

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

PRESERVING FRUIT.

The Best Sizes to Select and High Flavor Needed.

Fruit of medium size and high flavor is best for canning. It should be fully ripe, but firm and free from bruises or rotten specks. Clingstone peaches are much the best. Choose fruit from the nearest orchards—that which has been shipped a long distance seldom pays for canning. This is particularly true of pears, which are almost flavorless unless ripened on the tree. Fruit must be picked just as it begins to turn for long-distance shipping, hence is always more or less unripe.

Wash and drain the fruit before beginning to pare it, if it is the least bit dewy or sticky. Pare as thin as possible—the finest fruit flavor lies next the skin. Drop peaches first as peeled into a deep jar full of clear lime water. This prevents their turning brown and in a measure hardens them. Leave them whole unless too big to go in the can. In that case, halve, leaving the pit in one half. When all are peeled, drain off the lime water, cover with fresh water, rinse well and weigh. Take half the weight of pared fruit in granulated sugar, put it over the fire in a preserving kettle, with half a pint of ginger tea, and the juice of a lemon to each pound, prepared as follows: Pare off the yellow lemon rind before squeezing, and put it with the fruit. Make the ginger tea by bruising half an ounce of ginger for each pint wanted, covering it with boiling water and letting it stand for fifteen minutes before straining.

Boil the syrup five minutes, skimming it well at least twice, and when it boils hard, drop in all the peaches it will cover. Leave them in until the kettle again strikes a boil, then skim out with a perforated skimmer and put into hot glass jars: Set the jars where they will keep hot until all the fruit has been in the syrup. Add a pint of fresh syrup for each half gallon already ready. Bring it to a quick boil, skim thoroughly, and fill the cans with it boiling hot. Scatter the lemon peel well through the fruit as it is put into the jars. Seal after filling, and stand where the cooling will be gradual.—Washington Star.

Cream of Asparagus Soup.

Two bundles of asparagus, one quart of white stock or water, one pint of milk, one of cream, if stock is used, but if water, use all cream. Three tablespoonfuls of butter, three of flour, one onion, salt and pepper. Cut the tops from one bunch of asparagus and cook them twenty minutes in salted water to cover. The remainder of the asparagus cook twenty minutes in the quart of stock or water. Cut the onion in thin slices and fry in the butter ten minutes, being careful not to burn; then add the asparagus that has been boiled in the stock; cook five minutes, stirring constantly; then add flour and cook five minutes longer. Turn this mixture into the boiling stock and boil gently twenty minutes. Rub through a sieve, add the milk and cream which has just come to a boil, and also the asparagus tips. Season with salt and pepper and serve.



Hints for the Housewife.

Cool rain water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

A tablespoonful of sugar added to milk that is to be boiled for custard or sauce lessens the danger of the liquid burning.

To blanch a few almonds and put them into soft gingerbread just before putting it into the oven makes the cake more tasty.

Wash fabrics that are inclined to fade should be soaked and rinsed in very salt water, to set the color, before washing in the suds.

Inexpensive jute tapestries may be had in strong, rich colorings that make very desirable summer hangings; the blue and the green are especially good.

Kerosene will make tin kettles as bright as new. Saturate a wooden peg and rub with it. It will also remove stains from the clean varnished furniture.

The best way to take grease spots out of carpets is to mix a little soap into a gallon of warm water, then add half an ounce of borax; wash the part well with a clean cloth, and the grease or dirty spot will disappear.

Black lace may be washed in warm water, to which a little borax has been added in the proportion of a teaspoonful to a pint. This lace should never be dried by the fire, as it will turn rusty. To sponge it use an old black kid glove.

All canned vegetables should be opened and set aside, if possible out of doors, for some time, perhaps half an hour, before using. Thus the oxygen, removed in the process of canning, is restored to them, and with it much of the fresh taste.

Beeswax and salt will make your rusty flatirons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, the scum with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

FROM ANOTHER WORLD.

An English Officer Warned of Death.

An English girl was engaged to be married to a young American who had been a student abroad. They had met at Heidelberg. He died suddenly after returning to this country. She came over here shortly afterward to visit his mother. While in New York she went to a medium. There was no appointment beforehand and there was no way by which the psychic could know who she was. Taking her turn, she sat down by the medium, who went into a trance and began to speak. Immediately the girl's lover claimed to be present. He told her some things which only they two had ever known. He recalled circumstances connected with their acquaintance abroad. Now, it so happened that this young lady's father was an English officer in the war in South Africa. Among other things which the young man told was this: He said "I am glad that I have been able to save your father's life once or twice during the past summer."

Now comes the strange coincidence. If coincidence it be. The father writes home from South Africa, being entirely ignorant of all that has taken place here, and relates what seems to him a somewhat remarkable fact. He tells how he was sitting in his tent one day when there came upon him suddenly an unaccountable impression that he was in danger. It was as though some one were trying to make him feel this and induce him to move. So strong was the feeling that he got up and went over to the other side of his tent. He had hardly done this before a shell struck the chair where he had been sitting. Had he remained there he would have been instantly killed. Of course, it is not asserted that this is anything more than a coincidence; but the suggestion is made that coincidences of this sort have been so very frequent as to make one wonder as to whether there is not some deeper meaning in it all.—Minot J. Savage, in Ainslee's Magazine.

When Does Electricity?

At a time when electricity is rapidly transforming the face of the globe, when it has already in great measure annihilated distance and bids fair to abolish darkness for us, it is curious to notice how completely ignorant "the plain man" remains as to the later developments of electrical theory. Some recent correspondence has led me to think that a vague notion that electricity is a fluid which in some mysterious way flows through a telegraph wire like water through a pipe, is about as far as he has got; and if we add to this some knowledge of what he calls "electric shocks," we should probably exhaust his ideas on the subject. Yet this is not to be wondered at. Even the most instructed physicists can do nothing but guess what electricity is, and the only point on which they agree is as to what it is not. There is, in fact, a perfect consensus of opinion among scientific writers that it is not a fluid, i. e., a continuous stream of ponderable matter, as is liquid or a gas; and that it is not a form of energy, as is heat. Outside this limit the scientific imagination is at liberty to roam where it listeth, and although it has used this liberty to a considerable extent, no definite result has followed up to the present time.—The Academy.

The Fish of Bermuda.

There is a great green "parrot-fish" of Bermuda, as brilliant in color as his namesake the bird, showing himself boldly, and swimming along slowly, secure from any assault. His scales are green as the fresh grass of spring-time, and each one is bordered by a pale-brown line. His fins are pink, and the end of the tail is banded with nearly every color of the rainbow. He is showy, but this showiness serves him a good purpose. His flesh is bitter and poisonous to man, and probably so to other fishes as well, and they let him well alone, for they can recognize him afar off, thanks to his gaudy dress.

Underneath the parrot, lying on the bottom, is a "pink hind." You notice him, and as the parrot passes over him he suddenly changes to bright scarlet, and as quickly resumes his former faint color. Had the parrot been looking for his dinner, and thought the hind would make a good first course, this sudden change of color might have scared him off, just as the sudden bristling of a cat makes a dog change his mind. When the hind is disturbed at night he gives out flashes of light to startle the intruder, and send him away in a fright.—St. Nicholas.

Fresh Meat From Uruguay.

According to the report of United States Consul Albert W. Swalm, at Montevideo, the exports of fresh meat from the River Plate show a steady increase. Nearly two years ago the export of live stock from the River Plate to Europe was embargoed by reason of the foot and mouth disease, and while the disease has disappeared the quarantine remains. This has caused a marked development of the refrigerated beef industry, so that three lines of steamers, including the Royal Mail Packets, have been fitted to carry beef in quarters to the English markets.

These beef exports, up to October 1, 1901, have amounted to 347,924 quarters, as against 143,850 for the same period of 1900. During the same nine months 1,360,642 frozen sheep were exported to Europe. The River Plate can easily furnish from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 quarters of beef for export.

The cattle used for the trade cost an average of \$23 to \$30 gold per head at the killing market. The best sheep for freezing cost an average of \$3 per head.

AMERICA'S FINE CATTLE

VALUE OF SCIENCE IN BREEDING PROVED HERE.

An Account of the Evolution of Cattle in America by an Expert—Many Breeds Combined in the So-Called Native Cattle—Work of Improving the Herds.

George M. Rommel, expert in animal husbandry of the Bureau of Animal Industry, says in an Agricultural Department bulletin, just issued, that American breeders of cattle have equalled if not excelled the results reached on the other side of the water. "But," he adds, "no supremacy of excellence, no victory in show ring or market, can efface the memory of the debt America owes to those sturdy yeomen whose names adorn the best herd records of England and Scotland."

Mr. Rommel's pamphlet is devoted to a study of American breeds of beef cattle. He begins at the very beginning, going back to that voyage of Columbus on which the first cattle known in the Western Hemisphere are supposed to have been brought over. Other Spanish explorers and armed invaders followed Columbus's examples, bringing not only cattle but horses as well.

There was an abundance of grass and water, and as the Spaniards penetrated further into the interior of the country their herds in growing numbers followed them. From these sprang the native cattle of the West Indies and Mexico, the long-horned steers of Texas and the wild horses of the plains.

The next cattle immigration came with the Portuguese to Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. The French, too, introduced cattle into Acadia and New France.

These were carried into the far interior, and as far back as 1753 the French missionaries in Illinois possessed considerable herds of cattle, horses and swine.

Virginia got her cattle from England soon after the settlement of Jamestown. They multiplied in the Old Dominion very rapidly, one contributing cause being the fact that the law in those early days made the killing of cattle a crime punishable with death.

The Pilgrim Fathers began the cattle business with three heifers and a bull, brought over from England in the ship *Charity* in 1621. New Hampshire got her first cattle from Denmark, New York from Holland, and Delaware from Sweden, it about the time the *Charity* landed the three heifers and the bull.

The first shipment to the Carolinas was from England in 1670, while Georgia was the last of all the colonies to figure as a market for the English export trade in breeding cattle.

Thus it was that the United States got its first start in that cattle business which in the year of grace 1902 has made it possible to have all the present rumpus about the Meat Trust. The stock gathered from various parts of Europe were all so hopelessly intercrossed in course of time that their identity was lost, with the result that our forefathers had what were known as the native cattle of the United States. Of this stock Mr. Rommel says:

"What the native stock was like we can best imagine from the stories of men now old, and from the scrub stock that is even yet the eyecore of many American pastures. Blood of Spanish, Swedish, French, Dutch and English, with, maybe, a dash of buffalo as they wandered westward, gave this stock a cosmopolitan character that was representative, perhaps, but hardly profitable.

"Lack of care by farmers, with no Bakewell to point the way to improvement, brought about a type of animal that a century has not yet been able to absorb."

In the years from 1760 to 1837 there was an awakening. That was the era of the fermentive stage of Anglo-Saxon cattle breeding.

It was in 1760 that Robert Bakewell began the operations which left so lasting an impress upon the cattle-breeding business. He was the first man to practice systematic inbreeding. Around his name those of all great improvers of live stock group themselves, and from the lessons he taught by example every breeder to this day learns the fundamentals of his craft.

He was a Leicestershire man, given little to talking, and not at all to writing about his methods. A great deal that he learned by careful experiment he kept to himself.

His aim was to secure cattle that would fatten on the smallest amount of food, and the great success of his art was revealed only by what he did and not by what he told anybody to do. This secret Mr. Rommel describes as inbreeding in the hands of a master, the surest way known to secure an improvement of stock.

"Out of the dark ages of ignorance and the scrub," says Mr. Rommel, "by leaps and by bounds, using what material he had at hand, and moulding it to his will, the English farmer developed the modern breeds; producing tender meat where tough and leathery beef had been before, paying the rent with his cattle and his sheep, and in time contributing very largely to the growth of agriculture in the New World."

The improvement in America began almost simultaneously with that in England. No sooner had the Revolutionary War closed than importations of improved stock began. This was kept up until the War of 1812 temporarily checked it.

Mr. Rommel says that the year 1817 will always be memorable in American cattle history. In that year, fol-

lowing the Short-Horn importations of 1812, came the beginning of the Devon and Hereford importations, together with still another arrival of Short-Horns.

Growth was slow up to 1827, when there came renewed activity, especially in Short-Horns. Companies were formed and the improvement of cattle was marked. In point of numbers the Short-Horn breed rapidly assumed the foremost position, and until the year 1880 was about the only beef of prominence.

The expansion of the cattle business was rapid. Up to the opening of the Union Pacific Railroad it was mainly carried on in the part of the country east of the Missouri River.

Then came the discovery of the great opportunities offered by the far Western plains for grazing. The growth in the cattle-raising industry was then abnormal.

"In the early eighties," says Mr. Rommel, "pure bred cattle by the thousands were brought from England to supplement the American herds in breeding bulls for the range, and the nearest that the Hereford and Angus breeds ever came to having a boom in this country was at this time.

"After the collapse, which was bound to follow, the cattle business is now on what is thought to be a substantial and healthy foundation. Quality is being bred into the range herds by the extending use of pure bred sires, and this, with the better methods, is bringing the range steer to a high plane of excellence. Both on the range and on the small farm improvement has gone hand in hand with increase in numbers."

Eggs Used as Coin.

In these days, when everybody is crying out upon the scarcity of hen's eggs, says the London Answers, it is interesting to know that in some parts of Peru notably in the province of Jauja, the fruit of the hen is circulated as small change. From forty to fifty eggs, the number varying according as they are plentiful or scarce, are counted as a penny to sixpence of our money. In the market places and in the shops the Indians make the most of their purchases in this brittle sort of money. One will give two or three eggs for a drink of the fiery-native brandy called "pisco," three more for a villainous native cigar, and can have a regular orgy on a dozen eggs.

These eggs are packed in boxes by the shopkeepers and shipped as soon as possible to Lima, the Peruvian capital. From Jauja alone several thousand cartloads of eggs are shipped annually to Lima and Callao. The eggs are brought into the town of Jauja by the Indians from all the region around about; the shopkeepers insist upon their being fresh. A shopkeeper in Jauja can tell an aged egg and will reject it as readily as a bank cashier can detect a counterfeit coin.

Bloodhounds as Detectives.

In the West the bloodhound is now extensively used in the detection of crime and the capture of criminals. The modern criminal is a very elusive person. He is always abreast of the times, and, quiet, skilful and often courageous, he has this advantage, that he usually does his work at night. When he has completed his task, he silently makes his escape, frequently leaving behind him no clew by which his movements may be traced. So, at least, he believes; but try as he will, he must leave some clew. Intangible, invisible as it is, it yet exists—the peculiar odor of the human body. It is a certain guide to his footsteps; science cannot efface it, ingenuity cannot wipe it out. This odor is as distinctive as the features of the face. No matter where a person moves; no matter whether his trail is crossed by a thousand others of his kind; no matter whether the rains have fallen, or hours have elapsed since his foot pressed the earth, the trail is still there, and may be followed. There is only one animal, however, which can infallibly trace out the scent after it has been on the ground for several hours, and that is the bloodhound.—The Century.

Lightning and Watches.

"An electrical storm seems to have a peculiar effect on some timepieces," remarked the junior partner of a big downtown jewelry firm. "Every time lightning and thunder gets active in this vicinity one of the results is that our watch-repairing department is overworked for several days thereafter. The damage wrought chiefly consists of broken mainsprings.

"When business gets dull with us," added the jeweler, jokingly, "we require all our employes to pray for a thunder storm. Failing to comply with this order is considered sufficient cause for discharge. I am unable to make clear the whys and wherefores, but it is an established fact that after the lightning has frolicked awhile in come the watches with mainsprings wrecked."—Washington Star.

Words.

"No one will ever be able to deny that the Fifty-seventh Congress was an energetic one in some directions," observed a member of Congress the other day as he read a letter he had received from the printing office. "Already we have delivered in our legislative halls speeches which we think worthy of reproduction 300,000,000 times.

"Just think of the reading the American people are to have inflicted upon them in the next campaign, and that campaign is this fall. Three hundred million congressional speeches is four apiece for every man, woman and child in the land, and yet we are still talking and the printing office is running night and day."—Washington Star.

MOST COLOSSAL SWINDLE

DETAILS OF THE HUMBERT-CRAWFORD \$10,000,000 HOAX.

A Safe in Paris Supposed to Contain 120,000,000 Francs, When Opened is Found to Hold Only \$400 and a Little Jewelry—Credulity Run Mad.

Details of the colossal hoax which for the last two weeks has occupied the attention of Paris to the exclusion of almost everything else are at hand. On the pretence of a fortune of \$24,000,000 locked up in a safe the perpetrators of the fraud have been able to borrow in the last twenty years sums aggregating a total amount of \$9,200,000. When the creditors became importunate the famous safe was opened and found to contain securities amounting to about \$400, a little jewelry and some worthless papers.

The story begins in Nice in 1877, and the principal actors are an American, one Robert Henry Crawford; Theresé d'Aurignac, now Mme. Humbert; her husband, who is a son of a former French minister of justice; two brothers and a sister of Mme. Humbert, several lawyers, and last, but not least, two nephews of Robert Henry Crawford, both New Yorkers and both millionaires. Concerning the existence of the Humberts and the d'Aurignacs there is no doubt, but no one seems ever to have seen or to have heard of Crawford or his nephews, although the latter have been parties in innumerable suits contested in the French courts over this fabulous fortune.

According to the legend that has grown up, in 1877 Henry Robert Crawford died in Nice, leaving his whole fortune of 120,000,000 francs to Theresé d'Aurignac, who had nursed him during his last illness. She was the daughter of a linen draper in Toulouse, and shortly after the fortune had been left to her she married Frederick Humbert, whose father was minister of justice in De Freycinet's cabinet, in 1882. But before she had time to enjoy her windfall two nephews of the deceased Crawford appeared—Robert and Henry Crawford, of New York—bringing with them another will made on the same day as the one which left all to Mme. Humbert. This will provided that the fortune should be divided into three equal parts, to be given to the two nephews and to the younger sister of Mme. Humbert, Marie d'Aurignac, with the condition, however, that an annuity of 360,000 francs a year be paid to the elder sister. But the nephews were rich already, and generous; too, so they proposed that the fortunes be united and all made fair by one of them marrying Mme. Humbert. When they discovered she was already married they proposed the union of one of them with the younger sister, Marie, who at this time was a child in school, and the offer was rejected. Then an arrangement was made by which Mme. Humbert was made trustee of the entire fortune, to hold until her sister came of age. She was to have an allowance of 365,000 francs a year, and the rest of the fortune was to be locked up in a safe and not to be disturbed. A few years later when Marie d'Aurignac came of age she refused to marry either of the brothers Crawford, and since that time, a matter of twenty years ago, French courts have never been without a Humbert-Crawford case.

In the meantime, no one, not even the lawyers retained by them, has ever seen the Crawford brothers, although up to a comparatively short time ago they received, or asserted they received, instructions from them, and that all the necessary legal papers were signed by them. And Mme. Humbert, unable to get their consent to open the safe and divide the money, took to borrowing on the concealed assets. She bought a palace in the Avenue de la Grande Arce in Paris, two magnificent chateaux in the country, a steam yacht, splendid jewels and spent great sums in various charities, the money for which she borrowed at very high rates from various money lenders and banks. From one man, a M. Girard, she got \$1,240,000; from another man \$1,400,000, and from several she secured more than half a million.

All this time she was asserting that the safe contained 120,000,000 francs in securities which she could not touch without the consent of the Crawfords, and to calm the fears of her victims she would show them the officially sealed envelopes containing the fortune, with the affidavits of the notaries as to their contents. A few years ago communications from the mysterious Crawfords ceased, the brothers were completely lost sight of, and all that Mme. Humbert could do was to borrow money, which she did most successfully, considering that the only proof of the existence of the fortune was her word for it.

In 1897 Girard, one of her principal creditors, committed suicide on account of his failure to collect the money he had lent to her. His estate was liquidated by M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the present Premier, who, during the course of his argument, asserted that the Crawfords, uncle and nephews, had never existed, that they were unknown in New York, and that the whole business was a gigantic fraud. Mme. Humbert settled this claim for 2,500,000 francs. (The Nationalists are making political capital out of Waldeck-Rousseau's connection with the case, accusing him of having known the truth for the past five years and to have concealed it for good reasons). Lately, however, new complications have arisen, and finally, two weeks ago, the courts ordered that the safe be opened and the contents examined. This ceremony was to take place on the afternoon of the 9th. On the evening before, Mme. Humbert with a party, was in her box at the opera, wearing her famous jewels, which

have not been paid for. After the opera she and her friends disappeared, the supposition being that she went to Dieppe, boarded her yacht and sailed away to parts unknown. The next day the safe was opened, with the results already indicated. Warrants have been issued for the arrest of Mme. Humbert, her husband and her sister and two of the lawyers implicated were arrested the day following the disclosure. Up to last accounts the whereabouts of the principals had not been discovered.

The swindle is one of the most extraordinary in the history of crime. Were not the truth vouched for by the French courts it would be impossible to believe that a woman could have borrowed nearly \$10,000,000 in twenty years on such a slim story as Mme. Humbert's. The genius with which the scheme was devised is matched only by the audacity with which it was carried through.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

An Unofficial Order.

Thomas, tenth Earl of Dundonald, at his death Vice-Admiral in the English navy, tells in his "Autobiography of a Seaman" of an incident on board the *Hind*, on which he served as midshipman. The pet of the ship was a parrot, the aversion of the boatswain, whose whistle the bird learned to imitate exactly.

One day a party of ladies paid us a visit aboard. By the usual means of a "whip" on the yard-arm several had been hoisted on deck. The chain had descended for another. Scarcely had its fair freight been lifted out of the boat alongside when the parrot piped, "Let go!"

The order was instantly obeyed, and the unfortunate lady, instead of being comfortably seated on deck, was soused in the sea.

Luckily for her, the men were on the watch and quickly pulled her out, and luckily for the parrot the boatswain was on shore, or this unseasonable assumption of the boatswain's functions might have ended tragically for the bird.

Wasn't His Hat, Anyway.

Mr. Weddle, visiting his wife's relatives up in Maine, fairly had to go to church that Sunday. He did not want to go, but his wife thought it would do him good, and would be apt to preserve the harmony of the family.

The sermon was long and powder dry, and Weddle stole off into the arms of Morpheus, gently and serenely. As he did not snore his wife did not suspect that he had gone to sleep altogether, and gave herself up fully to inspecting the bonnet of the woman in the pew in front.

Like all things, good and bad, the sermon came to an end at last, but Weddle slumbered on like a baby even after a deacon began taking up the collection in a hat. When the derby was passed to Weddle, Mrs. Weddle was surprised to see that he did not respond. She nudged him violently to bring him back to his senses, and Weddle, awakened with a start, sat upright, and, bewildered, gazed at the hat in the hand of the deacon. Then he shook his head sleepily and said: "No, that isn't mine. Mine is a gray fedora."—New York Tribune.

Queen Victoria's Wax.

The Queen's interest in and oversight of public affairs did not cease with the Prince's death, although, in the first years of overwhelming sorrow, it must have been difficult to carry out her conception of duty. All important resolutions were taken by her; the personal notes in the "Court Circular" were written by her own hand, and were seen by no one else. When Sir Henry Ponsonby became the Queen's private secretary, she said to him: "Remember this; no advice! I am older than you are, and have had more experience." In after years, historians will have much to say upon the Queen's personal share in the government of her dominions. All her papers have been most carefully preserved and arranged, and some day, perhaps, will be accessible to the inquirer. On the other hand, there is not a single paper belonging to George III, which is known to be in existence.—Professor Oscar Browning, in The Century.

Napoleon's Great Fortune.

Napoleon Bonaparte's will, among those of great men, affords the nearest parallel to that of Cecil Rhodes in the fortune it bequeathed. He was surely the richest exile since the world began. From his lonely home at St. Helena he bequeathed to his relatives and friends \$40,000,000. He had been rich, in gold as in power, beyond the dreams of avarice, and there must have passed through his hands a private fortune such as mortal man has rarely dreamed of. His exactions from conquered States have been set down at nearly \$375,000,000, which is, after all, but six times multiplying the gift he secured for himself from the Austrian treasury after Ausserlitz.—Chicago News.

Leominster's Old Ducking Stool.

In the old Priory Church of Leominster is a very interesting specimen of the old cucking and ducking stool, a universal mode of punishment formerly in vogue for the punishment of scolds, scandalmongers and women with too long a tongue. It was also inflicted on brewers and bakers, etc., transgressing the law, who in such a stool were immersed over head and ears in (stercor) stinking water. This mode of punishment dates back to Saxon times, and the Leominster specimen was the last used in England of which we have any record, in 1809. Several other specimens still exist about the country, as at Montgomery, Watwick, Fordwich and Lecke.—Travel.