

How Game Birds Are "Farmed" in Oregon.

The game workshop is planned only for the building up of the bird families in parts of the state where there are

W. L. Minley, state game warden, who is considered an authority on birds, having written several books on the subject, declares that the reserve system is the only practical means of protecting the game. "As the state

fraction of the eggs laid result in full grown game birds."

One of the worst enemies in settled districts is the house cat, which, by his tactics, has won the hatred of the game bird fanciers. One house cat, it

hatched out by the busy bantam hens. Usually busy getting new blood for the farm. Scouts are out in the laying season gathering the eggs of "bob-white" and of various kinds of quail, which are taken to the farm and

Fresh varieties of quail are brought in from many parts of the East, while the pheasant stock is built up from eggs from different sections of Oregon and Washington and from the northern

in captivity a single China pheasant hen has been known to lay 104 eggs in one season extending from April 1 to September 1, but 60 eggs perhaps is the average. In the wild state the pheasant seldom roosts in a tree and

The "bobwhite" is known to eat 135 different kinds of insects, many of them the most injurious the farmers have to deal with. Among them are the potato beetle, cut worms, cucumber beetles, army worms, wire worms, click bugs, alfalfa leaf weevil, all of which will not be touched by most birds. The calculations of scientists are that a "bobwhite" hen will eat an average of 75,000 insects and 5,000,000 weed seeds in a year, a total of about 7½ pounds of insects and 10 pounds of weed seed.

The Unending Quest of Precious Yellow Metal Leads Wanderers Into Series of Strange Mishaps and Experiences Among the Desolate, Barren Mexican Hills.

As if in mockery of his words, a mighty gust of wind nearly swept the four men off their feet. Simultaneously, a writhing column appeared to the left, and in a moment they were enveloped in a stinging cloud of sand.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," Watkins amended, ashamed to find himself the one deserter from the ranks. "We'll camp over there for the night, an' in the mornin' — wai, I'll agree to hold the fort here for 24 hours. Take the camp outfit with you er not, jes' as you like; but you'd better march light."

The Professor leaned over and thrust the parchment into Williams' hand. "You s-see"—he traced the lines with a trembling finger—"the route I lies there, and there, and t-t-t-there. You will not f-f-ll me, with the end in s-s-sight." Promise."

The three turned their faces toward the hills. The camp was soon left far behind. The country changed and became more broken; the ground, ridged with sharp, black rocks, rising to knolls and dipping to hollows. A heat-mist rolled from the earth

knotted about the skinny throat, he could only grasp the one astonishing fact: The Professor's halting tongue had given utterance to unhalting speech!

Wondering still, he submitted passively when the Professor, laying hold

Involuntarily Williams sent his glance in the same direction. The gaping mouth of the cave no longer showed black against the wall of rock. Buried under thousands of tons of earth that had filled the barranca almost level full, the cavern, the guard-

"It is the heat. No?" said the Mexican. "The senor is muy loco. No?"
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