

AGUINALDO'S INDIANS.

Promised All the American Heads They Could Carry.

Important evidence bearing upon the question of responsibility for the outbreak of hostilities in the Philippines on February 4 comes to Harper's Weekly as a part of the correspondence sent by Mr. G. W. Peters. It shows that even the most brutal of the auxiliaries in Aguinaldo's army were informed of the intention to supply them with "all the American heads they could carry home" long before the attack was begun or war declared.

Looking from his prison window in the town of Calocan, on the first day of February, Mr. Peters made a sketch of the Igorrotes. A score of these savages, fully armed, and with their naked bodies painted in various colors, forced their way into his cell in the Calocan prison, where for several hours they practiced on him the preliminary motions in their favorite methods of putting enemies to death. This was, of course, in the nature of a rehearsal, but there seemed at the time no sufficient reason for believing that the performance would be long delayed. The "twenty howling savage devils," to adopt the phrase used by the correspondent, were dancing about him for hours, now touching him with the points of their spears, now threatening to cut him down with their machetes, and again swinging their terrible ligas (a kind of battle-axe or tomahawk) so that its keen edge barely grazed his neck. Then followed an unmistakable representation of thrusting the long point of the axe into the occiput and carrying away the head in triumph. Mr. Peters thinks it probable that they would have killed him, but for the opportune arrival of a Filipino captain. This native officer was, as regards his personal appearance, scarcely more attractive or reassuring than the confessed savages; but, after drawing his sword, brandishing it in the artist's face, and uttering threats against Americans as a class, he proceeded to advise the Igorrotes not to kill the prisoner forthwith, but to wait for a little while; and he promised them that they should have all the American heads they could carry home as soon as war was declared—which would be in a few days.

After this ordeal Mr. Peters was taken to Malolos, at that time the capital of the Filipino government, where he was again imprisoned, and informed that he might expect to be condemned as a spy. Many friends interceded for him, however, and with the aid of General Otis his release was effected on the day before hostilities commenced.

The Igorrotes are masters as yet on the western coast of Luzon just above the gulf of Lingayen. They have been made the theme of a good deal of descriptive writing recently, but nothing seems more worthy of attention than the direct observations of the correspondent of Harper's weekly who saw Aguinaldo's recruits from this little known region of Calocan—perhaps some of the men who were given a "post of honor" in front of an American battery on Feb. 5.

The Moqui Pueblos.

The Moqui or Moqui pueblos are seven in number—Orabi, Shungopvi, Shipaulovi, Mishonginovi, Wolpi, Sichomovi and Teva (also called Hano)—and are the citadels of a region which the Spaniards in the sixteenth century named the province of Tusayan. They are not to be confounded with the "Seven Cities of Cibola," whose imaginary treasures attracted the plundering conquerors, now known to be Zuni. They are reached by two days' journey to the north from Canon Diablo, Holbrook or Winslow, and by longer routes from Flagstaff or from Gallup, in New Mexico. Like Acoma, they are perched on the crests of lofty mesas, and formerly were well inaccessible, their only approach being by narrow, precipitous trails. In modern times less difficult paths have been constructed, such fortresses being no longer needful for defense.

The conservative Moquis continue to cling to their high dwelling place. They are industrious, thrifty, orderly, and cheerful, and are probably the best-entertained people in the world. Subsisting almost wholly by agriculture in an arid region of uncertain crops, they find abundant time between their labors for elaborate ceremonials, like the intensely dramatic snake dance, grim and startling, a liberal allowance of rattlesnakes being employed as messengers to carry petitions to the gods who are supposed to have power over the rain clouds.—Chicago Record.

Rows on a Coolie Ship.

We were half through our lunch in the saloon, when we heard some most horrible yells and cries of "Ta! ta!" (Fight! fight!) "Hullo!" the captain said, "another jolly row downstairs. You stay where you are. You'll find a loaded revolver in my room, for use if any one attempts to molest you." So, lighting his pipe and calling his dog, a fierce looking English bull, he went on deck to see what was the matter. Broken basins and lumps of firewood were flying in all directions, and knives were drawn—great ugly looking things. The captain elbowed his way among the coolies, giving first one and then another a dig in the ribs. One fearful looking coolie, whom they had just doctored, aimed a blow at him with a broken basin; but the dog was too quick for him, and brought the fellow down on his back and held him there. The two principal offenders were caught, their heads banged together until they were brought to quietness, then an explanation asked. Of course, every one wanted to talk and explain at once, but the captain held up his hand and there was silence, then called one man after another, and heard what each had to say, through an interpreter. The row was caused by one man

wanting to light his pipe at an opium smoker's lamp. The most trivial things cause most violent fights.

I said to the captain when it was over, "Are you not afraid?" "Well," he replied, "to confess the truth I am; but to show the least fear among a crowd like that or to lose your temper, would never do. But I'm getting used to it; these rows occur every time we have coolies, some worse than others."—Chambers's Journal.

An Old English Sport.

It will doubtless be a surprise to many to know that the ancient sport of falconry still flourishes to some extent in England. There have always been some few men who devoted themselves to the sport, but in the year 1863 it was notably revived. In that year the Hon. C. Duncombe, with one Robert Barr as his falconer, in company with Major Fisher, commenced rook-hawking on Salisbury plain jointly. In the following year, owing to some popularity which the newly revived sport attained, a club was formed and given the name of the Old Hawking club. The chief sport of the club was then, as now, indulged in on the Wilts downs in March and April, and was principally rook-hawking. In 1872 the club was reorganized on a larger and wider basis, and a first-class team of hawks, eyesses and passage hawks suitable for any sort of hawking has ever since that date been maintained. The quarry killed in a year is surprising when it is remembered that few if any of the general public know of the existence of the club at all. For 1887 the figures stand as follows: Rooks, 209; magpies, 13; grouse, 95; black game, 2; partridges, 114; rabbits, 112; pheasants, 5; hare, 1; and various, 25, making a good total of 576. Besides this and other clubs which have sprung up there are various establishments, as well as amateurs, who keep a few hawks, which they manage with marked ability and show great sport, though on a small scale.—Correspondence in Chicago Record.

Traveling in Alaska.

I have seen many pictures of the manner in which the Eskimos travel, and the man is generally seated comfortably on the sled cracking a whip, and the dogs are going at a smart gallop; but we soon found that picture to be a delusion and a snare. Journeying in the Arctic regions consists mostly in pushing behind the sled, for the poor little animals frequently have to be helped over the rough places and in going up hill or any rise in the ground. Where there is no beaten trail—as was the case most of the distance we traveled—the dogs have nothing to guide them, and one man is obliged to run ahead. He generally runs some distance, and then walks until the head team comes up with him, when he runs on again. When the snow is hard and the road level, the dogs, with an average load, will maintain a trot which is too fast for a man to walk, and not so fast as he can run. By alternately running and walking, one does not become greatly fatigued. Natives who travel from village to village are so accustomed to this mode of travel that they can keep it up all day without showing signs of fatigue.—Harper's Magazine.

A Cute Thief.

A story bearing upon the ingenuity of the London thief relates to the late Sir James Ingham. A charge of watch robbery was preferred by a gentleman against an individual who had traveled in the same carriage with him from Bournemouth, but in the end it was found that the watch had not been stolen, but had been left home by the prosecutor.

To mollify the innocent man, Sir James said: "It is a most remarkable occurrence. To show, however, how liable we all are to make these mistakes, I was under the impression when I left my house at Kensington this morning that I put my watch, which, I may mention, is an exceedingly valuable one, in my pocket, but arriving at this court I found that I must have left it at home by mistake." While business was proceeding an old thief at the back of the court went out, jumped into a handsome cab, drove off to Sir James Ingham's residence, and, by representing himself as a bona-fide messenger, obtained possession of the watch, which has never been heard of since.—Boston Globe.

Missouri Marksmanship.

During an examination before a justice of the peace in a North Missouri town a young soldier, in all the glory of Uncle Sam's uniform and highly polished buttons, was on the stand. He was a prosecuting witness against a party who was charged with assault with intent to kill. The young soldier readily admitted that when the defendant opened fire on him he skeddaddled. The defendant's counsel satirically asked him: "I believe you are a United States soldier—belong to the regular army?" "Yes, sir." "You went down South with the cavalry to kill Spaniards?" "Yes, sir." "They gave you a rifle, cartridges, sword and all that sort of thing?" "Yes, sir, they did all that." "And yet when you came back home you ran like a rabbit at the sight of a gun?" "Yes, sir, and I will tell you why. A Mauser rifle in the hands of a Spaniard is not nearly as deadly a weapon as an ordinary double-barrel shotgun with a Missouri farmer at the breech; that is why I ran, if you want to know."—Kansas City Journal.

How to Obtain Sleep.

A heavy meal should not be eaten just before going to bed, but light lunch frequently aids a worried person in getting to sleep. Read an exciting book for half an hour and rub the feet briskly just before retiring.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

NOTES OF INTEREST ON AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Bolts for Hearing Trees—A Remedy for Chicken Cholera—Gophers in Corn Fields, etc.

Bolts for Hearing Trees.
The Maine station recommends that when trees are broken by heavy loads of either fruit in Summer or ice in Winter that the prevention of it would be a great deal better than a cure. They suggest that when bad crotches are found to exist in trees of ten or more years old they should be braced by means of an iron bolt. Much damage, they claim, may be avoided if bolts are used in season.

A Remedy for Chicken Cholera.

A successful handler of poultry gives the following remedy for cholera: Confine the sick fowls in a separate pen. Place a half-gallon crock in this pen; fill this with water and to this add indigo, one-half ounce; chlorate of potash, twenty grains. Feed them nothing for three days and give them no other drink. When the bowels have become better give them soaked bread. Carbolic acid is also a good preventive. Stir a teaspoonful of the acid in a gallon of the drinking water given to the fowls, and allow them access to no other water. Observe the strictest cleanliness, and disinfect by sprinkling chloride of lime and quicklime about the runs in the houses.

Fertilizing the Tomato.

The tomato is an important crop in some sections. The crop in some of the States is valued at over \$1,000,000 a year. In such cases, of course, they are grown for canning purposes. To increase the yield of the tomato, therefore, there have been very careful experiments made to determine the best fertilizers. In all the tests made nitrate of soda has been shown to be an excellent fertilizer for this crop. In one experiment the application of nitrate of soda, at the rate of from 80 to 100 pounds per acre, increased the yield from 35 to 36 per cent., and brought extra returns of from \$17 to \$33 above the cost of applying the fertilizer. It has been noticed, too, that the use of nitrate of soda and of barnyard manure results in a more solid tomato. Results, however, depend upon the character of the soil. Fertile sandy loam always responds freely to the application of nitrate of soda. On light clay loam this fertilizer does not always prove satisfactory, especially when there has been no manuring the previous year. The fertilizing elements needed for the tomato, as well as the extent of drain which the crop makes upon the soil, are told by a report which says that the fertilizing ingredients removed from the land by a crop of 10 tons of fresh tomatoes were determined by the Maryland station to be as follows: 31.9 pounds of nitrogen, 9.2 pounds of phosphoric acid, and 53.8 pounds of potash. These quantities of nitrogen and of phosphoric acid are nearly the same as would be removed by 25 bushels of wheat, but the crop of tomatoes removed about six and a half times as much potash as would the crop of wheat.—Henry Sommers in the Epitomist.

Crops for Pastures.

Pastures are either natural or artificial. Natural pastures are those which are indigenous to the country. They cover the ground in the open prairie when first occupied by the settler, and they grow, as it were, spontaneously in forest areas where the forest is cut away. The former are usually spoken of as native prairie pastures, and though succulent and nutritious while they last, the season of their succulence is brief. The latter, the artificial pastures, composed mainly of blue grass and white clover, are superior to the former, inasmuch as they furnish succulent food Spring and Fall, whereas the former only furnish it in the Spring or early Summer.

If, therefore, our stock is to have suitable pastures during all their growing seasons, these must be grown in an artificial way. Some of these pasture crops may be grown on the upland and some in the bottom lands or in sloughs. The former include winter rye, timothy and clover, mixed grains, sorghum, corn, the Dwarf Essex rape and Australian brome, and the latter include temporary or permanent pastures sown with certain natural grasses. These will be considered separately.

Winter rye is mentioned first, since it is the earliest pasture that we can have in our State. Sown at the rate of two and one-half bushels per acre, late in August or early in September, it may be made to furnish abundant pasture from the opening of Spring to well on in May. When pasturing it, keep it cropped reasonably short, since as soon as it is allowed to joint its power to produce pasture that will be reduced is gone. But dairy cows in milk should only be pastured on it during a few hours of the forenoon lest it taint the milk.

Timothy and clover pasture will be ready as soon as the rye pasture is done. Sometimes it is not easy to get a stand of these because of dry weather. Let us look at this question for a moment. These grasses usually start well in the Spring, but fall later in a dry season. Why do they fall? They fall from want of moisture. The crops amid which they grow take the moisture and overshadow them, hence when the crop is cut and dry weather follows, the grasses perish. Let us heed the lesson and try to grow them without undue shade, and on land that will hold moisture. These conditions will be found most perfectly on corn ground only sired on the surface in preparing it for the crop and

when the grass seeds are sown with crops of winter rye and barley.

Next in adaptation comes wheat, and after wheat oats. Winter rye stands less than other kinds of grain, hence it does not shade the grasses so completely. It is also cut early and the grasses are exposed before the hottest and driest season. The seed also can be sown early on winter rye, and if covered with the harrow will be much more sure to grow. Barley stands less than wheat, is less tall, thus letting in more sunlight, and is also cut earlier than any other kind of grain. When grass seeds are sown with wheat or oats on Spring plowed land and the season turns dry, they are almost sure to fail.—Professor Thomas Shaw in Farm, Field and Fireside.

The Dairy Cow's Food.

With a view to getting the most out of the dairy cow a good, sensible system must be followed in feeding. Proper feeding must begin with the calf, and continue right through her life. If the calf is not a propitious one it is better to dispose of her and devote the attention to others. If she is worth rearing for the dairy she is worth all the attention that can be bestowed upon her. That is the theory we must go on, writes E. P. Smith in The Germantown Telegraph.

The calf should be growing steadily, so that at two years she is ready to begin her life work. If allowed to go beyond this period she will use the food given to her to lay on fat. This is not desirable. The dairyman must fight against this continually.

When she is fresh a slight grain ration should be fed to her, and this should be gradually increased until she is on her full ration. A full ration means all that the animal will eat without waste. No waste of food should be tolerated an instant. Find out just how much she will eat up clean, and let that be the daily ration. The proper proportion of this ration should be two-thirds fodder and one-third grain. This rule can invariably be followed with great success. Too much grain is not good for dairy cows. Beyond a certain point the grain will not increase the milk flow at all, and in the end a heavy grain ration stimulated the cows to wonderful exertions, and then they gave way, and they could never repeat the record. Some of them were practically ruined.

The proper feed balance for a dairy cow of one thousand pounds should be from ten to twelve pounds of digestible carbohydrates and two and a half pounds of protein. This should be furnished her, but if she does not eat it all take it away and reduce the quantity. If she eats it all watch her to see if it agrees with her, and if she appears to digest it all right. Protein and carbohydrates are found in many foods, and a variety is essential to the health of the animals. Make as great a change in the feed and location of the cows as possible, and they will appreciate it.—Dairy World.

One or Two Breeds of Poultry.

After one has experimented and satisfied himself that a certain breed is the best and most profitable, would it be advisable to pin his faith to one breed to the exclusion of all others, or would it pay better to raise two or three of the best? This question has been raised many times at the institutes, and a variety of answers have been given in the hearing of the writer.

Personally, I think that two breeds as a rule are better than one, no matter how fine a breed it may be. If one expects to make use of the poultry either for the table or market the value of two breeds is greater. It is possible to find both good layers and good roasters and broilers in the same breed; but it is better to select one breed for the eggs and another for the flesh. The flesh-carrying breeds should be considered chiefly in the light of their specialty, and then according to the number of eggs they lay. The latter quality cannot be ignored even when they are raised primarily for their flesh. The eggs must help to pay for their keep while they are growing.

A good plan is to raise a breed that will produce the greatest number of eggs and then have a few that are noted for their flesh. How to do this is easy if one studies the different qualities of the various leading breeds on the market. The Plymouth Rocks are first-class layers, and they also make excellent roasters and broilers. Probably they come the nearest to the general-purpose fowl of any in existence. The Wyandottes, on the other hand, are excellent layers, but they would hardly be recommended for roasters or broilers. In other respects these two breeds are very similar. The Leghorns have qualities very similar to the Wyandottes. They are excellent layers, but hardly to be recommended as roasters.

Either two of these combinations is good. The Plymouth Rocks are equal to any for laying, and the Leghorns or Wyandottes are equally good in this respect. Then if roasters are needed, for one reason or another there is a supply on hand from the Plymouth Rocks. So to my thinking at least two or three of such breeds will give better satisfaction than only one.—Anne C. Webster in the Cultivator.

A Dove Tale.

Mrs. Haslup, wife of Mr. Louis P. Haslup, a former member of the House of Delegates, who lives at Ellicott City, Md., is the owner of a pet pigeon which has developed remarkable appreciation of music, if not real musical talent. He is especially fond of the piano and tune is played to perch himself on the instrument to hear it. More than that he invariably bows and sways his head like a baton to keep time to the tune, and utters a regular and well-modulated coo as his audible contribution to the entertainment.

A BATTLE ROYAL.

It Took Place Between Five Texas Steers and Seven Wolves.

"A friend of mine who had a cattle ranch at Shively Springs, about a hundred miles north of Yankton, N. D.," writes a correspondent of the Sun, "saw a battle royal between five Texas steers and seven wolves. It was in February, just after a blizzard, and there was two feet of snow on the ground on a level. With the steers were two cows and three yearlings. They had been running south before the storm, and coming to a little knoll blown bare by the wind, had all lain down to rest. They were so still that the ranchman had to ride near them to satisfy himself that they were not dead. Finding that none of his own stock was in the bunch, he rode away. He had gone a mile, when, looking back, he saw seven gray wolves that had come out of the head of the canon near by and were making toward the cattle. With his field glass he could get an excellent view of the wolves and follow closely all their movements. They were having a hard time to make their way through the snow, sinking in it to their bellies at every jump, but they kept on until they were within a few yards of the bare spot where the cattle were lying, when they all drew together and made a survey of the field, then started on, widening out into line as they did so. Up to this time none of the cattle had moved, but now one of the cows and a steer rose to their feet and faced the wolves, shaking their horns, and some of the others were getting up as the wolves struck the bare spot.

"Three of the wolves jumped in front of the steer and the cow, felting to attack them and so keeping their attention engaged, while the other four sprang upon one of the yearlings just getting to its feet and pulled it down. The ranchman could see the four wolves together upon the yearling, and then the rest of the cattle coming all to their feet shut them from his view. The cattle were stiff and slow in their movements, but the four steers at once closed in on the four wolves about their prey. The wolves had no trouble in getting away from the horns, and instead of quitting the field, they kept to the bare spot—it was about half an acre in extent—racing round the cattle and felting to attack them on every side, but racing away whenever a steer made for them in earnest. While four of them kept the attention of the other cattle, three of the wolves, coming together as if at a signal, leaped upon another of the yearlings, one seizing it by the throat and the other two tearing at its gambrels. The yearling went down under the wolves, and then two or three of the steers, charging as before, drove them off.

"The aim of the wolves plainly was to disable the two weaker animals, knowing that they would eventually fall to them when the others moved away. But the cattle were getting warmed to their work, and after five minutes of fighting there was little of the stiffness that they had at first displayed. The wolves, keeping still to the bare spot where there was clear running, had all they wanted to do to avoid the rushes of the steers, who charged whenever one of them came to a standstill. Then one of the wolves was driven out into the snow, and as he floundered in a circuit, trying to get back to bare ground, a long-legged Texan, minding the snow no more than if it had been feathers, rushed and overtook him, and in a moment more had his horns on his horns. One shake of the head and the wolf went flying twenty feet and the steer was on hand when he tumbled to gore and trample him to death. This set the pace for fighting, and in ten minutes more four of the wolves were dead, two of them being chased into the snow and killed as the first had been and the other being hemmed in among the cattle, where he went three or four times into the air clear of their heads before they quit tossing him. At this the other three wolves took to the snow and made the best pace they could for the canon. A white steer that already had done its full share of the fighting, charged after them, tossed one of them to one side, and, keeping on to the next one, gored him to death. The third one had so much of a start that the steer did not follow him, but came back to the herd.

"It was two days later before the ranchman could take time to come back to the scene of the fight. One of the yearlings was lying dead on the spot of bare ground; the rest of the cattle were gone. There were five dead wolves in sight and a sixth was found just within the canon, which was as far as he managed to crawl. The pack were practically wiped out—taken, so to speak, in their own trap."

Rice Culture in Louisiana.

The development of rice growing in Calcasieu, Acadia and the neighboring parishes dates back only fifteen years. Previous to that time the prairie section of southwest Louisiana was principally given up to pasturing cattle. Land was sold as low as ten cents an acre, and seldom went above fifty cents. The first farm devoted to the growing of rice, and containing 300 acres of land, was bought by a farmer from Iowa for \$30, and is valued today at \$30,000. He made the experiment of raising rice on it, and it proved a great success. The work of harvesting the crop had formerly to be done by hand, and that was, of course, very expensive. The Western farmers who followed the pioneer were accustomed to the use of a great deal of agricultural machinery in cultivating their crops, and soon modified the old system. The prairie crop is cultivated almost entirely with machinery, and the result has been to reduce the cost of cultivation to a minimum. Probably no crop is cultivated more cheaply. During the past year a great im-

provement has been made in the rice section by the development and improvement of the irrigation system. Large pumps are used, and immense canals or aqueducts have been constructed, assuring an abundant supply of water for all, and bringing thousands of acres under cultivation in rice. There are now eighty-four of these irrigation canals in southwest Louisiana, extending hundreds of miles through the rice district and assuring an ample supply of water. They are kept full by pumps which elevate the water from the bayous, and each canal will irrigate from 1,000 to 20,000 acres of land.—New York Sun.

MANILA'S GAIETY.

Driving on the Calasada to the Music of a Spanish Band.

In the sixteenth century, writes Rosalie Kaufman in the St. Nicholas, during a battle with one of the Philippine tribes, Magellan, the great Spanish explorer, was killed. He discovered the islands, and tried to land, but was prevented from landing by the Indians. A few years later Legaspi, a Spaniard, was more fortunate, and with half a dozen monks, landed on the island of Luzon and founded the city of Manila. Manila is built on both sides of the Pasig River, which is spanned by massive stone bridges. In the old town, or Manila proper, there are some fine public buildings, but no shops; consequently there is a constant stream of people and vehicles over the bridges to and from Binondo, where all the business is carried on. In this quarter there are rows of shops kept, for the most part, by Chinese, though some are owned by Europeans and Americans. They are low-framed structures, with heavy awnings to the edge of the sidewalk as a protection against the sun; and they are so small that one has to stay outside, and goods are shown over the counter, which extends across the doorway. Among the lower classes in the islands, an entire family will live in a hut containing just one room. The furniture consists of a mat and a mosquito netting.

But the wealthy people have attractive homes. Many of these are on the banks of the river; and all have gardens filled with luxuriant vines, ornamental trees and gorgeous flowers. These gardens extend to the water, where there are landing places for small boats. The houses are raised several feet from the ground, on thick blocks of stone or wood, which makes them cooler and at the same time drier, especially where the soil is marshy. They have no glass windows, because the light would be too glaring, but sliding frames with thin shell panes temper the light and admit plenty of fresh air. One is struck by the order and cleanliness of these houses. Even the floors shine like mirrors, for they are rubbed twice a day with plantain leaves. These are the dwellings of the mestizos, who are part Chinese and part Spanish.

One of the favorite amusements of the people is driving on the Calasada. During the day the fashionable promenade is deserted, because the heat is so intense that only working-people ever venture out between eight o'clock in the morning and four in the afternoon. But in the evening all is gaiety and fun on the Calasada, where a fine band of Spanish musicians used to play as the carriages, horsemen and pedestrians moved along, nodding and chatting, and frequently halting to listen to the music. Sometimes the ladies stroll about wearing gaudy colors and rich jewels. Their thick black hair hangs loose, and is made glossy by being smeared with cocoanut oil. On their heads are jeweled combs and artificial flowers. Suddenly, when the frolic is at its height, and just as the sun disappears behind the hills, the city church-bells chime and profound silence ensues. It is time for vespers. The men take off their hats; everybody kneels or bows in a devotional manner and prays. The bells ring again; the music starts up, the procession continues, and the gaiety increases.

The Rails.

This large and interesting family of marsh-inhabiting birds contains about one hundred and eighty members, of which fourteen inhabit North America. Eight species visit the regions of the great lakes and the Atlantic seaboard, and four of them are deemed worthy of the sportsman's attention. These four species include the king-rail, the clapper rail, the Virginia rail and the sora. The yellow rail and the little black rail are too rare and too small to rank as game birds.

The sora, or Carolina rail, differs broadly in coloration from the sober brown of its immediate relatives. It measures about nine inches in length, and has rather striking markings when in the full spring plumage. It is a summer resident, its range including "temperate" North America, most common east of the great plains. It goes south in the winter, to the West Indies and northern South America. The nest is made in cover upon the ground, the eggs being drab with darker markings. It breeds from the Middle States northward. Its flesh is rather dainty in flavor. Among its more common names, and it is a much-named bird, are rail, rail-bird, Carolina crane, common rail, sora rail, English rail, chicken-bill, and sora.

The most common method of shooting this bird is at high tide from the bow of a boat which is poled through the flooded cover by a man in the stern. This sport has many eager followers, but the shooting is almost too easy for experts to enthrall over. A light 12-gauge, or something smaller, will answer all purposes. In the south the negroes have fun and make a trifle of money by "fire-hunting" for this rail with torches of fat-pine and whips of stiff brush.—Oring.

Of every 100 school-children in London sixty-five leave school between their tenth and eleventh years.