof in course of construction, and this is an additional advantage that is highly appreciated.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Step-Home. A New Hampshire lawyer, with evident appreciation of his little step-daughter's wit, tells two stories about her.

Shortly before his marriage with her mother, the 4-year-old said one day, when the approaching wedding was being discussed:

"I'll be glad when Mr. G— comes here to live." Her mother was pleased.

"Why will you be glad?" she asked.

"Cause p'raps then we'll go away sometimes."

After the wedding the step-father attempted to correct the child for misbehavior at the table. She rebelled, and said with flashing eyes:

"This isn't your house anyways."

"No," he said, gently, "it is our house."

"No, it is not," she replied, "it's just your step-house."

Domestic Insurance.

"The Integrity Mutual Beneficial Association" is the name of a society just organized in Philadelphia. The charter declares that its purpose is to "collect and accumulate a fund by admission fees, monthly dues and assessments, in order to benefit and aid its members in the event of their marriage, and to benefit its members upon their surviving a period of years, and to benefit and aid the widows and widowers and children of deceased members, and for the furtherance of the general welfare of the members thereof."

His Experience Was Gruesome.

Applicant—Did you advertise for an engraver?

Jeweler—What experience?

Applicant—I've engraved more people than any other undertaker in the West End.—Jewelers' Weekly.

At Long Branch.

De Pumpkin—I don't think that decollete and short skirted bathing suit is in good form.

De Bumpkin—Of course not, dear boy. The good form is in it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

ONE of the most prominent young men in Atchison, Kas., suddenly ceased to be promising, and his friends wondered what was the cause. Investigation revealed the fact that he had a girl, and that he went to see her every other night, remaining up until after midnight. Being in love has a great many serious drawbacks.

THE politician who wrote an open letter wishes now that he had kept it closed.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that are supposed to have been recently born—sayings and doings that are odd, curious and laughable.

Left Town. Messenger Boy (in Chicago)—Is this Mr. Calumet's house? Well, the tailor sent me around with this coat to have him try it on.

Servant—Mr. Calumet is not in the city.

"When will he be back?"

"I don't know. He's gone up on the roof."—Clothier and Furnisher.

It Had a Two-fold Result. Invalid.—The corner druggist said if I got my medicine from him there would be a double result.

Friend—I guess he spoke the truth, for after buying it you would make an exit from his store, and after taking it you would make an exit from the earth.—Pharmaceutical Era.

Eminently Practical. Ethel (impetuously)—You are like an iceberg! Why can't you be lovelike, and indulge in billing and cooing?

Edward (a young theatrical manager)—It is not in my line. I have a man engaged to do the billing in every town, and my advanced agents do the cooing.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Drawback. "Did the editor of the United Magazine accept your poem?"

"Yes. I signed Whittier's name to it, and it went like a hot cake. There was one disappointment in it, though. I believe Whittier got paid for it. I know I didn't."—New York Sun.

A Natural Inference. Willie—Do you like milk, Mr. Staylate?

Staylate—Not particularly, my little man; why do you ask?

Willie—Sister says you never leave until the cows come home.—Exchange.

Dreadful Possibilities. Fair visitor—Dearest friend, what is the matter?

Mrs. Knewlied (sobbing)—This mum—mum—morning I made some lull—lovely cake.

"Well?"

"And dear John ate a great lot, and gave a little piece to the kitten before he went to his train."

"Well?"

"And the kick—kick—kitten has just died, and the telephone has been ringing like mad!"—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Two of a Kind. He—Do you wish, madam, to drive me frantic, to render me absolutely beside myself?

She—Why not? The sight of you beside yourself would be a rather curious study, so suggestive of—

He—Well, of what, madam?

She—Of a pair of donkeys.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Boston Comparison. "Ain't they like each other?" said the fond mother, as she admiringly contemplated her twins.

"Yes," said the Boston lady; "they are as like each other as two beans.—Cape Cod Item.

Herod Thwarted. First janitor—Poor McGinnis! He swore, you know, when he took charge of his flats there'd never be any children in them.

Second ditto—Good for him, too. You don't mean to say, though, that he's departed from this rule and let any in?

First janitor—No, but there were twins born on the fourth floor yesterday.

An Evidence of Taste. A St. Antoine street mother came sniffing into the house the other morning where her youthful son was enjoying himself in his own way.

"Johnnie," she called, "are you smoking a cigarette?"

"No'm," he answered from behind the curtains as he threw something out of the window.

"Yes, you are, too; I smell it."

"No'm, I ain't," he insisted. "It was only a cigar stump I found in the gutter."

"Oh," she said, apparently much relieved, "I beg your pardon; but don't you ever let me catch you smoking a cigarette. Do you hear me?"

"Yes'm," and Johnnie went out and restored the stump to its previous position.—Detroit Free Press.

Dodging the Inevitable.



Mrs. Dewson—Pelham, our pastor has composed a little poem on patience. Shall I fix you up a little in bed?

Mr. Dewson—Is he going to read it?

Mrs. Dewson—Yes, dear.

Mr. Dewson—Just pull the comforter over my head, will you? I think I feel a draft.—Judge.

The Emperor of Germany protests that he said "conqueror," not "parvenue," when he referred to the first Napoleon. Doubtless the new whiskers interfered with his articulation.