MANY USEFUL BIRDS.

PEOPLE HAVE A WRONG IDEA OF THE VALUE OF THE SPECIES.

The Feathered Creatures Would Be More Plentiful if the Farmer and the Sportsman Knew More About Them. They Are the Former Very Much.

No fewer persons who know the value of birds that sing whether their song is harsh or sweet, will ever kill a singing bird. Thousands of birds that are of inestimable value to the farmer as well as to the gardener who grows fruit or plants a garden, are slaughtered annually in the "summer boarder" district near New York. By the farmers, both proprietors and people because these bird kinds do not know the value of the birds they get out of the way.

Farmers' boys are also guilty of destroying many of their fathers' friends, without reproach from their parents, for the same reason. Some of the "summer boarding" or boat companies, the great amount of benefit that certain birds are not only killing but anxious to confer on the country if they are only let alone.

The farmer and fruit grower should know more about the birds that eat and steal fruit, and the sportsman, if he knew they would be willing to defend and protect them, and in time save them back in something like their old ranges and haunts. How often does one see the noisy, street urchin, servant little error pocketbook? It a few years ago was seen and heard everywhere, but it seems to a favored country that it exists now. The little error was a most ravenous destroyer of the insectivorous birds of the gardens, and did great work toward lessening the damage done by that pest.

The bluebird, blue bunting, chimney swift, and the crested of thousands of useful insects are every season destroyed for fashion's sake, are protected to rule the waves with impunity and scarcely a from fell to fall in effort to kill it. The snow blackbird has no peace, yet a flock of these birds will stay in a short time a newly planted field of all the insects of destructive larvae that the plow has turned up.

A FIRE FOR THE CROW.

The great American crow would die the death if it wasn't for the favorable note with a gun who wants the crow to try it once. Neither the blackbird nor the crow are as much for corn as they are for the grain, and if the former would scatter corn about his field instead of putting up scarecrows and the blackbird useful birds would serve pull up a little or his planting. The chances are, anyhow, that if the farmer will take the trouble to examine a hill of young corn that he scatters the crow will be gone, for he will find that it was cut off by a grub, and that the crow was after the grub, not the corn.

The robin, it cannot be denied, is a nuisance to the man who has fruit trees, but it he will stop and think of the thousands upon thousands of creeping insects that are special curses of his trees that the robin destroys, both before the fruit has ripened and for weeks after it has gone, he will not grudge just the few cents the cherries or berries is demanded as partial payment for his services. The same may be said of the bluebird, cherry birds, orioles, blackjays and many others of that class. These birds never levy tribute in the least on the grain farmer, but they do his untold good.

The climbing birds are the different varieties of woodpeckers, and they are undoubtedly beneficial in many things. When your a woodpecker is heard tapping on a tree it is the death knell of the larvae of some destructive insect. Yet it is not an uncommon thing to see the very person for whom this bird is industriously at work following with his gun the flash of the bird's red head from tree to tree until the opportunity comes for him to send a load of shot from the disappointing, baffled philanthropist. It is the set belief among the farmers that the woodpecker kills the trees he works on, and that he is working to that purpose.

It is a fact that the common little sapsucker does injure trees, but the woodpecker never. Quite the contrary. The sapsucker bored holes in the trees, and the woodpecker is so fond of the sap that he is generally confronted with the sapsucker—his exclusively on tree insects, yet the sapsucker is by far less among fruit growers, as they believe it eats their trees.

NOT ONLY THE CROWS.

The newsboy lark is another bird that is given little quarter on any one's land, for there is a mistaken notion abroad that this bird is a game bird. He is game in the quality of being shot and killed, but is a shot, but is no more entitled to be so shot than the thrush or the bobbolinks is. The meadow lark is a ground bird, nests an underground nest, and whenever he is disturbed he is simply driven away from his nest, and the eggs or young are left to the mercy of the crows, or, if left, they are the worst kind of farm pests. The blackjays may be said to be indirectly an enemy to the farmer as well as a friend, for it destroys largely the eggs of birds that do only good to his farmer.

If there is one bird that the farmer loves to shoot it is the robin, for it eats more more than do the crow, since it may be the hardy, first bird in the spring. And if the old man has a gun he will not hesitate to turn it on many times during the vacation as he can on crows or hawks. Fortunately, the sentiment that either one of these birds protected by the laws of the state with a gun are free and for keepers.

The farmer can't be brought to believe that if it were not for the owls and the hawks the mice would be so numerous and would do so much more to stalk an extent that the crops would be in peril. Another thing which the farmer has not an myriads of mice living in the fields and bottom, thus preventing the laying of millions upon millions of eggs in the eggs of these insects, and that they not only keep the field mice down, but lessen the number of domestic mice and rats about barns and outhouses to an extent that a small army of cats could not equal.

As to the hawk, the farmer seems more than an enemy to hawks, and there are one of the chickens and turkeys can tell that the big bird daily hide away back there, gamebirds, snakes, lizards, insects and other certain animals, which go up in the darkness. The proportion of hawks that kill chickens is as close to nothing, relatively, that it is a matter of astonishing figure.—New York Recorder.

BIRD SPIRITS AND HEALTH.

The bird spirits which ordinarily dwell the palaces of the Mongolian are changed into being the cause of all disease. Such a thing as attributing physical troubles to bad spirits, though, but not quite so strange as the idea that we are to place the blame of consumption to sky high minded and domineering Chinese. If the grips and fevers with us and the others who live in society, or in our opponents, and entirely place on the spirits—Sun Francisco Chronicle.

Mr. Bishop's Pumpkins.

H. C. Bishop's pumpkins which were so large they caused to bender into a worse, the needed that he have to get a similar variety of pumpkins so with the business, but as he was about to go to the office afterwards a beggar was seen lying on a stump of a tree. In a few minutes the end of the stump was covered with moisture, and the beggar was seen to drink the water as it collected and trickled down the stump.

STILL LOOKING FOR THAT AIR.

The Disappointment of a Young Man Whose Wishes Was Gratified.

Music stores down town are few and far between, and it is therefore only necessary to say that the one in which occurred the incident here related is situated not very far from the city hall.

The young lady clerks were busy in the early morning arranging the stock, when a young man entered whistling. All looked up at him as sharply that he was somewhat flustered, and stammered, "I—I—I w—a—want a piece of music—a—a—sa! I don't know the name of it."

This caused a titter, upon which he hastily said: "I was whistling it when I came in. Do you know what I was whistling?"

No one knew.

He then continued: "I first heard it at Manhattan Beach. It has been floating through my memory ever since. Last night I heard it again and determined to buy it. Now, how can I get it?"

"If you remember it so well and can give us the melody perhaps I can recognize it," suggested one of the young ladies.

"Certainly! Certainly! I will whistle it for you," eagerly replied the gentleman, and, turning his head so as not to blow directly in her face, he emitted a whistle. He puckered his lips, but after he could not give the melody. His face flushed, and after two or three vain attempts and mumbling something about "nothing again when he found the air," he went out of the store—exactly how he could not tell.

Of course there were some laughing comments on the incident after he left, but nothing more was thought of it until late in the afternoon, when the same gentleman rushed into the store, with the perspiration trickling down his face, and shouting, "I've got it! I've got it!"

Before he fulled half way down the length of the store the customers—there were several of them—ceased their talk and left, fearing to come in contact with what to them appeared a crazy man. At this he looked around as if startled, and when the bookkeeper, looking up from his desk, asked, "What have you got?" answered, considerably ruffled, "That nobody I lost this morning."

The young lady who had then waited on him, appreciating the situation, approached him and said, "Whistle it, then. Quick!"

He looked at her in blank amazement, emptied again in which it failed, and said: "I had it all the way across the park, whistled it all the way. I have lost it again!" and rushed out of the store as abruptly as he entered it.

So far as known he has not yet obtained the music.—New York Herald.

Properties of Stones.

Precious stones were formerly supposed to possess peculiar virtues, which, apart from any other considerations, rendered them more or less valuable. The reputed virtues of some were of a good miraculous nature, and happy indeed that fortunate possessor of these gems ought to have been.

Although popularly supposed to be fatal a deadly poison, the diamond has from remote ages been credited with the power of protecting the wearer from the evil effects of other poisons, a reputation which it retained until comparatively recent times. According to Pliny it also keeps off insanity. Amber, too, was supposed to poison the latter virtue.

Besides the diamond, several other stones were supposed to possess medicinal virtues. The ruby was considered good for derangements of the liver as well as for bad eyes. The sapphire and emerald were also credited with properties which rendered them capable of influencing ophthalmic disorders, and there is a superstitious belief that wearers are blinded by looking at the latter stone.—Chambers' Journal.

Cured the Old Man.

Father (threatening)—I'm a great mind to thrash you.

Little Son—Take a man of yer size. Take one!

Father trembles at the thought and sits down.—Good News.

Might Have Been a G. C. B.

No incident in Disraeli's career is more pleasant than his offer of a peerage and a G. C. B. to Carlyle. A friend of Sir William Fraser walked with Carlyle for two hours on the day on which Disraeli's letter arrived. Carlyle described the letter being brought to him by a treasury messenger, the large black seal so unlike as to what the official envelope could contain, and his great surprise on reading the offer, conveyed in language of consummate tact and delicacy. Carlyle said: "The letter of Disraeli was flattering, generous and magnanimous; his overbidding all that I have said and done against him was great."

He added: "The accurate perception of merit in others is one of the highest characteristics of a fine intellect. I should not have given Disraeli credit for possessing it had it not been brought home so directly to me." He repeated the words "generous" and "magnanimous" several times. Disraeli's letter, by the way, though it entirely deserves the praises above quoted for its tact and delicacy, is by no means impeachable in grammar, for it contains within a dozen lines two instances of the hanging "and which."—Pall Mall Budget.

Outside and Inside.

The humanity of people who think they are all alike they are not quite through is not any external evidence of health.

A very stout German workman went to a physician in the west and was planted of being very unwell.

"But," said the doctor, "if you are sick it has not prevented you from getting pretty comfortably fat."

"Oh, dat fat," said the German. "Yes, I am fat on the outside; lost on de outside, ach! I am so poor!"—Youth's Companion.

Alfalfa Farms.

One of the greatest irrigation districts in the United States is in San Joaquin, California. There are some twenty-one large ranch with branches and distributing ditches, aggregating half a million acres of very rich, sandy loam. The largest of the ranch is the California, thirty-six miles long. It has eighty miles of main ditches, and covers 20,000 acres of very rich land. Its water appropriation is 1,400 cubic feet per second.

On the lower side of the canal one can see fully 10,000 acres in a most rich alfalfa fields. Alfalfa, we were told, yields five crops a year, and two tons to the acre at each cutting.

Alfalfa seed, in six weeks, for eight months in the year, the alfalfa fields are cut and the crops raised in good plan. The increase of some of the cattle near the ranch houses of the "irrigation belt" is astonishing. Twenty-five years ago Eight hundred and fifty cows have been put into one herd.

There are some immense alfalfa farms in Kern county. The Dot farm and the Rosedale ranches have about 3,500 acres each, the Jackson ranch has over 5,000 and the Poso ranch about 10,000 acres.

The process of seeding alfalfa on a large scale is interesting. The ground is turned fresh and fine. The alfalfa seed is then sown broadcast and harrowed in. Twenty-five to 40 feet long and are usually thirty feet wide and from twenty-five to thirty feet high, and on the extensive farms of the Kern county are fifty or hundred stacks of alfalfa in sight at one time.

From six to ten teams are kept busy supplying the derricks, and from sixty to 70 tons can be stacked in a day. Eight thousand tons have been stacked in a single ranch in one year.—Alfalfa.

Cattle, sheep, horses can live and live, to a great extent, on Alfalfa.—Youth's Companion.

His Watch Charm Once Saved His Life.

Colonel A. B. Corryson, of Memphis, one day a chance that has a history closely interwoven with his life, for it is a mate of the bullet of Shiloh, and brings to mind a time when the gallant colonel might have yielded up to life to the cause of his country but for the same bullet.

It was while the battle of the Federal pickets, for at the time the battle of Shiloh was fought the Confederates did not use even a bullet musket in their own and Colonel Corryson's regiment kept it largely furnished, and its every inclination is to shoot as soon the day it was turned out of the factory. In the pride of its youth it was puffed out, that is, it was globular in form in the middle, but as it appears now the cylinder has been taken out of it to the ball that struck it and Colonel Corryson.

At the head of the Twenty-ninth Alabama regiment of cavalry Colonel Corryson took a forward part in the battle of Shiloh, and it was in the thickest of the fight that, when leaning over in a charge, a ball ran through the heart of his one grand pen the pocket of his vest, the first button on his coat, claiming thrice to his right arm, which was shattered, as the ball for some time he was held up for repairs. But he never forgot the button that saved his life, and even then it was hung from his watch chain, slightly distorted, but therefore the more honored.—Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

Western Australia.

The continent of Australia may be filtered to our immediate plate, with a fringe of highlands dividing the interior from the pastoral belt. On the west this fringe extends almost the entire length, and on the east gives a an elevation of some 2,000 feet. Thus, while possessing a best outline of rocky ranges as its boundary on the seaward side, the vast territory of western Australia finds its eastern limit falling into a gradation of blue gum trees, cassia trees and acacias. Yet it is not an uncommon thing to see the very person for whom this bird is industriously at work following with his gun the flash of the bird's red head from tree to tree until the opportunity comes for him to send a load of shot from the disappointing, baffled philanthropist. It is the set belief among the farmers that the woodpecker kills the trees he works on, and that he is working to that purpose.

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Social Distinctions in America.

It is not secret of our American life that wherever may be the differences of society of municipal, there is a tendency to the richness or of close distinction as exists in older countries. In the village shoemaker and tailor, the village blacksmith and wagon maker, the village storekeeper and the poor cobbler, the rich and the poor come more to an and belong as to. There is no proximity in a township or ladies' parlor, and the transport self respect shown by the extent, could be as its foundation more of good manners than any other preference one display. Lowell says that if it is worth something to an English duke to have no social superior, it is surely worth something to an American farmer.

Mortgages and great tenant farms may in time impair this manly attitude, but they have not yet materially damaged it. Yet it must always be remembered that the tendency is everywhere away from farms and into towns, where the formation of class feeling is easier, and industrial factory towns, at least—almost inevitable. But whatever social changes the future may bring, the ideal of equality in the sense of the matter's condition must be found in the many, not in the few.—Harper's Bazar.

Discovery in Dentistry.

A dentist of Moline is reported to have discovered a method of supplying the human mouth with false teeth which will grow into the gums so firmly as to retain them. Dr. Richmond has performed several successful operations on dogs as well as human beings. The teeth are made of gutta percha, hollowed out in metal. Holes are made at the roots of the false teeth and are spread into the jaw. The roots in these placed into the cavity. In a short time a soft, granulated growth finds its way from the patient's jaw into the holes in the roots, this growth gradually hardens and holds the tooth in position.—New York Telegram.

Footprints of a Giant Beast and Rider.

There is a flat rock near the old Toledo mill that covers an area of ground. One of the strange features of the rock is the track of some huge beast of burden, also the tracks of the rider of this giant antediluvian monster. It seems that the rider and his steed made a tour across the rock, leaving their tracks impressed in the solid granite.

About midway of the stony surface can be seen a place where the girth of the rider's saddle broke and he dismounted to fix it, leaving his tracks as plain as if made in a sand bed. The hand of time has not erased them, but they are there now, showing the form of the animal's feet and the pressure imposed on the giant's foot impressed therein, with toes and all as perfect and distinct as a schoolboy's love foot track at today.

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