

## IN THE TOWER OF SILENCE

A Parsee's Terrible Experience—The Vultures Which Came to Devour him Saved his Life—A Gruesome East Indian Story.

It happened in my father's time, early in the fifties. I have often heard him tell the story; and looking through his papers after his death I came across the written account of it. It is my opinion that the dear old man jotted down the story in an idle hour, intending it for publication; but when his task was finished, the whim passed away; the manuscript was laid aside, and probably never saw the light of day again until I unearthed it from the drawer of an old secretary last summer. I think the facts are sufficiently out of the common to be interesting, and therefore I give the story verbatim in my father's own words. I would merely add that, at the time the events transpired, my father was in the Honorable East India Company's service. The manuscript runs as follows:

In 1850 I was removed from Bombay to Kharabad, a small town at the western foot of the Ghats between Bombay and Poona; and here I made the acquaintance of Mr. Framji Jijibhai, a Parsee gentleman of most agreeable manners. He and I were near neighbors, and being brought much into contact with each other through business matters, quickly became fast friends. Unlike most of his race, Mr. Jijibhai exhibited no great love for jewellery, and I never knew him to wear any ornamental trinkets save a certain ring, which was never absent from the little finger of his left hand. This ring which was of gold, was of the most exquisite Eastern workmanship, and contained a large opal of extraordinary beauty. I am no great judge of precious stones; but the gem was certainly one of the finest of its kind that I have ever seen, and the adornment of Mr. Jijibhai's little finger must have represented a value of some hundreds of pounds on our money.

### ONE EVENING,

while the Parsee and myself were sipping our claret in the veranda of my bungalow, I ventured to remark upon the beauty of this ring; whereupon my companion told me how it had come into his possession. It had been given him, he said, by a native Princess in return for some service of a peculiarly delicate nature which he had rendered her; and so highly did he prize the trinket, that he had given positive orders that when anything happened to him, and he paid the final debt to nature, the ring was not to be removed from his finger, but was to be conveyed along with his body into the "dohkma," or tower of silence, where the vultures in stripping the mortal flesh from his bones might perchance carry the trinket away—none knew whither. Although highly romantic, it struck me at the time that this was a very foolish method of disposing of such valuable property; but it was no concern of mine, and consequently I made no remark upon it.

I do not remember whether Tip, my body-servant, was present in the veranda during our conversation; but subsequent events lead me to suppose that he must have been present, or, at any rate, within earshot. Tip—don't suppose that was his correct name, but it was the only one I ever knew him by—was the biggest thief unchanged. His petty larcenies were a source of continual trouble to me; and had it not been for the recollection that he had once been instrumental in saving my life a few years previously, during

### AN UNFORTUNATE RIOT

at Bombay, he and I would have severed our connection long before we did. As it was, whenever he was detected in any act of dishonesty, he always made such voluble promises to reform, and reminded me so pertinaciously of the debt I owed him, that my resolution invariably fell before his importunities, and he was allowed to continue in my service, always, however, on the distinct understanding that this was his last chance. But I regret to say that Tip did not reform; and after an interval of a few weeks, the same scene, with the same results, would be gone through again.

One morning, early in 1851, I had a business engagement with my friend Mr. Framji Jijibhai, which he failed to keep. This occasioned me considerable surprise, as the Parsee was, as a rule, punctuality itself in all business appointments. For fully an hour I had waited for him, when a messenger arrived to say that he was dead. He had died that morning so suddenly that the "dastur" or "mobed" (priests) had not even had time to repeat the prayers for the dying. The Zoroastrians only allow a very short time to intervene between death and the funeral ceremony; and just before sunset that same day the body of Mr. Jijibhai was conveyed from his house to the tower of silence, his last resting place, which in this instance was situated upon a lonely, tree-clad eminence, a little distance from Kharabad.

Some very mistaken notions concerning the Parsees' towers of silence exist. I believe, among the English at home. I remember seeing them described in the work of an eminent writer of adventures, who must have been woefully ignorant on the subject, as lofty towers, not unlike the dismantled round towers we find in Ireland, at the top of which were placed open gratings. Upon these huge grids the corpses—so says the writer I refer to—were placed

### TO BE DENUED OF FLESH

by those scavengers of the air, the vultures, until the clean-picked bones fell through the iron bars into the pit beneath.

Now, all this is very erroneous and misleading. In the first place, the dokhmas are not lofty towers. Proportionately, they are low, squat edifices, the total height rarely exceeding one-third of the diameter. Although they are all built practically on the same plan, the actual dimensions of the towers differ considerably, the average and most common measurements being—total height from twenty to thirty feet, and diameter from seventy to ninety feet. In the second place, they contain no gratings whatever on which to deposit the bodies. As a matter of fact, the interior consists, with the exception of the "bhandar" or pit in the centre, of a solid platform, the surface of which is only some seven or eight feet lower than the top of the parapet. The surface of the platform is arranged in three concentric rows of "pavis"—large slabs of stone, divided from each other by stone ridges a few inches high—and it is on these pavis, in which channels are cut to drain off the rain-water into the bhandar, that the deceased Parsees are laid. When the vultures have picked

away all the flesh, the bones are allowed to remain until the sun has completely dried them, when they are flung into the bhandar to crumble into dust. The dokhma at Kharabad was, for some unknown reason or other, of unusual dimensions. The maximum height was nearly forty feet, while the parapet was not more than four or five feet higher than the platform.

Into this tower the remains of Framji Jijibhai were carried by the "masalharis" just as the sun touched the western horizon; and the funeral party wended its way sorrowfully back to Kharabad, leaving the vultures to their ghastly task. An hour later the moon arose, and as I stood in my veranda I could see the dokhma, where all that remained of my dead friend lay, looming black and sombre in the moonlight.

An hour later, too, I missed my servant Tip. He was absent about an hour and a half. During that time an Afghan shepherd who was returning home by a path through the thicket on the side of the lonely hill observed the figure of a Hindu

### MOVING STEALTHILY OUT

from the shadow of the trees into the open space surrounding the tower of silence, with a coiled rope over his shoulder. Hurriedly glancing round, to make sure that he was unobserved, the Hindu approached the dokhma and flung one end of the rope, to which was attached a bent piece of iron, intended to act as a grapple over the parapet. The first attempt was unsuccessful, for in hustling in the stock of the rope the iron fell back to the ground. A second and a third trial also resulted in failure; but at the fourth essay the improvised grapple caught firmly. The next minute the man was swarming up the rope, and quickly disappeared over the parapet. Before many seconds had elapsed, he reappeared, and slid down by the same means he had ascended. To shake the grapple loose from its hold, so as to leave no trace of his sacrilegious act, was a matter of some difficulty, but it was accomplished at last; and having again coiled up the rope, the man left the scene of his exploit, and the vultures which he had disturbed once more swooped down to their ghastly feeding-ground. That man—the violator of the aerial tomb—was Tip.

When he made his reappearance at my bungalow, I asked him to account for his absence. He told me with the utmost sang-froid that he had been to see his father, who was lying ill at the other side of the town; and I, in my ignorance of the real facts, believed him. That night, I sat up late writing, for I had an official report to send away next morning to Bombay. But, somehow, I could not concentrate my thoughts on my work. My mind would go rambling away to that sombre tower upon the hill, and it was past midnight when my task was finished. At last, however, the concluding word was written, and with a sigh of relief I gathered together my papers and slipped my hands, a signal which Tip well understood.

Now, the room in which I had been writing was entered by two doors, one from the veranda, and the other exactly opposite it; and it was through the latter that my servant made his appearance in response to my summons. As I was sitting with my back to the veranda, I had a full view of Tip's villainous visage as he entered the room. One step he took beyond the threshold, and then stood rooted to the spot.

### TRANSFIXED WITH TERROR

His jaw dropped, his eyes dilated, and the tray he was bearing fell with a crash from his useless fingers. The next moment he was shaking like an aspen leaf. Whatever was the cause of his fright was evidently behind me; but before I had time to turn round to ascertain what it was a figure darted madly past me and clutched the trembling Hindu by the throat. The figure bore the form and features of my dead friend, Mr. Framji Jijibhai.

At first I thought—as no doubt Tip did—this must be an apparition; but I was naturally superstitious and instantly dismissed this theory from my mind. This was too substantial for a spirit. It was the Parsee in the flesh. His only clothing was his scanty funeral garb; and from his naked ed wrists the blood was streaming to the floor from several ugly, lacerated wounds. His face was ghastly pale, in spite of the natural swarthiness of his skin, and his eyes flashed with anger. The painful state of his wrists, however, did not prevent him from grasping my servant with an iron grip until the latter's eyeballs rolled in a frenzy of agonised terror and fairly bulged from his head.

"Where is my ring, you sacrilegious villain—you robber of the dead?" he demanded fiercely.

For reply the Hindu gurgled some inarticulate words in his throat, and fumbling in his turban with trembling fingers, produced the opal ring I had so often seen on Mr. Jijibhai's hand. The Parsee released his hold and snatched his stolen property hastily from Tip. The latter no sooner felt himself free, than, making a bolt for the veranda, he fled howling into the moonlit night; and to this day I have never set eyes on him again.

As soon as my friend's excitement had subsided, he fell helplessly into a chair, and I thought for the moment that he was going to faint from sheer exhaustion. I pressed food and wine upon him, bound up his wounds, and assisted him into a less airy garb, after which he recovered himself rapidly, and while I sat smoking my pipe, he related to me the following account of his terrible experience:

This morning (said he) when my friends thought me dead, I was in some strange state of catalepsy, which is all the more inexplicable to me from the fact that I have never before been subject even to the slightest seizure of that nature. Although to all outward appearances dead, I was painfully conscious of what was going on around me; and you will readily understand the anguish I experienced when the doctor, having felt for my pulse, pronounced life to be extinct; and preparations were made for the funeral ceremony. I pictured to myself in ghastly colours all the torturous horrors of being plucked to pieces alive by the vultures, and yet I was utterly incapable of making any sign to those around me. The mysterious line of communication between the will and the muscles was cut off, and I

### FELT MYSELF DOMED

to be the helpless victim of a natural phenomenon. When I was carried into the dokhma and left lying upon the pavi, I mentally gave way to the direst despair, knowing, as I did that barely an hour is, as a rule, required to denude the corpse of

every vestige of flesh. As my friends retired from the spot, leaving me in my terrible loneliness, the vultures which had been hovering in the vicinity swooped down in a threatening cloud; and I wondered what part of my person would be the first point of attack. I had long given up all hope of escape, and now I only prayed that death would speedily come—that the vultures would begin the feast upon some vital part and relieve me from the tortures of a slow decease.

In this I was, happily, disappointed. Whether the birds of prey knew instinctively that the spark of life still smouldered in my breast, or the all-wise God who made both them and me miraculously restrained them in His merciful providence, I know not; but this I do not know, that though they hovered and fluttered about me, sometimes so closely that they fanned my cheeks with the flapping of their wings, I was not harmed even by so much as a hair of the head all the time I lay there on the pavi, an inert body.

Night came on; the moon arose, and still I lay there unable to move hand or foot; the vultures, perched like so many sentinels upon the parapet, occasionally leaving it to circle round me, waiting for the spirit to leave the body. The suspense was as awful as it is indescribable. Suddenly the vultures rose and flew away. The next moment a rope was flung over the parapet and withdrawn. This occurred three times. The fourth time the rope caught somehow; and shortly afterwards the head and shoulders of that rascally servant of yours appeared above the masonry. Luckily the particular point at which he invaded the dokhma was directly in my line of sight, or I should never have known who the robber was, for, of course, I could move my eyes no more than I could any other part of my body. Springing lightly down on to the platform, Tip made his way to me, snatched the ring from my finger, and decamped the same way he came. No sooner had he gone than

### THE VULTURES RETURNED,

and I was in exactly the same predicament as before. One big repulsive-looking fellow hovered so closely above me that he brushed my breast with his wings, and I thought he was about to pluck out my eyes, but he wheeled away again and perched on the parapet.

For hours I lay thus. Then suddenly I felt my natural power return to me, and I experienced a thrill of exquisite joy as I thought that the hour of my deliverance was at hand. My recovery was rapid; but I was weak from exhaustion. I jumped up and capered about for very gladness, while the birds fled in alarm at my unexpected resurrection. But my troubles were not yet at an end. The outer wall of the dokhma is, as you know, a great height from the ground, and I knew that if I attempted to leap down I should probably break my neck. The facing of the walls was too smooth to afford me any help to scramble down by, and I was in a desperate plight, for stay in that dreadful spot I could not. I felt that I must make my escape at all hazards.

In this awful dilemma I was inspired with a lucky thought, which I at once proceeded to put into execution. Resuming my old position I lay perfectly still, and soon the vultures again returned, and flocked round me. Awaiting a favorable opportunity, I made a grab at one of the largest as he hovered menacingly not more than a foot directly above me, and was successful in catching hold of him by the legs. He struggled terribly and pecked viciously at my wrists with the result that you have seen; but I stuck to him with both hands, like grim death, and, mounting the parapet, leaped into the air.

It seemed a terribly long time before I reached the ground; but my expedient proved successful. The huge bird's struggles to get away broke the full force of my fall, and I landed on terra firma unhurt, except for the painful state of my wrists. Leaving go my hold on the vulture, he rose in the air and soared away; while I scrambled to my feet and hurried here to confront the rascal who had robbed me before he had time to make away with his booty.—The rest you know.

### Opium in a New Light

Sir George Birdwood, an eminent medical man, who has spent many years in India in charge of native regiments, jails and hospitals, says that Indian opium is, as it always has been, the luxury of the rich in China, just as champagne is in Europe and America, "the only difference between them being that while the daily use of champagne or other wines and spirits, malt liquors, etc., may prove deleterious, the smoking of pure extract of Indian monopoly opium can in itself never be injurious to health, not even when indulged, so far as time and money wasted on it are concerned, to so-called excess. Opium in brief, is one of the greatest gifts of Providence to the people of the tropics; and not simply as a soothing adjunct to the digestion of a vegetarian diet, such as that used by the Hindus, and a prophylactic against malaria, through its specific action on the perspiration, the only secretion it stimulates, but, above all, because its use, like that of tea, coffee and tobacco, anticipates and allays the natural thirst of mankind for alcoholic stimulants, which certainly can not be safely indulged in by the emotional people of Southern Asia and Africa, except with the greatest circumspection and carefulness." The same authority shows that opium is the most economical of stimulants. Basing his estimate on the fact that while the English drink bill for 1891 was put at \$700,000,000, the Chinese opium bill for the same year was \$125,000,000, he calculates that if opium were substituted in England for wine and spirits the bill for stimulants would be \$15,750,000, as against \$700,000,000. Touching the administrative and economical sides of the opium question, Sir George Birdwood, "holding that its habitual consumption is conducive to the health, wealth and happiness of the inhabitants of the tropics, and more especially of those who are vegetarians," advocates that the manufacture of the drug should be freely thrown open to private enterprise, and the duty on its export raised as high as possible in the inter-tropical competition with ardent spirits to which it seems predestined. "And within thirty years the whole imperial, provincial and feudatory expenditure of India might, in this way, be met out of the yearly increasing opium revenue, while the country itself would be left practically un-

## WEST INDIA FISHERMEN.

Wonderful Skill Shown by the Natives in Their Dug-Out Boats.

One of the few interesting exhibitions of skill that one sees in knocking about among the West Indian Islands is the catching of fish by the native. The Caribs, says a writer, are the personification of idleness when seen ashore about their huts and in the streets of the town. They never seem to have anything to do and always appear to be perfectly contented to snooze about in the shade in utter disregard of what the morrow may bring forth. Put them, however, in one of their little dug-out canoes, with a paddle in their hand, and they are all movement and grace as they send their frail craft spinning along over the beautiful blue waves or guide them with surprising agility in through the foaming white-crested breakers that, to the uninitiated, look as though they were savage enough to swallow up the cockleshell boats and their too venturesome occupants.

A stranger would have gone through an extended course of anti-fat before he could stand a chance of seating himself on one of the narrow seats or of standing up in the crazy canoe without fear of spilling himself out into the briny and offering himself morsel to the ubiquitous sharks, whose ugly fins afford ever-present reminders of what is in store for the unwary. Blow high blow low, the native fisherman must take his chances and go out for sea-food, which apparently forms the chief portion of his daily ration.

How many of them fail to return there is no means of ascertaining, but it is quite safe to say that an occasional accident must occur where so many and such great risks are run. There is usually but one occupant to a canoe, but in spite of this fact, and in defiance of the burning rays of the tropical sun, he frequently manages to cover miles before his work is over and a proper mess has been captured.

When the fish run close to the surface a spear supplements the hook and line, but as a general thing the tackle is the sole reliance. Small fish caught close in shore or the soft part of shellfish form the bait. The hook is baited and allowed to trail securely astern, the end of the line being secured to a pin on the gunwale or to the spare seat, and then the round turn is taken over one of the big toes of the fisherman.

The paddle is handled to perfection and is dipped in the water so quietly that not a splash is seen nor a sound heard, while the boat is sent ahead at a moderate speed, with only a minimum disturbance on the water. The slightest nibble, and down goes the paddle in the boat and with both hands the line is hauled in. All of these movements are so perfectly made that the two-foot-wide craft remains without a semblance of rocking, and, indeed, when the fish is close alongside it is hard to see that any additional motion is given the boat.

It is all the more remarkable when one considers the Spanish mackerel, barracouta, or whatever the fish may be, are often very large. Some of the latter are over seven feet and weigh about 30 pounds. There are exceptions, to be sure, but one frequently sees fish hauled in as large as our good-sized blue-fish, and quite as active.

## DO DOCTORS SAVE LIVES?

Patients Are Relieved and a Great Number Get Well.

We can remember the indelible impression made on our mind by more than one conversation with Sir Henry Acland when we were for a time acting as house surgeon of the Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford. It was a part of our weekly duty to fill in the hospital books and to give a brief summary of the condition of the patients. We began by saying something like this one day that Sir Henry was assisting us in posting up the weekly report: "John Smith, discharged, cured." "Stop!" exclaimed the courteous and accomplished Reigus Professor of Physic; "please say that again." We did so. "Cured," repeated Sir Henry, with his sweet smile; "well, I once knew a patient cured, though I even had some doubts about him, but I have known many relieved, while, of course, a great number get well. Let us say 'discharged, well'; we must be careful how we use such a term as cured." We were young then—22—and we are not sure that we fully caught the gentle reproof so courteously conveyed.

Sir Henry may have completely forgotten the occurrence, but we have not, and it made us understand that the physician can often relieve, and that nature, given fair play can cure, but that the former must be exceedingly cautious in claiming very much from his remedies and treatment. Perhaps we have too deeply pondered over the words of these masters of their art, but it has often seemed to us that we doctors must be exceedingly cautious, and the more carefully we examine the less certain are we that our help is of the signal importance we often believe it to be.

Do doctors save a million lives a year? Do they save a half a million? Do they save five lives apiece? Well, we will not decide but let us credit them, to be on the safe side, with having two apiece all round; of course, besides this they may, in many cases, relieve suffering; they promote recovery and they prevent relapses, but that is a very different matter from being "instrumental" in saving human life, and alas! too often when disease has obtained a firm hold the best efforts of the greatest physician are doomed to disheartening failure.

### A Russian Tragedy.

A sad story is told of a poor Russian husband and wife who had settled at Great Dombrowka, in Upper Silesia. About two years ago they received an order to quit the territory, but on arriving at the Russian frontier they were not permitted to enter, "for," said the Russian official, "the woman is blind, and Russia is not in need of any such cripples." The couple returned to Great Dombrowka, but lately received another notice to leave. The Russian officials were still obdurate, and, sick at heart, without work or home, the husband grew desperate. When the wretched couple came to the Przemska, the stream which separates Russia from Germany, he caught his blind wife up and threw her into the river. He then went to a tree and hanged himself.

Parisian actresses, it is said, wear paper lace, which by night looks as delicate as the best of real lace, while it costs but a trifle. To wear an expensive lot of lace, which may be ruined in one evening, is considered the height of folly.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

There are seven negro colleges.  
A Krupp gun fires fourteen miles.  
The pneumatic tube dates from 1667.  
An ocean racer uses \$13,000 in coal each trip.  
The strongest fortress in the world is Gibraltar.

A Paris curiosity drinks five gallons of beer a night.  
Texas permits high-toned convicts to hire substitutes to work for them in the convict camps.

A dollar loaned for 100 years and compounded at 24 per cent. will amount in that time to \$2,551,799,404.

The care of the forests in Germany supports 200,000 families and involves an annual expenditure of \$40,000,000.

San Francisco has one saloon to every 93 persons. Albany is second on the list with one to every 110 persons, and New Orleans one to every 121 persons.

For several years past nearly all the slate pencils used throughout the United States have been made at one factory in Charlottesville, Va.

The largest bell in the world is in the Kremlin, Moscow. Its height is 21 feet, 4 1/2 inches; its circumference 87 feet, 4 inches. Its weight is estimated at 443,772 pounds.

The famous Victoria shot, fired from a 22-ton gun in Queen Victoria's jubilee year, to ascertain how far a shot could be carried, remained in the air 69 1/2 seconds, and the highest point reached in its flight of twelve miles was 17,000 feet.

A 10-ton cutter, constructed of aluminum, said to be the first sea-going vessel made of this metal, is being built at Loire for the Comte de Chabannes La Pallioe. It will be half the weight of a vessel of similar class constructed with a steel frame.

One of the smallest pieces of money at Venice is called gazette, and as the literary newspaper, which was published in single sheets as early as the sixteenth century were sold for a gazette each, newspapers were called from thence gazette or gazettes.

The consumption of beer in the United States during the last fiscal year was over \$86,000,000 gallons, or 15.23 gallons for each inhabitant, compared with 12.26 per capita five years earlier and 10.05 per capita ten years ago, after an increase of about 50 per cent. within the previous decade.

In Japan occupations pass from father to son. A short time since an announcement in a Japanese newspaper stated that a certain dancing-master would hold a service in commemoration of the one thousandth anniversary of the ancestor who first adopted that profession.

## THE TROPICAL FORESTS.

Strange Animals That Spend Their Lives in the Loftiest Trees.

To the naturalist the most marked feature of the great tropical forest south of the equator is the inequality in the balance of nature between the vegetable and animal life. From the forests of Brazil to the forests of the Congo, through the wooded heights of Northern Madagascar to the tangled jungles of the Asiatic Archipelago and the impenetrable woods of New Guinea, the boundless profusion of vegetable growth is unmatched by any similar abundance in animal forms. A few brilliant birds of strange shape and matchless plumage, such as the toucans of Guinea amid the Amazon, or the birds of paradise in the Moluccas, or the Papuan Archipelago, haunt the loftiest trees, and from time to time fall victims to the blow pipe or arrow of the natives, who scarcely dare to penetrate that foodless region, even for such spoils, until incantation and sacrifice have propitiated the offended spirits of the woods; but, except the sloth and the giant ant-eater, there is hardly to be found in the tropical regions of the New World a quadruped which can excite the curiosity of the naturalist or form food even for the wildest of mankind.

In the corresponding tracts of Africa and the Asiatic Archipelago the rare four-footed animals that live in the solitary forests are for the most part creatures of the night. Unlike the lively squirrels and martin-cats of temperate regions they do not leave their hiding places till the tropical darkness has fallen on the forest, when they seek their food, not on the surface of the ground, but, imitating the birds, ascend to the upper surface of the ocean of trees, and at the first approach of dawn seek refuge from the hated day in the dark recesses of some aged and hollow trunk. There is nothing like the lorix or the lemur in the fauna of temperate Europe. We may rather compare them to a race of arboreal moles, the condition of whose life is darkness and invisibility. But, unlike the moles, the smaller members of these rarely seen tribes are among the most beautiful and interesting creatures of the tropics, though the extreme difficulty of capturing creatures whose whole life is spent on the loftiest forest trees is further increased by the reluctance of the natives to enter the deserted and pathless forests. The beautiful lemurs, most of which are found in Madagascar, are further beloved by the Malagasi to embody the spirits of their ancestors, and the weird and plaintive cries which fill the groves at night, uttered by creatures whose bodies, as they cling to the branches, are invisible, and whose delicate movements are noiseless, may well have left a doubt on the minds of the discoverers of the island as to whether these were not in truth the cries and wailings of true lemurs, the unquiet ghosts of the departed.

### Frozen on the Lake's Surface.

At Lake Traverse, a few miles west of Wheaton, Minn., recently, hundreds of wild ducks and geese were discovered frozen into the thin layer of ice that formed during the night. Many were dead, but a large number were alive, held prisoners by the tips of their wings, unable to free themselves on account of being benumbed by the cold. Many were captured by farmers living adjacent to the lake. About twenty-five or thirty Indians from the Sisseton reservation seem to have anticipated something of the kind, and were at the lake early and captured nearly a wagon load full of the helpless water fowl. A fourteen-year old boy succeeded in capturing 150 ducks and half a dozen geese. During the storm a farmer, driving along the shore of the lake, killed a number with a whip, the birds having huddled up in large numbers along the shore, too exhausted by the cold to make any attempt to escape.