Ayer's

pills stand without a rival as a reliable family medicine. They cure sick headache, biliousness, constipation, and keep the body in perfect health. In many homes no medicine is used except Dr. J. C. Ayer's

Pills.

Every Saturday Tourist Sleeping Car Route to California.

Commencing next Saturday night, and continuing every Saturday night thereafter, Midland Route tourist cars en route to Colorado, Utah and California will leave the Chicago Union Passenger Station of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at 10 o'clock, running over the Chicago and Omaha Short Line to Omaha, thence via Lincoln, Neb., Colorado Springs and Leadville, Colo., Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah, Reno, Nevada, and Sacramento Cal., arriving at San Francisco at 8:45 p. m. Wedesday.

As will be noticed, this route is Midland through Northern Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, through the heart of the Rockies, Utah, Nevada and California, affording a perfect panoramic view of prairie, mountain and coast scenery.

These popular every Saturday California excursion for both first and second-class passengers (not foreign emigrants) are "personally conducted" by intelligent, competent and courteous "couriers," who will attend to the wants of all passengers en route. This is an entirely new feature of tourist car service and will be greatly appreciated by families or parties of friends traveling together, or by ladies traveling alone. Particular attention is paid to the care of children who usually get weary on a long journey.

Remember that the Midland Route Tourist Cars are sleeping cars and are supplied with all the accessories necessary to make the journey comfortable and pleasant, and the sleeping berth rate is but $6 (for two persons) from Chicago to California.

Ask the nearest ticket agent for a tourist car "folder," giving complete information about the Mid and Route, or address "Eastern Manager Midland Route," No. 95 Adams street, Chicago, Ill., or Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago.

P. S.—Berth reservations are made in the order received up to each Saturday morning. First come, first served.

The first regiment of British infantry was organized in 1661.

FOR BRAIN WORKERS.

We particularly call the attention of our readers to the display advertisement in our advertising columns of the Klondike Promotion Company headed "GOLD FOR YOU." Do not fail to read this advertisement, as it may be the means of making you $250.00 in gold for an evening's work. This advertisement will not appear again. The gentlemen connected with this company are perfectly reliable and will do all they agree to. Send in your answer to-day.

The devil is only a promising paymaster.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO

NEBRASKA

October 19

On that day round-trip tickets, good for 21 days, will be sold by all Burlington Route agents and by those of many eastern railroads at

HALF FARE

Plus $2.00.

The undersigned will send you free by application a handsome illustrated pamphlet describing Nebraska, with a large sectional map of the State.

A Dry, Healthy Climate.
A Soil Unsurpassed for Richness, easy to cultivate, and yielding all varieties of crops.

That is what Nebraska offers to the homeseeker. Ask your nearest ticket agent about the cheap rates or write to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

GET THE GENUINE ARTICLE!

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast COCOA

Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

Costs Less than ONE CENT a cup.

Be sure that the package bears our Trade-Mark.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited,

(Established 1780.) Dorchester, Mass.

Trade-Mark.

Dont Mind the Wind—

Bicycling in windy autumn weather makes your cheeks burn with the warm ruddy glow of health, it hardens you for the hardships of winter life and gives you the stimulation you need—the kind that is best. And all this for a

Columbia Bicycle.

It isn't much to pay for the pleasure you get—is it! No other bicycle is so good as the Columbia—

Standard of the World.

$75 To All Alike.

HARTFORD BICYCLES, $50, $45, $40.

POPE MFG. COMPANY, Hartford, Conn.

If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

FOR THE CURIOUS.

Twenty years ago England had 11,619 male and 14,901 female school teachers. Last year there were 66,310 female, and only 26,270 male teachers.

Freefchmen in Mexico have started a movement to create funds for the erection of a monument to mark the spot where Emperor Maximilian was shot.

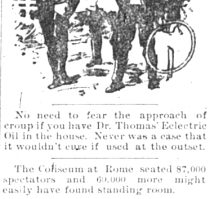
Washington, D. C., has long been a mecca for Southern negroes. According to the latest census of the city, there were 88,609 negroes in a total population of 277,000.

The seraglio at Constantinople is a group of palaces belonging to the sultan. It is a triangle three miles round and contains more than 100 buildings, some of great splendor.

A messenger boy of the Western Union office in Brantford, Conn., is 87 years old, and recently walked twenty miles to deliver a message, for which he received the sum of $1.

It is shown by the annual report of one of the largest mining companies in Colorado that since the organization of the company the average cost of producing $1 in gold has been 37 cents.

The Bargain Store Wheel.



No need to fear the approach of croup if you have Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the house. Never was a case that it wouldn't cure if used at the outset.

The Coliseum at Rome seated 87,000 spectators and 60,000 more might easily have found standing room.

The secret of happiness, "Keep your liver right." Burdock Blood Bitters is nature's remedy for complaints of the liver or bowels.

It is the nature of empty things to make the most noise, the man who is hollow laughs the loudest.

Take One—Of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pills after dinner. It will promote digestion and prevent the evil effects of indigestion. One pill is a dose. Mild, safe, sure, and pleasant. The effective little pill is sugar coated and the old school medicine is purgative. 25 doses 25 cents.

Denmark allows every subject, male or female, who is 60 years of age, a small pension.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Rain has never been known to fall in Egypt between the two lower falls of the Nile.

Coe's Cough Balsam
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

There are more muscles in the tail of a rat than in a human hand.

The mob causes disrespect for law, justice and authority.

JUST IN TIME.

Anna Sheilds.

E had all been telling stories, as we sat in the moonlight on the porch of the old homestead. It was but a summer resort then for a few weeks, the care of servants in the winter; but well filled with our friends in the hot, dry months. Stories of adventure, of personal disasters, of land, of love, had filled the evening; but it was still too early to retire, when Elsie, putting her pretty golden head down on my shoulder, said:

"Tell the story, father, of the day you were just in time".

The only romance of my hum-drum life! I was willing enough and this is the story: Ten years before, while I was still in business as a carriage builder in the small town of Bolton, I had in my employ a young man named Hartley, who was more to me, having no son of my own, than merely one of the "hands."

He was the son of John Hartley, who was one of the meanest, close-fisted men in the world, and thoroughly disliked by the entire population of Bolton. A dealer in real estate, he was known as one who insisted upon the payment of his rents, even if it took the food from the mouths of his tenants, or the beds from under the sick, to pay him.

When young George Hartley first came to me to seek employment he was a handsome lad of sixteen, with a bright, frank face, shadowed at that time by the recent death of his mother. It was understood that the wages George Hartley earned were to be paid to John Hartley, and he was punctually at the desk on pay-day.

Knowing that the lad had been a good scholar, his mother's influence having kept him at the Bolton school until the early fall, I lent him books and invited him often to my house, where Elsie would play and sing for him, or read with him. He studied in every leisure moment, but was a good workman, never shrinking manual labor that was usually too much drudgery for a boy of his ability. With my knowledge he went through a course of bookkeeping under my own head clerk, and here begins my story.

I had had in my employ a young man as assistant bookkeeper, who had left me for what he thought a better position, and I entered into an engagement with George Hartley, who was to do his work, after hours, receiving from me five dollars a week in addition to his regular wages, which sum I paid to him, unknown to his father. It was defrauding that worthy man of his right to his son's brains and industry, why, I so defrauded him.

By my advice the money was deposited in the Bolton Bank, and for nearly four years it had accumulated there, until there was more than a hundred dollars, some of the money having been spent in keeping the lad decently clothed.

He was twenty years old when John Hartley married his second wife, an old maid, who was one of his tenants, and who had property of her own. From the day when she entered the house Mrs. Hartley commenced a series of petty persecutions of her stepson, plus thrusts to make his life miserable, but seemingly too trifling for a man to notice. She hated him because he had tried to prevent the marriage, solely for love of his dead mother.

It was in April, when my physicians ordered me to take a sea trip for a chronic complaint that was troubling me and I made my preparations to go in a schooner from Keyport, the nearest seaport town to Bolton, and some thirty miles east of it. There was a train from Boston that passed through Bolton at ten o'clock in the evening, connected with the stage to Keyport. It was a New York train, but not express, stopping at many of the way stations; but it was the only one by which connection could be made with Keyport, the New York express passing Bolton at midnight.

I had sent my baggage to the station, had made all my arrangements, and was sitting in my study waiting for the hour to leave home when the door-bell rang. Elsie was in Boston, visiting an aunt until my return, and the servants had all gone away, as the house was to be closed, so I opened the door myself. It was George Hartley who was on my steps, a small satchel in his hand, and his face white with excitement.

I had still an hour of time at my disposal and I drew him into the house, certain before he spoke that there had come a crisis in his hard life. I will not try to tell the story in his own words, broken as they were by anger and excitement, but this was the substance of it:

He had been out at tea time, avoiding the family meals as often as he could, and in coming home had gone directly to a back room which was over the one occupied by his father. The day had been warm, oppressively so for April, and all the windows were open. Seated by the one in his own room, George Hartley could hear distinctly what was said in the room beneath. He was reading, scarcely heeding the voices at first, but presently roused to keen listening and burning indignation. His stepmother had been prying in his room and had found his bank-book, where he had supposed it was securely concealed. John Hartley's rage at the discovery was great and he had gone to the bank and drawn out the entire sum, just as the bank was closing, and too late to pass it to his own account.

He was going with his wife to a church meeting, being an active church member, and they were discussing the best place to put the money during their absence. After some bickering on the subject they decided to roll the notes in a piece of newspaper and thrust them behind the frame of a mirror over the mantle piece. No one would look there, or if any one did there was only a piece of newspaper to be seen. As an additional precaution John Hartley took the numbers of the notes.

Keeping down his inclination to dash into the room and claim his own, George waited as patiently as he could until the couple had left the house, when he went to the room, to find the door locked and bolted. He was recklessly by that time and went to the porch, climbed to its roof under his fathers window and smashed the blinds outside, unbolted them, raised the window and sprang into the room. The money was secured, the newspaper replaced and he left the room again by the way he had entered it. Packing a satchel, he left the house and came to me.

"I will never return," he said to me, "and if it is theft to take what I have honestly earned I am a thief, for I have it."

"I have wonders for you sad so long," I said.

"I promised my mother I would never leave my father alone," he answered. "I have kept my word. He is not alone; he has his wife. Two years ago, if you remember, you offered me a letter to your brother in New York, who, you said, would give me a position in his counting house."

"I remember."

"Will you give me that letter now, sir? I can leave here on the ten o'clock train and be in New York to-morrow. Even if your brother has no place for me I can live on what money I have for a time, and your letter will help me to some work. In a year I shall be free!"

Was I wrong to uphold him? I did so, with my whole heart. I wrote to my brother, gave George the letter and then, fastening up the house, we started together to walk to the railway station. We were half-way there when we met John Hartley and his wife, returning from church. Supposing that George was going to see me off, they stopped for a few minutes, spoke a few words of farewell, hoped I would come back in better health and went their way. Five minutes later George and I were in our seats in the car. The schooner in which I was going to sail was a coaster, going to the Gulf of Mexico, and was to sail at five o'clock in the morning. Having time at his own disposal, George decided to go with me to Keyport and see me off, promising to write to Elsie as soon as I was fairly afloat.

It had long been evident to me that Elsie loved my young friend and during that night ride he spoke to me frankly of his love for her, and won my free consent to ask her to be his wife as soon as he had established himself in some settled business. It had been a life-long attachment and I knew the sterling worth of the man who loved my little girl.

We parted at five o'clock in the morning of the twenty-third of April and George Hartley had not been out of my sight since nine o'clock on the evening of the twenty-second. I went to the Gulf of Mexico, and finding the air was helping me moved from place to place along the coast, keeping ever on or near the water until the first of June. I wrote to Elsie, but heard nothing from her, as I was moving about constantly, and we had arranged that I was to expect letters. Late in the third of June I was again in Bolton and speeding homeward, knowing Elsie was expecting me. I had avoid-

THE MONEY WAS SECURED.

ed the main street, anxious to be at home, but in a smaller street, not far from the court house, I met an old friend.

To my amazement he ignored to meet me, crying:

"Lovely Providence has sent you here to-day! Come, we have no a moment to lose."

"Come where? What is it? Elsie?" I cried.

"No, no! There is nothing wrong with Elsie, but they are trying George Hartley for murder and he says you can save him!"

"For murder!" I cried.

"The murder of his father on the twenty-second of April. The evidence is overwhelming! Mrs. Hartley swears that her husband was robbed of six hundred dollars on the night when he was murdered and she has the numbers of the notes. They were found on George when he was arrested in New York."

We were hurrying toward the court house, but my friend spoke rapidly.

"Mrs. Hartley swears that there was some noise in the lower part of the house that aroused her and she went down. When she returned the window had been forced open, the money stolen and the husband lay on the floor dead, with a horrible wound on the back of his head. George ran away that night on the midnight train to New York."

We were at the court house by this time and pressed our way through the crowd, who were listening to the evidence that threatened to hang George Hartley for murder. I made my way to the seat where the lawyer who was defending him was gravely listening to the witness on the stand. The prisoner was looking down as I bent over and whispered to his lawyer, but suddenly looking up he saw me. One great shout broke from his pale lips.

"Heaven has sent you! I am saved!" and fell senseless on the floor. Had he studied the effect for months he could not have made it more convincing. Not a man in that crowded room doubted his innocence then.

My evidence was taken, and being a man well known in Bolton, it was sufficient to prove George Hartley guiltless. As I told the true story of the money, I could see that the sympathy of all was with the prisoner. All Bolton knew how hard a parent his father had been.

The jury were out but a few moments to return with the verdict, "Not guilty!" and George and I left the court-room arm in arm, followed by the cheering of the crowd. We found Elsie white and trembling in the parlor, waiting for us.

"You are not angry because I came back?" she pleaded, clinging to me. "I heard the news in Boston and auntie came home with me. I knew George was innocent, even before I saw him, and it comforted him to see me," she said, turning to her lover.

I did not doubt that, as I saw them clinging together, their faces still pale with recent sorrow, but a glad light shining in their eyes.

The mystery of John Hartley's death has never been solved. His son thinks he was not murdered, but fell and struck his head. His stepmother's hatred of him and the fact that his death would make her the heiress of her husband's wealth were sufficient motives for her accusation.

By his father's will George Hartley inherited his entire estate, with a life income to Mrs. John Hartley that is punctually paid. He was a far wealthier man than was supposed and George Hartley is to-day one of the richest men in Bolton and the happiest of husbands and fathers. Eh, Elsie?

"He is here to answer for himself," she answered, as we saw a tall figure come up the garden path, the figure of the man whose innocence I had proved just in time ten years before.—New York Ledger.

BEES CAPTURE A WAGON.

A Vagrant Swarm Forces Itself on a Denver Express-man.

A tribe of vagrant bees, following the lead of a near sighted old queen who had lost her bearings, swarmed about Haswell's drug store at the corner of 16th and Lawrence streets one day recently, and for a while had the corner all to itself," says the Denver Republican. The unusual sight of thousands of honey bees buzzing around one of the busiest corners in town so attracted a big crowd of people, who at first stood off at a respectable distance and looked on. The wheels of on the tail gate of an express wagon, and it was curious to see how quickly the bees swarmed around her until they were piled up a foot deep, while hundreds of the insects buzzed around overhead or lit on the horse, on the sidewalk and on the clothing of the bystanders. When it was found that the bees were pacifically disposed the bystanders moved closer, and some boys, bolder than the others, even picked up handfuls of the bees and were not harmed. Some one got a packing box from the drug store, poured molasses in the bottom of it and placed it handy for the bees, but they did not move into the habitation provided. A big policeman, seeing the crowd, sauntered up to find out what was the trouble. It was desirable in the interests of the public safety to get the bees to move on, but he didn't know how to go about it, so he had to remain on duty and wait for developments. Occasionally a venturesome boy would stir up the pile of bees, just to see the crowd scatter. The bees would settle on passengers in the open cars as they stopped just before reaching 16th street, and then there would be a panic. Women on bicycles ran into the cloud of insects before they were aware of their danger, and wheeling at very revolution, they scorched down the street, frantic with fear, just because a few dozen harmless bees were tickling them on the face, neck or arms. Where the swarm came from or where they had set out to go was, of course, a mystery. Some farmer around Wheatland or Littleton is probably the loser, and the owner of the express wagon now has a swarm of bees which he has no use for, but was if need to take home with him because they took a fancy to his wagon and would not leave it. A young man who said he knew all about bees attempted to shovel the insects into a box with a pair of fans. They offered no resistance, but could not stay in the box, and in the end the experiment had to drive home with a halo of bees encircling his head and the wagon bed half full of bees.

Squelched.

He—I do detest seeing women tearing along streets on a bicycle. And not half of them enjoy it, though they may pretend to. She—Of course we don't enjoy it! But what is a woman to do when she can't hire or get a seat in the car?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Genuine Gentlewoman.

She's a lovely, gentle woman,
Every one will tell you that;
Besides, you can see for yourself
That she wears a birdless hat.

IN REGARD TO MEN.

John Howells, son of the novelist, William Dean Howells, recently received a diploma in architecture from a Paris institution, where he has been a student five years.

It is reported that Verdi, has intrusted to his friend, Boito, a box containing the score of a new opera, entirely completed, but that the box is not to be opened, nor its contents investigated until after the Italian composer's death.

Brigands in the Roman Campagna have no luck; they held up Prince Francesco Borghese, duke of Romanzo, and his agent recently, but the two had only $7 between them. Two years ago, when the duke of Saxe-Meiningen was robbed, he had just $10 on his person.

In a recent interview Jean de Reszke told a friend the story of his brother Edouard went to sleep during a "Meistersinger" at Bayreuth, and how he had to vigorously shake him to make him stop the strange sounds which were scandalizing the audience.

Vereschagin, the Russian battle painter, will be the first recipient of the Nobel prize, given for "the propagation of pacific ideas," it is said, as his pictures have brought out the true horrors of war. Kaiser Wilhelm calls them "the best assurance against war."

Rex Haddad, who now lives in retirement in Worcester, Mass., was formerly a favorite jockey of the king of Roumania. His majesty had the ambition to have in his bodyguard of skilled riders men of nearly every nation of the world. Haddad, a Syrian by birth, was one of these. The seventeen riders always accompanied the king on his official tours about Galatz.

THE GAME PRESERVES

WEALTHY AMERICANS ADOPTING A EUROPEAN IDEA.

William C. Whitney Stocking His Berkshire Estate—The Webb Deer Park—Southern and Western Preserves—An Irish Idea.

(Special Letter.)

HE game preserve is new to America, but it is coming. Every recurring hunting season gives evidence of that fact, as it does of the fact that this country is evolving a hunting set similar to that which occupies so much attention among our English cousins and furnishes so much material to the British artist. In fact, it may be said of the American game preserve that it has arrived, for beginnings have been made in several quarters on pretentious estates that promise in time to rival the great game reservations of Europe. Game preserving is a pastime that seems likely to supplant horse racing and palace building in the affections of the American millionaire, and it is probable that within the next twenty-five years the United States will have the most magnificent and best stocked game preserves in the world.

During the past summer Mr. William C. Whitney has started a big private game preserve of the European model, and he is rapidly filling it with American game, large and small. Mr. Whitney is renowned for doing things on a large scale, and when he decided to establish a game preserve he began by buying a mountain—October mountain, it is called—four miles from fashion's famous summer place at Lenox. The mountain, with the surrounding holdings in Mr. Whitney's hands, includes 8,000 acres. Part of this is made up of woodland, part of it consisted of abandoned farms and part of it was occupied by tilled fields down to the time it came into the possession of the Standard oil and street railway magnates.

At present Mr. Whitney plans to give up about one-half of his Berkshire estate to the game he is bringing from different parts of the country. His first acquisition was a herd of thirteen buffaloes from the northern Rockies. The chief of the herd has been named McKinley. He weighs nearly 3,000 pounds and has a disposition that is not at all cheerful. The first thing that McKinley did when he was turned into his 800-acre run along with his twelve companions was to rush against the 9½-foot steel wire fence that had been built to restrict them. As the fence had egregiously been tested by running a small engine against it, McKinley made but slight impression on it and he settled down to graze contentedly on his big range.

Another rough and rocky thousand-acre inclosure is given over to a small

SCENE AT ROOSEVELT'S RESERVE

herd of antelope. They are exceedingly shy and have been seen only once or twice even by the gamekeepers since they were turned into their new playground, but it is supposed that they are well and happy. Mr. Whitney has also a herd of twenty-five elk on his estate, and another season will add some deer and possibly moose to his zoological aggregation. Within a few years he will probably have the finest collection of big game to be found on any private range in the country. Half a dozen gamekeepers are employed on his big game farm to look after the animals and keep the fences in repair. Mr. Whitney is interested in preserving game, but not in shooting it, and it is not likely that his game farm will be hunted unless it becomes necessary to shoot a too obstreperous bison or in case he wishes to treat his friends to the delight of antelope steak.

On the hunting estate of the late Austin Corbin the arrangements for preservation of animals were very complete. In addition to the ordinary inclosures, the hunting lodges and gamekeepers' huts were extensive affairs. A complete system of inter-communication existed by means of telephones extending from hut to hut, so that the whole range was, so to speak, within range of the head keeper's eye. Hunting on such ground would become a matter of ease, as the game could be traced by the most modern of methods.

There are many small game parks in the United States, but of the large preserves in which deer are the principal game animals, the most important is undoubtedly located in the Adirondacks, and was mentioned in a recent article in the Free Press describing deer hunting in the Adirondack forests. It comprises some 20,000 acres of woodland in the heart of the mountains, and belongs to Dr. Seward Webb and H. Walter Webb. The establishment of this preserve was a simple matter once the land had been obtained. It consisted simply in running a barbed wire fence about the domain and adorning it with occasional signs announcing the fact that the inclosure was private property. The ardor of an Adirondack sportsman in pursuit of a deer will hardly balk at a barbed wire fence, and it is likely that more than one fat buck has been slain in these private grounds. The owners have not attempted to stock their estates as it was already supplied with deer, rabbits, partridges and an occasional bear. The land has been simply left to lie in its original state.

So long as there is plenty of good sport to be had in other parts of the Adirondacks, it is not likely that the hunters will deliberately intrude on the Webb estate. When the deer have been exterminated in the open grounds, the owners of this princely shooting preserve may find it necessary to employ gamekeepers, but as yet the men employed on the estate have little to do except to warn off camping parties and keep the thirty or forty miles of wire fencing in repair.

At present the Webb lands are very little hunted. Dr. Seward Webb has a fine camp there, and usually spends a short time each autumn there with a party of friends, but for the most part the game feeds and thrives and increases undisturbed. It is doubtful if the Webbs have or ever will set foot on more than a small fraction of their Adirondack holdings. They are not enthusiastic hunters and are interested in preserving the natural wild game rather than in shooting it.

If the state of New York adopts the plan proposed by Gov. Black and creates a great state park in the Adirondacks along the same line as the Yellowstone, the empire state will have made its northern border one of the finest game preserves in the world, partly state property and partly belonging to wealthy private citizens, like the Webbs. Of course there are very few places where preserves can be established by simply fencing in a portion of the aboriginal forest, but in some of the more settled parts of the country scarcely less pretentious game reservations are being built up. The magnificent estate which George Vander-

A SCENE ON THE WHITNEY PRESERVE.

bilt is laying out at Biltmore will contain a game park. There is an extensive and well-stocked game farm in Florida belonging to some of the men interested in the Plant system, and in many other parts of the country there are less elaborate preserves where native wild game is to be found. Some of the sport-loving easterners who own ranches in the west have made them partial game preserves. On Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's cattle ranch, for instance, every precaution is taken to prevent antelope from being scared away, and when the assistant secretary of the navy visits this western domain he can have the satisfaction of occasionally bringing down one of these fleet-footed animals on his own land.

The preserving of smaller game is largely in the hands of various hunt clubs. The method is illustrated by the Genesee Valley Hunt club, perhaps the most famous fox-hunting organization in the country. The section of country covered by the hunters of this club is about twenty miles long by six or seven miles wide, and lies along the Genesee river in western New York. It is a country of rich farms, but so thoroughly is the fox-hunting spirit engrafted on the region that the farmers seldom make objection to having their fields trampled over and their fences knocked down. In fact, many of the tillers of the soil like to join in the hunt themselves. Accordingly Reynard is carefully protected until October comes, and then he is mercilessly pursued up hill and down dale by the members of the hunt club, who reside in Buffalo, Rochester and other New York cities.

In several of the states the quail, the white-footed grouse and American birds from the sportsman's point of view, are still sufficiently numerous to hold their own with the protection of the game laws. In New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, however, there are clubs devoted to the preservation and encouragement of bob White for ten months and a half out of the year, and to his extermination during the remaining six weeks. One of the best known of these is the Robbins Island club, which owns Robbins Island, off the Long Island coast, and hunts it under the club regulations for a brief season each year. Quail and other wild fowl are encouraged to come to these preserves, but there is no place in this country where birds are raised for shooting as pheasants are abroad.

TWO ODD THINGS.

Long Teeth of a Rabbit, and Unique Widow's Weeds.

In accompanying picture is shown the head of a rabbit which was found

WIDOW'S WEEDS, AND RABBIT'S HEAD.

dead near Stonehaven, in Scotland. Owing to the enormous growth of the two lower incisor teeth, the unfortunate animal had evidently perished from sheer inability to nourish itself. A curious object is the "widow's weeds" of an Australian aboriginal. It is the custom in one part of Australia, near the northeast bend of the Murray river, for widows to attend upon the tombs of their dead husbands. Then, after shaving their heads, they cover them with pipeclay, kneaded into a paste. The head is first covered with a net, to prevent the clay from sticking too tightly to the skin—a misfortune which is partly averted by the amount of grease with which every Australian native is anointed. A layer of this clay, several inches in thickness, is plastered over the head, and, when dry, forms a sort of skull cap exactly fitting the head on which it was molded. As it weighs several pounds, the widow's cap cannot be comfortable. These badges of mourning may be found lying about near the tombs, and until their real use was discovered, they were very mysterious objects to travelers.