

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

E. GINOCCHIO & BROTHER Wholesale and Retail Dealers in GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Water Street, foot of Broadway, - - - Jackson.

We take pleasure in informing our patrons and the public generally that we have on hand a very choice and selected stock of Dry Goods of all kinds, Groceries and Provisions, Clothing, Boots and Shoes. We particularly direct the attention of the public to the fact that we keep on hand the largest assortment of Iron and Steel to be found in Amador county. Also a superior assortment of all kinds of Hardware, such as Carriage Bolts, Screws, Nuts, and in fact everything the market demands. We are sole agents for the celebrated Hercules Powder, of which we shall constantly keep on hand a large supply.

NEW NATIONAL HOTEL...

Foot of Main Street, Jackson, Cal.

First-class Accommodation for Travelers at Reasonable Prices.

SAMPLE ROOM FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

Rooms newly furnished throughout. Table supplied with the best in the market. Bar supplied with the Finest brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

F. A. Voorheis, - - - Proprietor.

E. G. FREEMAN & CO.

Gent's Working and Driving Gloves Soaps, Perfumes and Toilet Articles Paints, Oil, Varnishes and Brushes

...General Varieties...

FIRST-CLASS WORK DONE IN OUR

Harness and Saddlery Annex

Telephone 441 Main. Jackson, Cal.

PIONEER FLOUR IS PERFECTION...

Made from SELECTED WHEAT Blended according to our own Formula Producing perfect results and Bread divinely fair and feathery light Sweet to the palate's touch and Snowy White.

PIONEER FLOUR MILLS, Sacramento.

The Clothes Moth.

We may marvel at grubs growing fat and succulent upon such unpromising fare as old timber affords, but this achievement is improved upon by the insects that prefer to draw their entire nutrition from woolen fabrics, fur, horsehair, feathers, tanned leather, and the like and apparently never ever a desire to "wet their whiskies" by anything of a juicy nature. Any small, silvery winged moth that is seen flitting about the house is regarded as a "clothes moth," but every one killed is not an enemy, for there are a number of moths of similar size and appearance that come from outdoors and have been occupied as grubs in destroying green leaves. It is a common error to suppose that it is the clothes moth that does the mischief, though by destroying the moth we prevent the laying of innumerable eggs from which come the consuming larvae, whose cutting jaws would be actively and incessantly employed in mutilating choice fabrics and valuable furs. These caterpillars are rarely seen by the housewife because their first care on leaving the egg is to disguise or hide themselves.

The clothes moth proper has yellowish gray wings, with three or four indefinite brownish spots upon them, and in consequence of its marked preference for furs it is known to science as Tinea pellionella.—Good Words.

A Common Freak.

When P. T. Barnum was in the museum business in New York, one of his most jovial friends was Gaylord Clark, a famous literateur in the days of our fathers. They were a well-matched pair of practical jokers. One day when Mr. Clark dropped in at the museum, as was his custom, Mr. Barnum, apparently much excited, hurried his friend into the private office and said: "Gaylord, I was about to send for you. I want your advice. I have a chance to purchase the most wonderful of all zoological freaks. It's at first a perfect fish, then it changes to a four-legged land animal, then it climbs trees and—"

"Bah! You're joking," interjected Mr. Clark.

"Oh, hang the expense," interrupted Mr. Clark, brimful of enthusiasm for the business project of his friend. "If you can get any such freak as that, your fortune is made. But what's the thing called?"

"Well," replied Mr. Barnum, with just the faintest suggestion of a twinkle in his left eye, "it belongs to the batrachian family of animals and in the vernacular is called the—tadpole!"

"Making Him Sweat." Hardware Dealer—What was old Crankey kicking about? Clerk—He wanted ten pounds of nails; said he'd pay for them and take them home himself. Wouldn't trust us to deliver them, he said.

"Hardware Dealer—Surly old codger! I hope he'll sweat for it. Clerk—Oh, I took care of that. I threw in an extra ten pounds, and he never knew it.—Philadelphia Press.

Municipal ownership of electric plants is on the increase in Canada. Woodstock and Kingston, Ont., are the latest to acquire the electric plants a municipal property.

Advertisement for Dr. K. & K. featuring a portrait of a man and text describing their medical services, including treatment for various ailments and a list of locations.

An Insect Tragedy.

There is something really pathetic in the way a mother butterfly builds a nest for her children. In the first place, the little home where the eggs are deposited represents a great deal of sacrifice, for it is lined with several layers of down plucked from the mother's own soft body. The eggs having been laid carefully upon this luxurious, pretty couch are protected by an equal sacrifice which she promptly and heroically makes in the interest of the coming butterfly generation.

These butterfly bedclothes are often arranged with an intricacy that is quite curious and perplexing. Sometimes a bed is made so that each separate delicate hair stands upright, thus giving the entire nest the appearance of a little bush of downy fur. Then again, the eggs are laid spirally round a tiny branch, and, as the covering follows the curve, the effect resembles the busy tail of a fox, only the nest is more beautiful than the "brush" of the finest fox that ever roamed over country.

The building of this downy nest is the latest earthly labor of the mother butterfly, for by the time it is completed her own delicate body is denuded of its natural covering, and there is nothing left for her to do but die a sacrifice which she promptly and heroically makes in the interest of the coming butterfly generation.

A Starrier. A gentleman whose hearing is defective is the owner of a dog that is the terror of the neighborhood in which he lives.

The other day he was accosted by a friend, who said: "Good morning, Mr. H. Your wife made a very pleasant call on us last evening."

"I'm very sorry," came the startling reply. "I'll see that it don't occur again, for I'm going to chain her up in future."—London Telegraph.

There is only one sword factory in the United States, a Massachusetts concern, and that one has ample capacity for supplying the domestic demand for swords.

IT MADE HIM A HERO.

AN ACT THAT BROUGHT A LAWYER FAME AND FORTUNE.

It looked like an exhibition of Pure Nerve and Daring, but in Reality It Was Simply an Outcome of His Nearsightedness.

"A person who enjoys good eyesight," said a man who most decidedly does not, "would be greatly astonished to know how little is seen by those who are nearsighted even in a moderate degree. The average shortsighted man, of whom there are hundreds in every large city, sees nothing distinctly more than a foot away from his nose. Beyond that distance the outline of objects becomes hazy and indistinct, and growing rapidly more and more so until everything is finally merged into one general blur. The faces of people across the street are mere pink blotches, their figures are destitute of detail, signs are indecipherable 30 feet away, and the whole movement of traffic and passing show of the thoroughfare is a misty panorama, in which nothing smaller than a cab can be definitely distinguished."

"The city government had been for a long time under ring rule," continued the story teller, "and it finally became so bad that the decent people revolted and organized a reform movement. The good-looking lawyer called Colonel Jones for convenience was one of the reformers, and, among other things, he made himself active in securing indictments against a number of gambling house keepers. The boss ringster of the place was a typical bully and ward politician named Harding, who was financially interested in several of the games and naturally furious at any interference. He was a giant physically, he would fight the devil of a hat, and it is the person he inspired was really the secret of his influence. After the gambling indictments were found he proceeded to use his 'pull' to have them pigeon-holed, and learning what was going on, Colonel Jones was rash enough to write a newspaper card in which he scored the authorities for allowing such a ruffian to defeat the ends of justice.

"The colonel looked like a soldier, but he was really a very bland and peaceable gentleman, and he never dreamed that his little effusion would get him into personal difficulty. On the morning the card appeared he was walking calmly in his office when Harding rushed out of a bar across the street, called him by name and at the same time leveled a six shooter at his head. At that distance all coons looked alike to the nearsighted lawyer, and, turning in the direction of the voice, he made out the figure of a man with an outstretched arm apparently beckoning him to come over.

"A little surprised, but still perfectly placid, he started to cross the street. Harding glared at him in amazement and once or twice was on the point of pulling the trigger, but the spectacle of that serene and dignified figure calmly advancing straight on the muzzle of the six shooter, and the coolly raised gun was too much for his nerves, and he dropped the weapon and ignominiously fled.

"Needless to say, the episode made a tremendous sensation, and Jones, who had sense enough to hold his tongue, was the popular hero of the hour. Harding, on the contrary, was ruined, for his prestige had disappeared like a flash of lightning, and, unable to stand the disgrace of the affair, he quietly sold out his belongings and left the city. That broke the back of the ring, the reformers went into control, and the colonel was elected mayor by a tremendous majority. He served two terms, built up one of the biggest law practices in that part of the state and died worth nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

"In explanation of my inside knowledge of the case I don't mind saying that he was a distant relative of mine, and that the entire episode, where his nearsightedness was well known, was owned up to the facts as a good joke. He said he had a vague idea when he started across the street that Harding was a farmer client who had promised to pay him a fee that morning."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Not Troubled. Irate Tenant—I asked you when I rented this place if you had ever been troubled by chicken thieves, and you said no. Every one of my chickens was stolen last night, and I am told that the neighborhood has been infested with chicken thieves for years.

Suburban Agent—I never keep chickens.

Barden Bearers of the East. In the east the camel today, as in the days of Solomon, is the principal beast of burden in peace and in war. Across the pitiless desert he strides, his great pack nodding as he swings along. Down the old, old trail that winds through the hills of Lebanon, blinking, they come in pairs, bringing cedars to the sea. But the most remarkable of all freighters is the eastern hannel, the human burden bearer. All or nearly all the freight of Constantinople is handled by the hannel. He wears on his back a regular pack saddle, and in the city, where it rests on his shoulders and thump at the bottom, where it ends at his feet. A broad band circles his forehead, and when he leans forward the saddle presents a flat, level surface.—Munsey's Magazine.

And What She Wanted. Papa—What's there? You needn't kiss me any more. Tell me what you want. Daughter—I don't want anything. I want to give you something. Papa—You do? What? Daughter—A son-in-law. Jack asked me to speak to you about it.

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

A Dispenser's Story of How It Worked in One Case.

"The power of imagination," said a New York druggist, "is past comprehension. Not long since a domestic in the employ of a prominent family came into the store in great haste with a prescription which called for two grains of morphine in one ounce of aqua pura—that is, distilled water—accompanying direction reading, 'A teaspoonful every hour until the pain is allayed.' The patient for whom it was intended was the head of the family, who was suffering from a severe attack of nervous neuralgia.

"Now, it so happened that the family physician who had written the prescription was behind the counter when the messenger arrived. He had dropped in, as was his wont, on the way to his office. While I was putting up the prescription we chatted and laughed and joked and passed the time of day as only professional men are capable of doing. I filled the bottle, corked it carefully and labeled it properly, and when the retreating form of the domestic had disappeared out of the store door returned to my companion—the physician's district. As I did so I saw to my amazement the two grains of morphine reposing upon the prescription scales.

"Doctor," I ejaculated, 'I've given that girl nothing but distilled water. The morphine is here; look at it. What shall I do?' "Do?" he replied, with admirable sang froid. "Do? Why, nothing at all. I'll wager you that the aqua pura will work as well with the opiate as with the morphine."

"Agreed," said I. And you know," concluded the pharmacist, "the doctor was right, and the patient with the nervous neuralgia—an exceptionally intelligent and college bred man—was sleeping as peacefully as a babe after the second dose of the 'mixture.' Faith is everything where medicine is concerned."—Exchange.

Did You Ever Draw a Fly? Whatever other fate might befall it, naturalists agree that the common house fly cannot be drowned and many experiments have been made in relation thereto.

Included in such tests was the immersion of a fly in a tumbler of clear cold water, with a piece of cardboard to fit the glass and floated so as to keep the insect beneath the surface. So little did the fly trouble about such an obstacle that it kept near the bottom of the glass, and there for a quarter of an hour ran about as freely as in the fresh air, while at times crawled across the underside of the pastebard as on the ceiling of a room.

After being immersed for 20 minutes the fly's movements were less active, and at 25 minutes it turned over on its side, apparently dead. It hung suspended in the water just under the pastebard, which kept it from rising to the surface, and there it remained for another 25 minutes.

It was then taken out and placed on a sheet of paper, looking to all appearance dead. Its next fate was to be buried by being covered with about half a teaspoonful of fine salt.

At the end of 15 minutes the saline was shaken off, the fly having thus been completely covered either by water or by salt for 65 minutes. Immediately upon its release the insect trimmed its wings and legs actively for awhile and then flew away.—Pearson's Weekly.

Why Monarchs were Insane. Pathologists have often pointed out the fact that physical and mental enervation are apt to go hand in hand, and the intellectual degeneracy of old men and the mental insanity of their palace life.

The plebeian functions which medieval sovereigns were obliged to perform by proxy included the adjustment of their gala gloves. They had finkies to remove their cravats and warm their nightshirts, unplug their pigstails and tuck up their bedclothes around their shoulders. In the morning courtiers competed for the honor of holding the shield of the monarch as he descended on benched knees to buckle their shoes. If the inheritor of a legitimate throne lifted a spoon to break an egg, lynx eyed lackeys anticipated his needs with the agility of trained conjurers. Like his food, his information on current topics was served ready dressed and cooked, till he turned into a masthead machine and repeater of conventional twaddle.—Lippincott's.

Saved Each Other. A short time ago a guard on one of the Northern expresses while at a big station in the midlands had been talking to the engine driver. Presently he stepped aside and gave his "Right away!" when a gentleman who was late sprang on to the footboard while the train was in motion and tried to obtain admission to one of the compartments.

As the carriage came along the guard seized him by the coat and pulled him off, remarking that he must think himself lucky, for he had practically saved his life.

On this conversation was going on to the guard's van came by, and the guard, with that gracefulness acquired by constant practice, saluted majestically to the man.

The gentleman, who had taken in the situation, thereupon seized him by the coat and pulled him off, saying as the train sped away: "One good turn deserves another. You saved my life; I have saved yours. Now we are quits."—London Telegraph.

The Lesson He Wanted. In his autobiography, "Up From Slavery," Booker T. Washington tells an amusing anecdote of an old colored man who during the days of slavery wanted to learn how to play on the guitar. In his desire to take guitar lessons he applied to one of his young masters to teach him. But the young man, not having much faith in the ability of the slave to master the guitar at his age, sought to discourage him by telling him: "Uncle Jake, I will have to charge you \$3 for the first lesson, \$2 for the second lesson and \$1 for the third lesson. But I will charge you only 25 cents for the last lesson!"

Uncle Jake answered: "All right, boss, I hires you on dem terms. But, boss, I wints yer to be sure an give me dat las' lesson first."

A Rabelais Hoax. Rabelais, being out of money, once tricked the police into taking him from Marseille to Paris on charge of treason. He made some nice neckties of brick dust and labeled them "Poison for the royal family." The officers took Rabelais 700 miles, only to be told at the end of their journey that it was April 1 and the affair was a hoax. Of course, as Rabelais was the privileged wit of the royal family, he was forgiven.

ENGLAND'S FIRST SHIP.

Great Harry Was the Country's Premier Fighting Machine.

Of the first ship, properly speaking, of the British navy, known as the Great Harry, the following particulars are given in an old number of the Mechanic's Magazine, dated Oct. 25, 1829.

The Great Harry was built by King Henry VII at a cost of £14,000, and was burned at Woolwich, through accident, in 1553.

Though King Henry, as well as other princes, hired many ships, exclusive of those which the different seaports were obliged to furnish, he seems thus to have been the first king who thought of avoiding this inconsequence by raising such a force as might be sufficient for the service of the state. Historians tell us that he caused his navy, which had been neglected in the preceding reign, to be put in a condition to protect the British coasts against all foreign invasions, and that in the midst of prepared peace he always kept up a fleet ready to act.

In August, 1512, the Regent, a ship of 1,000 tons, which was at that time the largest vessel in the British navy, was burned, and to replace it the Great Harry, or, as it was also known, the Henry Grace de Dieu, was built in 1515.

The vessel, of about 1,000 tons burden, was manned by 340 soldiers, 301 marines and 50 gunners. She had four masts and portholes on both decks and in other parts.

Before the time of her construction the cannon were placed above deck and the masts were of iron. One Debarges, a French builder at Brest, is said to have invented portholes. In a list of the British navy, as it stood on Jan. 5, 1548, the Great Harry is said to have carried 19 brass and 103 iron pieces of ordnance.

The name of the ship is supposed to have been changed in the reign of Edward VI to Edward, which, on Aug. 26, 1552, was reported to be still "in good case to serve," and was ordered to be grounded and calked once a year to keep it tight."—Cassier's Magazine.

BILLIARD CUES.

How They are Made—American Furnishes the Best.

"Most billiard cues," said a New York manufacturer the other day, "are made in two pieces, the one near and the handle. The cue is made generally of maple, and the butt, which is wedge shaped, is inserted into a handle of rosewood, snakewood, ebony, mahogany, walnut or some other fancy dark wood, which is cut to dovetail with the long part.

"The maple wood used in making the handles is sawed into suitable lengths and seasoned. The logs are then split into pieces of the size the handles are made. These pieces are called bolts. The bolts are sawed approximately to the shape of the handle to be finally made, and in this shape they are hand-blocked. The handle block is turned to the shape of the handle in a lathe, and when the butt has been fitted it is finished and polished.

"The finest and best cues are fitted to the handle or butt by means of a double wedge. At the top of the cue is a ferrule of horn or bone, in which the leather tip is fitted. While the ivory ferrule is the most expensive, of course it is less durable than the horn or bone ferrules, which are less liable to crack. The extra workmanship on cues is put in on the butts, some of which are elaborately inlaid and carved in beautiful patterns.

"There are a number of billiard players who will not permit another person to use their cues, and for the use of these particular players cues are turned out from which the tips may be unscrewed, leaving the cue with unfinished points and useless.

"American billiard cues are the lightest, strongest and neatest made anywhere in the world. They are made in all weights and lengths and rank in price from 30 cents to \$25 and more each, according to the quality and finish of the article.—Washington Star.

Know When They Have Enough. The llama, that docile animal which was the beast of burden in Peru in prehistoric times and played the part that was assigned to his cousin, the camel, in Egypt and Arabia, is still seen in large numbers in the mountain districts, but he cannot live in the warmer latitudes along the coast. He is docile, enduring and sure footed. He can go a long time without water and food and chews the cud of contentment when other animals are in distress because of the temperature of the rarefied atmosphere found in the Andean plateaus.

"A llama will carry 100 pounds and more, and if you add an ounce to his load he will lie down and wait until it is taken off. He knows when he has enough, and there is no use in trying to argue with him. The native Indians have learned this by the experience of generations, and when a llama lies down they immediately unstrap the load and take it off, without making any fuss about it. Then, when it is satisfied that he has been given no more than his share, he climbs on to his hoofs again and follows the mountain trail for days and weeks at a time without murmuring or slipping or forgetting his good manners."—Chicago Record.

Pretty Far Off. A summer resident in a New Hampshire village, a lady who, in Horace Walpole's phrase, "sits at the top of the dining table," was making a friendly call of the season upon the family of an old widower.

"The father was at home, one of the girls being absent on a visit to the other sister, who had been married during the past winter. Naturally the talk turned on the daughters.

"Yes," said the father; "Mary made out real well. But I don't know's I'll ever love Elizabeth off. There's a young man here comin' here steady now for two years, an' he's no further off yet, ma'am, than me an' you."—Youth's Companion.

Cheap. Lover—You are getting prettier every day. Sweet Girl—Just now I am living on brown bread and water to improve my complexion.

"How long can you keep that up?" "Oh, indefinitely." "Then let's get married."—Exchange.

Trying Work. Thin Handed Man—What! A shilling for cutting my hair? That's outrageous! Barber—But, my dear sir, the hairs on your head are so far apart that I can't cut each one by itself.—London Hit-Bits.

A famous ink long used in Germany was made of a combination of chromate of potash with a solution of logwood in the proportions of one part of the former to 1,000 parts of the latter.

SOME CURIOUS CHURCHES.

Congregations Which Meet in Inns, Windmills and Boats.

A public house is one of the last places one would expect to be used as a place of worship. The inhabitants of Tyfford, a village near Winchester, would not consider this at all a novelty, because for several years the post office, because for several years the Phoenix inn has been used Sunday for religious purposes. The room in which the religious services are held will comfortably hold about 200 people and opens at the back on to a pretty tea garden. The most remarkable feature of the services is that they are often conducted while the public house is open for business purposes, and the customers can join in the singing if they are so disposed.

There are two or three instances of public houses which have been converted into churches, and there are also two or three theaters which are now places of worship. The Fen district possesses a canalboat church. There are a large number of people who some distance away from any church, and the canalboat church travels from place to place for the benefit of such folk. The boat will seat a congregation of about 100.

The old chapel of ease at Tunbridge Wells has a unique situation. It stands in two counties and three parishes. When the clergyman leaves the vestry, he comes out of the parish of Frant of Sussex. If he is going to officiate at Tunbridge, in Kent, on the other hand, he is going to preach the sermon, he walks from the parish of Frant to the parish of Speldhurst on his way to the pulpit.

The chapel at Milton Bryant is situated in the village pond. The reason for the selection of this strange site was because no landowner would grant a building on his property. The "windmill" church near Reigate is familiar to London cyclists. Not so familiar is the underground church at Brighton. Owing to some "ancient lights" difficulty, the authorities could not "build up," and as the site was a good one they decided to "build down."—London Mail.

USING HIS WITS.

Showing How People May be Guided by Inference.

"You see," said the man with the bulging forehead and prominent nose, "if people would only be guided more by inference it would save loads of useless trouble."

"I don't understand you," said the man who had been tugging a pimple on his chin.

"Why, for instance, I passed a frozen pond one winter day. On the ice I saw a pair of skates, a boy's cap and a mitten. Out in the middle of the pond the ice was broken. Did I jump to the conclusion that a boy had been drowned and raise a great hubbalooboo about it?"

"Of course you did, or else you ought to be prosecuted. You don't mean to say you passed on and said nothing?"

"I do," calmly replied the man of the forehead. "I inferred instead of jumping to a false conclusion."

"But you had to infer that the boy was under the ice," protested the other.

"Not a bit of it. If the boy had fallen in, the skates and cap and mittens would have gone with him. I simply inferred that he had seen a rabbit and given chase. I was right too. In the course of five minutes I met him on the road."

"Oh, you did! And maybe you inferred something else?"

"Of course I did. As he had the nose-logs I inferred that he had fallen over a log in the chase and got left, and he admitted that such was the case."

"Then you ought to have wound up the performance by inferring whether it was a male or female rabbit."

"It wasn't necessary, my captious friend. As I passed on I found the rabbit, dead from overexertion, and it was a male."—Washington Post.

Historical Divisions of Time.

For convenience of time is, by historians, usually divided into three great eras—ancient, medieval (or middle) and modern. The ancient period is considered to extend from the earliest times down to the fall of the Roman empire in the west in A. D. 476; the medieval from that date to the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492 and the modern from that time to the present. Some historians prefer to put the end of the medieval period at the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, about 40 years earlier than the Columbus event. The dark ages are often held to be coeval with the medieval era, but some authorities think that the term should be applied only to the part of the era extending from the downfall of the empire of Charlemagne, in the ninth century, onward.

An Absurd Superstition. A popular belief is that the sound produced by a little insect known as a "death watch" portends the death of some relative or friend. That the noise made by this little creature resembles the ticking of a watch is undisputed, but that it in any way foretells the dissolution of a human being is absurd. Observation has established the fact that these little insects infest decaying timber and posts, and that the peculiar noise is caused by their gnawing and being through the rotten wood fibers in quest of food.

Then and Now. In these days of cheap literature, when the masterpieces of English writers can be had for 6d., it is interesting to note that just 1,000 years ago the Countess of Anjou gave 200 sheep, one load of wheat, one load of rye and one load of millet for a volume of sermons written by a German monk.—London Standard.

A Trait of Augustan Daily. A lovely trait of Mr. Daly's character was his tenderness and thought for children. I never knew him to pass a child on the way to school without buying a paper, and he always took the paper with a look in his eyes as much as to say, "We must help the boys to get a living." It was a beautiful trait—not giving as charity, but buying what the boy had to sell.—Mrs. Gilbert in Scribner's Magazine.

A colossal ferry bridge is to be erected over the river Tyne at its narrowest mouth connecting North with South Shields. The suspension bridge will be erected at a height of 270 feet, so that even the largest vessels may be able to pass up and down the river with facility. From the bridge will depend a platform suspended upon cables which will have accommodation for tram cars, horses, vehicles and 200 passengers.

FEATHERED FREAKS.

BIRDS WITHOUT WINGS AND BIRDS WITHOUT SONG.

The Penguin is a Bird That Walks and Swims, but Does Not Fly—A Bird That Can Run Faster Than the Swiftest Horse—The Tailor Bird.

Birds without wings are found in New Zealand and Australia. Kiwi is the name of one species. Beautiful mats are made of the feathers of the white variety, but it takes ten years and more to collect enough feathers to make even a small mat which would sell for about \$150.

Birds without song belong to Hawaii. In Honolulu one sees a bird about the size of the robin, an independent sort of fellow, that walks about like a chicken, instead of hopping like a well trained bird of the United States, and it has no song.

A bird that walks and swims, but does not fly, is the penguin. No nests are made by penguins, but the one egg laid at a time by the mother is carried about under her absurd little wing or under her leg.

The largest of flight birds is the California vulture or condor, measuring from tip to tip 9 1/2 to 10 feet and exceeding considerably in size the condor of South America. The bird lays only one egg each season—large, oval, ash green in color and deeply pitted, so distinctive in appearance that it cannot be confounded with any other.

The California condor is rapidly approaching extinction and museums all over the world are eager to secure living specimens. It is believed that there is only one in captivity.

Another large bird is the rhinoceros bird, which is about the size of a turkey. One recently shot on the island of Java had in its crop a rind from a small telescope and three brass buttons, evidently belonging to a British soldier's uniform.

A bird which is swifter than a horse is the road runner of the southwest. Its allies are the ground cuckoo, the lizard bird and the snake killer, snakes being a favorite diet. In northern Mexico, a creature called the southern Colorado and California it is found. The bird measures about two feet from tip to tip and is a dull brown in color. Its two legs are only about ten inches long, but neither horses with their four legs nor bounds nor electric racing machines are in it for swiftness when it comes to running.

Most curious are the sewing or tailor birds of India—little white things not much larger than one's thumb. To escape falling a prey to snakes and monkeys the tailor bird picks up a dead leaf and flies up into a high tree, and with a fiber for a thread and its bill for a needle sews the leaf on to a green one hanging from the tree. The sides are sewed up, an opening being left at the top. That a nest is swinging in the tree no snake or monkey or even man would suspect.

Many a bird cannot compare in perfection of movement with the flight of the curlews of Florida winging their way to their feeding grounds miles away, all in uniform lines in unbroken perfection. The curlews are dainty and charming birds to see, some pink, some white.

Birds in flight often lose their bearings, being blown aside from their course by the wind. In this case they are helpfully off as a mariner without a compass in a strange sea on a starless night.

All very young birds, by a wise provision of nature, are entirely without fear until they are able to fly. The reason of the delayed development of fear is that, being unable to fly, the birds would struggle and fall from their nests at every noise and be killed. Suddenly, almost in a day, the birds develop the sense of fear, when their feathers are enough grown so that they can fly.

It is always a source of wonder to arctic explorers to find such quantities of singing birds within the arctic circle. They are abundant beyond belief. But the immense crop of cranberries, crowsberries and cloudberrries that ripen in the northern swamps accounts for the presence of the birds.

A stick of wood seven inches long and a quarter of an inch in diameter was once taken from a wren's nest. It is very singular that so small and delicate a bird should use such rough material with which to construct its nest.

If an eagle should use material proportioned to its size, its nest would be made up of fence rails and small saw logs.

The extraordinary situations in which nests are found occasionally do not most give one the impression