

## WHO THREW THE STONES.

Some Queer Happenings in the ruins of an Old Town in India.

Between the towns of Mysore and Coimbatore, India, and on the left bank of a stream called the Honhollay, are the ruins of three or four large villages. The second one west of the foothills of the Mysore range of mountains is called Garrow, and amid the general desolation are the ruins of what was once a great temple. These villages are only three or four out of hundreds to be found in the great empire. Now and then their history can be traced back to some terrible plague which depopulated them in a month, and again the desolation is due to war between tribes and factions. As a rule, no native will approach one of these ruins, and no attempt is ever made to rebuild the towns.

In 1868, while I was at the village of Bheeta, about thirty miles from Garrow, the Government sent a commission of three officials to survey and inspect the village with a view of restoring it by offering to rebuild the temple and give free deeds to all settlers. I was invited by the commission to go along, and this appearing a splendid opportunity for an extended inspection of the historic ruins I gladly accepted. Including servants there were twelve of us in the party. On arriving at a small village called Musan, six miles east of the village we meant to survey, we were told of some strange things that had lately happened. It was declared that spirits had taken possession of the ruins. Strange lights had been seen flitting about at night, and a hunter whose ardor had led him in among the ruins had heard the sound of stones being moved and had been

PELTED WITH ROCKS.

He had a bad bruise on the shoulder to prove the latter statement. While the most intelligent natives of India are full of superstition, the common villagers and farmers are so thoroughly imbued with it that signs and dreams guide most of their daily transactions. The commission was headed by an Englishman named Grant of the civil service. The second was a Mr. Artwell of the same branch, and the third a Mr. Martin, who was a civil engineer. With them as secretary and clerk, was a young man named Thomasson.

Little attention was paid to the stories of the villagers, and next day we moved over and camped in a grove on the stream, about half a mile above the head of the desolated town. The site was covered with shrubs and grass and vines, and here and there were groves of young trees. No tigers had been seen in that neighborhood for years, but the place looked like a paradise for panthers, wolves, hyenas, and serpents. The town had extended along the bank of the stream for a mile and a half. That evening, while we were settling down in our new quarters, a number of stones from some unseen assailants were suddenly thrown with great force at one of the natives who had strayed beyond the limits of the camp, hitting him on the head and rendering him insensible for several minutes. The missiles came from a thicket between us and the first ruins of the town, and after we had located the direction we fired a volley from our guns and put an end to the disturbance. The native servants were thrown into a state of great consternation, believing and arguing that our presence had offended the spirits keeping guard over the ruins, and but for Mr. Grant's threats the crowd would have bolted and left us. "I think I can see into this business," he explained to us after the servants had been quieted down. "These ruins have either been taken possession of by a band of robbers or there is a party here hunting for treasure. In either case our presence is undesirable, and that demonstration was to drive us away. We'll try to make it a bad job for them, whoever they are."

The explanation was a reasonable one, and when I asked the gentleman if a ruin as old as this ever yielded up treasure he replied: "Bless you, yes! It has been my luck to be 'in' on two jobs as old as this. If a tribal war depopulated this town, then more or less treasure was hidden away because it could not be carried off. If a plague appeared, then those who hurried away thought only of saving their lives, and took little or nothing with them. Somewhere in or about that temple we are pretty sure of finding a plant worth picking up."

He was still talking when queer lights appeared at intervals among the shrubbery, and

STRANGE, WILD CRIES

were heard from among the ruins. The natives fell down and covered their heads with cloths, too frightened to even cry out, but the Commissioner calmly continued:

"You have been wondering how it came about that such treasures were left undisturbed so long. Here is the explanation at hand: Such survivors as knew of its existence feared to return. No native of India would give an Englishman a pointer on treasure. We have gathered in plenty of loot since the mutiny, but never with their assistance. They call it robbing the dead. If the party there are after treasure they belong to some clan up among the mountains. They rob each other's ruins, but never their own."

By and by the lights disappeared and silence reigned over the ruins and we turned in again. Soon after daylight came one of the natives, who had now recovered a portion of his natural courage, inspected the shrubbery and found plenty of evidence that it had been occupied by men during the night. Some of the stones thrown at us were found to have been freshly broken from large blocks.

"It's a gang of treasure hunters for sure," said the Commissioner after this last proof had been submitted, "and it is quite needless to caution you that we must be very careful. No one must enter the shrubbery alone, and we must be constantly ready for an attack. They are doubtless Sholaga men from the hills, and they will stick at nothing."

"But why not send down to Bheeta for a detachment of soldiers?" I asked.

"And so give away our 'find' in case there is one? We are not quite so green as that. The Government must have its share, of course, but we want no further division. I think we are strong enough to rout 'em out, and we will begin business right away."

After breakfast the five of us moved down on the head of the village, leaving the camp in charge of the natives. As soon as we got among the ruins we found it tough work to get along. It had been a very substantial town. There being plenty

of building stone at hand, more or less of it had been used in every house. It must have taken an earthquake to fling the blocks about in such confusion. Here and there a piece of wall was standing, but in most cases everything had fallen in a confused heap. The difficulty of climbing over the blocks was added to by the vegetation, and wherever the sun beat down on a stone we were

SURE TO FIND A SERPENT.

sunning himself. We were heading for the walls of the temple, but after an hour's work we had not advanced over half a mile. Mr. Grant called a halt, and we were sitting on the huge blocks of stone in a glade about fifty feet across when something very queer happened. The foliage was dense enough to throw the glade into a shadow approaching twilight. Our ears were suddenly saluted with groans and moans, as if some person in deep distress, and while we were looking about and at each other a figure came out of the thicket on the south side and slowly floated across the glade. It looked like a human figure, though draped and muffled, and though it passed over the ground at about an ordinary height, the motion was that of floating along instead of walking. It wasn't over twenty feet from us, and when it disappeared into the thicket on the other side the air was heavy with a strange perfume.

"It's nothing but a trick to scare us off," whispered Grant, after the figure had disappeared. "If it comes again, everybody open fire on it."

We waited in nervous silence for five or six minutes, when the apparition appeared again, preceded by the same distressing noises. It was scarcely clear of the bushes when we opened fire, each one of us with a revolver. It floated along as before and at the same pace, and we got in three shots apiece before the smoke obscured it.

"We've riddled one of them, anyhow," chuckled Grant, as we waited for the smoke to clear; but a minute later, when it had floated away, the figure was not to be seen. We had fired point blank at a distance of eighteen or twenty feet, and it was absurd to suppose that all fifteen bullets had missed.

"And how do you account for that?" I asked, as I felt my hair trying to climb up.

"It's one of their conjuring tricks," answered the engineer, "and was pretty well worked. I've seen stranger things than that. We had better get out of this at once."

We were hardly off the blocks before a rock weighing at least twenty pounds crashed down through the tree tops and fell where we had been sitting. Ten seconds earlier would have resulted in one death at least. As we made our way along I asked the engineer how such a rock could have been heaved into the air to fall with such exactness, but he could not explain. Instead of pushing to the temple we now made our way to the right to get out of the ruins, and soon were on the open plain.

"The temple is our objective point," explained Mr. Grant, "and its no use pushing through those ruins to get there. We'll go down opposite and then strike in. Now look at that will you?"

About 100 feet away from us and right in our course was a bushy-topped tree about thirty feet high. There was only a light air stirring, and yet the top of the tree was waving to and fro as if in a heavy gale. We slowly advanced until we stood at the foot of the tree. I had expected to see a native up there, but nothing whatever was in sight. While we stood there the tree continued its antics, and none of us was sharp enough to solve the mystery.

"It's just a trick to scare us off," said Mr. Grant, "and we'll see more of 'em before we're through. How they do these things I can't pretend to say, but they are done for effect and would frighten a native out of his senses. We must push along and not mind them."

Opposite the ruins of the temple we entered the thicket again, Mr. Grant leading, and the rest following in Indian file. We had not advanced a hundred feet when we

HEARD SOBS AND MOANS

from both sides of us, and one would have sworn that a dozen women were wandering about in distress. The sounds appeared quite close to us, but yet we could not detect the presence of a human being. All of a sudden, as we continued to push ahead, the thicket echoed such screams and shrieks that my knees gave out and I had to clutch a limb to support me. I expected to be ridiculed for my exhibit, but the others came to a halt with serious faces and the engineer said:

"I'm blessed if the sounds don't give me a chill, though I know it's all a blooming trick of the gang to keep us out. There must be a lot of the fellows in there."

"And I'm thinking it would be a wise thing to send for more help," added Mr. Grant. "Good Lord! but see that!"

A block of stone which seemed to be four feet long, a foot thick, and three feet wide was lying in the grass within four feet of us as we stood in a group. This block suddenly stood on end, rose into the air fully six feet, and then fell to the earth with a jar which made things tremble. I tell you simply what five of us saw or thought we saw. What sort of jugglery it was I don't pretend to say, but it was jugglery of some sort, of course. Directly after the stone fell four or five large pieces of rock came crashing about our ears, and no one hesitated to beat a speedy retreat.

"I'm not running from their tricks," said Grant as we headed for camp, "but I'm satisfied they are a large party and desperate fellows. They are probably strong enough to wipe us out, and I'll have up a company of soldiers to beat the cover."

A messenger was at once despatched to Bheeta, which is a military post, but it was three days before the soldiers came up. There were ninety of them, and though we had heard nothing further from the treasure hunters while waiting we felt sure they were still among the ruins. The troops entered from three different directions, having orders to shoot down anything they sighted, but the whole place was beaten up and only one native found. He was lying among the ruins of the temple with a broken leg. He was a Sholaga from the hills, and after having been carried to camp and his injuries attended to he talked freely. The party had numbered fifty men, and had been working for two weeks when we appeared. The leader had been told of the existence of a cavern under the ruins of the temple, and they had labored hard in their efforts to secure it. As we afterward saw for ourselves they had moved at least a thousand tons of debris before opening the cavern. Their appliances were of the rudest sort, and everything had been accomplish-

ed by main strength. During the period of their labors five of the party had died of snake bites and two had been killed in moving the blocks. The cavern was found the day before the soldiers came, and in opening it this native had been hurt. His friends had deliberately abandoned him, but he bore them no grudge. On the contrary, he was highly gratified to know that the treasure had escaped the English. When asked as to its value his eyes sparkled and he answered:

"Sahib, there were millions! Over thirty men had each a heavy load made ready to carry when I fainted away. It would have made a hundred Englishmen rich for life!"

We found the room to be a cavern eight feet long, six broad, and ten high. It had been swept clean. The native said it was nearly full of gold and silver and plate and jewelry. If so, the gross value was a tremendous big sum, and the fellows must have made two or three trips to carry everything away.

## SMALL FEET OF CHINESE WOMEN.

Produced by Torturing Bandages Placed About Them in Childhood.

A peculiarity of Chinese maidenhood is the famous custom of producing small feet by compression. The origin of this deformity is not known; even the most educated know nothing of it. It is said that the Empress Takki of the Shang dynasty had club feet and implored her husband to order the court ladies to produce a similar deformity of their pedal extremities.

According to another authority a favorite of the Emperor Ting-Hain-Chio (Tang dynasty, 800 A. D.) had the idea of compressing her feet, which was quickly imitated.

These versions are both improbable, for the ruling race of the Empire, the Tartars, never disfigure the feet of their daughters, and girls with deformed feet are excluded from the imperial harem, and are not even permitted to enter the palace. An unusually small foot is looked upon, however, as an evidence of refinement, although not always as an indication of wealth. The diminution of the feet is generally produced in a very simple manner. The growth of these extremities is usually checked in the fifth or sixth year. The foot is so firmly bandaged that the circulation almost ceases, and the toes are tightly compressed. After being bandaged the foot is put in a short, narrow-pointed shoe, in which a little block of wood is often used to support the heel. This makes it appear as though the girl walked upon her toes. The ankles always retain their natural size. Thereupon the shoe is again wrapped in bandages, which give it an awkward appearance. Stockings are not worn. A foot that is so treated assumes the fashionable form in two or three years by a gradual atrophy. The poor, deluded victims, of course, endure terrible pains during this time. The skin and parts of the flesh often ulcerate, and in case of neglect, incurable disease not infrequently results.

The idea current in this country that iron or wooden shoes are employed for this process is erroneous; only cloth bandages and leather shoes are used. The soles of the latter are from 3 to 4 1/2 inches in length. Girls with these deformed feet cannot walk naturally, but possess a mincing gait and waddle. The steps are short. No matter how strong, it is impossible for a girl with such feet to carry any burden or to perform any work that necessitates locomotion. The parents of girls with small feet only marry them to men whose mothers and sisters likewise possess diminutive feet, thus forming a sort of caste—the only one in China.

## MURDER WILL OUT.

A Criminal Convicted on the Testimony of Two Chops.

Quite a novelty in the annals of justice has been the conviction of a murderer by the tacit but effective testimony of the remains of a couple of pork chops which gnawed to the bone, had been left on the table in the dining room of the unfortunate lady whom he had just done to death. At the end of last year, says a Paris correspondent, Madame Leblau, the widow of a doctor in practice at Tilly-sur-Meuse, suddenly disappeared. She lived quite alone, and her absence was not noticed by the neighbors for some days. The door of the house was broken open, and all the rooms were found in a state of the utmost disorder, the floor of the kitchen being covered with blood. The plate and various other articles of value had, however, not been touched, though several bank notes, a list of which was afterwards

DISCOVERED IN A DRAWER,

had been removed from the desk in which the money was kept. It was soon ascertained that two of these securities were in the possession of a peasant named Aubertin, who resided in the neighborhood, and was known to be deeply in debt. When Aubertin was arrested he denied that he had had any hand in the crime, but it shortly transpired that on the very day when the murder was committed he had bought a couple of pork chops from a local dealer, and there on the dining-room table lay the tell-tale debris. Aubertin, in fact, had known beforehand that the sinister task which he had set himself to do would demand a certain amount of time in its accomplishment. He had determined on sawing into pieces the corpse of the poor lady, and several hours were devoted to this horrible work. A few days afterwards some fragments of flesh were found near the pier of one of the river bridges, and on the morrow the remains of a body which had been cut into several pieces were discovered in the Meuse. Aubertin has just been tried at the Meuse Assizes, and condemned to hard labor for life.

## Finding Your Mission.

To find your mission you have but to be faithful wherever God puts you for the present. The humbler things He gives in the earlier years are for your training, that you may be ready at length for the larger and particular service for which you were born. Do these smaller, humbler things well, and they will prove steps in the stairs up to the loftier heights where your "mission" waits. To spurn these plainer duties and tasks and to neglect them is to miss your mission itself in the end, for there is no way to it but by these ladder-rounds of commonplace things which you disdain. You must build your own ladder day by day in the common fidelities.

Love is never satisfied until it gets both arms full.

## PHEASANT SHOOTING.

An Important Phase of English Country Life.

BANBURY, England, July 30.—From any point of consideration the English pheasant is the most splendid bird that reaches the English market.

Somebody, perhaps an Irishman, has called it "the sacred Ibis of Great Britain." It is certainly all but worshipped. The idollatry is an expensive one; for it surely costs England, Ireland and Scotland more than £1,000,000 to rear, to shoot and to finally eat such pheasants as annually come to the gun.

If the vast area of valuable inclosed land comprised in gentlemen's seats and parked demesnes of the nobility, which are almost solely devoted to runs and covers for pheasants, should be taken into account, and anything like a fair rental for these to be added to the actual current sums expended, the outlay upon this one bird alone would annually reach millions upon millions of dollars, and be found to exceed all other forms of outlay by British sportsmen combined.

Indeed the pheasant is an interesting bird in all its relations to life upon the great English estates—in its extraordinary personal beauty; as the immemorial worry of keepers and prey of poachers; in its occupying greater attention from titled sportsmen than do all other birds of Britain, and, above all, from its superb and matchless place among the delicacies of the table. Every one has heard how Sydney Smith, and he was no mean epicure, asserted that he knew of no pure earthly joy equal to roast pheasant with rich gravy, chipped potatoes and bread sauce. For an American's understanding it may truly be said that the pheasant is our turkey, partridge and quail in one ample and delicious frame.

The limitations of shooting in Great Britain undoubtedly add much from the sportsman standpoint to the deep British interest at all times in these splendid birds. It is almost inconceivable to an American how universally the "sportsman" craze prevails in England, Ireland and Scotland, and how every acre of land and rod of shore, outside of and distinct from all other uses to which it may be put, is sportsman's property yielding extraordinary returns in rentals for the "shooting" and "fishing" rights alone. On a former occasion I demonstrated that the exercise of these rights and privileges annually cost British sportsmen the enormous sum of £6,000,000 or \$30,000,000 in American money.

This vast expenditure is almost wholly confined to whatever pleasure may be got in poking about moors, other waste though thoroughly guarded tracts and tenant farmers' fields for snipe, quail and grouse, capercaillie and deer. Pheasants, then, while they may eventually come to the tables of the vulgar tradesmen and literary folk, are really the game birds of the British aristocracy, and of the landed aristocracy at that. They are found only within the grounds of gentlemen's seats and lordly demesnes, save where as in pheasant farms, they are exclusively bred to increase the numbers upon the estates. All the conditions of their existence in the first place, their breeding, their increase and retention are necessarily alone found within the walled in parks of the country gentry and nobility. All the sport found in their annual destruction is so absolutely exclusive that they can only reach the common mortal's table, at from a crown to a guinea a brace, by way of the ubiquitous poacher's net or after "coming to the guns" of the rich, the titled and the great.

Every British nobleman's estate and every English, Irish or Scottish gentleman's country seat is in point of fact to a greater or less degree a pheasantry, and the increase and protection of this one game bird are paramount to all other duties or pleasures. From every accessible means of information, I believe that fully 1,000,000 pheasants are annually slaughtered in the United Kingdom. Of these over 100,000 reach the London market stalls alone; and this number represents only those which have legitimately come from the "battues" or "shoots" in October, November and early December; and do not take into account the heavy annual drafts by poachers upon the rich and well stocked preserves.

The Prince of Wales is by no means first among the breeders, and yet on his estate of Sandringham and the adjoining property of Castle Risingham, which he has leased for sporting purposes, as many as from 7,000 to 8,000 pheasants are annually provided by His Royal Highness for his sportsmen friends. In two or three of the dukeries, and on other large estates as well, immense pains and expense are given to ensure abundant supplies of the bird of Colchis. The killing of from 2,000 to 4,000 at one "battue" has often been recorded, and it is well known that 9,500 were shot during one season at Elvedon, in Norfolk, which has an area of 17,000 acres. There are other game farms, as they are called, in other parts of England, and there is at least one such huge pheasantry in Scotland, on the Marquis of Ailsa's estate in Ayrshire.

On all estates of average area the head gamekeeper will be allowed a half dozen keepers to assist him in breeding and caring for the game, and in protecting it from roads of poachers. Often the number of under keepers will be increased by drawing, at certain seasons upon the under foresters; so that where from 2,000 to 4,000 pheasants may be required for the autumnal guns of milord's sportsmen guests, with the wives and children of the helpers who may live in cottages within the demesne walls, a score of persons will be employed in the breeding and caring for pheasants upon one estate alone.

Usually these birds which have escaped both the poacher's nets and the sportsmen's guns are allowed to run wild during the winter; care principally being taken to keep their runs and covers clear of too great obstructions by snow, to have their haunts occasionally provided with dry straw or leaves, and to keep their drinking wells or water troughs open and clear of refuse, and that they are well fed with oats and corn. On some estates during October and November a certain number are caught, taken to the aviary or pheasantry, their wings regularly clipped every two or three weeks, and they are thus kept and fed during the winter to provide the required egg supply during the spring months, the scarcity of eggs being one of the most serious drawbacks in pheasant breeding.

Usually, however, the old birds are not "taken up" until the last of February. Then they are systematically "starved" by non-feeding for about a week, when large "figure 4" traps are set near their haunts. Then trails of oats are scattered between the pheasants readily follow these to the

traps, which are sprung by springs in the hands of the keepers, any desired number being thus easily secured.

These birds are taken to the aviaries which the keepers, among whom I have many good friends, insist on calling "areas." These are simply large wooded spaces in the demesne grounds, inclosed by fences of wire netting, sometimes 12 feet high. The wings of the birds are constantly clipped or they would escape; but breeders find the labor required less costly than a wire netting covering for such necessarily large tracts. These aviaries are provided with mock coverts of bark and bough, with nesting places and watering troughs, while some are secured against vermin by curved iron bases to the inclosing netting charged with electricity, which causes death to all rodents attempting an entrance.

The pheasants begin laying by April, and they lay very much like the ordinary hen. Each can be counted on to furnish from 20 to 30 eggs. These are duly carefully gathered not only from the nests in the aviaries, but from those of the unimprisoned birds. The latter is not a difficult task for the keepers; for it is a singular fact that notwithstanding the pheasants' wild nature they nest most freely in shrub clumps along the edges of walks and drives. The keepers tell me they love the sound and sense of companionship, though themselves wonderfully secretive and sly.

And here the element of poaching is ridiculously observable. From April to June pheasant eggs are worth from £4 to £5 per hundred or from 20 to 25 cents each. A regular scramble for them is begun, and this season provides one of the richest of the poacher's harvests. It is a well-known fact that one-half of the pheasants' eggs exposed for sale by the shopkeepers are stolen. Expert poachers know every haunt of the pheasants upon the demesnes as well as the keepers. They are often ahead of the latter at the nests of the unimprisoned birds. Not only this, but keepers themselves do not scruple to surreptitiously dispose of milord's supply, or help themselves from the nests on neighboring demesnes.

However great may be the care in the breeding of pheasants, not over one-half of the chicks come safely to maturity. Then the preserves are ready for depletion by poaching in its various forms. Not only do the birds suffer in diminution from the professional poacher, but milord's pheasants prove an irresistible temptation to every tenant and cotter living round about the demesnes as well as many whose interests should make them their protectors; while on many estates much of the poaching attributed to genuine poachers is done by the employes themselves.

On great estates from 20 to 50 men are regularly employed. There are the "agent" and his clerks. The bailiff, who looks after the home farm and cattle, and his helpers. There are the head forester and perhaps a dozen under foresters, all of whose bird and wood-craft are quite equal to those of the gamekeeper and his several underkeepers. There are a master sawyer and three or four men engaged in cutting timber and posts from forest trees and repairing gates, walls and fences. The head gardener has several assistants. There are painters, glaziers, carpenters, etc., all of whom are familiar with the castle and the surrounding grounds. And on some demesnes you will find a half dozen lodge keepers and their families. All of these poorly paid folk love a pheasant after it has come from the oven, pot or grill as well as do the aristocracy, and they all know how to get them without bothering the village gamekeeper.

Professional poaching is a far less dangerous pursuit than it is usually considered. During the shooting season all sorts of village hangers-on are pressed into service as "beaters" and to carry and fill the game bags. It is an easy thing during the excitement to hide a generous portion of the game at convenient points from which it is taken under cover of night. Clamor and fright also break up the rucks or coverts into detached files of pheasants which retreat as high as possible among the branches of larch and fir, when the poachers can easily take them from their roosts at night by hand. Other methods are smudging or smoking them into half insensibility and knocking them from their perches with clubs; corn kernels into which short bristles are inserted are greedily devoured and the birds run choking to the hedges to be easily taken by hand; while an ingenious and successful device is to fit a gamecock with artificial spurs, and stealthily place him alongside a covert, when the pugnacious pheasant cock instantly responds to the gamecock's crowing challenge, and three or four brace of the valuable birds are taken.

Pheasant shooting usually begins the latter part of October, and closes with the final Christmas "battue."

Notwithstanding high walls, gentleness of keepers, and all possible preventatives, many pheasants leave the demesnes, seeking the outer hedges and bog grasses, where they fall a prey to the snares of tenants and guns of the poachers. Therefore a few days before pheasant-shooting begins, all the outside help at the castle starts in a circle miles from the demesne and concentrating toward the same, shout and "beat" with a terrific hullabaloo, thus driving many back within the preserves. Then milord and his friends dressed as for snipe-shooting on the moors and provided each with two double-barrelled, breech-loading, center-fire fowling pieces of No. 12 bore, a man for reloading and another for carrying cartridges, begin the slaughter. The sportsmen are stationed in advance at the edges of open places. The gamekeeper, who is a sort of master of ceremonies, brings his assistants or "beaters" into line behind. Then they move forward, perhaps ten yards apart, the keeper, who knows every bush, hedge, copse or tree, directing the "beaters" in every movement. In an instant the preserve is a perfect bedlam of yell and explosion. The men yell "Hi-yi-i-i!" as they "beat" the bushes, calling, as the startled birds flash from copse to copse, "Cock to the right!" "Cock above!" "To the left, cock!" "Hi-yi-i-i!—cock, cock, cock!"—right ahead, cock!" while the death-dealing guns answer with such rapidity that they often get too warm to be held in the sportsmen's hands. This goes on all day, with an hour for a lunch of stew and beer at 2, when the "beaters" are furnished a liberal amount of bread, cheese and beer; and their assistants, who follow the hunters with carts and donkeys, by night have often gathered up from 20 to 1,000 slaughtered birds. These are shipped direct to London to dealers, who provide hampers and tags and pay for the birds from 4 to 9 shillings per brace.—[Edgar L. Wakeman.]