

NORDAU AND WAGNER.

THE FORMER'S ATTACKS ON THE COMPOSER REPEATED.

Nordau's Master, Lombroso, Takes Exception to His Arguments. Wagner's Music is a Great Creation—"Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger."

IT IS true that Wagner was a megalomaniac and a madman. From some private letters in which he speaks of the King of Bavaria as "more than brother, more than friend, more than wife," and from some of his queer habits, women's dressing-gowns of fabulous price, rooms fitted up as boudoirs—there is much reason to suspect that he was a sexual psychopath.

He was shown, in my "Homme de Génie," that he seems in many of his letters not only mad but imbecile. It is true, too, that he often repeats the same concept; that he is often obscure and contradictory; that he delights in plays upon words; that, like the mattoles, he underlines the words which seem to him the most important in his works; that, when he wrote "Judaism in Music," he had a sort of delirium of persecution against the Jews. And certainly Wagner's musical libretti, which his fanatics admire as wells of philosophy, are incomplete, even silly, and their verses are horrible. But that detracts nothing from the merit of the musician; the interweaving of even Shakespeare's dramas is often puerile, worthy of puppet shows and street players; but the immense treasure of psychology stored in them does not on this account lose a thousandth part of its value. We smile at the general slaughter which puts an end to the last scene; but we close the book enthusiastically over the infinite power of the genius which fathoms the human soul down to its giddiest depths. What matters to us the philosophy which he has chosen to employ? asks Cesare Lombroso in the Century.

So we must regard Wagner as a great musician only, and not as a poet or a philosopher. His music is a great creation, and this suffices; a great creation, not because of the ideas which it tries to represent, but because it expresses, with extraordinary power, one of the most universal sentiments. Even the most positive man has a very strong inclination to embellish bygone ages in his imagination, with all those flowers lacking in his own time; seeing them from afar, he does not perceive those innumerable vulgarities of which make our existence so tedious; and he thinks that men must have been happier. Not otherwise, perhaps, arose the widely diffused legends of the Golden Age. Wagner has done no more than color this illusion vividly. He is only the musician of this universal sentiment, which he has been able to make objective, in forms precise and not evanescent. As to the accusation that Wagner is incapable of creating symmetrical melodies, and that he covered counterpoint with "idiotic" and avoided all burdensome labor; that he invented the theory of the Leitmotif because he was not able to differentiate the personages of his operas by giving to his music salient characteristics, these accusations vanish merely at the names of his operas—"Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger," etc.

Nordau pronounces atavistic, and therefore diseased, not only the cooperation of the various arts which Wagner dreamed of, but also the incomplete melody and the natural recitative of the Wagnerian personages. As to the first point, he it observed that Wagner tended not to obscure the specific characteristics of the various arts, in order to fuse them into one art, but to make them work together, each with its proper means, in the musical drama. Whence we perceive the distance which separates this ideal (which does not in its unity exclude diversity) from that "featureless jelly" into which, according to Nordau, Wagner would reduce melodrama. As to the unsymmetrical melody, even though Spencer's hypothesis be admitted, that primitive song was merely a discourse more animated than usual, it does not follow that the artistic attempt to make the actor sing as naturally as possible, with the greatest conformity to the text, is an atavistic retrogression: still less, if we bear in mind the marvelous concomitant development of the Wagnerian orchestra. We are willing to concede that the recitative of Wagner, as it is constituted, revives primitive vocal music; but that does not touch the slow artistic process which was necessary for understanding and using with an artistic purpose all the natural relations between the sung and the spoken words.

Natural History in Washington. The time is not far off when a number of prominent personages will undertake in this city that perilous transition from political hustlers to leaders of society. The successful man who achieves a residence in Washington as the reward of his patriotic efforts with the gang undergoes a metamorphosis in many cases which is strange and complete. And these butterflies, as they disport themselves in the drawing-room and the society column, are the more brilliant and interesting for having passed through the chrysalis period, as the laws of natural history demand.—Washington Star.

A Tea-Gown. Mr. Wayback—Why does that Mrs. Gotham call that pink dress a T gown? Mrs. Wayback—I'm sure I don't know. It don't look half so much like a T as some of her other dresses.

LOVED HIS FAIR CLIENT.

And He Paid the Penalty With His Own Life.

Lawyers are ordinarily supposed to be cold-blooded and cautious, but Eugene Carre, the Paris advocate who shot himself in consequence of a domestic scene of exceptional vivacity, must have been otherwise constituted. While pleading in the divorce court the cause of a lady who was struggling to get out of the matrimonial cage he fell in love with her.

She was so moved to admiration by the eloquence of her advocate that she had hardly breathed the air of freedom again before she married him. She had a good fortune and he had a first-rate practice. They were both well calculated to shine in society by the sprightliness and Parisian tone of their conversation, and they became familiar and notable figures in literary and political salons.

Mme. Carre's appearance was remarkable. She was still young, but her hair had turned white. She looked like a youthful marquis pouncee of the last century. She received her friends twice a week, and on the afternoon of the tragedy her salon was as full as usual. At length she took leave of her last visitors. Among these was a lady who had called to see her privately. She was greatly agitated. She was the wife of a gentleman between whom and Maitre Carre a duel had been secretly arranged, and she had resolved to tell this to Mme. Carre, with the hope that she might stop the hostile meeting.

"But what is it all about?" asked the lawyer's wife. "About me," replied the visitor. "Oh!" Presently Mme. Carre walked into the room where she knew her husband was, and the conversation soon became extremely animated. M. Carre was heard to say: "Nothing then remains but to die?"

"Nothing," replied the lady as she rushed off to her own room with the intention of poisoning herself. This design, however, was frustrated, and the report of a pistol brought her back to the room where she had left her husband. A friend entered at the same time.

M. Carre was still standing, although the blood was pouring from a bullet wound in the temple. As he fell upon the ground his wife screamed, "I forgive you! I love you!" Then before her intention was realized she seized the revolver and fired a bullet into her own head. She fell lifeless, whereas her husband lingered an hour or two.

One thought is in every mind with respect to this terrible drama of domestic life. It is expressed by the words "How Parisian!"

The Laughing Jackass. A remarkable bird of the Kingfisher species is the "laughing jackass," of Australia, by which name it is known because of its strange look and peculiar utterances. A very good idea of this feathered wonder is given by an old bushman, the late Henry Wheelwright.

"About an hour before sunrise," says Mr. Wheelwright, "the bushman is awakened by the most discordant sounds, as if a troop of fiends were shouting, whooping, and laughing around him in one wild chorus; this is the morning song of the laughing jackass, warbling his feathered mates that daybreak is at hand. At noon the same wild laugh is heard, and as the sun sinks into the west it again rings through the forest. I shall never forget the first night I slept in the open bush in Australia. It was in the Black forest. I awoke about daybreak, after a confused sleep, and for some minutes I could not remember where I was, such were the extraordinary sounds that greeted my ears; the fiendish laugh of the jackass, the clear, flute-like notes of the mag-pie, the hoarse cackle of the wattle birds, the jargon of flocks of leatherheads, and the screaming of thousands of parrots as they dashed through the forest, all joining in the chorus, formed one of the most extraordinary concerts I have ever heard, and seemed at the moment to have got up for the purpose of welcoming the stranger to this land of wonders. On that eventful morning, I have heard it hundreds of times since, but never with the same feeling that I listened to it then.

"The laughing jackass is the bushman's clock, and being by no means shy, of a companionable nature, a constant attendant about the bush tent and a destroyer of snakes, is regarded, like the robin at home, as a sacred bird in the Australian forests."

What He Wanted. An inquisitive 6-year-old bobbed up on a Big Four train as a brakeman, wearing a patent-leather cap and a brass-buttoned blue shirt, rushed through the cars in the unceremonious style peculiar to his class.

"Say, pap, does that man own the railroad?" "No, sonny, he's only the brakeman."

"Why does he slam the door so hard?" "Maybe so that he will break something."

"Is that the reason they call him the brakeman?" "He still, Johnny, until we get through the tunnel."

"I'll bet that if I had \$100 I'd get a suit like the brakeman wears."

"Then what would you do?" asked papa, curiously.

"I'd take it to Sunday school and take up the collection. I'll bet I would get lots of money, too, because I'd scare the people just like the conductor and the brakeman does."

He Didn't Go. Mr. Clitman—A friend of mine has invited me to accompany him on a yachting cruise, but I suppose you'll be angry about it, as usual.

Mrs. Clitman—No. The Society Chit-chat says that mourning hats were never so becoming as they are this season.

SOME FARM TOPICS.

USEFUL HINTS FOR TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Needs in the Dairy—Farmers Dread It—When to Sow Wheat—Effect of Cabbage on Butter—Stock Notes—Poultry Points.

In the manufacture of butter the milk must be kept scrupulously from all suspicion of taint, from bad odors. It must be kept at a low and equable temperature until the cream is raised. The cream must be properly ripened, churned at a proper temperature, carefully worked and salted and packed in suitable packages, according to the season and also the particular market for which it is intended and, until sold, kept at a low temperature, and from contact with air; care also must be taken that the cream is properly churned. In this way the intelligent dairyman makes a uniform article of butter, no matter what the season, and an article which commands the highest price in any market in which it is sold. To accomplish all this a suitable dairy building must be provided, containing all modern conveniences, including ice and pure water. Ice supplies have superseded the need of very cold springs and that cheaply. The cow will be found of the first importance. In this progressive age no man can succeed in dairying with a lot of cows picked up at random and of mixed breeds, or of no particular breed. There are cows especially adapted to the dairy, just as there are cattle adapted to the production of beef or for labor; and we confess to a partiality for the Holstein Friesian. Again the question of grasses comes in. This also is one among the very important questions to be considered. Without grasses, sweet, succulent, and that shall follow the season in succession, the dairyman cannot hope to compete with his more practical, if not more intelligent neighbor, who has paid due attention to this keystone of dairying. With a succession of sweet, succulent grasses from spring to fall, supplemented with proper forage plants during the months of late July and August, plenty of good clover, timothy, orchard grass and red top for winter feeding, and an abundance of ground grain, to be used both during the drouth of summer, and during the winter, and proper implements, utensils and buildings, we have the foundation laid for making money in one of the best paying branches of agriculture.—Exchange.

Farmers Dread It. A Milwaukee botanist found the Russian thistle at Hartland, Wis., not long ago. Soon afterward a specimen of it was sent to him from Palmyra, Wis. This week while at the state fair he found it growing along the railroad track in that vicinity.

This is the week which threatens the future grain product of the great northwest and which is working its way into Wisconsin along the lines of railway. Scientists call the plant Sal-sola kali tragus. In North Dakota the plant is called the Russian cactus. Russian tumbleweed has also been used to some extent to name the plant. It is well known that the plant is neither a thistle nor a cactus, and that it is not even closely related to either of these groups of plants. Russian thistle serves the purpose, however, and as such it is most commonly known.

This weed made its appearance in the northwest a few years ago and the damage it has already done is estimated to amount to several millions of dollars. The plant was first introduced into the United States, it is believed, in 1873 or 1874, in some flaxseed brought from Russia and sown near Scotland, Bonhomme county, South Dakota. It spread at first but later it increased rapidly. Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.

Effect of Cabbage on Butter. A bulletin of the Iowa station tells of an experiment with cabbage for milk cows: From Nov. 23 to Nov. 27 the effects of cabbage is shown from the analysis; fourteen of the cows show higher per cents of butter fat; six show slightly lower per cents. The milk table shows increase in the quantity. The cabbage is palatable and readily eaten. Its effect upon the quality of butter is the point inquired into here, more especially; but it is noticeable that the change from a dry ration to one more succulent gave more milk without decreasing the fat per cent. By comparing the amounts of milk given daily by the twenty cows Nov. 15, with the amounts given toward the close of the ninety-seven days, it will be seen that the volume of milk held up quite well when it is remembered that it was winter work with a herd, half of which were in the last months of their period of lactation, when the tendency with many cows is to give less milk or dry up entirely. The creamery expert reports that the butter from the cabbage ration did not keep well, but gradually became tainted. Prof. Patrick's analyses of the vegetables fed show the cabbage to be the lowest in volatile



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and to have the highest melting point, except the rutabaga.

Sheep Breeding. In sheep breeding there is but one way of keeping the ideal sheep, and that is by trying to improve it. Like all other stock on the farm, sheep are either improving or deteriorating, according to the management given. By using a thoroughly selected ram and mating to carefully selected ewes a gradual improvement can be made, while if no particular care is taken in the selection of the breeding animals there will be a gradual running down. With good management a ram can secure all the ewes usually kept on a farm, so that the expense is comparatively small. Of course the improvement will be greater at the start than later on. That is, a good ram will add more to the improvement of sheep that show four or five pounds of wool than those that shear eight or more.

The safest plan in all cases is to breed the best rams to the best ewes. Better have a less number of sheep and have them of a quality that with good feed and care will return a fair profit than a larger number kept without profit. The best and most economical way of improving is by selection and breeding, especially with sheep, and the sheep, as well as other stock, should be kept improving.—Nebraska Farmer.

The Difference in Production. It may be considered an extra item of expense to provide meat, bone and green food for poultry, but there are hundreds of farmers who lose money on their flocks by feeding grain only. So long has it been customary to look upon grain as the natural food of all kinds of poultry that some consider their duty done when they have a plentiful supply of it. The hen really prefers bulky food as a portion of her ration. No doubt many readers who have tried the experiment of keeping a hopper or trough filled with corn or wheat before the fowls all the time may have noticed that the hens will eat but a small portion of it. This is due to being surfeited with it. They have arrived at a stage when the grain is not desired. They cease to be productive. The difference in production is then easily noticed also. With the hoppers full of grain there will be no eggs. Change the food entirely, leaving the grain out of the ration, and the hens will respond to the change and make a large difference in the number of eggs.—Florida Farmer and Fruit Grower.

When to Sow Wheat. On no account should wheat be sown until cool weather has come. Not only does the hesian fly attack wheat which is up before the first frost, but its growth is not of the right kind to insure a good harvest. The wheat plant should have a spreading habit. This it will have if sown about the time frost comes, but by this time also rains will begin to fall. These will beat down the wheat leaves, and by covering them with soil will check their growth. It is in this way that the spreading growth which is always desired in wheat is obtained. When the soil is hot and dry, the wheat root strikes downward in search of moisture. Its top also sprigs upward and the plant is easily winter killed.

Stock Notes. It is claimed that if rye is fed too long to hogs it causes itching of the skin.

Prof. Shaw prefers shorts to oats for pig feeding on the ground of economy.

If a calf is only half fed when it is young it will never be the most profitable animal to keep.

It is said that if two blankets are put on a wet horse, the moisture will soon collect in the outer one, which may be removed, leaving the horse dry.

ABOUT OUR SONG BIRDS.

COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE THRUSH FAMILY.

Divided in Three Parts—The Wood Thrush, the Hermit Thrush and the Olive-backed Thrush—Wood and Hermit Sweetest Singers.

THE families to which our so-called thrushes belong are three, one the thrushes proper. The family Turdidae contains the Genus Turdus, Wood thrush, the Hermit thrush, the Olive-backed thrush, the Gray-checked thrush, and the Robin, among those well-known, also in the Genus Sialia, the Blue bird, and in the Genus Regulus, the Ruby-crowned wren, and the Golden-crested wren.

Another family, the Wood Warblers, Sylvioidae, in the Genus Scurius, contains what is known as the Golden-crowned thrush, and the Water thrush. This family contains a great many genera, including the well-known American Redstart, and the Scarlet Tanager. Another family (Liothrichidae) includes the Genus Harporhynchus containing the Brown thrush, also three genera of wrens. The representative genus of this family is Mimus, and contains the Mocking bird, and the Cat bird. All the genera I have mentioned are summer residents of the North temperate zone, with possibly the Winter wren. The Wood thrush, the Hermit thrush, the Olive-backed thrush, the Robin and the Brown thrush, are not rare.

The Mocking bird is incident to Southern Illinois in summer, and more rarely in a few localities of Western Central Illinois. A considerable number of the wrens also are summer residents of this state. Among the most familiar birds of the families mentioned are the robin, the blue bird, the cat bird, and the brown thrush. When I was a young man on the farm, all these birds were very common, and for several years a pair of mocking birds made their nest somewhere in a wooded ravine. Hawks, owls and crows were numerous, and for many years a pair of bald eagles nested in a great burr-oak near the northwestern end of Lake Calumet. Advancing civilization has rendered all the singing birds comparatively rare in Cook county. Within the limits of Chicago they are confined to the parks principally, though in some residence districts the robin, the brown thrush, some wrens, and our only variety of the humming bird may be found. As a consequence of the indiscriminate killing of insectivorous birds on the farms, insect life has become so numerous as seriously to interfere with the production of annual crops, some seasons, especially grass, the small grains, Indian corn, garden crops and fruit.

Stringent laws have been passed to protect the farmers, and game wardens are appointed to look after the enforcement. They cannot protect against the pernicious small boy with stones and the Indian rubbering, nor can they avail against parents who allow their children to destroy the nests of the singing birds. There are localities where humane and wide-awake farmers do protect singing birds, but pot-hunters and bird-haters are of the majority against birds.

Our best song birds are more birds of the orchard and garden than of the forest. Their food is obtained from the open grounds, meadows, gardens and orchards; away from civilization in the openings, and natural meadows near. Many of them build near the ground, and even on the ground, rather than high up in trees, and for the reason that their most dreaded enemies are predatory birds. Thickets and hedges are especially sought, and they eagerly seek the homes and the orchards, where not disturbed. Hence they are generally found in villages and towns, and in suburban localities, and they delight to sing on low trees and shrubs. The robin and the brown thrush in the early morning, however, delights to sing from the upper branches of taller trees, where they may be found. To the robin undoubtedly belongs the meed of being the philomela of American birds, his soprano voice extending from April to the last of July. He is not a mimic, his song in its variation being all his own, and reared in confinement he is one of the most cheerful and best of our feathered vocalists. The brown thrush is also a persistent singer, often as soon as daylight appears, and then again delights us at the decline of day with his vesper song, and on still moonlight nights often continues his song until Vespertilio, the common bat, comes silently flapping hither and thither in the pursuit of nocturnal insects. But the brown thrush is partially a mimic, and really belongs, and is placed among this class with the mocking bird and the cat bird. It is also more pleasing, because less liable to be broken up with harsh, abrupt sounds; though, like the mocking bird, is often a night singer, when the moon is bright and the air is still. There used to be a charming family that yearly made their nest near my home in Englewood. From the top of a tall cottonwood, across the street from my home, before the sun rose, and during the after part of the day and into the twilight, the soft flute-like notes were heard until July, and again in the early autumn. I fear that the family were captured or scared away by vacation boys, who at that time seem ferocious for blood.

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on the farm, not more than fourteen miles south of Randolph street, and what an infinity of birds with them and among them. There was none that could chatter with the Bobolink, and this happy and hearty little fellow, when singing on some tall weed, and pouring out his song, suddenly seemed to think of something forgotten, and fluttered away, singing "Phew, shew, Madelon, see, see, Bobolink, Madalink, Whiscolink, wait, wait, wait." Down among the tickle tops, hiding in the buttercups. The little rascal has a bad name in the ripening grain North, and in the rice fields South, but no less a charming fellow, jolly singer, and poet.—Jonathan Perian in Farmers Review, Chicago.

HE WAS CONSCIENTIOUS. And Honestly Surrendered to the Assurance All the Property He Owed.

Syracuse Post: It was under some of the earlier bankrupt laws that this exhibition of rare shrewdness occurred, when it was required that in case of a man's insolvency he must turn over to the proper officer of the law every bit of his property for the benefit of his creditors. The subject of this story was yet a young man and wealthy when misfortune overtook him and failure was inevitable. Some of his property was real estate, some of it was not, the latter consisting of securities easily converted into currency. A nice little bundle of bank bills could be more safely handled than certificates of stocks, etc. When the time came, being an honorable man, he conscientiously surrendered his entire effects, even a tubular cane, from which the handle could be disjoined, the gift of an admiring friend. After handing the walking stick to the official, thus satisfying the law, he suggested its return. It was a present from a friend, and could be of but little value to any one but himself as a memento.

"Certainly," said the officer, "take it. It's of no use to us."

"Thanks, I'll prize it highly."

Some time afterwards, in his quiet home, the shrewd financier disjoined the handle and removed from his tubular depository several thousand dollars of well crumpled bank bills.

A Drunkard's Precaution. A drunkard, who knew his weakness, took the precaution the other day of attaching a label to himself with a name and address on it. "I am out for the day," said the label; "when I am boozed tie this to my buttonhole and send me home." What was very ingenious—he did not write his own name and address on the label, but that of his employer. This reminds one of the presence of mind, but absence of principle, exhibited by Sheridan who, being picked up drunk in the gutter, and asked his name by the constable, replied, with a stutter, "I am the great and good Mr. Wilberforce."

Bottlers and Bottle Making. The bottlers of the United States employ 26,738 men, serve 1,489,028 customers, use 23,940 horses, have invested \$11,573,469, use annually \$12,747,633 worth of bottles, and the loss and breakage amounts to \$5,522,894. He said: "Consider the enormity of the figures, the number of hands employed, the mouths fed, the horses used, the customers supplied and all, bottlers, hands and horses, have to be fed and clothed, think of the number of wagons built and the enormous amount of money paid every year for American made bottles."

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM. An artisan of Brussels has invented a revolver that shoots seven times a second.

Walter G. Bennett of 121 East 85th street, New York, was bitten on the face by a mosquito. Erysipelas resulted and caused death.

Some men in Wauson, Ohio, while boring for water, struck a gas well. The gas became ignited, and for hours threw a flame seventy-five feet high.

A mowing machine operated by John Russell, of Liverpool, Md., ran through a nest of bumblebees. The enraged insects stung him so severely that he died.

A Brooklyn young lady, who was rather stout, tried a quack preparation for reducing her flesh. She lost some flesh through its use, and also her mind, and is now in an insane asylum.

To test whether sheets are damp or not place an ordinary tumbler between the sheets for a little while, and if they are not perfectly dry traces of moisture will appear on the inside of the glass.

A system of treating iron ore by electricity has been discovered by Dr. Laval, a Swedish scientist. He claims that by his method the ore can be converted into steel at one-fourth the usual cost.

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Our best song birds are more birds of the orchard and garden than of the forest. Their food is obtained from the open grounds, meadows, gardens and orchards; away from civilization in the openings, and natural meadows near. Many of them build near the ground, and even on the ground, rather than high up in trees, and for the reason that their most dreaded enemies are predatory birds. Thickets and hedges are especially sought, and they eagerly seek the homes and the orchards, where not disturbed. Hence they are generally found in villages and towns, and in suburban localities, and they delight to sing on low trees and shrubs. The robin and the brown thrush in the early morning, however, delights to sing from the upper branches of taller trees, where they may be found. To the robin undoubtedly belongs the meed of being the philomela of American birds, his soprano voice extending from April to the last of July. He is not a mimic, his song in its variation being all his own, and reared in confinement he is one of the most cheerful and best of our feathered vocalists. The brown thrush is also a persistent singer, often as soon as daylight appears, and then again delights us at the decline of day with his vesper song, and on still moonlight nights often continues his song until Vespertilio, the common bat, comes silently flapping hither and thither in the pursuit of nocturnal insects. But the brown thrush is partially a mimic, and really belongs, and is placed among this class with the mocking bird and the cat bird. It is also more pleasing, because less liable to be broken up with harsh, abrupt sounds; though, like the mocking bird, is often a night singer, when the moon is bright and the air is still. There used to be a charming family that yearly made their nest near my home in Englewood. From the top of a tall cottonwood, across the street from my home, before the sun rose, and during the after part of the day and into the twilight, the soft flute-like notes were heard until July, and again in the early autumn. I fear that the family were captured or scared away by vacation boys, who at that time seem ferocious for blood.

The Wood thrush and the Hermit thrush are among the sweetest of our singers, of original song, but they are rare, shy, and denizens of the woods rather than the haunts of men. I used to hear them forty and more years ago

on the farm, not more than fourteen miles south of Randolph street, and what an infinity of birds with them and among them. There was none that could chatter with the Bobolink, and this happy and hearty little fellow, when singing on some tall weed, and pouring out his song, suddenly seemed to think of something forgotten, and fluttered away, singing "Phew, shew, Madelon, see, see, Bobolink, Madalink, Whiscolink, wait, wait, wait." Down among the tickle tops, hiding in the buttercups. The little rascal has a bad name in the ripening grain North, and in the rice fields South, but no less a charming fellow, jolly singer, and poet.—Jonathan Perian in Farmers Review, Chicago.

HE WAS CONSCIENTIOUS. And Honestly Surrendered to the Assurance All the Property He Owed.

Syracuse Post: It was under some of the earlier bankrupt laws that this exhibition of rare shrewdness occurred, when it was required that in case of a man's insolvency he must turn over to the proper officer of the law every bit of his property for the benefit of his creditors. The subject of this story was yet a young man and wealthy when misfortune overtook him and failure was inevitable. Some of his property was real estate, some of it was not, the latter consisting of securities easily converted into currency. A nice little bundle of bank bills could be more safely handled than certificates of stocks, etc. When the time came, being an honorable man, he conscientiously surrendered his entire effects, even a tubular cane, from which the handle could be disjoined, the gift of an admiring friend. After handing the walking stick to the official, thus satisfying the law, he suggested its return. It was a present from a friend, and could be of but little value to any one but himself as a memento.

"Certainly," said the officer, "take it. It's of no use to us."

"Thanks, I'll prize it highly."

Some time afterwards, in his quiet home, the shrewd financier disjoined the handle and removed from his tubular depository several thousand dollars of well crumpled bank bills.

A Drunkard's Precaution. A drunkard, who knew his weakness, took the precaution the other day of attaching a label to himself with a name and address on it. "I am out for the day," said the label; "when I am boozed tie this to my buttonhole and send me home." What was very ingenious—he did not write his own name and address on the label, but that of his employer. This reminds one of the presence of mind, but absence of principle, exhibited by Sheridan who, being picked up drunk in the gutter, and asked his name by the constable, replied, with a stutter, "I am the great and good Mr. Wilberforce."

Bottlers and Bottle Making. The bottlers of the United States employ 26,738 men, serve 1,489,028 customers, use 23,940 horses, have invested \$11,573,469, use annually \$12,747,633 worth of bottles, and the loss and breakage amounts to \$5,522,894. He said: "Consider the enormity of the figures, the number of hands employed, the mouths fed, the horses used, the customers supplied and all, bottlers, hands and horses, have to be fed and clothed, think of the number of wagons built and the enormous amount of money paid every year for American made bottles."

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM. An artisan of Brussels has invented a revolver that shoots seven times a second.

Walter G. Bennett of 121 East 85th street, New York, was bitten on the face by a mosquito. Erysipelas resulted and caused death.

Some men in Wauson, Ohio, while boring for water, struck a gas well. The gas became ignited, and for hours threw a flame seventy-five feet high.

A mowing machine operated by John Russell, of Liverpool, Md., ran through a nest of bumblebees. The enraged insects stung him so severely that he died.

A Brooklyn young lady, who was rather stout, tried a quack preparation for reducing her flesh. She lost some flesh through its use, and also her mind, and is now in an insane asylum.

To test whether sheets are damp or not place an ordinary tumbler between the sheets for a little while, and if they are not perfectly dry traces of moisture will appear on the inside of the glass.

A system of treating iron ore by electricity has been discovered by Dr. Laval, a Swedish scientist. He claims that by his method the ore can be converted into steel at one-fourth the usual cost.

A new theater about to be erected in London is to have a novel adjunct. This is a nursery, with paid attendants, who will pay proper attention to infants while the mothers are enjoying the performance on the stage.