

THE THUNDER.

The brown bird came where his nest had been,
When the skies were bright and the leaves were green,
He came where the bare boughs swayed in the cold,
And his mate lay dead on the black wet mold.
Through the sunless air the frost had stilled
The waiting note of his melody thrilled,
As the sense of solitude, loss and wrong
Broke in the flood of his passionate song.
He sang of erst beside his nest,
To charm the ear that he loved the best,
In a sad and strange delight he sang,
Till his call through the desolate woodland rang.
Fuller and sweeter swelled the note
From the breaking heart and the quivering throat,
Till in the dreadful unanswering hush,
Silent and dead lay the lonely thrush.
So many a human singer will come
Where the hearth is cold and the hope is dumb,
And wake the notes that the dead loved well,
With a bitter joy in the old sweet swell;
Just so much the better than brutes we are,
We can catch an echo though faint and fair;
As faith and memory breathe from the skies,
"The love that united us never dies."

FIRST FLAG OF THE NAVY.

There is a good ship, with a good name,
The Friendship, bounding away
Over the Atlantic. The white foam
curls about her bows, and as she drives
ahead she meets wave after wave
as easily as a duck rides the ripples of a
mill pond. There is a boy of thirteen
climbing the vessels shrouds. Perhaps
he hails a minute, and turns to watch
the receding shores of England sinking
and melting like a blue wave into the
stretching ocean.

It is John Paul, sailor-boy, born in
old Scotland, and now, in this year,
1760, he is off to try his fortune at sea.
He has not gone to sea empty-headed,
but he has anxiously packed away the
knowledge that will be helpful in life's
journey. Often, while many of his
young companions were rioting at mid-
night, it is said that he would be
studying.

Abbott has reported that there were
but few ship-masters who could excel
our hero in navigation. We shall find
that out as in after years he dashes
with colors flying against England's
navy.

His first voyage was to America. At
twenty he was master of a ship.

It was in Virginia, where he went to
settle a deceased brother's estate, that
he assumed the name of Jones, and as
John Paul Jones his name is known
and honored in the annals of our navy.
Since the age of thirteen, America had
been his adopted home, and when the
war of the Revolution opened he was
commissioned first lieutenant in Ameri-
ca's little navy, comprised of only five
vessels, while on the other side growled
the guns of England's one thousand
ships-of-war.

It was John Paul Jones who did a
memorable thing one day. The first
flag of the American navy counted thir-
teen stripes, a stripe for each colony.
It carried, also, a pine-tree. At its foot
was an energetic rattlesnake, whose
warning, in a motto, was, "Don't tread
upon me."

Philadelphia boys ought to remember
that it was off Chestnut street that the
flag was first raised. The frigate Alfred
was anchored there, but no national flag
floated from the masthead. The latter
was bare of all emblems or motto. But
the commander stepped on board. Thir-
teen guns thundered out their salute,
and up, for the first time, fluttered the
flag of the spunky little navy. The
hands below that pulled on the rope
were those of John Paul Jones.

Lieutenant Jones had been offered a
captain's commission, and the command
of the Providence, a vessel of twelve
guns, but he declined, not feeling that
he was fitted for the place. Merit, like
cream, though, goes to the top, and it
was Captain Jones at last, sailing under
the spirited flag.

He has been described as "a short,
thick, little fellow, about five feet eight
inches in height, of a dark, swarthy
complexion." That is in an English
book. An American author calls him
"handsome, and having a fine figure."
It was this "short, thick, little fellow,"
that put more than one thorn into the
paw of the British lion.

Various were his adventures, but he
showed constantly how daring, cool and
skilled he was. It was in the autumn
of 1776, while the November winds
were blowing sharp and bleak along the
shores of the British provinces, that
Captain Jones was cruising in those
waters in search of plunder. He had
been quite successful, capturing the
Melish, laden with some very comfort-
able clothing for the British army in
Canada.

Slipping into a fog, he brought out
three coal vessels that belonged to a
coal fleet. The English frigate was
guarding, but could not easily protect
them in that blinding fog. He took
other plunder, and was moving off with
five prize vessels, when an ugly neigh-
bor showed her topsails above the low
line of the horizon. It was the British
frigate Milford.

Paul Jones' readiness and self posses-
sion did not desert him. He signalled
to his prizes to push ahead on the same
tack all night, and to disregard entirely
any lights he might hang out. When
the sun had set and it was dark every-
where, he and an armed vessel he had
taken shifted their course, and swung
out to lights until morning.

The Milford at once pursued, and
with a good deal of ardor. When
morning came the nimble Paul was
there, but his booty was safe some-
where on the water beyond the horizon
line. His armed companion, through a
blunder, was captured, but Paul's vessel
safely sped away, helped by a storm
that broke in the afternoon. All of Paul
Jones' prizes found good friends who
took good care of them; and how com-
fortable the clothing must have made
our troops! Poor fellows, they were
no doubt shivering badly.

The man who as lieutenant first ran
up to the masthead the old American
naval flag had the honor of sailing un-
der its successor, the "Stars and
Stripes," adopted by Congress the 14th
of June, 1777.

It was the first American frigate, the

Ranger, that Captain Paul Jones now
sailed from our shores: Reaching
France, he finally sailed for England,
and made a daring voyage through St.
George's Channel, along the shores of
Scotland. And how he stirred up the
British lion by his bold attacks here and
there! He did much damage, and cap-
tured various prizes—a war ship, the
Drake, among them.

The lion roared, and called Jones a
"pirate," and other nice names, but the
man under the "Stars and Stripes" was
not to be stopped by a lion's thunder.

Paul Jones' words to the commander
of the Drake at the time of the action
were characteristic.

There was the saucy Ranger near the
enemy's shores, waiting for the Drake,
that had been sent after her. Up went
England's colors above the Drake. Up
went the Stars and Stripes above the
Ranger.

"What ship is that?" bawled an officer
of the Drake.

"It is the American Continental ship
Ranger," promptly came the reply.
"We are waiting for you. The sun is
but little more than an hour from set-
ting. It is therefore time to speak."

Begin they did, and end they did, the
Drake hauling down her flag.

The Ranger went to America, but
Jones remained on the other side of the
Atlantic, and in France sought for an-
other ship, France being our friend. He
wrote to the king, among other efforts,
and Jones found one day an almanac, and
in it were "Poor Richard's Maxims," by
Benjamin Franklin. One of these said:

"If you wish to have any business done
faithfully and expeditiously, send and do
it yourself. Otherwise, send some one."
Struck with the good sense of this ad-
vice, Jones went personally to court and
obtained his wish—a ship, the Duras.

It is well for every young person—
and old one, also—to remember that ad-
vice: "Go and do it yourself."

Paul Jones so fully appreciated poor
Richard's help that he christened the
ship again, changing the name Duras to
Bon Homme Richard.

One memorable action occurred be-
tween the Bon Homme Richard, carry-
ing forty guns, yet poorly equipped for
battle, and the Serapis, of forty-one
guns, a very fine British frigate. The
battle occurred off the English shore,
only three miles away. The sea was
quiet, a mild wind lightly filling the
sails of the two vessels. The sun had
gone down, but the moon had majestically
moved up into the heavens, and in
her clear light the sun glittered as if of
polished silver.

There were many spectators on the
shore, and they watched the nearing
vessels slowly sailing in the weird
moonlight. How hushed and glorious
was that moonlight scene! The tardily-
drifting vessels, their whitish sails, their
dark hulls, grim with the concealed
cannon, gave a strange interest to the
picture.

"What ship is that?" asked the Se-
rapis.

"What is it you say?" replied the
Bon Homme Richard.

The Serapis was angry.

"What ship is that? Answer immedi-
ately, or I shall fire into you."

Quickly the aspect of that hushed
moonlight scene on the ocean was
changed. A terrific roar burst upon
the night, the smoke from the guns
rolling up from the hull of each vessel.

Paul Jones threw out his grappling-
irons, and bound the vessels together
so that their very yards were entangled.
The ships separating, the iron were
thrown for a new grip, and the vessels
were so close, it is said, that the gun-
ners, in ramming down the charges,
often ran their ramrods into the por-
t-holes of their adversary.

Captain Jones boarded the Serapis,
but was driven back.

"Have you struck your flag?" asked
Captain Pearson, of the Serapis.

"No," was the response. "I have not
yet begun to fight."

The Richard had been seriously in-
jured beyond the water-line. Through
these gaping wounds the water poured
in. The ship was thought to be sinking.

While the water below threatened to drown,
fire broke out above. Must they burn,
or must they drown?

To put out the fire, Jones set to work
the prisoners who were on board, plac-
ing some of them at the pumps.

The English boarded the Richard, but
quickly retreated. Terrible was the loss
of life when a hand grenade thrown
from the Richard ignited a quantity of
cartridges that the powder-boys of the
Serapis had left on the deck. The pow-
der from the trampled, broken car-
tridges readily kindled, and the explosion
was awful. The mainmast of the Se-
rapis was broken by Paul Jones' shot, and
came crashing down into the fiery
whirlpool of death below. Flames
sprang out here and there. Captain
Pearson knew that the end had come,
and put down his flag.

Paul Jones in the affair had displayed
his usual pluck and persistence. At one
time, some of his men besought him to
strike; but Jones afterward wrote: "I
would not, however, give up the point."
The result was that Pearson did give it
up.

What made the terrible confusion of
the battle still worse was the coming
up of an American vessel, that strangely
began to pitch shot into the Bon
Homme Richard. The serious mistake
was repeated.

The captain said that as the two ships
were lashed together he could not fire
into the Serapis without occasionally
hitting the Richard. Paul Jones would
have gladly excused the man from all
work.

The Richard sent her shot in the right
direction, but she did not long remain
above water to enjoy her honors. Torn
by shot, she was kept aloft until the
next evening, and then she sank into a
grave where no British cruiser could
trouble her.

Twenty British ships, it is said, were
sent after the daring Paul, but they did
not capture him. One account affirms
that forty vessels were hunting for him
in the German Ocean, to a port on which
sea he went.

Paul Jones, known as commodore in
later days, served his country faithfully
to the war's end. He was never beaten,
though he fought twenty-three sea bat-
tles. He took so many vessels, and
raided so often into the country of the

enemy, that he became an object of fear
to the foe, and a tower—a floating tower
—of strength to his country. He forced
Great Britain to deliver up and ex-
change American prisoners she held and
ill-used. He died July 20, 1780, only
service of Russia as an admiral, after
faithfully ministering to his own coun-
try. His last sickness was at Paris.

Boid, fearless, wise in war, the name
of John Paul Jones will be honored by
America as long as there is any one to
love the Great Republic.

The possession of the above qualities
was not the only recommendation that
could be given him. England was fond
of taunting Jones as pirate when she
could reach him, and one way was
through the English prisoners he took.
Said Captain Pearson, of the Serapis,
when tendering his sword:

"It is with great reluctance that I
surrender my sword to a man who fights
with a halter around his neck."

War is to be deplored. There is a
grand old book which says "he that is
slow to anger is better than the mighty,
and he that ruleth his spirit than he that
taketh a city," and Jones illustrated it
in his reply:

"Captain Pearson, you have fought
like a hero, and I have no doubt that
your sovereign will reward you for it in
the most ample manner."

Health-Giving Perfumes.

Now the perfumers are getting in
their fine work in rivalry with the drug
stores in view of approaching conta-
gion.

Professor Mantegazzi found that
nearly all the essences used in perfum-
ery, and many others not appropriated
by the perfumer, when exposed to air
and light, develop ozone. He says that
"the oxidation of these essences is one
of the most convenient means of produ-
cing ozone, since, even when in very
minute quantity, they can ozonize a very
large quantity of oxygen, while their
action is very persistent: that in the
greater number of cases the essences, in
order to develop ozone, require the di-
rect rays of the sun; in a small number
of cases they effect the change with dif-
fused light; in few or none in darkness."

A vessel that has been perfumed with
essence and afterward washed and dried
still develops ozone, provided a slight
odor remains. The most effective es-
sences are those of cherry, laurel, palma
rosa, cloves, lavender, mint, juniper,
lemons, fennel and bergamot; the less
effective are anise, nutmeg, cajuput and
thyme. Mantegazzi adds that camphor
is an ozonogenic agent, is inferior to
any of the above-named essences.

These facts should be better known
than they are. Our grand-mothers used
perfumes as disinfectants, and ozone
being the most effective of oxidizing
disinfectants, it appears that they were
right. In the East, where there is much
need for atmospheric purification, the
old faith in perfumes still remains.

With us it is now generally supposed
that such perfumes merely hide the
malodor and deceive us, but if Man-
teggazzi and Dr. Anders are right this
modern notion is a fallacy. Wonderful,
isn't it, that these rare properties of the
perfumer's stock were never discovered
until a cholera season came upon us?

A Scorpion and her Children.

I was playing a game of billiards in a
small village in the Blue Mountains;
there was no ceiling in the room, the
roof being covered, as is the universal
custom in Jamaica, with cedar wood
shingles. My opponent was smoking a
large pipe, and suddenly, just as I was
about to play a stroke, what I thought
was the contents of my friend's pipe fell
on the table close to the ball at which I
was aiming. Instinctively I was on the
point of brushing it off with my hand,
when to my amazement I saw it was a
moving mass, which on closer inspection
turned out to be a very large female
specimen of a scorpion, from which ran
away in every direction a number of
perfect little scorpions about a quarter
of an inch in length.

The mother scorpion lay dying upon
the billiard cloth, and soon ended her
feeble struggles, the whole of her back
eaten out by her own offspring, of which,
as they could not escape over the raised
edge of the billiard table, we killed the
astonishing number of 48. They had
not only been "carried by the parent,"
but they had lived on her, cleaning out
her body from the shell of her back, so
that she looked like an inverted cooked
crab from which the edible portions had
been removed. She had clung to her
retreat in the shingled roof until near
the approach of death, when she had
fallen and given us this curious specta-
cle. I was told by the attendant that
the young scorpions always live thus at
the expense of their mother's life, and
that by the time her strength is exhaust-
ed the horrid offspring are ready to shift
for themselves.

Lightning to the Tropics.

In the plains of India, at the com-
mencement of the monsoon, storms oc-
cur in which the lightning runs like
snakes all over the sky at the rate of
three or four flashes in a second, and
the thunder roars without a break for
frequently one or two hours at a time.
During twelve years' residence in In-
dia I heard of only two human beings,
and I think three buildings being
struck, although in parts of Lower
Bengal the population amounts to more
than 600 to the square mile. I always
attributed the scarcity of accidents to
the great depth of the stratum of heat-
ed air next the ground keeping the
clouds at such a height that most of
the flashes pass from cloud to cloud
and very few reach the earth. This
idea is supported by the fact that in the
Himalayas, at 6,000 feet or more above
the sea, buildings are frequently struck
I have seen more than a dozen pine
trees which had been injured by light-
ning on the top of one mountain be-
tween 8,000 and 9,000 feet high. In
the British Islands thunderstorms are
said to be more dangerous in winter
than in summer, and such a fact if
true, can be explained by the very thin
stratum of air then intervening between
the clouds and the earth.

The Mystery of Niagara.

The mystery attached to Niagara
Falls and river is apparently as impen-
etrable as it was in 1842, when Prof.
John Hall, of New York, projected the
first survey of the river. The unknown
increases in interest at the present time,
when an international effort is being
made to preserve the approaches to the
falls. Some of the remarkable facts
known only to a few persons, principally
engineers, may be told, in order to shed
more light upon an old and familiar
object.

Out in Lake Ontario, a few miles
from the mouth of the river, are several
enormous shoals, called the "Brick-
bats." They are annually increasing
in size, and comprise the debris of the
canyon and the wear of the falls. Frost
and the atmosphere are disintegrating
agents far more powerful than the falls
themselves. The canyon is widening
every year. Enormous boulders con-
tinually fall, and plunging into the
river, are ground to dust in the cur-
rents and hurried away to the shoals.
It is remarkable that the river's mouth
does not become dammed with this re-
fuse. Those who think it impossible
for Niagara to contain the water that
passes through the St. Lawrence do not
pause to consider several important
facts. The current of the Niagara
ranges from ten miles an hour to two
miles a minute. The volume of water
sent hurrying to Ontario at this terrific
speed presents under the upper bridge a
solid face of a cube 36,000 yards square.
So enormous is the volume of water
concentrated through this passage that Lake
Ontario must necessarily empty itself
once in every few days. Just below
the lower bridge the swells formed by
the current rise to a height of twenty
feet, so terrific is the pressure from
above. The Maid of the Mist passed
through the canon at a rate in part ex-
ceeding one mile per minute, the fast-
est trier ever made by a vessel. Those
who consider it impossible for the St.
Lawrence to be made by Niagara river
are right in one respect. The former
stream receives vast accessions from
American and Canadian tributaries,
such as the interior chain of lakes,
the drainage of the northern Adirondacks
and the Ottawa river.

The mysterious and awful depths of
Niagara's canon are fruitful subjects of
conjecture. Some portions of it are
reasonably supposed to be bottomless.
When the first railway bridge was con-
structed here some ambitious persons
attempted to sound the canon directly
beneath it. They filled a large tin pail
with stones and lowered it. Then they
took a stronger cord, attached a bar of
iron to it, which actually floated owing
to the fierce current currents. A few
years ago the United States Lake Sur-
vey came here, and, as recorded of the
survey, I know of the remarkable depth
obtained. We saw at once that the
currents would buoy up a large sinker,
and proposed to test the smallest possi-
ble surface with the greatest possible
weight. We took a lead weight in form
of a plumb bob, weighing thirteen
pounds, and attached it to a small but
strong cord. Then we secured the ser-
vice of one of the ferry boatmen and
started out into the stream. The boat-
man was ordered to row as nearly under
the falls as possible, and the result will
never be forgotten by a member of the
party in that skill. As we approached
the falls the roar became more and
more terrible, until we were not only
unable to hear, but the lips positively
refused to open and utter a sound. For
several days afterward some of the party
were so deaf as to be unable to distin-
guish one word from another. The lead
was cast first near the American Falls,
where bottom was found at eighty-
three feet. Near the main falls we
found one hundred feet of water. Here
the carman's strength failed, and the
little craft began to dart down stream.
At every cast of the lead the water grew
deeper, until in front of the inclined
railway the old guide and most of the
party became terror-stricken, and re-
fused to go farther down stream. Here
the lead told off 193 feet. We were
then able to compute the depths lower
down by simply ascertaining the width
of the stream. Directly under the lower
bridge the water narrows considerably,
and deepens to 210 feet. Lower down,
at the Whirlpool Rapids, the gorge be-
comes very narrow, and the currents
terribly fierce. Here the computed
depth was 350 feet. One place in the
gorge is still narrower, and would ex-
ceed a depth of 400 feet. When the
depth of water is taken into considera-
tion the height of the canon walls above
this surface must not be forgotten.

These walls range from 270 to 390 feet
in height, often perpendicular, so that
the total depth of the canon ranges from
350 to 700 feet. This great depth of the
gorge leads directly in imagination to
the canon's wear. What absurd
theories and conjectures have been put
forth on this subject. Step up my good
biblical scholar and tell us how twenty
cubic miles of solid rock have been worn
out in 6,000 years. Twenty cubic miles
is many times larger than Manhattan
Island. It probably contains more ma-
terial than is contained in Long Island
including the Brooklyn politicians.
There seems to be a current impression
that the Falls recedes toward Buffalo
at the rate of one foot a year. The
great geologist Lyell is responsible for
this stupendous error. One foot a year
means the displacement of 1,500,000
cubic feet of rock from the face of the
falls annually, sufficient to build all the
structures on Broadway. The displace-
ment is really about half an inch of the
face of the falls as a whole in every five
years. Suppose it were that amount
every year, then Niagara would annually
displace 62,500 cubic feet of the face of
the falls, which would arrive in Buffalo
in the year 3,163,185, and have been 1-
267,000 years reaching their present
position.

No portion of the canon excites more
interest than the great maelstrom called
the Whirlpool. It is situated some dis-
tance below the falls, and is little vis-
ited, owing to the fact that guests are
shown the Whirlpool rapids directly
below the lower bridge, and think they
have seen the Whirlpool. Its surface
covers territory about a quarter of a
mile square. Its depths are enormous
and unknown. One thousand feet of
cord was found too short to reach its
bottom. Dead bodies and marked logs
required nine days to go to the bottom

and return. This great maelstrom has
been a bug-bear of speculation. We are
glad to read that through this whirlpool
is a subterranean outlet for the waters
of the great lakes. One sentence or one
thought suffices to shatter this specula-
tion. There could be no such gigantic
cause without a gigantic effect. All of
the water pouring over the Falls
passes through the Whirlpool. If it
has an underground outlet, where is the
gigantic spring which upheaves the
mighty volume of waters? No spring in
the earth is large enough to undertake
such a task. One naturally asks the
question, where the waters go which
enter here. They simply flow out and
on through the canyon. The Whirlpool
is in the form of a large circle. The
average force of the volume of water
moving through the canyon is 135,900
feet square. This compact mass of wa-
ter moves with incredible swiftness,
entering the whirlpool on one side, spin-
ning around like a top and constantly
passing out into the canon to rush mad-
ly on. Its own velocity gives it a cir-
cular motion and the moving masses
from behind create a tremendous pres-
sure which forces the circulation to the
bottom of the whirlpool. The cause of
the existence of the whirlpool is easily
accounted for. At one time the falls
were here, and during thousands of
years excavated the great chasm known
as the whirlpool. While the falls and
the canon walls are receding, the bot-
tom of the river is gradually being worn
away so that in time it will lie far be-
low the bottom of Lake Ontario. The
bottom of the upper lakes is far below
that of Lake Ontario. In some parts
of the canon rattlesnakes are occasion-
ally found, one of thirteen rattles hav-
ing been captured by the United States
engineers.

Doctors and Disease.

"Some men," remarked Captain
Horton, "can move in the midst of
pestilence and miasmata, and never
seem any the worse. How, for in-
stance, do you doctors defend your in-
ferences?"

"I'm glad you asked the question.
We defend the fortress first by using
ordinary precautions. We will not, if
possible, breathe miasma-infected air
than we can help. We will not be stupidly
rash. When Dr. Abernethy kicked his foot
through the pane of glass in his
patient's room, because he couldn't
get him to leave his window down, the
"excellent physician was thinking as
much about his own safety as that of
his patient. Secondly, physicians
know that they must live by rule when
attending cases during a pestilence.
The body must be kept up to the health
standard. In times of epidemic let
every one see to himself, attend to every
rule of health, live regularly and keep
the stomach most carefully in order,
and be abstinent. There is no other
way of defending the Fortress of Life
against invisible foes."

"This living according to rule," said
my friend musingly, "is a terribly hard
thing to have to add. At least, I am
sure most people find it so."

"Few people," I replied, "think of
being anything of the sort until actual
danger to life stares them in the face.
Some one else, I believe, has made a
remark similar to this before now, but
it is worthy of being repeated."

"And it is true," added Horton. "I
have been thinking a good deal lately
of that."

"Most people who are laid low do
think," I replied.
"I have been thinking," said my
friend, "that most of us err by eating
more than is necessary."
"How very true that is, Horton.
Why, a careful regulation of diet—a
diet that should incline to the abstem-
ious—we have one of the best defenses
against invisible foes of all kinds. This
is one of our posts, and should be held
at all risks if we care for life at all, and
not for life only, but comfort while we
do exist. It is a fact which all should
bear in mind, that over-eating not only
corrupts the blood, but destroys nervous
energy."

Another Volcano.

The news of the bursting out of an-
other volcano in the island of Java is
very meagre as yet, but it would not
be surprising if we had a repetition of
the scenes of two years ago, when
Krakatoa was in full blast. If so, we
may look out for a renewal of the su-
perb sunsets of that time. There is
one remarkable feature about the vol-
canoes of Java, which is that they sel-
dom emit lava, but throw off vast quan-
tities of boiling water, like the geysers
of Iceland. But in Java earth is mixed
with the water, thus making huge
rivers of mud pouring down the sides
of the mountain. Our readers will re-
member how, during the last eruption
on the island, vessels passing through
the straits of Sunda, were deluged
with mud, and almost disabled. Sul-
phur and sulphuric acid are also thrown
out in great quantities, and in one place
on the island a huge lake is strongly
impregnated, out of which a river of
acid flows, destroying every living thing
within range of its influence. In the
gaseous emanation of many extinct
volcanoes on the island we may find
the foundation for the stories of the
poisonous Upas tree of Java. There
are what may be termed "valleys of
death" in Java, and one of them is an
extinct crater called Gueva Upas, or
the Valley of Poison. It is half a mile
in circumference, and filled with the
bones of tigers and other animals, in-
cluding birds which have dropped dead
in trying to fly over the valley.

In the year 1772 a most remarkable
phenomenon took place in Java—what
is called the truncation of a volcano
caused by the falling in of the sum-
mit of a mountain, owing to its
being undermined by the side-walls
giving way during the eruption. The
volcano of Papandayang was in full
blast, and the ground of the summit
gave way so rapidly that the people
who lived on it had no time to save
themselves. No less than forty villages
were engulfed, and about 3000 people
perished, while the height of the moun-
tain cone was reduced from 9000 to
5000 feet.

Facts About Falconry.

Probably falconry is the oldest of the
many ways of hunting wild and small
animals for the purpose of pleasure.
According to some authorities, it origi-
nated in China at least 2,000 years be-
fore the Christian era. From the Ce-
lestial empire the sport found its way
into Japan and India. That the pastime
is still fashionable in these countries is
apparent from the ornaments on fans
and other articles received from them.
Travelers say that hawking is a favor-
ite amusement among the upper classes
in Persia, Arabia and the various
countries in northern Africa. The eggs
of hawks are hatched in incubators in
Egypt, and "mews" for the rearing and
training of hawks are quite numerous.
That the Romans practiced falconry is
evident from the works of Pliny and
Aristotle. It was the favorite pastime
of the nobility and gentry in France for
more than 1,000 years. History states
that the sport was introduced into Eng-
land from Flanders about the year 800.
It was the fashionable amusement down
to the time of Cromwell. While he was
in power an attempt was made to abol-
ish it, but the sport was again revived
with the restoration.

Falconry might be introduced into
the United States to good advantage at
the present time. The public needs
some diversion to take the place of
roller skating and base ball. A distin-
guished foreign ornithologist states that
the most rapacious hawks in the entire
world are found in this country. All
they require to be of service in the pur-
suit of game is training while they are
young. The women of past ages and
other countries have shown great fond-
ness for hawking. Our women of leis-
ure, the doctors tell us, are suffering
for want of exercises in the open air.
Should they become interested in fal-
conry, they would get all the exercise
they require. During an exciting hunt
with swift-flying hawks, they might be
required to walk or run twenty or thirty
miles at a stretch. This tramp would
prepare them for a hearty meal of sub-
stantial food and a good night's rest.
After spending the months of May and
June in hawking, they would have no
occasion to seek a health resort. They
would recover their health and strength
while following their favorite pastime.

A hawk is a much handsomer pet
than a poodle or a terrier. It has fine
plumage and attractive ways. In a
former age, ladies of high degree spent
much time in polishing the beaks and
talons of their hawks. Our women
might find this occupation an agreeable
change from making "crozy quilts" and
decorating pottery. Should falconry
be introduced here and become a fash-
ionable sport, the taste and skill of
ladies would be taxed to make the prop-
er equipments for their hawks. The old
books tell us that a hawk should be pro-
vided with a hood for protecting the
head, and "jesses" or strands of ornate-
mental leather for the legs. To these
little silver bells should be attached.
The bells were attached by means of
"bewits," and to one of these was
fastened a "creance" or long silken
string for the purpose of reclaiming the
hawk.

The introduction of falconry would
cause the establishment of several new
industries. One of these would be the
breeding of hawks, and another the pro-
per training of them. During the 15th
century hawks with suitable pedigree
and "record" brought almost fabulous
prices. One English nobleman paid 1-
000 pounds sterling for a promising
young hawk. Hawk-breeding estab-
lishments were as common and as profit-
able as establishments for breeding
race horses are in America to-day. An
expert in hawk-training received a sal-
ary proportionate with that of the jockey
now commands. There are places in
this country where "the woods are full
of" hawks, and fortunes will be made
in catching and training them as soon
as falconry is introduced. Farmers and
fruit-raisers are generally unfavorable
to hunters who use firearms. They
would, however, warmly welcome
hawking parties, and be glad to have
their cherry orchards cleared of robins,
their corn-fields of crows, and their
grain-fields of blackbirds. Villages that
desired to have their English sparrow
population reduced could invite hawking
clubs to hold a tournament, and the
work would be effectually done.