

SOUTHWARD IS THE CRY.

THE MARCH OF THE FEATHERED TRIBE STREWN WITH DEAD.

Great Flocks of Birds Making for the South—How Thousands of Them Meet Their Fate—Seen from a Lighthouse Lantern—Killing Bewildered Geese With a Club.

Every night now the air is full of feathered armies on their autumn march to the south. The farmer hears strange sounds and shrill calls above his head. Many a one living in cities hears a tempest of wings pass far above in the dead of night.

It is estimated that during the marching season, which is now at its height, many millions of birds pass southward every night. They come from every part of the north, and fly five or six hundred miles without resting.

The birds that fly in the night rest and feed during the day along the route. The night-flyers, as a rule, live in coverts in the North, and they are afraid to expose themselves in daylight in large numbers; but those that hunt open places mount high into the air at sunrise and fly till dark.

There has been some cold weather lately in the north and this has set the birds on the southern march. They stay about their summer haunts till gray frost comes

The light-keepers now are sending in some very interesting stories about the birds. Two keepers tell me that on a dark and stormy night a week ago thousands of birds were attracted, and that the lanterns were fairly pelted with them. Hundreds of them lay dead at the bases of the towers in the morning and many dead and wounded ones were seen floating in the sea. I have spent some nights in the lanterns with the keepers, and those that were dark



SAILORS CATCHING BEWILDERED GEESSE.

and stormy brought the largest crowd of birds. Some of them approached the light carefully, flying round and round and then steadily themselves, peered with wide, wonder-stricken eyes in through the glass. Numbers of them flying in a bewildered way struck the lantern with a heavy, sousing sound and fell backwards as if shot. The concussion kills them instantly, for they strike head first. Ducks, guillemot, gulls and other large birds kill themselves as readily against the glass as robins, thrushes, warblers, sparrows or peewees.

Once I went to the top of the statue of liberty, and here the very heavens seemed to be dark with the wings of birds. They were driving before the storm in hundreds and thousands, but the flocks, as we could see by our glasses, kept well together. Nevertheless the leaders of each company kept on sending out signal cries so loud that they could be heard for half a mile through the storm. These were to keep the migrants together, for they could very easily get separated in the dark. Away from the rear of one of the huge flocks came a distinct answer, and then the leaders struck out more swiftly, feeling that the army was holding together. Some of these immense flocks resembled large scudding clouds, and a body of wild geese



SEEN FROM INTERIOR OF LIGHT HOUSE.

Some night, or the pools are skimmed over with ice; then their is a gathering of the aerial clans. The old ones, birds that may have made the passage for many seasons, utter loud signal cries which bring the flock together, in large congregations, on the edge of the wood. Here they circle around screaming and singing as it delighted at the prospect of the march. Birds that have not been within miles of each other during the summer and which never met before, mass together under the leadership of a few veterans. I have often seen two or three thousand crows gathered in one body and waiting for the signal to start.

The birds that live in the woods or browse wait till dusk then you hear a hurricane of wings. They rise often one or two miles, and sometimes three hover among the clouds, and then, having determined their course speed onward. They hardly ever set out on a night when no stars are visible, for it is by these undoubtedly that they are guided to the greatest extent.

Sometimes a storm arises when they are miles up in the air; the stars are blotted out, and they lose their way. Then they are driven before the gale for miles, but they select a piece of forest, where they perch and wait till the weather clears. If the weather is fine they tarry at each stopping place for several days, frolicking and chasing one another through the air and filling the air with their cries. But the first tinge of cold in the wind sets them off again to a warmer region where they feed and scream and whistle and sing till gray frost appears or a bitter northern wind be-



WHAT THE STATUE OF LIBERTY SEES.

moved in a semi-circle, which seemed to me to be nearly a quarter of a mile wide. The geese paid no heed to the light, but went on silently, save for the occasional "honking" of the leaders. Some of the crows came near the light, and many birds struck the bronze and stone, some of them falling back stunned and others dead.

Certain inhabitants on the island picked up all the dead ones that lay on the grass in the morning, and they were up so early and did their work so stealthily that we missed seeing several specimens.

EDMUND COLLINS.

A BUSY WOMAN.

The Work Performed by England's Queen and Her Private Secretary.

People who are unacquainted with the extreme attention which the queen gives to matters of detail will be surprised to learn that the affairs of the state occupy her majesty's attention for several hours daily. At Balmoral, Windsor, Osborne, Buckingham Palace, or abroad, the routine of business is rigidly adhered to, and the closest touch is maintained by the sovereign with the government of the country. There is not a departmental office of any consequence which is not kept in daily communication with the head of the realm, whose promptitude in dealing with documents submitted to her is really marvellous, considering her age and sex, for a lady of her advancing years might reasonably expect to have a little leisure.

The queen takes a genuine pleasure in this clerical work, and her firm signature—"Victoria R. and I."—is appended to all sorts of state papers. Besides those documents which relate to procedure, whose nature is more or less comprised within the limits of our constitution, the queen is directly concerned in a great variety of matters upon which the generality of the public never troubles itself at all. There are questions of precedent, of etiquette, of heraldry, of ceremonial, and of pageant to be considered; every change of uniform in the army must be referred to the queen, and a great many complicated points concerning military and civilian orders and decorations directly engage her majesty's supervision and attention.

Her majesty is equally attentive in the arrangements for any forthcoming event in which she may be taking an active part. The projects of the entertainment, reception, review or whatever pageant may be approaching have to furnish the queen, through her private secretary, with a multitude of particulars. Nothing is seemingly too insignificant to be referred to her. The height of platforms, the number of steps, the police arrangements in detail, and a host of minutiae are submitted to the royal scrutiny.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.



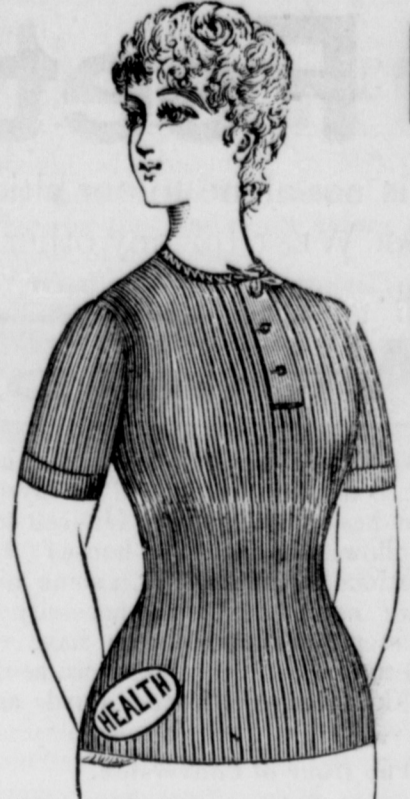
PICKING UP THE DEAD AND WOTDED AT THE FOOT OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

gins to pipe. Some birds travel 6,000 miles every spring and fall, going from northerly parts of Greenland to the tropic of Capricorn.

The wild goose, the barnacle goose and the brant can each fly from five to seven hundred miles without resting, and they are now crossing the Gulf of St. Lawrence every day in hundreds of thousands. They assemble in large bodies on the headlands in Newfoundland when the weather begins to grow cold and wait for a fair wind, which is a northeaster. The geese and brants like to set out in the morning, but sometimes the wind veers, fog arises from the sea, smothering the sun in the day and the stars at night, and they become bewildered. Captains of schooners that sail across the gulf in spring and fall frequently find from a score to a hundred of wild geese in the morning, crouching on the deck, hatches, railings and booms. These birds will not alight in the sea, and become perfectly tame by bewilderment and terror, and the deck hands kill them with galls.

A large majority of the migratory birds journey by night, and any one interested in the subject, whether he live in the city or the country, will be able to know when a congregation is passing. The expert, moreover, can determine from the whistles and calls what species of bird comprises the passing flock. They do not whistle or sing as they do in the woods, but usually give out one or two notes which are intended as signals to keep the army together. The bobolink, for example, cries "Spink, Spink;" the king fisher gives a hoarse screech though he laughs and chatters when not in passage; the woodpecker screams and the duck gives a resonant quack.

Some of the birds of passage adopt special routes and go by these every year.



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DIVORCE IN JAPAN.

Neither Lawyers Nor Much Money Needed in the Process.

"Speaking of divorces," said Lieut. Butt, of the revenue cutter *Johnson*, "the most peculiar one I ever saw was in a little island off the coast of Japan, about twenty-five years ago.

"The surgeon and myself being off duty went ashore, with the double purpose of stretching our legs and sending off to the ward-room mess any delicacies in the way of fresh meat, fowls or fruit, which we might happen to run across. With us went a Japanese sailor, whom we had shipped, being short handed at a port on the coast of the Mikado's insular realm.

"We walked about the poor little village, which was the principal seaport of the island, and were regarded by the natives with an innocent, awesome and wondering expression which betokened their very rare acquaintance with white men. As we were strolling along the main street, if street it may be called, after having with Sorakichi and I induced a very brown and wrinkled Japanese to take some rabbits, pigeons and fruit off to the ship, we came to a building, aerial in architecture, as are all Japanese structures, but much more pretentious than any we had yet seen.

"'Dat iss a temple, where they mak' worship,' explanatorily spoke Sorakichi.

"We had two hours to spare and entered. As we did so a young man and a young woman came in by another entrance. Both wore a blue scarf across the left shoulder and knotted under the right arm.

"'Been marry; sit plow, quit, tired off,' said Sorakichi, and an inquiry developed the fact that the youngsters, neither of whom could have been over 22, sought a divorce.

"'Blue matchi show,' said Sorakichi, and we stood aside and watched the pair. They went together before the most hideous idol I has ever been my fortune to see, both undid their blue scarfs, bowed three times to the ground, and, turning, left the temple by opposite doors.

"'All good now,' explained our interpreter; 'get marry some more; yes, to-day, mebbe.'

"Further inquiry elicited the fact that this was the regular ceremony of divorce among the lower Japanese in certain provinces."—*Chicago Times*.

Too Apt at Retort.

In the latter days of Frederick the Great, the British minister-plenipotentiary at the court of Berlin was Hugh Elliot. The relations between Prussia and England were at that time not altogether friendly, and the personal intercourse between Elliot and Frederick were not at all so. The king indulged in gibes and sneers but little disguised and Elliot in equivocal retorts.

A certain minister of Frederick's at the British court had been recalled and replaced by a notoriously ill-conditioned fellow merely to spite the English cabinet.

"What do they say of Blank in London?" asked Frederick in a taunting tone.

"That he worthily represents your Majesty," replied Elliot, bowing to the ground.

This did not mend matters, and the king would not speak to Elliot on successive levees. Elliot, highly indignant, was longing for an opportunity to be revenged, when, intelligence having arrived that Hyder Ali had made a successful attack upon British possessions, the king asked in a wicked way—

"Mr. Elliot, who is this Hyder Ali who knows so well how to settle your affairs in the Indies?"

"Sire," answered Elliot, "he is an old despot who has plundered his neighbors a good deal, but now, thank heaven, he has come to his dotage."

It is needless to say that Mr. Elliot with his pronounced views on despots was speedily sent elsewhere to exercise his energetic irony. He was transferred to Copenhagen.

Lechuso the Brave.

Turn about is fair play. The hero of the Spanish bull-ring now is not a toreador, or slayer of bulls, but a bull, who has repeatedly cleared the arena of his antagonists. He has not killed or dangerously wounded any man, but he has put to flight every toreador, picador, chulo or banderillero, who has dared to enter the arena with him; and though the crowds have come to see him slain, his conduct has been so valiant that the people have demanded that his life should be spared.

This bull's name is Lechuso. He made his first appearance in the arena at San Lucar, in Andalusia, in 1888, and so suddenly cleared the ring of his enemies that the people rose in admiration, and demanded his reprieve; for in spite of his bravery, he would have been treacherously approached and put to death for the satisfaction of the multitude if the people had not intervened.

Again, at Cordova, after the wounds had been healed which the picadors inflicted upon him at San Lucar, Lechuso drove all his enemies before him, and again his life was spared at the demand of the spectators.

Lechuso is now eight years old, and is classed as invincible. It is quite possible, however, that an increasing sensibility on the part of the Spanish people—a growing sense of the cruelty and folly of the bull-ring—has something to do with his repeated reprieves.

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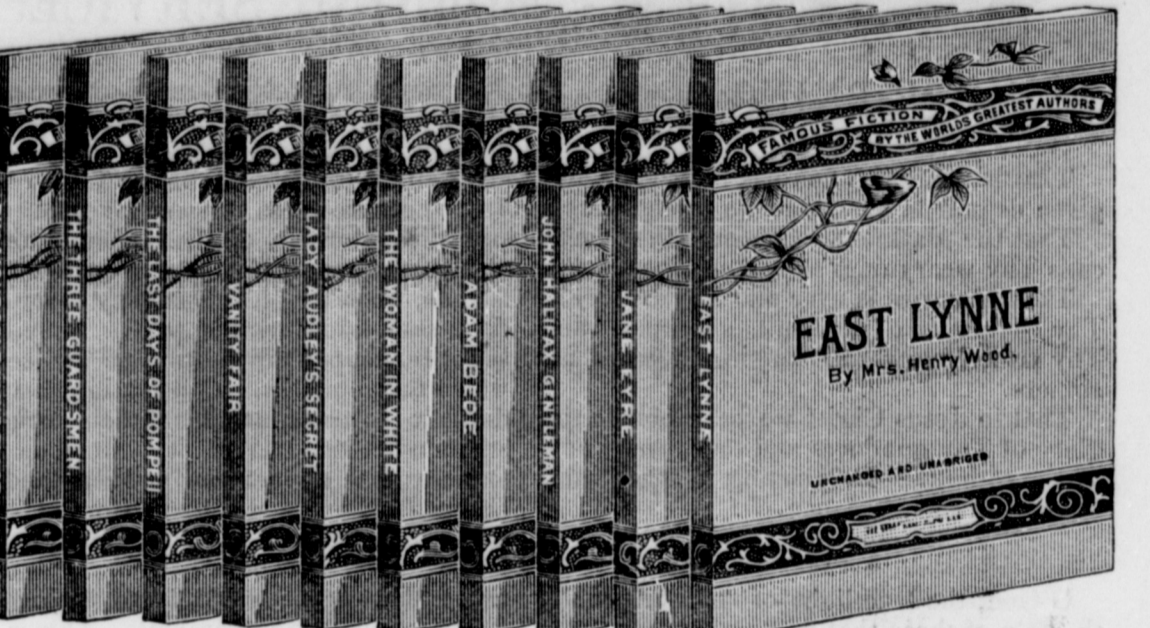
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