

### WHAT PROFITS IT.

What profits it that gold is won  
And greed is fattened day by day?  
What profits it in pleasure's sun  
To waste the heart by mock and play?  
What profits to rise and shine  
In some brief hold of place and power?  
What profits it to feast with wine  
And die of thirst at even's hour.

The gold we gain, unsoftened,  
Will char the soul with ceaseless fire;  
The pleasures by the world supplied  
Are loathsome plants that root in mire:  
The throne and praise the mob bestows  
Is set on sand—its flees as breath;  
The wine that gladdens as it flows  
Then maddens and expires in death.

The gold that profits is the grace  
That makes the Christ my friend in need;  
The pleasure that fills time and space  
Is love that works in daily deed;  
The power that makes a king in truth  
Is holiness that God hath given—  
The crown of age, the hope of youth,  
The upward, manly march to heaven!  
—Sam W. Small, in Atlanta Constitution

### WANTED—A GOVERNESS



GOVERNESS—(English) required at once by a Russian family at Ojessa; French, drawing, music; three girls, eldest fourteen; salary \$25; references exchanged. Apply personally between two and six o'clock to Kanseroff, Langham Hotel. He was an elderly Russian, slightly gray, the "Kanseroff" of the newspaper advertisement. He spoke English like the majority of his well educated companions.

When Cecil Pentreath, with outward composure and inward tribulation, was shown into his private sitting room at the Langham Hotel that afternoon he laid down the Times and regarded her pretty face with evident approbation.

At the end of five minutes he said he believed she would suit his friends, and that he would pay her passage out to Ojessa, providing—and he did not doubt that it would be the case—each found the other's references satisfactory.

"I will give you till this time to-morrow to consider the matter and make such inquiries as you think proper," he said, in conclusion.

"Anyhow, I suppose I need not start for a week or two?" she asked. "I should like a little while in which to take leave of my friends."

"Naturally you would," he answered kindly. "There is no immediate hurry. A fortnight hence would suit the Petroviches very well, I've no doubt."

The next afternoon, having perfectly satisfied herself in the interim as to the respectability of her future employers, she went to keep her appointment with Mr. Kanseroff.

He was not alone to-day. Another man was in the room, a younger man, who was seated at a writing table strewn with papers, and who merely glanced up and bowed as she entered, and then paid no more attention to her.

Kanseroff rose courteously, shook hands and asked her to sit down.

"Well, Miss Pentreath," he said, "and have you decided to go to Russia?"

"Yes," she answered, simply.

As she spoke she was conscious that the stranger—his interest suddenly awakened—had turned his head, and was looking at her earnestly; the keen scrutiny rendered her somewhat uncomfortable.

He said something rapidly to his friend in Russian. From the note of inquiry in his voice, and the mention of her own name and that of Petrovitch in the reply, she guessed correctly that he had asked who she was.

In the ensuing few minutes, while she discussed business matters and settled the date of her departure, she was sensible of the fact that every word she uttered was being absorbed and criticized by the man at the other end of the room, and that all the time he was watching her closely—that his eyes never left her face.

When at length she rose to go he called Kanseroff aside, and the latter left the girl with a brief apology and a request that she would remain a moment.

The two men talked eagerly, excitedly; but it was the stranger who was having most of the say. She could not understand them, of course. It appeared to her, however, that he was making some proposal of which Kanseroff did not approve. At last the elder gave in, but half convinced and shrugged his shoulders, remarking in English:

"Well, have your own way. But you must make your own arrangements; I shan't interfere."

The younger man turned abruptly to Cecil, who had been watching the little scene with natural curiosity.

"Miss Pentreath, would you like to earn \$5000?"

A rush of color flushed Cecil's cheeks. "Ah—yes," she said, with a little gasp in her voice. "But why do you ask me? How could I could I make so much?"

"Very simply. By leaving England in two days instead of two weeks, and taking a little packet of papers with you—a little packet that is of such great importance to my family that I do not care to transmit it in the ordinary way, through the post."

The girl's clear eyes met the man's bewildered questioning. Then a sudden light dawned upon her; his motive became clear.

"Oh," she cried, and her breath came and went rapidly; "in plain words, sir, you want me to smuggle papers into Russia which would get me into trouble were they discovered by the police?"

"Yes."

"Then I must decline; it would be wrong."

"On the contrary," he said quickly, "it would be right. You might even be the means of saving a life."

His tone and manner were earnest. Whether he was speaking the truth or whether this earnestness was merely assumed to convince her it was difficult to say, but the girl was satisfied.

"May I ask why you have chosen me for this work?"

"First, because you are going to the country anyhow; secondly, and chiefly, because you are a foreigner and a mere girl. You will pass unheeded, unsuspected, where others would not—that is to say, if you can keep your self-possession when it is needed, and I think you can, for, though you are so young, you have nerve, character—you are to be trusted."

She did not speak for a moment, but thought deeply and rapidly, with her gaze upon the floor.

Woman-like, she shrank at the idea of danger, and was about to refuse; then she thought all thought of self aside, and only remember her mother, her sister, the man she loved, and what such a sum of money could do for them, and a held her tongue.

"Give me \$10,000 and I will do it." "You know how to act, Miss Pentreath."

"I won't jeopardize my safety for less," she said firmly. "If I were alone in the world I should refuse altogether; but I want the money for the sake of those who are very dear to me."

"Very well," he answered, after a pause, "you shall have your \$10,000 directly I receive advice that you have fulfilled your part of the contract. I will give you the papers the morning you sail. When you arrive you must wear a white rose—an imitation one will do very well. Your responsibility will cease and your reward will be won when you have delivered the packet safely into the hands of a man with a similar flower pinned in his coat, who will contrive to ask you—how, when or where I cannot tell you—for the present from his friend in London."

Two days later Cecil found herself on the deck of an outward-bound steamer, the parting over, the voyage begun. On the ship the time seemed endless to her, and she could settle to nothing. Every day seemed a week. She was in a fever of impatience to reach her destination, and get the critical period over. Yet, such is human nature, when she was told by a fellow-passenger that they would arrive the next morning, she would have given as much to retard their progress as previously she would have given to accelerate it.

She was awakened about 8 o'clock in the morning by the sudden cessation of accustomed motion as the Koraioff came to a standstill beside the quay at Ojessa.

Already the deck was strewn with luggage, crowded with passengers, and in a wild state of commotion. Officials in uniform were sifting large seals at all trunks and packages, large and small, prior to dispatching them to the custom house to be opened and searched.

Other officials were scanning every hole and corner of the steamer itself, and one stood in the gangway, apparently to prevent any one from going ashore.

"Do they always search the ships like this?" asked Cecil of one of the officers, with whom she had grown friendly during the voyage.

"No, it isn't usual. You see they're on the alert just now to stop certain papers getting into this country. The passengers—some of them at least—will very likely be searched, too. Nobody has been allowed to land yet."

She felt herself turn red and then white, and she nervously fingered the imitation rose which she had that morning pinned for the first time at her throat.

"Mrs. Petrovitch will be waiting for me. Surely they'll let me land now."

"I dare say they will. I'd find out for you," said the sailor, kindly.

He went up to one of the custom house men and spoke to him in Russian.

"This young English lady wishes to go ashore at once. There is nothing to detain her; I suppose?"

The official called another, and the two eyed Cecil and consulted together. Of course, she could not understand a word of what was passing, and in consequence had to endure awful suspense with assumed indifference.

It was evident to her at last, however, that they had not the least suspicion of her, for one shrugged his shoulders and walked away and the other asked in French, as a mere matter of form:

"Have you anything about you, any papers?"

It was for only an imperceptible instant she hesitated, and then she told the first deliberate lie she had ever told with a calm face and the blood tingling to her very finger tips.

"No."

"Very good, mademoiselle. You need not remain."

Mrs. Petrovitch and one of her girls met her and took her home. She was an amiable woman, and no doubt the governess would have been very comfortable beneath her roof; but all the same, if she could secure her \$10,000, Cecil did not intend to remain long in Russia.

The following morning at about 9 o'clock the front door was thrown open in common with every other door in Ojessa, and a stream of people began to pass in and out.

Every man who entered, whether he were gentleman or peasant, too: two eggs from the pile on the table, broke one and ate a piece of it, and presented the other to the hostess or any other female member of the household with the formula, "Christ is risen." To which the lady replied, "He is truly risen."

Cecil was watching the scene from a corner with considerable interest, when a dark man, dressed like a peasant, advanced and extended an egg to her. He wore a white rose, and he placed himself before her so that his figure shielded her from the room.

"You bring me a present from my friend in London," he said softly and rapidly, in excellent English.

For answer she slipped the packet into his hand.

He gave a sort of sigh of intense relief and concealed it at once without the least sign of confusion on his face.

When she raised her head to look after him he was gone.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon a month later a curious little scene was enacted outside the entrance of a certain large block of offices in London. A young lady drove up in a four-wheeler, and sent a boy into the building with a message.

A moment later a man came out, whose perplexed face suddenly crimsoned with astonishment and delight as he saw her who wished to speak to him. He shouted to the cabman to drive on—anywhere, sprang into the vehicle and clasped the girl in his arms.

"Cecil, my darling."

"Frank!"

"Why didn't you write to tell me you were coming home?" he panted. "Why are you back again so soon? What does it mean?"

"I wanted to surprise you. Oh, Frank, I've good news for you—such good news! What should you say? I told you that what we've always longed for is ours at last—a little capital that will enable you to start in business for your self!"

Then, incoherent with happiness and excitement, she told him all. He heard her story, and when she had finished, touched her cheek with a gentle hand.

"But, my dear, I cannot accept so much from you."

"Then you value money more highly than you value me!"

"Cecil, what an idea! How dare you say such a wicked thing! You don't believe it!"

"I shall believe it if you still refuse. It must be so since you are not willing to take the \$10,000, and"—she hid her blushing, happy face on his shoulder—"and you are willing to take me!"—Boston Globe.

### Soft Water Better Than Hard.

Everybody likes soft water, but many half-scientific people have a kind of idea that hard water, that is water with carbonate of lime dissolved in it, may be of some value in the nutrition and development of bones, and especially in the development of children's bones. Doctor J. M. Fox, who is entitled to a hearing from the fact of his having given valuable information on the subject before a royal commission, holds a contrary view. He maintains that the principal use of water in the human body is for solvent purposes. In this case it is manifest that water which has seventy or eighty, or even 100 grains of solid matter per gallon dissolved in it must be less powerfully solvent than water which has not more than five or ten grains. The water which is used up in dissolving the lime cannot dissolve other soluble substances—at any rate, not to the full extent of the natural solvent power of undiluted water. It is sometimes argued, as already noted, that water having lime dissolved in it may, when drunk, give up its lime to the body and so help in the formation of bones. On this point Sir Lyon Playfair says: "I have seen evidence given in cases of water supply not only that it was desirable for health, but that it (carbonate of lime) was absolutely necessary for the formation of bones. But that showed a lamentable lack of chemical knowledge, because the lime required in food does not come from the water, but from the solid particles of food taken, and I do not think that the lime in water has any influence on the process of animal nutrition." The water consumed in the mountainous districts of Scotland is soft water, and Highlanders are not generally supposed to be deficient in bone or muscle. It is also stated that the tallest people in Great Britain are to be met with in soft-water districts, for instance, in Cumberland and Aberdeen. The tallest people of all are found in Aberdeen, which is a very soft-water district. Soft water is, in short, pure water, so far as lime is concerned; and both in sickness and in health, and, indeed, for all ordinary purposes for which water is required, it is much to be preferred to hard.—Chicago News Record.

### The Signal Corps.

The signal corps, United States Army, as now constituted, is limited to fifty men. The pay of a private in the corps is \$100 per month, as against the \$13 per month paid to an ordinary private in the army. Naturally admission to the corps is much sought after by men in the ranks. It is customary when vacancies occur to give the first chances for enlistment to those soldiers who have distinguished themselves by long service or mutual ability. Admission to the corps is by special enlistment, and is properly looked upon as a promotion. For further information write to General A. W. Greely, chief signal officer, United States Army, Washington, D. C. There are no special enlistments for aerial duty in the army. The men who are stationed at the buildings are detailed from the ranks as occasion may require.—New York Sun.

### Held by Fierce Wolves.

The wolves in many of the southern and southwestern Governments of Russia are very bold. From Volhynia and Kiev several fatalities are reported. Villages lying adjacent to the forests are continually harried, as are those solitary situated on the steppe. Constant night watches are kept by the peasants for the protection of their cattle. In their encounters with these savage pests the villagers care nothing for pistols or revolvers, but place their trust in such weapons as stout cudgels, wood axes, bill hooks, scythe blades, reaping sickles, flail stocks, etc.

On the post road between Ojessa City and Nicolaioff a wolf pack of over a hundred head is said to be on the quarry path, and several battue parties, writes our correspondent, are being organized for its destruction or dispersion.—London News.

### ON HAWKS AND OWLS.

SOME NEW FACTS CONCERNING THESE BIRDS.

Popular Opinion Has Done Them Great Injustice—They Are Mostly Desirable Visitors, and to Destroy Them Is Folly—Habits of Some Well-Known Species.

#### The Sparrow Destroyers.

The bulletin on Hawks and Owls, published by the Department of Agriculture, contains a lot of most curious and interesting information. Incidentally, it proves that a class of birds commonly looked upon as enemies of the farmer really rank among his best friends. Instead of being indiscriminately destroyed, they should be preserved and encouraged to take up their abode in the neighborhood of the home. Out of seventy-three species of owls and hawks in this country only six are harmful, and of these latter three are so very rare that they need not be considered. But two—the sharp-shinned hawk and Cooper's hawk—need be taken into account as foes to the husbandman. The rest of the hawks and all the owls are either mainly or wholly beneficial, so that the folly of offering bounties for killing them, as has been done by several States, is most

#### Burrowing Owl.

Probably the most important from an economic point of view among owls is the barn owl. Its food is almost entirely made up of injurious mammals. In the West it feeds largely on pouched gophers, and the stomach contents of many individuals examined have revealed little more than the remains of these rodents. To appreciate properly the services of this owl, it must be remembered that pouched gophers are among the most, if not the most, destructive mammals which inhabit this country. In the South this owl lives largely on cotton rats—another very destructive species. In various other localities it feeds extensively on the common rat. The great horned owl, which in the East is persistent in its attacks on poultry and game, kills immense numbers of rabbits in rabbit-infested parts of the West, where its assistance is invaluable to the farmer. It is much addicted to eating skunks,

#### Sharp-shinned Hawk.

egregious. In the course of the investigation which has brought about these conclusions the stomachs of 2,700 of these feathered creatures were examined. Nearly all of them were found to contain mice, other small mammals, and insects, while the remains of poultry or game birds were only discovered in a very few.

#### Kill the Grasshoppers.

Another plague of grasshoppers is threatening in Colorado, partly because that State put a price on the heads of hawks and owls a few years ago, in consequence of which thousands of the birds have been destroyed. Among the natural enemies of these insects are wild turkeys, prairie chickens, sage-cocks, quails, skunks, foxes and snakes, all of which are killed whenever possible, so that they are fast being wiped out. Thus the grasshoppers, when favored by exceptional seasons, have a chance to multiply to an astonishing extent, whereupon they suddenly assume the offensive and with their invading armies take possession of the country and strip it of everything green. One of the hawks which people who dwell on the Western plains have been accustomed in trying to exterminate is Swainson's hawk, which feeds exclusively on grasshoppers and crickets when it can get them. Each in-

#### How Birds of Prey Feed.

Of the birds of prey with which this country is so well supplied there are but few which deserve to be put on the black list as injurious to man. One of the owls which are in ill repute with the farmers is the barn owl. Nevertheless, its reputation is undeserved, inasmuch as 97 per cent. of its food consists of rabbits, squirrels, rats, mice, frogs, and crawfish. The long-eared and short-eared owls also feed extensively on mice.

The injurious species of hawks, which feed mainly on animals that are useful to man, are the sharp-shinned hawk, Cooper's hawk, the goshawk, the duck-hawk, the gy-

#### Cooper's Hawk.

dividual will consume 200 grasshoppers daily, and it is reckoned that a fair-sized flock of this species will eat 1,000,000 of the hoppers in a month. Sparrow-hawks are great enemies of the grasshoppers. In parts of the West and South, where telegraph lines pass through miles of treeless plains and savannas, these little birds use the telegraph poles for perches, for lack of better resting-places. From the poles they make short trips at brief intervals to pick up a grasshopper or a mouse, which they carry back to the perch and devour. At times, when grasshoppers are abundant, such a line of poles is pretty well occupied by the hawks. They sometimes attack young poultry, but are too small to cope with any but small chicks.

An owl which should be protected by law is the burrowing owl. It destroys immense numbers of scorpions, centipedes and other noxious insects; but its virtues have not protected it from being slaughtered for millinery purposes.

The little screech-owl, well known in most parts of the country, is indefatigable in its work of destroying mice and insects. It may often be seen at dusk hovering about barns and outhouses, watching for mice, or skimming over fields and along hedge-rows in search of grasshoppers, crickets, and beetles. Many birds of this species have taken up a residence in the cities, having learned to feed

upon that most destructive nuisance, the English sparrow. In winter rural residents often notice the tracks of mice which form networks on the snow, crossing and recrossing, passing in and out of walls and stacks—tending to show how active these small rodents are when most of the world sleeps. Occasionally such a track

with ease a full-grown fowl. Ruffed grouse often fall a prey to it, on which account it is sometimes called the "partridge hawk." It strikes down a hare with ease. Much of the ill-fare with which birds of prey in general are looked upon is due to the depredations of Cooper's hawk. This is a common species throughout the United States and Canada. It is the true "chicken hawk." Cooper's hawk and the sharp-shinned hawk feed almost exclusively on the flesh of domesticated and wild birds. When they find a farm where chickens can be captured with impunity they make daily excursions to it, and, unless killed, will soon depopulate the yard. Domesticated pigeons are particularly sought after by Cooper's hawk.

Sparrow Destroyers. In one direction the fondness of these two hawks for the flesh of birds promises to be of benefit to the country—namely, in the destruction of the English sparrow. Both of them have learned from experience that a desirable food and one easy to obtain is to be found in the towns, and even in the streets of large cities it is not an uncommon thing to see one of

them rush into a flock of sparrows. This is the only benefit conferred on mankind by them, for they rarely attack mammals and insects. Their small size, daring and rapid flight render them easily recognizable, and they need seldom be mistaken for their innocent relations. Both species should be destroyed whenever and wherever possible.

The gyrfalcon, the largest and most powerful of the true falcons, is rarely seen within the borders of the United States, and then only in winter. It feeds largely on ptarmigan, grouse, water fowl, hares and poultry where available. The duck hawk is another big falcon, and is closely related to the famous peregrine falcon of the old world, which was used so extensively in falconry in "yore old time." It is rare in most parts of the United States, fortunately for the poultry yards and the game covers. In fact, the sharp-shinned and Cooper's hawks are the only two of the destructive species which are at all common in this country. The fish hawk, although a magnificent bird, and one that lends attractiveness to many a scene by sea and river can not be classed as a useful species from an economic standpoint. It eats fish, and fish only, and is often a nuisance to the fish-culturists. Some of

the most valuable kinds of fishes, as trout, bass, and mullet, fall victims to its splendid powers as a fisher.

The rough-legged hawk, one of the largest species, feeds exclusively on the smaller rodents, and the number of meadow mice it destroys is well-nigh incalculable. It passes under the name of "hen hawk," though it never destroyed a hen or chicken in its life. The marsh hawk is one of the first in economic importance, being abundant almost everywhere in the United States. It can be recognized by its long slim form and from the manner in which it beats back and forth over the prairies, marshes and meadows in search of ground squirrels and mice, of which it annually destroys vast numbers. Occasionally it seizes small birds, and once in a while a stray chicken, but the harm it does is inconsiderable. The buzzard hawks, which include nine species, are large, sluggish and too slow of wing to secure such agile prey as wild birds or even poultry. Their food consists of small mammals, insects, snakes, toads and frogs.

Eagles are nothing more than big hawks. The golden eagle's food is mainly composed of such large animals and birds as rabbits, lambs, turkeys and grouse. A hungry eagle would doubtless carry off a young baby if it found one unprotected; but it would not convey the infant to its nest uninjured, after the manner described in many fanciful stories. A bird of prey always strikes its talons deeply into its quarry before bearing it off. The favorite diet of the bald

eagle, which has been chosen as the national bird, is fish, but it will also devour creatures that wear fur and feathers. An eagle of this kind shot on the shore of Hamilton Bay, Lake Ontario, had the bleached skull of a weasel dangling from its neck, the teeth firmly set in the skin of its throat.

A Telephone Newspaper. The London Standard's Vienna correspondent tells us of the very newest thing in news—a Hellamy idea translated into fact. The first so-called "telephonic newspaper" appeared in Pesth yesterday. In other words, the latest items of news—political, local, commercial, sporting, and other—are sent out from a central office by telephone to the subscribers, who for this intelligence pay the very modest sum of 75 cents a month. This novel undertaking comprises at its central office two departments—a regular editorial office, which receives the telegraphic and oral messages and works them up into leaders and paragraphs, and a special telephonic publishing department, where experienced speakers, each possessing a soft but distinct voice, transmit through the instruments the contents of the manuscripts delivered from hour to hour by the first department.

There are two languages used, German and Hungarian. The news includes stock exchange quotations and financial articles, reports of theatrical performances, book reviews, and paragraphs on all the miscellaneous topics found in a daily newspaper. The subscribers who receive the news have a square wooden tablet before them, from which are suspended two tubes long enough to reach their ears when they are sitting in an easy chair or at a writing desk, or even when lying in bed. The service commences at 8 o'clock in the morning and lasts until 9 in the evening. The novelty has so far been very well received in the Hungarian capital.

#### Do You Know?

Do you know that you can drive nails into hard wood without bending them if you dip them first in lard? That corks warmed in oil make excellent substitutes for glass stoppers? That a lump of camphor in your clothes-dress will keep steel ornaments from tarnishing? That stale bread will clean kiln gloves? That bread crumbs cleanse silk gowns? That milk, applied once a week with a soft cloth, freshens and preserves boots and shoes? That gloves can be cleaned at home by rubbing with gasoline? That weak spots in a black silk waist may be strengthened by "sticking" court-plaster underneath? That tooth powder is an excellent cleanser of fine filigree jewelry? That a little vaseline, rubbed in once a day, will keep the hands from chapping? That gum arabic and gum tragacanth in equal parts, dissolved in hot water, make the best and most convenient mucilage you can keep in the house?—Exchange.

Chronicle in a Woman's Album. "Pierre Loti's likes and dislikes were chronicled by him lately in a lady's album. His favorite color is "changing mother of pearl," his favorite perfume the wild "pinks of the dunes," his favorite animal "the cat," his favorite color for eyes and hair "it has often changed; it depends upon whom I care for." In answer to the question, "Which is the vice you most detest, and why?" he writes: "None. I have immense pity for them all." His favorite occupation is "to wander about in the open air in the East," his favorite pursuit, "riding or gymnastics." His ideal of earthly happiness is "to be handsome, young, agile, and strong;" the pleasantest time of day, "the evening on shore or very early morning at sea," the country to live in, "India, Persia, or Mohammedan country;" his favorite nation, "the Arabs, because of their tranquillity." As to his hero of history he writes: "I know no hero of history." As to his hero of fiction: "I have no interest in any." As to his favorite writer: "I do not read."

"Nothing Like a Good Old Mother." An English paper tells a story of a well-known bishop who suffers from impaired vision. He recently he'd a levee. At length a guest approached and said: "How do you do, my lord? My mother wishes to be kindly remembered to you." "Ah," said the bishop, "that is very good of her. And how is the dear old soul? Nothing like a good old mother! Be sure to take care of your old Father, Good-morning!" The bishop did not in the least know who his visitor was, and said to his footman, "Who was that?" The servant replied, "The last gentleman who left your lordship's reception is the Duke of Connaught."

Wary. Mr. P. H. Winston and Hon. H. A. Gilliam were for years leaders at the Bertie County (N. C.) bar, and had each a full appreciation, from experience, of the skill of the other. At one time Mr. Winston was suddenly called away, and placed his business in the hands of his nephew, Duncan Winston, a recent acquisition to the bar. "Now," said he, "Duncan, if Gilliam makes you any offer of a compromise, decline it. If you make him one, and you find he is about to accept it, withdraw it immediately."

St. Augustine Distant ed. Tucson, A. T., is said to be the oldest city in the United States. An old Spanish land grant issued in 1553 has recently been unearthed.

Whew! The amount of tobacco chewed in the United States last year was eighty-five tons.

upon that most destructive nuisance, the English sparrow. In winter rural residents often notice the tracks of mice which form networks on the snow, crossing and recrossing, passing in and out of walls and stacks—tending to show how active these small rodents are when most of the world sleeps. Occasionally such a track



BURROWING OWL.

stops abruptly, and, while the observer is trying to read more of the history written in the snow, his eyes catch the faint impression of a pair of wing tips near where the trail ends, and instantly he is made aware that a tragedy has been enacted. Screech-owls also feed on chipmunks, shrews, moles, and occasionally bats.

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the most valuable kinds of fishes, as trout, bass, and mullet, fall victims to its splendid powers as a fisher.

The rough-legged hawk, one of the largest species, feeds exclusively on the smaller rodents, and the number of meadow mice it destroys is well-nigh incalculable. It passes under the name of "hen hawk," though it never destroyed a hen or chicken in its life. The marsh hawk is one of the first in economic importance, being abundant almost everywhere in the United States. It can be recognized by its long slim form and from the manner in which it beats back and forth over the prairies, marshes and meadows in search of ground squirrels and mice, of which it annually destroys vast numbers. Occasionally it seizes small birds, and once in a while a stray chicken, but the harm it does is inconsiderable. The buzzard hawks, which include nine species, are large, sluggish and too slow of wing to secure such agile prey as wild birds or even poultry. Their food consists of small mammals, insects, snakes, toads and frogs.

Eagles are nothing more than big hawks. The golden eagle's food is mainly composed of such large animals and birds as rabbits, lambs, turkeys and grouse. A hungry eagle would doubtless carry off a young baby if it found one unprotected; but it would not convey the infant to its nest uninjured, after the manner described in many fanciful stories. A bird of prey always strikes its talons deeply into its quarry before bearing it off. The favorite diet of the bald

owl which should be protected by law is the burrowing owl. It destroys immense numbers of scorpions, centipedes and other noxious insects; but its virtues have not protected it from being slaughtered for millinery purposes.

The little screech-owl, well known in most parts of the country, is indefatigable in its work of destroying mice and insects. It may often be seen at dusk hovering about barns and outhouses, watching for mice, or skimming over fields and along hedge-rows in search of grasshoppers, crickets, and beetles. Many birds of this species have taken up a residence in the cities, having learned to feed

upon that most destructive nuisance, the English sparrow. In winter rural residents often notice the tracks of mice which form networks on the snow, crossing and recrossing, passing in and out of walls and stacks—tending to show how active these small rodents are when most of the world sleeps. Occasionally such a track

with ease a full-grown fowl. Ruffed grouse often fall a prey to it, on which account it is sometimes called the "partridge hawk." It strikes down a hare with ease. Much of the ill-fare with which birds of prey in general are looked upon is due to the depredations of Cooper's hawk. This is a common species throughout the United States and Canada. It is the true "chicken hawk." Cooper's hawk and the sharp-shinned hawk feed almost exclusively on the flesh of domesticated and wild birds. When they find a farm where chickens can be captured with impunity they make daily excursions to it, and, unless killed, will soon depopulate the yard. Domesticated pigeons are particularly sought after by