

# Juniata Sentinel and Republican

B. F. SCHWEIER,

THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XXXVI.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1882.

NO. 49

## LITTLE ONES AT PLAY.

Under the shade of the maples  
The boys are playing to-day,  
A basin of soda between them,  
And a long-stemmed pipe of clay.  
See them bowing the great bright globes,  
How they laugh as they dash away;  
White baby, close by, on his pail,  
Seems as eager and happy as they.

See him stretch his tiny fingers,  
And reach as the bubble falls,  
His brown eyes bright and eager—  
He thinks he can catch them all,  
His baby's reaching for the bubbles,  
Tries Charlie, his face aglow,  
He thinks that he could hold them—  
He's only a baby, you know.

Ah, Charlie, life's full of bubbles  
We long for, and reach for in vain,  
And like dear little baby Brown eyes,  
We try to again and again.  
We are sure at each grasp we have it,  
And reach as we have to the past,  
To find, like dear baby Brown eyes,  
A bubble, and nothing at last.

## THE SECOND LOVE.

"Isn't she lovely?"  
Tom Charlesworth spoke enthusiastically. His was a nature not often stirred, but very deep and earnest; and Fernand Wallace looked into his face and wondered, with a half smile, how it would seem to feel things below a mere surface depth.

He was very handsome, this Fernand Wallace, with soft, trenchant eyes, features like the Apollo Belvidere, and a lute-sweet voice; and Tom Charlesworth, who read every one according to the key-note of his own noble nature, loved him as if he had been brothers.

"She's well enough," said Wallace, demurely. "None just a trifle too short and the lips too full, but otherwise what the world calls beautiful. So you're hard hit, my boy, eh?"

"I love her dearly," said Tom, in a quiet unimpassioned voice that meant so much, "and, God willing, I will be a good husband to her; and you'd better worth while to return to Exeter, for three weeks."

"Well, perhaps you are right, old fellow," said Fernand Wallace; but any one a trifle more observant than Tom would have noticed that the handsome, restless eyes avoided his gaze with strange solicitude.

"Do you hear, Elsie?" said Charlesworth, exultingly. Fernand will stay to the wedding. I knew we would persuade him."

Elsie mordant looked suddenly up from her fancy work, and something wild and pitiless in her gaze attracted Tom's attention.

"Elsie, are you ill?"

"No, what nonsense, Tom; I'm well enough."

Don't get any absurd notions into your head."

The night before the wedding Tom Charlesworth strode over the fields towards Elsie's home.

The little room where she was wont to sit and wait for him was dark, and the window was open. Tom leaned his elbows on the casement and looked in.

"Elsie—darling!"

But there came no answer. Elsie was not there.

He went around to the orthodox entrance, feeling a little disappointed; he scarcely knew why. Mrs. Mordant met him in the hall with a white scarf face.

"Oh, Mr. Charlesworth, we were just going to send for you?" she cried.

"To send for me?" Tom's face blanched.

"What has happened?" is Elsie ill?"

Mrs. Mordant's lips trembled, but gave forth no sound, as she placed Charlesworth's hands a side stained with her own tears—a brief note written by Elsie:

"Don't blame me, mamma, nor let him blame me, because I could not help loving Fernand the best. Tell him not to feel bad; for indeed, indeed I was not worthy of his love, and he will be happier without me—poor Tom!"

And it was signed with the one word, "Elsie."

Charlesworth quietly gave back the note and walked forth into the starry silence of the night. No eyes but his own should witness the secret anguish of his heart.

"Mother thought you would come, sir, if—if you knew how poor she was, and that father was dead, and—"

A burst of tears checked the child's voice as she stood, with drooping head and hands tightly clasped together, in Mr. Charlesworth's library.

"But my child, you have not told me who your mother is, nor who you are."

"I am Margaret, and mother is called Elsie Wallace."

Mr. Charlesworth arose and took the child's hand in his.

"Come, child, and take me to your home," was all he said.

It was Elsie—pale, sorrow and wan, the ghost of her former self, her voice interrupted by a cough, her hands transparent and hot with fever—yet Elsie still.

"You have forgiven me, Tom?" "Oh, Tom I could not have died without your words of pardon."

"I forgave you freely, long ago, Elsie."

"I have expiated my folly on the altar of repentance. Oh, Tom, he was a fiend in human shape," she added shudderingly, "but now—"

She mumbled indistinctly toward the scantily furnished room, the dying fire in her eyes at the front of the bed.

"It is not for myself," she faltered, "Heaven knows I have not long to suffer, and I am well tired to it; but my poor little Margaret, what is to become of her?"

"Shall I take her, Elsie?"

"For my own," Tom answered quietly "I have neither wife nor child; and for the sake of what you once were to me,

## WITNESSES FOR THE CENTRAL UNION.

Johnnie's Country Store.

Children live in a magic world of their own. It is a world to which they are especially well adapted. They are especially fond of people. They are especially fond of people whose lives are so full of danger, so full of the sublime, the noble or the beautiful. In rural hamlets, where the proprietor of the grocery, the country youth, and the very same of delight to include in the recreation of "playing store." Two, perhaps three boys form a partnership which requires no formal documents to attest its validity—and the next thing in order is to decide upon a location for the establishment. One of the firm desires to build it on a crab-apple tree in his father's garden; another proposes the back porch of his house. Finally the question of location is decided after considerable dispute, for each boy will express an opinion diametrically opposite from that of his other companions. A long, narrow-minded shoe box is called into requisition and made to serve as a counter. As the store is situated on the premises of Johnnie's father, of course Johnnie is allowed to assume the authoritative dignity of the head of the firm, and he promptly calls himself the "big decision."

The first day is devoted to filling the store with stock in trade, which is almost wholly composed of home manufacture. Johnnie spends his week's allowance for a stick of licorice, which is cut up into small chunks and dissolved in a bottle of water. This delicious concoction is in high favor among the customers who come around and drink it in the conventional manner of old toppers. The principal merchandise of the "store" usually consists of paper windmills, kites, willow whistles and pop-guns, all of domestic manufacture. These there are apples, soda crackers and raisins, the two latter being high-priced luxuries, because great risk is involved in procuring them from the pantry when mother or the teachers "nursed girl" is not around. If Johnnie can find courage to smuggle a can of preserves from the cellar and place it on exhibition it is a big advertisement for the business and tends to draw trade from rival stores of the neighborhood.

Whether Johnnie or his partners venture to visit a rival store, they are treated with "the best the house affords." This seems to be a departure from the usual custom of strict business men, but it works well among the boys. The quantity of licorice used is put and buttons, and many a mother's pin-cushion and button-box have, in consequence, suffered frequent and extensive loss. When the boys are detected in dipping into the home stock of pins and buttons, they are compelled to search for currency on the street and in garbage pails. One button is considered equivalent to three pins, and many an amateur merchant returns home with pins and buttons enough to stock a small sized business.

Truly, there is much innocent amusement in "playing store," and little doubt the small boy who has so conscientiously enjoyed the pastime of conducting his "store."

E. H. D.

## THE PHANTOM SCHOONER.

"Good by, sir; there's no telling whether we'll meet again. There's got to be some great accident and a lot of little smashes every year, and few persons pass without a hundred or so lives being lost. We often have long talks about the chances we take, but we're all ready to take them again when navigation opens the next year. This fall some vessel will strike where there's neither boat nor crew to help the sailors. The ice will be a foot thick on the ice, and the cabin full of water, and the sails and ropes coated with ice so thick that we can't work her. The strong ship will be lifted from the rocks and dashed down again until she breaks to pieces, and the fellows who have worked for days against fate will drift shore one by one, and they and their ships will soon be forgotten."

This was what a sailor said to the old sailor man evening this spring, after spinning the yarn that follows: He was in the spring, one of the crew of a vessel loading timber at the Northwest corner of Garden Island. It was growing dark and he sat on the bulwarks of the vessel. The cold water curled in little waves along the sides of the bark. Up the bay a steamer was coming rapidly, and behind were lights of the city, with the outline of the mountain's crest just visible in the falling twilight. It was a story the like of which one seldom hears, and even as he told it, in his rough, broken dialect, it was one of wonderful interest. The many pauses were sought for words and the expression of his face as his story went on, coupled with his acting the part for the want of language to make it clear, gave it such a wild and picturesque force as several times obliged his hearer unconsciously to hold his breath as he listened. And yet it is susceptible of an explanation.

You may not believe what I tell you, but it is true for all that. I saw it myself, and more of the crew of the Western World saw it, too. You can't make me believe that we are all mistaken, because you don't know anything about it, while we do. I say this because I know you will be inclined to disbelieve my story. It is a strange one, then, the Western World fitted out at Kingston this spring and Captain Abe Malone was going to sail her, but he had some trouble with the owners and Captain Dickson went in her. They were paying union wages and Captain Dickson was a good man, and I thought when I shipped in her I would stay the whole season. What I saw when I made the first trip will show you why I am now one of the crew of the Siberia. The Western World went right up to Grand Marais for a load of timber, and Martin Kennedy and I joined her at St. Catharines. We had never sailed in her before, but we liked her. She was really a very well found and easily handled.

The captain I knew, for I had sailed with him in the William Hope, but the mate was a bully from Garden Island. We were one of the first vessels up the canal and the weather was rather cool, as it was early in the spring. It was early in the morning when we left Port Colborne, but we had a nice working breeze from the South and West. About three o'clock the next morning I judged we were off Point Pelee, though we couldn't see the light. I was on deck and was talking to Martin, who was just going aloft. The Martin there, standing near the mainmast, with a red shirt on, he left the World at the same time I did. When Martin started aloft I turned around and looked over the lake. The moon was shining and there was a slight mist on the water. Three or four hundred yards away from our vessel I saw a ripple and a splash. I thought it was a fish jumping, but in a few minutes I saw the fly of a schooner rising from the water.

I was fastened to a spar and soon filled and blew out, though it was wet and heavy. Then I saw the topsails of a three-masted schooner, far bigger than the Western World, rising from the bright moonlight. She was a big vessel and looked like one of those Buffalo Indians. When she rose quite close and she was a great gun, as if glad to be on the surface once more. She had every gun except her fore-gate topgall, but her sails were torn and mangled. They were full of ragged holes, as if fish had been making through them, and the main boom was broken in two or three places, but the pieces were still lashed to the canvas. The water poured from her tattered canvas on to the decks with a hollow splash. There was a gaping hole in her side and her bulwarks were smashed; one of her anchors dragging in the water held her head down a little. She seemed to get a slant of wind that she hadn't, and she stood away for the south shore, reaching across our bows. There was not a soul on board this ghost of a schooner, and I don't know where she came from nor how she held her course. No sailor man stood at her wheel, but I could tell by the glittering of the brass on the spokes that it took a half a turn or so up. I don't know where she came from, except that I saw her rise out of the lake, and I don't think that any schooner ever built by man would come up out of the lake and sail away without a crew on board. When we were seeming to overtake her the water rushed in the great black hole in her side and she gave another hollow groan. Her stern pitched high in the air and her wheel took another turn, as if to guide her on the course she was laying for, the bottom of the lake, and she disappeared.

There was a roaring sound as the

## PROVISIONING A STEAMSHIP.

Three thousand five hundred pounds of butter, 3000 hams, 1600 pounds butts—these were the supplies to the crew; 1000 pounds of "desert stores" biscuits, almonds, figs, etc., exclusive of fresh fruits, which are taken in at every port; 1500 pounds of jams and jellies, 6000 pounds of tinned meats, 1000 pounds of dried beans, 3600 pounds of rice, 5000 pounds of onions, 40 tons of potatoes, 60,000 pounds of flour and 20,000 eggs. Fresh vegetables, dead meat, and live haddock, sheep, pigs, geese, turkeys, guinea birds, ducks, fowls, fish, and casual game, are generally supplied at each port of call, or replenished at the further end of the journey, so that it is difficult to obtain complete estimates of them. Perhaps two dozen bullocks and 60 sheep would be a fair average for the whole voyage, and the rest may be inferred in proportion. The writer has known 25 fowls sacrificed in a single day to make chicken broth. We, therefore, shan't starve, even if we are a day or two behind time, which is considered a great enormity now. The merriment of chicken broth suggests sickness, and sickness conjures up the doctor, and with the doctor is associated medicine. His dispensary is as well furnished with drugs as any chemist's shop in a country town, and when we observe that, among other things, it contains 12 ounces of quinine, 4 gallons of black-draught, 20 pounds of Seditiva powder, a gallon of castor oil, a half a hundred of Epsom salts, it is evident that if the sick people do not get well it is from lack of physic. Four thousand sheets, 2000 blankets, 8000 towels, 2000 pounds of various soaps, 2000 pounds of candles, 2000 pairs of drawers, 1000 caps and snuffers, 3000 glasses—fancy what a handsome income the amount represented by annual loss from breakage would be!—800 table cloths, 2000 glass bottles—all these are figures exhibited in the provisioning of one ship alone. Think what they would amount up to when multiplied by the number of ships in each company's fleet, and then try to realize the fact that this department constitutes only one, and by no means the greatest of their incidental expenses.

## CARE OF CRIMINALS.

There is in Lisbon an inmate known as the Misoricilia, whose object it is to alleviate all kinds of criminals. One peculiarity which the directors undertake as the care of criminals. From the time that the death penalty is decreed the criminal is allowed three days to prepare for death. During this time he is in charge of the Misoricilia. When the four comes he is clothed by the brothers in white, a cord is put around his neck and a crucifix in his hand, and accompanied by a priest and a deacon, he proceeds to the place of execution. Connected with this establishment is the Church of St. Roth, which contains probably the most spacious chapel in Christendom. The story goes that Don Juan V. struck with the baroness and the fact of his dedication to the saint of his name, resolved to make it a marvel of splendor. It was erected in Rome regardless of cost, and, when completed, put up in St. Peter's, where the Pope first officiated on it. It was then shipped in pieces to Lisbon. The wall on the outside of the principal arch is coral, the arch of alabaster. The pavement is black marble, inlaid with the precious stones of the East. The floor is of porphyry and bronze, the rails of varnished oak. There are eight columns of lapis lazuli, their bases being alabaster studded with sapphires, their capitals bronze, and magnificent pictures. Napoleon contemplated the removal of the whole to France, but before it could be lowered his star waned.

## THE MOCKING BIRD.

The mocking bird commences to sing at the age of seven or eight weeks. The first notes are low and unfinished, but as he grows older his voice increases in volume and compass and his aptitude for learning is greatly developed. His natural song is sweet, varied, and in his native wood he surpasses every competitor. He is the great artist; the other songsters of the grove are only the chorus. During the utterance of his song he appears to be in a perfect ecstasy of delight. His constant, graceful motion, expanded wings and vivid flashing eye add to the music a vivacity and elegance of rendering only given by this wonderful bird. His notes are sweeter in his wild state than in captivity, owing to the absence of harsh noises which he so often hears when confined in the limitations of man. He loses none of his power or energy of song in confinement, and his opportunities for mimicking are much increased by the variety of the new sounds which he constantly hears. He improves every chance offered him and takes as much delight in imitating a hoarse rattle or rusty pump as he does in imitating the sweetest of flute notes. His repertoire is unlimited; he will repeat anything from a snatch of the latest grand opera to the infinitesimal twitter of the humming bird. He sings the songs of other cage birds with a superiority altogether mortifying to them and his chicks oftentimes can make the lost chicken forget its mother. Mocking birds are very tough and hardy and with good care live to be twenty years of age. Their ailments are few and simple cured; a change of food occasionally is good, the variety seeming to please them and keep them in constant song. They sing all the year except during the moulting season and two weeks of the breeding season. They are easily mounted, the chief care being to keep them out of dry drafts while shedding and to feed an abundance of fresh green food and insects.

The cage should be carefully kept clean and plenty of gravel strewn on the bottom, so as to keep the feet in order. They are very fond of bathing, which desire should be daily gratified. The prepared food, either moist or dry, should be the regular diet. When the dry food is used grating dry carrot must be mixed with it. For variety feed the potato and egg mixture, with a little Indian meal or grated carrot added. Ants' eggs, soaked and added to the food, are always beneficial; a meal worm or two should be daily given.

## NEWS IN BRIEF.

—A business man in Rochester is 7 feet 2 inches high.

—The Governor of Eastern Siberia was murdered at Ichita.

—There are 117,000 Sunday school scholars in New York State.

—The annual spruce gum product of Maine is estimated at \$40,000.

—Dr. Boynton has put in a claim for \$4,500 for services to Gardiner.

—The Rio Garibaldi of Paris is the true name of the heretofore Rio Bonaparte.

—Twenty-one postoffice towns in the United States now have the name of Gardiner.

—The loss by the fire in the Russian lumber yards is estimated at 5,000,000 rubles.

—The damage to the Panama Railroad by the recent earthquake is estimated at \$80,000.

—The Moravian Church claims to be the oldest Protestant Episcopal Church in this country.

—A single steamer took 30,000 barrels of apples from New York to London last week.

—Visitation is to be rigidly prohibited throughout Sweden by order of the government.

—Philadelphia manufactures 12,500,000 artificial teeth, and five tons of tooth powder yearly.

—A freight car is used as a church by the people of Maple River Junction, Dakota Territory.

—There are fifteen Bessemer steel works in this country, the annual product of which is 2,000,000 tons.

—Fifty out of the seventy-three students in Jefferson College, Ceylon, have renounced paganism for Christianity.

—The biggest steam hammer in the United States strikes a 66,000 pound blow. Its motto is "put up or shut up."

—Alexander Graham Bell, of Telephone fame, was naturalized in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

—England has statistics showing that out of 139,143 of her people engaged in literary pursuits, only twelve became lunatics.

—It is estimated that there are about 25,000,000 feet of lumber in the nine states comprising the southern pine belt.

—The census for Victoria for 1881 shows a total population of 862,364, of whom 42,128 were Chinamen, and but 789 aborigines.

—According to the assessment roll of California, there has been a depreciation of values in that state the past year of \$26,117,608.

—The pay of members and delegates to the next Congress amounts to \$1,665,000; mileage, \$125,000; for cost-accounts, \$25,000.

—The will of Mrs. Catherine Fillmore, widow of ex-President Fillmore, will be contested. The property is estimated at \$125,000.

—The commissary-general of subsistence of the army reports the expenditures of the last fiscal year at \$5,780,000, unexpended, \$100,000.

—It is stated that the thousands deposited in Connecticut savings banks have not made inquiries about their money in twenty years past.

—The Marquis of Lorne, Governor General of Canada, and the Princess Louise are expected to return to Ottawa from the Pacific coast by the end of the month.

—The stock-raisers of Colorado estimate the aggregate value of their flocks and herds at \$55,000,000. The number of horned cattle is placed at 2,250,000.

—The report of the quartermaster-general of the army says the amount available during the last fiscal year was \$13,628,000. The disbursements were \$12,440,000.

—The latest statement concerning the Czar's coronation is that it will take place next May, and will be celebrated, says the *Norwest*, with even more than the usual splendor.

—Senator Morrill, of Vermont, is building a fine public library building at his native place and present home, Stafford, which as a Christmas gift, he has presented to his fellow-townsmen as a Christian gift.

—The transfer of \$1,000,000 gold certificates from New York to Portland, Me., has been ordered. Requests have been received from Cincinnati for \$250,000 certificates; St. Louis, \$500,000; Boston, \$500,000.

—Last summer a swarm of bees entered a knot hole in the weather boarding of a house in Waterbury, Conn., and went to wintering in the knot. The other day the boarding was removed and upward of forty pounds of honey taken out.

—Viscount Talbot, second son of the Duke of Sutherland and heir of his mother's earldom of Cromartie, is on his way to this country on business connected with his father's land purchases in the Northwest.

—The Paris Bourse estimates the total stock of gold in the world in use as 600,000,000 francs. The gold in use in the Kingdom of England has \$125,000,000, France \$136,000,000, Germany \$20,000,000, Other nations come in for shares ranging from \$800,000 in the case of Holland to \$30,400,000 in Spain's.

—Contrary to the usual experience in similar cases, later reports of the floods in Northern Italy are more distressing than the first accounts. The King contributed 100,000 francs to the relief fund and the people in all parts of the realm are nobly imitating his example.

—The German Government has adopted a new regulation on its lines of railway. In future the new cars to be painted of the same color as the tickets of the different classes—first, yellow; second, green; third, white.

—The Church of England, as a whole is the largest landowner in the Kingdom, and Canon Waterhouse has called attention to the fact that it is also the largest owner of public houses, and pronounced it "a grievous scandal."

—It is stated that certain difficulties will prevent Sir Garnet Wolseye receiving any higher military rank in recognition of his services in Egypt, so that he will remain in regular command of the 10th Regiment of Foot. He is now fifteen on the list for promotion to the rank of General.

## THE MOURNING BIRD.

The mourning bird commences to sing at the age of seven or eight weeks. The first notes are low and unfinished, but as he grows older his voice increases in volume and compass and his aptitude for learning is greatly developed. His natural song is sweet, varied, and in his native wood he surpasses every competitor. He is the great artist; the other songsters of the grove are only the chorus. During the utterance of his song he appears to be in a perfect ecstasy of delight. His constant, graceful motion, expanded wings and vivid flashing eye add to the music a vivacity and elegance of rendering only given by this wonderful bird. His notes are sweeter in his wild state than in captivity, owing to the absence of harsh noises which he so often hears when confined in the limitations of man. He loses none of his power or energy of song in confinement, and his opportunities for mimicking are much increased by the variety of the new sounds which he constantly hears. He improves every chance offered him and takes as much delight in imitating a hoarse rattle or rusty pump as he does in imitating the sweetest of flute notes. His repertoire is unlimited; he will repeat anything from a snatch of the latest grand opera to the infinitesimal twitter of the humming bird. He sings the songs of other cage birds with a superiority altogether mortifying to them and his chicks oftentimes can make the lost chicken forget its mother. Mocking birds are very tough and hardy and with good care live to be twenty years of age. Their ailments are few and simple cured; a change of food occasionally is good, the variety seeming to please them and keep them in constant song. They sing all the year except during the moulting season and two weeks of the breeding season. They are easily mounted, the chief care being to keep them out of dry drafts while shedding and to feed an abundance of fresh green food and insects.

## THE MOURNING BIRD.

The mourning bird commences to sing at the age of seven or eight weeks. The first notes are low and unfinished, but as he grows older his voice increases in volume and compass and his aptitude for learning is greatly developed. His natural song is sweet, varied, and in his native wood he surpasses every competitor. He is the great artist; the other songsters of the grove are only the chorus. During the utterance of his song he appears to be in a perfect ecstasy of delight. His constant, graceful motion, expanded wings and vivid flashing eye add to the music a vivacity and elegance of rendering only given by this wonderful bird. His notes are sweeter in his wild state than in captivity, owing to the absence of harsh noises which he so often hears when confined in the limitations of man. He loses none of his power or energy of song in confinement, and his opportunities for mimicking are much increased by the variety of the new sounds which he constantly hears. He improves every chance offered him and takes as much delight in imitating a hoarse rattle or rusty pump as he does in imitating the sweetest of flute notes. His repertoire is unlimited; he will repeat anything from a snatch of the latest grand opera to the infinitesimal twitter of the humming bird. He sings the songs of other cage birds with a superiority altogether mortifying to them and his chicks oftentimes can make the lost chicken forget its mother. Mocking birds are very tough and hardy and with good care live to be twenty years of age. Their ailments are few and simple cured; a change of food occasionally is good, the variety seeming to please them and keep them in constant song. They sing all the year except during the moulting season and two weeks of the breeding season. They are easily mounted, the chief care being to keep them out of dry drafts while shedding and to feed an abundance of fresh green food and insects.

## THE MOURNING BIRD.

The mourning bird commences to sing at the age of seven or eight weeks. The first notes are low and unfinished, but as he grows older his voice increases in volume and compass and his aptitude for learning is greatly developed. His natural song is sweet, varied, and in his native wood he surpasses every competitor. He is the great artist; the other songsters of the grove are only the chorus. During the utterance of his song he appears to be in a perfect ecstasy of delight. His constant, graceful motion, expanded wings and vivid flashing eye add to the music a vivacity and elegance of rendering only given by this wonderful bird. His notes are sweeter in his wild state than in captivity, owing to the absence of harsh noises which he so often hears when confined in the limitations of man. He loses none of his power or energy of song in confinement, and his opportunities for mimicking are much increased by the variety of the new sounds which he constantly hears. He improves every chance offered him and takes as much delight in imitating a hoarse rattle or rusty pump as he does in imitating the sweetest of flute notes. His repertoire is unlimited; he will repeat anything from a snatch of the latest grand opera to the infinitesimal twitter of the humming bird. He sings the songs of other cage birds with a superiority altogether mortifying to them and his chicks oftentimes can make the lost chicken forget its mother. Mocking birds are very tough and hardy and with good care live to be twenty years of age. Their ailments are few and simple cured; a change of food occasionally is good, the variety seeming to please them and keep them in constant song. They sing all the year except during the moulting season and two weeks of the breeding season. They are easily mounted, the chief care being to keep them out of dry drafts while shedding and to feed an abundance of fresh green food and insects.

## THE MOURNING BIRD.

The mourning bird commences to sing at the age of seven or eight weeks. The first notes are low and unfinished, but as he grows older his voice increases in volume and compass and his aptitude for learning is greatly developed. His natural song is sweet, varied, and in his native wood he surpasses every competitor. He is the great artist; the other songsters of the grove are only the chorus. During the utterance of his song he appears to be in a perfect ecstasy of delight. His constant, graceful motion, expanded wings and vivid flashing eye add to the music a vivacity and elegance of rendering only given by this wonderful bird. His notes are sweeter in his wild state than in captivity, owing to the absence of harsh noises which he so often hears when confined in the limitations of man. He loses none of his power or energy of song in confinement, and his opportunities for mimicking are much increased by the variety of the new sounds which he constantly hears. He improves every chance offered him and takes as much delight in imitating a hoarse rattle or rusty pump as he does in imitating the sweetest of flute notes. His repertoire is unlimited; he will repeat anything from a snatch of the latest grand opera to the infinitesimal twitter of the humming bird. He sings the songs of other cage birds with a superiority altogether mortifying to them and his chicks oftentimes can make the lost chicken forget its mother. Mocking birds are very tough and hardy and with good care live to be twenty years of age. Their ailments are few and simple cured; a change of food occasionally is good, the variety seeming to please them and keep them in constant song. They sing all the year except during the moulting season and two weeks of the breeding season. They are easily mounted, the chief care being to keep them out of dry drafts while shedding and to feed an abundance of fresh green food and insects.

## THE MOURNING BIRD.

The mourning bird commences to sing at the age of seven or eight weeks. The first notes are low and unfinished, but as he grows older his voice increases in volume and compass and his aptitude for learning is greatly developed. His natural song is sweet, varied, and in his native wood he surpasses every competitor. He is the great artist; the other songsters of the grove are only the chorus. During the utterance of his song he appears to be in a perfect ecstasy of delight. His constant, graceful motion, expanded wings and vivid flashing eye add to the music a vivacity and elegance of rendering only given by this wonderful bird. His notes are sweeter in his wild state than in captivity, owing to the absence of harsh noises which he so often hears when confined in the limitations of man. He loses none of his power or energy of song in confinement, and his opportunities for mimicking are much increased by the variety of the new sounds which he constantly hears. He improves every chance offered him and takes as much delight in imitating a hoarse rattle or rusty pump as he does in imitating the sweetest of flute notes. His repertoire is unlimited; he will repeat anything from a snatch of the latest grand opera to the infinitesimal twitter of the humming bird. He sings the songs of other cage birds with a superiority altogether mortifying to them and his chicks oftentimes can make the lost chicken forget its mother. Mocking birds are very tough and hardy and with good care live to be twenty years of age. Their ailments are few and simple cured; a change of food occasionally is good, the variety seeming to please them and keep them in constant song. They sing all the year except during the moulting season and two weeks of the breeding season. They are easily mounted, the chief care being to keep them out of dry drafts while shedding and to feed an abundance of fresh green food and insects.

## THE MOURNING BIRD.

The mourning bird commences to sing at the age of seven or eight weeks. The first notes are low and unfinished, but as he grows older his voice increases in volume and compass and his aptitude for learning is greatly developed. His natural song is sweet, varied, and in his native wood he surpasses every competitor. He is the great artist; the other songsters of the grove are only the chorus. During the utterance of his song he appears to be in a perfect ecstasy of delight. His constant, graceful motion, expanded wings and vivid flashing eye add to the music a vivacity and elegance of rendering only given by this wonderful bird. His notes are sweeter in his wild state than in captivity, owing to the absence of harsh noises which he so often hears when confined in the limitations of man. He loses none of his power or energy of song in confinement, and his opportunities for mimicking are much increased by the variety of the new sounds which he constantly hears. He improves every chance offered him and takes as much delight in imitating a hoarse rattle or rusty pump as he does in imitating the sweetest of flute notes. His repertoire is unlimited; he will repeat anything from a snatch of the latest grand opera to the infinitesimal twitter of the humming bird. He sings the songs of other cage birds with a superiority altogether mortifying to them and his chicks oftentimes can make the lost chicken forget its mother. Mocking birds are very tough and hardy and with good care live to be twenty years of age. Their ailments are few and simple cured; a change of food occasionally is good, the variety seeming to please them and keep them in constant song. They sing all the year except during the moulting season and two weeks of the breeding season. They are easily mounted, the chief care being to keep them out of dry drafts while shedding and to feed an abundance of fresh green food and insects.

## THE MOURNING BIRD.

The mourning bird commences to sing at the age of seven or eight weeks. The first notes are low and unfinished, but as he grows older his voice increases in volume and compass and his aptitude for learning is greatly developed. His natural song is sweet, varied, and in his native wood he surpasses every competitor. He is the great artist; the other songsters of the grove are only the chorus. During the utterance of his song he appears to be in a perfect ecstasy of delight. His constant, graceful motion, expanded wings and vivid flashing eye add to the music a vivacity and elegance of rendering only given by this wonderful bird. His notes are sweeter in his wild state than in captivity, owing to the absence of harsh noises which he so often hears when confined in the limitations of man. He loses none of his power or energy of song in confinement, and his opportunities for mimicking are much increased by the variety of the new sounds which he constantly hears. He improves every chance offered him and takes as much delight in imitating a hoarse rattle or rusty pump as he does in imitating the sweetest of flute notes. His repertoire is unlimited; he will repeat anything from a snatch of the latest grand opera to the infinitesimal twitter of the humming bird. He sings the songs of other cage birds with a superiority altogether mortifying to them and his chicks oftentimes can make the lost chicken forget its mother. Mocking birds are very tough and hardy and with good care live to be twenty years of age. Their ailments are few and simple cured; a change of food occasionally is good, the variety seeming to please them and keep them in constant song. They sing all the year except during the moulting season and two weeks of the breeding season. They are easily mounted, the chief care being to keep them out of dry drafts while shedding and to feed an abundance of fresh green food and insects.

## THE MOURNING BIRD.

The mourning bird commences to sing at the age of seven or eight weeks. The first notes are low and unfinished, but as he grows older his voice increases in volume and compass and his aptitude for learning is greatly developed. His natural song is sweet, varied, and in his native wood he surpasses every competitor. He is the great artist; the other songsters of the grove are only the chorus. During the utterance of his song he appears to be in a perfect ecstasy of delight. His constant, graceful motion, expanded wings and vivid flashing eye add to the music a vivacity and elegance of rendering only given by this wonderful bird. His notes are sweeter in his wild state than in captivity, owing to the absence of harsh noises which he so often hears when confined in the limitations of man. He loses none of his power or energy of song in confinement, and his opportunities for mimicking are much increased by the variety of the new sounds which he constantly hears. He improves every chance offered him and takes as much delight in imitating a hoarse rattle or rusty pump as he does in imitating the sweetest of flute notes. His repertoire is unlimited; he will repeat anything from a snatch of the latest grand opera to the infinitesimal twitter of the humming bird. He sings the songs of other cage birds with a superiority altogether mortifying to them and his chicks oftentimes can make the lost chicken forget its mother. Mocking birds are very tough and hardy and with good care live to be twenty years of age. Their ailments are few and simple cured; a change of food occasionally is good, the variety seeming to please them and keep them in constant song. They sing all the year except during the moulting season and two weeks of the breeding season. They are easily mounted, the chief care being to keep them out of dry drafts while shedding and to feed an abundance of fresh green food and insects.

## THE MOURNING BIRD.

The mourning bird commences to sing at the age of seven or eight weeks. The first notes are low and unfinished, but as he grows older his voice increases in volume and compass and his aptitude for learning is greatly developed. His natural song is sweet, varied, and in his native wood he surpasses every competitor. He is the great artist; the other songsters of the grove are only the chorus. During the utterance of his song he appears to be in a perfect ecstasy of delight. His constant, graceful motion, expanded wings and vivid flashing eye add to the music a vivacity and elegance of rendering only given by this wonderful bird. His notes are sweeter in his wild state than in captivity, owing to the absence of harsh noises which he so often hears when confined in the limitations of man. He loses none of his power or energy of song in confinement, and his opportunities for mimicking are much increased by the variety of the new sounds which he constantly hears. He improves every chance offered him and takes as much delight in imitating a hoarse rattle or rusty pump as he does in imitating the sweetest of flute notes. His repertoire is unlimited; he will repeat anything from a snatch of the latest grand opera to the infinitesimal twitter of the humming bird. He sings the songs of other cage birds with a superiority altogether mortifying to them and his chicks oftentimes can make the lost chicken forget its mother. Mocking birds are very tough and hardy and with good care live to be twenty years of age. Their ailments are few and simple cured; a change of food occasionally is good, the variety seeming to please them and keep them in constant song. They sing all the year except during the moulting season and two weeks of the breeding season. They are easily mounted, the chief care being to keep them out of dry drafts while shedding and to feed an abundance of fresh green food and insects.

## THE MOURNING BIRD.

The mourning bird commences to sing at the age of seven or eight weeks. The first notes are low and unfinished, but as he grows older his voice increases in volume and compass and his aptitude for learning is greatly developed. His natural song is sweet, varied, and in his native wood he surpasses every competitor. He is the great artist; the other songsters of the grove are only the chorus. During the utterance of his song he appears to be in a perfect ecstasy of delight. His constant, graceful motion, expanded wings and vivid flashing eye add to the music a vivacity and elegance of rendering only given by this wonderful bird. His notes are sweeter in his wild state than in captivity, owing to the absence of harsh noises which he so often hears when confined in the limitations of man. He loses none of his power or energy of song in confinement, and his opportunities for mimicking are much increased by the variety of the new sounds which he constantly hears. He improves every chance offered him and takes as much delight in imitating a hoarse rattle or rusty pump as he does in imitating the sweetest of flute notes. His repertoire is unlimited; he will repeat anything from a snatch of the latest grand opera to the infinitesimal twitter of the humming bird. He sings the songs of other cage birds with a superiority altogether mortifying to them and his chicks oftentimes can make the lost chicken forget its mother. Mocking birds are very tough and hardy and with good care live to be twenty years of age. Their ailments are few and simple cured; a change of food occasionally is good, the variety seeming to please them and keep them in constant song. They sing all the year except during the moulting season and two weeks of the breeding season. They are easily mounted, the chief care being to keep them out of dry drafts while shedding and to feed an abundance of fresh green food and insects.

## THE MOURNING BIRD.

The mourning bird commences to sing at the age of seven or eight weeks. The first notes are low and unfinished, but as he grows older his voice increases in volume and compass and his aptitude for learning is greatly developed. His natural song is sweet, varied, and in his native wood he surpasses every competitor. He is the great artist; the other songsters of the grove are only the chorus. During the utterance of his song he appears to be in a perfect ecstasy of delight. His constant, graceful motion, expanded wings and vivid flashing eye add to the music a vivacity and elegance of rendering only given by this wonderful bird. His notes are sweeter in his wild state than in captivity, owing to the absence of harsh noises which he so often hears when confined in the limitations of man. He loses none of his power or energy of song in confinement, and his opportunities for mimicking are much increased by the variety of the new sounds which he constantly hears. He improves every chance offered him and takes as much delight in imitating a hoarse rattle or rusty pump as he does in imitating the sweetest of flute notes. His repertoire is unlimited; he will repeat anything from a snatch of the latest grand opera to the infinitesimal twitter of the humming bird. He sings the songs of other cage birds with a superiority altogether mortifying to them and his chicks oftentimes can make the lost chicken forget its mother. Mocking birds are very tough and hardy and with good care live to be twenty years of age. Their ailments are few and simple cured; a change of food occasionally is good, the variety seeming to please them and keep them in constant song. They sing all the year except during the moulting season and two weeks of the breeding season. They are easily mounted, the chief care being to keep them out of dry drafts while shedding and to feed an abundance of fresh green food and insects.

## THE MOURNING BIRD.

The mourning bird commences to sing at the age of seven or eight weeks. The first notes are low and unfinished, but as he grows older his voice increases in volume and compass and his aptitude for learning is greatly developed. His natural song is sweet, varied, and in his native wood he surpasses every competitor. He is the great artist;