

WILD GEESSE.

They Swarm by Hundreds of Thousands in California.

Some Remarkable Bags Made by the Pot Hunters.

The sportsmen in the East, who at this season think themselves in great luck if they bring home a dozen or two wild ducks or a dozen woodcock and other small game after a long day's hunt, would go into ecstasies at the wild geese hunting in this region, writes a correspondent from Pomona, Cal., to the New York Sun. The birds come down the Pacific coast at this season, after a summer in British Columbia and Manitoba, and for weeks they swarm by hundreds of thousands about the little bays and coves of the ocean and the alkali lake washes. They wax and grow fat on the grains of No. 1 hard left on the ground in the thousands of acres of wheat fields. Near Santa Monica, one day last week, in a little bay about six square miles in area, there were fully a quarter of a million of wild geese. The noise of their quacking and calling to one another was at times heard two miles away. At San Pedro and at the little lake in Kern county there are said to be even greater numbers of the game because of the proximity of the wheat fields.

Large numbers of the geese are slain annually during their migrations. It is no trick for a boy sportsman to get fifty or sixty of the birds in a few hours, and hundreds of the older hunters in this region have often got over 200 geese in a day. A party of four Los Angeles sportsmen who went out for a two days' hunt over in the Orange county marshes last week came home with over 300 dead geese for the city markets. Two Bakersfield men had a three days' hunt lately and came home with a farm wagon loaded down with geese and ducks. In all the little towns along the line of the Santa Fe Railroad in this section there are a score or two of men and boys who regularly, spring and fall, turn out for a day's shoot at wild geese and ducks, and the person who does not show that he has tumbled over at least twenty-five birds is accounted in poor luck or a decided novice in hunting. Many persons will ride to the outskirts of the town, and, standing in a buggy or wagon, will satisfy themselves with a shot at the armies of flying birds at long range. Occasionally they will bring down a goose with such random shooting. All the markets and the country grocery stores will have wild geese and ducks exhibited for sale at nominal sums.

The little alkali lake in Tulare County is probably the best locality in the San Joaquin Valley for goose shooting. The spot is over thirty miles distant from a railroad station, and the rocky hills make it difficult of access. For days at a time there have been thousands of geese and ducks resting on the water and feeding among the neighboring mountain sides. One morning, early in the week John Alverson and J. E. Baxter of Los Angeles, reached the lake for a few hours' sport. Large flocks of wild geese were circling around and alighting on a slough fringed on all sides with bushes and tall grass. After a full hour spent in crawling over the ground and keeping out of sight as much as possible, the hunters crept through the grass to the bushes and looked cautiously out. When the edge of the flock had come within thirty yards, the hunters raised their guns and gave them a barrel, following it up with the remaining barrel as the birds rose heavily from the water. Twenty-eight geese were gathered up as the result of the shot, twenty-four of them the white or brant geese. The remaining four were fine specimens of that variety of all birds of its species, the black-headed or Canadian goose. Notwithstanding the fact that the brant geese are not considered the equal of the blackhead specimens as a table delicacy, the hour's work was satisfactory.

Daring Robbery of a Postman.
Hatton Garden, the center of the diamond trade in London, was recently the scene of a daring and successful robbery of a postman's letter-bag. The theft was the result of a carefully planned conspiracy to get possession of the Hatton Garden portion of the mail from the South Africa fields. Fortunately the thieves were disappointed. The postman, who had been on the same route for years, entered the building at 10 Hatton Garden and ascended to an upper floor for the purpose of leaving letters. As there was no letter-box or slot he was stooping to push the letters underneath the door when a sudden rush was made upon him from the staircase leading to the upper story. The unfortunate postman was half strangled and drugged, as he believes, and hurled into an office, the door of which was instantly locked upon him. Recovering his senses he kicked at the door for a few moments, but finding this unavailing, climbed a chair, beat out the glass in the transom, crawled through and rushed downstairs shouting that he had been drugged and robbed. The thieves, however, had disappeared, and so had the postman's bag and its contents. The bag contained about sixty registered packages. Among them was one containing a necklace, said to be worth £5,000. Most of the letters came from Paris. It is always possible for any one to find out when the South African mails arrive, but no one outside the department knows when it will be delivered, the delivery varying from time to time—sometimes in the morning and sometimes in the evening. No clue has ever been obtained to the robbers.—Chicago Record.

A Widely Known Wood Pile.
There is a wood pile in Lead City, South Dakota, widely known throughout the Black Hills mining region. It belongs to the Homestake Gold Mining Company, and is composed of timbers about the size of railroad ties, which are used in supporting the walls and roofs of the drifts and tunnels of the mines. A narrow gauge railway brings the logs, which have been sawed flat on two sides, to a point on the mountain slope about 600 feet above the valley, and they are then thrown into a wooden chute about three feet wide and two feet deep. The inside surface is kept smooth and slippery by a small stream of water. If the logs were allowed to run directly to the ground they would speedily excavate an enormous hole besides damaging themselves, so the lower end of the chute is curved upward and the logs leave it at an angle of about sixty degrees with the horizontal and rise from 150 to 200 feet in the air, turning over and over, and finally landing on the enormous pile already there. A useful fact in connection with this method is that the logs sort themselves in the pile according to their size; the heavier ones having a greater momentum are all found at the side farthest away from the chute.—New York Mail and Express.

A Pleasant Penal Colony.
Life in the French penal colony at New-Caledonia has been pictured as so agreeable, both by reason of the climate as well as the leniency with which convicts have been treated, that transportation seems to have lost most of its terrors. Criminals do not conceal their preference for a long sentence in the beautiful Pacific island to a much shorter term with hard labor in one of the penitentiaries at home, and when perpetrating a misdeed have sought as a rule to render their offence as serious as possible, so as to entail transportation if captured. It is with a view of putting an end to this sentiment that the French Government has now decided to stop sending convicts to New-Caledonia, and is making arrangements to deport them instead to the Gaboon, the fever-stricken and most pestilential of all districts of French Congo and in Africa.—New York Tribune.

He Builded Worse Than He Knew.
A city man visited the family of a relative in the country, where he was not a welcome guest by any manner of means. After the visitor had spent one morning at the breakfast table the country uncle said:
"Cousin, don't you think your family will miss you painfully? You ought not to leave them alone so much."
"By Jove, that so," exclaimed the city man; "I'll telegraph them to come right on at once."—Australia Queenslander.

The Majority Prevailed.
A story is told of an inmate of a lunatic asylum, who was asked the question:
"How happened it that you are in here?"
"Well," replied the lunatic, sinking his voice so that nobody could hear, "the truth is, that I thought all the world was crazy, while the world thought I was crazy, and they outvoted me."

Considerate Man.
"I met that distant relative of yours last night, Snaggs."
"Who is that, Shingias?"
"Spunkins."
"He's not a distant relative; he's a full cousin."
"Well, er, yes he was; but I didn't intend to allude to his condition."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Corea contains 600,000 Catholics. The administration of the oath to witnesses is a practice of very high antiquity.

Beggars are promptly arrested in Vienna, Austria, if caught begging on the street.

In four years no less than 26,000 men and women have taken their lives in France.

A Louisville dealer in antiquities advertises for sale a revolver used by Julius Caesar!

St. Louis, Mo., is credited with 106,332 males of militia age of whom 73,617 are natives.

A man in Bailey's Island, Me., has invented a harness to keep a hen from scratching up the garden.

A Norwegian law prohibits a person from spending more than five cents at one visit to a public house.

A late curiosity gleaner claims that there are 503 open caverns in Edmondson County, Kentucky.

In 764 the cold at Constantinople was so severe that the Black Sea was frozen for fifty miles from shore.

It was customary a hundred years ago when a gentleman bowed to a lady to scrape his foot upon the ground.

Some scholars of distinction agree that the Garden of Eden was located in Africa, near the Mountains of the Moon.

The Frenchman River in Nebraska never alters in volume whatever the season, because it takes to rise in enormous unfeeling springs.

Manna has fallen in modern times; for instance, as lately as 1890 in Bagdad. It is a yellowish lichen which grows in mountainous districts, and is carried long distances by heavy winds.

Spectacles were fashionable in the sixteenth century. They were costly, the usual price being an equivalent of \$5. It was believed that the larger the lenses and the heavier the rims the greater the dignity added to the wearer's appearance.

When Alexander Melville, a carpenter, died in New York recently, his body was laid in a handsome mahogany casket that the old man had made for himself at odd moments. He began its construction three years ago and had just finished it.

"McSwiney's gun" is the name given to a natural hole, ten inches in diameter, in a huge rock on the coast of Donegal, Ireland. At high tide, when the sea is rough, the "gun" repeatedly spouts up jets of water to a height of 100 feet, and each spout is preceded by a loud report.

The latest advertising device is to decorate shop windows with what appear to be big cracks in the plate glass. This is called a decoration ad-vidisly, for it is put on with French chalk and paint. Gray or bluish lines, radiating from a center, have a surprising likeness to a break, and the device serves its purpose of causing people to stop and look.

The Czar's Coffin-Plate.
The funeral of the late Czar was not characterized by simplicity. It was ornate, elaborate and expensive. This was done to impress the multitude. The imperial remains were dragged from place to place for more than a week, and numberless religious ceremonies were performed.

When at last the elaborate casket containing the body of the Czar was put in its final resting place a gorgeous coffin-plate of pure gold was all that remained in view to tell the simple story of him who had been among the mightiest on earth.
The coffin-plate of gold was carved and stamped with imperial insignia. Double-headed eagles, crowns and mantles surrounded the inscription. This briefly gave the title of the Czar, and the dates of his birth and death.—New York World.

A Mountain Sinking Into the Earth.
Dashebel Naibo, the "Sinking Mountain," an isolated Algerian peak, now only about 800 feet in height, is known to be slowly but surely sinking out of sight. In the time of the Cæsars it was 1,400 feet, nearly twice its present height. There are several sections of Algerian soil, where the earth's crust is known to be very unstable. Near the "Sinking Mountain" there is a large, clear lake called Fezzara, which is said to have risen over a large city which sunk in the year 400, A. D.—St. Louis Republic.

Something Subtle.
"I have been pondering over a very singular thing."
"What is it?"
"How putting a ring on a woman's third finger should place you under that woman's thumb."

HATS AND BONNETS.

DESIGNS AND NOTIONS IN MILLINERY FOR WINTER WEAR.

Blending of Old and New Styles—A Showy Hat—Bows of Satin Match the Collar—Home or Visiting Gown.

BACK to 1860 go the designers of millinery in their search for "new" styles, and forward they come, with hats of the showy sort sketched below. Envious competitors assert that the arrangement of its plumes is essentially of the year 1895, but what of that? If the hat is becoming, it would make no difference if it combined the fashions of to-day with those of two centuries ago. This blend of that which is old and that which is thirty-five years old consists of a suitable wire frame covered with gray cloth. Its broad brim is turned up on both sides and edged with a narrow jet galloon having little bead pendants. The crown is encircled by a wide bias fold of sapphire blue and old gold mirror velvet, which is draped and folded as indicated. Several ostrich plumes, shaded gray and black, form the remaining trimming. In conclusion it is hardly necessary to add that it is a youthful model.

She is a wise woman who with each of her dress collarettes is having made for wear on her head a bow of satin to match the collar. This bow has one pointed end and two loops, the end finished with a little frill of thread lace, the loops wide, with a soft bit of lace set on the other side to balance the end. The bow is set right

er, and there is no bow. The skirt is cut in three pieces only—a narrow gored front and two cape-shaped



HOME OR VISITING GOWN.

pieces for the back. This model is very effective in black crepon, with yoke of satin or moire, satin ribbon bows, and narrow jet to outline the yoke and simulate seams on the skirt.

SMALL FURS AND OTHER FANCIES.
The novelty of the moment, says Harper's Bazar, is a little collar-band of fur to be worn as velvet stock collars are. It is merely a straight band



FROCK AND CLOAK.

Here are one pretty frock and a handsome cloak, printed in the Mail and Express. The frock has a plain soft green satin skirt, velvet waist-band, and a "love" of a bodice, draped with pure white and pink embroidered lisse, what is known as broderie Anglaise. The opera cloak of beautiful brocade is all that could be desired in cut and make by even the most fastidious. It falls in most graceful flutes from a new shaped yoke and most becoming collar. Smoked fox has the honor of trimming this very distinguished-looking wrap.

on top of the head, the hair being done high, the end spreading back on one side of the hair knot, the lace on the other side, and the loops taking a straight line across the top of the head. The effect is really charming. Of course, the bonnet is supposed to be there, and the bow can be put on a crescent-shaped foundation. Perhaps thus the bonnet can be a little more securely adjusted. Such a bonnet of black satin, with white thread lace—the genuine thread a little yellow from

of fur about three inches wide, standing out in projecting loops on the sides, then looking in front, where it is adorned with two miniature heads of the animal that meet together there. This odd little tour de cou is made of the glossiest black silk Persian lamb, or of the moire Persian, or else of sealskin, otter, or the shorter brown furs, especially mink or sable.

The large fox boas, either white, gray, or brown, have been given as Christmas presents to girls who skate, sleigh, or ride the bicycle, as they are very warm. They are made of the skin of the entire animal attached to a slightly smaller head, and retain the full round brush, with good effect.

Small collars of sealskin reaching just over the shoulder-tips are given an important look by a large ruche around the neck made of velvet of the same color thickly lined and boxed. Another odd fashion is the collet of black velvet falling very full and also entirely double from a yoke of velvet. Each of the velvet collars is lined with ermine, which meets face to face, and is out of sight except when blown about by the wind. A high collar, close about the neck, of black ostrich tips finishes the garment.



A SHOWY HAT.

age—worn with a plain black broad-cloth gown, is charming. The bodice should fasten invisibly at one side, a big satin bow being set near the shoulder. A folded black satin collar fastens at the back under two rosettes of thread lace and a fall of lace is in front. This is the sort of rig that men admire and women in colors envy helplessly.

HOME OR VISITING GOWN.
Here is something very pretty for a home or visiting gown. It has a fancy yoke of spotted surah, with velvet bows and tiny ruches of the material in four lines or seams, or a flat passementerie can be used instead. The very full sleeve is caught in plaits up the centre, and finished with little rosettes of velvet, and the slightly full yoke is arranged on the bodice lining, and the lower part put on in the stretched or seamless style, and shows a little fullness in the centre of the back and front.

The back is a fac-simile of the front, but straight and slightly high-



The usual outfit for the female bicyclist.—Judge.

AROUND THE CAMPFIRE.

THE FUTURE.

What Will Succeed the Grand Army of the Republic.

The question has been raised: "What will succeed the Grand Army?" and many have come to the conclusion that it must in time die out of itself. While an organization composed of nearly a half million comrades is still in a healthy state of existence, it is hardly time to speculate on death, and will not be for some years to come. As a matter of course it must come to an end, as it cannot be continuous like other societies, and it must end when the soldiers of the Civil War become so few that they cannot keep up the organization.

The order was formed in 1867, and of the original founders and comrades the majority have passed over the dark river. At that time those men who had served from the commencement of the war were comparatively young and vigorous, and those who had served under McClellan in the swamps of the Peninsula, Burnside at Fredericksburg, Hooker at Chancellorsville, Mead at Gettysburg, were active and enthusiastic members. They were the older soldiers, and the hardships of their service had not at that time told so severely upon them. Naturally these were the first to go.

The succeeding calls of the Government for more troops brought out thousands upon thousands of the younger element, and many were accepted who would be rejected two years before; and General Grant commenced his Wilderness to Spottsylvania and Petersburg campaigns with only a few veterans from the old veterans as a nucleus for his immense army. At this time there was scarcely an old regiment that contained even a single company of the original membership, and many of the old regiments could not muster seventy-five men. The balance was made up of young recruits and conscripts. Probably not one-third of the Army at the opening of the Wilderness fights had ever before been under fire.

It is these younger men who now make up the rank and file of the Grand Army, and it will be some years yet before they reach the limit, either of age or infirmity of those who bore the brunt of the earlier strife. Take for example the roster of every Grand Army post and it will be seen that the proportion of three year veterans will bear about the same ratio to the veterans under Grant from the Wilderness to Appomattox. At that time there was thousands of the veterans serving in what was known as Hancock's Veteran Reserve Corps, also the Invalid Corps, who were detailed to hospital garrison or guard duty in Northern cities. There is not an abundance of those left and most of them that are now living have become more aged and infirm and need the helping hand. Thus practically the Grand Army is still comparatively a vigorous body and not liable to decay for some years yet.

And then—what then? Within a few years the Grand Army have recognized the order of the Sons of Veterans, and have made them their legitimate successors. The Command-in-Chief and every department commander has issued official orders to every post to assist in the formation of camps of the Sons of Veterans with the express purpose of their becoming in time their successors, and to maintain after them the principles of the order.

This has given an impetus to the Sons who are increasing rapidly in every department. In many departments they are a regularly drilled and armed body, and really a sort of reserve militia. A resolution to arm them in this department was vetoed by Governor Flower, but he did not interfere with their drilling or organization. It is probable that the new Administration will take some action this winter and the boys be permitted to bear arms, and this will help the cause materially. They do not like to parade without arms, and a soldier is complete without his gun and forty rounds. All the boys have to do is to work and wait, and what they want will come in time.—New York Press.

CAREER OF ADJUTANT-GENERAL JONES.
Adjutant-General Cassius Clay Jones, of Rockford, Ill., who has been visiting New Year week with his chief, National Commander Thomas G. Lawler, first saw the light at Seneca Falls, N. Y., May 3, 1845. When the country needed men to man her guns against young Jones enlisted at Albany, and was assigned to the steamer Vanderbilt, which was stationed in the North Atlantic, and spent much time chasing blockade runners. A tough experience awaited him when the Vanderbilt was sent to Fort Fisher, with General Butler, who made a slaughter of the first attack on Christmas day, 1864. The second and successful attack was made by General Terry with 3,000 men in the January following. Adjutant Jones was on duty at the gun every day in both of these engagements. At the close of the war he returned to Albany and resumed a place he had held on the Boston and Albany railroad.

He afterward became a clerk in a bank and got to be an expert accountant. In 1867 he went to Rockford, and took the place of bookkeeper and cashier in the general store of King & Edwards, one of the early and leading firms of that city. When the banking firm of Wood & Co., went to the wall he was chosen to close up its affairs, which he did to the advantage of the creditors and to the satisfaction of the stockholders. He was subsequently made assistant cashier of the Rockford Second National Bank, which office he held for thirteen years. Then he became associated with Colonel Lawler in the coal business on an extensive scale, and for five years served as secretary of the Northwestern Coal Dealers' Association.

People of Rockford say that the new Adjutant General of the G. A. R. has always been a prime-mover in whatever would benefit the city. For several terms he served as secretary of the Winnebago County Agricultural Society and also the Rockford Driving Club. For two years under Governor Pifer's administration, he was State Bank Examiner for the district of Northern Illinois. For the last ten years he has been a member of the Rockford Opera House. When the industrial panic came on last summer, which made things look dark for Rockford for a time, Comrade Jones was one of the first to move, organizing the local bankers into a general relief committee, of which he was secretary, and through his excellent management and the assistance of the banks many sound local manufacturing concerns were aided over, and are now on a firm footing again.

The Adjutant General belongs to G. L. Nevins Post, No. 1, of Rockford, of which Commander-in-Chief Lawler has for many years been commander. A local newspaper speaks of the Adjutant-General as "a prince of entertainers and an all-around good fellow, who is popular and well liked by all who know him. He was one of the projectors of the Rockford Commercial Club which has a handsome club home and has done much to advertise Rockford and entertain notable guests who have visited the city during the last four years."

Russian Signs.

Russian merchants do very little advertising, principally because the great majority of the humbler classes cannot read. And this is not to be wondered at, as there are thirty-six letters in the Russian alphabet, which seem to have the combined difficulties of the Greek, Chinese, and Arabian characters. The signs on the stores in Russia are mostly pictorial. For instance, the dairy signs are cows; the tea sign, Chinamen sipping tea; a barber's sign, a bare armed man shaving another, etc.