

A Leading Horseman's Opinion

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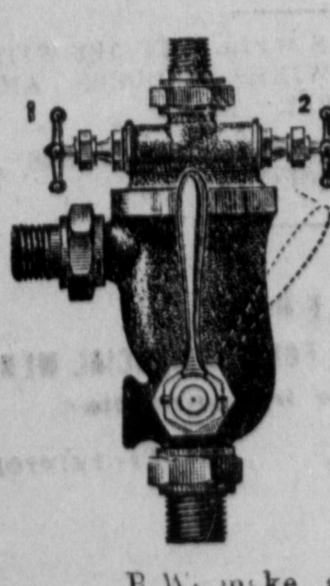
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TENNESSEE EAGLES.

A NATURAL MOUNTAIN HOME FOR THE BIRD OF FREEDOM.

There He Is Hatched In Great Numbers and Sometimes Lives 160 Years—Mating and the Treatment of the Young—How They Are Captured.

There are many eagles in the Tennessee mountains, and there are mountaineers who are expert catchers of the young eaglets, who reap rich rewards in return for their perilous risks and adventures. Eagles make their eyries among the clefts and crags of the highest mountains of the state. They are found on the Stone mountain, the great Roane, 6,296 feet high; the Bald, 5,566 feet; the Great Smoky range, 6,686 feet; the Bullhead, 6,612 feet; on the Unaka, the Big Stone and others, none of them less than 5,000 feet above the level of the country at their feet.

Young eagles bring from \$40 to \$80, occasionally \$100. Eagles that are of some age and of a great size (such are rarely captured, however) bring as high as \$300 and \$500. Eagles which have to be killed while trying to capture them are valuable to taxidermists, who always find an easy market for a great stuffed eagle. Their feathers, especially the wing and tail feathers, are sold for good prices.

The eagle builds its nest upon the top of a mighty tree growing far up on the mountain among the myriad of twining vines, or in the thickest and almost inaccessible growth of bushes and shrubs, or on the summit of a high rock. An eagle's nest is a large one always, and is strongly and comfortably built. Large sticks and branches are laid together, neatly flat, and bound with twining vines. The spacious inside is covered with hair and mosses so minutely woven together that no wind can enter. The mother bird lays two eggs, which are encircled. The long end tapers down to a point. The color of the egg is a ground of brownish red, with many dots and spots upon it. The egg itself is proof of the wild and savage parentage.

An eagle lives from 80 to 160 years. The young birds are driven forth by their savage parents to scratch for themselves as soon as they are able to fly. No training is given them by the old bird. That is left to their wild instincts, which hunger and necessity develop. There is no going "back to the old home" for the young eagle. The mother bird tears up ever vestige of the nest where they have thrived since birth, and while they emit plaintive shrieks the old bird darts at them and pushes them off the crags or rocks, and to prevent falling they must take to their wings, and this is how they learn to fly. It takes three years for a young eagle to gain its full and complete plumage and strength.

Away up in the mountains the eagle finds it as hard to gain subsistence as do the gamblers of the plain. The precariousness of its existence and the wild manner in which food is gathered seem to give the bird ferocity as it grows older. They range among the mountains and valleys in pairs, their young never following, but doing the best they can. The stern, unsocial tyranny, beginning with the homeless and outcast eaglet, is continued in later years with their mates.

If the male bird be the stronger, the most of the prey belongs to him, and he allows the female to eat a paltry share between fierce thrusts of his beak at her. If the female is the stronger (and she generally is), the male bird covers and winces under many a fierce blow from his unfeeling wife, no matter how small the morsel he gets. But when danger threatens, no human pair can battle so fiercely for each other as can two eagles. The breeding season begins about March, and each male has but one mate during his entire life. If the female is killed or captured, the surviving male becomes an eagle hermit and fiercer than ever.

They are often seen near their nests together, and when the sun is shining take their majestic flights straight toward that great ball of fire until they disappear from sight. Sitting upon the mountain side, their vision is so keen that they can see, far down the valley, a sheep or young goat, a big turkey or rooster, a small pig, rabbit, or large bird, and almost in the twinkling of an eye they descend suddenly upon their victim. One mighty grasp and a twist of their talons and the victim is dead, long before the eagle lays it down for a repast. An eagle can live two and three days, and even five days, upon a gorging meal. They prey upon all sorts of large birds, fish, lambs, kids and goats. Oftentimes, when a large calf or goat is to be attacked and carried off, four or six of them will unite and carry off the carcass, when they will immediately begin to fight it out to see which of them is entitled to the choicest bits, and it is truly a survival of the fittest in each combats as these.

Eagles are captured by expert mountaineers, who spy upon the parent bird building her nest and wait for the breeding season. After a due time they scale the mountains, and well armed for the inevitable fight with the parent birds, go to these mountain eyries. Oftentimes four men are required to lead one of them down a steep precipice or cliff, while two of them, dead shots with the rifle, shoot and kill the old birds upon their first approach, for it fares ill with the daring robber who attempts to secure the young birds with none to protect but himself. In this way are many of the old birds killed for the taxidermists or for feathers, while the eaglets are borne away and caged for a good sale.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mr. Gratebar to Philip.
"Philip," said Mr. Gratebar, "always write plainly, so that what you write can be read. And above all things make your signature unmistakably clear. Thus, even on paper, you will continue to look everybody square in the eye."—New York Sun.

THE INCONSISTENT SEX.

"Dear baby spoke today!" she cried. "He said 'Mamma' as plain as plain could be." And he sweet his dimpled smile to see And sweet his gurgling baby laugh to hear. Come quick! Perhaps he will again. The dear! And, oh, I am so happy!
"They is growing big so fast. And, oh,"—the sudden tears gushed to her eyes— "He'll speak and walk and grow so big and wise. And love another best and woo and wed And have no longer need of me," she said.
"And I am so unhappy!"
—J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

A LESSON IN ECONOMICS.

A Young Woman Gives a Young Man Some Valuable Tips.
Again it is a Washington girl. This time she appears as an angel of economy to a young man who needs that kind of angelic administration about as much as any other young man in the Capital City, and she is just as successful as if she were trampling him under her scornful heel and making him feel how utterly helpless man is in conflict with the irresistible.
"By Jove," he was saying, "this sort of thing is simply intolerable!"
"What sort of thing?" she inquired, with admirable poise.
"Why, I have just had to pay a messenger 40 cents to deliver a note up town for me, and he was gone less than half an hour. It would be cheaper to have hired a cab and horse and driver, and still cheaper to have sent it by mail under a special delivery stamp."
"What was the note?" she asked, womanlike, before she thought.
"A response to an invitation to dinner."
"Forty cents is cheap for a good dinner," she smiled.
"But I couldn't go," he wailed. "It was a declination, and the 40 cents on top of that. Really, though, this messenger service is a rank imposition. Twenty-five cents an hour is ample, with short distances at 10 or 15 cents. The convenience is easily worth that, but more than that is plain extortion and the greed of monopolies."
"You have my sympathy. You are the more entitled to it because you don't seem to know any better. Now, why aren't you as bright as a man I know, who hasn't any more money than you have? When he has a note or a book to send to a girl, he doesn't waste 40 cents on a grinding monopoly—oh, that's what it is," she laughed, as she noted his look of surprise, "we have a call in our house, and I am compelled to use it sometimes—but he does a much better thing. He just adds 10 cents to his 40, slips around to the florist's, orders 50 cents' worth of violets sent to the girl, puts the note in with the flowers, and there you are. See? Only 10 cents out, and think how much in—for girls do love flowers, even 50 cents' worth."

The young man began gasping for air.
"Or," she went right on, "if it is the season when flowers are more expensive than messenger service, just substitute candy for flowers. You can get something perfectly lovely for 60 cents, and to add a book or pleasant note to it makes it well worth the girl's kindest thought and your 20 cents extra. Now, is the plan clear to your stupid brain?"

Whether it was or not the young woman that very afternoon received a delightful note of thanks for valuable information, accompanied by a 50 cent bunch of violets from a well known florist.—Washington Star.

Precious Meals.
Almost any dish which had to recommend its rarity, costliness, indigestibility, and, to our way of thinking, nastiness, was sure to take with the Roman epicure. And if he were unable to make it costly any other way he would add powdered precious stones or gold dust. Nero dined on one occasion from a peacock which was sprinkled with diamond dust, and specimens of that bird dressed with gold or with crushed pearls were by no means a rarity at the triclinia of the moneyed Romans. A dish of parrots' tongues was a great delicacy. But a dish of parrots' tongues which had been capable, when in their proper place, of framing words, was of almost incalculable value, which increased in a direct ratio with the vocabularies of the defunct parrots.

Another bird for which the Roman epicure was in the habit of paying fabulous prices was the pheasant, which is believed to have been the partridge. It had its home in the most northerly parts of Scotland and Norway, and as this made it hard to get at the Romans appreciated it all the more and put it in the same rank with ostriches, buzzards and peacocks. The tongues of these birds were specially prepared, together with the brains, and took the place which a hors d'oeuvre would now take.—New York Post.

Her Point of View.
They were discussing the construction of a new gown.
"From a hygienic point of view and merely as a matter of health," suggested the dressmaker, "I think it should be made"—
The haughty beauty stopped her by a gesture.
"Hygienic point of view!" she exclaimed. "Matter of health! What has that to do with it? When I want health, I will go to a doctor. When I want style, I come to you. We will now eliminate all absurdities and discuss this purely from a common sense standpoint. Will it be fashionable and becoming?"—Philadelphia Times.

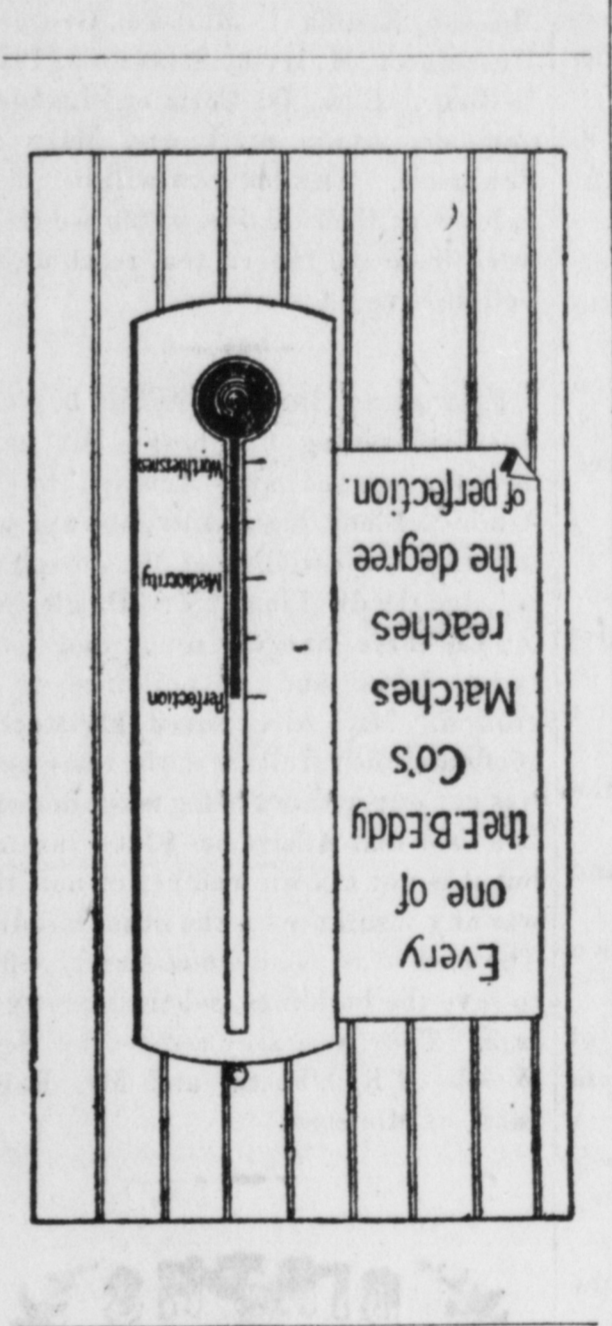
"De Uncle dat boasts ob his cha'ty," said Uncle Eben, "makes some folks criticize. But he ain't ez bad ez de man dat ain't got no cause fob boasting, eben if he wanted ter."—Washington Star.

The man who has begun to live more seriously within begins to live more simply without.—Bishop Brooks.

THE TRAIL OF DEATH

It begins at the Throat and ends at the Grave. How many a human life is unnecessarily sacrificed.

There are many remedies on the market for the cure of consumption, but consumption, once it reaches a certain stage, cannot be cured. In proferring, therefore, to do what is impossible, these remedies prove themselves to be simply humbugs.
Consumption is a disease which destroys the tissue of the lungs. Once gone, no medicine can replace that tissue. Good medicine may arrest the disease even after one lung is wholly gone, as long as the other remains sound. Once both are attacked, however, the victim is doomed.
Just why people should risk their lives to this dread disease and go to great expense afterwards to check it, it is hard to conceive. It is much easier prevented than cured. Throat troubles and severe colds are its usual forerunners. A 25-cent bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Licenced Turpentine will drive these away. It is, without doubt, the best medicine for the purpose to be had anywhere.



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W. C. McCOMBER & SON, Bouchette, Que., report in a letter that Pyny-pectoral cured Mrs. C. Garreau of chronic cold in chest and bronchial tubes, and also cured W. G. McComber of a long-standing cold.
Mr. J. H. HURTY, Chemist, 528 Yonge St., Toronto, writes: "As a general cough and lung syrup Pyny-pectoral is a most valuable preparation. It has given the utmost satisfaction to all who have tried it, many having spoken to me of the benefits derived from its use in their families. It is suitable for old or young, being pleasant to the taste. Its sale with me has been wonderful, and I can always recommend it as a safe and reliable cough medicine."
Large Bottle, 25 Cts.
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD. Sole Proprietors MONTREAL

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The undersigned will sell at Public Auction in front of the Court House at Richibucto on Friday the eighteenth day of June, A. D. 1897 at the hour of four o'clock in the afternoon that desirable property known as the "Beaches Hotel"; also that lot on which it is situated, containing about three acres, fronting on the Richibucto Harbor, affording every facility and convenience for sea-bathing, boating and fishing, making it one of the most desirable properties in the Province. This Hotel contains some fifty spacious rooms including ball, dining, billiard, rooms &c.
For further particulars apply to THE MERCHANT BANK OF HALIFAX at Moncton, N. B.
Dated this seventeenth day of May, A. D. 1897,

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St. John, N. B.

WARNING!

Any person cutting fire-wood, logs, or other lumber on the "Sun" property, or any other property, will be prosecuted and punished under the provisions of the Dominion Criminal Law.
Dated, December 14, 1896.
J. D. PRINCE